

Gunslinger Stories

[Home](#) [Date Posted](#) [Our Stories](#) [Public Stories](#) [Signature Series](#) [New Media](#) [Email Us](#)

Search for ^13([a-z]) and replace it with a space and \1

The \1 tells it to use what is inside the () as part of the replacement. If you have multiple () in the search string, you would use \1 \2 etc.

New dialog in parenthesis with capital letter, space before "([A-Z])

"([A-Z])

^p"\1



SUMMARY: A ghetto youth in the process of robbing house saves the owner from a gas explosion which leaves him disfigured, but the owner decides to help the youth and enlists the help of a scientist who has a new procedure for transforming a person from head to toe.

...Something Different

By Gunslinger

(PART ONE)

By his own mental chronology, Sonny figured it was the twenty-second day of his imprisonment when that son-of-a-bitch Chuck finally had the gall to show up again, after a nearly two-week absence.

Even before the door to his cell opened, Sonny knew who it was - the sound of the of shit-kickin' cowboy boots rang on the tile floor of the hall in a way that his watcher's shoes never would.

Sure enough, when the door had swung shut once more, Chuck's nasal twang floated at him through the darkness.

"Hey there, Pard - it's me." The Texan paused, then - considering his distinctive voice - added unnecessarily. "Chuck."

"Yeah, I know." Sonny said, bitterly. "Now that you're here, why don't you get the hell away from me."

"Hey, now, Sonny..." Chuck's voice was awkward - the Texan was a real 'hale-and-well-met' type of guy, and just didn't know how to handle naked aggression or anger. "No call to be rude - 'specially in front of a guest."

Sonny hadn't heard the second person enter the cell - not that it mattered. A whole marching band could have paraded through, and it wouldn't have mattered to Sonny.

Not much mattered to Sonny - not anymore.

"Oh, another fancy shrink?" Sonny asked, angrily, sarcasm dripping from every word. "Tell you what, Chuck - don't need 'em anymore. I'm cured."

Not for the first time, Sonny wished he could see the expression on the big Texan's face when they had their little chats - the confused, trying-to-be-friendly look would be priceless.

"Huh?" Was the cowboy's less-than-comprehensive response.

"Yeah, I'm all cured." Sonny replied. "I don't want to off myself no more. Instead, I just wanna kill you. Hell - that's an improvement, ain't it Doc?"

The new voice was mild, older, and obviously educated and cultured - Sonny hated him at the very sound of it. Still, what he had to say was a surprise...

"I'm afraid I really wouldn't know." The voice said, with a slightly humorous tone. "While I may hold a doctorate or two, none of them are in psychiatry. My name is Stephan Wilkes, and I'm more of a research scientist than a medical doctor."

"Oh, I see..." Sonny said, leaning hard on that last word. "You're the 'mad scientist' who jus' happens to have some sort of cockamamie invention that's gonna solve all my problems, right?"

"Well, not to put too fine a point on it..." Dr. Wilkes said, the smile in his voice sharp and clear. "...yes. Or, you'll die trying."

* * * * *

Wilkes watched the figure strapped into the bed go limp as he absorbed that information, obviously trying - and failing - to find a scathing comeback to that statement.

He felt a hand on his arm, and looked at the broad, handsome face of Charles W. Lohrgen, III. Dressed in an expensive black suit, incongruously accessorized with a big white 'ten-gallon' hat and snake-skin cowboy boots, the young Texan millionaire looked inquiringly at the doctor, hope and despair warring in his big, clear blue eyes.

Wilkes spread his hands in a 'wait-and-see' gesture, then turned his attention back to the ravaged figure in the bed.

Jefferson J. Johnson - 'Sonny' - wasn't easy to look at. Even before the incident, the short, broad-shouldered black youth had been anything but handsome, his life-time spent on the street of The Big Apple chronicled in the scars on his body, and his none-too-handsome face had fared the worse from bad acne scars atop the damage done by fights too numerous to count.

That Quasimodo-like visage, however, was angelic compared to the young man's current face. Added to the damage done by acne and fights was the disfigurement from the explosion - and then there were the eyelids, laying too loose and low over sockets that no longer contained anything worth mentioning.

It was indeed a sad, sad sight - and there was a chance, small but quite real, that Wilkes could turn everything around for this poor, brave young man. Of course, the much larger - and even more 'real' - chance was that the procedure would kill the youth, which is why Wilkes hadn't found any volunteers for his test. After all, almost any injury was better than a procedure that might restore a missing limb - in a procedure that was more likely to be fatal.

Of course, considering that Sonny was strapped into this bed in the psychiatric ward of the hospital because of attempted suicide...

The youth's near-compulsive attempts to end his life since the accident weren't hard to understand - though damned difficult to treat. Even the three staff psychiatrists the Texan was paying to work with Sonny had admitted that there wasn't much they could do. Sonny truly wished to die, and that wish was based on the simple fact that he saw nothing worth living for - not really an odd viewpoint, considering the unrelieved hell that the black youth's life had been. Twenty-seven years old, he'd been abandoned as a toddler, and raised by homeless people who'd died while he was in his early teens, leaving him alone to cope with a life that offered no safe havens or hope. The amazing thing, according to the shrinks, was the fact that he'd never turned to a life of 'serious' crime - aside from a long list of very petty misdemeanors, Sonny had struggled long and hard to survive within the bounds of the law.

The truly unbelievable thing, the one that still had the psychiatrists scratching their heads, were his actions on that day, almost a month ago, where he saved the life of a complete stranger - namely, Chuck Lohgren. Sonny had been 'perusing' through the garbage-can of Logren's small-but-luxurious house, having found out long ago that the rich quite often discarded 'perfectly good' clothing and food

- and were also quite likely to call the police and have him arrested for trespassing if he was caught, something that had happened a dozen times before.

So, despite the fact that he had caught a faint whiff or two of the gas that was leaking from a broken pipe inside the home, the 'smart' think for the street-wise youth to do when Lohgren had pulled into the driveway was to hide, then sneak away.

Instead, he'd dashed across the driveway and 'tackled' the cigar-smoking millionaire out of the doorway of his home a bare instant before the pent-up gas ignited. Falling into the flower bed beside the porch, Chuck had been protected by the bulk of the stone-walled house which had contained most of the explosion inside.

Sonny, however, had been directly in front of the doorway's glass-framed entrance - and between the flying glass, the heat and the concussion, had been badly injured and irrevocably blinded.

Presumably. If the poor, brave youth was willing to submit to his procedure, survival would be rewarded with an unbroken, healthy body - and failure would grant the youth the death he so actively sought. Though Chuck didn't like the thought that this might be the very suicide Sonny so desperately wished - quite rightly believing he owed the homeless youth his very life - he'd finally admitted that it was the best route to go. If Sonny really wanted to die, sooner or later he'd find a way - unless they kept him strapped to his bed with a 'heel-and-toe' suicide watch, like they'd been doing for the past twenty-two days.

Which wasn't a life worth living, anyway.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the grotesquely defaced figure on the bed spoke. One word. "Bullshit."

Wilkes turned to Chuck - and smiled, giving a thumbs-up. Though the word spoken was a flat denial, a negative - there was no conviction behind the word. It wasn't spoken emphatically, with disgust, disbelief or despair.

Instead, in that one word, had been hope - the battered black youth had spoken the word - in the hope that somebody would convince him otherwise.

Which Wilkes then set about to do.

"Not at all. As I've said, the procedure is very risky - by directed application of chemical and hormonal markers and cell-specific radiation, we'll be attempting to alter your body on the genetic level. The biggest chance is that it will be fatal. If it isn't, however - then your body will be 'forced' into repairing itself, basically re-growing you from scratch."

There was a long pause from the figure on the bed - then a hopeless sigh.

"So, who the fuck cares, Doc?" Sonny said, bitterly. "Make me as good as before - and I'm just another dumb-ass street nigger. Yahoo and hot-damn, I get to go back to where I was. No thanks - just hand me a scalpel for a few seconds instead."

"No." Chuck said, shaking his head emphatically. "Sonny, you saved my life. Everything I have in the world is only because I'm still alive to enjoy it - you'll never end up on the streets again."

" 'Course not." Sonny snorted. "Lemme guess. I'll come live with you, and you'll give me a nice black suit. Then I can spend all day walking around behind you, sayin' 'yes massah' to everything you say. Sounds jus' peachy... massah."

Chuck went pale and bit his lip - but not in anger. In pity for the own self-directed disgust he heard in Sonny's voice. The Texan might be a millionaire - but it was recently-inherited wealth, mainly from the insurance paid when his parents had died in a airplane accident. Chuck had worked hard, grown up

'middle-class', and never had a chance to become a 'spoiled rich kid', with servants or a snobbish attitude.

"No, Sonny - it won't be like that. If you never even want to see me again, or speak to me, then that's fine." Sonny said, sadly. "But I'm going to make sure you have enough money to get a second start in life."

Sonny sighed again. "So I be a nigger with money. Yeah, that'll get me friends, and respect. Type of friends a dumb nigger get by getting money ain't the type of friends I could stand havin' - and ain't no upstandin' sorts gonna want to deal with me, money or not. Hell, I can't even read, you Texan shit- kicker. Hows I supposed to be all 'civilized'? 'Real' people will just see me as another dumb nigger in a suit and stay away - 'Cept the ones who are all 'social minded' like the do-gooders at the shelters, and they just pity me while feeling oh-so-good at helping a jive-ass turkey like poor little ol' me.

Thanks, but no thanks. If you really feel you owe me, then make that scalpel a golf-plated one. Really 'preciate that, I'd tell ya."

Wilkes, knowing he was treading unstable ground with this one, ventured carefully. "Sonny, we are going to be... 'recreating' you, on a genetic level. If you want, you could look different then you did before the explosion. More.. handsome, if you'd like. Even.. a different race, if you'd find that... interesting."

Sonny lay silent for a second - then amazement came out as a laugh. "Geez, Doc - you tellin' me I could be some white boy, if I wanted?"

"Or oriental, or Indian... anything you wanted, Sonny."

"Goddamn - ain't science wonderful?" Sonny mused, sarcastically. "Thanks, Doc - but even if I looked like a white boy, I'd still be a dumb nigger inside. Like the priests at the shelter keep saying, it ain't the color of your skin that matters, but what's inside. Inside, I'm still a dumb nigger with no schoolin'. You dress me up nice, give me a white-boy body so handsome that the foxes cum in their panties to just see me, put me in a big house with a show-fer and all - and as soon as I open my mouth, I'se a street- nigger 'gain. It don't matter what I look or live like, all people are gonna care 'bout is how I act. That's always the way... well, a'most."

Wilkes pounced on the grudging admission. "Almost?"

Sonny laughed. "Hey Doc, all educated or not you's still a guy. You gotta know that a tail with the right chassis can go through life without havin' to know anythin' at all, other then how to smile and wiggle, ya know? I'll tell you - that's the easy life, even better then bein' rich and handsome like Chucky-boy here."

Wilkes blinked - then grinned. "Well.. how about that, then?"

Sonny was shocked. "What - you sayin' you could turn me into a skirt? What, am I some sort of prevert, or sumptin'?"

Wilkes laughed. "I'm just saying that there's no limit in the changes we could make to you... well, theoretically. In 'real life', the further away we get from your 'base template', the lower the chance of survival. Just fixing you up and leaving you looking more or less the same is only about twenty percent survival rate. That 'handsome white dude'? About fifteen percent, depending on the exact specification. A human female is even a greater change, especially if you were talking looking like a 'real woman' - that is, nothing like your current body shape. Less than ten percent chance of survival, closer to five. But, if you wanted, I could turn you into the world's first intelligent, talking lion - assuming that you survived, which would be a less than one percent chance."

"Hey, now - there's a thought." Sonny said, and for the first time there was no sarcasm - just an almost boyish awe. "How 'bout that, Chuck - a big 'ol pet lion you could jaw with while we sit in front of the fire?"

Chuck looked startled - badly startled. "gee, I uh.. never thought about that." The Texan admitted. "I.. uh.. Well, I guess we could.. I mean, if that's what you'd want."

Sonny seemed to be considering it very, very seriously. "Hey, man - I ain't got nothin' in this life to live for. Those shrinks you kept sending couldn't come up with anythin' better, neither. No, I don't see how life would be worth livin', as me - or anythin' close to me. But... but somethin' *different*.. Yeah. Yeah, somethin' different than the old me - not like me at all. In a way, it's still be suicide. 'Sonny' would be dead, if you know what I'm saying."

Chuck blinked. "Huh... yeah, I guess I kinda do."

"So, Doc - how 'bout it?" Sonny said. "Give me a whole new, completely different life. 'Cept, maybe not the lion. Kinda a neat thought, but it'd cause some real troubles, and somebody was likely to shoot my furry lion ass if I went outside. What say a dog, instead. How 'bout that?"

Wilkes frowned. "Hmm... it would have to be a pretty damned big dog, if we wanted to retain your intelligence. Bigger than most breeds, because of the size brain-pan we'd need. I mentioned a lion because it's about the right size."

"Shit, Doc - I thought you said 'anything'," Sonny said, annoyed. "I don't want to be no monster dog - and I'm close enough to a moron already, so I don't want to be no small, dumb dog neither."

Wilkes sighed. "I'm sorry - there are certain limitations. Can you think of anything that's roughly human-sized that you'd like to be. Human, of course, would be best - but, maybe an ape?"

"Jeez, man - if I was gonna be an ape, you could just ship my ass back to 'Frica, and I'd go swinging in the... no, dammit. Prob'ly get shot by poachers." He frowned. "Geez man - any big animal, and somebody gonna want to poach me - and if I'm a talking animal, then I'm a freak, an' people gonna want to own my ass. Like for a circus or sumthin'."

"I'm sure we could find some sort of legal protection." Wilkes suggested. "After all, you'll still be human, intelligence wise."

"I dunno. Maybe being an animal ain't such a good idea, after all." Sonny said, sinking back towards his apathy.

"Come on, Sonny." Chuck said, and he was literally pleading with the blind youth. "Please - don't just give up. Isn't there anything you'd consider. Something... different, like you said?"

"Geez, white boy - I saved your goddamn neck. Why you gotta be guilt-trippin' me like this?" Sonny said - but it was in exasperation, rather than anger. "Maybe I should just off myself so I don't have to spend the rest of my life livin' with this damned debt you think you owe me."

"Come on, Sonny." Chuck said - and then had a strange flash of inspiration. "I mean - if it turns out you don't like whatever you pick, you can always kill yourself then, right? I mean - you'd be healthy and free, and it would be easy to commit suicide then."

Wilkes shot Chuck a severely startled look...

...but Sonny was slowly nodding his head. "Hey, man - you're right. 'Sides, chances are this here 'cedure gonna kill me anyway, right Doc?"

"Well.. yes, actually." Wilkes affirmed.

"Kinda hard to off myself if I ain't got hands, I guess." Sonny said, thoughtfully. "So, guess it's best to stay human. 'Course, best of all is if this here 'cedure kills me, nice and quiet-like..."

Wilkes winced at the thought, but kept his mouth shut - a small chance was better than none.

"Okay, Doc." Sonny said. "I say you got yourself a volunteer - for the most 'dangerous' type of change when I'm still human if it works." He paused, and grimaced. "That's bein' a woman, right?"

"Uh... yeas, that's correct."

Sonny sighed. "Well, that's what you gonna make me then." Wilkes nodded. "If that's what you want..."

Sonny grinned, without humor. "Hell, Doc, it's probably the last thing I 'want'. Thing is - ain't anything better that I 'want' either. I figure it's about as 'different' a somethin' as I can get, and might as well give it a shot. You go ahead and turn me into a real... I mean, a white chick with tits out to there, legs that go on forever - you know what I mean?"

"Uh... I guess I do." Wilkes said, startled by the sudden capitulation. Sonny laughed, shortly. "Geez, man - I'm pullin' a Michael Jackson!" "What?" Chuck wanted to know.

Sonny was shaking his head in disbelief. "Only in America could a little black boy grow up to be a beautiful white woman."

Then an odd expression crossed what remained of his ravaged face, and his voice softened. "Doc.. Chuck... I, uh.. well..."

"What is it, Sonny?" Chuck asked, gently.

His reply was both wistful and embarrassed. "I know this sounds really sissy and all, but when I felt really bad, there's this place I'd go. In Central Park. Late at night, on a night with no moon, no clouds. It's all surrounded by trees, and really quiet - and I'd lay on my back, and look up at the sky. At the stars, you know - just millions and millions of 'em. It's the only time you can really see them, you know? Well, if this works, and I actually survive - even as a... a a, you know, a broad? Well, even then, if it works and I get my eyes back - I can at least go ahead and do that, one last time. Kinda say goodbye to the one good thing in my whole rotten life. So, no matter what happens, even if I don't make it... I wanted to thank you for the chance the hope that I can do that again."

Wilkes and Chuck shared a stunned look at the until-now revealed romantic side to the tortured youth before them.

Neither could think of a single thing worth saying at that moment so they didn't. They just remained silent, as each of them considered what the future might bring...

* * * * *

Sonny was absolutely shocked when he realized that he was waking up.

Or, rather - stunned that *she* was waking up. Because, despite all odds to the contrary, the fact that she was slowly coming out of the drug induced sleep indicated a 'successful' procedure.

Which meant that Sonny was now a woman.

The thought made her shudder, even though she was yet barely awake enough for the concept to have significance. What she did know was that, after loading on as many alterations as possible, the last computer-generated odds of success had rested at a mere three-point-one-two percent.

Sonny should have died. The odds had been heavily stacked in that direction. Sonny should have drifted into a deep, peaceful sleep... and never awakened.

Yet... she was waking up. There was no doubting the sensation. Somehow, her basic plan - assisted suicide - had failed...

...leaving her as a woman. She was going to be fully awake in another second or two, and it would really, truly register - and she'd have to deal with the fact that she was now as feminine as Mother Eve had been.

Sonny felt a tremendous urge to slide back down into unconsciousness, embrace the dark security of sleep so she wouldn't have to deal with any of this.

That, unfortunately, wasn't possible - her new body was all 'slept out', and - like it or not - she was almost completely and fully conscious.

Oh well - once fully conscious, she'd be capable of committing suicide. Maybe it wouldn't be as clean and painless as a failed procedure would have been, but it would get the job done.

With that happy thought, she stopped fighting and let herself awaken. "Doc! She... uh, he... um Sonny's waking up!"

The gender-confused pronouncement pulled her the rest of the way out of her sleep, and she almost felt for the poor Texan millionaire - he sounded almost as flustered about what had happened as she did. She heard the sound of his boots across a hard surface, and she opened her eyes...

...and for the first time in more than a month, Sonny completely and utterly forgot about committing suicide - for a moment, at least.

Time's a funny thing. Any interval of time, no matter how long it is objectively, can seem to be an instant or an eternity, depending. A month, in the great scheme of the universe, was nothing, and that was roughly how long Sonny had been blind - the three weeks the procedure had taken didn't count, as Sonny hadn't been conscious for any of that time.

The month proceeding had been long enough, though. During that time, Sonny had memories of what seeing was like - but even a month was enough to dull the sharpness of those images, like a Xerox copy that, itself, was copied.

So, when the new woman opened her eyes and looked up, it was into the stunned, embarrassed and most definitely awkward face of Chuck.

In that first instant, she didn't 'really' recognize him. It was as if she were seeing him for the first time - with a month's worth of gap, many of her 'preconceptions' in seeing people had faded. Her street-wise judgment of people based on the way they walked and talked, the immediate assumptions she'd always made from clothing and jewelry - these were faded enough for her to realize something...

She'd never really looked at Chuck before. She'd seen enough of him at a distance to 'pidgin-hole' him, give him one of the mental labels she'd always applied to people while she'd lived on the streets - and had never bothered to look any closer.

Now, she was damned near stunned to realize that Chuck was pretty damned handsome, in a farm-boy sort of way. He had a thin, 'cowboy-ish', tanned face beneath a thick thatch of heavy, dark-black hair, with a large, bright-blue eyes and a strong Hawk-like nose, below which lurked an amazingly expressive mouth - which, right now, was expression uncertainty, since she had opened her eyes...

...and had been staring at him, silently for a good two minutes by this time. realizing this, Sonny found her new face growing warm as she began to blush, and to distract herself from this sensation, she said;

"Geez, well I guess Holy ***SHIT!*** Is that *me* talkin'?"

Intellectually, she should have expected it - but didn't, and it sandbagged her emotionally. The high, bright - and most definitely feminine - tone sounded doubly strange to her, as somebody's voice always sounds strange to the person using it. much more so, when the person wasn't expecting to hear that voice at all - Sonny was under an even greater handicap, as she still, subliminally, expected to 'wake up dead'. Though she'd known what the outcome of a so-called 'successful' procedure would be, she'd never really bothered to prepare herself for it, believing it would never really happen.

Now that lack of preparation left her absolutely flabbergasted at something as 'simple' as the sound of her own voice.

"Yes, I assure you it is." Dr. Wilkes said, with a grin, as he appeared on Sonny's other side. "How are you feeling miss?"

"Damn " Sonny half-whispered in the (to her) ridiculously high new voice. The doctor's carefully chosen form of address had been like a slap in the face, reality reminding her of what they must be seeing while they talked to her. Subconsciously, she was still imagining herself as a short, broad- shouldered black guy, and had the same mental image insisting that it was this that the other two were seeing - until the doctor had rather forcibly reminded her that they were seeing her as she was now.

It took her a second to come up with a coherent response for the doctor.

"Geez, Doc - right now I don't know *how* I feel." She admitted, still severely 'weirded out' by the strange voice emerging when she spoke. "I... I still can't believe this shit is real, ya know? What.. what do I look like?"

"Just the way you specified, more or less." Wilkes said. "Well why don't you sit up, and take a look?"

Sonny wasn't sure if she wanted to or not - but consoled herself with the thought that she'd have to get up anyway, if she were going to commit suicide.

So she started to sit up...

"Geez, Doc - how 'bout unstrappin' me from the table, first?" She asked, wincing as the sarcasm completely failed to emerge. To tell the truth, that was another reason her voice sounded really weird to her - she hadn't had enough practice with it yet to get fine control of it, and it came out sounding slurred and wavering, sliding up and down it's tone of scale.

"You're not restrained." The doctor said, suddenly trying - and failing - to repress an odd-looking smile. "Huh? But " Sonny stopped, confused - she'd tried sitting up, and there had been something across her chest, holding her down.

"Uh, Sonny?" Chuck said, blushing and turning his face away, unable to meet her eyes. "Uh.. that's... your, um "

He made an ages-old gesture with his hand in front of his chest...

...and Sonny felt her new eyes go very, very wide.

Her new hands were at her side, and now she began to move them. She felt them - both through the hands themselves, and through her body - as she slid them over the fabric that covered her new outer thighs and hips. They seemed to travel quite a distance before they slid across her flat new stomach, and then upwards on her torso...

...until they hit a pair of softly firm obstructions. Eyes widening further, Sonny started to slide her hands up these twin swellings...

..and up...

...and up...

"Holy fuckin' shit!" She said - screamed - and, with a burst of energy and the judicious application of her elbows for leverage, forced herself to a sitting position...

...and stared down at the pajamas she was wearing - the front of which was distended out so far that it boggled the mind, the patterned white-and-pastel-pink fabric strained to the limit by a massive, round pair of tits, much of whose cleavage could be seen through the stretched neckline of the pull-over style top.

"Oh my god!" She screamed, staring at the gigantic, titanic, unrealistically huge, freakish tits that filled her downward line of sight. "What the hell'd'ya do to me?"

"Exactly what you asked me to." Wilkes said, defensively. "You specified that they be that big - remember?"

"like hell I did, Doc!" Sonny yelled - then stopped and took several deep breaths.

Which didn't help all that much, since each breath caused those unbelievably huge tits to jiggle slightly, the tremendous weight pulling on her chest refusing to let her forget them. however, she kept reminding herself that none of this mattered - since she was going to kill herself anyway.

With that mantra running through her head, she managed to calm down. Then she opened her eyes...

...and gasped, jaw dropping. While she'd been calming herself, they'd wheeled a full-length, adjustable mirror into place.

Reflected in the mirror was the 'joke' body she, herself, had designed - never really believing that she'd ever 'wear' it.

Well - now the joke was on her.

Part of it had been the fact she'd wanted it to be as different from her own body as possible - every little change increased the risk of death. The other part had been an undeniable urge to 'have fun' with the bodies design - and the joke had been continued by Dr. Wilkes, apparently, considering the pajamas he'd obtained for her. They were 'girlish' in design, though sized for an adult body - which was really quite fitting, all things considered.

The prevailing standard of 'beauty' in the Western world at the moment was very 'Continental', based largely around French and Italian models - svelte creatures with slender (nearly 'skinny') bodies and sharply defined features. In designing this body, though, Sonny had gone much further back. The new body she wore was a parody of the prototypical German or Dutch 'Milk Maid'.

Tall and broad-shouldered, she was neither bulky nor fat - and definitely not masculine in any way. Rather, she was what had been affectionately known as 'sturdy' - large bones covered in just the right amount of feminine padding, giving her a healthy and almost 'girlish' look that was belied by the other Germanic ideal - buxom.

That, Sonny reflected, was an understatement.

In the mirror image, she could see that her specification had been met, exactly. If her bare eye was any judge, her new endowments were each the size of a basketball, that being the definition she'd given - and despite their massive size, they were remarkably firm, though not the artificial 'spheres' of enhancement surgery - through incredibly firm, they still had enough of a heft to create a sort of truncated teardrop shape, the firmness just determining how short a distance they sagged before swelling outwards. In this case, there was very little sag, but that 'natural' shape was still there - the breast was definitely more rounded at the bottom than at the top. And though utterly huge, all things considered, they weren't nearly as impossible as they looked from above.

Her legs were long and very shapely - but not nearly as 'thin' as a fashion model's, the extra padding covering smoothly toned muscles that had remarkable strength without looking like they did. In fact, the same was true with the rest of her body - the arms, shoulders and hips all strong-yet-feminine, their dimensions matching that of the stereotypical 'Milk Maid' in the truest form.

Like the original ideal, the body looked like that of a girl just past puberty, still girlish and innocent - but as if additional age past those teen years conveyed extra 'scaling' rather than further 'maturing' - except, of course, in the bust. In short, she personified the origin of a comment that many people used without recognizing the origin.

She was a 'Big Girl', as in fully mature and 'old enough', as opposed to little girls, who weren't. However, her new face had that same sort of round, less-defined structure that made her look almost angelic - or, perhaps, cherubic. Her eyes were even bigger and bluer than Chucks', and her lips were incredibly full and soft - which, with her broader face, she could get away with. On a 'Continental' model, they would have been way too much.

Likewise her massive, thick mane of light blonde hair. Not only was there a lot of it, but it was thick and vibrant. On her, it worked.

In many ways, she looked too sweet and innocent to possibly be real - which, all things considered, she wasn't. Sort of. That didn't really help her much at the moment, though - despite her shock and any lack of 'cheerful' feelings, her face just

naturally looked ready to smile or break out into 'girlish' laughter at any moment. There was no way around it - it was how her face was constructed.

"Oh... My... God..." Sonny said, in a stunned monotone that was nevertheless sweet and trilling. "What the fuck have I done?"

That snapped her out of it so fast that her head spun.

Not the realization that she was trapped in the 'gag' body she'd come up with - but hearing (and seeing, in the mirror) this woman use an obscenity.

Contrasted with her sweet, perky-looking exterior, it sounded so utterly profane that Sonny truly became aware that she was swearing. Like many people, she'd fallen into the habit of swearing casually, using these words without any real feeling - sort of a 'null phrase'. However, it just seemed so utterly wrong - so 'profane' to see that face and those lips say that word that it shocked the living daylight out of her - and brought her back to 'reality'.

Such as it was. Right now, everything felt sort of like some sort of skewed dream to Sonny. She was still having trouble coping with the realization that the image in the mirror was her.

"Whoa.." She said, turning her wide-eyed gaze on the two men in the room. "This is just too fuh.. too weird."

She stopped the swearword from escaping almost automatically - it just felt fundamentally wrong to use this particular face and voice to say those words, unless there was a considerably more overriding reason. It would have been like... well, like swearing in church. It was almost the exact same sensation.

It was weird - just one more weirdness piled atop the others - and she'd just started being in this body.

"We know it will take some getting used to." Dr. Wilkes said. "And, frankly, we do realize that you designed it with the thought you'd probably never end up living as the woman you designed - but you did design it, and it's not completely unfamiliar to you, so..."

"Whoa, hold on a second." She said, holding up one hand. "You guys think I'm gonna spend one minute longer in this... in this body." She said, wincing at how strange her 'normal' speech rhythms sounded like, coming from this body. Awkwardly, the new woman slid down off the bed - which was an intriguing new sensation, the feel of her new body's balance and motions as she stood up, having to struggle with her balance. 'Top heavy' was a very accurate description of her new center-of- balance, and it was a real struggle to remain upright, fighting to maintain her balance in the face of that extra weight pulling her forward. "We made ourselves a deal, and if I don't like this - and, trust me, I don't like the thought of livin' like a ski... woman, no matter what she looks like - then I'd just off myself. So..."

"Uh - hold it!" Chuck said - and Sonny paused, going into the familiar 'what the fuck do *you* want' pose...

...then hastily dropped it as she realized that trying to cross her arms at her chest just wasn't going to work.

"What about wanting to, um..." Chuck made a gesture, jerking his thumb at the ceiling.

That stopped Sonny's mind dead in it's tracks. She'd been so focused on how bizarre this was, being stuck in the body of some perky-looking Milk Maid with over-sized tits, that he'd nearly forgotten about his one, last desire.

If Chuck had kept his big mouth shut, she could have finished the job without thinking about it - but now that it had been brought up, she just knew that the last minutes of her life would be full of incredible guilt if she didn't go through with that one, last task. Forgetting would have been fine - but knowing that she could now see that sight one last time, and then intentionally doing herself in without seeing it...

She just couldn't do it.

Throwing up her hands, she rolled her huge new eyes. "Okay, you've got me. When's the next full moon, Chuck?"

The Texan glanced over at a calendar hanging on the wall. "Uh - little over two weeks. Sixteen days, to be exact."

"Okay - then you've got me for sixteen more days. After that, I'm a gonzo chicken, got me?" Sonny stated firmly - still grimacing at how really, really weird it sounded, the attitude and rhythm emerging from person who seemed incapable of producing it.

Chuck and the Doc shared a look, then the doctor cleared his throat. "Well, I, uh.. should go. I'll stop in every now and then, but I have things to take care of."

"Yeah, well - you don't have to worry about my health, Doc." Sonny cracked, damning again the lack of control of her new voice, then bid the older man goodbye, still the occasional glances in the mirror with a frown.

After Dr. Wilkes had left, Chuck cleared his throat nervously, looking at the toe of his boot (which he was sliding back and forth over the floor) rather than at her.

"Uh, well.. we figured that you'd stay here with me for.. well, until, you know. the place is just a rented bungalow, but it's, you know, uh... nice."

"Nice." Sonny said, raising one arched eyebrow. "Look, cowboy - day before I saved your as... bu... um... life, I was living on the streets. To me, four walls and a roof is 'nice'."

Chuck grinned lopsidedly. "Yeah, well - anyway, I was wondering, you know, how you wanted to, uh... 'live up' your last two weeks."

Sonny blinked. "Huh?"

Chuck shrugged, diffidently. "Well, you got this new body - and I can guarantee that nobody will be treating you like a 'dumb nigger', no matter where you go. Since I owe you, big, I figured you might want to.. I don't know. Whatever."

Sonny's jaw slowly sagged - as did she, not even realizing it until she was leaning against the bed she'd so recently arisen from.

Being broke and homeless all her life, her imagination had been tightly reigned in, her 'wildest dreams' being what a 'dumb street nigger' could get away with. Certainly not eat in fancy restaurants or anything...

...but everything had changed. Quite literally.

"Holy shit... I mean..." She winced, still getting a really strong 'swearing in church' feeling. "I mean... wow. I hadn't thought about that. I mean... I guess I could really... you know..."

She fell silent, shaking her head at the magnitude of the thought - it was still an untapped realm to her. Chuck cleared his throat once again. "Uh.. there's just one other thing..."

"What's that?" Sonny asked.

"Um... well... I just don't know what to call you. I mean - I know who you are, but I know what you are now, and.. I mean, calling you 'he' sounds really strange, but making myself call a 'girl' Sonny doesn't sound right either and..."

The young millionaire was flushing as he tapered off, and it took Sonny a second. "Wait a second, you mean...?" Sonny asked, incredulously...

...then had a mental image of the two of them in what she imagined a real snooty restaurant would look like - and Chuck calling her 'Sonny'.

She couldn't help herself - at the image, she giggled - a sweet, trilling sound that sounded almost disgustingly cute, and right in keeping with this body's look.

"Okay, okay - it would cause some odd looks." She allowed. "Doesn't mean I have to like it - but I guess it's only for a couple of weeks, and what the he...ck do I care. I mean, I been called a lot of things in my life, and most of them wasn't pleasant. So I figure it won't kill me if you call me, uh "

Sonny paused and looked in the mirror, trying to decide what this body did look like, to her. The first thought that popped, unbidden, into her mind was 'Gretel', but that was out of the question...

"Sonya." She finished, trying it on for size - and grimacing. Still, it wasn't that far from the name she was used to, and it was just until she offed herself. "Yeah - that'll do."

"Okay.... Sonya." Chuck said with a wry grin. "So what do you want to do first?"

The new woman looked thoughtful, turning to eye her new body in the mirror.

"Get changed into some 'real' clothes, I guess." She said, with a rueful grin of her own. "If I'm gonna be leavin' the house, it ain't gonna be in no godda uh, not in pajamas, that's for sure."

* * * * *

"Geez, Chuck..." Sonya muttered to herself. "What'jya do? Buy out the whole fuc uh, store?"

She was staring at the large walk-in closet of 'her' room - or rather, the wide range of clothing that filled it.

The room she'd awoken in had turned out to be the one that had been set aside for her, fully furnished and everything. The room itself was pretty nice, especially for somebody used to living on the street - she didn't even have enough experience with peoples bedrooms to realize that the decor of hers was almost offensively impersonal, like a hotel room. As far as she was concerned, it was great.

The clothing, however - that's what almost floored her. Knowing what her final measurements would be, Chuck had gone out and bought (or had custom made) a wide range of clothing that would fit her new figure, in a wide range of styles and colors.

To somebody who'd only ever owned one set of clothes at any given time, a 'room full' (as she thought of the walk-in closet) of clothing just for her...

It was mind-boggling.

With a slightly stunned look on her angelic new face, Sonya entered the closet, one hand holding onto the edge of the shelving that ran around the upper part of the closet to help her balance. Her new body was supple and healthy, but she was still unused to it, and it took a conscious effort to keep it balanced as she walked.

Of course, the fact that she was able to hold onto the shelf was a new sensation for her - she was considerably taller in this body than she had been as a man. As 'Sonny', she had been short for a man, and now that she was 'Sonya', she was tall for a woman, nearly hitting the six-foot mark.

In fact, there was a lot more to being in this new body than she'd first appreciated. She'd never really thought about what it would be like, never truly believing that she'd end up in it. Now, she was having to cope with all the differences in this body, from it's height to the odd way her hips moved when she walked, having a tendency to 'swivel' with each step - which actually helped counter-balance the swaying of her tits, though not as much as she would have 'liked'.

Oh, well - she only had to put up with the thousand-and-one annoyances that came with being female for two weeks. Then everything would be over - finally.

Until then, she'd just have to put up with the annoyances...

...and the 'good points', of which she hadn't realized there could be any, but were now starting to add up, one after the other.

"Well I'll be da...rned..." Sonya muttered to herself, flipping through some of the different clothing, utterly amazed at how many different 'types' of clothing there were available in this closet. As a man, the only clothes she'd ever gotten was second-hand Ally Anne clothing, and his 'choices' were severely limited.

Now... they seemed completely limitless.

Finally, more out of the fact that she was overwhelmed with the available clothing than any real 'decision', Sonya picked out a pair of jeans and a white cotton blouse. Carrying the brand-new clothing as if it were fine china, she carefully made her way out to the main bedroom and lay the clothing on the bed, then walked over to the dresser in the corner to get the rest of her first 'new clothes' outfit.

Opening the drawers, she gasped at the array of socks, underwear, and assorted 'other' clothing laying within. Almost tentatively, she lifted out one of the massive bras she found inside.

"Holy cr...ow." She said, turning the heavy-duty cotton foundation garment over in her hands. "This thing's... huge."

The weird thing was... Sonya found herself getting slightly aroused as she held the massive MMM- cup bra in her feminine new hands. As a unattractive 'street bum', she'd never really had any chance for 'romantic' engagements, and the fact that she was holding one of the most definite of feminine garments was a slight turn-on.

The fact that she was now more than amply endowed to wear just such a garment didn't lessen the effect. In fact... she was actually 'enjoying' the 'illicit pleasure' of being able to hold, touch, and basically do anything she wanted with a woman's undergarment. Though it was definitely weird, it was also exciting - something that had never occurred to her.

Very hesitantly, and odd look on her face, Sonya replaced the garment in the drawer - and reached for another one, this one less severely 'matronly' than the more austere one she'd first picked up.

Though equally 'heavy duty' in it's own way, this bra had lace trim, completely with little roses embroidered into the lace. A much more frilly, feminine bra...

...and her body seemed to tingle as she lifted it out of the drawer. Glancing around - as if afraid somebody was going to 'catch' her - Sonya reached in and picked up the matching panties for the bra, holding the two feminine undergarments and practically trembling with the guilty enjoyment she was feeling.

"No.. I couldn't..." She said, softly to herself....

...then looked over at the jeans and shirt sitting on the bed. The white cotton blouse she'd picked out was fairly thick and heavy, a subconscious choice made on the 'durability' of such a garment, which was a critical factor when a homeless person

picked clothing. Now she found herself thinking that nobody could possibly know how 'frilly' her underwear was under such clothing.

She began to blush... but carried the underwear over to the bed with her. Hesitantly, she began to pull off her pajamas.

As more and more smooth, milky flesh was exposed by her undressing, that feeling of illicit pleasure increased. Almost instinctively, Sonya's huge blue eyes went to the full-size mirror in the corner...

...and her heart-rate tripled at the sight of this huge-breasted woman slowly stripping. Though she knew she was seeing herself undress, her mental image of herself still hadn't changed to match the body she wore, and it was as if she were peeping in the bedroom window of this 'white chick', watching her undress.

It felt really, really strange... and very, very 'good'. Exciting. Enticing - like he had some sort of 'mind- control' over this woman he was 'spying' on, getting her to do whatever he wanted her to. of course, in a basic sense, it was true - she did have control over this buxom woman...

She watched in the mirror as the buxom blonde finished undressing, every inch of her now-bare body available for scrutiny, from the long legs to the womanly-wide hips, to the slender-yet-sturdy waist to those massive. Magnificent mounds, tipped by large, thick - and fully engorged - nipples.

Almost as if on auto-pilot, Sonya found herself lifting her hands to those massive mounds. Something deep inside her male-ego-driven brain, she'd thought how she'd like to see this woman touch her own tits - and now the woman was doing just that. As if in a daze, she brought her hands to her huge tits, sliding them beneath the curve of those mounds and hefting upwards...

In the mirror, Sonya could see this woman touching and holding her tits, hefting them - and the image turned her on, made her feel good. But she could also feel her hands hefting her tits, feel them through both the hands and the breasts themselves - and that felt very good, too. The 'weirdness' of the fact she was now a woman and was 'feeling herself up' was sort of lost in the general state of guilty arousal she was in, her eyes firmly locked on the mirror and mind sort of spinning in place as she watched this woman slide her hands over her massive mounds, lightly caressing the silken flesh as they moved in slow spirals towards the turgid nipples...

Sonya had to repress a moan of pleasure as her hands finally found those thick, firm, oh-so-sensitive nipples. Seeing it in the mirror excited her. Feeling a pair of full, female breasts in her hands excited her male ego, fulfilling the fantasies she'd often had, as a man, of being able to fondle a woman's breasts at will.

It also felt extremely good, the new, female sensation of having her breasts fondled, even if it was her fondling them.

All of this was having a definite effect on her. Deep in her belly, a warmth was starting to grow, and she was vaguely aware of a damp, slippery feeling in her crotch. Almost on instinct, one hand left her massive tits and slid downwards...

In the mirror, she watched this woman spread her legs further apart, revealing the folds of her pussy in the small, well-trimmed patch of blonde pubic hair that lay between her silken thighs. As she watched, this woman's 'free' hand slid over that downy patch..

...and Sonya gasped in pleasure as she felt the pressure of her hand glide over the very sensitive outer lips of her now-sopping cunt. She gasped again as her hand came to a stop, and her fingers framed her new womanhood. Still entranced by the image in the mirror, she used her fingers to gently press just outside her new vagina, spreading it open to be seen by the male ego inside that was getting oh-so-hot by this free, easy peep-show, something she'd never dreamed she'd get a chance to see.

Some buxom white chick feeling herself up right in front of 'his' eyes.

Slowly, her other hand left her breasts, and glided down to join her first. Hesitantly, it stopped - then one slender, long-nailed finger slid into the opening...

Sonya gasped, eyes sliding closed with the pleasure as her finger brushed lightly-yet-firmly across the swollen nub of her clit...

...and that broke the 'daze'. Yanking her hands away from her crotch, she gasped.

"What the he..ck am I doing...?" She asked herself, eyes popping open and looking downward to stare at her finger, covered in the feminine juices produced by her new womanhood. Shaking her head, trying to clear it of the arousal that still thrummed through her body, she reached over to the night- table and pulled open the drawer, looking for something to wipe her finger off on...

...and stopped, jaw dropping open in shock.

Among the other items resting in the drawer was a bright pink plastic dildo. Making no attempt to look 'realistic', the brightly-colored plastic object was about medium size, with a black base.

Sonya just stared at it for a second - then began blushing brightly.

"Geez, Chuck - you're a sick bas.. bugger." She said, softly, sliding the drawer shut with a bag. Sitting straight once more, she held her hands out from her body and took several deep breaths...

...then opened her eyes and looked at herself in the mirror questioningly, well aware of how 'turned on' she was right now.

"Naw..." She said to her reflection. "I mean... it's be too weird... right?" Her reflection refused to answer, and Sonya bit her lower lip.

As a man, she'd been utterly 'normal' in her sexual drive, and - with no other outlet - had masturbated frequently. Though she consoled herself with the thought that she wasn't turning into a fag or something (and the way she reacted to the 'sight' of the woman in the mirror was definite proof of that), the fact was that she was turned on right now, and her female body simply didn't allow her the chance to relieve it in the familiar way.

"Well..." She told her reflection, blushing brightly. "I mean, it's a woman's body. If I wanna, uh.. get off, then I'll have to..."

She found her eyes going back to the night-table, and the drawer...

She reached a hand slowly towards the drawer... then snatched it back, turning away from the temptation. Shaking her head, she reached over and picked up the panties, getting ready to pull them on...

..feeling the silky, feminine softness of them, feeling the warm, wet sensation in her crotch as she started to lift her leg to put them on, saw the reflection in the mirror...

Tossing the panties aside, she reached over, yanked the drawer open... and then very slowly and hesitantly reached in and picked up the dildo, turning to face her reflection in the mirror.

"I mean, it's not that weird, right?" She said, to herself. "I mean.. this is what women do to.. you know. It's not like I'm actually having sex - not really. I mean, I used to jack off all the time, and with a chick's body, you gotta do it differently, right?"

Of course, the fact that she hadn't even jacked off in the past month made the question more pressing then it would have been otherwise.

" 'Sides.." She told herself, hesitantly. "It's not like anyone's gonna know - and after I off myself, it won't even matter. Since I'm goon die anyway, i.. I might as well, right?"

Having talked herself into it, her heart was thundering behind her massive endowments in a mixture of shame, fear, excitement and arousal.

Her body shaking slightly from the mixture of emotions running through her, Sonya very slowly lay back on the bed, legs spread apart and raised at the knees. For the longest few minutes in her life, she just stared at the ceiling, thumb of her right hand lightly running up and down the cool plastic surface of the dildo she was holding, trying to decide which emotion she was feeling the strongest.

Then, before she could change her mind, she guided the plastic phallus downward... and slid it slowly but firmly between the arousal-swollen lips of her new sex.

She gasped, arching her back slightly as the plastic cylinder slid across her swollen clit, filling her tight new cunt with it's hardness, creating a sensation unlike anything she'd ever felt.

"Oh... wow..." She moaned, softly, as she pushed it all the way in... then slid it most of the way out, shuddering as it slid across her sensitive tissues.

Then she drove it back in, this time with more authority - and began to pick up a rhythm as her body twitched in response to the pleasure it created.

It was similar to what masturbation felt like as a man - yet, at the same time, oh-so-different. The overwhelming thing was - it felt very, very good. Letting her eyes slid close, she began to caress on swollen nipple with her free hand, while the other continued to drive the now slick dildo in and out of her sopping, hot cunt, her hips unconsciously picking up a thrusting motion as she masturbated as a woman for the first time.

She clamped her teeth together to keep from crying out as pleasure flowed outwards from her crotch, the sensations rocking her body as she built up speed and power.

The pleasure continued to build and build, reaching - and passing - the point where, as a man, she would have orgasmed. She was swept up into the river of pleasure that flowed through her, loosing herself in it, her mind barely registering anything but the awe of so much pleasure, and the disbelief that she hadn't come yet - it seemed impossible that a climax could lay somewhere higher on the pinnacle of pleasure she was now feeling.

Without even realizing it, she had began to scream and moan, unformed words slipping between her full new lips as she fucked herself like a woman possessed, the hand holding the dildo driving frantically at her crotch, pounding the plastic cylinder into her cunt again and again and again, as the pleasure - incredibly - continued to build.

"Oh, yes, oh yes!" She screamed, eyes closed and completely oblivion to the sound she was making, or the way her body was thrashing on the bed. "Oh, God - yeeeeesssss!"

Then she came.

It was like an explosion - and explosion of pleasure that took her by storm, the concussion completely severing intellect from senses as she became lost in an eternal instant, pure white pleasure filling every sense as her body twitched and rocked on the bed, orgasm ripping through her body and commandeering every nerve to carry it's message of orgasmic pleasure to her brain.

Then the instant ended, and the pleasure began to fade, leaving a warm afterglow in it's place as the orgasm slowly subsided. Spent - emotionally and physically - she collapsed back onto the bed, laying limp with the dildo still buried in her sopping cunt as she tried to reconnect her brain with reality.

* * * * *

Outside the door, Chuck stood as if cast in concrete, one hand still half-raised from the aborted knock he'd never given. Having heard a weird grunting sound from Sonya's room, he'd hurried down the hallway, afraid that she'd decided to break her promise and kill herself.

He'd just been about to knock when she'd lost the last of her control - and the sounds had quickly dispelled the suicide notion, replacing it with an utter certainty as to what she was doing, complete with a mental image of what her naked, hugely-endowed body would look like as she thrashed in ecstasy...

Blushing furiously, the Texan turned and crept away from the door- toward the door to his own room. Though flushed and embarrassed and shocked, he was also very, very aroused, and he was unzipping his pants to free his erection even as he closed the door to his room.

Feeling like some sort of disgusting pervert, he closed his eyes... and let that image reform, the one of a buxom, blonde-haired woman pleasuring herself...

...or maybe there was a certain somebody - a certain male somebody, with a definite twang in his voice, causing her to scream in such orgasmic pleasure...

With that image firmly in his mind's eyes, Chuck couldn't help but wrap one hand around his already rock-hard and throbbing shaft.

* * * * *

Still flushed with orgasmic pleasure and embarrassment, Sonya finished washing her very sensitive privates, glad that she'd been given the master bedroom, complete with it's en suite bathroom.

Walking out into the bedroom, she gathered up the clothing she'd picked out... and became aware of a sound coming through the wall that her and Chuck's bedroom shared. Suddenly, her blush deepened as she realized that he was in her room, and must have heard her screaming as she masturbated, and...

...and then the sounds she was hearing through the wall 'clicked', and she realized what Chuck was doing...

...as a direct response of what he'd heard her doing...

If it had been physically possible for her to burst into spontaneous ignition, the heat from her blush would have done that. Hurriedly, she pulled on the panties - the rush not able to distract her from the odd sensation of pulling the soft lingerie up her smooth legs and around her womanly hips. She then scrambled into the bra, her shame and shock not able to completely overwhelm her mind from the sensations as she pulled the front-clasping cups into place, lifting and containing her massive mounds as she closed the clasps on the garment.

Then she pulled on the shirt, only buttoning every third button before hurriedly slipping on the jeans...

...which almost slowed her to a stand-still. Still unused to her own body, the apparently large pants turned out to be skin-tight, something she hadn't realized from looking at them, never having had to judge them against her new body before. Rather than take the time to find a looser-fitting pair, she struggled to get them around her full hips and firm ass, then did them up, unable to actually see the button on the jeans because her huge, bra-encased mounds didn't allow her a direct line of sight.

Finally getting the pants done up, she hurried for the door, eager to get out of earshot from Chuck's self-pleasure, her entire body deeply flushed...

..and, to her rising horror, aroused. The thought of Chuck's masturbating made her think about why he was, which brought back the memory of her own masturbation, and her body was reacting.

Opening the door, she began to hurry down the hall.. and was just passing the door to Chuck's room when he made a muffled moaning sound that she recognized - the sound of a man cumming, and cumming hard...

...because he was fantasizing about her...

She hurried down the hall, all too aware of the femininity of her new body as she moved, of the arousal she was feeling - and of the way the bra felt as it encased her huge mounds, her once again swollen nipples pressing into the restraining fabric. Finger's fumbling, she did up the rest of the buttons on her blouse as she hurried into the living room of the house, completely unfamiliar with the room and having to stop and get her bearings.

Her head was swimming with emotions and thoughts, and she was having a hard time concentrating on anything, the recurrent image of Chuck masturbating over her wanting to pop into her mind, and her fighting to keep it from forming. She knew for a fact that if Chuck were to come out of his room, if she'd have to see him, she wouldn't be able to stop the thought from forming, and she just couldn't handle that. She'd been an awake, aware woman for less than three hours now, all of them spent in her bedroom, and in that time she'd managed to not only feel herself up and get herself off, but get 'another man' so horny that he had jacked off to a mental image of her. She just wasn't ready to face that...

...she needed to get out of here. Go for a walk. Beyond the windows of the living room, twilight was settling in, and a walk in the cool night air, being back on the streets, was what she needed. As a homeless man, she'd longed for a house to live in - but now, confused and shocked and helplessly aroused, the walls seemed to loom over her, closing in on her - she needed to get out of there.

Hurrying into the kitchen/dining room, she found a purse sitting on the table - the promised identification, etc., that she'd been promised. A quick glance in the black leather bag showed that it was full of various items - including keys and a woman's wallet, bulging with more cash than she'd ever had in her life. Slinging the bag over her shoulder, she hurried to the front door...

...and cursed. She was barefoot, not even wearing any socks, and that was no way to go outside. Her closet was stuffed full of all sorts of shoes and other footwear, but she didn't want to go back there, for fear of running into Chuck...

...but the only pair of shoes that would fit her out here was a pair of sandal-style shoes, wit white leather straps on the upper - and a flared heel that was at least three inches high.

At the end of the hall, she heard the door to Chuck's room open...

Grimacing, she sat down on the floor and quickly pulled on the shoes, mentally cursing her enormous bust as it got in the way - and hating herself for finding the sensations pleasant every time her arm pushed on her cloth-cover endowments.

Getting the shoes on and done up, she carefully rose to her feet, balancing gingerly atop the unfamiliar footwear.

As the sound of Chuck's footsteps started down the hallway, she quickly opened the door and - teetering and moving awkwardly, but managing to keep her balance - hurried down the steps and over the driveway to the sidewalk, turning her back on the house and concentrating on staying upright as she headed off into the dusk, her mind swirling in a confused uproar as she tried - without complete success - to ignore the feminine sensation walking created in her new, female body...

* * * * *

Hearing the screen door close, Chuck hurried across the living room, his face flushed. Reaching the door, he threw it open and hurried, barefoot, onto the step and looked up and down the street...

...then cursed. He realized that Sonya must have heard him, as he'd heard her, and been equally embarrassed - and she'd taken off. Not that he could blame her - he wasn't exactly keen on the idea of having to face her, knowing what she would be thinking and vice versa.

Well - it was out of his hands, now. He'd bought a house on the corner, and she'd already gone one way or the other down the cross-street, lost to sight. He could dash out to the street and hope to spot her...

...but perhaps they both needed a while alone to work out how they were going to deal with this new complication. A quick check showed that she'd at least had the presence of mind to take her purse, which meant she had money and identification.

Sighing, Chuck reentered the house and closed the door. Going into the living room, he opened the cabinet on the entertainment center, revealing a small bar. Pouring himself a shot of whiskey, he sat down on the couch, lanky legs sprawled out in front of him.

"Sonya - I'm sorry..." He muttered to the air, then drained the glass in one swallow and poured himself another...

...with the mental image of Sonya's buxom nude body still trapped in his mind.

End of Part 1



BACK TO FUN ZONE

(PART TWO)

By Gunslinger

The autumn evening was cool and overcast, the twilight further deepened by the clouds that scudded fairly low over the concrete towers and canyons of the city, driven by a rising wind from the ocean. A rising wind whose chill currents also carried the smell of promised rain, as well as the muted sounds of the city itself.

All in all, an evening ill suited for casual strolls - except where necessity (or youthful, foolhardy energy) dictated, people avoided walking any real distance, in view of the inclement weather.

However, the streets of New York are never empty at any time, as necessity did exist for enough of the vast metropolis' citizens. So it was that the few who were driven to wander through the growing darkness of a rather mid-to-upscale section of the Island were treated to an unusual sight.

She was tall, for a woman, and built to equally impressive measurements in other directions. Not that she was fat, not by any stretch of the imagination - but she had the firm, full-fleshed body of a large-boned, healthy woman, whose muscular strength was hidden beneath a thick enough layer of padding to mute almost all the muscular definition to a smoother, more deceptive contour - as if she were one of those female body-builders in 'disguise'. Still, it managed to create a rather pleasant aspect to the woman, making her most definitely feminine - if it was a more 'girlish' femininity than the sophisticated, slender look favored by more of the population. In conjunction with her smooth, rounded face with its full lips, dimples, and huge, bright-blue eyes, all surrounded by corn-silk hair, it created an almost cherubic appearance, of innocent beauty and unsophisticated femininity. What was most amazing about her physical appearance itself, however, was the fact that her body still managed to project that innocence, despite the fact that she possessed a pair of the most enormous breasts that most people had ever seen - with, perhaps, the exception of some patrons of strip-clubs, where some 'exotic dancers' had upper dimensions that might match this woman's. Where those dancer's saline- or silicone-inflated endowments looked 'tacked on' to a body ill-suited to support them, however, this woman's build let her pull the look off.

Unfortunately, even that magnificently built body couldn't distract the eye from her persona, which she wasn't managing to pull off, angelic appearance notwithstanding. The clothes she was wearing, while rather 'plain', managed to stay within what would look good on her, in a casual situation. Even her lack of make-up didn't detract too greatly, considering her 'wholesome' look.

However, her silken hair was a Medusa's tangle of strands, and the way she wobbled and staggered down the sidewalk and muttered to herself - as if drunk - definitely didn't jibe with her general air of innocence...

"I shoulda had the Doc turn me into fuc...freaking King Kong..." Sonya (née Sonny) muttered, not noticing the odd look from the person waiting at the bus-stop gave her as she wobbled past. "He...ck, worst come to worst, I coulda just climbed the Empire Stet Buildin', and the cops woulda been sure ta blow me away. Leastwise I'd go out with a real bang. But *nooooo*, I hadda go make myself a chick.

What the heck was you thinking, Sonny?"

She should her head at her own stupidity. "Oh, I know what you was thinkin'. You was thinkin' that you pro'bly wouldn't even wake up. And if you did, then maybe - just maybe - it's be interestin' to see how well a white chick made out in the world, for awhile. Go ahead and admit it - you was kinda wonderin'. Seein' all those white chicks get anythin' they wanted, just by smilin' and wigglin' a little - you thought, deep down, it might be kinda neat to try it. Didn't think about how it would really be like, dija? Didn't think about how heavy havin' a huge pair o' hooters would be. Definitely didn't think about what jackin' off would be like - or what would happen if that dam.. darned white boy heard ya? Oh, cra.. crud!"

Sonya shook her head again, angrily - here she was trying to forget that whole thing - and yet that thought kept popping back into her head. The thought of Chuck jacking off at the thought of her. Why the hell did she keep thinking about that!

...and why was her nipples so hard they could cut glass? Sure, it was chilly out, and she'd love to blame it on that - but the cold didn't explain the warm, damp warmth in her crotch.

But she was not getting horny thinking about that stupid white boy. No way - that'd be sick. Besides - she didn't even like him., he was so darn annoying, butting into her life, making her feel guilty about stuff... and talking her into going ahead and making herself into this woman, the one that had him jackin' off over...

Crud! She was thinking about it again. It was all that white boy's fault...

...except that, even as she thought of it, she couldn't make herself believe it. She was the one that saved his life. She didn't have to - but she had. Then she was the one who had agreed with having herself changed - and out of all the things she could have become, it was her that had picked this body. She could have been just about anything. Hell, even if she had been limited to being a chick, she could have become a butt-ugly tub-of-lard, which would have avoided all of this completely.

Nope - somewhere, deep inside, she'd decided on this body herself because she'd been... curious. Deep inside, she'd wondered what this would be like, and had been willing to give it a try, assuming she didn't die in the procedure - and now she was finding out.

There was something really wrong with her. She must be sick in the head to have done this to herself. She'd been wandering in the lowering dark for more then half an hour now, and that was the best she could come up with. She hated herself for considering the implications of that thought...

...but no matter how hard she tried to get the thoughts and memories of her own, female orgasm, and the effect it had on Chuck, out of her head, they refused to go - and every time they returned, they brought back the thought of who, really, had done this to her. Though Chuck and the Doc had denied her the chance to commit suicide, and had tried to talk her into living, the choice, ultimately, had been hers, from deciding to give it a shot, to choosing what she'd look like...

...to what had gone on in the house. It was her fault, and nobody else's. She'd gone ahead and done this... well, if not completely 'willingly', then at least aware of what she was doing.

Which meant... on some deep level, this is what she'd been willing to accept. Maybe not what she wanted - but a willing choice out of a plethora of bad options.

The thought disgusted her, made her feel sick... but she couldn't ignore it. Couldn't refute it. She, and nobody else, had done this thing to her.

God, how it hurt her to admit that! Quite literally, it was something she'd rather die than admit...

...but she'd sworn to the two-week time-frame. Sworn it to Chuck, which was bad enough - but had sworn it to herself, which made it iron-clad. Just as she'd once, as a young black man, sworn she'd never let herself end up like the career criminals many young homeless men became. Like the oath she'd made to herself to never slump into that apathy of most homeless people, to never 'give up', as long as she had her health...

The thought of that oath managed to rip a wry grin out of her. After all, it had been her attempt to circumvent that particular oath that had helped land her here. After all, she'd jumped in to save Chuck under the self-assumption that dying as a hero didn't count as 'giving up', of quitting. Even if the explosion didn't kill her, she figured that she'd be injured enough to finally allow her the suicide she'd so longed for. Failing that, she'd figured that, by picking a form completely different than her old one, it still wouldn't be breaking her agreement with herself if she committed suicide. She might be 'healthy'; - but she was no longer 'Sonny', and so that promise wasn't binding.

But this damned two-week oath... if only Chuck hadn't reminded her of it after she'd first awoken. Then she could have killed herself with a clear conscience...

With a sigh, she paused in her aimless walking to sink down on the edge of a concrete planter, to take her weight off of her now-aching feet. She'd never really had a reason to wonder what walking in high heels would feel like. Now, she knew all too well - she figured that her unfamiliarity with heels counter-balanced the relative thickness at the base of the flared heel. Leaving her to wonder how strippers, hookers and the like could possibly stand really high, thin heels for any length of time.

With a snort, she shook her head again. Here she was, a tall, blonde woman, sitting on the edge of planter and all-too-aware of how different it felt, with her full, firm new ass. Aware of the weight and heft of her new, huge tits - and the way the straps of her bra were digging into shoulders that were getting chafed from the constant bounce-and-sway of her tits when

she walked - and thinking about how much her high-heels hurt her feet. A month ago, this scene would have been unbelievable to her, yet somehow she'd ended up in it.

Even worse - she'd ended up in it because of her own foolishness and stupidity - and it was further worsened by the fact she was trying to cope with the fact that her body was still sexually aroused...

...at the thought of a man jerking off over her.

It was right then that the first fat, cold drops of rain fell from the sky, splattering heavily on the cracked pavement of the sidewalk and slapping against her head and shoulders - and upper breasts.

Sonya began to laugh. Though it was bright and clear and trilling, it wasn't a strong, healthy laugh - it was the laugh of somebody who was going to either laugh or cry, and had promised herself that she *would not* cry.

For several minutes, she merely sat on that planter, the rain quickly picking up and soaking her to the bone. She didn't care - she'd been living on the streets just a month ago, and was used to getting wet, even if it hadn't quite felt the way it did now that she was a woman...

...a *woman*...

...wearing a white bra and blouse...

"Oh, crud!" Sonya's head snapped up, and she stared down at the soaked blouse she was wearing. Though of a fairly heavy material, and over a white bra that was substantially built, she could still, dimly, see through the fabric. Besides - it's fabric weight meant that, wet, it plastered itself to her body as if molded to it, defining every curve of her massive new chest.

Sighing, she rose to her feet....

...and only then realized something.

She was lost. She hadn't been paying attention to where she was going while she'd walked along - and she'd never seen the outside of the bungalow. When running away, she hadn't bothered to look back, and only had a vague glimpse of part of the house as she'd left. She knew it was a bungalow, on a corner but which corner?

Oh, sure - just look in her purse, see what address was on her new ID, right?

But Sonya couldn't read. She could 'read' letters, match one word to the same word by appearance - so, she could wander around, looking at each of the street signs, and seeing if the word on them matched any of the words on her new identification.

Cursing - mildly - she looked around. She was in an older neighborhood, more tenement buildings and small shops than straight residential section...

...and up the street was a bar. She couldn't read the words written on the front of the building, but she knew the 'flavor' of a bar when she saw one.

Scrunching up her shoulders and bowing her head under the rain, Sonya hurried towards the building, cursing her high-heels as she wobbled and teetered on the rain-slick pavement.

She'd just about reached the bar when her left foot went out from under her, twisting sideways with a sharp motion, and Sonya cried out briefly as she tumbled forward.

Picking herself up - slowly - she winced at the low throb in her left ankle, knowing she'd just twisted it badly. Lips compressed tightly in frustrated anger, she pushed open the scarred wooden door of the building and went inside.

* * * * *

Parting the drapes in the window, Chuck stared out into the darkness, where the rain was coming down in earnest now, a heavy, cold rain as dismal and depressing as it could possibly be....

...until the sharp 'crack-bank' of nearby thunder broke the rhythm of the rain, almost coinciding with the blinding blue-white flash, like a celestial flash photograph. The window shook from the force of the rumble as the thunder faded.

"Oh, Sonya " Chuck said, turning away from the window and staring in self-accusation at the bottle of whiskey he'd made a pretty good dent in. though his instincts cried for him to get in his Hummer and go look for her, he knew that that would be the worst thing he could do, for either of them.

Sighing, he walked over to the kitchen and lifted the phone. Rather than bother with the phone book, he punched in the three digits for information.

"New York City." He replied to the automated voice that greeted him. "The Yellow Cab Company "

* * * * *

Leaning against the wall, Sonya stopped dead and stared at the room that lay before her.

She didn't know what she expected - but this wasn't it. Right from the first instant, when she'd stepped inside, she'd thought something was strange, but she hadn't been able to put her finger on it - the heavy front door opened onto a short hallway, one side of which led to a set of stairs leading upwards, the other making a sixty-degree or so turn before emptying into the main room of the establishment. It was this angled segment of wall that she leaned against as she gaped at the room before her.

The place looked... old. Like the sort of place where God might have relaxed with a few drinks on the Seventh Day.

Now, Sonya had seen old, and run down - it was familiar to her. What she saw now, however, wasn't. Everything was old, and nothing was in perfect repair - and even when new, none of it had been expensive to begin with. Despite that, the room didn't look dirty or run down, but almost lovingly maintained - as long as it didn't interfere with the general 'air' of age, that was. The place was old and worn, but in a good, comfortable way - like the way a good pair of shoes could end up as your favorite summer slip-ons, ragged and tattered, but oh-so-comfortable. Or the way an old recliner could become comfortable after all those years...

...neither of which analogies occurred to Sonya, who had no experience along those lines. She was left without a good reference as she stared at the scene the room presented her.

It must be a bar, at least in part - the actual 'bar' portion was at the far side of the room, all aged, battered oak, with rows of bottles fronting the huge mirror that made up the back-drop, and dully polished brass railing and stools gleaming in the light.

The rest of the room, however... the place was almost empty. Nearest to her was a couple of old men - a tall, almost painfully thin black man, dressed in faded, but well cared for, clothing, with a full head of curly steel-gray hair, and wearing a pair of large glasses. He was playing chess with a white man, a short little guy with a full beard and a big nose, his own close-cropped salt-and-pepper hair half covered by one of those Jewish hats. Not the little caps thing, but the low, rounded ones with a wide brim.

Sitting in another booth about halfway down the room were a couple of guys - one about forty, forty- five, the other a good twenty years younger. The older one was muscular and broad-shouldered, but starting to run to flab, and his hair was very short-cropped, almost invisible. He was wearing a pair of olive-drab slacks and a khaki-shirt, and was sitting so upright you'd think he had a steel bar inserted in him.

By contrast, his younger companion was thin, with a tie-dyed shirt and torn jeans, sporting long, greasy hair beneath a black beret, and a neatly trimmed goatee.

The last person in the room was the only woman present - aside from Sonya, of course. In her late thirties, she was quite attractive, if a little 'overdone' in faded evening wear she wore, complete with an elaborate hairstyle and flashy jewelry.

Sonya had a very good look at all of them - because they were all sitting stock-still, staring at her with bemused looks on their faces. The silence was broken only by the hum of the fans in the ceiling, and by the Jazz music issuing quietly from a cracked and dented portable radio resting on the table of the chess players.

Still surprised by the comfortable, if old-fashioned - atmosphere of the room, Sonya felt like an intruder into a private sanctum, and found herself unwilling to break the silence first. Instead, trying not to stare at any of the people watching her so frankly, she started towards the bar, favoring her twisted ankle...

...and all four men rose as one. the two chess players were the closest to her, but they'd risen more slowly so as not to disturb the pieces on the board, and it was the stiff-backed man who made it to her side first, moving with the speed and grace of a panther - and nearly as silently.

"Please, ma'am - allow me." He said in a rough-edged voice with a heavy southern accent. He extended his arm.. but stopped short of actually laying a hand on her.

Sonya was startled - but she wasn't too proud to accept the assistance. Though being addressed as '*ma'am*' threw her for a bit of a loop, she let the tall, broad-shouldered man take her arm and escort her to a table near the center of the room, taking most of her weight on himself.

Before they reached the table, the man's younger companion was there, pulling the chair out for her, and Sonya sank into the soft, well-worn leather with a sigh.

"Thanks." She said, with a bemused grin.

"Not at all, Ma'am." Was intermingled with "Hey, no problem..."

As the well-preserved woman in the evening dress appeared at the table, moving with a remarkable grace and self-confidence that further bemused Sonya.

"Well " The woman said with a grin that was both carefully cultured and yet, somehow, utterly genuine. "We appear to have a winner in the 'Drowned Rat Impersonation Contest'. With a twisted ankle to boot, I would hazard to guess." She turned to the long-haired young man. "Junior, would you be so good as to fetch some ice in a bar towel for the lady's ankle?"

Though phrased politely, the woman's request had the steel of command beneath it, and the young man nodded and hurried off as the woman, with one sinuous, graceful movement, sank into the chair opposite Sonya and extended a hand. "Miss Gabrielle Williams, owner and hostess of " With an all- inclusive tilt of her head, she indicated the entire room, " the Parson's Avenue Social Club. Most of my patrons call me Miss Gabby."

"Uh... Sonya. Sonya Johnson." Sonya said, shaking the woman's outstretched hand. " Social Club?"

Miss Gabby smiled politely. "An outdated concept that replaced the Gentleman's club, yet pre-dated the Night Club. As a matter of sad fact, the only reason this one remains in business is that I do nothing to remain in business."

"Oh kay." Was the best Sonya could come up with.

"Uh, Ma'am?" the broad-shouldered man said, taking the ice-filled bar-towel the younger man had brought and handing it to her. "Perhaps I could explain. Miss gabby owns this building, inherited from her father, who got it from his father. All of us..." He gestured with a hand, " live in the apartments upstairs. This place stays open mostly as sort of a rec-room for us. We haven't had any new customers in oh, a long time."

"Oh." Sonya said, blushing as she accepted the ice and grooved her leg to allow her to put it on her sore ankle. "I'm sorry... I didn't mean to, uh trespass or anything."

"Not at all, my dear." Miss Gabby said, with a smile. "We are still open for business, after all - and any new friends are welcome. We simply don't go out of our way to attract clientele." She tilted her head in the big man's direction. "By the by, this helpful gentleman is Gunnery Sergeant William Breckenridge, United States marine Corps..."

"Retired. Please, Ma'am - call me Gunny." The big man interrupted, smoothly.

Equally smoothly, as if not interrupted, Miss Gabby continued "...and this rather... *unkempt* young man is his son, William Breckenridge the Second."

"Most people just call me 'Junior', actually." The long-haired youth said with a grin. "Pleased ta meetcha, Ma'am."

Sonya blinked - and grinned weakly. "Actually... I'm not used to being called 'Ma'am' by anyone. No offense... but it's kinda unnerving. Can you guys just call me 'Sonya'?"

Sonya caught Miss Gabby's wince at her speech patterns, and felt irrationally guilty about 'betraying' the image her body presented.

Junior didn't catch any of this, though, his own grin undimmed. "Sure, I guess I can do that... Sonya."

Gunny Breckenridge cleared his throat, apologetically. "Would you find 'Miss Johnson' acceptable, Ma'... miss?"

"Uh..." Sonya said, eyebrow rising. "Well, I guess so..."

"Don't mind Pop." Junior said, with a grin. "The Corps drilled politeness into him, 'specially around civilians. Now, if you were a buck recruit private..." His grin became wicked. "...or a member of the family, why then..."

"Junior..." Gunny sighed - without heat. Obviously, it was such a long-standing, partially resolved matter between them that it had become a sort of 'in joke' between them, and Junior was just using this as an excuse to trot it out again.

Sonya watched all of this with a bemused expression. She'd never before had a chance to see a 'slice of life' cross-section like this before, and the warmth and comfort evident in both the room and the people's interactions with one another was like a siren's song, calling to her. She'd been in the Social Club for just a few minutes, yet she already felt as if she belonged here, as if she'd be welcome anytime she happened to wander in.

Miss Gabby cleared her throat delicately. "Gunny..."

The ex-sergeant glanced over, inquiringly, to find the elegantly-dressed woman looking at him with a strange look on her face.

Sonya, bemused, watched an odd indecision cross his face, then his eyes turned to her and ran, somewhat impersonally, over her figure.

"I guess she can't borrow some clothes from you." Gunny said to Miss Gabby, further confusing Sonya.

Then the ex-Marine turned to Sonya again, and smiled weakly, obviously uncomfortable. "Um... Miss Johnson? There's a... well, a secret, I guess, that I have. The others here know about it, and all, but... Not that I don't trust you, but..."

Still confused, Sonya lifted her hands. "If there's something you don't feel comfortable to tell me, then don't. If you do tell me somethin', though, I'll keep my mouth shut about it." She sighed. "Besides - aside from the people in this room, I know exactly two other people worth talkin' to, and both of 'em know a secret about me that I prob'ly blows yours right outta the water."

Junior snickered. "Don't count on it, Sonya."

Gunny straightened and gave his son a long, calm look, and the young man - still grinning - held up his hands in an 'okay, I'll shut up' gesture.

"It would be helpful, Gunny." Miss Gabby said, quietly and without any attempt to persuade. "It is, however, completely your choice. I realize that we know about it more or less by default, and I can certainly see why you would not wish to share it with somebody you are not sure would be so... open minded as ourselves."

Sonya looked back and forth between the three people around her... then glanced over at the two 'chess players', who - while not looking in their direction - were sitting in such a way that seemed to indicate they were keeping an ear on the conversation... politely.

Suddenly, an odd sensation welled up in Sonya, one she'd rarely felt before. With a start, she realized that what she felt was akin to homesickness.

Right now, more than anything, she wanted to be accepted into this warm, uncritical group. With a start, she realized that - despite being soaking wet, with a twisted ankle, and with all her other problems intact - she hadn't consciously thought of her own problems since she'd walked inside. She'd been so caught up in the comfortable familiarity of this group that her own problems had sort of... slid away. As if this place was a refuge, where her problems were... set aside.

Impulsively, she reached out and put a hand on Gunny's arm, drawing his attention, and - by mutual reaction - the attention of the others.

"When I said I had a secret, I didn't mean it was something really 'hidden', so much as the fact that nobody knows it out of the fact I don't have anybody to discuss it with, aside from those who.. made it happen."

"Sonya, you do not have to..." Miss Gabby started, gently.

Sonya held up both her hands, stopping her. "No, please - let me finish." Miss Gabby pursed her lips, but kept her peace.

Taking a deep breath, Sonya squared her shoulders. "Until a few days ago, I was a young black man." Silence so thick you could have cut it with a knife to command of the room.

After what seemed forever, Miss Gabby broke it. "I... see." She said in a tone that indicated quite the opposite.

Sonya grinned wryly. "Yeah, I know it's hard to believe - but it's the truth. See, I saved this rich Texan's as... life, and was injured 'cause of it. So, he told me about this highly dangerous procedure that a doctor was looking for a volunteer for, that does something on the, uh.. whatchamacallit. Genetic... somethin'. Anyway, chances were that this procedure would kill me - but since I was tryin' to commit suicide at the time, that didn't seem really 'portant, right? So I said 'yeah, go ahead', and picked out this body, cause I coulda looked almost anyway I wanted, and thought I'd try somethin' different, see? I know it sounds weird, but - deep done, under this white woman's body - I'm a homeless black guy tryin' to deal with all this shi... stuff."

She took another long breath, then looked around to see how they were taking it, knowing how ludicrous the story sounded. After all - she'd lived through it, and still found it kind of hard to believe.

Then Gunny slowly grinned. "Well, I can't say I'm sure if I believe it... but you're right, it does beat mine to hell. Me, I'm just your average, every-day cross-dresser." He shook his head and chuckled. "Well, come on up to my apartment - some of my clothes should fit you pretty well."

* * * * * "Hey, Miss Gabby?"

Watching the two Breckenridge's escort Sonya - carefully - up the stairs, the owner of the Social club turned her attention to the older black man. "Yes, Robert?"

The man inclined his graying head towards the stairs. "You believe the story that girl told us?"

Gabby put a finger against her lips and considered the question carefully. "Well, I can't say that I believe it completely, on the first telling..." She said, slowly. "But, I believe that *she* believes it, implicitly. Which, for the moment, is good enough for me."

"Yup. Guess it's good enough for me, too." Robert Martin said, nodding, then turning his attention back to the game. "S'your move, tovarish."

"Spasibo." Viktor Ludimov said, reaching out and shifting one of the pieces with careful deliberation...

* * * * *

"Uh, Miss Jackson?"

Sonya winced at the name, but managed a weak smile as the ex-marine guided her into his apartment. "Yeah, Gunny?"

The broad-shouldered man began to blush. "Would you mind if I, uh, dressed as well? En Femme, I mean?"

Sonya blinked, her nose wrinkling in unconscious distaste at the thought of the big white dude prancing around in women's clothes...

...then she laughed, wryly. "Heck, sure, go right ahead. It's not like I'm in any position to be judgin' you, right?"

It was a new - and unsettling - thought for her, but she couldn't deny it. After all, she'd always held a vague sense that only sissies and sickos would want to wear women's clothes... yet she'd gone all the way and actually become a woman. What did that say about her? Compared to her, Gunny was practically normal.

The ex-marine smiled. "Thanks... Sonya."

The buxom blonde blinked at the sudden change, and Gunny grinned.

"Well, if I'm going to be Gina - my female persona - then it's just us 'girls', right?"

Sonya laughed, shaking her head in amused disbelief. "Oh, this is jus' too rich, Gunny my man. A marine sergeant in a dress and a street nigger in a big-titted blonde's body, havin' some 'Girl Talk'."

Gunny winced at the self-critical tone he heard in the blonde's sweet voice. Deciding not to respond to it, he led her into the bedroom and opened his closet. With quick, practiced moves, he gathered up some items.

"I'll just pop into the bathroom and get ready, while you dry off and pick something out to wear. We're near enough in size that you should be able to wear anything... except the shoes, I'm afraid. There's some towels in the wardrobe, top shelf."

"Thanks." Sonya said, wryly, as Gunny headed off. Grabbing a couple of the big, thick towels from the wardrobe, she slowly undressed and toweled off, mentally cursing her long, full mane of hair. She'd never realized what a nuisance long, thick hair could be, and had 'chosen' it more as a 'fashion' statement than without any real knowledge of what it would be like to have.

It was also weird to use three towels to wrap her nude body where she'd once only used one - now she wrapped one around her hips, one (barely) around her massive new bust-line, and the last she twirled around her hair...

...after three tries.

Grumbling to herself, Sonya limped over to the closet and looked at the array of clothing.

She had to keep from swearing. The entire closet was full of 'girlie' clothes. On reflection, it made sense - a man wouldn't want to wear 'mannish' women's clothes.

"What, don't see anything that strikes your fancy?" At the sound of the voice, Sonya whirled...

...and her eyes widened and her jaw dropped.

When Gunny had said that he was a cross dresser, Sonya had formed a sort of mental image of what to expect - but that was a far cry from the image 'Gina' presented as 'she' stood in the doorway.

The illusion wasn't perfect. The hands were too large, as were the feet, though careful choice of clothing had helped minimize that. The silk scarf around 'her' neck hid her Adam's Apple, further blurring the line. Even the wig that she wore was high enough quality to look real, rather than a wig. For the most part, the person in the doorway looked like a woman - a tall, broad-shouldered and rather mannish-looking one, to be true, but definitely within the generally accepted range for females.

Out of necessity, Sonya had never been a movie goer - as Sonny', it had been one of the unaffordable luxuries. Perhaps, if she had gone to the movies, she might have seen 'To Wong Foo...', and would have been more prepared for what she saw - in many ways, 'Gina' looked much like the character Swayze had played. But Sonya hadn't, so she wasn't - instead, she stood stock still in surprise, jaw hanging.

"Well, don't just stand there..." Gina said with a grin, spinning on one heel. "Say something." Brain spinning in neutral, Sonya said the very first thing that popped into her mind...

"Geez, Gunny - you look more like a chick than I do!"

Gina winced - but was smiling brightly. "Hardly, honey - I'd kill for a body like yours."

Sonya shook her head, snapping herself out of it. "Oh, I didn't mean like that. I mean, there's a lot of, real.. uh, I mean... you know, women who are born women who have a body less feminine than you look, and lots with more. What I mean, is the way you move and walk and talk. It's... kinda freaky. So good it's scary."

"Why, thank you..." Gina said, with a curtsy. "Of course, the truth is that it's all 'learned' behavior. Anybody can pick it up - it's just, normally, men don't want to, and women do. It's part of society. Same with the clothes, really - it wasn't all that long ago that men wore hose and wigs, you know."

"Say what?" Sonya said, startled - her knowledge of American History was pretty limited.

Gina waved a hand. "Never mind. Back to the original question - is there a problem with the clothes?" Sonya began a long, slow blush. "Well... they're a little more, uh... that is, they're a little less... um..." Gina's eyebrows rose. "What? You've tried clothing like this on, and didn't like it?"

"Heck no!" Sonya replied, indignant... then she flushed harder.

The question Gina asked was so sensible that it slammed into Sonya like a freight train. "How do you know you don't like it, then?"

Sonya's jaw dropped and she searched for words... but nothing seemed to want to emerge from between her full lips.

Gina grinned. "Look, Sonya - I understand that you're still trying to cope with things. Let me ask you this: How do you think *I* felt, the first time I tried one women's clothes... and found that I liked it. Do you think I was overjoyed to find this new facet of myself?"

Sonya blinked. "I... really didn't think about it..."

Gina nodded. "I know. It's understandable. But one thing I found out, over the years, is that most men, at one time or another, try on at least some female clothing. Usually, a Halloween costume or something on a dare, but there it is. Most men don't seem to care for it, and that's fine. But, the only way you'll know for sure "

Sonya took a deep breath, and tried to push her irrational, emotional responses away. "I guess you're right. I can at least try some of this on "

"Good." Gina said, gently. "I'm just going to throw your wet clothes in the dryer. By the time we've picked something out for you, your underwear should be dry enough to wear "

* * * * *

"Well? Did I tell you?"

Staring at her reflection in the mirror, Sonya licked her lips nervously. "Yeah. You did."

The reflection in the mirror showed Sonya herself - but it also showed her a very beautiful young woman.

She was dressed in clothing that she never thought she'd be wearing - an off-white summer dress that clung tightly to her waist and breasts, before flaring outwards over her hips and hanging to just below her knees. The dress was simple - a look that worked on her - but it revealed, without a doubt, that she was 'all woman' - and a lot of it, too.

But it was more than just the dress. It was the artfully applied make-up Gina had put on her, right down to the nail-polish. It was the ponytail her now-dry hair had been put into, making look a lot better, as well as less of a distraction.

It was even the faint, feminine scent that swirled around her, courtesy of the perfume Gina had supplied.

All in all - an absolutely stunning young woman.

But the 'I told you so' wasn't about how she looked - though she had to admit that the outfit and make- up looked great.

No. Gina's comment was that the clothing and make-up would feel good on her - and that's what she found herself agreeing with.

She would never have believed it, at first - but she and Gina had spent the last two hours talking. Sonya hadn't meant to spill her life's story, but that's what had happened.

It was odd. Sonya didn't find 'Gunny' attractive as a man, and didn't find 'Gina' attractive as a 'woman'. Yet she liked the big cross-dresser, and so had managed to find herself in an odd state - being able to be perfectly candid and comfortable with a person who (for want of a better term) was completely 'gender-neutral' in her outlook. Gunny/Gina could see both sides of Sonny/Sonya's strange, dual existence without prejudice - and Sonya could feel complete comfortable talking to her. She'd even found herself trusting Gina, almost utterly.

Which is why she'd taken Gina's advice...

"Forget the social 'limits' placed on things like clothing or particular moments and positions." She'd said. "instead, look at everything you're doing as a separate event, and see whether or not you enjoy it. Whether it feels good, despite any ingrained 'prejudices' you might have about it. Only after you try it can you make a fair judgment."

It was true. As much as part of her was disgusted to admit it, the feeling of the dress on her body was definitely pleasant - more comfortable than any male clothing she'd ever worn. Likewise, the make-up, while not inherently pleasant, wasn't unpleasant to wear - and Sonya had to admit that she liked the way the reflection in the mirror looked, even if it felt very weird indeed to acknowledge that it was her she was seeing.

"I... can't believe it." Sonya said, shaking her head in disbelief. "I... don't mind this... now that I've tried it. I feel really weird about it, because it makes me feel like a... pervert or something - but one look in the mirror, and I know I'm not. Wearing men's clothing on a body like this would make me a..."

She stumbled to a halt, and grinned wryly at her new friend. "Uh... no offense to the local cross- dressers."

Gina smiled. "No offense taken. Frankly - I think having to wear men's clothes is pretty lousy, myself - I just don't have the body to spend all my time in dresses." She looked at Sonya meaningfully.

Sonya sighed and rolled her eyes. "Look, I'm still not sure..."

"Oh, Sonya." Gina sighed. "Look at the mirror again and tell me it's not worthwhile to try."

Sonya looked at the mirror - and found herself thinking about Gina's offer. 'Girl Lessons', basically - the art of walking, talking and acting like a woman.

"It's not like it matters." Sonya said - and saw Gina wince. Sonya had told her about her plan for two weeks from now.

"Well, if it doesn't matter, why not humor me?" Gina asked. "Unless, of course, you'd prefer to avoid my company..."

"Oh, no!" Sonya said, shocked. "In fact, I kinda want to visit you - and the rest of the people here - quite a bit before.. you know."

"Well, we'll be glad to see you." Gina said. "Speaking of the others - do you feel ready for your big debut?"

Sonya sighed. "No - but let's do it anyway."

Leaning on the big CD for support, Sonya limped along side Gina and down the stairs, her heart speeding up as they neared the Social Club.

"Hubba, hubba!" Junior said, rising to his feet - and the sentiment was echoed by the others in the room...

...including a person she'd never seen before, a short, dusky-skinned man in jeans and a 'wife-beater' T-shirt who was practically drooling.

"Damn - when they said 'buxom', they weren't foolin'". The stranger said, loudly. Miss Gabby winced, and Sonya looked at her questioningly.

"Sonya, this is Mr. Donnacio. A cab-driver by trade. Apparently your friend, Chuck, called the cab company and offered a five-thousand-dollar reward for any cabby finding you and driving you home... or getting you to at least call. I gather your friend is quite concerned about you."

"Oh!" Sonya said, startled - having real friends was such a new experience for her that it hadn't occurred to her that Chuck might worry about her. "I've got to go!"

"Of course, my dear." Miss Gabby said, as the others said goodbye to her. "I'll just change quickly..." Sonya started to say - and Gina shook her head.

"No, you wear that home. You can return it and pick up your own clothes next time you drop by... and..." She trailed off, raising an eyebrow.

"...and take my lessons?" Sonya said, with a smile. "Okay, okay. If it'll make you happy."

"It sure would." Gina said, hugging her quickly. "Now, remember what I've already told you - and enjoy yourself. As best you can in any given situation."

"Right." Sonya said, then limped off with the nearly pop-eyed cabby, who couldn't seem to get his eyes higher than her chest.

Blushing, Sonya sat in the back and kept her mouth rather firmly shut during the ride home.

Getting out of the cab, she could practically feel the cabby's eyes on her ass they walked to the front door.

It flew open, and Chuck stepped out - and without any forethought, wrapped her in a tight hug.

"Sonya, I..." He started to say... then realized what he was doing, and let her go, flustered...

...and took a really good look at her.

"You look..." He said, without thinking - then snapped his teeth shut, blushing. "...great?" Sonya said, in a thoughtful tone. "Well, actually - yes I do."

"Huh?" Chuck stammered... then the cabby's none-to-subtle throat clearing reminded him about the reward. He went to grab his checkbook.

"I'm going to head off to bed, Chuck." Sonya told him as he wrote out the check. "I know we had some... uh, uncomfortableness this afternoon, but... I'm over it."

"Well, I guess I am too." Chuck said, ripping off the check and handing it to the cabby, then closing the door.

Sonya began to blush brightly, but forged ahead. "No, I mean it literally - I'm not going to let myself be uncomfortable with... myself. I had a long talk with a new friend who was kind enough to point out that I might as well.. enjoy myself. Regardless of who 'myself' is right now. So... if you hear, uh 'strange' noises from my bedroom - and you will - I hope you can deal with it."

Chuck gaped... then began to grin, in a very abashed manner. "Um, well, honestly? My method of 'dealing with it' is kinda, well.. you know."

Sonya's own blush deepened, but she stood her ground. "That's just you enjoying yourself. I mean, I understand - I was a guy, once, and I, uh... well, you know, too. So, we'll just have to... deal."

"Yeah." Chuck said.

Nodding, Sonya headed to her room and shut the door.

Then, very deliberately, she positioned the full-length mirror. She began to grind her hips... and run her hands over her new, feminine body, allowing her the guilty - but, as Gina had explained, more- then-acceptable - pleasure of enjoying her new form for it's own sake.

As she began to strip, watching her reflection in the mirror, her nipples were hot and hard, and her crotch was warm and damp...

...and her mind was already turning to that wonderful piece of pink plastic...

* * * * *

For somebody who had longed so long for a home, Sonya spent surprisingly little time in her new one.

She spent most of her day over at the Social club, getting to know her new friends better, to share in their little triumphs and tragedies... and to take her lessons from Gina, who - inspired by Sonya - was now living 'en femme' twenty-four/seven. At least for as long as Sonya was around, she'd told Sonya confidentially.

Sonya was surprised to find herself thinking of the big cross-dresser more and more as a 'girl friend'...

Chuck, on the other hand, couldn't get over the 'new and improved' Sonya, who was determined to grab all the gusto she could get. She had Chuck take her out every night, to restaurants, to museums, to the movies and to places where she could try dancing, something she'd never had a chance to try before.

She turned out to be a natural, which she jokingly referred to as a hold-over from her days as a black man.

That was the most amazing thing - the way her self-hating cloud vanished. It was as if she were seeing everything for the first time, and she had become amazingly chipper and awe-filled, enthusiastic and animated. Sonya had finally realized that she was as free from her old life as it was possible to be - literally a different person - and was getting her chance to be part of the world of bright lights, rather than an outsider looking in bitterly. She wanted to try everything, to see whether she enjoyed it - and if she did, she wanted to do that thing again, to accept the pleasure uncritically and absorb it into herself. To make up for so much lost time.

She became a human dynamo, living 'La Vita Loco' in living Technicolor...

...until the sixteen day after her resurrection, the day of the new moon...

* * * * *

As he pulled the Hummer to a stop, Chuck racked his brain for something - anything - he could possibly say...

...and continued to draw a complete blank, as he had since... well, since day one. He just didn't know what words he could possibly use to persuade her.

The past two weeks had been interesting, to say the least. The way Sonya had seemed to blossom, to start to take an interest in her life. At first, he'd thought she was just 'grabbing the gusto' while she still could. Then, against his own better judgment, he'd begun to hope. to hope that she'd changed her mind about her 'date with destiny'.

This hope had led to something foolish. Something he'd promised he wouldn't do - he'd begun to enjoy being with her. Oh, not 'romantically'. Well not too much that way. Despite the fact that he knew that was hopeless, part of him refused to listen - but he'd squashed that inner voice as firmly as he could, knowing how ridiculous it was to see Sonya that way, especially knowing how she was, deep down, and how impossible that would be for her to accept. No, he'd begun to enjoy her as a friend - which only made things worse. When this started, his quest had been based on a personal code of honor - he didn't want to see anybody kill themselves, much less somebody who'd saved his life. he felt the need to try and return the 'favor', even if the person didn't want it returned.

But, stupidly, he'd let himself fall in uh, become friendly with Sonya, to care about her - which made this so hard that his chest felt tight and he was having trouble breathing.

Sonya had been quiet and withdrawn all day today, and that had been the first heart-breaking sign Chuck had seen - though he had hoped against hope that she was thinking it over, reconsidering. He'd tried not to interfere in this hoped-for process, the entire day awkward between them as he'd tried to be supportive and reassuring without actually bringing the topic up or saying anything specific. Dinner, especially, had been strained, the two of them trying to put on the facade of normality...

...and then, afterwards, Sonya had asked Chuck to drive her here, and he thought he was going to pass out from the way his chest had grown tight around his heart. Instead, he'd nodded silently, knowing that his refusal wouldn't deter her - and selfishly wanting a few more minutes together with her, even knowing what she was intending to do.

Now, as he struggled - and failed - to find those words, he could only watch as Sonya picked up the small bundle she'd brought with her and opened the door to the vehicle, sliding one smooth leg out. Framed like this, back-lit by a nearby street-lamp, she was almost heart-rendingly beautiful, having taken extra time on her appearance for the 'grand finale'.

Chuck's hands tightened on the steering wheel, and he struggled not to cry.

"Chuck." Sonya said, softly and hesitantly. "Would you... walk me to my 'special place'?" Chuck swallowed thickly. "Sure. Anything you want, Sonya."

Sliding out of the vehicle, Chuck didn't even think to lock it - right now, a little thing like having his car stolen wasn't important enough to register. Feeling numb, he walked around the vehicle and held his arm out, rather stiffly. Sonya took it... by sliding her arm through it and around his waist.

Closing his eyes and praying for the strength not to make this harder than it had to be, he put his hand around her waist too. Letting her take control - by the pressure of her hand on his waist - Chuck let her guide him down a long, sloping path that eventually wound a curving bend around a stand of trees.

It was at this stand of trees that Sonya - still with her arm around his waist - turned in. Biting on his lower lip, Chuck let her lead her towards the small clearing in the center.

He definitely didn't want to be there when she actually... did the deed. But, if that's what she wanted, he was going to stand by and watch. If she felt the need to have a witness to her final actions, he'd play the part for her, regardless of how much it would cost him. He owed her that, at the very least.

Reaching the center of the small clearing. Sonya stopped, and slowly withdrew her arm from Chuck's waist. Untying the twine that held her bundle together, she flicked her wrists, fluffing out the large blanket she'd brought with her, laying it on the ground. With slow, nervous motion, she slowly sank down on to it, stiffly positioning herself until she was laying on one half of it, hands behind her head, staring upwards at the clear, night sky.

"Have you ever seen the stars so clear and bright, Chuck?" She asked, her voice thick and heavy.

Chuck had grown up in Texas, on a working ranch - there'd been many a night he'd stared up at the clear sky. But, somehow, she was right - he'd never seen a night quite like this one...

"No, I haven't." Chuck said, his own voice barely recognizable.

"Why don't you lie down?" She said, slowly. "Just sort of... look at the sky for awhile."

Chuck, clenched his hands into fists and took a deep breath - then slowly settled down beside her, swearing to savor any minutes she was willing to give him, before...

The lay in perfect silence for several long moments, staring up at the night sky, the stars shining like new-cut diamonds across a velvet background.

She finally broke the silence, her voice sounding oddly stained, and breathy - as if she were having trouble breathing.

"It... It's kinda... chilly huh?"

The incongruous nature of her words took Chuck aback. "Uh yeah. I guess it is."

Several more minutes passed in utter silence, while Chuck wondered - vaguely - what was with the 'small talk'...

When she spoke this time, her voice was even more distorted - and hesitant.

"Some... Some people, uh... would... um... Would find this, kinda... kinda, uh romantic."

'Jeez.' Chuck thought, bemused. *"She sounds as nervous as a girl on her first da.."* His brain came screeching to a halt, mid-thought...

...and his heart stopped dead in his chest.

A doctor would argue that was impossible - the only times a heart stopped beating was in the case of death, or severe myocardial infarction. Immediate medical treatment would be needed to restart it.

Nevertheless, Chuck would be willing to swear that for three long seconds, that's exactly what happened while he tried to absorb the implications of his thought.

'No...' He thought, stunned. *'I.. I must be...'* Then, voice trembling, she said:

"Kinda... chilly out... huh?"

Chuck swallowed, his heart now going again - three times it's normal speed. He had to take three deep breaths before his voice would work again, and when he spoke his voice sounded strained and high-pitched to his own ears.

"Well..." He said, slowly. "Maybe... maybe you could... come a little closer and... warm up..."

He slide the arm nearest to her from under his head, placing in straight out, directly behind her own golden crown.

For an eternal instant, he lay like that, berating himself for reading something into the situation...

...then she moved. Nervously and awkwardly - but, on her own, she shifted herself so that her head lay on his arm...

...and her body pressed against his side.

'*Sonya is laying in my arms!*' Chuck thought, incredulously, his heart pounding so loud he could barely hear his own thoughts.

There was only one possible thing he could do - other than just simply lay there, of course, the very inactivity becoming a sort of action of it's own. But, if what he thought was happening was happening, that would be the worst thing he could do...

...so, hesitant and awkward, her rolled over slightly and lowered his lips to hers.

* * * * *

A very large part of her couldn't believe she was doing this. In many ways, it felt so very wrong - so sick, so strange, so... so utterly inconceivable.

But she had to know. The thoughts had been plaguing her for two weeks, and she'd founder herself wondering about it more and more frequently... and every time she wondered what it would be like, it was always Chuck that she'd imagined 'satisfying her curiosity.'

So she had to know. one way or the other. If it turned out that she couldn't live with what she was about to do well, then she'd really be no worse off, right? In fact, it would just be added incentive to add to her flagging willpower.

Because, during the past two weeks, she'd found herself committing the ultimate sacrilege. She'd be in the middle of doing something - and be shocked to find that she was enjoying herself. Sometimes it was a sort of content joy, just the sense of things going right - and other times it had been a bright, clear joy. Happiness. The will... and reason... to live.

Almost all of those last situations had occurred when she was with Chuck - and it scared the hell out of her. Despite this body she was wearing, she shouldn't be feeling... 'that way' about anyone.

But she was. Though she'd tried to deny it, she hadn't been able to. So, she'd come down to this. This... ultimate test. By the end of the evening, she was either going to have a solid, unimpeachable reason for dying...

...or an equally unarguable reason to give up the struggle inside, and decide to live. Not half-heartedly, like she'd been doing now - but, for the first time in her life, to get into the game completely, throw caution and worries to the wind. Full speed ahead, and damn the torpedoes.

Trembling, heart racing, she felt Chuck's lips press against hers... and she closed her eyes and kissed back. It was awkward, at first, and something deep inside her tried, desperately, to get her to stop... but she pushed on past that, devoting all her attention and will-power to kissing Chuck thoroughly and completely - no matter what happened, she wasn't going to be able to accuse herself of doing a half- assed job of this.

Then, with a start, she realized something...

...this felt really, really good...

* * * * *

In the first instant his lips touched hers, Sonya went as stiff as a board, and Chuck nearly had a heart attack...

...then she seemed to melt in his arms, and began to kiss him back. Enthusiastically.

Hesitantly, Chuck let his free arm sweep over them, then - very slowly and carefully - brought it to rest against her waist, while devoting most attention to the long, slow, deep kiss they were sharing.

When his arm touched her body... she didn't flinch or stiffen. Leaving it there for a long second to make sure, he very, very slowly began to slide it across the soft fabric of the white silk blouse she was wearing, gradually closing in to the spot where the sheer fabric strained over her magnificent bust.

She made no move to stop him. She continued to kiss him with unabated vigor as his hand very gently slid over top of her right breast, barely putting any pressure on the bra beneath as his cupped hand hovered in place...

* * * * *

Sonya had never known it was possible to be so intensely aware of another person's presence. Every spot where her and Chuck's body touched, no matter how lightly, seemed to burn with painless fire...

...which had apparently ignited another fire, deep inside her belly, one that caused her crotch to become very warm and damp. For the past two weeks, every time this had happened she'd been ashamed by her reactions to Chuck - now, she let herself revel in the sensations.

The fact that Chuck was obviously equally nervous came as a surprise - and a comfort. Somehow, she'd assumed that, given the chance, he'd just 'dive right in'. She knew, for a fact, that he found her body very attractive - and enjoyed her company, as a person, too. But the thought that a handsome, wealthy man with a willing woman in his arms would be as nervous as she was... well, that was a new one, and she found it comforting... and 'cute'.

And, now that she'd committed herself to doing this... kind of annoying. She was glad he wasn't taking her for granted... but he didn't need to be so awkward, either. She was going to go through with this, come hell or high water.

So, she gave her torso a quick, sudden twist...

And felt a very pleasant sensation indeed as her tit was thrust quite firmly upwards into Chuck's warm palm.

* * * * *

There are certain, subtle signs a woman can use....

Chuck never really thought of himself as a ladies' man - but he did have some experience. Sonya's sudden movement was a pretty clear indication of what she wanted.

So Chuck gently squeezed the breast that had been offered to his hand.. then let go.

...and, unbuttoning the top three buttons of her shirt, slid his hand inside, and down to her left, bra- encased breast, lightly fondling and squeezing it, like he'd found himself fantasizing about so often recently.

It was even better than he'd imagined it would be...

* * * * *

Sonya moaned low in the back of her throat, wrapping her arms around Chuck's neck and kissing him with a renewed passion.

She'd found that she'd really enjoyed fondling her own breasts, enjoying the sensation immensely. She'd never thought that it could feel so much better when somebody else did it...

...but it did. Chuck's hands seemed to hold some magic that caused her pleasure centers to flare into unparalleled life, and she couldn't believe what she'd been missing all this time. As good as fondling her own body felt, she'd been wasting all that time when she could have been feeling *this* !

Forgoing any semblance of subtly, Sonya uncoiled one hand from around his neck, reached down - and tore her blouse open, heedless of the buttons that popped off and flew into the darkness. By feel, her long-nailed fingers found the clasps at the front of her bra, and released them, allowing Chuck's questing hand full access to her now-bare breasts.

* * * * *

Feeling her bra drop away, Chuck couldn't help himself - he broke the kiss to look down at her magnificent, bare breasts, barely visible in the star-lit darkness of the night - yet more enticing than they'd ever appeared in his dreams.

Guiltily, he looked back at her face - to find her smiling angelically at him. Slowly, she nodded....

...then gasped, and he slid around slightly, to allow one hand access to one breast - while he lowered his mouth to the other and began to nibble at her swollen, warm nipple. He flicked it with his tongue while his other hand kneaded her other breast gently.

Chuck was nearly ready to cum in his pants...

* * * * *

'Why didn't I think of that...?' Sonya thought in bemusement as she let her head loll back and she moaned in pleasure.

God knows, her breasts were big enough that - had it occurred to her - she could have sucked her own nipples.

Then again, it probably wouldn't feel nearly as good as when Chuck did it. Still, it was something to keep in mind.

As good as all this felt, though... she was getting so hot she felt like she was about to burst into flames. Reaching out, she let her fingers find Chuck's waist, then slid down to undo his pants...

* * * * *

As much as he was enjoying her magnificent butt, when her hands found his waistband, Chuck moved his own hands down to her denim shirt, undoing the buttons and pulling the skirt down...

..to find she wore no panties beneath. Just her nylons, clipped to a garter-belt that didn't 'get in the way'.

There was a momentary 'bobble' as they tried - and failed - to get his pants off without taking off his boots first, but once they'd gotten past that, Chuck found himself on his knees, wearing his shirt and his socks, looking down at Sonya's nearly naked body.

Chuck very gently shifted into position, knowing that this was her first time. With gentle hands, he spread her legs, catching a whiff of her aroused scent on the light breeze. His cock was as hard as it had ever been, and he was ready...

...and so was she.

Gently grasping her hips, Chuck leaned forward... and slid his cock smoothly and easily into her hot, wet cunt.

* * * * *

Sonya cried out in pleasure.

She'd used the dildo regularly since becoming a woman - but it was nothing compared to the warm, throbbing cock that filled her cunt. It was as if she had been missing something, and Chuck's cock was fulfilling that unknown need. Pleasure, more intense than any she'd felt, speared through her as she drove his cock smoothly into her cunt - then began to draw his hips back, preparing for the second thrust.

This time, she was ready - and she thrust her own hips upwards to meet his thrust as he came down again.

That incredible pleasure increased, and she moaned again as she began to drive her hips in syncopated rhythm with his own long, hard thrusts.

"Oh, yes!" Sonya cried as the pleasure rocked through her body. "Oh, Chuck... yes!"

Their movements became more frantic - and less coordinated - as the pleasure built, and built, and built...

Sonya let loose with a long, high-pitched, wordless scream of pleasure as the orgasm burst upon her like an explosion of ecstasy, taking her in it's grip and completely blocking out the outside world...

* * * * *

Chuck, panting and sweating, sighed as the last of his cum drained from his cock and into Sonya's shuddering, orgasm-rocked body. He gently rolled off of her - then immediately snuggled against her, helping keep her body warm against the chill night air that brushed across their sweat-slicked skin.

For an eternity, Sonya rode the after-glow of her orgasm down before she felt ready to speak. "Chuck...?" She said in a warm, self-satisfied tone.

"Yeah, Sonya?"

" 'Member what I said the day you first proposed this whole, crazy idea? What I said it would take to give me a will to live?"

Chuck's heart skipped a beat. "Yeah ?"

She grinned. "I think that that *definitely* qualifies as 'something different' "



BACK TO FUN ZONE



WET T-SHIRT CONTEST TONITE!!!! \$500 IN PRIZES!!!

SUMMARY: A government project, a computer glitch, and one man's fantasy, ends up turning two men into airline stewardesses who work as hookers on the side.

2B Or Not 2B...

By Gunslinger

Feet dragging on the concrete, Alan DeWitt walked up the walkway that led to his apartment building, his shadow standing in sharp contrast on the rough surface before him, dark against the golden- yellow glow of the early morning sunlight.

Yawning, the dark-haired youth pulled open the door to the building and stepped inside. Almost immediately, his slightly too-large nose wrinkled at the smell of his grimy jeans and grubby denim shirt

- during the walk home, the early-morning breeze had been enough to ease the burnt-plastic odor of his work clothes, but in the confined lobby of the building, the smell came back full strength.

Marshaling his energy, the rangy twenty-four-year-old man hurried down the stairs into the cool air of the apartment's basement level. Digging his keys out of his pocket, he walked halfway down the poorly-lit and clammy corridor to the bright orange door whose raised-brass door numbers indicated 2B. Unlocking it, he stepped into the foyer of his basement apartment.

The slightly damp warmth of the electric heaters hit him as he hurriedly began to strip out of his clothing, dumping it into a small laundry basket he kept beside the door for just that purpose. Once naked, he pulled on the heavy dark-blue terry-cloth bathrobe he had hanging on the coat rack beside the door, dropped his apartment key into the pocket, and grabbed the laundry basket. Stepping back out of the apartment, he padded down the hallway to the laundry room, which was conveniently located only a dozen feet from his door, and across the hall.

A lot about Alan's new apartment was 'convenient', considering his current lifestyle. Alan worked nights at a factory that produced vinyl siding for houses, and the apartment was located fairly close by, all things considered. Despite the '2B' designation ('B' indicated 'Basement'), Alan's apartment was the only one in the basement - 1B was used (and very rarely at that) as an office by the buildings owner, when he was there. So, aside from the muted noises from the laundry room, Alan's apartment was quiet during the days, allowing him to sleep. It was also less expensive than the same-sized apartments above ground, 'safer', since there were no windows that could be broken into, and cooler in the summer.

As Alan dumped his load of smelly clothes into the washer and started it running, he reflected there were a few drawbacks to the apartment. Some of them were the expected ones, of course - being in the basement, it tended to be more clammy than an above-ground apartment, and it tended to hold odors longer due to the lack of windows - one reason that Alan avoided frying onions or garlic, or the like.

However - there was a drawback to this particular apartment that Alan had never - could never have - imagined...

Nobody had lived in the basement apartment before Alan. The building was fairly new, and (understandably) the basement apartment is always a hard sell, especially since it didn't come with a parking spot. Despite that, from the day Alan had moved in, he'd been getting phone calls and even letters to the apartment, with different - and always feminine - names being addressed.

Part of the problem came from what Alan had considered an asset - the apartment came with a phone line and a cable-modem line already installed and activated. Apartments 1B and 2B were different in layout - and, because there was a slight slope on the grounds, 1B had small, narrow windows. Not knowing which of the apartments would rent, if either, the owner had pre-installed the lines to use for his office. That was one of the other 'perks' of 2B - the phone and Internet were free, paid for by the owner just to keep the 'office' option open. Only long-distance on the phone was billed to Alan.

Apparently, somebody had known about the phone number - and had been getting a kick out of spreading an 'Urban Legend' about it. Alan had heard the story a couple of times now, from abashed young men who'd called. Apparently, somebody - nobody knew who - had started a rumor that Alan's apartment was the much vaunted 'Layover Apartment' of myth and legend - an apartment maintained by an airline to house stewardesses on layovers between flights. It was even plausible, sort of, since the airport wasn't too far away, actually laying behind the industrial park in which Alan's work was located. The problem was - whoever had started the rumor about Apartment 2B had also been 'kind' enough to include the phone number. This joke had been started before Alan had moved in, when the apartment was empty - anybody calling wouldn't get an answer, and the myth lived on in the assumption that there simply wasn't any stewardesses currently staying there.

If it had been from a different perspective, Alan might have gotten a kick out of it - but, as it was, it was driving him slightly nuts. Thanks to the fact that the phone line was the owners, rather than his, he couldn't even change the number, and the owner of the building refused to do so.

While his clothes were going through their cycle, Alan returned to his apartment and showered thoroughly, washing the tiny fragments of shaved plastic from his hair. After drying himself off, he slipped on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt and padded back to the laundry room to switch his clothes to the dryer. With only a few items, it didn't take all that long to dry, and he read a magazine while he waited. When they were done, he stuffed the warm clothes into his basket and went back to his apartment.

Making sure that the ringer to his phone was turned off - to avoid any more of those annoying calls - Alan stretched and headed off to bed, following his usual arrangement of grabbing four hours now and then four hours before leaving for work, so that he'd have a few hours in the middle of the day to take care of other things.

Turning off the light in the bedroom, he curled up under the covers, asleep before his head hit the pillow.

* * * * *

"C'mon you goddamn.." Nick swore, with passion, even going so far as to bang the side of his computer.

The aging Pentium-100 seemed to respond to the treatment, as the website Nick was aiming for finally came up on the screen.

"That's better..." Nick mumbled, annoyed. His computer had all sorts of problems as it was, being a patched-together system - but it was worst while he was on the Internet, because of the fact that his jury-rigged modem suffered from severe line-noise, do to the fact that the connection lines were unshielded, and tended to pick up nearby radio transmissions and add them into the flow of data.

Clicking open a new 'posting' window, the thin, stringy-haired blond youth sat back and sipped at his Jolt while considering what to do today.

Finally, he decided to add another chapter to the 'Apartment 2B' saga - responses to that little myth had been dropping recently, and he was rather proud of starting that one - though, of course, his hobby precluded him from actually taking advantage of it.

Leaning forward, he began to type a message into the window...

+ + + + +

Deep in the bowels of the computer, a processor worked silently, interpreting the coordinate data from the keyboard and converting it into the correct coding for alphanumeric text. Passing this information forward, it entered the system proper, transferred to a sub-routine that collated the information, duplicated it, and rerouted the two copies. One iteration of the data was sent outwards to be displayed on the screen - the other was routed into the queue being sent to Com Port one, where it ran through the cord that brought it into the modem. There, the data was compressed, reformatted, and encoded into the carrier wave. This carrier wave guided the information towards the output...

...where a burst of 'line noise' from the opening riff from a local heavy-metal band's premiere on the local station was being picked up, the high-pitched whining, screeching and chatter being added into the transmission signal.

Passing through copper-cored telephone wire, the data stream passed through three separate routing junctions in the phone system before reaching the hacked-into Government server used by Nick.

There the data-stream was received by the computer and decompressed and demodulated for routing instructions.

The hiss, squeals and pops of the heavy-metal music gave the machine a millisecond's pause - but were rendered into data, the sounds being close enough to those of alphanumeric code.

The computer hesitated - and double-checked the information, which was requesting access to a secure site. Finding it to be correct, it rerouted the data to the site indicated...

+ + + + +

"Oh, geez..." Nick muttered - this was taking 'forever'. Finally, the icon blinked and the window indicated it was ready.

Leaning forward, Nick started by typing in his current 'handle' for this particular site: 'OCTOG'

In the section for 'reply to', he just reached out and hit a bunch of keys at random, ending up with 'sdgui7'.

Nick hit 'enter', and waited for the cursor to drop to the next field.

+ + + + +

The information, streaming through the system and re-routed through the provider as 'specifies', ended up in a terminal known as XMP-N1.

XMP, because that was the standard contraction for a high-speed Multi-processing computer - a super computer, a Cray supercomputer, to be exact, worth millions of dollars.

N1, because it was the first (and currently only) XMP machine within the NSA's main headquarters in Ford Meade, Maryland. Part of the massive computer was busy analyzing signal intelligence, correlating data, and (illegally) monitoring US phone and data transfer.

When the information stream coming in the modem arrived in the Cray's system window, the massive, powerful machine requested - demanded - that the 'intruder' identify themselves. It was promptly informed:

'OCTOG'

The computer checked it's access files - and found that the Office Chief, Technical Operations Group, was an authorized user. It then asked OCTOG for his password, a randomly-generated string of letters and numbers that couldn't be 'guessed' by a hacker.

In a twenty-three billion, five-hundred and twenty-seven million, eighty-two thousand, four hundred and seventy-two - to - one fluke, the random string Nick typed in matched the correct code for OCTOG, and the system let him in, asking for the procedure requested...

+ + + + +

Twiddling his fingers, Nick waited for the icon to finally jump to the 'Subject' field - which it did. Leaning forward, Nick quickly typed: 'RE:APT 2B'. Into the window...

+ + + + +

The Cray accepted the command, and ran through it's memory banks for the specified protocols.

It found them - a program designed to 'spoof' other XMP-class computers. However, the particular program was a 'war-game'; variation, run up by the 'Tech Boys' as a contingency plan - rather than 'simply' spoofing foreign systems, this was designed for a world-wide system hunt, including American systems.

The only reason the variation program had been written was for the 'worst case' scenario of a major catastrophe in progress - such as an imminent world-wide EMP, either man-made, or from a monstrous solar flare. The program was designed to run exclusive for a short while, 'stealing' everything it could before the system was shut down to avoid EMP damage, in the hopes of giving the US - and, more specifically, the NSA - a giant head-start once the computers were re-initialized.

According to the never-before-implemented instructions it'd been given. All other computer programs in the system were dumped, and all other access was locked out as the system went to work, hunting for access into every XMP and comparable system in the world. This, however, was a massive, processor-intensive job...

+ + + + + + +

The cursor continued to blink - but nothing was happening.

"Godamnit!" Nick said, slapping the side of the of computer. This time, however, the action failed to remedy the problem.

He briefly considered cold-booting the system to clear it - then shrugged. He didn't have anything he really wanted to do, other than that posting. Sometimes, this problem just cleared itself. He'd wait.

Leaving the computer running, Nick headed out to the living room of his run-down apartment, flopping onto the worn old sofa to watch some TV.

By the time the next commercial rolled around on the show he'd picked, Nick needed to 'drain the main vein', and he quickly relived himself of used Jolt. Heading back to the living room, he peeked into the spare bedroom where his computer was - and was glad to see that the Icon had dropped down to the message window.

Seating himself at the computer, Nick quickly typed in the first paragraph of his message. 'Call 596-2178. If a man answers, ask for a stewardess. A second later, you'll be speaking to somebody with a sexy, feminine voice. Ask her name - which will be something equally sexy and feminine.'

Nick hit 'enter' - and the blinking cursor froze.

With a sigh, Nick pushed back from the computer, and went to watch a little more TV, figuring he'd check again on the next commercial...

* * * * *

Alan was awakened by the sound of his phone ringing.

"Whadda..?" Alan objected, blearily, fumbling for the light switch on the lamp on his bedside table. It flared into life, and he blinked against the glare. He reached over and grabbed the small phone.

"I coulda sworn I... hey, I did. Damn think must be broken..." Alan mumbled, putting the receiver to his ear. "Y'ello?"

A strange, atonal voice came over the line. "A stewardess." "Wha..?" Alan started to ask...

...when a strange, eerie sound issued from the ear piece - and arcing crackles of electricity jumped from the microphone into his neck.

His neck muscles began to jump, writhe and twitch, making anything more than a high-pitched keening sound impossible as the electricity coursed through his neck. Panicked Alan tried to hang up the phone - but found he couldn't move. He was locked into position, completely unable to budge a single muscle in his entire body as the arcing electricity continued to snake up and down his throat.

Then it was over, the crackling electricity vanishing as quickly as it had begun - but Alan, rattled and, quite literally, shocked, found he still couldn't hang up the phone.

"What's your name?" That same atonal voice asked, the lack of inflection making the question sound more like a statement.

Alan wanted to scream at the voice and ask what was happening, or slam the receiver down - but he did neither. Instead, completely against his will, he found himself speaking...

...in a higher-pitched, richly feminine voice. A warm, sexy, 'smoky' contralto that was most definitely feminine.

"hi... I'm Jasmine..." Emerged, unbidden, from Alan's throat, his eyes went wide in shock and horror.

Then there was a 'click' of a disconnecting line - and Alan found he could move again. The first thing he did was throw the phone away from him as if it was a deadly snake.

"What the hell?" Alan asked, out loud - then his hands flew to his mouth as that same, sexy feminine voice emerged. "I.. I sound like a woman... This.. this can't be happening!"

Apparently, it was - even his denials were emerging in the tones of a woman, now startled and horrified. Definitely still feminine, though.

"This has to be a nightmare!" Alan told himself in that cursed new voice. "Why the hell would this happen? Why would I say my name is 'Jasmine'? I'm not a woman named Jasmine, I'm a woman named Jasmine..."

The new shock piled on top of the old one, and if it had been possible for Alan's eyes to get any wider, they would have. Gaping, he tried to say his name again.

"Jasmine. No, goddamn it - Jasmine!" He kicked his leg against the side of the bed in frustration, while his heart raced at the inexplicable events occurring to him. "Jasmine. Jasmine, Jasmine, Jasmine!

JASMINE!"

No matter how hard he tried - he just couldn't say his own name...

* * * * *

Peering into the room, Nick saw that the cursor had finally dropped down a line.

Walking over to the office-discard chair he used, he dropped into it and leaned forward to type...

* * * * *

"My god...!" Alan said, hands at his throat. "What the hell's happening to me?"

He briefly considered calling somebody for help - but, considering that it seemed to be some sort of bizarre phone malfunction that had done this to him - decided he'd be better off going, in person, to a doctor.

Quickly, Alan pulled on some clothes, all the while muttering to himself - more to see if his voice would crack and slide back into the 'normal' range than for any other reason. It didn't happen though - even his mutters sounded sexy and feminine.

Throwing on the last of his clothes, Alan left his bedroom and headed down the hall towards the front door. He paused in the living room, to grab his sneakers and pull them on his feet...

...when suddenly the TV and stereo came to life. The stereo snapped on, sending a weird, warbling tone through the apartment, while the Screen of the TV flared into too-bright life, a garish, blinding white glow that was accompanied by the smell of burning electronics as the TV's electron gun pumped out more energy, by several orders of magnitude, than it was supposed to.

Alan cried out in his high-pitched new voice as a painful warmth enveloped his body - a warmth like standing in a hot tropic sun, as the sunlight - filled with UV and other radiation - plowed through his body.

He felt a powerful tingle run through his skin, and he shuddered backwards a single step. He intended to do much more than that - to run from the room - but his body once more betrayed him, locking him into place as the TV's glaring rain of electrons continued to sleet through his body.

Then it was over, and Alan dropped to one knee, panting, as the flow of heat slowly dissipated from his skin.

"Holy shit...!" Alan swore, staring down at his skin.

His completely smooth, hairless skin, from which all the body hair had fallen. The smooth, silky skin that was a richly tanned color, a golden shade that was perfect and even.

"No.. no, this can't be happening..." Alan tried to convince himself - but with as little luck as he'd had earlier in the same endeavor. No matter how impossible this all was - it was real.

Alan stumbled back to his feet. He needed to get out of the apartment. He needed to find help - though whether he needed a doctor, a psychiatrist or an exorcist was now an open debate. All he knew was that he needed help, and badly...

...which was why he was very surprised - downright shocked, not to put to fine a point on it - to find himself heading towards the kitchen.

"What the... Hey! What's the hell's going on?" Alan shouted in his altered voice, trying desperately - and failing miserably - to get his body to obey his thoughts. It wouldn't, his own will and choice overridden by alternate programming embedded into his mind.

Helplessly, he entered the kitchen and walked over to the microwave on the counter. Helpless to stop himself, he opened a nearby drawer and removed the heavy, cast-metal meat mallet he had.

The door to the microwave was tough - but, unwillingly, Alan went after it with a vengeance, smashing through the protective, shielded plastic, and ripping out everything that stood between the inner 'gun' and himself.

Then he stepped back and stood perfectly still, as the microwave - apparently of it's own accord - suddenly hummed into life. It was a different sound then it usually made when running, the noise of it rising and falling in pitch, as the emitter inside cycled through highly selective frequencies, the high frequency radiation sleeting through his body. Desperately, Alan tried to move, to haul himself out of the invisible beams of radiation that was soaking his body - but he couldn't.

As he stood there, he began to feel a strange tingling running through his body. Unlike the tingling caused by the TV, this sensation was much, much deeper then merely running through his skin - it seemed to be invading him, running through his very sinew and fiber, through his muscles and bones and being.

Then the humming stopped as the microwave shut down...

...and Alan screamed, his high-pitched new voice echoing through the apartment as intense pain gripped his body, sending him sprawling to the floor, writhing and jerking with the agony that seared every cell of his body.

It seemed to last an eternity. It seemed to go on forever, his body being ripped apart and reassembled from the inside out, torn apart molecule by molecule, atom by atom, and rebuilt into new and different forms...

...then, thankfully, Alan's mind overloaded from the searing, unending white-hot agony, and he slipped into blessed unconsciousness.

* * * * *

INTERLUDE

NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY,

Fort Meade, Maryland, *That Same Time*

"We've found it!"

The head of the Tech Ops division - also known, to the computer at least, as 'OCTOG' - turned away from the useless data terminal as the technician ran into the room, waving a thick pile of print paper.

"Well?" He barked, frustrated - the XMP-N1 had been 'locked up' for half an hour now, which was bad enough - but other government agencies were reporting the same thing, and if this was some sort of foreign attack...

"It's not a glitch..." The technician panted, out of breath from doing the hundred-meter-dash from the diagnostics room. "The computer's running a pre-programmed lock-out code for a program."

"Which one?" OCTOG demanded. "Who ran it?"

"We won't be able to get that information until the computer's done." The technician said, flushing. "We, uh... never programmed any of the scenarios to accept outside input from anybody but the initiator."

"Why the hell not?" OCTOG roared.

The technician decided it was best not to explain that the previous Head of Ops had decided that it was safest that way - to keep those 'damned boys from the Company' - CIA - from being able to override.

"Uh.. that's just how it's written. We'll have to wait for the program to finish before..."

"The hell with that!" OCTOG yelled, red-faced. "Have the FBI track down the sunnuvabitch who did this - later. Right now - get that computer back on-line!"

The technician swallowed. "Uh... sir... We can't do that. We're still locked out, and..."

The Head of Ops took a step forward - and, instead of yelling, his voice dropped dangerously low. "Are.. you.. telling me.. that.. we.. *can't*, can *not*, get that computer back on line?"

The technician swallowed. "We, uh, could, um... well - 'reboot' it, sir - but it's not designed to do that, and it would flush the cache through the data link. Whoever or whatever is doing this could get a whole shitload of..."

"Whoever's doing it can access the whole goddamn network right now!" OCTOG said, jabbing the man's chest with a finger. "Not just ours, but the Pentagon, the FBI, the CIA and the White House Signals office - whatever program's running is

locking through all those systems, damn you! We even have reports that foreign XMPs are being 'raided'. I want that sunnuvabitch shut down, and shut down NOW!"

There was only one thing the technician could conceivably say at this point, so he said it. "Yes sir."

Taking a deep breath, the technician walked over to a console. Tapping his supervision or the shoulder, he pointed to a section of the board that was never, ever used. Since OCTOG's demand had probably been heard by everybody in the building, there was no need to say anything else.

Taking a deep breath, the supervisor of the watch retrieved a small ring of keys from his belt. Silently, lips compressed in disapproval, he selected one, and used it to unlock the plastic cover that sat over the big red button beneath.

Taking another deep breath, he hesitated - then pushed the button.

There was a sudden chatter from the Cray as it emptied all of its bubble memory - then, for the first time since it had been installed in 1982, the mighty computing machine's soft hum faded and the banks of LED indicators went dark as the system powered down completely, cutting off all functions and access.

* * * * *

Nick waited impatiently for the cursor to drop down another line so he could finish his post...

...when his screen suddenly flashed as a massive amount of data began to flood into the system. More data than the transfer protocols of his computer could handle, more data than could ever be stored on its paltry four megabyte hard drive. More data than Nick could possibly understand.

With an electronic sizzle, Nick's computer and modem gave up the ghost, the raw data being way more than it could handle.

It didn't fry out quite fast enough, though...

Just as the modem's unshielded terminals acted like an antenna to pick up radio waves and add them into the data stream, now they acted as a transmitter, pouring out a wave of electromagnetic energy into the air. It was a powerful, complex transmission, more pure data than had ever been transmitted in a broad-band stream before - even compressed streamed satellite datalinks for real-time video imaging, like that used by the CIA, didn't carry this much data in a raw blast of energy.

The output antenna on the dish of a spy satellite didn't carry a warning sign about the signal power and level - after all, it was in orbit, and the signal was harmless by the time it reached the earth's surface. This signal, however, was originating approximately two feet away from Nick...

* * * * *

For the first instant after he awoke, Alan simply stared up at the ceiling and wondered where the hell he was - and why he felt so weird. First of all, it felt like his pants had shrunk in the wash or something

- they were clamped painfully tight around his hips and ass, though - oddly - they seemed fine in the crotch - tight, but it didn't feel like his cock and balls were being crushed.

Even stranger was the heavy weight on his chest - it felt like he had a couple of bags of flour or something sitting on his chest, which was just weird - especially since he could feel his shirt against his chest, even though - somehow - the weight felt as if it were between the shirt and his chest - which was simply impossible. There were dozens of more odd, slightly 'off' sensations he was feeling, but they were minor compared to those ones. Still and all, uncomfortable as it was, it wasn't actually *painful*...

At the thought of pain, memory came flooding back. With a gasp, Alan sat bolt upright.

The simple motion, one he'd performed hundreds - nay, thousands - of times in his life...

...felt completely and utterly *wrong*.

Alan's head dropped so he could stare at himself.. and it took several seconds for his brain to translate what it saw. Not that it hadn't seen it before - it had just never seen it from this angle, and so was unprepared to interpret it.

A pair of very large, very feminine breasts were stretching out the white T-shirt he wore. An amazingly abundant view of tanned, golden cleavage was visible, and large, dark nipples were clearly delineated through the light colored and textured fabric.

Stunned, Alan started to lift his hands to touch the breasts, to dispel the dream he must be having...

...and stared at the slender, feminine arms that emerged from his T-shirt's short sleeves. The arms tipped with slender, feminine hands whose slender fingers were tipped with long, clear nails.

Alan screamed - and it came out in that high-pitched, all-too-feminine voice...

...that now matched her all-too-feminine body, because she had certain very bad - horrified - ideas about why her pants now fit the way they did.

Alan - or the woman who had been Alan - scrambled to her feet, almost absent-mindedly discarding the running shoes that were now too large for her dainty new feet.

Staggering more from fear and shock than from the unfamiliar weight and balance of her altered form, Alan staggered to the bathroom and flipped on the light, coming to a dead stop and staring at the reflection in the mirror.

A beautiful, sexy young woman gaped back.

Her short, dark hair framed a beautiful face that was tanned a golden brown, with large, dark eyes and a nicely formed nose. Her lips were full and soft, and gracefully complemented her high-cheeked face with its pointed jaw. A long, swan-like neck lead downwards to the rest of her equally feminine - and attractive - body.

She had a slender, supple figure, that was somehow 'boyish' without being the least bit masculine - she was definitely all woman. Though her hips were slightly wider then they had been before, they were still slender, for a woman - but that was partially offset by the even slimmer waist. If there was any doubt of her gender, though, you could glance in either direction and be 'reassured' that she was all woman - because the crotch of the jeans were pulled tight, revealing no hint of a bulge. No, the 'bulge' was the way her T-shirt was stretched over firm, round breasts that must be a healthy DDD- cup, if not larger - the size of half watermelons, protruding from her chest in near perfect domes, with only a hint of 'natural' sag, and tipped with large, dark nipples atop equally dark domed aureole.

Alan had become an absolute vision of loveliness. And it scared and horrified her to no end.

"Oh... my.. God..." The new woman whispered in shock, slumping against the bathroom door's frame as her vision went hazy and gray.

It was completely and utterly impossible - yet it had happened. She was now a woman...

Struggling to keep from fainting at the shock of seeing her gorgeous new reflection, Alan stumbled out of the bathroom. She needed help - and she didn't want to leave the apartment, not like this. In fact, what she wanted to do was curl up into a ball and fall asleep, then awaken to find it had all been some sort of dream - but the way her new, full bust swayed gently with every movement seemed to indicate that it wasn't going to happen. So - she'd have to leave the apartment and seek out help.

She had no idea who could actually help her right now, but she was clinging to the narrow thread of hope, anyway.

Staggering, she headed into the living room. She paused at the end of the short hallway - then dashed across the room in a sprint, her body feeling awkward and uncomfortable as she ran. Unable to stop completely, she hit the far wall pretty hard - but she ignored the brief burst of pain, and reached down.

With a swift jerk of her slender new hand, she unplugged the power bar that supplied electricity to the now-foul-smelling TV and stereo.

Pushing away from the wall, she looked around, searching for something to wear as shoes. Digging into the closet near the door, she found a pair of beach sandals with adjustable straps. Taking them to the couch, she adjusted the length of the straps so that they'd fit her smaller feet. It was an 'interesting' experience - to bend over and put them on, she had to 'crunch' down - which caused her new breasts to push firmly against the tight fabric covering her thighs...

Standing, Alan grabbed a jean jacket and pulled it on, shoving keys and wallet into the pockets...

..and the phone rang. She trembled at the sound, remembering what had heralded the beginning of this nightmare. When she'd thrown the phone in her room, it had ripped out of the socket, leaving the line 'free'... and now somebody (or something) was calling her. It might be whatever agency had caused this.. change. She didn't want to answer it.

Which was why she was so horrified to find herself helplessly walking over to the phone and picking it up. It didn't come as a complete 'surprise' - she knew she was going to do it the instant before she did

- but she just couldn't help herself. She really, *really* needed to answer the phone, even if she didn't want to.

"Hello, Jasmine speaking..." She said - and, again, she knew that she was going to say it. She couldn't help herself - just as she used a chipper, cheerful voice to say it. Though she wasn't really feeling that way, the mere thought of speaking in any other tones sent bolts of pain through her head, and she found herself almost eagerly acting cheerful, just to lessen the sudden belt of agony that whipped across her mind.

There was silence at the other end for a second, then:

"Uh, um.. Hi..." The male voice stammered, obviously nervous as hell. "Um.. This is going to sound weird, but, um.. are you a, um, uh... Flight attendant?"

Driven by that need, Alan found herself answering warmly, despite the fact that she'd figured out what this call was about - after all, she'd been getting similar ones ever since she moved in here. "That's right, I'm a stewardess. I'm on layover between flights, at the moment. Let me guess - you called to ask me out on a date."

"Uh, well. Yeah, I guess."

'*No!*' Alan shouted, in the vaults of her mind, struggling to ignore the nearly overwhelming need she felt - the need to accept the date. She managed to narrowly blurt out agreement, distracting the urge by slipping slightly off-topic. "So - what's your name?"

"Uh.. Steve." He paused. "Uh, so.. how about that date ?"

Alan struggled against the need that weighed down on her, like a ten-ton weight driven on her mind. She didn't want to say 'yes' - but to say 'no' flat out was nearly impossible - it was as if that ten-ton weight would crush her flat if she refused.

Holding back a whimper, she closed her eyes and gave in to the powerful urge to accept.

"Steve, I'd love to go out tonight. Why don't you meet me at the Tenth Street Bar at, say, eight or so?"

"Yeah, sure!" Steve said, his voice conveying his surprise - and elation. "Sure, the Tenth Street bar at eight. I'll be there."

"So will I." Alan - *Jasmine* - promised, her voice not revealing that she was near tears. "See you then."

She hung up the phone, feeling a wave of disgust wash over her at what had just happened - but also, a wave of excitement. Part of her was looking forward to tonight.

"Why is this happening to me?" She asked thin air - but received no response.

She wanted to curl up on the couch and just stay there, not moving, not having to deal with her well- endowed, beautiful new feminine body - or her mind, which had been 'programmed' to be Jasmine, and which provided pain and agony whenever she fought against the new persona.

However, that feminine persona was 'suggesting' that, since she had a date, she should go shopping to get something more suitable to wear...

"Oh, God, no " She gasped, arguing with herself - but the relentless need in her mind was implacable, and it felt like it would crush all that was the original Alan out of existence, leaving her a mindless drone, if she refused.

That might have seemed like an easy out, let herself be wiped clean, give the body she didn't want over to the imposed persona that did want it - but Alan couldn't do it. She had to maintain control, as much as she could, she had to live out playing the role of Jasmine - and struggle to regain herself and find a way to undo what had been done to her...

...if it was possible, a slender hope that seemed to fade with every passing second.

Swallowing back the sobs that wanted to rack her slender, tanned new body, Jasmine turned away from the phone, and headed out to do some shopping so she'd be ready for the date which she didn't want to go on...

* * * * *

Nick awoke to a pounding head, and a vile stench.

"Oh.. what happened " The skinny blond youth sat up from where he'd fallen on the floor, and swore at the sight of his charred and lightly smoking computer equipment.

"Crap " He muttered, pushing himself to his feet - and scratching at his chest. He wasn't quite sure what had happened to make him pass out, but he felt stiff, sore, and itchy all over, plus he had a throbbing head and a mild ringing in his ears. His best guess was that his patched-together computer had finally given up the ghost - the long delays in accepting his posting was probably a warning sign that he'd ignored at his own risk.

Making sure the smoldering, ruined electrical equipment was unplugged, Nick left the computer room, nose wrinkled in disgust. Not usually a fastidious person, he felt the need to shower - the smell of burnt plastic and ozone seemed to have seeped into his clothes, skin and hair, and hung around him even after opening the window to the computer room and closing the door.

Trotting into the bathroom, Nick started the shower running and stripped out of his grimy clothes - scratching almost frantically just about everywhere he could reach.

"Must be some sort of weird static-electricity thing..." He said, rubbing his arms and legs with a pained expression - it felt like every follicle of hair on his body was on fire, and it was driving him nuts.

Climbing under the spray of warm water, he began to wash vigorously - but he couldn't seem to get his skin to stop crawling and itching.

"Shit - if this keeps up, I'm gonna go crazy!" The slender youth swore to himself. Grimacing, he looked at the pack of razors resting on the ledge in the shower, below the mirror he used to shave while showering.

"Ah, hell..." He said, softly - then pulled out a razor. Carefully, he began shaving his chest - and almost sobbed in relief as that burning, itching sensation vanished when the hair was removed.

Despite not liking the general idea of shaving himself like this, he went to it with a will, removing every single follicle of body hair, and ending the terrible itching. It took forever - and a lot of razors - but he finally got all the body hair off, with only a few nicks and cuts.

"Oh, God... that feel's better..." He sighed in relief, then went back to washing up. Usually, he just sort of ignored his long, lank hair - but now he washed it vigorously, several times, to get the burnt- electronics smell out of it.

Finally - after the warm water was running cool - Nick stepped out of the shower and toweled off, grimacing at the feel of the towel across his denuded skin. It wasn't because it felt bad - actually it was kind of pleasant - but because of the fact it reminded him he'd just removed every trace of his masculine body hair.

Grimacing, he looked in the mirror over the sink.. and paused.

"Hey..." He said, startled, turning this way and that, looking at his slender, now-smooth body. "It doesn't look half bad on me, actually."

He thought the sight of his now hairless body would be repellent to him - but he found himself strangely pleased at the way he looked, the light softly gleaming from his smooth, unblemished skin. In fact, he felt sort of.. proud, at how smooth and soft his pale skin looked, now that the hair was gone. A real 'night-owl', Nick rarely left the apartment during the day, and his complexion was milky, smooth, and almost porcelain-perfect, and the new lack of any body hair only accented that, making him look almost like some idealized sculpture then a real person - he'd never realized how soft and flawless his skin was...

Pulling his gaze away from the oddly compelling reflection in the mirror, Nick padded out to his bedroom to throw some clothes on...

...then paused, grimacing. Usually, he wore clothes two or three times before hauling everything down to the Laundromat - but the sight and smell of the somewhat rank pile of dirty clothes made his stomach do slow, uncomfortable somersaults of disgust. The thought of putting the grimy clothes on his now clean and flawless skin was... repugnant.

Walking over, he checked his closet for some clean clothes - and grimaced when he found that the choice of clothing was rather limited, and not too appealing to him.

He grabbed the only pair of clean underwear in the house - a tiny little scrap of leopard-skin cloth that an ex-girlfriend had given him on Valentine's day one year. He'd never worn the small, tight-fitting underwear before, and he felt really weird about putting it on now - but it was the only clean ones he had, actually still in the original package. Oddly enough, they weren't that bad once he got them on, even if they did ride up a bit at the back, and were overly-sung in the crotch.

Next, he looked for some clean socks. Usually, he favored gray wool socks, but all he could find that was still clean was a pair of white athletic socks, and a pair of calf-high lightweight black dress socks.

He stared at the two pairs of socks, and started to grab the athletic socks... then paused, rubbing the somewhat heavy material between a thumb and forefinger. He repeated the motion with the dress socks, which were a lot finer, lighter, softer...

"Huh..." Nick grunted to himself, selecting the dress socks. They felt surprisingly nice as he put them on, the smooth fabric gliding over his equally smooth legs, up to just below the knees.

Looking in the closet once more, Nick considered his choice of shirts. There was a white dress shirt, which he knew to be rather stiff and uncomfortable, a woolen pull-over that would be way to warm... and a black silk shirt from his short-lived stint when he'd dated a girl who was into country music.

She'd liked to take him to Country bars, and his usual outfit had been the shirt, black jeans, and - yes, even a black cowboy hat.

Hell - she'd been that good looking...

Shrugging, he grabbed the silk shirt and pulled it on - but what had started out as brisk, efficient movements slowed, and he luxuriated in the feeling of the silk gliding across his skin as he pulled the garment on and did it up.

"Holy shit..." He breathed. "Shaving off my body hair made my skin really, really.. sensitive. God - now I know why rich guys were silk. This feels great, man."

The thought of how rich guys dressed was what prompted him to finish off his outfit with the one pair of dress slacks he owned - basic black, and he'd had them forever. As a matter of fact, he'd had them so long that they didn't fit well anymore, being from the time just after his growth spurt, when he'd been even skinnier. They were the right length - but they were skin-tight across his hips, ass and crotch, and the waist-band dug into his waist. It was annoying and painful...

...but a look in the mirror showed that the whole black-on-black ensemble looked good on him, setting off his pale skin, emphasizing his slim figure, and highlighting his blond hair - which, clean, was full and shiny. He didn't fuss with his hair much, and this was the cleanest it had been in years - he'd never realized just how nice his hair looked when it was lank and lifeless and greasy.

"Geez - I do look good." He told his reflection, amazed at how different he looked. He didn't look grungy and grimy and angry - but self-possessed, almost regal. Like he was somebody, not a nobody loner.

Feeling good about the way he looked, he headed back to the living room to watch TV, more aware of himself than usual because of the sort of upgraded mental image he had of himself, as well as the new - and nice - sensations of the clothing over his denuded skin. So, instead of just slouching along, he consciously tried to walk more 'elegantly', like he figured some rich dud would, or something. Even when he dropped into the couch, it was done with a conscious attempt to maintain that more 'casually controlled' air.

Flipping through the channels, Nick looked for something worth watching - but nothing seemed to catch his interest. As a matter of fact, he felt... restless. Energetic, but without purpose...

Snorting, Nick shut off the TV and decided to go for a walk. He looked around for his shoes - but when he found them, one whiff of their ripe odor made him forget about wearing them.

Instead, he dug his black cowboy boots out of the back corner of the closet, and stuffed his feet into them. Then he shrugged on a black leather trench-coat style jacket, and left his apartment, not sure where he was heading, but just eager to get out and do... something.

* * * * *

Jasmine - Alan, with his own personality overlaid by an inexplicable 'need' to be Jasmine - left the mall feeling like some sort of cross-dressing freak...

...but looking traffic-stopping gorgeous. As much as she hated to do so, she had to admit that fact to herself. Not only was she wearing a new outfit, but she'd gone to a salon and had her hair styled and her face professionally made up. Now, her 'natural' beauty was augmented by fashion and cosmetics, and she was a pure vision of glorious femininity.

Which was hardly enough to inspire pride in the man-turned-female. The problem was - the overwhelming need to play the role of Jasmine meant that she had to act as if she was incredibly happy with her look. There was a new bounce in her high-heeled step, a new sway to her slender-yet- womanly hips that showed she was well aware of how utterly fantastic she looked.

She was wearing a basic 'little black dress' that was elegant yet sexy - and it looked fabulous on her tanned, toned body. Black crushed velvet, the dress' hem sat just above her shapely, black-nylon-clad knees, and the Spanish Lace covered 'keyhole'

neckline of the dress displayed a seductively veiled view of magnificent cleavage, her tanned, firm, flawless breasts made more enticing by the unseen black lace underwire bra that lifted them into perfect orbs, thrusting them even more obviously against the fabric of the dress. The dress was designed with an 'open' back that was criss-crossed with black lacing through black grommets, and by tying it carefully, with knots in the laces to determine where the 'strain' would fall, Jasmine had pulled the dress tight again her tiny waist before letting it flare out, so that it molded to her fantastic, boyishly-feminine, top-heavy figure like a second skin.

The sensual 'basic' look was further enhanced by the black leather pumps she wore on her transformed feet. She'd been stunned - and not exactly thrilled - to find she could not only walk *easily* atop the four-inch high heel - but also gracefully and sensuously, about which she had no choice.

In addition, she wore a few 'highlights' of jewelry that further accented her easy beauty. Gold earrings with topaz settings matched the gold-and-topaz watch she wore on one slender wrist. Beneath her short-but-now-femininely styled hair, her face was professionally and flawlessly made up, and she was absolutely breath taking. Something which she didn't want to be, but she had no choice.

Or, rather, her other choice wasn't a viable one, and that made this whole thing that much worse. It wasn't like she was made to do this, as if she were some sort of automaton. No, in a way she'd done this 'willingly' - because she'd been less willing to deal with the powerful yearning that resulted from fighting the need to be 'Jasmine'. It was almost like the craving of a smoker who had been without a cigarette for too long, or maybe a drug addict looking for their next fix. While technically possible to reject the urge, it was very, very unpleasant to do so.

So, she'd 'willingly' gone along with the urge to look feminine, and sexy - and she'd picked out the clothes herself, of her own free will. Though the urge was there, it wasn't specific enough to pick and choose the clothes themselves. Jasmine had gone ahead and picked out the outfit because she knew it would look good on her, even though she wasn't really happy about looking that good.

Neither was she happy about the bags of other clothing, accessories or makeup she was lugging out of the mall with her. She'd felt the need to do so - and what it indicated wasn't very reassuring. Being female was bad, very bad. Being female, and feeling a powerful need to act it was worse, infinitely more. But.. the indications that this was going to be a long-term situation, with a powerful need compelling her to keep from revealing her 'problems' to any potential sources of help.. made her want to cry.

She stood at the curb outside of the mall entrance, and lifted a hand as she saw a cab swing into the parking lot. She needn't have bothered - it was occupied by a passenger who was obviously coming to the mall.

The blue-and-white taxi pulled to a stop near her, and the back door opened to disgorge its passenger - a slender young person of indeterminate gender. He/She could have been a masculine- looking young woman, or a feminine looking young man

- it was nearly impossible to tell, between the long, gleaming blonde hair, the indeterminate features, and the slender body that didn't boast feminine padding or masculine muscle.

Waiting for the gender-neutral person to clear the door of the cab after paying for the ride, Jasmine held up her purchases, and the cabbie climbed out to open the trunk...

* * * * *

Nick watched as the gorgeous, tanned woman loaded her luggage into the trunk of the cab.

'Damn, she's good-looking...' Nick thought to himself, vaguely. 'She really knows how to dress, too - that outfit looks great on her. Flatters her figure nicely, even if she'd be better off in higher heels - she has a fantastic ass, and heels would really emphasize it...'

Nick turned away from the gorgeous woman and headed for the entrance of the mall - as a vague thought flitted through his head.

'She's gorgeous - but I have nicer hair...'

He had to restrain a smug smile from crossing his lips at the thought, and he unconsciously reached up and brushed his silken, golden mane back from his face. Yes, indeed, he did have much nicer hair than she did.

Humming softly under his breath, Nick pulled open the doors and entered the mall, just sort of strolling along, bored and without any real plan in mind. So, he just moseyed along, accompanied by the somehow reassuring 'tocking' of the cowboy boots' heels on the tile flooring of the mall.

As Nick strolled along, he absently scratched at his chest, which was.. well, not itching, so much, as feeling oddly tender and swollen, the feel of the fabric moving over his nipples more intense than usual.

For that matter - his scratching felt more intense than usual, and more than a little 'odd' as well. Pausing, he glanced down at his hand.

"Geez - I've been a lazy slob..." He muttered - he hadn't noticed that his nails had been growing so long. Never fastidious about his personal grooming, his usual method of keeping his nails 'trimmed' was occasionally and absent-mindedly gnawing on them while watching TV. Sometime in the past he must have given up that habit without noticing - because his nails were longer than he could ever remember them being. So long that they seemed to alter the look of his whole hand, making his hands look slimmer and more supple.

"Huh.." He grunted, shrugging it off. To be honest, his nails weren't ragged or unkempt - just long. For some reason, he found himself thinking they didn't look half bad that way. He'd never worn long nails before, and so had never had a chance to

see how he'd look with long fingernails, so he figured that there was no big deal. Hell - long nails would be easier to take care of, right? Wouldn't have to trim the that often, he figured.

More or less forgetting about his nails, Nick continued his strolling - but even as he wandered aimlessly, he was feeling less and less comfortable. Almost without thought, he found that his hands kept sliding to his shirt, to rub at his chest, or to his pants, to tug futilely at the fabric. His clothes were uncomfortable on him, and the feeling seemed to be growing, rather than 'fading into the background' as he'd hoped.

The pants were bad enough, but understandable - after all they'd been too tight when he'd put them on. The shirt was really annoying, though - because two fairly small, and quite sensitive, lumps of flesh were pushing against it.

"Huh..." Nick said, without any real consideration. "Guess I must be allergic to the razor there - I seem to be swelling up..."

Looking around the mall, he realized that the simplest answer to his problem was simply to buy some clothes that fit him better - after all, the tight fit of the jeans and the feel of the shirt against the allergic swelling of his chest was apt to drive him nuts if he didn't do something about it.

Absently rubbing his chest, he headed towards the 'anchor' of the mall, a large department store. Reaching the doors that emptied out onto the mall itself, he paused in consideration - never having been in the department store, he had no idea where he was heading...

"Can I help you...?"

Nick turned and vaguely returned the smile the young female salesclerk was giving him.

"Yeah - I need some new clothes." Nick explained. "As you can see, I'm down to the old clothes in my closet - and they hardly fit anymore, especially in the hips and chest..."

The woman's smile became understanding. "Remnants from your tomboy days, right?" She said in a 'friend-to-friend' tone of voice. "Well, at lest you filled out since those days. Come on, let's go get you something a little more... flattering to wear."

Mentally shrugging, Nick followed along behind the sales-clerk, who was rambling cheerfully on about something or other. Nick grunted occasional, not really listening or paying attention where they were going. Instead, he found himself watching the other people in the store. He found himself watching pairs and couples and groups of people, laying and chatting with each other - and he felt a strange sort of pang that made him ache in a non-physical way.

He'd always been a loner, and thought he was fine that way - now he found himself wondering why he didn't have any friends, why he was so alone. Was it something wrong with him? Was it the way he was hard-wired, something in his personality that drove people away and...

"So - how about something like this?" The saleswoman said, drawing Nick's attention back to her. Nick looked at what she was holding up - and began to blush.

"Oh - oh, no!" Nick demurred with a nervous grin. "I.. I can't wear a skirt."

The woman looked down at the white leather skirt she was holding, then back at Nick. "Is there a problem?"

Nick couldn't believe the woman didn't see the obvious. "Well, I'd just look ridiculous in a skirt, don't you think? I mean - how many skirts have you sold to people who look like... like me?"

+ + +

Jessica looked the poor young woman up and down with a compassionate smile. From the way she was reacting to the suggestion of a skirt, Jessica realized that the poor thing still thought of herself as the tomboy she must have been when those clothes she was wearing fit her.

She should have realized it right away, of course, Jessica berated herself. It was obvious, in retrospect. There was the lack of make-up, for one thing - not exactly a stunning young woman, she was still fairly cute - but she wasn't wearing any make-up to help emphasize the fact. The way she moved - awkward and self conscious - also showed that she wasn't comfortable with herself - which was probably related to the way that she'd been gazing longingly at couples they'd passed while walking through the store.

Yet the young woman wasn't nearly as unattractive as she obviously believed herself to be. After all, her 'only cute' face was saved by her gorgeous hair and full, soft lips. She might have been built like a boy when other girls went through puberty, but she'd obviously blossomed somewhat since then - though her bust was merely average, the slender woman had full, round hips and an incredible ass, and her waist seemed to be quite trim and tight.

If nothing else, she could get by on her voice alone, which could have made her good money as a voice-over actress - her voice was a lovely warm contralto, a 'bedroom' voice.

Jessica knew what it was like to be self-conscious of your body. When she was younger she'd been fat, and even after losing the weight she'd felt unattractive and ungainly for a while. She swore to herself that she wasn't going to let this poor woman leave the store until she realized just how attractive she really was, and how much more attractive she could be if she just dressed up a bit...

+ + +

"Actually, we sell plenty of skirts to people with a figure like yours. It's very fashionable, you know." The saleswoman said, surprising Nick.

"Really?" Nick asked, eyes widening.

The saleswoman smiled. "Of course. I know you don't think you'd look good in one - but, believe me, I think you'll find that you'll get a lot of compliments if you can just... let yourself be a little more bold in your fashions. There's nothing wrong with you wearing a skirt."

"Well - I don't know..." Nick said, surprised with the trend that fashions had taken. Sure, he'd never really paid attention to men's fashions, but how he could have missed this twist in fashions was a little beyond him.

"I'll tell you what - why don't we see what else we have, then?" The saleswoman suggested. "Sort of a whole range of ideas - but stuff that gets away from the whole 'jeans and a blouse' look. What do you say? Will you at least look at some fashions that are a little more bold?"

"Well.." Nick said, trying to find a polite way to demure...

"If you want a totally gratuitous opinion..." A male voice said to his right. "I think you'd look good in a skirt."

Nick turned to find a male sales-clerk holding a bundle of clothes under his arm, smiling at him. Nick hesitantly smiled back.

"Didn't mean to interrupt.." The man said, turning to the female salesclerk. "Somebody left these at the counter when her card wouldn't clear." He put the pile of clothes down on the edge of the display table and turned back to Nick. "I'm serious about the skirt, though - you're a lovely young woman, and I'm sure you'd look great in one."

'Lovely young woman?' Nick thought, realizing with horror that both salesclerks thought he was a girl...

...and it was a blow that hit him right between the eyes. Memories came flooding back, memories of the more muscular guys at school taunting him, telling him he couldn't play sports because he ran and threw 'like a girl'. Girls turning him down for dates because he wasn't as big and handsome as the more athletic guys. He thought he'd gotten past all that - yet, here he was, caught in the middle of something a dozen times worse.

"Don't you think I look too... boyish to wear clothes like a skirt?" Nick asked, almost desperately.

"Not at all - you might have been boyish when you were younger..." the man said, delicately. "...but you've blossomed nicely."

That was it - they thought he was a woman. A real woman, and not an ugly one at that.

His heart began to race, and he wanted to whimper in fear. If they found out the truth, they'd laugh at him - everybody would laugh at him, point at him, call him a freak and a sissy. They'd hate him and taunt him and beat him, and he'd just have to curl up and die. Everybody in the world would think he was a sissy-boy. He'd never have any friends. He...

Before the panic could wash over him, Nick suddenly saw the answer. The way out of this horrible dilemma.

He had to play along. He had to pretend he was a girl, until he could escape this nightmare and get back to the safety of his apartment. That was the answer. As long as they thought he was a girl, he would be safe - and he could buy everything he'd need to hide out in his apartment and work out until he'd bulked up enough that this would never happen again.

Until then, though - he had to make sure that he didn't raise any suspicions as to his real gender. He had to act the way a woman would act. Frantically, he considered the situation, and asked himself what a woman would do.

Well, the answer was obvious. Everybody knew women loved to shop. So - as much as he hated it, the only way to keep from being utterly humiliated was to shop like a woman, and buy a whole shit- load of clothing. Oh - and shoes. Women always bought lots and lots of shoes...

"Gee... well, if a handsome guy like you thinks I'd look good in a skirt..." Nick said, forcing the words out in as cheerful a tone as he could manage, trying to project the aura of a woman. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to wear a skirt now and then."

* * * * *

'*God, I feel like.. like...*' Nick - or 'Nicki' - kept the pasted-on grin on 'her' face as 'she' tried to find the right words to describe 'her' emotions as she left the department store, a whole new feminine wardrobe in the bags 'she' carried - and wore.

Having decided that 'she' could only avoid ridicule and horrible, paralyzing shame by acting the part of the woman people thought 'her' to be, Nick had thrown 'herself' into the part, though it disgusted 'her' to do so - not enough, however, for 'her' to question the strangely powerful, irrational convictions 'she' held about what would happen to 'her' if anybody realized 'she' was really a man.

Given that desperate 'need' to be 'her' own mental image of what a woman was, 'Nicki' had, perhaps, overdone it a bit...

'Nicki' was struggling - and succeeding - in looking natural atop the six-inch stiletto heels that graced 'her' Navy blue patent-leather pumps. It was odd, but the shoes - which had looked much too small to start - actually fit fairly well. Oh, sure, they were two sizes too small, and cramped 'her' feet something terrible, but 'she' had thought they'd be much worse. Maybe women's shoe sizes were a lot different, like their clothing sizes... In any case, the shoes were bearable, at least to her near-obsessed way of looking at it.

Above the pumps, 'her' so-so legs were enhanced by the black nylons with Spanish Lace trim up the sides that she wore, disappearing up under the hem of 'her' dark-blue leather skirt, with it's big white leather belt cinched tight around 'her' waist in an effort to make it look smaller than it really was.

Tucked into the belted waist of the skirt was 'her' new shirt - a pale-blue spandex 'T-shirt' with the word's 'Girl Power' printed across the front. Amazingly - to Nick's mind - the 'allergic swelling' made it look as if the shirt was pushed out by a pair of small, but firm and noticeable, breasts - a 'lucky break'...

Tack blue-and-silver clip-on earrings dangled from the lobes of 'her' ears, which flanked a face that had been made-up by the store's cosmetics saleswoman... who, following the instructions 'Nicki' had given, had used a heavy hand, matching garish, glossy hot-pink lipstick to dark mascara and powder- blue eye-shadow.

'Nicki' felt that all of this was utterly necessary - after all, people might be mistaking 'her' as a woman, but it was as a boyish-looking woman, and the ever-present threat of being found out and humiliated beyond 'her' capacity to withstand was enough to drive 'her' to extremes.

Even as 'she' walked through the mall, 'she' forced 'herself' to walk with as feminine a stride as possible - not really aware that hamming it up turned 'her' walk into an over-emphasized sexual parody that wasn't backed up by 'her' slender, boyish figure. Between the over-done makeup, the garish, too-sexy clothes and the over-exaggerated walk, 'she' was beginning to get a lot of looks...

...and her heart nearly burst as it sped in panic at the realization that many of them were disapproving looks. To 'her' mind, it meant that they knew there was something wrong with 'her', that they were right on the edge of pointing and shattering 'her' disguise, of laying 'her' open to the ridicule and attention that would crush 'her'...

So, the sudden cramping that almost doubled 'her' over came as a welcome relief, since it made 'her' realize that she could flee the impending unveiling of the truth by dashing into the bathroom - and, after a second's hesitation that 'she' was sure everybody saw and wondered about, 'she' even managed to remember to go into the ladies room. Panting from the sheer force of panic at the close call, 'she' ducked into a stall in the empty restroom and locked the door, doubling over at the sensation she was feeling - the 'cramps' had spread, and 'she' felt as if 'her' entire body was cramping, the pain was worst in 'her' crotch, hips, waist and chest.

Then the pain redoubled, and 'she' gasped and slumped back against the side of the stall...

...as 'her body' began to writhe and change.

Shocked, 'she' stared down at 'herself' as he shirt began to bulge outwards, propelled by 'her' supposedly allergic reaction, the spandex garment forming two distinct mounds over the swelling flesh. At the same time, a pressure began to build in 'her' skirt as 'her' hips and ass began to swell and gain a new configuration, below a waist that was slowly pinching inwards.

'She' could also feel changes occurring all over 'her' body, from the way the pressure of the once-too- tight shoes was easing, to the way the bones in 'her' face were being reshaped. However, these were secondary to the other changes and - twitching and writhing - 'she' slid one hand up under 'her' skirt, sliding it across the white cotton panties that 'she' wore...

...and feeling the bulge there slowly shrink as 'her' cock was pulled back into 'her' body, leaving behind a moist, fully-formed vagina.

The entire thing lasted but a few minutes, then the sensations faded, leaving Nicki feeling stiff and sore as she staggered from the stall to stare at herself in the mirror above the sink, one hand still pressed under her skirt to convince herself that her cock was, indeed, gone, replaced by a perfect sample of the new womanhood that defined her new gender.

For several long seconds, Nicki simply stared, incredulous, at the unbelievable reflection in the mirror.

Balanced atop her high-heels, the blonde woman in the mirror was defiantly 'lush'. Her long, incredibly shapely legs seemed to rise on up forever before finally disappearing under the hem of a too-tight skirt that clung like a second skin to her wide, womanly hips and incredibly full, firm ass. The white leather belt, once tightly cinched, now hung loose around a tiny wisp of a wasp-waist, lost in the shadow of her looming bustline - whose massive, round breasts, the size of basket-balls, strained the spandex fabric over their spherical forms, the neck-line stretched out to reveal an amazing canyon of milky-white cleavage.

Above those phenomenal breasts lay the long, slender neck - and the most vapid-looking face you could imagine. Huge, blue eyes warred with almost obscenely full, sexy lips for the eyes' attention, the tint snub of a nose lost in the battle. High, arched eyebrows matched the shade of the massive, thick mane of golden hair that spilled around her vapid, sexy face, completing the woman's look of being a prototypical 'blonde bimbo' in every detail.

"Oh - thank god!" Nicki said with a relieved sigh, giggling at the sound of the high-pitched new voice she possessed. "Now I'm safe!"

She relaxed. Now, nobody could catch her out - as long as she continued to act the part, of course. She didn't know how it had happened, but her effeminate masculine body, which could have been the source of utter humiliation that she couldn't have taken, had become this incredibly feminine one, making her safe from being recognized...

...as long as she didn't give anybody reason to suspect that a man was the person inside that feminine body. She'd have to be extra-careful to act like a woman, just like before - but now the odds were - if you'll forgive the term - 'stacked' in her favor.

Then a thought hit her, and her already huge blue eyes widened, and her incredibly full lower lips quivered in panic.

What if somebody in her apartment recognized her when she went home? Sure, she didn't really know any of her neighbors, and her body was completely different, but she was still blonde, and if she was seen going back to her apartment, somebody might make the connection between the blonde woman they'd seen go in, and the blonde guy who lived there. She couldn't stand the mere thought of the shame that would come from the revelation that she was really Nick - but where else could she go...?

She relaxed and smiled as the answer came to her - the empty apartment. The one she'd been saying 'stewardess' used. In fact, she could pretend to be one of them, until she managed to get herself looking masculine enough that nobody would make the mistake the store clerks had made today.

She'd have to act the role of a woman when there was anybody else around - but safe in the apartment, alone, she could spend time making herself masculine, until it was safe to go home.

"Thank god - things are finally starting to work out..." She told her reflection, lightly running her tiny, long-nailed new fingers over the spandex covering her wonderful new tits. They were so massive, so utterly gigantic, that people would see them and think she was a woman even more than they would if she were small-breasted. It was wonderful, and she was glad they were so huge and round and so damned feminine - just like she was glad she no longer had to worry about getting a hard-on or sitting wrong, and letting somebody see her cock. With her cunt, she was even safer than ever...

...but that didn't mean she could be lax. Oh, no - one stray action that wasn't feminine enough, and somebody might figure out that she was really a man.

Concentrating on making every move as feminine as possible - and unconsciously overdoing it - Nicki gathered up her purchases and left the restroom to call for a cab. As she headed towards the pay-phones, she saw a guy staring at her, wide eyed, and she almost panicked...

...then noticed the way his crotch was beginning to bulge, and knew that that was a sign that he was completely taken in by her currently feminine looks and actions. That hard-on was the sign that she was safe from being discovered - by him at least...

'Gee...' She thought, to herself. 'I'll know nobody's close to revealing my secret, if I can just get every man around me to have a raging hard-on...'

Letting her full, softly-firm lips curve upwards in a bright - if somewhat brainless - smile, Nicki threw the guy a wink...

...and felt a rush of pleasure at seeing him blush, obviously attracted to her. Throwing an extra little 'oomph' in her already over-stated sexy stride, she continued on towards the pay-phones, confident in the knowledge that she could act out the part of a woman.

* * * * *

"Please..." She begged her reflection in the mirror, dark eyes sorrowful and desperate. "Don't make me do this!"

Her other persona refused to answer her, and Jasmine knew that there was no real 'intelligence' behind the needs and cravings she felt to act out the role of 'Jasmine'. No, it was like a merciless, uncaring computer program which existed to force her into this role - and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Indeed - were she to fight too hard against the needs, the implanted routines that she'd been inexplicably cursed with would take full control of her equally inexplicable new body, leaving her a mindless automaton with her 'real' mind trapped helplessly inside. As bad as 'willingly' playing the role of Jasmine was, at least she still had some small measure of control over her life and her actions. Loosing that would be a hundred - a thousand - times worse, and she knew it.

Turning away from the mirror, the new woman headed out to the just-redecorated living room. She'd used every last cent in her bank account to fulfill the needs of her 'Master-Persona', and now the redecorated apartment looked like that of stewardess on layover - the two bedrooms were decorated in a coolly impersonal - but feminine - manner, while the living room and kitchen were a little more lively, and obviously set up more for entertaining than for comfortable 'lounging' in private. In short, the apartment looked like a cross between a hotel room and a coed college dorm, a perfect 'reflection' of the story Jasmine had helplessly spun to the people who'd done the work.

Now, as she glanced at the clock on the VCR, she saw she only had about half an hour before her first 'date' as a woman - and she just wanted to curl up on the couch and cry at the thought that she was going to be going out with a man, herself a man trapped in the body - and persona - of a very beautiful, sexy woman...

Just then, the handle of the unlocked front door of the apartment turned, startling the hell out of Jasmine. She whirled...

...as the door opened and the most outrageously proportioned woman entered the room, then stopped dead to stare at Jasmine.

The woman standing in the doorway didn't look real. She looked like some teen-aged boy's fantasy brought to life, probably through plastic surgery.

For one thing, she was tall, and that height was further emphasized by the high, slender heels on which she balanced. Most of that height seemed to be composed of her impossibly long, sexy legs, which seemed to stretch on forever before flaring out into a pair of hips that were amazingly full and womanly - hips well-designed to support the incredibly full, firm ass that strained the leather skirt she was wearing to the limit.

Those incredible hips then pinched sharply inwards, to an equally impossible waist, one that couldn't have been more than fourteen or fifteen inches around and that incredibly tiny waist looked all the more diminutive, overshadowed as it was by the enormous breasts that strained at her spandex T- shirt, her nipples making clear points under the letters 'I' and 'O' of the stretched-out lettering on the shirt.

Her face was equally unrealistic - not only where her eyes huge, blue and vapid, but her gloss-pink lips were incredibly full and bow-shaped, what the man Jasmine had used to be called 'Cock-sucker' lips, since they seemed to be permanently in a semi-purse, as if just about to wrap themselves around the very manhood that Jasmine no longer possessed. To top the sexual-fantasy nature of the woman off, she had long, golden-blond hair that bespoke all the jokes and stereotypes.

"Oh, gee... Hi!" the blonde said in a high-pitched soprano, capped off with a giggle. "I didn't know anybody else was in. I'm Nicki, and I fly for Pan-Am."

Still stunned, Jasmine found herself introducing herself, claiming to work for Trans-Pacific. Stunned, she wondered what was going on her - first she was changed into a woman who need to play the role of a stewardess, like in the stupid rumor - and now a woman claiming to 'also' be a stewardess shows up. Jasmine wanted to yell at the intruding bimbo, tell her to get out -

but, instead, she found herself helping Nicki move her piles of clothing into the other bedroom, welcoming her to the 'layover' apartment.

With somebody else around, Jasmine was completely unable to express any side of her 'true' persona, feeling the crushing need to maintain the Jasmine facade.

* * * * *

'Damn...' Nicki thought, grinning mindlessly as she chatted with her new roommate. She'd hoped to find the apartment empty, but this other woman being here meant that she couldn't drop the act, not even the slightest bit - in fact, in this close proximity, Nicki had to play it as carefully as she could, making every single movement, comment and action she did absolutely feminine.

They were 'chatting' about make-up and fashion, when the phone in the apartment rang. Nicki was surprised by the quick look of near-panic that flashed across Jasmine's face, but the tanned woman picked it up quickly enough, answering with a warm, friendly tone.

"Oh, Steve - hi." Jasmine said, a strange expression flashing across her face, then vanishing. "I didn't expect to... excuse me?"

She listened for a minute, then her eyebrows lifted. "Actually, that might not be a problem at all - another stewardess just came in. Hang on a sec..."

Jasmine lowered the phone, covering the mouthpiece with one slender hand.

"This is a guy I was going on a date with." Jasmine explained. "I was going to meet him at a bar, but apparently his best friend was ragging on him, not believing this was for-real. So, Steve wanted to know if he and Mark - his friend - could swing by, just to prove it. Well, I figured that, since there are two of them, maybe you'd like to double date...?"

'Damn...!' Nicki thought - her hopes had soared when it looked like Jasmine was going on a date - but now she was going to get caught up in this too, since it was obvious that the woman she was pretending to be would never turn down a chance for a date. Still - she certainly didn't feel like going out in public. She might have to accept the date, to keep her act 'real', but maybe she could minimize the 'exposure' she had...

"Sounds great - but if they're coming over, why bother going out?" Nicki suggested, brightly. "Tell the guys to grab a couple of bottles of wine and a couple of videos, maybe some take-out Chinese - and we'll make a night of it right here."

"Sounds good...!" Jasmine agreed - but the warm smile seemed almost forced for some reason. Still, she sounded cheerful enough as she passed the idea on to Steve.

Which was more than Nicki could say about herself, even if she was faking a matching enthusiasm. Finding out that the rumor he'd started was, amazingly, true had been bad enough - but now she was going to be forced to be the woman he'd claimed stayed here, a sexy blonde bombshell. Jasmine, being a real woman, might be looking forward to the attentions of a couple of guys - but Nicki certainly wasn't.

* * * * *

"Okay - see you shortly..." Jasmine said, warmly, then hung up the phone - while inwardly cursing at her new roommate, Nicki. She had no way of expressing what she felt, of course - she needed to maintain the Jasmine persona, whether she wanted to or not. Thanks to Nicki, though, these guys were going to know where they lived, so there was no way that she could get away with having a one- night date and then avoid the guy. After all, he had her number and address, and she'd invited him over. This changed the 'fee' of the evening from a semi-formal date to something more intimate - and while Nicki, the bubble-headed bimbo, might be looking to score quickly tonight, it was something Jasmine had hoped to avoid at all costs.

Of course, the 'other' Jasmine might have completely different 'feelings' on the subject, and the possible outcome of the evening that lay ahead scared, disgusted and horrified the new woman.

"Well - why don't we get your clothes put away completely before the guys arrive?" Jasmine suggested with artificial good-will to the damned bimbo who was complicating the inexplicable, impossible situation.

Seemingly completely unaware of the implications of inviting a couple of guys over, the damned bimbo giggled and agreed, and they killed the time making sure the place was tidy for their 'dates'.

Then came the thing Jasmine dreaded - the knock on the door. Helplessly, Jasmine trailed after Nicki as they headed to the front door to greet their dates - but she was wishing that she could just turn and run, escape through one of the windows - but it wasn't possible, either physically or emotionally. She had no choice but to follow Nicki's swaying, firm ass to the door.

Throwing the door wide open revealed a pair of handsome young men, about college age - one was a athletic black man, the other a tanned, rangy brunet. As the door swung open and they saw the two women framed in the opening, their jaw's dropped, and their eyes bulged.

"You must be Mark and Steve..." Jasmine said, warmly.

"Why don't you come in and... relax?" Nicki added, with a giggle.

"Wow, sure..." The black youth - who Jasmine pegged as Steve, from the voice, said in a stunned tone, as he started to take a step forward...

...and his friend grabbed his arm, stopping. "Steve, buddy - look at them." Steve grinned foolishly. "I am, man..."

"No, man - *look* at them. Do you really think we're this lucky, man? I mean - do you actually believe they're stewardesses, and we're just lucky enough to get a date with them? C'mon, it's too obvious." He looked at Jasmine and Nicki with a shrug. "No offense, girls - but you're hookers, aren't you?"

* * * * *

Nicki was horrified to find her 'cover story' unraveling. Of course, the way she looked, she should have realized that she was too sexy to be a mere stewardess. The guy was right - the only type of women who'd look like her was...

* * * * *

"Okay - you got us." Jasmine heard Nicki 'admit', with horror. "We're.. working girls. Sorry we didn't tell you. If you're not interested, we understand..."

For a second, Jasmine felt hope flare - maybe this night would end up being...

"Uh, well... you girls are incredible.." Steve said, shooting a look at Mark. "Uh.. how much for, um... well...?"

Jasmine was horrified to realize that they guys were actually bargaining for sexual favors - but was even more horrified to find herself speaking.

"Well, it depends what you want, honey." Jasmine said, her horror not evident in her sexy tone. "For a hundred a piece, though, we'll give you a first-timers special. An hour, with anything at all you want..."

"Yeah..." Nicki giggled. "*Anything...*"

"Uh..." mark said, looking at Steve - who nodded. "Sure, sounds fair..."

'No...!' Jasmine screamed in her head as she smiled and sensuously slid back to let them in...

* * * * *

'Oh, shit - no!' Nicki thought as she grinned and stepped out of the door to let them by. She'd hoped that 'admitting' they were hookers would turn the guys off - but, damn it, she hadn't expected Jasmine to back her up on this, and now.. now... oh, god - now they were going to have to have sex with these guys.

Well - might as well get it over with....

"So... what would you guys like, to start ?" Nicki asked, swaying seductively around the guys to shut the door behind them.

"Well - how about a little lezzie strip-show from you two?" Mark suggested, getting an approving sound from Steve.

"Sure " Jasmine cooed, seductively. "I've been waiting to get my hands on those big, ripe melons of

Nicki's all evening "

As the two guys sat down in the chairs flanking the center of the room, the two women approached each other, moving with sexy grace atop their respective heels. They met in the middle of the room, and they wrapped their arms around each other, their breasts crushed together as they kissed each other with apparent passion...

'Geez ' Jasmine thought, sliding her hands down to fondle Nicki's incredible ass. 'I can't believe I'm being forced to be a hooker... but this is really nice '

Nicki's thoughts were running along similar lines as she hungrily used her full, soft lips and long, supple tongue to kiss the tanned, toned woman in her arms - while her hands slid around to start untying the lacing at the back of Jasmine's dress.

Breaking the embrace - reluctantly - the two women moved slightly apart, and Nicki slowly slid Jasmine's dress down her tanned body. As the material sank lower, exposing more and more of her slender, toned body, Nicki kissed her way down the golden flesh, full lips lightly touching the hollow of her neck, the top of each breast, each swollen, thick nipple, her belly button...

Jasmine shivered as Nicki's pink-glossed lips lightly touched her crotch - and was surprised to find that the crotch was sopping wet with sexual juices. She was amazed to discover that she was really, really aroused - and not all of it was from Nicki, alone. Jasmine tried to control herself - but found that her eyes kept sliding, of their own volition, to the visible bulges in Steve and Mark's crotches...

She was getting horny at the thought of getting fucked.

Then Nicki was done taking her dress off, rising after having kissed the top of Jasmine's shoes - and now it was Jasmine's turn to slowly, sensuously undress Nicki, starting with the skirt. She slid it slowly down Nicki's incredibly long legs - from behind, pressing her face against that incredible ass as she did so...

...and finding that she was enjoying burying her face against the resilient flesh of Nicki's spectacular ass.

Then she peeled off Nicki's top - and reached around to fondle her enormous, firm tits, the massive milky mounds overflowing her tiny hands.

"Okay guys... we're naked. What say we split up and go to the bedrooms ?" Nicki suggested. "Who's coming with me ?"

Mark smiled. "I'm the big-tit man, honey " He said, rising awkwardly due to the erection straining the crotch of his pants. Taking Nicki's hand, he allowed himself to be led off to the bedroom, as Jasmine helplessly found herself leading Steve to her bedroom in the same way.

Reaching the bedroom, she closed the door behind them - then found herself slowly undressing the black youth...

...eagerly.

'No!' She told herself, horrified. "I.. I don't want to like this. I don't want to be eager to fuck a guy...!" But she was. No matter how much the thought disgusted her - she really, really wanted to fuck Steve.

Steve was having similar emotions about her, but his were uncluttered with less enjoyable guilt or horror..

"Oh, baby..." He said, running his hands over her firm, toned flesh. "God, I want you..."

"I want you too, Steve..." She said, huskily - and was disgusted by the fact she wasn't lying. Helplessly, she led Steve to the bed. "Top or bottom, lover boy?"

"You take the top, Jazz..." Steve said, laying back on the bed. "Fuck me, girl - fuck me hard."

"I intend to..." she assured him, huskily, climbing up on the bed. Helplessly, she rose above him, knees on either side of his rangy body, positioning herself...

...then her legs flexed, and she impaled herself on his hard, throbbing member, crying out in guilty pleasure as she felt the ecstasy of having a cock fill her hot, aching cunt.

"Yes...!" Steve agreed, emphatically, as Jasmine began to ride him like an expert horse-woman taming a wild colt - and her body shuddered with the pleasure of driving herself atop his lean form, as her mind shuddered with the conflict of her fucking a man...

...and loving it. There was nothing feigned in her cries of ecstasy as she pounding eagerly atop his big, hard cock, pleasure like none she'd ever felt flooding her body as she fucked him long and hard.

Then she reached simultaneous orgasm with him, and her scream of orgasmic ecstasy was ripped from her throat as her doubts and disgust were washed away on a tide of pure, orgasmic pleasure...

* * * * *

"Come on, baby - I want those lips of yours wrapped around my cock..." Mark said, huskily.

"Anything for you, lover..." Nicki assured him - while feeling like she was going to throw up. Trying to delay the inevitable, she sat on his lap and kissed him, letting him play with her huge tits for a few minutes before she slowly sank downwards to her knees, hands reaching out to undo his pants and set his hard, throbbing cock free. Taking a deep breath and faking a smile, she leaned forward, full 'cock-sucking' lips opening wide...

...and she almost shuddered as her lips wrapped tightly around his throbbing organ...

...because it felt so good! She couldn't believe it - she had a man's cock in her mouth - and it felt wonderful> In fact - she wanted to being him off, to slurp down his hot cum... too late, she made the connection. Too late, where she was and what she was doing connected in her mind with the 'rumor' she herself had started about this place...

..and the women who lived there. The ultra-honey, nymphomaniac bi-sexual sluts who loved to fuck and suck, who quite literally couldn't get enough.

But even as she realized that she'd become the very woman she'd described, the thought was pushed out of Nicki's mind - there was no room for it in her brain as she was overwhelmed with a raging, uncontrollable desire. An insatiable need to fuck and suck, just as she'd specified.

Hungrily, she began to mover her head back and forth, lips sliding over the shaft of his cock as her hand fondled his balls - even knowing where the desire came from didn't lessen the need she was feeling, the sheer desire to slurp down a delicious load of fresh cum. She couldn't help herself - her mind had been altered that having sex of any kind was the most pleasurable, addictive, mind-warping thing she could do.

It's didn't take long at all before she'd brought him off, and she slurped hungrily at the hot flow of cum flooding down her throat, trying not to spill a drop of the delicious fluid - and knowing that she'd only crave it all the more, now that she'd been broken and shown how much her transformed mind and body loved fucking and sucking...

* * * * *

"My god..." Jasmine said, pausing to lick at Nicki's erect nipple. After several more bouts with the guys, the hour had been up, and the guys had left - promising to 'spread the word', as well as return at a later date. "You did this to me?"

"To us.." Nicki corrected, lightly stroking Jasmine's ass. "I.. don't know how, but what I wrote became real.."

After they guys had left, the two women had found they could share the truth with each other, somehow finding a new bond that allowed them to be 'real' while alone with each other - and their once male libidos had made them enamored with each other's bodies, a sexual attraction that was doubled and redoubled by the new programming that made they insatiably horny for anybody, male or female.

"So.. we're trapped like this." Jasmine said. "Forever. With a ranging need to fuck and suck anything that moves."

"that's right..." Nicki agreed, and they paused for a second to kiss, hungrily.

"Well..." Jasmine said, thoughtfully. "At least you were good enough to say that we love doing it, and it gives us more pleasure then anything else in our lives. Somehow, that sort of takes the edge off of being forced to be bisexual sluts..."

Nicki giggled. "I know what you mean..."

Then neither of them bothered with words anymore as they rolled onto the floor, heads diving between each other's legs...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A business man is tricked into putting a virtual reality suit which he thinks is all in his mind, little does he know that the changes, and the things that he is experiencing, are real.

2Real

By Gunslinger

The crickets chirped in the late spring breeze, calling their ancient song to the half-moon that dance in and out of the clouds that drifted across the diamond-speckled velvet of night.

As if cued by an unseen conductor, the nightly symphony fell quiet as the soft growl of an engine rolled through the night breeze. Cresting a hill, the headlights of the vintage Jaguar speared through the darkness and probed at the sky before the car rose over the hill and started down, it's headlights flashing back to earth. As they did, the washed briefly across a stone-backed brass sign, picking out golden highlights on the raised letters that spelled out '2REAL VIRTUAL SYSTEMS, INC'.

The Jag pulled up to the gate-house that broke the line of decorative-yet-functional brick-and-wrought- iron fence that surrounded the compact complex. The driver of the British-made convertible leaned closer as the heavy-set security guard wandered from the small shack, clipboard in hand.

"Name?"

The slender, darkly-handsome man behind the wheel matched the guard's disinterested tone with his own. "Eric Weiss."

The guard ran a pen down the list, until he found the name. One eyebrow rose at the instructions listed, but he merely shrugged and pressed the button that opened the gate, giving Weiss a 'Have a Good evening' that wasn't returned.

Parking the car in the almost barren lot, Eric climbed out and walked to the building, noting the darkened windows and lack of activity in a complex that, a month ago, was a beehive of activity twenty-four hours a day.

Even the marble-and-brass lobby lacked a receptionist, another of the company's private guards 'standing' his watch in the unused chair behind the big marble-and-mahogany desk who's front bore the company's distinctive logo, a large italic '2' superimposed over the word 'Real'.

"Doctor Lansing?" Eric asked the guard.

The guard jerked a thumb at the elevator. "Top floor, Imaging room 1, all the way at the end."

Eric didn't bother to thank the man, walking over to the gleaming brass doors of the elevator and pressing the call button.

A few minutes later, he stood in front of the door marked 'Imaging Chamber One - Authorized Personnel Only'.

Not bothering to knock, he pushed open the heavy door and entered the room.

The part of the room he entered was obviously the control booth, wide but not deep, with a computer console wrapping most of the way around a chair, with the bluish-white glow of various monitors lighting the features of the 'thirty-something' woman who was seated there, her narrow but not unattractive features set into lines of concentration as her dark eyes focused through her stylish silver-rimmed glasses at a monitor. Unaware of Eric's presence, she ran a hand through a once-neat bun that her sandy-blonde hair had been done up in.

"Lansing?" Eric said, curtly.

The woman jumped with a gasp, then swiveled the chair to face Eric, smoothing her knee-length beige skirt with a nervous - almost guilty - motion.

"Mr. Weiss, thank you for coming." She said, rising. "I'm Dr. Karen Lansing, head..." She paused, her smile faltering. "...*former* head of research here at 2Real."

"Yeah, yeah - I've read your jacket, Karen. Pretty impressive and all that." Eric said, dismissively. "So - what the hell did you want to see me for? For that matter - what are you still doing here? I shut this place down last week. There shouldn't be anyone here by the guards until I start bringing in my personnel on the first of the month."

"Yes, I realize that... Eric." She said, seeing his thin lips twitch as she returned his first-name basis. "However, since you bought us out, lock, stock and proverbial barrel, I thought you should see part of what you're getting - our fully functional prototype of the 2Real Advanced Virtual Interface."

"I'm not interested." Eric said, coolly. "My company is working on portable VR systems for the commercial market - not the expensive, permanently sited 'chamber' system your work is..."

"Yes, I know all that." Lansing interrupted, causing him to glare at her. "That's why you just took over the building and equipment and didn't bother to keep the staff. However, you're right - this equipment is 'permanent', so - before you simply

disassemble it and 'throw it away', I thought that you should see for yourself what you'd be discarding. Although the R&D work isn't yours, this device isn't yet patented, and so it will belong to you."

"Yeah - so why are you so eager to 'sell' me on it?" Eric asked, eyes narrowing.

"To be frank," she said. "I think once you experience what the system can do, and since it will be here anyway, you might keep me and a limited staff on hand to continue research and production. After all - if it's as good as I claim, you could redouble your investments by having the best equipment in both the portable and site-based VR systems."

Eric couldn't argue with that - and, once he was on firm footing with her motivation, he was intrigued. After all - she was simply angling to keep her cushy job, and though he wasn't planning on letting her, he wasn't necessarily dedicated to getting rid of her. It wasn't personal, it was just business - and if she could convince him that keeping her and her personal staff on the payroll would turn out to be profitable, then he'd do that.

Many of his many detractors thought Eric was intentionally rude and cruel. But the truth was, he was the ultimate realist, who didn't indulge in any emotions when it came to his business. Emotions were fine for others - but *his* decisions were always coldly logical, like it or not.

"Okay - show me what you have." Eric said. "If it's as good as you seem to think, maybe we'll be able to work something out."

"Fine." Lansing said, gesturing at a door at the end of the control booth. "In there is the change-room. You'll find several L-Suits. Pick one that fits and put it on."

Eric nodded curtly and walked through the indicated door, finding himself in a small change-room.

Hanging on racks were several 'Link-Suits' - suits that looked like white cold-water diving suits, covering the entire body from head to toe, with the exception of the face. Also like a dive-suit, a mask would cover the bare area - but the masks for the Link-Suits were completely unlike dive masks.

Undressing, Eric shivered in the cool air and quickly pulled on a tight-fitting L-Suit, then picked out a mask and carried it in his hand as he went back into the control booth, then followed Lansing through a door that led into the chamber itself.

The chamber was actually a perfect sphere on the inside, featureless aside from the door which would close flush on the inside, leaving no noticeable seam. The walls were made of a plastic-like material that gave off a faint white glow.

"Now, this chamber is mounted on a full set of gimbals, so it will rotate around its center of gravity - which will be you. You'll be able to walk 'forever', and the room will roll under your feet to simulate the distance, no matter what direction you move in." Karen explained, even though Eric knew the basics of the system, having read up on it before buying out the company for its state-of-the-art facility and prime location.

"Now, the suit you're wearing is revolutionary." Lansing continued. "It runs off your own body heat, removing the need for batteries or power cords. It also sends short-range signals to signal amplifiers in the chamber's walls, which transmit them to the computer, which then sends back data for the suit to mimic whatever environment you might be in."

"Yes, I know all of this." Eric said, tightly - if there was one thing he hated, it was anything that wasted his time.

"Fine - then let's get started." Lansing said, taking the mask. "Take a deep breath and hold it."

Eric did as instructed as she fitted the mask to his face, carefully positioning the facial features of the mask to his face. The mask was not only so sensitive that it could tell what expression was on his face, but it held the micro-thin LCD 'see-thru' monitors over the eyes that would interface with the walls of the chamber to produce what Lansing claimed was true 3-D images.

He watched as Lansing left the chamber. A minute later, he heard her voice - not overly loud, but seemingly coming from everywhere - resounding in his ears. "Well, why don't we get started then?"

"Okay." Peter said, and there was a flicker across his vision... But nothing happened. The room remained exactly the same. "Karen? Problem?" He asked, sarcastically.

"Oh, no problem, Eric - everything's running fine." Karen's 'God' voice said, with a smug tone in it. "Then again, maybe there is a problem - but it's your problem."

Eric frowned. "What are you talking about, Lansing?"

"Actually, Lansing is my married name." Karen replied. "Now happily divorced, but I got most everything from the marriage, including his name. Before I was married, though, my name was Goodwin. Does that ring any bells?"

Eric frowned as the name tugged at his mind. He didn't know any Karen Goodwin, but... "Veronica? Veronica Goodwin?" Eric said in mild confusion, wondering what the hell was going on.

"Bingo, Eric - my sister." Karen said. "I'm glad to see you remember her. After all - you're the one that killed her."

Shit!

"Look, Dr. Lansing..." Eric said, reasonably. "I'm sorry about what happened - but I didn't push your sister off that bridge. She jumped on her own..."

"...after you broke her heart." Karen interrupted, angrily. "She loved you - God knows why - and you dumped her to date somebody... how did you put it? 'Better endowed and less inhibited'?"

"I never said that..." Eric protested, which was the simple truth.

"Oh - I suppose that silly little Ronnie lied about that in the letter she sent me just before she jumped, huh?"

Eric understood the situation he was in - Karen controlled all sensory input he was receiving, and he wouldn't be able to leave the imaging chamber until she let him. Conceivably, she could leave him hear to starve - or shut off the air, and let him suffocate. His voice was very, very calming as he spoke to the obviously bitter, angry - and misinformed - woman. "Look, Dr. Lansing... I'm not saying that she lied, exactly, but that what she wrote was her interpretation of why I left her..."

"Is that so?" Karen said, sarcastically. "The fact that Veronica was flat-chested and a virgin had nothing to do with you dropping her for the other girl? Before you answer - I've seen photos of the other girl."

"I won't say that physical appearance and..." Eric cast about for the right word, "...'availability' wasn't a factor - but the main reason was that Veronica was more interested in a serious relationship[that I wasn't ready for..."

"Of course not." Karen retorted. "You just wanted a little sex kitten who wouldn't complicate your fast-track life. The one that led directly to destroying my dreams here at 2Real."

Shit, shit, shit! No wonder Lansing was so worked up - she thought he had something against her, as if what had happened to the two sisters was something personal. In both cases, it wasn't - it was just logical decisions. How could he explain it to her...?

"Look, Karen..." He said, fumbling for the words. "I understand you're upset, that seeing me - having me buy out the company, not only re-opened old wounds, but formed new ones..."

"Damned right, you heartless..."

"But... he overrode her voice, as gently as possible. "...none of this was personal. Just... business. I have nothing against you, just as I had nothing against your sister. I've never intentionally tried to harm anyone, and if some harm occurred because of my decisions, the were just... unfortunate side-effects."

"Really?" Karen asked, sarcasm dripping off every syllable. "Well, I'll tell you what we're going to do. We're going to play a little game."

"A game...?" Eric asked, warily.

"Oh, yes. To begin with - why don't we set up you character?" Karen said.

Eric frowned in confusion - then felt a strange sensation run through his body. Looking down, he watched in amazement as his chest began to push out the skin-tight-fabric of the L-suit. At the same time, he could feel other changes going on... including one in his crotch. His white-clad hands dropped to his nether regions, and he grimaced as he felt the 'virtually real' sensation of his cock pulling back into his body.

He couldn't very well see it happen - because the swelling mass of his chest got in the way. He knew that they were pseudo-breasts - but the knowledge that this was all computer-generated sensations caused by various pressure-sacs in the suit coupled with digital graphics didn't lessen the emotional impact of apparently being made over into a woman.

But not just a 'woman' - more then the average girl on the street. Because the swelling mounds on his chest continued to swell outward, not only pushing the fabric of the suit, but reality as they became larger and larger. Eric didn't have any basis for judging breasts from this particular angle, but there was no doubt that his new attributes were absolutely huge, the size of basket-balls. The suit even provided the sensations that matching the 'tits' that filled out the suit, making feel as if there was a heavy, firm-yet-resilient mass to each mammoth tit - and even provided the 'inner' sensation, making it feel as if he could feel the fabric of the suit covering his new 'tits', and the large, sensitive nipples they were tipped with.

"Okay - so I'm a woman." Eric said, hearing the computer render his own voice in a feminine contralto. "That's very 'good', Karen - embarrass me. Even though I know it's not real, it feel real enough. I have to admit - you technology is... incredibly realistic."

He was struggling to maintain his composure, telling himself over and over that this was just virtual reality - even if it did look and feel amazingly realistic.

"Well, I'm glad to see you understand that the only way out is to play by my rules." Karen's voice said. "Now, what we're going to do is really simple - you have to act out the part of the body you're in. I'll leave it up to you to pick a name and personality that matches your new body. All you have to do is perfectly play the part of that woman - and when I think you've got 'her' down pat, you win and I'll let you go. But - you have to play it perfectly every single second. Each time you 'screw up', I add more time on the length of the simulation."

Eric ground his teeth - but there was nothing he could do - except try and beat her at the game. "All right - I don't have any choice, I suppose."

"No - you don't." Karen assured him, smugly. "So - let's begin."

The door to the 'chamber' hissed open - although Eric was sure that it was only part of the simulation. It looked like he/she was about to exit the chamber - but it was all computer generated.

She proved it by stepping through the opening - and remaining abundantly female, whereas the simulation of his female body would have ended instantly if he/she had 'really' stepped outside.

'Karen' was waiting for him - again, a computer-driven version of her, as the 'real' her was somewhere else, controlling the sim.

"Follow me." 'Karen' instructed, and Eric did so. A perfect sign that the simulation was still on-going was that the 'control booth' was reversed - the door to the change-room was on the 'wrong' side of the booth. It was through this door that the Karen-avatar led him/her.

"Okay - take off the suit and put on some clothes." 'She' said, gesturing to a wide array of female and unisex clothing that line the walls of the room.

Eric undressed, peeling the L-Suit from 'her' body, then paused to 'admire' her new form in the mirror.

'She' was gorgeous. A tall 'natural' red-head, she had long, sexy legs, womanly hips and a trim waist. She also had a pair of absolutely massive, firm, and - an interesting 'detail' in the simulation - obviously surgically enhanced tits. Her face was gorgeous, even if the features were a little too hard - somewhere between 'girly' feminine and 'masculine' feminine. The lush head of wavy red hair and the full lips went a long way to down-playing the squarish jaw and slightly outsized nose - and the huge, dark-green eyes drew attention to themselves, especially framed by the long, thick lashes that 'she' now had.

Of course, Eric knew what 'she' was supposed to do - be utterly disgusted by the game and her 'new body', and try to downplay it as much as possible - thus giving Karen an excuse to extend the 'game'. However, Eric had no plans to play by her game-plan. If she wanted a female persona, that's what she'd get - after all, this wasn't like real life, it was only a game. So, she'd do the unexpected and be so perfectly female that Karen would end the simulation in a fairly short time-span.

With that in mind, the new 'woman' picked her wardrobe.

It started with the bra and panties - she picked tiny, barely-there scraps of lingerie in a leopard-skin pattern, putting them on - and pretending to 'admire' the look, telling herself how 'good' she looked in it.

Part of that was true - the simulated body 'she' was wearing did look good in the skimpy patterned lingerie.

Then she pulled on a pair of black nylons with seams running up the back, fastening them to a lacy black-and-tan garter-belt that went well with the lingerie. Over this under clothing went a black mid- thigh skirt that fit tightly to her womanly hips and shapely ass, and was cinched tight around her trim waist by a gold-toned belt. A black suit jacket - tailored for her enormous, round tits - went over the bra, without benefit of a blouse. The buttons pulled the garment into a form-fitting contour, and left a good amount of cleavage and the swell of her firm breasts exposed.

Then 'she' stepped into a pair of black velvet pumps with a gold-tone six inch heel. The Karen-Avatar watched all of this with a bemused expression that became outright shock as 'she' applied makeup and jewelry, laboriously applying everything to get it perfect.

"Good Lord - I think you're enjoying this!" Karen exclaimed.

'She' Grinned at her. "Why, of course I am, honey - women like us should be proud of looking so damned good, and feel good about emphasizing the fact." She wasn't about to let herself 'slip' by replying out of character.

'Karen' got it immediately, signified by a very comprehensive "Ah-hah, I see "

Finished - the make-up having taken seemingly forever, 'She' turned to Karen. "So - what's the plan, Kare?"

Karen blinked. "Um... I seem to have forgotten your name "

"Why, it's Eroica Wassermann, of course." She replied, as if insulted by the 'memory lapse'.

The representation of Karen repressed a grin. "Oh - of course. Silly me." She shrugged. "Well, Eroica

I thought we might go out - to a nightclub perhaps?"

"Sure - sounds good to me." Eric(a) replied - after all, it was a lot more than a 'suggestion'. Only so many 'locations' could be stored in a computer, and Karen's 'suggestion' had been to let her know what the next level of the game was.

Still - she had to admit that she was impressed by the level of detail possible in the game - if she hadn't known that it was all a simulation, she would have thought it was real. Everything was there - from the slightest detail about how her new body felt, to the slightest 'random' sound and the way the objects around her looked and felt. That was one of the major advantages to the permanently-sited chambers - since they weren't going anywhere, you could hook them up to incredibly powerful computers. Eric(a) figure that there must be at least two Cray supercomputers in the basement just to run this one scenario.

Even the 'cab ride' to the club was meticulous - every passing street and the 'random' traffic was realistic, and the cabby behaved in a surprisingly 'human' manner, even ogling her body in the rearview mirror. Eroica couldn't decide whether he was completely computer-controlled or another 'player' - but, since she was being graded, it didn't matter - she treated him as if he was a real man, and she was really the woman she appeared to be. When he glanced at her, she smiled back slightly, and she made sure to give him a great view of her cleavage as she paid him.

As she headed for the club, Eroica 'worked it' - walking in the heels was a bit of a struggle, but since she couldn't mimic the easy stride of somebody with practice, she used the exaggerated stride that Hollywood used to let the viewer know that they were looking at a 'hooker' character. Although more obvious and blatant than a 'real' woman's stride none of the computer-generated 'men' appeared to notice, watching the tall, huge-breasted redhead go by with approving stares and whistles - and from the realistic behavior of dozens of men in the club, Eroica upgraded her assumption to at least four Cray's. It confirmed her 'fears' - although the detail and 'game-play' was absolutely incredible, the cost of running such sims would be prohibitive...

...unless there was a government contract. You could run an entire squad's worth of 'spheres' off the same computer and do great war-games for the Army and Marines... and then there was the Air Force...

Forcing business concerns from her mind, Eroica forced herself to concentrate on the task at hand - being more blatantly feminine than a real female could ever be.

She forced herself to breath deeply and pull back her shoulders, emphasizing a bust that didn't need emphasizing, as she forced herself to 'eye' the men she passed, as if looking for a potential date. She could feel Karen's presence beside her, a reminded that the real Karen was playing 'God' somewhere, watching every detail - so she forced herself to pretend it was real, actually giving herself a 'rating' scale. Every guy got the 'once over' - but those who were fairly good looking got a small smile, and those she thought a real woman would find 'studly' she favored with a lick of her lips.

Finally, the two 'women' - both computer generated in a crowd of CG characters - reached the 'bar' - and Karen went to order something.

Eroica put out a hand to stop her. When Karin looked at her in mild surprise, Eroica picked a trio of fairly 'good looking men' and approached them, withdrawing a cigarette from the silver cigarette case in 'her' purse. In perfect detail, they were even the long 'slim' cigarettes that a woman like 'her' could be expected to be smoking.

"Hello there..." She said, huskily, eyeing all three crotches. "One of you handsome gents have a light?" She very slowly and erotically placed the cigarette between her full lips.

One of the men turned and began scanning for a tray of matches along the bar, while the other two dug frantically in their pockets.

The one on the far right 'won' the race, emerging with a silver Zippo and bringing it to life, lighting her cigarette. Ever-conscious of the watchful eye of 'God' she made sure to give him an eyeful, leaning at the waits rather than stepping forward and lowering her head to the lighter. The result was an eyeful of cleavage for him, and a fabulous view of her spectacular legs and ass for the other two.

"Mmmm..." She said, trying to make it sound as if she were about to cum from that simple act. As the man snapped the lid of the lighter down, she stepped forward and pressed her body firmly against his, digging her huge tits into his chest and wiggling slightly as her free hand brushed against his crotch. "...Thank you. I like a man who knows how to... please a lady."

She stepped back, smiling sensuously at the 'stunned' trio of CG characters. "So - who is going to buy me and my friend a drink?"

The one that had lit her cigarette said - nervously - 'Uh... hang on...'

All three went into a huddle, and it was determined that the two who hadn't been able to light her cigarette would buy a drink each for the 'girls'. A minute later, each of them had the beverage of their choice in hand.

"Mmmm... thank you..." Eroica said, lustily, sipping the 'Fuzzy Navel' - and amazed at the reality of the flavor. The mask must have certain chemicals in the extrusion that entered the mouth to stimulate the taste buds on the tongue. That, itself, wasn't new - the chemicals necessary had been around for years, and that's how they made artificial flavors. What really amazed Eroica was the realism of the flavor - somebody had done a hell of a job programming the computer.

So, she pulled another of what she'd come to call - in her mind - and 'ultra-femme' - she kissed each of the guys, thoroughly and 'passionately'.

So what if it was a little weird to be kissing 'guys' - they weren't real.

They fell to talking- and the CG 'guys' revealed their true nature by being 'two dimensional' - talking about nothing substantial while staring at her displayed cleavage.

After a bit, Eroica noticed that 'Karen' seemed to be getting impatient with her. She considered the thought of asking a guy - or two, or all three - to dance - but that's what a 'real' woman would do. The 'ultra-femme' that she was would do something more... blatant.

"So - I don't have any place to stay tonight." She told the three men. "Do you guys share a place?"

"Uh...." The one on the right... Rob? Rod? Ron? - something like that... said. "No - Me and Dave share a place, Pete's got a place of his own."

"So - who can put me up for a night.. or two?" She asked with a smile. Rob/Rod/Ron and Dave shared a look. "Well - we could..."

"Good... I like a.. generous man..." She said, huskily, eyeing their crotches. "But... maybe I should make sure that the 'accommodations' are suitable."

"Well..." Dave said, embarrassed. "It's a combination guest-room study, with a computer, a fold out bed..."

"I *wasn't*..." Eroica explained. "...talking about the sleeping quarters."

She eyed their crotches more obviously, watching them bulge as their computer-generated cock got 'hard.'

"Oh "

"Well...?" She asked, smiling seductively. "Have you got a place suitable for a... 'test run' ?"

There was a short pause - probably while the real Karen adjusted the programming - then...

"Well.. we have a van "

Of course they did...

"That'll be perfect..." Eroica practically moaned, and followed Dave and Rob - it was rob - out to the parking lot.

They climbed into the mini-van, which was a newer model with two sets of seats that could be folded down - which provided a fairly sturdy 'bed', what with the two sleeping bags they 'just happened' to have.

If you were paying attention, it wasn't too hard to spot the 'convenient coincidences' of the simulation, despite the realism of the sensations and visual graphics.

"Okay - test one..." She said, huskily, to Rob. "Let's see how you handle these babies "

She pulled off her jacket and revealed her barely-bra-clad tits to his bulging eyes. Stunned, the young 'man' undid the bra and let it drop to the floor, then bent himself to the task of fondling and sucking her huge, round tits.

Eroica had to give full credit to whoever designed this scenario - the 'tit fondling and sucking' felt great. She closed her eyes and let herself enjoy the sensations, as if they were something more than a fancy sort of 'fantasy masturbation' sequence - as if she'd ever fantasized about having huge, sensitive tits, of course.

Despite the inherent pleasure in the pseudo-stimulation of her pseudo tits, it became slightly 'boring' after a bit, so she decided to 'move on'.

"Good enough." She told him, sounding as if it had been - barely - pleasurable. "Now - drop you pants and lets see what you have to offer "

She was 'disappointed' - all thing considered, she'd expected the programmers to massively endow him. Instead, he was about average - so it was probably a gay guy who did the programming.

But she acted 'ultra femme', as if it was the most perfect cock she'd ever seen - then knelt in front of him and gave him a blow-job.

Of course, she had no previous history to compare how realistic the sensations she felt as she sucked on the 'cock' were. She assumed that they used a dildo for the model for the mask to replicate- she couldn't see any member of the staff letting himself be embarrassed by having his own cock molded for the computer's use. So - a real cock probably was less 'tasty' as the warm, thick one she was sucking on, her hands fondling the base and lower shaft. The body-temperature and slightly musky but faintly pleasant flavor must be CG, of course - a real cock would be utterly sickening to put in 'her' mouth.

Likewise, the flavor of the cum that he gushed down her throat was patently false - it would be truly disgusting, not salty, warm, and slightly musky-tasting. Of course, to get it as close as they'd gotten the beer would have required extensive taste-testing, and who'd be willing to do that...?

Instead of finding it mildly pleasant, she pretended it was the most wonderful taste she'd ever sampled, then moved on to letting Dave have sex with her, having him slowly strip her and fondle her body. She didn't care for the 'homoerotic' graphics, but if she closed her eyes the purely physical sensations were pretty good.

Then she lay down, nude, on the piled sleeping bags, and Dave maneuvered himself in the cramped quarters to position himself - then he penetrated her.

She gasped - and gave the programmers full credit. She didn't know how, exactly, they did it, but it felt as if the similar-yet-different sensation of having her cock encased in a cunt was somehow internal rather than external - a bit of incredible realism that must have taken thousands of compute-cycles to perfect. As Dave 'fucked' her enthusiastically, causing intense pleasure, it almost felt as if she did have a cunt that was being filled and satisfied by his somewhat more 'acceptable' cock, programmed bigger than his 'friends' instrument.

Then - both out of character yet completely in character - she was moaning and screaming as she came - and even in the midst of the incredible sensation, she had to wonder how they managed to simulate a multiple orgasm...

Finished, she gave each of the CG guys a kiss and told them to wait for a couple of minutes, then pulled on her clothes.. sans lingerie. Stepping out of the van, she found Karen waiting.

"I think that's good enough. "Karen said, causing Eroica's heart to soar - aside from the fake ecstasy of the 'sex' she'd just had, of course. "Why don't we head back to the lab?"

Geez - the even made the CG characters have a stunned, depressed expression on their faces as they departed via cab.

They arrived back at the 2Real headquarters - and Eroica watched with bemused confusion as they entered 'Imaging Chamber Two', beside the one 'she' had entered. This was the one that was 'reversed' from what it 'should' be, defined by the building's layout - which meant it wasn't a glitch, but another 'logical' sequence in the computer. Which made sense, she decided - if there was one 'real world' building they'd have the plans for, it was...

The Karen hit a button - and there was an instant of pain...

...then the world steadied down. She was still in the 'reversed' control booth, in the 'wrong' body.

"Well - are you going to end the sim?" Eroica asked, her patience for the little bit of role-playing at an end.

The woman grinned. "I just did." "Huh?"

There was a short pause...

...then the door opened, revealing a disheveled and confused...

Eric?

"What the hell...?" Eric/Eroica said at the exact same instant, staring at each other.

Karen grinned. "It wasn't exactly a simulation. What we did was take a technically brain-dead woman, implant a chip that was a transceiver on the right frequency - then linked you to her. Everything that just happened.. was real."

"NO!" Both Eric and Eroica exclaimed at the same instant, horrified.

"Oh, yes. And, since the body was brain dead, the new Eroica has both your memories. Basically, you share the same history until I hit that cut-off switch - but, Eroica's personality has been defined by her actions."

The male and female versions of the same person stared at each other in horror.

"You see..." Karen said with a nasty grin. "Eric - you'll have to form a 'serious' relation with Eroica - because she has no past, no ID, no.. anything. She needs you to continue to live - and you can't deny her this, as you are her, in a way. Plus - she's now a 'habitual' sex-addict. What she did this evening means that she'll feel an overwhelming urge to 'thank' you for just about anything with sex."

"No..." Eric said...

"You can't..." Eroica said...

"See - you're already starting to become different people, just because you're experiencing life from a different viewpoint." Karen said with a grin. "As time goes on, both of you will end up being completely different than the 'Eric' who walked in her - and from each other. But, no matter what happens, you'll find yourselves 'obligated' to stay with one another, to satisfy each other's sexual urges."

She laughed, in a nasty way. "The best part - since you're a male and female half of the same person, you'll be able to satisfy each other like no one else could - you'll be the perfect lovers, the perfect friends, the perfect couple - but the realization of who you really are means that the entire thing will be tainted with disgust, horror and fear."

"No.. this.. this is still part of the sim.." Eroica argued, desperately.

"She.. she's an actress.." Eric argued, just as desperately. "You scanned her body and paid her to do this act..."

"Nope - and you know it." Karen said.

The two parts of the same person stared at each other - and knew it to be true. Even as they felt the horror at having been made female - one for a while, the other permanently - they also felt the desire to have sex with their other half.

"So.. " Karen said, mockingly. "You still willing to hire me?"

Then both Eric and Eroica switched to 'business' mode, completely unemotional..

"Of course, Dr. Lansing.." they said in perfect unison. "You've proven your technology is viable, and profitable. Despite what you've done to... 'us'.. you'll be a powerful addition to our staff. We hope you'll stay with us for a long time to come."

Karen gaped at them. "What?"

Still in unison: "As we said - our decisions are based, not on emotion, but on logic. We might despise and hate you for what you've done - but it proves the value of you as an employee. Welcome aboard."

Then, sharing looks of lust and shame, the two parts of Eric(a) walked out of the control booth...
...leaving behind a very confused, guilty woman who wondered where that wonderful feeling of vengeance had vanished to...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After drinking an ancient potion, one man acquires vast powers during the holiday season and finds himself transformed in ways he could not imagine.

Absolute Power

By Gunslinger

On December ninth, at seven-twenty-four in the evening, Dominic Moretti achieved absolute power. At seven-twenty-five, he went stark, raving mad...

* * * * *

He couldn't stop screaming.

The first scream, high-pitched and hysterical, had been wrenched from his throat by shock, pain, and horrified realization. All the ones that followed, however, had been born out of a desperate attempt at self-preservation.

He was dimly aware of the fact that his two-dozen party guests were gaping at him; some small, insignificant part of his mind noted their expressions, registered their shock and dismay, noted how all flowed back and away from him in varying degrees of shock, horror and fear.

All of this, however, was purely secondary, a pale ghost of the new reality which had opened up around him - and what little of his mind could possibly function under the circumstances was gibbering in horror itself.

He screamed again - a sharp, shocking noise of utter hysteria; so sharp, so utterly, horribly despairing that it once more rattled his guests, piercing their minds and scattering their gathering thoughts.

Which was exactly why he'd done it - for Dom could hear those thoughts screaming and stabbing through his own mind, could feel each of their emotions battering his own psyche - he could even, though blissfully faint compared to thoughts and emotions, feel each one of his guests own physical sensations as they, themselves, felt it.

The mix of exceedingly rare herbs and potent leaves and berries, painstakingly gathered from across the world and carefully blended by the instructions of the ancient pagan 'recipe' he'd discovered had done exactly what the ancient druids had claimed it would do. Dom, smug in his surety it would work, especially after all the time, money and effort he'd poured into the 'project', had downed the concoction without even a grimace for its gut-wrenching taste. While his gut had churned, he'd waited eagerly for the 'potion' to take effect, mind already contemplating how best to use his soon-to-be powers. Excitement had shivered through him as he'd felt his mind begin to expand - previously untouched portions of his mind flaring to life as the quadruple-strength version of the ancient potion he'd brewed worked through his bloodstream, its chemicals increasing the number and efficiency of neural pathways firing in his brain.

Short, but broad-shouldered and massively muscled, the swarthy Italian-American had fixed coal-black eyes on Lisa Harcourt, the shapely red-head, and felt his somewhat substandard manhood begin to stir. He'd been thinking of many things in that split second, not the least of which was how his manhood would be anything but substandard shortly... but, more to the point, how it wouldn't matter how tiny or huge his manhood would be, as he would be able to make Lisa eagerly, even joyfully service him in any way he desired - unless, of course, what he desired was for her to be horrified and disgusted, but nevertheless helpless to refuse his every whim, and idea that he'd been eagerly dwelling upon....

...when, in utter horror, he'd voiced that very first scream as Lisa's every thought, every emotion, and even a pale reflection of every sensation she was experiencing, flooded into Dom's expanded mind - along with that of the other twenty-three guests he'd carefully invited under the expectation of holding them under complete and total domination.

Suddenly trying to cope with two dozens sets of thoughts, emotions, and physical sensations would have been strain enough on even as incredibly expanded mind as Dom's had become - but what driven him, screaming, right over the brink of madness had been what those thoughts and emotions had been.

In an single instant, every layer of necessary self-delusion had been stripped from him - for, when he'd downed the potion, it had been in the guise of a toast prior to his explaining why he'd gathered them all here and so, naturally they'd all be thinking - and 'feeling' - about him.

In that instant, he'd seen himself through their eyes, their emotions - had viewed his every word and action towards them through their memories, had known how they regarded him...

...and so, in that instant, had seen himself for the monster he was.

Indeed, seen himself ever the more clearly, for they couldn't possibly know what he had planned for them that evening - but he did, and with their minds now inside his head, could not help but know what they would have felt and thought had he actually done it. Though the power to dominate them completely was now available to Dominic, his mind screamed in renewed horror at the very thought of using it - for, tied to them as he now was, he would, by proxy, be doing it to himself...

...and yet, even with this knowledge, that inner part of him that had eagerly conceived this plan still wanted to go through with it, his 'real' self filled with the urge to debase, degrade and use Lisa - even as her-mind-in-his would be forced to experience it all first-hand.

He gave one more scream, even more utterly despairing than any that came before - and fled.

Eyes bulging, mouth working, his visage a perfect representation of horrified madness, he plunged from his penthouse apartment. In part, he was fleeing his guests view of him, and in that he was successful, for as he put physical distance between them and himself, Dom's awareness of their minds faded.

The attempt to 'clear his mind' of foreign intrusion was less successful - for, though their minds faded, other minds within range of his new-found telepathy intruded, and while their maddening chatter was a balm compared to the Dom-aware thoughts of his guests, the insane babble in his brain was no less easy to withstand in that it came from many minds unaware of his frantic flight past the rooms and apartments that enclosed them.

Even so, it was the final reason for flight that was the most important - and the most utterly useless.

Though he charged, screaming, down the stairs, plummeting ever-further from the brutally honest self-discovery that came from those who knew him, that knowledge of who and what he was burned ever-brighter in Dom's brain... and no matter how fast he ran, he could not flee himself... Time passed.

Wrapped in the throes of deepest madness, Dom couldn't tell how much time passed - but, very slowly, his screaming mind once more approached sanity. It was a slow, hesitant approach, that of a frightened animal cautiously edging towards the opening of its deep, dark den, ready to flee back into the welcoming darkness of insanity at the slightest hint of new danger - but, with it, came awareness.

He was in a car. Dimly, some part of Dom's gibbering mind remembered taking the vehicle from the garage in the basement of his apartment building, almost unconsciously using his burgeoning telekinesis to gain access to the vehicle and starting it. He had driven away, guided by nothing but frantic need, and it was a miracle that he hadn't managed to kill himself in his headlong flight.

No - not a 'miracle'. Though part of him desperately craved the release death would bring, his own sense of self-preservation was much too strong. It was that sense that had, without need of direction from his madness-overwhelmed conscious mind, had guided his flight, safeguarding him in many ways. A 'push' of his thoughts, and no police officer within

range of his expanding telepathy had 'seen' or remembered him. Other drivers suddenly found themselves moving out of his way - without any conscious memory of his passage, or their own avoidance of his hurtling vehicle.

Now, shivering and shaking like a man with palsy, drool running down his chin and his eyes bulging madly, the swarthy young man guided the vehicle over the rutted and snow-covered drive wending through deep woods, and finally came to a halt.

No other thoughts intruded on his the expanded, devastated mind edging fearfully closer to sanity. Self-preservation had brought him to a place far outside the city, far away from any other intruding mind...

Dimly, Dom was aware he knew this place. It was a 'hunting lodge', perched upon a small, private lake - an overblown pond, if truth be told.

Nevertheless, the owner of this lodge - Dom's uncle - had paid quite a bit of money to ensure privacy. Though, at most, Dom's uncle used the place but for a couple of scant months a year, and even then only to invite equally workaholic business associates up to 'relax', still doing the same business dealings, but at a somewhat slower pace and in more collegial surroundings.

The nearest 'year round' resident was two miles away, and blissfully, that obviously lay outside the range of Dom's telepathy - and this time of year, any closer cabin or cottage was as unoccupied as Dom's uncle's was. It was, in short, the perfect place to escape the maddening chatter of other minds, and Dom staggered gratefully towards it's refuge. Still barely lucid, he left the 'borrowed' vehicle running, the driver's door wide open, but he didn't even notice as he staggered up to the building and, without any conscious concentration, instinctively reached out with telekinesis to unlock and open the door.

Even as he entered the building, he was shivering violently, the cold winter night's bite easily passing through the thin dress shirt and slacks he wore. Wood rose from the wood-pile outside and, untouched by mortal hands, obediently surrendered to Dom's sense of self-preservation and floated in train through the open door, moving to lay itself in the fireplace as the door shut and locked itself behind him.

With a shambling stride, Dom made his way to the couch even as a vagrant touch of pyrokinesis set the newly-laid firewood to life. Grabbing a faded but still comfortable plaid blanket from the back of the couch, he curled up into a ball on the couch, staring with unseen eyes towards the flickering by- play of the flames, mind scampering around sanity...

...but still, not yet coming all the way out of it's hole, for if he no longer was besieged by many other minds, the memories of what he had learned about himself refused to be banished, and the knowledge of his own monstrosity was enough that his only 'sane' response would be utter self- destruction, and yet his will-to-live was still much too strong to allow that.

It wasn't until he'd fallen into a shuddering, broken sleep that some part of his mind, deep below anywhere his consciousness ever ventured, managed to reconcile the polar opposites of Dom ceasing to exist and yet still living...

* * * * *

Dom opened his eyes.

For a moment, he simply lay there, his eyes staring at the faint embers smoldering in a fireplace whose rough stone was cast into sharp, gold-toned relief by the morning light streaming in windows that a mere thought had unshuttered even as he'd opened his eyes.

What his eyes registered was but a pale ghost of what he perceived, however - for, during the night, his mind had completed its transformation, and his sense had expanded far beyond anything he'd ever known.

Dom now knew exactly why the ancient druids had been 'sprit worshipers' according every tree, every rock, every plant its own spirit - for now, he felt those 'spirits' too, though coming from a science based society rather than a mystic-based one, he knew what he was feeling for what it was.

The interplay of molecule and energy was every bit as real and perceptible to him now as anything his previously limited sense had experienced. He 'saw' the heat from the glowing embers shivering the air molecules into greater Brownian motion that his original senses registered as 'warmth' against his skin. He 'heard' the frequency of the sunrise-light streaming in the window, 'smelled' the rich odor of the slow aging of the massive oak beams and rafters, 'felt' the slow and inexorable settling of the stones that made up the lodge's outer walls - this, and a million other sensations, his mind aware of, and perforce, perfectly attuned to all that lay within the some hundred-yard range of his enhanced mind.

Though his mind registered all these sensations, from senses original and enhanced, they were but secondary considerations - for his now painfully sane mind was busy considering a logical 'insanity'.

Himself.

He existed - and, with every fiber of his being, desired to go on existing... and yet, could not even begin to accept the continued existence of the monster he now knew himself to be.

The 'compromise' that self-preservation and sanity had reached while he slept had been there, full-blown, in his conscious mind when he'd awoke...

...and what held his consideration, at the moment, was the utter horror of the solution - and the obvious necessity of it, as well.

He felt that horror, tasted the extreme self-disgust at the proposal. He let his emotions wash over and through his mind, feeling out every ounce of sick, fearful agony at the thoughts; he weighed every desperate-yet-valid reason his intellect screamed at him for not doing this thing he considered.

To an outside observer, he would have presented the almost clinical air of a philosopher pondering some obscure and eclectic proposition. No sign of the horror, disgust, and outright fear he felt at the mere thought of what he was considering doing to himself touched his face.

Yet they existed, and he felt them; but, at the same time, the ugly truth of who and what he really was remained, and all the screaming, horrified objects mind, body and soul threw up could not banish that even more horrifying sense of self-realization that had been thrust upon him.

'Dominic Moretti' must needs cease to exist. Monstrous as he had been in life so far, it was what he'd since become that merited extinction - for, no longer able to lie to himself, Dom knew with brutally clear self-honesty that he would become the greater monster in short order, if allowed to remain as he was. His mind, newly expanded, had been overwhelmed the night before; now, clearly, he saw his error in letting himself be surrounded by people when his mind had become opened.

Here, in quiet serenity at the lodge, he could learn to control his mind, could learn to 'shield' unwanted external thoughts and feelings without lessening his power. In due time, he could return to the city and do all that he'd originally dreamt of doing - and, worse, knew that he would.

Indeed, even now a part of him eagerly gloated over the thought, and the urge to become that monster was strong; oh so strong...

...and, with the same clarity of thought, new that if he did so, he'd wallow in ever-deepening debauchery, until finally he would reach the point at which his own sense of self would require the ultimate penalty. When his lusts and perversions had grown so strong that even his new power could not find ways to slake them... then would he take the final perversion, not of others, but of himself, and seek out increasing pain until his subconscious hatred of what he'd know himself to have become would lead inevitably to self-destruction.

Yet, powerful as his newly-expanded mind was, it lacked the power to rid itself of that power - the temptation to become the very monster he both dreaded and desired would eventually take him.

That is what would happen if he mastered the power he new owned; it was inevitable.

Now some trace of his inner feelings became visible - he began to shiver. As he rose from the couch and slowly undressed, it progressed in intensity until she was trembling.

His mind reached out, re-ordering the molecules of a wooden interior wall until it became a floor-to- ceiling mirror; the new-formed reflective surface showed his body, squat, muscular and swarthy, shuddering in fear and disgust at what he was about to do to himself...

For a few scant seconds that seemed eternal, that was how things remained. In those few seconds, Dom dug deep down within himself, pushing aside a life-time of purely self-centered habits, tunneling past obviously self-serving excuses for every petty cruelty and intentional hurt he'd ever inflicted, until, finally, he managed to touch the withered and broken lump hidden somewhere in the deep, dark dungeons of his mind - and, for the first time in many, many years, took hold of the worn and decayed remains of whatever moral strength he'd been born with...

...and, anchored to this pathetically small, badly beaten fragment of who he might have been, let himself go.

Pain like one he'd ever felt before tore through him. The physical pain was immense - exquisite, excruciating, enervating; yet it was but a candle's flame to the roaring emotional agony at what he was doing to himself, what he was allowing himself to become.

Yet, even as pain physical and emotional burned through him, his reflection in the mirror became calm, almost sere, as the last bits of utter madness faded from his eyes.

Agony lanced through every bone as they stretched and warped, pushing his frame taller even as they thinned in order to achieve the increased high. Pain capered and danced down every nerve beneath the skin that writhed and bunched in new configurations, even as pigmentation fled from surfaces and follicles.

With a loud series of sharp cracks, vertebrae repositioned themselves above widening hips, and breath was hard to come by as his ribcage seemed to implode under swelling mounds of firm flesh pushing painfully outwards. Agony indescribably ripped through his crotch as his small manhood withered away into nothingness, and it felt as if a million tiny knives stabbed his scalp as short, curly black hair lengthened, straightened, and paled.

Intense agony tore through every fiber of his physical being for nearly five eternal minutes; yet, then it faded and was gone, while the emotional agony of his new reality remained, awakened...

...or, say, rather: Her new reality, for the only escape from the inevitable had been the unimaginable

- to give herself over to the antithesis of everything Dominic Moretti had been.

Squat and bulky had become tall and slender. Swarthy had given over to a paler palette. Under-endowed and shamed by its implications of wanting masculinity were but a memory in the face of openly emphatic femininity that now stared back from the mirror.

Her pale face, a study in soft, ethereal beauty framed by long, moonlit-straw hair, boasted large, soft eyes of palest moon-glow silver-blue eyes that looked with sad serenity at her willowy new physique. Though almost beautiful enough to nearly stop the heart, it was an eldritch beauty, calm and pale and somehow almost unreal - despite the slender waist and exceedingly full and naturally firm breasts, the nearly palatable aura of her femininity was not the 'dirty' or 'nasty' thing that many almost subconsciously associated with open sexuality, but somehow 'clean' and 'bright'; as like that that Audrey Hepburn had managed to effortlessly project in her day, perhaps.

"Hello... 'Angelique'." The newly-minted woman greeted the reflection of her new self in the mirror, her voice a soft, sweet whisper like a spring breeze...

...and then she crumpled to the floor and cried with the great, deep, wracking sobs of the heart-broken.

* * * * *

After some uncountable hours, Angie rose from the floor and wiped clear her pale eyes.

Had anybody been there to gaze about the new woman's motions, their hearts might feel ready to tear asunder in their chests at the silent, sorrowful beauty and grace with which she moved - a studied, solemn grace, as if every slightest motion were part of an intricately choreographed ballet; a ballet whose theme was somehow both the beauty and pain of life.

Which, in its own way, was unsurprising - for Angie was quite consciously attempting that very thing.

As with the new name she'd christened her female self, everything she now did was a conscious effort to be diametrically opposed to the man she'd once been. Dom had been loud, brash and abrasive; his every motion a domineering expression of his own sense of power and masculinity. Now, in denial of everything Dominic, the new woman moved softly, gracefully, gently, submissive to the caress of the new sensations her infinitely expanded brain still registered.

The power remained, as every bit as potent as it had been before her transition - but now it lay far beyond her conscious manipulation, for her 'salvation' had been to deny mastery of that power... and, instead, to give herself over into the utter submission of it. No longer did she rule that new power; it was now her master, her sense of the universe commanding her to live by her awareness of it, rather than allowing her to alter it to her own desires.

She hated and was horrified by the body she'd forced upon herself, disgusted by the very thought of living out the rest of her life as a female, much less as the sweet, serene 'Earth Mother' type that was the utter antithesis of everything Dom had been - but, as much as she hated the curse she'd bestowed upon herself, the brief foray into self-disgust, self-hatred and despair she'd just finished had never gotten close to the point of self-destruction. Though she now desperately wished to change herself back into a man - any sort of man, even one impotent and disgustingly ugly, if need be - she no longer controlled the wild power that now ruled her. She was 'stuck' as the woman she'd become... and no matter how great her disgust at what she'd done to herself, it wasn't as great as the disgust and horror that rose at the thought of suicide.

She could live with her feminine fate. She might not enjoy it, might in fact be made miserable by it - but she could live with it; whereas, had she allowed herself to remain what she had been, and taken mastery of the power, she would have lived a brief life of ever increasing perversion, enjoying every moment until the inevitable point of death.

Hating the very grace with which she moved, even as she consciously forced herself to do it, she walked - glided - to where her clothes had been shed... and slowly, began to dress in the garments that her wild power had replaced them with.

Had she retained her conscious control of the power, it would have been a totally different ensemble

- but, then again, had she retained the conscious control, it would have been a completely different figure 'he' would have been encasing with them. Miserably, but accepting of that misery, she dressed herself in the clothing her deep subconscious had decided was appropriate for the form she now possessed.

The panties that had one been a pair of boxer shorts were plain and white, and the fit perfectly over her slender-yet-womanly new hips, laying disturbingly flat across the mound of her unwanted new womanhood. The matching brassiere was also plain and unadorned... yet impressive enough in it's scale, as were the full, pink-nippled masses of flesh with which she filled it. Firm, yet without the unnaturally spherical shape one might normally associate with breasts surgically enhanced to reach such a melon-like size, each of her new breasts was tipped by a full nipple of the same scale as her 'natural' new breasts... and, to her dismay, Angie discovered that her subconscious had decided her new body should be extremely sensitive, for despite herself, she could not help but experience a certain amount of decidedly undesired pleasure as she 'manhandled' her new endowments into the support of her new undergarment.

Having to contort herself to fasten the hook-and-eye fasteners on the sturdy brassiere was difficult enough, all the more since she new that women boasting such impressive busts as she now did would usually go with the much easier to use front-closure design. Since she new this, it wasn't oversight that left her with the humiliating task of handling a back-closing bra, but another layer of subconscious 'reinforcement' of her new status; subservient to her new-found femininity even to this degree.

Which was why, face forcibly kept serene even as she mentally ground her teeth, Angie ignored her own desires in the matter and repeatedly removed and replaced the never-to-be-sufficiently- damned garment until she could do so with smoothly supple grace of motion.

Only once could she don the support garment with heart-stopping grace was she 'allowed' to put on the dress - a simple, plain dress of muted brown; demure, with a simple straight-line skirt that hung to her ankles.

Simple and unadorned - but once she managed to make herself pull on the matching suede 'corset' that cinched tight to her slender waist, it also threw her shapely, buxom figure into sharp relief, all without looking purposefully provocative.

Then she shod herself in the footwear her subconscious had crated out of her oxfords - a pair of cork-soled, block-wood heel sandals, with criss-crossing leather straps that tied around her slender calves. Mentally, she cursed her mountainous breasts yet again, as they made the job twice as difficult as it otherwise would have been - yet through it all, her face remained calm, here expression serene, but for the ancient sadness of her pale eyes.

Once so dressed, she had a moment's sour irony to consider that at least her 'Earth Mother' persona shunned cosmetics; though, in truth, her simplistic beauty hardly needed and additional adornment...

...then she was out the door, her wild magic keeping her untouched by the frigid air as she began locating nuts and winter-browned grain-grass, relocating it to places where she knew birds, squirrels, and other forest denizens would find it.

So it went...

* * * * *

Her life was not her own.

Sometimes she understood what she did, and why; for the most part, she did not - and it simply didn't matter. The magic she'd created originally to allow her old male self domination over the world around her had been turned inwards, and now she was ruled by her connection to the universe around her. She felt everything within her range of power; yet even her expanded mind could not make conscious sense of it all. 'Every action has an equal and opposite reaction'; this was an avoidable truth, and as such, ruled her life - a great many things that happened far outside her 'mystical range' nevertheless had effects within that range, and if she could not consciously recognize those effects, her new compulsions now nevertheless forced her to respond to them.

The worst part of her new existence, from her perspective, was simple; whether she understood the new urges that moved her or not, they existed and she recognized them as such... yet they were not truly compulsions, for she knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that she could resist them.

This was the central truth of her new existence; she had to 'willingly' accept her enslavement to the natural world that now moved her. At any point, at any time, she could have resisted any of these urges or, perhaps it would be better to say 'anti-urges', for her reactions to them were simply that her 'real' self provided the urges to do nearly the opposite thing.

Though her body was radically changed, her mind was not. She knew this to be true; physical form aside, she was still the same person she had always been. That was why she had to force herself not to act like that person - in a way, her new physique served 'merely' to act as a constant reminder that she had recognized and accepted the fact that the person she'd previously let herself be had become a monster.

As much as she wished she could pretend it wasn't true, the memory of that fateful night, when she'd seen herself for who she truly was, remained - and so, every time her subconscious prodded her to do the 'anti-Dom' thing, to act in a way diametrically opposed to what her old, monstrous instincts demanded, she forced herself to be 'Angie', the woman who was the opposite of Dom in every single way.

It was in no way easy.

The evening of her first day as Angie, having forced herself to gracefully tidy the whole house and find some living flowers to transplant into a bowl upon the table, she bathed in the large copper tub in the 'guest bedroom'. Though the lodge had running water, she'd forced herself to hand-pump water, bringing it in by the bucketful and heating it on the stove; consciously avoiding the 'quick and easy' way Dom would have simply taken a hot shower in the main bathroom.

Bathing itself had been difficult; and not because it was a 'pain', but a pleasure. Every second of every minute, she was hideously aware of her new, abundantly feminine form - but that wasn't enough for her subconscious. Touching her body, even to do something as mundane as bathe, brought pleasure; unwanted pleasure, all the more so by the fact that she felt guilty at finding any aspect of her new form and life at all enjoyable.

So, of course, she forced herself not just to do the minimum, but to 'revel' in her new body. As 'perverted' as it made her feel, she forced herself to not just touch, but gently fondle her new body. She stroked and softly caressed her slender new legs, forced herself to focus on the physical pleasure her soft new skin could provide - and, of course, since her magnificent new breasts were extra shameful to her, she took a mental deep breath and made herself spend a considerably amount of time finding ways to bring the most pleasure from possessing them that she could find. Though her face wanted to flame in shame, she kept herself from stifling in any way the small, humiliating sounds of pleasure that emerged from her throat as she made her hands fondle, caress and squeeze her full new breasts. Her nipples, especially, offered her much opportunity for humiliating enjoyment, and she made herself take all of it she could, including gently bringing them up to her mouth so she could suckle and lick them.

Then, best-and-worst of all, she gently stroked fingers across the moist mound of her new womanhood, shamefully shivering in pleasure, embracing the humiliation of the way her innards seemed to turn to warm water with her growing arousal and helpless pleasure at her slender, stroking hand... but the worst-and-best moment came when she stopped, body trembling with unsatisfied desire, for her innate urge, having started, was of course to bring herself to orgasm...

...so she tried not to.

That first night, she succeeded in denying herself, leaving her feeling weak and watery inside, her body inflamed with a desire to satisfy the cravings she'd forced herself to awaken. Shame had burned deep in her that night as she'd lain in bed, having actively fight the urge to finish herself off - and humiliated by the desire itself, of the oh-so-ultimately feminine desire to penetrate her moist, demanding womanhood and bring herself to orgasm.

She didn't always managed to deny herself in the days that followed. Striving to bring herself right to the edge and now further, she sometimes misjudged... and humiliation burned even deeper when she 'failed', for the sheer pleasure that ripped through her with each orgasm only made it worse, since the urge to feel that pleasure again was all the stronger the next time she forced herself into dissatisfaction. The more the urge to either bring herself all the way to orgasm or never start at all grew, the more she forced herself to 'enjoy' her new body without reaching the ultimate expression of that enjoyment.

By December the 19th, she'd reached the point where she knew exactly where her orgasmic' edge lay, knew every nerve ending, every source of pleasure in her entire body, and when, where and how to best exploit all of that knowledge to this-point-but-no-further...

...and by the 21st, she was using none of them.

* * * * *

By the night of the twenty-third, the weather had turned vicious. Outside windows adorned with glorious, hand-crafted wreaths, a winter storm lashed the windows with Arctic fury. Inside, in the large 'common room' of the lodge that formed

kitchen, dining-room and living-room, fires blazed in the hearth of the great stone fireplace and within the massive cat-iron stove Angie used in conscious exchange for the much more convenient electric range.

It wasn't the blazing fires that kept Angie warm, however - for it was a moist internal blaze that flared through every nerve in her female body that generated all the heat she would ever need, and considerably more than she had ever wanted... and, worse, it was such a wonderfully enjoyable heat, one that generated a wonderfully painful amount of pleasure even as it almost literally begged to be quenched.

Hand-wrought Yuletide decorations and ornaments made the lodge festive and welcome despite the storm - but though she'd poured long hours into every perfect aspect of her work, Angie was but peripherally aware of her work, for the vast bulk of her attention was riveted on her own body.

Every breath that caused her massive breasts to strain against the confining fabric of her brassiere was noted, recorded, and guiltily enjoyed. Shamefully she luxuriated in the warm embrace of her corset, and with willing humiliation she both let and forced herself to walk around more than was strictly necessary. Pure, heart-rending grace consciously practiced until it was now ingrained habit freed more of her attention to the disgusted delight she took in feeling the fabric of her dress swirl around her legs, simulating the soft caress she so desperately desired and so steadfastly denied herself.

She moved with supple grace, her face composed and serene, and her actions seemed abstracted, almost otherworldly in their unfeigned and unforced grace - for she was a woman in a daze.

She hated the very fact of her femininity, even as she delighted in it. Bad enough to have breasts, it was far worse that they were so huge, so disgustingly firm; and yet she loved every cubic inch of them, delighted in the pleasure they gave her - all while she both denied herself from generating the even more intense pleasure she knew she could if she just played with them for awhile, all the while feeling guilty about enjoying them at all, and humiliated by the urge to enjoy them more fully.

Between the soft, smooth feminine thighs she couldn't quite decide whether she hated to love or loved to hate, the damning blessing of her wonderfully hateful womanhood was constantly moistened by her now-continuous arousal. Even as every fiber of her body seemed to cry out for either cessation or culmination of that desire, she guiltily wallowed in the nerve-rattling painful pleasure the arousal itself generated... and hated herself for doing it, even as she willingly shifted her stance a certain way to cause the tiniest bit of friction that kept it at its fever pitch.

Having already been stark, raving mad once, she knew, dazed as she was, she was still currently sane... yet that in no way kept her from both fearing and desiring being pushed over the edge into full madness so she could do something to end this state of unrequited desire, even as she did everything she could in order to keep herself from falling over that self-same brink.

Then, suddenly, without conscious awareness of where she was going, or why, she was moving - she could have wondered about what-and-where-and-why, but didn't both, instinctively obeying the instinct while, with extremely guilty pleasure, left herself immersed in the erotic agony of her arousal.

Then she became aware of something she'd not felt since arriving at the remote lodge - the feel/sound/touch/taste of another human mind.

The realization terrified her - so, of course, Angie pushed on all the more determined.

The storm raged around her - but didn't touch her, telekinesis pushing the wind and snow away, mild pyrokinesis keeping her warm and dry. Not that Angie noticed the weather, much - her mind was on something else...

Actually, that wasn't quite accurate - for when she'd walked out into the storm, her mind had been on her own body, and the incredible level of perfect physical arousal. She both loved and hated that fact, both wanted it to stop and wanted it to go on for ever - so, her whirling, confused mind and equally mixed emotions didn't know quite what to make of it as more and more of her attention was drawn off into the new mind she was hearing/feeling/tasting.

The closer she got to the person out there in the howling winter storm, the stronger the 'feel' of his mind got - and before she ever lay eyes on him, Angie already knew absolutely everything there was to know about him.

His name was Gunter Maddox, and he was a twenty-nine-year-old German studying abroad. Flying home for the holidays had been unthinkable, given his financial situation - but the overwhelming 'festivity' of the city had made his depression at being a 'stranger in a strange land' all the greater. Gunter had decided to get a 'taste of home' by driving out to the woods that so closely resembled the Bavarian landscape of his childhood - but he'd gotten lost in the snow, and his car had run out of gas...

Then Angie, walking in a bubble of calm, warm air amidst the swirling storm, stepped past the last line of trees edging the road, and got her first look at the man whose mind was currently inextricably linked to her own.

He was... average. A little on the chunky side, perhaps, but fairly good looking - better looking than he thought he was, as a matter of fact. Feeling his loneliness and quiet despair almost as if it were her own, Angie gracefully glided towards his rental car...

...and then he looked out the window and saw her.

His thoughts and emotions flooded into her unprotected mind - and suddenly she once more felt every inch of her very feminine body, was aware of every curvaceous attribute - but from his perspective.

She trembled, right on the brink of orgasm, as 'fantasies' of his hands running all over her feminine body flooded her mind - and, heaven help her, she couldn't figure out if they were his fantasies she was 'seeing'... or her own!

'NO!' She thought to herself, no trace of the sudden surge of horror she felt showing on her serenely beautiful face. 'No - I am not having sex with a man! Not now, not ever...!'

...but, even as she denied any possibility, she could not excise those sexual fantasies now flitting through a brain locked into a body on the very edge of sexual desire.

She spoke to him; but she had no idea what she said. All she knew was the he followed her - and his thoughts as he watched her supple, graceful glide back to the lodge on inflamed both body and imagination to new heights. She tried, desperately, to hold her vow never to have sex with a man in the forefront of her mind - but with his own weight of desire added to hers it was hard, oh so hard...

It was only made worse by her own 'odd' behavior - or, to Gunter's way of thinking, her 'angelic' behavior, for he half-believed that she was an angel; his angel. It had started when she'd introduced herself, giving her name as Angelique... but already knowing his without asking. The walk back to the lodge only increased Gunter's feeling that something strange and wonderful was going on - not only did the storm not touch him, but she responded to his thoughts and emotions before he even said them!

She knew she was behaving oddly, from the feel of his mind in her head - but she couldn't stop. Her own body and their separate fantasies, (except, of course, in her own mind, they were not separate, but commingled), made it impossible for her to concentrate on anything so mundane as 'normal conversation'.

So his awe of her grew... but it in no way lessened his appreciation of her feminine physical form. Every appreciative glance at her swaying hips, she felt/experienced. He thoughts about her 'magnificent' breasts were as loud and clear as a bell.

Barely aware of her surroundings - barely aware of anything but her own femininity, and attendant feminine desires - Angie led Gunter into the lodge, and bade him to make himself comfortable. She started to walk towards the kitchen area, vaguely aware of herself offering Gunter some hot chocolate - and not wanting to be separated from his 'angel', he followed her, offering to help...

She didn't even have to look up. As soon as the realization entered Gunter's head it entered her own, as well.

Among the Christmas decorations she'd put up was some mistletoe - and a sprig of it hung on the beam over the 'entrance' to the part of the open main room defined as the kitchen... and they were standing right under it.

There was no way - NO way - she would ever initiate any physical contact with a man. Though she'd denied her masculinity in order to keep her power at an arm's length, the core of her being was still that of the male she'd grown up as. She would never, never initiate any form of intimacy with a man...

...but as Gunter hesitantly reached out towards her, she also discovered to her horrified delight - or perhaps, delighted horror - that she was now simply unable to resist in any way, shape or form when said male wanted to initiate intimacy with her...

He touched her - and she was lost.

His 'thoughts' faded with physical contact - but his emotions and his physical sensations swelled in her head.

Before she knew what was happening, she was kissing him...

...and it felt wonderful!

She not only felt the physical pleasure she would have normally felt, but she felt his pleasure, physical and emotional, too - but as if they were hers! More than that, though, she knew exactly what he wanted her to do in that kiss, and, helplessly, she did just that - making it easily the most pleasurable kiss he'd ever experienced, and since she was experiencing it from both their viewpoints, the same went for her, as well.

It quickly escalated from there. Her clothes practically seemed to fall off her body - but, some small, dim part of her brain still capable of such thoughts found it quite ironic indeed that she was 'glad' she'd practiced removing her bra so swiftly and easily, for it allowed his eager hands and willing mouth to worship her massive breasts all the more quickly.

She hated what she was doing - even as she loved every single second of it. Gunter's hands touched her burning flesh, stroking and caressing every inch of her, though his hands most often strayed to her stupendous tits and his lips to her mouth.

She loved it. She didn't want to, but she couldn't help it. All the pleasure he felt, so did she - with her own pleasure on top of it. It was the most amazing sexual experience she'd ever had, and though part of her still screamed at the 'perversity' of it, there was no way she make herself stop - not when it felt this wonderful. Being 'gay' was little enough argument in the face of such amazing, overwhelming pleasure...

Still and all, she couldn't bring herself to be the least bit 'aggressive' in this, even though part of her very much wanted to. Some of that 'holding back' was her masculine upbringing, and some of it was much more submissive - tied into Gunter's emotions and sensations, she wanted to let him make this 'perfect' for him, for she would feel that 'perfection' as well. Though her body was already inflamed with sexual desire before she'd even met Gunter, she nevertheless didn't chafe at the long bout of foreplay he desired - not when hands stroking silken skin felt so wonderful.

Warm hand on soft thigh. Soft lips nuzzling pleasure-swollen nipples. Hands caressing, exploring, touching - and Angie thought she might just explode from the combination of pure pleasure and painful desire. Yet with only passing second, the sensations only grew more intense, more wonderful - and she lost more and more of herself in that blossoming pleasure.

Then still touching, still kissing, still caressing, he was leading her towards the nearest bedroom - and she followed him with her smooth, supple grace, not even knowing whether she was doing so 'willingly', or because the his imperatives inside her head forced to her to.

At that point, she didn't even care...

Then they were naked, on the bed, his seemingly insatiable taste for her huge boobs apparently at least momentarily lessened - and the 'dreaded' moment came, and her womanhood was penetrated by Gunter's hard, throbbing cock, her very worst nightmare brought to life...

...and it was the most wonderful thing she'd ever felt, her soft voice crying out in ultimate pleasure as he filled her - not just his cock fitting her sopping cunt to perfection; somehow, it felt as if she were hollow, and his rampant manhood filled her completely, finally closing a void that she hadn't even known existed.

Then, almost as one, they began to move - and the pleasure of just being penetrated was far supplanted by the incredible moist friction as he moved inside her.

She thought she'd reached the utter peak of pleasure - but she'd been wrong, for with each thrust of his body, working his hard cock deep within the moist confines of her eager womanhood, pleasure doubled and re-doubled, moving her towards the satisfaction she so desperately craved.

Yet, despite how much she craved that satisfaction, she nevertheless let him set the pace - and, somewhere deep inside, the greatest humiliation she'd ever experienced blossomed and grew, for she was being subservient to his wants and desires, even though her own called out to her so powerfully. Part of her hated having sex with a man at all, and a larger part of her hated having it on his terms - but the largest part of all was merely loving every second of...

...of...

...of being fucked.

She couldn't deny that was what was happening to her - any more than she could deny she was loving it. Her huge breasts bounced and jiggled with every thrust - and she loved that too. She loved the feel of her silken skins brushing the sheets and being brushed by his hands, loved the sound of her feminine arousal as she cried out her pleasure - she even loved that she was 'submissive' so that she didn't have to worry about concentrating on setting the pace, allowing him to do that while she simply responded. She loved it all - and she hated it all, and she was no longer even certain which one was what, so closely intertwined were the love/hate emotions that had become the central core of her being.

Dimly, as she writhed and moaned on the bed, she became aware of something happen - the hard, somewhat chunky body atop her and inside her was... changing. Yet, though vaguely aware of the softening contours and smoothing skin, she couldn't bring herself to care, because the wonderfully hard manhood that brought her such deliciously humiliating pleasure was

still thrusting deep within her, still driving her towards orgasm, and nothing else could possibly matter now but reaching that final goal...

It seemed to take an eternity, but reach it she did - and when she did, she almost lost her mind for the second time in her life, because it was so amazingly overwhelming that all thought stopped, and nothing existed by the pure and ultimate pleasure that thrummed through her every vein and nerve.

She screamed, again and again, at the intensity of her orgasm - and was aware of another voice screaming in agreement, as well, but one much higher-pitched and feminine than it should have been...

...but she didn't even have a chance to wonder about it, for there was suddenly a terrible, wrenching sensation in her mind, a sudden sense of loss and loneliness - and then the world went dark, and she knew no more...

* * * * *

Even as an exhausted body struggled to rouse itself sometime mid-afternoon on the 24th, she knew something was radically different.

Gasping in a sudden breath of shock, she sat bolt upright in the bed, aware of many oddities in the way her body felt to her - but that was purely secondary to the thing that first and foremost grabbed her attention.

The power was... gone.

It was impossible - yet it was true. Though artifacts of it lingered in her body, like incredibly heightened physical sensitivity to pleasure, no trace of the power itself remained. Her flailing mind reached out to feel the ebb and flow of the universe, the 'round and round of all that was'... and experienced nothing. She was once more locked within the confines of her body and her brain.

She screamed.

Even as she did, she dimly realized there was something 'wrong' - with her voice... or, at the very least, different. A second shock, confused, frightened scream tore from her throat, verifying that fact...

...and then the door swung open, and she fell silent in utter shock. She was looking at herself.

Dimly, she was aware of the unmistakable sounds of a party drifting through the open door, but she had little enough attention to spare for it - for her eyes were riveted on 'her' body.

She was locked in the stasis of shock; the shock of realization as she stared at the body she'd so recently worn.

The potion she'd taken directly affected the brain, increasing it's capabilities a hundred-fold... and she'd realized that she couldn't trust herself with that power, so she'd coupled it to nothing but her conscience and turned it loose. Somehow, for

whatever reason, last night it had found the 'safety catch' - she-who-had-been-Dom couldn't be trusted with the power, but He-who-was-Gunter could... and so it had 'simply' switched their minds.

Gunter-who-was-now-Angelique smiled, stepped into the room, and closed the door behind her. Though the body was exactly the same as it had been the night before, a new mind inhabited it, and it showed - that still utterly serene, the face no longer projected the air of ancient sorrow. The gray-blue eyes twinkled happily, and the faintest smile touched the soft pink lips that now opened and spoke in that now-familiar soft, sweet voice:

"Merry Christmas, Dominique..." She said, sweetly.

That broke She-who-had-been-Dom-who-had-been-Angie's stasis - and her eyes dropped and she stared in horror at what was definitely - or, perhaps more accurately, defiantly - still a feminine chest.

In fact, the massive bust was, if anything, larger than Angelique's - and considerably firmer, almost to the point of being spherical, yet tipped with nipples even proportionately long and thicker than those that graced Angelique's chest.

"You so enjoyed your, or should I now say, 'my' - breasts so much, that the power decided to 'up the ante' for your permanent form..." Angelique said, softly.

Dominique gaped at her, and for a split second wondered how the hell she'd know what Dominique was thinking - then, feeling foolish, moved quickly on to more important topics:

"But... why?" She wailed. "If the power is 'safe' in you now, why didn't it make me a man again... why did it leave me a woman, much less one like.. like... this!"

Dominique waved a hand towards her new body - and Angelique also waved a hand, creating a full-length mirror opposite the bed so that the new Dominique could see the 'this' she was talking about.

Dominique first gasped - then spluttered incoherently in shock at the sight that created her. It was 'Angelique Enhanced'.

The familial relationship was painfully obvious - she was Angelique's near-twin sister... her younger, blatantly more sexual sister, to be exact. The legs, longer and more shapely, led up to wider, more 'womanly' hips before pinching down to a waist several inches smaller than Angelique's. Above that rode her massive, round breasts - and above that lay a face, though similar to Angelique's, that boasted fuller bow-like lips, brighter-blue eyes, and a much thicker, wavier mane of brazenly golden blonde hair.

"Oh, God - I've been turned into a bimbo...!" The new woman cried in horror - wincing anew at the crystal pitch of her breathy new voice.

"Well, Nikki... yes you are, more or less." Angie agreed, easily.

'Nikki' - her mind numbly drawing the correlation of her 'pet name' from Dominique - turned and stared in horror. "What...?! But... why...?!"

"Why, so that you can spend the rest of your life being ecstatically happy, of course." Angie explained. "Not only is that new body of yours hyper-sensitive to pleasure, but you'll find you experience utterly intense emotional pleasure in satisfying men's sexual desires, as well - and best of all, you'll find it incredibly easy to let yourself be utterly submissive. Aside from doing your best to look and act as sexy as possible, you won't have to do much in the way of thinking - just go along with just about anything any man you like suggests, and you'll find yourself exquisitely happy."

"What... how.... why...?" The new Nikki burbled, on the edge of crying. "How could you do this to me? I don't want to be a bimbo... don't want to spend my life brainless and horny, doing just about anything any man wants me to...!"

"Well, it's not 'any man' - you'll only feel any desire at all towards men you like. If you don't like a man, you just won't want to be sexually and emotionally submissive to him..."

"I don't want to be submissive in any way to any man!" Nikki cried. "...and I especially don't want to be 'sexually' anything towards men! You should know that - you can read my mind! You know who disgusted the thought of having sex with men makes me...!"

Angelique sighed.

"Yes, I can read your mind... so I know exactly how you felt last night..." Nikki blushed.

"But...! I mean, that was...! I didn't...!"

"Look..." Angie interrupted her babbling. "I didn't choose your new life for you - and more than I chose this one for me! You did it all in the final moments before you switched us - or your subconscious did, at any rate. I even, dimly, understand why you did it, and considerably more clearly, how you feel about it - because I'm in the exact same boat, too! Your thoughts and emotions, remember...? I'm humiliated and ashamed by the life I know I'm going to lead... yet I'm no more able to turn away from it, power or no! The rest of our lives are going to resemble what happened last night - though the original male parts of us will keep us from being 'sexually aggressive', and will indeed make us feel shame and humiliation about what we do, sometimes, knowing how much pleasure pleasing men is going to give us means we won't be able to resist! In fact, it's our new sexual submissiveness that makes it 'acceptable', in a way, because when we feel the inevitable guilt and humiliation, we'll console ourselves - and each other - by pointing out we 'just couldn't help ourselves'... and it'll be nothing but the literal truth!"

"Oh..." Was the best Nikki could manage.

Then Angelique waved a hand - and the sheets around Nikki rose up, forming themselves into clothing:

In an instant, Nikki's excessively sexual new feminine figure was garbed in an appropriately 'Christmas' ensemble - a bright-red tube crushed-velvet tube dress, edged with faux-fur low on her breasts and high on her thighs. Red satin opera

gloves enclosed her hands and arms, and white nylons encased her long, shapely legs - which, in turn, were enclosed by red pumps boasting six- inch spike heels. For a final touch, a cute little 'Santa hat' formed itself atop her golden mane.

"There - now you're ready to greet our guests." Angie announced.

"No!" Nikki gasped. "I can't... I won't..."

Even as she was issuing denials, however, she felt her face flame in a furious blush - for that warm, melting sensation was spreading through her body, and her nipples suddenly made very large dents in the fabric of the skimpy dress as her body rapidly rose to full arousal at the mere thought of being in the presence of men - men who had cocks, like the cock that had given her so much wonderful pleasure last night; cocks like the one she was craving right now, her mind picturing all the ways she could please herself by pleasing a man...

"Please... no..." She said, trying to beg - but her denial was weak, her voice full of desire.

"I.. I won't go..." She half-whispered, still-male core of her mind struggling not only against the wonderfully disturbing pleasure of her aroused body, but the memory - and, hence, knowledge - of just how much pleasure she would get from being the bimbo she appeared to be.

Smiling softly, Angelique reached out and took her hand - and Nikki couldn't make herself resist. Helplessly - or was that half-willingly...? - she found herself rising from the bed. The extreme heels were somewhat more of a challenge than the lower, thicker heels she'd practiced in as Angie... but, then again, she did have that practice, and more over, found herself helplessly thinking about just how high and sexy a heel must make her legs and ass look.

She wanted to tell herself that the extra sway she added to her step was 'unwilling', that the blatantly sexy stride she adopted was done despite herself... yet she was working so hard at doing it, having to pay careful and conscious attention to every detail, that she knew it for the lie it was.

The thought was humiliating, and she felt shameful guilt spreading through her...

...but she didn't stop using that 'come hither' stride as she followed Angelique out into the main room of the lodge.

She stopped dead at the end of the hallway, eyes widening.

The guests looked up, calling happy seasons greetings to her that she barely heard - for she was too stunned to register them well.

The 'guests' were the self-same guests she'd had at the party that had begun this whole thing.

That, in itself, was shock enough, all the more so since she vaguely realized from their words that Angelique had been doing some 'editing' of their collective memories so they somehow knew both Angelique and Nikki's as 'old friend's... or thought they did, at any rate.

No, what really send her mind spinning in shock, though, was a realization that hit her to the core: She liked all these people!

Part of it was having seen, on that fateful night, right to the very core of their beings - but more, she realized as she walked, stunned, into the room to be happily accepted into their midst, was the fact that all the reasons Dom had disliked these people no longer applied...

If her responses seemed somewhat numb and perhaps even silly, nobody seemed to notice anything strange about it - after all, she was a 'bimbo', wasn't she...? More guilt rose as she found herself welcoming that perception, at least as a valid excuse as she struggled to make her spinning mind catch up with her new reality - but one thing after another piled themselves atop her spinning thoughts, and she couldn't seem to get ahead of the curve as people she was used to despising and knew had despised her-when-she-was-a-he now greeted her with unmistakable fondness... and kisses and hugs, none of which were 'pro forma', but sensual and exciting... even those from the women.

In fact, it was Lisa Harcourt was kissing her right now under one of the liberally-spread mistletoe; Lisa, the stacked redhead Dom had lusted so strongly after at that party.

Of course, Nikki didn't consider her so 'stacked' anymore, not when her own massive boobs far outstripped Lisa's - an easy comparison, as they were cursed against once another, sending waves of pleasurable pressure through Nikki's new endowments as the kissed.

Lisa was really throwing herself into that kiss, Nikki realized, numbly - only to feel a bit surprised when she realized that Lisa's kiss was no less passionate and involved than her own response. Lisa's hands were actually under Nikki's skirt, fondling Nikki's 'bubble butt' - and Nikki found she was stroking Lisa's nylon-clad legs in return.

Still stunned, Nikki could think of nothing to do - but finish the highly enjoyable kiss.

Highly enjoyable, both in physical sensation and emotional... but, despite the pleasure and the passion, her body wasn't responding to it with arousal. It was, well more of a 'friendly' kiss, no matter how sexual it was in manner.

Then Lisa broke the kiss with a smile and a sigh, commenting; "Damn, if only my boyfriends could kiss like you !"

"Then I guess you'll have to let us guys get in there so she can teach us!" A familiar voice replied, and Nikki numbly turned to find the handsome face of Roger Smith smiling down at her...

...and though he hadn't even touched her yet, now her arousal came roaring back to life.

'I can't help myself,' she reassured herself as she let him embrace her. 'It's literally impossible for me to resist this '

...and then, despite the shame and humiliation still flowing through her swirling mind, gave up on the excuses and let herself surrender totally to enjoying the kiss that Roger gave her.

It wasn't until quite some time later, while she was guiltily, blissfully, disgustingly eagerly attempting to give Roger the most mind-blowing blow-job he'd ever experienced, that her mind managed to catch up with events - and arrived at the most stunning realization possible.

She'd been turned into a huge-breasted nymphomaniac bimbo who quite literally could not resist having sex...

...and the result of this was the fact that she was having the most utterly merry Christmas she could ever remember!

Then, with humiliating eagerness, she accepted Roger's 'little gift', and as she swallowed his warm, salty load and licked the glistening head of his hard cock clean, suddenly thought to herself that the nature of her and Angelique's new reality pretty much guaranteed that it was a 'Merry Christmas' for everybody else in the room too and the thought caused her to give out with a perfectly bimboish little giggle eave as she eagerly accepted the attention Mark wanted to give to her disgustingly wonderful breasts, even as she spread her long, sexy legs to allow Lisa the access to her moist womanhood the redhead so obviously desired...

...and then she gave up thinking completely for quite some time...

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A Nerd discovers a way to alter the way a body looks, but it back fires on him when his next door neighbor talks him into using the device on himself and turns himself into the perfect bimbo to be his neighbor's date to a party.

Acceptance

By Gunslinger

"I could create the fantasy woman for you to take to the party..." Harry blurted out, regretting the words even as they slipped between his narrow lips.

Josh stopped dead on the sidewalk, his blandly handsome face reflecting uncomprehending surprise as he turned his tall, athletic body to face his more diminutive companion.

"Huh?" Josh grunted in confusion.

"Never mind." Harry mumbled, taking off his horn-rimmed glasses and polishing them - a sham, to help cover his embarrassment over blurting out the 'offer'.

That tall, sandy-haired youth wasn't going to be put off so easily, however. Leaning down to put his light head closer to Harry's dark one, he waited until the short, slightly pudgy youth finished putting on his glasses, his lens-magnified watery brown eyes flinching from Josh's steely-blue gaze.

"No - I want to know what you meant." Josh said.

Harry swallowed nervously, wishing he'd kept his mouth shut. A few days shy of his twenty-second birthday, Harry was a short, pudgy, unassuming young man - which hardly one him points on campus, especially with the female of the species. Known as 'The Nerd', because of a combination of his intellect, his almost painfully conservative choice of clothing, and the unfortunate fact that his last name was Nurt, Harry's social life had been almost nil...

...until he'd figured out how to cash in on his brain-power. By sheer luck, he'd ended up living in the apartment next to Josh, who'd been having some trouble with several courses. When Josh had dropped by one day to borrow some coffee because he needed to study late and hard to keep from flunking, Harry had timidly offered to help... and had ended up helping him pass the course, and keep his football scholarship. It had been just enough to get his foot in the door, allowing him to 'hang on' in the fringes of Josh's social group. Josh's usual introduction - 'Oh, that's Harry. He's a nerd - but he's all right.' - was hardly a ringing endorsement, but it had provided Harry with more of a social life in the past few weeks than he'd had his entire life to date.

Hell - on his Josh's say so, one of the cuter cheerleaders had actually danced with Harry at the nightclub they'd just left. Because Harry was so short, and the cheerleader fairly tall, her firm C-cup tits (barely lurking behind a tight-fitting spandex crop-top) had been right at eye level. Though the guys had begun ribbing him from the edge of the dance floor about the erection that he couldn't help getting, Sandy - the cheerleader - had leaned down and whispered in his ear to ignore them... she found it 'kinda flattering'.

She'd also said she'd found him 'kinda cute, and sweet'...

...and after the dance, she'd kissed him, long and deep, while the guys had hooted and made cat-calls.

Sure, Harry knew it was a 'mercy kiss', done more to tic off the guys than to show any real interest in him - but it was the first 'real' kiss Harry had ever gotten, aside from some awkward, uncomfortable 'inter-nerd' necking with a couple of the brace-wearing girls from the computer club.

It was the giddy feeling in the aftermath of this ground-breaking night that had caused Harry to blurt out what he had, and now - blushing brightly - he had no choice but to explain himself. The last thing he wanted was to screw up the good thing he had going, to slide back into ignominious anonymity.

"Well, um..." Harry started, unable to meet his well-muscled companions gaze as they started walking again. "You see, I kinda, well.. I think I've developed a way to change how people look... well, more than that actually, because I've discovered the bio-chemical link to loosen the cellular bonds of the human structure for bio-morphic..."

"Who - hold it, egg-head." Josh interrupted. "you know I barely passed my science courses, so can the scientific shit and tell me what you meant."

Harry cleared his throat. "I can make anybody look any way I want." He stated, nervously but boldly. "So, you could, uh... get any girl at all to agree to go with you, and I could make her look any way you want her too look."

Josh stopped dead, jaw dropping. "You're shittin' me!"

Harry shook his head. "no - well, that is, it should work, theoretically. I mean, I've already tested it on a couple of cats I got from the pound, and it worked... but I shouldn't have said anything, because I don't think..."

"Hold on a sec..." Josh said, a smile slowly spreading over his GQ features. "Harry, you little genius!" "Uh... okay..." Harry said, carefully.

"Troy's offering his Ferrari to the guy who brings the hottest date!" Josh said, turning to Harry with a bright, almost dangerous look in his eyes. "His Dad just bought him a new Lamborghini for graduating, and Troy's gonna give that 'Fuck-You-Copper' Red road-bomb away. Kinda like the ultimate raffle, 'cept you don't have to buy a ticket, just bring the hottest, sexiest date of the party." He slapped Harry on the shoulder. "Thanks to you, buddy, I'm gonna win that car!"

"Look, Josh..." Harry said, uncomfortably. "I shouldn't have said anything. I don't think I'm willing to risk somebody else's health testing an untried procedure on them, and..."

"No way, man!" Josh argued. "You gotta do this! Hell - you do this, and you can come to Troy's party with me. Do you know what that means, little buddy?"

Troy Davenport's parties were famous - or infamous. Legendary wasn't an exaggeration. Troy's dad was filthy rich, and he spoiled his only son, protecting Troy's bashes from any raids from the cops.

Troy's parties were famous for the booze, the broads, the best of everything...

...and the sex. No matter who you were, if you were at one of Troy's parties, you'd get laid. Guaranteed - because Troy would make sure of it. It was part of his reputation.

Hell - last year, troy had thought it's be a blast to give a hot coed an apartment - if she'd be one of the less popular guy's 'girlfriend' for two months. She'd agreed...

"Well, I..." Harry stammered, visions of naked women dancing in his head.

"What?" Josh asked, almost dangerously. "First you offer something, get my hopes up - then you're not going to do it? Geez, Harry - me and the guys don't hang out with no Indian Givers..."

Presented with those to options - his fragile social life crumbling before him, or being boosted beyond his wildest dreams - Harry found himself tempted. Sure, it would be wrong, and he knew it... but could he just give up and walk away...?

"Well... I'm not sure, is all..." Harry hedged, as he started walking again.

Matching Harry's pace, Josh continued to alternately wheedle and threaten as they continued on towards the apartment building they shared in common...

* * * * *

Dressed only in a blue terry-cloth bathrobe, Harry squinted at the blurred figure at the computer.

"I can't believe I'm doing this..." Harry said to himself, then raised his reedy voice. "come on, Josh - are you almost done?"

"Keep your pants on, Harry..." Josh said - then chuckled. "You know what I mean. Anyway - I'll be a few more seconds. Just hold on."

Harry sighed and went back to his nervous pacing, not sure whether having his nerve fail and keep him from going through with this would be a good thing or not.

In the end, Harry had decided that he couldn't possible place anybody else at risk for his own gain, and had explained this - regretfully - to Josh...

...who had then come up with the 'great' idea of having Harry use his machine on himself.

"C'mon, Harry..." Josh had said. "It's only for a day, and nobody but you and I will know it's really you..."

Harry, of course, hadn't been nearly as excited at the prospect as Josh was - but it was the one solution that he found ethical - if utterly humiliating, unnerving, disgusting and perverted.

However - it was either this, or end up back in 'never-never-land'. Actually, it would be worse - the few tenuous friendships he'd formed with his fellow intelligentsia had dropped by the wayside after he'd started hanging out with the Jocks who usually tormented them - which would make him more of an outcast then ever.

Against his better judgment, he'd reluctantly agreed. He'd led Josh to the jerry-rigged conglomerate of surplus-store parts that formed his machine, taking up most of the second bedroom in his apartment. He'd demonstrated the machine on one of the cats, making it a near-perfect clone of a Chihuahua, carefully showing Josh how the machine worked and how to use it. Josh had then gleefully gone to work designing Harry's temporary new body, insisting that Harry wasn't allowed to see it until he'd actually become...

...*her*.

The mere thought of that - of him being converted into a realistic-in-almost-every-detail pseudo- woman - sent shivers up and down Harry's slender, bony spine. The thought was sickening - but it didn't *quite* disturb him as much as the thought of being an outcast did. Besides - Troy's party was a weekend-long affair, and Harry only had to be this fantasy babe for Friday evening - well, a little longer, actually. The party was five hours away, but - aside from being transformed - Harry also had to get clothes and the like. So, he'd be this woman from the time he transformed (a few minutes from now) until tomorrow morning, about nine. Say - twenty hours, give or take. Long enough to win Josh the car. Then they'd take Josh's new car back here, Harry would be changed back - and he'd get to go back to the party as himself, and enjoy the rest of the weekend. That's 'all' there was to it.

Harry still wasn't excited about the prospect, though.

"okay - it's ready!" Josh exclaimed - too gleefully, Harry thought. "Go ahead - get in!"

Sighing - and blushing - Harry dropped the robe and made his way into the machine. He was so nervous that he was shivering, and he felt an incredible urge to back out, to just cut and run - but the need to gain the acceptance of Josh, Troy and their friends kept him going as he began carefully inserting the needles attached to the long IV tubes. One went into each arm and each leg, and was carefully taped into place. Then a series of Data Transfer Electrodes - DTE's - were taped into place - two on his chest, one on each temple, one just above his belly button, and one on each wrist and ankle.

"Okay - crank her up..." Harry said in a weak, thin voice, trembling.

With a low hum that gradually built up into a roar, the powerful fan under the steel-grated floor spun into life, generating a powerful wind. One it was up to speed, Harry forced himself to trust his own engineering, and slowly lean backwards into the resistance of the wind.

A computer sensor kept track of the resistance, providing exactly the force that countered his weight that was past the center-of-balance...

...which meant that Harry ended up in a spread-eagle position, 'floating' atop the column of air, hovering without and contact, allowing his body to be free-floating during the time his cellular structure was in flux.

"Uh... uh..." Harry stammered, his heart pounding painfully in his narrow chest. "no.. no, I.. I can't... Let me out! Let me down!..."

His fear began to turn into panic - but the force of the fan didn't lessen. The big, noisy fan. The one that Josh couldn't possibly hear him over.

Realizing he was committed, Harry tried to force down the rising panic, to close his eyes and take deep breaths...

...when it suddenly became very easy to relax as the first tranquilizing drugs flowed into his body, followed by his custom-cocktail of drugs, hormones and chemicals. He began to feel hazy and detached, his body becoming heavy and almost numb.

In this drowsy, drug-relaxed state, Harry heard the cyclotrons salvaged from a half-dozen microwaves spring into life. Connected to special 'antennas' that focused the low-power radiation of the 'guns', the devices began to direct specific amounts and frequencies at his 'loosened' cellular structure, allowing for specific 'mutation' of the cells.

He began to change. The sensations were weak, and in his state they weren't really enough to make him take any real notice, but he could feel the odd, creeping sensation as his body began to reconfigure itself to the specifications Josh had entered into the three-dimensional graphic interface of the computer.

For the next fifty-seven minutes, thirty-two seconds, Harry floated in that blissful daze, his body slowly 'mutating'... until the computer chimed, and began to flush the drugs from his system as the fan slowly wound down, sending him sinking slowly and softly to the floor.

As his conscious mind began to emerge from the haze of the drugs, Harry realized that the transformation was done, and he was now the woman that Josh had specified.

The mere thought made him feel like bursting into tears of shame and fear - but he took several deep breaths, feeling the subtly (and not-so-subtly) different sensations created in his...

...*her* altered body at the motion.

Hesitantly, the new woman opened her eyes, staring up at the roof of the chamber. As the fan finished winding down, she angled the palms of her hand, which sent her into a sort of half-spin, pushing her into a standing position. Because she was dropping, the new woman had to pull her legs up to fit, leaving her in a crouching position as the fan finally stopped. As the weight of her new body settled on her altered feet, Harry pushed upwards, rising to her full height...

...and stumbled, falling forward through the door Josh had just opened, ending up in the muscular arms of the startled young man...

...her gigantic tits - which had pulled her off balance - pressing firmly against Josh's chest...

"What the hell...?" Harry screamed in shock and horror, staring down at the massive, basket-ball-sized (and shaped) tits thrust from her altered ribcage. "What the hell did you do to me, asshole!"

She realized that her screaming was coming out in a high-pitched voice, a soprano so utterly feminine it was almost painful, especially with it screeching in it's upper registers - but that didn't stop her from continuing to scream and curse at Josh as she struggled to pull away from the muscular youth, definitely uncomfortable with having her freakishly over-endowed body pressed firmly against his.

She was having some trouble extricating herself, however, as there seemed to be something wrong with her new feet - they didn't want to accept her weight properly, seeming to want to 'pop up', pushing her onto her tip-toes.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" Harry screamed in her high-pitched new voice, her face only inches away from Josh's. "Not only am I a top-heavy freak, but there's something wrong with my feet, and..."

"Calm down!" Josh said, loudly. "Geez, Harry - you need to calm down!"

"You stupid... um, you..." Harry stammered, voice winding down as a puzzled look crossed her new face. She stopped completely, her face completely vapid, eyes as blank of thought as deep pools of clear blue water.

Josh stared in surprise at the huge-breasted blonde wet-dream he'd turned Harry into, wondering what the hell was going on in her head.

Not much, actually.

'Calm... gotta be calm... need to be calm...' Harry was thinking to herself, numbly - then she thought, 'I was in the middle of something, wasn't I? What was it? Oh... right...'

Animation flooded back into her face about a second or so after it had fled, and she took a deep breath, like somebody waking out of a dream.

"What the hell did you do to me, Josh?" She asked - angry, obviously upset, but with her emotions reigned in so she was no longer hysterical.

Josh blinked at Harry's sudden 'relaxation'. "Uh... I turned you into a woman."

"I know that, you idiot!" Harry sneered. "What's wrong with my feet. And why do I have these... these freakish boobs hanging from my chest?"

"Well - I altered your feet." Josh said - when he'd done it, he'd known Harry would be upset. "To make it easy for you to walk in high heels."

"What!" Harry shouted, incredulous. "What the hell were you thinking, you..." "Hey!" Josh said, defensively. "You have to admit that it's really a great idea!"

"What do you mean I..." Harry started, angrily... then trailed off as that look of vague puzzlement crossed her new features, as if she were paused for a second. Then, an instant later, she shook her head slightly.

"You know..." Harry said in a calmer, grudgingly admiring tone. "You're right - it is a great idea. I don't like the thought of walking in heels, but since I'm going to have to, thanks for making it easy for me, Josh." Then her huge, limpid blue eyes narrowed in anger again. "But, as for these freakish monstrosities..." She gestured at her chest. "...I'm going back in the machine to get them reduced.

These things are just too huge..."

Still confused by Harry's strange actions, Josh tried to keep her from changing the body he'd designed. "Hey - you don't want to do that!"

Again, Harry's face took on that blank, puzzled expression - except, this time it lasted considerably longer than a second.

"I don't want to do that?" She asked in a strange, numb tone of voice, eyes blank of any rational thought.

Now Josh was getting really puzzled. "Uh... no you don't." He said, making it up as he went along. "Those tits aren't freakish. They're perfect - for guaranteeing we'll win."

A second after he finished talking, Harry shook her new head, snapping out of her daze - and looking down at her bust-line.

"God, these things are huge - and heavy." She complained, with resigned bitterness. "But, I guess tits this huge will win us that contest for sure, huh? I guess... I guess it was good thinking on your part, Josh." She frowned. "Okay - well, help me to the mirror so I can see just how outrageously sexy you've made me, Josh."

Brows furrowed in puzzled concentration, Josh wordlessly turned her around and helped her to the full length mirror.

Harry stared in shock at the reflection in the mirror, jaw slowly dropping open in shock. "What the...?" She stammered, gaping.

She was the ultimate incarnation of a California Surf Bimbo.

Her body was toned and tanned and taut, with smooth musculature covered by just the right amount of padding, so she was athletic enough without it detracting in any way from the ultimate femininity of her new body. Her hips were athletically slender, almost boyish - but not too much so, and they supported the cutest, firmest, most delectable ass Harry could ever imagine. Stretching downward from those hips were the longest, sexiest pair of legs Harry had ever seen, with just the right amount of muscular toning and shaping to make them mouth-watering versions of 'Dancer's Legs', sexy as hell and seemingly

impossibly long and mouthwatering - without the faintest hint that body hair had ever existed on them, so smooth and silky was the golden tanned flesh.

Nestled between the firm-yet-soft thighs was her new womanhood, nestled in - of all things - a short, neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair - in the shape of a heart.

Harry shuddered just looking at her now-utterly-feminine crotch.

Above her slender, rounded hips was a narrow waist and flat stomach with just the right hint of 'six- pack' definition in the abs, without being too hard.

Overshadowing that fine stomach was her huge, impossibly firm tits, jutting almost spherically from her slender ribcage and tipped by huge, thick pink nipples atop domed aureole.

Her arms were slender, with just the right amount of muscular definition, and her tiny wrists led to dainty, feminine hands whose long, slender fingers were tipped with long, oval nails.

Her face...

Surrounded by a thick, silky mane of sandy-blond hair, her face was a study in cheerful, mostly brain-dead sexuality. Heart-faced, the face she now wore boasted full, soft lips (framing perfect, white teeth), a tiny snub nose, and huge, clear blue eyes under high-arching, narrow eyebrows, and framed with long, thick lashes.

"My... God..." Harry breathed in her sexy, not-too-bright-sounding soprano voice. "I.. I look like a monument to sex! Jesus, Josh - I agreed to help you win the contest, but you've gone too far! I look like some brain-dead nympho bimbo, and I can't..."

Josh's brain had been working on Harry's strange reactions since she'd gotten out of the chamber, and had come to a tentative conclusion - one that excited him to no end. Heart fluttering, Josh tested his theory, hoping against hope...

"Harry..." Josh said, firmly. "You have to admit that body is perfect for winning the contest. We shouldn't change a single thing."

He had to keep from bursting into a huge, shit-eating grin as Harry's vapid new face went blank for a second, then she shook her head and said:

"Well... I guess it is the perfect body for winning." Harry agreed, grudgingly, eyeing her outrageously, mindlessly sexy new 'Bimbo' body in the mirror. "I may not like it - but since I have to do this, it might as well be in a body guaranteed to win..."

Josh's face nearly split from the effort not to grin.

* * * * *

Eyeing her new form in the mirror, Harry sighed mentally. The initial shock of seeing this outrageous body had been tremendous - but after a second's reflection, she had to admit it was the best body for winning, no matter how much she didn't like any of this. It only made sense....

One of the things that had made Harry a certified genius was his bouts of inspiration and his ability to make logical deductions. Now, she felt that familiar sensation of a thought about to be born...

...and found herself completely uninterested in following the thought to a conclusion. It just didn't seem important enough - after all, she was utterly certain that this body was the best female body to be stuck in, though she wasn't happy about being in any female body. Once she'd realized that this was the best body she could get stuck in, then there was no reason to think about it any more, was there.

Nope - no reason at all. One she was convinced of the 'rightness' of the fact, then she just...

...accepted it.

* * * * *

"Well... I guess we should go get you some clothes." Josh said... then a thought occurred to him, and he had to fight the smile gain. "You should wait here while I buy your clothes. You don't want to go out dressed in ill-fitting men's clothes. You'll let me go and buy an outfit for you."

Again, there was that 'blank look' - then the new woman sighed. "Well - I'd look silly trying to cram this body into my clothes." She said. "You go ahead and get something for me to wear - but don't go overboard, okay?"

"Sure. Let's just get some measurements." Josh said. "Have you got a Sears Catalogue?"

Harry did have one, and Josh opened it to the section on how to take correct measurements. Harry's new, silky-smooth skin crawled at having Josh's hands on her as he took the measurements, but she bit her full, soft lower lips and didn't say anything as Josh completed the task - apparently enjoying it too much, but Harry kept his peace, because it wasn't worth getting upset about...

...especially since Josh had told her precisely that.

"Okay - I'm going to go buy what you need for the party." Josh said, as Harry settled into the chair - then his voice took on a firm tone.

"You should make up a new name and story to go with your new body." He said, firmly. "You should come up with something that matches the way you look. You should make it detailed and memorize it, so nobody can trip you up at the party."

Harry blinked - then sighed. "Well - I guess I should. It makes sense. Okay, I'll do that while you're gone."

Josh was glad he was going alone - because he could finally let that huge, shit-eating grin spread across his face as he left the apartment, knowing that Harry had no idea that she was accepting anything he told her firmly enough.

Harry, on her part, had taken to seriously considering what persona went with her new body. It didn't even occur to her to wonder why it had suddenly become so important.

When the machine had made the changes to her, it had screwed up something important in her brain chemistry and make-up, though she had no way of knowing that. She had no idea that she'd lost the ability for critical thinking - anything stated firmly enough was accepted by her mind, and she now lacked the ability to seriously reconsider any thought. It was like her mind was wide-open to intrusion, a serious flaw in her make-up that was slowly beginning to heal itself...

...much *too* slowly.

Josh had specified a persona to match the body she now had. Harry, personally, thought her new body looked like the quintessential Valley Girl Bimbo - and, since her critical thinking was currently 'off- line', it wasn't currently possible for her to conceive of forming any new persona for this body other than that of the Bimbo she saw in the mirror...

* * * * *

"Honey, I'm home...!" Josh called with a laugh as he carried his two bags of purchases into the apartment.

Harry was still sitting in the chair where Josh had left her, and Josh paused to take another long look at her tanned, sexy body, feeling himself become aroused at the sight of that golden figure of a woman. He had to admit he did good work - it was nearly impossible for him to remember who was 'really' in that body.

Not that it mattered - Josh didn't know how it had happened, but he was happy enough with his unexpected ability to 'control' Harry's thoughts.

"So - what did you come up with?" Josh asked, dropping the shopping bags.

"Well, I guess you should start calling me Kandi - Kandi Kantalopes." Harry answered with no trace of sarcasm, only a resigned sigh. She spelled her new name for Josh.

"Really?" josh asked, taken aback.

Harry wasn't even capable of seeing how silly the name was - to her, the body in the mirror had looked like a Kandi Kantalopes, so that was the only conceivable name she could use. "Yeah - I'm from California, and my father - who I call Daddy - is rich. I decided to try being on my own, so I came up here - and one look at this body, and you don't even have to ask to know I'm not all that bright, though I don't know how stupid I really am." She sighed. "With this body, the only person I could possibly be is a brain-dead Bimbo, so that's the persona I worked out."

Josh was amazed - this was working even better than he could have hoped. "well, uh.. that sounds fine..."

"So - what clothes did you get me" Harry - Kandi - asked, with no enthusiasm, looking at the bags Josh held...
...then she frowned. "Hey... that's that... Porno Shop!" She protested. "There's no way I'm wearing anything..."
Smiling, Josh began to convince her that everything he'd bought her was perfect for her new persona...

* * * * *

"Well, I think that... bu-wah!"

Seeing the sudden look of stunned shock on Kurt's face, Troy turned around...

...and his own jaw dropped as he swat the woman who was walking through the gate to his backyard.

She was balanced atop white rounded-toe pumps with a one-and-a-half inch platform and eight inch heels. She had no problem walking in the high heels - in fact she was walking with the sexiest little walk Troy had ever seen, taking short steps and putting one tiny foot in front of the other, long, tanned, utterly glorious legs scissoring with every step. Those legs seemed to rise up for ever before they finally disappeared under the hem of the tiny white leather 'shots' she was wearing, which were very high cut over the hips, and with a low waist-band - they were just barely avoiding the bikini-bottom category, as a matter of fact.

Those hips were doing the cutest little swivel, which was also doing something absolutely mind- numbing to her firm, round, utterly spectacular ass, crammed into those tiny leather shorts.

A matching, midriff-baring white-leather bustier top was very barely enclosing her massive, firm spheres of breast flesh, the rounded 'scoop' shape of each cup just covering the enormous nipples that managed to make visible bulges in the thick, sturdy material. A mile of mouth-watering cleavage was displayed by the tiny bandeau top - and the tits 'shivered' oh-so-delightfully with every step.

It was difficult to pull the eyes up to her sexy, vapid face. It was worth the effort, though - her full, sexy lips were done in a glossy hot-pink lipstick, and were curved upwards in a fixed, brainless smile that was matched by the blank look in her huge, clear blue eyes, with silver eye-shadow and black mascara setting them off so enticingly. Framing her sexy face was a mane of long, thick sandy- blonde hair, pulled back off her face and held in place by a pair of sunglasses tucked into her hair.

Aside from the glasses, she was wearing quite a bit of 'gaudy' jewelry, all of it in silver-tone - dozens of bangles on her slender wrists, three rings on her fingers, a heart-shaped pendant on a chain, whose generally 'arrow' shape seemed to point right back at her massive tits, and long, shiny earrings in her small, dainty lobes.

"Hi, Troy." A voice said, and it was only then that the party's host realized there was somebody with her - Josh, from the team.

* * * * *

While she watched troy try to recover, his jaw snapping shut, Kandi shivered at the naked lust she saw in the short, muscular, platinum-haired youth's dark eyes...

...while wondering why she'd agreed to dress like this. Or agreed even to keep this ridiculously over- endowed body. Though her vapid expression didn't show any trace of her internal turmoil, Kandi was trying to track down the series of decisions that had led her to this point.

Her mind was slowly healing, allowing her to look back on her actions and begin to see the flaws in her 'logic'...

"Uh... Hi, Josh..." Troy finally managed. "And, this vision of loveliness is..."

Kandi missed the question for a second, lost in thought - but didn't realize that her lack of attention translated to the perfect brainless actions her appearance suggestions, as she started and answered the question with a breathy, surprised tone in her high new voice.

"Oh, hi!" She said brightly, barely paying attention. "My name's Kandi." She giggled for good measure, still feeling the need to 'play out' her Bimbo role...

...without knowing why.

There was something definitely wrong here, Kandi realized with a growing horror, even as she simpered brainless through being introduced to Kurt. Though she realized that this wasn't right, for some reason she seemed utterly incapable of breaking character. She knew she was disgusted by being here, by looking like this, and knew that she should demand that they turn around and go home, or even just walk out on her own...

...but, somehow, she just couldn't seem to work up the willpower to translate that knowledge into action. She seemed to be caught up in the 'inertia' of the Kandi person, just going along with it. Even as she struggled to work up the will to turn away, she found herself clasping her hands behind her back - thrusting her huge, heavy, freakishly large new tits even further outwards - and bouncing 'innocently' atop her high-heeled shoes...

'My God!' Kandi thought to her self. 'I.. I'm wearing high-heel shoes. How did I let that happen? In fact - I'm dressed like a real Bimbo! I... I just put the clothes on, like Josh told me to. I... I just did what he said. Why?'

Only now was her actions dawning on her - and it scared the hell out of her.

Even that rising panic, however, wasn't enough to make her break character - hell, it didn't even wipe the simpering, vapid expression from her new face.

She stood the, slowly realizing the extent of what had happened to her, and worrying more and more about it... until she realized that troy was talking to her...

"...mind if we steal Josh for a few minutes?" Troy was asking with what he undoubtedly thought was a charming grin. "I want to talk to him."

Kandi went cold at the thought of being left alone - but her vapid smile didn't slip an inch. "Gee, I dunno..." She said, with a brainless giggle that she just couldn't stop from slipping from between her sexy new lips. "Can I talk to him for a sec, guys?"

"Sure." Troy said, and she giggled and led him off to the side, leaning closer to him, even though it caused her massive new bust to press against his arm with a disturbingly pleasant sensation that she didn't like enjoying.

"Josh... there's something wrong with me." She said in her ditzzy voice, keeping it low. "there must be something wrong with the procedure - because I can't seem to stop following the orders you gave me, and.."

* * * * *

Josh listened with mounting horror as Kandi tried to explain - then felt a wave of relief was over him as he realized two things, both of which greatly amused him. The first was the fact that, knowing about them or not, she was still bound by the commands he put in her mind, and she couldn't break her 'persona' for anybody but him.

Even more importantly - Kandi, subconsciously, considered him such a 'big dumb jock' that it hadn't even occurred to her that he'd known what was happening. She thought it was all one big mistake.

Playing on that, he continued to play dumb, and make sure that nothing would go wrong with his plan.

"Look - I'm not quite following you." Josh lied. "The guys want to talk to me, so you just go ahead and do your 'bimbo' routine for everybody until I get back, then you can explain everything to me as I take you home. Just don't bother me until I tell you I've got the time to listen."

He had to hide a smile as he saw despair flash through her huge, limpid eyes. Though she was falling out of that phase where he had complete control, there was enough left to make sure she wouldn't 'bother' him with the problem until he was ready - and she'd think it was all some mistake. Once he'd changed her back, she'd be upset about the way she'd had to act like a bimbo all night, but there'd be no harm done, and she wouldn't ever blame him for it, thinking it was just a problem with a machine that 'poor dumb Josh' couldn't have caught onto, much less taken advantage.

He watched as she helplessly let go of his arm and giggled a 'See ya' before heading towards the growing group of people in the back yard. Josh watched her go, admiring the sexy wiggle of her ass, thinking he was going to miss the 'ultimate bimbo' when he did turn her back. Of course, he knew he was being a bastard, but it was really mostly harmless, and nobody was really getting hurt - just really, really embarrassed.

Turning away from the perversely delightful sight of the ex-man's wiggling ass and long, tanned legs, Josh walked over to where Troy and Kurt were waiting.

"So - should we just declare the contest done and you can give me the keys to the Ferrari?" Josh joked.

"The car's yours..." Troy said, utterly serious, as he watched Kandi's departing backside. "...If you'll just tell me the truth about where that incredible piece of ass came from. I can't believe that she's real. Just how much surgery did she get to look like that, and how much did you pay her to act that way?"

The two young men turned their eyes on Josh and waited for the answer. Josh opened his mouth... then sighed.

The sigh was part of an act - because he had been struck by pure inspiration even as the first tendrils of panic had set in. After all, he practically wanted to brag about his genius at what he'd done - but he'd had a flash of sheer genius, something that would make a believable story - and make him the most famous guy on campus, getting him everything he could ever want.

Pretending to 'give in', he told the guys the 'truth'.

"Okay, you want to know?" Josh said, dragging them into a secluded corner of the yard and looking around theatrically. "you just have to keep it quite -only people you really know and trust."

"Okay, sure.." Troy said. "Spill it, Josh."

Josh smiled. "That's her real personality - but not her real body. She didn't have any surgery, though."

He wasn't about to reveal it was really a guy - this way was much better. "Huh?" Kurt asked.

Josh smiled even wider. "I rented the apartment next to mine, and had this guy build me a machine. One that can change how people look - you know, give girls bigger tits, or..."

His smile almost broke his face as he revealed the insight that was going to make him the most popular guy ever to go to college. "...or give guys bigger dicks..."

The two guys looked at him in disbelief. "yeah, right!"

Josh shrugged. "What if I can prove it?" he said. "Come on - I'll take you there and show you - and then, when we get back, you can give me the keys to the Ferrari..."

* * * * *

Kandi wandered through the crowd, helplessly grinning back at the men gaping over her new, hugely- endowed body. Inside, she was horrified and disgusted by being trapped at the part, playing the role of 'bimbo' - but she couldn't stop herself, despite the rising disgust, horror and panic, especially at having been abandoned by Josh. She wished that she'd taken time to explain it more slowly and carefully, so he would have understood her - but in her rush to explain and get a lift home, she'd annoyed him, and he'd inadvertently trapped her in this persona, thinking she was only 'willingly' playing along.

"Well, hello there..." A vaguely handsome guy with dark hair said to her - or, rather, to her huge tits, because that's where his eyes were fastened. "I'm Kyle. Can I buy you a drink, hot stuff?"

Kandi shuddered inside, horrified at being hit on by a man - and so blatantly, too. She opened her mouth and said:

"I'm Kandi! *Giggle* I'd love a drink, handsome!"

'Oh, shit!' Kandi thought in horror - no matter how much she actually wanted to run away, disgusted, accepting drinks - and reveling in the attention - from guys was part of a perfect bimbo's persona - and she couldn't help herself.

In fact - she helplessly found herself taking his arm and smiling stupidly at him, pressing her huge bust against his shoulder as he led her to the bar.

In no time at all, she was seated on a chaise lounge, helplessly flirting with a ring of men who surrounded her, laughing at the stupid jokes and responding 'positively' to even the worst, most blatant, and tackiest of their come-ons...

..while, inside, Kandi desperately struggled to regain control of her renegade body, screaming in utter, embarrassed disgust at the way she was helplessly acting.

Her single thread of redemption was the fact that 'bimbo' or not, she was safe from actually taking any of the guys up on their offers. Even a bimbo had the right to choose who'd they'd sleep with, and since her actual sexual orientation was still safely unaltered, she wasn't compelled to sleep with any of the guys.

In fact...

After twenty minutes of so of the helpless flirting, Kandi began to calm down. Though she was embarrassed and disgusted by her flirting, nothing could come of it with these guys - and they'd never know that the huge-breasted woman that they were flirting with was 'really' a guy. Knowing she was safe from them, and from 'discovery'...

...she began to find that she could actually get a kick out of finding ways to turn guys down. A lot of these guys were the ones who'd tortured 'the Nerd' while growing up, and Kandi began to enjoy the power she could secretly wield in her new form. Like when she brainlessly giggled and 'thoughtlessly' turned one guy down because she's 'heard he was too quick in bed'...

Since she was just a 'bimbo', who blurted stuff out without thinking, there was nothing the guy could do, other than blush and try to bear up under his friends' ribbing.

Kandi began to enjoy the things she could get guys to do for her, too, sending them on all sorts of stupid errands, like when she had a craving for strawberries, something that wasn't at the party - a dozen guys dashed off to the local stores to search for them.

Meanwhile, Kandi surreptitiously began eyeing the women at the party, wondering which ones might not take offense if a dumb bimbo should suggest a little girl-girl action...

* * * * *

"...and that makes it official." Troy said with a grin, sliding the keys to the Ferrari onto Josh's key-ring and handing them back to the smiling youth. "Go ahead - take'er out for a spin. I suggest Old Route 66 - it's the best for a test-drive, even if it is a ways away."

"Sounds great!" Josh said, sliding behind the wheel of the bright red car with a sigh of pleasure.

The grin on his face was more than just the car, though - it was also because of his two new - and now very well-endowed - best friends.

He'd taken them to the apartment and taken them, one at a time, into the spare room and put them into the machine. Because it was a 'localized' change rather than a full-body change, giving them the over-sized cocks they'd wanted had been quick and easy...

...but it hadn't stopped them from becoming as suggestible as Kandi had been after coming out of the machine, and Josh had given them some instructions to make them *very* friendly and generous towards him. Learning a lesson from Kandi, though, he'd also instructed them to completely forget that he'd made the suggestion, making them think they'd each decided it on their own, as an effect of him giving them such huge, thick cocks, each one tailored to their own ideal 'equipment', making them supremely happy.

Now, he turned the key in the ignition, and heard the performance engine scream into life. Laughing with sheer joy - and Kandi not even crossing his mind in his moment of bliss - he put the car into gear and left a trail of burnt rubber behind him as he squealed out of the driveway.

Troy watched him go with a grin - then turned to Kurt, and held up the key to the 'change Machine' apartment he'd adroitly palmed while putting the car keys on the ring.

"So - you think Tracy and Nina would like to... enhance themselves?" Troy asked, with a grin.

"Oh, sure... and maybe a couple of the guys from the team." Kurt suggested. "You know - just to 'round out' the locker room, maybe intimidate a water-boy or two..."

Grinning, the two men began to make mental lists of who to initiate into the club, glad they'd watched carefully as Josh had rather stupidly shown them how the machine worked.

Of course, each on thought to himself, for the great power he'd inadvertently given them, they'd make sure he was well compensated, being generous and nice to him almost to a fault... It was the least they could do...

* * * * *

" 'scuse me!" Kandi giggled, rising - and actively making sure that the motion was as utterly sexy as she could make it, enjoying the dumb looks on the guys faces as they stared mindlessly at her body. "Gotta go 'powder my nose'."

As they guys watched her derrière - which she made sure to put an extra wiggle in - Kandi headed for the main house.

She was thoroughly enjoying herself now, and wished josh was around so she could thank him. Once she'd gotten over her initial, ingrained emotions about being 'sissy', she'd really begun to enjoy herself.

She was playing the ultimate 'practical joke' on the guys who'd made life so awkward growing up, and was doing so in an infallible costume. Sure, it felt perverted flirting with 'other' guys, but she knew that she'd never fulfill their dreams of having sex with her, which made it a harmless 'guilty pleasure' that only she would ever know about - even josh wasn't here to witness the 'perverted' things she was doing, and if he had been, he would think it was part of her 'need' to act the bimbo, once she'd explained the accident that had happened. After all, she would never tell him the truth, that she'd actually gotten into playing the role and went along willingly.

Reaching the bathroom, she closed and locked the door, then undid the 'hidden' zipper down the side of the skirt and let it puddle around her shapely ankles, revealing the lacy white bikini briefs she was wearing. Pulling these down, she awkwardly bent over, having a hard time seeing past the damned, annoying, heavy tits, and raised the lid and seat of the toilet...

...then sighed and lowered the seat again, rolling her eyes as she turned around and sat her full, round ass on the john.

It took a couple of minutes to actually work up the nerve to release her bladder, as peeing as a woman just felt so... wrong. When she finally did let go, she found it also felt considerably different, the urine coming out in fits and burst that just sort of sprayed any-which-way.

Of course, that didn't hold a candle to how weird - and perversely pleasurable - it felt to wipe her crotch, her hand seemingly wanting to spend more time pressed against her pussy, especially if she moved it in a rocking motion right there...

Blushing, Kandi finished cleaning herself off, washed her hands, and rearranged her clothing. She opened the door to the bathroom...

...and found herself facing four attractive young women. Her first thought was a gleeful idea that maybe these girls had already had the idea of some lesbo fun with the buxom bimbo at the party...

...but the look on their faces quickly dissuaded her.

"What's going on?" She asked perkily, her confusion and fear hidden by her facade.

"You having fun there, *Kandi*..?" the brunette nearest to her asked, unpleasant tones dripping all over her pronunciation of the name.

"Uh, I..." Kandi started, feeling a chill up her spine.

"Come with us, Kandi." A redhead suggested in a cold, firm tone. "I think we need to talk."

Kandi shuddered as she felt the command worm itself into her brain. Though she was improving, she wasn't completely 'safe' yet. All they guys had been too busy trying to be slick or cute or suave - none had tried a 'direct order', and so she'd been unaffected.

This woman's iron tone, however, grabbed her brain, leaving Kandi helpless to refuse.

"Okay!" She agreed with a brainless grin, trying - and failing - to force herself to walk away. Instead, she followed the four pissed-off women into a study at the far side of the house. They led her inside - then shut and locked the door.

"Sit down." The redhead ordered. Tall, shapely and attractive, the lines around her steely blue eyes and full lips suggested that she was a 'rich bitch', used to taking control - and Kandi simply couldn't refuse the iron tone she was wielding.

"Sure!" She said, flouncing helplessly to a chair and sitting in it, facing the four angry women.

Unfortunately for Kandi, the iron-willed redhead seemed to have been elected spokeswoman of the little group.

"So, Kandi - you certainly seem to be having fun flirting with the guys out there." The redhead said, pacing in front of the seated ex-male bimbo. "All of the guys..."

"Gee, yeah!" Kandi giggled, unable to stop herself even as she realized the source of the girls' ire.

The red-head glared at her. "Oh, knock off the bimbo routine! **Nobody's** that much of a bimbo - hell, you're acting like a walking stereotype. For God's sake, tell me the truth - you're just *pretending* this is the way you are, aren't you Kandi?" the way it was phrased left Kandi with only one answer she could give - the 'somewhat truth', from the inherent assumption in the red-head's question.

"Oh, I'm playing it up a little, 'cause it's fun." Kandi admitted with painfully obvious sincerity, since what she was saying was the absolute truth - as far as it went. "But, otherwise, it's just the way Kandi Kantalopes is, and I can't do anything about it!" She shrugged. "Sorry!"

Well, it was true - as far as it went. Of course, it didn't occur to the red-head or her friends to ask Kandi if she'd ever been anybody other than Kandi...

The women shared an incredulous look, the buxom blonde bimbo's sincerity taking them aback a bit. Unfortunately for Kandi, not enough - Red went back on the offensive.

"Be honest!" She commanded. "You've had plastic surgery and breast implants to look like that, haven't you?"

Again, sincerity laced Kandi's soprano voice as she answered truthfully. "Nope. I've never had any surgery of any kind to look like this!"

Which, again was true.

The brunette was obviously the most doubtful, despite the apparent sincerity of Kandi's answers. "Oh, come on!" She said to her friends. "Surely you don't believe that the actually stereotypical bimbo exists. I mean - she's to perfect a bimbo in every way. It's not possible."

"I don't know..." Red hesitated. "I mean... she seems to be telling the truth..."

Red turned back to Kandi, all doubt leaving her voice as she took on the imperious, commanding tones Kandi so feared.

"Okay - I want the truth to my questions." She said. "Did you really enjoy teasing those guys with you body?"

Helpless to fully explain because of her need to play the bimbo, there was no sign for Kandi that the answer wasn't heart-felt and eager. "Oh, yes!"

"Have you ever had a long-term boyfriend that you've remained faithful to?" "Oh, gosh, no!"

Red's eyes rolled. "Have you ever, as far back as you can remember, dressed in more... conservative dresses, skirts or blouses?"

"Nope!" Kandi grinned - screaming mentally at Red to rephrase the question so she could answer it differently...

"Do you always show off your tits like that? Flaunt them and use them to turn guys on?" Red demanded.

"Ever since I've had 'em!" Kandi said, with apparent pride.

'Oh, God - please let this stop!' She prayed, mentally, horrified at the way she was being depicted, struggling - in vain - to 'break character'...

Red sighed and shrugged at the other girls, who were looking on Kandi with near pity, now...

...except the brunette, who seemed more pissed then ever at the 'revelations' that told the 'truth' about Kandi. Her face in a snarl, she pushed Red aside and loomed over Kandi, her voice full of the strength of her anger, hard and strong.

"So, this is who you really are, huh?" She said...

Feeling a surge of relief, Kandi opened her mouth to explain, to end this...

"Shut up! I don't want you to say a damned thing until I'm done with you!" the brunette screamed - and a wave of despair washed over Kandi as her mouth helplessly locked closed on her explanation, and salvation.

"Well, so you can't help yourself!" The brunette shouted, shrugging of Red's restraining arm. Sharing a look of resignation, the other three women turned away and studiously ignored the brunette and her hapless victim.

"Well, fine!" The brunette shout. "Go back out there and flirt outrageously with the guys!"

Kandi wanted to either scream or whimper as the words slammed into her brain like sledge-hammer blows - but was helplessly to do anything other than grin rapidly at the woman who was unknowingly sinking Kandi into her own, personal hell.

"Go ahead, try to turn them all on with your body!" The brunette continued to rant, furiously. "Try to get as many of them as hard as you can! Rub your body up against them! Kiss them with your oh-so- sexy lips! Go ahead!"

'Please, no...' Kandi moaned, inside, unable to stop the words - the commands - from being imprinted on her brain. She just wanted to curl up as she prayed to get to strike her deaf, dumb and blind.

It didn't happen, as the brunette continued her tirade.

"Go ahead, and seduce guys!" She screamed. "Get them to let you suck their cock! Get them to fondle and fuck your big titties! Go ahead and have them fuck you long and hard. Go ahead - be a cum-hungry nymphomaniac. Go right ahead!" She leaned in close to Kandi's vapid face. "Then, after you've spent all weekend at the party, sucking and fucking as many guys as you can, you go get yourself a job as a stripper or a whore or a porno star, and never... ever... come... back!"

Finished her rant, the brunette turned on one high-heel and stormed out of the room, followed by her three friends, who muttered inane, half-hearted apologies for the brunette as she abashedly filed out, all four heading towards the garage, then home, without rejoining the party in the yard.

...leaving Kandi to wallow in the misery inside her head, even as her rogue body rose from the chair, smile still helplessly fixed to her full lips as she strode out of the room with her sexy little stride, heading helplessly towards the yard, even as she fought, mentally kicking and screaming, to break through the layers of programming and escape, before it was too late.

She couldn't, and found herself going through the kitchen and out the back door to the yard, where twilight had already sunk towards full night, leaving the yard lit by the lights and lanterns set up for the party.

As she helplessly jiggled and swayed across the lawn, it took a second for Kandi's sobbing, screaming, captive mind to realize that the party had changed flavor. For one thing, it was much smaller than it had been. For another... there was something slightly 'off' in the flavor of the people still left, though she couldn't immediately put her finger on it.

Kandi had no way of knowing that Troy had pared down the guest-list, making excuses to get rid of everybody he didn't want to know about 'The Change Machine', so that his remaining guests would be free to talk about it...

...now that they'd each had a go at it.

Of course, what none of the guests had the slightest clue about was the fact that they were all highly suggestible, and had already had their mindset altered to one degree or another by things said without any idea how the person in question would be - very deeply - affected...

Helplessly, struggling internally - and in vain - to escape her fate, Kandi drew closer to the pool, where the remaining guests had gathered, lit mostly from the soft glow of the underwater floods.

As she drew closer, Kandi's stunned, horrified - and trapped - mind began to make out more details about the remaining guests. One of the first things she noticed was the fact that the ration was definitely skewed, with a three-to-one predominance of men. She also noticed that many of the guests, especially the remaining female guests, had apparently run home to change into new outfits, quite often sexier or more 'trashy' ones...

Kandi was just beginning to wonder why so many of the female guests were so remarkably beautiful, sexy, and/or buxom, when she entered the pool of light, and was noticed.

"Hey!" Troy announced in a gracious tone. "Here's the sexually goddess who started our little club - come on over, gorgeous!"

Helplessly, Kandi found herself smiling more broadly and adding a little extra 'oomph' in her walk as she angled towards him...

...and walked right into his arm, her slender, tanned arms sliding around his firm, muscular body as she pulled herself tightly against him, her huge tits shoved firmly into his upper chest. Because of her height, he long legs, and high heels, she was taller than Troy...

..so she found herself tilting her head down as her lips parted in silent, hateful invitation.

Troy needed no extra encouragement. With the hand not holding his beer, he reached around and cupped her firm, full ass through her leather shorts, squeezing and fondling her firm buttock as he tilted his head to press his lips firmly against hers, kissing her hungrily.

Troy was glad to see her - because it meant there was one more woman hanging around. Troy couldn't understand how his careful plan to end up with a nice balance of men and women at his new 'Changed Club Initiation Party' had gone so utterly askew.

Of course, he - and the other guests - didn't know about the mental susceptibility to 'innocent' comments. Many of the men had offered the just-changed women 'compliments'... like 'you're so gorgeous, you should be a model'. The woman, finding the idea suddenly very important, would run off to start her new career. Likewise, similar comments on how a buxom woman should be this, or a now athletic woman should be that, or how a certain woman should 'but clothes' that would emphasize this-or-that new feature had sent many of the women off on suddenly overwhelmingly important quests.

In at least one case, a woman had been so annoying about the 'utter perfection' she thought her new body was, somebody had suggested she 'go fuck herself'...

Kandi, on the other hand, wasn't yet aware of the new purpose of the party - at the moment, she was busy trying to cope with the fact that she was 'eagerly' and 'hungrily' kissing a man...

...and finding it physically pleasurable, which only served to increase her hidden emotional and intellectual disgust, shame and horror as she kissed Troy with every sign of complete and utter contentment with having her lush new body pressed against his, their tongues dancing sensually in a long, passionate kiss.

They had just broken the kiss - Troy, utterly happy, Kandi, looking equally as pleased, but disgusted at having kissed a man -- and found it enjoyable - when Kandi felt another arm slide around her flat, bare stomach and draw her back.

Turning, she found herself facing a tall, slender man with a shit-eating grin on his face, his eyes locked on her cleavage.

"Hey, hot stuff.." The guy - who somebody had called 'tit obsessed', and so now he was - said hungrily to the woman with the biggest tits at the party. "Mind if I play with your tits for awhile?"

"No, honey - I'd love it..." Kandi giggled, helplessly, arching her back to make her huge tits all the more prominent.

"Great..." The man said, practically drooling. Eagerly, he unzipped the silver sipper running down the front of the bustier top, negligently letting it drop free as he gazed over her shoulder in abject adoration of her huge, round tits.

"Oh, yeah..." He said, cupping each tit with a hand and fondling them. "Oh, god - yeah..."

"Yeah..." Kandi moaned in agreement - hating the fact that his touch was driving her wild, his skillful manipulation causing pleasure to run through her huge tits and rapidly swelling nipples. She didn't want to enjoy this curse, and the fact a man was touching her disgusted her...

...but the actual sensation was pleasurable.. and arousing...

"Hey, Melissa..." The man said, his voice thick with pleasure at fondling Kandi's huge tits as he addressed the least-endowed woman there, who was busy gazing at her 'perfect' face in a compact mirror.

"Yeah, Ron...?" She replied in a distracted tone, smiling at her reflection.

"God.. you should go get yourself a pair of tits like these..." He moaned - and his new, deeply ingrained obsession made him continue. "...or even bigger. A pair of huge, firm, round tits, to drive men nuts and make them crazy to fuck you.. Oh, yeah - you've gotta know how great having huge tits would be..."

Melissa's face went momentarily blank - then she shook her head. "Oh, yeah..." She said, almost hungrily. "Huge, round tits... to drive men wild.. Oh, it's so sexy..."

Almost frantically, she rose from the chair she'd been seated at and hurried towards the gate.

Ron, on the other hand, didn't seem interested in leaving at all as he swung around to face Kandi...

...so he could bury his face against her tits, licking and sucking her huge, thick nipples as he continued to fondle her firm mounds.

"Ohhhh..." Kandi moaned helplessly, letting her head loll back in pleasure - and pleasure was indeed what she was feeling, whether she wanted to or not. Ron was definitely very talented, and he was causing her great amounts of...

Kandi was ashamed by the burst of regret she felt when Ron stopped. "Lay down..." Ron said, thickly. "I.. I gotta fuck these babies.."

Helplessly, Kandi found herself smiling at him, cupping her huge tits together invitingly as she slowly sank to her knees, then lay back in the grass beside the pool.

"Oh, yeah..." Ron said, quickly undoing his pants and dropping them and his shorts down, revealing an amazingly long, of not particularly thick, cock, already rock hard and throbbing in the pale light.

By now, Kandi had realized that Josh had let the secret out, and these people had used the machine. If nothing else, the sight of Ron's unusual cock would have quelled any doubts. However, there was nothing she could do about it, trapped in the role of a sex-hungry bimbo as Ron straddled her, placing his long, warm cock in her monumental cleavage.

Helplessly, she placed her hands on either side of her huge, bouncy boobs and pushed them together as Ron began to slowly move his hips, his long cock sliding in her cleavage, the head popping in and out from the top of that chasm.

Kandi moaned in 'pleasure' - but it was feigned. She was enjoying her hands pressing her own tits more than she was the feeling of the cock sliding between them - and she hated herself 'longing' for the pleasure of him fondling her tits. Instead, there was nothing she could do but pretend to enjoy it as he continued to tit-fuck her massive new bust...

* * * * *

Stepping out of the machine, Josh walked over to the mirror and struck a pose, admiring the enormous, thick cock that thrust from his crotch.

After finishing his test-drive, he'd arrived back at the party... to find that Troy and Kurt had 'spilled the beans' to a select 'few' friends. That hadn't really bothered Josh terribly - though he'd planned for Troy and Kurt to bring other would-be 'changers' to him for the work, so he could extend his hold, the thought of the bunch of them running around 'suggestible' had caused him a guilty thrill, and though he'd known he should have said something, he figured it was a) not his fault; and b) about what they deserved.

What had really pissed him off was Troy's denying him re-entry to the party, since he was 'unchanged'. Despite the fact he was the one that had allowed Troy and Kurt to do what they'd done, Troy seemed fixated on not letting anyone but fellow changees into the party...

What Josh didn't know was that it had been Kurt's idea, and mentioning it to Troy had imprinted it on Troy's brain, so Troy was completely unable to 'bend the rules' to let Josh in.

Josh had driven his new car home, upset... then, after some thought, had decided that having a huge cock (temporarily) would be fun, then he could change himself back afterwards.

"Now..." Josh told his almost ridiculously well-endowed reflection. "I'll just wait four hours before going back to the party, so I'm safely past the 'easily suggestible' stage, and then..."

Just then, the door to the room opened, and a mildly shapely girl with a breath-takingly lovely face entered the room.

"Wha..." Josh stammered. "What are you doing here!"

"I need bigger tits." The woman said, in a tone of voice that said it should have been self explanatory. "Huge tits, sexy tits! Huge, round, sexy tits are so wonderful to have! To cram into tight tops, and flaunt. To drive men wild so they want to fondle and suck and fuck them. I need to have huge, round tits!"

She began to walk around the console, to get to the computer and beginning the programming.

Josh then made a mistake. The only cases of 'suggested' people he'd seen were the one's he'd programmed himself, and he'd never stayed around and seen the total, overwhelming affect of the suggestions. He'd never seen the effects of ill-planned 'random' comments at all, since he'd been careful in his programming of Kandi, Kurt and Troy.

So he didn't truly realize how stupid trying to reason with this apparently obsessed woman was as he walked towards her, finding his huge new cock to be a bit of a nuisance when he moved.

"Look - you don't really have to give yourself huge tits.." he began, and didn't think to phrase it in a more commanding tone, which might have had the desired effect.

"Yes - I need huge, firm tits!" She insisted, turning to face him. "Look!"

She gestured at her probably c-cup chest, which Josh actually thought was her nicest feature, after her face - not a 'big tit' aficionado, he'd chosen that look for Kandi because he knew it was what Troy liked, and that was who's 'dream woman' he'd been making Kandi.

So - without thinking, Josh screwed up royally.

"I think you look fine - great, in fact." He said, honestly - then shoved both feet deep into his mouth with: "Why would you want to make them bigger?"

Based on the mindless obsession dumped into her, Melissa began raving. "Oh, huge tits are the best. Huge tits are so sexy, and sensitive. The feel great, it feels fantastic to show them off and get men all hot and horny over them, and to get them to fondle and suck them! Oh, you have no idea how great huge tits will be - you should try it!"

Josh blinked. Maybe he was being unnecessarily critical. After all, just because he wasn't a fan of huge tits, he shouldn't try and judge this girl. Hell - maybe...

"That's a good idea." Josh agreed, no longer capable of considering what had just happened. "yeah - yeah, go ahead and give yourself a huge set of tits, then set it up again. I might as well see what it's like before I bitch about it, right?"

The woman smiled, turning back to the computer. "Yeah! Yeah, we'll each get a pair of big, huge tits! You've gotta see what it feels like, having them and fondling them and cramming them into tight clothes so you can get men all turned on to fondle and suck them! You'll absolutely love it!"

Josh nodded - that sounded like a good plan...

* * * * *

Helplessly, Kandi headed back towards the small knot of party-goers, having just finished a shower to wash off the spray of cum that had messed up her face and hair, followed by a careful session of applying some borrowed make-up - a torturous task, since she wasn't very skilled at it, and didn't have any help. Asking for some would have seemed out of character.

She was almost to the group of people, and just noticing that some people had left, and a few others arrived, when she noticed somebody coming up from the gate...

..and found herself giggling. It was the girl, Melissa...

...and she was *huge*. Kandi's tits might be the size of basketballs, but barely concealed by the straining blouse Melissa wore was a set that was closer to beach-ball size, with incredibly huge, thick nipples straining to burst free of the fabric. Kandi was amazed she was walking so gracefully, knowing how heavy her own, comparatively smaller tits were - Melissa would have to get used to the backaches that would accompany such a gargantuan set of tits.

The giggle had been both in character, and startled out of her - but instantly she began to regret it, hating what her invention was doing to these people. This was all her fault. It was bad enough what she'd ended up having done to herself in her quest to be accepted socially - but she wanted to cry at the sight of what it was doing to these people...

...these shallow, vain people. Now, she found it hard to believe she'd ever wanted to be part of their group. With their psyches unguarded, they were letting what truly lurked beneath run rampant, and Kandi knew that her old, geeky group of friends might have actually given in to the temptation to play with the device she'd created, if she'd told them about it - but their 'playing' would have been careful and well planned, with plenty of safeguards to ensure there was no lasting damage. That was

the idea behind the device, that it be used for temporary, safe applications, eventually leading to rigidly controlled cosmetic surgery replacement and the like.

Even as she helplessly chatted with the now massively-endowed Melissa and continued towards the party, such as it was, Kandi could see these rich, popular people for what they truly were - vain, egotistical, self-centered. They were the handsome, popular group - and that was because they were so intently focused on appearance, on themselves, on 'taking', rather than sharing. Even as she felt the guilt of being the unwilling architect of this bizarre situation, she also felt a sort of cosmic justice as work - the people who were the most vain about themselves and their lifestyles were unwittingly driving each other into extremes, just as Josh had driven her into her own sort of just, pre-enacted punishment for what eventually came about from her actions.

Then Melissa and Kandi had rejoined the strange 'Initiation' party, where she was the only one who, as yet, knew what was happening - and the time for such deep, intelligent thoughts were past as she was once more submerged in the depths of her own torture.

"Hey, Kandi..." Carl - a once slender man, now quite muscular - said with a grin, slipping his hand around her waste.

"Hey handsome.." Kandi helplessly replied, 'willing' sharing a quick-but-passionate kiss with him - and taking guilty pleasure in enjoying it, having come to the conclusion that the best she could do was force herself get over some of her ingrained feelings and enjoy whatever she could, since not everything would even have the dubious 'pro' of being physically pleasurable, as she'd discovered. It still felt sick and perverted to enjoy a kiss - but that pleasure itself was the only thing she had a choice about. She could choose to enjoy it, or hate herself for finding it pleasurable - and since she couldn't actually control herself, or stop the actual actions she was going to commit, she was going to have to salvage whatever she could from this, or simply sink beneath the sheer weight of negative emotions that was building up from this.

Breaking the quick kiss, Carl grinned. "Hey - that's some set of lips you got on you, babe."

"Gee, I *sooo* glad you like them!" Kandi gushed, helpless to stop. "You wanna see what they're like wrapped around you cock, baby?"

"Oh, yeah - that's what I want to hear..." Carl agreed, enthusiastically. "You got it, babe!" Kandi giggled, sinking helplessly to her knees.

"Oh, wow - Kandi's gonna blow..." A girl (who somebody had told was a world-class cock-sucker, and so she now considered herself to be.) said, fuzzily. The woman's current state wasn't helped at all by the bag of pot that had been brought out, a fair amount of which she'd had between 'toking the *other* kind of joint', as she had put it to one guy.

In the dazed, doped state she was in, the woman leaned over. "Kandi - you'll love sucking cock. Absolutely."

Kandi's mind froze in horror - but she only felt the barest twinge in her mind, not that sledge-hammer impact from before. Mentally, she sighed in relief at the fact she was now safe from any further 'tampering'...

...not realizing that the weak 'command' from the stoned woman, faint as it was, had sort of filtered through her brain to connect up with the still-powerful words of the brunette who, during her ranting, had - among other damning things - had told her to be 'cum-hungry'.

It was enough for the weak little command to merge with that very powerful one...

Pulling down Carl's shorts, Kandi found herself facing one of the few cocks in the group that was unchanged - though Carl had been fairly well endowed to begin with. Now, his cock sprung from his crotch, hard and ready.

Mentally shuddering, Kandi leaned forward, her lips helplessly parting to accept his cock into her mouth.

It was... different. Though her emotions were screaming at her the sensation was neither inherently pleasant, or unpleasant. The taste of a cock in her mouth - or Carl's at least - was sort of salty and musty, with a faint - but unpleasant - hint of old sweat and other, less savory, flavors. Not unbearably unpleasant though, and balanced by the mildly pleasant sensation of it's presence - it sort of felt like she was French-kissing a very large, warm, throbbing tongue.

Wrapping one hand around the base of his shaft, Kandi began to bob her head up and down with wet, slurping noises, her lips locked tightly around the shaft as her tongue danced around. She let her body sort of drop into a 'natural' rhythm, trying very hard to separate her mind from the reality of what was happening, imagining that she was simply sucking on a strange new type of lollipop, and making up her mind whether she liked it.

It actually worked - her body continued performing her first blow-job while she fell into a daze, not consciously realizing what she was doing at all as she went through the motions well enough. In fact, so separated was she from the actual actions, that it came as a surprise to Kandi when Carl grunted and began to cum.

She'd planned to suck him to the edge and let him splatter over her face and cleavage, then grabbing another shower - but the surprise of the ejaculation caused her to instinctively swallow the first gush... then she was frantically sucking on the cock like it was a straw.

Cum! Cum tasted... spectacular! Fantastic! The warm, thick, salty liquid filling her mouth and gushing down her throat was the most utterly wonderful substance she'd ever tasted. Pure ambrosia!

She didn't even maintain the presence of mind to be disgusted by her sudden, eager desire to drain every drop of Carl's wonderful man-fluid. She also didn't realize that the now-permanently-linked commands in her mind had literally made her 'cum-hungry' - the flavor of the sperm gushing in her mouth was completely new to her, and she had no way of knowing that it would have been disgusting to her. Not even realizing this was a result of implanted commands, her mind didn't attach the stigmata of it being 'forced' onto her, and she gobbled the cum like a woman starved.

"Oh.. that was wonderful!" Kandi moaned as she lapped up the last drop and pulled her mouth free. "Umm... Cum tastes soooo.. great!"

Inside, she was shocked to find that she was deliriously happy with the taste, feel and texture of cum - but she couldn't stop herself. It was the most enjoyable thing she could remember ever swallowing, and even if she had to (ugh) suck a man's cock to get it, it was a small price to pay to drink such a wonderful substance.

She'd suck cock any time for this. Hell, she'd do it again right this instant... She could, too.

"Excuse me..." She said, vapidly, to Carl as he puled up his shorts, her eyes already hungrily searching for another 'donor'. Somewhere, in the back of her mind, she was disgusted by her sudden 'addiction' to cum - but that was easily drowned out by the sheer pleasure of gulping down a hot load.

Rising to her high-heels, he was barely aware of the weight and shift of her bust as she moved, of her sexy wiggle, of all the other sensations and reminders of her cursed status...

..she was too focused on getting some more of that delicious cum.

* * * * *

Wet hair slicked back, dressed in a thick, long bathrobe and pair of pantyhose, Josh walked out of the bathroom.

The athletically-built youth felt unbelievable silly wearing the pantyhose, but they were the only viable solution he'd found for his gigantic new cock. Melissa, the girl who'd helped him get his incredible, perfect set of tits...

Josh paused at the mere thought of his glorious mounds and gazed down with a smile at the mile of cleavage showed through the artfully arranged top of the bathrobe that barely covered his glorious, gigantic, and oh-so-delightfully-sensitive new nipples. His perfect new bust hung there, smooth and soft and unblemished - Melissa had been smart enough to realize how stupid tits would look with his chest hair, and had considerably had the machine remove all his bodily hair as well. It felt weird to have smooth, soft skin and (because she'd used the same setting she'd set up for herself) he was embarrassed to have both the smoother, silkier skin she'd wanted - and the higher, finer eyelashes she'd included. However, all of that was a small price to pay for his spectacular new tits - he absolutely loved them, and didn't know why he'd ever thought big tits were undesirable on women, much less himself...

Anyway - Melissa had not only helped him with that, she'd also been kind enough to hive him a long tit-fondle in exchange for one herself - and had even thrown in a blow-job for his new cock, which had been great.

Since Josh didn't want any chance of somebody 'suggesting' something to him - which could lead to problems - he was sticking to his plan of staying where it was safe until his suggestibility wore of. Oh, yes, he was smart - there was no way somebody was going to make him do something stupid.

The problem was - there was nobody here to fondle or appreciate his new, spectacular tits - except for himself. He'd spent the entire time in the shower, uncontrollably fondling his tits and jacking of his cock, aroused by the reflection of his perfect bust in the mirror. He'd sat on the little bench in the stall, screaming with pleasure over and over again, until his voice had gone hoarse and his throat had felt like it was full of ground glass, expressing the twin ecstasies of orgasms - and just having these wonderful new additions to play with.

His throat wasn't the only thing sore, though. Despite his smooth, soft legs, his cock was very tender and the bouncing and jostling from merely walking was very, very painful. He'd over-used his cock so much even fondling his huge new nipples wouldn't get a twitch out of it, and it was very sore and tender indeed - his underwear had felt like sandpaper against it when he'd tried to use them to restrain his limp new cock.

So - the soft, confining fabric of the pantyhose. He felt like an idiot wearing them on his smooth, muscular legs, but they did a great job of holding his cock immobile in a pleasantly soft grip.

Walking gingerly, Josh headed towards the kitchen for a drink, loving the way his huge new tits jiggled and swayed with each step...

...when the door to the apartment opened, and a guy Josh didn't know came in.

Josh saw the guys' eyes flick to the well-deployed expanse of breast-flesh - and felt a wave of desire. Here was somebody who could appreciate Josh's wonderful new endowments, could fondle and suck them...!

"Hi there..." Josh said in the husky whisper that was the best his battered throat could manage. "What say you give these babies a bit of TLC, huh?"

+ + +

Luke stared in disbelief at the amazonian woman standing before him, her thick bathrobe open at the top to display her unbelievably huge, firm tits, and her grotesquely muscular legs, in nylons, protruding from the bottom of the knee-length robe.

"Uh... no thanks..." Luke grimaced.

The woman seemed stricken, the pained tone coming through in her husky voice. "What... Is there something wrong with my tits?"

Luke almost replied that they were freakishly huge - but decided, given her obvious affection for her bust, to re-phrase it.

"Look, your tits are fine." He lied, seeing relief flood across her square-jawed, too-masculine face. He sought a not-too-mean way of offering an excuse... "What you need to do is find a more seductive way of asking - and a lot more feminine mouth and voice in which to do it."

Okay, Luke thought, that last bit was unnecessarily cruel - he could have stopped after claiming it was the way she'd asked.

On the other hand - he could have went whole-hog and said she needed a new body to go with those tits...

Shaking his head, Luke went past the grotesque woman - he needed to increase his supply of cum, to make that sexy little cock-sucker happy...

+ + +

Blinking and shaking his head to clear it, Josh slapped his forehead.

"Of course!" He whispered huskily to himself. "I'm trying to get guys to fondle my tits! Sure, they focus entire on these gorgeous babies, so the fact that they'd attached to a man won't phase them - tit's like this, and it doesn't matter what they're attached to. But when I speak, it screw them up - who wants to hear a man asking you something like that."

Sitting on the couch, Josh waited impatiently for the guy to finish with The Machine, so he could go in and give him a new voice to better ask for what he wanted... and, while he was at it, he should do something with his lips, because the sound of a person's voice was a combination of vocal cords, tongue and lips, right...?

Hearing the guy finish, josh rose and padded towards the room as the guy was heading out, adjusting his pants...

...and was struck by the thought. If Josh couldn't get a man for his magnificent tits, maybe this guy - who had to be going back to the party - could convince a girl to come over for when Josh's cock was back in operation. Asking for a girl willing to suck or fuck would be to presumptuous, but maybe...

"Hey..." Josh said, just before the guy left. "Do you know anybody who likes handjobs? Likes the way it feels to have the hands wrapped around a huge, thick cock?"

The guy got a weird expression. "Look - you can't wrap your hands around a 'huge thick cock' unless you've got hands that are a lot smaller and more feminine, and a pair of arms that don't look strong enough to rip the cock out by it's root."

Snorting, the guy disappeared out the door.

Josh blinked. He didn't even have a chance to thank the guy for his insightful comment - the reason his cock was so sore from jacking off was because his hands were so thick and big, creating a lot of friction, and his arms were so muscular - he wasn't able to control his own strength. Geez, it was so obvious that Josh felt stupid for not realizing it earlier.

Going into the room, he walked over to the computer to begin programming it.

* * * * *

Groggily, Kandi staggered towards the bedroom Troy had said she could use - so she could sleep, because she was obviously dead on her feet.

Reaching the bedroom, Kandi stripped out of her clothes, such as they were, and crawled between the covers with a sigh of gratitude that she was going to be able to rest - and would get a break from her personal hell.

Even her hunger for cum had turned into a curse. She loved the taste of it, but she wasn't insatiable. (Nobody had specified that she was, so... - But she didn't know that.) After a half-dozen blow-jobs, she'd found her thirst for come satiated, at least for awhile - by tomorrow, she'd be ready for another dozen loads or so, spread throughout the day. Tonight, though, she'd had as much of the wonderful goo as she'd wanted...

..but having seen her 'love' of cum, the 'World-Champion Cock Sucker' had become upset, and had knelt beside Kandi and offered herself to all comers.

Kandi had found herself helplessly embroiled in a cock-sucking, cum-slurping contest. No matter how hard she'd tried, she couldn't stop herself from matching the Cock-Sucker, blow-job for blow-job...

...until Troy had taken pity on her, thankfully declaring the other woman the winner and sending Kandi off to bed.

Gratefully, Kandi began to let her eyes closed... "Ahem... Kandi?"

Kandi opened her eyes - to find Troy, dressed in a bathrobe, standing at the end of the bed. Helplessly, despite her utter exhaustion, Kandi found her lips lighting up into a bright smile, and her voice responding in a perky tone.

"Yeah, handsome?"

Troy smiled. "Well, Carl suggested I bring you a sleeping pill..."

Mentally, Kandi smiled - she certainly didn't need a pill to help her sleep. However, familiar as she was with 'suggestions' in this situation, she knew that Troy was obsessed with giving her the pill, and the only way she'd be rid of him was to take it.

However, Troy was still talking.

"...and Kurt noticed that, while you sucked a whole lot of guys off, some of us twice, nobody ever got you off - so he suggested that I come make sure you get the good fucking you deserve after such a long day."

Oh, shit. This was the last thing in the world that Kandi wanted, now or at any other time. The thing was, a) Troy was under a compulsion that made him incapable of NOT having sex with her; and b) She was completely incapable of saying 'no' to anybody who wanted her in any way.

Helplessly, she found herself throwing the sheet off of her, laying her nude body open to his eager gaze. Against her will, she found her new - and currently 'virgin' - cunt get quite hot and wet, part of a 'preprogrammed' response that she had no control over.

"All right, stud - fuck me good!" She said with mock command... and then giggled in perfect Bimbo fashion. "And remind me to... thank Kurt for noticing..."

Eagerly, Troy scampered up on the bed, where Kandi was waiting with an eager smile as he gently spread her legs and got himself positioned...

'Oh, god...' Kandi thought in horrified, disgusted despair. "I don't want to do this - I don't want to have another man penetrate me. This is the most disgusting, perverted, horrible.."

Then, with on smooth, gentle-yet-firm motion, Troy slid his huge, throbbing, Machine-enhanced cock all the way into her sopping wet cunt.

"Oh, Good God - yes!" Kandi screamed in ecstatic pleasure which was completely unfeigned, intense pleasure shuddering through her body at the delightful friction of his cock sliding over her clit and filling her cunt perfectly.

As a 'joke', Josh had given her a hymen-free, tight-yet-amazingly-flexible, amazingly pleasure- sensitive cunt... and, as a final touch of perfection in the body whose design he'd worked so hard on, he'd disabled and pain receptors in her new womanhood.

Kandi, of course, had no way of knowing these 'little' details - but was very, very appreciative indeed of the bet effect.

"Oh, baby, oh yes!" Kandi screamed out her rising pleasure as Troy's hips began working, driving his huge, thick cock in and out of her wet, tight cunt. Pleasure flared up and down every nerve in her body, more intense and earth-shattering than any she'd ever felt - it was the most indescribably orgasmic pleasure she'd ever felt, better than any male orgasm she'd ever had...

...and it was still building....

She began to drive her hips in matching rhythm, her hand going to her own huge, firm tits to fondle and squeeze them for (unnecessary) added pleasure, her head tossing back and forth in the grip of the ecstasy running through her. Words had deserted her, and she was making primal animal sound of pure pleasure as her body responded to his, trying to drive his cock deeper and harder and faster into her cunt as she became a biological machine whose only imperative was to continue and increase the pleasure she was feeling.

Impossible as it seemed, the pleasure did increase, wave after wave of ever-building ecstasy wracking her body and leaving her thrashing and humping rhythmically, a sleeve for his piston, a mortar for his pestle, as her screams rose higher and higher, her mind lost to everything but the impossible energies claiming her every nerve ending...

...and then she came, and it was a glaring white explosion without sound, or heat, or pain. It was a ten megaton nuclear blast of pure, orgasm ecstasy that literally lifted her up off the bed as all her muscles convulsed in mindless response to the stimuli over-load...

...including the ones in her cunt, tightening around the massive organ filling her so wonderfully and holding her on the throbbing shaft of man-meat as her cunt began to spasm around it, sucking the massive organ dry of every drop of warm, thick cum that his enhanced reservoir had to give.

Even as she was being flooded with he seed, the fading explosion of the first orgasm was replaced with another, this one in the four-to-five megaton range, followed quickly by a mere kiloton firecracker that washed away into a warm, post-orgasmic glow like the fading of the sunset as she slumped, emotionally and physically exhausted, on the bed, mind still trying to register the sheer force of what she'd just felt.

"Oh.. yes.." She moaned...

...and barely noticed as troy, obsessively, slipped a small Sleep-E*Z capsule into her mouth, which she swallowed without realizing it.

Having finished what he needed to do, Troy extracted his now-drained cock from her wet cunt, and crept out of the room as she faded into a deep, deep sleep...

* * * * *

Josh reclined back in the chair, incredibly long, supple tongue sliding over incredibly full, soft lips in pleasure as he fondled his huge, glorious mounds of tit-flesh. His cock wasn't quite ready for another round yet, but he was glad for the small, feminine hand adorning the ends of his reshaped arms - they made his tits feel even bigger and sexier as he fondled them gleefully...

The phone beside the couch rang, and Josh regretfully detached one hand from a gigantic, perfect breast and reached out to answer it.

"Hello?" He said, enjoying the rich, sultry contralto that slide over the special tongue and between the extra-pouty lips he'd designed to enhance the voice.

There was a long pause at the other end, as the person calling checked the display on his Vista phone to ensure he'd dialed the right number.

"Uh Is Harry there?"

"No, he's not here " Josh said, loving the rich, almost overwhelmingly feminine tone of his new voice, so sexy and seductive, especially the way he was using it, with conscious control of each syllable to make it the most erotic he possibly could. "Do you want to leave a message ?"

+ + +

Stan, one of Harry's fellow role-players, was making the standard Friday late-night call to arrange their on-line session. Harry never missed the call - and the idea that the woman who would go with a voice would somehow be in Harry's apartment was...

Slowly, Stan began to grin. He hit the 'MUTE' button on the phone, and turned to the other two guys in the room, Nat and Lewis.

"Hey guys - Harry's pulling a good one this time." Stan grinned - playing practical jokes was sort of a tradition among their group, and this one seemed to be a doozy. "He musta hooked up his voice- modem through his sound card to do this - it's great "

He waved them closer, and hit the button that put the conversation on the speaker, using the handset to speak.

"Oh, no message.." Stan said with almost over-done indifference. "Just looking to chat with somebody - so, why not you?"

"Sure, I guess so " The incredibly rich, erotic, feminine voice seemed to ooze out of the speaker and fill the room with an unseen mist of arousal, so erotically powerful was it. "Do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Not at all " Stan said, winking at the guys while waiting to see where this gag was going.

"If you heard somebody like me ask you to fondle their huge, round tits, would you say no ?"

Nudging Nat, Stan grinned - this was really going all-out.

"Come on - play along!" Lewis hissed, finding himself becoming aroused despite knowing it was a computer-simulated voice on the other end.

"Yeah - free phone sex..." Nat chortled, eyes gleaming behind his glasses...

+ + +

"Oh, yeah, of course I would." The male voice at the other end of the line said, and Josh smiled in vindication - this is what he'd needed, just like he'd thought.

"So you have huge, round tits, huh?" the voice continued. "You love having them fondled, is that it?"

"Oh, yes..." Josh all-but-moaned. "They're so big.. and firm... and sexy. I love stuffing them in tight tops, so that men can just drool over them and want to touch them,, and lick them... and suck them..."

"Oh, I just bet you do." The voice at the other end agreed with an odd tone in his voice. "Okay, let's see if I can get this right. You're laying in bed, naked except for a pair of nylons, a corset, and your high-heels."

Josh blinked, trying to figure out the connection, then shrugged and answered. "Not quite... I'm reclining on the couch, naked except for a pair of pantyhose, and I'm not only not wearing any shoes, but I never wear high-heels..."

+ + +

Stan stabbed at the 'MUTE' button.

"Forget it - it's a dud." He announced. "Harry can get his computer to get his voice to sound like that, but he has no talent for the routine. I'm gonna stop this here..."

"Wait..." Lewis objected, timidly. "What... what if we helped him with the routine?" "What?" Stan and Nat asked in unison.

Lewis smiled thinly. "We help him develop a real whiz-bang routine - then we go over tomorrow night and listen on the speaker phone as he does the whole thing on somebody else..."

The three of them shared a look - then, slowly, smiled as wickedly as their geeky little faces would allow...

+ + +

"Okay, listen up - you're a flop." The voice at the other end of the phone said.

Josh was stunned - after all his hard work, after the appearance of success...? "But, you said..."

"Yeah, I know - but you started off strong, then lost me." The voice said. "Don't worry - we're going to help you, and when we're done, you'll be able to get guys to do anything you tell them to..."

Josh sighed in relief, grateful that he was going to get expert help in how to get guys to fondle her perfect mounds. "Go ahead, I'm listening!" Josh promised in his sultry voice.

"First of all, you need a name to introduce yourself with, something sexy and seductive - obviously, you can't use your real, male name..."

Josh blinked in surprise - then had to admit that made sense.

"...so - from now on, you'll be Syndra. S-Y-N-D-R-A. That's your name from now on - and make sure you do your best to make yourself a feminine and sensual as possible."

Josh shrugged as he...

No - no, it was time to think right to ensure there's be no problems. She shrugged as she accepted the information.

"No problem... I'm Syndra.." Syndra said, sensually, then listened carefully as the helpful man on the other end explained what she needed to do...

* * * * *

Troy was getting pissed off.

One-by-one, everyone he'd introduced to the machine had filtered back to the party after all the other business, bars, and offices in town had closed in the wee-small-hours. Now, all of them were gathered her, in a near perfect fifty-fifty mix of genders...

...and they were sitting around discussing what they should do with the goddamn machine! He'd let each of them get their ideal bodies, even though some of them had needed a half-dozen trips before being satisfied, but instead of making his party the most incredible ever, these idiots were sitting around jawing about it, unable to reach a conclusion! What a bust! He'd been better off with his original, more mundane party, for cris'sakes!

He'd had enough. Raising his voice, he shouted firmly, loud enough for all of the guests to hear.

"Okay, that's it!" He shouted, angrily. "I want everybody here to go home, do whatever they need to do before bed - then get into bed, and just forget all... about... the... DAMNED... machine! Forget it even exists, forget what you want to do with it, forget what you've already done with it - hell forget this whole damned party since it was first mention, and make up your own excuses for what happened!"

He finished his ranting - and then everybody in the crowd - including him - took on a blank expression for a moment, then began to slowly file away.

"That damned machine..." Troy muttered to himself, shaking his head - the only good thing to come from it was that hot little number, Kandi.

As his guests filed out, Troy began to tidy up the few items that wouldn't wait until he could call the clean-up crew tomorrow...

* * * * *

Standing in front of the mirror, Syndra turned this way and that, admitting the guys had been right...

...her new body and clothes were enough to get any man hot for her huge tits. Hell, her massive, throbbing tool was rock-hard at the sight of herself. Than God the 'Adult' store delivered, though it had cost her a small fortune to get everything she'd been told to. It was worth it, too...

Blowing herself a kiss in the mirror, Syndra checked her watch and saw that it was slightly more than four hours since she'd given herself the huge, throbbing member - which meant it was finally safe to go out. Unlike those other poor saps, she'd stayed safe at home and kept from being 'influence' while she was suggestible, and now she and her huge tool were ready to *paaaaar-tay!*

Before heading over, Syndra decided to give Troy... opps, that handsome stud-muffin Troy, she corrected herself with a grin, since she'd been instructed to 'evaluate' all guys for what his mentor had chosen to call 'sexual gullibility'. She decided to give him a call, and just see if he needed her to pick anything up on the way over.

Walking with her new walk to the phone, she picked it up and unselfconsciously dialed Troy's number.

+ + +

He was just heading for his bedroom when the phone began to shrill. Sighing in restrained annoyance, Troy picked up the receiver.

"Yeah?"

"Troy, baby..." An incredible, cock-hardening voice oozed pure sensuality through the phone. "This is Syndra. I'm just about to pop back to the party, and thought I'd call to see if you or any of the other love-slaves want anything."

Troy stared at the phone in amazement, trying to place either the name or the voice, and drawing a blank.

"Uh... Syndra?" Troy said, regretfully. "The party's over, and everybody went home..."

He was about to add that she was welcome to drop by - he wanted to see the body that went with that voice - but Syndra had broken in, in surprise.

"Over?" She asked, sensually startled. "No, it can't be - I went to all the trouble of giving myself a huge, thick cock with the machine just so..."

A cock! God, what a pervert! Troy thought - then his eyes narrowed. The machine. The damned machine...

"Look, Syndra..." Troy said, tightly. "This is what you do. First, use the machine to give yourself a nice, tight, perfectly-fuckable female cunt. Then, go home and go to bed - and forget all about the machine. Hell, forget today even happened - just wake up tomorrow as a normally-equipped, nymphomaniac who can't even conceive or having *any* sized cock instead of her tight, wonderful little cunt. Goodnight."

Shaking his head at the perversity of some people, Troy hung up the phone and continued on to his bedroom. Stripping off his robe, he lay down in his bed...

...and, just like every one of his guests, the instant his head hit the pillow, he forgot all about the machine, what had happened that day, and everything connected to it - while his brain began constructing a scenario to explain what had 'happened'... one that each person would believe to be the complete and utter truth...

* * * * *

AND NOW - THE REST OF THE STORY...

* * * * *

In the affluent, once reasonable calm (for a college town) hamlet of Moonlight Cove experienced a rather strange series of events, all at about the same time, starting with the unheard-of event of one of Troy McClure's parties actually ending early...

Which was the least amazing event in the sequence.

Young Troy himself was amazed to wake up finding himself sporting a massively-enlarged sexual organ capable of producing rather remarkable amounts of seminal fluid. The family physician, as well as hospital staff, were at a loss to explain the rapid growth of Troy's organ, though the youth himself recalled mixing a rather unusual cocktail the night before by dumping all the booze, drugs and household pharmaceuticals into one big vat and mixing it, a theory that seemed to be borne out when it was found that several other guests at the party had also experienced inexplicable growth of their genitalia.

Troy's father, Marcus McClure, subsequently spent a large fortune trying to duplicate the hazily-remembered mixture, to no avail. He was forced to file for bankruptcy, and is currently living with his son, who is employed as a Male Dancer at 'Huggys' strip-club.

Several of the volunteers for the various batches of the 'growth potion' are hospitalized for Psycotropic FlashBack Syndrome.

A half-dozen young women, who also happened to be guests at the party, awoke to find themselves stunningly beautiful. All claimed that it was a gift from God, who commanded them to become models. All six were willing to work for room-and-board, if necessary, to fulfill that commandment. C. Palmer, owner of the Palmer Modeling Agency, accepted the young ladies' contracts, at low-base scale plus bonuses...

...and gave up being an agnostic, joining the Roman Catholic church.

Four other young ladies experienced sudden-but-not-outlandish breast growth. Two became strippers at The Mirage Lounge and Bar, one became a second-rate actor on the Fox network, and the fourth is under indictment in a White House scandal.

Another woman - Melissa Claridge - experienced a remarkable enlargement of her bust, as well as changes to her facial features, leaving her a stunning-and-buxom example of femininity. However, Melissa also seemed possessed with an absolute certainty that her bust and facial features were, quote, 'perfect', and she spent several days in a constant rage at those not willing to bow down to her utter feminine perfection. Fortunately, she then met Cecil Rodham, a young man with a certain... affinity for women's bust-lines, who was able to forge a strong, lasting relationship with Melissa based on one shared belief - that Melissa's breasts are the most utterly perfect ones in existence.

A mysterious electrical fire that utterly destroyed an unrecognizable machine of some sort was initially believed to be the cause of the disappearance of the apartment's owner, one Harold T. Nurt, and his neighbor, one Josh Lanswell. However, detectives managed to track down the former Mr. Nurts - to find that he had, inexplicably, undergone Spontaneous Gender Reversal, becoming a buxom blonde, now working in the Adult Film Industry in California, under the pseudonym of 'Kandi Kantalopes', though her income tax statements are still filed under her original name. Miss Kantalopes, currently earning a six-figure income and living very comfortably indeed, refused to return to Moonlight Cove, claiming she is quite happy in the warm, unquestioning acceptance of her legions of adoring male fans, who could not care less who - or what - she was before making her amazing debut on the Phosphorus Screen. It is rumored that Miss Kantalopes is a shoo-in to win the coveted Golden Gangbang award for her debut film, 'Kandi Kantalopes Does Just About Everybody... Twice.'

As for the missing Josh Lanswell... there has still been no trace of him, dead or alive...

* * * * *

His body still glistening from the oil he used on stage, Troy 'Trojan' McClure entered the bungalow he, his father, and three other 'hyper-endowed' men working at Huggys shared among them, dropping his Bolero Jacket on the chair, and collapsing on the sofa. His tight, black trousers were tented painfully over his crotch, where an evening getting legions of women all hot and bothered left him even more hot and bothered, feeling like his cock was about to explode.

Well... there was a simple solution to that. "Oh, Syndra...!" Troy called. "Syndra, dear...!"

There was a few seconds of silence - then an incredibly warm, sexy voice echoed from one of the back rooms.

"Coming, my love-commander..." The voice said, making his already painfully hard cock even harder. "I'm just putting dear old daddy down for his nap... he tires so easily..."

She chuckled - a sound that almost made Troy cum in his pants. He restrained himself, though... the sound of her heels on the linoleum floor announced her arrival before she came into sight, and - as always - Troy turned to admire the vision of her as she entered the room.

Walking with a mind-boggling, sensual stride was amazing enough. To take it even further, into a sensuous, supple, sinuous series of movements that involved the entire body in one continuous, erotic movement was even more rare, and arousing.

To see Syndra doing it, perched atop her shin high, black leather, ten-inch-high-heeled Ballet Boots was almost enough to drive a man mad with pure desire. Troy actually felt sorry for his Dad, 'normally endowed' and older as he was... the amazing, sensual, supple grace Syndra used to walk so unbelievably easy and gracefully in the incredible, tip-toe boots made her long, shapely legs - clad in skin-tight black leather - move in ways that boggled the mind, and set her wide, womanly hips and incredibly full, firm ass to swaying and swiveling.

Above that, a deep red (almost black) leather corset was rapped tightly around her already tiny waist, shrinking her wasp-waist to a mere twelve inches around, seemingly so tiny to support the massive, dusky breast contained within the black leather crop-top.

All that dark leather nicely complimented her dusky, exotic - and erotic - skin, which was flawless.

"Welcome home, cum-master..." Syndra said, hungrily. Her incredibly long, supple tongue slid out from between her amazingly full, permanently gloss-red pouty lips and licked them slowly. Despite the incredible sensuality of those lips, they didn't overpower the rest of her face, with its broad, high cheekbones, strong-yet-feminine chin, and dark, smoldering eyes behind a thick, dark veil of lashes, all surrounded by a massive loosely-curly mane of rich, silky black hair.

With her customer cock-hardening sensual grace, Syndra reached up and undid the zipper at the front of her crop-top, setting her enormous orbs free from their confinement. Kneeling on the couch, she began to slide to huge globes up and down Troy's face, massive nipples sliding sensually over his cheeks until she dipped lower, her tits gliding over his oiled chest as she gave him one of those long, deep, mind-blowing kisses that he so loved.

Then, seeing he was on the edge of bursting, she smiled that erotic smile - and dipped her head lower, freeing his massive cock and enveloping it in her unbelievably skilled mouth for one of her unparalleled blow-jobs.

"Oh, damn..." Kurt said, seeing he'd arrived home in second place. He didn't expect any acknowledgment from either of the participants of the cock-sucking on the couch, but that didn't matter.

With Syndra, 'second place' was a bare sliver less than her 'first place'.

Walking over to where she was, he guided her ass up so that she was standing, bent over to continue her ministrations of Troy's cock. Unzipping the hidden zippers on the sides of her specially-made pants, he peeled the garment off without having to remove her boots, revealing the firm, perfect dusky globes of her ass, and her constantly hot, wet cunt.

With a look of utter contentment, Kurt grasped her wide, womanly hips - and shoved his massive, thick tool deep into her dripping wet snatch, pounding her hard.

She never even missed a beat of the incredibly long, slow blow-job she was giving...

+ + +

'Why...!' Josh screamed in the empty vaults of his - or Syndra's - mind as he was forced to endure all the sensations she was getting from the sucking-and-fucking. 'What's happening? Why am I fucking these guys! Why are their cock's so big...?'

As the man trapped as a helpless passenger in the outrageously erotic body of the dusky nymphomaniac continued to sob and gibber through what was only one of many daily sexual experiences, Josh had no idea that he'd never, ever learn the truth.

As far as he remembered, he'd gone to be 'last night' - then awakened here, in this body, with no control over anything, this morning.

While 'Syndra' had a continuous, coherent set of memories and an ongoing personality (limited as it was by being a nymphomaniac sex-toy), Josh was condemned to wake up each morning with no memory of the proceeding days as Syndra, living through each 'first fuck', experiencing each blow-job for the 'first' time, having to go through the ignominy of each and every experience without even the cold comfort of familiarity as a companion, as he was now, and forever, incapable of remembering the actions and activities of the previous days...

...weeks...

...months...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Keeping his strange and inexplicable 'superpower' well-hidden, one man volunteers to be an on-call negotiator while he goes through life changing into different people but never before had he glanced down to find himself looking at an attractive view of his own creamy, firm cleavage.

Adaptable

By Gunslinger

The shrill squeal of the phone yanked me out of a dream and into a nightmare.

I had the red plastic receiver in hand before the phone could ring again - like an old war-horse, my deeply-ingrained training could get me going even before my brain kicked into gear.

"Who, where, when and how many?" I asked, quickly, fumbling around on my night-stand for my glasses - one of the many 'necessities' that came with advancing age.

The short pause told me I was dealing with a new guy - which was bad news. There were only two ways to get into a slot on the HRT, and a person 'groomed' for the spot would have been up-to-speed on my foibles by now.

The only other way to get on the FBI's very elite Hostage Rescue Team was as a replacement.

If you think being thrown into a hostage rescue situation without enough prep work is bad, consider the guy who got 'replaced'...

"Doctor Renfrew...?"

I had to keep from snapping back at the professional-sounding voice. As a trained observer of the human psyche, I could hear what most people wouldn't - the self-doubt behind the outwardly competent voice. Since pointing out that he was calling on a phone that was hard-wired to reach me and me alone wouldn't help matters, I only grunted agreement as I fumbled for the light switch.

"This is Special Agent Williams, Doctor. We have an emergency situation." The voice said, repeating by rote the completely unnecessary formula laid down in the rule book. I know routine is important in emergency situations, giving you something to fall back on - but, really, why else would the FBI be calling on this line? To ask if I'd like to take the FBI tour?

(I did that once. When I was eleven - and if you want to know how long ago that was, it was back in the day when the let visitors take a turn at firing a real, live Tommy Gun. It's a shame they don't do that anymore - there's something very alive in holding a forty-five caliber Thompson submachine-gun in your hands and letting it rip. Sure, as a psychiatrist, I know that equating firearms with fun is a very bad idea - but God, what a great, All-American, Elliot-Ness-Like rush...!)

Lighting up a smoke that my doctor kept telling me I couldn't have, I let the split-second reverie fade and repeated my opening question: "Who, where, when and how many?"

Given the situation, Williams made the connection - and I knew he was never again going to waste time with formalities. One thing about the members of the HRT - they're all quick learners.

"We've got about twenty-five hostages being held in the grand ballroom of the Drake Hotel, mostly night-shift employees. Happened about fifteen minutes ago, but we were lucky to have to agents in the building, escorting a witness. We've cordoned off the building and cleared out all the other guests and staff, but we haven't been able to wire the room yet. No numbers or

ID's for the perps yet. Shots have been fired, but they seem to have been 'attention getters' - no blood outside the ballroom, no reports of injuries or fatalities." Williams rattled off, quickly but clearly.

Taking a deep drag on the cigarette, I leaned back and considered the situation. It wasn't as bad as it could have been - but a situation like this was never good, either....

"Demands?" I asked.

"No contact so far." Williams replied, briskly.

That was a bit unusual. Most terrorist-types (which, by default, included all hostage-takers), liked to start demanding things as soon as possible. Then again, the FBI caught a lucky break on this one, and so we might actually be ahead of the game...

"Transportation's en route?"

"Yessir" Williams replied, the most confident reply so far. "Should be at your door within five minutes."

"Right - I'm on my way." I hung up the phone without bothering with anything as trivial as 'good-bye', and began to get ready.

I get a call maybe two or three times a year, and not all of them are in the wee small hours of the morning - but I've fallen into the habit of going to be half-dressed, just in case. Sure, the slacks and undershirt I was wearing were rumpled, but I wasn't trying to impress the perps with my sartorial elegance, and it was only a matter of seconds to slip on my socks, shoes, shirt and jacket. Everything else I needed was packed in an always-ready attaché case in the closet, and well within the five-minute schedule I was standing on the front porch.

The promised transportation was late - by about thirty seconds.

Since the big, quiet type behind the wheel of the dark-painted Suburban handed me a hot, fresh cup of take-out coffee as soon as I slid into the passenger's seat, I decided it was time well 'wasted'.

Then I took a sip from the plastic-capped cup - and gave out a soft sigh of pleasure before turning to my driver.

"Friend..." I said, reverently, "...you'd better give me your name so I can put you in my will "

That managed to get a quick grin out of my dour-faced companion. A big, burly guy in his mid-forties, he looked competent and almost slightly bored to the naked eye, a posture obviously built up through long years of service.

"Agent Deevers, Doctor." He replied in a deep - and surprisingly quiet - voice.

"The name's John." I replied, taking another deep sip of the coffee - which was not only double- double, the way I like it, but good take-out coffee, not the usual convenience-store carbon remover. "How'd you know?"

Deevers took a second to reply. Given the early hour, he'd decided that sirens weren't necessary, but he had the dash-light going and the big four-by-four was slaloming through the light traffic like an Olympic skier. The short pause came while he nonchalantly slipped the big vehicle through a just- barely-wide-enough opening between a turning semi and a glossy red Miata.

I let him have the second. His thick, meaty hands were loose and relaxed on the wheel, but I wasn't about to disturb his concentration...

"Lucas is SAC." Deevers explained, shortly.

I'd worked three other situations with Lucas acting as Special-Agent-In-Charge, so Lucas knew how I took my coffee - but Deevers simple explanation completely omitted the fact that it had taken more than the usual initiative for him to ask Lucas how I took my coffee.

It was nice to know that some people were actually *more* competent than they looked.

Since we really didn't have anything to say to each other, we finished the short ride to the hotel in silence, Deevers driving with almost eerie competence and me sipping at the coffee he'd so thoughtfully provided.

As we pulled up in front of the massive old Drake Hotel, a stone-and-glass monument of turn-of-the- century elegance, Deevers turned to me and surprised me with a quite observation: "Lucas says you're the best damn negotiator he's ever worked with - and the strangest."

It was a comment, not a question - and there wasn't even any implied question in the tone, which was what surprised me. "Yeah?"

"I think the two are probably directly related." Deevers commented. "Go save some people, John." My eyebrow rose, but I nodded and slipped out of the Suburban feeling strangely heroic.

Considering I'm a balding sixty-two-year-old psychiatrist with 'swivel-chair spread', 'heroic' isn't usually how I see myself...

"Doc! Over here!"

The shout came from SAC Lucas. One-quarter Native American, Lucas was tall, dark-haired, and intense looking, the through-and-through image of the tough, competent FBI agent who could be counted on to head up the HRT. Strong willed, determined and dedicated to his job, SAC knew when to follow the rules - and when to break them.

In fact, he could have been the recruiting poster for the Federal Bureau of Investigation - if not for the fact that his full name was 'Horatio Hornblower Lucas', the gift of overly-literary parents. Since there really wasn't a good short-form of 'Horatio', it wasn't surprising that Lucas liked to be called by his family name, rather than his given name.

Finishing the last of the coffee, I tossed the empty cup into a nearby trash-can, ignoring Lucas' shout while I gazed up at the elegant old hotel. Pulling my pack of cigarettes from my inside jacket pocket, I slowly took a long, critical look around at the activity going on - the local PD cordoning off the streets and keeping the news crews away, setting up spotlights, and generally doing the scut-work as the FBI set up in anticipation of a worst-case scenario.

The HRT was made up solely of 'optimistic pessimists' - hope for the best, plan for the worst. It was a mind-set I could completely understand.

Only after I'd taken a good look around did I stroll casually to where Lucas waited, his face very carefully hiding any annoyance he might have felt.

"I'd say 'Good Morning', but I was raised never to lie." I said, calmly and with a touch of humor. I jerked my chin in the direction of the building. "We wired in yet, Horatio?"

You would have had to look very, very closely indeed to see the involuntary, quickly-repressed wince.

You'd have to have looked even closer to see the fractional smile that flashed across his face for a second. Though he'd never publicly admit to the fact that it could be 'lonely at the top', especially in such a serious, high-risk situation as this, the truth was he needed a little 'fresh air' blown his way every once in a while, something his sometimes too-serious team would never provide. Thanks to the institutional mentality of the FBI, Lucas was something next to God, and no HRT member would even consider using his given name, and especially not in a situation like this.

Well, they're them, and I'm me. All I know is that something inside Lucas loosened slightly at my greeting.

In response to my question, he shook his head sharply. "No - and according to the techs, we won't be, not in time for it to matter."

He spoke without embarrassment or frustration, another one of his sterling qualities - good or bad fortune was accepted and handled with the same lack of emotional response. I, on the other hand, was obviously displaying a look of incredulous surprise, because he went on to explain: "They really built these things to last. The outer walls are stone, load-bearing, and two feet thick. No mortar between the blocks, and even if we threw noise considerations right out the window, it's take a good hour to drill and place the probes. Whether by foresight or fortune, the perps picked a room with no outside windows or doors."

Damn. Well, at least it made my decision easier: "I'm going in."

One reason I like Lucas - he didn't hesitate. My decision wasn't one that was in the FBI handbook - but Lucas was also smart enough to realize that the FBI didn't hold a monopoly on smart. "Right."

We'll get you a vest and a pick-up..." I interrupted. "No - I'm going in cold."

That managed to get a questioning glance from him - not doubt or indecisiveness, but just a silent request for information. I provided it. "We don't know a damned thing about the situation, and I don't want to provide the slightest provocation."

Lucas cocked his head - then nodded. Obviously, an unarmed, unprotected, out-of-shape old man in glasses and a rumpled, unfashionable suit was about as unthreatening as you could get.

"Okay." Lucas agreed, sharply. "I'll give you thirty minutes to contact us in some way - after that, you're just another hostage."

"Right." I agreed.

That was the complete and total extent of your planning session and prep work. Handing him my attaché case for safe keeping, I simply turned and walked directly for the main entrance of the hotel, hands held slightly out from my side and my eyes fixed firmly on the brass-and-glass revolving door.

I didn't actually breath as I covered the hundred or so feet between the barricades and the doors. If there'd been anybody inside with a yen to off an old psychiatrist, I was making it damned easy for them - but I got to the door without getting killed, which is always a good way to start a negotiating session.

I had another thing going for me in this particular situation - the home-field advantage. Not only was it right here in town, allowing for a faster response then normal, but I'd been to the Drake hotel several times - including s a guest lecturer at a conference that had been held in the Grand Ballroom. As soon as I was inside the red-and-gold-trimmed lobby, I turned to my right and began heading down the hallway, almost immediately lost to view from the outside...

...and just as quickly, I began to feel that strange tingling sensation began to run over - and through - me.

Over the years, I've given this much thought. I still don't know why it happens, or how. It doesn't happen every time, and I've never been able to pinpoint what 'triggers' it to happen. About the only thing I'm sure of is that, despite the fact that it's happening to me, it's all under the control of someone or something - else.

You see, that strange tingle was the fore-warning that I was about to change into somebody else.

Like I said, I don't know why or how this happens. The first time it ever happened, it scared the living shit out of me - I was eighteen, and alone in the boy's changing room when I suddenly felt a strange tingle run over me.

All of the sudden, I'd found myself changing. Painlessly, but never the less frighteningly, I'd gone from a too-skinny young man with sandy hair to a big, hulking young man dressed in everyday clothing.

Panicked by the sudden and inexplicable thing that had happened to me, I'd run out of the changing room...

...and right into the middle of an attempted rape. One of the cheerleaders had felt sick halfway through the big game going on outside, and had come in to get changed and go home - and a drunk young man who'd come to root for the opposing team had thought it might be 'fun' to follow the shapely - if somewhat green around the gills - young woman into the big, dark and empty gym...

Well, as it so happened, he was a fairly big guy, bigger than the slender young cheerleader - but no match for the new body I'd suddenly acquired. I had little trouble hauling him off the poor girl - then 'teaching him a lesson' I'm sure he never forgot.

In addition to the big, muscular body, I'd also 'acquired' quite the range of fighting skills. The would-be rapist never stood a chance.

Afterwards, I'd dashed back into the changing room, stunned and amazed - and then felt that tingle, and once more found myself in my own body.

It's only happened about a dozen times in the intervening years, and every time I became somebody different, right down to clothes and, when needed, identification. Each time, I was alone when the tingle came, each time I became whoever would be best suited to help in an emergency situation, and each time I found someplace unobserved to change back.

Hell - once, during a traffic-jam in a tunnel, I became a doctor, complete with medical bag and a full range of skills. Just what was needed to help a frightened young woman deliver a healthy baby boy.

Strange as it may sound, the best I've ever been able to figure is that I'm some sort of 'super-hero'.

Which is why I volunteered to be the on-call negotiator for the HRT. I keep my strange and inexplicable 'superpower' well hidden - but it's damned handy to have around sometimes.

So I was neither afraid nor surprised when I felt the tingle. However, I was more than a little curious as to who I was going to be this time...

Knowing from past experience how best to handle this, I simply came to complete stop, picking a fairly well-balanced stance while I waited for whatever changes were to happen.

It wasn't a long wait. Within seconds, the tingling was joined by the 'creepy-crawling' sensation that signified the changes were underway.

From my own point of view, it almost looked as if my surrounding were slowly growing - which meant that I was becoming shorter than I had been before. There were also other sensations coming from my body, but they weren't 'conclusive', since I couldn't tell how much of it was coming from changes to my flesh, and how much of it was from the way my clothes were writhing and changing to match my new form.

Within about thirty seconds or so, the changes were complete, the tingling fading with the 'crawling' sensation - and almost immediately I realized that there was something fundamentally different about this change.

A quick glance downwards revealed I was right.

I'd changed about a dozen times in the past - but never before had I glanced down to find myself looking at a quite attractive view of creamy, firm cleavage, framed by the lapels of a simple black suit jacket...

"What the...?" I muttered, somewhat taken aback - and the sound of my new voice, a warm and feminine tone, didn't help much. Feeling stunned - and, somehow, slightly betrayed - I struggled to keep myself on an even keel as I glanced around for a mirror.

The doors to the elevator nearest me were made of flawless, polished brass, and though they imparted a golden tint to everything, they were more than serviceable to reflect my new image back at me.

I was most definitely female. Of that there could be absolutely no doubt.

I was still dressed in a suit - but this suit was feminine, tailored, and a rich shade of navy-blue that I'd initially mistaken for black because of the stylish oval-shaped sunglasses that had replaced my own unfashionable eyewear. Instinctively, I lifted slender, feminine hands to remove the glasses - and immediately, everything became brighter and slightly blurry, indicating that the glasses were prescription, though not nearly as heavy as my own.

I slipped the darkened glasses back in place - only to discover they weren't nearly as dark. In fact, they were a pair of those 'reactive' glasses, and within a few more seconds the tint had faded completely, leaving them completely clear.

Turning slightly, I looked over the new body that I was currently inhabiting - and it was an appreciative look, despite the situation.

I was one of those petite, slender, somehow 'perky'-looking women. The fitted navy slacks I was wearing clung to trim hips and a full, pert ass before falling to slender ankles. I was now perched delicately atop a pair of tan - taupe? - pumps, and the ability to balance easily and gracefully atop them came from the same inexplicable place as my knowledge that the tapered heels were exactly four-and-a-quarter-inches high.

A leather belt that matched my new shoes was cinched tight around a delightfully slender waist, and my jacket was buttoned over a trim, smooth stomach - but the 'V' of the jacket's lapels displayed smooth, young flesh, since I was wearing a dark red - Wine? - colored lace bustier top that cupped and supported my firm, flawless DD-cup breasts, displaying them delightfully while adroitly avoiding 'cheap' or 'slutty'.

My new face was heart-shaped, with an elfin chin and well-defined cheekbones. A sharp-ridged, pertly-upturned nose was framed by hazel eyes, and my new lips were bow-shaped and covered with Pastel Coral lipstick.

My hair was the same shade of sandy-blond it had been in my youth - but I'd never worn pulled up into a loose, 'modified bun' hairstyle, with lightly feathered bangs and gold-toned butterfly clips almost unnoticeably placed to keep the 'casually elegant' style from slipping over that fine line into 'harried'.

In short, I looked damned pretty, sexy in an almost girlish sort of way - and not a day over twenty-five.

I can't say I was all that thrilled about finding myself female, pertly attractive or not - but feeling young and healthy again was more than enough compensation for the unexpected transformation.

I really didn't have time to 'savor' my suddenly regained youth, female or not - I was here to do something vital, and for some reason, this was the body best suited to the task.

Taking a deep, calming breath, I turned and continued on towards the door of the ballroom, walking slowly and easily atop my new heels. As usual, I'd also acquired the full range of skills I'd need for this body and this situation, so I was moving just the way I'd be moving if I really were the young woman I appeared to be - which was an interesting, slightly disturbing, and much to distracting sensation, my hips moving more than I was used to, both side-to-side and in a front-to-back swivel.

The motion also caused new and unfamiliar sensations in my altered chest, and it was a damned hard fight to keep from watching the slight jiggle of my firm new breast with every smoothly feminine step I took.

Trying very hard to ignore the strange and intriguing new sensations coming from my altered body, I stopped well short of the polished oak door of the ballroom and raised my voice, pitching it as inoffensively and calmly as I possibly could.

"Do not be alarmed. I am an unarmed hostage negotiator, here to mediate any demands you might have."

This point was the riskiest of the entire situation, and I actually managed to forget that I was now female for the thirty seconds or so it took for a response to be made.

The door swung open, slowly - and I was greeted by the 'burning rope-and-pine-needle' scent of marijuana.

The man who'd opened the door was dressed in frayed jeans and a army-surplus tunic over a soiled white Punk-Rock T-shirt. Long, greasy black hair spilled down from under his plain black ball-cap, and his eyes were bloodshot.

There are no good situations like this, but there are progressively worse ones. Being faced with a man carrying what you just had to assume was a fully loaded and ready weapon was bad enough. To have the same person obviously stoned almost out of his gourd was worse.

To have the stoned, unpredictable person in question armed with a Pancor Jackhammer was just about as bad as it could get.

In case you're not a fire-arm aficionado - a 'gun nut' - the Pancor Jackhammer is a gas-operated, drum-fed, fully-automatic 12-gauge shotgun. With ten rounds of buckshot in the magazine and a full- auto setting, it was a weapon that would utterly devastate any unprotected flesh in an enclosed room, even one as large as the main ballroom.

Under the circumstances, I was suddenly very, very glad about the new body I was inhabiting - because the long, slow, and frankly appreciative look he gave me meant that he had absolutely no urge to damage the luscious flesh that now enclosed me.

I tried very, very hard not to think about what other urges he might be feeling at the moment. To that end, I consciously avoided looking at his crotch...

"Damn - you're even hotter'n Scully..." The extraordinarily well-armed pothead informed me, giving me a smile that displayed yellowing teeth. Given his general condition, I wondered how the hell he'd gotten his hands on a \$28,000 weapon, but now didn't seem like a particularly good time to inquire.

Instead, I forced myself to use the quick, perky smile that this new body of mine seemed to come equipped with.

"Well, thank you - it's always nice to be appreciated..." I said, forcing myself to 'pose' slightly, as if thoroughly flattered.

It felt weird to be 'playing along' with this piece of walking scum, but that was my job - keep the criminals happy, be nice and even friendly, do anything at all you had to do to gain their trust...

...at which point I'd abuse it mercilessly.

"Why don'tcha come in...?" he suggested, placing heavy emphasis on the word 'come'. Amused by his own 'wit', he laughed.

"Thanks..." I said. Since he didn't move aside, I had to slip between him and the door-frame, my firm new posterior sliding firmly over his bulging crotch...

It took a lot not to flinch away from that much-too-intimate contact. However, it took a hell of a lot more to lightly run my slender new fingers lightly across that bulging crotch as I passed, making an implied promise that I hoped I'd never have to live up to.

Believe me, I certainly didn't want it to come to that - but I'd be more than just stupid to let my own male pride and ego get in the way of any and every technique that was at my disposal. Lives hung in the balance, and I couldn't afford to be squeamish.

Greasy Boy seemed to find the touch quite pleasant - since he grabbed my new hand in his own sweaty paw and pressed it, hard, against his crotch.

"You like my 'big gun', lady cop?" Greasy boy asked, his own double-entendre stretching his wit farther than I thought possible. I smiled at him and gave him a slow wink...

...having first shifted position slightly so that my open eye could take in the rest of the room.

There were twenty-seven hostages, at least by my hurried count. More than two-thirds of them were dressed in one staff uniform or another, and all were bound and gagged - quite elegantly, too, since the rope was the gold-colored pull-cords from the decorative burgundy drapes, and their gags were crisp white linen napkins from the tables, still left in their original 'swan' foldings.

"I like big things..." I murmured back with what I hoped was not a sickly smile, forcing myself to play along.

My quick glance had also revealed there was a second perpetrator, sitting at the oak-and-brass bar in the back corner with a bottle of whisky between his thick thighs and a huge 'bomber joint' between his meaty fingers.

Shoved in his pants in such a way to risk going off 'half cocked' was a handgun of some sort, the polished wood grips lightly resting against the lip of the half-empty liquor bottle. It was much too far away for me to get a good look at the make and model - but it didn't matter, since that little handgun was the least of my worries.

I was too busy looking at the piece of hardware set up on the bar beside him, muzzle aimed out towards the cluster of helpless, hapless hostages.

It was a fuckin' Ma Deuce. Or, less informally, the M2 Mark I Heavy Machinegun, tripod mounted and sporting what seemed to be at least three linked fifty-round belts of ammunition, each blunt-nosed round a full half-inch in diameter and capable of punching right through the engine block of a car - and we're not talking little four-bangers, either, but the powerhouses that moved the big pieces of Detroit rolling stock.

Where the hell had these two dope-heads gotten their guns? It was a question I was sure was going to be much-asked by every law enforcement officer involved in this case.

Hell - despite the situation, it was a question that I couldn't help asking right here and now...

"Speaking of big things..." I said, forcing a hint of awe in my voice as I gazed in what I sure hoped looked like appreciative awe at the .50 caliber on the bar. "Where the hell did you get that monster!"

Perhaps Greasy Boy was too doped up to realize he what he was doing. More likely, part of his brain was having trouble believing that this 'sweet young thang' was really a 'cop'. In either case, he actually answered as he shut and locked the door behind me.

"Bob an' me used to work down in Hollywood for a place that supplies movies with guns." He boasted, prodding me forward with a hand that 'just happened' to rest firmly on my taut new ass. "When we heard we was gonna get canned, we thought we'd arrange our own, uh..."

My guide paused, searching for a word, and his companion - Bob - supplied it in a dour voice.

"Severance Package, Slim." Heavy-set and considerably better dressed than his taller companion, Bob was obviously the brains of this duo. He's been smoking, toking and drinking - but he seemed to be one of these hard-core ex-biker types who could drink anybody under the table, then smoke a pound of good pot before hitting the road. His jeans were heavier grade, and clean, and the T-shirt stretched over his ample gut looked like it was actually freshly washed that morning. A leather vest matched his heavy combat-style boots, and his clean-shaven head gleamed under the overhead lighting.

He was also, amazingly, polite. "You say you're the FBI negotiator, Miss?"

"Actually, I'm a civilian psychiatrist on call with the FBI." I admitted, deciding that it would be safer to be honest. Sometimes, the advantage lay in playing up the 'cop' angle, but somehow these two didn't seem like the type to be impressed with authority figures. To that end, I also kept my voice light and slightly excited, hoping they'd take me for a bit of a 'thrill seeker'.

"Good enough. There's some things we want, Miss, and if we get them, everybody walks out of here alive and well." Bob said, calmly and almost professionally. This close up, I could see that the gun in his waist-band was a customized .40 Smith and Wesson, the same make and model as issued to the FBI - and the triple-redundant safeties on the gun meant that the 'in the waistband' holstering wasn't as idiotic as I'd first assumed.

"That's what I'm here for - to make sure you get whatever you want."

His quick grin let me know that he was fooled - and his words proved it. "No, actually, you're here to make sure none of the hostages are harmed, if at all possible. Which is fine by me, because the easiest way to keep them from getting harmed is to give me - oh, and Slim here - exactly what we want."

"Which is...?" I prompted, catching both the glance and the quirk of the lips that came with the belated mention of his 'comrade in arms'. Slim had missed it completely - and I had the sneaking suspicion that good ol' Slim had been specifically chosen for this little job because he'd miss things like that.

"Well, I'll be honest - I have a bit of a record behind me..." Bob admitted candidly, letting his eyes linger on my cleavage as he took a swig of whiskey. "In fact, I was living and working under an assumed name when I found out that the LAPD was only about two steps behind me. Given the circumstances, I thought maybe I should retire - and Buenos Aires sounds like a hell of a place to retire to."

"Especially since there isn't any extradition agreements to make retired life... nervous?" I suggested, earning another one of those lightening grins.

"Damn straight." He admitted, proudly. "So, I figured I just needed that little 'nest egg' for my retirement. Say, about a million dollars, plus an unhindered flight down there."

"So, your total demands are for one million dollars, a plane, and a pilot?" I asked - quite consciously not putting any emphasis on the 'one'.

Damned if Bob didn't actually throw me a wink before answering in an almost comic dead-pan. "Oh, no, miss. You give me a million dollars and a Gulfstream IV. I take myself, my money, the Jackhammer and four hostages down to good old Buenos Aires. Meanwhile, Slim stays here with the machine gun and makes sure I get down there safely, after which you give him a million dollars worth of Dutch Kroners and a first-class ticket to Holland, where the pot's legal and he can party hardy until his inoperable cancer carries him off. Once I hear he's safe, I let the four hostages go free..."

In other words, Bob didn't give a damned what happened to Slim once he, himself, was safe in Buenos Aires - but he'd certainly covered all the bases until then.

"That's it?" I asked, making sure.

Bob eyed my body, slowly. "Nope - there's one more demand, sugar-britches. Seeing as how I sort of hold all the cards, I think maybe I'll get myself a little 'going away present...'"

Oh, dear God....

"Strip." Bob commanded - and with speed I wouldn't have thought he had, he was on his feet, the whiskey bottle smashing unheeded on the ground as the S&W came up - pointed not at me, but at the hostages. "Strip right quick, bitch, or I start blowing people away."

Given the consequences of inaction, I didn't even hesitate - I began to undress.

From his mannerism, I knew that it wasn't all that sexual for Bob. Sure, there was some interest there but his real concern was with his carefully crafted plans, and he wanted to make damned sure I didn't screw them up on him. Which meant:

- A) making sure I didn't have a weapon hidden on me, and

- B) establishing complete dominance over me.

Even as my slender new fingers rushed to peel off my clothes, I could 'admire' his cold, calculating precision - and wish I had been given a body strong enough to rip that gun out of his hand and blow his own head off with it.

Then again - if I wasn't in this body, facing this situation, I wouldn't have been nearly so eager to shoot him. I was just trying really, really hard not to think about what would come next...

I didn't realize I was actually naked until my nails began to scrabble for buttons that weren't there, leaving thin welts on my otherwise flawless stomach. Bob seemed to get a kick out of that.

"Damn... This is your first time negotiating, isn't it?" he said, looking straight into my eyes and seeing the emotions roiling there, magnified by my glasses.

"Ye... Yes..." I admitted, head lowering. Now didn't seem to be a good time to make the distinction that it was my first time doing this *as a woman*...

"Let's see if we can't make it memorable for you, then." Bob said, grinning unpleasantly. The gun in his hand never wavered. "Why don't you bend that fine body of yours over the bar and beg Slim here to fuck you?"

Well, I certainly didn't have to feign embarrassment, disgust and shame as I complied, my new body trembling visibly as I turned to face the bar. I bent over, slowly, feeling as if I were moving through molasses as I spread my legs...

"Uh, Bob...?" Slim said, sounding uncertain. "What... whatcha doin'? I thought.. I thought we was just funnin'..."

It all clicked in the sound of Slim's stunned, confused voice. Not to bright to begin with, Slim's mind was further hampered by the drugs he'd become addicted to - which had made him an easy target for somebody like Bob, who needed a pliable dupe to ensure his plan's success.

"Of course we are, Slim." Bob's voice said, calmly cajoling. "This is just part of the game. I mean, look at her - she's no cop. She's just a hooker playing a part. She knows that my gun's loaded with blanks, just like yours..."

That last bit was as much for my benefit as Slim's. Maybe Slim's gun was loaded with blanks, maybe it wasn't - but the belts of ammo for the Ma Deuce were only inches away from where my slender new hands were braced on the bar, and I knew for damned sure that they weren't blanks...

"You sure, Bob?" Slim's voice said, wavering and uncertain. "I mean, this had been fun an' all, just like you said - but I don't want to be raping no pretty girl..."

Despite everything else, I found myself feeling suddenly sorry for Slim, who obviously had no idea what he was in the middle of. Bob had fed him some sort of bull-shit story, and poor, dumb Slim just believed what he was told. Hell - Bob had probably realized how gullible Slim was while working with him, and hatched this plan to take advantage of the fact...

I really don't know why I did it. I mean, dumb or not, duped or not, Slim was in the middle of a hostage situation, holding what might or might not be a fully-loaded automatic shotgun - but I felt so bad for the poor guy that I wanted to make what was going to happen easier on him. Oh, it'd be completely different if I'd been choosing whether it was going to happen or not, but since I was sure Bob was going to make it happen anyway, I was just moved to make it easier on him...

In that strange, pitying state, some of my fear and disgust melted away, and I actually managed to sound somewhat bored as I spoke without moving:

"Look, if you guys are just going to stand around yakking, I'm gonna have to charge you extra..."

As I figured, Bob caught on quick - and, maybe it's the sadist hat we all have a little part of inside of us, but I was thrilled to her the disgruntled tone in his voice as he said: "See? Now you just go on and fuck her..."

Sure, I was about to be 'raped', and if I'd tried to resist Bob would have started killing - but, by 'playing along', I'd managed to steal his thunder...

...and he knew damned well that he couldn't do a damned thing about it, not playing to a suddenly doubtful audience of one doped-up semi-criminal.

"Okay, Bob..." Slim said, his faith restored - and it was a struggle not to blurt out the 'truth' as I heard him unzip his pants.

If I'd told him I wasn't really a hooker, he would have stopped - and Bob would have started firing...

Instead, I closed my eyes and struggled not to cry as I said - begged: "Please, Slim - fuck me. Fuck me long and hard...!"

"No problem, sweet-cheeks..." Slim agreed, handing his gun to Bob and stepping behind me...

I managed to convert my scream of shock into a wordless gasp as I felt his hard cock slide into my new womanhood. The scream of shock would have reflected many things - including my surprise at how good it felt to have a hard, warm cock fill my brand-spanking-new vagina...

...and pause there, filling me and generating new and disturbing nice sensations in a new body part that was rapidly becoming moist and ready.

"I ain't hurtin' you none, am I?" Slim asked, solicitously - and I was more than a little shocked to find myself struggling not to laugh at the sheer absurdity of the question, given the situation.

"No..." I managed in a very odd tone of voice... Slim began to have sex with me.

I've had my fair share of sex in my life, perhaps less in the near past than when I was young, but it hadn't been so long ago that I'd forgotten what it felt like. Which is why I can state with absolute assurance that having sex, as a woman, feels every bit as good as having sex as a man does.

Oh - but it feels so very *different*...

For one thing, it's internal. The sensations aren't coming from an appendage rather thoughtlessly hung where a poorly-aimed golf-ball can do incredible amounts of pain - so the feeling being generated came from deep within me, seeming to

spread out in a steadily expanding globe of pleasure that caused interesting ancillary effects in my nipples and - interestingly - lips. Without even being aware I was doing it, at first, I began to lick and suck my own lips in an odd way, even lightly nibbling them between my perfect white teeth as I moaned, low in the back of my throat.

The moan was any sort of acting. What I was experiencing really did feel good - very good.

I was enjoying having sex.

Not 'being raped'. Technically, Slim wasn't raping me. If anything, it was Bob who was raping me, *through* Slim - except that Slim, bless his stupid, cancerous heart, was actually trying to make it feel good for me, too...

...and succeeding. Who would have thought the dope-head would be a considerate lover, varying speed and pitch as he pumped into me to keep himself from coming too soon, while maximizing my pleasure...

Deep inside, a part of my psychiatrist's brain found it eminently logical, of course. Not to bright and nothing special to look at, Slim would instinctively learned whatever he could to keep a woman if he managed to actually catch one - so of course he was a good lover. It was just about the only thing he had to offer a woman.

Most of me wasn't nearly so critical. I was busy rocking back and forth,. My firm new breasts bouncing and jostling as I gasped in wordless pleasure as Slim fucked me, one hand resting on a firm buttock as he drove...

One hand?

Evan in he rising daze of pleasure that was washing over me as I neared orgasm, I became aware of the fact that something was wrong - and the detail was further clarified by Bob's suddenly horrified shout of : "Slim - Don't..."

I forced my pleasure-heavy lids all the way open, looking into the huge mirror mounted behind the bar...

Slim had handed the Pancor to Bob before he'd started having sex with me - but at some point, as he'd pounded rhythmically into me, our bodies had slid forward until I was practically laying my stomach on the bar, the toes of my feet barely on the floor. Slim, lost in the throes of passion as he desperately strove not to cum before me, had reached out with one hand for added leverage...

...and unthinkingly wrapped his hand around the grip of the .50, his thumb slipping through the trigger guard...

"Oh.. God.. Gonna.. cum..." Slim gasped, just as Bob - belatedly realizing what was happening - dropped the pistol and dove towards the suddenly much-too-distant machine-gun.

Slim and I came simultaneously. I couldn't help it - I screamed in intense pleasure as the female orgasm ripped through my body, longer and somehow much more.. immediate then a male orgasm, my whole body convulsing with the enormous pleasure of it...

...even as Slim's body convulsed with the force of the orgasm, muscles contracting all over his body - including the muscles in the hand gripping the gun's trigger.

The sound of a fifty-caliber machine gun firing inches away from your ear is deafening. It's an all- encompassing sound, felt as much as heard, each 'thud' sounding oddly like a pen punching through heavy cardboard, cyclic and fast.

At least - that's what I assume it'd sound like. I can't say for certain, because I never heard that sound. Instead, I heard:

"Want another orgasm, Jenny?"

I blinked - and then blinked again.

I was *sitting* at the bar. Sitting comfortable, nylon-clad legs crossed at the knees.

From hidden speakers came the soft soothing sounds of a string quartet. From behind me came the sound of mid-afternoon diners chatting and eating - which made sense, since it was twelve hours later than it should be, making it mid-afternoon.

I was sitting at the bar in the Drake Hotel. Dressed in the same jacket-over-bustier as before, but now with a just-above-knee-length skirt, decorously tucked under one smooth thigh so as not to gape open in an unladylike manner.

Much the way my mouth was doing as I stared incredulously at the reflection in the mirror. The one that showed me sitting at the bar, fully dressed and decidedly unmussed, while behind me the normal going-ons of the hotel were going on, showing no signs of any recent hostage situation...

"Jenny? Jenny, are you okay...?"

The female voice to my right was the same one that had offered me another orgasm. Feeling as if I'd been dipped in glue that was just starting to harden, I forced myself to look in that direction...

The woman gazing at me with good-natured eyes was tall and slender, doing her best to look as casually elegant as me - but not having much luck. The long, silky black hair was nicely styled. Her long, incredibly shapely legs were decorously clad in a mid-length skirt. Even her blouse was crisp and white.

It was the fact that the breasts beneath that blouse were roughly the size and shape of basketballs that spoiled the elegant look. That, and the bright and cheerfully available look on her somewhat too- heavily made-up face.

"Jenny - we're never going to pick up any guys if you start weirding out..." Suzi said, and I was rather amazed to find that I knew her name was Susan 'Suzi' Pickens. Then again, I should know her name, since she was roommate...

I simply gaped at her, trying to process the fact that I knew I was Jennifer Renfrew, Twenty-two, and - unlike Suzi - studying at the University, where I was majoring in Psychology...

...mainly because of my father, John Renfrew, who'd just recently passed away...

If you want 'weird', how about remembering your own funeral? Seeing yourself laying in the coffin at the wake where even Horatio Hornblower Lucas had gotten drunk and stood up to recount with genuine emotion all the lives Good Ol' Doc had saved as the on-call Hostage Negotiator...

I forcibly yanked my mind from the 'memories', trying desperately to cope with the suddenly and inexplicably changed situation - and found myself the focus of a thoroughly concerned stare, compliments of my ditzy-but-very-well-meaning best friend, Suzi.

With whom I'd come to the bar in hopes of picking up a guy. After all, I'd been depressed since my Dad's death, and Suzi's solution to just about any problem was to get laid...

"I'm fine." I said, suddenly, in a voice that said just the opposite. The world seemed to be swimming around me, and I felt a desperate urge to go someplace where I could be alone.

Not because 'the tingle' only came when I was alone. Somehow, I knew that 'the tingle' had belonged to John, not Jenny. This was who I was now - and that's why I needed some time alone, some time to try and grasp this sudden, irreversible shift in age, gender and lifestyle.

"You sure...?" Suzi said, doubtfully. I Lowered my head, trying to get my brain working - and found myself looking at a shot glass.

Oh, right - an Orgasm. Suzi's preferred drink. Yet another tiny detail that I know remembered as clearly as I remembered my old life...

"I'm sorry..." Suzi said, miserably, her sigh threatening to send her enormous breasts ripping right through the tight blouse. "C'mon - let's get you home..."

For the second time in what, subjectively, was only a few minutes, I was overwhelmed with a sudden spark of emotion for Suzi-who-didn't-remember-being-Slim-because-there'd-never-been-such-a-person.

Once Suzi started 'chasing men', she never gave up until she'd caught one. Ever. Yet she was offering...

"I... I just need some time alone..." I said, managing to feign at least some semblance of normality. Well - 'Jenny' normality, at least. "You.. You enjoy yourself."

"Are you sure...?" She asked, and I nodded. Sliding off the bar stool, I began to walk towards the door, realizing that the gentle 'tap-tap' of my heels was something I'd better get used to hearing, because 'Jenny' seemed to like wearing shoes with some sort of heel...

"Well - at least you can feed Bob..." Suzi called, doubtfully, to me...

...and I had a sudden flash of the other roommate we shared our apartment with. Bob.

Our pet bulldog.

Now, as I walked towards the door, I was only subliminally aware of the feminine shift and sway of my body atop my heels - I was too busy trying not to burst out in thoroughly hysterical laughter.

Whatever force had been changing me over the years had evidently 'rewritten' history so that the hostage situation had never happened - and, just as evidently, this force had a certain sense of humor.

'Bob' was short for 'Roberta'. Our pet bulldog was female...

I was so busy trying to keep a lid on the wash of emotions running through my now-permanently- feminine body that I really wasn't paying attention to where I was going. Apparently, I wasn't the only one, because I suddenly found myself struggling to keep my feet as somebody impacted me from the left. Struggling - and failing...

Rather than the cold embrace of the pavement, I found myself in a warm, strongly masculine embrace. Stunned, I glanced upwards, finding myself looking at the face of a broad-shouldered, almost offensively handsome man with a fit, toned body and an stormy-gray eyes that reflected shame, embarrassment and attraction as he gazed down at me...

...and why the hell was I noticing a guy's eyes...?

...well it was certainly better than noticing that the way he'd fallen on one knee to catch me had inadvertently left my face only a few inches from the taut jean fabric covering the large male bulge...

..and I flushed, wondering what the hell was wrong with me as I looked back up at his face...

...and realized he looked oddly familiar...

"I'm so very sorry..." The handsome young man said... young? He was about my own age... "I.. I didn't see you there..."

"Deevers." The word slipped out of my mouth before I knew I was going to say it, and he hesitated in the middle of helping me back to my feet - then went ahead with his gallant gesture before replying.

"Uh.. Yes, I'm Dan Deevers..." He looked at me, eyes narrowing slightly. "Don't take this the wrong way, Miss, but I'm fairly certain we've never met..."

I had no idea how I knew that it wasn't a pick-up line. I also had no idea why I cared, either way...

"I.. I'm John Renfrew..'s daughter." I replied, hoping he didn't catch the slight hesitation as I 'corrected' myself.

He didn't. Instead, he just blinked, twice. "Oh - Oh, yeah, the negotiator. I'm sorry to hear about his passing, Miss Renfrew. My dad said he wished he'd met him - he sounded like a hell of a man."

Oh - if the hotel situation never happened, then John and Deever Senior had never met... "Anyway, I'm so sorry about this and all." Dan said, again, flushing and glancing away...

He was shy! Dan Deever was actually shy. Shy...and very, very handsome.

Shy, handsome - and, if anything like his father, competent and kind...

"Oh - are you okay...?" The slight gasp and the concerned question popped out of her mouth, barely heard by her swirling brain as she tried to figure out why she couldn't quite tear her eyes off of Dan. Right now they were fixed on the knee he'd fallen onto, held at a slightly odd angle - but she was also aware that she wouldn't have to move her eyes far to glance at his crotch again, and from there she might as well continue upwards so she could lose herself in his stormy gray eyes, and while she'd been thinking it she'd been doing it, and now she was staring directly into his eyes...

...except that they were flat black. No pupil, no iris, just flat black, from edge to edge...

...and he was speaking in a strange, flat monotone so unlike his own kind, shy tones...

"I'm sorry, John." Dan said in that strange voice. "You were a worthy Instrument for My will, and for that you shall be rewarded in Heaven - and as I am a Kind and Loving God, here on Earth as well. Be ye fruitful and multiply."

Then his eyes were stormy gray and kind, at least until he glanced away in embarrassment, unaware that, for an instant, his body had been shared with something much, much more...

"It's nothing...." He said, trying hard to make the painful knee look normal, eager to escape this horribly embarrassing situation before he just made a complete mess of things, as he always did when trying to talk to beautiful girls...

...except that he had no way in Heaven or on Earth of knowing that he just couldn't mess this one up.

"Oh, no... It's certainly not 'nothing'..." I told him in a very, very warm tone, guaranteed to get any man's attention...

...and if that didn't do it, I'm sure the long, slow, and very passionate kiss I gave him did. When I finally let him go, staying close to his broad, firm body, he stared at me rather blankly...

...and said, artlessly and without any thought at all, "Thank you." Followed a half-beat later with a confused: "What was that for?"

I couldn't help it. I laughed. It was the instinctive 'Thank You' that did it, I guess. "Does it really matter...?" I teased.

He blinked, then answered very seriously. "Oh, yes - if I knew what I'd done to deserve that, I'd do it again."

I smiled at him, gently. "Well, if it's for informational purposes, I kissed you for being kind, attentive and sweet."

"Oh..." He replied with a thoroughly charming tone of comprehension. "Well, then - I guess I should kindly, attentively and sweetly ask you if you'd like to maybe, sometime, have a cup of coffee with me?"

"I'd love to - and I'm free right now, if you are." I replied, sweetly and with every ounce of 'come-hither' I could toss at him through tone and body language - and with my new body, that was a hell of a lot...

...and damned if he didn't actually hesitate. "Uh "

Now it was my turn to blink - and worry...

"I was just on my way to the Rec Center..." He said, eyes lowered. "I, uh, volunteer as a Big Brother, and Timmy - Tim Shawshanks, my Little Brother - would be really disappointed if I didn't show. I mean, I.. I really would like to have coffee with you and "

Sounds like I wasn't the only one getting rewarded for long and faithful service in His army. I lay a hand on one wonderfully strong arm and smiled up at him. "Well, Dan, if you have to run off, you have to - but I expect you to make it up to me. No simple cup of coffee - I expect a full-fledged date, with a candle-lit dinner, lots of slow dancing cheek-to-cheek, that sort of thing "

He smiled - and for a second I was concerned that it'd just keep growing, wrapping all the way around his head. It managed to stop itself at 'ear to ear', though. "That sounds more than fair to me, Miss Renfrew."

I laughed. "Jenny. If you're dating me, you get to call me Jenny."

"Okay.. Jenny..." He said, charmingly hesitant. I quickly gave him my address and phone number, then sent him on his way with a little peck on the cheek.

Okay, so for being a brand-new woman, I was being just a *leeeetle* bit forward. Since my plan was to get married to him as soon as possibly, I sort of had to. After all, I couldn't have lots and lots and lots of really, really great sex with him until we were married, and I was really, really looking forward to having all that sex with him. Thankfully, I'd be able to pass all my classes without much effort, having a lifetime of experience in it already - which, of course, meant that I'd have plenty of time for the aforementioned sex....

Okay, okay - so I'm being a love-struck, starry-eyed nymphomaniac, angling to have all sorts of sex with a big, strong, well endowed man....

God told me to. What's *your* excuse...?

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When a man buys some drugs on the street, he mistakenly receives experimental designer drugs that turn his genes into a woman's. With the accompanying amnesia, this woman now goes out and his pheromones make everyone around out of control.

Addictive

By Gunslinger

Practically jittering with nervous energy, Johnny Phoung pushed the door of his apartment shut and then slumped against it, his tiny, slender frame seeming to disappear in the bulky leather coat he wore so proudly.

"Man, oh man - I can't believe I just did that..." Johnny muttered to himself, still shaking with the adrenaline rush that came from making his first drug purchase.

Twenty-one years ago, Phoung Jun-Hee had been born, a tiny, darkly-golden baby brought screaming into near abject poverty in the house of his immigrant parents. Almost as soon as he was old enough to notice that he wasn't like his supposed peers, he'd re-christened himself with the mispronunciation of his name that most American youths seemed to stumble upon, and had hence-forth dedicated himself to being the 'All-American boy', or at least this generation's version of it. Though he made only a modest salary as a delivery boy for a chain pizza-parlor, he spent nearly every dime furthering his 'Americanization' plans. He learned how to dress in the preppy-American style, buying only name- brand American clothes, not Wall-Mart specials or (God forbid) Vietnamese clothing. He also eagerly adopted American vices, going out on drinking binges with his college pseudo-buddies, who mostly let him hang around because a) he was fun to tease and b) chicks thought he was 'cute'.

So, when some of his so-called friends had been discussing the different mind- and mood-altering substances they'd tried, Johnny had made up his mind to go out and 'score' some 'dope'.

Actually, he didn't know the first thing about the semi-underground drug culture. He'd ended up following a soi-distant acquaintance to a really low-end 'rave' deep in the heart of the burned-out downtown district, where half the ravers were thugs, dopers or skanks - and the other half was worse.

Still, he was determined to go through with the deal - so, when a sleazy, half-drunk biker-type had sidled up to him and offered him some 'hot shit' that was 'the new shit', he'd bought a small plastic tube of gritty white pills for his last fifty bucks - and then had hurried home, nearly paranoid with the certainty that any second the long arm of the law would reach out and grab him.

However, he'd made it home safely, and now the fear and illicit excitement were fading...

...allowing him to think a little more clearly.

"What the heck..." He paused, consciously changing his vocabulary to that of his 'peers' '...I mean, what the fuck did I just buy?"

Walking over to the cheap futon couch/bed along the wall of his tiny apartment, Johnny slumped down on it and pulled the tube of pills from his pocket, turning it over in his slender bronze fingers while his almond eyes regarded the half-dozen white 'goodies' quizzically.

His original plan had been to 'impress' some of his buddies with his score, inviting them over to get high - but he realized how incredibly stupid he'd look if he had no idea what he was giving them, or what it did.

"The guy didn't even tell me what these things are..." Johnny muttered, running his hand through his oh-so-carefully styled mane of fine, rich black hair. He looked at the pills again, but they didn't provide any visual clues - about the size of aspirin, they were white, flecked lightly with tiny pinkish-grey bits, and gritty-looking.

"Oh, just great...!" Johnny told himself. "Weed, you could identify. Hash and oil, maybe. Acid... maybe not - but these could be sugar pills! Wouldn't that be great - invite the guys over, brag about my score.. and give them placebos. Oh, they'd laugh about the 'stupid veen'mese boy' for weeks!"

Shrugging out of the oversized (and over-priced) leather jacket, Johnny began to pace up and down the room, thinking. He'd blown the last of his money on these pills, and he couldn't see himself just throwing them out... but he couldn't reveal his ignorance about them, either.

Which left only one option....

Johnny knew that it was more than a little dumb to do what he was about to do, but his fear - and self-loathing - at being ridiculed for his heritage and nature was more compelling than the risks.

Sometimes, he thought he'd rather die than be the outcast foreigner - and now he might just have his chance.

Going into the kitchen, Johnny filled a plastic cup with some orange Kool-Aid (he saved his few beers for his 'buddies'), and returned to the living-room to drop back onto the futon.

"Well...." He said, a slight quaver in his voice. "Here goes "

Popping open the red plastic cap on the rounded-ended tube, he shook one, then - after a pause - a second pill out into his hand. Taking the time to close the cap and put the tube back into his jacket pocket - stalling - Johnny made himself comfortable on the futon, looking at the pills in the cupped palm of his slender hand.

Then, in one convulsive movement, he tossed the pills into his mouth and swallowed, rapidly draining the entire cup of Kool-Aid to wash it down.

Putting the cup aside, he leaned back against the wall and waited to see what would happen.

Watching the clock made him discover the first 'effect' of the unknown substance - time seemed to slow to a crawl, the second hand barely seeming to move as he waited nervously for whatever it was to kick in.

He waited, and waited, and waited and felt absolutely nothing, except for the fact that his head was itchy - suddenly, he felt like he could feel every single strand of hair on his head.

With a sigh, Johnny decided he'd gotten ripped off, that was all. Idly, he began to imagine that the scene had happened differently, that maybe he'd gone in and known what he was all about - he was some street-wise tough Oriental, like you sometimes saw in the movies, his leather jacket looking as good on him in real life as it did in his imagination, and...

Still sort of imagining how it might've gone (maybe), Johnny picked up the remote control and flicked on the small TV across the room - and blinked as it came on, very loudly. He held his thumb down on the '-' button on the remote, and blinked again as he saw the little volume bars were only a quarter of the way across the screen to begin with.

He puzzled for a while over how his TV had suddenly acquired more powerful sound - but then shrugged it off and began to watch TV. Almost unaware he was doing it, he began to undress, feeling too warm, and slightly 'itchy'. As he tried to focus on the image on the screen, he almost unknowingly stripped out of his clothes, until his naked, golden body lay sprawled out on the futon.

He frowned slightly, unconsciously rubbing his mildly itching arms as he tried to figure out the show on TV - or maybe it was a movie, because it was all dark, and mysterious, with deep, convoluted statements that didn't seem to make much sense - like a movie three-quarters of the way through, when you didn't know the plot or characters. He slowly began to pick up the plot - the woman was trying to trick the man... her husband...? into doing something, but she wasn't actually saying what she wanted him to do - she was using their son to get to him, because he...

Then, suddenly, something began to scroll across the bottom of the screen, and Johnny switched his focus to the scrolling words.

"Order now and we'll include a... what the hell...?" Johnny blinked... then his eyes widened. "Holy shit it's a commercial...!"

He sat up suddenly, realizing that what had seemed like a good ten or fifteen minutes of the 'movie' couldn't have been more than a minute or two - and that it was just a TV commercial, not some mysterious movie.

"Holy shit...!" Johnny said, then giggled. "I am *sooo* stoned!"

Leaning back on the futon, Johnny grinned to himself, not realizing just how goofy-looking his grin was as he let his mind begin to wander from thought-to-thought, randomly, letting himself sink into the uncritical haze of the drug. Though he'd never been into this type of culture, himself, he could understand how some people sank silently into the depths of drug use - something he'd never let happen to himself, of course. While stoned, he might say or do something 'un-American', and thus blow his own 'image', the one he was working so hard to build. Still, it was good that he could now talk about drugs to his American-born 'friends' without sounding like a complete idiot.

Oh, but to be like them - to be like a 'real' American...

Leaning back, eyes closed, mind caught up in a daze, Johnny let himself slip into a fantasy - one in which he wasn't some golden Oriental 'foreigner', but a born and bred American...

...and so he didn't see what was happening. On a certain level, he felt it - as a slow tingling sensation that ran through his body like a gentle, mildly electric warmth. Though it nibbled at the hazy periphery of his consciousness, Johnny mistook it as a symptom of being stoned - which was both right and wrong, as it was an effect of the drug, but not a 'normal' effect for most mind-altering substances.

Unknowingly, Johnny had taken something that was far more than that - and he was unaware as his body began to process the chemicals in the drug, which were designed to interact with the mild - but - measurable electrical activity of the brain. More than just interact, though...

The tiny, molecular-sized machines within the sugar-based 'matrix' of the pill came to life. Like millions of tiny soldiers marching into battle, the nano-sized machines received unrealized 'orders' from the Kyrillean field given by body and mind, and set off to obey these orders...

With that slow, spreading warmth, there was something else happening.

Slowly, the golden color of Johnny's skin began to fade, the chemical creating that particular shade of bronzed skin slowly being 'eaten' by the tiny machines that now swarmed through Johnny's body.

They processed the chemical composition of the 'pigment' and converted it into waste material, to be drawn through the bloodstream and disposed of.

In the space of a few minutes, Johnny's skin faded from the rich golden bronze of his ancestry to a lighter shade, looking like nothing more than a lightly tanned Caucasian shade.

Johnny was, again, only faintly aware of the taut, warm sensation around his eyes, and again mistook it for a 'normal' feeling for somebody who was high, unaware that the distinctive eye-folds around his dark eyes were being 'straightened' by the tiny machines now dispersed through his body. The cells were tightened or loosened from within, reshaping the flesh around his eyes until they were roughly Caucasian in appearance, but with slight 'almond' shape to them, which - if they'd been open - would have given them a 'mysterious' look.

Johnny was falling deeper into a 'dream state' with every passing second, less and less of his surroundings - and his own body. Instead, his mind wandered further afield, passing from his own imaginary American history to what being 'American' would mean to him, the popularity and the prestige. The acceptance by his peers... and by the American Girls he was to shy to even talk to, much less proposition.

The American girls, with their long, shapely legs...

Inside the muscles and soft tissues of his legs, the nanites took his imaginings as orders and set to work, doing what they could within the malleable tissues of the legs, while others worked with the bones as best they could, less able to alter the calcified structure of the bones.

The American girls, with their full hips and taut asses...

Some of the nanites moved from his legs to join those already in his hips and ass, going to work to follow their instructions...

The American girls, with their slender waists...

Becoming hard-pressed to keep up with the flow of 'instructions' they were receiving, the nanites in Johnny's body dedicated about eighty-five percent of themselves to doing the actual work, while the other fifteen percent set up shop to produce even more replicas of their own selves, 'stealing' iron, carbon and other elements from Johnny's body to increase the number of tiny, molecular-scale machines to follow his 'orders'.

Lost in the drug-induced daze, Johnny's imagination was... well, not necessarily 'sharper', as much as 'all-inclusive'. Without outside distractions to break through the barrier created in his mind by the drug, Johnny was able to experience his fantasies with a sort of immediacy that was lacking in other circumstances, allowing him to build and hold the image in his mind with more power clarity. Of an American 'dream girl', from the tip of her dainty toes (clad in high heels, of course), to the top of her head (platinum blonde, ideally). Every detail of this fantasy woman, every inch of her body, every tiniest detail...

...and, to the best of their ability, limited by various factors, especially in the 'dead' calcium structure of nails and hair, the tiny machines struggled to fulfill their instructions, burning more and more of the 'resources' in Johnny's body...

...which was enough to 'exhaust' him, pushing his dazed, hazy mind over the edge, and into sleep, his body relaxing in slumber as the tireless machines continued to function.

* * * * *

Johnny blinked up at the ceiling, listening to the quiet sound coming from the nearly-mute TV, playing some early-morning News/Talk show.

Feeling poorly rested and awkward, his body feeling decidedly odd (from sleeping in an awkward position, Johnny logically - but incorrectly - assumed), Johnny felt out-of-sorts and thick-witted, as if he'd gotten only a little sleep after being up for much too long.

All in all, not an auspicious beginning to the day. With a chuff of expelled air, Johnny heaved his body upright on the futon...

...and the sensations of his body made it damn clear that something more... *fundamental* was wrong with him then mere exhaustion and an awkward sleeping position.

"What the...?" Johnny grumbled, starting to look down...

...then stopping dead as two things registered.

The first was the sound of his own voice, all wrong in his ears, too high-pitched and with a faint tremolo overtone.

The second was what he saw, staring downward.

For a second Johnny simply sat stock-still, unwilling to believe anything being reported to his brain. What he heard, what he was seeing, what he was feeling - it was so utterly inconceivable that his brain simply didn't know where to begin...

...then it 'double-checked' itself and reported that what was apparently happening was, indeed, really happening...

If asked how he'd react if he woke up and found that he'd been transformed into a woman, Johnny would probably have said he'd scream and faint, or maybe go instantly, gibbering insane.

Presented with the impossible situation, however, Johnny did neither. Instead, *she* continued to gaze downward for a long second, taking in the sight of a pair of huge, firmly rounded breasts in the foreground, backed by shapely feminine gams in the background, all framed by strands of dark hair that hung to either side of her vision. Other, new sensation made it abundantly clear that the changes she could see - and, in her voice, hear - went all the way through her body.

Slowly, she lifted one hand and slowly turned it over near her face, looking at it. Her hands had always been fairly slender, thanks to her Asian heritage, but this hand was even more dainty, definitely - almost defiantly - feminine, tipped with fairly long nails.

Slowly, hesitantly, Johnny guided that hand downwards, past the silken thighs of her altered legs... to her crotch.

A crotch that conformed in every way to that of a 'genetic' woman. Short, downy pubic hair passed under questing fingers, and centered in that fine layer of hair was the vaginal lips of her new womanhood.

Slowly, with the oddly graceful motions and blank expression of somebody deep in shock, Johnny rose from the futon, barely feeling the unfamiliar balance of his altered body as she walked unsteadily down the hallway and into the bathroom, using one slender new finger to flick on the light switch. Stepping into the white-tiled bathroom, she gazed blankly at the reflection shown in the mirror.

For the first instant, Johnny couldn't see her 'original' self in the mirror, though she was trying very hard to see it... then it 'clicked', but it was as if two images were overlaid atop each other, the 'original' Johnny only visible if you knew the secret.

The height was about the same, as was the rough build - as an Asian, Johnny had been fairly short and slender compared to his Caucasian friends. That, however, was hidden by her new gender, her build and height now 'average' for a Caucasian woman, which she now seemed to be. Likewise, her hair had always been richly black and shiny, as well as light and silky - but it was quite 'normal' for a Caucasian woman to have the long, silky mane of raven's wing hair that the mirror-image woman boasted.

Indeed, the woman shown in the mirror was a vision of Caucasian femininity and sensuality. Long, shapely legs lead upwards to slim-yet-feminine hips. She boasted a firm, full ass and a slender waist. She had tiny, dainty feet and hands. Her face was downright stunning, from the dark, mysterious eyes to the full, ripe lips, all on a heart-shaped face atop a slender, swan-like neck.

Her breasts... Her breasts were huge, the size of basketballs, and remarkably firm, though not 'implant'-hard, but with a slight, 'natural' droop. The large, thick - and, since they were nearly rock-hard in the cool air, responsive - nipples were to scale with her massive new endowments.

"Gee..." Johnny said, blankly, hearing the richly feminine voice that emerged from her altered throat. "I'm a living wet dream "

Then her eyes rolled up, exposing the whites, as her shocked mind gave way to blissful unconsciousness and she fainted.

As her limp body toppled, her head slammed, unfeeling, against the unyielding porcelain of the toilet, creating a resounding 'clonk' sound that overshadowed the more muffled 'thunk' as her new skull bounced off the white vinyl flooring.

* * * * *

Elsewhere in the city, two men dressed in dark suits leaned over the desk of the interrogation room, their eyes lost behind matching dark glasses as they stared down at the heavy-set, long-haired biker- type in the chair.

"All right, we know you were pressuring Dr. Brightling for some gambling debt he owed you, and he 'bought' an extension for himself with a new designer drug." The one on the right said, in a sharp voice.

His near-clone (except for hair color, which was several shades lighter) jumped in. "The numb-nuts didn't even know what he gave you, you sorry sap. In fact, the damn things were marked as placebos!"

"Huh?" The biker-type grunted, his medical knowledge limited to the occasional episode of ER when he was too stoned to remember how to work the remote.

"Dammit - who did you sell the pills to, scumbag!" The first one demanded. The burly guy looked back and forth between the two men, then shrugged. "Some Jap kid "

* * * * *

Warm... yet cold. Darkness, split by light. Silence, punctuated by a low, heavy thrumming....

With a soft, gentle moan, she slowly pulled herself off the tile floor, shivering from the chill the tiles had imparted into her lithe body, while the close, stuffy room had kept the other side of her warm.

The room - the entire apartment - was silent, but the beat of her heart sounded like a heavy bass drum in her own head, which ached from impact - triggering yet another soft moan as she tenderly probed her head with long-nailed fingers, wincing. Slowly, stiffly, she pulled herself upright, using the counter to provide leverage to pull her slender, shapely - and most definitely top-heavy - body upright.

Leaning against the counter with one slender, smooth arm, she reached up and pushed her full, heavy mane of silky, raven's-wing hair out of her face and stared at the image reflected in the mirror.

In the silence of the apartment, the throbbing of her aching head was the only measure of time as she stared at the reflection, silently - then she let out her pent-up breath in a long, slow sigh.

"Ooooh-kay " She said, softly, marveling at the sweet, warm contralto voice the word emerged in.

" and just who might you be?"

The reflection in the mirror had no answer to give, and the woman slowly straightened and turned around, looking at the bathroom with a soulful gaze.

She didn't know who she was, nor how she'd gotten her or even where 'here' was, for that matter.

She recognized the bathroom for what it was, and she was capable of speaking, so there were memories accessible to her, enough so that she hadn't 'regressed' to a baby's state of confusion but she still couldn't access any memories at all, not directly. Though she spoke and understood English, she couldn't remember who she'd ever spoken with. No memory of any conversation with anybody surfaced, though she was sure she must have gone to school, must have had parents and relatives and friends.

She just couldn't remember any of them. Hell - she didn't even remember *herself*, much less anybody else. The image in the mirror was a complete stranger to her. Obviously, it must be her but she didn't remember being her, or anything about herself.

Waking up to find that you were a complete stranger to yourself was a disconcerting situation, and in the back of her mind, part of her wondered why she wasn't panicking at the strange and frightening situation - but she was grateful for the fact, since she knew that the raw emotions of panic would do absolutely nothing to help her in his situation.

The question was - what *would* help her?

It was a hell of a good question. She just wished she had an answer.

"What the hell is going on?" She asked herself, knowing that there'd be no answer forthcoming. All she knew for sure was what she'd learned in the few minutes since she'd regained consciousness.

Well, she knew what she looked like, now. She was a woman, apparently in her mid-twenties. About average height, with a slender, shapely body and huge, remarkably firm breasts tipped with equally large nipples, currently (and rather pleasantly) engorged from the cool air.

How she knew she was huge-breasted and beautiful was beyond her, since she couldn't summon up any specific images of other people to compare herself against - but the fact remained that she knew it was true. Just as she knew that her face, surrounded by a wealth of long, silky hair, was lovely, with a pert nose, full, soft lips and big, dark eyes that would drive men wild.

"Well, I guess it's better to be sexy and beautiful rather than ugly and old..." She muttered to herself, stretching. "These tits are a pain in the... well, lower back, actually."

She lightly hefted her huge, firm tits, feeling the weight of the softly solid masses and wondering if, before her amnesia, she'd enjoyed having such huge tits, or simply lived with them. She didn't think they were implants - though how she knew women could get implants to enlarge their bust was beyond her - and it was equally obvious that she'd never had her bust reduced, either. Was it due to fear of 'unnecessary' surgery, or had she enjoyed her massive, heavy boobs...?

It was a question she couldn't answer - and wasn't terribly pertinent, anyway. She was who she was, even if she couldn't remember her history, so there was nothing about her own body she had to worry about. It was exactly the same as it had been before...

...right?

Shrugging off the odd sense of disquiet she felt about her top-heavy figure, she moved on to checking out the surroundings, seeing what she could glean from them.

She was in a bathroom, somewhere. A private bathroom, rather than a public restroom - but she didn't know who's bathroom it was. Well, that was as good a place as any to start, she figured.

She began to go through the items filling the bathroom, wondering how she knew what they were, but glad she did, since it made it easy to figure some things out.

"Well, this isn't my bathroom..." She muttered to herself. There was a complete lack of what she somehow knew was 'feminine necessities' - this was the bathroom of a man, and a bachelor to boot.

Well, if nothing else, the search of the bathroom turned something else up - a bottle of Tylenol in the cabinet. Again, she was bemused by the fact that she could 'recognize' the bottle, know what it was, and how many to take... and yet not remember her own name.

Downing two of the white pills with some water, she looked at the small plastic container and considered, then decided to hold onto it. Holding it in her left hand, she stepped out of the bathroom and began to look around the rest of the apartment, searching equally for information about herself - and her clothes.

She got little of either - or, rather, little of one and none of the other.

The apartment definitely belonged to a bachelor - one 'Phoung Jun-Hee', according to identification she found in a wallet. Everything she found agreed with her initial assessment of the apartment, that Phoung was a bachelor, and far from rich - but she didn't recognize the Asian face in the photo, nor did she find any sign that she spent time in this apartment. There was nothing in the apartment that she could even assume was 'hers' - no clothes, no personal items, and definitely no identification.

So... she not only had no idea who she was (still), but she didn't know what she was doing here, how she'd gotten here - or what had happened to the clothes and items she must have had with her when she'd arrived.

Well, obviously, somebody must have taken them out of the apartment, perhaps the 'Phoung' guy. The question was... why?

Given the circumstances, she was worried. Her clothes, purse, money and ID were missing. She had an aching head from a blow, and amnesia that might have come from the blow to the head... or from being drugged in some way. After all, she'd found a little container which held odd-looking little pills that could have been some sort of knock-out drug.

This Phoung could be some sort of pervert or psycho. Maybe they'd met somewhere, and she'd found his small stature 'unthreatening'... and he'd used her misplaced trust to drug her and drag her here.

Maybe he was out, right now, tossing her clothes and purse into the river in the hopes that cops investigating her disappearance would think she'd drowned. She just didn't know...

...but she didn't like the situation she was in. If Phoung was friend, why weren't there any signs that she'd been here before? Why were her clothes missing, and her purse. Maybe a friend would take her clothes down to the laundry room to wash them while she was getting a bath or shower, and she'd slipped and hit her head... except that her purse should still have been laying around.

No - she was safest assuming that Phoung had some sort of ill intentions for her. Maybe she was expected to be unconscious awhile longer - in which case, Phoung might get back at any time.

She had to get out of here.

She tossed Phoung's bedroom again, this time looking for clothing that would fit her. Her head was feeling better, now that the Tylenol had kicked in, but her oddly detached emotions were coming to life, and now panic threatened to set in as she searched for something to wear.

There was no feminine undergarments to be had, so she'd have to 'go commando' - but she needed something to wear, as a woman - especially one with her build - would attract too much undue interest if she were to walk around naked.

She tried on a pair of jeans with a button fly, and found that they were about the right length - but she couldn't button the fly, the heavy fabric unable to stretch to encompass her smoothly curved feminine hips and full, sexy ass. She needed something made out of a fabric that had more 'give' than denim...

...which meant the black silk pants she'd found buried in the back of his closet. Bundled up along with a white silk 'blouse', she recognized the outfit, somewhat - it was the 'stereotypical' Vietnamese outfit. There were even a pair of sandals with straps that could be adjusted to fit her slender, dainty feet well enough to get by.

However, the outfit was far from perfect. Though the draw-string style pants were able to fit over her womanly hips and taut buttocks, they were stretched almost painfully tight while doing so, clinging suggestively to her crotch and ass.

Likewise, the silk shirt wasn't designed to hold her massive, firm bust. The first time she'd pulled the soft fabric on, it had clung like a second skin to her huge tits - and clearly revealed her huge, thick nipples. Peeling the blouse off - frantically, fear close to overwhelming her at the thought of Phoung returning before she could get away - she pulled on a gray tank-style undershirt that helped contain her massive bust, as well as 'tone down' the look as she pulled the blouse on again, finding it acceptable, even if it emphasized her full bust.

Quickly adjusting the straps on the sandals, she pulled them on and hurried for the door, heart pounding, the clothes and the bottle of Tylenol her only assets as she yanked the door open and stepped out into the hallway beyond, hair in disarray around a beautiful face locked into a panic-stricken expression. Heart thundering, she hurried towards the stairs, feeling the shift and sway of her huge tits with every step and cursing her lack of a bra. She was sure she was 'used' to having such huge breasts, but not being able to remember made the jiggle and bounce of her breasts feel all-new to her - and that served as an unwelcome distraction as she fled the scene of her unknowing awakening.

Stepping out of the door at the bottom of the stairs, she found that she'd exited at the back of the building, into an alley. Not wanting to chance running into Phoung coming up in the elevator, she'd used the 'back stairs' to make her escape - and now wondered if that was such a good idea. The apartment was a downtown-apartment building, and obviously not in a very expensive - or very 'safe' - neighborhood. The alleyway she was in could have been the infamous 'dark alley' you didn't want to meet certain sorts of people in.

Slowly, feeling the worm of fear turn in her stomach, she headed down the dimly-lit alley, lost in the shadows of the buildings that loomed over it. The air was redolent with the mixed odors rising from the dumpsters and garbage cans lining the alley, and a thin trickle of scummy water ran down the drainage 'dip' in the center of the alley. The sound of her own soft-soled sandals on the cracked pavement sounded impossibly loud to her, and the feel of her body as it moved seemed oddly foreign to her, though the hip-swaying, breast-bouncing stride must have been one she'd used almost all her adult life.

Despite the fact that the morning was fairly chilly - enough so that her nipples remained almost painfully (and pleasantly) engorged - she was sweating from her fear, confusion and anxiety. The welcome 'emotional numbness' had deserted her, and there was a metallic taste of fear in her mouth as she padded towards the square of light that marked the end of the alleyway...

"Hey, bitch - this is my turf."

The slightly husky female voice coming out of nowhere scared her half to death, and she jumped and whirled...

...and the weight of her huge bust pulled her off balance, and she began to stumble.

Even as she lost her balance and fell forward, she saw who had spoken. In the dimmer recess of a doorway, a black woman leaned. Her clothing and excessive amounts of make-up proclaimed her 'profession' loudly. The amnesiac woman had a good chance to see this - because her staggering topple was in the direction of the scantily - and cheaply-clad whore, who was trying to recoil back from the 'crazy white bitch' who was 'lunging' at her...

...but the doorway left no space to avoid her, and the two women slammed together.

They screamed in unison. Their bodies jerked and trembled as the sweat sheathing the Caucasian woman's body served as a 'connection' between them... and allowed millions of now-much-evolved twelfth-generation nanites to swarm between their bodies.

However, the nanites didn't realize they were functioning in two different 'environments' now, and were struggling to make sense of the sudden 'doubling' of DNA and mental emanations - and doing so, bridged the gap between the two women, connecting their incompatible nerve-impulses willy-nilly, which caused the 'electrocuted' reaction, leaving the women collapsed, intertwined, on the stoop of the doorway, the nanites swarming through both their bodies as they stared, conscious but immobile, at whatever spot their immobile eyes happened to be focused on.

The nanites running through both of their bodies, bridging their nerves to create a single-yet-split network, were badly overmatched. During the night, the original, broad-based nanites had 'died', their tiny 'bodied' breaking down - and the ones that had replaced them had been more specifically suited to the body they'd inhabited. Each succeeding generation had been further type-specific to their environment, and the difference between the two women was too great for them to bridge.

So, instead, the nanites dealt with what they could, slowly self-destructing one by one as they did so, so intent on their impossible task that they didn't have the time or materials to replicate themselves as they 'wore out'.

Finally, the ones 'stuck' in the body of the prostitute wore themselves out, being more heavily overworked in the strange environment - and the 'connection' between the two women was broken...

...but not before there'd been a rather substantial effect.

The dark-skinned individual who had, moments before, been a 37-year-old hooker named Dixie DeLite shook herself and looked around in confusion.

"Wha... what's happening...?" She asked, fearfully, eyes wide. "Why.. why am I...?"

Quickly, she extracted herself from the still-limp body of the white woman laying on the doorstep. Overwhelmed and overloaded by the stresses her body had been placed under, she'd lost consciousness, leaving her top-heavy form limp and unresponsive as the black woman shook her, demanding answers in a thin, fearful voice.

No - not black *woman*, but black *girl*.

Because she'd been regressed backwards in both body and mind, the nanites in her system driving her back to the age of 17, back to when she'd first gotten into the city. Once more, the pretty young woman was Debbie Nbraku, daughter of African immigrants, excited to be in the big city...

This time, however, there was no Duke Carlyle waiting at the bus station, narrow eyes watching for new 'talent' to 'help'... and addict to an array of drugs so they'd end up working for him as hookers. Now, there was only the seventeen year old girl, frightened and confused, with no memory of the past twenty years - and the horrors that had come with them.

Shocked - and horrified - by the clothes she was wearing, Debbie looked at the limp body of the white woman laying on the step. The body that was still warm, still alive - but not moving...

* * * * *

The pimply, shockingly-red-haired girl screwed up her narrow eyes in what was supposed to be a thoughtful gesture.

"Gee, uh... I think his name was Tommy." She said, scratching at her needle-track-marked arm with ragged fingernails. "Or maybe Johnny."

The two men in dark suits shared a long-suffering look through their dark sunglasses. "Well ?" The one on the right asked, slowly. "Who is he? Where does he live?"

The red-head shook her head. "Dunno. He's not a regular. I guess you should ask Mike - I think he came with him. Yeah, yeah - Mike brought Tommy-or-Johnny."

The two men shared another look, and the one on the left asked the obvious follow-up question. "How can we get a hold of Mike ?"

* * * * *

Body and mind were exhausted. Drained by the nanites, mind and body lay limp, unresponsive, the tiny machines now dead molecules waiting to be expelled through natural processes.

Their work was already done, however.

Memory was locked away behind the wall of amnesia, unreachable by her conscious mind, at least for now - but the brief fusion of minds between her and Debbie had created new thoughts, new skills, that spun and bounced outside that unseen mental wall. Just as she could know what Tylenol was, and how to use it, without actually remembering where or when she'd seen it before, so could her mind absorb these mismatched ideas without tying them into her untouched memories. Instead, they insinuated themselves into her brain, altering it from what it had been, forming new pathways to hold the strange mix of thoughts and skills that were settling into place...

She moaned, her eyes fluttering open.

For a long second, she merely stared at the stained and patched concrete only inches from her face, her mind trying to fit where she was into it's fractured memories. She recalled waking in the bathroom of an apartment that wasn't hers, mind devoid of any hint of her past. She recalled, hazily, leaving the bathroom to search for her clothes...

...and that was the last sharp memory that would come. She could pick out other fragments, by they stood by themselves, without any details to flesh them out. She remembered leaving the apartment in a near panic... but she couldn't remember why she was so scared. She couldn't remember where she'd gone from there, though...

...or where she was now.

Slowly, with another soft moan, she sat up...

...and, with a start, realized she was nearly naked. With a gasp, she curled her body up, looking around in confusion.

She was wearing only a gray tank-style top that strained, skin-tight, of her huge tits. Other than that, she was naked - but there was a small pile of clothes laying on the stoop beside her.

"What happened...?" She asked herself - rhetorically, because she knew the memories were gone. She had no way of connecting the time she woke up in the bathroom to here, though it couldn't have been all that long ago.

Once more, she was trying to figure things out based on any evidence around her - and the most obvious place to start was the pile of clothes laying on the ground near her.

"These must be mine..." She muttered, picking them up and sorting through them. In truth, she couldn't recall what - if anything - she'd been wearing when she'd left the apartment, but she seemed to have an idea that she'd been carrying something with her from the apartment, though what she might have been carrying was unclear. The clothes were the most obvious conclusion she could make which meant that they must be hers.

She frowned slightly as she looked them over.

"Huh... no underwear..." She muttered. "I.. I guess I don't wear underwear... or, at least, wasn't wearing any last night..."

Slowly, she began to dress in what was available, trying to deduce things from her clothing.

"Hmmm... Fishnet stockings..." She said, pulling the black, back-seamed garments up her smooth, shapely legs. Over the stockings went the skirt - a black leather skirt that was almost painfully tight, and barely long enough to cover the elasticized tops of the fishnets.

"I guess I like to dress sexy..." She concluded, knowing that the short, tight garment was really showcasing her long, sexy legs and spectacular ass. The conclusion was further supported by the shoes that were there. Black patent leather, the pumps had six-inch-high spike heels, further enhancing the curves of her legs and ass.

She'd wondered, before, if she was happy being so incredibly busty. Well, given the way the skin-tight tank-top strained over her huge tits, showing off a lot of creamy cleavage, she guessed she had her answer - she must love showing off her huge, firm tits...

It was nice to know what type of girl she was, even if she couldn't remember her past life. Even better, though, was the fact that there was a small purse spilled out on the ground next to where the clothing had been. Eagerly, she grabbed it up and looked through it...

...and felt disappointment well at the fact there was no ID in the purse. All it contained was some make-up, some cheap/flashy jewelry, and a brush.

Well, at least she wouldn't have to look like something the cat dragged in. With skills she didn't specifically remember having, she quickly applied some make-up and brushed out her hair, glad she was verifying her own assumptions about herself by the easy, familiar way she applied the bold, obviously-sexual make-up scheme without any trouble at all. Oddly, though, something was 'nagging' at her mind as she did so - as if there was a memory trying to be born as she watched herself in the

small compact's mirror as she applied her eye-shadow. The think was, the memory that was very vaguely formed seemed to indicate that she'd done this many time before, but that she'd been... darker? That didn't make much sense... unless she used to have a tan, or something. Yes, that must be it. Somewhere, in her mind, was buried a memory of the time she'd had a really deep tan.

After all, what other reason could there be for thinking that the memory of applying make-up belonged to somebody with darker skin than what she saw now...?

Next, she began to put on the 'metal'-tone plastic jewelry, mostly 'silver', with some 'gold'...

...and her heart did a double-beat as she found herself holding a small, cheap necklace with those little fake-rhinestone letters that you can buy. The ones you buy to spell out a word, or your name...

...or your initials. In this case, the small, cheap-looking letters were 'DD'.

"Well, that's much too small to be my bra size." She said, with a giggle. "My tits..." She paused, then consciously corrected herself. "...my gorgeous, huge boobies, that is, must be at *least* HHH-cup..."

Putting on the necklace, she closed her eyes and began to mutter women's names to herself, trying them on for size.

"Dana? No...? Dora? Don't think so... Destiny? Delores? Danielle... wait - Dani?"

She paused, as something in her mind 'jiggled'. "No, not quite... something close, though... Donny?" The 'jiggle' became more pronounced, though obviously that wasn't it - which meant it must be... "Donna! My name must be Donna!"

She paused... but there was no flood of memories, no burst of revelation. Still... it was probably close, if not right on. Still, there was something else niggling at her mind, something that seemed to be part of her name...

"Di...Didi? No... Dick.. Dixon! That must be my name - Donna Dixon!"

She sighed with relief, glad to have a name to attach to herself. If it wasn't exactly right, it was something close - she could feel that sensation that there was something familiar with the sounds, even if she wasn't dead-on. Still, 'Donna' was better than nothing at all...

Feeling less confused now that she'd gleaned something about herself from her clothes and accessories, Donna rose smoothly from the stoop and began to head towards the end of the alley, just letting her body move 'naturally', without any attempt to consciously control her stride. As she'd hoped, her body used the skills she couldn't remember having, and she not only walked easily in the heels, but with a sexy, 'come-hither' stride that further verified what type of woman she was.

Well, now she also knew why she didn't wear bras or panties... Damn, it felt good! The way her hips rolled and wiggled with every step did interesting things to her, all of them pleasant. The way it made her tits bounce and sway, her swollen nipples rubbing against the straining fabric of the tank-top. The way her thighs felt, sliding silky-smooth against each other, was actually

getting her very turned on, which felt great - a deep, damp warmth in her crotch that seemed to spread through her whole body as a warm tingle that intensified the way her tits felt even more.

God - she felt fantastic! No wonder why she dressed the way she did, and walked the way she did. Not only did she *look* sexy, she *felt* sexy!

"Oh, God..." She said, in a husky, happy voice, feeling her body tremble with the sheer pleasure of itself. "I must be a horny little slut. Look at how I dress, how I walk - and how much I enjoy it all. No.. No, that's not right. I'm not some mindless slut I'm just a sexy, huge-breasted woman who's not afraid of my sexuality. Yeah... yeah, that's it "

Head held high, huge tits thrust proudly forward, Donna turned the corner at the end of the alley and headed down the street.

She didn't even notice the full-size sedan that pulled up in front of the apartment behind her, disgorging two men in dark suits and sunglasses...

* * * * *

"Damn - what the hell happened here ?" the darker-haired one asked, looking around the apartment.

Following the directions of Mark, they'd had no trouble finding this Johnny's apartment - and the door had not only been unlocked, but open.

Now, they started around at a place that looked as if it had been tossed no, that wasn't right.

Nothing was damaged. It was just that everything was open, as if somebody had been searching the place without knowing what, exactly, they were looking for...

"Shit!" His partner said, drawing his attention. The lighter-haired one held up the plastic tube. "He's already taken some."

"Aw, crap " The first one said, shaking his head. "Great. Now we can't be sure what he looks like."

"Maybe he's still nearby " the brown-haired agent said, taking a small electronic device from his pocket. "If we can get within a hundred yards of him, no matter what he looks like now, this baby'll detect even 'dead' nanites in the body. It'll still be a couple of hours until everything's flushed out of his system, even if he took the damned pills almost the instant he got them. Come on - let's cruise around the neighborhood and see what we can find "

* * * * *

She was walking past a inexpensive motel when she caught sight of her 'admirer'.

He was in the parking lot, just out front of an open door to a unit, obviously getting ready to leave. About six-foot-three or so, he was deeply tanned and athletically built, without being too heavily muscled - or, rather, muscled in the stringy, lean

way of a surfer, which seemed to fit the surf-boards mounted on the black Jeep YJ he was loading up. Blonde, blue-eyed, and wearing only a pair of black swim-trunks, something about him seemed to be quintessentially 'American'... which, for some reason, sent a thrill through Donna's body.

What sent even more of a thrill through her was the fact he was staring at her, slack-jawed, the quickly growing bulge in his shorts indicating his very high level of approval of what he saw.

*

Deep inside her mind, a fragment of thought struggled to become coherent. Once upon a time, there'd been a drug-addicted black whore, whose current life had been entirely based on a 'simple' premise: She needed drugs, for which she needed money, and sex earned money.

In the new woman's mind, however, the thought was short-circuited into something simpler... 'I need sex'...

Smiling, Donna turned and began to walk towards him, adding a little extra sway to her hips as she shifted to a slow, more sensually challenging strut.

"Hi there, big boy..." She said in a husky, erotic tone, staring openly at the large bulge in his shorts and licking her full, now-gloss-red lips slowly and hungrily. "See something you like?"

"Wha...?" The guys said, eyes going even wider as a faint flush began to suffuse his face. "Uh, well... Uh.. yeah..."

"So do I..." Donna said, slowly letting her eyes travel up his tanned, taut stomach and rock-hard pecs before reaching his face. For his part, his eyes were wandering up and down - but never seemed to get high enough to meet her own eyes...

...until she stepped forward and wrapped one arm around his neck, pressing her lush body hard against his, her face turned upwards.

He was too stunned by this sudden chain of events to react to the obvious 'hint' - so she pulled his face down to hers and began to kiss him, hungrily - almost desperately. Her whole body was afire with pure lust, and she couldn't think of anything but getting what she so desperately needed...

*'I guess I **am** a slut, after all...' She thought to herself as he got the message and began to kiss her back, passionately, fondling her full, taut ass as he did so. She moaned and squirmed her body erotically against his in obvious enjoyment... because she must be enjoying it, right? 'I'm just a huge-breasted nympho slut who can't get enough... I think. Yeah... yeah, I must be. After all, look at how I dress, how big my tits are - and the way I started thinking about sex as soon as I saw him. It all fits. I must be a cum-hungry nympho... so I must love having my huge tits crushed against him, his hands on my ass. I must want to fuck him, hard and long. Yeah.. yeah, that has to be it...'*

It all made sense. So, the obvious thing to do would be... Breaking the kiss, she whispered hungrily in his ear. "Fuck me. Fuck me now, stud..."

The guy paused - and Donna felt an odd burst of relief that seemed most definitely out of place. After all, she must be some sort of super-horny slut, so shouldn't she be upset that he didn't just throw her down and fuck her brains out...?

"Uh.... I, uh... I'm not looking for a..." The guy stammered, awkwardly. "That is, I don't have a lot of cash on hand, and..."

Oh - he thought maybe she was a hooker! Well, that made sense. Guys weren't use to having women almost literally throw themselves at them, especially not huge-breasted nymphos - no matter what they might boast to their buddies as they down a few brewskis. That's probably why she felt that wave of relief when he'd hesitated - she must be used to this, and would be really upset if some guy, thinking she was a hooker, just went ahead and did it. After all, being a hooker was degrading, and being treated like one would piss her off... or something.

But she wasn't a hooker, was she? No...

"Stud, I'm no whore..." She said, grinding her body against his. "I'm just a cum-hungry little nympho who needs to be fucked by a well-hung stud like you "

"Oh." He said, numbly - then, with a sudden grin, repeated it with much more feeling. "*Ohhhhh !*"

Grinning, he headed for the open door of the motel room, with her 'following' by keeping herself pressed firmly against his body, licking and nibbling at his ear as she whispered all the things that she wanted to do to him. Well, that she guessed she wanted to do to him. After all, she couldn't remember having done this before, though she must have, and all the sexual acts she was whispering in his ear seemed to fit the type of woman she must be.

Entering the room, Donna pushed the door shut with one high-heeled shoe, and let herself be pulled 'eagerly' toward the bed. She was only peripherally aware of the sound of rushing water somewhere close by - she was too intent on the pure lust that was thrumming through her body. After all, this was the type of life she must have lived before her amnesia, right? All the facts fit. So she was just picking up where she left off, getting back 'into the groove', as it were.

Hmm... what would she have said at this point, back before her amnesia? Probably...

"Oh, baby - I want you to play with my tits " She moaned, pulling away from him long enough to peel off her tank-top, setting her massive globes of firm, ripe tit-flesh free. Her huge, thick nipples were as hard as diamond, begging for attention...

...and they got all the attention they could want as the guy sat on the edge of the bed and she straddled him, allowing him to fondle one massive tit in each hand as he licked and sucked and nibbled at her nipples.

She arched her back and moaned - and not just because it was what a slut like her was 'supposed' to do. Now she was sure she was a nympho - because it all felt so fantastic, her body humming with desire, her cunt hot and wet, and her tits being fondled and sucked with eager - if not expert - enthusiasm. God, it felt fantastic! No wonder why she was a pure nympho - this type of pleasure was addictive. How wonderful it was to be a woman with huge, sensitive tits that could provide so much pleasure!

It was even better that she had amnesia. Though she must have done this hundreds - thousands? - of times before, it was all new and wonderful to her, feeling both fantastic and exciting, where she was sure she had been almost blasé about it before. After all, she was in her mid-twenties, and must have been a slut for at least a good six or seven years. Now, however, it was all fresh and new and exciting and oh-so-wonderful!

She had been thinking that, as a nympho slut, maybe she should get a tit-fuck from him, or even give him a blow-job... but, while she was sure she must enjoy those, she was so horny and eager that she wanted to get her 'first ever' fucking. Sure, it must be something she did all the time, but with her amnesia it would be new to her - and she knew it would feel great, even though she couldn't remember having done it. After all, wasn't sex something that felt fantastic...?

There was one sure way to find out.

"Fuck me!" She ordered, hungrily. "Fuck me now!"

It was an order the guy had no trouble following. She pulled herself away from him and peeled off her skirt as he hurriedly stripped out of his shorts, revealing a cock that was hard and throbbing, ready to service her... and she was obviously just as ready, her tight little cunt hot and wet.

Excited, aroused, enflamed with anticipatory desire, Donna all-but-threw herself onto the rumpled surface of the bed, smiling eagerly at the unnamed stud about to fulfill her recently-'recognized' sexual addiction.

"I need to be fucked...!" She moaned, as she was sure she must do often. "Fuck me, baby - make me cum...!"

"Yeah.." He said, his body trembling with eagerness as he climbed on the bed and positioned himself over her. "Anything you want, gorgeous..."

* * *

Steve couldn't believe he was doing this. Here he was, about to slide his cock into the hot, ripe cunt of this complete stranger who'd just walked up to him, off the street...

What the hell was he doing! For God's sake, his fiancée Lisa was just in the bathroom, getting a shower before continuing on their trek down to California! Hell, he loved Lisa... and yet he was about to cheat on her, when she could come out any second!

But... he couldn't help himself. Which was weird, because not only did he love Lisa... but he didn't even like big-titted girls. Especially ones with tits this big. When he'd first seen this dark-haired woman, he'd stared at her, thinking she looked like a freak with tits that big...

...until it hit him. Suddenly, he'd been more utterly horny then ever before in his life... and when she'd gotten closer, it had gotten worse. Now he couldn't help himself. He had to fuck her - well, he had to fuck. Somebody. Anybody. Even a girl with freakishly huge tits. He didn't care.

Of course, Steve had no way of knowing that he was reacting to the incredibly powerful 'pheromones' she was generating. She was eerie, from her silky, perfectly hairless skin to her gorgeous, flawless, and perfectly symmetrical face. She was, literally, a wet-dream come to life, with none of the tiny imperfections a real person had - and there was no way anybody could no that this 'dream woman' had nerves that were more hyper-sensitive to pleasure then any 'real' person, and that she was generating a chemical 'smell' that caused extreme lust in anybody hit by it.

All Steve knew was that, right or wrong, he desperately needed to cum, and she was literally begging him to fuck her...

* * * * *

Donna screamed in pure pleasure as the guy thrust forward, impaling her on his hard, throbbing cock.

It was like nothings he could remember feeling before. The pleasure was intense, more so then she could have ever imagined.

Then he began to rhythmically fuck her, thrusting hard and fast in near-desperate strokes - and that unbelievable pleasure, impossibly, increased.

She began to thrash on the bed, screaming out incoherent shout of ecstasy as the incredible pleasure thundered through her body. She had no way of knowing that her body was feeling roughly three times the amount of pleasure that a normal woman would feel - all she knew was that mind-blowing erotic ecstasy was thundering through her body, shutting away thought and reality as she became lost in the pure, orgasmic pleasure that was running, unchecked, through her body as she writhed on the bed. Her huge tits rippled and bounced as her body shook with the force of the guy's desperate thrusts, and she squeezed her eyes shut and screamed endlessly, unaware of the almost animal-like look on his face as he desperately fucked her. He was feeling pleasure from the act of sex, but it was buried under another feeling - a painful need to orgasm, to end the literally agonizing level of sexual need he'd felt as soon as his cock had entered her cunt, the warm, wet juices of her womanhood awash with chemicals that were affecting him, making him little more then a living dildo to fuck her, desperate for release. He pumped into her with hard, frantic strokes, something that would have been painful for most women - but her nerves, hyper-sensitive to pleasure, were much less responsive to pain, and she was only aware of the heavy nature of his thrust by the way he filled and stretched her cunt, causing intense pleasure to rip through her wet-dream body...

Then she came. It was almost literally mind-blowing, the sheer amount of pleasure running through her causing her to scream out loud enough to hurt her throat as the wash of orgasmic pleasure took her over the edge...

...and [plunged her into unconsciousness. She blacked out, completely unaware as Steve gasped and came, pumping his load of hot, sticky cum into her cunt...]

...and almost instantly losing the mindless, painful desire he'd just felt. Horrified, he pulled himself out of the strange woman's cunt, horrified by what he'd just done...

..and turned around to find Lisa standing in the doorway of the bathroom, dripping wet and naked, fondling her firm, D-cup tits with one hand and frantically masturbating with the other.

"Lisa...!" Steve said, shaken. "Look, I... I didn't know why..."

His fiancée licked her lips, hungrily. "Fuck me, Steve.... Fuck me now, fuck me hard..."

"Wha... what?" Steve stammered, stunned. Of all the reactions he'd expected if his fiancée caught him fucking another woman, this wasn't one of them. Of course, he had no way of knowing that Lisa was in the grip of the pheromones that swamped the room, driving her to higher realms of arousal than any she'd ever felt before.

"I need to be fucked hard, Steve...!" Lisa gasped. "Fuck me!"

"I... I can't... I mean, I.. I..." Steve stammered, shocked and dismayed - and embarrassed, his cock, so painfully hard just seconds ago, now sated - limp, and soft, despite the fact his fiancée was literally begging for him to satisfy her needs.

"Then I'll find someone who can..." She said, hand still frantically rubbing her crotch. Frantically, she grabbed the nearest clothing and began to pull it on - the stuff the woman laying unconscious on the bed had been wearing. Lisa didn't care - she didn't even consciously register the fact that it wasn't her clothes. All she could think about was getting something on so she could go find somebody - male or female - to get her off.

"Honey - what are you...?" Steve started to ask.

"I need to be fucked, you thick-headed asshole!" She screamed, not caring that she loved Steve - because, right now, all she cared about was getting fucked, and he couldn't satisfy her. She grabbed her purse and headed for the door...

"Darling! Wait!" Steve shouted. Awkwardly, he pulled on his shorts and ran after his fiancée as she disappeared out the door, which swung shut behind them...

A moment after they'd left, the huge-breasted figure on the bed moaned low and long, a sound of sated pleasure, and slowly opened her eyes and sat up...

"What...?" Donna asked, looking around the motel room in confusion. "How the hell did I ?"

She frowned, slightly, her new-formed memories confused and muddled. Once again, she'd 'blacked out', leaving her memories in disarray. There was something actually 'damaged' in her brain, and any time she was unconscious - for any reason, even simple sleep - her memories would become confused, vague, muddled...

She remembered waking up in a bathroom and not knowing who she was then the next somewhat- clear memory was of her putting on some clothing... and then...

She'd had sex. She couldn't remember with who, or any clear details except that it had felt fantastic.

Slowly, she climbed out of bed and looked around. She remembered 'remembering' her name - Donna Dixon - and she remembered that she had amnesia and that she apparently enjoyed sex. She couldn't really remember much else, though...

"Hmmm... I guess this is my hotel room " She said, looking around hesitantly. After all, she was here, and nobody else was.

Hesitantly, she began to look around.

There were a couple of suitcases, packed with women's clothes, verifying that this was, indeed, her room. (She had no way of knowing that Steve's stuff was already in his jeep.)

Which meant that she must have been in the bathroom here when she'd first awoken, not remembering anything. Yeah - that made sense.

Well, she still didn't remember much, but at least she knew some things about herself.

Grabbing some clothes out of the suitcase, Donna quickly dressed in what 'felt' like the sort of clothes she'd wear. Though she couldn't remember where or when, she had a strong feeling that she'd worn sexy clothes that showed off her body, so it was an easy choice to pull on a pair of cut-off jean shorts and an electric-blue spandex crop-top. She seemed to recall loving having her tits admired, and the top made that seem likely indeed - the fabric, stretchy as it was, didn't come close to encompassing her huge, wonderful tits. Indeed, they left not only a lot of cleavage showing, but also quite a bit of the sides and bottoms of her huge, sexy tits on display. The top was, barely, legal, but didn't cover much more than a string bikini would have - and the small, tight shorts clung to her ass and hips like a second skin, showing off her great ass and long, sexy legs.

Humming happily to herself, Donna stepping into a pair of white platform pumps with a nine-inch heel and closed the lid of the suitcase, snapping the clasps closed. Slinging her purse over her shoulder and picking up her bags, she sway sensuously towards the door of the hotel...

* * * * *

"Boss?" The darker-haired one said into the cell-phone. "We found, uh... 'him'. Yeah, he was only a couple of blocks from here... and would you believe he turned himself into a woman? Yeah - and he doesn't even remember being a guy. 'She' is confused as hell, doesn't know what the hell was going on. We got her in a hypnotic trance."

He listened for a few minutes, then nodded at the other agent. "Yeah, we'll do that."

Hanging up, he grinned. "The boss says to change him back... but if we want to have a little 'fun' while we're at it, to make up for the pain-in-the-ass factor, we should feel free."

The other agent grinned back. "Okay. You prepare the nanite injection, and I'll 'prep' her to go back to being this 'Johnny Phoung' asshole... or a reasonable hand-drawn facsimile thereof..."

* * * * *

ONE MONTH LATER

With a snarled curse, Johnny flung at the porno mag aside and slumped back on the futon, staring down at his crotch in frustration.

"It's just not fair!" He said, angrily, slender Oriental hand lightly gripping the shaft of his limp, useless cock.

It wasn't fair, either. God knows, he should have been proud of his cock - it was, after all, damned huge. Even limp, it was massive...

...but 'limp' was no good, and he hadn't been able to get it up in... well, at least in a month. He was sure he must have been able to get hard, sometime in his life, but ever since he'd waken up with a throbbing headache and a confused, distorted memory, nothing had seemed to go right. He guessed he must have been on a hell of a bender the night before - and maybe he got a hold of some bad booze. That was the best he could figure, since he knew wood alcohol was supposed to cause brain damage, and good knows his memory was pretty crewed up. He recognized his apartment, and he knew where who he was, and he even recognized what he'd written in the journal he'd found laying on his chest when he'd awoken - as if he'd just re-read the damned thing, in fact. But everything else was hazy.

Apparently, that bad booze had also done something else to him. He still got horny... but he just couldn't get his monster cock to rise. It was useless. In the past month, he'd tried everything he could to get hard... and it just didn't work.

Frustrated, Johnny got up and tied the bathrobe he was wearing closed, not wanting to look at his magnificent, useless cock anymore. He headed toward the kitchen for a drink...

...where there was a hesitant knock on the door.

Changing direction, Johnny walked over to the door and pulled it open...

...and stared at the woman standing on the other side. Almost instinctively, his eyes dropped and began to survey the woman who stood before him, trying to verify that she wasn't a hallucination.

Black platform shoes with eight-inch spike heels encasing shapely, dainty feet. Long, unrealistically flawless legs that seemed never to have a single hair on them, clad in black nylons that only emphasized her already spectacular contours.

A tiny, skin-tight black leather skirt that hugged a full, spectacular ass, and sported a white leather belt that clung to a deliciously slender waist.

Her firm, flat stomach was bare, and above that was her tits. Her huge, firm, incredibly round tits, like a pair of spectacular, flesh-colored basketballs crammed into a black spandex crop-top, her huge nipples clearly visible in the way the pushed out the taut fabric.

A face that was impossibly perfect, with full lips, snub nose and dark, seductive eyes, all framed by long, thick black hair...

She was incredible, a wet-dream brought to life, her face and figure incredibly flawless in every way. She was...

She was arousing.

Literally. Stunned, Johnny felt his cock twitch... and begin to harden. So stunned was he, that her voice barely registered as she spoke...

"Uh, hi. I, uh.. I'm Donna - Donna Dixon, and, uh... I know that this is gonna sound weird, but... Do I know you?" She asked, looking at him... and her voice becoming husky as her eyes fixed on where his slowly rising cock was making itself visible, pushing aside the folds of his bathrobe as it went hard.

"I.. uh..." She said, obviously distracted by his swelling member, unconsciously licking her full, sensuous lips. "I, uh, woke up and had a brief memory of your name - Johnny - but I can't remember when or where I heard it..."

Shaking her self, slightly, she managed to become coherent enough to explain "I've got amnesia..." before her eyes went glassy again and she stared at his now hard, fifteen-inch long cock. "I, uh..."

God, that's big.... I.. Oh, umm "

Amnesia. She didn't know where she knew him. This wet-dream - who could get him hard! - wasn't sure how she knew him... and, honestly, he couldn't recall her...

...but his memory was spotty, too. Maybe they'd met that night, and both had the same bad booze... and maybe the reason why he couldn't get hard anymore was because, subconsciously, he remembered her, and no woman after her could measure up...

...or maybe she was screwed up, and they'd never met before. He didn't know - and didn't care. She was getting him hard - and she wouldn't know that he was lying his ass off...

"Dixie!" He said, feigning relief. "Where the hell have you been for the last month? I've been worried sick!"

"Dixie? No - Donna. Donna Dixon " She said, frowning slightly.

Dixie? Why the hell had that name jumped into his mind, like he recognized it or something? Oh, well, he'd said it - and now he had to cover his tracks.

"Honey, don't you remember?" He asked. "That's my pet name for you " Looking at the way she was staring, in dazed hunger, at his cock, he took a chance. " because you just love dick so much. Dixie the Dick-slut. Remember?"

"Huh? Oh.. yeah.. makes sense " She mumbled, unable to stop staring at his monster cock. She was practically drooling, and didn't even seem aware of what she was doing as she stepped inside and closed the door behind her. "So... you do know me ?"

"Dixie, honey - I'm your boyfriend !" Johnny said, struggling to keep his lies straight through the arousal thrumming through his body. "Don't you remember all the times we've fucked long and hard.

All the times you sucked my cock? Don't you remember how perfect we were together, the only people who could satisfy each other...?"

"Oh... yeah..."he mumbled, obviously not really hearing him, her nipples now fully engorged as she stared, hypnotized at his monster cock. She was willing to agree to anything he said, as long as...

"So... So I guess it would be okay to, you know, just suck you off... like old times..." She said, slowly slinking to her knees.

"Yeah.. sure..." Johnny said, huskily.

*

Her boyfriend? Then why didn't she remember more about him...?

It didn't matter. Not right now. She'd just agree with anything he said, so she could get her hands on that huge, thick cock of his....

She did just that, wrapping her long-nailed fingers around the thick girth of his massive, throbbing organ and leaning forward to envelope it with her warm, eager lips, moaning low in her throat with satisfaction at the way the massive, nearly-purple head of his golden rod filled her mouth the way she'd always wanted it to be filled. Her memory was screwed up, but she could recall that she'd never been able to find a cock big enough to fill her mouth completely - until now...

She began to lick the head of his massive organ, bobbing up and down as her hands worked the massive shaft, reveling in the pleasure the friction of his cock against her super-sensitive lips brought. It was fantastic, better than any other blow-job she could remember giving. God, it was wonderful to be sucking on a cock this big and hard. She almost wished that he really was her boyfriend...

...except, of course, that it wouldn't matter. Though her memory was screwed up, she could remember her constant frustration. Somehow, she did something to me. The first time around, they were almost painfully eager to have sex with her and then, afterwards, they were unable to do it again. She, quite literally, drained them. Exhausted them. The guy just had no interest at all in sex, unable to get it up for at least six or seven hours after she'd drained them. Some had tried to explain to her how she was somehow more.. more purely arousing than any woman they'd ever met, how they face longer and harder for her than ever before but all she knew was that once she'd made a guy cum, he was useless for hours afterwards. What good was that ? She wasted most of her time looking for the next guy to fuck or suck...

Speaking of which - this blow-job was lasting longer than usual. Usually, guys came hard and fast around her.. but this one was going on and on, and, Oh God!, didn't it feel wonderful Damn, but this was fantastic! His huge, delicious cock filling her mouth, giving her great pleasure....

Still he didn't cum! Oh, God - this was wonderful! She loved blow-jobs, but they were usually over much too fast... but this one was just going on and on !

"God, Dixie... that feels " Johnny gasped, unable to finish the sentence as she continued sucking him off with expert enthusiasm.

That name - Dixie. He said it was a nick-name for her which might be true, given her last name, and her hunger for cock... It even sounded slightly familiar to her somehow.

Could he be telling the truth? Were they boyfriend and girlfriend?

No... Probably not... Kind of a shame, though God, this blow-job was great!

It couldn't last for ever, though, no matter how much she wanted it to. Finally, he stiffened, and began to pump wonderful, delicious cum into her mouth. She gulped at the tasty goo, trying to get it all - and succeeding. After all, she had plenty of experience with guys pumping enormous amounts of wonderful, delicious cum into her mouth, and she'd figured out how to keep from wasting any of it.

Finally, he sighed as his cum stopped flowing, and she licked her lips regretfully, sorry that it was over. The blow-job had lasted longer than any she could remember, and his cum was extraordinarily tasty...

She licked his cock clean, getting the last of the wonderful flavor, then slowly rose with a sigh, knowing that now he was completely satiated, and she'd be off to find her next fuck...

"God, I'm just more horny then ever, Dixie..." Johnny said, wondering why the hell that name sounded so damned familiar to him. Could it be that he wasn't lying, that he really did recognize her by a pet name he'd given here...?

All he knew was that she was still turning him on. "Come on, baby, let Daddy at those tits of yours until I'm ready for round two!"

She stared at him, wide-eyed. "You... you're still horny?"

"Around you, babe? Always...!" He said, reaching out to begin fondling her huge, firm tits through the spandex. She stared at him - then glanced down at his cock...

...which had slumped to 'half mast', but was already beginning to harden again...

"The only ones who can satisfy each other...?" She repeated, smiling. Ripping off her crop-top, she pushed him back towards the futon, while he continued fondling her huge, now-bare bust. "Johnny, baby! I'm home!"

"Damn straight, Dixie darlin'..." Johnny replied, huskily, reaching out to undo the belt on her skirt...

The fact that neither actually remembered knowing each other no longer mattered. For each of them, they'd finally found what they wanted, and if they thought the other one was just a little, uh... 'dishonest', neither one cared in the least.

With twin cries of pure pleasure, the Huge-breasted woman (who had once been an slender oriental guy) impaled herself on the monster cock of the slender oriental guy (who'd once been a black whore), her usually-draining pheromones just enough to affect his purposefully-depleted hormone system to allow him what they both desperately wanted...

..a long, hard fuck, with the promise of many, many more to come...

* * * * *

Meanwhile, somewhere across town...

Snake leaned back, a silly grin on his face as he watched a trio of Baywatch babes go bouncing across the screen of the TV he'd gotten at a very good 'discount'... out of the back door of an Electronics shop, late one night.

This stuff was pretty damned good. He was glad he hadn't sold it all to the stupid Jap kid, no matter what he'd told the Feds. After all, the kid would have taken some of it by the time they'd caught up with him, and how were they to know how many he'd had? They'd never know any was missing. At least, that's what he'd hoped would happen, and the fact that they'd never come back had finally convinced him he was safe, and so he'd downed the four pills he'd kept 'in reserve'.

Chuckling to himself, Snake idly scratched at his thick, messy beard, wondering why he felt so damned hot and itchy. Of course, feeling as good as he did, it didn't really bug him that much... all he had to do was get undressed...

Laying there, naked, his huge bear-belly looking like the plaid underbelly of a beached whale, Snake let his eyes drift closed as he rode the great high the pills provided, and began to fantasize....

THE END ?



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When her husband is hurt in an accident, it is up to Marianne to assist the professor in a mind-to-mind information transfer, complete with remembered sensations and expectations, but to release the transfer, she must make him have an orgasm among other things....

...After Death

By Gunslinger

Darkness.

Not just the lack of visible light - but the complete lack of any sensory input whatsoever. No sound, no sight. No taste, touch or smell. Not even the unnoticed but ever-present beating of his own heart.

Nothing but pure thought. The sense of self that mad him who he was. Aside from his own consciousness, everything was void...

...until...

<Professor Weinstein? Can you hear me?>

It wasn't a voice. What Richard 'heard' wasn't produced by vibrations through the air registering on the inner ear. It was, nevertheless, communication. Of a feminine nature, if he wasn't mistaken.

Even without sound, that sense of feminine tone and thought made the transition.

{I wouldn't say that I 'hear' you, dear girl.} Weinstein thought back, humor edging the oddly pure form of communication. {But I can understand your communication.} He paused. {Am I dead?}

For what, subjectively, seemed to be several long seconds, there was no response, then...

<Yes and no.>

{A very metaphysical answer, my dear.}

Weinstein could sense the embarrassment in the answer. <I'm sorry - I don't mean to be vague. It's merely that the situation is quite complicated.>

Weinstein seemed to lack any physical existence at all, much less the facial muscles required to smile. Yet, in his own 'mental image' of himself, that is exactly what he did. *{Everything in the universe is complicated, young lady. Sometimes the most simple things can be the most complicated of all. It is not 'understanding it completely' that makes the task worth the effort - it is what one learns along the way.}*

There was another brief pause. <Maybe you're right. Brace yourself, Professor - this might be a bit of a shock...>

Then there was a strange sensation - almost if he were moving forward at a tremendous rate...

Then sensation flooded dormant segments of his brain. The sense of body, smell and touch. The feel of something supporting him as he sat, the faint smell of disinfectant. The sound of someone standing silently nearby. The sensations were subtly wrong, not what his mind was used to, but identifiable and understandable.

So, Richard opened his eyes.

He was sitting in a laboratory of some sort. Even though he didn't recognize all of the equipment, he recognized the 'feel' of the room.

As he did the man sharing it with him. Richard instantly recognized Peter Kemp, his head assistant. Peter was tall and slender, with a shock of dark hair just starting to gray. He appeared to be about forty-five or so...

...which was somewhat surprising, as Richard's memory of 'yesterday' was of a Peter Kemp who was a decade younger.

"Professor is that you?" Peter asked hesitantly.

"I should certainly..." The professor began to answer, good naturedly - then stopped, blinking in surprise. The voice that the answer came out in was tinged with his familiar Germanic accent...

...but was otherwise completely unlike his own. It was a clear, sweet contralto, one that was indisputably female. The professor lowered his eyes, looking down at himself. Or, perhaps more accurately, herself. For what he saw was an undeniably

female body. The arms resting on the arms of the chair were slender and smooth, as were the shapely, nylon-encased legs protruding from the skirt that didn't quite reach her knees. And Richard could make a fairly accurate guess as to what was stretching out the front of the blouse that she wore.

"Oh, my..." Richard exclaimed mildly. "This *is* a bit unexpected "

* * * * *

' given the current trend in technological development, there is no reason why amnesia should not become a thing of the past.

As we have already demonstrated, using myself as a subject, it is possible to record the pattern of synaptic firings in the human brain. The fact that we can not actually decipher these patterns, to discover what they mean, is irrelevant - simply being able to record them is enough. We can record a few hours worth of encephalographic readings at a time, at an approximately monthly interval.

When we have reached a technological level high enough that we can build a computer capable of storing, and compiling, all these recordings, the next step would be obvious - by playing these recordings back into the brain of the amnesiac patient, we could reconstruct his or her original thought patterns and memories...

Preface to '**Amnesia Treatment through Encephalographic Reconstruction**', by Professor Richard Weinstein and Dr. Peter Kemp, New England Journal of Medicine, September 1991

* * * * *

"Peter? Can I assume that what I believe has happened has, in fact, occurred?" Richard asked, looking up from the large obstructions protruding from her ribcage. Her tone held mild reproof. "If so, I was, perhaps quite literally 'better off dead', I believe is the vernacular."

Kemp smiled wryly. "Yeah - that's you, Prof." The slender man sighed, frowning slightly. "As for what's happened - Yes, you... passed away two years ago. But, I - we - need you for... to well, because "

Richard shifted slightly, somewhat intrigued by the subtly different sensation even such a simple action produced. "Ah. Another 'Complicated situation'?" Richard cocked her new head, somewhat startled by the brush of long, silky hair over the smooth flesh at the nape of her new neck. "Perhaps a simpler question, then. May I inquire as to the identity of my host?"

"You remember, my daughter - Marianne?"

<It's me, professor - Marianne.>

The two answers came simultaneously - one external, the other internal. But although the information conveyed was basically the same, the tone it was delivered in was completely different. Marianne's was simply explanatory - Peter's was spoken tightly, almost sorrowfully, as if speaking about...

...a departed loved one?

Instantly, Richard understood. Peter had been an able assistant - as a technician. But the actual principle had been a little beyond him, and he obviously misunderstood the mechanics of it - which made Richard understand the importance of the situation. If Peter was willing to sacrifice his own daughter...

Well, at least Richard could provide some good news. "Peter - dear boy! Marianne's not..." He reconsidered his wording. "Peter - listen to me. Marianne is fine. She's still right here..." She tapped her head " where she belongs. In fact, I just spoke with her."

Peter suddenly stiffened. "What?"

Richard shrugged Marianne's slender shoulders. "Peter - all you have done is lay down a recording of my mental patterns. You have basically caused your daughter to develop schizophrenia - split personalities. The new one being myself, but the original - hers - still completely intact."

Peter looked like he was about to burst into grateful tears. "She's she's all right?"

<Tell him ask him if he got the stain out from the wine the waiter spilled on him last night.>

"Peter - Marianne suggest I ask if you got the wine stain from last night out of you clothes." Richard said, gently.

Peter closed his eyes in silent prayer. "Tell her - I love her, and I'm sorry."

Richard awkwardly rose to her long, shapely new legs, feeling unbalanced in the new body, and awkwardly patted Peter on the shoulder. "She knows, Peter. She hears and sees - and feels - everything I do."

After a minute, when Peter had regained his composure, Richard leaned forward. "Now - why, exactly, was I reincarnated?"

Peter squared his shoulders and took a deep breath, obviously getting his mind on track again. "Professor - Marianne was willing to do this, as was I, because it is very important, to both of us.

There has been an accident. Marianne's husband - my son-in-law - was in an auto accident, and suffered some neurological damage. He's in a coma." Peter sighed. "As much as Marianne loves him, and I respect him, that, in itself, would not be worth what we're doing. But what is important enough is the fact that Grant was - *is* - the only person who knows the coding instructions to get into the main computer. There is some very, very important information that we need to retrieve from

the system - it's a matter of life or death for hundreds of people. We have less than two days to get that coding information. You were the greatest microphysicist the world has ever seen, Professor - if anyone can pull Grant out of it, it's you."

Richard shrugged - feeling the strange sensation of the large breasts shifting. "I'm touched by your confidence in me, Peter. Of course, I will do everything I can, but I can make no guarantees."

"Of course - I understand." Peter agreed.

"Good. Then shall we see to my patient?" Richard said.

<Actually...> Marianne's voice was hesitant, embarrassed. <...there's something else I think we'd better do, first...>

* * * * *

{It's not only a rudimentary body function, my dear, but a necessary one...}

<I know...> Marianne admitted, embarrassed, as Richard used her hands to pull the zipper of her skirt back into place. <Still...>

{*'Knowing' and 'feeling' are two different things...*} Richard supplied, understanding completely. After all, relatively few women were comfortable with the thought of being 'watched' while doing their toilet, and Richard's peculiar type of 'voyeurism' was a lot more... *intimate* than most.

Also unavoidable, however. To tell the truth, Richard was only upset by the situation to the extent that it imposed on Marianne, not for his own sake - Richard's motivating force throughout his whole life had been the search for knowledge, and as far as he was concerned, he had died and gone to a strange sort of heaven, one where he was able to see life from a viewpoint he'd otherwise never have been able to experience - and thus, *she* was gaining information that *he* would never have been able to gain.

Richard Weinstein, however, was also a true gentleman - and a gentle man, no less - and he wouldn't ever let Marianne know that he was actually enjoying this for his own sake, not unless she made a similar admission first.

If she asked, without having made such an admission, he wouldn't lie of course - but, then again, there were many, many ways to tell the literal truth... with a few strategic omissions.

Since it was the male mind, 'written' in place 'over' the original personality, that controlled the body, Richard was receiving plenty of prompting from Marianne on how to be female - sort of crash-course in femininity, taught in the most effective method possible - direct mind-to-mind information transfer, complete with remembered sensations and expectations, allowing for a much faster learning curve than Richard had ever even conceived of - and, as bright as he was as a scientist, he'd be the first to admit that he'd completely missed the educational possibilities of his own research.

Well, he was getting a rapid education, now - in fact, perhaps too rapid, since his emotional state was having trouble keeping up with reality sometimes, an flaw inherent in the human stream-of- consciousness, which liked nice, easy transitions from one situation to another - something Richard found delightfully ironic in an universe full of surprises...

...like the way Peter's 'little girl' had turned out. As Richard used Marianne's body to flush the toilet and step out of the stall, he couldn't help but glance at the long mirror hung over the sinks, taking in the form that clothed his consciousness.

When he'd last seen Marianne, she'd been an awkward seventeen-year-old, coltish and tomboyish. In the eleven years since then, she'd bloomed into a ravishing example of womanhood, her coltish appearance softening into a slender, svelte body with trim hips and firm, smoothly-contoured muscles. Her once-lank hair, a brown that she'd despaired off because of it was so 'boring', was now a silky chestnut mane falling past slender shoulders, framing a face that wasn't fashion-model beautiful, but rather a sort of healthy, all-American 'lovely', from her intelligent hazel eyes to her expressive lips...

Richard, looking in the mirror, finally clued in.

{My dear - you're not wearing any make-up.} He commented, gently. {Not that I'm suggesting that you need any, of course - but it's been my experience that young ladies like yourself customarily wear some sort of makeup in a work environment such as this. Of course, it could simply be that my experiences are 'out of date', since I've been... well, dead.}

The admission could have been awkward - except that his mental 'voice' was ripe with humor at the situation, and Marianne took it as intended.

<Actually, it's sort of 'optional' these days - but you're right, I usually do wear something. I just thought that.. well, you being a man and all...>

{My dear, I'm simply a guest} Richard pointed out, kindly. {Though I thank you for the consideration, it isn't necessary - I, in a male body, wouldn't dress or act like a woman. Likewise, now that I'm in a female body.. well, 'When in Rome...', if you take my meaning. Please, by all means, let me know what it is that you would customarily do in any given situation - excepting, of course, the situations where my particular skills are needed, which I assume will be confined to the care and treatment of you husbands, after which I expect I'll be...} He paused, her face showing a grin. {I'm sorry - I'm not sure whether the correct term would be 'evicted' or 'exorcised'...}

He was somewhat bemused to find that, mental emanation or not, Marianne's 'communication' could still be a laugh - or, at least, the memory of one, replayed by instinct.

<Okay, Professor, then brace yourself - because you're about to get made-up...>

It wasn't possible for Richard to release control of their shred body to Marianne, since his was the 'top layer' of their strange little split personality - but he could listen to her instruction, then pass the information on, making her hands respond

the way they'd done many, many times before - and, in that manner, learned how to apply make-up, at least to the extent that Marianne knew how to do so, given what make-up she wanted at that moment.

It was a simple enough make-up scheme - a light coating of pastel pink lipstick, a hint of blush on the smooth skin of her cheeks, a touch of coral pink eye-shadow, and mascara. Richard wondered if Marianne had any idea how... interesting he found all of this, seeing how to apply a make-up from the female point of view - and being able to see the before-during-and after steps of the process in exquisite detail, no less.

<Thanks, Professor...> Marianne said. <To be honest, I felt sort of naked without make-up on...>

{Oh, quite all right, my dear...} Richard said, with the mental equivalent of a chuckle. {...and, given the circumstances, I suppose it would be quite all right for you to call me 'Richard'.}

That earned a chuckle from her side of the mind, as well. <Okay, Richard. Now... I believe there's an OR full of people waiting for us - or, rather, on you.>

{Us.} He corrected, gently but firmly. {Without you, I would not be here to perform this for you - and I mean that in more than the physical sense, my dear. I know how much you've had to sacrifice for me to be here, even for the short while necessary to complete my task - and I appreciate it.}

Her 'voice' remained silent - but he could feel her emotional response, embarrassed and proud, all at the same time.

{Well - I suppose we should get going...} He said, and set their shared body in motion., using her knowledge to let them walk with nearly the same grace that she was used to atop their short, practical heels, her trim hips moving with pleasant sway that was the sole province of femininity as 'Marianne' headed down towards the OR.

* * * * *

"Grant...?" Richard said, gently, in Marianne's sweet contralto. "Grant... Can you hear me...?"

Knowing that it was what his host wanted, Richard reached out and gently took Marianne's husband's hand in hers, her hazel eyes fixed on the handsome young man's immobile face, their shared heart pounding as they waited to see whether the hours of delicate surgery had achieved the desired result.

On the other side of the hospital bed, Peter hovered anxiously over the immobile form of his son-in-law, concern for the younger man's welfare amplified by the concerns over the computer codes he so desperately needed.

The figure on the bed stirred, and the two people - three consciousnesses, actually - waited with bated breath...

...until the sandy-haired man's dark eyes fluttered open, and he looked at his wife's body with a quizzical expression.

"Honey...?" He asked, his voice strong and sure. "What... what's going on...?"

"Oh, Grant..." Marianne sobbed - and Richard let it pass through his consciousness and to their shared body, just as he let their body follow her urge to hug her husband.

Grant was a short, sturdy man, built along the line of a fireplug, and aside from a few bruises, he was uninjured, so he returned his wife's hug with feeling - a sensation that Richard found interesting, even as he felt the exultation that came from having succeeded at the task he'd been brought here to do.

"Grant.." Peter said, urgently. "Grant, you were in a car accident. You're okay, now, thanks to.. well, it's a long story. As happy as I am that you're all right, though, I need to know the Centronic codes..."

Grant's face twisted in an expression of horror - as he realized that, due to a certain sort of laziness, he'd almost been responsible for the deaths of hundreds of people, thanks to his own negligence in giving Peter the codes to the computer, which were changed on a monthly basis. Quickly, and with many unnecessary apologies thrown in, he gave the codes Peter needed - and his father-in-law all- but-sprinted out of the room, heading down to where the computer awaited an authorized user.

Leaving Grant alone with his wife...

...or so he thought.

"Honey, I'm so sorry..." Grant said, pulling her close again and speaking into her ear. "It was wet, and I knew I should have been going slower, but..."

Marianne, however, was barely listening to her husband, feeling ashamed that Richard had to put up with a man hugging 'him' close...

...right up until Richard pointed out something. Something that Marianne hadn't truly understood, though she'd been briefed by Peter.

Richard was, after all, merely a guest in her body. He'd done what he was brought here to do, and it was time for Marianne to get her own body back. However, the only way to get rid of Richard's recorded consciousness was by a sudden surge of physical sensation, one strong enough to act like a 'reset' switch, momentarily stopping conscious thought, after which she'd 'reboot' back to her own, single personality.

Her and her father had both assumed that it would take a short, sudden, massive burst of pain to cause this to happen, and they were prepared to pay that price - but they hadn't considered the alternative, whereas Richard *had*...

{Marianne...?} Richard prodded, gently. {It's time for me to go.}

<Now?> Marianne asked with real regret, their communication occurring at the speed of thought, and therefore unnoticeable to the man who was still embracing their shared body with the sort of sensual passion that quite often came after the realization of a near-death experience.

{Yes, my dear - and I know what you and your father assumed, which is why I thought I'd point out that it wouldn't necessarily have to be a tremendous burst of pain that would send me on to the afterlife. It could also be accomplished by an equal measure of pleasure...}

For an eternal instant, Marianne's mental voice was silent - and when it spoke, it was tinged with hesitant disbelief.

<You don't mean...?>

The mental 'image' that went with that question was brief - but vividly explicit.

{That's **exactly** what I mean...} Marianne hesitated...

<All right.> she said - and, with her mental foray into the previously ignored area of femininity, she began to get aroused - a sort of liquid warmth born in their shared crotch, but slowly spreading outwards atop a tide of anticipatory tingling that promised great things to come. <Here's what I'd do...>

Willingly - even eagerly - Richard took the instructions she was giving him - and set them into motion.

The first action was solely his, the last remnants of his upbringing causing him to bite their lower lip lightly - but her fingers were sure and graceful as she snuggled a little closer to the body of Marianne's husband, her hand sliding downward to his slowly bulging crotch, signaling her intentions and desires to a husband who had no idea that he was now involved in a very strange sort of *ménage a trois*.

Grant sighed, softly, his embrace becoming even more passionate as he pulled her face a little closer, his lips feeling only the familiar sensation of his wife's own, firm lips as he kissed her, passionately - though he was a bit surprised to find that her kiss was both more hesitant and more...

'exploratory'?... then usual.

Since it was a good kiss, Grant didn't mind in the least - and nether did either of the minds sharing his wife's body, for both of them enjoyed the physical sensations created as they pressed their body firmly against his, their flesh a-tingle with desire and pleasure as he slowly, seductively slid the patient's robe up over his waist, allowing the good-sized cock Grant could claim to surge upwards and outwards, hard and throbbing and ready.

"Are you sure this is medically advisable...?" Grant teased, in a husky voice. "I know how you get, you naughty vixen - one of your all-out specials could finish me..."

<No - this time, I'm only killing off the Professor...> Marianne though with a burst of grief that failed to overwhelm the rising tide of desire she was feeling, especially with her husband unbuttoning her blouse and reaching in to lightly caress the lacy D-cup brassiere enclosing her firm breasts.

Richard replied for both of them - and, in a way, to both husband and wife, as well: "Well, if you've got to go, that's the way to do it..."

Grant merely chuckled, hungrily, his fingers peeling her blouse off before sliding slowly downwards over smooth, supple skin towards the waistband of her skirt - but Richard felt the wave of rueful agreement from Marianne, and she once more began to 'feed' him information as her husband's slid their simple skirt down over her long, shapely legs.

<I can't believe we're doing this...> Marianne said in a bemused tone of thought - even as her husband watched with eager eyes as a man he'd never met made his wife's hands remove his wife's bra, allowing his wife's firm, full mounds to come into view, dark nipple fully engorged in arousal.

{I quite believe it...} Richard replied with a mental grin that was mixed with pleasure - for Grant had taken the move for the invitation it was, his hands gliding back up her body to caress and fondle her breasts, even as Richard was pushing Marianne's simple white underwear down her legs, exposing the small patch of dark pubic hair that surrounded her ready womanhood. *{I never realized how nice having your breasts fondled could feel...}*

'Nice' was an understatement - having skilled, caring hands lightly play with softly full breasts, coming back time and again to the firm, sensitive flesh of their swollen nipples, was considerably more than just 'nice'.

To an observer, their position might have looked awkward, even uncomfortable - Marianne's body bent at the waist, practically stretched out atop her husband as he lay on the bed, twisted to one side to allow his hands to roam freely over her body, now sliding from the firm swell of her bust to glide down to her equally firm derrière, with the occasional side-trip down the smooth contours of her legs.

However, for those involved in the situation, there was no physical discomfort to be felt - only rising pleasure as two skilled people warmed up towards sexual intercourse, one of the skilled personages transmitting a lifetime of female sexual knowledge to a male mind that was putting it into wonderful pleasurable action.

It was most definitely an odd situation - Grant, unaware of the 'visitor' in his wife's brain, performing more or less as usual, giving the same subliminal cues as usual - ones that were picked up by his wife's brain, translated, considered, then passed on to Richard in the form of simple instructions...

...which was what led the aging professor-in-the-body-of-a-nubile-young-woman to slide her legs up onto the bed, swing the right leg over the supine body of Marianne's husband, allowing him to better massage the taut flesh of her firm buttocks as she rose above him, her lips slightly parted in passion as her breathing and heart-rate increased.

<Now...> Marianne's mental voice whispered, hungrily...

...and Richard let the muscles in their long, smooth legs go slightly limp, their shared body dropping smooth and easily downward to impale itself on the throbbing erection Grant so thoughtfully provided.

"Mien Gott!" Richard blurted in startled amazement, earning a blink from Grant at the use of German from a wife who'd never made use of the language before.

Richard didn't really feel like explaining how the 'mistake' had happened, especially here and now - especially since it was an unintended literally translation of Marianne's sentiments at having a warm, functional penis slide firmly - and pleasurably - into her warmly waiting womanhood. Rather than acknowledge the blink Grant gave them, Richard simply let the next thought of Marianne's come through unaltered: "It feels so good..."

If simply having a good-sized cock filling their womanhood felt so wonderfully delicious, then what they felt next could only be described as 'ecstatic' - as Richard, without any prompted at all, flexed her legs, pushing them upwards from Grant's body - but certainly not far enough to let that cock slip from the warm, damp embrace of her womanhood. It would take an act of God to cause that to happen at this point, since both participants were bent on ensuring that the pleasure only increased...

...or, rather, all three participants, since Richard most definitely wanted to experience this new situation - he wanted to see what it felt like to have sex as a woman.

He wasn't disappointed - not in any sense of the word.

"Oh !" She moaned, again without prompting, as he let herself sink back down onto the cock, the wonderful friction of the ridged surface of his throbbing cock against her sensitized clit making pleasure burst through her nerves like a small cascade of fireworks that flared through her body, brief but brilliant.

The sensation came again as she repeated the up-and-down motion, faster this time - and with a brighter, more elaborate show of 'fireworks' as their reward, urging them to do exactly what everybody wanted, anyway - to increased the speed and power of the rhythmic stroke, her body now little more than a cylinder for the piston of his cock, the word seeming to slowly narrow down to the wonderful sensations coming from each of their crotches as they rode with increasing passion and power on a bed that was beginning to squeak and moan in a pattern most adults the world over would recognize.

None of the three, however, were the least bit concerned what anybody else might think of the sounds coming from the hospital room.

They had other concerns at the moment...

Grant was now fully involved as the person he assumed was just his wife rode with strangely eager intensity atop him, his own body matching the rhythm she was generating to increase and amplify the pleasure each was feeling. Her hard, wanton rhythm was unlike the sex he'd become used to recently, partly from the fact that she was doing something she didn't do very often anymore, namely riding atop him - but, more than that, there was sort of an eager, exploratory nature to her rhythm, as if she knew what she was doing, intellectually, but experiencing it for the first time...

It was an idle thought, one that zipped across the surface of his mind while the bulk of his brain was taken up with what was, in reality, quite a simple act - but Grant would have been amazed, stunned - and perhaps a bit nauseated - if he'd known just how accurate that particular impression was.

He didn't know, however - there was simply no way he could, and the two minds sharing the luscious body now driving itself atop his weren't even considering taking this moment to explain the situation to him...

Richard was now in full and complete control of their body, his rhythm and pattern becoming even more 'unusual' as far as Grant was concerned, since she was relying on the signals from the body he wore to tell her what to do - Marianne was too far gone in pleasure to be any help, her mind stunned by the amazing amounts of pleasure she was feeling, far more than usual - now that she didn't have to maintain any conscious control of her body at all, her entire mind was focused on the sensations rocketing through her nerves and slamming deep and hard into the shared pleasure-receptors in the center of her hippocampus.

In a way, Richard could have envied her, had he understood what she was going through - but, as it was, he was so stunned by the intensity and liquid nature of the rising pleasure that he was feeling that it simply didn't occur to him that it could possibly be any better.

All he knew was that it felt fantastic to be a young, fit woman riding eagerly atop the body of willing, skilled man who was determined to give her pleasure - and if Grant was technically dedicated to giving Marianne pleasure, rather than Richard, he unseen professor was still more than happy to take advantage of the 'fraud' they were committing.

"Oh yes... Oh yes...!" Richard cried in Marianne's voice, not hearing the dulcet tones as he drove her body harder, faster. "Oh, god.. I.. Oh.. I..."

Richard was an intelligent, verbally expressive person - but words escaped him as the body he wore generated pleasure that overwhelmed the higher brain functions, reaching deeper and deeper into the core of the mind they shared, three minds moving two bodies towards one goal...

Orgasm.

It came like a Forth-of-July spectacular, a hot rush of color and light that exploded throughout both his and her consciousness, even as it ripped through their shared body. Like an oncoming tidal wave, like a hurtling meteor, like the Charge of the Light Brigade, the sensations thundered through their body, which was only the beachhead for the assault that continued with sharply rising ecstasy, paradoxically fast and slow as it ran through her body, searing through nerves that were temporarily detailed to the sole purpose of transmitting the much-desired sensations that thundered through their body....

They screamed. They screamed loud and long and hard, their voice echoing up and down the halls of the hospital as they screamed their shared pleasure, their shared orgasm, two minds in one body, experiencing the same overwhelming, uncontrollable surge of pure orgasmic pleasure as their body shuddered and shook in the grip of pleasure...

...and then it was only Marianne who finished the scream as the orgasm hit its peak, Richard's consciousness borne by a tide of pure pleasure in that undiscovered country from which he had temporarily returned, carried back to the final darkness in grand orgasmic style and the name of his God on the lips he no longer possessed.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A government agent, is double crossed and finds himself the victim of a new serum that has the power to transform him in both body and mind.

JUNE 6 - 5:34 a.m. Somewhere over America

Agent Of Change

By Gunslinger

The early morning light lanced through the stratosphere, its ruddy glow painting the tops of the clouds in shades of gold and orange. Through this pastel wonderland, the clouds parted and, as if by magic, a small private jet climbed through the cumulous curtain, winging its way westward.

The Gulfstream IV was small but luxurious. Inside her aluminum skin, the cabin, built to hold seven passengers, was almost completely insulated from the drone of her own Pratt & Whitney engines. Golden light streamed in from the windows, painting the rich mahogany paneling and cream-colored leather seats. The passengers relaxed in comfort as the jet, worth over two million dollars, leveled off, allowing them to unbuckle their (gold-plated) seatbelts and stretch out.

"So, what's the prognosis on Project EVE?" The speaker was an older gentleman, somewhat heavysset, but possessing a patrician air that was enhanced by the silver hair touching his black hair at the temples. The Armani suit didn't hurt the image other.

"Well, Senator, we've done our test runs, and they've all worked perfectly." His younger companion replied. Unlike the Senator, he was slender, dressed in a simple black suit. His matching trench-coat hung on the back of his chair, and a shoulder holster hung with it, a large- caliber gun strapped into it's leather container. He continued. "The only draw back is that it only works one way. We can go male to female. We can change female to another female. But we cannot go female to male."

The third passenger, a tall, muscular man in a ill-fitting suit, thanked the stewardess as she handed him his coffee, then turned to the younger man. "If you don't mind me asked, Mr. Olsen, why not?" His own gun, the same model 10mm Smith & Wesson, was clipped into a 'fast action' holster on his belt. Unlike Olsen, he preferred to keep it on him at all times, although it was uncomfortable.

"It has to do with chromosomes." Olsen explained. He'd primed his bodyguard with the question, so he could show off his technical expertise to the Senator. "Women have XX chromosomes. Men have XY. We can 'duplicate' the X twice, to make a woman. We can alter those X's to change a woman's physical attributes. But, we can't add a Y back into the mix later - at least, we can't now. R&D suggests that we will be able to when the next generation of Cray super-computer comes on line, sometime next year. It has to do with the number of compute cycles needed."

The senator grunted, the turned towards the front of the plane. The stewardess, a tall, strong-looking woman with a long mane of chestnut hair, was emerging from the cockpit, lightly shutting the door behind her. Dressed in the 'traditional' stewardess uniform of blue skirt and blouse, black pumps and 'pillbox' cap, she presented an attractive sight, and obviously knew it - she had retrieved her purse, and was touching up her make-up with a compact.

"Miss. Get me a Scotch, will you?" The senator asked. "Single malt over a single cube."

"Of course, sir" she replied in a husky voice, walking towards them. "Would either of you other gentleman like anything?" She stopped in front of them, replacing her compact in her purse.

"Yeah." The bodyguard said, holding out his coffee. "If you can top off. . . ." His eyes widened as her hand re-emerged from the purse, wrapped around a 9mm parrabelum with a long silencer on it's muzzle. The body guard dropped the mug and went for his gun, cursing.

He never made it. The stewardess had purposefully waited until the bodyguards gun hand had been occupied with the mug, and the extra time allowed her to calmly line up her gun and pump two rounds into the mans chest. He jerked once, then collapsed, a puddle of blood forming on the deep-pile rug.

She swung her gun to cover the other two men and smiled. "Don't bother shouting. I've already killed the pilots, and put the plane on auto-pilot." Her - his voice was now very strong and masculine.

Olsen paled. "Gatwick!" he gasped, recognizing the voice. He would have never guessed otherwise - the man's feminine disguise was flawless. The senator frowned, his face reddening.

"Olsen, who is this man" he blustered, warily eyeing the 'woman'. "What's going on?"

The disguised man smiled wryly. "Darren Gatwick, CIA." He said, pulling off the long black wig. "I've been assigned to ferret out men like Mr. Olsen here. We've known for sometime that our sister agency, the NSA, had some rotten apples in its barrel, performing under a separate agenda. But, we didn't realize the funding was being over seen by you, Senator Johnson." He turned back to Olsen. "I want some answers. You're small fry. But, you can tell me who's running the rogue agents from inside the NSA. So, start talking." He grinned. "Make it fast - this corset's killing me."

"Uh. . . You know I can't. . . " Olsen said, breathing heavily. Gatwick waggled the gun under his nose.

"Sure you can." He said, kicking off his pumps. He dropped into the chair across the cabin from them. As soon as he hit the soft leather seat, he knew in an instant that he'd made a mistake, as he felt the prick of the hypodermic needle imbedded in the seat back.

"Shit!" He struggled to rise, but the fast acting sedative was taking effect - his body seemed to drain of energy as his vision darkened. The gun slipped from his suddenly nerveless fingers, and he slumped back into the embrace of the leather seat.

The senator grinned and rose. He went over the well-stocked bar and poured two fingers of Glenlivet over a single ice cube. "You know" he remarked conversationally. "That trick seat has come in damn handy. Whenever somebody nosed too close, I'd invite him for a

'secret' meeting aboard my private jet. Then, after inviting him to have a seat, I'd fly him to my private retreat, drag what he knew out of him, then dump the body." He sipped his drink, and regarded the 'en femme' agent. "Same routine with this one?"

Olsen slowly smiled. "Oh, I have a better idea senator." He said, mixing himself a martini. "He makes a very convincing woman. Why don't we help him make his act perfect?" He grinned at the senator and popped the olive into his mouth. Slowly, the senator smiled back.

* * * * *

DATE AND TIME UNKNOWN Somewhere in America

Darren awoke nearly instantly, his quick mind leaping from a deep, drug-induced unconsciousness to immediate wakefulness. But, he remained perfectly still, eyes closed, as he stretched his senses to the limit, searching for every bit of information before he acted.

Immediately, he knew something was wrong. His finely honed body felt strange to him. A weight sat on his chest, and an - odd - feeling was the best he could describe what emanated from his crotch. Other, less quantifiable feelings tugged at his mind from all over his body. Ignoring this for the moment, he turned his mind outward, registering the blankets covering him, the muted sound of traffic emanating from somewhere to his right and below him. His eyelid revealed some sort of illumination was operating in the room he occupied. By no sound gave any indication of any other presence. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

He was in a bedroom. Decorated in pastels of rose and salmon, with pink and blue wallpaper trim along the ceiling. A window to the right admitted the sunshine, as well as the sounds he'd catalogued earlier. Slowly, he lifted one arm to remove the covers - and stopped, staring at his hand.

Only, it wasn't his hand. Smaller, smoother and more delicate, it's slender fingers were graced with long, neatly trimmed nails. The wrist was slender, leading to an equally feminine arm. Slowly, he used his new appendage to draw back the light bed-spread, and eased himself into a sitting position. Forcing himself to ignore his changed body - and the strange sensations that movement created - he took stock of the bedroom.

Decorated in a decidedly feminine decor, it boasted a large, four poster bed that he'd awakened in. To either side of the bed, matching end-tables stood. Beside the mirrored closet doors, a vanity table, strewn with feminine articles, sat in splendor. A closed door led from the room.

Carefully, Darren rose, and approached the full-length mirrored closet doors, his body feeling awkward and unbalanced. Steeling himself, he stood in front of the mirror, and looked himself - no, herself over, starting from the bottom and working up.

The woman who looked back from the mirror was like something out of an eighteen-year-old boys fantasy. The delicate feet were topped by gracefully rounded ankles. Above this, her legs stretched upwards, long and shapely, the creamy skin smooth and flawless. Her hips swelled above this, slender but womanly. Between her silken thighs, in a neatly trimmed patch of blonde pubic hair, rested the pink opening of her new vagina. To complement this, as a turn in the mirror verified, was a full, shapely derrière.

Smoothly rising from the width of her widened pelvic area, her new waist slimmed remarkably, showcasing a flat, firm stomach. The years of exercise that Darren had performed was gone - although perfectly smooth and flat, the abdominals were no longer rock-hard and sharply defined.

Thrusting proudly from her chest was perhaps the most perfect pair of tits Darren had ever seen. Firm and round, they seemed to ignore gravity completely. They were remarkably large, yet showed no sag. The creamy globes were topped by small, nub-like nipples of light- pink. She forced her eyes higher, to the head atop her long, swan-like neck.

It was a cheerful, open face. Full, luscious lips below a pert, upturned nose. Sparkling blue eyes with long, dark lashes, and high, arching eyebrows. Her complexion was flawless and supple. A mane of platinum blonde hair wreathed her pixie-ish face, looking like an abandoned haystack from her 'bed-head.'

But, to his surprise, Darren's new body didn't quite pass the line into 'bimbo' - rather, she was spectacularly sexy in a 'friendly, girl- next- door' sort of way. Friendly, reasonably intelligent, and beautiful, as well as sexy.

"My god." Darren muttered. . . then blinked, surprised at the rich soprano of her new voice. "They used EVE on me. The bastards!"

Most men, faced with this situation, would have been horrified, or in despair or denial. Although these feelings moved in sluggish undercurrents in Darren's mind, the one clear emotion she felt right now was the bright, burning flame of anger. Although she now possessed the body of a young blonde goddess, her mind was still the tightly focused, controlled thinking machine, and now it turned with precision as she focused herself on one thing - revenge.

Turning from the mirror, she began to examine the room. It didn't take her long to find what awaited her on the vanity table. There was a driver's license, for the California Department of Motor Vehicles. It showed her new face, and proclaimed her to be 'Belinda Metzler', of Los Angeles. It listed an address, which she assumed was where she was now. It also listed her new age as 21, knocking more than ten years of her old age. Also with the I.D. was a small pile of cash, a couple of credit and Debit cards, a birth certificate - and a letter. He picked it up, and found it advised 'Belinda' that she had gotten a job at Denbrough's Restaurant, starting on the 22nd.

That prompted Belinda. She moved to the end table, trying to ignore the sway of her heavy new endowments. She clicked on the radio, and hunted through stations until she found a news report, giving today's date.

It was the 19th. Not only had the rogue NSA agents stolen her life, her body, her history - but nearly two weeks of time, as well. The flame of anger flared into roiling fire, and her plans began to coalesce in her mind. No matter what it took, she WOULD get her revenge.

* * * * *

JUNE 19 - 11:30 a.m. Washington, D.C.

"Gatwick - excuse me, Ms. Metzler. . ." Olsen grinned wickedly, "Should be waking up about now, considering the time difference between here and LA." He shook his head. "What I wouldn't give to see her reaction to that body."

The room's other occupant was Bill Wexler, a short, slender, meticulously groomed man who was the prototypical image of a 'techie' - and the inventor of EVE. He shook his head at Olsen's comment. "Look, Rich, leaving any surveillance devices in her apartment might lend credibility to her story, if she took it to the police - or to 'Darren's' friends in the Agency. She probably knows enough to get an appointment with another agent. Say, if she said she was one of Darren's sources."

Rich Olsen looked thoughtful. "You think she'll try to expose us?"

Wexler shrugged. "Can't say. With our test cases, we found they fell in three groups. The first, the subject goes into denial. Dresses in male clothing, tries to convince people of the 'truth'. These people end up in an asylum, either by authorities who think they're insane, or because the trauma actually pushes them over the edge."

"I can see that." Agreed Olsen. "And the others?"

"Group two" continued Wexler, "are those who go into deep despair. They usually commit suicide within short order. Those who don't kill themselves commit 'mental suicide' - they cut all mental ties with their old life, and become. . . uh, 'ultra females', I guess you could say. They assume that their memories of male life was insanity, and 'cure' themselves by being more feminine than a real woman." He paused and took a sip of water. "The last group go into a mild depression for about a week, then accept their fate - provisionally, at least. They tend to wear women's clothes, or uni-sex clothing, but always very shapeless, conservative clothing. They are shy, nervous and uncomfortable. They majority remain virgins, or become lesbians."

Olsen rubbed his hands together. "I wonder which group our little Belinda falls in?" he murmured, then laughed.

* * * * *

JUNE 19 - 8:35 a.m. Los Angeles, California

The answer to Olsen's question, if Belinda had known about it, would have been 'None Of The Above'. None of Wexler's test subjects had been highly disciplined, intelligent agents, whose driving force was neither conformity nor his male ego. No, her driving force was getting the mission done. Being female was as unimportant right now as having to go 'en femme' for other missions had been. If being female was what it took to do the job - so be it. Later, after she finished her job, then she would deal with her new, feminine life.

Right now, the new woman had a job to do. She slid open the closet, and began to sort through the clothing. Not finding what she wanted, she tried the oak dresser.

The first order of business was underwear. She found a pair of plane cotton Hanes 'Her Way' panties, and stepped into them. They slid over the supple flesh of her long new legs, and pulled snug over her new, flat crotch. A huge, plain white underwire bra was the next item. She paused for a second and read the label, discovering her new endowments would be contained in a 42 EE bra - or, at her discretion, a 40 DDDD. They were the same size, but the fit differed. She picked the 40 DDDD - it fit snuggler, the cups gripping her globes tightly, and the straps digging into her shoulders. This size bra was less comfortable, but provided more support, which was what mattered.

Over the underwear, she drew on a pair, of jean shorts. They were tighter than she would have liked, hugging every curve of her tear- drop shaped ass and womanly hips. They would have to do. An XXL white T-shirt was next - it hung loose over her flat stomach and slender waist, but clung tautly to her bra-encased tits, faintly visible through the thin material.

Sitting on the bed, Belinda pulled on a pair of socks, grimacing. The only pair of socks she could find were pink ankle socks, with a trim of white lace. Over these indignities were pick-and white running shoes. It didn't escape her notice that every item was brand-new - a small, but telling flaw in the illusion that the NSA had tried to create. The CIA would have bought a large portion of clothing from second-hand stores, to support the fiction that the identity had some sort of past history.

Having previous practice at being female - albeit, not to this degree of reality - , Belinda was also sure to complete the female ritual - a small bead necklace went around her slender neck, and a matching bracelet around her right wrist. She applied a medium-red shade of lipstick, and used a spray bottle of water and a comb to make her hair presentable. She stuffed the I.D. and money - two hundred and fifty dollars - into a pocket, but leaving the plastic, knowing the NSA could trace her if she used credit or debit cards.

Satisfied, she left the apartment, not bothering to lock it, and headed into the bright summer sunlight.

Not bothering to find a bus, Belinda began to jog towards the nearest main street. She almost fell after two strides, the momentum of her unwieldy breast pulling her off balance. She was forced to change her stride, letting her hips swivel more, and her arms pump harder, to counteract the weight of her large, heavy tits.

She kept her pace easy, both to conserve energy, and to get used to the sway and bounce of her new body. Following the heaviest flow of traffic, she had no problem locating the nearest mall, and headed towards it, aware of the admiring gaze of men on her supple body - or at least, jouncing, melon-like tits.

She arrived at the mall's parking lot, and slowed to a walk, letting herself cool down as she made her way across the paved expanse to the doors. She stepped inside, shivering slightly as the air conditioning gusted across her slightly sweaty body. She blinked at the extremely pleasant sensation as her nipples stiffened inside their cotton prison. Dismissing it, she began to window shop, feeling the lustful teenaged gazes following her progress. She grinned slightly as she watched a heavy-set older woman strap her husband with her purse as he gawked at her mesmerizing bosom.

She stopped first at a small luggage store, and picked up a black leather purse and a small nylon 'carry-on' bag. Her next stop was at a large corporate multi-chain department store.

She hit the lingerie department first. She flipped through the racks of 'image' size bras for the 'larger women, finally picking up two black bras - one a heavy, canvas-like one similar to the white one she already wore, the other a lacier demi-cup with massive under-wire support and no straps. Next, she picked out two pairs of panties that matched her choice in brassieres. She knew that the store didn't allow customers to try on undergarments, so had to hope that the sizes were accurate.

She picked out a couple of new outfits - because in the size difference between her slender body and huge tits, dresses were out of the question - she was forced to pick two-piece outfits. She swung by the make-up counter, picking out a small selection of basic cosmetics and toiletries. A pair of shoes was her final purchase. The plain young female cashier rang up her purchases, unaware the woman she looked at enviously had been a man only a short while before. "Thank you. . ." Belinda

glanced at the nametag gracing the woman's nearly non-existent chest. "Carrie. Uh. . . Do you mind if I ask you an odd question?"

Carrie shrugged. "I guess so miss."

Belinda looked at her with interest. "If you were given a choice, would you REALLY want to look like I do?" Carrie looked surprised. "Well. . . Yeah. Yes, I would." She said, blushing slightly.

Belinda lay one hand over hers. "Trust me. If I had a choice, this wouldn't be the body I would pick." She said sincerely.

The short shopping spree depleted a large part of her funds. She toted her purchases to the doors and flagged a taxi down, asking the driver to pick an inexpensive motel near LAX. He nodded and pulled away, his eyes frequently returning the awesome view displayed in his rearview mirror.

He dropped her at a Motel Seven on the airport strip. The motel was small and somewhat outdated, but clean. She used the bulk of her remaining funds to rent a room for the night, then accepted her key and headed to her room.

Dropping her things on the small bed, she undressed quickly, and headed for the bathroom. She turned on the water in the shower, allowing it to warm as she used the toilet for the first time as a woman.

It was decidedly unusual to take a piss as a woman, sitting on the toilet and feeling the stream of urine patter into the bowl in a lower- pressured sort of unaimed spurt. But, it got the job done, and that was what mattered. After wiping herself with toilet paper, she flushed the toilet, then climbed into the shower.

She had intended to take a quick, efficient shower to clean herself from the sweat of jogging. But, that plan was quickly carried away as she began to soap up. The sensation of the soap sliding slickly over her new body was pleasant enough - but when she reached her firm, round tits, she slowed and gasped as she slid over her nipples. She forced herself to finish lathering, then put the soap down.

Turning under the spray, she began to rinse, her dainty new hands truly exploring her feminine new body for the first time.

Her fingers slid across the slick skin of her long, shapely legs and lightly ran across her firm ass. Sliding them forward and up, they crested over her slender waist and reached the proudly out-thrust mass of breast flesh. She began to softly fondle her massive new endowments, her head tilting back, eyes closed in pleasure, as her long-nailed fingers began to tease her now-hard nipples.

Sighing, she forced her hands away and shut off the water. She began to towel off, guiltily enjoying the feel of the fabric moving across her unblemished flesh.

Naked, she gathered up her discarded clothing from the floor and folded it. Leaving one outfit aside, she carefully packed her few belongings into the carry on bag. Zipping it closed, she began to dress. She slid on the lacy black French-cut briefs. She then struggled into the lacy, strapless black bra, which lifted her firm mounds up and together. Over her racy under things, she pulled on a tight, midnight hued silk skirt that hugged her body like a second skin from knee to waist. A black silk short-sleeve top with a plunging off-the-shoulder neckline clung to her torso, revealing an awesome display of cleavage.

Returning to the bathroom, she carefully applied her make-up, her rich red lip gloss emphasizing her full, soft lips. Mascara and eye shadow increased the allure of her sky-blue eyes. She checked the look in the mirror. She was absolutely stunning, the black clothing hugging her body, and it's sheen creating highlights that increased the effect.

She slipped her dainty feet into the embrace of the black velvet shoes she'd purchased. She stood and walked over to the mirror, familiarizing herself with the way her body moved perched atop the four-inch heels. She used her comb and an elastic to pile her platinum blonde mane into a loose bun, emphasizing her long, slender neck. Admiring the finished product, she smiled slightly.

"God." She breathed in her sweet, clear voice. "I'm such a babe." She tried to chuckle, and was rewarded with a charming giggle, which caused her to giggle harder.

Dropping her remaining funds in her purse, she slung it over on well-displayed shoulder and headed outside. After locking the door behind her, the key joined her meager bankroll, and she made her way down the strip until she came to the 'Silver Wings', a bar catering to pilots - she hoped.

Stepping inside, she was greeted by the sound of a juke-box in the corner playing something by the Eagles. The hum of conversation dropped briefly as the clientele appraised the buxom blonde goddess in their midst, then regained it's previous volume, although with a different subject.

Looking around, Belinda made her way to a table near the back. She threw an extra little wiggle into her stride as bait. She put her purse on the scarred wooden table and lowered herself into the soft chair. Then, she waited.

It didn't take long. She heard someone clear their throat near her shoulder. She took a deep breath, allowing the unseen man a few seconds to gaze down into her stunning cleavage, then twisted around in her seat.

He was fairly well built and handsome. In his early twenties, he was dressed casually in blue jeans and a white denim shirt. His face was tanned, with an unruly mop of black hair. In each of his strong hands he held a cold beer. He gave her his most charming smile, and she traded it for an inviting one of her own.

"Hi," he said. "My name's Steven. Can I buy you a drink?"

She waved a hand to the empty seat. "Please do. I'm Belinda." She accepted one cold beer from him as he slid into the seat. She took a sip. He fished out a pack of cigarettes and raised an eyebrow. "You don't mind if I smoke, do you Belinda?" he asked.

"Actually," she replied, "I was wondering if I could steal one of those from you."

Steven gave her the one he had extracted from the pack and lit it with his silver Zippo, before he fished one out for himself. "So, what brings a lovely lady like you to our little haven?" he asked.

Belinda took a deep drag on the cigarette, enjoying the mild nicotine buzz. "Actually, I was hoping for some help. Are you a pilot?" Steven finished his long pull of beer and nodded. "Sure am. Own my own little puddle-hopper. Why, you looking to go somewhere?"

Belinda smiled as he nibbled at the bait. "Actually, I'm trying to get to Washington." She said. "I came here hoping to break into movies. Instead, I ended up broke, and don't have enough money for airfare."

He swallowed the much-heard - and even sometimes true - story, and nodded. "Well, I'd be glad to take you. . . if you want to find a way of, um, 'payment'? " He looked at her expectantly.

Damn. She'd hoped for a gentleman willing to help a lady in distress for free. Her mind quickly ran through her options. She knew if she turned him down, it would be useless to look for another ride here - she'd have to locate another bat and start over. She was in a hurry, and pushed aside her distaste.

With no noticeable hesitation to Steven, she leaned forward and spoke softly, forcing her voice to sound as alluring as possible. "How about I go down, and you take me up?" she asked huskily. She wasn't ready to offer more.

Thankfully, it was enough. "Sure thing. You got a deal Belinda. Where do you want to. . . Sign the contract?" he asked, leering. Belinda forced a smile. "I've got some luggage in my hotel room. You give me a lift to pick it up, and. . . "

He stood and swallowed the rest of his beer. "Follow me, gorgeous."

She made him wait a few seconds as she finished her beer in a more 'lady-like' manner, then followed him to the parking lot, still smoking the cigarette. She was determined to get as much as she could out of this distasteful situation.

He led her to a bright red Z-28 and unlocked her door. She finished the smoke and dropped it to the ground. She ground it under one spike heel, then climbed into the sports car. She told him which motel she was in, and Steven peeled out of the lot to the smell of burning rubber.

A minute later, he pulled up in front of her room, just a way's down the street. She forced herself to act eager as she dug out her key and unlocked the door, letting him in. She followed behind him, pushing the door shut. She wondered briefly if the

desk clerk had seen her, and what he'd think of her inviting a man in her room like this. She thrust the thought away - besides, technically, he would be correct.

"Well, Belinda, the quicker I cum, the faster we can go." Steven said, chuckling. She forced a giggle, then dropped her purse on the bed, and guided Steven to a seat beside it. Smiling 'eagerly', she slowly unzipped his pants and pushed them and his gray briefs to his ankles.

His average-sized cock was already rock-hard with the images running through his head. It was flushed red, and throbbed slightly with each heartbeat.

Belinda sunk to her knees and took his throbbing dick in her hands, feeling its feverish warmth. In her career as an agent of the CIA, she'd had to do some unpleasant things - but this was her first blowjob.

Steeling her nerve, she leaned forward. Her full, red lips slowly moved forward and she lightly kissed his purplish head. . . . and deep inside her brain, hypnotic programming inserted by Bill Wexler came to life at the 'trigger' action.

Belinda found herself flooded with new thoughts. In the two weeks they'd held her, less than an hour had been used in the actual physical transformation. Most of the time had been used while he was still male, and drugged, to find what he knew. But, having a couple of spare hours, Wexler had idly taken the chance to have his version of fun. He had injected Belinda with a hypnotic drug, and had her watch a porno tape of blowjobs, imbedding a trigger in her subconscious. Now, it activated, flooding her with a barrage of images about blowjobs - and a massive jump in her hormones.

Knowing they were not HER thoughts in no way diminished the power of her sudden need. Belinda, resigned to what she needed to do, didn't fight the new desires flooding her - she rode with them, using them as a tool to do what was necessary.

Her warm, wet mouth pushed forward, enveloping Stevens hard cock. She applied light suction as her tongue began to flick across the taught, warm skin of his rock-hard penis. Her slender hand grasped the base of his shaft and began to pump in smooth, strong strokes. Her other hand lightly squeezed his balls.

Steve moaned and entwined his fingers in her silky hair as he climbed towards orgasm. "Oh, yes. . ." He hissed. "God, I'm cumming. . ."

Belinda had intended to let Steven's seed spray across the expanse of flesh exposed by her plunging neck-line. But, he'd let go of too much control, and implanted desires kept her full lips locked firmly around his cock as it spasmed, and shot a stream of hot, salty sperm into her mouth, a thin steam overflowing and dripping onto one delightfully full tits. 'Hungrily', she swallowed the thick liquid - and was shocked to find that, due to the implanted commands, she found it the most unbelievably fantastic taste she'd ever swallowed.

Released of her imposed needs, Belinda pulled from his drained cock, disgusted - and fulfilled. Hating herself for it, she used her fingers to get the last globs of spilled cum, disgusted - but wanting that indescribable taste. As sickened as she was, she was telling the absolute truth when she told him "You taste fantastic."

He pulled his clothing up and straightened himself out as she gathered her things. He also used the time to call the airport and file a flight plan. Then, giving her a light peck on the cheek, he led her to his car and turned towards the airport. She took the opportunity to bum a cigarette - and a part of her hated the fact it covered the taste that lingered in her mouth. She ignored it, and enjoyed the smoke.

Steven's 'puddle-hopper' turned out to be a well maintained Learjet 35. Painted in light blue, with the words 'Steven Douglas Charters', it was an older aircraft that had been top of the line, and, lovingly maintained the way it was, still a formidable aircraft. Belinda found herself unable to maintain her anger towards Steven - She'd expected a Cessna or Piper, not an expensive, high cost jet. In flying her - free - to D.C., it was costing him at least twelve grand in fuel and lost revenue.

"Here you go Belinda" Steven said, taking her luggage into the cabin. "Make yourself comfortable."

She followed him up the ladder and into the cabin. Grasping his arm, she turned him towards him. She stood on tip-toe, wrapped her arms around him, and kissed him. Not sexually, or seductively, but firmly and sincerely. He blinked.

"What was that for?" he asked, surprised.

She grinned wryly, surprised by her impulsive - and probably hormone driven - act. "I know how much this is costing you" she said. "I wanted to thank you - really - for what you're doing. It's very kind of you."

His response was unexpected. He flushed deeply, and his eyes refused to meet hers. "Look. . . Belinda . . I'm so sorry. . ." he stammered awkwardly. "My wife divorced me a couple of months ago, and I haven't been with a woman since. I. . . I took advantage of you. . and. . ." He trailed off, deeply ashamed.

Unwillingly, Belinda found herself touched. Instead of a manipulative prick, she found Steven was really a nice guy whose chivalry had slipped - and her thanks were making him feel so bad. . .

Without really thinking, she lightly touched his arm. "Look, Steven, I'm in some trouble, and I really, really needed your help." She lowered her eyes. "In fact" she said truthfully - in a way - "it's been - well, you wouldn't believe me if I told you. But. . . I really DID enjoy.

. "

The sincerity broke through to the ashamed man. He looked her in the eye, and saw only honesty (although she'd hated herself for doing it, and disgusted by the act, she HAD enjoyed the taste. . .)

"Still," he said, bashfully, "I owe you a lot. Let's get airborne, then I think we should talk some more."

"Sure." Belinda said, wondering what had prompted her actions. "Mind if I sit with you in the . . ." suddenly, she blushed brightly. ". . uh, cockpit?" she finished.

Steven laughed, and Belinda joined in. "Of course" he said, still chuckling.

It didn't take long to get the trim aircraft airborne and winging it's way east on its five hour flight to D.C. As the land unrolled far below the wings, Steven turned back to Belinda.

"So, what kind of trouble are you in?" he asked her, honestly worried for this stunning woman he'd met - and taken advantage of, he thought with a wince - only a short time ago.

"I really can't talk about it." She said softly, her trained mind regaining equilibrium. She'd already figured out that her odd reactions had been caused by the change in her hormonal chemistry. Estrogen was a chemical. Like other chemical, such as alcohol, cocaine, or sodium pentethol, Estrogen could - and did - effect the mind. She realized she'd have to watch herself in the future - and even so, her finely honed mental processes would be forever altered in many subtle - and not so subtle - ways. Emotions, mostly ignored in her male life, now had gained new textures and strengths, and lurked in her brain, ready to pounce on her analytical mind when she was least prepared.

To put it simply, a persons 'self', their core personality, was nothing more than a composite of every experience ever encountered. And, with her change, Belinda was gaining radically different experiences - for the first time, seeing things from a completely new viewpoint.

"Alright." Steven said firmly. "But whatever it is, I'm going to help." He cut her protest short. "I AM going to help." His voice softened. "Or I'd never be able to live with myself."

Belinda nodded. "Thank you." she said, softly.

For the rest of the flight, he kept her entertained - telling amusing anecdotes, letting her fly the plane, letting her sexy voice bounce over the airwaves with other pilots. By the time the plane settled down to meet the asphalt runway, she found herself honestly enjoying his company.

He refused to listen to her protests as he rented a car - paying for it but putting it in her name - and drove to one of the nicer hotels and renting her a suite for a week.

"Look" she said, softly, as they rode the elevator towards her room. "You really didn't have to do any of this. It must be costing you a fortune."

He carried her bag to her suite. "Look, Belinda, don't worry about it. My charter is doing very well, and I can afford it." He waited until she unlocked the door, then followed her in. He reached into his wallet, and flipped it open in front of her. A long string of credit cards unfolded - all GoldCards, indicating each had unlimited credit available. She realized he wasn't kidding - no bank would authorize a GoldCard for someone with a yearly income less then \$100,000.

She watched in surprise as he removed most of the cash and one of the card, and dropped them in her purse. "No, please. . . " she said.

He ignored her. "I have to head back for LA." He said. "I've got a charter for tomorrow." He indicated her purse. "That's two thousand in cash, and the card has no upper limit." He leaned forward and his face softened. "Please. . . take it. That card's balance is zero right now. I'll have the company cancel it when it reaches ten thou."

She smiled at him. In spite of her attempt to control her new emotions, she was touched by his sincere attempt to help - and the truth was, this would help immeasurably. Giving in to herself, she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him deeply, passionately. He stood rigid for an instant, then relaxed and returned the embrace.

He gently pulled away. "I. . have to be going. You take care Belinda." She followed him to the door, and kissed him once, lightly, on the cheek.

"Good-bye, Steven" she said softly. "And. . thank you." She watched him until the elevator doors closed, cutting him from view.

She slowly closed the door. Between the time of the flight, and the time zone difference, it was now nine o'clock, local time. She kicked off her shoes and lay on the bed. She shut of the light, and closed her eyes. Inside her head, she set about methodically clearing her mind, forcing herself to lock away the thoughts and emotions of the day, and focus for the task at hand. Slowly, she restored her anger and rage into a furnace-like blast that drove back the distracting and uncontrolled thoughts, and returning her mind to a sharp, precise weapon of revenge.

At least for now.

* * * * *

JUNE 20 - 7:21 a.m. Washington, D.C.

Belinda awoke refreshed, in mind and body. Once more her mental processes were on track, and she had work to do.

Stripping of the rumpled clothes she slept in, she padded gracefully to the luxurious en-suite bathroom. Indulging her new, feminine side, she called down an order for coffee and a Danish as she started running a tub of warm water. Smiling slightly, she gave in and added some of the fragrant 'complimentary' bubble-bath, watching it foam up.

A knock at the door was followed by the muffled call of 'Room service'. Wrapping the supplied bathrobe around her spectacular figure, she found it refused to close across the breadth of her massive tits, displaying almost half of her breasts, but covering her nipples.

Sighing, she went to the door and opened it, letting in the slender, handsome man from room service. As she accepted the tray, she found herself speculatively eyeing the bulging crotch of his uniform. Blushing, she tore her gaze away, and he left with a strangely stiff stride which she tried to ignore.

Returning to the bathroom, she shed the robe and settled into the foamy water. Luxuriating in the warmth, she nibbled at her Danish and sipped her coffee. When she was finished her light breakfast, she soaped up and washed, forcing her eager mind to ignore certain images it wanted to indulge in.

Drying off - slowly, and with great attention to the sensual curve of her firm tits, she unpacked her meager luggage and dressed.

She pulled on the white underwear she'd worn her first day as a woman. Over this came a white denim skirt that fell to mid-thigh, and a tight black T-shirt. Over the T-shirt went a matching white denim vest, buttons strained by the pressure of her large tits. Her feet once more rested in the velvet pumps.

She carefully did her hair and making, achieving a more cheerful, 'girl-next-door' effect - but still incredibly sexy. She was ready. Locking her suite behind her, she rode downstairs in the elevator, and had the valet bring her rental car around.

Having lived in D.C. in her male incarnation, she knew the city, but had to be very careful - her targets knew what her new body looked like, and there was little she could do as adequate disguise. So, she kept her eyes open as she pulled up near the Senate offices.

This was the most dangerous part of today's game. She climbed out of the car and headed for the entrance, enjoying the summer heat on the exposed, silky skin of her legs.

She found, to her great relief, a tour was about to start. Paying her five dollar fee, she joined the tour as it started to head through the hallowed halls of the Senate Executive Offices.

Fifteen minutes later, they were passing the offices of Senator Johnson. She lagged behind and let the tour group separate from her. Taking a deep breath, she knocked on the door of the office.

A young slender man with close-cropped sandy hair opened it. He was well dressed in a dark blue pinstripe and a Yale tie. His eyes widened slightly at the sight of the stunningly beautiful blonde in front of him.

"Can I help you Miss?" he asked politely - amazingly, he even managed to look her in the eye.

"I'm so sorry to bother you." Belinda apologized. "I was with the tour and had to use the ladies room. I found that alright - but now I'm hopelessly lost." She smiled with just the right force. "How do I get out of here?"

The man laughed. "I know what you mean. When I started here, I was lost for the first month." He lowered his voice. "Us staffers call this place the 'Rat Maze' " He smiled again. "But, I can make it easy for you, I think."

With an exaggerated expression, he theatrically looked both ways down the corridor. He waved her inside the office and shut the door. "The Senator I work for has a private entrance" he explained, smiling. He led her through the ante-room to a heavy oak door. She noticed that he seemed to have an odd stride, and filed it away in her mind. "Just through here, and you're outside the West Wing."

The fact that he invited her in proved that he worked for the Senator without knowing his illicit activities. Otherwise, he'd never be so open. Belinda smiled. "Thank you so much, Mr. . . ." She trailed off, raising an eyebrow.

"Marlowe. Brad Marlowe." He introduced himself, shaking her hand. The intriguing motions created in her chest briefly drew his eyes down, and he blushed slightly.

"Linda" Belinda replied, making up a name in case he should mention it to the Senator. "Linda Hunt. And, thanks again." He held the door for her. "Just don't mention it to anyone." He asked. "I'm not supposed to do this."

She shook his hand once more, with a smile, then headed back to her car. She climbed in - but didn't start it. She turned on the radio and watched the front door.

Slightly after noon, she shut off the radio and sat up as Brad Marlowe emerged, easily identified by his unusual gait. She watched to make sure he wasn't heading for the parking lot, then slipped out of the car and followed him at as far a distance as she dared.

Sure enough, Marlowe turned into one of the swankier restaurants. She waited five minutes, then went inside.

"Can I help you miss?" The maitre d' asked, eyeing her. Sexy yes, but also beautiful - a rarity. Also, dressed nicely, and not terribly provocatively. Finishing his appraisal, and fairly sure he wasn't dealing with a hooker, his smile became genuine. "Do you have a reservation?"

Belinda shifted slightly to be more visible in the dining room, without looking inside. 'Come on' she thought, as she returned the Maitre d's smile. "No, I'm afraid I don't. Do I need one?" she asked, feigning disappointment.

The Maitre d' was sincerely sad. "Yes, Miss, I'm afraid you. . . ." "Miss Hunt!"

Belinda acted surprised as she turned and saw Marlowe approaching. She smiled broadly. "Mr. Marlowe! Imagine running into you here!"

He smiled at her and turned to the Maitre d'. "It's alright Winslow. The lady will be dining with me."

Winslow smiled and nodded, happy for the pretty blonde, as Marlowe led her to his table. He poured her a glass of wine, and smiled at her.

For the next hour, both poured on the charm, for different reasons. Belinda played the role of a girl on vacation from collage, slightly overwhelmed by D.C. She played it friendly and open, but somewhat shy. The lunch was pleasant and she

actually enjoyed it. Finally, they finished, and Marlowe signaled for the check. As he escorted her out, she 'admitted' that she was taking the bus, and asked if he minded if she walked with him to the Senate building before catching the bus. He agreed quickly.

As they reached the doors, and he regretfully said good-bye, she thanked him for a lovely lunch. She waited until he disappeared inside, and was out of sight. Giving it a few minutes more, she ducked inside, and approached the security desk.

"Can I help you?" The guard asked, eyeing her.

Belinda pulled a pad of paper from her purse and jotted a brief note, forcing herself to blush furiously. "I was. . uh, . . wondering" she said hesitantly, holding the folded note. "Could you deliver this to Brad. . . I mean. Mr. Marlowe, in Senator Johnson's office?"

The guard smiled. "Of course." He took the paper and smiled at his partner as he headed down the hall. Belinda watched him go, then practically fled the building.

Before heading back to the hotel, she swung by a safe drop of the CIA, and opened the hidden box in the concrete overpass support. She extracted what she needed and left.

* * * * *

JUNE 20 - 9:48 p.m. Washington D.C.

Belinda sat in near the entrance of the nightclub, sipping at her Daiquiri, and watching the door. She was rewarded when they parted and Brad entered the club. He spied her easily and came over as she rose from the chair.

"I got your note" He explained unnecessarily. "I was honored that you wanted to see me again."

She smiled bashfully. "I know it sounds really odd but - you're nice, you're kind, handsome, and you don't. . . stare. . ." she said, blushing harder.

He blushed a little too.

For the next few hours, the drank, talked and danced. He turned out to be a smoker as well, and she accepted the occasional cigarette, 'admitting' she was trying to quit. She also 'admitted' that 'Linda Hunt' was a name she used in LA as an aspiring actress, and told him her 'real' name. She insisted he use 'Belinda'.

By the end of the evening he was hopelessly smitten by her - and she was shocked to find that her own attraction to him wasn't feigned. Since she'd taken a cab, she let him drive her to her hotel, and invited him to her room.

She'd thought she'd have to force herself to continue the next part - but between the alcohol, her new hormones, and her actual attraction to Brad, she found her female body aroused as she led himself in the suite.

Hesitantly, she slid her slender arms around his waist, and raised her face to him. He bent his own, and their lips met.

The sensation seemed to ignite a dull flame in her, and all hesitancy was lost as her full lips pressed against his. She felt his tongue slide between her lips and into her waiting mouth, and she responded eagerly. Gently, she pushed him towards one of the two queen- sized beds, her hands unbuttoning his shirt.

Pulling off his shirt, she sat him on the edge of the bed as his hands pulled off her vest. Belinda felt emotions and thoughts swirling in her slightly clouded. She couldn't believe what she was doing, yet was eager to continue. She was confused, aroused, disgusted and eager, all at the same time.

Feeling delightfully naughty, she pushed back from Brad and began to sway seductively as she sensuously pulled her tight black T-shirt off. Smiling wickedly, she undid her skirt and slid it slowly off, kicking it away.

Approaching him again, she resumed her passionate lip-lock with him, her huge, firm, bra-encased tits pressed firmly against his lightly haired chest. The dull flame was quickly becoming a raging forest fire of lust.

His hands slid around to her back and undid the straps to her voluminous tit-sling. It fell to the floor as he began to fondle her tits, his mouth travelling back and forth between her hard nipples and her eager mouth.

Bolts of pure ecstasy traveled through her body from the expert manipulation of her gigantic, creamy globes. She moaned in helpless pleasure, and he gently eased her to lay on the bed, slipping her panties off, but leaving her spike-heels on her feet. He stood and practically tore off his pants.

Now she knew why he walked funny. Thrusting from his crotch was the most enormous cock she'd ever seen, with enormous, orange- sized balls dangling below it. It was at least twelve inches long, and three inches thick. She stared at it with mingled horror and admiration. Her hormone driven admiration won.

"Love me, Brad." She begged, and he straddled her, stopping to give her a long, deep, LOVING kiss. Then he positioned himself, and thrust forward.

Belinda had no idea what to expect as her first sex as a woman - but nothing could have prepared her for what happened. Almost as a joke, Wexler had specially designed her cunt with not one, not two, but three clitoris'. One in it's normal place, on halfway down it's length, the other at it's end. And Brad's enormous cock hit all three with his strong thrust deep into her hot, wet cunt.

She screamed in ecstasy, hitting the high notes and shattering them. If not for the superb soundproofing of the room, it would have caused other guests to call the police. It seemed impossible for such a sound to come from a single human throat.

Brad Marlowe was a freak. Technically a undifferentiated triplet. Siamese twins or triples were linked together, but undifferentiated siblings were created when one, the 'dominate' absorbed the others. In some cases, it created a man with an extra limb, too many teeth, or a third eye. In Brad's case, he got the cock and balls of three men. Practically a virgin, he'd

limited his sexual experience to horribly guilty trips to older hookers with extremely loose cunts, always afraid of injuring somebody.

At the sound of Belinda's teeth rattling scream, he stopped and began to roll off of her, sure he was killing her. He was stopped by and incredibly strong grip of her slender hands. He looked down into eyes burning with lust and pleasure.

"No. . " She moaned desperately. "Don't stop. . . PLEASE, don't stop. . . "

Realizing that it was the scream of ultimate pleasure, not ultimate pain, he began to thrust strongly, eagerly, happily into her.

"OH GOD! YES!" Belinda screamed in mindless ecstasy. Her back arched and she began to thrust back working her womanly hips like an expert. Waves of sheer pleasure shuddered through her body from the stimulation of her triple clits. She wrapped her long, supple legs around Brad's hips.

"I LOVE IT!" She screamed. "I Love it! I love. . . I love. . I love you. I love you Brad. Oh Brad, Love me " Her screamed slid down into throaty, passion filled moans as she concentrated all her energy into the rising flood of pleasure.

His huge, throbbing monster cock filled her completely, driving rational thought out of her mind. All she knew is that a man she found handsome, sweet and intelligent was also giving her the most incredibly perfect pleasure she'd ever experienced. Even in bed, his intelligence and kindness continued. Finally finding a woman who could accept his endowment, both physically and emotionally, he was determined to make this blonde goddess ultimately satisfied.

Like a maestro of sex, he kept bringing her close true orgasm, then sliding back down, varying depth and speed to keep her on the edge for an endless eternity. He had no way of realizing that after fifteen minutes, her foremost clit began to climax, sending orgasm through her equal to what any woman would feel.

"Uhn. . . UHNNNN. . Yes. Yes! YES! I LOVE you. . Harder, Harder " she gasped, her sweat-soaked hair flying as her head whipped back and forth.

The other clits kicked into orgasm ten minutes later, slightly out of sync. Instead of a series of multiple orgasms, Belinda's first experience as a sexual woman was a mind-blowing continuous orgasm that wracked her body like a thunderous detonation. Her cunt tightened violently around his monster cock, raising both their levels of orgasm. It caused Brad to cum, in a long, seemingly never- ending jet of hot sperm flooding into her cunt.

Gasping, Brad rolled off her supple, sweaty body as the aftershocks thundered through her body. She opened her eyes and looked up at him. "I love you, Brad" she said softly. She pulled his head down and claimed a kiss.

Brad lightly fondled one glorious tit. "I love you too, Belinda" he said, meaning it. So did she, for that matter. Exhausted by their epic lovemaking, they moved to the clean bed and collapsed into each other's arms, falling into a deep sleep. * * * * *

JUNE 21 - 9:20 a.m. Washington, D.C.

Belinda slowly swam back to consciousness, a warm glow filling her body. Her mind was no longer fighting itself - the unbelievable amount of pleasure last night had wiped away all resistance. Still intelligent, dedicated and skilled, she also knew - and accepted - that her new feminine life was permanent. And, as Belinda, she had found love. She stretched, and looked for Brad, her love.

Dressed in a bathrobe, and still damp from the shower, he was at the small breakfast nook setting the table. As she rose from the bed, he turned and smiled at her.

"Good morning." He gestured at the table. "Hungry?"

Belinda gave him an incredibly erotic look. "Um, I thought you'd never ask, darling" she said in a husky voice. With an unbelievably sensuous, feline stride she approached him - and knelt, opening his robe to let his rapidly stiffening cock spring free.

This time, she welcomed the pre-programmed flood of skill that filled her mind. Moaning with pleasure, her full, soft lips enclosed the massive, throbbing head of his cock, and her tongue began to expertly work on it, as her slender hands encircled the veined length of his huge shaft.

It was a reversal of last night. This time, SHE brought and held HIM at the very edge, working him expertly like a professional cock- sucker. She had to restrain a giggle at the thought that that was what she now was. She held him so long that his moans of pleasure became partial moans of pain, and he literally begged her for release.

She complied.

His cock jetted like a high-pressure fire-hose. Immediately, she knew her plan to swallow every drop of the unbelievably wonderful fluid was useless - the gushing steam was too much. She swallowed desperately as two fountains poured from the corners of her mouth, splattering across the broad expanse of her heaving tits. After seven seconds, she couldn't swallow fast enough, and risked drowning in his unbelievable spray of cum. She released her lips, and the stream splattered across her face, hair and chest, leaving her literally dripping with cum as Brad's cock stopped pumping.

The taste, texture and smell of his jism filled Belinda like the nectar of the Gods. She began to rub the warm liquid into the supple flesh of her enormous, cum-slicked breasts, and smiled up at Brad, her face and hair coated in his jism. She giggled.

"Time for a shower, I guess." She said, rising. Still playing with her tits, she swayed sexily to the bathroom and turned on the spray.

* * * * *

JUNE 21 - 10:21 p.m. Washington, D.C.

Belinda had hated to do that to Brad. But, she didn't want him involved. So, after a vigorous - and somewhat messy - marathon of sucking and fucking, she'd drugged his drink, and stolen his keys to the office. Sliding into the private entrance, she gone through the files and located what she needed to know. A couple of phone calls, routed through LA, had done the rest - now, Wexler, Olsen and Senator Johnson were gathered in Wexler's lab, holding a council of war.

Just then, there was a small 'bleep' from Belinda's pocket. She smiled, knowing that the sound indicated the carefully placed charges of paralyzing agent had gone off in the lab. She waited a carefully time twenty minutes to allow the nerve agent to clear. Then, smiling, she sauntered up to the lab, and let herself in.

Eight hours later, her grin much wider, she finished destroying the machine, and sauntered out into the warm summer air. After all, before Brad had passed out, he'd asked her to marry him.

And she said yes.

* * * * *

JULY 4 - 10:03 a.m. Smith Falls, North Dakota

Gary zipped up the new jeans, and turned, admiring the way they fit his muscular, 19 year old frame. As star quarterback of the school team, he had an image to maintain. Peeling them back of, he stood in his underwear and hung the jeans loosely on the hanger.

Just then, the locked door to the changing room rattled - and opened. Gary gaped as the sexy new salesclerk at the department store swiveled in, pulling the door shut. "What the hell?" he gasped.

The tall, slender, strikingly beautiful Eurasian woman smiled at him. "Sir, it's store policy to ensure we have completely satisfied customers." Still smiling, she dropped to her knees and pulled down his brief. His young cock sprung free, and she closed her full, sensuous lips around it.

Bill Wexler would have done anything to stop. But due to hypnotic programming, her new body gave every indication of enjoying the unbelievable, skillful blowjob it was giving the young customer. In short order, the man came, and although Bill wanted to throw up as the salty cum flooded her mouth, she smiled happily and swallowed every drop. Three weeks of performing the same service on every male customer gave her plenty of expertise. She'd already logged more than one-hundred and fifty blowjobs.

Helplessly, she licked his cock clean, then went out to the register to wait. When he emerged, she smiled at him and rang up his purchase. As he turned to leave, she helplessly called to him. "Thank you. Please, Cum again."

She knew he would. Ever since she started working, the store had got a hell of a lot of repeat business.

* * * * *

JULY 4 - 11:57 a.m. Las Vegas, Nevada

The stunning red-haired show-girl undid her sequined bra and let it drop. David drooled at the sight of her firm, large nipples DD-cup tits bobbing in front of him, and began to eagerly suck on them.

Rich Olsen wanted to die. Buxom show-girl at the casinos - hooker in her off hours. And the worst thing, she thought as the man's cock entered her sopping pussy, was what that bastard - bitch - had done to her. Although her body moved like a woman in ecstasy, she was in fact programmed to find any physical contact with a man terribly painful. Yet, she HAD to seek men out. She had no choice. At least, in her hours as a hooker.

Because, while she was a show-girl, she was a completely submissive lesbian lover to half the chorus line, programmed to get 'pleasure' from making one of the other girls orgasm every time they had a five-minute break between shows.

And, with her programmed skill, she usually did.

* * * * *

JULY 4 - 1:30 p.m. Los Angeles, California

Mr. Williams, the Gym teacher, looked around the playing field, frowning. Five of his students seemed to be missing. Hearing a muffled sound, he began to form an idea of where they might be. He headed over and ducked under the bleachers.

Sure enough, there were his students - and the new transfer student.

She lay naked on the ground, her long mane of hair spread in a golden fan. Her enormous GGG tits were pushed together by the student who was riding her bucking torso as he tit-fucked her. At each enormous tits, a girl sucked hungrily on her enormous nipples, gulping her warm, delicious milk. She was bucking because of the student powerfully fucking her cunt. And she didn't cry out in pleasure, because her mouth was full of cock.

Senator Johnson was gone. After two hours in her new body, her mind had disintegrated, leaving behind a cum-crazed teen. She loved her huge tits, her petite, slender body, her long, supple tongue. She lived to fuck. And, thanks to the very special pheromone glands she possessed, when she got horny - so did everyone else. The entire school had become sex-crazed maniacs, desperate to fuck her. Boys and girls, and all the staff, male and female, lusted after her body. And, she planned to satisfy them all. And, as more students lined up behind the masturbating Mr. Williams, awaiting their turn, one thing was for sure.

She was the most popular student at school.

The End...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: While packing up an old house, one guy finds an old picture album and suddenly finds himself changing into the female in the pictures.

The Album

By Gunslinger

"...and this..." Dan said, grunting as he hefted the mildewed old cardboard box, "...is the last of them!"

Though the box was heavy enough, no visible sign of strain showed as James took the box from his much leaner built friend. Indeed, the massively muscled young man made it look easy as he carried the box from the ladder leading up into the attic over to the table in the center of the room.

"It's about time..." James Arbuckle comments, easily placing the heavy old box on the aged roughened surface of the old table. "I swear, the previous owner of this place had a severe case of 'Packratitis'!"

"Tell me about it..." Dan halfmoaned.

The lean, sandy haired young man rubbed gingerly at his aching back. "On the other hand, I think that this has earned us another 'beer break', don't you..."

James paused, midreach, in unloading the box, a look of regret crossing his broad, not unattractive face.

"Oh I, uh, finished them off 'bout a halfhour ago..." The tall, dark haired man admitted.

Dan rolled his eyes, and headed over towards the sideboard, where his keys and wallet rested.

"Okay, okay that makes it my turn..." Dan said. "I don't think this is really fair, though us splitting all the costs fiftyfifty.

I mean, sure, I couldn't have afforded this place on my own, and neither could you but when it comes to food and beer, you end up getting nearly twice as much as I do..."

Grinning, James struck an exaggerated version of the classic 'muscle man' pose, one fist hand curled upwards, the other curled down and planted on his hip.

"That's because I'm twice the man you are, girlyboy..."

James intoned in his best Austrian accent which wasn't very good, but good enough to make Dan laugh.

"Okay, okay don't rub it in!" Dan chuckled, pulling on his denim jacket. "I'll be back in a bit..."

"...and I'll be here." James assured the sandyhaired young man. Dan threw a mocking salute towards his best friend and now roommate, then headed for the front door of the nearly centuryold redbrick bungalow they'd pooled their money together to buy.

As the wooden screen door slammed shut behind Dan, James shook his head, and resumed unloading the box.

The house had come completely furnished with furniture that had been brandnew when the house had been built. It was still in generally good condition, and the guys were planning to use it for the moment, replacing it one piece at a time as finances allowed. On the other hand, the basement and attic had been crammed full of all sorts of 'junk', and the guys had decided against merely throwing it away, instead deciding to go through it in hopes of finding anything worth pawning or selling.

The old couple who'd owned this house had passed away with no heirs, so everything had come with the house so, James and Dan had the right to sell it. The downside, of course, was having to sort through the junk...

Now, James went through the box, which turned out to contain mostly books explaining why it had been so heavy. Truth be told, James was amazed the bottom hadn't torn out of the box when Dan had handed it down from the attic.

Underneath all the books, however, was something else. At first glance, it appeared to be a very old 'school notebook' of lined paper, It was, however, oddly... 'lumpy', and when James idly flipped it open, he discovered why.

It had been used as a photo album.

Aged and badly photos had been glued to the ruled paper inside, and James idly flipped through the pages, peering closer in hopes of making out the faded images on the yellowed film. One page in particular caught his eye, and the massively muscled young man leaned forward and peered closely at the remnant of an image.



"Hey a pinup photo...!" He exclaimed to himself. "Looks like it was taken sometime in the Forties..."

Suddenly, Jimmy's head snapped up, and a puzzled frown creased his face as he peered around the combined living/diningroom of the old house.

"Musta been the wind..." He finally muttered to himself though, never before in his life had he heard a gust of wind sound eerily like a female voice whispering 'fortyfour...'

"That's just too creepy..." Jimmy muttered to himself. Pushing himself up from the battered wooden table, he decided to head into the kitchen and fix some 'munchies' for when Dan got back with the beer. His heavy workboots 'clonk'ing on the old floor, he headed into the next room.

With both Dan and himself being quintessential bachelors, Jimmy didn't even bother opening the fridge the only thing in there was basically condiments. Instead, he opened up one of the cabinets and began surveying the possible assortment of food that came in box, can or bag. Cocking his head, he idly flipped a long strand of very dark auburn hair out of his face as he looked over the...

"What the hell...?" Jimmy shouted as realization caught up with reality. His broad, blunttingered hands flew to his head and buried themselves in a long, thick mane of hair that shouldn't have been there.

"How the... It isn't possible!" He exclaimed, running his fingers through the long, thick hair. "Hair can't grow that fast! It just... can't!"

Not bothering to close the cabinet, Jimmy turned and hurried off towards the bathroom despite what his fingers were reporting to him, and the fact that he could pull a hank of the dark, reddishbrown hair around in front of him, what he felt the need for at the moment was a mirror he needed to 'see it to believe it'.

Reaching the bathroom, he flipped on the light switch and stared at the mirror in shock.

His hair was longer but it had also changed during the rush to the bathroom. No longer was it 'just' a long mane of dark auburn hair somehow, impossibly, it had managed to arrange itself into an elaborately styled hairdo of a particular, archaic type.

"My hair...!" Jimmy gasped.

<My hair...> a voice whispered.

There was no pretending it was the wind, this time...

The voice. The old fashioned hairstyle Jinny's eyes widened in shocked realization.

"The photo!" He gasped not even noticing his voice was somewhat softer and higher pitched than it should have been. "Somehow, this all started when I looked at the photo!"

Leaving the bathroom, Jinny hurried towards the table. He looked down at the makeshift 'photo album' still laid open on the table and gasped when he realized the picture had changed somewhat.



"That's it!" He exclaimed then gasped as the altered sound of his voice reached his ears and registered on his brain. Face contorting in an odd mixture of fear and anger, he reached out, intending to tear the photo from the 'album' and tear it into a million tiny pieces...

...and then he fell down.

For several long seconds he simply stared in confused disbelief at his feet except that they weren't his feet. No, he had big, broad feet not tiny, delicate feet, clad in highheeled black patent leather pumps.

"No..." He whispered. "No, this can't be happening..."

Then his eyes bulged, and a strangled shriek emerged from his throat because his pant legs were slowly, but undeniably, rising higher on his legs while his worksocks were darkening and becoming a finer material as they slowly followed his cuffs in crawling up his legs.

"I.. I need to call somebody... Call for help..." Jinny babbled to himself in his throaty, femininesounding voice.

After a few seconds of futile tugging at shoes that refused to leave his altered feet, he began to crawl on hands and knees towards the kitchen, even as he felt the lines and contours of his body changing, the muscle slowly melting away.

<Just give in...> The Voice urged and to his horror, Jinny realized how much it sounded like his own, altered voice. <Surrender I promise it'll be a life of pleasure, like nothing you can imagine...>

Please stop... Please..." Jinny babbled, crawling blindly towards the phone.

<Oh, no...> The Voice chuckled. <This is MY house, mine and my sisters. They should never have arrested us, taken the house away from us today, nobody would think twice about my sisters and I, about out... desires. Our... womanly needs. Back then, though... we were 'crazy'...>

'I've been possessed by an insane ghost...!' Jinny thought to himself, half incoherently.

Reaching the kitchen, Jinny reached upwards with one arm that was considerably slimmer and less muscular than it should have been, and laboriously hauled his lighter body up to a teetering sort of balance atop the sixinch heels of the damned shoes he was wearing. He reached for the phone...

...and wanted to cry when he felt some sort of resistance meet his hand, keeping it from touching the phone. He stared in horror at the reflection that rippled and wavered in the chrome of the electric kettle an reflection in black and white, and certainly not his own.



<Ah, ah, ah...> The Voice chided. <None of that... NOW COME HERE!>

Ginny whimpered as his traitorous feet turned, and helplessly began to carry him back towards the table. He struggled, fighting every step, but his altered legs, now smooth and silkysoft, enclosed in kneehigh black nylons that were continuing to creep up his legs, refused to accept his commands. He could slow the pace, but Ginny couldn't stop himself from walking towards the album on the table.

With each step, Ginny could feel the continuing changes to his body the growing pressure behind what had once been a plain white Tshirt, now in the midst of becoming... something else, even as the flesh behind the writhing material bulged steadily outwards.

As much as his gibbering mind tried to deny it, he was growing breasts even as the sensations under the shrinking and tightening fabric over his crotch told him his manhood was steadily shrinking away.

He was becoming a woman.

Worse he was becoming her.

The Voice.

The longdead woman who spoke of her feminine wants and desires the things she would want him/her/them to do once the unmistakably feminine transformation Ginny was undergoing reached its inevitable conclusion.

"That's right, sweetcheeks..."

The Voice said but not as a whisper, but coming from Ginny's helpless, horrified mouth. "We're going to have fun. Lots and lots of wonderful, pleasurable, exciting fun..."

Ginny wanted to protest, to beg for a release, to even offer this body for her use if she'd just 'eject' him from it, even if it were into limbo or even death but Ginny had no voice to speak with, and no voice to give words to his horror and dismay.

His... no, her altered body came to a stop at the table, now balancing easily and sensuously atop the heels as he/she/they looked down at the photograph in the album.



"Hey, goodlooking..." Ginny said, helplessly. "Long time, no be..."

Then she chuckled throatily, a rich and sensual sound... laced with the sharp edge of rampant insanity that was no longer 'hers' completely as 'he' faced the horror of what life had become...

* * * * *

Shifting the car into 'park', Dan turned the key and extracted it from the ignition. Whistling cheerfully to himself, the rangy, sandyhaired young man hit the button on the driver's door that popped the trunk, then slid out of the car, closing and locking the door behind him.

Walking around to the back of the car, he reached in and grabbed the case of twentyfour icecold bottles of Molson Canadian the guys choice of 'imported' beers. Using one elbow to slam the trunk, Dan lugged the case of beer towards the front door of the redbrick bungalow. Idly noting that the lawn could use mowing, he braced the case of beer against the wall and used one knee to balance it as he pulled the woodframed screen door open with the thusfreed hand, then did that specific little juggling act as he swung the door wide open, then got his hand back on the case of beer in time to get inside before the screen door could swing shut.

That particular little maneuver was always a little nervewracking for Dan unlike James, the leaner blond didn't have the physical strength to hold the case onehanded at that angle. If he'd missed his grip, he would have dropped the beer. Satisfied at how adroitly he'd managed the maneuver this time, he walked into the living room...

...and dropped the case of beer.

The sound of bottles smashing and pressurized beer foaming across the hardwood floor didn't even register on Dan's conscious mind.

"Who...?" He stammered. "How...? I.. You.. erm..."



The gorgeous, stunningly wellendowed redhead reclining on the paisleypattern chaise loveseat let her full, beestung lips curl up in a seductive smile.

"Hey there, sailor..." She cooed in a sultry, smoky voice, rich with promise. "You looking to show a girl a good time...?"

"I... Er... Uh..." Dan stammered, brain still trying to accept the information his eyes were giving him eyes that were eagerly tracing the curvaceous form elegantly and erotically reclined before him.

"I'll take that as a 'yes'..." She said, with a seductive chuckle. Gracefully, she swiveled her shapely, nylonclad legs around, and rose to her full height atop the slender, sixinch high heels of her black patentleather pumps.

Slowly, broad hips swaying, the huge breasts visibly jiggling even in the confines of her red and black corset, she walked glided! Towards him, those full lips still curled in that oh so promising, oh so wicked little smile.

"The name's 'Ginger', Dan like the spice." She said, licking her full lips as one hand, no accidentally, rose to lightly trace a long-nailed finger across the creamy swell of one magnificent breast. "You do like things... spicy, don't you?"

All things considered, it didn't even occur to Dan to wonder how this impossible vision knew his name. The fact that she was here, and quite obviously hitting on him, was 'unbelievable' enough for such a minor fact to be unimportant. His eyes once more flicked down to the incredible tits filling out what had to be a custom-made corset...

...and so he missed the look of horror, disgust, and fear that suddenly flashed across 'Ginger's' face. She opened her mouth as if to speak...

...and then her hand quickly, but gracefully, lashed out and wrapped around the back of his neck, pulling his head forward as her luscious, open lips quickly met his. If he'd had any capability for surprise left, he might have wondered about the brief pause then, as if she were actually fighting the kiss rather than eagerly initiating it but then her tongue, long, supple, and eager, slipped into his mouth, and any possible consideration faded as she hungrily and eagerly kissed him.

Breaking the kiss, her lips once more curved into that wicked smile, and she sinuously strutted back over to the chaise. With obvious intent, she struck a provocative pose, leaning forward and looking coyly back over her own shoulder with a lascivious look.



"Well, Dan...?" Ginger prompted. "Aren't you going to help a gal out of her corset...?"

There was no subtlety at all in her manner, pose, words, expression, all of it told Dan that Ginger wanted him, and wanted him now and there was no earthly way that he could possibly tell what else might be going on inside of 'her' mind, so he could be more than forgiven for taking her up on an offer that she certainly seemed to be presenting with every fiber of her being. Still bemused, wondering if this was some sort of dream, he walked over to where the incredible, luscious redhead stood, his jeans almost painfully tight over the rapidly swelling hardon he was acquiring. With sweat-soaked hands, he fumbled with the unfamiliar fasteners of her heavy-duty silk-satisfying corset, while she murmured encouragement full of sensual promise.

As soon as the confining support garment fell away, Ginger turned and struck the ageold pose hands at her side, hip cock, one leg slightly bent. Her breasts, large as they were, sat high and proud on her chest, and she rolled her shoulders back to emphasize her endowments.

"You haven't been able to keep your eyes off my bosom since you walked in..." She said, huskily. "Well, you want them and I want you to want them, bigboy..."

'Bosom...?' Dan thought to himself, but it was an idle thought as he reached out and began to fondle the softly firm flesh of her huge tits. She moaned in response, throwing her head back so the look of shock and surprise wasn't visible to Dan as he bent forward to suck hungrily at one incredibly full, erect nipple.

"God, my breasts are so sensitive." She moaned, and Dan could be forgiven for missing the strange mixture of gloating, teasing triumph and surprise. She chuckled, a wicked sound. "It's almost as if, somehow, they were created so extrasensitive, just so I could experience impossibly intense pleasure from having men play with them..."

That struck Dan as a bit odd... but he didn't have time to dwell on it.

"As good as it feels, though, what I really want is a hard manhood in my cunny..." She cooed, licking her lips hungrily as she pulled slightly away from him but only so that she could turn and bend herself over the arm of the chaise, her shapely, nylonclad legs spread invitingly.

"Take me, Dan take me now!" She allbutbegged.

Dan had no urge whatsoever to refuse her. His hands hurriedly attacked his clothing, stripping it off with such haste that it was almost painful not that he noticed. The only thing that mattered at the moment was the raging erection he had and the allsoobvious 'solution' to that 'problem', so eagerly and openly offered. Stepping between her spread legs, he grabbed her by the hips and plunged his hard, throbbing cock deep into the warm, wet embrace of her sopping cunt.



"Yes!" She cried. "Take me, Dan take me long and hard! Pleasure me!"

Dan eagerly obeyed, his hips driving as he pistoned his cock into her almost preternaturally tight, soft pussy. Her body rocked with each thrust, her magnificent, dangling tits swaying and bouncing. She moaned and gasped in obvious pleasure as he thrust into her, and the only thing 'out of place' was some of her words, but Dan wasn't even listening...

"So long waited so long..." She moaned, body writhing as pleasure thrummed through her. "Made myself so sensitive.. made myself for pleasure and you're loving it too, aren't you...? God, Dan yes, yes! ...You don't want to, but you can't... oh yes! ...can't help yourself. Feels... God, more, more!... feels too good to fight..."

If Dan had been paying attention, he might have thought that moan and gasp laced monologue strange... and if he'd been paying attention, he might have found the shift in vocal inflection and words that came next even stranger, for though it was the same voice, it was almost as if another mind was using it...

"Fuck.. so good... so much pleasure... Ungh, ungh, ohhh! ...can't.. can't believe... getting fucked.. by best friend...feel so... so good... Oh! Oh! Don't want.. but.. can't.. resist.. Oh, God, YES!..."

She panted for several seconds, then something happened to her something Dan couldn't have seen, even if he'd been in any sort of mind to notice a strange look of confusion, lust, and excitement crossed her face.

"Fuck me, Dan! Fuck me hard! ...ungh, YES! ...Fuck my brains out, buddy I need it!" She cried. "I can't fuckin' ...OH, GOD! ...fight, she made it feel too... Oh, fucking HELL, yes! ...too good! Oh, God, buddy fuck me! Make me CUM...."

Then she/he/they stopped talking all together as orgasm grew closer, and he/she/they gave themselves over completely to the building ecstasy. Moans, gasps, and wordless screams of pleasure came from her throat as orgasm neared and, no matter how you cut it, it was purely pleasure that held sway in her jiggling, bouncing, writhing body.

Then, nearly simultaneously, orgasm hit each of them, and they spent endless seconds giving expression to pleasure using sounds that predated language...

Slowly, as Dan came back to himself, he realized he was sitting on the chaise, Ginger's lush, naked body wrapped around his own. One of her slender hands held the wrist of his right hand, holding it to her breast, where he was almost instinctively fondling and squeezing it. Her lips were kissing him, not just on his own lips, but roaming over his neck, chest and face, as she muttered softly, half to him, half to herself...

"So good... didn't know... couldn't know... just as she promised..." She murmured softly, almost bemused, between kisses.

Dan caught her full, soft lips for a long, deep kiss, then sighed in replete pleasure as the kiss broke.

"God, Ginger that was amazing..." He said and then, reality slowly began to reassert itself.

"Er.. not that I'm complaining, mind you but...who are you? I mean... where did you come from? Hey...! For that matter, where's James? Is he a friend... but, no, I'd know you if..."

She stopped his steadily more confused questions with a long kiss. When she pulled away, Dan was surprised by the look on her face an odd mix of many emotions, including... sympathy? But why...?

"Oh, buddy you have no idea how fantastic that was, how great you made me feel." She sighed. "You don't can't! know how fantastic it feels... yet."

"Huh...?" Dan grunted, puzzled.

She smiled softly at him half promise, half... regret?

"Oh, God, pal I can't fight her. She makes it feel too good, too wonderful. All she cares about is pleasure... and so that's all I'm built to feel, no matter what I might have wanted. Pleasure... like none you imagined you could feel. You won't be able to help yourself you'll see..."

She gave his hand, still on her huge tit, a squeeze, moaning in obvious pleasure.

"I loved getting fucked by you..." She told him sounding strangely.. surprised, among other thing. "It was wonderful, and I wish oh, God, how I wish I could spend forever doing it again and again with you. Of any man I could have fuck me, I wish it could be you, all the time.. and it would be all the time, buddy, 'cause I can't help myself. I.. I guess, I'm a slut now, pal, just unable to help myself the pleasure, you see, it's... addictive. You and I.. well, it'll be a life of sex, sex, sex... and we'll love every minute of it whether we want to or not."

"I... don't understand..." Dan admitted, giving her a sidelong look.

She sighed, and gave him that soft, sorrowful smile again.

"Oh, you will." She assure him. "Her sister my sister is just to eager to let me let you give me all that pleasure.

I desperately want to tell you I'm sorry... but, you see, I can't. Not when I know how good it's going to be for you...but at least we'll still be together, in a way..."

"What are you talking about...?" Dan demanded, starting to get exasperated, incredibly hot babe or not.

"That..." Ginger said, with a sigh, pointing...

"This?" Dan said, in confusion, glancing at where she was pointing.

"I don't get it..." he said, annoyance in his voice, as he looked up from the faded old photograph under Ginger's in the old lined notebook. What's going on, anyway?"

"It won't be long before you understand before you surrender..." Ginger told him. "Trust me, it'll be easier if you don't try to fight it. Just... give in, and look forward to a life of mindaltering pleasure that'll steal you away no matter your old convictions especially since Daisy has decided she wants to love sucking cock, too..."

"What the hell are you talking about...?" Danny demanded, idly flipping a long, goldenblonde lock of hair out of his face...



BACK TO FUN ZONE

SUMMARY: While packing up an old house, one guy finds an old picture album and suddenly finds himself changing into the female in the pictures.

The Album

By Gunslinger

"...and this..." Dan said, grunting as he hefted the mildewed old cardboard box, "...is the last of them!"

Though the box was heavy enough, no visible sign of strain showed as James took the box from his much leanerbuilt friend. Indeed, the massively muscled young man made it look easy as he carried the box from the ladder leading up into the attic over to the table in the center of the room.

"It's about time..." James Arbuckle comments, easily placing the heavy old box on the ageroughened surface of the old table. "I swear, the previous owner of this place had a severe case of 'Packratitis'!"

"Tell me about it..." Dan halfmoaned.

The lean, sandyhaired young man rubbed gingerly at his aching back. "On the other hand, I think that this has earned us another 'beer break', don't you..."

James paused, midreach, in unloading the box, a look of regret crossing his broad, not unattractive face.

"Oh I, uh, finished them off 'bout a halfhour ago..." The tall, darkhaired man admitted.

Dan rolled his eyes, and headed over towards the sideboard, where his keys and wallet rested.

"Okay, okay that makes it my turn..." Dan said. "I don't think this is really fair, though us splitting all the costs fiftyfifty.

I mean, sure, I couldn't have afforded this place on my own, and neither could you but when it comes to food and beer, you end up getting nearly twice as much as I do..."

Grinning, James struck an exaggerated version of the classic 'muscle man' pose, one fisted hand curled upwards, the other curled down and planted on his hip.

"That's because I'm twice the man you are, girlyboy..."

James intoned in his best Austrian accent which wasn't very good, but good enough to make Dan laugh.

"Okay, okay don't rub it in!" Dan chuckled, pulling on his denim jacket. "I'll be back in a bit..."

"...and I'll be here." James assured the sandyhaired young man. Dan threw a mocking salute towards his best friend and now roommate, then headed for the front door of the nearly centuryold redbrick bungalow they'd pooled their money together to buy.

As the wooden screen door slammed shut behind Dan, James shook his head, and resumed unloading the box.

The house had come completely furnished with furniture that had been brandnew when the house had been built. It was still in generally good condition, and the guys were planning to use it for the moment, replacing it one piece at a time as finances allowed. On the other hand, the basement and attic had been crammed full of all sorts of 'junk', and the guys had decided against merely throwing it away, instead deciding to go through it in hopes of finding anything worth pawning or selling.

The old couple who'd owned this house had passed away with no heirs, so everything had come with the house so, James and Dan had the right to sell it. The downside, of course, was having to sort through the junk...

Now, James went through the box, which turned out to contain mostly books explaining why it had been so heavy. Truth be told, James was amazed the bottom hadn't torn out of the box when Dan had handed it down from the attic.

Underneath all the books, however, was something else. At first glance, it appeared to be a very old 'school notebook' of lined paper. It was, however, oddly... 'lumpy', and when James idly flipped it open, he discovered why.

It had been used as a photo album.

Aged and badly photos had been glued to the ruled paper inside, and James idly flipped through the pages, peering closer in hopes of making out the faded images on the yellowed film. One page in particular caught his eye, and the massively muscled young man leaned forward and peered closely at the remnant of an image.



"Hey a pinup photo...!" He exclaimed to himself. "Looks like it was taken sometime in the Forties..."

Suddenly, Jimmy's head snapped up, and a puzzled frown creased his face as he peered around the combined living/diningroom of the old house.

"Musta been the wind..." He finally muttered to himself though, never before in his life had he heard a gust of wind sound eerily like a female voice whispering 'fortyfour...'

"That's just too creepy..." Jimmy muttered to himself. Pushing himself up from the battered wooden table, he decided to head into the kitchen and fix some 'munchies' for when Dan got back with the beer. His heavy workboots 'clonk'ing on the old floor, he headed into the next room.

With both Dan and himself being quintessential bachelors, Jimmy didn't even bother opening the fridge the only thing in there was basically condiments. Instead, he opened up one of the cabinets and began surveying the possible assortment of food that came in box, can or bag. Cocking his head, he idly flipped a long strand of very dark auburn hair out of his face as he looked over the...

"What the hell...?" Jimmy shouted as realization caught up with reality. His broad, bluntygered hands flew to his head and buried themselves in a long, thick mane of hair that shouldn't have been there.

"How the... It isn't possible!" He exclaimed, running his fingers through the long, thick hair. "Hair can't grow that fast! It just... can't!"

Not bothering to close the cabinet, Jimmy turned and hurried off towards the bathroom despite what his fingers were reporting to him, and the fact that he could pull a hank of the dark, reddishbrown hair around in front of him, what he felt the need for at the moment was a mirror he needed to 'see it to believe it'.

Reaching the bathroom, he flipped on the light switch and stared at the mirror in shock.

His hair was longer but it had also changed during the rush to the bathroom. No longer was it 'just' a long mane of dark auburn hair somehow, impossibly, it had managed to arrange itself into an elaborately styled hairdo of a particular, archaic type.

"My hair...!" Jimmy gasped.

<My hair...> a voice whispered.

There was no pretending it was the wind, this time...

The voice. The old-fashioned hairstyle Jinny's eyes widened in shocked realization.

"The photo!" He gasped not even noticing his voice was somewhat softer and higher pitched than it should have been. "Somehow, this all started when I looked at the photo!"

Leaving the bathroom, Jinny hurried towards the table. He looked down at the makeshift 'photo album' still laid open on the table and gasped when he realized the picture had changed somewhat.



"That's it!" He exclaimed then gasped as the altered sound of his voice reached his ears and registered on his brain. Face contorting in an odd mixture of fear and anger, he reached out, intending to tear the photo from the 'album' and tear it into a million tiny pieces...

...and then he fell down.

For several long seconds he simply stared in confused disbelief at his feet except that they weren't his feet. No, he had big, broad feet not tiny, delicate feet, clad in highheeled black patent leather pumps.

"No..." He whispered. "No, this can't be happening..."

Then his eyes bulged, and a strangled shriek emerged from his throat because his pant legs were slowly, but undeniably, rising higher on his legs while his worksocks were darkening and becoming a finer material as they slowly followed his cuffs in crawling up his legs.

"I.. I need to call somebody... Call for help..." Jinny babbled to himself in his throaty, femininesounding voice.

After a few seconds of futile tugging at shoes that refused to leave his altered feet, he began to crawl on hands and knees towards the kitchen, even as he felt the lines and contours of his body changing, the muscle slowly melting away.

<Just give in...> The Voice urged and to his horror, Jinny realized how much it sounded like his own, altered voice. <Surrender I promise it'll be a life of pleasure, like nothing you can imagine...>

Please stop... Please..." Jinny babbled, crawling blindly towards the phone.

<Oh, no...> The Voice chuckled. <This is MY house, mine and my sisters. They should never have arrested us, taken the house away from us today, nobody would think twice about my sisters and I, about out... desires. Our... womanly needs. Back then, though... we were 'crazy'...>

'I've been possessed by an insane ghost...!' Jinny thought to himself, half incoherently.

Reaching the kitchen, Jinny reached upwards with one arm that was considerably slimmer and less muscular than it should have been, and laboriously hauled his lighter body up to a teetering sort of balance atop the sixinch heels of the damned shoes he was wearing. He reached for the phone...

...and wanted to cry when he felt some sort of resistance meet his hand, keeping it from touching the phone. He stared in horror at the reflection that rippled and wavered in the chrome of the electric kettle an reflection in black and white, and certainly not his own.



<Ah, ah, ah...> The Voice chided. <None of that... NOW COME HERE!>

Ginny whimpered as his traitorous feet turned, and helplessly began to carry him back towards the table. He struggled, fighting every step, but his altered legs, now smooth and silkysoft, enclosed in kneehigh black nylons that were continuing to creep up his legs, refused to accept his commands. He could slow the pace, but Ginny couldn't stop himself from walking towards the album on the table.

With each step, Ginny could feel the continuing changes to his body the growing pressure behind what had once been a plain white Tshirt, now in the midst of becoming... something else, even as the flesh behind the writhing material bulged steadily outwards.

As much as his gibbering mind tried to deny it, he was growing breasts even as the sensations under the shrinking and tightening fabric over his crotch told him his manhood was steadily shrinking away.

He was becoming a woman.

Worse he was becoming her.

The Voice.

The longdead woman who spoke of her feminine wants and desires the things she would want him/her/them to do once the unmistakably feminine transformation Ginny was undergoing reached its inevitable conclusion.

"That's right, sweetcheeks..."

The Voice said but not as a whisper, but coming from Ginny's helpless, horrified mouth. "We're going to have fun. Lots and lots of wonderful, pleasurable, exciting fun..."

Ginny wanted to protest, to beg for a release, to even offer this body for her use if she'd just 'eject' him from it, even if it were into limbo or even death but Ginny had no voice to speak with, and no voice to give words to his horror and dismay.

His... no, her altered body came to a stop at the table, now balancing easily and sensuously atop the heels as he/she/they looked down at the photograph in the album.



"Hey, goodlooking..." Ginny said, helplessly. "Long time, no be..."

Then she chuckled throatily, a rich and sensual sound... laced with the sharp edge of rampant insanity that was no longer 'hers' completely as 'he' faced the horror of what life had become...

* * * * *

Shifting the car into 'park', Dan turned the key and extracted it from the ignition. Whistling cheerfully to himself, the rangy, sandyhaired young man hit the button on the driver's door that popped the trunk, then slid out of the car, closing and locking the door behind him.

Walking around to the back of the car, he reached in and grabbed the case of twentyfour icecold bottles of Molson Canadian the guys choice of 'imported' beers. Using one elbow to slam the trunk, Dan lugged the case of beer towards the front door of the redbrick bungalow. Idly noting that the lawn could use mowing, he braced the case of beer against the wall and used one knee to balance it as he pulled the woodframed screen door open with the thusfreed hand, then did that specific little juggling act as he swung the door wide open, then got his hand back on the case of beer in time to get inside before the screen door could swing shut.

That particular little maneuver was always a little nervewracking for Dan unlike James, the leaner blond didn't have the physical strength to hold the case onehanded at that angle. If he'd missed his grip, he would have dropped the beer. Satisfied at how adroitly he'd managed the maneuver this time, he walked into the living room...

...and dropped the case of beer.

The sound of bottles smashing and pressurized beer foaming across the hardwood floor didn't even register on Dan's conscious mind.

"Who...?" He stammered. "How...? I.. You.. erm..."



The gorgeous, stunningly wellendowed redhead reclining on the paisleypattern chaise loveseat let her full, beestung lips curl up in a seductive smile.

"Hey there, sailor..." She cooed in a sultry, smoky voice, rich with promise. "You looking to show a girl a good time...?"

"I... Er... Uh..." Dan stammered, brain still trying to accept the information his eyes were giving him eyes that were eagerly tracing the curvaceous form elegantly and erotically reclined before him.

"I'll take that as a 'yes'..." She said, with a seductive chuckle. Gracefully, she swiveled her shapely, nylonclad legs around, and rose to her full height atop the slender, sixinch high heels of her black patentleather pumps.

Slowly, broad hips swaying, the huge breasts visibly jiggling even in the confines of her red and black corset, she walked glided! Towards him, those full lips still curled in that oh so promising, oh so wicked little smile.

"The name's 'Ginger', Dan like the spice." She said, licking her full lips as one hand, no accidentally, rose to lightly trace a long-nailed finger across the creamy swell of one magnificent breast. "You do like things... spicy, don't you?"

All things considered, it didn't even occur to Dan to wonder how this impossible vision knew his name. The fact that she was here, and quite obviously hitting on him, was 'unbelievable' enough for such a minor fact to be unimportant. His eyes once more flicked down to the incredible tits filling out what had to be a custom-made corset...

...and so he missed the look of horror, disgust, and fear that suddenly flashed across 'Ginger's' face. She opened her mouth as if to speak...

...and then her hand quickly, but gracefully, lashed out and wrapped around the back of his neck, pulling his head forward as her luscious, open lips quickly met his. If he'd had any capability for surprise left, he might have wondered about the brief pause then, as if she were actually fighting the kiss rather than eagerly initiating it but then her tongue, long, supple, and eager, slipped into his mouth, and any possible consideration faded as she hungrily and eagerly kissed him.

Breaking the kiss, her lips once more curved into that wicked smile, and she sinuously strutted back over to the chaise. With obvious intent, she struck a provocative pose, leaning forward and looking coyly back over her own shoulder with a lascivious look.



"Well, Dan...?" Ginger prompted. "Aren't you going to help a gal out of her corset...?"

There was no subtlety at all in her manner, pose, words, expression, all of it told Dan that Ginger wanted him, and wanted him now and there was no earthly way that he could possibly tell what else might be going on inside of 'her' mind, so he could be more than forgiven for taking her up on an offer that she certainly seemed to be presenting with every fiber of her being. Still bemused, wondering if this was some sort of dream, he walked over to where the incredible, luscious redhead stood, his jeans almost painfully tight over the rapidly swelling hardon he was acquiring. With sweat-slick hands, he fumbled with the unfamiliar fasteners of her heavy-duty silk-satisfying corset, while she murmured encouragement full of sensual promise.

As soon as the confining support garment fell away, Ginger turned and struck the ageold pose hands at her side, hip cock, one leg slightly bent. Her breasts, large as they were, sat high and proud on her chest, and she rolled her shoulders back to emphasize her endowments.

"You haven't been able to keep your eyes off my bosom since you walked in..." She said, huskily. "Well, you want them and I want you to want them, bigboy..."

'Bosom...?' Dan thought to himself, but it was an idle thought as he reached out and began to fondle the softly firm flesh of her huge tits. She moaned in response, throwing her head back so the look of shock and surprise wasn't visible to Dan as he bent forward to suck hungrily at one incredibly full, erect nipple.

"God, my breasts are so sensitive." She moaned, and Dan could be forgiven for missing the strange mixture of gloating, teasing triumph and surprise. She chuckled, a wicked sound. "It's almost as if, somehow, they were created so extrasensitive, just so I could experience impossibly intense pleasure from having men play with them..."

That struck Dan as a bit odd... but he didn't have time to dwell on it.

"As good as it feels, though, what I really want is a hard manhood in my cunny..." She cooed, licking her lips hungrily as she pulled slightly away from him but only so that she could turn and bend herself over the arm of the chaise, her shapely, nylonclad legs spread invitingly.

"Take me, Dan take me now!" She allbutbegged.

Dan had no urge whatsoever to refuse her. His hands hurriedly attacked his clothing, stripping it off with such haste that it was almost painful not that he noticed. The only thing that mattered at the moment was the raging erection he had and the allsoobvious 'solution' to that 'problem', so eagerly and openly offered. Stepping between her spread legs, he grabbed her by the hips and plunged his hard, throbbing cock deep into the warm, wet embrace of her sopping cunt.



"Yes!" She cried. "Take me, Dan take me long and hard! Pleasure me!"

Dan eagerly obeyed, his hips driving as he pistoned his cock into her almost preternaturally tight, soft pussy. Her body rocked with each thrust, her magnificent, dangling tits swaying and bouncing. She moaned and gasped in obvious pleasure as he thrust into her, and the only thing 'out of place' was some of her words, but Dan wasn't even listening...

"So long waited so long..." She moaned, body writhing as pleasure thrummed through her. "Made myself so sensitive.. made myself for pleasure and you're loving it too, aren't you...? God, Dan yes, yes! ...You don't want to, but you can't... oh yes! ...can't help yourself. Feels... God, more, more!... feels too good to fight..."

If Dan had been paying attention, he might have thought that moan and gasp laced monologue strange... and if he'd been paying attention, he might have found the shift in vocal inflection and words that came next even stranger, for though it was the same voice, it was almost as if another mind was using it...

"Fuck.. so good... so much pleasure... Ungh, ungh, ohhh! ...can't.. can't believe... getting fucked.. by best friend...feel so... so good... Oh! Oh! Don't want.. but.. can't.. resist.. Oh, God, YES!..."

She panted for several seconds, then something happened to her something Dan couldn't have seen, even if he'd been in any sort of mind to notice a strange look of confusion, lust, and excitement crossed her face.

"Fuck me, Dan! Fuck me hard! ...ungh, YES! ...Fuck my brains out, buddy I need it!" She cried. "I can't fuckin' ...OH, GOD! ...fight, she made it feel too... Oh, fucking HELL, yes! ...too good! Oh, God, buddy fuck me! Make me CUM...."

Then she/he/they stopped talking all together as orgasm grew closer, and he/she/they gave themselves over completely to the building ecstasy. Moans, gasps, and wordless screams of pleasure came from her throat as orgasm neared and, no matter how you cut it, it was purely pleasure that held sway in her jiggling, bouncing, writhing body.

Then, nearly simultaneously, orgasm hit each of them, and they spent endless seconds giving expression to pleasure using sounds that predated language...

Slowly, as Dan came back to himself, he realized he was sitting on the chaise, Ginger's lush, naked body wrapped around his own. One of her slender hands held the wrist of his right hand, holding it to her breast, where he was almost instinctively fondling and squeezing it. Her lips were kissing him, not just on his own lips, but roaming over his neck, chest and face, as she muttered softly, half to him, half to herself...

"So good... didn't know... couldn't know... just as she promised..." She murmured softly, almost bemused, between kisses.

Dan caught her full, soft lips for a long, deep kiss, then sighed in replete pleasure as the kiss broke.

"God, Ginger that was amazing..." He said and then, reality slowly began to reassert itself.

"Er.. not that I'm complaining, mind you but...who are you? I mean... where did you come from? Hey...! For that matter, where's James? Is he a friend... but, no, I'd know you if..."

She stopped his steadily more confused questions with a long kiss. When she pulled away, Dan was surprised by the look on her face an odd mix of many emotions, including... sympathy? But why...?

"Oh, buddy you have no idea how fantastic that was, how great you made me feel." She sighed. "You don't can't! know how fantastic it feels... yet."

"Huh...?" Dan grunted, puzzled.

She smiled softly at him half promise, half... regret?

"Oh, God, pal I can't fight her. She makes it feel too good, too wonderful. All she cares about is pleasure... and so that's all I'm built to feel, no matter what I might have wanted. Pleasure... like none you imagined you could feel. You won't be able to help yourself you'll see..."

She gave his hand, still on her huge tit, a squeeze, moaning in obvious pleasure.

"I loved getting fucked by you..." She told him sounding strangely.. surprised, among other thing. "It was wonderful, and I wish oh, God, how I wish I could spend forever doing it again and again with you. Of any man I could have fuck me, I wish it could be you, all the time.. and it would be all the time, buddy, 'cause I can't help myself. I.. I guess, I'm a slut now, pal, just unable to help myself the pleasure, you see, it's... addictive. You and I.. well, it'll be a life of sex, sex, sex... and we'll love every minute of it whether we want to or not."

"I... don't understand..." Dan admitted, giving her a sidelong look.

She sighed, and gave him that soft, sorrowful smile again.

"Oh, you will." She assure him. "Her sister my sister is just to eager to let me let you give me all that pleasure.

I desperately want to tell you I'm sorry... but, you see, I can't. Not when I know how good it's going to be for you...but at least we'll still be together, in a way..."

"What are you talking about...?" Dan demanded, starting to get exasperated, incredibly hot babe or not.

"That..." Ginger said, with a sigh, pointing...

"This?" Dan said, in confusion, glancing at where she was pointing.

"I don't get it..." he said, annoyance in his voice, as he looked up from the faded old photograph under Ginger's in the old lined notebook. What's going on, anyway?"

"It won't be long before you understand before you surrender..." Ginger told him. "Trust me, it'll be easier if you don't try to fight it. Just... give in, and look forward to a life of mindaltering pleasure that'll steal you away no matter your old convictions especially since Daisy has decided she wants to love sucking cock, too..."

"What the hell are you talking about...?" Danny demanded, idly flipping a long, goldenblonde lock of hair out of his face...

BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: On Halloween, Steve dressed as Batman encounters an ancient god who transforms him into Catwoman.

All Hallow's Eve

By Gunslinger

Borne upon the chill autumn wind and accompanied by a chorus of rustling leaves, the ethereal voice floated out of the tree-line, calling his name.

It took several long seconds for it to register. Sitting on the weather-grayed boards of the old wrought-iron framed bench, he was staring down at his own glove-encased hands, lost in thought. Clad head-to-toe in the black materiel of his Batman costume, he was little more than another darker-than-dark shadow, his mind a million miles away in a direction no cartographer had ever mapped.

It wasn't until another brisk gust ruffled the fallen leaves at his feet that he slowly returned from his reverie - and it was then that he truly heard the sound his ears had been blindly registering for the past few heartbeats.

"Steve" The whispering, melodic voice called, from somewhere beyond the northerly tree-line.

"Come to me, Steve "

His mouth, about the only part of him left exposed to the cool night air by the costume he wore, curled into a confused frown, and he pushed himself up from the bench.

"Hello ?" He called, hesitantly, feeling foolish - doubly foolish, actually, all-to-aware of the image he presented, clad in a heavy, yet nearly skin-tight costume that was hardly designed to show an over- forty body to it's best advantage, especially one with more than just a hint of 'swivel-chair spread'. "Is somebody out there ?"

"Come to me, Steve" the whispered, yet clearly audible voice floated forth again, it's unmistakably feminine tones warm and musical. *"Come, Steve - come to me "*

Hesitantly, Steve began to move towards the trees that screened the unknown owner of the lovely voice from his view.

Riverview Park had begun it's existence as the expansive private estate of a turn of the century 'Robber Baron', who'd lost nearly everything in the great depression. With no private citizen able to afford the estate, it had been taken over by the city, who had turned the gorgeous Tudor-styled home into a museum, and it's surrounding environs into a public park. With oak, cherry and walnut trees over a hundred years old, the park was a collection of secluded glens and vales separated by those Century-old centurions.

It was from that next secluded section that the voice was calling, and Steve uncertainly made his way in that direction, heisting for a few seconds at the three-deep line of tall trees before hurrying through the shadowed wood line and into the clearing beyond, cast in the silvery-blue light of the full moon.

A full, cast-silver moon that was given rippled reproduction by the water of the ancient reflecting pool that lay within the heart of the secluded glen. In keeping with the historic extravagances of the turn-of-the-century well-to-do, the reflecting pool and it's attendant rotunda had been imported stone-for-stone from Italy, an ancient roman artifact bought, transported, and reassembled at great cost.

It was from the columned little temple that the voice had originated - and it the columned little temple that Steve numbly approached, his eyes wide.

As Steve slowly ascended the three short stairs to the once-polished marble floor-stones of the small temple, the owner of the voice that had drawn him here slowly and gracefully arose from the ancient stone bench on which she'd been in repose.

"Welcome, Steve..." She said, her musical contralto low and honeyed. Steve stared at her, jaw slack and eyes wide.

Though her tall, lithe frame was clad only in a short, gold-trimmed white toga-style dress, the woman showed no signs of being chilled by the brisk October wind, nor did she shiver at the feel of the cold marble beneath her perfectly-formed bare feet.

Though the thick mass of glossy black hair that surmounted her classically-beautiful face was only barely restrained by the thin golden band, not a single strand of the hair was moved out of place by the sharp breeze, nor was her short, finely-woven garment disturbed by the wind.

Indeed, she did not seem to be affected by her surroundings at all, and quite rightly so, it might seem - for she was not quite part of her surroundings.

Steve could see right through her. Though clearly visible in the silvery light, she was a translucent vision, both the bench immediately behind her and the moon-filled surface of the pool that lay beyond both dimly visible through her shimmering form.

"Who..." Steve stammered, his mind both considering and rejecting the idea that this might be some sort of elaborate prank. "Who are you...?"

"Those whom you know as the Romans worshiped me as Luna." She said, slowly moving closer to him. "The Athenians knew me as Selene. I am the Goddess of the Moon."

"How..." Steve said, still stunned by the strange, unearthly mood that had gripped him at the very sight of the inhumanly beautiful woman with the rich olive-cast skin and the silvery, hypnotic eyes.

"Tonight is Halloween." She said, softly. "The one night that all is hallowed, the one night that I, and others like me, may once again send the shadowed selves we have become to walk the world of man."

"Why..." Steve said, suffused with a strange calm that held him in it's grip as she stopped a bare pace away from him. "Why did you call me here...?"

"I no longer wish to be but a shade." She said. "With my followers long gone, that is the fate of an Immortal - an eternity of life that is not life, our blessing of immortality made a curse as we become but ghosts, able to walk the earth but once a year. Though the others continue to believe that they will some day be resurrected, it is a hope I have given up. I wish to live, Steven - live as I have never before, trading my immortality for a mortal life, to feel the pleasures and pains a mortal feels, to live out a span of life - and then pass away when it is over, rather than lingering on in eternal nothingness."

She slowly turned, to stare out at the reflecting pool, her own voice becoming soft and reflective.

"More than a century I have waited." She said. "Even since the man who moved my temple re- consecrated it to me 'in the interest of historical accuracy', I have been allowed this as my portal upon each All Hallow Eve, and here I have come, awaiting someone that would allow me what I desire most - someone who would let me join with them, so that we become as one."

She turned back to him, her silver eyes pulling his own to her.

"I know what you desire, Steve." She all-but-whispered. "I know that you were sitting on that bench, berating yourself for not wearing a costume that would reflect your desire to be a woman."

Steve gasped.

"I know this, Steve..." She said, lyrically. "I can give you that which you have so longed for, Steve. Join with me, and we shall live as a woman. I will not 'possess' you, but become part of who you are

- and, even more, I offer you this; though but for one day a year, my powers will be restored, as they will be this night if I have the physical necessary to give that mystical will it's conduit to reality. Allow me this boon, Steve, and the power we will share will not only grant you that what you desire most - but, until the coming of the dawn, anything that you desire may be yours..."

Steve stood stock-still, lost in an eternal instant of hesitation, as desire and doubt warred deep within him.

"Please..." The goddess whispered an urgent entreaty. "You will not lose yourself, but become more. You will still be you - but with access to my memories, my emotions, my thoughts and feeling... and, upon one night each year, my powers..."

It was as much the desperate need in her eyes as her offer of a dream come true that decided him. Faced with the twin motivations of helping a woman in the ultimate distress, and gaining the very womanhood he had so long desired, the conclusion was all-but-forgone for a man of his mindset and morality.

"Okay." He said, simply.

"Thank you..." She whispered in eternal gratitude...

...and then her non-corporal form took the single pace that separated him, and her slender ethereal form merged with his bulky physical one.

For an instant, he was nearly overwhelmed, his eyes clenching shut as all that she had been became part of what he now would be.

Thoughts and memories and sensations assaulted him. Two thousand years of history seen from a personal point of view rolled past his mind's eyes as the emotions and sensations that had accompanied them tugged ghostly arms along his five senses...

...and then, with a gasp and a shudder, Steve opened his eyes.

He was still him - but, at the same time, he was 'them', a person now more than the one he'd been a second before in a multitude of ways.

Not the least of which was that he was seeing, hearing and feeling everything within the moon-dappled grove not only through the mundane senses he'd brought to the glen, but with the senses of a person experiencing physical sensations for the first time in a millennia..

The night became mystical, each rustling branch, each stirring blade of grass something to be wondered at and cherished. The breeze suddenly became rich with every scent it carried, each tantalizingly familiar and yet wonderful new. The very light itself acquired texture and depth, as eyes that had perceived but shadows of the world suddenly saw it again in full perception...

..and Steve's heart nearly burst with joy and awe, now knowing that the world he knew had been, for her, as shadowed and intangible as she, herself had seemed to him - but now was real and tangible and unutterably wondrous.

"Oh, my..." Steve whispered to himself, staring with wide-eyed new wonder at the world about him, and knowing in his heart-of-hearts that he'd made the right choice. "Oh, dear my, oh my..."

Though a part of him tugged at him to immerse himself in the moment, to enjoy the very act of being, there was a part much more integrally 'him' that also tugged at him - the part of him that had been offered the realization of a dream...

...a part of him that would not be denied a moment longer.

Taking a deep breath, Steve closed his eyes, and sent a thought echoing through the new and unknown byways of 'his own' mind...

'How do I do this...?'

The answer came, not as words or images, but as a strange sensation of certainty, as if he'd been trying to recall a name of a person he was sure he knew, and it had finally popped into his head...

Eyes opening, Steve slowly walked the length of the temple and emerged on the other side, now 'knowing-without-knowing' that he needed to be bathed in moonlight to do this.

Picking a spot well covered in the spun-silver of the moon, Steve lifted his arms and held them forward as if in supplication, palms upward - and then, eyes intent, stared in front of him and studied what he saw, noticing all the details touching his hyper-aware senses.

When he was ready, when the picture of what he was seeing was firmly in his mind, he began to imagine a mirror. In his mind's eye, he pictured it, spinning it out of the air as he concentrated on every detail of it: The play of light and shadow on it's free-standing brass frame, the smooth gleam of the silver-backed glass in it's embrace, even the shadow it cast upon the ground behind it...

...and the instant the image in his mind became complete, so did it's reflection in reality, as a brass- framed full-length mirror simply came to exist exactly where he'd mentally placed it.

Letting his breath out with a whoosh, Steve rolled his broad, somewhat chubby shoulders, working out the tension that had built there.

"This isn't as easy as you seem to remember..." He accused himself, silently, blinking his eyes rapidly to make up for nearly two minute's unblinking stare.

The reply was a brief wave of emotion that rolled through him, the exact same sort of thing he would have felt upon realizing he'd 'goofed' - but with a different accent to it, something warm and exotic.

"That's okay..." He assured himself, interlacing his fingers in front of his chest and cracking his knuckles. "Okay, it's time to give this a shot..."

Taking another deep breath, he stepped squarely in front of the mirror, just far enough back from it so that his entire body was visible.

Lifting his arms once more, Steve fixed his gaze on his reflection, and began to concentrate...

It started at the fingertips of the outstretched hands. The thick, plastic material of the gauntlet-style vinyl gloves rippled, then parted to make room for the fingernails that pushed smoothly and steadily outward, the slightly ragged, squared-of ends of each rounding out into a smoother, arched curve as the nail acquired a glossy blood-red sheen of nail polish.

As the elegantly formed nails achieved their full length of two inches, the fingers that supported them were becoming longer and slimmer. Even as the change move back over the hands, molding them to an equally slender, feminine template, the gloves that enclosed them were rippling and changing, the heavy matte vinyl becoming thinner and glossier as it turned itself into a form-fitting layer of durable, pliable latex.

As the glossy black latex extended back over the wrist, the flared gauntlet tightening to a form-fitting layer, the black materiel beneath it was also changing, becoming a shinny layer of dark-purple spandex that, like the glove over it, clung tightly to an arm shifting and writing into one that was athletic, well-toned - and undeniably feminine.

The changing glove stopped when it reached the inside of the now smaller, more delicately formed elbow - the changes to the clothes and the flesh and bone they covered continued, the biceps losing some of their bulky mass and acquiring that thin layer of smoothing feminine fat as the very bone structure beneath the firm muscles became narrower and more feminine.

With growing speed, the changes rushed onwards - as the broad shoulders narrowed and thinned under the writhing fabric, the change met in the center of the shoulder-blades in the hollow of the neck - and began simultaneously worked its way upwards and downwards.

The neck narrowed and lengthened as the heavy vinyl chest-shield with its famous black bat on a yellow oval began to 'melt', becoming yet more dark, tight spandex - even as the narrowing ribcage beneath it rippled and began forming two protrusions that, at first, were conical in shape, and modest in size.

By the time the change had reshaped the jaw-line into a delicately strong, femininely proud contour and had moved onwards to re-make a pair of slightly flesh male lips into full, gloss-red examples of sensual perfection beneath the now slender, well-defined nose, the 'bumps' of the chest had acquired a definite status, each near-perfect domed breast the size of a good-sized halved grapefruit, and still pushing outwards.

As the fabric became thinner and more form-fitting, the definition of the swelling nipples tipping each growing breast became better defined, and by the time the new endowments reached their full size and mass, the nipples that were now each as big as the first two joints of a man's pinky were thrust slightly skyward atop a pair of firmly rounded EEE-cup breasts...

...which caused those full, sensual lips to curl upwards in a smile as the changes to her face and head finished, the now skin-tight mask with its 'cat ears' enclosing a face of stunning beauty, its high, well-defined cheek bones giving it a slightly triangular shape.

The eyes that took in the rapidly downward-spreading changes were dark and veiled by long lashes as glossy-dark as the mane of slightly wavy raven hair that was gathered into a tight bundle and constrained by the three ebony-enameled steel rings high on the back of the latex mask, before falling down to spill outward in a still-lengthening silky cape.

In the shadow of the firm double spheres clearly defined by the spandex that embraced them, her waist pinched inwards for a perfect hourglass figure - a figure made even more wasp-waisted as the now 'naturally' twenty-one inch waist was suddenly compressed inwards another two inches by the black leather corset that appeared, the lower edge of the form-defining garment boasting a gleaming black utility belt that sat slung across the smooth, womanly curves of her expanded hips.

Hips that supported a remarkably firm and well-rounded derrière just below the eye-directing 'V' of her thick mane of hair - a spectacular fundament that was made even more mouth-wateringly delectable by the thin black-leather strap that went from the back of the corset, between her full new buttocks, and widened to cover a crotch that just finished going smooth as the leather rejoined the corset above - while the crotch beneath it finished going from merely smooth to the concavity of complete womanhood.

Seconds later, the changed had finished it's headlong rush, practically diving down legs that it left long and shapely in it's wake, the dark spandex fabric covered by another layer of even darker, glossier leather of the thigh-high, slightly flared-top boots that clung to the firmly rounded calves that, shapely enough on their own, suddenly became even better defined as her smaller, more delicately rounded heels were pushed upwards atop the black-enameled metal of the six-and-a-half inch high stiletto heels her new boots boasted.

Then, with everything else completed, the power finished up with the final touch, as a coiled black bullwhip appeared in the small leather loop hanging from the enameled steel 'D'-ring on the right side of her utility belt.

As the change finished, the newly-formed woman let her pent-up breath out, her spectacular new bust heaving with the exhalation, sending emotionally and physically pleasing new sensations through her nerves as the weight of her new bust shivered within the spandex enclosure, her full - and, now, chill-engorged - nipples moving slightly and pleasingly within the slick fabric.

Bringing her arms inwards and upwards, the new woman gently let her fingertips glide over the contours of her new, strongly beautiful face. The fingertips lightly traced the strong, well-defined structures of her altered visage before slowly moving downwards, lightly caressing the silky spandex coating her new neck, then moving over the slight bulge of her sternum before gliding onto the firmly rounded upper slope of her breasts.

With a sigh, she let herself enjoy the slow, light pressure of her hands as they swept across the breasts that thrust a proud seven inches out from her new ribcage. As her hands slipped downwards on their smoothly rounded surface, her thumbs tweaked her now fully-engorged nipples *en passant*, then her hand tilted outwards as they slid below the jutting shelf of her bust, lightly hefting her new endowments.

She gave a little in-drawn hiss of pleasure as she felt her hands heft the firm, softly firm flesh of her new breasts - and also felt the pressure and warmth of her own hands through the sensitive new flesh so prominent on her chest.

Regretfully, she let her hands continue their downwards journey, following the curves of her new body over her tight, flat stomach and out to her well-rounded hips, sliding down the outside of each firm thigh, to dip into the flared top of each boot.

The fingers of the left hand merely caressed the small roll of cash they found there, ensuring that the money in it's 'cat'-motif money-clip was exactly where she'd imagined it would be.

The other hand, however, rose back up to eye-level, carrying it's discover to her eyes.

It was a small, clear-plastic folder containing two credit cards, an ATM card, her house key - and her identification.

Flipping the small folder open, she eyed her new driver's license, ensuring that the picture and name were correct.

At the sight of the printed name 'Selena Kyle', the new woman smiled at the double meaning of that particular name, then slipped the ID folder back into her boot.

"Rorwrrwrr..." She growled at her reflection with a grin, striking a pose to show off her athletic and abundantly feminine new figure to its best advantage. "You look absolutely purrrrr-fect, my dear."

With a low chuckle in her rich new contralto voice, she ran her hands once more over the highly personalized Catwoman 'costume', then, extending her arm, erased the no-longer-necessary mirror from existence.

Turning, Selena started to walk towards the flagstone path that led from the glade - then paused, feeling a little 'weird'...

"It's just the way you walk in high heels..." She said to thin air, one arched eyebrow rising under the mask that hid them.

In response, the 'weird' feeling changed into something else..

"It's supposed to be so 'show off /sexy' that's the whole point of stiletto heels." She explained to the embedded woman within, who'd never worn high heels of any sort. "Don't worry, you'll get used to it..."

Her full new hips swaying and swiveling in a taut circular motion that emphasized the supple, sensual curves of her legs and buttocks, Selena headed out of the glade, enjoying the slight jiggle- bounce of her breasts as she moved.

With the smooth, easy, and sensual stride of her long, shapely new legs, it wasn't long at all before the path narrowed to slide in between the two post-war buildings that housed businesses facing onto the street.

In the twenty-four foot alleyway, lit by the orange glow spilling in from a streetlight near the street end of the alley, a bulky young man in faded jeans and a leather jacket leaned against the wall, smoking. At the sound of her high, slender metal heels ticking on the stone pathway, he looked up and peered in her direction - and, at first, saw nothing. Her outfit, nominally designed for cat burglary, blended to well with the darkness in which she walked - but as she entered the spill of light, her figure resolved itself before the shaven-head young man, and the heavy lips beneath his much-broken nose curled upwards into a loose, raunchy smile as he eyed her buxom, athletic figure.

"Well, well - woodja lookit *this* pussy..." He said in a rough voice, giving a hoarse chuckle at his crude, lewd double entendre.

The new woman's eyes narrowed slightly, and her lips tightened a fraction. If he'd said something complimentary about her new form, he might have been very pleasantly surprised to have been 'rewarded' for it - but crudity wasn't exactly what she wanted to inspire with her new form, so she tried the old tactic of 'ignore it, and maybe it'll go away' as she drew nearer to him.

"Nice tits, babe - why don'tcha whip 'em out for me...?" He chuckled, taking another hit on the small, roughly-rolled 'cigarette' he held, the odor coming off it indicating it to be a mix of just about every combustible material, legal and illegal, known to man.

Head held high, her previously loose, swivel-hipped walk becoming brisk and nearly business-like, she walked past him, both parts of herself having to remind themselves that turning the rude prick into a frog might be satisfying, but probably unfair.

"Yeah, that's it, slut - show me that ass o'yours..." The man said, coarsely.

Stopping dead, Selena looked over her shoulder and glared at him, thinking how easy it would be to turn him into a literal pig...

"Damn, girl - now them's cock-sucking lips..." He said, grabbing his cock. "So, you gonna blow me - or just gimme some sweet pussy...?"

That did it.

"I'm going to give you pussy, all right..." Selena said, turning to face him and lifting her arms outwards.

It looked like an inviting gesture, and the man smiled as he started to take a step forward... "What the *fuck*...?" He shouted, as he was yanked up short by the manacles that Selena had imagined into existence, connecting each wrist and ankle to the old brick wall behind him by a short length of chain. "What the hell is *ummmph*!"

"Much better..." Selena murmured, as the man continued to attempt to swear around the ball-gag that had suddenly appeared in his mouth, held in place by leather straps around his head.

A little more 'imagination' - and the man grunted through the gaga as his suddenly naked body was yanked unceremoniously backwards as the chains 'retracted', pinning him spread-eagle against the cold brick wall.

Concentrating, she formed a large, gilt-framed mirror on the wall opposite him - since she thought it only fair for him to get a good look as she turned her attention on him...

His eyes widened and he began making gagging sounds as his body writhed and began to change.

His closely-shaved scalp began rapidly sprouting long, platinum-blond hairs that spilled down in a huge, thick wave as his face became much finer, his already wide eyes growing wider - and bright blue - as the much-broken nose straightened and shrunk to a cute, upturned little snub above rapidly swelling lips.

His lips weren't the only things swelling - as his hips rapidly pushed outwards in time with a rapidly bulging chest...

Improving with practice, a transformation that had taken Selena minutes to perform on herself took seconds on her victim, and she smiled as she let her stare at her new reflection.

She was a living caricature.

Legs unbelievable long for her new, petite height merged into pneumatic hips that supported the newly-formed vagina in its heart-shaped patch of platinum pubic hair. Her waist, unconstrained, was even smaller than Selena's own - and it lay literally in the shadow of a massive pair of huge and artificially round breasts, each of which was the size of a medicine ball,

and tipped with a small, bright-pink nipple in keeping with the fact that they weren't 'natural', like Selena's own firm bust - she'd purposefully imagined a pair of over-pumped saline implants to fill out the new woman's chest.

After all, it seemed like the sort of thing you'd expect from the vapid-looking bimbo that the new woman's face proclaimed her to be...

"Well, are you going to be a good girl, and apologize...?" Selena asked sweetly, willing the ball-gag out of existence from between the new woman's full lips.

Working her reshaped jaw for a second to relieve the ache the gag had imparted, the woman glared at her with huge blue eyes poorly suited for the venous look - and then spat defiantly in her almost silly new soprano: "Fuck you!"

"Wrong answer..." Selena said, willing the gag back into place.

Then, with another thought, she repositioned the transformed man in the center of the alley, the chains on her wrist manacles forcing her to be bent over the stainless-steel bar that had appeared at waist height across the alley, while her shapely new legs were now chained in a spread position to the eye-bolts that had appeared in the flagstones of the alleyway.

Looking at the out-thrust new bubble-butt facing her, Selena grinned.

"Fuck *you*..." She said - as she willed the leather covering her womanhood to transform, becoming a strap-on dildo, long and black and ridged with thick, ropey 'veins'.

"Oh...!" Selena gasped, the other end of the very special 'double dildo' she'd created filled her new womanhood, creating a 'filled' sensation that nothing in her past provided her with a reference to describe - but was that most definitely pleasurable.

With a powerful stride, she walked up behind the new woman and positioned herself, the head of the huge plastic phallus tickling the new woman's cunt.

Feeling it, the transformed man began grunting urgently into the gag - and Selena took that as her cue, and thrust forward...

The dildo she had created was very special. Inside the oversized external dildo was a more moderately sized one, weighted and mounted on a spring. As she thrust forward into the tight confines of the new woman's cunt, the 'inner dildo' retracted with the force of the thrust, pulling it out of her own wet womanhood - and as she pulled back, the spring and the motion caused it to thrust into her cunt once more.

In other words - she wasn't just fucking the altered man, she was also fucking herself. So, she had plenty of motivation to do it right...

Planting her gloved hands on the rounded contours of the other woman's new ass, Selena shifted her stance slightly - then went to work with a will, gasping in pleasure as her renewed thrust caused the inner dildo to resume it's wonderful work on her tight new vagina while the big black outer casing worked on the unwilling woman's cunt.

"Oh, yeah..." Selena gasped to herself at the wonderful sensation filling her as she thrust rapidly and deeply into the shivering, writhing new woman. "Yes, oh, yes..."

With the dildo working by the power of her own thrusts, it was easy to chose the pace and power that provided the most pleasure - for herself, at least. Judging from the other woman's reactions, the pleasure wasn't nearly as absolute as Selena pounded the massive plastic phallus into her, leaving her massively oversized silicone tits bouncing and jiggling from the rapid, hard thrusts.

"You... having... fun...?" Selena gasped at the other woman - but the question was also answered by an intensified feeling of emotional pleasure as the goddess within cast her vote on the matter, making the sensation of her first female sexual act all the more powerful.

Gasping in rising pleasure, Selena added a swiveling motion to the thrust of her hips, causing the dildoes in each cunt to create varying pressure against the tight walls of each woman's cunt - and, against her will, the new woman began making grunting exhalations of pleasure through her nose as Selena's thrusts caused unwanted pleasure to grow exponentially within the pussy she'd been cursed with.

As the pleasure continued to build, Selena abandoned technique and went 'into the home stretch' with short, hard thrusts at a machine-gun pace...

...until her first female orgasm hit her like a freight-train, and she joined the goddess within in simply experiencing the moment as an explosion of pure, white pleasure temporarily destroyed conscious thought in an outward-expanding fireball of orgasmic ecstasy that commandeered every nerve in her body to carry it's message of pleasure.

She didn't even hear her own high-pitched wordless scream of ecstasy, and it's echoing returns came as a surprise to her as the intense pleasure began to fade and she slumped forward over the well-rounded posterior of a twitching, post-orgasmic woman.

Blowing out her breath in a puff of amazement at the power of a female orgasm, Selena straightened, then used some 'imagination' to allow the transformed man to do likewise, leaving him chained to the bar still across the alley.

"Well, you enjoy getting fucked, babe...?" Selena asked, waving a hand and letting the gag vanish again.

The huge-breasted blonde spat on her.

Frowning, Selena wiped the spittle from the front of her outfit, not with hand, but with her mind. "What the hell is wrong with you...?" She demanded of the recalcitrant man.

"Ain't nothing wrong with me, bitch..." She replied venomously, the words contrasting with the high-pitched voice she'd been given. "Dumb cunts like you are made to be fucked by guys like me, you stupid bitch. Now change me the fuck back...!"

It had been Selena's plan to do just that - return the man to his original gender once he'd learned his lesson.

It was now obvious that it wasn't going to happen. This crude, rude, lewd jack-ass was just too dumb to learn - even in the face of what had happened, he still didn't grasp the fact that he wasn't in control of the situation in any way, shape, or form.

Taking a deep breath, Selena concentrated...

..and the huge-breasted blonde blinked, then shook her head and began to smile rapidly as she smoothed the fabric of the barely-there white spandex tube-dress that had appeared on her cartoonishly curvaceous body.

"Hi, there..." The huge-breasted blonde giggled, brightly. "Like, thanks for giving me such a, like, totally fuckable body - now I can go to California and become a porn star!"

"Yes, yes you can..." Selena said, dead pan, as she searched the buxom blonde's huge eyes for any outward sign of the male mind trapped helplessly within the very one-dimensional 'shell' of a persona she'd forcibly implanted atop the trapped male mind.

There was nothing to be seen. Having 'stolen' the idea from how she and Luna were joined, Selena had modified it to completely lock the male mind from the surface, leaving him little more than a passenger in the hyper-endowed body.

"Okay, you can go now..." Selena told 'Roberta Baggins', the 'real' name that appeared on the ID in the faux leather purse slung over a shoulder, that matched the platform heels she wore.

"Okay!" The woman who would 'choose' the screen name of 'Boobie Biguns' when her 'life-long dream'/worst nightmare of becoming a much-fucked pornstar came true said, brightly, as she helplessly giggled and turned away.

As the rapidly-grinning huge-breasted new cum-slut/pornstar-wannabe wiggled and jiggled her way out of the alley, Selena grinned in satisfaction...

...and then was hit by a thought.

This jerk wasn't the only deserving asshole out there - and while she needed about an hour's worth of power before dawn in order to rearrange her house and personal belongings to fit her new identity, it was just barely after ten, with hours to go before the dawn.

With a wicked grin, Selena looked around the alley - and then broke into a sprint, running towards a stack of skids piled next to a rusting blue Dumpster half-way down the alley.

With exquisite grace, she planted one foot on the skids, using them as a step to obtain the top of the garbage bin, which she continued on across at full speed - and, at the last possible second, dipped downwards, compressing the long, taut muscles of her legs, and then sprang forward into nothingness.

In mid-air, her hand flashed down to her side and released the whip from its loop, swinging her arm in an arch that sent the bullwhip whistling through the air.

A split-second after the sharp crack of the whip's weighted tip breaking the sound barrier, the last tenth of the whip snapped hard against the rusting iron railing of the fire-escape ahead of her, centrifugal force wrapping the tough leather around the sturdy metal - and causing her to soar upwards in a tightening arc.

At the top of that arc, Catwoman pulled her knees tightly against her full bosom and executed a perfect back-flip - then thrust her legs outwards at precisely the right instant, and landed lightly atop the railing on the other side of the fire-escape's platform.

With a snap of the wrist, she unwound the end of the whip from the railing behind her, and quickly curled it into a loop, holding it loosely in her hand.

Balanced on the thin metal railing as if standing on solid ground, the new Catwoman looked out at the street, her eyes shining.

"Okay, guys..." She whispered her warning. "There's a new girl in town - and she's much, much more than just another pretty face..."

Tensing the sensuous muscles of her long legs, Catwoman leapt across the alley and onto the roof-top across from her, her dark-colored suit quickly fading from view as she disappeared into the night...

THE BEGINNING



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Failing to keep his promise to his plastic surgeon girlfriend not to frequent strip clubs, his girlfriend uses her skill to transform him into the ultimate stripper.

All The Time

By Gunslinger

Letting out a rebel yell, Rick pumped one fist into the air as he used his other hand to slap at his friend, Dave, sitting next to him in 'Pervert Row'.

"Do you believe this?" Rick shouted over the heavy, driving beat of the music filling the strip club with a presence as palatable as the haze of cigarette smoke that filled the darkened room. "Get a load of the rack on this babe!"

"No shit!" Dave shouted back. "Man, it's a shame Steve ain't here. He'd love this shit!"

Up on the stage, one long, toned leg wrapped around the brass pole as she undulated slowly backward, her long-nailed fingers teasing her huge, surgically-inflated tits, the aptly-named Suzi Staxx heard the two men talking about her...

...and it took every ounce of self-control that she had not to break out of her routine, to run to the edge of the stage, and to yell at them, telling Rick and Dave that she *was* Steve.

Amanda wouldn't have liked that - and Suzi had already learned what happened when you did something Amanda didn't like.

The hard way.

* * * * *

It had been love at first sight.

Not that Steve had cared all that much for Amanda. No, it was the big bucks that Amanda pulled down as a plastic surgeon that Steve had fallen in love with. After all, the lifestyle he lived called for big bucks, and that's something that Amanda had in spades - not to mention that her work kept her busy enough that she wouldn't eat up much of his time.

Best of all, she was looking for a 'trophy boyfriend', somebody who would clean up well and look good in an Armani suit, hanging off her arm at swank, boring professional cocktail parties.

Amanda was what you'd call 'asexual' - intelligent, driven, and so devoted to her work. She had neither the time, nor the urge, for the 'complications' of a relationship, sexual or otherwise. On the other hand, a successful businesswoman who didn't have any visible social or sex life was assumed to have a *secret* life - and that sort of thing could start rumors that would be a

death sentence to her career. In fact, it was the fact that Steve, who was anything *but* asexual, wasn't looking for any sort of relationship that made their arrangement so perfect. As long as he was discrete about his endless string of one-night stands, looked good, and showed up when he was supposed to,

Amanda would buy him the clothes, the gifts, pay for his rent and car payments - basically, pay him to be her public significant other.

Her *respectable* public 'significant other'.

Which probably explained why one of the conditions of their little arrangement was that he stopped patronizing the 'sleazy little skin club' down near the rail yards. Oh, not that she insisted that he stop going to strip clubs all together - there was a rather upscale 'exotic dance' club downtown, and it wasn't too disreputable to visit as many as two times a week, according to Amanda.

Not, however, according to Steve.

After all, his friends - Rick and Dave - didn't have a 'sugar mama'. Two nights a week at the upscale club ran up to as much money spent as a whole week down at their usual hang-out.

So, Steve had started going back to his usual hang-out, without telling Amanda - after all, he didn't want to ruin his 'good thing'.

Amanda, however, had found out about his deception - and had decided that if he liked spending so much time down at the club, he should spend *all* his time down there...

* * * * *

Three inch tall, tapered, clear plastic platform soles. Nine inch tall heels, tapering down to the merest one-eighth of an inch where the little rubber tip that met the floor of the stage.

'Ankle Breakers', as they were known in the industry - and she balanced atop them with consummate ease, weight kept mostly on the balls of her feet and off the mostly-cosmetic heels.

They weren't easy to walk in, much less so expertly - but Suzi had plenty of experience. The last six months, during her involuntary 'outpatient basis' transformation, she'd worn nothing but high heels, day in and day out, starting in 'mere' two-and-a-half inch high stacked heels and slowly working her way up from there.

Amanda had insisted, the same as she'd insisted on the him-becoming-her dancing daily, both to pick up the skill, and to provide the proper exercise to tone and shape her long, smooth legs.

Legs that flexed and shifted sensuously as she made her way down-stage towards where Rick sat, a bill held between his teeth.

Reaching the spot of the stage in front of him, Suzi slowly and sensuously sank to her knees and leaned forwards, her slender fingers coming up to once more cup her breasts.

Warm fingers pressing against the warm, firm flesh of her spherical DDD-Cup breasts, the long, blood-red nails contrasting with the pale flesh of her surgically-implanted breasts as she pressed them firmly together, capturing the bill in her cleavage as she rubbed her huge, firm tits against her old friend's face...

...and she did it all with a smile on her lips. Her full, pouting, 'cock-sucker' lips...

* * * * *

Amanda had made no secret of why she was doing it to 'her', or how she wanted 'her' to feel.

Which was why Suzi hadn't been the least bit surprised when she'd forced 'her' to suck cock for the first time.

Disgusted, horrified and sickened, yes - but not surprised.

It had been during the transition stage. It had still been damned obvious that 'she' had started off life as male, despite the smooth skin, long hair, and make-up. Sure, maybe 'she' had a pair of taut little 'B'-cup breasts from the powerful hormones pumped into her on a daily basis, made to look even larger in the push-up bra under 'her' red spandex sheath dress - but the only surgery yet done on 'her' face had been the injections that had plumped 'her' lips up so, those new cock-sucking lips coated in heavy layers of gloss red lipstick.

Amanda had driven Suzi the half-hour distance to the nightclub - the nightclub where the sight of an obvious pre-op transsexual teetering in on four-inch heels and making no bones about the fact that 'she' was looking for a cock to suck wasn't all that unusual.

The type of club where that sort of offer wasn't to be refused for very long.

Within twenty minutes, 'she' had been on her nylon-clad knees in the bathroom, suffering the humiliation as she slurped and licked her way inexpertly through her first-ever blow-job...

...doing it one-handed, because her other hand was busy between her own legs, working her hormone-shrunk cock through the silk fabric of her panties, seeming for all the world as if she were turned on by what she was doing.

The man she'd been sucking off came before she did, and she'd had to chock down the salty, ammonia-flavored load of warm cum while frantically jerking herself off to the pathetic little ejaculation that was now the best her tiny little balls could produce those days.

Not that even her steadily more cum-soaked panties in any way put off any of the seven other men she sucked-off that night...

...not like the reactions 'she' got at the 'straight' bar Amanda took her to the following week, when it took three consecutive six-hour nights of bearing the taunts and disgust of the people in the club before she made her eight-cock quota.

* * * * *

Ankling her way off the stage, Suzi headed for the dressing room as the club began to wind down behind her. As the hardest-working house dancer, she both opened and closed the club, with six shows in between, along with all the private lap-dances she could wrangle out of the customers in between.

It was the sort of 'work ethic' that could make a woman rich - assuming she got to keep any of the money, that was.

She entered the mostly-deserted dancer's changing room, where she smiled and cheerfully greeted the few remaining dancers finishing up changing. The other dancers cheerfully returned her greetings, chatting amiable with the ever-cheerful and always friendly Suzi as they changed into their more sedate 'street clothes' - jeans and sweatshirts the heavily favored combination, but the occasional dress or skirt here and there for variation, though flats were almost *de rigueur* after hours spent in high heels.

Except for Suzi, the only woman working in the club who's street clothes were more extreme than her working clothes.

It started with the pair of silk, lace-edge panties, covered in a pink-and-white heart pattern.

Matching the panties was the silk-covered cotton bra. Her breasts, being pumped full of silicone rather than saline, were full, round, and firm, but the bra pulled them both higher and tighter, almost painfully so, creating a specific form of cleavage that looked as if it were trying to pop right out of the bra.

Next came the custom-made corset, also covered in the same pink-on-white heart pattern.

Unlike the heavy-duty canvas corsets she'd worn during the period of tight-lacing, this corset laced easily over her sixteen-inch waist, the special lacing pulling tight over the high, slim, 'long-line' waist made possible by the surgical removal of her lowest two ribs. The physical pain that had come from the four months of super-tight corseting was now in the past - but not the emotional pain that came from wearing such a garment, much less that of having such a tiny, feminine waist to wrap it around.

The same sort of self-disgust and humiliation she felt as she sat down and drew a pair of white, close-weave fishnet stockings up her long, dancer-toned legs, fastening each of the stockings to the three elastic garter bands attached to the bottom of the corset.

Up along those well-shaped legs she slid the elastic waist band of her skirt, settling the garment in place over her 'boyish' hips. White-on-pink, a photographic negative of the pattern on her undergarments, the skirt was short, flaring, and puffy, with several layers of lacy 'petticoats' built in to puff it out a full six inches from her hips, the last layer of fluffy petticoats barely low enough to cover her panties.

The bolero-style jacket she pulled on was of a matching fabric. With big, puffy-shoulder 'mutton chop' sleeves, the garment displayed both the corset and a fine display of her cleavage.

The final part of her ensemble was her shoes - shoes with the same height and style of heel and sole, but with an upper that transformed them into a modified faux 'Mary Jane' styling.

Balanced atop the towering heels, Suzi wiggled and jiggled her way out of the club and to the parking lot, where her hot-pink scooter was waiting for her.

As she putt-putt'ed her way to the parking lot's exit, several of the men straggling out of the club waved at her, calling her name.

It wasn't as if she were hard to recognize. It was no secret that she'd had plastic surgery to get her nearly 'Barbie Doll' look - extensive plastic surgery, even. All of which left her with a long, lean, curvaceous body that was unrealistically firm and toned without being overly muscular, one that men had watched her shimmy and shake for their enjoyment.

What none of the men who stared at her so lustfully knew was what the starting point for the sensual vision had been before the massive surgical reconstruction.

None of them knew that the sexy, buxom women they were fantasizing about had been born male - and, if it had been up to her, still would have been.

Amanda, however, hadn't bothered to ask. Well, no, that wasn't exactly true:

Amanda *had* asked...

...and simply laughed as Suzi had begged for her to stop.

Begged her to stop the surgical procedure that had lengthened 'her' legs by an extra inch and a half, making them longer and shapelier.

Begged her to stop the implant procedure that had supplemented the 'natural' little breasts the powerful hormones forced on her had given her...

...and, most of all, had begged her not to put her through the final procedure that made her 'all woman'.

Even as she rode down the street on her scooter, Suzi could feel the vibrations of the scooter's small engine running through her perfect, surgically-created new womanhood. One that, while not really 'real', was visually and functionally a perfect replica of a 'real' cunt.

Just *knowing* that the 'unkindest cut' had left her forever female, unable to ever go back to being the man she 'really' was, was humiliating and horrifying. Sure, even before the surgery, the powerful hormones had left her with a pathetically

small, limp, practically useless cock - but she'd still had one, and could *think* of herself as male, despite what all the surgery had done to the rest of her.

As bad as *having* the body and sexual characteristics of a woman was, it was what she was forced to do with it that was the most utterly humiliating.

Arriving at the apartment building she now called home, Suzi pulled up at the back of the building and parked her unmistakable, hot-pink scooter in the slot beside the entrance door. Swinging her long, shapely leg over the saddle of the bike, she rose to her full height atop the slender heels and wiggled and jiggled her way into the building, heading up towards the top-floor of the six-story apartment building.

Though the building had an elevator, she used the stairs - not because she wanted to, particularly, but because the stairs were part of a program of exercise to keep her body in tip-top shape, which was vital - since it was her 'money maker'.

Reaching the top floor, Suzi headed to the door at the end of the hall and let herself into the single largest apartment in the building.

Though the building itself was merely a 'mid-range' building in terms of price and luxury, you would have thought that it was a top-of-the line luxury building if you'd judged solely off the interior of the apartment Suzi entered.

Luxurious deep-pile carpet stretched from wall-to-wall - walls boasting mirror and hand-polished ebony paneling. Black leather and gleaming chrome furniture. Small, expensive *objets d'art*.

All bought with her money - but not for benefit.

No, the apartment and its belongings were chosen by, and for, the apartment's other tenant: 'John Littleton'.

Not that it was his real name, and more the 'Suzi' was hers. The name he'd been born under was Lewis Runyon.

He couldn't use 'Lewis Runyon' any more, however, since Lewis Runyon was dead. Murdered...

...by Steven Lockhart.

Intellectually, begrudgingly, Suzi had to admit that the set-up was beautiful.

Lewis Runyon had been a cop. The cop who'd secretly been dissatisfied with his life, and especially his wife and two children, and had been looking to chuck it all - which was exactly what Amanda had offered him.

They'd staged it all perfectly. Runyon had responded to a call of 'domestic violence' that he and Amanda had arranged, making sure he was the closest cop when the call came in. He'd shown up

- to supposedly find Steve in the middle of raping Amanda, because of the frustration of not 'getting any' in their little deception.

Thanks to a pint of willingly donated blood, there was plenty of forensic evidence to support Amanda's 'eye-witness' claim of how Steve had brutally butchered Runyon and burned his remains in the furnace in the basement before fleeing.

So, Steve had been a wanted cop-killer and rapist - while Amanda had finally been able to reveal her 'terrible secret' in a way that bought her sympathy rather than derision. With a veritable death sentence hanging over his head, and the powerful will-sapping drugs she'd slipped him coursing through his system, Amanda had all the leverage she'd needed to make Steve dance to her tune, since he hadn't know that she'd been giving 'John' plastic surgery and a new identity - when she wasn't busy using drugs, hormones and surgery to exact her revenge on Steve.

Not just her revenge, however - but also the second half of the agreement with the new Mr. Littleton...

The one the left Suzi playing the roll of his 'Sugar Mama' - and slave.

Glancing quickly at the clock on the wall, Suzi hurried over to the bar and quickly began making up a martini, just the way John liked it - because she knew the cost of failing to play her role as John's 'perfect woman'.

Once upon a time, thanks to powerful synthetic female hormones, Sissy She-Male Suzi had boasted a pair of all-natural 'B' cup breasts - breasts that had then been carefully operated on to allow for a pair of implants to be emplaced.

Inflatable implants.

Implants that could be filled by way of small fill ports that would accept saline-filled needles...

...and, thanks to the small receiver that Amanda had implanted on her spine, it wasn't as if Suzi could refuse to let John do the simple inflation procedure. Any time she 'misbehaved' - or, as like Amanda liked to put it, *refused* to 'miss behave' - John merely had to press a button the 'wrist watch' he always wore, and she'd instantly be paralyzed from the neck down.

It had taken only one, thirty-six hour period of being a quadriplegic to make the futility of resistance obvious to Suzi - especially since that last, most graphic 'object lesson', John had inflated her breasts, already somewhat enlarged from previous 'lessons', to their current, massive EEE-cup dimensions.

All of which explained why, when John came through the door, she had his martini all ready, standing by the couch with it in one hand, an already-lit cigarette for him in the other, and a welcoming smile on her lips as she waited for her master like the obedient little slave she'd become.

Like the obedient little *sex* slave she'd become...

...which is why, after she handed him his drink and cigarette and made sure he was comfortable on the couch, she sank to her knees between his spread legs, unzipped his pants, and went to work giving the first of what was sure to be several of that evening's blow-jobs.

Sure, John knew all about his Sugar Mama. He knew what and who she 'really' was - and couldn't have cared less.

In fact, he thoroughly enjoyed it - in more ways than one. Besides the 'intellectual' enjoyment of having a feminized ex-man at his literal beck and call, there was also the purely physical pleasure - because, after all her 'practice', Suzi was damned near a world-class expert in performing oral sex...

...among other things.

She did, indeed, use every ounce of her unwanted talent as she worked lips, tongue and hands against the hard, throbbing cock that filled her less-than-willing mouth. Not that she was enjoying what she was doing, though sheer repetition had ground the fine edge of the humiliation and disgust she'd felt with her first hundred or so.

Nor was she giving it her all out of fear of punishment. Punishment came from many things, ranging from failure to comply to something as simple as John's whims - but not necessarily from poor performance, at least not on any sort of reliable basis.

No, she was doing it as she chased that faint, dim light of hope - hope of escaping the situation she'd been dragged down into.

Not that she could ever go back to being male, a fact that had led her to do less than her very best for the first little while - until she'd finally realized that there was being 'cursed' to a life of being female, and a life of being a subservient female.

It was the thought that, someday, she might never have to give a blow-job again that motivated her to give her best for now.

Every dollar, every cent she earned went to John, to pay the 'price' of giving up his old life. A price arbitrarily put at one million dollars.

Cash - as in, 'above and beyond the money she spent on creating just livable conditions', like the apartment, food, and other consumables.

Given that, it would take at least a decade to pull together a million in cash value - in which case she'd be a decade older, and out on the street, broke and homeless.

However, there was a little 'clause' in this - the fact that John rated each sexual act she performed for him on its quality in terms of cash value.

Sure, the 'hope' was part of the humiliation, forcing her to 'willingly' work as hard as possible in her personal and professional life - but it was a real hope, not a false one. Sure, after she won her freedom in five or six years, she'd still have to continue her work as a stripper to make ends meet, building up a nest egg, and she'd never be able to reverse what had been done to her - which meant that she'd be 'merely' a woman, instead of a subjected slave.

As she took yet another hot, salty load into her mouth and 'happily' gulped it down, the thought that flitted through her head was a wry, resigned one:

She was giving head to get ahead...

Licking her master clean, she smiled 'warmly' at him as he wrote the value of her latest blowjob down in a little black book, then wiggled and jiggled her way off to make 'her man' his dinner.

It would have to be a heart dinner - to give him enough energy to handle all the sex she'd quite willingly - in a sick way, even eagerly - entice him into, the same as every night, to gain her freedom all the sooner...

...which was the final humiliation, for even as she took this path, unresistingly being a skilled, eager and willing fuck-slut to her master, she knew that it was exactly as Amanda had planned, part of her grand scheme of punishment...

...and there was not one damned thing she could do about it. THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Alone and lonely on New Year's eve, one man finds a golden coin which gives him little condolence; little does he know that he has found a coin dropped by a leprechaun drunk on the eve of the millennium.

Welcome, Gentle Reader, welcome....

The nights grow longer as the seasons turn, and the hours seem to stretch on towards infinity as the stars litter the sky above us. Here I sit, as on many a night before, and find myself contemplating the unknown, the unusual, the unnatural. As the constellations of stars mark out the paths above us, so do the bright, brief glows of mortal life mark out the path that history takes - yet from these millions of brief, beautiful glows, only a few ever manage to become recorded in the annals that are handed down to the next generation, while the others pass on, unheard and unheeded.

Yet, perhaps, there are stories out there that need to be told. Stories that will never be heard by the populace at large but that - on a night like tonight, in front of the glowing embers of a dying fire - might be passed on from a simple story teller such as myself, to a questing soul like yourself.

Perhaps you'd care to hear one?

Very well then, Gentle Reader. Relax into the embrace of your chair, let your mind release it's doubts and skepticism. Mark me, now, for I do not claim that what I am about to relate is true.

But I do not claim that it isn't, either.

So, submitted for you enjoyment - and perhaps edification - here is a little tale that I call...

All's Well That Ends Well

By Gunslinger

Like a ghostly glowing face, the full, ripe moon hung high in the bright, starry sky, spilling is faerie light over a quarter of the Earth's surface like a blessing from the heavens. In some places, clouds girdling the blue-green globe obscured the silvery radiance, but in others the light spilled to earth unimpeded by obstacles of earthly or heavenly nature.

One such spot bathed in the luminescent shine was the sprawling metropolis of New York City, where the glow fell equally amount the steel-and-concrete spires above and the man-made valleys below.

It also fell on the sometimes-green refuge in the middle of the city, turning central Park into something almost wondrous as it danced across the new-fallen carpet of virgin snow.

It even fell upon the back of one of the city's denizen, a small fellow by the name of Midnight, who at that very moment was crouched low, green eyes narrowed as he eyed a small, winter-bare bush a few feet of the path, which was given to moving unnaturally and emitting quite unheard-of sounds, even for such a cosmopolitan spot as Central park.

The bush appeared to be swearing.

Upon silent paws, Midnight crept closer to the bush, which was now shaking in an *extremely* agitated manner. Having had nothing to eat for some hours, Midnight was - quite naturally - judging the edibility of anything that might be small enough to hide in such a bush, yet big enough to make such a commotion. Playing it boldly cautious, he crept forward, narrow ribcage almost dragging on the carpet of snow as he neared the source of the commotion...

...then, in a lightening move, pounced.

Only to be rapped on the nose - quite firmly, as a matter of fact - by a gnarled length of yew-wood held in a diminutive fist.

"Ye would beard me, ye moth-eaten pile o' fur?" the owner of the staff asked in a rolling, slurred voice filled with indignant rage that only the inebriated can produce. "Why, I've been put upon by bigger then th' likes o' you, and sent them scurrying for their hidey-holes with their tails between their legs! So have at ye, and may Brain Boru himself ha'e mercy on ye, for I certainly shant!"

Midnight, twitching his head in attempt to rid himself of the throb of his assaulted nose, eyed the tiny man who shook one fist at him. Deciding that discretion was, in fact, the better part of valor, Midnight made a tactical withdrawal and prowled off into the darkness, searching for easier - and quieter - prey.

"Damnable cats." The tiny man said, swaying upon his feet as he watched Midnight disappear into the night. "No good, th' lot o' them."

Shaking his fist one more time, Patty stared out at the expanse before him, trying to remember what he'd been up to before being disturbed by the cat. But a hands-breadth tall, Patty was almost as much as that around, his stomach straining the weskit he wore to it's limit. The faded green coat atop that didn't even attempt the futile effort of buttoning itself around his more than ample waist. Patty's red hair hung free and unfettered by his black cap, which he'd lost sometime earlier. He was in no condition to worry about the missing headgear, not yet even noticing it's absence, and by the time he did, it would have returned on it's own, as any good hat was wont to.

Blinking his bloodshot eyes, the leprechaun finally recalled what his task had been, and he turned once more to face his pot o' gold, currently tangled in several of the branches of the shrub in which he stood. Despite the wildly exaggerated rumors of the greedy mortals who had seen his kind, the pot was not some great iron thing, bigger then it's owner and filled with hundreds of pieces of gold. No, in truth, the pot was perhaps the size of a small tea-cup, and contained but a dozen pieces of that prized metal formed into gleaming disks. But it was big enough to have become hung up in the undergrowth, and Patty now faced a task that drink made nearly insoluble.

"Ye damned ungrateful thing!" Patty shouted at the recalcitrant pot, which - as always - completely ignored his ranting. "Here an' I've dragged ye half-way around the world, and what do you do to me? ye get yerself locked-up in some plant. Fine lot of gratitude from ye!"

Beating at the branches that bared the pot's passage, Patty grabbed the iron handle atop the pot and screwed up the strength that drink hadn't yet sapped. Closing his eyes and holding his breath, the leprechaun gave a mighty heave...

...and the pot slipped from the branches with almost no trouble, sending the little man toes-over- teakettle. Fuming, Patty rose and began to berate the rather unrepentant pot, then grasped the handle and continued to drag it through the snow towards his home, deep beneath the roots of the oldest Oak in the park.

Now, Patty was drunk. Not just befuddled, not merely tipsy, but roaring, three-sheets-to-the-wind, drunk. So, perhaps it could be understood that he didn't even notice the single, gleaming piece of deep yellow metal left lying in the middle of the path as he staggered home, dragging his eternal burden behind him the while, carving a curious pattern in the carpet of snow that the Typical New Yorker would never notice.

* * * * *

Some ascribe it to 'bad luck'. The more paranoid members of society claim that it's 'the world out to get them'. And those with a more philosophical turn of mind merely claim it to be 'one of those days'.

If that was the case, then Rick was having one of those years. And, in a few hours, it was going to become 'one of those millenniums' as the clock turned and tolled the beginning of more than just a new year, decade or century.

Rick was spending the Millennial New Year's Eve walking through Central park, his thin shoulders hunched against the chill in the clear, calm air. Those in a more appreciative frame of mind - helped along by a glass or two of New Year's spirit - might have noticed that it was actually one of the most beautiful evenings that the Big Apple had ever seen, crisp and clear and calm beneath an open sky. But Rick wasn't in any mood to appreciate the beauty of the moment, his lean, aquiline face turned towards the ground as he trudged with the slow, contemplative steps of a man with no real destination in mind.

The collar on his surplus Navy pea-coat was turned up against the chill, and a surplus watch-cap sat low on his forehead. Almost all that was exposed of his face was his nose, a proud, patrician beak that seemed much too large for the narrow, beady-eyed face that it surmounted. Perhaps an onlooker might draw certain conclusions from such a weasel-like countenance, but they would have been incorrect ones. Rick could no more help the fact that he looked like a con-man than he could help his long, lanky build and oversized feet and hands.

Nor could he be assigned much blame in the recent down-turn his fortunes had taken. A man in love was a ,man aside from himself, and he had not seen - until much, much too late - that his 'true love' was the con-artist in the relationship, her inner person more closely matching Rick's outer facade than her own, sweet features. Even had he known, perhaps not to much would have changed, either. Rick, despite his ungainly appearance, was a rare individual indeed, peaceable and cheerful and bright, with a generous and trusting nature - although some would say too generous and trusting.

Others might use the term 'naive.' Or, perhaps, 'dumber than dogshit'.

In any case, the past year had done much to erode away that which was the core of Richard Denbrough. Failure dogged his size-twelve footsteps as he searched for a job, for solace, for friendship, for hope.

Somewhere in the battle-field that the job-market had become, his smile was taken casualty. In one soup-kitchen line or another, his sense of humor was stolen. On a dark street or alleyway, where he'd walked in the search for a night's shelter, the last fragment of trust had been spirited away. But the basic goodness, honesty and internal fortitude that made up Rick held firm, though that armor no longer shined, but was battered and dented and discolored.

So, the eve of a new millennium found our 'hero' walking the byways of the city's refuge from itself, alone in a city of millions.

Now, God - or Fate, if you prefer - works in mysterious ways. For, it must be said, that unless circumstances had conspired just as they had, Rick would never be walking alone in Central park that night. And if he'd not been beaten down and worn out by his unfortunate circumstances, he'd never have been walking with his head down, his eyes fixed firmly on the ground ahead of his over-sized feet.

And if Rick had been anybody other than the Rick he was, what occurred next might have turned out very differently indeed.

For as Rick meandered his way down the snow-covered bath of the park, what should his eyes happen to fall upon, but a small, bright disk of deep yellow metal. Even as deep in a dour mood as he was, interest could make itself heard, and out tall, long-shanked friend paused to stare down at the item in question, sure that his eyes were mistaken and would correct themselves any moment now.

When that moment passed and his eyes continued to insist that he was seeing what he seemed to be seeing, Rick slowly removed his chilled, reddened hands from the deep pockets of the watch-coat and bent over to pick up the item and hold it in front of his dark, incredulous eyes. Still not believing, he pulled off his watch-cap and brushed his shaggy, greasy mane of rich chestnut hair out of the way of his eyes, to ensure himself the best view of the cold, surprisingly heavy metal disk he held.

"Well, I'll be..." He whispered, his voice rusty from disuse. "I don't believe it - it's a gold sovereign!"

Shaking his head in disbelief, Rick brought the coin to mouth and lightly bit into it, brining it back to his now-wide eyes for inspection. Sure enough, the soft metal had not only taken the imprint of his teeth, but there was no discoloration in the center of those marks to indicate a baser metal lurking beneath.

Amazed at his sudden turn of good fortune, Rick shook his head and carefully tucked the coin into the pocket of his dark coat. Feeling a bit buoyed by the discovery, he continued on his way, one hand wrapped around the coin and assuring himself that it was real, and that he had it.

* * * * *

In a tiny little home under an ancient tree, a tiny figure muttered and shifted in it's sleep, muttering thickly as a grin stayed on it's tiny features. Lost in the deep, deep sleep of the drunk, Patty muttered again as he continued to dream a very, very erotic dream...

* * * * *

Rick wandered through the streets, looking around with his sad, weary eyes as he wondered what he was going to do with the rest of his life. Even the gold coin didn't seem such a great omen any more - if it had been a hundred dollar bill, that

would be one thing. But he could just see the trouble he'd probably have trying to sell a coin like this, looking the way he did. Any reputable gold dealer would probably arrest him on general principles - and any disreputable one would only give him a fraction of it's value.

Lost in thought, Rick was wandering without paying attention, and almost stepped on a figure half- sprawled on the sidewalk over a subway grate. He looked down to meet the faded brown eyes of a heavy-set, florid faced man dressed in a torn old parka held together with duct-tape. The dark-haired man's rheumy eyes looked up at Rick in a pathetic plea.

"Hey, mis'ser, You spare s'money for s'budy down on his luck?" the street person asked blearily. "Sure is cold t'night - a nice bed would we better, if I could get the cash, y'know?"

Tightening his fist around his only asset - the gold coin - Rick shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry - I can't help you." He told the man. Turning away, he threw a comment over his shoulder. "I wish you luck in finding a warm bed, though."

* * * * *

In that tiny home, a drunken, slumbering figure rolled over as a required response to a wish made on one of his coins fed itself into his brain. Despite his condition, the need would not be denied.

But Patty was in no shape to truly appreciate the wish, still lost in the depths of his erotic dream. The two thought-lines - the dream, and the need to fulfill the wish as worded - kind of intertwined in his befuddled mind...

* * * * *

"Thanks a lot, chum." The bum - who's name was Carl - muttered blearily, wrapping his arms around his body to keep warm. "A fat lot of..."

Then he gasped as a strange sensation ran through his body> He doubled over, clutching his stomach as the strange, writing sensations gathered strength there, then began to spread outwards rapidly. Gasping, he suddenly sat bolt upright in a spasm, arms flying wide.

The cracked and worn army-boots that kept his feet at least marginally warm began to writhe. The leather began to compress down on itself, becoming smaller and narrower at the toes as the color began to leach from the thick material, fading through the dark grays on it's journey through the gray scale.

The thick, short heel on the boot - worn almost away by use - began to stretch outward, rapidly narrowing as it did so. The top of the boot began shrinking rapidly down towards the ankles, the laces moving and drawing in on themselves.

In the space of a few second, the army boots had reformed into a pair of white leather platform shoes. Women's white leather platforms, with a seven-inch spike heel and a two inch platform below, and a white leather upper and ankle strap above, incongruously surrounding Carl's size eleven foot and the drafty socks he wore.

Then, painlessly, the shoes began to shrink, becoming a much smaller size as the foot inside altered size and shape, becoming feminine and dainty.

Then his socks writhed and began to change as well. The stretched upwards, becoming thinner and finer as the stretched, the material softening and the holes disappearing. As they moved upwards on Carl's legs, the legs they enclosed changed. The hair that covered them, a dark coarse layer, sucked back into his pores to leave his legs smooth as the muscle and bone reconfigured themselves. Within a short span, they were a pair of 'okay' female legs clad in white nylons.

Carl gasped at he stared down at his altered appendages, then - in a move inspired by panic - shoved himself upright, balancing atop those altered legs and the high heels that clad his feet.

But the changes weren't finished yet. His pants suddenly shot upwards and changed in hue while the T-shirt he wore also changed color to match, fusing with the material of what had once been the pants. In seconds, he was clad in a short blue spandex mini-dress - which quickly became evident as the parka rippled and reformed into a white leather coat that hung open from his rapidly narrowing shoulders.

"Help!" Carl cried out in fear as his body continued to change. "Please - somebody help me!"

He screamed wordlessly as he felt his cock and balls draw up into his body, leaving a perfectly formed vagina laying underneath the tight white lace panties his frayed briefs had become. Hair all over his body sucked back into pores as his muscles and sinew shifted, leaving reasonably attractive feminine counterparts in their place.

Carl's hands - now slender and feminine - flew to his chest as it began to bulge outwards at an astonishing rate. It continued to swell without mercy, until two tits the size of volley-balls strained the fabric of the dress that enclosed his slightly thick feminine figure.

He felt the muscles on his face reshaping, and his cream rose rapidly to a feminine pitch as his face reshaped into that of a somewhat worn but not unattractive woman. His hair spilled around his shoulders in a thick mane, rapidly lightening to a almost-white platinum blonde in shade, albeit with light brown roots.

Then Carl's scream stopped as the world seemed to shift.

Slinging her purse over her shoulder, Carla shivered in the chill air, licking her tongue over her gloss- red lips. Using her 'on duty' walk, she began to jiggle and sway down the sidewalk, knowing that tonight was a great night for finding plenty of eager, fee-spending customers to take back to the room. She was sure that all the action she was going to get tonight would pay really, really well - and probably keep her bed nice and warm for when she fell into it for a few hours of sleep early tomorrow...

* * * * *

Rick continued on his way. When he heard a scream behind him, he hunched his shoulders over and hurried a bit, having learned the first rule of life for any long-term resident of the Big Apple - don't get involved.

Walking further, he found himself in front of a Starbucks, and he paused to look longingly in the window. It was crowded, as always, with a long line of people getting coffee to help counter act whatever choice of booze they'd consumed tonight.

* * * * *

Ron Coleman rubbed his hands together as he ordered his coffee from the guy behind the counter. Slender and deviously handsome, Ron was dressed in a tux and overcoat, his long hair touching the collar on the expensive top coat. He rubbed his firm jaw under the short goatee he wore, trying to bring some warmth into his face as the guy turned away to fill the order.

* * * * *

"I wish I could get a coffee..." Rick bemoaned softly, entranced by the view of people going on about their mundane daily lives, not knowing how good they had it.

* * * * *

Veronica Coleman smiled at the man behind the counter as he turned back to hand him the coffee. Then the man stopped, as if jolted, and stared at her oddly. Ronnie blinked, startled by the man's reaction.

"Something wrong?" She asked in her warm voice.

"But... you..." The guy behind the counter stammered, looking around and behind her. "Excuse me?" Ronnie asked with a confused smile.

"Uh - nothing." The man said, his eyes locked on the slender, extremely attractive young woman in the elegantly tailored tuxedo that was cut in such a way as to be perfectly feminine, despite its masculine ancestry. He guessed this must be the wife of the guy that ordered, or something. Sure - that was it.

She'd been using the can, and while his back was turned, she'd returned and the husband had gone off to whiz. That's all it was.

It had to be.

Ronnie shook her head in amusement as she accepted the coffee and headed for the door. It never failed to surprise her when she met some of the 'unusual' denizens of the city, who managed to hold down jobs despite their odd behavior.

Stepping out the door, she almost bumped into a thin man dressed in a navy coat. He was looking into the window of the store with such longing that he wasn't paying attention, and almost got knocked over by the door when she opened it.

"Sorry." He muttered in a low voice, bowing his head. "I... wasn't paying attention."

"I can see that." Ronnie replied kindly, then looked down at the coffee, then back up at the sorry looking man. "Look - why don't you take this. You look like you could really use a coffee."

The man looked startled. "Uh.., no I couldn't..."

"Sure you can." Ronnie insisted with a sweet smile on her beautiful face. "I insist."

"Thank you." The man said, gratefully. He took the steaming beverage and looked at her with grateful amazement at her kindness as she crossed the sidewalk and climbed into her car.

Fifteen minutes later, Ronnie pulled up in front of her house and locked her car. Climbing the steps to the brown-stone town-house, she opened the door and stepped inside.

"Honey, I home!" She called, beginning to remove her black suede pumps with their two inch heels and gold-tone accents.

Linda stuck her head around the corner, eyes wide. "Who the hell are you?" She asked. "What are you doing in my house!"

Ronnie blinked at her wife in confusion. "Honey? Is something wrong?"

"Don't call me honey, and get the hell out of my house!" Linda said, looking both angry and afraid, and Ronnie stopped in the middle of removing her shoes. "Get out, before I call the police!"

"But..."

"Out!"

Confused, Ronnie slipped her shapely foot back into the shoe and slowly backed out of the door, which Linda promptly slammed and locked with the dead bolt.

"But..." Ronnie said, eyes wide. "What did I do...?"

* * * * *

Sipping at the hot liquid, Rick watched the taillights of the woman's car blink off in the distance, then turned and continued on his wander, amazed at his good fortune. Not only had he gotten the coffee, but he'd gotten it from a stunningly beautiful woman with a trim figure and lovely face who'd both been kind to him and treated him like a real person. Maybe his luck was changing, at that.

"Must be thanks to my good-luck charm." He said softly to himself, grinning as he fingered the heavy coin in his pocket.

Without really realizing it, Rick found that he'd slowly been navigating towards Times Square, where the 'Biggest Party of Two Millenniums' was underway. Now he found himself on the outskirts of the massive crowd of people who thronged the Square, laughing and drinking and keeping an eye on the timer as it inched towards midnight, now less than half an hour away.

A man carrying a plastic cup of beer bumped into Rick, almost bowling him over. Turning, Rick eyed the obviously drunk man.

"I wish you'd watch where you were going." Rick told him, politely, then turned and began to worm his way through the crowd without looking back.

The man who'd bumped into him snorted, and started to turn away blearily...

...then suddenly shook and gasped. The people gathered around him gasped and drew away, staring as the man dropped his drink and began to twitch.

Their eyes opened wide as the man suddenly shuddered - and he and his clothes began to write and reshape themselves.

Within the span of a few minutes, he and his clothes had completely reformed, and standing in his place was a cute brunette in a short black leather shirt that showed off her cute legs, and thick blue sweater that was stretched taut over a massive pair of spherical boobs.

She looked around blearily, giggling, then began to make her way through the crowd. Between her huge tits - which kept her permanently off balance as well as blocking her downward view - and her high-heeled shoes, Sandy had to keep a close watch where she was walking to keep from falling over her.

Behind her, the people who'd watched the transformation, openmouthed, began to talk among themselves, then began to applaud, assuming that it had all been some sort of trick or practical joke.

* * * * *

Rick stood and watched as the counter slowly headed towards zero, and sighed deeply. He looked around at all the people, laughing and enjoying themselves, and turned away, unable to bear being alone in a crowd of thousands. With some effort, he managed to make his way to the edge of the crowd, and he began to wander down the sidewalk, passing a massively endowed brunette who was busy trying to talk a drooling man into something.

He found himself in front of a multi-level parking structure, and decided on a whim to go in. He wearily climbed the stair, moving upwards in the buzzing fluorescent light that bathed the stairwell, until he reached the very top. Pushing the door open, he looked across the sea of parked cars, then began to make his way towards the edge that faced onto the crowd at Times Square, about two blocks from the garage.

That's when he caught sight of the woman.

She was standing on the ledge on the edge of the garage, just out of reach of anybody on the top level, unless they were willing to step out on the narrow little ledge. Underdressed for the cold whether, she was skinny and tall, with long, lusterless black hair, a face pockmarked with acne scars, and a hopeless look in her watery blue eyes behind her thick glasses.

"Miss!" Rick called, stunned. "What are you doing?"

She looked at him with her sorrowful eyes. "What does it look like, mister?" She asked. She jerked her head towards Times Square. "In exactly two minutes and seventeen seconds, I'm going to jump off this building and put myself out of my misery."

Rick was horrified. "No!" He said, stepping closer. "Look - whatever is wrong, it can't be bad enough..."

"What ever is wrong?" The woman asked, bitterly. "Look at me! I'm a hag. I'm a nerd whose ugly, broke and friendless. Death will be a release, trust me!"

Rick shook his head. "No, no - I mean, look at me. I'm not exactly a stud myself, but you don't see me throwing myself off a building, do you. I'm just as broke and lonely as you are, I have no friends or chances to..."

He trailed off, staring at the woman, then looking back towards Times Square. Then he stepped off the edge of the parking level, onto the thin ledge that supported the woman.

"Stop it!" The woman warned. "Don't try to stop me, or I'll jump right now!"

"Stop you?" Rick asked sadly, looking down at the pavement far below. "Lady - I'm gonna join you." She blinked, "Huh?"

Rick shrugged. "You're right. I was trying to find something I could say - and realized that I was basically at the same point in my life as you are - and have nothing better to live for than you. So, I figured that if it's bad enough for you to jump, it must be bad enough for me to jump."

She eyed him warily. "Don't try and give me any of that reverse psychology crap, mister." Rick shook his head. "I'm not. And, by the way - my name's Rick."

She eyed him for a minute longer, seeing the sincerity in his eyes. "I'm Brenda."

"Nice to meet you." Rick said, wryly, as the crowd began its ten second chant in Times Square.

"Just think - right now there's couples all over the world ringing in the New Year with sex, with their 'perfect' little bodies fucking each other in their 'perfect' little homes during their 'perfect' little lives." Brenda said, angrily, as she tensed her legs.

Then the crowd roared out the words 'Happy new Year', clearly intelligible even from here - and Brenda and Rick hurled themselves from the ledge.

And as his feet left the solid concrete ledge and he seemed to hover in that instant Gravity took hold, Rick unconsciously muttered "I wish we were too..."

* * * * *

Officer Don Mercer happened to be looking in just the right place at just the right time. New Year's around here was always crazy, and people quite often hung out of windows to watch the going-ons, and he had to warn them back into their apartments. Every year, complaints were filed by the dozen when drunken partygoers, leaning out their windows, accidentally dropped bottles or glasses.

So he was scanning the heights of the building on the street when he saw the two figures push off the side of the parking garage. He stared, wide eyed, as they hurtled downward...

...then vanished in mid-air. Simply disappeared.

Shaking his head, Mercer ran to the spot where they should have impacted, and found nothing at all. "Something wrong, officer?" A man asked, eyeing the cop looking up in confusion.

"Did you just see..." Mercer started - then realized that everyone else had been too preoccupied with other things at that particular instant. "Never mind." Mercer said, shaking his head. With one more glance upwards, he turned and walked away.

* * * * *

"Oh... god..." Rochelle said as Brad rolled off her. She snuggled her long, golden body against her fiancé's, her firm, DD-cup breasts pressing against his muscular chest.

"I couldn't agree more, gorgeous." The handsome, dark haired man said, giving his brunette bride-to-be a kiss on the lips. "Now that's the way to ring in a new year."

"Mmm..." Rochelle said throatily. "It was... perfect."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A young man professes to be a wizard and turns himself into a "bombshell" only to placate his bestfriend but what happens next only occurs in fairy tales.

Almost Magical

By Gunslinger

"Oh, will you just *shut up!*"

Grant blinked mildly. "Excuse me?"

John sighed and waved a hand. "I'm sorry - getting fired just... shortened my fuse. I'm just not in the mood to listen to your 'wizard' routine right now."

Grant's bushy eyebrows drew closer over his dark eyes, and his neatly trimmed goatee seemed to bristle. "What's that supposed to mean? I was making a quasi-serious offer, you know."

John sighed and rolled his eyes. Tall, broad-shouldered and muscular, the shaven-headed youth was usually cheerful and outgoing - but, as he'd said, his current and sudden state of unemployment had given him a short fuse, so his replies were sharper than usual.

"Look, Grant - you're a great guy and all. Smartest friend I've ever had, great roommate, the whole nine yards. But this whole 'you can do magic' shit is the last thing I need to hear right now."

Grant slowly rose from the chair at the kitchen table, a lock of his long, unruly black hair drooping in front of his eyes as he drew himself up as much as his thick frame would allow him to do. Unlike his friend's muscular build, Grant's frame was thick and heavy, carrying extra weight in ways that simply didn't look threatening, and when you threw in nearly a foot in height difference, the sight of Grant squaring off to John should have been ludicrous.

Somehow, it wasn't. For one thing, Grant's usual choice of clothing was less 'casual' than John's jeans-and-T-shirt ensemble. Today, he was wearing a pair of olive drab Levi's and a khaki shirt that looked vaguely military, making him look like a youngish 'British Colonel' sort of guy. Moreover, his jaw had gained definition with the clenching of his teeth, making him look almost 'heroic'.

More than anything, though, it was the look in Grant's dark eyes that caused his much bigger, more muscular friend to take an involuntary step back.

"*Shit?*" Grant asked. "That's what you think my revelation to you about my new studies is? Shit?"

John held up his hands, defensively. He'd always known that his more studious friend was damn-near a genius, and knew that he had all sorts of odd interests to study, but...

"Magic?" John said. "C'mon, Grant - you have to know better than to believe in... in... fairy-tales." "*Oh...*?" Grant said, his voice tight.

"Look, Grant - I'm sorry." John tried to placate his friend.

"No - you don't believe me." Grant said, angrily - and John winced. Not exactly the most socially adapt person on the face of the planet, a lot of Grant's self-image was tied up in his knowledge and intelligence - and John had just questioned that.

"I made a sincere offer to you, an offer to let your ex-boss spend a few hours as a dog or a pig to teach him a lesson - and do you thank me?" Grant railed. "No! You mock me!"

"Grant..." John tried again.

"No! I'm going to prove to you that - fledgling as they may be - I have magical abilities, painstakingly culled from ancient books, decoded and... well, you won't understand the whole technique. Just let me say that, out of the all the magical disciplines, the only one I have a firm grasp of so far is metamorphic magic - changing one living organism into another." Grant sat back down and crossed his arms over his chest. "So - go ahead and choose."

"Choose what...?" John asked, hesitantly.

"Choose what you'd like to see me turn myself into." Grant said, confidently.

"This... really isn't necessary..." John tried to dissuade his friend. He had thought maybe the whole magic thing was an on-going joke. After all, Grant *did* have an unusual sense of humor - but now John could see that his friend truly believed he was a... a wizard or something.

It was worrying the hell out of him.

"Uh, uh." Grant shook his head. "You don't believe me, so I'm going to show you - so go ahead and choose!"

On any other day, things might have turned out differently - but John did have a short fuse that day, so, angrily, he blurted out the first thing that came to mind...

"Okay - turn yourself into a woman." "Fine, I'll..." Grant blinked. " 'Scuse me?"

Now John was the one who was angry, although in a cooler, more sarcastic way. Another time, he would have let it go, but...

"You said you'd turn yourself into anything I said." He almost taunted. "So go ahead - let's see you turn into a woman."

"Um... perhaps a horse? Maybe a dragon...?" Grant suggested, blushing furiously.

"Naw - it'd scratch the floor, and then there's the fire risks..." John said, sarcastically. "Go ahead - be a girl, Grant."

Grant was blushing furiously. "Look, John - you can't..."

"I thought so..." John said, smugly - then instantly regretted the way he was treating his friend. He opened his mouth to apologize...

"*Fine!*" Grant retorted, angrily. Reaching into his shirt pocket, he removed an item John had seen him working on in the past few weeks, without recognizing its significance - a pendant, traced in odd, writhing designs. John had seen Grant create this out of solder, but had dismissed it as one of Grant's many hobbies. Now, he watched as Grant carefully placed that black leather strap it was attached to around his neck. Closing his eyes, he began chanting in an odd, dissonant voice, waving his arms in obscure motions.

"Uh... Grant?" John said, hesitantly, as the heavy-set youth continued to form the jaw-dislocating words, his arms weaving in complex - and painful-looking - patterns. "I'm sorry... You don't have to do this..."

Grant continued on, oblivious to John's half-hearted apology. For his part, John was worried about his friend's sanity - this was more than Grant's 'off-beat' personality...

After another moment, Grant's voice rose to a thundering crescendo - and then he fell silent. John, not sure how to handle his friend's strange actions, sought the right words for the situation...

...then his mind felt as if it were cast in a block of Lucite, coming to a complete halt as he gaped...

...at Grant's chin.

Grant's neatly trimmed goatee had begun to... to ripple, as if being stirred by a powerful, unseen wind. Yet the air of the apartment was completely still...

...and then the hair of the goatee began to fall out. A little at a time, then more rapidly, the hair dropped from Grant's face, dusting the front of the beige shirt with the short, dark strands, the rest of it tumbling to the ground.

"Damn..." Grant muttered, his voice warbling oddly. "That itches..."

"Uh... Grant?" John said, unsure whether this was some practical joke or not. Knowing Grant, it was quite possible he'd shaved, then used a special 'time-release glue' he'd invented, just so he could set this joke up...

...but that wouldn't explain the way that his thick, heavy mane of already full hair was slowly growing longer, curling back over his shoulders.

It definitely wouldn't explain the way his face muscles were twitching and rippling, as if they were changing...

John staggered back a few steps as Grant ground his teeth together and strained to contain a moan - whatever was happening, it obviously wasn't a pleasant sensation. Wide-eyed, John could do little but make incoherent noises and watch as his friend...

...changed.

Grant's face was still twitching and writhing in a highly unnatural fashion - but now John could actually see the changes occurring - the way his nose was becoming smaller and slimmer, while the flesh of his face seemed to be melting, allowing the jaw and cheeks to become better defined...

But the changes were in no way limited to Grant's face, and John felt his eyes slipping downwards, watching as his friend's beefy shoulders not only slimmed, but drew narrower. The front of his shirt, usually rounded over Grant's well-defined belly, was slowly falling inward as that substantial gut was melting away - but it hung 'strangely' as Grant's chest not only didn't recede, but seemed to be swelling.

"Uh... Oh..." Grant gasped in an odd, high-pitched tone of voice - and his hands (which were becoming slimmer with longer, more slender fingers and longer nails) darted down to the waist-band of his pants, which were now stretching tighter over hips that were becoming wider and an ass that, if not exactly becoming fuller, wasn't shrinking as fast as the rest of his body, and was quickly becoming firmer.

Awkwardly, making a moaning sound in the back of his throat, Grant kicked the now too-large shoes of his feet and quickly stripped off his pants, leaving him only in his boxer-briefs...

...which were clinging tightly to wider hips and fuller ass, but displaying very little bulge at the crotch. "Holy... Shit..." Jon muttered, numbly, as he gaped at his friend.

Grant's legs were already devoid of hair, apparently having shed all body hair at the same time as his facial hair - but John could see the twitching, writhing muscles of Grant's legs conforming to new - and definitely feminine - contours above feet that were obviously smaller and daintier...

A groaning sound drew John's eyes from those changing legs - to where Grant's almost completely feminine hands were struggling desperately to undo the stressed buttons holding the beige shirt taut over the new - and quite large - mounds beneath. Mounds that were continuing to swell, despite the fact that breasts larger than a triple 'D' cup must already lurk beneath the fabric.

"Oh.. It hurts.." Grant cried, dropping to now-quite-cute legs, his... her...? voice definitely in the female register as she struggled to get her shirt undone. Her body was shaking with the force that was reshaping her from the inside out, altering bone and flesh and sinew...

With a final, defiant cry, she tore open her shirt, letting a enormous, round pair of tits heave into view... then collapsed on her side, panting for breath, as the last changes racked her now completely feminine body, prompting a long, low moan in her now completely feminine voice.

John staggered... then dropped to his knees, seeing gray at the edge of his vision as his body threatened to black-out from the shock of what he'd seen - and what he was still seeing.

Dressed in the remains of Grant's clothes was a woman - a somewhat tall woman, with a slender, supple, well-toned body - and a pair of huge, firm tits, easily the size of a pair of basket-balls, and nearly as firm, each one tipped with a large, thick nipple.

Her face was... feminine. Not a stunning beauty, but definitely attractive, it was the face a sister of Grant's might have had, had Grant had any sisters. Though different, it obviously came from the same genetic make-up, with the same, slightly too-square jaw, the almost patrician nose - and the dark, somewhat deep-set eyes that, on Grant, had looked 'mysterious' - and, on her, looked sultry, especially framed by long, dark lashes.

Her lips were full, in a feminine way, but not overly so. In fact, her face was like most of her body - feminine, mildly attractive, but not enough to cause undue comment.

The only part of this new woman that didn't match that 'slightly better than average' routine was her breasts - her enormous, round tits that thrust so defiantly from her chest.

Slowly, stiffly, the newly-formed woman sat up with a moan.

"well..." She said, her voice a warm contralto that was almost overpoweringly feminine. "That was interesting..."

She looked down at herself, and grinned ruefully. "I think I overdid it one these, huh?" She said, her slender new hands coming up to lightly cup her massive new endowments, one finger sliding lightly - seductively - over a huge, erect nipple...

"Stop that...!" John demanded, hoarsely.

The woman who had been Grant looked startled as she dropped her hand away from her massive new breast and stared at her friend, who was pale and shaking - and looking away from her.

"John...?" Grant said, slowly getting to her feet.

John's too-pale face suddenly flushed brightly at the sound of her sexy, feminine voice, and he used his heels to scoot backwards away from her. "Get.. get something on..."

"What...?" Grant said, confused, glancing down at her naked, huge-busted new body, clad in just a pair of over-stretched boxer-briefs. "What's wrong, John?"

"What's wrong!" John said with a humorless bark of laughter, still not looking at her. "My best friend just, magically, turned himself into a woman - and now I'm getting turned on by him... her.. I mean..."

"Oh..." Grant said, hiding a grin. "Sorry. Here, I'll change back "

The new woman lifted her arms - causing her huge tits to bounce and sway - and began to incant... then switched back to normal English. "Shit!"

"What?" John said, glancing up - then, finding himself staring at her, glancing away, blush deepening.

"I'm not going to be changing back anytime soon." She said, slumping into a chair. "I'll have to re-learn the incantation - I can't match the same tones as before, with this different jaw, tongue and vocal chords." She shrugged, causing more interesting things to happen to her enormous bust - and John cursed himself for noticing. "I guess I'll have to get used to this, for now."

"Just get dressed!" John demanded - pleaded. Grant laughed, and rose from the chair to pad off. She returned a few minutes later, wrapping a heavy blue bathrobe around her shapely new form, while John busied himself with making coffee.

"There... better?" Grant said, slowly spinning in a circle...

...which caused the hem to flare out, revealing quite a bit of her new, feminine legs. John flushed, but nodded anyway.

"Sorry - it was just kind of freaking me out, you know..." He said, apologetically. "...what, finding my really male best friend suddenly so sexy. I suppose you understand."

"No, I don't." Grant said, casually. "After all, I find you incredibly sexy right now."

The coffee-pot hit the floor and bounced twice, splattering water across the floor. Luckily, it was tough, and didn't chip or shatter.

"What?!" John said, in a strangled voice.

Grant shrugged. "Part of the spell. You can either set it up as a curse, like I would have cast on your boss for you, or as a straight spell, which I cast on myself. With the spell, I feel completely comfortable being female - and my sexuality was reversed as well as my gender."

She said all of this casually, as if it were no big deal. Even as she bent over - giving John a fabulous view of her cleavage - and began to wipe up the water with a tea towel, she continued to talk, just as casually.

"In fact, until I became a woman, I didn't realize how amazingly handsome you are - so big and strong and cheerful, so easy-going and kind. You're... a near perfect man."

"I... you... But..." John stammered... then ran from the room, mind spinning.

Watching him go, the new woman shrugged, then finished cleaning up the mess and set about getting the coffee started.

It was two hours before John reappeared, moving stiffly and awkwardly into the living room, where she was curled up on the couch watching TV, her easy, unconscious pose too damned sexy for John's comfort.

"I.. think we need to talk..." John said, awkwardly.

"Sounds like." She agreed with a serious grin, as she sat up. "I don't understand, John - why are you so.. upset that a woman finds you attractive?"

"Because you're really a man!" John said, eyes bulging.

She stood up and threw her robe open, revealing every inch of her new body. John gurgled, wise eyed.

"Do I look like a man to you, john?" She asked, almost angrily.

"You know what I mean!" john said, looking away - and cursing his cock, which had stirred at the sight.

Grant sighed. ":Look, John. I was a man, yes. And I will be a man again someday... probably. But, right now, I am biologically and emotionally female. I have all the memories, interests and morals that I had, as a man - but, as a woman, I am sexually interested in men. Of whom, you are the most attractive to me." She shrugged. "Now, if you're not comfortable with that, then nothing will happen. It's not like I can rape you, or anything."

"But..." John stammered.

"Look - I'm a woman now." She said, with a sigh. "For better or worse, that's how you're going to have to treat me, while I am. I'm not going to pretend to be a man - and, frankly, I don't think I can pull that off, not with these.." She gestured at her staggering bust-line. "so - just pretend I'm somebody else.

Pretend.. pretend I'm Grant's sister, Gracie, staying for a week or so." "Grant doesn't have a sister..." John replied.

"He does now..." Gracie said, with a grin. "Starting now, I absolutely refuse to be 'Grant'. I won't answer to that name. No, I'm Gracie, grant's sister, and Grant told me all about you, so I know you even though we've never met. Okay?"

John opened his mouth... and realized that he really didn't have a choice. Until Grant... Gracie found a way to change back, this was probably the easiest way to deal with the weird situation.

"Okay... Gracie..."

"Good..." She said, with a grin - then, suddenly, she pouted theatrically.

"Gee, John..." She said, over-exaggerating a sad voice. "The airline lost all my luggage. I haven't a shred of clothes. Do you think you can take me shopping?"

John opened his mouth - and realized that 'Gracie' didn't have a valid driver's license. "Of course."

The new woman borrowed some of his clothes. It looked ludicrous, but the over-sized pants managed to slip over her womanly hips, something Grant's pants would never do - and even his over-sized sweatshirt fit snug over her huge mounds.

John was amazed to find that, even in ill-fitting men's clothing, he found her incredibly attractive. He'd always been a breast man, a fan of over-sized, round tits - and he'd never liked the too-regular features of models or Hollywood starlets. With her cute-yet-approachable looks and huge bust, the woman Gracie had, inadvertently, become was damned near his ideal woman, and it made ignoring her all that more difficult...

...especially since he knew that she was sexually attracted to him. He had to keep reminding himself who she 'really' was, otherwise he might do or say something incredibly stupid - and, in this situation, disgusting, when you considered who he'd really be saying it to, regardless of the body she now wore. It was still really Grant...

Worse - she seemed to take this 'role-playing' seriously enough that it made things worse. She insisted on getting his opinions on clothing, modeling it for him - and she seemed determined to actually flatter her new figure, buying understated-yet sexy clothes that (damn it) he thought she looked spectacular in.

She even bought make-up and jewelry, for god's sake! She even went to a beauty salon, and emerged with a complete make-over and new hairstyle.. and looking even better than ever. John's cock had no idea what was really going on, insisting on responding as if she were really a woman - and making John think he was going to go crazy from the difference between what he saw, and what he knew.

But what was his choice? He could either 'play along' - or try and treat her like Grant, which wouldn't make the situation any better for him, and would prod her into making it worse, since she refused to be 'Grant' while she was female. It was nearly enough to make him schizoid.

By the times he was done shopping, doing her make-over, and getting her hair done, John was beginning to half-believe she might be female after all - because they'd shopped until the mall was closing, and she'd bought a whole pile of stuff. She was even ankling her way out of the mall in two- and-a-half inch, somewhat blockish heels, the highest she could walk in without practice.

"Well - that was invigorating!" She said, with a smile. "Let's head home."

It wasn't until they were in the confined space of the car that John realized that she'd also applied some perfume, a potent fragrance that made him all-to-aware of the apparently female person sitting next to him, chatting with him so wittily and charmingly. The thing was... it was the same conversation, more or less, that he would have had with Grant, if things hadn't changed - and John was discovering, female body aside, that he enjoyed spending time with Gracie as he did with Grant, that the things that made Grant such a good friend were now making Gracie... absolutely amazing.

By the time they got home, he thought he was going to just vaporize, simply decompress and explode into his component atoms, from the pressure on his brain. She wasn't being... seductive. At least, not acting that way - but her very being, every detail about her, was so utterly perfect, that it was driving John absolutely insane. He was right beside his ideal woman, one who was his fantasy in every way, one who had even told him that she found him incredibly sexy - and he couldn't do a damned thing about it!

"Well, I think I'm going to hit the sack..." He said, practically the instant he brought the last bag of her purchases to her room.

"Okay." She said, cheerfully. "I'm just going to slip into something more comfortable and watch a little TV."

He headed off to his room and slipped off his clothing, sliding between the crisp sheets on his bed...

...and stared up at the ceiling, completely unable to get 'Gracie' out of his mind.

For nearly an hour, he lay like that, staring up at the dark ceiling. She was perfect, and she wouldn't get out of his head. Even though he knew it was really Grant inside that luscious body, that didn't help defuse his problem, - because he liked Grant, always had. They shared a lot of things in common - and to find that personality in that luscious body Gracie had, only meant that she was more than 'just' perfect, physically - she was everything he could ever want in a woman.

He rolled over and stared at the accusing red numbers on his LED clock. He knew that it was a combination of things keeping him from getting to sleep, and he decided that the best thing to do was get up, watch some TV, keep his body going until he was exhausted enough to sleep. Otherwise he was going to lay here all night, thinking of her soft, perfect flesh, her huge, glorious tits, her...

Forcing his mind to derail that train of thought, John pulled on his bathrobe and headed downstairs.

The TV was on, and it was showing 'The Princess bride' - a movie that John and Grant both enjoyed, which meant Gracie did too, of course. From the sounds in the kitchen, it sounded like Gracie was just finishing up Grant's habitual Midnight snack - and the thought that he knew every detail about the personality of this gorgeous, perfect woman only made the longing for her worse, since she wasn't his to have - she wasn't even 'she', really...

Then the door to the kitchen swung open, and she stepped into the light...

..and stopped. "oh! I thought you went to bed!" she said, her hands rising instinctively to try and shield herself.

Not because she was nude - no, nude would have been easier to ignore than how she was dressed.

She wore a black 'corset' gown, trimmed in dark-purple lace. The upper half of the gown was designed to be tight-fitting, like a corset - but in her case, it was even tighter, barely covering the nipples of her enormous tits as the ties that ran up the center of the garment strained over the massive cleavage that was fully displayed by the wide-spread halves of the gown.

The lower half of the gown was a filmy material, the black fabric nearly see-through - and it was obvious that she was wearing no panties from the way the darker triangle of her pubic hair could be faintly seen through the gauzy material. She was, however, wearing black nylons, which encased her legs right down to the high-heeled pumps she was wearing.

John began to blush as he felt his manhood harden under his robe, and she moved with unconscious, sensuous grace across the room and sat down beside him on the couch, only making the situation worse.

Then, suddenly, in a strange tone of voice, she said "the hell with it..."

...and rolled over, swinging one leg so she ended up kneeling over his lap, her huge tits pressed firmly into his chest, her face only inches away from his...

...and then even closer, as she kissed him.

For a second, he was too stunned to react. All he could do is feel her warm body pressed against his, those perfect tits against his chest, separated only by two thin layers of cloth, her firm lips against his as her silken tongue slid between his stunned lips and... he pushed her back, but not roughly. "What the hell are you doing...?" He stammered, the kiss still lingering on his lips - and in his mind.

"John..." She said, softly. "I lied to you." "What...?"

"I've changed myself into a woman a dozen times now, getting this look just right." She said. "I could change back anytime... if I wanted to."

"But..." John said, confused.

"I don't want too." She said, softly. "John... I've never, ever been sexually attracted to anybody, male or female, ever. Not once. I also haven't managed to be close to anybody... except you. In my life, you were the one person I felt any spark of... of kinship with, even though it was completely asexual. So, I decided, I would see what happened if I became a woman. I figured, over time, I might get you to... to love me. Maybe, then, I could learn to love you - you, the only person I've ever truly liked, the only person I've felt any emotions toward at all."

John was stunned. "I.. You mean, you.. never felt attracted to a woman. You're.. gay?"

"Not gay..." She said. "Emotionally crippled. I've never felt strong emotions in my life, and the few emotions I have felt have been.. transient. Quick to fade. Oh, sure, I act angry or happy or sad - but I'm just acting " She paused. "Except with you. With you, I could actually feel the emotions. When we did something fun I enjoyed it. When you did something annoying - I got mad. Really."

This was... overwhelming. "And.. you became a woman... to ?"

"To try and get closer to you." Gracie said. "I thought that if I spent enough time - months - looking like your dream woman, your attitude towards me might deepen. Maybe I could feel more emotions if you were more.. attentive to me." She hesitated - she smiled in a way that made his heart skip a beat. "What I never counted on was seeing you for the first time after making myself female, this morning... and finding myself incredibly, overwhelmingly sexually attracted to you. I was still planning a long, slowly, subtle seduction but, damnit, I can't wait that long!"

John shook his head, slowly, trying to cope with this new information. "No.. I... I can't.."

"can't what?" Gracie asked, leaning forward to his neck, her voice dropping to a whisper as she put her full, soft lips near his ear. "Can't accept that I'm your fantasy brought to life?"

Undoing the ties on her gown, she parted the top of his robe and pressed her huge tits against his bare chest, huge nipples pressed into his flesh.

"Can't accept that I want to make you happy?" She said, kissing him on his lips. He was too stunned to react, still trying to cope.

"Can't accept..." She said, sliding off of him and to her knees, fingers reaching forward. "that somebody you already like, somebody in the body of your fantasy woman finds you incredibly sexy, and wants to spend the rest of her life... doing things like this?" then she parted his robe, freeing his hard, throbbing cock - and wrapped her slender, long-nailed hands around it.

"This.. is wrong..." John said, gasping, trying to summon up his will to resist. "You.. you're a guy!"

"Not anymore..." She said, huskily. "...and never again. This is the gender I choose for the rest of my life, John. Whether you'll accept me as your partner or not, no matter what happens - I'm staying female, forever. All you have to decide is whether you let me spend my female life with you, loving you, pleasing you, or if you turn me away."

Then she bent forward, her massive breasts pressing against his legs - and wrapped her full new lips around his cock.

He moaned, reaching down and putting his hands on her shoulders, intending to push her away...

...but then she began to tongue his cock, slowly moving her head up and down on his shaft, and he couldn't do it. He couldn't tell his fantasy woman to stop sucking his cock.

She wasn't very skilled - but she was a fast learner, and very eager. She worked his cock over but good, her hands working the base and shaft as her tongue and lips worked in concert on his upper shaft and head. He moaned in pleasure at her long, slow manipulation, feeling like he should stop this, but unable to... then she stopped, herself, his cock glistening with her saliva.

"Please... I want to feel you inside of me" She said, huskily, slowly climbing up on the couch again.

She spread her legs and straddled him - and he could see she was telling the truth about one thing, because the cunt hovering over his cock was wet and ready.

"Please.. john..." She said - and now she was near tears as she begged him. "Don't.. don't turn me away.."

'This is GRANT!' John's mind screamed...

...and then answered itself in an instant, when that phrase struck home.

Grant. His best friend. The one who'd done things for him through the years, the one he could always trust, the one who was always there for him...

..and he, john, had reduced grant - no matter what body he/she was in - to tears, begging for something from him when he/she had quite literally give up everything (including his body and identity) for him.

"Oh, Gracie.." John moaned, putting his hands on Gracie's womanly hips and pulling downward, guiding her waiting cunt onto his hard, ready cock. He leaned forward and kissed those perfect lips, his hands going to her huge tits as she began to pump her body up and down on his cock.

"Yes.. yes " She cried, moving faster and faster as she rode his cock. "Oh, John - yes! John, I love you!"

John didn't answer her, his face buried in her huge, bouncing cleavage as she rode him, his own moans of pleasure muffled and eclipsed by hers.

Then, at the same instant, they came, bodies wracked by the force of their orgasm as they screamed out in pleasure, her voice overriding his as she achieved her first female orgasm...

..and second...

...and third.

Panting and covered in a sheen of sweat, they collapsed together, her cunt still encasing his softening cock.

"Oh, John..." She moaned. "That was... perfect."

"Yeah.." he said, stunned with the intensity of his orgasm. "Uh, Gracie...?" hearing the tone of his voice, she stiffened - then pulled away from him.

"I.. understand..." She said, resolutely but tearfully, as she slid off of him. "I hoped that you might... but I..."

"No!" John hastened to correct her, causing her to turn and look at him, half afraid to hope. "No - no, that's not what I meant. Gracie - please, promise you'll never leave me! I've found the one woman on the face of the planet who is perfect for me. I've accepted that, no matter who you were before.. or, rather, because of who you were!"

"Oh, John!" the new woman cried, collapsing into his arms with a tearful smile. "Then.. what were you going to say...?"

"Oh..." John said, blushing and suddenly very serious. "I, uh... well..."

"Yes?" Gracie said, lightly tapping his ribs. "come on - you know you can say anything to me. We've been friends for years..."

"Well, uh.." John said, awkwardly. "I.. wasn't wearing a condom, and you.. well...?" He trailed off questioningly...

...and Gracie's eyes widened as she realized that she still had a few things - *important* things - to learn about being female...

* * * * *

The wedding and the birth occurred less the two months apart...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: What he thinks is a just a pledge hazing turns goes south when he is injected with a secret serum which turns him into his own fantasy of what a woman should be.

Alpha Male

By Gunslinger

Terry Rideou was halfway to the store when the van pulled to a screeching halt beside him and a trio of muscular, black-clad men in ski-masks spilled out the open side door.

Terry had a few second's warning as the sound of well-worn breaks screaming in protest dragged his head around, allowing him to see the dilapidated, dark-colored van come to a shuddering stop. Even as it halted, the trio of faceless attackers

were scrambling out in a nearly well-coordinated movement - but there was a few feet between them and Terry, who was standing near the entrance of one of the many narrow alleys that riddled the older downtown section near where he lived. He knew these alleys like the back of his hand, having grown up in the neighborhood, and - unlike his massively built assailants - he had the rangy physique that bespoke his prowess as both sprinter and marathon runner. There was no doubt that he could outrun the trio of men, whose sheer bulk would be a liability in a foot-race.

With all that in his favor, the tall, ruggedly-handsome youth with the short mop of sandy blond hair only made a token sprint for safety, making almost no distance as a pair of attackers grabbed him, the third slipping a bag over his face and cutting off the late afternoon light. He barely even struggled, making more noise than any real hindrance, as they tossed him - fairly gently - into the back of the van, the sound of the door being slid shut mingling with the roar of the engine and the squeal of the tires as the noisy vehicle accelerated away from the curb.

The reason that Terry didn't put up much of a struggle was actually quite simple. He was looking forward to the 'kidnapping'.

Well, not necessarily to the kidnapping per se - he didn't know what the 'attack' was going to be, and he wasn't looking forward to the attack for its own sake. What he was looking forward to, however, was what the attack stood for. Though the method, execution and style varied from year to year and from person to person, the fact that he was 'attacked' was a sign that he was being seriously considered for membership in his college's most prestigious fraternity - the Alpha Kappa Delta's.

The procedure for becoming an Alpha Male wasn't an easy one. The Alpha's were a small, 'elite' fraternity, and they took their membership seriously. Their initiations for pledges were serious tests that went through twelve different stages, each one of which winnowed down the prospective group of pledges further and further. Terry had already been through eleven of the steps, and had been waiting, with baited breath, the final stage - if he was considered to be 'the right type' of guy for the Alpha's. That was one of the cruelties of the Alpha initiation's last stage - they never, ever told anyone flat out that they'd failed. Instead, they simply refused to move on to the next step for the failed pledge

- but there was no set interval between stages, so each prospective member went through a torture of anxiety, not knowing whether the next stage was yet to come, or if they'd been dropped altogether.

So - now he knew that he was still in the running - and had a fairly good shot at making it to 'Alpha Male' status. All he had to do was pass this final test...

...whatever it was.

As the van shimmied and rattled, sounding as if each part wanted to separate from each other part, Terry lay on the metal floorboards and simply soaked up the vibrations rattling through the vehicle's frame. With his vision occluded by the black hood over his head, he concentrated on the sounds he heard, trying to gather as much information as possible about his

surroundings, the route the vehicle was taking, and anything else he could note - he didn't know what information would determine success or failure in the unknown test he was starting, so he strove to gather it all, impossible as that might be.

Above the noise of the engine and the hum of the tires, he could hear the traffic sounds of other vehicles slowly decreasing, which told him that they were heading away from the center of town, maybe towards the suburbs. He could also hear the other occupants in the vehicle talking in low voices, but was unable to distinguish the individual words themselves, leaving him unable to understand what was actually being said, aside from the occasional word or two.

Though he knew it couldn't be all that long a trip, it seemed to Terry that they'd been traveling forever - his adrenaline level was high with excitement and anxiety, and time tried to drag interminably as he lay motionless, afraid to do anything lest it screw up his chances to succeed at the test.

Then, his mind working overtime, he began to wonder if doing nothing, in itself, would cause the failure of the test...

The more he thought about it, the more he began to worry - what if the test itself was to see if he had the guts to risk expulsion by trying to escape. What if not trying would be the failure, whereas successfully avoiding the hypothetical test would be the successful outcome of the real test? What was he going to do?

Finally, he could stand it no more. Taking a deep, silent breath, Terry braced himself...

...then contracted the taut muscles of his abdomen, pulling himself into a sitting position using them alone as his hands rose to yank off the mask...

...only to be stopped dead before he got fairly started, firm hands grasping his arms and forcing him back to the floor. The only way that could have happened was if two of the vehicle's occupants had been sitting beside him silently, ready for just such an attempt.

Now that he'd started on this course of action, he couldn't back out - succeed or fail, he had to play out the choice he'd made. So, he began to struggle against the arms that held him, making a fine balance between honest effort to escape and the knowledge that this wasn't truly a dangerous situation, and he couldn't fight indiscriminately.

Not that he had a snowball's chance in hell, anyway - not with two muscle-bound youths fighting against him in an enclosed environment - they definitely had the upper hand. There was no way he could win the fight - he was just praying that the attempt itself was what they were hoping for, as part of the test.

More time passed while he was held immobile, making the occasional - vain - attempt to 'escape'. Then he heard the pitch of the engine changing as the hum of pavement changed to the crackle of gravel under the tires. This sound continued for a good fifteen minutes, letting Terry know he must be on one of the myriad rural routes that lay outside the city limits, a good distance from either his apartment or the campus - giving him an idea of what was to come.

Finally, the vehicle pulled to a stop, the feel of gravity indicating that they were on the back-side slope of a hill somewhere out in farm country. A short pause ensued, then the hood was pulled from his face.

The light from the over-head dome wasn't all that bright, but Terry had been hooded for at least half an hour, and it took several seconds for his eyes to adjust. When they did, he found himself in the back of a van filled with the detritus of its day-time function as the janitor's van - mops, buckets and odd cleaning supplies vied for the space filled by the five youths who had filled the van, now looming over him with their mask-covered faces focused on him alone.

"Okay, bud, listen up." One of the masked men said, trying to (and not quite succeeding) sound gruff and threatening. "We've been hearing things about some group that calls themselves the 'Alphas', and we want to know all about them. Now, you got three choices here. First: You can tell us all you know, and we'll take you back home."

Opening a small satchel, the masked man extracted a hypodermic syringe. It was about a quarter filled with a slightly yellowish liquid.

"Second: we can inject you with this. This is Pentobarbital Sodium - a kind of 'truth serum'. Then, after we wring you dry, we'll dump you here and you can try and get home by yourself, while still doped up. Trying to flag down a cop for help in that state would be... interesting, I would think."

He gestured, and a second masked youth reached into the bag and pulled out another needle - this one full to the top of a murky, dark-green fluid that looked decidedly unpleasant.

"Third choice - you manage to keep from talking under the truth serum - and we inject you with this, then bury your body where it'll never be found. So, pal - what's it gonna be."

Terry now knew exactly what was going to happen. Rule number one about the Alphas was simple - you never, ever, under any circumstance, discussed anything about them with anyone else. True, these guys were really Alpha Males themselves, but for the purpose of the test he was supposed to pretend they weren't. If he simply blabbed things about them, he'd fail for sure.

"Forget it - I'm not telling you a damned thing." Terry said, defiantly. He could have chosen to deny he knew anything, but figured that this would 'look better'.

"Okay, then - the truth serum." The man said. He nodded at one of the youths holding Terry's arm, and the youth pushed up the sleeve of the light-gray sweatshirt Terry was wearing, holding firmly onto his arm.

The first attacker then leaned forward, squeezed the plunger on the needle slightly to make sure there was no air bubbles in the syringe - then plunged the needle into Terry's vein and emptied the contents of it into his bloodstream.

Terry hadn't been sure how much of this was a bluff, and how much was 'real', to make the test truly demanding. He wasn't terribly surprised at being injected, though - many of the Alphas were taking pre-med, so they were probably using 'truth

serum', exactly as advertised. Just to see how much willpower he had, as well as to test his willingness to 'take a needle' for the Alphas.

The assailants sat back on their heels and waited, their obvious leader keeping an eye on his watch - obviously, he knew what he was doing, and knew how long it took for Pentobarbital Sodium to reach it's full effect. The whole 'abduction and interrogation' routine was well worked out and played, impressing Terry with the Alpha's dedication and imaginations....

Murphy's Law is famous, the world over. Everybody knows it, or some close variation on it. Slightly less known is O'Tooles comment on Murphy's Law:

'Murphy was an optimist'....

The van was parked on a hill. The van was also old, dilapidated - and currently 'untended', the occupants all in the back. So, there was no one immediately handy when the parking brake began to slip, and the van began to roll forward, rapidly gathering speed as the vehicle rolled down the incline.

With a curse, the masked youth nearest the driver's seat scrambled to the front of the van, Terry watching him move with an odd sensation. It seemed almost as if the youth was moving in slow motion, though he was obviously hurrying. At the same time, the whole scene seemed to be oddly exaggerated in it's aspects - everything seemed heightened in intensity, with the colors being starker, the noises being sharply and clearly. Strangely, despite the enhanced sensations, it was also strange distant from Terry, as if he was watching it all on a movie screen - a high resolution, high-contrast movie screen with Dolby Surround sound, granted, but with that odd disconnection from his own sense of self. It took a second for him to register that it must be an effect of the drug kicking in - his own thought processes were also effected with a duality, trivial thoughts and ideas seemingly clearer and more profound then they'd ever been before, yet his ability to separate important thoughts from unimportant ones and follow them to a logical conclusion was fuzzy and difficult.

He watched the slow-motion figure of the youth slip behind the wheel, and it seemed that he could read the man's near-panic through the set of his shoulders and angle of his wrists. Terry could actually see each of the muscles in the man's legs move in a chain reaction as they bunched under the dark jeans he wore, pushing his foot down on the brake with a firm motion, 'slamming' the breaks in a languorous set of motions.

In the 'real' world, the actions were quick and hard, and the van rocked to a sudden stop just before it would have rolled off the curving road at the bottom of the hill and down the embankment.

The sudden stop jolted all the passengers forward...

Terry could feel the needle the third youth was still holding slide into his arm. It seemed to take forever to slide through his skin and into his vein, and it seemed to Terry that the slender metal spike was the size of the Empire State Building as it shouldered aside cells to make room for itself in his flesh. Then the rubber seal at the top of the needle itself pressed against his skin, stopping the forward motion of the needle - and the continued weight of the youth holding it forced the plunger inward,

sending the contents of the syringe into Terry's bloodstream, where he could feel it slowly spreading throughout his bloodstream, seeming to burn slightly as it spread through the veins and arteries of his suddenly more 'there' body.

"Oh, shit!" John LaPointe swore, under his breath, staring at the empty syringe he held. He was a new pledge himself, made a member of the Alpha's only two days ago. His test had been to break into the bio-med supply room and fill the two syringes - one with a Sodium Pentathol derivative, the other with something 'threatening'. Since they'd never planned to use the second syringe, John hadn't even paid any attention to what he was filling it with, having chosen solely on appearance. He knew that it wasn't a poison, alkaloid or acid, because the different substances were stored in different lockers, and he hadn't bothered to pick the locks on any of the really dangerous cabinets. He'd picked the lock on the Barbiturate cabinet to get the Pentobarbital. Then he'd broken into the Faculty locker to get the 'other drug', because the 'new' drugs that the tenured staff worked on as side-projects were most often the scariest looking. Whatever was now flowing through Terry's veins was one of those projects, a drug that was not designed to be specifically lethal - but, other than that, John had no idea what the drug was, what it would do, or what the correct dosage - and dangerous overdose amount - was.

This could get him kicked out of the Alphas...

A quick glance around showed that nobody had noticed what had happened. All this had taken place in the space of an instant, even his frenzied thoughts and horrified conclusion - and everybody else was focused on the drop-off just in front of the beaten-up Ford's bumper.

Panicked and scared, John dropped the empty syringe into a puddle of cleaning fluid that had spilled, then stepped on it with his heel, crushing it.

"Shit!" He swore loudly, drawing the leader's attention. Catching John's point of focus, he looked down

- and saw the shattered syringe, the fluid surrounding it keeping him from realizing that it had been empty.

"Don't worry about it." The leader of the little group said, shortly - he was angry at the unplanned situation, but was forcing himself from lashing out at somebody else because of it, and was actually being more reasonable about the 'accident' with the syringe as a result.

"Sorry..." John said. In another situation, he would have been caught cold from the expression on his face, but the featureless ski-mask he wore hid his guilty expression from view.

Terry wasn't about to tell on John - he was lost in a sort of a daze, his drugged mind having latched onto the idea of a great new type of infallible parking break. Though he remembered being injected, and had planned to say something, it didn't seem as important as the new train of thought he'd hit upon, which seemed so obvious and clear that he couldn't believe that he hadn't thought of it before...

"Hey, Terry." The leader of the group said, snapping his fingers in front of Terry's face, breaking his chain of thought. For a second, Terry just stared at the fingers in front of his face, amazed at their shape and texture, and the way they moved as they slipped across one another with slow, sharp movements. A second later, Terry's mind made the connection between the fingers themselves and the muffled reports that seemed to echo through his head, and he realized that he was watching a hand snapping its fingers. His brain then slowly connected a chain of reasoning, and Terry realized that the man whose hand belonged to was trying to get his attention.

His body feeling heavy and slow, Terry slowly forced himself to focus on the man in the ski-mask.

Seeing he had what little attention Terry could give, the masked man began to question Terry about the Alphas. Nothing serious, and the answers didn't matter to him - he just watched as Terry struggled against the drug's effect on him.

It was a foregone conclusion that Terry would eventually answer the questions. It took considerable training to be able to 'spoo' the drug. What interested the leader of the group was how well Terry fought. Finally, satisfied that Terry was giving the answers 'unwillingly', he decided that Terry had passed the first half of the test, and it was time to proceed to stage two.

"Already - that's all we need to know." He said, not bothering to act the 'thug' anymore - Terry was in no condition to notice. Gesturing, the leader had one of the others help him, and they hauled Terry out of the van.

"Okay - now you get to find your own way home." The leader said, as he and his companion climbed back into the van, which was now running. The vehicle backed away from the edge of the embankment, made a three-point turn, then sped off....

...just as it was beginning to dawn on Terry what he was supposed to do.

He stood there on the side of the dirt-and-gravel road, just soaking up the atmosphere of the late summer evening. The sun was heading for the horizon behind a stand of trees, stark shadows intermingled with long, slanting rays of pinkish-orange light. A soft, cool wind was stirring the foliage, and Terry found himself entranced in the motion of the leaves...

..after a few minutes, it dawned on him that he was just standing there staring at a bunch of trees, and he snapped his attention away from them, feeling disjointed and awkward. He looked around again, recalling which direction the van had come from, and departed to - up the hill he was now facing, the one it had rolled down.

It seemed to take considerable effort to get his body moving - it felt heavy and awkward and uncoordinated, as if his brain wasn't directly connected to his body. He felt as if 'Terry', the quintessential him, was a small man inside the head of the body, looking out through the eyes and operating a complex series of levers, switches and knobs to make the body work. At the same time, all his senses seemed hyperactive, reporting things with more clarity than he ever thought possible - when the wind ruffled his shortish, unstyled mop of sandy blond hair, he could swear he felt each individual strand's movement.

He'd just started up the hill when his hypersensitive senses began to report something odd going on in his body.

Confused at the strange sensations running through him, he looked down at his left arm, whose sleeve was still pushed up from being injected, and which it hadn't occurred to him to push down. As he stared dopily at the arm, he realized that the flesh itself was writhing, as if it were an ocean and the tide was rolling in. the undulating motion of the flesh and sinew was causing the hairs of his arm to fall out, and he watched them drift to the ground in bemused amazement, not really capable of worrying about it at the moment.

When his eyes made it back to the arm itself, it was because the sensation had 'deepened', now reaching right to the bone itself. He watched in amazement as the arm reshaped itself, becoming slimmer and finer. The wrist narrowed considerably, as the hand at it's end became smaller with longer, more supple fingers, each tipped with a nail that was somewhat longer then it had been before.

It took him a couple of seconds to think about comparing it to his other hand, and he found that both hands had the same, slender appearance.

"hey..." Terry giggled, finding his voice thick and slightly slurred. "I've got hands like a girl!"

Terry's attention was pulled from his hands by a pushing/pulling/swelling sensation elsewhere. His hands slid down to slide across his hips and ass as they slowly expanded outwards, pulling the slightly baggy denim of his faded jeans tighter and tighter s the flesh underneath reformed itself, making his hips wider and his ass fuller and firmer. At the same time, he felt the strangest 'pulling' sensation in his crotch, and he agonizingly fumbled open his fly and slid his hand down his silk boxers just in time to feel the last remnant of his once-proud manhood retreat inside his body. Under his questing fingers, he felt the flesh at his crotch reshaping itself, and he gasped at the sensations created as a clit formed under his roaming fingers, perfectly matched with the rapidly forming cunt.

As amazing as it seemed, his attention could be diverted from his lost manhood and newly-formed womanhood. He was staring down at his crotch, his mind just beginning to catch on to the fact that this wasn't right, when he noticed that his view was being occluded by his sweatshirt, which was slowly being pushed out at the chest, accompanied by an odd swelling sensation. His hands rose from his crotch and slid over the sweat-shirt, and he could feel the firm mounds of flesh beneath the sweater - as well as feel his hand's pressure through the flesh itself.

"I'm growing tits..." He said, as the swelling mounds continued to push out against his hands, already the size of grapefruit and still expanding.

It took a second, then...

"I'm growing *tits!*" Terry gasped, stunned and as horrified as he could get at the moment. "I'm turning into a.. a.. chick!"

There was no denying it - her breast were continuing to expand, even as sensation through the rest of his body informed him that the rest of his body was configuring itself to a new gender.

The initial euphoric 'high' of the drug was wearing off now, though it was still in his system and functioning in its main capacity as a hypnotic. Terry, of course, wasn't aware of that - he just knew that the artificially induced euphoria was fading, allowing him to respond more naturally to what was occurring to his body, even if he still felt somewhat light-headed and disconnected.

"Holy shit!" Terry swore. Completely disregarding any modesty or legal ramifications, he stripped out of his clothes. The worn-but comfortable sneakers, the faded jeans, the sweatshirt - even the athletic socks and the boxers, all came off and were dropped in a pile as she tried to get a good look at the body whose changes were just coming to a completion.

Of course, getting a really good look at your own body is nearly impossible without a mirror - but she definitely tried, even as the sensations from her body fed more information to a brain that was starting to rev up the emotions.

Fighting against the new weight and drag at her chest, Terry leaned over and stared down at a pair of feminine feet. They weren't all that changed, in absolute terms - but what had changed was enough, definitely pushing them into the 'feminine' category, as they'd become slightly shorter in length and significantly narrower in width. The proportions had also altered on more subtle levels, leaving her with feet that were unremarkable for a woman - but definitely remarkable at the base of a person who, until a short time ago, had been male.

Attached to those feet were a slimmer pair of ankles that led up to legs that were feminine, and - while not amazingly so - definitely sexy in a sort of cute, athletically toned way. Those legs led upwards to hips that had suffered relatively minor widening, to the point where they looked feminine, even if they were fairly slim and athletic for a woman. Though the new woman couldn't see her altered ass, she could defiantly tell that it was fuller and firmer, to a considerable degree.

There, nestled between her new, firmly silky thighs, was the undeniable outer lips of a pussy, unadorned by any pubic hair at all.

"I'm not going to faint..." Terry told herself firmly as the world grayed out for a second at the rush of emotions from finding herself 'unmanned'. The words brought little comfort, as they emerged in an unremarkable, but definitely feminine, contralto.

She couldn't see the slender, toned waist she now possessed, though her roaming hands informed her of such. She couldn't see the waist and taut stomach, because of the tits blocking her downward view.

And what a pair of tits they were! Of course, she could only see the upper halves, but what she could see, plus the feel of them in her hesitant, feminine new hands, informed her that they were huge - the size of basketballs, though no piece of sport paraphernalia had ever felt so resiliently soft, so silky smooth. Tipped by large, frank nipples, the massive boobs were almost spherical, gravity not yet having a chance to work on them like naturally-occurring tits. They looked more like surgical implants, with their firm texture and round shape - but, then again, they lacked the under-sized nipples and the unnatural 'hardness' at the center of saline- or silicon-inflated implants.

Her shoulders were somewhat broad for a woman, but not remarkably so - in fact, they were nicely rounded and toned, leading to shapely, smooth arms that matched the undeniable feminine nature of her slightly broad hands. The shoulder blades led to a slimmer neck that led up to the one part that she couldn't see in any form or fashion, her altered facial features - but her fingers could (and did) foam over her face. What they reported to her stunned and dazed brain was a slimmer, if still somewhat squarish jaw, a much smaller nose with more of an upturn at the end, and lips that were considerably fuller and softer than before. They could also inform the new woman of the longer status her eyelashes had achieved, and of the finer, more up-swept eyebrows that had replaced her previously heavy, straight ones. She also found that there had been changes in her cheekbones, which felt higher and slightly more prominent, and in her ears, which were smaller and more finely curved. In fact, the only thing that seemed unchanged was the shaggy mass of sandy-blond hair topping the whole package off.

"Oh... my.. god..." Terry said, heavily, wincing at the sound of her altered voice. Not knowing what else to do, she slowly began to dress as she tried to come to terms with what had happened to her. From what she could gather, she'd been turned into a tomboyishly attractive woman who would have been cute and mildly sexy in a wholesome, somewhat vague sort of way - if you could ignore the massive, spherical tits her athletic frame now sported. In fact, all things considered, she was just about what you'd expect Terry to look like, if she'd been born female - she had the Male Terry's same athletic frame, given the necessary adjustments for gender. In fact, she was the same height as she had been, as a male, and the clothing she was putting on fit pretty well, with the obvious exceptions of the hips, ass and breasts, where it clung much more tightly than it had before.

In fact - Terry realized that she must also be the exact same weight, as - remarkable and 'magical' as the change seemed - there was no way for mass to simply vanish. It had to go somewhere, since her frame was more slender and less muscular, for the most part.

Which, she realized, explained the massive tits thrust so roundly from her chest. All the extra muscle mass had been converted into breast-flesh, and was now straining the sweatshirt to the limit, each round, firm mound clearly defined by the taut fabric covering them.

Her mind was strangely composed and analytical about what had just happened to her - or, more accurately, there was nothing strange about it, despite how it might seem. It was the reaction that any first-year medical - or, perhaps more accurately, psych - student could have recognized.

Terry was in shock.

So many emotions had thrummed through her at one time over what had happened, that her body - in a self-preservation instinct - refused to recognize any of them. Her mind, instead, whirled aimlessly, unable to focus on anything 'major', while seemingly obsessed with minor things. Just as a mother in shock might become obsessed with finding her child's favorite toy, or a businessman in shock might become obsessed with tomorrow's scheduling conflict, Terry's mind was incapable of dealing with the overall condition, and was jumping from one aspect to another.

She found herself thinking about her shoes, which no longer fit. With obsessive care, she once again removed them and picked them up, her movements almost dreamy, her eyes not quite focused as she went about the task with a single-minded attention to every detail and movement, making her almost graceful - in a disconnected sort of way.

That done, she found her attention focused on her massive new bust, the weight of it, the way it thrust outward from her chest, straining against the fabric of the sweatshirt. She found herself moving with a slow deliberate motion, to keep them from jiggling or swaying too much, and she was over-aware of the feel and heft of them. Including the fact that the sensations themselves were actually quite pleasant. In fact, over all, she was aware - from the male viewpoint that reigned within the female body - that she was an attractive-looking young woman with massive tits. Though, as a male, he hadn't been terribly attracted to big busts, she was all-too-aware of her new endowments, and the feminine connotations they held.

All of this was 'natural' - but, as any psychologist could have told her, dangerous. Treatment was to bring the person out of emotional shock gently but firmly, getting them to deal with reality, no matter how painful.

Worse - Terry was still under the influence of the hypnotic drug coursing through her new, feminine system. As her mind focused endlessly on detail after detail, it effected her much more deeply and profoundly than it would have, otherwise, making the obsessive qualities not only sharper and more 'important' - but much longer-lasting, as they 'infiltrated' past the purely conscious level of normal shock, slipping into the deeper recesses of her subconscious.

Worst of all was the fact that she wasn't aware of the drug's influence. With the euphoric portion of its effects gone, she wasn't aware that she was still deeply within the hypnotic stages. She had no conscious control over what her brain processed, which would have happened on a basic level if she'd just known that she was under the influence. Just as telling somebody not to think of elephants would invariably cause them to think of just that, knowing she was vulnerable would have forced her to consciously consider each of her thoughts for content. Unknowingly, she was letting anything at all roll around in her unprotected brain, without the most basic of defenses - critical thinking - coming to her aid.

Not realizing any of this, from the shock to the vulnerability of her psyche, the new woman could only deal with what she knew, in the best fashion she could - under the circumstances...

"It's part of the test..." She said, aloud, in a dazed sort of voice, hope slowly blossoming on her tomboyish new features. "It's the second half of the test, and I'll be changed back once I get to the frat!"

In psychiatric circles, this was what was known as 'denial'. A common effect of emotional shock.

"That's it!" Terry said, snapping her fingers as animation flowed back into her new voice. "They're testing me to see how I react to being female on the trip back. I bet if I freak out over it, I fail - that must be it!"

This was 'rationalization', finding a 'reasonable' reason why the denial must be 'true'....

Some of the tension seeped from Terry's athletic, feminine body as she 'figured out ' what was going on. Now everything 'made sense', as far as she was concerned. This wasn't permanent or anything, it was just a test, after which - pass or fail - she'd be made male again. So - the only question now, was what she was going to do during the test itself.

Terry's full new lips curved upwards in a grin. "Hell, why not enjoy it?" She asked herself, 'reasonably'. After all, since it was only a short-term thing, there was no reason she couldn't have a little fun while she passed this latest trial. Sure, being made suddenly female was unnerving - but it wouldn't have been much of a test otherwise, would it? So, once she was 'over' the initial shock, she figured she might as well milk the new situation for all it was worth, as a sort of a 'once in a lifetime' chance to walk the other side of the gender barrier. After all - the test here was to see how she coped with the (completely temporary) change into a female, and by provisionally 'embracing' the change and playing the role to the best of her ability, she'd be succeeding at the test, while making it easier for her to cope with the situation. (While it lasted.)

Of course, she was completely oblivious to the glaring errors in her reasoning, her higher faculties by- passed by shock and the effect of the Pentobarbital still coursing through her system.

So, as she started to walk up the hill in the direction the van had vanished, Terry...

...or, as she'd decided to call herself for the (purely intentional-yet-limited) time she was female, 'Terri'...

...made a conscious effort to mimic the walk that would fit a 'natural' woman with this body, to the best of her ability. Not that she 'wanted' to, precisely - it just seemed important for her to do so, for many vague but compelling reasons, not the least of which was the fact that her body would feel off to her, even if she attempted to walk the way she always had as a man. On top of this was the fact that, to a hypothetical observer, the feminine stride would look less noteworthy than the male stride. So, she let her legs take shorter, more in-line strides while she made up for the lack of motion of her feet by adding more action to her hips - kind of a swivel-dip, her hips rotating more while each hip dipped further with each step. This action caused some noticeable motion in her breasts, which she compensated for with a sort of rolling motion of the shoulders as she swung her arms, converting the walk from a strong, if somewhat 'careless' male stride into a smoother, more feline feminine stride.

That still didn't keep her tits from moving within the tight confines of her sweatshirt, of course - despite being amazingly firm for their size, her tits were huge, and they had all the inertia that mass imparted. With every step she took, they shifted from side to side, her large, bare nipples sliding over the fabric of the sweatshirt. She could also feel the drag and mass of the tits themselves, something which she couldn't have described with exact accuracy if her life depended on it. the closest analogy she could come up with was to have to large, warm-water-filled balloons tapped to her chest - but, somehow, capable of transmitting sensations through the 'balloons' as well as from the chest wall that was bearing the weight.

It left a lot to be desired as a description, though - much of which came as a surprise to her. Somehow, she'd always thought of breasts as somehow being 'part-of-yet-separate-from' the rest of the body, self-contained and creating only sensations within themselves. She was amazed to find that it also affected the skin under her armpits and over her shoulders,

which tightened and loosened with the movements of her new, massive endowments. More than that, the weight and soft mass of her breasts didn't just affect her by pulling forward on her chest, though they definitely did that. The muscles in her back, legs and waist also had to 'compensate' for both the constant drag of their presence and the shifting balance created by their movement. She couldn't claim to have given much prior thought to what walking around with huge, firm tits would feel like - but, if she had, she wouldn't have expected everything she was feeling as she headed up the hill.

That was just her breasts - she didn't even want to get into the hundred-and-one other sensations that her newly female body experienced from the simple act of walking. Like the way her crotch felt, without the bulge of genitals to 'walk around', her thighs moving over each other in ways that would have been painful as a man. Like the way her fuller ass felt with each step - as a man, she hadn't really, consciously, noted that the ass itself was musculature, and not just a 'passenger', but an active part of walking itself.

All this, atop smaller, slimmer feet that didn't seem nearly as well suited to inherent balance, requiring more of a conscious effort and grace than walking - or even standing - as a male did.

Terri tried to ignore all this as she walked - ignore it, consciously, that was. She had to pay attention to every single movement she made to allow her to move at all in this new body. All her old 'habits' for walking and balancing were completely off for her new build, meaning that she had to supply a certain amount of her concentration for simple acts that she used to do without thinking, as a man.

Which is why she didn't notice the car until it pulled right up beside her. "Well, hell *oooooooo* miss!"

Terri's heart skipped a beat as she spun around, almost toppling over as - for a second - surprise made her react out of now-useless instinct. Adrenaline shot through her altered system at the surprise, and she felt keyed-up, ready to fight or flee....

Then she got a good look at the car and its occupant, and wasn't sure how to react.

The car was a mid-eighties Mustang convertible, one of the less distinctive 'Pony Cars' Ford had ever produced. At least - that's how they were when they rolled off the assembly-line. This one, however, was anything but factory stock.

It was painted the brightest, most eye-searing shade of yellow that Terri had ever seen, with enough coats of KlearKote to give it a near-mirror shine, like the one boasted by the add-on chrome bumpers, running-boards, and the massive ram-scoop intake that rose from the center of the car's hood. The interior was a little more sedate, being 'simple' Zebra-skin-pattern leather.

The young man sitting in the driver's seat and ginning toothily at her was just as gaudy as his car. He was short, but almost as broad as he was tall, his oak-tanned body rippling with massive musculature. Covering the upper half of that musculature was the brightest, loudest, ugliest Hawaiian shirt it had ever been Terri's misfortune to see, and a pair of knee-length black neoprene swim-trunks with a lime- green stripe up the side. A pair of iridescent Ray-Bans' rested on the

notched lump of his once-broken nose, and his teeth where almost surrealistic, they were so perfectly white and even. Topping the whole package of was a long mane of raven-black hair, tied back into a ponytail.

"Oh, hi..." Terri said, with a relieved little laugh. "You startled me."

"My mistake, then - the K-Man wouldn't purposely do anything unpleasant to a lovely lady like yourself." He said, his grin - if possible - actually growing wider.

"K-Man?" Terri asked, trying to keep up with the conversation while part of her was concentration on just remaining upright against the weight of her chest.

The guy whipped off his sunglasses, revealing a pair of startlingly blue eyes. "Kyle Kantor, at your service. And what can I call you? beside 'Gorgeous', of course."

"Terri." She said, "Terri Ritter." She was feeling distinctly uncomfortable - because the 'K-Man' seemed to be speaking directly to her tits, his eyes firmly riveted to where her massive new endowments were staring against the fabric of her sweatshirt.

She was, of course, disgusted and annoyed, as well as embarrassed and ashamed. The thing was, she had the absolute conviction that she had to act - and react - the way she would if she'd been born to this body. Or, rather, the way she thought that a woman who looked like this would act, which was a different proposition.

In her current condition, it never occurred to her to wonder about the origin of that absolute conviction. Instead, she found herself compelled to act upon it...

...so - not liking it at all, be feeling that it was necessary - she took a deep breath and pulled her shoulders back while she leaned forward, practically thrusting her tits in Kyle's face.

"I don't suppose you'd care to give me a lift, Kyle?" She asked, consciously - and unhappily - pitching her voice into a smoother, more seductive tone as she forced her full new lips into an equally warm, seductive smile.

"Sure thing, Babe." He told her tits. "Hop on in."

Terri headed around the other side of the car to climb in. Aware that Kyle was watching her, she 'ducked it up' and walked the way she thought women did. Being on the inside, however, and unable to see her own walk from an outside perspective, she had no idea that she was over-doing it, over- emphasizing the roll and sway of her hips, walking with one foot after the other in an in-line glide full of feline grace that looked damned seductive.

Opening the door to the car, she slid into the seat and smiled over at Kyle. "I'm heading to the Alpha fraternity. Do you know where that is?"

"Sure do, honey." Kyle said. "Say, you droppin' by to see your boyfriend."

"Of course not!" She said, almost indignantly, out of reflex - then cursed herself, silently. "Oh - so what're you doing there?" Kyle asked, flashing another thousand-watt smile. "Going to a party." Terri said, coming up with the explanation on the spur of the moment.

"Oh, a party girl - I like that." Kyle said. "As a matter of fact, that's where I'm going - me and some friends are having a party at my place, just a few blocks from the campus. I promise you, our party's bigger and better. Why don't you hang with us for awhile? Then, whenever you get bored, you can head over to the Alpha house from there."

Damn. The last thing she wanted to do was spend time with Kyle and his friends. But she couldn't refuse - now that she'd said she was a real party girl, she had to accept the offer of a bigger and better part. She couldn't turn it down, because it would be out of character.

Mentally grimacing, she smiled brightly. "Sure, sounds great!"

Again, it didn't even occur to her to wonder why she felt such a powerful need to stay in 'character' - especially since that 'character' was being created out of stray comments made by her and Kyle. If she'd been capable of thinking straight, she would have realized that she could have found a hundred of different ways to weasel out of the party - but, right now, the thought had never even occurred to her. Kyle thought she was a party girl - so now she had to be one.

Dropping the car into gear, he headed towards his place.

"Hey." Terri said, to make conversation. "If you live near the University, what are you doing way out here?"

Kyle grinned. "Well Promise not to tell, but I was seeing my connection. A little of the fun stuff to party with. You must know what I mean."

She did - and winced, internally. The thought that she could use the drugs as an excuse to avoid the party didn't come to her at all. Instead...

"Sure, I know - Like I said, I'm a real party girl." She said, brightly, not even recalling that it was Kyle who'd defined her as one, not herself.

Now that he thought she was also a user, Kyle dropped the circumspect manner. "Hey, that's great. Like I said, it's a real party, and we went whole hog on this. Grass, hash, oil, 'cid, 'shrooms - the works. Even got some exxtacy."

"Hey, that's great!" Terri said, feigning enthusiasm out of misplaced 'need' to say within the spurious 'character' she was unconsciously creating for 'herself'.

"We aim to please." The K-Man said with another blinding grin as he guided the speeding bright- yellow missile into the city itself, hurtling towards the campus. "We also got just about every type of liquor known to man, too."

With skilled precision that bordered on a performance, he slammed on the breaks and cranked the wheel hard, sending the car into a long, wide skid that left it aimed at the driveway to a sprawling old building badly in need of a coat of paint. Gunning the engine, Kyle shot into the driveway and parked behind a big 'Monster' truck, the last in a long line of vehicles that filled the backyard of the house, turned into a churned-up parking lot for the latest of what was obviously a long line of parties. The big frame building was already shuddering under the heavy blows of bass from a powerful stereo, and Terri had the feeling that Kyle blew all his money on: 1)His car 2) His stereo 3)Booze and 4)Drugs.

Not necessarily in that order.

Wanting to whimper and run away, Terri 'had no choice' but to act as if she was looking forward to partying, pasting a smile on her new lips and swinging out of the car with feigned enthusiasm. With the same over-stated, sexy jiggle-and-sway, she followed Kyle up the walk and into the side door, which led to a 'mud room', where fans were stirring air heavy with the scent of three Glade Plug-ins.

The reason was immediately apparent when Kyle opened the inner door and escorted her in.

Terri didn't know what hit her the hardest - the air, heavy with a haze of smoke that smelled evenly of pot and cigarettes, or the heavy driving bass rolling through the house.

"Hey, everybody - this is Terri. She's gonna hang with us for awhile." Kyle informed the people lounging around the huge main room of the strange 'house'. There were maybe two dozen people all told, two thirds of whom were male. Some had the 'hippie' look around them, others looked border-line grunge, and still others looked oddly preppy for such a gathering. There was also two guys and a girl who shared a 'semi-surfer' look similar to Kyle's own...

...and something 'clicked' in Terri's mind as she saw the woman. About her own age, the woman's 'semi-surfer' look was remarkably similar to Terri's own outfit, with the exception that she was wearing pedal-pusher jeans instead of full-length, and a pair of sandals. There was also a good chance that the sweatshirt and jeans were worn over swim wear, but that didn't show.

It was more than just the outfit, though - the woman had a similar athletic build to Terri's own, though not nearly well endowed. Her hair was more brown than blonde, though not truly brunette, and it was somewhat longer than Terri's, though of the same 'careless' styling - or lack thereof.

Though she didn't realize it, the instant Terri saw the woman, something deep in her mind said 'There's who you should model your 'character' after.'

Noticed Terri looking at the woman... and sighed. "Oh, sorry - I didn't know." Terri blinked, confused - then realized what conclusion Kyle had drawn.

It was the perfect 'excuse'... but Terri couldn't take it. She couldn't even consider it. Instead, unwillingly, she giggled. "Oh, geez, no - I'm strictly into guys, Kyle."

Great - now she needed an excuse to explain why she'd been looking so hard at the other woman. She came up with one on the spur of the moment.

"I was just wondering what make-up she buys." Terri said, having noticed the dark-blond woman was wearing a pale lipstick and mascara. "I've never been able to find make-up that I look good in, which is why I don't wear any."

"Well, why don't we ask her?" Kyle said, grinning again. He motioned the woman over. "Terri, meet Nicki. She's the co-owner of this wonderful abode."

Nicki smiled somewhat wryly. "If you wanna call it that - it used to be a Cadets' barracks." She held out a callused, tanned hand. "Hey, Terri, goodameecha. Come on in and grab a drink."

"Sure." Terri said - then, since she'd brought it up with Kyle, was 'forced' to say. "I was just saying to Kyle that I was wondering what make-up you use. I've never been able to find anything that really suits me."

Nicki stepped back and eyed Terri with a wry look. "Lemme guess - you also have a hard time finding clothes that suit you.. and jewelry... and a hairstyle... No offense, but if I looked like you, I wouldn't be downplaying myself."

Click. 'Model yourself after Nicki...'

"Well..." Terri 'admitted'. "The truth is, I grew up with five brothers, raised by a single father. I really haven't had much of a chance to be, you know... 'girlish'."

Nicki laughed. "Well, hell - that's do it." She cocked her head, eyeing Terri more 'professionally'. "Except for the bust, you look to be pretty close to my size. What say we see what we can do for you?"

'Shit - why are they doing this to me?' Terri lamented. "Sure - that'd be great!"

"Follow me, then." Nicki said. With 'no choice', Terri did as she was bidding, following Nicki through the group of people - most of whom were staring at her, unabashedly - and into the muddy-blond's room.

Shutting the door, Nicki turned to Terri. "So, the first thing we need to decide, is what look you're going for. Personally, I like these parties Kyle throws because of the chances of getting laid without having to waste time and money going out. 'Course, if I had a body like yours, it's be a hell of a lot easier."

'Oh, shit...' Terri went cold inside, and had to fight to keep herself from showing it. "Yeah, well, to tell you the truth... that's why I like parties, too."

"Great!" Nicki said. "Let's see what we can do for you. Go ahead and get undressed."

Now Terri was feeling really, really awkward, uncomfortable - and scared. She 'couldn't' let any of that show, though, as she pretended to be nonchalant as she undressed. The lack of a bra made Nicki's eyebrow rise - the boxers, however, she had to comment on.

"Lemme guess - your dad was a firm believer in 'hand-me-downs'."

"Yeah... With just him, money was tight. I didn't even know they sold 'womens' clothing until I turned eighteen and could afford to buy my own clothes - then I felt weird buying anything other than what I was used to wearing." Terri said.

"You really do need my help." Was Nicki's response, said over her shoulder as she rooted through her closet. Unfortunately, she wanted to chat... and Terri wasn't exactly prepared for what Nicki's 'chatting' consisted in. though she was consciously aware of her situation, Terri hadn't considered all the ramifications of it, and had never really considered what 'two women' might talk about while alone...

"So, how the hell did you manage a sex life with a bunch of protective older brothers hanging around?"

Terri winced. "Actually Until the past few months, since I've come to University, I haven't had a sex life. I'm still really new to this "

Nicki winced. "Poor girl! Guess that's why you hit the party scene - looking to make up for lost time." "Oh, yeah!" Terri said, feigning the enthusiasm she figured that her character required while wanting to run out of the house and to the Alpha frat, to get changed back this instant. Just the thought of having sex with guys, even hypothetically, was making her skin crawl.

"Well, lemme give you some advise." Nicki said, still rooting for the clothing she was looking for. "Sex can be the greatest pastime in the world, as long as you don't get to hung up on it. Most girls seem to want to hang all sort of complications on sex - but that just spoils it, the way I see it. No reason to ruin perfectly good sex by getting emotionally involved with it, or the guy. It feels great, it's fun to do, and it doesn't have to have any messy after-effects, if you don't drag them into it."

"Yeah - that's the sort of thing I'm looking for." Terri agreed, feeling nauseous.

"Good for you. Here's some more advice for you, then. Life's a hell of a lot easier if you aim at playing the guys. Let 'em know you'll give 'em just what they want, as long as they give you what you want, too. Don't be afraid to use your body - and, let me tell you, you've got a hell of a body to use." She paused. "Ah, here we go "

She handed Terri a bundle of clothing, and Terri - internally horrified and disgusted, externally 'excited', dressed.

First, there was the underwear - a pair of pastel-blue high-cut bikini briefs with lace trimming at the top. Terri felt utterly mortified to be putting on such a feminine undergarment, and her acting ability wasn't enough to hide the low, slow blush rising in her face - but, with her story, that seemed natural to Nicki, who merely thought Terri was so used to dressing in men's clothes from her years of wearing her brother's hand-me-downs.

Over those feminine panties went a faded blue denim skirt, with natural leather accent waist-band - much too short for Terri's taste, barely coming to mid-thigh, but...

"What good is sexy panties if there's never a chance of showing them?" Nicki quipped.

Then came the top. A white 'ballet' tank-top, with a low neckline and wide strap shoulders, it would have looked 'okay' on Nicki.

On Terri...

She had to fight to get the garment on, even though it was fairly stretchy. Once on, it clung like a second skin, molded to each breast so tightly that - instead of stretching straight across the highest point - it actually dipped about a third of the distance into her cleavage, lifting and defining tits that were so firm and spherical already that they hardly needed to be so emphasized.

The top also displayed an amazing amount of cleavage, the plunging neckline displaying about a third of each tit. Even the covered part wasn't all that 'covered' - her dark nipples could be seen faintly through the material, and there was no missing the way her huge, thick nipples thrust into the fabric.

"That's a good start. Now for some accessories " Nicki said, rooting around once again while Terri admired herself in the mirror.

Part of her was admiring the reflection - the woman in the mirror was obviously dressed to catch a man's eye, and the male part of her had to admit that the woman looked sexy, even though her huge tits were way too much of a good thing. Her legs were also pretty good... and her ass was just phenomenal.

"So... what do you think about blow-jobs?" Nicki asked, her voice muffled by the closet. "You try any yet?"

"Uh.. no.." Terri said, fighting the urge to vomit at the thought.

"Well, don't believe what you might have heard." Nicki said. "They're not disgusting - at best they're just 'so so'. When you're high, though, sucking a cock can be really, really satisfying - like a warm popsicle with a creamy center. Try it sometime."

Oh, dear god...

Then she put on the shoes Nicki provided - natural leather 'sandals' with a four-inch high heel. With the shoes came some jewelry - a bracelet and an anklet, both 'silver', a necklace with a pendant, in pewter - and pair of white plastic earrings in the form of exclamation marks.

"tacky, I know - but hey, I bought them when I was sixteen. They're the only clip-ons I got." Nicki said. "You really should get your ears pierced."

"I'll do that." Terri said - glad that she'd be male long before the urge to follow her promise would force her to do just that.

The final touch was the same minimal make-up scheme that Nicki wore - then they were ready to rejoin the party.

It was almost like there where to directly opposite personalities in Terri now. She was disgusted and embarrassed by the way she looked, and what she was wearing - but she 'had' to act as if she was excited by her make-over, acting more sexy as she walked out of the room with careful balance atop the heels, playing the part of a woman who enjoyed looking sexy and who wanted men to notice her. She felt sick, but that didn't inhibit the way she began 'flirting' mildly with the men who were staring at her as she crossed the main room behind Nicki, heading for the kitchen for a drink.

When they got there, a tall, almost painfully thin man was just getting himself a drink. He was also almost frighteningly pale, with almost translucent skin, topped off by a shock of rust-red hair. His eyes were the most intense green Terri had ever seen.

"Hey there, Nicki." He said, with a grin, pulling out a beer and handing it to her, obviously familiar with her brand. He, himself, was holding a really big bottle of Colt .45 Strong. He smiled and addressed Terri's exposed cleavage. "And.. Terri, right?"

"Yeah, that's right." Terri said - mentally shuddering at the way she said it, and what she did while she did. She gave him a long, thorough once over, her eyes pausing noticeably at his crotch. Her voice was sexy and thoughtful.

"I'm Sean, but people just call me 'Red'" He introduced himself. "So - what's your poison?"

"I drink Colt too." She said - even though she hated the stuff. She just couldn't stop herself from saying it, even though she shuddered at the memory of the taste.

The actual taste was even worse - but she had to act as if she liked it. She followed Nicki and Red back into the main room. Nicki curled up on a beanbag chair, while Red flopped down on the futon opposite her.

With no real choice (she thought), she also sat down on the futon, beside Red - and found herself compelled to look at him again, sidelong, before smiling mysteriously as she took another sip of the god-awful beer.

"What?" Red asked, smiling back. "You're cute."

Terri was utterly horrified to hear the words emerge from her mouth - she hadn't had any idea what she was going to say, and the words came as a complete shock to her. On a very deep level, her subconscious had absorbed enough of her 'character' to begin and formulate 'habits'. In fact, it had been doing so for a while now, she just hadn't noticed.

Like her walk - she'd stopped thinking about it complete, the sexy stride no 'ingrained' into her vulnerable subconscious. Other movements were also 'habitual' now, though she didn't realize it. She didn't even realize that she'd sat down with a

decidedly feminine motion, and if she looked down at that instant she would have been amazed to find her legs crossed at the knee in a subconscious imitation of the feminine pose she'd seen so many times before.

And it would have really, really shocked her to learn that she'd been using body language to come on to Sean since the first instant she'd seen him. She's noticed the 'once over' she'd given him, because she could see what her eyes were looking at - but she couldn't see her own body, and she couldn't have seen the 'moves' she'd used so far.

When she'd first seen Sean in the kitchen, she'd pulled back her shoulders to make her tits stand out even more - which is one of the reasons he had been (and still was) shooting glances at her mouth- watering cleavage from time to time. When she'd stood still in the kitchen, it had been with one hand on her hip, one leg forward and hip cocked in his direction - all 'come-on' body language.

Even more blatant - and complete unbeknownst to her - she'd licked her newly-lipstick-covered lips slowly and seductively before taking the first sip of beer - and had done some truly arousing lipwork on the neck of the bottle as she drank.

Now, she was telling him he was cute - and this was one new 'personal habit' she couldn't miss. "Oh, I am, am I?" Red asked, with a grin.

"Yeah..." Terri affirmed, in a breathy voice, unconsciously licking her lips again. She shuddered at the way the answer slipped out, then - before her subconscious could strike again - took control of her own voice. "I know - it probably sounds like I'm hot to jump your bones, but it's really just making conversation. Besides - I can tell you're not really attracted to me."

'Oh, fuck!' She thought, horrified. The conscious and subconscious parts of her brain were in conflict, intermingling what they wanted to say and do - she'd just planned on saying 'I know how that probably sounds, but I'm just trying to make conversation. You're probably thinking I'm sort of... strange'.

To make matters worse - she'd said the last sentence in a pouting tone of voice - then was horrified to find her free hand seductively sliding over her body from her thigh, over her stomach, to her huge tit - which she gently hefting in a decidedly sexual manner. So surprised was she by what was going on, she hadn't noticed what her hand was doing until it reached her tit - and then it was too late to stop it.

Red's response was almost preordained. "Hey, I didn't say that. To tell you the truth... I find you very attractive."

"You don't think my tits are to big, do you?" She asked, thrusting her tits forward....

..when what she'd planned to do was laugh it off, with "even though I've got freakishly big tits?" Her conscious mind had enough control to determine the basic direction of the conversation - but her subconscious was twisting the words and tones to bring totally different meanings to what she was saying and doing.

"Actually... I'm sort of a... 'big tit freak'." He admitted, sheepishly. "I think you look.. spectacular." Oh, that was just *great!*

This wasn't going well at all. Terri felt like she was going to be sick to her stomach - but she couldn't show any of that emotional at all.

She was beginning to get really, really scared. By now, the shock of being turned into a woman was fading, as was the effects of the drug itself, and she was once more able to think critically - enough to wonder what the hell she was doing, and what the hell she'd been thinking up till now. She was no longer a slave to every comment or suggestion made to her, as the suggestibility faded - but that which had already been planted in her mind still existed, and influenced her on a subconscious level.

With reality finally seeping in, she was horrified by where she was and what was going on- and now capable of taking action to get away from the situation, hampered as she would be by the subconscious 'cues' now stuck in her brain. The first thing she realized was so basic that it stunned her that it hadn't occurred to her before.

Keep her mouth shut. Her subconscious couldn't twist anything if she didn't say anything.

She became aware that Red and Nicki were looking at her oddly, as she'd lapsed into a silence, a stunned, horrified look on her face as realization had set in. Now, without a word, she set her beer aside and stood up.

"Terri...?" Nicki asked, questioningly, confused.

Terri refused to answer - it wouldn't be safe. instead, she headed for the door...

...and it was like trying to walk through glue. She had to force her body to move, and a vise seemed to grip her head. She knew what it was - indecision. Part of her was desperate to leave - and another part of her was 'needing' to fulfill her 'promise' to hang around for awhile, and fulfill her 'quasi- promises'.

She realized that she wouldn't be able to leave until she fulfilled the conditions that had been imposed on her vulnerable subconscious. It was like a life-long pacifist trying to force himself to pick up a gun and blow away an innocent bystander - she struggled to make herself leave, but couldn't do it. She took a few hesitant steps in the direction of the door, then stopped, unable to force herself to go on.

"Terri, are you all right?" red asked, confused. Nicki had gone to get Kyle, worried about Terri's sudden descent into inexplicable behavior.

"I.." Terri said, faltering, struggling to get exactly what she wanted to emerge. "I need... drugs..." She managed.

She'd already fulfilled part of the 'bargain' her brain kept insisting she'd made. She'd had something to drink. Now, she had to fulfill the other two parts of the 'agreement'.

She needed to take some sort of drug... and she needed to have some sort of sexual experience. The first was from what she and Kyle had discussed, and - despite never having the urge to do drugs before - much less of a trial than the second one. The thought of having sex was still utterly revolting to her, no matter how much it disgusted her....

Though, she knew that she'd have to do it before she could leave. Hating to concede the necessity, Terri forced herself to think ahead, to plan her unwanted sexual experience. Red was already 'available', and was about as 'acceptable' a partner as she'd ever get...

By this time, Nicki had returned, unable to find Kyle, and worried. "Terri... maybe we should call a doctor or something..."

"No..." She said, fighting to keep control of her traitorous voice. Grabbing Nicki's arm, she dragged her to a quiet corner of the room, Nicki eyeing her apprehensively.

"You know how I said I haven't had much sexual experience with men?" She asked, her internal struggle emerging as hesitant words in a rapid, uneven voice. "Well, the truth is - I've never had sex with a man."

Well - that was the truth....

"oh my God!" Nicki said, everything suddenly becoming 'clear'. "That's what it is!"

"But " She said - and now she could let her control slip a little bit, as it was actually easier to force herself to say what she needed if she let the subconscious admit it. "I want to get laid tonight - I just need to... 'prepare' myself for it. Could I get something to.. help?"

Nicki grinned, compassionately. "You wanna 'do the deed', but are too nervous to just let it all go, huh? Well, I'll get you some exxtacy - that'll clear it up for you."

Which is how, ten minutes later, Terri found herself walking into a guest room with Red, trembling in disgust and fear (but merely appearing nervous to the now 'clued in' Red), waiting for the little pill she'd swallowed to kick in so she could get this over with and get to the frat house, where she'd be turned back into a man...

...she hoped. The 'certainty' she'd possessed was now gone, but it was the only hope she had, so she wasn't going to just let it go.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she took several deep breaths while Red stood nearby, shifting nervously from one foot to the other, not exactly sure what he should do, or how he should start. Terri, meanwhile, didn't really want him to start at all - but 'needed' him to, on a deep level, so that she could continue on with her life, and hope to regain her lost gender.

Opening her eyes, she let her control slip, needing that deep, hateful subconscious 'persona' to help her through what she was going to have to do.

"Please.." She said, her voice close to breaking. "I.. can't make myself.. take the lead in this. You'll have to..." She swallowed, nervously. "Just.. take it slow and.. please.. be gentle "

"Oh, I will " Red promised with a nervous smile. Hesitantly - as if she were precious bone china he was afraid of breaking - he lowered himself to sit on the bed next to her.

Gently, he rested one hand on her near shoulder. She wanted to shudder at his touch, but didn't, bearing it under necessity though all her male instincts were screaming at her to run.

Slowly, Red slid his hand across her back, finally sliding it around her torso under her other arm. With slow, gentle pressure, he pulled her towards him, and knowing what he wanted - she'd done the same move herself, as a man - she turned her face towards him, eyes closed and breathing somewhat rough.

A second later, she felt his lips gently press against her.

She felt sick to her stomach, but forced herself not to flinch away as Red started kissing her. Summoning up every ounce of will-power she could summon, she forced herself...

..to let go, giving her subconscious need to be 'womanly' free reign.

She tried to detach her mind from her body, thinking of other things completely - but it was impossible. Every sensation she was feeling was clear and strong, and she'd become little more than a passenger in her own body, having 'willingly' given it over to the half-formed female persona in her subconscious. Though she wasn't consciously doing any of the actions, she could feel everything as she slowly wrapped her arms around Red, pressing her huge bust firmly against his chest as she let the kiss deepen, become more passionate. She wanted to vomit as she felt his tongue slip between her lips - but, instead, struggled not to retake control and pull away as her body responded 'enthusiastically' in the hungry, passionate kiss.

Responding to her growing 'enthusiasm', Red's hand slipped to her chest, lightly fondling her huge tit through her shirt. Kissing him more passionately, she urged him to more by pressing her tit more firmly against his hand...

'Oh, my God!' Terri thought, horrified. Changing her mind, she tried, desperately, to stop what she was doing - even if it condemned her to a lifetime of being a woman, she would accept it if it meant a lifetime as a celibate (or may lesbian) woman.

She didn't want to have sex with a man.

But it was much, much too late. Fueled by the hormonal increase of the drug, her half-formed sexual persona was now firmly in control, and she couldn't stop herself. Horrified, she found herself completely unable to control her wayward body as it moaned in pleasure at the touch of a man's hand.

Awkwardly, pausing only long enough to get it off, the conspired to remove Terri's shirt, freeing her tits to his touch. Eagerly, he fondled and squeezed her tits, his hands gliding over the firm, silky surface of the enormous mounds, teasing and tweaking her nipples, sending bolt of pleasure through her now highly-aroused female body.

'Oh, that feels great...' Terri's conscious mind thought, dreamily. "I'll have to wear clothes that show off my tits so I can get men to do this more oft..."

Her mind came to a screeching halt as she realized what she was thinking. Horror flooded her as she realized that the exxtacy she'd taken was inter-mingling with the other drugs already in her system.

Sodium Pentathol and it's derivatives take at least twenty-two hours to flush completely out of the system, even though the 'effective' dose is metabolized enough to stop working after a few hours, at most.

But the exxtacy was chemically similar enough to 'boost' the drug in her system, putting her right back into a highly suggestive state... while in the middle of sex.

Equally as bad, though she didn't realize it, was the other drug in her system's reaction to the exxtacy. The drug had been designed to cure cancer by recoding genes - but didn't work. At least, not the way it was supposed to. The professor who'd invented it thought it was nearly a complete waste of time - he'd never tried mixing it with a barbiturate, and didn't know about it's ability to strip away the male chromosome and replace it with the mirror-copy of the female chromosome inherent in all men. Now, it served another purpose - by assuming that the high hormonal level Terri was experiencing was 'normal', and resetting her body's new glands to maintain that level.

Helplessly, Terri tried to control what was happening to her, not knowing that she was beyond that stage by now.

She helplessly moaned low in her throat as Red finally broke the kiss, eager to lower his head and lick and suck her thick, engorged nipples., She threw her head back and put her hands on his head, urging him to continue.. even as she was 'eager' for the next stage.

Which she helped move him into by pulling his shirt off. Her hands then went to his jeans, gliding across the hard bulge at the crotch before going to his fly and unzipping it.

Catching her 'drift', he shifted his ass to help her peel the jeans off, then helped her remove her skirt and panties.

"Fuck me.." She begged in a breathy, eager voice, her eyes glittering with drug-induced lust that was being firmly imprinted in her once-more vulnerable mind. "Fuck me good and hard, Red - make me scream with pleasure."

Red didn't need any convincing. Pushing her down on the bed, he loomed over her as he rose to his knees, lust reflected in his bright emerald eyes.

Deep inside the eager, hormone-ridden body she now possessed, Terri was caught between two diametrically opposed emotions - part of her was screaming in horror and disgust, while the drug-affected part was screaming in desire and lust. Locked in equal strength, neither one was completely untainted by the other as her mind spiraled in confusion and sensory overload.

Her body, though, was more or less operating on its own, and didn't need the fragmented mind's guidance as it spread its athletic legs wide apart, exposing her hot, wet cunt.

Red slid his legs into position, straddling her - then plunged forward.

She screamed - her body in pleasure, her mind in pain - as his hard, throbbing cock plunged deep into her tight new cunt, filling her completely. Sensations of pleasure like none she'd ever felt before ran through her body at the sudden sensation of being filled, filling a gap in her body's senses she'd never known existed until now.

'God, that feels great!'... she thought - then her mind recoiled in disgust at the admission, though she couldn't stop what her body was doing. Her hands came up to grip Red's lean, taut hips as the red-haired man slipped his cock most of the way out of her cunt, leaving the new void in sensations exposed to her mind and creating a new desire to be filled again...

..which was then fulfilled by red's second thrust. She moaned, pleasure running through her as her cunt embraced his cock, the rhythmic, powerful thrusts of his hips driving his cock over her clit and all the hyper-sensitive nerve-ending inside. She began to roll her head side to side as he continued to fuck her hard and deep, her hips instinctively matching his rhythm, to drive him deeper and harder into her cunt.

"yes, oh yes!" She cried, body and mind - the part of her mind that was still male drowned out by rising tides of pleasure as her hands left Red's sweaty body to fondle her own, massive tits. "yes, red - fuck me hard. I'm a slut, ride me!"

And Red did, his face curled into an odd mask of lust as he pounded into her, his cock bringing her body to new heights of ecstasy as she writhed under his erotic ministrations.

"Oh, yesssss!" She screamed, then her words vanished into a primal scream of pure pleasure as her body was rocked with the mind-numbing power of her orgasm.

As her cunt muscles tightened, it pushed Red over the edge, and he came as well, shooting his load into her new pussy, baptizing. Sighing, he slipped out of her and landed on the bed beside her.

"So.." he panted. "How was it?"

"Fantastic.." She breathed, eyes shining. "Fuck me again!"

Red laughed. "Honey, I'm good - but there's no way I can do it again so soon."

Terri's male mind struggled for control over her lust-ridden body - but it was in vain. Aroused, locked in the grip of it's drug-besotted brain, it refused her commands, eager for more sex.

Rising from the bed, her hands rose to her tits to fondle and massage them as she walked towards the door.

"Hey, we're you going?" Red called, sitting up. "To find somebody to fuck.." She said, numbly.

Opening the door, she almost ran into a man on his way back from the bathroom at the end of the hall. At the sight of the naked, athletically built woman with enormous hooters, he came to a dead stop.

"I want your cum." Terri told the stunned man, hungrily. She barely registered him at all, other then as a male - and thus, an object for her lust. Grabbing his hand, she pulled him across the hall and into another guest room. He barely managed to close the door, his mind still struggling to follow what was going on, when Terri was on her knees in front of him, pulling his pants down around his ankles.

"Cock.." She moaned, hungrily. By now, the male part of her had degenerated into a screaming, horrified mess, no longer capable of even attempting the useless struggle for control as she gripped his cock and began to fondle and lick it, a look of pure, ecstatic lust on her face as she ran her tongue of it's head.

Under such conditions, it didn't take him long to get hard, and Terri licked her lips - and then closed them, gently but firmly, around the throbbing, veined shaft she held.

Gripping the cock with on hand, she used the other to fondle her enormous tits as she began noisily bobbing her head up and down the shaft. She moaned, low in her throat, as she swirled her tongue over the cock filling her mouth, finding the taste, texture and feel of it utterly gratifying.

Speeding the pace of her mouth and tongue, she brought her other hand up to the spit-slicked shaft and wrapped it around the cock, jerking back and forth eagerly. Within a minute, she pushed him over the edge and he groaned as he shot a jet of warm, thick cum deep into her throat.

The salty, musty liquid filled her mouth, and she gulped down eagerly, not wasting a drop of the precious liquid. Licking the man's cock clean, she slowly rose and - without a word to him - left the room, her sweat-shined body glistening as she walked out into the main room.

Dead silence feel as she entered the room.

"I need to be fucked. "She announced, eyes unfocused. "I need to be fucked long, and hard, and often."

Silence reigned for another instant - then pandemonium broke out as ten different men vied for her attentions...

Nicki, at the other end of the room, was staring, slack-jawed - then comprehension set in (so she thought) and she laughed, thinking that the drug had really kicked in for Terri, and that she might have some... uncomfortable memories in the morning.

She had no idea...

* * * * *

The light of dawn was just breaking over the campus, dispelling the misty-gray of predawn, when Terri finally walked up the steps to the Alpha house.

She was clad in the clothing Nicki had provided the night before, her own clothes in a bag she carried in her right hand. Her face bore a slightly haunted look, mostly in the eyes, which was mixed with weariness.

Terri hadn't slept at all. She'd spent several long hours fucking and sucking, unable to get enough... until, an hour ago, the drug itself had finally subsided, allowing her some measure of control.

Once more, her mind was under her command - but it was a tenuous command. She couldn't stop thinking about her body, and men's bodies, and sex. Everything she saw seemed to remind her of sex, which immediately brought the urge flaring to life - and it was a struggle not to give into that urge. This early in the morning, not many people were about - but the few men she passed had caused a battle inside her, the urge to fuck them so strong that she almost did it without thinking, needing to fight to get her new addiction under control.

It was a balance that couldn't last. She was sexual satisfied by her marathon session the night before, which let her take control of the addiction - but, the longer she went without sex, the harder it would be not to try and fuck any unsuspecting man she passed. It was a fine balance, but one she could walk - under those conditions, she could go her entire life and never have sex again, although she'd be constantly facing a craving for it.

The problem was - that set of conditions couldn't be maintained. She might be able to keep from actively having sex, on her own - but she was still walking, talking and moving like a living come-on, and as soon as a man responded to it and brought up the subject - she'd lose control, unless she'd just had sex (say, in the past couple of hours), taking the 'edge' off her addiction.

In short, she'd become a real, live, huge-breasted nymphomaniac.

Her only hope was to regain her male form before her two- or -three hour grace period ended, and she became vulnerable to any man who came on to her.

More than despair and lust were fueling her now, though - rage was also thrumming through her tired, well-fucked (and fuckable) body. Rage that had started when she'd begun to dwell on how this whole mess had started. Injecting her with dangerous drugs, as part of some stupid ritual! She couldn't believe that she'd thought these guys were 'cool', and she'd wanted to be one of them.

Rage that had redoubled when she'd used a pay phone to call campus security, posing as a 'cousin' of one of the Alphas. She'd managed - by being sweet and a little 'lost', claiming that her cousin hadn't picked her up - that the Alphas hadn't even come looking for 'him', even after several hours. They'd dumped her, drugged - then hadn't bothered to be worried when 'he' hadn't shown up after a few hours. After all - they'd driven around for quite a while to confuse her, actually dropping her not too far away from the campus - an hour's walk, after she 'straightened out'.

Yet, even after 'Terry' had been missing for six hours, they hadn't made any effort to ensure that 'he' was okay. Terri had even called her own apartment - and found that the machine only held one message, from somebody else.

She was fuming - so she had no problem pounding angrily on the front door of the frat house until it was finally answered by a very sleepy-looking John LaPointe - who suddenly came more awake at the sight of a huge-breasted, angry-looking woman on his doorstep.

"Can I help you, miss?" John said, startled.

"Don't you dare 'miss' me!" Terri said, angrily. "It's me - Terry Rideou. Look what you've done to me!" John blinked. "huh? Look, miss - Terry isn't here..."

"I'm Terry, you asshole!" Terri shouted, furious. She gestured to her massive bust. "This is what those drugs you injected me with did - turned me into a huge-breasted nymphomaniac, you bastard."

John's face hardened at the mention of his 'mistake' - but that didn't lead him to give any credence to her claims. "Look, I don't know how much Terry's paying you for this little joke, but you've got your money's worth. This isn't funny. Go home, and let me get back to bed."

"Joke?" Terri said, incredulous. "You think this is a joke? You turned me into this, dump me by the side of the road - then don't even bother to check up on me! Believe me, what I've been through - this is no fuckin' joke."

John was half-asleep, upset at having his mistake brought up, guiltily angry at not worrying about Terry - and he was naturally a bit of an asshole.

So...

"Look, miss, you go back to Terry, and tell him that he hasn't blown his chance to become an Alpha - because he never had one. We knew from the start we'd fail him for membership. We were just having fun screwing around with him."

And, with that, John slammed the door in Terri's face.

* * * * *

Making sure not to disturb... Tim? Tom? Something like that... Terri rose from the bed and silently pulled on her robe, tying it tightly around her figure. Without even thinking about it, she adjusted it so that the slit would display some delicious thigh as she walked, and so that the front displayed a perfectly delightful view of cleavage.

Silently, she padded to the bedroom door and opened it, slipping into the dimly-lit hallway beyond and easing the door shut. Still being quiet - but no longer striving for silence - Terri headed downstairs to the kitchen, walking with her usual, seductive stride.

She couldn't have walked any other way, no matter how much she tried. She knew - she'd tried.

As she neared the kitchen, she saw light spilling out from the door, and her step slowed as she wondered which of the other girls was up, getting an *après fuck* snack. Shrugging, Terri walked into the kitchen.

Standing at the open refrigerator was a slender woman, her naked back to Terri. Her head, crowned by a long mane of dark hair, was bent over as she considered her choice of snacks. As she heard Terri enter, she straightened up and turned - revealing that her slender ribcage boasted a pair of tits that exceeded Terri's own, so incredibly huge, firm and round that they seemed to dwarf her slender frame. As she saw who had entered, her eyes narrowed.

"Oh, it's you." She said in a voice colder than the air leaking from the appliance. "Joanna." Terri replied, cool but not as openly hostile.

The woman's full, soft lips tightened at the sound of the female name she still wasn't quite used to. Angrily, the woman who had once been John LaPointe picked out the makings for a sandwich, turning her back on the woman who'd made her - and all the other Alphas - into huge-breasted, insatiable nymphomaniac sluts like herself...

...with a few additions.

The first few weeks after being made female had been very, very hard. With no valid ID, it had been very difficult to explain things to the cops who'd showed up looking for Terry, who'd finally been reported as 'missing'. The fact that she'd been in the middle of a blow-job hadn't exactly boosted her credibility, either.

She'd ended up in a psychiatric ward for observation, nobody believing her story in the slightest.

That had all changed when she'd knocked out a policeman bringing in another prisoner, stolen his gun, and broken out of the psych ward. She'd gone back to the frat - with a stop along the way to break into the drug storage, easily done by waving her gun at the janitor, who had the keys.

Then, she'd forced each and every member of the Alphas, at gun point, to get injected with the same mix she'd been injected with that fateful night. Two of them - the ones she knew the least - she turned out, so the cops now surrounding the building could watch the change first-hand, which eventually forced them to believe her story.

The others she'd kept... and 'programmed'. For example...

"Joanna..." Terri said, the tone of her voice causing the other ex-man to whirl around, fear and hate in her eyes.

"No! I'm sorry...!" Joanna tried to avert Terri's still active anger.

"Gag Order" Terri commanded, activating one of the 'programs' put into Joanna.

Joanna's lips closed, and she made a muffled sound - cursing her out, Terri knew. Not that it would do any good.

With that command, Joanna wasn't aloud to speak coherently until she'd sucked cock and swallowed the cum, at least five times.

With a mixture of anger, disgust, lust and resignation in her eyes, Joanna started to turn away from the counter to head upstairs to wake some of the 'guests' she and the others had brought home. Much of the anger was for herself - her angry tone had been a result of her just being fucked, the act of which always angered her. She should have known better than to upset Terri - especially now that she, and all the other Alphas, truly understood what they'd done to her.

Before she could leave, though, Terri stopped her. "Hold on - before you go, why don't you make me a sandwich. That sounds like it would hit the spot."

Signing, Joanna forced herself to smile, then began putting the sandwich together, berating herself for loosing control at Terri.

She, like all the other girls, were helpless slaves to their bodies, just like Terri was - but they were also slaves to Terri, when she wanted them to be. They even understood it, to a degree - but they didn't have to like it. the weird part was... some of the guys had adapted better than others, Especially after their first sexual encounters - some of the guys found the ease, frequency and power of sex now went a long way to easing the pain. These ones were the ones that had actually managed to become friends with Terri, and who she almost never did anything. Two of the new 'girls' had actually had their programmed 'nymphomania' removed, allowing them to choose their own times and partners - a luxury that Terri would never again have.

Others, like Joanna... were having a harder time adjusting.

Finishing the sandwich - and doing it the best she could - she brought it to Terri. "Thank you, Joanna." Terri said.

Gritting her teeth, Joanna forced a smile and a curtesy.

"Very nice." Terri said, approvingly. Joanna nodded - politely - and headed off.

Watching her go, Terri bit into the sandwich, nodding to herself in appreciation of the taste. Though she'd never admit it to Joanna or the others, much of her initial rage was gone, and she'd resigned herself to spending the rest of her life like this.

Especially since she'd discovered how much fun it could be, having complete and utter control over a group of 'women' programmed with all sort of interesting commands....

With a wicked smile, Terri wondered which of the half dozen of the still-intransigent girls would 'screw up' next...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A large lumbering +man steps into a magic box and turns into a stunning female where he is treated with respect for the first time.

Alter Ego

By Gunslinger

Ox wandered through 'the other side' of the house, tears streaming down his face.

Wandering through the empty, dusty rooms of the apartment that made up half the pre-war bungalow he'd inherited wasn't a usual occurrence for him - but the tears were, and it shamed him to admit how often silent tears of pain, humiliation and rage rolled down his heavy cheeks. Then again, a lot of things were a shame to him - and the biggest shame of all was his own body.

Ox was a freak.

Nearly seven feet tall, the twenty-eight-year old man was a walking mountain. His body was huge in nearly every dimension - but it wasn't the sort of massive muscularity that some found attractive.

Instead, he was a huge, hulking mountain of hairy flesh that tended to put people in mind of Bigfoot or a Neanderthal - and that's how just about everybody in the small town of Bolter's Bay saw him.

As some sort of monster.

'Ox', of course, wasn't his real name. His birth certificate read 'Lee Williams' - but nobody had called him by his real name in a decade, ever since his mother had died. Even then, she was the only one who had used his real name - everybody else in town had always called him Ox.

As in 'He's as strong as an Ox - and just about as smart'.

That wasn't quite fair. Ox wasn't exactly the brightest bulb in the box, but he wasn't a moron, either. The impression of stupidity came from many things, not the least of which was his brutish appearance. But there was other parts to it, too - like the curse of his clumsy nature. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get his massive, hulking body to obey his mind with precision, and he was always knocking things over or breaking them, all without meaning to. All his movements were slow, awkward and ungainly.

Then there was his speech. His lips and tongue - like the rest of his body - didn't follow the instructions of his brain to well, making his speech thick, slow and broken, all in a deep, heavy voice.

He had never known his father, and had grown up with his mother in the small bungalow on the outskirts of town. She'd supported him by renting out the other half of their bungalow, which had allowed her to leave him a fairly tidy inheritance - but no amount of money could change the fact that he was an outcast, a freak. Of course, the apartment had been empty ever since his mother had died, nobody wanting to live in the same building with Ox. The last tenant had been a magician, who had - perhaps appropriately - just disappeared one day, leaving all his belongings behind.

That had been the final straw in Ox's social separation - because the police had almost immediately made the assumption that Ox had harmed the missing man in some way. It was sheer prejudice, and there wasn't enough proof to warrant a trial - but in the minds of nearly everybody in town, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a life-time of solitude.

Now, for the first time in ten years, Ox wandered through the rooms of the small apartment that had belonged to the magician. It was raining outside, and Ox had long ago learned not to wander out in the rain - the mud enhanced his inherent clumsiness, and he'd twice been beset upon by 'Good ol' boys' who'd taken advantage of the weather and the artificial courage of several drinks to rough him up some.

The walls of his own side of the house had seemed to be closing in on him, however, so he'd resorted to going through the connecting closet that allowed access from one side of the house to the other without having to go outside.

Now the massive, ungainly man awkwardly slumped down on an old chest that groaned under his weight and looked around at the collection of 'magical' equipment that 'The Great Randini' had left behind when he'd vanished one day.

Sniffing, Ox used the sleeve of the bathrobe he was wearing to wipe his eyes, and looked at the dusty pile of items, many of them obscure and confusing.

Slowly, Ox rose from the chest and wandered around the room, touching various items, until he reached a tall, dusty black-lacquered cabinet.

Staring dully at the large cabinet, he finally pulled on the brass handle and swung the door open, staring into the 'magic cabinet'.

One of his few happy memories was the one performance that Randini had put on for the then- eighteen Ox. It was just to practice some of his new tricks, of course, but he'd wanted an audience to give him a reaction, so he'd invited the hulking teen to watch. Ox had been delighted by the sleight of hand and illusions that the magician had performed.

He remembered how proud Randini had been of this magic cabinet, claiming that it had once belonged to a very famous magician who'd died without revealing it's secrets. Randini had tried to pull off some sort of illusion with the cabinet that day, but he apparently hadn't learned it's secrets yet, as it hadn't worked - and, upset, he'd sent the young Ox away while he tried to work out the secrets of the cabinet again.

That was the last time anybody had seen him.

Now, Ox sniffled and asked slowly and heavily of the silent piece of equipment: "Where did you go? Why did you, Randini?"

Ox stared at the box for a moment longer - then, he stepped inside the box and closed the door behind him.

He sometimes did this, going into his closet and shutting the door. In the darkness of his closet, he could pretend that he wasn't the big, hulking Ox, but somebody - anybody - else. Now, blessed darkness enfolded him, and Ox closed his eyes and bent his head.

"I wish..." He said, heavily, "...that I had a completely different body to live in."

An incredible, overwhelming sensation enfolded Ox, every part of his body tingling in the strangest - and somewhat enjoyable - manner, as if a thousand soft, gentle hands were caressing his skin.

Though it might have felt sort of nice, it was definitely unexpected - and Ox shouted and leapt out of the cabinet...

...then came to a dead stop as a few things registered. Like the way his voice had sounded when he'd screamed. Like the way his body felt to him.

Like the way his body moved.

Like the image in the dusty, full-length mirror directly across from the magic cabinet.

A stunningly beautiful woman was gazing back at him in the reflection. A slender woman, with long, shapely legs and flaring hips. With a tiny waist, and large, firm breasts. With a gorgeous, cheerfully intelligent face with full, soft lips, big, dark eyes and a pert nose, all framed by a jaw-length mane of richly golden hair.

Ox had become a gorgeous, sexy blonde woman.

Ox screamed again, hearing the high-pitched sound that was all woman emerge from her throat. Even though her face in the mirror was set in lines of shock and fear, the beauty, bright cheerfulness and easy smile were all etched into the intelligent face.

She turned, feeling her large, firm tits sway with the motion as she moved with an inherent grace and elegance. With an easy, graceful power, she re-entered the cabinet, pulling the door shut behind her.

A second later, a thoroughly shaken Ox - in his male form - staggered clumsily from the cabinet, patting his body as he stared at the reflection in the mirror.

"What happened...?" He asked his reflection, heavily... Then frowned as he realized something.

He was dumb. He knew he wasn't a moron, and he'd always known he was slower than some - but he'd never had a chance to truly gauge his intelligence against any one else's.

Until now. Because he realized that - in the few seconds it had lasted - his mind had been clearer and sharper while he was female than it had ever been before. He could remember the thoughts that had flown through his then feminine mind - but he could no longer make the same deductive leaps that he'd made so easily a moment before.

Slowly, he sank back down on the chest, the surface cool against his now naked buttocks, his bathrobe thrown aside. He frowned as he tried to force his mind to work through what his female mind had jumped to immediately.

He knew that the magic cabinet had been used for many tricks - Randini had described some of them to him. Including the one where the magician went in - and a beautiful assistant came out...

"Magic!" Ox said, stunned. "*Real* magic!"

He stared at the magic cabinet in amazement. Somehow, he'd managed to activate that 'magician-to- assistant' spell, and emerged in the body of a gorgeous woman who would have been perfect for a magician's assistant during the mid-to-late eighties. Gorgeous, buxom, intelligent enough to do the routines - and with an inherent grace and elegance that was more pronounced than other women's. Ox knew that the beautiful assistants moved in a more graceful, feminine manner than every-day women did, their every movement and pose designed to help distract the attention away from the magician's slight-of-hand trickery during the act.

Slowly, Ox approached the cabinet again, walking around it slowly with a thoughtful expression on his face.

Then, hesitantly, he re-entered the cabinet...

A moment later, she stepped back out, feeling the feminine grace of her feminine body as she moved towards the mirror. Her mind was again sharp and clear in a new and exciting way that he'd never felt before - things that had seemed difficult suddenly became clear to her.

Like the fact that she now had a way to go into town for such things as groceries without having to face ridicule.

Picking up her discarded bathrobe, she used it to clean off the surface of the mirror to get a better look at the slender, gorgeous body she now wore.

Though she wasn't particularly comfortable with being female, much less a stunningly beautiful one, she was able to admire her new body for its own merits - if it wasn't her inside of it, she would have found it incredibly sexy.

She was tall, for a woman, but nowhere near the height of her male body. Indeed, much of the height of her new form seemed to be in the long, luscious legs that led to her womanly hips. Her waist was delightfully slender, further emphasizing the firm domes of her breasts. The size of large grapefruit, they were firm and round, and tipped with large, frank nipples.

Her shoulders were now slender and nicely curved, and led to a long, slender neck. Her heart-shaped face was stunningly beautiful, with full, soft lips and dark, intelligent eyes.

She was absolutely stunning.

She shuddered slightly at how attractive she found the new form she wore. It felt exceedingly strange to realize that the incredibly sexy woman in the mirror was her - it felt weird to be a woman, any woman.

On the other hand...

She walked around the room, feeling the easy grace with which her new body moved. It was supple and sensual, without being 'overboard'.

It also felt utterly fantastic to be able to move so easily and with such control. It was as if the sheer mass of her old body had really been hiding this one underneath, and with all that extra 'padding' falling away, it allowed her to move the way she wanted to...

"Don't get too used to this, Ox." She told herself with a laugh, marveling at the rich, feminine voice that emerged from her new throat. She didn't really think she was in any danger of becoming 'addicted' to the supple grace and precision control of this feminine body - but it was a heady experience for her.

Not just how easily and confidently the new body moved, but how clearly she was able to think now.

Stopping in front of the mirror once more, the new woman struck a sarcastic pose, as if she were a centerfold - one leg slightly forward, heel raised, chest out-thrust, hands behind her head.

"Looking good, Ox." She told her reflection with a wry grin. "Lost some weight recently?"

Then she laughed. "I really don't think 'Ox' is appropriate for my new look. Perhaps something more like... Leeza? Lisa? Lee...anne?" She nodded to herself. "Leanne - there we go. Ox, meet Leanne."

She shook hands with herself, grinning. No matter how odd and even perverted being made female was, it was a heady, exciting experience - everything was new and different...

...and better?

Pushing the traitorous thought aside, she glanced at the cabinet and considered changing back - but she did have to go into town to get a few things, and it would be much 'easier' for 'Leanne' to do it, rather than 'Ox'. As a male, he always used to walk into town, never having gotten a driver's license - no car was comfortably built for a man of his mass and height. But as the shorter, slimmer and much more supple Leanne, a cab ride would be fine - and she wouldn't have to put up with any of the usual harassment.

In fact - she'd probably have to put up with guys staring at her new body. She made a face at herself in the mirror. "Now, there's a disgusting thought."

Still - fending off the advances of men would be easy - after all, she had no interest in men at all, so there was no hesitation or conflict in finding ways to turn them down. But to go into town as Ox would expose her to attentions she couldn't deny or turn aside...

"Well - one way to cut down on the number of guys hitting on me would be to put on some clothes, don't you think?" She asked her reflection with a grin. Turning away from the mirror, she walked over to the chest she'd been sitting on before entering the cabinet, and opened it.

She knew that - once upon a time - The Great Randini's act had included an assistant. With luck, perhaps she could find...
Aha.

There was two different 'assistant' outfits in the trunk. One of them was the 'classy' outfit, a sexy feminine 'tuxedo' that would never be worn to a wedding (except maybe in Vegas) and the second one was a sort of skirt-and-corset outfit. Looking at the two costumes, 'Leanne' figured that she might be able to get away with a little 'mix-and-match' outfit, even if it would be more revealing than she'd like.

Hell - a tent would be more revealing than she'd like - the thought of going out in public was giving her shudders. Two things came to her aid, though - the first being that her body was so feminine, so utterly unlike her male one, that nobody could possibly tell that she was 'really' Ox.

Oddly enough - the second thing that gave her the courage for this was the fact that - as Ox - she was used to humiliation and embarrassment. It wasn't as if going to town in her own body would be less humiliating - it would just be humiliating in a different, more overt, way.

There was no underwear with either outfit - but she figured she could improvise.

She started out with a pair of pantyhose. She had her choice - either the fishnets that came with the skirt-and-corset outfit, or the black nylons with lacy 'seams' along the side. She chose the black ones, along with the black hot-pants, that were part of the 'tuxedo' costume. She sat on the chest and rolled the pantyhose up before sliding them on her long, sexy legs - while thinking to herself that in her male body, her slower mind probably would have just had her pull the nylons on, probably putting runs in them.

Over the smooth material that now encased her legs, she pulled on the black hot-pants, which fit tightly to her hips and ass like a second skin, emphasizing the 'emptiness' at her crotch and serving as

'panties'.

Over this went the skirt that came with the corset outfit - a short black skirt with ruffles up and down it. It was shorter and tighter than she would have preferred, showcasing her long legs and fabulous ass, but she really didn't have much in the way of options - and it was marginally better than just the hot-pants by themselves.

Next, she pulled on the gold lamé vest that was part of the tuxedo outfit. It fit tolerable well, though it was tight across her large, firm tits - pushing them up to display fabulous cleavage in the vee-shaped neck of the vest. Again, she wasn't exactly thrilled with it, but didn't have any choice in the matter.

She had her choice of shoes - or rather, of footwear. The shoes for the tuxedo costume were black- and-gold pumps, with slender three-and-three-quarter inch heels. The corset costume, on the other hand, had black leather ankle-boots, also with a slender heel, this one slightly more than four inches.

She decided on the ankle-boots - simple because she could lace the slightly too-large footwear tightly on, while the pumps had a tendency to slip. It felt decidedly odd to stand and walk in high heels, but her magically acquired grace and balance meant that she did so quite easily.

She looked at herself in the mirror, and had to admit to herself that - if it wasn't her wearing both the clothes and the body - she would have thought the final look quite attractive, if a little 'eighties'.

She cocked her head as she stared at her reflection, wondering what was 'wrong' with it - then realized that she was used to seeing women wearing make-up, and it looked slightly 'odd' to her male eye to see a woman in a 'showy' outfit without make-up. She considered what she saw for a long moment, then shrugged - after all, she didn't have any make-up to put on, even if she'd wanted too - which she didn't.

But the 'discrepancy' still bothered her in the back of her mind.

Walking with an easy grace, she headed for the other half of the bungalow to grab some money and call the cab.

* * * * *

"There you go, Miss."

"Uh... thanks..." 'Leanne' mumbled, dropping money into the driver's outstretched hand without meeting his eyes.

The yes that had ogled her so thoroughly when she'd come out to the cab, the eyes that had stared at her in the mirror as he'd driven into town, and the eyes that were now gazing down the display of cleavage that she helplessly showed when she bent over to hand him money.

It wasn't actually a major thing, if you looked at it one way - despite his staring, he was polite and somewhat discrete, and it wasn't as if his eyeing her new body was physically harming her in any way. Hell, if she, in her 'real' body, had seen herself somewhere, she would have stared too.

The problem was - she still hadn't figured out how to deal with people ogling her. She knew it wasn't hurting her, and that it gave some enjoyment to the viewer, but the last thing she wanted to do was give the impression - *false* impression - that she was enjoying it. By the same token, however, she didn't want to be rude and just yell at the man and tell him to mind his own business.

It was weird - it would have been easy to play the stuck-up bitch and get all upset. The thing was - for the first time in her life, she wasn't being ridiculed and laughed at, and no matter how weird it felt, she didn't want to give this identity and attitude that would end up with people as disgusted with her as they were contemptuous of Ox.

She felt like she was developing a split personality - trying to be friendly and nice, without giving the impression that she was... you know, *interested* in anybody.

It was giving her a headache.

Her mind on the dilemma she was in, she turned away from the curb as the very pleased driver pulled away...

...and promptly walked smack dab into a handsome, sandy-haired man walking down the sidewalk. "Oh!" Leanne apologized, feeling mortified...

...and strangely pleased. As Ox, he'd bumped into many people in her time - and usually sent the sprawling. Even when the other person didn't go toes-over-teakettle, they were usually ready to yell at him.

This time, however, the man argued for the right to claim responsibility.

"No, no - completely my fault." He insisted, smiling at her. "I wasn't watching where I was going - though, how I could possibly miss seeing such a lovely woman as yourself..."

"Uh... thanks..." Leanne said, smiling wryly - and vainly trying discreetly to tug her too-short skirt down. It was a vain attempt on both counts - the skirt would only go lower if she was willing to expose something at the top of the skirt, and she didn't know the trick (if there was one) of tugging discretely at her skirt.

The man cleared his throat and politely glanced away, obviously having caught on to her discomfort from the way she was standing and her response to his compliment - and she felt a wave of gratitude for that.

Which was an odd coincidence, she realized - because she knew the man.

His name was John, and he was about the only person in town who had treated Ox fairly kindly, except for his mother. However, as 'slow, dumb Ox', she hadn't really noticed his kindness, or the way he'd tried to help Ox stand up for himself. It was only now that she was seeing things more clearly that she realized that John hadn't been one of the guys who had pretended to like him so that they could trick him into an embarrassing situation of some sort.

Leanne was staggered to her core by the realization that fear, slow-witted confusion and self pity had kept her from seeing that she could have had an ally - a friend - all these years.

"So, miss..." John said, blushing faintly. "Leanne." She supplied, holding out her hand...

...and she was stunned when John gripped it lightly, gave his name, and lifted her dainty new knuckles to his lips.

"Leanne - I was wondering if you'd allow me to apologize by buying you a drink...?"

If he'd asked with an ounce of self-confidence or lewdness, she would have turned him down flat - but he asked the question hesitantly, blushing lightly as he tried - and failed - to meet her eyes.

It was so touching - so heartfelt - that she didn't have the nerve to just say no, even though that was her inclination...

Well, mostly - now that she realized that John had been willing to be a friend to 'Ox' all these years, she felt ashamed about the way she'd misjudged him. that was enough to tip the balance slightly.

"Well, I really came into town to do some shopping..." She tried to demur politely - but she wasn't pushing it. Instead, she was putting the ball in his court, hoping that he'd let her off the hook.

"Well, why don't I come along?" John suggested with a endearing awkwardness. "I'm a wonderful 'lift- and-carry' sort of guy."

Leanne couldn't help but smile at the honest attempt. No smooth moves or lines, no attempt to 'seduce' her...

...and, even though he was obviously attracted to her body, he was making every attempt to keep from staring at what was so obviously on display, knowing about her discomfort.

"That sounds... friendly." She said, choosing the word with care to keep from giving the wrong impression. "I need to pick up some clothes - all my luggage got lost in the move, and this..." She gestured at the outfit. "Was all I could find to wear."

"I see." John said, buying her explanation for wearing something she was obviously uncomfortable in - and commiserating, rather than automatically 'complimenting', which was a surprise. "I know how annoying that could be. Why don't you try Madame Bourrets boutique?"

"Sure.." She agreed, and let him lead her, as if completely unfamiliar with the town.

As she walked beside him, chatting about nothing in particular, she wondered why the hell she was suddenly so aware of the way her large, firm new tits jiggled and swayed with each step she took...

* * * * *

"What the hell is *wrong* with me?"

"I'm sorry, Leanne - did you say something?" John called from outside the changing room.

Leanne blushed brightly - she hadn't meant to ask the question out loud, even if it was in a whisper that had kept John from hearing the actual words.

"No - just telling myself how good this outfit looks on me." She called back, fighting to keep her voice level and light. "I'm trying to talk myself into buying it."

"Well, why don't you then?" John asked.

"Because I can't afford *all* these clothes. I've already picked out more clothing than I can possibly buy

- it's just that they all look so good on me that I can't decide." She called back - and her blush deepened, if that was possible.

Part of it was the fact that the clothes she was trying on did look good on her - she couldn't deny it. It didn't really bother her that she found the clothes so 'attractive' - after all, it was her male mind admiring the way the clothing looked on a sexy, buxom blonde woman.

The part that was throwing her for a loop was the effect that John's opinion was having on her. Every time she tried on a new outfit, she modeled it for John - and he was always sure to comment on whatever positives he could find in the outfits.

But his choice of words made it clear what he *really* thought - and she was going nuts from the way she was reacting to that. The first outfits she'd tried on had been as 'boring' as was available - shapeless, colorless clothing that covered her body and downplayed it as much as possible.

John had been as polite as he could about the choices - but she'd seen the... disappointment in his eyes, in his voice, in his stance.

And it made her feel... bad. Ugly. Disappointed in herself.

Which was nuts! Why would she care if John... if other people found what she was wearing attractive. Hell, that was the last thing she wanted - to wear clothing that would draw more interest to her sexy, limber new female body.

So why the *hell* was she picking nicer outfits now? Part of it was because her male mind liked to see herself in the nicer, sexier clothing - but she was actually going to buy them.

She just couldn't bring herself to wear the clothing she'd originally intended to buy - it made her feel so uncomfortable that she couldn't stand it. Not that wearing form-fitting, figure-flattering clothes felt 'right' to her either.

But it felt better than wearing the other clothing...

...and it almost made her feel... proud?

She knew that, in this body, she was brighter than she'd been as a man - but right now she felt more confused than she ever had as Ox. She was acting in ways that she didn't really want to, and she was doing strange things without understanding why she was doing them. For example - she found herself smiling for no particular reason from time to time, and mostly when she was around John. What the hell was she doing - she knew perfectly well what John was assuming, what with her being all happy and cheerful and perky around him. She knew that it was ridiculous...

...but, for some reason, she just couldn't force herself to stop. It was like trying to hold in your laughter when something funny happened in an inappropriate place. You could fight it, stifle it - but it was still there, leaving you bent over, hand clapped over your mouth as you made low chortling sounds in the back of your throat as you struggled not to let the laughter escape.

That was what was happening here - when she was around John, she felt giddy, almost disgustingly cheerful - and no matter how much she tried to downplay it, some of it 'escaped'.

Shaking her head and trying - unsuccessfully - to clear it, she looked over the outfit she was wearing in the three-way mirror. She was now wearing 'real' women's underwear - already paid for - that consisted of lacy black briefs and a matching bra

- which was a DD-cup. Even though she couldn't see the lacy, 'too' feminine underwear under the clothing she wore, she could feel it...

...and it still amazed her how comfortable, how nice the soft, lacy fabric felt next to her skin, the way the bra cupped - almost fondled - her new tits. She'd never thought that something as commonplace as merely wearing underwear could actually be enjoyable.

Over the now-hidden lingerie, she wore a simple honey-colored summer dress that clung to her full bust and tight waist before flaring slightly into the skirt, which came to just above mid-calf. A pair of sandal-style shoes with a four inch heel graced her feet, making her already long legs seem all that much longer.

She looked damn good in the outfit, and she knew it - and the knowledge that she looked good managed to simultaneously embarrass, arouse and intrigue her.

Shaking her head, she opened the door of the changing room to model it for John...

...only to find him missing from his chair outside the changing room. She glanced around, and caught sight of him over at the counter...

...accepting the four very large bags from the store clerk. Startled, she glanced at the racks where she'd been hanging the clothing she'd tried on and put aside for consideration, and found it empty.

"You didn't." She said in disbelief as she numbly walked over to where he stood, grinning like a fool. "I did." He rebutted, wagging his eyebrows at her.

"You... Oh my god, there must be a fortune's worth of clothing in there!" Leanne protested. "I... I can't accept this!"

"Oh, I don't know - getting to see you model them for me is worth it, I think." John said - then blushed deeply. He hadn't planned the words, and hearing the way they sounded came as a surprise to both of them equally."

Placing one hand on her hip - and not even noticing the complete and utter femininity of the gesture - Leanne pointed her finger at John. "You return those right now - I can't let you spend this much money on me."

John somehow managed to look apologetic and boyishly undeterred at the same time. "Sorry - they don't give refunds, just store credit."

Leanne continued to 'glare' at him in disbelief.

John spread his hands. "Well? What would I do with store credit here? Although... I do think that little chiffon number would look simply *mah*-vuh-lus on me, don't you think?"

He hammed up the question so outrageously, turning his head coquettishly and flipping his hand through the hair over his ear, that it was too much for Leanne - she broke into a huge, silly grin, followed by a very unladylike snort of laughter...

...which was enough to make her laugh even harder.

"Okay, okay - I surrender." She said when her giggles subsided - then wondered why the hell she'd given in so easily.

Or why she still had a big, silly grin on her full new lips.

"Besides, it's not like I'm insisting on paying for everything..." John continued, with a grin. "I am letting you pay for your own cosmetics."

It was a reasonable comment - after all, anybody would assume that was her plan, to replace her lost make-up. This was the perfect time to let him know...

"Well, thank you too much." She said, surprising herself. "You're too kind."

Why the hell had she said that? It made her sound as if she intended from the beginning to buy make-up. Now, how was she going to explain that she wasn't going to buy any.

It turned out to be simple to solve. She bought some.

"So, if you've got everything, maybe I can buy you think drink now." John said as a bemused, confused Leanne accepted the bag of make-up from the woman at the cosmetic counter, wondering at what point she'd decided she was going to buy make-up after all.

"Well..." Leanne said, confused and uncomfortable with her strange behavior. "It's getting late and I haven't settled into my place yet - I just moved in then came right into town. I don't even have food in my cupboards. I think I should just do my grocery shopping and head home."

"Oh..." John said, disappointment showing on his face.

"So, if you want to give me a lift to the supermarket and then home, we'll pick up a bottle of wine..."

'What the hell am I saying?' Leanne asked herself, shocked, as the words continued to flow from her lips, as if by somebody else's command. She was shocked to find herself inviting John back to 'her' place for a drink...

...yet couldn't stop it. As John smiled and accepted, as he led her to his car and loaded her purchases into the trunk, as he took her to the supermarket and helped her shop, she tried to find the words to retract the offer - but they wouldn't come.

Lots of other words did, though - the entire time she chatted with him, a somewhat silly grin on her lips. It was as if her body was on remote control, acting on it's own while her mind was busy trying to figure out what was happening. What was she doing? Why was she doing it? Why couldn't she seem to control her actions.

Part of it was the distraction - the distraction of her new body. It hadn't been a big deal at first, but as the day had worn on, she'd found herself becoming more and more aware of her body, and it's femininity. She was aware of the graceful sway of her hips as she walked, the skirt of her sun dress snapping perkily back and forth as her long, luscious legs scissored seductively atop her heels. She was aware of the heft and movement of her breasts, and the way her new bra cradled them and their almost painfully erect nipples. She was aware of her full lips, turned up in a smile. She was aware of her new eyes, almost always gazing at John's trim, athletic body. She was aware of her silky man of hair, and the way she ran her dainty new fingers through it when she wasn't resting a hand on John's arm or shoulder or back. She was aware of her new womanhood, nestled between her silken thighs, feeling all warm and slippery and...

Like a bomb exploding, realization set in as John was driving her back to her place. Her eyes were closed, her head cradled against his broad shoulder while her hand slowly slid back and forth on his leg - and his hand was on her knee.

It was then that she realized...

...she was incredibly horny. Her body was so turned on that it was almost painful.

For an instant, she was utterly and completely stunned, unable to think at all as she realized that, ever since she'd met John, she'd been getting more and more turned on - and showing it, flirting more and more with him.

Then a second stunning realization occurred - the fact that she'd realized what was happening, but refused to see it, refused to deal with - denying it as long as she could, until it was so painfully obvious that she couldn't lie to herself any longer. She had the body of a woman, and she should have realized that it would have the normal hormonal urges and sex drive of a woman.

Especially since she - or Ox, which was the same thing - hadn't had sex in more than three years, and that had only been the third time in his/her life. Unlike his male sexual urges, which he'd satisfied when the 'pressure' had demanded it, the female urges weren't as 'hydraulic', being longer, slower - and more powerful. Now, her body was ripe and ready for what it had been lacking...

..which wouldn't have been a problem if it wasn't for the fact that she was 'emotionally attracted' to John. She - in her male mind - liked him for who he was, and what he'd tried to do for her while she was Ox. Now, that was coupled with her body's pure physical attraction to him as a virile, available male - leaving her in such a raging state of hormone driven lust and emotional vulnerability that she couldn't think straight.

Hormones had an effect on the system, just like any other chemical additives added to the blood. In many ways, hormones served to act much the way alcohol did, lowering inhibitions and increasing the body's sensitivity. She knew that women quite often did things that they wouldn't normally do - did things with people they normally wouldn't do it with - when they were aroused enough. For the past five hours, she'd been marinating in a hormone stew, building herself to a fever pitch.

If she'd let herself acknowledge what was happening to her at the beginning, she could have found ways to avoid this situation, found ways to 'cool down'.

Now, her body was painfully aroused - and she frightened by the loss of control she was suffering. She knew it was wrong, she knew that she didn't really want this, but she couldn't seem to stop her body's rampant need that was overriding her judgment. Good God, she was actually snuggling up to a man, and his touch was exciting her even more, and she didn't want any of this...

...did she?

She reached her place, and John turned to her with a surprised look. "Oh - you're renting the other half of Lee's house."

"Lee?" She said, surprised that he knew her real name.

He took it differently, though. "Oh - yeah, that's Ox's real name. Lee... and Leanne. How's that for a coincidence?"

"Yeah..." She agreed numbly, still struggling for control of her renegade new body. If only she could get inside and to the cabinet - under the pretext of using the washroom, say - she could change back long enough to jack off and relieve the sexual need before changing back...

"While I'm here I should say hi to the big guy - poor guy's the loneliest man I know." "He won't be back until later..." Leanne replied, numbly.

"Oh..." John replied, giving her a bit of an odd look. "Well, at least it's nice to know that you and he talk - it's good to see he's found an... acquaintance. Here, let's get this stuff inside."

John did the bulk of the lift-and carry, bringing her purchases into the other half of the house and looking around with interest at the dusty local, making running small talk that Leanne barely replied to.

Finally, everything was put away and John brushed the dust from his hands and went over to the door, Leanne following behind with a blank look.

"Look, Leanne - I think I'll take a rain check on that nightcap."

"Huh?" Was the wittiest response Leanne could come up with, staring up into his face as she tried to get her brain to function.

"you've been a little... abstracted." John said, gently. "I can tell that you really don't want that drink."

"You're right - I don't." Leanne said, grateful that John was relieving her of the responsibility of finding an 'out'...

...which is why it came to such a shock to her when she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him, hungrily.

John stiffened in surprise - then he began to kiss her back, just as passionately. His hands slid around her slender waist to caress her firm, full ass, and she moaned low in the back of her throat at the pleasure his touch brought - while her mind spun helplessly as she tried to understand what she was doing, and how she could stop it...

...or if she even wanted to.

She found herself unbuttoning his shirt, her slender fingers moving with a mind of their own, and she was amazed to find that she was taking the lead, John only reacting to her advances. His hands went to her dress and released the straps, letting it slide down her body and puddle around her shapely ankles - but she'd already awkwardly removed his shirt and was working on his pants, with great difficulty...

...because, at the same time, she was drawing him with her as she backed towards the bedroom. What the hell was she doing?

Why did it feel so right, even when she knew it must be wrong.

Then the back of her legs hit the bed and she fell backwards onto the covers, John - dressed only in his boxer briefs and socks - standing over her.

"Leanne, I don't know if..>" John started to say...

...and the thought of him leaving - of leaving her in this state - was suddenly more than she could bear. All other considerations flew from her mind at the overwhelming need she felt.

"John, I need you... I need you to make me feel like a woman." She found herself saying in a low, throaty voice - and was amazed to discover, at that instant, it was the utter and absolute truth.

John was a nice guy - but he wasn't a saint, and a gorgeous woman practically begging him to have sex with her was way past his threshold. With no further argument, he lowered himself to the bed next to her and kissed her passionately as his hands skillfully removed her bra.

She gasped in pleasure as his hands fondled her now-bare tits and painfully engorged nipples, her body shivering at his touch. When his hands slid down to remove her panties, she shifted her hips to allow him easier access, while her own hands stripped off his underwear.

Her eyes widened at the sight of his raging erection, his slightly larger than average cock throbbing with desire, the head almost purple with the blood that engorged his more-than-ready cock.

"My God... It's perfect.." She breathed, reaching out hungrily. Wrapping her dainty hands around his veined shaft, she drew him forward, pulling his cock towards her hot, wet cunt.

She released his cock as he swung his leg over her, trading her grip on his member for a grip on the taut muscles of his outer thighs as he positioned himself above her, paused...

...then pushed downwards with one smooth, even stroke that sank his cock into her cunt.

She moaned in primal pleasure as he filled her to the hilt, her back arching at the sensations created as the softly taut wall of her tight cunt gripped his cock, the shaft rubbing over the highly-sensitive nerve-endings with a pleasure she'd never known. She was completely unaware of the fact that she was moaning his name and urging him to 'fuck her silly'...

...but that didn't keep John from obeying. Lifting himself with his legs, his cock slid almost out of her cunt, making her shiver in pleasure even as she felt a pang of regret at having that 'fulfilled' sensation lessened...

...then he rammed it home again.

She cried out, a wordless scream of pleasure - and John repeated the action, beginning a firm-yet- gently rhythm that left her squirming in exquisite pleasure.

Instinctively, she began to buck her hips to maximize the penetration - and pleasure - as he began to pound into her with a steady rhythm, each successive thrust creating a new high of pleasure. As his pace increased, the waves of pleasure began to overlap, each one magnifying the one that followed as the ecstasy built.,

She was squirming on the bed now, her body lightly layered in sweat as she struggled to maximize the pleasure she was feeling. Her head tossed back and forth as he drove into her new womanhood, and her hands were sliding up and down the flexing muscles in his thighs as he continued to 'fuck her silly'. The power of John's thrusts had pushed them further up on the bed, half raising her torso on the pillows piled there, and he was braced with one hand on the headboard, while the other slid up and down her body and squeezed her tits with exquisitely gentle strength. She found herself gasping with pleasure at the added sensation that his touch on her tits brought, which wasn't eclipsed by the intense ecstasy in her cunt - but, rather, magnified by it. then the pleasure grew to the breaking point - and she orgasmed.

She screamed out in pure ecstasy, not even noticing the solid 'thwack' of her head resounding off the headboard in her orgasmic spasm. Her body writhed and shook as the orgasm exploded through her, sending flashes of pure, intense ecstasy down every nerve pathway, followed by three sharp aftershocks - a multiple orgasm.

Her writhing, flexing, shaking orgasm pushed John over the edge and he groaned and stiffened as his cock twitched and gushed its load deep into her cunt, mixing with the warm, freely flowing juices of her cunt.

"Oh, yes! Yes!"

Leanne became aware of the voice screaming in pure joy - and was surprised to find it was her own.

"Oh, God, yes! I love it, John, I love you fucking me - fuck me harder, fuck me again, fuck me for ever!"

'*Am I saying this...*?' Leanne thought in shock as she came down out of the orgasmic high, John dropping limply to the bed beside her.

"Give me a minute, Leanne - I'm only human..." He moaned with a humorous tone. "Geez - and I thought maybe I'd done something to offend you, the way you'd...'zoned out' on me on the way back."

"I.." Leanne started to answer...

...then realized what they - *she* - had just done. "oh... oh my god..." She said in a horrified voice...

..and felt an incredible wave of shame and self-hatred wash over her as John stiffened beside her. "What... what's wrong?"

She knew that he was dreading exactly what she was feeling - intense shame and disgust at what she'd just done. But she would never be able to live with herself, in any form, if she did anything to hurt John - no matter how bad it was for her, right now, she couldn't ever let him know the truth, because he had done nothing to deserve the self hatred that would overwhelm him if he thought he'd 'forced' himself on her.

"We... didn't use any contraceptive!" She said, barely pausing as she came up with a suitable excuse for her thoughtlessly blurted comment. "I mean - I think it's all right, but... I'm not ready to be a mom yet."

"Oh, God - I'm so sorry. I didn't think..." John started - and the tone of his voice was enough to pull her away from her own problems, temporarily.

"You didn't think?" She asked, forcing her voice to sound light. "You dumb ape - I dragged you I here before you could have done anything about it. I was so eager to have you inside me that I just couldn't wait."

"I don't even have a condom on me..." John tried to argue...

...and Leanne had a flash of inspiration.

"Well, lover - it was fantastic being 'flesh to flesh' the first time, and I'm glad that it worked out this way

- but you should probably run into town and buy some." She forced a sexy smile. "By the time you get back, you should be just about ready to use it, don't you think?"

"You mean...?" John asked, eyebrow rising.

It bothered her that it wasn't an effort at all to 'lie' - part of her (her body_) wanted what she was saying to be the truth.

"This one was great - but a little quick. I want a rematch where we can do it right - so we can pay the attention that each of our bodies deserve." She shivered, only partially feigned, and reached up to heft her tits. "I'm already warming up at the thought of you giving these babies their due."

John must have set a speed record getting dressed and heading out to his car.

Leanne waited until his car pulled out of the driveway, knowing that she had a good half-hour before he'd get back...

...then she rolled from the bed onto the floor on her hands and knees.

But she was surprised to find that the urge to vomit - just wasn't there. No matter how much she was shocked and disgusted by what had just happened, her body kept reporting that everything was A-OK

- and all lights were green for a rematch.

Pushing herself to her feet - which, she was bemused to note, were still wearing her sandals - she headed into the other room, and the cabinet. If only she were male again, her body wouldn't be arguing with her, and she'd be able to think straight, be able to plan for John's return...

A moment later, Ox emerged from the cabinet, hands roaming his body with gratitude, finding the usual, ungainly male bulk one more restored.

"Oh, shit - what have I done?" He asked the image in the mirror? "I.. I had sex with a guy!"

He thought about that, about the fact he'd just been fucked by a guy, and that same guy would be back before long, expecting a second go...

...and Ox almost collapsed in shock as his cock stirred and began to harden. "No!" he shouted at his image. "No, I don't like fucking guys!"

His body - his male body - was inclined to disagree. His mind remembered how good it had felt, how wonderful - not just the sex itself, which had been spectacular, but the belonging, the friendship - the having somebody desire 'her' and want to be with 'her'.

Especially that 'someone' being John, a kind, thoughtful man - and an extremely talented lover...

Ox screamed and smashed the mirror, shattering the image of himself standing with a painfully raging erection at the thought of 'another man'.

The evening, even with all its confusion, disgust and doubt, had been the most wonderful day of his entire life - and Ox slumped at the realization that he'd have to deal with this, one way or another.

He knew, now, what he had to do.

Walking over to the telephone, he picked up the pad of paper and pen he kept next to it and began to write, his heavy, awkward scrawl immediately recognizable as his handwriting to even the most inept observer.

Finishing, he read over the words again.

I'm sorry. I didn't ever mean to hurt anybody. I didn't want to hurt Leanne. I'm sorry. I'm a monster. I don't deserve to live. I hope Leanne's okay. Tell her I'm sorry for hurting her. Tell her I'm sorry for taking her purse, too. I want something of hers to take with me. I want to die with something of hers. I don't deserve to live, and I'm going to go throw myself in the ocean and drown so I'll never hurt anybody again. Tell Leanne that she can have everything I own, and all my money. It's for her, cause I hurt her and took her purse with me.

I'm sorry.

Ox

Satisfied, he carried the pad of paper into the other half of the house and lay it down on the low coffee-table in front of the fire.

Going into that apartment's kitchen, he took the half-empty bottle of wine from the fridge and grabbed a couple of glasses. Carrying them into the other room, he placed the glasses on the coffee table and filled them, then quickly drained one of them.

Walking back into the other half of the house, he picked up the phone and dialed 911. When the emergency operator answered, he began to speak, overriding her own words with his own heavy cadence.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt her. You better send an ambulance to help her. I'm sorry. Please, somebody come and help her right away. I have to go now. Please, hurry."

He hung up, satisfied. Now that time was of the essence, he hurried as best he could.

His first stop was the cabinet - and a second later she emerged, now able to make better time in her graceful female body.

She dressed quickly, pulling on a pair of panties and a bra, not caring that they were 'dirty' rather than fresh. Over that went a simple denim skirt and black T-shirt, and she quickly put on some lipstick and a pair of earrings, hoping that the fact she was 'home' would explain the rather inelegant look.

Hurrying, she went into the living room and quickly drained the glass of wine, making sure to leave a smear of lipstick on the rim of the glass.

Then, taking a deep breath, she walked to the far end of the room. Shaking her head to loosen the neck muscles, she took another deep breath...

...then lowered her head and charged forward, sprinting with all the speed she could muster. Her head connected with the brick fireplace - and the world went dark.

* * * * *

EXCERPT FROM THE BOLTER'S BAY *COURIER*, Tuesday March 28th, 2000

AMNESIAC MAKES NEW LIFE

Just over a year after the incident that cost her her memories, Leanne Jane Doe once more has a 'real' identity - that of Mrs. Gary Lockman.

Leanne Doe - who still has no memories prior to March twelfth of last year - and Gary Lockman met shortly before Miss Doe was afflicted with amnesia, and he was the one to help her in the first months after the incident. They were married today in the Eastside Baptist Church after a short engagement.

Leanne suffered the affliction after an apparently accidental assault by her then-landlord, Lee 'Ox' Williams who - apparently grief stricken - then left a note indicating his intent to commit suicide by drowning. For reasons unknown, he also took with him all of Miss Doe's identification, leaving police and federal investigators little to go on when tracing the past of Miss Doe, who has yet to be formally identified....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A frail man doing research on the occult, finds an old spell book and, after using it on himself, turns himself into a sex starved vixen.

Alternatives

By Gunslinger

"Well, that's what I get for taking the penthouse."

Tom sighed as he read the neatly hand-written 'out of order' sign affixed to the iron grillwork around the elevator shaft. Then looked dolefully at the stairs leading upwards. With another heavy sigh, he began to trudge towards the staircase, shifting his book-bag to a more comfortable position.

Tom really couldn't complain about the elevator. It was a 1940's vintage installation, and artistically was absolutely gorgeous, if not as exciting mechanically.

Finding someone capable of fixing such antiquated machinery was expensive and time consuming. Since Tom was the only person living in the three-story building - and rent free at that - he wasn't in any condition to complain about how long the building's owner left the repairs. After all, it was Tom's own fault - with his choice of apartments, he could have taken one on the first floor, and never had to worry about it. But no - he had to take the large, luxurious penthouse that took up the entire third floor.

The cost of which was this - forcing his frail, ailing body to make the exhausting climb.

Tom still couldn't believe his luck. Despite the occasional problems like this, the apartment was practically a dream come true - for him.

Built in the 1800's, and upgraded only once in the middle 40's, the building was on the National Register of Historic Buildings, and it's maintenance and care was paid for by the government. Not wanting to leave the building empty, the Board had searched for someone to live in the building, and perform minor cleaning and maintenance in exchange for free lodging.

The problem had come trying to find such a person. As a protected building, no changes could be made to the building itself - any tenant would have to put up with poor phone connections, no cable TV, old-fashioned plumbing and electricity, steam heat and no air conditioning - the list went on and on.

But for Tom, it was perfect.

Thomas Edison Grant had been delivered into the world on July 15th, 1974, in a Cincinnati Hospital. He was delivered, four weeks premature, via cesarean section from the body of his mother, who along with his father, had drowned after their car had plunged out of control and into a lake. His mother had been kept on a respirator long enough for his delivery.

Due to many factors, Tom had never truly become healthy. Now, working his way through collage, he was an unusually short, unusually scrawny young man, pale and weak. His blond hair, worn short, was prematurely gray, and beginning to recede, and Tom peered out at the world through remarkably thick 'coke bottle' horn-rimmed glasses.

By virtue of his frail body, he was a loner, spending all his time in the company of his books. For him, the apartment was an oasis in a hostile world, where he could curl up with his studies, free from the taunts and discrimination his sickly body afforded him, and the loneliness from a life spent as an orphaned, lonely youth.

Now, puffing heavily from the slow climb, he stumbled against the wall and let his book-bag drop as he caught his breath. Rummaging in his pocket, he extracted the old-fashioned key, and struggled for several minutes with the old, worn lock on the door before the tumblers finally clicked home. Letting the door swing opened, he gathered up his back and went in, closing and locking the door behind him. With a sigh of relief, he looked over his sanctuary.

The door opened out into a short hall. A door to the left led into the bathroom, with its cast iron, claw-foot tub.

Straight on down the hall, it debauched into a huge, hard-wood floored living room with large diamond-paned windows. Aside from the large fireplace on the one wall, and three doors, the room was practically one massive set of bookshelves. With a happy sigh, Tom clicked on a lamp and dropped into the wooden straight-backed chair in front of the roll-top desk.

After taking a few minutes to recuperate, Tom leaned forward and pulled a couple of books onto the surface of the oak desk, opening them to where he'd book-marked them. Taking a yellow tablet of legal paper, he began to make notes for his thesis - 'Myth And Mysticism - The Pseudo-Science of Magic'.

His pen flew over the tablet, words flowing from the nib as ideas and notes filled the yellow paper. He was soon lost in his work, his bright mind churning over the beliefs of a dozen cultures and cults.

Half an hour later, he paused with a frown, staring at the page he was reading. He was currently working on the myth of 'Astral Projection', and had bought this book because it was supposed to be the 'definitive' reference volume on the subject. Yet here, where the kernel of the idea was supposed to be, there was only a annotation. He leaned closer, reading the tiny footnote.

'The Annotated Journal of Mysticism, Volume 1 - Pgs 1065-1092. Pub. British Foundation of Sociology, 1921.'

Tom's brow furrowed. Leaning back, he closed his eyes and thought for a moment, the rose and made his way to one of the bookshelves that lined to room.

It was Tom's secret pride that he'd collected the finest, most comprehensive collection of mythical, paranormal and occult literature on the planet. Having become intrigued at an early age, he'd slowly built the collection over the years, scouring second hand stores, auctions, estate sales and garage sales to build it. A voracious reader, even he couldn't keep up with his collection, having read but a small portion of what he'd purchased.

Now, he lifted an old, leather-bound tome from the shelf and blew the thin coating of dust off of it before carrying it back to his desk. He flipped it open, leafing through the pages until he arrived at 1065 - and frowned.

The title at the top of the page was supposed to be 'Astral Projection'. Instead, the faded Times Roman font proclaimed 'Alter Physicality'.

Blinking, Tom held the page with one finger while he checked the flyleaf of the book - and comprehension dawned as he read the date of publication - 1881.

It was the right volume - but the wrong publication. A quick perusal found the correct page, in this publication, of the section, and Tom was soon immersed once more in his work.

Several hours later, he finished his notes and closed the top on the desk. Carrying the 'Journal'. He headed back to the shelf and began to replace it - the paused. Still holding the book, he walked over to his stereo and put his CD of the 75th anniversary collection of the London Philharmonic Orchestra on. As the strains of Pachelbel's 'Canon in D' filled the room, Tom lay on the couch and once more opened the book to page 1065, and began to read.

'An obscure, little known belief pre-dating, but related, to lynchthropy, Alter Physicality states that each human being existent has an *Avatar* - an alternate physical form of existence. Not necessarily lupine, this Avatar may be any species of creature

- even, according to some, another form of human being. Adherents to this obscure belief state that one may, at the proper junctions and with the proper preparations, 'will' themselves into whichever Avatar that they possess. Again, many parallels exist between this belief and that of 'were-' creatures, such as 'were-wolves'. Once such similarity is the belief that the transformation between one form and another can be tied to the full moon. However, the beliefs related to Avatars are more specific than the rather nebulous ones of lynchthropy.

According to very old texts, the times when one may change their current Avatar is based on what is referred to as 'the four transitions'. These, according to the texts, are the following - dawn, or 'the instant in which the sun first appears', midday 'when the sun reaches it's highest point in the sky', sunset 'when the last vestige of the sun doth vanish', and midnight, or 'that moment when the Moon reaches the highest point in the heavens.'

However, it should be noted that these seemingly simple 'transition' times are further qualified - the first three having effect only when the sun itself is clearly visible (that is, not obscured by adverse weather), and the fourth, that of the Moon's zenith, must not only be visible, but must be on the night of the full moon...'

Tom let the book close on his finger and tilted his head back. Closing his eyes, he let his mind wander, imagining what it would be like to be a wolf, his compact muscular body sprinting through the moonlit streets of the city - causing widespread panic.

A small smile tugged at his pale lips at the thought. The smile widened when he considered the thought that his 'Avatar' might not be lupine - perhaps he'd be something tamer. A were-beagle or were-squirrel for instance.

Shaking his head at the thought, Tom opened up the book and continued to read the interesting - but outlandish - beliefs held by the long dead cult.

* * * * *

Exactly ninety-three minutes after he'd put it on, the CD whirled to a stop, the powerful finale of the '1812 Overture' echoing in the room.

Laying the book down, Tom rose and crossed the room to replace the CD with another. As he neared the stereo, however, he found his eyes being drawn to the window - and the full moon shedding it's shimmering silver light through the glass.

Tom felt an odd shiver down his back as he stared at the bright, full moon. Shaking his head to dispel the odd sensation, he pushed his glasses higher up on his nose and reached for the stereo - and drew back again, an odd expression crossing his face. He stood there for several seconds, undecided, then with a self-conscious air, he shut the stereo off and, picking up the book, headed for the door.

Closing, but not locking, the door behind him, Tom walked down the hall to the small storage room. Opening the door with his master key, he rummaged around in the boxes of dusty items left behind by previous tenants, vagrants and vandals. Finally, he located a small round knob of wood with a hole through it. He had no idea what it had come from, but it didn't matter. It was unvarnished and unpainted, which counted. The book specified that. It also specified that the wood should be yew, rowan or oak, but Tom had no way of knowing what type of wood this was.

"Not that it matters." He said to himself, feeling foolish. "This isn't going to work, anyway."

Nevertheless, he took the small piece of wood, and crossed the hall to the staircase access for the roof. He carefully climbed the short, steep flight of stairs and opened the heavy steel door at the top with an effort. He made sure that the lock-bar engaged, ensuring that the door could not fully close.

Tom looked around at the shadows cast by the moon, judging that it was very near to it's zenith. Feeling extraordinarily ridiculous, he began to strip, shivering in the cool air.

Though the book specified complete nudity, Tom stopped undressing when he was down to his socks and underwear, unwilling to go further. He sat atop an aging ventilator and, per the instructions in the book, clutched the small piece of wood between his teeth.

Judging it was about the right time, he closed his eyes and, with all his mind, concentration on the short, repetitive verse from the book, mentally repeating it in the recesses of his finely-tuned mind.

'Atari domino transtomae. Atari domino transomae. Atari '

There he was, sitting nearly nude on a cold metal ventilator, goose pimples rippling over his body as he shivered, mentally repeating a nonsense phrase over and over again in his mind, all in the light of the full moon.

He was very aware of the ridiculousness of his situation, and was feeling very, very silly - when the pain hit.

With a short cry, he hunched forward, falling from the ventilator. The small piece of wood shot from his mouth as he cried out, and his glasses fell off and skittered across the gravel roof. Falling forward, Tom landed on his side and rolled to his back, rocking back and forth as the pain washed over him.

It felt like someone was breaking all his bones while fire ants crawled over his skin, with somebody sitting on his chest and rubbing sand in his eyes. The pain was intense, quickly approaching unbearable....

...and then it was gone, as if it never existed.

Tom lay on his back, gasping, as his body reported a slew of odd sensations unlike any he'd ever felt. There seemed to be a weight on his chest and the cold was more intense at his nipples than it had been before. Something was tugging at his head, and his entire body felt awkward and heavy. Fighting against whatever was holding back on his hair, Tom lifted his head...
...and screamed.

"Oh my god!" he screamed, "I've got tits! I've become a woman, a woman "

The sound of the rich, feminine voice that he was screaming dawned on him in horror. His hand flew to his mouth and he stifled himself, the clear, high pitched scream died, and he stared at the two immense, firm tits thrusting upwards from his? slender, hairless torso.

"My my god. I'm I were-woman." Tom muttered in shock. He shuddered at the thought.

Suddenly, something dawned on him. He was staring down at the new endowments adorning his Avatar body. He was seeing them perfectly, the gentle silver light of the full moon shining on the soft, smooth globes.

Yet he wasn't wearing his glasses.

"I I can see." Tom said in surprise, hearing the rich, feminine contralto of this body's voice. "I have perfect vision."

Slowly, he sat up, having to strain against the massive of his new endowments - and massive they were. They blocked his view of his waist, hips and crotch, but he could see the long, silky feminine legs that now belonged to him. There was no doubt about it - his Avatar was a woman. A fantastically endowed woman, at that.

Awkwardly, Tom struggled to his feet - only to immediately fall forward from the unexpected weight of his tits. Instinctively, Tom tried to catch his balance...

...and succeeded easily, his new body moving with strength and grace like he'd never known. Standing there, swaying slightly, he was amazed to feel so healthy, to have such a fit, responsive body.

"Holy shit " He muttered. His shock and instinctive horror at his transformation was severely muted by the realization that not only was he still alive and capable of rational thought - but feeling better, stronger and healthier than he'd felt in his whole

life. He might be a woman, by the fact that he was a healthy, able one went a long way to mitigating his horror at the sudden switch of genders.

Awkwardly, his mind whirling in a welter of confused emotions, he gathered up his things and, shivering in the chill night air, carefully made his way back to his apartment, barely remembering to close and latch both the roof door and his own behind him. Dropping the things in a pile on the couch, he unsteadily walked to the bathroom, marveling at how crisp and clear his eyesight was in this body.

Entering the bathroom, he took a deep breath to steady himself, then turned and, closing the door, looked in the full-length mirror hanging on the back of the door.

The eyes that stared back at him were not watery blue, but deep, dark brown. They were set in a face that, while not beautiful, was very attractive - and sensual. The full lips were parted in surprise.

A mass of dark brown - almost black - hair framed the face, hanging partway down a smooth back. The skin tone was slightly dusky, a far cry from Tom's usual pale hue.

As a woman, Tom was taller than he'd been - while in his masculine avatar he was a mere five feet, the reflected image showed a woman closer to five-eight or -nine. Much of the extra height seemed to be provided by the long, smoothly muscled and extremely shapely legs that supported her full hips and slender waist. The once baggy boxers were pulled taut across those full hips and firm, sexy ass, but the elastic waist band was, if anything, slightly looser around the slender waist.

Then there was the breasts. The huge, firm, round tits that thrust proudly out. The areolas were large, and surmounted by large nipples, still swollen from the chill air.

There was not the slightest trace of the masculine Tom anywhere in this body he saw.

"Holy shit!" Tom said again, still not used to hearing the rich, sultry voice that emerged when he spoke. Although it was with his inflections, the voice itself had a smoky, sensual timbre to its undeniably feminine pitch.

Slowly he lifted his newly slender hands and held them before his altered face, blinking at the long nailed tipping each finger. He shook his head at the sight - and was further bemused by the sensation of his long hair brushing his slender shoulders.

But the most amazing thing - aside from the very fact he was, for now, a woman - was how good he felt. He had more energy, more strength than he'd ever had in his life. For the first time he knew what it was like to be completely healthy, and utterly fit. It was an unusual and exhilarating sensation.

He turned to the countertop and quickly located his nail clippers. Awkwardly, he trimmed the nails to the length his masculine ones usually were, so not to accidentally poke himself. Then, trembling, he carefully lowered the boxers down to his sock-clad ankles, nearly falling over in the process. Straightening, he regarded himself once more in the mirror.

There, surrounded by a small, neat patch of dark hair, was the unmistakable pink slit of a vagina.

Tom sighed, unsurprised. He'd more or less known what he'd find. Still, it was somewhat of an adjustment to make. Yet his initial feelings of horror and shock had subsided as he began to get used to the balance, grace and power of his altered, now feminine self.

Still staring in the mirror, he slowly, hesitantly brought his hands up and lightly touched his new, huge tits. New, pleasurable sensations flooded from the point of contact as his fingers slid across the silky expanse of skin - then doubled and redoubled when he reached his swollen nipples.

Tom gasped at the powerful, pleasurable sensation, and jerked his hands away, blushing. The whole situation was difficult to deal with, and although it was now, in a way, his body, he still felt like he was...a trespasser or something, and the real owner of the body was going to catch him in the act.

Bemused, Tom walked from the bathroom, finding it easier now that he was starting to adjust to the balance of the body. He was amazed at how vigorous he felt. Though it was late, and he, in his male body, had been awake since early this morning, this body wasn't tired - in fact, it was restless, eager to spend pent-up energy, more than Tom had ever had before. Mind whirling, he dropped to the couch and tried to sort things out.

"It worked. It's impossible, but it's all true - and this is my Avatar." He said to himself, shaking his head. "I was just fooling around, but "

He thought about the whole thing. He wasn't terribly worried about being trapped like this - if it worked one way, then, presumably, it worked the other way too. All he had to do to change back was go on the roof at dawn and repeat the ceremony, and he'd be back to normal.

At least, that was the assumption. If, for some reason, it didn't work Well, it didn't make sense to worry about it until the time came.

Sitting and worrying until then wouldn't change the outcome either way.

Tom practically bounced off the couch and began to pace, his enormous tits bobbing and swaying. He had too much energy to stay still for any length of time, and he obviously wasn't going to sleep. He paced back and forth rapidly, not noticing his swaying, feminine stride, and tried to decide what to do for the next five hours until dawn. If he tried to just sit and relax, he'd probably explode.

He wondered what the hell to do with himself, and decided, finally, that he had to go out, move, go somewhere anywhere. As much as he disliked going out with this new, excessively feminine body, he had to do something anything.

The first problem with that plan was clothing. Obviously, none of his own would fit. So, with his new tits bouncing and swaying annoyingly, Tom walked down the hall to the storage closet, clicked on the light, and began sorting through the boxes

of items, looking for something to wear. He moved aside a box containing undergarments of various sorts, not even interested in them, then began to look through the trunks.

He quickly discovered that pants were out of the question. Any that would fit the full hips and firm, round ass of this body were too long, and too loose in the waist. Also, none of the shirts and blouses would even come close to fitting his massive, distracting tits, except for one very large man's shirt - and that hung like a tent, the sleeves too long and the shoulders too big. With a sigh, he finally accepted the inevitable, and slipped on the only article of clothing that fit.

It was a nineteen-forties evening gown. Long and flowing, it was made of black silk. The design allowed the elegant dress to fit even his new, over-exaggerated feminine figure. Stepping into the skirt portion of the dress, he pulled the material of the top up and over his enormous new tits, shivering at the intensely pleasurable sensation of the silk sliding across his new nipples. Reaching behind his neck, he awkwardly tied the ties that held the front in place. The gown had a plunging back, left bare, and the dress strained to contain his figure. Two silken lace ties at the side also wrapped around and tightened the waist of the dress, leaving a large silk bow at the back. He disliked wearing such a sheer dress so tightly around his figure, practically showing it off - but leaving it loose would not only be uncomfortable and drafty - but tightening it served the purpose of restraining his overly abundant breasts.

Sighing, he rummaged through the shoes, trying pairs on. He found two pairs that fit his new feet - a pair of clunky brown leather shoes that had open toes and a squared off inch-tall heel - and a graceful pair of black velvet pumps, with a slender, graceful heel of two and a half inches.

Tom sat on the top of a trunk and eyed the two pairs of shoes. He knew he'd be more comfortable wearing the ones with the short, wide heel - but he also knew how utterly ridiculous they would look.

Sighing, he slipped his feet into the black velvet pumps and carefully stood. He waited a couple of seconds, swaying slightly, as he got used to balancing on the slender heels, then began to walk towards his apartment with careful steps. He stopped, almost falling over forward, then went back and dug up a small black and silver clutch purse, realizing that he needed something to put his wallet and money in. Somehow, it didn't even dawn on him that, in addition to picking up the purse, he'd also picked up the box containing the undergarments, and was carrying it with him.

Locking the storage room, he returned carefully to his apartment, finding that he got used to the heels unbelievably fast. In a matter of minutes, he was walking in them as easily as if he'd been born in high heels. It was incredible - but compared to being turned into a woman, it was a very minor magic.

He opened the purse to drop his wallet, money and keys into it - and stopped, surprised to find it full of jewelry and makeup. He dumped it all out on the couch, then dropped his stuff inside. Turning, he headed for the door - and found his eyes being drawn back to the small pile on the couch.

"Why not?" he murmured, considering. He walked back over to the couch. Just as he didn't realize that the walk was done in a sexy, gracefully feminine stride, he also didn't realize how out of character this was for him. At the moment, both the ease and way he walked seemed completely natural to him, as did his unquestioning acceptance of what was going on. It never occurred to him to question either.

Digging through the pile, he first selected a slim, silver watch, which he strapped to his slender wrist. Frowning, he considered a pair of small silver hoop earrings, then shook his head at even considering them, and lay them aside. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath, preparing himself for leaving - then decided to 'pit-stop' before going.

He headed to the washroom and quickly undid the dress, letting it slide to the floor. He removed the bright red boxers and sat on the toilet, experiencing the odd sensation of urinating as a woman. Carefully, he wiped himself, ignoring the new sensations that produced, then flushed the toilet. Rearranging his clothing, he headed for the door, grabbing the purse on the way. He carefully closed and locked it behind him, and headed down the stairs.

Amazingly, he hadn't noticed half the things he'd done. Like carrying certain items into the bathroom with him. Or the fact that, when dressing, he'd replaced the boxers with a pair of lacy black underwear from the box. He didn't even notice that he'd pulled on a pair of black nylons with seams up the backs before putting on the dress. And he certainly didn't consciously remember his careful application of makeup, or the way he'd brushed his hair before putting it into an elegant bun with a skill he shouldn't have had.

He also would have been shocked to find that he'd painlessly pierced his ears with the small silver hoop earrings that now dangles painlessly from his perfectly pierced ears.

* * * * *

As the clack of Tom's heels faded down the staircase, the slight gust of wind from the closing door rifled the pages of the book, which had been left open when he'd dropped it. There, on the open page, was part of the section Tom had been reading. If he'd thought about it, he probably could have recited, word for word, the page that he'd read only a short time ago.

'...amazing things about the belief held by adherents of Avatars is the belief in 'physical memory'.

Simply put, this is the belief that the Avatar form has certain instinctive, overriding memories and skills that belong to it, and operate once in that form. A wolf, for instance, would already know how to move in it's new form with little or no adjustment, despite the radical physical differences between that form and the person's own.

Moreover, the Avatar would also have all the necessary hunting skill and the basic 'pack mentality' needed to function as a wolf. Apparently, these new skill and memories are supposed to integrate seamlessly with the transformed's own mind, to allow him to fully function in his new form, immediately and without extraneous instruction or training...'

* * * * *

Tom paused for a second at the front door and took a deep breath to brace himself. It was a self-defeating move - as his lungs filled with air, it caused his massive bust to push outwards, his nipples sliding across the slick fabric and driving home his situation in a muted burst of pleasure. Releasing the breath with a whoosh, Tom shrugged, pushed the door open, and stepped outside, his heels clicking on the pavement.

He set off down the street, accompanied by the gentle tap of the pumps' heels. Again, he failed to notice the easy, sexy way he walked, causing his full, womanly hips to swivel slightly with each step, setting his firm, delectable ass and huge, round tits in enticing motion. As he moved, the dress, slit up to mid thigh, swayed open and closed, sending little gusts of wind across his smooth, sexy legs, which were teasingly revealed briefly each time.

Walking briskly yet aimlessly, his steps carried him down the street, mostly deserted at this time of night. No going anywhere in particular, he found himself passing a small, upscale bar, and decided, on impulse, to go in. Pulling the door open, she entered the dimly lit room.

A few well dressed people populated the bar, mostly businessmen recently returned from overseas and still on foreign time. Many of them turned at the door's opening, and found themselves staring at a vision.

She was standing beneath a light, lending a halo of light to her. One sexy, nylon clad leg could be seen partially through a slit up the long, form-fitting dress she wore, drawing the eye up to the flare of her hips before leading to a delightfully slender waist.

A waist cast into shadow by the huge, firm tits that thrust proudly from her chest. It was clear from the way her swollen nipples pushed aggressively against the sheer fabric that she wore no bra, the huge bust appearing to defy gravity, their immense mass remaining firm and round without support. One of the men, who considered himself an expert in such matters, pegged that stupendous bust line as being about thirty eight around the ribcage, and at least fifty inches around the nipples, which meant that, had she worn a bra, it would have been at least a 38JJJ.

Her face was sensual and exotic. Showing slight traces of gypsy blood, it was slightly dusky with a rounded chin, a full, sensual lips, emphasized by a deep, glossy red lipstick. Mascara lengthened and darkened her full, long lashes, adding mystery to her dark, smoldering eyes. Her dark hair was carefully brushed and twisted into an elaborate, elegant bun. Her perfect ears were only enhanced by the small silver hoops that gleamed in the light.

With a smooth, sensual glide, she moved forward, her gaze sweeping the room. Forgoing any of the booths, she chose the end seat at the bar, and settled gracefully atop the stool, depositing her purse on the bar surface with a uniquely feminine motion.

Tom looked down the bar to get the bartender's attention. Before he could, he became aware of a presence entering his 'personal space' as a sleekly handsome young man settled into the spot next to him.

"Good evening miss. I thought I might buy you a drink."

Tom looked over at the man, his eyes flicking up and down as he took him in. The newcomer was about six foot tall, broad shouldered, tanned and blond. If Ken had been a real person, this would have been it. His physique was further enhanced by a tailored Armani in silver/gray. A tooth-pick jutted from the side of his mouth.

Tom thought about it for a split second, then decided it couldn't hurt. He knew this wasn't going anywhere, and he'd at least get a free drink out of it.

"If you'd like." He replied in his richly feminine new voice. "I'll have a...martini." He'd been about to say beer, but at the last second, decided on something different. "What's with the tooth-pick?"

"I'm trying to quit smoking. These help."

The man smiled and signaled the bartender. After giving an order for two martini's, he turned back around and held out a hand. "I should probably introduce myself. Roger. Roger Denbrough."

In a split second it occurred to Tom he should have thought about this. Even as he opened his mouth to respond, he cast about for a name. Along the wall behind Roger's head were framed autographed photos of celebrities who had been in the bar, and Tom grabbed the first names he saw.

"Sandra Reeves." He said without noticeable hesitation. To be polite, he shifted in his seat to face the man more, intending to finish the drink and blow him off. Well, maybe after a second one.

Roger smiled as the drinks arrived, and sipped at his while surreptitiously eyeing Sandra's enormous tits. He knew that the other men in the room were slowly dying of envy. The way she'd looked him up and down - and paused for a few seconds at his crotch... While she'd stared at the large bulge in his pants, the bartender as looked at her, then him, and given him a knowing wink.

Hell, when she'd turned to face him, she'd put her hand on top of his. Even now he could feel the heat of her hand, seeming to burn nerves directly to his crotch - which she was staring at again...

Tom let his mind wander as he sipped his drink, just trying to get through this uncomfortable situation as quickly as possible. It was awkward, but harmless, and with the free drink, he figured he came out ahead. Finishing it, he placed it on the bar.

"Another one?" Roger asked with a smile.

"Sure Roger, I'd love that." He shifted in his seat to get more comfortable, and waited for his second drink.

Roger almost came right there. After agreeing to a second drink, she'd shifted in the seat - crossing her legs so that the right one rested on the knee of the left. The slit had fallen open, revealing her right leg up to mid-thigh in all it's glory. The glorious leg that she was sliding up and down the inside of his leg.

Tom finished off the second drink quickly after looking at his watch and deciding he had to get home to be sure and catch the dawn. He thought about the best way to get rid of Roger, and decided to be quick, and give the standard white lie 'I'll see you around some time.'

Roger's face fell when the gorgeous creature said, "Thanks for the drinks, but I really have to leave now." Awkwardly, he rose when she did, his erection straining at his pants.

Turning to pick up her purse, she pressed the firm, full globes of her ass against his crotch, wriggling it slightly. Roger stiffened, almost erupting right there. Then she turned back and smiled at him, standing so close that her huge tits were pressed firmly into his chest.

Tom tried to ignore the incredible sensations emanating from his chest. The asshole, obviously wanting a quick feel, had stepped closer when his back was turned so that when he'd turned back around, she'd ended up chest to chest with him. Mumbling his quick line, he headed for the door.

Roger watched the sexual epitome of a woman seductively sway out of the bar. His cock felt like it was going to explode as he watched the erotic motions of her ass until the closing door obscured it.

"Well, you almost got lucky there." The bartender, Jack, said, shaking his head. "I've never seen anyone come on as strongly as she did. Then - poof, she leaves. What did she whisper to you, any way?"

With a blissful expression on his face, Roger repeated the words she'd whispered into his ear in a husky, sensual voice.

"Give me 15 minutes - then meet me at 1523 East avenue, top floor." Roger smiled wickedly. "Say, Jack, sell me a bottle of Vodka, will you?"

* * * * *

Tom sighed as he re-entered his apartment, closing the door behind him. It felt good to be back. As nice as this body was, fitness and health wise, it was more than a little awkward for him to be comfortable in public as a woman. Wandering over to the stereo, he turned it on and ejected the CD tray. Picking one at random, he stuck it in.

Looking around, he decided to kill some time tidying up. He began to straighten up, putting things back where they belonged, puttering around to the music of the CD he'd picked at random - 'Music for Lovers'.

The knock on the door surprised him. Who could be calling on him at this hour? Curious, he went over and opened the door.

He was surprised to find the guy from the bar standing outside, a silly grin on his face, tooth-pick jutting from his even white teeth, and carrying a bottle of vodka. What was his name again? Robert?...no, Roger, that was it.

"Um... Hi Roger." Tom said, surprised.

The well-built man smiled. "Hi Sandra." He held up the bottle. "Pre-mixed martini's, courtesy of the bartender who is an old friend." "Uh huh." Tom said, trying to figure out how this guy had found his apartment. Followed him home, maybe?

"So...are you going to invite me in?" Roger asked, gesturing.

Tom considered just slamming the door in the guy's face - but didn't feel right about it. It was odd, but perhaps understandable. He'd spent his entire life alone, shunned by society - and here, for the first time, was somebody who wanted to spend time with him.

Somehow, Tom couldn't bring himself to just summarily dismiss the guy. "Of course." Tom said, opening the door wider. "Come on in, Roger."

At least, that's what he thought he said. Unnoticed, what actually emerged from his mouth was, "Of course. I've been waiting for you, lover."

Which explained the enthusiasm with which Roger entered, smiling happily as Tom closed the door behind him. "Make yourself comfortable" Tom said awkwardly, gesturing at the couch. "I'll...uh, go get some glasses." Roger nodded. "Sure thing, Sandra."

Bringing the glasses, he dropped to the sofa next to Roger - not noticing that it was right next to him, her full hip pressed against the smiling man.

Roger poured a couple of drinks, and handed one to Tom, who downed it quickly. For some reason, the room had become broiling hot in the past couple of minutes. At least, that's how it seemed to Tom. He shifted uncomfortably, feeling like he was about to spontaneously combust.

"It's way to hot in here, isn't it?" he asked Roger.

Roger was perfectly comfortable - but he wasn't going to argue. "Yeah, I'm broiling. Perhaps we should get more comfortable."

That seemed to make sense, Tom mused. He rose and walked over to open a window, not finding anything unusual in the fact that another man was hurriedly stripping down to his boxers in his living room. Having opened the window, he still felt like he was frying, so it only seemed to make sense for him to reach up and undo the dress, letting the liken materiel slide off his womanly body to a pile on the floor. He turned back around.

Roger was standing by the couch, nearly naked. His body was muscular and exquisitely toned, and his briefs bulged alarmingly/enticingly. Again, Tom found nothing odd in the situation.

Without a second thought, Tom crossed the room, high-heels clicking as his exquisite, nylon covered legs moved enticingly. He lowered himself back to the couch, and Roger joined him. Quickly, Roger poured another round of drinks, and again, Tom downed his, feeling a pleasant, tipsy glow from the four martini's he'd had.

Casually, Roger draped an arm around Tom's shoulders. Tom, who had felt so hot, now felt a brief chill, and leaned into Roger's embrace for warmth. The chill caused Tom's thick nipples to stiffen. A small, dim warning began to sound in Tom's brain as Roger's hands slipped down, and began to caress his huge tits skillfully. Tom tried to figure out what could be wrong - especially with something he felt so right. With a soft sigh, Tom closed his eyes, enjoying the sensual manipulation of his massive tits.

Shortly, Tom was somewhat surprised to find his black lace panties were sopping wet.

That made a small break through. Not the fact that his cunt was hot and wet - but the panties. Frowning, Tom tried to recall putting them on - or the sexy nylons he wore, for that matter. Somehow, something didn't seem right.

The dim warning sounded again that there was something wrong with having Roger hold him, and fondle his huge tits so pleasurably. Mind whirling, Tom looked up at Roger...

...whose lips came down to meet his, and for a long instant he sat unmoving as Roger's tongue probed his mouth. The sensation of Roger's lips against his own full, red lips was so powerfully erotic, for a moment though fled. Half-heartedly, Tom cooperated as Roger maneuvered him into a laying position on the couch, stripping off both of their underwear. His cock was erect, almost thirteen inches long, and remarkably thick.

It was the sight of the cock that got through to Tom. Opening his mouth, he tried to buck Roger off...

...and only succeeding in impaling himself on the thick cock, sending new, mind-numbing sensations through his body.

Instantly, all coherent thought was washed away by wave after wave of pure ecstasy as Roger expertly fucked the huge breasted man/woman. Tom was incapable of anything but trying to maximize the shear, indescribable sensations that he was experience. He eagerly participated, his huge tits bouncing as he moaned in shear pleasure that rose into a cream as his first female orgasm swept over him.

Sighing, Roger rolled off of him and reached for a toothpick in place of his old 'after fuck smoke.' He watched in surprise as the huge breasted babe suddenly sat bolt upright and screamed.

"Oh my god! What did I do?!"

Ignoring Roger, she grabbed a bathrobe and a small wooden ball. Struggling into the robe, she headed for the door. Quickly, the confused man shrugged into a second robe and followed her.

* * * * *

"What the hell are we doing on the roof, babe?" Roger asked, staring out over the gradually brightening cityscape.

"You'll see," Tom answered cryptically, struggling to restrain the lewd sexual thoughts trying to claim his mind. Quickly, he tossed the bathrobe aside, which caused Roger's cock to begin to harden again. Quickly, Tom dropped to his knees and placed the wooden ball between his teeth. Composing his mind, he tried to concentrate on his mantra.

'Atari domino...(god, look at his cock it's so perfect)... No, concentrate! Atari (oh, it's hard again) domino transomae. (I bet I'd enjoy sucking it...) Atari (oh, I'm so horny '

It was no good. The thoughts kept breaking in. He couldn't concentrate on his own. He needed help. "Roger, help me." Tom said around the wooden ball, looking fearfully at the horizon. Time was growing short. "Sure babe, anything for you." Roger replied, sticking a tooth-pick in his mouth. "What do you want?" "Repeat this phrase over and over for me." Tom replied. "Atari domino transomae."

Roger blinked. "Huh?"

Tom shook his head angrily. "I don't have time to explain. Just keep saying it over and over again, no matter what happens. Do you understand? Atari domino transomae."

Roger shrugged, and began to chant the phrase over and over again.

Tom concentrated on Roger's repetition, timing his own mental chant to match, buttressing his own failing will with Roger's chant. It didn't work.

Roger's stiffening cock became clearly visible through the hanging robe when a gust of wind blew it open - and Tom's mind collapsed. Hungrily, he she leaned forward, spat out the wooden ball, and let her warm, supple lips encircle the rock-hard cock.

Following her previous - and, unknown to him, now useless - instructions, he continued to chant as she licked at his huge tool, her hands rising to stroke the shaft while her tongue worked his swollen, purple head.

Everything happened simultaneously. Her ministrations quickly brought him to orgasm. As the hot, salty cum filled her mouth with a flavor that exited and aroused her, he threw his head back and clenched his teeth around the sliver of wood in his mouth...

...just as the sun peeked over the horizon.

Sandra - that was who she was now, helplessly locked in the body and sexual needs of a huge-breasted, cum-crazed woman - was swallowing the mind-boggling delicious liquid when Roger jerked away in pain.

Licking the last of the cum from her full lips, Sandra let her hand slid down between her legs. The other began to caress her huge, firm tits.

Masturbating furiously, she watched Roger change, while somewhere deep inside her lust-filled psyche, Tom sobbed and screamed helplessly in horror - and pleasure.

* * * * *

Down in the apartment, the volume of the 'Journal' sat on the shelf, once more left to molder, as Sandra had no interest in reading such things, and Tom, trapped in her body and psyche, was unable to do so.

But, had someone taken the book, and opened it to the correct page, they might have found themselves reading the final section of the article that had been Tom's downfall.

'...one of the more interesting aspects of the belief is the fact that the 'transformation' is *always* performed alone, away from any potential observers.

Adherents of the belief, as is often the case, have a 'simple explanation' for the lack of independent study - according to these believers, it is extremely dangerous to be in physical contact with another living being at the time of transformation, as it might cause unpredictable side-effects to the transformed '

Roger clambered up the stairs, watching the delightfully swaying ass of Sandra, enjoying the sensual movements of her full, firm ass and her long, nylon encased legs. She was weird - no doubt about *that* - but God, was she hot. Those huge tits of hers was amazing.

To tell the truth, she hadn't been all that great, sexually - but Roger figured he'd try for a rematch, and see if she could do better. It was obvious she was hot for his bod - but, then again, a lot of women were. He wasn't known as 'The Ultimate Ladies Man' for nothing.

With a sigh, he emerged out on the roof, where Sandra was peering anxiously up at the sky, as if awaiting some portent. Roger shivered slightly in the chill pre-dawn air, the thin bathrobe doing little to keep him warm.

"What the hell are we doing on the roof, babe?" Roger asked suggestively, playing it cool and not looking directly at her dusky sensuality.

"You'll see," The huge-breasted woman answered cryptically. She tossed her bathrobe aside, which caused Roger's cock to begin to harden again. Roger watched, bemused, as the sexy bitch dropped to her knees and seemed to concentrate on something, while suggestively sucking on some sort of wooden ball.

Suddenly, she looked directly at him, and said "Roger, help me," around the wooden ball. She was looking, almost fearfully, at the horizon.

"Sure babe, anything for you." Roger replied, sticking a tooth-pick in his mouth. Whatever it took to get this sexy - but very weird, - slut to fuck him again. "What do you want?"

"Repeat this phrase over and over for me." She replied. "Atari domino transomae." Roger blinked. "Huh?"

Sandra shook her head angrily. "I don't have time to explain. Just keep saying it over and over again, no matter what happens. Do you understand? Atari domino transomae."

Roger shrugged. If she wasn't so damned hot, he'd just walk away. But, for tits like those, he'd play along a little while longer. He began to chant the nonsensical phrase over and over again.

Roger felt the cool breeze on his stiffening cock when a gust of wind blew his robe open. Suddenly, she leaned forward, spat out the wooden ball, and let her warm, supple lips encircle his rock-hard cock.

Following her previous instructions, he continued to chant as she licked at his huge tool, her hands rising to stroke the shaft while her tongue worked his swollen, purple head. Her ministrations quickly brought him to orgasm. As his cum shot out to fill the bimbo's mouth

, he threw his head back and clenched his teeth around the tooth-pick in his mouth, just as the sun peeked over the horizon.

Instantly, the pleasure turned to pain as a wave of agony swept over his body. Roger jerked away with a curse, collapsing as the wave of pain swept through him inexplicably.

It felt like someone was breaking all his bones while fire ants crawled over his skin, with somebody sitting on his chest and rubbing sand in his eyes. The pain was intense, quickly approaching unbearable....

...and then it was gone, as if it never existed.

Roger lay on his back, gasping, as his body reported a slew of odd sensations unlike any he'd ever felt. There seemed to be a weight on his chest and the cold was more intense at his nipples than it had been before. Something was tugging at his head, and his entire body felt awkward. Fighting against whatever was holding back on his hair, Roger lifted his head...

"Holy fuckin' SHIT!" He screamed, shocked to hear it come out in a rich, vibrant - and very, very feminine, voice. "What the fuck happened!"

His once muscular, manly torso had slimmed down, the skin tone taking on a dusky hue. Rising defiantly from the narrowed ribcage was what was undeniably a pair of firm, feminine mounds, tipped with large, dark nipples set in smallish, domed areola.

He had tits. Firm, dusky globes of womanly persuasion, ones that normally he would find attractive - but they were rising from *his* chest, jiggling slightly with every breath he took.

All though he'd never seen tits from quite this angle, he'd had ample experience at judging size, and even as he stared with wide-eyed incredulity at the firm mounds on his chest, his mind duly reported that they seemed to be about a DDD cup. In

the cool morning air, the dark nipples were becoming engorged, and Roger not only *saw* them stiffening in the breeze, he *felt* them, a pleasurable tingle that ran down his spine.

"What the hell is going on?" Roger cried, wincing at the voice it emerged in. Awkwardly, he rolled over, feeling his sensitive new endowments against the roof, and levered himself up. As he did so, he gaped at his slender, dusky feminine new arms, which ended in slender, long-nailed hands. As he unsteadily stood, he looked down at the strong, shapely female legs that supported his new body as he struggled to balance his new body, with its new center of gravity.

Sandra was sitting a few feet away, watching him disinterestedly while she sucked on one finger coated with her own juices.

"What the hell have you done to me?" Roger screamed, approaching the huge-breasted woman. "I'm going to kill you, you fucking bitch!"

"Jeez, calm down." Sandra said, one hand fondling her own massive tit.

Instantly, Roger found himself acting calm. Not actually *becoming* calm - the rage, confusion and horror continued to roil within him - but acting calm, no way to express the intense emotions he was feeling.

"How the fuck did you do that?" he asked in a calm, firm female voice. "You told me to be calm, and now I have to be. What are you - some kind of witch? You turned me into a woman."

Sandra blinked, and slowly stood. "What? You mean you have to do as I say?" She cocked her head. "Fondle your tits, Roger."

"I don't *want* to..." Roger began, helplessly calm - then stopped with a gasp of pleasure, as his slender new hands rose and began to massage and fondle his new endowments, sending little bolts of pleasure through him.

Sandra smiled. "Cool." While Roger continued helplessly massaging his sensitive, silky mounds, Sandra eyed him speculatively. "Jeez, you look a little like me." Sandra said. "Weird. I didn't look anything like the other you when I was a man."

"You...were a man." Roger asked, trying, in vain, to force his hands away from his sensitive tits. He was shamed by the pleasure he was getting from his new endowments.

Then, horrified, the meaning of what Sandra said dawned. "You mean... I fucked a man?" Roger asked, unable to express his horror and outrage at her.

Sandra laughed. "No, you fucked me...and I'm definitely not a man." She cocked her head. "You can stop fondling your tits - it's distracting."

Thankfully, Roger let his arms drop as she continued speaking. "I used to be a guy named Tom - kind of. You see, Tom is still kind of inside me...but it's *me* - Sandra - who's in control." She laughed again. "Tom doesn't like it - he screaming right now. Hang on, I'll let him talk to you."

Suddenly, Sandra's posture and expression changed. It was still the same, sexy, feminine voice, but with completely different inflections.

"Roger, you've got to do something. I...I can't control this body - she's forcing me to do these things. You have to look in the book and..."

Suddenly, 'Tom' was gone, and it was Sandra addressing Roger once more. "Tom was a pathetic little wimp - and a virgin, to boot. Why would I want to go back to that sorry life when this is so much more fun?" She smiled suggestively and fondled her huge tits lewdly. "I think you'll find out what I mean before long."

"No..." Roger said, horrified and unable to express it. "I'm not staying this way... change me back..."

Sandra laughed. "Oh, I don't think so. I think I need a 'girl friend' to hang around with. Come on, lets go back to my place."

Swaying sensually, she headed for the stairs, and Roger helplessly followed obediently, calmly 'begging' Sandra to release him and change him back.

Pleas that fell on deaf ears.

* * * * *

"Come on, you've got to see this." Sandra said, opening the door to the apartment and going inside. Helplessly, Roger followed as she led him to the bathroom, and stood beside him as they looked in a full-length mirror.

Suddenly, that comment about him 'looking a little like her' made sense.

They shared the exact same skin tone, a slightly dusky shade, like a built-in tan. Their faces could have been carbon copies - the exact same dark, smoldering eyes, high cheek-bones, and full, sensual lips.

There were differences though. Roger was several inches taller than Sandra. His hair, hanging to mid-back, was a rich, glossy black, where Sandra's was a dark brown shading to black.

Roger also possessed a more athletic body than Sandra. If anything, his new legs were sexier than hers. They appeared longer, and were sensually muscled - what Roger called 'dancer's legs'. They led up to a pair of hips that were not as wide as Sandra's - and, nestled there, was a small patch of pubic hair trimming a definitely female vagina. It took some effort for Roger to see past his loss of manhood and look at the rest of his body.

Like Sandra, his ass was full and remarkably sexy, a firm tear-drop shape, leading the eye upwards - to his almost impossibly slender waist.

Sandra was wasp-waisted above her full hips - but Roger's new body possessed the slimmest waist he'd ever seen. Although his slender hips were almost boyish, his incredibly narrow waist made them look delightfully feminine.

Then, of course, there was their tits. Sandra possessed a massive, gravity-defying pair of chest-melons, thrust from her chest like two huge, firm, flesh-toned water balloons.

Roger's new endowments were more modest, but still large. DDD-cup in size, they were even firmer than Sandra's, forming symmetrically perfect globes that needed no support. Unlike Sandra's tits, where the large nipples were centered in large, diffuse areola, Roger's new areola were small, clearly defined, and domed, rising in a rounded half-sphere before peaking in large, dark nipples.

Roger's shoulders were not as narrow as Sandra's, and his arms were better toned and slightly more muscular, without detracting from their femininity. His hands also lacked the extraordinary daintiness of Sandra's, yet in no way could be considered even slightly masculine.

"My God"... Roger murmured, stunned at the sight in the mirror. He hadn't just been turned into a woman - he'd been turned into a drop-dead gorgeous babe. While Sandra was the epitome of exaggerated sexuality with a massively endowed hourglass figure, Roger was tall, slender and incredibly fit - with a large pair of absolutely perfect tits, incredibly sexy legs that went on forever, and a face that a fashion-model or movie-star would die for.

"See, I told you we looked alike. You look like 'my older sister' would, if I had one..." Sandra's voice trailed off, and she'd looked thoughtful, then devilish.

"What's your name?" She asked suddenly.

"Roger. Roger Denbrough." Roger replied, his stomach dropping.

"No, it's not." Sandra said, smiling wickedly. "Your name is Cynthia - Cynthia Reeves. You're my older sister. Now, what's your name?"

Roger wanted to scream, but couldn't. He couldn't even struggle mentally - thanks to the side effect of being in contact with her during the transformation, anything she told him embedded itself in his psyche. So, helplessly, he replied. "Cynthia Reeves."

Sandra laughed. "That's right. Sandy and Cindy, that's us. The Reeves sisters." She looked Roger - or rather, Cindy - up and down speculatively.

"I'm going out for a second. I want you to sit down and do something with your hair, and put on some makeup." She instructed.

Helplessly, Cindy complied as Sandy left the room. He was shocked to find that somehow he seemed to instinctively know how to apply make-up, as he carefully did his face to match Sandy's. He also found himself brushing out his long, glossy black mane and gathering in with a silver clip at the back of his changed head before letting it spill in raven waves down his slender, smooth back.

Sandy returned shortly, and smiled in approval at Cindy's new look. "Great. Now, get dressed - we have places to go, people to see." She handed him a pile of clothing, and Cindy had no choice but to obediently dress.

Calmly, of course.

The first item was a pair of lacy black panties. Helplessly, Cindy slid them in place, feeling them settle into place around his slender hips, fitting - physically comfortably, emotionally uncomfortably - tightly around his sexy new ass and depressingly/delightfully smooth crotch with its new woman hood.

Next came the pants. They were his - the silky gray pants of his Armani suit. They fit fine, length wise, but even with slender hips, they were skin-tight over his new ass, hips and crotch, detailing the smooth, sexy line of his delightful derriere.

Likewise, the black silk shirt was also his. Helplessly he pulled it on, finding it fit well enough - except for the chest. There, he could barely button it over his firm, large tits. The soft fabric strained to contain his mighty globes, his new nipples poking dents in the thin fabric. He tucked the shirt into the pants, which were extremely loose in the waist. That was taken care of with a white leather belt Sandy handed him that drew the waist-band tight, and emphasized his phenomenally slender new waist.

Next, a pair of black, feminine socks with a frill of lace at the top. Once they were on, the final step was stepping into the pair of black shoes Sandy had provided. They were leather pumps with thin stiletto heels and pointed toes. The heels were three-and-a-half inches and again, Cindy was shocked and dismayed to find that, with just a few minutes practice, he was walking easily - and sensually - in them. To all appearances, the perfect image of a sexy, well-dressed woman.

Accompanied by her massively endowed sister. Sandy had slipped her dress back on, and had picked up her purse. She handed him one as well - pearly gray velvet - containing his money, some make-up, and assorted other items. It took an order from her before he'd accept it.

"Now, we're going out. From now on, whenever any one else is within earshot or sight of us, you will play the role of my older sister as perfectly as you can, as if you were born female - born Cynthia Reeves, to be exact - and it was perfectly natural for you."

"I really don't have a choice, do I Sandy?" 'Cynthia Reeves' asked calmly. "Please, don't do this to me."

Sandra frowned. "You sound like a robot like that. While you're 'being' Cindy in public, you make react emotionally - but only the way 'Cynthia Reeves' would act, the right emotional responses for her at the right times."

As simple as that, Cindy knew he was trapped in a female persona - whenever there were other people present, that is. Helplessly, he followed Sandy from the apartment, feeling his new body move in ways fundamentally different than that of his old body. Ever gentle click of his high heels on the floor seemed to reverberate in his head, driving home the inexplicable, unreal situation he'd somehow become embroiled in.

Desperately, he tried to break free of Sandra's imposed will as they went downstairs - and failed, utterly and completely. It wasn't hypnosis or brainwashing, or some other, understandable, fallible human contrivance. It was pure, unadulterated magic that held him in thrall to her, and he couldn't even weaken the force of her commands in his mind.

They reached the ground floor, and approached the front door. Cindy knew that, once through that door, he'd be stuck playing a persona not his own, unable to give voice to his real thoughts. He tried one last time.

"Sandy - No, Tom," He implored calmly, "please, don't do this. I'm a man. I don't want to be a woman, I don't want to be your sister. Please, Tom - fight her. You can beat her. You know what I'm going through - you've been through it. Save me, Tom. Turn me back. Fight the bitch, Tom..."

Sandy faltered, wobbling on her heels. She hunched over, her body shaking as, deep inside, Tom fought for some measure of control - and lost.

Sandy whirled angrily. "Don't ever call me that again!" she shouted, effectively sealing Cindy's lips on that score. She glowered angrily at him, her usually stunning face a twisted mask of rage. Slowly, that look faded, to be replaced with one of cool, calculating cruelty.

She carefully straightened her dress, then looked Cindy full in the face.

"Your name is Cynthia Anne Reeves." She said, enunciating clearly, with a malicious edge in her voice. "You are 26 years old, 2 years older than me, your sister. You were born female, under that name, in Los Angeles. You finished high-school and collage with good grades. You were tall and gangly until you were 21, being a very late bloomer. Then, you developed rapidly. Now, although you are proud of how you developed, you are still insecure about yourself. You envy me, and the way I bloomed early and was *very* popular with the boys."

Sandy's cruel smile widened. "Because of your insecurity, you have a deep, abiding, and indelible need to outdo me as a woman. Everything I do that is feminine, you feel a need to top, to go one step further. Although you love me very much, and enjoy doing things with me, my every action is the goal for you to beat."

Helplessly, as she was twisted with rage and hatred inside at her cunning, cruel manipulation, Cindy felt the pathways and byways of her brain altering to match Sandy's command. Although she knew the truth, she was now incapable of dealing

with it on a conscious level. Her viewpoint altered against her will as she found herself thinking of herself in the terms described, despite knowing they were fabrications. Just as her command to be calm had robbed him of the ability to express his anger earlier, now he found that his inner rage and desire to kill Sandra with his bare hands was looked behind an impenetrable barrier, unable to surface in his expressions, or even his controllable thoughts. It merely smoldered deep inside. Suddenly, she understood exactly what Tom was experiencing - only, somehow, worse.

Tom's entire personality was submerged deep within Sandra, helplessly imprisoned, experiencing whatever Sandra did, without any semblance of control.

Unlike Tom, who was submerged beneath Sandra, Cynthia WAS Roger - altered and manipulated, but still his male mind was fully present.

Simply put, the situation for them was like this. Tom was like a man tied immobile in a wheelchair and sent rolling down a hill. Roger was like a man who had been whipped until he'd collapsed into the wheelchair, and was now pushing himself downhill from being beaten.

Helplessly, Cindy smiled. "Well, shall we go?" she asked, hating herself for saying the words. Sandra laughed cruelly and stepped out the door, and Cindy unwillingly/eagerly followed, moving with the same sexy, graceful stride as 'her sister'.

Sandy hailed a cab - the driver of which did a double take as the two gorgeous women entered his cab - and directed him to take them to the local college 'hang-out'.

Smiling, Sandy turned to Cindy and said "I think we should look our best, right sis?" Taking out some items and began to touch up her make-up.

Helplessly, Cindy found herself compelled to do the same - making sure that her own make-up was better - sexier - than 'her sisters'.

The cab pulled to a stop, and Sandy climbed out, smiling seductively at the driver. Cindy was compelled to helplessly do the same, rage and shame broiling, unseen, deep inside.

With an erotic, sensual stride, the two buxom, sexy 'sisters' strode into the diner, causing every male's head to swivel in unison. They gaped at the sight as the women walked down the aisle and into a booth with four strong, handsome young men.

"Hi guys." Sandy said with a seductive grin as she slid into the booth. She slung an arm around the nearest man. Cindy did the same on the other side, finishing their greeting with "Don't mind if we sit here, do ya?"

Not one of the four stunned young men even considered objecting. The one with the gigantic hooters started rubbing her fabric-encased tits on his side, and the taller, athletic one began stroking the guy's cock through his pants.

Cindy wanted to scream as she helplessly came on to the handsome college students, acting in the most erotic way she could. She knew what was going to come next, even before Sandy said it.

"You guys feel like coming back to our place and have some fun?"

Again, there was no opposition from the guys, who smile broadly at each other and scrambled to pay for their food. Grabbing their jackets, the men 'escorted' the women out to their cars, and piled in. Each of the women got into a car with two guys, sitting between them in the front seat and coming on to them as the two-car procession headed off to the apartment.

Deep inside, Cindy struggled for some measure of control as she led the two guys up the stairs. She was helplessly walking up the flight of stairs in as sensuous a way as she could, and she could feel their gaze on her firm, sexy ass. Yet no force of will could alter her desperate need to outdo her sister in the art of feminine sensuality as the entire group arrived at the apartment, the four young men practically drooling as the two sexy women invited them in. Sandy threw Cindy a conspiratorial wink, knowing what was going through her mind, and enjoying her unseen horror and disgust.

"Well guys, make yourself right at home." Sandy said with a smile. She settle onto the love-seat, smiling up at one of the men, who promptly sat next to her. She leaned against him suggestively.

Which left the couch for everyone else. The three men shuffled around, working out the math, and wordlessly trying to make sure that they weren't the odd man out.

Helplessly, Cindy suggested a solution. "Go ahead guys, sit down." She smiled helplessly. "I don't mind having to sit on a lap."

Instantly, the three young man sat down. Cindy sensuously swayed over, and lay down across all their knees, looking up through lowered lashes. "Don't be shy. You can touch - if you'd like to."

They like to. The men smile at one another. The one on whose lap her head was pillowed slid a hand down the inside of her blouse and began to massage her firm, full tits, while the one in the middle snaked a hand up and began caressing her inner thigh. The third man looked on enviously.

Sandy smiled at the sight of the secretly humiliated ex-man, and turned to her own companion. "Hey, handsome, how would you feel about tit-fucking these babies?" She cradled her huge tits, and the man's eyes nearly popped from his skull. Sandra guided his hands to her dress, and he eagerly undid the ties and pulled it off, revealing her massive, firm globes. After a few minutes of fondling and sucking them, he let her pull away. Removing the rest of the dress, she lay on the floor, and smiled up at the man, who lost no time in dropping his pants and straddling her torso, his hard, throbbing cock in her immense cleavage. With a blissful expression, he began to tit-fuck her.

Helplessly, Cindy wasn't to be outdone. Quickly, she stood and stripped off her clothing, showing her magnificent, naked, athletic body to the drooling men. She lay down on the floor, and pointed to the middle one.

"You. How about a tit fuck?"

Eagerly, the man stripped down, a promptly copied his friends posture and expression as he straddled her.

Cindy was disgusted to feel the man's hot cock slide between her firm endowments as he pressed them together and began to fuck her cleavage. But that was nothing compared to the shame and rage as she spoke to the other two men.

"Hey, guys, what's wrong. My mouth and cunt are still free, you know."

With huge smiles, the two men responded eagerly. Helplessly, she wrapped her hot, 'willing' mouth around one of the men's cock - while the other one positioned himself - and thrust his hard, ready cock into her sopping wet cunt.

The cock she was 'hungrily' sucking on was the only thing that kept her from crying out in mingled disgust and pleasure as she was penetrated for the first time. The hard shaft slid easily into her sopping cunt, filling her as if she had been made to hold a cock - which, in a way, she had. The sensation was like none she had ever felt, fulfilling and exciting physically, yet all the more emotionally horrifying for the pleasure of it.

The pleasure only mounted as he eagerly fucked the horny young 'woman'. He pumped in and out of her hot, wet cunt, causing rising waves of pleasure to mount, making it difficult for her to concentrate on the world-class blow-job she was giving to the other man. Not that she wanted to concentrate on the sickening task - but she was helplessly compelled to be a better cock-sucker than her 'sister' could ever be, and she struggled to suck the guys cock like a professional, despite the distracting, disgusting, mind-breakingly intense sensations building in her crotch, and sending bursts of shear ecstasy through her nerves.

The man she was giving a blow-job to shuddered, and exploded into her mouth, a flood of hot, salty cum shooting down her throat while she 'eagerly' drank every drop before she spit his softening cock from her cum-coated lips.

She needed to do that so she could gasp and scream with the intense, unbelievable sensations rising through her as she neared orgasm. Then it hit, and her whole body shook in pure, unadulterated ecstasy as she screamed out in primal pleasure. Her spasming cunt pushed the man over the edge, causing him to shoot his load of cum deep into her cunt.

At the same instant, the man on her chest stiffened and grunted as he shot his own load of cum, drenching her tits, face and hair with the warm, thick liquid.

Cindy's mind whirled in confusion. She has laying on the floor, covered in cum. Cum filled her mouth, stomach and cunt with it's warmth, and it's flavor filled her mouth.

And to her horror, she had loved every second of it. She'd hated every second of it to, but it had felt so good to be fucked, and his cum had tasted so wonderful. Already, she found herself wanting to experience it all again, and hated herself for the lust that rose, unbidden, through her.

Looking over, Cindy saw Sandy, now with her own coating of cum. Hungrily, helplessly, Cindy crawled over and began to lap the cum from her 'sister's' enormous tits. Soon, the two women were locked in lesbian lust, licking not only the cum from each other, but each other cunt, bringing each other off.

The sight was enough to re-arouse the passions of the four guys.

And, as the sight of the stiffening cocks elected a deep, powerful lust in her, Cindy knew that she was locked helplessly into a cycle of unending, bi-sexual lust. She watched Sandy as she began to hungrily fuck one of the guys, satisfying her own raging nymphomania.

Sandy was a cum-sucking, insatiable nymphomaniac slut.

And Cindy was helplessly compelled to outdo her at everything feminine - including fucking.

And, as she helplessly impaled herself on another hard cock, Cindy realized that meant that they'd have to develop a whole new word to deal with somebody who was even hornier than a nymphomaniac.

Because they'd need that word to describe her for the rest of her life.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One man meets a druid who changes his life for the better regardless of her gender alteration.

Amazing Grace

By Gunslinger

Under the newly-risen moon, the pastoral landscape had been transformed into a tapestry of quicksilver and blue, with the star-spangled heavens arching above. The soft burble of water from the river mingled with the soft sound of nocturnal life,

and the cool November wind sighed through the autumn-gilded grasses and shrubs, whirling small pockets of fallen leaves across the gravel roadway.

Grant Douglas noticed none of this. Still panting slightly from the laborious job of hauling his pudgy body up the steel I-beams that formed the sides and top of the old-fashioned bridge, the dark-haired young man stared down at the rock-strewn shallows below. Though his dark eyes seemed focused on the boulders that churned the shallow water white and frothy, Grant didn't truly see the cascade, his mind turned inwards on itself, his pale, pudgy face still beneath the full beard and mustache he wore. If not for the chill autumn wind stirring the long, slightly greasy dark-brown hair that protruded from the back and side of his faded black ball-cap, Grant could have been turned to stone.

Finally, Grant sighed. With slow, almost painfully precise movements, the dark-haired young man unzipped his faded leather bomber jacket, pausing to take off his cheap digital watch before he removed the coat, so as not to further tear the already much-patched lining.

Laying the coat beside him on the I-beam, Grant then hiked up his legs and carefully untied and removed his worn hiking boots. Dusting them off, he lay them inside the coat, along with his cap, watch and wallet.

His jeans and the faded denim work-shirt he was wearing soon joined them, leaving Grant clad only in a white undershirt, gray boxer-briefs, and once-white socks, almost worn through at the heels and toes.

Shivering in the chill air, Grant closed the jacket and tied it shut with the sleeves, then dropped the bundle to the sidewalk of the bridge, ten feet below.

Then, before he could change his mind, Grant rose, took a deep breath - and hurtled himself off the bridge, closing his eyes as he leapt forward, arching so as to insure he hit head-first.

Braced for the brief blast of pain he expected before the welcome nothingness of death, Grant felt the wind move around him, rushing as he plummeted downward...

...and then the 'falling' sensation stopped. He could still feel the breeze moving across his body, as if he were standing still, and he could still hear the soft sounds of night. He wasn't dead...

"What in tarnation do you think you're trying to do?"

The voice, old and querulous, startled Grant into opening his eyes - and then he closed them again, shaking his head to clear it before opening them again.

It didn't help - he still saw the same thing.

He was hanging, upside down, about four feet above the shallow, rock-strewn water. Standing on the bank was the oldest-looking human being Grant had ever seen. Deeply tanned, the scrawny old man had a face like old leather, wrinkled and

toughened by years - decades - of exposure to the elements. Though thin and bony, the old guy stood tall and proud, his sharp blue eyes alert and interested.

Long, snow-white hair curled down his back, matching his long beard. He was dressed in a... A cassock? Some sort of archaic-looking robe, either black or a very dark color that looked black in the dim light.

Stunned, Grant could only stared, eyes bulging, as the old man on the bank made a gesture with one hand - and the world 'rotated' around Grant, until he found himself hover upright, a foot or two above the water.

"Who.. who are you..." Grant managed to force out of a suddenly tight throat.

"My name's not important." The old man said, waving a hand. "I'm a Druid. Lived out here for the past hun'erd and fifty years - and I ain't never seen somebody trying to pull a stunt like this in all that time. What in the name of Gaia possessed you to try and kill yourself?"

The surprised look faded from Grant's face, to be replaced with a hurt look that felt all-too-familiar to the young man.

"Well, let's see..." Grant said, bitterly. "I'm a thirty-one-year-old virgin who's not only flat broke, but - thanks to a blood disorder I've had from birth - managed to get AIDS during a blood transfer to deal with that disorder. Hmm... now why would I want to kill myself?"

The old guy's snowy eye-brow rose. "I see. Well, cain't rightly say that's not a sad story, sure enough - but is it really worth dyin' over, boy?"

The 'boy' really rankled Grant - but considering that the old man was somehow holding Grant a foot or two above the ground - well, water - was enough to make Grant reconsider making a fuss about it.

Instead, he merely sighed again. "Yes and no - it's the knowledge that it isn't going to get any better that makes it worth dying over."

The self-proclaimed Druid looked thoughtful. "Yeah, I guess I can see that - still, part of my belief is in the sanctity of life. If I weren't here, it'd be different - but I can't just walk away now and let you finish killin' yerself. So - what if I was to cast a spell that would re-write history? I ain't sure how many changes to history I'd have to make to correct all those problems, but I'm sure I can do it."

Grant blinked at the old man. "Wait a second - are you saying you can fix my life?"

The old man laughed. "Oh, don't 'spect paradise, boy. Life don't work that way. All I'm offering is a different life, a different history in which you're a different person, with the different highs and lows of that life. Life's a gamble, boy - I'm just offering to deal you a new hand is all."

Grant stared at the old guy. Was this really happening? Or was Grant already dead, and all this was the afterlife? Or perhaps he was still hurtling towards the river, and this was all some delusion taking place in the final instant before he hit bottom...

Still - what did he have to lose...?

Well, since the answer to that question was 'nothing', Grant nodded. "Okay - go ahead. Change history for me."

"Sure - but le's jus' make sure you won't just wanna jump offa 'nother bridge. Tell me for sure what you need in your 'altered' life to make you happy. Jus' the important stuff, mind you - I cain't do everything, so just gimme the top items."

Grant closed his eyes, trembling, wondering if this impossible situation was real - and, if so, how much he dare hope.

Taking a deep breath, Grant began to speak in a rapid, tremulous voice. "Well - I'd have to be healthy. No blood disorders, no AIDS, nothing like that. I'll need at least some money, enough to get by on, at least for a while. I don't care whether or not I'm a virgin, 'now' - just as long as there's a damned near certainty that I won't be one for long." He paused, then decided to 'go for broke', so to speak. "Oh - and since I've 'lost' so many years of wasted life, I should be younger, too - say, about nineteen?"

The old guy nodded, thoughtfully. "Yup - I guess being broke an' a virgin is more embarassin' at thirty- one than it would be at nineteen. Okay, that's doable. Now, I don't know exactly what life you're gonna get, 'cause it don't work that way - but it'll have all those things you specified, so I trust you'll enjoy it. You'd better - 'cause I'm also throwin' into this new history that I ain't here right now, so I won't even 'member this." He grinned. "Since you don't know my name or where I live, you ain't gonna be able to keep comin' back and begging me for another life, until you hit a 'perfect' one. I won't 'member doing this, so I won't feel it's any of my problem to make sure you're happy, either."

"That's fine." Grant replied, honestly. After all - either his 'new' life was going to be better than this one was, or it wasn't - in which case, he could still kill himself, having 'bought' at least a few extra minutes of life - and having had a chance to feel the heart-pounding excitement that hope brought, something he hadn't felt in much too long. No matter how things turned out, he owed the old guy big- time for that, at least.

The old guy began to chant, loudly, waving his arms in complex patterns. The air around grant began to stir, whirling around him without touching him, as if he were in the eye of a hurricane.

Raising his voice, the old man lifted his arm, crackles of electricity jumping from finger to finger as he built to a rising crescendo...

...and then a bright flash of white light made Grant involuntarily slam his eyes shut, just as he felt a sudden acceleration...

...then darkness and silence reigned supreme - until the silence was broken by Grant's new body hitting the water, only a foot below.

The very, very *cold* water...

Grant was no Druid - but he must have had some magic of his own, as he levitated right out of the cold water, his 'incantation' a shrill scream as he hauled himself up onto the bank, shivering violently.

Thankfully, the water hadn't done much to his super-tight, mid-thigh-length black leather skirt. Likewise, his black leather, round-nose platform-pumps with eight inch heels were simply covered with rapidly beading water. The black nylons he was wearing were also fine - except for the fact that they did little to shield the slippery-smooth skin of his toned, sexy legs from the bite of the wind.

However, the same couldn't be said about his dark-blue, front-buttoning sweater with a 'sweetheart' neckline. It was sopping wet, weighing heavily on his slender shoulders and molded cold and tight over his enormous, basket-ball sized breasts. His enormous nipples were rock-solid, dinging into his sweater without a bra to get in the...

Right then, Grant's brain simply skidded to a stop. It refused to deal with the situation at all, simply going into 'recording mode'.

Right about then, a male voice came through the night. "Grace! Grace, where are you?"

Grant merely stared as the owner of the voice came out of the darkness, at a dead run. It turned out that the strong, warm baritone came from a tall, broad-shouldered young man dressed in jeans and a yellow-and-red 'Letter Jacket'. His long, sandy-blond hair blew back from his ruggedly handsome face as he rushed up and grabbed Grant's new arms gently but firmly.

"Grace - what happened?" The handsome young man asked, urgently. "You're soaking wet! Did you fall in the river?"

Grant merely stared at him, wordlessly. Holding Grant's new body gently, the young man shouted into the darkness.

"Hope! Hope, get down here! Your sister's hurt!"

"What!" A sweet contralto screamed - and it sounded oddly similar to the one Grant had used when 'levitating' out of the water. "Don't move, Doug - Rick and I will be down in a second with a flashlight!"

A second later, a cone of bright-yellow light flared to life just to the right, and at the top of the bank. In the back-wash of the flashlight's beam, Grant could see that it was a gravel driveway, with a boxy- looking vehicle sitting in it, too dark to make out the details.

A little further back from the river and further along was the edge of a log-style building. Still feeling stunned, Grant numbly realized that he had somehow been moved a couple of miles down-river, to a different location.

But, hey, what was simple teleportation compared to instant gender-reversal?

'*I didn't specify being male as one of the important items.*' Grant thought, rather surprised to find himself still fairly rational and lucid, even if he wasn't exactly himself...

That thought caused a sweet, cute little giggle to come from the body he was in, which made the young guy give a strange look. Grant realized this, and he clamped down on the thought...

No - no, *she* clamped down on the thought, brain getting back up to speed.

'Well, why not? After all, slightly more than half of the population is female...' Grant... Grace...?

...thought, logically. 'That, I can understand - but why are my tits so damned big...?'

Just then, the people with the flashlight arrived. One of them (*Rick, Grant/Grace assumed, rightly*) was a slender-yet-sinewy young man with dark, thick curls and a dark tan. Beside him was...

Grant/Grace stared. The young woman standing across from him looked 'familiar'. In fact, she looked a bit like Grant's mother. Grant's mom, though buxom, didn't boast the 'rack' this dark-haired nineteen year old did. Packed tight behind a blue button-front sweater, these tits were huge, as big as basketballs. As big as...

...as Grant's new tits. Or, apparently, as big as the tits 'Grace' had all along - just like her twin sister... Hope, wasn't it? Well, that made sense - Hope and Grace.

"What happened?" Hope asked, urgently. She and her twin sister were dressed identically, as well - it was like looking in a mirror for the new woman, able to see the same sexy, lush body, the same dark, thick hair - and, probably, even the same bright-red lipstick on the same incredibly full, sexy lips.

'*But, how...?*' Grace thought, numbly, barely hearing Doug's concern that she'd hit her head. The new woman's mind continued trying to understand all of this, her new body unresisting as they led her towards the cabin.

Then, suddenly, it all made sense - and it came back to her, in the form of a photograph and letter she'd seen as a young boy of twelve, when rummaging around in the old stuff in the attic.

The photo had showed a much younger version of his mother - perhaps eighteen or nineteen. With her, on her right, was her parents - Grandpa looking very stiff and formal, despite the obvious 'touristy' feeling to the photo. Next to him was Grandma - and it was a younger version of the same Grandma that had made Grant feel so damned *guilty* throughout puberty - after all, you weren't supposed to have fantasies about your *Grandma*!

This one, though, it was hard not to - not when she was so slender, so buxom, so damned sexy! In the photo, Grandma had been dressed in too-damned-tight faded-blue-denim clam-diggers, and a white 'peasant' blouse that showed way, way too much cleavage for a relative to have. Again, the young Grant had felt that illicit stirring, and damned himself for it.

The fact that Grant's own mother had definitely inherited those genes didn't help - and seeing his younger Mom in the photo, wearing skin-tight blue-jeans and a tattered jean jacket over a white bustier top didn't help.

Next to her, on her left, had been a man Grant had never seen before - and older man, dressed in a causal way that still bespoke a lot of money. Next to him were two older people, obviously his parents - and this man's mother had put even Grandma to shame in the 'bust' department.

With the photo had been a letter to a long-ago friend, never sent, in which Grant's younger mom had explained that she was breaking up with this 'Michael Frost'. Sure, maybe he was gentle and friendly. Sure, he might have gobs of cash, and was willing to use it to treat her like a queen. The problem was, what he wanted out of a marriage was her acting like his sex-starved little bimbo slut, twenty-four hours a day. This Frost guy wanted a buxom, sexy woman willing to act like a mindless sex toy for him, in return for which he'd leave her a bundle of money after his heart condition killed him of in the next ten or fifteen years.

With that memory, Grace understood that history had been altered so Mom had married Frost - which made sense, too, in a way. After all, Grant's blood disorder had come from *Dad's* side of the family...

So, Grant was now Grace Frost. Was 'Daddy' dead? Grace didn't know - but she realized that Mom had borne twin daughters rather than a son, and later too - but not too late that those daughters grew up, seeing their mother play the 'sex-starved bimbo' all day.

Yes - yes, that definitely explained a lot.

So, to sum up: 'Grace Frost' was a healthy, well-off, incredibly buxom nineteen-year-old woman who had grown up, along with her twin sister, Hope, in a household where the only 'role models' were the woman who acted like a mindless slut, and the man who had rewarded her for it, lavishly - which more-or-less ensured that Grace was no longer a virgin.

Everything Grant had asked for - if not in the way he'd expected. Still... was it really all that bad? Sure, it wasn't the ideal life - but since magic was no longer available, the choices were either accept this life and do with it what she could, or kill herself.

Her old life had been bad enough for her to accept the second choice - but she had just started this life. She didn't know if it was that bad or not - so, suicide was in reserve - which left her with trying to 'slip' into this life, and see if it was worth living.

She realized that as they unlocked the door to the cabin and got her inside, flipping on lights. For the first time since coming out of the water, her mind was fully up to speed with the new reality, and she was able to deal with it in 'real-time'.

Her first considered action as a woman was to half-moan a word: "Wha...?"

"Hey!" The handsome young man - Doug - said, urgently. Grace wondered if he was her boyfriend in this new life - and wondered which answer she should hope for. Doug shook her lightly, making sure he had her attention, his blue eyes boring into her dark ones. "What's your name?"

Grace feigned a confused look. "Huh? It's Grace, silly - Grace Frost. But what..." Doug held up a broad, strong hand. "Okay, Grace - do you know where you are?" Grace paused, then took a shot. "Sure - at my cabin."

"Oh, *your* cabin..." A voice identical to her new one said off to the side, with a giggle. "Yup, that's my older sister. She's fine, Doug... so you and Rick can go get the stuff outta the jeep now."

Doug rolled his eyes. "Yeah, sure. C'mon, Rick..."

The two young men headed out the door, which Hope closed firmly behind them - and then she hurried over to where Grace was desperately trying to look casual.

"God - I wish I'd thought of jumping in the river!" Hope said, breathlessly. I'm so nervous I feel like I'm on fire, and so horny I feel like I'm going to burst! A nice cold-water dip would be heavenly."

"Uh - yeah..." Grace said, lamely, wondering at the 'girlish' change in her sister.

"That's all you've got to say?" Hope asked, incredulously. "Daddy's bodyguards and PI's making damned sure no boy touches us, while Mom goes on hour after hour about how wonderful sex is with him, sitting on his lap and telling him how much she loves having sex with him? Now, not only is our birthday, and Daddy's not aloud to stop us anymore - but we get invited to the best party around, the one with all the guys we heard all those stories about! Don't tell me you're not excited!"

Grace stared, trying to absorb Hope's rapid-fire monologue. "I'm just... stunned, really." Grace finally managed, honestly. "I... I'm just having a hard time believing this is really happening."

"I know exactly what you mean!" Hope squealed, her tits bouncing delightfully as she jumped in nervous excitement.

'I doubt it...' Grace thought, stunned, watching the nineteen-year old with the body of a wet dream nervously smooth her dark sweater over her massive, round tits - and then nervously undid the top button with her blood-red nails, exposing more creamy cleavage.

The same nineteen-year-old wet-dream body Grace had - but Hope was acting like a sex-crazed, hormone-driven sixteen-year-old or something. No, that wasn't fair. Hope had mature intelligence and judgment - but it was all skewed by a very strange upbringing.

"Here - take yours." Hope said, anxiously, shaking a couple of small, dark-purple pills out of a plastic medication tube. She pinched one between her nails, and held the other out to Grace.

Grace stared - did she have some sort of medical condition she needed medication for? Something genetic? After all, Grace had only explicitly stated 'healthy' - and wasn't somebody who's medication stabilized the problem 'healthy'?

"Oh - don't you think one will be enough to do it?" Hope asked, having swallowed her own pill while Grace hesitated. Now, the huge-breasted young woman shook another two pills out of the tube. "There - that's a guarantee..."

Grace swallowed, not knowing what to do. Finally, she managed a faint, weak smile, and she took the pills and swallowed them. It seemed the least complicated way to handle the situation.

"Oh - here they are!" Hope said, visibly forcing herself to calm down after she heard her own high- pitched squeal. Outside, the lights that had flared were joined by the sound of car doors closing and engines dying as Hope visibly restrained herself. A second later, she was a sexy, calm young woman. "Come on, sis - let's go say 'hi'."

Numbly, Grace followed Hope's pertly swaying derriere towards the door - then, bemused, realized she was using the exact same sexy, wiggling stride Hope was using. Grace stopped dead, feeling a little light-headed and... foggy.

Hope stopped and looked back. "What are you doing?"

"I.. I don't think I..." Grace tried to explain, without being able to 'explain' - the truth was too unbelievable. Beside - it was getting strangely hard to think straight, her thoughts sort of drifting in and out. Her body felt strangely light, and she swore she could feel every single strand on her head.

"Look, sis - you know the deal." Hope said, in a cross between exasperation and sympathetic urgency. "Either that..." she jerked a thumb towards the door, "...or this."

'This' was a Walkman with headphones, and a little plastic vial, taken out of Hope's purse. Now, she held them up and shook them slightly, shrugging her shoulders.

Grace, mind desperately trying to keep up through the thick molasses that was gumming up the machinery. Gestured at the Walkman. "That."

Hope stared. "You're serious! You'd rather..." She stared, then sighed. "Fine."

Gripping Grace's slender wrist, Hope led the unresisting woman towards a bedroom. Grace's mind felt as if it were stuffed full of cotton, and she found herself wondering when her body had become just so damned *sensitive*?

"Okay - take these!" Hope said, urgently, having led Grace into a bedroom and sitting her on the edge of the bed. She was holding out a couple of blue capsules, with yellow bands on them. '*About the size of a vitamin capsule*', Grace thought absently to herself as she took them and swallowed them, marveling at the way they felt as they slid down her throat. '*I wonder what they are ?*'

Before it could occur to her to ask Hope, Grace found her sister pushing her back on the bed, laying her down as she put the Walkman beside her and began to slip on the headphones. Hope paused, looking down at Grace quizzically.

"When made this tape, it was just a joke - a 'worse case ' joke about what would be the alternative to breaking the promise we made - but, secretly, I was kinda glad we'd made it. I thought *I'd* be the one to back out "

Smiling faintly, Hope slipped the headphones over her twin's ears and the tape began to play...

* * * * *

Grace awoke feeling rested, alert, and wonderfully refreshed.

"Must have dozed off...!" She told herself, brightly, as she sat up in the dark room, absently removing the headphones - which, in any case, were doing nothing to block out the din of the party, the tape in the Walkman having ended some time ago.

"I guess I can be forgiven for it, though... Having been a man, almost committed suicide, then turned into a huge-breasted young woman can tire a girl out!" She giggled in the darkness. "Not that I could ever explain it to anybody else, of course - they'd think I was downright crazy!"

Humming softly to herself, Grace glided sensuously to the door and opened it with smooth, deliberately-sensual grace. Completely unaware of the sexy, swaying way she was moving, Grace continued humming the eerily haunting music as she swayed out into the hallway, her lips curled into a happy smile.

Softly smiling, she approached the open 'everything-room' of the cabin - and almost ran into a tall, long-haired blond, dressed in a sexy little denim number.

"Hi..." Grace said - and then she wrapped her arms around the handsome young man, and kissed him long and hard. She finally broke the kiss and smile happily into Doug's rather startled eyes.

"Uh.. hi..." Doug said, a little surprised by her greeting. She grinned at the confusion in his eyes.

"Ya wanna fool around?" She asked, happily - and Doug blinked twice. Giggling, she lead him back towards the bedroom she'd just vacated, humming happily to herself.

"You seem very, uh..." Doug said, then stumbled to a stop, not exactly sure how to end that sentence.

"Upbeat?" She asked, grinning. "Yeah - I had a chance to do some serious thinking, and I decided that things were more than just 'okay'."

"Uh... okay..." Doug said, obviously not understanding.

Turning on the light and closing the door, Grace led Doug to the bed, pushing him down to a seated position and sitting on his lap, grinning at him. Taking his hand gently, she looked into his eyes.

"Doug, would my having sex with you feel good for you?" She asked, sincerely. Doug blinked. "uh - I'd assume so "

"Would me having sex with you feel good for me?" She asked, sweetly - and Doug blushed. "Yeah - I think I can safely say it would." Doug said, nodding.

"Well then - why not?" Grace asked, happily - and she placed Doug's hand firmly on her breast.

It didn't take long from there - especially with her 'nudging' Doug along the way, first kissing him passionately while he rather hesitantly massaged her huge, firm breast through the damp fabric of her sweater - then with more eager attention as she stripped the sweater off, setting her huge tits free.

Moaning, she let her head loll back, enjoying the touch of his hands on her body...

...while thinking about what she'd heard while the blue pills she'd taken had cleared her mind from the 'anti-inhibition' drugs she and Hope had taken as 'extra insurance'.

It hadn't been enough for Grace, who hadn't even known what they were - so, instead, she'd listened to the 'last resort' tape...

...the tape that, apparently, her and Hope had made - or, at least, the 'historical' version of Grace had made it, back before Grant had 'leapt' into the time-line.

The tape talking about all their hopes and fears, the things they wanted to do with the money they also got on their nineteenth birthday. The jobs they wanted to have, the lives they wanted to live - and the things they wanted to do.

These weren't the hopes and dreams to two sex-crazed bimbos with minds skewed by a bad upbringing. No, the two girls who'd recorded the tape had known and understood that 'Mom' and 'Dad' were playing a game - but that mom was doing it mostly out of love.

Not love for Michael frost - love for her daughters. She was doing what was necessary to give her daughters everything she'd never had - to put them farther ahead than she, herself, had gotten. Their mother loved them - and that was why she'd been so careful to remain 'balanced' in her explanations of sex to her daughters, explaining that, though it wasn't as 'perfect' as she pretended it was for Michael, it was still pretty damned good - if you just let yourself enjoy it. That was Mom's secret, and it was the one discussed on the tape: there was no need to feel guilty about it if it felt good for everyone involved.

Well, Grace had embraced the idea whole-heartedly. Obviously, it had a different meaning for her than it would have had for Hope. For Hope, it would have been a 'guilt trip' - but for Grace, it was a reminder that this life held possibilities that her old life never had - if she could just learn to relax and enjoy them.

That was certainly what she had in mind as the last of her clothing was slipped off by Doug's strong- yet-trembling hands. Laying back on the bed, she smiled up at the handsome-and-nervous young man, letting her eyes trace his strong,

muscular form with only the faintest hints of her old shame, ingrained in her from her days of manhood - but any idiot could see that she was no longer a man, and she didn't want to be a lesbian. Unlike her old, past life however, where she couldn't get any, now she was a woman, a sexy woman, and she'd only have to be a virgin if she let old, no-longer- applicable dictates bother her.

She was determined not to let that happen> She was a woman now, a wealthy, young, healthy woman, and she couldn't see living her new life celibate - so she smiled and spread her legs, her eyes becoming heavy-lidded and eager.

"I've never had a man before, Doug." She told him, honestly. "please - show me how good it can feel to be a woman."

It was an honest request - and Doug picked up the challenge. Smiling at her, he leaned forward easily, gently pressing his hard, throbbing cock against her wet, ready cunt - and then, slowly but firmly, he buried himself into her wet new womanhood.

She gasped at the incredible sensation of being filled - and fulfilled. It felt wonderful...!

It felt even better as he began to thrust, slowly and gently at first, but soon with more power and speed - and part of it was from her urging as she begged him to go harder and faster, finding all sorts of wonderful new sensations as the handsome, fit young man made gently passionate love to her.

She knew that this wasn't going to be a lasting relationship - but, as she squirmed under him, Grace didn't care. Not that she was going to be a slut or anything, but she was going to indulge herself now and then, like tonight - except tonight was extra-special, with everything new and exciting to her. She wanted to try everything at least once, see what it felt like - she couldn't know what she would and wouldn't enjoy in her new, feminine life until she tried it.

She knew one thing for sure - she was going to enjoy having sex as a woman every time she did it - it felt wonderful. Since she'd been a virgin as man, she didn't have a real frame of reference for the amount of pleasure - she just knew that it felt much, much more pleasurable than masturbating.

Much, much more pleasurable...

Screaming out her first orgasm, head whipping back and forth with the power of her first female orgasm, Grace thought to herself that she'd been right, after all, in defining the 'necessities' to the old Druid. Though she was sure she would have enjoyed life as a man under the same 'rules', and though she knew it would have been a less startling transformation, Grace couldn't say she was the least bit disappointed about her new life.

As the first of what she wanted to make sure were many orgasms faded away, Grace smiled up at her first lover, filing his face away for review in the years to come, holding a special place for her as her 'first'...

...and, half an hour later, after some more kissing, titty-fondling, and a few minuets of sucking and licking to get him all the way up, Doug was also her second...

...and, an hour later, her third...

When the two young lovers finally fell asleep in each other's arms, exhausted from plumbing the depth of sexual ecstasy, Grace was damned glad she'd dropped herself into the age-bracket when men were at their sexual peak...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Working the late shift in the University's Archeology department, one guy discovers an artifact that creates profound changes over him.

Amazonian Artifact

By Gunslinger

With a finicky precision made all the more outlandish by the surprising grace with which his pudgy hands moved, The Great White Whale lifted the folded white handkerchief to his broad, pale brow and deftly dabbed away the thin layer of sweat the beaded there. Despite the cool, dry air of the underground room - vault, to be more accurate - the motions as the rotund and abnormally pale young man finished drying his brow were almost habitual, a sure sign of an oft-repeated motion. Likewise, the very careful return of the neatly folded handkerchief to the breast pocket of his rumpled white linen suit also bespoke many repetitions.

As he heaved his bulk up from the stool upon which he'd been perched, twenty-nine year old George Washington Whatley presented an extremely odd sight. Not merely because he was a self-described '5-4-3' - five foot, four inches tall and tipping the scale at slightly over three hundred pounds - but because G.W. Whatley, a.k.a. 'The Great White Whale' was an albino African-American. White blonde hair and eyebrows complimented alabaster skin and pale, pink eyes... but his facial structure and features were almost stereotypically African, which left him looking all the stranger to eyes unaccustomed to seeing broad, flattened noses and almost exaggeratedly full lips in such pale hues.

His decidedly odd appearance was part of the reason why the Ph.D. candidate voluntarily worked in the catacombs - the carefully climate- controlled vaults deep beneath Southeastern Florida University's Archeology and Anthropology department. His sensitivity to temperature, which left him sweating even in these cool conditions, provided the rest of the explanation.

It also explained why he was cataloguing artifacts from the A & A department's Amazon dig at quarter after eight on a Friday night. After all, it wasn't as if there was anywhere else he could be that would be more comfortable for him, either physically or emotionally.

Turning his attention to one of the unopened crates sitting atop the long, scarred wooden surface of the worktable running down the center of the room, G. W. picked up a sheaf of papers on a clipboard, extracting the pen from its holder on the side. Carefully, he copied the numbers imprinted directly onto the metal band of the Customs seal, double-checking to ensure he'd written it down correctly. Only then did he pick up a pair of side-cutters and snip through the band with a swift, twisting motion the pulled his hand out of range of the sharp metal edges of the cut as the Customs seal gave way with a 'twang'.

Trading the wire cutters for a short, much-used pry-bar, G. W. worked the tool into the face of the crate lid facing him, applying an easy pressure.

When the lid began to rise, he moved six inches over and repeated the process, then continued in six-inch positions around all four sides of the lid, until he was able to easily lift the top of the crate free without ever having had to put undue pressure on the crate. Putting the lid aside, he reached into one pocket, emerging with a pair of very thin, white cotton gloves.

Carefully working them onto his pudgy, but dextrous hands, he once again picked up the clipboard, and then began the task of double-checking the listed manifest against the crated and tagged artifacts inside.

He was about a third of the way through inventorying the items against the Customs manifest when he discovered the anomaly.

"Hullo - what have we here...?" G. W. asked himself, sotto voce, as his gaze flicked back and forth between manifest and partially emptied crate.

No matter how many times he checked, however, 'one finely carved wooden box, approx. 20in x 10in x 5in, lacking mandatory artifact tag' didn't magically appear on the manifest - nor did the supposedly mandatory tag appear upon the box when he very carefully lifted it out of its padded niche in the crate.

"Maybe they tucked the tag *inside* the box...?" G. W. suggested to himself, despite the fact that this not only went against standard operating procedures, but should have been caught by either Export or Import sides of the Customs inspection.

Still, with nothing better occurring to him, G. W. grimaced and, after another second's worth of hesitation, very carefully began to open the tight-fitted lid of the hand-crafted wooden box.

A volunteer with many roles in the A & A Archives, G. W. was *not* a curator; what he was doing was more than merely 'technically' against the rules. If anything happened to an artifact, he would be both legally and financially liable for it - and in a world where the originating country was loaning said artifacts to the discovering university, such as what was happening here, there was even the very real risk of sparking an international incident.

The lid came free, and G. W. barely had time to identify the item nestled in the velvet-padded box as being a bronze statuette of a woman - of a much

later and considerably different style than any of the other artifacts in the crate - before the statuette suddenly and inexplicably began to *glow*...

An instant later, the sound of ripping clothes intermingled with the sound of the wooden box hitting the table. The box... but no metallic clatter from the statuette, and the pulsing golden light continued to fill the room, originating at a point about five feet of the floor.

The golden glow continued to pulse as, a scant second later, a shocked, gasping sound gained power and intensity, briefly becoming a short scream. The scream, undeniably and unmistakably torn from a female throat, was nevertheless quite powerful, broad across registers high and low before being chopped off, to once again be replaced with rapid, panicked breathing.

Slowly, the glow began to fade - and the origin of the light also shifted, sinking slowly downwards, coming to rest on the work table a bare instant before the glow itself flickered and vanished, leaving behind only the cold, impersonal light of the overhead fluorescents.

Under that cool white glow, the sole inhabitant of the vault sat sprawled on the floor, gasping and shaking... and, aside from the tattered remnants of a white linen suit completely inadequate to the task of coving the figure within, bearing absolutely no resemblance to George Washington Whatley, The Great White Whale.

Still gasping slightly, the emphatically feminine figure rose with a leonine grace to her feet, revealing her height to be in excess of six feet - much of it seemingly coming from the long, incredibly toned legs.

Her entire body was equally as well toned, bordering on being downright muscular... but in a way that failed to detract one white from her undeniable femininity. Although broad of shoulder, she was equally broad of hip, and the practically tiny waist that lay between the two left her with an emphatic hourglass figure. Her buttocks, firmly rounded, were taut and out-thrust, a 'bubble-butt' that helped counterbalance her large and equally tautly firm breasts. In terms of actual mass, those breasts would have been gargantuan on any 'normal-sized' woman, but were not nearly so out of place on her statuesque body. In fact, either regarding her breasts on their own or as part of her look overall, the single most applicable word for nearly any aspect of the new woman was 'impressive'.

Her skin was a gorgeous, glowing shade of bronzed, and her hair was dark copper; her eyes were liquid gold.

Tall, toned, lithe and graceful, the woman who stared down at herself in shock, one hand lightly touching her crotch, the other cupping a full breasts, was a gorgeous example of athletically sensual femininity.

A virtual Amazon. No... a *literal* Amazon.

Part of that literal sense came from the way, entirely unconsciously, the new body moved at the still-male mind's command. G. W.'s mind commanded the body to dart to the table to grab the statuette - but it was the body itself that moved with feline grace, like a pouncing leopard. One strong, yet finely formed hand snatched up the small figurine, and part of G.W.'s mind noticed that the diminutive figure represented almost perfectly matched her new shape, right down to the shade of dark-patina bronze.

None of which kept that rich new female voice from begging desperately: "Change me back. *Change me back!*"

Clutching the statuette frantically, the new woman was swallowed in disappointment as the metal remained cool, enigmatic, and unresponsive in her hand.

Despite, in its own way, being almost as unusual looking as G.W.'s old body, in many ways this new figure was far superior: tall, awesomely fit, richly toned in shape and hue, exotically beautiful...

...but it wasn't the body G. W. was supposed to have - and, for all its advantages, one of the differences between it and her old form finally pulled G. W.'s mind back of whirling depression to the more immediately repercussions of the situation.

Namely, the fact that this new form didn't have the old one's idiosyncratic reaction to temperature.

In other words, this new body found the vault every bit as chilly as any barely-clothed person would be expected to - and, given her new physiology, two rather prominent portions of her feminine anatomy were responding in a very predictable way, by becoming even more prominent.

Feeling her large, dark nipples becoming erect under the effect of the cool air was a new and disturbing - if certainly not painful - experience for the new woman. Despite the size and firmness of her new breasts, they were 'natural', at least as far as that term could be applied to anything magically bestowed. It did mean, however, that her nipples were fully in keeping with the rather Brobdingnagian scale of her new mammaries.

Regardless of what she might choose to do regarding the inexplicable transformation she had undergone, it was a clear-cut case of 'first things first' - she needed to find something to wear.

Given a physique that could be described as 'a South American Jessica Rabbit who had decided to become an Olympic-caliber gymnast', that would have been task difficult to fulfill in a good-sized mall.

While the Catacombs housed many a strange and wondrous artifact, now including one capable of spontaneous and (physically) painless instant gender transformation, it was considerably understocked in the clothing department.

About all that a quick-but-thorough search turned up was a conscious realization in the new woman of the strange, unintentional feline grace with which she moved. Previously unnoticed in her shock over the transformation, the realization that she was almost literally prowling through the Catacombs came as a rather unpleasant shock to G. W. No matter how hard she tried, she simply couldn't get her form to move with anything but a sinuous and exotic grace... nor, once she had realized how she was moving, could she *stop* noticing the easy, powerful, and more than mildly sensual way her new figure moved. The rolling motion of her broad shoulders, setting her prodigious new bust to bouncing and swaying... The counterbalancing roll and swivel of her broad new hips... The rhythmic flexing of the muscles of her taut buttocks, firm thighs, shapely calves...

If not for the new complexion that hid the rising heat in her face, her blush would have stood out like a beacon as she her own awareness of her sensual new form's exotic movements provided a *second* 'good excuse' for her large nipples to be fully engorged.

Finally forced to admit that there was absolutely nothing at all in the Catacombs that could be used as even make-shift clothing, the new woman sighed and, after a few minutes hesitation, admitted to herself that she was going to either run a risk now, or simply wait in the chilly vault until somebody happened to come by, in which case she'd be seen naked either way.

Removing the tattered remnants of male clothing that merely hindered, rather than hid, her unwanted new form, G. W. retrieved her wallet and cell phone. She then walked back to the work table, and picked up the odd little statuette that had caused this all to begin with, not only intending to take with her, but hoping against hope that it would simply reverse what had been done to her.

When she picked it up, she felt the briefest flare of hope, as it began to sparkle and glow with a golden light - but almost immediately she was doomed to disappointment, for instead of changing her in any way, this new glow simply presaged a change to its own form. Seeming almost to melt, it writhed in a golden glow in her hand, then slipped up her arm before she could react, reforming itself into an intricately carved bracelet.

Perhaps 'bracer' would have been more accurate, given how much of her forearm it covered - and 'unbroken bracer' would have been even more accurate, for she could find no way to move the new ornamentation now that it had chosen to adorn her arm with itself.

"Couldn't you at least have turned into a metal bikini...?" She asked the metal bracer accusingly in her rich new female voice - but the enigmatic artifact gave no reply, and she sighed, steeling her nerve for what she was about to do.

Then, the strange in-built grace of her new form having more to do with it than steeled nerves, she walked straight-backed and smoothly out of the

Catacombs, bare feet slapping against the cold concrete floor leading toward the broad steel-and-concrete staircase.

G. W. was rather desperately hoping that, at this time of the evening on a Friday, nobody would be using the utility corridors that connected most of the buildings on campus.

The reason funding had been pushed through for the corridors was not ease of maintenance, or any of the myriad other appreciated side effects of having the tunnels - they were actually there as storm shelters against hurricanes, largely paid for by FEMA grants. On extremely hot, muggy days, or during heavy rains, students would use them to go from one building to another, and the maintenance, mail, and other support surface staff would use them to transport loads on wheeled dollies that rode easily over the concrete floor. More often than not, however, the tunnels were practically deserted - which had always been one reason why G. W. had preferred to habitually use them, the other being his discomfort with variations in temperature.

Now, however, a gloriously gorgeous example of tall, athletic womanhood, she had all new reasons to hope she would not encounter anyone in the fairly dimly-lighted corridors, as she moved with a feline grace up one flight of stairs and into the tunnel that connected to the Performing Arts building.

If she could only get to the Property rooms behind and beneath the stage area, she was sure she could find *something* that would fit even her statuesque new figure...

Reaching the backstage area of the Performance Arts building without having run into anybody, G. W. let out a sigh of relief as she used one toned, dusky arm to push open a door leading into a costume storage area.

Helpless to permit one, last nervous glance up and down the still-deserted hallway, the new woman stepped through the doorway, letting the door swing shut behind her as she side-stepped around a large rack of feathered- and-sequined dresses...

...and found herself face-to-face with a rather understandably startled- looking young woman.

A rather blandly pretty brunette in a light-weight, earth-toned floral summer dress, the young woman's normal 'notable feature' was usually a nose that was slightly too large for her otherwise rather narrow face. At the moment, however, that slight imperfection was more than overshadowed by both how wide her dark eyes had gone, and how wide her mouth gaped in surprise as she stared at the very tall, toned, and emphatically *nude* female figure that had suddenly appeared with feline grace and silence in front of her.

"Who the hell are you? What are you doing here...?" The brunette demanded, stridently... and then an odd look came into her dark eyes.

"Why are you naked...?" She demanded - but considerably less stridently, a new tone entering her voice as her surprised expression faded, and she took a much longer, more inclusive look at G. W.'s body.

"...and, what's that *incredible* perfume you're wearing...?" the brunette continued, her voice now low and husky.

G. W.'s suddenly whirling mind tried to make sense of the question. Perfume? She wasn't wearing any perfume...!

No - it was the brunette who was wearing a powerful, delicious perfume. Something rich. Something exotic. Something... intoxicating.

Arousing.

Erotic.

"...and, most importantly " The brunette continued, her voice sounding both hungry and dreamy, " are you into girls?"

"Yes. Oh, very much, yes " G. W. heard herself reply in a throaty, dreamy chuckle.

"Oh, good " The brunette replied, her hands going to the buttons on her dress.

As they came together, neither of the naked young woman paid the slightest attention to the literal golden glow that enveloped them.

* * * * *

Sometime later, the two young women rather reluctantly uncoiled from one another, sweaty flesh slipping with sensual susurrations as their intertwined bodies moved apart atop the hastily constructed bed of clothing pulled with passionate fury from the nearby racks.

"Oh, my " The brunette sighed, dreamily, reaching for her dress. "Oh - I'm

Deborah, by the way. Deborah Harriman but you can call me Debbie, if you like."

"Galatea Warchild" G. W. heard her new voice respond, and wondered dreamily why that particular name had rolled unbidden from her tongue... but that didn't seem at all important, not considering the other things that had recently rolled across her tongue. In a warm golden fog - metaphorically speaking, now - she watched as Debbie pulled the dress on... and noticed immediately that it didn't fit the way it had before she'd taken it off.

A lot more toned, shapely leg was revealed by the hem probably because of the extra height the woman had acquired during their lovemaking, mostly in her now proportionately longer legs. The waist of the dress was also considerably looser than it had been but the bust was considerably

tighter, not all that surprising considering her noticeably larger, firmer breasts.

She hadn't changed nearly as radically as Galatea had, and nobody who knew her would have any trouble recognizing the altered woman... but they would undoubtedly be somewhat surprised by just how much sexier the now anything-but-bland brunette looked.

"Oh, wow..." Debbie commented, running her hands down her altered body. "I'm really going to drive the boys wild now, aren't I...?"

"Oh - are you into guys...?" Galatea asked, felling dreamily surprised.

"They have their uses, now and then... as long as they're properly respectful and servile, of course." Debbie sighed... and Galatea had the oddest feeling that Debbie hadn't felt that quite that way before they'd met.

For that matter, she felt fairly certain that Debbie would have objected to anybody calling her 'Debbie', before they met. However, their interaction seemed to have made more than just physical changes to the young woman... just as Galatea was unconcernedly aware of some shifts in her own way of thinking, although, thankfully, not where the general subject being uninterested to me was concerned.

"Here, Lady Galatea, I've found some clothes I think will fit you..." Debbie said, having been busy while Galatea was musing this over. "Not that they are really fitting for one such as yourself, my Goddess, but I'm afraid that it is the best I can do, for now..."

Her own dreaminess rapidly fading, Galatea felt strangely... confident. Almost Powerful, as she rose smoothly to her long legs and looked down into a Debbie's face, where dreaminess had also faded. In the brunette's case, however, it seemed to have faded into something very much like worship...

...and, despite some lingering concerns in the back of her mind, to Galatea, that seemed completely right and proper for some reason.

"Very well, my love - you may help me dress..." Galatea replied, feeling a bit guilt about how imperious she sounded... but only a bit. Then she was dressed, and the Amazon Princess let her newest subject lead her through the tunnels toward the sorority house where new recruits all unknowingly awaited...

THE END



SUMMARY: The tale of lust, depravity and perversion all on the talk show, The Terry Winger Show.

American Maid

By Gunslinger

The Opening Theme Music begins. AS the OTM continues to play, Harvey, on Camera 2, keeps his camera zoomed-in on the letters mounted on the back wall of the studio, long experience letting him keep the camera centered on the words 'The Terry Winger Show' until the music swells, at which point Harvey sweeps the camera across the chanting, clapping studio audience, to the center aisle separating the sections of the seating - or, more specifically, to Terry Winger himself. Terry is

wearing a simple gray suit, his thinning blond hair carefully coifed, his poise confident and friendly. The high- intensity lights are picking tiny diamond pin-points of light from the silver rims of his glasses - bright highlights only a few degrees brighter than his trademark smile. He is holding a wireless microphone in one hand, and when the baleful eye of the camera focuses on him, Terry does what he loves to do best: He speaks.

TERRY

Hello, and welcome to the Terry Wringer show. Today, we have a very special treat for you, our viewers, and for the studio audience here in Chicago. It's a tale of lust, depravity and perversion - and we have it here for you today, only on the Terry Wringer show. Would you like to hear this sordid tale...?

The studio audience cheers - enthusiastically. Not all of which comes from the 'plants' in the audience, staff members hired solely to 'pump up' audience reactions. The truth is, such 'plants' were invaluable in the first two seasons, but since then the audience members have been able to provide enough enthusiasm on their own - they may not know what the show today is about, but they know Terry. The baby-faced MC smiles again, famous (or infamous) blue eyes sparkling under the hot studio lights.

TERRY

It would seem that you would. Well then, why don't we give a big Terry Wringer welcome to... Marian!

The studio audience begins to clap, as expected - and then a ripple of murmurs and comments run through the crowd, creating a sort of general '**Oooohh...!**' sound that overcomes the clapping. This is not the least bit surprising - considering the woman who has just walked out of the door in the set and started walking - swaying, actually, with quite a bit of fore-and-aft jiggle thrown in - down to the comfortable chairs arranged on the stage.

If she's not five foot even, she can't be more than an inch more than that - excluding the heels, of course, since the slender black heels of her classic pumps lift her exactly five-and-three-quarter inches higher into the air. She moves with an easy grace atop those slender supports, the muscles of her long, smooth legs flexing sensually with each step - and it's easy to see, since the 'poofy' skirt she's wearing is not only barely long enough to cover her tiny white lace panties, but it's made of black nylon, the translucent material allowing a good view of those panties, clinging to the smooth swell of her full hips and sliding down to near invisibility within the cleavage of her full, round ass - the same ass that's moving with a provocative little sway as she reaches the chairs and, gracefully, sinks down into the nearest, crossing those long, milky legs of hers at the knee.

As cute as her dimpled knees are, however, that's not where Harvey (still on camera 2) decides to focus. Instead, he tightens the shot so that she's only visible from the waist up.

That waist is delightfully trim beneath the matching nylon top, enhanced rather than concealed by the handkerchief-sized wisp of an 'apron' - purely decorative, obviously, the tiny lace square matching the panties, the little maid's cap tucked into her thick, curly platinum tresses - and the fabric of the not- purely-decorative bra, the one that was straining mightily to contain the

massive, round orbs of supple flesh that thrust roundly from her chest, riding high and proud, with the neckline of the barely-there top low enough to allow plenty of milky cleavage to push upwards and outwards.

Above that abundant cleavage is a long, slender column of a neck, the flesh as smooth and perfect as that covering every visible inch of her body - and, with her highly-modified Maid's uniform, that's most of it. Balanced atop that neck is a heart-shaped face, a smooth brow leading first to high, well-defined cheeks, and then down to a smoothly pointed chin.

Her eyes are big, blue, and framed by long, dark lashes that contrast with her fine eyebrows, their pale coloring making them nearly invisible, to give her that same sort of mysterious smile that brought the Mona Lisa fame - and smiling she was, her softly full red lips pursed into an bright smile that seemed to invite those watching to smile back at her.

Many of the men in the audience are smiling, but for different reasons. However, the smile on the face of your host and mine, the One and Only Terry Winger, is the same slick, smooth smile that had practically become a trademark for the talk-show host. He keeps that smile in place as he strolls casually down to the stage amidst a sudden eruption of sound from the audience - mainly appreciative shouts and comments from the male portion of the studio audience, along with a not-inconsiderable number of suggestions that he 'take it off...!' or, for the less socially adept, 'shake 'em, baby!' Reaching the stage, he strikes a pose familiar to his many viewers - one Italian leather loafer on the stage, the other on the studio floor, his body leaning forward over the upraised knee in a manner designed to foster a sense of intimacy with the guest. In a lower voice used for the same purpose, he greets his guest, a woman who Harvey (the guy on camera two, remember?) would have undoubtedly referred to as a 'a real smoking bitch' :

TERRY

Welcome to the show, Marian - and thank you for agreeing to speak with us today.

MARIAN

(With a giggle)

Oh - It wouldn't matter if I agreed or not. Master told me to come... so to speak.

Terry raises one bushy eyebrow theatrically, as if he has no idea what she's talking about - as if he wasn't completely and utterly prepped on every guest, to avoid looking the fool when talking to them. With a well-feigned tone of surprise, he asks the question on his audience's mind:

TERRY

'Master'? You have a... a Master? As in, 'a person you must obey'?

MARIAN

(With another giggle)

That's right, Terry. I'd tell you what his name is, but I'm only allowed to call him 'Master'. He's the man who decides what I do. Without him, I just sit, perfectly still, in my closet - until the next time my Master wants or needs anything from me.

(Another giggle)

It used to be mostly sex, but since he's gotten bored with me, I attend mostly to standard maid's duties, except for when he hosts an orgy.

Terry pauses to give the audience - or, rather, Camera 2 (operated by your friend and mine, Harvey) - an incredulous look that's wholly spurious.

TERRY

You're some sort of... of sex slave? Forced to obey every whim of a man who makes you live in a closet? How, exactly, does a nice young woman like yourself end up in a situation like this?

The audience collectively leans forward, eager to hear details - not knowing what Terry knows about his guest, and so unable to recognize the 'loaded' nature of that particular question. Perhaps an intelligent, observant individual might have got an extra second's warning by the downcast eyes and slight pout of those delicious lips, instead of the usual giggle - but few of Terry's audience could be describes as either intelligent **or** observant, much less both. Her answer comes as a shock to nearly everybody - except, of course, Terry.

MARIAN

Actually... I'm not really a woman. I mean, I guess I am, now, but I was born as a... as a man.

The audience gasps in shock and amazement - as does Terry, though his is merely well-feigned. He, after all, knows more than he's telling. He takes a long, slow look at the guest sitting in front of him, the movement looking slightly exaggerated to the live audience, but apparently naturally to the much larger viewing audience. With apparent sympathy in his carefully modulated voice, he asks the trademark question:

TERRY

Well - why don't you tell us all about it?

Marian immediately perks up - and that causes a definite audience reaction, as her bright smile comes with a sharp-yet-graceful movement to seat herself straighter in the chair, causing that phenomenal chest of hers to jiggle in a way that could only be described as 'enticing' - and Camera two gets a perfect shot of it. (Harvey's experience in gauging guests in action - he's not the show's longest-running camera operator for nothing.)

MARIAN

Oh, sure - that's what Master told me to do, and he said I could have a really, really good orgasm after I did. You see, I can only reach orgasm when he says I can.

(A slight pout, followed by a giggle.)

Well, Terry, I guess I'd better start at the beginning. Like I said, I used to be a man, and no - unlike John Wayne, 'Marian' isn't my real name. Master told me to never tell anyone what name I had when I was a guy, so I can't tell you who I was, before, but it wasn't Marian - he gave me that name when he changed me into his perfect little sex-toy. 'Maid Marian' - you know, like in Robin Hood? Anyway, that's getting a little bit ahead of the story, so why don't I back up and fill you all in.

It all started about a year ago. That's when I first met my Master - though I didn't call him that at the time, of course. To tell the truth, I was a cable technician, and as far as I was concerned, it was just another service call. Little did I know that he'd rigged the cable outlet so it was a conductor for one of those 'stun-gun' zapper things. I went to hook up his coax - and, instead, got about ten thousand volts pumped through my body. As you can imagine, that didn't exactly leave me in a position to provide much of a struggle when he dragged me down to the operating room he'd set up in the basement.

You see, my Master studied all sorts of things, including various branches of medicine. He'd been planning his new empire for years, and he'd been getting ready in secret. I was just unlucky enough to be the person on-call when he was finally ready to begin.

Like I said, I was just a cable installer, so a lot of what he did is a mystery to me, even though he explained what he was doing every step of the way - to increase the humiliation, you know.

Marian shudders slightly, a grimace crossing her surgically perfect face - and the unfamiliar expression pulls certain muscles taut in certain patterns, patterns that reveal that parts of her skin are tighter than others, a result of the extremely extensive work that has been done on her fair visage.

Terry nods, making a sort of 'go on...' gesture with his hand as he murmurs something to her, unheard by the microphone he carries limply in one hand. Once more, the full-breasted woman's features smooth, and she picks up where she left off:

MARIAN

Anyway, it took months and months of intensive work on my body to get me to look like this - hormone treatments, plastic surgery, liposuction, breast implants, and a whole raft of other things I can't even remember the name of. That was just to get my body the way he wanted it. At the same time, he was also doing other work, work much more.. delicate, I guess. He was also brain-washing me, you see, making me over into his perfect little fuck-toy - without shattering my mind completely. He didn't want a brainless bimbo, but somebody intelligent enough to carry out even the most complicated tasks.

Not to mention, me being technically 'sane' and rational meant that the 'real' me, the male mind-set trapped within this lush new body, would be experiencing.. the worst.. humil.. hum.. humiliations possible...

She breaks off, obviously having difficulty - which, considering her incredible story, isn't surprising. This supple, huge-breasted woman on the stage is really a man, surgically remade into a woman, and being forced to do this interview for the same reason she was allowed to retain her original persona - for the sake of pure humiliation.

Harvey (Operator of the second camera from the right) gets it all, including Terry's expression of sympathy - and, for once, it's not feigned. The talk-show host actually feels something for this person he's interviewing, and the sight of her pain hurts him...

...but not enough for him to forget who he is, of course - and, more importantly, what he does.

TERRY

I realize this must be very hard for you, Marian - but, surely, being allowed - ordered - to tell your story must mean that your ordeal will soon be over. Surely, now that people know what has been done to you, the authorities will put a stop to it and arrest...

Marian's eyes fly wide open, and she begins to jerk in her chair, making small sounds of pain.

MARIAN

No...! No, they.. they can't! If.. If I'm taken away from my Master, I.. I'll spend the rest of my life in agony.. and I.. I'm not allowed to.. to...

Marian struggles to regain control of herself, obviously terrified at whatever fate her Master has 'programmed' her to experience, should he be removed from her life. Terry, of course, gives her the time she needs to be able to continue her story - which she does, once again apparently serene and mildly amused, complete with the giggles - all of which the audience, for the most part, realizes is an enforced personality that she must play out to the best of her ability.

MARIAN

Anyway, it wasn't just the new 'rules' he brainwashed me with, or even just the new personality he wanted me to have - he also used all sorts of techniques to ensure that I'd be incredibly skilled, sexually. I learned everything I needed to know to be the perfect sexual partner, at least as far as my Master was concerned. Whether or not I enjoyed any of it wasn't even a consideration, of course - or, I guess it was, in a way, since he didn't alter my sexual preferences in any way, so that everything I did would be utterly humiliating to me, even if I couldn't show it.

Marian pauses, her long-nailed hands coming up to lightly - teasingly - caress the sheer fabric barely covering her enormous endowments.

MARIAN

Would this be a good point to tell you that I've been ordered to demonstrate some of my sexual talents? One of the things I'm supposed to do it suck a man's cock, right here on national television, uncensored and live - or I'll go into incredibly painful convulsions that'll get steadily worse until I either obey my instructions, or die.

The audience gasps and fall momentary silent. The expression on Terry's face is - amazingly - completely unfeigned, one of horrified desire, of conflicting ideals and desires in mingled sympathy.

TERRY

Well... I... That is...

The talk-show host clears his throat, and tries again:

TERRY

Well, we certainly don't want to be responsible for your death. I'm sure the network will understand what we're about to do...

The audience goes crazy, a raft of the male population quite vocally offering themselves up to be her 'partner' for the demonstration she just has to make - but Terry ignores them, this time choosing his own humanity over showmanship -and his own desires - and he asks the enormously-endowed woman the most self-sacrificing question he's ever made on the show:

TERRY

Why don't you choose who you'd like to demonstrate your technique on...?

Marian blinks, obviously surprised - and then she does something that she hasn't done since her own personal nightmare began: She smiles.

Not the vapid, sexy little smile that's practically a permanent fixture on her new features. No, this is a warm, grateful smile, completely voluntarily and heart-felt. She looks at Terry for a long moment, her eyes conveying everything she needs to say - and then she slowly lets her gaze sweep across the audience, looking for something she's not had in along time - a good sexual partner, even if it's for something as 'demeaning' as a blow-job - though, truth be told, she's long past that stage, all the things she's been forced to do by her Master having dulled the edge off of her emotions so much that simple blow-job is actually a relief. In fact, she's actually come to enjoy the physical sensations, now that most of the initial disgust and horror have been worn away by the sheer number of times she's repeated the act she's about to perform. So, it's with an actual eager glint in her eye that she surveys the broad range of available partners - and finally lifts one hand to point a gloss-pink nail at a man.

MARIAN

Him. The cute cameraman - if he doesn't mind...

She's pointing to the ubiquitous Harvey. (See? There **was** a reason to keep pointing him out...) Harvey, of course, doesn't mind - in fact, the viewing audience is monetarily treated to a shot of the studio ceiling as he abandons his post, ripping off his headphones and letting the camera swing upwards as he hurries towards the stage, his toned legs moving him quickly. Though an older man, Harvey keeps himself in top shape - and, since the studio lighting is so damned hot, he's dressed in pretty standard camera-man clothing, namely a pair of shorts and a T-shirt that reveal his lean, trim body.

Either the thought that his wife religiously watches the Terry Wringer show hasn't crossed Harvey's mind - or, more likely, he just doesn't care. Edith (Wife of the ever-popular Harvey) was the high- school 'Miss Popular', and she's stayed in fairly good shape over the years - but even in her heyday, her figure was nothing like Marian's, and it just so happens that Harvey likes women with a full bust - or, as he's been known to refer to them, "Big honkin' hooters'.

The guy on Camera one picks up the action as Harvey practically hurdles his boss, reaching Marian in record time - and she's now standing, slowly and sensuously licking her softy full lips.

Considering that a few hundred thousand people know exactly what's going on at this pointy - and, more importantly, what's about to be 'going on' - speech seems rather unnecessary. In fact, Marian says all that needs to be said by simply flicking an unobtrusive clasp on her right shoulder - the clasp that the outfit she's almost wearing has been designed around.

Despite appearances, the outfit isn't made up of several different garments, but by one, ingeniously contrived - and with that simply flick of one long nail on a simple clasp, the entire outfit slides to the floor, leaving her dressed only in heels and the little cap- and the glory of her forcibly-inflicted body, lush and almost unrealistically perfect in coloration and tone. Her breasts, being implants, are as artificially round and firm as you could expect - but Harvey certainly doesn't seem to mind their artificial nature, as he eagerly reaches out and begins to fondle and squeeze her breasts, hands trembling with eager desire as he caresses her magnificent mounds, the fact that she was once a man apparently not a factor as far as he's concerned, judging from the bulge in his crotch.

Marian moans - which isn't surprising, since she'd thoroughly enjoying Harvey's touch. After all, she's spent the past few months as a humiliated sex-toy, forced to undergo steadily more degrading and painful ministrations as her Master got steadily more bored with the 'simple' stuff. In fact, this is the best she can remember feeling in a long time... and she's beginning to realize something:

She's being rewarded. For 'long and faithful service', in an odd way - now that her Master is tired of her, he doesn't care if she's humiliated and tortured. In fact, he's completely indifferent to her fate, now - the show is 'one last fling', so that the world will know Marian's true origins. Once she's completed what she's been ordered to do, she'll be free to live whatever life she can find - though she doesn't know this yet, since she's been told to 'forget' that command, until it's all over. Her unnamed soon-to-be-ex-Master doesn't want her slipping the mental leash he's given her, not until she's done her last few tasks.

Still, Marian has no complaints at the moment, everything else subsumed in the fact that she's actually enjoying what's going on and so, she's almost hesitant to step back slightly, breaking the rather obsessed man's touch on her massive mounds. Still, she has to do it - she's feeling the first, faint tremors and aches that presage an all-out 'disobedience' attack, so she needs to get right on with it.

She does. Quickly, eagerly and skillfully, she slides down to her cutely dimpled knees, a genuine smile once more wreathing her face as his throbbing crotch slides into eye-level view. With eager fingers, the transformed male reaches out and yanks the cameraman's pants and underwear down, setting his cock free, to jut proudly from his crotch, exposed on national TV...

...but not for long. At least, not all of it - since Marian opens her mouth and, with a soft sigh of genuine pleasure - takes his cock into her warm, wet, and for the first time in ages, willing, mouth.

Many of the men in the audience were 'porn addicts', having seen anywhere from dozens to hundreds of porn movies - and they'd all later agree that Marion had the style of a pro, mixed with the grace and eagerness of somebody who was truly enjoying what she was doing.

Harvey didn't exactly seem upset with her technique, either. In fact, he was moaning and gasping as she sucked lightly, head bobbing and hands working his now-spittle-slicked shaft. She paused several times to actually remove his cock from his mouth - so that she could lick it.

Kiss it.

Work her tongue and lips up and down it's throbbing length...

...and even lightly nuzzle and suck on his hair scrotum, though it's because of her implanted skills rather than for her own enjoyment.

One that rather unpleasant necessity had been taken care of, however, she's free to cram as much of his cock as she can back into her eager mouth - and she can take a lot.

In fact, she now picks up speed and deep-throats him, her face burying itself firmly into his lower abdomen as she works him closer and closer to spectacular orgasm...

...and when it comes, she had her head pulled back, only the throbbing, nearly purple head of his cock between her full lips, so that she can fully enjoy the flood of hot, salty cum that rushes over her tongue and down her willing, eager throat.

Marian, a huge-breasted woman who'd once been a male cable contractor, feels utterly, supremely happy over the fact that she's just given the man of her choice a blow-job. The taste, the sensation, the emotional connotations of this act are now pleasurable to her, since they are contrasted to all the dirty, nasty, painfully disgusting things she's been forced to do over the past few months - details that will have to wait for one of the twenty-seven other episodes of the Terry Winger show she'll be

featured on over the next three years. Even though she could now speak, having licked Harvey's cock clean and thanked him - profusely and honestly - for letting her suck his 'sweet, wonderful' cock, she has no desire to continue on with her little expose of her life.

In fact, as will come to be standard whenever she appears on the show, she's now much more interested in her own gratification, having rediscovered that sex can be pleasurable, even without the orgasm to 'top it off' with...

...and the reason that she's invited back to so many shows comes when she rises from the floor, now barely aware of Harvey's presence as her mind shifts into a higher gear, focused on her next programmed task.

She licks the last sweet drops of cum off her lips... as she slowly approaches Terry, who is still standing in the same place, having watched the entire oral display with wide-eyed amazement. Incredibly, his eyes open even wider as she sensuously walks - practically dances - over to where he's standing, her desires and intentions obvious in every move she makes.

She wants to fuck his brains out...

Terry Wringer actually drops the microphone he's holding. His hand simply goes limp, and the world- famous mike drops to the ground - as the huge-breasted woman reaches out and traces her long- nailed hands over the jacket he's wearing, her body thrumming with desires...

...and something else. Something she hasn't felt in an even longer time: Control.

Her Master's not here, and even though she's still obeying his last commands to her, here she controls what happens - and that means that she's enjoying the thought of what she's about to do before the act itself, and the fact that she won't be able to reach orgasm until the end of the show doesn't bother her a bit.

Which is fine - especially since she doesn't realize that the orgasms she's been denied are still possible, and in fact a damned-near certainty, now - since many of the restrictions have been released on her, though she's been ordered to consciously forget the instructions.

So, when she begins ripping Terry's clothes off (with no little help from the man himself), she'd eagerly anticipating the fact that she's about to control a sexual encounter, and completely unaware of what's waiting for her.

MARIAN

Fuck me, Terry. Throw me down on that couch over there and slam that cock of yours into my hot, wet cunt...

TERRY

(Incomprehensible groan, indicating agreement...)

Terry, now naked except for his shoes, glasses, and a pair of hot-pink silk boxer shorts that are going to earn him a lot of ribbing in the near future, does exactly what she tells him to do - which is damned near enough for the mental equivalent of an orgasm, Marian supremely happy as the talk-show host lifts her in his arms by cupping her full ass and lifting, her huge breasts crammed forcefully - and pleasurable - into his face as he blindly staggers over to the supposedly decorative couch along one wall of the set. It's dark green, sort of small, and has a slightly musty smell to it - but neither Terry nor Marian seem to care as they tumble onto it.

There's a momentary moment of awkwardness as Terry tries to remove his boxers without removing any part of his body from any part of hers - but they finally manage...

...and Marian and the audience, both at home and in the studio, are amazed at the length and girth of Terry's cock. Who knew that the long-winded old fart boasted such an endowment...?

Like Harvey, Terry didn't have long to display his pride and joy - as it was soon buried deep into Marian's artificially-produced-yet-highly-realistic cunt.

His technique would leave a lot to be desired - but he's actually trying to give as much pleasure as he's getting, and no matter how inept a lover he might be, Terry was more considerate than any Marian had ever experienced. She's now making sounds of pleasure as he fucks her hard, pleasure from the way he's riding her...

...and then, startled, she begins making louder, more intense sounds of physical pleasure. She's feeling... fantastic. In fact - she's feeling...

...feeling...

...feeling...

Terry, unaware of the look of shocked, amazed pleasure on her face, is pounding away for all he's worth - and it does the trick:

Orgasm!

She screams:

MARIAN

OH, GOD - YES! Don't Stop, baby, make mamma cum again....

Terry Winger, talk-show host extraordinaire, was famous all over the United States, and even abroad, for his abilities and talents as a host. At forty-one, he's no longer a rangy youth, but he's at the peak of his career...

...and, even as he chums, he reaches the peak of his fame - for, old or not, inept lover or not, his surpassingly large cock reveals another skill of his as he does exactly what she commands - which only makes the second orgasm, hard on the heels of the first, all the more spectacular...

...and drains Terry in more ways than one, leaving him limp as he rolls off the couch, onto the floor, and gently begins to snore.

Marian, a stunned look on her face, stars down at the limp figure of the talk show host, then slowly rises to her feet, angling sensuously over to where his mike lays. She picks it up, then slowly looks over the studio audience.

She grins.

MARIAN

Hello, and Welcome to the Maid Marian show. Today, our topic is: Orgies: Fun Fantasies for the Masses...

Then, with a giggle, she tosses the microphone aside and literally dives into the audience....

The Terry Winger Show topped all the ratings for that week...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: With a temper constantly out of control, one man bumps into a Leprechaun who grants him three wishes; he wishes to have a more calm personality, little does he know that he has no control over the results.

Anger Management

By Gunslinger

Shivering, the young lady looked out at the rain lashing the street, the low, scudding clouds providing a gray twilight that matched the cold rain and cool wind. Pulling her coat tighter around her body, she popped open her umbrella and started to dash from the shelter of the doorway to her car...

..and almost slammed into the man stalking down the sidewalk, his hands balled into fists and his face a mask of rage.

She uttered a strangled scream and drew back from the man, her eyes wide in fright. Her heart seemed to pause in it's rhythm at the sight of the tall, heavily muscled man, whose medium-brown hair was now dark and plastered to his low, threatening forehead from the rain that soaked him and the T-shirt and jeans that covered his body - the wet fabric now clinging even more to the curves and slabs of his broad, muscular frame.

Even more frightening than his mere appearance, however, was the fact that he seemed to be in an insane rage - his face twisted in anger, his dark eyes narrowed and practically glowing with rage.

Though barely a whisper, his deep voice rumbled and growled as he bit off curses and insults, his square jaw working as if he were chewing on the words rather than speaking them.

Then...

...he was stalking past her, his boots slamming heavily against the concrete. In that frozen instant in time, she'd thought she was about to be raped, assaulted, murdered - or worse. It took a second for her brain to catch up to the adrenaline that had been dumped into her system, allowing her to realize that her heart hadn't stopped, but that time had, - for an instant - seemed to slow, creating the illusion that her heart had stopped...

...and the illusion that he'd so much as slowed when they'd collided. Now, she realized that he hadn't even looked at her - it was as if he was completely unaware that she even existed as he continued his way down the street, trailing grumbled curses behind him.

Shaking her head, the woman unlocked the door to her car, shooting occasional glances at the man's receding back.

"God - I gotta get outta this town." She said aloud as she slid behind the wheel and brought the car to life. Putting it into gear, she pulled away, the taillights quickly disappearing into the cold waterfall of rain.

* * * * *

Dave *hadn't* noticed his collision with the woman, other than on a purely physical level as his body had adjusted itself to maintain it's balance.

His mind was too busy to notice such 'minor' incidents. Though he walked through a cold spring rain, his body soaked to the bone, he didn't notice the cold, either - he was kept warm by the red blanket of rage that consumed him, his anger and hate consuming him and burning with a heat that drove physical discomfort from his perceptions.

David Lambert was royally, intensely, powerfully pissed off....

...at the fact that he was royally, intensely, powerfully pissed off.

"What the fuck is my major malfunction?" He growled at himself, slamming a fist against the taut muscles of his thigh without feeling it. "What the *hell* is wrong with me, anyway? I *knew* that it was no big fuckin' deal - so why the *fuck* did I just... *explode*?"

Dave had just been fired from his latest job, for 'blowing up' at a customer. Sure, the customer had been a bit of an asshole, whiny and annoying - but that was no reason to have gone off the deep end. Even Dave knew that, both now and at the time he'd done it - yet, he just couldn't stop himself from doing it.

It wasn't as if this was an isolated incident - he'd been through more jobs than a sheik had cars. All of them had ended, one way or another, after his temper had given out and he'd blown his lid.

He'd had really, really high hopes for this job, though - he'd just finished a voluntary Anger Management seminar. He thought he'd had himself under control, thought he'd finally managed to rein in the raging temper that he couldn't control - then, a week into a 'so-far-so-good' job, he'd run into that whiny little man with the annoying Brooklyn accent..

...and that had been the end of his hopes. Now, as he stalked down the sidewalks with no particular destination in mind, he was trying to cope with the fact that, rather than disappointment, all he could feel about it was self-directed rage - which only made the anger that much worse, and that led to more anger at his problem...

It was a vicious cycle, and he was so consumed with his own self-hatred and -anger that it would take a major even to snap him out of it.

It was just about then that the heavens seemed to explode.

It was as if a thousand flash-bulbs went off in the same instant, tuning the world glaring blue-white as a bolt of lightning slammed down from the low clouds into the tall oak tree in the park a hundred or so feet away from where he stood - followed an instant later by the back-flash, a thousand times more powerful, as the connection was made and the electricity surged *back* into the sky, matched by the tremendous thunderclap that seemed to beat past Dave's eardrums and directly into the hearing center of his brain.

In one frozen instant, as if his brain had taken a snapshot of the lightning strike, he saw the lightening cleave the hundred-year-old tree in half, splinters and sparks flying as flames burst to weak, spluttering life on the wet wood. He saw the tree start to topple...

...and saw the child on the ground, in the path of the left half of the tree's fall.

Before he was even aware of it, Dave was moving. Anger, even thought itself, had vanished as he responded to a much older - and stronger - imperative buried in his brain. The massive, thick muscles of his legs now gave up every ounce of energy in their sinew and fiber as he bolted forward, air rushing in and out of his lungs as his vision seemed to narrow to nothing but the small, green-clad figure that was just starting to move - too slowly.

Then Dave was *there*, his broad hands outstretched - and he grabbed a fistful of cloth with it's struggling cargo inside and pushed off with his legs, throwing himself forward. He pulled his precious burden to his chest to protect it as he tucked-and-rolled out of the way as the tree slammed into the ground behind him, branches slapping painfully - but harmlessly - across his back as he rolled away from the point of impact.

"Geez - are you okay...?" Dave gasped as he uncurled... "Just fine, me boyo - thanks in most to yerself, I might add."

Pulling himself to his feet, the four-foot-nothing tall man brushed at the bits of foliage clinging to his green claw-hammer coat and faded beige-and-brown weskit, then performed a deep bow before the stunned and gaping Dave, his bright red beard and mustache parting to reveal an engaging grin.

"'Tis not often that wee folk find ourselves indebted to the likes of you, me lad." The tiny man continued in the same cheerful, Irish-accented voice as he straightened. "Indeed, 'tis more likely that we be tryin' to avoid ye altogether, if ye take my drift."

"You... you're... a..." Dave stammered, eyes bulging as his brain tried to make sense of what it was seeing - without actually acknowledging what it was seeing.

"A leprechaun - aye, that's right me boyo." The man said, cheerfully. "Seamus O'Branaggh, at yer service." He grabbed hold of three of Dave's fingers - the most his diminutive hand could encompass - and shook the stunned man's limp hand. "An' I do mean 'at yer service', me boyo - fer I owe you my life, and I'll not be shirkin' my debt, past troubles or no. Ye did me a good turn, and I'll repay you for that, on the name of Cú Chulainn himself, I will."

Mustering up all his scattering wits, Dave asked the most intelligent, penetrating, philosophically-rife question he could come up with:

"Huh?"

The little red-haired man smiled at Dave beatifically. "Me lad - I'm goin' to grant ye three wishes. Anything at all that yer little heart might be desiring - fame, fortune, or the proverbial luck o' the Irish. What will it be me boyo? And, to make this all formal by the lights of the Council of Elders, I give ye m'word in the formal manner..."

Drawing himself up, Seamus' assumed a very solemn expression, and when he spoke it was in the tone of one reciting a ritualistic phrase or oath.

"By the oath of the Elders,

I repay the debt owed by me.

The first three wishes uttered by you, I give my oath to grant unto thee."

Dave was gaping at the nattily-clad, four-foot tall figure, a look of disbelief on his face, his brain spinning in neutral as it tried to deal with something that was manifestly 'impossible'.

Which was why his brain wasn't quite up to the task of thinking everything through logically. If he'd been presented this offer in his 'right mind', he might have taken the time to think them through carefully, to come up with the three most 'perfect' wishes he could...

...or, then again, maybe he wouldn't have. Dave was many things - but 'a rocket scientist' wasn't one of them.

In any case, there is no way of telling what might have happened, in other circumstances. What did happen, was that Dave blurted out the first thing that occurred to him, the very thought that had been floating around in the back of his head for the past few hours.

"I wish I would never get angry or upset again!" Dave blurted, without thinking. Seamus winced. With that same, formal tone, the leprechaun spoke.

"You have spoken wish number one, I swear it be granted, consider it done!" Then, dropping the formal tone, he spoke in a more 'brotherly' voice.

"Me lad, I'm sworn to grant ye the wishes as ye speak them. By the laws of the Council, I must - and, if ye'd merely caught me, I'd do it with glee. But I do this without malice, and I beg of ye, boy - choose yer words with circumspect caution. We Little Folk are bound by ancient laws that... do not favor the mortals."

"Uh... huh?" Dave said, mind still trying to cope with the situation.

"Ye might have wished to be able to control your anger." Seamus said. "But... didn't I?" Dave said, confused.

"Nay, lad - ye wished to never get angry or upset again, and that's considerably different, me lad. Though I hold the power to grant the wishes unto ye, it is not I who holds the actual means of the granting. When I grant the wishes, they are on behalf of the Council of Elders."

"But... I thought..." Dave's brow was furrowed in confusion.

"Aye - mortals have trouble graspin' the obvious, sometimes." Seamus sighed, rolling his eyes. "If ye be a barrister... lawyer, as ye say.. ye would understand. Tis' like when the Pope (curse his Catholic hide) makes a declaration, he is supposedly 'speaking for God'. Likewise, when I gift ye with three wishes, I am calling on the power of the Council for the actual grantin' of them, as no single being, fey or otherwise, could be entrusted with such unlimited power. Ye must be careful, and leave no lee-way for the... 'play' of the council, as they have no love lost for mortals of any stripe."

Dave blinked. "You mean... you're giving me wishes that are dangerous?"

Seamus sighed. "Aye - just as fire can warm and cook for ye - but, if misused, can harm ye. Treat yer wishes with care, me boy!"

Dave still didn't quite grasp the distinction... but the very lucid manner in which this improbable event was occurring was starting to get his brain back up to speed, and he hesitated a bit before voicing his next wish.

"I wish..." Dave stated, carefully. "That I would be able to get a long-lasting job, where I'd be friendly, cheerful and nice to my customers and coworkers."

Seamus winced again, while he intoned:

"Witness the speakin' of wish number two - I swear on my oath, it'll be granted unto you!"

Then, almost pleading, he said, "Please, lad - ye must be more careful with what ye say! Could ye nae be a little more specific in yer wishes, lad?"

"What?" Dave protested. "I thought it was a really good wish!"

Seamus sighed. "Well, I can but hope that the Council be keepin' in mind that ye saved me life when they grant these wishes, boyo. Now, please - speak yer third wish with great care!"

Confused as to why either of the wishes could be dangerous, Dave bit his thick, lower lips and considered his third wish very carefully. Like the first two, he wanted to make sure that they were only directed at him - after all, how badly could things go wrong when he was the only one affected by the wish. So, he wanted to find the right words to make sure that the wishes affected only him. After all, in his second wish he'd been careful not to say that his customers would like him, but that he would behave in a way that would probably make them like him. Where could the harm be in that?

Finally, Dave was ready for his final wish. He figured it was a good, safe wish, and that it couldn't possibly harm anyone...

...and would be really, really good for him, in many ways.

"I wish that the way I look, sound and act would be less threatening, that I'd be more sensitive to what other people thought of me - and that I was really, really skilled at sex!" Dave declared triumphantly.

Even without his anger, his 'Neanderthal' looks had turned off lots of women, and this wish would make him a handsome, non-threatening guy who was what every woman wanted - sensitive and a great lover. Talk about a perfect wish!

Except... Seamus winced worse then with the other two. Though his tone was formal, it was also heavy with sadness.

"With the speakin' of wish number three, witness my dealings be finished with thee!" He intoned - then patted Dave on one, thick, arm.

"I wish ye the best of luck, me lad, and will try to convince the council to go easy on ye, despite the way ye phrased yer wishes - but I don't hold much hope. I'm sorry my boyo."

"Wha...?" Dave said, confused. "But..."

"I must go, lad. I truly am sorry - but it isna my feelings that control the council's will." Seamus said - as he began to spin. It was slow, at first - but he gradually sped up, until he was merely a green, four- foot-high blur, like a miniature tornado...

...and then he was gone, as if he'd never existed in the first place.

Dave looked around, shaking his head and wondering if what seemed to have just happened had, in fact, happened. Maybe that branch had clipped him on the side of his head on the way down...

Pushing himself back to his feet, Dave stared at the spot where he *thought* the little, green-clad leprechaun had been - then shook his head, doubtfully, and headed off towards his apartment, wondering if he was losing his mind.

'Well...' Dave thought, in an offhand manner. 'If nothing else, this... hallucination had broken my bad mood. I don't feel angry at myself for blowing the job anymore...'

Perhaps, if he'd been a bit brighter, he might have wondered more about the significance of that 'coincidence'...

* * * * *

Reaching his third-floor apartment, Dave let himself in and closed and locked the door behind him, tossing his keys on the table...

...and watching a spray of water splash across the wall with the motion of his arm. Though he'd realized he was sopping wet, somehow the actual implications of it had escaped him until now, and he turned his eyes downwards to the slowly growing puddle around his size-thirteen shoes.

"Hmm... this could be messy." He remarked calmly to himself. With quick, precise movements, he began to strip out of his sopping-wet clothes, watching the puddle grow by the second...

...without being particularly bothered about it. Sure, he knew he'd have to clean it up, and cleaning wasn't exactly Dave's favorite pastime, but somehow it just didn't seem important enough to get upset about.

Once naked, he padded quickly to the bathroom, draping his sopping wet clothes over the shower- curtain rail. Grabbing a handful of towels, he quickly swiped the worst of the moisture from his skin and hair, then padded back to the foyer, carefully and efficiently mopping up the drips and splatters of water along the way, finally reaching and sopping up the main puddle inside the door.

Dumping the towels into the tub, he debated taking everything to the laundry room in the basement, then calmly decided it wasn't worth the effort - he could do it all in the morning. Taking another towel and drying himself more thoroughly, the massively-muscled man padded to his bedroom and pulled on his frayed-yet-comfortable bathrobe before heading into the living room.

It was Dave's usual habit to leave his TV on during the day, simply turning down the volume. An older twenty-one-inch TV, it had begun 'acting up', taking hours to warm up before it would finally focus, hence his habit of leaving it on almost all the time.

Now, however, the screen was dark - and a faint, but perceptible, odor of burnt plastic filled the room.

With little hope, Dave walked over to the TV and pushed the switch to the 'off' position, then pulled it forward again, to the 'on' position.

Nothing happened.

Turning the carcass of the television around, Dave could see char marks where the innards had sparked and splattered to brief, electric life, probably from a storm-induced overload.

Reaching down, the big man disconnected the defunct set from the wall.

"Well, now that's a shame." He told himself. "With no job, I certainly can't afford another one, and might be without a TV for months. Well, at least it didn't set my apartment on fire."

Calmly, he walked over to his old-fashioned stereo (bought third- or fourth-hand at a garage sale for twenty-five dollars), and flipped it on, waiting for it to warm up before turning the large, analog tuning dial in search of...

"Hey..." Dave said, blinking. "My TV just died. Shouldn't I be yelling and throwing things about now?"

Dave looked at the charred carcass of the TV with a puzzled frown. Though he could think about how he'd expect himself to be acting right now, he just didn't feel any particular urge to act out those violent expressions...

...of anger. In fact, he didn't feel any anger at all. There was some mild disappointment, a sense of boredom at losing his main source of entertainment, and a bit of worry over the cost of replacing the aging set - but no anger. Even the emotions he was feeling seemed... muted. Incapable of getting a real rise out of him.

"Well, that's strange." Dave said, blinking with surprise. "Hey - maybe that whole 'leprechaun' thing *did* happen, after all. Maybe my wish really did come true, and I'm not going to 'explode' anymore. That would be great, wouldn't it? No more problems with my temper."

Leaving the stereo crackling with mid-station static, Dave sat in the worn armchair in front of the blind eye of the dead TV, and considered what he was feeling - or not feeling. Could it be true? Could his temper have finally been 'defused'?

"Maybe I should test this out..." Dave mused to himself. Nodding at his conclusion, he picked up the phone beside the chair, checked for the dial-tone, then spun the rotary dial seven times in the manner of somebody long used to dialing a particular number. He listened to it ring at the other end of the line, followed by a feminine voice saying 'hello.'

"Shelly?" Dave said. "It's me, Dave. Look, I was..." the feminine voice at the other end interrupted - loudly, vehemently, and at some length.

Dave waited the tirade out... calmly. When she finally wound down to the point that he could get a word in edgewise, he spoke.

"Yes..." He agreed. "You're right - about all of it. I should never have yelled at you, and I should have never, ever laid a hand on you, for any reason."

Even as he spoke, he was somewhat startled to realize that he was speaking the truth. He had been wrong, utterly and completely. It had been all his fault, and she'd never done anything at all in their relationship. It was almost scary - as if he was seeing the relationship through her eyes all of the sudden, seeing what she'd seen rather than the mess he'd believed had been mostly her fault, provoking him into what he'd done.

"Shelly - I'm sorry. I really, truly am. I know there's no hope for us, now or in the future, and I won't bother you any more - but I wanted to apologize, to tell you that you were right and that I was wrong. Everything that happened was my fault, in it was me - and me alone - who screwed up what could have been something special. I am so very sorry."

The silence at the other end of the phone was complete, as if his ex-girlfriend wasn't even capable of drawing a breath. Then, after the pregnant pause, she asked - in, for her, a remarkably timid tone - one question.

Dave was surprised by it. "What? No, Shelly - I'm not sick... Oh - oh, you thought that maybe.. I was dying? No - I'm fine. I.. just wanted to set the records straight..."

Slowly, he found a grin beginning to surface on his face as he continued. "...because you going around calling me a 'son-of-a-bitch' has really been bothering me. Sure, I'm a violent, lousy, no-good Neanderthal - but your choice of phrasing insults my mother, not me. I figured that wasn't really fair..."

His ex-girlfriend laughed, weakly.

Dave shook his head - ever since his break-up with 'the Bitch', as he used to call her, the mere thought of her could send him into a rage - and here he was, talking with her calmly and rationally.

"Anyway, I have to go, Shelly - but I wanted you to know that I finally realize the injustices I've done you. though I know you can never forget what I did, I hope that, someday, you'll be able to forgive me. Either way - I'm out of your life now, for good. I wish you all the best, Shelly."

Listening to her stunned good-bye, Dave reached out and hung up the phone - and stared at it, amazed at the fact that he'd not only gotten enraged, but he'd actually...

...been sensitive to her feelings about him. Understood what she'd felt about him. Just like he'd wished.

Slowly, Dave began to grin. "Wow... This is...weird. Nice... but weird."

Maybe, in with whoever his next girlfriend turned out to be, he'd be able to avoid the problems altogether, instead of just seeing them afterward. Geez - if this was really happening, if his wishes were really coming true - he'd be the most 'perfect' boyfriend that any woman could ever wish for.

Dave smiled, triumphantly. Despite Seamus' 'warnings' - which Dave hadn't really been able to make sense of, anyway - things certainly seemed to be working out well.

Rising, Dave walked over to the radio and continued tuning it, sliding over station after station on the AM dial - and finding nothing he really wanted to listen to, despite the fact that many of the songs playing were the Top 10 of Rock and Alternative, his usual sound fodder. For some reason, they sounded more like angry, discordant noise than music, and the ones he'd always thought sounded more 'mellow' now seemed more depressing than anything else, with 'uncomfortable' lyrics.

Sighing, Dave switched over to the FM band - something he couldn't recall doing since he'd bought the stereo. Slowly, he hunted through the unfamiliar stations...

...and found himself pausing more and more often, listening to longer and longer segment of songs, none of which he recognized. Finally, he found a station that was playing smooth, somehow 'intricate' music, unlike any he'd ever paid attention to before - yet oddly compelling. Shrugging, he left the radio on the station, finding the 'mellow' music oddly matching his current, rather mellow mood.

Cocking his head in mild surprise at his strange affinity for this music, he headed into the kitchen and opened the fridge. Aside from some condiments, a half-package of hot-dog wieners, and a few cardboard containers of take-out food that he'd almost forgotten were in there, most of the fridge was taken up by the large bottle of dark-amber malt liquor he preferred. Dave bit his lower lip absently as he considered his 'choice' - Colt .45, or Olde English 800.

With a hesitant motion, he reached in, his hand wavering between a bottle of each, and then - hesitantly - he pulled out a bottle of the Colt...

...then immediately put it back and chose the Olde English. Twisting the cap off of the short-necked, red-and-gold labeled bottle, he threw his head back and took a long, deep swig...

...then spluttered, spewing half the mouthful over the counter. "Gaw-wd!" Dave said, in surprise. "This stuff is... really, really bad!"

It was, too - really strong and bitter, with a wicked after-bite. In short, the same as it had always tasted - yet, for some reason, he thought it was utterly disgusting.

Shaking his head, Dave used a handful of paper towel to wipe up the counter - then dumped the rest of the beer down the sink, since there was no way he was going to drink the bottle tonight, and once opened the 'beer' would go flat pretty quickly, which wouldn't add to it's negligible attraction.

Still feeling like he wanted a drink, he rummaged around in the fridge - and spotted, in the back, a bottle of white wine that Shelly had kept there, left behind when she'd stalked out.

Shrugging, Dave pulled it out - then had to hunt around in all his cupboards, searching for a corkscrew. Though it seemed to take forever to find one, he felt rather happy - after all, he'd usually be royally pissed off at the evening he was having, yet he was remaining quite calm and rational.

Things were definitely going to be better for him now that his mindless rage was 'defused'.

Finally getting the bottle of wine open, he started to lift it towards his lips.. then decided that it just didn't feel right to swig wine from the bottle, like you would beer. Instead, he hunted through the cupboard until he found one of the three remaining wine-glasses left from Shelly's brief tenancy in the apartment. Filling the glass, he carried glass and wine out to the living room, unconsciously curling his legs up under him as he settled into the chair, sipping at the wine. Closing his eyes, Dave just relaxed, enjoying the soothing sounds of what the mellow-voiced DJ informed him was a song by somebody named 'Enya'.

The song was most of the way through, when Dave began to feel... strange.

Opening his eyes, Dave cocked his head and tried to narrow down the unusual sensation that seemed to be running through his body, but was unable to pinpoint where or what it was. Still puzzling over it, he lifted the wine-glass towards his mouth...

...and paused.

"Hey..." Dave said in a voice of mellow surprise, staring at an arm that was somewhat slimmer and less muscular than it had been earlier in the evening. "My other wish is kicking in - I'm becoming less threatening-looking."

Finishing the act of taking another sip of wine, Dave put down the glass and pulled his arm out and perpendicular to his body, to get a better look as it slowly continued to lose mass, it's once thick, dark coating of 'ape-man' hair slowly lighting and thinning.

It was more than just his arm, though - he could feel the rest of his body slowly altering shape as well. Deciding to get a better view, he got up from the chair and headed into the bathroom, shucking off his robe and stepping as far back as possible in the small room, to be able to see as much as possible in the somewhat dusty mirror hanging above the sink.

"Gee... I'm really slimming down..." He remarked to himself, cocking his head as he surveyed his slowly decreasing muscle-mass. "I.. I think I'm also getting shorter, too. Maybe I should have wished that my clothes would fit my new look, as well - what I own now is going to hang on me like a tent..."

He continued to stare at his changing body, brow slowly furrowing in confusion. The change was slow, but steady, and the effects were starting to add up, forming a pattern that seemed odd - though the rate of change itself seemed steady and constant, certain parts of his body seemed to be changing at odd rates. His hips, for instance, didn't seem to be shrinking nearly as quickly as the rest of his body, while his waist seemed to be rushing much faster. Though his ribcage itself was continually squeezing inward, his pectoral muscles not only didn't seem to be shrinking - the actually appeared to be growing large on his steadily diminishing frame....

...and his once-mighty cock, 'Goliath', as he'd always liked to call it, seemed to be in a hurry to shrivel away to nothing, his hairy ball-sac keeping pace as it rushed to disappear.

Dave might not be the swiftest guy in the world, but...

"Dear me - this isn't right." Dave said, startled. "I seem to be turning... turning into a woman."

Intellectually (If that word could be applied to Dave) he knew that the thought should both panic and enrage him - but it didn't. He could summon up concerned confusion - but nothing really powerful, though he knew that he not only would be concerned, normally - but this was one of the few times in his life that he'd have the right to be...

'Angry and upset'.

So Dave wasn't exactly a genius. He wasn't completely brainless, either.

"So that's what the leprechaun meant..." Dave said, still worried - yet proud of his sudden realization. "I didn't ask to control my anger - I wished never to be upset or angry. So I can't be - even when I should be..."

The brief burst of pride vanished, quite quickly. "Oh. Oh, my - this isn't good. Not good at all." He bit his lower lip with mild worry. "I do wish I could be upset about this - I really should be, after all. Being turned into a woman certainly isn't a good thing. I most definitely should have been more specific, and said 'a less threatening *marl*'."

He stood, stock-still, for a moment, chewing it over in his mind. "Of course, I suppose that a cute puppy-dog is also 'less threatening'... but would being a puppy be better, or worse, then being a woman..."

A couple more minutes of heavy thought didn't help - with his inability to feel his true emotions of anger and other 'upsetting' feelings, it was impossible to honestly gauge what he would have 'preferred', before being 'tampered' with.

"Oh, dear - I definitely didn't think this through when I made my wishes. I should have listened more closely to Seamus." Dave 'fretted', the best he could do, emotionally, at the moment. "What shall I do? I doubt a doctor could help, at this point."

Raising his voice - which was slowly but steadily rising in pitch - Dave tried the only thing he could think of.

"Seamus! Seamus, can you hear me? I need to talk to you!"

He knew that he would be bellowing at the top of his slowly changing lungs, were his emotions unaltered - but Dave simply couldn't summon up the 'negative' emotions necessary for raw panic. Uncertainty, discomfort and dismay were in place of fear, horror and despair - and he simply couldn't feel any variation of anger at all, not even the slightest.

For a long moment, Dave thought his rather mild calls for assistance had fallen on deaf ears...

...and then a tiny green tornado spun itself into existence on his counter-top, stirring the roll of toilet- paper on the back of the toilet tank, and ruffling Dave's slowly growing hair.

Then the tornado slowed, and Seamus stood there, shaking his head despondently. "Tsk, ts, me bo.. Dave." Seamus said, sadly. "I did try to warn ye."

"Yes, you did, but I didn't understand." Dave replied, in a steadily rising pitch. "Still, I find it hard to believe that this is how your council of Elders treats a man... uh, mortal, who saves the life of one of their own - without any intention of receiving a reward, at that."

"Well, the Council's disdain of Mortals..." Seamus started, sadly - then he blinked. "With no intention of a reward, say ye?"

"That's right." Dave affirmed. "I didn't really believe in leprechauns and stuff, until all this started. Even when I was 'wishing', I thought maybe I was hallucinating, maybe from a blow on the head."

"Well, me lad... maybe that'll put a different spin on things." Seamus said, carefully. "I canna promise anything, mind ye - but wait, and I shall see."

Seamus turned his face up and closed his eyes, and then his lips began to move as if he were speaking - but no sound emerged.

After a couple of long moments - while Dave watched, uncomfortable, as his body continued to alter - Seamus lowered his face and opened his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Dave." Seamus said, with a sigh. "You're unselfish intent might have carried some weight - but the Council says, since you accepted the proffered reward, you must accept the responsibility of having worded them the way you did."

"But I didn't understand." Dave said, reasonably, unable to get angry about this. "Not only the warnings you gave - but that this would truly happen. Having helped you, I was accepting your 'reward', thinking it was a good-faith offer you were making. I didn't know anything about this.. Council, not when you made the offer."

"Aye - that's true!" Seamus said - and now the little man looked mussed and sweaty. "To tell ye the truth, lad, I'm not even supposed to be here, much less speaking in your defense. But, as you saved my life, I will see what I can do - even if it gets me in a mite of trouble."

He lifted his head again...

After a considerably longer time - during which Dave's now mostly 'gender-neutral' body continued to slide towards femininity - the leprechaun lowered his eyes, and sighed. Though he'd stood on Dave counter-top the whole time, he looked as disheveled, sweaty and exhausted as if he'd just gone twelve rounds with Ruben 'Hurricane' Carter...

...and lost.

"Dave, me friend, I am eternally indebted to you for saving me life - and that's no small thing, considerin' how long we Little People live, if not killed by some foolishness, like bein' drunk under a tree in a thunderstorm. I argued my best, and promised every promise, called in every chit - and I could not do verra much for ye."

Dave cocked his head. "You mean - there's nothing at all they'd do?"

Seamus sighed. "Not quite, me lad. With me impassioned plea, and my call upon their honor, after you saved me life and all, they backed down - but not verra much at all."

"Oh?" Dave said - and was glad to find that at least 'hope' and 'relief' still had some hold on him - though the concurrent 'worry' at the leprechauns qualifiers wasn't nearly as strong as it should be.

"Well, I canna help with the emotional thing, as it's already been done." Seamus said, sadly. "Likewise, I canna do anything at all about you becomin' a lass. The Council says that it canna undo these, since they are already done - or, at least, started." He waved a hand. "Though, to tell ye the truth, I think they are merely bein' stubborn. They enjoy playin' their little games with mortals, and to tell the truth, I do to - 'tis only the fact I am indebted to ye that keeps me from reveling in what's happening to you..." He grinned, sheepishly. "As much as it pains me to admit it, that does not mean that I find it... amusing, even if I wish it were happen' to somebody else."

"Thanks." Dave said, with a sarcastic grin. "I suppose you feel 'safe' admitting it, since I can't possibly get angry about it."

"Well - sort of." Seamus admitted. "The other part that lets me say it is the fact I did by ye a little leeway. Given my impassioned pleas, the Council has agreed to allow me to ease yer transition inta yer new life. They've given me a wee bit of power - just a wee bit, mind ye - so I can help ye adjust. However - the three wishes ye first made must come true, and I canna help you with that."

"Ah..." Dave said, knowingly, his voice now sounding completely foreign to his own ears. "I see - a cut-rate leprechaun."

"Careful, Dave." Seamus warned with a half-grin. "I'm still the one who decides how, exactly, to 'help' you..."

"So - how 'wee' is this power?" Dave asked, raising one eyebrow - which was considerably slimmer, and more curved, then it had been to begin with.

Seamus coughed and cleared his throat. "Well, with the fraction of the power they've given me, I canna affect more than one other person, OR, about two hundred pounds worth of matter - an I canna create or destroy matter, only change it." Seamus shrugged. "And, because of the limitations from yer first three wishes, I canna make any changes directly to you, because they would conflict directly with yer original wishes."

"Okay..." Dave said, with a sigh... then realized that, while he'd been busy discussing the problem with his own private 'cute-rate' leprechaun, the odd feeling had departed, indicating that the changes to his body was done.

Or, rather, the changes to 'her' body.

Unable to feel more than mild trepidation, the person who'd been Dave only a few hours ago turned to look in the mirror.

"Oh..." Dave said, in mild shock and discomfort. "...My."

The person reflected in the glass would be described by many different terms. 'Petite' was one of the first that would jump to mind, and 'Feminine' was most definitely in there, as well. 'Cute' was high on the list, as well as 'sexy'. In fact there was a host of adjectives that could be applied to the new body Dave possessed...

...but she just couldn't imagine 'threatening' ever being used to describe the person the new woman saw in the mirror.

First of all, she was short. She only topped out Seamus by four inches or so, which would make her four-foot-four-inches, four-five at most.

Then there was the fact that she was slender - very slender. Not 'skinny' - no, all the curves were there, as well as a nicely padded layer of firm, healthy flesh with a rosy glow. She was just very fine-boned, with tiny, dainty hands and feet, a swan-like neck, and a nearly infinitesimal waist.

Despite her lack of stature, the new woman certainly didn't look 'childish'. Though on a smaller scale, the body reflected in the mirror was of adult proportion - young adult proportions, perhaps, say twenty-one or so instead of Dave's 'real' age of thirty-two, but still full-grown.

What a figure it was, too...

Her feet seemed positively tiny, even on her small frame, with high, well-defined arches and tiny, perfectly-shaped ankles. Rising from these delicate porcelain feet were her legs - proportionately longer than usual for her height, they were long and shapely in a way that was 'cute-sexy' rather than 'sultry-sexy' - they were shapely, with firm, healthy skin, but only lightly muscled with well-toned curvatures. These legs seemed to rise on forever before flaring out at her hips. These hips were

somewhere between 'girlish' and 'womanly', just nicely curved, and wide enough to support the cutest, firmest tear-drop shaped ass that was an equal mixture of 'pert' and 'sexy'.

The hips were further emphasized by the tiny waist above it - a mere thirteen inches around, which was tiny even for a woman of her diminutive stature. Above this tiny waist flared a slender, fine-boned ribcage...

...that supported a pair of large, perky tits somewhere in the DDD-cup range. Which was a relative thing - because though, visually, they looked remarkably large and firm, her tiny build meant that her 'Triple-D' tits were, pound-for-pound, inch-for-inch, equivalent to an average-sized woman's C-cups.

So, despite the fact that they looked large and firm and round... they still fell within the most basic range of 'perfection' for many men - 'More than a handful is wasted'. In realistic terms, her firm, taut globes would be just about perfect for the average man's hand-span.

Her shoulders were very narrow and finely shaped, leading to long, slim arms tipped with fine, long-fingered hands joined to tiny wrists. Above those slim shouldered, he swan-like neck lead to her face...

...and it was her face that was the most exquisite work of art.

The shape of the face itself had gone from low-browed and square-jawed to a pixieish heart shape, with the cutest little chin on the planet. Above that chin lurked a full, firm set of rose-bud lips that were incredibly mobile, managing to be incredibly cute and sexy at the same time - the power of each waxing or waning on how much she used the dimples that flanked the full, soft lips.

Above that mobile mouth was a pert, up-turned nose, flanked by her well-defined cheek-bones. Above those cheeks lurked a pair of eyes that were unbelievably expressive. Dark and depthless, they could be allowed to fall wide open in huge, limpid, doe-eyed pools of utter cuteness... or narrowed in 'playful' seductiveness that lost none of it's force from being 'cute'.

This entire face, this sheer artistic masterpiece of girlishly-mature, seductively-cute features, was framed by a long, luxurious fall of rich, silky mahogany hair that fell straight and true past her shoulders, flaring out slightly at it's ends.

"I... I..." Dave said, amazed and stunned - and 'anxious', since he was currently incapable of feeling wild, unfettered panic, and 'uncomfortable', since utterly horrified would also have qualified as 'upset'. "I... I'm gorgeous!"

"Aye, lass - that ye are." Seamus agreed, looking the petite new woman up and down, appreciatively. "I may not have wanted this to happen to ye - but I have to say the Council has good taste in women..."

"Gee, thanks..." The new woman said, still staring at the reflection in the mirror - but the mildly sarcastic comment was further robbed of it's bite with her sweet, oh-so-feminine contralto voice, and it almost sounded as if she were sincerely thanking the leprechaun for the 'compliment'.

"How am I supposed to live like this?" Dave asked Seamus. If not for the power of the 'angry or upset' wish, it would have come out in a terrified, furious, frustrated bellow - under the calming influence of the wish, though, it came out more as a mildly petulant inquiry.

Seamus shrugged. "That's what I'm here for, Lass - to help you adjust and work out a new life. I should warn ye, though - I canna stay around forever, so we'd better do this quickly and get it out of the way before the Council decides it's time for me to leave."

"I don't *want* to adjust..." Dave said, relatively reasonably, all things considered.

"Ye dinna have a choice, lass - ye made yer wishes, and in doin' so, left this new life as one o' the choices the council could make in grantin' them. So, the council decided to have some fun."

Dave sighed. "Will you stop calling me 'lass'?" She asked, 'mildly annoyed'.

Seamus laughed. "Well, I canna call ye 'boyo' anymore, and ye don't look like a 'Dave' to me, not in that body."

Dave blinked - and felt tendrils of 'anxiety' run down her spine, the equivalent of what would have been sheer panic. "Oh, no, Seamus. What am I going to do? I can't use my own identification - because you're right, I don't look like 'Dave'. I... I'm a 'non-person'."

Seamus patted Dave on the shoulder. "Dinna worry yer pretty little head about a'that, lass - Seamus is here to help. First, though, we have to get the full of your three wishes done, and we haven't much time. We're gonna have to get ye looking for a new job."

Dave was amazed. "What? Look, I'm not ready for this, not now. I... I need some time to adjust to... this." The new woman gestured at her reflection in the mirror, the petite, stunningly attractive woman who bore absolutely no resemblance to the person she'd been such a short time ago.

Seamus shrugged. "You can take all the time ye want, Lass - but I'll probably be called back to the fey mists afore mornin' - and then you'd be left to the tender mercies of yer new life without any help."

Dave was as shocked as it was possible for her to get, now. "Morning? I.. I thought you'd stay with me for a couple of weeks, at least."

Seamus shook his diminutive head. "Nay - even me comin' here and bragging the council for the ability to help ye is almost unheard of. Usually, after the wishes are made, we leprechauns are never seen again by that person. Only the fact that I owe you my life has allowed me to bend the rules even this far. Morning is all you have me 'till - I must be gone afore sunrise."

"That... that's only about ten hours..." Dave said, more in realization of her true situation than in protest.

"Aye - that's why ye must accept ye knew life as quickly as possible." Seamus agreed. "Once I'm gone, ye'll have no help at all."

"I... I need a minute to think..." Dave said, weakly. Feeling almost numb, she headed for the living room...

...and almost stumbled at the way her new body felt as she moved. For one thing, she was lower to the ground, making everything look huge to her - the world seemed to have become gigantic, everything growing larger.

Then there was the fact that she was smaller and lighter, her body moving with more easy, supple grace...

...especially since her wish had specified that she would 'look, sound and act' less threatening. So, a lot of her surprise came for the fact that her body moved with a very easy - and very feminine - grace. In fact, she couldn't stop it from happening. No matter how hard she tried to 'tone down' the effect, her body was walking with a cute-sexy feminine sway, her hips moving in a pertly sensual way, swiveling back and forth even as the 'rolled' side to side.

Though she didn't know it, Seamus could have attested to the fact that it did absolutely incredible (and dick-stiffening) things to her firm, perfectly-shaped ass.

Dave could feel the way it made her large, firm tits bounce and jiggle with each step, though. Rather than a more 'feline' glide used by fashion models or other overtly-sensual women, her new stride was perky and energetic, with a lot of 'ass-wiggling' - and a literal bounce in her step, causing her tits to move more than they would have otherwise. The feel of tits bouncing and swaying on her chest was definitely a new one for her - but she couldn't make her new body walk in any other way.

Reaching the living room, she collapsed into the chair...

...or, at least, tried to. Her new body betrayed her, making the 'despondent' moment cute-and-sexy, as well as feminine and graceful.

Even sitting in the chair was a weird experience. The chair itself seemed huge, considering the considerable decrease in her size and mass. Not only that - her full, firm ass made it feel strange, as if she were sitting on a pair of firm pillows - that somehow transmitted sensation through to her brain.

"I'm not ready to accept this." Dave told the world at large. "I'll never be ready..."

"Ye'll have to be, lass." Seamus said, entering the room. "Ye have no choice - unless ye want to mope around until my time here runs out, then ye'll have to face all of this without any help at all."

Dave lowered her head, and sighed. Seamus was right.

If it weren't for the imposed control of the wish, she might have spent all this time in panic and denial - but even that was denied to her. She hadn't wished that she couldn't show anger, but that she wouldn't get angry or upset - so she couldn't.

Though she knew, intellectually, how 'horrible' this was, she couldn't feel it. Which, in a way, made what she had to do easier, even if she was all-too-conscious of the fact that she didn't like this, and would have been panicked and horrified if she were able.

"Okay..." She said in her cute, sexy, and definitely feminine new voice. "I... I guess I should get dressed."

"Aye - and I can help." Seamus said. "Go get yerself some clothing, and I'll change it to fit yer new body, Lass."

Dave pushed himself out of the chair, and Seamus trailed the new woman as she walked into her bedroom.

She quickly gathered up a pretty basic set of clothing, just something to wear - it wasn't like she was 'fashion conscious' about her new gender. Given the choice, she might have worn a nice, thick, 'hide everything' parka.

Instead, she picked out a pair of jeans, underwear, socks, a white tank-style undershirt, and a white cotton work-shirt.

"First, the skivvies." Seamus said, and Dave began to slide the now-oversized white boxers up her long, shapely legs...

...and, as they rose, they changed. Writhing beneath her slender new fingers, the fabric became finer and softer, as it seemed to melt and flow.

"Seamus...!" Dave protested - and, thanks to the wish, it came out with mocking exasperation, instead of anger. Dave looked at the leprechaun, then glanced back down at the very lacy, very feminine white French-cut briefs that now rode around her hips, the lacy front panel pulled tightly over the smooth mound where her new vagina now replaced a once-proud manhood.

"Aye - maybe ye'd prefer a g-string, lass?" Seamus said, with a grin. "Ye make a fine figure of a woman, and I'm a man - ye dinna think I'd let ye wear a frumpy pair o' knickers, did ye?"

Dave sighed - but decided to keep her mouth shut. Though more frilly and feminine than she would have liked, the truth was she didn't want to wear *any* women's underwear. Besides...

...she wasn't angry, or upset, about it. She couldn't be. Without the emotion impetuous, she couldn't be 'bothered' to complain about it further, even if - intellectually - she knew she should be feeling degraded and disgusted by the frilly garment.

"Okay, okay - have your fun." Dave said, picking up the undershirt...

...which writhed, quickly reforming itself into a lacy white bra that matched the panties.

Dave sighed and rolled her big brown eyes - but put the garment on, finding that her hands and fingers somehow knew the secrets of putting the frilly DDD-cup bra on her body. It felt strange to have the soft cups enclose her new, firm mounds - but it also felt disturbingly... comfortable. Almost pleasant.

"Aye - that's better." Seamus said, nodding, as he eyed the new woman. "Not that yer birthday suit is any less lovely, lass."

"Would you stop that?" Dave... said. Not 'demanded', not even 'asked', really - it came out almost good-natured, despite the fact that Dave wasn't thrilled at being made to look 'more lovely'.

"Ye should get used to it, lass - with the fine figure of a woman ye are now, compliments will be fast an' furious from now on." Seamus said. "I canna help it if I think ye is a stunning sample of womanhood."

Deep inside, Dave wished she had the power to be angry about this - but she didn't. The best she could do is 'resigned indifference', with a faint hint of 'frustrated annoyance.'

"Okay, okay." Dave said - nicely - as she sat on the edge of the rumpled bed and picked up the socks. She began to pull the first one on...

...and on...

...and on.

Instead of coming up just past the ankle, the white athletic sock continued to grow longer and longer as her slender hands drew it upward, the fabric becoming finer and softer, except at the very top, where it was becoming silkier and thinner...

...until Dave was staring down at a white nylon encasing her shapely leg. The nylon had lace-trimmed 'panels' running up the inside and outside of each leg, and the top portion had a white elasticized

'ribbon' sewn in to keep it in place. Shooting Seamus a helplessly inoffensive look, Dave went ahead and pulled on the second 'sock', which also modified itself into a cute-and-sexy nylon, further emphasizing the long, fine contours of her new legs.

When she pulled on the white work-shirt, Dave was surprised when it didn't change all that much. It became smaller, to fit her diminutive frame, and tighter - it was as if it were specifically tailored to fit every curve of her new torso, from slim waist to full breasts, perfectly. The top three buttons disappeared altogether, to provide a tantalizing view of her creamy cleavage - but that was it.

The jeans, however, were another story - as she pulled the over-sized pants on, they ceased to be pants at all, becoming a denim skirt. The new skirt was tight, with a small slit at the very back to allow easier movement. The faded denim garment hung to just above her cute knees, and now featured attached suspenders that she clipped in place.

"Well... I guess I do look good in this..." Dave allowed, looking in the mirror. Though not 'proud' of being so attractive, she also wasn't allowed to get upset about it.

"Oh, we're not done yet." Seamus said. "There's still yer shoes, jewelry, make-up and hair." "Shoes, yes." Dave agreed. "But, the rest ? I don't think so."

"Oh, but I do." Seamus said. "Ye kinda have to, my dear "

Dave, startled, realized it was true - she suddenly realized that, though she wasn't excited by the prospect of make-up and the like, she also couldn't ignore it. It was as if it were imperative, a need she couldn't avoid.

"Oh... all right " Dave sighed.

The shoes she started to pull on were worn white sneakers but they swiftly became a pair of white platform pumps with an ankle-strap and six-inch high stiletto heels.

She 'protested' - weakly - at the shoes but since she seemed adept at walking and balancing in them, she didn't press the issue, lacking the emotional impetus to do so. Instead, she spent awhile being bemused by the fact that she seemed to know just what to do with the make-up no on top of her dresser, finding it easy - and 'natural' to apply a pastel pink lipstick, faint silvery eye-shadow, mascara and blush. Likewise, when she put on the long, silver-and-black earrings and matching necklace, her dainty new hands seemed skilled at it - as skilled as they were in putting her hair up into a pony-tail.

Finally done, Dave looked in the mirror - and had to admit the cute, sexy young woman looking back was perfectly attired for her 'look'. From the sexy-yet-not-slutty outfit that hugged every curve of her small-but-delightful body, to the subdued-yet-enhancing make-up scheme, she was just about perfect.

"Well... I guess I'm as ready to face the world as I'll ever be " Dave admitted, as unhappily as she was capable of being now. "But it's late in the evening. I'll never find a job tonight."

Seamus smirked. "I'd suggest you do your best, lass. I canna protect ye once I'm gone - and that'll leave the council free to decide what type of job you end up with. In fact, they'll try and do that tonight, but I'll be there to help you 'refuse' the offer, something ye canna do by yerself."

Considering the body Dave now possessed, she could guess what the Council might have lined up for her as her 'long-term' job.

Had she been capable of it, she would have shuddered. "Okay " Dave agreed. "Let's find me a job."

"Not so fast, lass." Seamus said. "Ye'll need some identification - so ye must choose a name. Ye don't think ye can introduce yerself to a potential employer as 'Dave', do ye?"

"Well..." Dave hesitated, not really wanting to pick a new, feminine name. After all, she wasn't exactly happy with the way things were turning out, and - despite not being able to get emotionally worked up about any of this - was still having a had time coping, mentally, with everything that was going on.

Seamus sighed. "Look, lass - the Council's original plan would have ended up giving you a whole new identity - that ye would have been trapped in. At least, this way, ye can choose your own identity." The leprechaun waved a hand around, all-inclusive. "This inna ye apartment anymore, Lass

- it's Dave's. When you walk out of here, you won't be able to come back - you'll have to start a whole new life, a whole new identity."

"What?" Dave asked, surprised.

Seamus shrugged. "The council dinna 'delete' Dave from existence. People will still remember the male you - but you can no longer claim to be him. As far as the rest of the world is concerned, Dave will vanish. What would you tell the police when they arrived, looking for the missing Dave? Almost as bad would be you wanderin' the streets, with no home or identity. The best ye can do is decide on the new you - but ye only have until I leave to do so, because once I'm gone you won't be able to."

Dave blanched at the thought, despite not being able to be 'upset' over it. She could still see, intellectually, all the problems that would arise if she claimed to be Dave - or if she claimed to be anyone at all, and not have any identification to back it up. She did need Seamus' help.

She just wished everything wasn't happening so fast...

"Uh..." Dave said, searching her mind for a suitable new identity. "How about.... Daphne? Daphne... Wassermann?"

Seamus grinned at Dav... Daphne's choice of last name, pronounced as if 'Was-a-man'. "Aye - that'll do..." The leprechaun agreed, waving a hand.

Instantly, a white leather purse appeared on Daphne's slender arm, heavy with money, ID, and all the other 'normal' items of a woman's purse.

Daphne sighed - and wished she could feel the emotions she knew she should, given the situation. She was slowly loosing touch with the memory of how she 'should' be reacting, finding it harder and harder to 'argue' what was happening to her. Intellectually, she knew this was horribly wrong - but her emotions, controlled as they were, seemed to indicate that this was just 'uncomfortable', rather than the horror it truly was.

"Well..." She said, shaking her head. "I guess we'd better go find me a job."

* * * * *

As dawn approached, Daphne was... 'Mildly anxious'. Which was the same as ravening panic for most people.

The part that had first... 'peeved' her, was going out in public at all, as a woman. Going outside as a woman was bad enough - but the fact that she 'didn't mind' being female in public bothered her (intellectually, of course) the most. After all, she'd been Dave, a muscular, manly man - and here she was strolling the streets as a sexy woman, not feeling 'upset' about it. The fact that she was now incapable of feeling angry or upset didn't mitigate the intellectual strangeness of it all.

That had started to fade when she'd gotten her first job offer, though.

They had been walking down a dimly-lit street near the down-town core of the city - and a woman dressed in tight-fitting leather and spandex had come out of an alley a few minutes after a man had left it. She was counting a small wad of cash - and when her eyes had fallen on Daphne, she'd grinned - and offered to introduce Daphne to her pimp, since a 'girl like her' could earn a lot working the streets...

...and Daphne had felt an overwhelming urge to accept the new job as a hooker. It was a tremendous need pressing down on her, and she'd opened her mouth to accept, even though she knew she didn't want the job...

...and Seamus had declined it for her, and the terrible pressure to accept had vanished. Since then, she'd received more offers - to be a high-class call-girl, to be a stripper, to be a porn-star... obviously, it had been set-up by the Council - there was no way that anybody, even somebody as sexy as her, could have been offered as many 'smut' jobs in one night. If it hadn't been for Seamus declining them all for her, she would have unwillingly accepted any of them - and Daphne was sure the Council would have made sure that her wish that it be a long-term job would be honored.

Now, dawn was approaching, and Seamus would soon leave - and if she didn't have a job by then, she'd accept the next one that came along, and she knew that the council would make sure it was something unpleasant.

There had been other chances to get a job - signs for 'Help Wanted' in windows, where she could have gone in and gotten the job... but those hadn't seemed like the type of job she'd want to work 'long term' in. She knew whatever job she took, she'd have for a long time - and who wanted to be a Liquor Store clerk for a long time, or a gas-station pump-jockey?

Now... she wished to spot just one 'help wanted' sign. Anything - as long as she was able to avoid being turned into a hooker, stripper, of porno star...

"Well, lass - this is it." Seamus said. "the sun's coming up - and I have t'go."

"Please - just a few more minutes." Daphne asked, biting her full, lipstick-coated lower lip. "If you go... I'll be helpless."

"I'm sorry lass - I don't have a choice." Seamus said...

...then he began to spin. A second later... and he was gone.

Daphne looked around - and if she could feel panic, she'd be feeling it right now.

Behind her, a woman wearing a black leather mini-skirted dress, fishnet stockings and a high-heels was coming her way. In front of her was a sleazy-looking guy carrying a box marked 'Master Mark's BDSM Emporium.' She was standing right in front of a store-front whose cheap-looking sign read 'Exxtacy Video Productions.'

In a second, she was sure she was going to be given 'an offer she couldn't refuse.'

She looked around, wishing she could feel the sheer panic that she should be, given the situation.

Then she saw a long, black Mercedes limousine pulling to a stop at the red light at the corner, across the street.

Daphne bit her lower lip again - then hurried in the direction of the limo, heels tip-tapping on the pavement as, beneath her blouse, her large, bra-encased tits jiggled and swayed.

Reaching the limo, she tapped on the tinted window, praying... the window rolled down, and an older man looked out. In his late forties, the man was handsome in a definitely masculine way, with a sweep of silver-gray hair and a proud nose. He eyed Daphne, obviously trying to reconcile the 'hooker-style' action of tapping on the window with her 'semi-demure' outfit.

"Yes?" He said, thick eyebrow rising.

"I'm sorry..." Daphne apologized. "But... I'm almost at the end of my rope. I'm flat broke, I was just evicted from my apartment, and I don't own anything but the clothes I'm wearing. I am willing to work, though, and work hard. Please - do you have any job you can hire me for? Any job at all? Scrub- woman, scullery-maid - anything? I don't care if it doesn't pay well - I'll take any job..."

The man slowly looked her up and down again, obviously assessing her. He cocked his head. "Can you type?" He asked, slowly. "Take dictation? Anything like that?"

Daphne couldn't feel angry or upset - but she was almost overwhelmed by the sheer power of the hope that flooded through her. "Yes, I can!"

She couldn't - but the wish was that she'd have a long-term job. If she was hired, she'd be able to keep the job, no matter what....

"I'm Robert Falkenbridge." The man said. "And you are ?"

"Daphne." She said, "Daphne Wassermann."

"Well, Miss Wassermann..." Falkenbridge said. "I appreciate your willingness to work and to tell you the truth, you remind me of my youngest daughter."

He rummaged around inside the car, then held something out. She took it...

...and found herself holding two items. One of them was a business card:

FALCON IMPORTS

Carl Pitonski, Manager

Below that was the address - and, at the very bottom, in small letters was the disclaimer: 'A Division of Falkenbridge International.'

The other item was a credit card. A Gold Card, to be exact.

"I'm going to take a risk on you, Miss Wassermann." Falkenbridge said. "I'm going to call Carl and tell him that I'm sending you over, at noon. He is to hire you as the company's receptionist. Not that they really need one, but if I tell him to, he will." Falkenbridge paused. "Now, if you were to spend the time between now and then buying yourself a suitable outfit, getting yourself ready and the like, and then show up you'll have the job. As long as you can do the work, I'm sure Carl will keep you employed.

If, however, you don't show up... well, then I know I've been a foolish old man. In either case, I'm going to cancel that credit card... first thing tomorrow morning."

Daphne was almost overwhelmed by her good fortune - she was hired. This was it - she was safe.

More than that - she had a credit card that was valid until tomorrow morning she could use to get a new apartment and some clothes. Though being female wasn't exactly something that excited her, at least she'd have a good job and a new place to live.

"Thank you, Mr. Falkenbridge." Daphne said, sincerely. "I will be there to start work - and I think that I'll be working for Falcon imports for quite some time. Thank you."

Falkenbridge simply nodded, probably already berating himself for his foolish trust in a complete stranger. The window rolled back up, and the car pulled away.

Head held high, the future looking brighter than it had before - even if she was stuck as a woman - Daphne headed off down the sidewalk, walking right past the hooker and the man with a box of bondage items..

...neither of whom bothered offering her a job.

* * * * *

Because of the wish, she couldn't feel nervous as she climbed the stairs of the building that served as Falcon Import's place of business...

...but she could feel foolish, and she did.

She'd gotten herself an apartment, which - if not luxurious - was fairly nice. She'd had some furniture delivered, and had bought some house-hold items and groceries on the credit-card, making it livable.

Then she'd gone shopping.

She'd intended to get rather subdued, less 'showy' female clothes...

...and hadn't been able to. She just couldn't. The stuff she'd bought as 'casual' clothing had been bad enough - all of it was roughly equivalent to the one outfit she already owned, without a single pair of pants in the lot.

Worse had been the 'business clothes' she'd bought.

Though Daphne didn't completely understand it, she figured it had to be tied in with her wish about being good with her coworkers and customers - because she'd found herself picking out her wardrobe with almost obsessive care, unable to accept merely 'good enough'.

Which explained the outfit she was wearing as she headed up the stairs of the combination warehouse-and-offices that Falcon imports took up.

Daphne was dressed to the nines - or maybe even to the tens.

Her shoes had been remarkable expensive - Daphne had never realized how much a pair of women's shoes could cost. For the money she'd put on the card, she'd gotten a pair of black leather pumps with red trim, and slender five-inch tall heels.

Leading up from those shoes and encasing her shapely legs was a pair of black nylon stocking, with seams running up the back of them. These nylons, in turn, disappeared under the barely-knee-length burgundy skirt she wore, a form-fitting yet not skin-tight skirt that was carefully tailored to be flattering - especially of her firm, finely-shaped ass. The skirt was cinched tight around her tiny waist by a white leather belt.

Under the skirt lurked a pair of expensive, provocative black lace panties, and a garter-belt attached to her nylons. Though what she wore under her clothes couldn't possibly affect anything in her job, she'd been unable to 'slough off' even on her undies, being as fussy about them as she had been about the black silk blouse she wore, it shimmering, flowing fabric tailored nicely over the swell of her firm, black-lace-bra encased breasts.

Over this blouse was a burgundy jacket that matched her skirt. Both jacket and skirt were of a fairly light fabric, and weren't designed to be worn pressed and stiff - with her cute, sensual beauty, the 'dressy-casual' look worked much better than the more severely-cut business suits popular today, though she wished that she'd been able to pick on of the more 'straight-laced' outfits to counteract her cute-but-sexy figure and face.

Her face was carefully made up to emphasize her good looks in a sort of 'business-sexy' way, without making her look either 'cool' or 'hot'. Her hair had been redone, now done up in a sort of loose bun, with a few loose tendrils at the sides of her face - which she kept having to brush away from her face in what she was sure was an almost irresistibly cute-and-flirtatious manner.

She wore small gold earrings with a short chain 'weighted' by a cubic-zirconia 'diamond' at the end. A matching 'gold-and-diamond' necklace encircled her slender neck, and a 'gold and diamond' watch was mounted on the slender black leather band around her wrist. A small, elegant black-leather purse was slung over her shoulder.

It was this that made her feel foolish - she had practically obsessed, helplessly, at getting a perfect 'professional' look, while still retaining that 'innocently-sexy' look and charm that she didn't really want in the first place.

She looked stunning - and that's what made her feel the most foolish of all.

Reaching the door at the top of the stairs, Daphne took a deep breath - then pushed it open and went in.

The place looked... nice. Very upscale, with a sort of an old-fashioned feel to it, with lots of dark wood paneling and cream-colored walls, lots of greenery, glass and gleaming brass.

It wasn't all that large, all things considered. Technically the second floor, the offices were at third story height, the warehouse being two stories all by itself, She could see the basic layout of the office right from here - she was standing in the receptionist area, a nicely laid-out part of the building that took up most of the front right corner of the floor-plan. A row of large windows ran along the front of the building, with the large, horse-shoe shaped receptionist desk along the one wall. The rest of the area was taken up a dark-red leather bench-seat encircling the beam in the middle of the room, with plants forming a pleasant waist-high 'barrier' around the waiting area.

Along the other wall was three offices, wood-and-brass doors with frosted glass with black lettering indicating the position of the person within. A hallway ran to the back of the building, where two more offices, a copier room, a conference room, a coffee room and the bathrooms were.

When she entered, there was a phone ringing in one of the offices, and muffled conversation in another - but no sign of anybody.

"I guess they do need a receptionist, after all." Daphne muttered to herself, still feeling 'strange' about being a woman at her first day of work - but happy that it was a fairly nice job. Hesitantly, she headed towards the hallway, looking down it.

At the very end of it, the door was marked with the name and title of the manager, Carl Pitonski.

Hesitantly, Daphne walked down the hallway, heels clicking on the hardwood floor. Reaching the door, she hesitated - then reached out and knocked on the wooden frame beside the frosted pane of glass.

"Come in!" A voice called from inside, and Daphne opened the door.

The man sitting at the desk was working on the computer. Rather slender, he was wearing a beige cotton shirt and a brown tie, and a pair of fashionable silver-rimmed glasses slightly magnified his green eyes. His dark hair was neatly trimmed, and he had the general air of a well-organized person, even if he was currently distracted by whatever he was working on.

Then he double-clicked the mouse and made a small, wordless sound of satisfaction, then turned his attention to his visitor....

...and involuntarily did a long, head-to-toe double-take of the short, slender, stunningly sexy woman standing before him.

Daphne, of course, was incapable of being truly offended by the long, appreciative look.

"Hi." She said, warmly, feeling her lips curve upwards in a smile - it didn't matter if she wanted them to or not, since she'd wished she'd be 'nice, cheerful, and friendly'. "I'm Daphne Wassermann?"

"Oh!" the manager said, 'snapping out of it'. He rose and walked around the desk to shake her hand. "Carl Pitonski - but you can call me Carl. We're kind of informal around here."

"Carl." She agreed, finding herself practically 'posing' to look her best as she smiled helplessly at her new boss. "I guess I'm to be your new receptionist - if you'll have me."

Carl laughed. "Well, we certainly make enough to hire a receptionist - we've just never bothered." He gestured with one hand towards the door, and as she turned and began to 'follow him from in front'...

...he placed an arm across her shoulders, to guide her. Intellectually, she was squirming at being touched by a man, but her smile didn't alter a whit....

...as she helplessly found herself leaning ever-so-slightly into his side.

"Uh " Carl stammered, then continued. "As I was saying, we don't really need one. Hell - we don't really need the six employees we have now."

"Oh?" Daphne asked, sweetly - and helplessly found herself smiling up at him, her eyes meeting his, rather than just glancing quickly at him as she asked the question. Though she couldn't show it, intellectually the rapt attention she was unwillingly giving him bothered him.

It seemed to have an effect of Carl, too - though not a negative one. "Um Well, you see, we really just receive the imports, then re-ship them to retail outlets. We don't really get clients coming in, and the work we do, over the phones, is fairly light - the actual warehouse personnel do most of the work, and we just really sign the paperwork, and deal with the occasional problem. You see, it's really all just a front - one person, other than the warehouse staff, could handle everything. But it seems more impressive to people if there's a different person for all the different tasks, so we create the illusion that we're a major concern."

"I think that's a fantastic idea!" Daphne found herself gushing, perkily. "Since all you're doing is convincing people overseas to sell you items, then doing the same here, it's all negotiation - so you want to present a strong image!"

"That's it exactly." Carl agreed, with a smile. "Our profits depend solely on the buyer's ability to buy low, then sell high. Kind of like the stock market, and our buyer - Mark Lindwood, that's his office there - is the 'one guy' I was talking about who could run everything. He's really the only one of us who does any work - the rest of us are just here for appearance, so he does things like transfer a hesitant seller to 'Legal', or 'Accounting', or 'the Manager'. This illusion of a large, powerful company allows him to make really great deals - which, in turn, makes Mark a small, powerful company all himself, with us 'supporting actors'.

"Well - then I'm a dream come true for you!" Daphne said. "Really?" Carl asked, as Daphne slid behind the reception desk.

"Sure - not only can I make the company sound bigger on the phone..." She said, wondering where all of this was coming from, "...but I can set up a video-conferencing system in the conference room.... and another in one of the offices, so it's not always the same back-drop all the time. Then, using the Internet, Mark can video-conference with the sellers and buyers.. and have 'the secretary' bring him files, or call the various departments and have them 'transferred' to Mark's speaker-phones, making him look that much more important, and the company that much bigger!"

Carl's jaw had slowly sagged lower and lower as Daphne had talked - and now he looked like he could drive a Mack truck in there with no problem. Shaking his head, he cleared his mind of the surprise at having this perky, sexy little woman apparently just whip-up a new sales-scheme to increase they're buying power.

Daphne, for her part, was wondering what she'd said. Not really conversant with computers, she didn't quite grasp the plan she'd just helplessly outlined.

"Wow.. this sounds " Carl said, amazed. "Okay, hang on - I'll get the guys together, and we'll discuss this, because this sounds "

Carl began to turn to the first office and Daphne found herself interrupting with "Carl?"

When the manager turned back, Daphne found herself expertly picking up the handset of the complicated-looking phone on the desk, punching a couple of buttons...

"Hi - this is the front desk. Mr. Pitonski would like you to meet him in Conference Room A as soon as is convenient." Daphne said in a friendly-yet-professional voice. "He's calling an all-department meeting."

She hung up on the startled question from the other end, winked at Carl with a bright smile, and proceeded to do the same with the next office.

While she was going through her little spiel, the door to the first office she'd called popped open, and a confused man stuck his head out, caught sight of Carl and began to ask a question...

...then caught sight of Daphne, who found herself smiling and waving at him while she finished her spiel and went on to the next office...

--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--

INTERLUDE

With a groan, the figure on the medical bed stirred, then slowly sat, massively muscled legs swinging over the side of the bed as the man rubbed the back of his thick neck.

"Well - how do you feel, Di.. Um, Dave?" The severe-looking woman in the white medical coat asked, looking her patient over with a critical eye.

The tall, dark-haired man with the massively muscled physique pushed himself off the bed. "I thought.. I thought I'd feel stronger than this."

Sheila De Deville, head of the 'Anger Management Clinic', smiled thinly. "Oh, you will. You must remember, that body has been laying motionless for almost a week while we got everything set up, It's going to feel weaker than usual."

'Dave' smiled. "Well - it feels good to be on the right side of the gender barrier." He rolled his massive shoulders, getting used to the new body enclosing the person who had been Daphne Wassermann....

...for the past four days. Before legally changing her name, it had been Diana Falkenbridge. "This body-swap system of yours must be making you a very rich woman." The new Dave commented, looking over at where her old body - short, slender, well-endowed and gorgeous - rested, unconscious.

"That's just a side benefit." Sheila said. "I have my own reasons for doing this work."

Dave walked over and looked down at her old body, now housing Dave's persona. "So - is he.. I mean, 'she' ready?"

"Yes - thanks to all the 'prep' work you've already done." Sheila said. "Telling your father you wanted to 'make it on your own' and legally changing your name was the important part - it divorced you from your old identity, and gave us a clean slate to work with. Having your dad line you up at a job at Flacon, with the fact that the other employees aren't supposed to know you're the boss's daughter was the other important factor. Of course, they knew as soon as they saw 'you' - so they won't question anything 'Daphne' does."

"And she won't know who she 'really' is because of your programming." Dave said, with a smile. "While I step into the life 'she' left behind."

"That's right - and that neatly solves your problems." Sheila said, a trifle smugly. "Not only will you have to put up with all the society-based prejudices that come from the triple handicap of being female, short, and beautiful - you won't have to hide the fact that you are a 'lesbian' - as a man, your interest in women will be considered 'natural'."

"Yeah - UI can hardly wait to try this monster out " Dave said, hand sliding down to caress his large, currently semi-hard cock. He eyed Sheila thoughtfully and the head of the clinic shook her head slightly.

"So - why the 'Leprechaun' routine?" Dave asked. "Isn't there easier - and more believable - ways to mentally condition him into his .. uh, her new role?"

"Maybe." Sheila said. "But this is fool-proof. Should the injunction against talking ever break down... all she'll do is tell that outrageous story. With the false set of memories we've implanted in her, she has no idea that she never left this clinic. She

actually believes that story we fed her, and can't possible 'squeal' on our little operation of swapping the minds of chauvinistic woman-beaters with the bodies of women eager to get out of their old lives." She shrugged. "To tell you the truth, I'm almost sorry that you were the swap-mate for this one. Oh, I know you're glad to get such a handsome, muscular body - body I'd rather have slipped his mind into the body of a drug-addicted whore or stripper, like I've done with the others. I think it's more fitting then the life we've given her."

"Well, there is the 'sub-routines' you gave her... isn't there?" Dave asked. "I mean - you're not making her life a bed of roses, are you?"

"Of course not!" Sheila said, honestly affronted. "No - we'll drop her off at your apartment - that is, the one she remembers renting. When she wakes up tomorrow, she won't know that it's really her first day as a woman, thinking that it was her - and not you in that body - who had her first day at work yesterday. That's when the programming will take effect."

"Great." Dave said, dismissing the worthless man in his old body from his mind. "So... where would I find my clothes...?"

--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--++--

"Here's our little miracle worker!" Carl greeted Daphne as she settled in behind the receptionist's desk. "Hi, Carl." She greeted him. She sounded perky enough, and her bright smile looked real enough...

....but, inside, she was confused.

She felt... strange. She couldn't put her finger on it, but she felt awkward and uncomfortable. Though her movements and actions looked as smooth and graceful as they had on her first day of being female, they were no longer 'background' to her - though she didn't have to actively think to make her body move the way it did, she was more aware of it.

In fact, it was really strange - but she was more conscious of her new body then she had been yesterday. Everything about it - and it felt weird. She could remember using the washroom yesterday, for instance, and hadn't thought much of it when it had happened - but when she'd done it this morning, it had felt awkward, strange...

...and demeaning.

She also couldn't understand how she'd seemed to accept her new gender so glibly yesterday. Ever since she'd awoken this morning, she'd felt all sorts of things about her new gender, and none of them pleasant. In fact... she'd felt almost terrified, almost disgusted, almost horrified, as if her emotional control was slipping - which couldn't be. For one thing, she wasn't capable of showing any of these emotions - if anything, she was helplessly acting more chipper and perky than she had yesterday. It was just that, inside, she was feeling very awkward, uncomfortable and self-disgusted by what she was doing, living life as a female.

"Why don't I put on some coffee?" She volunteered, suddenly, surprising herself with the offer. "And the system's set up to play music through the offices - why don't I put something on?"

"Sure." Carl said, heading to his office. Daphne wondered why she'd suggested either the coffee or music, but shrugged it off as being similar to her video conferencing brainstorm of yesterday.

Shrugging, she got up and walked over to the cabinet against the back wall of her receptionists are, in which was hidden the industrial-size coffee-maker, a small fridge, sink and dishwasher, and all the other items.

Daphne set about getting the coffee ready, apparently enjoying the work that actually bored her. Her cheerful grin looked utterly realistic as she mentally chafed at the 'stupid make-work' as she slipped one of the large filter-packs of coffee into the hopper.

Of course, she had no way of knowing that the filters had been placed there by Sheila, and contained a powerful hypnotic inducer and a few other drugs, as well a premium Colombian fine-ground.

Likewise, there was no way Daphne could possibly know about the subliminal messages encoded into the music of the CD she slid into the sound-system and set playing through the ceiling speakers.

Meanwhile, Daphne was internally busy trying to cope with all the sensations she didn't remember feeling from yesterday, everything from the way the straps of her bra never seemed to sit comfortable, to the way her shoes pinched her toes and would make her feet ache after standing in them for awhile.

When the coffee was brewed, she went around to each of the offices and delivered a cup to each of the men. She also took one for herself.

Soon after finishing the first cup, she found herself wanting another, and she poured herself one, not realizing that the drugs in the coffee had primed her for the subliminal commands on the CD, instructing her to drink lots of the coffee. Before long, her coworkers also wanted another cup, and another, and...

...this went on until the first CD - the 'drink coffee' one was finished...

Feeling sort of fuzzy and light-headed, Daphne put on a second CD to replace the finished first one. She still felt really weird and strange about being a woman, and bothered by both the concept and the physical manifestations of her new gender - but now she was also beginning to feel worried and horrified by it, something she wasn't sure she should be capable of feeling, given her wish. She wasn't sure, though, as her outward demeanor was as chipper and perky as ever - even if she was acting a little vapid and had a hard time concentrating on some things. It didn't seem all that important, though, since the entire staff seemed a little 'out of it' today.

Shrugging (mentally, at least), she slid the CD into the machine and pressed 'play'.

* * * * *

"Hey, Daphne - we've got a gift for you!"

Feeling fuzzy, confused and uncomfortable, Daphne looked up to find all six of her bosses surrounding her desk, beaming. She was sort of glad to see them acting more alive - when she'd brought the package from 'The Cuttler Custom Footwear Company' FedEx had delivered into Carl twenty minutes ago, he'd been sitting at his desk, staring of into nothing and mumbling to himself.

Daphne was completely unaware of the fact that, until Carl had spoken, she'd been doing the exact same thing. Now, she smiled brightly and spoke in a voice even more chipper than usual.

"Gee, guys - what have you got?" She asked, very brightly - and sort of vapidly, even tacking a little giggle onto the end, even though she didn't realize it.

"Well - we've noticed most secretary's were one pair of shoes into work, then change into higher heels while they're at the office." Mark explained. "So - we got you some 'work shoes'!"

Smiling, each of them took their hands out from their backs and placed a pair of shoes on her desk. They were different colors and styles, but each of them shared a common theme.

Each one had a two-inch high platform...

...and a nine-inch tall spike heel.

She stared at the six pairs of shoes, startled...

...and felt a sudden pain deep behind her eyes. Though she couldn't consciously hear it, it was as if a voice was in her head, talking to her...

<You must accept the shoes. You must wear the shoes. You must be a perfect secretary. You must make your bosses happy. You must be a perfect woman. You must make men happy.>

The words didn't register on her conscious mind - but Daphne 'heard' them, nonetheless, and felt an overwhelming need to...

"Gee, guys - thanks!" She said, gathering up the shoes. "You guys are, like, *sooooo* thoughtful!"

Intellectually, she was shuddering at the thought of wearing such outrageously high heels, which would have her standing on tip-toe... but she had to do this. After all, they were right, and it was her own fault for wearing such high heels for her casual shoes. Now she'd be stuck wearing five or six inch heels when she was at home or after work, and heels like this at work. After all, it made sense...

...didn't it?

Part of her seemed to insist that there was something wrong with this line of reasoning, but she couldn't find it. She'd been stupid enough to wear high-heels into the office, so now she had to wear even higher ones during the work day.

Putting the other pairs under her desk for future use, she picked up the black-and-gold pair Carl had presented her with. Quickly shucking off her 'low' six-inch heels, she stepped into the skyscraper heeled shoes and rose up on them.

"Gosh, this is great!" She said with an unconscious giggle. "Now I'm almost as tall as other women!"

The shoes made her take shorter steps as she walked, giving her a new stride that involved lots of jiggling and swaying as she walked around the desk...

...and began kissing the guys to thank hem.

She was startled when she started kissing Carl - and kissing him quite expertly and enthusiastically. This was no little peck, by a full, tongue-to-tongue French kiss, lips pressed firmly together...

Carl didn't seem the least bit put out, accepting and returning the kiss eagerly and without hesitation.

'I guess this is normal, and expected...' Daphne thought, fuzzily. "This is what a Good Secretary does to thank her bosses. This is what I have to do to be a Good Secretary. I must be a Good Secretary..."

Still disgusted by doing it - but no longer questioning the necessity to do it - she went ahead and thanked each of the others for their gift, before jiggling and swaying back to her desk.

After all, she had work to do. She didn't even notice as the men's faces went somewhat blank and they headed numbly to their offices, as she was too busy answering the phone in a perky voice...

...and almost unconsciously replacing the now-finished CD with another.

After she hung up the phone, Daphne glanced around to make sure nobody was about - then fiddled with her bra straps a bit.

Not only were the straps digging into her shoulders, but the lacy undergarment seemed uncomfortably tight around her breasts, pressing into the soft, sensitive flesh - especially her swollen, turgid nipples, which were almost painfully erect and pushing into the fabric...

Almost as quickly as she began to wonder why her nipples were engorged, the thought vanished, a dazed, vapid expression coming across her face as she got lost in the soothing sounds of the music from the CD...

* * * * *

"Wow, Daphne - that looks great!"

"Thanks, Ron!" Daphne acknowledged the compliment, self-consciously patting the mass of platinum- blonde curls that now adorned her head. "It was kind of a spur-of-the-moment thing."

It had been, too - while she was on her lunch break, she'd been walking past a beauty salon - only to find that she wasn't walking past it, but into it. An almost overwhelming urge had made her request to have her hair bleached and curled - after which she'd found herself 'needing' a heavier, more brightly- colored make-up scheme to go with it. Which, of course, had necessitated some new jewelry, large golden hoop earrings as a matter of fact.

She still wasn't quite sure what had prompted this, and she knew that she didn't really like the hairstyle - but she hadn't liked her old one either, and at least this one was gaining her compliments, which must mean her coworkers liked it.

That was it, she decided - her wish had made her want to make her coworkers happy, and so she'd somehow known that they preferred her as a blonde. It was nothing to worry about, even if she'd felt utterly disgusted and degraded to be in a salon, having her hair curled and dyed like a 'real' woman. The fact that she'd have to have her 'naturally' straight, brown hair done at salons from now on was utterly disgusting, demeaning and would have had her in tears if she were capable of crying, but it was the price she had to pay for her wish to keep her coworkers happy - and so she'd have to live with it.

Unconsciously humming to herself, Daphne set about making another pot of coffee, enjoying the relative freedom - while she'd been at the restaurant, she'd gone into the bathroom and removed her bra, grateful for the release from it's painful confines. When she'd looked in the mirror, she'd been surprised and worried about the way her thick, engorged nipples were pushing into the off-white silk blouse she was wearing, the darker are of her nipples and aureole faintly visible through the sheer material - but the concern had vanished almost immediately, and she hadn't even thought about it since then.

In fact, she didn't even think about it as she answered the phone while the coffee brewed. While she talked, perkily, on the phone, she simply reached up and began massaging one turgid nipple through the material, struggling to keep from gasping or moaning into the phone as she played with her nipples. After all, ever since she'd removed the bra, the way the soft, silky material had felt moving over her erect nipples had been driving her nuts, and when nobody was around she had every right to ease the frustratingly pleasant tension the feeling had caused by playing with her thick, highly- sensitive nipples through her shirt. That right seemed so obvious to her that she didn't even question it as she massaged her swollen nipples and struggled to keep her voice level.

Finishing the call, she delivered coffee to the offices, smiling helplessly at all the compliments her new 'do received, then returned to the receptionists desk and began sipping at her own coffee.

* * * * *

"Oh!" Daphne practically squealed, in surprise. "I'm sorry - I thought you'd already left. I was just going to turn off your light before leaving."

The truth was, she'd been in kind of a daze for a bit, and hadn't actually noticed who had and hadn't left - she'd only snapped out of her daze when the CD had come to an end, to realize it was twenty minutes past the time the office closed. She'd just slipped on her causal, six-inch-high heels when she'd noticed Carl's light still on. She'd gone in to shut it off - and found Carl sitting at his desk.

"Yes, well..." Carl said, shrugging. "I can't leave quite yet." "Oh?" Daphne asked, brightly. "More work?"

"No..." Carl sighed, pushing his chair out from behind the desk. He gestured downwards. "This."

'This' was the massive erection string up from the open fly of his trousers, throbbing slightly with each beat of his heart.

"Oh - yes that could be incven.. inconvnet... a problem." Daphne said, unconsciously giggling despite her disgust at being confronted by her boss' naked - and quite large - cock. "What happened?"

"Actually, I was thinking about how sexy you are." Carl answered evenly. "That gave me this raging hard on, just thinking about you."

"Oh, my!" Daphne giggled - while a shudder passed through her mind.

It was her fault Carl had this hard on, so she'd have to do something about it. No matter how much it disgusted and sickened her, no matter that she'd rather die, this was her doing and she had to set it right...

"Well - I guess I'd better help you the, Carl." She said, brightly, jiggling and swaying across the room. Smiling brightly, she licked her hot-pink, high-gloss lips...

...and sank to her knees in front of him.

"Oh, you don't have to do this." Carl said, with a sigh. "I can wait until it goes away..."

"Oh, I don't mind!" Daphne lied - she couldn't make him feel guilty about this. She was a Good Secretary, and a Good Woman - she had to do what was right. So, a lie to ease his mind... "I just *love* sucking cock, Carl, and I've been dreaming of sucking yours all day. Sucking on your big, hard cock and swallowing all your hot, sweet cum would make me so very happy."

Carl smiled. "Well, if you don't mind..."

"Oh, no, not at all!" she denied, lying perkily - but, disgusted as she was, this is what she had to do. At least she was incapable of displaying her disgust or horror, so he'd have no way of knowing that she wasn't as eager and excited as she seemed.

Shooting him a bright smile, Daphne bent her head, opened her full, glossed lips wide - and for the first time, went down on a man.

'God - I think I'm going to be sick!' She thought, as she expertly wrapped a hand around the base of his cock and closed her lips tightly around his shaft.

'It's a good think I always act like a perky woman, so he can't see how disgusted I am.' She thought, as she expertly swirled her long, supple tongue of the crown of his throbbing cock, lightly stroking his rigid shaft with her hand.

'I bet he actually believed that out-and-out lie...' She snickered to herself as she used her free hand to tickle his hairy ball-sack, while pistoning her head up and down, making low moaning sounds in the back of her throat as her lips slid up and down his throbbing cock. As she slurped hungrily, she moaned to herself 'I just want to die...'

She pulled her mouth free, sucking slightly to create a wet 'pop' as she pulled free. She continued to stroke his spit-slicked shaft with her dainty hand.

"Oh, god I love sucking cock!" She said, brightly, then licked the bottom of his shaft and lightly sucked one hair ball into her mouth to suck on it, feeling like she was going to retch.

"And the taste of hot cum, fresh from the source ?" she said, her free hand ducking under her skirt to slide over her panty-covered cunt, as if sucking off a man could actually turn her on. "There's no finer taste!"

She then enclosed his shaft with her lips, going back to making moaning sounds as she continued to slurp away at his cock.

It didn't take much more to push Carl over the edge, hot cum jetting from his cock and down her throat.

'Oh God, Oh God - I'm going to vomit then die ' Daphne though, slurping hungrily at the cum and swallowing every drop of the musty, salty liquid. She licked his cock clean, then smiled up at him.

"Thanks, boss!" She said, in a bubbly voice. "Gee, tell the rest of the guys that if I ever give them a hard on, I'll be glad to take care of it for them! I just love sucking and fucking!"

'Well,' She thought, as she headed of home. 'At least I've arranged to take care of any problems I might cause by giving my coworkers hard-ons. I hope they don't get them often though '

* * * * *

"Whoa - love the new outfit, Daphne." Mark complimented her as she dropped off his fifth cup of coffee.

"Thanks!" Daphne acknowledged. "I had to buy something new - I think my titties are growing more sensitive! So I had to buy a tighter-fitting shirt so I could keep them from bouncing around, since I don't wear a bra anymore.

It was weird - but she was more comfortable wearing the skin-tight blouses she'd bought, even if they did outline her tits even more. The only other drawback was that she..

<The voice in the back of her mind spoke up again, 'prompting' her.>

...had to act like she loved having big tits, find ways to make them even more prominent and enticing, since the only reason any woman would wear such revealing shirts was because she wanted men to see them and like them. She hated it - but she had to do it. She had no choice, that was just the way it worked.

"Do you like my titties, Mark?" She asked, putting her arms behind her back and thrusting her chest out more, the well-displayed mounds pushing out against her tight blouse, creamy cleavage threatening to burst through the open neckline of her blouse.

"Yeah - I do..." Mark said.

"Would you like to fondle them and suck them?" Daphne asked, bringing her hands up to caress them while she mentally pleaded for Mark to say 'no'...

"I'd love to, Daphne!" Mark said. Shit.

"Good! I love having my big boobies fondled and sucked!" Daphne lied enthusiastically, quickly undoing the remaining buttons on her blouse and letting the garment fall open, exposing her large, firm spheres of tits flesh. Jiggling and swaying atop her heels, she walked around the desk and sat in Mark's lap, making the appropriate sounds of pleasure as she began to fondle and suck her big, round tits.

Before long, she felt something pressing into her ass... Shit, and double shit.

"I seem to have given you a hard on!" she giggled, disgusted - why couldn't these guys control themselves! "Naughty, naughty me - but I can take care of it!"

She hadn't put on any panties this morning, because they'd just felt so confining - so it made it easy for her to simply pull up her skirt, smile fetchingly while undoing Mark's pants - and impale herself on his cock.

"Oh, that feels so good!" Daphne lied, mortified. "Oh, yes, you fill me up!"

Her legs began to thrust her up and down on the chair while she moaned in apparent ecstasy, struggling not to focus on the sensations shooting up and down her spine. After all, she didn't want to enjoy fucking a man, no matter how wonderful it felt, how much pleasure it caused to thrum through her body, until her screams of passion and ecstasy were no longer faked, but utterly real, screams of utter pleasure as she came, thrashing atop a man's hard cock and crying out his name...

After she'd finished screwing Mark's brains out, she rearranged her clothing, mortified at having let herself enjoy the act.

That was wrong. She was supposed to make sure that the man enjoyed it, not her. She'd have to do something about that, no matter how much it pained her...

She'd just have to start fucking after working, finding men and fucking them hard, until she became so used to getting fucked in every way and every position that it simply became another hum-drum chore. After all, she wasn't going to let what had happened to her screw her up - she wasn't going to let herself enjoying any aspect of being female, no matter how cheerful and bubbly she had to act...

* * * * *

ONE MONTH LATER

Licking the last drop of cum from her full lips, Daphne thanked Steve again, then flounced off towards the bathroom to make sure her make-up looked good.

Well, at least she wasn't having to suck cock as much as before, she thought with relief as she touched up her lipstick. After all, now that Maria was here, Daphne only had to do occasion cum- slurping duties, when Maria was otherwise engaged.

Which was good - since every time she sucked cock, it brought back the memory of when she'd been raped. Two guys had waylaid her outside the warehouse when she'd been working late one night, and they'd forced her to perform. Sure, the guys had caught them, but not until that tough-looking Latino guy had forced her to suck his cock...

Just then, the door to the bathroom swung open.

"Ola, Miss Daphne..." Maria said as she entered. The tall, slender Mexican woman's voice was a soft and submissive as ever, and as usual she refused to meet Daphne's eyes.

"You don't have to call me that!" Daphne giggled. "We're both secretaries - equals!"

"Yes, Miss Daphne..." Maria agreed - as she always did. Maria would agree to anything. A slender, dusky-skinned woman, Maria wasn't as beautiful as Daphne, nor as 'secure'. In fact, she agreed with just about anyone on just about anything, the most utterly submissive woman Daphne had ever seen...

...except when it came to cock-sucking. Maria was apparently a cum addict, because the shy, quiet woman would turn into a raging, demanding cum-sucking slut when she felt the need for cum. She did each guy in the office at least twice. She was built for it, too - while pretty, her single really outstanding feature was her mouth, with it's incredibly full, softly-firm pouting lips and incredibly long, supple tongue. Not only was Maria a real cock-sucking machine, but she was, by all accounts, the most incredible blow-job artist alive.

"You havin' good day, Miss Daphne?" Maria asked, hesitantly, in her broken English.

"Not bad." Daphne lied - all her days were 'bad' to one degree or another, what with her having to fuck at least five times a day, and sometimes more. At least she had the two new secretaries to help out - before they arrived, she'd been fucking and sucking almost non-stop.

Of course, the drop in the 'fringe workload' was good, aside from it allowing her time to do her real work. It had come a week after her rape, and she'd needed the lessening of the sexual attention, after that guy had forced the blow-job - and his weirdo-friend had mauled her tits, giggling like a hyena all the time, until he'd jacked himself off on her titties. What a freak. Well, that was over now, she thought to herself as she left the bathroom.

"Okay, Shari - I'll take over here." Daphne told the other secretary, who'd taken over the desk while Daphne had been busy servicing Steve.

"Oh, Goody!" Shari said, standing up. "Carl promised he'd let me do my strip-show for him if I let him fuck me after!"

Daphne rolled her eyes - that was Shari. The dark-haired woman was utterly obsessed with showing off her body - which completely floored Daphne, since Shari's body wasn't exactly the world's most spectacular. In fact, she was both too little - and too much.

Shari was tall and skinny - not slender, like Maria and Daphne, but 'skinny'. Her legs were 'okay', but her hips were too slim and her ass too flat to be more than mildly attractive. Not that she was ugly, she just didn't have many curves...

...except for the part of her that was 'too much'.

Her tits. Her freakishly outsized tits. The size of beach-balls, the massive, artificially round spheres of silicone-filled flesh thrust from her skinny body almost obscenely, barely crammed in one of the tight crop-tops she always wore. This was Shari's obsession - her tits. She didn't seem to realize that the freakishly outsized tits weren't sexy - in fact, she acted like she thought every man she met longer to fondle and suck them. Daphne guessed that, given her figure, Shari had probably been flat chested and ignored through much of her life, and had become focused on getting bigger tits - to the point that it had become an over-blown obsession. Sometimes, Daphne wondered how the woman could even walk around, being that top heavy.

Massive MMM-cup tits bouncing and swaying obscenely in her crop-top, Shari rushed off to 'show off' her body, while Daphne settled in at the receptionists desk and checked the log of things to do.

Hmm... she had to make coffee. Maria and Shari were drinking gallons of it a day, it seemed - but that was okay. A month ago, she and the guys had gone through a week-long phase like that, before stopping. She was sure that this would end for the girls, too.

Putting the new batch of CD's that Shari had brought to the office over to the side, she inserted one into the player and hit play before trying to decide what time to schedule another damned hair appointment. She'd have to fit it in sometime after lunch, since she was meeting with a new client and would probably have to fuck him at his hotel room to get him to sign.

She was just reaching for the phone when it rang.

"Hello, Falcon Imports, Daphne speaking!" She chirped, brightly, into the phone. "Daphne, it's me!" Came the voice over the line - and, mentally, Daphne winced.

It was her boyfriend, Bob. A muscular man with an abnormally large cock and amazing stamina, she'd started dating him, using him to cure her of feeling any pleasure from sex. She'd thought it would only take a week or two - but here she was, acting like his bimbo girlfriend, fucking him like crazy night and day, and she still hadn't gotten rid of the unwanted pleasure of being fucked.

"Hey, honey - what's up?" She asked.

"Well - I know you were planning to go out tonight, but Dan just dropped buy, and I was hoping you could rush home after work, make us some dinner, and get the spare room ready for him."

Daphne repressed a sigh. "Sure thing, Honey! Anything for you!"

"Um..." Bob said, hesitantly. "I... don't suppose you could talk that other girl, Shari, into coming to dinner too? You know, to, uh... keep Dan company?"

"Sure, no problem!" Daphne promised, knowing that Shari would love a new man to test her 'charms' on.

"Great! Thanks a bunch, honey." Bob said. "I.. I hope you're not angry at me." Even after a moth, Bob still hadn't figured out how stupid a question that was. "No, honey..." Daphne said, truthfully. "I'm not angry."

She might be disgusted, horrified, humiliated, degraded, sickened - and resigned - about her new life...

...but she was never angry.

Her chipper smiled fixed helplessly to her face, as always, Daphne went back to work...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: As revenge for the treatment of his sister, one man finds himself encased in a mesh suit that transforms his shape.

Another Fine Mesh

By Gunslinger

Ahead of the veil of darkness parting from his eyes, before the first sounds registered on the fine membrane of his inner ear, even before the physical sensations could register on his groggy mind, Jack knew he was once again conscious.

It was the smell.

The ripe, sickly-sweet smell of rot, combined with the sharp, sour smell of chemicals. The unmistakable odor of once-living materiel decaying in a stew of man-made materials and liquids. The sharp, acidic odor that rose only where mankind existed - the smell of garbage.

It was with that smell in his nostrils that Jack Montcalm returned to the world of the living, the rest of his senses flaring to life like the indicator lights on an engineering board registering the return of power to downed systems.

Even as the low, dull throb of pain in his head was being overlaid by the various pressures where his own body's weight pressed against concrete even colder than the sharp breeze that flowed over his apparently naked body, sound and light vied for attention as his eyes fluttered open, staring up at the dark sky above the narrow alley, assaulted by the sounds of a big city late at night.

With a groan, the muscular, dark-haired man levered himself into a sitting position, his mind trying to connect both ends of the black-out. Here-and-now, cold and prone in an alleyway, was obvious - but it was the sequence of events leading up to this point that was somewhat hazy, made even more difficult to reconstruct due to the low, but vicious, headache.

"Home..." He muttered to himself, weakly, struggling to get his eyes to focus properly. "I was heading home..."

That's right. He'd been running late, and busy trying to come up with a plausible reason to give Kara, even as his mind had been distracted from the task by the memories of the sights, sounds and touches of Lisa. Then, stepping into the alleyway that formed a shortcut between his mistress' apartment and the place he'd parked his car, he'd stopped suddenly upon seeing...

"Oh, shit..." Jack muttered, remembering now. He'd stopped dead upon seeing Kara's older brother, David. David, a skinny, bespectacled man who was practically the stereotype of a 'geek'. David, whose threat that Jack would 'regret it' if he ever hurt his little sister had seemed so laughable at the time - but no nearly so much so when he'd seen Dave in the alley, raising a gun...

Wait a second - if he'd been shot, why wasn't he in excruciating pain, if not dead? His body ached with a constant, all-over low throb that matched the slow, heavy beat of the headache, but...

Blinking his eyes again, Jack turned his attention to his own, well-muscled body - and his eyes widened.

"What the *fuck*...?"

He was not, after all, naked - though his initial mistake could easily be forgiven, since he was the next thing next to it.

His first thought was that the once-piece body suit that covered him neck to toe without concealing anything was made out of a silvery nylon - a thought that was quickly disabused as 'nylon' covered fingers touched 'nylon' covered leg, to find that the material was actually some sort of fine, supple metal in a fine-weave mesh.

Fine and supple the metal might have been - but it was also tough, something he quickly discovered when he tried to remove the garment. It didn't so much as give, much less break, molded perfectly to the contours of his...

"What the *fuck!*"

Between the situation, the shock, and the headache, it wasn't until that instant that Jack had realized that the body it was tightly enclosing was completely devoid of any body hair, the fine metallic mesh hugging smoothly denuded contours.

He ran his mesh-enclosed hands over his mesh-enclosed body - and a sharper pain than the low throb indicated where he'd been 'shot' - a small bruise, roughly the size of a dime, with a tiny puncture mark in the center.

Still feeling like his head was stuffed full of wool, Jack managed to reconstruct the sequence of events that had occurred.

The 'gun' Dave had shot him with must have been a tranquilizer gun, firing a dart filled with something that had knocked him out cold. Once Jack was unconscious, Dave had then shaved Jack's body, then somehow gotten the seamless, one-piece metal-mesh outfit on his limp body.

That must have been more or less the 'how' of what had happened - but, utter then the prospect of the humiliation of having to walk home next-to-nude, Jack couldn't figure out the 'why'. Well, of course, the 'why' was punishment for Jack having cheated on Kara, exactly as Dave had warned - but Jack couldn't figure out the 'why' for this particular - and peculiar - method of punishment.

Then, from the back of a sluggish mind that was hardly genius-caliber even when working at full capacity, a memory of a Demi Moore movie surfaced, and Jack grunted, wondering if this was Dave's modern-day equivalent of the 'Scarlet Letter' of an adulteress.

It was a sufficiently 'nerdish' explanation that Jack was willing to accept it as a working hypothesis - though, of course, he didn't coach it to himself in such terms.

Considering it, Jack smirked.

'Fidelity' wasn't a word in his limited vocabulary. At twenty-eight years of age, he could quite honestly say he'd been lying and cheating his way through 'relationships' for a decade now, finding that the effort forming supposed relations with women was worth it - between the fairly-regular sex and the excitement of the deception, his life revolved almost entirely around a very active sexual tension: He was either having sex with his 'girlfriend', whatever not-to-pretty but all-to-gullible (or desperate) woman he was milking for room-and-board; having sex with his ultra-hot mistress-du- jour, or going through the exciting and just plain fun routine of trying to keep the two women from ever finding out about each other.

It was a contest that, sooner or later, he lost - his longest record being a whole eight months.

Considering the wide-ranging confrontations, consequences, and occasional combats that had resulted from a decade of infidelity, this one was both refreshingly new and relatively mild.

So, he was 'caged' in the fine mesh outfit, and a quick check around showed that his own clothes were nowhere to be seen - nor was his wallet or keys.

He obviously couldn't go 'home' to the apartment he'd been sharing with Kara, and the way he was dressed - or undressed - guaranteed no hotel would take him in, especially since he couldn't pay.

On the other hand, no matter how demeaning it might be, a trip to a police station would net him something, since what had been done to him was obviously illegal, while his own actions were 'simply' immoral. As much as he disliked the police, collectively and as a concept, it was about the only obvious avenue open to him - especially since he'd probably end up being picked up for indecent exposure long before he could make it to Kara's apartment to demand his belongings, anyway.

Pushing himself up off the cold concrete floor of the alley, he tried to put the various aches and chills of his body aside, and headed down the narrow, high-walled alley, aiming for the reflected streetlight leaking into the narrow concrete canyon at its end.

He was nearly to the end of the alley-way when he slowed to a stop, his eyes narrowing in confusion.

He could swear that there was somebody nearby, whispering. Actually - many sombodies, and mixed in with low voices, barely audible, was... music?

More than the 'auditory hallucination', there was also a strange, odd little prickle tickling his skin. Something funny was going on - but there was nothing humorous about it.

Hesitating a second longer, Jack shook his head, and took a couple of swift, determined strides forward, leaving the alley-way...

...and then collapsed to his knees, hands flying to his head as sensations and sounds assaulted him.

His body was twitching and flinching as the 'slight tingle' intensified into something just short of actual pain - and a cacophony of sound flooded his ears...

...except that clapping his hands over his ears didn't dim or mute the sounds in the slightest.

He wasn't hearing the sounds at all - since they were bypassing his ears completely, and being dumped straight into his brain.

Assaulted as he was by a low electrical current shooting through every cell in his body, a wild cacophony of sound filling his mind, Jack couldn't concentrate on understanding it's origin, and probably wouldn't have been able to deduct it even if his mind wasn't under such an assault.

He simply didn't have either the intellect or information to recognize that the fine mesh of special, highly conductive and focusing metallic material was acting as an antenna for radiated energy.

Even as his entire body was bombarded by various forms of radiation that the mesh aimed and focused into his body, his mind was being assaulted by all sorts of radio and television signals - signals that had been almost completely blocked by the walls of the high, narrow alley he'd awoken in, but which now had free access to the 'antenna' that enclosed his body.

Stumbling, staggering, he pulled himself up and tried to flee from the sounds and sensations assaulting him, not even thinking to flee back the way he'd come - thinking being almost impossible under the barrage that was hitting him where he couldn't defend himself, directly in his mind.

Instinct and instinct alone drove him to flee, and he fled in the direction he'd already been facing, neither seeing nor hearing his surroundings as he staggered across the thankfully empty night-time street and slammed into the wall of the building across the road from the alley...

...and into the 'shadow' of its bulk, which cut about two-thirds of the signals slamming into him, reducing the 'noise' and tingle to something slightly more tolerable.

"What.. the hell.. is.. happening...?" Jack gasped, trying to focus.

It wasn't easy. Though the over-all amount of signal he was absorbing had dropped, it also meant that there was only two 'strong' signals still hitting him, and instead of being an incomprehensible noise among dozens of other equally strong signals, they were 'clear' signals - like two loud radios playing above the low chatter of a crowded room.

It made it hard to concentrate when, above the 'static' in his mind, he was also hearing a commercial for tampons and one of the latest top-ten hits.

Eyes half-clenched in confusion and mental 'pain', he began walking unsteadily down the sidewalk, one hand trailing along the face of the building for balance and support as he headed for the end of the street.

He was in no condition to notice the changes that had occurred to that hand and arm - not to mention the rest of his body - as the energy being directed inward was causing cells and system to 'mutate'.

Changes that were still occurring as he staggered towards the corner, though at a slower rate.

Finally, he reached the corner of the old office building, staggering around the curved brick facade...

...and slumping gratefully into it's inset alcove of an entrance, the signals dropping away until only one was loud enough to be heard, and that at a 'reasonable' volume who's only major annoyance over a 'real' sound was it's direct access to his brain, meaning that he couldn't simply tune it out, instead helplessly forced to listen to the woman blathering on to the on-air psychiatrist of the local radio station.

With only that one distraction, it only took Jack a few seconds to notice there was something wrong with the body he was rather mindlessly staring down at as he reveled in the 'relative silence' in his head.

"What the...?" Jack asked himself, eyes widening as he stared down at his body...

..except that it wasn't the body that he would have defined as 'his'.

'His' body was muscular - this one, though 'athletic', wasn't as heavily muscled.

It was also somewhat under-endowed in the 'one-eyed trouser snake' department, his own proud endowment barely half the size it should have been...

...while the two firm, dome-like mounds riding from the hairless rib-cage, though barely even B- cups, were vastly over endowed for a man.

"Tits...!" Jack gasped, not realizing that the eyebrows that shot upward were thinner and finer then the had been before, any more then he realized the jaw that sagged in disbelief was finer in structure, the lips spread in an 'O' of amazement fuller then they'd been so shortly before. "I've got... tits!"

The low sound still playing in his mind, the low tingle still running through his body, Jack tried to make sense of what was happening to him - but his mind simply wasn't up to the task.

There was no way on earth that he could have deduced the function of the 'antenna array' he wore, or how it worked. Made of 'mnemonic metal', the mesh absorbed any form of radiated energy and converted it into focused radiation at a specific frequency, for a specific purpose. The mesh didn't have to cover his entire body to effect his entire body, something made clear by the changes his uncovered head had also sustained.

The changes were body-wide, regardless of how much was covered- but the larger the antenna, the more powerful the signal. A 'watchband' of the same metal would have required hours to induce as much of a systematic change as Jack had already undergone.

It might have actually been a more fitting punishment, the transformation David had 'pre- programmed' into the antenna-mesh during it's creation happening over a period of hours, or even days - but David's plan wasn't punishment, but prevention.

In short, by creating and utilizing the brand-new technology, Dave was ensuring that no other woman would have to suffer the sort of heart-break that his research had shown Jack had inflicted on quite literally dozens of women.

That was the totality of Dave's plan - to rob Jack of the very gender that allowed him to take advantage of the 'weaker sex'.

The very same sex that Jack was well on his way to becoming.

Despite being cruel, unusual, twisted, and illegal, it was basically a straight-forward plan - but Dave had failed to take Jack's mind-set and intellect (or lack thereof) into account.

Jack, staring down at his/her rapidly changing body in horror, did not make the differentiation between 'him being given a woman's body' and 'him being turned into a woman' - two very different propositions, and yet Jack's limited scope and personal prejudices were only capable of recognizing one of the two scenarios.

After all - in Jack's black-and-white world, men were 'human' - and women were 'sub-human', basically little more the vapid little living toys that existed to fulfill men's needs...

...and so that what he saw himself becoming.

It was enough to induce panic. Panic, of course, interferes with logical brain processes - and Jack had little enough of those to spare.

"Oh, God, no...!" Jack screamed in a rapidly rising pitch, eyes wide at the unimaginable horror of being made female...

...and he rose from his crouch and sprinted out into the street, ignoring both the increased tumult in his head and the tingle across his body as he gave in to the blind instinct of 'fight or flight' - and since there was nothing he could 'fight', he simply ran. Ran as fast as his changing legs could carry him.

Lost in panic, he neither saw nor heard - but he 'felt. Felt his body changing quickly - and the faster it changed, the faster he tried to run, to emotionally devastated to realize that he was aiding his own fate as he kept his changing body bathed in the unseen river of radiated energy that flowed through the concrete canyons of the city.

Despite the late hour, the city was far from empty, and on Jack's mad dash through the neighborhood, perhaps a dozen people saw him - or, rather 'her', since that was what they took from the fleeting impression they got as the buxom, supple figure in the 'nylon bodysuit' dashed through the streets.

Jack didn't notice any of the people he - she - passed, too wrapped up in her own horror, disgust and fear at what she was becoming...

...and, unreasoning and unthinking, Jack didn't know that there came a point that the suit could have been removed - the point where she was fully female in the genetic sense.

Mnemonic metal 'wears out' as it altered the flow of energy, and Dave had purposefully set the 'seams' to weaken at a certain point, when Jack would definitely be fully female. Technically, the plan worked as expected, with the suit begin to unravel and flap against the altered body it enclosed as it's panicked owner sprinted through the streets.

However, the suit had no seams along the shoulders, instead being closed under the arms - and so the antenna continued to rest of the slender shoulders of the new woman it had formed, and continued the transformation past the 'base-line' level.

It wasn't until the rest of the mnemonic metal gave way that the sensations faded from Jack's consciousness, and she finally stopped running, panting hard as the remains of the suit fell to the ground as a fine dust that quickly dispersed on the evening wind.

Even as the sensations and head-filling 'noise' of the transformation ended, so did the altered individual's mad dash - not due to abatement of the horror or disgust, but due to lack of oxygen.

Placing altered hands on altered knees, the person who had so recently been Jack gasped for air, the very act on increasing her barely-thinking horror and self-hate as each gulping lungful she drew in caused her highly altered chest to shimmy and quake.

Dave had 'programmed' the mesh suit very specifically. With variables involved that couldn't be computed, Dave had come down on the 'safe side' of feminine attributes - but he hadn't expected Jack to wear the suit so much as one second longer then necessary.

The two factors combined to give the new woman a figure that was... noticeable.

The suit couldn't effect the bone structure that underlaid the softer tissues of Jack's body, nor could it alter the non-living hair and nails - though it could, and had, removed some of that hair.

The suit could, and did, make all sorts of changes to the 'soft tissue'... The end result was quite remarkable.

Jack was the same height she'd been before the transformation - which made her tall for the new gender she'd become. Likewise, she was a 'sturdy' woman - not masculine, but broad-shouldered and with strong facial features. Some of the musculature that the male version had boasted remained, padded under a smoothing layer of feminine fat - and the rest had been 'relocated' and converted.

The tissue that it was 'converted' into was an odd amalgam, halfway between fat and muscle - meaning that the flesh it had transmogrified into was firmer then it would be on a 'natural' woman.

In other words, the massive breasts now thrust from her ribcage were not only huge, but incredibly firm...

...and, amazingly enough, not wildly out of proportion, despite being the size of volley-balls.

With her height, broad shoulders, and wide ribcage, the massive, spherical breasts actually looked damned amazing - in fact, the word that might have occurred to somebody if they'd been trying to describe the new woman would be 'Amazonian'. Tall, toned, with a strong body and full, firm breasts, Jack's new proportions more closely matched that of the classic comic-book super heroine than the every-day woman.

Jack, however, didn't think of it in quite those terms as she slowly straightened, and turned with haunted eyes to look in the darkened store window beside her as a mirror.

"Shit..." She gasped in horribly feminine new contralto. "I look kinda like that *Voyager* chick...!"

Indeed, though his hair was dark and Jeri Ryan's was light, there was much in common between his body and that of 'Seven of Nine' - though the busty miss Ryan had nothing on Jack's new endowments.

Along with Jack's new 'hyper-femininity' came some thing else - 'hyper hormones'.

Just as her firm, spherical new breasts were considerably larger and firmer than a 'natural' woman's, so was her hormone glands larger and more prolific than that of a normal woman...

...and, though she hated the new body forced upon her, in the abstract, in the immediate she found it quite sexy.

In short, though she hated being a woman, the woman she had become was turned on... by the woman she'd become.

Almost immediately, her large, thick nipples went hard, and a disgustingly enjoyable warmth began to build in her abdomen, a warmth that slowly suffused her body as the arousal built on itself, more and more hormones being dumped into her system.

A system that had no 'experience' with the female hormones.

Even women who had lived life since puberty with those hormones could have rapid and powerful mood swings when their normal hormonal balance shifted. In Jack's case, it was much the same as a non-drinker starting his alcoholic experience with a twenty-sixer or rye whiskey.

In the space of a few seconds, Jack 'got drunk' on the powerful hormones raging through her body. "Whoa..." She said, blinking, as she suddenly felt warm, light-headed... and very, very, *very* good.

It was a 'natural' reaction in an unnatural situation - but with her not-too-impressive intellect further befogged by the hormonal intoxication, the new woman came to an incorrect conclusion.

"Shit... Dave's fucked with my mind..." She gasped, not seeing her sexual arousal and 'pleasure at being female' for what they really were. "I... I'm, like, some sort of nympho or slut, or something..."

It was a highly mistaken conclusion - but it was also 'supported' by Jack's prejudices and predispositions towards women. Especially in her current state, the idea that being turned into a woman 'automatically' made her horny for men didn't only seem plausible- it seemed certain.

Without even questioning it, the new woman simply assumed that her mind had been altered...

...and, with that conclusion, effectively convinced herself that now had an irresistible need to have sex with men.

She'd talked herself into being a nymphomaniac.

Perhaps, given even a few more minutes of uninterrupted contemplation, the new woman might have been able to start picking at the loose threads of the 'certainty' until it unraveled - but she wasn't given those few moments.

The fire-engine red '72 Chevelle pulled to a stop beside the naked new woman, the short, swarthy man inside the lovingly polished car unable to pass by a tall, big-breasted woman standing naked on the sidewalk without *some* sort of lewd reaction. In fact, in it's own way, the urge was completely understandable.

"Hey, babe..." Raymond shouted, "Nice tits!"

The reaction, however, was something unexpected, and Ray blinked twice as the buxom woman looked down at her huge, firm breasts, sighed, and answered regretfully: "Yeah, they are."

Taken aback by the response, Ray simply let his 'motor mouth' go on without conscious direction: "Wanna fuck?"

Jack's full new lips twisted, and she sighed again as she shrugged, answering with what she truly believed to be the truth: "Unfortunately... yeah."

It took a second to register - and then Ray's eyes widened. "You... do?"

The new woman shrugged, 'helplessly'. "I can't help myself - I'm just so horny..."

The sadly-spoken comment was a mix of truth and mistake - she was, indeed, very horny, but she simply didn't realize that it was her own feminine body turning on her masculine mind, instead assuming that her mind was now as feminine as her body, as so the arousal she felt must be for a man.

So, when Ray invited her to jump into the car, she sighed once more in resignation - and gave in to the non-existent 'uncontrollable urge' to have sex with men, dejectedly walking around the car and climbing in the passenger's side.

"Geez - you're serious...!" Ray said, mind still struggling to catch up with events. Short, barrel- chested, and pock-marked from bad acne, Ray had never had anything like this happen to him before - outside of his dreams, that was.

This, however, wasn't quite like his nocturnal fantasies. Though the words were 'right', they weren't spoken in a chipper, eager tone of seduction, but in a resigned sigh: "Yeah, I'm a horny little nympho who can't get enough hard cock. I gotta have it all the time. So, let's go to your place and do it, okay...?"

It wasn't quite 'right' - but Ray sure as hell wasn't going to argue. Putting the car into gear, he squealed away from the corner, pulling an unnecessarily tight U-turn that 'just happened' to 'make him' brace himself by placing one hand on a smooth, firm thigh...

Sighing at 'not being able to resist' her urges, Jack placed her hand over his and slowly and without enthusiasm had him start stroking her leg.

The sensations that followed were predictable, and even obvious - yet she misconstrued the understandable pleasant sensation as further proof that she'd been 'modified' to enjoy men.

"I'm Ray..." The swarthy, dark-haired driver said, ever tooth in his mouth visible in the shit-eating grin he now wore. "What's your name...?"

She didn't even give it much thought: "Jackie."

"Jackie, you are one hot lady..." Ray 'complimented' her lewdly.

"Yeah, I am..." She agreed, shortly. "Look, can we not do the talking thing? I just need to get fucked is all, not make any friends, 'kay?"

Ray had absolutely no problem with that. Even as he pulled the car into the parking lot of the run- down tenement in which he lived, he was mentally composing a letter that began 'Dear Penthouse...'

"This way..." Ray said, eagerly, helping his buxom, agreeable new 'friend' out of the car.

It never even occurred to 'Jackie' that she could just turn and walk away. After all, she was horny, wasn't she? Ray's touch had felt good, hadn't it? She was now a woman, and a big-breasted one at that, wasn't she? Well, she *must* be nothing more than a horny little slut, then - right?

In her mind, befogged with hormones and pre-programmed with a lifetime of gender bias, the answer to all of them was 'yes'.

With resignation, Jackie followed her 'new friend' through the dingy hall of the tenement to his apartment, looking around with a profound ;lack of interest solely as an excuse to have to look at the man she was being 'forced' to satisfy her 'uncontrollable urges' with.

"Here we are, babe..." Ray said, eagerly, leading her into his apartment, one that through it's lack of coordination and general disarray proclaimed as loudly as words that it was the habitat of a bachelor.

"Great." She said, with a shrug. "So, let's get to it, huh?"

Ray had absolutely no problem with that. Grinning, he led her into the bedroom.

Since she was already naked, she gave him an efficient hand undressing, not even trying to do anything 'arousing' - which would have been unnecessary, since anticipation and imagination had already taken care of that little chore, and Ray was more than ready to go.

Letting her guide her onto the bed, Jackie stared up at the ceiling, trying to mentally distance herself from what was happening as Ray spread her legs apart.

"Oh, baby..." He said, eagerly, crouching between her long, shapely legs and reaching out to fondle and squeeze her huge, round tits. "God, are you hot...!"

She accepted the pleasurable sensations that came with his eager, unskilled touch as being yet more proof of her new, 'mind-altered' state. She let him play with her breasts and stroke her smooth, taut flesh without objection, since it put off the actual act that she didn't want, but 'so obviously needed', proved even more by the way his touch aroused her even further - again, without realizing that it was a purely physical and perfectly natural reaction for a female body to respond to pleasurable sensation, and had nothing to do with her mind.

Finally, with her neither urging him on or putting him off, his own desires moved him to forgo further exploration of her new body, and 'get on with it'.

With a shit-eating grin, Ray shifted himself a little further up - then, with one hand, guided his rigid tool into the warm, wet embrace of her tight new womanhood.

She gasped in unwanted pleasure at the wonderful friction that resulted - and that sound was the last and only confirmation Ray needed, and he began thrust eagerly into her, not even thinking to concern himself with her pleasure, since she had given no indication that she cared, either.

For her part, she didn't simply lay there and let him 'satisfy her need', as she'd originally planned. With him working strictly to satisfy his own needs, she found the action less than 'perfect', some innate sense of what was going on inside her new vagina telling her that it needed to be somewhat different to bring her to the orgasm she 'needed' - and since the thought of specifically asking a man to fuck her in a certain way abhorred her, she began grinding and thrusting her own hips in an effort to bring herself off as quickly as possible, just a chore to be done.

It also had the effect of creating even more pleasure for Ray, and he began making low, throaty sounds as he bucked and plunged atop her.

It was a rising cycle, and she was both gratified and ashamed to feel the growing pleasure that came with the act of being fucked by a man - and, against her will, she began making sounds of pleasure as well, gasps and moans that inadvertently escaped her full new lips as the pleasure continued to build...

"God, yes, you're fantastic..." She heard her new voice said through the fog of pleasure and hormones that now had her higher than a lord, higher than any of the times she'd tried pot in the past, more drunk than mere alcohol had ever made her. Between the pleasure and the hormonal high, any semblance of control was lost, and her body - and voice - were responding 'honestly' to the wonderfully pleasurable sensations flooding through her...

...and even as she heard herself begging him to do it harder, she numbly assigned it to her 'brainwashing', still unable to see the truth.

All things considered, it wasn't at all surprising what happened. With her own disinterest, coupled with Ray's extreme interest and his 'fantasies' prior to actually beginning, he was much closer to the 'breaking point' than her.

Even as the pleasure in her continued to build, even as some small - but growing - part of her reveled in guilty pleasure at the wonderful sensations and the expectation of the power of an orgasm, Ray finally exceeded his own sexual red-line, and with a howl of pleasure, began twitching and jittering atop her as he pumped his load deep into her new vagina.

She hadn't even come close to orgasming. Though the act itself had generated pleasure, it had also generated a real need to finish the act - a need that was denied as Ray's last, frantic thrusts indicated that he was finished, and just 'emptying himself out'.

There were all sorts of responses that, theoretically, Jackie could have used to finish the job, not the least of which was doing it herself...

...but none of them crossed her mind. With certain assumptions now locked in stone, with the belief that this had been done to her maliciously and by design, she simply accepted the concept that this was part of her fate, and so unalterable.

Instead, she did a piss-poor job of simulating a female orgasm, one that was only accepted by virtue of Ray's male ego.

"Thanks, stud, that was great..." She said, unconvincingly, as she sat up and gave him a quick kiss.

She 'forced' herself to do it, having 'finally seen the obvious', the fact that Dave 'must have' had in mind for her, and the she 'obviously' couldn't fight...

"So, twenty bucks would usually do it..." She said, pulling the number out of thin air, not think of economics so much as her new 'role' to be played. "I'll take some clothes in trade, though, honey."

Ray blinked - and his face fell a bit. "You're... a hooker?"

"What else would I be?" She said, with a shrug, actually believing that it was exactly what all the signs said she must be. "So - cash or trade, stud, which'll it be...?"

* * * * *

The black rayon blouse tied just under her massive new bust, coupled with a plaid 'skirt' made from a plaid beach-towel and a pair of big safety-pins, left her with a decidedly 'school-girl' look that was enhanced, rather than detracted from, by the pair of sneakers she wore.

"Guess I'll have to learn how to walk in high heels..." She muttered to herself as she walked out of the building - accepting, without question, that she was doomed to be a hooker, and since hooker wore high heels, she obviously had no choice but to learn how to do so, just as she'd 'have to' learn how to do make-up and other feminine things...

...but all of that took money, which she didn't have.

With that in mind, Jackie shrugged, sighed, and headed off looking for her next 'trick'. THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A scientist agree to allow his colleague to transform him into a woman for a two month period to validate an experiment; little does he know that he is going to end up working in a strip club.

The Answer

By Gunslinger

It was in the bar at the Ritz-Carlton that James Francis Wraithe opened his mouth at the wrong time, and stuck his foot in it.

Jim was sitting at the bar, his back to the small gaggle of his 'colleagues'. To tell the truth, the tall, well-muscled scientist didn't really care for his fellow scientists, of any branch - he was one of the few intellectuals who actually attended these seminars merely to learn the latest news. So the tow-headed bio-synergist may not have gotten involved in the conversation at all...

...if they hadn't dragged in that old worn question.

"Look, I should think that we've proven - conclusively - by now that Function follows Form - an object or species' shape and build decide what it's niche in the universe is." The pedantic Medical Physicist, Simmons, was saying in his dry British monotone.

Leeds, the female Bio-Electronicist, wasn't buying it. "Not at all - Form follows Function. The niche that needs to be filled is there first - then creatures adapt to meet the needs of their environment."

Letting out a deep sigh, Jim turned to face the heavy-set Brit and the severe-looking woman. "Please - don't tell me you're still beating that dead horse." He said, shaking his head. "Haven't either of you read my paper in AJ&M? I thought I put all this to rest."

The other two looked at him, somewhat put-out.

"Excuse me - Wraithe, isn't it?" William Simmons asked. "I don't believe I'm familiar with that work."

"I am." Karen Leeds said - sniffed, actually. She turned to her antagonist. "He'd come up with a whole new... 'perspective' on the matter, saying it has been the wrong question being asked all along."

"Exactly." Jim said. "The actual question in the matter should be based on *three* variables - with Form *and* Function on one side, and *Behavior* on the other. Form and function are two sides to the same thing. All that remains to be seen is whether or not Behavior determines them, or they determine Behavior." He smiled, smugly. "I believe that I have also demonstrated that Behavior determines Form and Function."

"Really?" Simmons asked, trying to wrap his mind around the new thought. "Can you offer an example?"

That's when James walked right into it.

"Well," He said, picking - offhand - the wrong example. "Take men and women. Those women who wish to 'break the gender roles' in society behave more like men - and thus, you'll also note, are less attractive than 'womanly' women - smaller breasts, less attractive faces, etc. The same with lesbians, and so on."

Karen Leeds looked at him with contempt. "I see - so, hypothetically, a woman who was originally 'stunning' would become less so if her behavior was masculine."

Jim shrugged. "Yes and no - Because of 'unnatural' laws imposed on society, behavior in a person is minimized until they are 'of age', limiting what they can and can't do, thus allowing the body a 'head start' on matching society's views, not the individual's own behavior. In today's society, a better example would be if..." He frowned. "Well - let's say a person, born as a man, was suddenly made extremely feminine. By his/her own behavior, he/she would definitely become masculine in appearance to match the behavior - not become more feminine in behavior to match the body."

James sat back, satisfied that he'd made his point beyond argument.

William frowned. "I can't say that I completely agree, old boy - wouldn't the pressures of society to conform change behavior to match the appearance?"

Before Jim could open his mouth to rebut, Karen also jumped in. "Perhaps. Perhaps not - but I do know that a woman's body will determine some - much - of her behavior."

Jim couldn't believe his ears - his work was so clean, so elegant that it should be obvious to all - yet these two, so far apart in their views, were rallying against it. "Oh, come now! It should be obvious to you two. If I could prove it empirically, I wouldn't hesitate to show you two..."

They looked at him.

"Really? It *can* be done, you know." Leeds said, and Simmons agreed. "We'd be quite willing to say we're wrong - back your paper up publicly with the results - if you are willing to put it to the test."

For an instant, the vision of the Nobel Prize danced before James. "Really - how so?"

Leeds shrugged. "Well, it is not legally available - but for a scientific test with a certain volunteer, it could be arranged."

Simmons nodded. "Quite right. We could make you, for all necessary purposes, completely female. Even place you in an environment where you must function as a female - say, for two months."

Leeds finished. "If, at the end of that time, you have managed, successfully, to not only maintain your masculine behavior, but acquire a more masculine form through exercise, demeanor and other factors

- than your thesis would be proven."

Become a woman for two months? Jim opened his mouth to denounce the idea - hotly. "Unless, of course..." Leeds continued. "You do not have that sort of faith in your theory."

"I'll do it." James said, hotly - regretting the words even as they emerged, but not backing down. "Just to prove you wrong."

* * * * *

"Whoa... You've got to be kidding!"

James stared, open-mouthed, at the amazingly realistic three-dimensional image rotating on the large MAG monitor attached to the system.

"Well - we more or less agreed that the purpose was to have to be as feminine as possible - I think this is adequately feminine, don't you?" Leeds asked, archly.

James had to agree, as he eyed the life-like 'woman' rotating slowly on-screen.

According to the scale bar, she was slightly short, even for a woman. Slender, with slim hips and long legs, she was slightly athletic - all the better, he supposed, to let her frame support the inordinately large, proud breasts out-thrust from her slender ribcage. Her face was pixie-ish - more 'cute' than 'gorgeous' - and her full-lipped countenance peered out at the world below a mass of hair that was mixed strands of black and deep red.

"How... how big ?" James asked, miming as if holding cantaloupes at chest height.

Simmons laughed congenially. "Oh, my dear boy You will be a 38-EEE. A rather quick study revealed that the local chain stores all carry that size in stock, so you will not require custom made... support."

"Thanks... I think " James muttered, merely shaking his head when the other two looked at him questioningly. James considered arguing - but then again, it didn't really matter, as he'd be uncomfortable no matter what. Let them have their little fun - his principles were sound, and it didn't matter.

"Fair enough - now, about the other "

Leeds interrupted. "Oh - not a problem - ID, an apartment, everything has been arranged." James sighed. "All right - then I guess there's no need to wait - let's get started."

"Very well..." Leeds said, approaching with a needle. "This will only hurt for a second "

The sharp pin-prick of the needle - then everything went dark....

* * * * * Cold.

Very cold....

As he slowly came awake, James became aware of the fact that he - well, *she*, if everything went right

- was shivering. There were sounds of city life from somewhere nearby - muted, but not muted enough. As she groggily came awaked, James cursed whoever it was who'd left the window open...

Opening her eyes, everything she had expected - and honestly, somewhat feared - took a turn for the worse.

The first off was the startling revelation that her new eyes saw things slightly differently - going from dark brown to a bright green apparently increased their night-vision, as well as shifting colors slightly, but noticeably.

But as interesting as this data was, it was overridden by sheer panic as it suddenly struck home that she appeared to be laying in an alleyway, in the middle of the night, in a large suburban city somewhere in North America.

Starting, she sat up, her new hear pounding in her new ribcage. Fighting back panic, she let her new eyes adjust to the dim light filtering into the alleyway and tried to take stock of what was going on.

"Good God " James began as she took stop - then trailed to a stop, hearing the undeniably feminine voice that emerged from her throat. Momentarily distracted, she pushed aside the voice thing for now, and looked down again. "These things are huge !" she muttered in her new voice, staring down at her new endowments. From this point of view, they seemed much, much larger than they'd looked on-screen.

The huge tits were clad in a black V-neck shirt that wrapped around on one side, fastening there. The design seemed to practically lift her amazing cleavage into the cool night air, and revealed the edge of a lacy black bra. Past the massive swell of her new tits, James could see her shapely legs, encased in black nylons, and the black leather skirt she wore that came to just above her knees. Her feet were encased in black shoes with a slight platform and somewhat squared heels that looked to be about three-four inches tall.

"What the hell is going on?" James asked herself, looking around the deserted alley. The sound of the high-pitched voice still shocked her as it emerged from her throat. It was going to take some getting used to.

Pushing herself off the ground, she looked around and frowned.

For one thing, there was no sign of a purse that might contain 'her' ID - and money. But the other reason was how short she seemed to be. She'd expected to be shorter - but she looked at the dumpster nearby, and from her eye-level, she seemed to be much, much shorter - but that couldn't be right. It must just be an optical illusion.

She turned towards the light at the end of the alley and began walking. She immediately discovered that if she didn't want to fall over, she'd have to shorten her stride and let her hips roll in a more natural - more feminine - motion. Walking in the heels with the usual masculine stride was out of the question, and she wasn't going to walk around bare-foot.

The other thing she discovered was the decidedly odd sensations walking produced. The odd way the air felt as it flowed over her nylon-clad legs. The strange way the fabric of her briefs moved over an empty crotch. The way her tits moved in time with her hips, the way her hair shifted in the wind - all of it strange, if not actually unpleasant.

Her mind slightly stunned by the thousand-and-one tiny differences in the way her body moved and felt, she made her way out of the alley and looked up and down the mostly deserted city street. It seemed to be a side-street in a city core - at the end of the block, in either direction, she could see busy cross-traffic.

But at the end of the block in one direction, she could also see a convenience store - and the welcome glow of a phone sign.

She started off - and barely managed to keep her balance. Cursing her lack of attention, she forced herself to walk with a slightly exaggerated feminine stride, to keep from falling out of her shoes. At the slower pace, it seemed to take for ever to reach the end of the block and enter the reassuring warmth of the store. She quickly spotted the phone near the entrance way and walked over.

As she picked up the receiver, she suddenly became aware of the way the young male cashier was eyeing her - especially her breasts. For a second, it didn't even register - the thought was too new. Then it did - and she blushed fiercely, even as she gazed levelly at the cashier until he, too, flushed, and looked away.

James turned his attention back to the phone - and got a shock as she read the LED display on the front of the blue, silver and yellow pay phone.

'Welcome to Bell Canada... Please insert coins or card '

Canada? What the hell was going on here?

Picking up the phone, James dialed collect, and waited for the automated voice to ask for a name. Speaking clearly, she said...

"Cyndi Smith."

James dropped the phone in shock, hands flying to her traitorous throat. That name had emerged, unbidden, when he'd tried to say 'Jim Wraithe'. Now, hesitantly, she tried again - this time with her full, legal name.

"My name is Cynthia No-Middle-Name Smith." She heard emerge in her new, clear soprano.

"Miss?" A voice called from behind her, and she slowly turned to stare numbly at the clerk, her long, slender fingers still wrapped around her smooth, swan-like neck.

"Huh?"

The cashier eyed her with mixed apprehension and appreciation. "Is something wrong?"

James forced herself to snap out of the daze and fake a small smile. "No - just need to use your rest room " She said, somewhat unevenly, as she hung up the phone.

"Uh sure - it's back there."

Nodding, James headed down the aisle towards the twin doors, marked with the international symbols. She reached for the knob of the bathroom...

...then stopped, confused. She looked back and forth between the two doors, then shook her head and went over to the Ladies' room and went in locking the door behind her.

One look in the mirror confirmed her suspicions.

The woman in the mirror bore some similarities to the one in the computer simulation - as if she were a sister to that woman.

A shorter, considerably more buxom sister. Her open, deceptively cheerful face with the pixie-like chin and large green eyes were the same, as was the pert nose and full lips - which, she noted, were gloss-red with lipstick, as her entire face was made-up.

However, her hair was different - a short, straight mane hanging to her ears, it was a bright, artificial red on one side, and a medium blue on the other. With her short build, massive tits, and generally 'perky' look, James had to admit - she looked like a 'Cyndi'.

Experimentally, she talked to the reflection of the woman she now was.

'My name is James Francis Wraith' is what her mind sent to the vocal chords. 'I was born, male, December 18th, 1967, in Bedford Falls, Massachusetts. My parents were Peter and Jessica Wraith.'

What emerged sent a chill down her spine.

"I'm Cyndi Smith - no middle name. I was born as Jane Doe sometime in 1974, in New York City. I don't know who my parents were."

Not only had that Bastard and Bitch changed her body - they'd done something to her mind to ensure that she couldn't tell anyone the truth.

Jim - Cyndi - turned away from the massively-endowed reflection and headed back into the store proper, reminding herself to walk with the feminine stride - as much as she hated giving in that much, it was infinitely better than falling over. She made her way to the front desk.

"Hi..." Cyndi said, hesitantly. "I need some help."

The young man smiled at her - well, at her bust, actually. "What can I do for you, Miss?" "I... I think I was robbed..." Cyndi said, making it up as she went along.

"Think?" The clerk said, raising an eyebrow.

"I..." Cyndi said - then inspiration struck. "I must have been hit on the head - I can't remember anything aside from my own name. I don't even know what city I'm in. I woke up in an alleyway down the block, with no purse. Please - can you at least tell me where I am?"

For the first time, the young man's eyes rose to meet her own, and she saw startled sympathy. "Oh, my god - that's terrible!" He said, sincerely. "You're in Toronto - and my name's Bill, by the way."

"Cyndi" she replied, flustered by his sympathetic gesture as he put an arm around her and led her to a seat.

"Cyndi, you just sit right here, and I'll call the police." Bill promised, and gave her a cup of coffee to sip on while he went to the phone and dialed.

Cyndi sipped at the coffee, trying to keep a confused demeanor while inside, rage boiled at the betrayal of her 'fellow scientists'.

She didn't even realize that she was eyeing Bill's ass, tightly packed into his jeans.

* * * * *

Cyndi sighed as she locked the door to 'her' room in the woman's shelter.

The police had taken her complete statement, and searched the alley where she'd awakened. Not surprisingly, they'd found evidence pointing to her having been dumped, unconscious, out of a vehicle at the spot. It was also not surprising that they could find no record of 'Cyndi Smith' - although her American Accent meant that she could have been dumped here from anywhere in the states, and the fact that she had no memories of anything, plus she had no family, made it impossible to find her history.

Of course, Cyndi didn't clue the cops into the fact that 'Cyndi' didn't have any history. Instead, she'd accepted what little help they could give - a ride to a woman's shelter, where the charity that ran it - the YWCA - would help her start a new life.

Of course, Cyndi didn't tell the House Matron, a 'Miz Snider' what her true plans where, once she'd made enough money. She'd merely eaten the small, poorly cooked dinner provided, and went right up to 'her' small room and it old, noisy bed.

Carefully, Cyndi undressed. The shirt and skirt were no big deal. The nylons - she almost yanked them off like socks before she realized that that might cause a run. She wasn't really happy about wearing nylons at all, but they were the only clothes she had, and had better be careful with them. Carefully, she removed them. The hardest part was the bra - she had to contort in ways she wouldn't have thought possible to awkwardly unclasp the massive garment and remove it. Soon she was dressed in nothing but her black, lace-trimmed briefs. Laying her clothes - her only possessions in the world - on the dresser, she saw her reflection in the dusty mirror. It was only then that she noticed that she was wearing a cheap pair of black plastic earrings. It took a couple of minutes - and a bit of pain - to get them out, then she lay down on the bed and pulled the thin cover over her as she tried to think.

It wasn't easy - all sorts of thoughts and emotions tried to intrude. In addition, her body felt tense, her nerves crackling with energy that kept her from relaxing. If she'd still been a guy, releasing the tension would have been easy - she would have just...

In the dimly-lit room, Cyndi flushed a bright red as the thought occurred to her. But it would probably work, taking care of the tension and...

...well, why not? Sure, it felt strange - damned strange - but she was in a woman's body, at least for now, and women must do it all the time. If she didn't, it might take hours for her to calm down enough to sleep.

But it still felt... weird.

Hesitantly, Cyndi closed her eyes. Beneath the thing cover, she slowly let her long, dainty finger slide over her flat abdomen. Soon they touched the lower slope of her huge, firm tits, and she hesitated there for several eternal seconds. Then, gently, she cupped her hands and lightly squeezed her proud new tits.

The sensation was... interesting. Her hands didn't even come close to being able to cup the whole tit, her old male hands' wouldn't have come close. Each tit was easily as big as her own head.

But the area of each breast that she could put the light pressure on responded by sensing impulses of a mild pleasure to her brain. Experimentally, he began to slide her slender finger over the double domes of her huge tits, feeling the pleasing sensations the touches created. Using techniques that she'd never, in her life as a man, expected to be using while alone, she began to fondle and caress her huge tits, discovering why women seemed to enjoy it - it wasn't anything mind-boggling, but it was definitely pleasurable.

It became even more so as her fingers found her fat, long nipples.

Cyndi bit her full lower lip as twin bolts of stronger - and somehow, more sensual - pleasure ran through her. Her nipples were easily as sensitive as her shaft had been, back when she'd had a cock. Not nearly as sensitive as the head of that cock, but about equal to the still-sensitive shaft. However, it felt decidedly strange to be feeling that sensation in two places, both considerably higher up.

But not nearly strange enough to stop. For several long minutes, Cyndi merely lay with her eyes closed, lightly pinching and massaging her nipples, discovering that her technique with women over all these years hadn't been all that great. Twisting them like radio dials wasn't what was needed - rather, a light pinch and a touch of pressure, the sliding the soft palm of her hand over the engorged nipple....

Not really thinking about how strange all this was - caught up in the sensations - it now seemed only natural to let one hand glide back down over her smooth, supple flesh, to the neatly-trimmed triangle of hair between her silken thighs.

She began sliding her palm over her crotch with long, slow rocking motions, causing interesting - and supremely enjoyable - new sensations to reverberate through her body as the pressure was transmitted to a small nub of flesh. Cyndi began to pant as the strokes became shorter and faster, and she placed more pressure on the one particular spot. Then, without even thinking, she folded her fingers into a shallow reversed 'V' to let the middle finger's stroking be in direct contact with her new clitoris.

Cyndi gasped in pleasure as sharp waves of pleasure rebounded through her body, connecting her nipples and her clit with filaments of erotic pleasure - that suddenly burst in a sharp, sweet explosion of ecstasy that swept over her.

Sighing with pleasure, she brought her hand, now damp with her own vaginal juices, back up to her huge tits. Gently massaging her massive boobs, she drifted off into a deep sleep, filled with chaotic, erotic dreams.

* * * * *

Cyndi awoke feeling rested and relaxed. Stretching luxuriously, she swung her shapely legs over the edge of the bed and stood up.

Walking over to the mirror, she looked at herself in the reflection.

"What the hell are you so happy about?" She asked her reflection, without rancor. "Your life - your manhood - is stolen from you, you have no past or future, and you have no idea what to do with the present - yet masturbate, and you wake up chipper." She smiled at the reflection. She had no idea why she felt so damned good - she knew she should feel a lot angrier, a lot less confident - yet somehow, she just couldn't dampen the good spirits she was in.

Shrugging it off, she pulled the thread-bare bathrobe out of the closet and padded down to the communal showers, finding that she actually found the sensation of her huge tits bobbing and swaying quite enjoyable - as was the way her large, engorged nipples rubbed against the fabric...

...that's when it hit her - the reason she felt so damned great. Unlike when she'd first awoken, she was over the shock of being female - and was beginning to experience it. Only now did she realize just how much more sensitive this body was, how much more graceful - every move she made felt so smooth and easy - and pleasurable. The way her tits moved... the way the air moved over her shapely legs... even the way the muscles of her firm, full ass moved as she walked with a pert, feminine sway - all of it was more enjoyable to do than the equivalent action in her old, male body.

But she'd been used to her old body and, with no reference point, hadn't realized that it wasn't as nice as it could be. Now, in this body, she was in a constant state of mild physical pleasure.

No wonder why she felt fantastic.

Shaking her head, she showered quickly - yet without skimping. She let her dainty hands slide across the smooth expanses of her soft, silky skin, and admitted that her new body was much nicer to touch than her other one had been - it was one thing she was going to miss when she managed to get changed back.

So, she might as well enjoy it while she could.

After drying off with the coarse towel on the rack, she followed the instructions she received last night and headed down to the dining are. Since it was an all-woman shelter, the interior spaces were informal - the only rule being 'no nudity'. Cyndi saw more than one woman dressed only in a bathrobe - or bra and panties. Cyndi found herself wondering how these women would react to knowing that they had a 'man' in their midst.

Then, with a slight grimace, she realized that the 'man' had a more spectacular body than any two of the other women combined.

Accepting a plate from the woman behind the steam table, Cyndi sat down to her breakfast of over- cooked bacon and soggy scrambled eggs.

"Well, the food might not be exciting - but here's something that should be." A small packet landed on the table beside Cyndi, and she looked up into the smiling face of an attractive woman that she remembered - vaguely - from the night before.

The woman noticed the slight blank look. "Kathy Stenson - I'm the lady who got your temporary ID and work permit." She said, pointing at the packet on the table. "You can now work in Canada - and collect a small check each month to help out."

Cyndi smiled. "Thank you." She told Kathy, sincerely - if she was going to reclaim her old life, it would take money. The work visa and ID were a godsend. "How'd you get them so quickly?"

Kathy winked. "Trade secret. So - what kind of work are you going to be looking for?" the woman dropped onto the seat across from Cyndi and stole one of her triangles of burnt toast.

Cyndi frowned. "Well... I'm not sure." She said - realizing she might have a problem. She couldn't see herself convincing anyone that she was a world-class scientist. "I... I want something that pays good money, but I don't have any school records..."

Kathy eyed Cyndi in a way that made her uncomfortable. Looking around, Kathy leaned forward confidentially. "I wouldn't normally even bring this up..." She said in a low voice. "But with a body like yours "

"What?" Cyndi asked, warily.

Kathy looked around again. "I used to work in a club - as an exotic dancer. I still have some connections, and it does pay very, very well - and lack of school records is not a problem."

Cyndi pulled a face. "A stripper - I don't think so. I might have the body for it - but I don't think I have the guts to do that." She was being diplomatic, because Kathy had once worked as a stripper.

Kathy shrugged. "Okay - well, anything I can do to help, just ask."

* * * * *

"Todd - this is Cyndi. She's the one who needs the job."

Cyndi's stomach churned and shame burned deep inside her as she stood, awkwardly, in front of the owner of the 'Body Shoppe', who was eyeing her professionally.

Two weeks ago, the thought of taking this job had been completely ludicrous. Now, after the time spent trying to find work of any kind, she began to realize that if she wanted a chance to regain her old life before she was fifty, she'd need a way to earn money much. Much faster. So, she'd swallowed her pride and approached Kathy.

Of course, that wasn't the *only* thing that had changed in the past two weeks. Over that time, it had been once small lost battle after another. Take make-up - she hadn't planned on using it at all. But to get any sort of job, a woman had to 'dress-up' for the interview, which included make-up. Any woman not willing to make an effort with their appearance wasn't even considered, so make-up had become *de riguer*...

...as had some jewelry... and keeping her legs and arm-pits shaved One small thing after another.

Not always small things, of course - like the fact that she'd somewhat shamefully slipped into the habit of nightly masturbation, but with the added *help* of a small, bright pink dildo. She still felt ashamed about doing it so 'naturally' - and enjoying the act so much - but she just couldn't bring herself to stop. In fact, she was having a hard time just holding it down to once-a-day. With the dildo, it was even more intense, and it felt so damned *good*...

Cyndi, who had truly believed the hypothesis she'd laid out as James Wraithe, began to understand why this had happened to her. After two weeks of life as a woman, she was starting to see just how arrogant her view had been. Not only had she - unknowingly - held that chauvinistic attitude in her personal life, but she'd had the gall to publish it as a scientific theory in a respected journal. She wasn't quite ready to forgive Leeds and Simmons - but she was beginning to understand why they'd done it, Leeds especially. A woman who'd gotten to the fore-front of her profession by her brains and determination, 'James' had basically said that it had been easy - he'd completely dismissed what she'd had to go through in her life due to her gender. Cyndi was ashamed to admit it, but at least now she could see it clearly, rather than lying to herself - as a man, she'd viewed women as 'men with tits', and considered their arguments about the differences in society between men and woman merely an excuse. Now, seeing things from the other perspective, he knew just how much impact gender had on how you acted. Or rather, how you had to act to make it in the world.

"Do you have your costume?" Todd asked, breaking into Cyndi's thoughts.

"Huh ? Oh - yes, I do." Cyndi said - hoping that it fit. She hadn't even seen it yet. Since she couldn't afford to buy the clothes, Kathy had dug something up for her, but in the rush to get her make-up on (how strangely natural that delay seemed now), she hadn't had a chance for a test fitting.

Todd nodded. "Okay - this is how it works. We pay you two-fifty every night you work, and you can schedule as many nights a week as you want. However, you have to give as a weeks notice if you're going to miss a night. Tips earned on-stage are yours, straight out. You can - and we urge you to - do private dances. Minimum price at the tables, ten bucks - twenty in the back rooms. We split the money for private dances, half-and-half. Only other rule - touching above the waist is fine, anything lower is a no-no. Like boxing - nothing below the belt."

Cyndi nodded, her throat dry. "Got it. I'm trying to make some money, so about scheduling "

Todd held up a hand. "You work tonight. First dance is at nine-thirty. That's what time you have to be here. Second dance is at one. You can do private dances if you want tonight. After we see how the crowd likes you - and how you like the work - *then* we'll talk scheduling. Okay?"

Taking a deep breath, Cyndi agreed - it did sound fair.

"Good - see you at nine. Dressing rooms in back, and you get all the free water and soft-drinks at the bar you can handle."

* * * * *

"Good luck!" Sophia said, making one last check of her make-up. The slender black woman smiled at Cyndi one last time than walked - swayed - out of the dressing room.

Taking a deep breath, Cyndi began to get ready. She'd already done her make-up, with Sofia's help - a bright red lipstick, lots of mascara and eye-shadow. 'Thankfully', her rather unique hair required almost no work.

Now, all she had to do was get dressed - then go out and undress in front of a crowd of leering men.

Cyndi started with the lacy black panties - what little of them there was. Useless as a true undergarment, the tiny garment barely covered her crotch, and felt more than just a little weird as it slid between her firm, full ass cheeks, drawn tight around her hips.

Next came the bra - a massive black garment that was black lace trimmed. It was a front clasping style, which made it a lot easier to get on - and off. Cyndi clasped the massive GGG-cup garment around her huge, firm tits, which were so firm and round that they didn't need the support of the garment. The sensation as it closed over her huge nipples almost made it worthwhile wearing it though.

Then came the black nylons. The silky material slide easily up her silky smooth legs, held in place by the built-in garters in the black lace top. Cyndi then spent several minutes ensuring that the floral lace pattern that ran down the outside side of each stocking was straight.

Over the tiny panties came a tight black skirt that hung to just above her knees and clung to the curve of her hips and ass. A short-sleeved 'button front' blouse was tucked into it - the front 'buttons' actually easy-opening snaps. The blouse molded itself to the impressive bulge of her tits, and was clasped all the way up to the collar, where she clipped into place a red clip-on tie.

Then she stepped into a pair of black platform shoes with seven-inch tall stiletto heels, and tied on the little 'apron' around her waist, complete with the fake, lightweight plastic pen and pad that completed her sexy little 'waitress' costume. Trying to control her mild trembling, Cyndi went to stand by the door of the dressing area.

"That was sexy Sophia, guys - let's keep the applause going for her. She's now available for private dances, just get her attention. Now, please put your hands together to welcome our next dancer onstage. Let's hear it for Cyndi Staxx!"

Taking a deep breath, Cyndi affixed a smile to her face as the heavy beat of the music rose, and forced herself to walk with the exaggerated feminine, seductive stride that Kathy had taught her as she headed to the stage.

She almost broke stride as she came into view of the men. Not because of the butterflies in her stomach, or the stage fright - but because of the way the applause doubled and redoubled as the crowd of guys caught sight of the petite, big-titted pixie with the two-tone hair. The veritable wave of lustful appreciation rolled over her, taking her by surprise.

Ankling on the stage, she began to move in time with the beat, heeding Kathy's advice to make eye-contact with the patrons - but not too long for any one. She let her slender, dainty hands slide across her clothed body sensuously as she moved, occasionally lifting the skirt slightly or playing with the 'buttons' of her blouse.

The first item she removed was the tie - and was amazed at the roar of approval as the red piece of fabric came off. Likewise the apron - she hadn't even shown anything yet, and the guys seemed to be going nuts.

Then, a few minutes later, she tore open the blouse's snaps and began playing with her bra-encased tits - and the crowd let her know how they felt. That's when Cyndi discovered something amazing...

She was enjoying all the attention she was getting. A lot. And even more, the combination of highly appreciate attention, plus her own hands on her body was getting her horny. Very, very horny.

By the time the skirt came off, she wasn't forcing herself to dance - with no effort, she was moving incredibly sensuously to the music in what was practically a masturbatory dance. She couldn't believe how turned on she was by doing this - her nipples were rock hard, and an all-too-pleasant heat was growing in her crotch as the men whistled and applauded. And she still wasn't naked yet!

By the time she was naked, her hands cupping her massive, bare tits and sliding suggestively over her hot, wet crotch, the men were practically lining up with five-dollar bills in their mouth for her attention. One by one, she extracted the cash by squeezing her massive tits around it and drawing it away, then giving the man a quick, closed-mouth kiss before moving onto the next one. And each time she touched a man, briefly, she felt like she was going to orgasm right then and there - she'd never been so aroused in her whole life.

Over the next hours, as she did private dances and her second show, that intense arousal just continued to build. Unlike when she was male, there was no 'hydraulic pressure' factor to create a point where the arousal became too much - it just continued to grow and grow. Cyndi's fears and disgust - hell, most rational thought - disappeared and the intense arousal she was experiencing. More than just sexual arousal, however, was an incredible sensation that came from being so.. wanted, so admired, so...

..so damned sexy. These men acted like she were some sort of sexual goddess - she could here the reverence (and lust) when they spoke, and see it in their eyes. It was incredible, inflating her ego as quickly as her libido.

By the time the club closed, she felt like her body was on fire, thrumming with sexual energy. Her hands, seemingly by themselves, kept trying to migrate to her tits or sopping wet cunt. Only a few hours ago, she would have wanted to stop doing this - now, she only wanted to get back to her room, so she could give in to the pure lust that thrummed through her veins. Quickly changing into her street clothes, Cyndi hung her costume up to be dry-cleaned - Todd had accepted her working every day, happily - and headed quickly out to the bus stop.

She shifted from foot to foot, waiting impatiently, when a car glided to a stop, and the window came down - revealing a vaguely familiar face.

The handsome young man smiled at her. "Hi Cyndi - I caught your act. You were incredible! If I'd known, I would have got your autograph that night." He paused. "Um... the busses stopped running this route a half-hour ago. Do you need a lift somewhere?"

Then Cyndi placed the face - Bill, the convenience store clerk she'd met that first night as a woman. "Yeah - that'd be great." Cyndi agreed, her voice husky with her lust. She climbed into the car.

"So - where to?" Bill asked, smiling at her.

Cyndi looked at Bill's handsome face - then her gaze, helplessly, slid down to the large erection straining his pants. For a long second, she didn't answer, a small, male voice screaming at her in her mind while the lust throbbing through her veins drowned it out.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath while Bill, his smile slipping, repeated her name.

Despite her lust, Cyndi was mostly in control of herself - she knew that she was experience an incredible urge to fuck Bill's brain out right now. She also knew that the thought was also repugnant to her, as she'd been a male only a few weeks earlier.

But she also knew that sex with Bill would feel damned good. And she knew that, technically, there'd be nothing wrong. Despite her male upbringing and history, she was, now, fully female - and a very, very horny one at that. She could either go back to her room for some unsatisfactory masturbation...

...or...

"Bill..." Cyndi said looking at him. "Can I... tell you something?" Bill frowned in confusion. "Um... sure."

Cyndi swallowed, and gave Bill the truth - sort of. "I... I've never had sex. I never really found men attractive, and I have never had lesbian sex. But tonight, on stage... I've never been so turned on before in my life, and I need... I *want*" She paused, and looked straight into Bill's eyes. "Bill - will you have sex with me? It'll be my first time, so it'll be awkward, but "

Bill's already stiffening cock went rock hard. His own voice became husky as he nodded. "I find it hard to believe that you have never but if you say so, then I believe it. My place?"

Cyndi nodded, trembling with lust, and confusion, and nervousness. "Yes and please hurry."

* * * * *

Both 'gentle' and 'nervous' were forgotten by the time they reached the door of Bill's apartment.

As they burst through the door of the apartment, they were locked in a passionate kiss. Cyndi's hands were already pulling his shirt off, and as soon as he slammed the door shut, Bill returned the favor. Both of them wore shirts with buttons - and these they simply tore off, not breaking their passionate tongue-dancing as they threw the torn garments aside.

Cyndi's hands flew to Bill's ass and she ground her crotch against his in a circular motion as her undid her bra. She pulled away from him slightly, allowing the massive undergarment to drop away, then pulled her huge tits tightly against his chest, moaning slightly in the back of her throat as her huge, engorged nipples pressed firmly against his skin.

Eagerly, her hands attacked the waistband of his pants as his hands went to her skirt. Awkwardly, the two managed to get their lower garments, including underwear, off without breaking their embrace.

Cyndi had lost all her reservations. Having decided to do it, her only concern now was fucking Bill as soon as possible - her body felt like it was on fire. During the ride over, she'd come to a startling revelation - she just didn't care anymore. Sure, she'd been male once - but this new body was more sensitive, more sexual than she'd ever been as a man - and she was going to enjoy it. There was no shame, no hesitation. Even in the almost painful throes of lust, she was getting more out of this body than she could ever have dreamed of as a man.

So she had no hesitation in being the aggressor in the act. Pushing Bill back against the wall, she lifted one sexy leg, sliding it sensuously along his more muscular one - then, with a convulsive thrust of her hips, willingly - eagerly - impaled her hot, wet cunt on his hard cock.

Cyndi cried out as an explosion of pleasure rocked her brain. She cried out again as she thrust, hard, then pulled back again, repeating the almost convulsive movement in an ever-increasing rhythm.

"Oh God!" She screamed, overwhelmed - her experience with the dildo hadn't even come close to this incredible sensation. "I... never knew.. it could feel... soooo.. GOOD!"

Bill moaned too. "Oh.. God..!" he agreed - then his eyes widened. "It... really is... your first... time?"

"Mmm... mmm..." Cynthia moaned. "YES! Oh, Bill - FUCK ME!"

And she dragged the stunned young man's lips down to her own as she continued to drive her hips forward, Bill responding with only a slight, conscience-driven hesitation.

Orgasm came like a string of fire-crackers that exploded with bursts of ecstasy rather than noise. Cyndi screamed, losing control of her finer motor functions as pure, mind-numbing pleasure took her. Her sopping cunt clenched tight around Bill's cock as he continued to drive into her, shooting his load deep within her new womanhood.

Covered in sweat, the two lovers slumped against the wall in each other's arms. Despite the incredible sensations of female orgasm, Cyndi discovered, amazed, that the sex had only dulled the bright edge of her lust - not sated it.

Gently, Bill disengaged from her, panting. "I.. I'm sorry, Cyndi. I just didn't believe..." He stammered, head hung low.

Cyndi stared at him for a moment, not getting it - then it hit.

Bill thought he'd taken advantage of her. He thought that, driven by her lust, she'd done something she wouldn't have done normally...

Then, blinking, Cyndi sunk slowly to the couch. Had she? Had lust driven her to do something? Yes.

She had no doubt about it, now. The hormones that had been floating around in her blood were a chemical that had created a reaction. Like drinking, or doing drugs, she'd been in an 'altered mental state' - high on pure, unadulterated lust. She could see that clearly now. Her need for satisfaction had erased her objections to having sex with a man. She would have had orgasms, still - but by masturbation, if it weren't for the fact that she'd been so horny that she couldn't think straight. Her lust hadn't been for a man, per se - just for release.

Now, with the edge taken off her lust, she could think clearly again.

And it didn't matter. She knew that she'd never have considered it before, in her right mind. But now, she was in her right mind again - but having had sex with a man.

And, although it felt weird, emotionally - it hadn't been sickening, or disgusting. It had been wonderful.

"That's all right, Bill." Cyndi said, forcing herself to smile cheerfully. Now that the awkwardness had returned, she had to hide it - because her own confused emotions weren't enough to erase her new urges for sex, and were no excuse to make Bill feel bad. "I was just too horny to let you take your time. It was my fault - you can show me how good it can be when you're ready."

Bill gaped at her, not realizing that her 'misunderstanding' of his apology was on purpose.

Cyndi continued. "God! If I'd known how it felt, I would have done it a long time ago..." - a half-truth - "...but I'll just have to take what I can get."

Then she paused, as if a thought had struck her. "That... that is, if you don't mind being my teacher." She said, slowly. "I don't want to give the wrong impression - if it had been anyone else who'd offered me the ride, I wouldn't have had sex with them..." an outright lie "...but I haven't been able to get you out of my mind since I met you - and when you offered me a lift..."

Bill looked at her, needing to believe. "You mean that?" He asked - and looked her straight in the eye for the answer.

"Bill - the first night we met, you touched my arm, and I felt something I'd never felt before." She said, with utter and complete sincerity. "And the way your ass looked, packed into those jeans..."

And seeing nothing but the utter truth in Cyndi's eyes, Bill relaxed, and smiled slowly. "You know... I do have a spare bedroom if you'd like to move in..."

Cyndi laughed - honestly, with a clear, sweet sound. "Bill, honey - I'd love to move in with you. But what the hell does a second room have to do with it? The question is... how big is your bed?"

Minutes later, she found out that it was... big enough.

...as was the couch.... and the kitchen table... and the front seat of the car....

* * * * *

Karen Leeds knocked on the door to the apartment that the club manager had given them. She glanced over at Simmons with a fretful look.

"God - having to work as a stripper for the two months - I hope she isn't too angry. This went a little farther than I'd intended." She said, rubbing her hands together nervously.

"I " Simmons started to reply, then he stopped short as the door swung open.

Cyndi leaned against the door-frame. Her huge tits swayed gently under her t-shirt at the motion. She smiled at the two scientist. "Oh - hi. I was beginning to think you weren't ever going to get back in touch with me."

The two scientist shared a confused look at her chipper manner. "Um " Simmons said.

Cyndi waved a dainty hand. "Forget it. I owe you two an apology - and a very, very heartfelt thank- you."

"Wha ?" Leeds asked, flabbergasted.

Cyndi winked at her. "Hey - not only did I go from a boring, dry life as an arrogant chauvinist to a fun, exiting new life, but I got younger in the deal - and found somebody special too. Sure, I was pissed at first, but hey "

Leeds shook her head, incredulous. "You... you mean you *don't* want us to change you back?"

Cyndi smiled with sweet humor and laughed. "Well - that's probably screw up my wedding, now wouldn't it?"

And, flashing her engagement ring at the stunned scientist, Cyndi shut the door firmly on their stunned faces - and the last link to her old life.

"Honey - who was at the door?" Bill asked, coming out of the bathroom.

His bride-to-be smiled enigmatically, and held her arms out to her fiancé. "Oh - just a couple of people asking the wrong question." She giggled. "Silly them - they wanted to find out if Form follows Function, or the other way 'round."

Bill blinked, but he was used to Cyndi's sometimes quirky ways. "Oh - and what's the right question?"

"Which form has the most *fun* doing it's function."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Logging onto the chat room, he didn't mean to play the role of the naughty girl, but things start to change, and pretty soon his world is morphed into that of a sexy young vixen.

Applied Research

Part One

By Gunslinger

It was there, in a dozen little tell-tale reactions: the sweat-damped palms he quickly dried against the light blue fabric of his slacks; the tongue darting out to lick narrow lips that nevertheless continued feeling dry to him; the way his watery blue eyes flicked almost obsessively over the glowing screen of his laptop, triple-checking things he had already double-checked a half- dozen times before.

It was a familiar sensation - and that was part of what made it especially strange; for if the sensation itself was almost depressingly familiar to Nate, the situation he was now experiencing it under was practically diametrically opposed to the one that usually caused him to feel it.

Nathan Hawthorne ran a distracted hand through his nearly brush-cut thatch of sandy-blond hair, and tried to understand where the sense of nervous excitement that thrummed through his tall, gangly body was coming from. This tingling sensation that came from a hyper-awareness of infinite possibilities, both positive and negative, was usually reserved for 'real-life', face-to-face social interaction; the virtual anonymity of the Internet was usually his escape from social anxiety.

Then again, he as he logged into the chat-room, 'usually' he wasn't going to try and pretend he was a girl online...

The thought wrung a strained chuckle from the 25-year-old University student as he finished entering NAUGHTYHOTTIE as a user-name, and logged into the on-going chat.

In a very real way, the tall, almost painfully thin young man's social anxiety had led to his major in sociology, with a minor in psychology. Nate had always been comfortable with computers and electronics in general, defining himself as the quintessential 'techno-nerd'. While hardware and software might be complex, it was also reliably consistent; assuming

nothing was actually broken, when you pressed button 'x', you got outcome 'y', every single time. Reliably and consistently.

People, on the other hand... not so much.

Which was what had spurred the younger version of Nate to choose his academic career path in hopes of finding an underlying pattern - a 'base code', if you will - to human interaction, something he could learn and understand that would give him 'rules' for interacting with people.

All of which had somehow conspired to lead him up to this moment: logging into an on-line chat-room in the guise of female fan of the so-called 'reality TV' show *Party Chix*, all as part of his research for his thesis paper.

Grabbing a bottle of Mountain Dew Code Red, Nate took a swig of the lukewarm liquid as he scrolled through the on-going chats. The window for his - for NAUGHTYHOTTIE's - own chat wasn't yet active; a fact that represented one of the reasons

he'd chosen this particular site. A very much 'adult' chat-room, run by the producers of the TV show that needed 'informed consent' releases for anything that might make it into the show about the urban party scene, the chatroom access was very heavily moderated for legal reasons.

Sure enough, minutes later a private chat window popped up on Nate's screen, the red-lettered username that denoted administrator/moderator status at the top reading WEBMISTRESS. A pre-formatted legal disclaimer scrolled by, with the requirement to 'digitally acknowledge' acceptance of the conditions by stating the login information about age, sex and location was accurate.

WEBMISTRESS: Do you swear A/S/L is accurate?

The cursor blinked accusingly at Nate, awaiting an answer, and he took another quick swig of soda, mind racing. He'd already thought about this, and there was no real way for them to know he was lying... right?

...except that both the ethics in sociology and Nate's own fundamentally honest nature argued against even this 'little white lie'.

NAUGHTYHOTTIE: Actually male student, Rutgers University, 25. Doing sociology experiment for Sociology of Sexuality and Gender. Would still like access under assumed name/gender, please.

Following this up with a hyperlink to the course outline, Nate waited almost breathlessly, time seeming to drag out as he waited for the response. Then, after a scant two minutes that seemed to drag on for hours:

WEBMISTRESS: Of course - I'm delighted to have the chance to expand your education on gender and sexuality. By all means - go wild, 'young lady'.

With that, Nate's chat window opened up to full functionality, allowing him to interact with the others on the virtual message board.

It was an interaction that - thanks to the moderation that was supposed to ensure A/S/L - meant 'she' was supposedly exactly what 'her' profile indicated; a sort of virtual sex-change, if you will. Theoretically, this would allow Nate to interact with others as a woman, and see whether or not others responded to 'her' the way Nate's assumptions dictated the interaction would go.

At first, that interaction was sporadic, short, and hesitant - but, gradually, Nate began to feel more comfortable, settling into his assumed 'persona', and his responses became longer and more involved as he played out 'her' role on the chat-board. Soon, his long, boney fingers were flying over the keyboard, the gloss of his hot-pink fingernails flashing in the white glow of the LCD screen...

Nate's fingers seems to tangle in themselves as his mind locked up. A wave of disorientation swept over him, hitting almost like a physical blow, causing him to flinch and gasp in pain and confusion.

Slowly, his pale eyes wide, Nate slowly lifted his hand and held it in front of him, staring at the glossy, hot-pink nail polish that adorned his rather ragged, oft-bitten fingernails.

Fingernails he quite clearly remember painting. Painting with the cheap, store brand nail polish - polish that was sitting beside the bottle of soda and bag of liquorice whips he'd all purchased at the same time at the local pharmacy.

He remembered the embarrassment as he'd almost randomly picked a shade from the small collection of cheap cosmetics the store carried. He remembered coming up with a lie about his girlfriend sending him out for a last-minute purchase of nail polish she needed in order to match the new outfit she'd purchased after a last-minute call to replace a sick bridesmaid for an old friend... and not needing the lie as the disinterested clerk had rung up the three items without so much as an askew glance at the nail polish.

He remembered every detail of the purchase, every detail of the sensations of awkwardly applying the nail polish; he remember just how incredibly awkward and 'stupid' his left hand had seemed as it tried to apply the glossy polish to his right hand's nails. He remembered every detail, including the 'why'; namely, that it was helping 'get into character'.

What he couldn't remember was two very discrete things - the first being why, at any point, this could seem a logical and reasonable thing to do; and, much more germane to that sense of disorientation, why he'd felt so shocked and surprised at the sight of the nails, since he so clearly remember how much he'd been noticing all along not *only* that his fingernails had been polish-clad as he typed, but the strong and unmistakable scent of nail polish that had been floating around him ever since he'd applied it.

How on earth was it possible for something so strange and unusual that you couldn't help *but* continuously notice it the entire time somehow manage to

'catch him by surprise'...?

Frowning, Nate continued warily watching the short, neatly trimmed pink fingernails of his right hand, almost as if daring them to somehow confuse him again, as his left hand idly reached out for the nearly-empty bottle sitting on his table next to his laptop. Bringing it to his lips, Nate drained the lukewarm mouthful of liquid in the bottom of the bottle, hawk-like nose wrinkling in distaste at the yeasty flavor of the flat, warm beer as it slid down his throat.

Still frowning, Nate pushed away from the table, the rubber soles of his battered brown deck shoes squeaking slightly on the cheap linoleum as he crossed the kitchen of his apartment lost in thought.

Something here just wasn't adding up. He certainly couldn't put his finger on it, and perhaps most people would have ignored such a vague feeling of disquiet, but the core of Nate's personality sought out and thrived up 'perfect' order and comprehensibility - even the most minor, inconsequential 'inexplicability' bothered and worried him, and he simply could not get how strange both his original decision and the resulting, out- of-place confusion were.

Placing the empty bottle on the chipped and faded Formica counter beside the bulky old Frigidaire, Nate pulled open the door to the cranky old appliance and grabbed another beer, his pink-nailed fingers twisting off the bottle-cap and flipping it towards the nearby garbage can. As he lifted the bottle towards his lips, he idly lifted his hand towards his chest - and barely remembered at the last second to use the heel of his hand to, as the cheap pink plastic press-on nails would certainly have popped off if he'd used them to scratch at a chest made itchy by the unfamiliar feel of the training bra's cups against his hairy chest.

With a small snort at the 'close call', Nate glanced at the cheap pink nails out of the 'Made in China' teen make-up starter-kit-slash-toy, then started to turn back towards the unfinished post waiting on the laptop...

...only to come to a frozen dead stop in the middle of his kitchen.

Training bra?

His face completely and utterly expressionless, Nate continued staring straight ahead as, with slow, overly precise movements, he reached behind him to place the beer on the counter. Still staring fixedly at the far wall without seeing it, he then slowly undid the buttons on his rather rumpled white cotton shirt, mindfully careful of the long press-on nails tipping his slender fingers.

Only when his shirt was hanging open did Nate lower his gaze, woodenly surveying the extremely plain white training bra encircling his pale chest. A thin mat of sandy body-hair formed a trail leading downward from between his pectoral muscles, the line momentarily hidden by the bandeau where the two triangles of the empty cups met.

He remembered the bra - remembered buying it, remembered the embarrassed, awkward effort of putting it on. Remembered every half- embarrassed, half-excited moment from the moment he'd walked out of the store this morning, somehow certain everybody he passed on the street somehow knew what the unmarked white plastic bag he carried contained.

He remembered every single second of it, from the almost impulsive decision to purchase the bra to further his research to the moment when he'd scratched at it through the shirt with the heel of his hand and been utterly unsurprised to find it there.

What Nate couldn't remember, however, was any single second in his life that such a half-formed, impulsive choice would ever have made the least bit of sense to him; much less actually going on to carry through such an unlikely and out-of-character action.

It simply wasn't something methodical, think-everything-though - hell, *overthink* everything - Nathan Hawthorne would **ever** do.

Yet... he'd done it. He remembered doing it. He was, right this instant, looking down at incontrovertible proof that he *had* done it...

...and yet it still made absolutely no sense to him.

"What. The. Hell?" Nate wondered aloud, his voice completely devoid of inflection as his orderly, nit-pickety mind tried to assess something that very mind managed to insist was both utterly impossible and yet also manifestly occurring.

How long he stood there, trying to work out two diametrically opposed, mutually exclusive views on his own subjective schism between what he knew himself capable and willing to do versus what he clearly had done despite that, Nate didn't know - but it was long enough that the chat-board chimed to warn him it was about to log him out due to inactivity.

The sound shook him out of the mind-whirling funk, and feeling dazed he walked over to the table, the short, broad heels of his black leather loafers thumping across the floor. Daintily slipping into the chair, he idly smoothed the hem of his navy-blue skirt down over his knobby knees, then flipped and errant lock of chestnut hair out of his eyes and peered at the glowing screen to see where he'd left off; out of instinct, his pale hazel eyes went to the top of the screen:

GHOST_OF_GLORIA_S: Does anybody really believe that? Sure, being network TV, they don't show hardcore confirmation, but girls who look like that, dress like that, ACT like that...? If they're NOT little sluts and tramps, then they're bitchy cock-teasers of the first order. Either way, they're setting gender equality back by at LEAST a century!

WEBMISTRESS: Interesting point, G.G.S - but, given her screen-name, I have the feeling NaughtyHottie might have a different point of view. Why don't you share that P.O.V with us, NH?

NAUGHTYHOTTIE: Geez, Ghost - they're just having some fun! Loosen up! They - all us women - HAVE the 'right to choose'; forcing us all to dress and act to YOUR standards is as bad as the very scenario of men and society forcing us to look and be sexy!

Nate blinked at the screen, eyes rapidly reading the rest of the growing argument in which he - in his feminine persona - had defended 'her' right to be sexy, until reaching where he'd left off when he'd been surprised at the sight of his half-inch long candy-apple red nails:

WEBMISTRESS: A very good point, Hottie - that comparison of a party being a 'stage' and the clothes a 'costume' was very apt - and clearly appreciated by the guys!

NAUGHTYHOTTIE: Exactly! *I* get to decide if I wear tight, sexy clothes and high heels, because *I* enjoy showing off what I've got it while I'm still young enough to both have it and enjoy it. When I'm old, wrinkled and saggy, no guys are going to want to ogle my withered body, so I HAVE to do it now if I'm ever going to explore my sexual opportunities - OPPORTUNITIES, note. I may get some guys so hot they WANT to have sex with me, but *I* choose

...and that's where he'd left off, the cursor blinking on an unfinished post.

Before logging on, Nate had carefully crafted a persona - using what he'd learned in his gender studies thus far to create what he believed to be a credible example of what a young woman who liked Party Chix would be. He'd then immediately

learned something new when he'd logged in, only to find that he'd mistakenly assumed the large female demographic of the show was made up of women who were FANS of the girls in the show - when, in fact, most women on the forum seemed to enjoy HATING the 'vapid tramps' and 'stupid sluts' and the 'debauched, desperate attention- whoring' the show chronicled.

Despite having realized that, he - as normal given his meticulously pre- planning nature - had 'stuck to the game-plan', and the resulting point of view his avatar expressed in the argument was perfectly in keeping with that persona.

It was also, however, considerably at odds with what socially anxious and never-eager-to-'flaunt' Nate actually believed and acted upon...

...which was why his slowly increasing sensation of disorientation redoubled with the strongly renewed memories of feeling EXACTLY that way as he'd made his purchases and preparations to be as feminine and 'showy' as possible to 'get into character' before logging in this evening.

None of it made any sense at all.

The computer chimed a second time to indicate that it was about to log him well, NaughtyHottie - off the chat board, and a very confused Nate was inclined to let it do so...

Which was why it was so surprising when the screen blinked and refreshed and Nate gasped to realize that, without even consciously thinking about it, he'd reached out and finished his interrupted post, then clicked to submit it.

"Wait... Did I just...?" Nate asked himself in a low voice, his head feeling as if stuffed full of cotton - or, rather, with mutually exclusive thoughts and memories. Grimacing, he reached out to click on the 'log out' link - when he hand was stayed by a new message window popping up:

WEBMISTRESS: Even if you go now, there's no stopping it. You have a lesson to learn; the changes are necessary for that lesson to take. The more you fight it, the more it will hurt - the best thing to do is stop trying to think, and just go with the flow.

"What the hell...?" Nate demanded to the universe at large - and the threw his hands up to his head, crying out in a breathy voice, eyes clenched tight as a sharp, jagged bolt of pain ripped through his head. From somewhere nearby, brassy music flared to nerve-jangling life, and a strange breeze, laden with scents Nate's mind couldn't quite identify, but nevertheless insisted on labelling 'feminine', sprung to brief light around him.

Then, as quick as it all had come, the pain and strong sense of dislocated mental confusion faded... and, his longer-term memory insisted, everything was exactly the way it had always been, never mind what his short-term memory was insisting to the contrary.

Feeling much like he'd just awoken from a nightmare, the details of which were rapidly draining from memory in the light of day, Nate let his rather dazed gaze seep across the room.

"This... isn't right..." He muttered to himself in his soft, androgynous voice even as he frowned in confusion, due to the simple fact that he had no idea *why* it 'wasn't right'.

Pushing his caster-mounted office chair back from the compact computer desk he'd set up in the 'breakfast nook' of his modestly upscale high-rise apartment, Nate stood and, almost dreamily, smoothed his dark blue above-the-knee skirt over his skinny, pale legs. The three-inch-tall stacked heels of his classic black patent-leather 'Mary Jane' pumps 'clocking' off the black-and-white diamond-pattern tile floor, Nate dreamily walked out of the nook and into the kitchen proper, thoughtlessly tossing a lock of his jaw-length chestnut hair out of the way of one hazel eye.

Slowly, Nate walked through the apartment - and everything he saw somehow managed to 'take him by surprise', even though the instant he thought about it, he could remember not only when and where he bought it, but also why.

The only problem was, not a single damned one of those remembered decisions made the least bit of damned sense to Nate.

In retrospect, the decisions he quite clearly remembered making seemed entirely too...feminine. Moreover, the associated emotions - happiness, joy, excitement, pride - that had been so very evident according to his memories, was now missing completely. As he finished his impromptu inventory of well-remembered and 'much loved' possessions, all he felt now was confusion, dismay, and dislike.

The full-length mirror mounted on the back of the bathroom door was the worst - for the person looking back from it bore little resemblance to how Nate felt he should look, regardless of what his memories insisted about him working long and hard to 'happily' look as...

...as...

Well, his initial reaction had been '...as feminine' as he now did, but that wasn't true at all. Yes, he was wearing women's clothing, and yes, he had lightly applied make-up and smooth, lightly tanned skin, but the person inside the female clothing looked more or less androgynous.

Which, considering his emotions insisted that genderless figure was 'too feminine' while his memories of desperately wishing he'd been born female insisted it wasn't feminine enough only made his head ache all the more.

Angrily, he plopped himself down on the closed seat of the toilet, and went to yank the damned Mary Janes off his feet - and then hesitated, feeling oddly reluctant.

He hated the damned things... and yet, he remembered being so excited when he bought, of loving them even as his ankles ached as he awkwardly stumbled around in them, trying to get used to the high heels, the pride and joy he'd felt just earlier today at having since mastered the skill needed.

The skill he was absolutely sure he didn't want, and in fact, would never have wanted, regardless of what his memory insisted - and the skill he'd undeniably be using just moments before when he'd competently and confidently walked around the apartment in these very heels.

With an annoyed grunt, Nate overcame that strange reluctance, yanking the damned shoes off and tossing them aside.

There was something very, very strange going on her, and while his memories insisted that years had passed since the point at which his emotional and logical choices had deviated from what he thought/knew they SHOULD be, that same out-of-tune logic was somehow also insisting that the REAL deviation began earlier today, when he'd logged onto the *Party Chix* website.

His lightly pink-clad lips set in a thin line of determination, Nate strode out of the bathroom in his stocking feet, determined to re-read that strange, vaguely threatening post again, and see if he could use his impressive intellect to determine what the hell was going on. Crossing the kitchen, he almost absently picked up the bottle he'd set down a short while ago...

while frowning and wondering why, exactly, he'd simply left the freshly- opened bottle in the kitchen, rather than bring it to the computer with him. Plunking his ass (padded with a 'body shaper' girdle) into the chair, Nate re- read the message... and gasped as his eyes took it in:

WEBMISTRESS: You go girl - there's no stopping you now! It's a good lesson to learn; change is often necessary to grow. If you don't fight, you can't get hurt - but you also can never win, and no matter what you may 'think', you'll never 'know'.

Frowning, Nate checked some things in his browser - and the frown deepened when he could find no indication that the 'other last post' he remember had ever existed.

In fact, even his own memories insisted this had always been the post made what did make sense was the knowledge that he'd been confused, angry, and more than a little afraid by the 'last post', especially since what he was reading (and remembered reading before) simply didn't provide and logical reason for him to feel those emotions and mental confusion.

All in all, it was all beginning to make Nattie's head ache, and 'she' took a long and soothing swallow of the ice-cold vodka cooler. The cool liquid sliding down 'her' throat mingled with the warm burn of the alcohol as it hit 'her' stomach, and 'she' sighed with something like relief as booze- influenced softness smoothed some of the unusually jagged edges in 'her' strangely conflicted thoughts.

After all, Nattie thought with a frown as 'her' long-nailed fingers returned to the keyboard, 'she' HAD be nervous and uncomfortable when 'she' had decided to stop 'playing around', and start living full-time *en femme*, but that had been over a year ago...!

Maybe, 'she' decided while responding to a new post, it was because 'she' had logged on to this website under 'her' feminine persona - but that was actually LESS of a 'lie' that living the persona... wasn't it?

Perhaps, Nattie mused, that was the source of unhappiness 'she' felt - the acknowledgement that even '*she*' felt she was 'living a lie'. After all, no matter what 'she' might have wished from the universe, it certainly wasn't...

...*HER* fault that she wasn't born as beautiful and sexy as some of the smoking hot girls on that hot new show *Party Chix*. The smoking hot girls who were clearly having a lot more fun in life than *she* was, Natalie thought, moodily.

Oh, not that she was actually ugly or fat or anything like that - or that 'the universe' had managed to bless her in other ways - Natalie admitted to herself with a wry smile as she finished her wine cooler and thought about how few other girls would complain about a life like hers. Still, it was maybe a matter of perspective - 'the grass is always greener' - Natalie thought to herself, as she walked out of the penthouse's formal dining room, where

she'd set up her laptop on the large mahogany table. Despite any other benefits in her life, she'd always felt strangely, almost confusingly, unhappy in her own body, always feeling like there was something wrong with it, no matter what anybody else - or even she herself - tried to say to convince her otherwise.

Looking around, Natalie couldn't help but be wryly aware of those 'other benefits' as the tapering, 3 1/2-inch heels of her black 'mary-jane' pump rang against the marble floor of a kitchen that sometimes seemed large enough to double as an airplane hanger. Still, having extremely wealthy parents willing to let their daughter live 'away from home' in nearly sinful luxury didn't change how Natalie *felt* about herself, and she placed the empty bottle on the counter in passing as she headed into the massive bathroom to stare wistfully at the reflection in the floor-to-ceiling mirror that took up nearly one wall of the bathroom.

No, certainly not 'ugly' - but not really any better than 'blandly pretty' Natalie thought to herself with a sigh, eying the well formed, but generally unremarkable body nature had given her. Oh, She dressed to play up what she did have... but, as she sighed again and unbuttoned the ivory short-sleeved blouse, that was just part of the problem.

With yet another sigh, she brought her long-nailed hands up to lightly cup the B-cup breasts encased in the simple white bra - one of the 'not enoughs', as far as Natalie was concerned.

"Maybe I wouldn't feel so... so uncomfortable with my body if my breasts were bigger..." she muttered to herself...

...and then Nautica Hawtine blinked in confusion as her own words registered on her ear.

"If I'd been *naturally blessed* with bigger breasts, I mean, of course..." She gave her reflection a somewhat confused little chuckle, still cupping the impressive DD-cup breasts in the lace edged support bra holding her 'upgraded' beauties. "As much as I might wish Mother Nature has supplied you..." she told her breasts' reflection "...I'm satisfied with the 'second best' of implants - and I certainly wouldn't go larger!"

Especially not with my generally slender frame, she thought with a grin, as her tanned hands re-wrapped the silver wrap-around blouse in place, the v-neck displaying a nice view of her golden cleavage. Of course, the generally slender build was why she'd had smaller breasts than what she would have preferred, naturally, she thought as she tucked a strand of dark-brown

hair behind a well-shaped ear sporting a small golden earring. With a shake of her head, Nautica swiveled on one slender, five-inch heel of her black 'classic' pumps, her tastefully understated jewelry glistening in the light as she made her way across the kitchen, picking up a fresh wine cooler along the way.

She was just about to re-enter the dining-slash-computer room - when the sound of the front door being unlocked stopped her dead. Frowning,

Naticua diverted to the lobby, and her confusion grew as a complete stranger walked...

Nautica cried in in confusion, almost dropping the wine-cooler as a brief bolt of pain shot through her head.

"Nautica!" A strange voice rang out in concern... except, Nautica thought as the thankfully brief bolt passed, it *wasn't* strange. In fact, she thought in bemusement, it was nearly identical to her own.

Which wasn't surprising, considering that it came from a woman who looked nearly identical to Nautica in every way.

Same bronzed-olive complexion. Same strong-yet-feminine face with dark, exotic eyes, framed by the same of black, slightly wavy hair. The same trim, yet still shapely figures...

...and they were even wearing the exact same crushed-velvet dresses that went from pewter at the shoulder to black at the hem of the tight fitting skirts that reveled equally well shaped legs - and whose matching V- necklines displayed identical dusky-golden cleavage of matching all- naturall DDD-cup endowments.

"You okay, Nautica...?" Kincadia Hawtine asked with concern - and Nautica Hawtine managed a somewhat confused smile as she lifted her glass of chilled white wine.

"Might have had a bit too much..." She said in way of half-explanation... both to her sister and herself.

"Well, no reason not to get the party started a *little* early - but *Party Chix* doesn't even *start* for another ten minutes!" Kincadia chuckled. "Grab another glass and the bottle, and we'll get settled in."

It sounded just fine to Nautica, who clearly hadn't realized how tipsy she'd let herself get, and she declined a 'top up' of the expensive wine as she settled onto the large, sinfully comfortable couch and flipped on the big, wall-mounted HDTV while Kincadia filled her own 'balloon' wine glass...

...and then gestured with the bottle towards Jeff, sitting in a matching arm- chair on Kincadia's side of the couch.

"No, thanks - I'm more of a beer..." Jeff chuckled. He leaned forward, peering past a suddenly very confused-feeling Nautica, and continued: "... speaking of which, Mark - beer me!"

"No problem, buddy!" The handsome brunette replied to the broad- shouldered carrot-top, then turned to the sexy, if somewhat blowsy-looking (bottle) blonde perched on the arm of the chair, her arm passively around Mark's neck.

"You're gonna have to let go a second, Honey-Buns..." He told her, with a grin.

"Aw, but I don't want to..." The busty peroxide blonde whined in a somewhat nasally voice that turned the only half-joking complaint into "Aw, bud I don wanna..." - even as she reluctantly complied, just long enough for her boyfriend to fish a beer out of the open cooler beside the chair, and scale it underhand to his friend.

"Thanks for letting me bring the guys along, Nautica..." The blonde said, and even now in a cheerful mode, it's somewhat nasal wine could quickly grate on Nautica's nerves - which was weird, because she'd never found her best-friend's voice annoying *before*, Nautica mused.

"No problem, Honey." Nautica managed what she hoped was a convincing smile for Henrietta 'Honey' Metzger.

"Hey, everybody - the show's about to start...!" Kincadia's best friend Jessica shouted through the archway separating the huge living room from the equally huge kitchen - and the bulk of the rest of the guests at the Hawtine twin's '*Party Chix* Party' flowed into the room, drinks of choice in hand, as Kincadia unmuted the TV just in time for the show's theme song to fill the room.

As the show went from its club-music intro to first commercial break, Jessica approached the couch, a trio of guys in tow.

"Guys, meet our hostesses." The vivacious black woman said to the three - rather handsome, Nautica noted almost absently - young men, pointing them towards Kincadia.

Waving a dusky-golden hand first towards herself and then her sister, she said "I'm kinky, and she's naughty."

The guys gaped at her for a second - and Jessica laughed.

"Guys, meet Kincadia and Nautica Hawti." She gave them a more formal introduction.

"Aren't those the most horrendous names for parents to hang on children... especially ones that grow up into hot babes like us...?" Kinki teased the guys. Taking a long drink of the rather less-than-vintage wine to hide a strange sense of confusion, Nauti instead focused her attention only the guys as Jessica completed the introductions.

Steven was on the short side, with golden-blond hair and shoulders so broad that he seemed almost as wide as he was tall. In contrast, the second blond of the group - sun-bleached wheat blond, that was - was as tall, whippet-lean, and awesomely tanned as you would expect the self-admitted 'surf-bum' to be. Despite being introduced as Doug, for some reason that he seemed to find funny, he insisted they call him 'Grommet'. He

was also best friend to the equally tanned, but dark-haired and somewhat short, Wally.

"Well guys, go ahead and make yourself comfortable..." Kinki offered with a smile - patting the couch beside her.

They ended up 'boy, girl, boy, girl, boy' - Steven on Kinki's left, Wally on Nauti's right, and the up-beat, funny, and extremely charming Grommet in the 'sweet spot' between the two identical sisters, the envy of his two friends...

...and, most likely, every other warm-blooded male (and perhaps not a few hot-blooded female) viewers who would see this when it aired next week, Nauti thought a bit sourly as she watched one of the *Party Chix* camera crews film the 'only mildly staged' introductions. Re-introductions, of course - some very careful 'prep work' had been done before the cameras had started rolling on this special sure-to-grab-ratings first episode of the spin-off. For herself, Nauti still wasn't sure letting Kinki talk her into pitching *Party Chix: Hawti Penthouse* had been a good idea, no matter how wildly enthusiastic the production company had been over it.

Of course, when the producer was your porn producer turned just-barely- not-porn 'reality TV' producer, and the co-producer was your ex-pornstar mother, AND the deal allowed you to live lavishly on a combination of profits from Hawti Productions shows, the 'location budget' allotted to the new series, and your own not-inconsiderable income as one of the stars... well, you couldn't expect life not to be a little 'unusual'.

Taking a sip of the cheap champagne - actually, 'California sparkling wine' - Nauti once again considered the odd duality that contributed to this odd feeling that it wasn't really HER life she was living, but somebody else's.

After all, 'reality TV' was anything but reality... and the Hawti sisters were anything but the 'dumb, filthy-rich playgirl heiresses' that might come across on TV.

Oh, they weren't hurting, and the massive and luxurious penthouse was real enough... but the 'crystal champagne flews' were bulk glassware filled with California bubbly, 'silk' sheets were rayon - 'luxury on a budget', as the production crew referred to the artificially implied lifestyle the girls were supposed to be leading... and that was just the tip of the iceberg.

Like the girls 'friends' Nauti thought, watching a camera crew filming a peroxide-blond bimbo all-but-lapdancing with some guy named... Matt? No, Mark, Nautica corrected herself, hiding another grimace in a sip of bubbly as she mused on having to memorize the names of her 'friends'. Of course, some were easier than others, she almost chuckled, as she watched her supposed 'best friend' grind the ass almost exposed by the scandalously short 'schoolgirl' skirt against Mark's lap - and the camera then panned up to where the equally abbreviated tied-off blouse looked ready to become explosively *untied* under the strain of her massive - ridiculously! - over- inflated 'stripper boobs'. Again, it was only an illusion, for it *wasn't* simply

tied off, as wardrobe had put a VERY sturdy hook-and-snap-clasp behind that fabric.

It looked ready to give any second, but it never would... and even if there had been a 'wardrobe malfunction', it never would have made it to air, though that wouldn't occur to viewers who tuned into to breathlessly await something that was never going to happen. Given everything else, whether recognized by the viewers as such or not, that was 'fake' about her, Nauti had no trouble remembering the name of a 'best friend' who chose to name herself 'Honeydew Melons'!

Which, Nauti mused as she finished her bubbly, fully explained her sense of unease and confusion, of... being someone else.

Then, spying the rather annoyed look of a unit producer behind the camera pointed at the couch, the reluctant co-star of the new series turned her attention back to the three guys, and her absolutely identical-looking and identically dressed, but considerably less inhibited, twin sister - who gestured at her, rising from the couch.

"Come on, Nauti - let's dance for the boys..." Kinki said, and Nauti hid a sigh as she dutiful rose and followed her sister to a spot - pre-arranged to be cleared for them, of course - and began to 'wiggle and shake' almost as sensuously as her sister to the music playing in the nightclub from which the *Party Chix* on the TV was being aired. The twisted and twined sexily around each other on the improvised dance floor, and the camera followed the action avidly.

"Wait, now I've lost track..." Grommet joked to his buddies. "Can you guys tell which one is which...?"

The rest of the nearby partygoers laughed at the rather insipid joke, even as Jessica responded to her cue and walked over.

"Why, silly, *everybody* knows which one is kinky..." She joined in the laughter, sounding only slightly forced as she gave the rehearsed response.

"If the leather alone wasn't a dead give away..." Kinki cooed in a seductive voice, still swaying as she seductively ran long, blood-red nails down from the leather collar, sliding teasingly over the skin-tight PVC dress (barely) encasing her full breasts, "...and the extreme tight-lacing of the corset didn't clue you in..." - as her hands slid to emphasize how the leather corset clung to her wasp-like, twenty-inch waist - "...then at least the ballet heels should have made it obvious."

All this, while she still continued swaying sensuously - atop the impossibly high, slender 7-inch heels of her fetish footwear, forcing her literally 'on her toes'.

Nauti still could barely believe how far her sister had been willing to go for the show - farther than the viewers who tuned in over the show's now three-season run could possibly know. Part of the show's popularity had

been following the slow 'deviation' between the originally identical twin, 18-year-old sisters as, now of legal age, Kinki moved to live up to her name... but she (and their parents) had planned this long before the show had started, and Kinki had been tight-lacing and practicing in steadily higher heels for two years before filming began, with careful wardrobe choices hiding the differences between the two girls as the mostly-male audience 'breathless' watched her 'struggle' with what had actually been a carefully-prepared sure thing... trying to 'overcome' their parents 'objections' and become a fetish-fashion supermodel!

Then Nauti felt a presence at her shoulder, and she glanced over at the ridiculously top-heavy bimbo at her shoulder, just as Honeydew giggled out in this patently false high, lisping soprano: "...And you *know* this girl is naughty..."

It took all Nauti took not to scream at the dumb, wannabe stripper who thought this show was a good 'starting point' to her career as a freakishly huge-busted stripper... and it took nearly as much willpower not to cry over the massive weight dragging at her own chest and sending twinges through her lower back.

It wasn't fair! She'd all but been black-mailed into the 'gimmick' her twisted family had thought such a sure rating's grabber. Just because they'd decided this brainless bimbo should be her 'best friend', she shouldn't have had to 'happily' get matching inflatable implants at the same time she did - and she shouldn't have had to continue playing out the role of 'best booby buddies', go to the clinic with her and keeping their steadily enlarging, steadily more ridiculously huge and round tits, exactly the same size and shape as each other over the course of three seasons. It was unfair, even if she'd been assured they could be downsized at the end of the show's run.

She hadn't expected the show to last three seasons, and she'd never expected the bimbo would be willing to go so freakishly huge, and...

"...when she'll even talk her bestest friend in the whole wide world in keeping up with her own tit fetish!" Honeydew giggled to a finish.

"Oh, you know you love your wonderful new boobs - or, at least, the attention it gets you from the guys!" Nauti purred wickedly, gently caressing the skin-tight - and barely-there - black spandex dress that so sexily displayed her own, fantastically gorgeous and wonderfully round tits. Gazing proudly down at the wonderful display of deep, bronzed cleavage, she cupped them and lifted them slightly, loving the heft, the firmness of her gorgeous attention-getters... and then she released them, loving the bounce and sway of her delicious fun-bags - and loving even more the way the over-inflated implants meant that when they stopped bouncing, they rode so wonderfully high, round, and firm on her chest in a way no saggy, pendulous natural breast even half as big as her spectacular Triple-G's could ever match. Aware - as always - of both the guys eyes and camera lens on her, she wiggled atop the two-inch platforms and seven-inch tapered heels, her jiggling atop her 'stripper shoes' setting her 'stripper boobs' bouncing.

As well it should - because just as the family had secretly planned before shooting started, she was going to become the world's premier big-tit stripper! Despite how her 'practice sessions' in the show might look, she already knew the two years practise before hand gave her skills at least as good as any other stripper in the world - even if she did have to downplay it for the cameras.

...but not for much longer, Nauti thought behind a fake smile directed at her 'best friend'. Oh, the ratings were going to be terrific at the betrayal scheduled for next month. Honeydew, who had legally had her name changed to that ridiculous moniker, who'd reluctantly allowed her tits be pumped to match Nauti's, who'd *really* struggled through dance training while Nauti just had to pretend to, all in the belief that after they show they were going to be a duo act...

Oh, it would be a thing of beauty when, at the audition, Nauti would seem to be a no-show, and Honeydew would have to perform a solo... and THEN Nauti would show up for her own solo, with superior dancing skills... and having added the last two cup sizes to max out implants that, unlike she'd told Honeydew, had been that much larger than the bimbo's own, now absolutely maxed-out implants, all along!

Especially since Nauti was much more beautiful to begin with - and that was really the whole point, now wasn't it? Before the implants, there'd been no comparison between the two - no competition. In Honeydew's case, she'd practically needed something to stand out from the crowd, and in three seasons, she'd believed she'd been 'drawing equal' with Nauti, based on the fact that all interest was shifting towards 'big tit' men interested in their stupendous bust-lines.

So Nauti had to keep hidden the truly wicked edge that wanted to creep into her smile as she watched Honeydew's boyfriend approach and charmingly embrace her, whispering into her ear before 'unobtrusively' drawing her away towards the bedrooms - with the cameras catching it all, of course.

Most often, these reality show relationships were staged - the 'loving couple' would disappear into the bedroom, only to end up playing solitaire or something equally unromantic. In this case, Mark really had seduced - completely ensorcelled! - Honeydew... so her complete and utter devastation would be equally real when, after Nauti blew her away at the audition, Mark would dump Honeydew for Nauti.

Ratings gold, Nauti thought smugly - but the best part was the please she'd get from doing it, because the dumb bimbo hadn't figured out how the world worked. Nauti was simply the 'more' woman, with a much better body, and the knowledge - and will! - to use it. That was a woman's power, after all - the ability to control men and crush other, lesser women. If you didn't have, there was nothing you could do about it... but Nauti (and Kinki, and their mother) DID have it, and nobody could stop them if they decided to use it.

To Be Continued....

SUMMARY: Logging onto the chat room, he didn't mean to play the role of the naughty girl, but things start to change, and pretty soon his world is morphed into that of a sexy young vixen.

Part Two

Of course, on the topic of pleasure, she really was 'seeing' Mark behind Honeydew's back - fucking, at any rate - and since he really WAS a 'big-tit' man, she had no trouble controlling him... and would be equally devastated when she crushed him, too.

Of course, Kinki had her own, similar plans for betraying that equally out- of-the-loop bitch Jessica... but it was scheduled to happen AFTER the ratings surge from Nauti's manipulations. Which meant Nauti should focus on her own part of the on-going, long-term plan... and Mark was out of the way for the night, so she smiled, and turned her attention to Grommet and

Wally, slipping down on the couch between them, and subtly playing them off against one another in growing competition for her. Then, once the hooks were set, got up to grab her champagne glass and refill it - and sat down again on the couch, but this time between Grommet and STEVEN...

...and then excused herself to 'go the bathroom'. She walked through the 'kitchen' and down the hall, opening the door to the room boasting the big mirror - and found her 'twin sister' already in there, doing her make-up.

As she stepped into the elaborate, multiple-sound-stage set's dressing room, she couldn't help but eye the other woman and be amazed at how much time, effort, and dedication had been put into this series of porn films. Hell, Mistress Kelly almost *could* pass for... well, not a *twin* sister, in real life, but a sister, certainly.

"Hey, Nancy..." Mistress Kelly - a 'professional name', baring as much relationship to her own birth name as 'Nancy Knockers' own did - greeted

her co-star with a genuinely warm smile... and why not? They were making a ton of money off the 'Kinki and Nauti' series of films.

Of course, the real reason behind that was because these films had about ten thousand percent more plot behind them than most porno. The 'reality behind reality TV' angle was gold - everyone trying to backstab everybody else, while two conniving twin bitches were secretly the biggest backstabbers of all...? Well, of course, since this was porn, all the 'backstabbing' actually translated into 'fucking the brains out of somebody'... but, amazingly, the very large fan following of the series actually tried to keep *track* of who was fucking who's supposed boyfriend/boss/brother/favorite pizza deliveryman, etc., etc.

Of course, it was the rather mysterious and never seen writer who had to keep track of all those kinds of details - but the actors and actresses had not only been hired to do the hottest possible on-screen fucking they could, but to have enough 'real' acting talent to make the characters at least marginally believable.

Of course, Nancy thought as she pulled out her gloss-red lipstick and began coating her plump, perfect (if collagen-enhanced) dick-sucking lips, the other secret of the series was how many niches and fetishes the plot-line allowed them to cram in. Like Mistress Kelly, professional dominatrix, playing one ultimate bitch of a sister, and 'secretly' dominating and breaking men in her bedroom. In actuality fact, her toughest scenes - for her were her 'public' scenes when she couldn't follow her natural inclinations... but that only made her dominance scenes in 'private' all the hotter, because she actually had more delayed gratification to make up for. She REALLY got off on it...

Looking in the mirror at the two of them, Nancy once again compared them and not just physically. Oh, they were quite close in that sense, although Nancy was certainly more on the voluptuous side of the two, even without Mistress Kelly's fetish tight-lacing drawing her waist down to what she seemed to think was a 'delightfully painful' 19 inches. As a matter of fact, Nancy had been hired as 'twin sister' because she had nearly as an exaggerated hourglass figure... but HER waist had been very carefully (and not at all 'delightfully' painfully) down to 'only' twenty-one inches for the role.

Just then, the door opened and the other three actresses who made up the 'regular' cast walked in. Sure, each of the series had 'guest stars', but these were the 'core five' recurring women in all the films, and having them all in getting ready for the upcoming sex scenes allowed Nancy to complete her thought about the range of people the series regularly appealed to.

Holly Mountains, of course, filled one niche - one she called 'slim and stacked', but which Nancy secretly thought of as 'lugging around monstrous bolt-on boobs'. Oh, not that Nancy had anything against either implants or sheer size - she, herself, had gotten 'enhanced' when her own natural attributed had begun to hang a bit low for comfort. On the other hand, Nancy WAS built along the classic 'buxom bombshell' lines that had also

given her a more naturally hourglass figure than Mistress Kelly had started off with... which meant Nancy had naturally boasted equally 'bombshell' DD-cup breasts even before getting the implants that had put her just one cup-size shy of Holly's own GGG-cuppers. The big difference was that Holly was nearly as skinny as a rail, and those massive mammaries of hers were almost 100% fake... and not the saline of Nancy's own, but silicone, to boot! Still, a certain portion of the fan base seemed to like them - or maybe just the fact that everything else about Holly, up to and including her amazingly convincing 'bimbo' routine, was equally as fake.

On the other hand, there was the very, very sexy black actress who went solely by the name of Jizzabel - and who was all natural in every conceivable way, from those pouting lips to the out-thrust perfect 'bubble-but' posterior. She was hot, she was black, she had an ass to die for, she had perfect, large-nippled D-cups that she worked hard to keep perky without any augmentation... and she not only sucked cock like a world-class champion, but she was willing to do anal.

Then there was 'The Famous Melinda Manchester'... and the way the actress playing 'Ma Hawti' used that entire phrase, you'd think it was her actual name.

On the other hand, Nancy didn't begrudge the older woman it TOO much... for the definite MILF actually had been an insanely hot actress in her younger days, and had aged quite well with only a moderate amount of plastic surgery to keep her fan-base drooling. Still, Nancy found it telling about her 'real' acting skill that she was an aging pornstar barely able to pull off pretending to be an aging pornstar... but she had MAD skills in the sex scenes, and knew how to get the absolute most out of her male co-stars... in every possible sense of the phrase.

Perhaps most importantly, however, Melinda knew - and served as a reminder to the others - that how almost incomprehensible it sometimes seems that people would not only pay them, but practically THROW money at them to a) look as hot as possible, and b) have lots of hot and horny sex with well hung men, it was a fantasy-come-true with a limited lifespan. You had to get while the getting was good, and all five of them were making damned sure they did...

..and with that in mind, they all headed off to do their next scenes with broad smiles on their faces.

Of course, Nancy had to banish that smile before she walked out onto the 'living room' soundstage to find Steven, Wally and Grommet fighting about who was really going to get to fuck her 'tonight'. (A pet peeve of all the actresses had been that

the men always got to use their real first names... until the more experienced Melinda pointed out that it was because guys who watched porn didn't bother to remember the names of the male stars, by and large.)

Of course, it was a problem 'Nauti' soon sorted out - by asking why they thought only one of them was going to 'do her', all while sexily stripping out

of her skin-tight black spandex dress, then letting Wally peel off her panties with his teeth, leaving her only in garter belt, nylons, and platform heels.

Of course, the sex scenes were closely choreographed, and this once was no exception - but whatever that might have done to marginally impact the quality of all the sex Nancy was getting, it more than made up for it in quantity.

Like in this scene, for example. She let the guys lay her down on a 'conveniently' (custom-built) padded coffee-table, and they spent a few minutes all fondling her and kissing her up and down her body, pausing for a few hot-and-horny tongue-writhing kisses of their own...

...then Wally and Steven stepped discreetly out of camera as Nancy let her head roll back, lipped her full lips, and beckoned Grommet with one scarlet-nailed finger. He stepped forward, and she eagerly opened her mouth and engulfed the first third of its throbbing length with her warm, wet mouth, pausing to make sure a good close-up of it veined length moving in short strokes between her plump red lips before she wrapped her right hand around the rest of the wonderful organ.

Then, as she continued to suck the one wonderful cock filling her mouth off, Steven carefully climbed atop her and gave her a second wonderful cock to play with, this one between her fat, golden tits - already discreetly 'oiled up', of course. Slowly, he began to ride her deep cleavage, alternate pushing her tits together, or letting them part so the camera could get a good shot of his huge cock between her huge tits. Her free hand fondled the head of his cock a couple of times as it popped out the top of her cleavage - and then she reached down to spread her pussy nice and wide, so that the camera could film Wally's own throbbing manhood perfectly as he slid it deep into a womanhood already wet and ready for it.

With all three men fully engaged, the camera alternated between taking some longer distance shots of a woman clearly enjoying being fucked at both ends while being ridden in the middle, and close ups of each individual action.

Hard enough as it was for Nancy to concentrate, what with all the wonderful sensations at being so wonder chock-full-a-cock, she was also a professional. She knew the planned routine, and had the skills to make sure it all went off in the proper order. The speed at which she hungrily sucked on Grommet's cock, just how much wiggle-swivel-and-buck her hips gave Wally, how often she freed up a hand to help Steven's deep cleavage action... it was all consummately done.

The men came in exactly the right order, the same order they'd started.

For the last few seconds of Grommet's part, Nancy had devoted her hands to pushing her own tits together for Steven - so that she could bend her neck farther back, letting Grommet grab the back of her head and give her the full, hard face-fucking her deep-throat position allowed. She loved having the long, hard cock plunging so deep inside her, and wished it could

have gone on longer - but, of course, he had to swiftly 'back it out', pulling his wonderfully tasty cock out of her dick-loving throat and mouth alike... but not too far away, because the camera had to film him getting every drop of that delicious cum in her mouth in one incredibly long stream... and her not missing a drop of his hot spunk.

Even as she savored all of his tasty man-seed, Nancy knew she'd been allowed the fairly rare privilege of swallowing it ALL only because of Steven's role. She, of course, managed to get her head up in time to have her still-open mouth in position for his own, even more voluminous eruption... but she got to actually get very little of that tsunami of cum in her mouth, as Steven bucked himself expertly, giving the camera what it wanted as almost a full half of that massive cum-load glazed her face, and almost all the rest coated her massive tits.

The reason, of course, was to have her mouth out to scream out her rolling orgasm just as Wally came - 'overacting' it, of course, but thank god not having to do it by very much - and then she was able to begin wiping some of the warm facial into her mouth. Half a load had to be better than none, however, for the other half she'd been told to fondle and kneed into her own meaty tits - but then again, that had some pleasures of its own to enjoy.

Tanking the guys profusely and sincerely for the good, hard gang-banging they'd just given her, she then hurried off to clean herself up for the next scene. Once ready, with her hair and make-up touched up, (and thank god Steven's aim was perfect enough not to have to require a full wash-and-dry of her hair, as had sometimes happened), she 'snuck' into the set of 'Honeydew's bedroom'.

Holly had the unfortunate part in this scene as having to fake being asleep while her 'boyfriend' fucked her 'best friend' in the same room... but Nancy couldn't feel sorry for the silicone-stuffed slut. First off, she'd had her own scene with Mark's magnificent manhood just a short while ago - and, besides, the 'backstabbing' wasn't ALL playacting...

There was only so much cock - and star billing, and the money that came with it, but that was a secondary consideration - to go around during however each woman's 'shelf life' as an 'actress' lasted, and each was trying to get as much of it as they could... or were if they had any brains that was, Nancy thought as she got into position, her pendulous breasts hanging down as she thrust her broad hips and full - NOT 'fat', like that bitch Jizzabel kept saying! - ass into the air.

Then she stopping thinking about professional considerations as Mark's huge, throbbing cock filled her dripping wet cunt...

...well, ALMOST filled.

Came close to filling, at any rate - she was a big, well padded woman, damn it, and her pussy wasn't getting 'droopy', no matter what that old, dried-out cunt said, so keep you unwanted advice on how to stay nice and tight to yourself! What mattered was that she had a good, hard cock fucking her

pussy... and because he'd done that plastic-boobed bitch so recently, it'd take a good amount of time before he'd shoot of on her.

She was right - the hardest part of the whole scene was stifling the screams of the three orgasms before he pulled out and squirted his entire load of creamy man juicy over her ass and back. (A waste of perfectly good jism, as far as she was concerned.) It dripped off the jiggling masses of her buttocks as she left the kinda small and sparsely furnished set supposed to be a 'luxurious penthouse apartment', and she grunted as she stepped into the not-quite-big enough dressing room the five 'star actresses' had to share to find somebody already in each of the two shower stall.

She finally got herself cleaned up, then got dressed to go back 'home' on the small porn company's lot. Of course, she could have gone home to shower... but her day-to-day clothing was also her 'costumes', and getting cum out could be a stone-cold bitch.

Not that she'd be all that pissed at losing THIS costume, she thought as she struggled to get the spandex dress on. Damn it, why couldn't clothing be designed for women who had *curves*! Even the stretch of spandex didn't completely solve the problem, hanging a rather loose over her waist and belly even as it strained to contain her massive breasts, wide-flaring hips, and *sexy* (damn it!) ass.

...and if that stuck-up, so-called 'Mistress Kelly' made ONE MORE snide comment about how if her tits sagged any more, the chest-and-waist problems would solve each other...

Sure, the skinny bitch might use super-duty corsetry and surgeries to get her waist down to that ridiculous sixteen-inch diameter, Nancy thought smugly, but **I** have the exact same 'super-hourglass' difference of twenty inches between MY waist and MY matching hip and chest measurements, and I only have to do light night-time corseting to keep my waist at very respectable 24 inches, thank you very much! AND I actually have some TITS to go with the package! With that thought, she jiggled towards the door a bit wobbly on the four-inch platforms and ten-inch heels of her favorite pair of black PVC 'hooker boots'.

Having gotten a quick clean-up in the public washroom in that bus station, Nancy hurried across the run-down foyer, eager to get back to 'her' corner... and as much cock she could find during her 'shift'. Reached the doors to the street and pushed through...

...but it was Nate Hawthorne who stepped through, staggered atop the high-heels, looked down at the super-curvy body of the Hispanic whore he was inhabiting (and whose nymphomaniac lust-driven memories he shared) and a scream tore past his/her/their obscenely collagen-inflated 'trout lips'...

* * * *

Holly stared in desperation, trying to hide it begin a plastic-looking smile, as she whirled and cavorted on the stage of the run-down strip club.

She was on the second song of her three-song set... and no matter how hard she'd been working the meager crowd, not one man had slipped so much as a single in the cleavage of the fantastic tits she was offering them.

Was happening? How could everything be going wrong? It wasn't possible! She'd started off in clubs as bad as this one, for god's sake -- but she was a *superstar* now, goddamn it...!

She knew she hadn't been all that pretty when she'd started, but she'd worked her ass off, and some money had come. She'd died her blonde, watched her figure carefully, learned all the moves, did every trick she could think off... and finally, she'd been able to get the money to buy those expandable saline implants to overcome her most glaring physical flaw, her nearly complete lack of tits.

A little more money than before trickled in... and as soon as she could afford it, she'd gone into to get 'pumped up'.

With the bigger tits, so came more attention, more money every night... and so, whenever she could, she went back in - and the clubs she'd worked even nicer. Nicer clubs meant bigger spenders, so the money curve had increased even faster on a show-per-show basis. She had begun to gather a following. She'd earned even more money when magazines began to offer photo shoots - and even more when she'd finally made 'feature dancer' status, and clubs would actually ask her to come do special shows for them, which meant even more money.

She'd been smart, damn it! She hadn't blown the money some of the way other girls did, damn it! She'd *reinvested* it in her 'business', just like you were supposed to!

Yes, she WAS just coming of a 'short break' in her career... but it wasn't like she'd been on a damn *vacation*, for god's sake! After all, she'd noticed business tapering off roughly the same time her implants had maxed out, it was understandable. Her fans expected bigger and better on a regular basis, but none of the doctors would help her, insisting it was illegal to overfill implants and other equally bullshit 'medical considerations'!

Well, some money had still been coming in, so she'd applied the same determination she'd used her entire career, and saved up the money needed to SOLVE the problem. The doctors in that South American clinic hadn't argued when she'd waved enough good old American greenbacks in their faces, and they'd replaced her old implants with new ones... but it took time to heal, damn it!

Well, now she was back, and she was bigger and better than ever - better then better, in fact, with these 'new' implants that were old by American

standards, and practically impossible to get. But SHE had gotten them, and there was nobody who could get close to her now, so why...

Henry Metzger staggered to a stop, desperately clinging to the brass pole in the center of the stage for balance as he stared in horror and the truly gargantuan 3000cc silicone implants that at least spared him the sight of the painfully underweight stripper whose body he was inhabiting - and he began to scream...

* * * *

Mistress Kelly looked - sneered - down at the man kneeling on the floor, his face between her legs.

"Is that the best you can do...?" She taunted, even as he lapped - desperately - at her pussy. Not that he was actually that far from getting her off... but her taunting threw him off, and when she lifted one leg and lightly dug the needle tip of her ballet-boot heel into his back, it threw him off even more...

...which let her taunt and belittle his 'failings' even more, of course - which was the whole point. As much as she enjoyed orgasm, she enjoyed humiliating men just as much... and orgasms could actually get much better when they were forms of delayed gratification, whereas humiliation was best served anytime, anywhere.

She couldn't hold the orgasm off forever, despite her formidable skills - but, unless the now-thoroughly-unnerved slave servicing her was unusually observant, he had no IDEA he'd succeeded at his task, for her finally honed skills let the professional dominatrix hide even the slightest trace of the orgasm from her 'customer'. Not even a twitch, much less anything so gauche as a scream, so he would continue to work at pleasing an 'unappeasable' mistress until SHE had decided...

...and then Martin Kelly screamed - not so much in horror, but in agony over the medically-inadvisable corset that only rather extreme (and illegal) surgery allowed her to get down to a 14-inch waist... and the agony from calves and now-deformed ankles that came from mastering (mistressing?) equally inadvisable platform ballet boots...

* * * *

Staring at each other across a short distance, the two men gyrating - or, at least, 'moving' - on the night-club dance floor had looks of shock and awe on their faces.

Sure, the fact that it seemed like she must have had breast implants installed in her ass to make stick out so roundly and firmly was a bit odd, but other than that, the black chick had been downright *hot*...

...and when she'd dragged them over to a corner of the dance floor where she could bend over and be completely hidden behind a waist-high frosted-

glass railing, hauled up the hem of her spandex dress, and *demanding* Pete stick his cock up that ass, he hadn't hesitated to long.

When she demanded Lucas 'fuck her face' good and hard, HE hadn't hesitated at all.

With loud dance music, thrusting bodies shaking her from both ends, and a cock pistoning down her throat, nobody even *knew* Josiah Bell was screaming...

* * * *

The ex-beauty queen (who didn't think the 'ex' part, ever), carefully pulled on the sparkling, emerald-green sequined evening dress she'd worn the night she won the crown - and, of course, it fit as perfectly as always, as perfectly as it had that very night.

Smiling, Melinda Manchester carefully lowered the crown itself... well, a replica of the one she'd had to give up to the following year's winner, that is

...into even more carefully arranged hair. Balancing easily - indeed, gracefully - in shoes only slightly different than the ones she'd worn that night, she turned and began to walk...

...and Melvin Manchester never screamed as he tried to puzzle out why somebody would create a life-size animatronic Barbie doll, moving with ridiculously inhuman grace atop the seven-inch stiletto heel pumps, perfect plastic face locked in perfect, plastic smile. Not 'ridiculously' oversized, but large and certainly unrealistically firm plastic boobs stood out like cones, refusing even to jiggle above the unnaturally slender waist.

He was still trying to fathom the purpose of this unrealistically, inhumanly 'perfect' plastic representation of unnatural human femininity when he bumped into the full-length mirror...

* * * *

The darkly beautiful woman stared with something halfway between disgust and amusement at the five, variously distorted parodies of 'femininity' grovelling on the floor before her - and then, finally, spoke one sharp word: "Silence!"

It wasn't a yell, nor a scream - it was a command, and one that was obeyed instantly, if unwillingly, by all five figures.

The woman nodded in satisfaction.

"I am Webmistress." She coldly informed the helplessly silenced figures. "I am, amongst other things, a Reality Warper."

She paused - and smiled a very cold smile indeed.

"While you five used to be men who, each for reason of their own, logged onto a website in feminine persona, and proceeded to post certain...

perspectives of women."

She let the silence stretch out, looking into pleading eyes.

"You may have noticed..." She announced dryly "...that I have taken each of you considerably further past those perspectives. The reason for this is simple - when a Reality Warper 'releases' the warp, the universe snaps back to the way it was before the warping began."

Hope flared in each of those eyes... and she waited another long moment before crushing most if it back out.

"Or, I should say, it *tries* to." She let another pause for them to start to panic, then continued: "You see, had I only taken you as far as your own beliefs, you would have 'snapped back' quite easily to something at least nearly indistinguishable for what you would undoubtedly call 'the real world'.

Taking you so far away from it, however, makes it harder for the universe to return to its 'original' shape. That, in fact, is precisely why I did it."

Another long pause.

"You see..." She continued with a very thin - razor-blade thin, and as likely to cut - smile, "...just how close to 'original reality' we snap back to will be determined by just how much you have altered you original, truly held opinions after this experience... if you are, indeed, capable of altering them at all, regardless of... incentive."

"Simply put, I have pushed you far enough past your original beliefs as your own beliefs were from actual reality - and I have done it on the basis of 'collective responsibility'." She explained. "If all of you have learned half the lesson, or half of you all the lesson, or any combination of like percentage, you'll return to something similar to 'original reality'. If, on the other hand, *none* of you learned *anything*, you'll all become exactly what you original considered your own concept of 'femininity'."

Another flaying grin.

"Personally, experience has taught me to expect something... in between the two." She said with someone *other* than these five might almost have mistaken as good-natured amusement. "Let us find out, shall we...?"

...and she waved her hand.

* * * *

Nate... Nancy... Nauti...ca?... looked around in confusion, blinking and trying desperately to sort out what - impossible as it was - at least a dozen complete sets of memories of who and what s...he?... was...

...and then her/his/their eyes fell on the piece of paper sitting on the table in front of them/her/him:

Party Chix

Hawti Enterprises Inc. Talent Release Form

Below this header lie a fairly short block of text, with 'blanks' for various pieces of information... including one at the very bottom for a signature.

A signature that had been filled in a neat, feminine hand that was quite readable: *Natalie Hawthorn*.

"Thank you ladies!" A voice said - and a man wearing a *Party Chix* T-shirt and a small radio earphone/microphone rig said brightly, quickly gathering up the signed release forms. "Enjoy your free drinks. We start rolling in... (a quick check of his watch and a muttered question to somebody over the radio) ...about fifteen minutes."

Then he bustled away, and Natalie looked around the night-club *Party Chix* had chosen to film this week's episode in, feeling a bit... disconnected.

She was in a nightclub, obviously... but didn't remember coming to it. She was sitting at a table with four other women... she couldn't clearly recall ever have seen before. She'd just apparently signed a release form, and while she knew and remembered the show itself, didn't remember reading or signing the form - or *why* she would sign such an agreement. Most of all, however, she had a very, very strong urge to run to a mirror and see if she *looked*... what *she* looked... *how* she looked...

Well. She'd (*apparently*) just signed a release form to be on TV, Natalie found herself striving for reasoned, logical thought - surely that must explain a sudden, intense bout of body consciousness...?

That made a certain amount of logical, rational sense - and also provided an equally logical, rational 'excuse' to give in to her *irrational* compulsion to take a look at herself in a mirror.

"Well..." Natalie said, forcing herself to keep her tone light in front of the other women at the table, "If I'm going to be on television, I guess I'd better check my make-up!"

"I'll come with...!" The attractive black woman across the table practically blurted out - and Natalie blinked, hoping her own attempt to sound 'natural' hadn't sounded as brittle as the other woman's had.

Natalie was perhaps even more surprised by the heavy sigh that preceded and almost leaden tone in the voice of the raven-haired woman to Natalie's right as she said: "I guess I might as well come, too."

"Uh... sure." Natalie replied, hiding how taken aback she was by manufacturing a rather strained grin. "After all, we girls have to keep up the whole 'going to bathroom in groups' thing, right?"

Her feeble little joke resulted in a wide range of expressions that startled her - from something very much like a grimace of horror from the buxom blonde sitting to Natalie's left, to the instant and smiling nod of agreement from the stunning, slightly older woman sitting between the raven-haired girl and the black girl. The attractive African-American, herself, looked confused... while the slim-waisted woman to Natalie's right simply heaved another sigh.

"Uh... okay then..." Natalie muttered, sliding off the stool - then pausing, frowning slightly, before remembering to grab the little black leather clutch-purse that clearly belonged to her. Along with the other two women, she began threading her way to the women's bathroom... and then, to cover her confusion over the fact that she was somehow absolutely certain she *was* heading in the right direction of the bathroom without having any memory of how she would know where it was, she decided to introduce herself to the ebony-skinned woman - who, out from behind the table, had revealed herself the undoubtedly proud owner of a truly spectacular ass.

"By the way, my name's Natalie - Natalie Hawthorne," she said, once again striving to make her voice sound both natural and friendly. She was more than a little surprised by the pause that followed her introduction - a pause that grew steadily more awkward as it continued to lengthen.

"I'm Kelly... Kelly Martin." The somewhat dusky-skinned woman with the luxurious mane of gleaming black hair filled in the awkward space, her voice still sounding oddly flat. Natalie turned to give the other woman a smiling nod of recognition and gratitude... and then found herself fighting the urge to let her eyebrows rise as she took in the six-inch metal spike heels on the other woman's gleaming black ankle-strap pumps.

"I go by 'Jazzy'." The black woman finally replied in a decidedly odd tone of voice. "Jazzy Bell."

A bit bemused by the nickname - or alias, perhaps, - Natalie forced a warm reply, and Kelly muttered a less-than-enthusiastic 'nice to meetcha' from behind her.

"So...." Jazzy said, obviously looking for a conversational opener, "You two related, or something?"

"Um, no..." Natalie replied, shooting an confused look at Kelly, wondering why somebody might think they looked anything alike - and then felt herself feeling even more confused as they reached the short hallway leading to the bathrooms - because she wasn't sure she and Kelly *didn't* look anything alike...

* * * *

Henry Metzger watched through Melanie Honey's guileless blue eyes as the trio of darker-haired women walked away, and Henry/Melanie wish they were allowed to heave the deep sigh they wanted to vent. Unable to do so, the platinum-blond composite turned to the other blond who'd

remained at the table, and Henry used Melanie's sweet soprano to give the only name they were able to use, by way of introduction.

"Yes, you certainly are a 'melony' honey!" The golden-haired woman instantly agreed, and entirely too practiced chuckle coming through her perfect 'politician's wife' smile as she gracefully extended a hand towards them. "I'm Melissa Manchester. So very pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Honey."

"Please - call me Melanie," they replied - and Henry was morbidly satisfied when he at least managed to keep Melanie from adding an insipid little giggle at the end of it. As she shook the almost eerily lovely woman's hand, Henry forced Melanie to look directly at the gorgeous blonde, wondering what was going on behind the stunning gold-flecked green eyes.

"So - shall I assume that you've chosen to call yourself that as some sort of... 'professional' name, then?" Melissa inquired delicately, those emerald- hued eyes flicking briefly to Melanie's most prominent features.

"Oh, no..." Henry let Melanie respond - so, this time, there *was* a giggle. "The name came first - I just sort of decided to, er... live up to certain expectations, I guess you could say."

"Yes, well, perhaps you've *exceeded* all expectations..." Melissa replied, with another of those all-to-polished chuckles.

Henry winced, then added himself into the stream of Melanie's answer, to keep her - *their* - explanation from going as far as only-Melanie would have let it.

"Well, since I was pretty young, I'd been training to be a gymnast, so I was quite happy with the body nature had given me..." They explained, gesturing at a generally slender, but well-toned and limber body that most professional gymnasts would have, indeed, been envious of - if not for one particular aspect: "...but, as you can see, when I hit puberty I also hit a rather aggressive growth spurt."

Indeed, that exquisitely toned and limber body was two inches over six feet in height - and simple physics meant that more 'compact' gymnasts could perform the same moves faster and move on to the next one more efficiently, as they explained to Melissa. She then went on with: "Since the professional gymnastics I'd devoted my life up until that point were no longer a realistic possibility, I began to find myself more and more aware of the fact that puberty hadn't seemed fit to 'grow' me in any other way but up!"

At least with Henry 'in the loop', they didn't give the whole '...and since I still had the desires to be competitive and famous left over from my gymnastic days, I decided to become a world-famous stripper!" part of the 'built-in' speech.

Henry just hoped he was as good at keeping them from *living* that 'dream' as he was at keeping them from talking about it...

* * * *

As she touched up the deep, glossy wine-red lipstick on her full lips, Natalie had to admit how someone - in the dimmer lighting of the club proper, at least - might mistake Kelly and herself for being relative.

Under the almost unforgiving fluorescent light of the bathroom, of course, the differences between the two women were laid bare.

Most noticeable, the fact that Natalie was the considerably more... *lush* of the two. Oh - not that she was 'fat', by any stretch of the imagination; indeed, both Natalie and Kelly possessed enviably 'hourglass' figures. It was just that, figure wise... well, one way to put it was that Natalie was playing Jane Russell to Kelly's Marilyn Monroe. Natalie simply had wider hips and shoulders than Kelly did, that was all.

...which was why, at first glance, somebody might also judge each woman equally well endowed - from a 'head on' view, at least.

After all, each woman's respective rack *exactly* filled their respective ribcages from side to side - just as each woman's ass exactly matched the breadth of each woman's hips. It wouldn't be until the two women were seen in full profile that one would realize that Natalie's broader width meant that she 'stuck out' considerably further, chest and buttocks, than Kelly did.

Other differences included the fact that Kelly possessed slightly dusky skin and richly ebon hair, whereas Natalie's hair was a deep brown with auburn highlights, and her skin was simply tanned; again, differences less obvious under dimly-lit conditions. Further confusion might be attributed by the fact that the two women had inadvertently chosen 'complimentary' outfits.

Both wore pumps, though Natalie's were black velvet with a one-and-a-half inch 'hidden' platform and six-inch tapered heels. Both wore black nylons on shapely legs, and both sets of legs disappeared under the hem of a fitted black above-the-knee skirt - although Kelly's was leather, while Natalie's was made of crushed velvet. Natalie's skirt, however, was an integral part of the dress whose sleeveless V-neck upper half was pewter gray... whereas Kelly had worn a pewter gray spandex top. To be fair, the difference was made less obvious by the fact that both women had chosen to wear broad black leather belts to emphasize their trim waist.

Yes, Natalie thought to herself - in a dim light, seen head-on, from at least a distance, she could see how somebody might even be able to mistake the two of them for twin sisters...!

She chuckled at the thought, and began to run a brush through her own mane of thick, loose-curved hair.

* * * * *

Kelly heard Natalie chuckle, and as she glanced toward her, Kelly forced herself to repress another deep sigh at the other woman's comfort in her own skin. *She* clearly wasn't suffering from some sort of schizophrenia...!

Kelly turned back to the mirror - and this time, a small sigh *did* escape her lips.

Damn it, it wasn't *right* for her to have to deal with simultaneously thinking that her waist was somehow both too small, and yet not small enough. That the heels she balanced so easily on were both too tall and too short. Her breasts were both too big and too small. Her make-up too garish and yet too subdued.

...that she should want to have men find her attractive, and yet not.

Well - she'd been a bit surprised when she'd looked down at the table to find she'd signed a contract to be on *Party Chix*... but this 'perfect balance' in her own self-assessment was surely driving her slowly and painfully insane. If she couldn't choose, perhaps what she was doing tonight would force her to 'tip the balance' in one direction or another by the way people reacted to her.

...and, if not, then she could go ahead and commit suicide to get away from an endless, yammering shouting of contradictory thoughts in her mind that, for all their divisiveness, managed to agree on one point: whatever it was that she was 'supposed' to look like, *this* wasn't it.

With that unnatural, irrational, and yet utterly unbreakable conviction that she was some sort of hideous *freak* smashing steadily away at her sense of self-worth, Kelly grimly went back to the task of touching up her make-up.

* * * *

'Melissa Manchester' watched the three women returning to the table, and if she'd actually been capable of anything like actual thought, she might have been thinking, rather smugly: 'I don't need a mirror to know that *my* make-up is perfect!'

Of course, 'she' didn't think anything of the sort, for even the most advanced Artificial Intelligence only presented the *illusion* of thought, and that was all 'Melissa Manchester' really was. 'Her' persona was nothing more than an incredibly advanced AI designed solely to ensure that every movement, every word, every action was as absolutely, flawlessly perfect as the body that housed it.

Which was why, as the trio reached the table, she smoothly and gracefully rose from the stool - the better to perfectly display her perfect body - and, with a perfect smile, acted as the flawless hostess in order to complete the introductions.

All the while, 'her' programmer - or, at least the raw intellect of the person who might have called themselves Melvin Manchester, had not all emotions been utterly suppressed in its overwhelming obsession - constantly 'updated the program' in order to make sure that it always *would* be perfect, in any situation.

So, it was with flawlessly perfect grace that 'Melissa Manchester' gestured at the sexy black woman to introduce herself...

* * * *

Surreptitiously, she took a deep breath, opened her mouth, and spoke:

"Hi. I'm <*a jizz-bitch!*> Jazzy Bell." She said with a mental wince, hoping nobody notice the faintest of hesitations as she'd over-ridden what the voice in her head wanted her to say.

She was the last one to be introduced, and as the other women murmured polite words, she took a somewhat more obvious breath, and pushed ahead.

"So, why don't we go <get banged> up to the bar and get <a mouthful of fresh cum> something to drink?" She suggested, hoping her speech patterns didn't sound *too* odd with those tiny little pauses and equally tiny hitches of indrawn breath every time she forced the strangely alien thoughts away.

Of course, Jazzy thought to herself with well-hidden annoyance as she turned to lead the little parade of pretty, sexy young women toward the bar, it wasn't just her speech that was affected. Although you'd have to watch her very carefully to notice them, there were tiny little 'twitches' in her movements as she also over-rode the physical commands that went along with the mental-vocal ones. Still, either it wasn't as noticeable to others as it seemed to Jazzy herself - or the others were simply being too polite to comment on it.

"So - what'll it be...?" The bartender asked her with a professional brightness.

"I'd like <a cumming cock> a rum and cock, please." Jazzy replied - then winced as the bartender blinked. Hastily, she back-tracked with a nervous chuckle, and said: "I mean a cum and coke, of course."

She winced again, but the bartender - after a second's considering look - simply smiled and replied easily, "One rum-and-coke coming right up, miss. Will that be cash, debit or charge?"

"I'll <take it up the ass> be paying cash!" Jazzy replied a bit breathlessly, glad she'd managed to get it out unaltered... even if, as she was saying it, she'd leaned forward and stuck her 'bubble butt' out and up, giving it a sexy little wiggle.

Full lips pressed tight against any untoward words that might want to pop out, her body held under rigid control, Jazzy passed the time spent waiting for her drink wondering why the voice in her head, urging her to act like some complete sex-crazed slut, sounded male to her...

...and then the house-lights flickered briefly, indicating thirty seconds to filming, and the music that had been kept at a back-ground level rose to full, nightclub intensity as the show got underway.

To Be Continued

SUMMARY: Logging onto the chat room, he didn't mean to play the role of the naughty girl, but things start to change, and pretty soon his world is morphed into that of a sexy young vixen.

Part Three

Webmistress strolled unseen and unnoticed through the measured chaos of a nightclub in full swing, and smiled coolly to herself.

It wasn't that she was invisible or anything - it was simply that a low-level 'warp' extended around her, causing people around her to always be looking somewhere else, to take a step in one direction or another for long enough to pass through

unimpeded - even to decide they didn't really want the drink they'd just ordered, then forgetting about it even as she picked it up and moved on, sipping.

This, the final stage of the test, was her favorite part...

Though none of the transformed males was aware of it, each of them - albeit in different ways - were perfectly and completely balanced between their own, male minds and an artificially constructed one made up of how each ex-male thought of women. Since they *were* perfectly balanced, that's what made this a 'fair test'. Whether or not they overcame or succumbed to their chauvinistic, unrealistic views of women based on what they experienced here tonight was - in a very real way - completely up to them. Even Webmistress couldn't know if their male-mindsets were too ingrained to make up for all the disturbing and unpleasant female experiences she was sure their unrealistic assumptions about women would lead them to encounter tonight.

In the event that they were sufficiently disturbed and/or disgusted by the way they would be treated while looking and acting like their own 'fantasy' about women, they would immediately 'warp' back into manhood - but not quite the male life they used to have, but whatever kind of man they would have been, (and would continue to be from now on) without those rather sick and twisted views of 'femininity'.

If, on the other hand, they managed to reinforce their belief that whatever it was they experienced tonight was exactly how their own 'fantasy woman' should be living - well, then, they'd warp into exactly that life, and over time the male remnants of their personas would slowly fade away.

To arrange that, Webmistress had been required to do something she'd never done before - maintain a low-grade bubble of 'unreality' around each of the transformed males until the time came that each bubble collapsed into whichever reality they individually chose to accept. This new technique felt very strange to her, for there was a constant, low-grade 'pull' on her own reality from it - yet, despite having set them up, she wasn't exerting the normal conscious control over them that she usually would have been, putting her at an unusual remove where she couldn't even quite 'read' them. It was a rather disconcerting feeling, she discovered, turning pockets of her own power over to other minds to control - especially to control *subconsciously!* - but, having considered it carefully before implementing it, she didn't see how anything could actually go wrong.

So, Webmistress simply took another sip of her drink, and continued strolling along to enjoy the show while she awaited the five outcomes of her own private entertainment for the night.

A small knot of men near one corner of the dance floor caught her eye - and the figure in the center of that knot was tall enough that she knew what had caused it. Her smile widening, Webmistress strolled over unobserved and looked over the first bit of 'entertainment' she'd come across.

At the center of a dozen or so men's rapt attention was a tall, lithe woman. She was dancing, and the feminine form in smooth, sensual motion wasn't an unusual thing to draw a man's eye - but aside from a few short bouts when her dancing

become more energetic and overtly sexual, most of the time her moves were relative desultory - barely enough to set the long, platinum-blonde hair pulled into a simple ponytail to swaying, in fact.

Moreover, she wasn't dressed particularly 'sexy' as the vast majority of the young women in the club were. Oh, the jeans she wore on her long legs were fairly tight-fitting, but that paled in the face of spandex leggings, skin- tight leather or PVC pants, or short skirts and dresses that dominated the club. Even less innately 'sexy' was the medium-grey ribbed cotton athletic T-shirt she wore, tucked beneath the waistband of the jeans pulled tight to her waist by a simple white leather belt. If anything, the 'sexiest' thing she wore was a pair of platform sandals - but even those 'only' boasted a one- inch clear plastic platform and three-and-a-half inch clear plastic heels attached to the white leather straps that criss-crossed her feet and wound around her ankles.

Her mildly attractive face didn't even boast the slightest touch of make-up.

Then again, Webmistress thought with a rather nasty smile, none of the men were looking at her *face*...

* * * *

As the slightest movement set their volleyball-sized breasts to jiggling and swaying under a simple T-shirt that nevertheless molded skin-tight to their spherical endowments, Melanie was nearly in heaven - and Henry was suffering in a deeply flawed hell.

They were dancing - and Melanie could literally feel the caress of the eyes that followed her tall, lean form as it moved with, at very least, a toned athleticism with every move.

The reason why Melanie was only *nearly* in heaven was simple - most of the time, Henry was interfering with her, keeping her from really dancing, the way she wanted to. Of course, sometimes his control slipped, and she was allowed to *really* move, and then she truly was in heaven as the men's gazes became even more helplessly captivated by the motion of her body - and, most especially, her magnificent tits.

Those tits were the reason why Henry's hell was so deeply flawed - and why sometimes he lost control.

Everything else about being ogled by the men around him disgusted and humiliated him... but that core trait of his, the one that had got him in trouble to begin with, was that he *agreed* with the men ogling Melanie's rack. Hell, if he had been among the men, he'd be ogling harder than any of them, because he truly did believe a fantastic pair of tits should be enjoyed - enjoyed as much as possible, in whatever way you could arrange to enjoy them.

Quite frankly, about the only thing about women Henry cared about was their tits! Oh, not that he didn't want to have sex with women, or anything - but he would have happily fucked *any* female body, if it were connected to a sufficiently magnificent pair of breasts. Tall, short, skinny, fat, black, white, yellow or red... none of that mattered to Henry, and he didn't factor any of it into judging women - any more than he factored in things like her personality, interests, hopes and dreams...

The sole criteria he judged women on - the sole criteria he honest believed *anybody* (including themselves) should judge a woman on - was the size, firmness, and overall 'melonosity' of their boobs.

Which meant that even *Henry* 'loved' the perfect boobs jiggling and bouncing on their chest - even though he was also busy hating the fact of where they were located. Henry just couldn't help it.

Just as, whenever he made the mistake of glancing down, he couldn't help but love the sight of those huge breasts bouncing and jostling.

It was during those periods that Melanie was allowed to dance the way she wanted - and Henry was making that particular 'mistake' more and more often, and taking longer each time to tear their eyes away from the sight that gave him so much enjoyment..

* * * *

Even as she grinned at the buxom blonde's predicament, Webmistress also winced - for that struggle between the two minds was creating sensation she'd never experienced before.

Usually, a reality either was, or it was not. The transition was practically instantiations. This time, the variation between the two possible realities was causing some sort of... 'harmonic resonance'. It was not only new... but distinctly unpleasant. In Henry/Melanie's case, it was 'flipping' at the same time as Henry's loss of control - but his 'fight' between the two realities wasn't the only one going on, and the other ones were also producing uncomfortable sensations in the source of Webmistress' power. It was simply that each 'harmonic interference' between two possible outcomes was manifesting in a different - but equally uncomfortable - manner.

Well - at least it provided a sort of 'homing beacon', unique to each of the transformed men... although, Webmistress wouldn't know which person each 'harmonic' belonged to until she saw who was producing it. She now knew who was creating this one... just as the rate at which the flipping was increasing and lasting longer would give her a good idea when it was about to 'pop', so she could come and watch the finale for herself. It was still some time away, however, so she decided to go and see who belonged to one of the other 'flavors' of discomfort worming its way through a certain anatomical structure of the brain that only a very, very few people possessed...

* * * *

"Hey, gorgeous - can I buy you a drink...?"

Sitting at the bar, Natalie stared fixedly down at the bowl of peanuts she was slowly eating, one by one, merely as something to do as she tried (and failed) to not feel like the ugly duckling among gorgeous swans.

"Ahem - I, er... asked if I could buy you a drink, beautiful...?"

Natalie sighed, wondering what in the hell had led her to agree to this. A plain-jane like her, with an entire nightclub full of sexy and beautiful women...? It was like she'd been setting herself up to feel miserable about herself!

"Fine - be that way... bitch!"

The annoyed bitterness in the man's voice drew Natalie's eyes up to the mirror behind the bar - and her mouth quirked as she watched the man stalk away from his intended target. No wonder she'd simply ignored him...!

Oh, the man wasn't exactly ugly - but the tanned brunette with the thick, loosely styled mane of deep mahogany hair was way out of his league. Even sitting at the bar, hunched over a bowl of peanuts with her luscious lips quirked in a wry...

'Holy shit - that's **me**...!' Natalie's mind exploded in stunned recognition. 'I... I'm **gorgeous** - and that not-to-shabby-looking guy was trying to buy **me** a drink!'

Eyes bright with delighted, even aroused excitement, Natalie whirled on her deliciously plump-yet-firm buttocks, dark eyes eagerly scanning the crowd as she looked for the guy who had been trying to buy *her* a drink... the guy who had been trying... a guy who would try... a guy...

Looking at the other women - the beautiful, sexy women - thronging the club, Natalie sighed and wondered why she even bothered getting her hopes up some guy would be interested in some nobody like her in a room full of women like that. She slowly, dejectedly swiveled to face the now half- empty bowl of peanuts, and the long, lonely night still ahead of her.

She felt, rather than saw, the bartender come to stand in front of her, and there was a trace of amusement in his voice as he spoke.

"Well, if you're not planning to let any guys buy you a drink tonight, were you at least thinking of buying yourself some...?"

Natalie forced back a soft sob at the bastard's cruel needling. Just because she was so... so *plain* didn't give him the right to tease her like that!

Then, taking a deep breath, Natalie forced her emotions to heel. Sure, she was plain - but she wasn't ugly, either. Maybe the bartender didn't know how cruel his comment had been... and maybe a couple of drinks was just what she needed to mute the sting of it, in either case.

Forcing her eyes upwards, she somehow manufactured something that might be mistaken for a smile, her conviction that the bartender didn't know how he'd made her feel rising with the sight of the good-spirited grin he was giving her.

"Uh... yeah. Yeah, I'd like a drink. Bring me a cosmopolitan, would you...?" Natalie asked, in a quiet voice.

"Sure thing, pretty lady..." He replied - turning away as he said it, so that he didn't catch the hurt look that crossed her face.

'Maybe he just says that to all the women he serves - a habit...' she tried to console herself as he stepped away.. and then she winced and sighed as his movement away forced Natalie to confront the reflection of one of the 'drop dead gorgeous' category of women in the bar, the plunging pewter neckline of her dress revealing quite a view of the gorgeous golden globes of her...

*'Wait - those are **my** 'gorgeous golden globes'...!'* Natalie realized, eyes widening. She began to smile, realizing that a hottie like herself didn't need to be sitting alone here at the bar, not with all the handsome...

The bartender returned, placing her cocktail on a napkin in front of her and quoting the price. Eager to take the drink and start mingling, Natalie quickly grabbed her clutch-purse of the bar and began rooting through it for her money.

With a sigh, she handed a bill to the bartender and in a sad voice told him to keep the change. Staring into the depths of her cocktail, she wondered why she was thinking even a few drinks would allow her to get up the nerve to try and mingle, a plain-jane nobody like her...

* * * *

Webmistress winced anew. Briefly, she considered tracking down the guy who had tried to buy Natalie a drink and tell him that if he wanted to score with the babe at the bar, all he had to do was wear a mirror on his chest...

Well, at least she knew which one was producing the 'uppercut' bursts that trickled away to nothing... until the next fist of pain slammed into Webmistress' power center.

Feeling a bit like the punch-drunk boxer that had spawned the mental metaphor, Webmistress headed off to identify the next originator of a harmonic.

* * * *

"Man... is this babe for real...?" David whispered - well, given the volume of the music, 'stage whispered' - to his buddy, Andrew.

"I dunno..." Andrew replied, shaking his head as he stared at the golden- haired woman moving with incredible, supple grace as she danced her way through the bodies gyrating on the dance floor.

She was definitely dancing, that was certain - but she certainly wasn't 'gyrating', not in the usual dance-club sense. Instead, with a grace, skill, and ability neither men - nor any of the other men had ever witnessed - she was... was... *dancing*.

She was dressed somewhat more 'formally' than usual for a dance-club, too. She wore an emerald-green satin cocktail dress that came to just above her knees. The ruffled bodice enclosed what looked to Andrew to be perfect, perky D-cup breasts, and twin rhinestone-studded straps crossed a slender waist before crossing again in the middle of delightfully displayed back as

they rose to become the straps over her flawless shoulders. All in all, Andrew estimated that figure to be a delicious 36D-24-36, and it was perched gracefully atop the slender five-inch heels of her white 'classic' pumps with small 'emerald' decorations.

"To be honest..." David started to say - and just then, the woman's eyes caught sight of the two men talking to each other.

For the briefest of instants, a look of sheer panic stamped itself on that stunning face - and then it was gone, replaced with perfect white teeth

displayed in a all-to-perfect beauty-queen smile. Then she danced for *them*.

Instantly, all other thoughts fled each of the men's minds as they gazed upon the woman, moving her body in a way that somehow reached out to each of them. It was so entrancing, so captivating, so... perfect, that it didn't even allow them the chance to be anything like sexually aroused by the movements of that oh-so-perfect figure. There was no room for something like base sexuality as her movements reached deep into the brains of each man and forced their (rather atrophied) sense of pure, aesthetic beauty to take up all their brain-power...

...and then she realized that her attention on Dave and Andrew had allowed another man's attention to somehow drift away from adoring worship of her utter perfection, and another brief spasm of panic crossed her features before she smote the heretic with the full force of her Goddesshood...

Both men watched, entranced, as she danced away... but she *was* dancing 'away', and the spell oh-so-slowly faded.

"...it's starting to freak me out..." David finally managed to finish the thought in a huff of breath, and Andrew nodded in agreement. They began to edge off the dance-floor... even as part of them cried out to stay, to devote themselves to that per-

The stopped dead, eyes glazing, as the Goddess spotted them, and once again they were enthralled... but while she captured them anew, another man managed to bolt away into the crowd.

* * * *

Webmistress rubbed wearily at her temples as she turned away from the... woman-shaped thing on the dance floor. Even she hadn't been completely immune to the incredible beauty of 'Goddess Melissa-bot' as she danced... but now she knew it was Melvin generating those merciful short, but damnably intense bursts of pain every time his creation fell short of the utter perfection that would enthrall all men into worshipping 'her' beauty.

For the first time, Webmistress found herself hoping the male side of one of the five would 'win out' - the reality 'Melissa' would no doubt create if 'she' one could be... problematical.

There was no sign of it happening soon, however, so Webmistress headed off, practically staggering, hoping to find the one creating the writing, twisting sensation in her source next.

She didn't - she found the one creating the incredibly rapid 'clicking'.

It was Jazzy - and she was sitting perfectly upright in a dim corner booth, motionless except for the slow rise and fall of her chest as her blank eyes stared sightlessly of into nothingness.

"She's... catatonic, or something!" Shout the manager, who'd been summoned by a waitress who'd become very worried indeed when she'd tried to serve the woman. "Call an ambulance or something....!"

Jazzy wasn't really catatonic, Webmistress knew - it was just that the two sides of her were locked in so perfectly matched a battle to decide what she was going to do or say, that she ended up saying and doing nothing...

...and, as it had been all along, the battle was still growing more intense as each side tried to find an edge, taking up more and more of her brain, until it would get to the point where she would even forget to breath.

"Miss...? Miss, what's wrong...?" The waitress who had found Jazzy blurted out in shock - and then whirled to the manager. "Sir - it... it might be something contagious...!"

Dimly, Webmistress realized through the whirling, throbbing, twining pain in her head that the 'miss' the waitress had been talking to had been her.

She was no longer 'unnoticeable'; the feedback from the five minds was getting too strong for, interfering in her own control over reality.

Five minds - but she had only found four...

A high-pitched woman's scream - and then a woman burst from the bathroom, shouting incoherently.

Somehow, Webmistress stumbled along with the crowd - and saw what had caused the screaming woman to flee from the bathroom.

Kelly was standing, arms braced against the counter holding the sinks, staring fixedly in the mirror as her clothing slowly ripped apart - which wasn't surprising, as the body inside those clothes was in flux.

Her breasts swelled rapidly, until they almost rivaled Melanie's - and then they began to shrink, even as her waist pinched even more sharply inwards... only to widen again, in time with bulging hips, which in turn shrank even as her ass ballooned outwards, and she began to shrink...

Somehow, so uncertain about her body, Kelly's desperate mind had managed to find a link that allowed her to reshape her body.

A body that her mind simply could *not* decide how it should look. Too late, Webmistress realized just how massively, arrogantly, monumentally, stupidly, thoroughly, dangerously, *lethally* she'd screwed the whole thing up.

Too late, for as she reached out to break those five bubbles and stop what was happening, she realized she'd taken that ability away from herself when she'd 'handed it over' to each of the five transformed men.

Stupidly, because she should have realized that 'perfectly balanced' meant *perfectly* balanced - either side unable to 'win'. She'd counted on outside

factors to push them one way or the other... but when one outside factor might push them one way, another outside factor could push them the other. It had been too perfect a balance.

Lethally... because it was killing her. The feedback loop was only growing stronger in each of the five. Jazzy was the furthest along, with Kelly a close second - but all five were in a feedback loop that would eventually destroy them...

...except that they weren't really at risk, because the power that was killing them came from Webmistress, and as the focus of all five of those whip-sawing feedbacks on five different frequencies and amplitudes, she was going to be the first to fail under the still-growing feedback.

Barely able to think through the metaphysical pain, her howling mind struggled to come up with something - anything! - that could break this loop before it killed her and dumped each of the five ex-male's into whatever reality that 'fit' whatever was most dominant within them at the instant of her destruction.

She couldn't - couldn't come up with a single, solitary thing, and now she was on the ground, shaking uncontrollable, thoughts skidding away from her, destruction imminent...

...so Webmistress did the only thing she COULD do, even though a scream of pain, of loss, of desperate anguish tore from her throat even as she did it.

Reality *flinched* from the unthinkable thing she'd just done - and then it *exploded*.

* * * * EPILOGUE

One Month Later

When her first warning that it was time to get up, the somnolent figure who had once been Webmistress began to stir. A month ago, the attempt to tray and regain the reassuring nothingness of sleep would have been instinctive, but a month's worth of failing to heed the warning was a strong incentive; slowly, the blessed dark tide of sleep began to recede as the figure reluctantly strove for consciousness.

When the second warning that it was time to get up came, the person who had once been Webmistress stirred, and eyes slowly slid open to stare up at the blank bedroom ceiling above. Sleep-heavy limbs sang a siren-song to remain in the blessed cocoon of the bed, but very slowly the person began to stir.

The third warning to get up came, and the woman who had once been Webmistress, but was coming more and more to think of herself solely as 'Body', finally forced herself into motion, her movements heavy with the

dread of the day she was going to have to face - a day like every day of the past month, a day like every day of her future.

With slow, reluctant movements, Body forced herself to sit upright, and then to swing her legs over the side of the bed. Her conscious mind still not quite willing to release the blissful state of sleep quite yet, she drowsily felt around with her feet for the pair of mules, finally finding them and sliding her feet into them. Body managed to get herself upright...

...but she must have taken too long, for she felt the very first sensations that warned her she was about to be punished, as she'd been punished before to make her rise from the bed and face the world, even though she did not want to.

At least this time, she made it to the bathroom before she made a mess in the bedroom. Humiliated, she waited for it to be over, then Body took care of her morning ablutions, then returned to the bedroom - for the humiliating task of getting dressed.

Finally 'suitably' attired, Body quelled a sigh, and forced herself to leave the sanctuary of her bedroom - and, as she stepped out into the upstairs hallway, Body caught sight of Nate Hawthorne just stepping into the bedroom across and down the hall a little ways, breakfast tray in his hands.

With his hands full with the tray, Nate tried to push the door closed with his foot once he was in the room - but it didn't quite shut all the way, leaving a slight gap between door and frame.

Body hesitated - but then, despite everything, simply couldn't resist. As silently as possible, she padded to the door, then maneuvered herself until she could press one eye up to the narrow opening.

Body watched as Nate carefully placed the heavily-laden breakfast tray on the bed-table, then tenderly perched himself on the edge of the bed, lightly caressing one shapely, dusky leg of the figure just beginning to stir on the bed's soft surface.

With a soft sigh, the reclining figure's eyes fluttered open - and in that first, waking moment, an expression of confusion - and concern - began to form...

...and then, in a soft voice, Nate said "Good morning, gorgeous creature," and the expression on Kelly Hawthorne's face faded instantly into a warm - and sultry - smile.

"Mmm... Good morning yourself, lover-boy..." Kelly all-but-purred. Turning her head slightly, she eyed the breakfast tray, inhaling deeply. "Something sure smells delicious."

Even now, Nate hesitated ever so slightly, his innately shy nature warring with the new situation - but then, a shyly wicked smile touched his face, and

he leaned forward, nearly burying his face between his wife's firm, pert breasts and taking a ostentatiously deep inhale himself.

"I'd say something smells absolutely heavenly..." He informed her, with a playfully judicious tone.

"I meant the food, you insatiable satyr you...!" Kelly replied, slapping him on the arm - but it was a playful slap, and her voice had once again practically been purring with sensual satisfaction.

"Oh, well, the food..." Nate replied, equally playful. "Well, given how much energy you expended giving me ultimate pleasure last night, I figured you needed to refuel."

"Oh, you burned a lot of calories yourself, handsome..." Kelly chuckled - and cocked an eyebrow suggestively, "...and who said anything about being done, hmm...?"

"Your whim is my wish, milady." Nate replied - and leaned down for a long, lingering kiss. Then, slowly and teasingly, he began kissing his way down her body, murmuring little compliments and muttering approval of every silken inch, until he finally reached her womanhood. This, too, he kissed - but he didn't move on, shifting himself into a more comfortable position on the bed, even as she spread her taut thighs to allow him all the better to like and nibble at her wet pussy.

"Oh, god... that feels wonderful..." Kelly Hawthorne moaned - and then Martin Kelly continued: "Drop-dead gorgeous, and she also sucks cock like a world-class pro. What did I ever do to get so lucky...?"

Willingly, skillfully - *lovingly* - working her husband's hard, throbbing cock with her skilled hands and full, pouty lips, Natalie Kelly chuckled around the cock filling her warm mouth - then *really* buckled down to work.

"Oh, God baby - you're the best... the best!" Martin moaned as she used hands, lips and tongue to pleasure his hard cock. It was as if she somehow instinctively knew the best way to pleasure a man, and yet her skill was so great that she could also keep him from 'popping off' too quickly, making the intense pleasure last and last - but there was a limit in all things, and finally he gasped: "Oh, baby, I'm gonna cum...!"

That's when she released the muscles at the back of her throat, leaned forward, and took the entire girthy length of his impressive cock right down her throat - causing him to immediately erupt, his cum jetting right down her throat.

With another chuckle, the buxom, tanned woman pulled her mouth off of his slowly softening cock with a muffled 'pop', then carefully licked every inch of it clean before finally sitting up again.

"How was *that* for a 'wake up call'...?" Natalie asked.

"Wonderful..." Martin Kelly replied - and then Kelly Hawthorne went on, tartly: "...but now that you've gotten my pussy all hot and wet with an oral orgasm, you just *have* to satisfy it complete with a hard, throbbing cock!"

"I can do that, lady mine..." Nate laughed, gesturing at his crotch as he shifted into a better position. "It just so happens that I have one right here!"

"Then fill me with it, lover-boy...!" Kelly half-demanded, half-begged. "Fuck me, Nate - fuck me hard!"

Nate laughingly agreed - and slid his hard cock into her wet and oh-so- willing womanhood. He began to thrust, somewhat slowly at first, but under her demands, began thrusting harder and harder and Natalie Kelly thrust herself hard and fast up and down on her husband's wonderful manhood, telling him how much she loved it as Nate Hawthorne fucked Kelly's cunt as she moaned and thrashed asked for more and...

Body pulled back from the opening, mind whirling a little bit - as it always did when Kelly/Martin and Nate/Natalie went into 'rapid transformation' mode.

It didn't happen all that often, and the time it was most common was in the morning - when the woman in each of them needed the most reassurance from their respective husband that they were, indeed, beautiful.

In it's own way, it was a very 'elegant' solution for the problem of unbreakable balance, Body had to admit. After all, neither of them was consciously aware of the transformations at all.

One of them was always male, and the other female - and, whoever was male remembered a complete, uninterrupted life of always being male, and the female likewise for being female. When they switched, the memories switched just as smoothly, and the now-female believed herself to have always been female (with the memories to back them up) as fervently as she'd believed herself to always have been male when she was male.

At any given instant, one of them was a man amazed to have somehow 'caught' such a gorgeous and sexy woman - and the other was a woman who was equally ecstatic to find a man who could make her feel gorgeous and sexy all the time.

Body shook her head in amazement - for it also allowed the pair to have some truly marathon sexual session. Though not consciously aware of the transitions, they nevertheless somehow employed them in a decidedly 'conscious' manner. Whenever whoever was the man came close to orgasm during sex, they would switch - and go through a female orgasm, which means 'she' would be heard and ready when the 'new' man came close to orgasm and the switched again.

Which meant, by and large, the 'fuckfest' ended only when they reached simultaneous orgasm.

All in all, the two... people... seemed quite satisfied with their lives - even if the constantly 'swapping' reality of their lives never actually matched whatever life they remembered living in whichever gender they happened to be in that instant.

Moving silently away from the door, Body carefully made her way down the stairs- and then paused at the bottom, peering through the archway that led from the hall into the living room.

This being morning, Body supposed it was technically 'Jazzy' sprawled on the couch - but that was a hard definition to make, considering the way 'handling the balance' had been achieved with the sexy black woman.

For example - in what Body considered the 'Jazzy' state, she wasn't even consciously aware she *was* a woman.

Which explained what she was slumped on the couch wearing a pair of men's boxer shorts over her nicely rounded hips, and a white 'wife-beater' undershirt over her taut, ebon breasts.

It also explained why her dark eyes were avid as she paged her way through a porno magazine.

Just then, a little light flickered on the special phone console beside the couch - and, conscious mind completely unaware of what her left hand was doing, Jazzy reached over to flick a switch.

To be more accurate - *Jezebel* reached over and flicked the switch, and it was *her* voice that emerged, completely unnoticed by Jazzy, from between full, unadorned lips: "This is Jezebel, you fucking pathetic loser. What sort of sick, perverted fantasy you're too weak and pathetic to try in real life are you going to try and convince me I should play along with, dickhead?"

She paused, then spoke again into the little boom-mounted mike on the high-end Bluetooth devie on her left ear: "What, again, you sick piece of shit. This is the third time in three days, you pathetic wanker. Do you actually imagine that I'm down on my knees right now, dressed only in a latex corset attached to latex stocks, my full, firmly packed round ass thrust up in the air as I beg you to slide you hard, throbbing cock into my tight fucking ass, you sad pervert...?"

As Jezebel continued the demeaning - and highly explicit - phone sex with one of her regulars, Jazzy tossed aside the girlie mag and picked up a big, black plastic dildo. Using her left hand, she spread open the fly on her boxer shorts - and then she slid the dildo deep and hard into her hot, wet cunt.

It was not a response from the filthy slut-but words pouring from her - or, rather Jezebel's - mouth, but from getting turned on by the 'hot babes' in the magazine. Jazzy didn't even think it weird to be fucking her dripping- wet cunt with a big, fake dick - her mind refused to consciously acknowledge it that way, and she thought of it simply as 'jacking off'.

Two minds in one body - but only one in control of the majority of their actions, with the other in control of their voice, and neither consciously aware of the other. That was why, as Jazzy 'jacked herself off' by plunging the dildo hard and fast into her sopping womanhood, not a single part of it showed up in the voice still 'voice-fucking' the man on the other end of the phone-sex line. Not even when Jazzy reached powerful, body-twitching orgasm did Jezebel's voice so much as miss a beat.

Then, still consciously unaware of what the 'other her' was doing, Jazzy pushed an earbud earphone into her right ear. It was attached to the TV, and she - 'he', in her mind - turned on a sports highlight show, not even consciously aware of the reason she was delaying having a beer.

Body continued to watch - and listen - until Jezebel had finished the call - and her shift. Removing both Bluetooth transmitter and earbud, she rose and walked - with a masculine swagger - towards where Body stood.

Trading a raunchy, innuendo-filled greeting for a much more sedate one from Body, Jazzy swaggered up the stairs.

Equally amazed by how Jazzy/Jezebel's balance issue had been dealt with, Body carefully made her way through the swinging door into the kitchen - then stopped dead to watch what was going on.

A padded cushion from one of the wooden kitchen chairs had been placed on the floor in front of a second chair - and on it knelt a stunningly, (*one might even say 'perfectly'*), beautiful woman. A woman in the process of giving the grocery delivery boy an unbelievable long, luxurious, exquisitely pleasurable *perfect* blow-job.

Though the full, wine-red lips wrapped around the throbbing cock would alternate longer, slower patterns with fast bobbing motion, the perfectly coifed mass of glossy black, 'retro'-styled hair always fell immediately back into perfect place. Those full lips wetly worked the shaft, but no extra drop of moisture escaped, and no lipstick was smeared or wiped off on the cock she so expertly sucked. Even her pose as she knelt in front of the young man was in no way awkward or submissive, but sublimely sexy, graceful, beautiful... and powerful.

Then the delivery boy came incredibly long and hard, crying out in ecstasy - and the woman didn't miss so much as a drop of the cum that gushed from his cock in a veritable torrent.

Once she'd milked him dry, the woman rose with exquisite grace, replacing the cushion on the other chair, then walking calmly and with sensual, perfect elegance over to the purse on the counter, while the delivery boy finished arranging his clothes...

...and then he blinked, looking momentarily confused.

"Here you are, Billy," The woman said in a rich, full voice, giving the delivery boy some money. "You may keep the change."

"Thanks, Miss Manchester!" Billy replied, heading for the door - and pausing to exchange greetings with Body, (*although, of course, he didn't call her that*), looking at her almost longingly... and wondering why his cock wasn't responding the way he'd expect it to around her.

Then he walked out the door, completely unaware that the gorgeous woman with the perfect, milky-pale skin and rick, dark hair had just given him a blowjob.

Well, to be honest, that was because he wasn't the one that had gotten it. His *body* had - but it had been Melvin who had been the one to experience it.

With a deep sigh of regret and loss, Body surveyed the body that had once been hers - still with the coloration Webmistress had possessed, but formed into the epitome of perfection, as defined by the mind - or, rather, the impossibly advanced and 'perfect' Artificial Intelligence - now operating it.

That, after all, had been the last-ditch solution Body had given into, the last act she - as Webmistress - had, or ever would, perform. The reality-warping power, after all, was provided by a structure in the brain itself... so when she'd made that last alteration she'd ever make to reality, she'd swapped 'minds' (but not brains), and thus bodies, with Melissa Manchester.

Who, in the space of less than a single second, had calculated this 'perfect' solution for all the imbalances in reality.

Well, that everybody *e/se* seemed to think was perfect - Body was considerably less taken with the solution, at least as it applied to her...

"Good morning, Tinabelle," Melissa greeted her with the same name the delivery boy had used, warmly and sweetly - which she was now able to do, with the 'perfection' of holding reality-bending powers and the fact that Melvin was no longer 'egging her on' allowing her to be perfectly sweet, comfortable and rational, without the egotistical need to 'become' a Goddess...

...since, in a very really way, she already was one, and so perfectly secure in the knowledge that she didn't need to dominate the rest of the world into overt recognition of the fact. Mainly, she only used it to give various unsuspecting men the sexual experience of a lifetime - although none of those men ever knew it, because it had been Melvin who experienced it each time. In bodies of every different possible size and type, with cocks of every size, shape and color, Melvin got to experience the perfect sexual encounter for that particular body - and since, between sexual encounters, Melvin was dormant inside of Melissa, life from his perspective had become nothing more than an unending series of perfect sexual encounters, each different from the last to keep it from getting boring.

So, even from Melvin's point of view, limited as it was, the solution was perfect.

"Good morning, Melissa!" Body replied, hating how warm, bright and cheerful it emerged from her glossy hot-pink lips...

...and then she gasped as her nipples suddenly swelled to full extension - and since that was a rather impressive amount, left them straining almost - *almost* - painfully against the shiny spandex that covered them

Though she wanted to say it sourly, when Body spoke it was not only in that warm, chipper voice, but with the pleasure thrumming through her from her nipples quite evident in its tone: "..er, and Tits says 'good morning', too!"

"Of course they do, dear." Melissa said with warmly complacent certainty. "Please sit down, and I'll get your breakfast for you."

Oh-so-very-carefully, Body maneuvered Tits into place, resting them gently on the table as she lowered herself into the chair.

To the rest of the world, she was Tinabelle - but that was really a 'secret code' indicating that she was a composite creature - Tits and Body.

Tits was what had once been Henry Metzger/Melanie Honey. Body was what had been Melissa Manchester's female form, with what had been Webmistress' mind inside of it, controlling it... except for Tits, and certain associated functions Tits had co-opted.

Henry/Melanie had been obsessed totally and wholly with tits... and the 'imbalance' had come from Henry hating them on 'his' body, and from Melanie wanting to focus exclusively on her tits to the exclusion on her own body.

Well, now both sides of Tits' personas were merged into one, happy one - for they were 'nothing but a huge pair of tits'... and they had Body to take care of non-directly-Tit-related things, like eating, sleeping, walking and talking...

...and, eventually, though Body had so far successfully fought a losing battle against it, 'taking care' of any or all of the cocks that Tits loved getting hard. Tits only cared about being admired and lusted after, fondled and pleased and, yes, sometimes even fucked directly - but it was Body who was expected, once 'broken in', to deal with cocks most of the time, and even clean up after the times Tits themselves were fucked.

Of course, the body Tits was mounted on was no longer exactly identical to the one Melissa had posses when she'd been in it. Oh, it was certainly close enough - close enough that 'Tinabelle Manchester' was Melissa's younger sister. Then again, the Tits mounted on that body weren't the same ones Melanie had been carting around...

...the new fusion was much more 'efficiently' designed for the purpose of drawing men's attention.

The new Melissa was wearing a navy-blue housedress with white polka- dots, a red leather belt, black back-seamed stockings, and red leather T- strap pumps with a six-inch gold-toned spike heel that matched the elegantly understated jewelry she wore - and it all enclosed a 36DD-24-36 figure.

For the various similarities between the two 'sisters', there was absolutely *nothing* 'understated' about Tinabelle.

She, too, wore a 'housedress' - but hers was white with pink polka-dots, with the upper half of the dress glossy spandex, and the loose-pleated skirt of white silk over several layers of lace underskirts. The hem of the lowest underskirt didn't quite cover the elasticized tops of the white nylons she wore, making the little pink satin ribbon bows on the back of each nylon visible.

Rather than a belt, Tinabelle wore a hot-pink leather waist cincher that pulled the spandex below Tits even tighter, making Tits stand out all the more - though Body felt they hardly needed the help. However, Tits felt that it was better not to display much of their actual skin, but still make their size unmistakable - the theory being it would make men all the more eager to see them displayed than a plunging neckline would.

Her shoes had a T-strap upper in the same hot-pink, high-gloss leather - but the one-and-a-half inch platforms were white, as were the seven inch tapered heels. Also gloss hot pink were the big, hoop earrings, the large 'bead' necklace, and the many bangles Tits had Body wearing today.

All in all, that ensemble encased a 38HHH-20-38 figure with legs proportionally longer for her height than Melissa's - and the much larger Tits now boasted nipples keeping in scale with her massive, incredible firm spherical size.

Not that 'Tinabelle' looked like a bimbo - no, she still had all of Melissa's old beauty and grace (*as well as golden hair and green eyes*), and her enforced reactions were warm, sweet, and even intelligent. She didn't have Melissa's 'programming' to force her to try and be graceful and 'perfect' in every motion, but she did have the 'muscle memory' that any motion she made had an amazing amount of grace built-in. It just seemed considerably more 'natural' than the original, blonde Melissa's movements... and nowhere near as elegant as the new Melissa's movements.

There would be some women out there, Body knew, who would actually kill for a body like the one she now possessed - but she wasn't one of them...

Melissa brought over a plate, and placed it on the table. Very carefully, Body manoeuvred plate and herself so that she could reach around Tits and begin eating the breakfast - which was, of course, perfectly prepared.

Shortly thereafter, Jezebel came into the room.

A skin-tight red spandex dress, barely long enough to cover her crotch and that magnificent ass of her, encased her body, and she was walking with a frankly provocative 'come and get it' walk atop the tapered heels of her glossy patent leather thigh-high black boots...

...and Jazzy was consciously unaware of any of this, as she spoke in that still-feminine voice, but with a male cadence.

"Damn - there be some fucking hot female flesh in this room right now!" Jazzy exclaimed with a grin. "How about a quick bite to eat before I head out, gorgeous?"

"Certainly." Melissa replied, warmly. "What are your plans for the day, my dear?"

"Oh, you know - just gonna go for a walk, see what's up..." Jazzy replied conversationally - unaware as she said 'what's up', Jezebel had put a hand at her crotch, using it to mime getting an erection.

"Might pop into the sports bar for something to drink..." Jazzy continued - as Jezebel lifted a hand and mimed giving a blow-job.

"Might run into a couple of the guys, bring 'em back here to hang out..." The blissfully unaware 'male' portion of her personality not noticing as Jezebel put air quotes around 'hang out', then held her hands out in front of her and bucked her hips, pantomiming sex.

Despite everything, despite her own unhappiness with her fate, Body had to fight back a grin at the sight of Jezebel's actions to Jazzy's conversational, off-hand tone.

Well - that, and knowing what would happen, since Body had been around when Jezebel had brought a guy home to 'hang out' with earlier in the month. The guy and her had been sittin' in the living room, watching TV, and Jazzy had commented on one of the 'hot babes' on the screen... then 'conversationally' mentioned that she would have looked even hotter wearing something shorter and tighter.

Like the very clothes she'd been wearing, without being consciously aware of it. Which was why the guy had drawn certain conclusions when Jazzy had continued in the same vein, about how when a hot babe dressed 'short and tight', you *knew* it was because she was looking for some action... an opinion given while Jezebel had reached over and begun lightly stroking his crotch.

As he'd given her a good, hard fucking that she (*or, at least, her body*) responded eagerly to, he must have thought it a bit odd to her here conversationally remark, "I don't know what you're doing back there, buddy but it feels fantastic. Keep it up!".

It certainly hadn't stopped him from following her instructions, Body had noticed.

Now, taking the breakfast sandwich Melissa had made for her, Jezebel wiggled and swayed her way out of the kitchen, her 'pure bitch-slut' persona currently in silent control of the majority of their shared body taking Jazzy's consciousness out to get fucked as much as they possibly could... while Jazzy's mind simply ignored or 'converted' anything that didn't fit her supposed male identity.

The weirdest thing about it, Body thought with a sigh, the depression re- enveloping her as she pushed the now-empty plate away, was the fact that both personas in the gorgeous black body *were* happy with their strange new life.

"Oh, come now, Tinabelle - surely it's not all as bad as that." Melissa said - even though she knew Body's feelings about her own current existence. "You are beginning to adapt to yourself, after all."

"Maybe," Body said warmly, wishing she could grunt it doubtfully, as she wished. "Then again, Tits punished me again this morning for how it took me to get out of bed. I understand they aren't just going to let me spend all my time hiding in bed - but is it really fair to humiliate me by lactating uncontrollably for nearly five minutes, simply because I don't pop right up out of bed like some bright-eyed jack-in-the-box...?"

Melissa simply looked at Body for a moment - and then made the slightest, elegantly graceful gesture with one hand...

Body felt herself - that is, her mind - 'shunted aside'. Like a puppet with its strings cut, she fell forward onto the table, supported solely by the Tits her head now flopped helplessly down upon, eyes open wide and staring helplessly as her face went blank and slack.

'I'm sorry - I didn't mean to complain...' Body shouted into the echoing vaults of her mind - but no sound emerged from her slack lips.

For a moment, she lay there helplessly - and then, with an oddly graceful convulsive jerk, Tits stood them up.

It was that 'pre-programmed' grace inherited from the original Melissa-bot body that allowed for the strange parody of a sexy walk as Tits moved towards the sink atop those high heels, arms hanging limp at her sides. She reached the sink - and then stood, motionless, as Melissa came over and carefully pulled the straps of their dress of Tinabelle's body, lowering it to the wasit-cincher and freeing Tits.

Tits - who was already transmitting a very familiar tingling, tightening sensation to Body's silently pleading mind.

Then, just as she'd already had to do once this morning, Body was forced to endure the sensations as milk began to leak, dribble, and occasional spurt from her huge, now-swollen nipples.

That was humiliating enough - but then Melissa took her right Tit's swollen nipple in hand... and began to squeeze and tug.

Body wished she could sob and plead in utter humiliation as the milk now became a gush with very tug... even as her body twitched under the utter humiliation of the intense pleasure generated from the humiliating and degrading milking she was undergoing. She knew from experience - which she'd sworn never to repeat - that the milk came out much faster if she actively 'milked' herself... but it was accompanied by pleasure she didn't want to feel, and only redoubled the demeaning humiliation when her pussy helplessly began to dampen from the pleasure.

Then, thankfully, Melissa stopped tugging on the massive nipple when Body estimated that tit was down to about half-full, and it returned to a steady leak like her still mostly-full left Tit...

...and then Melissa took the right Tit, lifted it up with both hands - and, latching her perfect lips around the swollen, super-sensitive nipple, she began to suck.

It was even more degradingly pleasurable that hand-milking had been, and the milk began coming faster and faster, flowing into Melissa's mouth...

...and then it exploded into a thick, steady jet of arching milk that quickly drained the rest of her right Tit - all over the kitchen floor.

All over the floor, because what had spurred the sudden, boob-draining gush of milk had been the orgasm she'd reached, just from being suckled. It was a tremendously powerful orgasm - or, in fact, 'double orgasm', for it had fired orgasmic pleasure in both the right Tit, and Body's now-sopping pussy. That amount of pleasure had been more than enough to overcome Tit's control of their composite body, and Tinabell had slumped to a loosely straddle-legged sitting position, her back supported by cabinetry, as she soundlessly and slack-faced shuddered her way through the Tit-draining, pussy-soaking orgasm that wracked her helplessly body.

"You aren't being punished, dear..." Melissa told her, gracefully crouched beside where Body finished helplessly shuddering her way through the last of the orgasm. "Tits is just trying to teach you that your new life doesn't have to be 'horrible' - that you can have a life full of pleasure, lots of pleasure, if only you'd let it..."

Then, Melissa turned and elegantly walked away, even as control was returned to Body, who shuddered and shivered, gasping.

Her face flushed, her breaths coming in pants, all too aware of the sodden, warm wetness in her panties and the milk still dribbling from her still mostly-full left Tit, Body stared down at the massive, spherical endowments thrust outrageously far from her chest, each tipped with a massive, pink nipple at full, throbbing extension.

For a long moment Body simply stared down... and then, with an almost dreamy motion, Tinabelle carefully hefted the full weight of her left breast in her hands. Held it for a second. Hesitantly, with fits and starts, lifted and twisted it. Almost reluctantly, pushed her head forward. Opened her lips. Hesitantly took the full, pink nipple between full, pink lips...

She might have been hesitant and unsure when she began to suck - but by the time an even more powerful orgasm caused the milk to empty from her second boob in one huge, gushing stream, she was slurping and sucking hungrily at the massive nipple, hands needing and squeezing her breasts, refusing to let go even as more milk than she could possibly swallow spurted and gushed from her lips around the huge nipple, her body jerking and shuddering sharply in the throes of intense ecstasy.

Then the huge boob fell from her hand as Tinabelle slide down, laying in the puddle of milk, almost unwillingly basking in the afterglow of the most powerfully pleasure orgasmic experience of her life - and she couldn't help but acknowledge that Melissa's solution to Tits' and Body's problem might not have been nearly as 'imperfect' as she'd first believed...

THE END



SUMMARY: From his Jail cell, a macho male emails the writer giving detail to his slow transformation into a female for crimes committed.

Arrested Development

By Gunslinger

Subject: COURT ORDERED E-MAIL DIARY Date: Wed, 15 Mar 2000 08:46:35 PST

From: "John Doe" <7382635276@idoc.gov> To: gunslinger@beararchive.com

If you've been reading the papers, then you know who I am - or who I was. Until two days ago, I was Richard William Lockhart, of Chicago, Illinois.

Yeah, that Richie Lockhart. The one who plead guilty to twenty-two counts of aggravated sexual assault. The one who took the most unusual plea-bargain in the history of Illinois jurisprudence, rather than face a life in jail.

You don't know the details of that plea-bargain - but you're going to find out. One of the many little conditions of this arrangement was the most unusual elocution I've ever heard of - I've got to write this daily e-mail account to a person chosen by my 'keeper' - and, for whatever reason, she picked you. I have no idea what the hell you're supposed to do with this damned thing, but I have to obey all the rules laid down, or my new address is going to be Joliet, for 'the rest of my natural-born life'.

See, the deal is that I'm a free man in only two weeks. That's right - in fourteen days, if I obey all the rules of this little plea-bargain, I get to walk out free and clear.

I won't be 'myself', though - one of the weirder little aspects is that I'm legal a ward to one Doctor Evelyn Meredith - my 'keeper'. I'm also now legally known as 'John Doe'. I gave up my 'past' life for a chance at a new one. All my old identity is 'gone'. I'm not allowed to ever use my previous identity to gain any 'history'. Hell, if I want to drive again, I'm going to have to reapply for a license under whatever name I get 'assigned' to me by Doctor Meredith on my last day. That's the rules.

Good ol' Doc Meredith is the one who's going to decide who I'm going to be for the rest of my life. See, I've given up everything. I'll be free when I walk out of here - but I won't be myself. I'm going to be 'cured', see. That's what this whole, weird little two-week rehab thing's about. Supposedly, by the end of that time I'll be a new person in body and mind. Well, I don't know about the whole 'mind' routine, but I ain't exactly Tom Cruise, if you know what I mean. So, maybe the 'cure' will be making such an absolute stud-muffin that I'll have women throwing themselves at me, thus removing my 'need' to force it.

Hell - a guy can dream, can't he?

Look, I really don't know what to say in this damned letter. It's supposed to be an 'introduction', let you get a feel for who I am and what's going to happen when my 'rehab' starts tomorrow. What should I say? That I'm short, skinny, funny-looking? I've got brown hair that's hair-colored. I've got brown eyes, brown beard, and wear brown loafers ninety percent of the time. You know that movie where an asteroid's gonna hit earth and they send a bunch of miners up in shuttles? You remember that guy who went nuts, shot up some stuff, sat on the 'nuclear weapon', stuff like that? Thin guy, greasy black hair, bulging eyes?

He could be my better looking brother. Imagine him shorter, with muddy brown hair and eyes, and a voice that sounds like he sucks helium twenty-four hours a day - and you've got me down to a 'T'.

How 'bout you, 'Gunslinger' old buddy? Who the hell are you? I know you're a guy, 'cause Doctor Meredith refers to you as 'he'. I know that you're a writer, too - and if this is some sort of deal where you're getting an exclusive book or news story, then more power to you. I just don't get why Doctor Meredith seems to find it amusing that I'm being forced to tell my story to you.

Speaking of my keeper, she just told me that I can stop here. (Yippee). The court says I have to write to you every day, so I will. I hope that you know why the hell I'm doing this - 'cause I sure as hell don't.

DAY ONE

Look, buddy - I don't know who the hell you are, but I know you're a guy, so you'll understand why I'm asking you to do this. More importantly, at the moment, you're the only person outside this secure facility I'm allowed to 'talk' to - and not only am I 'allowed' to say whatever the hell I want to you, I'm urged to.

So, here's what I've got to say:

CALL MY LAWYER! His name's David Robertson, and he's in the book. Chicago, Illinois. Firm of David Robertson and Associates, Attorneys-at-Law. Call him, and tell him he's got to do something.

You know what they did to me today? They treated me like some fuckin' faggot or something!

Oh, there was other stuff, and I don't know what the hell that's about, but it was no big deal. I've got to walk around all the time with this pole on wheels with this IV hanging off of it and running into my arm. They give me a very specific diet, and they're making me do these exercises I can't figure out. Plus, there's these two-hour sessions of 'hypnotherapy', where they put me under with drugs and I wake up feeling groggy and 'stupid' for a couple hours. Big deal.

But I was dressed like some fuckin' sissy while I did all this stuff! No shit!

I mean, it started right after I woke up this morning. I'm tryin' to grow a goatee, but I shave around it every third day or so, so people'll know it's hair, and not some dirt or something. Only, I'm told to shave the whole thing off. So, I'm a little ticked, no big deal, I do it.

But now - that's not what Doctor Meredith meant when she said I was to get rid of 'all the hair'. She meant everywhere, man!

Jeez - I thought she was joking, at first. Two really big fuckin' guards-slash-interns made me understand that it was no joke. I couldn't believe it - those two huge apes actually stood over me in the industrial-sized shower, watching me as I stood there naked and wet - and they made sure I shaved off all my body hair. I think they're faggots or something, cause it didn't seem to bother them at all to watch my skinny naked ass as I shaved my legs like I was some fuckin' chick getting ready for the prom. It just wasn't the legs, though - it was everywhere.

Then they did something to me. I don't know what the hell it's called, but involves a rotating table, this big fuckin machine with warnings all over it about lasers and shit - and when they were done, not only didn't I have any body hair, but you couldn't tell I ever did. I've never been one of these 'ape men' who grows hair all over their body - but I've never been as completely hairless as I am now, not since I was old enough to walk.

I think it's permanent, too. Isn't that laser shit 'forever'? Or maybe it's 'only' a couple of months. God - this is so fuckin' embarrassing, man - you gotta know what I'm talking about. How'd you like to shave off all your body hair, like some broad?

But that's not all - oh, no. They also made me wear girl's clothes! Yeah!

First, it was like this little, cute, 'Catholic School Girl' outfit. You know - plain white panties (Doctor Meredith called them 'briefs', but they're women's panties), plaid skirt, white blouse, stupid little plaid tie, these silly white knee socks and those damned 'Mary Jane' shoes.

God - it was so embarrassing. Those damn panties don't fit, of course - even if it wasn't disgusting to wear girls panties, the way they fit would have made it bad enough - too loose on the ass, too tight on the crotch. God!

The blouse, I guess, was no big deal - kinda like a dress shirt, if you know what I mean - but the damned buttons threw me. They're on the wrong fuckin' side!

Then the skirt Ugh. Man - it was just longer than my knees, but I felt like I was naked. At least it was plaid - I kept telling myself it was a goddamn Kilt. Hell, if Mel Gibson can wear a kilt, I could live with it.

Then there was these socks - white and knee length. I wouldn't give a damn about them, but I was ordered to be 'presentable' in the damn outfit, and I swear I musta pulled the things up a million times during the day.

Then the shoes. Those black patent leather things with the straps, you know? The heels are short, little more than on cowboy boots - but these were god-damned women's shoes, man!

Thing was I was glad to get back into my 'day-time' outfit after my exercise periods. I know that sounds fuckin' sick - but that 'outfit' covered just about all of me, even if it was in women's clothes. During my workouts, I had to wear this hot-pink bathing-suit like thing, with white pantyhose kinda things. Women's sneakers - and ankle and wrist warmers, and a sweatband. I looked like an extra from that movie about dancers, the one made in the eighties when this was 'gym wear'. God - it was so damned embarrassing.

Not embarrassing as dinner and the couple hours afterwards. I had to wear 'evening wear'!

I'm not fuckin' lying, man. I had to wear a fuckin' black dress that went down to my ankles. It sounds like it covered a lot, but, trust me, it didn't. It's neckline was low, and the back went practically all the way to my ass crack. The skirt had this slit up the side, and I had to wear these black nylons! And shoes - high-heeled shoes. Black velvet 'pumps', with these skinny little three-inch heels. God!

I wouldn't have let them do any of this to me except for those two damned apes. The big, muscular guys had to actually force that stupid 'school-girl' outfit on me.

Then they hand-and-ankle-cuffed me into a chair until I was ready to be 'cooperative'.

What the hell else could I do?

Right now, it's not that bad. It's almost bed time, and these three hours are 'mine'. I get to read or watch TV - and I can wear any of the clothes they left with me. It's all women's clothes, and nothing fits right, but jeans and a T-shirt are jeans and a T-shirt, even if they're women's clothes and over top those damned panties.

But you gotta call my lawyer, man. Tell him what's going on. There's got to be something he can do. Isn't this 'cruel and unusual?'

DAY TWO

Please, man - tell me that you've called my lawyer. Tell me that he's investigating a way to make them stop this shit.

Oh, I get it, kinda. They're trying to teach me to respect women by forcing me to live like one. I know what they're trying to do - but that doesn't mean I like it, goddamn it!

It's getting worse. Today I had to do all the same things as yesterday. You know - had to wear the 'school-girl' outfit, the workout clothes, and 'evening wear', although this time it was a red dress, nylons and red pumps. Plus, I don't have to drag my IV on a pole anymore - now they're got the bag on an arm-strap, and it looks like a goddamn purse, with a tube running to my arm.

But now they're making me wear make-up! That's what I did for most of the time I wasn't working out or in hypnotherapy. They were forcing me to go through lessons in make-up! Now, I have to wear make-up whenever anybody else might see me - which means damned near all the time!

Look, I'm telling you - there's no way this can be legal, even if I did sign the damned agreement. I mean - nobody told me that shit like this would be going on, or I'd never have agreed.

Well... maybe. Considering what goes on in prison, maybe looking like a sissy-faggot is better then being some big con's 'bitch'.

But damned, it's disgusting. I look like the world's ugliest chick. Not that I'm upset about not looking good like this - hell no!

Look - you gotta get my lawyer. I don't care what you might think about me, or anything. You probably think I'm scum, and deserved to be punished. Fine - let them punish me! But not like this!

Think about it, man - do you have any idea how humiliating it is to dress up like some fuckin' chick and wear makeup?

DAY THREE

Please. Help me.

I thought the first two days were bad - but they're nothing compared to today.

They performed 'minor surgery' on me - they put some sort of chip thingee in my neck, after I left my room this morning without putting on any damn make-up. They said I was being 'troublesome', so they knock me out and insert this little thing in the back of my neck. It's like a two hour surgery, from start to finish.

But now they can zap me with electricity any time they want to! The bitch actually has a little button on her watch, and every time I do the least thing she thinks is 'resisting' her 're-education', I get zapped! Man, it hurts - I tell you, it's like getting hit by a Mack truck, only without any 'real' injury.

She also said that having the chip in will help them 'accelerate' their program.

So I started wearing goddamn high heels today! I mean - I thought my 'evening wear' heels were 'high heels', and I could barely wobble around on them!

No - when the bitch said 'high heels', she meant 'high heels'. Platform boots, with seven inch spiked heels.

I thought she was kidding! There was no fucking way I could walk in heels like that!

She wasn't kidding. I had to wear the boots - and I'm still wearing them. They buckle up, and have this little lock on each one that keeps me from taking them off, even for bed - I have to wear them until I get it right, even for getting up in the middle of the night for the bathroom.

But that's not all - I'm monitored twenty-four hours a day, and they're using 'light charges' (weaker 'zaps', like getting hit with a Buick instead of a Mack truck, big diff) to 'help' me learn to walk in heels. Every time I goof up, they zap me!

I wore different clothes today, 'cause the bitch says my outfit has to match, and the boots don't go with any of the outfits. These boots are black fake leather and go up thigh-high, covering my entire legs.

So, I wore this red leather skirt and a white 'fuzzy' sweater for the morning.

I didn't want to, but with this chip in me, I had to - just as I had to learn how to do different make-up shit to go with my new 'look'.

I also was 'honored' to be able to start wearing jewelry today - cheap, gaudy stuff. By the time they were done, I looked like some cheap tranny hooker or something.

The work-out was hell. Pure hell - I had to wear the boots the entire time, and I could barely stand, much less go through the exercises. They said they were 'going easy' on me, but I don't think it was any such thing. There I was in that pink leotard and these boots, trying to follow the exercise program it was nuts!

That's another thing - there's something else weird about these boots.

They're electric. There's some sort of battery packs in the platforms of each boot, and I keep feeling these weird tingles in my legs that they keep saying is EMS, without telling me what the hell that means. All I know is that as I ate each meal, I was 'plugged in' to allow the batteries to recharge. In fact, I'm plugged into a socket right now, as I write this.

Man, I think the doctor's actually insane. Crazy. One card short of a deck.

You gotta talk to somebody - *anybody* - and find a way to get me out of this. I didn't agree to letting somebody put some sort of microchip in my neck, man.

For my evening clothes, I had to wear this really tight leather skirt, and this black silk blouse. That was bad enough - I could hardly walk in this dress, and just sitting down...

...but after dinner, I had to dance with one of the big apes that works here! Of course, I argued - and got zapped. So I danced, really badly - and got zapped. I fell down a dozen times at least, got zapped each time - then had to have help getting up, because I couldn't get up by myself!

Now I can't wear jeans and a T-shirt to 'relax', because I can't get jeans on with the boots on. Even that tight skirt had to be laced onto me.

So now I'm wearing the only thing I could find that was comfortable and that I could get on. A goddamn pink silk negligee!

Help me.

DAY FOUR

Goddamn it - have you called anyone? Talked to anyone? Is anyone even out there, reading these damned things?

Look - you want to know what I'm wearing right now? Besides from those damned boots, I mean?

A corset. That's right, a corset - black leather, so tight I can hardly breathe, locked on me like those boots - and, like the damned boots, it's electric! More of the EMS, whatever the hell it is!

That's not all - they're really drugging me up. With everything that's been going on, I haven't been paying much attention to that damned IV I'm toting around everywhere - but now I'm really, really worried about it. It's harder for me to concentrate - and my emotions are all over the map!

I even broke out crying earlier. God! That's embarrassing - but I gotta tell you what's going on, so you understand. I don't care if I'm a low-life scum - I don't deserve this!

Aside from the corset, today was mostly like yesterday, with a lot of zapping for my 'screw-ups'. It's getting downright constant - every slightest 'unfeminine' thing, the slightest goof - and I'm zapped!

God - my feet are killing me. I still barely stand and walk in these damn heels, and I'm wearing them twenty four hours a day - and the boots are too tight to begin with. Man, I feel like my feet are being crushed to a pulp, and my heels and legs hurt from trying to balance on the little 'nothing' heels.

I'm going to bed - I need to just lay down and sleep. This corset is driving me nuts, and with this twenty-four-hour-a-day dope flowing into my veins, I can't think straight.

DAY FIVE

God-fucking-damn it!

I'm not writing this - I can't write on the computer, not now. I've got these fucking.. glove-thingeers on my hands! They're leather, they lace up the side and they go from my hands all the way up to my shoulders - and it's full of these little stiffener-joiner things. I can use my hands for most things, but typing ain't one of them. I also can't lift anything very heavy, can't make any sudden gestures...

See, that's what they're supposed to be for. I have to be more 'graceful', so these glove things are the answer. They look like leather gloves, but they have resistance things in them that only let me move slowly and smoothly - and sudden movements or changes of direction, and they lock-up solid.

Guess what? The fucking boots and corset have the same thing - only they weren't 'turned on' before. They're electrically operated, and the gloves are actually plugged into the power-pack of the corset.

Oh, yeah - all three of them are also doing that EMS thing, too - so now I got to recharge all the time. Mostly during the meals, and during those hypno-therapy sessions. It's nuts.

Anyway, they hooked up this voice-recognition software for me to 'write' the e-mail - but they had fun with that, too. When they programmed it, they took recordings of my voice and digitally altered them, finding a pitch that sounds female. Guess what - that's what they programmed this computer with. I've been sitting here for three hours trying to match the fucking voice they picked - and what you're reading now isn't how I'm saying it, as I keep 'screwing up' the voice and having to repeat myself three or four times to get it to take it.

I sound like some sort of phone-sex girl. The only 'female' voice I can make is this high-pitched sort of 'bimbo' voice. It's so fucking degrading, man.

This is getting way-the-fuck out of hand. I hope you're reading these, I hope you're finding somebody to help me. This shit is crazy - and it's not even half way yet.

They say that I have to start using this voice all the time. All the staff will be carrying little hand-held computers with the same voice recognition programming in them, and if I screw up - I get zapped.

You've got to do something. Please.

I'm going to bed. Not only did it take way too long to 'write' this much - but I just seem to be exhausted all the time. They're not feeding me enough, and the drugs are screwing up my system. I'm a skinny little guy to begin with - yet they're almost starving me.

God - I'm exhausted.

DAY SIX

I think I'm going to kill that bitch.

Maybe a murder charge would get me sent up for life anyway - but at least this shit would be over, and I'd get the intense satisfaction of killing the doctor.

You know what she did to me today - she made me put on 'girl padding'. Padding for my hips and ass and these silicone 'breast forms' that looked like disembodied tits - only now they're 'embodied', hanging off my chest.

I've got D-cup 'tits'. God!

I can barely move with all this constrictive 'grace-building' stuff on, I've got fake tits glued to my chest and hip and ass pads glued 'down below' - and I'm doing my own make-up and jewelry and getting dressed in girly clothing. I'm doing my work-out sessions, and having to dance with a guy every night after dinner - all while talking like some fucking bimbo.

Okay, I get it - women don't have it easy. But this isn't real - I'm not really a woman! It's not like this for 'real' women! This is worse for me than any woman who was born! I mean, flat chested women would be proud to get big tits - not disgusted and sickened like me. Real women wouldn't argue and fight not to have to wear heels - they all learn how to do that as part of their life. Women aren't forced to wear skirts and tight clothing - they choose to do that!

The bitch has flipped her lid - when I tried to reason with her, explain this to her, she gave me a huge zap, and I had an 'emergency' hypnotherapy session, another two hours in addition to my regular ones. I was practically a zombie for most of the day - I was so confused and emotional that I was probably the perfect little prisoner, doing exactly what I was told because I was too 'dopey' to do anything else.

Even now I'm feeling all messed up - but it's way better than it was before.

I gotta get some sleep. Even the sleep I'm getting doesn't seem to be helping my exhaustion - I keep having really weird dreams or nightmares or something. I can never really remember them when I wake up, but I'm not sleeping well.

DAY SEVEN

Halfway.

I'm halfway there - I've just got to hang on. If I can.

I'm scared, Gunslinger - I think I'm loosing my mind. Maybe it's the stress, maybe it's the drugs, maybe it's the exhaustion - but I think I'm going insane.

I might make it to the end of the two weeks - as a raving lunatic. It scares the shit out of me.

I woke up this morning - without really waking up, if you know what I mean. I was still half asleep as I got dressed. Then I open the door to my room...

...and there's this woman standing in the hall. I see her, and I think to myself 'hey, she's pretty good looking...'

Then I realize that it's a mirror. No shit - I was looking at myself.

But... even after I realized I was looking in a mirror, I couldn't shake the idea that 'she' was pretty good looking. Not gorgeous, but cute - and I couldn't break that thought all day.

I still can't.

They've put mirrors up everywhere - and every time I go past one, I find myself thinking of the reflection as somebody else - a woman.

And it's making me do weird shit. I can't help myself.

Like - when I saw her walking in a mirror. I thought she was doing okay in her heels - but it would be better if she walked like this...

So she did - only it was me, walking the way I wanted the 'woman' to walk. I know that it's really me and all - but I can't stop myself. I'm walking, standing, sitting, moving - so that the cute chick in the mirror looks good to me. It's like I've developed a split personality or something.

I keep catching myself doing this shit, and make myself stop - for a few minutes. Then I realize that I'm doing it again, without thinking about it. Almost as soon as my mind wanders - which it does a hell of a lot - I 'automatically' start trying to make that 'woman' more attractive in the way she moves and stands and walks. Then I catch myself for a few minutes - then my mind wanders again.

I caught myself touching up my make-up, not realizing what I was doing until I was done and 'admiring' the way 'she' looked.

It's scaring the hell out of me.

It means that I'm getting zapped very little - but even that doesn't make me happy. It means that I'm acting the way they want me to act - like a girl.

So well that they don't need to correct me that often. I'm not even 'consciously' trying to do it.

Maybe it's like that guy and the dogs. You know, where he trained them to ring a bell or something? Maybe all these zaps have 'trained' me to avoid them by being girlish. Maybe I can't help myself - maybe when I'm released, I'll still do it, like some helpless sissy boy.

You know what scares me the most, though - when I first saw the 'woman' walking in these really high-heeled platform boots - I thought she was doing pretty well in them. She was walking pretty good in them, if not as sexy as I 'wanted'.

When I 'remembered' that she was me....

I felt almost proud that I had learned to walk in those heels so quickly.

I.. I'm...

I gotta go to bed.. I can't think straight....

DAY EIGHT

Oh, dear God - help me. Please. I know I'm scum, I repent everything I ever did, I'll go to prison. Just help me.

I don't know who I am any more.

Oh, I know who I was, and who I still am, even if legally I'm no one. But that's just a name, a history - not the real me, the part of me that makes me who I am.

And I think I'm losing that.

It all came off today - the gloves, the boots, the corset - all of it except the padding and the IV. I was allowed to get back into that 'Schoolgirl' outfit...

..and I was grateful for it. I really was - it was so much more comfortable than everything else, so much better, even if it was still women's clothes.

Then I saw my reflection - and I couldn't see 'me' that much in it.

I always assumed that, under all that, I still looked the same - but whatever that EMS shit is, and whatever the drugs they're pumping into me, I look different. My legs, my arms, my waist - all look more like a woman's. My arms are skinnier, my arms more feminine...

Oh, dear God in Heaven - my legs are actually kinda sexy! Oh God, oh God...

Sorry - I'm sorry - I'm just so emotional now. Even writing this - I'm crying. Not sobbing - just tears. Tears like a faucet I can't turn off all the way. I can't stop.

There's a lot of things I can't stop.

I told you - they took those boots off. Those awful, high-heels boots. I could wear the Mary Jane's, with their nice low heel...

...but - I couldn't. they felt.. wrong. Uncomfortable. Like I have clunky 'Frankenstein' boots on my feet. I couldn't walk right in them, and they felt all wrong.

I actually asked - pleaded - with the bitch for a pair of higher heels - and when she told me I could pick my own wardrobe, as long as it matched, I actually sobbed in relief.

Oh God, dear God, what the fucks wrong with me? What are they doing to me?

I picked these white platform pumps with a six inch heel. By myself - no forcing me, no threat of zapping - I actually picked them so I could feel 'comfortable'.

Comfortable! In high heels!

Then I picked clothes to go with it. A slightly short of knee-length denim skirt with built-in denim suspenders over a white T-shirt that covered my...

Oh - yeah. I started wearing a bra. They told me to - but I didn't argue. I didn't.. 'want' to. I... Wait - I'll get there. Let me do this in order.

God - it's so fucking hard to concentrate... Where was I?

Oh, yeah - the shoes and clothes. Anyway, I got to pick my own outfit, and that's what I picked to feel comfortable - but that whole mirror thing is still going on - and it's getting worse.

When I saw myself in the mirror this morning, before getting dressed, I wasn't seeing 'me' - I was seeing 'her' - and the sight of the stuck-on pads disgusted me, especially the breasts. So I put on 'nude' nylons with my panties to hide the joins of the ass and hip padding, and when I was told to put on a bra, I did it eagerly, so that the half-naked woman in the mirror looked good.

I was admiring the 'cute' woman - and I still hadn't 'clued in'.

That's what's scaring me the most - I got all the way dressed, walked around for awhile, was doing my work-out when it all hit. What I was doing, how I was feeling...

The fact that I was 'voluntarily' doing everything I could to be a better female.

I collapsed and cried. They let me - no zapping or anything. I almost wish they had - God, I just lay there and sobbed.

The thing is - I'm still doing it. My mind wanders in and out. Sometimes I forget I'm disgusted by what's going on, and feel proud about the way I look. Like when I was in the workout - the whole thing came crashing down when my cock slid out of place and made a bulge, and I felt the need to hide it again like I had been all morning, so it wouldn't ruin the illusion. I'd done it this morning without having to really think about it - but it was tougher to do in my workout clothes, and it registered on me what I was doing.

Yet - after the.. the...

Damn - I can't remember. Whatever it is that the doctor and I do for two hours, when I go to sleep. Call it my 'nap', though it's not helping my exhaustion. If anything, it's making me more confused.

Anyway - after my nap, I was that whole 'look like a good woman' person for a couple of hours without thinking about it. Not that I thought I was a woman, you know? I still know I'm a guy...

...but for chunks of the day, I was a guy who wanted to do his best to look and act like a woman.

I'm exhausted. I can't write anymore. I'm going to slip into my negligee and go to bed. I'll write more tomorrow.

DAY NINE

I can't take it any more.

I did it again, today - but more of today was spent in that... the.. You know - that other thinking kinda of thing.

I wore women's clothing - picked them out myself and didn't think twice about it. All day, I barely realized what I was doing, not until my 'alone time'.

I just tried to talk in my real voice. I can't do it - I can't even remember what my voice really sounds like. The voice I'm using now sounds to me like I'm supposed to talk like this.

I can barely make myself remember that I shouldn't.

I think it's this stuff in my purse in my arm. I'm so 'used' to it that I really didn't think about it. Except I did, tonight, when it caught on something and pulled out.

I started to put it back in my arm - then realized what I was doing. What I have been doing.

Letting them do these things to me.

I'm a man. I know I'm a man. Even dressed like a woman, I'm a man - and this is it. I'm fighting back.

They're pounding on the door right now - but I pushed my bed in front of it. It will take them awhile to get in.

I'm tearing off all the 'padding'. *Unnnghhhhh!*

God that hurt - these tits are really glued on. *Ummmmghnnn!*

That's one - oh shit, I think I'm going to puke. I look so ugly - I've only got one tit and...

No. No - be strong...

I... I stole some tinfoil at dinner. It was on the baked potato, and they didn't see me. It's on my neck now, and I think they can't use the button to zap me, because of it.

I think...

Ahhhhrrghhhh.. Unnnnnn... Oww...

That's it - all the padding's off. It hurt - but it's gone.

I have to do this - even if it means I'm going to prison for life. You understand, don't you?

I... I realized that I'm ashamed of my own cock. The sight of it, at least - even now, I keep wanting to 'hide' it.

This is them - they're doing this to me. I'm so confused...

I'm going to... *Arggghhhhhhhh!*

No, no let me go! I won't let...

DAY TEN

Ohhhh...

I feel so funny....

Doctor... whatzername gave me some stuff for the pain.... I feel funny... but good Everything seems to be so funny... I keep giggling for no reason...

Tee hee.... Doctor was *sooooo* mad at me last night. Yelled at me a lot about all the things I did then she got all calm real sudden like and told me that I had to be punished...

So they did surgery on me, most of last night and a lot of today. I don't 'member much of it, really, 'cause I was unconc... unconju out of it. (Tee hee.) But they told me what they were doing and I can see it, so I know...

You want to know what they did? I got titties now. Real ones.

Well, I guess they're not real, kinda - but they're mine, no padding or anything. They're really big, too - she said that I'm a triple-E cup now.

I didn't know they'd be so... not really 'heavy', but 'there', if you know what I mean. I can feel them all the time, pulling on my chest, bouncing and swaying about when I move - but not very much right now because they're all bandaged up. I was told they'll be tender for a few more hours, but the new way they used means that they'll be fine tomorrow and they won't hurt anymore. They say that my new boobs are almost indus.. indets just like real one and nobody will know they're not from looking at them or touching them.

It's kinda funny - they look pretty good on me and I can't stop thinking about that. I'm not supposed to be proud of having great tits...

...am I?

I just can't seem to care about it though. I feel great - everything is wonderful, even my new tits and face...

Oh, yeah - they did something to my face. My nose is smaller now, and my lips feel all weird because they're really, really full and soft. Kinda like the way your lips feel when you go to the teeth-doctor, only it's kinda nice. It's really weird but right now it's a blast. Just talking makes me giggle because how they feel...

They also did something that makes my eyes look bigger, and now they're blue. A real light blue color, but I don't know how they did it. They told me how, but I didn't understand any of it and can't remember it, anyway.

Hee hee hee you should see how small my waist is! It's tint ! I can almost wrap my hands around it now, it's so small. They took this vacuum-cleaner-type-thingee and sucked all the fat-stuff in my waist out, and moved it to my ass. Now my ass feels like I got a pillow or something in each cheek, all big and round and firm.

I wonder what it would feel like to sit on it?

Oh, yeah - I'm not sitting down. I'm strapped into this frame thing that's holding me in, like, a standing position almost. It's keeping me from actually standing, though - it's kinda like I'm floating. That's 'cause they did a lot of surgery on my legs and feet and hips. They say I'll have to be like this for a day or so while they heal - see, they did something that makes my hips wider and my legs longer. They also made my feet smaller, and now they say I can walk real easy in high heels. I wouldn't care about that, but they told me that I can walk bare-foot on tippy-toe, or in high heels - but it will hurt if I walk in low heels, so I guess I should be glad that they made me able to walk easy in real high heels, huh?

Wait is that right?

I don't know... and right now, I don't care. Boy, I don't know what this stuff is, but I feel *goood*...

Tee hee...

Oh, hey, I guess I should get to sleep - Doctor says I've got a big day tomorrow. I wonder what's going to happen....

* * * * *

The blue-what flash lit the room like a heavenly camera taking a flash-photograph, followed a split second later by a crash of thunder that shook the small house - cottage, really - all the way to it's stone foundations.

Chris blinked and shook his head. Lifting one hand, he removed his tortoise-shell-and-gold rimmed glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose with a thumb and forefinger, trying to expel the vagrant orange dots behind his eyelids - he'd had the bad luck to be looking at the window when the lightning had lit the sky.

The fury of the storm shook the cottage, and Chris shivered as the wind-driven rain lashed at the window. It was purely psychological - after all, the fire in the big stone fireplace kept the interior of the small cabin toasty warm - but the fact that it was irrational didn't help lessen the chill feeling that ran up and down his spine.

Replacing his glasses once more, Chris glanced almost accusingly at the silent 486 sitting on the scarred wooden desktop, then shook his head and once more returned to writing long-hand on a pad of paper, cursing the storm. With a limited income from his writing career, the cabin was about the only place in his price range, the low cost of rent a direct result of it's location in the 'boonies'. Usually, the small cabin was nearly ideal for him and his writing - quiet, comfortable, and in a setting that could be conducive to inspiration. However, one of the drawbacks was the fact that he almost always lost power when a storm rolled in.

Like now.

"Well..." He said to himself, philosophically, as he took a sip of Molson Canadian. "...at least I don't have to worry about being interrupted while I'm writing "

Just then, somebody began pounding on the front door.

For a second, Chris sat perfectly still, as if posing, then very slowly looked up towards the ceiling. "*Veeeeery* funny." He said, dryly.

Putting down the beer, he reached over and grasped the handle of his cane. With a soft, familiar groan that he didn't even hear anymore, he pushed himself out of the chair and began to cross the room, limping heavily.

The pounding on the door - fairly light, but insistent, continued unabated.

"All right, all right - I'm coming!" he called, irritably. Reaching the door, he pulled it open...
...and gaped.

Standing on his semi-sheltered front porch was the most incredible woman he'd ever see.

She didn't look real. Not that he thought she was a hallucination or anything - she was obviously flesh- and-blood. It was just that she didn't look like a natural person.

Second of all, there was her face. Surrounded by a mane of now-lank chestnut hair that dripped it's load of rainwater onto the floor, her face was almost surreal in it's perfection - huge, bright blue eyes, a tiny snub nose and full, bee-stung lips vied for attention on a heart-shaped face with inhumanly flawless skin.

Thirdly, her body was amazingly slender and supple, with full, womanly hips and legs that seemed impossible long. He could tell how long - and shapely - her legs were by the tiny black leather skirt that she wore, that showed off almost all of her nylon-clad legs, emphasized even further by the black platform shoes she wore, the seven-inch spike heels bringing her up to his own eye-level.

But, the first thing he noticed was the huge, round, mind-boggling tits that strained the seams of her tight white T-shirt - not to mention, stained Chris' imagination. With the shirt sopping wet and semi translucent, he could see quite a bit of the massive breasts, and could tell that the firm, spherical shape didn't come from a bra - her massive, dark nipples were clearly visible, almost painfully engorged from the cold spring rain.

While he gaped at her, she was also eyeing him, doubtfully, and Chris knew what she saw - a tall man in his early thirties, with a frame that had the bone structure that should have been husky, but - instead - was almost painfully thin and pale. A shock of dark hair and a full beard made the skin of his face look even more white, causing his dark - and, right now, gaping - eyes all that more conspicuous.

"Can... can I help you?" Chris finally managed.

Even her voice didn't sound real - too high, too weak, too breathy - it sounded like a stereotype of a woman's voice. It immediately brought to Chris' mind the voice of SNL actress Victoria Jackson.

"Gun... Gunslinger?" She asked, hesitantly.

Chris blinked at his 'nick'. "Uh, yeah..." He shook his head. "Do I... know you? Online, I mean.." he hastily added.
"...because I *know* I'd remember if we'd met in person."

"I'm " She paused, her face screwing up as she seemed to be struggling mightily with something.

" Bambi Biggins."

Chris' face betrayed amusement, skepticism and doubt. "I don't think I "

She waved a tiny, dainty hand in frustration. "That's the only name I can give." She said, in 'anger' - her voice wasn't given to displaying that emotion very well.

"I'm..." She paused, in thought - then inspiration struck. "the... woman (the word seemed to be dragged out of her throat, unwillingly) who wrote you those court ordered-emails."

Chris blinked, eyes widening in shock. "Richie? Richie Lockhart?"

She winced, as if the name was physically painful to her. "I can't say that I am. I'm Bambi Biggins."

Chris gaped at her for a second, then nodded. "I.. see. Well - come in."

She came through the door, moving with a stride that was as artificially-yet-amazingly sexy as her body, then jiggled and swayed past Chris to the fireplace.

"I don't understand." Chris said, closing the door. He walked over to the door leading to the tiny bathroom and grabbed a towel. "Your e-mails just stopped. I never expected to hear from you again much less have you show up on my doorstep."

"Thanks." She said, taking the towel. "Well, you see - I escaped. The day after my last e-mail. The day the did this..." She gestured at her huge, obvious bust, then paused. "...and this.." she gestured at her crotch. "...to me."

Chris blinked. "You mean..."

Bambi closed her eyes, her full lips trying - and failing - to twist into an expression of wry misery. "That 'Little Richard' was replaced by 'Miss Terri'?" She nodded. "Yeah."

"I... still don't understand how you ended up here." Chris said, in confusion.

She shuddered. "I... They... this isn't supposed to be the 'end result' See, they were planning into making me into some sort of super-slut stripper. The body is done, mostly, except for the blonde hair - but they'd only started in on my mind. Then - because I was in pain and on a lower dosage of painkillers - they were lax. They didn't think I'd face the agony of walking on my altered legs." She managed a bit of wry grin. "I guess they didn't understand how... motivated I was. I managed to get away."

The she took a deep breath, and tears began to form in her eyes. "But I didn't have anywhere to go! As far as the rest of the world was concerned, I was just some huge-breasted bimbo! I... I didn't have any money or ID or history, and if I tried to contact anybody from my old life, I'd be caught! The only thing I'm good for right now is the stripper they wanted me to be - or a hooker, which is sort of the same as their plan, too."

"So - you tracked me down?" Chris asked, tilting his head.

"Yeah." She agreed. "Please - let me stay here. I need... I need somebody who knows who - what - I really am, even if I can't say it anymore. I know that I can't be... that.. again, and I won't ever be treated like I was - but at least you know I'm not the mindless bimbo I look like."

Chris shook his head. "I don't think I can do..." He started.

Bambi's huge, blue eyes took on a look of desperation. "Please - you don't understand. I need someplace to stay, a place where I'll be away from the public - a place just like this. You see..." She paused, then forced herself to reveal the last bit of information. "they did get a little farther in 'programming' me then I let on. I... I have no real skills, and no 'desire' or 'want' for sex " She swallowed. "But... I... I have to... need to 'reward' men who make for things. On the way down here,

I... I had sex ten or twenty times a day. Blowjobs, tit-fucks, hand jobs, cunt and ass and everything a woman could possibly do to make a man cum. I I can't help myself." She swallowed and looked him in the eye. "I... If I stay here, I'd find myself.. compelled to keep you 'happy' - but no one man could possible make me have as much sex as I'd have in public. Please... let me stay, and and I'll make sure that you're the most sexually satisfied man on the planet."

To say Chris was stunned would be an understatement. However, he didn't immediately refuse her offer - and as much as she hated it, Bambi knew that this might be the weakness that she needed. It was true that having sex with men disgusted her - but it was also true that she'd have to have some sex everyday, and she'd rather have to keep pleasuring one man who couldn't possible have sex with her as many times as she'd been having daily since her escape. It was the lesser of two evils - and she was hoping that Chris would give in.

With a little 'encouragement', perhaps...

Forcing herself to meet his eye and fake a smile, Bambi slowly, sensuously peeled her sopping wet T- shirt off, revealing her huge, round tits. She didn't realize that her every move was almost over-sexy, the male fantasy ideal of how a sexy woman moved - and it didn't really matter, anyway.

Forcing herself, she slowly approached Chris, her hands slowly fondling and massaging her huge tits until she reached him. then she wrapped her slender arms around his neck and pressed her huge tits firmly into his shirt-covered chest as she pressed her lips against his. He hesitated for a second, then let his lips open slightly - and she proceeded to try and kiss him better then he'd ever been kissed before - not because she enjoyed it, but because satisfying him utterly and completely in every way was kind of 'built in' to her mind now, and having to do this to just one man instead of dozens of strangers was definitely n improvement, no matter how much it disgusted her.

Breaking the kiss, she forced herself to smile at him again - then slowly slid to her knees, dragging her huge tits down his chest and stomach. When she was kneeling in front of him, she slowly unzipped his pants and pulled them and his underwear down to his ankles.

She felt the rest of him stiffen to match his rapidly hardening cock as the pants pooled around his ankles - and she understood it was in awkward anticipation of whatever she might say or ask about the scar.

It was a large, flattened ellipse on the inside front of his left thigh, and the scar tissue was matched by a smaller, more rounded scar on his outside left buttock - as if something had once gone right through the leg, doing considerable damage to the thigh and buttock muscles, without breaking the bone.

She was tempted to say something - but from the way he'd stiffened, she realized that all of his lovers must have inquired about the scars - and he obviously wasn't willing to discuss it.

Which was fine with her.

After all, she couldn't give a damn about Chris, as a person. She couldn't care less about what he thought or wanted or did, other than how it affected her. She wanted to live out the rest of her life as comfortably as she could in her new form - which meant that she'd have to keep him as pleased as possible, sexually, and would endeavor to learn enough about him to keep from doing anything to upset him. But, mainly, she was planning to exist separately from him except for when she was pleasing him in some way - in short, be a sex-toy, not a friend.

And in that spirit, she completely ignored the scar and instead leaned forward and slipped her amazingly full, soft lips around his hard cock.

Then she 'switched places' in her mind.

She'd discovered this amazing trick shortly after her escape, and it was the only reason that she'd not gone insane.

It was really quite simple - she forced herself to imagine, as vividly as possible, that she was the guy, watching all of this happen from his viewpoint - and was 'merely' mentally controlling the woman sucking on his cock, making her do just what he wanted her to do. Having been male, she was able to include all the remembered sensations, building up a remarkably 'real' imagined scene - so it was almost as if she wasn't really sucking on a man's cock, and very well too.

Of course, she knew that it really was her - but during the actual act she was distanced enough to be able to perform as if she was the horny, eager-to-please and happy-to-satisfy woman that 'he' was 'mentally' forcing to act like. Which was technically true - only, unlike the imagined scenario, it wasn't his male mind in a male body controlling the woman, but his male mind right in the woman's hugely- endowed female body.

It didn't take too long before Chris stiffened and shot his load down her throat. She lapped at it 'eagerly' - but that was the end of her little 'imagination play', the real taste of cum flooding her mouth pushing her out and making her 'realize' what she'd just done - but it was already over and done with, and that's the best she could hope for in her new life - blocking out the unpleasant acts until they were done with, and just having to live with the shameful knowledge that she'd just done them.

"Well?" She asked Chris, forcing her voice to remain level - and fighting the urge to vomit. Chris was looking doubtful. "So, if I let you stay, you'll..." managing not to frown or curse, Bambi 'sweetened' the deal. "Cook and clean for you - but otherwise remain out of the way entirely, except when you want me to fuck you silly. Sound fair?"

Slowly, Chris began to grin. "Yeah... yeah, I have to say - that sounds like a hell of a deal..."

* * * * *

Carefully rolling out of bed so as not to wake the lightly snoring 'woman' beside him, Chris grabbed his cigarettes and padded out into the living room. Lighting a cancer stick, he took a deep drag.

Limping badly without his cane - which he'd considered too noisy with his new 'guest' sleeping - Chris made his way over to his desk and pushed the button on his computer. Gratifyingly, it came to life - the power had obviously come back on sometime during the marathon sex session that he and Bambi had done.

Loading his word processor program, Chris quickly cut-and-pasted the e-mails from Netscape, then scrolled down to where they ended, and began to type...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One man finds a set of keys and, in exchange for a reward, he agrees to have a witch change him into a woman.

The Art Of The Deal

Part I

By Gunslinger

'Listen, Syffer, I'm not going to put up with any more of this, d'ya hear me?'

The skinny young man blinked behind his thick glasses and nodded his head, obediently, though the angry voice at the other end of the phone couldn't see the motion. "Yessir, Mr. Cortland."

'Good!' Larry Cortland, head of Cortland Wholesalers said, angrily. 'Now - you make **at least** ten sales by the end of the month, or I'm pulling your distributorship, got it?'

Don Syffer repeated a meek 'Yessir', but it was to the angry hum of an open line - his boss had hung up after delivering the ultimatum.

Lowering the phone and setting it in the cradle, the sandy-blond young man looked around the tiny 'industrial/commercial' office he was renting. Furnished in second-and-third hand furnishings, many of them 'Government Institutional Bland'. The office was grubby, dimly lit, and tiny, barely holding the couch, desk, chair and filing cabinets that made up the entire 'Central Northwest Chicago District Office' of Cortland Wholesales, Incorporated.

It was also where Don lived, though he kept that secret - he wasn't legally allowed to live here, but the bed was hidden in the fold-out couch, and he maintained the fiction that the coffee maker and small beer fridge was for his office coffee, not his entire kitchen. He'd spent almost all his money to get this office up and running... simply because he couldn't find any other jobs. A meek, quiet little man, he had little job experience and even less personality, and he'd hoped the fact that this job was mostly phone sales would make it possible for him to make a modest living through it...

..but he was wrong. Don Syffer was a wimp, and he knew it. At the slightest hint of argument or confrontation, he always backed away. He didn't just take 'no' as an answer - he took it as an order.

Sighing with resigned frustration at his lack of courage and self-confidence, Don shut down the computer, getting ready to head off to bed...

...when somebody knocked on the door.

Blinking in surprise, Don padded over to the door and opened it a crack to look out. For a second, he felt a stir of genuine panic at the sight of a man in a blue uniform... until he realized it wasn't a cop at all.

"Good evening, sir - working late I see." The man smiled, apparently not phased by the fact Don had opened the door a mere crack. "I'm John Takamachi, the new night security guard."

"There is no night security guard..." Don replied, dumbly.

The golden-skinned man grinned broadly. "Well, there is now, sir. The management thought it'd be a good idea. I'll be around every hour or so. If you're still here and working, I'll just knock on the door and say 'hi', make sure everything's all right. If you're gone, I'll just open the door for a quick peek and make sure nobody's broken in... so, if you deal in confidential documents, you might want to lock them up before you leave. Not that I'm planning to peek at them or anything..."

Don grinned weakly. "Of course not. Uh... actually, I was just leaving. Just give me a sec..."

Numbly, Don grabbed his coat and briefcase, shutting off the lights as he locked the door behind him - the door to both his office and his home. He couldn't go to sleep there, not with the guard checking it every hour... he'd get caught living there, and that'd get him kicked out.

He'd lose the office/apartment, which would be disastrous... but he wasn't that much better off. He had no place to go. Even as he rather weakly thanked the new guard and said good-night, he was wondering what he was going to do - he didn't have the sort of money to rent a hotel room for the night, nor an apartment to live in after work. What was he going to do...?

Well, one thing was for sure - he couldn't spend all night skulking through this dark, run-down section at the edge of town. That was a good way to get mugged and/or killed... which was more of a 'permanent solution' to his current problems than he wanted.

Sighing, Don walked down to the nearest bus stop... and looked at the sign advising that it was a limited-time run, doing 'daylight service' only...

Cursing his misfortune, he headed through an alley, aiming towards the brighter lights of the center of town.

He was part way down the alley when something caught his eye, a flash of light among the shadows. Stepping closer, Dan bent down and looked closer at what lay on the ground.

It looked as if a woman had dropped her purse, then quickly gathered as much as she could in the darkness. That was the way he interpreted what he saw, anyway - scattered around a small 'impact' mark in the dirt of the alley floor was a collection of loose change, an almost-finished tube of lipstick, high-heel imprints in the dirt, some used tissue paper...

...and a set of keys on a 'gold' ring with a leather fob with a small, clear plastic square in the middle showing a lighter color behind it.

Picking it up, he turned the keys to the light, to better read the writing...

It was an old fob - in this security-conscious day and age, he doubted they even sold it anymore. After all, to actually put your address on the keys in the hope of somebody actually obeying the request to 'return for reward if found' was slightly ludicrous.

However, it seemed whoever's keys these were was actually naive enough to fill in that card with the address... and the thought that there might be a cash reward of some sort was enough to raise Don's spirits a bit. Wrapping his hands around the keys, he started walking with a firm destination in mind - the address listed on the key-fob...

* * * * *

The address turned out to be located fairly close by, as luck would have it - but whether or not it was 'good' luck or 'bad', Don wasn't sure, since the location wasn't in the direction of the more 'safe' area of town, but back among the dilapidated buildings of the mostly commercial-industrial area.

As it turned out, the address on the key-fob was an aging - if remarkably well-preserved - brownstone Victorian home, with dark scrollwork and tall, turreted towers that gave the slate-roofed home a decidedly Gothic feel.

"Gee... I wonder if it's just an old address left on the ring..." Don muttered to himself, looking around. The lot on which the house sat was fairly large, and surrounded with lowering, dark oaks and thick, heavy shrubbery. It was the last remnant of an age gone past - while the rest of the houses had gradually deteriorated and finally been sold off in a rezoning move, this lone house remained, surrounded by the shells of factories and industries whose own time was passing - an anachronism in the midst of decay.

Hesitantly, Don started up the cobblestone driveway that was flanked at the street end by a pair of tall, soot-stained brick pillars surmounted by crouching lions that had once been white marble, but was now pitted and sullied.

Almost instantly, Don found himself in near-perfect darkness, the tall trees and heavy shrubbery blocking off what little light the widely-spaced street-lights off the lot provided. His heart pounding in his thin chest, Don more-or-less groped his way along by feel, finally veering off the cobblestones onto a slightly smoother pave-stone path leading to the dimly lit front door of the building.

Climbing the creaking wooden steps to the front porch, Don discovered that the light was coming through the diamond-paned windows flanking the door - and that faint light was further diffused by what appeared to be red silk curtains on the inside of the windows. Hesitantly, Don stepped up to the heavy, iron-bound oak door and used the tarnished brass Lion's Head knocker, sending a deep, reverberating 'thud' rolling through the building. After banging the knocker three times, almost ritualistically, Don leaned over and tried to peer through the side window.

The thin fabric blocked vision, but not completely - Don could see a darker shape move within, and he straightened and nervously readjusted his glasses as he heard heavy metal bolt being drawn back, and a lock being turned. A second later, the door swung open...

Don hadn't known what to expect. He'd tried - and failed - to form some sort of image of the owner of this unusual home, vacillating between an old, bitter 'cat lady' who refused to sell the house (or get rid of any of her three dozen cats), and an old ex-Army officer type to set in his ways to even consider moving. In either case, he'd really expected a senior citizen - a tag for which the person who opened the door certainly didn't qualify.

She was tall. Taller than Don, as a matter of fact, forcing him to look up slightly. She was also slender, and very supple - and very attractive...

...if you liked 'dark and mysterious', that was.

Her skin was flawless alabaster, it's pale hue not the unhealthy pallor of illness, but a gloriously natural milky complexion that was further intensified by the crushed-velvet dress she wore, which was so dark a shade of purple to be almost black, except where the fabric picked up the highlights that accentuated the supple, feminine curve of her body.

The skirt was long, coming down to the black velvet pumps she wore, lifting her a further five inches above Don. The long slit up the side of the dress - and her pose in the doorway - let Don catch a glimpse of the black fish-net stocking she wore beneath the dress. The pose also accentuated a full, perky bosom - which was quite well displayed by the low neckline of the dress, letting Don guesstimate that she must be a firm, healthy 'C'-cup, at least.

She had the sort of cool beauty of a professional model, with regular, finely-shaped features that just barely balanced out, each one so sublimely even and perfectly defined that if any other feature was just that much less perfect the entire, eerie beauty would have vanished. Behind her long, dark lashes her dark eyes were a mystery as she examined Don, and her long, straight mane of glossy black hair seemed to have a life all its own as the faint breeze stirred the silken strands and moved them over her mostly-bare shoulders.

"Yes...?" She asked in a smoky, throbbing voice that would have been intensely sexual if she hadn't been speaking with a completely flat tone of disinterest.

Don coughed and held up the keys. "I, uh, found these in an ally, and there was an address on them..."

"Oh, yes - I've been looking for those." The woman said, her flat, cool voice now tinged with the faintest hint of interest - and that faint hint was enough to let Don know what she'd sound like if she actually tried to speak sensuously.

He doubted any man alive could survive the full, erotic power of her unleashed voice...

"Yeah, well, uh... it's a lucky thing you actually use that tag with your address on it..." Don muttered, blushing furiously as he handed over the key ring.

"I'd forgotten about it completely, to tell you the truth." She said in a vague tone that still didn't rob her throaty, rich voice of its incredible power. It was obvious that she barely noticed Don at all, other than as the 'thing' that had brought the keys. She had the sort of air about her of a person who was used to talking to herself when she thought, and so it wasn't so much as if she were responding to Don so much as just musing aloud. "It just came with the key-ring when I bought it in... sixty-nine, was it...?"

Don blinked. Nineteen sixty nine? Not a chance. At first glance, Don had thought she was eighteen, maybe nineteen - but then he'd seen her eyes and heard her voice, and pushed it up as high as his own age of twenty-four. Even so, there was no way she could have even been born in sixty-nine, much less out buying key-rings and filling out address tags.

"Uh... you mean eighty-nine, don't you?" Don suggested, nervously.

This time, she actually favored him with a glance, though her voice was once more completely flat when she spoke.

"No."

Then, with that one syllable, she started to close the heavy door....

Perhaps it was the strangeness of the situation, or the eerie feel of the house and it's environs. That was the only thing Don could figure it was, fear of just walking away and through the eerie section of town with nothing to show for his detail. In any case, he surprised himself, his heart racing with unexpected energy as he put one hand against the thick door and said: "Wait."

She paused, one finely arched eyebrow rising above her mysterious eyes. "Was there something else?"

Don cleared his throat nervously. "Well, uh... the tag said there'd be a reward if returned..." "Sorry - I don't keep money around the house." She said, starting to push on the door again...

...and finding it held open by Don, who - to his own surprise - wasn't backing down.

"Yeah, right - nothing at all." He said. Perhaps it was the fact that he almost literally had nothing to lose that emboldened him so. "This place is obviously well-kept, and you have to eat... so how do you do that without any money?"

She looked at him with a cool, level gaze, and when she spoke her voice was chilly enough to drop the ambient temperature a good three degrees. "Well, if you must know, I'm a witch."

Don blinked. "A what?"

"A witch." She repeated, her mysterious eyes intent. "Not that it's any of your business, but I am two- hundred and seventy-three years old... next January. I had the uncommon fortune to be born on January 1st, and am exquisitely powerful. By the time I was, oh, a little over a hundred, I found that the best way to live was to limit my contact with the outside world to a bare minimum. Not a great loss, I assure you - there seems to be little enough in the world to interest me, and especially not the... 'people' - and I use that term very loosely."

"Uh huh." Don said, in a noncommittal tone.

She tossed her head, her glorious mane shining and rolling. "The only truly worthwhile 'sentient' people on the planet are those who, like me, experience the full vastness of the metaphysical world, and who aren't so... so attracted to the trapping of the physical world, like money or possessions." She paused and stared at him coolly. "In other words, your desire for any sort of reward only lowers my already abysmal opinion of you."

Don almost backed down. He'd been doing it so long that it was practically a habit...

..except that this woman well and truly pissed him off. Usually, he had a near-morbid fear - and fascination - with women, his physique and personality practically guaranteeing he'd be a 'flop' with the ladies. This one, however, just managed to get under his skin. She was gorgeous.. and frustratingly self-superior. Not to mention a complete flake.

"Well, I'm not leaving here unless I get some sort of reward!" HE said, angrily, leaning forward.

She wasn't ready for that. In fact, neither was he, the action done almost instinctively - so he was as surprised as her when his sudden weight on the door forced it open, and he found himself forced to take a step forward to keep from falling.

That put him firmly in the foyer - and he 'caught on' slightly faster than she did. Now it was Don's turn to push on the door to close it - behind him.

"Now, I'm not leaving until I get some sort of reward, Miss." Don said as firmly as his reedy little voice would allow. "I've had a shitty day, I'm gonna lose my business and my house, I'm gonna be flat broke, and I came all the way out here to return your keys to you so I'm not leaving until I get something in return."

"Really?" She asked, and now the power of her voice wasn't veiled any longer - nor even the least bit erotic, the power as icy-cold as an Arctic wind. "The only way I could reward you would be through the use of my powers.. and no sane mortal tries to compel the powers of a witch."

"I don't care how you end up rewarding me." Don retorted. "If **you** think that the only way is through your powers, then it's **you** who is 'compelling' yourself."

Her eyes narrowed. "Do you really want to be 'rewarded' by a tremendously pissed-off witch who is quickly becoming to hate and despise you?"

Don snorted a laugh. "Look, you hated and despised me before you even met me. You got a prejudice against 'mortals' like me. Well, I don't know how or why you developed such an aversion to other people - and I really don't care. I don't know you, and don't pretend to - all I ask is the same 'courtesy' in return."

She just stared at him, coldly - and that anger began to seep away from Don. As unaccustomed as he was to being so forceful, it was almost a relief to feel that usual, timorous 'persona' begin to slip back into place.

"Look, Miss..." Don said, raising his hands. "I'm sorry I yelled at you. I've just had a really, really bad day, and things are only going to get worse for me. I know that none of this is your problem... but you **did** have a problem. Your keys were gone. I helped you solve that problem by bringing them back to you. Isn't it only fair that you try to do something - anything - to relieve my problems? Even a token gesture, just to show the faintest appreciation for the effort I went to, bringing the keys back to you?"

She just continued to look at him, coldly - as if he were something she were contemplating how to best scrape off the sole of her delightfully petite pumps.

Don sighed, then turned to the door. "Gotcha. No reward." He started to push down on the old-fashioned latch... and it just sort of popped out on its own. He'd been thinking it, but hadn't really planned to say it...

"Well, at least I didn't have to worry about being clawed by cats..."

It should have been a cryptic remark. After all, it's was a whimsical comment made on one of the 'mental images' Don had formed of a potential owner for this place, an old lady with dozens of cats. He'd sincerely hoped he was wrong, since he and cats didn't get along - and the comment had popped out in whimsical near-regret, as he'd almost have preferred a batty old lady with a stable of cats over this ice-maiden.

However, the comment had a profound reaction on the self-proclaimed witch. Her dark eyes flew wide open, and her glorious faced rocked back as sharply as if Don had back-handed her with all the strength in his scrawny little body. Slowly - painfully slowly - she let her face come around again, her big eyes blank and her jaw hanging slack.

Don had already pegged the woman as the type who talked to herself - and now he was positive that this was the case, because she spoke - but she wasn't speaking to him. Indeed, even though she was speaking to herself, the voice she used - flat and oddly inflected, almost dreamlike - was that of somebody mimicking the remembered words of somebody else, quoting them back to herself.

" 'The one thing you have to be most careful of, Eloise...' " She said in that odd voice that was - and wasn't - her own, " '...is your own arrogance. You think you are better then Mortals - and perhaps you are. But even lesser animals deserve some measure of compassion, even if it is merely simulated out of good manners...' "

Don blinked, realizing that he'd inadvertently connected her with an old memory - obviously the 'words of wisdom' of a mentor or somebody who'd been a major influence in her life. The witch - Eloise? - had mistaken taken Don's comment to mean that such a 'bitch' wouldn't own pets...

Suddenly, she snapped out of her mnemonic daze... and a measure of humanity seeped into her face with the faint look of embarrassment in her dark eyes.

"I am sorry, Mr...?" Her rich, throaty voice wasn't warm, but it was polite, almost painfully correct. "Uh... Syffer. Donald Syffer." Don managed. "Uh... Call me Don."

She hesitated, a sneer starting to form instinctively - then she caught herself, forcing her full, dark-red lips into the faintest semblance of a smile. "Of course.. Don. And you must call me Eloise."

"If you insist..." Don mumbled.

"Of course." She said, gently laying one slender, long-nailed hand on his shoulder. It was just a 'polite' move, and her stiffness took any pleasure out of the sensation Don might have felt, otherwise. Obviously, she was trying desperately to live up to the ideals of somebody from her past, and was so desperate that she was 'pretending' that none of the unpleasantness had happened, that he'd just now come to the door... and Don was startled to find that her eyes were almost begging him to play along with it.

"Please, won't you come in and have some coffee?" She asked, gesturing towards the half-seen 'drawing room' visible through the wide, dark-stained post-and-lintel doorway.

"I really just dropped by to give..." Don started, almost desperately eager to leave now, and let her regain her dignity, as imperiously annoying as it might be...

...but found himself unable to complete the polite refusal - because he couldn't seem to breath.

Instead, his jaw was hanging open as he stared at the sterling-silver coffee-service sitting on the coffee table in the drawing room. The one that hadn't been there when he'd started to refuse, but had formed itself while he watched - starting off as a faint vapor that seemed to twirl and coalesce, until it had becoming as solid and real as the floor Don stood on...

...or perhaps that was a bad comparison, as the floor didn't feel all that stable at the moment. In fact, it seemed to be slowly rolling, as if he were on the deck of ship -and Don realized he was on the point of fainting, rather than dealing with something his logical mind insisted was flat-out impossible.

"Oh, you must. It's the least I can do for somebody so kind as to return my keys." She said - and the way she said it sort of made it clear to Don that she was trying to clear up the 'debt' she'd just realized she owed him.

Don's mind didn't seem to want to track. Instead, it seemed to want to spin off and chase down irrelevant pathways... but he was still coherent enough to know that he didn't want this woman pissed off at him. Though he still considered her claim of being a powerful witch to be 'impossible'... he was beginning to wonder just how badly the 'impossible' could hurt him.

"Love a cup..." He managed in a croak, his voice coming from a throat that suddenly felt as if it were made entirely of eight-hundred-year-old rawhide leather left in the Nevada sun.

"Oh, splendid..." She said without enthusiasm - or rancor, which made her almost painfully polite. Indeed, she'd switched from a condescending, smug bitch to a prim and proper Victorian Lady, which was almost enough to make him believe her claimed age...

He had to give himself full credit. He didn't scream, faint or go completely off his hinges when the black cat padded into the room from the doorway leading to the kitchen. Having decided he wasn't going to be able to handle this situation 'Logically', Don had fallen back on his oldest 'habits' - pure submissive fear - coupled with ingrained manners. So, when the cat padded sinuously into the room,

Don only bowed his head to it politely - as if meeting a 'fellow gentlemen' on the streets of Victorian England - and seated himself in one of the over-stuffed armchairs near the coffee-table. Eloise settled herself primly on the settee across from him, back straight and hands clasped demurely at her lap.

The cat sprung lightly up onto the small couch beside Eloise, curling up next to her and eyeing the delicacies on the table.

"Yes, I know." Eloise said in a low voice - and for the first time, she seemed truly human, because the voice carried the faintest tones of a good-humored sigh. "The tuna canapé..."

She started to reach for a plate, obviously intending to get something for the cat...

...when the cat lay one paw on Eloise's knee and looked rather pointedly at Don, who felt a shiver run down his spine.

"Oh, of course." Eloise said, sounding a bit shocked with herself... and was that the faintest flush on her fair skin? "Guests first, always, right Cassandra?"

The cat didn't answer verbally - and, at the moment, Don wasn't sure whether it would have surprised him the least if it had. It did, however, curl up with the sort of self-satisfied assurance that Don had thought only cats could possess... until he'd met Eloise, of course.

"I apologize." Eloise said, with a touch of shame, drawing Don's eyes from the cat. Eloise held out a cup of steaming coffee in a fine bone-china cup, complete with rose-painted, gold-trimmed saucer. "I must admit that my manners have slipped. We so rarely entertain guests."

Don was almost literally in a daze, his mind not wanting to deal with this - so he was operating on semi-autopilot, as if in a dream-state...

He took the proffered cup of coffee and said the first thing that popped into his head. It was a product of his environment, drawn from his mind by the 'Victorian' feeling of this odd little tea-party...

"If this is 'poor' service, Miss Eloise, then I would fear to see what you might do if sufficiently prepared..."

It was stiff, formal and a bit odd - but the right thing to say, apparently.

Lifting a silver tray containing some sort of presumably-edible tidbits, she said in a self-deprecating tone. "Oh, it was the least I could do."

The cat snorted. Not the mild 'sneeze' of a cat, but a clearly derisive snort that drew Eloise's eye, proffered platter of scones completely forgotten in her outstretched hand.

Don, over the rim of a cup that contained unbelievably good coffee, eyed the frozen tableau of cat, lady and scones.

It might have been a cat, she might have been a lady, and those might even be scones. At this point, Don was numb enough to accept anything...

...so he didn't go stark, raving mad when Cassandra, the cat... shimmered - and, suddenly, was replaced by a lovely young lady who was identical to Eloise in every way, except her eyes were a deep, emerald green.

"It certainly is the 'least' you can do." Cassandra said to Eloise in a voice that was nearly identical to Eloise... except warmer, more vibrant. The emerald-eyed woman turned to Don...

...and smiled.

Though she was almost perfectly identical in face, figure and dress, that smile completely transformed Cassandra into a vision of warm loveliness completely unlike Eloise. It wasn't that the smile was 'overly-familiar', or even that it implied anything... but it was a truly magnificent smile, nonetheless.

"I'm Cassandra." She said, warmly. "You said your name was... Don, was it?"

Don nodded, numbly - then, with remarkable aplomb, considering the situation, essayed: "The lovely- and-spirited younger sister, I presume?"

Cassandra's smile widened even further - apparently she'd read at least a few of those 'bodice ripper' novels as well. Don had read them while in high-school, hoping they'd give him some sort of insight into the female mind. Other than discovering that some women liked very poorly written literature, he'd learned nothing... except for the 'manners' he was parroting back in this mad little tea party they were having.

"Younger by about a minute, actually." Cassandra said in a conversational voice. "Unfortunately, it meant I was the less 'talented' twin, by a considerable margin." She paused, then continued in the same warm, conversational voice. "That's why I spend so much time 'en feline' - time spent in other forms doesn't count towards aging in your human one, and I haven't nearly the natural immunization to aging that my dear sister has. I hope I didn't startle you too badly by changing in front of you... but my human form is the only one capable of speaking English."

"Oh, no - quite understandable..." Don assured her, wondering if he'd been mugged on his way out of the building this evening. Chances were, some burly mugger had cracked him over the back of the head with a tire-iron to steal his wallet, and now Don was laying in a coma in the county hospital while the doctors debated pulling the plug on his non-insured ass.

Then again...

Cassandra turned back to her sister. "Well?"

Eloise rolled her eyes, then spoke to her marginally younger sister as if the object of their discussion wasn't even present - say, the way you might speak about a dog to a friend while rubbing said dog's belly. You just assume that the 'poor dumb thing' couldn't possibly understand you.

Don found that marginally more offensive than your friendly neighborhood canine would have, though.

"I just can't..." Eloise said, with a sigh. "I'm being polite - but that's just my cover for my annoyance with it! Oh, I suppose I do owe it something for its effort, and I know Mother - Goddess rest her soul - always said I should treat Mortals

fairly, but... It isn't that easy. Worse, it's a... a male! If it were a female, perhaps I could risk using my powers to reward it, without being afraid that I'd do something out of uncontrollable spite..."

Then Don did something the friendly neighbor canine usually didn't do - but got about as much of a reaction as that said dog would have, had it gotten the notion to start talking to it's owner.

"So - if I were a woman, you'd be willing to grant me a reward?" Don asked, still lost in that strange little daze by the unreality of his current situation. "Fine - agreed."

The two sisters looked at him as if he'd just spoken in a foreign tongue - or babbled like a raving lunatic. As one - in the exact same voice, tone and intonation - they said: "Huh?"

Don shrugged. "Well, if that's what it'll take to get my reward, go ahead and turn me into a woman. Just temporarily, of course, so you can let your hatred fade a bit - and then you grant me a reward... after changing me back, of course."

Two completely different expressions formed on those nearly-identical faces. Cassandra's face took on a worried look - while Eloise looked like a cat about to pounce, her eyes narrowed and her chin out-thrust.

"Welll....." Eloise said, slowly... sensually. Don quivered at the erotic impact of the rumbling, sensual voice. "We don't we talk about that..."

"Don, I don't think this is such a good..."

"Shut up, sister dearest..." Eloise said, softly, lovingly. "This most delightful Mortal and I are talking." She turned those eyes back on Don, leaning even further forward and slowly, sensuously licking her lips.

"Oh, do please continue, sirruh - you interest me strangely..."

Don quailed inside, stunned at himself for making the suggestion. He'd slipped so far into that 'fantasy' world brought on by his unwilling inability to treat these 'impossible' occurrences as reality. He held up his hands tried to reason out the 'impossible' logic that had prompted him to say what he had.

"Well, now..." He told Eloise, nervously. "I know your sister is worried that you haven't yet gotten over your 'mad' enough to not do something awful to me instead of changing me into a woman. After all, that's what you were afraid off, right? That I'd ask you to transform me, and you wouldn't be able to stop yourself?"

"Well, yeah... I guess..." Eloise said, looking narrowly at Cassandra. "Sounds like something she'd be worried about, even if a mortal was dumb enough to ask me to use my powers on him when he knew I was pissed at him."

"Yes..." Don agreed, nervously. "But I also know that there's one thing you power can't do - it can't control my will. Oh, you could 'subjugate' me, enslave me, use me like a living puppet - but that would just be you controlling my body with your

mind. It wouldn't be me in there. You'll agree to do this, just so you can enjoy making me live as a female... and getting the added benefit of it really being me suffering through it."

Eloise blew out her breath in a rush and sat back. "Yeah. You're right." She admitted, candidly. Then her eyes narrowed again. "However, I don't want you backing out of this, or finding a way to take the fun out of it. It's got to be a formal, binding agreement, see? So - I get to change you into whatever type of woman I deem fit - right?"

Don nodded, nervously. "Agreed."

Eloise smiled. "And I get to mess with your mind, too? I can... play with it all I want?"

Don shook his head, trying - and mostly failing - to look stern. "No. You can't touch my consciousness, or my memories."

Eloise frowned, looked thoughtful, then smiled again. "How about things like skills, habits, anything biologically or biochemically created within the body? Anything not directly touching the core 'you'?"

Don winced nervously, trying - and failing - to imagine what the worst she could do with that was. Well, he was sure he was going to find out... "Agreed."

The smile had more sly force to it now. "I also get to decide what we'll do during the time you're female. I don't want you just sitting here, refusing to do anything at all..."

Don worried that over, then shrugged mentally. "Agreed." Her smile was positively smug now. "For seventy-two hours." Don quavered. "No - twenty-four. One day, that's it."

Eloise pouted theatrically. "Oh, that's not fair. That's not nearly enough time."

"If it takes you longer than that to roast, baste and bastinado me, I'd be surprised." Don said, shocked at his own bluntness, but feeling giddy and light-headed again at the sheer insanity of having this particular conversation. "Stop fishing. I know you don't like mortals. It's no great secret, Eloise."

You're just doing this for kicks, to work out some pent-up frustration at being perfect in a world of flawed designs - so none of them can meet up to your 'perfect' ideals, none of them can take care of your 'perfect' needs. Well, Eloise, for me this is my last chance. I'm desperate, and I've stumbled into something good. I'm willing to take twenty-four hours of whatever hell you care to put me through, as long as I get that reward at the end of it."

He paused and took a deep, deep breath, replacing what he'd used in his sudden, surprising burst of energy and 'attitude'. "And you...? You get the pleasure of a mortal plaything to fill those hours of boredom that being too perfect in an imperfect world creates. So, something for everyone."

Eloise looked startled - then slowly smiled. "Agreed. Done... **and... DONE!**"

The last word was shouted so loud it seemed as if the house shook - and Don really began to sweat.

Then Eloise stood, folded one arm over the elbow of the other one, and tapped one long, perfect fingernail against her full, gloss-red lips.

"Where should I begin..." She said, and the voice was that of every woman since the dawn of recorded history about to embark on a 'Make-Over' project...

In other circumstances, Don might have been tempted to laugh.

"So, Don, what is it you did... I mean, do for a living?" Cassandra asked, almost sadly. "Uh, I'm a salesman... why?" Don asked, frowning.

"Because I think you struck a very bad deal here, Don..."

"Enough with the chit-chat..." Eloise purred, looking at Don hungrily. "Stand up." Don swallowed nervously. "N... now?"

To his shame, it came out about an octave higher than usual.

"No time like the present, handsome..." Eloise said, practically licking her lips. "You know how I lost those keys, Mortal? A couple of guys tried to rape me. Right there. Rape! ME! Well..." She shrugged a lean shoulder. "Since I was being attacked, certain 'restrictions' were loosened on me. I was allowed, without permission, to alter their minds anyway I saw fit." She smiled, hungrily. "Let's just say that they'll never thinking of raping another woman again But, as initially satisfying as that was, it wasn't really 'them' I was doing anything too. No, it was my own 'constructs' controlling those bodies, with the 'real' them locked 'safely' behind a wall, where I couldn't get at them. Changing their minds, literally, made them somebody else.... But you... but you, you're entering into this willingly "

Don swallowed, nervously. Eloise was about to take out her frustrations from a couple centuries of Mortals on him!

...but in a very sharply time- and range-limited way. He hoped.

Slowly, he rose, idly noticing that the splendid coffee service had disappeared... as had the coffee table. Which made it easy for him to stand in the middle of the open area, easily seen - and circled - by his new 'mistress' as she considered the exact form of her 'revenge' on him.

Then she smiled - and it wasn't a smile that reassured Don in the least.

"I think we'll have a little fun..." She said, and he shudder slightly at the type of tone she used for the word 'fun' - one dripping with dreadful ironic glee. Eloise waved one slender, well-formed arm...

...and Cassandra cursed as the couch she was sitting on disappeared. Indeed, all the furniture in the room had vanished, to be replaced with racks and racks of clothing - women's clothing, in a riot of styles and colors. Directly in front of Don, a three-way mirror had appeared.

A three-way mirror that revealed his short, slightly pot-bellied body in all it's 'glory' - since he was stark naked. He shivered from more than the cold and blushed, furiously, hands twitching to cover his groin then dropping limply by his side as he realized that what he was trying to cover wasn't going to be there much longer.

In the back of his embarrassed mind, he noted that his glasses had vanished along with the rest of his clothes and personal effects - but he could still see perfectly well, a 'fringe benefit' for his time spent as a woman that he hadn't considered. Of course, being able to see perfectly, in and of itself, did not make up for the day he was going to spend as a female, but he made a mental note to work 'perfect eyesight' into the 'reward' he was going to get at the end of this ordeal.

"I'm going to let you choose your clothing... sort of." Eloise said, grinning wickedly. "This way, it gets to be a surprise for me, too. However, each of the pieces of clothing has a different... 'curse' on it, for lack of a better word, so who you'll become is determined by the clothes you pick." She grinned, wickedly. "Just to make things more interesting, though, you have to pick out a complete 'ensemble', complete with jewelry and make-up, before you can start getting dressed. Once you see the effect of the first garment, I don't want you to be able to back out of what you've chosen."

Don made a face, knowing that she was 'setting him up' - but this was the very reason he'd been able to make a deal with her. She had amazing powers, and she could, indeed, turn him into any woman she wanted - but this was much more 'entertaining' for her, watching him 'willingly' turn himself female, seeing what 'mistakes' he made in selection, and the joy of watching him have to live for the next twenty-four hours with whatever body he ended up 'giving himself' through his uninformed choices.

Sighing, Don looked around, wondering what he should choose first. With a distinct lack of enthusiasm, he began to browse through the clothes.

He decided that the obvious place to start was with 'undergarments'. Eloise had arranged the clothes in 'sections', so that all the underthings were together - special hangers with bra-and-panty sets on them, corsets and body-briefers, girdles and nylons, panties by themselves in a riot of color and designs, garters, and every other style and design of garment designed to be worn next to a woman's skin.

Almost immediately, he noticed something that made him very nervous: All the clothes were in his size. Though there was a variety of styles and colors, everything would fit his current body, including the decidedly odd-looking bras, with 'flat' cups and straps big enough for him.

There was no way of telling how each garment would reshape his body. He had no way of successfully 'choosing' what size his new body would be, because all the clothes were his 'current' size, including (he checked) the shoes.

Biting his lower lip in frustrated thought, Don looked at the daunting array, trying to 'get into' Eloise's mind and figure out what would be the 'safest' outfit to choose.

It seemed to him that the most 'obvious' choices were the most dangerous. She was probably betting he'd try to 'tone down' the look he'd have and so choose clothes that were as 'unisex' as possible, like jeans and a sweat-shirt. He was pretty sure that the 'curse' on such objects was pretty bad, so if he tried that he'd get something he definitely didn't want.

On the other hand, the 'sexy' outfits were probably 'less cursed', because he'd have to force himself to choose them and put them on... but he wasn't sure he could do that. Actually trying to pick out the sexiest outfit available just felt so terribly wrong to him - not that anything about this particular situation felt 'right'.

Finally, Don decided to 'split the difference', choosing something obviously feminine without getting to 'wild'. Hesitantly, he began to gather his outfit, agonizing over each choice...

...and not finding it any easier with Eloise's commentary added in.

"Oh, yes, pick that one..." She said as he looked at a pair of dark-blue satin briefs. "You'd look absolutely darling in them."

Fighting the urge to snap something at her, Don cleared his throat nervously and continued trying to decide...

It took him nearly an hour. Eloise obviously enjoyed herself the entire time, make various comments and 'suggestions' while Don agonized over the not-to-feminine-yet-not-masculine look he would go for. Cassandra, on the other hand, remained silent the entire time, a sorrowful look on her face as Don slowly picked out various items.

Finally, he had a small pile of clothing and accessories near the three-way mirror. Taking a deep breath, he looked over his selection.

"Okay... I think that's it..." He said, uncertainly.

"Are you sure?" Eloise asked, snidely. "There's a lovely pair of red leather pants that would probably look great on you."

Don shook his head, swallowing nervously. "No - this will do."

"Very well." Eloise said. She waved her arm, and the rest of the clothing - and the racks it was on - vanished. "Well then, why don't you get dressed?"

Nervously, Don followed her 'suggestion', his heart beginning to pound furiously at the thought of what was about to happen.

He started with the panties he'd chosen. They were white briefs, but not the plainest pair that had been available - they were 'brief-briefs', with quite a bit of the 'material' being semi-transparent white lace, with only a smallish triangle of solid,

opaque fabric covering his actual crotch. Of course 'real' women's briefs wouldn't have fit properly, but these were perfectly sized for his current body, even taking in to account the bulge of his average-sized cock.

He'd decided not to take bra, nylons, socks or other such items. The way he'd reasoned it, the less items he chose, the less 'curses' there were to affect him. So, the next item of clothing he pulled on was a skirt. It was a pretty simple skirt, a mixed-fiber material that was fairly tight, yet light and stretchy. Coming down to about mid-thigh, the red skirt was as short as Don could force himself to wear - at that length, he could 'lie' to himself and pretend they were just a pair of shorts.

Next, Don pulled on the top he'd chosen. He wasn't quite sure what to call the design of the skirt. It was white, and had short sleeves, like a T-shirt... yet was made of a somewhat heavier, 'fuzzier' material, and had a cowl neckline, almost like a sweater - yet it was very comfortable and not overly warm, which was one of the reasons he'd chosen it.

The skirt and blouse weren't too bad, and even the briefs, as feminine as they appeared, were bearable, since they fit perfectly - but the next item made Don shudder a bit, having to force himself to step into the shoes he'd chosen.

He'd really, really been tempted to just pick a pair of feminine-looking running shoes, but had known that would be a mistake. As much as he didn't like the idea of it, he'd forced himself to pick a pair of 'high-heeled' shoes - in this case, a pair of sandal-style shoes with white leather upper and four-inch- high 'tapered-block' heels. Aside from the height, the heels resembled cowboy-boot heels, which was the best he could do.

That left only make-up and jewelry... and Don had gone very lightly indeed on those items.

Feeling greatly ashamed by his 'voluntary' feminine act, he began to apply the make-up he'd chosen. He started with the lipstick... which was really more of a lip-gloss, being a pale pinkish-flesh color so close to a 'natural' shade that only the reflective nature of the gloss made it 'obvious' that he was wearing lipstick. Still, it wasn't as 'showy' as any of the other available colors, and it was the most that Don could force himself to wear.

The only other make-up he used was a little mascara, and he curse under his breath as his trembling hands made applying the black liquid difficult.

In the way of jewelry, Don had chosen a simple pair of silver clip-on earrings. They were quite small, and pretty plain, being only three-quarter-loops of silver, with a faint design on the outer surface.

Looking at himself in the mirror, Don grimaced at what he saw, then reached down for the last item he'd chosen, out of a mix of 'decoration' and 'practicality' - a silver-toned watch, obviously designed for a woman. With another grimace he strapped it on...

...and the instant the clasp on the chain-style band was done up, Don felt his body tremble - and begin to change.

He gasped, eyes flying from the clasp he'd just finished connecting to the three-way mirror, unsure of what part of his body to look at first as he felt muscle, bone and sinew shifting and changing into the feminine form he'd be wearing for the next twenty-four hours.

As it turned out, the transformation happened so quickly that his flickering eyes only caught tiny glimpses of the changes-in-progress before it was done... and he was further distracted by the sensations that accompanied the change. The feel of his cock shrinking back into his body, forming the opening of his new womanhood, while his balls were 'sucked' into his body and repositioned even as they 'mutated' into a pair of ovaries.

Even stranger and more unnerving was the feeling of a full-blown womb being formed.

Meanwhile, there were hundreds of other sensations crowding in on his awareness. The feel of his actually musculature and flesh changing was almost completely lost under other sensations, including the feeling of his chest pushing outward rapidly, while his waist was 'drawn inwards' above hips and ass that were swelling.

His scattered glimpses of the fast-moving changes were further obscured by the fact that he was growing taller, his viewpoint continuously changing as he shot upwards. Don was short, for a guy, and he'd subconsciously expected to stay about the same height, which would have been average for a woman, to find himself actually growing taller came as a further-disorienting shock...

The changes seemed to finish in an instant - and instant that, somehow, also felt like an eternity...

...and then Don was gazing in shock at her body.

Her feet had become smaller and more feminine, though they didn't quite make it to 'dainty' - and the shoes had also changed to match her new, most definitely feminine, feet. From there, her legs rose upwards, smooth and feminine. They were 'nice' legs, well-shaped, but not remarkably so, since there was a little bit of extra - yet attractive - padding on them, smoothing the contours into softer, more 'gentle' shapes than, say, a dancer's legs.

The skirt now rose a little higher. Not ridiculously so, but it was definitely shorter - and tighter, molding itself to her wide, well-rounded and defiantly womanly hips. 'Child bearing' hips, Don would have said, had they been on anybody else. They were matched by an ass that, while not 'spectacular', was nevertheless very full and firm, barely shying away from being 'too much of a good thing'.

Her new waist, beneath the clinging material of the shirt, was slender, but not remarkably so. Feminine, but only 'average' in it's dimensions.

Her face was... cute. Pretty, perhaps, open and well-formed, but the features of it weren't terribly well-defined, since they were also somewhat 'padded', especially her full, glossy lips. Her nose was completely average, and was flanked by warm,

cheerful-looking hazel eyes currently wide in shock. The face she now 'boated' was framed by sandy-blond hair that hung loose and natural to just past her somewhat wide (for a woman) shoulders.

Though she was at least a good six feet tall (not including the height of her heels), you could only tell the fact by comparing her to objects around her, since her proportions were well-balanced enough that she didn't look all that tall. Indeed, at a glance and with nothing immediately 'comparative' around, she would have looked 'average'...

...if not for the massive, firm tits that strained the shirt she was wearing to the limit. They were huge, each the size of a 'small' beach-ball, and tipped with large, dark nipples whose coloration was only faintly visible through the medium-weight fabric, but whose size and shape were clearly defined by the way they pushed out in impudent mounds, further stretching the straining fabric.

"Oh, My god..." Don said, hearing a most-definitely-feminine voice emerge from her new throat. "I.. I'm..."

"Huge...?" Cassandra supplied in a stunned voice, staring wide-eyed at the woman Don had become. "...huge!" Don parroted back, still staring at the image in the mirror.

"I noticed." Eloise commented, sarcastically. "I guess I could have mentioned that if you didn't pick a bra, your tits would grow until they filled whatever top you were wearing to it's maximum limits... but where would the fun in that be...?"

Ignoring Eloise's laughter - and, to a considerably less successful degree, her own massive endowments - Don forced herself to get a good 'overall' look at her new appearance...

...and was amazed to see that, as a whole, those gargantuan tits didn't look totally out of place. On a more slender, 'model-like' frame, they would have been freakish. On her, though, they just looked 'big'.. and almost 'right'.

Her entire body carried extra padding. Oh, she wasn't fat by any stretch of the imagination. Just delightfully well padded, an 'smoothing' layer of feminine fat over taut, strong muscles. Indeed, she looked almost like a prototypical 'country girl' - at least in certain movies with a special type of 'low- brow' humor. She was pretty in a big, strong (yet most definitely feminine) way. She also had that sort of 'not too bright' look that went with most naive 'farm-girl' characters in those movies.

If the new woman had been forced to describe herself to somebody who couldn't see her - say, over the phone - she would have said she looked like a cross between Dolly Parton and Drew Barrymore, with a pinch of Meg Ryan thrown in... but taller and bustier.

"Well, I guess it could have been worse..." Don told herself, without much in the way of conviction.

"Or better, from my point of view." Eloise commented with a grin. "I'll take what I got, though - you're quite the sight, my dear."

"Yeah, I guess I do kinda stand out..." Don admitted, ruefully, turning slightly to get a somewhat different look at her massively-endowed new body. Hesitantly, she reached her slender-yet-strong new hands towards her massive new rack... then let them fall away, also uncomfortable about checking inside her skirt. She knew that she'd find a fully-formed vagina there, yet almost felt like it wasn't real until she verified it... and so was in no hurry to do that.

"Well, there's one little detail to take care of..." Eloise said, with a grin... and she snapped her fingers.

Don couldn't repress a gasped as a medium-sized, fairly plain white leather purse appeared on her shoulder.

"Go ahead, see who you're going to be for the next little while..." Eloise 'suggested', and Don hesitantly followed the instruction, finding herself mildly curious about it.

There was some money, some make-up, some other odds-and-ends... but she pushed them all aside and pulled out her identification, looking at the photo that matched her new face, then hazel eyes dropping to the name...

"Doyawnada Fukkme?" She asked, incredulously, her voice shooting up an octave in outrage and shock.

"What?" Cassandra asked, startled, then staring at her sister with narrowed eyes. "Come on, Ell... that's just too much."

Eloise's eyes narrowed. "Hey, this is my gig, sis... butt out."

"But it's not even a real name!" Cassandra protested on Don's behalf.. and the new woman felt a surge of gratitude for the younger, less-powerful sister as Eloise capitulated.

"Oh, all right..." She said with a huff of 'long-suffering' breath, making a gesture...

..and Don read aloud the name that had replaced the outrageous moniker originally there.

"Donna Sue Wannamaker..." She read, then managed a wry smile. "Well, I guess it's better than the other one..."

"Glad you like it..." Eloise said, in a frosty tone.

Don - Donna - frowned slightly at the cold tone.. then grinned.

"Hey, don't get so hung up on name." The new woman, suggested. "After all, even if my ID said one thing, it wouldn't necessarily mean I have to use it. After all, I am still myself - that's the 'fun' in this for you, right? 'Donna' is probably what I would have chosen myself, anyway... so you really didn't lose anything."

For the first time, a hint of grudging respect appeared in Eloise's eyes... and she slowly grinned. "I guess you're right. The name's not all that important. It's watching what you do, how you have to act, for the next day "

"See? Now you're getting into the spirit..." Donna said.

Cassandra blinked. "Uh... You seem to be taking this all pretty damned well, Don na."

Donna grinned at the sister. "Well, I did agree to it, after all, so I knew what was coming more or less." She ruefully looked down at the massive mounds of tits-flesh that strained her shirt. "I think I got the 'more' but I can live with it, at least for the next twenty-four hours. Then I get a 'reward' from your sister so I might as well do all I can to get her into a very 'giving' mood, right?"

"Oh, I love how this Mortal thinks..." Eloise said to Cassandra with a bright, unforced grin - the first Donna had seen on her face, and obviously the first in a long, looong while that Cassandra had seen, judging from the surprised look on her face. That look grew even more surprised as Eloise slipped an arm around Donna's new waist, looking up at her happily.

"I think this might be the start of a be-yooo-tiful friendship." She said, winking.

"Wait, wait..." Cassandra said, looking at the two women who were grinning at each other, one an ex- man, the other a witch. "You were eager to 'humiliated' him.. uh, her, just a while ago.. and you, Donna... you can't actually enjoy this can you?"

"Can I answer for both of us?" Donna asked Eloise, still grinning. Eloise blinked. "Actually, I'd be impressed if you could."

Donna winked at her. "Well, I'll give it a shot "

Turning to Cassandra, Donna tried to explain - and hoped to god that she got it right. Despite Cassandra's misgivings at the outset - and 'his' own - she thought she'd actually made one hell of a deal assuming she'd 'read' things correctly, something she'd find out in a second.

"For my part, being female is far from comfortable." She said. "But it's not 'painful' or in any way damaging to me and, afterwards, I get a reward which I can use to set my life back on track, so it's almost almost like a contest. Your sister is going to enjoy trying to humiliate me during the next twenty-four hours, and I'm going to try and get through it without breaking down. That's why your sister is so happy - because I wasn't just willing to let her 'start' the game by making me female - but I'm showing that I'm willing to play it the best I can, make it a real challenge for Eloise here who hasn't had a 'real' challenge in ages, since she's so powerful - and that's the real reason for her agreeing to this whole thing. Not just 'revenge', though that's part of it too but the 'challenge'."

Eloise looked up at the woman she'd created with a look of stunned surprise.

"Oh, my god..." She said, breathlessly. "I.. I didn't even realize... As soon as you said it, though, I knew you were right. I haven't been 'challenged' in ages, and especially not by a mortal. I've been seeing you as nothing but a nuisance. It never occurred to me that a Mortal could actually be.. well, almost an equal, in the 'game' at least."

"That's because, aside from the change into a woman, we're on a level playing field." Donna said. "the game, now, is intellectual and emotional, not 'power' - which means I have a fighting chance, which is why it's so exciting to you." She grinned. "There's no real joy in winning a contest unless there's a very real chance of loosing it, as well."

Eloise grinned - but this time, it was wicked. "Chance or not - there's no way I'm loosing this one, girlfriend."

"Witch or not, there's no way I'm going to let you win." Donna shot back - and both of them grinned at each other, with a look of consideration in their eyes.

"Okay, enough of this chit-chat." Eloise said, briskly, pulling away from her creation. "We're going out."

"All of us?" Cassandra asked - and she sounded nervous.

"You bet. So come on..." Eloise said, heading for the door. Nervously, Donna stared at the witch, then began to follow. She wasn't surprised to find that she walked with an easy, feminine grace atop the heels she wore, wide womanly hips swaying and huge, firm tits jiggling and bouncing inside her top. It was new and different and discomfiting... and she tried very hard to 'ignore' the sensations as best she could.

Cassandra fell in beside her... and Donna was surprised to see that the younger sister looked almost as nervous as she felt.

"What's wrong?" Donna asked, glad to have something else other than herself to focus on.

"I.. I haven't been out of the house in more than a century..." Cassandra whispered back, nervously. Gently, Donna slid a hand into the other woman's, and gripped it reassuringly.

"I've never been outside as a woman before. It'll be nerve-wracking for both of us..." Donna said, letting some of her nervousness show for Cassandra, while she'd hidden it from Eloise. "We'll just have to help each other get through it..."

Cassandra threw her a thankful look that almost melted her newly feminine heart... and then they reached the door, and both stopped dead on the threshold, hearts pounding in anxiety as they looked out at the mundane world that, nevertheless, was now new and strange for each of them.

"Well? Come on!" Eloise said, impatiently, from the bottom of the steps.

Donna and Cassandra shared another look. As much as she'd tried to prepare for this, mentally, the reality of it was something she hadn't been prepared for. Being turned into a woman was one thing - but having to leave the privacy of the home and walk out into the world - in public - as this woman, to have to 'play the part' in a world that would only see her body and not know what she 'really' was, was something else.

"I can do this..." She told herself, uncertainly, in a whisper.. and was bemused to hear Cassandra, also in a whisper, tell herself "If she can, I can..."

Hands gripping each other's even tighter in much-needed reassurance, they stepped forward.

Head held high, cool breeze blowing over her legs, and huge, jiggling tits proceeding her by a good twelve inches, the new woman stepped into the world, not knowing what the next twenty-four hours would bring, but determined to see it through and win the 'prize' at the end of the game.

Now if only she'd stop trembling so damned much...

END Part I



SUMMARY: The continuation of one man who plays a very dangerous game with an amazingly powerful witch and lets himself be turned into a tall, huge-breasted woman for 24 hours.

Part II

'I willingly agreed to be turned into a woman...' The person who had once been Don Syffer thought, '...just so I could get a reward that would improve my life. Either I'm crazy, or my life really, really sucks '

The chill evening wind brushed across her tall, incredibly endowed new body, moving over the bare flesh of her long, silky-smooth new legs and having a rather disconcerting effect on the large, thick nipples that graced her unexpectedly massive new breasts. However, the chill wind wasn't the only reason she was shivering - trembling - as she stepped across the threshold of the Gothic-looking house, Cassandra's hand clasped firmly in her own.

'Maybe both ' 'Donna Wannamaker' thought with a wry humor as she emerged onto the front porch.

After all, it wasn't exactly 'sane' to play a very dangerous game with an amazingly powerful witch... yet Donna was 'willing' to be humiliated and degraded in order to win the 'prize'. Though she was far from comfortable with being female, much less with what Eloise might force her to do, Donna drew what scant comfort she could from two things; It was only for twenty-four hours, and nobody out there knew who she was. People might see 'Donna' do things that would be humiliating for a man to do - but they'd have no way of knowing that this tall, huge-breasted blonde 'Country girl' was 'really' a man in spirit. Whatever 'shameful' acts Donna had to go through, the only people who'd know about it were the three of them.

Besides, she told herself, the most remarkable part of the evening wasn't the fact that she'd met a pair of twin sisters, one a powerful witch, the other one somewhat less so - but more 'human'. It wasn't even the fact that she'd been turned into a woman - or that she'd 'volunteered' to have it happen.

The most amazing thing was the fact that she'd had the guts to stand up for herself, and to go through with the 'deal'. Despite all the misgivings and fears she had, despite the guilty feeling that she was 'perverted' to let herself be made a woman, the fact that she'd found a little bit of courage and strength to do something about her pathetic life - even this - was a source of amazement to her and pride.

Of course, the fact that she felt proud about letting herself be turned into a tall, huge-breasted woman was another source of disquiet, but she was willing to take anything she could at this point...

"One step at a time, huh Donna ?" Cassandra said, nervously, her milky complexion even more pale, her smile strained and nervous. Despite being more powerful than the average human woman - and longer lived - Cassandra was nowhere near as powerful - or as arrogantly confident - as her slightly older sister, and this was nerve-wracking for her. Despite her own mixed, confused feelings, Donna managed a somewhat strained sympathetic smile of her own for the frightened woman.

"Yeah - Except I never expected to be taking any of those steps wearing high heels..." Donna replied sotto voce...

...and was rewarded by a clear, trilling laugh that she'd all-but-startled out of the nervous woman.

Still holding hands for moral support, the two women descended the steps to where Cassandra was waiting, impatiently. Though the prospect of a real challenge put the witch in a better mood than her wont, even occasionally making her downright cheerful and friendly, two centuries of cold, arrogant disdain couldn't be washed away in such a short time, and her aloof impatience was an indicator of her habitual nature.

Unlike usual, however, her manner 'thawed' once they'd made it down the steps and were no longer holding up her 'entertainment'.

"Okay, ladies - it's time to have a little fun," she grinned. Though she and Cassandra were nearly identical in appearance - except for the color of their eyes - that grin looked completely different than the one her marginally younger sister used. "Now, first of all, you should know that, at least for the next little while, you'll be the only person able to see and hear us, Donna. To the rest of the world we'll be inaudible and invisible."

From beside her, Donna heard a soft sigh of relief, and realized that Cassandra felt more secure being 'out in the world' as a wraith, unseen and unheard. Donna couldn't blame her - she wouldn't mind if the same had been true for herself. 'Wearing a female body was one thing...

"Why is that, Eloise?" Donna asked, curious... as to Eloise's motivation, that was. After all, the 'game' was to see if Eloise could 'break' her spirit in any one of hundreds of ways, of which just being female was only the first. If she could get any advance warning, perhaps she could 'brace' herself for what was to come - after all, 'forewarned is forearmed', as the old saying went.

Eloise, however, grinned wickedly and deflected the question. "Oh, I - and Cassandra, of course - are stunningly beautiful. We wouldn't want to distract people from your own, glorious magnificence."

To 'amplify' her point, she stepped forward, closer to Donna - which forced the golden giantess to look down at the shorter witch... and made her realize that, when talking to people of 'average' height, the sight of her own massive bust, straining the fabric of her white shirt, would occupy the bottom of her view at any given time. Now she realized why she was so

tall - after living life as a shorter-than-average man, being tall was one of the more harmless experiences of this odd situation, sort of novel and interesting... but now she understood that there was a Machiavellian meaning behind it.

The disconcerting sensations that came from having breasts - and not inconsiderable ones, either - weren't enough for Eloise. It wasn't enough that Donna could feel the weight of them, and the sensation of the fabric pressing tightly against them. Their weight and shift and jiggle. Of the odd, somewhat pleasurable sensation of their very 'reality', and how they interacted with the world outside her new skin. No, this wasn't enough - Eloise wanted to make sure that Donna also had to see them, at least peripherally...

Well, it was just for the next twenty-four hours... and, for that matter, it was twenty-four hours spent doing things Eloise thought would humiliate her - which meant that there was a great advantage in employing whatever delaying tactics she could think of.

Well, perhaps her body, gender and name had changed - but, deep inside, she was still 'Don Syffer'. Shy, uncertain Don, living a life of quiet desperation...

...and, since 'Don' never acted 'quickly' (except for the recent situation, and look where that had gotten 'him'...) Don was also an expert in finding 'delays' that didn't look like delays. After all, getting caught at it might produce a confrontation, something Don usually also avoided habitually.

"Soooo " Donna asked, slowly, still bemused to hear that crystalline, feminine voice emerging from her throat - still bemused by the throat itself, and everything else that went along with this new body. "Isn't being invisible going to be awkward, Eloise? You know, having to keep an eye out to keep from banging into other people who don't see you or are you intangible, too?"

Eloise blinked, and when she spoke there was an amazed tone to her voice. "Well, actually, we're not technically 'invisible'. Like you said, that would have certain problems. I just used that word because I thought it'd be easiest for you to understand "

"Oh. I see " Donna said, looking down at her 'chosen tormentor'. "Well, why don't you explain it to me, and if I have any difficulties understanding it, I'll let you know?"

"Sure..." Eloise said, nodding. "Just don't speak aloud to me - you'll figure out why as I explain "

Then she turned and began walking, and Donna had to fall in step with her, Cassandra trailing a step behind and to the left. At least Eloise was walking slowly, rather than hurrying to bring Donna to her first challenge, which would have been the case if Donna hadn't asked her question. It was something, at least...

"You see, we're not actually 'invisible' so much as.. as unremarkable. On the conscious level, anyway. People will still see us and hear us, subconsciously, but it won't really register on their consciousness. We'll sort of fade into the background.

People will step out of our way without ever realizing that we were there. So, we can do whatever we want, and not get noticed. However, if you try to interact with us, you part of it would get noticed. If we were to have a conversation with other people around, it would seem to them as if you were talking to yourself "

"You have no idea what it would look like to somebody else if I decided to start playing with your hair or something." Cassandra interjected, flashing a grin at Donna. "Since they can't notice me, it would look like your hair had come alive or something "

Eloise looked startled - then shot her 'quiet' sister a look and giggled. Apparently, living together for a century or more had more-or-less eliminated the majority of conversation topics, and this was the most most 'alive' either of them could remember being in a long time. Donna certainly hoped her perception was correct - it might mean that Eloise would be 'easier' to get into a good mood for the reward... or that Cassandra might be able to intercede on Donna's behalf. Either way...

"So, as you can see " Eloise continued on with the 'lesson', "We don't have to worry about being noticed, but don't have to worry about bumping into things. I could even ask somebody for a cigarette, and - if they were the type to give me one in normal circumstances - they'd not only give me a cigarette, but immediately forget about it or, more accurately, never remember it in the first place.

That's just an example, since I don't smoke - but you get the idea "

Donna nodded, slowly, trying to make it look like she was 'thinking' of something, rather than responding to something somebody (who, to the rest of the worlds wasn't there) had said.

While they'd began talking, Eloise had led them around the corner of the house and in a direction opposite from the one Donna had originally come - and Donna was somewhat surprised to note that a rather shabby residential section started about a block away. The sisters' house wasn't as isolated as it had seemed when she'd first arrived, the house itself hiding the more residential area from sight. Still, in retrospect it seemed sort of logical. The house had been built for privacy in what had been the 'green belt' of the city, back in the nineteenth century. Slowly, the residential city had expanded from one direction, while the industrial section had moved in from the other, until they'd met almost precisely where their house stood. Idly, Donna wondered how the sisters handled things like taxes and the like, but it was a passing thought. More immediate was the 'annoying' fact that she wasn't supposed to talk with the sisters. Donna really, really wanted to keep the conversation flowing, both as a delaying tactic and as a way to keep her mind off of what had happened to her, and what was still to come. However, the fact that they were moving into an area more populated than the empty industrial section made it hard to do that without looking like a raving lunatic talking to thin air. Even though it was getting quite late, there were still people moving around in the end of the residential section, which was mostly older Victorian-style homes that had long ago been subdivided into apartments...

Then Donna suddenly grinned and stopped walking.

"Hey..>!" Eloise protested, startled - watching, surprised, as the new woman rooted around in her purse, finally emerging with a small black plastic compact.

"Feel a sudden need to touch up your makeup...?" Cassandra asked, stunned, shooting a wary look at her sister - obviously suspecting Eloise of 'tampering' with Donna's mind, which was against the rules.

Donna, however, didn't open the small rectangle of black plastic, instead holding it up beside her head...

"Hi, Eloise?" She said, starting to walk again, now staring off into nothing. "I had a couple of questions for you..."

"What are you doing, Donna...?" Cassandra asked, confused. Of course, she'd been a semi-voluntary shut-in for the past century. Her sister, a little more cosmopolitan, caught on after only a second's hesitation.

"A cell phone!" She said - and then she laughed with delight. "She's pretending to talk on one of those wireless radio-phones I told you about, Cassie!"

"Hmmm... I think this Mortal might be a little more clever than you gave her credit for..." Cassandra noted.

"Oh, wouldn't that just be delicious..." Eloise asked, her eyes alight with the idea of a real, honest-to-God battle of the wits. Obviously, her years of looking down on mortals had made her believe that this would be a fairly easy win, 'limitations' or not.

"So, **any**waaaaayyyy..." Donna said - and she said it with that certain tone that only women ever managed to get right, the sort of 'I was in the middle of talking and you went off on a tangent, but far be it for me to actually mention how rude that was' tone that women had used for centuries to put both men and other women into their place without actually having to say anything...

...and Donna found that this experience could actually be fun, at least here-and-there, because the look on the sisters' faces was priceless. Struggling to conceal a grin, she continued talking.

"I was wondering whether you were the only one who can do this... or can Cassandra do it, too?"

The two sisters shared a quick look, getting themselves up-to-speed with the conversational flow that had been broken by their surprise at Donna's little 'cell-phone' gambit.

"Oh, I can be 'unremarkable' too, on my own..." Cassandra admitted. "For me to cast the spell is a lot more complicated, though. I have to get certain herbs and minerals, set up a pentagram, that sort of thing. Eloise just... wills it to happen."

"It's not easy, though, which is why I don't use it all the time when I go out somewhere." Eloise admitted. "For one thing, I can't hold my 'anti-aging' spell in place at the same time. Usually I age at the rate of about a minute-per-day. While I'm using my powers for this little 'game' of ours, however, I'm going to age at the normal rate. I can afford it, of course - but it's not something I do often..." the amazingly powerful witch made a face. "I hate going 'cat' - the furballs are just terrible, and not

being able to scratch where it itches can drive you mad enough to change back to human - which burns more 'power' then you saved if you do it often enough."

"Tell me about it..." Cassandra muttered. "There are weeks that I stay cat the entire time... and you're not all that fussy about keeping that damned litter-box clean, sis..."

The trials and tribulations of modern witches... Donna had to repress a smirk. Somehow, the stories and fairy-tales dealing with witches somehow failed to mention the more mundane aspects of their existence.

"Sounds... well, 'boring', actually." Donna said, honestly... while 'strolling' along, keeping Eloise at a slow pace, further delaying the inevitable. "Sort of the equivalent of a 'workaholic', if you know what I mean. What do you do for.. for fun?"

Of all the possible reactions Donna would have anticipated, this wasn't one of them. Rather than tossing off some sarcastic comment, Eloise stopped dead and shared a long, sorrowful look with her sister.

If Donna had ever doubted the sisters' claimed ages, the ancient pain in both pairs of eyes would have reversed his doubt.

For a long second, the three of them remained in a frozen tableau, the ex-man watching the two witches share a look of deep and ancient pain - then Eloise sighed and straightened, pushing the pain aside with the facility of somebody well-used to forcing their own pain deep inside, hidden from all but themselves.

"Well, here we are..." She said, with a grin that almost matched it's former wicked intensity. She gestured at the building they were standing close to - a bar. Not exactly an upscale one, either - the graffiti-marred sign identified the plain brick building as 'Tommy's Place', and the red-painted door flanked a small, dark window mostly taken up by a neon sign that advertised 'Cold Beer'.

"Oh. Okay." Donna said, suddenly nervous... trembling in fact. For a few minutes she'd been able to take her mind off of her situation, but now it all came back in a rush, and she felt her new stomach contract into a leaden ball of nervous fear as she once more became hyper-aware of the tall, ultra- buxom body she was crammed into.

Despite all of this, however, part of her mind was still churning over the two women's reaction to her question. From a certain point of view, it would have seemed like they'd avoided answering the question. From where Donna stood, however, they'd answered it louder then words.

Perhaps the sisters had survived more then two centuries... but Donna's life had been far from 'perfect', and she knew there was a hell of a difference between 'surviving' and 'living'...

It was odd to feel a sense of pity and sympathy for an incredibly powerful witch who was about to do her best to humiliate you. With mixed feelings thrumming through her nerves, Donna took a deep breath, squared her shoulders...

...then immediately let her shoulders relax when she realized what 'squaring' them did to her breasts, pushing them up and out. Flushing - flustered - she opened the door and stepped into the dark, smoky bar, the sisters following her with a chuckle.

The place was, quite frankly, a dive. The furnishings were cheap and mismatched, and the atmosphere reeked of every known material that could be smoked by human beings, not all of them legal. Underlying that was the mixed odors of unwashed human bodies and astringent cleaning solutions - too much of the former, not enough of the latter. Unwillingly, Donna felt her nose wrinkle with the melange of unsavory odors that flooded her olfactory sense, and she hesitated just inside the door.

"Come on - we don't want to be in here any longer than absolutely necessary..." Eloise said from just behind her, gently pushing on the small of Donna's back to get her moving. Her arrogant, self-centered tone was back - coupled with a dreadful glee at whatever humiliation she had planned for the new woman in this place.

"Okay, okay..." Donna muttered, still feigning a phone conversation - more important than ever, because she'd certainly gained the attention of the mostly-male clientele, many of whom were eyeing her openly. After all, it wasn't every day a pretty, sandy-blond giantess wandered in, much less one sporting an awe-inspiring bust whose large, thick nipples clearly revealed she wasn't wearing a bra.

The more observant onlookers would have noticed she was trembling slightly, with a sheen of nervous sweat rapidly beginning to form as she struggled - and almost succeeded - to hide the gut-wrenching nervousness she was feeling. It seemed as if every nerve-ending in her body had been rubbed raw with sandpaper, making every sensation - including those of her new, huge-breasted body - seem magnified.

Putting her 'phone' away, she struggled to look natural as she moved towards the bar, the sisters following close behind. Though a feminine stride was 'implanted' into her repertory of skills, her stride felt stiff and awkward to her, and she was hideously aware of the fact that she was balanced atop feminine shoes with high heels - and what those heels did to her 'nice' legs and ass as she moved.

"Okay, Donna, here's the first challenge..." Eloise told her, smugly, as they crossed the room. "You've got to get a guy to buy you a drink... and whoever buys you the drink you have to 'reward' with a big ol' kiss."

Donna almost stopped dead and whirled to stare at Eloise in disgust. Even though she managed to avoid that extreme reaction, her stride faltered and a look of near-panic crossed her face, all unbidden.

"Something wrong?"

The question came from three sources at once. One of them was in Eloise's smugly sarcastic tone. Another came from a heavy-set individual in a leather-and-denim ensemble who was sitting nearby, frankly leering at her.

The third came from one of the better-dressed patrons, a dark-haired man sitting at the bar, sipping at a beer and trying hard to ignore what was going on around him. Though his gaze had been frankly appreciative, his manner had been of somebody using the sight of her as a distraction - as if she were the most 'lookable-at' object in the bar, an assessment Donna really couldn't fault him for. His question came in a concerned tone, with a polite 'Miss' tacked on the end.

Cassandra's addition to the quadraphonic inquiry was a gasp of shock... followed by a poorly-stifled giggle.

Donna nearly loved the younger, less powerful witch for that gasp - and came close to hating her for that giggle...

Time had seemed to stretch out, expanding every millisecond into an eternity... as Donna's mind raced, trying to cope with what was before her. Memories chased through her mind, memories of the few women she'd kissed as a man. (Including Becky Delsario, the first, in eighth grade.) Thoughts about what she was doing, had done, and was going to do raced through her head, mixed with one unifying thought: the 'brass ring' at the end of this ordeal. No matter what happened, Eloise was going to 'reward' Donna for the return of the keys... but just how good that reward was depended on how well she handled these challenges.

Meanwhile, while these thoughts were rampaging through her hyperactive mind, her overworked nerves were accepting and passing on sensory data - perceptions of a world that seemed to have slowed to a crawl.

There was Eloise, all-but-hugging her left shoulder, a smirk on her face while she waited for her reactions, while her sister - looking stunned but amazed - hung a little further away, off of Donna's right shoulder, both somewhat shorter than the golden giantess Eloise had turned her into.

Even lower than the twin sisters' heads were the two men, both seated, both in front of her - one to the left, the other at the bar to her right. Between her height and her standing position, each man's eyes were about level with her huge, heavy breasts. The greasy, chubby guy on the left was staring directly at her huge tits, while the one on the right had actually managed to bring his eyes up to her face before speaking - but his gaze had also lingered thoughtfully on her new 'rack' before reaching their current location.

Donna noted all of this in that frozen instant in time. As a man, she'd been slow, inoffensive, indecisive.. so she was shocked when she found that she had a plan, a course of action - and one that could quite easily be termed 'aggressive', considering the circumstances.

Her surprise didn't keep her from acting, though. Even as that frozen second compressed back into 'real time', she was already putting her plan into motion.

Deliberately, she turned away from the scuzzy guy at the table and blinked at the man at the bar, forcing her face to assume a new look, and hoping that she looked more upset than panicked.

"Oh, It's nothing..." She said, striving to put a catch in her voice and, basically, sound as pitiful and pathetic as possible. "I just realized that I was so upset when I left the apartment that I forgot to grab my money." She quite deliberately sniffed, as if restraining tears, and hoped it didn't sound as fake to the guy as it did to herself.

"Oh - I'm sorry to hear that." The guy said in a noncommittal voice that made Donna experience the strangest mix of panic and relief at the thought that the guy might not take the opening...

...and then felt the exact same emotion somehow reverse itself as he gestured at the empty stool next to him.

"I'm sort of having a pity party for myself." He said, with a sorrowful grin. "Since misery loves company, why don't you join me for a drink or two - on me."

"Gee, thanks..." She said, settling into the chair, and hoping her nervous, awkward actions were being attributed to her being 'upset'. "Uh.. I'm Donna."

"Alan." He introduced himself, briefly. "I'm afraid this establishment is somewhat lacking in variety. Beer all right with you, Donna?"

"Fine." She said, nodding, and let Alan gesture the dour-looking female bartender over and ask for two more beers. The woman gave Donna a long, cool look, her narrow eyes speaking volumes before she turned away to grab two more domestic beers from the fridge behind the bar, popping them open with the easy motions that came from long practice, then banging them hard onto the cigarette-scarred bar.

They each took a sip of beer, more as something to do to fill the awkward silence than any real desire for the drink. At least Alan didn't have a couple of 'semi-invisible' witches lurking directly behind him, making him even more uncomfortable.

Well, at least Eloise was on the side away from Alan, which gave Donna's plan a better chance of succeeding - assuming that Alan gave her an opening to...

"So, I'll probably regret this..." Alan said. "...but what's wrong?" Bless his little heart...

"I'm cursed..." Donna said, 'brokenly'. "I... I'm psychic."

Alan stared at her. "A... psychic?" He said, as if making sure he heard her right.

"Oh, not like the famous seer Cassandra or anything..." She said, hoping and praying. "In fact, it's very limited - and strange. It's enough to make my life a type of living hell, though. You see, I can tell things about people... but only when I'm kissing them."

"Kissing them...?" Alan said, openly doubtful.

Donna snorted. "I know it sounds weird - but it's hell. I can't tell anything about the future, can't tell if a complete stranger is lying to me... but whenever I get into a relationship, I can tell things about my boyfriend... and it's not something I can turn off, so I find out things that we would have been happier if I hadn't known about. It's hell. I mean, how can I have a relationship with a guy if I know - know - that every time I kiss him he's comparing me to his old girlfriend, and finding me lacking? Sure, it's not like he'd be cheating on me... but how can I have a relationship knowing that he's thinking about going back to her?"

Alan looked at her from the corner of his eye. "I.. see. Well, that would be a problem. Still, you'll have to forgive me if I seem a little... skeptical." He paused. "I don't suppose you'd be willing to demonstrate?"

Donna blushed. She couldn't help herself - the thought of having to kiss a guy did it to her. However, given the circumstances - as Alan perceived it - it would be an unremarkable blush.

"Well... Okay." She said, ears burning. "Just so you don't think I'm a complete loon. Just remember - I'm no Cassandra..."

Then, praying the younger witch had gotten the hint, Donna leaned forward...

The fact that she was awkward wasn't remarkable - one of the 'good' things about her plan. After all, she was kissing a complete stranger, and so some awkwardness was to be expected. Alan had no way of knowing what the true reason for it was, of course.

The odd thing was... it was just a kiss. Donna hadn't had tons of experience, as a guy, but she'd had some... and once she'd closed her eyes, it felt more or less the same, as a woman, as it had as a man. Oh, there were some subtle variations, but a pair of female lips kissing a pair of male lips created the same basic sensations, no matter what end you were on.

Somehow, the fact that it wasn't physically revolting wasn't the least bit comforting to Donna. After all, kissing a guy was 'perverted' - she shouldn't find it mildly pleasant, if awkward.

However, she forced herself to go ahead and make it a deep, long kiss, slow and 'experimental' rather than passionate...

...and they broke apart, Alan looking appreciative, Donna struggling to keep fear at bay. Then she was struggling to repress a sigh of relief to see that Cassandra had caught on.

Spread out on the bar was the contents of Alan's wallet. Thanks to the spell, Alan hadn't noticed Cassandra taking the wallet, and he was oblivious to the fact that it was spread out on the bar.

"So - what did you learn?" Alan asked, his tone indicating he was waiting for the 'punchline' to whatever joke she was playing.

Donna, however, assumed a thoughtful look - but her 'empty gaze' was actually focused on the contents of the wallet.

"Let's see..." She said, hesitantly, playing it up for all she was worth. "Your name is Alan... Alan Gottleib."

Alan blinked, then leaned forward slightly. "how...?"

With more confidence, Donna continued. "You're... Twenty-nine years old. No, wait - thirty. As of last April. Sometime mid-month..."

"The sixteenth..." Alan verified, brows lowered in confusion. "But how did you...?"

"You were born in Minneapolis Minnesota." Donna continued, letting her eyes flick over other documents as well. "You're a member of the Eastside Athletics Club, an organ donor, and have a Triple-A membership. Your blood type is O-Negative, and..."

"Okay, okay!" Alan said, holding up his hands and looking at her with a slightly wild look.

"...let your library card expire two years ago..." Donna muttered.. and Cassandra, grinning, began to refill Alan's wallet with his stuff, slipping it back where it belonged. The younger witch threw Donna a wink, and Donna had to struggle to keep from grinning back at her.

"No offense, Donna.. but I think the fact that you might actually be psychic even scary then when I thought you were just a little.. well, you know." He cleared his throat, nervously. "Uh... I think I'll just go sit over there..."

"Don't bother." Donna said - and she used a cool tone that made two unseen witches and one very confused man blink in surprise. With feigned disdain, Donna rose from the stool.

Then, with a slightly disgusted look, she stared down from her full height.

"I also found out about that dirty trick you played on that girlfriend a couple years ago."

Alan went pale, eyes widening and jaw dropping, as Donna turned and stalked from the bar, as if offended... with quite a crowd of men staring after her.

One look at Alan's face kept any of them from trying to stop her and have her 'demonstrate' her talent with them.

The two witches had to hurry to keep up with her as she 'stormed' out of the bar... and once they were outside and Donna's stride had slowed, she finally risked glancing to either side, seeing nearly identical faces flanking her.

The green-eyed one on her left was looking at her with an awe-filled gaze, lips twitching in an irrepressible grin...

...which was matched by the one on the dark-eyed face on the other side.

Donna had expected it from Cassandra - but to see Eloise so amused, despite her 'loss' of that round, was somewhat of a surprise...

Then the more powerful witch broke out in honest-to-god laughter.

"Dear God, that was priceless...!" She howled, having trouble keeping to her feet. "It never even occurred to me you could use our invisibility to and the look on his face after that parting shot!

Beautiful! You didn't have a worry about the other guys wanting a try "

Cassandra was now laughing, too - but she forced out the question. "How did you know ?"

Rubbing a hand over her face to hide her lips and keeping her voice low, the blonde muttered. "At some point, every guy has done something unfair to an ex - and we all know it, too "

That sent Cassandra into the same barely-able to stand gales of laughter that had enveloped Eloise.

Donna feigned great interest in a poster in the window of a nearby store while the witches slowly regained their composure. Though 'proud' of herself for having successfully passed the first hurdle without cracking, part of the new woman was upset that she'd passed. Part of her found itself wishing that she hadn't been able to do it, that she'd been 'man' enough to be too disgusted to go through with it - much less so easily and so 'well'.

While the sisters got control of their laughter, she struggled to understand the mix of emotions she was feeling, and get a handle on the guilt she felt.

Finally, all three women - two of them centuries old, the other new incarnated - had gained as much control of their diverse emotions as they were going to.

"So, Donna - does your 'psychic abilities' give you any clue as to what comes next?" Eloise asked, grinning. Donna felt her stomach contract in nervous anxiety as her brief respite from this little 'contest' passed by, and she shook her head in the negative.

Cassandra gestured towards the nearby phone booth. "Call a cab, dear. Tell them you're heading up to the Pussycat lounge on Fifth and Lexington."

Donna blinked, searching through her mind to see if she recognized the name or location - but she couldn't recall ever being in that part of town. Swallowing nervously, she swayed atop her heels to the phone and placed the call. It was only after the dispatcher asked that Donna realized that she didn't know exactly where she was now, and had to turn to Cassandra and have her look at the street signs at the nearest intersection to provide the information.

With a start, Donna realized that she really didn't know the city where she lived and worked. She'd never realized how much of a 'slave' she'd been to her own routines and fears, shutting herself away from the world at large. It seemed an odd time to realize that her own life - thus far - was far more cloistered and alone than she'd ever truly appreciated...

...but it also helped bolster her flagging determination. She realized, now more than ever, just how much she needed a 'reward' to set her life back on track. She filed a mental note away in the back of her mind - as well as 'perfect eyesight' and (of

course) financial rewards, she'd have to make sure to get Eloise in a good enough mood to throw something that would make it easier for 'Don' to interact with people into the reward. Perhaps a mild sort of empathic power, so that Don could know what people were thinking, in a general way...?

It was hard to devote her mind to working out the exact reward she should ask for. Most of her mind was taken up by nervous - and useless - wondering about her next 'challenge'. Whatever it was, it put a wicked grin on Eloise's face... and when Cassandra asked about it, and received a whispered reply, it made the younger sister look startled - and then giggle.

It in no way served to calm Donna, who found herself nervously pacing up and down the sidewalk past the invisible sisters, trying to brace herself for whatever was to come.

When the cab arrived, Donna climbed into the front seat. Even if the sisters hadn't been under a spell to be 'unnoticed', the driver might have missed them sliding into the back seat - his eyes were focused on the tall, lushly-endowed body of his passenger, a look of awe and lust on his face before he managed to get it under control. Though it made Donna extraordinarily uncomfortable to be looked at in that way, she could hardly blame the poor guy - after all, it could hardly be a common occurrence, having a towering, buxom, tawny-haired woman climb into his cab.

Donna, however, was glad she didn't (yet) have the ability to read people's emotions. It was no secret what the cabby was feeling, and she didn't want to feel that emotion.

"So... I haven't seen you at the Pussycat before." The Cabby remarked, surprising Donna.

"Uh... This is my first time there." Donna replied, nervously, wondering what type of place the Pussycat was.

The Cabby eyed her again, and grinned. "Well.. I might just have to swing by more often..." Donna frowned slightly, but kept her silence...

...until the cab pulled into the parking lot of the Pussycat Lounge.

It was a strip club. The brightly-lit sign had a marquee section at the bottom, where feature dancers or specials could be advertised. Currently it announced that tonight was (to quote) 'AMLTEUR NITE!!!'

"Oh, no..." Donna whispered, hoarsely. "Somethin' wrong?" the cabby asked.

Donna coughed, and managed a 'smile' that looked more like a grimace of pain. She had absolutely no illusions as to why she was here - and her heart was thundering and her palms were sweating while she wrestled with the mix of emotions she felt.

"First night jitters." She managed to get out - while Cassandra and Eloise chuckled from the back seat, unnoticed by the driver. Hands shaking, she paid the fare and climbed out of the cab, the sisters sliding out from the back seat. Donna, nervously shifting her weight from foot to foot, watched the taillights recede in the distance.

"So - wanna just give up now?" Eloise asked with a grin. "You can, you know. Anytime you want, you can say 'enough', and we'll go back to my place for the rest of the twenty-four hours..."

'...and you lose your chance at a reward,' went unspoken. Nervously, not trusting herself to speak, the new woman shook her head - which took more willpower than she knew she had. Every instinct - every born-and-bred-as-a-male instinct - was shouting at her to cut and run. Back to the same, dismal life she had before.

"Well, then - why don't we go in?" Eloise suggested with a wicked grin, pointing towards the door.

Donna looked at the door, biting her lower lip - which didn't help, since she tasted lipstick, which only reinforced what she was going through.

"C'mon, Donna - it's not that bad." Cassandra told her, encouragingly. "I admit, I'd be nervous, too - but that's not even your real body, so why should you be modest about it? Besides... don't you think you have a body men would love to see? Hell, if I were a guy, I'd want to see you on stage..."

Eloise had started to frown at Cassandra's encouragement. Of course, she was enjoying humiliating Don/Donna - but another part of her wanted to 'win', get Donna to give in. Now, however, her smile returned, more wicked than ever.

"Hmmm... that sounds like a good idea - and you just volunteered." Eloise said, and her sister turned to frown at her.

"Volunteered to what...?" She asked... then gasped, eyes going wide...

Donna's eyes widened as she watched the marginally younger sister twitch... and then begin to change. Like her own transformation, it was rapid, almost too quick for the eye to follow - but, unlike Donna, Cassandra's clothes also changed.

In the space of a few seconds, Cassandra's appearance had completely - and radically - altered. In place of the beautiful woman now stood a tall, broad-shouldered man with a 'Kevin Sorbo'ish mane of loose, dark hair... which matched his new 'Herculean' body, which was packed into a tight black T- shirt and nearly skin-tight faded denim jeans...

...which bulged almost disgustingly at the crotch.

"Eloise!" The new man said, shocked, running broad hands over his tanned, muscular new body. "You...! Change me back!"

"Do you realize you're shouting?" Eloise asked, smirking. "At somebody nobody else can see, for that matter?"

"I don't care!" Cassandra said, hands hesitantly touching his ridiculously outsized 'package', and then flying away quickly. "I never...!"

"Oh, but you did, dear brother." Eloise chuckled. "Besides, you know I can do physical changes without consent - it's only mind-altering that's forbidden. Just relax and enjoy it - Carl."

"Enjoy...?" The new man's deep, rumbling voice faded as his mouth worked silently in indignant anger. Eloise chuckled again. "Well, don't you think you two should go inside?"

"Eloise...!" Cassandra/Carl said, angrily, while Donna shook nervously...

...and then both gasped as Eloise made a gesture with her hand - and faded from sight. "What...?" Donna said, looking around nervously. "Where.. Where did she go?"

Eyes narrowed, the new man sighed angrily. "She's extremely powerful, but all this is taking it's toll," She said. "It's easier for her to keep the 'unnoticed' spell going if there's no 'exceptions'... so we won't be able to notice her until she wants us to."

"What.. what do we do now?" Donna asked.

"Well, it's all up to you. Either you go through with it, or you back out - either way, we won't see Eloise again until this is over."

"Oh..." Donna said, looking from the club to 'Carl', and then back again. She took a long, deep breath and let it out with a sigh. "Well... Here goes."

Carl's angry look faded slightly as he reached out and gently lay a hand on Donna's arm. "Good luck."

"Thanks." Donna said, smiling weakly. Turning, she strode towards the performer's entrance, beside which a sign indicated all Amateurs were to use that door, while Carl - muttering angrily under his breath to his unseen sister - headed towards the customer entrance.

Both were walking awkwardly, and in both cases it was because of a magical gender change - with it's 'side-effects', in Donna's case, nervousness...

...and in Carl's, anger - and the fact that the tight denim over his crotch was uncomfortably compressing the massive endowment that had been forced upon him.

Donna didn't have time to feel pity for the new man - and, in fact, felt a tinge of satisfaction at the unwanted transformation, a carry-over from her anger at the 'giggle'. Meanwhile, most of her mind was taken up with forcing her body to move as she reached the door and - very nervously - pulled it open and stepped through...

It took her a second to realize something had changed as she stepped through the doorway. In fact, she'd taken two steps past the door before it registered on her preoccupied mind that things were somehow different...

Then, with a start, she realized that her clothing had changed, instantly, when she'd crossed the threshold of the doorway.

Gasping, she looked down and took stock of her new ensemble.

Her shirt had changed, becoming a crisp white blouse, custom-tailored to mold to her top-heavy new figure. Under the crisp, tight fabric, she could feel the confinement of a perfectly-fitter brassiere, though she was unable to see the new foundation garment.

Her shirt was still a red miniskirt - but now it was red leather, fitting as tightly to her full ass and wide hips as if it were painted on.

Her shoes had undergone the most radical change. Now she was balanced disturbingly easily atop red platform shoes with a three-inch high platform and slender heels that had to be at least a good nine inches tall - exactly the sort of thing a stripper would wear, as a matter of fact.

'Eloise...' Donna muttered under her breath in mixed anger and humiliation... and then, taking a deep breath, forced herself to ignore it, pressing forward. The gentle sway of her hips and the joggle of her confined bosom only served to accentuate her anxiety as she passed the changing room towards the back-stage area, where a man was waiting to sign her in for the show. A gaggle of other women waited, chatting brightly - some in anticipation, some in eager anxiety. Donna tried not to let her nervousness show as she neared the sign-in table, several of the other would-be strippers shooting her looks, some friendly, some not.

The man behind the table eyed her openly - and grinned.

"Well, well - what do we have here...?" He said, winking at her. "You sure you fall in 'amateur' standing, Miss...?"

"Yes..." She said - and her voice was barely audible, hoarse and cracked from her anxiety. Flushing, she cleared her throat and tried again. "yes - this is the first time, I.. uh..."

Her nervousness verified her amateur status more than her words ever could. Waving her closer, the grinning man fixed his eyes on her straining blouse and told her to sign up - she'd be on next.

"Next!" She squeezed, eyes wide - while several other women said the same word in tones of outrage.

"Yes, next." He said, firmly, silencing all forms of protest. Quivering, Donna signed, showing her identification as proof-of-age.

"So - do you want to use your real name, or a stage name?" the man asked.

Donna chuckled, nervously, and said to go ahead and announce her 'real' name - which, of course, was a merely a gender-matched alias for her new body. She had an actual moment of levity as she imagined giving her real 'real' name to be announced...

...but the moment faded quickly, leaving only fear and discomfort as she waited for the woman on the stage to finish her routine.

* * * * *

Sitting next to her 'brother', Eloise grinned at the way 'Carl' shifted around in the chair, trying to find a comfortable spot. Eloise had over-endowed the new man, then crammed him into a badly-tailored, skin-tight pair of jeans to ensure that no such position existed - and her own power was so much stronger that there was no way Carl could just 'whip up' a more comfortable outfit. He, of course, had tried, perhaps hoping that the concurrent spells Eloise was holding would have weakened her enough but going completely 'unnoticed' gave Eloise enough power to hold Carl trapped in form and clothing, though it had been a bit of a strain on her abilities.

It was worth it, though. Eloise couldn't remember the last time she'd actually enjoyed herself so much. Oh, but was that Mortal going to get such a wonderful reward when this was over, no matter how well 'she' performed - not that Eloise would let her know that, of course. It would take some of the fun out of it.

The truth was, she was becoming quite fond of Donna. It was getting harder and harder to pretend that she was being 'cruel' - though she was sure that both Donna and Carl were miffed with her. The truth was, she doubted she could do anything that would truly 'hurt' Donna, and of course she couldn't even imagine doing something truly nasty to Carl/Cassandra - who knew it, which is why he hadn't objected more strenuously. In fact, this wasn't the first time Cassandra had been male, though never as well endowed as he currently was. Indeed, sometimes a male body was the 'alternate' form Cassandra chose to keep the effects of aging to a minimum. It was the fact that it had been forced on him - and the over-endowment, of course - that annoyed him, rather than the fact he was male.

So, no real harm done, to either - just as there'd be no real harm done by this little 'striptease' act. However, it was sure to be fun - because she'd made a few... modifications to Donna.

Though she wasn't allowed to alter her actual mind, Eloise had permission to change Donna's body, skills, habits and tastes - and that gave her more leeway than Donna ever imagined. Eloise had, of course, given her all the skills she needed to be a stripper - but had also made some modifications to her 'habits', as well as her body chemistry.

Though Donna might not appreciate them, Eloise was sure they would be.. entertaining. Likewise, what she planned to do with Carl would be 'fun' as well... if a little strange. Neither of them quite conformed to accepted 'morality' as seen by Mortals, but what she was planning still felt a little.. uncomfortable. Not enough to keep her from doing it, of course...

Then the too-skinny girl who was on stage finished her routine, and Eloise focused her attention on the stage as the DJ's amplified voice rang out.

"Okay, guys, put your hands together for the next lady, a gal more than 'qualified' for tonight's entertainment. Let's see if we can't convince her that, whatever she's doing for a living now, it's the wrong line of work. The Pussycat Lounge..."

* * * * *

"...is proud to debut the never-before-seen uh... 'talents' of Miss... **Donna... Wannamaker...!!!**"

"Okay - that's your cue!" Gary, the stage-manager who'd signed her in hissed, giving her a small push in the small of her back...

...which was like pushing on a statue. Not only didn't she move, but her muscles were taut and hard with tension. The only sign of life in her was her rapid, nearly hyperventilating breathing - which didn't help her state of mind, since it caused her huge tits to be compressed rhythmically inside the as-yet unseen bra that had appeared on her chest.

"Damn it, Donna - go!" Gary said, a little louder, and put a little more effort into his push.

Almost against her will, Donna found herself taking that step forward, her heart beating so hard inside her ribcage that it felt like it would explode - and she almost wished it would, and put her out of her humiliation and fear.

Then she took a second, hesitant step, more out of 'habit' than any true desire or willful control - and the curtain parted, the floodlights bathing her body in their glow as she looked out at the sea of men staring at the stage. She heard the rustling as they shifted in their seats, the gasps and muttered comments as her tall, massive-busted body registered...

...and then her fear was swept away in new sensation, sensations she'd never thought she'd feel, in this body or her own male one.

Even as they washed through her, she knew the came from Eloise's power... but that didn't mitigate what she was feeling.

Pride. Joy. Eagerness. Excitement...

...and arousal.

Eloise had altered her 'habits' and 'likes' so that she was an exhibitionist. Somebody who enjoyed flaunting her body - and that was what she was about to do. More than that, though, she'd tied this new 'habit' into her hormonal system... making her horny as well as happy, eager and excited and turned on, her emotions too powerful to sustain the fear she'd felt a mere second ago.

She didn't want to feel this way about getting naked in front of a roomful of horny men - but she couldn't help it. Truth be told, part of her didn't want to be able to stop it - not only did it make it enormously easier for her to go through with something she'd decided to do anyway, but it actually made her feel... good. Happy. Excited.

Better than she'd felt in a long time, as a matter of fact...

It was a thought that would have bothered her, if she'd bothered to dwell on it any longer - but the music for her routine was thundering through the opening riffs, a heavy bass beat driving it - and thought shut down as new 'instincts' and skills took

over, and she sway and jiggled happily out onto stage, her hips already 'bump-and-grinding' with the incredibly smooth, sensual stride she used...

* * * * *

Carl watched Donna stride out onto the stage to the approving shouts and cheers of the crowd...

..and was shocked to see a huge, obviously genuine smile on the ex-man's face as she writhed and gyrated to the music, long-nailed hands coming up to run provocatively over the crisp, skin-tight material straining over her massive bust-line. Her moves were smooth and easy - and filled with eager, happy energy.

She was obviously having the time of her life as she danced up on the stage, throwing kisses out into the crowd, body moving in ways calculated to arouse every man in the room.

Even more shocking was the fact that Carl found that it was working - on him!

"What the...?" Carl gasped to himself, stunned, as he felt his ridiculously out-sized male equipment stir and begin to harden with disturbingly pleasant discomfort inside his too-tight jeans. He found his breath becoming short and rapid - and found it nearly impossible to tear his eyes away from Donna's happy, provocative gyrations on the stage.

"No.. I shouldn't..." He whispered to himself, feeling his heart racing in sexual excitement. He couldn't control the strange - and pleasant - sensations thundering through his body as he watched Donna's routine - and when she ripped off her top to expose her massive, firm globes barely encased in a lacy white bra, he found himself imagining his currently male hands caressing and fondling those massive, delightful globes of softly firm flesh...

...or his huge, thick cock sliding back and forth in her chasm-like cleavage as he tit-fucked her happily...

"Oh, my Goddess..." Carl whispered, eyes wide.

Was he really a 'lesbian' deep down, inside. Unlike Eloise, Carl had never actually 'done it', though during puberty she'd certainly spent a lot of time playing with conjured dildos of all shapes and sizes. Could it be...?

He just didn't know. All he knew was that he was currently more aroused, as a man looking at a huge- breasted woman, then he'd ever been before...

* * * * *

It was even more strange-feeling then she'd anticipated - and more fun.

Eloise was pressed close to Carl, one hand stroking his crotch to keep his cock hard as she whispered into her 'brother's' ear.

"Look at her body." She whispered. "Look at those tits! They're huge.. and so firm. So inviting. You're so damned horny for her, you can't think straight, aren't you. God - wouldn't you love to get your hands on her body? Or perhaps you'd like to get your lips on it, kissing it all over - especially those huge, thick nipples..."

Yes, it definitely felt weird to be doing this to her own 'sister', even if Cassandra was currently male - but knowing what she was doing to him was even more exiting (in a very guilty way) and there was no way she was going to stop. Instead, she kept up a line of patter as Donna went through her act, getting more and more graphic with Carl as Donna worked her way out of her clothes, until finally she wore nothing but her high-heels, her huge-breasted figure gyrating under the lights, hands roaming all over her own body in near-orgasmic enjoyment, lips curved in a huge grin of near-mindless pleasure.. just as Eloise had planned...

Or maybe not...

* * * * * "Donna..."

Eloise's warning tone made Donna aware that she was doing it again. Almost as if they had a mind of their own, her hands had begun to toy with the hem of her shirt, slowly pulling it upwards... as she'd gazed with a mindless happy grin at Carl, who was staring back at her, hungrily, a matching grin on his own face.

They were walking along the sidewalk, nearly to the sister's house, and the entire time, Eloise had been forced to remind Donna - once more back in her original outfit, except this time with less 'sexy' underwear, complete with a heavy, full-cup cotton bra - not to get undressed.

Donna wasn't sure what had happened to her on that stage - all she knew is that she wasn't ready to let it end. It had taken an incredible force of will to take the first step out on to that stage - but once she'd felt the sheer, sexual joy that stripping had provided, she had to force herself to leave the stage and the admiring, lust-filled gazes of the men, including Carl - at the end of the set.

Forcing herself to get dressed again, back stage, had been one of the hardest things she'd ever had to do. Even the fact that Gary had refused to pay her, claiming that there was no way she was an 'amateur' hadn't bothered her - who cared about money when you felt this fabulous?

It had been almost physical painful to be fully dressed again, and leaving the club she felt ready to burst into tears - until she'd found Carl waiting at the back door of the club, eyes caressing her body as he complimented her at great length and in great detail - and the massive hard-on that was clearly visible in his skin-tight jeans proved they weren't empty words, which gave her that wonderful, excited feeling again. It wasn't straight exhibition that turned her on - but the fact that she was arousing men. The fact that she turned Carl on made her feel fantastic - and she was so glad that Carl was using every ounce of power in his possession to keep Eloise from changing him back into a woman. Even going wholly visible hadn't given Eloise enough power to break through Carl's 'block', which was using everything he had to give.

Part of Donna was worried and confused about these feelings. It wasn't like she was 'brain-washed' or anything. She knew that she was 'really' a man, and finding Carl's obvious, sexual attraction for her exciting was uncomfortable, weird, even sick - but that just added a 'guilty' edge to her pleasure. Like the time when she was young and had tried pot for the first time. Knowing that it was illegal had just added to the excitement - and the sort of dazed joy she had felt from the pot was similar to what she felt now, as well, though this was definitely more sexual in nature.

That incident with the marijuana was one of the few things 'Don' had ever done that was exciting, even dangerous, and had been one of the 'highlights' of her sad, lonely life. Now, she was feeling something even better than that, and she didn't want it to end, even if it was sick and twisted.

Obviously, Carl was in a similar state, uncomfortable with his own reactions to her - but not enough so that he wanted it to end. Indeed, he was doing all he could to keep that from happening.

Eloise, on the other hand, had a worried look on her face - but the two of them barely noticed, as they couldn't seem to stop looking at each other's incredibly endowed, gender-reversed bodies.. and wondering just how far they could dare go with these new and wonderfully strange feelings they were experiencing.

Neither of them were blind to the fact that the feelings were... well, 'fake' wasn't quite accurate, since they were really feeling them. 'Imposed' would be a better word. They'd managed to figure it out for themselves even before Eloise had confessed as to what she'd done to them, in hopes of convincing them to let her undo what they'd done. What Eloise had failed to take into account, however, was the quiet, boring, pitiful little lives both 'Don' and 'Cassandra' had lived. Now, as 'Donna' and 'Carl', they felt enjoyment and pleasure like they'd never felt before, imposed or otherwise - and, like blind people suddenly granted sight, they didn't want to give up this 'gift', no matter the 'downside' to it.

Donna knew that what kept Eloise from openly panicking at their 'strange' behavior was the same thing that was frustrating her attempts to 'help' Donna - their deal. Eloise had planned all of this out ahead of time, making all these alterations to Donna at the outset - since their deal specified it that way. Without Donna's agreement (which she wasn't willing to give), Eloise could do nothing to Donna until the twenty-four hours was up... at which point, Donna would automatically revert to the original 'Don', something that now filled her with disgust and horror, the thought of going back to that short, meaningless little man with a short, meaningless little life.

Carl, on the other hand, could remain the way he was almost indefinitely, despite the fact that Eloise was much stronger as a witch. After all, the initial 'spell' had come from Eloise, and all Carl was doing was 'holding' it - a much easier task than reversing it.

Finally, they reached the house, and Eloise let them in with a sigh of relief.

"Okay, we're alone..." She said, not even bothering to close the door behind them. "I think it's time we had a talk and..."

"Later, Sis..." Carl rumbled, his eyes never leaving Donna's buxom figure. "Donna and I want to get... better acquainted."

Donna grinned widely, even though nervousness and uncertainty tugged at her like... like a virgin about to...?

Maybe that was a more accurate metaphor than she thought. She wasn't sure if she was more scared or excited by the prospect.

"But..." Eloise tried to protest.

Donna and Carl ignored her, as if they hadn't even heard her. Eyes still locked on each other's face, they moved towards the living room, hands reaching out and grasping each other tightly.

They settled onto the couch... and leaned into each other, not needing words to discuss what they were doing. Two hearts beat rapidly in mixed excitement and anxiety as their lips met in a deep, passionate kiss. Gently, Donna rolled towards Carl's firm, strong body, pressing her huge tits into the side of his chest and allowing him to slowly and sensuously run his hand over her bare, smooth legs, their tongues dancing in an age's old manner as they surrender themselves to the guilty pleasure they each desired...

* * * * *

Eloise was ready to panic. This isn't what she wanted - not at all. It was all wrong...

The strangest part of it was that, just a few hours ago, it was what she wanted. Then, the idea of Don becoming a lust-filled woman who couldn't control herself with a man would have filled her with delight. It wasn't until she allowed herself to see a 'mere Mortal' as a real, living person that she'd realized how much she'd been denying herself. Two centuries of arrogance had led only to loneliness and bitterness. Now, she had found joy in life, and wanted to share that joy with the person who had made it possible - and, instead, had gone overboard and locked both Don/Donna and her own sister/brother into a stare of emotional and physical overload that she wasn't able to break. Pain and self-hatred pulled at her... especially since she knew it was the last vestiges of the 'old' Eloise who had let this happen. She'd been arrogant and angry when she'd set up Donna's new skills, desires and hormones, and had overdone it. Even worse, she could have kept this from happening by stopping the 'contest' and admitting to Don/Donna what she'd discovered - that she truly liked him./her, and was willing to grant her that reward without her having to go through with this stupid, twisted game. Instead, she'd let the last, fading vestiges of her cruel humor carry her on the path she'd initiated - and it had led to this, not only ensnaring Donna but Cassandra, as well.

She'd discovered happiness - and now she felt like the most miserable excuse for a sentient being on the face of the planet. Facing up to her own pointlessly arrogant, cruel existence was painful, almost enough to drive her to despair - but what she'd done with that persona was worse, much worse.

She watched as the gender-swapped couple settled onto the couch and embraced, kissing passionately as their hands roamed each other's body - and felt as if she was about to burst into tears, a sensation that she'd never really known until now.

Almost ready to give into her self-loathing, Eloise felt her mind slip and slid from one point to another, afraid of facing up to what she'd done...

...and found a possible answer in her memories.

She'd always been incredibly powerful for a witch. Most witches needed a good century of schooling to bring out their power, whereas she'd always been able to bring it forth by willpower alone. Her sister, however, was one of those who'd needed 'aids' to make things happen, needing the extra power gained through herbs and potions and other mixtures of once-living things, drawing on their inherent power to bolster her own. Eloise had never bothered with it, never seeing the need - but her sister had all the books and items in her room, and if they amplified Cassandra's power, they should do the same to her own.

In one case, she was trying to override Cassandra's magical power, and she didn't know what it would take to do that, never having bothered to fathom the true depth of her sister's power, knowing that she was more powerful and being content in that. Now, that fact shamed her - but she had to push that aside. There was a good chance that she could break Carl's will if Donna was restored to her original body - and it was her own spell that was holding her in that form. She didn't have to be stronger than Cassandra/Cal - she had to be stronger than herself. If the usual implements of witchcraft could give her even the slightest extra power, she could override her own spell...

Turning quickly, she hurried up the stairs towards her sister's room, hoping she'd be able to find what she needed in one of the spell books she'd never even bothered to glance through before now.

* * * * *

When she felt Carl's hands begin to remove her top, Donna felt a thrumming rush of excitement, pleasure...

...and fear. Hesitation pulled her to a momentary stop, and she pulled her soft, full lips back and stared into Carl's eyes, who was staring back at her.

"Is.. Is this the right thing to do...?" She asked, nervously. "I mean, we both know who we really are, and..."

"I know." Carl said, gently. "Honey, from where I sit, it feels strange, too - but the way I see it, we're a man and a woman, and if we're both in the 'wrong' gender, then it's still a man and a woman. It might be different if I was born male, or you female, but..." He stopped, and lightly squeezed her hand with the one not halfway under her top. "But if you're not sure, or not ready, then we won't."

Donna slowly smiled. "I didn't know it until now, but that's all I really wanted to hear. I wanted to know that either of us could stop, if we felt that we needed to badly enough. We know we can stop - the fact that we aren't means that we're not under an uncontrollable compulsion... but making a decision that's no more clouded or confused than that of any other aroused man and woman about to... for the first time, I mean..."

"I know..." Carl replied softly - and they leaned in again, for a short-but-passionate kiss...

...and then they separated to allow each other unrestricted access to each other's clothes, fingers shaking with nervous desire as they worked to undress each other, their haste and emotions making them awkward and uncoordinated...

Donna laughed. A sweet, welcome sound that mellowed both their raging hormones with dissipating their desires. Carl also laughed at their teenager-like awkwardness.

"It's always so easy in the movies..." Donna giggled.

"I know." Carl chuckled back. "Maybe we'd better undress ourselves, or we'll be here all night..." Donna blinked - then grinned wickedly. "Speaking of 'night' - your backyard is walled off, isn't it?" "Yeah..." Carl said, frowning at the change in direction... and then grinning as he got her drift.

Rising from the couch like a couple of eager teenagers, they hurried towards the back door of the house, shucking their clothes as they went. By the time they emerged from the kitchen door into the silvery light of the full moon, they were naked, their bodies turned to quicksilver under the celestial satellite.

"You'll have to catch me first...!" Donna said, tossing her bra aside into the bushes as her firm, powerful body darted across the lawn, mingling with the shadows the trees and shrubs of the yard provided. She felt young...

No - she felt like everything was new again, which for her it was. This is the life she wanted, the reward she'd hoped for, and the knowledge of where this would lead would only made it that more wonderfully deliciously. She ran through the yard, trying to avoid Carl...

...but not too hard. It wasn't long at all before she squealed in startled delight as he slipped from behind a tree and wrapped one muscular arm around her waist, sending them both sprawling to the lawn in a delightful tangle of bare, warm flesh.

Slowly, Donna's giggling tapered off, and she looked up at where Carl loomed over her, grinning in the silver light of the moon.

"Now..." She whispered, spreading her arms and legs invitingly. "Take me now..."

"Donna..." He whispered, caressing her bare stomach up to one full, globe-like breast, his hand gently but firmly grasping the full breast and making her gasp in pleasure. "i.. I started to fall in love with you when I was a woman and you a man - and now I think... No. No - I know. Donna - I love you."

"I love you too..." Donna whispered - and then she cried out in soft pleasure as his hard, throbbing manhood slid tenderly yet firmly deep into the welcoming recesses of her new womanhood, moist and ready for his throbbing organ, enfolding it like a fine leather glove would fit the hand it was made for.

"Yes...!" She moaned with passion as he buried himself in her, as if they were made to fit together. With rising passion, they began to move as one, their mingled cries of passion increasing in volume and frequency even as they lost coherency, their bodies rocking back and forth on the grass in steadily increasing rhythm.

Their rhythm and sound increased to a fever pleasure, pleasure like neither had ever felt before thrumming through their bodies as they moved in passionate embrace towards orgasm...

...and reached it, twin screams of orgasmic pleasure splitting the night as they collapsed into each other's loving embrace.

* * * * *

"What the hell...?" Sergeant Roger Gilbreth said, listening to the fading echoes of the scream. His dark uniform barely visible in the night, the police officer looked around, trying to pinpoint the origin of the noise.

"Uh Probably an open window." His rookie partner, Corporal Linda Slobowski said, glad that the darkness hid the blush she felt coloring her fair skin, her one point of pride in a body she felt was too mannish. It was one of the reasons she'd joined the police force - being rather blocky and thick-boned, even muscular, she didn't feel all that attractive as a woman, awkward and uncomfortable around men, especially handsome ones...

...like her partner, though she tried very hard not to think about that. "Uh - a bedroom window, if you know what I mean" She added.

Roger grunted. "Well - we should probably check it out, just in case." Taking the lead, he moved toward what he thought the source was. It wasn't long before he realized that the only possible source was the somewhat spooky old house on the corner.

With his partner in tow, he approached the front door of the house - and found it wide open, light spilling out of the doorway. It was unusual enough to find any house's door wide open in the middle of the night, and doubly so in such a run-down and dangerous area. Sharing a look with Linda, he led the way into the house.

"Hello ?" he called. "I'm a police officer. Is anybody home?" the sprawling, soundly-built old home seemed to soak up the words only a few feet beyond him, leaving the house in dead silence as he shared another look with his partner and gestured at her to follow him.

* * * * *

Her chant rising to a crescendo, Eloise finished her spell - then slumped, breathing hard and barely able to hear anything through the pulse thundering in her ears.

She'd never realized just how complicated casting a spell was 'the other way', and her estimation of Cassandra went up another few notches.

Hopefully, it was 'Cassandra' again. She'd found a spell that, while not perfect, was as good as she could hope for. If everything had worked, Don was once again male, and Cassandra female. Oh, they wouldn't be the same as they were originally, since it was basically a type of gender-change spell, but it should have been enough... assuming that the side-effects of the spell hadn't screwed anything up. After all, this particular spell was supposed to be a 'curse', and she'd bent it to her own purposes.

Well, the only way to find out was to go take a look. If nothing else, the spell caused a few minutes of paralysis as it took full effect - if she hurried, she could catch them in the final stages of the change.

Taking a deep breath, she hurried down the back steps, planning to cut through the kitchen and into the living room, hoping to see...

She never got that far. Instead, she came skidding to a halt, mouth dropping open in shock as she stared at Donna and Carl coming in the back door, naked as jaybirds. They were holding hands, and looking into each other's eyes with what could only be love.

"Eloise..." Carl said, smiling warmly. "I know you're worried, but trust us - things turned out for the best."

"Yes," Donna agreed. "this is more than I could ever have hoped for. I don't need a reward - I've found love, and that's all anybody could ever ask, isn't it?"

Eloise looked at them - and slowly relaxed. "Well. I won't say I don't find it a little strange - but if you're both truly happy, then so am I." She laughed a little. "It's a good thing I didn't know that you'd left the living room, though - otherwise, I might have screwed up your happiness, and I guess I'd hate myself for that if I'd succeeded."

"Huh?" Carl asked, confused.

Eloise shrugged. "Well, I cast a spell - but I cast it on 'the man and woman in the living room', because that's where I thought you..."

Suddenly, a high-pitched scream ripped through the air, and the three of them shared a startled look at how close - and loud - the feminine scream had been. Turning as one, they dashed through the kitchen and dining room to the living room, coming to a screeching halt in the doorway.

A very confused man was standing in the middle of the room, his body rippling with bulging muscles. Collapsed in his arms was the body of a very buxom blonde woman, obviously the one who'd screamed - just before fainting.

Both were wearing very ill-fitting police uniforms, ripped mostly asunder by the force of their bodies transformations.

"Roger's a woman..." The man said, in a numb tone. "And I.. I'm a... a..."

'He' never finished the sentence. Instead, his eyes rolled back, and he tumbled to the ground, insensate, his newly-feminine partner landing across his waist.

In the resulting silence, the three still-standing individuals in the doorway shared a long, long look.

"Eloise..." Carl said, slowly. "Please - tell me that you didn't use the spell on page one-fifty-two of 'Goret's Phantasmal'."

Eloise swallowed and slowly nodded. Carl sighed and closed her eyes, lowering her head.

Donna, confused, looked at the two of them, then glanced over at the two cops collapsed on the floor.

The tall, incredibly muscular, and almost offensively well-endowed male one, and the tall, slender, huge-breasted female one. The ones who looked exactly like Donna and Carl.

"Oh, boy..." Donna said, slowly. "This... might be a problem..."

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Two scientists discover a strange artifact which emits radioactive energy and turns them into two sensuous woman who must escape others who want the treasure.

The Artifact

By Gunslinger

Despite three layers of thickly branched trees blocking out the sullen sky above, at least some of the tremendous downpour reached the green floor of the jungle, water falling in columns and patches wherever it could find gravity's power

beating the haphazard placement of branches, leaves and vines. It was as if the rain were a sentient creature, determined to soak anything that lay under the scope of the dark, laden clouds that blocked the sun.

In at least one part of the jungle, however, the rain was stymied by a large tarp strung on a series of aluminum poles. In the humid protection of the make-shift tent, two unshaven men worked at a trench dug into the fertile soil, stripped to waist to receive the maximum benefit of the relative coolness of the daily rainfall.

With a soft groan, Carl stood straight. With a grimace, he placed his hands on his waist and arched backwards, trying to relieve the muscles that had been strained by his meticulous digging in the trench. Hauling himself out of the trench, the rangy auburn-haired archeologist walked over to a large Coleman cooler, keeping a careful watch for snakes.

"Hey, Lee - heads up." Carl called, lobbing an cool can of Coke towards the trench.

It was almost comical. Knowing Carl as well as he did, Lee popped up quickly, hands coming up even as his eyes searched for the can, sure to be in flight already.

It was. This time, Lee managed to catch the red-and-white projectile. Holding it, Lee climbed from the trench, his golden skin smeared with dirt and debris, and slumped with a sigh to a pile of tailings. Ostensibly pointed the can in Carl's direction, the Asian-American popped the top, releasing a spray of foam.

"Nice catch." Carl congratulated his colleague, slumping on top of the cooler. "You're getting better."

"Thanks... I think." Lee replied. "I still owe you for all those times I 'caught' it with my forehead, though." A flash of his white teeth revealed Lee's amiable nature.

"Hell with that - we're even." Carl retorted. "You made me eat that slop you call food, 'member?"

The tall, slender Asian laughed. He might have been Dr. Lee Wazakuzi, the second youngest person to graduate from Brownell, and a 'whiz kid' in both archeology and computer operations, but he'd be the first to admit that he couldn't cook worth a damn.

"Okay," Lee capitulated. "We're even. But any more Coke-can bombardments, and you'll have to eat my world-infamous Chili."

Dr. Carl Lauder - the youngest to graduate from Brownell - made a theatrical grimace. "Whoa - I think that's forbidden by the Geneva Convention."

"Hey!" Lee protested. "Nobody's ever died from eating it!" He paused for a second, then added. "Sick, sure - but no deaths."

The two men were in week five of a twelve-week dig in the heart of the South American jungle, and Carl was still amazed by his partner's unflagging good humor, even in regards to his own deficiencies. Lee had one of the quirkiest senses of humor

Carl had ever seen - which was a blessing, as Carl was a little 'eccentric' himself. A common side-effect to genius, as Lee had 'assured' him after being caught by Carl's first practical joke.

Finishing his Coke, Lee tossed it into the garbage pile. As Carl watched, open mouthed, his slender, golden-skinned companion held his nose shut and, imitating a scuba diver, rolled backwards off the tailing and into the trench. There was a muffled thud, and a less muffled curse, as he came down on one of the supports keeping the sides of the trench in place. There was a brief crack, then a soft, sliding sound.

Shaking his head, Carl trotted over. "Hey, you okay?"

"I think I broke my dignity." Lee reassured Carl with a smile, standing and dusting himself off. The wall of the trench had collapsed, coating him with the rich, dark earth of the jungle.

"That, and the supports. It's going to take a good..." Carl broke off, his eyes sweeping over the collapsed section of the trench. "What's that?"

As Carl jumped down beside him, Lee was already turning to where Carl had pointed, his smooth forehead wrinkling slightly as he caught sight of the same thing Carl had.

"If that is what I think it is - then there's no way it could be what I think it is." Lee said.

Despite the inherent contradictions of the comment, Carl knew exactly what Lee meant. He shook his head, equally befuddled. "Well - let's dig it out and find out."

The two men picked up the smaller trowels and began to excavate the blocky object with a sense of unreality. The dull sounds the steel blades made when they hit the object, the cool feel of it under their hands as they brushed it off and lifted it down - all verified the objects reality - yet, logically, it shouldn't be where it was.

Lee grunted as they placed - dropped - it to the floor of the trench. "God, it's heavy." Carl nodded. "Yeah - so I guess it *is* what it looks like it is."

Lee frowned. "Yeah - but what the hell is a chest made of lead doing way out here, six feet under?"

Carl just shrugged, as bemused as Lee was. "I don't know. Come on - let's get it topside and have a look."

"Oh, my aching back..." Lee complained, grasping the corroded steel handle on his end. Thankfully, it was still strong enough to let the two men manhandle the two-foot long, excessively weighty chest out of the hole. After a brief break to rest, they climbed out and knelt beside the chest, eyeing it with distrust.

"Spanish. Sixteenth Century, or thereabouts." Carl finally said - more to break the silence than anything else.

Lee grunted agreement. "Definitely Spanish design - but it should be iron - or gold leafed. Why lead?"

"Good question. Maybe it was supposed to be gold-leafed, and they used lead so it would feel like solid gold. Here's a better one - why did some long-dead Spaniards bury a lead chest in the middle of the jungle?"

Lee snorted a laugh. When Carl glanced over questioningly, the Asian shrugged. "Sorry - I just had a mental image of a bunch of Zombie Conquistadors digging a hole."

Carl smirked. "Now there's a thought." He regarded the box. "So... Now what?"

Lee reached out and tapped the corroded lock holding the box shut. At the touch of his hand, scales of rust dropped away. "Well, I don't think this is going to stop us, if we want to open it."

Running his hand through his unkempt mop of reddish-brown hair, Carl frowned - then shrugged. "Yeah. Okay - let's see what's inside."

Suiting action to words, the archeologist slid the handle of his trowel into the space between the hasp and the body of then four hundred year old lock and, with one swift jerk, snapped the lumps of rust inside the lock that were posing as tumblers. Working the rusted piece of metal from the eyelet in the lid, Carl grabbed the top of the chest and lifted the heavy lid, revealing...

"Good God Almighty." Carl breathed.

"And the horse he rode in on." Lee agreed, staring into the interior of the chest.

Even in the dim light, the gold doubloons glinted with a warm, mellow light. Scattered in among the large, golden disks, pieces of silver and a smattering of jewels shone. A few golden and silver pieces of jewelry were scattered through the mix, overshadowing...

"What the hell is that?" Lee asked. Reaching forward, he dug into the gleaming trove, retrieving a small chunk of metallic ore, holding it up for inspection.

Carl did likewise. Mixed in with the wealth, a good ten percent of what lay in the chest had to be the odd, blackish metal ore. It lay in Carl's hand, oddly weighty for its size.

Lee was looking at his chunk with a critical eye. "I don't think this is its natural color - I think it's oxidized." The Asian said, turning the piece over in his hand.

Looking closer at the chunk he held, Carl scratched a nail across the surface. Some of the blackish- purple outer layer thinned, just enough. It was some sort of tarnish.

"But what metal tarnishes this color?" Carl mused aloud, frowning. "Silver goes black... it's too heavy for silver anyway. Feels like it's lead, or gold - but neither tarnish..."

"Hold on - let me get my lap-top." Lee said. Putting his chunk on top of the pile of glittering coins, the archeologist trotted over to the pile of equipment beside their tents, and extracted his small yet powerful computer. Flipping the screen up, Lee turned the computer on.

Nothing happened.

Lee punched the button twice more, but the screen stubbornly stayed dead.

"Confucius say - Computer no work, check battery, jerk." Lee muttered to himself as he changed the battery for one of the many spares he'd brought.

Still nothing. Three more battery changes proved that it wasn't a fluke. "What's up?" Carl asked, having noticed the lengthy delay.

"The computer's dead." Lee replied. Putting the useless collection of plastic, glass and metal aside, he turned towards the radio. "I guess we'll just have to call home and ask them for some long- distance analysis."

He reached out and flicked the power switch to the large transmitter.

With a yelp, the slender man yanked his hand back as the set crackled. The speaker howled for a second as electricity arced, then the set went permanently silent, accompanied by the distinct odor of fried electronics.

"Shit!" Carl swore. "You okay?" "Uh, Carl?"

The odd tone of voice got Carl's full and undivided attention. "Yeah?" "What affects electronic components like this?"

Carl frowned. "Moisture? God knows it's humid enough..." He stumbled to a stop, knowing that their equipment had been designed for the humidity of the rain-forest. Instead, he watched as Lee opened an equipment box that, until now, had been untouched. Lifting out the device inside the padded container, the Asian flicked a switch and began waving a wand-like protrusion over himself and Carl.

Almost immediately, the Geiger counter began to chatter angrily.

The two archeologists stared at each other - then Carl swore and ran back to the chest. With a violent motion, he slammed the lead lid shut, then backed away from the box as if it were a dangerous animal, waiting to strike.

"Well..." Lee said. "That would explain it being buried in a remote location."

For a second, Carl wondered where it would have come from - a meteorite, maybe? But that wasn't important, not right now, and he pushed the thought away. "How... how much exposure do you think we got?"

Lee shrugged. "The counter's graduated for several different freqs of radiation, and I don't know all the dosage levels for them." He took a deep breath, then - incredibly - smiled. "Feel like a stroll in the rain?"

Carl blinked. "Huh?"

"Well, with the radio dead, calling for help - or the 'copter - is out of the question. The nearest hospital is a good ways thataway..."

Carl nodded, bowing to the unpleasant reality. "Okay - let's take only what we need."

Though neither said it, both archeologists added the mental addendum "...and hope we make it."

Then, to Carl's amazement, Lee did the bravest thing Carl had ever seen. Knowing what was inside the box, the Asian still didn't hesitate as he opened the box and quickly but methodically extracted enough of the gold coins to fill a sock he'd grabbed.

"What are you doing?" Carl asked as Lee closed the lid to the chest again.

The Asian shrugged, and waved the wand of the Geiger counter over the bag. There was almost no chatter from the sensitive counter.

"Gold doesn't irradiate easily. So, the coins are safe enough - and it never hurts to have something extra to bargain with, 'specially in a strange country."

Carl had to admit it was a good idea - they hadn't exactly brought a lot of cash with them on their dig, and if they needed money...

But right now, the russet-haired archeologist wasn't sure that they'd have a chance to spend any money ever again.

* * * * *

"Wait - I... " Carl paused to take a deep breath. "...I need to take a break."

Lee looked back, then nodded. Lowering the machete, the slender man removed his pack and tossed it on the ground, taking a seat on it. "Sure - I could use one too."

Carl wanted to throttle the Asia. They'd been walking for two and a half hours now, and Carl was wiped. Some of it was understandable - the heat and humidity, the twenty-minute turns spend breaking the trail with the machete, the heavy backpacks - but some of it was less attributable, and more disturbing. Like the all over, deep seated itching, that seemed to extend right into his bones. Or the strange aches, the mild nausea... Strangest of all, the way his shoes seemed to be fitting worse and worse as time went on.

Yet, aside from the occasional facial twitch, the good-humored Asian seemed unaffected. Oh, he was feeling it just as bad as Carl was, but he simply wasn't showing it - and his imperturbable nature was driving Carl nuts.

"Well..." Carl said, getting his breath back. "I'm going to use the bushes while we're stopped." One of the things that even the inscrutably good natured Lee couldn't hide was the uproar in their bowels - they took breaks for bathroom stops fairly often.

Trotting behind a bush, Carl undid his belt. Despite the heat, both archeologists wore full-length pants, to ward off the mosquitoes, and high, hard-leather hiking boots to guard against snakes. It was said there was a hundred different varieties of snake in this jungle. Ninety-nine were poisonous.

The hundred would eat your ass whole. Lowering his pants, Carl looked down...

...then, with a muffled, breathless shriek, stood bolt upright. Pulling his pants back up, he stepped back into the trail, Lee already on his feet, his normally placid face creased with worry.

"What? What is it?" The Asian asked.

"Um..." Carl said, his hands shaking. "Maybe you should... take stock of yourself." Frowning, Lee stepped into the bushes. He reemerged a second later.

"Well?"

Lee sighed. "Well - loss of hair is one of the signs of radiation poisoning. " He agreed. " So far, we haven't lost any hair on our heads - but all my body hair has loosened, and fallen out."

Then, amazingly, the Asian smiled. "Look at the bright side..." Lee said. He ran his hand over his face, and in seconds the weeks-old stubble had fallen out, leaving his face smooth. "Shaving just got a hell of a lot easier."

Carl gaped at Lee. "How can you joke about this?" He asked, shocked. "Besides - what about the...?"

"Reduction in genitalia size?" Lee finished, expressionless. "If it's about the same for you, we're about half our normal size. I don't know enough about radiation to explain it." He shrugged. "As for joking - would you rather I panic?"

"Yes!" Carl said - then, sheepishly, smiled wryly. "No. I'm sorry - you're right. It's just that, well..."

"I know." Lee assured him. "After all, I'm going through it too - humor is just how I deal with it." He leaned down and shouldered his pack, then handed the machete to Carl. "Your turn."

Taking the bladed instrument, Carl took the lead and began hacking through the foliage, arms complaining immediately. He was a remarkably fit man - for field work, you had to be - but this was tiring him faster than he'd thought possible - an effect of the radiation, he was sure.

That started him worrying at the speed that his body seemed to be breaking down. What if they didn't find a road before they got too weak? If they'd stayed at the camp, at least the searchers would know where to look...

Lost in his dismal thoughts, Carl's attention wasn't on his work, and he cursed as his arm brushed one of the thorny branches that sometimes intertwined with the other foliage. The thorns cut across his long-sleeve khaki shirt and scored his flesh.

"Ouch - that looks painful." Lee remarked. "Here, let me get some lemon juice for that..."

"Very fun, wise-ass." Carl retorted out of habit. He undid the button on the sleeve and rolled it up for a better look...

"What the hell?"

The two men stared at Carl's arm. Where sinewy muscle should have been, the arm was smooth and softly rounded, completely devoid of body hair and the tight muscularity it should have had. It didn't look wasted or slack - in fact, his arm was smooth and healthy, with soft contours, aside from the shallow scratches of the thorns.

"I... it looks..." Carl said, frowning. "Lee - does this make any sense to you?"

The Asian shook his head. "Me no unnerstand, kemosabe." He said. "Maybe that's not even your arm - somebody might have switched it when we weren't looking."

Carl shout Lee an irritated look, bordering on angry - then stopped. "When?" He asked.

Lee shrugged. "Ten minutes ago. I was hot, so..."

Carl shook his head, looking at the arms protruding from Lee's rolled sleeves. Like his own, the once sinewy arms were soft, smooth, and gently - gracefully - proportioned. Only now did Carl really, really look at the hands that he was gripping the machete with, noticing the way they were slimmer, less angular, with nails that were somewhat longer than...

Something that had been in the back of his head, trying to get out but being forced back by denial, finally came forward in Carl's mind as he looked at his friend, then back down at himself. The shirts they wore had become baggy on their frames - more so on Lee than on him, but still quite noticeable. But they weren't evenly baggy - they were slightly tighter across the chest, and looser at the waist.

"Lee... we're shorter." Carl said, slowly.

"Well, I definitely am - you've probably lost less than an inch." Lee agreed, having noticed some time earlier. Just as he'd noticed Carl's next point.

"We're thinner, too."

Lee shrugged. "Well - we're more slender. It's not like we're gaunt, or underfed - it's as if our body shape is different, more slender."

Dropping the machete, Carl moved like a man in a dream as his fingers rose towards the buttons on his khaki shirt.

Lee lifted a hand. "Uh, Carl? I don't think you're going to like "

Carl hesitated, then unbuttoned his shirt and opened it.

Riding on his chest were two small mounds of flesh, tipped with larger, slightly lighter colored nipples. Although small, there was no more denying what he'd been trying - subconsciously - to ignore.

He had tits. Woman's breasts, about an A-cup.

Still stunned, Carl slid a hand into his pants, only now admitting that they were fitting too loose in the waist, but actually tightening across the hips and ass. When his hand slid across an almost perfectly smooth crotch, with only a slight bulge of flesh where his cock and balls should be, he gasped.

Then, yanking his hand away, he whirled on Lee, feeling the humid air move across his bared, enlarged nipples.

"Why didn't you say something?" He asked, enraged. "My good - we're turning into... into " He clenched his fists, unable to give voice to the nightmare. "And you didn't say anything!" "What good would it have done?" Lee asked, calmly.

That derailed Carl a little. "What?"

Lee shrugged. "There's nothing we can do about it, not right now. They say ignorance is bliss - so I decided to let you have all the bliss you could."

Carl's anger faded as he realized that Lee was right. He had had an extra twenty minutes or so of denial in a situation that he had no power to alter - it wasn't something to blow up at Lee over.

Still...

Carl slowly sank to the dank earth, his eyes taking on a tortured look as he finally accepted the impossibility that was happening to him. The way his body was changing left no room for doubt.

Somehow, he was turning into a woman.

Looking down at the perky mounds rising from his now hairless chest, Carl began to sob 'Oh God' over and over again, rocking back and forth on his firmer, fuller - more feminine ass.

"Carl! Snap out of it, buddy!" Lee said, standing over his partner.

For a moment, Lee didn't think the auburn-haired man had heard, then Carl turned an anguished face up to his shorter, slimmer companion.

"Lee - we're turning into women! Oh merciful God - how can this happen? Why?"

Lee's face became commiserate. "Carl - I don't know how or why, except that it must be some strange sort or radiation mutation in our DNA. But I can tell you one thing "

Carl looked into Lee's eyes, which seemed larger and darker in his altering face. "What?" "We'll never rag women about PMS again." Lee said solemnly.

For a second, Carl just stared at his friend. "Huh?"

Lee smiled, his teeth framed by lips that were fuller than they'd been that morning. "Hey, man - I know how you feel. But face it - it's not the end of the world."

Carl gaped at his friend. "But women, Lee!" He said, as if it were akin to saying water was wet.

Lee shrugged. "Yeah - women. But Carl, more'n half the world's born female, and you don't see them going on about it, do you? The way I figure, we were sure we were going to die - now, we're going to live. Sure, maybe it'll be as women, at least for a while - but can you honestly tell me that this is - literally, mind you - a 'fate worse then death'?"

Carl thought about that one. His instinctive reaction was one of horror and shame that he was becoming 'the weaker sex'. That he was loosing his manhood, that which had defined his life so far.

But he was still alive, and looked like he would be for some time. More - he was still healthy, albeit becoming a healthy woman - this wasn't an illness, a debilitating radiation sickness. It was a change - one that wouldn't be easy to deal with. But compared to death...

"I I guess you're right." Carl admitted, finally. "I know, intellectually, that it isn't really a living hell - but emotionally "

Lee nodded. "I know, Carl - but if you don't give up, we can get back to the States - where there might be a chance to reverse it. Hell, we tell some Chief Bottle Washer at Hawkings or Pasadena Bio, they come out here and grab the stuff for study "

Carl nodded, grasping onto that hope like a drowning man would grasp a rescue line. No matter what happened, no matter what was in store for him, it wouldn't be improved by sitting her crying. Feeling embarrassed at his collapse, Carl stood, buttoning his shirt over the hateful sight of his budding endowments.

"That's more like it." Lee approved. "Come on, we have some ground to cover before nightfall."

Taking a deep breath, Carl squared his slimming shoulders, rucked up his pack, and followed his friend as he set off into the jungle once again - and into an unknown future that neither had ever foreseen.

* * * * *

Four hours, fifty-seven minutes later, the bushes at the side of a minor Brazilian highway rustled, and two disheveled figures emerged from the foliage, streaked with sweat.

The one in the lead was Asian. She was somewhat taller than average for an Asian woman, but not terribly so. She was slender of build, although her features and limbs were vaguely masculine, a little too square and prominent. A shaggy, shoulder-length mop of dark, sweat-matted hair framed her cheerful-looking face, and the ill-fitting men's clothing she wore hid her figure from view, with the exception of a pair of breasts - somewhere in the C-to-D-cup range - pressing against the khaki material. A large backpack rode on her shoulder, and - oddly - her tightly-laced boots seemed ready to fall off her small feet.

Behind her was a taller woman. Dressed much like her companion, the tanned Caucasian woman had a slightly shorter mop of russet hair framing a face that was downcast and somewhat tragic. Her rumpled shirt fit better than her companions, fitting well over her smaller bust, but her pants were tighter across her more curvaceous hips and derriere. Like her companion, she too was a little too masculine to approach beautiful - not that any woman, dressed like them and as sweaty and dirty as they were, would ever be overly attractive.

"Well - no more cutting through jungle." Lee said, letting go of the machete and flexing on slender, dainty hand. As their figures had continued to alter, it had been more and more of an effort to make headway.

"Yeah." Carl agreed, listlessly. He winced at the sound of his own voice. Although still fairly deep, it was now a feminine voice - although he consoled himself that it wasn't as high and vaguely 'powerless' as Lee's had become. Uncomfortably, Carl rolled his much slimmer shoulders and plucked awkwardly at his khaki shirt. Soaked with sweat, it molded to his now B or C cup breasts, outlining them in such a way that Carla was constantly reminded of them. Not that he could forget, he thought sourly. Now they were large enough to move with every step he took, jiggling slightly in a very... *distracting* manner.

"So - now what?" Carl asked. "Pick a direction and start walking?"

"I don't think so." Lee said with a grin. "We seem to be catching a break."

Carl followed his friend's pointing finger and saw an aging but well-maintained Citroen truck coming towards them. Lee began waving, and the vehicle agreeably slowed, pulling to a stop near them.

The driver's door popped out and a small, sturdy man with dark eyes and expressive Latin lips that seemed to be locked in a perpetual cheerful grin hopped out. Dressed in faded but clean clothes and with his hair slicked back beneath a company cap, the driver somehow exuded a sense of cheerful, unassuming competence.

"*Buenos días.*" The driver's etched grin widened as he tipped his hat slightly in their direction.

"*Por favor, señor, necesito su ayuda.*" Lee said, and Carl tuned out of the conversation. Aside from ordering a Taco Bell Combo, Carl's Spanish was limited to reading archaic pre-seventeenth-century Spanish. While Lee would never be mistaking for

a native speaker, at least his stilted Spanish was understandable - and, more importantly, he could understand the answers he got.

After a couple of minutes of slow conversation, Lee turned to Carl with a smile.

"We're in luck. Hernandez... " The driver smiled widely at the mention of his name "...is heading in the wrong direction, but he says there's a village about six miles back where we can catch a bus to Cuiada. Not only has he offered to give us money for the fare, he's offered us the pick of his cargo."

"What's that?" Carl asked, sourly. "Lemons? Oh, no, I know - tampons, right?"

Hernandez might not have spoken English, but he was smart enough to realize the thrust of Carl's question. He patted the side of the truck and pointed at Carl's feet.

"*Zapatos*." Hernandez said, making a 'come hither' gesture as he moved towards the back of the truck.

Carl followed a grinning Lee, and discovered that the bonanza was a welcome one, indeed - within a couple of minutes, the two altered men found themselves wearing brand-new name-brand cross- trainers. Ones that fit their now-smaller feet.

As the driver held out a wad of cash for the fare, the two archeologists looked at each other, having the same thought at the same time. They'd hoped for some assistance, but this short, friendly Brazilian was performing above and beyond the expected.

"Well?"

Carl nodded. "Go ahead."

As Carl took the money from the man's work-worn hand, Lee rooted through his bag and extract a single, glittering item.

Hernandez's eyes widened as Lee pressed the heavy doubloon into his swarthy palm. For a moment he stared at it, amazed, then hesitantly lifted it and bit lightly into the coin.

When it came away, he eyes the imprint it had taken easily. Not only had it been ductile enough, the indents showed no sign of a baser metal, such as lead, beneath a gilded coating. Eyes wide, the Brazilian thanked the two 'men' profusely. For him, a change to fulfill his duty as a good Christian - at a small but acceptable price - had resulted in a good-sized reward. For the devout Catholic, it was reinforcement of all the lessons he'd learned in church about 'bread cast upon the waters'.

As they watched the man climb back into his vehicle and pull away - still thanking them - the two friends managed to forget, for a brief moment, their own plight and bask in the pleasure that they'd managed to bring to such a deserving man.

Then, as the dust of Hernandez's departure settled around them, they returned to the skewed reality they found themselves in. With a suffering look, Carl settled his pack more firmly on his shoulders, the turned and began to trudge down the sun-baked road, head down.

Without a word Lee fell into step beside his moody companion, and they walked onwards towards the village in the distance, and it's connection to the resources of the larger cities beyond.

* * * * *

"Okay - we'll spend the night here."

Carl watched, open mouthed, as Lee dropped his back-pack in the light growth a little behind the village and out of sight of the population of the shabby settlement.

"What... Lee, the village might not be much, but... food. A bed, maybe. Why in God's name would we..."

"Because you don't have a cunt, sister mine." The answer stopped Carl dead.

Lee smiled at his friend's confusion. "Look - we're not finished changing, and we can't afford to spend time in public yet. How do you think people would react if we spent the night, and woke up in the morning looking different?"

"Uh..."

"Right. So, drop your load and settle down, Carl." Lee frowned. "Oh - that reminds me. To avoid confusion, I gave our names to Hernandez as 'Lei' and 'Carla' - we might as well use those for now, to avoid awkward questions."

Carl frowned, but had to admit the logic. "Okay. I guess so."

Lee winged. "Good. So, *Carla* - you want the tinned beef, or the tinned beef for dinner?"

And despite everything, Carl was amazed to find a hint of humor had managed to survive in him, too. "No way, buddy - this whole 'being changed into a woman' thing is bad enough. I'm not putting up with your cooking too."

Lee - Lei - laughed. "Fair enough. Let's see what you can do with tinned beef."

After a quick dinner cooked over a can of Sterno, the two friends prepared for the nights, tying a tarp to four trees, with a fallen branch in the center as a support post. They unrolled their sleeping bags, light summer-weight ones with the necessary mosquito netting.

Grimacing slightly, Carl began to undress for bed. He was dealing with what was happening to him - but it was not enjoyable, and he didn't particularly want to see his altered body in all it's glory.

Naked, he forced himself to look at his mostly feminine body. He could already pass as a woman, but his crotch was still not fully formed, indicating there was still more to come. In place of genitalia, his crotch was smooth and sexless, with only a slight indentation where - he shuddered at the thought - there would probably be a vagina by morning.

Sighing, Carl brushed his lengthening auburn hair back and slid into his sleeping bag and pulled the mosquito netting in place.

Laying in the bag, Carl tried to get comfortable - but discovered a problem. No matter where he put his hands, it felt like he was fondling a woman.

He tried with his hands at his side, but then they were sitting on a smooth, feminine outer thigh. Higher, and they rested on a soft, slender waist. Crossing his arms just pressed them against a pair of firm, soft breasts and the sensitive flesh transmitted the feeling of being touched...

Almost without thinking about it, Carl cupped his new tits, feeling their warmth, their texture. He squeezed lightly, biting at his fuller lower lip at the sensation created by the action. Then, closing his eyes, he began to lightly fondle his new tits, pausing now and then to lightly squeeze the now- engorged, feminine nipples tipping the breasts. Part of him found what he was doing slightly perverted - but in a day gone so horribly wrong, he was willing to accept any pleasure he could, even if it did come from something that he didn't even want to have - a pair of firm, round breasts.

Still fondling his new tits with his increasingly delicate hands, Carl finally drifted off into a deep, dreamless sleep.

* * * * *

The morning sun rose over the plains and hills of central Brazil, causing mist to rise in the valleys and jungle floor.

In a grove of low trees, under a spread tarpaulin, a figure stirred. Groggily, it unzipped the sleeping back that encased it and slowly sat up.

The woman was of about average height. A massive mane of auburn hair, tangled and mussed by sleep, framed her face. Her full, soft lips split wide in a yawn, and her dark eyes were still heavy with sleep.

She stretched, her long, slender arms rising above her head as she used her long, sexy legs to kick the sleeping bag aside. Swiveling on her firm, full ass, the woman drew her legs upwards, chilled by the mist...

...until her knees hit her massive, firm, large-nippled breasts. Her eyes flew open, and she gaped down at the massive, medicine-ball-sized breasts thrust from her slender ribcage. One hand flew downwards, and her dainty, slender hand lightly touched the folds of her vagina.

She screamed - a strangled, weak sound that was enough to rouse the other figure under the tarp.

The second sleeping bag slid open, revealing an oriental woman. She was tiny, with the slender hips and waist and dainty features expected of an Asian woman, so fine and delicate in every way, from her bow-like lips to her long mane of silky black hair. The only thing on her tiny, slender body that was out of proportion was the massive, golden globes of breast flesh thrust out from her tiny ribcage.

Quantitatively, they were about the same size as the russet-haired woman's breasts - but on a much more diminutive frame, making them look absolute gigantic on her otherwise petite figure.

"Lee!" Carl cried - then clapped her hands over her mouth.

The voice that had emerged had been a rich, feminine contralto, with absolutely no resemblance to her old, masculine voice.

"Don't panic, Carla." Lei said, soothingly - and her voice was also completely dissimilar, a high pitched soprano that was denied any real strength by the tiny size of her diaphragm.

"Don't panic?" Carla demanded, gesturing downwards. "Look at these... *things*. They're huge!" Lei laughed. "You call *those* tits huge? Look at these." She lifted her own massive tits up a bit, and

Carla realized that she wasn't the only one who'd been over-endowed during the night. The sight of her even-more-busty friend dealing with her massive, gravity defying boobs was enough to get Carla to calm down a bit.

"You're right - I'm sorry." Carla said, slumping. "But this is all too weird. I mean - being turned into a woman is bad enough. But why... this?" She waved a slender, feminine hand at her massive new bosom.

"I don't know. Probably due to the level of exposure we got, or something." Lei said as she began to gather up her clothes. "Looks like it's going to be a hot one today, huh?"

Carla gaped at her friend. "How can you be so calm?" She asked Lei - but it was more of a plea to understand than an accusation. Carla envied Lei's ability to keep and even keel through anything, and wished she knew her secret.

Lei shrugged, doing truly interesting things to her massive new tits. "Dunno."

Carla watched as Lei used the machete to turn the khaki pants into a pair of shorts, and to remove the sleeves of the shirt. It helped a bit, but the clothes still fit poorly on her tiny frame when she pulled them on.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Carla followed suit, trimming her clothes to make them as comfortable as possible. They clothing was now skin-tight across her wide, womanly hips, flat crotch, full, sexy ass and huge tits, but loose on her slender waist. Still, she could get everything on - another inch anywhere, and the clothing would have been impossible to fasten, leaving her naked.

"Now you see why I insisted we don't go into the village." Lei said with a grin. "Can you imagine their reactions if we had of?"

Carla had to grin wryly at the thought. "We'd have been burned for witchcraft or something." She agreed, staring down at where her shirt was tented over her massive new tits. Even living through the experience, it was hard to accept. If anyone was to have seen any of their strange plight...

Shaking her head, Carla finished struggling into her clothes, then sat down to put on her shoes. Right away, she began to appreciate the problems that were associated with having massive, MMM-cup tits thrust roundly from her chest. She had to sit and draw her knees painfully tight against her huge tits, then lean forward slightly so she could see her feet and tie her shoes.

"Damn." Carla swore - partly due to the trouble that her massive new tits were giving her, but mostly because her feet were even daintier than they were yesterday, and the shoes that had fit so well last night were once more too small - but thankfully, only by a size or so.

She immediately swore again when her massive mane of long, russet hair fell in front of her eyes, obscuring her view. Brushing it back out of her face, the new woman looked around.

"Where's the machete?"

Lei looked up. "I left it back where we met Hernandez. It's frowned upon by the police to walk around with a long, sharp sword-like object. Why?"

Carla sighed. "This damned hair - I was going to hack it off."

Lei smiled, and forced her already high voice up an octave, lisping outrageously as she spoke. "But dahlink, you have absolutely mah-volous hair."

"Not funny." Carla groused - but her full, soft lips curved slightly upwards.

"Hang on - let me give you a hand." Lei said. Digging a comb and some twine from her bag, she moved behind Carla - who couldn't help notice how easily and gracefully she moved. Lei - who had studied martial arts - had always had an almost feline grace in his movements when he was trying to balance, and it came in useful in dealing with her newly-altered center of gravity, but when she moved in such a graceful - hell, sexy - manner, it was hard for Carla to remember that this gorgeous Oriental doll was his friend and colleague.

It got even harder as Lei brushed out and braided Carla's hair. She was directly behind Carla, and the archeologist could feel Lei's huge, firm tits brushing against her back. Carla found herself flushing as a strange warmth spread through her, accompanied by a slight tingle in her crotch. If Lei noticed the slight odor of Carla's first feminine arousal, she tactfully kept silent about it.

After Carla's ass-long mane of hair was neatly done in a complicated braid, Lei turned her attention to brushing out her own massive mane of silky black hair and putting it into a pony tail.

Pulling the long, woven mass of surprisingly heavy hair over her shoulder, Carla looked at the complicated weave Lei had put in.

"Where did you learn to do that?" Carla asked, surprised.

Lei grinned. "Actually, I learned the weave pattern from my Grandfather - it's an old weave done on the handle of Katana swords. But I have experience weaving it into hair, too."

"Oh?" Carla asked, honestly intrigued. Despite Lei's gregarious nature and open demeanor, the Asian rarely spoke of her past for some reason.

"Four sisters - two older, one a fraternal twin, and one younger." Lei explained. Carla blinked. "You have a twin sister?"

Lei laughed. "Well, in age, yes. We looked a lot alike, before - but she doesn't look anything like the way I look now." Lei looked down at her massive tits. "In fact - I think she'd be envious."

Carla cocked her head. "Of more than those monster boobs of yours. I mean - you may not know it, but you're absolutely gorgeous."

"Why - thank you." Lei said, fluttering her long, dark lashes, and Carla blushed. Lei smiled. "You know - you're not exactly ugly either. Here..."

Carla took the mirror that Lei dug out - and gaped, open-mouthed, at the woman who looked back at her.

She was incredibly cute, in a sexy way. Full, sexy lips, a pert nose, and large, dark eyes. Her cheekbones were a little too weak and her jaw a little too long to make her beautiful, but she was definitely cute. Sort of like a cross between Sarah McLachlan and Phoebe Cates, but with fuller lips and incredible, reddish-brown hair.

And tits the size of Montana, of course.

Stunned by the woman she now was, Carla handed the mirror to Lei, who looked at herself in it. She lifted one slender, arched eyebrow at the reflection in the small piece of silvered glass. To Carla's eye, the altered Asian looked stunning, with the defined cheekbones she lacked, a pointed chin, and a smaller, bow-shaped mouth. Combined with the tiny button nose, the huge, dark eyes and the cheerful cast of her new face, Lei could have been the poster girl for a perfect Geisha.

With tits the size of Montana, of course.

"Well, enough admiring myself." Lei said, putting away the mirror. Despite her jocular tone, she seemed slightly shocked - or amazed - at the beautiful woman she'd become.

"Yeah - let's get going and get this over with." Carla agreed.

Packing up their belongings, the two new women headed towards the small village, Lei moving with a natural grace and Carla stomping along behind her.

* * * * *

Lei stepped down from the sagging lower step of the ancient bus and looked around, her now pert nose wrinkling at the faint but ever-present stench of human waste.

"Welcome to lovely Cuiaba." Carla said, joining her co-sufferer. The tall, huge-breasted new woman placed her hands on her hips and stretch backwards. She was discovering one of the banes of having breasts the size - and weight - of medicine balls.

Lei pointed to a sign. "Actually, Cuiaba proper is still four miles up the road. This is the... slums, I guess." She said - still bemusing both of them with her now prototypically 'Japanese-girl' voice, so high and 'weak'. Despite the massive difference in tones, it still managed to convey her good natured acceptance of whatever life threw at her.

Also in the realm of 'massive differences', she seemed less annoyed by the even more massive mass of breast flesh she was lugging around on her otherwise petite frame. Carla couldn't help noticing this with a faint hint of embarrassed envy. Pushing the thought aside, the new woman sighed. "Well, it looks like more walking, I guess."

"Yeah, looks that way. Another hour or so, and we'll be able to rest our weary feet - and backs."

Somehow, the admission that this was affecting Lei made Carla feel better as they set out, their massive new tits bouncing and jiggling annoyingly. Even more annoying was the looks garnered by the people they passed on their way into the city proper - the sight of two massive-breasted women in ill-fitting men's clothing and expensive, brand-new running shoes wasn't exactly an everyday occurrence.

"You know - this feels so strange to say, but... I'm dying to find a bra big enough for these monsters. Their movement of them makes their weight even worse." Carla finally admitted with a wry chuckle as they began to enter the city proper.

Lei smiled. "This, from you? Well, that's the end of an era - I thought you liked women who walked around braless."

"Hey - that's when I never even considered the possibility of being in this... hellish situation." Carla retorted.

Lei cocked one fine eyebrow. 'Oh? I'll tell you what would be hellish - if you had to act, dress, and be exactly the way you'd like a woman who looked like you to be."

Despite everything that had happened, despite the fear and disgust and awe and shame that the transformation had caused, it was Lei's simple remark that stopped her dead.

"Holy shit..." Carla breathed, stunned. "I *have* been a sexist bastard - haven't I?"

Lei laughed. "No - you've just been a man, my friend. Comes with having testosterone, I think." She placed a tiny hand on Carla's back. "Don't be too hard on yourself - it was only a little harmless fantasizing. Sexist is actually trying to get women to act out you sick, twisted, demeaning fantasies."

"Thanks. I think." Carla said, but found herself thinking an odd thought.

Never, not ever, had she ever considered anything like this happening to her - but now that it had, she had managed to find the one person whose presence allowed her to deal with it without going completely off the deep end. In a situation so bizarre to even accurately express, it was one consolation - and a surprisingly big one, at that.

Having reached the downtown section of Cuiaba, Lei began to ask around, finding a dealer in coins and gold, and finally managed to get vague directions. It took a while, but finally they managed to find the small shop that had been indicated by the passer-by.

When Lei and Carla entered the store, the proprietor came them a long, lewd look over with a greasy smile, letting his eyes linger on their huge tits. Carla was still trying to figure out whether she was more angry than ashamed when Lei launched into business with the narrow-eyed shopkeeper.

The man's eyes lit up at the mention of *oro*, and he actually managed to drag his eyes away from Lei's enormous bosom as they haggled. When the coins came into view, he all but drooled.

Carla wandered around the shop, looking at the various coins and gold jewelry, more out of boredom than anything else. He wasn't able to follow the haggling, and hoped Lei would get a fair price for the coins.

Finally, they seemed to reach a deal. Lei handed over the coins, which promptly vanished - probably to be sold to 'special' collectors at a huge mark-up. The man then handed Lei a wad of cash, and she gestured at Carla that they were leaving.

"So - how did it go?"

Lei shrugged. "Not bad. We didn't get their true value, but we did all right." Carla nodded. "Good. Then I know what the next step is."

"Oh?"

"Buy some new clothes, then get a hotel room. I'm dying for a bath."

Lei smiled. "Tell you what - let's split up. The owner said there's a hotel two miles that way - the 'Hotel Moderno'. They speak English there, so you won't have any trouble checking in. Get a room under the name 'Carla Lauder', and I'll meet you there after I pick up some 'necessities'."

It sounded good to Carla. Accepting half the cash they'd just received, Carla set out for the hotel.

The desk clerk - a darkly handsome young man - also seemed to have trouble keeping his eyes off of her, Carla found with embarrassment. However, in this man's case, it appeared to be her long, shapely legs and firm ass that kept drawing his gaze. Paying for the room with cash, Carla gratefully escaped to double suite she'd just paid for. Alone, she shed clothes as she crossed the room, and started the tub filling with warm water.

With a sigh, Carla lowered herself into the water, feeling it embrace her altered body. For a few minutes, she merely lay there, letting the warmth and comfort soak in. Then she picked up one of the small bars of soap provided by the hotel and began to wash.

It proved to be an interesting experience.

She started with her arms, which was no big deal - but then she began to soap up her massive, firm tits. Recalling the pleasure that she'd received last night, she couldn't resist the urge to fondle herself as she washed, and was amazed to find that it felt even better today - her huge new tits were even more sensitive, and the massive nipples were so much more sensitive when they became engorged that it was amazing.

It took little time for her to feel that warmth in her crotch, and realize that she was getting really, really turned on by fondling - and by now, sucking - on her massive new tits. She flushed at the sensation, but that didn't make her stop.

In fact, she found herself, almost unconsciously, sliding one hand down her body to her crotch.

Her hand hesitated at her crotch for a second, then Carla - flushing a deep red - began to slide the palm of her hand over her new mound. She bit her lip at the sensation the pressure caused, then, taking a deep breath, slowly slid a finger into the warm wetness of her new cunt.

She gasped at the sharp sensation of pleasure that resulted. She hesitated a second, then began to probe with a slowly pistoning finger, searching for - and finding - the spot where the friction produced the most pleasure.

Closing her eyes, Carla sank back in the tub a bit, one hand fondling one massive breasts, while the other she used to masturbate. The moaned low in the back of her throat as the sensations built on one another, finally culminating in a sharp burst of pleasure that made her gasp.

Blushing furiously, Carla sat upright in the tub.

"What the hell am I doing?" She muttered to herself, then quickly finished washing, trying to ignore the way her soft, supple female body felt under her roaming hands. She had just finished toweling off and was pulling on one of the big, fluffy hotel robes when she heard a knock on the door.

She crossed the room. "Who is it?"

"George Washington" Lei's voice returned, and Carla let her in.

"Here's your stuff." Lei said, handing Carla one of the large, bulging bags she was carrying. "Find something and put it on - I'm going to grab my bath now."

As the tiny-yet-huge-breasted woman padded off to the bathroom, Carla opened her bag and began to sort through the clothing Lei had bought for her.

"What is this - a joke?" She called through the closed door, a frown on her new features. "Nope." Came the high-pitched new voice of her friend, muffled by the intervening door.

"What the hell were you thinking buying this... this... stuff?" Carla demanded, going through the frilly, feminine clothing.

She heard muffled laughter than only served to anger. Then Lei's answer came through the door, and that anger immediately shamed the new woman.

"Take a good look in the mirror, honey - with figures like ours, we have to buy whatever fits, no matter the style."

Carla sighed, knowing she should have trusted her friend a little better than that. After all, Lei was right - the hardly made clothes for extremely buxom men, did they? And woman who were slender- yet-hugely endowed were usually that way by choice, so all clothing was designed with the idea that the wearer would be proud of the surgically enhanced figure.

Suddenly, Carla snorted. "Hey, Lei - let's start a new fashion line. Clothing for the radiation-caused gender reversed."

Lei's voice held real admiration. "Carla, my friend, it's good to hear that your finally getting a handle on the situation."

Which was true - over the initial shock, she found she could cope with the fact that she'd been changed into a massive-breasted woman.

Cope with - but that didn't mean she had to enjoy it. Just as she had to cope with the clothing she had, but didn't have to enjoy it.

Quickly, Carla sorted through the clothing and put together an outfit, not caring if it clashed or not. The underwear was simple - she had her choice of black, white or beige, and it was all fairly skimpy French-cut briefs in a somewhat plain style. She picked beige - whose package, inexplicably, was labeled 'nude' instead of beige - and pulled them on.

Not surprisingly, there was no bras - such massive brassieres would have to be custom made, Carla bet. But Lei had come up with the next best thing - a couple of spandex crop-tops that - considering the size of her massive endowments - served well enough, if not providing as much support as tits that big should have. At least the crop-top cut down on the movement of the massive boobs.

Over the ad-hoc underwear ensemble went a pair of black jean shorts and a off-white blouse with short sleeves. The sleeves went almost to her elbows, and it was baggy at the shoulders, but the size of her tits pulled it to a remarkably comfortable fit, if you didn't mind the fact that it clearly defined the difference between her slender waist and massive tits.

Carla, of course, did - but there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

The final touch was shoes, and she didn't have much choice. She went with the summery sandal- styles shoes with a two-inch heel, or there about. It was good enough, but Carla definitely felt strange about wearing heels, no matter how high - or short - they were. Still, these weren't much worse than cowboy boot heels.

Moments later, Lei emerged from the bathroom and began to dress, and Carla was once again struck by the picture of over-done eroticism that Lei presented - it reminded her, forcibly, that she wasn't all that different. Sighing, Carla shook her head and averted her gaze - but it wasn't as simple to ignore the heft of her own massive tits, constant reminders of her altered state.

When she turned back, Lei was dressed in a vaguely oriental-style top and silk pant ensemble, and was wearing shoes similar to Carla's. Smiling, the huge-breasted Asian tossed Carla a purse - which was surprisingly heavy. Opening it, Carla was amazed to find there was some pieces of heavy gold jewelry inside. As she looked up to ask, she saw Lei putting similar jewelry on.

"What are you doing?"

Lei smiled. "Brain flash - it might look weird to walk around with that much cash - and since we have to find somebody - some criminal body - to doctor up fake passports for us, I want to leave half the cash here. But if he demands more, we can - regretfully - part with some very expensive jewelry. It'll raise less questions." She shrugged. "You don't have to wear it - you can just leave it in your purse if you'd like."

"Then why are you wearing it?"

Lei cocked her head. "Just thought it'd look more... convincing if I gave the necklace from my neck - reluctantly. You know, for bargaining purposes."

Carla shrugged - then choice some of the less 'flashy' pieces out of the purse and put them on as well. It seemed reasonable.

After putting away the rest of their purchases - and hiding the other half of their cash very, very well - the two women set out. Carla had no idea how one would go about finding a passport forger, but Lei seemed to have a plan, and Carl tagged along.

The plan seemed to involve visiting many of the local bars - and not the nice ones either. While Carla sat, nursing a drink, Lei would wait for a while, looking around, then seem to find what she was looking for in a particular guy and go and talk with him. After several minutes, she'd return - shaking her head.

After several such failed attempts, Lei pulled Carla aside in a deserted alley. Carla was surprised - no, shocked - to notice her unflappable comrade was flushing brightly.

"What's up?" Carla asked, worried.

"I... uh.. figured out why I'm not having any luck." Lei confided. "Oh?"

"Criminals are naturally paranoid people - if anything seems 'hinky', they clam up." Carla shrugged. "Yeah, so?"

Lei coughed and - if possible - her blush deepened. "Um - would *you* say we're acting the way women who looked like us would act?"

Carla blinked, then sagged. "Oh - shit."

* * * * *

An hour later, they were trying another bar, after having gone back for a change - and a make over.

It had been Carla who had come up with a convincing 'cover story' that they could play-act. Carla and Lei were a couple of semi-wealthy American collage girls with a rebellious streak who had - without their parents knowledge - flown down with a couple of guys in a private plane. There had been an argument, they guys had taken the plane and gone home - and had 'accidentally' taken their passports so that the girls would have to get help from the embassy, which in turn would mean their parents would find out and get them in trouble.

So, they'd decided to outsmart those 'jerks' by getting forged passports to get home on.

However, this perfect cover story created a small problem - they had to play the roles to perfection, all the time. It would be bad if they slipped mid-act - as Lei put it, criminals who got suspicious quite often took 'direct' methods.

So, it had to be picture-perfect - and that meant dressing and acting like the perfect American girl with a rebellious streak...

Carla was now dressed in a white cotton blouse that had been tied close just under her massive, white-spandex-crop-top-encased tits, and with the sleeves rolled up. She wore a pair of tight jeans and was walking on white open-toed pumps with a four-inch heel. She wore sunglasses, and somewhat more jewelry.

Lei had opted for a midriff-baring gray silk top over a black crop-top, and a lighter gray short skirt. She wore similar shoes, but in black. Both had also had to have make-up done, courtesy of Lei, who 'had seen his sisters do it often enough to

figure it out'. It was surprisingly good for a first effort, and as silly as Carla felt wearing make-up, she had to concede the necessity.

As she had to concede the new, feminine stride they'd adopted. Carla was concentrating every minute on being exactly who her cover persona would be, trying to keep one jump ahead on deciding what 'Rebellious Carla' would do at any given time. As strange as trying to act perfectly feminine was, it was also somewhat exciting, a hint of 'cloak-and-dagger', like she was in some sort of twisted Bond movie.

They started the same routine - picking a table in a place where they could see most of the room, and ordering a couple of drinks. As in the other bars, they started to garner some speculative - and lewd - looks, and Carla almost, instinctively, dipped her eyes to the drink and hunched over, as she had done before. However, and instant before she acted on that impulse, she realized that that would be the wrong response to the situation.

It took a tremendous amount of willpower, but she forced herself to keep her head up and talk to Lei, occasionally glancing around causally. When she caught a man eyeing her, she forced herself to consider objectively - no matter how weird it felt to do so - whether her 'persona' would find the leering man attractive. If not, she'd meet his eye just long enough to let him know he'd been noticed, then she'd sneer ever so slightly or roll her eyes a bit, then pointedly turn back to Lei. If it was a guy that she thought 'Rebellious Carla' would find attractive, she forced herself to give the man a 'once over', then either a small shrug or a slight grin before turning back to Lei.

Whatever she did, though, she was careful to keep her body language feminine - and sending out all the signals he'd ever gotten from women that meant 'not interested.'

Again, Lei found a likely-looking candidate - in this case, two men at a bag bar who 'Rebellious Carla' had decided were mildly handsome. Lei wandered over, doing a semi-provocative stride. Only because she was already in a hyper-aware state did Carla notice the way Lei leaned to talk to the men - in the more feminine manner, unlike the stand-offish way she'd unconsciously done it in the other bars.

After a moment, she slid into the booth with the men and waved Carla over.

Forcing herself to move like Lei had, Carla jiggled and swayed over, forcing herself to 'unconsciously' evaluate the size of the men's 'packages' as they rose to let her and Lei into the back of the booth, between the two men. It was obviously intended to be slightly intimidating - but for Carla, being hemmed in on her right side by a slender yet muscular man who kept eyeing her massive tits and the ample cleavage on display, it was less intimidating and more.. well, disgusting. She forced herself to stay in character, wishing that she'd known that these two would be the ones Lei decided to try - she would have given them the 'not good enough' sneer earlier. Now, she was locked into the role that she found them at least mildly attractive.

Lei was talking animatedly with the other man, using her hands occasionally as she cheerfully mangled the Spanish language. Meanwhile, Carla was left to 'socialize' with a darkly handsome man who was doing his best to appear both darkly

threatening and yet sexually acceptable in a mating dance that would have been funny if not for two things. The first was that Carla was at the receiving end of it.

The second was the fact that he'd done something similar himself, many a time. For the first time he was getting a chance to see just how big a fool even a tough man would make of himself over a nicely displayed pair of tits and long, sleek legs.

"*Mi nombre es Carlos, Senora.*" Carla's new friend said, surprising her with the similarity in names. She forced herself to curve her full, sexy lips in a non-committal smile and tap her chest above her mountainous tits, saying "Really? I'm Carla."

"*Carla?*" He smiled, revealing a mouthful of even, white teeth. "*Usted es muy atractivo.*"

Carla managed to puzzle that one out for herself. She wasn't sure whether she wanted to blush or slap him - instead, she forced herself to smile a little more broadly and say "*Gracias.*"

The man's eyes dipped a bit, and he made a cupping motion with his hands. "*Usted pechoes es tan muy grande, Carla. Muy bein.*"

Carla didn't need that one translated, either - but was at a loss in terms of a response. She didn't have to - Lei smoothly snapped back at the man for her.

"Gota muerta, cerdo."

The other man laughed, and Carlos joined in a second later, leaving Carla wondering what she'd said. Lei didn't explain however, going back to her conversation with the other man.

A couple of minutes later, the one she was talking to - Jose - said something that she didn't like, and they began to argue. Carlos jumped in, and they had a three-way discussion for a few minutes before the two men went off for a bit.

"What? What's going on? They said no?" Carla asked, wondering if it was all for nothing.

"Not exactly." Lei said. She named a figure - which she could pay with their half-stake, if they 'cashed in' some of the jewelry - then hesitated. "There's more though. The guy who will do the actual passports works out of a back room of a club that Jose owns. It would take a couple of hours to have them made up, and the only way Jose would agree is if we agreed to be... um... 'trophy dates' for those hours."

"What?" Carla stammered. "What do you mean?"

Lei sighed. "You know - sit with them, hang off their arms, appear to be completely infatuated with them - and let them fondle and occasionally kiss us."

Carla's jaw tightened at the thought. Lei noticed and sighed again. "It's a stipulation he's adamant about - it's that or nothing. If you don't think you can handle it, we can wait until tomorrow, and catch a buss to another city and try again. Jose's the head honcho around here, and if we turn down his offer, we won't find anyone else in town who'll risk helping."

Carla sighed. "I guess we can handle it for a while - if that's what we need to do to get home."

Lei held up a hand. "Wait - before you agree, you'd better hear the complete agreement you'd be making."

"What is it?"

Lei took a deep breath. "You'd be Carlos' date. That means a couple of things. First - you wear what he wants tonight. Second, you must always be smiling and polite - don't pull away, don't get angry, and don't refuse anything in the 'grope-or-kiss' category. Also "

Carla didn't like the way Lei said 'also'. "What?"

Lei cleared her throat. "Um, his club - De Oro El Perro - is, um, well " She cleared her throat again, then finished in a rush. "It's a strip club, and we'd have to do a set together." Carla gaped at her friend. "You're kidding, right?"

Lei blushed. "No. It's a firm part of the deal as well. However - the upside, if you want to call it that, is the fact that Jose will throw in some 'extras' with the passports. Namely, a free trip to the airport tomorrow, plus he'll pay for the tickets home."

Carla opened her mouth to refuse - then stopped short. "How good is the price he gave, do you think?"

Lei looked down. "I considered that - if we did go elsewhere, and had to pay full price, plus airfare... Well, we would make it to Miami, but we would be broke."

Broke, with no access to their bank accounts, and half a country to cross before they could reach people who would have half a change of believing their story - but only if it was told face to face.

Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, Carla let it out explosively. "All right - let's get it done and get home."

* * * * *

Placing the box on the bed, Carla looked down at it, wondering if she could actually go through with this.

They were in their hotel room, having packed everything after bathing - they were dressed in the hotel bathrobes. A bellboy had just delivered their clothes for the evening, and Carla was afraid to open the box and see what Carlos had sent for 'his date' to wear tonight. But a they'd bee by to pick them up in forty-five minutes, and if Carla wasn't ready in the outfit supplied - if she was anything less than the perfect date tonight - the deal would be blown.

Taking a deep breath, Carla opened the box and looked at what had been sent.

She was mildly surprised - it was actually not as bad as she'd feared. It wasn't great, but it wasn't super-slutty, like she'd expected.

Lei caught the relieved look. "Oh - I could have told you it wouldn't be that bad." "Huh?"

"Put yourself in their place - would you want to be seen with a woman who looked like a whore - or one who looked drop-dead gorgeous, out of any normal man's league - and she's on *your* arm?"

Well, that made sense. Mentally gritting her teeth, Carla dressed.

First came the lacy black panties, whose tight nature emphasized the lack of a bulge at her crotch, and clung tightly to her reshaped ass. Next came a pair of black nylons with seams down the back, and elastic tops to hold them in place on her silky thighs.

Along with that was a black stretch-velvet dress, low-cut at the neckline and backless to her ass. It was fairly short, but not obscenely so.

With the dress came a pair of black velvet-covered pumps with six inch heels. As she slipped them on, Carla only hoped she'd be able to keep from falling off of the spiked heels, but it was all or nothing. She noticed that Lei's outfit was similar, but in lined silk and with out the nylons.

Lei once more did their make-up and hair, and they picked some jewelry. They finished getting ready just in time, as the bellboy came up to inform them there was a car waiting.

Fighting to make her high-heeled stride look natural and graceful, Carla followed Lei into the elevator while the bellboy followed her, carrying their luggage. As he loaded it into the trunk of Jose's car, Carla slipped into the front seat with Carlos, who was apparently Jose's bodyguard/chauffeur/lieutenant. The dark-skinned man smiled broadly at her, and she couldn't help but admit to herself that he actually cut a debonair figure in his dark suit. She smiled back at him, and made an approving nod, fighting not to show her distaste at the concept of being some guys date.

The pulled up a few minutes later at a rather up-scale club, and Jose led them inside. Carla forced herself to take Carlos' arm and smile up at him as the crossed the floor of the club. It wasn't as bad as she feared, hanging off a guys' arm and being admiringly ogled by a crowd of men - she was too busy concentrating on walking with an appropriately sexy, feminine sway.

The stopped in the back room long enough to get some photo for their passports, taken by a short, weaselly-looking man, then they were led back into the main room, where they were escorted to a booth that overlooked the floor and the stage, where an attractive woman was gyrating to the music in her bra-and-panties.

Sitting beside Carlos, Carla got her first real taste of the evening to come when he slid a hand around her shoulder and leaned into her - sliding his hand down enough to lightly run his fingers over the exposed portions of her enormous tits. Carla refused to let her smile slip an inch as his fingers slid smoothly over her soft flesh, creating a disgustingly pleasant sensation.

Lei and Jose started chatting, and Carla was sorry that she didn't know enough Spanish to do likewise, to take her mind off things.

Carlos made a signal in the air, and with amazing speed, drinks appeared before them. Carla took a healthy draught of her somewhat bitter beer to reinforce her courage.

Then Carlos leaned towards her, and she forced herself to lean in as well for her first time kissing a man.

Keeping the thought that this was a necessary evil firmly in mind, she closed her eyes as his lips met hers. The smell of his after shave was mixed with a somehow primal masculine scent as her pressed his lips firmly against hers, and she found her body responding to the pleasant sensation, despite her own emotional state. She didn't want to enjoy the kiss, but she found that it was, physically, pleasurable. When Carlos' tongue slipped into her mouth, she found herself responding out of habit, and the kiss deepened, their tongues moving in an age-old dance that was as pleasurable from the female perspective as it had been when she was male. She hated to admit it, but Carlos was a good kisser, and she found it disgustingly easy to continue kissing him with more and more physical enjoyment even as her disgust was enhanced by the very fact that it felt so good.

Likewise, when Carlos took advantage of the fact that their positions allowed him to fondle her firm, full ass, she hated the way she enjoyed his skillful caress of her buttocks, and was shocked, ashamed and disgusted by the fact that she didn't have to fight all that hard not to pull away from the 'disgusting' touch of 'another' man.

When the kiss finally ended, it was Carlos who broke it, and Carla sat back, a smile fixed on her face to hide her tumultuous thoughts. She wasn't supposed to enjoy a man's touch, damn it! She wasn't some fag.

But nevertheless, she couldn't deny the simple truth - it had felt pretty damned good.

She finished the rest of her beer quickly, and another one magically appeared to take its place. Seeing that the drinks would be re-supplied instantly, Carla reminded herself to be careful - getting drunk and doing something stupid would not be a good idea.

Especially since she was no longer sure if 'something stupid' would be pulling away at the wrong moment - or doing something altogether different.

Carlos said something to her that she didn't understand, but that became moot as he reached across his body with his arm to openly caress her right tit. Like when she'd done it to herself, it felt fantastic, even through the cloth of the dress, and she found herself - disgustingly - getting that warm arousal from Carlos' touch. She made a low moan in the back of her throat as he focused in on the engorged nipple poking a dent in the dress' fabric, and to hide the sudden wave of revulsion at her enjoyment, she forced herself to kiss him before she said the wrong thing.

She conveniently forgot that he wouldn't have understood the words anyway as she let his tongue once more perform its magic with her own, causing that strange, painless fire in her crotch to burn a little hotter.

Over the next hour, Carlos' moves became a little more bolder - he slid his hands over her nyloned legs, lightly squeezing her silken thigh. He 'played footsies' with her while he idly caressed a hip, and he kissed down her neck to the ample cleavage on display in the dress. And all of it felt so nice, while causing untold emotional turmoil in Carla, who didn't know how to deal with the fact that another man was getting her aroused, physically if not emotionally.

It was so confusing, so unnerving, that Jose's announcement that it was time for their act actually came as a relief. Compared to being fondled and kissed - and enjoying it, a small part of her mind insisted on adding - merely being ogled would be a relief.

Lei and Carla rose from the booth and headed down to the floor while Jose announced them.

"Okay - just remember every strip-tease you've ever seen, and I'll follow your lead." Lei said, and that almost brought Carla up cold.

"Why should I lead?" She demanded.

"Would you rather be the one who has no idea what your partner's going to do next and have to constantly improvise - without looking like you're improvising?"

"Good point." Carla conceded, still finding herself almost panic-stricken.

Then they were on the stage, the music was starting, and she could either have time to dance or panic - not both.

So, she danced.

The song was - appropriately - American. In fact, it was 'Simply Irresistible', which Carla knew well - which was a God-send, because she could actually plan ahead a bit to match the song.

She started out by forcing herself to strut down the stage with a sexy sway, Lei matching her stride-for- stride, one pace behind and to the left. Reaching the end of the stage, Carla stopped and turned around, slowly grinding her hips twice before strutting back up the stage. While she did that Lei stayed at the far end, doing a modified grin, sliding lower each time and sticking her pert ass further and further out before slowly rising the same way. She timed it perfectly, coming back to a fully upright position as Carla reached the far end of the stage and turned to face her.

The two women began to walk - strut - slowly and sensuously towards each other, slowly sliding their hands up and down their bodies, caressing their curves. Lei hit every cue perfectly - while Carla's hands were going up, hers were coming down, and vice versa.

When they met in the center of the stage, Carla wrapped her hands around Lei and began fondling her ass, while she responded in kind. Carla was gratified to not that this aroused her as well, as she bent her head for a quick, showy kiss with her shorter companion.

Then she turned around so she was back-to-back with Lei, and braced against each other, she sank to the floor. Hoping Lei could see enough in the mirrored walls, Carla began sensuously lifting her leg, and was glad to see Lei copy the move.

Carla lifted her leg up keeping it straight, then let it slowly bend at the knee, dropping the leg until she was sitting with her legs outstretched in front of her, crossed. She then rolled to her right while Lei did the same, until they ended up face-to-face, perpendicular to their last position.

They then slowly spread their legs apart, then slowly pushed themselves up into a crouch. From there, they rose to their feet.

Theatrically grasping Lei's face, Carla pulled her in for a long, hot kiss. While they kissed, each woman's hands slid down to the straps of the dresses the other wore and slowly lowered the dress to the ground, kicking it back to the back of the stage. They were now in panties only - with Carla in her nylons - atop their heels, their breasts still hidden by being pressed against each other, but the swelling sides of their breasts hinting at their massive size.

Slowly, Carla walked forward, pushing Lei backwards towards the end of the stage. The taller woman then slowly bent the shorter woman over backwards, keeping their breasts squashed - oh-so- pleasurable - between them as they finished the move then straightened.

With a touch on her shoulders, Lei knew to slowly slide downwards - revealing Carla's massive tits. As a crouched Lei fondled her legs and ass, Carla fondled her own massive tits, actually enjoying the sensations.

Then Lei turned around and straightened, revealing her own endowments. She bent forward, shaking her huge tits, and Carla fondled her firm ass as she did so. She then spread her legs wide, and Lei went into a push-up position, then slid between Carla's legs to end up behind her, to stand and fondle the now-bent-over Carla's ass.

As the crowd of men clapped and cheered, the two women faced each other as the song neared the end. Quickly, they stepped a pace apart, then bent over and slid their panties down. They kissed again as they wiggled their asses at the crowd, then they turned and faced the crowd, gyrating their hips while fondling the inside of their thigh with one hand and the other woman's massive tit with the other.

Then the song - mercifully - ended, and Carla dressed quickly, blushing at what she'd just done. And how well she'd done it.

And how... fun it had been.

In an exhilarating, perverted, confusing way - that had ramped up her physical arousal amazingly. She still didn't know whether she should be grateful that she was still turned on by a 'woman' - or disgusted that she was finding Lei so sexy.

They returned to the table to find another round of drinks waiting for them. They sat down and began sipping at their beers as the applause for them slowly faded away - including Jose's and Carlos'.

They were just finishing their drinks when Jose smiled and said. "You are very good at that, ladies."

Carla almost choked on the last sip of beer, as Lei gaped at Jose, open mouthed. "You speak English!"

Jose waved a hand negligent. "But of course - we do much business with Americans."

"Yes, much business." Carlos agreed, enjoying the look of surprise on Carla's face. His English wasn't as polished as Jose's, and had a heavy accent - but it was still enough to surprise Carla.

"Why...?"

Jose smiled engagingly. "I find it best not to reveal all my secrets at the outset, my dear - it makes bargaining easier." He brushed at his lapel. "And speaking of secrets... While you were dancing, one of my patrons approached me with an interesting story. About how you two, rather ragged looking and without luggage, appeared in his shop with a good number of gold coins to sell. Spanish gold coins.

That seems unusual behavior for two American ladies who had 'a little trouble with their boyfriends', wouldn't you agree?"

Stunned, Carla tried to rise - and found that she couldn't. She became aware of a growing warm numbness spreading through her body, and a strange lethargy claiming her mind.

"You... you drugged..." Lei said, thickly.

"I'm afraid so." Jose replied, sounding genuinely regretful. "You see, I'm interested in discovering where those coins came from - and if there is any more. This is merely the most... efficient way."

Lei made an attempt to speak, but her mouth wouldn't work. She managed a few muffled grunts - then her eyelids slowly sank shut.

Seconds later, Carla followed suit.

* * * * *

Carla came awake to find herself jostled by movement. For a second, she had no idea what was happening - then she sat bolt upright.

She was in the back of an older, but lushly appointed Land Rover, traveling down a familiar road. She was belted into the back seat, beside Lei who was slowly stirring.

"Ah - I see you are awake!" Jose called back jovially from the front seat. Carlos was at the wheel, guiding the vehicle down the road out of Cuiaba. Sandwiched between the two of them was the man they'd sold the coins to, who looked at them with greed and not a little lust. "I'm glad that it is so - I am soon going to need some directions from you."

"Where are you taking us?" Lei asked, angrily, her dark eyes flashing in rage - and fear.

"Oh, no, my dear - it is where you are taking me. I require some directions - I wish to know the origin of those coins you sold Hector here."

Carla looked wide-eyed at Lei - after all they had done, they were being taken right back to where it had started, losing all the progress they'd made.

But Lei was smiling. "All right - we'll take you to the coins."

Carla was stunned. Go back to the campsite? Expose themselves to...?

Then she realized what Lei was smiling about. They had no idea what another dose of that strange radiation might do to them, and it scared her silly - but she was pretty certain what it would do to the three men in the front seat, and suddenly it didn't seem like such a risk anymore. They were these men's prisoners - in fact, she could see the shoulder holsters both Jose and Carl wore - and there was probably little chance of escape. Even if they did escape, they had no money, and only the clothes on their backs. If they had to be these men's hostages, there wasn't a finer, more ironic fate that could be meted out than the one that was in store.

The thought of 'the clothes on their backs' caused Carla to assess what she was wearing. Since it was now morning, she assumed she'd been unconscious all night, and they'd obviously taken the chance to change her clothing into a more suitable outfit. Both she and Lei were wearing superbly fitted female versions of the clothing they'd had at the campsite - khaki pants and shirts, and hiking boots - albeit with one-and-a-half inch block heels.

They stayed on the main road until they passed the small village where they'd caught the bus, then Lei instructed Carlos to slow and look for the path they'd cut through the jungle. They found it easily, and Carlos pulled the vehicle over to the side of the road and cut the engine.

The men - similar attired in a masculine version of the clothes - climbed out, then unlocked the belts that held the girls in place - after tying their hands together behind their backs. The men each pulled on a large back-pack, Jose and Carlos doing so efficiently, Hector the coin dealer complaining about the weight, and the straps, and why couldn't the women take it...

With no change in his mildly amused expression, Jose back-handed the dealer, cutting him off mid- word.

"These ladies are about to lead us to wealth, Hector - wealth that I am generously going to allow you to share, if you do what you are told. So, please - a little courtesy to the lovely ladies."

Carlos took the lead, and Jose half-bowed to the women. "Carla, Lei - if you will follow my companion?"

Silently, the two huge-breasted ex-men did as they were told, trudging along behind Carlos as he followed the clear trail into the jungle. Not having to hack a trail, they made much better time than the two transforming men had made on the way out. Still, it was well into the afternoon before they reached the disheveled camp that the two snared archeologists had last seen as men.

"Hmm..." Jose murmured, looking at the camp. "Some fine equipment... Digging tools... radio..." HE walked over to the set and wrinkled his nose at the stench. "Well, that would explain the attempt to get back to America through other means."

"Where's the gold?" Hector demanded, looking around - then his eyes lit upon the leaden chest, and he took a step towards it...

Carlo's strong arm stopped him short, and he said something to Hector in Spanish. the dealer pouted and watched sullenly as Jose continued his slow inspection of the camp.

"So - professional 'artifact' thieves, I would assume?" He said at last, smiling brightly. "I though I recognized a fellow professional, Miss Lei - and it certainly explains your choice of exit attempts. The Bolivian Government would frown upon helping you leave with some of our 'cultural heritage'."

Lei didn't debase Jose of his misinterpretation of the 'evidence'.

"Still, I find it unusual that such... endowed woman - and beautiful, as well - should be in this line of work. Surely, there must be easier ways for women such as you to earn money."

Lei shrugged. "Easier? Perhaps. Also less exciting - as we've already discovered." Carlos laughed shortly. "Yes - you seemed very... talented last night."

Carla flushed at the memory, but remained silent. Despite her dread, she found herself willing these men to open the chest - and claim their 'prize'.

She got her wish - Jose finished his survey of the camp, and finally motioned the two other men over to the chest. Carlos tied the two women to a stub of a tree, and went over to where his boss and the coin dealer were practically drooling over the chest.

Eagerly, Carlo's lifted off the lid of the chest, and the men's eyes lit up at the sight of the splendor that lay inside.

"Madre Dios..." Hector breathed. "It's a fortune!"

"Yes - I think it will be worth quite a sum." Jose agreed. Carla felt a burst of vengeful satisfaction as all three men ran their hands through the gold, silver - and bits of radioactive ore. "Hector, I'm going to be kind and let you count the money. I'm sure I can trust you to divide it evenly."

Hector's eyes glittered at the chance - then his eyes narrowed and he looked at Jose. "Come, Senor - I do not trust you to trust me so easily - and we both know it."

Jose laughed. "True, my friend. However, I feel I can trust you to split it evenly into three sacks - because Carlos and myself are going to choose our sacks first. So, you see - stuffing one sack with more only gives you a one-in-three chance of

getting your extra plunder. And, should I find so much as a single gold coin on your person after you are finished separating them, I shall kill you on the spot and take your share."

Hector swallowed - then smiled. "Ah, Senor - as usual you are the epitome of shrewd. I can live with a fair share of this, I think - with the wealth that I shall get from being honest in the split, it makes no sense to risk death to get a few pesos more."

"I thought you'd see it my way." Jose agreed. Turning from the dealer, he smiled toothily at Lei and began untying her. "Come, my dear - let use go into this tent and discuss a deal. Perhaps you and will walk away from this alive, well - and a few gold coins richer."

Carla pulled against the bonds that held her as Jose lead Lei towards one of the two tents. "Hey!"

"Don't worry - you will not be left out." Carlos said, leering at her. "However, it is with me that you must strike a deal."

Carla shrank back as Carlos untied her. Knowing what sort of 'deal' Carlos was thinking of, she considered trying to fight - but she had no chance of winning against the powerfully built man. She forced herself to decided whether what was in the offing was truly 'a fate worse then death' - then gritted her teeth and allowed herself to be lead into the tent with the muscular man.

He let her go and turned back to zip the tent's flap. Silently, rubbing her wrists where the rope had been, Carla watched the Brazilian seat himself on the camp stool and run his eyes lewdly over her.

As she bore his lustful gaze in silence, she began to feel strange, and wondered if it was a reaction to his gaze - but that didn't feel right. Then she realized that it must be some sort of reaction to the radiation that must, even now, be seeping into the tent through the radiation-transparent canvas. She began to feel slightly light-headed, and slightly detached from what was going on. From her point of view, the strange reaction was a God-send, making it easier to deal with what was sure to come.

"You are quite a woman, Carla." Carlos said, running his eyes over her massively-endowed figure. "And I have seen how seductive you can be..."

Carla remained silent, feeling the effect of the radiation increasing slightly. She wondered what, exactly, it was doing do her - whatever it was, it was completely different then the effect of the first exposure.

"Such magnificent breasts - you must be so very proud of them, Carla."

Carla shuddered inside as a strange wrenching sensation in her mind occurred. She realized, with a burst of horror, what had happened - the radiation was, somehow, making her very suggestible right now, and the Brazilian man's choice of words - 'must' - was basically a command to her. Although she didn't feel that way at all, she now realized that she'd have no choice - from now on, she'd have to act as if she was extremely proud of the massive breasts she now possessed.

"And your legs - so long and sexy..." Carlos continued, with no idea how his words were effecting his captive audience. He read the horror in her eyes, but believed it to be a product of the situation, not having a clue of what was causing the horror in Carla. "Wearing clothes and shoes that show them off to their best advantage must be something you do often."

'It will be, now.' Carla thought with despair, as she felt another wrenching in her mind. "Carlos.." She began to beg.

"Shh " Carlos soothed. "You must not interrupt me, my lovely."

So - she couldn't.

"I look at you, and I know what type of woman you are, Carla." Carlos taunted. "You must love being so sexy - and showing it. You must get turned on every time you see a man admiring - lusting after - your body. I bet you must have sex so often that you don't even know what it feels like to be horny for any length of time. You get horny - and some man would have sex with you right away."

As wrench after wrench ripped through her defenseless mind, Carla mentally begged Carlos to shut up, feeling her needs and persona being reshaped by the man's careless words.

"And you must love it." Carlos hissed. "You must love driving men wild with your body and sensuality - and you must love proving your incredible sexuality by fucking and sucking men dry."

Then, sneering, he unzipped his pants and drew out his limp, dark cock. It was huge, even limp, laying flaccid in the palm of his hand.

"This must be driving you crazy with a desire to suck me off, right, Carla?" He taunted. It was a toss-up as to who was more surprised by the answer.

"Yes, it is." Carla found herself saying, helplessly. The thought of giving him a blow-job utterly disgusted the transformed man - but right now, she was beset with an overpowering need to be a woman who was so proud of her sensuality that it was the center of her existence, and could only be validated by the ultimate proof - the ability to make men have sex with her.

"Agree to let me go, Carlos - and I'll give you the most mind-blowing blowjob you've ever had " She promised him in husky, sensual voice.

What made it worse was the fact that she was still in control - sort of. It was an intense compulsion, and addiction - but it wasn't running her body. Part of her knew that she could *refuse* to do this thing - but that the need to do it would drive her nuts if she fought it. So, she was giving in - but she was able to make sure that it wasn't a mindless surrender, and she was going to use her need to her advantage.

Carlos smiled. "Well - so, I was right after all. I'll tell you what - you do real good, and not only will we let you go when we're done, we'll pay you a little something."

She found herself growling in the back of her throat - the sensuously leaned forward. Her long, slender fingers began to stroke the huge cock, which immediately began to respond. Carla looked up at Carlos with a sensual smile and licked her lips - then bent her head and enveloped his massive cock in her warm mouth.

'Eagerly' she began to work, using her hands, lips, tongue and a touch of suction in an erotic symphony. All the tricks she'd ever had used on the male him were now employed in the purpose of giving Carlos the most intense blowjob of his life.

"Oh, God - so good..." Carlos moaned as she worked. "You must *really* be a cum-hungry cock- teaser."

Well, she was now. Her actions increased slowly in speed, bringing him closer and closer to the edge then slacked of, bringing him back before he came. To her horror, Carla now found that she was loving the taste, smell and feel of his huge cock - she was loving giving a man a blow-job. But knowing that it was disgusting didn't change the experience, any more than knowing that cocaine was illegal and dangerous stopped a addict. She needed to be a cock-sucker - and now, despite her feelings, she found she wanted to be one, too.

Even as she worked at the massive shaft in her mouth, Carla felt the radiation making some physical changes as well. The faint gag reflex she was feeling faded as the interior of her mouth and upper throat altered to better accommodate the act of sucking cock, while her tongue lengthened and became more supple - and sensitive. Now the act of giving a blowjob to Carlos was becoming pleasurable in the physical sense, as well.

A sensation that increased as her already full, sexy lips also became more sensitive to pleasure. The radiation was affecting her, making her into the world's most perfect cock-sucker, and the reaction from Carlos, who began to moan and praise her incredible technique, proved that it was working.

Finally, Carla let Carlos cum, driving him over the edge she'd brought him to so many time now. The man cried out as he flooded her mouth with his warm, salty cum - and she was horrified/overjoyed to find that her taste-buds had been altered, making the flavor of cum gushing down her open throat absolutely wonderful.

As she licked the massive organ clean and pulled back, Carla licked her full lips, her body thrumming with desire. She was both gratified and horrified to discover that Carlos' massive dick refused to soften after she'd drained him - he was obviously ready to cum again, probably an effect from the radiation.

But it wasn't the only one. Carla saw, with intense satisfaction, that all of the man's body hair had already fallen out, although Carlos was too 'busy' to notice. It was some measure of satisfaction she could take, even as she felt a desire filling her body as her womanhood became warm and moist.

Carla realized that it wasn't an overwhelming desire - apparently, the blowjob had been enough to mute her need to prove her sexual superiority. But, she was horny - and she needed to keep Carlos distracted from what was happening to his body.

"Come on, Stud" - she said, making the choice. "Let's fuck."

Ripping off her clothes, she hauled Carlo's pants and underwear down. She found herself impaling herself onto his massive tool with a horrifying eagerness, as the man began to fondle and suck her huge tits.

Using her long, erotically muscled legs, Carla began to drive herself up and down on the seated man's huge tool, feeling the interior of her womanhood altering to maximize the pleasure of the act - and doing an incredible job. Intensely erotic sensation rocked her body as she fucked Carlos with a rising passion.

"Oh, oh... What the..?" Carlos cried, his eyes flying open as he felt a strange sensation running through his body. He tried to move, starting to push Carla off...

Carla didn't want to stop - not now. "No, Carlos - let me finish..." She grated through teeth clenched with pleasure - and, horrified, the man found himself helpless to do anything but obey.

Unlike Lee and Carl, Carlos was actually having sex while being irradiated, which definitely altered the effect. The first difference it made was to speed up the process. The second - like Carla - was the 'suggestibility factor', which in his case was a lot higher than hers had been.

The third was the fact that his massive cock wasn't shrinking.

A fact that Carla helplessly appreciated as she drove herself towards orgasm. She also appreciated - vengefully - the swelling masses on Carlos' chest, pressing outwards at a remarkable rate, even as his waist pinched inwards. The horrified man was helpless to do anything but sit and be fucked as he experienced the rapid alteration of his body.

Finally Carla orgasmed, screaming at the top of her lungs as she came. As the last of the orgasm ran through her body, she lifted herself off the transformed Carlos with a smile.

"Don't move." She told him before he could attempt anything. Then, with a genuine smile, she looked over the effects of the radiation.

A tall, athletic-looking woman with rich, dark skin sat in the remnants of Carlos' clothing. Her erotically muscled body was none the less feminine for its musculature, broad shoulders and slim hips.

Part of that was the two massive breasts that thrust firmly from her chest, nearly equal to Carla's own massive tits. About the only thing spoiling the image of an incredibly fit, sexy athletic woman was the massive cock that was only now beginning to soften between her silky thighs.

Carla smiled cruelly as a thought occurred to her. "What's your name, buxom?" She asked with a smile.

"Carlos - Carlos Del Santos." The new she-male spat out in a rich, husky voice. "What is happening to me - what have you done.."

"Shut up." Carla commanded, and Carlos helplessly did.

"Your name is not Carlos Del Santos." Carla to the altered man. "Your name is Carolita De Casabas, and you usually use the short form of 'Lita'."

Lita felt the wrenching sensation in her mind, and realized what was happening - and what she'd inadvertently done to Carla moments before. But it was much too late to beg for forgiveness - and Carla was in no mood to hear it anyway.

"My, you have quite the body.." She said, slyly. "From now on, you will desire to show off that body in tight or revealing clothing. In fact, you will be so proud of your body, that your only desire in life will be to let anyone who wishes to have sex with you - in any way - experience the absolute perfection of your body."

Lita felt like crying as the path of her life became set firmly in her psyche - but was unable to express anything at all of her true feeling from this day forth.

Laughing at the sudden sensual posture of Lita's body - and the pain in her dark eyes - Carl gave her last command. "You will be unable to attempt to harm or cheat any person from this day forth - you will only try to provide yourself with physical pleasure, and to give you perfect body to the gaze, touch or desire of any who wish it. Now, begin your new life."

With that, Lita was free to move - but completely unable to give life to her fondest desire and strangle Carla. Instead, she stood and began to sensuously feel her new body, smiling seductively at Carla.

Carla sneered and turned on one heel, leaving the transformed Lita behind her.

The sight that greeted Carla as she stepped from the tent was almost as satisfying as the one of the altered man she left behind.

The person who had been Hector had gotten a massive dose of the radiation, having been playing with the pieces of radiation-laden ore. Now the altered ex-man lay beside the closed lead chest, beside a pile of gold coins. The tiny, massive breasted woman with the massive mane of platinum blonde hair and pale skin was staring mindlessly up at the sky while she masturbated furiously, the over-dose having left her a true blonde bimbo with tits even bigger the Lei's on a body of similar stature.

Well, with breasts as big as Lei's had been> For the Asian woman's new breasts were smaller, about a triple-EEE cup, turning her from a massively over-endowed sexual freak to a stunningly beautiful oriental woman. She was smiling at Carla, which was how Carla was able to tell it was here - the exact clone of her - although with the original, outside tits - was frowning at Carla as she helplessly fondled her massive new endowments.

"Josette here tried to entice me into sex by licking my pussy," Lei explained, confirming her identity. "I think that had a definite affect on how she turned out."

"I think so." Carla laughed. "She leaned back into the tent and 'asked' Lita to come out. The new she-male did so, her nude body glistening.

At the sight of the she-male, Josette's eyes locked on the massive cock, and Carla knew that there had been some mental changes made to Jose as well.

"Hold on - no sex yet." Carla commanded. She turned to Lei. "So - what do we do now? Head back into town?"

Lei considered it. "No - I think we should have them go back to town and let them deal with their new lives. We should stay here - I should think that a helicopter should be by in the next day or so, to see why we're out of touch."

Carla nodded - it made sense. She found herself hoping it wouldn't be too long - not only did she want to get back to the states, but she found herself 'eager' to begin her new life as a sexual goddess as, from the look on her face, did Lei. Carla wondered what mental changes her friend had undergone.

But first things first...

"Okay, you two take Blondie over there and start heading back to the car. Leave your packs here." She instructed the two once-men. "I want you to drive back to town and pick up our stuff. Get yourself some clothing out of our money, then get our stuff back to us. After that, you're free to go.

"Are you sure it's wise to let them spend our money?" Lei asked - then slapped her forehead as she looked at the fortune of safe coins in a pile beside the safely closed box.

"Get going." Carla ordered, and the two ex-men dressed and - supported the mindlessly masturbating 'Blondie' between them, headed out. Carla found herself wishing they'd hurry - she really needed some sexy clothes to wear.

Turning back to Lei, she smiled. "You realize that we may have trouble convincing the helicopter crew who we are?" She asked.

Lei laughed. "Hell - after we fuck them silly, they'll fly us wherever we want. I'm sure that, once we're home, we can convince the authorities of the truth."

"I hope so." Carla agreed.

Lei laughed. "Come on - if worse comes to worse, we'll just hand them a chunk of ore. After being turned into a woman, I think they'll believe our story.

Carla laughed at the thought that occurred to her. "You realize, the military will probably confiscate it all. Think about it - imbed a chunk in a bomb and drop it on enemy troops. A day later - they're a bunch of women."

Lei giggled at the thought, then looked around at the camp> They were obviously not going to be doing any more excavating. "So - what do we do until the helicopter arrives?"

Carla smiled and approached her gorgeous friend> "I have a few ideas..." She admitted, huskily. As they embraced, Lei giggled suddenly.

"What?" Carla asked, fondling her friend's firm ass.

"Well - it took some time for us to change completely, right?" Carla murmured agreement as she licked at one of Lei's nipples.

"Well - that means that they're probably not finished changing yet..." Carla smiled at the thought, and opened her mouth to reply...

..but, as it turned out, neither woman said anything coherent for quite some time, with the occasion exception of the phrase 'Oh, God - more "

* * * * *

"Brownell One to Base - we're landing at the site now. " The pilot of the civilian Huey reported over the radio.

"Roger that, Brownell one. Let us know what you find, over."

The pilot acknowledged as he brought the aircraft to a brief hover before setting it down. He shut down the rotor, looking over the apparently deserted camp. She climbed out and was met by his co- pilot, who had exited the other side and walked around the nose.

"Hello?" The co-pilot called out.

There was a muffled sound as the zipper of a tent opened, and the aviators' jaws dropped as two woman stepped into view.

The first was a massive-breasted woman with auburn hair. She was made up artfully, and dressed in a sexy-yet-tasteful beige skirt and tight khaki short-sleeve blouse, with the top buttons undone to reveal the creamy swell of her massive tits. She balanced easily - and seductively - atop brown suede knee-boots with five-inch heels.

Her companion, dressed in tight black shorts and a tight white silk blouse, was a tiny, gorgeous oriental woman who was also smiling at the two men.

"Have we got a story to tell you..." The first one said, wiggling a finger at them. "Why don't you come in and discuss it ?"

The two pilots looked at each other and decided that finding out where the archeologists were could wait a few minutes...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After a rich businessman cuts off funding to a promising artist, the artist kidnaps him and, using advanced science, goes about sculpting him into subservient woman.

The Artist

By Gunslinger

The high-ceiling room echoed with the low hum on many conversations, with the occasion clink of champagne flutes being taken or deposited from the sterling silver trays carried by the impeccably dressed waiters circulating the spacious gallery floor.

Richard M. Carstairs, the third, was suitably impressed. Not by the gathering itself - even with his highly reclusive nature, if he had a dollar for each such affair he'd attended, he'd double his already sizable fortune - but by the quality of the artwork presented by the young artist hosting the event. Of course, he'd known of the remarkable talent of the artist before investing a dime - as amiable as he was in his private life, Richard was ruthless when it came to business, and left nothing to chance. Still, seeing this much of the artist's work in one place reaffirmed his initial decision to fund the young man.

At the moment, he was eyeing one of the painting adorning the white-washed walls. This particular piece was striking. Depicting the head and shoulders of a woman, it was quite unconventional - the woman's eyes were obscured by a wide metal band. Moreover, the painting was done in subdued colors - except for the lips, which were a bright, vivid red.

"Ah, admiring some of my work I see."

Richard smiled and turned to face the up and coming new artist whose work this was.

"It is quite a striking painting." He acknowledged. He held out his hand. "Richard Carstairs."

Steven Pratt took the outstretched hand and shook it. "Of course! We've often spoken on the phone, and I've received your checks, but this is the first time we've met face to face." He paused and eyed his somewhat mysterious benefactor. "You know, Mr. Carstairs, I suddenly feel like I'm meeting a long-lost brother."

"Call me Richard, please." Richard said, laughing. "And I know exactly what you mean."

The two men bore a remarkable resemblance for two unrelated men. Both had fit, somewhat broad bodies, with the same shade of dirty blond hair and dark brown eyes. They were even the same age - 27. There was only one major difference between the two men.

Whereas Steven was about average height, Richard was several inches shorter. Still, the resemblance was remarkable.

"I notice that, all though you work in a lot of mediums, the subject matter of all of them is the same - the feminine form." Richard said, waving an arm to take in the paintings, photographs and sculptures, all by Steven, and all depicting a woman of some sort.

Steven laughed. "Actually, this is just a small sampling of the many different types of artist I am - but yes, I do work exclusively with the female subjects."

Richard looked interested. "Why is that?"

Steven shook a finger. "Oh, no. You may be one of my major contributors - but I still insist on keeping a few secrets."

Suddenly, to Steven's surprise, Richard's face became emotionless. "Actually, I was wondering if I could speak to you about that funding. Privately, of course."

Steven felt a prickle of worry, but managed, by dint of effort, to maintain his smile. "Actually, I hardly think it would be appropriate for me, the host, to vanish in the middle of my own party. But if you have no pressing business, I'd be glad to talk to you after the guests have left."

Richard wasn't used to being put off, and barely managed to repress a scowl. Then, as was his rather unique ability, he switched from his 'business' mindset to his 'social' mindset, and was once again a soft-spoken, charming guest. "Of course, Mr. Pratt. Whenever you're available."

Steven nodded, then vanished into the throng, mingling with his potential clients.

Snagging a flute of champagne, Richard moved about as well. It took all of his not-inconsiderable will to maintain his facade of cheerfulness in the crowded room.

Although a major 'mover and shaker' in the business world, very few people recognized Richard's face as he 'worked the room.' Highly reclusive by nature, he only attended those 'social' events that had some connection to his dealings. He hated the falseness of the people around him. Some, the wealthy entrepreneurs, were here to buy some of Steven's work as 'status

symbols', or as investments. The famous - movie stars and sport figures - were dressed more flamboyantly, and were here to see, and be seen, by others in their social stratum.

To Richard, the party seemed to go on forever, although only an hour and a half passed before the last of the other guests finally made their good-byes and departed through the separate entrance to the gallery Steven maintained in his new mansion. Shortly after, the hired help - the caterers and bartender - also departed, leaving the two men alone.

"Well, thank you for waiting, Richard" Steven said, untying his bow-tie. "Why don't we go somewhere more comfortable and have that talk?"

Richard nodded, and followed the taller man. Using a key, Steven unlocked the door that connected the semi-private gallery to the rest of the mansion, and stepped through. Locking the door behind Richard, the artist led him down a short hallway into a large, spacious and quite comfortable rec-room.

Paneled in black walnut, the room boasted a wet bar, a pool table, and a circular couch around a free-standing fireplace. Waving Richard to a stool, Steven walked around the bar and began fixing himself a drink.

"Can I get you anything, Richard?" he asked.

"A martini would do just fine." Richard replied, which, to his mind, was the extent of 'small talk' he was willing to endure. As the artist mixed the drink, Richard got down to business.

"Earlier, you mentioned that I'm one of your major contributors. I'm afraid that's not quite true."

Steven stopped for a second, and regarded Richard for a second before continuing to mix the drinks. "What do you mean?"

Richard leaned forward. "The other 'contributions' you've received have all been from subsidiary companies owned by me. I've been your ONLY contributor."

Steven frowned. "I don't understand."

Richard smiled tightly. "I'm a businessman, Mr. Pratt - I only do things that benefit me financially. You showed great promise, and so I did what I'd do in any other business situation. The technical term is 'hostile takeover' - I assume you're familiar with it?"

Steven's frown deepened. "What, exactly, are you saying, Mr. Carstairs?"

"The land that this house is built on is owned by me, through interlocking companies. The money used to build it came from me. Everything you have right now, in one way or another, is due solely to one person - myself. And, now it's time to start turning a profit on my investment." Reaching into his pocket, Richard removed an envelope. "I've already worked out what you'll

need to do for me. I've contacted several major Ad agencies, and from now on, you'll be doing product illustrations - albeit, with your own, distinctive style."

Steven didn't take the pro-offered envelope. "I have no idea where you got this insane notion." He replied angrily, "But I'm an artist - and I only create that which I'm inspired to. I DON'T do commercial illustration, on demand and like clockwork."

"I don't think you understand." Richard replied coldly. "You WILL do what I tell you - not ask, mind you, but TELL, - because if you don't, you'll be back on the street, with nothing, in less than twenty-four hours."

Incredibly, Steven became remarkably calm and self possessed. "You can't threaten me."

"Oh, I'm not threatening." Richard replied smugly, downing his martini. He rose to leave, "I'm promising you. Now, be a good lad, and deliver those signed paper to me tomorrow at my office."

"I don't think I can." Steven replied calmly. "I don't believe you're going to be IN your office tomorrow - and anytime soon, for that matter."

"What are you..." Richard started to say - then swayed on his feet as his vision began to dim. Horrified, he stared wide eyed at the artist. "You... you poisoned me!" he slurred thickly, losing control of his tongue.

Steven watched the shorter man crumple to the rug like a marionette with it's strings cut. As from a great distance, the entrepreneur heard the taller man's reply.

"Not poisoned, Mr. Carstairs - drugged."

And then a wave of darkness reached up and claimed Richard, dragging him down to oblivion.

* * * * *

Not surprisingly, Richard had never been drugged before. Or, considering, his business methods, it was surprising that none of his enraged competitors had done something similar. In either case, Richard was completely unprepared for the pounding headache that came from spending three days sedated.

Groaning, he opened his eyes, his mind sluggish. For a few seconds, he couldn't recall what had happened, and gazed about in confusion.

He was laying on a minimally padded stainless steel table, completely naked. The table, elevated at a forty degree angle, was equipped this heavy leather straps that restrained him at his wrists and ankles, holding him immobile.

Looking wildly around, his mind barely noted the details of the vaguely medical looking room, with it's unidentifiable machines and equipment, gleaming under the harsh florescent lighting.

Then the heavy steel door to the room opened, admitting Steven, and everything came back in a flash. "You!" Richard growled, his voice dusty from disuse. "You're not going to get away with this!"

Steven laughed. Dressed comfortably in slacks and a turtle-neck sweater, he was completely unintimidated by the naked, restrained businessman.

"Oh, but I already have." He laughed. "You've been out for three days. I've had plenty of time to arrange everything." "What do you mean?" Richard asked warily.

Steven smiled toothily. "Well, the police showed up early in the morning. It appears that you were driving home when you ran off the road. Your car hit a propane tank at a gas station, and was destroyed in the explosion. Of course, I testified that you'd left here after having a fair amount to drink." He sighed theatrically. "What a tragic end for the rich and powerful - and, incidentally, much hated - Richard Carstairs."

Richard's eyes narrowed. "You're lying." He stated flatly.

"Am I?" Steven asked. "The police found several champagne glasses with your finger prints - not to mention the martini glass. I, of course, testified that you'd had three of them during our private chat before leaving."

Richard felt a shiver that had nothing to do with the cold air on his naked flesh. The scenario that Steven had outlined was entirely plausible. Worse, Richard had made many enemies in the police department over the years, and they wouldn't be inclined to probe too deeply into his demise - many held a long standing belief that he was better off dead, after all.

"What are you going to do?" Richard asked. "If, I'm dead, ransom or blackmail isn't an option."

Steven's face tightened in anger. "You smug, stupid bastard. I know all about you. Born into money, you've spent your life adding to your fortune by any means." He hissed. "I, on the other hand, had no such luxuries. I got where I am by talent, hard work - and raw ingenuity. Then you tried to take it away. Well, it's Time to bring you down more than just a few notches, my 'friend'."

"How? Drug me again, the dump me penniless in Mexico?"

Stephan laughed. "Oh, no. That would lack...artistry. You asked me once why I only did the female subject. Well, here's the answer - I used to be a woman."

"What?" Richard gasped, stunned.

Steven laughed. "I was born Lisa Stephanie Pratt. But, I was getting nowhere in a world dominated by macho, sexist pigs like you. So, I followed the advice - 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. I painstakingly developed new techniques, and remade myself into the man you see today."

"I...I don't understand." Richard managed.

Steven smiled wickedly. "It was our resemblance to each other that gave me the perfect revenge. I think it's about Time for my 'sister', Lisa, to resurface. Don't you - dear sister?" And he laughed, his high, crazed peals driving into Richard's brain as he stared, horrified, at the madman who held him captive.

* * * * *

Richard had no chance to try and talk his way out - Steven's first action was to place a red rubber 'ball gag' into Richard's mouth, silencing him.

Then the real work began.

First, he pushed a button on the side of the table. The straps retraining Richard tightened and lifted on hydraulic arms, lifting him from the surface. A few seconds later he hung suspended, spread eagle, a foot above the table.

Humming cheerfully to himself, Steven pulled on a pair of latex surgical gloves, and picked up a large container of foul-smelling gel. Working methodically, the artist applied the odoriferous compound all over Richard's naked body. Richard moaned in the back of his throat and tried to thrash, but the straps held him painfully still. Once Steven had coated Richard completely, aside from his scalp and eyebrows, he started a small digital timer, then helped himself to a cup of the coffee brewing in the corner. Fifteen minutes later, the timer buzzed, and Steven used a bucket of water and a stiff sponge to scrub the gel off.

Everywhere the gel was removed, Richard's body hair came with it. Each swipe of the sponge revealed more smooth, hairless flesh, where the cool air quickly raised goose pimples.

That task completed, Steven moved on. Pulling an IV stand over, he hung a large bag on the arm. With skilled dexterity, Steven inserted a needle into a vein and taped it in place, as the drugs began to drip into Richard's bloodstream.

Immediately, the world seemed to soften to Richard. His senses dimmed, especially that of touch. His body wasn't exactly numb, but none of the sensations he felt had any immediacy. Instead, his horror and outrage faded as his mind drifted aimlessly.

Having accomplished that task, Steven set about transforming Richard physically.

With a slightly demented grin, the taller artist fitted a special apparatus around Richard's body. The top part covered his denuded chin, and was the negative form into which Richard's breasts would grow. Basically a mold, it would shape and size Richard's new bust line.

And the way it would do that was via a series of small tubes that began to pump destabilized animal fat into the cells of his chest. Entering at a regulated rate, the fat would slowly enlarge the layer of subdural fat already present, to form the utterly natural breasts.

The bottom half of the same mold was basically the same thing, wrapped around Richard's buttocks, hips and legs, gradually reshaping them by adding or subtracting fat and/or muscle cells where needed.

Satisfied that his little device was working properly, Steven then placed the specially designed machined around Richard's hands and feet. Unlike the other molds, these were compression devices. They worked by creating millions of micro-fractures in the bones, and slowly compressing them back together into their new shape. A similar device was employed over Richard's face for a similar purpose.

Now came the hard part - forming a vagina for Richard. While his automated devices worked on the rest of Richard's body, Steven assembled his instruments and set to work on Richard's crotch.

Using a special monofilament fiber-optic cable, Steven could actually use a camera to see inside Richard's abdomen. By doing so, he was prepared for the 'surgery'.

First a second monofilament, this one carrying a laser beam, carefully cut the testicles free from the anchoring tissue without actually removing them. Then with two super-fine metal rods, he repositioned the testicles deep within Richard's body.

Next, he used the laser to make millions of tiny, self cauterizing cuts along Richard's penis. The technique opened up the penis, turned it inside out, and cauterized the edges to the new slit formed by the cuts, forming a function, almost natural looking cunt. The only two differences were small - the new pussy was tighter than an average woman's, with a larger, longer 'clit' that extended deep inside the newly formed cleft.

The immediate effect of the surgery was slightly gruesome. The tissue would need several days to heal properly. Which was perfect, as the process of altering Richard's figure would take approximately a week. Luckily, that part was completely automated.

Laughing to himself, Steven left the computer-controlled molds to their work, and headed off for some lunch.

* * * * *

Over the next week, Richard floated in a vague sea of drugged consciousness, only dimly aware of what was being done to him. Every day, Steven stopped in and checked to make sure everything was going correctly, and to ensure Richard was receiving enough intravenous nutrients. Day by day, Richard's body continued to become more and more feminine.

Finally, everything was ready. Smiling, Steven disconnected the molds and removed them, then lowered Richard back onto the table. Eagerly, the artist disconnected the IV drip, and injected Richard with the final drug.

As Richard began to stir, Steven elevated the table to stand upright, and wheeled a full-length mirror in front of Richard.

"Awake, sleeping beauty, and look upon what I have wrought", Steven chuckled evilly, as Richards eyelids fluttered - and opened.

Richard blinked blearily as the last of the drugs washed out of the system, and it took him several seconds to realize that he was, indeed, looking into a mirror.

"Oh my God!. NO!" he gasped, eye's going wide. In horror, he gazed at the reflection gaping back at him. Or rather, at HER.

She'd never be called beautiful, exactly. Her hips were a little too slim, and her waist and shoulders a little too wide. Her face's features were too strong. But she was definitely female - and would make 'sexy' with no problem.

Under her incongruously short, sandy blonde hair, her face was - striking. The same strong, square jaw remained, as well as the largish nose. But now, they shared the same face as higher, fuller cheekbones, full, rich lips, and sensuous, smoldering eyes.

She retained the same broad shoulders, but now they led smoothly to softer, feminine arms and shapely hands. Even the broad shoulders didn't look out of place though, as they offset admirably the firm, soft 49 DDD-cup breasts hanging from her chest. Unlike silicone implants, her new endowments weren't perfectly spherical, but a sort of oval shape almost. Thrust proudly from the apex of each breasts was a large, dark nipple, standing at attention from the chill air.

Her legs were now shapely dancer's legs, lightly muscular but well formed. They led up to the new sex between her legs, where the folds of her vagina nestled. Her new ass was full, firm and round.

The strange sensations of her new body were disconcerting. The weight of her large new tits. The cool air against her smooth, silky skin, hard, sensitive nipples, and new womanhood. She struggled to come to grips with it all.

"Good morning Lisa, how does it feel to be a woman?" Steven asked sarcastically.

She turned her head and her eyes narrowed, glittering dangerously. "You bastard." She hissed - not surprised to hear it come out in a rich, feminine voice, - "I'm going to kill you, you fucking maniac. You're DEAD, you hear me?"

Steven laughed and shook his finger. "Tsk ts. Not very nice. But, I don't think you'll kill me." "Why not" the new woman said, sneering.

Steven laughed. "The drugs I've been pumping into you have a very interesting side effect - they make a person remarkably suggestible. Basically, from now on, your subconscious mind is highly vulnerable to stimuli. Let me demonstrate..."

Stepping closer, Steven looked her right in the eye, and held up a Driver's license. The person in the photo had longer hair, and made-up on, but otherwise was a dead ringer for Richard. The name on the license was 'Lisa S. Pratt.'

"Now," Steven said, "You can't be Richard Carstairs, because not only is he a man, but he's dead. But you look just like the person in this photo. So, it must be you, right? So, tell me, what's your name?"

She sneered at whatever he was trying to prove. Just showing her some I.D. wouldn't change her name. She was still...

Her eyes widened as she struggled to frame the thought. She KNEW what her name really was, but couldn't quite get it. The thought fought to stay hidden as the other name - the one he wanted her to same - tried to force it's way into her mouth.

"Nnnn....aahh...Lisa. Lisa Pratt." She sobbed, helpless to fight it. No matter how hard she tried, that was the name that forced itself into her mind now. Her lips curled in rage, and Lisa glared murderously at Steven.

Steven leaned closer, his voice becoming softer. "Oh, come now. You're Lisa Pratt, and I'm Steven Pratt. We even look much alike. In fact, you're my twin sister. All your life, you've trusted me, and obeyed me. You'd never try to argue with me, because you love me as your brother."

"No...no..." Lisa moaned, as Steven repeated the mantra over and over. No matter how hard she tried, her rage slipped away from her replaced with other feelings. She knew the truth, new what had happened - but couldn't help herself.

Smiling, Steven released Lisa from her restraints. While, intellectually, she knew she wanted to strangle him for what he'd done to her, emotionally she felt only admiration and love for her 'brother', and she couldn't bring herself to harm him.

"Come on Lisa, I'll show you to your room."

Meekly, the new woman followed the artist, walking with a decidedly masculine gait. With every step, her new breasts bounced, reminding her what exactly had been done to her, and her own impotence to change it. Steven noticed her discomfort, and suppressed a smile as he led her through the mansion to a large, airy bedroom decorated in a decidedly feminine manner.

"Now, why don't' you get dressed and go out for a while?" Steven said, dropping the I.D. - and a rather large wad of cash - into a purse. "It's fairly early, and you can enjoy your first day en femme, as it were."

Lisa caught her breathe, hardly daring to believe. That was it? He was just going to let her walk out of here? Slowly, not daring to speak, she nodded, and Steven left the room.

Quickly, Lisa began to dress, eager to get while the getting was good. The large walk in closet was full of many different types of clothes, and she picked the ones she felt most comfortable wearing.

First, out of necessity, came a simple set of white cotton bra and panties. It took three tries to get the bra in place over her large, firm tits, and she felt damn silly wearing a bra, but it was a necessary evil.

Over that went a pair of blue jeans and a gray sweatshirt, both somewhat baggy. For footwear she chose a pair of leather strap sandals with a one and a half inch block heel.

Dressed, she snatched up the purse and purposefully headed to the front door. There was no sign of Steven, but she didn't begin to relax until she was guiding the Jeep Cherokee that the keys in 'her' purse started down the long, curving driveway.

Not having a specific destination in mind, she drove aimlessly until she reached the outskirts of the nearby city. Silently, Lisa reached a decision. Picking a hotel at random, she checked in. As she paid for the room for the night, she quickly counted the wad of cashing, discovering she had in excess of seven hundred dollars.

Her next step was to go to the mall. She was planning to get as far away from Steven as possible, and that would require some clothing, and luggage to pack it in.

It took several minutes for her to be able to enter the mall. It was just unnerving to be in public as a woman. She'd managed all right at the hotel, but that was handling a single clerk, not this thronging mass of humanity that ebbed and flowed within the enclosed confines of the mall. Finally, with a deep breath, she pushed open the door and entered the building.

All though eager to get this over with, she didn't head directly for the department store. Instead, she went to the food court. A week of intravenous feeding had left her famished, and she felt that if she didn't get some solid food, she'd probably pass out.

After a fairly large meal, she felt much better, and moved with a firm - and masculine - stride towards the department store, eager to be done with it.

Finally, heart pounding wildly, she decided she was ready.. A young man, probably a collage student, was just coming out, and he stopped to hold the door for her. He gave her a long look she'd never had directed at her before, and her heart leapt into her throat as she waited for him to demask her as a freak - then realized, with an odd, fluttery feeling in her stomach, that he was 'checking her out' - and liked what he saw. Unable to deal with this immediately, she simply ignored it, and walked on, her mind churning.

Immediately inside was the make-up counter. The attractive brunette behind the counter smiled at Lisa and said "You know Miss, we do sell hypo-allergenic make-up."

Lisa hadn't even thought of make-up before this instant, and caught by surprise at the new thought, said "Oh, I'm not allergic." The woman frowned slightly, and Lisa realized she had missed a perfect excuse.

The make-up woman smiled professionally. "You should let me give you a makeover." she said firmly. "You'll be pleased with what we can do for you." She held out her hand. "Hi. I'm Karen."

That's when Lisa discovered the true horror of what had happened. With her hyper-suggestibility, she was instantly and uncontrollably obsessed with getting a makeover.

"Girl, you just come with me. I'm going to teach you everything you need to know about make-up" Karen said, leading Lisa by the arm. Unable to help herself, she followed.

For the next half hour, Lisa got complete make-up instructions, as Karen did a complete makeover on her. Mascara made her eyelashes long and sexy. A soft pink lip-stick emphasized her full, kissable lips. Eye shadow brought out the incredible blue

of her eyes. With her perfect, milky complexion, no blush or foundation was needed. She was amazed at how the makeover increased her beauty. Karen also assembled a bag of 'feminine basics', as she called it.

Lisa thanked Karen, trying to hide her inner disquiet at wearing make-up. She took her new make-up kit, and headed for the jewelry counter to pick up a watch. She got the watch - and, completely unable to turn down the saleswoman, walked away with a small bag of jewelry, and long golden earrings dangling from her newly pierced ears. It began to circulate through the staff that the woman was on some kind of spending spree, and helplessly, her will subject to the unknowing whims of the sales staff, Lisa was 'programmed' by them.

It was everything. As the stylist did her hair, she made small talk. Girl-girl type chatter. Including the comment that 'she must be proud of her breasts'. And, as soon as that was said, Lisa WAS helplessly, permanently proud of her stupendous bosom.

Another woman, in the shoe department, noticed Lisa's masculine walk. Soon after, Lisa was doing a definitely feminine walk - in four inch heels.

When she finally managed to escape, it was only because the entire wad of cash was gone. Several of the staff helped Lisa load her purchases in the Jeep as she looked on, inwardly sickened.

She was dressed in a red lace dress, revealing her muscular legs from the mid-thigh down. Her large tits pushed firmly at the low-cut neckline. She was balanced atop red spike-heel pumps, and various pieces of jewelry adorned her body. She was stunningly sexy.

Climbing behind the wheel of the Jeep, Lisa turned the vehicle back towards Steven's mansion. She realized the truth now. She couldn't escape. Every moment she spent in public was fraught with the risk that an innocent comment would further alter her mind, and there was nothing she could do about it.

Arriving at the mansion, she pulled up behind a Jag parked in the driveway and entered the house. Steven was passing through the foyer, and he smiled as he saw her new outfit.

"Well, well." He murmured cruelly. "Look at my dear sister now." Lisa was simply unable to reply to her 'brother' the way she wanted.

Steven beckoned his head. "Since Mr. Carstairs is dead and gone, I'm pitching a new manager. Why don't you grab the papers for my presentation and bring them up to the study. Mr. Williamson is waiting for me to pitch to him." Steven's smile widened. "And when you come up, I want you to do EVERYTHING you can to help me close the deal. Got it?"

Helplessly, Lisa nodded. Running down to the studio as fast as her heels would let her, she grabbed the papers and brought them up to the study, letting herself inside.

Steven was standing beside a tall, ruggedly handsome man. Steven smiled, and said to the man, "Mr. Williamson, this is my sister, Lisa, my assistant". Helplessly, the stunned Lisa found her body smiling welcome as she stepped forward and shook Mr. Williamson hand.

She gave the notes to Steven.

Mr. Williamson sank into a leather chair as Steven began his proposal. But, Mr. Williamson wasn't listening to him. Because 'Lisa' smiled helplessly at him - then sensuously knelt before him, and unzipped his pants. His rapidly hardening cock sprung free.

As 'Richard' screamed helplessly inside, Lisa began to expertly lick and caress the man's cock, then slid her soft lips around his shaft, and began to expertly, 'eagerly' give him a blowjob. He gasped, and placed his hands on her blonde hair, moaning softly at her unbelievable technique. As her long, supple tongue traveled the veined shaft, her long-nailed hands caressed his ball. It was no quick blow-job, and she expertly brought and held him at the edge for the entire twenty-minute proposal. She kept him close to cumming as Steven stepped forward. He held out a contract, and without reading it, Williamson signed. The instant he finished, Lisa applied a little more speed and suction - and was 'rewarded' with a flood of hot, salty cum, which she swallowed 'eagerly'.

They watched Mr. Williamson leave, then Steven turned to Lisa and said "Perfect, love. You got me hard watching you perform."

Lisa tried to stop the sexy body he now wore, but couldn't, as she smiled and said "We'd better take care of that." Slowly, she slid her dress off, revealing her hot, wet cunt and, setting her magnificent tits free. He sat in the same chair Williamson had, and his 'sister' lowered herself on his hard cock with a gasp of pleasure.

Steven gasped, and his hands began to massage her mountain of tit-flesh as she rode up and down his hard dick, moaning in pleasure. Lisa and 'Richard' were united in a brief instant, both of them crying out in pleasure as she began to orgasm, her spasming pussy pushing her 'brother' over the edge, and he shot his load into her.

Inside, she began to sob as Steven lightly stroked her hair and whispered "From now on, I thing my parties are going to be much more interesting, thanks to my insatiable, slutty sister."

And she knew, unwillingly, that he was right.



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: While jogging one man witness his old nerdy classmate transform himself into a hunk; thinking that he could do the same he sneaks in to use the invention only to discover that the switch is in the wrong direction.

Asleep At The Switch

By Gunslinger

Lungs straining to draw more oxygen from the chill fall air, Marcus Montaigne forced every muscle in his lean body to work even harder. Sweat slicked his sandy mop of hair to his head, and large, dark patches adorned his aptly-named gray sweat-suit as his sneaker-clad feet slapped a staccato rhythm on the cracked and canted sidewalk. Less than two blocks ahead lay his him, the end-point of his run...

...but, yet again, he was going to fail to make it the full distance. Though each day he grew closer to matching his planned target, Marcus' thirty-three year old body simply wasn't able to match the same feat he'd accomplished, seemingly effortlessly, a decade before. Lungs seeming to clench painfully around each deep breath, pain shooting up and down his legs and digging a deep stitch in his side, Marcus gasped out a curse and slowed his pace, the side-to-side stagger mute evidence of an athlete pushed beyond his endurance.

Both glad he'd decided to stop the slow decline and yet cursing how hard it was to get himself back into shape, the one-time high-school track star staggered painfully towards the corner, gasping for breath and shakily wiping away the rivulet of sweat that stung his eyes. Feeling as if he were about to collapse completely, the tall, lean man with the dark, intense eyes ignored private property laws and staggered across a narrow verge of autumn-browned grass. With a grateful gasp, he reached his goal - the rough, faded boards of a barn-like garage, once white-washed but now faded and peeling. Aware of the risk of splinters from the time-roughened wood, Marcus didn't let himself simply slump against the boards, but carefully eased his body to lean against the rough surface.

Leaning against the side of the barn, he worked at getting his ragged breathing closer to something resembling normal - and that's when he heard the sound.

'The sound' - that was the best way he could have described it, had he been pressed to do so. A self-acknowledged 'jock', Marcus took a perverse pride in lack of anything remotely resembling intellectual pursuits - not that he was stupid, precisely, merely willingly ignorant. In any case, his vocabulary was limited - too limited to accurately describe the thrumming eight-tone octave-shifting cyclic susurrations that met his ears.

Whatever the sound was, and whatever was making it, was coming from within the garage from which he was currently drawing support.

That fact, in and of itself, was hardly remarkable, at least to any of the local residents. Like everybody who lived within about a six-block radius from this particular street-corner, strange sounds, odd occurrences, and even the occasional explosion were all part-and-parcel of the local 'background' - for the somewhat run-down home and large, barn-like outbuilding belonged to Jerry Tubbs.

In fact, Marcus had been at the same high-school at the same time as 'Tubby' had attended... but, even then, barely knew him to see him, as they had traveled in completely different social circles. More accurately, 'Tubby' - known as such more for his portly build than his last name - hadn't moved in any social circles at all, being the epitome of utter nerdness. Now, living and working at home, Tubby eked out a living on the scant few of his inventions that; a) Didn't blow up, b) Actually worked, and, c) Whose purpose was actually useful enough that somebody would pay money for it.

Tubby was an inventor, all right - but not a particularly *good* one. Oh, there was no doubt at all that he was smart, perhaps even genius level smart - but actually building things was another thing all together. Even the ones that worked tended to have a very 'slap-dash' feel to them.

All of this Marcus knew, more from anecdotal stories he'd picked up than any real interest in learning anything at all about Tubby. After all, Marcus was proud of his ignorance, and had little curiosity about 'scientific things', as he mentally labeled what Tubby did.

Unfortunately for Marcus, 'little curiosity' was a world away from 'no curiosity'. Had his indifference been total, things would have turned out very differently indeed for Marcus, as he would have caught his breath and simply continued on his way...

...but that didn't happen.

Instead, what little curiosity he did have pricked by the strange sound he heard, Marcus doomed himself by leaning forward slightly, raising himself up on tip-toe, and peering through the dusty pane of glass that served as a window.

The second fact that sealed Marcus' fate was that it took him a few seconds to realize what he was seeing. If, in the instant of that first glance, he'd realized he was looking at Tubby sitting naked in some sort of 'souped-up' chair, Marcus would have immediately looked away in disgust.

However, as it took him those few seconds to realize what it was that he saw, it meant that Marcus also saw enough to see Tubby getting... less tubby.

In fact, in front of Marcus' shocked eyes, the short, dark-haired and previously overweight man was shedding pounds by the second.

More than that - the weight wasn't just melting away, but seemingly converting at least some of that mass into musculature. As Marcus watched, slack-jawed, the figure twitching and vibrating against the straps that held him into what looked like a highly modified barber's chair was rapidly gaining a god-like physique.

Stunned, Marcus simply stood at the window and stared in shocked amazement as the process completely itself, and the chair's straps automatically released Tubby....

No - Jerry, for if there was one thing he no longer was 'tubby' would be it. Though no taller than he was before, and so more than just a little on the short side, the figure the pulled itself out of the chair had the hard-muscled body any Olympic-class athlete would have envied - and he'd acquired it in the few scant minutes Marcus had been watching at the window.

If his muscle-packed new body was the envy of any athlete, then his new manhood would have been any male porn-star's...

"Holy shit " Marcus whispered to himself - and then, quickly, yanked his face away from the window before there were any chance that Jerry - currently occupied in admiring his own physique - could possibly notice.

Careful to keep from being seen, mind turning the idea that had come to him over and over, Marcus crept on silent feet away from the garage...

* * * * *

As a chill autumn darkness closed about the neighborhood, Marcus slipped on stealthy feet through the trees and shrubbery marking that back of Jerry's lot, every nerve on high alert as he carefully watched to make sure he traveled unseen.

He reached a dark, shadowed corner of the lot and paused. Carefully, he pushed a low-hanging branch out of the way - and cursed.

The dilapidated house was completely dark, while from the dusty windows of the garage, light streamed.

For a second, Marcus considered his options - but, not being an intellectual giant, found he didn't have very many of them to consider.

Well, if stealth wouldn't work...

Boldly, he strode from the trees and walked confidently towards the barn-like building. Rounding the back corner, he continued along the side of the barn furthest from the street, trying to mix boldness with a certain amount of 'deniability' in case things went wrong. Reaching the front of the building, he banged hard and fast on the door - but, nervous about being seen, he didn't wait for Jerry to open the door, and quickly opened it and stepped through himself.

"Hey!" He said in a loud, boisterous tone. "Jerry, my man, was just going by and..."

Marcus stopped in mid-sentence and -stride, eyebrow rising as he took in the scene in front of him.

'The chair' - or whatever Jerry called the jury-rigged device he'd created - took up the center portion of the concrete floor. Some distance away, in the back corner of the structure, was a long folding table, on which rested a variety of electronic equipment, including two computers and a large wide- screen plasma display. Seated in front of this table, in a rolling 'executive' chair, was Jerry. A pair of old-style headphone, so huge they seemed to envelope his head rather than simply cover his ears, were turned up so loud that the soundtrack of the 'T&A' movie playing on the screen was clearly audible...

...and yet, despite that fact, Jerry, his hard-bodied new physique rapped in a tattered plaid bathrobe, was slumped forward, headphone-encased head cradled by the crossed arms that, in turn, were resting atop a decidedly haphazard-looking control board.

From both posture and the loud, unmusical snoring, it was abundantly obvious that Jerry was sound asleep.

"HEY, JERRY!" Marcus screamed at the top of his not-inconsiderably lungs. "WAKE THE FUCK UP!"

Jerry twitched twice, rhythmic snores faltering for a second - and then he snorted twice, and went right back to snoring.

Marcus grinned.

Making absolutely no effort to be quite, much more interested in getting this over and done with as quickly as possible, Marcus began to strip. He'd wondered how he was going to convince Jerry to let him use the machine, and had settled on the threat, (or, if necessary, the application), of physical force. As things had turned out, the situation was positively ideal - if Jerry slept through the mere minutes-long transformation, he wouldn't even know Marcus had used his machine.

The idea of wondering about such things as 'settings', 'safeties', or even how the device was activated not even occurring to him, Marcus settled himself into the chair - and got incredibly lucky...

...though whether it was incredibly *good* luck or incredibly *bad* was open to debate.

As usual, the safe and easy use of the device he was building hadn't even been a factor in Jerry's 'design' - which, in and of itself, was a description-begging term, since Jerry never actually designed his inventions. They practically 'grew', in an almost organic manner, as he simply bolted, soldered, or screwed the next piece in wherever it occurred to him to do so. For that

reason, the 'activation switch' was more random chance than planned control - indeed, the jury-rigged console on which Jerry now slumbered was the actual control panel of the chair....

...and it was in the 'on' position, just as Jerry had thoughtlessly left it when he'd finished his own transformation earlier that afternoon.

That being the case, when Marcus sat down in the chair, the pressure-plate under the seat cushion registered his weight, and activated the pre-programmed cycle - also the exact same on Jerry had used that afternoon.

All in all, by pure luck, everything was going just as Marcus could have wished. The device was on, the settings already configured - though for a 'little too much of a good thing', had Marcus but known it, for it had been set to change the considerably less fit and lesser endowed Jerry.

The seat was fitted with automatic restraints - a necessity, as the electrical surges that the machine sent through the body as part of the process would have knocked the person right off the seat had they not been there. They snapped closed, and the machine started up a cycle that, had things just gone they way they were, would have made Marcus a hyper-muscular, hyper-endowed caricature of masculinity...

...had it continued as it was.

As the machine began it's cycle, however, and even as Marcus exulted at actually being able to feel his muscles hardening, his manhood swelling, the rhythmic cycling of the very sound that had first attracted Marcus' attention earlier that day filled the room.

Like Marcus' shout, the sound managed to stir Jerry, without waking him. His snores faltered, he twitched violently twice - and then settled back into sleep once more.

One of those twitches, however, had shoved a short control lever, previously set about one-third of the way towards a very crudely drawn stick-figure of a man, all the way to the other end of it's track.

Just as Marcus had been able to feel the hyper-masculinity the machine was feeding into his body by whatever unknown means by which it operated, so could he feel it stop and reverse itself. He couldn't help but know what was happening to him - which is to say, he knew that it wouldn't be a 'him' that it was happening to much longer, since he could feel his body rapidly becoming more feminine.

Which, in and of itself, caused it's own problem - for his mind was changing, too - literally. As the bones and muscles of his face began to change, so did the actual, physical brain inside - and, as it was 'rebuilt', certain thoughts, the most intense ones, were so strong that, instead of being re- formed as temporary pathways, such as any random, fleeting thought might form, they were being 'hardwired' into his new brain...

...and, unfortunately for the person Marcus was becoming, those thoughts being hard-wired all had to do with Jerry.

With 'attracting him', getting his attention, making him be closer to Marcus physically...

...with needing Jerry, in other words.

While Marcus wasn't aware of this particular change occurring, he-becoming-she was all-too-aware of the other one. Due to the fact that this was a much greater transformation in scope than Jerry's had been, it was taking much longer - but that very fact seemed to draw it out, make it all the more torturous...

...and giving him/her all the incentive he/she needed to scream much, much louder than she/he ever thought possible, in an androgynous voice that was nevertheless more than enough to cut through the steadily more torturous sounds the rapidly overloading machine was making.

"JEEEEERRRRRRYYYYY!!!!!"

"Huh... Whazzit...?" Jerry stammered fuzzily, sitting bolt-upright in his chair as the scream registered. He whirled around - and stared in wide-eyed confusion and growing horror at the figure thrashing helplessly in the grip of his invention.

The inventor had no idea what was going on, how somebody had ended up in his transmatron, or who that person was - but two things were at least blindingly obvious to his quick wits:

The person in the chair was, barely, still male, but rapidly becoming less so...

...and his machine, which he'd envisioned as making men more masculine or women more feminine, had never been designed to make a man feminine, and was well past the 'red-line' and still pumping ever-more power through sizzling, snapping, arcing circuits.

"Holy shit!" Jerry blurted, quickly reaching towards the control board. His hand made contact with the metal control panel - and Marcus watched in horror as a bolt of electricity slammed through Jerry's massively muscular body, throwing him backwards, right out of the chair and sprawling on the ground.

Even as she/he watched this, she felt the last bit of masculinity flee her body, leaving her boyishly feminine - but not for long, as more and more power surged through her rapidly altering body.

Then the control panel exploded in a burst of sparks, and flames began to run down the melting casing of the over-heated wires that nevertheless continued to power the machine, and Marcus' rapidly increasing transformation.

The increasingly feminine woman watched with growing despair as Jerry shook his head and staggered uncomfortably to his feet, staring at the spreading mass of flames engulfing his workshop. She watched as his head turned, and she could see where he was looking - at a big red switch marked 'Sprinkler System'.

She knew, KNEW that she was going to die - and, worse, die as a woman. With the casing melted off the wires, electricity surged everywhere, and when Jerry hit that switch, the resulting conductivity of the falling water would fry her like... well, she

didn't even want to picture it, which was lucky for her, as it would have been indelibly printed on her now unbelievably susceptible brain.

Instead, that incredibly suggestible mind turned to utter despair - which, a split second before that despair would have been forever imprinted on her mind, turned to utter awe and amazement as Jerry, having reached the same conclusion as Marcus, ignored the big red switch - and, instead, threw himself unhesitatingly into the flames and showering sparks surrounding his invention, and the emphatically feminine form trapped within.

Knowing that she, herself, would never do it made her admiration for Jerry's selflessness all the greater - and imprinted it all the more firmly on her changing brain as Jerry manfully waded through sparks that stung his back, face averted from the heat of the flames licking around him.

Though touching the electricity-laden chair caused him to jerk and tremble, Jerry used his massive new musculature to tear open the restraints and free the woman Marcus had become. Stumbling and staggering, with the new-woman's form protectively cradled within his strong arms, Jerry made his way over to the door beside the big red switch and, at the same moment, slammed through the door while hitting the switch with one broad hand.

Even as the sudden inrush of oxygen from the opened door began to fan the flames, the high- pressure sprinkler system sprang to life with more than enough power to save the structure itself, if not any of the inventions or equipment that had been inside. The sudden blast of high-pressure water only served to push Jerry more quickly through the opening, gasping in shock at the ice-cold water against his super-heated skin. Even as the sprinklers began to douse the fire, Jerry eased Marcus' emphatically feminine body to the ground...

...and then he passed out cold.

Marcus, naked and shivering in the cold night air, sat up and looked down at herself. One look was all it took to realize the full extent of the change that had happened to her, one look at one attribute of her new body and horror rushed in as she knew what she'd become. She opened her mouth to let out a piercing scream at the horror of what had happened, a horror greater than anything she'd ever felt - a horror that came from the deepest, darkest nightmare her basically chauvinistic brain had ever conceived of.

Except that scream never emerged.

The instant before it would have burst full-force from the new woman slender neck, her eyes happened upon Jerry's soaked body shivering even more violently in the cold air, going ever deeper into shock...

...and her 'worse horror' became nothing in the face of the overwhelming compulsive-thoughts that her rewired brain made absolutely necessary.

With no thoughts at all about herself, Marcus rose gingerly atop her dainty, shapely feet and made her way over to Jerry's prone body. Being oh-so-careful not to gouge Jerry's skin with her long nails, she gently, nay, lovingly took hold of him with her slender hands.

Though Jerry was a massively muscled model of masculinity, and she a fragile feminine figure, she was still the good foot taller than he, as the transformation didn't affect height at all. Though delicately formed in many ways, her new female body was nevertheless perfectly physically fit, toned if not muscular - and none of that mattered, as, regardless of form, she would still have begun dragging Jerry's body towards his house, as she now did.

She was incapable of doing anything else. After all - Jerry was her God.

Not that she consciously thought of him that way - for, in her hard-wired brain, this was her truest, most basic 'known fact'. She wasn't even aware of the fact that her entire worldview had shifted in order for Jerry's new divinity to take central stage, for she was utterly incapable of even questioning the thought.

She needed Jerry. He was everything, she was nothing. Without his attention, without his 'perfect' presence, she would die.

This was not her 'thought' - it was unquestioned fact, for her malleable brain, while in the chair, had imprinted on the situation at the time. She would have died had she not had his attention, if he had not come to her, lifted her from the chair - but while the situation had changed, her mind was now incapable of changing it's hard-wired 'knowledge'. So, no other thought at the moment was possible other than saving her God, for she knew if she failed, she would die.

It was a long, slow struggle - and not once did she think of calling for help. That hard-wired part of her brain made any subsidiary thoughts impossible - for then next twenty minutes, nothing went on in her mind but the obsessive need that drove her.

The corner lot was dark. The high-pressure system had both doused the flames and finished off the electrical system in the garage, and the house had been dark when she arrived. Though the smell of electrical smoke hung in the air, the dissipating plume from the open door was invisible against the darkness of the night, and, in any case, people in the neighborhood were used to strange goings-on.

Which, in it's own way, was a real shame, for not a few of the men in the area would have very much liked to be present at the scene, would probably have liked to help her with the burden she was lugging around...

...and it wouldn't have been Jerry's limp body they'd meant.

It was the truly stupendous 'rack' that would have seemed the more important 'handicap' to help her with.

She was blonde. She was incredibly busty... and she was about as far from a 'bimbo' as you could get.

Six foot, two inches tall. Fine-boned and delicately jointed, supple and well-toned like an incredibly leggy gymnast. Broad, well-rounded hips and an hourglass waist. Facial features looking like a blend of Charlize Theron and a blonde-complexioned Elizabeth Hurley. A thick mass of loose, honey-blond hair - and magnificently firm, round breasts like a ripe pair of melons.

In fact - the woman Marcus had become bore a startling resemblance to the idealized woman portrayed in modern comic books...

All in all, a thoroughly gorgeous, incredibly sexy example of womanhood - which explained Jerry's first reaction when he regained consciousness.

In fact, it was an utterly understandable reaction as his slowly-rousing mind became aware of various sensations.

The first thing he became aware of was the fact that he was completely naked.

The second was that he was warm and really remarkably comfortable. Part of that was the fact that he'd been laid on the worn but comfortably broken-in couch near the fireplace, which was putting out both a welcoming warmth and a flickering, golden light.

A golden light that seemed to caress the flawlessly smooth skin of his second and much more immediately noticeable form of warmth - the 'living blanket' of the woman cuddled close to him, long legs entwined in his own, slender arms clasping him close - and a pair of stunningly spectacular breasts pressed firmly against his chest.

So, in all fairness, it wasn't the least bit surprising that Jerry's muddled, bemused mind might have jumped to the conclusion that he was still mostly asleep and simply having an incredibly vivid sexual dream. After all, not was there an impossible sexy woman pressed up against his body, but that body itself was hard-chiseled and muscular... and, at the moment, the memory of himself being changed into this form wasn't sharp enough to combat his instinctive self-image of his 'real' body...

...so, he pulled the warm, lush body closer, and kissed her.

Now, of course, Jerry had been unconscious, and so the 'break' in his linear awareness meant that he was seeing/experiencing the situation fresh, without the anchor of continuous awareness.

Marcus, on the other hand, had been aware the entire time... sort of. Though conscious, her overriding need to care for her 'God' had limited the actual mental experience... until, having started the fire, stripped him down, towed him dry, and cuddled up to him to provide him with her body- heat. Once that was done, her mind, realizing Jerry was out of danger, had allowed new thoughts to once more begin to form - and that had allowed her to realize that she was pressing her naked body against a man's, and she had begun to feel decidedly uncomfortable about it.

It was at this point, when her just-realized mind was realizing the sexual implications of holding her new form tight against Jerry's now emphatically male body that the still half-bemused Jerry cupped one hand behind her head, burying his fingers in her wealth of honey-wheat hair... and kissed her.

That's when, with growing horror, she discovered the other aspect of her mental deification of Jerry. She couldn't resist him.

That was the most literal truth. Whether she wanted to let him kiss her or not - and, in fact, she most decidedly did not - she still didn't have any choice in the matter. Locked into her brain was the fact that Jerry was her God, that his will meant everything and hers meant nothing. So, when God kissed you, you not only let him - you kissed back.

She simply couldn't stop herself. Though her eyes were wide in horror, her lips and tongue moved easily, as if she were kissing him back willingly, rather than 'forced' to do so. In movies, to make the point that somebody 'brain-washed' or 'hypnotized' or otherwise working against their will, the motions were either slow and unemotional, or jerky and barely coordinated. In reality, however, her unwilling response to his kiss seemed as utterly natural as if she were a willing participant.

As the kiss deepened, growing more passionate, Jerry placed one hand on the smooth, warm flesh of her hip, then slowly let it move upwards, caressing her supple flesh, until it reached the firm curve of one full, softly-firm breast, and there it began to lightly squeeze and fondle her sensitive new endowment.

Then, as he came more awake, both caress and kiss faltered as Jerry began to realize that this was, in fact, real - and who, exactly this 'dream goddess' was...

...or, more to the point, who she'd been such a short time ago.

It was, however, far, far too late for Marcus - for she'd realized something herself.

She didn't - couldn't - know where her obsessive need for Jerry came from. She couldn't understand the origin of her compulsion to be near him, her strange certainty that, without him, she would die... but she was aware of it, oh yes. Though her mind rebelled at it, tried to convince her that it wasn't true, her emotions were now 'hard wired', and she couldn't break the chain of thought that left her with a helpless, compulsive certainty that she NEEDED to be with Jerry.

That, in and of itself, wasn't in any way overtly sexual - but Jerry had been most obviously enjoying her body, kissing her and touching her with a very obvious sign of his enjoyment as his remarkable new manhood had swiftly hardened.

Had he not already touched her, that wouldn't have mattered much, for the new 'mind-set' wasn't precisely that of a 'slave' - while she was helpless to resist Jerry, she hadn't been 'pre-programmed' to need to please him in any particular way. She 'merely' couldn't have actively acted in any way that she knew would have displeased him...

...and therein lay the rub.

As Jerry's mind came fully awake, she SAW the dawning realization in his eyes - and, thanks to her compulsion to be near him at all times, her mind couldn't help but swiftly leap into high-gear, quickly considering what Jerry might be thinking and feeling at that particular instant...

'He's realizing who I really am, or at least who I was - a man,' she thought.

'He finds my new body incredibly sexy, and enjoys touching it - but he's quickly becoming uncomfortable at the knowledge that I wasn't born female,' she surmised.

'He's confused, because I didn't react the way he expected,' she realized as she watched his brow knit, all in that 'slow time' that came from the hyper-speed at which her mind was working at the moment.

'That 'inexplicable fact' is the only thing keeping him from immediately pushing me away in disgust,' she considered.

'So - he must find my new form so incredibly sexy that, if I were willing, he'd be at least willing to consider continuing to act sexually with me... but if I in any way reveal how I actually feel, or even hint that I was in any way 'enslaved' or acting of anything other than my own free will, he'd definitely be disgusted and horrified. He's too fundamentally decent to 'take advantage' of a woman consciously, and to think he'd done it unconsciously would be almost like torture for him...' She concluded.

...and since that led straight to the possibility that he might not be able to bear being around her, if that happened, her 'pre-programming' forced her onto a single course of action, the only one she could come up with that would guarantee that he wouldn't withdraw from her - and it didn't matter in the least that that course of action was, in and of itself, a form of living hell for HER.

Well - other than the fact implicit in her realizations meant she could never, ever give any hint of the time of hell she was going to be experiencing.

All of this flashed through her mind in but an instant - and once she'd reached her conclusion, her compulsive need for Jerry meant she had absolutely no choice but to 'play out' the fate she'd just planned out for herself.

"Thank you..." She whispered, doing her best to sound both utterly sincere and remarkably sexy. She kissed him again, hungrily, hating what she was doing, but having no option in the matter. "Oh, Jerry, thank you, thank you, thank you..."

She kissed him again, this time almost hungrily... while her slender hands began to roam over his body in a decidedly sexual manner, despite the soundless sobs of horrified disgust that sounded in the vaults of her mind.

"Wh... I..." Jerry stammered, as she broke this, his body responding almost against his will to her touch. "Marcus... what the hell...?"

"Marci - call me Marci..." She murmured lovingly into his ear, nibbling lightly at his lobe with her full new lips. "Marci Mountains."

"Marci... Mountains?" He repeated in a stunned voice... and then he drew back, actually *cringing* from her.

A wave of near-panic swept over her... and, at least for a moment, any hesitation, and doubts or disgust, anything that might have interfered in keeping her close to him vanished, and she WAS the person she was 'pretending' to be...

"What... a little too blatant?" She asked, with a soft, sweet chuckle. "I mean, I know it's a bit, shall we say... 'evocative' - but all these years, in all my hopeless dreams of someday finding a way to make my deepest, most secret fantasy come true, the type of woman I've always wanted to become was the super-sexual type who would quite willingly have such a name."

For the moment, she actually believed that to be true - she actually, honestly, and completely believed that she had willingly come to Jerry's lab in order to turn herself into a woman. At the moment, she actually felt the overwhelming joy of having a life-long and, until now, utterly unobtainable dream finally come true.

"Jerry, my love, my sweet, my... my living God..." She muttered sensuously in his ear - with utter, loving conviction. "Thank you, thank you so much, for finally letting me be the person I've always wanted to be - the person I've dreamed my entire life of becoming, always knowing it was an impossible dream, until you came to make my fantasy a reality."

"You... You wanted to turn yourself into... this woman?" Jerry said, stunned - but with a note of consideration in amongst the confusion.

Jerry, asleep, hadn't known it was accident that had changed the slider's position - and so, bright as he was in many ways, if he accepted her very sincere-sounding words, then it was quite possible that she'd been in the midst of willingly transforming herself into this bombshell blonde...

"Oh, more than you could ever imagine..." She assured him "...and you're the one who made it possible! Thank you, my beloved, my sweet dream-maker. Thank you so much... and, while we're at it, thank you for *this*..."

She gave his rock-hard new body a little squeeze - and smiled wickedly.

"It was just *sooo* considerate of you to give yourself such a hot body..." She cooed seductively. "I mean, I'm so unbelievably grateful for what you've done for me, I would have let you do anything you wanted with this wonderful new body you made possible. That's all it would have been, though - gratitude. This body, however... now, this body turns me on, gets me *hot*..."

Since she actually believed all of this, at least at that moment, she was, in fact, highly - and quite obviously - aroused, something Jerry couldn't help but notice.

"...but best of all, my love..." She whispered, as she shifted her body around, rising above him even as she grasped his wrists and brought his hands up to her magnificent breasts.

"...you turned out not only to be a genius, and now an incredibly hot, sexy genius - but, though I should be sorry for burning your lab, I can't be, for it also showed me what a kind, wonderful, *giving* man you are. The type of wonderful man that even a new-minted woman like me couldn't help but falling madly, passionately, head-over-heels in love with."

"...love...?" Jerry squeezed in a wanting-but-not-daring-to-believe sort of voice.

"Yes, my dearest, sweetest, most wonderful; selfless darling - love." She whispered back with such utter conviction that Jerry couldn't help but be convinced - and then she showed him a wonderful wicked smile, and continued; "...and since you are such a wonderfully giving man, I know you wouldn't even think of denying me what I want most at this very moment."

"What's that...?" Jerry asked, confused, mind trying desperately to catch up to what should have been an utterly 'impossible' situation.

"This..." She whispered - and settled the oh-so-ready warm dampness of her new womanhood to envelop his hard, throbbing shaft.

Then lovingly, tenderly, sweetly - she fucked his ever-living brains out.

Jerry had never experienced anything like it. Hardly a ladies man, he'd at least had a few sexual experiences, but they'd been the fumbling, uncertain, 'too aware of his own faults and failures' type. This time, there was no chance to even consider himself in that - or ANY - light... as every move, every moan, every whispered endearment Marci gave him was too utterly full of the conviction of love for him to doubt that she was enjoying it every bit as much as he, physically - *but even more-so on an emotional level!*

Which was completely accurate - for, as she rocked atop him, his hands caressing her feminine new figure, she was in such an utterly content state of happiness of a kind she had never even dreamt existed, something so rare and purely powerful that perhaps one person in a billion ever got to experience such total and utter love...

...and then, as her first female orgasm ripped through her and she knew, KNEW, that she was his and he hers, the need for 'Marci' vanished, and 'Marcus' was allowed to return - return to the most hellish realization of all.

To be cast into your worst hell, to spend the rest of your life in a situation seemingly designed to cater to your worst fears, was one thing - but to have been shown a taste of heaven, one that you knew would never occur again, was something else...

...but the very worst thing of all was that, even as she settled into his arms with a warm smile and whispered endearments, was the fact that she was now and forever incapable of in any way expressing the hellish horror that the realization brought.

No - she was 'Marci Mountains', and it was her final and forever fiendish fate that she must at all times exact exactly as if her own personal hell was, in fact, heaven.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A wanna be script writer cast a spell so that all his lines are used and that all his work will be "attributed" to him, little does he know how his own words will change him.

Attributed Lines

By Gunslinger

When you're fifty pounds over weight, nearly fish-belly white from a nearly complete lack of exposure to the sun, and have the loose, sagging skin that came from a near-total absence of exercise, nudity is not your friend.

Yet, Jake Conte was nude. Not only was he nude - but he was sitting, stark naked, in the center of his living room, feeling both ridiculous and stupid.

Even stranger than the dark-haired man's state of undress, however, was that it had little to do with his emotional state.

No, the twenty-nine-year-old man was feeling utterly ridiculous because he was sitting dead-center in a pentagram he'd chalked on the hardwood floor, surrounded by a ring of black taper candles...

...and he was feeling particularly stupid because he'd just cast an occult 'summoning' - and there'd been absolutely no effect.

"Geez - I am such a dork..." Jake muttered, blowing out the candles and awkwardly rising from his crouch. Shaking his head, he quickly wrapped the bathrobe he'd tossed on the sofa around his pudgy frame, and began tidying up the mess.

Jake couldn't believe he'd actually tried it. That, of course, was bad enough - but he'd actually believed it would work, which was worse.

Shaking his head again, he picked up the heavy, black-leather-bound old book he'd taken the 'spell' from. It was one of many 'occult' items in his eclectic collection - a collection he maintained was for 'business purposes'.

Jake, after all, was a scriptwriter. He wrote horror movies. Oh, certainly they weren't 'classics', and many people tended to denigrate them as being 'T&A' films, but they paid well enough that Jake not only made a fairly good living, but could afford to keep expanding his collection of 'mood and inspiration props', as he called his collection.

"You've been doing this too long, Jake ol' boy..." He muttered to himself, returning the book to the shelf from whence it came. "You actually thought it would work..."

Though making a good income, Jake had steadily been finding himself wanting more from his job. Not a lot more, as he thought of it - in fact, as he'd come to believe, not any more than his due. He'd been involved in steadily more bitter arguments with the studios over the way they were 'trashing' his work, editing out parts of it. Equally as bad, quite often the studio would then claim that the work was so heavily edited that it be attributed to 'Lou Slee' - the 'trade name' for a committee-created script.

Annoyed, Jake had been moved to try something as preposterous as casting a spell that specified that '...not only would every single line from his last script get used, but that it would be directly attributed to me'.

Well, it hadn't worked any better than the arguments he'd made to the studios. He'd cast the spell, exactly as outlined - but there'd been no fireworks, no sudden thunderstorm centered directly over his house, not even an 'eerie breeze' to blow the candles out.

In fact, there'd been absolutely nothing. Zip. Zilch. Nada. Dick-all.

Snorting at himself, Jake decided that what he really needed was a drink. Since he typically didn't keep any booze in the house - the temptation of which might have interfered with his writing - he headed off to get dressed so he could head down to the local bar.

WISHMAKER IV - Final Edit (Scene 2)

TAMMY

Geez, girl - are you doing your make-up, or painting the Sistine Chapel? Come on, we're going to be late!

CINDI

Okay, I've got my make-up on. I'm ready, let's go...!

Paying the driver, Jake then stood and watched as the yellow cab disappeared into the night, its tail-lights vanishing as it turned the corner.

Though the faded brown leather flight-jacket he wore over his jeans and denim shirt were adequate even against the chill of the autumn night, he shivered nonetheless.

Every time he came down to the bar here, the area seemed spookier and spookier. Most of the businesses were boarded up or empty, and the few that were still operating were, to put it nicely, 'run down'. This time of night, the place seemed a veritable ghost-town, and the cab's disappearance had only heightened the impression.

The door to the seedy bar behind him swung open, and the spill of light and sound broke the spell. Turning, Jake watched a man dressed in tattered old army-surplus clothes stagger out. Jake stepped towards the door that was swinging shut...

"Okay, I've got my make-up on." Jake found himself telling the drunk. Confused, and wondering why the hell that had popped out of his mouth, Jake ignored the other man's drunken, slurred response, not even really hearing it as he slowly opened the door and stepped inside.

Why the hell would he have said something like that...? Mind mulling over the strange comment - and the even stranger way it had just popped out of his mouth - Jake made his across the dark, smoky, nearly empty room to the bar...

"Hey, you...!" One of the few men at the bar slurred angrily, staring at him. "This ain't that kind of bar. Get out."

"What...?" Jake said, startled. "What are you talking about? Look, I just want a drink or two..."

The bartender, an older woman with too many hard miles on her, wandered over. With a cynical look, she gave Jake the once-over, then pulled the dangling cigarette from her lips.

"Makes no never mind to me, honey..." She said, with a shrug. "You got money, I sell you booze, an' I don't care how you look. What'll it be?"

"Beer, thanks..." Jake said, even more confused. She went off to get it...

"Fuckin' sissies drinkin' in my bar..." The man who'd accosted Jake said, getting up and heading for a private booth. Jake watched him go, wondering what the hell that was all about...

"Here you go, honey..." The bartender said behind him, and Jake counted out the cash and handed it to her. He lifted the bottle to his lips...

...and sprayed a mouthful of beer over the bar.

He'd just caught sight of his reflection in the mirror behind the bar.

"What the...?" Jake gasped, staring wide-eyed at the pale apparition that aped the expression in the mirror.

He was wearing make-up.

Bright, hot-pink lipstick, glossy and outlined in an even deeper shade. Mascara and eye-liner. fuchsia eye-shadow. Even blush. Not a subdued scheme to begin with, the make-up stood out like neon against his pale skin.

Even his eyebrows had been tweezed into thin, high arches. "Holy fucking shit...!" Jake blurted.

WISHMAKER IV - Final Edit (Scene 3)

BILL

(Fumbling with the Jade Box)

Damn.. I can't get this damned thing open...

LISA

Here, I'll do it (*Waggles hands*)

I've got nice long nails.

"Somethin' wrong with the beer, honey...?" The bartender asked, dryly, wandering over. Jake turned to her, opened his mouth to exclaim...

...and said: "I've got nice long nails."

He blinked, stunned. The bartender glanced at his hands.

"Yeah, you sure do, honey..." She said, one penciled-on eyebrow rising as she calmly took another puff of her cigarette.

Jake looked down at his hands - and his already bulging eyes nearly popped from their sockets. Each finger was now surmounted by a long, oval nail.

Each painted the same glossy, bright pink shade as his lips had inexplicably become. "I..." Jake said to her, mouth gaping. "But..."

Giving up on trying to explain the inexplicable, Jake turned and fled to the bathroom.

Banging through the door into the small, foul-smelling room, Jake hastily ripped a handful of course brown paper towel from the dispenser. Standing in front of the mirror, he began scrubbing at his face.

The make-up didn't even smear.

Heart pounding, head swimming, Jake sprayed water onto the towels and tried again. With the same lack of results.

"What the fuck is going on here...!" Jake shouted at his reflection.

WISHMAKER IV - Final Edit (Scene 3)

LISA

(Urgently)

Hurry up, Tammy! We've got to tell Bill about this before he opens the box!

TAMMY

I'm going as fast as I can!

LISA

Why the hell did you have to wear such high heels!

TAMMY

I love the sexy wiggle in my walk that six-inch stilettos give me!

The toilet in the center stall flushed noisily, and the door banged open.

A skinny black man with red eyes stepped out, accompanied by a fragrant whiff of marijuana. Blinking, he gazed blearily at Jake.

"What's all the yellin' about...?" He asked, vaguely. Jake turned....

"I love the sexy wiggle in my walk that six inch stilettos give me!" He exclaimed to his own horror...

...and, even more horrifyingly, ,he found his view-point shifting, the room seeming to shrink slightly but that was merely an illusion.

It was that his eyes had risen to a higher vantage point. Gloss-pink lips gaping loosely, Jake stared down at his feet.

Feet that were clad in black leather shoes that were a highly modified design of the 'Mary Jane' style. Though retaining the strap just forward of the ankle, and the rounded toe, they were radically arched upwards to accommodate the six-inch tall stiletto heel each shoe boasted.

A second later, what was even 'more wrong' with the shoes registered. They were too small, too narrow to have ever fit his feet.

His feet had shrunk to a 'suitably' feminine dimension, as well. "Oh, shit !" Jake screamed.

"Whoa " the pot-head said, pulling a thick doobie out of his shirt pocket and staring at it. "This is some powerful shit "

Jake had to get home. Somehow, this had to be related to that spell he'd cast. The things he'd said.. well, he hadn't memorized them word-for-word, but he was pretty sure they'd been in his script - and magic was the only 'logical' explanation for the illogical situation that was happening.

Turning, he headed out of the bathroom...

...and found himself walking with that 'sexy wiggle', but jiggling ridiculously as his hips swiveled and swayed with every mincing step he took, high-heels clicking on the linoleum floor.

Unable to face walking through the barroom in this fashion, Jake turned right, instead of left, and pushed open the back door that led into the dark alley that ran behind the bar.

As quickly as he could manage with his sexy, sissyish new gait, he hurried down the alleyway, being chased by the echoes of high heels meeting cracked pavement.

WISHMAKER IV - Final Edit (Scene 4)

CINDI

Oh, damn it - another rejection! It's my voice, they said...

BILL/THE DJINN

(Chuckles)

Are you saying you wish your voice was different...?

CINDI

Hell, yeah! I wish my voice was a lot more distinctive...

BILL/THE DJINN

Very well, my dear - Granted.

CINDI

What's that supposed to... (Clutches throat)

My voice.. what's happening to.. It's... It's getting so high pitched. I.. What's happening? My voice is so high pitched! I sound like a bimbo!

(Voice continues going up into an incoherent squeal. Glass table shatters. BILL/THE DJINN laughs...)

Hesitating at the corner, Jake carefully peeked around to make sure nobody could see him.

Satisfied, he wiggled his way to the phone-booth, grateful that the overhead light in the small enclosure was long-dead.

Picking up the phone, he cursed the long, blood-red nails as he jabbed out a number on the dial pad. When the bored voice on the other end of the line identified the cab company, Jake opened his mouth to get a cab...

"My voice is so high pitched!" Jake told the dispatcher in a voice that was really, really high and breathy. "I sound like a bimbo!"

"...excuse me?"

Jake had only faintly heard the startled question - because his long-nailed fingers had uncurled around the receiver, letting it drop, and were now curled around his slimmer throat - one that lacked his perilously prominent Adam's apple.

"My voice... oh my God, my voice...!" Jake gasped, hearing that high-pitched, undeniably 'girlie' voice emerge from the altered throat again, slipping past his glossy lips.

Snapping out of the shock that voice induced, Jake grabbed up the receiver.

WISHMAKER IV - Final Edit (Scene 5)

LISA

(Bitterly)

Nobody's listening to me. I feel like the 'unattractive geek girl' in all those 60's B-movies.

STEVE

(Distracted)

Hmm...? Did you say something...?

LISA

(Snort)

Apparently not. Look, I don't think we should split...

STEVE

Okay - so we'll split up. I'll handle Lewis, and you walk over to the library and check out that book. I'll pick you up there and drive you home.

LISA

(Muttered)

Yup - I'm the girl with the huge bouffant hairdo and the horn-rimmed glasses... *(To Steve)*

I'm soooo glad you have everything so firmly under control, your Lordship. You know, maybe I'll just walk home - and see if I can't pick up a couple of cute guys along the way...

STEVE

Lisa, are you mad at me...?

"Hello...?" Jake said urgently into the phone. "I need a cab - are you still there...?"

"Yeah..." The dispatcher acknowledged, warily. "Where are you, and where are you going...?"

"I'm at the corner of Thirty Six and Vine..." Jake said - and, horrified, felt his new, high-pitched voice run away on its own again: "Yup - I'm the girl with the huge bouffant hairdo and the horn-rimmed glasses..."

"Ohhhh-kay." The dispatcher said, slowly. "And where will you be going...?"

Jake didn't answer immediately - he was staring in horror at the ghostly reflection in the glass of the phone booth.

A reflection that showed a massive pile of silky black hair, done up in a ludicrous, ornate mass atop his head.

A reflection that he was peering at through a pair of sixties style 'cat eye' horn-rimmed glasses, with three little cubic-zirconia 'diamonds' clustered at the upper corner of each 'horn'.

"Miss...?" The annoyed voice prompted over the phone.

Helpless to stop it, Jake heard his new, bimbo-ish voice supply the answer. "You know, maybe I'll just walk home - and see if I can't pick up a couple of cute guys along the way..."

"Fine, Miss - whatever..." The dispatcher said - and there was a 'click' as he hung up. Both horrified and infuriated, Jake went to redial the number...

...but, instead, helplessly found himself turning, and leaving the phone booth. He didn't want to - but he couldn't stop himself.

He was compelled to 'accept' the line as being true as it referred to him. When he'd mentioned himself being such-and-such a way, it had happened - and now, horrified, he realized that when he was going to do such-and-such a thing... he had to do it.

Sissy-stepping down the sidewalk, swaying atop his high, slender heels, Jake felt a flush of utter humiliation suffuse his made-up face as he saw a man standing on the next street corner... or, rather, as the man saw him.

Saw a fat man with a huge hairdo, stark make-up and high-heels, mincing down the street...

WISHMAKER IV - Final Edit (Scene 6)

MRS. LINDERMANN

Unfortunately, honey, a few extra pounds come with age. This outfit would have fit two of me when I was your age.

BILL/THE DJINN

You sound regretful of that, Mrs. Lindermann. Would you wish to change that, if you could...?

MRS. LINDERMANN

Sonny, I wish I was wearing the same size clothing today as I was twenty years ago.

BILL/THE DJINN

Well, if that is what you wish...

MRS. LINDERMANN

(Gasps, looks down at her feet...) What the...?

BILL/THE DJINN

Gain a shoe size in the last two decades, Mrs. Lindermann...?

MRS. LINDERMANN

Yes, but I don't - oh, my skirt! It's shrinking! (Tries to hold down hem of skirt)

It.. It's too small! My skirt doesn't even cover the top of my stockings...! My panties - they're so small, they're up my ass crack.. and my... my pussy!

(Skirt continues to shrink. MRS. LINDERMANN releases hem, fumbles at the waist.) No, no! Stop! It's too... *Gasp* ...tight!

(Button pops, as skirt reaches final size, but even open it's cutting into her. She struggles to pull it off.)

It's... so small... Ungh.. it won't come off, too.. tight...Hips.. so wide.. ass.. so big... and the waist band can't be more than fifteen inches!

BILL/THE DJINN

Come now, don't exaggerate. It's eighteen inches, the same size as you were in college - but that blouse isn't...

MRS. LINDERMANN

WHAT...? Oh, no...!

(Shirt starts to shrink)

No, no - stop! Oh, no...! My tits are almost too big for my shirt, they're almost ready to pop out...!

(Shirt tears, revealing shrinking bra.)

Why is my bra shrinking! My tits are the same size! I wore a DDD-cup in high school!

BILL/THE DJINN

What, lies for vanity, even now? Come now, Mrs. Lindermann - we both know you got implants seventeen years ago. Before that, you weren't even an A-cup...

MRS. LINDERMANN

Oh, God... It's... shrinking... that much...? My tits are now six sizes too big for that size bra!

Please.. hurts.. please, stop...

BILL/THE DJINN

It does look painful. I guess those implants don't have much give...

MRS. LINDERMANN

Oh, God - it hurts! My implants are too firm...! Please, make it stop...!

BILL/THE DJINN

(Chuckles)

Oh, I don't think so...

Wishing he could die, Jake helplessly had to keep closing in on the man, who gaped at the spectacle...

...and then Jake realized the man's slackening grip was around a cell phone. Jake couldn't stop walking - but perhaps he could still call for a cab, anyway.

As he drew abreast of the man, Jake quickly reached out, wrapped his long-nailed fingers around the phone, and yanked it away from the man.

"Hey!" The startled man shouted, recovering. "That's mine, you freak!"

Jake turned to explain that this was an emergency - but, instead, said: "My skirt doesn't even cover the top of my stockings...! My panties - they're so small, they're up my ass crack.. and my... my pussy!"

Still walking, unable to stop even for this, Jake let out a gasp as his lower clothing suddenly writhed...

The plain athletic socks still filling the shoes shot upwards, rapidly becoming smoother and finer material as they transformed themselves into a pair of white nylon stockings with a seam running up the back, and lacy, elasticized tops, each of which sported a hot-pink bow.

A bow easy to see, since the pants had also altered, becoming a spandex-miniskirt in red-and- black plaid. A skirt that didn't cover the tops of those nylons - nylons that reveled long, sexy, and unmistakably feminine legs.

Legs that went well with the new vagina that formed between the soft thighs - a tight, perfectly formed cunt whose lips were spread by the front of the tiny string-bikini panties his boxer-briefs had become, the back of which ran up the crack of *her* small, firm new feminine ass.

A tiny g-string that rubbed with disgustingly delightful sensation over the swollen nub of her new clit as she helplessly continued walking, trim hips swaying sexily. Tears leaked from behind the horn-rimmed glasses at the unwanted change in gender.

The man *she* had taken the cell-phone from staggered backwards, eyes widening.

Helplessly, she continued speaking, hearing the very words she had written come back to haunt her.

"Hips.. so wide.. ass.. so big... and the waist band can't be more then fifteen inches!" She shouted in her girlish voice...

...then gasped again as her trim hips swelled dramatically, the motion of her walk becoming more exaggerated by the extra mass of her now very-much-womanly hips - actions that increased the unwanted pleasure the g-string was creating in her cunt.

Those womanly hips now supported an equally womanly ass - a firm, full, spectacular version of a womanly ass, to be precise.

Above hips and ass, her waist had crunched itself into the incredible diameter of a mere fifteen inches, a mere hands-breadth for her still-male hands.

"You.. You can keep the phone..." The man muttered, backing away in preparation for turning and fleeing.

"My tits are almost too big for my shirt, they're almost ready to pop out..." She informed him, helplessly - which, seconds later, was merely the truth, as the shirt she was wearing shrank down into a short-sleeved, fine-weave blouse tied at the front, displaying the new 'C' cups she boasted by straining tightly over the...

...the soft, naturally-shaped DDD-cups that resulted as she shouted, "I wore a DDD-cup in high school!"

Staring at her swelling tits, them man tore his eyes from her suddenly deeper cleavage, and began to run.

"My tits are now six sizes too big for that size bra!" She helplessly shouted after him, even as her shirt swelled out, remaining just-barely-big-enough to contain the massive, saggy JJJ-Cup breasts now painfully swaying and wobbling on her chest. The enormous nipples, in keeping with the scale of the heavy, hanging breasts, were quickly - and horribly - becoming erect as the cool air penetrated the thin material of the shirt....

...and the tiny 'bolero'-style pink leather jacket her flight jacket had become did nothing to help, simply hanging open as it was.

"David...?" A tinny voice from the phone asked. "What's going on...?"

"My implants are too firm...!" She informed the man on the other end of the phone - as her once- sagging tits suddenly popped out into almost freakishly perfect spheres, each massive globular breasts surmounted by an equally enormous nipple whose thumb-sized length and breadth were clearly visible in the material that continued to just barely enclose some of her massive new mounds.

She was a jiggling, swaying, bouncing parody of a woman. Mincing along atop her high, slender heels, her massive, round tits proceeding her by a good foot, she was a cartoon render of a 'geeky- but-erotic catholic schoolgirl' brought to horrifying life...

...by her own words, and her own spell. She'd done this to herself.

The smallest, faintest ray of hope that she could hold onto was that, somehow, she could undo it as well. If only no direct mental changes were made, if only she could make it home, if only she could find the right spell...

If only...

The best and the worst words in the English language.

The hope, faint as it was, slowly began to grow, as she wiggled and jiggled her way ever closer to home...

...up her driveway...

...and in her door. Unchanged.

The instant she was home, the urge to 'walk home;' was satisfied. Though still cursed with her mincing step, Jake was now free to move as she willed - and she hurried towards her living room, eager to check that book of spells...

...only to stop dead in shock, eyes bulging at the threshold.

"Hi, honey..." Jake said from his comfortable seat at the desk in the corner. "How was the walk...?" "Who...?" The female Jake asked, gaping in disbelief.

The figure seated at the desk was a dead ringer for the original male Jake in every detail - even the grin that crossed his face as the spluttered question was the one Jake would have worn.

"Why, I'm Jake." He said, pleasantly. "I have to be, since you're in no position to be Jake anymore - and somebody has to be around to take full credit for the changes to Jake's work..."

The male Jake held up some recently-printed sheets of paper that the female Jake recognized as his/her latest script.

"Not long after you left, I called and convinced the studios to give me unlimited creative control and complete acknowledgment on all my work." Jake said, smiling. "Now, as to your question - perhaps you should have asked what I am - for though I'm Jake, I'm not a human Jake, despite my appearance..."

"Wha... Who... How...?" The human-female-Jake spluttered, wide-eyed.

"I'm the demon you summoned." Jake said, casually. "Silly you, you made a mistake. You were supposed to sit outside the circle, which was supposed to confine me within. Instead, you got it backwards. My powers are still limited to what you asked for - but it is I who control how to interpret them, not you. As I'm sure you've noticed, I've been exercising that power by some very careful editing of your last script..."

"No..." Jake said in denial, shaking her head.

"Oh, yes..." Demon-Jake smiled back as he picked up a pen and chewed thoughtfully on the end.

Female-Jake began to cry, tears leaking down her lovely new face at the knowledge that, even should she run, the Demon's power would reach out to find her.

"Yes, I think this should come out..." Demon Jake said, slowly, as he touched pen to paper....

* * * * *

The clicking of her heels announced her arrival well before she actually appeared, allowing Jake plenty of time to turn from the computer and watch her enter the room.

With the mincing steps that were her trademark, SissySlut SexSlave wiggled and jiggled her way into the room.

"Hi, master !" She said with a giggle, as she posed in the doorway. "I just finished my hair - what do you think ?" She sucked one finger in an absently erotic way, awaiting her master's judgment.

Jake smiled as he eyed the massive, unbelievably elaborate mass of much-bleached hair, now a platinum shade that went well with the gold chains woven into the intricate bobs and curls of the massive 'do, considerably more massive than it had been when the new woman had first acquired the hair three months ago.

"I like it " He said, finally. "I love the way those chains match."

"Isn't it cool ?" She agreed, with a giggle. Her fuller, collagen-injected lips curved in her brainless smile, SissySlut reached up and jiggled her enormous tits, causing the golden chains joining her nipple-rings to jingle.

The tits behind those enormous nipples were also larger then they'd been, since Sissy Slut had been to the doctor's office three time, each time getting her saline implants further pumped to keep the freakishly spherical shape from fading as the skin gradually 'accepted' the implants. Her originally JJJ-cup tits were now MMM-cups, and the hot-pink leather 'semi-bra' supported them without covering them.

The leather was both matching and complementing the white-and-pink leather corset tightly constricting her waist down to an amazing thirteen inches.

The only other thing SissySlut was wearing, aside from her outrageously ornate glasses, were a pair of platform pumps with a two-inch platform and a nine-and-a-half inch heel. With the help of a pair of 'foot corsets', she was slowly but surely training her feet to the point where she'd be able to wear the pair of platform ballet boots she had in the closet.

"I wanna suck your cock now, Master.." SissySlut said, eagerly. "Can I suck your big, thick cock, please...?"

"Are you sure you want to...?" Jake asked. "Remember, you asked me earlier not to let you. You know what happens..."

"I know, but I want it so bad..." She said, pouting. "We've played with my big boobies all day, and I've darned near wore out my dildo. Please, master, I need your cum in me..."

"All right..." Jake sighed. He unzipped his pants...

..and exposed a massive cock with a strangely-shaped head. The cock itself was dark black, and the veins that pulsed in it were a deep emerald green.

"Oh, I just love your demon-cock...!" SissySlut enthused, dropping to her knees in front of it. Eagerly, , she wrapped her hands around as much of the shaft of the rapidly hardening organ as she could, then began lapping at it's rough, ,almost scaly surface, enjoying the slightly sulfuric flavor of the organ that provided her with such a wonder mix of pleasure and pain.

Finally, the organ was rock-hard, and she bent her head and pressed her lips against it. Shoving hard, she managed to force the head of the organ into her mouth, loving the way she practically had to dislocate her jaw to fit it in.

With her mouth full of the massive head, lips spread painfully tight in a seal around it, she eagerly began pumping her hands up and down the massive shaft.

It didn't take long at all before a wonderfully thick flood of the dark, turgid liquid that was Demon- cum flowed thickly down her throat, burning almost like alcohol as it sluggishly oozed down her throat and filled her stomach.

Eagerly, SissySlut gulped down the last, wonderful drop of cum...

...then, suddenly coughing and gagging, thrust herself away from Jake as she changed...

...into Jake.

But not into an exact copy of the male Jake at whose feet 'she' knelt - oh no, not quite. The SissySlut curse had definitely had an effect.

'SissySlut SexSlave' was the female alternate to Jake. Over time, Jake slowly 'morphed', body and mind, into the mindless sex-slut...

...and the only thing that could reverse the effect was Demon-Jake's cum entering his/her body.

Two or three 'willing' blow-jobs a day would have left Human-Jake 'male' - but he'd fought that, and slowly SissySlut would take control...

...and whatever changes she made to their shared body stayed, regardless.

The Jake now on the floor was as heavily made-up as SissySlut had been - but on his old, male face. Likewise, the three extra cup-sizes SissySlut had gotten gave him a nice pair of C-cups. Even his waist was slimming, thanks to SissySlut's obsessive use of a corset...

...and thanks to Sissyslut's obsession with pumping herself full of female hormones every chance she got, the 'male' Jake was well on his way to womanhood.

"You know, another blow job, right here, ,right now..." Demon Jake said, casually, "..and you'd get two full hours before you'd start to revert.

Still trying to spit the taste of cum from collagen-inflated lips, Jake looked up at his counterpart sourly.

"Fuck you..." He said, in a voice already slowly rising in pitch.

"That's the idea..." Demon-Jake laughed. "Unless you do anything to stop it, eventually 'transgender Jake' is going to be the only one of you left, neither as fun to be fucked as the 'real' female body of SissySlut, yet not the man you want to be. The 'middle ground' of the two poles you're switching between now. Maybe you should think about that..."

"Forget it..." Jake said, pulling off his shoes and climbing to his feet. "Last time, I lasted nearly eight hours, mentally, even as my body got steadily more SissSluttish. I'm going to find a way to take control of both aspects, so it won't matter, you bastard."

"Oh, you certainly are trying, I'll give you that..." Jake said, with open admiration. "I never thought you'd do as well as you are."

"Gee, thanks, 'Master'..." Jack retorted. "Well, I'm going to get out of this ridiculous outfit, wipe off this disgusting make-up, and be 'Jake' for as long as I can, so don't expect to see me any time soon..."

Turning, Jake left the room, head held high. He was going to put on jeans and a t-shirt, sit down with a good book, and enjoy as much time as he could milk out of being 'himself'. SissySlut could stay locked away for awhile, because he wasn't letting her out - and he sure as hell wasn't sucking down any of that disgusting demon-cum that SissySlut liked so much. Jack would never willingly wrap his mouth around that freakish demon-cock, no matter what happened. That thing was disgusting, not like a 'real' cock at all.

Jake bet that the guy working down at the gas station's cock didn't look - or taste - anything like that freakish thing Demon-Jake sported. No, the cute hunk had a real cock, one that could actually be enjoyable to fuck...

Unconsciously licking his lips at the thought, Jake didn't even notice as his tits suddenly and 'willingly' blossomed two more cup-sizes...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A down on his luck piano player stumbles into a strange bar looking for work, little realizing that the owner has magical powers which she uses to transform him into a sultry female singer.

The Audition

By Gunslinger

"Uh... hello? I, uh, was wondering... um..."

The woman turned from the paperwork she was doing on the bar, and gave me a look that could have frozen a bottle of hot-sauce.

"Who are you..." She asked, her voice as chilly as both the look in her eyes and the look of her trim, tall body in it's tailored, severe black suit, "...and what are you doing in my club?"

I winced, and almost apologized and fled the building - when the owner gives you the cold shoulder, things aren't exactly looking rosy.

I was so desperate, though, I decided to give it my best shot.

"I, uh... I'm looking for work." I said, surreptitiously wiping my damp palms on my pants before holding out my hand. "I'm Paul Lindstrom - I play the piano."

She ignored my hand and looked me over like I was a side of beef. I knew what she saw wasn't impressing here - an unprepossessing guy of average height and build, with mid-length brown hair and a short goatee.

"How did you end up in my club?" She asked, as I lowered my hand.

"Uh... random chance, I guess." I said, flushing - I almost hadn't entered. In fact, I almost passed the building by without recognizing it for what it was. On the outskirts of town, the exterior was a large, if somewhat weathered, brick bungalow with red tile roof. There were no signs, no neon or obvious markers. I'd only clued in when I noticed three oddities about the building - the excessive amount of parking space, the black-painted windows, and the two empty beer kegs near the dumpster at the side of the house, waiting to be picked up.

So, I'd taken a deep breath, and decided to make one last stab before giving up and heading back to the tiny cracker-box apartment I call home...

...which would only be mine for another three days, if I couldn't come up with a source of income to pay for rent, among other necessities.

The owner slowly looked me up and down again, this time with a little more interest. "Nobody directed you here?" She asked, in a thoughtful tone of voice. "You've never heard of this club at all? You just... stumbled across us?"

"Yeah." I admitted, with a shrug.

She tapped her pursed lips with one long, slender finger. "Well, then..." She said, softly and thoughtfully, to herself. Then, to me: "Perhaps we might be able to use you, Mr. Lindstrom, in one capacity or another."

"I hope so, Miss " I left it hanging, expectantly.

Her strong features darkened slightly, eyes narrowing - then she relaxed and smiled in a way that didn't seem quite right, to me. "I go by Mistress, actually - Mistress Black." She cocked her head. "I trust that you'll have no trouble addressing me as such?"

It was unusual, to say the least, and I hesitated for a second before answering, thinking about the club's odd anonymity. However, despite its dilapidated exterior, it was amazingly elegant inside, as was its rather severe-looking owner - all of which bespoke real money. For a good wage, I was willing to do quite a bit.

"Of course not." I reassured her, then - to prove it - added her preferred form of address.

"Good..." She said almost purred. "Well, then - why don't we see what talents you have to offer?"

"Sure." I agreed, as she gestured at the stage that took up a good portion of the interior. "If you'll find a "

I had instinctively started for the stage at her gesture, but it had taken my eyes a second to shift to my new heading - and by the time they did, I'd already started asking about a piano.

Now, both me and my voice stumbled to a halt, and I gaped. There was a piano on the stage.

I would have sworn that there wasn't one there when I'd come in - it was one of the very first things I look for. Yet, without any noise or obvious man-handling, a grand piano now sat on the stage, a little left of center.

As I slowly approached it and lowered myself to the seat, my amazement increased - it wasn't just any piano, but a Steinbeck Concerto.

Now, I don't know if you know anything about pianos, so I'll explain. Steinbeck is a very small company, just twenty employees. They make, on average, one piano a year - at great expense. They are worth a small fortune in their own right, and the workmanship is of the highest quality and precision.

Remembering where I was - and why - I snapped out of my daze, managing a sickly smile in the direction of Mistress Black, who'd seated herself at a table near the stage and was watching me thoughtfully.

I almost felt as if me - a mere mortal - playing such a masterpiece of musical machinery was a sort of blasphemy, but that's what it was there for. I took a second to consider what piece of music would be best for the situation...

...and was horrified to find myself drawing a complete blank.

Well, nearly. I could remember the pieces I've known for years, but the ones I'd studied intently in the past six months, specifically for landing a job at an upscale club like this, had vanished. I couldn't remember a single piece.

I shot a side-long glance at my potential employer - and didn't like what I saw. She was obviously losing what little patience she might have, and that didn't bode well for me.

Near panic, I decided I had nothing to lose, and fell back on the easily remembered repertoire of my long-time favorites.

Laying my fingers gently atop the real ivory keys, I took a deep breath...

...and started the opening bars of Joplin's immortal 'The Entertainer'.

The slow opening notes of the rag-time classic peeled through the room with crystal clarity, each note perfectly formed and perfect pitch as the perfect design of the piano amplified them and made them richer, fuller, more vibrant. I had played this song hundred - maybe thousands - of times in my life, on dozens of pianos and even more electronic keyboards - but never had it sounded like *this*...! the I let all other considerations slide from my mind, and let myself flow into playing the music, the bright, lively melody of the music rolling out from the piano as my fingers danced over the keyboard.

I was just getting into the music, a small smile beginning to form on my lips as I rolled into the 'verse' with feeling and pleasure....

...when Mistress Black spoke.

"Not bad, I suppose - but let's see you sing something." Wincing, I opened my mouth to explain that I didn't sing...

...except, then I did. I blinked as words wrapped in notes flowed from my lips and throat, the sound of my own voice shocking the hell out of me. What the *hell*?

Even more confusing then the fact that I'd inexplicably started singing - was the fact that I was singing perfectly in key, something I'd never managed to do before in my life.

The song, I realized, was the old pool-hall standard 'Long Drink Jake', and I was bemused to note that my fingers, unbidden, had segued perfectly from the rag-time to the new song, matching my pitch with the perfect key. I could feel my fingers on the keys, moving in the familiar way, and I could feel my mouth and tongue and lips working as I sang - yet none of this seemed to have anything to do with me, really - I hadn't planned to sing, and even now I wasn't putting any conscious effort into either singing or playing - yet I continued to do both, flawlessly.

As Vincini put it, it was utterly, completely, and in every other way, 'incontheivable'.

Nevertheless - it was happening. My fingers continued to tickle the ol' ivories while my voice rollicked along with the slightly risqué song, belting out the lyrics with gusto.

I was in a state of befuddlement, and was just beginning to come to terms with the odd - and wondrous - impossibility of the situation, when mistress Black spoke again.

"No, that's not quite right." She mused. "Perhaps Jazz?"

After what had just happened, a change in musical genre was a small thing - but it bemused me all over again as my fingers once more segued easily - and without my conscious direction - into a slower tempo, and my voice matched the drop in speed and key, becoming more mellow as I began to sing a Jazz song that, as far as I knew, I didn't even know. My lack of

knowledge in no way detracted from my odd performance, as if I were some sort of human CD player, the music being generated through me without any intellectual interaction.

At the same time, a phenomenal sound-system kicked in, producing the rest of a jazz quartet. Flawlessly, the drums, bass and sax matched my piano and voice, creating a rich, mellow sound that floated through the air with such amazing fidelity that it sounded as if all four people were present and playing live.

In fact - I did a double take, checking for the unseen musicians. After what had already happened, the rest of the combo simply appearing out of thin air would have shocked the hell out of me - without actually surprising me, if you take my meaning.

But, no - the stage remained empty except for me and the piano, and the 'magic' of the sound seemed to be more mundane, a high-fidelity sound system that such an upscale club like this would boast.

Mistress black had been listening, with her head cocked and a thoughtful expression on her face, and now she shook her head. I knew this, because I was watching her - both my fingers and my voice continued fine, even if I wasn't paying attention, and this situation was just to know and wondrous for me to waste it staring at my fingers.

Now, Mistress black looked at me thoughtfully, and spoke.

"You know..." She said, slowly. "I think this piece would sound better if it was a woman singing it. You know - a woman with a smoky, bedroom voice."

Damn - and I was hoping that I would get the job... Then my mind seemed to derail.

I should have stopped playing in shock - but since my fingers and voice were singing without any input from me, they were beyond my control, even the involuntarily actions.

So - I wasn't even able to gasp as I felt my body begin to change.

As I said, I didn't have to watch my fingers, and I hadn't been - I'd been looking around. I'd already noticed that the room was extensively mirrored, with the most noticeable expression of this reflective fetish being the huge, unbroken mirror that made up the back wall of the stage. When I'd first seen it, coming into the club, I'd thought that it did a fabulous job of making the somewhat small room seem much bigger, but must make performance lighting a nightmare. Now, I was grateful for it (sort of), as I could turn and stare at it, wide eyed, as my body - still singing and playing the moody, mellow Jazz piece - began to change.

As I watched in shock, the hair surrounding my face began to slowly lengthen, becoming finer and silkier as it slowly curled down my neck with a tickling sensation, seeming to reach for the collar of my shirt.

Framed by the slowly lengthening medium-brown mane, my face was also slowly changing. I could see the bone underneath my skin slowly shifting its shape, my squarish jaw slowly narrowing as my cheekbones moved upwards and

outwards, becoming better defined. My nose was slowly shrinking in on itself, a fact that was further emphasized by the way my lips were slowly swelling outwards.

My voice was also changing, at the same rate - and it was definitely changing to something more feminine.

It wasn't, however, rising in pitch, exactly. Instead, it was becoming smoother, more rich - some of the low-end of it was seeping away as a new range of higher notes crept in, with a tremolo that ran throughout the range, making the voice somewhat husky, without becoming the least bit rough or unfeminine. If anything, it was more mellow.

At the moment, though, my voice was the least of the changes holding my attention. I was not only watching the changes, in the mirror, and hearing them, in my voice, but feeling them - all over my body, at the same time, trying to draw my attention to every inch of my body.

However, the strange sensation at my crotch was the one most pressing to my mind. It felt as if somebody had pressed a vacuum cleaner against my skin and was slowly increasing the pressure of the vacuum on the flesh, slowly causing it to pull into the nozzle.

However - it felt as if that nozzle was *inside* my body...

I looked down at my crotch, staring at the fabric covering it. Slowly, the fabric was sinking downward, the average-sized male bulge I'd had since puberty slowly retreating, leaving nothing to support the fabric.

The fabric itself was also changing, I noticed - and the fact that I noticed such a 'minor' thing was because my mind - in shock - was struggling to deny the changes to my body, and focusing on the relatively harmless changes to my clothes were more 'acceptable' to my shell-shocked mind at the moment.

I had been wearing simple, olive-drab trousers when I'd entered the club. Now, the fabric was a rich forest green, and continuing to darken., the crotch of my pants - aside from it's steadily more 'deflated' appearance - was also stretching downwards, fusing the legs of my pants together without the slightest hint of a sea. The fabric itself was also becoming thinner, lighter, of a different nature altogether.

The shirt I was wearing was also changing. Originally a pale beige cotton shirt tucked neatly into my pants, it now hung loose, and the fabric was also becoming finer and softer as it darkened. For a second, my attention focused on the lower-most button, which was in the process of becoming a lighter color, as well as shrinking.

Then my attention was pulled rudely from that simple button, as the fore-ground of my view drew my attention to my chest - which was slowly pushing outwards. I'd been aware of the sensation in my chest, of course - an odd sort of pressure, as if somebody had managed to insert balloons beneath the skin, and was slowly filling them with body-temperature water. Now, I watched as the steadily filmier material was being shaped outwards into a hill-like mound, rising with less speed and definition than the two higher points on either side - points that I could not pretend were the shape of the breasts that must be forming

underneath. I could even see the slowly growing points in the fabric where my steadily swelling nipples were pushing out, slightly ahead of the main mass of my breasts.

There was no doubt, no denying what was happening. Even as I helplessly continued to perform the song, my body moved its way to becoming fully feminine, to match the new voice that was singing the unknown lyrics that flowed from my fuller, softer lips.

I shifted slightly on the bench, adjusting - almost unconsciously - to the pressure as my ass slowly swelled outwards into more feminine contours. The added flesh almost made it seem as if I were sitting on a padded bench, rather than a bare wooden one - but no pillows would have transmitted the actual sensations of pressure and touch, as did my plumping ass.

At the same time, my hips were also swelling into more womanly dimensions, as the reasonable trim waist I'd always had became even trimmer than ever before.

Within the space of a few minutes, the strange sensations had run their course, both beginning and ending before I could finish the song. As I headed towards the end of the song, I could only stare in helpless shock at what the mirror showed me.

I was a woman.

My face bore a resemblance to the one that had always stared back at me from mirrors - but it was a distorted reflection of what I was used to seeing.

It wasn't 'me' as a woman, exactly - I wouldn't have been this attractive, I think. No, the face that stared back at me in shock was definitely a looker, if not gorgeous. Her jaw - my jaw - was now rounded, coming to a slight point at the tip, giving me features a slightly elfin cast, an appearance reinforced by my higher, better defined cheek-bones, making my once squarish face more triangular in appearance.

My nose was a mere shadow of what it had been, a small, up-turned snub with a shallow, sharp ridge and finely curved nostrils. Below that nose lay my altered lips - lips so full and sensual that they almost bordered on being too-much.

My eyes had darkened as the lashes surrounding them had lengthened and thickened, giving me a heavy-lidded, sultry look. The once-bush eyebrows above had thinned considerably, becoming finely arched over my feminized brow.

The hair that had once been unremarkable had become a thick, rich and slightly wavy mane of mahogany tresses that tumbled around my slender shoulders. Those shoulders led to slender, slightly pale arms that were revealed by the rolled-up sleeves of the black silk blouse I now wore. Actually a little too thin (for a woman, that was), the arms led to slender wrist and fine, long-fingered hands with short, unadorned nails that were perfectly proportion for the keys.

Pushing out the silk over my chest was a pair of firm breasts, probably a healthy C-cup from the look of them.

Not that I'd ever tried to judge the size of breast from quite this angle, you understand.

I was much slimmer then I had been before, so if I were trying to guestimate the actual size bra my new body would wear, I would guess a 34C or so - but I couldn't check the tag of my bra, as I wasn't wearing one. I could feel the unrestrained weight of my new breasts from the inside, the weight of them not unpleasant - but definitely unwelcome. The cool fabric of the blouse rippled ever so slightly with every breath I took, lightly sliding over my new nipples, which were swollen from the cool air and the light friction.

My waits was now nearly invisible to me without the aid of the mirror. With my new body having such a slim build, and further exaggerated by being slightly underweight for it's bones structure, my waist was nearly non-existent.

A black skirt now clad my lower half, running from the black leather belt cinched at the top, to my new ankles. It was slit up the one side, allowing me to see a slender and middling-attractive leg whose skin was smooth, as if freshly shaved. That leg led to slightly bony ankles, then on to my feet - which were clad in sandals that were little more then a series of black leather straps attached to a black sole, with a short... (...three-quarter inch? ...One inch?) ...heel.

My nails were done with a dark-blue polish, and I was wearing a beaten silver anklet.

I was just trying to cope with this radical, horrific, inexplicable change to my basic self...

...when I finished the song, and found that I was no longer compelled to do anything at all.

In other words, I'd regained complete control of my body - even if it was no longer 'my' body, if you know what I mean. Unprepared for the sudden release of this body back to my conscious control, I reacted instinctively.

I gaped at Mistress Black, my new eyes wide and my altered jaw slack, while one hand cupped a new breast through the thin fabric (creating an.. intriguing sensation), and the other sliding through the slit in the skirt and gliding over the soft fabric of the feminine panties I was now wearing, tracing the area where my new womanhood resided.

Then I pout my new, richly feminine voice to good use. "Oh... My... God..." I whispered huskily....

...as my eyes started to roll back as the world around me began to dim.

"Oh, stop that." mistress Black said, in annoyance. She snapped her fingers - and, suddenly, the world snapped clearly into focus, and I no longer felt faint.

"What ?" I stammered, yanking my hands away from my altered body and holding them out imploringly. "How...? *Why*?"

"As articulate s ever, I see." She replied, dryly, while I tried to make my mind work in some fashion approaching normality.

It wasn't easy. I figured a sudden change from masculinity onto a fairly attractive specimen of femininity was a good excuse for being a little vague, however.

With a faint smile, Mistress Black explained - while I sat in stunned silence, trying to deal with the impossibilities she was telling me while I tried to cope with my sudden change of gender.

"By chance..." She explained, with a raised eyebrow. " you happened to find my club - 'the Source', as it's known to it's patrons. Patrons which, I may add, form a very exclusive group. A group that spans the continent. A group consisting solely of those who, like myself, have the ability to wield magic."

I would normally never have accepted this silently - however, certain recent events had stripped away any skepticism I might have harbored.

"Now, we value our privacy - incredibly. Not only do we maintain a low-profile exterior to the club, I have employed 'wards' upon the building. No person not wielding a certain amount of magic can enter the building."

"But "

She looked me over again. "Yes - you entered. That's what caught my attention about you, of course. I wondered if you might not be all you seem - and so decided to test you. That is what just happened - a test." She held up her hands. "Obviously, you have no great powers, and no control over any of them. Considering the skill of your playing, I would guess that your musical ability, itself, is of high enough potential quality that it is, itself, a magical ability - if rather weak, in absolute terms. Just enough for you to be able to enter, apparently."

"So you thought I might be the magical equivalent of a stick-up artist, or something?" I asked, slowly beginning to function again - though the sensations from my radically altered body were still

'interfering' with my thought processes. Just speaking was an act of will, as the sound of that feminine voice emerging from my new throat was definitely... disconcerting.

A faint smile flashed across her narrow lips, then was gone. "Something like that." The tone of voice indicated that I'd something monumentally stupid, out of ignorance.

"so... now that I'm not a threat..." I said, hope blooming in my (now feminine) chest, "...you're going to turn me back."

She sighed. "No - I can't do that."

"What!" I shouted, rising from the piano bench. "You.... I "

She held up a hand. "You don't understand - I can't!" She took a deep breath, then explained. "People with magical ability are kind of like batteries. We store magical energy, draining it off when we use it.

In this case, I've filled you with energy when I changed you - which is how I know you're not in control of your latent ability. If you were, you could just take that energy, and drain it off in another direction."

Well, that explained her laugh at my 'stick up' comment - using magic against another magic-user wasn't a threat. You'd just be 'charging' them up. However, my mind wasn't on the finer points of magical defense at the moment...

"You mean I'm stuck like *this*?" I asked, breathlessly, slumping onto the bench again.

She hesitated. "Well - after about a month, you'll have naturally lost enough energy that you'll revert back to normal."

"A *month*!"

"However " She said, hesitantly. "Let me explain why this club exists. Those with strong magical abilities see more than an unpowered human - we see 'magical' wave-lengths, I guess you could say. For us, 'normals' are two dimensional. So, you see, even the most erotic, exciting porn, performed by 'normals', does nothing for us - it's like watching cartoon sex. This club caters to the needs of magic-users by finding people with enough magical energy to be perceptible to us completely - either naturally, or through the addition of magical energy, like what I've poured into you. Rather than spend a month in that body you could work here."

"What!"

"There's more." She said, looking for the right words. "you see - you're not quite past that threshold, yet. For you to work here would require more changes - more energy - to make you fully 'visible'. The extra energy means that you'd be in that new form for at least a year."

"You must be nuts!" I shouted, shocked and outraged. "Do you really think I'd let you change me further so that I could be some sort of whore? For a *year*? No way!"

She took the outburst calmly. "The current contract is two-point-five million a year, plus accommodations."

My slender jaw dropped. "two.... and a... half *million*?"

This time, the smile was full-bodied, if not really humorous. "With our unique abilities, we have certain advantages in life. Most magic-users are great financial successes. Just look at Bill, and that computer company of his."

I stared at her, flabbergasted. Then I shook my head, feeling my longer, silkier hair brushing over the nape of my slender neck.

"no... no, I... I can't..." I protested, weakly, my mind whirling. Already, I was sentenced to spending a month in this new body, a fate brought about by random chance. the thought of voluntarily agreeing to...

Then my brain screeched to a halt as a thought suddenly popped into my head - a thought so outrageous, so impossible, so utterly out-of-place from my inherited point of view that it took me by storm and shook me to the very core.

But... it might just work...

"You..." I said, hesitantly, afraid to voice the traitorous thought - or admit that I was considering it. "You said that I'd need to have a considerable amount of energy... 'dumped' into me...?"

Mistress Black blinked. "Why, yes. Quite a bit, actually - we'd have to do extensive changes. Make you shorter, perhaps. Change your face and hair, maybe even your race - and probably..." She made a gesture, as if cradling a pair of melons in front of her chest.

I winced. Then taking a deep breath, ignoring all the instincts and inbred 'morals' that told me that I was wrong to even consider this offer, I asked the question that had popped into my mind.

"What if ?"

* * * * *

The house lights slowly dimmed, and as the lights faded, so did the chatter of the patrons of The Source, their eyes going to the darkened stage, eagerly waiting the appearance of the club's newest headline star.

The silence seemed to stretch for an eternity - then, a sound began to rise from the stage, low at first - a mournful wail of a saxophone, moody and slow.

Then a heavy beat started, accompanied by the sound of an electric guitar, very moody and rhythmic. The beat of the drums rolled out over the crowd, setting the sound nearly that of a deep, percussive heart.

Then, one either side of the stage, rows of torches flared in sudden life, a sooty orange glow replacing the darkness, reflected into eternity in the mirror behind the stage.

Between the glowing torches at the very rear of the stage, a woman stood revealed in the flickering light. Tall, for a woman, she was dressed all in black. Black ankle-boots enclosed her feet, disappearing under the hem of the long, flowing black skirt she wore. Above that, a shimmering swath of black silk formed the blouse she wore, the flickering light and the shimmering, dark fabric refusing to clearly define the figure that filled the blouse.

Then, as the music slowly rose, she began to walk towards the front of the stage, moving with a slow, sensuous glide that matched the beat of the drums. As she moved with a slow, sensual strut atop her six-inch spiked heels, her long, gleaming chestnut hair billowed from her shoulders in an unseen breeze, fully exposing a face that was sexy and seductive, with dark, smoldering eyes.

Behind her, two identical men stepped from the shadows and flanked her walk, a half-step behind her on either side. Darkly tanned and tautly muscled, their nearly nude bodies - clad only in leather loincloths - glistened with oil as they paced her slow, sensual glide downstage.

Then her full, dark-red lips parted... and an incredibly rich, smoky voice emerged as she began to sing.

When I look out my window, many sights to see.

When I look in my window, so many different people to be. It's strange.

So very strange.

The woman had reached the end of the stage, and now she turned and - still singing - began to slowly, sensuously slide her hands over the body of the man to her right, her body swaying slowly and sinuously to the music as her hands roamed his taut body.

You got to pick up every stitch. You got pick up every stitch. whoa whoa whoa....

She paused her singing to kiss the man, hungrily, her tongue diving deep into his mouth as she ground her body slowly against his - but, even as she did so, she was humming, low and deep in the back of her throat, her pitch perfect as she finished the quick - but hungry - kiss, and continued singing.

Must be the season...

....the season of the witch.

Must be the season of the witch.

The sax went into a solo, it's rich, throaty tone nearly matching the singer's own voice as she swayed to the center of the stage...

..and lifted her arms. Continuing to sway sensuously, she didn't look at the crowd or her assistants, seeming lost in the music - as the two gleaming men stepped forward and undid her blouse, each of them peeling back their side of the blouse and slowly sliding it down her arms, tossing the garment aside.

The torso that was revealed was perfect.

The upper half of her hourglass-figure had an extra twenty minutes thrown in for good measure, her breasts firm and round and full, a perfect pair of double-D cup breasts if any had ever existed. Taut yet soft, the round mounds were tipped with large, dark, and fully engorged nipples that were as utterly perfect as the rest of her mouth-watering endowments.

Her waist was amazingly slender, leading the eyes downward, to where her long, flowing black skirt began....

...the skirt that her assistants now removed, revealing long, toned legs that seemed to go on forever. Her hips were womanly, without being too much of a good thing, and nestled between those silken, taut thighs was a tiny, neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair that surround her cunt.

Still swaying to the music, it was almost as if she didn't notice as her assistants began to fondle her nude body, each one taking half of her body to slide their strong hands over, fondling her full, proud breasts, her firm, full ass, her long, glorious legs - their hands roamed over every square inch of her body as the solo ended, and she once more sang.

When I look over my shoulder, what do you think I see.

Some other cat looking over, his shoulder right at me.

Now she was caressing her own body, as well, her hands making the circuit from her taut, round tits to the vee between her silken thighs, stroking gently over the surface as she continued to sing as is lost in a (*now erotic*) trance.

And it's strange. Sure is strange.

You got to pick up every stitch. Beatniks are out to make it rich. Oh no.

Must be the season of the witch. Must be the season of the witch.

This time, it was the guitar that went into an extended solo, the rest of the instruments fading into back-up for the slow, rhythmic music...

..as she sank to her knees in front of the man on her left, peeled off his loincloth to set his large, throbbing organ free, and opened those full, glorious lips of hers and went down on him.

As she sucked at his cock, more than just her head and hands moved - her entire body continued to move, to the rhythm of the music, as she sucked away at cock with a slow, sensuous sway.

While she sucked - she hummed along with the music, the sound rich and evocative as her lips and tongue moved with incredible skill and timing.

The man stiffened - the *rest* of him stiffened - under her ministrations, his head thrown back in a soundless gasp...

...as he came, spewing a thick stream of cum like a human firehose.

She had pulled back, and - still seemingly lost in that trance - swallowed a good percentage of the thick white jet of jism, but she purposely let some of the cum splatter down her neck and chest, coating those magnificent breast with a coating of gleaming semen.

Rising, she used her hands to spread a glossy coating of warm cum over her torso as the solo faded and she once more took up the lyrics.

When I look out my window, so many sights to see.

When I look into my window, so many different people to be.

As she sang, she slowly sauntered and swayed over to her other assistant - who was reclining now on a black silk sheeted mattress that had risen from a trap door in the center of the stage.

Still lost in that trance, she slowly swung long, shapely leg over him - and slowly slide her hot, wet cunt down onto his hard, thick cock, never dropping a note as she began to ride him with slow, long strokes that matched the beat of the music perfectly.

You got to pick up every stitch. Rapids running in the ditch.

Beatniks are out to make it rich. Oh no.

Oh oh no.

Must be the season of the witch. Must be the season of the witch.

She repeated the phrase a couple of more times over - as the music slowly picked up tempo, her thrusting body matching the increasing rhythm perfectly as she road the now-twitching, writing man.

Then the music stopped, and she continued *a capella*, her long legs flexing to drive her faster and harder atop her partner's throbbing organ.

The words themselves faded, as well, becoming a fast-paced, gloriously rich series of musical moans, her voice spiraling higher and higher in the register as her cum-and-sweat coated body pounded rhythmically atop the glistening man, her breasts bouncing with the force of her thrusts.

Then - at the perfect moment - they came simultaneously - and she hit the high note that shook the room with the force of it's intensity, her perfect pitch never faltering as she sang her way to orgasmic ecstasy.

Then the drums came back in for a coda as she collapsed atop her partner and the torches blinked out, plunging the room into darkness.

There was an instant of silence - then the audience began to applaud madly.

* * * * *

Mistress Black was waiting for me outside of my changing room, a slightly stunned look on her face. "Paula..." She said, using my chosen moniker for the next year. "That was... incredible."

I smiled. "Well, thank you - I worked hard on coming up with that one. 'Season of the Witch' just seemed... appropriate, somehow."

Mistress Black smiled. "I guess so. What's your song for the late performance?" I grinned back. "Tonight? 'Spellbound'. I'm going with a theme."

"I like it - and so does the audience." Mistress Black said, gesturing with her chin towards the main room, where the applause was just dying down.

"Wait 'till tomorrow." I suggested. "I'm doing a different theme, - '2 Become 1' for the early show, and 'If You Wanna Be My Lover' for the late."

She seemed startled. "How many different themes have you got on tap?"

"Six - I'll run through them randomly, to keep the clientele from getting bored." She shook her head. "You.. are incredible."

I laughed. "Hey - just the outcome of a good idea. After all - I love my work."

Which was the absolute truth - there's nothing in life that I loved more than being a woman and working at The Source, having sex to entertain the patrons.

After all - that had been my brain-storm. Rather than devote all that magic to changing my body, we'd 'perfected' my body - then used a ton of magic to alter my mind and emotions for the next year.

It felt... strange. I mean - I knew that I had been a guy, and I knew that the guy I had been would be utterly disgusted with what I was doing for a living right now. I knew that, eventually, I'd have to deal with this, once I was back to being (ick!) a man.

Of course, I had no desire to be a man ever again, and was sort of pissed off at myself - my old, male self - for making sure Mistress Black would refuse to 'renew' my contract. No matter how hard I argued, I was going to go back to being male at the end of the year.

I understand why, of course - with my mind altered, magically, so that I love this life, my view is biased but, then again, wasn't my old, male view as equally biased? I really don't think this is fair, not at all.

Maybe... After all, 'I' did agree to this in the first place. Maybe, once I'm male and my mind 'normal' (ha!) again, I'll decide to get changed back to a woman. After all, I'll have had a chance to see how wonderful being a woman is. Oh, I don't expect that I'll have myself mentally altered to want to do this job again, even though - right now - I think it's the very reason I was born. I do realize that it's a magically instilled thing, after all.

But how on earth could I decide to stay male, after experiencing the joys of being a woman? Speaking of which...

"Excuse me, Mistress Black. " I said, sliding past to the door of my dressing room. "I have to go... rehearse..."

With a slow smile and I wink, I slid through the door....

...and grinned at Ron and John, my 'assistants', dedicated to doing anything at all I instructed them to do - and to pleasuring me as thoroughly and completely as possible at all times.

God - I love my job!



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A writer of TG fiction finds a book of Latin spells and decides to see what it REALLY like to live as a woman, but an ex-girl friend has her own ideas of permanence.

The Author

By Gunslinger

The older 486-66 hummed along quietly, the bluish-white glow from it's fifteen-inch SVGA monitor lighting the small room. The gentle strains of Enya flowed from the speakers attached to the CD-ROM, filling the room with Celtic-inspired sound and beat. The spare bedroom which served as the computer room was at peace, relaxing and tranquil.

A far cry from the individual inhabiting it.

In his late twenties, tall and slender, but carrying more than a little extra weight in the middle (an unfortunate side effect to all the hours spend at the computer), Chris paced in short circuits between the bookcase along one wall, and the fraying old couch along the other. One hand nervously stroked the short, dark, neatly trimmed goatee he wore, which was several shades darker than the light brown mop of hair pulled back into a ponytail. He was dressed, as usual, in faded blue-jeans, and one of his many gray T-shirts, this one with a blue-trimmed v-neck. His stocking feet made no sound on the vinyl flooring, but he more than made up for that with his habit of verbalizing his thoughts...

"Another blonde bimbo?" He asked himself, then paused in mid-step to consider it before resuming his pacing. "Fun to write, but... How do I know that the readers aren't getting tired of them? Hell, sometimes I think the readers don't really exist - I barely get any response from them..." His voice trailed off as he considered his options.

With a heart-felt sigh, he dropped into the chair in front of the computer, which groaned in protest. Resting his elbows on the desk, Chris leaned forward and put his chin across his interlaced fingers.

"Jeez..." he muttered, worried. "Am I running out of ideas? God, I hope not..."

For the past six months or so, Chris - a part-time graphic artist who worked from his home (well, cheap apartment) - had supplemented his income by writing stories for a transgender fiction site on the internet. The money was a welcome addition to his meager business, and he hoped he'd be able to keep at it for some time to come. Still, he had to keep the stories fresh and interesting - there were lots of

TG stories available on the internet, and to get paid for his, he had to keep the quality and ingenuity of them up. Let that slide, and he'd be out of his 'secret' job.

The door to the computer room swung open, and Chris looked up as his roommate and best friend of ten years stuck his head in. "Hey, Chris, how's it going?"

Jeff was the anti-thesis of Chris. Where Chris was taller than average, Jeff was considerably shorter - but almost as wide as he was tall, a walking mass of muscle. Which explained why he worked as a bouncer at Stage's Nightclub, which was directly below the third-floor apartment the two men shared. Like many bouncers, Jeff kept his head cleanly shaven, but the rather unruly 'walrus' mustache he sported revealed that the missing hair was a sandy shade of blond.

The two friends also differed in temperament and interest. Chris was the artistic intellectual, somewhat shy around other people, but with a great flair for the dramatic, and an insatiable curiosity. Jeff, on the other hand, was outgoing and popular, and, while not stupid by any means, not terribly interested in intellectual pursuits, preferring to stick to the athletic milieu.

Despite of - or because of - their differences, the two men were the best friends, getting along famously. They also relied heavily on each other - Jeff kept Chris involved in some sort of social life, constantly introducing him to women in the hopes of something developing. Jeff's own love-life consisted of a constant parade of attractive women, and their 'relationship' was always strictly physical - mostly because Jeff simply didn't understand woman all that well (how did?), and the few attempts at a lasting relationship always ended quickly and violently, making him rather 'gun-shy' about relations.

On the other side of the coin, Jeff relied on Chris' uncanny knack for solving problems mechanical, electronic, financial and personal. It was one of the great ironies of life that Chris was an expert at romance and interpersonal communication - on a theoretical level. Too shy to apply his artistic knack for romance himself, he supplied Jeff with all sorts of little 'scenarios' that worked wonders with the women Jeff saw. That had been one of the things that had cemented their friendship - in a 'Cyrano De

Bergerac'-ish style, Chris had helped Jeff get one of the more intellectual beauties of the school to go to the prom with him, a resounding success for all concerned.

Jeff was also one of the other two people in the entire world who really knew that Chris Kozantski, Graphic Artist, and 'The Rifleman', purveyor of TG fiction, were one and the same. The other person was the owner of the site, who had to know who to make the checks payable to.

In response to his muscular friend's question, Chris sighed in frustration. Jeff smiled, knowing exactly what that meant.

"You do this every time" Jeff said with a grin. "You worry and sweat over the story, trying to make each one a work of art - then finish it off in record time, send it in - and never hear back from anyone as to how good it was, which drives you nuts."

"Hey, I've gotten five different response to my stories." Chris said, defensively.

"And you've written... What, fifty of them? One out of every ten. Don't bother to deny it bugs you - I'm the one who always has to listen to you bitch about it."

Chris frowned. "I just wish I could get some feed back from the readers. After all, *they* are the only ones who can tell me what they like, and whether or not I'm delivering." Then his frown faded, and he chuckled.

"What...?" Jeff prompted.

Chris got up from the chair and headed towards the door. Jeff stepped aside to let him pass as Chris answered with a grin.

"As long as I keep getting checks from the site, I can assume that somebody likes my work." He grabbed his faded blue ball cap from the peg near the door and slipped it on, pulling his pony-tail through the hole above the size strap.

"That's one way to look at it." Jeff agreed. "So, where you off to?"

"Just going to walk around, look for inspiration." Chris said, slipping his wallet into the inside pocket of the denim jacket he slipped on. "I'll be back later."

Jeff waved goodbye as Chris stepped through the door, then gleefully ducked into the computer room. Between writing and graphic arts, Jeff didn't get much time on the computer, and he was only two levels away from finishing Ultimate Doom....

* * * * *

"oh, sorry " Chris said as he almost walked right into their next-door neighbor. Their doors abutted, with about six inches separating the two door, which sat at right angles to each other. She was stepping out at the exact same instant as Chris, and they nearly collided. "Sure." Nicki said with a faint smile.

She had the right to smile - if they had collided, it would have been the worse for Chris. Nicole 'Call me Nicki' was as tall as Chris - and much more muscular. A rather radical feminist, she was a fitness and body-building nut, and her musculature nearly matched Jeff's.

Despite her self-proclaimed 'man-hating' tendencies, she seemed more well, not exactly 'feminine', but at least friendly around Chris.

He had the uneasy feeling that she like him, and was ashamed to say so out loud. In his case, it wasn't only his awkwardness with women that kept him from finding out - he also didn't find the tall, masculine woman all that attractive - and her pro-feminist attitude grated on him whenever they got involved in a conversation that went beyond mere pleasantries.

To avoid that situation now, Chris politely excused himself and walked away, wondering why she was still giving him such an odd look. Shrugging it off, he trotted down the stairs and out the door.

Chris wandered around downtown, idly browsing through stores of various kinds, watching the women who walked by, looking for something to inspire him. When he wrote, he generally needed some image or idea in his head that formed the basis of the story - and sometimes, that inspiration came from odd sources. One of his stories had been inspired by nothing more than an old felt fedora. That had led to thoughts of the old-fashioned 'private dick' stories - and the musing of what one of these 'gumshoes' would do in a case involving TG. That had led to a full-blown story - all from one old hat in a second-hand shop.

He walked down a side-street he rarely ventured down, enjoying the warm fall sunshine on his shoulders, and looking in the windows of the small shops that lined the narrow, twisting street.

One of the stores was a book shop. Chris peered through the dusty window at the dark interior, lined with shelf after shelf of books, then pulled open the door - which squeaked - and went in.

Idly, he browsed through the stacks of books, not even sure what he was looking for - until he saw it.

It was old, its leather cover faded with age, but well cared for. The pages, a heavy, parchment-like material, were as faded, and the entire thing was in a bastardized version of Latin - which Chris, being an insatiable learner, knew a bit of. Enough to make out the title of the book, at any rate.

It was a book of spells.

Well, at least that's what it purported to be. Chris didn't believe that it was actually anything of the sort - but it was also too good to pass up - especially since the book was tagged at a mere five dollars.

Happily, he paid for the large, heavy tome, and carried it with him back to the apartment, idly flipping through the pages and laboriously translating the titles of some of the 'spells'.

He was so absorbed in the book that he nearly hit Jeff with the door when he came in. Jeff had been screwing a coat hook into the wall behind the door, and Chris, lost in the book, pushed the door open without paying attention.

"Oops, Sorry Jeff." Chris said shame-faced. Jeff looked up at his taller friend with a half-smile. "No damage done. So, what's got you off in la-la land?"

Chris held up the large book. "This - it's supposedly a book of spells."

"Really? Cool..." Jeff said, taking the book and flipping through it. "What's it written in? Greek?" "Nope, Latin." Chris said, hanging up his coat and following Jeff into the living room.

"Really? Can you read this stuff?" Jeff asked. "What's this one?" He pointed to the page it was open.

Chris looked over, and had to laugh as he puzzled out the title. "Hey, great! That's just what I need! It's a sex-change spell!"

Jeff laughed. "Yeah, right." Striking an impressive pose, he pointed over-theatrically at Chris, and began to read off the gibberish words of the 'spell' in a booming voice. Chris smiled at the ridiculous sight, and Jeff barely managed to keep from laughing until he was done reading, and put the book aside.

"There you go - one sex-change spell, so that you can write your stories better. That'll be twenty bucks, plus tax."

It started at his feet. Chris was the only one who knew, at first, as his shoes kept Jeff from seeing it happen - but Jeff couldn't miss Chris' startled exclamation as the shoes suddenly became looser - although they stayed the exact same size they'd always been. It was Chris' feet that had shrunk.

"Holy Shit!" Chris exclaimed - and that clued Jeff in on what Chris was feeling. Chris, usually urbane and soft spoken, only swore when extremely surprised, very shocked or terribly frightened. Right now, it was a mixture of all three on Chris' face as he looked up at Jeff and said, "Something's happening!"

"What?" Jeff exclaimed, worried. This was just supposed to be a joke - could Chris be pushing the joke farther? But that wasn't Chris' style...

"My.. My feet just - shrunk." Chris said, staring down at his feet. "And now, my legs are tingling."

There wasn't much outward indication of anything as the tingling moved up Chris' legs - the denim blocked any view. That is, until it reached his crotch.

Chris gasped as he felt his cock pulling back into his body, and his ball shrinking away to nothing. He had the sneaking suspicion that a fully formed, functional female vagina now lurked beneath the pants.

"Holy CRAP!" Jeff said, staring at his friend. Before his disbelieving eyes, the denim jeans slowly began to fill as Chris' hips and ass expanded. The fabric became skin-tight, stretched taut over wider hips and a full, womanly ass. Chris grunted in mild discomfort at the tightness of the jeans.

The waist band of the pants began to sag slightly as the waist inside of it narrowed somewhat, as the change continued moving upwards. Both of them stared at Chris' chest as the gray T-shirt began to bulge at the front, pushed outwards by to firm, perky breasts the grew to a firm C-cup in size before stopping.

The change swept onwards. As it reached Chris' shoulders, it not only narrowed them then continued upwards, but ran down his arms, leaving them smooth and feminine in it's wake. His fingers narrowed even as his nails lengthened, and his wrists became more delicate.

Chris could feel the change moving over his face, but was unable to see the effect. Jeff, however, could watch open-mouthed as Chris' features became softer, finer. The nose shrank and became pert, while his lips became slightly fuller. At the same time, his jaw narrowed and became rounder. His eyes remained about the same, but the lashed grew thicker and longer while the eyebrows above became finer, and more arched. Even his ears weren't spared, becoming somewhat smaller, and with a smoother curve to them. About the only think that remained exactly the same was his hair, his light brown ponytail looking perfectly at home on the body it now grace.

"Holy shit..." Chris said. It was the same sentiment that he'd expressed moments before. But it sounded completely different now, as it emerged in a definitively feminine contralto.

"Holy *fuckin'*shit." Jeff agreed, gaping. "It... it actually worked. You're... a girl."

"I... I have to see this in a mirror. It's unbelievable." Chris said in his... her new voice. But before she could move, she felt the strange energy at her feet again - although it felt different this time, on the surface only, not deep like before.

"Wait - something else..." Chris began - but that was unnecessary, as Jeff took a step back and pointed at Chris' feet. "You... Your shoes!"

They gaped down at Chris' feet as if looking at the Eighth Wonder of The World - and perhaps they were. For the simple white sneakers that Chris wore were writhing - and changing.

The tongue slid down and disappeared even as the sides of the shoes separated, part joining a thinner mass at the top, while the rest joined the sole - which itself was changing, the back rising upwards. The laces became wider and of a heavier material as their spacing changed. Within the space of a few seconds, Chris's white socks could be seen through the white patent leather 'Mary-Jane' pumps with the two inch heel that her shoes had become.

Then the socks began to change - as well as the pants that covered them. The cuffs of the pants began to move upwards, the legs widening in the middle until they finally joined as it reached her knees, now forming a knee-length denim

skirt. The socks had also stretched upwards, thinning as they did so, becoming white knee-high nylons, trimmed with lace at the elasticized top. A small, cute bow was at the top back of each nylon that showed her now cute, smooth legs.

The change continued to ripple upwards, altering the clothing as it flowed. The waistband of the jeans narrowed to match Chris' now slender waist, and underneath, unseen by either, but felt by Chris, his briefs became a pair of white cotton women's briefs, with high-cut legs. Her T-shirt faded in color, becoming white, and tighter, forming itself to her firm, conical breasts. The v-neck of the shirt, once blue, slowly faded to a pink, as did the elastic areas on each short sleeve. The cheap watch on her right wrist became the feminine model of the same watch, smaller with a thinner band.

And still the changes continued.

A fine, slender fourteen karat gold necklace formed around Chris' slender neck, a small heart-shaped pendant resting in the hollow of her throat. Matching heart-shaped earrings appeared in the delicate lobes of her now-pierced ears, and the simple rubber-band holding back her hair rippled and became a pink scrunchie restraining her ponytail.

The final series of changes rippled by so fast that Jeff couldn't watch each happen, but could see the effects when they were done. A pale pink shade of lipstick appeared on Chris' fuller lips even as a very pale blue eye shadow applied itself over suddenly mascara coated lashes. A faint hint of blush appeared, highlighting her cheekbones' fine structure even as the faint but definite odor of a nice, but inexpensive, perfume wafted from Chris' altered body.

"Holy..." Jeff started

"..shit" Chris finished. Then, they looked at each other - and couldn't help it. Despite the impossible thing that had just happened, they were both, emotionally and mentally, the same people they'd been before - and as always, their eerie habit of finishing each other's sentences made them laugh. That simple action broke the eerie mood that gripped them, and they relaxed.

"I saw it - but I don't believe it. Jeez, Chris - we've found a book of spells that really work!" Jeff said, shaking his head. He picked up the leather bound tome, and began to flip through the pages. "Just give me a second - I'll find the counter spell."

Chris held up a hand - then paused, eyeing the slender appendage and its longer nail. Getting back on track, she said. "Hold on a second - I want to see what I look like before you change me back." She turned and headed towards the bathroom - and found that she moved easily in her feminine body, as if she'd possessed this form for her whole life. Stepping into the bathroom, she looked in the mirror.

She looked like... Well, if Chris had a sister, that's what she'd look like. A cute sister, at that - although not stunning, Chris' new form was definitely cute, which was played up by the clothing she now wore. Shaking her head in disbelief, Chris started to turn away - then paused. Flushing a bright red, she turned back to the mirror - and slowly pulled up her shirt, revealing the two perky C-cup breasts thrust from her chest. Smooth and creamy, they were topped by small, pink, somehow...

virginal nipples. Embarrassed, Chris brought her slender hand up and cupped her new endowment, letting her thumb slide over the nipple, which immediately swelled slightly. Chris shivered slightly at the new - and pleasant - experience.

"Hey, Chris - you gotta see this!" Jeff's voice came from the living room. Startled, Chris yanked her shirt back down and tucked it in, feeling like she had been doing something wrong - although, since she was in this body, technically there was nothing wrong with feeling her own tits.

She went back into the living room - and found Jeff holding an altered wallet. Similar to her old one, it was somehow more feminine in nature.

"Get a load of this." Jeff said, handing over Chris' own I.D. Confused, Chris looked down - and blinked in surprise. The picture show was of her new, feminized face, and the name beside it was 'Christine Kozantski'.

The two friends looked at each other in surprise. "Wow - that's some powerful magic." Jeff finally said.

Chris looked thoughtful - and Jeff was embarrassed to find that he found the look extremely cute. "Come on..." Chris said, heading towards her room. "I want to check something."

Jeff dutifully followed - and flushed when he realized he was looking at her cute ass. Averting his eyes, he stepped into her room - and gasped.

The room had changed to match Chris' new gender. The decor, the clothing in the open closet, - everything now matched perfectly with the new Chris.

Shooting Jeff a meaningful glance, Chris walked over to the phone, clicked on the speaker-phone, and quickly dialed her parent's place. After two rings, her Mother answered the phone with a simple "Hello?"

Feeling very strange, Chris cleared her throat. "Hi. It's me." The pause before her mother replied felt endless, then...

"Christine, honey! It's about time you gave us a call - I swear, sometimes I think you've forgotten dad and I even exist." That was the cincher. Not only had she changed - the entire world had altered to match.

"So what do I owe the honor of this call...? Wait - don't tell me. After ten years of 'living in sin', you and Jeff have finally decided to get married, right?" Chris... Christine's mother asked, unaware of the half-startled/half-laughing look that her 'daughter' and Jeff were sharing.

"No, Mom - trust me, Jeff and I haven't been discussing marriage." Chris said - and Jeff had to clamp a hand over his mouth to keep from laughing out loud. Chris, herself, was riding on the ragged edge of laughter as well. "I Um, Jeff and I were wondering what to get Dad for his birthday this year."

Christine's mom 'harumphed' - "The couch potato, you mean? Ever since we got the satellite installed, he barely moves at all. You want to get him a great gift? Buy him one of the treadmill things - he can use it while he watches the tube."

"Okay Mom, thanks. I gotta run." Chris said, certain that this was the weirdest conversation of her life. It got weirder.

"Okay, honey. Call me soon - and give Jeff a big kiss for me, too."

Face muscles straining painfully, Chris hung up the phone, looked over at Jeff - and the two of them burst out laughing like loons. "Good God!" Jeff said between gales of laughter. "You're my girlfriend?" She shook his head. "This is really too weird, Chris."

Chris batted her eyelashes outrageously. "Does this mean you don't want that big kiss from my mom?"

That sent them back into gales of laughter. When they'd laughed themselves out, they headed back to the living room. The sheer absurdity of the situation - that, as far as anyone was concerned Chris had, not only, always been female, but was his girlfriend Well, it was weird.

"Jeez, do you realize the power of that thing?" Chris said to Jeff, pointing one slender finger at the innocent-looking book on the end table. "It just altered history to match me being female! We've got a book of spells, with nearly unlimited power!"

Jeff shook his head. "Yeah - I didn't think of that." He frowned slightly. "How come we still remember you as being a guy?"

Chris looked thoughtful, tapping one long-nailed finger against her pink-glossed lips. "Well, I guess that since you cast the spell, and I was the one changed, or memories weren't altered. Otherwise, what good would the magic be? I mean, if *our* minds changed, we wouldn't have noticed anything different - and would have thought the spell didn't work."

Jeff made a funny face. "Yeah - I guess so. I didn't really think about that. Still, maybe it'd be better if you were the only one who could tell - I'm having kind of a hard time dealing with the fact that my best friend is a cute girl that everyone thinks is my girlfriend."

Chris snorted - which, in her current form, was cute as well. "It's not exactly easy for me, buddy - I *am* the cute girl, remember?" She grinned, showing that there was no barb in the comment.

"Yeah, well, let's take care of that, okay?" Jeff said, opening the book. "This is just a little too weird for my taste."

"Go ahead." Chris agreed, and Jeff read off the spell. They watched with the same awe as the process reversed itself - first, he became his normal male self, then his clothes changed back to match. Chris also assumed the rest of the world had changed to normal as well.

"That's a lot better." Jeff said. "So, what other things can this book do?"

Chris shook his head. "I don't know - I'm going to have to study it for a while, take my Latin-English dictionary and do some translating." He rose, and held out his again-masculine hand. "In fact, why don't I start on it now?"

Jeff nodded and handed the book over. "Okay - but if you find a spell for world domination, don't forget who your best friend is."

Laughing Chris carried the book to the computer room and fired up the translation program. Shortly, he was deeply engrossed in translating the archaic, bastardized version of a dead language.

* * * * *

Hours later, he pushed the chair back from the computer desk, rubbing at eyes sore from staring at the computer monitor.

Jeff had left for work some time ago, leaving Chris alone to concentrate on the book. And concentrate he did - the version of Latin used was so bastardized that he only got one word out of three, on average.

He'd done as much as he could with what he had on hand. He'd just have to seriously study Latin and all its off-shoots before he'd be able to translate the book completely. But he'd gotten enough to be amazed - the spells that's he'd managed to put a name to were amazing, and they were about a fifth of the total spells in the book.

He'd also deciphered some of the 'rules' regarding spell-casting. For instance, the reason that both Jeff and he had known the truth after the sex-change spell had been cast was very simple - anyone who had knowledge that the spell was being cast wouldn't have their memories changed to match the new reality. Another rule was the 'multiple magic' rule - every time more than one spell was cast on the same person, the effects were cumulative, each new spell over-riding the reality of the past one.

Stretching, Chris got up from the chair. He looked down at the innocuous looking tome, still awed by the power it contained. He picked it up and carried it over to the little fire-proof lock-box he used for his important papers, planning to put it inside - then stopped.

Feeling embarrassed, he looked down at the book in his hand, then around the room. He had no plans for the rest of the night, and Jeff would be gone until very late. If he were to spend the evening as a woman - well, nobody would have to know, would they?

Feeling embarrassed, excited and nervous, all at once, Chris opened the book to the right page and just stared down at the words for several minutes, debating. Then, before he could change his mind again, he carried the book over to the bathroom. You had to be able to see the person you were ensorcelling, according to what he'd managed to translate. So, a mirror was necessary for self-spells.

Feeling a mix of emotions, he pointed at himself in the mirror, and quickly recited the spell.

It happened exactly as the first time, his body shifting its shape from the feet up, followed by her clothes. Within minutes, Chris looked at herself in the mirror with a wry grin, still feeling a bit like a pervert. Her cute feminine form looked back

at her from the reflective surface, and Chris had to admit that she looked good as a girl - not that she had any plans to stay this way. It was just for a while.

Placing the book aside, she started a tub of water running - then, feeling guilty, she added bubble-bath to the water. Jeff and her apparently kept it around, although it hadn't existed before the change. She then slowly undressed, her heart pounding. She knew that no-one was going to walk in on her - and, even if they did, the spell would ensure that they wouldn't question Chris' gender - as far as anyone else could know, she'd been born female. Still, she thought she'd die of terminal embarrassment if anyone did see her while female - because *she* knew she was really a man. But the chance to actually see what life was like for a woman, to live the stories she wrote, was too good to pass up - if nothing else, her writing would definitely ring true after this.

Shutting off the water, Chris climbed into the warm water with a sigh, finding that it felt nicer on her now silky-smooth skin. Laying back, she closed her eyes - and let her hands slowly roam over her transformed body. Being shy and awkward around women, Jeff had never really had a chance to feel a woman's body like this - now, she could fondle to her heart's content - and, she could feel what it liked to be fondled as a woman, at the same time. She was startled to find how good her new body felt when it was touched. Especially her perky breasts - her hands kept returning to them, again and again, as she found that it not only felt good to feel them fondled, but it was very erotic and pleasurable for her male mind to fondle and touch her tits.

In fact, she was really, really enjoying the way it felt to fondle her tits - she'd had no idea how good it felt. Even though they were larger than the average B-cup size, she found herself idly wishing that she could fondle a large pair of tits, that being one of her male mind's long-standing fantasies...

Suddenly, she stopped and looked over at the book laying on the counter. "Well ?" She asked herself quietly. "Why not?"

Blushing furiously, she dried off and let the tub empty. Hanging on the back of the door was a robe, bra and pair of panties. She slipped into the white, high-cut cotton briefs, and enclosed her new endowments in the matching bra, then slipped on the pink terry-cloth robe.

Picking up the book and a small hand mirror, she padded bare-foot into the living room, and curled up on the couch.

Her face red from embarrassment, she flipped through the book until she'd found the spell she wanted. Propping up the hand-mirror so that she could see herself in it, Chris took a deep breath and quickly read the spell.

Unlike the first transformation, this time the clothes she wore changes at the same time as her body.

First, the robe softened. It was still pink, but now it was smooth, somehow erotic silk that enclosed her cute, feminine form.

The plain white panties became lacy pink satin - and a lot less of it. It barely covered the small patch of hair around her vagina, and narrowed to nearly nothing at the sides before disappearing into the crack of her cute ass.

Likewise, the bra also became lacy pink satin - as it changed to match what the spell's primary function was doing.

Chris' tits were growing. They were getting heavier as their mass increased, and also were beginning to fill out into a spherical shape. Chris gazed down at her swelling endowments as they passed D-cup, then DD, finally halting when they were nearly perfect, firm DDD- cup breasts, filling the soft satin bra enticingly.

Laying the book aside, Chris leaned back and closed her eyes as she began to fondle her firm, large tits through the bra, moaning softly at how good it felt - both physically, as a woman having her tits fondled, and emotionally, as his male mind fondled a large, firm pair of tits. She was mildly amazed at how sensitive her larger tits were, compared to the smaller one - and the new, large nipples were fantastic. Within short order, she'd undid the front clasp on the bra, and was slowly, sensuously fondling and squeezing her large, creamy tits.

After quite some time enjoying the sensations, she re-closed the clasp on her bra and stood up. She had begun to wonder what other changes to the universe at large had been caused by her simply enlarging her breasts, and walked into her room to find out.

Well, if nothing else, 'her' taste in clothing had subtly altered, she learned from a look in the closet. The shoes all had slightly higher heels, and the tops seemed to be made to show her larger breasts to a better advantage. Feeling silly, she decided to try on one of the outfits. Leaving the underthings she already wore in place, she pulled some items from the closet and began to dress.

She had picked a very basic outfit - a tight white-leather skirt that hung to just above her knees, and a peach-colored silk blouse. Slipping the clothing on, she hesitated - then stepped into a pair of elegant white pumps with a three inch heel. Walking over, she admired the cute-but-elegant look created by the clothing on her cute-but-busty figure. Shaking her head at her own foolishness, she 'completed' the outfit with a pair of circular gold earrings and a matching necklace. Deciding that the outfit looked good on her, she figured it couldn't hurt to leave it on - when she changed back in a few minutes, it would alter back into whatever masculine attire it had been. Her high-heels clacking on the floor, she walked back out to the living room...

...and stopped dead, her elfin jaw dropping in shock. "Nicki?" She asked in her feminine voice. "What...? How...?"

Nicki was lounging on the couch, the book of spells in hand as she looked at Chris with an odd, angry look.

"So - this is what you're really like, huh?" She asked, acidly. "I have a hard time understanding why anyone lucky enough to be born male would want to become a weak, pathetic woman in this male-dominated society. But, being a typical man, you also think all woman's tits need to be bigger, too."

Chris was stunned. How could she know any of this?

That was answered by Nicki, who noted the confusion on Chris' face.

"You know, I used to like you - so much so, in fact, that the week-end you and stud-boy left town, I snuck in and installed little video cameras all over your apartment. I saw everything."

"Look, Nicki..." Chris' said, pleadingly, taking a step closer...

...and Nicki quickly read off the spell that the page was open to, then snapped at Chris "Hold it right there!"

Instantly, Chris was unable to move, and with a sinking feeling realized that she'd cast the spell that forced him to obey any order she cared to give. Now, she slowly and languorously rose to her full height, and read off another spell.

"I just used a spell that makes me invisible and inaudible to everyone, unless I want them to see or hear me. Right now, the only person in the world who can see and hear me is you." Nicki explained with a devilish grin as she approached Chris. Nicki flipped through the book until she found the spell she was looking for.

"So, you like big tits, do you?" she asked with a cruel grin. "No!" Chris said - pleaded. "Don't..."

The protest was in vain. Ignoring the feminized man's plea, she slowly and maliciously read of the spell she'd flipped to.

Immediately, Chris' already large tits began to swell again. The clothing she wore also changed at the same time, to better match the person who wore it.

The shoes shifted and lifted her higher as they re-formed into a pair of white platform shoes with an unbelievable eight-inch stiletto heel. The skirt shrunk upwards to a micro-mini, it's white leather clinging to what little it covered like a second skin.

And the blouse changed into a sleeveless pink spandex crop-top that clung the curve and swell of Chris' now bra-less GGG-cup breasts, whose amazingly firm, spherical masses thrust proudly from her chest.

"Nicki - please Don't do this to me!" Chris cried, feeling the heavy weight of her huge new tits. That plea was also in vain, as the muscular feminist had wandered over to the window and looked out.

"Oh, goody - Jeff's right on time..." Nicki said. "Now, Christ, Sit on the couch... no, no, cross your legs and lean back slightly... perfect. Now, smile seductively "

Helplessly, Chris obeyed the commands, seating herself in a provocative pose and affixing a sensual smile to her face. Moments later, the door swung open, and Jeff entered.

"Who, Christi - now that's something great to come home to." Jeff said, eyeing the huge-breasted figure looking at him with such a sexy smile. For a second, Chris was confused - then realized that Jeff's mind had altered with the rest of the world,

and he found nothing odd about the situation. He couldn't see or hear Nicki, and truly believes that Chris was - and had always been - Christi, his huge-breasted girlfriend.

That's when Nicki rattled off a spell, and faded completely from the awareness of the room's occupants.

Christi rose from the couch, her huge tits swaying with each step. "About time you got home, lover." She said with a warm, loving smile as she walked over to him. As she always did, she pulled herself tightly against her boyfriend, loving the way her huge tits felt against his muscular chest as she brought her full lips to his, and they kissed with their usual, deep passion. Finally, he broke the kiss, but continued to hold her tight.

"Christi, you sure now how to make a guy feel welcome." He said with a grin. Christi returned it, and they walked hand in hand to the couch, settling onto its cushions with warm familiarity. Christ leaned into his strong embrace as he clicked the TV to life.

"So, how was my best girl's day?" he asked, stealing another kiss.

"Oh, not too bad - did a little cleaning, but spent most of the day writing." She replied.

Jeff laughed. "What do you think your loyal fans would say if they discovered that their favorite writer was a big-titted woman like the ones 'he' writes?"

Christi pulled away and slapped him playfully. "Hey! The ones I write are all bimbos - and I'm not." Leaning back against him, she continued. "Still, I get really good response from my stories - they really like my huge-breasted nymphomaniac characters." She pulled a face. "It pays the bills, and I'm really good at it - but I still can't believe I'm writing these stories. I happen to like my men as men."

Jeff hugged her closer. "Yeah. I don't have any urge to be a woman either. Still - there must be something to being a woman. You certainly seem to enjoy... parts of being female."

Christi looked up at her boyfriend with a seductive grin. "Oh, yeah, there is one or two high points to being a woman."

Leaning down, Jeff kissed her again - but this time, one hand slid around to fondle her firm ass. Halfway through the kiss, he lifted her in his strong arms, and carried her into the bedroom. Laying her on the bed, he finally broke the kiss as her hands pulled his shirt up and over his head. He returned the favor, peeling her tight crop-top from her huge, firm tits. Bending down he began to caress her huge endowments, and when his lips and tongue began to work her nipples, she moaned softly and arched her back as she slid her skirt and panties off.

Still kissing her large, sensitive nipples, Jeff dropped his own pants and climbed onto the bed. Slowly, he worked his lips up until they were on Christi's own sexy lips - he straddled her and slid his hard, throbbing cock into her waiting cunt.

Christi moaned in pleasure as her long-time lover entered her. With the skill born of much practice, they began to move together, Christi beginning to pant as she neared orgasm.

Suddenly it overtook her, and she screamed in ecstasy as he body shook from the power of her ecstasy. Jeff, his face tense, kept the rhythm, pushing his lover into multiple orgasms before he himself came...

* * * * *

ONE YEAR LATER.

"Hmm... Good morning, my darling wife." Jeff said, padding bare-foot and naked from the bathroom, his hair still wet from the shower.

His wife of eleven months smiled up at her husband from where she sat on a comfortable cushion on the floor, also naked. One hand was lightly rubbing the bulge of her eight-month pregnant belly. "Your daughter's a feisty little thing." Christi said with a chuckle. "I think she'd wearing cleats." Then her tone of voice changed as she eyed the massive hard-on her husband was sporting. "Speaking of feisty, I think you could use some help with that thing..."

Jeff looked down at his rampant erection. "Well..." he said, still a little uncertain. "You don't have to..."

"Shut up and get over here." Christi commanded. "I'm looking forward to being able to have sex again, too. But until then, I'll settle for second best."

Walking over to his very pregnant wife, Jeff closed his eyes and tilted his head back as she took hold of his huge cock and guided it to her hot, wet and very willing mouth.

Skillfully, expertly, she began to blow him, teasing him with her rhythm. She'd never understood why some women didn't like blow-jobs she loved the feel of his huge cock filling her mouth and the taste of his cum was wonderful. Her hands, lips and tongue worked in unison, bringing him higher.. then slowing.. then bringing him even higher...

Finally, he couldn't hold off, and moaned in the back of his throat as his amazing flow of cum gushed into his loving wife's eager throat and she gulped hungrily at the warm, salty liquid, not wanting to waste a single drop. Finally he stopped gushing, and Christi carefully licked his huge tool clean.

"Hmm... That was wonder..." she started - then stopped, cocking her head. "Do you hear something?"

Jeff looked confused, and they both looked around the room. Although they were alone, they seemed to hear a female voice speaking some sort of gibberish...

Then, just as it finished, both Christi and Jeff suddenly regained their original minds, with full and complete memories of the past year....

The two best friends stared at each other, horrified - then Christi promptly screamed in shock as Jeff's knees suddenly refused to support him and he crumpled beside her.

"My god... Chris.. we " Jeff muttered, horrified. He gazed down at the massive sixteen inch cock thrust from his crotch, realizing for the first time that it was twice as big as it had been when he and 'Christi' had married.

Chris was staring in disbelief and anger at her huge, KKK-cup tits and swollen belly. "That bitch." She said in a cruel tone. "Who?" Jeff asked, not knowing how this had happened. Chris explained shortly.

"What do we do know?" Jeff asked when she was done, staring with great sympathy at his huge-breasted, pregnant, ex-male wife.

"I... I guess we have no choice." Chris answered slowly. "We'll never find the book again, so I'm stuck like this. Legally, we're married and I'm pregnant. Somebody will have to care for... our daughter."

Jeff shook his head with a tortured look. "I... can't. I'm sorry, but... I can't live with this, I can't deal with it. I hate myself for what I've done to you. I... feel like I just want to die. I wish I could atone for everything I've done... having sex with you..."

Suddenly, Chris flushed brightly and looked away. "Actually..." she said in a low, embarrassed voice. "I... I..." "Yes?" Jeff asked, confused.

Chris looked Jeff straight in the eye, and found the courage to speak boldly. "I didn't plan, or want, this to happen. I'm horrified how it happened, and I'm disgusted by some of it, like ending up pregnant - but after a year of being a woman, I'd never want to go back to my old life. I love having sex as a woman. I love sucking cock. I want to stay female for the rest of my life, and have sex often - you have no idea how good it all feels. I just wish I wasn't pregnant - or nearly so buxom."

Jeff averted his gaze from her bold eyes. "I... I'm sorry, Chris... I can't deal with this. I hate myself and my life. I just wish we could... go back to being best friends again..." He looked at Chris again. "Is it really so wonderful being a woman?"

Chris nodded slowly. "The physical part is - I mean, the body is much more sensitive, and sex is just incredible. But, I didn't appreciate as much when I was thinking as a woman, because without my male memories, I couldn't compare the experiences."

Jeff looked at his best friend, wife, and soul-mate with sorrow. "I I can't bring myself to even wish of depriving you of such happiness. If you want to stay female, if it's so wonderful then I want that for you. But - I can't deal with being married to you, or finding you attractive. I just want to be your best friend again."

Suddenly, Nicki's voice sounded from thin air, heavy with sorrow and regret. "I... had no idea that you two were so I'm sorry. I just wish there was some way I could set things right."

Jeff looked down at Chris, then hesitantly spoke. "There.... maybe a way "

* * * * *

ONE MONTH LATER.

The PII-333 hummed along quietly, the bluish-white glow from it's twenty-one-inch SVGA monitor lighting the small room. The gentle strains of Enya flowed from the speakers attached to the expensive, state of the art sound system, filling the room with Celtic-inspired sound and beat. The spare bedroom which served as the computer room was at peace, relaxing and tranquil. A far cry from the individual inhabiting it.

In her early twenties, tall and slender, but carrying more than a little extra weight in her firm, full DD-cup breasts, Chris paced in short circuits between the bookcase along one wall, and the leather couch along the other. One hand nervously stroked her long, sandy- blonde hair. She was dressed, as usual, in a faded blue-jean skirt, and one of her many white T-shirts, this one with a pink-trimmed v- neck. Her nylon-clad feet made no sound on the vinyl flooring, but she more than made up for that with her habit of verbalizing her thoughts...

"Should I finally write it?" She asked himself, then paused in mid-step to consider it before resuming his pacing. "Fun to write, but... Well, no one would believe it was true - it would just be another story, right?" Her voice trailed off as she considered her options.

With a heart-felt sigh, she dropped into the chair in front of the computer, the leather surface enfolding her trim, sexy ass. Resting her elbows on the desk, Chris leaned forward and put her elfin chin across her interlaced fingers, deep in thought.

The door to the computer room swung open, and Chris looked up as his roommate and best friend of eleven years stuck her head in. "Hey, Chris, how's it going?" She spoke diffidently - even after being in her new form for this long, she was unused to how her own voice sounded to her.

"Actually, Jen, I was thinking about using what happened to us as a basis of a story." Chris said, using the femme name Jeff had chosen.

Jen shook her head and stepped into the room, crossing her slender arms over her enormous, firm FFF-cup tits. "I can't believe you still write those things. I thought becoming a successful novelist would be enough for you." The petite woman with the muscular, but feminine, body and enormous boobs shook her head again. "I swear, I'll never understand..." She broke off as her watch chimed, and she looked down, her face turning a bright red.

Chris smiled. "Let me guess - another date with Steve?"

"Uh... yeah..." Jen admitted sheepishly. "I... I'd better go get ready." She headed for the door, and stopped at the threshold, turning back with a sly smile. "By the way - you're right - sex is better for us now..."

Chris laughed as Jen blushed and stepped out. Despite her awkwardness in her new form, she'd quickly discovered that she enjoyed sex as a woman. The first time, she'd had sex merely to atone for the year with Chris, feeling that she owed Chris that much. From then on, she'd done it for herself...

Still chuckling, Chris went into MS-Word, and began to type, her slender, long-nailed fingers flying.

'The older 486-66 hummed along quietly '



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A wish by his friend and roommate turns one man into his buddy's dream girl.

Awoken

By Gunslinger

Yawning hugely, Danny pushed the covers down and sat up, sleepily scratching at his scalp through his sleep-tousled mane of hot pink hair as he swung his legs over the edge of the bed.

Pushing himself up off a mattress still inviting 'just a little bit longer' sleep, he stretched his arms over his head and clasped his tiny wrist, rising up on tip-toe and working the little kinks and flutters out of his muscles before he slipped into a pair of pink denim shorts and a white tank-top against what was sure to be yet another scorching summer day. Still blinking sleep from electric-blue eyes, he opened the white-painted door to his bedroom and stepped out into the second-floor hallway of the mid-nineteenth century house he shared with his 'housemate', Ryan. Pausing, he looked at the door that led into the bathroom, contemplating brushing his teeth to lose his morning breath - but wafting up the stairs was the rich odor of fresh-brewed coffee, and the siren's call of caffeine won out over hygiene, and he padded down the much-varnished oak floorboards and down the steep, narrow back stairs that led directly into the old house's kitchen.

Ryan was standing at one of the golden-oak counters, his broad back turned to Danny. His muscular ebony body was clad only in a pair of black boxer briefs that he quite often paraded around in for the first hour or so in the mornings - something Danny was convinced was done solely to show off his larger-than-average 'package' in a silent boast about the 'myth' of black endowment.

Though this early in the day it was still cool, sweat gleamed on Ryan's shaved scalp and hard-packed physique, indicating he'd probably just finished his morning 'reps' down in the basement he'd outfitted as their own personal gym, and he was 'cooling down' while waiting for the coffee to brew by standing in front of the open window over the sink, letting the cool morning breeze run over his twenty-four year old body.

"Mornin'." Danny said mushily through a suppressed yawn, as he walked over to the cupboard to grab a coffee mug.

To his bemused amusement, Ryan startled violently at the greeting - then scuttled sideways until his was half-hidden behind the waist-high butcher's block that took up the center of kitchen floor.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Ryan stammered, obviously flustered. "I didn't realize that anybody else was here." Danny's eyebrow rose as he poured himself a mug of coffee.

"Gee, Ryan - my being here's never made you embarrassed to be seen walking around in your show'em-off's before." He commented, taking an appreciative sip of the steaming black brew. "What's with the sudden attack of modesty, man?"

Ryan blinked, startled, and then his brow crinkled in confusion. Oddly, he kept staring at Danny - then he'd glance away suddenly, as if embarrassed, only to have his eyes slide back to look at him again, almost as if against his will.

"Miss...?" Ryan said in a thoroughly confused, questioning tone of voice. "I, uh... I would think I'd damned well remember if I'd ever met you before..."

It was Danny's turn to blink - and snort, shaking his head.

"What the hell is *that* supposed to mean?" He asked his roommate, in a 'waiting for the punch-line' tone of voice.

"What do you mean, what do I..." Ryan started, even more confused - and then he paused, his eyes narrowing while a faint smile began to twitch at the corners of his lips. "Oh, okay, I think I know what's going on here. Danny put you up to this, right? It's a gag of some sort, right? Okay - what's the punch-line?"

"That's what I'm waiting to find out..." Danny replied, with a bemused half-grin of his own. "Look, Ryan, God knows you've pulled a few good ones on me - but you know better than to hit me with anything before I get at least two cups of coffee in me. Mess with me before coffee, and I'm liable to bite you're friggin' head off."

Ryan's head jerked, as if he'd just been struck a blow. "Geez, you sound just like..." Then he stopped - and the smile resurfaced, this time much stronger.

"How the hell did he find you on such short notice?" Ryan asked, a tone of grudging admiration in his voice as he openly eyed Danny in a way that Danny had never seen him do before - at least, not towards him. The look in his eyes made Danny shiver, though he wasn't sure why.

"Excuse me?" Danny asked. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Oh, right..." Ryan said, knowingly. "*Veeerrry* funny. Excuse me for a minute, will you?"

Turning, the compact, muscular black man headed out the same doorway Danny had come in by, taking the steps two at a time.

"Danny!" He shouted as he leapt athletically up the steep stairs. "Gotta hand it to you, buddy - this time you really pulled out all the stops. Where the hell are you hiding?"

Equally bemused, amused and confused, Danny followed his prank-loving roommate at a much more sedate pace, shaking his head and sipping his coffee as he went back upstairs. In the upper hall, he found Ryan. He was leaning against the doorway of Danny's bedroom, and shaking his head in admiration.

Catching sight of Danny from the corner of his eye, Ryan turned, his white teeth gleaming against his chocolate skin.

"Okay..." He said in a tone of open admiration. "Him finding you literally overnight was impressive - but how the hell did he move all his stuff out and all these clothes and furniture in without waking me?"

"What?" Danny asked, thoroughly confused by whatever gag this was. "What the hell are you talking about, Ryan?"

Reaching the bedroom door, Danny glanced around Ryan's shorter, but much more muscular frame...

"What the *hell*...?"

The room was exactly the way it had been when he'd climbed out of bed, finding absolutely nothing unusual about it as he'd stretched and dressed and headed out of it for coffee - and yet it was all wrong.

Wondering how on earth it was possible for him to have missed the fact that somebody had removed all his furniture, clothing and belongings and replaced it with much more feminine items, Danny gaped at the unfamiliar room he'd walked blithely out of just a little while ago.

"Okay, fun is fun." Ryan said, still shaking his head in admiring disbelief. "Where's Danny?" Confusion spawning annoyance, Danny turned to glared at his roommate and friend.

"Knock it off, Ryan. It's not funny." Danny said, waving a hand at the redecorated bedroom beyond. "Where the hell is all my stuff?"

"No, you knock it off..." Ryan countered with a grin. "Where's Danny?"

"Goddamn it, Ryan - I'm Danny, and you damn well know it!" Danny said, sharply.

"Oh, *riiiight!*" Ryan snorted sarcastically. "Hey, I may not be the most observant guy in the world, but I sure can tell the difference between a guy and a girl - especially when the 'girl' has a rack like that one."

"What's that suppo..." Danny started, angrily, his eyes almost instinctively dropping to follow where Ryan's hand gesture had pointed...

...stared at the apparent mile of deep cleavage the creamy skin of the two massive, round breasts formed in the straining, low neckline of the tank-top, thinking with proud amusement that it was definitely a note-worthy 'rack'...

...and then he screamed, coffee mug dropping from suddenly insensate fingers as he stumbled backwards and slammed up against the wall opposite the door to his changed bedroom.

"I've got tits! Huge, round tits...!" He screamed - and only then did the high-pitched, accented voice the words came out in register, as did the slender arms that rose to bring dainty, slim hands up to grab those tits in disbelief that couldn't be sustained in the face of the sensations the grasping hands caused. "I.. I'm a *woman!*"

"Yes, you do, and yes, you are." Ryan chuckled. "...and, yes, you do look very much like a manga babe would look like, as a 'real' woman. I get it. You can drop the act."

"I'm not acting...! It really is me, Ryan - I'm Danny..." He - no, most definitely *she* - screamed, hysterically - then what he mean by his 'manga babe' comment registered, and she gaped.

Last night, Danny had come across Ryan cruising the internet on their shared computer, visiting his usual book-marked raft of sites - including the ones with anime- and manga-style artwork featuring 'unrealistically proportioned' women. When chided about 'filling up the hard-drive' with such images, Ryan had retorted by saying that he had a roommate like these women.

Which meant that, inexplicably...

"It came true!" Danny screamed at Ryan, hands still clenching her massive new breasts. "Somehow, your joke 'wish' came true and... Holy shit, Ryan, you've wished me into a girl!"

"Really?" Ryan laughed, not taking her seriously. "Gee that's fantastic! That must mean you're also my loving, happy-to-please-me-anyway-you-can girlfriend too, right?"

His words bringing the rest of his wish to mind, Danny found her eyes almost helplessly drawn to the front of his boxer briefs, which was slowly starting to tent as he continued looking at her über- buxom figure...

...and her lips curved into a dreamy smile at the thought of pulling down his underwear to set his cock free so that she could wrap her warm, wet, and oh-so-willing mouth around his hard, throbbing manhood and...

"Holy crap...!" She screamed breathlessly, gagging at the thought she'd so easily - and happily! - entertained. "What the fuck did you *do* to me!"

Rolling his eyes, Ryan sighed.

"Look, you're a hell of an actress, I'll grant you that. You're playing it so well that it'd almost be believable - if the very idea itself wasn't utterly impossible." Ryan said in an exaggerated tone of patience. "Now, look, knock it off, and tell me where Danny is..."

"I *am* Toshi...!" She screeched - then her already huge blue eyes widened even further as she realized what had popped, unbidden, out of her cupid's bow lips. "I mean, *Danny!* I *am* Danny!"

She hesitated - then said, in a soft voice of stunned wonder: "Toshi Kuragatsu. 'Toshi' means 'Mirror Image', which I guess could be an appropriate name, all things considered... but how did I know that?"

Ryan was no longer looking at her as if he didn't believe her - now he was looking at her as if she were just plain nuts.

"Okay, 'Danny'," He said, voice dripping sarcasm. "What's my 'lucky shirt'?"

"The black one you wore that night you met Kari." She replied, almost vaguely, as her mind tried to trace down the odd 'knowledge' that seemed to have sprung up in it over night.

She continued answering his steadily more arcane questions in a similar voice, as she slowly began to realize that, whenever she was consciously thinking about something, she was 'Danny' - but whenever it was something instinctive or unconscious, it was 'Toshi' who's thoughts responded.

"B1ghty65", She answered, vaguely, to the question about their log-in password on the internet.

"Okay, then..." Ryan said in a decidedly odd tone of voice. "One last question. If you really are Danny - then why are you fondling my cock...?"

She blinked - then her eyes widened in horror as she realized that, lost in thought, she'd slowly moved steadily closer to him during the questioning, until she was pressed firmly against him, her huge tits pressing firmly into his shoulder as her amazingly slender, fine-boned hand lightly stroked the fabric covering his now almost fully-erect cock.

Hurriedly, she yanked her hand away and stepped back - and shivered at the momentary feeling of regret that ran through her as she pulled herself away from him.

"I.. didn't realize I was doing it..." She stammered. "I have the memories and thoughts of 'Danny', but the instincts, emotions - and body! - of 'Toshi'. If I'm not *consciously* thinking or doing something, then it's Toshi who 'decides' what to do. That's why I didn't notice anything strange about myself or my room until you pointed it out, and made me consciously think about it."

The odd look stayed on Ryan's face as he considered this - the look of somebody caught nearly believing the unbelievable, on the fine edge of doubt and belief and wondering which way to slide."

"But... how could such a thing happen...?" He asked, his phrasing keeping it well within the 'hypothetical' realm, not admitting to anything.

"Well, we were at the computer.. I was looking over your shoulder, drinking a beer..." She said, unaware of the fact that one hand had rising to begin lightly caressing her massive bust as she concentrated on the memory. "You were looking at the screen, playing with that pendant of..."

She stopped dead, and stared at Ryan's chest - and didn't realize what she'd been doing with her hand until she pulled it away from her tit to point.

"You're pendant!" She said, blushing and flustered as she realized she'd been fondling her new form. "It's different now!"

Startled, Ryan lifted up the small, crystal pendant he'd found on his way home the day before - and realized that the crystal was no longer clear, but milky.

Shocked, he realized something else, as well:

As impossible as this whole scenario was, it was also more believable than the thought that Danny had somehow found a woman who looked like a Manga babe brought to life, taught her all the answers to any question he might have asked, and also somehow completely changed around the bedroom, all in one night.

"Holy shit...!" Ryan gasped, eyes wide. "Danny...!"

"Bingo." The new woman said, sourly. "Look - try wishing me back, okay? Wish I was a man again, okay?"

"Oh, uh, sure..." Ryan stammered - though a very small part of his mind was snidely pointing out how much more enjoyable 'Toshi' was to look at than 'Danny' was... "I wish that you were Danny again!"

She waited, breathlessly - and Ryan was ashamed to feel a bit relieved when nothing happened. "Come on - why didn't it work!" Danny demanded, angrily hefting her huge new bust.

"I wish I knew..." Ryan said, guiltily...

...and he did.

"It can't directly reverse any previous wish!" Ryan exclaimed, stunned, lifting up the pendant anew and staring at the even-milkier crystal. "As soon as I said I wanted to know, I did - and I know that it can't undo anything I've wished before!"

"What...!" Danny screeched, horrified. "You mean I'm stuck like this?"

"I don't know..." Ryan started to say - when the long-legged, pink-haired woman with huge tits his friend and roommate had become suddenly punched him on the arm - hard.

"You did this to me, you bastard!" She shrieked, angrily - though it was an over-blow anger born of fear. Fear - because of the sense of happy relief she'd 'instinctively' felt at the thought of being forever female, courtesy of Toshi's emotional outlook, defined by Ryan's wish. Of course, a part of her knew that Ryan hadn't expected for the wish to come true - much less in the 'literal' sense of turning his existing roommate into his requested one, rather than creating a whole new one.

It didn't matter - because, angry and afraid and simply overwhelmed, Danny (or Toshi, for that matter) wasn't thinking in anything even remotely resembling a logical manner. Sobbing - and further upset by her 'womanly' tears - she beat at him with her small, delicate fists.

"Look, Danny, even if we - ow! - can't undo it, maybe - ouch! - there's a way to _stop it! - get around..." Breaking off his attempts at heart-felt reassurance, Ryan angrily pushed the garish-haired woman away...

...and, without thinking, said angrily: "Geez! I wish you'd just calm down until we figure out a way to turn you back...!"

That's the point at which the crystal he still held crumbled into dust.

"Oh, shit." The huge-breasted, wasp-waisted new woman said - calmly. "I guess that means I really am stuck like this, permanently."

Ryan stared in horror at the empty tarnished-brass frame that had held the crystal, then at his feminized friend.

"Oh, shit, Danny..." He said, horrified. "I didn't mean.. I just didn't think, and..."

"It's okay, Ryan." She assured him with a sort of wry calm. "It's really my fault. I wasn't thinking straight, and I made you mad enough to blurt something out."

He blinked at her. "Um..."

"Thanks to your unintended wish, I'm thinking straight now." She said, still with that oddly calm, almost resigned sense of wryly bitter humor. "Since there's no chance of me 'turning back', I'll probably be calm for the rest of my life, too. Well, I guess that means if I kill you, I won't be able to get off on a 'temporary insanity' plea..."

Ryan continued to gape at her.

"That was a joke, you know." She informed him, with a sad little smile. She paused, then looked down at the cooling puddle of coffee on the floor. "Let's go downstairs. I really need that caffeine..."

More than just a little numb, Ryan followed his feminine roommate's damnably sexy new ass down the hallway and stairs into the kitchen, wishing that he could stop finding her manga-brought-to-life figure so damned sexy.

It certainly didn't help that, as she walked, the movement of the hips on which that spectacular ass was mounted continued to become ever-sexier, achieving a steadily more 'Toshi'-driven sway.

The final straw came when, having poured herself a coffee, she struck a decidedly sexy pose, bracing one elbow on the counter in a way that caused her tits to thrust even more noticeable from her slender chest while she put all her weight on one incredibly long leg, the other going *en pointe* and causing the muscles to become taut and even more enticing.

"Uh, Danny..." Ryan said, uncomfortable with how aroused he was over his recently-male roommate's body and pose.

"Toshi." She corrected him, calmly sipping her coffee and eyeing him. His jaw dropped. "Huh?"

"I guess I should use 'Toshi' from now on." She explained. "Nobody's going to accept that I'm 'Danny O'Shea', though I suppose they might buy 'Dani' - but, judging from the way my room and all my belongings changed into feminine ones, I'm betting that I'll find ID for Toshi Kuragatsu, as well - though I don't look particularly Japanese, other than the fact I'm living Manga."

"Oh, uh..." Ryan stammered, then shook his head. "Um, Toshi, then - you probably don't realize it, but the way you're standing..."

"Is turning you on?" She asked, calmly, looking at his bulging crotch, "Yes, I realize that." "You... do?" Ryan blurted out in shock.

She shrugged - doing truly interesting things to her massive, firm bust. "Yes. Since I have to remain calm, the thought of being female doesn't horrify me. Though I do feel an intellectual sense of disquiet over it, especially because it's so new to me, my calm thinking has inexorably led me to the obvious conclusion that there's nothing inherently terrible about being female. After all, my gender was just an 'accident of birth', and I could have easily have been born female."

She paused for another sip of coffee, while Ryan continued to gape at her.

"Further more, the wording of the wish that did this gave me all the skills and 'instincts' of a woman - 'Toshi', to be exact, so it's not as if I have the problems I would if I'd simply been made physically female. I have all the skills and abilities I would have had I been born female - more or less." She continued, with a calm resignation. "Which brings us to why I'm standing like this - because, with my 'Toshi' instincts and my enforced calmness of thought, I simply can't come up with any 'good excuse' not to indulge the Toshi-emotions that provide a certain sense of pleased satisfaction that come from knowing I am doing something that pleases you."

"Oh..." Ryan mumbled. "Are you saying.. I mean, is this, um..." She chuckled. Dryly - 'calmly' - but with some real humor in it.

"The thought of being exactly the woman you wished to have doesn't - can't bother the 'Danny'-me, and does cause intellectual and emotional pleasure in the 'Toshi'-me. Without your 'calm' wish, of course, horror and disgust and other definitely

'un-calm' emotions would decided the issue - but because of the situation, I can't feel those emotions, though intellectually I know I *would*, had you not made that wish. I can feel the satisfaction you wished me to feel when I please you, though - and, after calm consideration, it simply makes sense to feel 'satisfaction' then not, doesn't it?"

Then, before Ryan's disbelieving eyes, she began walking towards him with a calm sensuality - while peeling her top off over her bright-pink hair, revealing massive, round breasts boasting large, thick nipples of almost the same improbable shade.

"Now, of course..." She continued, as she dropped the top and began to undo her shorts, "Calm, rational thought also leads to the inarguable conclusion that a life spent generating not only that intellectual satisfaction, but the varying levels and types of physical enjoyment a woman can experience while pleasing a man would be much more inherently enjoyable then a life spent denying myself those physical and intellectual pleasures."

Now completely naked, she reached where he stood in awed, aroused shock - and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Not exactly passionately, but with a cool dedication to generating the most amount of pleasure a kiss was capable of providing it's participants - and she did so in such an effective manner that Ryan found any confusion or doubt powerless in the face of it, and he began kissing back energetically, his hands filling themselves with the taut flesh of her ass as she pressed her new body firmly against his.

It seemed an eternity before she broke the kiss - at precisely the right instant, the fine line separating 'just enough' from 'too much'.

"Yes, that was indeed quite pleasurable." She noted, almost clinically. "Don't you think so, too?" "Oh, yes..." Ryan agreed, stunned but fervent. "Very."

"The way it felt having you alternately caress and squeeze my buttocks without any set pattern certainly enhanced the experience." She informed him. "I appreciate it."

"No problem..." He replied with a chuckle that verged on being a hysterical giggle.

"Shall we see if it's equally, or perhaps even more, enjoyable to play with my tits, or would you prefer going right on to having sex?" She asked with a coolly polite tone.

Feeling a strange sense that he hadn't awoken at all that morning and was simply dreaming this whole thing, Ryan giggled and cocked his head in mock thought.

"Well, hell, why don't we just do both?" He 'suggested', unable to accept completely the reality of the unreal situation.

"That would be ideal." She agreed, taking his hand and leading him over to the table, where she pulled out a kitchen chair and turned it around. "I think you'll find that if I sit astride you and take on the majority of the task of sexual intercourse, you'll have ample opportunity to fully enjoy these breasts."

"Oh, of course..." He agreed with another giggle bordering on hysteria as she shimmied out of his underwear and sat down.

Nodding calmly, Toshi positioned herself, one long leg on each side of him, hands over his shoulders and grasping the back of the chair - and then she lowered herself onto his big, throbbing black cock.

"This may be even more pleasurable than I anticipated." She informed him with a calm note of surprise in her voice - as she began rising up and down on the cock that filled her tight, wet new cunt, her grip on the back of the chair allowing her to lean back to provide ample access to her bobbing, swaying tits. "You may start fondling my breasts any time."

"Sure..." HE gasped, no longer caring whether this was real or not as he reached out and began squeezing and caressing her tits while she steadily increased the rhythm of her thrusts. Calm, cool and thoroughly collected, she considered every single move and action she performed, aiming for the most mutual pleasure without letting - unable to let - her severely toned-down emotions or anything-but-reduced physical pleasure affect her calm performance of sexual intercourse.

"Yes..." She said, her voice only slightly tinged by the intense pleasure thundering through her body. "Considerably more pleasurable than I'd expected."

Ryan only grunted in reply.

"Though..." She noted, now thrusting hard and fast, sweat starting to trickle down her improbable figure. "The pleasure you are feeling seems to be detracting from your ability to fully appreciate my tits. I'll have to try that part of it separately some time."

"So.. rry..." He grunted out, inanely, hands still grasping and twitching on her huge, bobbing tits.

It was only when she reached her thundering orgasm, simultaneous to his - as planned - that she lost even a fraction of her calm manner - in the form of a few quite, restrained gasps of orgasmic pleasure.

"Yes - quite pleasurable indeed." She remarked, calmly smoothing her sex-tousled hair into place as she rose up off his spent cock. "I can see that my obvious decision to embrace the pleasure inherent in a life of full, emotionally-unaffected sexuality is certain the right one. It seemed self- obvious, of course, but there's always satisfaction in the empirical proof."

"Sure." Ryan grinned, goofily, watching as she took a dish-towel and wiped her body clean, then began to dress. "You, uh... finished for now, huh?"

"Oh, certainly not." She said, calmly, as she finished dressing. "However, despite however illogical the law might be on the subject, it nevertheless is a law in effect, and I do not wish to be arrested for indecent exposure."

Ryan blinked, grin fading. "You're.. going out?"

"Yes." She said, zipping up the shorts. "Obviously, there is no way any single man could possibly provide the near-constant physical pleasure that I, as a woman, am capable of experiencing."

Though I won't feel that same 'intellectual satisfaction' I will feel during sex with you, the physical experience will certainly be on par with any man I engage in sexual intercourse with. Objectively, it only makes sense that I find enough lovers to experience as much of this pleasure as possible."

"What?" Ryan gasped, stunned. "You.. You mean you're just going to go around, fucking men at random...?"

"Of course not. I'll choose ones who are best suited to provide the maximum pleasure." She said. "I will, of course, return here quite often, as you can offer me that emotional satisfaction that my other lovers will not be able to. You should be able to provide full sexual satisfaction as many as four or five times a day, I would think - though that is, of course, theoretical, and I'll be sure to arrange my schedule more securely as I gather empirical evidence either way."

Stunned, Ryan simply sat there, trying to wrap his mind around what his recently-male-now- emotionlessly-sexy-female friend was doing, not stirring until Toshi had gone upstairs, then come back down with a purse slung over one shoulder, and balanced atop the slender heels of her white platform shoes.

"You can't do this!" Ryan protested. "You can't just expect me to suit around, waiting for you to drop by for some sex while you're out fucking other men!"

"That's regrettable, but understandable, given the emotions and preconceptions that cloud your thinking." She said, heading for the door. "Still, logically, there's no choice between a slight increase in quality and a large increase in quantity. Nevertheless, Ryan, be assured that I will recall with pleasure that 'quantity' as I'm enjoying the 'quantity;."

Ryan gaped at her form as, hips swaying, she 'click-clacked' her way down the hall, out the front door - and out of his life.

"I don't believe this..." Ryan muttered, slumping back down onto the chair and shaking his head. "I wish I knew how the hell any heterosexual man could turn into a huge-breasted, outrageously sexy woman, and 'logically decided to be a slut!'"

As he felt the metal that had *framed* the crystal dissolving away into dust, Ryan had a barest instant to remember that old saw about assumptions as his hair began to spill down his face and his chest began ballooning rapidly outwards...

...and then Keiko, calmly swayed towards the stairs, considering different strides as she mounted the steps and walked down the hallway, until reaching the one that seemed to suggest itself as being the most 'arousing'. Satisfied, she stepped into

Toshi's room and considered the possible combinations of sexy clothing she could 'package' the body that, except for the purple hair, was in every way identical to Toshi's figure....

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A covert cultist plans a way to get rid of her husband and plot revenge at the same time in an elaborate scheme to allow her child to become a High Priestess in the order.

Babes In The Woods

By Gunslinger

Over the past two hours or so, Chris had been thinking more and more about his hiking boots. The ones with the thicker, heavier-tread soles and extra interior padding. The ones that, right now, were sitting in the back of his closet at home, since he'd chosen to go with his well-worn army-style boots, figuring that the Garrison boots were already broken in, whereas the hiking boots were relatively new and unused.

At least, that was the excuse he'd given himself, silently willing to accept the somewhat less- comfortable Garrison boots because they just went so much better with the army-surplus jacket, backpack and cap that he wore along with his faded black denim jeans. For the past two hours, however, he'd been regretting his vanity, wishing instead that he'd gone with the comfortable, retrospectively-obvious choice...

...because he wasn't on the 'short hike' he'd originally planned when he'd left town. As a matter of fact - he was thoroughly lost.

Christopher Wakel had two days a week off from the mill where he worked - but, given the strange shift he worked, it was Friday and Saturday he had off, instead of the weekend, like most of his friends meaning that Fridays tended to be rather boring for him. So much so that he'd actually gone ahead and done something that, for him, had been quite radical...

He'd begun to read.

He wasn't by nature a 'literary' man. In fact, reading the sports pages was about the extent of his usual reading habits - and yet, finding himself with his Fridays off in a small Maine town where most of his contemporaries were working, and working hard, the twenty-seven-year-old had needed to find something to do, something that would get him away from his house...

...where 'The Bitch' waited.

'The Bitch' had once been Elizabeth Perlins, the head cheerleader of John F. Kennedy Vocational Collegiate, and the most chased-after girl in school, cute, sexy, and daughter of the town's Head Selectman. Every guy had vied for her attention - and Chris had been the one to get it, dating her with smug smile on his face, strutting around town with her on his arm, enjoying the compliments about how 'perfect' they looked together - her, trim and blonde and lovely, him ruggedly handsome and broad-shouldered.

Then he'd managed to screw up his entire life. He'd gotten her pregnant.

He hadn't meant to, of course - but he had meant to get into her pants, especially since, 'girlfriend' or not, she was 'frosting' him, as the then-current slang had gone, and so he'd found a good excuse to get her drunk on some Akavit he'd had a friend pick up in Augusta, the clear alcohol deceptively smooth, and even more potent...

...and the fact that he'd had to match her, drink for drink, to get her to keep going had meant that he, himself, had been pretty well plastered that night - and had forgotten to use a condom.

Just like the old saw said, 'Once is enough', and the next thing he knew he was standing in front of the altar, his very-slightly-swelling and not-so-blushing bride standing at his side, his father-in-law to be standing very close at hand, his features rather hard for what the preacher had called 'This, the joyous of occasions...'.
.

It had been a 'formal wedding' - Pop-in-law had painted the shotgun white...

Okay, so it was metaphorical - but, sometimes, Chris wished it wasn't. He would have been a lot happier if there had been a gun involved - and somebody had used it, on him *or* her.

Since then, life had gone steadily down hill. Backed by the power of her father, Lizzy had made sure his life was pretty well a living hell, not to mention damned near celibate. There were times he didn't even feel like a man anymore, and he wished he had the guts to stand up to his shrewish (and slowly expanding) wife, the guts needed to take her in hand - and to take her in bed, taking control in sex the way a man should.

Instead, he'd chickened out, purposely finding ways to avoid going home, except at night, when he could crawl into bed and pretend to fall asleep almost immediately, thus being spared having to actually deal with his wife in any meaningful way.

It was while 'hiding out' in the library, driven by boredom, that he'd actually begun to read - and what he'd been reading was a book written by a local author and printed at a vanity press, a place where the author paid to get published. There were only about a dozen copies of the book in existence, one of which had been donated to the library, and it contained all sorts of local folk-lore and legend...

...including one about some sort of local 'cult' that had worshipped out in these woods.

Not much was known about this cult, since it had 'flourished' in the 1800's, then simply vanished. Apparently consisting mainly of women, it had apparently been Druidic or something - nature worship of some sort, at any rate. Since they dozen or so worshipers always vanished into the woods, there's been speculation of some sort of church or chapel in the tangled forest outside of town, but cursory searches by surveyors and the like had never turned anything up.

So, with nothing better to do with his time, the athletically-built young man had decided that he'd go take a look for himself - especially since spending a day in the woods, especially in the unseasonably warm spring weather, was a hell of a lot better than sitting in the towns' small, stuffy library, trying to ignore the overpoweringly floral scent of Mrs. Detweiler, the librarian.

It had seemed a good idea at the time - except for the fact that Chris wasn't exactly a woodsman. Though athletic, it was 'sports' athletic, except for the fact that it was his work at the mill that kept his 'Star Running Back' body in shape these days.

Neither football nor mill work had really given him much in the way of woodcraft skills, and he'd never been a boy scout - and so, wandering in the woods and looking for something that possible - probably - wasn't even there, he managed to get himself well and truly lost.

Now, the sun was sinking towards the tree-line, evening drawing steadily closer - and he was out wandering in the woods, without so much as a sleeping bag, much less a tent, not knowing where the hell he was going - the best he could do was pick up what appeared to be a faint old trail that wound through the trees, nearly invisible other than the fact that the growth was thinner and shorter than that filling the rest of the forest, allowing for somewhat easier traveling - and with his feet killing him inside his poor choice of footwear, he was willing to take the risk that he was heading the wrong direction.

Though the trail wound around the trees, it seemed to run in one general direction, and he hoped that sooner or later it's come to a logging road, county road, or even a stream - any of which he'd then follow until he eventually ran into something vaguely resembling civilization.

Though the tract of woods he was walking through was fairly large, it certainly wasn't the boundless forest of yesteryear, and even walking in the opposite direction of town would eventually end up with him hitting one of the outlying farms or communities. So, maybe he wouldn't get home tonight, which would mean having to listen to The Bitch harp and whine for a

couple of days about how 'worried' she'd been about him - when, in fact, he knew she probably wouldn't care if he vanished altogether. As a matter of fact, she'd probably prefer it - but if he did show up, eventually, she'd play the whole 'wounded wife' routine, upset that he hadn't told her where he was going or what he was doing, actually sneaking out of the house before she awoke so she wouldn't know what he was up to.

After all - what she didn't know, she couldn't sabotage...

...though, at the moment, he almost wished she had sabotaged it.

Pausing for a second, the rangy man looked up at the interlaced canopy of growth above him and considered the possible outcome of today's little jaunt. Aside from the obvious, that he was going to be exhausted and sore from all this walking, and the fact that he was going to get bitched at when he got home, he thought maybe it all might be worth while if he did end up in some outlying town - because then he'd have a good excuse for not heading straight home, since by the time he got anywhere there was people, it would be late, and he'd have a good excuse.

('Oh, god, honey, I'm just so exhausted from all the walking...' He imagined himself saying into the receiver of a phone in a hotel room, huge grin belying his tone as he made frantic shushing motions at the hooker he'd hired for the evening, a nice, compliant woman who'd be more than willing to let him take control in bed...)

Yes - that might be worth it all, after all. A night in a town that wasn't under the thumb of The Bitch's father (Dubbed, of course, 'The Bastard' in Chris' mind), finally able to get some nookie.

Yeah. Yeah - the more he thought about it, the better he liked it. It was about time he finally had somebody - a nice, compliant somebody - share his bed...

"Oh, I think I can find a bed for you, cutie..."

Wrapped up in his own thoughts, Chris almost had a heart attack when the voice came out of nowhere - but despite being keyed up, he didn't make any move to attack as he whirled to confront the owner of the voice - because his mind simply wouldn't accept the idea that anybody possessing such a warm, sexy female voice could possibly be a threat to him.

The owner matched the voice.

She was almost as tall as he was, but three inches of that height came from the block heels on her knee-high leather boots, worn over a pair of tight jeans that molded themselves to trim hips and a firm, round ass - just the kind Chris liked, as a matter of fact. He was also highly appreciative of the way her black turtle-neck sweater clung to her slender waist and her small, firm bosom. Tall and lean and supple, the dark-haired woman had the build of an Olympic gymnast or figure-skater, firm yet graceful and the face of a fashion-model, her strong, memorable, features well defined, from her high cheekbones to her slim, fine-bridged nose.

She was gorgeous, glassy and sexy - and Chris wondered what the hell she was doing standing in the middle of the woods, dressed in classy clothes, all brand-name designed stuff that fit her trim figure as if hand-tailored for it.

In fact, he was so startled by her appearance, both what she looked like and where it was that she was looking like that, that he certain other questions that should have been uppermost in his mind sort of just... 'slipped by'.

"Uh..." Chris said, eyebrows going up slightly as he gazed quite appreciatively at her supple figure. "What's a nice girl like you doin' in a place like this?"

She laughed - a bit of a hard-edged sound, but still rich and sexy. "Well - that's the most original use of that line I've ever heard, I must admit." She cocked her head and slowly licked her clear-glossed lips. "My name's Morphia. I live here."

Chris blinked. "I didn't know anybody lived in this part of the woods."

She laughed again. "Really? Frankly, I was under the impression that you weren't even sure which 'part of these woods' you were in anymore."

"Well..." Chris said, flushing slightly in a mixture of shame and anger - shame at his own contribution at getting lost, anger at Jack for his part in the situation. "I guess I don't, really."

Morphia's dark eyes were slowly sliding over Chris' rangy build, a thoughtful purse to her lips. "Now, I believe we were talking about beds. Were you looking for some nice, peaceful sleep in a comfortable bed - or were you looking to have lots of hard, hungry sex ?"

She asked it in the tone of a woman offering a choice between Pepsi or Coke, and Chris took a second to clue in - and then he just gaped at her, startled.

"Well?" She asked, a bit impatiently. "It's not a tough question, Chris. Did you want to have sex ?"

Chris blinked twice, took a deep breath....

"Yes, please "

"Well, then - walk this way..." Morphia said, her grin oddly triumphant as she turned and began to walk towards a thick wall of undergrowth that he hadn't even considered trying to push through - until he'd found a very powerful incentive, that was...

Namely, the pert sway of her taut, full ass packed into skin-tight denim. Practically entranced, he followed the 'piece of ass' to the wall of growth, discovering that there was a spot where two overlapping layers appeared to be solid from any distance greater than a foot or so, but actually formed a short passage with a ninety-degree bend at the end, like a wild-looking hedge maze.

Aroused, startled and a bit confused, Chris failed to realize that she'd used his name - without having bothered to wait for him to introduce himself.

She turned the ninety-degree corner at the end of the short foliage hallway, and he followed quickly, already envisioning what was to come...

...and so he rounded the corner and took a good four steps further before he realized that the slender, shapely woman had, quite simply, vanished.

Chris stopped dead, looking around in confusion. He was in the center of a clearing, one that was roughly thirty feet square, framed on all sides with that thick, wild undergrowth, but with a grassy center as lush and neat as any lawn.

However, few people used a huge, antique-looking foUr poster bed as lawn furniture.

It sat in the dead center of the clearing, hunter-green silk sheets and gleaming cherry-wood picking up the low-angled light that came over the tops of the trees surrounding he clearing and fell on the bed as if the entire scene had been staged to look utterly perfect at this precise moment in time. A large sign, carved cherry-wood on a brass post, was mounted right beside the bed, the scroll-carved script letters on it reading: 'To Sex and Town'.

The little hand icon carved below the words were pointing directly to the bed.

"What the fuck...?" Chris said, his arousal now mixed with anger. He looked around the clearing with a slowly lowering brow, now getting the feeling that he was the star of some practical joke - because there was no sign of Morphia, and nowhere she could have easily vanished. Even the bed sat high enough off the ground that the fitted silk sheets let him see beneath it, and there was no sign of the supple woman.

"Morphia...?" He called, an edge in his voice as he slowly stalked towards the bed. "This ain't funny "

There was no reply. As a matter of fact, if Chris had been a little more alert and a little more knowledgeable about woodcraft, he would have noticed that it was too silent, not even the sound of birds or other wildlife disturbing the calm silence of the forest glade.

Reaching the bed, he stopped and looked around, wondering what the hell was going on. If this was a practical joke, it was a hell of an elaborate one - since about the only way Chris could see to get the obviously expensive bed into the glade would have been to air-lift it in by chopper, and he hadn't heard any helicopters all day.

"This is..." Chris paused for a second, considering the best word for the situation as he took a step to the side and turned around, starting to fall backwards onto the bed as he finished with the less-than- perfect word: " weird."

If 'weird' was the best he could do for the situation at that point, then he was shit out of luck when it came to finding the correct term for what happened next.

The instant his ass touched the bed...

...everything changed. *Everything*.

In a society that drew heavily on movies and television, there was sort of a subconscious assumption at work, one fostered by the fact that Hollywood special-effects artists not only wanted big and flashy, but also great build-ups and detailed camera coverage to best display their efforts. In the movie and television industry, this was completely justified - since, after all, it was entertainment, and the people who produced such extravaganzas had a right to be proud of their work. They certainly didn't want it to flash by in the blink of an eye, to fast for the human brain to grasp *in situ*.

That, however, was exactly what Chris experienced - and his brain, not having had a lot of 'practice' at this sort of thing, had to deal with the changed flow of information as best it could, actually receiving all the sensory input in one instant, but needing time to sort it out and process it, leaving Chris 'lagging behind' reality as he tried to cope with the fact that there was a sharp discontinuity between 'a second ago' and 'now'.

First of all, he was no longer outside. As a matter of fact, he was staring at a pretty standard Eggshell-white wall, on which a large, sexy photo was centered above the black lacquer bureau, whose glossy top sported two white ovoid vases with synthetic flowers in...

...but his attention had already shifted downwards, to the thick, black, deep-pile carpet that covered the floor, and on which all the furniture...

...including the bed - which was still four-poster, but now gloss-black lacquer...

...with red silk sheets...

...which meant it matched the black and red leather of the corset that was pulled painfully tight around his tiny waist, the garters holding up the black nylons that enclosed his long, smooth, shapely legs, and...

Right about then, his over-stressed brain decided that it needed to go back and verify something - and it wasn't the decor or layout of the room, either. It was the fact that he didn't seem to be himself anymore that sort of got his attention.

Quite understandable, really. What was a little less understandable was why he didn't freak out as he.. *she...* stared down at the lace-trimmed tops of the thigh-high nylons - and, centered between those smooth, creamy thighs, a perfectly formed little cunt, it's pink folds unmasked by any pubic hair.

In fact, it was downright amazing that Chris wasn't freaking out - since to see that view, she was looking down past the firm, taut mounds that filled the demi-cups built into the corset, the flesh of her healthy C-cups creamy and smooth and undeniably, absolutely, almost *definably* feminine...

...and in every detail matched that in the photo above the dresser...

...except, on second look, it wasn't a photo, but a mirror - something her brain had refused to process at first, since the image reflected was completely unlike what she'd expected to see...

...so why was it that a second look at the reflected image produced a sense of... of, well, of familiarity? The woman reflected back in the mirror was tall and supple and well-toned, athletic without being any the less feminine for it. In fact, her lean, taut frame perfectly matched her sharp-featured face, pale with blood-red lipstick and heavy black mascara, her already sharp features further brought out by the fact her glossy-black hair was pulled back up on her head, drawn tight by the three chrome rings that it wound through before falling in a tight-curved ponytail down her toned back.

Brain still spinning, Chris slowly rose to her feet - and gained more information for her over-stressed brain to handle.

Like the fact that she moved with a sexy, powerful grace.

Like the fact that she was moving that way atop a pair of black platform heels with six-inch metal spike heels.

Like the fact that there was some sort of strange liquid burning sensation in her crotch, one that wasn't actually painful, but more... *demanding*.

"Demanding..." She whispered, as if hearing the word for the first time - at least, in the cool, smoky new contralto that it came out in...

A sound from behind her caused the new woman to turn, her brain somehow still not seeming to comprehend the.. the impact of what was going on - as if it were too busy *experiencing* to waste time *thinking*.

Which was why she didn't think anything was particularly odd about the fact that Steve Duchamps, the foreman of the mill, was tied up on the bed.

Naked.

D-rings mounted on the head- and foot-board allowed him to be trussed up as neatly as a calf at a county rodeo, his body stretched full out on the bed. Thin red welts covered his body - and it was right about then that Chris realized that she was holding something in her right hand.

Specifically, a whip. A whip that looked like it's be just right to cause those sort of welts, as a matter of fact.

A whip whose handle also doubled as a magic marker, she saw - which would explain the red magic- marker letters printed on Steve's stomach in a sharp-angled feminine hand:

Property of Mistress Christine.

"Oh..." Mistress Christine said, vaguely, cocking her head as she stared at the naked man, who was looking back at her, wide-eyed, making muffled sounds around the black ball-gag strapped into place around his mouth - not that she was looking at that part of his anatomy, her eyes fixated on something much lower.

Something that looked like it could fill the demand that she was feeling...

"But it can't do that unless it's hard..." Christine muttered to herself - an astounding logical leap for somebody whose brain had been short-circuited so that sensation and desire now took the place of thought and intelligence...

...and, repeating the comment louder and more angrily, it never occurred to her that maybe she really didn't want to straddle the guy's knees and almost angrily start fondling his cock, making it slowly swell into full erection. After all, she had a desperate need - a *demand* - to satisfy, and that's all she was currently capable of dealing with.

So, it only seemed to make sense to her that once he was hard, she rise up, scoot forward - and plunge herself down on the restrained foreman's cock, fulfilling her need.

"Oh, Yes...!" She cried in intense satisfaction at having her cunt filled, creating all the wonderful sensations she was craving.

The one she was, in fact, addicted to - but she didn't realize that, not at the moment. All she knew was that having a cock buried deep inside her hot new cunt felt wonderful -and it only got better when she began to flex her legs, riding him hard and fast, trying to satisfy her needs...

...without the slightest bit of consideration for him.

Then again - she also didn't have the slightest consideration for herself, at least in terms of what she 'liked' and 'disliked' - she had an overwhelming urge to satisfy her lust, and she was taking care of that urge - which was so strong that it was all she could think about at the moment, riding atop him hard and fast, her chest heaving as she gasped out phrases of pleasure and satisfaction.

"Oh, God, yes.." She moaned, riding him, legs flexing to drive her up and down and create that wonderful friction, her position and his lack of mobility allowing her to find just the right angle to drag his cock across her clitoris in perfect position to generate the most pleasure - and that's exactly what she wanted, the most pleasure possible, in the fastest way - 'Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead...'

...until she hit the torpedo, and was hulled square amidships by the blossoming white explosion of orgasm, coming hard and fast and without warning - well, due to her lack of experience in the female body, Christine missed the warning signs, not seeing them for what they were - but, then again, it didn't really matter, since she'd gotten exactly what she needed - her hard, fast orgasm...

...which, satisfying her lust and momentary slaking her rampant sexual needs, allowed her brain to come something close to normal function.

Chris screamed in horrified realization of what s/he was, frantically shoving with those long, toned legs to separate from Steve, doing so hard enough that s/her practically leapt off of his cock...

...just as he came, his seed flying up in an arc that splattered back down on his groin and lower chest, denying him the final, intense pleasure that came at the moment of climax if still fully 'enveloped' by a warm, wet pussy - and making it all the more 'dominatrix-ish' for the poor, confused man, who moments ago had been asleep on his couch at home, taking an after dinner nap, only to wake in this strange situation...

...which only got stranger as the lean, supple woman who'd just 'raped' him cried out in horror... "I just fucked a man...!"

It was the sound of horrified realization, the shout of a woman disgusted by what she'd done... but even as it came from her mouth, there was an odd look growing on her face. It was a look that somebody who'd been afflicted with poison ivy probably would have recognized immediately.

It was the look of somebody with an itch that they really, really wanted to scratch, even as they knew it was the worst possible thing they could do.

"I.. I just fucked.. a man..." She repeated in an odd tone, the desperate hunger in her eyes once more giving her sharp-featured face a 'lean and hungry' look as she unconsciously licked her lips, her momentarily sated lusts once again rising towards the threshold level...

...and then past.

"I fucked a man.." She said, smugly. "...and it was fantastic..."

Looking down at the slave tied to the bed, she smirked, knowing he wouldn't be any good for satisfying her lusts, at least not for a while. That was no big deal, at least not in her current condition - as her rising hunger continued to grow, she'd do anything she needed to do to satisfy it...

Anything.

...and, after she did, she'd have a moment of horrified reaction to what she'd done, not only that time, but this - and so on, forever, each few seconds of clarity allowing her to see what she'd been driven to do by her new, insatiable needs...

...before the whole cycle started all over again.

A cycle of 'lots of hard, hungry sex' - just as she'd been promised.

Leaving Steve where he lay, the helplessly new nymphomaniac dominatrix wrapped a long, SS- Uniform-inspired black leather coat around her lean and limber body, then swiveled atop her high heels and headed for the door, her mind once more fixated on one thing, and one thing alone.

Sex.

So, as she went out the door, she was in no position to even think about her wife and child...

...not that she'd really thought of them very much as a man, either.

However, just as he stepped out the door, an 'odd' thought zipped through Mistress Christine's head:

'Well, I'm finally in control when it comes to sex...' she thought, smugly, a little confused as to why that seemed so important to her...

..and not realizing that, in fact, it was completely untrue, in the most basic, fundamental way possible. She'd realize it soon, however - and often.

Every time she got fucked, as a matter of fact.

In fact, though her life was now radically different in many ways, there were still many things that held true:

Christine still had almost no control over her sex life - it just went in the opposite direction now, too much instead of too little.

She was still saddled with a life that she'd never expected to have, and with no end in sight.

Most of all, though, she was still spending every 'free' moment of her life (*in her new life, that had a new, more accurate meaning*) looking for a way to escape The Bitch...

...except, now, The Bitch was her...

...'till Death did them part.

* * * * *

'Morphia' watched in the scrying-bowl she'd set up in the kitchen of her house, having hurried back to watch the adventures of her little 'toy'...

...and, so, she'd seen everything 'Christine' had done, verifying that her little plan had worked.

With a smile, Lizzy - a descendant of one of the original 'Cultists', inheritor of the lore, legends and secrets of their secret order - resumed her lovely own original form - not the 'fat' one she'd been slowly working on as part of her long-term plan to

seduce and get impregnated by an unsuspecting - and unknowing - descendant of another one of the cultists, one who hadn't been told about his heritage...

...but who had plenty of power in his genes, and thus able to give her a child that would surpass even herself.

Of course, she'd been disgusted at having to let a man touch her - but, it was necessary, as necessary as keeping the stupid piece of shit around long enough for him to continue 'broadcasting' a dampening field, by virtue of his mere gender, that kept their daughter from making use of her power when she was too young to control it. Now that Sophia was old enough to start training, Chris had been a liability - and, elaborate as her plan had been, it had worked out perfectly, not only ridding her of his presence, but allowing her to get revenge on him.

And for the mother of the next High Priestess of Elath, life was very, very good...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When his friend comes into the possession of body suits that transform your appearance, one man decides he would like to see what it feels like to be female, he just doesn't count on liking it so much!

Bawdy Body Buddy

By Gunslinger

Giving off the distinctive syncopated growl of a genuine Harley Davidson, the motorcycle's engine revved briefly higher as it's rider twisted it's throttle and urged the gleaming black and chrome machine up the steep, concrete-slab driveway. Rumbling it's way up the inclined drive, the motorcycle reached the circular 'turn around' at the level spot at the top of the hill.

Pulling to a stop in front of the somewhat dilapidated barn-like garage, Terry swung one heavy- booted foot down to pop the kickstand into place, then killed the engine and let the Sportster cant sideways onto it's support. Swinging one jean-clad leg back over the bike's saddle, the broad- shouldered young man pulled off his helmet and hung it from the handlebars.

Running his fingers through his fairly long, sandy-blond hair to get rid of 'helmet head', Terry headed towards the back door of the good-sized house filling the summit of the hill-top lot.

A sprawling, two-story structure in the Craftsman style, the house had wood-shingle siding that had weathered to a pale shade of gray, and the white-and-green trim could have used a sanding and repainting - a detail Terry really couldn't help noticing.

After all - he was the one who should have been doing that sanding and repainting.

Shaking his head, Terry had to smile at himself in amusement as he mounted the steps to the kitchen door. The owner of the house had been more than just 'understanding' about Terry's dream of being a musician. He was more than happy to let Terry set his own hours, doing the reno work when it was most convenient than on any set schedule, and never taking Terry to task for how long the on-going project was taking. In fact, the only person taking Terry to task over his 'lazy' work habits was... Terry himself.

"that's what you get for having an over-developed work ethic..." Terry chuckled to himself, turning the knob on the back door and pushing it open without bothering to knock. Terry had quickly learned that Josh, the owner of the house, preferred not to have Terry knock. Depreciatingly calling himself a 'self-made thousandaire', Josh made his money doing computer programming, and hated being disturbed in the midst of a creative spell.

The fact that Terry had come over specifically in response to an excited, nearly frantic telephone call from Josh didn't change anything. Aside from doing renovations, Terry's job was as a 'man Friday', doing all sorts of things, from going shopping for Josh to test-playing the game levels the 'quintessential computer nerd' made his living developing. It wouldn't be the least bit out of character for Josh to have had a 'great idea' during the twenty minutes between the phone call and terry's arrival, and he'd hate to be interrupted in putting that idea to use.

Shrugging out of his leather jacket, terry tossed it negligently across the bench seat of the built-in breakfast nook, and then puttered around the kitchen to get a pot of coffee brewing. Josh was a real 'coffeeholic', and sooner or later would come into the kitchen for a cup.

Since Josh had inherited the house free and clear, and had few interests (and practically no social life) beyond what he referred to as his 'well paid hobby', Josh tended to stretch the money he earned even further that might be expected from his income statements. Aside from paying Josh to take care of all the niggling little 'real life' details that distracted him from his beloved computers, Josh's only other real expenditures were for his sole remaining 'interest'... which meant that there was

plenty of porno mags scattered across the surface of the table. Plopping down on the bench seat next to his jacket, Terry picked up a copy of *Big'uns* and began to flip idly through it's glossy pages.

A naked stranger burst through the kitchen's swinging door.

A sudden surge of adrenaline yanked Terry to his feet, a startled oath coming to his lips as his head jerked in the direction of the unclothed intruder.

Though somewhat shorter than Terry, the naked man was at least as broad across the shoulders, and more heavily muscled than the athletic blond. Moreover, as he was naked, it was easy to see that the dark-haired man was also considerably better endowed than Terry was - and the blond had never had any complaints in that particular department.

The dark-haired man's head swung towards Terry, who was bemused to note that the stranger wore thick, horn-rimmed glasses - glass that were, in fact, identical to the ones that...

"Terry!" The man exclaimed, cutting Terry's thought short. "Holy shit, terry - can you believe this...?"

Though considerably deeper, the voice sounded startlingly similar to another one Terry was familiar with, and the phrasing and breathless excitement was also quite recognizable - and terry's eyes, widening rapidly, flicked to the man's face...

"Josh...?" Terry asked, numbly. Though brow and jaw were broader and more strongly defined, the face grinning boyishly back at him, electric-blue eyes shining behind thick glasses, was - impossibly! that of his employer and friend. "Josh, is that.. you?"

"Yeah!" The muscular man shouted, with a chuckle rumbling in his deep, barrel-like chest. "How frickin' cool is this?"

"But.. but..." Terry stammered, actually reaching up to rub at his eyes with balled fists. "How the hell...?"

"Come on!" The inexplicably changed young man exclaimed, gesturing eagerly with one massively- muscled arm...

...and sending the toaster flying as the ham-like fist at the end of that arm inadvertently connected.

"Oops..." The heavily muscled man muttered, blushing brightly, as he brought both arms in tight to his chest, as if afraid they'd start lashing out on they're own unless he held them tightly in check. At the same time, he hunched his hulking shoulders, tucking his chin down into his neck, while he shifted his legs, turning the knees inward.

It was then that Terry accepted what he was seeing, impossible as it should have been to believe. Perhaps a 'rational' explanation would have been that this man was Josh's long-lost twin brother who'd spent a life pumping iron where Josh had been pounding keys... but the look on the man's face and the instinctive way he moved weren't that of somebody who had grown up with that muscular body and was used to it's strength and size. No - the expression and motions were pure Josh.

"Holy crap, man!" Terry blurted. "What the hell happened?"

Josh's smile resurfaced, and his eyes began to sparkle once more with his typically unrestrained enthusiasm.

"You gotta see this!" Josh said, gesturing again - but this time with such exaggerated care that it was unintentionally comical. "Come into the living room!"

Not even waiting for a response, Josh pushed back through the door he'd burst through moments before. As he walked with a sort of loose-limbed gait that seemed strange for such a powerful body, his mouth ran on with it's usual 'mile-a-minute' breathlessness;

"I ordered them online, from this site, where they sell stuff, like surplus or promo or bankruptcy sort of stuff, y'know, and the listing said they were sex dolls, so I ordered them, because they were cheap, only they just got here today, and I opened the package, and they looked like sex dolls at first, really good ones, and I got all excited, but then I took a closer look, you know, and they weren't dolls at all because you couldn't blow them up, and they seemed to be suits instead, so, I finally decided to try one on, and I did, and then it got warm and then really tight and..."

Forced to pause for a breath, Josh stopped in the doorway to the living room to smile back at Terry over on broad shoulder.

"I don't know how... but it became real!" Josh exclaimed. "Come on - I'll show you." Terry, more than just bemused, followed his altered friend through the doorway.

Josh was never what anybody would call 'neat', and between his almost childish air of excitement and the packaging material strewn all over the place, there was a very 'Christmas-morning' feel to the living room. At least a score of brightly-colored boxes were stacked in three hap-hazard piles, and half a dozen more had been torn open in the space cleared in the center of the room by a coffee-table hastily shoved aside.

Laying in five of the six opened boxes were what, at first, appeared to be deflated sex dolls.

All of the exposed 'dolls' were female, and had the faint sheen that seemed to suggest they were some form of plastic - but a slightly closer look revealed them to be unusually detailed for sex dolls, with surfaces texture and coloration a far cry from the uniform 'flesh tone' of most inflatable sex- toys.

"See?" Josh crowed, excited. "Get a load of this - I found it after I put the suit on..."

Grabbing a piece of paper off the couch, he handed it to Terry. Feeling suitably stunned by the situation he found himself in, the blond had to blink twice before his hazel eyes would focus on the paper.

It seemed to be photocopied rather than printed, and somehow projected a certain amateurish quality, as if whoever had created it was trying their hand at it for the first time. The graphics for the letterhead at the top looked, well, *cheesy*.

It read 'Bawdy Bodies, Inc.' - and the 'B's were done to look like breasts, and the 'I' an erect penis.

Below that, with the occasional misspelling, were the 'user instructions' for 'Male Body Model 008b - 'BigBoy'".

All in all, they were incredibly simple.

According to the instructions, the suits were one-time-use 'fantasy bodies', with various options for the different models. Some, like the one Josh had chosen, were body-only, while others also came with 'heads'. Regardless of the model type or style, however, the instructions made it quite clear that all Bawdy Bodies were complete physical transformation devices. Once they were put on, you would not just look like the type of person the suit represented, but became them - at least, physically. The suits in no way altered the user's mental state at all, 'just' their physical body. It could be worn for as long as the user wished, with absolutely no side-effects - but once any particular body was removed, it became inert and could never be used again.

"You wanna try one?" Josh asked, after Terry had finished re-reading the sheet for the third time.

Terry was momentarily startled - his brain hadn't quite made it that far yet. Still trying to catch up with what *had* happened, he hadn't made the leap to what *could* happen - until Josh had suggested it.

The thought, once spurred, hit him like a blow from a sledge-hammer.

A cascade of thoughts, fears, possibilities and doubts ran through his mind in rapid succession, all of them tugging at his consciousness in a tug-of-war.

"Well..." He said, uncertainly. Putting the piece of paper down, he began almost diffidently poking through the collection of mostly-feminine 'bodies', his face caught in lines of hesitation.

Even if they were safe, did he really want to try becoming a different man? Oh, he could certainly understand Josh's motivation for trying on 'BigBoy', given the scrawny, pale body the self-proclaimed 'proto-nerd' had possessed. Terry, however, was already fairly handsome and quite well-built, though nothing like on the scale of Josh's new body. The few male models available all seemed to be variations on the 'hunk' or 'stud' theme, and quite frankly, would really be more of a change in degree than in kind for Terry. It would have been more interesting had there been a 'nerd' body in the mix for him to try, that being as big a change for Terry as 'Bigboy' was for Josh. Heck, for Terry to exchange his own well-toned body for one like that Josh had until recently possessed would have been nearly as big a leap as if Terry were to put on one of the...

The thought, simply popping into his mind as casually and unforced as any other random thought, nevertheless stopped him dead in his tracks. An expression of shocked surprise crossed his features as he stared down at the boxes around him.

"Uh... Terry?" Josh said, confusing on his own face as he stared at his friend, standing stock-still in the center of the room.

"Well... why not?" Terry asked himself, oblivious to Josh's inquiry. "I mean... how often do you get a chance to see what it would be like? It's not like it would be a permanent change or anything, and they don't mess with your mind..."

"Terry? What are you talking about?" Josh wanted to know.

In a voice stunned by his own decision, Terry answered: "I think I'd like to see what it's like to be a woman..."

Josh gaped at his friend, shocked... and then, as the thought percolated through his initial, almost knee-jerk reaction, a slow smile formed on his face.

"Cool..."

* * * * *

"Are you sure...?" Josh asked, a bit doubtfully. Perched on the edge of a kitchen chair that creaked alarmingly under his weighty new body, he was now 'dressed' in a pair of once-baggy 'shorts' formed from a cut-off pair of dark green sweatpants. Now, they bulged across his massive new thighs, seams protesting almost as loudly as the chair.

"Not really..." Terry admitted, with a wry chuckle. Ever since he'd admitted the thought that had come to him, his face had acquired a tendency to flare into a blush, and it was doing so now - approaching the concept to voluntarily transforming a red-blooded heterosexual male into a woman wasn't the sort of thing a guy could approach with equanimity, much less so in front of an audience.

After slightly more than an hour of dithering, he'd finally chosen a body to wear - if he went through with this, that was. The body in question wasn't necessarily designed to make that consideration any easier.

Oh, awkward and even embarrassing as it felt to admit it, Terry really had been caught by the thought of seeing what it would be like to be a woman. It might have been a guilty excitement he was feeling, but undeniably excitement for all that. The main part of the problem was the fact that, if he was going to do this, he figured he might as well go 'whole hog'... and that brought him back to the body he'd chosen, one of the three 'deluxe edition' sets in the pile.

"Okay..." He finally said, swallowing thickly. "Let's do this."

Before he could 'chicken out', Terry quickly stood and began stripping out of his clothes. It felt a little strange to do so with Josh watching him... but, oddly enough, it was also the fact that he had Josh as an audience that helped him keep the nerve to go through with something that his socially-ingrained 'instincts' told him was more than a little perverted. It was pure egotism, but it was also effective - as long as Josh was there to know, Terry couldn't let himself chicken out.

All too soon, there was no more clothing for him to 'delay' himself further with. With much the same expression of a man about to 'get it over with' by plunging into a cold pool rather than easing into it, Terry grabbed the chosen 'Bawdy Body' and began to pull it on.

As a deluxe edition, the 'body' came complete with clothes already on it, and that included shoes on the feet the sheet claimed were 'optimized' for high heels. This meant that Terry had to sit down to slide his feet into the legs of the suit. When he

got to the hips, it was a bit of a struggle, since he couldn't very well stand up on the seven-inch high heels of the black patent-leather 'Mary Jane' platform pumps. Once he got past the short, pleated skirt, (gray plaid with red and white piping), however, things got somewhat easier. Pulling the silver-gray sweater-clad torso into place required him to slip his arms into the 'sleeves' of the suit, and it was these 'skin-clad' arms that he lifted towards the attached 'head' hanging limp from the neck.

"Well..." He said, a bit breathlessly. "Here goes..."

Taking a deep breath, he pulled wide the slit half-hidden in the long, gleaming black 'hair' of the head, and pulled the face portion into place. He let go of the slit, which ran all the way down the back of the figure...

There was no way Terry would have been able to later describe the sensation that followed. It wasn't pain, it wasn't pleasure, and it wasn't pleasure - and yet, somehow, there were aspects of all three involved, without quite every fulfilling the promise of it. One instant, he was a man in a amazingly flexible 'rubber' suit that was clinging tightly to his body... and the next, he was a woman.

"Holy shit!" She gasped - and dark, almond eyes widened further at the sound of the high-pitched and undeniably feminine voice the exclamation emerged in.

Very, very slowly, the new woman lowered her gaze to the silvery fabric covering her chest.

"It really worked!" She screamed - and she herself wasn't quite sure if it was a scream of excitement or of horror. "I'm a woman!"

"Holy crap..." Josh muttered, staring at the diminutive form now sitting on the couch. "I knew you'd be.. I mean, I saw the suit before you.. but I never..."

"I think..." the new woman laughed - giggled - nervously, hands hesitantly roaming over her new form. "I think maybe I went a little far for a 'first try'..."

Of course, that had been the whole reason why she'd chosen that particular suit - because it was about as far from her 'real' form as it was possible to get.

The 'Mei Phuc Yu' body was, unsurprisingly, Asian - and now, so was Terry.

If the new woman had risen to stand atop the slender heels of her gleaming black shoes, the top of her head would have come to exactly the five-foot mark, and not even a fraction of an inch higher.

Every single bone in her altered body was delicately formed, leaving her with not only a slender body, but one almost doll-like in it's perfection... and yet, small as she was, she wasn't the least bit childlike, for the petite figure she possessed was also womanly. Though hands and feet were small and slender, ankles and wrists delicate formed, her hips, though 'boyish', were

nevertheless feminine, and made all the more so by the combination of slender legs that were long for her height, and a tiny wasp-like waist that made her hips seem wider in comparison.

Her breasts, likewise, were of a womanly scale - nearly 'huge' for the Japanese average, they really weren't all that big in total terms. In contrast to her small body, however, the breasts - domes hovering on the edge of rounding out in to spheres - were large enough to qualify as full DDD-cups. Her face, a heart-shaped, golden-bronzed image of doll-like perfection, boast perfectly-shaped cupid's-bow lips, a tiny little nose, and exotic, upturned eyes so dark as to look as black as her long, silky fall of straight, black hair.

In the space of a few transformative seconds, the once broad-shouldered, blond-haired, All- American boy had become a petite and downright delicate 'Japanese' girl.

"So..." Josh wanted to know, still gaping shamelessly at the tiny new woman's slender body, "What's it feel like?"

"Weird." Was her answer. She cocked her head, hands lightly cupping her full new bust in it's encasing layer of soft fabric. "I mean, it feels different... but not 'strange' different, like I expected it two. Somehow... I don't know. I guess I expected to feel like myself, but with 'fake tits' pressing against my chest, and 'pussy panties' pulling at my crotch. Everything about this body feels different than my old body did... and yet, it also feels, uh 'normal', too, at least for this body. As if, with a woman's body, it's all natural, you know?"

She grimaced - prettily - at her inability to explain it better, but Josh was already nodding in understanding.

"I know what you mean." He agreed. "When I first changed, I expected to feel real heavy, what with all this extra muscle mass and everything - but that was because I was thinking like I was still 'me' under a heavy suit. The muscles make moving this heavier body about as easy as my old one, so the weirdest thing about the way I feel is that it doesn't feel as weird as I expected."

"Yeah - that's it exactly!" Terry agreed in her high-pitched new voice.

Very, very carefully, the tiny new woman rose from her seat on the couch. Thanks to feet that were 'formed' to her shoes, her arched feet felt as natural to stand on as if they were flat - but she hadn't gained any practice in heels, or a better sense of balance, so though it felt pretty 'natural' to stand in high heels, she still had to consciously keep her balance, wobbling very slightly atop the slender spikes the shoes boasted.

"This really does feel weird, though.": She said, very carefully starting to walk around. "I mean, I feel 'fine', like nothing hurts, or pulls, or pinches... but everything does feel different. Even the way some of my muscles move feel really weird - like I'm all tensed up, or something."

With her coloration, it was difficult to tell she was blushing, but the way she was speaking revealed a conscious effort to push past the emotional awkwardness she was feeling at having voluntarily assumed the form she now 'wore'. Understanding,

Josh decided to 'play along', treating this with nearly the impersonal sort of 'science experiment' tone the new woman had adopted.

"that may be because you are holding muscles tense." He said, eyeing her as she carefully navigated around the room atop her slender new heels. "I mean, you're walking kinda the same way you did as a guy, and it looks funny. Try... try letting your hips move more when you walk."

Terry looked over at him, frowning a bit at his suggestion - which amounted to 'walk more like a girl'

- and then suddenly laughed at herself. After all, given the situation, it was hardly as insulting as it would have been to suggest a man act 'girlish'.

"Okay, I'll try it." She said - and to surprise, it worked.

Since she didn't have 'body habits' for walking like a girl, she had to pay conscious attention to walking, which seemed really strange to her - but as long as she did, purposefully letting her hips sway and swivel more than she ever would have as a man, she did all right.

Well, after she caught on to the fact that she had to move her shoulders in a light side-to-side swivel in order to counteract the additional motion of her hips, that was.

Josh, watching her practice, suddenly smirked - because the stride that Terry had hit upon was one that looked almost like a parody - hands held a little out from her side, wrists cocked, as she took short little steps with a lot of side-to-side motion of her hips and torso in countering directions.

Wisely, however, he decided not to point this out to her.

For her part, the new woman was busy trying to deal with what was going on - not 'with her', but *within* her.

The idea of becoming female for an unspecified by definitely temporary period had been both exciting and 'weird' when it had struck her. Now that she'd actually made herself go ahead and do it, however, the balance was rapidly changing. Though still blushing over what she'd done, and probably willing to die before telling anyone else but Josh that she'd done it, she was nevertheless finding it all very... interesting.

Every sensation she felt was 'normal' yet different. Licking her lips contained all the same physical and sensation components as when she'd been a man - yet the tongue was slimmer, and moving over a fuller and considerably reshaped surface. It was easily identifiable as a tongue moving over lips - but this was a new tongue moving over new lips, and that somehow made it all much more interesting. An action she'd performed perhaps a million times before, as a man, without really even noticing it, now become a new and intriguing experience.

That was but one tiny example - an example of a phenomena that was multiplied a dozen times over in every minute, where every movement, every motion, produced similarly same-yet-different sensations to be experienced.

All in all, it brought up one comparison, one type of situation in life that produced similar experiences in the past:

'The hunt'.

That's what Terry had always called it; the period of time between seeing a woman he found himself attracted to, and bedding her - or not, if he happened to fail. Which wasn't all that common, but happened often enough that 'the hunt' didn't become boring as a 'sure thing'.

It was almost precisely the same mix of emotions. Excitement mixed with a little fear, a sort of confidence that he could do this, with the spice of 'maybe not' thrown in. The awkwardness at having to 'expose' himself to some degree, in a way much more intimate than the physical, but also feeling the sense of...

Arousal.

That was the other thing the new woman was beginning to feel. It came partially from being able to look down at herself and see what her male mind would unmistakably term a 'cute chick'.. and yet part of it also was the fact that 'he' was being infinitely more intimate with this cute chick than would have been possible any other way. In a very real sense, Terry now had a cute, sexy little Asian woman who would - could only - do exactly what Terry wanted her to do... and the fact that 'he' would feel the sensations of whatever that thing was only made it that much more exciting.

"Well..." Josh said, breaking into the new woman's reverie. "I've got to get back to work. I'm assuming that you're just gonna hang here until you're ready to change back, right?"

Terry blinked - she hadn't really given that much thought. Well, even if she were comfortable with the thought of being female in public - which she wasn't - it wouldn't have mattered. She couldn't very well ride her motorcycle dressed like this, and her old, male clothing wouldn't fit her new body, so...

"Yeah. I guess I am." She admitted, feeling embarrassed by the fact that she'd completely forgotten Josh's presence while she coped with her body's new sensations. "Thanks, Josh."

"No prob." Josh replied - and, geek-like to the core, he was giving her the patented 'hot babe' ogle of his, without even really being aware he was doing it.

Terry wasn't didn't even begin to know how to feel about having Josh look at her in a way that made it clear that he thought she had a sexy new body - especially since even Terry herself couldn't argue against it.

"If you need anything, just holler." Josh tossed over his shoulder, heading for the stairs.

"Sure thing." Terry agreed, as he disappeared up the stairs. After practicing her 'femme walk' for a couple more minutes, she very carefully swiveled-and-swayed her way into the kitchen, then plopped her cute new derriere down on the bench.

Taking a deep breath that caused some truly intriguing sensations to occur under the sweater, the new woman held it, cocking her heart-shaped face to one side and listening intently.

With the wood sub-frame and wooden flooring, it wasn't hard to track Josh's progress by sound alone. Soon, she heard the sound of his battered computer chair creaking under his new weight, meaning he'd settled himself in front of the computer...

...and he would be there for awhile.

Letting the breath out in a sigh, Terry found herself looking around almost furtively. For some reason, she felt as if she could expect to see neighbors, news media and complete strangers all crowding at the window, as if the whole world somehow knew what she'd done and wanted to see the guy who'd turned himself into a woman.

There was, of course, no such thing. She was completely alone and unobserved. So, licking her full new lips nervously, she reached down and peeled off her sweater.

Underneath it, her new body wore a bar encasing her breasts - but it wasn't for support, since her firm new mounds didn't need it. No, it was a purely decorative item - so sheer as to be translucent, and trimmed in lace.

Reaching up, the new woman repeated one of the first movements she'd performed in her female body cupping her breasts - and as surprisingly good as it had felt at the time, it felt even better without the fabric of the sweater in the way.

Lightly biting her full lower lip between even white teeth, she began to knead and massage her impressive new bust, amazed at how sensitive the flesh could be. Ever slight squeeze sent little shocks of pleasure through her body, and even hefting them or placing her hands flat over them and pressing lightly inwards felt pretty damned good.

If it felt so much nicer without the sweater, though, then...

It took a couple of minutes for her to get her bra off. Though she had plenty of experience removing a woman's bra, none of it was from this particular position, and she had to contort herself to get at the hooks at the back and get them undone. Finally, though, the back-strap let go of the final of four hooks, and she slid the straps down her arms and dropped the bra on the table.

Somehow, that act made the low warmth in her new crotch flare. The sight of a feminine hand 'discarding' a bra, and knowing 'he' could make it do that *whenever 'he' wanted*, just got 'him' really turned on - but it was *her* body that became aroused.

So, the large, dark nipples were fully engorged when her dainty new hands returned to caressing her breasts - and she was right.

It felt much nicer without the bra in the way...

She'd intended to take 'experimenting' with her new body slowly - in part, to maximize the experience, but mainly because she just found it to 'embarrassing' to feel like she was rushing to 'embrace;' her femininity.

So, she was surprised when, after a few minutes, she found her skirt flipped up, and her hand down inside her frilly panties, lightly rubbing back and forth over her feminine mound.

"oh.. God..." She gasped in the high-pitched new voice, feeling like her face was on fire... but her body was even more aflame. She'd been completely unaware of how 'all inclusive' the female experience of arousal was. As a man, his had been very intense, but localized, whereas this was more generalized, center on her new womanhood, but extending through her entire body.

She felt as if she were driving across black ice, sliding out of her control. In the space of a couple of minutes, she'd gone from 'mildly aroused' by just being female to being intensely aroused by a few touches and caresses.

"No wonder.. women... like foreplay..." She gasped, wide-eyed, her breath hot in her throat as her hands seemed to roam her new body of their own volition.

"oh - what the hell..." She gasped, letting herself loll back on the bench - and slipped a finger deep into the moist embrace of her new vagina.

It was.. intense.

The feeling of being penetrated was the first 'real' new experience she could claim about being female, one that had no exact comparison in her male life. The other sensations that accompanied it, however, like when her finger brushed smoothly across the sensitive nub of her clit, were easier to compare - because it felt as if the head of her old cock had been shrunk down, packing the same number of nerve ending in a much smaller space.

She gasped, ass wiggling on the bench, as her finger began to work a little faster in her sopping cunt, her other hand now almost mauling her own breasts.

The female arousal was more diffuse, as if her entire new body was the shaft of her old cock... but the actually physical sensation from her clit was even more localized, no more intense then rubbing the head of her cock would have been, but crammed into a much smaller physical location.

The entire sensation as her finger thrust, rubbed and twirled in her cunt created a sensation who's dichotomy meant that, while actually nor stronger than a male sexual experience, was infinitely different.

As her trim new hips began to writhe and buck beneath her hand, she regretfully stopped squeezing her tits with the other so that she could jam one dainty knuckle between her teeth. Biting down on it almost hard enough to break the skin, she closed her eyes and simply let the 'instincts' of her body take over as the building pleasure began to shoot off those familiar 'warning' tingles up and down her spine...

...and then the orgasm hit, and if not for the fact she'd taken the precaution of biting down on her knuckle, the scream that tried to rip from her throat probably would have brought the house down.

It was a 'good' orgasm, but like the rest of the experience of feminine pleasure, not really all that different from the male one in total pleasure...

...except for the fact that it was followed closely by two more quick orgasm, shorter but no less intense, as she bucked writhed and jiggled all over the vinyl bench.

"Whoa..." She gasped, pushing a lock of silky black hair away from her face. "That was... intense." Withdrawing her slick hand from her sodden panties, she sat up...

...and found Josh standing in the doorway, shorts practically bursting under the force of his all-too- obvious erection as he gaped at her, wide-eyed.

*'If my **finger** felt that good, I wonder what it would feel like to have...'* rose unbidden to her stunned mind, before the momentary paralysis broke, and with it, that particular train of thought.

She squealed, hands almost automatically dropping towards her still-covered crotch before she caught herself and started to bring them up to try and hide her bared breasts...

...and then, with a sigh, she just let her arms drop to her side, her coloration hiding just how deep the blush that seemed to burn her face was.

"Hi, Josh." She said, wryly.

His face, already somewhat flushed for a completely different reason, went a bright red. "Coffee. I was coming... uh, *going* for some... and you... I didn't... I wasn't..."

"Whoa, whoa - take it easy!" She told him. "It's okay, I understand." "Uh... oh." Josh said, licking his lips dryly.

There was a momentary pause.

"Are you just going to keep staring at me?" She finally asked, archly.

His response to the 'subtle hint' that he was staring caught her completely off guard:

"Terry - you're **gorgeous**!" Josh blurted out. "I mean, drop-dead, jaw-dropping, total-hot-knockout gorgeous!"

"What?!"

"I mean, I've seen pictures... watched videos... spent hours upon hours on the internet... but I never thought... never imagines..." Josh babbled, apparently completely unaware of what he was saying. "God, you... It's... You're just so incredibly gorgeous!"

He was still staring at her half-naked body - only now, she was staring right back at him.

"Josh. Josh!" She shouted, rising carefully to her high heels and clapping her hands together twice, sharply. "Yo, wake up!"

Josh shook himself violently.

"Oh... Oh, God - I'm sorry, Terry!" He said, starting to back out of the room, a look of utter mortification on his face. "I just... I couldn't.. you were... I'm so sorry."

"Josh..." She asked, voice quietly serious. "Have you ever seen a naked woman in the flesh before?"

The question stopped Josh dead in his tracks, his ass pushing the dual-swinging door half open. He suddenly looked away from her from the first time since entering the kitchen... and then, slowly, shook his head.

"You're a virgin." She finally said - after a pause, because she'd just barely kept herself from blurting it out as an incredulous question that probably would have shattered Josh's ego completely.

There was another long pause - and then Josh very slowly nodded.

She'd known that Josh was a 'loner', of course - darned near a hermit, in fact. Still, in this day and age, it just really hadn't even occurred to her to wonder if a twenty-six year old man was still a virgin.

"Oh, God... this is so embarrassing..." Josh said, hanging his head. "I mean... you finding out I'm still a virgin..."

"So am I."

The words caused Josh's head to snap up, with a shocked look on it that would have been comical in other circumstances.

"In this body... as a woman... I have never had sex with a man." She told him, quietly. His flush returned, as deeply as before.

"Thanks, but... I know you're trying to help, but it isn't the same thing at..." "So why don't we take care of that little inconvenience for both of us?"

Her voice had gotten no louder - but Josh jerked as if she'd suddenly shouted.

"Wha.. huh?" He gasped, staring at her. Slowly, he began to shake his head, not even aware he was doing it. "You.. I almost thought you were saying..."

"I would like very much for you to have sex with me." She said, quite clearly and distinctly. "But you're a... I mean, you're not really a... You can't.. We couldn't..."

Suddenly, she smiled.

Her insides were roiling. Her stomach was clenching. A clammy sweat had broken out in her palms

- yet her body was suddenly tingling, and a moist warmth was building in her crotch...

...and none of it mattered. Good or bad, pro or con, the physical sensations and emotions she was experiencing did nothing to either add to nor detract from the simple fact that she knew - *knew* - that this was the right thing to do.

"As a new woman, I would like very much to experience what it feels like for a woman to have sex with a man." She told him - a half-lie, since she wasn't sure if she believed it herself, but the *thought* was certainly there. "I would like very much for that man to be you. Will you do me the favor of taking me upstairs to your bedroom, undressing me the rest of the way and, after some appropriate fondling, kissing and touching, have sex with me?"

With a slow, smooth step that included a lot more hip-swaying than was strictly called for, she crossed the kitchen. Gently, but quite firmly, she wrapped one dainty hand around the fabric straining over his erect cock.

"Since you seem to be having trouble finishing full sentences..." She told him, smiling up at him as warmly as her own internal chaos allowed. "Try just saying one, single word - the word I want very much for you to say..."

She kept that smile on her face - until finally, staring down at her, Josh managed a faint, squeak of a sound: "Yes!"

"Then let's go..." She said, releasing his cock and gently pushing him to turn around and proceed her towards the stairs...

...and as he did so, the smile slipped from her face, and her mind raced as she wondered if she could actually go through with this. After all, in the abstract, she was beginning to wonder what it must feel like to have 'actual' sex, as compared to the surprising orgasm she'd already experienced

- by the abstract was a long way from the reality she'd just proposed, quite explicitly, to Josh. Josh - who was the quintessential 'nice guy', and who was seemingly slated to, indeed, finish last.

Right then and there, she told herself this was going to have to be an all or nothing proposition - when they reached the bedroom, she was either going to convince him that this is what she wanted more than anything else in the world, or she was going to chicken out completely. Come what may, there was simply know why she was going to even so much as hint that this might be a 'mercy fuck'...

The trip to the bedroom seemed to take an eternity - and through that eternity, she had plenty of time to think, and to wonder...

She'd never really given much thought to the 'relationship' she had with Josh. It was one of those great many things that 'just was', that had happened without effort, and that she'd taken 'as is'. It was only the strange shift in her view of the world that came with her new gender that had caused her to re-examine things... and that's what lead her to this.

Without considering any of the ramifications, she'd always sort of known that 'Josh the geek' was a loner, without any friends... except Terry, but Terry hadn't even really thought of it that way, not at the time. Just as Terry hadn't considered that he, himself, had been as much as a loner as Josh.

Oh, sure, the-then 'he' had plenty of sex with chicks his good looks or his 'mystique' as a struggling musician had attracted... but they hadn't been relationships. Even the other members of his band were only associates, as a matter of mutual convenience. People Terry talked to, liked spending time with... well, the closest to anything like that was josh, and that still had been a somewhat distant relationship.

Josh was desperate for human contact, but didn't know how to get it. She, as a man, had found human contact easy to come by - so much so that she'd never thought to *hold* it.

Then, suddenly, they were at the door to the bedroom, and that eternity suddenly seemed to shrink until it seemed that the trip from kitchen to bedroom had lasted no more than an instant...

"Well, here we are..." Josh said, eyeing her over his shoulder.

"Yeah." She agreed, struggling for some semblance of calm. "Here we are..." Josh pushed open the bedroom door - and she followed him in...

Terry - once a well-muscled Caucasian male, now a petite-yet-womanly 'Japanese' doll - had never been inside of Josh's bedroom. It was an eclectically cluttered space, with bits and pieces of computer equipment, some half-disassembled, vying for space with porn of various sorts, unwashed clothing, and empty cola cans.

Among this mess, half-buried in drifts of blankets that had slid almost to the floor, was the bed.

It was a perfectly ordinary bed. Queen-sized, set on simple bedrails without the benefit of a head- or foot-board. All in all a perfectly, completely, utterly ordinary bed in every way...

...and yet, it seemed to draw the new woman's eyes, seemed to dominate her mind, until it seemed to loom so large and inherently significant that all else in the room shrank away to nothing, and the spacious room itself suddenly seemed to small to contain much more than the bed.

In fact, the bed's presence was so overwhelming, so space-filling, that it also seemed to crowd all the oxygen out of the room - because the new woman found she was having trouble catching her breath.

It took a sheer act of will to not just step through the door Josh was holding open for her, but to make herself move towards that bed - but the will she had, and she applied it. She was far from familiar atop the slender black heels of the shoes she now wore, and some of the stiffness of her hip-swaying motion might have been attributed to that... but as a man, she'd been athletic and active, having developed a fairly good sense of balance, and most of the awkwardness atop her new heels came from the fact that a part of her mind was screaming very loudly that she should, in fact, be running away.

She was going to have sex with a man.

She was going to *voluntarily* have sex with a man. Hell - she was *initiating* sex with a man!

Less than an hour ago, she'd been a red-blooded heterosexual American male... and so it was a thought that didn't exactly feel 'normal' to her. In fact, had she still been male, it would have been downright repugnant...

...but she was most emphatically *not* male at the moment, and as strange as it may have been to apply the thought to herself, the concept of a woman having sex with a man was perfectly in keeping with her mental viewpoint.

The hard part was constantly reminding herself that she was the woman in question. Physical sensations - and in fact, physical realities - aside, her self-image was, understandably, that of a man. It took conscious effort to see herself as she was now - abundantly female.

On the other hand - she *was* now female, with a female body, and that meant that it was capable of experiencing what a female would during sex... and that thought was present among her mental and emotional jumble, as well.

Having walked past Josh, he wasn't able to see her face - and she took that moment of respite to take a deep breath and pasting a smile on her full, bow-like new lips that she fervently hoped looked genuine.

Only then did she turn in a smooth, hip-swinging rotation, and settle her pertly firm new buttocks on the giving surface of the bed.

"Why don't you come over here and sit down?" She suggested to Josh, one dainty new hand lightly patting the surface of the bed next to her.

If there was one thing, above all else, that let the new woman continue on with this pseudo-perverse act, it was exemplified by Josh's response to her offer - because, though he'd already expressed an ardent admiration for the new woman's petite form, and the over-sized erection straining his already tight cut-off track pants proving that the physical desire for her had in no way lessened, he was even more hesitant and awkward than she as he nervously closed the bedroom door and stiffly walked over to the bed.

Josh, currently in the amazingly 'over-the-top' body of a body-builder, (and equally as 'unrealistically' scaled in the manhood department'), was 'really' the quintessential nerd and, to top it off, a virgin.

Though she might be able to claim the technicality of *feminine* virginity by virtue of the fact that, as a woman, she'd never had sex with anybody else, in her recent life as a man she'd been quite adept at the 'game'.

In any body and under any circumstances, Josh was almost helplessly. Shy and tongue-tied around women, socially inept, and almost completely unskilled, with a 'fantasy life' so overactive through porn of every stripe that his view of sex matched up with a pornography-industry generated fantasy that no reality could ever possibly meet...

...except that, through the strangest and most unlike confluence of events, something as fantastic as any porn movie 'plot' had happened, leaving Josh in an 'unrealistic' body of the male variety, now currently standing near - or looming over - a female body as equally 'unreal'.

"C'mon, sit down " She 'urged' him, drawing on acting skills she'd never known she'd possessed - or, a second thought revealed, that she'd never been consciously aware of using before. When you got right down to it, the times when, as a man, she'd been 'playing the game' to bed a woman, the 'Terry' she'd presented to the prospective lover had been as utterly fictitious as the sexual comfortable woman she was now portraying for Josh.

Awkwardly, Josh settled his massive new body on the bed - and, by simple rules of physics, causing the new woman to lean in towards him as his weight caused the mattress to sink under him, canting her considerably lighter body towards the 'dip' his muscular physique created on the bed.

Without planning to, the new woman found herself suddenly leaning against his massive bicep, her hands instinctively wrapping around him for balance.

For a second, startled by the press of each other's flesh against the other, they looked at each other
- and then, simultaneously, they began to laugh.

It was weak laughter, nervous laughter, but laughter nonetheless, and it was enough to 'break the ice', and ease some of the tension both of them were feeling at the moment - albeit for completely different reasons.

"We're friends - aren't we, Josh?" She asked, smiling up at him - a necessity, since her head didn't even reach his shoulder, even sitting down.

"Well, yeah - I guess " Josh replied, uncertainly.

"You don't think I'd do anything to hurt you, do you?" She pressed on - leaving the question as to whether she might do anything that, introspect, might be 'hurtful' to *herself* unvoiced.

"Of course not." Josh agreed, a little more certainly.

"Well - you weren't planning to do anything to hurt me, were you?" She asked, sweetly. "Not.. intentionally." He replied, the hesitation back in his voice.

"Exactly!" She exclaimed, catching him off guard - he'd expected her to protest the point. "If you accidentally do anything that makes me uncomfortable, I'll know you're not doing it deliberately, that you're not trying to hurt me. I won't get mad - I'll just tell you, and you can stop. Right?"

The idea, so simple in outline, took him by surprise. He had to suddenly shift his viewpoint - because, the idea had just gone from having to be 'perfect', and make no mistakes, to being allowed to get it wrong, with acrimony.

"Oh, uh..." He said, trying to catch up with the new perspective.

"Just relax." She suggested. "We're friends, and we both know we aren't trying to hurt each other - in fact, if all goes right, we should both enjoy this very much..." - Physically, at least - "...so, don't get neurotic about it. We're both new to this particular situation, so we're allowed to 'experiment', to find out what feels good and what doesn't. So... go ahead."

Josh blinked.

"Go ahead and do... what?" He asked, carefully.

"Whatever you'd like to do." She told him, simply. "Just go ahead and start doing something - and I'll let you know if I like what you're doing. How simple could that be?"

It was simple - and, with the mythos around sex that had built up in Josh's mind, that made it seem entirely too simple to be feasible. On the other hand, he wasn't simply going to say 'no' to the offer, no matter how unlikely he thought it was that it would turn out to be as easy and straightforward as she made it sound.

Hesitantly, he lifted his arm, and draped it around her delicate shoulders. A fevered chill ran through him as, for the first time, he deliberately and with direct permission laid his own flesh against that of a living, breathing woman.

She waited a second, letting him relax a bit, his arm draped around her neck, letting him get used to the feel of touching a woman - and letting herself get used to the feeling of being a woman touched by a man. Only when her own surge of immediate disquiet had begun to ebb could she dredge up a smile and look at him, arching one finely-curved eyebrow.

"This would be nice and all, if it were a first date at a movie theater... but I think, unless you've got a shoulder fetish, that we're a little bit beyond this stage." She said, without sting. Indeed, she shared in on the humor of the situation, finding his discomfort amusing in as much as it was merely a reflection of her own - and, from her point of view, she had much more reason for the discomfort of what they were doing than he did...

"Isn't there any part of me that you'd like to touch even more than my shoulders?" She prompted. Josh hesitated a second longer - and then, taking a deep, reassuring breath, he 'took the plunge'.

Leaving the arm around her shoulders in place, he used his other hand to reach up, across his own body and her, to oh-so-gently place a hand on her left breast.

For her part, knowing something like this was coming, she had sort of steeled herself - only to find that his hesitant touch was such that it failed to produce much of a sensation, either way.

"How 'bout a squeeze - just a ;little one?" She suggested, remembering her oh-so-recent self experimentation with her new body.

He complied, and it felt good - in fact, it felt even better than it had when she'd done it to herself.

Her breasts, large for a woman of her size and apparent genetic background, were just right to fit in the palm of Josh's new hands. Instead of a localized pressure that caused pleasure where it touched, it spread almost evenly across her whole breast - a warm, tentative grip that was comfortable and pleasing.

"Oh - that's nice." She told him, with a small, soft sigh - and it was true, it did in fact feel quite good. The brief surge of 'weirdness' she felt at having a man do something like this to her - much less for her to have the physical attributes necessary to have this done - she didn't deem worth mentioning.

His confidence slightly boosted, he kept his hand on the wonderfully firm breast that was every bit as wonderful filling his hand as he could have wished. He licked his lips nervously, hand trembling slightly and almost unconsciously tensing and releasing pressure - going from worried that he was squeezing too hard to not hard enough.

The effect was... unexpected. He wasn't actually 'trying' anything - but, unintentional or not, the way he was kneading her flesh created a response, as she sighed once more, head lolling slightly to one side with a suddenly acquired heavy-lidded look of pleasure.

"Oh - that's *really* nice..." - and the voice she used to say the words could only be described as 'a purr'.

It was in no way a tribute to her acting abilities - what Josh was doping just felt really, really nice... and more than just in the immediate, proximate location of the action.

In short, the new woman was quickly discovering one of the truly major differences between men and women. Whereas, with men, a sexual act was conclusive in and of itself, butting an end to the physiological drive towards sex, at least for awhile, with a woman it was quite different.

It wasn't 'despite the fact' that she'd masturbated such a short while ago - but *because* of it - and now, her body, already 'primed', was responding faster and more emphatically than it otherwise would have to the sensations she was experiencing. A liquid warmth had begun to grow, centered in her womanhood, but seeming to send tendrils out that ran with equal ease through veins and nerves, through flesh and bone. In a way, it felt as if she were melting - but the most wonderful, delightful form of melting that could be imagined.

Right or wrong, this 'melting' extended to some of the doubts and self-recriminations she was feeling about what she was doing. Whether, objectively, having sex with Josh was a good idea or not, it certainly was a nice-feeling one, and she felt that influencing her as she leaned into the groping hand giving her such a delightful experience.

So, she leaned forward, twisting her torso to push her breast more firmly into the hand that cupped it - and action that wasn't exactly thought through, just an instinctive move to increase the pleasure she was feeling, knowing somehow that more pressure than even Josh's most 'aggressive' squeeze would be nicer than what she was getting from the timorous man at the moment.

At the same time, her lolling head completed its sidewise movement and, from there, rolled backwards, leaving her face upturned, her lips slightly parted in pleasure...

...so Josh kissed her.

He thought her move to be intentional, and invitation - and one he took her up on, leaning his own face down to press his lips against hers. It caught her a little off guard - but since it felt good, not only didn't she pull away, but she joined in, adding her own efforts of lips and tongue to his own, rather tentative movements.

What had all started off as something mildly pleasant was rapidly becoming more physically enjoyable by the second - and with each one of those passing seconds, her feminine arousal grew stronger, pumping more hormones into her system - and having, among other things, the effect of giving her a 'drunk', not unlike a couple of quick, stiff drinks.

Just like a couple of good drinks, this also had the effect of lowering her inhibitions, allowing her to give more and more into the physical sensations she was experiencing without anything as pesky as thought or emotion getting in the way. It was a cycle, and though it might be an accurate term, it was still far from 'vicious' - more 'vivid' than anything, as her heightened senses led to the next, even more pleasurable thing, which in turn aroused her even further.,

She was aware she was on this 'slippery slope', not yet having slid far enough down it for her to have lost control - but now that it had started, and she could feel its effects, that's exactly what she planned to let happen. She knew, if she let him, Josh would continue doing things that would get her to the 'point of no return', where her own physical desires would override any mental reservations she might have - and that was just fine by her. After all, she'd gone into this thing fully intending to go through with it, and mostly uncertain whether or not she'd 'chicken out' at the last minute. Now, in retrospect, she realized that the fear was groundless - she could still chicken out early in the game, but by the time she got to the point where she was afraid it would all be 'too real' for her and she would pull away, there'd be no chance of her stopping... precisely because her arousal, and her desire to sate that arousal, would indeed be 'too real' for her to simply ignore it.

For these very reasons, she now desired to get to that point as quickly as possible - or, rather, to guide Josh into getting her to that point, since she wasn't doing this simply to sate her own desires... at least, that hadn't been her goal at the beginning, and it was something she was having a harder and harder time to keep in mind. Nevertheless, at the moment it was

still firmly fixed enough to keep from being washed away in the growing flood of hormones, and so she was still able to act upon - 'inviting', rather than demanding Josh's next move.

In this case, it was to shuffle her pert new ass further away from him on the bed, while rising up to tuck one leg under that firm new ass, while swiveling her torso in his direction - a maneuver performed without ever breaking the deepening kiss that was growing ever-more passionate.

As she'd hoped - expected - the move had made it difficult for Josh to keep the hand draped around her shoulders, and so he withdrew it. Unfortunately, he didn't immediately put it to a 'better' use, as she'd half-expected - and, in her growing state of arousal, now more than half wanted.

So, still having to move against the diminished but still present tug of disquiet over her actions, she reached up, lightly touched his wrist, and guided his hand towards her chest.

That's all it took - and Josh, now dealing with his own arousal, didn't hesitate any longer. Now, his failure to act immediately wasn't from any sort of hesitancy, but from inexperience, and while she might lack any female sexual experience to speak of, she had plenty from Josh's particular role in this situation, and she now had more reason than ever to put that expertise to use.

In next to no time at all, she had him exactly as she wanted him - with her body turned towards him, he shifted the grip of the hand already on her chest to the opposing breast so that his freed hand could take up residence on the breast already in play.

She'd expected a doubling of the pleasure she was getting - but it wasn't a straight-line algorithm. Somehow, having both of her breasts played with was five or six times more enjoyable than just one

- and that didn't factor in the increased pleasure that grew as Josh lost his hesitancy, his touch becoming more assertive.

So assertive, in fact, that he took the next move all on his own, without any further prompting. Having played enough with her left breast, now with each hand, he instead slid it down and around until her was cupping her firm ass in that hand, the other still busy with her right mammary gland's softly giving firmness. At the same time, the one long kiss became more sporadic, their lips breaking from each other to kiss along jaw lines and down necks, with Josh's occasionally making forays low enough to lightly lick or nibble at a now-fully-engorged nipple before returning to the starting point and renewing the kiss.

Eventually, no matter how much Josh might enjoy his first time getting to do such things as fondle tits and ass, or kiss deeply and hungry a woman who responded with just as much passion, there were other things he wanted to try, other ideas to put in action, and he now no longer needed any input from her to decide to do them - though, whether or not he got her input, he got her full cooperation, her own pleased and excited state at least the equal to his.

He laid her back on the bed, freeing hands and mouth to roam over his body at will - and they did just that. Sometimes, she returned the favor, but most of the time she had her slender new fingers wrapped into his dark hair - not so much to guide him towards certain locations, though she also did that from time to time, but simply because the growing pleasure had gotten to the point that she needed to grab and hold onto something, almost as if she were afraid the flow of pleasure was so strong that she'd be washed away in it.

That, in and of itself, more or less constituted that 'point of no return' she'd been looking for. To herself, at least, the pleasure had increased to the point that her own sense of self was being submerged in the desire - no, at this point, in the physical *need* - to bring the growing arousal to orgasmic completion.

The moment when she made him aware she'd reached that point of no return, however, came a few minutes later - when she was well past 'no return' and into 'oh, god, let's go forward!'.

Which more or less explained why, as he continued to tease her sensitive new body to heights she'd never even dreamed of, any last lingering thoughts of doubt or regret were fully lost in her need to satisfy this wonderful hunger that filled her, and she used her grip in his hair to yank his face up towards her.

"Fuck me...!" She gasped, literally writhing with desire on the bed. "Put that big, hard cock of yours into my hot, wet cunt and fuck.. me.. *hard!*"

This had nothing to do with Josh - in fact, only a small part of her mind even knew he she 'really' was, much less who the man with her was.

It wasn't important.

A much more primal part of her mind knew that this person with her, whoever he was, could satisfy the raging desire within her, whoever she was - and that's the part that quite literally cried out for Josh to fuck her...

...and that exact same primal awareness in the massive man atop her guaranteed he'd respond.

Now, with no prompting at all, they're bodies worked out the physical permutations of coupling. Oh, there were the occasional miscues, but now they didn't matter, were barely noticed other than a brief but desperately important impediment to overcome - and they were both working hard to overcome them. In a short span of time, they were ready, her on the bed with slender new legs inviting spread, and he between them, rapid manhood being guided toward moist receptacle by one dainty hand barely big enough to wrap around it's girth.

Then, with a nearly convulsive thrust of his hips, Josh rammed it home - and she arched her back, giving voice to a long, powerful scream.

It was a scream of many things. Surprise, at what it felt like to be filled, especially with a member so huge that it strained the elasticity of her new womanhood with a near-painful intensity that was, in itself, it's own kind of pleasure. Negation, that

anything could feel this intense, that it couldn't really be happening. Affirmation, in that she wanted to happen, wanted it to continue happening...

...but most of all, pleasure - intense, amazing pleasure that thundered through her body.

Pleasure that doubled and redoubled with each repetitive thrust as he rode atop her, his own body rocking with the force of his thrusts, much less her own much smaller form., her hands were outstretched above her, palm spread and braced hard against the wall, wrists and elbows flexing to absorb the wonderful power of each thrust as he rammed his cock into, exactly as she'd specified.

"Oh, God... OH, God!" She panted, writhing and thrashing on the bed, her head whipping back and forth so that her silky hair seemed to possess a life of it's own as it floated and danced around her pleasure-contorted face. "Yes, Josh, Yes! Fuck me good, real good!"

She was barely aware of her own voice, or of the meanings of the sounds she was making - something in her mind sort of 'activated a sub-program' to make sure the other person kept performing at the same level, if not better... but the vast majority of her brain, including any part of it that would have been considered cognitive, was tied up in the simple and yet complex task of absorbing, sorting, and appreciating the many waves and types of pleasure rocking through her body with such amazing intensity.

Like any high-intensity experience, the human body couldn't continue experiencing it without end or variation, no matter how much one might want it to.

However, unlike many other high-intensity experiences, properly performed sexual acts resulted in a condition that, in other circumstances, was known as 'going out with a bang'...

In what seemed both an eternity and no time at all, the new woman upon the bed reached her second female orgasm - but this one was so much more intense, so much more fulfilling, that it seemed to put the last one to shame.

Eyes slamming as wide open as it was possible for them to go, she suddenly found herself arching herself on the bed, almost as if she were attempting the proverbial task of 'bending over backwards' for Josh - but in reality it was her body trying to get the massive manhood just that little bit deeper into her, to gain that last little bit of friction, to somehow make the already mind-boggling orgasm ripping through her somehow even better - and the fact that the task was both futile and vain didn't matter a bit.

Where she might have writhed or thrashed on the bed in the pleasure of actually being penetrated and ridden, orgasm caused her to spasm. Muscles that, until that second, hadn't been directly involved in the motions of her body now all tried to pull her in every direction at once as they 'overload' of pleasure flooding her nervous systems was interpreted by these muscles as commands from the brain - in a very real way, for the scant seconds at the ultimate peak of her orgasm, her mind was no

longer in control of her body, She could make no voluntary motion at all - not with the pure force of her orgasm overloading her system with it's sensory information.

For those few seconds, the orgasm was in complete control of her body - and she wouldn't have had it any other way.

At some point during the spasmodic thrashing the orgasm induced, her own motions pushed Josh over that proverbial edge, and he added his own awkward, uncoordinated motions to her own as his own, somewhat lesser but more localized orgasm hit his nervous system. For a second, to people bound as one thrashed and twitched and shouted obscene words of pleasure and encouragement, for all the world like the two worst sufferers of Tourette's syndrome. In it's way, it could have been either laughable or pathetic, and it is perhaps one of the greatest gifts of nature that at such a moment the person involved in such a ridiculous scene is entirely too caught up to notice it.

Some immeasurable time later, sweaty and sprawled side-by-side on the bed, legs still intertwined, Josh turned his head to face her.

"Thank you." He said, the simplicity of the remark in itself showing the depth of his emotion.

"Oh, no, kind sir.. thank *you*." She replied - and her instinctive humor shielded her own inability to express the depths of her own intensity, so much more convoluted than Josh's straightforward emotions.

"I.. guess you're looking forward to getting out of this body..." Josh said, slowly, as a hand teasingly slid across the body in question - and it was a measure of how much more confidence getting past 'the first time' could be that it wasn't the straightforward question it would have been before, and was spoken with a faint edge of amusement and more than a faint hint of invitation.

"Well, this body does have some advantages.." She allowed. "Besides - after I take this body off, I can never put it on again, right?"

"Right." He agreed, smiling. It was really too much to hope for, but he'd hoped she'd be willing to stay female for at least a little bit longer before giving it up to go back to her old life as a man.

"Well then..." She said, one hand reaching down to touch a manhood as remarkable in it's recuperative abilities as it was in it's size. "I'm just going to have to exhaust all the possible experiences I can have with this body before I remove it and move on to another female body, aren't I? What do you think... a blonde 'bimbo' next? That one with the tits like basketballs might be interesting... or that tall redheaded one - not very well endowed, but it looks quite athletic. Think about it..."

...and, with those words, shifted her body downwards, and promptly began doing something with her mouth that guaranteed that 'thinking' would be the last thing Josh would be doing - at least, for awhile.

That same action, however, only served to intensify the goofy-looking smile that had been born on his lips at her words....

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a jilted boyfriend breaking into a shop that caters to women, he is watched by the owner who decides that he needs to be punished, so she slowly transforms him into a lusty bimbo.

Bawdy Shoppe

By Gunslinger

The interior of the shop lay wreathed in shadows, the faint orange glow of a sodium street light filtering in through the front window, and the roll-down security grate that covered it. The displays and isles lay in silence, dark and somewhat mysterious shapes in the slatted shadows and dull orange highlights that faded into a deeper gloom towards the rear of the store.

Then, from somewhere in the shop, a very faint sound came. Unidentifiable to origin or purpose, the sound was only noticeable in the dead silence of the large shop.

For several seconds, there was nothing - then the sound was repeated. A faint wedge of reddish light appeared, flickering across merchandise from far above the store's glossy hardwood floor.

Then, with a muffled sliding sound, the grate to the air conditioning vent in the ceiling slid aside.

A face appeared over the lip of the opening, upside down. The short, dark-red hair hung straight downward under gravity, exposing a pale, strong-featured face whose green eyes swept around the silent interior of the store with a narrow, watchful gaze. Then the head retreated from the opening, and a second later a rope ladder unfurled from the lip, whispering as it rolled downwards to the floor beneath.

One black-sneaker clad foot appeared on the top rung, followed by the second an instant later. The rope rungs creaked and bent under the weight of the athletic man on them, but held firm as the black-clad intruder began to descend with a cat-like stealth and agility...

...right up until his foot slipped.

With a muffled cry caused by the red-lensed flashlight between his teeth, the broad-shouldered, firm-bodied man tumbled the remaining distance, the arc of his fall carrying into a clothing display that collapsed with a painfully loud clatter in the silence, punctuated by a sharp curse.

Rubbing his battered posterior and groaning, Rick rose from the tangle of clothing that had cushioned his fall, shaking his head. Stepping from the pile, he gazed down at the wreckage of the display.

"Oh, fuck..."

Glancing guiltily at the front of the store, the twenty-six year old man bent and began to reassemble the display as best he could, sighing as he struggled to figure out how the thing had looked before the weight of his body had completely 'rearranged' the display. Finally, he had the clothing and its thing aluminum tubing looking like something that a store employee might have set up - if you ignored the slight kinks in the light-weight metal tubing where he'd had to bend them back into some semblance of straightness. At least it wasn't *immediately* obvious that somebody had done a number on the display.

"I knew this was a mistake..." Rick told himself, glancing at his watch and cursing the time spent reassembling the display. Grabbing up the flashlight from where he'd rested it to do his work, he began to prowl through the interior of the store, looking for the item he'd come to 'borrow'.

The store was 'The Bawdy Shoppe', a sort of new-age women's store run by a woman who only used the name 'Cassandra'. Taking up the first floor, it was a heavily renovated ex-convenience store catering to - as Cassandra put it - "Mortal Goddess" who have embraced their sexual natures'.

In short, it was kind of a high-class 'sex store'. Not really, though - as it wasn't aimed at the 'malecentric sexual viewpoint', another of Cassandra's phrases. Instead, it was aimed at the women, with some concession to the fact that some women enjoyed indulging their male lovers' 'fantasies' - although a fair amount of the traffic of the store, Rick was sure, was lesbian.

Rather than the gaudy displays of male-run 'porno stores', The Bawdy Shoppe was aimed at enhancing sexual pleasure. Though they did carry such things as 'marital aids' and 'fetish clothing', it also sold scented candles, oils and bath lotions, comfortable lingerie of more 'practical' nature, holistic sex aids and guides, and a slew of new-age items, including crystals, jewelry of 'powerful' designs, herbal potions, lotions and notions, and use-specific 'household' items designed to enhance the mood or experience.

In short, it was more 'romantic' than the 'sleazier' sex shops that were more common.

Rick knew a lot about The Bawdy Shoppe - because Cassandra was his land-lady ('Mistress De Maison', she called it) and he lived in the large, extremely reasonably priced apartment suite above the store.

The one where he'd discovered he could hear everything that went on in the shop if he was sitting in the chair next to the large ventilation grate in his dining room.

Which was really the cause of his current state of trespassing - because listening to all the women telling Cassandra how wonderful her items were had given him the idea that he just couldn't shake.

For the past month, Rick had been in a depression - because his long-time girlfriend Marianne had broken up with him, claiming that he was too insensitive to her needs, spending too much time with his 'guy friends', and not 'pampering' her enough. She'd moved out of the apartment...

...but it wasn't an angry departure. Indeed, they'd been together for so long and they had so much in common that it had been a sad departure that she said she had to do for her own sense of self worth.

The thing was - there had been no problem at all in their relationship until Marianne had become good friends with Cassandra. Rick was sure that was where the new thoughts had been planted in Marianne's mind - from the svelte and almost ethereally beautiful blonde owner of The Bawdy Shoppe.

So, Rick had finally decided to set things right. He was going to convince Marianne to give him one last chance, and show her a night of such sensitive pampering that she'd reconsider her decision to leave.

The problem was - Rick was out of funds. The apartment had been a great deal when the two of them had been sharing the cost of the rent - but paying both halves of the rent had left Rick rather short on funds, and his lease meant that trying to leave would be a mistake, even if it wasn't for the fact that the apartment - and the mostly good memories it contained for him - was where he felt at 'home', and didn't want to leave.

So, after a month's worth of gnawing on his sadness at Marianne's departure and anger at Cassandra's interference, he'd come to the somewhat less-than-logical conclusion that it was only fair that Cassandra help him win Marianne back - even if she didn't know it.

Thus - the 'midnight requisition' of the necessary items from her shop that he needed for his planned perfect evening.

Moving around the store, he began to gather up the items he wanted - silk sheets, scented candles, bath oil, champagne from the cooler at the back of the store, and a dozen other items.

"Just wait, Blondie..." Rick said aloud, using a pet-name for Marianne that dated back to their first date in high-school, when she'd tried - and failed miserable - to turn her raven mane of hair blonde for the date. "...I'm going to show you a night you'll never forget."

He had no way of knowing that his every move was being watched, and his every word heard...

* * * * *

It was a sight many men would have paid good money to see.

Seated on the hardwood floor of her living room, Cassandra was completely nude. Not naked, indicating the emotion context of 'vulnerable' or 'uncomfortable' - she was completely relaxed, and it showed in the easy grace of her posture. No, she was 'nude' - and the warm golden light from two thick library candles in front of her gleamed on her smooth, flawless skin and picked golden highlights out of her golden-brown eyes and wheat-blond hair.

She had the toned body and smooth skin of a mere girl in her late teens, but her simply stunning face and her body language seemed to indicate a decade or so more age.

You'd have to look into her eyes to see the truth, and even then you'd have to look long and hard. When you began to get an inkling of what you were seeing, though, you probably wouldn't believe it.

How could such a beautiful, apparently young woman's eyes carry a wisdom far beyond her years?

Well, it wasn't wisdom 'beyond' her years - for Cassandra was a true practitioner of 'magic', a woman in tune with the primal and mostly unseen forces that twined through life - and she had been for most of her eight-three years on the planet so far.

One of the advantages to her supernatural existence was that the effects of aging were greatly reduced, hence her appearance. There were other advantages to her abilities, as well - and one of them was that she'd never felt the need to worry much about store security.

When Rick had begun his little 'B&E' routine, a sixth sense had informed Cassandra what was going on, waking her from her slumber. Padding out to the living room, she'd filled a simple brass bowl with water and lit the candles, then begun 'scrying' - using the water as a sort of 'magical TV', to watch Rick's actions.

She'd laughed at his tumble, and smiled as she watched him attempt - rather ineptly - to reassemble the display. She hadn't felt much anger at his intrusion into her story, and only a little disappointment - after all, she and Marianne had become close friends, and she'd secretly been keeping an eye on Rick for Marianne, and had begun to worry that she'd made a mistake in judgment when Rick's depression had stretched on without sign of loosening its hold. Cassandra, though possessing abilities that most people didn't dream possible, knew that she was as human and fallible as anyone, and had begun to realize that her judgment of Rick as a 'typical male' had been inaccurate - she'd expected him to shrug off Marianne's departure and jump right

back into the single life. So, she'd begun to be seriously troubled by his continuing depression, and had wondered how she could rectify her error, and the heartache it had caused.

Rick would have been surprised had he known that Cassandra also reached the conclusion that she owed him for what she'd done to his and Marianne's relationship, and that his little 'raid' also seemed 'fair' to her.

At least... right until he spoke those fateful words - and the small smile on Cassandra's lips faded. "Blondie?" She asked the unknowing image of Rick. "Why you little..."

She and Marianne had become close friends, and Marianne had divulged many intimate details of her relationship with Rick to the svelte sorceress - but somehow, the story of her (highly embarrassing) first date with Rick had never been fully disclosed.

So, Cassandra came to a logical (and utterly incorrect) conclusion - that Rick, rather than willing to do a little breaking and entering, with theft, to win back the affections of his sweetheart, was stealing these items to impress some other woman.

It could be understood that Cassandra - who'd had a few bad relationships with men in her past - allowed her imagination to run a little wild, imagining this 'Blondie' as some brainless blonde bimbo.

It could also be understood that Cassandra was angered by Rick's 'callous' actions - and her own 'gullibility' in believing that Rick was actually a fairly decent human being.

That said, it can even be understood why she did what she did, lifting her hands high to the heavens, tilting her head back and closing her eyes as she began to chant in a surprisingly deep, sonorous voice...

* * * * *

Grunting, Rick pushed the two bags full of 'goodies' through the vent in the dining room of his apartment, then tuned and closed the vent behind him before rising to his feet and brushing the dust off his black sweatsuit.

Rolling his shoulders and sighing, Rick looked down at the bags of stolen items, feeling guilty as hell and already reconsidering. He thought of climbing back through and putting them back - but then shook his head.

He decided that he'd go ahead with his plan, then find a way to repay the price of the items over time, hoping Cassandra would understand. With her views on the way men should treat women, she might be understanding enough - especially if Marianne was able to tell her how wonderful the evening was. Where he might not be able to reach Cassandra's sympathy, maybe he and Marianne together would be able to find a way to make what he'd just done well, not 'right', but at least

'understandable'.

Stripping off the sweaty, dusty, smelly - and, thanks to the fall, torn - sweatsuit, Rick dumped it into a hamper. Although it was the wee small hours of the morning, a combination of factors, including adrenaline, guilt, and anticipation, assured that

he was wide awake, and he decided to get everything 'set-up'. Though he wasn't even sure he'd be able to talk Marianne into giving him a second chance, much less that it might be tomorrow or anytime in the next week, getting everything ready would give him a sense of accomplishment, and allow him to work off the nervous energy that kept sleep at bay.

Dressed only in a pair of gray Hanes boxer briefs and a pair of white athletic socks, the athletically built youth began to spread the contents of the bags out and sort through them.

He started in the bedroom - the master bedroom, which he and Marianne had shared for over two years, and that he hadn't slept in since she'd left, finish the big four-poster bed to cold and lonely. Instead, he'd taken to using the fold-out couch in the combination study/guest room they'd made out of the second bedroom.

Now, he stripped off the covers of the big oak bed and replaced the sheets with the pale pink ones from the shop, the silk rustling smoothly as he made the bed. Over the silk sheets he placed a thick, soft, off-white comforter.

He walked around the spacious bedroom, finding the best places to put the candles. One thick off- white candle went on each of the night-tables that flanked the bed, after he'd cleared them of their usual clutter, left untouched since Marianne had left. More candles went on the dressers, and on the broad window-sill. The ones on the window were small ones that floated in 'brandy-snifters' full of water, and he made sure to place them far from the tied back drapes - having the curtains burst into flame would probably be a real mood killer.

He went through the rest of the rooms, cleaning up as he 'redecorated' the apartment. It was more than just placing candles, though - he'd also dredged through his mind to remember all the decorating ideas that Marianne had made while they were living together that he'd refused, because he'd thought that they would make the apartment look to 'feminine' for him to be comfortable. Now, he didn't care - if Marianne wanted the tables rearranged, that was fine with him. Digging back into his memory, he moved the furniture to the positions that Marianne had placed them in to show him, then went and got the lacy white 'table clothes' for the end tables and put them in place. The white-and-beige pillows came out of the big closet in the guest-room, to be placed on the couches and the matching chair.

By the time he was done, the sun was casting an orange-red glow through the windows - but the entire apartment was as close as he could get it to Marianne's vision as he could manage. Some things he couldn't do - like buying the few items she'd suggested - but everything that was possible for him to do, he'd done. The apartment was still recognizable as the one from the day before - but the decor now looked much more feminine. It was what Rick had feared, and the reason he'd refused - but now he would gladly paint the entire place pink and white and hang big silk bows everywhere, if that's what it took to win Marianne back.

Looking at the clock, he saw that he had only an hour and half before he had to leave for work - and although he was beginning to feel the effects of a night without sleep, he decided against calling in sick for work. It was Friday, after all, and he didn't have much on his plate, thanks to the consideration of his boss, who's wife had left him last year and understood what

Rick was going through. Besides, he wouldn't be able to sleep until he'd talked to Marianne, and he wanted to do that face-to-face, which meant after she was done work this afternoon.

After breakfast and more coffee then was good for him, he took a long, cold shower to help wake him up, then toweled off his firm, fit body. Walking over to the sink, he started the hot water running and sprayed some shaving cream into the cupped palm of his hand...

...then stopped just short of slathering it on his face when he realized that he didn't need it. To his surprise, his face lacked the usual morning stubble, looking as smooth as if he'd just finished shaving...

...or smoother. He was quite fair-skinned - like many natural red-heads - and usually he had a faint bluish tinge along his jawline where the follicles of hair could be faintly seen through his light skin. Yet he couldn't even see that.

Running a hand over the skin of his jaw, he felt the flesh slide under his fingers with an unusual smooth, soft sensation. Mouth quirking in mild confusion, Rick shrugged and rinsed the cream from his hand - if he didn't have to shave this morning, it wasn't something he was going to complain about. He'd tried to grow a beard a couple of years ago, and it had looked ridiculous - he was lucky enough to have dark, cherrywood-red hair and a complete lack of freckles, rare for a red-head, but his facial hair had come in as that awful rust-orange color that was more common than the 'real' red of his hair.

Finishing his morning ablutions, he dressed quickly - a pair of dark green slacks, a light green dress shirt with white color, dark tie, his Italian loafers, and a dark green leather sport jacket. Grabbing his wallet and keys, he walked through the apartment one last time, making sure that everything was perfect, on the off-chance that Marianne would agree and come home with him directly from seeing her.

Nodding to himself, he left the apartment and headed down the stairs. Walking down the alley behind the building to get to his car, he passed Cassandra coming the other way.

"Morning." Rick muttered, pretending to be looking for his keys so he wouldn't have to meet her eyes, still feeling guilty about his theft.

So, he didn't notice the slight tightening of eyes and lips as she replied coolly with the same word, the tone and look lost in his own emotional state as he headed for his car.

* * * * *

"Hey, Rick - about time to get a hair cut, huh?"

Blinking, Rick looked up from the computer to the smiling face of Jerry, from the mailroom. The younger man had just put a pile of inter-office mail on his desk, and was now grinning at him.

"Excuse me?" Rick asked, his mind feeling foggy and slow from the lack of sleep the night before. Jerry pointed at Rick's head. "Getting a little shaggy on top, aren't you?"

Rick frowned, and turned the chair to face the big tinted window on the left side of the office that he could use as a faint mirror.

His thick head of dark-red hair hung about his face in a heavy mass, making him realize that he'd been brushing it out of his face during the past few hours, without even thinking consciously about it.

He blinked in confusion - he hadn't thought his hair was that full and long - he'd almost swear that it had grown rapidly since this morning.

Then again - he'd had a bad month, and neglected some things. The idea that his hair had grown that rapidly was just ridiculous - part of the effect of his sleepless night, probably, that it seemed that way.

"Yeah - I guess I should get it chopped." Rick agreed. "Thanks, Jerry."

"No problem, Mr. McLanahan." Jerry said, flipping a short wave as he headed out.

Turning back to the computer, Rick went back to tapping away at the keyboard, his wandering attention forced to focus on what he was doing as his tired mind struggled to have the columns of information make sense.

It took him nearly an hour to notice that his typing not only seemed more difficult than usual - but sounded different.

Frowning, Rick looked down...

For a second, his brain jumped its track as it tried to figure out how a woman had snuck into his office and begun typing at his computer.

Then he realized that the dainty hands with their long, slender fingers, tiny wrists and long, oval fingernails were protruding from the sleeves of his dress-shirt.

"What the...?" Rick asked himself quietly, lifting his hands to hold them in front of his stunned eyes, turning the slender, dainty hands from side to side.

They moved when he commanded them to, they were attached to the ends of his arms - which made these slender, extremely feminine hands 'his', even if they looked nothing like the broad, slightly stubby hands that usually graced his arms.

"This... can't be happening..." Rick told himself in the same stunned, quiet voice as he stared at his inexplicably altered hands.

"Hey, Rick..." A voice said - and Rick snapped out of his dazed trance, tucking his hands under the desk and out of sight as his boss, Mr. Lucas, stuck his head into the office.

"Yes, Mr. Lucas?" Rick asked, trying to look casual as he kept his hands out of sight.

"I need you to go check on the shipping team - according to our numbers, we're short fifteen units from Wednesday. I need you to track them down."

"Uh... yes, sir." Rick nodded, not knowing what else to say. With a quick nod, Lucas disappeared down the hallway - and Rick once more extracted his hands and stared at them.

"No - this has to be a... a... *hallucination* or something." Rick told himself, shaking his head. "A result of sleep deprivation and guilt. It *has* to be."

It didn't feel like a hallucination - but Rick so desperately needed to believe that it was that he managed to convince himself that was the case. This wasn't real, no matter how real it felt when he ran one slender hand over the other. It just *couldn't* be real - he *couldn't* have the hands of a woman.

Right?

That 'conviction' didn't stop Rick from jamming his hands deep into the pockets of his jacket as he headed over to Shipping - not that he 'thought' that his hands would look different to anyone else....

...but, what if they *did*?

Forcing his mind to once more ignore the chance that this might be real, he used his shoulder to push open the door to shipping and step through.

"Hey, Mr. McLanahan - what can I do for you?" Ron, the head of Shipping, asked, somewhat warily. "Oh, just looking for some missing units." Rick told him.

Ron was looking at him oddly - and Rick suddenly realized he was staring at the muscular head of shipping with a silly grin on his face. With a shocked reaction, he looked away, the smile changing into a confused frown.

"Uh - I'll just run down the units, Ron." Rick mumbled, heading over to the stacks and pulling out the clip-board for the delivery and running his finger down the list...

...without thinking. He'd run down so many missing units in this job that his actions were habitual - and he didn't realize what he'd done until he saw that one long-nailed, dainty finger running down the list.

He looked up - to see that Ron had turned away. Blushing - still scared that somebody else might see and 'verify' the impossible - Rick stepped a bit further into the stacks to be out of sight, his heart pounding.

Again consulting the clipboard, he found the information he was looking for - though it took him three tries, as the sight of that slender, long-nailed finger was distracting, even if it wasn't really 'real'.

Finally finished, he blushed as he all-but-snuck the clipboard back into place, feeling supremely silly as he went through a burglar-esque act to hand the clipboard on the nail without anyone seeing him...

..or, rather, his hands.

Finished, Rick faded back into the stacks and began the task of looking for the units, under the assumption that - as was usually the case - the stenciling on the sides of the boxes had faded, making the designation look like something else.

The warehousing section he was in - the 'stacks' - was almost like a maze. Narrow isles were bordered on either side by high metal shelving stacked full of boxes, blocking out most of the light and disrupting any line-of-sight. Rick usually found the stacks almost claustrophobic - but, today, he was grateful for the 'solitude' the maze-like warehouse provided, his mind spinning in useless circles as he tried to come to terms with a plethora of things, the most important one being the odd 'hallucination' he was in the middle of.

He was walking down one of the alleys, lost in thought, when he suddenly tripped and went sprawling. "Shit!"

Rubbing his elbow - which had smacked painfully into the concrete floor - Rick sat up and gazed down at the floor he'd walked over, looking for the item he'd tripped over...

His right shoe lay in the middle of the floor, the laces still tied.

"What the hell...?" Rick asked himself, frowning. He glanced down at his feet...

...the gasped and leaned closer to his leg, hands reaching out to verify what his eyes saw.

His dainty, feminine hands reached out - and gently ran over the thin black dress sock that covered an equally tiny, dainty foot. Slowly, in a state of shock, Rick pulled off the sock and stared at the foot itself, jaw sagging in disbelief.

The foot was tiny, compared to what he usually saw at the end of his leg. The toes were each perfectly formed, with none of the somewhat callused 'spread' at the bottom - each one was as rounded and smooth as if he'd never walked on these feet in his life.

Which was almost true.

The foot itself was narrow even for its reduced size, with a small, finely curved ankle behind a high, well-defined arch that made his foot look like a smooth, incredibly realistic Barbie-doll's foot, rather than a real appendage. Yet, all the sensations that came through both his altered hands and feet seemed to insist that both were, indeed, real.

A quick check revealed that his other foot matched this one.

"That's it..." he told himself, numbly. "I've gone off the deep end. I'm imagining I've got the hands and feet of a woman. I've finally snapped under the pressure."

He might have gone on telling himself that he'd lost it and was hallucinating wildly - if he hadn't hear Ron calling his name, the sound slowly growing in volume as the head of shipping drew slowly but steadily closer.

That snapped Rick out of his numb denial. He still didn't know what was going on - but, at the thought of getting 'caught' like this, embarrassment and horror flooded him, and it seemed that the most important thing in the world at the moment was keeping anyone from seeing him like this.

Frantically, he stuffed a balled-up sock in the toe of each shoe and pulled them on, tying them as tightly as he could. They still fit poorly, but he hoped it would be enough to keep the shoe in place when he walked. Heart pounding, he pushed himself to his feet...

..and almost toppled over. The curvature of his new feet made it feel incredible unnatural to stand flat-footed, and he'd almost instinctively tried to stand on tip-toe to alleviate the discomfort - hence his near spill. Grimacing, he forced himself to press all his weight down on his heels - but it was as if he was trying to stand with coiled springs under his heels, fighting to keep the springs from rising up and lifting the back of his feet.

With Ron's voice growing closer, Rick looked around desperately, finally spotting what he wanted - a pair of work gloves, dozens of which were scattered all over the stacks.

This pair, however, was two-dozen feet away.

Walking was almost a battle. Just standing still without letting himself go on tip-toe was bad enough, but with each step he took it was ten times worse. Lifting his foot 'released' the 'spring' in his altered feet, and he had to force his heel down with each and every step. By the time he'd reached the gloves, only a short distance away, his calves were already starting to ache from the effort required to remain flat-footed.

Doing his best to ignore the discomfort, he quickly pulled the now-too-loose men's gloves onto his hands...

"Mr. McLanahan?"

"Yes, Ron?" Rick said, forcing his lips into a bad simulation of a friendly grin as the foreman looked at him oddly.

"Uh... we found the missing units - the shipper called and said that they were left in the truck by accident. They'll deliver them later today."

"That's great, Ron - saves me some trouble." Rick said, sweat trickling down his back - just carrying on a pseudo-normal conversation was a tremendous effort, most of his mind taken up with the task of standing as 'normally' as possible, while another part of his mind was trying to cope with the impossible things that were happening.

"So... I guess you're done here?" Ron asked in a tone of voice that clearly indicated that he didn't but Rick's 'all's-well' act.

"Yeah, yeah - thanks for your help, Ron." Rick said, sweating even more fiercely - but it was obvious that he couldn't very well wait, or ask the foreman not to watch while he walked. Gritting his teeth behind his false smile, Rick forced himself to begin walking - and he knew how odd he must look, walking like an old man with shuffling steps that didn't lift his feet - and his traitorous, 'spring-loaded' heels - from the ground.

"Are you okay, Mr. McLanahan?" Ron asked, hesitantly.

"Actually..." Rick said, knowing that there was no way he could walk all the way out of the stacks before his aching calves would refuse to help anymore. "I... I managed to bang my knees into a shelf, and they hurt like hell when I try and bend my legs."

Ron's eyebrows went up, and Rick could almost hear his thoughts - but, right now, he'd rather that Ron think that he'd managed to do something incredibly stupid in order to injure himself like that then reveal what was really going on.

"Oh - well, why don't you wait here, and I'll get one of the power dollies and give you a lift to the door." Ron suggested.

"I'd appreciate that - though I feel really, really stupid about injuring myself this way." Rick 'admitted' with a sheepish smile...

...then he almost slumped to his 'injured' knees in relief as the foreman walked away in search of a power-dolly. Rather than risk being caught out in the lie, though, Rick forced himself to maintain the same awkward stance that he'd held in front of Ron - not too difficult, as the alternative was to let his traitorous feet 'pop-up' like they wanted to.

One damned thing was sure - he was going home. He'd use the excuse of his 'injury', he'd claim he wasn't feeling well - hell, he'd quit completely, if that's what it took. He just didn't care - he needed time alone to try and figure out what was happening to him.

* * * * *

"Are you sure that you don't want me to get Margie to give you a lift home?"

Looking up at his boss' concerned face, Rick had to remind himself that Mr. Lucas was just trying to be helpful - and he had no way of knowing that the last thing Rick wanted was 'company' of any sort.

"No, thanks, Mr. Lucas." Rick said, manufacturing a wry smile. "Working the pedals doesn't really put much pressure on my feet, and I'd prefer to have my car handy - just in case."

Not hearing the rest of Mr. Lucas' well-meaning (but unwanted) advice, Rick made his excuses as best he could, then finally managed to get away, pulling out of the parking lot and aiming the hood of his car towards his apartment with a sigh of relief - today was just getting too weird, and having to deal with other people on top of that weirdness was just too much for him to handle right now.

Then again, just handling the weirdness was probably more than he could handle right now - but he'd take that hurdle when he had a chance to sit down - by himself - and do some serious thinking and considering.

As he pulled to a stop at a red light, Rick peeled the work gloves off his hands and let his bare hands rest on the steering wheel. The sight of the apparently dainty, slender, feminine hands bothered the hell out of him, but so had the feeling of the too-large work gloves - and he didn't actually have to *look* at his hands to drive.

The thought gave him pause though - if it was all a hallucination, why did it feel real - like the work gloves feeling like they were too large...?

Pushing the thought aside for the moment, Rick focused on nothing but driving for the rest of the trip, not allowing the nagging thoughts, suspicions and doubts intrude until he parked his car and very awkwardly walked up the flight of stairs to his apartment, shutting and locking the door behind him.

Sighing in relief, he turned from the locked door and dropped his keys on the hallway table...

...that wasn't there. The keys clattered against the floor and Rick stared at them numbly for a moment, a frown slowly building on his face.

"What the hell...?" Rick said, looking to the other wall - where the table now sat, below a mirror that he'd never seen before.

"Nnnn...oooo" Rick said, thoughtfully, trying to put the whole thing together. He might have moved the table during his late-night redecorating, but he was damned sure that he hadn't hung the mirror - which he didn't even own.

Slowly, feet trying to 'spring up', he walked down the hallway and into his living room...

Well, the living room at any rate. It was the same size, shape and color it had always been - but now it looked completely and utterly different.

About half the furniture was the 'right' furniture - the furniture that had been there when he'd left for work. Now, however, there was new furniture and various items that - like the mirror in the hallway - he'd never owned.

However, though he'd never owned it, he realized that he recognized almost all of it. Eyes widening in confused shock, he slumped into the nearest chair - a wicker rattan one that hadn't been there the day before - and gaped at what he was seeing.

It was the living room that Marianne had always wanted - down to the smallest detail. Last night, he'd tried to approximate what she'd shown him, as best he could - now, it was exactly as she'd described, right down to the little accents and knickknacks she'd shown him in various catalogues.

Any trace of his lifestyle was gone, overwritten in the redecorated room that was so obviously a result of a 'womans touch' that Rick couldn't help but wonder if Marianne had come over while he was gone, seen what he'd done, and finished the work.

"Marianne? Are you here?" He called, walking slowly through the apartment for a note or other explanation, a confused look on his face as he eyed the redecorated apartment.

He didn't find anything to indicate who had done this, or how. Shaking his head at the extra measure of strangeness, Rick decided to flee to the sanctuary of the bathroom.

It looked as feminine as the rest of the apartment - but that was nothing new. Indeed, Marianne had claimed the bathroom as her place to decorate when she'd first seen the apartment, and he'd allowed her a free hand. Now, the familiarity of the surroundings is what he wanted - needed - and the fact that it matched the rest of the apartment now was secondary to it's comforting resemblance to how it had been this morning.

Going first to his radically altered bedroom, he pulled his bathrobe out of the closet and began to undress, tossing his clothing into the laundry hamper...

"Shit!"

Rick stared at the arm exposed by removing his shirt - and arm completely denuded of body hair. Slowly, Rick finished undressing and found that all his body hair was....

..still there, kind of. The first look had been deceptive, but now he could see that he still had body hair only it was a very fine, light, silky body hair. He only made the connection when he pulled his pants off and found out what his skin without any body hair - because his legs were completely and utterly denuded of every follicle.

In other words - he had the body hair and shaved areas of an average North American woman, including the shaved armpits.

"This is just too damn weird..." Rick said, shaking his head. However - he still wasn't quite ready to concede that any of this might be real. He might be crazy, he might be hallucinating, he might be ready for a rubber room at Bellevue - but he wasn't *really* beginning to look like a woman.

Keeping that thought firmly held, Rick pulled on his bathrobe and went into the bathroom to grab a bath.

* * * * * "God-*fucking*-damn!"

Furious, Rick slammed the door on his closet - then stood there, staring angrily at the dainty hand gracing the end of his arm while he struggled to maintain balance atop his altered, traitorous feet.

Maybe none of this was really happening - but whatever was/wasn't doing this had gone too damn far. Finishing his bath, the (now-long)red-haired young man had come to get dressed...

...and found that all his clothing was missing, replaced with clothing of an undeniably feminine persuasion.

Angrily using one dainty hand to toss his mane of long, deep-red hair out of his face, Rick re-opened the closet and eyed the clothing that lay inside.

Skirts. Blouses. Dresses - all of it decidedly feminine, with nothing that could really be considered 'unisex'. Now, either somebody had silently managed to steal away all his clothing and replace it while he was in the bath, or this was still his normal male clothing and he was hallucinating it all.

In either case, he'd had more than enough. He'd used the time alone in the bathtub to decide what he was going to do, and his final decision had been to seek 'professional' help - a psychiatrist. If he was nuts, a shrink could tell him - and if it wasn't that, then the shrink would have advice on where to turn next. In either case, it was the best place to start.

Except - he hadn't planned on trying to go see the shrink while dressed in some little frou-frou.

Then again - if he was insane, maybe this was his psyche's attempt to keep him from seeing the shrink.

"Well, I'm not giving up!" Rick shouted into the air - not realizing just how insane that did make him look. "I'm going, and there's nothing you can do to stop me!"

Angrily, he dug into his closet, looking for the least 'objectionable' outfit he could put together for his little psychiatric outing.

First, he pulled a pair of pale pink cotton panties out of his drawer.

"They're not panties..." Rick told himself, firmly. "They're the same pair of boxer-briefs that were sitting here this morning - I'm just seeing them as panties."

Maybe - but he had a very vivid imagination, as they felt entirely real as he pulled them up his now denuded legs, feeling like a tight pair of panties that pulled much too tight across the crotch and practically hung limp at the ass, designed for a woman's more...

...*more* ass.

Next came a pair of socks. Sure, they looked like all the world for a pair of 'nude' nylons with seams at the heel, toe and up the back, but they were really only socks, the same he wore every day - at least, that's what he kept telling himself as he pulled them on, smoothing them up his smooth legs and positioning the lacy elasticized tops around his thighs.

Then he pulled on the rest of his outfit - a black leather skirt that came to just above his knees, and a cowl-neck, bright red fuzzy sweater. He wasn't quite sure what clothing they really were, not having memorized the position of clothing in his closet - but he was sure that they weren't really the clothes they seemed to be.

The final touch was shoes.

All the shoes in the closet had really, really high heels - and that created a mixed feeling in Rick. He didn't want to wear heels - but doing so would allow his feet the natural curvature they 'wanted' to have, making it easier for him to walk.

Besides - these were really just his normal shoes - everything else was just illusion. Nodding to himself - then cursing at the way it made a lank strand of hair drop into his eyes - Rick picked out the pair with the highest heels in the closet - a pair of bright-red patent leather pumps with six-inch stiletto heels. Forcing himself to remember that they were really a pair of loafers or tennis shoes, he slipped his apparently altered feet into them and rose to his full height...

...and was 'relieved' to find that it made walking with his 'altered' feet much more comfortable, if a little awkward.

Frowning at the image in the mirror - knowing that it wasn't a true reflection of what must really be - Rick headed out, gathering up his wallet and car keys as he left.

Climbing behind the wheel of his car, he slumped against the dash as he worked up the nerve he'd need, then inserted the key into the ignition and brought the car roaring to life.

Pointing the hood of his aging Chevy towards the downtown section of town, Rick headed out to see the psychiatrist he'd randomly chosen from the phonebook.

She'd gone about half the distance - when her body seemed to explode.

It wasn't quite that drastic - but it might as well have been. Suddenly, without warning, she lost control of the car - as huge, firm round tits suddenly thrust from her chest, straining the sweater to the limit - and blocking off the steering wheel.

At the same time, her hips and ass expanded - even as her waist shrunk. As did her cock, rapidly forming into a hot, wet cunt.

The Chevy slammed into a telephone pole - thankfully, at a low speed - and Rick... (...or, the huge-breasted woman who had once been Rick...)

...staggered out.

Stunned, she stared down at her body - and with sudden horror, realized that she'd been deluding herself.

This was no hallucination - this was real.

Horried, Rick... Rikki... stumbled into the nearest building to use the phone, something in the back of her mind telling her that if she could only get to a doctor, everything would be all right.

Slumping onto a barstool near the bar, she gestured towards the bartender...

"Whatever you want, honey, I'll buy it." the handsome man said with a grin, holding out a hand. "I'm Mark."

"Rikki..." He... she.. answered numbly, about to explain that she just wanted the phone...

... when she realized that she was horrendously, painfully, desperately attracted to him...

...or, rather - his cock. Visions of cocks, of cum, of her satisfying men with mouth, tits, hands and ass flooded her...

...and her brain 'shut down' under the assault.

Rikki brought a sensual smile to her fuller, glossy lips. She rose from the stool slowly, her hand going to her sweater.

She understood, now, that this was her destiny - this is what she would do for the rest of her natural- born life, and fighting against it would only make a bad thing worse.

Smiling, she peeled off her sweater, setting free her huge, firm, tits.

"Like what you see?" She made herself ask - if she was going to be stuck in this role, she'd might as well make it the best she could.

Mark's jaw dropped - answer enough for Rikki.

Walking to stand in front of him, she slowly sank to her knees in front of mark, her heart thudding behind her gigantic tits. She made herself to reach out and unzip his pants, slowly lowering them and his underwear around his ankles, letting his hard, throbbing cock spring free.

"Mmmm... it's so *big*" she said in a low, husky voice - and finding that the words weren't as bad as she thought they'd be. "It looks *soooo* good "

Reaching out, she wrapped her dainty hands around the throbbing shaft, looking up at Mark with a sly smile.

She'd somehow expected the feel of a cock in her hand to be physically disgusting - but it wasn't. Not really.

"Ohhh " She said. "I want to feel your huge cock on my body." Leaning forward and rising slightly, she wrapped her large, firm tits around the cock, rubbing its hard shaft in her cleavage, then it's purplish head across her rounded mounds and large nipples.

To her surprise, it felt quite good, physically.

"I *love* your cock, Mark - it's so big and hard " She said, turning *herself* on. Moaning with 'pleasure', she wrapped her hands around the base of his throbbing shaft, opened her soft, firm lips - and took his cock into her warm, wet mouth.

Again, she was amazed to find it wasn't physically disgusting - in fact, it actually felt kind of... nice? She closed her lips tightly around the shaft and forced herself to let her tongue roam over the warm crown filling her mouth as she sucked lightly.

Making moaning sounds in the back of her throat, she began to piston her head up and down on his thick cock, her hands working in sync - one on the shaft, the other playing with his large balls.

It felt... good. She was surprised and disgusted - but there was no way to deny that, on some level, she was enjoying this. Her movement, her actions - all were turning her on. As she slurped away on his manhood, she was shocked to discover herself getting into the blow-job.

In fact - she was really, really enjoying it.

Her moans of enjoyment were no longer feigned - the warmth filling her mouth, the slight tang of his cock tickling her taste buds, the warm shaft and balls under her fingers - it did feel good. In fact - she was sucking *eagerly* at the cock filling her mouth.

Then, with a slight warning from the way his cock twitched, he began to spew a stream of thick, warm cum into her mouth.

Rikki felt a second's disgust - then the warm, salty flavor registered - and she found herself gulping eagerly at the flow of delicious cum - as she knew that this was just a preview of the way the rest of her life would be....

...and, she knew that accepting it was the only thing she could do...

* * * * *

"Jaysus H. Christ, and th' horse he rode in on." Patrick breathed in amazement as Rikki headed off to the 'Ladies Room'. "I've seen many a thing in this here bar, me boyo - but never anythin' quite the likes 'o that."

"Yeah - that was out of the ordinary." Mark agreed, readjusting his clothing. "I hope you don't mind the public display there, Patty."

Patrick grinned. "Ah, no, me lad - this place could use a bit o' livenin' up, and most of me crowd is usually pretty hard to..." He grinned wickedly. " get a rise outta."

Mark laughed - then Rikki stepped out of the bathroom, and his - and several other patron's eyes - followed.

Teetering atop the ridiculously high-heels 'she' wore, the transvestite sashayed back to the bar, pulling 'her' sweater back down over the huge - and obviously implanted - 'tits' on 'her' chest.

"Sorry about that " Rikki said in a really bad falsetto, obviously trying to be 'seductive'. "Sometimes, a girl just can't wait, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, we understand miss." Patrick assure 'her' with a grin. "We're a very understandin' bunch o' lads, I assure you."

"Good." Rikki said. Running a hand through her short - but beautifully colored - hair, her over- lispticked lips curved in a grin. "How about a sherry, then?"

And, for the patrons of the city's most famous - or infamous - 'Alternate Lifestyle' bar, life went on as usual...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Agreeing to house sit for an odd neighbor, one guy has a series of misfortunes that leave him with a huge set of boobs, and the discovery that his neighbor is a witch.

Being Neighborly

Part One

By Gunslinger

It all started when I offered to look after Maggie's place for her while she was gone.

Maggie Jones and I were hardly what you would call friends – 'nodding acquaintances' would be much more accurate. We happened to live directly across from each other, the last two houses on a dead-end road at the very edge of a small town; hers was the nearly two century old farmhouse that the road had originally been the driveway to, while mine was a mid-Seventies brick and faux-stone façade bungalow that had gone up, along with the others along the road, following the Vietnam War.

We ran into each other regularly when going out to collect our respective mail; somewhat less frequently, we'd come across each other in the woods that started where our shared road ended. In our own ways, we were both the outdoor type, but in radically different ways – tall, slender, and pale, Maggie wandered through the woods looking for mushrooms, herbs, and assorted other natural botanicals I wouldn't even pretend to know about – very much the 'new age/hippy' type, wearing natural-

fiber skirts and blouses and Birkenstocks, whereas I was usually in jeans and a sweatshirt, hiking and canoeing and camping. Still and all, we got along well enough, if not enough so to call ourselves friends.

So, I just happened to be there on the early-fall day, both of us having gone out to retrieve our mail at the same time. Standing there in the crisp morning air, we traded a few trite words – and then Maggie's face lit up with delight as she perused a letter she'd just opened: "Oh, wonderful – Elspeth's been chosen High Priestess for the All Hallows!"

Almost as quickly, her face fell again.

"Oh, but whatever should I do with my conservatory...?" She asked herself with a thoughtful frown. "I simply can't leave it untended that long..."

Realizing she was referring to the iron-framed greenhouse attached to the back corner of her sprawling old Victorian farmhouse, I hesitated only a fraction of a second before making the fateful offer: "Well, if you were to write down simple instructions, I could look after your plants while you're away..."

"You could...?" She asked – and then, fair skin displaying her blush most fetchingly, modified the almost incredulous question into, "What I mean, Luke, is would you really be willing to?"

I assured her I would, pointing out that it was hardly an overwhelming burden, especially as I was by far her closest neighbor – which was how, two weeks later, I found myself designated caretaker of the rather eclectic collection of plants that filled the frankly amazing two-story glass-and-cast-iron dome attached to her kitchen.

On the second day after her departure – and only the fifth time being in her house, the first three being for the purpose of instruction – I was still rather amazed at the sprawling old red-brick structure as I stood in her kitchen, filling a battered old tin watering can from her equally old-fashion high-arched brass kitchen faucet. While it was a house built on farmland, to simply refer to it as a 'farmhouse' conjured an image far short of the reality of the three-and-a-half storey slate-roofed edifice. Not only was the house much larger and more ornate than one would have thought a farmhouse to be, it was in amazingly well-preserved condition, with only purely necessary upgrades having been carefully and artfully added in the intervening years. I was looking around admiring the built-in wooden cabinetry, complete with original brass hardware, when I lifted the watering can out of the sink and turned to head out the door leading to the conservatory...

...which probably explained why I hadn't lifted the can quite high enough. The bottom scrapped across the tiled counter – and, proving Murphy's Law, clipped the house key Maggie had given me.

It was a key by itself, without even a keyring – which meant that when it flew from the counter and skittered across the highly polished hardwood floors as if guided by the devil's hand, it had no trouble at all fitting through the slender opening at the bottom of the basement door, disappearing with a small metallic clatter. A half-second later, there came the ringing sound of the key striking a stone floor somewhere beyond.

Muttering curses under my breath, I approached the white-painted wooden door leading to the basement – and hesitated.

I wasn't to go down there – nor, in fact, anywhere else but the kitchen and the conservatory. As I mentioned earlier, Maggie and I weren't friends; it wasn't the least bit surprising I hadn't been granted unrestrained run of the house, but been limited only to that freedom of access necessary to carry out the favor I had volunteered for. The rest of the house, mainly by unspoken agreement, was off limits – but when it came to the basement, I had been specifically told not to go down there for anything less than flood or fire.

Unfortunately, that injunction had been provided without consideration of this particular turn of events. There was no way either of us could possibly have foreseen the key skittering under the small gap under the door – and Maggie had been equally vehement, if not even more so, about making sure that I locked up behind me, even if I simply intended to step out 'for a minute or two'.

So, after a rather uncharacteristic hesitation, I walked over to the key-rack beside the door leading out onto the covered wood porch. As mentioned, Maggie had pointed out which key was for the basement, just in case of the highly unlikely event of the furnace fire or burst pipe. It was a very old-fashioned key, original to when the house was built, of the type sometimes referred to as a 'skeleton key'. As long as the palm of my hand, the iron key felt ominously cold and hard as I plucked it from the rack and carried it over to unlock the basement door. Swinging it open, I peered uncertainly into the gloom the enveloped the steep, narrow staircase beyond.

Maggie hadn't opened the door when explaining to me the dire circumstances under which I might go down there, and a brief combination of peering and groping failed to turn up anything resembling a light switch. With a sigh, I carefully edged my way into the narrow stairwell, relatively broad shoulders brushing against first the painted wood, then cold stone walls that made up the stairwell descending into the dim cellar below.

What little light was to be had seeped in through small, high-set, iron-barred windows in the stone foundation supporting the house above; it was barely enough to turn stygian darkness into dim grey shapes humped against darker shadows. I once again fumbled around in the hopes of encountering a light switch; once again, my efforts went unrewarded. Given the sequence of sounds I had heard in the kitchen above, I could only assume that the house-key had slipped between the risers of the stairs and landed somewhere behind the open staircase itself – in what was, naturally, the darkest point in the room.

Once more I hesitated, briefly considering the idea of going to grab a flashlight – but if Maggie had one, she hadn't told me where she kept it, and I dare not trot home to grab my own when I was unable to lock the door behind me; that was specifically the scenario she'd warned against. So, moving slowly and cautiously, I began to edge my way around poorly-seen piles and stacks of undistinguishable items in the gloom, trying to make my way around behind the staircase to search for the missing key.

Unfortunately, I wasn't nearly cautious enough; I was just swinging sidewise, half-bent in order to let my head clear what I thought to be hooks of a tall old coatrack, when my leading left foot came down on a small, rounded object that promptly turned underfoot. My ankle twisted sharply, and I started to lose my balance – and my instinctive move to stand upright caused one of those rounded-end brass coat-hooks to first drag painfully down the back of my neck, then catch in the collar of the fried old cotton work shirt I was wearing.

I jerked hard against that blunt brass grip – and the threads holding the buttons on my old shirt unexpectedly gave way, and I suddenly pitched forward, finding myself suddenly and painfully supported by back-thrust arms trapped within the sleeves of my now-gaping shirt. I hung that way for but a hard-beat before one sleeve ripped, causing me to twist and stumble in a way that promptly released my other arm from the tattered remnants of the shirt, freeing me to fall headlong into the old rough oak shelving facing me under the staircase.

My bare chest slammed into a couple of relatively soft, rounded items on the shelf; the hard edge of the shelf caught me in the hollow just below my ribcage, painfully forcing the breath from me in a hard whoosh. I was left pressed hard up against the shelving, cold stone backing the unit chilling the skin of my bare chest as I gasped desperately for breath.

As I finally swallowed enough oxygen to help overcome my spinning mind and shock-addled senses, the reality – or, perhaps, the potential unreality – of the sensations I was experiencing finally dawned on me. After all, pressed up against the shelf as I was, I certainly shouldn't have been able to feel the stone wall against my skin...

...nor, for that matter, the rough wooden texture of the shelf supporting my chest.

With a startled oat, I pulled myself back off of the shelves – or, at least, that was my intention. It barely moved me, and what little movement it did achieve was accompanied by a decidedly uncomfortable scraping of sensitive flesh against the boards of the shelves.

Mind spinning, I reached out and slid my hands under the softly firm masses, feeling the touch of my hands against living flesh where there should have been none. As I carefully moved myself back from the shelves, cradling the twin masses of flesh, there was a growing certainty in my mind, no matter the impossibility of it all. Though much larger than anything I had ever cradled before, the sensation was familiar enough to spark a horrifying recollection.

Well, I should say that the sensations coming through my hands was familiar – what I was experiencing in terms of sensation from my chest was new and entirely disturbing; not the least because there was a certain amount of pleasure associated with the feel of my hands cradling those twin, globular masses of softly firm, warm flesh. Moving very carefully, I made my way back around to the foot of the staircase. As I slowly ascended the steep stairs, the growing light gradually revealed enough evidence to verify my horrified assumption.

I was very carefully cradling a massive pair of firmly rounded tits.

As shocking as that was, what made it doubly so was the fact that massive, ridiculously firm boobs I was now lugging around were a pale, creamy shade of skin tone – which provided all the greater contrast for the extremely large, thick, almost shockingly pink nipples that tipped the jiggling masses of tit-flesh.

Stunned, I hurried as best I could to the small two-piece bathroom just down the hall from the kitchen – only to have to retrace my steps in order to grab a chair from the kitchen, as the mirror above the sink was designed to reflect a face, not a chest.

The short return trip to the bathroom was an interesting experience – not only did I have to carry the chair awkwardly to one side, given that my unwanted new endowments were in the way, but those oversized breasts jiggled and bounced; not only on my chest, as I might have expected, but within the tautly giving skin enclosing the softer, more malleable mass of fat, glands and nerves within. They wobbled and swayed as I arranged the chair and climbed up atop it; they seemed to take forever to settle when I stopped. Even then, they weren't precisely still; they trembled and jiggled slightly with every breath I took. The best I could possibly explain it would be to liken it to a pair of balloons tautly filled with jello.

The sight that greeted me in the little mirror was... bizarre and disconcerting, in a variety of ways.

For one thing, even on as broad a chest as mine, the breasts were *huge*; on a more normally scaled feminine chest, they would have been overwhelmingly massive. I could not mentally estimate the cup-size required to contain such massive globes; they were each easily as big as a prize-winning cantaloupe.

I was sporting a pair of chest-melons!

Not only that, but the creamy pink-white shade of almost eerily smooth skin was a far cry from the hairy, deeply tanned masculine flesh surrounding my new rack. Tipping each of my new tits was a pink nipple about the size of a quarter or so, and I reached in amazement to touch the brightly-shaded protuberances...

...and gasped in shock at the sharp burst of pleasure that shot from my new nipples, even as they rapidly swelled outward, until it looked as if I had a pair of pink pop-bottle caps glued to milky-pink water balloons.

But it wasn't pop-bottle caps on balloons; it was ridiculously sensitive nipples tipping oversized porn-star tits thrust entirely too proudly from my chest.

In fact – far, *far* too proudly; with growing horror, I realized I was standing with my back slightly arched, actually emphasizing my magnificent new boobs!

What... the... **hell...?!**

Confused, mind whirling at the various forms of impossibility occurring, I hopped down from the chair. Enjoying the pleasurable sensations the bouncing engendered, I carried the chair to one side for the short time it took my wonderful titties to stop jiggling, I then shifted the chair to an entirely more comfortable position, sighing softly in pleasure as I pulled the cool,

smooth wood of the chair back hard against my delightfully sensitive nipples. It made it a bit awkward to walk, of course, especially since my cock was rock- hard in my jeans, but...

With a screech, I tossed the chair aside and, panting, stood in the middle of the kitchen, arms spread wide to ensure there was no chance at all I would start cupping, fondling, or otherwise quite naturally enjoying the magnificent mammaries that so clearly deserved – demanded – the attention of my strong, masculine...

Snapping straight, I turned and, with a swift and purposeful motion, walked directly to the nearest wall and whacked my head firmly against it.

Then, holding tight to the throbbing pain in my forehead that helped keep me from slipping back into decidedly unwanted train of thought, I strode quickly over to the wall-mounted telephone and dialed the number Maggie had left me in case of emergency.

As far as I was concerned, this situation most definitely qualified. It was a strange phone call.

At first, as soon as she realized who was calling, Maggie nearly panicked, believing something disastrous had happened. My own near-panic did not help matters – and, once she had realized what I was saying, her fear quickly turned to anger. Once I had fully explained the situation, however, her anger faded in the face of growing comprehension – to be replaced with growing amusement as she finally grasped what I was telling her.

I, on the other hand, grew steadily more confused, hurt, and angry by her response and lack of shock – until she finally got around to explaining some things.

You see, it turns out that Maggie was a bona fide witch. The massive tits I was now saddled with wasn't a 'curse'; no, she had crafted them for the purpose of entering a wet t-shirt contest; knowing how nervous and uncomfortable she would be in doing so, she had specifically laid a charm upon them to make her proud of them – and, not coincidentally, to also make them physically enjoyable for however long she would be carrying them around. This went far beyond the 'mere' additional pleasure sensitivity of them; as she quickly led me to understand that make back would probably been complaining quite loudly by this point, had she not charmed them to avoid it.

Still and all, I was hardly deliriously happy about all the 'added benefits' she'd ensorcelled the breasts with – much less by the fact that she wouldn't be able to remove them until she returned; which, despite by pleading notwithstanding, wouldn't be for another week.

In the meantime, I was stuck with a remarkably huge, firm, amazingly pleasure-sensitive pair of knockers... which was problematical, to say the least.

When I asked her what I should do in the meantime, I found her suggestion less than satisfactory, and hung up the phone with rather more force than strictly necessary, feeling entirely disgruntled.

Carefully returning to the basement, I found the pull-string for the hanging light fixture exactly where she said it would be; under the light from the string of bare-bulb fixtures, I had no problem finding the key, right next to the accursed shelving unit.

Eyeballing the various items the shelves held, I shuddered at the thought of the temporary 'solution' Maggie had been unable to stifle giggles while proposing, then headed back toward the stairs, turning off the light and returning to the kitchen to figure out how to get home without attracting undue attention.

Since my shirt was in tatters, my makeshift solution was to wrap the white tablecloth from the kitchen table around my chest, sarong-style. Arm crossed tight over my massive new bosom to keep the makeshift garment from falling off, I let myself out of the house, carefully locking the door behind me. Tucking the precious key into the pocket of my jeans with some difficulty due to the tablecloth 'dress', I carefully edged my way around the building, eyes darting hither and yon in a desperate hope that I was unobserved. Then, at what seemed the most opportune moment, I took a deep breath, and bolted for the relative sanctuary of my own house.

Under the tight constriction of my arm, my huge new boobs bobbed and swayed invitingly as I ran awkwardly across the lawn. By the time I reached the road, my run was even more awkward, due to the raging erection that came as a natural result of my arm's constant stimulation of my accursedly delicious nipples, and I slowed to a near saunter up my own driveway, eyes half closed in erotic pleasure, lips parted as I slid my other hand through the gap in the tablecloth so to unzip and unbutton my jeans, allowing my throbbing cock to bounce free in time with my wondrous tits as I slowly swayed up my front porch.

Uncaring of who might see, I begrudged not a minute of the lengthy time it took to unlock my door, for who could begrudge anything that came from spending time to properly enjoy my glorious globes of sexual tit-flesh? I barely had the door open before letting the ridiculous necessity of a covering fall from my magnificently massive mounds, allowing my eager hands to enjoy my deliciously delightful tits in all their bounteously bare glory. My eager fingers cupped and caressed my beautiful boobs, teased and pinched my wonderful nipples, enjoying every second of the well-deserved attention until, inevitably, by loving enjoyment was cut short when, with enough force to drive me to my knees, I explosively orgasmed, cock spewing a gushing geyser of cum...

It wasn't until several shuddering seconds later, as the hideously intense orgasmic glow faded, that I realized I was writhing in a puddle of cum on the floor of my own front hallway, balls almost agonizingly drained by the explosive force of my orgasm.

Swearing under my breath, I pushed myself away from the disgusting mess on the floor, hopping and wobbling to shuck free of my cum-spattered pants and shoes as I made my way toward the bathroom. Still muttering to myself, I quickly started the water running in the tub, swiping ineffectually at my cum-smeared body with cum-smeared hand; when the water was warm enough, I stepped slowly and sensuously into the tub, letting the warm water swirl around my feet as I lovingly worked the still-worm and utterly wonderful cum into the smooth, creamy flesh of my spectacular spheres. Only when the slippery-sticky

man-juice cooled and became less enjoyable to massage into my wonderful whoppers did I reluctantly switch the water over to the showerhead, trading the sticky treat of sperm for the steady beat of warm water spraying over my stripperific tits.

Thankfully, it took much, much longer for my recently emptied cock to respond to the strong, manly hands working my man-pleasing melons; but of course, respond it eventually must, for what man could resist being aroused by a change to fondle, tease and suck on such wonderful, cum-smeared spheres? Eager lips and warm spray finally removed the lace trace of justifiably deserved sperm from my cum-catchers, and I angled the showerhead to help stimulate my magnificent mounds of milky tit-flesh as I leaned against the back wall, fondling and squeezing and tweaking and tugging and...

I screamed in ecstasy as I orgasmed, despite the rather feeble effort of my cock's brief spurting of cum...

...and then screamed again, in mingled pain and pleasure, as the second orgasm caused by my overstimulated breasts caused my softening cock to twitch and dribble a thin liquid...

...and then screamed in agony, collapsing in the tub, as I orgasmed again, with my cock trying – and utterly, agonizingly failing – to produce anything at all.

I lay in the bottom of the tub, gasping, trying to curl around balls that felt as if they were about to implode, my freakish, hateful tits jammed painfully between arm, belly and cold porcelain as I whined in the never-before- felt pain of over-strained testicles. Whimpering, I rocked in place in the tub, warm water spattering down on my as I tried to cope with the pain, hands cupping my throbbing balls with the pain-tautened muscles of my arms squishing my disgustingly delightful tits so deliciously together...

It took a truly tremendous effort of will, but the instinct of self-preservation allowed me to reach up and twist the tap all the way over to 'cold'.

Having stayed under the icy spray long enough to ensure at least the temporary death of any sexual desire, I shivered violently as I clambered awkwardly out of the tub. Those damned, ensorcelled tits numb from the cold soaking, I was able to quickly and carefully dry them off without jumpstarting any new sexual drive my body could ill-afford; I then grabbed the bottle of mouthwash from the sink and spent the next few minutes gargling vigorously.

Then, the taste of mown cum a lingering memory rather than a reality, and due equally to justified caution as much as for the purpose of balance, I kept my arms carefully away from my body as I left the bathroom and slowly made my way to my bedroom with as little bounce or jiggle as physically possible.

I was horrified and disgusted both by what I had done and with the imposed emotions and sensations that had driven it. When it came to my new boobs, the thought of them being covered in cum, and the 'woman' who possessed them sensuously licking them clean seemed – in the heat of the moment – completely natural and even desirable – but now, at least somewhat more clear-headed, I had to hold back my bile at the thought of what I'd so willingly done in the shower. It was a side-effect that Maggie could not have foreseen or warned me about, for she'd never imagined these 'man-pleasing melons' she designed

being mounted on a male body. The desire – almost urge – to treat them sexually would have been external to the men she would have been trying to entice with them – not an internal drive she would be forced to fight.

One I had fought – and so far, lost.

So, my motions were as delicate as man holding a live snake when I very carefully tied one of my tank tops into place, knotting both straps and hem in such a way as to support and confine my new boobs without putting undue pressure or friction on the. Then I pulled on a pair of shorts and – again, moving cautiously and with an exaggerated sense of my own body's motion – went to mop up the front hall.

Filling a bucket with warm water and some lemon-scented cleaning solution, I grabbed the old string mop from its resting place between the fridge and wall, and went out to where the disgusting mess was drying in the hall. Soaking the mop in the bucket for a minute to allow the water to soak into the stiff old fibers, I then began carefully cleaning up the sticky, disgusting mess. Starting at the end of the hall closest to the kitchen, I began methodically cleaning, moving from one wall to the other to ensure I got every drop and splatter; moving the mop itself side to side on the wider wall-to-wall path, taking a step forward as each 'lane' was cleaned. I continued the methodical pattern, moving slowly forward, side-to-side; moving the mop, moving my hips; feeling the gently sway of my full fuck-pillows as I hummed softly to myself, lost in the pleasurable daze of letting my body sway sensuously, the cock-like shaft of the mop-handle lovingly pressed between my jumbo, jiggling jugs...

Looking at the hands wrapped around the mop-cock-shaft, I dreamily wished they were much more feminine, sexier, so to better enhance the image I presented as I simulated stroking a cock, since I was resisting the urge to use such manly hands to play with my magnificent tits – it was hard, but I dimly recognized the truth that my awesome airbags deserved a delay, a long build-up before finally letting such strong, capable, pleasure-inducing hands finally bring me to orgasmic pleasure through my fuckable funbags. Instead, I focused on what I should have been focused on all along – not my own pleasure, but that of the (hypothetical) man who would be drooling over my teasing tatas.

After all, doing so filled me with such dreamy joy, driving home what these massive milkers were made for; to tease and please men. That made the little cock-tease I was acting out totally fulfilling in its own right, much less the absolute certainty I would eventually be orgasming over the masterful and manly manipulation of my mammary magnificence.

Filled with that dreamy bliss, I continued wiggling and jiggling, hips describing sexy circles to enhance the sway of my tits as I continued faux-fucking my canyonesque cleavage with the mop-cock, right hand sensuously playing with the rounded end, mouth and lips teasingly miming an air-blowjob right above it as I dreamily fantasized a real cock spewing thick streams of cum to splatter up, then back down onto the upper curve of my fantastic fuckbags.

Finally, my sexy little swirling path had completely cleaned the floor, and I sighed with a soft smile as I realized there was no need to continue to drag this out; with my cock hard and throbbing, I slowly and sexily stripped, then sensuously lowered myself to the floor, hands finally free to grant my pleasure pillows the attention they deserved. Tucking my regrettably flat ass

hard against the baseboard on one wall, I curled my body painfully tight, loving how this pressed my breasts high on my chest. I continued squeezing and caressing my wonderful melons, only lightly and teasingly grazing my spectacularly sensitive nipples in order to draw it out as long as such fantastic fuckbags deserved. When it got so close that there was no choice, I regretfully pulled one hand away from my wondermelons in order to grip my painfully engorged cock.

Bent practically double, I jerked it rapidly while keeping it carefully pointed – and in mere second, screamed in delicious pain and pleasure as a rather disappointing stream of semen splattered sexily over my spectacular spheres – and the sight of the manjuice on my magnificent mammary masses was enough to send me into awesomely agonizing paroxysm of ecstatic delight, hands eagerly working the regrettably small load of semen into my softly firm tit-flesh, crying and moaning and gasping and grunted and panting...

Gasping, feeling half-drugged, I stared around, trying to figure out what had happened – I seemed to have passed out for a while, probably in a combination of extreme ecstasy and the throbbing agony from my crotch. Confused, I seemed to have an extraordinarily hard time figuring out why I was lying on the floor, curled up on my side and softly sobbing through a dreamy grin... until I caught sight of my deliciously cum-covered cockpillows, and I sighed in satisfied delight as I rolled on my back, closed my eyes, and gave into the joy of lightly caressing my delightfully sticky tits.

All the while, the desperately painful attempt of that cock to rise to pay proper cum-gushing tribute to my mammary magnificence only drove my drug-like joy even deeper and higher. Even painfully spent, it was trying to rise again, proving how completely irresistible my man-pleasing melons were. Blissed out on the throbbing agony at my crotch and ebbing and flowing pleasure his hands were milking from my chest, I floated in ecstatic agony to the point of complete and utter satisfaction...

...and which point I screamed.

I had fulfilled the purpose that had been ensorcelled into my ridiculous new endowments; at least for the moment, there was no imposed delight and desire to cloud my mind – which only allowed me to experience the agony from my crotch in clear-minded entirety.

Whimpering, I dragged myself slowly to the bathroom, hellish hooters leaving a snail-trail of seminal slime behind me. From the floor, I reached up and turned the water on, ice cold, then curled around myself and sobbed softly for a few minutes before finally rolling my throbbing body over the edge of the tub and into the welcome icy embrace of the water within. There I scrubbed at the cum splattering my body while letting the tub fill; once full nearly to overflowing, I simply lay back with just my nose breaking the surface of the icy water until even the shivering had passed, my body leaden and as insensate as a block of ice.

It was nearly as inanimate as ice, as well – it was difficult to get my benumbed limbs to move enough to drag me out of the tub, but I finally managed. Leaving the tub full behind me, I crawled on hands and knees to the bedroom, aware of my tits

bouncing against the floor only by sight, since I felt nothing. It was an even greater effort for me to heave my numb body up onto the surface of the rumpled bed, but I finally managed it.

For some time, I simply lay there, trying to think. My mind was even more battered and badly used than my balls, but I grimly fought the urge to simply drift into the welcome arms of Morpheus, concentrating on the highly unpalatable option Maggie had offered. She'd done so without knowing how horribly the spell upon the stripperesque tits would heterodyne with a masculine body; in light of that, the suggested solution I had so summarily refused was looking steadily more necessary.

She'd offered it as an alternative to the freakish image of a man with huge, pale tits – but, until now, being a pale woman with huge tits hadn't seemed any improvement.

Especially since the objects still lining that never-to-be-sufficiently-damned shelf were, like these tits, specifically ensorcelled for certain purposes; ones that even a 'real' woman wouldn't necessarily be comfortable with unless magically influenced to be.

That shelf was Maggie's collection of items for the occasional 'walk on the wild side'; and the spells upon them were equally as 'wild'.

Yet, as she had explained, that would actually help – for each additional 'point of focus' would not be added on top of my existing breast obsession, but detract from it; for each additional item used, my total amount of attention would be divided amongst them.

As much as I hated to admit it, I simply didn't see any alternative; not only would that dispersal of obsession she'd told me about happen, but the less masculine aspects I possessed, the less there would be to trigger those new feminine compulsions to 'kick in' in the presence of masculinity, as they were designed to do.

I had little choice but to admit to myself that I could not control the magically imposed obsession that came with my oversized new bust; I had tried, oh, how I had tried! Yet, whenever the obsession kicked in, it took my determination and folded it into its own purpose – as when it took my strongest attempt at resistance and easily converted it into a 'completely rational' decision to draw things out teasingly, rather than simply rush to quick self-gratification.

Just thinking about it was enough to make me shudder; but, then again, the thought of the 'solution' made me shudder as well. No matter how you looked at it, I was destined to spend the next week in one form of hell or another...

...and, lucky me, I got to choose which form of hell it would be.

Heaving a deep and weary sigh, I levered my slowly warming body from the tempting comfort of the bed, and began painstakingly preparing myself for the task ahead - not the task of choosing my fate, (which my mind shied away from contemplating in detail), but the much more immediate task of making it across the road to Maggie's house.

For that, I had come up with a plan... and it began with an ACE Brand compression bandage.

First, I whapped it once around my chest, just below – and being careful not to touch – my ridiculous rack; I twist-tied the bandage in the shadow of those hutting jugs, and then very, very carefully pulled bandage upwards and over my unwanted endowments and onward to my shoulders, which I looped the ends of the bandage over before passing the, from the back, under my armpits. Pausing here, I let out as much of my breath as was physically possible – and then hauled as hard as I could on both ends of the bandage, drawing it taut. Still exhaling, I wrapped the bandage around my chest just above my globular breasts, continuing to pull as tightly as I could as I passed the ends around to the middle of my back and, with some painful contortion, tied it all off.

Then, with vision graying out, finally took a deep breath – and felt the welcome constriction of the elasticized bandage as it took up the slack, supporting my massive mounds.

I then tug a pair of tight briefs from my drawers, followed by the tightest-fitting jeans I owned. My cock I very awkwardly positioned in the 'twelve o'clock' position, head pointing toward my navel. The simple white t-shirt I pulled on next strained mightily to contain my disgusting bust, and in doing so pulled the front hem of my shirt up enough to reveal the bulge of my constricted cock.

So far, so good.

Next, I grabbed a couple of empty pillow cases from the hall closet. I placed one (very carefully) over each of my breasts, open end upward, and then (even more carefully) used a couple of safety pins on the inside layer of each to fix them in place on my shirt. A rolled up shirt stuffed into the top of each finished this part of the job.

Retrieving Maggie's key from my discarded, cum-spattered pair of jeans, I then simply grabbed a thick, folded comforter, tucked it with one arm to cover my crotch and belly, slipped my feet into a battered pair of deck shoes, and headed out the door.

To anybody looking at me, I simply seemed to be carrying a heavy bedspread with a couple of pillows on top of it. It also completely hid my growing erection as the jiggle and bounce of my bust began once more short-circuiting my own desires and began to turn me on. It wasn't a big deal; rather than try futilely to resist the delightful frisson of pleasure I was giving myself, jiggling and swaying my way across the street, I had planned for it in advance.

By the time I reached the back corner of Maggie's house, I was having to actively resist the urge to walk with a hips-swinging, wiggling sway - but, since I was enjoying knowing I was carting a world-class pair of tits around with no-one else the wiser, I merely let my lips curl into a deliciously naughty grin as I unlocked the door to the kitchen and let myself in.

Of course, the instant the door was shut behind me, I was tearing my clothing off, eagerly anticipating the agony soon to envelope my already aching balls.

It took a real effort this time, the cock not wanting to respond to my superlatively sexual spheres; by no cock could withstand my magnificent mounds of man-pleasing tit-flesh, and although I - regretfully – had to use one hand to stroke, tug, and fondle the cock rather than my awesome endowments, after what seemed an eternity the inevitable eventually grew near.

I quickly positioned myself under the kitchen table, using the leverage of the heavy wood furnishing above me to 'walk' myself into an painfully contorted position, practically folded in half. Back and legs joined the cock and balls in delicious agony, reinforcing the complete dominance of my jizz-draining jugs of delight, and I frantically worked the cock with one hand while cupping my other arm around my fantastic fuckbags, arching my back to shove them as close to the reluctantly ready cock.

With a scream of orgasmic agony, I came – the raw, red cock dribbling thin spurts of watery cum down onto my wonderful cumbags...

...and, whimpering, I rolled to lay on the floor in a fetal position, trying to master the pain radiating from my viciously abused and overused genitals.

Finally, the sharp pains faded to a now-familiar constant, throbbing ache, and I dragged myself out from under the table. Crawling across the floor, I arrived at the cabinet in which the sink was mounted, using it to pull myself up. Leaning against the counter, grimacing, I gave myself a quick wipe-down while promising to clean the mess up properly later. After all, I needed to make some very important decisions, and could count on only a relatively short window of level-headedness.

Despite feeling extremely pervy walking around Maggie's house naked, I pushed the feeling aside as I made my way gingerly down into the basement. With each step, the throbbing ache of my balls helped counteract the delightful bounce of my boobs. I winced as my bare feet hit the cold, rough stone floor, but grimaced and pushed on, until I was once more standing under the stairs, looking at the eclectic collection of ensorcelled items that filled the shelves.

Each item was carefully labelled by way of a four-by-six-inch index card, upon which Maggie's neat handwriting described the item's effects. My goal was to pick through the selection, trying to find the least I could do in both quantity and quality, and yet still overcome this agonizing obsession. Quickly, I began to scan the items and cards, knowing exactly where I had to start – with something that would change my hands.

After all, my strong, masculine hands were my weakest point – because titantic tits as terrific as mine obviously deserved strong, male hands cupping them and squeezing them... and, more importantly, what man could resist getting his hands on such fantastic funbags?

Certainly not these ones, I thought with a lazy grin, enjoying the firm, masculine grip of those strong hands kneading my knockers. Swivelling slightly, I rested my back against the back of the stairs, eyes half-closed as I moaned softly, tugging and squeezing my awesomely oversized nipples, full and erect under those delightful digits. I began working my jizz-worthy jugs in time to the delightful throb from my crotch, massaging and squeezing my fuckable funbags...

...but, impossibly, the cock failed to rise to the occasion. Red and raw and pathetic, it hung between my thighs limp and useless, showing no signs of getting hard, much less anointing my wondrous whoppers in the coating of cum they so richly – so obviously! – deserved.

It couldn't be happening, but it was; a man's cock was *not* getting hard over my magnificent milk-jugs, even though he was free to fondle and play with them, causing delicious tremors of pleasure and pain to rack my body.

Desperately, I cast around for a way to up my game – and forced one strong, male hand away from the enticing enormity of my endowments long enough to grab a cute pink dildo from the nearby shelf. Wrapping my hand around the base of the pink plastic phallus, I began teasingly sliding it in my canyonesque cleavage, already lubricated by some of the cum from my last – and entirely successful – enticement.

Still the cock barely stirred, despite the awesome sight of the realistically-molded cockhead popping in and out of my awesome cleavage; even letting thick ropes of drool splatter down over the thrusting cock-substitute did little to aid in the erection.

This was intolerable.

Almost desperately, I took the cum-and-spit slathered dildo, and began running and rubbing it against the cock. The feel of the cool, slick plastic finally began to have an effect, and I closed my eyes once more, concentrating on the wonderful sensations the strong hand mauling my delectable dick-pillows was providing...

...but found myself also beginning to pay more attention to the sensations coming from my crotch.

After all, why not? Sure, my titanic tits were terrific, but the steadily growing waves of pleasure that were coming to replace the throbbing ache from my nethers was pretty damned good, too.

In fact, the more I worked the dildo at my crotch, I realized it was more than just 'good' – indeed, when I was finally able to slip the dildo fully inside myself, it was easily as fantastic as playing with my glorious gazongas was; the two sensations together heterodyned into something even more wonderful. It wasn't the least bit surprising that my knees turned to water, spilling me onto the cold stone floor to eagerly pound the dildo into the amazingly elastic confines of my deliciously sensitive cunt while the other hand rubbed and squeezed my beautiful, bountiful breasts.

From that point, it didn't take me long to fuck myself to writhing, screaming ecstasy; multiple orgasms slamming my body as they seemed to rebound from crotch to chest and back again, as if nipples and clits were connected.

Finally, panting at the intensity of my pleasure, I let the delightful dildo slip from the silken confines of my hot, tight pussy, awash in the golden afterglow of orgasm...

...and then my eyes popped open, and I screamed in horrified realization of what I'd just done.

TO BE CONTINUED...

SUMMARY: Agreeing to house sit for an odd neighbor, one guy has a series of misfortunes that leave him with a huge set of boobs, and the discovery that his neighbor is a witch.

Part Two

My scream tapered away into a shuddering series of gasps as my mind whirled, trying to grapple with the enormity of what had just happened.

Oh, I had been very reluctantly planning to eventually take the 'final step', knowing that it was a regrettable necessity – but I'd been planning to work my self up to it, carefully ensuring I accepted the 'least feminine' options available that would still fulfil the necessity of overcoming my helpless compulsions.

Instead, those very compulsions, when faced with strict physical limitations, had pushed me into... this. I was a woman.

In the technical sense, I was – after all, what else would you call a person with breasts and a pussy? I was, however, a decidedly ugly woman – for, aside from my pale, perfect breasts and hot, wet new slit with its cute, sensitive little nub, so perfectly ripe for lightly stroking with...

Taking a deep breath, I forced my mind away from the tantalizing thoughts of my feminine attributes, instead focusing on the masculine ones that contrasted so poorly.

I was naturally tall and fairly hirsute, with a hard-tone muscular body and deep golden-bronze from my outdoor pursuits of hiking and swimming, canoeing and camping. I had a very close-cropped beard that was perhaps two shades darker than my sun-bleached sandy-blond hair, and my hands and feet were slightly large for my frame, with ankles and wrists that were likewise sturdier than my lanky frame might suggest. Overall, it presented a broad-shouldered, rangy picture of rugged masculinity, so fit and virile, so manly as the strong hands caressed the soft, supple flesh of my creamy breasts; as long, strong fingers stroked the moist, warm slit of my springy slit, breath coming in panting gasps for a completely different reason as I enjoyed the masculine attention my lush bust and moist womanhood so richly deserved.

It felt so good; the magic of my magnificent cunt allowing my probing finger - or any roughly phallic object – to fill me so delightfully as my elastic cunt gripped it tightly. My other hand went, almost unbidden, to grant my spectacular spheres the attention they so rightfully demanded, moaning in delicious delight and being able to pleasure myself as my body – or parts thereof – were literally made to be; none of this nonsense of being physically unable to achieve the orgasmic end I wanted, needed, and deserved.

No, I thought with warm delight as I shivered my way toward a rapidly building orgasm – the fantastic femininity the contrasted so delightfully with the magnificent masculinity designed to pleasure it meant that the current configuration of my body meant I could literally spend hours bringing myself to orgasmic bliss over and over and over and over...

...and then I stopped contemplating orgasms in order to fully enjoy the real McCoy, writhing on the cold, rough stone of the floor as I screamed my ecstasy into the air. With my hypersensitive new clit, remarkably flexible and lubricated vaginal walls, and intensely pleasure-sensitive fun-bags, I bucked my hips and arched my back as I rode my way through the multiple orgasms that would be the new norm, rather than the exception.

Finally, the crackling string of orgasmic firecrackers faded away into the warm, post-orgasmic glow that gently – yet firmly – returned me to reality...

...and, gasping, I lay on the floor, trying to cope with what was happening to me without actually thinking about it. Instead, forcing myself to let my mind wander, I simply obeyed and imperative I knew was in my mind, moving in an almost dreamy daze as I got to my feet and approached the shelves.

I couldn't trust my own mind, not at the moment – 'natural' thoughts and imposed compulsions, each were equally as 'normal-feeling to me when they occurred; I couldn't tell the difference until afterwards, so I dare not trust any of them at the time they occurred. As they were designed, for Maggie voluntarily and willingly apply them in order to overcome some sort of discomfort in the temporary pursuit of a harmless bit of wild fun, these compulsions would be an easily controllable blessing, triggered by an external proximity to masculinity – to me, they were an unavoidable curse that were constantly triggered by my own masculinity.

It was time, then, to get rid of those triggers... and, for the first time, my natural distaste for what I was about to do to myself was balanced, if not overcome, but my frantic need to achieve some sort of relief from the overwhelming compulsions so powerfully controlling me. I was so desperate as to be nearly eager as I surveyed the remaining selection on the shelf.

I had finally accepted, emotionally, what my intellect had already decided, and I was shivering with a delicious awareness of the conflicting wave of emotions that were beginning to thunder through me...

* * * * *

Having paid the cab-driver for the trip into the modest heart of our little town, I popped open the door to the cab and demurely slid out of the taxi. As the cab pulled away from the curb, I squared my shoulders and, almost shyly, set off down the main drag.

The three-inch kitten heels of Maggie's powder-blue T-strap pumps clicked on the sidewalk; almost pathetically easy to walk in compared to the incredible grace with which I had been granted coping with the eight-inch spike heels of the platform pumps Maggie had so thoughtfully blessed for the purpose of being able to dance amazingly and erotically. Given the effect of

even these modest heels on the innately luscious legs granted by the white stockings I wore, it would have been something close to overkill to wear such high heels, no matter how delicious it might have been to do so – especially since it would have interfered with the cutely pert motion of my perfect, heart-shaped ass.

Of course, the thong underwear I wore had not only given me that deliciously rounded pair of buttocks, but the ability to practically mesmerize men when walking with a sultry strut – but then I used only a fraction of that mind-warping motion so that I could also showcase some of the incredible, gliding grace Maggie had magically imbued the white garter-belt with. The comprise between the three elements also gave a demurely attractive sway to the trimly feminine hips that so nicely filled the fitted turquoise knee-length skirt I had chosen from Maggie's closet.

Those garter-belt-provided hips looked all the more deliciously rounded by contrast to the wonderfully waspish waist the black leather corset had created; but, of course, I no longer wore the delightfully tight corset, as a broad elasticized belt one shade darker than the skirt provided enough emphasis of my deliciously slender waist without providing too much of a distraction from my enchanting endowments.

Not that the blouse clung *too* tightly to my beautiful breasts, and I had only left the two top buttons undone in order to provide a demurely tantalizing hint of my deliciously deep cleavage; I wouldn't have wanted to deny men the chance to marvel at the pale, swan-like sweep of my long neck, enhanced as it was by the turquoise- set silver necklace; a necklace that matched the bracelet one each incredibly finely-formed wrist, with the sleeves of the blouse rolled up past the elbows to show how flawlessly smooth and delicately doll-like my arms were.

Reaching up, I adjusted the big, white polka-dotted blue bow so that it sat slightly further to the right on my carefully casual mane of wavy mahogany hair. I also carefully flipped a few locks of the silky tresses behind my ear, so that the turquoise-and-silver earrings dangling from the lobe of my perfect, shell-like ear could be seen which would also justifiably draw attention to the finely-drawn line of my smooth jawline, which in turn would lead the eye to my lushly full lips.

I had gone with an apricot shad of mid-gloss lipstick, so as not to ever-emphasize my perfect, pouty lips at the expense of my huge, dark eyes with their phenomenally long lashes. Those lashes could have turned my gaze into a smouldering challenge, but instead I kept my eyes demurely lowered, so as to return the favor to my lips and allow a modicum of attention to the loveliness that was my face as a whole.

It wasn't easy achieving an artful balance when every single aspect of your body was utterly, rivetingly perfect but I had managed the feat.

I was dimly aware I should feel guilty about raiding Maggie's wardrobe; but given the obvious fact that I needed appropriate clothing to tone down yet tantalize my new body, (lest I leave all men overwhelmed with desire and all women suicidal with envy), feeling guilty over such a self-evident necessity seemed as silly as... well, as the strange insanity that had made me hate and fear my transformation into this glorious, gorgeous goddess before it had actually happened.

Now, of course, I felt nothing but the purely justified delight in my utter perfection – and, of course, the concurrent responsibility to balance all the mind-bending awesomeness of my various attributes.

With great desirability came great responsibility.

So my every movement, no matter how 'naturally' delicate and demure they would appear to the uninformed masses, was in fact carefully calculated and perfectly performed; a constant balance of revealing a tantalizing hint of my Goddesshood, while reserving the majority of my overwhelming perfection behind a mask of mere mortality.

Likewise, I couldn't possibly justify hiding out at either my house or Maggie's. It wasn't that I needed to go out in public to confirm my own perfection; that was a given. Nor would I have simply gone out for the sake of going out – but, having valid need to purchase some items, as well as a simple desire to eat something I had not cooked for myself, I could find no moral or intellectual justification for not sharing a very carefully rationed dose of my glorious perfection with those souls fortunate enough to live in my town.

So, it was with an inner pride and delight that I pertly-yet-demurely glided down the sidewalk, a demure-yet-attractive sway to my hips that allowed a carefully metered bounce to my blessed bosom, the cool breeze playing with the silken strands of hair that framed my perfect visage.

I passed a couple of somewhat older men emerging from Ray's Hardware, and was deliciously aware of their gaze as they eyed my trim-yet-shapely form, and I felt the expected sexual thrill as their eyes devoured my body. For an instant, I was almost overwhelmed by the urge to give in to them, letting them do so much more than simply look – but it would have been utterly unfair to both them and myself to do so, for not only would the smallest sexual experience with me doom them to an eternity of dissatisfaction with any lesser creature, but even the two of them working in perfect conjunction could pay appropriate tribute to only a few examples of my whole-self perfection.

Unlike, of course, my own ability to properly worship every inch of my ultimate femininity; but that I could – and would – do, slowly and lovingly, once I was safely home where the brain-melting sight of my perfect hands making perfect love to my perfect body wouldn't drive any fortunate observer completely insane with shame and self-disgust at their own inescapable inability to worship my perfection as it deserved.

Turning in to the parking lot of the local supermarket, I toned myself down a touch more, so not as to torture the poor, unfortunate women who made up the minor majority of the shoppers; it was hardly their fault they hadn't had access to the various blessings that provided my utter perfection, after all. Likewise, it would have been equally unfair for me to tempt away men from these lesser women simply because I was the ultimate Woman; although I did allow carefully scripted mild blushes and glances as the apparently unattached men who provided appropriately venerating and desiring looks at me, as it would also have been unfair not to give them that recognition.

Making the minimum necessary purchases, both so that I had a fairly light cloth bag to carry around with me, as well as to provide a later excuse for once more sharing my perfection with the public, I left the grocery store and made my way toward the Corner Café, eagerly anticipating a light lunch.

I might have been the only true Woman in the world, a perfected form of femininity that any lesser woman provided only a pale reflection of... but what I was to femininity, the Café approached similar status when it came to some of their food.

Heavenly!

Even the scent flowing from the humming exhaust fan of the café was enough to get my mouth watering, and the heady aromas when I entered the dimly lit building itself verified that I entered an eatery suitable to my divine status.

Although small, the Corner Café was only sparsely populated; rather than relying on local regulars who couldn't regularly afford the prices in the upscale little eatery, it was run by a couple of retirees, geared toward the more sophisticated palates – and fuller wallets – of the tourist trade that regularly streamed through the town's main street three seasons out of four. Now, with the tourism of a summer wonderland for campers winding down, yet the fall 'color tours' still a month off, I had no problem at all finding a place to sit at one of the little round tables.

Shortly, I was enjoying the absolutely magnificent homemade soup that had followed the perfectly fresh garden salad, when I slowly felt a growing awareness of observation.

Oh, I had been quite aware of the other patrons and staff giving me the 'once over', (quite often three or four times), but this was something on a completely different scale in terms of both quality and quantity. Carefully, making sure not to blister any unprepared minds with an unabashed interest, I used a combination of discreet glances and the reflections in the various mirrors positioned around the café to fully apprise myself of the unanticipated and thrilling situation.

I was being *worshipped*...

...and from the most unlikely source!

I knew Tim Frankle only vaguely from my previous life as a mere mortal – but I knew him well enough to know that the lean, dark-haired young man was almost painfully reserved. Not precisely 'shy', you understand, but so soft-spoken and innately polite that it was nearly impossible for a more natural-feeling interaction to occur between him and most people; he was actually a couple of years younger than I, but somehow always seemed like he was somewhat older than whomever he was talking to.

It wasn't as if he were in any way purposefully stand-offish; he was simply so painfully polite – you couldn't tell if he loved you or hated you, since his responses in either case would be nearly identical, calm and soft-spoken and inoffensive...

...except for now.

Now, he was unabashedly watching me, a look of idolizing awe on his face as he gazed upon me. It was as if he were somehow seeing through my every carefully crafted illusion of mundanity and instead seeing and recognizing my divinity.

No – it was more than ‘as if’ he was... for, as discreet and indirect my observation of him had been, he nevertheless somehow knew I was watching him; this wasn’t an assumption on my part, since I was carefully angling my gaze toward a mirror in order to observe him supposedly unawares when he met my gaze in that mirror, holding my reflected eyes with his own – while raising one eyebrow and making a small – ‘can I join you?’ gesture with his hand...

...not toward where I was actually sitting, apparently looking away from him, but directly toward the mirror which I was directing a supposedly unnoticeably sidelong gaze into!

Behind my ideal endowments, my heart began to beat faster, and I helplessly felt a moist warmth grow above and beyond that common to my perpetually perfectly prepared pussy. Impossibly, despite my perfect divinity, I actually hesitated in a momentary confused welter of disbelieving emotions – and then, finding my breath both shallower and more rapid than it should be under the perfect control I could wield, nodded minutely.

My senses seemed to heighten as I watched him slide from his own chair and, with appropriate deference, approach my table. I was aware of the small ripple of surprise amongst the other patrons as Tim came toward my table, apparently unbidden – having, of course, missed the all-so-subtle byplay in the mirror. Noticing that a couple of handsome young men seemed moving toward intervening in the ‘unwanted’ mid-meal interruption, I let my lips curl into a soft, shyly welcoming smile as I gracefully extended a hand toward the chair opposite mine, providing open invitation.

“Er, hello – I’m Tim.” He introduced himself in a soft, diffident voice. Once again letting a smile grace my luscious lips, I introduced myself, equally softly, with the name ‘Gloria’ – a fitting appellation for my glorious form, I had decided. Lifting a hand toward his own, I was amazed and delighted when he very lightly gripped my slender fingers, leaning forward as he seated himself in order to lightly brush his lips across the back of my hand.

“A pleasure,” he informed me with soft sincerity; a shiver of pleasure ran through me at knowing the softest touch of his flesh to mine was enough to pleasure him...

...and me, for as light a touch as his lips had been, it felt as if a line of delicious fire had been drawn across my perfect, pale skin.

Now completely uninterested in the soup, I sipped mechanically at my beverage as we chatted for the next twenty minutes or so. I wasn’t completely sure what was said; it was the tone and texture of his voice, the look in his eyes, that I was responding to, not anything as ephemeral as words. His every gesture, his every look, conveyed veneration, pleasure and desire in equal measure – and as that gaze also wandered over my own perfect form, awoke matching desires in my own feminine flesh.

It was amazing, it was impossible – doubly so that his appreciation and desire for my body was so subtle that anybody watching wouldn't be aware of it. I however, was almost painfully enflamed by his every tiny gesture of admiration and adulation. It didn't take long before I was paying our combined bill and leading Tim from the café, much longed-for meal half-finished and a half-forgotten memory behind me.

To those watching, Tim might have seemed a trifle bemused, reservedly following in the wake of a rather naïve, but clearly happy young woman – but from the inside perspective, I was desperately fighting the urge to throw my carefully metered measure of divine sensuality aside and unleash a blast of full-powered raw sexuality upon Tim; it would have poetically just, given the way he was affecting me. Somehow, though, I managed to keep myself turned down to the level of a breathless ingénue.

It wasn't easy, especially given the way that Tim's teasing formality 'forced' me to find ways to push matters in the direction we both wanted – hell, so obviously *needed* – them to go. Part of me hated the pretend obtuseness Tim affected; the larger part of me loved the way the teasing delay only drove my flames of desire ever higher, especially coupled as it was with the 'furtive' yet fiery glances Tim bestowed upon my astounding anatomy.

Leaving the café, we walked down to the end of the main street, turning right and crossing the old, iron-framed bridge, and started back in the opposite direction down the parallel back-street. Ostensibly, we were simply out to enjoy a stroll in the fair autumn weather, and there was a modicum of truth to that – the cool air moving over my heated skin and playing with my silken hair did cool me physically, without diminishing in the least my heated ardor. We had almost reached the end of the backstreet when Tim 'just happened' to mention that the cross-street we were approaching was the one he lived on.

Even then, I was force into the delightful humiliation of practically having to beg him to show me his place before he 'gave in' to the obvious purpose of our 'random stroll'. He led me to a neatly kept little stone and wood Craftsman, and I followed him inside with eager anticipation of a casually offered tour that would inevitable culminate in the bedroom – but the delightful bastard, surely battling enflamed desire of his own, somehow mastered it enough to instead offer me a drink!

Soon, I was perched somewhat rigidly on a small sofa, painfully aware of his lean body so close to mine, hands all-but-caressing the cool curvaceous bottle of cola, when I finally licked my lips and, feigning bashfulness in order to keep myself from simply ripping his clothes off, softly said; "You could touch me... if you'd like."

To mutter utter shock, Tim managed the amazing physical control required to somehow turn a dull red and began to stammer, rather than to immediately lay hands on my divine flesh.

"I *want* you to touch me..." I whispered huskily, leaning closer to him to give him easier access, even as I spread my legs slightly apart in my fitted skirt – and for a second time, he somehow managed to resist my charms!

Incredible! Impossible!

I leaned even closer, nuzzling his jaw-line with my lush lips... and taking his hand in mine and guiding it to the silken, soft flesh of the creamy thigh beneath the silk stocking. I curled my hand over his, and gently began using his hand to stroke my own perfect flesh, feeling the heat within me explode into a liquid fire deep in my belly as I surrendered myself totally to the wonderful sexual sensations that thundered through me at his enforced touch.

"I want you, Tim..." I half-moaned, before wrapping my other hand around the back of his head, dragging his face toward mine so that I could kiss him hungrily, burning with needs that only he could fulfill.

My lips, so softly full, pressed hard against his, my tongue delving deeply and desperately into the moist warmth of his mouth. I could feel the pressure of my own body pressed against his, and it filled my senses as if the pints of my body in contact with his was the entirety of myself – and so I needed more to feel whole.

With his hand now working at my thigh, I released it to slowly make its way slowly closer to the wet, willing womanhood nestled under the skirt, and used the freed hand to grab his other hand and bring it to the perfect swelling of my breast. I lay it against the crisp fabric covering my wonderful breast, but it wasn't nearly enough, especially given the way he somehow managed to restrain him to an awkwardly light grip – I released his hand long enough to curl my fingers around the edge of the opened neckline, ignoring the way my long nails lightly scored my own flesh as I hauled desperately on the fabric until threads unravelled and buttons popped, finally freeing the spherical majesty of my breasts to his unfettered sight and access. With my own hand, I began to almost roughly knead and squeeze my breasts, providing him an example to follow.

I knew I was losing control to my desires, I knew it was a bad idea to let myself go so completely; I didn't care.

Gasping, eager with need, I dropped my hand from the tantalizing touch of my own ta-tas, letting Tim continue to work my other tit as I dove eagerly toward his crotch, already imaging his cock filling my infinitely adjustable womanhood. Though my motions were innately, magically graceful, there was no finesse as I practically tore open his pants and thrust my hand down the front of his tight white briefs...

...only to receive the shock of a lifetime when I realized that he wasn't hard yet! Blushing, stammering, he began to pull away from me, but I wasn't having any of that.

Crushing my body even more tightly against his, moaning in my desire, I began grinding my awesome tits against his chest as I kissed him hungrily, using my own hands to urge him to fondle the firmly rounded contours of my ass. Only once his own hands were filled with the perfection of my posterior did I use my own slender fingers to yank at his pants and underwear, freeing his barely-throbbing cock completely. Even as he continued to stammer out some sort of combination excuse and apology, I ignored his words and regretfully pulled myself from the wonderful warmth of his body to all but throw myself to my knees in front of him.

Then, eagerly and willingly, I wrapped the fully firm perfection of my lips around his still-soft cock, long lashes fluttering as my eyes practically rolled back in my head at the intense pleasure I received from having a manhood in my willing mouth.

With anybody else, having the willing warmth of my mouth around their cock would have been a short-lived glory; not so with Tim. With his very slow erectile reaction, I was given a comparative eternity of energetic bliss as my hands and mouth worked in perfect conjunction. Loving the sound of his sputtering insistence that this was unnecessary, that he was sorry, that he shouldn't be having me do this, I willingly wallowed in the ecstasy of his slowly hardening cock in my grip and between my lips. Every throb of his cock sent throbs of pleasure through me, and the slowly swelling veins in his manhood rubbed my lush lips in delightful ecstasy.

Even passing second when he didn't just explode under the onslaught of my perfect feminine sexuality was another second of mind-twisting pleasure to rip through my intellectual and emotional defences, slowly but steadily tearing and shredding those pathetic, useless parts of my psyche not directly connected to the sexual skills – the perfect erotic art – that was not only the core, but rapidly becoming the end-all and be-all, of who and what I was.

By the time Tim was finally ready, I was mentally stripped down for action, making little mewling sounds of desire as I yanked my skirt up and tearing my panties off. Thrusting him hard by the shoulders until he was pinned against the back of the couch, I swung one shapely leg over and positioned myself carefully, and then impaled my sopping slit onto his now-rigid cock.

"Yes...!" I screamed, fingers gripping his shoulders in a near death grip as I savored the sensation of being filled with hard cock. Demanding that Tim play with my tits, I began rocking atop his cock, loving the sensations the motion brought to the elastic embrace of my cunt. It was fantastic – but Tim hadn't responded to my demand, so I growled it at him again and again, in different words and different tones, even as I add an up-and-down motion to my rocking.

Soon I was bouncing ecstatically atop him as his hands groped and fondled my tits, occasionally – on my demand – moving to knead the firm flesh of my buttocks before returning to my tits. It was magnificent... and although it seemed a wonderful eternity at the time, it then seemed to be but the blink of an eye before I began to orgasm, body shuddering and writhing in orgasmic ecstasy. As much as I tried to keep my motions coordinated, my orgasm robbed me of my perfect control, leaving me gasping and begging Tim to take control, to continue fucking me even as orgasms tore through my words as much as my motions.

To give him credit, Tim tried – but his own motions were little more coordinated than mine were, betraying the previous virginal status I had completely overlooked. It was enough, however, to keep my string of orgasms going, although they waxed and waned in disorganized spurts, unlike the steady string I so desperately craved to satisfy the intense need awoken inside of me.

...a need almost as intense as the one that demanded I make Tim cum, another desire that continued to remain unfulfilled.

I spent another few minutes blissfully experiencing wonderful, yet tauntingly less-than-perfectly satisfying orgasms before, regretfully pulling myself free of that wonderful, yet damnably unfulfilled cock. Once more collapsing in front of him, I arched my back, trying another tactic.

"Fuck my tits, Tim..." I begged him, even as I enveloped his slick rod with my softly firm flesh. "Fuck them until you cum!"

Undulating my hips and arching my back, I added my own motions to his rather uncoordinated thrusting, occasionally shifting slightly so that I could lower my face to lick and suck at the red, swollen head of his cock. More and more desperately, the time when my mouth wasn't full of his cock it was busy demanding he cum for me.

Finally, during a period when I was pussy working his now-pulsating shaft with my fantastic mouth, he finally did – with a long, drawn-out moan, Tim exploded, sending a thick spray of cum partially into my open mouth, the rest of it splattering over my chin and dripping down onto my spectacular rack.

"Holy crap...!" Tim gasped, as he slumped back on the couch.

I registered the words and the motion... but, for some reason, it really didn't mean anything. The feel of his warm man-seed on mf face, neck and breasts was much more important, as if the warm wetness was causing thrills to churn through me.

It was an illusion, and I knew it, but it took me a long a second to figure out why; finally, it dawned on me that what I was feeling was a combination of emotional and intellectual pleasure.

Pride and satisfaction. That's what it was.

I had done it. I had made him cum. I had fulfilled my purpose...

Slowly, I began to smile, until a dreamy grin of blissful satisfaction rode on my face while I continued to kneel in front of him, feeling cast adrift from the mundane world.

Eventually, I became aware that Tim was talking at me in an agitated tone of voice, but since it didn't have anything with making a man cum as my perfection demanded, it wasn't important. It was enough to spur me to slowly rise to my feet and begin heading toward the door, unthinkingly using the full scope and power of my sexuality in my hip-rolling, ass-swaying, tit-bouncing walk.

Then Tim was there, annoyingly blocking my way, his unwanted hands annoying fluttering at my body. Although it wasn't important in an of itself., his words and actions were delaying me, so it was enough to intrude upon my blissful sense of purpose until I had my clothes arranged enough that he was finally willing to let me wander away from him, leaving him standing behind holding the scrap of my panties with which e'd been dabbing at the cum that splattered my fantastic form.

It didn't matter; it wasn't part of the proof of my perfection, not after I'd already made him cum. Made him cum... *despite* himself.

I couldn't believe his lack of erection, the length of time it took me to get him hard, had possibly led me to even momentarily doubt my sexual divinity – but, even if it had, my pure perfection had one out, making him cum as any man must, if I turn the full force of my sexuality on them. I had proven that, and the bliss of re-achieving my sexual certainty was all the more wonderful now that I had divested myself of the wasteful weight of anything not directly related to my sexual divinity. Now, having shed both all those ridiculous mortal concerns and any ridiculous doubts, I was finally free to float in blissful contemplation of my every sexual perfection, needing not concern myself with anything but enjoying every contraction and dilation of my divine muscle, every heavenly jiggle and sway, every divine motion of my divine body...

...and contemplate bestowing my favors as and when I saw fit, when it came to pleasing myself... and when necessary, when it came to proving my divine status to any with the temerity to doubt it, whether intellectually or, as with Tim, physically.

In the meantime, however, I drifted through the half-seen world, simply enjoying my body as it swivelled swayed and joggled through the coming evening.

As I walked, I let my mind fill with slow-motion replays of every wonderful sensation I had experienced in making the virgin cum despite the many long-term inhibitions that had obviously kept him a virgin for so long. Every wonderful thrust of his cock went through my mind, dreamily enhanced so I could recall the very feeling of his throbbing cock-veins rubbing the elastic, adaptive flesh of my divinely perfect pussy. Just the memory of it was wonderful; it was made all the more so by the dreamy questing of my own finger in that tight love- tunnel, as I finger-fucked myself, only my inhuman grace allowing me to do so without so much as breaking my sensual stride., despite having my slender wrist thrust down the waistband of my skirt so I could work my wonderful womanhood.

I also dreamed of the wonderful tit-fucking I`d given Tim. The remembered feel of my warm fuck-pillows wrapped around his throbbing manhood was enough to spur me to lovingly massage my monumental mounts through the thin fabric of my shirt, teasingly tweaking the thick nipples fully engorged by the combination of recalled lust and the cool night breeze.

My tongue flicked and darted around the inside of my mouth and over my fully firm plump lips, reminding me of every well-remembered thrust and suck of that reluctant cock as I worked it to full erection, as I flicked and teased it during that tit-fuck.

All the sensations I was experiencing were wonderful, but they were only a lead-up to the real bliss that still enveloped; the orgasms that began to wrack my body were even more wonderful, but still not the pinnacle of perfection yet to come as I continued to trace the encounter in my mind, lingering on each and every sensation, both remembered and currently experienced, as I moved toward what I was waiting for.

The instant of perfection, of irrefutable evidence of my divinity; and even as I thought of it, the memory resurfaced, and I cried out in heavenly bliss of body, mind and spirit as the remembered feel of the ultimate proof of his hot seed splattering my pale flesh. Every drop was lovingly remembered, every slick trail as it curved down my supple flesh recalled.

The two moments of bliss – that felt continuously since that moment, and the redoubling of the remembered event – washed over and through me, and triggered a powerful string of physical orgasms, a steady string that ripped through me, finally providing the purely physical satisfaction that was the sole portion missing, and thus marring, the remembered encounter.; My flawlessly sexual stride finally came undone, and I staggered slightly, struggling to stay upright despite my knees wanting to turn to water. The pure orgasmic bliss of both the physical and emotional gripped me, and I was caught in it as if in the undertow of a powerful river, struggling only to keep my head above water as I panted and gasped my way through the ecstasy.

Oh so slowly, the golden glow of post-orgasmic ecstasy, coupled with the blissful awareness of my own pure sexual perfection, began to fade, leaving me shivering with the aftereffects both physical and emotional...

...and, as my bliss-befogged brain slowly began to realize, I was shivering for another reason. Cold.

I was cold.

...and tired.

...and hungry.

In fact, I slowly began to realize as my mind finally began to clear, I was physically and emotionally exhausted, with a host of physical pains exacerbated by the chill wind and the fact that I was nearly starving, having nothing in my stomach but that had-finished meal and the portion of Tim`s cum I had...

Staggering off the gravelled shoulder of the two-lane highway, I collapsed to my knees on the grassy verge and was violently and noisily sick in the overgrown ditch beyond as what I had done finally fully registered on my now-clear mind.

I knew and understood what had happened – every detail of it...

...and it, and what it had led me to do, kept repeating over and over in my mind, making me struggle to control dry heaves at the remembered sensations that insited on replaying in my head in perfect fidelity.

When first cursed with the blessing of the massive breasts, I had fallen prey to the `beneficial` urge that had been encoded in them; the urge to use` them. More specifically, the urge to use them to provide pleasure to both myself by using them to please – or at least, tease – men. From a purely feminine perspective, it was sensible and reasonable – Maggie would have willingly worn them to increase her desires in order to overcome a discomfort in flaunting herself. It was both mundane and magically at the same time, for although she would be flaunting a huge pair of tits, but they wouldn`t really be hers; it would be sort of like she would be showing off a costume.

I, however, had ended up with them unwillingly, and without any of the natural female pride in having a feminine body – a situation that had never been planned for. The spell had thus worked even harder to overcome my horror and disgust in order to achieve a pride of possession in such huge, wonderful tits... which, given that the rest of me was male, was enough to kick over into the ‘please a man/be pleased’ mode – and the harder I had tried to fight it, the more it had ‘fought back’, to the point of completely overriding my personality when it came to that particular issue.

The ‘fix’ that I had eventually come up, with increase the number of magically incurred changes, had actually worked. With that need/desire spread from just one location to the whole thing, the magic had kept my own disgust at femininity so dispersed that I never was able to get so hung up on one aspect to trip it over into the hyper-mode. I had felt proud of my various attributes, satisfying the purpose of the magic.

At least, right up until the very instant I began to doubt it.

The instant when I had caught Tim looking at me – and then quickly looking away, as if in disgust.

From that instant on, I had been steadily descending into self-created hallucination, my mind interpreting everything in a way that ‘I’ could accept; the artificial ‘I’ of the magically-imposed persona over my own, real one. The ‘I’ that needed to prove my sexuality by getting Tim to cum...

...which had horrified my true self so much that I had attempted – and, for a while, succeeded at – blocking it completely, leaving me only with that thin, one-dimensional persona of sexual self-satisfaction.

It was that paper-thin persona that had been in control of the body that had wandered sexily and aimlessly away from Tim’s house and down Main street, continuing past the businesses and houses until it was the highway leading out of town in the opposite direction from the road where Maggie and I lived.

All of which explained how I found myself a good seven miles out side of town, underdressed for the weather and thus shivering in the cool night air, starved from having eaten so little that day, especially considering the very long hike I had just taken in my dazed state, muscles of my new body aching from exercise they were never designed for.

Worst of all, however, was my state of mind – for, as it continued to cycle through the scenario in an attempt to understand it, my mind constantly tried to retreat from the reality I faced.

I couldn’t let it do so, however, for if I did, I would fall right back into that persona that would have but one sole, sexual purpose – and I dare not let that happen, even if the only other alternative was to force myself to keep remembering what I had done with, and to, Tim...

...without letting myself reach what I felt to be a natural level of disgust and horror, which would trigger the magic to try and override it. Instead, I had to experience the remembered memories of extreme pleasure at having successfully fucked and sucked Tim to orgasm... and accept it, at least marginally.

All of which left me far out of tow, cold hungry and tired, with a mind that insisted in dreamily thinking of how great it was being sexy enough to make men cum whether they wanted to or not...

...and eagerly looking forward to another chance to prove it. TO BE CONTINUED



SUMMARY: A plastic surgeon who has, in the past, used subliminal tapes to get clients and sex partners has the tables turned on him when he is kidnapped and transformed into a wanton sex pot.

Believable

By Gunslinger

In the otherwise silent office, the slow drumming of Doctor Jeffery Bryant's fingers on the desktop sounded like the drum roll played at an execution.

As the dismal metaphor crossed Jeff's mind, he curled his fingers into a fist and forced the clenched hand to the arm of his comfortable leather chair, trying to break the morbid line of thought that rolled through his mind.

It wasn't easy.

Once again, he lifted his hand and, without thinking, ran it through the rumpled haystack that his usually carefully styled auburn hair had become. Letting his hand drop limply to his side once more, Jeff slowly looked around the interior of his office, trying - and failing - to find comfort in it's luxurious appointments and expensive decor.

"What the hell is going wrong...?" Jeff asked himself, angrily.

Until recently, he'd been one of the most sought-after and well-paid plastic surgeons in California. With the extensively renovated mansion in the hills serving as both home and clinic, he'd been working long, but extremely satisfying, hours. The money had flowed in as he'd rebuilt the vain and vainglorious of Californian society, and business had been both populous and prosperous, just as his five-year plan to wealthy retirement had specified it should be. Everything had been on track with his inspired plan to retire wealthy and well-known at the age of forty...

...until last week.

During the last week, his flow of eager customers had dried up. Given his personal 'marketing plan', it shouldn't have been possible - but it had happened nonetheless. Though some might have thought Jeff would have enjoyed a break in the long hours, to take the chance to explore some kind of social life, Jeff chafed at the inactivity. His entire life had been geared to the idea of working long and hard until he was forty, then retiring to a life of sybaritic luxury, and though he was fairly wealthy, it wasn't even close to what he'd planned on having in three years, after taking the profit from selling what was - or what should have been - California's most successful plastic surgery clinic.

Not as inherently important, but equally frustrating personally, Jeff's sex life had dropped concurrent with his business. Though he didn't have anything approaching a social life, Jeff had been leading a very active sex life - but, now, that too was down the tubes.

Which should have been equally as impossible as the drop in his business, and for much the same reasons...

Frowning, Jeff shook his head in angry confusion, listening to the silence of what should have been a bustling office. With not a single appointment or procedure, he'd let his entire staff, clerical and medical, take a long weekend by giving them today off. Though they'd been happy enough to take a Friday off, Jeff's real purpose had been to save the money he would have paid out in wages today - because, for the first time, a worm of worry had begun to curl in his belly. His manifest genius and undeniable talents had always allowed him the luxury of convictions unshakable by any outside influence - until now...

In the silence of his office, the sound of the heavily-padded door opening seemed as loud as a gunshot, and Jeff's head snapped up in shock as a tall, brisk-looking woman in a tailored pantsuit stepped through the opening.

Staring at the cool-looking brunette, Jeff started to rise from his chair in anger.

"Who are you?" He demanded - though, even as he did, he had the feeling he should know her....

"Doctor Beatrice Foster." She introduced herself, calmly - and the name allowed Jeff to make the connection. Even as she lifted her hand towards him to complete the introduction, Jeff felt himself relax as he recognized her as a colleague, best known for the *pro bono* work she did for victims of wound-inflicting rape and extreme spousal abuse.

"Doctor Foster.." Jeff said, wondering how his fellow plastic surgeon had gotten inside as he held out his own hand...

...only to realize, too late, that she was holding a compressed-gas syringe in her hand. Before he could his own hand back, she lashed out and jabbed the pressure injector into his arm, its contents being thrust into his bloodstream with a hiss.

"What the hell..?" Jeff shouted, yanking his arm away - but the damage had been done. Even as his struggling mind tried to make sense of what was going on here, darkness started to close in on him.

"Why ?" He asked, thickly, slumping into his chair as weakness overtook him. As he slid down into the darkness, Doctor Foster's answer followed him down:

"We know what you did."

* * * * *

Darkness slowly parted...

...but full consciousness didn't return.

Though light and shape and color flooded Jeff's senses, accompanied by sound, it was nearly formless, moving around him in a dreamlike haze.

Jeff simply let it wash over him, his mind sluggishly accepting it. He couldn't possibly tell how long it even took him to realize, vaguely, what anything meant, and when that realization finally did set in, it seemed inordinately difficult - and only barely important enough - to force himself to focus.

Familiar. The shapes and colors that vaguely resolved themselves under his dreamy concentration were familiar...

It finally registered that he was in one of his operating rooms.

The information was just that - information. Jeff could not work up enough emotions or intellect to worry either about his location or his own lack of concern.

"Ah, you're awake..."

Only then did Jeff realize he'd been staring at a fixed point in space. Sluggishly, he rolled his eyes to the side, taking in the figure of a coolly attractive brunette standing beside him. The movement of other people in the room registered, barely, but held no interest or meaning for him as he stared at Doctor Foster.

"We found quite a diverse and interesting supply of drugs in your offices." She said, gesturing at a glass bottle hanging from a metal stand nearby, its clear plastic tube running down out of Jeff's field of vision. "Amobarbital sodium, Chlordiazepoxide and Chlorpromazine, Pentobarbital sodium - A veritable devil's brew of hypnotic chemicals, though I doubt even you ever thought of using all of them at the same time, and in these doses."

Dimly, Jeff realized he knew all the words she was speaking, and even had a vague sense of the meaning - but his mind just couldn't seem to make the connection between the three separate points of this discussion - her words, the IV bottle, and him.

In fact, it didn't seem important enough for him to even try and recognize how the three separate parts went together, if they even did at all.

"I know you've been using them separately..." Beatrice continued, in a 'naughty, naughty' tone of voice that went oddly with her shark-like grin. "You've been drugging women, haven't you?"

Jeff, concentrating so hard on making sense of the words as they came through the thick fog surrounding his mind, didn't even consider lying - literally, it simply never occurred to him.

"Yes..." He said, voice thick, as he blinked owlshly.

"You have a private investigator who secretly finds single, fairly well-off women you think need 'improving', don't you?" Beatrice prompted, and again Jeff slowly agreed before she continued. "You then send them a 'free music sampler' CD with the type of music that your private eye tells you they prefer on it - except that's not all that's on it, is it?"

"No..." Jeff said, heavily. "There's also subliminal messages hidden in the music..."

"I know." Beatrice agreed. "It makes them want to listen to the CD often - and it also keep convincing them that they need to go talk to a plastic surgeon, right? A specific plastic surgeon - Jeffery Bryant."

"That's right..." He agreed - and then, much belated, he noticed that Beatrice was holding something. She caught the shifting of his eyes.

"It's a behavior modification unit control." She explained. "It allows somebody to send electrical impulses directly to a person's pleasure and pain centers."

Jeff hadn't even been curious - his gaze had simply noted the object, and that was all. Her words, though registering, didn't really have anything to do with him, so he let them just slide across the surface of his brain, uncaring.

"Back to Jeff Bryant..." Beatrice said. "When the woman shows up at his office, Jeff would offer her a drink - which is drugged. He then reinforces her belief she needs plastic surgery, doesn't he...?"

It took a second for him to force his mind back on topic, but finally he managed to agree.

"He also convinces her she likes sex. All sorts of sex. Even degrading sex, sometimes - doesn't he?" Beatrice asked, struggling to keep an even tone of voice.

"Yeah..." he agreed.

She swallowed and took a second to compose herself. "Jeff Bryant will get into a lot of trouble for that if anybody found out, wouldn't he?"

"Yeah, lots..." Jeff agreed a second later.

"I found out about it." Beatrice said. "That means Jeff Bryant is going to get into lots of trouble, isn't he?"

For some reason, that bothered him badly, but he couldn't consider why, and still hold onto the dream-like reality around him, so after a long pause, he finally agreed with her.

"I'm going to help you." Beatrice said. "You need to trust me, because I'm going to help you, and you want my help."

He considered that for a moment. "Okay."

"But to help you, you have to help... her." Beatrice said, holding up a photo.

The photo - a computer-generated one, but he didn't know that - looked familiar to him. In fact, he thought fuzzily, the woman looked a lot like what his twin sister would look like, if he'd had one - but he didn't mention it.

"This is Missy Manjoy." Beatrice said. "When you're helping her, you're helping yourself. Now - who is this?"

"Missy Manjoy..." He replied - and, strangely, felt a low, but powerful, burst of pleasure at saying that, even attenuated as it was in his groggy mind.

"And when you're helping her, you're doing what...?" Beatrice asked.

"Helping myself." He replied - and felt another warm pulse of pleasure at saying it.

"That's right." Beatrice said. "Now, I have some questions to ask you about how to help her - and yourself, which is the same thing, right?"

"Right..." He agreed, to another pulse of pleasure - and then the questions started...

* * * * *

Life became questions - nothing but questions, and the answers in return.

There was no way of telling how long this went on, of course - not in that wonderful dream-like state, the one that was more and more often punctuated with those bursts of pleasure.

Sometimes, one of the other people that vaguely flitted through the background would, briefly, reach through the veil. Words that sounded familiar would be spoken to Beatrice; words like 'liposuction' and 'collagen injections', 'laser hair removal' and 'dermabrasion', 'rhinoplasty' and 'tracheal shave' and 'leg extension surgery' and 'surgical removal of the lowest ribs' and 'extensive facial reconstruction surgery'...

...but it was one of the others talking to Beatrice, or vice-versa, and so unimportant.

Sometimes, the sessions took place in other rooms, in other circumstances. For several of the sessions in a row, it was done while walking on a treadmill. Unseen in the focused attention Beatrice demanded she, herself, be given, the treadmill seemed to have something wrong with it. More than just the foggy haze made it difficult to walk on it, even to balance - but Beatrice insisted that the walking was necessary, and it was finally mastered.

It didn't really matter, anyway. What mattered was the work. What little attention and concentration that could be mustered during those periods of semi-consciousness were only ever directed at coming up with the correct answers to the questions Beatrice asked.

The first ones were always easy - because they were always the same. The photo, reflecting whatever changes had already been made, with the demanded identification - and, always right, was always greeted with that burst of pleasure, as was the now mantra-like rhythm of 'when I'm helping her, I'm helping myself'.

Then came the questions about how to help Missy - but not just 'how', but also 'why'.

"How should Missy wear her hair?", for example - which, once answered, was followed by: "Should Missy like her hair that way?"

The answer to questions like that were as easy as they were obvious: "Of course." Sometimes, it wasn't questions. Sometimes Beatrice spoke of Jeffery Bryant.

Every time, there was pain. The pain came with the name, whether it was 'Jeffery Bryant' or 'Doctor Bryant' or 'Jeff Bryant'. Any mention brought pain. Worsening pain as time went on, even. As Beatrice talked about all the things Jeffery Bryant was going to suffer through, there was pain.

It would be better if Beatrice wouldn't mention the name, because it brought pain - but she did. Second best was to try and forget the pain - and the name that brought it. It was best to not think of that name at all.

At other times, there was pain that had nothing to do with that name. Sometimes, it was sharp, and came with certain answers. Other times, it was dull and pervasive, lasting for the entire session, a pain like an injured or battered body - but, shrouded in that hazy fog, never as bad as the pain that came from that name or from certain answers, though it couldn't simply be avoided like it could be by avoiding that name or those thoughts.

Much better was the pleasure that came from answers. Pleasure that came with defining who the new Missy Manjoy was to be. Pleasure that came from reiterating those answers again and again, until they were practically second nature.

Jeffery Bryant was pain. Missy Manjoy was pleasure.

* * * * *

"Well, honey buns, today's the big day!" Beatrice said, smiling. "Come on, let's get you up..."

Strange little terms of endearment seemed to be Beatrice's 'thing' lately. For the last two dozen sessions, it was 'Honey buns' this and 'sweet-cheeks' that. It had been a bit disconcerting, at first - but, now...? Who cared, really.

As usual, there was no need to dress or take care of any other once-basic needs - such things were all taken care of during sleep these days, it seemed. Not that questioning anything was really possible, not in that thick, deep mental fog...

...but, of course, it was hard to even notice that fog anymore. Not after living in it for so long. It was simply part of life, and given next to no thought at all.

With Beatrice's help, getting up and heading for the door was accomplished fairly easily, and apparently all those 'walking exercises' paid off, for the gait that was produced wasn't nearly as much a drunken stagger as might have been expected.

"That's right, sweetie, follow me..." Beatrice said, unusually chipper. "Say, those are some lovely traveling clothes I got for you, aren't they?"

Memory of the clothes were hazy, at best - and emotional reaction to them, like an emotional reaction to anything in this state, impossible - which left only mindless agreement. "Yes."

"I'm sure you're really going to enjoy yourself, sugar-lips." Beatrice said as they walked out the front door of the house/clinic. It was just barely sunrise, the sky a wondrous vista of pink clouds, so beautiful that even the foggy haze couldn't complete mute it from the conscious mind. It seemed almost a shame to ignore it and follow Beatrice down the steps towards where a car was waiting. "You're probably yearning to get on with a real life again, I bet."

That was, to put it mildly, an unusual thought. In the foggy mindset that was barely even noticed anymore, the sessions had seemed to go on forever - and it seemed to make sense to assume the always would. No beginning and no end, for now and for ever, alpha and omega, amen. The idea that the sessions were over and there was some sort of life to be led afterwards was simply too new to allow any intelligent reaction.

So, there was nothing to be said about it - nothing to be done, either, apparently, as the car's driver helped them into the back seat before sliding behind the wheel and starting up the car.

"Your suitcase is in the trunk, sweetie-pie." Beatrice said. "You've got plenty of money with you and in your bank account, so you shouldn't have any problem getting an apartment when you get to Phoenix. In fact, budget yourself carefully, and you can probably just kick around for a year or so before you need to find a job to support yourself."

Again, the thought of working was too new to be grasped, much less replied to. Beatrice, practically running off at the mouth, didn't seem to care about the fact she was providing a monologue, however.

Their destination turned out to be the bus station - or, rather, and idling diesel monster whose lit destination sign did, indeed, say Phoenix.

"Okay, this is your suitcase." Beatrice said, before handing it to the man who was loading the luggage. She came closer, voice dropping to a whisper. "It's the big blue one. Remember that so you can claim it... Now, let's get you on the buss, honey-buns."

The thought of refusing that suggestion didn't even come up. In it's place was that same bland acceptance as at all the sessions, and following Beatrice up the steps onto the bus seemed like the most reasonable thing the world.

"Here's my cousin's ticket..." Beatrice said, handing the slip of printed paper to the driver - who was eyeing that 'cousin' with an odd look.

"Too much to drink at the going-away party." Beatrice confided to the driver. "Don't worry - a good sleep during the trip should take care of it."

"I've been in that position myself, a few times." The driver admitted, with a grin. "Don't worry miss, we'll take good care of your cousin."

"I appreciate it." Beatrice said, warmly.

All that was left was to follow Beatrice to a seat, sit down, and accept a quick peck on the cheek.

"Good by, sweetie. Enjoy your new life in Phoenix - and, remember, it was just something that had to be done. If you even look at it the right way, this works out better for you then the possible alternatives."

Then Beatrice was gone, and all there was left to do was to stare out the window.

It was only after the bus had finally pulled out and been traveling for some time that a stiff neck finally caused an almost instinctive move to lessen the strain - and the direction that relieved the strain resulted in a specific sight:

*'Wow, Missy really **does** have spectacular tits'* was the almost instinctive reaction to the sight of the firm, full breasts that formed a lovely, and only slightly risqué, display of cleavage in the blue-and- white print blouse.

The next thought, more reasonable then any in a long time, was a sign that the drugs, so long present, had finally been cut off: *'If they're Missy's tits, why are they on **my** chest...?'*

The 'instinctive' answer, however, was as sure a sign that the drugs weren't completely degraded yet: *'Because I'm Missy.'*

That answer actually satisfied her for another half hours, as the drugs continued to slowly loose their hold on her...

...and then, with growing realization, the woman in seat 12A on a Greyhound heading to Phoenix, realized where and who she was - and had happened, and still was happening, to her.

She sat bolt upright with a gasp. "Something wrong...?"

Startled by the voice across the aisle, she glanced over at the man sitting there, a faintly concerned look in his eyes.

Eyes that flickered back and forth between a cute-but-unremarkable face and a pair of remarkably firm GGG-cup breasts that nicely filled out a summer-weight blouse.

She caught the interest, the look - and Missy Manjoy shivered slightly...

...in pleasure.

After all, she'd gone to Doctor Beatrice Foster to get a nice, big pair of implants specifically so men would start noticing her as a woman.

"No, nothing - I was just sort of, you know, nodding off, and then snapped back awake again." She said after only the slightest pause - a pause during which she'd considered all the possible responses she could have given the man, and finally having settled on the lie that would cause considerably less trouble than the insane-sounding truth...

...especially since she doubted she could tell enough of the truth to make it sound even faintly plausible. After all, she couldn't even give what her name as a man had been.

Having deflected the man's question - if not his half-serious interest in her spectacular chest - Missy turned to allow her eyes to stare out the window, while her steadily clearing mind went to work chewing over the situation.

A hell of a situation it was, too. After all, she'd been changed into Missy Manjoy, a tall, rather athletically-built woman with a firm, fit, sexy-in-an-All-American-Girl-sorta-way body that had been further enhanced with the addition of the spectacular tits now thrust so proudly from her chest.

In fact, the whole 'tit' situation was sort of a single-point representation of the enormity of the situation.

She was well aware of what was going on, and what had been done to her. Nevertheless, she still thought her tits were spectacular - and she still felt pleasure at having a fairly handsome, and reasonable nice-seeming, young man ogle them.

It was a truism in hypnotism that you couldn't convince somebody in a trance to do something they wouldn't do while awake - which was true, as far as it went. The problem was, it didn't go far enough whereas Beatrice, showing damned near genius, had gone much further. She'd turned Missy's own belief against her.

By couching her questions carefully, by tying them carefully into Missy's old, male, life, Beatrice had created an inescapable situation.

First off, the new woman she'd become really *was* 'Missy Manjoy'. It wasn't a lie, or an illusion - she might not have been born as Missy Manjoy, but after the extensive surgery, there was no doubt that 'Missy Manjoy' now existed, physically - and she was her.

It went a lot further than that, though - because Beatrice had planned it perfectly, and neatly hoist Missy by her own petard.

Missy truly did believe that a person who, at this moment, was a woman, but had grown up living a masculine-style life and who had never had sex with a man should, in fact, wish to become more feminine and do what was 'obviously necessary' to correct the 'flaws' in her life.

True, the 'false history' of Missy had been that she'd been a tomboy, the dedicated stay-at-home nurse for an invalid father, with no appreciable social life, and who denied herself men out of respect for a dying - and extremely catholic - father. It didn't matter that the truth was that Missy had been a man who'd voluntarily eschewed a social life and who'd never been interested in men because of the homosexuality of the notion - the two pasts, one true and one false - came together at the point in existence where Missy now found herself. Thanks to sexual reassignment surgery, Missy was now unmistakably female, or at least as close an imitation of one as unfettered medical science could create. The Missy who now existed truly *did* have a past where she'd forgone socializing in favor of work, who'd never slept with a man because she'd been taught it would be wrong, and who had grown up dressing and acting in a masculine manner.

With the body she now had, and 'both' the pasts she had, all of Missy's beliefs said that she should be trying to develop a feminine lifestyle to match her body. It wasn't some 'implanted' commands, but her own true, long-held beliefs. If Beatrice had simply given her commands, Missy might have been able to fight against the compulsions with some form of success - but since the beliefs were her own, no matter how deviously they'd been applied to her, she would be trying to argue against herself - and it wasn't possible to win that argument, and she already knew it.

She was, indeed, the very Missy Manjoy that she believed Missy Manjoy should be. She was, in a very real sense of the term, a 'self-made woman'.

It certainly didn't mean that missy had to particularly like it, of course - but that wasn't much help. After all, everybody in life had habits or personality quirks they didn't like. Certainly, they could contain them, hide them, or sublimate them - but it didn't change their core beliefs. Likewise, even knowing what had been done to her, Missy couldn't excise the beliefs she held.

Watching the scenery roll past, Missy had to grudgingly allow Beatrice the credit she deserved for this scheme. While it was technically possible to 'brainwash' somebody into behaving contrary to their own nature, it always created an internal struggle that would eventually surface. In a way, Missy would have much preferred that. Either of the two methods of brainwashing would have left her with a sort of mental 'excuse' - the first form, where somebody's own personality was completely submerged in a sort of two-dimension new one, she wouldn't even be conscious of having been male or doing anything her history would tell her she should feel guilty or disturbed doing. Sure, it would have been a simplistic personality, with a few simple 'purposes' in life, and so basically an automaton - but she wouldn't have cared.

In the second form, she would have been 'forced' through behavior modification to do things she didn't want to do. Beatrice had actually used a form of that in her plan - but only for reinforcement, not as the primary method. If it had been done that way, circumventing rather than directionally reinforcing her own beliefs, Missy would have had the internal satisfaction of knowing it wasn't really her doing any of it, even though it would have been painful and degrading.

What Beatrice had done, however, was far more complex - by harnessing Missy's own beliefs, she'd left Missy's own inner sense-of self - her personality - intact. Missy, mentally, was as real, as complex, as her old male self had been. Just as her old male life had sometimes been full of confusion, conflicting desires, and uncertainty, so would her new one - but, unlike a

brainwashed version of Missy, there wasn't the almost omnipresent risk of eventual insanity from the mental imbalance. Her mind, as 'real' as ever, was just as capable of handling the day-to-day stresses of her new life as it had been in the old one.

Of course, there was one other thing about this method of 'alteration':

It wasn't overwhelming.

She should know - she'd 'overwhelmed' many women in her past life, using one of the other two methods. Therein lay the big difference. Beatrice, hampered as she was by ethics and a conscience, had done what she'd felt she'd needed to do - but in the 'kindest' way. Missy, just as she'd been as a man, wasn't burdened by that problem.

Beatrice, obviously, hoped Missy would simply accept her new, feminine life, and try to settle down into a 'regular woman' lifestyle.

How little she knew her, Missy mused with a sharp smile.

After all, female or not, she was, deep down, the same person she'd been before. Though for both their safety Beatrice had used behavior modification techniques to 'wall off' part of Missy's real past, to keep Missy from allowing anybody to find out what had happened, Missy was still the same person as before.

Well, almost. Instead of a conniving, greedy bastard, she was a greedy, conniving bitch.

Either way, she didn't plan to follow Beatrice's little 'white picket fence housewife' plans. That was the one flaw in Beatrice's plan, and Beatrice's own nature had kept from seeing it.

Beatrice had obviously thought that setting Missy up by asking the man she'd been to define what Missy would like and dislike, how she should dress and act, even what she'd look like, would coerce the new woman into living precisely that lifestyle, because Beatrice had mistaken thought that the mind that had defined what Missy would like would, perforce, like the same thing.

Though Beatrice had been smart enough to show the then-male a woman who looked as she'd looked, and even smart enough to ask what the then-male Missy would like a woman like that to be like, it had never occurred to Beatrice to make the even more important connection:

While defining Missy, Beatrice had never asked the question: "And if Missy was as selfish, conniving, and immoral as you are, how would she act?"

If Beatrice had done that, then the person Missy had been would have promptly reinforced - and redirected - her own beliefs, because, at the time, she'd still been thinking of Missy as a separate person - and the person Missy had been didn't want anybody else being as unscrupulous and as she had been. That, after all, would have created competition, and so she would have been quick to edit those characteristics out of the woman that, later, she would end becoming.

Beatrice, not nearly as selfishly oriented herself, hadn't been able to see that flaw in her plan.

It was a flaw that Missy damned well intended to use. After all, though she was willing to admit that there were certain ways of dressing and acting that she actually did think her new body would be best with, she wasn't nearly as 'compelled' to follow that as Beatrice obviously expected her to be.

When it came right down to it, a person who was willing to risk serious prison time for quick money and forced sex was hardly likely to be much put out by knowing the clothes she was wearing or the behavior she was exhibiting might make her unpopular.

Grinning a shark's grin, Missy sat back in the chair and began considering her options...

* * * * *

It was time.

She'd spent the last month living in a hotel, eating cheap food while she planned. When she'd gone out to do her 'research', it had been without makeup, in shapeless gray clothing and scuffed sneakers, her hair a mess - the better to dissuade anybody from approaching her.

She'd neither searched for lodging or work, even though the hotel room rapidly drained resources, and she'd spent more money 'outfitting' for her plan and to conduct her research properly. In the end, it didn't really matter.

All that mattered was that her plan was ready to go into action.

With a slight smile crossing her lips, she lifted one hand and knocked on the door in front of her.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night, and the owner of the house wasn't exactly a socialite, so it took a few minutes before the door opened - but, having done her research, she had expected it, and wasn't at all put out by the delay, despite the natural anxiety she felt at waiting to see if it work out as she'd planned.

When the door did open, the person who opened it wasn't immediately visible, standing as they were behind the door itself - but, again, she'd expected that, as well, and wasn't the least bit put out by it. Further bolstered by her success, she stepped into the brightly-lit foyer of the brownstone home, turning rapidly on one heel as the owner quickly slammed the door, just as she'd expected he would...

...so, when he turned to face her, she was ready for him, her all-encompassing black fur coat having already slid from her shoulders to puddle on the marble floor.

"I... what the...?" The owner of the house gasped, eyes widening almost comically as he caught sight of his unexpected guest.

"Hello, Richard." She said, forcing her voice into it's smokiest, most seductive tones.

It didn't even occur to Richard Bannerman to ask how she knew his name. Instead, the pale, sandy-haired young man simply stood there and gaped, taking in the woman standing - actually, posing - in his foyer.

It was a sight to see, she knew with a smug certainty - because that's exactly how she'd planned it.

She was standing in 'the oldest pose', one which displayed every feminine attribute in a flattering aspect.

Her left leg was straight and locked, bearing all her weight - which, in and of itself, would have emphasized every curve and muscle on that surgically long and naturally toned leg.

The fact that she was wearing the classic black pump in a six-inch stiletto heel only further served to enhance her leg that, along with it's companion, had been so carefully shaved, depleted, softened and toned as to be as utterly smooth, taut, and sexually attractive as it was physically possible for it to be.

The light coating of scented oil rubbed into the skin only made it look all the more preternaturally perfect, like the sculpted golden leg of a perfectly proportion monument of feminine sensuality.

Her right leg, as carefully prepared and identically shod, slightly to the side and bent at the knee, so that only the toe of her shoe touched the ground. Whereas her left leg was emphasizing every toned muscle in calf and thigh, this relaxed leg even more definitively showcased the smooth, flowing lines of the leg at rest. In one glance, her gaping audience of one could see the utter loveliness of her legs in either tensed or relaxed condition...

...and the slight spreading of her legs, along with the bent knee, meant her thighs were spread invitingly. Since her long, luscious legs were naked all the way up to the hip, they appeared impossibly long, which was the *other* function of the tiny, high-hipped, low-waisted gloss black bikini-style leather underwear she wore.

It's primary function, of course, was to not *quite* cover her cunt, a hint of soft pink fold visible on either side of the thin black strap that ran between her legs.

The tight corset she wore was of the same material and color, and cinched as painfully tight as was human possible, making her already slender waist that much smaller, and better emphasizing her hips...

...while the carefully-scalloped top of the custom-made garment rested just below the jut of her melon-sized breasts, each of which thrust roundly from her chest without any obstruction.

The only other clothing she wore were the opera-length gloves she wore, also of black leather, but with a matte finish, and tied up the outside of each arm with criss-crossed black leather rawhide 'strings'.

As with her legs, every inch of exposed flesh was lightly oiled with a scented oil.

She'd spent an inordinate time finding the perfect make-up scheme for her face - but it appeared well worth the effort, judging from the look on Richard's face when he finally managed to pull his gaze that high.

The lipstick on her full, inviting lips was a dark, ruby red carefully outlined in black lip-liner. Painstakingly applied foundation, blush, and highlighting worked to emphasize both jaw and cheeks, cheating a look that - like her body - managed to be sexual, beautiful, and powerful, all at the same time.

Her auburn hair was pulled tightly up onto her head, where it was tightly gripped by more black rawhide thongs before spilling back and down in a cascade of deep, rich auburn color made all the more vivid by the uniformly black outfit she wore.

The image she presented was a study in contrasts. Strong - yet, in all the right ways, soft. Forbidding - yet inviting. Powerful - and yet, by choice in clothing, submissive.

She was a challenge to any man who saw her like this to dare to try and satisfy her sexually... and the promise that she could easily do that for him.

Finally, Richard licked his lips, and spoke: "What do you want?"

She smiled, a slow, seductive smile that was all 'potential', rather than 'promise'. "You even ask the right question." She purred. "Follow me."

Turning on her heel, she strode into the house - not the swivel-hipped stride of an easy woman, but the powerful, graceful feline stride of a lioness.

Given that the view from behind was every bit as good as the view from the front, it wasn't surprising that Richard followed her without hesitation. He seated himself on one couch in the living room, while she chose the one directly opposite. Her pose, when she sat, was as carefully considered as the one in the foyer - one leg lightly resting on the knee of the other, arms outspread and resting on the back of the couch, so that her breasts were forced to just even further and more enticingly forward.

"Let's talk about... 'wants'." She said, imbuing the final word with every ounce of sexual promise in her voice.

"I know something about you, Richard." She said, hungrily. "I know you are a wealthy young man, from old money. You are also a young man who suffers from agoraphobia - you can't even look out the open door of your house without a panic attack, much less step outside."

"How do you know all this...?" Richard asked, with a frown - then, suddenly aware he was addressing his question directly to her round, gleaming breasts, he guiltily tore his eyes from those firm monuments to feminine pulchritude, glancing away with a flush.

"It's okay to look, Richard." She told him, smiling again. "We both want know you want to - and it's more then all right to do so. Look at my breasts, Richard. Look at my big... beautiful.. firm.. breasts..."

It was a 'suggestion' Richard couldn't refuse - and when he did look, he found her lightly caressing one softly firm sphere, peering up through lashes as she enticing slid one glove-encased hand lightly across the flawless flesh.

"With your phobia, you hardly have much chance to meet women." She said, sensuously. "I like the... desperate hunger that adds to you gaze."

Licking his lips, Richard forced his eyes off of her again.

"Look..." He said, as firmly as possible. "I don't know who you are, but my sex life - or lack of it - is not enough enticement for me to accept a.. a..."

"Prostitute?" She asked, with a low - and sexual - laugh. "I'm hardly that, Richard - or, perhaps, I'm much more then that. Look at me, Richard. Look at this person in front of you - and listen."

Almost against his will, Richard did as she said.

"We were talking of what we want..." she said, "...and yes, part of want you want is sex. Don't bother to deny it, Richard - we both know it would be a lie."

Richard, aware of the rather obvious hard-on he was sporting, closed his just-opened mouth with a snap.

"I also know, however, that 'sex' is merely a portion of what you want." She continued. "You want more then just a warm, willing female body - even a very warm, extremely willing body. You want female companionship - even a relationship. You want, in fact, what you have been denied - or at least as close a facsimile as you can find. You want, dear Richard, a normal life."

Startled, Richard blinked. Though his reaction marked the accuracy of her comment, he didn't agree with her verbally, instead making his own observation.

"What you want is money." He accused. She shook her head, slightly.

"Not exactly. What I want, Richard - is luxury. I want to live in a mansion.. like this one. I want to lay on silk sheets, drink champagne, eat only the finest foods, and be surrounded by the best of everything. Money is what it takes to get that - but it's the 'middleman' on the road to luxury, and I don't care about it, itself. I just want the luxury."

She leaned forward, for the first time abandoning 'pure sensuality' in the favor of letting him see the actual sincerity ion her voice.

"Richard, let me explain something to you." She said. "Like you, I'm not quite the same as everybody else. For certain reasons, which I won't go into, my personality's 'sides' are more discretely separated than most people's. There's a part of me that is.. almost masculine. That's the part of me that is driven, that wants all the good things in life, that wants to be powerful and dominating and practically worshipped. The other part of me is the feminine part, the part that could would - willingly and eagerly please you sexually, submitting itself to you in an effort to make you utterly happy. This.. disparity.. would be hard for many men to accept, because of the way it makes me."

"What way is that?" Richard asked, warily.

She grinned, wolfishly. "The way that makes me the perfect woman for you. You see, I like to be dominant - not physically, mind you, but in terms of control. I like - almost need - to make all the decisions, have control - and that's perfect for you, most of the time, since I would be the one how would be doing the shopping. You already know that I want to take your money and fill your house with only the best - and, I'll admit, I also want you to practically wait on me hand and foot."

"Oh, I see...?" Richard said, sarcastically. "In exchange for which you will, occasionally, deign to let me lay my hands on your body."

"Not exactly..." She said, letting the sincerity - the truthfulness - of what she was saying come through. "As I said, there's two sides of me, whether I like it or not. That powerful side of me, the 'everyday' part that wants to be treated like the queen of all creation, is the part I would carry with me all the time outside, and quite often here in the home - but that other side of me? the feminine side of me? The part of me that likes men paying obvious attention to my body.. my breasts... my sexual, feminine reality? That part, Richard - that part, which comes out whether I want it to or not if a man shows enough of a physical interest in me - is the one I'm actually afraid of, the one that makes my life as hard for me as you agoraphobia makes yours for you. You see, I've never actually had sex with a man, because I've had to hide that part of me away as carefully as you hide away in your own home - because that part of me, the part that would come out during sex, is purely, uncontrollably, submissive."

Richard blinked. "I... beg your pardon?"

"I've never told anybody this before..." She admitted, truthfully, "...because of the risk - and, by telling you this, I want you to understand the risk I'm taking in doing so. You see, pleasing men... gives me an emotional 'high' - please that is strong. Almost overwhelming... and addictive. When it comes to pleasing men, in all the ways a woman can only please a man, I mean... I just can't so no. More to the point, because of the pleasure I get from giving a man pleasure, even from something as simple as letting them look at my body and enjoy it, or from any sexual act... I don't *want* to say 'no'."

It was, actually, an exaggeration - but only somewhat. Thanks to Beatrice, doing the 'feminine' things they'd both, tacitly, agreed she would like doing actually did bring a powerful pleasure separate from whatever physical pleasure that act would bring. It wasn't 'overwhelming', actually - but, considering the man she'd been, it wasn't the least bit surprising how wide-ranging and comprehensive the list of such pleasure-inducing acts were.

In fact, the 'seduction' act she'd been putting on since coming in the house had been made much easier by the fact that she'd been constantly swept by waves of pleasure over Richard's obvious appreciation of both her body and her suggestive behavior.

She really, really would enjoy doing absolutely anything sexual Richard wanted her to do - just as she would actually enjoy wearing sexy clothes to let him admire her body, even while being 'Queen Bitch' the rest of the time.

"I was born with another name..." She said, honestly. "... but the one I've chosen for myself is a word that, sexually speaking, has two meanings: 'Mistress'. The one meaning is a dominating woman - and that part of me would be the 'public' part, the well-dressed rich-bitch who would demand - and get - the best of everything for us, who would exactly plan and execute small, occasional parties to show off my perfect taste and expert social skills - while, incidentally, giving you a social life that you lack, in very tightly controlled circumstances, because nothing would dare go wrong at any party I hosted."

She grinned, wickedly, to show that she wasn't really joking - because that was who she was. The part of her that got what she wanted...

...but there was that other part, too.

"Then there's the other meaning - that of a man's lover. That part of me I call 'Missy' - and that's the part of me that only you know about, that only you know you can reach. Call me by that name, tell me how sexy I am, tell me that you want me - or want me to please you - and I can't resist. I won't want to resist. That part of me longs to please a man any way he wants in return for nothing but appreciation of her ability to do so as much as the Mistress part of me wants people to worship me in appreciation of me taste, skill, and dominance - two sides to the exact same coin, you see."

Richard blinked - and then the import of her 'secret' struck home. "Wait a second - are you saying...?"

"That now that I've told you my secret, you have an inordinate amount of power over me?" She interrupted. "Yes. Just by calling me by that name, and making sure that I see myself only as a sexual object you desire, and nothing else worthwhile, then I'd willingly - and even happily - be your eager little sex slave. Your complete slave, actually, since you could get me to do anything at all like that: 'Missy, I'd get so turned on if you'd do such-and-such for me'."

Richard blinked, and looked at her askance. "What you've just told me is that I could do that to you - yet you told me anyway?"

"I'm hoping that you'll see that the other part of me is just as valuable to you." She pointed out, with naked honesty. "It's not an internal switch that I can flip on or off at will - only a man, who knows about it, can use it, and so you would be the one - and only - person who could decide which part of me is 'out' at the time. You'd decide how often I'm 'Mistress' or 'Missy'."

"I still don't get it..." Richard said, slowly. "Why tell me this? Any of this? Why even offer to let 'Missy' out?"

She hesitated - and then, with no other choice, gave Richard the pure, unvarnished truth, the one she'd been so shocked to realize herself a month ago, and one she hadn't been able to deny.

"It's a metaphor." She explained, simply, honestly. "There is no 'Mistress' or 'Missy'. They're really one and the same - they're me. Like I said, I'm not like most people - but it's because I'm just so driven by my own, selfish desires. Mostly - literally, overwhelmingly - that desire is to be seen as being 'the best'. Part of which would be reflected in by being surrounded by the best, showing that I'm the smartest, the most determined, the one with the best taste and the most skills... but, equally as strong, is the desire to be seen as 'the best' in other ways - including sexually. Every bit as overwhelming as the other urges to be 'the best', that part of the.. compulsion... doesn't mean that I want to *get* the best sex - it means I want to be known for *giving* the best sex. The reason I've come to you is that I've been driving myself crazy...! No..." She said, honestly, shaking her head. "That's no true. Craziness would be a relief, for in insanity I would actually be able to do the thing I can't do now - and that's commit to one side or the other of this. You see, society can't fulfill this overall need. A woman who is being 'the best' little nymphomaniac will never, ever be seen as being 'the best' cool, controlled, doesn't-take-shit-from-anybody lady - and vice versa. It's not that I don't want 'Missy' to be let out - it's that, for pragmatic reasons, it's been safer to show the public the persona of 'Mistress' - and even then, I've had to hold back, because the whole 'Mistress' would be seen as to unrelentingly overbearing without any 'Missy' to soften her. Which means that I've had to keep 'Missy' tightly bottled up - until now, because one way or another, whether you ever let me satisfy my urges for perfection in the 'Mistress' side of life, I'm asking - begging! - you to let me, finally, let go and finally satisfy the 'Missy'-type urges I have."

As much as it hurt her to admit it, it was the simple, undeniable truth.

As a real bastard of a man, he'd used literal mind-control to get women to give him all the sex he'd wanted. As a man, it had been a case of not being able to see the forest for the trees, but now she could understand that it had been a 'control' issue - because, as a man, she hadn't dared risk having sex with 'normal' women, who might actually imply - or outright state - that they'd had somebody better. Likewise, the lack of a social life had been to avoid the risk of screwing it up. Even the desire for money had been to fund an 'escape', where that money would buy respect as much as it bought luxury.

It had taken being turned into a woman to make her finally search her own soul - and that soul searching had revealed the truth.

She had been cruel, and willing to do anything - but that willingness had been driven by fear. Fear of being ridiculed, of being laughed at, of being unfavorable compared to.. just about any other man, in any way.

It was a truth that was a real now as it was before - except, now, she wanted to be the most perfect woman, in every single way - including some that, as far as conventional wisdom suggested, should have been mutually exclusive.

She wanted to be 'the best' at being dominating - and 'the best' at being submissive.

Which was, of course, patently impossible. Unless she could find somebody willing to appreciate both sets of supposedly exclusive forms of perfection - which was she had risked everything on an all-or-nothing roll of the dice, and why she sat breathlessly awaiting an answer from Richard...

...and, why she'd been nothing but utterly, painfully, completely honest when she'd told him that, if she couldn't have both sides of the equation, she'd rather spend the rest of her life indulging the 'Missy' side of her obsession with being appreciated for perfection.

Completely aside from the fact that she was now inescapable trapped in an undeniably female body, and so could never completely fulfill the masculine side of the equation - sex, in and of itself, felt good.

"Please..." She whispered, emotion raw in her voice. "Please, Richard... don't turn me away. I.. I literally couldn't bear to have you do that. I.. I've put my very soul on the line, and it's in your hands. You know how important being 'the best' is for me. If you turn *both* parts of me away, tell me that *neither* part of me is good enough..."

Richard blinked again - then, slowly, settled back on the couch, a strange little smile playing across his lips.

"I think..." He said, thoughtfully, his voice filled with the cheerfully wicked tone of a persona about to spring a not-altogether-unpleasant surprise on somebody. "I think.. I'd like to see 'Mistress' convince me that 'Missy' can give me as much pleasure as she claims she can."

Missy jerked upright, a stunned expression crossing her face as the import of what he'd said slammed into like a hammer: He wanted her to dominate him into letting her be submissive to him.

For a second, Missy simply sat there, mind in a whirl, as she stared at him. He, in return, looked back at her, face wreathed in the smile of a cat who'd gotten into the cream.

Then Missy stood bolt upright, her spine almost audibly snapping erect as she cast her features into the haughtiest look possible.

"Oh, I understands." She said, scornfully, crossing her arms just below her prodigious bosom and staring down at him. "I get it - Oh, I surely do get it."

She took two slow, powerful steps closer to him.

"You look at this body..." She said, contemptuously, spreading her arms to indicate her taut, toned body. "...and you see utter, powerful perfection. You see the epitome of feminine perfection - and so, of course, you say to yourself; 'This woman could never, ever let such a body be submissive to a mere man'. You see all this power, all this glory, and think that *nobody* could have the force of will necessary to actually let herself deny her own powerful perfection."

Her sneer curled more pityingly. "You have no idea how much force of will I have, you pathetic little worm. I'm going to show you how utterly, unbelievably forceful my will can be. Go ahead, you worthless piece of shit - pick any part of my flawless, powerful body, and I'll show you just well I can force myself submit to a worm like you."

Smiling openly now, Richard slowly looked her up and down, taking in every curve of her body. "Your legs..." He said, softly.

"Of course you'd pick my legs." She said, looking down past her massive breasts. "You see these powerful, supple legs, and you know how easily I could crush you under one heel with them. You see all the power and strength inherent in such long, toned legs, and think I couldn't possibly get one close to you without giving into that very urge, to do what should be my every right to do, and grind you into dust. You think I just couldn't resist using my incredibly smooth, strong legs for the very purpose the universe so manifestly intended. Well, you slimy little maggot, I'll show you how 'weak-willed' I am to my own God-given rights."

Locking the knee of her left leg, she slowly lifted her right, balancing stork-like on her other leg as she brought her lifted foot closer and closer to Richard's face, spike heel almost threatening as it neared his unprotected head...

...and then slid slightly to the side as she leaned ever-so-slightly forward and rested her ankle on his shoulder.

Lightly rested her ankle on his shoulder, carrying all her own weight on the other leg as the smooth arch at the back of her ankle settled onto his shoulder with all the weight and force of a feather.

"You see?" She asked in scornful triumph. "I can force myself to be more gentle and delicate and willing than a mere man like you would ever truly deserve. In fact, as odious as allowing myself to do this is, it doesn't even task a fraction of my will power. You might think that if a mere man, like yourself, was ever as impertinent enough to actually *touch* my leg, I'd be so overwhelmed with justifiable anger and disgust that I'd just **have** to respond. Well, I dare you - go ahead and try to get me to react..."

Grinning boyishly, Richard did just that, reaching up and laying one hand gently on her long, smooth leg, slowly letting it glide back and forth over the lightly oiled contours of her taut appendage.

"You see...?" She said, fighting to keep the scornful tone in her voice as a shiver of pleasure thrummed through her. "I didn't so much as even twitch."

"You're right, you didn't. I have to admit that much, at least." Richard agreed, slyly. "But what if I did something much more 'odious'...?"

Letting his other hand join its mate on the delightful contours of her leg, he slid both hands forward, more firmly and openly caressing the smooth, supple flesh of her thigh...

...as he turned his head and, lightly, began kissing her calf.

"No..." She said, fighting against the increased waves of pleasure that thundered through her, partially physical but, even more powerfully, emotional, thanks to Beatrice's 'reinforcement' of Missy's own belief that a woman should enjoy pleasing a man. "Even that won't make me give you the thrashing you so well deserve."

"Impressive, very impressive..." Richard said, with mock solemnity. "What if it was something even more... infuriating...?"

Sliding his hands even further, he sent one over the smooth, firm flesh of her hip, while the other one took the long way around, lightly sliding across the slick fabric of her leather bikini until it, like it's mate, was cupping one firm, full buttock.

As he filled each hand with the taut flesh of her derriere, Missy shivered with delight, not daring to speak lest her voice betray her. Lifting her leg, she tucked it under Richard's arm, folding it at the knee and leaning forward until it rested on the couch beside Richard's own leg. With his 'help', in the form of a tightening of his delicious grip, she slid her other leg up on the couch as well, straddling him the kneeling position as he continued to fondle her ass.

"Well?" He asked, a grin playing on his lips. "Ready to admit you couldn't possibly let a 'mere man' do something like this to you?"

"No." She said, struggling with her voice. "Go ahead, do your worst..."

"Oh, really...?" He asked, grinning - and then he leaned forward, and promptly buried his face in the cleavage so conveniently located at face-level.

It was a fight not to moan in pleasure - but Missy, barely, managed to keep the moan in, maintaining her 'character' in the face of the most adverse circumstances. Even when Richard's lips found her right nipple, his right hand found her left breast, and the other hand continued fondling her right buttock, she managed not to gasp at the triad of wonderful sensations emanating from her body.

Finally lifting his mouth from her nipple, he looked up at her face with a mock look of consternation. "Well, it looks like I underestimated your resolve - but I think I can still make you 'break'." He said...

...as the hand that had caressed her left breast slid down across the corset to the small clasp on the side of her leather bikini. With a simple flick of his finger, the left side dropped to hang loose - and, a second later, the hand that had rested on her posterior performed the same task on the other side.

"I doubt very much whether a 'perfect' woman like yourself could ever do something as base and demeaning as actually have sex with a man..."

Missy didn't answer...

...not verbally, in any case.

Though, without a doubt, the way her hands slid down beneath her raised crotch and quickly tore open Richard's pants could have been construed as meaning something. Likewise, those same hands encircling the base of his already-rigid cock might have been taken as some sort of statement...

...and when she slammed herself down onto his cock, plunging it into her womanhood to the hilt, it might be said she was clearly refuting Richard's claim.

Even as she slammed herself down upon Richard's hard cock, part of her mind was stunned, barely able to believe she was doing this - that she was, in fact, willingly have sex with a man. That part of her mind screamed that this was fundamentally wrong, that she should be disgusted by what she was doing...

...but, then again, that was exactly what a tiny part of her mind had always said, back when she was male and using mind-control to force women to have sex with him.

It hadn't stopped her then - and it didn't stop her now.

With Richard's hand on her hips, helping both support and guide her, she lifted herself up - and once more, thrust herself down upon his cock...

...and this time, she couldn't help the gasp of pleasure that escaped her throat. "See...?" She said, immediately, as she lifted herself again. "I can even pretend..."

Another downward thrust - and another gasp. As she rose again, she continued: "...to like it." Down.

Up.

"I can force..." Thrust.

Lift.

"...myself to say..." Down.

Up.

"..such ridiculous..." Thrust.

Lift. "...unbelievable..." Down. Up. "...statements..." Thrust-lift. "...like..."

Down-up

"Oh..." down-up "...**GOD**..." thrust-lift "...I love..." down-up "...having..." thrust-lift "...your cock..." down-up "...filling..." thrust-lift "...my cunt!"

Then the increasing speed and power of the rhythm was too much even for Missy's iron will to prevail, and she abandoned coherency for wordless screams, gasps and moans of pleasure.

The erotic alto symphony produced by her altered vocal chords was met with a matching tenor counterpoint from Richard as he bucked his hips in time with her rapid thrusts, now shorter and faster than before.

Missy was barely able to think. Male, female, history, future - it was all irrelevant. All that mattered was right now - and the sensations that came in the moment.

The long, auburn hair, swaying and shimmering over her shoulders.

Breasts. Firm, round, saline-filled breasts that bounced and jiggled with each short, swift thrust.

The rhythmic expansion and contraction of leg - and to a lesser degree, arm - muscles as she rode Richard like an expert horsewoman on a bucking bronco.

Most of all, though: The incredible, delightful, amazingly wonderful friction of her surgically created vagina tightly clenched around a warm, thick, throbbing cock as she bucked and bounced atop it.

A shimmering, cascading, rollicking series of sensations that built and *built* and ***built***...

...until she reached a mind-numbing orgasm.

"Oh, God, Richard - **YESSSSSSSS!**" She screamed, not even knowing it, as her coordinated movements became the spastic shaking of sheer ecstasy. "Holy... fuckin'... shit!"

A split-second later, Richard also came, grunting with the force of his ejaculation.

"Holy... shit.. is right..." He agreed, breathlessly, as they slumped against each other in the aftermath of the orgasm.

Pushing slightly away from his chest - regretfully, as it meant her breasts were no longer delightfully pressed against his warm body - she put a stern look on her face.

"I hope you've learned your lesson, Richard." She said, firmly. "I expect, next time, you'll listen when I tell you I'm quite capable of fucking your brains out."

"Oh, I won't ever doubt you again..." Richard said, pausing significantly for a second before saying, firmly: "...my sexy, slutty little Missy!"

Missy shivered with delight at the sound of her submissive name, the stern look - no matter how feigned - instantly giving way to a vapid-looking smile.

"Oh, Richard..." She said - and even her voice sounded higher, more giggly. "Just for that, I'm going to give you a blowjob that will blow your mind!"

As she started to slide off his lap and lower herself to her knees in front of him, Richard sighed. "I don't know if you'll be able to, right away..."

He could have saved his breath.

In her own, oh-so-eager-to-please way, Missy was even more determined to have her way then Mistress was...

...not that Richard was complaining about it, of course.

For, dear me, why abandon a belief Merely because it ceases to be true?

Cling to it long enough, and not a doubt It will turn true again, for so it goes.

-Robert Frost



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One gemologist stumbles upon a rich, green, emerald and without knowing whether it is the fabled "Emerald of Vrandu" which grants the bearer one wish, he wishes to become a better person and suddenly, things change rapidly.

Better Person

By Gunslinger

It couldn't possibly be true...

...**but**...

...what if it *was*...?

His lean, tanned face set in a mask of pure indecision, Jack Walsh turned the small, gold-bound gem in his leathery hand.

It was such a small thing. A rich-green emerald, in a multifaceted ovoid shape, ringed in a narrow gold setting. If there had been a small hoop mounted, it would have passed inspection as a simple pendent, albeit a fairly expensive one.

According to the anonymous letter that had come with it, however, the small gem was anything but innocuous. If the unsigned letter was to be believed, Jack was holding one of the fabled Eyes of Vrandu.

'Fabled' was the right word. According to the mythos of a very small Polynesian religion, the statue of their God, Vrandu, had once possessed a gold-rimmed emerald for each of the twelve eyes depicted in the stone deity. Today, that statue, on the small volcanic island of Tongandu, boasted ten gold-rimmed diamond-like gems, with two stone sockets left empty. The natives had claimed that the 'eyes' had been stolen many years ago - because each eye would grant the bearer one wish, after which the emerald would go clear...

Jack, of course, hadn't believed any of the mumbo-jumbo. He'd just been finishing his schooling as a gemologist, and had jumped at the chance to travel with his Mentor to the small island. They'd been summoned there by the authors of a book-in-progress, who were trying to verify or 'debunk' various world myths for their non-fiction opus. They wanted to know what the 'eyes' were, precisely...

Both Jack and his mentor had been shocked to find that the stones tested out as utterly clear emeralds - something practically unheard of.

That didn't mean Jack believed the stories, of course...

...but how was he to explain what he was holding? It looked identical to the 'clear emerald' eyes he'd seen, only boasting a rich-green emerald shade.

He'd already checked - it was a real emerald. If this was some sort of prank, it was an expensive one...

Angrily, the lean, dark-haired young man banged his free hand down on the table, trying to figure it out. Since he was practically broke, sharing an old frame farmhouse on the edge of town with his closest friend, Dave, Jack had been tempted to immediately sell the emerald for the cash value.

He couldn't believe he was holding back because of the chance the stories might be true...

His own self-doubted tortured Jack even more. He was a man with many faults, and he was honest enough with himself to acknowledge them - including the fact that he was woefully unimaginative, skeptical almost to the point of fanaticism. So why was he even considering the possibility...?

With a sigh, Jack lowered his head, finally admitting the truth. He was hesitating to sell the emerald because, deep down, he desperately wanted it to be real - so that he could lose some of his skepticism. Not to mention some of his anger, hidden so

deep inside and only escaping as a compulsion to keep everybody at an arm's-length from him, emotionally speaking. Jack Walsh was a man with many flaws - and they all combined in such a way to make sure he stayed lonely.

He truly didn't *believe* the gem was mystical or miraculous... but he so desperately *wished* that it was.

Well, there was only one sure way to tell if the stone was, in fact, 'magical'...

Taking a deep breath, Jack closed his eyes and whispered his most sincere wish into the air: "I wish I would become a better person.." He breathed...

...and felt a pang of disappointment when there was no Hollywood 'Special Effect', no sudden transformation or magical change that swept over him and left him, in some measurable way, a better person.

With an angry sigh at his own gullibility, Jack opened his eyes...

...then blinked, looking at the perfectly clear stone he held in his hands.

"What the...?" He asked himself, slowly and unconsciously rising to his feet as he stared at the inexplicable changed stone he now cradled in his tanned, bony hands. For a second, he actually considered the idea that somebody had snuck in and - somehow, without him noticing - switched the stones.

It seemed a more reasonable explanation than 'magic' - except that, somehow, 'magic' seemed eminently logical at the moment.

Still, even with that illogically solid conviction that some sort of magic had just been expended in the kitchen of his apartment, there was no sign that anything had changed.

"Maybe I have to 'jump start' the magic somehow.." Jack mused, stepping out of the kitchen and pacing up and down the length of his living room, instinctively avoiding the artifacts and souvenirs of hundreds of trips as he paced back and forth, a distracted expression on his lean face. "Maybe I need to choose somebody to help, and the stone will let me do whatever I need to help them.

Helping somebody would definitely make me a better person... but who do I choose to help...?" Actually, as soon as Jack framed the question, the answer leapt immediately to mind:

Melvin.

Jack was pretty sure his neighbor had a last name, but Jack had never learned what it was. Heck - he hadn't even met his neighbor in the other apartment sharing this short wing of the building until almost a year after he'd moved in - the short, scrawny, bespectled man who lived in the apartment didn't seem to have any friends - and it wasn't coincidence that Melvin also seemed to lack any self- confidence whatsoever. Jack had always held Melvin in a state of contemptuous pity, thinking that the

skinny brunet should really go out and 'get a life' - but, now, Jack found himself thinking that Melvin was the perfect candidate for a test-run to help Jack become a better person.

The question was - what should Jack do to help Melvin's life improve...?

The answer exploded in Jack's mind all on it's own, almost as if 'shoved' into his forebrain by some sort of outside force.

"Melvin needs a girlfriend." Jack exclaimed, snapping the fingers of his free hand, barely aware of the way he was holding - clutching - the now-clear emerald to his chest with the other hand. "Melvin definitely needs a girlfriend. The question is... how do I provide one...?"

Muttering the question to himself over and over again, Jack paced up and down the floor, wondering how to put the sudden - and as far as he was concerned, unarguable - realization to work...

...and then the obvious answer hit him like another bolt from the blue.

"Why...!" He exclaimed, slapping his open palm against his forehead. "If there's really magic, I should be able to turn myself into one!"

Of course! He couldn't believe it didn't jump to mind immediately. It was just so obvious... Well, at least to *him* it was.

"So... What would be the perfect girl for a guy like Melvin...?" he mused, no longer pacing - and unaware of the faint golden glow now issuing from his hand, just as he was *consciously* unaware of how out-of-character it was for him to have come up with this 'solution', much less for him to be calmly contemplating how best to put the plan into action.

"Well, she'll need to be someone who can... *pull* Melvin into a new and better life - in a way he'd enjoy, no less..." He muttered to himself, brow lowered in thought as he stared sightlessly at the floor, his mind focused on the task on hand - at least, the technical details of it, since he just didn't seem to feel like considering any of the implications of the 'obvious' decision he'd made.

Still lost in thought, he was barely aware of his own actions as he slowly made his way to his bedroom, moving like a man in a daze as he positioned himself in front of the brass-framed full-length mirror in the corner of the cluttered, undeniable single-male-occupied bedroom. With the rumbled, unmade bed behind him, his stocking feet surrounded by drifts of 'sorta'-dirty laundry, Jack considered the vast range of possible feminine identities, going through them methodically and in exquisite detail - without once considering the fact that, even as little as an hour ago, he would rather have died than allow what he was now calmly considering come to pass.

"Maybe..." He said, eyes still staring sightlessly - but now aimed directly at the mirror, his brain processing the image, even if it didn't quite make it as far as his conscious mind. "Maybe she should be tall - but slender..."

That description could have fit him, too - but only when the person defined was male, since 'tall and slender' had completely different connotations when used to describe the female portion of the populace.

For instance, women were generally less muscular than men - just like the way some of Jack's muscle-mass softened and 'spread', forming that thin layer of sub-dermal adipose tissue that smoothed and even the contours of his remaining muscle mass.

Likewise, a 'slender' woman usually had a slimmer waist, in proportion, then a similarly described male - just like the way Jack's fairly trim waist compressed slowly and painlessly in on itself, his white cotton work-shirt hiding the change from sight, even as his once-hard 'six-pack' abs, now smoothly contoured yet still firm, finally shrank to the relatively miniscule measurement of seventeen inches.

Even the way his wrists and ankles became slimmer, more fine-boned, wasn't noticeable - since the cuffs of his shirt and pants pooled over them as he lost a couple of inches in height, which should have been damned noticeable...

...except that, even with his eyes vaguely focused on the mirror, it didn't consciously register - almost as if he were somehow being 'encouraged' to ignore what was happening to him.

"Yeah... tall and slender..." He muttered again, consciously unaware of the fact that he now matched the feminine version of that description - even the bones in his face and neck had become finer in general, giving him a 'neuter' look, something that could have been femininely masculine or mannishly feminine. "Tall, slender... and leggy. Yeah - long, toned legs would be perfect..."

Again, he wasn't truly aware of the way the cuffs of his pants rose an inch upwards again, the extra height applied solely to his legs - which, hidden behind the tan denim of his pants, were painlessly reshaping themselves into smoother, finely contoured legs, with toned-yet-smooth muscular providing sensuous curves and delightful dips along their silky-smooth length.

A fine pile of body hair fell, unnoticed, around his stocking feet.

"Yeah..." He said, animation starting to flood his face again as he got 'caught up' in what he was imagining, still mostly locked within the vaults of his own mind, and barely aware of what his senses were reporting. "Yeah, that'll be perfect - long, sexy legs, the type that look absolutely great in those kinda old-fashioned pantyhose..."

Jack wasn't exactly an expert on feminine fashion, so that was the closest description he could come up with, verbally - but he could see the sheer hosiery in question just fine in his mind's eye - and so he would have immediately recognized what his legs were shortly encased in as his socks stretched slowly upwards, the materiel becoming both darker and finer as it pulled itself up his now smooth legs, a thicker seam appearing up the back of each nylon as the tops become lacy black elastic fabric, lightly gripping the firmly smooth flesh of his reshaped thighs.

"Yeah, that'll be just right - black back-seamed nylon stockings with French-lace trimmed elasticized.. no - no, black-on-red-French-lace garters would be even better..." He decided 'on-the-fly', as unaware of his new hosiery changing to match the mental imagery as he was of the fact he now knew exactly what to call the items hiding behind the dun-colored fabric of his pants. "A woman with world-class legs would definitely were something that sensuously classy..."

Even a man with 'world-class legs' would, apparently - but Jack wasn't really aware of that, his now 'eager-to-continue' mind jumping right on ahead.

"World-class legs... made even better by a pair of classy-yet sexy high heels, like..." He stalled out on the description for a second, the footwear in question pictured in his mind...

...as he slowly rose higher off the floor, pushed upwards atop the gleaming black heels that were spinning themselves out of nothing, even as his mind was given the terms he was looking for:

"...like a pair of rounded-toe two-tone evening pumps with a six-inch stiletto heel and gold-tone piping separating the black patent leather and the dark-red crushed velvet of the pattern..." He finished, not aware that he could look down and see exactly that now enclosing feet that were smaller and more finely formed - feminine, in fact, looking right in home in the elegant-and-sexy shoes, whose toes, heels and rear thirds were all black patent leather, with the remaining section covered by dark-red crushed velvet, separated by thin gold piping.

Just as he'd imagined...

"..and a skirt that would be just perfect..." He muttered, picturing the garment in his mind's eye...

...then watching, wide-eyed, as the fabric of his pants shifted and changed.

The skirt that shortly encased his lower half clung tightly to her hips, ass and legs, following the shape of his new legs down to his ankles - but the black crushed-velvet skirt had an extremely high slit cut one either side, Kimono-style, trimmed with gold piping and lined inside with dark-red silk that showed when he shifted to slide one long, sexy leg out through the slit, keeping his weight on the other leg and bending the exposed leg ever-so-slightly at the knee to get the best 'line' to admire the new gam in the mirror...

...without actually connecting the image in the mirror with his own body, looking at it objectively, as if he were seeing somebody else. His eyes traced from the top of the skirt's waistband, tight around his tiny waits, down to his dainty new feet in their high-heeled pumps - but never straying upwards to the still-mostly-masculine upper half of his body.

"Yeah, like that..." Jack muttered with a small frown, turning three-quarters on to the mirror. "But... with wider hips..."

The fabric of the shirt expanded, following the wider, more feminine contours of his hips.

"...and a fuller, sexier ass..." He continued, not consciously acknowledging the fact that he was watching a body - whether his or not - magically transform before his eyes as his derriere expanded firmly, filling the taut fabric with two firm, sensuously-packed buttocks that practically begged for a masculine hand to glide appreciatively over them.

Now caught up in the very real 'imagination game' he was thoughtlessly playing out, he didn't hesitate in the least as he 'officially' changed genders with the comment: "...and that cock just ruins the line of the skirt, especially erect like that - she should be wearing black-lace-on-red-satin panties that fit snug over her tight, wet cunt..."

The now under-endowed-but-spectacularly-leggy woman gave a shudder of pleasure as the new sensations from her womanhood flooded her body - or rather, the hormonal surge of female chemicals that came with it, since 'wet' described the vagina of an aroused woman, and so her half-transformed body was flooded with the 'right' hormones for the job - the job being a high-level state of completely feminine arousal.

Of *permanent* feminine arousal, actually, since the descriptive term hadn't been conditional - Jack's new vagina would *always* be 'tight and wet'.

Except, of course, that Jack wasn't consciously aware that she was now a woman with a cunt, since despite all the 'clues' that were as unmistakable as they were unarguable - 'he' still didn't consciously connect what 'he' was seeing in the mirror with 'himself'.

"Hmmm..." She said, meditatively, clasping her other arm over the hand that still clutched the glowing jewel to her chest, her chin resting on the other arm's fist as she stared in the mirror,

'ignoring' the fact that the woman in the mirror had struck the same exact pose at the same exact time. "She'd look great in a tailored black-silk blouse with flared red silk cuffs..."

Which was exactly the garment that encased her torso a second later, clinging tightly to her slender waist and slimmer shoulders, the shirt boasting gold-toned buttons set with small diamonds...

...diamonds that matched the one now mounted on the black-silk band around her slender neck, forming a stylishly Victorian-inspired cameo. The 'diamond' was still glowing, casting a sheen of light over the smooth skin of her neck and upper torso, left exposed by the shirt's wide, red-silk 'Butterfly' collar, which was trimmed in black lace that matched that on the cuffs of the shirt.

"Much better..." She murmured to herself, her voice having risen to become a sweet, clear contralto at the same instant the cameo necklace had formed around her neck. Now the changes were actually running ahead of her ability to make a comment on them, her racing mind eagerly providing the details to this 'ideal woman' for Melvin as she watched the changes with a equanimity that would have horrified her an hour ago.

Her neck, now slimmer and slightly longer, was supporting a face that was no longer the least bit masculine - instead, it featured a sharply-defined jaw line that came to a smoothly-rounded point, above which her lips had swelled out into bee-stung perfection, a dark-red coat of lipstick appearing out of the same thin air as the mascara that coated the long, fine lashes that lightly veiled the dark, sensuously-mysterious eyes that sat on either side of the fine-bridged nose her face now boasted.

Her heart-shaped face had been surmounted by a short mop of dark, somewhat stringy hair - but that was completely temporary, as the unstyled 'haystack' quickly grew out into long, silky-smooth black hair wove itself up into an elegantly loose bun, held in place by red-black-and-gold combs that matched the rest of her outfit - including the gold-rimmed 'diamonds' that the long, chandelier-style earrings now dangling from smaller, more finely shaped earlobes.

"Oh, yes - she's just gorgeous.." She breathed in her sweetly sexy new voice as she turned first one way, then the other, admiring the tall, trim - and eminently feminine - image in the mirror, a sexy-yet-elegant woman whose expensively tailored clothes clung tightly to her body, covering almost every inch of her now smooth, creamy skin without really 'hiding' and of the supple contours that lay beneath.

Of course, there was really nothing worth hiding under the blouse, which clung depressingly tight over her woefully under-developed chest - the final remaining detail that needed to be cleared up...

...and even as the wave of distaste flooded Jack's mind at seeing the flat-chested image in the mirror, the fabric covering that chest rippled and began to push outwards, propelled by the firm, taut mounds of firmly-soft flesh that were rapidly growing behind it, a growing amount of creamy cleavage well displayed by the low neck-line of the blouse that now clung tailored-taut over her well- formed new EEE-cup endowments, her new, larger nipples poking impudently into the thin fabric.

"Hmm..." She mused, idly tapping one long, perfectly-shaped blood-red fingernail against the similarly-tinted flesh of her full, sensuous lips. "Not bad, not bad at all... but to be really something, what if..."

The fabric 'twitched' - then pushed outwards again, driven by the masses behind it, whose growing weight and inertial potential was still being ignored by Jack's brain as they passed the 'fruit' range and into the 'sports equipment' range, slipping past 'volley-ball' without a hitch, until the fabric of the now ingeniously-tailored-for-her-figure blouse managed to cling tightly to both slender waist and massive, firm breasts that were the size and rough shape of basket-balls... yet infinitely more enjoyable to caress.

Jack new this for a fact - since she was lightly caressing the massive, silk-covered mounds, shivering slightly at the wonderful sensations coming from the sensitive flesh, all without consciously considering the source of those wonderful feelings.

"yeah. yeah, that's better..." She mused in her new voice without hearing it's dulcet tones. "But it would be even better if..."

She gasped slightly, feeling the first physical discomfort so far - from the way the black-and-red corset now lurking beneath her blouse hauled her waist in an additional two inches, the mere fifteen-inch-waist displayed by the still-tight fabric of

the blouse and skirt's waistband. The custom- tailored built-in cups of the corset lifted and separated her breasts, displaying her massive chasm of cleavage perfectly, while managing to keep her now huge nipples from being *ridiculously* obvious.

"Yes!" She said, enthusiastically, clapping her hands together in delight. "That's the perfect woman to seduce Melvin out of his pathetic little life. Well, physically, at least - but to be perfect, she'd have to have the perfect personality, too. She'd have to be..."

A mental 'layout' of the perfect personality for both the body 'he' was looking at and the job 'he' had for 'her' popped into mind...

...and Jacqueline blinked twice, then slowly and sensuously smiled at her reflection in the mirror, one dainty, long-nailed hand coming up to lightly fondle the smooth, cold facets of the clear emerald of her cameo...

Actually, the smile only started from looking at her reflection. It didn't blossom into full strength until her new eyes focused over her reflection's shoulder, fixing on the slender, pale man who'd appeared on the elegant brass bed that the feminine-decorated room now boasted, his scrawny little body half- reclined on the black-and-red comforter that covered the red-silk sheets beneath.

"What...?" Melvin exclaimed, his mind spinning. One second he'd been sitting in front of his computer, wasting more of his life in one of the endlessly available chat rooms where he could electronically fantasize his virginity away with the equally untruthful supposed women who logged on for cyber-sex...

..and the next, he was in the middle of a situation more fantastic than any he'd ever typed out on his keyboard, sitting in a huge bed centered in a huge bedroom whose floor-to-ceiling windows showed a Tourism-pamphlet-perfect view of the French Pyrenees, the light streaming in to either soak into the black-painted walls and red deep-pile carpet, or pick highlights from all the brass...

...or any of the abundant mirrors, including the huge, single-piece mirror mounted in the ceiling above the bed.

For all the elegant sensuality of the room, however, Melvin's gaze was almost automatically drawn to the room's other occupant, a tall, deliciously slender woman in black, her incredible ass facing him and one long, luscious leg slightly extended for his viewing pleasure.

Then the woman smoothly, sensuously swiveled...

...and Melvin gaped, eyes blinking behind his thick horn-rimmed glasses as he stared into the apparently endless cleavage supplied by the massive breasts that seemed ready to tear her black silk blousy asunder.

"Bonjour, mon chere, et bienvenue..." The woman said in an incredibly rich, sensual voice. "I am Jacqueline, and I am so very happy to welcome you to my boudoir..."

With a sensuously elegant stride, she walked over to where Melvin sat, stunned - and she settled onto the bed with him, her slender arms sliding around his slight frame as she pressed herself firmly against him, the point of his poorly-defined jaw sitting nestled between the creamy mounds of her abundant breasts.

"...and to my arms..." She whispered - as she leaned forward and firmly pressed her lips against his, parting them slightly and letting her long, supple tongue snake out, demanding he return her eager, hungry, highly-skillful kiss.

It was a demand Melvin met, more out of pure instinct than anything else, since the feel of her against him, the smell of her wonderful perfume, and the slight tang of a fully-aroused woman all overwhelmed his senses.

"He has no idea how hard it is for me to force myself to do this!" Jackie thought, gleefully, fighting the urge to pull away from him, instead pressing her lush new form more firmly against his.

After all, a 'good' person was somebody so utterly self-sacrificing as to give up their own identity - their own gender - in order to provide another person with pleasure...

...and a 'great' person was one who did so without once letting anybody know how utterly demeaning the sacrifice was. This was her wish come true - her chance to be a much better person by putting somebody else's desires and dreams ahead of any consideration for herself.

Which was she was able to keep a sincere-looking smile on her face as she finally broke what had turned into a long, passionate kiss. She did it with a show of reluctance that hid her relief at getting the kiss over with - even though Melvin obviously would have been happy to extend the passionate embrace indefinitely.

Mind still whirling at the inexplicable events, Melvin tried to ask the obvious questions: "How... I mean, what... How did...?"

Feigning a sensuous smile, Jackie pressed one slender finger against his lips, feeling the warmth of feminine arousal flooding a body that was more sensitive than a 'normal' woman's - and, in fact, attuned specifically to Melvin, making his touch physically pleasurable, despite her own emotional dislike for what she was doing. She, after all, wasn't stupid - enlightened self interest allowed her to feel intense pleasure when she performed the emotional unpleasant acts of her new feminine identity, providing her with more motivation than she would have otherwise have felt.

So, by choice and through willful decision to reach her goal of being a better person, she let herself soak up the physical pleasure of his contact with her new body, disgusted by what she was about to do, yet also excited and aroused, looking forward to the physical pleasure it would bring.

"Does it matter...?" She asked Melvin in a hungry, sensuous voice. "I'm rich, beautiful and sexy, and I want to spend the rest of my life making sure that you're utterly happy in every conceivable way. Do you really need to know any more than that?"

Melvin actually gave the thought a second's consideration before arriving at the obvious answer: "Nope."

Her smile widened. "Good. Now, lay back and let me give you more pleasure than you've ever experienced "

"Okay..." He agreed, wide eyed and in a higher-pitched voice than normal, still barely willing to believe that this could actually be happening to him, but looking forward to the promised apex of ecstasy she'd promised him...

...and if she hadn't mentioned that it would also provide her with more physical pleasure than she'd ever experienced, as well... well, why clutter his mind with things he didn't need to know? Her new goal in life, to make herself a better person, was to provide him with constant pleasure in every conceivable physical, emotional and intellectual form, and anything that might cause discomfort in any of those modes would only be counter-productive. Let him think what he wanted about her own motivations and pleasures - she'd never explain to him how any of this came about, since she was sure she could find suitable methods of... *distracting* him whenever the topic came up - just like she'd done a second before, making a promise that she now set about to keeping.

Rolling over, she exposed almost the entire length of one nylon-clad leg as she deliberately used the vast new storehouse of skills and 'experience' magically implanted into her to provide the most perfect sensual image she could - every second of every minute, for the rest of her life, though Melvin didn't yet realize that this woman didn't have an 'off' switch for her sensuality...

...not that he cared, of course. He was too busy appreciating every choreographed movement as she sensuously slid the leg over his, gracefully shifting her weight with a sensual roll of her hips that left her straddling him, skirt gracefully a-kilter to allow her panty-clad crotch to rest lightly against his, her long legs now gracefully folded and spread to allow her to brace herself easily atop him, her crotch lightly grinding against his with slow movement of her hips, yet without all her weight resting on him.

"I know what you want - you want to get your hands on my wonderful breasts.." She said, sensuously, lightly running her hands over the silk that covered most of her magnificent mounds...

...and then she smoothly gripped the edge of the blouse and yanked it apart, mentally grateful that her new persona was rich as she ruined the blouse, buttons flying all about as her massive, firm breasts were exposed, just slightly more than half-enclosed by the cups built into the corset she wore...

...and which she promptly folded under her massive mounds, allowing him free and unrestricted access to her highly sensitive new breasts, shivering in physical pleasure and emotional disgust as he took advantage of the situation, reached out to awkwardly massage and fondle her massive, firm tits.

Between the actual physical pleasure her heightened flesh was giving him, and her new 'acting' abilities, she moaned and murmured low in the back of her throat, creating the impression that this was the best 'tit fondling' she'd ever had...

..which, technically, was the absolute truth - though she had absolutely no plans of telling that to Melvin, much less explaining why it was so. All she cared about, in terms of 'informing' Melvin of anything, was making sure he believed that she was completely enjoying what was happening, burying the emotional discomfort of having a man touch her under the physical pleasure that came from the same circumstances.

"Oh, yeah, Melvin, you're incredible.." She moaned, licking her full lips in semi-feigned passion. "I don't know whether it's experience or innate skill, but you've got the Midas touch, mon chere - it just feels so very good..."

With one smooth, swiftly graceful motion she reached between her own legs and literally tore his pants open, ripping his briefs asunder to set his already rock-hard cock free.

"...but not as good as having this big cock of yours in me will feel." She finished, over-stating the dimensions of his somewhat smaller-than-average cock as she gracefully tore her own panties off, hiding with perfect duplicity the cold tremor of horrified disgust that was running up and down her smoothly-arched new spine.

After all, the more disgusting whatever she did was to her, emotional, the better person she was for going ahead and doing it anyway - which was how she was able to lift herself up slightly, pausing only for dramatic reasons at the top of her motion - and then dropping downwards to impale her tight, wet cunt on his throbbing man-hood...

...and scream out in pure, unfeigned pleasure as her unused vagina perfectly encased his hard cock with its warm, slick folds, the intensified pleasure of her specifically-created body doing exactly what it was supposed to - providing her with extreme amounts of physical pleasure to help her fulfill her goal of keeping Melvin utterly happy. Despite all her emotional and intellectual disquiet, the sheer force of the physical pleasure she was experiencing from having Melvin's cock filling her pussy meant that she'd have no problem at all 'forcing' herself to fuck him whenever - and, equally important, *however* - he wanted.

"Oh, Mon Dieu! You feel so good filling me all up like this..!" She said, both utterly honest and completely deceptive at the same time. "Oh, Melvin, please, show me how much pleasure a woman can feel - fuck me, Melvin, fuck me...!"

Though she was on top of him, she waited until he awkwardly and uncertainly bucked his hips, once then she let loose the scream of intense pleasure that even his awkward thrust created, then began to ride him, picking a slowly building rhythm that allowed her to pretend that it was he setting it, not her...

...and she continued to compliment him constantly as she fucked him, slowly and steadily, aiming towards giving him the most pleasurable orgasm he was capable of experiencing.

"Oh, yes, my love - you are better than any other man I have made love to.." She said, truthfully but misleadingly, choosing to 'dip' a shoulder so that his own instinctive roll to keep her in place made it look - and Melvin feel - as if he were controlling this, instead of her. "Oh, my dear one, you are the best. The absolute best - nobody has ever pleased me like this before..."

Which was the simple truth, despite - or, considering, maybe even because of - the emotional disgust she had to 'fight through' to continue making Melvin happy.

Yet - the pleasure continued to build. Already more intense than anything she'd ever felt, it was but the tip of the iceberg, the pleasure continuing to mount in longer, stronger waves that began to overlap each other as she slowly increased the speed and power of their timed thrusts - all the while using millions of little tricks, not the least of which was her words, to convince Melvin that she was merely following his lead - that it was he who was causing all the pleasure.

In truth, he was doing little more than lay there, hips bucking in instinctive reaction as she guided him closer and closer to his most potent orgasm ever...

...not to mention the same for her, as well.

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes...!" She screamed in actual ecstasy, her own concerns temporarily sliding away under the waves of pleasure, no longer caring how or why the sensations were being generated as he let her magically-trained body slip into 'automatic' so that she could better enjoy the sensations. "Oh, baby, you are the best !"

Then, with a perfectly-timed twist of her hips, she pushed both of them over the edge...

The orgasm hit both of them with tremendous force - almost literally, since their bodies jerked and writhed spasmodically, caught in the grip of a pure wave of pleasure that overwhelmed everything else, leaving them screaming wordlessly in unison, announcing to the world the force of the simultaneous orgasm that ripped through nerves and seared the brain with wonderful forceful fire...

...and then it was past, fading more quickly for him than for her, but allowing conscious thought to begin to form once more.

It took ever ounce of will she had not to scream in horror over the fact that she'd just fucked a man.

Instead, she forced her new lips into a sincere looking smile as she lifted herself off his cum-slicked cock, sliding her body downwards as she gave him one last, slow smile...

...before 'eagerly' closing her mouth over the disgusting mixture of fluids that coated his softening cock.

Fighting the urge to vomit, she 'cheerfully' slurped away at his cock with unequaled skill, knowing full well that being a better person wasn't a simple event, but a task that she was dedicating her entire life to. No matter her own personal feelings and desires, she was going to spend the rest of her days subsuming them in Melvin's wants and needs...

...and he would never, ever know how much she was really doing for him.

Which, of course, was sort of the point, she thought as she wrapped a hand around the base of his again-hard cock and proceeded to give him the first of what would be many, many, many long, incredibly pleasurable blow-jobs.

Well, for *him* at least...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When the girlfriend of a somewhat selfish guy gets a necklace as a gift, she accidentally wishes that her boyfriend would understand what it is like to be a woman; and he does.

Birthday Gift

By Gunslinger

With exaggerated motions, the lean, dark-haired young man 'sneaked' into the kitchen, his sneaker-clad feet making no sound on the tile floor as he moved towards the attractive brunette standing at the kitchen sink, staring with a certain sense of melancholy.

Pausing for a second, Chris took the opportunity to run his eyes over his girlfriend.

Dressed in a pair of tight, faded blue jeans, over which was a purple silk blouse, belted at the waist and hanging (unfortunately, to his way of thinking) to cover her pert, taut buttocks, she was caught perfectly in the morning light streaming in the window. Once again, Chris thought to himself how unbelievably lucky he was to have netted such a 'total babe' - even with her few 'little flaws'.

Shaking his head, he padded silently over to where she stood. She was still lost in thought, on hand resting against her neck as she stared out the window.

When he wrapped his arm around her and kissed her on the neck, she started slightly - and then turned in his arms.

"Happy birthday, honey!" Chris said, holding out the bouquet of flowers.

"Thanks..." She said, a bit dryly, as she eyed the \$4.99 special from down at the local store - and Chris could well guess why.

"The real present's in the envelope." He assured her, handing over the flowers. "I didn't forget your birthday this year - and I sure as hell didn't 'cheap out'."

That drew the bright smile that made her delicately-boned face light up, and he took a step back and watched with a grin as she carefully placed the flowers in a case full of water before plucking the white envelope from within.

"Hey - is that necklace new?" Chris asked, as she lifted his envelope and hefted it experimentally.

"Excuse me?" Cindy asked - and then her hand went to the pendant around her neck - a tear-drop shaped 'emerald' on a gold chain. "Oh, yes - it's my present from my Aunt Gail. You remember her, don't you?"

"Yeah." Chris admitted, sourly, as Cindy opened the envelope. "She's the batty old one, isn't..."

"What the hell is this?" Cindy demanded, waving the little card that had been in the envelope under Chris' nose, her original look of expectation having passed through shock and into anger in the blink of an eye.

"It's a promissory note for..." Chris started, confused.

"Oh, I know 'what' it is!" Cindy said, crumpling it up and throwing it aside. "What I meant was, how the hell did you think it was a good idea to give me a promissory note for one free 'boob job'?"

She pronounced the words Chris had used on the card in such a tone to make it abundantly clear that they were his words, not hers, and then put her fisted hands on her hips and glared at him.

"But..." Chris stammered, confused. "You.. You keep sighing about how small "

"No, Chris " She cut him off, sharply. "In the two years, three months and six days we've been together, I may have mentioned all of two times that it would have been nice had I 'filled out' more during puberty."

She waved a hand in the general direction of the A-cup endowments on her slender ribcage. "That's a hell of a far cry from wanting to to *deface* my body!" She continued, angrily. "I mean, I know you wish I had bigger boobs - but whatever made you think I'd be willing to be cut open and have plastic and silicone *shoved* into my chest?"

Actually, they used saline in implants these days but Chris, with a burst of insight unusual for him, decided it might not be the best time to correct her on that point. "Sorry." He said, meekly. "I just thought "

"Well, don't!" She snapped. "If you 'thought' I'd like to get some ridiculously fake, over-inflated 'stripper' tits, then you're not very good at it!"

Turning back to the sink, Cindy held the kettle under the faucet and turned on the water. As she listened to the metallic tinkle of water hitting the inside of the stainless-steel kettle, she continued chewing on Chris' unbelievably insensitive 'present'.

"Yeah, well " She muttered, purposefully loud enough that Chris would be sure to hear her over the sound of the running water. "I wish *you* had to lug around a huge, fake pair of silicone-pumped tits all day."

With a rattle, the kettle hit the bottom of the metal sink - as Cindy gasped and her hands flew to her neck, where the pendant had momentarily flared with an icy cold that left her skin a-tingle.

"Chris..." She said, amazed, starting to turn...

"Holy *fuckin*g shit!" Chris screamed, his voice high-pitched and hysterical.

Cindy finished her turn - and, after a split-second of confusion, felt anger flare anew. "That's not funny!" She snapped, furious.

Chris was standing, half bent-over, his green eyes huge as he gaped at her. His hands were cupped around whatever it was he'd stuffed into his loose-fitting gray cable-knit sweater - a pair of basket- balls, maybe, judging from the size.

"Holy shit, Cindy - I just grew a fuckin' pair of tits!" The dark-haired young man 'sobbed' - rather convincingly, to Cindy's surprise.

Not that it was even close to being enough to defuse her anger

"Goddamn it, Chris - stop screwing around!" She barked. "It's not funny!" "You're right!" He agreed with her, hysterically. "It's not!"

She opened her mouth to retort...

...and then he straightened up, and lifted up his sweater.

Her involuntarily step back slammed her up against the counter.

Her boyfriend had tits! Huge tits! Massive, round, unbelievable fake tits...

...just like the over-pumped 'stripper tits' she'd been thinking about a second ago.

"How the hell could this happen?" Chris wailed, cupping the massive - and to his amazement, remarkably heavy - boobs.

"I wish I knew!" Cindy gasped back...

...and there was another ice-cold flare at her neck - and she did.

She gaped at her boyfriend a second longer, watching him cup the massive, ridiculously over-sized breasts...

...and then she began to laugh. "Cindy!" He all-but-sobbed.

"I.. I did that to you!" She gasped, pointing at his huge new bust - and then broke out in fresh peals of laughter.

"What! How? Why?" Chris demanded - and then decided all of that was secondary. "Get rid of them!"

"I.. I can't..." She gasped, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes as she forced back the hilarity. "Why not!"

"It's this..." Cindy said, tapping the pendant. "It.. It grants any wish I make today - actually, on my birthday, every year from now on. I can't 'retroactively' alter a wish, though... and I did specify 'all day'. I can't wish them off you until sunset, at the earliest."

"What?!" Chris screamed, hastily yanking the sweater back down over the massive tits. "You mean I'm stuck like this for..."

He did some quick math.

"...eight or nine hours." Cindy supplied for him, ever better at math than he was. "That's right.. 'dear'."

Catching her amused tone of voice, he shot a dirty look at her.

"This isn't funny!" He exclaimed - and the outraged tone was rather spoiled as Cindy helplessly broke into laughter when, out of habit, he tried to angrily cross his arms over his chest.

"Sorry..." She gasped, not at all contrite. "I mean... I didn't really mean to do that to you - but, on the other hand, now you get to see what you wanted me to go through!"

"I never wanted you to get tits this.. freakish!" Chris said, indignantly. "I was thinking you'd look good as a D - or maybe DD. Not these.. these... hell, I have no way of even guessing what cup size these monsters are!"

Cindy cocked an eyebrow.

"Well - let's find out." She said. "I've got that sewing tape around her somewhere..."

She began to root through the kitchen drawers, while Chris dolefully contemplated the massive, round tits he was helplessly obliged to schlep around for the day.

"Here we are...!" She said, emerging from one of the drawers with a soft cloth tape measure. "Now just lift up your sweater..."

"No." Chris said, firmly - grabbing the hem of his sweater and pulling downwards for good measure, apparently unaware of the fact that this defiant move only molded the material more tightly to his massive tits.

Cindy frowned - and then smiled.

"I sure wish you'd let me measure you..." She said, deliberately...

...and, helplessly, Chris found himself doing just that.

Cindy wrapped the tape around his ribcage - and to get it all the way around, she practically had to bury her face in his deep new cleavage. Chuckling to herself at his obvious discomfort, she measure his bust-line...

"You're an MMM-cup!" She announced, laughing. "God, Chris - you're *huge*!"

"Really?" He asked, dryly, hastily yanking the sweater down now that he was able to. "I hadn't noticed."

He walked over and dropped, heavily, into a chair - and grimaced as his new tits bounced and swayed.

"Damn - these things weigh a ton!" He said, shaking his head. "I never realized tits were so damned heavy."

"Yeah - you never even stop to consider 'little' things like that." Cindy said, not without some bitterness in her joshing tone - and then she grinned.

"I can help, though."

"Cinnnnndy " Chris said, threateningly.

"I wish you were wearing a perfectly fitter brassiere " Cindy said, smirking - and then, on a whim:

" and, in fact, for as long as you have tits, all you clothing will be perfectly designed not only to fit, but to show off, your boobs."

"What?" Chris squealed - but it was too late.

As Cindy watched, amazed, Chris' sweater writhed and reformed itself - into a pearl-gray sweater- vest with a deep 'V' neckline that not only gave a generous display of his new cleavage, but hinted at the massive white underwire bra he now wore.

Chris grunted as some of the weight of his massive new tits was taken up by the straps of the bra - and he shot Cindy a poisonous look after one quick, shuddering glance down into his canyonesque cleavage.

"Very fuckin' funny." He said, pushing himself up from the chair and staling towards the door. "I'm going up to my room to see if your damned wish left me with anything a little more.. sedate."

"Hey..." She said, smirking, as she followed him towards the staircase ascending from the post-war home's living-room/foyer up to the equally cramped second floor. "If you got 'em, flaunt 'em - isn't that what you guys always say?"

"You're enjoying this *waaaay* to much." He accused her, stamping angrily up the stairs. "Can you blame me?" She asked him, 'sweetly'.

He frowned. "No, damn it - and that's just one more thing that pisses me off!"

She laughed as he stomped the rest of the way up the stairs and disappeared. It was things like this that reminded her why she'd toughed out two years of 'serious' relationship with Chris. Sure, he might be deathly afraid of any form of commitment, and yes, he could be insensitive at times, and certainly, he was way to 'sex obsessed'... but those were just the flaws anybody had. Nobody was perfect.

Now, on the other hand, he had many good qualities, too. Though, as his 'gift' had shown, he could be really stupid when it came to understanding women's emotions, he was always willing to *try* and make her happy.

He was annoyingly 'sex obsessed', seemingly forever wheedling her to 'come to bed'. She was no prude, and liked sex at least as much as the next woman - but, really, four or five times a day? If not for the incredibly annoying fact that Chris could, in fact, keep that sort of schedule, day in and day out, it would have been utterly ludicrous.

Still...

Even though she didn't even come close to meeting all his 'requests' - especially for blow-jobs, which she regretted ever having done for him, as now he never stopped asking - at least he didn't get bitter over the times she turned him down... and when she did have sex with him, he made an honest effort to please her, as well as himself. Likewise, though she was ticked off by how often he asked her to 'suck him off', she couldn't stay mad at him for that... because he was completely willing to go down on her on request. It wasn't his fault that she liked getting 'eaten out' even less then she liked sucking cock.

Finally, there was the quality he just displayed - his brutal honesty. Not that it was all that rare - or at least, the version many men used to justify saying cruel things to people. No, what made it so unusual was the fact that Chris was lawyers brutally honest with, and about, himself.

So - good points and bad points, and she'd take one with the other, no matter how you looked at it... except for maybe the fact that, two years older than Chris' twenty-seven, she was seriously beginning to worry that she'd never get married.

As familiar thought ran through her mind, evoking the familiar sigh, she started to turn from the bottom of the stairs...

...and then stopped dead, her face going slyly thoughtful.

It lasted all of about a second - and then she shook her head violently, appalled at even considering wishing him into matrimony.

No - if she couldn't get him to the alter 'honestly', she wouldn't get him there at all. If she'd been that type of woman, she could have let herself 'accidentally' get pregnant, as she knew Chris well enough to know he would have felt compelled to marry her if that happened - and so, being who she was, she'd always been extraordinarily careful about it.

She was standing there, thinking about it, when the doorbell rang.

The front door of the 'compact' little house was only a few steps in front of the bottom of the staircase, so she only had to take a few steps to reach it. She pulled it open...

...and blushed brightly as she was greeted by a loud, enthusiastic, and badly off-key rendition of 'Happy Birthday'.

"My god!" She said, when the ordeal was over, reaching out to gather the tall blond and swarthy, dark-haired man into an embrace. "Brad! Jose! I can't believe it!"

She escorted the tow men into the house, feeling a certain sense of disbelief as she shut the door and ushered them to seats on the couches.

"I haven't see you two since.. well, since that day after graduation!" She said, still hard-pressed to believe her two best 'guy friends' from collage were sitting in her living room. "How the hell did you find me?"

Brad, who still had a physique reminiscent of the star quarterback he'd once been, grinned boyishly. "We didn't." He admitted, candidly. "Your boyfriend, Chris, tracked us down."

"Yeah - and he paid for me to come all the way up from Tijuana." Jose supplied. "He said he jus' *had* to meet those two guys who got 'sweet little Cindy' to do all those things you tol' him about."

Cindy blushed, brightly - while feeling like the worlds biggest bitch for daring think *anything* bad about Chris.

"Chris is upstairs..." She started...

...and then stopped dead, a decidedly odd look coming over her face.

"Excuse me." She said, in a strangled voice - and left them looking at each other in confusion. Reaching the door to the bedroom she and Chris shared, she just had to stop dead.

It's not every day you see your boyfriend standing in front of the closet, scowling, wearing only a pair of jeans - and a massive, sturdily-constructed white bra supporting his massive, basket-ball sized tits.

"Every damn thing - skin tight or a mile of cleavage." He muttered, then glanced briefly over his shoulder. "Who was at the door, babe?"

"Brad and Jose..." She said, breathlessly.

"Oh, shit...!" Chris swore, shaking his head. He gestured down at his chest. "With these things, I just forgot about..."

That was as far as he got - because his mouth was taken up by the deep, passionate kiss Cindy was giving him.

After a second, he returned it, with interest - that second's pause the result of coping with the fact that he was experiencing what it felt like to have a warm, supple body crushed against his massive new rack.

"Thank you, Chris." She said, when she finally broke the kiss. "I can't believe you went to the trouble of flying them up here...!"

He coughed into his hand, coloring slightly.

"Well.. I sent them bus tickets, actually." He admitted. "You need to thank them for being willing to sit for hours on the bus to get here - unless they redeemed the tickets and put the money towards airline tickets. Maybe it's best not to say anything at all..."

He stopped, mid-muse, and slapped his forehead.

"What the hell am I talking about?" He asked her, with a nervous laugh. "Fuck how they got up here how the fuck are we going to explain this...?"

He gestured, quite unnecessarily, towards his expansive new bust-line. Biting her lower lip, Cindy looked at her boyfriend.

"I.. I guess.. I'll have to, you know, 'wish' them to leave." She said, on the edge of tears. "Please, though - can you 'hide out' up here for a while.. please? Just.. just an hour, that's all I want. Just enough to, you know..."

"No." He said, in an adamant tone, causing her heart to plummet...

...and then he continued: "There's no way I'm letting you throw away your birthday present. Since your birthday fell on a Saturday this year, I arranged for them to stay overnight at a motel. They're here until about six tomorrow night - and you're going to enjoy every damned minute of their visit..."

He looked down at his chest again, and sighed.

"...my new endowments notwithstanding." He finished, wryly.

"But.. what are we going to do?" She asked, looking at him with love-struck eyes - and kicking herself. "I.. I can't get rid of your tits, and I can't even let you wear 'normal' clothes.. damn me for wishing that."

Chris chewed at his thumbnail, thinking it over... and then suddenly began to blush deeply. "What?" Cindy asked.

"Well, we never actually met..." Chris said, slowly. "I mean, I only talked them over the phone... I could say there was just some miscommunication, or something..."

"What are you talking about?" Cindy demanded, confused.

Chris took a deep breath.

"Well, what if..." He said, very slowly, blushing beet red. "...instead of Chris being your boyfriend - god, I can't believe I'm saying this - Chris was your.. 'girl friend'."

Cindy blinked - and then gaped at him.

"Wait - Wait just a second..." She said in disbelief. "Are you suggesting that I... That I do something like.. like wish you were a girl for however long you're stuck with those tits?"

A moment's dead silence...

"Well, I was *considering* it." Wryly replied the woman with the untidy mop of black hair, who - aside from her massive breasts, of course - would have been best described as 'boyish'.

"Opps!" Cindy said, then quite firmly clapped both her hands over her mouth as she stared at the young woman standing in her boyfriend's stead.

She was... cute. That was the only word Cindy could think of to describe the new woman Chris had become - and that *included* the huge, round tits, at that.

Somehow, those utterly massive boobs looked.. just fine on the woman Chris had become.

The new girl had a very lean, yet rangy build - not all that far from what the male Chris had boasted, in fact, just made the feminine equivalent. Overall, this gave the female Chris a decidedly 'tomboy'-ish look, especially with her short mop of hair and her lack of make-up - and yet it was in no way a 'masculine' look.

Her face, with Chris' mischievous green eyes, was tapered to a delicately rounded pointed chin, and boasted a thoroughly 'cute' button nose above her cupid's-bow lips. Her shoulders, though more delicately constructed, were still fairly broad, and her hips were 'boyishly' trim, yet still undeniably feminine. Her jeans, loose in the legs, were now skin-tight and quite flattering to her pert new ass.

She would never, ever be described as 'beautiful', nor really even 'pretty' - but the tall, tomboyish woman was damned cute, and even kind of sexy... in a very certain, specific way.

In fact, the new woman could have been the synthesis of a certain type of movie character, the combination and culmination of a Hollywood stereotype - that one girl everybody in town always thought of as the 'guy friend'...

...and with that certain look, those massive tits seemed almost a natural extension, a deliberate choice in order to shout in all those dim-witted males' faces: 'I'm a girl, you idiots!'

"You're going to have to try and be a lot more careful with that 'W'-word." The cute new girl told Cindy, without any heat. She looked down at herself and sighed. "Oh, well - it's probably for the best. At least it spared me the agonizing over making the decision."

"You're.. okay with this?" Cindy asked, hesitantly. Chris snorted.

"I'd damned well better be, don't you think?" She asked, wryly. "Uh.. maybe you should - very carefully! - make a wish to make my clothes fit, too."

Cindy hesitated for minute, then spoke - very carefully.

"I wish all of your clothes would match your new body for as long as you have it..." She said...

...and then looked confused.

"But.. what...?" She stammered, staring at Chris.

Very carefully, the new woman leaned forward, struggling to peer over her massive breasts at the long, coltish legs quite nicely displayed by the short jean skirt she now wore - and further 'enhanced' by the four-inch tall block cork heels of the white-leather strap sandals on her slender new feet.

Chris simply stared for a minute, then sighed.

"I think I know." She said. "You wished 'all my clothes'.. but you'd already wished my tops to be 'showy'. I guess, to keep the previous with intact, this wish just went with the trend. Not your fault."

"Oh." Cindy said, in a very small voice. "Now what...?" Chris sighed, then squared her new shoulders.

"Now we go meet your friends."

* * * * *

It was an interesting meeting.

There was quite some confusion over the 'mistake' of Brad and Jose thinking that Chris, ('Short for 'Christine', she ad-libbed) was a guy. Still, faced with ample evidence, they were willing to accept bad connections on the phone lines as a plausible explanation.

The fact that any woman so extraordinarily shy as 'Call me Chris' was could have gone and had such 'attention getting' implants was harder to accept, much less the fact that she wore such reveling clothes. Chris had a bad tendency to blush and mumble, couldn't seem to look anybody in the eye, and was decidedly awkward.

It obviously didn't help that, for obvious reasons, the guys quite often found themselves unintentionally ogling that massive bust-line of hers - especially since she seemed to have a tendency to unintentionally put it (and, occasionally, even her plain white panties) on display.

The only thing keeping the visit from degenerating completely into awkward silence was the almost pathetically desperate attempt Chris made to keep things 'flowing', her obvious desire to make sure Cindy enjoyed her visit with her old friends enough

to inspire the two guys to do their level best to keep up with her efforts - even as they were amazed by her obvious affection for Cindy...

...and a bit suspicious.

Still, they kept any questions about sexual orientation to themselves, and gamely plowed onward - and then about forty-five minutes into the increasingly awkward visit, Brad slid off the leather jacket he'd still been wearing...

...and a ZipLoc bag of a dark green dried foliage dropped out of the pocket and onto the floor. A moment's dead silence reigned.

It was, perhaps predictable, Chris that broke it - but, unusually, it was without any blushing or awkwardness.

"Oh, dear God, thank you!" She said, fervently.

It was time to trot out the lie she'd been polishing for the last half-hour..

Okay, okay - she could have used it any time in the past twenty minutes or so. She'd just been putting it off because it was one of the most humiliating things she'd ever tried to do.

Being a woman was bad enough, and she was damned far from comfortable with the feminine role she was playing - but she was willing to do her best, for Cindy's sake. That was why she was willingly to force herself to allow all the implications that were part-and-parcel of the lie she'd come up with that would sufficiently explain everything 'odd' about her to Brad and Jose.

She paused just long enough to shoot a quick glance in Cindy's direction, hoping she'd pick up on what she was about to do would cost her... and then took a deep breath and went ahead.

"I grew up in a household with six sisters and a mother - all of them prettier than me - and no dad or brothers." She 'explained', and then smirked, despite her blush. "You probably didn't notice, but it seems to have mildly affected my ability to interact with members of the opposite sex."

The guys chuckled.

"With all my sisters - and my mom! - at least double 'D'-cups, and me practically flat-chested, it didn't help." She went on, jerking a hand at her chest. "I thought these would overcome my low self esteem - but still, put me anywhere near a man, and I become a nervous wreck."

Time to switch from lie to truth.

"You have no idea how much I'd love something to take the edge off..." She said, pointing at the baggy of pot.

It was true.

She didn't really want to be a woman - but was 'willing', for Cindy's sake - and since she was going to be one, like it or not, she thought she'd be a lot happier about it if she was so stoned she was unable to care that she had a huge pair of tits and a tight little cunt.

Without actually discussing it, the general consensus that a little pot would be fine was reached. From the conversation as Brad rolled up the first joint, Chris gathered she was the 'lightweight' of the group - and yet the most recent user. She'd tried it a couple of times a couple of years ago, had found it 'okay', but after she'd drifted away from the friend who'd actually been buying it she hadn't bothered to try and find her own source for the drug.

On the other hand, apparently the other three had used fairly conspicuously in college - but each had stopped shortly thereafter. The stuff Brad had brought was more out of nostalgia than anything, seeing as how they'd been when they'd first 'hung out' together.

It wasn't long before the joint was making the round of the little circle they'd formed - and Chris welcomed the drug's relaxing effects with a soft, fragrant sigh, already beginning to feel the first hints of the 'time warping' effect of the drug.

She hit the joints pretty hard - but, given her story, not only didn't anybody complain, they urged her to go ahead, take double-hits as it came by, and 'why don't I roll up another?'

With the drug came that familiar sense of the surreal, where everything Chris was purposefully focusing on seemed unbelievably crystal-clear and sharp edged.. and yet everything else vague, almost dreamlike. Which was, most of the time, perfect, since when she wasn't specifically focusing on her new body, she almost forgot about it - but, conversely, when she did think about it, it filled her entire awareness.

So she did her level best to pay attention to the other people in the room instead of herself.

The little party went much more smoothly after that, everybody very quickly becoming quite chummy under the false intimacy the drug leant.

Chris also got to see a whole new side of Cindy...

"You're right. You're absolutely right." Chris agreed with Brad, while inadvertently presenting him with a huge dilemma - to enjoy the 'upskirt' look of her straddle-legged position on the chair, or gape at the equally unaware shot down her top she was presenting him.

"Excuse me for a second..." She told him, blissfully unaware of his ogling. "Cindy?" She said, sweetly. "Help me in the kitchen for a second...?"

Chris didn't actually wait for an answer - he grabbed her hand and all-but-dragged her into the kitchen.

"What?" She asked, smiling softly.

"My god!" Chris said with a strange little half-amused, half-outraged giggle. "You're practically throwing yourself at them!"

Cindy looked at him - then giggled dreamily.

"I know." She admitted, sheepishly. "That's my dirty little secret - I get horny when I'm stoned."

"I can tell." Chris told her, with another giggle, letting herself be amused by this whole new Cindy, rather than outraged. After all, it's not like her outrageous flirting had (or was going to) lead anywhere - and it was fun to watch 'sedate little Cindy' play the horny little slut... once removed.

"If this was back in college, you three would already be in bed, wouldn't you?" Chris accused her, playfully.

"Damn straight." She giggled in reply.

"Well, now *I* know your secret." Chris told her, playfully smug. "From now on, I'm getting you stoned before I ask you for some sex."

"Oh, dear god, no!" She said, her theatrical expression of horror marred with a giggle. "Lost! I'm lost! Helpless before the famed Chris libido!"

Chris laughed.

"Don't laugh at me. I'm doomed to be a sex-slave for the rest of my life!" Cindy said with a badly over-acted tone of outrage and an equally theatrical pout. "I would have thought you'd be more sympathetic than this - what, with you being a 'fellow woman' and all."

As often happened when under the influence of marijuana, Chris was finding all of this unwontedly hilarious, and she just couldn't stop laughing - which pushed Cindy, barely able to restrain her own giggling fits, to keep the act going.

"Oh, sure, you can laugh about it!" She said, with mock anger. "Even other women can laugh about the fact that I just can't control myself around men - because it's not them who just.. can't.. help.. themselves!"

She said the last part in a hungry, helpless voice, rolling her eyeballs wildly and rubbing her hands over her jaw, pausing to suck on her fingers - and Chris was practically bent double, holding onto her slender new sides in near pain from laughter.

"It's not fair! It's not fair that I, alone, be burdened with this helplessness in the face of men's desires!" She wailed plaintively to the uncaring Gods - or, at least, the decidedly uncaring ceiling. She 'struck a pose', glaring at the woman on the very verge of collapsing with mirth.

"Oh, laughing mocker of my misery!" She declared, pointing a finger at Chris. "I wish you, too, would be struck by my affliction, and feel what it's like to..."

It finally registered on Chris - too late. "No!" She said, shrilly.

"...have to fulfill a man's every desire what?" Cindy asked, finally dropping the act.

Chris swallowed heavily.

"You wished." She whispered, horrified. "You *wished!*"

"I wished ?" She repeated, confused - and then her own eyes widened in horror, and she brought a hand to her mouth.

"Oh.. My.. God "

She reached out and pulled Chris into a tight embrace.

"I'm sorry - I'm so sorry!" She sobbed. "I wasn't thinking! I didn't realize what I was saying. I didn't.. mean.. I... I "

Her voice trailed off, and her head slowly swiveled in the direction of the kitchen door.

"They want us." Cindy said, hoarsely, unconsciously licking her lips as she stared at the door.

"I know." Chris replied, also staring fixedly at the closed door.

"I.. I'm not going to be able to resist " Cindy said, her embrace already starting to loosen.

"Me neither." Chris agreed, shuddering in her slipping hold. "Brad.. Brad's thinking about me *right now.*"

"Nothing definite " Cindy said, speaking more of Jose.

"...not yet " Chris filled in, aware of her thick new nipples beginning to harden.

"...just wanting us back in there, so they can be near us "

"...look at us "

"...enjoy the sight and sound of us "

" until they do think of something definite they want to do with us." Chris finished.

"Whatever it is - we'll do it." Cindy said, hands dropping away as she took an involuntary and hard- fought half-step towards the door. "Oh, Chris - I'm so sorry..."

"Wait!" Chris gasped, sweat beading on her face as she fought the urge to go out into the living room - with steadily fading resolve.

Ignoring Chris, Cindy made one, last wish in a tortured whisper, another step closer to the door - and then, the last of her will breaking, she went through it...

...with Chris hot on her heels.

* * * * *

Their bondage started off simple - with a kiss.

Each of them, upon re-entering the living-room, curled up on their respective man's lap, and soon they would each kiss him.

Understandably, This prompted Brad to want to fondle Chris' immense tits - which, of course, she soon suggested he do - while Cindy was being equally 'agreeable' with Jose.

It wasn't long before Brad had a blissful smile on his face as Chris knelt before him, giving him the longest, most lovingly detailed blow-job of his life - to the accompaniment of the squealing bedsprings from upstairs.

So it went.

The guys actually stayed an extra two days before they were forced to go back to their jobs - and during that time, Chris sucked cock, got tit-fucked, and took Brad's cock into her cunt in every conceivable way to bring him a grand total of forty-two orgasms.

Kisses, fondles, squeezes and caresses, in both directions, were far to numerous to count...

...and that was only the beginning, for once the guys left, there was always the next man.

The specific wording of the wish, however, kept it down to one man, per girl, at a time. For a day or two, she would fulfill every desire whatever man she was 'on' might have - until, eventually, the novelty would wane just enough for another man's desire to become her new guiding light, and together the two of them worked their way through the ranks of available (and in some cases, supposedly unavailable) men who were lucky enough to cross their paths...

...and on it went...

* * * * *

"Six months, two weeks and a day until your birthday..." Chris whispered, cuddling up against Cindy in their bed during one of the few brief reprieves either one was granted.

Indeed, it was so extraordinarily rare that they coincide, they were taking full advantage of the fact hat they were each currently 'enslaved' to a married man, and that each man was currently home with their wives, leaving the two women a chance to be alone together.

Gently, Cindy stroked her buxom - and recently peroxide-blond - lover's leg. "Well " Cindy said, ruefully. "At least I'm sure you won't forget my birthday."

"Not likely." Chris said, with a decidedly unlady-like snort. They paused for a long, lingering, loving kiss.

"By the way, thank you..."

"...for that last wish of mine?" Cindy finished the sentence for her. "Gee, I think that makes five billion, three thousand, nine hundred and seventy-one times you've thanked me now."

Chris chuckled.

"It was the least I could do." Cindy sighed.

"No - it was the most you could do." Chris corrected her, firmly.

"I guess." Cindy said, not certain there was nothing more she could have done.

"Hey, don't be like that." Chris told her. "You couldn't 'unwish' what was happening to us, because the men were there and they continuously desired us just the way we were until well after your 'one day' expired. So, now we're stuck satisfying one-man-at-a-time until you're lucky enough to get a 'reprieve' like this that comes on your birthday, and can wish us out of this."

"Hopefully this year, fingers crossed..." Cindy said, suiting action to word. "It may be years." Chris cautioned - and kissed her again.

"One year or ten..." She told Cindy, slowly working her way downward. "Thank you again for having the sense to wish that, if we're going to be stuck doing these things for men, that we'll at least enjoy each and every part of it while it's happening."

"Five billion, three thousand, nine hundred and seventy-*two*." Cindy sighed in pleasure... and then she closed her eyes and enjoyed at least one thing that hadn't changed about her lover, even if her own attitude about Chris going down on her had done a one-eighty.

For all her force-learned skills and helpless compulsion when it came to pleasing men, it was for 'eating out' that Chris had a *real* gift...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: What happens when you meet your rival at an arcade and suddenly find that two of you have transformed and now are going to face off?

Bitches Vs. Bimbos

By Gunslinger



"You've got to be *shittin'* me!"

Voiced in a stunned near-whisper, the comment vanished almost immediately under the cavalcade of noise that filled the room. Gunfire, explosions and engine sounds that were somehow *more* real than mere reality vied for aural attention against almost mockingly artificial bleeps, warbles, and buzzes.

Of course, the sound was almost matched by the brightly flashing lights, garish graphics, and brightly-marked machines that filled the arcade with computer-controlled pandemonium. Of course, that was simply a description of the sight and sound of hundreds of electronic and mechanical games filling the large arcade – the oftentimes equally garish patrons of the gaming establishment contributed visual and aural chaos all their own to the mix.

All things considered, James Roger McNulty's startled reaction vanished into that maelstrom like a drop of water into the ocean. By gaming standards, the lean, good-looking young man was neigh-on to bland, his toned body clad in a simple pair of jeans and a comfortable old grey sweatshirt. At the moment, the most noteworthy aspect of the dark-haired young man was his expression as he re-read the screen of the computer game in a semi-secluded nook at the back of the arcade, certain he had misread it.

However, even a careful second scrutiny insisted on informing James that the game he was looking at was called 'Bitches vs. Bimbos'.

"No... fuckin'... way..." James breathed, a smile slowly coming to wreath his face. Digging into the pocket of his jeans, he emerged with one of the tokens the arcade issued in lieu of coins, and approached the machine. The smile now elevated to full, shit-eating grin, he dropped the quarter-sized brass token into the machine.

He heard the token rattle its way through the coin slot. He saw the 'Insert Coin' notification on the screen flash rapidly thrice, followed by the word 'vs.' in the title doing the same. Rubbing his hands together in preparation, James waited for the start screen to appear...

...and was greatly disappointed when absolutely nothing else happened.

"Aw, c'mon..." James whined, giving the machine a hard slap on the side of the casing. When the percussive maintenance failed to produce any effect, James swore loudly.

A mocking laughter was his reply.

For a split second, James actually thought that the derisive laughter was the machine taunting him – and then it registered that the sound was coming from behind him, and he whirled in place to stare angrily at the lean young man, of a similar height to his own, who stood behind him.

"Poor little Jimmy can't figure out how to make the machine go 'blippity-bloop'...?" The other man taunted. His face, with much heavier features than James own, was well suited for the faux-pouting expression that went with that babyish voice he was taunting James with.

"Shut the fuck up, Sid." James snarled at his long-time nemesis.

Sid – dressed much like James, but with a faded orange t-shirt in place of sweatshirt – merely smirked as he approached the machine, none-too-subtly pushing James aside to take up a position square in front of the game.

"Let me show you how it's done..." Sid sneered, dropping a token of his own into the machine.

...and, shortly thereafter, swearing loudly and banging on the side of the game's casing as it failed to do anything more impressive than it had after swallowing James' token.

"Shit – probably nothing but a come-on anyway..." Sid finally muttered, after his rather impressive command of vulgarity ran dry. "Ah – to hell with this. You can fuck around with it if you want, Jimmy-boy, but I'm outta here..."

Swaggering away as if he'd really had no interest in the game to begin with, Sid headed for the broad front of the arcade, where it debouched into the multi-level mall the arcade was part of.

After a moment, his face tight with the intensity of his dislike for the other dark-headed young man, James also headed out toward the mall – but, upon reaching the brightly-lit, faux-marbled floor of the main mezzanine, James turned left where Sid had turned right.

In the very back of the arcaded, in a semi-secluded little nook where the game 'Bitches vs. Bimbos' sat, there was nobody nearby enough to notice that the screen of the game had changed to display something different...



With a swaggering saunter, Sid idled through the mall, openly appreciating the wide variety of nubile young eye-candy the commercial center had to offer.

Unlike that geek, James, Sid didn't come down here to waste an entire day in some dimly lit cavern full of gamer geeks; oh, he liked playing shoot-'em-up games a few times a day to burn off frustration, (of which Sid seemed supplied an overabundance), but mainly he liked the mall because of how many hot girls there were. Since the mall was climate- conditioned to shirt-sleeve comfort, no matter the weather outside, once inside people dressed for comfort – and for many of the girls, that meant they could look damned fine as they walked around looking at all that stupid girly shit, giggling and exclaiming over this purse or that pair of shoes...

Sid liked to look at the girls, and he'd really like to *fuck* a lot of the girls... but talk to them? About their dippy interests and dumb thoughts...? Thanks, but no thanks!

Eyeing one particularly fine pair of legs well displayed by a particularly short skirt, Sid felt the first, familiar stirrings in his crotch...

...only the growing sensations coming from his nether regions didn't remain 'familiar' very long. In fact, with every passing second, his crotch felt steadily less familiar... and, as his normal insouciant grin turned into a frown, the rangy young man realized that it wasn't just his crotch that felt 'kinda weird'...

"Whadda fuck...?" Sid murmured the demand to himself. Even the way he was *walking* – the way he always walked, for God's sake – suddenly felt strange to him. It was suddenly as if his hips wanted to move differently, and his ingrained stride was somehow suddenly all 'wrong' for him...

He glanced down at himself – and his steadily slowing stroll became a shocked dead stop as he tried to process exactly what his eyes were telling him.

Part of the reason he felt 'weird' was suddenly – if inexplicably – revealed, as Sid came to the highly confusing realization that his clothes had somehow become somewhat too big for him. The worn old t-shirt now hung on his body rather loosely, and his jeans were even worse, with the cuffs puddled around his ankles.

It was almost as if his clothes had suddenly grown larger... or if he, himself, had somehow grown shorter.

...which, as he pulled his gaze away from himself to look around in confusion, seemed to be the case. His dark eyes widened in shock as Sid realized, compared to the familiar surroundings of the mall, he was seeing everything from a somewhat lower vantage point than he ever had before.

"Nuh-uh..." He muttered, shaking his head more in disbelief than negation. "That... that just can't happen."

Whirling, Sid began to head toward the public bathrooms in this area of the mall – having to walk with a sort of skating motion, in order to keep his shoes from falling off feet that seemed not only too short, but much too slender for the footwear.

Even as he walked, Sid was well aware that there was a lot of other strange feelings and sensations registering as 'all wrong' – not the least of which was the sight of his arms as he hurried as best he could toward the bathrooms.

His arms were more muscular than they had been before. In fact, from the sensations he was feeling, Sid felt as if his entire body was not only more muscular, but more athletic. More agile. More limber...

...which was something that might have been seen as 'worrying and inexplicable, but positive'... in not for the fact that those same more-muscular arms were also undeniable more delicate at the wrist and knuckles, but also nearly completely hairless.

Well aware of the odd looks he was garnering as he 'skated' along as quickly as he could without tripping, Sid felt his face flushing and his heart-beat accelerating in a combination of shame, fear and confusion. Darting into the less brightly-lit hallway leading to the restrooms, he skittered past the bank of pay-phones and moved to duck quickly into the men's room.

He was only halfway through the door when he quite literally ran into an older man on his way.

"Oh, my – careful there...!" The bearded man exclaimed in a cheerful voice. Taking a step back, he took a somewhat longer look at the person he'd run into – and then pointed. "Er, miss...? This is the men's room. The ladies is just down the hall."

"What?" Sid blurted, confused and almost mentally derailed by the collision – he'd been so focused on getting to the relative privacy of the bathroom that the sudden interference threw him off. "What the hell are you...?"

His demand for clarification became clarification all its own as the sound of his own voice registered on Sid. Until he'd begun to castigate the older man, everything he'd said had been mumbled under his breath – it wasn't until now that he could hear how much softer his voice had become.

How much higher pitched. How much more... *feminine*.

For a second, Sid simply stood there, gaping at the older gentleman – then, with a move of desperation that his newly muscular body made surprisingly easy, Sid shoved the guy out of the way and – stepping completely out of his oversized shoes – dashed the rest of the way into the bathroom, and toward the large mirror mounted over the bank of sinks on the far wall.

"Hey!" The bearded man shouted. "You can't be in here, miss...!"

Ignoring him – indeed, very barely registering his words at all – Sid skidded to a stop in front of the mirrors. For a second, he stared in shock at what they revealed, refusing to believe it. Then, in motions made almost convulsive with frantic haste, Sid tore at the fly of his jeans, yanking them open and down even as he lifted the hem of his well-worn t-shirt with the other.

The half-clad woman staring at him out of the mirror shrieked in complete denial of what she saw, and Sid's ear-ringing blast of feminine horror was perfectly matched to the look on *her* face as *she* surveyed the muscular, but undeniably female body that was reflected in the mirror.

Short, mid-brown hair framed a smoothly oval face bearing fine features. Not stunningly gorgeous, not ugly, it would have been a fine, functional female face, unremarkable – except for the unusually muscular, but nevertheless undeniable feminine body that it topped. Though the breasts were not only taut and almost as solid as a masculine chest would have been, the dropped jeans revealed the pink slit that proved, without any possibility of argument, that this highly athletic figure was, in fact, a woman.

"Holy shit...!" A male voice blurted out, and as Sid's altered head snapped to the side, she became aware that she wasn't the only one viewing that undeniable visual proof of her new gender – for, after all, she *was* standing in the *men's* room...



A frown already on his face from the first occurrence, James stood on tip-toe and stared down the brightly-lit expanse of mall concourse as he tried to figure out where the second horrified female scream had come from. Even as he did so, the dark-haired young man couldn't help but shiver at the heartfelt despair that filled each of the high-pitched screams.

James was well aware of the fact that he was 'old-fashioned' in certain ways, and one of those ways that got him into occasional trouble was how he viewed women. More than once, he'd received less-than-complimentary responses to his habit of holding doors open for them, and his somewhat unusual formality tended to interfere sometimes with his (attempts at) social interaction... but the perspective was bred so deep in his bones that it wasn't really fair to consider it voluntary any more.

So, when he heard a woman scream like that, nearly everything in James screamed back at him to do something about it. Even if, as now, he had no idea of: who was doing the screaming; why they were screaming, or even; where they were.

With a sigh, James shook his head and turned, beginning to make his way back down the concourse toward the source of those screams. Even as he did so, he felt like a complete and utter fool, knowing that it probably wasn't any of his business, and

that there were other people who were either closer and/or authorized to deal with such situations, but unable to stop himself from responding nonetheless.

He had only taken a few steps, however, when he suddenly began to feel rather... strange.

For one thing, he was moving... differently. In a hurry to get to whomever was letting out that despairing scream, he'd begun to move quickly – but instead of his usual, rather bullish stride, he found himself moving much more smoothly than usual – and much more energetically, as well. He felt as if he had a higher power-to-weight ratio than he was normally used to dealing with, each move coming with a springy power that was unusual for him.

Especially since that spring in his step was causing an odd little sensation on his chest... and was failing to create the 'bouncing' he was subliminally expecting to feel in his crotch.

However, with that scream still metaphorically ringing in his ears, James didn't – couldn't – take the time to dwell on the steadily mounting number of odd sensations his body was registering. Instead, he focused on trying to make his way through the relatively crowded concourse without actually shoving anyone out of the way...

...except that, inadvertently, he did just that. What should have been a simple arm-block to guide himself safely past a slim young man without body-checking instead pushed the other guy back a step as James somehow applied more power in the motion than should have been possible, given everything he knew about his own strength.

Except that it didn't seem to be 'his' own strength, something that was just registering independently on James when the slim young man, taking a look at her, supplied a secondary confirmation: "Hey, watch who you're shoving, you dyke bitch...!"

"What... *What* did you call me...?" James asked the man – a question of simple, if extreme confusion, compounded by the oddly light-toned voice it emerged in. The slim young man seemed to assume a different intent in the question, however, as he leaned toward her with a look of disgust on his face.

"You heard me, *bitch!*" He snarled. "I don't care how muscular you are, or how much you hate us 'disgusting pigs', you can't just go around shoving guys out of your way!"

"But, I'm not " James started to point out – and then stopped dead, eyes going wide and jaw dropping.

Startled by James' reaction, the slim young man frowned and took a step back, wondering what the hell was with this crazy bitch. A quick glance over his shoulder only confused him even more, as she seemed to be staring at the window display of a shop featuring soft, fluffy, lacy feminine clothes – hardly the sort of display that would seem to wring such a reaction from such a dyke bitch.

Of course, the slender young man had no idea that the 'dyke bitch' was staring in shock at the ghostly reflection in the shop window, rather than what lay beyond it.

"I... I'm a... but... that can't " The toned, highly athletic young woman stammered in shock. With her almost aggressively toned body and her crew-cut black hair, the figure of a 'bull dyke' lesbian was only further enhanced by the jean-and- sweatshirt combo that, along with the comfortable shoes, practically made her a stereotype.

How long *she* might have stood there, gaping in shock, was an open question – for a steadily growing commotion from the direction James had been heading drew even the stunned new woman's attention.

"I'm changing! I'm still changing!" A high-pitched female voice screamed in apparent horror, its owner pelting forward almost blindly as she sobbed and gibbered, caroming off people almost as if oblivious to their presence.

Despite being stunned....

No.

Because she was so stunned by her sudden and inexplicable transformation into a woman, James was running solely on that bone-deep instinct when she reached out and snagged the arm of the slender young woman as she tried to pelt blindly past. The newly feminized James had no problem bringing the slimmer, and much less more muscular, blonde to a sudden halt.

"What... what's going on ?" James demanded – not quite sure if she was referring to the blonde's plight or her own.

"I'm a *girl*!" The blonde howled in a voice that made the pronouncement sound like the crack of doom itself.

For a second, James simply stared at the slender, girlish blonde – and then the woman's the *other* woman's ...appearance really registered for James.

Oh, not so much the slender, girlish body; nor the blandly cute oval face, nor even the shoulder-length mess of tangled golden hair – but, rather the men's 'tighty-whitey' briefs and faded orange t-shirt that the woman wore, both oversized for her slender frame.

"Suh... suh... suh *SID?!'*

The blonde, gibbering to herself, suddenly snapped out of her intense self-interest to stare at the highly athletic, dark-haired woman who was holding her – and likewise took in the somewhat less ill-fitting ensemble the other woman wore.

" James?" She whispered in a high-pitched little voice.



"Omigawd, omigawd, omigawd..." The blonde whimpered, James' oversized sweatshirt making her barely 'street legal' clothed as the taller, Amazonian woman, quickly guided her further away from the commotion back on the mezzanine concourse. Having given up the outer garment, the athletic woman with the ear-length mass of dark hair wore only tank-style undershirt with her jeans, revealing a decidedly toned but unmistakably feminine form as she tried to shield her companion from various startled, (mostly feminine) disapproving, or (mostly masculine) approving gazes.

"For fuck's sake, quit your whining Si... Sindy!" James snapped, almost unthinkingly substituting the feminine name at the last second. The name-switch felt so completely natural that she didn't even think about it – but she did frown as she realized how easily she'd snapped at a woman, something that should have been unthinkable...

"But Jam... Janice...!" 'Sindy' whined, the substitution coming as naturally as it had to 'Janice'. "We're *girls!* ...and we're still changing!"

"Yeah. Thanks for the info." 'Janice' snarked with bitter venom – this time, the sense that it was completely out of character for her to do such a thing even more delayed and less powerful than the last. "In case you've been too wrapped up in you stupid little self to notice, it's happening to both of us, so suck it up and shut up!" She quickly guided the other woman onto a down escalator, heading for the ground floor.

"But *Janice* !" The cute little blonde whined in that annoyingly high-pitched little voice of hers. "My boobies are getting really big !"

Sindy only meant to pull up the sweatshirt, to show Janice how the shit underneath fit her still-changing body – but the fleece of the sweatshirt clung to the fabric of the shirt, and she inadvertently revealed a truly impressive pair of triple- D's to the world.

More immediately, to the shocked-yet-appreciative gaze of a young man currently riding on the up escalator beside them. Eyes wide, he turned and tried to ogle the blushing blonde babe as her taller, more athletic companion rolled her eyes, reached over, and yanked the sweatshirt back down.

"God, you're a fuckin' idiot !" Janice sniped angrily at the blonde.

Sindy's big, doe eyes filled with tears. "I... I'm sorry Janice. I didn't mean to... I'm just, like, so totally confused and stuff "

"You're pathetic!" Janice informed the steadily-more-busty blonde with joyful malice as she yanked her off the bottom of the escalator, propelling her toward one of the lower-end stores with a none-too-gentle push. "Now let's get you something to wear – unless you *like* showing off your tits to the world? That can be arranged, you know..."

"But... I... I don't..." Sindy stammered – then fell silent under Janice's gaze, meekly following the taller woman into the store.

The store itself was part of a large chain of 'excess stock' stores; as such, they carried a n extremely large variety of things, ranging from electronics to clothing to home hardware and décor. You could never go in expecting to find any given thing, however, as the stock was simply whatever larger stores had been selling off as out-of-production, poor sellers, or otherwise considered excess to requirements. It was, however, very cheap – and in part that was also due to staffing policies, which were basically 'anybody willing to work for absolute minimum wage'.

The rather grungy-looking eighteen-year-old behind the counter was a prime example of that hiring policy, since his red eyes and general demeanor gave him the unmistakable air of a stoner as he openly ogled the two women entering the store – the taller one sweeping by with an imperious athleticism, with her much 'girlier' companion trailing almost submissively in the more imposing woman's wake. The clerk, watching them approach, had already begin to grin at the sight of them, and by the time they were sweeping past him he was smiling almost goofily at them. The more athletic woman glanced at him only long

enough for a quelling frown, but the clerk – a lean brunet nicknamed 'Goat', due to both his poorly trimmed goatee and the fact that his real name and frequent description of condition were both 'Randy'

– had expected that, and let it glance off of him.

What he hadn't expected was the cute little blonde number's reaction. Catching his smile, she seemed at first startled, and then pleased. Her steps slowed, her eyes brightened, and an answering smile began to form on her lips...

...until the taller woman sighed gustily, grabbed the blonde's arm, and hauled her deeper into the store.

Confused and scared, Sindy had to struggle not to burst into tears as Janice pulled her away from the cute guy who had been smiling so nicely at her; not treating her mean like that nasty old man in the bathroom, or all bitchy like Janice was being. It was bad enough she was, like, all girly now and stuff; why couldn't Janice let her have a few minutes being with somebody who obviously wanted to be nice to her and stuff...?

"You're a big doo-doo head!" Sindy swore at Janice... but in a small little whisper Janice would never be able to hear. She didn't want to make Doo-Doo Head madder than she already was...

"Here – this will do..." Janice said brusquely, grabbing a dress off of a rack and negligently tossing it at Sindy. "But..." Sindy started to argue.

"Just get changed, you dumb... bimbo!" Janice snarled – but only half paying attention, as she found herself looking at some of the other clothing. Not that she was in any way eager to wear women's clothing, of course; but her own clothing was getting steadily less suitable as she changed, and since she was here anyway...

"Yes, Janice..." Sindy submitted, in a soft little high-pitched voice. She didn't want to wear a dress herself, of course, but she needed something to wear... but, even as she edged toward the changing room, she eyes the other clothing around her, thinking that if she was going to have to wear girl's clothes anyway, shouldn't she be trying on some of those really pretty dresses over there...? Especially since there were like, these totally cute shoes over *there* that would just be, like, so totally awesome with that dress, and...

"Dammit, Sindy...!" Janice snarled. "Now!"

With a squeak, Sindy turned and fled toward the dressing room – but not before hastily yanking this, like, totally cute outfit off a rack as she passed.

A moment later, Janice followed, some items in her own arms.

All of which meant that the return of the two women to Goat's check-out was even more enjoyable than when they first passed by.

The bitch looked damned hot in the denim-print spandex capris and white cotton crop-top she'd picked out, highlighting the long-legged, lean sensuality that had been clearly hiding under her baggy clothing. With long, black hair done up in an asymmetrical ponytail, she clearly knew she looked fine, and the way she moved atop the 'leather' sandals with their three-inch block heel was a strong-yet-sensual strut. The look she was giving him, however, clearly advertised that while she was enjoying looking so hot, a man doing the same might be in a world of trouble.

The same couldn't be said for the bombshell blonde who was smiling brightly – if rather brainlessly – in his direction, however.

Goat had known she must have a pretty fine figure under that sweatshirt, but he'd had no idea she was this hot! The hot-pink spandex miniskirt was awesome enough on its own, much less paired with the white platform sandals with five-inch heels that did good things for her quite nice legs and ass – but that wimple white t-shirt with pastel pink lace trim was literally straining under the massive load of the clearly braless breasts that filled it to near bursting. Hell, each massive orb of jiggling tit-flesh was bigger than her own head!

With her hair done up in pigtails, she was the next best thing to a living wet dream, a look that was only enhanced as, with a squeal of delight, she plucked a cheap tube of hot-pink lipstick from the display and quickly applied it to her lips.

Watching this, the dark-haired woman rolled her eyes... and then stopped, her attention suddenly riveted on the same display. Her eyes narrowed and, gaze daring Goat to make an issue of it, plucked a tube of wine-red lipstick from the display. A faint blush the only sign of possible embarrassment at the overtly feminine action, she quickly and efficiently applied a glossy coat of dark red to her own, full lips.



Still embarrassed by the oddly fulling action of applying lipstick to her new lips, Janice strove to find a way of distracting herself – and found it in tormenting the stupid, pathetic little bimbo Sid had become.

“Pay the man, Syndi.” She ordered, imperiously – and then, leaning slightly closer to Goat and stage-whispered: “That’s S, Y, N, D, I – as in Syndi Silicone, both her stage name and new legal name. Keeping track of more than one would have... *confused* the poor thing, if you know what I mean...”

They both turned to look at ‘Syndi Silicone’ – who was somehow managing a bright, bubbly smile, a bright-red blush, and downcast eyes, all at the same time.

“But Janice, I *tried* to tell you, I really, really did !” She whined in a high-pitched little voice with a lisp that turned ‘really’ into ‘weally’, causing Janice’s teeth to grind together. The stoner, sick little fuck, seemed turned on by the breathy whine.

"*I don't have any money!*" The brain-dead pair of walking tits wailed in a voice that, by all rights, should have shattered glass. Janice wished she was Amazonian again, if just to cram a fist down her throat to shut...

Wait a second....

Slowly, Janice began to smile as she thought about what else could be crammed down Syndi's throat.

Completely unaware, at least on the conscious level, that one hand was almost frantically rubbing her crotch, the other at her as-yet-unnoticed larger chest, Janice smiled evilly.

"Well then, Syndi – if you can't pay the man for our pretty new clothes " Janice said, a hungrily wicked tone to her voice, " I guess you'll just have to suck him off, instead!"

Eyes dancing with evil delight, Janice threw her head back, and beginning – in approved Mad Villain style – began low, deep in the back of her throat: "*mmmmwwha-ha-ha-HA-HA-HA !!!*"

Syndi blinked.

Like, ohmigawd, Janice was, like, totally laughing about it! She giggled.

She pouted, prettily, in confusion. She didn't get it.

She looked to the cute guy for help.

He was smiling at her. Well, at her boobies. Janice was laughing. Well, kinda laughing.

Weren't they mad she couldn't pay for the pretty...? Wait. What had Janice said ?

"Like, oh-mi-GAWD!" Syndi shrieked at Goat. "I like, so totally **COULD** give you a blow job for the pretty clothes, right?! I mean, I'm like a *total FREAKING* babe, ya'know? Isn't that, like the *coolest* thing ever?!"

Yeah! He agreed! He was, like, so totally nodding at her, and smiling!

Dimly, Syndi was aware that Janice's laughter had stopped as if cut off with a knife, but couldn't pay it any attention. She leapt across the checkout counter, and into his arms.

"Oh!" She suddenly remembered to inform him; "I've got, like, totally huge boobies, too!" He'd noticed. That made her giggle.

Janice stared in shock at where Syndi was energetically and enthusiastically, if not necessarily skillfully, going about her 'wery, wery firstest sucky-wuckies'.

Yuck.

Yet.... oddly enough...

The guy seemed to like it. He seemed to like what Syndi was doing, however poorly.

"But... That.... That's not what was supposed to " Janice stammered, unconsciously licking her lips. Unthinkingly, dismissively, she said. "Hell, I could have done that."

She paused, then sniped spitefully: "Hell, I could do better than that."

A beat later: "Ah, hell, get the fuck out the way, you useless cunt. I'll show you how to suck cock "



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.



SUMMARY: Ten years after a mysterious substance leaks into a lake, a somewhat crippled man inherits a cabin by the lake and finds that he suddenly has turned into a woman with strange desires.

Black Lake

By Gunslinger

15th January, 1982 - 9:35 p.m. Somewhere in the Colorado Rockies

The wiper's of the Army-surplus 'deuce and a half' did the job of clearing the snow that landed on the olive-drab truck's windshield, but that only allowed a clear view of the blinding swirl of snow that threw back the truck's headlights in a dazzling glare. The road - if it could be called that - was invisible just a few feet from the massive bumper of the vehicle, and the deep, reassuring roar of the big diesel engine was lost in the howl of the wind.

"I told you we shoulda waited until tamorra', Morty." The small, ferret-like man in the passenger seat of the truck said in a sharp, perpetually whining voice. His Brooklyn accent was so thick that you could cut it with a knife, seemingly visible as the steam that emerged every time he spoke in the unheated cab. "Now we's lost in de middle of nowheres, and fer what? A coupla hunnerd bucks?"

The big, sullen looking man behind the wheel didn't even look over at his 'friend' when he spoke. "It's almost a grand a piece, Dugan. Now, look at that damn map and try to figure out where the hell we are." Although his voice also identified him as a native of New York, his accent wasn't nearly as pronounced as his weasel-like companion.

"I'm tellin' ya, we should just toin around an' go back. So, a load of chemical crap don't get illegally dumped in da middle of nowheres. It ain't the end of the world." The small man fumbled with the map, trying to make head or tails of it. "I'se tellin' ya, it was a real stupid idea to agree to this. I mean, those drums in the back? Who knows what shit is in dem. We could be, like, soakin' up raid-ee-ation, or some such shit. P'rbly give me cancer or sumtin, and den I'd have to go to a hospital - which I can't afford. So what the hell are we gonna do, Morty?"

The hulking man thought that one over, and arrived at an answer. "Shut up.", he explained succinctly.

Dugan considered that. "Yeah, well, why don't we toin around, and come back when de blizzard's over?"

Morty snorted. "This truck can't turn around on this road, Dugan. What, you want to get stuck, and freeze to death?"

Dugan was about to retort - the stiffened, and pointed to the right. The trees that had lined both sides of the road had given way to a large open air, covered in freshly-fallen snow. "Well den, what if we toin aroun in dat field? Dis rig's got damn big

tires - we won't get stuck or nuffin." He looked over at his hulking friend. "Or we's can keep goin' - and p'rbly end up in Outer Mongolia or sumpin'."

Morty grunted. "Yeah, right." Still, he slowed the truck, then turned the wheel and guided the truck towards the snow-covered clearing among the trees. The big truck bogged down for a second, then began to make a large circle in the snow.

Suddenly, the entire truck shuddered in accompaniment to a loud creaking sound. The truck lost it's traction, the large rear wheels spinning uselessly as the truck slued around in a full circle, coming to rest facing the road.

"What the hell...?" Morty exclaimed. He released the accelerator, dropped the transmission into the lowest gear, and gently eased down on the gas.

The engine's revolutions increased - yet the truck refused to move. Letting off on the gas, he turned to Dugan. "It's no good - it's like we're sitting on ice or something..." His voice died as another crackling vibration shook the truck, and realization struck.

The two New Yorker's looked at each other wide-eyed - then scrambled frantically out of the truck. They immediately slipped on the ice-sheet under the concealing snow, and scrambled up again as the ice covering the unseen lake creaked again under the weight of the truck. The pair hurried pell-mell through the snow, slipping, sliding and falling frequently as they rushed towards the safety of the road as the ice of the snow-covered lake beneath them began to crack.

From the firm footing of the road, the two men turned and watched with identical expressions as, with a loud 'crunch', the truck tilted forward on it's slab of disintegrating ice. The headlights of the truck gleamed on the dark, cold water exposed by the widening cracks in the ice. Slowly, the truck began to slide forward on the tilted slab of ice, gathering speed. Then the ice disintegrated completely, and the truck vanished into the dark, forbidding water, marked by a burst of bubbles, and the eerie light from the headlights, which lasted a few seconds before they shorted out.

Dugan looked up defensively at his large companion. "It had snow over it, Morty. How's I s'posed to know it was a god-damned lake?"

Morty looked down at Dugan, his large, thick hands clenching and unclenching threateningly. Then, without a word, the massive man just turned, and began walking up the road, shoulders hunched against the chill wind.

Dugan looked after him for a second, then ran to catch up. "What? What'd I say?" he demanded truculently.

His towering companion looked down again. "I don't care if you are my brother-in-law - one more word from you, and my sister'll be a widow."

Dugan prepared to answer indignantly - then saw the look on Morty's face. His mouth snapped shut on his reply, and he fell silently in step with Morty. Side by side, shivering in the cold, the two men headed up the road, disappearing into the wintry gloom.

Behind them, deep beneath the deceptively placid water of the lake, the steel drums containing an unholy mixture of chemicals began the slow process of rusting away, one that would take more than a decade and a half...

* * * * *

1st July, 1999 - 11:02 a.m. Somewhere in the Colorado Rockies

The gravel access road crunched under the wide tires of the beautifully restored 1968 Shelby Cobra, its usually gleaming red paint muted by the dust from the drive.

It eased to a stop outside of a large cabin overlooking the crystal-clear waters of a smallish lake across the access road from the structure. The air was redolent with the fragrances of the mountain, the lake, and the trees, and the view was awe-inspiring and peaceful.

For most.

The driver of the Cobra was far from at peace as he looked over the landscape. With a sigh, he silenced the throaty rumble of the big Ford 472 cu. in. Engine under the racing-stripe adorned hood, and opened the door to the convertible.

Painfully, Frank Terrence Garvey levered himself out of the car, his massive arms providing support as he hauled himself out of the tan leather seat. Leaning against the side of the muscular car, he reached across to the passenger seat, and picked up his cane, leaning heavily on the aid as he removed his meager luggage from the trunk and slowly made his way to the front door of the aging cabin.

Tall, broad-shouldered and handsome in a square-jawed, tow-headed, all-American way, Frank could have posed for recruitment posters for the Marine Corps, of which he had been a part of. That is, if one ignored his atrophied and twisted right leg.

Six months ago, a training accident on the base had broken the leg in three places, and caused severe nerve damage, permanently impairing the use of his leg. Frank might have been able to recover from that blow - but the same accident had also caused nerve damage to his manhood, forever ending his sex-life - and the cause of the break-up of his year-long marriage. Forcibly retired from the Corps, with only a small disability fund, a shattered marriage, and a low-level but constant agony in his damaged limb, Frank's life had begun to slide into a depression, worsened by his descent into alcoholism.

Then, two weeks ago, he'd received a letter from a lawyer, informing him that a distant relative had died, and had left him a cabin and a large amount of land in Colorado. The inheritance consisted of the cabin, a hundred acres of land, a private

lake, and over a hundred thousand dollars in cash. The entire estate - cabin, lake and land, were known as Black Lake, named after the lake, which in turn was named after the original owner of the property, a Mr. William Black.

Now he stood at the front door of the large, once expensive lodge, and sighed once more. The big building had been left, unused, since the mid-eighties, and Frank was wondering if he'd made a mistake coming here. The key he'd been given to the front door fit the lock - but he couldn't get the age-stiffened tumblers in the lock to turn.

Removing the key, he spat on it, re-inserted it, and turned it as hard as he dared - relieved when it finally clicked. Opening the door, he stepped across the threshold and waited for his eyes to adjust to the darkened interior.

Having become a professional cynic after the accident, Frank was surprised to find that the lawyer had spoken the truth when he'd said the place had been sealed up air-tight when it was closed.

Everything was in near-pristine condition, with surprisingly little dust. Dropping his bag beside the door, Frank located and lit a kerosene lamp, and closed the door.

The distant relative had been a relatively well-to-do jet-setter, notorious for his womanizing. This cabin had been one of his 'love nests', and was outfitted for that purpose. The house was built on top of the spring that fed the lake which, aside from supplying the water, had been made to power a small turbine that supplied just enough electricity to power the only two electric appliances in the building - the fridge, and the large sound-system that had been state-of-the-art at the time. Otherwise, the cabin was 'rustic', with light supplied by candles or lanterns, and heat and cooking facilities coming from wood stoves. The closets and storage areas were full of the previous owner's things - as well as more than a few items kept around for the ladies he brought over.

Frank's first action was to plug the fridge back in, to allow it to start cooling down. While it slowly cooled, he went outside and set about removing the air-tight plastic and plywood covers on every window, vent, and chimney.

By the time he was finished, dusk was beginning to descend. He returned to the Cobra and put up the top, to protect the interior from the next morning's dew, then made the three trips necessary to bring in the groceries and sundries he'd bought in town.

With his leg aching from the unaccustomed effort, he lit a crackling, cheerful fire in the large stone fireplace, then lit the pot-bellied Franklin stove and waited for it to warm up so he could cook dinner.

When the stove seemed hot enough, Frank carried a pot over to the pump and began to work the handle.

The his of escaping air sounded for a second, then water gushed out - a thick flow of a brown liquid. Disgusted, Frank stopped pumping, and dumped the silt-laden water down the sink with a mild curse. The years of disuse had allowed silt to build up near the inflow pipe. He'd have to pump for some time, allowing the silt to be sucked through and back down the drain, before getting clear water.

Rather than waste the effort tonight, Frank grabbed his cane and the pot. Hobbling out the front door, he crossed the road and knelt painfully beside the lake, filling the pot to the brim with clear water.

Moving carefully, so not to spill the water, he headed back into the cabin. He poured about half the pot of water into a jug, then put the rest on to boil, so he could make his Macaroni and Cheese dinner.

He ate in front of the blazing hearth, enjoying it's warmth as the chill mountain air descended with the night. He accompanied his dinner with Scotch mixed with the clear lake water - then had a few more while listening to the stereo and reading a book he'd picked up in L.A.

Although the book was listed under 'non-fiction', it wasn't the sort of volume to be found in most library's references. Written by a very controversial writer, the book was blatantly sexist. Titled 'La Femme Parfait' (The Perfect Woman), it described the author's views on how women should dress, behave and think in various situations, with pseudo-scientific 'reasoning' that 'proved' that his views were really the way nature had designed woman to be. Frank had purchased the book out of anger and hatred with his faithless wife, who'd abandoned him faster than he'd thought possible.

When he finished the book, it was well past midnight, and Frank had consumed more than a bottle and a half of cheap blended Scotch. Staggering, he awkwardly got to his feet and, leaning much heavier then usual on his cane, weaved and swayed off to bed.

* * * * *

2nd July, 1999 - 9:58 a.m.

Black River Lodge, Colorado

Frank woke up feeling worse than he had in his entire life - even if you included the accident and the rehabilitation that followed. Then, the pain had been greater, but in a more localized are. Now, his whole body was felt like it was being tortured.

His stomach was clenched tightly, and nausea rocked him. His muscles felt like he'd just worked out for ten hours straight - then been used as a punching bag for another ten. His head pounded and throbbed in terrible syncopation with his racing heart. His mouth was dry, his tongue was swollen, and his teeth itched. He felt simultaneously broiling hot and freezing cold, and his eyes felt like someone had used a sandblaster on him. Even his hair hurt.

"Oh, God " Frank moaned thickly. He painfully rolled out of bed, wondering what the hell was wrong with him. It couldn't just be a hangover - he'd drank far more than this before, and had never felt have as bad.

Staggering weakly, even with his cane, it took him forever to reach the washroom, where he sank with gratitude onto the toilet and urinated. After, he just sat for a few minutes, gathering what little strength that he had to return to the bedroom.

He was deeply concerned - he was pathetically weak, nauseous, and with a headache so bad he couldn't think. Yet there was no phone in the cabin, and he was certainly in no condition to drive into town. So, he weakly made his way back to the bed and collapsed on it with a moan, hoping that whatever it was would just pass on its own - he was even too weak to safely attempt the stairs, and what little medication he'd brought - aspirin, cough syrup and Pepto-Bismol, mostly - was down in his bag, which he'd never bothered to lug upstairs.

He lay helplessly on the bed, his body shaking in fits. The faint hope that whatever it was would pass on its own was quickly erased, as - impossible as it seemed - it got worse. His temperature began to climb, and the little strength he had drained away as the fever increased. Meanwhile, his entire body felt as if someone were somehow squeezing it in a vise and stretching it out like taffy, all at once.

Unable to rise, Frank was unable to get fluids to replenish the ice-cold sweat running off his body. The fever, unchecked, rose frighteningly, passing what could be considered even vaguely normal.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, Frank's overheated, overstressed, and dehydrated brain had slipped into fever delirium. Wracked by surrealistic dreams and terrible visions, Frank was completely disconnected from reality, and completely unaware of the changes his body was undergoing.

Meanwhile, his overworked, delirious mind began to crack, and a schizophrenia began to form in its depths...

* * * * *

4th July, 1999 - 2:28 p.m. Black River Lodge, Colorado

Frank woke up feeling weak, uncomfortable, awkward and strange - but whatever had racked his body for the past two days was gone. For the first time his mind wasn't sunk into delirium - but neither was it up to speed, and he felt fuzzy and vague, and concentrating was difficult. For several minutes he merely lay perfectly still, trying to get a mental grip on reality again.

Weakly, he swung his muscular, sexy legs over the side of the bed and hauled himself upright. Grabbing his bathrobe, he pulled it over his broad, muscular shoulders and belted it tightly around her slim waist. He then used a hand to pull his ass-length mass of hair outside the robe and hanging free down his back.

Holding onto the wall with one strong hand, his long, clear fingernails lightly scraping against the rough surface, he slowly made his way to the bathroom, his immense, globular tits swaying and bouncing with every step. Reaching the bathroom, he settled onto the toilet and urinated, then carefully wiped his crotch and pussy clean before staggering back upright.

It was an arduous task to pump the tub's pump until the water that emerged was clear, having finally pumped through the silt that blocked the inflow. Satisfied, he lit the special stove under the water tank and pumped it full. While he waited for

the water to heat, he slumped on the toilet and rested. When the water was warm enough, he filled the claw-foot cast-iron tub and climbed in, eager to wash off the sweat on his body.

He started with his feet, soaping and rinsing them, then moved on to his well muscled by shapely legs, running the bar of soap along their silk-smooth, hairless length. After that, he carefully washed his narrow hips, firm, full ass, and his crotch, including the small patch of hair around his cunt. Next he washed his firm, flat stomach, and his immense, gravity defying tits, shuddering slightly in weary pleasure as the soap moved over his huge, engorged nipples. He then washed his broad shoulders and muscular arms, and finished with the soap by washing his face.

Next he took the shampoo and laboriously washed his long mane of sandy-blond hair. Having finished that, he climbed from the tub feeling more human, and toweled off. He had to use two extra towels for his thick, luxurious head of hair.

Feeling a little stronger, he descended to the main floor and started water boiling for coffee while he prepared a rather hearty breakfast of eggs, bacon, sausages, hash-browns and toast, plus orange juice and the coffee. He ate ravenously, his body starved for nutrition, and by the time he finished he felt almost one hundred percent again. Dropping the used dishes, cookware and cutlery into the sink for later washing, he settled onto the couch and idly massaged one of his gigantic tits...

...and suddenly all but leapt from the couch, shocked beyond description.

"What the fucking Hell...?" he shouted in a rich, feminine contralto, staring down at the massive tits thrust from his ribcage in horror and confusion.

"I'm a fucking woman!" He yelled, staring at his muscular, but feminine arms and the long-nailed hands that were at their ends.

As frightening as the realization that he was a woman was, what was even scarier was how long it had taken to dawn. Technically, he's known since awakening - but it was if he'd found nothing odd about it while he bathed and ate. It had just suddenly struck him when he'd sat down.

Horried, he slumped back on the couch, his mind going over the image he'd seen - and accepted so easily - in the mirror earlier. The tall, muscled woman with the narrow hips and long, thick head of hair. The woman with the strong, square-jawed face with it's full lips and smooth, flawless complexion. The woman that somehow he'd become.

"No way - it's just not possible." Frank muttered, trying to refute what all his senses reported. But he couldn't - he could feel the weight of his - no, her massive tits hanging from her chest. The drag of her damp mane of hair. The sensation of the air on her smooth, hairless body. The sound of her own smoky, feminine voice. Her muscular but sexy legs - both of which were whole and undamaged, perhaps the only thing that didn't horrify her.

She was a woman.

When she staggered upright again, the stagger didn't come from weakness - it came from shock and confusion.

"I... I gotta get some help. See a doctor or something..." she muttered in shock and confusion. When she started for the stairs, it was with a masculine stride rather than the gracefully powerful feminine one she'd unthinkingly used earlier. Mind whirling, she went upstairs to dress, entering her room and walking over to the closet.

Opening the doors to the large closet, she put one finger to her full, soft lips and considered the choices. Finally, she picked what she'd wear, and carried her choices over to the bed and began to dress.

First, the basic white-cotton briefs. They were a trifle loose, but serviceable, and would do for now.

Over that came the tight-cut jeans. It was a struggle to get them on, even over her hips, because the way they molded themselves to her body like a second skin, showing off her full, shapely ass to great advantage.

Then came the black T-shirt. It was a struggle to get it to fit down over her immense tits, and her nipples poked impudent little bulges in the fabric. The extra long T-shirt had plenty of overhang at the back, but due to her enormous tits, there was just enough at the front to tuck into the jeans before she pulled on the white leather belt with the large silver buckle. Aside from her huge tits, her broad shoulders and muscular biceps also bulged the fabric of the T-shirt.

Next, she pulled on a simple, plain pair of white socks, over which went the knee-high black leather boots with their five inch heel. The boots were about a half-size too small, but usable.

The first dozen or so steps in the heels were awkward, but soon her body's spectacular balance and strength had her walking easily in the heel, her huge endowments swaying with each step.

Grabbing a purse from the shelf, she dumped her wallet, keys and a few other items in with the odds and ends already inside, then headed downstairs. Quickly she pulled on the leather motorcycle jacket that she'd noticed last night. She couldn't zip it up - it wasn't designed to enclose tits like hers - but that was fine. Locking the door behind her, she slid into the driver's seat of the Cobra and turned the powerful engine over with a deep roar. Dropping the car into gear, she headed down the gravel access road, her massive mane of hair drying quickly in the wind created by the car's motion.

She was nearly to the highway when she suddenly stiffened, almost losing control of the powerful car as she stomped on the brakes. The car slued around, and for one heart-stopping second the left wheels lifted from the ground - then slammed back down as the car shuddered to a halt.

"Shit!" Frank screamed at the top of her lungs, heart pounding and hands shaking. Color drained from her face, and her vision began to dim at the edges, before her heart began to slow.

She sat in the car, unmoving, for several minutes, until her heart finally returned to normal. Meanwhile, her mind was spinning useless.

It had happened again. Somehow, at some point when she heading upstairs, she'd slipped into that strange, unquestioning state, where she seemed to accept whatever it was that was happening to her. And she hadn't even realized it

until now. Frank shuddered at the memory of how she'd chosen the clothes and dressed. If she'd been thinking right, she'd never have picked the tight-fitting clothing and sure as hell not the high-heeled boots.

For a second, Frank considered going back to the cabin and changing, but dismissed the idea, more eager to get into the nearest town, Alamosa. She was frightened - very frightened - and needed help.

Stepping lightly on the accelerator with her high-heeled boot, she straightened the vehicle out on the road, and drove the hundred yards or so to the secondary highway. She was glad she hadn't suddenly realized what had happened a few minutes later, when she was on the highway - that could have killed her.

Although, if whatever had happened to her was permanent - that might have been preferable. With that cheerless thought, she pulled onto the highway and turned left.

Twenty-five minutes later, she crested the last hill, and the medium sized town of Alamosa, nestled into a lush valley, appeared over the gloss-red hood of the Cobra. Minutes later, she pulled the powerful vehicle into one of the many parking spots lining the main road and silence the rumble of the big 427.

Grabbing her purse, she slipped from behind the wheel of the car and straightened her wind-tousled hair before stepping onto the sidewalk, her high-heels keeping beat as she strode down the main section of the town, immense tits swaying. Stepping into a phone booth, she flipped through the directory until she found the location of the person's whose help she needed, pleased to find that it was only a couple of blocks away. She set off in the correct direction, ignoring the various looks given to her by the other people on the street as they reacted to the sight of a tall, muscular, huge-breasted woman with a massive, thick mane of sandy-blonde hair billowing out behind her.

Finding the correct building, she pushed open the door and entered. The woman behind the desk near the front door looked up as the bell on the door jingled. Eyeing Frank, the woman asked politely. "Can I help you, miss?"

Frank smiled. "I hope so - I need some new clothes - and I can't exactly find the right sizes at the local Sears."

The woman smiled. "Of course. Well, you've come to the right place - We're the biggest specialty clothing shop west of the Mississippi. Let's see what we can do for you, Miss...?"

"Garvey. Terri Garvey." Frank - or, Terri - answered without hesitation. "Call me Terri."

"All right, Terri. I'm Jessica. Why don't you follow me, and we'll get some measurements done." Terri willing followed Jessica into the back of the store, walking with a graceful feminine stride.

While the chemicals that had seemed from the rusted drums into the lake had done their work on Frank's body, the high fever had caused damage to his mind.

Then, in the first instant of awakening, Frank had subconsciously realized that he had been turned into a woman - and gone crazy.

Technically, insanity results when a mind is incapable of handling reality. Frank's damaged brain, able to deal with what had happened, had reacted by withdrawing, allowing the fractured schizophrenic part of his mind to bloom into life - and forming Terri, who could handle the change. A simple defense mechanism, whenever Frank's weakened brain overloaded from an emotion, it 'baked off' - and Terri stepped into the void. Although neither personality was fully aware of the other as a conscious entity, they shared memories, and knew something was wrong. But each believed that it was the real personality - The insane fantasy that had brought Terri to life included a complete - and false - set of memories of being female, and the Frank personality having always been there, a nuisance to be dealt with.

Now, Terri was in control as she entered the changing room and undressed to allow her measurements to be taken.

Taking a tape measure, Jessica began to measure Terri's tall, muscular and extremely buxom figure, writing the results down on a small pad of paper.

"Hmm... Hips... 36 inches. Waist... 30 inches... Under the bust... 40 inches. Around the bust... well! 52 inches. That would make you a 40-JJJ cup." Jessica commented. She paused, then said. "Forgive me for asking, but... aren't implants that big rather, um, awkward?"

Terri smiled. "Well, they can be awkward - but their not implants. Both my mother and fathers sides of the family are tall, husky and buxom - and so I kind of doubled the family average, if you know what I mean."

Jessica looked doubtful. "They're not implants? I'm sorry, but I do a lot of work for the big-bust exotic dancers, and I've never seen such a large, firm pair that weren't plastic."

Terri shrugged, causing the endowments in question to bounce. "Well, let me ask you this... How big were their nipples?"

"Oh, about average..." Jessica began - then the light dawned. She'd meant average for perhaps DDD cup - but the hugely inflated breasts made them small in proportion to the breast itself, as the nipples didn't get any bigger from implants.

Terri's nipples, on the other hand, were enormous - easily in proportion to her massive tits. That, plus the fact that there were no surgical scars anywhere on Terri's muscular, unblemished body, convinced Jessica that these massive tits were indeed real.

"Well..." Jessica said, musingly, the smiled. "Why don't you wait here, and I'll see what we have in stock?"

* * * * *

An hour later, Terri walked from the store carrying three bags of purchases, and dressed in one of her new outfits.

The black six-inch spike heels of her pumps lifted her even higher, and her skin-tight leather pants, laced up the sides of her legs, were drawn tighter than the jeans had been. She'd gotten lucky - underneath her black spandex crop-top, a massive black bra held her huge tits firmly, and several more such bras were on order from the store.

Stopping at the Cobra to drop the bags into the trunk, Terri decided to grab a bite to eat before heading back. She crossed the street and went into a diner, enjoying a blue-plate special for four bucks. Finishing the home-cooked meal, she swayed into the ladies room and relieved her bladder from that morning's used coffee, then checked her hair in the mirror.

"Oh, Shit!" Frank cursed - quietly. She looked down at the black spandex that clung to her massive tits and left her flat, muscular abdomen bare. "I don't fucking believe it - it happened again." Then she cursed again, remembering the hefty bill - although she supposed that she could afford it, for now.

The waitress behind the counter blinked when the huge-breasted woman she'd served stormed from the bathroom with an angry look and stomped past with an oddly masculine stride despite the high- heels that clicked loudly on the floor. Without turning, she called to her husband, the cook, she asked accusingly "Grant, did you forget to clean the ladies room again? That customer just stomped out of here, looking pissed." The somewhat flat-chested woman waited for a response, and, not receiving one, peered into the kitchen. Her husband was at the small kitchen window, staring slack-jawed at the tall, huge breasted woman as she thundered away down the sidewalk. He didn't blink - until the order pad smacked into the side of his head.

* * * * *

Frank stormed down the sidewalk, ignoring the people who scuttled out of her way. She was in control right now, and while she was she was going to find a doctor and spill out the whole story. There was no way she was leaving town until she...

...bought some necessities like make-up, tampons and the like. Slowing slightly, Terri resumed her 'usual' sexy stride, looking for a drug-store that would carry everything she needed. She found one a short distance away, and popped inside to pick up what she wanted.

Carrying her purchases back to the car, she added them to the pile in the trunk, and climbed into the driver's seat. Turning the powerful engine over, she put the car into gear and pulled out of the parking spot, swinging the car around in a wide U-turn, and heading back up the side of the hill.

Terri snapped on the radio, and found a station she liked. Humming along with the Spice Girls' '2 Become 1', she let the power of the Cobra pull its light body up the steep, twisting road.

As she crested the top of the hill, the Cobra started to pass the entrance to a bar...

...then, at the last possible second, swung into the parking lot with a twist of the wheel, bringing the car to a shuddering halt. Reaching over, Frank shut off the Spice Girls - which she detested - and lay her head on the steering wheel, shuddering.

"God help me..." she whispered. "What's happening to me. Why is it happening to me?"

Raising her head from the steering wheel of the Cobra, she looked at the door to the bar - and decided that right then, more than anything else, she needed a drink. Frank pulled the car closer to the building and parked it properly, then walked over to the building and pulled open the door.

A wave of sound and smoke hit her from the dim interior of the bar. A juke-box in the corner was half- way through Steve Miller's 'The Joker', with too much bass - not that any of the patrons inside were really paying attention.

Ignoring the looks that several of the male customers shot her, Frank walked up to the bar and dropped heavily into a stool.

"Beer" she said, curtly. The bartender, stealing surreptitious glances at the buxom, muscular blonde, fulfilled her order, and Frank took a long pull of the beer.

Finishing her first one quickly, she ordered a second and began drinking that one much slower. She was about halfway through that one when she became aware of a presence beside her. Frank looked up in annoyance to see a handsome man looking down at her with a slight grin.

"Hi." He said. "My friend and I were wondering if we could buy you a few drinks." He gestured towards another handsome man sitting at a booth a short distance away.

Terri smiled. "Why, I'd love that - thank you." She rose gracefully from the stool and followed the man to the booth.

They introduced themselves. The athletic man with the brown hair who'd approached her was Steve, and his shorter friend - who wasn't drinking - was Al, who obviously had some Italian blood in his family, with his dusky complexion and dark, curly hair.

For the next few hours the two men kept her well plied with alcohol as they sat and chatted. Twice Frank made re-appearances, both times while in the bathroom. Each time, Terri regained control of their shared body before Frank could leave, horrified at the way she was flirting with the two guys.

About eight o'clock, she finally suggested that she should be heading home.

"Well Al, Steve - it's been fun." She said, her words slightly slurred. "But I think I should be getting home. Can I get a lift? I shouldn't drive right now."

Al smiled. "Of course - our car's just outside..."

Terri interrupted. "Actually, can we take my car? I've got some stuff in the trunk I want to get home. Besides, it's a classic car, and I don't want to leave it in the lot here overnight."

Which is how the tree of them ended up in the small cockpit of the Cobra together. Terri sat between the two men, one arm around each of them. Al had to rest his arm on her muscular thigh to hold onto the stick-shift - and neither of them was complaining about the contact between their warm flesh.

Tipsily, Terri directed Al how to get back to the cabin.

Hopping out, she gathered her stuff from the trunk, then led the two men to the cabin. Unlocking the door, she lit the lantern just inside.

"I'm just going upstairs for a minute. Can I get you to light some of the candles and the fireplace for me?" Terri asked with a winning smile. When the men agreed, she took one of the lanterns and headed up the stairs, heels clicking on the wood floor.

Al and Steve looked around with interest as she went around the room, lighting the fire set in the fireplace and getting the candles around the room lit.

"Hey, uh.. Terri?" Steve called, "Where do you keep your phone?" Her smoky contralto floated down the stairs. "I don't have a phone."

The two men looked at each other. Hesitantly, Steve called again. "Well - how are we going to call a cab to take us back to our car?"

The sound of heels on the floor preceded Terri down the stairs. The men turned - and their jaws dropped.

Make-up had been artfully applied. Gloss red lipstick highlighted her full, sensual lips, and blush, mascara and eye shadow softened her slightly mannish face into a vision of sexuality. Her massive mane of hair had been pulled back and up with a pair of black-and-gold clips before being allowed to spill back down, falling over her broad shoulders and down her toned, creamy back. From those same muscled shoulders, a black silk robe hung, its sheer fabric hanging open to reveal the lacy black negligee she wore. It strained to contain her massive, firm round globes, then clung tightly to her waist and hips, barely concealing at all. A pair of thigh-high black nylons clung to every sensual curve of her smoothly muscled legs, leading the eye down to the black leather pumps and their six- inch heels.

"Actually..." she said huskily, her red lips curving up slightly into a richly seductive smile. "I thought I'd give you a lift back to your car myself - in the morning..."

Steve and Al looked at her, agape, then at each other.

"Umm..." Al said, hesitantly. "You mean, uh, you, uh " he paused for a second, then blurted out

"Both of us?"

Terri smiled again. "Is that a problem?"

Steve cleared his throat. "Well... It's... That is, he and I have never done that before. It just seems... kinda weird."

Terri shrugged. "Well, it doesn't have to be both at the same time, guys. I don't mind if you take turns."

The two guys relaxed slightly. Their problem had been a slight ego problem - performing at the same time, they wouldn't help but compare themselves to each other, and each one was subconsciously afraid of - if you'll pardon the expression - coming up short.

"So who goes first?" Steve asked.

Turning on one tall heel, Terri swayed towards the stairs. "That's for you two to decide. Flip a coin, or something. I'll be up in the bedroom at the end of the hall, waiting for whoever wins." With one last devastating smile, she disappeared up the stairs, while the two guys looked at each other speculatively.

Once in the solitude of her room, Frank returned to the body - and was horrified.

"Holy shit!" she said in a low voice, slumping back against the door. "She trying to fuck them!"

Horrified, she looked around for a way out. She didn't trust that she could keep control when the guy showed up, and Terri would blithely fuck him - but Frank would remember every detail when 'he' regained control. She had to find a way out of this - and fast.

Sitting on the floor, her not-inconsiderable body-weight holding it shut, she thought desperately for a way out of this situation before her worst nightmare - having sex with another man - came true.

She was still in that position when she drifted off into a deep slumber. A deep, deep sleep, where she began to dream.

In her dreams, Frank was all male again, standing on a large, wind-swept plain, facing Terri, in her female body. They wore medieval style armor, and carried large, double-handed swords.

In the reality of dreams, they each knew what was going on, and why they were there. "It's my body, bitch, and I want it back!" Dream-Frank cried, brandishing his sword.

"Have you looked down recently?" Dream-Terri asked snidely. "You've got one helluva rack, buddy!"

"Hey!" Frank yelled, stung. "I don't know what, why or how this happened - but no matter what my body looks like, I'm not fucking men!"

"Well, I want to fuck and suck men all the time - I want to be a regular cum-slut!" Terri retorted - although that wasn't true, but merely a gambit to anger Frank.

It worked. He charged towards her, sword upraised...

Her real body began to twitch as deep inside, the dream metaphor mirrored the battle between Frank's divided mind to see who would get control of the altered, buxom body...

* * * * *

....Turning on one tall heel, Terri swayed towards the stairs. "That's for you two to decide. Flip a coin, or something. I'll be up in the bedroom at the end of the hall, waiting for whoever wins." With one last devastating smile, she disappeared up the stairs, while the two guys looked at each other speculatively.

"Do you think she was serious?" Al asked in a low voice once she was gone.

Steve looked thoughtful, despite the obvious erection straining at his pants. "Well... I think that she thinks she's serious - but she had a lot to drink..."

Al nodded, regretfully. "Yeah. That's what I was thinking. I mean, she'd really hot, in an Amazonian way - but I wouldn't be able to look at myself in a mirror if I took advantage of her right now."

Steve agreed. "Yeah. If she'd suggested something when she was sober, I'd be okay with it - but she only seemed to be interested in us when she was drunk."

Al shrugged. "So... What do we do now? Our car's back at the bar, and with no phone to call a cab..."

Steve looked around. "I guess we'll just bed down here for tonight. She'll probably fall asleep waiting for one of us to go up. If, in the morning, when she's sober, she'd still interested... Well, we'll have to see."

"Yeah. I kinda hope she is... man, I have never seen a woman as strong as her that was still so sexy. And those tits! Man... their fantastic!" Al said, miming Terri's huge bust.

Steve shook his head ruefully. "Al - you're a freak, you know that. Jeez - she'd pretty sexy and all - but those 'chest melons' are just way too big. She'd... well, not quite a freak, but..."

Al dismissed the objection with a wave. It was a long-standing point of friendly dissension between them - Al was a real 'big tit' man, while Steve was more moderate, believing that 'more than a handful was wasted'.

Looking around, Al spotted a half bottle of Scotch beside a nearly half-full pitcher of water. "Hey, how about another drink? I didn't get any at the bar, and if we're staying..."

Steve shrugged. "Well... maybe one more..."

In the end, Steve had two Scotch-and-waters, while Al finished both the Scotch - and the jug of water that Frank had drawn from the lake the night before.

Unaware of what they'd done, the two men turned in, Steve on the larger sofa, and his diminutive friend on the love-seat.

* * * * *

The prolonged, high-pitched scream shattered the morning silence. Frank, laying huddled at the base of the door, jerked upright...

...only, it wasn't precisely Frank.

The scream had shattered the dream/real battle between the two personalities who were warring for the single body they possessed. The two dream-warriors had been locked in a close hand-to-hand fighting embrace when the scream had dropped them suddenly from dream to reality.

Without time to adjust, the single physical mind they shared couldn't separate the two separate, but complete, personalities inside. What emerged as the female body sat bolt upright was neither Frank, nor Terri. Instead, it was an amalgam, a mixture of the two personalities. It possessed Frank's basic personality, and all his real memories - but a lot of the Terri personality was also present. The personality knew that it had been Frank, and remembered all that had happened - but also knew that there was something wrong with itself, that there were things in her mind that she didn't have before, but were now part of her. For a moment, her mind spun, fighting to identify itself.

Frank hauled herself upright and yanked open the door, nearly pulling it off the hinges with the application of her full strength. Her high-heels clicking on the hardwood floor, she rushed down the hall and clattered down the stairs, towards the source of the scream - and stopped dead in her tracks, jaw dropping.

Steve was standing in front of the couch. His clothes lay scattered about him, torn to shreds by the changes wrought by the contaminated water he'd unknowing consumed the night before. Due to the fact he'd only had two glasses, he was still easily recognizable for who he was - but he hadn't emerged unchanged.

His previously toned, athletic body was now a huge, rippling mass of muscles. His legs were like pillars, the calves absolutely massive below thighs as thick around as some peoples waists. His chest and back were gigantic masses of muscle, and his arms were as thick as tree-trunks, the biceps almost obscene in their sheer mass.

And, thrust from his enormously muscled crotch, was cock that was keeping in scale with his absolutely massive body.

Standing erect, it was a reddish purple color, with a darker shade to it's massive head. It was long - more than a foot - but that wasn't the direction in which most of the growth had gone. It was amazingly thick, easily twice the circumference that a penis that size would usually be. Dangling below the base of that massive, throbbing manhood was a scrotum containing two massive, orange- sized balls.

Stunned, the new behemoth spared an incredulous glance at Frank, then turned his attention back to the source of the scream.

Al, having consumed almost as much as Frank had the first night, was changed to a much larger degree.

Already diminutive, the height he'd been now appeared completely normal for the stunning Italian woman who was gaping down at herself. A mass of long, curly black hair flowed around a dusky visage of pure carnal sensuality with large, dark, seductive eyes framed with long, mysterious lashes. Below her pert nose was a pair of full, sensuous lips that, even without make-up, were erotically inviting.

It didn't seem possible that the slender shoulders she possessed could support the enormous, firm, dusky globes of tit-flesh that thrust from her chest. Easily as big as Frank's own immense tits, they seemed a good thirty percent larger on her smaller frame, and were capped by immense nipples, the color of chocolate, that sprang from the smallish, domed areola.

Below her massive new tits, Al's waist pinched in remarkably before flaring back out into a voluptuous pair of wide, womanly hips and her firm, extremely full ass. That amazing fundament led downwards to legs that were slightly thick, but stunning in their curves and flawless, olive skin tone. She was the erotic image of a stunning, sexy Mediterranean sex goddess...

...if you could ignore the enormous, dark erection thrust from between her silky thighs, that is. Of Al's balls, there was no sign. But that didn't mean they didn't exist. No, they were still there, swollen to four times their original size - but they'd pulled up and back into her body, approximating the place that a 'real' woman's ovaries would sit.

But Al's cock still remained - and bigger than ever. Although nowhere close to the thickness of Steve's exaggerated equipment, it was quite thick in its own right, and a good eighteen inches long. And, like Steve's it was erect, throbbing, and ready.

And Frank was horrified to discover that she was becoming extremely turned on by the sight of the two massive, ready cocks. Visions of sex flashed through her mind, and she had to force it aside, even as her nipples hardened and her cunt began to tingle.

"What the hell...?" Steve asked in a voice two octaves lower than it had been last night, staring at his altered friend in horror.

"I'm a fuckin' woman!" Al cried in a richly erotic feminine voice. It was husky and smoky and a little deep for a woman - yet was consummately feminine, sounding like a come-on, no matter what the words actually were. "Holy shit, Steve - I'm a fucking freak! I have tits!" Her hands rose to touch her massive new tits in demonstration - and she cried out at the sheer erotic sensation of pleasure that shot through her highly-sensitive new endowments.

Frank was stunned. "Wha..." She gasped. "My god! It happened to you, too!"

That got through to Steve, although Al was still too deeply in shock for it to register. "What do you mean 'too', Terri?"

Frank shook her head. "My name's not Terri - it's Frank. Frank Terrence Garvey." She pointed at Al. "Somehow, I woke up as a woman after I got really, really sick..." She paused. "Hey, how come he didn't get sick, but still changed..."

"You're a guy!" Steve said, horrified. "But - last night you tried..."

That was enough to bring the sexual images and desires back to the forefront. Frank fought against it - not altogether successfully. Her voice was throaty with desire when she answered him. "It also screwed up my mind somehow. Right now, I still want to..." She took a deep breath. "Oh, god, it's awful. I'm a man, inside. I hate the thought of... but I want to, so bad..." Frank moaned, and unwillingly began caressing one of her massive, firm tits, practically drooling, although what she was drooling about disgusted her.

Steve shuddered and looked away - because, even knowing the truth, he found that right now, he wanted very, very much to fuck Frank's brains out.

Al, who had finally caught on to the conversation, was even more disgusted and torn - because she, too, was incredibly turned on, not just by Frank - but by her own feminine figure. She not only wanted to fuck Frank's muscular, feminine body - but her own massive, full tits were begging to be fondled and sucked...

"I... I don't understand. How...?" Steve, the least traumatized of the three, struggled to understand. "It's not possible..."

None of the trio knew that the water had been tainted. They also didn't know that the change they'd undergone had been linked to something in their genetic make-up. Frank's had been drawn out and painful, because of his damaged genitalia. The chemical/hormonal/radioactive mess in the water had been fighting itself, part of it trying to increase his masculinity, the other his femininity. The feminine side had one out - but the masculine side had managed to cause the muscular development.

In Steve's case, there had been no conflict, and the mix had gone easily, especially since he'd been aroused at the time.

But Al - Al was aroused at the time - but he'd also received a redundant X-chromosome from his Italian mother, for a total of two X and one Y. He'd been born male - but the tainted water had made use of both the extra chromosome and the erection he'd had, leaving him a huge-breasted, huge- penised, and very, very horny she-male.

All three transformed men - the behemoth, the Amazon and the she-male - were wracked by a terrible, overwhelming lust. Each tried to fight their three-way lust, disgusted by it.

Frank, helplessly, lusted after Al and Steve's enormous, thick cocks, and was helpless massaging one massive it while her other hand rubbed at her crotch.

Steve was disgusted by the fact that he lusted powerfully over Frank and Al, both of whom appeared overwhelmingly sexy to him, despite the fact that he knew both were really men, and Al sported an enormous cock to prove it. Last night, he'd found such huge tits freakish - now he lust to touch, to fondle them. The mouths of the 'women' seemed to beckon his cock for

a blow-job - and the sensual curves of their asses drove him to stoke his massive erection, helplessly wanting - needing - the release of sex.

And Al, helplessly, fondled her massive tits, hating her need to not only fuck the Amazon sex Goddess that was Frank, but to feel Steve's muscular hands on her own huge tits, and his strong lips on her own full, soft, feminine mouth.

But Al's will was battered from one additional source. The thought of Steve fondling her in any way was repellent to her masculine mind - but Frank looked like a sexy woman, and Al also wanted her...

Al's will power finally snapped. Hungrily, she approached Frank, who stared back, horrified and aroused, unable to either pull away or step closer...

...until Al reached up and began to fondle the massive endowments that had so aroused her last night. The lust overwhelmed Frank as well, and the two huge-breasted transformees kissed passionately as they massaged each others huge tits, moaning low in their throats in feminine arousal.

From his angle, Steve saw what seemed to be two massively endowed women fondling and kissing, Al's own massive cock hidden from view by the angle - and he too, fell victim to his lust.

Frank found herself sliding to the floor, her hands unwillingly reaching to encircle Al's massive cock. Settling onto the floor, she found Al's huge tool sliding between her own massive tits, and Frank was horrified to find herself pushing her huge tits together to form the perfect cleavage for a tit-fuck.

Al was also horrified when she moaned in absolute pleasure as Steve's huge, strong hands reached around from behind to massage and fondle her gigantic globes. Al tossed her head back and moaned in ecstasy, and began to pump her massive cock in Frank's immense cleavage.

And Steve, helplessly, found himself positioning himself between Frank's muscular, sexy legs and driving his massive, thick cock deep into her hot, wet pussy.

Frank screamed in pain, lust, horror and ecstasy as she was penetrated by Steve's massive cock. The pain vanished after the first few strokes, and the horror was buried under the avalanche of pure pleasure as she felt feminine sex for the first time. Helplessly, she began to cry out in pleasure, pushing her own mounds tighter around Al's pistoning cock, which had amply lubricated the valley with the prodigious amount of pre-cum she'd produced. Al, meanwhile, was helplessly caught in the snare of ecstasy as well - both the tit-fuck, and having her own immense tits fondled aggressively by her best friend Steve.

Locked in a prison of lust, all three thundered toward climax, their voices rising together in shouts of pure pleasure, all thoughts of right, wrong, horror and disgust lost in the ecstasy of the moment.

Frank came first, a string of mind-blowing orgasms rolling through her body like a freight train. She screamed, a primal, feminine sound, as her cunt clenched around Steve's massive cock, pushing him over the edge as well. His huge cock began gushing a thick stream of cum deep into Frank, and Steve cried out, hands tightening on Al's nipples.

The sudden burst of pleasure that resulted in Al's tit's caused her to shoot her load as well. A massive wave of thick, warm cum shout from between Frank's huge tits, coating her face and hair. Unthinking, still caught in the after-shocks of her orgasm, Frank gulped at the stream, swallowing only a fraction of the warm, salty fluid.

Spent, the three slowed their movements, as coherent thought began to return.

Al was the first to pull away, horrified. She uttered a small shriek as realization settled in, and jerked upright, and back a few steps, eyes going wide as the realization of what she'd done was overwhelmed by the realization that it had been the most intensely pleasurable experience of her life - and she wanted to do it again...

Steve also scuttled back, horrified at the thought of having fucked Frank - but even more horrified to find it didn't matter. Frank was now fully female - and Steve wanted her body, wanted to fuck her long, and hard, and often...

And Frank, laying on the floor, hovered near the brink of insanity trying to deal with the orgasmic pleasure of female sex - and the fact that she'd lapped at the gushing flow of salty cum, and loved every drop she'd swallowed, and already was beginning to crave more...

"NO!" Al screamed as her mind wavered back and forth. Horrified by what she'd done, and wanted to do, she bolted for the door.

Steve took off after her, the cum-splattered Frank close on his heels as they pelted after the huge-breasted Al, whose massive endowments bounced wildly as she sprinted for the lake, intent on ending the horrifying existence that her life had become. Within seconds, she'd reached the water's edge, and vanished beneath the clear waters.

Heedless of their own safety, Frank and Steve dove in after her. Al struggled, eager to end it all, but the other's combined muscle was more than enough to begin dragging Al to shore. But the process was slow, and their mind's began to clamor for oxygen as their vision began to dim.

Gasping, the three emerged from the lake and promptly passed out on the sand in a heap, the contaminated water, mixed with their combined bodies, seeping in through pores and the permeable membranes of their naked bodies...

* * * * *

22nd September, 1999 - 12:28 p.m. Black River Lodge, Colorado

Josh Maskins watched as the EPA man knelt beside the lake, attired in a full bio-hazard suit to protect himself. The man carefully read the indicators on the small chemical testing kit he held - the pulled of his helmet with a sigh of relief, telling Josh what he needed to know before the words ever came.

"Clean and pure, Mr. Maskins. That's it."

Maskins nodded at the EPA man, then turned and trudged across the gravel road to the building on the other side. Before he could knock, the door swung open, and the anxious owner waved Maskins in, eager to hear the news. Maskins nodded politely to the two other people in the cabin, then turned to the owner.

"That's it - the lakes clean again." He held up a package. "Also, I have here your new identification, and the last settlement check. Again, I have no adequate way of expressing my sorrow, aside from the money. I, personally, wasn't working at Fort Detrick when this... travesty occurred, but I still feel responsible. If my predecessor hadn't tried to cut costs by illegal dumping..." He sighed. "Well, it was a black day for the Army, Mr. Garv..., excuse me, Miss Garcia." He handed over the new identification with a flourish. "There - legally, you are now Francesca Theresa Garcia."

Francesca took the envelope, glad that at least the legal part of the ordeal was over.

The immersion in the lake had changed each of the trio for a final time. They'd lain, shaking and ill, for nearly twenty for hours before the final transformation had run it's course. But the change had told them what was responsible, and they'd gone to the authorities for help. At first, they'd been thought insane, but the EPA had tested the wild claims - and been horrified to discover the long-lost chemicals that had 'gone missing' from the Army Research facility in Fort Detrick, which had led to this point.

Francesca Garcia seemed an appropriate name for the new form that Frank wore. The chemical had mixed not only with her own DNA, but the DNA from the cum that she'd had inside and on her from both Steve and Al.

Thanks to Al's DNA, she'd acquired a darker skin-tone, and her hair had become a dark brown, making her look Latino. She was still tall, and athletically tone, but lacked her previous muscle-mass. In addition, all the male hormones had decreased her previous bust-line to a more manageable EEE- cup. Her new figure was attired in mid-calf black-leather boots with a blocky four inch heel, tight blue jeans, and a blue cotton blouse. She wore a make-up applied with a light hand, just enough to slightly enhance her pretty, but not outstanding, features.

Francesca was still trying to cope with her rather active sex life. Part of the agreement with the government kept the whole affair under wraps, and she was trying to deal with her hormonal-based addiction to sex, both oral and vaginal, that was her life-long legacy from that morning three-way fuck. The chemical had hard-wired the intense pleasure into her brain, forever imprinting her otherwise completely 'Frank' brain with the need for sex. It was because of that need - which she had to fulfill, that she was learning to live as a woman, finding it odd and unusual, but not as horrible as she would have thought. And, honestly, the sex was fantastic.

Next, Maskins turned to the woman in the white, off-the shoulder peasant blouse and brightly colored skirt sitting on the couch. Her sexy legs were crossed at the knees, and one foot - clad in brown suede ankle-boots with a six-inch stiletto heel - bounced with agitation.

"Miss Alexis Traviatti." Maskins said formally, handing her the new identification she'd carry with her for the rest of her life. He had to keep his eyes from sliding to the delectable display of cleavage shown by the tight, low-cut blouse.

"Please, go ahead and look..." Al said in a husky, sexy voice. "I wish you would..." She took a deep breath, enhancing her massive bust, and looked down at her own massive tits.

Not having absorbed any more DNA from anyone, Al was the least changed. Basically, she had completed the transition to full womanhood, appearing the same huge-busted, sensual Italian woman she had at first, minus the enormous cock. The first night, Al had an erection, and that had caused the growth. The second time, just after sex, she'd been limp, spent - and that had allowed the formation of her female equipment.

She was also trying to deal with her altered mind, but was handling it fairly well. Although much of her personality was left the same, she'd awaked with an obsession to be sexy and feminine at all times. Although she knew, intellectually, that it would have disgusted her before, now she wanted to - enjoyed - acting as the penultimate woman. As of yet, that didn't include actual sex - she still had to work at overcoming her distaste of that if she was to live as a complete woman, but she loved having men admire her, and thoroughly enjoyed being kissed and fondled, even if it did strike her as weird whenever she did it.

"And..." Maskins said, turning to the last individual. "Miss Stephanie Loeden."

Stephanie took the new identification with a small grimace of distaste. "Thanks, handsome." She muttered, with a slight edge in her voice, which was also heavily laden with sexual overtones.

Stephanie was the one having the most trouble dealing with the final transition. Like Al, she'd been spent and limp when entering the water, and her limp cock had been coated with Frank's female juices, allowing his transformation into the woman he now was.

Which was an interesting looking one, to say the least. She had ended up as nearly the spitting image of the Terri that Frank had first become, with some differences in the facial features, and hair a few shades darker. But she retained the same broad-shouldered-yet-feminine muscularity, and immense bustline.

However, being male still at the time of the final transition had caused some unusual mental changes. Like the fact that her own tit were freakishly huge from her point of view - but two attempts to have them reduced had only resulted in them not only growing back, but brief periods of lactation afterward, which had been worse. She had no choice but to leave them be, and deal with having such outrageous tits.

Secondly, she wasn't attracted to me, per se- she still found woman sexually exciting, and didn't want to kiss a man, or have on caress her freakish tits.

However, her own 'pride' in the massive endowment she'd had when she'd entered the water had become hard-wired in her new brain as an obsession with huge, thick cocks. Although the thought of kissing a man, or dating a man disgusted her - the thought of fucking or sucking a cock - the bigger, the better - made her incredibly horny.

Likewise, although she'd love to date another woman, kiss her, fondle and lick her tits - the thought of having actual sex with another woman did absolutely nothing for her.

Then there was her new taste in clothing...

Her muscular, sexy legs were presently clad in fish-net pantyhose that lead down to the black leather 'ballet boots' that forced her to stand and walk on tip-toe. The only other garment she wore was the one-piece black leather body-suit, high-cut at the hips and low-cut at the neck, that clung to her body like a second skin.

She couldn't help herself. Her still-male (for the most part) mind wouldn't let her wear anything less erotic. In fact, she found herself compelled to move, talk and act in overtly sexual way. That was because her male mind got turned on at having this female body completely and utterly under it's control - regardless of the fact that she was wearing it. She got herself horny every time she looked in the mirror.

"Well, that takes care of every thing, I think." Maskins said, turning to leave - then stopped.

"Something wrong?" Francesca asked, concerned. She just wanted this nightmare to be over, so that she could get on with starting a new life as a woman.

When Maskins turned back, he was blushing furiously. "Well, um..." he stammered. "You see, two of my old collage buddies are coming down for a week. Now, I was going to get dates for all three of us, but, with this whole thing, um..."

Surprised, the three transformed women looked at each other.

"Are you asking us out on a date?" Alexis asked with a sensuous grin.

"But... you know about us..." Francesca added, unconsciously rubbing one hand up and down her denim-clad leg.

"Yeah - Your friends wouldn't know, so whatever two they pick will do okay. But how will you cope, knowing that your date used to be a guy?" Stephanie asked.

"Well..." Maskins said. "Gary - he'd a real, um, 'bust-lover' - he'll go ape over Alexis. And Raul like Latino ladies, and he's the original Latin Lover, famed for his, um, outstanding performance..."

Francesca found herself grinning somewhat foolishly at the thought.

Stephanie stared. "Look, hot stuff - I can't help coming on to you... But don't think that means I like it, lover boy. I hate having to do this..." She helplessly pressed her huge tits against his arm and smiled seductively up at him, disgusted by her every action. She was even more disgusted by the fact that her hand was sliding down to the crotch of his pants, hidden under the folds of the baggy trench-coat her wore...

Suddenly, her jaw dropped. "My god - it's not even hard yet and it's..."

Josh shrugged with a small smile, and Stephanie looked at him speculatively. "Oh, master, I'm so hot for your huge schlong..." she cooed.. "but I don't..."

Holding up one finger, the generally slender Maskins handed Stephanie a photo from his wallet.

"Oh - who's the cute babe?" Stephanie asked, her male side turned on by the woman show, her perfect-sized tits tantalizing under the tight silk blouse in the photo. "Your sister, stud?"

Maskin's blushed again. "Um, actually - it's me. In my spare time - and this is secret - I like to go 'femme'. Now, I'd have to go as myself for the actual date - but later..."

Stephanie pictured this 'woman', that her male brain found attractive, sporting the massive cock that her female side so desperately needed...

"Well.... I guess it wouldn't hurt to try "

* * * * *

Three months later, an unusual triple wedding occurred on the edge of Black Lake, three utterly content women marrying the wonderfully happy men...

Sort of...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A night watchman mistakenly short circuits a fuse and he transforms into a woman not only to be reawakened by a second electrical charge that merges him and another into a new, hyper-sexual body.

Blue Shirt Blues

By Gunslinger

With a low rumble rising into a Jurassic roar the metal behemoth pulled away, heading towards the pink-and-gold horizon in a cloud of petroleum-rich fumes.

As the bus pulled away from the stop, Greg hitched his back-pack higher onto his shoulder, almost unconsciously guiding the padded strap with one hand to keep it from catching on the tin-plated badge pinned to the upper-left of his blue shirt. Digging his other hand into the bellows pocket of his dark-blue pants, the dark-haired young man pulled out his pack of cigarettes and lighter, removing one white tube of tobacco from the pack and lighting it as he passed through the open rolling gate fronting the food-processing plant. Gravel crunched beneath his Army-surplus boots as he strolled towards the largely glass-sided blue metal shack standing in the middle of the large lot, looking oddly forlorn in the empty expanse, especially compared to the huge, cube-like three-story building a few hundred yards away.

Doug was already waiting on the wooden 'porch' at the rear of the small structure, leaning against the wooden rail of the landing at the top of the short flight of steps, his own cigarette glowing in the enhanced twilight created by the shadow of the shack. Dressed in a uniform identical to Greg's except for size, the almost painfully skinny young man sketched a mock salute towards his relief.

"Another exciting, fun-filled day at Holmes Foods?" Greg asked, sarcastically, his steps echoing hollowly as he climbed the steps at the back of the shack.

Doug snorted. "Man, I hate the week-end shifts. Twelve trucks to be logged in, and one employee who needed to get in because she left her purse here last night by mistake."

"Don't complain..." Greg suggested, sourly. "That's practically rush-hour traffic compared to weekend night-shift."

"At least you're comfortable." Doug shot back. "With all these windows, it's a green-house effect. I swear I lose ten pounds a week in sweat working here."

Looking at the painfully thin, sandy-haired young man, Greg could believe it. Grinning slightly, he patted his own stomach, which was beginning to show 'swivel-chair spread'.

"Maybe I should work days for a week." Greg suggested with a raised eyebrow.

"Hell no!" Doug replied with mock alarm. "That's leave me stuck on the god-awful night shift."

"Yeah, yeah." Greg snorted. "Go on, get the hell out of here. Go home."

Snapping to exaggerated attention, Doug threw an over-acted Nazi salute. "Jawhol, mein Herr!"

Shaking his head, Greg watched the day-shift security guard duck into the tiny guard-shack and grab his own faded back-pack to finish stuffing his various magazines and other 'diversions' into it. Leaning against the railing Doug had just vacated, Greg finished his own cigarette as he watched Doug head off to his car with a wave.

Tossing the butt of the cigarette into a nearby bucket of sand kept around for the purpose, Greg wryly surveyed the mostly-empty lot. Aside from various refrigerated trailers parked at loading docks or against the back fence, the only thing in the lot was the battered pick-up of the night-shift maintenance man who worked in the plant doing minor repairs and generally keeping an eye on things inside during the long, dead-quiet night that was just beginning.

With a sigh, Greg entered the guard-shack and shut the door behind him. Tossing his back-pack next to the battered metal desk, he shut off the too-small, badly overworked air conditioner. Grabbing the pot from the coffee-maker on top of the filing cabinet, he ducked into the closet-sized bathroom and filled it with water from the constantly-dripping sink.

Once he had the coffee brewing, Greg slumped into the small booth's single chair and looked out the big windows that formed most of the building, surveying the empty lot with yet another long-suffering sigh. Digging into his back-pack, Greg extracted his Guard's Log-Book, flipping past all the yellow carbon-copy pages at the beginning until he hit a white sheet marking the unused section. Pulling the pen from the small pen-pocket on his shirt, he clicked it three times rapidly, then scrawled out the date, his name, and the site name and location in the sections at the top of the page. On the first line of the report section, he wrote '1900 - On Duty'.

Well, that made it official - he was in charge of 'security' for the plant for the next twelve hours, until relieved at seven o'clock in the morning by Doug. Twelve hours of unrelieved boredom, with nothing to do. Perhaps one truck would come in tonight, a driver running late, and he'd have to log the truck in on the traffic log. Chances were, his report would read exactly the same as it did every night: One entry for 'On Duty', ten hourly entries reading 'Maintained Post', then a seven o'clock 'Off Duty'...

'God, this job sucks...' Greg sighed, closing his log-book and tossing it aside, staring moodily at the rapidly darkening sky outside. Judging the light-level, he closed his eyes and began to count backwards from forty-two...

At 'seven' there was a muffled 'thunk' from the electrical equipment on the wall behind him as the automatic lights switched on, bathing the gravel-surfaced lot in the orange-gold light of the pole-mounted sodium lights.

He sighed. The fact that he was only off by seven seconds meant that he'd been doing this job for way too long. Hell - even one night of this mind-numbing 'warm-body' work was too-much. He needed the money, however, and if you were able to walk, write, and had a clean criminal record, Security work was easy to get into.

For the hundredth time, Greg cursed the stupid rules that forbade having a laptop computer with him. At least then, he could write. After all, a writer was what he *was* - Security was just something he *did*. To Greg, that was a hell of a big distinction, and it was something to hold onto, even if this job cut into his writing time, pushing him further and further behind what he actually wanted to do. Still, it all came down to a question of money, and the job made the impossible possible, financially speaking.

Taking off his black ball-cap with the company logo embroidered on the front, Greg ran his fingers through his full, somewhat shaggy mane of dark-brown hair and tossed the cap on the desk. Pouring himself a cup of coffee, he added sugar and whitener, taking a sip and grimacing at the flavor of the 'cream substitute'.

Putting the styrofoam cup aside, he pulled a tattered crossword puzzle book out of the back-pack and flipped through it, looking for one he hadn't finished yet. Technically speaking, crosswords were in a 'gray' area of the rules. TV's, laptops, GameBoy and it's clones - these were strictly forbidden. Get caught by one of the roving patrols with any of those, and you were fired - same if you were found asleep. Books and crossword puzzles were 'frowned upon', getting you a warning... and if the same mobile patrol caught you a few times, it would get bucked up to Fred, who ran the local branch office. From Fred you got one more warning - and then, if caught again, you were fired. After all, a security guard was supposed to be 'eternally vigilante', not nose-down in some book or crossword puzzle.

Greg already had two Mobile-Patrol warnings, but as of yet Fred hadn't been notified, so he still kept the crosswords around - especially since he could shove the thin magazine in under the traffic log if Mobile Patrol should show up, something he couldn't do with a book or laptop. Settling in as comfortably as possible, he bit the metal 'plunger' of the pen lightly between his teeth and considered the clue for 1-Across...

* * * * *

The sharp, insistent buzz yanked Greg's attention away from the crossword puzzle.

"What the...?" He said, tossing the book aside and looking around in confusion. The shrill, piercing sound of the electronic buzzer was new and unfamiliar to Greg, and he wondered what the hell was making the sound...

...and then he noticed a red light blinking on the two-way radio sitting in a recharging cradle on a shelf and lightly covered in a coat of dust. Since the Holmes Food was a one-man post, the radio unit was really only there for regulation's sake - it wasn't powerful enough to reach any other site, much less the home office, and would only reach a Mobile Patrol if they were practically within line-of-sight... and since mobile patrol had to stop at every site it passed, that made the radio redundant.

Frowning slightly in confusion, Greg pulled the radio out of its charging cradle and looked at the face, where a red LED was glowing beside the channel-indicator display, next to '2'.

Turning the small knob on the top to the correct channel, Greg squeezed the transmit-bar on the side of the hand-sized unit, waited a two-beat, and said (rather hesitantly) "Holmes Food, Security."

Releasing the side-bar, he heard a second of static, and then a voice.

"Hey, hate to bother you. It's John, from Maintenance. I'm out in the east corner of the lot doing a repair on one of the reefers."

Greg's confused look slid away. John was the night maintenance man, and among his duties was to make sure that the refrigerated trailers were running, so a load didn't spoil over the weekend. Usually, if he needed to get in touch with the guard shack for any reason, he'd use the phone - but the east corner was the farthest spot on the lot from the building itself, where the long-haul, low-value reefer trailers were stored, and John had been smart enough to grab a radio for this type of situation, rather than having to go several hundred yards to use the phone.

"What can I do for you, John?" Greg asked, settling back in the seat.

"Well, I got a big favor to ask." John's voice came back, sounding slightly ashamed. "I know you're not supposed to leave the guard-shack unattended, but it's pretty dead right now. D'ya think I could get you to run down to Lower Electrical and turn on the power to outlet 73? I gotta jump-start Reefer 471."

Each of the 'parking spots' for the reefers had a twin outlet, designed so that a reefer could (if necessary) be run off of electrical power rather than its own diesel engine. The ones out in the far corner, however, had been turned off on the weekend ever since a group of kids had scaled the fence and had a little 'party' behind the reefers, using the plug to run a portable stereo and a small 'beer fridge'.

Technically, Greg wasn't supposed to go further than twenty feet from the guard shack when he was on duty... but it was dead, and he was bored.

"Sure thing. I'll head over right now." Greg told John, who thanked him - and well he should, since the switches were on Greg's side of the building, about as far away as you could get from where John was working and still be on the property.

Glancing quickly to make sure a Mobile Patrol was cruising down the street outside the lot, Greg stuck his cap on his head and hurried across the graveled yard. Reaching the side of the building, he used one of the keys from the Master set kept in the guard-shack to unlock the bright-red door to Lower Electrical, pulling it open and stepping inside quickly.

Technically, he was breaking a half-dozen rules. Not only was he not at his post, but he wasn't supposed to be in the plant itself. He didn't work for Holmes, really, but for the security company, who had a contract with Holmes - and there was no

'interior patrols', or patrols of any kind, in the contract. Not only that, but Greg wasn't an electrician or maintenance man of any sort, and he was breaking more rules being in a supposedly restricted area.

If you didn't get caught, though... Greg just had to be careful not to injure himself. Since he wasn't supposed to be in here in the first place, it didn't count as a workplace accident if something happened, so he wouldn't be covered.

Quickly, Greg headed past some loosely-stacked equipment near the door, heading towards one of the circuit-breaker panels near the far wall.

Quickly, he located the open circuit for seventy-three, and he reached out and flipped the plastic breaker...

...and shook his head, looking across the room at the circuit board, the sharp tang of ozone filling the air. He felt as if he'd been kicked by a mule in the chest, head and crotch, and it seemed like there were millions of ants crawling all over his body.

"What the hell...?" Greg asked himself, thickly, pushing himself up from the pile of cleaning supplies he found himself sprawled atop of. He shook his head, trying to clear it, and swallowed thickly at the odd, coppery taste in his mouth.

Walking towards the circuit board, he noticed his radio laying on the floor, where he had apparently dropped it... in a puddle of some sort of liquid he hadn't noticed.

Slowly, it began to dawn on Greg that's he'd just gotten a hell of an electrical shock. In delayed fear, adrenaline flooded his system - but, aside from the itchy sensation and a low, throbbing pain, he felt fine, so he guessed he must not have been too badly hurt by the shock, even though it had caused him to end up halfway across the room, with a short gap in his memory.

Thankful that it hadn't been worse than it had been, Greg began to reach down for his radio.. and noticed that all the hair on his arm was standing straight up. He paused, looking in surprise at his arm, bared by the short-sleeved shirt.

"Weird.." He muttered, reaching over to try and smooth the hair back into place...

...and gasping in wordless shock as the hair fell out at his touch, drifting slowly to the floor. "Huh." He grunted, grabbing hold of his surprise. "Low-budget electrolysis..."

Shaking his head at his own stupidity, Greg picked up the radio - and discovered it was dead, the display dark and the radio silent.

"Shit..." He muttered, quietly but with passion. Here he'd gone and done something against the rules, and not only had it ended up being mildly painful, as well as 'annoying', but he'd ruined the radio...

The radio that was the same make and model as the ones in the chargers near the other wall of the room. Feeling guilty, Greg glanced around, then quickly walked over and switched the dead radio for one of Holme's good ones. Somebody would

eventually notice that the radio was dead, but they'd never connect it to him - and there were a dozen more radios in the room, so it was just one among many.

Setting the radio to the correct channel, Greg hurried to the door, knowing the radio wouldn't function well while inside the building.

As soon as he was outside, he gave John a call - and felt a wave of relief run through him as the maintenance man thanked him for turning on the power. Apparently, the 'short circuit' he'd created hadn't damaged the fuse, and John had no idea anything had happened. Aside from the fact that Greg's body hair had been loosened and that the radio went dead which was on the shelf, there were no visible signs of Greg's screw-up. As long as he kept his mouth shut, nobody had to know anything about this.

Turning off the radio, Greg hurried back to the guard shack, mentally wincing as he felt more and more of his body hair fall out from the friction of air or clothing over his skin.

By the time he'd set his 'new' radio in the charging cradle and slumped back in his chair, his arms were completely denuded of hair. A quick check inside his shirt revealed that the hair on his chest was gone as well, which presumably meant that all his body hair was gone...

The arms were no big deal, since he could throw on the jacket in his back-pack and keep it from getting noticed. A bolt of fear ran through him, though, and his hands quickly flew to his face and ran over it...

Of his short, narrow-trimmed goatee there was no sign. Something ran under his fingers above his eyes, but the eyebrows didn't feel quite right to him.

Swearing under his breath, Greg ducked into the small bathroom and switched on the light, peering into the mirror above the sink.

His face was as smooth as the proverbial baby's bottom, at least from his eyes down. That wasn't so bad - though it might sound a bit weird, he could always claim that he'd gotten so bored that he'd shaved his goatee off.

His eyebrows, however, would be harder to explain. They hadn't fallen out completely, but they were definitely a lot thinner and finer. In fact, Greg had always had very thick eyebrows, ones that almost formed a 'uni-brow', like Sesame Street's 'Bert'. Now, his eyebrows were thin and fine, looking dainty - practically feminine - above his hazel eyes.

This was going to make an excuse a little bit tougher to swallow. Being bored enough to shave off the goatee was one thing - but bored enough to pluck his eyebrows...?

Well, it wasn't as if there was anything he could do about it. He'd just have to bluff it out as best he could until they grew back in again.

Well, he'd just have to hope for the best. Perhaps Doug wouldn't even notice the eyebrows, being distracted by the shaved goatee...

...or maybe the slowly fading splotches on Greg's uniform.

"Shit!" Greg swore, louder this time. He'd barely noticed the fact that he'd been splashed by cleaning solutions - he must have damaged some of the containers when he'd landed on them. Now, some of them were acting as a bleach, while others were staining his uniform darker. He had a second uniform, but they were both 'loaners' from the company, given to a guard free - but they had to be paid for if they weren't returned in 'good order'.

This night just kept getting better and better. Well, again, there was nothing Greg could do about it. Sure, the place was pretty dead, but the guardhouse was almost all glass, so he wasn't about to strip out of his uniform and try to wash it in the sink. He'd just have to put up with the chemical-scented, splotchy-colored uniform.

Unless...

Tempted, Greg looked over at the 'Locker-Stock' box. It was company policy that employees were not allowed to leave anything in their lockers over the weekend, while the plant was shut down. It might have seemed a bit of a harsh rule, but it had come after something left in a locker had started a fire a couple years back. Now, every Friday the security guard would use a master key to open up the lockers and take everything out, putting it all in a big box kept in the guard shack, where the employees could pick up their stuff on Monday.

Quite often, employees would be in such a hurry to get out of there on Friday night that they'd leave in their work clothes, forgetting their street clothes in their locker. Maybe there would be...

No. No, he was already in a bad situation. If Mobile Patrol caught him rooting through - or wearing - employee's personal belongings, he'd be fired for sure.

Sighing, Greg slumped into his chair and tried to look at the bright side... except that he couldn't seem to find one. Shaking his head, he decided to put it out of his mind for now, and so turned his attention back to the crossword puzzle he'd been working on.

Maybe it was from the adrenaline thrumming through his system, but Greg found it very hard to focus on the puzzle. In fact, he now realized that he'd missed the chemicals on his uniform for the same reason - he was 'fuzzy-headed', having problems focusing on more than one thing at a time. The strange part of it was - he hadn't noticed it right off. It hadn't seemed strange to him until he'd focused on the fact that he could only focus on one thing at a time. It meant that he had to turn all his attention to the crossword to be able to work on it, and he felt a momentary fear at being got 'deeply engrossed' in the puzzle.. but he couldn't just sit here, staring out at the empty parking lot. Pushing his misgivings aside, he focused all his attention on the crossword puzzle, the rest of the world seeming to fade away as he focused on a crossword that seemed much, much more difficult than it had been earlier in the evening...

After awhile, Greg began to have trouble keeping his focus on the crossword. He'd finally gotten into the 'mood' needed to concentrate on the puzzle, even as hard as it had become, and he really didn't want to lose it - but something was tugging more and more at his awareness, something powerful enough to drag his attention away from what he was trying to do.

With a sigh, Greg abandoned the puzzle and lifted his head, idly brushing a strand of long, silky chestnut hair out of his face, careful not to poke himself in the eye with one of the long, slender nails tipping his slender, dainty finger.

A quick check outside revealed that whatever had distracted him from the puzzle wasn't out there - it was just after three in the morning, and there was no sign of life to be seen. Greg could have been on the dark side of the moon, for all the activity that was going on.

Seeing nothing that could have distracted him, Greg leaned back and idly undid the straining buttons of his shirt, setting free his massive, incredibly firm tits. Idly, Greg began to massage them, moaning in a high soprano voice as his long, dainty fingers played with his massive, fully engorged nipples. It felt so good, one of his hands slid downwards, finding the fly of his pants, which were straining over his full, rounded hips and firm, sexy ass. Quickly, he released the pressure on the straining buttons, letting him slide one hand into his panties and begin to slide sensually over his hot, wet pussy...

Dimly, Greg realized he could get into a hell of a lot of trouble if he were caught masturbating. After all, it was something somebody in a 'glass house' shouldn't do. Regretfully, he pulled his hands away from his lush, smooth body and began to refasten his clothes - but it wasn't easy, what with the fabric so taut over his body, and his long nails getting in the way all the time.

Greg paused, suddenly realizing that he couldn't remember it being this difficult to get dressed for the start of the shift this evening. Frowning, he concentrated on this discrepancy...

"Holy fuckin' shit!" Greg screamed, jerking so hard that his altered body tumbled from the chair and sprawled out on the floor, his huge, firm boobs landing on the cool tile below him, his engorged nipples pressed into the floor.

Except... except it wasn't 'his' anything. It was 'her' tits. Because...

"I'm a woman!" Greg gasped, stunned and not wanting to believe it, even though there was no way to deny the sensation of her tits pressed against the floor - or to forget what she had found (and failed to find) when she'd slipped her hands down into her pants.

Then her initial, almost involuntary admission of the situation was repeated, this time in a tone of horrified comprehension of the magnitude of what had happened.

"I'm a *woman*!" She screamed, hearing her new, high-pitched voice. With a convulsive motion, she rolled off of her full new chest and yanked herself upright by hauling hard on the edge of the desk. Shirt flapping around her new bust, pants

plastered tight to her womanly hips and full ass despite having been undone, she staggered towards the bathroom. Her badly oversized boots were barely noticed in her awkward, panicked shuffle.

A glance in the mirror over the sink made it 'official' - because a slender, buxom young woman looked back at her.

"No... This can't be happening..." She now tried to deny what she'd already verified, not wanting to accept what had happened to her. Her words were empty of conviction, however - there was just no logical way of making this just 'go away', no matter how illogical the situation itself seemed. What was happening - had happened - to her should have been impossible... but it had happened nonetheless, and there was no way (short of losing her sanity completely) to deny it.

For several seconds, she nearly took that one, last refuge. Her mind teetered on the brink of collapse, not willing to deal with this occurrence...

...and then it finally smacked home with a power so palatable she could practically hear it - and it sounded an awful lot like a prison cell door being slammed shut.

"How...?" the new woman stammered, stunned, staring at the lovely new face her reshaped skull boasted. "When...?"

It seemed impossible - but she'd been so wrapped up in that damned crossword puzzle that she hadn't even noticed her body changing, altering, going from masculine to the feminine. Indeed, she hadn't noticed anything until the discomfort of her straining clothes broke through her self-erected wall of concentration...

As well it should have - her clothes weren't designed for the new body that filled - overflowed - them. Though she was about the same height as always, her new body was generally more slender all over but that was just a matter of an inch or two reduction, something more-than-equalled by the several inches of expansion in her hips and ass, and even more in her chest. She, as a man, had begun to put on some weight around the middle. Now, all that extra mass had been relocated, as well as the extra mass that the 'slenderizing' had left behind. All that weight had shifted to hips, ass, and bust, leaving her with an exaggerated hourglass figure on an otherwise slender frame.

"Holy shit..." Greg breathed in her already naturally breathy new voice, staring at her new figure with eyes that now could be described as 'doe-eyed'. "I... I'm a total babe...!"

Hesitantly, the new woman slowly pulled her ill-fitting clothes off, sighing with guilty relief as she peeled her too-tight pants from her womanly hips and full, firm ass. Her boots didn't even need to be unlaced for her to slip them from her dainty new feet.

The last item she removed was her boxer briefs, and even though she knew what she'd find, she was hesitant to see for herself what her questing fingers had already determined. Once she'd worked up the courage, however, she slipped her underwear down and stepped (daintily, her mind insisted on reporting) out of them.

Slowly, her new eyes traced up her feminine new body, taking in every detail of the form she now wore.

Her feet were slender and 'agreeable' feminine, dainty and well formed. Oddly enough, many guys were so focused on the rest of a woman's figure that they missed the hands and feet, but not Greg - as a guy, she'd been aware of the 'total package', from the tip of dainty toes to the top of silky, well- styled hair. Not that Greg had ever found that 'perfection' of course. Various women had various flaws, one with 'perfect' legs and breasts having bony hands and feet, or somebody with flawless skin and a stunning face having too slender hips and too small chest.

That is, Greg had never seen 'perfection'... until now.

Her new body was flawless. From her perfect, 'girlish' feet rose long, smooth legs that were lightly muscles under a thin layer of 'smoothing' fat that women were always fighting to keep in perfect balance. Her hips were wide and frankly womanly, child-bearing hips that were ideally suited to support the firm, inverted heart-shaped ass that practically begged to be enclosed in something tight and 'showy'.

Her waist was delightfully slender, a perfect 'coke-bottle' pinching-in that resulted in smooth curve out to her hips below, and upwards into the slender ribcage that boasted those melon-sized ideals of feminine pulchritude - breasts that had just the slightest hint of sag to make them undeniably 'natural', yet remarkably firm and spherical in their own right, tipped with large, dark nipples that were frankly feminine and not the least bit virginal.

Most men could be forgiven for stopping the survey when their eyes took in what this woman had to offer from ankle-to-neck, those legs, that ass, the slender waist and the full breasts looming above it. However, to do so would have denied them the pleasure of seeing slender, well-formed arms narrowing to remarkably petite, feminine wrists that joined to slender, dainty hands that could have been used in modeling jewelry. Indeed, any single part of her body would serve admirably as a back- drop in fashion-photos. In an industry where people scoured the world for perfect hands, perfect feet for shoe layouts, perfect legs for nylon ads, and the rest, Greg's new body boasted perfection in all these features...

...including her face. It wasn't a cool, classical beauty like that found in many old statues, but a heart- shaped delight boasting full lips, a pert nose, and huge, dark eyes that were limpid and deep, like twin pools of water that a man could quite happily drown in.

Her hair was a rich, shiny shade of chestnut, and it trailed in easy waves down her slender, swan-like neck and flared out, cape-like, just above the spectacular ass her frame boasted.

Greg stared at her new body in awe - and confusion. She still didn't know how this had happened to her, and it wasn't something she'd ever wanted to happen. Indeed, if asked what she'd do at finding herself female, she might have predicted panic, insanity, even a complex emotional breakdown that left her curled up in a ball, sobbing. After the initial shock, however, she felt none of this. Instead, she felt a sense of lustful awe at seeing this gorgeous specimen of femininity, a desire to be near her, to touch her incredible body, to have her do whatever he wanted her to do...

...except that this body was now hers, and she had complete and utter control over it in a way he hadn't ever considered. Her male mind, of course, had urges to do things to this body that (even if she were freakish enough to be equipped for it) would require gymnastic acumen beyond the norm.

'Go fuck yourself' was a comment that would have had completely different ramifications for Greg right now if somebody suggested it. After all, it was her emotional desire to do just that, no matter how strange and even twisted the situation was.

That being impossible, however, Greg was stunned by the next set of thoughts and desires that washed over her - because she found herself wanting to see what this body would look like if it were fully made up, jewelry-bedecked, and clothed in ways that flattered and emphasized her beauty.

She didn't want to be a woman, and she'd expected that would mean she didn't want to do anything feminine - but, to her male mind, this was a gorgeous female 'he' was looking at, and 'he' wanted to see her looking as sexy as possible. The same thoughts Greg would have had as a male, if 'he' had seen this vision of beauty walking down the street in 'frumpy' clothes and no make-up.

The biggest difference was that 'he' could actually make 'her' wear whatever 'he' wanted 'her' too, make 'her' do anything 'he' wanted - because it was 'his' brain in 'her' body. Greg *was* this gorgeous creature, and had complete and total control over this incredible body.

To find that your first - well, second - urge at being unexpectedly turned female was to 'play dress-up' was disconcerting... but Greg was able to damp down that guilty feeling with a little left-field rationalization.

"Well, my clothes won't fit me anymore..." She told herself. "I guess I'll have to see what else I can find to wear while I figure out how to undo this..."

Of course, there was no guarantee that this could be undone, but she didn't let herself think about that because she wasn't sure whether or not she'd be horrified or excited at the thought...

Trying not to dwell on the mixed feelings that the thought of permanence brought, she glanced out the door of the bathroom, heart pounding behind those perfect breasts as she made sure nobody was around to see her naked body... and not sure whether the thought of being seen naked was scaring her or exciting her.

This definitely wasn't what she would have expected, if she'd ever given this 'impossible' situation any consideration at all.

Quickly, she dashed across the width of the small shack, grabbing the trunk used to store the 'Friday Night Haul', dragging the foot-locker style box into the bathroom with her and shutting the door.

The box took up most of what little room there was in the bathroom, and she sat awkwardly on the edge of the toilet as she opened the box and began to sort through the items inside, hoping to find something to stuff this new body into and, subconsciously, working on excuses to give herself for picking a sexier item over a more 'unflattering' one...

As it turned out, she didn't have any choices to make. There wasn't much clothing in the box, and she had to go with whatever would fit.

There was no underwear of any sort in the box, which (of course) made sense. Women weren't known for leaving their underthings crammed in a locker until it started to smell like old socks and sweat - that was strictly a guy thing, and even then usually in an all-male environment like men's change-rooms.

For a second, Greg found herself thinking an odd thought: What did women's change-rooms smell like...?

In any case, she wasn't going to have undergarments to put on, and she wasn't putting those ill-fitting boxer briefs back on.

Instead, she 'went commando'. One of the female employees obviously liked to work out during her lunch break, probably jogging once or twice around the perimeter of the plant, behind the rows of parked trailers. In any case, there was a pair of black spandex pants in the box, ones with a powder- blue stripe running down the outside of each leg. They were a little tight, but Greg was guiltily aware of the fact that they only molded that much tighter to her legs and spectacular ass, like a second skin that emphasized the curves she now boasted.

The matching black Nike crop-top was too small for her new endowments, which she'd 'guestimated' as being an incredibly firm DDD-cup, or maybe even EEE. In fact, there was nothing in the box that would do a good job of enclosing her spectacular new bust - so she resorted to her guard shirt.. with a twist. Knowing how uncomfortably tight it would be, buttoned, she instead tied it 'Country-Girl' style, a big bow at the lower quarter of her firm bust, covering them enough to be 'street legal', but displaying an eye-catching amount of creamy breast-flesh and mouth-watering cleavage. Her thick, engorged nipples even made themselves noticeable through the fabric, poking impudent dents into the fabric.

There was only one set of footwear in the box. Probably from a woman who'd come to work after a long night 'clubbing', and had exchanged them for something more comfortable. Greg didn't know for sure, of course, but it didn't really matter. What did matter was the fact that the black leather knee- boots fit her dainty new feet as if they were custom-made, and the four-inch high flared heel was pretty easy for her supple, agile new body to balance in. Part of her would have preferred the effect spike heels would have lent, especially high ones, six or seven inches - but she doubt she could have walked in such heels without plenty of practice, whereas these only required some concentration to remain gracefully balanced atop.

Though she felt guilty about it, part of her lamented the lack of jewelry in the box. Even 'worse' was the fact that there was a few cosmetics left behind by female employees... and she just couldn't seem to help herself, her desire to see this body at it's best practically forcing her to try her hand at applying the pastel pink lipstick, mascara, and pale 'burnt sienna' eye-shadow.

It took six tries in front of the mirror to get the make-up looking good - but it was worth it. Well, to Greg's male mind, at least, it was worth seeing this 'hot chick' emphasizing her body and face.

Another part of her, well aware it was here, found this really 'sick'... but couldn't stop it from happening.

The mirror also showed something else - the make-shift outfit she'd donned looked damned hot, like a 'stripper version' of a security-guard's uniform, the sort she might put together for a routine.

The mental image moved her to find a twist-tie from a box of garbage bags and put her hair up into a loose ponytail, feeding her silky mane carefully through the gap above the size-adjustment band in her company ball-cap, completing the 'uniform' as she snuggled the cap into place - after resizing it for her altered skull, of course.

The final 'look' was damned sexy. Sexy enough to arouse her male mind - which, in turn, caused her body to become aroused, producing female hormones that got her all 'hot and bothered', making her new womanhood hot and wet, her new nipples as hard as diamond.

Which only further served to increase her male-mind's arousal - which, in turn, drove her new body to new heights of sexual desire. Unlike men, where they reached a certain point at which they'd 'burst', a woman's arousal could feed on itself - and did.

Without anticipating it, without being ready for it (if she could have been), Greg's new body got locked into a feedback-loop of lust, rapidly achieving a level of arousal that was almost physically painful - but not quite. Unlike a guy's arousal, which was mainly external (and hydraulic), this arousal wasn't uncomfortable or painful, but exciting and 'mellowing', leaving her in a strange, almost dreamy state of raw desire.

There was also something completely unexpected about a woman's arousal that Greg had never really realized. With men, increased sensitivity during arousal was confined almost exclusively to the cock, and that was 'external', to boot. With this new body, arousal seemed to run through every nerve, bringing increased sensitivity to every end of her nerve network, bringing her entire body to a state of hyper-sensitivity... but with a far greater increase in nipples, breast and crotch.

Even more noticeable - more powerful - was the fact that her womanhood was an internal apparatus, that new sensitivity and desire like a wonderful warm, moist fire burning deep inside, filling her with an nearly irrepressible urge to be filled, to have something inside her, satisfying an 'itch' she couldn't scratch...

It was in this state of hyper-sensitive arousal, different and more 'intimate' than any she'd ever known as a man, that she heard the sound of a car door closing somewhere close to the guard shack.

"Oh, shit..." She said, stunned to realize that somebody was going to see her like this. Though she knew, intellectually, that she was fully female, part of her still felt like a guy in drag, as if her mental maleness was more important than the visibly female body the rest of the world would see. Feeling both panicked and aroused, she hesitantly opened the door to the bathroom and stepped out into the other room, wondering what the hell she was going to say or do.

The door to the guard-shack opened, and John - the night-shift maintenance man - stepped into the room...

...and stopped dead, eyes going wide and jaw going slack as he took in the tall, stunning woman in a sort of Guard's uniform standing in the middle of the guard shack. Unconsciously, Greg had ended up in a graceful, feminine 'pose', hands hanging naturally at her side, shoulders back, her weight on one leg so her rounded hips were cocked in a way that emphasized the smooth line of the hip-waist-breast contour.

"I, uh..." John stammered, numbly lifting the two cups of take-out coffee he held. "I went to buy coffee, and thought I'd get one for Greg, to thank him..."

The words only barely registered on Greg. She was otherwise preoccupied by two things. One was her panic at being 'found female', already rapidly fading into something else as it became obvious that the only thing John saw was a woman - and one that was sexually exciting to him, at that.

The other thing taking up her attention was the fact that she was just now realizing how handsome John was. How.. how masculine. How very male he was - as male as she was female. Oh, he was no movie-star, especially in his grungy clothes - but his faintly oily scent, mixed with a hint of 'hard-work' sweat and more than a little male musk from arousal, was so animalistic/masculine that it bypassed her male forebrain and struck directly at her aroused female senses.

Greg was stunned to find that she was lusting after John's firm, tanned body. The fact that he was obviously appreciating her curvaceous figure only increased what she was feeling - and she was quite guiltily enjoying the sensation.

There was a pause before what he'd said registered, but John didn't notice - he was too busy staring at her well-displayed body.

"I'm filling in for the rest of Greg's shift.," Was the best she could come up with on short notice, finding herself inordinately glad that he hadn't 'seen through her disguise' and recognized her. Intellectually, she knew that he wouldn't, but the verification soothed her emotional confusion a bit. "I'm..."

Oh, shit. She hadn't bothered to come up with a name. What sort of name would a woman like this have? What sort of name did a stunning, glorious...

"I'm Gloria." She said, finding her voice throaty with desire that she didn't know how to cope with. Male arousal she knew how to handle, to some degree, but this was new, this was confusing, this was... exciting.

"Uh.. John." He managed to reply. "Uh... well, would you like some coffee...?" HE held out one of the coffees. "It's double-double, if that's okay."

"That's be great..." She said, more to say something than out of actual interest in the coffee. She was at loose ends as to how to act, the only things leaping immediately to her aroused mind being 'sick' or 'wrong'.

Only.. right now they didn't feel sick or wrong. Sure, her male mind was insisting that they must be - but her female body was definitely insisting that it would feel *soooooo good*...

To cover her confused embarrassment, she accepted the coffee and sat down on the edge of the desk, pulling a cigarette out of her pack almost without thinking about it, merely responding to a long-established habit.

She was actually surprised when she heard her own voice invite John to have a seat and join her. It was with less surprise that she saw John take her up on that offer, seating himself oh-so-close to her luscious body, eyes roving almost of their own accord over every perfect, powerful inch of her body. Nervous, shaken - and aroused - she lit her cigarette and took a sip of her coffee as a 'diversionary' tactic, wondering why the hell she'd invited him to stay.

"I... I didn't realize that security guards could wear something other than their uniform..." John said, blushing slightly as he gave his 'rational' excuse for eyeing her - and it was quite an eyeful he was getting, with her barely-restrained tits at just about eye level.

"Night shift is a little looser than day shift, because it's so quiet..." She said, truthfully - and found herself leaning forward, better displaying her cleavage as she said in a very, very seductive voice: "You'd be amazed at what night-shift can get away with..."

What the hell was wrong with her? She was actually coming on to John! Just because she was so damned horny she couldn't think straight, just because her tits ached to be fondled, her lips begged to be kissed, she was actually coming on to John in the hopes that he'd respond! This wasn't right!

So why did it feel so damned right? Why did it feel like the most important thing in the world to get John so horny he'd fuck her long and hard, satisfying the rampant desire her new body gave her?

Greg/Gloria was too far gone to realize that horny people made 'stupid' decisions. It was like being drunk or something. There was a long historic precedent for horny people doing things that they wouldn't have done in calmer - more sane - moments. How else did unplanned pregnancies happen? Obviously, people would be more careful about that, and a host of other things, if it weren't for the hormones running rampant in their systems.

Right now, her new body was swimming in at least four times the amount of hormones produced in the body of your average pubescent female, and it was affecting her all the more for the fact she had no idea how to handle these new urges and sensations.

John, wide-eyed, coughed and took another long slug of the steaming coffee, not even noticing as it scalded his tongue. He was trying to convince himself that he must have misunderstood her - after all, a stunningly sexy woman you just met didn't try and seduce you in sex, at least not outside the pages of Playboy...

...except that Gloria was doing just that, her own situation far more exotic than anything a writer might have come up with.

The new woman's mind swam, thoughts hard to form, even harder to hold onto - and when she did hold a thought, then her body moved as if on it's own, responding to an ages-old sexual imperative that modern women had learned how to hand through years of experience that 'Gloria' lacked.

So, she was surprised to find herself gracefully setting the coffee aside and sliding the butt of her cigarette sensuously between her full, lipstick-clad lips, eyes becoming heavy-lidded and sensual as she stared at John...

...and used her hands to slowly undo the knot in her shirt, letting the blue fabric part to reveal her gorgeous, firm globes in all their magnificent glory.

Using her right hand to remove her cigarette from her mouth, she closed her eyes and leaned back, slowly expelling a slow stream of smoke in a strangely erotic plume...

...as her other hand slowly and sensuously massaged her own, massive breast.

"Mmmm " She moaned low in the back of her throat, shocked at her own actions but unable to control herself. "this feels so good "

Then, as she'd half expected, she felt the hesitant touch of John's shaking hand on her other full, inviting breasts. With an inviting sigh of pleasure, she leaned even further back - while scooting her ass forward, putting her chest even more firmly in John's slightly surprised hand. Bracing herself on her left arm, she continued to take long, sensual drags from her cigarette as she moaned low and deep at John's steadily more confident touch, his strong, work-roughened hands seeming to strike sparks of pure pleasure that burned through her nerves as he eagerly and expertly massaged and fondled her breasts...

...and then his hands were joined by his lips and tongue as he took turns licking and sucking on her thick, fully engorged nipples, and now her moans were interspersed with sharp, sweet gasps of pleasure as she unconsciously found herself scooting further and further forward on the desk...

...until, quite suddenly, she found herself lowering herself onto his lap, cigarette dropped in the ashtray as she bent her head and let her full, inviting lips part slightly in anticipation.

She wasn't disappointed. As much as he was enjoying nibbling on her round, firm tits, he left off with that to lift his face to hers, and their lips met in a long, deep, and very pleasurable kiss.

Gloria had never realized just how good a kiss could feel. Her lips were fuller, firmly soft - and very sensitive to the pleasure of John's firm-yet-tender kiss. Her tongue seemed made to dance with his, sliding in and out of his mouth as he did the same to her in an age-old dance of passion.

She would never be able to recall what exactly happened next. When their lips, something seemed to explode in her mind. She'd passed the point of no return, and her male mind was washed under by a flood of desire, and thought seemed to stop completely, leaving her in a world of pleasure and sensation.

The next thing she knew, they were both naked, and she was braced over the edge of the desk, legs locked and spread, hands braced on the desk and firm breasts dangling below her, nipples almost painfully erect in the cool air as she stared out the window at the empty plant...

...and then even sight was erased from her repertoire of senses as she felt John's throbbing, ready manhood slide firmly and deeply into her oh-so-ready new womanhood.

She lost all sense except physical touch, the sensation of pressure and pleasure as John began to fuck her hard and deep. She didn't hear his gasps of eager exertion, or her own gasps and moans of pleasure, her own demands that he fuck her harder and deeper. She was unaware that her body was responding automatically, moving her hips in a counter-point to maximize the pleasure she was feeling from this most feminine of acts. All she was aware of was the rising tide of pleasure that was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before.

When, as a man, Greg had reached orgasm, it was like a dam letting go, a flood of pleasure that rushed out of him along with his spray of seminal fluid, as if the pleasure was a liquid that flowed forth at orgasm.

Gloria, however, experienced something new and exciting. Her orgasm wasn't a dam bursting - it was a nuclear detonation. A tremendous blast of soundless white light, pleasure that thrummed through her and ripped a scream from her like the sound-blast that followed the light-speed visual explosion of a nuclear bomb. That explosion was followed by the long, slow glide down, like the gradual white-to-orange-to-red fade of a nuclear explosion towards its incarnation as a spreading mushroom cloud.

Gasping from an overloaded sensory network, fine new body sheathed in sweat, Gloria slumped on the desk, barely feeling her own torso's weight atop her firm, spectacular breasts as John gasped and pulled out of her, his load feeling warm and somehow wonderfully comforting inside her.

Gloria then discovered something else about her new body. Sex, while immensely gratifying, wasn't necessarily 'satisfying'. Unlike a man's 'hydraulic system', a woman's body could be ready for another round immediately following. Though the sexual experience she'd just had was amazing, it wasn't

'quenching'. Though new and wonderful, it wasn't necessarily better than a male orgasm... and it wasn't nearly as final.

Though she'd just had sex, as a woman, she found herself feeling less 'anxious' but still eager to go again.

The level of her own desires scared and shocked her. She'd been so utterly horny that she'd lost control, her male mind not even putting up a token protest once she'd felt John's lips on her own. Now, after a tremendous orgasm, her mind was once more beginning to function...

...and she found herself, male and female parts alike, wanting more of the same. Wanting to be caressed, touched, kissed - and fucked.

Just having one 'measly' orgasm wasn't enough to satisfy her rampaging hormones. Her body, still affected by her own male outlook, was still 'revved up'. Even though thought of this body - male mind or no - having sex with men was exciting, arousing, enticing. It had felt wonderful, it had excited her and turned her on - like her male mind had a first-row seat at the most incredible porno ever filmed, where a gorgeous, buxom woman got fucked long and hard - and you not only got to see it, but feel it. Though part of her still desperately wished it could be experienced from the male viewpoint, she knew that she was the woman and there was nothing she could do to alter that, at least for now - and sex as a woman was a hell of a 'second best'. In fact, because it was so new and different, if not inherently better, than a male orgasm, that made it all the more wonderful - and made her want to do it again all the more.

The sheer depth of her own desire scared the living shit out of her. Now that her mind was working once again, what she'd just done shocked - and excited - her. As a man, even given a 'hypothetical/impossible' scenario where 'he' somehow became a woman, Greg would never believe that 'he'/she would willingly have sex with a man much less enjoy it immensely - and want more.

She began to flush furiously, her orgasmic 'calm' quickly turning to confusion and guilty arousal. "Oh, god - I can't believe I just... I mean, that we "

The words were unplanned - and she regretted them the instants he said them, because John recoiled as if she'd physically struck him.

"No!" She said, sharply, knowing that she'd initiated everything. That fact was more than enough to make her feel guilty, much less how she'd feel if John felt bad about what had just happened. "It It wasn't you. I mean, actually, I appreciate what you did, because I really, really wanted it. What I can't believe is that I wanted it so badly " She paused, seeing the stricken look on his face fade into uncertainty.

John's emotional vulnerability reached through her confused emotions. Having been male, she could understand how a man might feel in this situation. First off all, having a gorgeous woman practically beg you to fuck her was hard enough to believe, no matter how often you might have fantasized about just that. On that almost subconscious doubt, having the woman seem regretful afterward smacked too much of rape.

"Thank you, John." She said, letting her own doubt and confusion fade, her words heavy with sincerity. "I really, really did want that, and I enjoyed it more than you can ever imagine. You certainly didn't do anything wrong. It's my own desires that I feel ashamed of. A real 'lady' shouldn't be like this. I feel... dirty, like I'm.. a slut, or something."

That last part was only partially true. She felt like a 'faggot', her male mind having trouble accepting the fact that she could get so much physical pleasure from having sex with a man. She could just imagine herself trying to explain *that* to John...

"I.. I enjoyed it, too. I'm sorry if..." John said, miserably - and she gently lay a hand on his arm.

"No - no, let's not do this." She said. "We were just two people giving each other pleasure. Nothing to be ashamed about, for either of us. No string attached - just pleasure."

As she said it, Gloria was stunned to find herself willing to accept it. Her male mind didn't even put up a token argument. After all, sex was sex. She'd had sex, and enjoyed it - why let that be cluttered by negative emotions. After all, she hadn't willingly turned herself female, so there was no guilt in that - and women had needs, too. Natural born women had sex, after all - and now that she was female, for however long it might be, she would be having sex as well. She certainly wasn't going to become celibate. Perhaps lesbian sex would be more her thing - or maybe she'd find having sex with men so much more enjoyable than girl-girl sex that she could put her guilt aside, knowing that (trapped as she was as a woman) there was no better way of getting pleasure. Why should she 'punish' herself with second-rate pleasure just because some sort of freak accident turned her female.

John sighed, managing a small smile. "Well, I guess this is enough like a fantasy that I can treat it like one - a wonderful dream, with no attachment to reality. I can remember what it was like without having to act as if it were something 'meaningful' - or even real."

"Maybe that would be best..." Gloria admitted as John began to dress. She, too, began to pull on her clothing, trying (and failing) to recall exactly when they'd undressed.

Lighting another cigarette and slumping into the chair after John had finished dressing and left, Gloria began to think about all the possible repercussions of her change. How was she going to deal with being female? How was she going to explain it - and to who? How was she going to prove that this gorgeous creature she'd become was 'really' Greg?

How was she going to deal with being so incredibly easy to arouse, since her very own body turned her on...

She tried not to think about that - but it was a useless exercise. Slowly, one hand drifted towards her firm, full breasts, while the other slid downwards towards her crotch.

Before she knew what was happening, the new woman was masturbating frantically, head thrown back as she moaned in pleasure, her pants pulled down to her knees to give her room to frantically finger her swollen, sensitive clit...

For the rest of the evening, the same scenario repeated itself. She'd masturbate herself to orgasm, then be ashamed at her loss of control, rearranging her clothes as she struggle to keep her mind away from sex - only to end up frantically masturbating again, hating herself for being weak to her own desires but unable to stop...

She was just finishing another bout of frantic fingering, her hand dripping with her own feminine juices, when the sun peeked over the horizon...

...and she felt a strange shudder run through her body.

Gloria gasped as the sun washed across her lush female figure - and it began to change. Her breasts began to pull back in on themselves as his clit began to swell. Stunned, she realized that she was once more becoming male, her body readjusting itself... the pain started in her feet. The change itself was surprisingly free of pain, only mildly uncomfortable but her feet were growing in leather boots that had no room for growth, and she quickly bent and unlaced them, hauling them off her rapidly swelling feet. Gasping as the pressure eased, she - no, he straightened...

...just as the door opened and the guy from mobile Patrol stepped in. He'd pulled up when Greg was busy with the boots, and - bent over - neither had been able to see the other. The Mobile Patrol guard had come in to see where Greg was...

...and found him. Greg's change was complete - or as complete as it was going to get. Half-naked, Greg was sprawled in the chair, his body still bare of any body hair. It was more than that, though - his build hadn't altered that much, his bones now set in their position. Though once again male, his body was slender and wide-hipped, effeminate-yet-male...

...with long hair, long nails, and make-up on his somewhat effeminate face. Even worse was the fact that the 'incomplete' change had channeled all those 'free' feminine hormones floating around in his system into a cock even bigger and thicker than the original, downright enormous... and it was hanging limp between his bare thighs, in full view.

The MP guard stared at Greg, who realized what he must looked like, and struggled back into the ill-fitting spandex pants while searching for an excuse - any excuse.

He couldn't find one...

* * * * *

Blushing furiously and feeling most definitely out-of-sorts, Greg kept his eyes averted from all the other last-minute customers in the second-hand clothing store.

It was bad enough that he'd found himself female for the night. It was worse that he'd actually, willingly had sex as a woman. But bad as the thought of being stuck as a woman had been, what had actually happened was worse. Stuck with an effeminate body, out of a job, and with no way of proving an excuse that he didn't dare give anyway. What a hell of a thing...

...and, to add insult to injury, he was spending some of what little money he had saved up to buy a new wardrobe - one that fit his feminine figure. He'd tried K-Mart first... and had been horrified and disgusted to find that nothing fit his altered figure correctly. Though equipped with a massive new cock, though his hands and feet had achieved male proportions, despite his effeminate-yet-definitely-male face and lack of breasts, he had the figure of a woman.

Which is how he found himself here, in a second-hand clothing store. A *women's* second hand clothing shop. The few female customers and staff all looked at him oddly, the manager even going so far as to ask if he was sure he had the right store, looking at him askance.

Mortified, he'd mumbled a story about 'strange genes' and needing to wear 'unisex' women's clothing for comfort... and the sympathy of the staff was somehow even worse.

Now, miserably, Greg stood in line to pay for his purchases, jeans and simple shirts that could have been men's clothes, if not for the styling to allow for his womanly hips, slender shoulders and slim ribcage. Of course, none of it was designed for his bulging crotch, but even the men's sweatpants he wore fit poorly on his hips, pulling the fabric tight over his crotch. If he had to be uncomfortable anyway, he might as well wear clothes that were as close to comfortable as he could get.

The woman in front of him was digging around in her purse. Greg had noticed her when he'd first come in. Even in his own misery, he couldn't help but notice she was very attractive, with a supple figure and a lovely face. She was fairly buxom, but nowhere as much as 'Gloria' had been, and her hips were slimmer than Greg's new ones, but she was still a supple, 'outdoorsy' sort of beauty, with toned muscles and tanned skin.

More than her beauty, however, the sandy-blond had caught Greg's attention because she was the only person he'd met today who looked as miserable as Greg felt. Her hair was in disarray, her face devoid of make-up, and her eyes red with tears shed. Now, she happened to end up in line in front of him, and even in his own state he could feel both attraction to her fine figure and sorrow for whatever it was she was suffering through.

Finally, she pulled out a credit card and handed it over, and the woman at the counter ran it through the machine - to look upset when the machine 'beeped'.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Miss - but this card's been canceled." The clerk said, sadly. "I'm afraid I have to cut it up..."

The sandy-haired woman's shoulders slumped, and she began to sob. "Thu.. that bast.. basta.. bastard! It's a joint acc.. account... He shouldn't have can-can-canceled..."

The rest of the sentence was lost in incoherent sobs - and, somehow, her pain snapped things into perspective for Greg. Maybe his life had just turned to shit, but he wasn't the only one with problems.

"It's okay, Miss..." He said, gently. Dumping his own armful of clothes on the counter next to the blonde's, he told the clerk, "Ring it all through as one - I'll pay for it."

The blonde sniffed and looked at him with teary eyes. "Whu.. why?"

He grinned sympathetically and gestured at his own body. "Let's just say I know what it's like to have problems, and how it can feel like they're going to overwhelm you. Think of it as.. as a 'random act of kindness'. Maybe there's something to this Karma deal - and I can use all the good luck I can garner."

The woman managed a sad smile that seemed to crush Greg's heart with its load of sorrow.

"Thank you - but.. But I don't have any money, no place to go, nothing at all. I... I'm flat broke and don't have anything at all and.. and.."

She broke down into deep, wracking sobs, and Greg gently enfolded her shaking body in his arms. "It's all right. Everything is going to be okay..."

"No! It's not!" She wailed, while customer and staff alike looked away in awkward embarrassment of her vulnerable, helpless state. "How is it going to be all right? I don't even have a place to stay tonight!"

"No, no - It'll be okay!" Greg said, as firmly as he could. "Look - My name's Greg. What's your name?" She sniffled, looking up at him with tears in her eyes. "San... Sandy."

"Listen, Sandy - I promise. No matter what happens, I'll make sure you have a place to stay, clothes on your back, and food to eat. You can stay with me until you're back on your feet."

He said it firmly - but privately, he wondered how he was going to manage that, out of work and 'freakish' as he was. Well, at least coping with Sandy would help him keep his mind off his own troubles...

Sandy sniffed, her sobs drying up - but she was still limp, defeated, her eyes sad and without hope.

"It'd be better if I just killed myself." She said, miserably. "You don't know me, Greg. You have no idea what's going on with my life. I appreciate you trying to help me, but nobody can. It would be better if I was never born - but I was. The next best thing is just to end my miserable excuse for a life..."

"No - that's not true." Greg said as firmly as he could. "You're going to let me help you, and everything's going to turn out all right. I promise."

Sandy sighed. "Whatever."

Her hopeless, dispirited look worried Greg - but at least helping her helped him cope with his own situation. Sandy didn't protest when he paid for their purchases and guided her outside and into a taxi- cab... but she followed him like a beaten dog just taken the course of least resistance, no longer seeming to care what happened to her, willing to put her own life in Greg's hands. She showed no concern at being taken back to the apartment of a man she'd just met, and that worried Greg, who'd expected her to protest. She just didn't seem to care.

Paying the driver of the cab with more of his rapidly diminishing stash of money, Greg led an unresisting Sandy into his building an up to his apartment. When he closed the door behind her, she just stood in the entryway, head down and shoulders slumped.

"I'm going to change." Greg said, uncomfortably. "uh - did you want to watch some TV or something? Or maybe you'd like to see the second bedroom. It's kinda bare, but there's a bed and a closet, and we can get some second-hand furniture for you until you're back on your feet..."

"Whatever..." She said, in a numb voice.

"Look, Sandy - it can't be that bad." Greg said, trying to break her uncaring mood.

She looked at him with eyes that were dead. "Yes. It can. You see, it's like this. I was living with this guy. About a year ago, he advertised for a roommate. I'm sure he was expecting a male roommate, but when I showed up, he was more than willing to rent me out the room. Guess he figured I'd maybe, you know, end up as a sort of live-in lover. What I didn't tell him though is that I.. I'm not interested in guys."

"You're a lesbian?" Greg asked - then wanted to kick himself for the tactless comment.

Sandy's grin was anything but humorous. "I wish. Maybe life would be easier. Truth is, I have a hormone imbalance. I.. I don't get sexually aroused. Ever. Who wants to be with a woman who never wants to have sex? Oh, I've tried to fake it, for the sake of a relationship... but I just don't get physically excited, so I'm a 'cold fish' in bed. It's no good."

Greg's eyes stung with tears, but he tried a smile on for size anyway, trying to cheer her up. "Hey, c'mon - guys can enjoy spending time with gals even without sex. Give me a chance. We might end up becoming best friends..."

"...until you meet a girl who likes you - and is willing to sleep with you." Sandy said, in a dead voice. "look, let's just drop it, okay. I appreciate what you're doing. I just don't think it'll do any good. If you don't mind, I think I'll just get a bath and then grab some sleep..."

"Sure. Whatever you'd like." Greg agreed, uncomfortable with her conviction that life wasn't worth living. He showed her to the bathroom, and as she started a tub to filling, he went into his bedroom and began to change, peeling out of the ill-fitting clothes...

...when a thought struck him. A horrible, horrible thought. When a person was this dispirited, they were quite often hospitalized for depression - and put on a suicide watch.

He'd just left her alone in the bathroom.

Horrified at the thought, praying he was wrong, Greg dashed from his bedroom - barely aware of the fact that he was stark naked. Instead, that dead look in Sandy's eyes loomed before him, and his gut was clenched in fear.

The sound of running water had stopped, even though there was no way the tub could be full yet. Greg pounded on the door - and got no response.

It was a 'Hollywood' scene, yet one that Greg wasn't aware of performing. All he knew was that there was a locked door between him and a woman who might already be dead, and he didn't even think - he just stepped back, raised on foot, and slammed all his weight onto the door just above the knob, not so much a kick as a controlled fall.

The door quite obediently popped open, and Greg 'fell' into the bathroom, his outstretched leg hitting the floor firmly and leaving him in a lunge as he stared at the bathtub...

...where Sandy, naked, stood in ankle-deep water, holding his electric razor in one hand. It was plugged into the wall... and she'd taken the time to jam a plastic object into the 'reset' breaker of the safety-plug, keeping it from tripping.

"Don't bother..." Sandy said in a dead, emotionless voice. "I hope the cops don't give you too much trouble..."

She dropped the razor.

Her few words of 'sorrow' at her actions had let Greg get past the initial shock, and even as her hand opened he was diving forward...

He and the razor met in mid-air.. and, not being braced, he merely continued forward, time slowing enough for him to recognize and regret his lethal mistake as his outstretched hands, cradling the razor, made contact with the water...

There was a burst of light - and then pure, unfeeling darkness.

* * * * *

..and I understand if she never wants to talk to me again, Mrs. Luddachek - but, please, if you hear from your daughter, let her know I called and want to apologize. I was flat-out wrong, and I'll do anything - anything - to make it right again, if I can."

Feeling like a complete heel, Steve listened to Sandy's mother assure him she'd tell Sandy he'd called, then hung up. Resisting the urge to whack himself in the head a few times with the hard plastic receiver, Steve hung up and slumped back in the couch.

Though no Greek god, Steve was fairly handsome in a lean, rugged sort of way. God knew he wasn't exactly hurting for female companionship most of the time - though it never really amounted to much more than sex. Not that Steve was running down sex, but the only woman he'd ever actually become friends with was Sandy. Living with her for a year had brought them so close that they were really each other's best friend...

...and then he'd gone and done this. Some semi-buddies had dropped by and invited him out with them, and he'd gone. He'd been at a barbecue his less-than-mature buddies had been throwing, one where alcohol had been flowing like water. He'd had too many beers while chatting with a cute, buxom young thing who'd flirted outrageously with him...

...then flounced off with a laugh when he'd finally gotten around to suggesting something a little more... physical. She'd been a real cock-tease, leaving him feeling angry and unsatisfied. He'd taken a cab home, drunk and horny and angry...

...and found Sandy doing her exercises in front of the TV. Since he'd said he was going to be gone until late, she'd decided to use the big-screen TV in the living room rather than the smaller TV/VCR combo in the furnished room he'd been renting her. Though small and hard to see, she almost always used that TV - because she liked to exercise in the nude.

Seeing her naked had aroused him - and being drunk, he'd actually been stupid enough to try something.

She'd refused, of course, as she'd made clear from the very beginning that she had no sexual interest in him. The thing was, drunk as he was, her refusal (and nudity) brought back that stupid little cock- tease at the party, and he'd become furious, the alcohol artificially enhancing his emotions.

He'd kicked her out and then, out of spite, canceled their joint credit account, the one he'd gotten with her because of her poor credit history.

He'd then dropped into bed and gotten a few hours sleep - only to wake feeling absolutely awful, and not just because of the hangover. He couldn't believe what he'd done, and he'd spent the last few hours trying to track her down. It was now past midnight, and he'd resorted to call her family in California, where it was only just after nine o'clock. Knowing that she didn't get along well with her parents, it was a slim hope - but he was running out of options, and desperate to try and make this thing right again.

Then he heard the sound of a key in the front door. Hope blossoming, Steve shot to his feet as the door opened... his jaw dropped as the most incredible creature he'd ever seen walked in the door.

She was dressed in a spandex 'dress' that was straining on her body almost to the point of bursting. It had good reason to strain - the woman it tried to enclose was enormous. Even without the extra six inches from her spike-heeled pumps, she was a good six-two. Her body was exquisitely tanned and toned, richly feminine in a powerful way. Her hips were wide and womanly, putting even more strain on that red spandex dress - but there was some slack material from the fact that her waist was incredibly tiny for a woman of her stature. Though tall, she was slender and feminine of build...

...and she had absolutely massive, round tits that were trying to (and almost succeeding at) shouldering their way out of the dress' strained neckline. They were barely covered, displaying almost three quarters of their round, firmly-soft perfection.

A massive mane of lustrous, light-brown hair ran nearly to her knees, and surrounded a face...

...that looked very familiar. Though the lips were fuller, and the nose a bit smaller, it was a face Steve had seen every day for a year.

"Suh.. Sandy...?" Steve stammered, staring at this incredible, sexual giantess in his doorway.

"More or less..." She said in a slow, seductive tone. She lightly caressed her own, massive bust as she kicked the door shut behind her. "Mostly 'more'..."

"What? How...?" Steve stammered, as she slowly began to move towards him with a cock-stiffening stride.

"It's a long, long story." She purred. "You have no idea how strange. But here's the good part of it - I'm home, I'm huge-hootered.. and I'm horny."

Impossible, Steve's eyes widened even further, and he made a choking sound as this sexual Goddess quite literally tore her straining dress off, revealing every smooth, golden curve of her flawless body.

The scent of her rampant arousal hit him, and his already hard cock strained painfully at his pants.

"I'll explain everything tomorrow." She told him with a hungry grin. "right now, you're gonna fuck me until you just can't fuck no more..."

'Oh, God - yes...!' Sandy cried in exultation as the massive, sexual new body she was in stepped forward to rip open a very unresisting Steve's pants. 'I never knew that just being horny could feel so wonderful!'

'Oh, God - you have no idea...' Greg/Gloria replied in the silent vaults of their shared mind as both sets of minds directed the glorious new body they wore to finish ripping Steve's clothes off. There'd been some false starts as each had struggled for control of their new, shared body. That had been when they'd first awoken in the bath-tub. Somehow, the strange.. whatever that had caused Greg's original transformation into a woman had been reawakened by that second electrical charge - and it had merged the flesh of both of them together into this new, hyper-sexual body. As 'Gloria', the Greg- part of them had produced enough hormones for four women - or for one super-sized woman.

Once they'd figured out that they'd both wanted the exact same thing - sex - it hadn't been hard to use the body at all, both sets of minds giving the same basic instructions to the body. Now, combined willpower caused the strong, massively feminine body they shared to lift Steve's stunned, naked body in it's feminine arm, their lips eagerly kissing his unresisting lips as they carried him towards the bedroom.

By the time they arrived, he was kissing back enthusiastically, still confused - but willing to 'play along' with the impossibly sexy goddess Sandy had become. Of course, he had no way of knowing there were two personalities in that body, one of which an ex-man - and he never would know. Sandy and Greg had both agreed that it would stay a secret, and they'd live as 'Sandy' from now on.

After all, they didn't want to get locked up as crazy. All they'd have to do is insist that a suicide attempt had somehow done this to her, and that was all. They didn't have to explain how it could have happened - just convince somebody that it had, and since they looked like Sandy, at least in the face, it would be enough, even if it would leave behind a lot of confused experts. The two people sharing the body didn't care about the confusion they might create, however.

In this strange, unimaginable 'joining', they'd solved both of their problems. Sandy was now sexually active (very much s!), and Greg had an 'onboard expert' at being female. Sure, sooner or later there'd be some awkward questions as to what happened to Greg - but they'd deal with that when the time came, same as the trouble with her severely altered body.

For now, she only had one thing on her mind - and as she put Steve down on the bed and lay down, legs spread, she knew that this was one 'problem' she'd never have trouble solving, at least temporarily. Sure, one man wouldn't be enough to satisfy her new urges, but she was sure - looking as she did - that she'd have no shortage of volunteers...

'Fuck me, baby - fuck me hard...' Two minds instructed in one voice, and Steve obeyed with a will. Even as he mounted her, however, she was feeling rather guilty, knowing that she was just 'using' Steve to satisfy her powerful urge. She'd soon 'discard' him for other men, men who didn't want any ties, who were willing to provide her with near-constant sex...

...and who were bigger and much better endowed than Steve. He wasn't a shrimp in the manhood- department, but as his cock slid into her wet cunt, she knew she could enjoy a larger cock much, much more.

Still, Steve's cock was somewhat larger than her own finger, which she'd already used to bring her new body to orgasm twice before coming over. Steve might not be 'Mister right', but he was 'Mister right Now', and that was good enough for the combined woman as he began energetically thrusting into a cunt that could take all she had to give, and much more...

'Oh, yes!' Gloria cried in their combined mind. "Hey - your folks live on the coast, right...?" 'Yeah, they - oh, this feels so great - live in 'Frisco. Why?'

'Harder, baby... well, there's some really, really big men in porn films, and... damn it, Steve...' "...harder..." she moaned, aloud.

'...and deeper. Hey, yeah - we wouldn't have any problem getting into the biz, huh?'

'Nope - and we might even find a guy big enough that we could fuck ourselves to satisfaction on his throbbing cock.'

'God, I hope so...' Sandy, the once 'dead-fish' said fervently. 'This is better than masturbating - but it just ain't enough.'

'Uh, oh.... yeah, but still, you know our new motto...'

"An orgasm is an orgasm..." their body said, aloud, mirroring twin thoughts - and then she began to twitch as her orgasm - weak as it was - hit, and Steve didn't have time to puzzle out her words as he struggled to stay on her big, bucking body, her huge, firm tits threatening to knock him unconscious as she slammed upwards in orgasmic ecstasy.

'God - that was better than I'd expected...!' Sandy gasped in their mind.

'Geez, that move he made at the end, dragging his cock along our clit like that... I guess 'size isn't everything' after all. He's got a hell of a technique.' Gloria admitted. 'Maybe we shouldn't be in a hurry to dump him, after all. We'll just have to find a couple more guys, since no guy can get and stay hard quick enough or long enough to satisfy...'

That was as far as she got with that thought - as Steve slid downward, kissing his way from her huge tits, down her stomach, and between her taut, firm thighs - and his tongue went to work with unbelievable skill, fingers aiding as he started a chain of pleasure more intense than either personality had ever felt.

'Yeah - definitely staying awhile ' Sandy though disjunctedly as intense, incredibly pleasure began to mount in their new body.

'Oh, yeah !' Gloria said, whether in agreement with Sandy or in pleasure, Sandy wasn't sure - and didn't care as the pleasure continued to mount.

Then both minds joined to have her huge-breasted new body scream in pleasure as Steve's skilled manipulations brought them each to pure ecstasy, and all thoughts of the future were wiped out in the eternal instant of their shared, two-mind-boggling orgasm...

...while, unbeknownst to 'Sandy', Steve was admitting to himself that the woman she'd become was too much for him to handle alone, and wondering how to 'inoffensively' suggest that a couple of his friends might like to drop by now and then to 'lend a hand'.

After all, what were friends for if you couldn't call on them to pitch in when you were overmatched...? Especially among guys, where it was a point of honor to 'compete' at almost anything - and though Steve was willing to introduce a few 'competitors', if Sandy was willing, he was still planning on doing whatever he could to walk away with the metaphorical Gold Medal.

Assuming, of course, he could get anybody to believe his 'boasts'. He'd definitely have to have this incredible new Sandy come along to verify at least part of his story. Otherwise, nobody would believe it. Why, this was a fantasy come to life, and then some - even to himself, Sandy suddenly becoming this sexual goddess was nearly impossible to believe.

With a mental snort, Steve thought to himself that it was just about as unbelievable as a story got. Hell, the only thing more ridiculous would be if it were a *guy* who had become this sexual giantess instead of a woman...

...but, no - **that** was *waaaaayyy* too far outside of the realms of reality.

Shoving the stupid thought out of his head, Steve went back to work with fingers and tongue, planning to keep Sandy in a state of constant orgasm until 'Little Steve' was once again ready to take the plunge...

FINIS



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: After he gets zapped by a short in his computer, Chris finds himself jumping between dimensions landing in female bodies, each different from the others.

Bounce Back

By Gunslinger

The window rattled in its frame, high above the street that lay shrouded in premature twilight that had come with the heavy, dark clouds scudding in low from the east. The orangish light of the street lamps cast a pale reflection of the building opposite, its feeble glow no match from the golden-white light filling the twelfth story apartment.

Then, suddenly, that warm glow was occluded by a glaring flash of blue-white that seemed to freeze- frame the occupant of the room, who went rigid as the heavy bass of the thunder shook the room with its power, practically on the heels of the lightning's flash.

"Oh, shit!" Chris MacAffree swore, shooting a startled look out the window at the storm that was roiling outside. Now the patter of heavy raindrops beat against the window, and the young man swore again.

Chris had just purchased a brand-new computer, spending most of his savings on the high-end machine. After setting it up, he'd become lost in playing around with it, not noticing the gathering storm. Now, with another curse, the dark-haired young man shoved the chair he was sitting on backwards and dove under the desk on which his expensive new system rested.

When he'd made the purchase this afternoon, he'd neglected only one item - a power bar. Now, visions of his computer, bereft of surge protection, being deep-fried by a power surge filled his thought. He reached out to the power cord that led from the computer to the wall, his hands wrapping around the dark-gray plastic of the head and pulling it from the wall...

At that instant, the world seemed to turn to white as the room shook with a bass crescendo in the same instant. The lights in the room flickered and died, but Chris was incapable of noticing that fact - as his body had jerked with a mighty force, slamming against the bottom of the desk as blue arcs of electricity flowed from the half-exposed prongs of the partially removed computer plug and traced wicked designs over his body in the dimness of the room. Sparks flew from his quartz digital watch, which was currently insisting it was 19:43 in the a.m. and p.m.

Then the jolt ended, and Chris was thrown backwards, where he shuddered for a second in after- effect, then shook his head to clear it...

...and was shocked to feel the sensation of hair brushing against his shoulders.

"What the...?" Chris started to say - then stopped dead, his hands flying to his throat at the sound of the feminine voice that emerged. Gaping, he looked down - to see a pair of 'okay' feminine legs protruding from a red-and-black plaid skirt. A fuzzy red sweater was a little higher than that, and it was pushed outwards by two small but definite mounds.

"Holy shit!" Chris swore, struggling to his - her? Feet, starting to tremble. He realized that he wasn't even really in 'his' room anymore. Although it appeared to be the same apartment, and the same room, it was decorated differently, in a much more feminine manner - and where his desk with the computer on it had sat there was now...

...a desk with his computer on it.

Shuddering, Chris looked down - and sighed as he saw exactly what he should have seen - a mildly muscular, definitely male body clad in jeans and a white cotton work shirt.

"That was... weird." Chris said to himself, reassured by the sound of his own voice. Unable to resist the need to do so, he ran his fingers through his own short mass of dark hair.

"Wow." Chris said, amazed. He realized he'd gotten a jolt from that electrical burst, and he figured that the whole episode, which had lasted about three-quarters of a minute - if that - was just some sort of hallucination...

"Oh, shit - the *computer!*" Chris swore, his mind getting back to where he'd been before the weird 'I'm a girl' thing happened. He sniffed deeply and smelled the distinctive ozone-like electrical smell, but wasn't sure if it was his computer that was making it or not. He spent the next three hours pacing anxiously, until the storm died enough for him to feel comfortable turning the computer back on. When it rebooted without any trouble, Chris heaved a sigh of relief, the strange hallucination - realistic as it had felt, right down to that momentary imagined sensation that he could feel bra straps on 'her' shoulders - was already beginning to fade.

* * * * *

"Hey, Josh - catch up with you in a sec. Just gotta hit the can."

Chris' friend nodded and continued on into the theater while Chris continued on down the hallway towards the men's room.

Three days had passed since the storm, and Chris had gotten a power bar and basically forgotten the incident all together. Now, he entered the white-tiled men's room at the CineStar 6 theaters and walked over to the urinal, unzipping his fly

and planting himself in front of the porcelain fixture, the memory of three days ago the furthest thing from his mind as he wondered if the movie he and Josh were here to see was going to be as good as all the TV reviews said it would be.

Shaking off and zipping off, Chris went over to the sinks and turned on the taps, glancing up in the mirror and...

...feeling a shudder run through him for an instant.

"What the hell...?" Chris gasped, staring wide eyed at the mirror while the water continued to cascade over his hands, unheeded.

In the space of that strange shudder, everything had changed.

Reflected in the mirror was an attractive, dark-haired woman. Dressed in a pair of khaki slacks and a white blouse, she was attractive, with full, soft lips and dark eyes. Her face was carefully made-up, and Chris could taste the lipstick on her lips - for the image that was reflected was of him - or, rather, *her*.

It wasn't the same woman from the hallucination - if it had been a hallucination - the night of the storm. He hadn't gotten a good look at the woman he'd thought he'd been for that short span of time, but she'd had long hair, which the woman he now had didn't have, as hers was a shorter, but still feminine, haircut. Also, the startled voice he'd spoke in both times was different, the first being higher, more 'innocent' than this richer contralto.

Staggering back from the reflection in the mirror, Chris glanced brought his - her - hands up and pressed them incredulously against the front of the blouse. He could feel the cold, wet pressure of the hands through the shirt and bra, could feel the pressure...

...of somebody squeezing her tits.

Shocked, Chris dropped her hands, leaving two wet hand prints as she gaped around the bathroom in horror.

The bathroom had also changed, although not as much as Chris herself - for one thing, the urinals were gone. Making it - of course - the ladies room.

Chris screamed. Turning on the low-heeled casual women's shoes she turned out to be wearing, she screamed again and staggered out the door of the bathroom, heads turning in her direction and staring as Chris, heedless of the looks, shoved a hand down the front of the slacks she wore, feeling the soft cotton panties across the back of the slender hand as she slid it across the empty crotch and what could only be a vagina.

"No!" Chris screamed, yanking her hand away. "No - this isn't happening!"

"Miss?" A cinema employee said, running up from behind the refreshments counter. "Miss - what's wrong?"

Chris gaped at the pimply young man, her dark eyes bulging. "I.. I'm a woman!" The man seemed taken aback, having no reply to that.

Then Chris spotted a familiar face in the crowd that was beginning to gather around her. "Josh!" She called, her slender fingers running over the unfamiliar contours of her face.

"Christine?" Josh said, shoving his way through the crowd. "What's wrong?" Chris gaped at him. "Christine? Josh - it's me, Chris! Look at me!"

"What's wrong, Christine? What's the matter?" Josh pressed, trying to take her smooth new arm.

She yanked away, almost falling as she stumbled back. "No, no - I'm not Christine. I'm not a woman! I'm a man, God..."

"...damn it!"

The man next to Chris pulled back a bit, turning to shoot him an odd look. "Something the matter, buddy?"

Chris stared at the man - then looked down at himself, seeing his old familiar body, just as it should be. He was standing in about the same place as he'd been a second before, but there was no crowd, no Josh, no furor - just the usual stream of movie-goers. The brief shudder had come in the middle of a sentence, and Chris realized that whatever was happening, that signified it's beginning and end.

"Uh - no. No, just stubbed my toe." Chris said, his voice still stunned, and the man turned away.

In a bit of a daze, Chris headed towards the theater, shaking. It had all seemed so real, had felt so real - he could still remember every sensation of that female body. A look at the watch on his wrist showed that about seven minutes had passed since he'd begun washing his hands, during which time he'd somehow ended up in the lobby outside the bathroom - just as 'she' had moved. Was it all some sort of hallucination? Was something wrong with him - was he going crazy?

"Say, you're just in time to... Jeez, Chris, what's wrong - you look like you've seen a ghost!" Josh said as Chris, now shaking, lowered himself into his seat.

"I just had.. I mean, I thought..." Chris started - then realized that there was no sane way of explaining what had happened, not here and now. "It's nothing - I'll tell you later." He said.

Taking a few deep breaths, he managed to force himself into some sort of semblance of serenity - but all through the movie, his mind kept slipping away to those extremely odd - and extremely realistic feeling seven or so minutes before the movie.

* * * * *

"Maybe you should make an appointment to see somebody, Chris." Josh said, concern evident in his voice.

They were sitting in a back booth at a restaurant near the theater. Chris had just finished relating the two strange incidents to his friend, trying to recall every second of both of them, the first, short one especially, as the more recent was still very recent in his mind.

"Like who - a shrink?" Chris asked, having also revealed his fear he was going nuts.

"No - well, maybe him too." Josh allowed. "Actually, I was thinking of a, you know... whatchamacallit. Neurologist. Maybe that shock you got did something."

"Oh, great - I'm not crazy, just brain-damaged." Chris said with a wry grin. Josh shrugged. "Well, the first one lasted - what, forty, forty-five seconds?" "bout that." Chris agreed.

"Now, three days later, you have one that lasts about seven or eight minutes." Josh said, worried. "That's like, what - ten times as long? What if whatever it is that's wrong is getting worse, man. If the first had lasted longer than the second, I wouldn't be nearly as worried - but it seems to be worse, not better."

Chris sighed. "I.. guess you're right." He signaled to the waitress and asked for the check, then turned back to his friend. "Can I get you to give me a lift? Right after we check the yellow pages for the right place, that is."

Josh shrugged, knowing that Chris' car was out of commission until he got the brakes replaced - something he'd argued that Chris should have done with the money he spent on the computer. Instead of saying 'I told you so' now, he just nodded. "Sure."

Somehow, the fact his friend didn't use the chance to say 'I told you so' made Chris realize just how concerned this was making Josh.

* * * * *

It took a day and a half before Chris finally got in to see the specialist, a Dr. Kenetekawa. It was thirty plus hours spent in a state of nervosa as Chris waited for whatever it was to happen again - but nothing at all had occurred by the time he got in to see Dr. Kenetekawa, who turned out to be a small, slender, competent-looking older Japanese-American with small, silver rimmed spectacles and the air of a man who had seen it all and knew how to deal with it.

"Yes, yes - a sudden electrical jolt can cause certain types of hallucinatory phenomenon." Dr. Kenetekawa had said, upon hearing Chris' account. "The synapses of the brain run on very low voltages of bio-electrical current - a sudden surge can cause certain unusual effect. We will do some tests to determine what, exactly, is going on in your mind, then we shall see how best to deal with it."

Now, Chris lay on a special sliding platform that was in a small, beige painted room. From where he lay, he could look down his nose and - straining - past his feet to see the darkened wall of glass, behind which Dr. Kenetekawa and a technician

sat before a console. Behind Chris, the gaping maw of the CAT scanner yawned, and a series of tiny electrodes lay on his scalp, transmitting information to the EEG that hummed softly in one corner of the room.

"Are you ready, Mr. MacAffree?" The doctor's voice asked, amplified and slightly distorted by the intercom.

"Yeah - I guess so." Chris replied, his voice a trifle reedy. He felt the platform shift, and he did as he had been instructed and closed his eyes as his head was centered in the rotating drum of the machine.

He heard the CAT scanner hum to life, and concentrated on breathing deeply and evenly, counting slow second in his head as the machine did it's job of mapping the interior of his head as the EEG measured the electrical impulses that leapt from synapse to synapse in his brain.

Then a shudder hit, and Chris had just enough time to register the sound of the EEG 'bleeping' in alarm before...

...the sound vanished, and Chris staggered, nearly falling over. "Are you all right, Miss McAntry?"

Startled, Chris looked over into the concerned face of a nurse. Even as he - no, he knew, it would now be 'she' - registered the fact that she was in the lobby of the hospital, she could feel the host of sensations that indicated that she was once more female.

'This is not really happening - it's a hallucination, and it'll be over in a few minutes." Chris told herself, taking a firm rein on her emotions. 'Just... play along for now.'

"I'm fine, thanks." Chris replied, forcing his lips up into a smile she hoped looked natural. "Are you sure?" The nurse asked, hesitantly. "If you'd like, I could get Doctor Lurey for you..."

"No, no - that won't be necessary." Chris assured the nurse, hearing the sound of her own soprano voice as she spoke, sounding strange to her ears. "Thank you anyway."

The nurse nodded and turned, walking away. Chris breathed deeply, looking around the reception area and resisting the urge to gape down at whatever body she was currently in. Instead, she walked over to the free-standing triangular pillar-like object near the front door. Two of the sides, the ones aimed like an arrow at the door, held a directory of the offices and departments in the hospital. The third side held a mirror that was nearly full length, and it was to this that Chris walked to.

Revealed in the mirror was a slender, mildly attractive young woman with shoulder-length light-brown hair and large dark eyes. Her nose was a trifle to large, and her jaw a trifle to square to let her be anything other than pretty. The beige cotton skirt that hung just above the knee showed a pair of undistinguished legs, and about the only feature of not on the vaguely pretty girl in the mirror was the pair of breasts that filled out the white sleeveless blouse rather nicely. The top two buttons were undone on the blouse, revealing a hint of the milky cleavage that her DD-cup breasts formed. Almost without thinking, Chris brought her dainty hands up and pressed them lightly against the undersides of the breasts pushing out the blouse, hefting

them slightly. She felt the weight of them in her hands, and the relaxation of weight on her chest as the sensation of being hefted was transmitted through the bra-encased breasts themselves, easing the strain on the straps of the bra she wore.

"Yes - they are nice work, aren't they?" A voice to Chris' left said, and Chris - startled, whirled around, dropping her hands and blushing.

A rather handsome doctor was smiling at her. "Oh - don't be embarrassed, Miss." He held out a hand. "I'm Dr. Roberts, an associate of Dr. Lurey. If you're Miss McAntry, then Dr. Lurey and I have discussed the work you've had done."

"Uh, yes - that's me." Chris said awkwardly, shaking the doctor's hand.

"So - I can assume that there were no complications?" The doctor asked, making a vague gesture in the direction of Chris' chest, and she understood how such a slender, undistinguished young woman had come to possess such a large, firm pair of breasts.

"No - no complications at all." Chris said, feeling strange. She was still fairly certain that this was all a hallucination, and she was still laying on the bed in the CAT scanner - but it felt so incredibly real that she felt as awkward and embarrassed as if it was really happening. That's why she shot a quick glance at her wrist - and was grateful to find a watch encircling the slender wrist, realizing how stupid it would have looked if she hadn't been wearing a watch. "I'd love to chat, Doctor - but I'm afraid that I have somebody meeting me. If you'll excuse me?"

"Of course." The doctor shook her hand once more, then she turned and moved quickly towards the sliding doors of the entrance, finding that she was doing so atop somewhat block dark-brown leather shoes with a three or four inch block heel. Successfully escaping outside, she stepped to the side, so she was out of view from inside. Leaning against the rough brick wall, she looked around and wondered how long this hallucination was going to last. With nothing better to do, Chris slipped the beige leather purse off her bare shoulder and opened it to take a look inside.

There was a wallet, which turned out to contain a driver's license in the name of 'Chrysanthemum McAntry', complete with a grainy photo of the face that she was currently wearing.

"Chrysanthemum?" Chris said in a low voice. "Geez - poor me." Shaking her head at the absurdity, she pulled out the pack of cigarettes she'd found inside, with an intrigued look on her face. Fishing one of the slim cigarettes from the pack, she stuck it between her lips and lit it with a match, taking a deep drag of the cigarette experimentally.

Chris had never smoked, aside from one cigarette when he was younger that had made him want to puke. Now she drew the smoke deep into her lungs with ease, finding the taste mildly unpleasant, but the quick nicotine head-rush pleasant enough.

"Now I know it's a hallucination..." Chris muttered to herself, exhaling a long stream of smoke. She tucked the rest of the pack and the matches back into the purse - 'her purse', she thought with a smile and continued smoking the cigarette, idly watching the flow of vehicles that pulled to a stop to drop off or pick up people.

Then a small brown compact pulled to a stop in front of where she stood and just sat there for a few seconds before the driver's door popped open and a chunky young woman with short, sandy-blonde hair popped her head over the top of the car.

"Fer Chissakes, Chrys - smoking in front of a friggin' hospital." The blonde said to her, obviously repressing laughter. "Isn't that the epitome of bad taste?"

Chris gaped for a second before pulling herself together. "Well - I..." She cast about for a response.

The blonde, however, had continued talking, not even noticing the stammer or startled look. "Though, I guess if you do have a heart attack or something, this is the best place for it. Come on - you can finish it in the car. Get in."

Chris - or Chrys - blinked, then shrugged. "No - I'm done." Dropping the half-smoked cigarette to the ground, she stepped on it and crushed it, then walked over to the car and slid into the passenger's seat, still trying to catch up with this new twist in her hallucination and wondering who the blonde was.

"So, what'd the doctor say?" The blonde - who obviously liked the sound of her own voice - asked, not looking over as she gunned the sewing-machine motor of the tiny sub-compact and pulling away from the curb with as much acceleration as the tiny car could muster. Chris unobtrusively gripped the hand- hold on the door as the blonde wove in and out of the cars in the parking lot like a Formula One driver, slowing only long enough to let the exit gate get out of the way before flooring it and swinging out onto the wide boulevard fronting the hospital.

"Uh - Dr..." She paused, the name coming to her in an second, "Lurey said everything's fine. No complications."

"Good, good.." The blonde said, only listening with half an ear to the still startled Chris. "So - I guess you'll be up to givin' those puppies a trial outing tonight, huh? Betcha the regulars at the club are gonna go ga-ga over them."

"Well, I..." Chris said, not sure what the woman was talking about. It didn't matter, as the blonde plowed on ahead.

"Yeah, it'll be a real kick. I've often thought I should get a pair of balloons..." Chris' heart stopped as the blonde took her hands off the wheel, holding the car steady with her knees as she held her hands in front of her chest before - thankfully - replacing one of them on the wheel. "...like this so the guys'll finally notice me. But then I say to myself, 'Debbie, you've got enough weight on you already - before you think of adding more, why not loose some of what you got?' Am I right, or am I right?"

Chris opened her mouth.

"Course, look who I'm telling this too - Miss Slim herself, the Flower Child of Rossner Ave. Look, Chrys, we coulda saved some money and done us both some good - just asked the doc to take some of the padding outta my hips and ass and stick it into those new tits of yours. Whatta ya think?"

Chris didn't even bother to try and answer as the woman - Debbie, apparently - went on like a relentless steamroller/ "Sure, yeah, that woulda been better. Still, you're probably happier to finally get somethin' up-top then I'd be loosing some of my padding. Hell, any time I wanted to I coulda exercised the weight off, while you had to get surgery for those babies. 'Course, I'm plagued by a terminal weakness for chocolate, or I'da lost those pounds ages ago, ya know?"

Chris didn't answer, too busy tightening the death-grip her slender hands had on the door handle, her eyes wide as they slipped around the front of a semi and almost clipped the front bumper of the truck, its air-horn blaring over the tiny subcompact that was completely lost from the view of the rig's driver by the long snout of the truck. Chris' eyes shot to the rear-view mirror, and was shocked to see that all that was visible was a silver badge whose letters spelt - backwards - **'EIGHTLIN'**.

It might all be a hallucination - but, then again, if he died in a hallucination, who knew what would happen to him in 'real life'.

"Um... I don't supposed we could, uh..." Chris said, swallowing hard as her hallucinatory heart beat a rapid tempo behind her hallucinatory inflated breasts.

Debbie laughed, slowing the car to a more sedate speed. "I thought you were going for a record there, girl." She said, reaching out on short, burgundy-painted nail to tap the clock on the dashboard. "Twelve minutes - you were gettin' close to the record so I threw the truck atcha - knew it'd spook ya enough." She laughed again. "Damn - I ain't done dishes for three weeks now, Chrys."

Chris sighed gustily, realizing that this was all some sort of game that 'Chrys' played with her friend - or would, if there was actually a Chrys, instead of her just being a figment of Chris' imagination.

"Yeah... lucky you..." Chris laughed weakly, wondering when the hell this thing was going to end - it was already running into 'overtime' as far as she was concerned, going on nearly half-an hour since it started.

"So - what's with the silent treatment, anyhow?" Debbie asked, shooting Chris a side-long look. "You ain't said more'n twenty words since we left the hospital."

Chris smiled - after all, if this was just a hallucination, she might as well 'play along' until it was over, right? "Oh, it's part of my new exercise program for you. I figure if I don't interrupt you, you can lose twenty, twenty-five pounds a month easy from all the extra jawing you'll do."

Debbie look startled, then broke out laughing. "Yeah, yeah - but *you* callin' *me* a motor-mouth is the pot callin' the kettle black."

Chris thought fast. "Actually - I'm just a little worried how the guys at the club are going to react to the 'new and improved' me." She said, hefting the supposedly surgically enhanced tits, and deciding - what the hell - to hold them for a few seconds, lightly squeezing them and enjoying the imaginary, but very real feeling, sensations it created.

Debbie laughed. "Oh, no worries Chrys - I'm sure the guys'll drool all over them and fall over themselves to buy you drinks all night. In a couple months the novelty will wear off, so I say get while the gettin's good, you know?"

Chris didn't know whether or not 'getting into' the delusion made him more or less 'crazy' then merely having the delusions, but she figured as long as she knew the truth - that none of this was *really* real - it couldn't hurt. Also, it would help pass the time until the hallucination either ended by itself, or the doctors in the hospital where he really was did something to end it.

"Sure - if you got it, flaunt it, right?" Chris said with a smile, relaxing back in the car's seat and letting herself 'go with the flow' of the hallucination. She breathed deeply, enjoying the sensation - illusionary as it was - of her firm, round tits shifting on her chest as she did so. She crossed her legs, wondering just how close to 'reality' the sensation of sitting like this would really be for a woman. All she knew was that it would have hurt like hell to squash the balls this hallucinated body didn't have.

"So - what's the plan for the rest of the day then?" Chris asked Debbie.

Debbie's brow rose. "Didn't really have one, other then grab a bite of dinner, let you do the dishes - again - then shower and change to go to the club. Spend an hour watching TV or something before we go. You know - the usual."

'What the hell.' Chris thought with a small grin - it wasn't like any of this mattered. "Really?" She said with an arch smile. "I thought you might want to give a touch-test to these babies." She thrust out her chest.

The car nearly skidded off the road before the shocked Debbie got the errant vehicle back under control. "What?" She half gasped, half laughed. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Chris shrugged. "You know, we get home and you fondle them for a bit, maybe suck on them, see how they feel to you while letting me see who they feel from the inside. Just... fool around, you know."

Debbie's eyes were wide, but she was smiling. "Geez, Louise Chrys - you're serious about this, aren't you?"

Chris shrugged again. "Sure. Why not?"

Debbie shook her head. "Yeah, why not. Geez, Chrys - just when I think I'm figuring you out, you throw something like this at me. I think it's all the drugs your mom took while she was pregnant. The after-effects of being the love-child of a couple of hippies."

"That, and the name." Chris cracked, making the connection, and Debbie laughed.

"Yeah - and the name." Shaking her head, Debbie turned her attention back to the road, for the first time since Chris had started this little mind-trip, without something to say.

* * * * *

"You're really sure?" Debbie asked, as they sat on the couch in the living room of the converted house/apartment they shared.

With a smile, Chris unbuttoned her blouse and let it fall from her shoulders, revealing her new tits in their bra. "What do you think?" She asked, winking.

As Debbie began to fondle her bra-encased tits, Chris let her head loll back and enjoyed the sensation, amazed at how imaginative she must be to make the hallucination feel so real. She also wondered if women in 'real life' slipped into lesbian acts like this so easily, knowing what he would do, as a man, if another man suggested something similar.

Then she shrugged, deciding it didn't matter - and reached behind her and fumbled at the bra strap until it fell away, allowing her to present her firm, round new tits to Debbie's view - and touch.

"Go ahead, girlfriend..." Chris said, languorously, laying back in the couch's embrace and enjoying the feel of Debbie's hands on her bare breasts. Then Debbie's fingers found her nipples, and Chris moaned softly, wondering if women's nipples really were this sensitive.

If so, he vowed that she would definitely pay attention to the niceties of foreplay more - she was beginning to understand why women rated it highly. She understood even better when Debbie's lips met her nipples. Pleasure ran through her, and she let herself smile lazily at the 'imaginary' pleasure.

"Since I'm here..." Debbie whispered, huskily - then slid downwards, her fingers moving to Chris' skirt. Gently, she pulled Chris's skirt and panties down, her short-haired head lowering between Chris' thighs...

Chris gasped slightly as she felt Debbie's probing tongue meet her cunt. Immediately, a tingling warmth began to build as, with amazing expertise, Debbie began to lick and tongue Chris' hypothetical cunt. Little bolts of pleasure seemed to bounce through her system, not only increasing where Debbie's tongue was working, but heightening the sensitivity of other parts of her body, like her nipples - which were almost painfully swollen at the moment. Pleasure began to build, and Chris moaned in enjoyment as she neared her supposedly first female orgasm.

Then it came. As orgasms go, it wasn't particularly powerful - but that's a relative term. Pleasure is pleasure, no matter how relatively 'weak' it is, and Chris bit her lower lip as the pleasure made her shudder....

...then, with a brief shudder of another sort, the sensation was gone, and Chris found himself standing in the CAT scan room - which was flooded with people who jerked away from him with mild oaths and shouts of amazement.

"He's back!" Somebody cried, and the people were pulling away from him as if he were a disease carrier as two men in Army fatigues shoved them through the door. A third, standing in an opposite corner, was looking at Chris grimly - and in his hands a M-16's snout was pointed steadily at Chris' midsection.

"What the ?" Chris gasped, his mind struggling to catch up with what was going on.

"Do not move." A voice echoed over the intercom, and through the glass Chris could see the vague shape of a man in the uniform of a Major. "Mr. MacAfree, we do not wish to harm you. Please, make no attempt to exit the room."

"Please - tell me what's going on!" Chris shouted, fear rising up in his stomach. There was a muttered exchange in the booth, the Major replied.

"Mr. MacAfree, at 12:22 this afternoon, you disappeared from the imaging chamber of the CAT scanner. You vanished after what appeared to be an electrical discharge of some sort. Then, a few minutes ago, you reappeared with almost no warning. We are not sure if whatever is causing this phenomenon is dangerous, and if what the Doctor repeated to us is the truth, you are most probably 'slipping' from this universe into a parallel universe, and we do not know what communicable diseases you may be bringing back with you."

"What..?" Chris gasped, shocked. These 'hallucinations' were real? He was sliding between worlds?

He'd really just been a woman named Chrys?

"No - no, this isn't possible!" Chris shouted, shaking his head. "This can't be "

" real!"

"Quiet, Miss Mannell - you'll have your chance to speak when the Judge gets here."

Chris gaped at the officer staring at him from the front seat of the cruiser. The burly man then turned to talk to his partner, leaving Chris to his confusion.

Or, rather, *her* confusion - because, as the shudder he'd felt indicated, he'd once more slipped into a parallel universe. Not a dream, not a hallucination - but another reality, in which he wasn't a he, but a she.

Scared and confused - and, now that she knew that this was real, more than a little stunned - Chris took stock of her new situation, looking down at...

..and enormous pair of breasts. They were huge, stretching out the top of the white blouse she wore. Now that the initial confusion had passed, she realized that she could feel the weight of the medicine- ball-sized tits hanging off her chest, indicating that no bra assisted these monster's fight against gravity.

"Holy... shit..." Chris swore, earning a reproving glance from the officer in the driver's seat. Slowly, her eyes panned out the window of the car, finding that it was parked outside the house that Chrys and Debbie lived in on the world she'd been in earlier...

...and apparently did in this world, too. All though she was thinner, and slightly shorter, there was no doubt that the woman in the second squad car parked in the driveway was this worlds' version of Debbie.

"Hey!" The cop in the passenger's seat said as Chris strained forward, feeling the handcuffs on her slender wrists. "Sit down!"

She did so, having seen what she'd wanted to in the limited field of vision available by the rearview mirror in the front. Although there was a few slight differences - like the fact that her lips were fuller - this female version she was trapped in was also very similar to the last one.

Excepting, of course, her massive new tits. Chris surmised that either Chrys had got larger ones during surgery, or this was her second, third or fourth such enhancement, rather than the first. But that still didn't explain what she was doing in a squad car...

She found out soon enough - for a tractor trailer, painted a deep, midnight blue and bearing the police shield on its side, pulled to a stop along the opposite curb. Stunned, Chris let herself be pulled from the back of the police car and led, along with Debbie, into the trailer of the truck - which turned out to be nothing less than a mobile courtroom.

The Judge - a heavy set, florid-faced man - watched as the two women were escorted to a table bolted to the left side of the 'room', while two cops came to stand at the table on the right. Once everyone was in position, the Judge cleared his throat.

"Mobile Court, Jurisdiction 2352-A is now in session, the Right Honorable Judge William Grady presiding. Case number nine nine nine, twelve, oh-seven, dash... uh, fifteen. The State Vs...?"

"Mannell and Devores, your honor." A cop provided, pointing to Chris and Debbie in turn. "The charge is Voluntary Homosexual Intercourse in the first degree."

'What?' Chris thought, incredulous.

"Very well." The Judge nodded. "First offenses?"

"Yessir, for Miss Devores. However, this is Miss Mannell's third." The cop said, flipping through some files.

Judge Grady grunted. Peering over his half-glasses, he looked at Debbie. "Anything to say in your defense, Miss Devores?"

Debbie looked as she might pass out, and her voice was thin and weak. "Uh, no, your honor..."

Chris, still disbelieving and confused, found herself speaking without planning to. "You Honor, I don't understand what... I mean, I just suggested that we should give these a test run..." she gestured to her tits, "...and things got a little out of hand, but... Look, don't we get a lawyer or something?"

The judge looked startled, then banged his gavel on the desk, shutting Chris down. He looked at Debbie again. "Is this true, Miss Devores? Miss Mannell was the instigator, and led you along?"

Shooting an eternally grateful look at Chris, Debbie replied in the affirmative - and Chris, with a sinking feeling, realized that that might not have been how it happened in this world, and she'd just indicted herself while giving Debbie an out.

"Very well. Miss Devores, you are placed on one year probation, and no disciplinary action will be taken against you at this time. You are free to leave."

"Thank you, your honor." Debbie gushed as the cop uncuffed her. She scampered gratefully to the door, shooting an apologetic look at Chris as she exited.

"Constable Markham, we are closing the court." The Judge intoned, and a group of onlookers who'd gathered around the open back door groaned as the Bailiff shut and locked the door, then turned on a machine that produced a low hum that would block any prying ears.

Gazing steadily at Chris, Judge Grady's voice took on a more 'intimate' tone. "Kryssi, is it?" He asked, almost kindly.

Chris had no idea, but replied in the affirmative.

"Look, I have to respect what you did for your friend. Being a two-time convict yourself, you know the score and you probably just set your friend straight for life. I have to give you credit for that." His face quirked. "As for your question about a lawyer... Well, it is your right to request a Socio-Psychiatric Legal Counsel, but damned if I know where you'd come up with the ten-grand retainer. Do you wish to request one?"

Ten *thousand* dollars? "Uh... no, your honor." Chris lied glibly. "I wasn't thinking about myself - it was for..." A split second before she said 'Debbie', Chris realized that might not be her name in this here- and-now, and finished smoothly. "...my friend."

"Ah..." The Judge nodded in understanding. "Very commendable. But your testimony, and her clean record, was enough to get her off with probation. But that leaves us with the problem of you, young lady." He sighed, removing his glasses and rubbing the bridge of his bulbous nose. "Since the previous two sentences of Intensive Hormonal Therapy didn't work..." Well, that explained the breasts, "...I'm afraid that we'll have to do a sexual reorientation procedure to ensure..."

Chris' eyes widened. "Your Honor! No!" She shouted, and the Judge, startled, looked up.

"It's not.. you, see, I'm not really a woman!" Chris babbled, trying to explain. Now that she knew that this was all real, the thought of them messing with her sexual orientation scared the hell out of her. "I mean - this is a woman's body - but it's not *my* body..."

In confused fits and starts, she spilled the complete story to the steadily more incredulous looking Judge.

Finally, Chris wound down and stood, shoulders slumped, her face cast in fear. "So - please, please - don't screw with my mind until after I've left." She pleaded before stopping completely.

The Judge shook his head, all trace of his almost fatherly manner gone. "Well, I have heard many a strange story in this courtroom, Miss - and that isn't even the strangest of the lot. But the law says I have to listen to any and all defense that a defendant may wish to field, so..." He looked at her intently. "Is that your final say, your ultimate statement?"

Mind spinning, Chris looked for something else to say, then sighed and simply said, "Yes."

The Judge nodded. "Very well. Based on the defendant's voluntary testament, the court orders that Mr. Christopher William McAffree, currently residing in the body of Kryssi Mannell, be placed into the California Psycho-Corrective Center to undergo Complete Overt Personality Reorientation and Mnemonic Editing. Sentence is passed and is to be carried out immediately. Court is dismissed."

"What?" Chris shouted, confused and scared. "I don't..."

Then the bailiff stepped up behind her, and there was a hissing sound as Chris felt something very cold against the nape of her slender new neck.

Then the world went dark.

* * * * *

Chris awoke with her whole body shuddering from the pounding of her heart. Panic's knife edge traced its way down her back, and her breath seemed short and insufficient.

Opening her eyes, Chris stared up at the ceiling, swallowing dryly as she stared at the off-white stucco above her. Mentally, she probed the inner recesses of her mind...

...and found nothing amiss. Every thought, every memory seemed to be just as it should. She recalled everything - right up from what had happened to the computer, to being injected after a trial for having lesbian sex - of all things.

But did any of this really mean anything? If she was 'reprogrammed', would she realize it?

Heart in her throat, Chris slowly sat up - and felt the weight on her chest she had to fight against shift and jiggle. She looked down at the massive tits hanging from her chest, then looked around the room...

It didn't look like any sort of prison or treatment center. It looked like a bedroom - in a middling-priced apartment, say. In fact, much like the one the 'real' Chris had in the 'real' universe. As a matter of fact it was almost identical to it. There were a few differences in the furniture, and a more feminine decor but there was a desk with a computer on it in the same place that the 'real' apartment had one, the bed and end tables, while more feminine in style, were in the same place as the 'real' ones.

Swinging her long, sexy legs over the edge of the bed, Chris pushed herself upright, feeling her huge endowments bounce and sway as she rose. Due to the construction of the body she was trapped in, there was no way of avoiding a feminine stride as she moved across the room to the hallway...

...and found that, to all appearances, this was her apartment. Or, rather, this worlds feminine equivalent to her 'real' apartment. Hurrying into the bathroom, she closed the door and stared at the image in the full-length mirror that, just like the 'real' bathroom had, was hanging from the back of the door.

He'd never seen the woman he was staring at before in his life.

Oh, she bore a slight resemblance to 'Kryssi' - especially the massive, round tits thrust from the narrow ribcage - but this woman had shorter, light-brown hair as opposed to Kryssi's longer dark brown mane. Also, this new body had a slimmer waist, and longer legs.

Chris heaved a sigh of relief. Whatever it was that Kryssi had been sentenced to go through, Chris figured that - while unconscious - she'd 'slipped' back to the 'real' world, then into this new female body. She was safe.

* * * * *

"Subject K. Mannell has awoken and is currently surveying the reconstructive surgery performed to alter her general physical appearance." The head of the project recorded into the constantly-running tape machines as he surveyed the sight of the altered woman's body through her own eyes. "The transceiver chip in her brain is functioning within specified parameters. Programming may begin at any time."

* * * * *

Chris, reassured, shook her head at the sight of the outrageously sexy body he was currently confined in, and wondered how long he'd be stuck in this form - or what type of world she was in, for that matter. She'd already learned - the hard way - that she 'slipped' right into the middle of somebody's on-going life, and had to figure out what was going on and how to handle it. She might be here for a couple of hours, or a couple of days - and she definitely didn't want any close scrapes like she'd had the last time.

Since she was in the bathroom, it was more or less inevitable that she'd notice that her bladder and bowels were indicating that it was time to be emptied. With a small grimace, Chris seated herself on the 'great white throne', her face screwed up as she went to the washroom the first time as a female. It was both similar and different than what she was used to, especially urinating, and she felt awkward and embarrassed, as if she were spying on a woman during her most private moments.

Which, in a way, she was - only from the inside.

Wiping herself carefully and completely, she decided that a shower was in order, bemused to note that the odor of a woman was completely different then that of an unwashed man - and, to her male brain, slightly...

* * * * *

Deep inside her brain, a small chip noted the incoming negative connotation and automatically shunted to the massive mainframe three and a half blocks away, changing the term from 'arousing' to something more suitable.

* * * * *

...disgusting. Getting the shower adjusted to the temperature she was used to, Chris stepped into the spray - and immediately turned the water to a cooler temperature, finding that her new body wasn't able to bear as much heat as her old male one had. It was one more annoying thing to look forward to getting rid of, 'if-and-when'.

She showered quickly, feeling odd about running her hands over this outrageously sexy female body, especially the crotch. It felt weird - yet pleasurable, too. She couldn't deny that the sensitivity of her new body made washing less of a chore. If she wasn't so embarrassed, it might even have been a form of 'fun'. Of course, one of the weirdest parts was soaping up her massive,...

* * * * *

Again, the computer decided that 'freakish' wasn't the correct mindset, and substitute a new thought in its place.

* * * * *

...gorgeous tits. They were huge and incredibly firm, and very, very sensitive. The sensation of having them touched was very, very pleasurable - if only it wasn't 'herself' touching them.

The hair turned out to be a bit of a nuisance. Fairly short for a woman's hairstyle, it was still longer than what she was used to, and a bit of a pain to wash. Still - it was nice and soft and silky, and washing it was worthwhile just for the effect it's have to keep it so nice.

Stepping from the shower, Chris dried off quickly, then padded back to the bedroom, letting herself move with the natural stride of her body - swaying her hips with a small rotating motion, shoulders back a bit, head up. Her huge, firm tits swayed from side to side pleasantly, and she was... pleased by the sensation. It felt so... good.

Reaching the bedroom, she started to search through the closet and dresser for something to wear. She pulled out a pair of jeans and a baggy sweater and held them against her body, looking down at the outfit and deciding that it was perfect...

...ly horrible. It would be like wearing a canvas sack. As uncomfortable as she felt in this body, there was no reason to look like a bag lady or a dyke, was there?

Tossing the unsatisfactory clothes on the bed, Chris continued to search through the clothing for something more appropriate. Finally she found something she thought would look good. With awkward fingers, she dressed herself for the first time in women's clothing.

She started with a pair of pale pink French-cut panties, and a matching bra. The bra itself was the most difficult thing - she had plenty of practice with taking the damned things off, but not with putting one on. And especially not one this big - the label inside announced that it was an MMM-cup, and she felt a burst of...

...pride at knowing that she had such huge, firm tits. At least that was one thing that hadn't changed. She tried to imagine life with tiny little tits - or worse, a flat chest - and simply couldn't. She'd be ashamed to go out in public like that! She remembered how small the tits of the woman she'd been in the theater were, and how disgusted she'd felt to be so under-endowed. At least this time she was stuck in the body of a woman with tits as big as her own male body possessed, even if the rest of her was completely altered. It was a touchstone, a reminder of her real body in the 'real' world.

Humming to herself, Khris she pulled on the black dress she'd chosen, lacing it up the sides. The design allowed it to show off her huge, gorgeous tits by the tightness of what fabric did cover her breasts, and the glorious view of cleavage in the low neckline of the garment. The hem line of the dress, however, was much higher than she would have liked, displaying an awful lot of her...

...long, sexy legs. But she didn't really have a choice in the matter. All though there were several dresses in the closet with longer skirts, there were none with shorter hem lines. She'd just have to live with wearing a dress that went all the way down to mid-thigh.

Slipping into a pair of black suede pumps with ankle straps and gold-toned six-inch stiletto heels (her favorite kind), Khris grabbed her purse and headed out.

* * * * *

"Sir?" One of the technicians said, in concern. "Take a look at this."

The head of the project came over and looked at the screen - and let out a low whistle.

"That's what I mean, sir." The technician agreed. "An average correction rate of ten-point-seven-three a *minute*. I've never seen the implant work so hard - it's having to edit almost every thought and memory the subject experiences."

The head of the project shrugged. "Well - I guess it just shows how much she needed the chip installed, after all."

"uh - yessir." The technician agreed, turning back to his readouts.

It still bothered the hell out of him, anyway. If she were a dyed-in-the-wool lesbian, he might understand why it had to edit so many of her sexual thoughts - but why on earth was it doing so much editing on memories and 'trivial' thoughts? It was almost like she wasn't thinking like a woman at all.

* * * * *

Walking down the street, Kris smiled at the people she passed, especially the men, feeling their eyes roaming over her body, and enjoying the sensation thoroughly. It was her good fortune that she ended up in such a great body after her last 'slip'. Nothing against her old body, which had been 'okay' - but it hadn't been anything close to this wonderful figure.

A small frown crossed her face, her full lips turning down. There seemed to be something wrong with that last thought. Her memory dredged up the image of her old body, and her eyes widened in shock as she realized...

...that she'd completely neglected to put on any make-up before leaving her apartment. She always wore make-up in her old body, needing to enhance her rather plain face. She'd been so overwhelmed by her fabulous new body that she'd completely neglected one of the basics.

Shaking her head at her own silliness, Kris kept an eye open until she spotted a chain drug-store that would have what she needed. Entering, she quickly picked up the basics and asked the cute young cashier if she could use their bathroom to fix her face. Twenty minutes later, feeling much better, she left the store.

She paused at the door and wondered where she was going. She'd left the apartment with the definite thought that she was waiting for something, but now she seemed to be having trouble remembering what that 'something' was. It involved something to do with a man, she remembered. She was waiting until...

...it just wouldn't come to her. It seemed to dance on the edge of her memory and then vanish. Shrugging, Kris continued on down the street, wiggling her hips and thrusting out her chest to enhance her spectacular figure, and eyeing all the cute guys she passed. She thought to herself that she really shouldn't be doing that - after all, despite the body she was in, the thought of actually being involved, sexually, with a man was absolutely...

...wonderful. If she wasn't careful, she might walk up to the next man she met and ask him to give her a blow-job.

Stopping dead in the middle of the sidewalk, Kriss giggled at the ridiculous image the errant thought conjured up. She meant she'd give him a blow-job, of course - she couldn't ever get a blow-job.

Sometimes she was just too silly.

Giggling brainlessly, Kriss continued on down the street, her eyes wandering to the bodies - and crotches - of the various men she passed, and wondering what they'd be like in bed. She noticed another woman doing something similar, and she was almost as outrageously proportioned as herself. Seeing her incredibly sexy figure, Kriss felt a wave of...

...jealousy wash over her. What was a slut like that doing around *her* hunting grounds.

Then again, she thought suddenly, the other woman was probably an ex-dyke, sentenced to a lifetime of unrestrained nymphomania in a surgically altered body. Not a gorgeous, natural love-machine like herself.

Smiling at the thought that some ex-lesbian was helplessly trapped in that body, unable to stop herself from being a cum-hungry little tramp, Kriss continued on her way, going into a bar a few doors down.

Pausing long enough to let her eyes adjust, she saw that the mostly male clientele had glanced up when the door was opened - and were now practically drooling at the sight of her body. The sight of a room full of big, biker-type men were staring at her, lusting at her body, caused her to break out in a sweat as her stomach contracted in...

..pride and lust. After all, with all these men around, she'd be in her own personal hell...

...*heaven*. Kriss' smile vanished for an instant, replaced by a confused look as she tried to figure out what was going on her mind today - she was having all sorts of weird thoughts.

* * * * *

"Sir!" The technician's shout brought the head of the project over at a run. "Sir - the chip's losing ground!"

The head of the project was flabbergasted. "What! But... that's impossible!"

The technician shrugged. "Maybe, sir - but her mind is trying to have 'forbidden' thought and memories in excess of what the chip was ever designed to handle. I mean, the correction rate's up to twenty-seven a minute! That's almost a forbidden thought every two seconds, sir."

"I've never seen anything like this." The boss-man agreed, awe and confusion in his voice. "Well - we'll just have to let the chip do what it can. It's programming should be taking hold soon enough that the thoughts will be coming directly from her mind, rather than corrected after the fact."

"I hope so, sir."

* * * * *

Smiling uncertainly, feeling confused, Kriss headed to the bar.

"Would you look at the tits on that!" Somebody said in a loud voice. Instinctively, Kriss glanced around...

...then realized the voice was talking about her. She glanced down at the awesome display of mouthwatering cleavage...

...and gasped. She crossed her arms and hunched over, minimizing her huge chest, and scurried to the bar, feeling uncomfortable with all the male eyes on her huge, basket-ball-sized tits. She hoped that at least some of them were staring at her gorgeous, sexy legs instead, and she began to become aroused at the thought of them admiring her long, sexy legs and huge, firm tits...

The frown returned as she realized she'd once more resumed her proud, sultry strut towards the bar, chest out-thrust. Which was only right, of course, because she had such a gorgeous body, and she wanted the woman behind the bar to admire

it. Why she had that sudden attack of... disgust? Self- doubt?... she didn't understand. After all, this type of body was perfect for what she wanted - to seduce women.

Men. To seduce men. After all, lesbian sex was both disgusting and illegal. What the hell was wrong with her? Just because she'd had a crush on girls in high-school, and had always felt belittled when her friends had boasted about the women they were laying was no reason...

Wait a second - that wasn't right. Sure, she hung around with a lot of guys in high-school - but she was the one they boasted about laying. And she'd felt proud and disgusted to have had sex with so many men...

What the hell was wrong with her!

"Can I get you a drink?" The woman behind the bar asked, stubbing out a smoke. It took a second before the question registered on a confused Kriss.

She shook her head. After all, the last thing she needed when she was this confused was...

..."A scotch on the rocks, please." She blinked. "No - why did I say that? I hate straight booze. Give me a Fuzzy Navel."

The woman behind the bar looked incredulous. "A what?"

"A..." Kriss looked confused. What did she want? "A.. beer would be fine."

Taking the beer, she wandered in a daze to a booth, trying to get her mind straightened out. Without paying attention, she lowered herself beside the occupant already sitting in the semi-enclosed booth, a handsome, sandy-haired young man.

"Geez, Josh - I'm having the weirdest day." Kriss commented. The man looked startled. "Wha... how did you know my name?"

Kriss looked at the man in surprise - then, suddenly, realized that she didn't know him. "I... O don't know your name." She said in confusion.

"But..." The man frowned. "You just called me by my name - Josh." Kriss blinked. "I did?"

"Yeah."

Noting how attractive the young man was, Kriss smiled and giggled. "Silly me - I'm a little out of it. My name's Chris."

The man smiled. "And I'm Josh..." HE seemed to talking to her cleavage then to her. "Chris - is that short for something?"

She blinked. "Excuse me?"

"Chris - you said your name is Chris."

She shook her head. "I did? - I meant Kryssi. K-R-Y-double-S-I." She giggled. "Maybe you just heard me wrong."

Josh looked doubtful - but a glance at her magnificent cleavage persuaded him to agree that that must be the case.

"So, uh, Kryssi - care for a cigarette?" He asked, holding out a pack of smokes. "No thanks." Kryssi replied brightly, taking one of the cigarettes. "I don't smoke."

Sliding the butt of the cigarette between her full, gloss-red lips, she leaned forwards expectantly. With a bemused expression, Josh lit the cigarette, and she took a deep drag and smiled at him as she let the smoke trail from between her ripe lips.

She notice the direction of his gaze, and her eyes shifted downwards. "Oh my god!" She said in her breathy, smoky voice. "I've got huge tits! Huge, firm, sexy tits! I love them - they're so big and sensitive..." She finished with her voice dropping into a seductive coo as she leaned forward and pressed her huge endowments against Josh's arm. "Don't you think they're gorgeous?"

"Uh... yes, they're spectacular." Josh agreed, shifting position as his rapidly hardening cock became uncomfortably confined in his jeans.

She caught the motion and gazed down at his crotch, and odd look crossing her face. "Geez, Josh - I don't remember your cock being that big. It's much, much bigger then mine would be if I had one."

She blinked in confusion, then smiled sunnily at the confused man. "Ummmmm.. yeah." Josh agreed. What else was he supposed to say?

Kryssi wasn't sure what she was saying or doing anymore - everything was all confused. She held a hand to her head, and decided to ask her friend josh to help her back to her apartment.

"Josh, can you take me home and fuck me all night?" She asked in a confused tone of voice. "I'm having trouble concentrating, and I think it would really help if I could just lay down for a few hours and be your cum-crazed sex toy."

Josh's jaw dropped. "Uh - I think I can help you, yeah " He managed, his cock now as hard as a rock.

Helping her up, he guided her towards the rear door, which lead out into a short, dark alley that led towards the tiny parking-lot behind the bar.

"Thanks, buddy - I really appreciate this." Kryssi told Josh sincerely. "It's just been a really horny day, and I can't seem to keep my mind on any one cock without it wandering on tangents."

"yeah, sure, right " Josh wasn't even listening anymore as e guided her towards the car with a peculiar stride. Helping her in, he eased himself into the driver's seat, and followed her disjointed instructions back to her place.

" and then I noticed that I didn't look the same, except for my huge, gorgeous tits and I was thinking about how much I loved them, which reminded me how good it feels to get tit-fucked, even though I can't remember ever getting tit-fucked before, but I remember it feeling really good, and I thought "

The huge breasted woman rambled as she led him inside the apartment.

Between her own 'real' persona and the now incredibly overloaded chip in her mind, the woman with the outrageous figure was now technically insane, her mind ceasing to function in anything resembling a coherent manner. Unable to keep up with all the 'corrections' it would have needed to supply, the chip's discriminatory function had stopped trying to edit her memories and most of her thoughts, instead feeding a constant barrage of sexual thoughts and urges into her mind, which was completely unable to distinguish this mad mix of sexual images from her own thoughts. The fact that they contradicted many of her memories no longer bothered her, as she was no longer thinking rationally at all - overloaded on the sexual contents, she was thinking of nothing but sex, and only sex.

She peeled off her dress without even being aware that she was doing so, and went to mix a drink for herself. She wasn't even truly aware of Josh's presence anymore, yet reacted without thought to whatever he did. When he unclasped her bra and began to fondle her huge tits, she stood still and let him do it, with out thinking why she was standing still. She unconcernedly sipped her drink as he fondled and sucked her massive mounds, enjoying the sensation of pleasure without knowing where it came from.

She continued to babble on between sips of her drink until Josh slowly pushed her downwards to her knees. Finding herself staring at the bulging crotch of his jeans, she didn't even think - she operated completely on instinct, unzipping his pants and hauling out his hard, throbbing cock.

It was all programmed instinct - a mass of sight and sounds that really didn't mean anything to her at all. It was as if by 'remote control' that her hands wrapped themselves around the base of his cock, and she leaned forward and took the cock into her mouth. With implanted skill, she proceeded to give Josh the most incredible blow-job of her life while her mind wandered down blind pathways of it's own choosing.

Within no-time at all, Josh's cock began to gush, and she swallowed every drop and licked his cock clean, all without being consciously aware of what she was doing.

However, the chip's programming was still in full force, and now she craved cock and cum in any and all ways possible. Her mind short-circuited by the overloaded chip, the desires and nymphomaniac tendencies it was feeding into her mind were accepted without protest and locked permanently into her mind, over-riding all the old data stored there. She continued to fondle and lick his cock, bringing him back to full rigidity, then lay on her back, unaware that she was pleading with him to fuck her.

It was an offer he wasn't about to refuse. With a huge smile on his face, he drove into her, fucking her hard as he rested his weight on one muscular arm and fondled her huge tits with his free hand. She accepted the incredible pleasure without thought, crying out as she reached her first orgasm without comprehending what was happening to her at all.

* * * * *

"General - I think we're ready."

The General in charge of the crash program looked at the jury-rigged machine with distaste. It was little more than bread-boarded circuits rigged around a massive steel ring encrusted with electron guns and less identifiable pieces of machinery.

"So - this is going to bring Mr. McAffree back?" The General - a non-technical type - asked with doubt in his voice.

"We think so, sir - the general premise of interdimensional travel has been available for years now, but the problem has always been locking on to another universe. However, since Mr. McAffree was in the scanner when he disappeared, we have a recording we can use to pinpoint the mind-wave of an inter-dimensional transport." The teckie assured the General. "The only problem is, this machine will pull Mr. McAffree through in whatever body he is currently in."

The General grunted. "But if your calculations are correct, he won't 'bounce back' on his own for another twelve years, right?"

The teckie nodded.

"Then go ahead and bring him home. " The General ordered. "I'm sure he'd rather be in a different body and home than trapped in the body in a different world."

The teckie saluted, then reached over to the haphazardly laid-out control board and pulled a large switch downwards, causing the huge metal ring to hum in a deep, resonating tone.

* * * * *

"Sir!" The technician yelled in shock. "Something's happening to her brain wave pattern!"

The head of the project rushed over - and stared in shock as the brain-wave pattern began to... *fade*.

Turning back to the monitor that showed her own vision, he watched as it jumped and spun, then faded into static.

When the cops burst into the room minutes later, all they found was a very, very confused young man who kept insisting that the strange woman he'd just finished fucking had just... vanished.

* * * * *

Chris blinked as the light faded around him.

For a second, he merely stood, confused, trying to remember what had happened. The last thing he remembered was being worried about his computer being fried by a lightening strike, then...

...then he was here, in a huge, concrete room, where scores of men in uniform were all gaping at him with wide eyes and slack jaws.

"What the hell's..." Chris started to ask, taking a step forward...

...then stopped, stunned. The question had emerged in a high-pitched, breathy voice - and the step had been accompanied by the unmistakable 'click' of a high-heel.

Glancing down, Chris shrieked, slender, feminine hands flying up to the huge, firm, sexy tits that I love to show off in tight little clothing so men will want to fondle, suck and fuck them.

"What the fuck...?" Chris exclaimed as the thought came unbidden to his - or, rather, her - mind. He stared down at the huge tits, knowing he should be shocked, horrified and disgusted - but instead, unwillingly feeling proud of the huge, round tits hanging from her chest, and filled with the helpless, unwanted desire to have them admired and fondled.

"No " She groaned, hands flying to her head.

Although the chip, deprived of it's uplink, was no longer active, the thoughts and ideas it had permanently implanted in her mind were still present. Although she could tell them for what they were thoughts that were not her own - she could avoid them, couldn't stop herself from thinking them. "M Mister McAffree?" An older man in a General's uniform asked, hesitantly.

Chris, confused and scared by the strange thoughts invading her mind replied. "Yes, I'm {*Chris McAffree/Kryssi Mannell*} Chrissy McNell."

The General blinked - as did Chris. She tried again with growing panic - but the two simultaneous thoughts came out with 'Khris Mannree' this time.

"The person you named!" Chris cried out, dropping to her extremely well-padded rear on the platform. "My God - what's happening to me?" She shouted at the General, in tears. "I can't control my thoughts

I keeping thinking things I don't want to think. I can't say my own name. I don't know what's going on, and I don't know how I ended up in this gorgeous, perfect body, and please won't somebody fuck me because I don't want to have sex, but oh, God I *need* it!"

The General walked up the ramp and knelt beside the naked (aside from a pair of high-heeled shoes) woman. He gulped as he gazed down at her massive endowments, their nipples hard and thick, and couldn't help but notice the helpless, hungry way she stared at his bulging crotch.

Look, uh.. son." He said in a gruff, not-quite-fatherly voice. "You may not understand what's happening but believe me when I tell you that you're perhaps the greatest patriot who ever lived. Thanks to you, we've opened a conduit to another dimension, and soon we'll begin trading with a whole new Earth, with different technology, in a different America. I'm sure the President himself will want to... uh, reward you. And you can be damned sure that we're going to take good care of you."

Sniffing, seeing the faint rays of hope, Chris looked up, and saw complete sincerity in the General's eyes...

...mixed with a healthy dose of lust, and she was both ashamed and aroused by it, and found herself yearning for something, yearning very, very much...

* * * * *

SIX MONTHS LATER

"Geez - can you believe the security on this thing?" Private Johnson muttered to Corporal Hendricks as they headed towards their assigned barracks. "I wonder what the hell's in that mountain that is so damned important."

"Geez - I know." The corporal replied. "I mean - a two *year* rotation, no leave, no mail or phone calls - we'll go nuts before the end of the rotation!"

The eleven men of the second platoon, First of the Fourth (Air Cav.) sullenly mounted the steps of their barracks, complaining about the damned job they'd been given, Even worse, their usual Lieutenant hadn't been assigned, and they'd been told they'd be stuck with a new commanding officer for the duration of their guard duty at the secure facility.

Opening the door to the white-washed wooden building that would be their home, they went inside...

...and they came to a stop, jaws dropping.

It was unlike any barracks they'd ever seen before. First of all, there were no double-tiered Army cots just two rows of king-sized bed, with white silk sheets beneath olive-drab down comforters. There was a full kitchen at the far end, and even a wet bar in the corner. The place looked like an upscale hotel room made to Army specifications.

Then the door to the officer's bedroom swung open - and, impossible as it seemed, the men's jaws dropped even further.

It was basically the standard Class A Uniform (Female) - but none of the soldiers had ever seen it worn quite like this.

The brown, square-heeled pumps that were specified by Army regs were replaced by black, high-heeled pumps with six-inch spiked heels. Which was only fair, because no other shoe could have done justice to the long, shapely, nylon-clad legs that disappeared under the shorter-than-regulation skirt. Above that, the jacket hung open - as it had to, to make room from the regulation blouse that was straining over the massive tits that filled it, the top two buttons undone to show a swatch of creamy flesh in place of the little tie that would have usually rested in the collar.

If any of the men had possessed the internal fortitude to look higher, they would have found a sexy face surrounded by light-brown hair beneath the regulation cap.

Non did.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen." The woman said in crisp- yet incredibly sexy - voice. "I am your new Commanding officer, Colonel Christine Neils. You may refer to me as Ma'am, Colonel, Neils, Gorgeous or any mix of the above."

Walking towards the stunned men with an sexy version of the regulation Army timed stride, she gave the man a great view of the way her bra-less tits moved with each stride. Using the rising crop she carried, she pushed Johnson's jaw closed and forced him to look at her face.

"I..." She said in a low, sensual voice. "...am also you Morale Officer..."

Eyeing the bulging crotches of the men now under her command, Chris decided to start at the 'smallest' and work her way up. "You - Private Wilson, isn't it?"

"Uh, yes, Colonel gorgeous, Ma'am." The stunned man replied in a stammer.

"Report to my room for... 'inspection'." She ordered with a smile. "The rest of you, stow your stuff and get squared away." Her suggestive smile widened. "I'm sure that you'll enjoy serving under me."

Turning on one heel, she headed back towards her room. After finally embracing her new nature - which happened not long after her first multiple orgasm - Chris had experienced a complete change of outlook on life.

Now, the uppermost thought on her mind as she closed the door to her bedroom and began to unbutton her blouse was:

"And *they* pay me for this..."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A young archeological student finds an old box on a dig, and when his body turns into a woman's form, he is given a test to see whether he can become a god.

The Box Of Loki

By Gunslinger

"Why... am I... doing all... the digging...?" Barry grunted, lifting another shovel-full of earth on top of the growing pile to the right of the whole. Pausing, the slender, pale youth pushed his sweat-matted mop of black hair off his forehead, leaving behind a streak of dirt that stood out starkly against his usually too-pale skin, now going red from his growing sunburn.

"Because you need the exercise more'n I do..." Jason said from his position next to the slowly growing hole, his lean, tanned muscular body relaxed and comfortable in beaten-up jeans and a white T-shirt. Sandy-haired, handsome, and popular with the ladies, Jason Withersone couldn't completely hide his condescending attitude as he spoke to his slender, bookish companion. "You've got to build up them muscles if you want to be an arky'just, Gary."

"It's Barry..." The intellectual-looking young man said through clenched teeth. He left out the '...you Neanderthal' that ran through his brain. It wasn't a good idea to insult somebody twice your size and rippling with muscles.

Besides, the self-centered idiot probably wouldn't have gotten the insult, Barry consoled himself.

Both young men were university students. Barry Tyler was a dedicated, intelligent young man taking the archeology course out of actual interest... while Jason was 'cruising' through on a sports scholarship. He had certain minimum academic credits he needed, however, and the Archeology class - with plenty of 'field research' to get out of the stuffy classrooms - had seemed perfect.

Especially when he could pick some nerd to reluctantly hang around with for the answers to all the stupid questions in the course - and so Jason had 'volunteered' Barry for the position, since Barry was a straight-A student.

Barry was less than thrilled with the situation - but he saw no 'safe' way to resolve it.

Besides - if he did want to be an honest-to-god archeologist, he might as well get used to digging. Sighing, the slender youth bent his complaining back to get another shovel full of earth from the whole. This was frustrating, tiring work - especially since they were 'excavating' an old section of Fort Winders, an old Indian-Fighter fort that had fallen due to abandonment. This was a 'safe' site since it didn't have much real archeological value, though it was a good place for field-work to learn the trade.

Barry started to push down on the square-bladed shovel.. and cursed as it barely went in, a muffled 'tunk' indicating yet another rock to be removed. Leaning the shovel against the side of the pit, Barry bent down to remove the obstacle...

...which was most definitely not a rock - even though it was made of stone. "Whatcha got there, squirt?" Jason asked, leaning over.

"Oh - just some old jewelry box or something..." Jason said, fighting to keep his voice level and casual. "Nothing important."

"Oh - well, just toss it then." Jason said, shrugging his shoulders.

"I think I'll keep it..." Barry said, casually - while his heart beat rapidly. He set the object aside, trying not to act as if anything unusual was happening. "Say - it's getting late. Why don't we call it a day and pick up tomorrow?"

Jason grinned. "Yeah - 'bout time for a few brewskis. See ya tomorrow, squirt."

Glad to get out of there, Jason headed over toward his Corvette, not even thinking of offering a ride to Barry. Barry didn't mind, however. Climbing out of the pit, he grabbed the object he'd just uncovered and almost reverently put it into his knapsack, casually tossing away a perfectly good thermos container to make room for it. Leaving his tools behind - a highly unusual action - he began the not- too-lengthy hike to the low-rent apartment he lived in, fighting the urge to break into a run.

Half an hour later, after a quick shower, Barry sat at the table, carefully using a damp paper towel to clean off his discover, eyes intent and focused on the object on the table.

About the size of hard-cover novel, the object was indeed a box - but not a cheap jewelry box. Made of carved obsidian and inlaid with semi-precious stones, the box was a work of art, intricately etched... which, considering how brittle obsidian was, made it all the more spectacular.

The box wasn't Native American in origin. In fact, Barry's near-encyclopedic knowledge of cultures had a hard time placing it exactly, even though it's 'descent' was obvious - it was Norwegian. Or more correctly, Norse.

The box was in the style of the old Viking artifacts... but more delicately crafted than any ancient Norse craftsman had even dreamed. Which meant it was either a clever fake - one that could have only been done in the late twentieth century and 'planted' - or it was a genuine artifact that could be worth fame, fortune and more.

There were Norse runes on the box - or symbols that resembled those runes, since Barry didn't recognize any of the symbols. No - that wasn't true. There was one that Barry was familiar with - the Symbol that indicated a 'god' of Norse mythology, Loki. Loki, the Trickster.

Cleaned off, the box was even more stunning than it had been before. Part of Barry still couldn't believe what he'd just done, though. Any 'good' archeologist would have left the item in place, taken photos and measurements, made detailed notes before ever thinking of removing it - and then taking it to a proper facility for preservation and study. However, the instant Barry had laid eyes on it, he'd felt an overwhelming desire to take it for himself, to own it - to possess it. Now, with it in front of him, he couldn't help but run his fingers almost lovingly over its intricately carved lid...

...and without realizing what he was going to do before he did it, found himself gripping the edge of the lid and carefully lifting upwards, looking into the interior of the box.

There was some sort of light inside the box. It should have been impossible - but he was seeing it anyway, a sort of greenish glow that lit his face, pulsing and writhing, moving like a thick, glowing form of smoke, or fog, almost seeming to form patterns as it swirled sluggishly inside the container that held it.

Eyes wide, Barry stared at the strange mist inside the black box, unaware of the breathless sigh of mesmerized amazement that had slipped from his lips as he stared deep into the depths of the box.

The mist almost seemed to expand, as if it were growing outwards, filling his field of vision - or pulling him into itself, deeper and deeper inward, deeper into the swirling green mists....

With a gasp, Barry shook his head and broke the strange trance he'd found himself in. With trembling fingers, he lowered the lid of the box, wondering what the hell that had been about. Feeling as if he'd been asleep for hours, he looked around and was surprised to see the last, golden rays of sunset filling the kitchenette of the apartment.

He'd been staring into the box for at least a good hour. For some reason, the oddest analogy popped into his head from nowhere, and he wondered why on earth he'd just thought his head felt like a hard-drive that had just been read...

Brow furrowing slightly in confusion, Barry pushed away from the table and began to head out to the living room to watch some TV, to get a chance to relax his mind then paused, torn. Feeling guilty, he grabbed the box and carried it with him to the living room, unwilling to let it out of his sight.

Carefully resting the box on his lap, Barry picked up the remote and pressed the button, bringing his twenty-one inch TV into life.

...into flaring, jumping, static-filled life. Once again, his cable ('pirated' to save money) had been disconnected. He could go downstairs and use the special tool he'd managed to buy to unlock the cable box, but after today it seemed like too much of an effort. Then again, he was looking forward to some mindless entertain to help 'calm' his mind. He felt vaguely guilty about 'stealing' the box like that, as well as uncomfortable about the odd 'trance' he'd been in - but without any other distractions, his mind wanted to slide over to thoughts of that condescending, annoying son-of-a-bitch Jason he was forced to put up with, and...

The Box he was holding suddenly pulsed a bright, sharp green - and Barry shook his head in momentary confusion.

"What the hell am I thinking?" He asked himself, aloud - a day spent, alone at the dig site, must have given him heat-stroke. Here he was, lamenting the lack of cable, when he'd stopped off after another futile day of digging to rent a movie. Looking down, he lifted the video-cassette box he was holding in his hand.

"The Box of Loki." Barry read aloud, trying to recall what it was about. He couldn't seem to remember why he'd picked this one at the video store, since he couldn't remember what the display box had shown or said about it, and the plain box it was in gave no clue.

"Well, there's one way to find out " Barry told himself. Getting up, he walked over to the VCR atop his

TV and turned it on. Popping open the plastic VCR-Tape box, he was a bit surprised to find that, instead of the usual black or occasional red, the casing of the video tape was a dark green.

Shrugging, Barry slid the tape into the machine, which began to play as he walked back to the chair and sat down.

There was a brief flicker, and then the movie started. There was no FBI warning, no previews - not even any credits, actually. Barry blinked, then mentally shrugged - the tape had probably not been fully rewound, and it was past all that stuff. Ignoring it - since he seemed to be right at the beginning anyway - he watched as the screen showed what was obviously meant to be a college dorm room. Just hanging up the phone was a shaven-headed young man with a russet goatee, his massively - almost grotesquely - muscled body crammed into cut-off jean shorts and a ratty black tank-top.

Just then, the door to the room opened and another young man entered. Athletically built, the muscular blond in jeans and a white T-shirt looked vaguely familiar to Barry, who wondered briefly what other movies he might have seen the actor in - then shrugged it off and focused his attention on the movie.

"So - how was your day, 'Indy'...?" The bald-headed one said to the sandy-haired character, who laughed.

"Relaxing - I let nerd-boy do all the work." He laughed again, unkindly. "I think he was turned on - that hole was probably the closets thing to a pussy he's ever seen..."

The other guy laughed, too. "Seriously, though, Jason - speaking of Pussy... I got a couple of girls lined up for tonight."

"Really, Steve - who? The Lindstadt sisters?" The blond youth - Jason - asked, eyebrows raising.

"No - a couple of girls from State. My cousin Frank goes there, and when he heard they were gonna be coming down this way, told them to give us a shout. I just got off the phone with them."

Jason rolled his eyes. "great - a blind date. C'mon, man - they'll probably be flat-chested, pimply and frigid."

Barry rolled his eyes - obviously, this wasn't a big-budget drama. These guys were almost stereotypes

'Chauvinistic Jocks', to be exact. Which probably meant this movie was a T&A horror movie or something...

He hoped it was like Leprechaun or WishMaster. Barry had enjoyed the twisted humor in those ones. Mentally crossing his fingers to hope, Barry leaned back in the chair as Steve said, "No way, man..."

* * * * *

"...Frank wouldn't do that to us."

Jason rolled his eyes. First, a day wasted digging in the dirt with Barry - who at least had that jewelry box he'd found - and now this lousy set-up 'blind date', where he had to trust somebody else's judgment.

The fact that, in each case, he hadn't had to expend any effort at all skipped right past Jason.

"All right - but if they're dogs, I'm outta there." Jason said, heading towards the bathroom for a quick shower before he changed. "Not like that time we got stuck with those Goth girls. That was freaky, man."

"Look on the bright side, Jason..." Steve laughed. "Compared to that, it can't possibly be worse tonight, right?"

* * * * *

Barry snorted softly - that was a stock line if he'd ever heard one. In a movie like this, as soon as somebody said 'I can't be any worse', something worse was ***SURE*** to happen.

Which probably meant something would happen on the 'date' they were going on. Barry wondered what the 'set-up' for that would be...

...and in almost the same instant, the scene cut to a older, perfectly-maintained dark-blue VW Beetle tooling down the rapidly darkening highway, containing a couple of college-age girls, obviously the ones in question. The driver, a bottle blonde, was slightly too skinny with a somewhat protruding nose but still, mildly 'cute' - and the passenger, who had a darker complexion, on the slightly pudgy side, had curly black hair. She, too, was somewhat shy of being the 'ideal college babe', though not actively ugly.

They were also dressed in 'night out' clothes, and chatting rather insipidly. They didn't seem to be the source of the thinly disguised 'foreboding' of 'something worse', and Barry figured that something to make the 'danger' clear to the viewer had to happen any time now...

Barry was completely unaware as his normally hazel eyes suddenly flared to a bright, emerald green for a second.

As if on cue, the girls suddenly found themselves confronted by what looked like a fog-bank hiding the road ahead - but both the faint greenish cast to the fog, and the eerie music, indicated it wasn't quite what it seemed. Typical dumb female characters, they drove into it anyway...

Seconds after the car vanished in the mist, there was the screeching sound effects of brakes, followed by startled exclamations. There was a short pause - and then two feminine screams.

Screams that quickly became naughty, almost disturbingly sensual moans. Moans that then merged into a deep, eerie, other-worldly chuckling...

...which Barry was completely unaware he was mirroring perfectly in intonation, volume and tone, his eyes blazing green...

* * * * *

Leaning against his Corvette, Jason looked over at his friend with exasperation.

"Well? Where are they?" He asked, annoyed. They'd agreed to meet these unseen girls in the parking lot of a local mall at eight o'clock, and here it was nearly eight thirty. Jason, not thrilled with the blind date in the first place, was quickly running out of what small measure of patience he did have.

"They'll be.... whoa, get a load of this..." Steve interrupted himself to point at a car just wheeling it's way into the lot.

It was an older car, but perfectly maintained, it's dark-blue paint gleaming under the lights above the mostly-empty lot. Chrome shone as well, as did the white racing stripes painted down the centerline of the AC Cobra's wide, 'muscular' body as it rumbled it's way to a stop beside the guys and their car.

Steve and Jason shared a look of disbelief as they saw the car's occupants.

"You must me Jason and Steve..." the blonde driver said, with a sensual tone, frankly eyeing the two guys - as was the dark-haired passenger.

For the guys part, all they could do was stare at the women in the car.

They were gorgeous. Aside from coloration, they could have been sisters - they both had toned, supple bodies crammed into tight-fitting, glossy leather garments. The blonde, dark-eyed driver hair fair skin and an almost patrician nose that didn't detract one whit from her coolly sensual beauty, and was dressed in a one-piece red-leather short-sleeve catsuit, 'accented' by a pair of matching knee- high boots. The passenger, on the other hand, had a duskier skin-tone and slightly larger breast (maybe a D-cup), and her long, wavy black hair framed a mysterious face with dark eyes and full, ruby lips curved very slightly at the corners in a mysterious, sensual smile. Slowly, sensuously, she opened the door and slid from the car with a nearly feline grace, like a panther stalking it's pray.

"Mmmm.... Fresh meat...": She said in a hungry, sensual tone, licking her full lips in a way that made the boys shudder in an odd mix of lust and carefully-repressed fear. The women, gorgeous, sensual and sexy, were also powerful, almost intimidating - but neither guy would ever admit to that, of course.

"Hope in, Curly..." The blonde driver said to Steve with a faint tone of amused contempt that he chose to ignore. I'm Tonya, and tonight your mine..."

"...and you belong to Charmaine - and that's me..." the dark-haired one practically growled at Steve, eyeing his crotch long and hard. "Believe me - you can't even imagine what tonight's going to be like." She chuckled, low in the back of her throat, an oddly primal sound.

Sharing another look, the guys traded another grin that each tried to make look casual. The guys liked to think of themselves as 'sexual predators', but these women made them look like the harmless herbivores of the sexual world...

"Sounds like my kind of night." Jason said with mostly false bravado, gesturing to his Corvette. "Hop in, Charmaine."

With another mysterious smile, she did just that... stepping confidently past Jason and sliding behind the wheel.

"Tonight, I'll be in the driver's seat, my little boy-toy..." She said with an odd chuckle.

Jason opened his mouth to argue... then shrugged his shoulders and walked around the car, while Steve slid into the Cobra.

The guys usually preferred more 'submissive' women, but - even a little intimidating - these girls were definitely hot.. and hot to trot. Getting laid was worth reigning in their own macho egos... for a while, at least...

With a squeal of rubber-on-pavement, both women stepped on the accelerator at the same instant, the two cars rocketing forward and peeling away, each in a different direction.

* * * * *

"So... where are we going...?" Steve asked, trying not to be unnerved by the casual competence Tonya showed as she used every ounce of power and handling the big car had to give.

She looked at him with a mysterious, smoldering look. "You'll see..."

Steve blinked, but shrugged, figuring that this would end up where he wanted to go, anyway - he just wished she pay closer attention to the road. Her driving was making him nervous...

"So, Steve, tell me..." Tonya said, pulling the car into the parking lot of a local 'dive' road-house. "Why do you think a woman like me should do, as often and eagerly as possible...?"

Well - this was certainly more like it. Steve grinned - leered, really - and decided to 'shoot the moon'. "A hot babe like you? Why, suck cock, of course..."

She grinned back at him, that same, mysterious grin. "Strip. All of it." She commanded. Steve was startled. "What - right here? Now?"

"Now." She said, firmly... and slowly and sensuously licked her lips. "Or no blow-job..."

Swallowing heavily, Steve glanced around nervously - then quickly began to shimmy and twist in the seat, pulling his clothes off. In a few minutes he was buck naked, his massively muscled body exposed to anybody who might wander out of the bar... and bare to Tonya's long, slow look. The look that stopped at his hard, throbbing cock.

"Perfect..." She practically purred... then bent over and began to suck his cock.

Leaning back against the door, Steve closed his eyes and moaned - her skill as a cock-sucker was amazing. She was doing things with her hands and lips that he hadn't even known was possible, and her tongue...!

It was long at all before Steve began to cum, and cum hard, gushing a thick stream of jism deep into her seemingly insatiable mouth, pumping more and more hot, thick cum down her throat...

...and more... and more... Even in the throes of orgasm, Steve realized that this protracted, continuous flow wasn't normal - now was the strange sensations his body was producing. Gasping and twitching from the pleasure of the incredible, apparently endless orgasm, he forced his eyes open and looked down...

The first thing he saw was Tonya's head buried in his lap, his cock completely swallowed by her mouth. It took a second for him to register that she looked different - larger, taller, more heavily muscled...

...and then, with mounting horror, he realized she was only half as muscular again as he thought she was - because his frame of reference was skewed.

He was shrinking in on himself. Impossibly, it was like she was sucking his very musculature out through his cock, absorbing it as she drained him...

...of his masculinity. As his body drew in on itself, becoming slimmer, less muscular, all his body hair was falling out - but he could feel hair sliding down the back of his neck as his previously bald skull produced copious amounts of thick, wavy, deep-red hair.

"Wh..." He moaned in mixed ecstasy and horror, even as his chest started bulging outward in most definitely feminine contours. "What's happening...?"

The question was asked in a voice that was rapidly rising in pitch, further terrifying ...him?... and he tried desperately to push Tonya's head from his lap with his steadily shrinking, slimming hands - but it was as if she were cemented in place.

"Stop!" He... she... gasped in horror as the changes neared completion, hearing the rich new contralto voice that had replace her own masculine. "Oh, God.. no...!"

Something else was happening. Where Tonya's torso was pressed against Steve's now very feminine legs, patches of shiny red material were spreading out, flowing from the red leather catsuit she wore and onto her new body. Steve tried to struggle, tried to pull away - but it was a futile effort as the red leather quickly spread over her new body.

With a muffled, wet 'pop', Tonya pulled away from the newly-formed person in the passenger's seat. Now easily six-foot-six, she was more muscular - but still feminine and sexy, in a Brigitte Nielsen sort of way.

"Thanks - I needed that..." She chuckled in a more powerful, commanding voice, flexing her musculature.

In the passenger's seat, the person who'd been Steve was making choking sounds of pure horror. The body enclosed in the red leather catsuit was nearly identical to the one Tonya had started out with, save for the fact that her hair was a deep, vibrant red, and her face wasn't nearly as 'commanding' - in fact, it was the sort of slightly sad-eyed face of a 'natural' submissive.

Her outfit was slightly different, too. The new woman's boots were still knee-high, but instead of six- inch spiked heels, she had 'ballet' heels, forcing her feet nearly straight down - and the boots were joined together by a length of golden chain.

"Get out." Tonya said, almost casually, to the horrified, supple new woman Steve had become.

"Wha... what...?" The stunned, horrified new woman gasped, hearing - and shuddering at - the sound of her altered voice.

Tonya grinned. "I'm no longer a 'woman like me'... but *you* are. Don't you have something you *need* to do - desperately?"

Instantly, the former man was horrified to feel an incredible, overpowering, crushing desire thunder through her body and mind, so powerful that she couldn't stand against it. Helplessly, drive, she found herself yanking open the door to the car and getting out, numbly noticing that she balanced 'easily' atop the ballet heels of her outrageous new footwear as she took tiny, mincing steps that slowly drew her toward the door of the bar.

She didn't want to go in there - but she needed to go in there. It was a craving, a desire, a rampant need so overwhelming powerful that she couldn't fight it,. No matter how hard she tried - and she was trying very hard indeed, disgusted by what her mind and body were demanding. It was a futile struggle, however - she couldn't help herself.

Opening the door to the bar, she minced in to the dark, smoky, noisy interior... and that noise quickly diminished as the mostly-male patrons of the club noted the woman who'd entered the club.

Helplessly, wishing she could just die, the new woman dropped to her knees just inside the door, her body literally quivering with the power of the rampant, disgusting need that filled her...

"Cum..." She said, her voice hungry and desperate. What she felt was like the sort of addiction a cocaine-junkie would feel... but much, much stronger. "I need to suck cock and drink cum. Please, somebody... let me suck you off..."

She was horrified by what had happened to her, by where she was, and by what she was about to do... but she just couldn't help herself. She *needed* this.

It wasn't long at all before one guy took her up on her offer.

"You serious?" He asked, his pants bulging as his eyes glittered with lust. Overweight, sweaty and smelly, he was a slob, a pig, a disgusting example of humanity - but it didn't matter to the new woman's terrible new needs.

"Yes!" She gasped. "Please - I need cum...!"

Then she reached out, grabbed the waist-band of his pants, and pulled him forward, her fingers flying to his fly to rip it open and set his hard - and rather unsanitary - cock free.

Desperately, she practically lunged forward...

...and a disgustingly pleasant feeling of tranquillity began to seep through her body as she began her first blow-job.

Hating how good it felt to have her full, ruby-red new lips wrapped around a man's throbbing cock, she found herself using new skills she didn't even know she had, one hand pumping the base of the cock while the other fondled his hair balls. Her lips slurped back and forth over his none-to-clean shaft, while her tongue swirled and dived over the nearly purple head of his cock.

"Damn... girl..." The guy gasped in pleasure. "You... you're incredible..."

Then he moaned as she stepped it up. She couldn't stop herself - the better she blew, the better she felt, that contentment spreading towards true pleasure...

Then the guy came, spurting his load of hot, sticky cum into her mouth - and the most intense orgasm she'd ever experienced thundered through her body as she helplessly gulped down every last drop of his sour, sticky seed, even licking his cock clean.... the intense, incredible ecstasy started to fade almost the instant she released his cock, to be replaced by the growing desire. Now it wasn't quite as strong, the 'edge' taken off of it but it was still much too strong to fight...

"Who's next?" The new woman asked, hungrily, eyes burning with terrible desire as she looked around. She needn't have bothered - a line was already forming, a good dozen guys fighting not to stroke their now-hard cocks as she opened the zipper of the next guy in line...

Two thoughts occurred to the new woman as she wrapped her lips around the cock of her next 'client', feeling the pleasure begin anew. The first was the fact that, the way her 'need' felt, she'd have to suck cock at least two-dozen times a day about one an hour, or even more if she planned on sleeping.

For the rest of her life, she was going to be trapped into the life of a cum-hungry cock-slut, always sucking men off...

Even more horrifying to her mind, however, was the fact that, given the intense orgasmic pleasure she already felt building as the guys she was sucking neared orgasm...

...she might actually come to enjoy it...

Then the man came, filling her mouth with his disgustingly delicious cum, and all coherent thought vanished in that haze of pure pleasure.

As she licked his cock clean and pulled away, he gasped out a question that had been circling his mind. "Damn, girl - who the hell are you, anyway?"

The new woman's brain seemed to lock up, and she heard her voice answering the man. "I'm Staci Suck-Slut..." She heard herself say. "the Submissive Sex Slave."

Then she could say no more - for the next man was already unzipped and waiting, and Staci's hunger drove her to 'eagerly' wrap her lips around yet another hard, throbbing cock...

* * * * *

"So... where are we going ?" Jason asked, trying not to let his annoyance at the high-handed way she'd taken control of his prized Corvette sneak into his voice as she expertly navigated the sports car around a tight curve.

She looked at him with a mysterious, smoldering look. "You'll see "

Jason bit down on a sharp, annoyed comment - despite her 'dom-bitch' attitude, she was a hottie, and he was looking forward to gettin' some o' that...

Jason was more than a little surprised when Tonya pulled the vehicle to a stop on a side-street he recognized. In one of the more 'upscale' sections of town, it was the street on which one of Jason's 'acquaintances' lived - or rather, a 'cordial enemy', though Jason himself would never have even thought of such a term, much less used it. From the good-sized house they were parked in front of came the unmistakable sounds of a party, indicating that 'oh-so-fucking-smart' asshole Brandon was having another one of his frat-boy blow-outs while his parents were away for the weekend.

"What the hell are we doing here?" Jason asked Tonya, confused and annoyed.

Tonya laughed, a low - almost mocking - chuckle. "I hear that Brandon invited you to this party... to clean the pool."

Jason's jaw had tightened as he wondered how the hell Tonya knew about that. It was true - Jason made his 'spending cash' as a 'pool boy'... which also had the added advantage of meeting a lot of hot little honeys who had pools. Brandon's public 'invitation' still rankled on Jason's nerves, though. "Yeah, so?"

"So - what did you say?" Tonya asked, lips curled in that strange grin. "How, exactly, did you reply?"

Jason rolled his eyes. "Geez... I said something like 'Fuck you, Bradley, and all your asshole friends.' - or something."

Tonya laughed. "Well, that's why we're here."

The muscular, sandy-haired young man blinked. "Huh?" "To make good on your promise..." Tonya chuckled.

"What the hell are you talking..." Jason started to ask, in annoyance - then his eyes widened. "What the *fuck*...?"

It was a good question - as he found himself opening the door of his car and getting out. Which he hadn't planned to do. Which he didn't want to do.

Which, no matter how hard he struggled to control his body, he couldn't stop from doing.

"What the fuck is going on here...?" Jason shouted in mixed anger and fear as he closed the door to his car and turned away, towards the house. He struggled against it, trying to face Tonya to demand answers, but it was impossible.

"Good choice of words, honey..." Tonya laughed behind him, revving up the engine. "You enjoy yourself..."

Then he heard the car - *his* car! - screech away into the night...

...while he began to walk up the long driveway towards the good-sized house brightly lit from within.

"What the hell..." Jason gasped, struggling to stop his renegade body from walking forward - and finding it impossible to do so. Though his mind and thoughts were still his own, his body was being controlled as if he were a puppet, a marionette hung on unseen strings that moved his body without his conscious will or control.

Jason had a horrible feeling he knew who's will was driving him - Tonya.

The odd thing was, even though he was 'technically' right, he would have been shocked, amazed and horrified to discover that 'Tonya' was only an intermediary, as much a puppet herself as was he - but there was no way he could possibly know this as his body continued to walk towards the house...

...and began to change. Locked, as he was, into the voyage towards the house, he couldn't stop and take stock of all the changes happening to his body, his head fixed facing forward towards the front door that was drawing eve near. He could, however, feel the changes that were occurring to him even as he helplessly continued moving forward, the only effect the changes were having on his walk being the 'automatic' changes is stride and balance to take in to account the alterations of body and clothing.

From his point of view, the world seemed to suddenly began to stretch upwards - but it was an optical illusion, he knew with a sick feeling in his heart, because the truth was - he was shrinking, not only in stature, but in mass. He could feel his hard, lean body growing lighter, more supple and graceful, as the muscles he'd labored into toned perfection began to 'fade away'.

Some of the loss of height was 'regained' when he felt his heels being pushed upwards from beneath, his stride altering considerably to take in to account the certain type of balance needed to stay atop - *gracefully* atop - the high, slender heels his smaller feet were now balanced atop.

He could feel air moving across his legs as the cuffs of his jeans slid upwards on his legs, the very feel of the fabric altering as his altering legs were more and more exposed...

...even as he felt the strange sensation of his socks crawling up his now-hairless legs, the material growing lighter and finer as it raced upwards toward his thighs.

His hair was growing rapidly, tickling across the back of his neck, then something happened to it and it seemed to pull itself up on top of his head, styling itself into some sort of feminine hairdo even as he felt the contours of his face alter into something more appropriate for the new look - and gender - he was rapidly acquiring...

...or, perhaps already had, since she could no longer feel her old genitalia compressed in the tighter underwear that had replaced his usual boxers. Indeed, as she neared the door to the house, the changes slowed and came to a halt, and she knew that it was over - and the words Tonya had spoken had an all-new impact as she realized that she was, indeed, fully and completely female in body and appearance.

If there'd been the slightest doubt at all, it was cleared up by the reflection in the glass outer door of the house. Full length and slightly tinted, the darkness of the oak door behind turned the pane of glass into an ideal mirror, and Jason stared in shock and horror at what she'd become.

She was gorgeous. Shorter than she'd been as a man, she was about average for a woman - but that was about the only 'average' thing about her.

She was dressed almost entirely in black leather - yet it wasn't a 'cheap' look, as both the cut and design of the leather was expensive. She wore black leather shoes with gold accents, including the metal spike six-inch heels that pushed her feet upwards, further enhancing the supple, sensual contours of her long, toned legs beneath the black nylons she wore. These nylons disappeared under the hem of her skirt, which sat just above the knees. A rich, mellow leather with a fine, smooth grain, the skirt was contoured to her womanly hips and full ass, yet despite being tight and revealing wasn't 'cheap' or 'slutty', but sensually elegant.

A black silk shirt clung to her full, ripe bosom. Perhaps a firm D-cup, her breasts pressed into the silk material, which in turn was partially covered by the form-fitting, expensive, leather jacket with an open neck and a slender belt that cinched the shaped jacket tight to her narrow waist.

Her hair - now a rich golden blonde - was pulled up into an elaborate, stylish and very feminine hair style - and below that elaborate mane of gold lay a face that was stunningly beautiful in a very strong, self-confident way. From the top of her head to the tip of her toes, the new woman Jason had become radiated money, power and intelligence as well as sex-appeal, and she had that faint look of superiority that only the very wealthy could manage so perfectly.

Helplessly, Jason watched her long, carefully manicured finger reach out and press the door-bell...

...and the instant she heard the chime inside the door, was stunned and amazed to feel that strange outward 'control' of her body drop away, leaving her complete and utterly in control of her own body once more. So surprised was the new woman at the unexpected turn of events, she didn't have time to figure out what to do first with her new-found 'freedom'. Run away? Collapse into a ball and cry? Scream in horror and outrage...?

Before she could make up her mind, the door in front of her swung open, revealing Brandon. Dressed casually in tan slacks and a patterned, dark-green Golf shirt with dark-blue-and-tan cuffs and collars, he was the picture of a wealthy playboy, his body trim and his face handsome, his posture casual and confident...

...until he got a really good look at the gorgeous woman standing on his door-step, which was enough to crack his usual calm reserve. His eyes widened slightly, his posture tensed, and he looked her up and down with obvious appreciation...

...and the new woman Jason had become felt a strange sort of anger begin to rise in her at his obvious sexual interest in her new body. Sure, she understood why he was suddenly aroused by the sight of this gorgeous goddess standing on his doorstep - but inside this body was her original, male mind - and she found herself getting pissed off in a very strange way, a way that made her want to punish Brandon for getting turned on by her...

...even as she understood - and even agreed with - the fact that her body was incredibly sexy, enough to arouse a man's desires.

"Well, are you just going to stand there?" She asked, her anger coming out in her tight, controlled tone of voice. 'Or are you going to open the door and let me in... you useless, puling piece of shit."

Brandon blinked, face going slack with surprise - and she felt a burst of pleasure at his reaction. An incredibly powerful burst of pleasure.

Riding the crest of the pleasure, she spoke very clearly, separating each word and leaving them dripping with disgust. "Open... The... Door... Moron."

"Uh... I..." Brandon stammered, scrabbling for his customary calm arrogance as he all-but-threw the door open for her. Her every movement bespeaking her disgust and disdain for him, the new woman stepped into the house.

"Uh.... I'm, uh.. Brandon..." He managed to stammer out - then flinched as she turned her cold, arrogant gaze on him.

"I am Jasmine Von Mannheim..." She said, coldly, pulling the name out of the air without really thinking about it - which wasn't surprising, since she was awash in waves of pleasure at the power she'd suddenly discovered in this new body. She'd seen the truth in Brandon's reaction...

She could make men do anything. Anything at all she wanted. With just the right attitude, she could rule these guys like a goddess...

"...but you may call me 'Mistress Jasmine', you useless piece of slime." She said, arrogantly.

Brandon gasped - then reached for his own, natural arrogance. "Look, here 'Jasmine'. I don't know who you think you are " rage, red-hot an unreasoning, boiled up behind the new woman's eyes, and she reached out swiftly, grasping Brandon's semi-hard cock through the fabric of his pants and squeezing just hard enough to make him gasp.

"Listen, you piece of human swill " She ground out, eyes boring into his. "The only thing scum like you and your friends are useful for is to serve a woman like me. Personally, I don't think you've got what it takes to satisfy my sexual desires, but maybe you and all your useless, stupid friends put together might be enough to take the edge off of my appetites. Behave

yourself, keep me happy, and I might just let you keep this probably-useless piece of anatomy that you probably actually believe is enough to satisfy a real woman "

She tightened her grip a little more, and finished with " understand?"

"Yes !" Brandon gasped - then when she tightened her grip to the point it was just shy of mortal agony, he added: " Mistress Jasmine."

She really didn't have any 'sexual appetites', at least not when it came to men - in fact, the thought of having sex with a man disgusted her...

...but the level of disgust she felt at the thought was well below the level of primal pleasure she was feeling at the complete control she had over Brandon, and sex was just another means of controlling him, of keeping him - and his asshole buddies - under her thumb.

Releasing Brandon's cock, she shoved him towards the door to the living room, where his buddies had begun to gather, staring in amazement at the tableaux in the doorway.

"Well - announce me, you little puke." She said, lip curled into a seer. Brandon cleared his throat, hesitating. Lust and pride battled inside him....

"Uh.... Mistress Jasmine Von Mannheim " He finally said, blushing brightly as his buddies snickered and nudged each other in the ribs.

With movements so fast it didn't seem possible, she stepped forward and back-handed the nearest snickerer across the face, the slap sounding like a rifle-shot in the sudden silence as the unfortunate man was knocked clean off his feet by the stunning force of her blow.

Putting her hands on her hips, Jasmine glared at the rest of the men, challenge in her ice-blue new eyes.

"Well?" She asked, loudly and powerfully. "Does anybody here think they're actually man enough to handle a *real* woman?"

"Damn straight !" One of them growled, a powerfully built black man who walked forward with challenge in every line of his body. She looked him up and down with disdain. "I doubt it..." She sneered. "Still Strip."

The guy hesitated for a second, looking around at the dozen or so of his buddies looking on then slowly began to undress.

"Undress me." She ordered to the room at large, spreading her arms and waiting calmly. After a second, two guys stepped forward and began to remove her clothes, everybody watching with interest as more and more of her incredibly toned, lithe, sensual body was revealed.

"Enough!" She ordered, clouting one of the guys upside the head. Now clad only in nylons and heels, she walked towards the now-nude black man with a feline stride - and pushed against his chest, sending him sprawling backwards onto the floor.

"Pay attention, and see what a real woman can do,..." Jasmine told the room at large as she took one step forward...

...and dropped down, perfectly impaling herself on the man's hard cock.

He gasped as her cunt slammed home over his shaft, and opened his mouth to say something...

...but never got the chance as she began to move atop him in a swaying, undulating - almost *serpentine* - manner, something none of these guys, no matter how sexually learned they were, had ever seen before.

The black man screamed out, suddenly - a sound of pure pleasure, as her body moved atop his in a way that created the utterly ideal level of friction and pressure on every single square millimeter of his cock, causing more intense, immediate and amazing pleasure he'd ever felt in his life...

...and it continued to increase from there.

For her part, Jasmine let her boredom show through as she used incredible skills she hadn't known she'd had to cause the man beneath her to feel the most mind-blowing sexual experience he'd ever had. She hid most - but not all - of the disgust she felt at having sex with another man, her lithe body shimmering and undulating atop him powerfully and skillfully.

The man beneath her was making loud, inarticulate sounds of mindless ecstasy, his body flopping and twitching with orgasmic pleasure like none he'd ever known, his brain completely overloaded with the pleasure he was feeling from the cool, unaffected woman who was riding him with obvious boredom...

...then he came. Longer, harder and more powerfully than he'd ever cum before - or known it was possible to do so...

He screamed, a long, intense, throat-grinding scream that was almost girlish in pitch and intensity as he arched backwards, overloaded with orgasmic pleasure.

The scream tapered off as the orgasm faded... and, completely drained, the black man passed out, eyes rolling back in his head as a huge, goofy grin remained etched on his face.

With obvious disdain, Jasmine lifted herself from the now-limp body beneath her.

"Not even close..." She said, causally - and kicked the senseless man in the side, something he was incapable of feeling.

The guys stared at her, then at the black man, who had obviously just experienced the most incredible orgasm in existence. Casually, Jasmine walked over to the couch and sat back in it, her body radiating control and power. Holding out one hand, she snapped her fingers.

"Cigarette." She ordered, and three different guys scrambled for their packs. The first one to get a cigarette out hurried over and bent down to hand it to her. She took it...

...then kicked upward, slamming her foot into his crotch. Letting out a high-pitched wheeze, the man's eyes widened as his knees crossed... and he toppled sidewise, laying on the floor curled around his damaged anatomy.

"Light." She commanded, calmly - and there was a short pause, the guys sharing hesitant looks...

...then one of the, nervously, stepped forward...

...and dropped to his knees in front of her, holding out his lighter.

"Yes, Mistress Jasmine..." He said, obviously waiting for whatever she was going to do...

Whatever they were expecting, it wasn't what she did. After all, they couldn't know of the orgasmic pleasure that thundered through Jasmine's body at the man's submissive display. So, all were stunned when her lips curved into a sensual, feline smile of pleasure and she spoke in a voice thick with sensual desire.

"Hmmm... at last..." She said, sensually. "A man who isn't completely useless "

Leaning forward, she touch the end of her cigarette to the flame, inhaling deeply as the man let the flame die...

... then she leaned even farther forward, wrapped the other hand around his head, and pulled his face to hers, their lips meeting hard and fast...

The kiss she gave him was so unbelievably intense that it was almost as good as having sex with any other woman would have been. The man's body twitched and shimmied as he made noises of pleasure in the back of his throat as her incredible mobile, skilled lips and tongue gave him pleasure he never knew a kiss could provide.

Finally, she broke the kiss. "What's your name, my pet ?" She murmured in a voice thick with approval and sensuality.

"T.. Tom " The recipient of that unbelievable kiss managed to stammer out.

"Very well, Tom " She said, her voice now sliding back towards arrogance. "As a reward for your showing the proper obedience and respect, you may fondle and suck my breasts for the next ten minutes."

Tom blinked. "Uh... yes, Mistress. Thank you, mistress "

The others might have thought her quick, faint moan was from sexual pleasure as Tom threw himself into his 'reward' - but it wasn't. A man's touch would never give her pleasure, at least not sexually. No the pleasure was from being obeyed, immediately and unquestioningly.

"A martini." She ordered, not directing it to anybody in particular. "Very dry, with an olive."

Every single one of the still-standing men dived for the bar without the slightest hesitation and her body thrummed with pure pleasure at the control and power she held over these pathetic men. She chuckled, low in her throat, a sound full of power and pleasure.

Perhaps she'd ordered them the clean the pool after she got her drink. They wouldn't understand the joke... but the fact that they'd obey her, anyway, made it all the more delicious...

* * * * *

"Oh, man..." Barry whispered, stroking his rock-hard cock through his pants as he watched the gorgeous blonde on screen chuckle.

He'd never told anybody about his 'guilty pleasure'. For some reason, movies that featured guys being turned into women really, really turned him on. He felt really guilty about it, because he thought it was 'gay', somehow, but consoled himself with the thought that it wasn't like he wanted to have sex with guys or be a woman - it was the thought of other guys forcibly being turned into women that got him off...

Then Barry made a mistake, though he had no idea he was doing so. Feeling guilty about being turned on, even though all the sex scenes feature 'women', not anything 'gay' other than by mental connection in his mind, he stopped fondling himself and got up to get a beer from the fridge to give himself time to 'cool down', even as the movie continued to run on the screen behind him. He was completely unaware of the fact that his eyes faded back to their normal color as he left the room...

On the screen behind him, the scene shifted...

* * * * *

The two cars sped down the empty road, side by side. A Corvette, painted red, and a blue Cobra, each driven by a woman who was powerful-yet-sexy...

Suddenly, a green glow grew to surround the two vehicles, which began to glide towards each other. Instead of the sound of rending metal, however, there was an odd, 'slurping' sound as the cars 'touched'...

...and slid into each other, merging...

Now one vehicle was driving down the darkened road. Of a make and model never before existing, the dark purple vehicle was low and wide and powerful in a feline way. Behind the wheel was a woman - a woman with long, wavy dark-brown hair. A woman who was heavily muscled yet utterly feminine, with large, firm breasts and long, sexy legs. A woman who was commanding, powerful, sensual and sexual.

A woman who was nearly seven feet tall, with the cool, powerful features of a Goddess on her dusky, full-lipped face. Her eyes - a deep, eerie green - almost glowed with a mysterious inner light as she turned the steering wheel of the low-slung car and sent it heading towards a certain bungalow on the outskirts of town...

* * * * *

Having also taken a bathroom break - while he was up - Barry headed back towards the living room, nearly empty beer in hand. He was about to settle back into the chair... when he blinked at what was on the screen.

It was an image of him, beer in hand, about to settle into the chair, eyes riveted on the screen. "What the hell...?" Came from his own mouth and, simultaneously, from the speakers on the TV...

...when, suddenly, the front door of his house slammed open, a cool breeze carrying with it a rich, feminine odor swirling into the room. Barry straightened, whiling around to stare at the doorway...

..as the most incredible woman he'd eve laid eye on stepped into the room.

She was gigantic. She was tall, nearly brushing the ceiling in the high-heeled boots she wore, and her body was massively muscled - yet she was definitely, almost defiantly - feminine, her lithe, powerful body radiating sensuality as she strode towards him. Her clothing, at first glance, appeared to be black leather - yet the highlights were as if every source of light in the room was a dark, deep red. In stark contrast to this were her eyes, a deep, emerald green that was easy to see no matter how shadowed her eyes sockets were, as if they glowed with their own inner light that somehow didn't cast any brilliance.

"Who.. who are you...?" Barry stammered, feeling lust rise unbidden to match the startle fear he felt from this powerful woman's entry into his home.

"I am Loki." She said, her rich contralto voice commanding and sensual. "Or, at least, the current incarnation of Loki. You, Barry, have chosen for me the form, powers and limitations I shall have in this current existence."

"I... I don't understand." Barry stammered, not even noticing as his beer dropped from suddenly limp fingers.

"You found my box." Loki said. "Through your mind, through your twisted desires and fears, you have created this version of me and defined my powers through that..." She pointed one finger at the movie on the screen... and then grinned, a mysterious, frightening expression.

"You could have been the current incarnation, yourself." She said in a low, mocking tone, taking more steps towards Barry, who instinctively tried to back away - only to bump into the wall behind him. He swallowed, nervously.

"If you hadn't let guilty cause you to turn away, you could have been a god." Loki said. "One without the limitations I have in this form, defined by your mind. I am but a weak impression of Loki... except in the area you have define. As this incarnation.... I think I shall use the name 'Lucy' for it... I am bound by what you created..."

"I... I..." Barry stammered, then swallowed, thickly. "What... what are you... doing here..."

"Since you failed the test of Loki's box..." Lucy said, the strange grin widening, "I must be limited in powers - and, so, my powers come only through the 'movie' you have trapped me in. For me to be able to exist, even in this limited form, the movie must be completed... which means that you, yourself, must 'finish' the film."

"Wh... what?" Barry stammered, trying - impossibly - to back right through the wall. "How?"

Loki - Lucy - laughed. "Well, Mortal, how can this movie end? Either you must 'win', as the hero, or I must win, as the villain." She leered. "Tell me, mortal - do you have some secret, the 'dues ex machina' that will let you conquer me, banish me as I've been banished before?"

"no..." Barry squeaked.

She laughed. "I know." then she pointed a finger at him, and when she spoke it was in a voice that thundered, shaking the walls of the room.

"And Thus I win!" She thundered... and green energy crackled and spat around Barry...

...who screamed, once, as his clothes burst apart, the body beneath writhing and changing... Then the huge-breasted blonde woman he'd become vanished...

On the TV, the Image of Lucy laughed, deep and long, as the camera panned over to show a TV... and the image on the TV was that of the huge-breasted woman Barry had become, now clad in an outfit that practically shouted 'whore', from the red platform heels and matching skirt and bustier to the black fishnet stockings. In a dark alley, she looked around with obvious horror on her face...

...and then a couple of men stepped out of a door, talking about the sexy strippers they'd just seen. Through the door, the interior of what was obviously a strip club was momentarily visible...

Then the camera was back on the new woman in the alley, her face going into an expression of horrified realization... then slipping into a vapid, blank smile as she spoke in a high-pitched, vapid voice.

"Hi, I'm Bambi Bangalot!" She said, with a giggle, jiggling and swaying towards the guys. "You guys wanna have some fun...?"

Laughing still, Lucy watched the ex-man helplessly seduce the guys into using her 'services'... then the current incarnation Of Loki turned into a green mist that flowed into the VCR, and the video tape within...

The scene faded - to be replaced with an image of a video store. With a slow rolling pan, the camera slowly 'rolled forward' inside the store, finally coming to rest on a movie box sitting in the 'Horror' section...

* * * * *

"Yo, Steve... You home...?" Mark called, rather unnecessarily, as he pulled open the open screen door of his best friend's apartment on the top floor of a converted Victorian home.

"In here, man." Steve's voice said, guiding Mark into the living room. Steve grinned from where he sat in front of the TV. "Pull up a chair, buddy."

Mark dropped into the seat next to his friend and glanced at the screen, which was showing the familiar 'Video Piracy Warning'.

"What movie'jya rent?" Mark asked, and by way of answer Steve flipped the empty box he was holding into Mark's lap. Just as the movie began, Mark looked down at the box laying on his lap...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Running from the law, one man is exposed to a chemical substance in a warehouse and is turned into a big bosomed blonde. But even as a woman, she can't stay out of trouble.

Brand On The Run

By Gunslinger

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Actually, this is more in the way of a warning. This story contains violence, considerably more than I usually allow in a story. Those of you who wish to avoid reading such a story should stop now. The rest of you - enjoy!

'Might makes right.'

It was a phrase that loomed large in Elmore Brand's view of the world. He'd first heard the phrase six days after his eighteenth birthday, and it had come out of the mouth of a police officer who was busy trying to cram the six-foot-ten, two-ninety-seven pound mass of ebony muscle into the back of a squad car. The cop had been trying to explain why that phrase wasn't true, but Brand (nobody called him 'Elmore' - at least, not more than once) hadn't really been listening to what the cop was saying. ('The crap flowin' from the pig's cakehole' was how Brand phrased it, when he bothered talking about it to any of his long list of temporary cell-mates.) The phrase itself, however, had stuck in Brand's mind which, in itself, was something of a minor miracle, since Elmore Woodland Brand of Fuller's Grove, Looo-easy-ana wasn't exactly renown for his capability to retain information, one of the reasons he'd dropped out of eighth grade when he was fifteen.

Had he'd ever heard the phrase 'the ends justify the means', he would have agreed with that sentiment, as well - if he'd been able to comprehend it. Comprehension was also something Brand didn't exactly excel in. The ballistic arc of a .38 caliber bullet fired from a hair-trigger Saturday Night Special was about the limit of his intellectual comprehension, and even that knowledge was gained through direct experimentation rather than 'book learning'.

Of course, the downside to relying on his might was the fact that it most often got him into trouble - a little fact that hadn't quite registered on Brand yet, cause-and-effect being a little too far outside his intellectual capabilities. For the most part, people took one look at the hulking, broken-nosed, shaved-head mass of muscle and gave him whatever he wanted. Just like the joke about the six- hundred-pound-gorilla, the massive black man could sleep 'wherever he wants'...

...unless, of course, he was locked up in jail for his latest offense. Brand wasn't a big fan of jail, but the thought of not committing crimes didn't occur to him. Instead, he always worried about how to get out of jail only after he was in jail.

Most of the time, it was a wasted exercise. Not always, though.

Which was why the supposed-to-be-quiet late summer night was broken with the not-quite-distant- enough howl of sirens, and the roaring clatter of the police helicopter that was circling above the industrial section down near the river, it's 100,000 candle-power SunLite washing over the area with it's actinic blue-white glow. The blue-white cone hadn't yet centered on Brand's body, mainly because he was running fast, naked...

...and scared. It was a new feeling to the big man, and he didn't like it much. As he gasped and panted, slogging his way through stagnant, foul, knee-high water near the river, he was also cursing under his breath, his rumbling muttering sounding like a poorly tuned diesel engine. When he'd seen his chance to escape from the County lockup, he'd taken it - and it wasn't until what seemed to be the entire local and state police forces turned out in a massive manhunt did he realize that killing those two cops might not have been such a good idea. Not that he blamed himself, of course - he never did. Still, the dumb pigs should have given up when he grabbed them, rather than going for their guns one of which was now clamped firmly in his right fist, it's twin lost while scaling a fence. Once free of the facility itself, Brand had taken one look at the coal-black night, the storm-clouds hiding any chance of moonlight, and had quickly stripped out of the bright orange jumpsuit and white underwear the State had so thoughtfully provided. It was good enough to give him a head-start on the cops, his midnight-black skin

blending into the darkness... but it was a temporary measure, at best, and he needed to find some shelter, clothes, money and transportation in order to make good his escape.

The fact that, even when fully dressed, he hardly 'blended in' didn't quite occur to Brand. Every time he was arrested, he assumed that it was through some sort of fancy scientific police work. The idea that a six-ten, two-ninety black man with a large, much-broken nose and shaved head wasn't hard to identify had never really registered on our boy Elmore.

Wading through the thick, sludge-like mud on the edge of the swampy area, Brand picked up speed through the scrubby undergrowth as he headed towards the only building near the river - a squat, functional-looking brick building whose sole adornment was the metal door breaking up its otherwise featureless brick exterior. Brand had no idea what the building was, or what its purpose was - he just hoped he could find something useful inside. The cops were drawing awfully close, and he knew that and bridle over the fast-flowing river would probably already be barricaded - and since he didn't know how to swim, he needed some way to either cross the river or otherwise avoid the manhunt.

Reaching the building, he tried the handle of the heavy metal door - and found it locked. Brand cursed, viscously, then kicked the door out of anger...

...which really wasn't a good idea, since he was barefoot. Holding his injured foot, Brand hopped around in a circle, yelling and cursing, until his balance failed him and he went sprawling on his ass.

Furious, he reacted instinctively, not even thinking about the consequences as he pointed the gun he held at the offending door and pulled the trigger. To his dark-adapted eyes, the muzzle-flash seemed as bright as day, and the flat, heavy 'crack' of each round rolled out across the flood-plain...

...to be lost in the awesome explosion of fury as the heavens above let loose, a blast of thunder accompanying the sudden deluge that poured from the sky.

Having emptied the last four rounds in the gun, Brand negligently tossed it aside and pulled himself upright, limping and muttering as the rain sluiced down with fury and power, the sky now rent by veritable cannonades of thunder and lightning. Out of pure luck - he hadn't been aiming - one of the rounds had smashed through the lock-plate, and the door swung open at Brand's touch.

Stepping inside, Brand shoved the door shut behind him - which didn't do much good, as the rapidly rising storm was gathering power as it lashed the landscape, and the rising wind shoved the door open again, the gust carrying in a deluge of heavy, cold rain as well as the blue-white glare of a lightning bolt, the attendant thunder nearly overlapping the sharp-edged flash of electricity.

Under Brand's feet, the concrete floor of the building trembled as the all-encompassing roar of thunder shook the land.

Brand ignored it, straining his eyes to determine where he was - and his thick, slab-like lips compressed in frustration as he discovered the building was some sort of 'inspection' point. A huge, heavy metal pipe rose out of the earth at one end of the building, sinking back into the earth at the opposite end. Centered in the upraised section of six-foot-diameter pipe was a large inspection hatch.

Cursing, Brand turned to leave the austere building...

...then quickly stepped back from the door, his heart increasing it's rhythm at the sight of two four- wheel drive State Police Jeeps moving across the plains, the spotlights mounted on the driver's side of each vehicle probing across the flood-plain. With the thunderstorm, visibility was cut - but not enough for Brand to slip between the vehicles unseen.

Spinning, Brand glared at the building's Spartan interior, damning it for not having another exit...

...and then he realized that it did - sort of. His flat, cold eyes turned to the hatch on the pipe, and he strode over to it quickly, the heavy slabs of muscle in his legs working easily as he covered the short distance.

The hand-wheel on the top of the hatch was stiff, but Brand's massive arms, as thick around as most men's thighs, had no trouble getting the resisting hand-wheel to spin. He hauled back on the hatch...

...and staggered back as a rich, thick stench flowed out of the pipe. It wasn't a foul stench, but a ripe, acidic one that reminded him vaguely of the industrial-strength cleaning supplied used in government- run institutions.

Backing away from the pipe, he glanced out the door - and pulled back immediately. The vehicles had homed in on the sole building on the rain-swept flood-plain, and were approaching as quickly as the treacherous, muddy terrain would allow.

Cursing at the top of his lungs, Bran hurried forward. Vaguely, he realized that the pipe had to go somewhere, though he didn't really consider all the possible outcomes to entering the pipe. All he knew was that, if he were caught, he'd be spending a lot of time in a maximum-security prison.

Taking a deep, deep breath, he clamped his lips closed, his flat, mashed nose wrinkling in disgust as he forced himself to slide, head-first, into the fast-flowing liquid that thrummed through the pipe.

It wasn't so deep that he couldn't lift his head above the liquid, though sudden gushes washed over him unexpectedly. Letting the current of the greenish-brown liquid help him along, Brand dragged himself down the pipe, struggling to hold his breath as long as possible. Only when star-bursts of oxygen-deprivation began to flash in his vision did he expel the pent-up air in his prodigious lungs and gaspingly inhale...

...which set off a coughing fit, the chemical-laden air burning it's way down into his lungs. His eyes watered, but there was enough oxygen in the fume-laden mix to keep him going, and he pushed grimly onward.

He lost all track of time. The darkness in the pipe quickly became total, and he dragged himself through it, struggling to catch his breath as the liquid flowed under, around and over him. The smell began to bother him as he slowly got used to it, but it felt like he'd just sprinted flat-out for all he was worth - his lungs were burning, and it was difficult to breathe in other than a rapid pant. On more than one occasion the liquid surged at a bad time, and he ended up spluttering and gasping as he involuntarily swallowed some of it, and he began to worry that it was poisonous - but it was too late to turn back, and there was nothing else to do but push blindly onwards, hoping that the chemical that had splashed up into his eyes now and again wasn't going to make the darkness permanent.

After what seemed an eternity, Brand's thick, moisture-wrinkled finger's brushed across a metal object thrust out of the side of the pipe. The liquid was cool and his fingers were nearly numb, but basic animal instinct caused him to grip the object tightly even before his brain really registered its presence. Thrashing and flailing with his other arm, he discovered that the top of the pipe rose up above him at that point, and he painfully hauled himself around, his heavy, thick body ill-suited to the confined space in which he was trying to maneuver. It would have been different had he let go of the rung, but he didn't want to risk losing it in the darkness.

Grimly, he managed to haul himself into the open space above him, feeling it press in on his wide shoulders as she dragged himself upright. Fumbling around above him, he discovered another rung, and he began to haul himself up a vertical pipe that was just barely wide enough to admit his bulky, wide-shouldered body.

He stopped only when his head slapped hard against a metal outcropping above, drawing another oath from him. Braced within the confines of the tube, he found it difficult to get his hands up above shoulder height, but finally managed to do so at the cost of some skin scrapped raw on the rung.

Grasping the rubber-coated dog-latches above him, he muscled them aside and heaved, feeling the cover fly open.

Then, gasping, he hauled himself out of the stinking pipe-line, slithering over the lip of the hatch and slamming it shut behind him as he drew great, wracking breaths of fresh, clean air into his abused lungs. The air itself was somewhat musty, but it tasted fresher and cleaner than any breath he'd ever drawn as he lay in a puddle of chemical that dripped and sluiced from his body.

Though he wasn't yet aware of the fact, Brand was laying in the back room of an old factory that had been remolded and turned into a community playhouse. The windows, high in the wall, admitted the thin, grayish light of early morning, further diffused by the lingering clouds from last night's storm.

Compared to the pure, unrelieved darkness of the past several hours, however, it seemed spot-light bright to Brand's dark-adapted eyes, and he could see perfectly well.

For the first few seconds, however, he refused to accept what his eyes were seeing. It wasn't willful disbelief, as he looked at his outstretched arm, but a lack of comprehension that made his mind insist that he couldn't be seeing what he thought he was.

Then it registered on his brain that everything else around his arm was being seen correctly, which meant that...

"Fuckin' **shit**!" Brand swore, sitting bolt upright and looking at his arms and legs in shock. "I'se a honky!"

He gasped in shock at his smooth, denuded flesh. Like many black men, Brand had never had very thick body hair, but what he did have was now gone - but that was the least of his worries, as he was busy staring at flesh that now looked like that of a Caucasian with a good, burned-in tan.

"Damn fuckin' chemicals bleached me!" He shouted as he continued to stare at his arms and hands. There was no denying the fact that he was, indeed, many shades lighter than the rich coffee color he'd always been. The 'cleaning' smell had triggered the connection in his mind to bleach - which, for his limited intellect, was the equivalent to a burst of genius from anybody else.

Amazingly, another bright thought crowded in on the heels of the last.

"Hey - maybe this ain't so bad..." He muttered to himself, his thick lips pulling back and up in what he used for a smile. "Th' pigs is lookin' for a brother, not a white dude. Maybe this'll be a good disguise- like thing..."

Reassured by the thought, he climbed to his feet...

...then cried out, tumbling forward painfully as he tried to stand. Cursing, he dragged his legs around to get a good look at his feet, wondering why the hell they'd hurt so much when he'd tried to stand.

He had his answer almost instantly. His feet were cramped into an odd position, each one over- curved along the inside of the arch. He'd once had something like this happen in one foot, when for some strange reason his big toe had 'locked' when it had been pushed on tip-toe. The problem was, this was happening to both feet, and all ten toes - as if the muscles had tightened or something.

Cursing to himself, he began to massage his feet, trying to loosen the muscles - without much success.

Oddly enough, he'd had the funny feeling that his feet had looked smaller than usual. It had been a strange idea, one that might have come around because he wasn't used to seeing his feet such a light shade - but he was able to dismiss the thought, since his feet were roughly the right size in proportion to his hands.

It never even occurred to him to wonder if his hands were smaller - and why should it? After all, they were in the correct proportion to his wrists, and any discrepancy could be put down to the fact that he wasn't used to seeing himself with that particular shade of skin, which threw off his perceptions.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get the muscles in his feet to unlock. He could stand without much pain if he stood tip-toe, or just on his heels, but when he tried to stand flat-foot, pain lanced through the center of each foot. Cursing and swearing vehemently, he thumbed around awkwardly on the heel of one foot and the toes of the other, occasional switching to keep from overexerting calf muscles not used to the strain of the awkward position.

Grabbing a large cloth object from a stand, Brand towed off with it as best he could, since the rough fabric didn't absorb water all that well. It wasn't surprising that the replica Musketeer's cloak he'd picked wasn't the best selection, but Brand didn't realize what it was - and even if he'd been told, he would have been confused. Brand thought the Three Musketeers was only a chocolate bar...

Dropping the sodden blue cloak on the floor, Brand looked around for something to wear. He'd just begun flipping through the racks of costumes when he suddenly began to feel nauseous.

The entire time he'd been making his way through the pipes, his lungs had felt like they were burning, struggling desperately to extract the little oxygen the fume-laden air-mix contained. When he'd first emerged, the air had tasted crisp and clean and sweat. Now, it felt ice-cold and almost liquid as he found himself breathing heavily. The sensation actually brought back memories for Brand, the closest thing to fond memories he had - memories of the thick, muggy air of a still summer afternoon in the bayou, the air so thick you could almost cut it with a knife. Aside from the fact that it was cold rather than warm, that's what the suddenly 'thick' air reminded him of - though the attendant stomach cramps reminded him more of the flu than the bayou.

Sweat popped out on his brow and began to roll down his forehead, dripping into his eyes and making him blink rapidly. For the first few seconds, he tried to stand upright under the assault, but the stomach pains grew worse and he hunched over against them.

Then the cramping seemed to spread. Though the sensations were subtly different in different areas of his body, the over-all sensation was that of muscles tightening and releasing spasmodically, without conscious control. Dull, thick pain began to radiate from his body in asynchronous waves, the discordant rhythm of the waves of pain keeping them from blending in to each other, which would actually have been more bearable. As it was, he barely had time to brace himself against the pain in, say, his face - and then it would become stronger in his crotch, or his chest, as the out-of-sync cycles pulled his attention from one body part to another.

Gasping, Brand forced himself to stand as upright as possible, shifting his weight to the toes of both his feet because his slightly hunched posture made balancing on his heels impossible. His eyes had begun to water fiercely, and no matter how much he blinked all he could see was smears of shape and color, his moisture-coated eyes unable to focus properly between his rapid blinks. He began to shiver, though it wasn't from cold - in fact, he felt warm, warmer than he should have considering he was naked.

Blindly, painfully, he began to grope through the clothes. Though he was a big man, a tough man, he was beginning to feel the first stirrings of panic at the thought that he'd swallowed enough of whatever that damned chemical was to poison him. He needed to go see a doctor, and not one of those back-alley quacks you went to if you got shot on a heist. He needed a real doctor, in a clean hospital - or, at the very least, one of those walk-in clinics.

Usually, Brand wouldn't have risked it, not while on the run - but he was scared, and besides which, his skin was bleached and maybe he wouldn't get recognized. One thing was for damned sure - he had to put something - **anything** - on before going looking for help, or he'd get arrested for indecent exposure, recognized or not. If that happened, he'd be fingerprinted - and then he'd be right back where he started.

Moving like a ninety-year-old man with acute arthritis and astigmatism, Brand groped blindly for something to wear, unable to see what it was he was pawing through. Desperately, he tried to guess what each item was by its feel, and then simply tried to get it on. He didn't care if he ended up grabbing another cloth thing like the one he'd used to towel off - he could use it to cover his body, and if looked weird or outlandish, he couldn't care less. As long as it covered enough of him to keep the cops from picking him up, it would be good enough for him...

Something beige-ish swam in his vision as he brought it close to his watering, poorly-focused eyes. He'd at first thought they were tan trousers, maybe part of a British-Army-style uniform, but under his fingers it felt wrong, too soft and... furry? Not quite, but he wasn't sure how to categorize the sensation. All he knew was that it felt like a pair of pants and it was made of a fairly stretchy material - one that managed to stretch enough to allow him to pull them on. Having them in place, he didn't care what they looked like, since they did the job of making him 'decent' - even if it was indecently decent, considering how tightly they molded themselves to his body, especially his crotch.

He paused. Could you be picked up for indecent exposure just from having your 'package' too prominently displayed? He never considered the question before, and he really wasn't sure - his grasp on the law was pretty slim, since he more or less didn't give a shit. Still, now he had to be more careful. He wasn't sure what was happening to him, why his body was racked with waves of pain, but he was guessing that he'd been poisoned by whatever was in the pipe he'd crawled through. He knew, as a 'cop killer', if he were caught the best he could hope for was in-prison medical facilities, and from the prison-yard fights he'd been in, he knew how poor such facilities were, and so there wasn't even any help to be had from there.

To be on the safe side, he forced his twitching, pain-wracked fingers inside the tight crotch of the pants, tucking his cock back and between his legs, ensuring that he couldn't get charged for 'weenie-wagging'.

With his body still wracked by waves of pain, he forced himself to look for a shirt that would fit. His fingers met something that felt like a 'wife-beater' tank-style undershirt, and he grabbed it and pulled it on - only to find the lighter-and-softer-than-expected material only fell to just above his belly-button.

Well, it was good enough, he figured. He started to stumble away from the racks of costumes, planning to head out in search of medical assistance - when he almost stumbled over something, one foot coming down on the edge of something. Fumbling around with his toes, he managed to identify the unseen object as a shoe - being all the way down near his feet, it was too badly out-of-focus to even identify the color, much less the style or design. He did, however, discover that his toes were facing the right way to slide in, so he gave it a shot - and was amazed to find that his foot managed to fit into the shoe, even if it was on the tight side. More than that, he could put his weight on that foot. It felt strange, awkward - but he figured it was part of whatever was making it painful to stand flat-footed in his bare feet. All he knew was that there was no pain accompanying the awkwardness of standing in the shoe, even if it did seem considerably harder to maintain his balance.

Fumbling around with his other foot, he found another shoe beside the first. Hoping it was the mate to the one he was already wearing, he stepped into it - and was pleased to find it fit in the same slightly- tight manner of the other one, which meant it was probably the matching shoe. Not that he would have been all that upset if it had been completely different - just as long as it fit well enough, and relieved the pain.

Which it did.

Moving slowly and carefully, partly because of his awkward balance and partly from the pain and semi-blindness, Brand headed away from the clothing racks in a straight line, hands outstretched ahead of him in his awkward bent stance as he searched for the wall. When his fingers finally encountered it, he began to make his way to the right, hoping to stumble across a door. With every step he took, he struggled to maintain his balance, and he cursed under his breath. Not that he was trying to be quiet - he'd discovered that his throat felt raw and dry, and his voice couldn't go above a soft whisper at the moment, at least not without jagged sheets of pain ripping through his throat.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, Brand's questing fingers meet something that certainly felt like a door - though the handle of it seemed unusually large, since his had usually completely enveloped door handles, while this one was a bit of a stretch, size-wise, for his hands, and his finger0nails being so long didn't really help. Annoyed, he opened the door - and winced as the morning sunlight hit his watering, gritty-feeling eyes. A gust of cool wind, a left-over from last night's weather front, gusted over him and ruffled his hair. With another muttered curse, he flipped the hair out of his face, wincing again as his long nail slipped across his scalp. He'd have to be more careful, especially since his body felt so weak and poorly coordinated. He could have poked an eye out...

Now, nobody would ever claim brand was a genius. Indeed, somebody had once characterized him by claiming that when you said 'hello' to Brand, it took him the better part of a day to think of a response. While he wasn't quite that bad, he wasn't exactly a genius - but certain things did sink in, sooner or later...

"Hair?" He shouted, stunned, ignoring the pain that shot through his throat at raising his voice. **"Nails?"**

It took a couple of more seconds for him to realize that his raised voice sounded distinctly odd - too high-pitched and 'mellow'. It even felt strange, not the chest-vibrating rumble he was used to feeling when he spoke, but a more in-the-throat trilling, something he definitely wasn't used to.

Wondering what the hell was happening, he let his fingers carefully quest over his head as he slowly picked his way forward, keeping ears open for signs of people or traffic - being half-blind, he didn't want to stumble out onto the street and get blind-sided by a bus or something. It was hard to concentrate on basic survival skills, however, as he was distracted by the feel of long, silky hair between his fingers. Now he realized that there'd been an itching sensation on his scalp the whole time, and even a tickling sensation as his now mid-back length hair had rubbed across his shoulders and neck. However, with other things taking up his limited attention, he hadn't really noticed that sensation any more than he'd noticed the odd weight on his chest, or the strange sensations he'd felt as he'd pulled on the shirt, sensations that were even more pronounced now...

He frowned, wondering about those sensations, now that he was thinking about it - but before it could occur him to try and figure out what was causing those strange sensations, another thought intruded on his mind - the reason why he was noticing these - and other - sensations was because of the fact that the pain was slowly fading away, his vision clearing as he slowly straightened. Whatever the strange 'attack' that had hit him was, it seemed to be tapering off.

With a deep breath, Bran let himself relax slightly and he just blanked his mind, something that was easy enough for him to do. To anybody walking by, he would have presented an odd sight, standing stock-still with his eyes unfocused and gazing off into the distance as he waited for the last vestiges of pain to fade away.

When they finally did so, he took another deep breath and stirred to life, his mind now turning towards what had happened to him, and the root cause of all the strange new sensations he was experiencing. He tucked his chin in, looking down at his chest...

...oh, that explained it. The sensation came from his large, firm tits, which were straining the filmy white tank-top he was wearing to the bursting point. The actually looked quite good, their large, thick nipples poking impudently through the semi-opaque material of his shirt, the low neckline displaying bounteous creamy-white globes and delicious cleavage....

Then his laggard brain finally realized that him sporting a pair of tits that would have done any 'honkey stripper' proud wasn't exactly normal.

"Holy shit!" HE shouted, his voice no longer jagged with pain - but still too high and trilling for what should have been a big black man's voice. Indeed, it was one that seemed more suited to a white woman - perhaps one who sported a great rack like the one that thrust so firmly from his smaller ribcage, just above his slender waist - which, of course, looked all the more slender compared to his womanly hips...

It was right about here that certain things began to connect, and a dreadful thought began to form. In 'real life', this process took about three minutes, a near eternity for most people, considering how fast the average person's mind worked. For

Brand, it was considerably slower than the 'instinctive' reactions used during a job, but considerably faster than his usual intellectual processes. In any case, the first appearance of that thought wormed its way into his mind, and being who he was, Brand wasn't intellectually prepared to simply ignore a thought because it offended him or didn't fit into his current 'world-view'. For him, thoughts of such clear, logical procession were rare enough that he'd never gotten into the habit of letting his own personal wants or feelings to cloud them - something that this dull criminal could actually claim as being superior to the rest of self-deluding humanity, except for the fact he didn't realize how unique and special it was. As the case may be, the thought made itself known - and Brand muttered in, numbly.

"I bin turned into a white chick with big hooters..." She said, staring down at her cleavage, then shifting her gaze to her lightly-muscled, smoothly feminine arms and the long-nailed fingers that graced her slender new hands. From there, she let her gaze drop to the white pumps she'd unknowingly 'chosen' to wear, their four-inch heels suddenly explaining why she'd found it awkward to balance comfortably.

To somebody on the outside, looking in on Brand, his/her reaction would have confused the hell out of that person - because Brand, who had been near panic from the direct effects of the chemical, now **relaxed** upon discovering what the final result was.

Brand wasn't exactly happy about finding herself to be female. However, she didn't react by panicking, but with a sort of resigned annoyance. Indeed, in her mind, the thought that formed was: 'Fuck, why a white chick? Anything else would have been better...'

In Brand's rather limited view of the world, being a white woman with big tits was a temporary and annoying situation. His grasp on what was and what was not possible to medical science was very limited. As far as he was concerned, all he had to do was go to the hospital; and get a doctor to give him an 'antidote' to the chemical that had caused this, and then he'd be back to his normal self.

Then, blinking, something occurred to Brand. Since this was only temporary, it was nothing to worry about - and it was one hell of a disguise...

"Fuck, yeah." She grunted in her soft new contralto. "Alls I gotta do is act like some white bitch with big hooters would, and nobody would know it's me. I can go down to Mexico, where the cops can't touch me, then get some doctor to change me back."

Which meant that she needed some cash to get her down to Mexico. Not that she particularly wanted to live in Mexico, it was just that she had a faint grasp on the concept that the American cops couldn't arrest her and throw her back in prison. So, it's something she had to do - and, right now, being a woman made it more likely that she could get there without being caught, so it was sort of a good thing, a 'disguise'. All she had to do was go get some money - and though Brand didn't have a

bank account, she did know where some of the money she'd managed to steal was stashed away, so that's where she had to go first.

Having made a rudimentary plan - which was about as thorough as she ever got when she planned, she being very big on the concept of 'winging it' - she went ahead and set it in motion by the simple act of looking around to try and figure out where the hell she was, so that she could figure out how to get to where she was going from here.

She didn't know exactly where she was, but she had a rough idea of what part of the city she was in, so she picked the direction that looked the most likely to lead her to a major street and began walking.

She was wearing women's shoes with high, slender heels, something she hadn't exactly practiced doing - but, aside from feeling awkward, she was reasonably competent in the heels simply because of the way her feet were now shaped, making the slope of the shoes comfortable to her feet. Though it might have felt awkward to walk in high-heels, requiring a little more concentration than just walking barefoot with her old feet would have needed, to somebody watching her walk she would have seemed competent and comfortable in her high heels - even if her stride was somewhat long and 'mannish' rather than smooth and graceful. Oddly enough, though, it didn't look too out of place with her new body.

Though definitely feminine, Brand's new body wasn't fashion-model slender, but rather athletically built, with firm - yet feminine - muscle moving smoothly beneath the extra layer of feminine padding she now boated. Long, silky golden-blonde hair framed a face whose squarish jaw and somewhat large, proud nose gave her a strong, almost arrogant look. She didn't look 'masculine'; indeed, she was quite attractively feminine - in an 'aggressively' slutty way. Though Brand wasn't aware of the fact, his new body would remind many guys of the type of 'cheap and easy' woman who had grown up as a tomboy, her 'popularity' with the guys coming from the fact that she was ultra-eager to give sexual favors in return for attention. Even her melon-sized breasts fit in with that scenario: many such women, their own sense of self-worth tied in to sex, would happily resort to surgical inflation if they thought it increased their chances of being 'liked' by guys...

Of course, Brand didn't realize any of this. As she strode down the alley with that firm, long stride, her unrestrained tits jiggled and bounced beneath the thin fabric, and her wide hips and firm ass swiveled and swayed almost theatrically, the hip-swinging rhythm coming 'naturally' to Brand, necessary to counter-balance the weight and shift of her new tits.

She was aware of how it felt - the light scrape of her fully-engorged nipples across the fabric as the firm spheres of breast-flesh jiggles and swayed. The strange up-and-down/back-and-forth sensation of her wider hips. The way her hair moved in the movement-generated breeze... but she had no idea that her over-emphasized stride was the sort of thing that a certain type of woman would use as a tool, practically shouting 'come and get it!' to the men who saw it. Women were trained from birth - by societal pressure, if nothing else - to realize what was 'ladylike' and what wasn't. Brand, not having grown up female, didn't realize that she was breaking almost all those rules...

Rounding the corner, the new woman found herself on a well-traveled road - and on the next corner, half a block down, was a bus stop, where a young man dressed mainly in denim was smoking a cigarette and waiting for a bus. Brand headed towards the stop.

"Hey, gimme one of those smokes, would ya?" Brand 'growled' as she neared the guy. At least, that's what she thought she did. She was used to growling at people, and so that habit kicked in - and Brand didn't realize that the same technique that caused a growl in her old, male voice simply made her new voice sound husky - even sensuous.

Since it produced the expected result, there was no reason for her to reflect upon her new voice as she accepted the cigarette the young man handed over with a surprised look. The guy looked like the college type, on the way to his classes - dark haired, kinda skinny, with a back-pack thrown over one shoulder. He even reacted as expected when she all-but-demanded bus fare from him, digging eagerly into his pocket to hand her a fistful of coins to cover the cost of the bus ride.

Though in the body of a big-breasted white woman, Brand's world-view was still that of a big black man, and she was getting all the responses she expected to get, without stopping to wonder why somebody else was reacting to her as if she were still that big black man. Perhaps, if she'd noticed the way the guy was practically drooling, eyes locked onto her barely-hidden new tits, she might have begun to clue in to the guy's reaction... but she didn't notice, taking a deep and satisfying drag on her cigarette and completely ignoring the guy who had provided it.

It had been hours since her last smoke, and she closed her eyes as she took that drag, almost moaning as she let the smoke sigh back out through pursed lips. Again, a born-and-bred woman would have learned how that might look to a guy, but Brand did it without realizing the erotic implications of her actions, how sexy - how evocative - it looked to the dark-haired young man.

To anybody else, it would have been obvious that the young man wasn't scared by Brand - he was turned on...

"So, I'm Jeremy..." The dark-haired young man introduced himself, a bit awkwardly.

"Yeah?" Brand asked, disinterestedly. In her old body, that would have been enough to shut the guy up. She didn't realize that, with her new 'look', it seemed more like 'playing it cool'.

"What's your name?" the young man pursued, 'playing the game' - at least, so he thought.

Brand was about to tell the idiot to get lost - then realized that she'd need a name to go with this new body. It hadn't occurred to her until the guy asked...

"Uh... Brandi." She finally said. Imagination wasn't Brand's long suit, either.

"Well, Brandi, I was thinking..." Was as far as the young man got before the bus arrived. Ignoring her benefactor, Brandi climbed aboard the bus and dropped her change in the fare box near the driver...

..and realized the bus was nearly packed with students and 'working stiffs'. She grimaced...

...and was stunned when another college-type guy got up from his seat.

"Here you go, Miss..." He said, gesturing to the quickly-vacated seat. It took Brandi a second to realize that the guy was referring to her. When it did dawn on her, she dropped into the seat with a muttered 'thanks', thinking that the guy was just one of those losers who still did the whole 'chivalry' bit not that Brandi actually used the word 'chivalry' in her mind, of course. Even if she'd known what the word meant, she still would have used the considerably less flattering terms she'd applied to the idiot in the silence of her own thoughts.

It never occurred to her that the guy's 'gentlemanly' gesture allowed him to lurk over her, staring down into the mouthwatering view of cleavage and milky breast-flesh that their relative positions presented to him.

So, Brandi, a big, dumb black man in the taut, athletic body of a 'easy'-looking white woman with big tits, continued being blissfully unaware of how the rest of the world saw her...

* * * *

Al 'G-Man' Greene would have confused the hell out of poor Diogenes. The ancient Greek was reputed to have wandered in broad daylight with a lit lantern, searching for 'an honest man'. G-man was a criminal, a pimp and a drug-dealer... but, for all that, he was still about the most honest man there could be.

There was a certain logic to this apparent incongruity, however. G-man also served as a sort of 'bank' for the criminal types, accepting money from them to 'hold' until they needed either the cash itself, or a portion of it's worth in trade from one of G-Man's 'enterprises'. His girls, for example, were a very popular way of 'cashing in' on those savings, with drugs running a very close second. Quite often, it was a combination of the two.

G-Man didn't make any money, per se, on the 'accounts' he was holding - but there was quite often a lot of money in his safe, and much of it belonging to guys who ended up doing stints in one prison or another. Knowing that said criminal would be away for a few years, G-Man used that money as 'investment capital', buying drugs directly from the source and using his less-attractive girls as 'mules' to bring it to the city, where he'd cut it and sell it at a five-hundred-percent mark-up - thus recouping his money with a nice profit. To be able to do this, everybody who dealt with him had to know that he was dead honest, all the time - otherwise, he'd wind up being 'just' dead. So, the few times when some money had been 'in transit' when an account-holder had wanted all his cash, and fast, G-Man had paid it out of his own pocket, making sure that every cent the man was owed was there. Because of this, G-man's house on the outskirts was also known to be somewhat of a safe-haven for goods and cash, to be stashed against the proverbial 'rainy day'.

Due to his odd position in the community, G-Man was used to dealing with an unusual mix of people, the sort that your average person never had much contact with - whores and pushers, pimps and cut-purses, murderers and rapists and kidnappers.

This was the first time he'd ever had to deal with a crazy woman, however, and he was at a bit of a loss as to how to deal with her.

She'd shown up at his door around eight o'clock in the morning, demanding to see him. The 'bruiser' who'd answered the door hadn't recognized her as one of G-Man's girls, and so had told her to wait on the step while he checked, going to fetch his boss. G-Man hadn't recognized her, either, but she'd been insistent about seeing him, and obviously wasn't armed or wired - there was absolutely nowhere to hide a weapon or transmitter in her clothing.

He'd let her come up to his office, appreciating the view as he'd sat across the desk from her. He'd seen her type before, of course - a taut, athletic body that would have been 'masculine' if not for the fact that she had obviously gone to great lengths to project female sexuality, from the clothes that enclosed her lush body to her barely-concealed breasts, which were obviously surgically augmented. Her waist, flat and taut, was only slender in comparison to her wide hips and big, firm tits, providing an hourglass figure that was agreeably feminine despite her athletic build. Every move she made was 'confident' in that tit-bouncing, hip-swaying way of a woman who was practically daring a man to find a woman who could fuck better than her.

She was a hot number. Even though she wasn't wearing make-up, and her toned legs would definitely look better in a short skirt rather than the tawny stretch-velour pants she wore, she was defiantly something to see. Not elegant or graceful, but G-Man wasn't used to dealing with that type of woman anyway. He was perfectly comfortable with this 'Brandi' chick, since she was a lot like some of his top-dollar whores, the ones who really enjoyed their work.

That sense of comfort began to fade, however, when this stacked blonde tried to insist that she was Elmore Brand.

Crazy or not, Brandi made good eye-candy. Even as she claimed to 'really' be a guy, she was doing things like leaning forward, presenting a sexy view of her cleavage, or sprawling in her chair with her legs spread wide and feet planted, presenting an inviting picture. Even the way she smoked - after bumming a cigarette from him - was sexy, quite reminiscent of oral sex.

G-Man started by 'humoring' her, while pointing out the logic that, Brand or not, G-man couldn't give her Brand's money because she didn't look like Brand, something even she had to admit. However, she was very instant, trying to convince him that he give her some money - even though she admitted that all the reasons he couldn't were valid. It was a case of 'I want what I want', no matter that it was absurd or illogical.

Well, that was sort of the definition of 'crazy', wasn't it?

"Look, Brandi - I can't help you." G-Man said, now in an annoyed tone of voice. As easy-sexy as she was, she was wearing out his patience. "You say you're Brand, but nobody else in the world can say the same thing. You certainly don't look like the big, black man who gave me the money to hold onto. That's the only person I can give it to - a big black man..." She'd already described her 'delusion', the one where some doctor could (supposedly) just give her a shot and turn her back into a man. "Look, why don't you turn back into brand, and then I can give you the money."

"I can't you fuckin' idiot!" She said in a pissed-off voice that had G-Man ready to call for his thugs, just outside the door. "I need this fucking disguise to make it safe to Mexico!"

A bright light-bulb went on over G-Man's head as he realized that she'd just given him an 'out'. Not only could he humor her and get her out of his hair - he could actually turn this crazy woman into an asset.

"Well, there's your answer then!" He said, brightly, faking a grin.

"What he fuck you talkin' about?" She said in a husky, annoyed voice.

"Since you're Brand, you know I deal with some providers down in Mexico. Well, I've got an errand to run down to there, and was going to send one of my girls - but, instead, I'll send you. I'll have my contact down there arrange to have a doctor turn you back into your normal self and give you your money, and then you're home free. How's that sound?"

She puzzled that one out, forehead wrinkled and lips moving. Though she didn't look a damned thing like brand, G-Man had to admit that Brandi was about as quick on the uptake as the moronic man had been.

"Yeah. That's fine..." Brandi agreed.

"Great. Now, why don't I show you to a spare room, and you can get a shower and some sleep while I get the stuff you'll need. Since you're gonna be pretending to be one of my girls, you're gonna have to dress and act right, okay?"

"Yeah, makes sense." Brandi agreed. "So, I pr'tend to be one o' your whores, and when I get down to Mexico I get my body and my money, right?"

"That's right..." G-Man humored her, rising from his desk to lead her towards an empty bedroom. "Don't worry, I'll take care of everything..."

* * * *

It was while she was cruising down I-25, southbound, that Brandi began to feel very strange.

Not that she hadn't felt a little weird all night. There was ample reason for her to feel odd, after all. She'd never expected to play the role of a whore on her way into Mexico, so playing the part of 'Brandi Biggens' - the name on her forged driver's license and passport - was enough to create some odd sensations, especially considering the 'props' that went with the role.

The car that 'Brandi Biggens' owned wasn't so bad - a dust-colored '83 MG with white interior. It rolled smoothly enough along the road, a warm, dry wind blowing across the windshield and stirring her long, golden mane of hair. Her attire, however, was something else.

Brandi hadn't realized how much you had to pay attention to what you were doing when you were a woman and driving with feet clad in white platform pumps with a seven-inch heel and two-inch platforms. It took some fore-thought to work the

pedals without having her foot slip. Still, she'd picked it up pretty quickly, and could now do it almost by instinct - though the sensations refused to let her 'forget' about her shoes, which had also taken a bit of practice to get used to walking in, though her altered, arched feet made the shoes comfortable enough, even for long periods of time.

She was also constantly aware of her smooth, bare, and very shapely 'dancer's legs', since so much of their toned, shapely length was left bare by the short, tight pin-leather mini-skirt she wore, it's tough material fitting to her full, firm ass and womanly hips like a second skin.

Her tits were likewise barely enclosed in a white spandex crop-top that left about two-thirds of her firm, round globes left bare. The style was a cross-string design, sort of like a bikini whose 'triangles' were joined rather than separate,. Leaving not only her cleavage exposed, but quite a bit of the sides of her firm mounds, and even a hint of the bottom curve. The white fabric at the front bore a faded pink word, labeling her as a 'Bitch!'.

In addition to her whore-on-a-vacation outfit, Brandi was all-too-aware of the glossy pink lipstick she wore, it's feel on her lips an ever-present reminder of how full and feminine that feature was. She was also wearing eye-shadow, mascara and eye-liner, and (in her opinion) too much of the inexpensive perfume that had been provided. Indeed, everything that had been done to make her fit the role she was playing served to drive home the undeniable fact that she was now a woman, a white woman with big tits - and, though fairly strong for a woman, she was no longer that ebony muscular mass of masculine power.

Though she didn't realize it, it was her new-found awareness of her femininity that was making her feel stranger and stranger as she headed towards El Paso. By the time she was passing Las Cruces on her way south, she was feeling very, very strange - and nearly panicked, a strange and inexplicable fear welling in her, causing her stomach to clench and sweat to begin to bead her forehead, a sweat that had nothing to do with the heat of the arid climate.

Though she didn't realize it, Brandi was being affected by her own prejudices and internal world-view, her male-bred ideas 'infecting' her subconscious mind as she began to 'accept' the fact that she was now a woman.

Brandi had never seen women as people. All her life, women had been nothing more than objects - something to satisfy men's whims, to serve them in any way men wanted, including sexually - and if they didn't want to serve, you just beat the shit out of them until they did what you told them to.

However, he was no longer a big, strong man. After more the twenty-four hours as woman, she felt like a woman which meant she felt like a weak, defenseless little nothing, something that existed to either serve men - or be whipped and beaten until she did.

Reality had little to do with anything. Objectively, she was a strong, fit woman who would be able to handle herself against most men - but her own internal view of women didn't allow her to see that. "might made right" in her view of the world - and in her view, she was now the least mighty thing in the universe, a big-titted white woman.

All of this went on in her head on a subconscious level - until, just past Las Cruces, it hit home, and that tight ball of fear in her gut finally had an explanation for it as realization exploded in her consciousness like a bomb going off.

Without even realizing it, her foot eased off the accelerator as a look of abject horror spread across her features.

"Oh, shit - I'se a white woman...!" She said, gasping in fear and horror. "I'se just a bib-boobed slut. Holy shit - until I'm a man again, I... I gotta do whatever men want! I gotta... I gotta keep them happy, or they'll whup my pale little ass...!"

She shivered. This was horrible! How had she missed all this before? When she'd turned into a stacked blonde chick, she'd become a plaything for men, having to do whatever they wanted. Hell, she must have realized it, even if she hadn't known it - after all, wasn't she already obeying a man, doing what G-man wanted her to do, dressed the way he wanted her to dress? Hell - she musta realized what she was at the very beginning, even if she'd still been acting like the black man she'd used to be. It was only blind luck that she hadn't yet pissed some guy off, and gotten herself beaten for her insolence at trying to act like a man while, in actuality, being a weak, pathetic little sex-toy.

Gut churning, Brandi forced herself to step on the accelerator. The needle on the speedometer, which had slowly slid down to the 'twenty', began to climb again. She'd been told to meet the contact in El Paso at noon, and she'd planed to do so because she'd been eager to get this done and go back to being male - but now she had added incentive. Not only was she even more eager to get into Mexico and be male again, but if she was late the contact would probably beat her. Maybe even kill her - and she wouldn't be able to do anything at all to protect herself, because he was a man, while she was just a woman...

* * * * *

The two fans mounted in the ceiling of the room stirred the warm air sluggishly, doing little to help cool Brandi as she sat in front of the desk, her eyes downcast. Across the desk, Juan Lopez was reading the letter G-man had included with the locked briefcase he'd had her courier to Juan, who owner and ran the 'business' just south of the border, using his safety from police interference to run a very special 'training' school that G-Man occasionally made use of.

His reddish-brown skin pitted by the after-effects of extremely severe teenaged acne, Juan had a thick, dark mustache. It was this carefully-maintained 'Bismarck-style facial hair that he stroked thoughtfully as he rose and walked around the desk to perch on the edge of it, looking down at Brandi. She instinctively glanced up at him - and then the fear surged, reminding her that she was just a woman, and she quickly glanced down again, hoping she hadn't angered him.

"No, no, my dear - please, look at me..." The well-dressed Latino said in a warm, genial voice. Hesitantly, she raised her eyes - and even essayed a smile at the man. The ball of fear loosened a bit when he smiled back.

"It says here..." he said, waving the letter "...that you are really a big black man named Brand. That you only look like a big-breasted white woman."

Brandi had to fight the urge to sigh. What had she been thinking, being all fearful? Sure, with most men she had good reason to fear - but of course G-Man would have explained things to Juan, and so she could act like a man here.

"That's right." She said, relieved. "God, it's good to talk to somebody who knows the truth, man. It's a pain in the ass to act like the whore I look like, all afraid some guy is gonna want to do stuff with me, and I can't say 'no' or nothin' cause then he'll beat my ass."

"Oh, yes, I understand how it must be..." Juan said in commiseration. "You'd have to do it, but you wouldn't like it at all. You hate having a woman's body, hate having such big tits, and really hate the thought of having to have sex with men, right?"

"Yeah, that's it exactly..." Brandi said, with a relived grin...

A grin that changed into a look of panicked pain and shock as Juan causally back-handed her across the face, leaving her sprawled in the chair. She stared up at him, where he continued to grin in a causal, friendly manner.

"You shouldn't claim things like that, you stupid little bitch." He said in a 'helpful' tone. "It can get you in trouble, claiming to be something you are not."

"But...!" Brandi tried to protest again - and earned an even harder slap for her efforts. She fought down the unmanly urge to sob, staring at her dusky-skinned tormentor in fear and horror.

"So, you big-titted bitch, what are you - a man, or a woman?"

Brandi stared at Juan, stricken, unsure what to say - the truth, or what Juan wanted to hear. Then Juan drew back his hand, now rolled into a fist...

"A woman!" She cried, shrinking back in the chair. "I'm a woman!"

Juan's hand lowered, and he grinned. "Are you sure, bitch? Tell me, how do you know you're a woman?"

Brandi thought fast. "I.. I have tits and a cunt. That means I'm a woman!"

"That sounds like a woman to me, too." Juan told her, leering at her displayed cleavage. "Such big tits, too. It must be awful, having such big tits."

"Yeah, they're.." was as far as she got, before her head was snapped back by the force of Juan's blow, a trickle of blood now running from her split lip.

"What was that, you bitch!" He roared, rising to loom over her, his hands balled into fists and held tense near his sides. "Look at the skimpy little top you're wearing! Look at those tits, shown to the whole world! I ought to beat you into the ground for lying to me, you worthless cunt! Any woman who would lie about her tits like that is useless. In fact, I think I will beat you..."

She screeched as he took a half-step forward, hands coming up - and then she began to babble, hysterically, barely even hearing her words.

"I love my tits!" She cried, reaching up and grabbing them with her long-nailed hands. "Big, beautiful tits. I love them! They're so big and firm and sexy, and I'm so glad I have them! I just love to show them off, because they're so big and sexy, and because I'm so happy to have them!"

Juan sneered. "Oh, really? I thought you were really a man. A man wouldn't like having tits, because tits make other men horny."

"I'm a woman!" She cried, cowering. She was more afraid then she'd ever been in her life - because Juan was right, sort of. She might have been a man, once, but she wasn't now - yet she'd been stupid enough to 'forget' that, thinking that having been a man, once, gave her the right to act like one now.

Juan was merely giving her what she deserved, and tears of shame mingled with tears of pain at her own stupidity at forcing Juan to do this to her. Now, she could only hope to make up for her lapse by being the woman she was, right now, and hope to make Juan happy so that she could find a doctor and be a guy again. "I'm a woman, and I like making men horny with my tits!"

"Liar!" Juan screamed at her, spittle flying from his lips as he gut-punched her. "Lying bitch! If you liked making men horny, it's because you want to fuck them! Women love to fuck and suck men! If you were really a woman, you'd be begging me to let you suck my cock while you fucked yourself silly with this!"

'This' was a huge, black-plastic dildo that he pulled from the drawer of his desk - and used to whip her on the shoulders, painfully, flogging her with it.

"Yes! Yes, I love fucking and sucking!" Brandi screamed, praying that agreeing with him would suffice. "Please, I wanna suck on your cock while I fuck myself silly with that big, wonderful dildo. I'm a woman, and I love sucking cock and fucking men, so please let me suck your cock and fuck myself with a dildo!"

He waved the big dildo in her face, making her wince. "I don't believe you! Women live to fuck men! They dress to make men horny, the walk to turn men on, and they always want to be fucking and sucking. I don't think you do! I think you're just saying that because you're scared!"

"No, no...!" She shook her head violently, trembling in fear. She struggled to calm herself as best she could, trying to act like this was really what she wanted. "I really, really do want to suck your cock while fucking my hot, wet cunt with that big, hard dildo!"

"You're just repeating what I said, you stupid bitch!" Juan screamed, back-handing her again. "if you really, really were a woman, you'd be able to tell me why you want to do this, without me having to explain it to you!"

Near tears, Brandi struggled to come up with the answers she needed to avoid being beaten and kicked into unconsciousness. "i.. I want to suck you cock because I love drinking cum! I.. I love getting fucked because I'm a women, and getting fucked feels real good!"

She cowered, waiting - and Juan began to calm down. "yes. Yes, that makes sense "

Hope flared in Brandi - then died as he suddenly roared. "Then why didn't you try and fuck me as soon as you came in the room! Why are you dressed like a slut, but not acting like one!"

Brandi's mind spun as Juan's fists rose...

"Because I'm a whore!" She yelled, finding an explanation. "No matter how much I want to fuck and suck men all the time, I gotta wait until they pay me, or I'd go broke! I.. I gotta force myself to beg even man I meet to fuck me the instant I see them, and it's really hard 'cause I love fucking and sucking so much, but they gotta pay me!"

Dropping the massive dildo on the desk, Juan looked mortified as he slapped his forehead, his tone becoming oh-so-reasonable.

"Yes, of course! How stupid of me not to realize that!" He said, shaking his head and smiling at her. Hesitantly, she straightened a little in the chair and managed a weak grin back, her muscles tensed for a resumption of the beating.

"A whore! It is so obvious, and yet I missed it. Dressed like that, big tits on display, of course you're fighting to keep from fucking and sucking me until you get money - or, being a whore, something as good as money."

"Yes, that's right." She 'agreed', a little frantically, bobbing her head quickly. "That's the reason why."

Grinning, Juan opened another drawer - and emerged holding a small box, which he opened to reveal a small, rubber-stopped vial and a hypodermic needle.

"So, if you're a whore, you'd be happy to suck my cock and fuck yourself silly with that dildo in order to get paid by a nice shot of cocaine, wouldn't you?"

Brandi stared at the needle, horrified. What was the right answer? If it had been money he was showing her, she'd know - any whore would do anything for enough cash. Were all of them coke addicts, though ?

Juan was beginning to frown, and she knew that she had to say something before she pissed him off again - so she went with the safe answer.

"Of course. I'd be happy to give into my urge to be fucking and sucking, if you give me the coke." She agreed, trying to look her whorish best. As long as she remembered that she was just a sex-toy woman, then Juan would be happy - and as long as Juan was happy, she still had a chance of getting away and finding a doctor to turn her back into a man again, so she wouldn't have to be a obedient woman any more.

"Well, then..." Juan said, setting the box down. "I'm hiring you to do just that."

Horror, disgust and fear rolled through Brandi - and she was just barely able to catch herself before she made the fatal mistake of reacting like a man to that. After all, she wasn't a man anymore - or yet and acting like it could get her beaten or killed, and then she'd never be a man again.

"Sure!" She forced herself to say with a 'grin' that looked more like a grimace. "I.. I'm really happy you're gonna pay me with cocaine, because I'm just so eager to suck your cock and fuck myself with that dildo."

"Well, there's nothing stopping you now." Juan said, watching her with a feral grin.

"Yes. That's wonderful.." She said, stomach clenched in disgust and fear. She was trembling with both emotions as she forced herself to stand up and wrap one hand around the thick dildo on the desk. Still giving a rictus of a grin, she forced her other, trembling hand to undo the little clasp on the side of the skirt she was wearing, letting the garment drop to the floor and reveal her cunt - G-man's girls didn't usually wear underwear, so neither had she.

"Not bad..." Juan said, in a warning tone.. and Brandi forced herself to peel off her top, not realizing how awkward and mechanical her actions looked as she dropped it beside her discarded skirt and stood clad only in her heels, one hand coming up to 'provocatively' fondle her tits, and action that looked more like a poorly-oiled machine than a seductive motion.

"Oh, baby, I love my big tits..." She said, not hearing her flat, droning tone. "There so big and firm. I hope they turn you on and make your cock nice and hard, because I wanna suck you dry..."

"Oh, yeah - suck me off, whore..." Juan said, leaning back on the desk.

Fighting the rug to vomit, Brandi forced herself to kneel, spread legged, in front of him, Putting the dildo down for a second, she reached up and undid his trousers, pulling them and his underwear down around his knees and setting his almost-hard cock free, only inches from her face.

She was sweating and trembling, fighting to keep herself in control. She was horrified to find herself in this situation - but it was her own fault, for forgetting what she was right now. Her only chance was to be the eager whore she was 'pretending' to be, because that's what she was right now - a stupid, otherwise useless sex-toy, a woman who existed only to make men happy.

"Ummmm..." She forced herself to say, groping for the dildo with her right hand while her left warped, hesitantly, around the base of his cock. "So big and tasty. I'm drooling. Please, may I suck your wonderful cock now, while I fuck myself in the hot, wet cunt with the big dildo you let me have?"

"Oh - please do..." Juan said, with a chuckle.

With another grin/grimace, she grasped the dildo - and slammed it home, ramming it deep into her poorly-lubricated new cunt as she forced herself to wrap her lips around his cock...

Pain greeted her as the oversized dildo slammed painfully into her unlubricated cunt, and the physical pain was matched only by the disgust at having her lips wrapped around another man's cock.

She couldn't do it. Disgusted and horrified, she yanked the dildo from her cunt and pulled away. "I.. I can't..." She told him, scuttling back from him. "I.. I'm not really a woman, so I can't..."

"Your a whore!" He screamed at her, yanking his pants up and jumping to his feet, his face wreathed in anger. She screamed and tried to back-pedal away from him, but he thundered over to her, pausing only long enough to grab up the dildo she'd discarded. He back-handed her across the face, then wrapped his fingers into her hair and all-but dragged her, struggling, to a mirror in the corner of the room.

"Look at yourself!" He screamed in her ear, shaking her head by his grip in her mane of golden hair. "Look, you whore!" When she did, he back-handed her across the face again, right in the lips.

"See these lips! These are the lips of a cock-sucking woman, you stupid bitch!" He screamed, enraged.

The next blow from his dildo-gripping fist was across her tits.

"Men don't have tits, you stupid bitch. Look at these big tits! These are women's tits! Not little, nice- girl tits, either, but the tits of a big, cum-hungry slut! And guys don't have a cunt like you do! You've got a cunt for being fucked in "

Stepping behind her and holding her around the neck with his one arm, he shoved the plastic phallus deep inside her cunt, making her jerk and cry out in pain.

" like this!" He screamed, fucking her hard with the dildo. "You're a woman, you fuckin' bitch. Say it - you're a woman!"

"I'm a woman..." She cried out in pain and slowly growing pleasure, as the initial burst of pain from the dildo was subsiding as her pussy began to generate lubricant, making the experience pleasurable. "See! You're enjoying this!" Juan screamed, fucking her harder with the dildo. "You're a slut!"

"No...!" she tried to deny.. but her body was shivering with unwanted delight. The pleasure was building steadily, and she struggled not to feel it - but she couldn't ignore it.

When Juan's hand left the dildo, leaving it sheathed in her cunt, she hesitated for an eternal instant, her body trembling with how close she'd come to orgasm and then, almost against her will, she reached down and began to drive the dildo frantically, gasping as she fucked herself with it.

Then she screamed anew as Juan's cock, somewhat lubricated by her saliva from it's brief visit in her mouth, slammed hard into her virgin ass.

"You're a slut!" Juan screamed as he began ass-fucking her, hard and she was horrified to discover, painful as it was, the ass-fucking was increasing the pleasure she felt as she continued to frantically fuck herself with the dildo.

"Slut lips!" He shouted, reaching around to slide his finger into her mouth. "Sucking lips, slut lips!" Then his hand slid down and began to squeeze and fondle her shaking, bobbing tits.

"Slut tits!" he grunted, fucking her hard while she moaned and gasped in unwanted, indescribable pleasure.

"You're a fucking woman, slut!" He shouted - and she couldn't deny it, as her gasps became moans of near-orgasmic pleasure.

"You're a whore! He shouted, matching his rhythm to hers.

"No.. Not.. whore.." She gasped, unable to stop fucking herself with the big dildo, feeling confused and disgusted and wonderful and excited.

"Whore! Slut! Bitch!" Juan thundered in rhythmic syllables that matched his deep, hard thrusts.

"No...!" She screamed.. and then the word degenerated into incoherent screams of pleasure as she reached orgasm, a more intense ecstasy then any she'd known before.

When they'd finally finished their individual orgasms, Juan contemptuously all-but-threw her from his cock, watching her sprawl on the ground, dildo still embedded in her cunt.

"You're just a fuck-hungry whore." He said to her.

"Not... whore..." She gasped, pulling the dildo from her cunt with a slurping sound, horrified that she'd just enjoyed fucking herself with a dildo while getting fucked up the ass.

"You loved it." He told her, which only made it worse, her disgust and despair growing as she struggled to deal with what had just happened. "Don't deny it - you loved getting fucked, loved my hands on your tits. You're a slut."

"I.. I'm a woman... and women enjoy sex..." She said, struggling to make sense of this even as she stuttered through her 'denial'. "But... but that.. that doesn't make me a whore. I... Sex feels good, but.. but..."

Her mind couldn't handle what she'd just done. It was wrong on so many levels, she couldn't deal with it - so, it was almost a relief when Juan kicked her in the head, making the world dim and begin to fade.

"Not.. whore.." She muttered in final defiance as the darkness came to claim her.

* * * * *

Staring down at her, unconscious on the floor, Juan shook his head.

G-Man had been right, she was a crazy as a loon. In his letter, he'd suggested it might actually make her easy top train as a whore, so Juan had gone ahead and given it a try - but it was obvious that her delusion to being a man ran too deep for her to be a good whore. Sure, she'd respond properly when 'stimulated', but training her to be 'willing', to act 'eager', would be too difficult, even if he did get her addicted.

Pulling up his pants, he decided to have her dumped on the streets. Oh, not around here - after all, he didn't want a chance remark from her to mar his reputation as the perfect 'whoremaster'. Besides which, he had a certain agreement with the local police that made things convenient for him - which also meant that killing her was out of the question, since it would be satisfying, but more trouble than it was worth in the long run. Besides - he could afford to be 'generous' and let her live, since G-Man had paid a fair sum for her, whether she could be trained or not. Obviously, just as a way to get her off his hands...

...which gave Juan an idea. With a wicked smile, he walked over to the desk and picked up the phone to make the arrangements for the crazy woman's disposal...

* * * * *

"Okay - now!" Sergeant Smith, NYPD, shouted, and two of the members of his little five-man squad threw open the side door to the hunter-green GMC Safari, which was rocking and shaking in the parking lot of The Booby Trap.

The sight that greeted the sworn officers of the law was one that was straight out of a porno film.

The strip-club's newest headliner was laying flat on her back in the cargo area, whose removed seats (sitting beside the van in the parking lot) would have attracted any cop's attention, even without the van's shivering movements on it's springs. Her long, toned legs were high and spread, the better to allow the young man between them to fuck her energetically, a look of pleasure on his still- uncomprehending face as he lived out a sexual fantasy come true.

His eager thrusting was causing her body to rock and shake. Her huge, medicine-ball-sized tits were slamming back and forth, spraying small drops of the thick cum she'd coated them in from jacking off the other two guys. The cum almost obscured the small surgery scars below her thick, large nipples - but not quite. Her head was back, her lips wide open in what would have been a scream of orgasmic pleasure - if not for the fact that she was 'mute'.

The scar from the vocal-cord-slitting surgery was very carefully not visible, as much so as her forced- breast-enlargement scars were - not that anybody knew they were forced, of course.

Both Brandi Boobs and the man fucking her finished their shuddering orgasms before realizing anything was amiss, and the sudden realization made it easy for the cops to collect the stunned quartet. It was more than enough to convince a jury, the huge-breasted stripper jetting done by three 'johns', even if they didn't have direct evidence of the pay-off... even the fact that the men claimed that they hadn't paid her was poor excuse.

Despite the bust - and the bust seen during it - Sergeant Smith was surprised to find that the one thing that stuck in his mind for the rest of his shift wasn't the sight of her naked body writhing on the floor of the van...

...it was the look of utter, enraged denial in her eyes as she forcefully shook her head in the negative when he'd told her he was charging her with 'prostitution'. The same look she'd given him as he'd turned her over to the desk officer, when she'd grabbed the paper and pen off the desk before anyone could stop her and written something in huge, angry letters across the paper:

'I'm not a whore, just a slut!'

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a lab experiment goes wrong and releases a powerful energy blast, one guy wakes up in a parallel world only to discover that he is now a hot blond who loves a little action.

Break Through And Down

Part One

By Gunslinger

Atop a shallow hill, brilliantly bathed in the white glow of spotlights against the ebon midnight sky, the High Energy Physics building at Mooreland University looked out over a mostly somnolent campus.

Deep within the nearly silent bowels of the HEP building, a small, if lavishly equipped laboratory was still occupied, machines humming under the harsh fluorescent lighting.

With a habitual gesture, Donny pushed the wire-framed glasses higher up on his narrow blade of a nose, watery blue eyes peering intently through them at the various gauges on the machine in front of him.

"But..." he stammered, bony hands reaching up to grasp thinning, sandy hair in frustrated annoyance, "...that's just not *possible!*"

At forty-three, Donald McLaughlin considered himself an experienced, level-headed, and thoroughly trained scientist... which was why the tall, painfully skinny physicist was growing steadily more upset – and obsessed - with a machine that insisted on reporting that it was producing *more* energy than what was being put in.

Muttering under his breath, Donny whirled from the control panel and stalked once more toward the machine itself, more determined than ever to find and fix the problem that was generating such an obviously incorrect reading. Having already tried – and failed – to do so a dozen times, anger and frustration were evident in every by-now rehearsed movement as he released the latches holding the panel in place. He reached in...

...and, it was only when it was much, much too late that the low hum of power registered, informing him that he'd neglected to power the machine

down before reaching bare hands into the high-voltage guts of the Quantum Field Generator.

'Hmmm... come to think of it, I should have had an automatic cut-off when the panel was opened...' was the final, almost bemused thought that flitted across Dr. Donald McLaughlin's synapses – and then a torrent of electricity turned his entire nervous system to chaos, and coherent thought gave way to overwhelming darkness.

* * * * *

All things considered, it was rather surprising that Donny found himself regaining consciousness.

At least, he assumed that to be the case, since all sorts of stimuli – including a host of aches and pains, not to mention even stranger sensations, reported by his supine body – insisted on registering on his senses. One sense that refused to report in, however, was 'sight' – while he could feel his own eyelids open and close, it made absolutely no difference to his optic nerve.

Even as his confused and whirling brain struggled to center itself, a rising tide of panic fought against the instinctual attempt to order his mind.

"Blind, I've gone..." Donny started to gap in shock – and then, with an even sharper gasp, stopped talking altogether, eyes widening sightlessly.

The words had begun as breath in his chest, sure enough, and ridden up his throat and out his mouth – but what had emerged had been too soft, too high-pitched to be *his* voice.

"What... the... hell...?" Donny demanded, softly – and wincing; no matter how hard he had tried with each carefully-enunciated word, the question had once more emerged in what undeniable sounded like a dulcet, *feminine* mezzo-soprano.

That there was something very, very wrong here was in no way, shape, or form in dispute –but the question as to just *how* wrong things had gotten was still a little unsettled. Since that was currently a very important piece of information for Donny to know, he struggled to stem the rising tide of panic in order to find out just how bad things had gotten.

Taking a couple of deep, quivery breaths, Donny pushed panic aside in order to garner some data – and as everything still remained dark to his optic nerve, he was required to substitute touch for sight. With no other choice, Donny set about exploring both himself and his immediate surroundings with his hands.

Almost immediately, he noted that – along with his voice – there was something wrong with his hands. Well, no – not actually with his hands, and not technically ‘wrong’, either. In fact, it ‘merely’ seemed as if his fingernails were longer than they should have been – they scratched and scabbled across the concrete floor as he maneuvered his hands toward his body.

Eventually, they arrived at the soft fabric covering his midriff. As far as he could tell, the shirt itself – a simple cotton button-down collared shirt – seemed okay, but for some reason the proportions underneath it seemed a bit... off.

Donny had always been slender nigh on to emaciated, but the hands scrabbling at his waist seemed to find the flesh firmer and tauter than his brain insisted it should be, even though his waist felt neither bloated nor distorted; indeed, it felt somehow both slimmer and yet more firmly fleshy, which should have been a direct contradiction.

However, Donny was unsure how far he could trust his sense of touch. Denied visual confirmation, touch could be chancy at best – and the fact that his fingers felt subtly wrong as they glided over stomach and waist didn’t help matters. Still long and ‘skinny’, yes – but they did not feel as bony and spindly as he felt they should...

However, he pushed that thought aside, instead focusing on sensation as he let his questing fingers rove a little bit further afield.

The fabric and fit of what should have been a pair of simple khaki trousers didn’t seem right, either... which was doubly strange, since whatever he was wearing below the waist didn’t feel like pants, but almost like shorts. He could feel where they ended, and where legs were cooler against the floor – but even that didn’t register as being quite right, and the fact that whatever he was wearing felt comfortably fitted seemed to contradict the strangely swollen – or flaring – contours of his hips.

By now, Donny was almost panting from panic’s attempt to gain a stronger hold on his mind as each odd datum intruded itself on his brain- but he continued to force that aside, mainly by the simple expedient of refusing to dwell at all on what any of the strange sensations could possibly *mean*.

Instead, despite his own natural curiosity in all things and the steadily more desperate need to know alike, he forced himself to focus solely on gathering the data, rather than letting himself try to interpret it. As firmly as possible in a steadily increasing emotional state, he forced himself to repeat a mantra over and over in his mind, reminding himself not to theorize in advance of the data.

...and then the hands, still spiraling slowly out from the stomach, swept up to his chest – and his panting became desperate gasping.

He had been aware of a strange, oddly mobile weight on his chest. Indeed, there was no way he could not be aware of it, for it announced itself with every breath he drew – but now that his hands had quested for the source, the information they were providing pushed panic right on the trembling forefront of his consciousness. He had half expected to find some sort of softly heavy mass resting on his chest, and in that he was not exactly disappointed.

However, instead of finding himself pushing down on some unknown object that would, in turn, press down on either the fabric of the shirt or the bare

skin of his chest, his hands – atop and presumable 'outside' of that foreign source of weight – not only found themselves touching what certainly felt like warm flesh under crisp cotton... but the sensations from his chest insisted that his hands were touching the chest directly through the shirt, not through the intervening mass of whatever was providing that weight. It was almost as if...

He couldn't help himself. The instant the very thought crossed his mind, Donny's hands darted down and began desperately feeling about the waist- band of the 'shorts', trying to determine by touch alone how they were fastened – and then, as the impossible thought grew even more horrifyingly stronger, his hands shot further downward in disgust hypothesis/realization.

Sure enough, steadily swelling precognitive fear was proven utterly, horrifyingly correct as the 'shorts' turned out to be a skirt – and then, after a brief pause of shock, fear and disgust, now-shaking fingers carefully edged the hem of that skirt higher, almost flinching from abnormally smooth, softly-full thighs as he slowly groped upwards to touch...

She screamed.

It might have been a weak, almost breathless scream, but a scream it was – and a very feminine one at that, one that would have fit right in to the soundtrack of any low-budget horror movie. Say, like the cheesy old early- Nineties 'T&A' flicks...

...and she was the proud new owner of both 'T' and 'A', not to mention 'P' – as in 'Pussy'.

The second scream, after a short period of hyperventilation, was even more tooth-achingly high-pitched and feminine.

"A woman... a woman... I've been turned into a woman, oh God, how, it isn't possible..." she babbled frantically, hands now scrabbling over her body in desperate hope of disproving everything her altered fingers had – and hadn't – found lying under that skirt... but each new sensation only added to the side of the ledger that insisted the impossible was, in fact, the actual.

Writhing and flopping on the floor, hands first finding and then flinching from the feminine contours of face and legs, Donny desperately sought to reject the impossible reality of it all – and couldn't.

She was a woman. In woman's clothing. With a woman's voice. With a woman's full, silky head of hair...

...and hysterically panicking just like a frail, emotional, no-business-being- in-science woman.

It was this thought, smacking home in her mind, which served to snap Donny back out of the nearly-mindless panic. Shocked, stunned, horrified, and disgusted – yes, she was still all of those things, but no longer *quite* hysterical. That being the case, she was able to work against the tide of

emotions that struggled to overwhelm her – not eliminating or defeating them in any way, but pushing them back and away, holding them at arm's length.

For the moment.

That done, her ragged breathing began to slow and even out – still too shallow and face, but at least regular and controlled, rather than the nearly- painful breathlessness of only a moment before. Through force of conscious will, she made herself consider the predicament logically, rather than emotionally...

...or, to more accurately state the way Donny was considering it, in the masculine mode rather than the feminine. Although politically correct enough not to express such a view in public forums, it didn't change the fact that Donny considered logic as mainly a masculine trait, and emotion a feminine one – and while she might not have any say in which of the two her body currently was, she refused to accept that the mind must necessarily follow.

"Okay... Okay..." She muttered reassuringly to herself. "Maybe... Maybe this isn't even happening at all. I could be... hallucinating. Or drugged "

`..or dead ', a small voice in her mind insisted in pointing out – logically, considering that last clear memory she had before *being* a 'she' was touching extremely high-voltage equipment with bare hands.

For a second, the heart within her altered chest seemed to pause, an icy wave having little to do with the cold floor on which she lay washing through her – but then she pushed it aside. She certainly didn't feel dead, first of all and, if she was somehow dead-yet-conscious, then the secondary consideration of some sort of Hell would make this scenario make a hell of a lot more sense.

She, however, also forced herself to shove this possibility aside, (not disregarded entirely, considering how all-too-fitting a definition of Hell this might be), simply because it was a scenario that she could have no control over.

So, unless and until it was proven to be the case, she had to assume that she had somehow survived what should have been fatal electrocution, and that it had somehow resulted in whatever this was.

Having come to that conclusion – only after having pushed roiling emotions far enough back to function with at least a minimum of intelligence – the newly-minted woman was then left with devising and putting into action a plan to cope with whatever this was.

Slowly and awkwardly, hideously aware of the many new and different sensations her altered body was providing her, Donny struggled to lever her new form up off the ground.

It wasn't until she was awkwardly balanced atop what she disgustedly assumed was high heels of some sort that Donny realized that the unrelieved blackness... wasn't.

Instead, her eyes now made out the slimmest, faintest thread of light – a marginally lighter grey thread within the otherwise all-encompassing darkness. With a short gasp of potential relief, she stumbled towards it – not because she was physically uncomfortable or unskilled in whatever footwear she was wearing, but because she was actively fighting being comfortable and skilled in feminine footwear of any kind. As that may be, she managed to draw closer to that thin ribbon of light – to realize that it was, in fact, coming from under the door. In which case, the light switch should be right... about... *there*...

Bright fluorescents flared to life in the ceiling, the humming white illumination momentarily overwhelming dark-adapted eyes... and then Donny gasped several more times, for several different reasons.

The first gasp came from the realization that she was still in her own lab – and the second came from the realization that Dr. Donald McLaughlin's lab didn't exist.

It was still room 2B15 in the HEP building – but instead of being crowded with various arcane pieces of equipment needed for Donny's research into quantum fields, it was completely empty.

Worse than that – it was slightly dusty, with the air of a room that had been in disuse for some time.

Which, in a very odd way, made a certain sort of sense – for the third gasp had come from looking down; or, rather, from what Donny saw when she did.

Long, golden-blond hair framed that gaze at either edge of her restored vision – but that was only vaguely noticed as she stared in shock at the apparent chasm of cleavage her white blouse's tantalizingly low neckline revealed. It took a bit of maneuvering for her to put one leg – emerging from the hem of a sky-blue skirt, and clad in white nylons – out where she could eye with scant favor the electric-blue pumps she wore, each of which boasted what had to be at least a five-inch heel.

The fourth gasp of the sequence came after she noticed a blue leather shoulder-bag sitting on the floor; specifically, when she opened said bag and came across the identification contained within the white leather wallet inside.

It was for one Dorothy-Marie Lufkin, aged 21... and the accompanying photograph revealed a cheerfully open, lovely young face surrounded by a thick, wavy mane of almost brassy golden-blond hair.

The final gasp came when Donny/Dorothy realized what must have happened... and both how and why a machine to could seemingly produce more energy than was being put into it.

"Holy shit..." She breathed, baby-blue eyes widening in shock. "I... I'm in a *parallel universe!*"

It was the only explanation that made any sort of sense at all.

Back in what she thought of as the 'real' world, Donald Martin McLaughlin's body almost certainly lay dead by way of electrocution... but in that same instance, the mind of Donny had been pushed through the quantum probability field and ended up in the closest analogue-existence of this alternate earth. Given that even back in his own world the ratio of men to women slightly favored the fairer sex, it wasn't all that unlikely the body he would end up in would be female... even if, she thought with a wry look down at her new form, it was a rather *emphatically* feminine one.

Taking a deep breath, Donny/Dorothy slowly began nodding to herself. She was still shocked and horrified to find herself emphatically female, clothing and all – but at least she was no longer inexplicably female... and, despite everything, she had to admit, however grudgingly, that it was better than the death she had both so rightfully deserved and so closely courted.

"Okay... Okay, it's... not that bad..." She told herself, trying to believe it. "I am alive and apparently healthy, so..."

Nodding again, she squared her shoulders, opened the door, and stepped out into the very dimly-lit corridor beyond. Almost without considering it, she was moving... hesitantly, as if a thief in the night.

Part of it was uncertainty, part of it discomfort with her new body... and part of it fully irrational discomfort at being caught 'pretending' to be female, no matter how emphatically her body argued the point. Indeed, even with her slow, awkward movements, she could feel her oversized new bosom bouncing and jiggling under her blouse, and her hips seemed to swivel and wriggle ridiculously, no matter how she tried to avoid it.

Grimacing at the slow tapping of her high heels, she made her way to the elevator – and stopped dead in shock, staring at the entirety of her new self in the mirrored walls of the small conveyance.

"Oh, god, no..." She gasped, huge eyes expressing horror: "I've been turned into a *bombshell!*"

Delicate, finely shaped ankles. Long, shapely legs leading to wide-flaring hips. A deliciously slender waist. Extremely large, firm breasts, riding high and proud despite the lack of a foundation garment. Long, slim neck; likewise slender arms leading to dainty wrists and hands. A beautiful, well-defined face, surrounded by waves of golden hair.

Yup – complete and utter blonde bombshell, from the ground up – and Donny/Dorothy stared at this stunning vision with complete and utter horror, right up until the doors of the summoned elevator began sliding shut. Only then was she able to break through her shock at seeing her new form in its entirety, darting into the elevator cab and pressing the ground-floor button with one long, pastel-pink fingernail.

Then she slumped back against the doors, staring again at her reflection.

"What am I going to *do*?" She demanded, wide-eyed, of her equally shocked reflection. "Guys are going to be *all over* me!"

It was an arguable point – she had, after all, been one herself, and knew full well what a tall, curvaceous, busty blonde like her new self would do to the men around her – and not only those falling within a few years of her own new age-bracket, either.

It was a highly disturbing thought for the new woman to be carrying with her as she walked out of the elevator, down a short hallway, and out into 'public'.

Of course, it being the wee small hours of the morning, said 'public' was, at best, in sparse presence but it certainly didn't feel that way to *her* as she hesitantly and carefully made her way down the campus pathways, head swivelling nervously as her huge, blue eyes scanned her surroundings with extreme trepidation.

So much so, in fact, that she was nearly at the University Center before she realized that she actually had no idea where on earth she was going. It wasn't as if anyplace *he* would go would be a suitable destination for *her*!

All of which left her standing in the Quad, body nervously huddled in on itself, as she looked around and wondered where the hell she should be going...

"Dolly?" A male voice inquired from somewhere behind her and to her left

– followed, a second later, with a much more enthusiastic repetition: "Dolly! It is you!"

Startled, Donny/Dorothy – 'Dolly'? – spun, body seeming to shrink even more tightly into itself as she stared in wide-eyed fear at the well-built young brunet who stood a few feet away from her, smiling brightly.

At least, he'd been smiling brightly when she first turned – but at the sight of her own expression and body language, the smile quickly slid off his face, leaving behind a confused expression of concern.

"Geez, Dolly, it's just me – Justin." He hesitated, confusion and concern growing deeper as she continued to stare at him as if he were some sort of horrible monster. "Dolly? What's wrong?"

"I.... I just... I don't " She stammered, weakly – and then, hesitantly, manufactured an even weaker smile. "Nothing. I'm fine, Justin. Thanks."

"Yeah.... Right..." Justin said, slowly, taking in her huddled posture. "Um Did you want me to walk you home?"

She almost blurted out a panicked 'no!' – until it dawned on her that, unlike herself, this Justin fellow apparently knew where she lived...

"Um, er... okay..." She finally, shyly, agreed. She waited, unmoving, until Justin

– moving very slowly and entreatingly – lifted one hand in a 'this way' gesture, and she scuttled rather gratefully off down the indicated pathway, darting frightened glances his way every few seconds to ensure both that she was still going the right way – and that he was still at least a few feet away from her.

To be honest, Dolly honestly thought she was only marginally aware of Justin's attempts to put her at her ease – just as she honestly thought she was hideously aware of every single aspect of her new body.

She was incredibly aware of certain aspects of it, of course – both wind and motion causing her long, silken hair to swirl and dance around her face, the jiggling bounce and heft of her full, firm breasts, the smooth swivel-and- sway of her broad hips and full, firmly packed ass...

...but she was completely and utterly unaware of her hesitant motions smoothing out to a bouncier, more natural motion. She was unaware of her huddled shoulders straightening. She completely missed how her fear- widened eyes slowly narrowed to fond amusement, even as her tightly- clamped lips loosened into a warm, sweet smile.

Aware of many things about her new form, Dolly was utterly oblivious to how she was responding to Justin's 'barely noticed' sallies and warm companionship.

Had she been able to stand back and see what was happening from an objective position, she would have been shocked silly by what she saw. Her body-language was now completely open, to the point where an outside observer would have seen two apparently happy young people – one a tall, handsome man, the other a curvaceous, sweet young woman – walking about a foot or so apart as they strolled easily and comfortably through the night... while flirting outrageously.

Dolly had absolutely no clue that was what she was doing. Mind mainly centred on an entire host of potential problems, (none of which were currently present), she sort of ran the social side of things on autopilot – complete oblivious to the fact that she was using the way she, as a younger man, would have acted around a similarly-aged man as the 'temple' for the joking and so forth. While entirely – and platonically – appropriate between two guys, it presented a rather different picture when applied in mixed company.

Similarly, she failed to catch what happened as they were walking past a bar, and Justin suggested the might want to grab a couple of drinks before heading on. Thinking mainly that, as worldview-shaking the day had been, a good stiff drink or two would certainly help, Dolly responded to the invitation the way a guy might have – rather than considering the impression given when a woman accepted a guy's offer to buy her a drink.

To put it another way – Dolly was completely oblivious to the fact that she was no out on a date with a broad-shouldered, handsome young man. It was

a situation so far outside her frame of reference, that despite the horror she'd felt at the abstract concept, she completely failed to recognize the concrete reality of it when it occurred. Indeed, as she gratefully accepted the drinks Justin brought her, unaware of how warmly she was smiling at him, she thought mainly about how lucky she was that this apparent acquaintance of Dolly's was a nice guy.

Too nice, in certain ways – the kind of 'nice' guys used when trying to impress a girl, say. That was a point that also escaped Dolly's notice – as was the fact that not all the liquid warmth that seemed to be spreading through her body could be attributed to the alcohol she was consuming.

The considerable amount of alcohol she was consuming...

It had been quite some time since Donny had gone out on a date, and even then it had been a 'mature adult' sort of date, quite but experienced, both partners playing off the same, somewhat sedate script. If she'd been able to make that leap, to remember how Donny had 'dated' back in University, Dolly might have clued it – but she did not.

So it was that Dolly, more than a little befuddled by alcohol and staggering somewhat atop her slender heels, was actually *grateful* for Justin's support as they exited the bar.

It never occurred to her that there might be another reason why a handsome young man would be willing to slip a strong arm around the delightfully slender waist of a shapely young woman - nor did it occur to her alcohol-clouded mind that she should be worried at just how... *comfortable* that arm felt there. Indeed, given the cool air of the evening, the 'body heat' of her companion felt extremely warm and comforting; if that warmth and 'comfort' seemed strangely centered in the lower part of her abdomen, well Dolly could be forgiven missing the implications of that, what with never before having personally experienced what feminine arousal felt like from the inside.

Although unaware of it at the time, it was a claim that Dolly would never be able to make honestly ever again.

When they finally arrived at her place – a tiny, but cozy pre-WWII bungalow – all she really knew is that she felt very pleasantly dreamy. Not sleepy, really, but somehow almost distant from herself except for the steadily gathering cascade of pleasurable sensations that were claiming more and more of her whirling, disjointed attention.

At the door, there was a bit of a fumble, as she stared rather dizzily at the keys in her purse, uncertain which one was for her do – but Justin was sooo wonderful, and he took the keys from her and let them inside. She plopped down on the couch in the small, but nicely furnished living room, and the sweetheart actually lit a sweet little fire to keep her warm – not that she was really feeling cold, quite the liquid-warmth-flowing-from-her-center opposite. She was glad to let him go search the kitchen for something to drink, since she might have managed to find the kitchen easily enough,

given the tiny size of the two-bedroom bungalow, but without any idea which cupboards held what. When he returned with a three-quarter-full bottle of white wine, she merely gave a soft little giggling sigh and sipped contently at the glass he handed her – and never once so much as thought of protesting as he settled on the couch with her. It was a small room with a

small couch, so it seemed dreamily logical for him to have to sort of cuddle up to her that way on it, hands around her lush, sensitive body...

....touching...

...roaming....

...caressing....

...and leaving burning trails of liquid pleasure everywhere skin touched skin.

Given that, it seemed to make perfect sense to make sure that each of them had more skin to touch to the others, increasing the pleasure each felt as he continued to stroke, caress and fondled her steadily less-clad body.

Eyes closed, laying almost limp in his arms, she simply accepted the pleasure he was giving her, not even bothering to try and sort out intentions or implications as she simply gave herself over to the wonderful sensations. It did dawn on her after a while that his hands seemed to return quite often to the huge, heavy tits thrust so proudly from her chest, but the contact felt so wonderful good, especially against her huge and now almost painfully erect nipples, the she wouldn't have asked him to stop, even had the thought to do so occurred to her.

Some little time later, at the point she realized that his tongue was in her mouth and they'd been kissing for some time, a muzzy thought did rear up in her besotted brain, telling her that this wasn't right – but she got so dreamily lost in pondering how to tell him so when their mouths were otherwise so fully occupied, that she never got the chance.

Then a new and even more intense form of pleasure came along, and she sort of mentally dumped everything else – including most of her sense-of- self – in favor of experiencing the sensation as intensely as possible.

The pleasure was not only more amazingly intense, but considerably more localized, as well. Dreamily, she tried to pin down just how and where nearly mind-numbing pleasure was coming from – and after a blissful eternity, it occurred to her that it might be easier to figure out if she opened her eyes.

So she did.

'Who...?' She thought muzzily to herself; then, 'Oh, right, Justin'

Another brief eternity, floating on a cloud of pleasure, and it occurred to her to direct her gaze more toward the location of that amazing pleasure thrumming through her body. Her gaze dipped...

'Damn, get a load of those tits...' She thought dreamily, watching them bounce and heave enticingly, all wiggly and jiggy and, from the sounds of it, attached to a chick who was giggly.

Listening to the dreamy, giggly gasps of pleasure as she stared at the huge, swaying tits, she thought: 'Makes sense – sounds like a horny little bimbo getting well and truly fucked – these huge hooters go perfectly with some empty-headed little sex-pot...'

Some time later, she recalled she was trying to figure out the source of her own pleasure, not listen to some brain-dead fuck-doll gaspingly tell God how much she loved getting fucked, so she let her focus shift to something a little further away from her eyes, and closer to her pleasure.

'Damn, look at the size of that cock – no wonder she's screaming in pleasure...' She thought dreamily. Extremely shapely legs, clad only in white thigh-highs and electric blue high-heeled pumps, were spread very wide indeed, allowing plenty of room for that huge cock to thrust into the sopping wet cunt visible in the clean-shaven crotch she was eyeing.

There was no doubt at all where the fuck-happy dumb-slut was getting her pleasure from, she thought – bemused that, from the sound of it, she was getting nearly as much pleasure from what she was doing, (or having done to her), as Donny was from... from...

..from what? She was looking for the source of her own intense pleasure, wasn't she? Yet all she could see from this angle was huge, heaving tits, sexy legs, and high-heels, all overshadowed by the muscular body pounding the pleasure into the bimbo's body.

'Huh...' she thought. 'I was wrong – those are at least six-inch heels I'm wearing.'

A long, ecstatic pause, and then...

'Wait – I'm wearing...? But, that would mean...'

It took a couple seconds more – and then Donny/Dolly's eyes widened. *'The bimbo's me! I'm the one getting well and truly fucked!'*

She opened her mouth to scream in something other than pleasure...

...and it wasn't as if she changed her mind, because when that first orgasm hit a split-second later, there was effective no mind to change, just raw, wordless screams of ultimate ecstasy.

A short while later, orgasm number two hit even harder.

Three through five weren't nearly as power as even the first – but the 'bam- bam-bam' rapidity of them, like a string of firecrackers, was more than enough to keep her from becoming coherent enough to complain.

Number six, on the other hand – number six was even more powerful than all the previous five combined.

Eyes now wide from completely different reasons, reduced to little more than her animal back-brain, and only that because there had to be something to experience the pleasure her nerves were producing, the very concepts of words ceased to exist for the writhing, thrashing woman screaming in intense, orgasmic pleasure.

Pleasure so intense that, when it finally ended, the as-yet-still-unformed self behind that mind plummeted directly from the extreme heights of orgasmic ecstasy to the warm, enfolding depths of exhaustion.

The mind-rattling orgasm subsided, and Donny/Dolly promptly passed out.

TO BE CONCLUDED

SUMMARY: When a lab experiment goes wrong and releases a powerful energy blast, one guy wakes up in a parallel world only to discover that he is now a hot blond who loves a little action.

Part Two

Nestled in the shallow bowl of a valley, backed by deep blue shadows against the red-gold spill of sunrise staining the morning sky, the cute little bungalow dwelt in the heart of a mostly somnolent campus town.

Within the cozy comfort of the small dwelling, a single room was occupied, the sleeping murmurs of the occupant were the only human sound to contrast the faint electronic hums that provided most of the building's nocturnal soundtrack.

The murmur gradually became a very long, very low moan – so soft as to be nearly silent, yet incredibly heartfelt.

All things considered, Donny found himself rather surprised to be regaining consciousness.

At least, he assumed that to be the case, since all sorts of stimuli – including a host of aches and pains, not to mention even a truly massive headache, reported by his supine body – insisted on registering on his senses. This included a wide variety of extremely strange sensations that registered as being very, *very*... odd – but not 'painful', not in any way that could possibly cause the highly unusual sensations to be more important to Donny than the massive headache. One sense that had yet to report in, however, was 'sight' – which wasn't surprising, as a very muzzy-headed and befuddled Donny tried to figure out how the hell he could possibly feel as bad as he did at the moment, and certainly wasn't willing to accept the even worse pain light would surely spark against his optic nerve.

With another low, muttered moan, Donny began very slowly and carefully moving, all the while trying to remember...

...only to suddenly stiffen as at least partial memory resurfaced.

"I died!" Donny blurted out – and the sound caused a wince... which was initially purely responsive to the bolt of pain the high-pitched sound drove deeper into an already spitting headache.

It was only a second later that **she** realized exactly *why* her voice was so high pitched.

"Holy shit – I turned into a woman !" She gasped.

Then recollection moved even further on through the evening – and Dolly's huge blue eyes flew wide open, and she shrieked in horror: " and I fucked a guy!"

That's when her head exploded.

At least, that was how it seemed to *her*. Shock, combined with both the high-pitched, high-volume scream and the sudden assault of on her optic nerve, turned an already brutal hangover into a truly massive migraine that seemed to fill the entire universe with a red-tinged haze of thudding agony.

Mewling in pain, Donny/Dolly all-but-collapsed off of the bed, and began slowly and awkwardly dragging herself toward the bathroom. It seemed an endless journey, made longer by having to peer agonizingly through lowered lashes – Dolly's house wasn't familiar enough for her to 'instinctively' know where exactly the bedroom was in relation to the bedroom. Only the small size of the house kept it from being drawn out into an apparently endless and hopeless odyssey.

Once she reached the pastel-colored bathroom, Dolly managed to stagger out of the low crawl with which she'd made her way there. With great effort, she managed to haul herself upright just inside the doorframe – and then had to hang there for several minutes, one arm wrapped around a towel rack for support, as the effort of rising left her weakly dizzy. Her head throbbed mercilessly in time with her thundering pulse, and Dolly made now effort to flip on the light switch – the mild, golden glow of dawn through a window had been enough to make it feel as if somebody had jabbed an icepick into each of her eyes, and she had no urge whatsoever to discover what the brighter, whiter lighting of the bathroom would do to her migraine, should be she stupid enough to try it.

Instead, she stumbled her way across the small room, using only the dim light that streamed in the bathroom door. Swinging open the mirrored surface of the medicine cabinet, she half-blindly began pawing through it, ignoring the unidentifiable feminine detritus dropping helter-skelter into the sink with aurally-agonizing 'tinks' and 'tunks'.

Finally her slender fingers encountered what felt like a generic bottle of painkillers. Squinted attempts to read the writing on the bottle only drove new spears of pain through her head, so Dolly, driven by pain and need, grappled with the bottle until the child-proof cap gave way in her hands.

She managed to get a couple of pills out of the bottle, although her shaking hands lost a good dozen or so into the sink during the fumbling attempt.

Ignoring that fact – as she was ignoring practically anything outside dealing with the world-defining headache – Dolly quick swallowed the two large, ovoid red pills, and then sagged down atop the toilet, barely aware of the sleep-tousled mane of hair as she leaned forward and braced her head in her hands, waiting desperately for the pills to kick in.

After a while, she began to feel better. Calmer.

Much, much calmer.

Which should have been very strange indeed, had she given it any thought – because the headache hadn't gone down so much as a single iota. It still throbbed and snarled behind her eyes like a barely-chained beast.

It was simply that having a raging migraine didn't bother her in the least... which it should have, had she thought about it. Then again, she didn't even consider how strange it was for her to calmly accept having a raging headache.

After all, she'd ended up taking twice the normal dosage of a medication prescribed for mood swings and depression related to unusually severe PMS – a drug in the same family as Prozac or Xanax.

In the dosage Dolly had just taken, it would have been downright incredible for anything to have 'upset' her – the chemical effect on her brain effectively disallowed all the physiological reactions to anxiety in almost any form. Indeed, given that it also compensated, (or, in this case, overcompensated), with an increased serotonin level, about all Dolly was capable of feeling at the moment was a sort of dreamy sense of relaxed well-being.

So, when she finally decided she 'felt normal' enough to give her horrifying, impossible situation a long, cold, hard look, the decision was implemented by rising with a slow and ethereal grace from the toilet, a slight, dreamy smile affixed unknowingly upon her face.

Which... wasn't exactly the ideal mental state in which to make extremely serious, life-defining decisions, but Dolly was completely unaware of how truly altered her mental state was, putting that strange, singing sense of numbness at her core down to nothing more than the 'aspirin' handling physical discomfort. She had no idea that the true drug was almost completely dampening her natural emotional pain, much less that it was greatly enhancing both emotional and physical pleasure as well.

Giddily dazed and bemusedly confused, she was barely in a state to make even simple rational decisions...

...which wasn't even the worst part.

No, what was much, much worse was the fact that, with the very little need to convince herself on the point bolstered by an almost complete disinterest in arguing it with herself, she actually believed her mind was running sharper and clearer after the headache 'faded'.

As irrational as it might have seemed for an objective perspective, in her current state Dolly had no trouble concluding that how distant and weak all the negative emotions were was 'obviously' a case of her having her emotional side, (which even now, unexamined gender-biased assumption had Dolly of thinking as the *feminine* aspect of a personality), 'controlled and ordered', which thus 'proved' how clear and sharp her mind was.

It might have seemed an impossible conclusion to draw... but Donny, (excluding days when finding gender impossibly reversed) had never been much of a drinker, much less a user of drugs, illegal or otherwise. Neither the male Donny, nor the

mind inhabiting the emphatically feminine form of Dolly, had enough experience with drugs to recognize the symptoms accurately.

One set of those symptoms meant that Dolly's mind was wandering far afield, flitting from one thought to another, except when something 'bright and shiny' caught her eye and practically disrupted thought process altogether. Another set of symptoms altered how she was experiencing time. This, of course, was on top of both the anxiety reduction and pleasure enhancements... and so while things flitted briefly across her consciousness, it seemed to her that she was giving them long, grave consideration; given that her scattered wits were only capable of concentrating on a single thing, it also seemed that her shallow thoughts were much shaper and clearer than they were.

In one sense, that perception was accurate – she really was avoiding 'cluttering' her mind with all sorts of 'extraneous' thoughts as she rapidly considered whatever flitted through her fuzzy mind. It was simply that a good many of those 'extraneous' thoughts she *wasn't* having were necessary for anything like a sober, intelligent thought process.

So, the conclusions she shortly began to draw considering her unexpected situation and how to deal with it were... somewhat less than ideal.

No – that wasn't quite accurate. Say, rather, than the conclusions were somewhat less than *sane*.

Insanity was defined by how skewed a personal perspective was compared to the understood world; a cognitive break from reality.

The reality of the situation, as 'unreal' as it might have seemed, was that the massive dose of electricity had shunted the electrical engrams – the thought-patterns, and hence 'mind' – of Donny into another quantum possibility. It was a 'possibility' as every bit as complex and complicated as the original possibility – and thus, every bit as 'real' as what Donny still thought of as 'reality'.

Which was why he had woken up in a fully formed and adult female body younger than his old, male one; it was why that body had been clothed in gender-and-age appropriate clothing; it was why the other personas inhabiting this world had 'memories' of a woman whose existence had been neither possible nor probably until the very instance of existing, in which it became the new certainty.

The conclusion Donny's drug-addled brain came up with, was just a little bit different...

Fuzzily, Donny decided that there must have been a 'real' Dolly to mirror the Donny of 'reality'. Rather than a mere possibility, Donny assigned this never-before-having-existed persona with a past, with memories and feelings... and agency. After all, *Donny* hadn't chosen that female outfit the first night – so *Dolly* must have.

So, then Donny – now believing himself to still be 'Donny', helplessly trapped in Dolly's body and life – assumed that Dolly had chosen an outfit she liked to wear...

...just as she – NOT he – had chosen when, where, and with whom she had sex.

So, Donny finally concluded, (erroneously), it might be his mind, but it was her body – and so 'she' made all the choices about what Donny still thought of as 'feminine' things, like fashion and décor... and sex.

It wasn't a chain of logic Dolly came to quickly – no, indeed, it was a rather long-term process, with some rather interesting stages.

For example, when the thought struck her that certain feminine things, such as clothing, were already 'predetermined' by Dolly's taste, she muzzily tried to confirm the assumption by going through all her clothing to see what 'she' liked.

However, since there was absolutely no Dolly-thoughts, Donny found himself supplying them to her... based on his own, unquestioned assumptions about women.

Donny didn't go through the wardrobe and assess what seemed to be the most often-worn clothing – no, he decided what she 'really liked' based on the 'special' clothing he picked out and put on.

He'd chosen the thigh-high white stockings because they struck HIM as the most 'pretty and girly', and that they certainly were – as Donny pulled them up Dolly's long legs, all she could think was that she was right about how 'pretty' Dolly must have found them, for they certainly did make them look spectacular. What Donny didn't realize that they were 'special occasion' hosiery, and worn only rarely and with certain clothes.

Which, for a woman like the theoretically Dolly, would never have been the short, red pleated sport's skirt. The female equivalent of basic gym shorts, the garment was actually old-fashioned in a way, and was designed to be

worn over leggings or bike shorts during sports – NOT with a pair of thigh- high stockings whose elasticized tops ended an inch and a half short of the hem of the skirt.

Of course, the athletic apparel also wasn't customarily worn with high heels

– the highest heels Donny found in the closet, equating the highest, thinnest heels with being the most 'feminine'. Indeed, in a certain sense, they were – but typically white ankle-strap pumps with gold-toned five- inch stiletto heels were a bit much for daily 'casualwear'.

It was a like failing of a male-raised mind that Donny did not realize your attractive young co-ed might choose to wear a rather daringly low-cut blouse, *or* the single push-up bra found in her lingerie drawer, but – certain very special occasions aside – rarely would she choose to wear them together, much less do so on a regular basis.

It was the same male 'blind spot' with which Donny chose all of Dolly's clothing... and, rather dreamily, it was the same mindset that decided to complete the 'look' with jewelry and make-up.

Make-up which was applied in the bathroom. As much of it was tumbled into the sink.

Along with the scattered handful of pills...

...of which she took two more.

The rest went into the small, red purse she had found, almost unknowingly dropped in there when she tucked the lipstick she had just used into the bag, as she thought a 'woman like her should'.

Which, at the moment, was exactly how "I'm Donny trapped in Dolly's body and chosen lifestyle!" was currently thinking of herself... having been the one to rather drunkenly 'deduce', based on the evidence she'd unknowingly chosen, what type of 'girl' she was helplessly trapped in the lifestyle of.

"Yup..." She sighed, consciously unaware of the dreamy smile plastered on her face as she gave voice to the horrifying truth: "I'm a bimbo !"

...and then she giggled sadly.

After all, she still felt wonderful as she gazed giddily upon the package of 'come-and-get-me!' Dolly had transformed in to. Her already curvaceous figure was both enhanced and outright advertised by the 'look' she'd gone with.

Her hair, fluffed out, surrounded her lovely young face in a silken halo that drifted and swayed with the slightest shift in her motion. As the human eye was drawn to motion, this would draw quite a bit of attention to her face – which looked far different than the innocent beauty it had radiated the night before.

The lash-extension mascara, violet eye-shadow, and burgundy eyeliner really made her huge, bright blue eyes 'pop'; as consequently huge as it made her baby-blues look, the effect of the gloss-red lipstick she was drew the eye even more to the now apparently full, pouty lips beneath her delicate, well-formed nose. A pair of big, rhinestone 'chandelier' earrings – really more appropriate to eveningwear and an elegant updo – sporadically flashed from one lobe or the other as her volumized mane of hair swept bare of one shoulder or the other.

Of course, since motion drew the eye, so would the hem of her skirt, forcing the gaze to take in her pert, heart-shaped ass and long, shapely young legs as she minced around atop the high-slender heels she wore – but that was the only thing that would be 'moving' with the overly-girlish mince she'd picked up.

Not with her huge tits threatening to pop right out of the top of the low-cut golden wrap-around blouse she wore. With the v-front of the shimmering silk blouse plunging nearly to her navel, a fair amount of lacy red bra was visible – proving that it rose barely high enough to cover her large, pink nipples, so that with every wiggling, jiggling, giggling step, it seemed like her tits were laying ready to jump right out at the nearest man she passed.

Which, in her current state, Dolly in no way found metaphorical or impossible. She truly did believe that, on 'feminine matters', her new Dolly- body had a mind of its own; that it was that mind that had chosen these clothes, (both originally to

buy, and now to wear); and that mind had certain, unmistakably sexual reasons for wanting to own and wear such clothing on such a shapely young body.

Worst of all, it made perfect sense to 'Donny' – because 'Dolly' was clearly giddily happy to be seeing such a bodacious bombshell bimbo reflected back at her in the mirror.

That the euphoria she felt might be chemically induced never crossed her bemusedly befuddled mind – and so Dolly, with another giggling, drugged sigh, simply accepting the outrageous rationale that she could only ever be happy *as* this version of Dolly.

After all, she remembered feeling very unhappy at being 'plain Dolly' last night... except for the hazy memory of how much she had enjoyed the sex, physically at least.

Drugged or not – or, perhaps, especially drugged – Donny was unwilling to admit, even internally, that the pleasure could have come from 'him', and so it *must* have Dolly's... and that brought the whole irrational, hazy argument full circle, proving that in matters of tastes, aesthetic or sexual alike, they would be utterly miserable trying to apply Donny's... and deliriously, almost mindless happy following Dolly's.

When considered that way, it didn't leave much in the way of options – especially when the rest of her day only served to 'confirm' her conclusions.

After all, who but a ditzy bimbo wouldn't even remember what her own class schedule was? Especially since she had already been going to those classes for weeks now – at least according to the many friends in those classes she had, who she was too dippy and airheaded enough to remember the names of, despite 'clearly' having known them all more than a month, at the very least.

Of course, you couldn't expect much from a balloon-chested airhead who couldn't seem to concentrate in class, and had little success at making heads or tails of the subject matter, could you?

Especially not considering how completely obsessed with guys as she obviously was, since she was actively watching them to see which one found her all hot and sexy...

A more rational mind might have argued that she couldn't possibly know the preprogrammed 'history' everyone else did, since her very act of creating this reality, with her newly-born into it, had created all the pseudo-'false memories' everybody else had. Likewise, the same mind would have been pointed out that the shocking blunting of a usually bright mind was chemical and temporary, not 'unarguably' her natural condition. Likewise, with her body on display, it wasn't surprising that many guys ogled her openly – nor that, unused to being ogled by men in that way, she would be overly sensitive.

Most of all, self-same mind would have point out that Dolly wasn't, in fact, made deliriously happy by all these things, and that given the amount of drugs she took that day, 'Dolly' probably would have been equally, blissfully happily while simultaneously giving birth and undergoing a root canal.

In her current state, however, Dolly firmly believed all of it to be completely and utterly true – which was why, by the end of what felt like an unbelievably long day, she had developed a mantra that ran on a near- continuous loop through an already quite loopy brain:

"I'm just a balloon-chested, empty-headed little bimbo. The only thoughts I can keep in my ditzzy little head is making boys happy. This is who I am, and the only person I will ever be. I just have to learn to accept it and be happy."

Over and over she fed that thought through her drug-addled brain, until it became one of the few thoughts she could not only hold on to for any length of time, but call up quickly and easily. Indeed, she repeated it until it became habitual, not even needing to be summoned in order to run through her befogged mind, reminding her who she was, and exactly what she should be doing to make herself 'happy'.

Which is how Dolly ended back up at the campus bar, this time with a couple of handsome, athletic young men in adoring tow.

The rusty-haired, tall one was Kirk, and his lean, ebony partner was Mason

– they were soccer players, tending to the taut-and-rangy rather than the bulky musculature of football players. They obviously couldn't believe their

good fortune in being allowed to hang out with such a hottie – but Dolly was as completely oblivious to their uncertain nervousness as she so many other things, having picked them up more or less as something she thought she - Dolly, that was – was *supposed* to do.

Oblivious, she simply kept a smile on her face, even as she fretted over whether or not she was doing enough to keep the boys happy.

She'd purposefully wiggle and jiggled as she led the way into the bar, and she thought they'd enjoyed the view of long, scissoring legs and taut, pert ass... but, since they had been behind her, she was absolutely certain – and that worried her.

Well, actually, it was the fact that she was weaning off the mind-numbing happy pills that was allowing her that concern, but SHE didn't realize it so, of course, the steadily increasing effects of the alcohol that the guys insisted on buying for her was also misidentified as, as second choice, she kept making sure to give them 'good views' while they sat and chatted.

In other words, she was often and quite visibly posing for the guys, making sure to often find excuses to stretch out her long, shapely legs to lean forward toward them eagerly, putting her huge, out-thrust tits on display... to lick her lips long, slow and often, before inserting the neck of the bottle suggestively between her full, red lips....

...and rather than realize how drunk she was getting all over again, she kept believing that the alcoholic euphoria came from how well she was doing the one thing that made her happy – ‘pleasing boys’.

Since Dolly not only seemed to be willingly coming on to them, but happy to be doing so, Kirk and Mason’s responses were understandable.

When, rather breathlessly, Dolly asked the two of them if they wanted to take her home, the two friends shared a look that mixed excitement, disbelief and discomfort in about equal measure. Either of the guys would gladly have gone home with the hot woman, had she singled one of them out – but her flirting and question alike had been directed equally at the two of them, leaving them more than a little uncertain. Still and all, it wasn’t everyday a chick this sexy clearly and unequivocally came on to them, so in the end – and after a few more helpings of Dutch courage – the two young men finally decided that there was more arousal that ‘squick’ in the thought of sharing the blonde bombshell for the night.

Which was how the two of them ended up walking her home...

* * * * *

Big, blue eyes very slowly fluttered open in the golden glow of morning light...

...and, after a second of stunned silence, Dolly launched herself from the bed, fisted hand pressed hard against full lips to suppress the horrified scream that tried to tear itself from her throat.

If waking up to realize that you’ve been turned into a woman who just had sex with a man, repeating it the next day with two men, both of whom were still in her bed, was infinitely worse.

“Oh, God, oh God...” Dolly muttered to herself, slowly backing out of the bedroom as her eyes locked on the naked men in her bed. Shaking, she made her way to the bathroom, where shared stared haggardly at the shocked woman in the mirror.

“What did I do ?” She asked herself plaintively – and unnecessarily.

She knew exactly what she had done yesterday, and why and now, only somewhat hungover, she also understood exactly how she could have possibly believed what had been running through her head all day yesterday. It took the work of only a moment, after all, to see what he pills she had been popping the day before were, and all the possible implications.

She was shocked, disgusted and horrified by what she’d done the day before, and not only the sex – although, on its own, that was as bad as any single ‘overly-feminine’ action she’d taken.

Still, just ‘being female’ was a life-long thing, not the much more occasional ‘having sex’ and yet, she’d believed that she not *had* to do them, yesterday – she’d actually believed she’d enjoyed it all.

Which was solely and wholly because of the drugs she had taken.

The same drugs of which there was still a half-full bottle sitting on her medicine cabinet's shelf.

The woman in the mirror began to shake at the thought.

Without the drugs, she would never have done anything she had done yesterday – in fact, she would have tried as hard as possible to be as masculine as possible...

...which, now trapped in the body of a woman, would not have been nearly enough. Oh, she would have avoided the acute horror and self-disgust she felt this morning, but only at the expense of a continuous, long-term unhappiness day-to-day.

With the drugs, on the other hand, she'd been deliriously happy...

Oh, she had been completely wrong about the how and why of her happiness – but blissfully, if rather vapidly happy she had indeed been.

All because of some chemical cocktail that had let her be a brain-dead, sex- obsessed bimbo.

A fate, when viewed soberly, only marginally better than death itself. A fate, that when viewed while drugged, was not only enjoyable, but seemingly obvious and inevitable.

For several long moments, Dolly simply continued staring at herself in the medicine-cabinet mirror...

...and then, with shaking hand, she slowly reached out, opened the mirrored door, and lifted out the half-full bottle of pills.

When the guys awoke some time later, they found the warm, willing, and supremely happy woman of the day before waiting eagerly for them.

THE END



SUMMARY: After receiving a strange cigarette from a man in the cold, Jerry finds that with each smoke he changes more and more...

Breaking The Habit

By Gunslinger

The cold November wind whistled eerily down the man-made canyons of steel and concrete as Jerry pushed open the door and stepped outside. He shivered as the chill wind bit into him, and quickly zipped up his worn leather bomber jacket to preserve his body heat. As it was, his unprotected face and hands were chilling quickly.

Digging in a pocket he pulled out a crumpled pack of Marlboros. Tapping the bottom of the red and white pack, he extracted the last of the cylinders of tobacco. Sticking the cigarette between his lips, he stuffed the empty pack back into his pocket, exchanging it for a Zippo lighter. He huddled back into the scant protection of the doorway as he lit the cigarette and puffed on it.

The low, sullen sky began to disgorge its cargo of snow. Not the light, fluffy flakes of Vermont postcards, these were sharp, stinging pellets driven by the incessant wind. Intelligent people had already sought the shelter of heated buildings, leaving the street eerily deserted, except for a few cars moving slowly over the snow-covered roads. Turning the faux fur collar on the coat up around his neck, Jerry hunched his shoulders against the weather and began to walk quickly, his hiking boots crunching loudly across the new fallen snow.

So engrossed with keeping his face from bearing winter's onslaught, Jerry failed to watch where he was going. He barely caught a glimpse of the other figure in front of him before his own momentum carried him into the other man. His cigarette, protruding from Jerry's face, dropped onto the sleeve of the other man's heavy wool overcoat. With a muttered curse, the man shook his arm, dropping the cigarette into the snow, where it died with an angry his.

"Oh, jeez, I'm sorry about that." Jerry blurted, as the tall, distinguished looking older man critically examined the charred spot on his expensive coat. Jerry's voice bore testimony to his born-and-bred in New York heritage. "I wasn't looking where I was going."

The silver-haired gentleman eyed Jerry as if he was a specimen under a magnifying glass. "Perhaps this will be a valuable lesson for you then, young man." His voice carried a British accent so crisp it could cut steel. "This is, or at least, was, a quite expensive topcoat."

The man spoke with a cold, precise tone that sent chills down Jerry's spine. The last thing he needed was any kind of trouble, but he seemed to have stepped into it anyway.

Jerry sighed. "Yeah, I can see that. Look, you just tell me how much, and I'll pay for it, okay?"

The tall Englander looked down at the soaked cigarette and surprised Jerry with a non sequitur. "Are you particular about the brand of cigarette you smoke?"

Jerry blinked. "Ah, no, not really."

The taller man nodded, as if coming to a decision. With precise movements, he unbuttoned his dark blue coat and dipped his hand into an inside pocket. "Here you go young man."

Jerry numbly took the proffered item, and carefully turned it over in his hands. It was a pack of cigarettes. "Uh...Look, no offense, but...I burn your coat, and YOU give ME something? I don't get it mister."

The tall man looked down his aristocratic nose at Jerry. "I assure you that I have no use for them. I think they'll put to much better use if you have them. As for the damage to the coat, don't trouble yourself about it." With that, the tall man rebuttoned his coat, and walked to the curb, where he flagged a taxi. When the cab pulled to the side of the road, the tall Englishman leaned down to the window and asked "How much do you charge to go from here to the Brewster-Hayes Hotel?" Apparently satisfied with the answer, he opened the rear door and climbed inside.

"Uh, thanks." Jerry called to the man as he vanished into the cab. The tall foreigner didn't bother to respond as he pulled the door shut. Seconds later, the cab pulled away from the curb and merged with the meager traffic travelling down the street. Jerry returned his gaze to the pack he held.

It was an odd looking pack. First of all, it was more of a box than a pack - behind the cellophane wrapping, the long, flat pack was made up of two halves of thick, rigid cardboard, joined at the top with a strip of silk that acted like a hinge. The simple, yet elegant black package used an elegant typeface to announce the contents.

Sixty Queen Size

Filtered

ESTRA

Cigarettes

Produced With Specially Selected And Prepared Ingredients For A Smoking Experience Like No Other

Produced By Bryce & Co. (U.K.) Ltd.

Under Special License

Unsurprisingly, Jerry had never smoked an English cigarette. Curious, he unwrapped the cellophane and opened the box.

The long, flat box was divided into three layers of twenty cigarettes each, separated by a layer of dark, stiff paper. The long, slender cigarettes were a creamy color, not quite beige, with slightly darker filters ringed with a gold band. The tobacco smell was rich, and not quite the same as the Marlboros Jerry was accustomed to. Removing one of the cigarettes, Jerry put the pack into his inside coat pocket rather than just shoving it into an outside pocket like usual. He couldn't bring himself to damage the elegant package unnecessarily.

Placing the long cigarette between his lips, Jerry lit it and inhaled deeply - and a new expression crossed his face as he slowly removed the cigarette and stared at it in amazement.

The flavor of the cigarette was unlike any he'd ever known. First of all, the smoke was so smooth, it didn't feel like he was smoking at all. The flavor itself, remarkably rich, was hard to describe. It wasn't just the taste of it, but the smell. If forced at gunpoint to describe what the sensation of smoking it was like, Jerry would have hesitated, then provided the closest simile he could - eating a rich, dark chocolate while sitting near an aromatic hard-wood fire. Even that didn't accurately describe it.

Jerry inhaled the glorious smoke again, and was rewarded with the same rich, amazing flavor and odor as his first drag. Immensely enjoying the rich, satisfying cigarette, he continued to make his way home. While smoking the remarkable tobacco, even the cold, bitter wind didn't seem as bad as it had been.

Normally, Jerry would have been somewhat embarrassed to be seen smoking the 'Queen Size' cigarettes - his old friends use to call the long, slender cigarettes 'chick sticks', because only women - and fags - smoked them. The last thing Jerry wanted his friends to see him do was ANYTHING even VAGUELY feminine - it might start some unpleasant rumors. But Jerry figured it was worth an occasional snicker behind his back if his friends saw him smoking them. The extra long cigarette lasted the entire trip back to his apartment, and he savored each and every puff.

Arriving at his apartment, Jerry unlocked the front door and sighed in relief as a warm blast of air wafted from his apartment into the chilly, ground-floor hallway. He stepped inside and quickly shucked off his jacket, which was suddenly much too warm. As he hung the snow-dampened coat in the closet, he retrieved the cigarette pack and lighter from it, and set them beside his aging, worn couch as he ducked into the kitchen.

The apartment was a large, two bedroom one that showed the occasional "woman's touch" in decor. Yet Jerry lived alone - when he'd first moved in, it had been with his then-girlfriend. But a few months later, she had left him for another man, leaving him alone in the large apartment. Jerry sometimes considered finding a cheaper place to live, but he liked the space and style of his apartment, including the large, peasant style kitchen, whose faux stone floor felt cold under his stocking feet as he entered.

Out of the freezer he pulled a Savarian microwave dinner. Dropping it into the microwave, he punched in the ten-minute time, and as the microwave hummed to life, he ducked into the bathroom to relief his straining bladder.

Exactly seventeen minutes later, he sighed as he finished off the last of the Salisbury Steak in 'gravy'. Pushing the TV tray aside, he propped his feet up and flipped around the channels until he found a sitcom to watch. Sipping at a beer, he pulled another cigarette out of the pack. He lit the cigarette and was rewarded with the same rich aroma and flavor as the first one. However, this one was even more enjoyable, as he was warm and comfortable as he savored it.

Jerry smoked this one down the very filter before he reluctantly butted the cigarette out in his ashtray. Finishing he beer, he let out a belch that must have registered on the Richter scale. Gathering up the trash from his dinner, he dumped it in the garbage. On his way to his bedroom, he clicked off the TV, then quickly stripped naked, dropping his clothes like a trail of

breadcrumbs behind him. By the time he reached his bed, he was clad only in a pair of boxer shorts. He collapsed on the sagging mattress, and in no time, was sound asleep.

The annoying, high-pitched buzz of his alarm clock jolted Jerry from a confused, chaotic sleep.

"God damn it!" Jerry muttered. His eyes still closed, he batted around his bed table until he succeeded in shutting the damn thing off. Being Saturday, he didn't need to get up this early. He'd just forgotten to shut it off last night.

Jerry's sleep had been poor and intermittent, chased with disquieting dreams, which vanished from memory immediately. Bleary-eyed and not completely away, Jerry stumbled from his bed and pulled on his long terry-cloth bathrobe. Swaying slightly and futilely running his sleep disarrayed hair, he stumbled towards the kitchen. Pouring a cup of coffee from yesterday's pot was a major feat of dexterity this early in the morning, but he managed to get the mug into the microwave. While it was warming, he fumbled for his cigarettes. The unfamiliar pack almost stumped him, and he had just managed to extract one when the microwave beeped at him.

Retrieving his mug of luke-warm, caffeine laden liquid, Jerry lit his cigarette and took it and his coffee out onto his small, ground-floor patio.

Since there was a balcony directly above him, no snow had actually accumulated on his patio, but the bare concrete was freezing cold against Jerry's feet. The cold morning wind bit almost painfully through the robe, especially on his chest. Jerry welcomed the cold, hoping it, and the coffee, would help wake him up. As he dragged on his first cigarette of the morning, he thought that the incredible flavor couldn't hurt either - it complemented the bitter, stale coffee, making it taste like the finest, fresh brewed Colombian blend.

Although the day was cold, it was crisp and clear, the snow-bearing clouds having moved off during the night, leaving a pale blue dome to greet the morning's light.

It took him slightly longer than usual to finish his morning's routine - the extra-long cigarette was to blame for that. Shivering worse than usual, he stumbled on numb feet back into the apartment, quickly shutting the sliding glass door behind him. He was now painfully wide awake, and he quickly headed for the next step in his routine - a warm shower to bring some life back into his near-frozen body.

Jerry turned on the spray to its usual temperature. Stripping, he ducked into the stall - and almost screamed. To his frozen flesh, the moderately warm water felt almost boiling hot. Thankfully, it passed quickly and his muscles loosened under the soothing spray.

"What the fuck?" Jerry said out loud, his voice reverberating in the confined space. He stared down at his chest in amazement, then slowly raised his hands and made sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him.

No, they weren't. For some reason, his nipples were amazingly, almost grotesquely, distended. They thrust from his chest, as long and thick as his pinky finger from the tip to the first joint. And as his hands touched them, he found they were incredibly sensitive, as he gasped at the pleasurable sensation that shot from them when his hands made contact.

"Must be from the cold." He reasoned, still staring at the incongruously huge nipples. Shaking his head, he grabbed the soap and began to wash.

When he reached his chest, he had to contend with the odd, but incredibly pleasurable, sensations from his swollen nipples. When he finally shut off the water and stepped from the shower stall, he couldn't help but stop and stare at himself in the mirror.

His skin was as smooth and soft as a newborn baby's. No hair at all was on his body below his eyelashes. That, of course, wasn't really a cause for alarm at all. His clothing covered his hairless body, after all, and nobody would know. He WAS concerned with his distended nipples, however, which his eyes kept being drawn back to. There was something fundamentally wrong with seeing his own nipples so ridiculously enlarged.

He meant to dry himself off quickly and efficiently - but it didn't work out that way. The towel felt unusually harsh against his denuded skin, and when he reached his nipples, he had to bite his lip as the coarse fabric rubbed bolts of amazing sensations from his nipples. Finally, reasonably dry, he went into his room and pulled on a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt.

Almost immediately he discovered that the sweatshirt rubbed against the nipples, recreating the pleasure that he'd experienced with the towel. Every errant movement caused another quick, pleasant sensation. The erotic sensations quickly caused his cock to become rock-hard in arousal.

"Hell," he gasped, "I could get to like this." It was unbelievably weird - but DAMN, it felt good.

Walking awkwardly due to his slowly fading erection, Jerry grabbed his boots from the closet, shaking off the water from the soles, the remnants of the snow from yesterday. Plopping down on the couch, he unrolled a pair of white sweat socks and pulled them on. Shoving his feet into the boots, he pulled the laces tight and did them up.

He frowned as he wiggled his toes in the ends of the boots. The winter footwear had fit perfectly the day before, but now they felt like they were too large for his feet.

Quickly, he undid the boots and pulled them off, followed by the socks. He went into his bedroom and pushed open the closet door. Several pairs of shoes lay in the bottom of the closet, and he pulled out a couple of them at random. Carrying them over to his bed, he sat on the edge and dumped the shoes on the floor. Picking a pair of black, formal shoes, he slid his feet inside and stood up. Sure enough, they felt too big as well, as did the other shoes he tried.

His face a mask of confusion and amazement, he slowly returned the shoes to the closet and shut the door. Shaking his head, he grabbed a couple of pairs of socks and pulled both pairs onto his feet, one on top of the other. The extra layer of sock

allowed him to put his boots on and have them fit well enough for now. He pulled his jacket out of the closet, pulling it on as he retrieved his wallet and bankbook from the coffee table where he'd dropped them last night. Still shaking his head in mild disbelief, he left the apartment, closing the door behind him.

As he left the building, Jerry dug out another cigarette and lit it. He headed off towards downtown, only a few blocks from his centrally- located apartment. With the improved weather, more people were, like him, out and about doing their chores that had been deferred during the long, bitter week of bad weather.

Walking along, Jerry began to notice something unusual - his pants seemed to be a little tight. Or rather, they seemed to be BECOMING a little tight. They seemed almost to be shrinking across his hips and ass, although the waistband of the pants remained the same - or, if anything, a little looser. Slowly, the heavy material stretched uncomfortably taut across his crotch and buttock, making his continued strides somewhat awkward. It also caused an unpleasant tightening across his crotch, and Jerry surreptitiously rearranged his cock to a more comfortable position.

Arriving at his bank, he glanced through the glass doors, and was surprised to find that there was a fairly long line inside. Apparently, too many people had had the same idea as himself - get to the bank early and 'avoid the lines'. Jerry decided to wait outside for a bit to let the line shorten, and took the time to indulge in another cigarette.

Entering the bank, he joined the now reduced line, and waited until a teller was open. He smiled as he approached the wicket, and the familiar face behind it.

"Good Morning Mr. Connell, isn't it?" The teller chirped cheerfully. "What can I do for you today?"

"I'd like to cash this check, and take three-hundred of it as cash." Jerry said, trying - in vain - to remember the teller's name. She was the same one who'd opened his account, and he'd dealt with her many times since then, but the name wouldn't quite come. Shrugging mentally, he passed across his bankbook and check - then stared at his hand in amazement.

It was attached to his arm alright - but it DIDN'T look like his hand. It was a little smaller, and the finger's longer and more slender. The teller, busy doing her job, didn't notice the blank look on his face while he stared at his hand, and he shook himself out of it before she looked up to give him his money.

The teller carefully counted out the money into Jerry's oddly slender hands. "sixty...eighty...ninety.. - and that's three hundred, Mr. Connell."

Jerry pocketed the cash and retrieved his bankbook. "Thanks." He said with a brief smile, tucking his bankbook into his rear pocket. He had a little trouble getting it in the taut fabric over his swollen ass.

The teller nodded, then leaned forward slightly. "Uh, if you don't mind me saying - I like how you've changed your hair." She pointed at his head, somewhat unnecessarily, as Jerry DID know where his hair was.

But he didn't know what she was talking about. Frowning slightly, he muttered a quick 'thanks', then headed for the front door of the bank, the too-tight jeans making each step feel awkward.

As he left the building, he paused outside and turned to the mirrored window of the bank. Sure enough, his hair HAD changed. Disbelieving, Jerry ran his fingers through his hair, watching his reflection do the same. But instead of the short, black hair he was used to seeing, it was a shaggy mane of dark-brown, and considerably fuller than usual, although only a few inches longer, mostly at the back.

Jerry stared for a few minutes longer, until he became aware of the odd look of those people passing by. Shoving his chilled hands into the pockets of his coat, Jerry quickly headed off, his mind churning over the new development.

Lighting another smoke, his mind worked over what was going on. Slowly, but surely, his body was slowly altering itself - and he was beginning to see a pattern to the changes. There was little doubt, to him, what the end result was going to be. It was the hands that were a dead give-away - they were decidedly feminine hands. Which meant that his jeans probably hadn't tightened, really. Rather, his hips and ass had filled out, becoming painfully confined in a pair of pants never designed to contain a feminine figure.

Jerry was still mulling it over, more the 'how' than the 'why' or 'what', when he almost tripped and went sprawling, barely catching himself in time. He'd been so caught up in his thoughts, realizations and emotions, that he'd failed to notice the continuing changes.

His pants were no longer painfully tight, but the waist was quite loose. That was because he seemed to have shrunk several inches in the past few minutes. The pant cuffs hung loosely around his boots, in which his smaller feet practically swam. At the same time, the jacket sat like a tent over his reduced torso, the cuffs covering his hands completely.

Slowly, stunned, Jerry pulled his pants up as far as he could, and tightened his belt until they were in no danger of sliding down over his mysteriously widened hips. Even so, it was obvious that these clothes wouldn't serve him much longer. He hesitated, wondering, then made a difficult decision. Bracing himself, he turned and headed towards a store nearby that he knew about. Minutes later, he was turning into the doorway of a second-hand clothing shop.

Jerry smiled briefly at the cashier. "Hi, Jesse." The cashier, engrossed in a thick novel, didn't even look up, merely throwing a distracted wave Jerry's way.

Jerry moved through the racks quickly, feeling several conflicting emotions as he picked through the clothing. For the most part, he was guessing at the sizes, but he didn't want to take the time to try things on. Unfortunately, selection was fairly limited, since it WAS a second hand shop, and he had to take what he could, and not be too fussy about it. At least they were cheap. Taking his selection to the front desk, he dumped them beside the register.

The cashier looked up from the novel - and blinked in surprise. Jerry had called her by name, yet she didn't recognize the - person - standing before her in the ill-fitting clothes. Jerry caught the look but ignored it - he was a customer, and he trusted that his flow of cash would be more important than curiosity.

He was right. The cashier rang up the purchases without comment, and moments later Jerry was hailing a cab and heading home, his three bags of clothing firmly in hand. What Jerry didn't know was the entire trip the cabby was trying to figure out if his passenger was male or female. It was the voice that made the cabby decide, tentatively, to label the passenger 'male'. Still, to be on the safe side, he avoided calling the fare either 'sir' OR 'miss' as he informed him/her of the charge.

Jerry paid the cabby, then took his bags into his apartment. His newly shrunken feet were so much smaller that he didn't even have to undo the laces to get the boots off, he just kicked them off. Pulling off his over-sized jacket, he hung it up. Carrying his purchases, he went into the bedroom, and dumped the bags on the bed. Taking a deep breath, he shucked off his ill-fitting clothing, and stood nude before his full-length mirror.

He looked like a teen-aged girl. His legs, smooth and silky, were balanced atop small, dainty and extraordinarily feminine feet. His shapely legs led upwards towards rounded, feminine hips that fronted a firm, full ass. His waist then nipped in to a pleasing, feminine contour before rising across a flat, smooth stomach to a chest that supported two small, budding breasts that sported outrageously large nipples, engorged in the cool air.

Below the lengthening, lightening mane of hair, his face was subtly altered. There was no one thing that Jerry could put his finger on, but the overall effect was definitely more womanly than it used to be.

In fact, the only thing that spoiled the illusion was the shrunken penis that hung between his silken thighs. About half the size it used to be, it lay flaccid over a pair of almost non-existent testicles.

Jerry spent several minutes just staring at his altered, feminine body. Slowly, he tore his gaze away from his changing body and turned from the reflection in the mirror. Like a man in a daze, he slowly approached the bed and sat on it, his mind whirling uselessly.

Finally, he snapped out of it. He realized that, right now, his own I.D. and history was useless to him, and would become increasingly more so the further he changed. Already, he was sufficiently feminine that should a cop ask to see his I.D., there was a 50-50 chance that he couldn't pass for... himself.

Still trying to think, Jerry opened his bags of purchases - female clothing. It was somewhat...annoying to have to buy a whole new wardrobe of feminine clothing, but Jerry was positive that the clothing in his closet would no longer fit him. He'd have to accept what he could get from the second-hand store downtown - at least for now, anyway. Since his body was still changing, he had purchased whatever items he thought could keep up with his alterations.

Selecting an outfit, Jerry slowly dressed. First, he pulled on the pair of 'French cut' lace briefs, which fit well every but his crotch. TO ease his discomfort, Jerry tucked his shrunken penis between his legs, giving the crotch of the panties a smooth, feminine appearance.

Next, he pulled on a pair of pants. They were spandex, with little loops at the bottom of the legs for his feet. The material had been silk- screened, and from more than an inch away, appeared to be an incredibly tight pair of blue jeans. With a little difficulty, Jerry wiggled his way into them.

For a shirt, he pulled on the matching top for the 'jeans'. Like the pants, it was made out of spandex. However, it had been silk-screened to look like a short-sleeve button-up white blouse, with the top two buttons un done. The collar was real cotton, sewn onto the spandex material, and there was buttons sewn on the front. With the silk-screened 'seams' and pockets, the illusion that it was an incredibly form-fitting cotton blouse was complete.

Next, Jerry pulled on some footwear. Not what he'd chosen, given the chance, they were white leather boots, coming up to mid-calf, with four-inch spike heels. They fit slightly tight, but tolerable.

Approaching the mirror again, Jerry was stunned - he appeared to be looking at a flat-chested, but not unattractive young woman. His figure under the form-fitting clothes was decidedly feminine.

Since he was going to have to be 'female' in public, the next step was obvious. Taking a small purse with him, he stepped into the bathroom. With great care, he applied a minimum of makeup - a little eye shadow, some mascara, and a demure but glossy pastel lipstick that emphasized his somewhat fuller lips even further.

HE looked at the finished product. A not unattractive, undisputedly feminine young woman looked back from the mirror, a mild surprise etched on her smooth young face.

'Satisfied' - if that's the word he wanted, Jerry dropped the make-up in the small, white clutch purse and returned to the bedroom. There, he transferred his money, keys, and other items to the purse. From the bag he drew one last item - a black leather jacket that hung to mid-thigh, and belted at the waist. Leaving it hanging open, for now, he picked up the clutch purse and left his apartment.

He decided to walk to where he was going. Two of the items he'd put in the purse were the cigarettes, and a lighter. Extracting one of the British cigarettes, he snorted at the realization that, now, the 'chick sticks' looked perfectly natural between his glossy lips. HE lit the cigarette and continued walking, his high-heeled boots sliding slightly with each step across the snow-covered sidewalk.

Moments later, he felt an odd tickling sensation along his neck as his hair - not a sandy blonde, lengthened even further, dropping past his shoulder blades. Silently, Jerry thanked the fates that nobody was around to witness the inexplicable growth. At the same time, although Jerry had no way of knowing, his face became even more feminine, passing into 'cute' as his nose became smaller and more pert, and his lips became softer and fuller.

The one thing Jerry couldn't miss was the fact that the boots - previously a bit too tight, now fit perfectly.

Jerry continued his walk downtown, passing more and more fellow pedestrians as he neared the busier main streets. It was a decidedly odd feeling to watch other guys 'check her out' - and like what they saw. Trying to ignore the particular emotions this raised - this would be a bad time to express them - Jerry continued on.

As he neared his objective, the wind picked up briskly, chilling him to the bone almost immediately. He moved to close and belt his jacket, but instead decided to duck into a parking garage and use the shelter provided to light another of his dwindling supply of cigarettes.

Standing in the lee of a concrete pillar, Jerry had just puffed another cigarette to life when a short, muscular young man stepped into the same dark corner, with the same intention.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't see you there." The handsome young man said with a smile, his eyes roaming across Jerry's new-formed figure. "I hope you don't mind if..."

The man's voice died and his eyes widened as his jaws gaped open.

Jerry knew why, too, as he felt the stirring beneath his 'blouse' as his small breasts began to swell. At the same time, a pulling sensation at his crotch announced the formation of a new, fully functional vagina between his firm, silky thighs. Frantically, Jerry wrapped the coat around himself and fled, hunched over, as fast as his high heels would allow.

Cigarette clenched between his feminine lips, Jerry headed towards the building as his breasts continued to swell. The already tight fabric of the spandex 'blouse' began to stretch as his breasts grew farther into the alphabet. He'd just finished both the cigarette and the swift expansion of his bustline when he reached the doors to his destination. Discarding the butt of the cigarette, he straightened and entered the hotel lobby.

Relishing the warmth of the heated building, Jerry spotted the bar to which he was heading. He moved towards it, his full, womanly hips swaying seductively with each step, the high heels to amazing things to his full, firm ass.

Jerry couldn't help himself - he took a seat near the door, facing a floor-to ceiling mirror, and after ordering a beer, took the opportunity to survey his altered figure.

The woman in the mirror bore little resemblance to Jerry. Her tight-fitting jeans and blouse clung to an hour-glass figure. A firm, full ass led to a deliciously slender waist, above which to massive, round tits strained outward, the large nipples showing through the fabric. She was stunning.

Just then, the tall, handsome Englishman entered the hotel bar. Dragging his - her eyes from the stunning vision of femininity, Jerry half- stood and said 'Excuse me.'

The Englishman looked over at the gorgeous creature and lifted an eyebrow. "Yes?"

Wordlessly, Jerry held up the now empty pack of cigarettes. Frowning, the tall Brit sat down across from her. Leaning forward - a position that guaranteed he'd stare at her stupendous bust, - he spoke in a low voice.

"Look, you might as well get use to it. There is no way to reverse the effects of..."

Jerry's delightfully feminine new voice stopped him cold as she laughed with a clear, bell like tone. "REVERSE the effects?" she said in a warm, sexy contralto. "Why would I want to do that?"

The Englishman blinked. "Excuse me?"

"I came down here to THANK you." She enthused, taking one of his hands between both of her soft, delicate new hands. "I'll do anything to thank you for this. ANYTHING." She smiled coyly at him, and gently slid one hand discretely up his leg near his crotch.

"I... I don't understand." He stammered, his cock stirring.

"I've been a closet transvestite for years now." Jerry explained, her long-fingered hand slowly caressing his swelling member. "But I was so...masculine, that I only did it in my apartment. I could never pass as a woman. I was trapped in a masculine body I hated - until I met you..."

He gulped. "To thank me for this you want to...?" he trailed off delicately.

"...make wild passionate love to you." She smiled slowly, sensuously. He stood. "Peter." He said, tapping his own chest. "Call me...Geri" she said huskily, following the tall man towards the elevators. Moments later, they were in his room.

Geri wasted no time. The instant the door closed, she pushed herself against his body, her huge tits pushing against his chest as she pulled his lips down to hers. His hands reached around and found her full ass as their tongues intertwined passionately.

Frantically, they stripped each other as they stumbled towards the bed. Naked, they collapsed on the large, yielding surface, Geri crying out in pleasure as his lips found her highly sensitive swollen nipples.

"Male me a woman, a real woman." Geri begged, "FUCK ME!"

Eagerly, Peter complied. With one smooth motion, he entered her new womanhead with his throbbing cock, causing Geri to scream out in newly-experienced ecstasy.

That ecstasy grow as Peter thrust, over and over, into her tight new cunt. Her head whipped back and forth, her long blonde hair forming a halo around her passion filled face. Moans turned to screams as she neared her first feminine orgasm - then to a ululating primal scream as she reached it.

There was nothing tender or skillful about their fucking - just pure, primal lust⁶. When Peter rolled off of her, Geri immediately began to massage her still-eager cunt with one hand while the other massaged her enormous, creamy globes.

"Sorry," Peter gasped, "You were just too eager. Next time I'll really show you something."

Geri smiled. "I've got all the time in the world, no that I'm a woman." She frowned slightly. "My one problem is that I can't go back to my old life. I'm going to have to start all over again as a woman."

Peter eyed the huge-breasted, sex-crazed, amazingly eager-to-please woman next to him and slowly smiled. "Maybe I can help..."

* * * * *

"Hey, Sarge, take a look at this, will ya'?"

Sgt. Jack Nesbitt, Missing Persons, looked up as Steve, the new guy in the department, tossed two items down on his desk. One was a standard Missing Person case file for one 'Jerry Connell', the other, a British newspaper, with an article circled. Jack read the headline of the circled item.

RECLUSIVE LORD PETER WORTHINGTON MARRIES AMERICAN

Jack shrugged. "So?"

"Look at the wife's name" Steve urged. "Think there's a connection?"

Jack looked over the article, then snorted. He held up the paper, and the photo from the MP file.

The file photo, taken from Jerry's driver's license, showed a young man with a short shock of unruly black hair over a strongly masculine face.

The photo of Geri Connell, Lord Worthington's new American wife, showed a slender, remarkably buxom young woman with a long mane of tawny hair streaming down the back of her wedding dress. The dress was cut low in the front, revealing a stunning amount of her gorgeous breasts, and cut high on the hem, revealing long, shapely legs. Her face was innocent yet sensual, and decidedly feminine.

"Steve, I don't care how good those plastic surgeons are, there's no way these two people could be the same person." Jack declared, still eyeing the photo of the remarkably sexy newlywed. "It's just a coincidence, that's all. How did you get a hold of this, anyway?"

Steve shrugged. "An anonymous person mailed me the clipping." Jack's eyebrows gathered. "You knew this, uh, Mr. Connell, didn't you?"

"Not really" Steve said uncomfortably. In fact, he had known Jerry fairly well from their long conversations on the web in a Transvestite forum, but he wasn't about to admit it.

Jack shrugged. "I wouldn't worry about it." He announced. Then, taking a deep breath, he asked, "And where did you get those smokes? They smell great."

Steve shrugged. "Actually, they came in the package with the clipping. I tried one, out of curiosity, and , well..." Jack tilted his head. "Don't suppose you could spare one, could you?"

Steve shrugged. "Actually, they sent two packs. You can have these ones. - I haven't opened them yet. They're really something." Jack picked up the pack of cigarettes that Steve had tossed on his desk.

" 'Lesbia'? What an odd name for a cigarette." Jack mused aloud, unwrapping the pack... The end...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Disgruntled associates of a research company perfect a mind control drug and use it to get back at the head of their company who is known as stone-face Williamson, an ex-Army general.

Breakthrough

Part One - Sergeant-Major

By Gunslinger

Tuesday, March 1st, 2001 8:56 a.m.

"Morning, Mr. Willimson..."

Gary nodded at the guard after a split second of assessing the man's appearance and tone. As Gary demanded, every crease in the Guard's uniform was razor-sharp, all his leather was polished to a mirror shine, and his uniform was squared up

'just-so'. The guard's posture had gone from hands- behind-his-back rigid to parade-grown straight, and he'd spoken with the right amount of servitude to his boss - and, therefore, master.

All was as it should be, so Gary gave him the slight tilt of his head that let the man know that he was to be employed for at least a few more hours yet. Satisfied with his encounter with the first employee of the day, Gary Williamson swept toward the elevators of his four-story glass-and-steel building, his polished shoes ringing on the marble flooring, his stride smooth and unwavering.

Yet another employee got to keep their job - this time, one of his under-secretaries, who monitored the lobby through a closed-circuit camera and made sure there was an elevator car waiting for him when he got there, the doors open and waiting. Stepping inside, Gary simply stood there as the secretary used the controls at her desk to send the elevator upwards.

Gary demanded nothing less than perfection from his employees. Not by nature a 'shouter' or 'threatener', he had informed all his employees of his... 'expectations' from them when he'd hired them, and any who did not meet them, all the time, every time, was fired. If there was one thing Gary had learned from his sixteen years as a Sergeant-Major in the Army, it was the value of discipline and organization. Unfortunately, some of these people had trouble accepting the situation. Though never mention directly to him, Gary was aware that some mistaken thought him cruel or sadistic.

He didn't bother to correct them, of course. Any fool with eyes in their head could see that he didn't demand anything from his employees that he didn't expect from himself. Though his clothing was more comfortable - and expensive - than that of the guard, it was no less meticulously clean, pressed and arranged. Gary was sure they'd probably be shocked to discover that he, himself, was the person who'd done the cleaning and pressing, but that just showed how little they understood. After all, a job you wanted done right was a job you did yourself, and it was only sheer necessity that caused Gary to have even the minimal staff he kept on hand - after all, he certainly couldn't run a genetic and biochemical research facility by himself. He didn't even have a degree, and didn't understand most of the more esoteric concepts under which his small staff worked - but that wasn't the point. As in the Army, it was up to each to do their assigned tasks, and Gary was nothing if not a superb 'manager'.

Unlike other centers working in commercial conjunction with the Military and Governmental agencies, Gary's projects were always on time and always within budget.

Not that the researchers appreciated the fact. Of all the employees, they were the most critical - which is the only reason he kept them on. They were the most slovenly, undisciplined group of people he'd ever met, always whining about this-or-that problem, asking for extra time or money... Gary certainly hadn't anticipated the trouble he'd have holding on to research staff. As it was, he had ended up with the 'misfits', the scientists unable to find positions in other companies, mostly due to what was rather euphemistically referred to as 'personality conflicts'. It took a firm hand to keep his researchers in line - and the supposed 'head researcher', who should have been his lieutenant, was the worst of the bunch.

As if the mere thought of her conjured her up, the doors to the elevator parted to reveal the figure of his Head Researcher, Janice Tannebaum.

Physically and emotionally, the Head of the company and the Head of the Research staff were almost exact opposites. Gary was tall, heavily muscled and deeply tanned, with a close-cropped stubble of wheat-blond hair and a cool, controlled manner. Janice, on the other hand, was lean and hungry, with too-sharp features on her too-pale face beneath what Gary considered an overly-long mane of black hair. Aggressive and almost perpetually angry, Janice was apparently unable to do anything calmly or quietly, always very 'passionate' about whatever it was she was doing. Even their clothing was direct opposites: Gary wore a reasonably expensive, muted-color suit that was meticulously pressed, while Janice wore a white lab-coat over jeans and a sweatshirt.

If it wasn't for the fact that Gary desperately needed her to keep the research staff he had working for him, he would have fired her as soon as possible. She seemed to find something to argue about every hour or so. Never particularly comfortable working with women, Gary needed Janice to also help with the female 'office' staff, all of which gave her some unwilling leeway in which to work.

Though not happy with the situation Gary was enough of a realist to accept it.

It wasn't at all unusual for Gary to find Janice waiting for him in various places, such as outside the door of his office, or at the elevator, here. She had no sense of self-discipline when it came to her latest 'outrage' - she'd pounce on him as soon as physically possible, regardless of the situation. So, it wasn't surprising to find Janice waiting for him when he stepped out of the elevator.

What was surprising was the fact that she spoke in a tone that was nearly civil, only the faintest hint of her customary sneer in her voice.

"Gary, have you got a minute? I think I have some good news to share."

"Well, Janice, let me check if I can fit you in..." Gary said, calmly, knowing she hated him calling her by her first name as much as he hated her doing it to him. He kept his voice calm and level, despite the fact that he'd already told her, repeatedly, that just 'dropping in' wasn't...

"Actually, I think you'll find that your first item on the schedule is me." Janice said, with what almost looked like a grin hovering around her lips. She paused, then added - almost shyly? "I, uh... made an appointment."

Gary had to actively fight to keep an eyebrow from raising at the uncharacteristic civility and.. dare he say?... near humanity she was displaying.

"Well, then - please." He said, gesturing at the door to his office. He let her lead the way, having already discovered what reaction his ingrained training about holding doors for 'ladies' brought. Though it went against his grain, he followed her into his

own office and strode directly for the desk. He hoped Janice could keep her peace until he'd buzzed Dora, his secretary, to come serve up his morning...

"Coffee, Gary?" Janice asked as Gary settled into his seat. Looking up, he was mildly amazed to find her standing with her back to him - in front of the coffee maker he kept in the corner of the room.

The first time she'd seen Dora serving him his coffee, Janice had nearly exploded, her reaction so vitriolic that Gary had almost broken down and explained to her that it was standard military procedure for the lower ranks to serve coffee to the officers, and that Dora being a woman had nothing to do with it - as a matter of fact, Gary would have preferred a male 'aide-de-camp', if one had been available...

...but a good officer didn't explain, he commanded. So, Gary had stoically weathered out the storm. The fact that she was now offering to serve him the coffee obviously meant that it had been the right decision - she was beginning to catch on. Slowly, perhaps, but it was an encouraging sign...

"Yes, please. Black." Gary informed her... then winced at what seemed to be the sound of at least one sugar cube dropping into the coffee. He kept cream and sugar handy for the rare times when he had a client in the office, but didn't use it himself.

Janice turned and walked towards the desk, carrying two Styrofoam cups of dark, steaming liquid, one of which she placed before him. Disliking the prospect of sweetened coffee - but certainly not ready to rebuff Janice's new attempts at being civil - Gary took a sip... and was pleased to find the liquid as bitter and sharp as it should be. It must have been her coffee she'd sweetened.

"Okay?" She asked, lifting her own cup.

"Perfect." Gary acknowledged, which was practically effusive praise from him. He sipped at the liquid, grateful to see that Janice was even being so 'human' as to wait until he brought this meeting 'to order'. To ensure that he was getting the point across, he waited until most of the slowly cooling liquid had been consumed before speaking. He almost expected her to fidget or launch directly into her... whatever it was she wanted to talk about. However, though she seemed 'keyed up', there was also an almost serene, confident air about her, and she bore the wait in surprisingly good nature.

"So - I believe you had some good news to tell me...?" Gary said, putting his cup down to signify that they were moving on to the business at hand.

Glancing at her watch, Janice seemed almost... hesitant. Usually very pointed and direct, now she seemed to be searching for the words as she spoke.

"Well, I suppose that 'good' news is a relative term..." She said, slowly. "It all depends on the point of view. I know, certainly, that it's very good news for me."

"What 'good news' would you be referring to, Doctor...?" Gary said, hoping that using her title rather than her name would prompt her to move on.

"I've made a break-through in one of my areas of research." Janice explained, glancing at her watch again. "Actually, I've made a series of breakthroughs in a few of my areas of research, all over the past few months."

"Oh?" Gary asked, a bit taken aback. "Then why didn't you tell me about the other breakthroughs when they occurred, Doctor?"

"Well, I couldn't do that - not until I'd made the last, final breakthrough." She said, slowly. "You see, it's a matter of timing and organization. Though the other breakthroughs had already occurred, I couldn't talk to you about them until I made the final breakthrough, the one that I had, actually, hoped would be the first. Unfortunately, it took the longest and ended up being the last."

"Well, what breakthroughs are we referring to, Janice?" Gary asked, beginning to lose his patience as she glanced at her watch, yet again.

"Well, the first breakthroughs were in the biomorphic and genetic sequencing areas, followed by ones in the genetic material transfer and dynamic calcite malleability fields." She explained.

Gary wasn't a scientist, but he had a very good memory - it didn't take long for him to 'page through' the current list of projects and find those terms incompatible.

"Doctor, which projects are these breakthroughs in?" He asked, becoming annoyed - but refusing to show that, of course.

Now, she did smile, a little - triumphantly. "Actually, they're 'pet projects' of mine that I've been running under your nose, skimming funding from other projects and fudging time-records to keep hidden."

Gary was more than a little taken aback at that. "Doctor, if I understand what you're saying correctly, you've committed serious breaches in ethics, and probably broken more than a few laws. Perhaps your zeal is commendable, and your attempt to.. to advance these projects laudable, but..."

"Oh, I doubt I could even justify it that way." She said, almost negligently. "I had no plans to develop these processes for commercial Military use. They were for my own gratification and projects, nothing more. In fact, they're all way outside the scope of what we're being called to work on - especially the last one, the project I finally had a breakthrough in last night."

Now wary - and more than a bit confused - Gary asked the inevitable question; "What project is that, Doctor?"

Now her victorious grin was full-fledged. "Well, it has a long, complicated name, but I'm sure you'll understand what I mean if I use the non-technical 'shorthand'... Mind Control."

Gary stared at her. "Doctor. That's proscribed research... in fact, it's quite literally treason! I don't care how far you've gotten or how 'promising' your computer models look, this is going to stop immediately and..."

"Oh, I'm way beyond computer models, Gary." She interrupted. "I've already field-tested it."

Now Gary was downright stunned - and worried. Janice was.. well, she was outright insane. It was the only explanation.

"When?" He demanded, starting to rise from his chair. "Where?"

"Last night, and right here at the company." Linda said, practically laughing at him,. "I've given the serum to every single employee and tested it - then told them to forget that I did it, which they've done. They couldn't even testify against me in a court of law, since they literally believe that it never happened... and they don't know that they're still firmly under my control, unknowingly my 'willing' slaves."

"Doctor, I don't know if this is all some.. some delusional fantasy of yours or not, but either way this has gone far enough..." Gary said, firmly, reaching for the phone...

"Sit down, shut up, and remain still." Janice said, firmly but not sharply...

...and Gary was stunned - horrified - to find himself doing just that.

It was the most unnerving sensation he'd ever felt. When she'd commanded him to do it, he'd felt a sudden... 'pressure' in his brain. It was the only way he could explain it. It was almost like a mental version of standing in the center of the road and seeing a Mack truck hurtling down on you...

...and, like the body would in that metaphorical situation, his brain had reacted by 'throwing itself out of the way' - obeying her commands. He found himself pushed back into the seat, rigid and immobile, only able to stare at her in silence. He struggled to move, but every attempt was met by the sensation of 'pressure' again - as if the realm of what she'd commanded him to do was a 'safe' spot in the midst of a busy highway. Trying to make his brain leave that 'safe area' was like trying to willfully hurl himself into traffic...

...only much, much harder. However it worked, the mind-control she held over him was almost an 'insanity', a split from reality. Though he knew what he 'really' wanted to do, just turning his mind in that direction was incredibly difficult, much less making it act upon his will.

"Rather amazing, isn't it?" Janice asked, conversationally. "I won't go into a detailed explanation of how it works, but to put it simply for your Neanderthal brain..." She grinned, wickedly, "I've short- circuited the logical and perceptual filters in your brain. Just as a 'crazy' person firmly believes they're hearing voice, seeing aliens, or whatever, your brain immediately puts full faith and credence in whatever you hear. You can't speak right now because I told you not to - as far as your brain is concerned, your vocal centers don't exist any more. It can't access them." She laughed. "if somebody out there actually has the

incredible will-power necessary to circumvent my new wonder-drug, then they'd shatter all perceptions of reality and immediately go raving, frothing mad. Quite a set-up, isn't it?"

Gary felt a cold chill of horror up his spine. Janice was talking about the ultimate mind-control drug, perfect in its use - and in its self-applying 'punishment' for disobedience, if it was even possible. Gary had always considered himself iron-willed... but even he couldn't circumvent her instructions. His own brain was fighting to keep him 'sane' but the new definition the drug provided of the word, not allowing him to disobey her words. Trying to do so was like... was like trying to convince himself that Santa Clause, Aliens and Honest Politicians were real. He could think it - but not make himself believe it. It was now the same with moving, or talking - he could think he had the ability, but not convince his supposedly rational brain of that. Right now, 'talking' was like trying to convince himself he could perform telekinesis or pyrokinesis... 'believing' he could didn't make it happen.

"Well, let's take some of the strain off your hyper-susceptible brain, Gary." She said, smugly. "From now on, you will only automatically obey any commands I give you, or ones give to you by people I tell you to obey. You will find yourself able to speak and move again, but you may not act in any way to harm, incapacitate or otherwise stymie me. Without direct instructions otherwise, you will do everything you can to be helpful and considerate to me, within the confines of what would be normal behavior on your part. Do you understand, Gary?"

"Yes, Janice." Gary replied - and not through gritted teeth, as he might have preferred, but in a calm, almost pleasant tone. "By the way, if you don't mind me saying, I think you're totally insane and should seek professional help immediately."

She laughed. "See? That's what I love about this drug. I could completely re-write your personality, or make you forget you're even under my control - or leave you helplessly enslaved, aware of your situation, and with your own persona intact... but restricted to certain forms and areas of communication and conversation. It must be driving you nuts."

"It is rather frustrating." He admitted, calmly. Of course, he would have preferred a rather stronger statement to the same effect, but it was no longer conceivable.. he could barely even think it, even though he was aware of the desire. "I would like to point out, however, that I'd probably be more polite than you might think. I'm not used to gratuitous displays of emotion, even negative ones that might be called for."

She laughed. "I wouldn't be surprised at all, Gary - Ol' Stone-Faced Williamson, the mechanical chauvinist."

He knew that, deep down, he really wished he could respond 'honestly' to that, but the actual response he might have used wouldn't come to mind. It was the same with knowing that there were things to do to stop her... but actual plans wouldn't coalesce in his mind, much less be allowed to go into action.

No longer locked into place, he could rise and pace the office slowly, thoughtfully. Though he passed within inches of where she sat, and knew he must really want to injure her in some way for what she'd done to him, he didn't even make the

slightest motion in that direction - he just couldn't remember how to cause physical harm to her. That part of his brain was 'locked off' from the rest, thanks to her commands.

"the coffee, I assume?" he asked, calmly. "I heard what I thought was a sugar cube, but was probably the pill or capsule of the serum - and you dragged out the introduction while you waited for it to 'kick in'."

"That's right - very good." Janice complimented him. With no chance of him attacking her - or even being particularly offensive, verbally - she was relaxed and almost friendly, enjoying herself. "I must admit, I've been looking forward to this particular moment for quite a while. The fact that the breakthrough took so long was getting very, very frustrating."

"I'm sorry to hear that..." Gary said, damned to find sincerity in the phrase - because he 'wanted'/needed to 'help' her, if possible and within the confines of his own persona.

"Well - the day's young and we've got stuff to do." Janice said, rising. "I've given the staff several commands that they don't remember getting, but will act on anyway. As far as they know, everything's absolutely normal... although that's about to change. Come along, Gary - oh, and have the entire staff assemble in the conference room in half an hour."

"Yes Ma'am" Gary replied - politely, damn it, though he couldn't actually recall any impolite way to phrase the acknowledgment, and disobeying it was even more unthinkable. He followed along behind her, moving with his regular stride. He knew that, to any onlooker, he would look about normal, though people aware of the rivalry between he and Janice might find their sudden camaraderie rather remarkable. He paused to have Dora sent out instructions that all staff members were to assemble in the conference room in half an hour - and to reschedule or cancel the next few appointments at the very least, due to 'pressing business with Doctor Tannebaum'. It was unusual for Gary, but not unheard of, and Dora certainly wasn't going to question his orders - not if she wanted to keep her job.

Oddly, Gary knew that he would have, indeed, fired her if she'd questioned him - even though, on a certain level, he knew that he didn't really want to do this. The odd thing was - even though he knew he'd fire Dora for disobeying him, and he also knew that Janice had disobeyed him, the two wouldn't mesh to make the connection to fire Janice, even though he knew they should. It was like seeing puzzle pieces that looked like they'd fit, but when you tried to put them together they just wouldn't go.

They stepped into the elevator and the doors slid closed, but Janice didn't reach immediately for a button to a floor.

"Tell me, Gary - what type of woman do you find attractive. Not just looks - I want to know what you'd look for in a woman."

Gary considered the question, finding it both unusual and a trifle ominous.. but considering Janice's comments, he obviously considered him a hard-core chauvinist, probably because of things like the coffee-serving incident.

He couldn't even actively regret not having explained it to her. That might have changed her mind and stymied her plans for what she was now doing, and he couldn't consider that, even retroactively...

"Well, I like tall, athletic women." Gary explained, thoughtfully, needing to get the description completely right and honest. The thought of lying about any of it didn't even occur to him. "A runner, perhaps. Definitely an outdoors woman. Somebody whose intelligent, yet not condescending or pushy. Organized. Willing to fit into my schedule without much conflict, mildly sociable, self-contained practical. Definitely practical, in actions, words and dress. None of these...strange 'rituals' and fads a lot of women seem to go through..."

Janice snorted, giving Gary a momentary shudder of near-panic as his brain tried to decide whether or not that meant he should stop, or not. Either way, being wrong and disobeying her was unthinkable, but he wasn't sure...

...but then she spoke, and he took it as permission - instruction - to at least pause. "I should have known - an ideal 'Military Wife'."

"yes - that would be a very good description of what I'd look for." Gary had to admit.

Janice looked at him - and grinned. Without saying anything else, she pushed a button, and they rode downward to the third-floor laboratories - being only one floor, it was a short ride.

When the elevator stopped, Janice reached out and held the 'Door Close' button, preventing the doors from opening as she grinned wickedly at Gary.

"Gary I want you to listen very carefully to my instructions, do you understand?"

"Yes, Doctor." Gary replied. Briefly, he thought that - if he were allowed to - he'd think her somewhat paranoid by reassuring herself he was listening to her orders when he had no other choice, but the thought didn't have anywhere productive to go and so tapered away.

"Gary, when these doors open, you will no longer consciously remember that I gave you mind-control serum and am controlling you, though you will still be bound to obey me, as well as avoid injuring or impeding me in any way. You will believe that I discussed with you the very breakthroughs I did, in fact, describe to you, but you will believe that these are valid projects we are assigned to work on, and this is just a somewhat exciting but otherwise normal business day. Do you understand, Gary?"

"Of course, Janice." Gary replied, a bit insulted. "I'll think that you are conducting legitimate research and have made a series of breakthroughs in several of them."

"That's right." She concurred. "Now, listen very, very carefully, Gary, because this is very important: The staff is going to explain, in detail, how each of the different serums are used. They'll even give you demonstrations, showing you exactly how to administer and use each of the formulas. You will pay very close attention to every detail, memorizing it completely. You will not be sure why, but it will be very important to you to get all of the detail committed to memory. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Janice." Gary nodded.

"Good. Now - after the demonstrations are all done, you'll feel compelled, helplessly compelled by some unknown reason, to give everybody the rest of the day and all night off to 'celebrate'. Even the guards. Everybody - except me. You'll give me a key and let me stay while you lock everything up tight after everybody's gone, and go home. Do you understand?"

"I'll send everybody except you home until tomorrow morning to celebrate the new breakthroughs." Gary paraphrased, and she nodded.

"Listen carefully, Gary - after it gets dark, you'll find yourself getting restless. You'll feel like there's something very, very important you have to do. Then, at exactly eight o'clock, you'll remember my controlling you, you'll remember that I gave you some instructions... but you won't be able to remember exactly what those instructions are. You'll come back here and let yourself in. You'll make sure that nobody sees you. You want to make sure nobody knows you're here. Once you get inside, you'll still not know why you're here, but you'll know why you paid so much attention to the demonstrations - because you need to use the formulas. You don't want to - you need to. You need to... because you are going to turn yourself into a woman, Gary." Janice said, grinning maniacally. "A woman - but not just any woman. You want to prove all the things you believe in by showing the negative - you want to turn yourself into the most utterly, completely useless woman you can imagine. More than useless - embodying all the negative traits that would make such a woman not only useless, but a liability. You will make yourself into a woman you would never hire, never socialize with, never even talk to, if possible. You will use these new breakthroughs to make yourself, physically, into this exact, useless, woman. However, even as you are doing it, you will not be able to remember, consciously, what I told you to do - you'll just do it. More than that - you won't be able to know what type of women you picked, even though you are changing yourself into her. Each step will come as a surprise. You will not know what you will turn out like until you are finished and can see for yourself... but all the while, you will know you are doing it because I told you to. Do you understand?"

"Yes, of course." Gary said, nodding. "I'll be turning myself into a woman who contains all the elements that would make her completely and utterly useless to me in any professional, personal or social situation. I will realize that I'm doing it deliberately, but I will not consciously realize that I'm making myself into the woman who would be completely and utterly useless - a liability - to me in any and all situations and circumstances."

"Exactly!" Janice said... then, suddenly, an odd look crossed her face. "Uh, Gary "

"Yes, Janice?" Gary asked, politely.

There was a decidedly odd tone - and even odder look in her eyes - as she asked almost meekly, "Are you going to.. turn yourself into me?"

Gary would have laughed, except that it might have hurt her feelings, and he couldn't do that. "No - of course not. You're very, very useful to me. The fact that I hired you and kept you proves that.

Though we've differed at times, and I find your personality abrasive ('needlessly abrasive' came to mind, but not to lips), you are still an incredibly talented researcher, a skilled intermediary between my military management and the staff, and a valued member of this company." He paused. "No, the type of woman I "

"Don't tell me!" Janice said, sharply, and he fell silent. She grinned at him "I want it to be a surprise." "All right." Gary agreed, obediently, while she eyed him thoughtfully.

"You know, despite the fact you're forced to be considerate and helpful right now, I actually believe that you don't think I'm completely useless. Though I don't believe I would be so 'useful and valued' if you weren't constrained, I know that you would have fired me if I wasn't worth something to you "

She shook her head, as if trying to clear it of unwanted thoughts - then smiled again. "Now - you will find all sorts and sizes of clothes, make-up and jewelry in store-room 'B', after you are finished changing yourself. Still not knowing exactly why you are choosing what you are choosing, you will pick clothes that the utterly useless woman you have chosen would wear, and the jewelry, and the make-up - everything you need to look like the woman you imagined. You will dress and go up to your office, where you will leave a note on your desk with the name you have chosen to go with your new body. You will lock your office door, then write a note to Dora saying that your - Gary's - girlfriend, the name you have chosen, will be coming in first thing in the morning, and to let her right in. You will then go home, then go to bed and sleep until eight o'clock in the morning. As soon as you wake up, you will find yourself helplessly compelled to act out the persona of the woman you have chosen. You will get ready, then come here and come up to your - Gary's - office. You will find somebody who looks just like you do now there. You will know it is me. You will still have to obey me, if I give you orders - but you will not be able to say or do anything outside of the new persona, unless I explicitly instruct you to do so. Do you understand all of this, Gary?"

"I understand." Gary agreed, somewhat unhappily....

...and she released the door's hold button.

* * * * *

Tuesday, March 1st, 2001 8:22 p.m.

"Well, Doctor Tannebaum, I don't know what you're up to " Gary said to thin air in a coldly calm voice as his shoes beat a steady tattoo against the polished floor of the hallway, " but whatever it is, I'm going to find a way to thwart you."

'Somehow', He added silently in his mind, afraid to voice his doubts even though there was nobody to hear them. He wasn't sure how he was going to thwart her, not when he was implicitly instructed not to. He didn't know how he was going to get around the commands she'd implanted in his brain to bring him back to the now-silent offices he owned.

He didn't even know what those commands were. She'd forbidden him even that knowledge, leaving him feeling frustrated and afraid. Fear wasn't something Gary admitted to easy, but he was honest enough to admit to himself that he was

scared in a way he'd never been scared before. Having somebody else hold this much power over him, able to make him do things he didn't even know why - or what - he was doing it was the ultimate form of submission, worse even than being turned into a

'willing; mindless puppet. Then, he wouldn't have been aware of his 'enslaved' state - he should know, he'd spent all afternoon like that, completely unaware that he was operating under Janice's implanted instructions. At least then he'd had the 'bliss' of ignorance. Now, however, he was fully aware that he was doing whatever he was doing because he'd been ordered to do it - and, even more humiliating was the fact she'd ordered him to remember just enough to feel the humiliation of having to obey her unknown commands, doubling the humiliation because it was only with her permission that he could even feel humiliation and fear at being enslaved.

Reaching the end of the hallway, Gary punched in the code to unlock the secured lab's outer door... and even as his fingers stabbed out at the buttons, he struggled to make himself reach out and move one digit over, push the wrong button. Three wrong tries, and an alarm would sound, police would come...

...but he couldn't. Unerringly, his fingers punched out the code, and he couldn't so much as hesitate or make his fingers twitch. He'd been given his instructions, and his 'duped' brain, struggling to avoid 'insanity' when, technically, it was already 'insane', obeying implicitly.

The outer door hissed open on its pneumatic arms, and Gary helplessly stepped inside and let the outer door close behind him, waiting until the little green LED beside the inner door lit. When it did, he hit the button that opened the inner door and stepped inside, fingers automatically hitting the trio of switches that brought the fluorescent tubes overhead buzzing into life.

When he'd watched the various demonstrations this morning, it had been under the instructed belief that he was looking at official projects of the company, licensed and legal - and paid for. Now, of course, he knew better, and even as he activated the different devices in the lab, he wondered why the hell Janice had developed all these different programs for - and why the hell he was here. Obviously, given what he was 'allowed' to remember, he was here to put what he'd learned this afternoon to use - but to what end?

He just didn't know - or, rather, he wasn't allowed to know, which was so frustrating and nerve-racking that he wanted to break his stoic, enforced facade and just scream and curse. It wouldn't have done him any good, though, and he knew it - and in some way, it seemed to him that to do so would be some sort of obscure, 'willing' submission, showing that she'd managed to break him down into doing something he normally wouldn't. Though there was nobody there to see him do it, he still refused to give into the urges, out of principle - even as he wondered what the hell was going to happen to him, what Janice had in store for him...

Gary found himself going to a large, glass-faced stainless-steel section of cabinets and opening one of the drawers in the lower section. With steady hands that would have looked all the world to be under his command to an unknowing observer, he

reached in and extracted a hypodermic needle from a rack of like needles, not even knowing what he was going to pick up until he actually did it.

Even though he still wasn't privy to what he'd been instructed to do, it wasn't all that hard to figure out what was coming next as he found himself rolling up the cuff to his clean, pressed shirt and wrapping a length of surgical tubing around the bicep.

Sure enough, he found himself extracting some blood from his arm. Even though he didn't want to be doing this, his controlled body was using his own mind for 'processing power' to accomplish the hidden directives instilled into it, so all his actions looked exactly the same as if he'd chosen to do this himself, all his movements having his characteristic cool efficiency as he dabbed the spot of blood from his arm, swabbed it with a disinfectant, and applied a little bandage to the spot before going onto the next step.

He found himself carrying the partially filled syringe to a work-station from this mornings demonstration and sitting down at the user's console. He checked to make sure the machine was indicating it was ready - 'in battery', to Gary - and then he punched up the main menu and cycled open the small tube on the side. Once the little hydraulically-operated lid was fully open, Gary found himself emptying the contents of the syringe into the machine, which he'd more or less expected.

Sure enough, the machine hummed away for a few seconds, 'mapping' his DNA from the blood - or as much of the DNA as it was programmed to do.

When it was done, it came up with a list of options, and he found himself choosing number 3 - 'Edit Sequence Strand'.

The machine asked him if he wanted a Preset or a Custom edit, and Grant discovered that he was choosing 'Preset'...

...and from the list that came up, he watched with mounting horror as his somewhat blunt fingers tapped out the commands to load 'Gender Reversal Sequence.'

"Oh, God... no!" Gary gasped, struggling for his customary calm - and failing, as his fingers continued to give instructions to the machine, which displayed a 'please wait' sub-screen as it processed his

'request'.

He'd just asked the machine to generate a 'mutating' serum that would modify base-pair chromosomes... to make the owner of that original sample female.

Him. He'd just told the machine to generate a serum to make him a woman.

With his emotional control slipping in the face of the horrible fate being forced upon him, Gary's lips curled into a slight sneer that warred with the horror in his eyes as he half-snarled the words 'You bitch...' to his absent adversary, seeing now what she'd planned for him - or at least a portion of it. She believed he was a chauvinist... and she'd devised a way to make him 'see the other side'.

While the machine worked, Gary found himself rising and walking back over towards the same cabinet, and he knew that he was going to get another needle - one to hold the serum the machine would generate, the serum that would turn him into a biologically indistinguishable woman.

As he walked, Gary struggled harder than ever before against the programming in his mind. Knowing what fate lay in store for him if he obeyed the commands implanted in his brain, horrified and disgusted beyond measure at the thought of being forced to turn himself into a woman, he struggled with every ounce of iron will at his disposal to do something - anything - to keep this horrible thing from coming to pass...

...and failed miserably. As powerful as his conscious mind was, his unconscious mind was equally powerful, and it was as equally dedicated to protecting him from pure, howling insanity by forcing him to obey the commands implanted into his mind - and that amount of extra, enforced, unwanted 'discipline' provided by the commands Janice had implanted was enough to keep him locked into her program. Helpless to stop himself, he retrieved another syringe from the drawer and walked back to the machine.

After a few minutes, the machine's humming stopped, and it began to whirl instead - having 'crunched the numbers' to develop the correct formula, it was now mixing some of the hundreds of different compounds that were fed into it via tubes that led to reservoirs, mixing up the correct serum.

Helplessly, Gary waited for it to finish mixing the concoction together, then took the syringe and pressed the needle in through the rubber stopper at the top of the glass pipette where the finished serum had been automatically decanted. As he raged, helplessly, cursing Janice aloud, his hands and body calmly went about the task of filling the syringe with the golden liquid and expelling all the air from it.

Then, face twisted in emotional agony, half-gasped pleas to his unresponsive body to stop going unheeded, he calmly and smoothly injected the serum into his arm.

Dropping both used needles into a plastic 'sharps' container, he rose from the chair and walked to the center of the room, where there was a large piece of mechanical apparatus, featuring many support bars. Face screwed up in anticipatory horror, he calmly and methodically undressed, neatly piling his clothes to one side, then 'assumed the position' - legs spread, body leaned forward, hands tightly wrapped around one of the support bars on the immovable apparatus in front of him. In that position, he waited for the serum to kick in and do its horrifying work.

He didn't have long to wait. It started with a chill up his spine that he barely noticed, his nerves already thrumming with imagined and psychosomatic chills from the knowledge of what was to happen. However, he couldn't miss the next sign that the serum was active - he began to feel very warm. Fevered, in fact, as his metabolism accelerated under the influence of the drug he'd helplessly injected into his own body.

Her began to sweat profusely, his body shivering in a strange combination of hot and cold as an itching sensation began to run through his nerves...

...and then he felt the growing tightness in his throat, chest and groin, and new it was about to happen.

He screamed in horror - then the scream redoubled as the pain hit. The monumental pain as the serum kicked in at full effectiveness and began to force cellular decay and growth, all at the same time, literally causing masculine cells to rot away, while new ones grew and duplicated to replace them.

It felt as if somebody were repeatedly kicking him in the crotch, hard. It felt as if somebody were slamming a baseball bat against his ribcage. It felt as if he was being pummeled and beaten over most of his body, including his throat and face - but the three worst pains were throat, chest and groin, and of those, groin was by far the worst - and it wasn't just surface pain, since the agony reached right up into his body, causing white-hot pain to flare and whirl...

It seemed to last an eternity, an unending, infinite period of pure agony as his body shuddered and shook, hands gripping the bar and forcing him to remain upright under the onslaught of pain.

However, Gary knew that it was ten, maybe fifteen minutes at most - that had been made clear during the demonstration, the incredible speed with which the serum worked.

Though it was an apparent eternity of agony, Gary wished it had been longer, much longer - for it's end signified that 'he' was now a 'she'...

Slowly the pain subsided, and the new woman sucked in a huge breath, refilling lungs emptied by screams of physical and emotional pain. Releasing the bar, she staggered back a few steps, feeling shame at the trickle of tears down her cheeks as she turned and staggered toward the mirror in the corner, her steps slowly firming up as her nerves recovered from the searing pain that had claimed them for awhile.

Looking in the mirror confirmed the truth - Gary was now a woman.

A damned ugly woman, as she'd expected, but that was a cold comfort to her as she looked between her hairy thighs at the vaginal lips that had replaced her cock.

The serum restructured the body to the feminine equivalents - but it was a direct translation of the existing body, not a sudden body-type change. Indeed, Gary could have put her clothes on and walked out the door, and few people would be able to tell anything had changed. Her bone structure had stayed the same, as had most of her muscle mass - it just wasn't quite as 'chiseled' as before, but that would be nearly impossible to tell through clothing.

Her cock was gone, to be replaced by a fully-functional vagina... but that wasn't something people would notice if she were dressed. Likewise, her nipples were larger and thicker, but there was only the slightest bulge behind them - they were technically functional mammary glands, if not very feminine looking.

About the only obvious sign, when dressed, would be her lack of an Adam's Apple - or her voice. Even then, somebody who didn't know Gary, hearing the voice without seeing Gary, would be hard pressed to identify it as either male or female. A bit husky, in the low-to-middle ranges, it could have been either... a fact that Gary hated even as she used her new voice to curse the name of the woman who'd forced her to have it.

She was technically female, though, and that was horrifying enough for Gary, even if she was incredibly masculine-looking...

...but whatever Janice had instructed Gary to do wasn't finished. Gary had a horrifying idea as to what was to follow, in general, as she left the mirror to get something out of another cabinet.

What she found herself pulling from the cabinet confirmed her fears - even though it wasn't even a product that had been demonstrated today. Indeed, it was one from a legitimate project from the Federal Health Services Organization, one designed for use in third-world households that had become massively lice-infected...

It was a depilatory. A highly efficient hair-removal gel that was fast-acting and long-lasting, designed to deny lice any chance of nesting on the human body...

...and Gary helplessly carried it into the lab's bathroom, where she began to apply it to her body, starting at her feet and working her way upwards, covering her entire body in the gel... except for a patch around her new womanhood, her eye-lashes and -brows, and her scalp.

She then stepped into the shower and turned on the water, rinsing off the gel - and, with it, all her body hair, leaving behind smooth skin more befitting the new gender she despised and hated having.

She wasn't nearly finished the horrible plan Janice had forced upon her, though. Helplessly, unable to do anything to stop herself, she went about the task of making herself steadily more feminine, working toward an end image that she had no way of knowing.

Helplessly, she used a serum that made her bones malleable, semi-liquefying the calcium and allowing her bones to be pushed and pulled and shaped beneath her skin. It was very painful to do so, but that didn't stop her any more than her own struggle for control made a dent in her need to do this - instead, she continued to methodically work at reshaping her body using special grips and presses that allowed her to stretch or compress bones, slowly and painfully.

She started at the top and worked her way down, unable to control herself as she did things to herself that she'd rather die than do. Using various implements, she painfully restructures the bones of her skull, making her jaw smoother, more pointed, her cheeks higher and better defined. She changed the angle and shape of her brow, the sweep at the back of her jaw, and the way her head sloped at the back. Tears of pain - emotional and physical - streaming down her face, she forced her nose inward, reshaping it into something smaller, with a fine, well-defined bridge and slightly upturned end.

Then she went on to her neck, forcing it to be longer and more slender, hovering at the very edge of damaging her spinal cord as she stretched it upwards, then reinforcing the spine as she compressed the rings inwards.

Moving on, she used a belt-strap device to force her shoulders inward, making them more narrow, then set up a device at the right height to allow her to push upwards into it, forcing her shoulders to become more smoothly rounded - more feminine... working her way down, she only lightly reconfigured her arms themselves, but did extensive work on her hands, until she had extremely graceful, feminine hands protruding from slender, dainty wrists - wrists that were much stronger than they looked since the bone was considerably denser, now.

She also made her ribcage smaller, before moving on downwards and expanding her hips to trim-but- feminine dimension.

Then she spent quite a bit of time working on her legs, slowly stretching them outward to be longer, slimmer... and then went to work on her feet, and then she suddenly understood why she'd left them until last.

She not only made them smaller, more feminine, downright dainty - she formed them into high, slender curves just perfectly designed for high heels. Because her feet were smaller, the bones were denser and incredibly strong, more than enough to bear her weight... and once she injected herself, helplessly, with the serum that finalized the changes and re-solidified her bones, her feet had to bear her weight like that. It was awkward to walk bare-foot, but possible... but she was darkly certain that she'd soon find herself wearing high-heeled shoes in which such an arch would be perfectly comfortable...

Having altered her bone-structure, she looked utterly ludicrous... flesh literally drooped off of her comparatively smaller frame. That was the next step she took, using another serum that let her tighten and remold her flesh, to reposition and reshape her muscles.

Slowly, she worked her soft tissues around to match her new bone structure. Her feet became smooth, dainty and lovely, perfectly formed. Her legs were reshaped, muscles forced to become denser as they were compressed beneath skin that was made smoother and softer, until she was the not-so-proud owner of a pair of incredibly long, toned, erotically-shaped legs that led upwards to where she was forced to pack more and more muscle into what became an incredibly full, firm, round ass.

Mass in her waist was shifted and compressed, slimming it down to a diameter that most women would die for, and that she'd rather have died than possessed. It was hers now, as was the smoothly feminine arms she was forced to give herself.

She found herself moving most of the excess muscle to her chest, where she formed a pair of unrealistically firm, hard C-cup breasts that looked feminine enough, but were much too firm and toned for breast-flesh. She then moved on, finishing up the rest of her body, spending quite a bit of time on her face, especially the lips and around the eyes. Then, to her shock, she forced muscles around, under the skin, past the jaw-line, and into her mouth - where she used them to extend her tongue, which she also made more graceful.

Then she 'fixed' the flesh into place... and found herself using a serum that forced the growth of fat cells.

She injected small amounts almost everywhere in her altered body, adding a thin, smoothing layer of fat that further feminized her figure, smoothing it out into a supple, graceful, sensual sculpture of living femininity.

More than just a little went into her lips, making them fuller and softer, over a layer of compressed muscles.

Then she went to work on her rock-hard breasts, injecting more and more serum and forcing new fat cells to grow in place over the firm, hard domes.

By the time she was done, she possessed an extremely large pair of damned-near-perfect tits. They were high-set and firm and round, each one the size of a good-sized melon - about an FFF-cup, maybe even an GGG. Over the firm, muscular center beneath them, they rose firmly and tautly, yet were soft enough to the touch, with just the right amount of give.

A look in the mirror showed a woman with incredibly long, sensual legs, smoothly rounded hip, a tiny waist, and large, round tits - a supple, somehow elegant hourglass figure that was also incredibly sexy. All of this topped by a face that was as equally sensual, with full, firm lips, a patrician nose and dark, sultry eyes.

Still, she wasn't finished yet. More serums were employed as she helplessly continued the horrific make-over into this gorgeous woman. For another hour and a half she worked, already emotionally drained by all the changes, until she realized that she must be finished - there was nothing left to do.

A look in the mirror showed her the woman she'd been forced to become. The woman Janice had made her turn herself into.

There was that body and face. Somehow, she was an equal mix of elegance, sensuality and grace. There were a few improvements to the 'base figure', however.

Like the fact that her skin was now amazingly silky-smooth and delicately colored, and almost unrealistically perfect shade of pinkish-beige that was neither pale nor tanned, yet flawless and desirable.

Then there was her larger, thicker nipples, atop slightly domed aureole. Rather than being a darker brown shade, her nipples and aureole were more pinkish, delightful - and it sickened her.

Then there was her long, dark lashes shading her sensual eyes, making them mysterious. Eyes which were now so dark as to seem to be black rather than brown. Eyes that now boasted incredibly high, finely arched - and, very slightly, wicked-locking - eyebrows.

Her hair was now jet-black and silky, and it fell from her scalp to nearly her knees, incredibly long and soft - and annoying. Equally annoying were the much longer, delicately shaped nails tipping each dainty new finger.

She was a vision - an incredibly, sensual, stunningly beautiful vision of womanhood. She wanted to die...

No. No, she was past that stage now. Though still disgusted and humiliated by what she'd been forced to do, she knew she was still alive, and there was still hope. What she wanted to do was not die - it was kill. Kill Janice for forcing her to do this to herself...

Except that she couldn't even picture a specific plan to do any direct injury to Janice/ Though she felt the urges, though she knew she wanted to, she simply couldn't get her brain to cough up any direct plans for interfering with Janice, or harming her in any way.

Somewhat lost in thoughts deep and dark, she was surprised to find herself walking over to the machine that generated the serums and sitting down in front of it. She'd figured that she was already finished, and wondered what the hell she was doing to herself now.

She was even more surprised when she did something she'd never done - she clicked on the 'custom' menu, pulling up a whole new set of parameters, many of which meant nothing at all to her.

She wasn't scientifically adapt - but she did have a good memory, and was pretty quick on the uptake. That all proved very important - as she bent to the task of designing something without even knowing what it was she was designing. Something inside of her, driven by implanted commands, was demanding she develop something, even though this wasn't her field of expertise.

Frustrated, she felt the mental anguish and 'pain' of struggling to come up with something, but she didn't even know, consciously, what she was trying to develop. All she could do was watch the screen as she hands input commands to combine different mixtures and calculate results. She cursed her long nails, which made using the keyboard a pain, even as she struggled to put together what she was seeing into a guess at what she felt compelled to create.

As another hour passed, and another, she tried different mixtures, having the computer calculate results. One thing she noticed was that a constant reference file was one labeled 'SPB.Der.1534- B(MC)'. Slowly, based on what the computer's results kept coming up with, she began to understand that it was the chemical file for a derivative of the drug used for mind control - but, for some reason, she seemed to be trying to generate a derivative with a new set of effects.

Why would Janice want her to create a derivative of the mind-control drug? Especially since Janice and her team could have made it faster and easier and left it for her to take...? It didn't make much sense.

It made even less sense when the computer finally indicated that it had found a formula 87% likely to be workable, and she instructed it to create a remarkably large batch of it... which she then put into a large, stoppered bottle and didn't use on herself. What the hell was going on?

Confused, sore and tired, Gary was as close to 'happy' as she could possibly feel to discover that she was apparently done. She went around, shutting everything down and cleaning up, then - naked and carrying the bottle, balancing atop her high-arched feet - she headed down to the storeroom.

Once in the storeroom, the new woman was amazed to feel a dull, heavy throbbing in her head... as she quickly picked out some basic underwear and a sweat suit and pulled them on. Gary couldn't think of any reason why Janice would want her wearing such 'unflattering' clothes, and apparently there was some sort of mixed-message in the commands in her brain: her movements became uncoordinated as the throbbing intensified, as if she were struggling to fulfill two opposite sets of instructions.

Whatever was going on, she stayed dressed in the hot-pink sweat suit, sliding her feet into a pair of white leather pumps with a five-inch heel... and was ashamed at the relief she felt as her contoured feet fit more comfortably in the high-heels, though it wasn't quite a perfect fit. Thanks to some reshaped muscles and bones, as well as a helpless need to, she was able to look as if she were walking with an effortless grace in the heels, though she was actually concentrating very hard to make it look easy.

Then she found herself gathering up more clothing. As she picked up each item, she shuddered at the thought that she'd be wearing such clothing. This was more what she'd expected, and she was somewhat relieved at the odd, temporary reprieve - even if it did cause a pounding headache.

Once she'd loaded the clothes and the bottle of fluid into a big bag, she found herself heading up to her office, where she let herself in. Picking up a pen, she found herself writing on the pad of paper on the desk - and found herself concentrating on writing in a very flowing, elegant script.

What she wrote was:

Monique Belledame

It was the same name that she found herself writing - in her old, masculine hand - in Dora's appointment book, with a note to admit 'her' immediately, leaving her to wonder why the hell she was leaving instructions to admit herself into the office when she - as Gary - couldn't be there to see her...

Then she found herself heading out of the building, locking up behind her and heading to her car.

Then the pain in her head redoubled, her already awkward moments becoming nearly uncontrollable, making her look like she was shivering. Through the heavy pounding in her nearly split mind, she wondered what the hell was happening, what was going wrong - even as she drove to an all-night drug store.

She was barely aware of what she was doing as she picked out a wide variety of things from the store's shelves, not even noticing the odd looks the staff members and rare customer gave her as she made her purchases. It wasn't until she'd loaded the bags into her car and headed home that the pain began to ease, and she had to stifle a whimper of relief as the crushing headache faded.

Getting home, she carried her purchases and the bag with the clothes and bottle of serum into her house and piled it on the floor of her bedroom, then locked up, undressed, and crawled into bed - where she fell instant and deeply asleep.

* * * * *

Wednesday, March 2nd, 2001 8:00 a.m.

Monique snapped instantly awake at eight-o'clock sharp. Her dark, smoldering eyes popped open, and she was already beginning to sit up, her long, silky mane of hair uncoiling behind her as she pushed herself upright and slid her long, sensuous legs over the edge of the bed and into the shoes she'd left on the floor, ready to receive her high-arched feet.

Gary, on the other hand, was slower getting up to speed. Confusion and shock thrummed through his mind as he 'awoke' to find his body rising out of bed - only to realize that it wasn't in fact, his body - but hers.

Memory clicked - even as she realized that she had even less control over her body this morning than she had last night - yet, by the same token, she had more knowledge. It was like some sort of odd reversal. Last night, she'd been using her body to perform unknown deeds... while, this morning, another part of her mind was running her body, operating under a set of 'pre-programmed' new behavioral and persona rules - yet she was clearly aware of each action she was performing, and why...

...and she also knew what the hell was happening to her. It came to her, not as a release on the memory-block Janice had put on her, but as an insight given by the feel of the Monique persona as it filtered through her conscious brain on its way to the rest of her body. It came in her first coherent thought as her body rose to head for the bathroom.

'Take a long bubble bath, wash and condition my hair?' He thought, with disgust. 'It's things like this that bother me about women...'

That, along with the memory of what clothes she'd 'picked' last night made her realize that, in fact, the woman she'd become was embodying everything Gary didn't like about women.

It wasn't any great leap to realize that Janice would have thought that the perfect punishment for him/her - and so, even though she still didn't remember the specific instructions she'd been given, Gary/Monique knew what had been done to her...

...except for the fact that she couldn't remember what, exactly, she hated about women until she went ahead and did it. It was part of the 'lockout' in her brain from Janice.

Gary was little more than a spectator as Monique set about 'getting ready'. It started with that long, warm bubble-bath, (the bubble-stuff being one of the things she'd bought last night) during which she soaped up her sensual, sophisticated new body and washed and conditioned her hair - all the while, feeling a rising sense of panic as time passed, yet unable to do anything about it. Now she understood what was happening, though - obviously, she was getting ready to go out somewhere, as per Janice's instructions - but Janice hadn't realized that the new persona Monique would have would demand a lengthy

period of getting ready before she'd be able to leave the house. The two were in conflict - but 'being Monique' overrode the time problem.

After the long, luxurious - and feminine - bath, she had to dry her hair... and that took forever, even with the new blow-dryer she'd purchased.

Then she styled her long, thick, silky mane - and that was another incredibly time-consuming job as she laboriously struggled with the unfamiliar implements and accouterments of feminine hair styling, including a curling iron.

When she was done, her hair was done up in an incredibly complex, thick style. Part of it was curled, rising up from her head in a few tiered waves, moving back and outwards, before being gathered at the back by a beaten silver clip, hidden in more thick curls of hair. From there, her hair spilled down her back in a wave that was curled at the top, with the curls gradually becoming looser and looser until the hair at the bottom was straight. With all the extra hair 'taken up' in the elaborate style, her hair fell to above her firm, sexy new ass - which, she discovered, was actually more comfortable to sit on than her old one, a fact she hated to admit. She didn't want to fond any aspect of this female body better than her old, male one.

After her hair, she went to work on her face with the make-up she bought. With no precious practice, she found that she knew what she wanted, sort of - but not how to achieve it. More time ticked past as she tried time and again to get everything absolutely perfect.

Finally, she finished her makeup. Dark, gloss-red lips with nearly black liner at the edge. The faintest traces of blush on her well-defined cheeks. Mascara on her already incredibly long, voluminous lashes. Some eye-liner. A pale coating of eye shadow.

She sighed with relief when it was over - only to find herself moving on to her long, delicately shaped nails. Her new persona, being as 'inefficiently feminine' as possible, wasn't content with a simple coating of polish - no, she spent forever doing each nail in a base of dark, gloss-red polish, then adding three... 'darts', she guessed you call them. Tapering lines that were on a diagonal across the nail, but didn't go all the way across. One ran from right-to-left, the others from left to right - on her right hand. They were reversed on her left.

A tiny fake 'diamond' stick-on was applied at the end of each of these darts on each nail.

Doing the right hand with her 'dumb' left hand was a nightmare, since she was helplessly obsessed with pure perfection. More time ticked away as she worked.

Then it was time to get dressed.

She started with a pair of panties. A pair of black lace panties, to be exact. Something she wouldn't have believed she'd ever be wearing, yet Monique's persona actually sighed in near-ecstatic pleasure as she pulled the panties into position over her new womanhood.

Then, to Gary's dismay, came the black satin-covered canvas corset. With 'Monique' firmly in control of the body, she was incapable of showing a grimace of distaste as she tightened the corset around her already slender waist, just enough so that it fit snugly.

Then came the bra. Also black lace, it was large enough to fit her new breasts, which didn't need the support - not that the strapless lace demi-bra would have helped support them, anyway. At least it was front-closing, which made it easy to get on.

Then came the nylons. Black nylons, with lace trim running up the outside of each leg. Monique carefully pulled them on and used the five garters on each side of the corset to clip them up, then carefully smoothed and straightened them until they were perfectly aligned.

An almond-colored silk blouse with off-white lace trim along the buttons and collar went over her firm new bust - barely. It fit tightly across her new breasts, revealing that she possessed a staggering bust-line even as it covered them in shimmering material. The blouse fit even tighter when she used the small loops-and-buckles on either side of the blouse to tighten the lower half so that the entire blouse was 'fitted' to her figure.

The next item was a black velvet skirt. It was longer than she might have expected - but very formfitting, clinging from her waist, over her hips, and down to her knees.

A matching black velvet bolero jacket with 'old-gold' designs on the lapels went over her blouse.

Various pieces of gold-toned jewelry found their way into her hands from the bag of purchases - and she put them on. The small, elegant earrings. The sardonyx rings. The cameo necklace.

Then, Monique put on something even more useless than jewelry.

A hat. A stupid little hat that sat atop her hair, held in place by hat pins. It was sort of a 'pillbox' hat, Gary guessed... but not exactly. It sported a little 'gold-and-diamond' pin-thing in the front, and had layers of lacy gauze-like stuff that she found herself weaving around her elaborate hairdo, and letting hang down over her eyes to her nose, like a veil.

It was useless. It was stupid. It was unnecessary... and a look in the mirror showed that it actually looked elegant, sophisticated - and very sexy, shadowing her dark eyes and making them even more mysterious and seductive.

In fact - the image in the mirror was absolutely stunning. With the clothing, she was incredibly elegant, sophisticated... yet there was an underlying thread of sensuality so powerful it was almost frightening. It wasn't the sort of 'sexy' that most people had come to accept, what Gary had always actually thought of 'slutty'. It wasn't that... forward. It didn't need to be. She was more utterly seductive than any 'easy' or 'cheap' woman could ever be - the clothes actually tempted, even though they were rather 'conservative' in terms of the amount of her body they covered. They couldn't hide the lush, graceful body they contained, they only tantalized.

When she switched from the white pumps into a pair of black velvet pumps with a scalloped edge and a six-inch high, gold-tone spike heel, the image was complete. She was dressed in a way that wasn't the least bit 'provocative'; - except that she was an incitement to riot by the way it looked on her.

"Just about ready, my love..." She found herself whispering to her reflection, in her incredibly rich, warm, and throaty new voice...

...with a French accent, which startled her - though it didn't show, of course.

With something akin to shock, she found herself emptying out a small perfume bottle she'd bought, dumping the cheap perfume down the sink and cleaning the bottle and stopper thoroughly - then refilling the bottle with the compound she'd created the night before. As she did so, she realized that it wasn't something Janice had instructed her to make - indeed, it was something her new persona had felt it needed to play it's role, and Janice was unaware of it's existence.

She then applied some of the liquid as if it were perfume, dabbing it here-and-there on her body. She then used a small length of flexible wire to twist-tie the stopper onto the bottle, sealing it, and placed it in the black leather purse she'd picked up, along with some make-up and other items.

Then, at a little after noon, she left her house, the throbbing anxiety of time-pressure slowly fading as she finally got underway.

Considering she'd made an appointment for herself, Monique wasn't all that surprised to find herself driving to the labs - though she parked her car in a Car Poll lot a little ways away, finding she didn't want anybody at the company to see her pull up in Gary's car. She walked the last stretch of the way with a simply elegant stride that was also incredibly sensual, her hips and ass moving in a hypnotic, feminine rhythm.

She gracefully opened the doors to the lobby and entered, her spike heels clicking on the floor as she crossed it slowly and sensuously, moving directly towards the only person in the lobby, the guard.

"Can I help you, Miss?" the guard said, maintaining a commendable professional detachment, despite being confronted by an unbelievably elegant, sensual woman.

Monique found her lips curving up in a slight, knowing smile.

"I wish I had time for you to... 'help' me..." She said in that throaty, seductive voice, slowly looking him up and down... and, to her horror, licking her lips slowly and seductively.

"Excuse...?" The guard started to respond - but she lifted her hand in a graceful motion and pressed one finger against his lips, leaning forward.

"Hush..." She said, softly. "Don't move, my handsome friend. Don't speak."

The guard looked confused for a second... and then his face settled into a look of mild puzzlement, coupled with a touch of interest...

...and, with shock, Monique realized that the 'perfume' she'd developed was some sort of odor-based mind-control substance, mixing with her own pheromones to create a subtle odor that caused people to become susceptible to her commands... without them even realizing that they were under her control. She could tell, because of the way the guard was reacting. It wasn't blank-faced obedience, nor was it horrified realization... instead, he'd... 'just decided' to do what she'd told him to, not finding anything strange in his behavior.

Monique was finding something strange - and humiliating - in her behavior, however, as she continued to smile at him, sliding her finger from his lips along the line of his jaw. With a slow, sensual stride, she began to walk around him, and he simply stood still as she came up behind him, pressing her body against his with undisputed horror, all-but-whispering in his ear in an incredibly sensual tone.

"I love a man in uniform..." She told him, slowly sliding one hand under his arm and onto his chest. Slowly, she began to unbutton his shirt. "They are just so... how you say? Exciting..."

She slid her hand into his shirt and under the collar of his undershirt, gently stroking his chest...

...while her other hand slide across his pants, working upward and inwards towards his crotch.

She was coming on to a man. Right here. Right now. In the middle of the lobby. Gary was horrified and disgusted...

...and aroused, physically. The realization that Monique was turned on disgusted her even further - but she couldn't help but feel that thrumming of pleasure through her new body.

"Men in uniform look so... powerful..." She whispered to him, as her hand found his crotch and began to massage his rapidly stirring cock through the cloth. "So... in control."

With one hand massaging his chest, the other lightly rubbing his crotch, Monique found herself pressing her large, firm tits against his back... and loving the sensation. She began to rub one nylon-clad angle against his, her body thrumming with arousal at having erotic control over this man, and her buried male mind disgusted at the fact.

"You must feel that too, don't you?" She whispered to him, feeling his cock go rock-hard in his pants. "You must find yourself thinking about how easy it would be, to use your masculine power to just take a woman..."

He made an odd sound, his body shivering slightly - and, with horror, Monique realized she was doing more than just coming on to the guard.

She was programming him. She was brain-washing him, without him even realizing it...

...and she couldn't stop herself.

"But you can't, can you?" She whispered to him, her massaging of his crotch becoming more forceful, mixing pain with pleasure. "Under the uniform, you are just another man. The only power this uniform gives you over women is the power to play their little fantasy games. To pretend to be powerful... but only when a woman wants you to..."

He made a soft moaning sound, his cock now solid as a steel bar in his pants, his body slightly fevered.

"That's all you are, my handsome pet - a plaything. You can be tough with men - but you just melt for women, doing anything they tell you to. Isn't that right, my pet...?"

His answer was a moan - but a moaned word. "Yes..."

"Mmmm... such a good pet..." She whispered, taking her hand away from his crotch, leaving him aroused - but unable to do anything about it. Turning, she found herself walking away from the man, her entire body throbbing with arousal while her mind throbbed with disgust over what she'd just done to the poor man...

...then she found herself at the elevators, pressing the button - and as she did so, she slowly looked over at the guard, who was standing at disheveled attention, longing in his eyes as his pants bulged with his erection.

"Oh, my pet..." She said, seductively. "One more thing cum for me."

The guard gasped, his hips bucked in sharp jerks as a damp spot appeared at his crotch.

Helplessly wearing a small, cruelly victorious smile, Monique entered the elevator and pressed the top button.

As the elevator rose, she considered her situation was horror and understanding. Janice had instructed her to become the 'worst' woman he could imagine, obviously. He'd already figured that out. Unfortunately, Janice obviously hadn't truly considered the implications of that command. She probably thought that she would have turned out to be some empty-headed blonde bimbo or something - that would fit Janice's skewed view of Gary.

The truth was much more frightening. Gary was efficient, organized and dedicated - and 'moral', for lack of a better term. His 'worst' woman, the one he'd want to have nothing to do with, would be one who was 'immoral'. Seductive, distracting - and dedicated to causing chaos and inefficiency while building her own power. To Gary, such a woman would be useless - a liability, in fact.

Now - Gary was her, and Janice had no idea what she'd created.

The elevator 'dinged', and Monique gracefully, slipped between the doors and walked over to where Dora was sitting behind her desk. Dora looked up and took in Monique's classy appearance and aura of sensuality, obviously not quite sure what to make of this woman.

"I am Monique Belledame..." Monique said, with a slow smile. "I have an appointment."

"Oh - yes, you did. For first thing this morning." Dora said, in a 'professional' tone that told Monique that the secretary had decided not to like her. "I'm not sure if Mr. Williamson can fit you in this afternoon..."

Monique found herself leaning forward and smiling conspiratorially. "It took me a while to get ready, my dear. I'm sure you understand - when you look as lovely as I do, you cannot 'slack off', but must work for pure perfection. You understand, don't you?"

The mind-control perfume she'd developed obviously worked as well on women as it did on men... Dora blinked, then nodded, smiling easily. "Oh, sure. Why don't I see if I can fit you into the schedule..."

"Hmmm..." Monique said, gracefully sitting on the corner of Dora's desk. "Let's just talk for a minute, dear."

Dora glanced at the doors to Gary's office, then smiled up at her new best friend. "Oh, sure. That's be nice."

Monique barely new the guard at the lobby, but Dora was a different matter - she'd known the slender, efficient brunette long enough to come to respect her. She didn't want to do whatever she was about to do to her - but she just couldn't help herself. She had no control over her actions, thanks to Janice.

"You certainly didn't spend as much time getting ready as I did, my dear..." Monique said, looking at Dora's nearly mannish gray suit and low-heeled black shoes. Though slender and slightly athletic, with a fairly nice, somewhat tomboyish figure, Dora had always worn rather severe, conservative suits one of the reasons Gary had hired her, as a matter of fact. Now, the usually self-possessed secretary glanced down at herself self-consciously.

"Oh, no - I don't want to look too attractive at work." She said, unconsciously smoothing her slacks over her legs. "No need to go looking for trouble, I figure."

Even as Dora said those words, Monique knew exactly what she was going to program Dora to do. Now that she understood Monique's motivations, she knew how her mind was now pre-set to work... but there was nothing she could do as she leaned forward and began to whisper in the secretary's ear, horrified at what she was doing to her trusted secretary.

Fifteen minutes later, leaving a slightly worried-looking Dora behind, Monique gracefully glided to the doors to her office, a faintly triumphant smile on her lips hiding the horror and disgust she felt at what she'd just done.

Opening the doors, she stepped into her office... and felt a sudden sense of shock.

There were two people in the room, both men she recognized. Seated in the 'visitors' seat was a tall, spare-looking man with narrow eyes and a prematurely receding hairline. Bradley J. Campbell.

General Brad Campbell, to be exact, his uniform crisply pressed and two stars gleaming on each shoulder. Monique had never liked the head of the Army's R&D Division for Chemical Warfare. He had an oily look to him, and a unsavory personality. To see him in this building was somewhat of a shock...

...but not as big a shock as seeing Gary Willimason sitting behind his desk, looking right at home.

Then something in Monique's mind 'clicked', and she understood that this Gary had been Janice, as Monique had been Gary...

...except that she was Gary's girlfriend, even if Gary had been Janice, so she couldn't be Gary at all, and...

Monique's confident, slightly triumphant smile faltered slightly as something went askew in her head - and then she was suddenly 'ripped apart'...

+ + +

Her mind swirled and danced, trying to come to terms with everything it regarded as 'reality'. Janice had only tested the serum she'd used on Gary/Monique the night before, and with relatively simple commands. Nothing like what she'd done to him/her. She hadn't known the great strains she'd placed on his mind - especially since she'd 'short circuited' his reality perception, then left it skewed. Unlike the rest of the staff, who she'd 'skewed', then 'straightened' with only one change - obedience to her - Janice had layered all sorts of 'realities' into Gary/Monique...

...and never 'turned on' the reality filters again.

Even though Monique knew that she'd been Gary, and that the Gary she now saw had been Janice, her muddled mind was reacting solely on the information it accepted as 'reality'; - that 'Greg' was sitting at his desk, and that she wasn't Gary.

That, mingled with the command that she must act like Monique, and not like Gary, made connections in her mind that Janice could never have anticipated. Just as Janice had failed to see the dangerous woman Monique would be, a power-hungry slut-bitch, so Janice hadn't truly understood the effects of her serums. Like many scientists, Janice suffered from 'thintelligence' - enough knowledge to figure out how to do something, but not the self-discipline to then consider the total effects and ask whether they should do it or not. In her own arrogance, successfully creating the serum made her think she had total control over it - it was her creation, and so she was it's master. She didn't really know what she'd done.

Now, Monique's brain spun, fragmenting... and then put itself back together in the only pattern it could, fitting pieces together that were never designed to fit.

She was Monique Belledame. No matter who she might have been in the past, that is who she was now. She was not a man trapped in a woman's body, but a woman.

A woman with an uncontrollable urge for power-through-perversions. Mind control. Sex. Anything and everything. It was an addiction that she couldn't control - even though she hated it. She knew who - and what - she'd been before, and longed for that life again... but she was driven to be the 'best' Monique she could be, and Monique was a real bitch.

Where there had been a 'real' persona trapped behind the wall of a false persona, now there was only one. One thinking, intelligent mind - trapped within it's new sets of rules. Which, in a way, was normal. Just as a smoker may wish to quit, only to find himself failing and lighting up again, Monique wished to give up her control-oriented life... if she could. But the obsessions, the addiction, was very strong...

Then there was the man sitting behind the desk. Just as she was now Monique, and Monique alone, even though she'd once been Gary, then this man was Gary, her 'boyfriend', no matter who he'd been before. It was that 'simple' - at least in her restructured mind-set.

Her mind, slapped back together in a new shape, steadied down, leaving her feel breathless - and oddly liberated, even though she knew she wasn't freed from compulsions. She was just no longer a 'mindless' slave to them, no a thinking, integral part to a single set of thoughts and memories, even though she despised some of them.

+ + +

To the two men, Monique looked as if her heel had caught in the carpet for an instant. She'd swayed.. then regained her balance, continuing forward with a slightly less seductive walk, but one that was nevertheless graceful and feminine.

Monique glided towards the general, struggling to keep from walking with the pure sensuality she so much wanted to use. She knew that her incredible sensuality was a form of power, especially over men, and she yearned to use every ounce of it, to completely control every aspect of this situation, including the sexual. She fought against it - and succeeded. She didn't use her 'seduction' walk...

...but between her new, wholly feminine outlook (as unwanted as it may be) and her altered feet in high heels, she simply could not walk in a way that was anything less than gracefully feminine, which had it's own 'charms' for men to watch.

Reaching the general, she fought not to try and instantly seduce him, struggling for merely 'pleasant' as she held out a hand and said 'I don't believe we've met - I'm Monique Belledame.'

It was a partial success - her voice was throaty and sensual all on it's own, and she knew she was throwing off all sorts of 'signals'. She couldn't help it - though not actively seducing him, her need for control wouldn't let her lose the advantage.

From the look Brad gave her, he knew the truth about her origins, especially since he threw a look at Gary before taking her hand.

"Brad Campbell..." He said, obviously enjoying the humiliation of the woman who had once been 'Gary', not knowing that all wasn't going as planned. "Pleased to meet you."

She wanted to make it a simple request - but he found herself leaning forward as she spoke, enveloping him in the aura of her perfume as she said, "I'd like to talk to Gary, alone. Would you be so kind as to wait in the bathroom until we're done?"

"Monique, that's not..." Gary started to say... and Monique felt an urge to retract her 'suggestion' as Gary's hold on her was felt...

"No, that's all right." Brad said, easily, rising from the chair and eyeing Monique for a moment longer before grinning oily at Gary. "I don't think I'm quite comfortable with the mixed signals my brain and body are giving at the moment, anyway."

Gary blinked, unaware that Brad's capitulation and 'logical' reason were due to mind-control. "Oh - sure."

Brad headed off to the bathroom, closing the door behind him - and Monique moved towards Gary, this time letting herself go, the whole nine-yard of seductiveness.

Gary was perhaps the one person she felt absolutely no compunctions about using whatever power she could exert over him.

"Look, Monique - you were supposed to be here first thing in the morning." Gary said, annoyed - and a bit worried. "The General and I have been waiting since nine for you to show up. What happened?"

His use of Brad's title rather clearly defined their relationship for Monique as she leveled her most sensual smile at Gary. "It takes awhile for a woman like me to get ready, honey..." She said, full-throat sensuality in her voice as she lightly touched her elaborate coiffure.

Gary grinned. "Oh - so I see. I guess you felt sort of... compelled to look your best."

"That's right..." Monique said, sensually... and sat down on his lap. He went stiff as her feminine ass settled onto his legs, and he opened his mouth...

It was a matter of timing. She had to get it in there before he could give her any orders - and she managed it handily, thanks to his chosen line of questioning.

"You do think I look attractive, don't you?" She asked, seductively.

Gary, not even realizing his mind had just been tampered with, paused before giving her the order he'd had planned, looked at her - and nodded. "Yes - you do, actually."

"Hmmmm In fact, I'm the most sexually attractive person you've ever seen, aren't I?"

Gary frowned slightly. As Janice, she'd been straight. Yesterday, after everybody had gone home, she'd turned herself into a Gary clone well, close enough. She'd never seen Gary naked, so hadn't exactly matched his body and she'd greatly exaggerated his endowment, not by mistake but out of a sort of curiosity. Still, even as a massively endowed man, 'Gary' hadn't felt any attraction to women until this moment.

Gary didn't even realize his mind was being affected by a mind-controlling substance. Oblivious, he unwittingly sought a 'logical' reason to accept her commands - and found it. Monique was definitely the most outright sensual woman he'd seen since being male, and it was just his male body reacting to her pure sensuality.

"Yes.. you are " He said, his own voice a bit husky.

She smiled. "I bet that I turn you on like you've never been turned on before. I bet you find me so overwhelmingly desirable that you're so aroused that it's actually painful "

Gary swallowed, his huge cock stirring under her firm ass. Having her this close was definitely affecting his new male body, and he cursed it even as he answered her question.

"God - yes " He could see why the General had been so happy to leave the room - as a straight man reacting to Monique, it must be the way Gary felt right now. Well, he'd just order her to back off while he got control of himself, and...

"Everything about me is so utterly, incredibly perfect that you desire me madly, don't you?" Monique said to Gary, finding the feel of his cock hardening under her ass unbelievably arousing. "In fact, you ache for me to kiss you, to touch you, to have sex with you. You desire me more than anything else in the universe. You'll do absolutely anything for me. You only want to please me, so that I'll be near you, be willing to touch you "

Gary was sweating. As a woman, he'd never felt even a fraction of this shear, overwhelming desire. Maybe that's why men were the way they were - he'd never realized how utterly dominating a man's arousal would be.

Well, he was a man - for now. It wouldn't hurt to BE a man while he was a man...

"Anything, Monique..." He gasped, his long, thick cock throbbing with a wonderful pain of intense arousal. He needed to get release - but only Monique could give it to him.

Monique's own body was aflame with desire. Between her need for control and her rampant arousal, she couldn't help but lean forward and kiss Gary, long and passionate, her long, supple tongue darting into his mouth and playing with his own as they kissed. It was with an unwanted pang of regret that she broke the kiss.

"What's Brad doing here, Gary..." She asked, slowly unbuttoning her blouse.

Gary swallowed, eyes fixed on the swatch of creamy flesh slowly being revealed. "He, uh... he's helping me, uh.. with a project..."

Pulling her blouse open, Monique sighed hungrily and undid her bra, letting her breasts free of it's ornamental confinement. Her large, thick nipples were fully engorged.

"Tell me everything, Gary. Tell me all about it as you fondle my tits..."

Gary's hands came up and she closed her eyes and moaned in pleasure as they made contact with her firm, round breasts. Gary's face was twisted in a mixture of desire, pleasure and doubt - but he couldn't fight the control he didn't even know she had over him.

"The General financed my extra research, and supplied some of the work..." He gasped out, feeling incredible pleasure at being allowed to touch the perfect, creamy globes on Monique's chest. They were more perfect than his could have ever been, when he was Janice. These were perfect "Our plan was to completely discredit you "

"Me ?" Monique asked, smiling. "Don't you mean you? Gary Willimason? That is who you are, isn't it?"

'I told her to pretend I'm Gary, no matter what' Gary thought, finding a logical reason to accept her

'comment' as the utter truth. 'So, I'll just play along. I'm Gary '

"Yes - the plan was to discredit me. We have it all set up. All the evidence will show that I was the one who started the forbidden research, not me.. uh, not Janice. I - She - will be cleared, and I will go to jail and the General gets the company."

"No - you're not going to jail, Gary " Monique said, slowly standing up.

"I'm not ?" Gary asked, feeling confused as his brain tried to find reasoning to support what he felt he had to agree with.

"No - because then you couldn't do this " Monique moaned, head spinning with desire - both sexual, and the desire to control Gary. She slowly slide her skirt off. "Take your pants off, Gary "

As Gary hurried to comply, still in mental turmoil, Monique picked up a letter opener off of Gary's desk, and used it to cut both sides of her panties, letting her pull off the torn undergarment without having to remove the garters. Her womanhood was wet and ready, and she was shuddering with her own odd mix of emotions: She wasn't actually 'sexually' aroused by the thought of having sex with a man.... but her body was very aroused, and her mind was obsessed with the idea of controlling Gary, which she could easily do through sex.

Gary pulled his pants down - and this huge, throbbing monster of a cock stood straight up from his lap, it's head nearly purple and the thick veins along it's length pulsing with his heartbeat. An even foot long, the cock was thick, with a large head - and the sight of it both repulsed and excited Monique. Repulsed because of her past life as a man - and excited her as the toll through which she could easily control men...

"You can't go to jail, Gary..." She said, stepping up to him and putting one knee on either side of him while he sat in the chair, mind spinning. She positioned herself over him, her wet, hot cunt hovering above the head of his thick cock. "If you go to jail, then I'll never be able to do this again..."

And she thrust herself down on his massive organ, crying out in pleasure as it entered and filled her ready cunt - and he spasmed in equal pleasure.

"It's Janice who did something illegal." Monique gasped to Gary as she drove herself atop his hot, throbbing cock, finding both physical and emotional pleasure from the action of fucking him - in more ways than one. "Janice and the General conspired on a project... but not the mind control or biomorphic projects."

"Uhh..." Gary gasped, mind overwhelmed with pleasure and confused thoughts. "Oh, I.. I..."

She thrust herself harder atop his cock, struggling to force words out when all she wanted to do was scream in pleasure. Her entire body was thrumming with pleasure the likes of which she'd never felt before, and it took every ounce of willpower to not surrender to it completely. "It was... a weapons project - oh, yes! - and you caught them. Mmm... you're so big, Gary... They ran off off together.. and... ughnnn... and... you're gonna stay here.. ughnnn "

The rolling pleasure was building towards orgasm, and she fought against it, struggling to get the words out before they came. It would be much, much stronger if she could just...

"...Stay here, Gary... oh, God!... and... yes...! and be my willing little sex-slave! OH, **GOD YES!**"

The orgasm was thunderous. She lost control of her fine motor skills and her body jiggled and shook atop Gary, her tits bouncing and swaying as she came, long and hard, pleasure exploding all through her body...

...even as she felt the stab of disappointment from her failure to break Gary's own mental blocks...

...when Gary's cock, squeezed by her pulsating vaginal muscles, spewed forth its load of hot, thick cum - and Gary screamed at the top of his lungs.

"Oh, Yes, Monique - anything for you. Oh, God - I'm your little slave-boy, now and forever !"

+ + +

Even as the words emerged from his mouth, Gary wondered what the hell he was saying....

...except that it was hard to think at all. The orgasm was thunderous, intense, more than he'd ever felt before. He was a man, fucking a woman, and should have been disgusted - but, instead, he was in more ecstasy than he'd ever been in before, and he was agreeing to be Monique's little slave ?

Then Gary's mind fragmented - and snapped back together. Poorly.

Part of the mind in Gary's body accepted Monique's domination over him. It took all it knew of Gary, enough to 'play the part', and just let Monique do all the real thinking for it. It was this thin layer of thought that held the surface, held control of the body. It wasn't really so much 'intelligent' as a primal brain, having just enough 'intellect' to function in order to obey Monique's orders - so that it could get more of this pleasure. A purely Pavlovian brain, in a way, existing only to do what was necessary to feel this good again.

The rest of the brain, locked behind the wall of this new shell...

...was Janice, who, separated from the 'controlled' part of the brain, realized what had happened with mounting horror as she struggled to get control of the male body that enclosed her. As she fought to regain control...

...and failed. Helpless, she could do nothing but experience what Gary's body heard, felt and saw... while her own mind was locked away, without any way to communicate with the outside world or operate the body that enclosed it.

Silently, within the walls of the prison her mind had become, she began to scream...

+ + +

General Campbell listened to the sounds through the bathroom door with bemusement, and a trace of guilty disgust. The fact that the 'hot broad' used to be a man made the thought of having sex with her more than a little sick and perverted, no matter how 'real' her new, female body was...

...but, then again, 'Gary' used to be a woman, so Brad figured it all balanced out in the end. Still, it was pretty damned weird.

Finally the sounds ended, and the General turned his mind to what the next step would be. Now that the original Gary was a woman, the temporary Gary could be framed up nice and neatly for an array of illegal actions, and that would allow him to...

The bathroom door swung open, and Brad looked up - then quickly looked away again, since 'Monique' was nearly naked, except for her hat, jewelry, pantyhose and heels. She'd ended up as a hot little number, and Brad's body was too dumb to care that she was 'really' a guy. If he got a full-fledged stiffy from looking at 'her', he might just have to kill himself to...

"General?" Monique said, seductively.

"Maybe you should go put some clothes on..." The General said, still looking away.

He heard her chuckle. "Oh, I don't think it's worth the effort at the moment. Gary and I had a little discussion, and I think you and I need to work some things out."

"Oh...?" Bad said in a noncommittal tone, mind racing. What had that stupid bitch Janice (which was how he thought of her, regardless of her current body) told 'Monique'?

"Yes." Monique said, chuckling again. "General, I think you should clear your chest. Why don't I take you to a nice room where you can write down every shady deal, every con, and every valuable secret you know, including the info on your off-shore bank accounts?"

Brad frowned slightly - then figured it might be good for him. Since he was planning to screw both Gary and Janice - or Monique and Gary, if you preferred - over, double crossing both stupid bitches, it didn't really matter, and it'd help clear his mind.

"Sure, sounds like a good idea." The General agreed, rising. "I hope you're not going to stand over me, naked, while I work."

"Oh, no, General - I'm going to be busy." She assured him with another chuckle. "There's something I'm just dying to try out - and I have a very 'willing' volunteer for it."

The General grunted. He didn't know what she was talking about, but give the situation, Brad felt sorry for whatever poor bastard was going to be saddled with this freaky ex-guy's 'plan'...

TO BE CONTINUED



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When searching for the missing General, the Major, his aide de camp, also falls victim to the shifty research associates and their mind control drug. But given the General's excellent army background, he has his own ideas of how to change the situation.

Part Two - Major/General

Thursday, March 3rd, 2001 1:22 a.m.

In near-perfect silence, a shadowy figure darker than the night surrounding it broke from the low bushes at the edge of the parking-lot and covered the distance to the bushes on the far side of the paved entranceway, bobbing and weaving through the shadows cast by the few parked cars as it cleared the open space and slipped into the foliage on the building side of the asphalt strip. With slow, sinuous movements, the figure edged closer to the pool of light that came through the windows of the building's lobby.

Reaching the edge of the screening bushes, Major Eric Cherney paused, his dark camouflage blending seamlessly into the growth around him. His face, painted to match his camouflage gear, was only faintly marked by the whites of his eyes in the shadow of his Kevlar helmet as he stared across the open space that separated the bushes from the building.

His heart was beating rapidly under the uniform he wore. Part of it was excitement - being back in 'the field' again, something that the aide of a General usually didn't get a chance to do, especially a 'pencil-pusher' General. However, that excitement was tempered with caution. What he was doing was flat-out illegal.

Then again - what he and the General had been doing with the General's unnamed source within this building was highly illegal too. The General, as usual, had only shared as much information as Eric had a 'need to know to get things done - but that didn't mean Eric's ass was any less on the line if something went wrong.

Having the General disappear definitely seemed to qualify as 'something wrong', as far as Major Cherney was concerned. The last he'd heard from the General was about ten o'clock that morning, when the General had called from this building to indicate he was running late, and Eric should make excuses for him. Since then, Eric hadn't heard from the General - and even using the emergency pager number hadn't gotten a response, which was a very, very bad sign indeed.

Acting in his capacity as aide-de-camp, Eric had called the company to ask about the General - and was told that the General had met with a 'Doctor Tannebaum' first thing that morning, and they'd left together.

Perhaps this Tannebaum guy was the General's contact here - but something about this whole thing didn't smell right. So, Eric had decided it was time for a little reckon, see for himself what was going on. Maybe the whole deal had gone south, and this was a sting - or maybe the General had pulled it off... and he and his contact had taken the money and run. Eric had to find out if that was the case. If it was, he had to get some hard facts about the set-up - then blow the whistle himself as a 'concerned' aide who had no idea what his General had been up to all this time...

Eric never forget the first order of business was C-Y-A - Cover Your Ass.

Silently, Eric unclipped his small field binocs from his belt and brought them to his eyes, checking out the lobby. Hopefully, the place was deserted for the night, allowing him easy access for searching the files, but a place like this was sure to have security of some sort in the main entrance, and Eric didn't...

Suddenly, Eric went absolutely still, the scan of his binoculars coming to a dead stop as his jaw dropped at what he saw, magnified to seem as if he were standing in the lobby himself.

There was, indeed, a security guard in the lobby - and at the moment, he was on his hands and knees, frantically jerking himself off while he licked the shoes of an overweight Hispanic woman who was, without a doubt, one of the Janitorial staff. She was standing with a rather stupefied look on her face, altering her gaze between the guard masturbating at her feet - and the wad of cash she held in her chubby little hand.

"Pervert..." Eric whispered in disgust. His already low opinion of 'rent-a-cops' fell even further as he turned the glasses away from the sickening sight. At least he didn't have to worry about that guard responding quickly to anything.

Scanning the side of the building, he soon saw his way in - a ladder to the room, for maintenance. It had a section that was pulled up to keep any casual vandals from using it, but his grappling hook and line snared it on the first try, and soon Eric was standing at the door to the forth floor, the stairwell to the roof dark after he'd silently smashed the bulb. Peering through the small crack he'd pulled the door open, he found himself looking at an empty reception are, brightly lit. Though the bright fluorescent lights were a bad sign, there didn't seem to be anybody around.

On silent feet, Eric slipped through the door, heading towards the office at the end of the room - the Owner's office, where he'd be sure to find some sort of files he could use.

Silently, Eric padded around the empty secretary's desk - and paused for a second, wondering about the woman who worked here. The name plate on the desk said 'DORA WINTERS' - but it was hard to see, s it was almost buried under the stuff that cluttered the desk and the surrounding areas.

Wigs. Make-up. Skin-care products. Herbal breast enlargement nostrums, Pamphlets for plastic surgery of every kind. There were also three mirrors of various sizes on the desk, as well as five full- length mirrors set up at various places around the desk, presumably so that this Dora woman could check herself out from any angle. Eric had known some vain women in his time, but he'd never seen anything like this, much less at work. This woman must be completely and utterly obsessed with her looks or something.

Shaking his head, Eric padded towards the doors leading to the owner's office. He could see that the lights were on inside, too - maybe they kept the lights running all he time here. Wondering what sort of screwy outfit this place was, Eric eased the door open...

...and swiftly stepped inside, pushing the door shut behind him as his heart-rate increased dramatically. Almost on instinct, he whipped his side-arm out of his holster and pointed it at the muscular man sitting behind the desk at the far end of the room, staring up at the ceiling with what appeared to be intent interest and making odd little noises.

Eric had hoped to pull this thing off without detection, but he wasn't leaving without some answers. Reaching behind him, he locked the door to buy himself time - while amazed that the guy behind the desk apparently hadn't noticed him. What could be so engrossing about a ceiling, Eric had no idea - but he was beginning to wonder if the night-staff of this place was using the labs to create some drugs like LSD or something, because it seemed that everybody here tonight was either crazy or stoned.

"Don't move, mister." Eric said, not to loudly but forcibly. He moved closer to the desk, gun held at a slight angle away from the man, but able to come up into position if it needed to. Eric's eyes kept flickering between the man's hands, gripping the edge of the desk, and his face. If either his hands or his face showed any signs he was about to do something stupid, Eric

would be faced with the dilemma of whether to shoot or not - and if he shot, then he'd have to go whole-hog, something he wasn't sure if he was ready to do.

The man let out a long, soft sigh and lowered his head, his eyes focusing on Eric, though the sight of an armed soldier standing in front of his desk seemed only to puzzle him, mildly, not upset him.

Then the chair slid back on silent wheels, and Eric snapped the gun up and drew a bead on the man's forehead, sweat breaking out on his brow as he slid his finger from the outside of the trigger guard onto the trigger.

"I said, don't move!" Eric said, finding his voice louder and higher-pitched than he'd intended it to be. Then, out of nowhere, a muffled female voice spoke.

"He didn't - I did." It said. "Would it be quite all right if I got up - it's cramped down here."

Eric blinked, and then looked down at the desk that had just spoken in a very throaty, controlled - and incredibly sexy - female voice.

"Out. Where I can see you." Eric commanded, wondering what the hell was going on.

The man in the chair pushed back a little further, lifting his hands while doing so, letting Eric see he wasn't planning anything. He seemed a little more 'there'. Now, though he didn't strike Eric as particularly bright...

...then Eric's jaw dropped as a woman every bit as sexy as her voice emerged from under the desk. It wasn't hard to tell how sexy her body was - since she was dressed only in a pair of nylons and high heels, her body gleaming with a light sheen of sweat, and a thin white dribble running from the corner of her mouth explaining what, exactly, had been going on.

"Excuse me..." the incredibly gorgeous woman with the elaborate hairdo said - and Eric's eyes widened even further as she snaked and incredibly long, supple tongue from between her gloss-red lips to lick up the errant flow from the corner of her lips. "Waste not, want not, as they say - though I find that I do want, mostly."

Her voice was husky and sensual - and conversational, which was downright amazing considering she was facing an armed man while she was nude - or nearly so.

Things were beginning to feel very surrealistic to Major Cherney, and he began to wonder if maybe it wasn't he who was on some sort of acid trip...

"So - is this a hold-up?" She asked, leaning against the edge of the desk in a graceful pose that made Eric's cock twitch. "Or are you out hunting game? Because if you are..."

Smiling, the woman slid one hand over her flat stomach and up to her large, incredibly perfect breast, lightly cupping it.

"...I'm game..." She said, voice dropping into the most seductive, cock-stiffening tone Eric had ever heard in his life. His cock was doing more than twitch, now, and he had to resist the urge to shake his head to clear it.

"I'm looking for some answers, lady - and I think the boss-man here might have them. Don't try anything funny, and nobody will get hurt." Eric said, trying to sound as tough as nails.

The man behind the desk frowned, glancing briefly at the woman. "Answers?" He asked, in a sort of wimpy voice - then cleared his throat...

...and something happened. It was like he slipped on a mask, or as if another soul had slipped into his body. His expression firmed up, and even though he was still sitting with his hands up, Eric suddenly got a very twitchy feeling.

"Son, you're in a whole world of shit." The man said, firmly. "I'm the owner of this company, Gary Williamson - Sergeant major Williamson, United States Army, retired. I recognize the uniform, Major - and the little stunt you're pulling while on active duty is generally known as treason."

Oh, shit - a Sar-Maj... Even a retired one was bad news, and Eric certainly hadn't counted on the owner of this place being ex-Army, much less a Sergeant Major. A tech weenie, maybe, that would have made sense - but a Sergeant major...?

Swallowing, Eric tightened his grip on the gun, suddenly afraid that using it might be his only chance, and even that one was a slim one. He'd have to take out the woman, too, which was a damn shame since she was so hot - and hot to trot, to, the way she was eyeing him hungrily as she moved towards him...

"Hold it!" It was a full-fledged shout this time, as he swung the gun towards her. Caught up in the owner's sudden change of personality, he'd nearly missed her slow, sensuous approach, and now the muzzle of his gun was less than an inch away from her oh-so-perfect right breast...

"Monique!" the man cried, sounding absolutely horrified at the thought of her getting harmed - and lost, too, that sudden burst of... whatever it was... fading as quickly as it had arrived.

"Relax, Gary..." She said in that velvety voice, looking Eric right in the eyes with a seductive smile. "The Major here doesn't want to shoot anybody - do you, Major?"

Damn - whatever perfume she was wearing, it was making his knees weak. Or maybe it was just being that close to perfection. The thought of harming her....

"I don't want to, lady - so don't make me " Eric said.

"Oh, come now - we don't even now why you're here, Major ?" She trailed off expectantly, and before he could stop himself he heard his voice saying "Cherney - Eric Cherney, Ma'am." 'Shit! What the hell did I just do? Eric thought, panicked - as the woman smiled.

"Well, Eric, I'm Monique - and this is Gary." She said, warmly, as if they were meeting over tea or something. "So, now that we're all friends here, why don't you give me the gun and tell us what it is you want?"

Eric couldn't believe this was happening. She didn't seem the least bit flustered, not at all... in fact, she seemed a little... aroused?

While he was trying to sort everything out in his mind, Eric was downright flabbergasted to find that he'd let go of the gun, and the woman was holding it...

"Why don't we just put this away, Eric?" She said, removing the clip and expertly ejected in the chambered round, feeding it into the clip and handing them back to him, separately. Stunned by getting the gun back as much as he had been by giving it up, Eric decided that his subconscious mind had already decided he wasn't up to cold-blooded murder after all. Numbly, he holstered the gun and slid the clip into his breast pocket.

"I, uh - I'm looking for General Campbell..." Eric said, bemused, now staring openly at Monique's spectacular figure, searching - in vain - for the slightest flaw. "He.. he was here this morning, then he just disappeared. I'm his personal attaché, and I thought he might be in trouble..."

"Well..." Monique said with an odd-looking smile. "Such loyalty. Very commendable, Major. Tell me - do you know why he was here?"

Since he was screwed anyway, caught in the act and unable to simply blow people away to get out of it, Eric figured 'what the hell', and spilled what he knew. There wasn't much - just enough to screw him over if it blew up, but not enough for leverage. The General had been damned careful about that...

Monique cocked her head when he finished, eyeing him for a long moment in silence.

"So... what you're saying is you just want to make sure you don't get sent to prison?" She asked, finally.

"That's right." Eric agreed.

Monique looked up at the ceiling, muttering to herself. "Hmmm... Everything's just about ready for... I guess I could do two, instead of just the one of them Yes - yes." She lowered her face and grinned at him. "I think I can help you. Why don't you follow me, Eric?"

"Okay." Eric agreed. He followed her as she went to the office doors and unlocked them, stepping out of the office apparently unconcerned that she was nearly naked. Eric followed her out...

Even as he continued walking, following Monique's pertly swaying and delightfully shaped backside, Eric's eyes were drawn to the secretary's desk and his jaw dropped.

The secretary - Dana? No, Dora - had returned and was seated at her desk, looking at herself critically in a mirror.

She was a slender, toned brunette woman. It wasn't hard to see that, because she was dressed in a skin-tight black spandex micro-mini skirt and a short-sleeve, skin-tight white PVC 'blouse' with faux buttons down the front. Her long, toned legs were encased in 'nude' nylons and crossed at the knees, showing on white platform pumps with a nine-inch heel and four-inch platform.

Her face was heavily made up in bright, stark, 'eighties' colors, and her shortish hair had been ruffled up in a hairstyle from the same decade. Her too-red lips were working as she chewed on a piece of gum, overly-mascared eyes intent on the mirror she was using to check out her bust, which had to be at least a double D-cup under the tight, glossy plastic.

"Oh, hey " She said, in a distracted tone of voice, pulling her shoulders back to exaggerate her bust.

"I just had 'em done downstairs. What do you think? I mean you don't think I look 'mannish' or anything, do you?"

"No - no, you don't look the least bit 'mannish'..." Eric reassured her, numbly, as Monique pressed the call button for the elevator.

"You sure?" Dora asked, uncertainly, eyeing herself in one of the full-length mirrors. "I mean - the hair at least. You think I should go with long, blonde hair so nobody mistakes me for a guy?"

"Uh..." Eric stammered, uncertain how to answer that one. As it turned out, he didn't have to - the elevator doors opened, and he numbly followed Monique inside, his last view of the secretary being her hefting her 'new' tits experimentally.

"She used to wear very severe, almost masculine suits and very little make-up." Monique explained with a face that was almost comically deadpan for some reason. "Somebody said that she could almost be mistaken for a guy, and I guess she took it a little too seriously."

"Oh..." Eric said, bemused.

The ride was a short one, as they only went down one floor. It appeared that it was a busy night shift, since there were lab-coated technicians scurrying around on this floor, and they seemed more focused on their work - almost obsessively so, actually, very serious and intent.

"They've found a new-found dedication to their work." Monique said as she led him down the hall, her glorious body not even garnering second glances. "I'm all for fun and games, believe me - I actively encourage those interesting little eccentricities. But this company's work is very important, so I've shortened the shifts to four hours, and insist that the staff is one-hundred-percent pure business during that time - they can have 'fun' the rest of the time. I'm looking for new employees to expand the business, seeing as how I'm sure we're going to do very well indeed."

Eric was further bemused to hear Monique speaking as if she, not this Gary guy, was the owner - but, then again, maybe Gary was just a figurehead, a sop to the military type like the General who they had to do business with. It wasn't any of his business, anyway.

She stopped at the door to a lab and entered a code, causing the door to open. Eric stepped through...

"General!"

General Campbell looked equally surprised. "Major Cherney - what are you doing here?"

"When you never came back, never answered the page, I thought I'd better make sure you were all right. What happened? Have they been holding you prisoner?"

"Not at all, Major." The General laughed. "I just thought it might be a good idea to write down all my secrets for them."

Eric blinked. "What?"

"I..." The General started to answer - when Monique cut him off.

"Let me make this easier on both of you - I'm using mind-control on you to get you to do what I want. I want you to realize that, fully and completely, even though there's nothing you can do about it."

The two men frowned, their minds running back over the events they'd been through...and then their eyes widened in twin horror as they realized they had, indeed, been obeying whatever she told them...

"Don't move!" She ordered, even as the realization set in - and they found themselves pinned in place, unable to budge a muscle.

"You bitch!" Brad shouted. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Why, General..." She said, smiling sweetly. "I'm going to turn you and the Major into women. Sound familiar?"

"What?" Eric gasped. "That... that's impossible!"

"Oh, shit..." The General said in a resigned tone of voice. "Major, it's all too possible. Monique here used to be Gary Williamson, owner of this company."

Eric's eyes widened at the news that this gorgeous creature had once been a man. "No - no, you can't do this to us... to ME!"

"I can - and I'm going to." Monique said. She walked over to a counter and pulled out two bottles. "These are bottles of depilatory - hair remover. I want each of you to take one, go into the bathroom, and remove your hair. All of it, from everywhere over your body. Do it quickly and efficiently, without talking, then come right back here and sit down in those chairs without speaking."

Horried, the men found they had no choice but to obey her orders, walking forward and taking a bottle each, then heading into the bathroom, with its multiple-stall showers, like a locker room.

Helplessly, they undressed and stepped into the showers, covering every inch of their body with the gel-like substance, then turning on the water and washing it - and their hair - off their bodies, leaving them bald and smooth. Equally as helpless, they returned to the main lab and sat down in the chairs, unable to move or speak.

"Unlike some people..." Monique said, pointedly. "I'm not going to be overly cruel about this. I need you out of the way, and I'm not willing to kill you, or keep you around in any form for 'entertainment'. I'm going to make sure that you'll never be 'found' by the authorities, and get you out of my hair."

She walked forward, holding two needles in her hand. "This is the base 'female' formula, which will do the genetic work. Now, I am ordering you not to feel any pain or discomfort of any sort while it's doing it's job."

Quickly and efficiently, Monique injected each of the silent, still men, then stood back and watched as their bodies writhed and changed, the intense pain she'd felt during her change blocked from their conscious minds. As she'd said, she wasn't inherently cruel - she just craved power and control, which she had in spades over these men. She didn't need the extra complications of a couple of more 'non-persons' around the lab, though: the fact that she had no verifiable past herself was bad enough. She was going to be happy to get rid of these two trouble-makers.

After the change was finished, she ordered them to walk over to a pair of full-length mirror and take a look at themselves.

The two men stared at their newly feminine bodies in shock and dismay. Their actual shape was little changed, though the lack of any hair made it more 'feminine' than it might have been otherwise - but the fact that they no longer had cocks, but perfectly formed vaginas, was all the definition of 'feminine' they needed to know.

"So - what do you think...?" Monique asked, coyly.

"Oh, God... no..." Eric sobbed, shaking her head and staring at her new womanhood in the mirror.

Brad was less emotional, though his face was screwed up in non-physical pain. "I'm going to find a way to get you for this "

Monique shook her head. "No, you're not - because once you leave this property, you are to never, ever come back, nor try to see or contact me or anybody else from this facility - nor anybody at all that you knew from your past life. Is that understood.

"Yes " The two men chorused, Brad with a snarl and Eric with a whimper.

"Good - now onto the next order of business. Stand still while I give you another injection "

They had no choice but to obey as she emptied a large syringe into each of them.

"That's the new and improved serum I've developed. Now, the 'final changes' are controlled internally by your controlled mind generating a perfect balance of tension in your muscles and adrenaline in your system. Your body becomes malleable, your muscles tense or contract to reshape your body while different adrenaline levels affect hair length and color, etc. - and then you 'firm up' again, everything over in just a minute or two. This particular batch is time-delayed - it will kick in in " She glanced at a pair of cheap black watches sitting on the counter. "...Two hours, twelve minutes "

She held out a watch to each of them. "Put these on - you'll need them. Because that's how long you have to find your new 'boyfriend'."

"What?" Eric asked, taking the watch, and Monique laughed.

"To make sure you're out of my hair, I'm forcing you to enlist an ally in forming your new life. You have to find a man you have never met before, and convince him to let you move in, and help you form a new life. Don't worry about trying to convince men you're serious - a modified version of the mind- control pheromones are running through your systems right now. It won't make people obey you - but they'll believe you. That doesn't mean the first guy you ask will accept you, though."

"Why would anybody accept us?" Brad asked, tightly.

"Because of the benefit package." Monique grinned. "First of all, they'll get whatever size, shape and functional cock they want - it's part of the chemicals running through your system, which will let you change their dick to whatever they want. You have to tell them all this, so listen up and memorize it. Oh - and you won't be able to tell anybody that you used to be men, or what happened to get you in this situation. As far as you'll ever be able to tell anybody, it as if your life started the moment the initial change was finished, understand?"

She paused while they nodded, then continued, ticking off the points on her fingers.

"Also - I'm giving you each one thousand dollars to give your new boyfriend. Secondly, he'll have a major say in the new woman you'll be - because he'd help define you in the following ways;"

She paused, making sure she wasn't going to fast for them, then continued.

"He gets to buy you your first outfit of clothing, complete with jewelry and make-up. When you change, you have to change into a woman who not only fits into the clothing, but what you think a woman who would wear that type of clothing would look like. Second - he gets to define ONE specific point about your new body. Maybe he wants to make sure you are blonde, or blue-eyed, or a black woman. Whatever that one point is, you have to include it in your new body. Next: He gets to define two things about your 'new history'. Maybe he wants you to have been born in Sweden, or maybe he wants to pretend that you are an ex-chef so you'll be a great cook. Whatever he chooses, you have to do everything possible to make the new you match: so if he says you were a world-class chef, you'll be taking tons of cooking lessons 'just to brush up'."

She smiled and winked. "Finally, to make living with you easier for him, he gets to define three things about your personality. Maybe you are a 'neat freak' who keeps the apartment super-tidy. Whatever. In any case, these are the 'input' they'll have in your new life, and you have to build a body and persona around his choices and stay within that character from then on. You also have to stay with the man you've chosen unless HE tells you to leave, in which case you'll be on your own. Since this guy will have such an impact on your new life, I suggest you choose wisely - and quickly, because you only have two hours and five minutes, and you not only have to find him, he has to pick out your first set of clothes before the deadline."

"And if we don't make the deadline...?" Brad asked, pointedly.

"Oh - then my little 'penalty' kicks in, and you both end up as dumb Hispanic whores who also happen to be incredibly fertile - you're almost guaranteed a baby a year "

The two new women blanched as they realized that the bizarre 'new life' time-trial she was offering them WASN'T the worst of all possible options.

"Here's some clothes. You'd better hurry and while you two can be friends after the change if you want, I want you to split up while you look for you new 'boyfriend' "

Eric looked over at the pile of clothes she'd indicated - and shook her head at the sight of the simple black skirt, black cotton T-shirt, black ball-cap and large black 'Mary Jane' shoes for her still-male- sized feet. "I can't wear these !"

"Unless you'd rather wear a leather micro-mini and thigh-high spiked heels, I'd suggest you dress Juanita " Brad growled in her non-gender-specific new voice. She hated what was happening as much as Eric did, but having instigated the same sort of thing on Monique, knew what was possible, what was likely - and what she'd damned well better do, like it or not.

Looking like two spectacularly bad cross-dressers - but now possessing the genitalia that made that definition impossible - the two ex-men head towards the two waiting taxis in the parking lot, one as coldly determined as she could manage, the other one dazed and barely aware of her surroundings...

~~~~~ ERIC

Thursday, March 3rd, 2001 2:07 a.m.

Eric was lost.

Not physically - physically, she was on the corner of Main and Addison, watching the cab pull away into the late-night darkness. No, she was lost emotionally, intellectually and identity-wise.

It had all happened so quickly, so 'easily' that she was having trouble coping with the fact that she was now, technically female. Though her body shape hadn't changed that much and she felt much the same as she always had, the knowledge that she was doomed to a lie of femininity was overwhelming.



Even worse was the fact that it wasn't yet over. She was, now, 'just barely' female, genetically a woman but very masculine looking. She felt decidedly out of place wearing a skirt and 'girlie' shoes, even if the shoes had heels little more than the ones of her dress uniform. It was the style, the fact that they were identified as women's wear that made all the difference.

Or, perhaps, the fact that she was now 'qualified' to wear them. She was a woman - and she was going to become more 'womanly' in the near future. She had to offer herself up to some man, to become the type of woman he chose - or she'd end up as a pregnant hooker.

She didn't deserve this. It wasn't fair. She hadn't know about the General's plan to turn that guy into Monique, or anything. Sure, he'd known he was helping the General pull off something sneaky and underhanded, something illegal - but this was one possible price she'd never imagined she'd be called on to pay for her transgressions.

Shivering more from emotional stress than from the cool air blowing over her bare legs, Eric turned and began to walk aimlessly down the street, wondering what she was going to do. How could she know what man was the right one to offer this 'deal' to? Which man could she trust not to take advantage of the situation? Monique had tried to 'tone down' the risks, but Eric was smart enough to see that there were all sorts of pitfalls. The man she picked could decide that what he wanted was some sort of sex slave, and that's what Eric would end up as - there was more than enough leeway in the man's options to allow him to do that.

God - a woman. She was a woman. No penis, no masculine 'power', illusory or not. Eric had known there were differences between men and women - and viva la difference! - but now that she was on the opposite side of the gender barrier she began to truly appreciate the fact, her mind seeming to delight in pointing out new things she'd have to deal with, the life she'd have to live.

Make-up. Dresses and high heels. Oh, sure, it wasn't like normal women wore that stuff twenty-four seven, but most wore something 'feminine' and some sort of make-up most of the time, and she'd stand out as 'weird' if she wore baggy clothes and no make-up or anything. There'd be no refuge in pretending she was still masculine, because people would see her as feminine, and so she'd be stared at, laughed at, taunted... treated the way she almost expected to be treated right now, wearing women's clothes. Either way she went, she was in the 'wrong' clothes, one of them wrong for her mental outlook, the other wrong for her new body.

Of course, it wasn't even up to her to choose. No - some guy was going to have the choice of what type of clothes she'd wear, what type of woman she'd be.

It was all too much. It was overwhelming. It was more than she could possibly take. To be a woman. She couldn't even be the 'type' of woman she'd choose for herself if she could. Making the best of a bad situation, she'd turn herself into a nice, butch lesbian, staying as close to the gender line as she could - but even that choice was ripped away from her. Though

Monique wasn't being 'cruel' by mind-controlling them into pseudo-'willing' femininity, it didn't help. Everything Eric had known had been torn away from her, her old life, her old identity, her old gender...

With humiliated disgust, Eric felt tears track down her cheeks at the fate that had been unfairly thrust upon her, and she helplessly began to sob as she staggered down the sidewalk.

~~~~~ BRAD

Thursday, March 3rd, 2001 2:11 a.m.

"Thank you." Brad said crisply, if a bit distracted, ignoring the cab driver's curled sneer as he tried to decide whether his fare had been a cross-dresser or just a really ugly woman.

Watching the cab pull away, Brad consciously brushed at the damned black skirt, smoothing it over her newly-smooth legs. There was a slight breeze blowing, and the sensation of air moving over her denuded legs was definitely new and undesirable, but she refused to let it get to her. After all, you didn't rise to the rank of General if you sweated the small stuff you couldn't do anything about.

He had to give Monique credit - she was a tougher opponent than Brad had expected, and the 'turnabout' punishment was a nice touch, from a purely vengeful point of view. However, tactically, it had been a mistake - and it was one that Brad intended to exploit.

Rule number one was 'never leave a live enemy behind you', and it was a rule that Monique obviously hadn't learned. Well, it was one lesson she was going to get a very pointed education in before long.

Taking stock of her surroundings, Brad nodded to herself and started walking, vaguely reassured by the muffled 'thump' of the short heels, so like the ones she was used to wearing with her dress uniform.

Brad was smart enough to know that being a woman, though definitely not something he wanted or was looking forward to, wasn't the end of the world. It certainly wasn't a 'fate worse than death'.

There was no such thing, in Brad's opinion. Death was the final failure, after which you couldn't do anything to correct your mistake. Being female, while pretty damned bad, still allowed for victory, if you were smart and tough and determined - and Brad certainly was. Even as the cab had carried her into town, she'd been planning how to handle this. If you took the starting point that being turned into a woman was more or less like being wounded in combat - undesirable, annoying and uncomfortable, but not fatal - then you could push ahead, allowing for the changes in lifestyle forced upon you by your 'wounds'. Well, maybe that bitch had figuratively shot her dick off, but Brad still had her metaphorical balls - big brass ones, and that was something the bitch couldn't take away.

She was going to make that bitch sorry she'd ever tangled with Bradley J. Campbell, of either gender.

~~~~~ ERIC

Thursday, March 3rd, 2001 2:47 a.m.

Eric lowered her head and fled the pub - and the laughter that trailed her into the night, the taunts and jeers from the men inside from her hesitant, quavering explanation of her situation and the offer. Her cheeks burned with shame, little cooled by the tears that streamed from her reddened eyes.

Not that the men hadn't believed her - no, with the milder version of the mind-control perfume wafting from her pores, men believed her story well enough - and seemed to find it worthy of extending her humiliation. She knew she was a pitiful sight, an ugly woman, practically offering the old 'Frog Prince' offer in modern context.

Time was passing, too quickly. There was less than an hour for her to find a man who'd accept the offer, have him buy or find her an outfit of clothes to define her new body - and if she failed, life as a whore.

Then again - maybe that was her fate if it was accepted. She had no idea what she'd end up as. The man would determine that, and who knew what he'd choose...?

Slumping against the corner of the wall, she raised her teary eyes and stared up at the uncaring sky above, wondering if she should just give up, if she should just...

"Geez, Louise - what the hell are you?"

Jaw clenching at the question, Eric lowered her face to stare at her latest tormentor.

It was some college jock, from the looks of it. Early-to-mid twenties, muscular, clear-eyed and energetic. Probably just came from a night-club where he'd spent the evening dancing with the 'chicks', keeping away from the booze because he was 'in training' - he had the athletic build that would support the assumption, with taut muscles beneath his loose hockey jersey and tight jeans. Unkempt sandy-blond hair hung in front of dark eyes that were regarding her with an ill-disguised look of disgust. He was standing confidently, hands in pockets and broad shoulders back, and he seemed more amused by her pain than anything else.

"Please - don't." Eric said, emotionally drained and incapable of handling more humiliation.

The jock held up his hands in a placating gesture. "Sure, yeah, okay. I was just wonderin' what time it was, and saw you standin' here, so I came over to ask - but I didn't know whether to say 'hey, buddy' or 'hey, babe' to get your attention."

"It's 'babe'." Eric said, heavily. "As far as it goes."

The guy's eyebrows rose. "Hey, look, no offense lady, but I figured it would come as a shock to you to find out you ain't a model, no what I mean? Unless you live somewhere with no mirrors at all, you gotta know that."

"Yes, I'm aware of how ugly I am." Eric said, with a sigh. "Come back in a hour, maybe you'll like the way I look then better."

"Sorry - I ain't drinkin' tonight." The jock said, with a laugh.

"That's not what I meant." Eric said - and then shrugged her shoulders and explained the whole thing to the guy, who watched her with raised eyebrows. Since he had to believe her, it couldn't be and expression of disbelief, so Eric wondered what the hell was going on in the guys mind.

When she'd finished, he looked her up and down slowly. "So - I gotta let you live with me, but I get to decide what you look like? Is that it?"

"Yeah." Eric sighed. "So, go ahead and laugh, then leave me alone."

"Laugh?" the guy said, grinning. "Hell, no - that's the best offer I've heard in a long time. I'll take you up on it."

Eric blinked, then felt a cold ball in the pit of her stomach. This guy? Deciding what she'd be like for the rest of her life? Just looking at him you could tell she'd end up as his empty-headed little play-toy, something to keep around the house for...

Eric closed her eyes and took a deep breath, jaw clenched. Time was running out. Could she afford to be choosy? This guy's little toy - or a whore who let any man with money have their way with her, until she was to pregnant to work...

"Okay..." She said, almost to softly top be heard.

"Great! I live a couple a blocks away. C'mon hey, what's your name?"

"Erica." Eric - Erica - said, unable to give a masculine name that she couldn't explain. "Great. I'm Ted." He said. "So - this way to you new life, babe."

"yeah. Great." She said, heavily, following the man who'd decide her fate towards his place, each step seeming to crush what little spirit remained within her altered body...

~~~~~ BRAD

Thursday, March 3rd, 2001 3:05 a.m.

"Welcome to my humble abode..." Douglas Rathbourne said, dryly, leading Brad into the impressive marble-and-oak foyer of his condo, dropping his keys on the 17th century Italian table with a casual ease that the 'average Joe' wouldn't have believed the rich and powerful was as used to as themselves.

Brad - or, as she'd introduced herself to Douglas, Brenda - was suitably impressed with the tastefully understated elegance of the apartment, not as flashy as the nouveau riche might have decorated, but showing restraint as well as wealth - just the thing she was looking for.

Brenda's plan was going perfectly - she'd found her 'patron' to make her plan run its course, a man with enough wealth and power to pull it off - and the savvy to understand what Brenda was offering, above and beyond the offer to become the man's own ideal woman.

Monique had made two major mistakes: First, she'd instructed them that they, themselves could not come back to the lab, or try and see any of the staff - but she didn't prohibit them from having anybody else do so - which led directly to her second mistake; telling them that the 'new life' they were allowed to talk about began the instant they were transformed, at the lab - not once they'd left. So, Brenda had no trouble telling Douglas about the lab, though she hadn't been able to tell him all the details he would have liked to know, because she'd learned them before the change.

Still, it was enough.

"Well, I think we're about ready here, don't you?" Douglas said, leading Brenda into the large, comfortable living-room. Draped over his arm was the selection of clothing he'd purchased on the way home for the transformation, though he'd left Brenda in the car while picking it out, prolonging the 'suspense'. Brenda wasn't exactly excited about being made more lovely, but if she was going to be Douglas' new partner in this little scheme - the silent one, but partner nonetheless - then she supposed it was best that she looked presentable.

"Just about..." Brenda agreed, checking the watch. "Another eight minutes to go."

"You'd better dress, then." Douglas said, opening up the garment bag and pulling out the ensemble he'd chosen for her.

As Brenda stripped down, Douglas looked away - probably more out of a lack of interest than gentlemanly conduct, since God knows that she was hardly gorgeous at this stage. It didn't mean he wasn't involved, though - he was giving her his options while she got ready.

"Very well - the one physical option I want to choose for you is your age: You'll be twenty-one years old, at least in appearance." Douglas said.

Brenda blinked, then shrugged - it'd be knocking two decades off her real age, and make her considerably younger than Douglas, but she supposed she could live with it. As she accepted the parameter, she was slipping on the pair of black, semi-frilly panties he'd bought for her, finding them a poor fit - but not nearly as bad as the matching C-cup bra, which bit quite nastily at back and shoulders.

"For the two 'history' choices..." Douglas continued as she slipped on the simple black nylons, "...I want it to be that; a), you attended the Dumassy Finishing School for Young ladies, and b) You have four arrests as a juvenile, mostly for trespassing and intoxication."

Mentally, Brenda shrugged at the choices as she slipped on the dark, dark blue dress. It was sort of frilly, with layered 'ruffles' forming the skirt, which was on a diagonal to the bodice, with its frilly shoulders. It reminded Brenda of a prom dress

he'd seen, years ago, but more elegant. She guessed it fit into Douglas' description of her as a 'cultured' young lady with a bit of a wild side.

Grimacing, Brenda crammed her feet as far as she could into the too-small black leather pumps with four-inch heels. There was some simple-yet-elegant jewelry to go with the outfit, and she hurriedly put them on, looking at the bags the clothes had come from with a curious gaze - there still seemed to be quite a bit of clothing in them.

Maybe Douglas hadn't quite made up his mind at the time he'd bought them, and purchased an 'alternative' set. Oh, well, it didn't matter...

"Okay - less then a minute..." She told Douglas, looking at the watch she'd put on the coffee table. "the mental changes?"

"No time - and no hurry." He said. "I can give them to you after the change, when you adjust my... personal measurements.'

"Sure - fine." Brenda said, unable to completely repress the leaden sensation in her belly as the sweep hand of the watch approached the mark...

She gasped as the changes started, her muscles tensing up like an all-over Charley Horse, forcing flesh and bone into new configurations, even as she felt hair rapidly pulling up from her scalp and spilling down the sides and back of her head. It was uncomfortable, her body locked into an awkward position as she was physically reshaped into the woman who would match the clothes and persona Douglas had defined for her...

...and then it was over. Gasping, she relaxed, feeling her feet slid all the way into the now perfectly- fitting shoes.

"Perfection, my dear Brenda..." Douglas said, looking at her with something akin to awe. He'd believed her when she'd told him what would happen, but 'believing' and 'experiencing' were two different things.

"Glad you like it..." She replied, dryly, hearing her new, contralto voice.

"Why don't you take a look?" Douglas suggested, gesturing at a mirror, and she had to admit to some curiosity about the body she was going to be wearing from now on, even if she wasn't exactly happy about being female, no matter how she looked.

With only a little awkwardness in her walk, due to her unfamiliarity with heels, she found herself struggling for a 'graceful' stride, that being what her persona would use. Since her mind was programmed to act the part of her new life, she was sure she'd pick up the skills quickly, from the programmed 'obsession' to play her new role.

Reaching the mirror, she looked herself over - and had to admit, she was quite lovely,. Her features were even and well-defined, but with a sort of open beauty that was warmer then a cool, 'classic' beauty would have been. As a matter of fact, Brenda though she looked a little like that actress, Denise Richards - that same sort of clean beauty.

Her hair was a dirty blonde that hung down just past her shoulders, clean and silky. Her body itself was slender and shapely, with the lithe agility of youth, as defined by the fact she was supposed to be twenty-one again - which looked about right to Brenda's eye. Well, of course, it would. The change hadn't been an absolute - it had been based on Brenda's own idea of what a twenty-one year old young lady would look like, so she could hardly be surprised by the fact that she looked just the way she expected such a woman would look.

In fact - even though she wasn't excited about the prospect of being female, she had to admit that there were many, many worse female bodies to be forced to spend life in. Even the fact she was 'young' again was an added bonus, since she'd have apparent wisdom beyond her years, giving her even more of an edge against adversaries who would be fooled by her appearance.

Yes - this body would do just fine...

~~~~~ ERIC

Thursday, March 3rd, 2001 3:07 a.m.

"Okay - the physical thing." Ted said with a grin. "Tits - huge tits. Massive, firm, round boobs, as big as they can get inside that shirt, so that it's strained nearly to the breaking point."

'Okay...' Erica agreed, morosely. She was resigned to it, practically expecting it - after all, look what she was wearing. Black platform ankle-boots with seven-inch high heels. Black jeans that were loose around the hips and ass but so tight at the actual waist that she couldn't button them, with a big white- leather belt that was holding the jeans up. A fuzzy white short-sleeve, low-necked sweater that was - now 'understandably' - somewhat baggy. Gaudy, cheap jewelry. Erica was sure that if Ted hadn't been constrained by the fact that the only store he could find that was open was a second-hand shop otherwise, she'd probably be in that micro-miniskirt and fishnet stockings.

"Okay - the history things..." Ted said, eagerly, glancing at the watch. "First off, I want you to have worked in the past as a stripper - you know, and exotic dancer. A really good one, like a feature or something, with really good moves, y'know?"

"Yeah. Sure." She said, bitterly. "I'll be just incredible. I'm sure of it..."

"Great, great..." Ted said, obviously enjoying this immensely. "Okay, the other history thing - you did that work as a stripper while putting yourself through University, which you graduated from last year, uh - whatcha call it? Suma Come Loudah?"

Erica blinked in surprise - a university-educated Stripper? Who graduated with honors?

Her 'Blonde Bimbo Sex Toy' mental image wavered as she opened her mouth to ask Ted 'why?'.... and that was the position she was caught in as the change hit.



It wasn't excruciatingly painful - and she was almost sorry for that fact, since she was coherent enough to feel the sensations of her body changing. Of the rapidly swelling weight on her chest. Of the hair spilling down from her head. Of the way her legs writhed and reshaped as she settled into the hell, her hips and ass expanding as her waist narrowed...

...and then it was over, and Erica was in the form she'd wear from now on.

Ted was staring at her wide-eyed, and her new jaw tightened at the thought of being his little toy for as long as he wanted her to be - but it was too late to back out now. He had three 'persona' changes he could make to her, and she was sure what they would be...

Shaking her head, she felt her new hair run over her shoulders and back, and felt a prickle of resigned curiosity about the sexual caricature she'd become. With a sigh, she headed towards the mirror in the corner of the room, finding herself struggling to walk with an easy, stripper-like grace that she'd have to learn quickly, driven by her need to play this new role...

She reached the mirror - and saw her new form.

She was surprised - apparently, her confusion at the instant of change had 'messed up' her transformation. She wasn't nearly the mindless sex-bomb she would have been.

She was taller than she'd expected - after the fact, she realized that the clothes she was wearing had been bought to fit her mannish height, obviously a mistake on Ted's part. Her height had been kept the same to fit clothes that Ted had mistakenly bought in the right length, when what he'd really wanted to do was buy something too small.

She was definitely a woman now, though. Sure, she'd been one before this change - but now there's no doubt. From her long legs to her wide, womanly hips and incredible ass. From the tiny waist to those gargantuan tits, each one the size and shape of a medicine ball, straining the fuzzy sweater to its limit and displaying an awe-inspiring amount of cleavage - which sickened her, at least at the moment. She was sure that Ted would shortly make her 'love' her new body, or at least she'd be forced to act that way...

It was mostly in the face that the 'goof-up' had happened. It was definitely sexy, with full lips and a feminine jaw, but she wasn't vapid-looking. Her thoughts about 'college educated' at the moment of change had given her a beautiful, sexy face that was intelligent - beneath a huge, thick mane of incredibly rich, red hair that matched her emerald eyes.

She was stunning. Sexy. Huge-breasted, yet intelligent-looking. She was also more athletically built than she'd expected, an unexpected 'side-effect' from the 'stripper' clause, one she suspected Ted hadn't expected. Tall and confident-looking, she managed to be a mouth-watering wet dream, without appearing at all like a 'bimbo'. In fact - she looked like a cross between April Hunter and Geena Davis only much, much better endowed than either one of them, of course.

"Gee, sorry Ted." She said, with a sort of grim satisfaction, despite the heavy weight of the outrageously huge tits on her chest. "I know you must be disappointed, but there's no way to change me now."

"Disappointed?" Ted asked, incredulous. "Hell, no - aside from the fact I was picturing you as a brunette, you're exactly what I wanted..." He grinned. "In fact - I like the red hair better."

"This is what you imagined?" She asked, surprised. "Sure." He said. "Now - for those other things..." She sighed - here it came...

"First - you're completely comfortable with your new body." Ted said. "You like the way you look, you're proud of your body, you enjoy having your figure and looks..."

Of course - just like she'd thought... but she didn't have time to dwell on her correct assessment, because she was coping with the way the world suddenly 'shifted'.

She knew that, a moment before, she'd thought herself ridiculously over-endowed... but yet, now, she thought she looked perfect. She actually did love her new body, even though she knew it was imposed - she couldn't help it. Her massive, firm tits were fantastic, just the right size, and she loved their heavy, firm weight.

It was a weird feeling to enjoy a body she knew she hadn't wanted...

She was just getting a handle on the sudden shift in mindset when Ted went on.

"Second - you're completely comfortable around me. At ease. Friendly, confident, like we're old friends." Ted said.

It was along the lines of what she was expecting - but not quite the version she'd thought. Still, it didn't matter - it was his command, and so suddenly she felt tension drain out of her as she felt completely relaxed in his presence - even happy. She knew that it wasn't her own choice, but it didn't matter - she found herself feeling like he was an old friend, somebody she liked and trusted, somebody she could joke around with, playfully insult...

Then she braced herself. Even though she almost unwillingly liked and trusted him, she wasn't happy about the fact that she was about to become his unwilling lover, though she was sure she'd love it once he'd told her to....

"Last - you love to sing, and you do it all the time, especially when you're happy."

She blinked. "Uh okay." She didn't feel any different, since it wasn't an 'immediate' shift in viewpoint but there was something out of place.

"That's all of them, you know " She said, hesitantly.

"Yeah." He said, blinking.

"You mean you never planned to order me to have sex with you if you wanted me to?"

Ted actually reeled back, as if she'd just punched him in the face. "What? But - good god, Erica, that'd be rape!"

Erica's jaw gaped. "I know that... but I though well, having a woman who had to obey any three commands you gave... Well, after ordering it, I would have been 'willing' enough "

"Enough!" Ted said, holding his hands up. "God, you're making me sick, even suggesting it! I mean, sure you are my ideal fantasy girlfriend now, perfect in every way - but I wouldn't want you to be some sort of slave! Having you around the apartment, able to see you whenever I want - fantasize about you... I'll be jacking off to that every night, I'm sure - but I never expected "

He trailed off, eyes going wide. "Holy shit - you mean, you thought I was going to ? Oh, man! How on earth did you go through with it?"

Erica was trying to wrap her mind around the fact that she wasn't going to be some sort of 'kept slave'. She'd seen her new life as one of horror, trapped in a body she didn't want, forced to be a bimbo sex-slave...

It wasn't happening. Thanks to Ted's commands - very well-thought-out and generous commands, she now saw - she was absolutely comfortable in her new body. In fact, imposed or not, she loved it, and wouldn't trade it for another one in a million years - not even her old male one. The way she was feeling now, in a couple of weeks she'd feel completely comfortable in this body...

...and in this apartment. With his second command, he'd made her comfortable around him, making this as much her home as his. Her refuge. A place where she belonged.

As for the third one.. well, he just liked to hear a woman sing. Especially when she was happy. That was it. No commands to...

"You mean - you weren't expecting sex. Aren't expecting sex, I mean?" Erica asked, amazed. "You have your fantasy woman living with you - and you just plan to jerk off to the thought of me...?"

Saying it gave mental image to the comment.. and she was more then just bemused to find her new body getting aroused at the thought of her 'good friend' Ted getting that turned on over her 'perfect' body.

"Look, Erica, I don't know what guy screwed you over so badly to think we're all uncaring pigs, but I'd never do that to somebody." Ted said, firmly. "I knew that you really didn't want to become who you now are, but didn't have a choice - and I tried to make it as easy on you as I could."

"I realize that, now." She admitted.

Ted slowly began to blush, and he looked away. "In fact... I feel guilty enough about what I've done to you as it is, but... I couldn't help myself. It was too much temptation..."

Erica blinked. "what do you mean?"

Ted looked utterly ashamed of himself. "Well, if I was any kind of real gentleman, I woulda asked what you wanted to look like, and let you be that way... but I couldn't pass up the chance to see my fantasy girl in the living flesh. I know, I know - I'm a real shit. But, I've been dreaming about a girl like you for years, but she doesn't exist, see? Big-tit strippers, ones who get implants that impossibly huge there's maybe two or three of 'em, and they tend to be kinda funny looking, like they got those huge boobs as compensation, y'know? I.. I just wanted to see a gorges, sexy, intelligent woman with huge tits is all... I'm sorry, I should have just left my fantasy life in my head and on the Internet, not taken advantage of you like this. I feel like such a shit..."

Erica gaped. "What? Are you kidding, Ted? You didn't do anything wrong - in fact, this was the kindest thing I could imagine. I never even considered somebody worrying about my feelings when they had complete control of what my life would be like. I never dared hope that I'd actually be comfortable and happy in my new life! You didn't do anything wrong - you did everything so right that I'm still having trouble accepting it. Having a dream-body to look at in exchange for your kindness is hardly to large a price for you to ask me to pay!"

Ted smiled wanly. "Thanks, Erica - but now that I've seen you, satisfied the urge, I can't kid myself - I was being selfish. I mean, I was caught up in it - it was like a fantasy brought true, you know? Just what I dreamed about, a change to create my ideal woman... but fantasy is just that, fantasy. Instead, I do this to you in real life. I coulda done anything, allowed you to escape what you obviously saw as a fate worse then death before I screwed with your mind.. yet I never even asked what you wanted, just went ahead and used you for my fantasy. The fact that you can live with it, now that there's no chance to correct it - well, that's small comfort..."

Erica was stunned - he was beating himself up over this? Sure, she could admit that, before he'd changed her mind, she'd been rather disgusted by the body he'd given her, but the truth was...

Then, like a bolt from the blue, she realized that the truth was exactly what Ted needed to hear.

"Ted - don't do this to yourself." She said, grabbing him by the shoulders and sitting him down on the couch, curling up next to him, unconsciously pulling her legs up under her in a very feminine position. "I want you to listen to me, Ted."

"What?" He asked, dejected - and he couldn't even look at her. Having created his fantasy girl, he'd convinced himself that he'd been such a selfish shit that he couldn't even look at her, his one unreal fantasy now a living, breathing symbol of his guilt at being so 'selfish'...

"Ted." She said, firmly and sincerely. "Before this happened, if you had asked me what body I wanted, what life I wanted - I couldn't have answered you. Because I didn't want any body, any life."

Well, not any feminine body or life, but she couldn't tell him that - and even if she'd been able to, she wouldn't have. It would have served no purpose, especially since the change she'd just undergone couldn't have made her male, anyway.

"What?" He asked, glancing up at her, confused...

Well, the truth had got his attention, made him willing to believe that maybe - just maybe - he wasn't the worst human on the face of the planet.

What was done was done. She was trapped in this body and life now - and, to tell the truth, it seemed like it could actually be a life... that she could enjoy. Especially with a friend who was so caring about her, even only knowing her such a short time, that he was killing himself over an imagined sin...

Well, if there was no more truth, it was time to lie, just to help her friend...

"This thing that was done to me?" She said, making it up as she went along. "It was because I was suicidal. I hated being a woman - because of what a guy did to me before, like you thought. I hated my life - so the person who did this to me was trying to help, figuring that a new life and body might break me out of my suicidal thoughts. At the time, I hated her for that - for forcing me to keep living when I wanted to die, but now I see she was right..."

Well, it sounded good. But Ted looked uncertain, though not as utterly dejected. "You mean... I couldn't have picked something you liked better?"

She shook her head, smiling gently. "No - but you could have picked something I would have hated, and didn't. Thank you, Ted."

Without even thinking about, acting the part of her new persona to a 't', she leaned forward and gave him light kiss on his cheek, the kind a good female friend might give a dejected guy friend after cheering him up.

It wasn't until she'd pulled back that she realized what she'd just done...

...and how good it had felt. Her face went blank, even as Ted's filled with mild surprise as the fact she'd just kissed him registered...

...and then she leaned forward and kissed him again. On the lips.

Just to see if it felt as good as it had when her lips had lightly brushed Ted's cheek.

It didn't feel just as good.

It felt much, much better. Absolutely fantastic, as matter of fact, sending a shiver of pleasure up her spine - and it wasn't some sort of enforced sexual pleasure, either, but a deep emotional one.

Physically, having her lips on his felt about the same way it had when she had been a man kissing a girl, with only slight variations - but emotionally, pressing her lips to his gave her great satisfaction, as well as a deep comfort and calm joy like nothing she'd ever experienced before.

Ted was stunned, feeling her lips against his, then she sat back with a puzzled look in her eyes, brows lowered in thought as she looked at him - or in his direction, anyway, her puzzled yes vague.

"You kissed me..." Ted said, stating the obvious in his confusion.

"Yeah... I guess I did..." She said, vaguely, her mind obviously busy with something. Ted had no way of knowing that she was trying to figure out what the hell was going on. Oh, she understood the first kiss well enough, it had been a completely 'natural' thing for her to have done - but why had it made her feel so good? And why had the second kiss, on his lips, been so much better?

...and how would it feel if she really kissed him...?

Still with a vague, puzzled look on her face, she leaned forward again, lips parting expectantly - and Ted pulled back.

"What - what's going on?" He stammered, confused. Just moments before, she'd been worried that she'd be forced to have sex with him - and now she was kissing him?

"I'm not sure..." She said, her voice still vague as her mind tried to get a grip on itself. Why was she feeling what she was feeling? Why was she behaving the way she was?

Did it matter? It felt really good to kiss Ted - did she have to flog herself over the fact that she thought it shouldn't. She was a woman now, and women enjoyed kisses, so what was the big deal? Why not just enjoy it, if it felt good?

"Ted... kiss me..." She murmured, eyes sharpening. "Uh ?" Ted stammered.

She grinned impishly. "What? I'm not you type? C'mon, Ted - we both know better." "Well, I..." Ted said, still trying to catch up with the situation...

..and she leaned forward and kissed him while his lips were open.

He hesitated - then kissed back, his tongue moving with hers in a long, slow, gently passionate kiss. Almost instinctively, she leaned into the kiss, pressing her body against his - and he replied by wrapping his arms around her body.

She felt like she was in heaven. Physically, the sensations were just 'nice' - but emotionally, she felt warm and happy and relaxed, comfortable and comforted and more than just a tad aroused.

Which made her mind wonder why she wasn't pulling away. After all, wasn't this her worst nightmare? To be in a sexual situation as a woman?

Then, like an exploding bombshell, it hit her.....

This wasn't her worse nightmare. Her worst nightmare had been being forced into a sexual relationship - something Ted had refused to do to her, even though he could have done so easily, with no repercussions of any sort.

She felt warm, safe and comfortable - because she was warm, safe and comfortable. She knew that she could say 'stop' at any time, and he would. In fact, she knew that he was willing to do whatever he needed to do to avoid hurting her - because he wouldn't be able to live with himself if he thought he was taking advantage of her. She knew that for a fact, having seen how he reacted to an imagined 'sin' upon her.

So, by definition, the new woman she'd become was perfectly 'comfortable' with Ted, like an old friend. She was no longer 'upset' by feeling female, feeling completely 'natural' about it, emotionally, though she knew intellectually that she'd been a man - and she now felt safe and 'happy' with Ted, who she thought was amazingly kind, caring and sensitive.

It all added up to one thing:

"Ted..." She whispered as she broke the kiss. "I love you." Ted's eyes widened. "E.. Erica?"

She smiled at him, softly. "You are the kindest, sweetest, most wonderful man I've ever been with..." - which was true - "...and you are very, very handsome, too. Which was also true, though she hadn't been emotionally geared to really notice it until she'd become comfortable with being female...

Part of her mind was insisting that this wasn't right. That it was too sudden, a too rapid turn-around, that she was, at heart, really a man, for God's Sake...!

Except that she couldn't feel like a man. It wasn't permitted. She had to be the woman she was now. She'd been ordered by Monique to play the persona, and ordered by Ted to be happy with her body. To enjoy it. To be comfortable around him in it - and all these things added together was more than she could possibly argue with. Though she wasn't consciously aware of the fact, her mind had happily accepted the commands Ted had given her, not fighting them in the least. Intellectually, she knew she was going to have to spend her life as a woman - and so, once she realized that she wouldn't be 'enslaved', her mind had gone ahead and done a one-eighty, embracing the thought that she could enjoy life as a woman...

...which meant that she didn't want to spend her life alone and unattached. Or celibate.

"Make love to me, Ted." She whispered, huskily, her body tingling with desire for this handsome man. With her mind now open to 'reality' rather than her old male bias, she could see how handsome Ted was, how kind - and how desirable.

"But... I..." Ted stammered, his cock rapidly hardening in spite of his intellectual confusion at her sudden shift in emotions. "You... you didn't want to have sex..."

"That was when I thought my life was a living hell, and wanted to die..." She said, massaging his chest through his jersey with her wonderfully feminine new hands. "Now that I know life can be worth living, I want to live it to the fullest.... It's a woman's prerogative to change her mind, after all "

Leaning back slightly, she reached down with crossed arms, grabbed the bottom of her sweater, and pulled it smoothly over her head, revealing her incredibly huge, round tits in all their glory. The tits that she loved having. The tits she loved Ted



for giving her. The tits that, in a very real way, belonged to Ted anyway, so she so wanted him to enjoy them, to reward him for having given them to her.

"Make long, passionate love to me, Ted..." She said, gently gripping his wrists and guiding his hands up to her enormous, firm breasts. "Make me feel like a real woman."

She was, quite literally, his fantasy woman - and she wasn't just begging him to 'fuck her', but telling him that she loved him and wanted him to have sex with her...

Who the hell was he to refuse something like that?

As he began to fondle the enormous tits he'd given her, she shifted position to lean against the couch beside him, allowing her to unzip his pants and pull them off, revealing his fair-sized cock, already hard and throbbing. Sliding her legs off the couch, she stood leaning over him to allow him to reach her tits and continue fondling them as she peeled off her pants, revealing her moist, ready new womanhood.

With a smile, she straddled him on the couch, legs spread. "Can I ask a favor, my love...?" She whispered.

"Yes. Anything..." Ted agreed, easily, lost in the moment.

"Let me pick your new cock for you..." She said, and he blinked at her - and grinned.

Smiling back at him, she slowly lowered herself onto his hard cock, gasping in pleasure - then turned on the 'emotional floodgates' that altered her own physical chemical makeup slightly, enough to activate the chemical that would affect his cock...

...which began to grow inside her. She gasped at the sensations as it swelled and expanded inside her hot new cunt, until it filled her perfectly, like a hand inside a glove.

"Yes..." She moaned, expanding the veins a little to give it a little more texture - 'ribbed, for her pleasure' - and 'tweaked' his output...

...and then, slowly, shifted her body up and back down, making both of them moan in exquisite pleasure. His hand went from her tits to her hips as she repeated the action - and then again, faster and harder... and again...

Now she was pounding up and down atop him in an easy, primal rhythm, her head rolling back and eyes closing as she gasped at the intense pleasure she was feeling as his perfect cock massaged the incredible nerve-endings in her new womanhood. Her body was afire with pleasure as she drove herself atop him, the organ she'd altered to her own specifications milking every possible drop of pleasure out of the actions - as it gave Ted every ounce of pleasure he could experience, something he certainly seemed to enjoy, from his moans and gasps.

Then she hit her first female orgasm - and screamed out her pure physical and emotional pleasure to the world, lost in the white haze of orgasmic ecstasy, not knowing -or caring - that her new, passionate love for this man was from a combination of mental control and sheer relief at not being forced to perform the very act she'd just willingly asked for...

She was in heaven.

~~~~~ BRAD

Thursday, March 3rd, 2001

3:07 a.m.

"Now, about those mental changes..." Douglas said.

"Yes?" Brenda said, turning away from the mirror in mild annoyance - obviously, it was time to complete the transformation into a cultured young lady.

Douglas grinned, unpleasantly. "well, since I'm sure the knowledge that I couldn't care less about this stupid lab you prattled on about would probably leave you moody and upset, my first command is that, no matter how you feel, you'll always act happy, perky and cheerful."

Helplessly, Brenda found her new lips curving up into a bright smile as her posture changed, her back straightening, her shoulders coming back, her weight shifting towards her toes as she bounced slightly.

"Well, you're just a lying bastard, aren't you?" She asked in a cheerful, playful tone. "If you didn't care about the lab, why'd you accept the offer then, Douglas?"

With a cheerful little action, she punched him playfully on the shoulder - when the command she'd issued to her body was to slug him in the face. Obviously, that wasn't the action of a 'cheerful, happy' young woman, so the playful tap was the best she could do - and from the grin on Douglas' face, he knew it.

"My mother was headmistress at the Dumassy School while I was growing up." Douglas explained. "All the stuck-up bitches, looking down their noses at me because I was a nobody, wouldn't even give me the time of day - I got rich, just so I could rub their faces in it when I got to turn them down... except, you know what? I've never had a Dumassy girl interested in me, the stupid cunts. Well, now I can finally get what I want - which leads me to my second order: you're a nymphomaniac. You can't stop thinking about sex. Every situation you are in, you mind will turn to sex."

Even as she cursed him, silently, she found her body becoming aroused as she thought about sex. About her body, so ripe and feminine, so close to a man. Of the empty, private room, where they could fuck - say on the couch over there...

...and if he didn't want to, that ornament looked like it'd make a fine dildo. She could lay down, spread her legs, and shove that sucker deep into her cunt, fucking herself madly...

...or maybe he had a butler. Maybe both him and the butler, and...

"Oh, wow - that's something..." She said, brightly, which was the cursing and swearing translated into 'happy and cheerful' as she tried - and failed - to erase the constant stream of sexual thoughts running through her mind as her body became incredibly - and, she guessed, perpetually - aroused.

"I bet it is." Douglas smirked. "Now, for the piece de resistance You are helplessly, hopelessly addicted to my cock, and the cum it produces. You love the taste, the smell, the feel of it. You want to lick it, to suck it, to fondle and fuck it. You want to drip with cum."

It hit her like a sledge-hammer - the craving for his cock. To touch it, to fuck it, to suck it - she didn't care what, just as long as she could have his cock. It didn't matter how he was using it on her, as long as she was in physical contact with it...

...and it disgusted her. She couldn't help feeling that way, even though it sickened her, and she couldn't show the fact that it sickened her.

"Oh, hey, Doug - can I suck your cock? Please?" she begged, humiliated to be asking - begging - for this. "I'll do anything you want... just let me hold your cock "

"Oh, you can do better than just hold it." Douglas grinned. "You see, it's time for you to change my cock. I want you to make my cock as big as it possibly can be, and still fit in your mouth - and I want you to make it produce incredible amounts of cum."

"Oh, yes...!" She gasped happily - horrified, as she eagerly knelt in front of him and all but ripped his pants open, setting his cock free. Doubly disgusted by the fact that she was literally 'dreaming; of this, her mind insisting that she needed it, wanted it, lived for it - even as she was aware that she was disgusted by it.

With a horrible eagerness, she enveloped his cock with her warm new mouth - and activated the slight change in biochemistry that would alter his cock, feeling it swell and grow inside her mouth, her head pushed back as the organ grew longer and thicker, until it was so enormous that she could just barely keep it in her mouth...

...and then she began to suck it, tongue swirling over the end as her hands frantically worked the shaft.

The fact that she was incredibly aroused and excited by the feel of a cock in her mouth and hands sickened her. The fact that the flavor of the male organ in her mouth was utterly wonderful disgusted her. The fact that she was painfully aroused by the fact she was being allowed to suck him off made her want to die...

...but not until after the blow job. She couldn't even conceive of doing anything to stop herself from sucking his cock.

Then he came - and came, and came. Hot cum gushed down her throat, tasting like purest ambrosia. It was more than she could possibly hope to swallow, but she struggled to do so anyway, practically drowning herself in the flood of cum until she

was forced to pull her mouth off his cock, hating the way it felt as it left her mouth - and loving the way the cum felt as it splattered over her face and cleavage, soaking her in its warmth while she hungrily gulped at as much of it as she could swallow, all the while horrified, sickened and disgusted by what she was feeling and doing - but utterly incapable of stopping herself.

She was in hell...

* * * * *

Glancing up at the clock on the wall, Gary noted the time.

"Well, it's past the deadline. I wonder if they found somebody to take them up on their offer?" HE said to Monique. "I wonder what they're like now?"

Monique glanced at the clock without interest, and shrugged.

"Who cares?" She asked with indifference, then looked at Gary and smiled. "Now why don't you get your ass over her, kneel, and eat me out..."

As Gary, of course, obeyed, Monique felt slightly guilty about giving into her desire to subjugate him - but not very much, considering her current state was his fault, after all...

She was in her element.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A nerdy guy who always strikes out with women, finds a magic book titled "HOW TO GET LAID," little does he realize that his changes will turn him into a little female slut.

By The Book

By Gunslinger

CHAPTER ONE

Hands jammed deep into the pockets of his jeans, his narrow shoulders hunched protectively under the thin fabric of his T-shirt, Christopher Hunter walked with his head lowered and his feet scuffing the ground.

"Didn't have to laugh at me..." The sandy-haired young man muttered, somehow both angrily and defensively. Though the pale blue eyes behind the somewhat fashionable silver-rimmed glasses were fixed on the interspersed gravel and ties passing below his feet, he was no more consciously aware of the railroad he was walking over than he was of the steady roar of the traffic atop the embankment to his left. Instead, both his mind's eye and his mind's ears were replaying a scene not a half an hour old - a scene that wouldn't leave the twenty-two year old man's head.

"Just asked her out of a lousy cup of coffee..." Chris muttered next, wincing slightly. Without much conscious thought, his foot lashed out to connect with the glittering red-and-white soda can at his feet, sending the crumbled container bouncing and ricocheting between the slowly rusting rails of the now-disused railroad.

"She didn't have to laugh at me..." he repeated, his face working in self disgust as he felt the hot tickle of tears at the corner of his eyes. Snorting mightily, he pushed by the humiliating urge to cry. "Linda didn't have to ask, so loud, where a 'geek like me' gets off asking her out on a date..."

His slow, self-disgusted stride had taken him to the Coke can's new resting place, and his foot lashed out again, sending the can hurtling a dozen more feet down the rough trackbed, as he continued walking.

"Just 'cause I like to read and play games on the computer instead of play sports Like the jerk Brad Dooguid she used to date..." Chris muttered, face working again, this time in growing self-pity. "Just 'cause I don't own a fancy car like Brad, just 'cause I'm not a dumb jock asshole like Brad, she thinks she can humiliate me in public like that..."

Reaching the Coke can once again, Chris once more drew back his foot to take his anger and self pity out on the battered aluminum cylinder - and then paused, as something in the back of his mind managed to break through the cloud of self-pity he felt.

Watery blue eyes once more focusing behind the glasses, Chris returned to the world of the moment - and found himself staring down at a slim, leather-bound book that the Coke can was resting on.

For a bare second, he was tempted to simply lash out anyway - but, being who he was, Chris couldn't bring himself to deliberately damage a book. In a very strange, but undeniably real, way, books were the closest things to friends the twenty-two year old web-designer had.

Reaching down, Chris brushed aside the battered soda can that obscured most of the book's title - then yanked his hand back as if it had been burned.

With a jerk, Chris quickly looked around, expecting to see somebody standing atop the embankment, pointing a finger and laughing at the 'practical joke' they'd pulled on him - but there was nobody, no sound other than the rush of traffic on the busy street above.

Realizing that there was simply no way anybody could have set up a practical joke in this particular place - at least, not deliberately for him - Chris let his eyes go back to the gilt lettering on the faded leather cover:

HOW TO GET LAID.

With another nervous look around, Chris slowly bent down...

...then quickly snatched up the slender volume, tucking it against his body so that the front cover was pressed against his side, with his hand curled around the lettering on the narrow spine.

With a nervous stride, and a faint blush, Chris hurried off towards his apartment, head swiveling around in wide-eyed expectation of pointed fingers and laughter.

It wasn't until he'd flown up the three flights of stairs and closed the door behind him that Chris began to feel even a little bit more relaxed.

Heart pounding, sweat staining the underarms of his white T-shirt, Chris walked into the old apartment's tiny dining room, laying the book carefully on the chipped and faded Formica surface of the kitchen table.

Pulling down on the handle of the old, 'rounded' Kelvinator refrigerator, Chris hauled open the heavy door of the old appliance and grabbed one of his last three beers, carrying the not-quite-icy-cold brew back to the table as the fridge's door swung shut with a meaty 'thunk'.

Pulling out one of the four mismatched chairs surrounding the table, Chris thumped down into it and drew the book closer to him. Once it was precisely centered on the table in front of him, he merely stared at it as he numbly popped open the can of beer and took a long draught of the cool liquid.

The gilt-inscribed title hadn't changed. It still read exactly the same, in simple serif typeface.

Hesitantly, Chris flipped the book open to the title-page - and, with a furious blush rising warmly in his face, ,blinked at the 'complete' title of the slender volume he now held:

HOW TO GET LAID

A Mystical Manual to Becoming the Nymphomaniac Cum-Slut of Your Dreams. A deep red flush on his pale face, Chris started to close the book...

...then hesitated.

The blush went from mere red to an interesting sort of mauve, but very slowly, Chris spread the book all the way open on the table, staring once more at that cover page.

Nervously bringing his forefinger to his mouth, he licked the tip of it - then reached out, and flipped the page.

It read:

ADVISORY

At any time, should you find the chosen incantation was not quite right for your idealized Cum-Slut self-image, simple repeat the words of the cantrip in reverse order to reverse the effects. **PLEASE NOTE: Any reversal must be performed within twenty-four hours of the original spell-casting, or it will become permanent!**

Snorting in disbelief, Chris flipped to the first section in the book, titled : **Skin Deep - The outer wrapping of the whole package.**

Under the title were four... spells? Chris snorted to himself in disgusted disbelief as he looked over the four 'spells', each of which was supposed to leave the supposed 'caster' with a specific 'type' of skin, ranging from perfectly hairless and silky-smooth, to 'normal' for a woman - with an 'appendix' for the chapter listing the correct spells for specific flesh-tone color changes.

"What a load of crock..." Chris snorted, shaking his head at what he figured must have been some sort of novelty gag-gift. "As if you could really give yourself utterly perfect skin by simply saying..."

Peering closer through his glasses, Chris stuck one arm into the air in an oratorical manner, and intoned in a false, deep voice, : "Ezranic tolouth b'tai n'koia freslint!"

Snorting again, Chris dropped the book onto the table...

...then practically flew back out of the chair, knocking the beer flying as he stumbled back against the counters, eyes bulging.

The cause of the reaction was his arm.

His arm - which, instead of the downy coating of hair it had carried since puberty, was now... well, as silky-smooth as the book had promised.

"Holy shit!" Chris exclaimed - and then he began fumbling with his pants.

When his shaking fingers finally managed to undo the fly and pop the button, he lowered his jeans to reveal pale, knobby-kneed legs that were every bit as preternaturally smooth as his arms had become.

Likewise, after yanking off his shirt, Chris verified that the change had been total, even under his armpits.

Clad only in his somewhat ratty boxers and a pair of even worse athletic socks, Chris slowly approached the kitchen table, hesitantly setting himself down in the chair he'd so violently departed.

"All I have to do is say it in reverse, and I'll be back to normal..." Chris told himself in a shaky voice. "It said so, right in the front - I have twenty-four hours to..."

His voice trailed off and a decidedly odd expression took up residence on his face as that last idea struck home.

"Naw..." He said, shaking the idea from his mind. "that's.. that's just sick."

Flipping back to the page in the book, he took a deep breath, then quickly read out loud: "Freslint n'koia b'tai tolouth ezranic!"

This time, he actually felt it happen.

Whereas the change to silky-smoothness had been without noticeable sensation, and almost instantaneous, the change back took several seconds - during which Chris twitched at the 'ants crawling all over him' sensation that came with it. Finally, it was over - and he was once again covered in the thin layer of dark hair, with the same old, somewhat acne-scarred skin.

He sighed. "Thank god... it really is reversible..."

His voice died out again as the verification of the impermanent nature of the changes once again triggered that highly unnatural thought...

Pushing it away again, Chris muttered a curse at himself for even thinking such a thing. Standing bolt upright, he grabbed the book with a determined expression on his face, and carried it over to the old Kenmore range in the corner.

Pulling the door to the oven open, he tossed the book negligently into the dark interior, then slammed the door. Cranking the oven's knob all the way up to the maximum temperature, he turned from the stove and quickly gathered up his jeans and T-shirt before stalking out into the living room.

For three whole minutes, the kitchen lay in silence, the elements inside the stove slowly beginning to go from black to red...

...and then the nearly-nude web-designer flew back into the room.

CHAPTER TWO

Sitting nearly naked on the couch in his living-room, Chris looked down at the book he'd rescued from the oven.

"What the fuck was I thinking?" He asked himself, as he smoothed down a couple of pages that had been dog-eared by the position it had landed in. "This thing could be worth a fortune! Women would pay scads of money for something like this! I can't burn it just because of some strange, perverted thought is brings up!"

Laying the book on the low, glass-topped coffee table in front of him, Chris looked at it with near reverence as he tried to figure out a plan for cashing in on it's incredible power.

A power that, best of all, gave a one-day 'trial period' to allow the user to make sure they'd gotten what they'd wanted. The user could even spend that twenty-four hours hiding out, so that nobody would know about any changes until they'd decided - which made it perfectly safe to try out even your strangest ideas in private...

"Jesus, what's *wrong* with me...?" Chris demanded of himself, staring at the book.

Then, in a slightly different tone of voice - and with a completely different tone of thought - he replied: "Well, of course, it'd be interesting..."

Hesitantly, he began to reach for the book... but some part of his brain rebelled, and he stopped, hands inches away.

"It's not like anybody would ever know..." He whispered to himself - and that was the final convincer.

Picking up the book, he quickly flipped back to the skin page and, before he could lose his nerve, read off the same spell he'd read before...

...with the same effect.

Sitting there, the book in his lap, Chris slowly ran his hand back and forth over his crossed arms, feeling the smooth, slightly slick flesh beneath his fingers. It was so incredibly smooth, it was nearly unreal - more like silk than human flesh.

"This... isn't so bad..." He admitted to himself, finding the slow touch of his otherwise masculine fingers across the supple flesh to be rather pleasant, actually. Feeling more than a little perverted, he peeled off his socks and boxers, examining every inch of his smoother new body.

Carefully, Chris memorized the spell, until he knew it - literally - forward and backwards. Just to be on the safe side.

Biting his lower lip, Chris looked down at the book - and slowly flipped to the next section: **Figuring It Out - How to get into shape without really trying.**

"I really should stop..." He told himself, as his eyes ran over the list of spell - but his voice held no conviction, and he slowly ran one finger down the page, , mind already inflamed in curiosity.

He hesitated at the spell for an 'athletic' build - actually, it was listed under the heading for 'The Tigress in bed', but Chris knew what it mean by the subtitle.

He considered it, imagining himself with more muscles, in much better shape...

...then, with a shrug, pushed it aside for something to consider after his little 'experiment' was over.

Continuing down, he also hesitate at the spell to become taller - then, considering it, realized something very odd:

He, himself, was just barely of average height. Many a time, he'd wished he was taller - yet, right now, with the 'sick' little experiment he was trying, the thought of making the-woman-he-was- becoming into a tall woman held no interest. Though he, as a man, wanted to be taller, he didn't like tall women. In fact, he liked women eve shorter then his own unprepossessing height...

...which was why he found his eyes coming to rest on the spell that said 'Dynamite - Good things Cum in Small Packages...'.

Once again blushing furiously - which was even more noticeable on his smoother new skin - Chris very carefully read off the spell.

The sensation of loosing two inches of height was... interesting. The sensations felt an awful lot like the way it felt when you first woke up and gave one of those 'stand on tiptoe and stretch wide' yawn/stretches.

Some of that sensation was also from the fact that he wasn't just loosing height - his entire body was changing. Though never terribly 'masculine' in build, his frame had still been male - but that all changed as bones restructured themselves to the feminine pattern. His shoulders drew inwards even as his hips began to widen, and there was a decidedly strange sensation as his pelvis tilted slightly to a new position.

Seconds later, Chris looked nearly like a pre-pubescent girl, even down to the tiny less-than-A-cup breasts on his - no, her - slimmer chest. Nestled between her smooth new thighs was the moist slit of her new womanhood, the transformation having been painless.

Gasping slightly in amazed shock that she'd actually 'done the deed', making herself physically female, Chris slowly slid a slimmer hand down between those thighs, and lightly touched her moist new slit.

It felt... similar-yet-different. Not under her hand, of course. The way it felt from that perspective was completely different - but the way her new cunt and clit felt, from the inside, wasn't all that different in overall sensation then the way his cock had felt, in terms of generated sensations. The physical location was different, of course, ,and there were a few new added sensations, like the warm dampness, but other the that, it felt much the same...

...and just as good.

Briefly, she considered masturbating, seeing what it felt like to have a female orgasm... but the hot, flaming blush the thought brought to her face told her that she wasn't quite ready for that experience yet. Instead, she pulled her hand away from her altered crotch and leaned forward, to take a look at her ghostly reflection in the glass-topped coffee table.

What she saw surprised her - and, deep down, dismayed her, as well.

She'd never had what you'd call 'strong, masculine features' - but, still, it was a little disappointing to see that, with 'just' the change in bone structure, her feminine new face was actually quite cute. In fact, beneath the mop of sandy-blond hair, her altered face bore a remarkable resemblance to that of Jennifer Lien, the actress who'd played 'Kes' on Star Trek: Voyager.

Being a devoted Trekkie, Chris knew damned well who she now resembled - and it stunned her. Not the resemblance, per say, but what it drove home.

Chris had always thought 'Kes' was pretty hot - and, right now, she was in a body that could have passed as Jennifer Lien's bespectacled younger sister, had she had one.

The thought of becoming female had been sort of 'sick', in her view, when she'd started - but, knowing how hot she found 'Kes', Chris couldn't help but realize - *really* realize, for the first time - that she'd just willingly transformed herself into something that at least some men were sure to find... sexually attractive.

"What the hell is wrong with me...?" Chris demanded of the empty air, her voice somewhat higher and smoother since her vocal cords had also been altered. "I just... turned myself into a girl!"

Disturbed, she simply sat and thought for several long moments, wondering if there was something really wrong with her, some sort of mental instability. Brow and lips tightened in annoyance, Chris searched for answers...

...and found herself looking at the computer on the cheap desk in the corner. It was her business computer, the one she used to make her living...

...but when she'd first bought it, she'd loaded it up with all sorts of programs, most of which she'd never so much as opened after trying them just once.

She'd done it because, like anybody else, she'd bought a new 'toy' - and wanted to see what she could do with it.

Slowly, she relaxed, a faint smile crossing her lips as she realized that she wasn't crazy. No, she'd simply gotten a 'new toy', and she was taking it out for the obligatory 'test drive'.

With that concern settled in her mind, Chris once more turned her attention to the book, again memorizing the spell she'd used, before moving onward.

Having realized that she was just having some 'harmless fun', a lot of Chris' inhibitions melted away, and she went at it with a will, memorizing and intoning spells with a certain perverse enthusiasm, bypassing some of the more 'plain' spells in favor for a bit of the exotic.

She chose not to simply lengthen and soften her own hair, thinking such a thing would be too 'boring'. Why crawl when you can fly?

Within moments, her previously short mop of unremarkably dusty hair had been replaced was the most incredible mane of hair available in the book - a massive wave of rolling curls that rose up off her head a good four inches before falling backwards in a waterfall that reached nearly to her ass.

It was also an incredibly rich, brassy shade of blonde.

"I can't believe I just did that..." Chris told her ghostly reflection in the coffee-table, blushing furiously as she felt the soft masses of hair brushing her shoulders - but she didn't reverse the spell, leaving it as it was.

A spell for longer nails - not just a little longer, but - in keeping with the hair - a good three inches longer, delicately oval-shaped at the tips.

Another spell, and her already slender waist pinched in a few more inches.

Yet another spell was memorized - and her lost height came back, in the form of longer, more smoothly toned legs.

The next spell pushed her voice higher, into a soprano - and another made her hips wider and ass fuller and firmer, enhancing the growing 'hourglass' of her altering figure. Pausing for a quick look, she blushed... then repeated the spell that shrunk her down again, though with the same longer-legged proportions.

Aside from the loss of height, the repeated spell also made her bone structure even finer and more delicate, giving her an almost-doll-like look - albeit the 'Barbie' doll type, not the China doll kind.

Another spell, and her lips became fuller.

Another spell, and her feet became even smaller and daintier - and, somewhat unfortunately, acquired an 'arch', since the spell was actually designed with high heels in mind. Still, Chris figured her smaller feet, now 'optimized' for a comfortable walk in two-inch heels, would nevertheless be all right flat-footed for the short duration of her womanhood...

...until, leaning over to look at her tiny, arched new feet, she caught another glance of her reflection and saw a silly-looking grin spreading her sensuous new lips.

"Geez - I'm getting a little out of control..." She told herself, the smile dimming as she looked at the sexy - if flat-chested - woman reflected back at her....

...and then she stuck her tongue out at the reflection, shrugged, and asked: "So what?"

Nobody else would ever know what she was doing to herself - and, since she was doing it anyway, why bother with half measures ?

Quickly working to memorize the foot spell, Chris flipped to the next section of the book. Breasts.

It was time to give herself some tits.

Placing one long, rounded fingernail on the first entry in the section, Chris prepared herself to memorize the spell that would add an extra inch onto her tiny chest...

...then paused, realizing that the spell had been designed for women who already had something to work with. A single cup-size would put her into an A-cup.

She ran her finger down the page, finding there were two- and three-cup size increment spells. Considering, she thought that a 'C' cup was just about right, and so she prepared to memorize that spell, instead...

...then paused, as she saw the sub-set spells below it.

Like the one for increasing firmness and roundness, along with the size. There was one for a matching increase in nipple size for the growth.

Below that was a sub-set that increased sensitivity with growth.

The final version of the spell, on the bottom of the page, did all four - cup-size, firmness, nipple-size, and sensitivity.

"What the hell..?" She asked herself, with a shrug. "Might as well..."

Memorizing the spell, she sat back on the couch, took a breath, and quickly rhymed it off. She gasped, shivering with a strange delight, as her chest began swelling outward.

The swelling growth on her chest felt *fantastic*.

Whereas each transformation, aside from the skin-change, had had a certain sensation that went with it, none had been nearly as powerful - or nearly as pleasurable - as the sensations that came as her chest bulged outward, the previously tiny nub filling out into cones, then bumps, finally stopping at perfect domes that thrust roundly from her chest like halved oranges, each firm, smooth mound tipped by a fully erect pink nipple.

"Oh, wow..." She whispered, one hand coming up to caress the firm, hand-sized new mound - and she gasped again at the pleasure that ran thorough her new endowment at the touch.

She hesitated, hand still on her new, C-cup breast - and then, blushing, repeated the spell.

She gasped in redoubled pleasure, both from the wonderful sensation from her swelling mounds - and from the increasing sensitivity of her swelling breasts, as her hands continued to massage them.

"Oh, shit, that feels good...!" She gasp-moaned, eyes closed in pleasure - and, just as her breasts, now firm grapefruit-sized spheres of DDD-cup breast flesh, stopped growing, she repeated the spell yet again.

Her breasts surged out even more pleasurable, and her moan deepened as the pleasure increased.

As did her bust line.

Realizing what she'd just done, Chris hurriedly yanked her hands away from her big, round new tits, and stared down at the massively firm spheres filling her ribcage.

Each GGG-cup breast was as firm and round as a volley-ball, thrust proudly outward - and tipped with an engorged pink nipple as big as the first two joints of her pinkie finger.

Her old, male pinkie finger.

"Oh, shit, ,what have I done to myself..." She whispered, eyes wide behind her glasses. "They're.. huge!"

She'd never really been a fan of big-busted women, and the sight of such huge mounds of round tit- flesh thrust from her own chest was more than slightly disconcerting...

...but, on the other hand, they felt so... damned... good...

Once again, she reached up, lightly caressing her big new boobs - and as she let her head loll back and let out a moan, she decided that she'd keep the 'freakishly' big tits for just a while longer.

Pulling her hands from her big new tits, Chris smoothly and sensually uncoiled from the couch - amazed even as she did so.

"Damn... that's some magic.." She whispered to herself, unable to believe who sensuously she was moving. The magic did more than just change her figure - it had provided her with the needed 'habits' to move in it as easily as she had in her old male body.

With a feminine stride, she headed towards the bathroom - and lightly sucked her breath in at the jiggle and sway of her new tits as she moved, each bounce producing a quick throb of pleasure.

Reaching the bathroom, the new woman reached out and flicked the switch, bringing the single bulb to life inside the cracked translucent globe above the mirror.

What it revealed was quite the woman.

She looked like... like a stripper, Chris thought with a snort.

She was very delicately built - not so much so to be unduly remarkable, but still....

On the slender, leggy little frame, the massive mane of blonde hair and the equally massive spheres of tit-flesh stood out like neon signs. Both looked equally outsized, and equally artificial, even with her 'to scale' nipples. Given her full-lipped cute face and otherwise petite build, she looked very much like a exotic dancer who'd invested in some plastic surgery.

"Well, hello there " Chris grinned at the mirror, striking what she considered to be a stripper-like pose. "I'm.. uh, Kandi Kupps."

Yes, ,that was stripper's name, she thought with a bigger grin. Turning slightly, she shook her head at just how... well, *ridiculous* her new bust-line looked, especially on her slender little frame.

Still they did feel good.

She shrugged, causing her massive new bust to bounce slightly - a very pleasurable sensation, despite the way the boobs looked. Then again - there were guys out there who would actually find such over-stuffed, out-sized breasts on a woman like her quite sexy. Hell - a lot of guys would pay good money to see exactly the sight she was looking at in the mirror, a slender little blonde gently running one long-nailed hand over her massive tits.

She wasn't just assuming, either, she thought with a small grin. Why, that one website she maintained, that's exactly how it worked - pathetic, horny men paying good money to some 'fantasy' woman on the other side of a web-cam...

Chris' expression froze as the thought hit her full-force, like a blow to her massively-maned head.

CHAPTER THREE

She couldn't believe she was doing this.

Even as she carried the clothes from the bedroom out to the living room, her hips moving in a gentle feminine swivel, her face was cast in a flushed look of self-disbelief over the fact that she hadn't simply frozen up. Though her mind was roiling in turmoil, she was still moving...

...as if she was actually going to go through with this.

She kept waiting for the tremors to hit, for her knees to weaken, for her stomach to clench into a tight ball of panic - but none of this happened. Instead, she simply felt as if she were in some sort of a fog, drifting along with just enough 'control' to keep moving, while her mind spun.

She had been a woman for all of - a quick glance at the clock - forty-eight minutes, and now she was planning to be some man's fantasy woman.

Sitting down on the edge of the sofa, highly aware of the way her firmer, fuller ass felt as she did so, she still tried to find some sort of inner mental block that would simply refuse her the ability to go through with the idea. An idea that was, to her, both perverted - and perversely exciting.

She wouldn't be able to see the man - or men - on the other end. From her perspective, she'd simply be 'performing' to an empty room - except for the per-minute charge men had to pay to view the streaming video of whatever she did, a portion of which would automatically be deposited into an account for her.

Mind still whirling at the audacity of what she was planning, Chris slipped on the jean shorts she'd chosen. On her smaller, but wider-hipped, body, the shorts fit like a second skin.

Likewise, the gray T-shirt she pulled on molded itself to her massive new bust, clearly defining not only the full swell of each round, firm tit, but revealing each fully erect nipple.

Hesitantly, she rose from the couch and crossed the room to her computer, which was already booted up and ready to go. Taking longer than she'd expected - thanks to her long new fingernails - she logged into the site, using her administrator password as the web-site designer to enter a special section on the site...

...where she set up a 'test' account, under the name of 'Kandi Kupps'.

Reaching the spot for a brief bio of the person, she hesitated - then, blushing, quickly made up a short lie about her being an exotic dancer somewhere in Chicago.

Finally, the account was all set up and ready to go. There was nothing left to do...

...except take off her glasses, click the 'live' button, and get up from the chair.

With her glasses off, the rest of the world had receded into a blur - a blur that meant she couldn't see the computer, or the screen, clearly.

She couldn't see the little number that would indicate how many men, if any, were 'tuning in' to the Kandi Kupps Show. As long as she couldn't see that number, she could tell herself that nobody was watching, that she was just home alone.

It worked - after a fashion. At least she didn't go into panic mode, or anything.

Heart beating a mile a minute, she slowly sauntered over to the couch, which she'd focused the camera on before hand. With a slow, sultry feminine grace that the magic had given her, she slowly sank down onto the couch.

Looking in the general direction of the camera, she smiled slyly - a forced expression that should look real enough at the size and resolution the hypothetical men watching would see.

Slowly, sensuously, she lifted her right leg into the air, slowly swinging it to display the silky-smooth, supple contours of its shapely length. Reaching out, she lightly ran her hand from ankle to thigh.

Slowly lowering the leg, she swiveled in the couch, her back against the arm rest, and lifted her other leg, spending more time softly caressing the flesh of it than she had the first.

Not because it was part of 'the act' - because it just felt damned good...

...and not just physically, either.

It took just about all the latent acting talent 'Kandi' had to keep a shocked expression off her face as she felt the rapid flush of excitement run through her new body as she 'played' for the camera.

Never in a million years would it have occurred to her that, once into the act, she'd find herself enjoying the idea that somewhere, somebody might be watching her do this. She'd planned the entire exercise to minimize that thought as much as possible, knowing even as she'd done so that it was basically a fool's errand - but she'd never imagined that the exact opposite effect of what she'd expected would set in.

'Chris' had led a determinedly sheltered life, avoiding any and every situation that would risk 'exposure' - which was one of the reasons why Linda's rejection earlier had been such a blow.

'Kandi', however, was taking that risk - and though there was some fear, even some self-disgust, there was also an unmistakable - and very powerful - thrill involved, as well. Much like a roller-coaster ride, the very risks she was taking only served to increase the amount of emotional pleasure she got from it.

In fact, she wasn't only far from panic - she was down-right enjoying herself...

...in a sweaty-palmed, stomach-rolling sort of way.

Swinging around on her firm, full new ass, Kandi let her small, arched feet fall to the floor, legs spread wide - as she slowly, teasingly, slid her hands up the inside of each thigh. Lightly brushing her hands against the denim that - just barely - covered her crotch, she let out a soft, sensuous moan.

The moan was only about forty-percent faked - or, rather, exaggerated, in terms of the actual pleasure she felt from the pressure of her hands against the womanhood that lay beneath the cloth.

The very warm, very wet womanhood - because, as well as being emotionally exciting, she was finding this routine physically arousing, as well.

The feminine arousal she felt was like nothing she'd ever felt before. Rather than the entirely 'external' sensation that came from male arousal, this sensation was internal. Though, logically, the source of the sensations were a relatively small

portion of her body, it felt as if her entire torso was a hollow husk, in which a Swedish-style steam-room was slowly coming to life, a growing heat matched with a growing dampness that seemed to fill her.

Almost reluctantly, her hands traveled past her crotch, moving on a sort of autonomous control as her mind spun with new sensations and a certain amount of self-disgust at how easily she was taking to what she was doing. It was, to her, perverted - but also undeniably enjoyable.

It only continued to grow more enjoyable as her hands slid over her stomach and reached the bottom of her massive new endowments.

Slowly - almost lovingly - her hands slid up over the thin fabric that encased her new tits like a second skin, not having to fake the moan or expression of pleasure that showed on her face as she gently caressed her fabric-encased mounds. Her hands paused at her swollen, clearly visible nipples, lightly teasing them through the thin shirt as she wiggled in genuine pleasure, her breath coming faster and more shallowly as the pleasure increased.

Finally, she let her hands continue their travel upwards, until she was gently sliding her hands over her own shoulders, crossing each arm over the other as she ran her hands over her own, smooth arms until the once more reached her smooth, flat stomach - where they separated and came to rest on either side of her womanly hips.

Levering herself off the couch, she slowly spun in place, spreading her legs wide. Glancing over her shoulder with a wide, natural smile, she slowly rose up on tip-toe as she bent over the couch,

,displaying her shapely legs and firm, full ass tightly packed into it's taut denim prison.

Bracing herself with one arm on the couch, she used the other to reach behind her, smiling over her shoulder as she began to run one long-nailed hand over her own delectable ass.

It felt... very nice.

After a minute of fondling, she very slowly straightened, her breath coming in rapid pants of mixed excitement and fear as she drew her legs together...

...then, back to the camera, undid the jean shorts and pushed them down her long, smooth legs.

Hesitating a moment, she took a second to get control of her breathing - then once more turned to face the camera, an excited smile on her lips.

Letting her hands slowly slide from her hips to her stomach, she crossed them at the wrists as she gripped the hem of her T-shirt - and, in one, smooth motion, peeled the T-shirt off, leaving her new body completely naked under the scrutiny of the camera.

Slowly beginning to swivel and sway her hips while she stood in the same spot, she directed all her attention to her highly sensitive new tits, and the even more sensitive nipples that crowned them.

For the next five minutes, the world seemed to recede for Kandi as she caress, fondled and squeezed her firm, volley-ball sized breasts, long nailed hands ranging from feather-touch gentle to nearly painful as she teased and touched her breasts and nipples, letting out moans, gasps and sighs of pleasure at her own manipulation.

She was enjoying it on so many levels, it was scary.

She was enjoying it, as any woman would enjoy the physical sensations she was creating.

She was enjoying it as a woman having a 'naughty adventure', knowing it was quite possible somebody was watching her do this.

She was enjoying it *as a man*, one with little sexual experience, who finally had unrestricted access to a pair of tits.

She was enjoying it as a man who was 'fooling' the men watching her, knowing with certainty that the people watching could never know that she was 'really' a guy.

More than any of that, however, was the inner part of the mind, the part that no gender, no need for a 'name', the part that René Descartes was referring to when he said 'I think, therefore I am.'

The 'disinterested observer' part of the mind that, without prejudice or bias, could easily determine that what was happening was the most exciting, enjoyable experience of its otherwise boring, sheltered existence.

This was the part of the mind that urged more and more out of the rest of her whirling, confused sense of self as she lowered herself to the couch, legs spread wide - and let one slender, long nailed hand slide downward over her flat new stomach.

With a gasp of pure pleasure, excited beyond all reason at the thought that people were watching her do this private/perverted/pleasurable act, Kandi began to masturbate.

Though, like before, the touch itself generated sensation similar to what it had been like as a man, the results of those sensations were all so different, as she began to squirm in rising pleasure.

The wonderful sensations as her fingers teased her clit and the dewy lips of her cunt were pleasurable bolts that drove straight into her brain - and continued to grow in one wave-like wash of pleasure that overlapped the next, completely unlike the more 'linear' excitement of men. It was as if the very sexual pleasure was a metaphor for the way men and women thought - whereas men tended to be more straightforward, 'just go for the goal', women tended to think more 'sideways', approaching a goal from many angles.

That's the way she was pleasuring herself, now. A touch here, then a squeeze there, then a pressure over there - all leading to the same end, but creating different types and duration of pleasure, all of which overlapped each other into a swirling melange of pleasure that was rising steadily...

...until orgasm.

Arching her back, finger working furiously, Kandi screamed in excited ecstasy as her first female orgasm hit - and then, almost immediately afterwards, the second, like two sharp firecrackers going off in syncopation.

Gasping, Kandi slowly lowered her firm new buttocks back to the couch, slowly removing her hand from her sopping cunt.

Slowly, still feeling after-shocks of pleasure running through her transformed body, she rose from the couch and walked slowly over to the computer, a self-satisfied smile on her face as she clicked the button to end the transmission.

Wiping her damp hand off on the discarded T-shirt, she put her glasses back on and peered at the computer...

...then her pale eyes widened in shock.

The roughly twenty-minute 'show' she'd just put on had earned her just slightly over a hundred dollars...

...and, of course, more pleasure than she'd ever experienced before in her life. The job as a web designer paid fairly well - but nothing close to *this*...

Shaking her head in disbelief, Kandi turned away from the computer...

...and stopped dead, eyes widening even more as she made a nearly soundless squeak of horror at the sight of the tall, broad-shouldered young man leaning against the living-room's doorway.

"Hi, Chris." Brad Dooguid said, casually, a faint smile on his lips and an odd sort of look in his emerald-green eyes. "Glad to see you're enjoying my book."

CHAPTER FOUR

With a squeal of considerably more volume, Kandi slapped her hands over her bare crotch - then, blushing, transferred one arm higher in a vain attempt to cover her massive breasts.

"How did you get " She started to ask - then, remembered, quite belatedly, that she hadn't bothered to lock the door behind her, she dismissed the highly irrelevant question, and started a different tack, trying to cover her tracks: "My name's not "

She finally stopped dead, the whole of Brad's comment registering - and she stared at him. "Your book ?"

"That's right, Chris." Brad said, pushing himself off of the door frame. Dropping the heavy hockey bag slung over one shoulder, he gestured at the couch. "Maybe we should sit down and have a bit of a chat "

She hesitated, wondering if she should again attempt denying who she was, to try and keep the shameful secret - but Brad's very manner suggested that he was doing more than just guessing.

Blushing furiously, she nodded.

Looking at the noticeable damp spot on the couch's cushion, Brad smiled thinly and chose to grab the chair from in front of the computer, spinning it around to sit on it with his arms crossed over the backrest while a very bright-red 'Kandi' settled onto the couch's other cushion.

"I'm impressed." Brad finally said, a faint hint of envy in his voice as he looked at her top-heavy new form.

Her already deep blush became even more vivid, and she defensively crossed her arms over her chest.

Brad's eyebrows rose, and a faint blush lit his cheeks. "That's not exactly what I meant. I was talking about the enthusiasm you put into this."

Chris blinked. "Uh.. Excuse me...?"

The handsome, dark-haired man grinned, a boyish smile that lit his entire face. "Hey, don't you think I've used the book to, um... 'experiment' with being a woman, too? What man could resist seeing what it's like for a girl - not to mention the, 'practical' uses..."

Brad winked slyly, and Chris flushed even deeper as she realized just how Brad had earned his reputation as being a fantastic lover. Knowing *exactly* what any given move felt like for a woman would definitely be an advantage.

"I never could bring myself to make myself too feminine, for too long..." Brad continued. "I mean, I was the prototypical high-school jock, and more afraid of being found out and losing my hard-earned 'rep', y'know?"

Still flushed, Chris nodded, knowing exactly what Brad meant. Then again...

"I guess I had less to lose..." She admitted, a bit ashamed. "I, uh.. assume you're not planning to tell anybody about this."

"Hell, no!" Brad said, appearing horrified.

Chris considered what she knew about Brad - and then, nodding, sighed and relaxed a bit. "I... sort of got carried away."

"I noticed." Brad said, grinning again, "Good for you!" Chris blinked in surprise.

"You don't think it's... well, really sick?" She asked, hesitantly.

Brad cocked his head, a serious expression coming over his face. "Look, I'm not trying to be cruel or anything, but, since you asked, here's my honest answer: The way you've been living your life up until now, basically hiding out from the world, avoiding anything remotely risky - that, I think, is 'sick'."

Chris blinked, opening her mouth for a retort...

...then, slowly closing her mouth, she nodded.

"So.." She said, slowly. "I guess I change myself back, and you take your book, huh?"

"Only if that's the way you want it." Brad said, with a shrug. "I didn't come over here to take it back, you know."

"You didn't?" She asked, surprised. "Why did you come, then...?"

"Mostly, to help." Brad explained, the smile becoming more than just a tad wicked. "Why else do you think I left it laying on the tracks for you to find...?"

"You *left* it...?" She repeated, blankly. "Why?"

Brad shrugged. "I saw the way Linda treated you, and I felt sorry for you. If there's something else I could have done to help, I would have - but all I had was that book, which I picked up in a estate sale... and, as I said, I... well, honestly, I haven't got the guts to use it, that way you did." He grinned again. "Though, in all honestly, I didn't really expect you to do what you did. I was kind of expecting you to, you know, find a way to use it to 'entice' a girl. I figured a not-so-attractive girl with a personality that meshed more with yours could hardly turn down a chance to get her own dream body..."

Chris colored again, realizing that she hadn't thought of it in quite those terms.

Brad waved a hand, dismissing the thought. "Anyway, I was sorted of expecting you to read through the entire book before trying anything - that's the way I did it. Right at the back is the spell that makes the book 'yours' - the one that lets you know where it is at all times, as well as if it's being used, and how. That's how I knew what was going on."

"Oh..." Chris said in a very small voice.

"Anyway, I brought you some things..." Brad said, grinning. "Once I realized what you were doing with the book, I thought these might come in handy..."

Getting up, Brad walked over to the sports bag he'd brought. Unzipping it, he turned it upside down in the center of the room...

...and the feminine clothing and accessories that packed the big bag near to bursting spilled out into a multi-colored pile on the floor.

She stared at the pile of feminine attire with wide, shocked eyes.

"No, I.. " She started, blushing. "I couldn't. I mean, I didn't even mean to do what I've already done..." Brad looked at her, eyebrows raised - then, slowly, gave a slight shrug.

"Well, I haven't changed myself in ages, and I don't need the book back, so both the book and this stuff is now yours, to do with as you see fit." He said. "Perhaps, if you do get a girl to use the book, she'll need some of this wardrobe, even if for just long enough to go shopping."

Chris stared at the pile, feeling an odd sensation in the bottom of her gut as she realized she was thinking just how sexy her new legs would look in that pair of pumps...

"I.. don't know..." She said, shaking her head. "Everything's happening just a little too fast..." "Okay, okay..." Brad said, holding his hands up. "I'm not trying to pressure you."

Turning, Brad began heading for the door - and then he paused, looking at her thoughtfully.

"You know, I barely know you - just sort of seen you around when we were at school, and that sort of thing." Brad said, slowly. "Still, you seem like a good enough person, no matter what body you're in. Whatever you decided to do.. Well, I think you're the type of person I might be able to respect as a friend."

Reaching into his pocket, he extracted a slip of paper, laying it on the small table near the door.

"My address and phone number." Brad said, slowly. "In case you ever want to give me a call, or drop by, or anything."

Remembering how much she'd hated/envied Brad earlier, Chris flushed, unable to meet the handsome man's eyes as she realized that his popularity was very well earned in deed.

Without another word, Brad left the apartment, closing the door behind him. As soon as she heard it latch, Chris hurried over and locked it.

Then, returning to the living room, she quickly made use of the book, reading each of the spells she'd used in reverse, until once more his own, pale body - though minus the body hair, which he hadn't felt it worth restoring - greeted his eyes.

Still wondering what the hell had gotten into him - and still finding it hard to believe that Brad had actually been here - Chris quickly gathered up the pile of stuff on the floor, carting it into the bedroom.

Pulling on some clothes, Chris glanced at the clock, verifying his stomach's assertion that it was dinnertime.

Deciding to splurge with his - Kandi's? - money, he made two phone calls; The first, to a pizza place that delivered, the second to a delivery service that would deliver a case of beer.

While waiting for the deliveries, Chris idly finished tidying up the living room. Flipping over the damp couch cushion made him pause, but he continued on, finishing up by carrying the book into the bedroom and dumping it on the bed with the pile of clothing, shoes, and accessories of various types.

When the deliveries arrived, Chris sat down and had a leisurely dinner of Hawaiian pizza, enhanced with three cold beers.

The entire time, he kept trying - and failing - to push the book out of his mind.

Again and again, after failing to abandon the line of thought, he tried to force it into more 'profitable' lines of thought, trying to consider which girls he knew were most compatible with him, and most likely to be 'properly grateful' for a new body - but, instead, sharp memories of what it had felt like being female kept intruding on his mind.

That part of his mind that had no name and no gender kept reminding him how much more exciting life had been for the brief span of time he'd been female - and another part of his mind fought the 'perverted' argument by pointing out what Brad had said about his lifestyle...

As the sun slowly began to sink over the city, Chris put the rest of the pizza into the fridge, then grabbed a fresh beer and headed into the living room, where he dropped onto the couch and turned on the TV. Hoping to distract his seemingly obsessed mind, he began flipping through the channels in hope of finding some nice, mindless entertainment.

Instead, he found himself watching the snippets of shows with a completely different bias.

Watching the way the women moved on the TV. The way they acted. The way the situations they were put into differed so significantly from those of the male characters.

He watched a 'party' scene, where the hostess shook the hands of the other men, occasionally giving one of another a slap on the shoulder - while his wife hugged the incoming guests, even trading pecks on the cheeks with some of the other women.

On another show, he watched as a man 'slouched around' the house in ratty old jeans and a T-shirt, having a mild argument with the slender woman who glided around behind him in softer, more 'forgiving' clothes of silk and satin.

He came across an episode of 'Friends' - and paused and watched as Chandler made a big deal about bubble-baths - and then, having watched the entire episode, how Chandler ended up enjoying the supposedly feminine act of taking bubble-baths.

Turning off the TV, Chris simply sat and thought, as lost in his own mind as his body was in the darkness that now filled the silent room.

Though, lost in thought, he was unaware of it, his body was actually trembling at the sheer force of the conflicting emotions and desires that ran through him. What his entire upbringing - what most of society - had taught him, and what he

found himself considering, perhaps even *wanting*, were at odds with each other, creating a maelstrom of confused emotions within him.

Feeling the need to move, to get some fresh air, Chris finally got up off the couch. Grabbing his keys and slipping into a battered pair of sneaker, he headed out of his apartment and into the early evening twilight.

Head lowered in thought, he began to walk down the block, trying to sort out his feelings. Part of him really, really wanted to spend more time being female - a lot of time, actually, and not only emphatically female, but as 'unconcerned' as she let himself be, as Kandi.

Part of him was even wondering, if masturbation as a woman felt so good, what sex like a woman would feel like.

On the other hand, another part of him found that line of thinking abhorrent - downright disgusting, in fact. Sure, he knew women must find sex with men pleasurable, but...

"Hey, Four-eyes! Wassa' matter, you such a pansy you can't get a date?" Blinking, Chris stared around.

"Yeah, I'm talkin' to you, ya little sissy!" The voice called again, and Chris turned in it's direction. It was Todd Minster, a guy Chris had known in high school - much to his dismay.

"I heard Linda laughed you right outta the mall!" Todd taunted, with a wicked grin on his face. One of those burly, big-boned kids high school had seemed replete with, Todd now boasted a muscular figure marred by a huge beer gut that strained the black muscle shirt he was wearing and hung over the big belt holding up his oil-stained jeans. His rapidly receding dark brown hair was pulled back into a pony-tail, and the bully was holding the wrench he'd obviously been using on the Harley parked in the driveway of his run-down old bungalow. In the other hand he held a 'big boy' can of beer, which he now drained and whipped in Chris' direction.

"Guess the faggot doesn't have enough experience talking to chicks!" Another voice said, and Chris winced as Todd's high-school 'buddy' - and apparently still best friend and room-mate - came out of the house, where he'd obviously gone to get the fresh beers he now held.

Steve Lewis' nickname had been 'rat' - and for good reason. Short, rangy, with a pinched face that sported a narrow, pointed nose between narrow, dark eyes, the young man with the prematurely graying dust-brown hair looked exactly like a rodent. Walking with a swagger, Rat sneered at Chris and spoke loudly to Todd: "See, the little faggot's wondering if we'd let him suck our cock - lookit his eyes..."

"Bet you'd like that, wouldn'tja?" Todd snorted. "Get some real man-meat instead of the little pencil- dicks of your faggot buddies? Well, you can forget it, pansy-boy."

Chris tried to remind himself that, as 'pathetic' as his life might be, at least he wasn't these guys - guys who hadn't had so much as a single new thought since high school.

Turning, ignoring his old bullies, Chris began walking away.

"That's right, sissy - run away before we whup your ass!" Todd called out.

"Forget it, Todd - little faggot like that would probably enjoy it...!" Rat yelled. "Anything to feel the touch of a real man...!"

"Yeah, ,well, he can forget that!" Todd replied, ,in the same shouting voice. "Only thing that touches my trouser snake is prime pussy, like... what was that stripper's name, ,Rat?"

"Kandi Kupps." Rat replied. "Yeah, now that..."

Rat stopped dead - because Chris had stopped dead and turned to look at them. "You mean Kandi Kupps, the girl was on the Internet this afternoon?" Chris asked.

"Yeah, that's the bitch." Todd said, eyes narrowing. "What the fuck is it to you, four eyes?"

"I know Kandi Kupps very well, actually. "Chris said, ,calmly. "She'd a very, very close personal friend of mine."

"Oh, fuck, sure." Rat sneered. "You and some Chicago stripper are best buds."

"Actually, she doesn't live in Chicago." Chris replied. "In fact, she doesn't live too far away. Considering that bragging you were doing, I'd actually like to introduce you to Kandi - see if you guys are really the studs you think you are."

"What sort of shit is this?" Todd sneered, take a few threatening steps forward.

Unruffled, Chris smiled. "In fact, I'll make you a deal. Give me your phone number, and I'll call you in, say, an hour, telling you where you can meet Kandi.. no, better yet, I'll have her call you herself."

"That's a load of fucking bull-shit!" Rat sneered.

"Really?" Chris asked, unconcerned. "Perhaps you want to log back onto that website, and see who is listed as the web-designer. The names at the very bottom of every single page, you know."

The two thugs shared a look, then Rat headed back into the house. Patiently, a faint smile on his lips, Chris waited.

Rat came out a moment later, an odd look in his eyes.

"Hey, Todd - do you remember what this fuck.. uh, guy's last name is?" Rat asked, gesturing at Chris.

Todd frowned. "Yeah - it's Hunter, why?"

Rat simply handed over the page he'd printed off, under the 'credits' tab of the site - which not only listed the web designer as 'Christopher Hunter', but indicated the city and state.

"Shit..." Todd breathed, ,the looked up and stared at Chris narrowly. "What the fuck you doin' this for?" He growled.

Chris' smile widened. "Actually, it's a no-loose situation for me. See, personally, I think you guys are assholes - and if Kandi does, too, then I get to see you put in the same situation as I was in, where a, ahem, 'chick' turns you guys down. On the other hand, if you guys are the studs you say you are - if Kandi thinks so, anyway - then Kandi'll owe me one for introducing you to her. I figure you guys'll also owe me, too - but I'll just settle for you leaving me alone, if that's the case."

Still scowling, ,Todd weighed the chances of Chris somehow humiliating them to the odds of getting into Kandi Kupp's pants...

..and lust won out over prudence.

Grabbing a greasy pencil out of the tool box, Todd scrawled a phone number on it.

"If this is some kinda joke, I'm gonna rip your head off." Todd growled as he handed the paper over.

"Relax." Chris said, calmly. "I'm not stupid enough to get a couple of guys who each have twice as much muscle then I do get mad at me." He tucked the paper in his pocket. "You guys better get cleaned up. Kandi will call you at nine - I'd suggest you be ready."

Turning, Chris headed home, back straight and head held high.

CHAPTER FIVE

Taking a deep breath, 'Kandi' let it out as she affixed a warm smile to her face and swung the apartment door open.

"Well, hello, boys..." She said, in a voice that could only be described as a coo. "You must be Todd and.. 'rat'...?"

The two men managed mumbled agreement as they stared, open-jawed, at her.

Which, of course, was exactly the reaction she was going for, which also explained the outfit that she was - just barely - wearing.

The fur-trimmed pale pink robe was so transparent as to be little more the a wispy fog - and, even then, it didn't do anything at all to even slightly obscure her figure, since it was hanging wide open. Fully exposed to the two men's staring gaze was her supple figure, clad only in a bra, panties, nylons and a pair of high-heeled shoes, all in the exact same color as 'robe'.

"Oh, I do so like guys not afraid to admire my assets..." She cooed sensuously, her full lips in a warm smile as the men all-but-drooled over her firm, spherical breasts, packed in a size-to-small lace demi-cup bra that just very barely managed to cover her fully erect nipples.

"Well, you do got great tits.. uh, I mean, nice uh, breasts, Miss Kupps." Rat stammered. Dressed in black jeans and a somewhat clean denim shirt, he looked a little uncomfortable in the outfit - whereas Todd, in blue jeans and a Harley Davidson T-shirt that didn't quite cover all of his bulging belly, looked perfectly at home as he openly ogled her.

"I liked 'great tits' better." She giggled. "You boys can call me Kandi. Why don't you come in?"

Turning, she began walking towards the living-room, hips swaying sensuously as she gracefully swayed atop her five-inch heels.

The two men followed, closing the door behind them.

Kandi's heart was racing - in excitement. Any doubts, and hesitation, were gone - as was any discomfort about the female form she now so sensuously and proudly.

It was the final straw, the one that had made the decision easy for her.

There were some things that 'Kandi' could do that 'Chris' couldn't - and this was one of them.

Almost like obedient lap-dogs, the two men followed the sight of her pert posterior into the living room.

"Hey - this is the place from the Internet!" Todd said, looking around. "You mean you only live a couple of blocks from us?"

"This is where I live, all right." Kandi agreed, honestly enough - and the two men shared a smile. "Why don't you handsome boys have a seat, and I'll grab some beers?"

"Sounds good, Kandi." Todd agreed. He and Rat settled on the couch while Kandi ankled sensuously off to the kitchen, returning a couple of minutes later with a couple of open beers, and a glass of white wine.

Keeping the wine for herself, she handed each of the guys a beer, then smiled and settled onto the couch between the two men with a pleasant sigh.

"My, you're even more muscular then Chris said you were..." She said, with a tone in her voice that seemed to indicate the fact gave her great pleasure. "So, how about a toast?"

Holding up her glass, she spoke loudly. "To plenty of hot, wild sex!"

The two men blinked - then echoed the sentiment loudly, matching her as she drained her glass. As they lay their now empty containers on the table, Kandi picked up a sheet of paper that was laying there, face down.

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear that you guys feel the same way I do!" She said with obvious and honest sincerity. "Before we can start our night of wild, incredible sex, though, I need you guys to just read something, so lean in close..."

Since involved pressing their bodies firmly against hers, neither guy so much as hesitated.

"Okay, I want you guys to read this out loud, together - kinda like a chorus, okay...?" She said, flipping the paper over.

"Go ahead, take a second to sound it out in your head and get ready - and after you read it, we'll get ready for lots and lots of sex, 'kay?"

The two guys shared a look at each other after looking at the gibberish on the computer-printed page. Each hesitated, working it out in their mind to see if it was one of those dumb vocal pranks, like the very old - and very stupid - 'Owa tan a siam' gag. However, no matter how they sounded it out in their head, it was still gibberish.

It was, however, gibberish that a hot, busty chick wanted them to say before having sex, so they finally nodded they were ready, then read off the sheet in monotone chorus: "Monray delim sacret flog'tan."

"Thanks, guys - that was perfect!" Kandi said, grinning wickedly as she got up off the couch. "No, no you guys stay there until I tell you to move, okay?"

She wiggled and jiggled off to the bedroom, the two guys watching her go. "What the fuck was that all about?" rat asked, leaning back in the chair.

"Fucked if I know." Todd grunted. "She's hot, though."

"Damned hot." Todd agreed, grinning. "And hot to trot, to boot."

"Damned straight." Rat nodded. Reaching forward, he picked up the empty beer can and shook it. "Say, how 'bout getting me another beer 'fore she gets back, dude?"

"Get it your lazy-ass self!" Todd retorted, leaning back in the couch. "I'm comfortable right here."

Neither man realized it, but their 'reluctance' to get off the couch was actually a result of the spell Kandi had gotten them to read - a spell that made them completely submissive to her commands, even ones as 'innocently' phrased as the one to stay where they were.

The bedroom door opened, and Kandi emerged from the bedroom. She'd changed her outfit, and was now dressed in a white leather mini-skirt and a white T-shirt tugged over her ample bust-line, a faint hint of her demi-cup bra visible through the thin material. In one arm she carried a bundle of women's clothing, and the other, she carried a couple of sheets of paper.

"Hey, guys, I'm going to this pool party my friend Brad Dooguid is throwing for me." She said, dumping the clothing on the floor. "He's having a bunch of his old high-school football buddies over. You went to high-school with Brad and his buddies, didn't you?"

"That's right." Todd agreed, while Rat nodded - disappointment written on both their faces. "Well, I promised I'd bring a couple of hot, horny chicks with me, you know?" She said. "Women who are ready, willing, and eager to fuck. Now, answer

me honestly - do you think that me taking a couple of hot-and-ready babes to a party for the express purpose of having sex is wrong, or do you agree completely with the idea?"

"I agree completely." Rat agreed, overlapping Todd's "I certainly don't have a problem with it."

"Okay..." Kandi grinned. "Knowing that the hot, sexy girls I bring with me are supposed to fuck and suck guys, would you like to come to Brad's party?"

She got two enthusiastic answers in the affirmative.

"Great!" She said. "Now, I want each of you to read, aloud, the sheet of paper I'm going to give you, completely and without stopping for any reason - *but...*!"

Here, she held up one finger for emphasis, feeling the need to give the two men a final chance to escape. "But I only want you to read the sheet if you think a person who just happens to have a sexy female body should be completely willing not only to flaunt it in both how she moves and the way she dresses, but also if you firmly believe that person should also be willing to use her body and any sexual skills she might happen to have in order to sexually please men."

With that disclaimer said, Kandi handed over the sheets of paper with hands that trembled slightly, holding her breath.

Neither of the men hesitated for so much of a sentence. Todd was even grinning lewdly as he began reading his, still unaware that he was acting 'under orders'.

Even before each man reached the end of the first 'gibberish' sentence, Kandi relaxed, since neither man was the least bit capable of stopping what was to come - by their own choice, unknowing as it might have been.

After the end of the first sentence, each of the men was aware of something happening to them - and the farther they read, the more obvious it became. Horrified, their voices rose in pitch and volume, the eyes bulged and their hands shook - but no matter how hard they struggled to stop reading, neither man was capable of so much as hesitating as they continued the spells in hoarse, horrified - and, before long, feminine - voices.

Finally, they stopped reading, the changes finished...

"Holy shit!" The woman who had been Rat screamed in her new voice. "What the fuck did you do to us, bitch!"

"We're... we're fuckin' cunts!" The new Todd screamed the more-than-obvious, looking down at her new body in horror.

"That's right - and you've even 'bespelled' yourself with a host of new skills." Kandi replied. "Now, here's what's going to happen: I'm going to Brad's party now. As soon as I leave, each of you will chose a new, feminine name - first and last - that you think would fit with the new bodies you are in. You will then help each other choose clothing, jewelry, and make-up that you firmly believe would be exactly what a woman who looks like that person does would willingly decide to wear to a pool party with a bunch of horny guys around. Once you are ready, you will leave the apartment, and come directly to Brad's party - and,

at all times, you will walk, talk, and act in all ways exactly the manner in which you believe the new woman you are should do so."

With that, Kandi turned and - conscious untroubled - headed out of the apartment.

CHAPTER SIX

Steven 'Rat' Lewis tried desperately to alter the angle of his motorbike just enough to send it - and the person on it - smashing into the upcoming bridge abutment.

No such luck. The bridge whipped passed overhead as she sat astride the vibrating motorcycle, guiding it towards the destination.

Her new body, ,feeling different in so many, ,many ways, was not properly dressed for the ride - and the wind blowing across her new body created new and disturbing sensations, some of which were, disgustingly, pleasant...

...as was the thrum and rumble of the motorcycle's seat against her new womanhood. The woman who Rat had become wanted to kill herself. If not herself, then at least Kandi.

Maybe, most of all, she wanted to kill Todd - or the woman she'd become. Because, 'who' she was now was a direct result of Todd's choices - and vice versa.

Helpless, unable to be anybody but the new woman she'd been instructed to be, she pulled the bike off the road and into Brad's packed driveway, tooling down the paved surface to the end, where she kicked the stand into position and climbed off.

Balancing with disgusting ease atop her heels, the new woman waited...

* * * * *

As the cab pulled into the driveway, the new woman Todd had become - unsuited in form or outfit to ride a motorcycle here - counted attempting to scream at the driver to turn around.

As for the past twelve minutes, no sound slipped past her smiling, lipstick-covered lips.

In fact, no sign of the murderous rage that filled the new woman showed on the surface. Instead, she seemed happy as she slid from the cab, , balancing without problem as she bent low - giving the driver a heart-stopping view - and paid the fair with a smile...

...and a small kiss on the cheek that made her create a mental note to track this guy down and kill him when it was all over.

Straightening, the new woman helplessly jiggled and swayed towards that damned traitorous bastard - bitch - who had chosen a new name and outfit for her, forcing her to act this role. Rat, whatever body he/she would be inhabiting at the time, was also on the 'quick death' list as soon as Todd was able to control her action.

The feel of her new bodies movements, ,so different then before, only served to drive her hate-filled rage higher. How dare anybody do this? Tarp her in a female body? Make her act like some... damned.. woman...?

Unable to so much as grit her teeth, she joined the new Rat, and they stepped to the gate into the back yard, where the voice of a dozen or so guys could be heard.

* * * * *

Unlatching the gate, she helplessly stepped through, struggling to stop being the very woman who she would have so desperately wanted to meet as a man. Even as she walked down the steps, hating what had been done to her and what was to happen, ,she couldn't help but admit to herself, no matter how angrily or disgustedly, that there was more then a certain measure of fairness in the punishment given her...

...and that made it harder to swallow then if it had been an unearned fate that she could have raged against without restraint.

'Fair' or not, she still desperately tried to break into a run and throw herself into the pool for a quick drowning, before the worst could happen...

...but that was what 'Rat' wanted. It wasn't even close to what 'she' would - and did - do; namely, step around the corner and onto the pool-side patio, in full view of the twelve handsome, fit young men lounging around and drinking.

All of whom fell dead silent at the sight of the two women standing at the foot of the steps.

Helplessly, she began walking towards them , the heel of her knee-high leather boots clacking on the concrete.

"Hi, there." She said in a rich, erotic voice. "My name's Rachel - Rachel DeRaunch. Is this a private party, or can anybody cum..."

She licked her lips to make sure nobody would miss the significance of her emphasis on the last word - and, it wasn't because she 'had' to, strictly speaking, but because it was what she wanted 'Rachel' to do - except, of course, she was trapped in that particular body...

Long, well-toned legs driving her in a sultry walk, the tall Latino woman with the massive man of dark hair slowly strutted forward, dark, long-lashed eyes sweeping across the men at crotch level. All of this was done after an instant's thought as to what 'Rachel' would do - that is, what Rat firmly and honestly believed a woman who looked exactly like Rachel would do. Not 'should' - 'would'.

Even as she helplessly did it, she knew it was because, in her own mind, she really did believe a woman like the one she'd become would willingly try to elicit oral sex from men, because a tall, sexy

Latino woman with big, firm DDD-cup breasts and the most amazingly full, sensuous pair of lips would, of course, more than just simply 'enjoy' giving blowjobs and slurping down loads of cum...

...among other sexual acts, of course.

Pausing - posing - in the center of the croup of men, she reached up and parted the leather jacket she wore, making sure the men got a good look at the firm spheres encased in her black spandex crop-top, while spreading her legs so that her ultra-short, ultra-tight jean shorts practically rode up into the crotch that was sopping wet.

Rachel was, of course, unbelievably horny at the moment.

Not 'acting unbelievably horny' - Rachel actually was incredibly turned on by the thought of sucking and fucking men. Again, because Rat thought any woman would be excited by the group of handsome men - and so, indeed, she was.

You could tell which men were which by where their eyes were slowly settling. Rachel, tall and toned, also sported an unbelievable ass that was also well-displayed by her three-quarter pose,

and some men were eyeing her legs and ass...

...while others were looking elsewhere.

"God - and what's your name..." one of the guys looking in that direction asked.

* * * * *

The fact that the question was asked somewhat lower than of her face didn't even truly register on her, since that was exactly what she would have done - instead, she was fixing the man's face in her mind for later, bloody vengeance, even as she spoke:

"Hi, I'm Bambi Bubbles!" She announced in a high, bright soprano, followed by a giggle. "But you can just call me Boobies!"

She giggled again, the motion making the two freakishly huge tits thrust disgustingly from her chest jiggle again.

God, if only she could cut this monster mammary masses from her chest, so that she didn't have to feel those disgustingly wonderful waves of pleasure that came with ever slight movement!

Reaching, she flicked a lock of her massive mane of platinum-blond hair away from her face with one long, hot-pink nail, then giggled again.

"I betcha know why everybody calls me that!" She said, brightly, as she reached down and caressed the disgustingly firm medicine-balls sized masses of breast-flesh that strained the seams of the tiny, semi-transparent tube-top she wore. The same hot pink as her nails, lipstick, spandex mini-skirt and platform 'stripper' shoes, the tiny tube of cloth barely managed to cover - and definitely not conceal - her huge, thick, fully-engorged nipples, which she proceeded to squeeze between two fingers.

Her outward facade showed no sign of the near-collapse the what-she-once-would-have- considered-orgasmic pleasure that thundered through her new body, nor did it reveal the monumental disgust she felt at being forced to endure that feminine pleasure.

"I think I can figure it out..." The guy agreed, grinning, earning him another giggle. Oh, yes - any man who made her feel pleasure like that definitely deserved to die...

* * * * *

She couldn't stop herself. 'Rachel' didn't want to stop herself, as she slowly strutted sensuously towards the man who's crotch bulged the most prominently.

"Hey there, big boy..." She said, huskily, as she stared him right in the eyes, throat dry. "Aren't you going to offer me a drink...?"

"Uh, sure..." He said, blinking, extending the half-filled bottle of beer he was holding towards her.

Mentally, Rat shook her head at the man's density, even as her smile widened and she leaned forward, resting a hand one each of his thighs so that her thumbs met - and lightly squeezed - the bulge.

"I was hoping for something.... warmer and... saltier..." She said, still meeting her eyes. God, she was about to give a man a blowjob. She wanted to die in humiliation.

She wanted to be sucking a cock already, and hated the time wasted in having to arrange it... Thankfully/unfortunately, the guy wasn't nearly that slow. "Uh, where should we...?"

"Why go anywhere...?" Rachel asked.

Well, if were done, t'was best it were done quickly....

Licking her full lips again, slowly, she unzipped the man's pants, even as the two nearest men watched in amazed envy.

The man's cock sprang free, hard and throbbing despite the cooling night air. "My, my, what a tasty-looking treat to offer a lady..." Rachel said, hungrily...

...while she tried, with steadily less success, to find the difference between 'what Rat *thought* Rachel would do', 'what Rat *wanted* Rachel to do', and 'what Rat wanted *Rat* to do.'

Pleasure was thrumming through her, no matter what it's origin - and it, like all pleasure, felt good. She was feeling urges that she knew satisfying would bring more pleasure - and no part of her was fully capable of denying that.

Even as she sank to her knees, full lips parting, something was going on in her brain...

'Forced' Rachel was slipping away as a fascinated 'Rachel that Rat wanted to exist' slipped forward...

..and that 'Rachel' was merely a 'what if' scenario of Rat, and so, in fact, was Rat, more or less.

The head of the cock, ,so close, was oozing out a drop of pearly pre-cum, so ready was the man as Rachel's talented hands slipped around a cock that felt so warm, so wonderful in her grip.

Rachel quickly pushed her tongue out in a flicking motion - and pleasure assaulted her, 'as expected', at the taste of the man's warm, salty seed...

...and Steven eagerly clamped Rachel's lips around the cock's head, reveling in the intense, satisfying pleasure that came from filling her mouth with warm, hard cock.

'Oh, yes...!' Steven thought as he had Rachel moan in pleasure. 'This is how a woman like me should feel like when sucking cock - like she is fulfilling her very purpose in the universe!'

It was, of course, exactly what Steve fervently believed - so much so, that finding 'himself' in the body of a woman couldn't even begin to budge that belief...

..and so, as Steven embraced her new life as Rachel, not even noticing as she gave up any desire to ever become male again, it was because, in her deepest beliefs, she truly believed that she'd found a life that gave the sort of purpose and pleasure that no 'woman' could ever walk away from, regardless of her past.

Thanks to a strange confluence that had put her here, it also just so happened that anything she believed about this woman came to pass...

Eagerly, with all her mind and soul, Rachel began sucking the wonderful cock filling her mouth, unbelievably grateful that Kandi had thought to include skills for this in her new life. Her hand worked the base of the shaft and the man's balls like a virtuoso pianist would tickle the ivories, while lips and tongue played a symphony for ecstasy on the upper end of the shaft and the bulbous head.

It was ecstasy that was mutual, because Steven believed women like herself found sucking cock as completely satisfying as any other sort of sex - and, so, of course, she did.

She sucked. She licked. She squeezed. She caressed.

She worked with every ounce of skill she possessed to an end that was virtually predetermined...

...as the man gasped and began to pump what she believed a woman like her would find - and did find - indescribably tasty, the nectar of the gods, to be gulped down thankfully even as her body shuddered in orgasmic pleasure at being allow to have such a substance fill her just-barely-worthy body.

Carefully licking up ever single drop of the wonderful man-juice, she slowly eased back on her haunches.

"Thank you..." She said, honestly. "You have no idea how wonderful that was for me."

"I... kinda enjoyed it too..." the man managed, earning a snort of laughter from one of the other guys.

Smiling herself, Steven had Rachel's body rise up, swing around, and firmly plant her full, delightful ass on the man's lap. Leaning back, she rather unsubtly stuck one of the man's hands on her own crotch, while she put the other on one firm breast, moaning at the pleasure she would/should/did feel from a man's touch.

"While Big Boy's waiting to get hard again, so that he can fuck me good and hard..." She announced, "...who else wants a blow job?"

There was a stunned pause - and she blinked, ,smiled, and shifted slightly. "Guys, take my word for it - this is definitely a very limited time offer..."

As she paused to pick from the sudden rush of volunteers, Steve felt the cock stirring against Rachel's ass, and almost orgasmed at the very thought of how wonderful it must - and therefore, would - feel to be fucked as a woman.

* * * * *

"I like guys who like my Boobies!" Boobies said, jiggling closer to the man. "Men who like my beautiful titties get me all hot, and make me wanna fuck. Wanna play with my boobies, mister?"

Oh, shit - if only women weren't so stupid, she wouldn't have to be acting this way. It was all women's fault that she had to act just like any huge-breasted bimbo-looking woman would naturally act in a situation like this.

Okay, so every woman on the planet went on that 'to die' list - except, of course, for certain ones to be kept for their recreational value, though they'd be the 'right' type of women, the ones who fought against their disgusting desire for constant cock, and consequentially had to be forced into fucking and sucking, like and decent woman should.

"God, would I...!" The man exclaimed.

"Okay!" Boobies agreed like any full-fledge cum-crazed bimbo slut would, ,damned the luck. She all- but-threw herself on the man's lap, ripping her top off - what little of it there was - to allow unrestricted access to her disgustingly huge, horribly sensitive tits.

The man reached out with eager hands, filling them with as much as he could of her massive tits as he leaned forward and began to lick and nibble at her nipples, causing indescribable pleasure.

"Gee, mister, you're good at this!" Boobies giggled, mentally adding '..and because you're so good at causing intense waves of feminine pleasure to thunder through my body, I'll have to kill you'.

But, of course, she was completely unable to state this thought, as blatantly obvious as it was.

"God, you're getting me so horny!" She announced, brightly, wanting to rip the mans' ace off as she gently caressed the side of her own tits. "You wanna fuck now?"

The guy blinked, and for a second she held the hope that he might actually be man enough to do the right thing, and keep his cock away from a fellow-man-who-just-happened-to-be-trapped-in-a- bimbo-body...

...but the traitorous bastard didn't. "Uh, okay..."

"Goodie!" She cried, clapping her hands as contemplated the mass murder that was soon to come.

The man was sitting semi-reclined on chaise lounge - which was a good thing for him, as he very barely managed to yank down his swim-trunks and dispose the horribly erect cock he sported before she'd ripped off her skirt to reveal her sopping cunt, over which she didn't bother with underwear.

Shit - she was actually going to be fucked by a man, she thought as she all-but-threw herself towards the erect cock, pussy first...

She screamed in hideous joy as terrible, disgusting, horrifying pleasure thundered threw her body at just being impaled on the disgusting organ...

...and a horrifying thought filled her mind.

It was actually possible that she might orgasm.

It should have been ludicrous, of course. Any man worth his salt got his rock off fast enough so as not to make even a natural, real woman orgasm - yet, still, it seemed that...

...that...

...that she almost wanted to orgasm.

No, ,that was sick, she thought, as she arched her back and began to pump atop the man, the disgusting friction of cunt walls around cock creating a horrifying amount of pleasure - much more pleasure then was right.

Well, okay - she just had to bend every ounce of her trapped masculine will into not orgasming, that was all. She was ignore the fantastic pleasure she was feeling from eagerly fucking a guy's brains out, so eagerly and energetically that the man

could do little but lay there and except it. As she rode him frantically, screaming in supposed joy and using the everywhere-else limp man's hands to fondle her own tits, she concentrated on thinking manly thoughts to ward off the impossible.

It should have been easy. After all, the curse only affected her actions, not her thoughts...

...and yet...

...pleasure kept creeping through! No. No, this couldn't be happening...

She redoubled her efforts, thinking about such masculine things as construction. Burly men with hammers, working hard. Muscles flexing as they pounded, harder and harder, pounding and pounding and...

No, no that wasn't the thing to be thinking of. Definitely not.

Under her out-of-control body, the man shivered and shook at the intense skill of her disgustingly exquisite cunt muscles, which were doing almost impossible things to his cock as she thrust herself on him, huge boobs bouncing and jiggling with each thrust - and creating more of that horribly feminine pleasure.

She had to concentrate...

Baseball. Ah, yes, a man's sport. The bat. The long, hard bat. The hard, round, unstoppable bat - and the white ball, hit, so fast it seemed like a streak, a stream of white coming from the hard shaft...

No, that wasn't good, either.

Listen to herself, she thought with disgust. Screaming and moaning in pleasure just because it felt fantastically fabulous to have some schmuck's cock creating instance waves of pleasure in her tight cunt as she frantically fucked him long and hard. It was disgusting - and disgustingly pleasurable, with waves of endless ecstasy rising towards...

Uh, oh, think fast, or...

Okay - Battleships. Battleships, the ultimate in guns. Think about that. While helplessly fucking this guy, blonde hair bouncing, huge tits swaying, think about the firing procedures of those death-dealing battleship guns.

Okay, yes - this would do it. What could reassert masculinity more quickly - and safely - than the procedures used to wipe entire towns of the map at ranges of up to twenty miles? It was perfect...

Okay, range. You elevate the barrel, the massive, thick steel barrels, rising upwards, into the sky...

Then the shell. The shell, rammed into the breech, rammed by inhuman power, by hydraulic machines.. rammed...

...rammed... Where was I..?

Okay, yeah - then powder. The powder, also rammed in...

...rammed in... Rammed in, ,hard...

Oh, God, oh God, no, hold on... Concentrate...

She struggled, on the edge of the terrible, terrible precipice - and, with sheer force of will managed to hold off, mentally begging for the damned man below her to finish as she forced her mind back to...

..the gun. The ready gun. The gun, which having be rammed, was ready...

..was ready...

...was ready to unleash itself...

..in...

...in a tremendous explosion...

...a tremendous explosion of...

...pure orgasmic energy!

She screamed. She screaming in mindless pleasure as the unwanted orgasm hit, overwhelming her with feminine pleasure, making her top-heavy new bimbo-body shudder and shake in it's grip, as the man dumped his damned seed into her a second too late.

She sighed in soft pleasure as she slumped atop him, having lost. She'd done the unthinkable, and let a man give her an orgasm.

Any real man would have been able to not orgasm, so, of course, she must not be a real man, but one who had secretly wanted to be fucked by men all this time, and hidden it because she didn't have a good body to attract all those faggots who she secretly wanted to fuck and suck all this time.

Well, having discovered the truth, she'd have to slit her own throat the instant she became male again, to keep herself from ever giving into those faggot tendencies she'd managed to so manfully keep at bay until now.

Of course, she didn't want to die, even if she was obviously a faggot, and so deserved it - but she'd just proven how weak she was, by letting a man actually give her an orgasm. In fact, being as weak as she was, she couldn't trust herself to do the right thing. All she was any good for now...

Well, as much as she hated it, as much as it would disgust her, she'd have to spend the rest of her life making sure to keep her female self constantly sexually satiated, so she'd never be tempted to become male again, and so denigrate the who male race by becoming another damned pansy.

Though a faggot weakling, she had enough strength ion her to do this for her true gender.

For the sake of her manhood, she'd have to force herself to be a nymphomaniac bimbo stripper- slut.

With her new-found convictions, it was an easy matter to push aside the weak, useless feminine persona, force her lips into what others would take as a warm, eager smile, and make herself ask in a high-pitched voice: "Anybody else wanna play with my wonderful boobies...?"

..and, taking every ounce of will she possessed, she forced herself to giggle mindlessly at the response.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Kandi slowly blinked, smiling into the darkness as she enjoyed the warm throbbing of her nipples and crotch. She slid her hand over to the other side of the big bed...

...and encountered nothing.

Yawning, she forced herself up on her slender elbows - and found the party's nominal host, standing at the window and watching the still-ongoing orgy in the dawning light.

"Mmmm... come back to bed, lover..." Kandi moaned.

The person who'd once been the star of the high-school football team continued watched the rest of the team screwing the new women - which prompted a thoughtful remark: "There's going to be an awful lot of explaining to do, sometime in the not-to-distant future. You do understand that, don't you?"

"Maybe, maybe not - I have some ideas..." Kandi said, evasively, thinking about her unaltered hacking abilities. "Why don't you forget about that and come back to bed..."

That earned a smile, and Kandi spread her arms - and legs - wide to accept her lover.

With a wicked smile on her own face, Brenda Dooguid rejoined her *new* lesbian lover in an embrace...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: After her boyfriend ruins her romantic plans for the weekend by inviting his friends, she decides to use her magic powers to change him into a classic bimbo so his buddies can have someone to play with.

Cabin Fever

By Gunslinger

"You did *what?*"

The slender, sandy-haired youth winced at the incredulous anger in the voice of the golden blonde standing in front of him, hands on her hips and a glare in her large blue eyes. Beneath the summery floral-print dress she wore, her slender, athletic body was tense with anger.

"Look, Becky," Carl tried, holding his hands out in front of him in supplication. "You don't understand..."

Becky lifted a ginger in warning. "What I understand, Carl Vincent Beckworth,... (*Carl winced - her use of all three names was a very bad sign*) ...what I understand is that we were supposed to go up to the cabin this weekend for a romantic weekend - *alone* - and you invited these two guys to come up for the weekend as well. You've known these guys for, what less then a week? And you're screwing up the plans we've had for over two months now because of them!"

Rubbing his sweating palms on his cut-off denim shorts, Carl carefully advanced into even more dangerous territory. "Well, actually - I figured we could still have a romantic weekend, Becky. See, if you could talk Jenny and Lisa into coming up "

Becky's jaw dropped at Carl's audacity. "What? It's not bad enough that you invited those jerks up to the cabin, you want me to pimp for my friends, too?"

Carl sighed again. "Look, Steve and Dan aren't jerks. And I'm not asking you to pimp for anybody

- I just though you might want to invite a couple of friends to, um... '*distract*' Steve and Dan "

"Oh, really?" Becky asked, her usually pleasant voice dripping with sarcasm. "Then why did you specifically name Jenny and Lisa? Jenny, maybe I could understand - but we both know that we can barely stand Lisa. So - why her?"

Carl blushed. "Well, um... you see... Steve likes women who are, um " He held his hands out in front of his chest.

Becky's glare could have melted the isothermic tiles of the Space Shuttle. "I see - because Lisa's double-D's make her my 'biggest' friend, you thought she should come to make your precious Steve happy." She snorted. "Nooooo, we're not pimping."

Carl knew that he was really in trouble. When Becky got mad, she screamed and yelled - but when she was truly enraged, she actually cooled, becoming sarcastic and sharp-tongued - like now.

"Look, um..." Carl thought fast. "If you don't want to come up this weekend, we'll go up together - alone - in a month or so. Then..."

"Oh - that's a good idea. Don't cancel on your friends - cancel on your girlfriend instead. Yeah - that really shows how much you care, you insensitive prick."

Gulp. "Look, Becky..."

"No - you look." Becky interrupted. "We've been seeing each other for more than a year now. When we first started, I knew that you could be selfish and insensitive - but it didn't seem to be that bad, and I thought maybe you could learn to actually care what I thought and felt."

"I.."

"Shut up!" Her voice was sharp with anger, and he closed his mouth with a snap. "All the things I did for you - changing the way I looked, losing some of those muscles - everything I did because I wanted you to like me, and this is what I get in return. A boyfriend who gets steadily more insensitive and selfish the longer we're together. I can't believe I gave up my old life because I thought you were the guy I was looking for."

Carl blinked, confused. "I... I don't underst "

"No, you don't." Becky interrupted. "Let me show you."

Turning on one sandal-clad heel, she stomped over to the sideboard, Carl watching with a confused look in his eye. Becky opened the drawer at the top and extracted a small wooden box with brass hardware. He'd always wondered about the box, which was locked, but Becky had always deflected any of his idly curious questions. Now, she used the small silver key she wore on her necklace to unlock the box.

"See this?" She asked, reaching into the box. She lifted out what was inside, an apparently very old necklace with a intricately carved pendant. It appeared to be solid gold, set with a small, green stone.

"Uh yeah." Carl said, wondering what the hell was going on - and where she'd gotten the necklace. It looked very old, and very valuable.

As if reading his mind, Becky said "This particular amulet has been handed down in my family, generation after generation. I got it about a year and a half ago - shortly before we started dating, as a matter of fact."

Taking off the necklace with the key on it, she settled the new necklace - the 'amulet', as she'd called it - around her neck.

Looking Carl straight in the eye, she said "Carl, you remember me the way I was, and understand what I did, and how."

It was like there was a painless explosion in his mind as knowledge flooded into his brain. "Oh.. my.. God " Carl said, shaken and stunned.

Now he remembered everything. For the past year or so, he'd thought that Becky and he had grown up in the same part of town, meeting each other occasionally and seeing each other in the classes they'd shared in collage - but they had never really looked at each other 'that way' until they'd both been dateless for the prom. After that night, they'd started seeing each other seriously.

And that was more or less what had really happened - but there was more to it than that. Because the Becky that had been before the prom had been taller, less attractive - tomboyish and sort of 'butch', with heavier muscles and a blockier figure. Although it seemed incredible, nobody had questioned the fact - or even seemed to notice - that one day Becky had simply, inexplicable become the attractive young woman who now stood in front of Carl, her eyes filled with anger.

Carl also now knew that the amulet was just that - a magical talisman, one of great power. One that had the ability to make whatever the wearer said come true. More than that, though, it actually altered history itself - or, at least, peoples recollection of it. Unless the bearer of the amulet specifically said otherwise, anything she changed would go unquestioned, as everybody would remember it as always being that way.

"Holy shit..." Carl said, shaking his head in disbelief - no, not in disbelief, because he had no choice but to belief it. He could now remember that he and Becky had been friends for years - but he'd always viewed her as almost one of his 'guy friends', until she'd inherited the amulet and used it to alter herself into the form she wore now, so that he'd see her as more than just a friend.

Now, the girl who'd had such a crush on him that she'd used magic to make herself more attractive for him was eyeing him narrowly. He felt a prickle of fear run down his spine, and quickly quashed it. The fact that he now knew that she held incredible power to do almost anything didn't mean that she was going to do anything - after all, they'd had fights before and she'd never...

Them suddenly, her expression changed, becoming a sly smile - and that fear nearly became full-blown panic.

"You know - you're right." She said, almost as if nothing had happened and she wasn't angry with him. There was an undeniable edge in her voice, though, that warned him. "I think we should go up to the cabin this weekend with Steve and Dan. Have some fun and relax."

"You.. you do?" Carl asked, cautiously. In that instant after she'd stated her 'wish', he'd understood that there was basically no limit to the power of the amulet, and her sudden change in demeanor was scaring the hell out of him - he'd been with her long enough to catch all the signs that said she'd made some sort of decision.

"Yes." She said, with a nod. "Yes - I think it would be a really good idea. Maybe you're right, and Steve and Dan aren't jerks. Maybe I'll find a new boyfriend during the weekend."

Carl sighed and relaxed a little. "I see - I guess that's your way of saying you never want to see me again, huh?"

She looked surprised. "Good lord, no. We're going to spend lots of time together - we're going to be the best of friends."

"We are?" Carl asked, confused.

She smiled. "Sure. After all, there's so much I like about you." Now Carl was really surprised. "There is?"

"Yes. You have such cute, slender little feet, for one."

Carl never got to find out what he would have said - because there was a sudden tingling sensation in his feet, and he gaped downwards. It was an exercise in futility, as he couldn't see his feet in his sneakers - but he could feel them, and suddenly his shoes felt loose on him as that strange tingling pressure faded away, leaving him with a nasty suspicion.

"Becky... what are you doing?" He asked, feeling a worm of panic coiling in his stomach.

She ignored the question. "And you always either go barefoot, or wear shoes with some sort of heel."

This time, Carl got to see what was happening. He watched, stunned, as his shoes began to writhe and change. The tongue of his sneakers slid downwards, darkening and thickening as they did so. At the same time, a hole appeared at the toes of the shoe and began to grow large, exposing toes that looked completely like the ones he'd had just a few minutes ago. The sole of the shoe began to change texture as the heels of his shoes began to push upwards.

In seconds, the tops of the shoes had vanished almost completely, having reformed into a leather band that crossed over the top of his foot, leaving his toes bare, before narrowing and wrapping around his ankles. From there, they ran down to the soles of the shoes - which now boasted a semi-cylindrical heel, about four inches in height. Thanks to her wording - he always wore shoes with heels - he had no problem balancing on the heels, and they felt disquietingly natural on his smaller, feminine feet.

No problem standing on them, physically, that was. Emotionally, he was having all sorts of trouble with this.

"Becky - this isn't funny." He said holding up his hands. "Just... just stop it, okay. Change my feet back. Right now."

She ignored this, too. "Your legs are so cute, too. Nice and shapely, kinda muscular, nicely tanned

- and you always keep them so silky smooth."

"No!" Carl protested - but it did no good, as he could feel his legs changing. A itching sensation accompanied his hair being drawn back into the pores of his legs, while he could feel the odd pressures and contractions as his legs reconfigured themselves, becoming athletically attractive, feminine legs with a golden tan and soft, flawless skin.

"Of course, you are that tanned and silky smooth all over, and blessed with the fact that you have almost no body hair." She continued. Even as he felt those changes taking place, Carl pleaded.

"Please - please stop. I'm sorry, Becky, I know I've been a bastard - but please, don't do this." He stepped towards her, arms out imploringly. He noticed that he moved easily and naturally atop the heels, and that the arms he held out were tanned and smooth, and he felt a wave of fear and hate mingle in him.

"You're just going to stand still and not move until I tell you you can." She told him - and in that instant, he found that it was true. He was completely unable to move - though he could still talk.

"Becky - please..."

"You also have one of the cutest asses I've ever seen - so firm and full." She told him - and, sure enough, he could feel his shorts grow tighter around his hips as his ass filled out, becoming firm and shapely, the now-taut denim hugging the perfect buttocks like a second skin.

"And you just *have* to wear tight and/or revealing clothes to show off that spectacular ass and nicely rounded athletic hips you have." She continued, inexorably.

"Please.. nooo..." Carl begged, near tears as his shorts and underwear changed. He couldn't see the underwear, but he could feel it shift and change, and could feel the way it become softer and silkier against his skin. Over the unseen underwear, his shorts tightened around his hips even as his hips became somewhat wider and nicely rounded. The shorts also became shorter, revealing more of his now tanned, shapely thighs.

"Becky, please - we can work this out... we can.. I can..." Carl begged, searching for something - *anything* - to say that would stop what she was doing. He had no doubt what she was planning to do - she was going to turn him into a woman, and he felt like screaming in horror, disgust and fear. But he fought down the panic and struggled to find the right words to end this nightmare.

Becky, however, didn't even seem to hear him as she continued on, that same small smile on her lips, and wicked gleam in her eyes.

"Of course, you also like wearing such tight clothes and silky panties because of how it feels against your tight, incredibly sensitive pussy with it's big clit."

"Oh, god... please..." Carl begged - and now tears ran down his face as he felt his manhood tingle and begin to recede, drawing itself back up into his body. He felt the opening reshaping itself, and disgustingly pleasurable sensations ran through his body from where the tight denim pushed the silky underwear tight across his incredibly sensitive new womanhood.

"You also have a slender waist and a flat stomach," Becky continued, mercilessly. "In fact, your entire figure is slender and firm, nice and athletic."

Carl was sobbing loudly now as the changes rippled over him. His waist drew inwards as his shoulders narrowed and his arms reshaped themselves. The changes spread over his body, giving him the figure of an athletic woman, and he cringed at each new sensation - like the one created as his nipples swelled outwards atop growing mounds of flesh that formed into firm, perky B-cup breasts, pressing against the fabric of the white T-shirt he wore.

"And you have such a cute voice - so melodic and sweet. It goes so well with your cute face with the big, brown eyes and full lips."

Even as he felt the changes in his face, his sobs rose in pitch as his vocal cords were changed in a neck that became longer and slimmer. Although he couldn't see his altered face, Becky was satisfied with it - it wasn't classically beautiful, with the nose a little large and the chin a little too square, but it was definitely cute, with full lips, huge, expressive doe-like eyes and long, fine lashed. His eyebrows were slightly thicker than most women's, but nicely curved.

"You have a soft, silky mane of straight hair that hangs halfway down your back, and you take good care of it - just as you don't wear much make up, but are meticulous about the lipstick and mascara you do use." Becky said to the sobbing... woman. Carl had lost it, and was just standing there, locking into position, tears running from her huge, dark eyes as she knew that she was now female in every sense of the word - and that Becky's careful phrasing was forcing her to act in new ways as well.

Becky tapped her finger on her lip thoughtfully. "You are wearing a nice, powder-blue tank top right now, and you always were as flattering clothing as you can in any given situation. Oh - and although you don't wear much fancy jewelry, you feel absolutely naked without earrings and a nice feminine watch or bracelet."

In an instant, that was what Carl was wearing.

Becky looked at the sobbing woman and shook her head. "Well - this isn't going to do." She said - then smiled wickedly.

"Your name is Carrie, not Carl. You remember everything that has happened, as do I - but everybody else remembers you as always having been Carrie. You can talk with me about this, but no one else - whenever there is anyone else near, you will be unable to mention this event.

Furthermore, you still have free will - but the farther from the part of a cheerful, friendly, easy-going young woman you act, the more painful a headache you will find yourself suffering."

Almost immediately, Carl - Carrie - stopped sobbing. It wasn't that he felt any better - it was the sudden blast of pain that would have sent her to her knees if not for the fact that she was still immobilized. By her wording, Becky was forcing Carrie to act out her part rather than simply changing her mind, and Carrie knew that she was meant to suffer the agony of having to play female. Now, she forced herself to put on a weak semblance of calm, fighting the other,

'Non-Carrie' urges she was feeling, fearing the return of that incredible pain.

"Becky.." She asked, forcing herself to keep her voice neutral. "Please. I'm sorry - but don't leave me like this. All I wanted to do was spend a weekend with a couple of new friends. I don't deserve this."

Becky looked shock. "But my dear - we are going to spend the weekend with your new friends. I've altered history, and as far as Steve and Dan are concerned, it was you - Carrie - who they met last week, and who invited them to spend the weekend at the cabin."

"No, please..." Carrie begged, fighting to stay 'in character', even though a middling-strong ache throbbed in her head. "Don't do this to me - I can't face Steve and Dan like this - as a woman. I can't."

"Oh - you know, that reminds me..." Becky said with a smirk. "Steve likes his women..." She made cupping motions with her hands in front of her chest.

"No! I beg..." Carrie cried - feeling an agonizing throb as she stepped too far out of character.

The pain was made worse by the fact that it was done in vain - Becky paid no attention. "You have the pair of tits that Steve would think are absolutely, positively perfect in every detail."

Carrie cried out once more as she felt a building pressure in her chest. As she looked down in horror, her blue tank-top pressed outwards, taut over the swelling mounds beneath. The clothing was actually growing with the breasts beneath, maintaining an even pressure as her chest swelled out and out... and out... and out....

"My," Becky remarked casually as Carrie's tits continued to swell, remaining impossibly firm as they filled out from perky rounded cones into round, heavy spheres that defied gravity as they raced upwards through the alphabet of cup sizes. "Steve has... interesting tastes "

By the time they stopped, Carrie's massive bust was the size of beach-balls - massive, firm spheres of golden tit-flesh, with just the hint of tan lines in the shape of a tiny bikini top, as if she tanned nude whenever possible and only wore the top when she had to. Topping the massive, unbelievable firm mounds were nipples that were absolutely huge, as long and thick around as her thumbs had been before her hands had become slimmer, daintier and more feminine. The dark nipples were perched atop equally dark aureole the size of silver dollars. The areola were domed, almost looking like her original tits atop the massive pair she sported now.

The breasts were amazingly heavy, and as they swelled Carrie had felt muscles in her back and shoulders becoming slightly larger and stronger to take up the weight. She also felt unbelievable sensitive, the huge, erect nipple that were clearly viable though the tank-top sending bolt of pleasure through her as they rubbed slightly against the material with every breath she took.

"Now, with tits that absolutely huge and obvious, you must act like you're proud of them, like you love having them looked at and admired, and like you enjoy them yourself." Becky said - and Carrie helpless found herself standing up straighter, pushing her chest out to emphasize it even as the tank-top she wore writhed and shrunk, forming into a blue spandex crop-top that clung to the bottom half of her amazing rack and rose until it just barely covered her massive nipples. Above that, the low neck-line displayed an awesome chasm of cleavage that seemed to rival the Grand Canyon for size and depth.

"Well, I think that just about does it - for now." Becky said, eyeing her 'creation'." And, since I don't want to distract from you - and, plus, I don't have to keep this weak little body to make you happy - I think... I look the way I should look according to my genetic heritage, and not only does everybody remember looking this way, but they all remember Carrie and I being best friends."

Becky's body shimmered, then quickly reformed into the heavier, stronger body that was her birthright. She stretched, enjoying the easy strength of her more masculine body, even if she'd had to trade some of her grace and looks for it.

"Becky, please... At least tell me why you're doing this to me. please." Carrie begged.

Becky looked at her disdainfully. "You know, my mama always warned me that men - all men - were nothing more than chauvinistic pigs. Now, she started telling me this when I was very young, before I had any interest in men, sexually. At the time, you were just a 'guy friend'. Then I got older, and started noticing guys - and so I thought 'hey, I like Carl a lot, I think I'll give it a try.' But you wouldn't have anything to do with me, not until I got the amulet and changed my looks." She spat. Literally - she spit on the floor in contempt. "I should have realized right then - I mean, all I changed was how I looked, and you were interested in me. God, Mama was right, you men are so shallow. All you really want from a woman is sex, and you don't care about a woman's feelings at all. Well, now that I know the truth, I think it's time for you to live the other side. You see, I never enjoyed the sex we had - I faked it to keep you happy. God, I was so stupid. Well, this weekend you can see what it feels like."

"What?" Carrie asked. Suddenly, the situation was worse - much worse. " You... you don't mean... I'm not going to..."

Becky laughed. "Yup. We're going up to that cabin tomorrow, and before we come back on Monday morning, you're going to have a first-hand taste of what I've had to put up with from you when you were just another horny guy thinking with your dick. I'm going to make sure you get laid."

Carrie was horrified, and opened her mouth....

"You are going to go to your room as soon as I'm done talking." Becky said before Carrie could speak. "You are going to undress and get into bed. You will fondle your tits, masturbate, then go into a deep, dreamless sleep that will last until I wake you in the morning."

"Please... Becky, you don't understand..." Carrie said as her legs helplessly carried her towards her bedroom. "Your mom was bitter about men - we're not like that, really..." Then she was stepping into her room and closing the door, and it was too late to try and change Becky's mind.

As she crossed the room to the bed, she saw that it was indeed 'her' room, and not 'his' room - the entire room was different, redecorated in a feminine manner, but not overly so. In short, it was the perfect room for the type of woman she'd become.

However, she noticed this only in passing, as she was engaged in a struggle to stop herself from doing what she'd been told. She put all her will into stopping her fingers from sliding down the zipper she held the massive spandex top in place - and failed, as her slender fingers unzipped the crop-top and pulled it away from her massive, firm tits. The cool air of the room hit the already huge nipples, making them fully - almost painfully - engorged.

Her attempt to stop herself from kicking off the shoes was half-hearted and doomed to failure before she started - but her attempt to keep herself from sliding the shorts and underwear off was full-fledged.

Not that did any good. The only 'benefit' she got from the attempt was that she finally got to see the underwear whose close relatives she was doomed to wear - a pair of white silk thong panties.

Then she was lying down on the bed and clicking off the light. Desperately, she tried to stop herself from what came next...

Slowly, her hands slid over her body in the darkness, moving to the massive tits that graced her slender new ribcage. Even laying down, the massive globes barely flattened under gravity, remaining 'proudly' out thrust. Helplessly, Carrie slid her hands over the massive, smooth expanse of her gigantic tits. Each one of her tits was bigger than her own head, and her hands couldn't come close to covering the whole expanse of even one of the massive, firm mounds. She shivered under the sensation that her helplessly questing hands created as they moved across the silky smooth surface of her tanned breasts, moving with slow, erotic purpose.

Then her fingers touched her nipples, and she stiffened, biting her full lower lip lightly between her perfect teeth as bolts of pleasure emanated from her huge, swollen nipples. Helplessly, her fingers began to lightly squeeze and caress the sensitive, engorged nubs, making her shudder in strange mixture of physical pleasure and emotional pain.

Then, her left hand continued to massage and caress her massive endowment as her right hand slowly slid downwards, crossing her flat, smooth stomach. She felt the short, wiry hairs of her neatly trimmed pubic hair under her fingers as she helplessly moved closer and closer to the genitalia Becky had cursed her with - and then the flat of her hand was sliding across

the sensitive outer lips of her new cunt, which became moist in an incredibly short span of time as tiny tendrils of pleasure wormed their way up her neural pathways from her new sex.

Then she slid on slender finger deep inside, and made a muffled sound as the sensations became anything but tentative.

Her clit was huge compared to most women's, and incredibly sensitive. Carrie unwilling bucked her hips in pleasure as her finger was joined by a second one, sliding back and forth in her hot, wet new cunt. Her belly felt like it was full of liquid fire, she was so hot and wet, and the unwanted pleasure was coming sharp and quick as her fingers began to move with unnerving skill over the intensely aroused flesh of her inner womanhood.

Her fingers began moving faster, touching all the right spots at the right time, and creating sensations both similar and dissimilar from what male masturbation created. She tossed her head back and forth, the hand on her massive tits now tweaking one huge nipple in unconscious syncopation with the fingers plunging in and out of her cunt.

The Carrie experienced her first orgasm as a woman.

Though she had no way of knowing, it was fairly weak - but it felt more than strong enough to her, the intense, erotic pleasure rampaging through her body, exaggerated by the pleasure she was drawing from her massive endowments. For an instant, she lost control of her body in a spasm, writhing uncontrollably as the pleasure of the orgasm overrode any commands that she might send down the nerve network - not that she had any control even before the orgasm.

She cried out, overwhelmed - and disgusted - but the intense pleasure of masturbating her new cunt. Then, almost at the exact instant that the orgasm subsided, she felt a great weariness descend over her, and she had just enough to slip her juice-sodden finger from her cunt before she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

* * * * *

When Steve's Jeep YJ pulled to a stop in front of the cabin in the late afternoon of the next day, Friday, the door to the log structure flew open and Carrie bounded out.

Her massive tits bounced as she flew down the steps. The tiny white bikini she wore barely covered her massive nipples, much less anything else of her gigantic globes, and did nothing to restrain their movement. The muscles of her spectacular ass moved under the tight black spandex bike shorts she wore, and she moved almost soundlessly across the boards in her bare feet.

Soundlessly, that is, if she hadn't been shouting "Dan! Steve! Oh, I'm glad you made it!" as she dashed down the steps.

She went to Steve first. Practically jumping on the muscular, black-haired man, she shoved her huge tits against his tanned, rock-hard chest and hugged him enthusiastically. She then repeated the process with Dan, a slightly shorter by equally muscular brunet.

Of course, none of this was by choice - Becky had said she should do it, and so she did. Now she led the two men towards the door of the cabin, where Becky watched with a small smile.

"Hi, I'm Becky." She replied in answer to the men's introductions. "I'm going to be staying here this weekend too. Since Carrie's here though, you guys won't even be interested in me - hell, I'll just be 'one of the guys' compared to Carrie here."

She said it in a light tone of voice, and the guys laughed - but that didn't change the fact that at that instant, any interest they might have had in Becky died quickly and painlessly.

They unpacked, with Carrie helping, 'inadvertently' giving the guys great views of her ass when she bent over, of magnificent views of her cleavage. She also 'accidentally' brushed those huge tits against the men's chests several times, and there were a few times when she brushed through a doorway with her firm, spectacular ass pressed into the men's crotches 'by mistake'. In fact, if it weren't for her innocent, nearly naïve demeanor and artless actions, it would have been as if her every move was calculated to arouse the men.

Of course, that just what was happening - but it wasn't Carrie's calculations. If she had her choice, she'd be a man again - and forcing Becky to do this, in revenge. Baring that, she'd settle for sitting in a dark corner, alone, screaming and sobbing over what was being done to her. But, thanks to Becky's careful planning and commands, she did it all with a bright, chipper smile and a sweet voice, her exterior never betraying the horror, disgust, anger and shame that roiled beneath.

Carrie then 'happily' prepared dinner, after which she 'voluntarily' cleared the table and did the dishes. Both men made an early attempt to talk her into letting them help, but a word or two from Becky and they not only stopped, but decided that what was being done was woman's work anyway, and Carrie was a 'good' woman for being so willing and eager to do 'her' work. As Carrie slaved over the dirty dishes in the kitchen, Becky and the guys in the other room sipping drinks and chatting, she wondered if Becky realized that she was turning two fairly nice, more than usually gallant men into the sexist, shallow 'pigs' she claimed to detest.

Considering what she'd done to her, Carrie decided, Becky simply couldn't tell the difference between the two types of men.

It was only after the last plate had been dried and put away and the guys beers replaced that Carrie was finally allowed to sit down with them in the living room. A fire crackled in the hearth, and outside the small windows darkness was just claiming the last of the sky.

"So, Carrie." Becky said with that certain grin that, by now, Carrie had come to dread. "I was just saying to the guys... You want to go skinny-dipping in the lake tonight. You seem to enjoy swimming nude - especially if there's men to keep you company."

"Yes, it's fun. You guys gonna join me?" Carrie giggled helplessly, seething. Becky was so damned insidious, picking her words with such damned care. Not 'you enjoy', which would have made it so that she would really enjoy it, not realizing that she

should be disgusted - but 'you seem to enjoy', which meant she'd be helplessly forced to act as if she was having fun, regardless of how she really felt.

Before either of the men could answer, Becky did it for them. "They'd love to join you in a night-time skinny-dip. In fact - they're getting all horny just thinking about it. Right, Guys?"

"Ohhhhhh, yeah." Steve said, leering at Carrie. When he'd arrived four and a half hours ago, he would never have been that lewd or crude - now, he (and everyone else in the world aside from Carrie) thought he'd always been like this. Likewise Dan, who threw her an exaggerated wink.

That's how Carrie found herself leading the two men down to the beach, following Becky's instructions to wear a pair of sandals with five inch heels and put an extra 'oomph' into her walk, making her spectacular ass jiggle and sway enticingly.

"So, guys - let's get naked and wet..." Carrie said with a giggle. "Can one of you help me with this?" She thrust her massive chest out further, feeling disgust as the guys practically fought at the chance.

It was Steve who 'won'. With a leering smile, he pulled her to himself, her huge tits squashed up against him as he reached around behind her to untie the thin strings of the bikini. Since he was holding her, he bent his head down, his leering lips closing on hers...

...and thanks to some pretty specific instructions from Becky, when Steve kissed her, she kissed back passionately.

Inside, Carrie wanted to knee Steve in the ball - or vomit. She did neither, giving every indication of enjoying the long, hard kiss. Truth was, she wouldn't have enjoyed it even if she really was a woman - thanks to the long talk Becky had had with the guys while she'd worked, the kiss was just short of brutal as Steve - who now viewed women as little more than bodies for his pleasure - kissed her for his own pleasure, not hers.

When the odious task was done, Steve stepped back, letting her top flutter to the ground. Still leering, his hands rose to her massive, naked tits and cupped the roughly, his thumbs flicking across her massive, engorged nipples. She moaned at the sensation, in part because of Becky's instructions, and in part due to the actual physical pleasure it generated.

Then Steve stepped away. Helplessly, Carrie smiled at Dan. "Help me with my shorts?"

Dan didn't argue, stepping up to her with a clarity and sliding her tight spandex shorts down her long, shapely legs - and grabbing the chance to fondle her ass, creating disturbingly pleasurable sensations, even if they weren't nearly as physically enjoyable as the ones her breasts gave her. Still, it did generate the same amount of inexpressible disgust, which she helplessly smiled and giggled through.

Then she slowly and teasingly helped the men undress, revealing their hard, tanned bodies to the cool air and moonlight.

"Wow, guys." Becky said from the little hillock where she sat, watching. "You guys must be proud of having such absolutely massive cocks."

Carrie blanched, mentally, her eyes going to Steve and Dan's crotches. She watched in horror as their semi-hard cocks swelled in length and girth as the men stood, unaware of anything changing. Within seconds, both men had cock that were easily eight or nine inches across. Dan's was slightly longer, but of a thickness that merely matched its extended length. Steve's, on the other hand, was remarkably thick, even for its length.

"Geez - and huge balls, too." Was Becky's next comment. "You guys must generate amazing amounts of cum."

"Yeah - chicks love it, too." Dan said with a grin. Since Becky hadn't 'cued them in', they had no idea anything was different - as far as they were concerned, they'd always had massive cocks.

Despite the conditions of the next twenty minutes or so, Carrie viewed it as a reprieve from what was sure to come. She frolicked in the water of the lake, the two men chasing her vigorously.

When they caught her, they tossed her - none-too-gently - into the surf and pawed at her while kissing her, then she'd 'escape' and the chase would be on again. As disgusting-yet-pleasurable as it was, it was a sight better than the inevitable that loomed ahead.

Then the reprieve was over, and Carrie was laying on the beach, a naked man with a huge, erect cock on either side of her.

Steve started it, rolling onto his side, she reached over and began to caress one massive boob with one hand, while the other slowly slid up and down her inner thigh. Slowly, he lowered his head to her tit and began to nibble and suck on her huge, cold-engorged nipples.

The pleasure Carrie felt from the action was incredible - as was the inner disgust.

Both doubled as Dan joined in on her other tit, his free hand tracing patterns on her flat, hard stomach.

"God, you've got fantastic tits, babe." Steve whispered. Carrie was horrified to find herself disappointed when his lips came away from her nipple - it had felt *sooo* good...

Then Steve pushed Dan's hands away and swung his body around. Before Carrie was even sure what was going on, she was sitting astride her torso, his massive cock laying in the awesome valley of her cleavage.

"Push those babies around this monster, Carrie. I'm gonna give you the tit-fucking of a lifetime."

Carrie wanted to scream. Instead, she smiled, giggled - and pushed her massive mounds together, enclosing Steve's huge cock.

She had no choice but to smile and lay there, making little encouraging comments as Steve began to tit-fuck her, his wet cock rapidly sliding back and forth in her wet cleavage. She actually got more pleasure from having her hands on her tits than she did from Steve's actions, but that was okay with her - she didn't *want* to enjoy being tit-fucked.

In fairly short order, Steve's thrusts became spasmodic, and his face screwed up in an odd expression - in he came...

..and came...

..and came.

It seemed like the flood of warm, sticky cum was never ending. There was so much of the thick, gooey sperm that he looked like he was pissing white as the stream of cum splattered over her massive tits, startled face and sandy blonde hair. In seconds, she was coated in the viscous liquid, with stream of it running down the sides of her mammoth tits and across the plains of her face.

When her tongue snuck out and licked it off her lips, providing her with her first taste of salty, warm cum, she wanted to vomit.

Instead, she smiled. "Mmm " She moaned, turning to look at Dan. "That's good - and I want some more. Can I suck your cock, big boy?" Dan, needless to say, had no problem with that.

As she kneeled in front o Dan, humiliation and horror running through her body, Carrie tried to escape what was about to happen> The lake lay only a few feet away, and if she could just overcome what Becky had told her to do, she could run into the embrace of the cold water and take a few deep breaths of it's darks coolness and end this nightmare once and for all.

Instead, she smiled at Dan, licked her lips - and slid her mouth on his cock.

His cock was huge, and she could barely get it into her mouth - taking it's whole length was simply impossible. Instead, she had to 'settle' with licking and sucking on the warm, throbbing head while her slender hands began to work up and down the shaft. She moved her head in time with her hands, bobbing slightly on the end of the massive member that filled her mouth as she used skills wished into existence by Becky to suck Dan of like an expert. She used her tongue and her hands and her lips, plus a little suction and a lot of saliva, and worked on making him last as long as possible - while all she really wished is that she wasn't doing it at all. But she had no choice, and no matter how skillfully she worked at holding off his orgasm, it had to come sooner or later.

When it did, she thought she'd gotten her wish and was going to drown to death after all - only in cum instead of water.

She barely tasted the first rush of the cum, as it shot straight down her throat in a hot, thick stream. It continued to gush, faster than she could swallow, spilling out the sides of her mouth and onto her already cum-covered tits. She pulled back, the still gushing cock coming out of her mouth with a wet 'plop', and let the cum gush straight into her face as she frantically

swallowed at it, trying to get as much as possible - even though she wanted to vomit it back up even as it went down, warm and slick and salty.

When Dan finally stopped cumming, her blonde hair was slicked down to her head, and drops of cum fell from her face like a thick rain.

"Opps - I seem to have made a bit of a mess." Carrie giggled helplessly. "Hang on - I'll get cleaned up."

Trotting down to the lake, she submerged herself in it and cleaned the cum that soaked her body. While she was under the surface, she knew this was her best chance, and struggled with all she had to just open her mouth....

"Okay guys, back to the cabin to warm up." She giggled as she emerged from the waters. Inside, she was crying and screaming in rage, humiliation and disgust - she'd just given a guy a blow-job!

She was also certain that it wouldn't be the last time.

Slipping on just the shoes, she left her scanty clothing where it lay and walked towards the cabin, ass swaying inviting as the men followed after, practically drooling. Becky followed at the rear, a shit-eating grin on her face.

Entering the cabin, Dan grabbed her with leer. "Baby, your ass got me all hot on the walk up here, and now I'm as hard as a rock again." He gestured at his massive, throbbing tool. "What are you going to do about it?"

Horried, Carrie heard the words drop from her lips. "Well, since it's my ass that got you hard, why don't you fuck it good and hard to teach it a lesson." With a smile that hid her unheard screams, she bent over a chair, hands on the arms of the chair and ass stuck out invitingly.

Dan took the invitation.

Without any preparation, he stepped behind her and shoved his massive cock into her.

She felt like she was being split in to by a burning met I-beam as he slammed into her, wrapping his hands around her waist for leverage. He began to piston in and out of her ass, face screwed up as he drove painfully into the tight confines of her virgin orifice.

"oh... baby.. you're so tight..' he gasped.

"And you're so big..." She gasped in simulated ecstasy as the agony sheared through her. "Do me harder, stud. Make me your bitch!"

Dan complied, driving his massive member harder and deeper into her. Inside, she was screaming and gibbering, her mind actually losing touch with reality once or twice, actually driven over the brink by the agony and humiliation - but Becky

had foreseen this possibility, and had locked even that escape away from her, and her mind always returned after only an instant of blessed insanity.

Finally, Dan came and withdrew his shit-smeared cock, cum dribbling down her legs. Before she could do anything other than mentally revel in the cessation of agony, Steve grabbed her and roughly threw her to the floor, pointedly ignoring the loud 'thock' as her head met the boards of the cabin's floor.

"Your pussy got me hard, bitch." He said with a wicked smile - and literally dropped on her, impaling her with his huge cock.

There was almost no pleasure in for her as he fucked her had an fast. He didn't give a rat's ass about her pleasure and didn't care if he hurt her. She was shocked to discover herself longing for the pleasure of masturbation compared to the semi-rape she was receiving now - but she screamed and begged and encouraged as if in the throws of ecstasy, simulating a massive orgasm as Steve came, filling her cunt with a spray of cum that filled her to capacity and beyond.

Dan was waiting, his shit-smeared cock already hard again.

"Lick this clean, bitch - and while you're at it, you can suck me off again."

Despite the pain in both her ass and cunt, she moved with agility to her knees, and authentic looking smile on her face as she bent her head and began her work.

It wasn't until later - much, much later, after she'd been fucked again and again in every conceivable position - that she was able to express anything of her true feelings. They guys had gone off to bed, and she was alone in the living room, where she'd been ordered by Dan to sleep so that he could have her bed all to himself.

Laying on the couch, she could finally curl up into a ball, her body bruised, battered and aching, and cry. But she cried silently, unable to scream or sob, or make any other noise that might be heard by the guys.

She cried herself to sleep after a long, long time.

And was awoken a few hours later by being shoved, half asleep, onto the floor so that Dan (who'd won the coin-toss), could get in the first fuck of the morning...

* * * * *

Carrie stood at the door of the cabin and watched as Dan and Steve packed the last of their gear and turned to say good bye to the woman they'd spend the weekend fucking nearly endlessly.

Just as Steve opened his mouth, Becky said "Now."

It was obvious that she'd made the wish ahead of time - i.e. 'When I say 'now' I want the following to happen'. So, with that one word, everything changed.

"Thanks for having us up here, Carrie." Steffi said, waving her hand. The action caused her massive tits - even bigger than Carrie's - to jiggle and sway under the black T-shirt she wore. The slightly hefty woman was smiling broadly, obviously having enjoyed a weekend that she remembered as being full of none-stop sex with guys from the local town. Hell it wasn't hard for a girl with tits like her to get fucked, which was great - she loved getting fucked, and she'd always loved her huge tits. She fished the keys out of her tight jeans - then frowned slightly, wondering what she was doing with them. After all, her tits were so huge that she couldn't possibly drive - she wasn't be able to reach the steering wheel or see the gauges...

Then she remembered she'd grabbed them to turn on the Jeep's radio while they loaded it up. Shaking her head, she tossed the keys to her best friend, Dana.

"We'll have to do this again sometime." Dana told Carrie in her incredibly rich, erotic voice - the one that made her so much money as a lounge singer. Of course, the slender brunettes unbelievably long, sexy legs beneath her trademark black leather miniskirts didn't hurt either. "See you later."

Carrie smiled and waved as the two new women hopped into the Jeep and pulled away. The instant they were out of sight and earshot, Carrie and Becky were alone enough that Carrie could be herself again.

She promptly vomited, barely missing her shoes.

"You... you... bitch!" She grated out, fighting against the raging headache that was forming. "What you did to me was bad enough - but why them?"

"Becky shrugged. "I was done with them. Once they'd served their purpose, I saw no need to leave such pigs to walk the earth and trouble other women."

"But.. you... made them... that way..." Carrie barely managed to force the words out through clenched teeth, her head feeling like it was going to explode.

"No - I just brought to the surface the real them." Becky said, off hand. "Come on and get packed - you're expected back at work."

"What?" Carrie asked, the pain subsiding now that she wasn't acting conspicuously out of character.

"You *are* a world famous porn star, after all." Becky said with a wicked grin.

And, with a sinking feeling, Carrie knew that the nightmare had only just begun....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Going to a party dressed as a famous actress from the 30', one man suddenly finds that he is transformed into her when he reads from her diary.

Cameo Appearance

By Gunslinger

"God, I feel like such an idiot..." Pete said, tugging awkwardly at his clothing.

"If it's any consolation," Dave said, smirking, "You look like an idiot, too - *April*." "Thanks just *too* much." Pete shot back, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Teetering atop the slender, five-inch tall heels of the hot-pink pumps his broad feet were crammed into, Pete slowly made his way across the room, one evening-gloved hand trailing lightly across the decaying wallpaper to maintain his unstable sense of balance.

"God, I need a drink." Pete said, easing his body down in the dusty armchair near the blazing fireplace and holding a hand out in the direction of the broad-shouldered man in the other seat. "Gimme a rum and coke, would you Jeff?"

Tipping back the big white Stetson he wore, the other young man looked puzzled. "Well, I don't know if you should have another drink, ma'am, if it's done affected your voice and memory like that. Wah-haw."

Pete rolled his eyes.

"Sorry, *John*. Can I have a rum and coke, please?" Pete asked in a falsetto voice.

"Sure thing, Ma'am. Wah-haw." Jeff agreed in his really quite bad 'John Wayne' impersonation. Self-designated bartender at the Halloween party he'd arranged, the broad-shouldered young man turned to the 'bar' set up on a tea trolley next to the chair he'd ensconced himself in, and set about mixing up the requested drink.

Tugging the top of his hot-pink strapless sheath dress higher on his hairy chest, Pete looked around the dusty, decaying room, eyeing the nearly two dozen young Southern Californians invited to the exclusive Hollywood party.

'Hollywood' in more than just location.

Every single man and woman was 'in character' as a classic star of the silver screen. More than just 'in costume', each one had to play the role of the character they'd been assigned, answering to the star's name and doing their level best to portray the actor or actress' own personal quirks.

For the most part, it was obvious that the party was a big hit - but a few people looked more than a little uncomfortable.

People like Pete who, thanks to the 'random draw' for the silver-screen star they'd be playing, ended up with a character of the 'wrong' gender.

Not all that oddly, the few people looking uncomfortable were all guys who were forced to play the female role. The women at the party who were playing male characters seemed to be enjoying themselves - and the plight of their male counterparts even more.

For Pete, his own cross-dressed role was even more uncomfortable for most - because he couldn't just fade into the shadows of the party. After all, he was the 'hostess'...

It all came about because the location 'John Wayne' had chosen for the party was the property he'd just bought at an estate auction. The home of April East, famous blonde sex-symbol of the 30's and 40's.

It was April East that Pete had drawn as a character to play at the party, and so he was the designated 'hostess' since it was being held in 'her' house - meaning she had to play the role of hostess, the way April would have done it.

"Say, uh, Miss, East, um..." A new voice broke in, a credible imitation of Jimmy Stewart provided by a young lady who was only barely managing to hide her smile as she held a slim, dust-covered book out towards 'April'. "I'm a big, big fan, and I was, uh.. that is, I was hoping you might read for use, something from your diary. If you wouldn't mind."

Startled, Peter looked at the book 'Jimmy' held - and was amazed to find that it was, indeed, April East's own diary.

Peter had known that the house was still filled with all the furniture and miscellaneous items left behind when the starlet he was portraying had died last year in obscurity - but he would have thought anything as intensely personal as a diary would have been picked up by somebody, either out of a sense of propriety or, at the very least, financial gain.

"Oh, yes, Miss East - wouldn't you?" 'Shirley Temple' begged. Another cross-dressed man, 'she' was obviously enjoying the discomfort evinced by 'April' by being put center stage.

"I don't know. It would feel like invading her privacy..." Peter tried to demur. "You mean your privacy, don't you?" 'John Wayne' asked.

Making a face, 'April' sighed and nodded.

"All right..." 'She' gave into peer pressure, hesitantly taking the dusty old diary out of the other woman's hand.

Slowly, 'April' undid the small clasp holding the leather-bound little book closed, and opening the yellow pages to the flyleaf. "*The Personal Diary of Brenda Mae Cudahy...*" 'She' read aloud.

"That was April's - 'your' real name, before you took the stage name 'April East'." One of the know-it-all types, dressed up as Humphery Bogart, said. "It's, uh, *your* diary, all right."

"Yeah." 'April' agreed, still feeling like 'she' was invading the dead starlet's privacy. Nervously, she flipped to the first entry.

"August 7th, 1938." 'She' read. "Well, the bus is just pulling away from the station, and my heart's beating so hard that I feel like it's just going to explode out of my chest! I can't believe I'm really doing it. I'm going to California! Oh, how I hope I can make it in the motion pictures. I've tried so very, very hard to learn my acting - but I'm just a 'plain Jane' farm-girl from Ottumwa, Iowa, not as pretty as Mary Pickford or..."

"Wait, wait..." 'Jimmy Stewart' interrupted. "Are you sure you're reading it right?" "That's what it says here." 'April' protested, gesturing at the book.

"Strange." 'Bogart' mused. "Well, go on..."

"...Mary Pickford or Donna Little. I just hope I'm talented enough to make it as a comedic actress, where being a skinny little bean-pole can actually be an asset. God knows I could never make it as a leading lady - who could believe in men like Grant or Raines vying for an attention of a funny-looking little girl like me?"

"This can't be right!" Somebody complained. "April East, the 'Curves with Verve'? Describing herself as a 'bean-pole'? Come on!"

"Hang on - I'll flip further on..." 'April' said, frowning. 'She' flipped randomly through the diary, settling on a page about halfway through, then picked up reading.

"February 21st, 1940. I still can't get used to my new life! My new body, strangely, is the easiest thing to get used to, since it seems to know just what to do all on it's own. It's these new desires, these new... **needs** of my new body that still continue to shock and amaze me. It's like all I ever think about anymore is sex! Every minute of every day, the thoughts consume me... and I'm enjoying it! Not just enjoying the thoughts... but the actions. It's not that I can't stop myself... it's that I don't **want** to stop myself! It just feels so good to seduce a man, to feel his hands on my new, curvaceous body, and..."

"Hold it!" Bogart said, angrily. "What is this, some sort of hoax? 'New body'? What the hell is that supposed to mean?" "I'm just reading what it says here!" 'April' protested.

"Maybe she'd had plastic surgery or something. Go back a bit." 'Cary Grant' suggested. "See if you can't find some sort of explanation, or something."

"Okay, okay..." 'April' said, flipping back through the book. "Let's see..."

"October 31st, 1939. I guess there's something about those rumors after all. Everybody says that, before it was a boarding house, this mansion used to belong to a woman named June North, a famous burlesque 'strip tease' artist fifty or sixty years ago, when this was all 'gold rush' boom area. Apparently, she was famous for more than her extraordinary figure, and her arousing dancing at the local saloon. Her promiscuity is equally as famous. Well, I know there really was such a woman, since there's old posters for her - and, today, I was cleaning the attic, and found some very abbreviated costumes obviously designed for a rather... full-figured woman. I've decided to wear one of them as a costume for tonight's party - though I don't even come close to filling it out, of course. Still, I feel really naughty wearing such a skimpy costume... but the little cameo necklace I found that goes with it is actually quite nice..."

'April' paused, one gloved hand almost unconsciously rising to touch the cameo led tight to 'her' neck by a pink silk ribbon. "It goes on..." 'She' said. "In a slightly shaking hand, with a different pen."

"I can't believe it! I... I'm gorgeous! Something happened when I was getting ready for the party tonight. I was putting the cameo on, and it opened up and an old piece of paper fell out - and, without thinking about it, I read the words out loud. Then, as soon as I said the words 'Ellatus amorphous nymphus mea'..."

'April' broke off 'her' reading - because it felt as if an electric shock had run through 'her'. 'She' suddenly sat bolt upright in the chair, gasp ripped from 'her' lips as the book tumbled from suddenly senseless fingers.

"Oh, very funny..." 'Wayne' started, in annoyance - and then he, too, sat bolt upright in his chair and stared wide-eyed at the person in the chair opposite - as 'she' began to change.

'She' began moaning - not in pain, but in pleasure, making it obvious that what was happening to her was pleasurable. She was shivering in what must have been delight, given the sounds coming from her throat - sounds that became steadily more feminine.

As did her body. Abundantly so.

The dress Peter had worn wasn't just a costume - it was one of April's own dresses, taken from the bedroom closet. It had been very poorly fitting indeed - but it became steadily less so as the body within it configured itself more and more to the dress itself.

The waist straining against the fabric, almost to the point of tearing it, shrank inwards on itself - while the hips and bust swelled outwards towards the limits the dress had been designed for. Shoulders and arms, rapidly shedding hair and muscle

mass with equal abandon, trended rapidly towards the feminine ideals, even as the wig of platinum-blond curls fell off her head, driven away by the real and 'natural' blonde curls now rapidly sprouting outwards from her scalp.

Under the makeup she wore, her features reshaped themselves into ones more suited to the coloring applied to them, from full lips to long-lashed eyes above high, well-defined cheekbones.

The calves and ankles of the legs displayed by the tight, knee-length pencil skirt shed their hair as becoming smoothed and more shapely, and the feet crammed into the high-heeled pumps became less cramped as they shrunk to fit.

Within the space of a just over two minutes, the person filling out the 'costume' was the one whose body had been the template for the outfit to begin with.

Sitting in the chair, staring down at the firm, full breasts now amply filling out the tailored top to perfection, the woman was the perfect spitting image of April East.

The hushed silence that had filled the room after the initial outbursts of shock and amazement seemed only to deepen as the new woman slowly took stock of her new figure - a pneumatic figure made famous prior and during World War II by movie after movie that unashamedly focused on the buxom blonde bombshell's 'attributes'.

"Puh.. Peter?" 'John Wayne' managed, his voice a half pitch higher than usual as he gasped at the stunning, curvaceous woman hesitantly running her gloved hands over the sharply hour-glass figure tightly encased in her form-fitting pink silk dress. "Are... are you... okay?"

Slowly, the stunning blonde looked up, her sparkling blue eyes wide in shock, her full, pink lips slightly agape.

"I.. don't know." She admitted, in that famous, husky voice. "I... I should be panicking. I should be horrified. Yet... for some reason, I'm not - and that worries me."

Her face still set in a vacant expression of shock, the buxom new woman rose from the chair - and she rose with that same graceful, repressed seductiveness that had made April East so justifiably famous. Just as the original, this new incarnation of the buxom blonde seemed to exude a constant sense of pure sexuality just barely held in check - and from the expression on her face, it was obvious to every single person in the room that she was doing it completely effortlessly, with neither intent nor control.

She was leggy and wasp-waisted, with full, womanly hips and big, firm breasts countered the tiny waist, and her shoulders were slender where they led to a slim, swan-like neck that supported a face of classic beauty.

She was gorgeous...

...and sexy.

She seemed to exude sex - and, unlike the films that had made the woman she now was the exact image of so famous, this impact wasn't lessened by a two-dimension black-and-white medium. Just as the newspapers and exposes of the day had mentioned how the film sensuality of April East was only the palest imitation of her own personal seductiveness, every person in the room - male and female - was metaphorically rocked back by the sense of pure sexuality that seemed to emanate from the new woman in waves.

Suddenly, the rumors of April East's sexual conquests, always believed to be highly exaggerated by film historians 'after the fact', seemed to be, if anything, understated. In every line and curve of her body, in every motion she made, no matter how slight, in the poses her body unconsciously fell into, she seemed to be personally and directly enticing each and every person in the room individually, somehow seeming to promise delights beyond that any of them could ever imagine.

She was sex, incarnate...

...and from the sudden, heavy-lidded look that crossed her face before dissolving into a look of blushing surprise, it was obvious that she was incredibly aware of her sudden-onset sexuality.

Flustered, the newly-remade 'April' turned her face away from the group, in an almost painfully obvious attempt to get a firm grip on her own reactions. The feeling of trying to reign in sexual desires was palatable - and it made more than a few of the men and women staring at the new woman uncomfortable to realize how excited they found themselves at the realization that she was struggling with strong new sexual desires that just *might* include them.

Their confusion and discomfort, however, didn't even hold a candle to the storm of emotions raging through the new woman as she faced the wall and struggled to force down the sudden, intensely sexual - and highly vivid - thoughts running unbidden through her mind, even as a moist warmth thrummed unbidden through her body with a pleasurable, undeniably sensual rush.

"Oh.. Dear... God..." The newly-resphaped April whispered to herself, body almost literally trembling with rampant desires and erotic thoughts so new and utterly foreign to the masculine brain housed in the oh-so-feminine form. "This is... unbelievable."

The thoughts now running rampantly through her mind should have been utterly disgusting. She was aware of this fact, well aware of it indeed - but, despite the intellectual knowledge of her male mind finding these thoughts 'sick' and 'perverted', her physical reactions to them were diametrically opposed.

A warm, moist sensation in her crotch.

A general flush of pleasant warmth through her entire body, accompanied by a mild - but very enjoyable - tingling sensation. The almost painfully full feeling of her warm, sensitive, swollen nipples straining against the fabric covering her firm, full breasts. The rapid patter of her heart.

The swift, just-about-panting pace of her respiration.

The over-all sensation of warm pleasure thrumming through her. The thoughts, 'disgusting' as they were - had gotten her turned on. Aroused.

Very, *very* aroused.

She was incredibly horny over the unbidden thoughts of performing all sorts of sexual acts with the men in the room...

...and it felt unbelievably good!

The new woman was standing with her back to the room, struggling to get a grip on her unwanted new desires and pleasures - when a hand suddenly tugged at the bow at the back of the pink silk ribbon holding the cameo, freeing it from her neck.

Startled, Peter whirled - and stared at the boyish woman dressed as Stewart danced back, pulling the cameo to her own neck. "Donna, what are you...?" 'Bogart' asked, in shock.

"Ellatus amorphous nymphus mea!" The woman cried out, eagerly...

...and, seconds later, the ill-fitting costume of Jimmy Stewart was straining - and failing - to contain a figure every bit as lush, every bit as curvaceous, as the one Peter now boasted.

A body utterly identical in every way, as a matter of fact.

"Yes!" The new clone of Peter/April/Julie cried, in unmistakable delight. Her new hands came up to caress her melon-sized breasts, leading to a look of pure ecstatic delight. "Oh, god - I've finally got tits!"

Crowing in delight, the previously boyish woman, now emphatically feminine, whirled - then all-but-threw herself into 'Bogart's arms. "Look at me!" She said, grabbing his head and hauling it down into her deep cleavage. "I'm sexy! I'm gorgeous! I'm.. oh..."

Her shrieks of happiness segued into a low, emphatic moan of intense pleasure as Bogart's hands came up to cup the woman's new, expanded bust - and the look on her new face matched the moan of pleasure in intensity.

She was obviously greatly enjoying the man's touch on her firm, round new boobs. Boobs identical to the ones now filling out Peter's dress.

A fact that Peter simply couldn't help but notice, no matter how desperately she strove to ignore it.

"Oh, that feels so good...!" Donna/April moaned, with a little gasp at the end. "I never knew any woman's tits could be so incredibly sensitive. God, I almost feel ready to cum just from having you touch me!"

She moaned, again, a sound of erotic pleasure - and Peter/April felt a sympathetic shudder of pleasure ripple through her own, identical figure.

"Yes, yes...!" Donna/April gasped, squirming. "Lick them! Suck them! Squeeze.. oh!"

Eyes flying wide, Donna/April shivered and gasped as the entirely knew - and completely enjoyable 'tit orgasm' hit her, her new nipples even more sensitive than her enlarged and greatly sensitized breasts reached 'critical', triggering a burst through her nerve endings similar in nature - but completely different in quantity, quality, 'taste' and 'texture' - from a vaginal orgasm.

"That was.. amazing!" She gasped, in delight - then she hastily began tearing off what remnants of her costume remained, obviously eager to experience more of the intense, vastly increased pleasure her new form was capable of experiencing.

A new form in every way identical to the same, unbelievably sexually-sensitive form Peter/April shared. Almost against her will, Peter/April found her eyes going to the other men in the room.

Men staring wide-eyed at the sight of Donna/April practically 'raping' Bogart in front of them.

Men obviously aroused by the sight of the uber-buxom blonde bombshell literally tearing at the man's clothes in an eagerness for sexual enjoyment.

Men who could provide the exact same intense sexual pleasure to the body she was now inhabiting.

Licking her suddenly dry lips, Peter/April struggled to tear her eyes off the sexually aroused men staring at the sex now being performed on the floor in front of them...

...and failed. Miserably.

As if feeling her gaze, 'John Wayne' looked up at her, and their eyes locked for a long, endless second.

'John Wayne' glanced away, looking at the identical blonde figure engaged in enthusiastic sex on the floor in front of him - then back at Peter/April.

Slowly, he turned - and began moving towards her. She tried to say something...

...and her voice deserted her. She tried to shake her head...

...but she was paralyzed.

She tried to do anything at all - but could simply stand there, body a-tingle with rampant desire, and watch as 'John' drew ever closer.

Finally, he came to a halt right in front of her, his eyes still searching her face for a sign - and slightest sign - that said 'stop' or 'go away'...

...and didn't get it.

Helplessly, trapped by a mixture of imposed desires from her new body and a guiltily excited sense of interest from the male mind within, Peter/April made no move to stop John as he hesitantly lifted his arms, placed them around her slender neck, and gently drew her towards him, leaving her plenty of time to pull away before their lips met.

She did no such thing.

Her body was crying out for just this sort of 'attention' - and even her male mind, seeing the intense pleasure her clone was getting from a man, couldn't resist the temptation. Though she couldn't quite push herself over the edge into 'homosexual' effort to actively initiate anything, she lacked the willpower to resist.

His lips met hers...

...and pleasure flared.

It was like nothing she'd ever felt before.

It was as if her new body was 'hardwired' to the feminine pleasures. Every sensation that created even the slightest hint of pleasure was magnified, doubled and redoubled again to intense levels, while anything that didn't cause pleasure was simply 'muted out', leaving that intense pleasure existing in a void, with nothing to detract - or even distract.

The kiss that followed was the most incredibly pleasurable kiss 'April' had ever felt - and without planning to, without even meaning to, by the time the kiss was broken, she was more than just an active participant in it.

She was the driving force.

As pleasure began to build, as nerve endings fired off packets of enjoyment to her brain, she'd begun kissing him back.

Eagerly - because the more she kissed him, the more the pleasure increased. It wasn't just a physical pleasure, either - not when she 'responded'. No, there was a very strong emotional pleasure that was triggered, almost against her will, as she began to respond - a deep sense of... fulfillment, that was impossible to ignore.

By the time she slowly broke the kiss, it was with his hands sliding down behind her to reach the zipper holding her dress closed - and not only didn't she object, but she swiveled slightly to give him better access, even as her own gloved hands ran up and down his back.

Deep inside her mind, instinct and habit were sounding warnings about how 'wrong' this was - but it didn't really matter.

Now she understood that diary entry completely.

She wasn't doing this against her will. She knew, if she wanted to, she could stop. She wasn't 'helpless' or 'controlled' or 'enslaved'...

...but, with everything feeling so fantastically good, the 'mere' fact that she'd been male not too long ago, and all the emotional and intellectual baggage that came along with that fact, simply didn't even come close to counterbalancing the intense physical and emotional pleasure she was experiencing right now.

Not even close.

So, when he unzipped her dress and let it slide off her curvaceous form to puddle at her feet, she smiled and arched her back, willingly offering up her firm, melon-like breasts as gifts to him, despite the fact that she knew damned well that it was a pretty 'perverted' thing for a recently male individual to be doing.

It just all felt so damned good that she didn't care.

It felt even better when he took her up on her offer, hands and lips coming together at her massive new bust to lick, nibble and kiss the big breasts his hands were roaming over, caressing and lightly squeezing.

She moaned. The exact same moan of pleasure her clone had given out at similar attention to her own massive bust - because she was feeling the exact same pleasure the other version of her had felt at the time.

The incredible pleasure. The intense pleasure.

The wonderful pleasure. The... *addictive* pleasure.

"Yes..." She gasped, lost in the feminine pleasures she was feeling - pleasures that seemed even more exaggerated than the ones the other 'April' had felt at the time, because - unlike the former feminine woman - as an ex-male, she had nothing even remotely similar to compare them to.

However, that didn't mean that they didn't have a nearly identical effect - for as he licked, sucked and nibbled at her nipples, hands kneading and fondling the softly firm flesh of her new breasts, she too experienced her first 'tit-gasm', shivering in inordinate delight at the burst of pleasure thrumming up to her brain from her nipples...

..and, like the other woman, the increasing loads of pleasure, mixed with her own high state of arousal and desire, made her want to reach a culmination of all these wonderful pleasures.

Which was why she copied her clones actions, hands flying towards the other man's costume and ripping it open, her body crying out for satisfaction.

"Fuck me!" She heard herself demand, almost in a dazed state of pure lust - and even her male brain agreed with the idea, because as good as everything was feeling, it was also creating a sort of 'pleasure frustration' that could only be relieved in one way.

By a 'real' orgasm, given to her by a willing man.

Well, 'John Wayne' was more than willing. Even as she continued clawing at his clothes and voicing her desire for him to 'fuck her right now!', he was awkwardly guiding her towards the ratty old sofa in the corner of the room.

Like the rutting couple in the middle of the floor, April and John were completely oblivious to the stares of the other guests. Both of them were so enflamed with sexual desire that nothing else could come close to capturing their attention.

They didn't even notice the cloud of dust that billowed up when they collapsed on the old sofa. All they had the ability to focus on was their own bodies' desires - and each other, the 'solution' to that particular problem.

Any sense of disgust, horror or outrage over what she was letting herself do, so soon after becoming female, was completely subsumed in April's lust. With no doubt or hesitation, she let her 'instincts' guide her, spreading her legs wide as she found a good position on the couch.

John wasted no time taking up the worlds invitation. With her seemingly exuding pure sex from every pore, he was already harder than he could ever remember being, his entire body crying out for climax - and he was well on the road to it, even as he sighed and let his cock slide deep into the warm, moist womanhood just waiting for it.

Unaware of the audience watching them, the two people on the couch went at it hard and fast, moaning and gasping as their bodies undulated in rhythm. Themselves covered in post-coital sweat, 'Bogart' and the April clone also stood to one side, watching the second set of lovers pound away on the creaking and complaining sofa - and even though recently sated, the second April-clone found her juices beginning to flow anew as she watched 'herself' scream and flail in such wonderfully erotic abandon, lost in the depths of the same, intense physical and emotional pleasure that Donna/April had so recently felt herself.

None too subtly, she walked away from 'Bogart', the look in her eye and the sway of her broad, womanly hips making it obvious she was 'trolling' for her next lover.

Even as Donna/April searched for her next hit to curb her new sexual cravings, Peter/April was in the midst of exploring the length, depth and breadth of something completely new to her - the female orgasm.

A female orgasm several times stronger than any she'd ever experienced as a male. One more soul-satisfying complete than any she could have imagined.

One that hauled a scream of purest pleasure out of her new throat as she thrashed under John's still-pumping body, her mind and body overwhelmed by the shear force of ecstasy that thundered through her.

Gasping, twitching and jerking, she worked her way through her first orgasm.

"Holy shit, that was incredible...!" She gasped, as John slumped atop her, spent. "It was..." "Fantastic." Her clone supplied, still 'on the prowl.' "It just makes you feel so..."

"Complete!" Peter/April finished for them both, still stunned at how incredible it had felt to have sex as a woman. "Every touch, every sensation, it was just so..."

"Wonderful..." Both women moaned in chorus, in the same, throaty tone of 'I want more!'. They did.

Both of them. More - lots more...

...and, as Peter/April rose from the couch, her body already beginning to demand more, she caught the glazed looks on the faces of the men staring at her, and she knew that there'd be absolutely no trouble fulfilling her bodies stringent new desires.

Slowly, a smile began to form on her face as she walked over to join her clone, who was looking over the men with a considering look.

"This is a bit of a strange situation..." Peter/April told her 'sister', standing beside her. "Tell me about it." Donna/April agreed, vaguely. "Still, it's got it's good points."

"Like sex so incredible that you don't care about any of the bad points?" "Exactly."

Sharing a smile that nobody but the two of them would ever truly understand, the two identical women each ran one hand lightly up the other's thigh, knowing they were touching the only other person in the world who could truly understand the incredible depth of their sexual pleasure...

...and then they each picked a man and, with no resistance from the chosen 'sacrifice', sank to their knees in front of them. With identical motions, the matched set of women reached out and freed their respective man's cock, eyeing the throbbing, hard organ hungrily - and then, simultaneously, each woman leaned forward, opened their full lips, and enveloped their man's cock with a soft stereophonic sigh of complete contentment.

THE END



SUMMARY: Some students are invited to a Christmas party and instructed to bring a character idea in hand, but without their knowledge, Santa promises to bring some unexpected "changes."

A Campus Christmas

By Gunslinger

"Shit!"

The dark-haired youth's slender, pale hand convulsed around the piece of paper, crumpling it. He worked it in his hand, forming it into a smaller and tighter ball, assuaging some of his frustration.

Finally, with a sigh, Jeff tossed the crumpled ball into the wire-mesh waste-basket near his dorm's desk, already filled to overflowing with other, similar balls of paper.

Taking a long, deep breath, Jeff took a sip of cooling black coffee, then picked up his pen and once more bent over the sheet of paper, unconsciously gnawing on the end of the white plastic cylinder.

Perched on an up-tuned orange-crate in the corner, Jeff's second-hand stereo was giving forth a slightly tinny version of 'We Wish You A Merry Christmas'. It, and the snow outside the window of Jeff's fourth-floor dorm room, were the only overt signs of the season.

Though the two-hundred-year-old college's buildings were tastefully decorated with wreaths, though there was a decorously decorated tree in each dorm's common room, the 'Christmas Spirit' was rather thin through the hallowed halls of the Prestigious Institution of Higher Learning - which wasn't surprising, since the campus was almost deserted, most staff and students returned to home and hearth for the holidays...

...except for a few unfortunates who had no home to return to. People such as Jeff Wallace, an orphan who's intelligence and dedication to learning had earned him a scholarship, including on-campus housing and a modest monthly allowance. The scholarship, however, didn't include family or friends, and so, despite all the scholarship had done for him, Jeff was still an 'outsider, looking in'.

He'd watched the holidays approach with supreme disinterest - and more than a hint of envy. As his fellow students discussed their holiday plans, Jeff had sighed and thought of his own plans for the holiday - sitting in his room, watching Christmas movies on cable and eating take-out pizza.

However, the day after the rest of the students had departed, Jeff had been approached by Ryan Anderson, who'd had an unusual offer for Jeff. Apparently, the chubby brunet had some sort of Christmas 'party' planned for himself and a few of his friends. Jeff was welcome to join - as long as he could pass the 'exam'.

It was one of the strangest things Jeff had ever heard - and the funny look on Ryan's face as he'd explained it hadn't helped. Jeff was sure that Ryan had been holding something back - which made Jeff wonder if this whole thing was some sort of elaborate practical joke at his expense.

If it was, Jeff couldn't see the 'punch line'. What, exactly, was so funny or humiliating about coming up with a character for a Christmas story? That's what the 'exam' was, after all - at least, according to Ryan, who'd explained that he and the other

four participants already involved were going to do an 'interactive Christmas Story', each of them creating a character, then decided what that character would do during the story, interacting with the other people's characters.

It had sounded fairly easy - but, having accepted the offer, Jeff was now finding it difficult to come up with a character that he thought would be a good one for a Christmas story.

Glancing up at the clock, Jeff mumbled another curse, seeing the minute hand creeping ever closer towards the seven. In fifteen minutes he was supposed to bring his character to Ryan's dorm room. Ryan had been incredibly lucky, drawing room 400. Originally designed as the room for the dorm 'Proctor', the room was actually an apartment, with not only a full kitchen and three bedrooms, but it's own 'common room'. Ryan had promised all the traditional Christmas amenities, including presents - all at his expense. Practical Joke possibilities notwithstanding, Jeff really, really wanted to give it a shot...

...so, pushing his misgiving and doubts aside, he hastily wrote out a character profile, more or less making it up as he went along.

With another quick glance at the clock, the tall, slender young man grabbed his keys and stuffed them into the pocket of his jeans. Pausing only long enough to make sure his door was locked, Jeff pulled the door shut behind him and hurried down the hall.

Reaching the door to Room 400, Jeff nervously fiddled with the turtle-neck collar of his off-white cable-knit sweater, wondering if he should just turn and walk away...

...then, taking a deep breath, he reached out and knocked on the door. The door swung open quickly, revealing Ryan's tall, portly frame.

"Well, Jeff, I'm so glad to see you made it." Ryan said, plucking the character sketch out of Jeff's hands so smoothly that the darker-haired youth almost didn't notice. The bearded, bespectacled host smoothly guided Jeff into the room, swinging the door shut behind him.

"Sit down, sit down - we're just about ready to start..." Ryan rumbled cheerfully. Dressed in jeans and a faded plaid flannel shirt, Ryan looked like a stereotypical lumberjack, broad-shoulder and carrying more than a little extra weight around.

Jeff sank down on the couch as he glanced around the room...

...and felt his heart sink. The other four people were there ahead of him, lounging comfortably in the over-stuffed couches and chairs. The room, while rather inexpensively furnished, was nice enough...

...but devoid of any Christmas decorations at all.

"I'd introduce you to everyone..." Ryan rumbled, sitting down and flipping open a notebook whose pages were filled with handwriting. He flipped rapidly through to a blank section, then glanced at Jeff's page and began to write quickly, still speaking.

"...but, quite frankly, it'd be a waste of time, all things considered. You'll all get a chance to introduce your new selves in a minute or two."

"But..." Jeff said, weakly, frowning. Nobody was acting as if it were a joke. Either they were talented actors - or, perhaps, part of the whole 'Traditional Christmas' thing was that they'd decorate the apartment themselves, once this story thing was ready to go. Uncertain, Jeff didn't press any of the questions that had sprung to mind, wondering how long to 'play along'... if, in fact, it was a joke.

Jeff, unsure, remained silent - and, with a flourish, Ryan finished writing, lifting his head to share a smile with the other five people in the room. Four of them grinned back, the way the leaned forward showing excitement and eagerness - while Jeff merely blinked in mild confusion.

Holding up his hands in an odd position, Ryan closed his eyes and took a deep breath before speaking in a strangely hypnotic voice; "Once upon a time..."

His voice wasn't the only strange thing - but it seemed to be the 'trigger' for the subsequent strangeness.

Fist of all, Jeff suddenly felt very... weak. Not tired, not stiff, but weak - as if he had no energy. He sank bang in the couch, mind whirling as he merely stared out at the room...

...which was filling with a red-and-green glow, as if it fireflies were 'popping' into existence, some of them glowing red, some green. However, there were no insects attached to the tiny, swirling points of light that slowly increased in number and intensity...

...while a strange, almost musical hum began to rise, nearly inaudible at first, then increasing in volume, slowly drowning out Ryan's words. Jeff heard as far as "...six very good, close, thoughtfully kind friends gathered for Christmas..." before his voice was lost in the strange humming, while the room was lit with swirling red-and-green lights...

...and then things began to change.

It started with Ryan. Jeff could only watch, his body limp and mind spinning, as Ryan became a more 'idealized' version of himself. His paunch vanished, while his muscled became firmer, better defined. Though still recognizable as himself, he'd also become more handsome, his muddy-brown hair become a lustrous chestnut, framing a face that became more chiseled under a suddenly perfectly- trimmed beard.

More than just Ryan's body changed, though - so did some of his history. Jeff knew this - because, somehow, he had knew memories and knowledge in his mind. Instead of knowing Ryan as a stranger he'd met a few days ago, Jeff somehow knew Ryan as if they'd been friends for some time. Good friends. Friends with similar tastes, and amiable differences.

It wasn't all the new knowledge Jeff found himself with, though - because each of the other guests changed as well, and as their bodies magically reshaped themselves, Jeff gained knowledge of his new 'friend'.

Like Kayla Shaw. Whatever her name was before, the dirty-blond girl had become a short, perky young woman with golden-blond hair and an impish face, pertly sexy and damned cute. Her clothes had also changed, becoming a tight pair of jeans that clung to a taut, pert little ass, and a pink-and-white sweater with a Christmas-y bell motif to its pattern. Somehow, Jeff knew what movies Kayla liked - and many of them he now also liked, even if he still knew that he'd disliked them before.

The next guest was - now, at least - John Rittendorf. A slender, once-prematurely-balding young man, he now had a full head of dark black hair surrounding his lean, cheerful face. Now possessing the taut, lean body of a runner, John's clothing had become a pair of tan slacks and a faded blue denim shirt. Jeff knew John to be an amazingly laid-back, easy-going guy - though Jeff hadn't known anything at all about him only moments before.

The strange thing was - Jeff was still able to think throughout all this. Even as his memory was flooded with new knowledge of 'Tina', the tall, dark-haired girl who was into Dance, and Bob, her cute, tanned sandy-haired boyfriend, Jeff was also able to figure out what was going on:

They were being turned into their characters.

It would have been a pretty big 'logical' jump to make that connection - except Jeff finally understood some of the strange references Ryan had made while suggesting this.

The connection didn't come from the fact that Jeff had suddenly become a genius - it came from the fact that he'd just stopped being stupid.

He'd actually been told exactly what was going to happen. Now, and only now, Jeff realized what Ryan had meant about 'getting into the character' and 'living the life you've defined'.

Not that Jeff was an idiot. He'd gotten himself a scholarship, after all. It was just that he wasn't creative. He could memorize endless details, re-sort and rearrange endless facts and theories - and, ironically, that was really all education was looking for. However, Jeff was severely lacking in creativity - which was one of the reasons coming up with a simple character sketch had been so hard.

Jeff now wished that he'd gone with one of his other ideas, one of the really boring, two-dimensional 'characters' he'd come up with originally, then discarded. As Jeff felt the first tingling sensation that heralded his body's transformation, Jeff fervently wished he'd picked any one of his other characters. Anything other than the female character he'd gone with. The very, very buxom female character he'd finally gone with...

...the cute, sexy, shy buxom female character named 'Tara' who's sole purpose at this party was to - finally - get laid.

Jeff had time to regret his choice of character as the tingle invaded his body, running through him in a physically pleasant series of sensations that signified changes to his body. Though his body, itself, was below the line-of-sight allowed his limp body,. Jeff knew exactly what those changes were - since, after all, he'd written all about the way 'Tara' looked.

So, Jeff knew all about the slender, dainty feet that would now be forming. Jeff had always liked women who had 'lady-like' builds, or at least what Jeff considered 'lady-like' - dainty hands and feet, slender wrists, ankles and waist, girlish hips and a firm, perky derriere. All these things Jeff could feel coming into being, reshaped out of the suddenly malleable substance of his own flesh and sinew.

Jeff also knew what his new body would be wearing on those newly-feminine limbs. After all, he'd described the clothes she'd be wearing: The reddish-brown cotton-lycra stretch pants, molded tight to her long, cute/sexy legs and her taut, firm buttocks. The brown suede moccasins over thick gray-and-white socks. The dark gray turtle-neck sweater that clung tautly to her rapidly swelling breasts...

Breasts that would continue swelling outwards until they were huge, round and firm. Breasts that would be like basketballs in their size and general shape, but heavier and infinitely more delightful to the touch. Jeff, his creativity stumped, had simply picked huge, firm, ridiculously-outsized breasts for his character to make her 'memorable', the rest of her looking like a younger, idealized version of Maureen O'Hara from the old John Wayne flick the Quiet Man.

Which wasn't surprising, as that was where Jeff had 'cribbed' most of the details about 'Tara' from, at least physically. The history he'd given her was also based off that movie, only updated - a domineering father who had beaten up the one boy she'd ever slept with, making the others leery of touching her in any way. The money she'd won from the lottery, enabling her to move to America - where she met Ryan, her new boyfriend. The one she hoped would seduce her into sex tonight.

If she'd forgotten any of it, the fact that it all flooded into her mind would have helped. Now the history of 'Tara' was at the forefront, her life as Jeff like an dream - a well-remembered dream, but a dream nonetheless, while 'Tara' was sharp and clear and detailed. The 'Jeff' memories knew that she hadn't specifically named Ryan as being her new boyfriend, but at the same time, Tara remembered meeting Ryan, finding him sweet and kind and good - and damned sexy.

Then, as the red-and-green glow faded, Tara blinked her eyes and looked around, feeling as if she were waking from a very vivid dream into very familiar surroundings.

Though everything was different than it had been a few minutes before, she recognized all of it, even remembered helped putting up the decorations that brought the old, stone-walled room to life. Wreaths adorned each wood-sashed window, and a elegantly-decorated Christmas tree stood in the corner, fresh cut the night before and decorated by all of them this afternoon - at least, that's what Tara remembered, even though she also knew that, in the 'dream past', Jeff had spent the afternoon working out the person she now was.

The strange thing was, though Tara knew that, she didn't feel it. Though she knew she'd been male until only a few minutes before, that part of her life felt 'fictional', with her new body and history feeling comfortable and familiar, even if the 'Dream Jeff' would have found this situation odd and most definitely uncomfortable.

It was almost like being two different people at once - but the body she was wearing was the 'Tara' body, and so that's how she was responding to the situation, the fluid way she moved possessing feminine grace rather than masculine assurance, not because she couldn't have projected that masculine assurance, but because it just seemed silly to do so in the obviously feminine body she possessed.

"So - is everybody okay?" Jeff asked, brightly, putting down the book. "Before we go jumping into these lives, I just want to make sure everything went all right. Everybody have all the memories they're supposed to? Everybody happy with themselves?"

Now would have been the perfect time to speak up - but Tara nodded along with the rest of them. Though this felt strange and new and a little awkward, she found herself healthy, fit and reasonably comfortable - and actually rather excited - if nervous - at the thought of having sex with Jeff this evening. She knew that she'd written that in for herself, unknowingly, and she even knew that 'Jeff' would be more than a little put out at the thought - but she also had the 'fictional' feelings of Tara, and the eagerness she was feeling not only overcame her doubts, but his as well - if that made any sense.

Well, it did to her, so - shyly and nervously - she muttered agreement, heart pounding in anxiety and anticipation behind her magnificent new bust.

Ryan took in the general agreement of the room, some eagerly excited, some more hesitant - and then he turned to Tara. She trembled, softly, blushing, and he gently put his thumb and forefinger on her chin and lifted her face...

"Jeff?" He asked, staring the new woman right in the eye. "Are you sure that you're comfortable with your new life? We did this to improve our lives, and it's a one-shot deal... but anybody can back out now, and we'll all reset back to our original lives, no harm done."

Tara stared at him... and then, Jeff stared at him. The change came because the 'Tara' mind had been unable to see the full and complete consequences of the question, while Jeff understood it all. Feeling stunned, Jeff turned his new eyes away from Ryan, taking in the rather regretful nodding from the other four people in the room...

...or, rather, the other two couples in the room. That's what it really was - three couples. Kayla and John. Tina and Bob...

...and Ryan and Tara. Jeff knew Ryan was physically attracted to his new body and persona. Hell, being so close to 'Tara' was giving Ryan a hard-on...

...but he was stilling to 'back out' if Jeff wasn't happy with the new life he'd inadvertently described for himself. All of them were. Jeff couldn't claim that they were making the offer because they were all such good friends - despite what each felt from their 'character' thinking they were all really, really good friends, the truth was that Jeff was practically a stranger.

Yet, despite that fact, all five were willing to throw away their dreams of a new life on his account...

...if he wanted him to. Looking back at his old, male life, Jeff saw I clearly and objectively in a way he'd never seen it before - and it made the answer 'easy', if still somewhat awkward and uncomfortable to say.

"I.. I'm fine." She told Ryan, blushing deeply at all that the simple statement admitted. She forced herself to look deep into Ryan's eyes

- and then, seeing the easy-to-read emotions that roiled in his warm brown eyes, she smiled shyly...

...and leaned forward, her eyes sliding hesitantly closed as her heart raced wildly.

There was a pause that seemed to last an eternity, a lifetime - or, perhaps, the endless gulf separating an old, male life from a new and promising one as a woman.

Then she felt Ryan's strong arms slide around her slender new body, gentle yet firm - and she shivered in pleasure as his firm, masculine pressed against hers, a wonderful pressure creating new pleasure in her huge, firm breasts...

...a pleasure that was re-doubled by the sensation that came as Ryan pressed his lips against hers and kissed her, slowly and thoroughly.

Her limbs suddenly felt as if they were made of water as she all-but-melted against him, feeling an overwhelming sensation of... 'rightness'. Despite any misgivings or doubts she might have felt, this was the right thing to do - because never in her life had she felt as comfortable and secure as she did in Ryan's strong, gentle embrace.

Perhaps most of that feeling came from the 'fictional' new persona she had, but Tara didn't care. She felt warm, safe, happy, and very, very comfortable - and that was just the emotional side of things. Physically, everything she felt was pleasurable, from the way her buxom new body felt pressed against her boyfriend's firm, strong one, to the way he kissed her, tenderly and passionately.

Then his hands slid slowly and sensuously to new positions. He broke off his kiss, keeping his face near hers as he whispered in one delicate new ear;

"Why don't we go somewhere more private...?"

The way he said made her grin in slow pleasure - not the cock-sure question of a man expecting an affirmative answer, but the hesitant- yet-hopeful voice of a man willing to accept 'No' as an answer...

...not the he'd have to, though. Although her heart was pounding in eager excitement with a hint of self-doubt, she gently caressed his back and whispered back in a warmly eager voice that she'd 'love that... darling.'

She gasped, slightly, as his strong arms tensed and she was lifted easily and gently into the air.

"We'll be back in a bit..." Ryan said vaguely to the room in general - and Tara had a brief glimpse of her new-old friends grinning in good-natured joy for her...

...then Ryan was kissing her again, and she let her eyes slide closed as she was carried into the back bedroom, her body thrumming with anxious eagerness at what lay ahead.

Ryan gently lay her on the bed, breaking the kiss to settle next to her, his hands roaming over her clad body as he smiled down at her, warmly and gently.

Smiling back in a mixture of lust, friendship and gratitude, the new woman reached out and began to unbutton Ryan's shirt, revealing a broad, well-musclcd chest with a fine coating of dark hair that she found felt really nice to run her slender fingers through...

...but not nearly as nice as it felt to have Ryan peel her sweater off, revealing her massive, firm breasts - which he promptly began to fondle gently, leaning forward to lightly nip each nipple, causing her to arch her spine and moan in encouragement.

Almost on their own, her hands slid from his chest, until they reached his waist - where she quickly and eagerly undid his leather belt, then the fly of his jeans. She pushed pants and underwear down to his knees - while she moaned again in further encouragement as his hands slid downwards in sympathetic response, hooking onto the waistbands of both pants and panties. She lifted her ass, and he slid her pants down her cutely-shaped legs, stepping off the bed to removed her shoes and peel her pants off completely - while kicking off his own shoes and stepping out of his jeans. Naked, he stood beside the bed and looked down at her, tenderly.

"Are you sure...?" He asked, half-hesitantly, making sure one last time - giving her a chance to back out before she committed herself to this.

She didn't. Smiling up at him, she nodded - and slowly spread her legs, her body trembling with desire and anxiety as she beckoned Ryan with one curled finger.

Smiling at her, he gently slid onto the bed between her spread leg, carrying his weight on his shoulders as he leaned over her...

...then eased his hips forward, slowly easing his hard, ready cock into her tight wet new womanhood.

"Ohhhh...." Tara moaned in pleasure, closing her eyes and letting her head loll to the side at the pleasure she felt from being penetrated. She began to move her hips, slowly grinding them against his hips... and causing incredible sensations to run through her body.

With that wordless assurance that this was what she wanted, the last of Ryan's doubt dissolved, and he began to move with a gently firm rhythm, pumping his hard, sizable new equipment into her body - and creating a wonder friction that caused her to writhe on the bed, gently murmuring sounds of pleasure.

Those gentle moans became sharper, louder - mirroring the sharper and more intense pleasure that was flooding her body, the pleasure climbing in steady waves that washed over her, submerging her in joy that was both physical and emotional. As she absorbed the wonderful pleasure from his gentle, caring touch, she found herself comparing this with her past years as a man - and finding those long, empty years a poor match for this.

"Oh, Ryan, yes..." She gasped, her head rolling from side to side as her orgasm neared. She was under no delusions - she didn't love Ryan, at least not yet. She didn't know him well enough to love him, story or not - but she liked him, trusted him, respected him, and now he was giving her intense pleasure.

Compared to her cold, friendless life as a guy, this was heaven. Maybe she'd never love Ryan - but she could live with them being very close friends, if this was the result...

Then her first female orgasm hit, and thought stopped in a soundless, painless white explosion of orgasmic ecstasy.

When the wondrous pleasure finally began to subside, Tara found Ryan laying beside her, cuddling her, his hands slowly roaming her body in a way that, though pleasurable, was more comforting than arousing.

"Tara...?" He asked, and she felt his tenseness through his embrace. "We're... we're okay... aren't we?"

It was his concern for her that prompted him to say such things - and it was such things that made the answers easy for the new woman. Any doubts she might have felt were allayed by his obvious concern for her happiness, so she could be completely honest as she squeezed his hand and said. "We're better than all right, darling. We're much, much,... much better than simply 'all right'."

Then, to make sure he understood what she meant, she rolled in his arms and held him close as she kissed him, passionately.

After a bit of heavy breathing, they finally slid off the bed and dressed - slowly, and with much interactive 'help' that just slowed things down delightfully.

Finally, arm-in-arm, the two new lovers went back to the living room, where the other two couples were just finishing some heavy breathing of their own.

"So - what say we pour some egg-nog, turn on some Christmas tunes, and get to opening presents...?" Bob suggested, gesturing towards the pile of presents under the tree.

Tara blinked - then shrugged, realizing the setting of the story had cut a week out of her life - but it was more than fair, as far as she was concerned, looking at her new friends as they nodded in agreement.

"Sounds great..." Tara said, giving Ryan's waist a squeeze before she let go. "There's just one thing I have to do..."

Smiling warmly at her friends and her lover, she walked over to the book where it lay in front of Ryan's chair. Picking it up, she flipped to the page that was marked by the pen.

"Uh... Honey...?" Ryan said, hesitantly. "That's very powerful. Please - be careful."

"Oh - it's all right, honey-bunch..." She said, blowing him a kiss. Carrying the book over to the tree, she let her new friends gather close, watching over her shoulder as she penned the words that finalized the story - and the rest of their new lives...

...and after a very Merry Christmas they all had many, many Happy New Years...

THE END



SUMMARY:

CONTEST WINNER

This is our third contest winning story idea which was sent in by members. This story was written from the request below:

"3) I would like to see a story about Michael a 25yo WM college student and his girlfriend Brenda, a 35 yo divorced mother of three.

Mike is from an upper middle class family. His father is a doctor and he has had everything he has wanted in life. He has always wanted to become a doctor like his father but his grades are just not good enough.

Michael meets Brenda while taking some class at a local college trying to improve his GPA.

Brenda has had a very different life than Michael. Her family was very poor and her husband was very abusive mentally and physically. Michael and Brenda meet and become involved. as their relationship develops Michael becomes more and more jealous of Brenda. She has a 4.0 GPA and also wants to go to medical school. As the time nears for their acceptance to medical school Brenda gets accepted but Michael does not.

Michael becomes more and more obsessed with Brenda and how unfair it is that she has what he wants. As she moves away to go to school Brenda begins to pull away from Michael. She begins partying and drinking..something that she has never been able to do up until this point in her life. Brenda meets Michael best friend Don who also is a medical student and they begin to sleep together unknown to Michael.

One night Brenda stays out late partying and wearing her sexiest clothes..her and Don end up making love. As she returns home to her house and kids Brenda is meet by Michael. A heated argument takes place and Michael tells Brenda that he just wishes she could see things from his perspective..brenda still slightly drunk says, "well if you think my life is so damn great you can have it!"

Michael says that if God would grant him one wish it would be to have your life a loud thunder clap occurs(and God answers they wishes) and...

Michael and Brenda find themselves in each others bodies...

The story continues from here with Michael now Brenda having to deal with finding out about his girlfriend and his best friends relationship and deal with her ex-husband and being a mother. Brenda now Michael enjoys her new life free of all her mistakes and begin to party and enjoy Michael's life..the one he didn't appreciate before the swap. The new Brenda begins to find out things about his girlfriend that he never new about her, now his past "

Now the story....

Case Study

By Gunslinger

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHIATRY Vol. 15, No. 8

CASE STUDY #1620 - PERSONALITY TRANSFER DISORDER

Dr. William H MacGraw, Psy.

It is indeed rare when a psychiatrist has the opportunity to study, catalogue and treat a new disorder. In the past decade, only four new disorders (ref. A, Sub-table A) have been classified.

To this list we may add another - Personality Transfer Disorder (PDT). Although closely related to both Gender Dysphasia Syndrome and Multiple Personality Schizophrenia, it retains several unique and startling aspects that cause it to differ from either GDS or MPS.

In this case study I shall detail the discover, course and treatment of this new disorder, and discuss the ramifications of it's appearance within society....

Now, to fully describe the affliction, and attempt to discover it's origins, we must first study some of the background of the case. The place to start is with Brenda R. Colbert, a 35 year old Caucasian woman, divorced, and mother of three...

* * * * *

"Well, hello there "

Don looked up at his friend's half-whispered comment, and followed Michael's line of sight until he spotted the cause of the comment.

She was somewhere in her mid-thirties, Don estimated, although she looked both younger and older. She was obviously fit, and had taken pains to keep her skin soft and smooth, creating the illusion of youth - but her dark eyes stared out at the world with a wisdom and pain far beyond her physical years.

Don sighed, knowing that his muscular roommate, with his easy-going good looks and tawny hair, was judging the woman on looks alone - the shapely legs and slender hips under the conservative tweed skirt belted tight at the slender waist, the large, firm breasts visible even through the somewhat baggy white blouse, and the lovely face surrounded by a halo of black hair that fell in gentle waves around her slender shoulders. Mike simply wasn't the type to notice such things as the wise, pain filled eyes.

"Mike, you're supposed to be studying, remember? Your grades are bad enough as it is, and you don't have much longer to get them back up there. It's time to buckle down and get some work done." Don said, running his hands idly through his light brown hair. He found Mike self-centered, vain and shallow - but Mike also seemed obsessed with becoming a doctor, like his old man, and for that reason Don helped him with his studies, even if he was indifferent to Mike as a person.

Mike, however, was still smiling in the woman's direction. Now, he rose from his seat, adjusting his clothes to best show his muscular physique.

"Hold your horses, Don old buddy. I'll be back in a flash." Mike said with his easy confidence, and sauntered off towards the woman in a circuitous route that brought him to her unobtrusively.

Casually, Mike moved slightly ahead of the woman, then turned and leaned against the wall a non-threatening distance away, but directly in front of her and unable to ignore.

Displaying his perfect, even teeth, he smiled charmingly. "Hi, I'm Mike - Mike Traynor. I don't believe we've met." He held out a hand.

The dark-haired woman paused and looked around, obviously nervous and somewhat frightened - which Mike found oddly attractive. Finally she shifted her textbooks to her other arm and shook Mike's hand, having to step closer to do so.

"Oh... I'm Brenda Colbert. I'm taking Pre-Med with Dr. Thorensen." She said, removing her hand from Mike's grip as quickly as possible.

Mike threw her a rakish grin. "I'm sorry, you must be mistaken. I'm taking Dr. Thorensen's class - and I'm sure I'd have noticed you if you were there."

Brenda had clasped her text-books to her bosom with both arms, protectively. "I... I'm a transfer student. I start today." She said in a small voice, as if she feared that Mike wouldn't believe her.

Mike smiled sympathetically - or at least a fair facsimile thereof. "Oh, that must be tough. You're going to have to do some catch up then, aren't you?" He gestured towards the table where Don sat, patiently. "My roommate and I are doing some studying right now, as a matter of fact. Why don't you come over, and we'll help you get up to speed?"

"I... I don't think..." the woman stammered - seemingly afraid to refuse, and equally afraid of accepting.

Mike saw that he'd have to play this one gently, reeling her in slowly. He relished the thought - most of the dozens of women he'd bedded while in university had been easy catches, and the idea of having to win this one over was a challenge his over-inflated male ego couldn't ignore.

"Well, it's up to you." Mike said with a smile. "We don't bite - and if you want, you can sit with that nice, wide, heavy oak table between you and us hairy apes." He shrugged. "And if you don't want to, well that's okay too."

Without waiting for a reply, her headed back to the table, studiously not looking back towards Brenda. He settled in beside Don. Without looking up, Mike asked, under his breath, "Is she coming?"

"Yeah" Don said, sighing - then he rose out of his seat and introduced himself to Brenda as she skittishly settled into the chair across the table.

* * * * *

...it should be noted that Brenda was the victim of 'date rape' at the age of 16. At that time, date rape was an ignored phenomenon, both legally and psychologically, and so it was that her case followed the then-classic scenario, where she married the man - one Damien Glosser - who was responsible for the unwanted pregnancy.

Having married an abusive, dominating man at a very impressionable age, Brenda soon fell into the classic 'submissive-obedient' syndrome, where she subordinated her will to that of her husband. It took her 17 years to break this cycle, and as in most instances, it wasn't for her own sake that she finally rebelled, but for the sake of someone else - in this case, her youngest son.

Having divorced the man who for so long was her will, so to speak, she had trouble dealing with a life where her decisions were her own, and relied heavily on her eldest daughter, Lisa, who acted as an emotional crutch, helping Brenda work up enough nerve to continue her education - in fact, apply for pre-medical training to further her long-time 'fantasy' of being a doctor.

It was while she was attending these classes that she started socializing. She started dating on Michael Traynor, aged twenty. In this her forced training from her marriage brought about her 'choice' of partner - she was simply too frightened to turn him away.

It is important to note that, unlike her ex-husband, Brenda's new boyfriend was not actively cruel, but merely extremely self-centered...

* * * *

"Mom, you know that I don't like you dating that guy. He's not interested in you for anything but your body - look how he makes you dress, for God's sake!" Eighteen year old Linda crossed her toned, tanned arms across her small bosom and looked at her mother, her dark eyes holding equal parts worry, anger and sympathy.

Brenda was preening in front of a full-length mirror. It's reflection showed her a slender, buxom woman whose long, shapely legs were well displayed by the black platform pumps with their seven inch heels, the soft black nylons, and the high hem of the black spandex dress that clung to her slim waist and firm, braless DDD-cup breasts.

"He's not *making* me wear this." Brenda said - and Lisa was surprised to find that her mother didn't say it defensively, as she'd expected. It threw her.

"You're not trying to tell me that you actually like dressing like that?" Lisa said incredulously. "Jeez, Mom, those damn implants dad forced on you look like they're going to pop right out the top of that thing!"

Brenda ran one long-nailed hand over the taut material encasing her firm, large, saline-enhanced breasts. "I'm still not happy about having these forced on me - but I can't afford to have them removed yet, and Mike does like them." *That* was said defensively. "As for the clothes - yes, I do enjoy wearing them. I've seen you get ready to go out to clubs on Friday, and you don't dress all that differently. I'm just living a little - something your father never let me do."

Suddenly, it made sense to Linda. It was really weird to see her Mom dressed up so sexy - but Brenda had never had a chance to live like a teenager when she *was* a teenager, so she had to do it now, instead. It actually made Lisa smile - she thought that Mike was a self-centered creep, but if it helped Mom come out of her shell and have a little fun, then she'd live with it. Mom needed all she could get.

A car horn sounded outside, and Brenda picked up a purse. "Now, I'll be home before too late - tomorrow we get out admissions scores back, and we're only having a little 'pre-passing' celebration - just in case anyone in the class doesn't make it."

Lisa knew that Mike would want Brenda to stay later - and probably go somewhere and make out. But she also knew her mom wasn't ready to go that far right now, and with the whole class there, Mike wouldn't have a chance to push it. With a smile, Linda watched her Mom leave, and had to admit - those damned fake tits DID look good in that dress.

Besides, Lisa already knew how the evening would go. Mike would pay attention to her for a while, angling for a chance to get her someplace private. Eventual, bored and horny, he'd go hit on some bimbo who he'd take home for the evening, leaving Mom alone with Don.

Lisa approved of Don - he was kind, gentle and handsome. If only Mom could work up enough nerve to dump Mike, she could start going out with Don, a guy who could really set her life back on track.

* * * * *

...so it is not surprising that both Donald Kessler, Michael's roommate, and Brenda both passed the admissions test, as they had both worked hard to do so. Michael, however, failed the admissions test, and was forced to remain another semester to re-take the course before continuing.

Both Donald and Brenda moved to attend medical school, and found apartments within blocks of each other. It was soon after that they began having an affair, although Brenda was still to afraid to break up with Michael. She even went far enough to convince Donald to maintain the secret, reluctant as he was to do so.

Her children, however, were aware of the affair, and two of them - the youngest and oldest - tacitly approved of Brenda's choice in boyfriends. Michael, however, was unaware of the situation, as he did not often see Brenda - especially since he found female companionship much closer to home that was more willing to supply the sexual satisfaction he craved.

It was during this time period that my patient began having the delusions...

* * * * *

"I said that I'm going out, Lisa, and you can't stop me!" Lisa sighed and frowned at her 16 year old brother, John.

"Look, shithead, Mom left me in charge, and I say you're not going anywhere."

"I don't have to listen to you OR Mom" John retorted arrogantly. The dark-haired youth had been his father's favorite, and was well on his way to becoming a miniature reproduction of him.

However, Lisa wasn't a woman to be pushed around. Disdaining further argument, she solved the matter by using her athletic physique directly - she simply picked up her younger brother and carried him, kicking and screaming, to the basement,

and locked him down there. He'd already disappeared four times in the past year, each time being brought home by the police for one reason or another, and she wasn't in the mood for his shenanigans tonight.

With a sigh, she headed for the living room, looking forward to relaxing on the couch. Her other brother, fifteen year old Lewis, was up in his room, studying. Besides, Lewis was never a problem - he was so quiet and withdrawn, Lisa was worried about him. But, although uncommunicative and shy, he was extremely smart, and had the best grades in his school.

Just before she could flop on the couch and relax, the doorbell rang, and she went to open it.

Her jaw dropped at the sight of Mike standing in the doorway. Lisa felt a chill of apprehension - this was the first time Mike had come down without calling ahead first, and he had picked a bad time to show up unexpectedly.

"Hi, Lisa - is your Mother home?" Mike asked, grinning.

Lisa opened her mouth - but never found out what she would have said, as at that moment Don's car pulled up in the drive and, oblivious to what was happening, he and Brenda climbed out of the car and headed for the door, Brenda - slightly tipsy - hanging off of Don in a definitely romantic way.

Then the couple stopped short as they realized who was standing on the step. Mike turned around, his eyes widening as he took in the sight of his best friend and girlfriend in each other's embrace.

"Don?" Mike asked, surprise turning quickly to anger. "Brenda!?"

Don and Brenda looked at each other. They knew that, sooner or later, they would have had to tell Mike about them. Of course, it was Don who took the initiative.

"Mike..." he began, groping for the right words. "Brenda and I have been seeing each other for a while now. You're never around, and it's not like you've been dating Brenda exclusively..."

"No, but at least I was open about it!" Mike said angrily, silencing his friend. "How could you, Don? I mean, I don't have many friends - male friends - and I really trusted you. I know I'm a pain in the ass sometimes, but I really considered you my best friend. I would have trusted you with my life - and then this..."

Don couldn't meet Mike's eyes, mentally cursing himself for a fool. He'd never realized the strength of Mike's friendship assuming it was as weak and transient as his romantic relationships. But he now realized that for someone who was normally shallow, finding a real friendship would be extremely rare, and worth the world to him.

Now Mike turned his incredulous gaze to Brenda. "And you - you could have told me. But you had to sneak around behind my back. Sure, I had one-night stands with other women - but it was just sex, not a relationship. You were the first woman I ever wanted to spend time with, even if we didn't have sex - and you decide to fuck my best friend."

Lisa, watching the whole thing from the door. Expected one of them to deny the outrageous charge - and was shocked to see the guilty look Don and her Mom traded, and realized that they HAD made love at least once. She was so stunned by the realization, she didn't even notice her younger brother Lewis coming up behind her and peering silently out the door at the argument in progress.

Mike was more emotionally overwrought than he'd been for a long time. Although self-centered, he wasn't cruel or stupid, and he did have human emotions, although they were harder to reach any depth. In his shallow life, only three things had any real, deep meaning to him - his desire to become a doctor, like his father, his friendships with Don, who was the only real friend he'd ever had, and his relationship with Brenda, the first woman he'd ever really seen as a person.

And all three had been yanked from him.

He continued his tirade against Brenda, so upset he was letting his true feelings spill out. "Everybody feels sorry for you, poor beaten woman... Oh, yes, life is terrible for you - You've got three children, at least two of which are wonderful kids. You aced your admissions test, and are going to become a doctor, and now, you've got a wonderful boyfriend - which you had to get by stealing my best friend from me. You've got my friend, my medical dream, and more - In fact, I wish to God I could have what you've got!"

Brenda blinked at the tirade, and felt a dull anger stirring in her. Many things combined formed what she said. Don's loving rebuilding of her own ego, her anger at Mike's belittling of her pain, and the drinks she'd had all came together in one, heartfelt outburst. "Little Rich kid, boo hoo. You're young, strong and wealthy, with no worries and a life that you can party away. You want my life? FINE! I wish to God I could trade it for yours!"

Suddenly, both Brenda and Mike stiffened, as if receiving an electrical shock. Their eyes rolled back in their heads, and they began to twitch.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. The two of them stared at each other for one, endless seconds - then Brenda's eyes rolled back in her head and she promptly fainted.

"Brenda!" Don shouted and ran to her slumped form. "What's wrong!"

"I'll tell you what's wrong," Mike said unsteadily, his eyes bugging out of his skull. "That's not Brenda - I am."

Don looked up from where he was crouched next to Brenda. "That's not funny, Mike - now what the hell's going on? What happened to you two?"

Mike unsteadily walked to the porch and sat down, staring at his own hands as if he'd never seen them before. "It's no joke, Don. Somehow, or wish came true - I'm Brenda, in Mike's body."

Don gaped at him, wondering what the hell was happening. Mike caught the look. "We went to Las Diego's for dinner - you had the Veal Parmesan, I had a salad and soup. We both had the red wine - which wasn't very good. After that, we went to

see a movie - or tried to. But the show we wanted to see was sold out, so we went back to your place. You wanted to show me what a GOOD red wine tasted like, so you opened a bottle. We started drinking, and I slid closer to you..."

As 'Mike' spoke, Don's face had paled. Now, unsteadily, he rose to his feet, looking back and forth between the unconscious body at his feet, and the male figure sitting on the porch. "B... Brenda?" he said unsteadily, eyes wide.

'Mike' nodded. "I'm afraid so, Don."

The figure on the ground moaned, then opened her eyes and slowly sat up. She stared wide-eyed at 'Mike' sitting on the porch, then down at her own shapely, nylon-clad legs.

"Oh... my... God..." She whispered, stunned. "I... I'm BRENDA!" Her voice rose from the near whisper to a near shout, and she gaped at the long, gloss red nails that tipped the hands she held wonderingly in front of her dark eyes.

Lisa looked back and forth, slack jawed. "This... This is some sort of joke. Right?"

Don looked equally stunned. "I... I don't think so. There's simply no way Mike could know " He trailed off, not sure of what to say.

Lisa turned hesitantly to where 'Mike' sat. "M Mom?"

'Mike' looked at her, and although it was Mike's body and voice, it wore Brenda's expression as he answered. "I'm afraid so, honey." Don's mind spun uselessly, but it managed to latch on one thing they could do to deal with the impossible situation. "I I think we should all go inside."

There was general agreement, and the group of stunned people went into the living room and sat down. Don noticed that both 'Mike' and 'Brenda' had no problems walking - even though 'Brenda' was perched on seven inch spiked heels. But, although she balanced on them easily, she walked with a masculine gait, looking decidedly odd, whereas 'Mike' moved with unusual grace.

It was Don who voiced the obvious - and ridiculous - statement. "This simply isn't possible. People CAN'T switch bodies."

The answer to that statement came from a complete unexpected source - Lewis.

Small, thin and pale, Lewis hadn't spoke a word since he was nine. That's the age that his father, angry at Lewis' lack of interest in sports, had drowned the boy, hauling him down to the lake and holding him under until he'd drowned, his heart stopped.

That's the first time Brenda had rebelled. Crying, she had taken Lewis' lifeless body and driven like a maniac to the hospital - where Lewis had been revived. It had been this episode that had allowed Brenda to get her divorce - while Damien was sent to prison for attempted murder. Luckily, Lewis had not suffered brain damage. But ever since then, the boy hadn't spoken a single word - until now. "Ask, and ye shall receive." Lewis said in a surprisingly deep voice for such a young, frail boy.

Before anyone could respond to that enigmatic response from an unlikely source, a loud pounding noise arose from somewhere in the house.

"What the...?" Don asked, looking around.

"It's John - I had to lock him in the basement again because he was being such an..." Lisa started

But she was wrong. It was the front door that was being bashed on. Suddenly, the frame around the lock splintered and burst open, revealing Damien Glosser, wearing his rumpled orange prison jumpsuit. Blood stained one thigh of his uniform, and a large, stainless steel revolver jutted from one massive fist. He glowered at the stunned group of people, until his eye fell on 'Brenda'.

"You!" He bellowed. "You goddamn BITCH! TWENTY FUCKIN' YEARS FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!"

And he raised the massive gun, aiming it directly at 'Brenda'...

...and Lewis said one word - 'Now'.

* * * * *

'Brenda' jerked back, waiting for the slug that would end her life...

...and fell out of the chair, spilling the bottle of mascara she had held in one hand.

Stunned, 'Brenda' looked around, and found that somehow she was in 'her' room. Her eyes widened as she caught sight of the digital clock beside the bed which, unaware of the impossibility of it all, was displaying the glowing red numerals '5:23'.

"Mom?" Lisa's voice floated through the door. "Are you okay? I heard a banging noise." 'Brenda' blinked. "Uh... yeah, honey. I'm fine."

"Great. You'd better hurry though - Don should be here any minute."

As she listened to 'her' daughter's footsteps recede, 'Brenda' realized that somehow, time had rolled back. Everything was being replayed - but she was 'Brenda' this time, not Mike. She was seeing the same events from the other perspective.

Or were they the same events? 'Brenda' was fairly certain that the original Brenda hadn't spilled the mascara, because there would have been no reason to. Now that she was 'Brenda', what she did could affect the outcome of the evening, changing everything.

Brenda collapsed on the edge of the bed, staring down at the sexy display of cleavage between her firm, round tits. She couldn't believe that she was cursed to spend the rest of her life as a woman...

Cursed? That stopped her dead in her tracks. She had, quite literally, asked God to give her this life, even if this wasn't exactly what she had in mind. And, God had obliged.

So it couldn't be a curse, could it? God had granted what was really a prayer, which would make it a - blessing? Miracle?

In any case, it wasn't punishment. She'd spoken the words in haste, but she had meant them, to some degree. She wanted the opening at medical school - and now she had it. She'd wanted a family - and now she did. She'd wanted a long, lasting relationship - well, that was up to her to maintain, but it was there if she wanted it.

Slowly, 'Brenda' rose and approached the full-length mirror. She looked at herself - a sexy woman in her mid thirties, with shapely legs and firm, full tits. A beautiful face. Slowly, she ran one hand across the curve of her tit, feeling the new, but pleasurable sensations it created, while the other hand slid across a nylon-clad thigh, and lightly touched the thin cotton fabric covering her new sex.

Could she live life like this? As Brenda? Did she have a choice?

She sat back down on the bed, mind whirling. God had granted her a gift - could she ask him to revoke it? Would it be fair to the original Brenda, now in the body of Mike, that had been hers not long ago. 'Brenda' knew that 'Mike' might enjoy being a man, able to have a second chance at life.

For that matter, so could she. She could use this as a chance to become everything she ever wanted to be - but the cost would include becoming something she never expected - a woman.

She heard a car pull up outside and honk its horn. As if in a daze, she slipped into her platform shoes and headed for the stairs - then stopped, and started again, forcing herself to emulate the original Brenda's sexy sway.

Before she'd consider asking God to take her away from this life, the least she could do is TRY.

Coming down the stairs, she saw John walking out of the kitchen. He scowled at her as she stepped off the bottom step, and started to push past her sullenly, while Lisa looked on with a frown.

"I'm in charge tonight RIGHT Mom?" Lisa asked, frowning at John and obviously trying to establish who was in control.

'Brenda' had to repress a smile - both of 'her' kids thought they were dealing with their wishy-washy Mom, who 'Brenda' knew John pushed around. She decided it was time to take some steps about that. She put an arm out, blocking John's access to the stairs.

"John, while I'm gone, Lisa's in charge. You do what she says, got it?"

Both kids blinked at the unusual strength and determination that 'Brenda' put in her voice, neither of them ever having heard her use that tone before.

John's sneer returned. "Dad says no REAL man has to do..." he started.

'Brenda' didn't let him get any further. She leaned into him and poked one long, red nail into his chest.

"Listen here, buster," she said in a low, threatening tone. "Your father is an alcoholic asshole, who couldn't hold a job, couldn't make his marriage work, and is in prison for attempted murder. Now, is that REALLY the way you want to end up, young man?"

John gaped at 'his mother', stunned. "N... No..." he finally managed to stammer.

"Good." Straightening, 'Brenda' turned to a wide-eyed, smiling Lisa. "Lisa, if this little hell-raiser gets out of hand, spank him so hard that he won't be able to sit for a week."

Lisa, overjoyed to find her mother had miraculously developed a backbone, smiled and tossed off a salute. "Yes MA'AM!"

Nodding with satisfaction, Brenda headed out to where Don waited, remembering to walk more like a woman, and less like a drill sergeant. With a smile, she slid into the passenger's seat. She was starting to realize that this might be fun.

"So, I know this great little restaurant..." Don began.

"Actually", she interrupted. "Can we go somewhere quiet and park? I.. want to talk." She didn't quite feel comfortable going out in public as a woman yet, regardless of that fact that physically, she was one.

"Talk?" Don asked, surprised. First of all, Brenda hardly ever interrupted or contradicted him, although he was glad she was becoming less submissive. Secondly, Brenda was usually very reluctant to talk about anything substantial, afraid to stir up bad memories. For her to want to talk - really talk - was a major breakthrough.

"Yeah, sure - It's a bit of a drive, but I know the perfect place." Don said. "Great."

* * * * *

Lisa, still bemused by her Mother's sudden strength, finished the snack she'd made for herself, put the plate in the dish-washer, and headed for the living room. John, subdued, had gone quietly up to his room, and she could hear the sounds of his Nintendo going, signifying that, for now at least, he was behaving. Considering that much of his behavior in the past was based on the simple fact that he could get away with it, Lisa figured Mom's sudden about face would leave him emotionally adrift for at least a week, to stunned and surprised to be his usual, chauvinistic self.

Her other brother, fifteen year old Lewis, was also up in his room, studying. As usual, Lewis wouldn't a problem - he was so quite and withdrawn, Lisa was worried about him. But, if Mom continued to be the 'new, improved' version, maybe even that could change.

Just before she could flop on the couch and relax, the doorbell rang, and she went to open it.

Her jaw dropped at the sight of Mike standing in the doorway. Lisa felt a chill of apprehension - this was the first time Mike had come down without calling ahead first, and he had picked a bad time to show up unexpectedly.

"Uh..." Lisa said, at a loss for words.

"Hi, Lisa." Mike said with a smile that seemed unusually sincere. "I thought I'd come over and help you baby sit while Don and M... Um, your Mom are on their date."

Lisa's jaw dropped. "You know?"

'Mike' smiled. "Sure. I mean, I'm never there for her, and Don's the perfect guy for her - trust me, I know."

Lisa was surprised by the knowing wink 'Mike' gave her, wondering how the hell he could possibly know that. Still...

"Sure... Come on in..." Lisa said, still confused. She'd met him a couple of times before, and had gotten a bad first impression of him - but this didn't seem like the same person at all.

'Mike' followed Lisa into the living room. He still couldn't get over the easy power with which this male body moved. For the first time, he didn't feel small, puny and afraid - he felt powerful, strong and determined. He didn't have to watch what he said and did, because this body, unlike his original one, was more than capable of defending itself. The feeling of freedom was intoxicating.

Of course, there were drawbacks - like trying to hid the erection that the sight of his ex-daughter caused. As a woman, he'd never really appreciated how sexy Lisa's toned, lithe body was, and now he was having a hard time controlling his hormonal response. He settled onto the couch, positioning his muscular new legs to hide his erection.

Lisa chose to ignore the obvious erection that 'Mike' sported. Surprisingly, he was being gentlemanly about it, trying to keep it low-key, and not leering at her or ogling her like she expected. With a sigh, she picked up the remote. A prime-time soap opera was on, one that both her and her Mom watched when they could, but Lisa decided she had to forego the pleasure and be nice to her guest.

"I think there's a game on the other..." Lisa began. "Oh, no!"

Lisa blinked at the outrageously hammed-up mock outrage 'Mike' portrayed. "Huh?" she asked, having to fight back a smile that threatened to break out.

"Then I'll never find out what happens to Kelly. I mean, is Jason her long-lost brother, or not?"

Lisa gaped openly at 'Mike'. How the hell had he known what last week's cliff hanger had been. Oddly, he even seemed sincere about wanting to watch this episode.

"Uh - okay, we can leave it on this." Lisa said, waiting to see if 'Mike' revealed it as a joke. Instead, he settled in, seeming to be enjoying the episode. Lisa also turned her attention to the TV.

During the commercials, 'Mike' seemed to want to talk - and Lisa was surprised to find him not only witty and charming, but intelligent and sensitive. He seemed to know exactly what she was trying to say - especially in the silences where she could find no good way to explain to a man why something was or wasn't important to her. For the first time in her life, she discovered a man that she could actually tell her problems to. She'd tried to talk to a couple of guys about things like this over the years, and they always seemed to become obsessed with finding 'good advice' to give. 'Mike', on the other hand, merely listened, and sympathized, and offered his moral support. She'd never, ever found a man so easy to talk to, so charming and understanding.

'Mike' for his part, was battling his own morals. He'd come over for one reason, really - to be ready for Damien, when he showed up later. He'd guessed - correctly, it seemed - that 'Brenda' would go with Don, and 'Mike' couldn't leave Lisa to face Damien alone.

Calling the cops wouldn't help - what could he say? Send a car to arrest a man who wasn't here yet, but would be? On the other hand, 'forewarned is forearmed', as the old saying went.

But he'd never counted on finding his daughter so unbelievably attractive. He suddenly realized why many men acted the way they did biological pressure. Once a man was aroused enough, it actually got to a point that it started to become painful. He'd never realized how blessed women could be - their biological urge was less imperative, allowing them to have a 'take it or leave' it attitude - or even 'leave it until later' one, if they didn't want to pass on it all together.

But guys... 'Mike' felt like his balls were slowly being pumped full of air and were going to explode sooner or later. And the way his hard, throbbing cock rubbed against his pants with every slightest shift! It was maddening.

In fact it was too much. He had to get some relief - he'd go into the bathroom and jack off.

Lisa was eyeing him thoughtfully, and before he could move, she spoke. "You're really, really turned on by me, aren't you?" Surprised, 'Mike' answered truthfully - and with great embarrassment. "Yeah."

"You're practically ready to burst, it's so bad, right?"

'Mike' grimaced, realizing that he didn't have enough experience as a man to hide it. It had been transparently obvious to Lisa how painfully erect he was, and how aroused. "Yeah."

She tilted her head, and when she spoke, it was with wonder in her voice. "You're really, really turned on by me... so much so that you're close to coming in your pants. Yet you haven't so much as come on to me once all night. Why?"

How to explain THAT? The fact that he was a woman just a few hours ago - and her mother to boot? Well, there was one honest answer that he could give, even if it didn't cover everything. "It wouldn't have been fair to you." He explained sincerely. After all - hadn't he been on the other side of this equation, some guy coming on to her just because he was horny?

That was the final straw for Lisa. 'Mike' was really, really handsome - and from the size of the bulge in his pants, quite endowed. Even when she first met him, she'd been *physically* attracted to him - but unlike guys, for whom that would have been enough, she had been uninterested because of her first impression that he was a self-centered guy.

But that had been all wrong. He was her very definition of a perfect man, in every way - handsome, well endowed, wealthy, kind, caring, understanding - and now, he'd just shown he cared more about doing right by her than taking care of his own discomfort. 'Mike' was the very antithesis of everything her father had been. If she let this one get away, Lisa knew she'd curse herself for the rest of her days.

"Why don't you let me take care of that for you?" Lisa asked with a seductive smile. She wasn't prepared to have sex with him - well, emotionally she was, but she wasn't protected, and if she tried to put a condom on him, he'd probably explode. So, she decided to... (ahem) *swallow* her distaste. For a once-in-a-lifetime catch like this, she'd make a sacrifice.

Still smiling seductively, she slid to her knees in front of him, and slowly unzipped his pants.

'Mike' had no idea how to react. Lisa was just about to give him a blow-job - that much was painfully clear. And, he did need release - but my God! It was his own daughter!

"Look, you don't have to do that..." he said. "I can just go into the bathroom and, um... relieve the pressure. There's no need to..."

That just reinforced Lisa's desire to do whatever it took to hold on to this one. A guy, this horny, willing to give up a blow-job and just jack off, all so she didn't have to do something that she didn't want to? Well, right now, *she wanted to!*

"No way, Mike." She purred, looking him straight in the eye. "From now on, I'm going to make sure that every need you have is supplied right here, so you never, ever have the slightest urge to go anywhere else. I'm more than willing to give head - to the man I love."

That rocked 'Mike'. Lisa was incredibly sexy, at least as far as his body was concerned. Also, it was absolutely true that he loved her - more deeply than she could ever no. But now, with his new body, it had become much more than it had been before. He was startled to find that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her - after all, didn't he know, for certain, that he would be the most understanding, caring, perfect husband that she could possibly have?

But she was his daughter....

NO! Lisa was *Brenda's* daughter. And, he was Mike now. Now and forever.

"I love you too, Lisa." He said, meeting her eyes with absolute sincerity and love.

Then he closed his eyes and leaned his head back as Lisa's warm mouth slid over his cock. He strong, yet softly feminine hands encircled his hard, throbbing cock, and began to stroke. Within seconds, he moaned in surprised pleasure as he came, gushing his cum into Lisa's mouth, surprised at how different - but powerfully orgasmic - cumming as a man was.

"Oh, God..." Mike moaned in pleasure as Lisa gulped down his cum. She licked his softening cock clean, then fastidiously replaced it in his pants.

Mike looked down at where Lisa knelt, smiling up at him with absolute trust and love. Gently, he leaned forward and kissed her, and the taste of his own cum on her lips didn't invoke all the times Damien had forced himself on Brenda - because he wasn't Brenda anymore, was he?

Breaking the long, deep kiss, Mike saw the answer in her eyes before he even asked the question.

"I didn't expect this, so I didn't come prepared..." he said softly, drawing Lisa onto his lap. "But... Lisa, will you marry me?" And without hesitation, Lisa threw her arms around Mike's neck and sobbed the word 'yes', over and over again.

* * * * *

"How's this?" Don asked, and 'Brenda', sitting beside him on the blanket he pulled from the trunk, looked out over the town from the high, desolate promontory Don had taken her to.

"It's perfect." She said, honestly.

"So..." Don said slowly. "What did you want to talk about?"

'Brenda' glanced away. "Us. I wanted to talk about us. I want to know, honestly your feelings about me."

Don looked uncomfortable. "I've told you, Brenda - I love you. Is there something wrong? Is it that you don't believe..."

'Brenda' held up a hand. "No, it's not that - but what I want, now, is everything you feel about me - your every emotion. I want to know... I want to know what to expect, if I continue down this path."

It was an odd way to phrase it, but Don could see that it was very important to her. "I'm - not sure what to say."

'Brenda' looked thoughtful. "Pretend - pretend I have amnesia. I don't remember a single thing about my life, good or bad. I look like Brenda - but the memories and experiences that shaped who she is are gone, leaving a clean slate. Where should I go from here?"

What would you do? What should *I* do?"

Don blinked at that. It was an odd way of phrasing it, but also very clear. He knew exactly what to say now. "No matter what happened, I would be here with you. For the rest of your life, Brenda - I love you. I know that you're afraid, because..."

'Brenda' held up a hand, stopping him. "Afraid? Why should I be afraid? All I know is what has happened in the past two minutes. Everything before that is blank - remember?"

Don stopped, truly worried. She seemed so serious about this, it was all too strange for him not to feel a qualm. Had something finally broken in her psyche?

'Brenda' saw Don mentally measuring her for a straight jacket, and went into 'emergency' mode, and provided him with a teasing, confident smile.

"Jeez, Don. I decide to try something new in my life, and you refuse to go along. As part of my ego-building, I try to get a little 'role- playing' in with my boyfriend, and he's a wet blanket. Come on, put a little into it, huh?"

Don relaxed instantly. He didn't know much about 'role-playing' except for the fact that he'd seen it on the cover of one or two women's magazines as a 'way to spice up your sex life'. Which he supported whole heartedly, for more than just the usual reasons. The two times he and Brenda had had sex, she'd been awkward and afraid, carrying around all that emotional baggage. He'd tried to be gentle and unthreatening, hoping to get her past it - and here she'd come up with the answer all by herself. If Brenda was afraid of intimacy - then be someone else! It was so obvious, Don kicked himself for not thinking of it himself.

"I'm afraid I blew that one." He admitted, ashamed at missing her signals. He swore to himself to be more attentive. "Did... did you want to try something else...?"

'Brenda' felt torn. On one hand, she'd blurted the 'role-playing' line out without thinking, just trying to get that look out of his eyes. But now, Don was obviously upset at missing it, and if she said no, he'd be crushed. And despite the fact that she wasn't comfortable in her new form, really, Don was her friend, and she didn't want to hurt him. Besides, it might not be a complete loss. She just had to come up with the right 'fantasy'...

"All right, " she said, inspiration hitting her. "Pretend I'm an alien."

"An alien?" Don asked, willing to give anything a shot - for her sake. "Like, a little green man from Mars?"

"No, silly," She said, and couldn't help but giggle at the mental image that provided. "I'm from a race of genderless aliens, and have taken this form when I came to Earth. You fell in love with me at first sight. Now, you not only have to explain to me not only why I should stay human - but a female human. Why shouldn't I become a male human, like you? After all, as a genderless species, I don't have a bias one way or the other. You have to convince me."

Don grinned. This sounded like it could be fun, actually. "Okay, let's give it a shot."

'Brenda' looked down at herself. "This seems such an odd form, so weak and frail. Why, the form you wear is much stronger. Why shouldn't I become male, like you?"

Don, caught up in the role, gave the question serious thought before answering - which had been what 'Brenda' had hoped. She really did need to be convinced. Don had no idea what the stakes were in this little 'game'.

Finally, Don nodded to himself, obviously having worked out a plan of attack. "Okay, yes - this body *is* stronger. But, I want to show you something - stand up."

'Brenda', curious, did so. "Yes?"

Don smiled. "Now, bend over - backwards."

Shrugging, 'Brenda' complied - and found herself going back, back, back - until she fell over. Automatically, she landed on her hands, then continued over until her feet came back onto the ground. She stood, amazed.

"See?" Don said. "I'm stronger - but you're more flexible in that form. That's the way it works, you see - male and female forms split each advantage and disadvantage, so that they complement each other, one's strength bolstering the other's weakness."

'Brenda' blinked, amazed at how well Don had described the perfect relationship. She - as Mike - had been searching for that relationship for a long time, without ever knowing what it was she was looking for. Now, it was painfully clear - she was looking for her 'other half'.

"I see." She said, getting back into her role. "But what about this form's other differences than yours. Social, as well as physical. Look at these legs, " she said, posing to show the appendage in question. "It is higher maintenance than yours, having to be kept smooth, and is kept on display with these 'nylons' while you wear trousers."

Don shrugged. "Well, women can wear pants as well - and not shave their legs, if they don't want to. Now - I think it's great because I find your legs, in nylons, very, very sexy..."

'Brenda' didn't know exactly why that sent a small thrill up her spine.

"...but it's also an advantage for you. Walk around a bit, and pay attention to how it feels."

'Brenda' did just that - and noticed the completely different way her legs felt. The air moving across her nylon encased legs created a pleasant sensation, as did the slight but constant shifting of the nylons across her smooth flesh. She" never realized that just *walking* could feel faintly pleasurable, and wondered why women took this sensation for granted.

Then, 'Brenda' was surprised when Don gently ran a hand lightly up one well-curved leg - and she shivered at the increased pleasure it brought.

"I... see..." she said, trying to deal with the fact that a man was arousing her.

"See, female bodies are more responsive to touch..." Don said, embracing her. His hands slid around and began to fondle her ass - as he leaned forward and kissed her.

'Brenda' didn't respond for the first few seconds, stunned. Don, assuming it was part of the role, continued - and 'Brenda' found that it felt really, really good. Hesitantly, she leaned into the embrace - and began kissing back.

She'd expect to find kissing a man sickening and disgusting - but it wasn't. Physically, it felt the same as when he'd been the man, kissing a woman. But the way Don's hands caressed her ass felt better than she expected - and the pressure of her tits against his chest was... nice.

It got a lot nicer when he gently lowered her top and began kissing and fondling her firm, round tits - and sucking on her engorged nipples.

'Brenda' didn't know what to do. She should stop this - she wasn't ready to deal with a man, sexually - but her body was, and it felt so *good*...

'Brenda', as Mike, had had many a sexual experience - but at no time had a partner been so completely dedicated to pleasing her. What's more, she'd been attracted, physically, to Don ever since she first saw him in this female body. To make matters even stranger, her deep, enduring friendship had also changed with her new body, becoming something deeper, stronger, - *hornier*...

Then, her dress was all the way off, as was her panties. She barely noticed this fact as Don lowered her to the ground - she was too busy wondering why she'd unzipped his pants, and was pulling them down...

She drew in a breath. She had no idea that Don was so BIG! As Mike, she'd been fairly well endowed - but not this...

She stared at his cock, with her hands wrapped around it, as she guided it towards her hot, wet cunt. It was more than thirteen inches long, and remarkably thick. She stared at it, wondering whether or not something that big would hurt...

And then his massive organ plunged into her cunt, and all thoughts were washed from her mind on a wave of pure pleasure. He began to pump, slowly and rhythmically, and little shudders of ecstasy shook her with surprising intensity. His speed began to pick up, and the waves of pleasure began to build. She had never experienced such a sensation of being so completely filled.

As the orgasm took her, she realized that Don was the one - her other half. This was a blessing, God's gift to her - and she honored him for it as she came.

"Oh, God, YES... Yes, oh GOD !"

* * * * *

Don and Brenda walked into the living room, hand in hand, and found Lisa and Mike in a similar position. "Mom!" Lisa said, standing. "I have great news - Mike and I are engaged!"

Brenda lifted an eyebrow. "In what?" she asked with a sly smile.

Lisa didn't even blush. "Oh, well lot's of things - he'd insatiable!" Mike, at least, had the courtesy to blush at that. "But really, we're engage to be married!"

"Well," Don said happily, "Then it's going to be a double wedding because so are your Mom and I!"

They were in the midst of mutual congratulations when they were interrupted by a violent banging on the front door. Mike and Brenda traded a knowing look, then headed to the door, trailed by their curious spouses-to-be.

Positioning themselves on either side of the door, Mike yanked it open. Damien, unprepared, was jut about to hit it again, and instead, stumbled forward - right into the powerful, viscous kick delivered by Brenda's shapely leg.

Damien grunted as all the air left his lungs, and he dropped the gun in favor of cradling his crushed genitalia as he dropped to his knees.

It's said that the eyes are the windows to the soul. It is perhaps true.

Damien looked up in pain at Brenda - and saw the soul of a stranger staring back though her eyes. Confused, he shifted his gaze to the strange, muscular youth - and there he found Brenda's soul, looking at him with hate.

It was the last thing he saw before the muscular arm of the body Brenda wore smashed into him, driving him into darkness.

* * * * *

...so, we can only assume that, unable to deal with the fact that his wife could become strong and confident - enough so to fight back against him - Damien's mind was forced to develop this elaborate fantasy as a refuge - PTSD.

The symptoms of Damien's affliction is a complete and utter belief that his ex-wife's soul actual resides in the body of her son-in-law, and vice-versa. Now, any rational mind can see the impossibility of this, yet Damien is so deranged that he truly believes this to be the case.

So far, the Electro-shock therapy we are using has had only limited effectiveness, but....

* * * * *

"I don't believe that particular article is on the required reading list, Mister Kessler."

Lewis Kessler looked up at his Psych. Professor, and nodded. "It's not, Dr. McQuayle. But I had to read it." He showed the article to the professor, who immediately realized that it was a case study of Lewis' father.

"Ah, I see. Still, Mr. Kessler, I must insist that you finish the work assigned - merely because you managed to graduate high-school at 17 doesn't extend you special privileges."

Lewis smiled. "Actually, I am finished." He showed the professor the assignment, finished.

The professor nodded. "I see. Well, in that case - what do you think of your father's affliction?"

And Lewis grinned with a very odd smile indeed as he answered enigmatically "God works in mysterious ways, sir."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: A Sam Spade-esk detective is hired by an extremely wealthy man to investigate a high class whore-house that he frequents. It seems that someone is mysteriously changing the girls who work there in both body and mind. After taking on the case, our main character also finds himself being changed.

The Case

By Gunslinger

I awoke with tiny pygmies jabbing sharpened wooden spears into my lower spine, while a trio of tiny Con-Ed guys ran around my forebrain with jack-hammers, trying to escape through my skull.

When I was knee-high to a Buick, there was a joke that my uncle, Frank, used to tell, that went like this... You ever hear of the 'Texas Whiskey Torture'? That's when they're going to hang you in the morning. The night before, they leave you alone in your cell with a 60 ounce bottle of 'fine' Texan Whiskey. The torture starts the next morning - when they refuse to hang you.

I finally got that joke.

I groaned softly and opened my eyes. Thankfully, the last time the windows in my office had been cleaned was when Roosevelt was President. Teddy, not Franklin Delano. The layered inches of grime on the panes kept the sunlight down to a - barely - tolerable level, and opening my eyes wasn't a suicidal action. Trying VERY hard not to move anything not absolutely essential to the mission, I pulled open my desk drawer and felt my way past a couple of guns, a few loose rounds, a ring of keys, and other accumulated, unidentifiable junk until my fingers encountered a couple of aspirin lying at the bottom.

Slowly, I sat up, unsure whether the horrible screech came from the worn, aging chair in which I sat, or my worn, aging back. Grimacing, I dry-swallowed the pain killers, and waited for the pounding to subside. While I was at it, I also swallowed two tablespoons of instant coffee. With sugar.

Then my head exploded.

Moving MUCH to fast for such a hungover state, I slapped the receiver of the phone from its cradle before it complete its first ring. Moving like an anemic 95-year-old man, I brought the phone up, holding the earpeice a fair distance from my ear, and said...

"Gakk..."

The silence at the other end of the line was accusatory. I swallowed twice around a tongue that felt like a bale of raw cotton, and tried again.

"Garret Investigations."

Much better. Now I only sounded like somebody had trained a Golden Retriever to speak. But at least it was understandable enough to warrant a response this time.

"Mr. Douglas Garret?"

The voice was dripping with wealth and power, and managed to convey, by its tone, that my name was analogous to something one scraped from the bottom of one's shoe. Considering how I felt, that was probably a fairly accurate description, come to think of it.

"As far as you know." I answered. A short pause.

"Mr. Garret, My name is Ross Sinclair. You were...recommended to me by a colleague of yours. If, as your colleague stated, you are, and I quote, 'too damn stubborn to drop a case just because it's impossible', then I may have a job for you. Can I expect you at about two?"

With great effort, I managed to focus long enough to write down instructions to Mr. Sinclair's place. Mumbling something non-committal, I hung up the phone. I spent the next few centuries climbing out of my chair and heading for my office's private

bathroom. Collapsing into the shower stall, I turned the water on, full blast, as warm as I could stand it. After a few minutes under the spray, I actually had enough strength to undress.

I let the warmth sink through me, loosening knotted muscles, and soothing aching joints. Soon, my body was completely relaxed under the warm, soothing spray.

So I turned the tap all the way over to COLD.

I screamed once as the icy spray deluged me. Shivering - and instantly, painfully sober - I shut off the water and stepped out of the stall and dried myself off. I grimaced at the odor rising from the soaking wet pile of clothes I'd shucked off, and rummaged around for something a little less distasteful.

Feeling more or less like a member of the human race again, I assembled the various tools of my chosen profession, and headed down to my car. Since my landlord was getting a bit insistent about the measly four months back rent I owed him, I used the fire escape.

I had parked my car behind two dumpsters at the end of a long, dimly lit alley. Usually, choosing such a remote location as a parking spot would be equivalent to hanging a neon sign saying 'STEAL ME' on a car. But no self-respecting thief would even consider stealing a '72 Pinto finished in two tone primer. Much less the factory-installed, AM-only radio.

Since the driver's side door hasn't opened since the car was built, I climbed in the passenger side and slid across. Crossing my fingers, I inserted the key.

I turned it to 'ACC', turned on the radio, switched on the left blinker, turned off the radio, pumped the gas twelve times, turned on the headlights, turned off the left blinker, and ground the starter for two minutes.

Thankfully, the car started easily this morning. Some times I have to do it the hard way.

Pulling out of the alley, I headed off towards Oak Hills. Normally, I would make a client wait an hour or so past the time we'd agreed upon. However, considering that this particular client's address was in the swankiest, most expensive section of town, I was determined to get there on time.

Hey, there's a first time for everything.

Since I had very little call for going into such prestigious locales, it took me some time to find the correct address. Oak Hills is a long, winding boulevard, lined with tall, stately trees. Oaks, oddly enough. The houses - mansions, actually, - were widely separated, and each surrounded by a fence and/or wall.

The address I was looking for was enclosed in a 8 foot tall wrought iron fence, with a magnificent gate, complete with a rather posh guard house. I pulled in, affixing my most sincere smile to my face. The security guards eyed my car suspiciously,

but they'd obviously been told to expect me. They directed me to park the car behind the greenhouse, out back of the garage, and, of course, out of sight of the road.

I thanked them politely, then headed up the driveway in a cloud of exhaust. I parked carefully, just outside the front door, on the beautifully maintained lawn. I made sure that my bumper cracked the marble fountain with cherubs pissing into the pool, and admired the twin gouges I'd created in the meticulously cared for lawn, before I went to the front door.

A Private Investigator is what I do. My services as an 'ego deflator' are purely a hobby - or, maybe an artform. Regardless, I take pride in my work.

I used the heavy brass knocker in the shape of a lion's head, forgoing the doorbell. Almost instantly, the door was pulled open by a tall, spare man with a mane of silver-gray hair, dressed in an old-fashioned tux, and with the best British accent money could buy. I could swear he was the guy who played the butler in every Hollywood movie ever made. (Except for Clue, of course.) Instantly, I pegged him as a 'Jeeves'. It fit.

"And who might you be?" The butler asked, eyeing my faded trenchcoat and ratty fedora with distaste.

"I might be George Washington." I replied politely, then waited the double beat before I continued. "But I sincerely doubt it."

"Mr. Garret." The butler said, managing to produce the same tone that his employer had used on the phone. I was impressed - it's a hard tone to get right. I nodded.

"This way,...sir." The butler motioned me inside.

For that subtle but definite pause before 'sir', I decided to throw Jeeves here a curve.

"Lay on, Macduff," I said agreeably, then postured theatrically, and dropped my voice an octave. "And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'" Dropping my pose, I followed close behind Jeeves. The Italian marble floor clicked under my heels.

"Macbeth, Act V, Scene VIII" I said conversationally.

"Yes sir." Jeeves agreed politely. "The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon." Ouch. That British accent really helps. "Act V, Scene III", I acknowledged the hit. "Quite."

Jeeves opened the a double set of mahogany doors, easily seven feet tall, and gestured me inside. The room I entered, to most people would qualify as a 'grand living room'. To the man sitting casually on a couch that was worth more than most people's cars, however, it was probably a 'cozy den'.

I gave the man a quick once over. He was dressed casually, but expensively. Surprisingly, the only overt display of wealth on his person was a large, emerald set ring on his right hand. From this type, I would have expected a watch instead - you know, a Rolex or Cartier.

He was about my height, but without my muscular bulk, and while we shared the same hazel hair color, I got mine 'cut', while his was 'styled'. Ignoring him for the moment, I crossed the room to the small wet bar and fixed myself a Glenlivet. Since there wasn't an ashtray to be seen, I also lit a cigarette, carefully tapping my ashes into a shag carpet deep enough to swallow a small pony.

"Thank you, Worthington, that will be all." The man I took to be my new employer informed the butler, who promptly performed a crisp half-bow before departing, pulling the doors silently shut behind himself.

Worthington, huh? I still think he looked more like a Jeeves. Sinclair turned his attention to me, and I rather ostensibly dropped an ice cube into my unoffered drink.

"Feel free to help yourself, Mr. Garret" my host said imperturbably, producing an ashtray from somewhere. Since my opening gambits were so easily countered, I decided to get right down to business.

"Before we start, my fee is \$200 a day, plus expenses. That fee IS negotiable - upward. The meter started when you opened your mouth. As of now, you're my client, and anything that occurs from this point on is completely confidential. Whatever your case may be, I don't even talk to the Supreme Court about it without your prior, and written, consent. I'm willing to continue the case if it involves risk of physical injury to myself, but I'd like to know beforehand if that's to be likely. Don't bother lying about it - either way, my medical costs are part of the 'expenses' I mentioned. Incidentally, so are funeral costs, if and when."

Where my previous antics failed to get a response, my sudden shift to business mode caused him to blink and pause. Finally, he nodded.

"That sounds extremely fair, Mr. Garret. My...contacts had indicated that you are professional, if somewhat...eccentric. It is gratifying to see that they were correct." I shrugged. "Eccentric is all relative, Mr. Sinclair. Now, what's on your mind?"

He leaned forward. "I am a member of a certain...club. You might prefer to use the term, 'whorehouse', but that would be crude, and not completely accurate in this case. The...establishment in question is considerably more than that."

I nodded. "Madame Treme's House." I pronounced the French name properly, as 'Tre-MAY'.

Sinclair was taken aback. "Yes." He said slowly. "But I was unaware that its existence was such...common knowledge."

"It isn't." I said casually. "I'm a P.I. - that's private INVESTIGATOR, Mr. Sinclair. It's my job to find things out." Ignoring the ashtray, I tapped more ashes into the shag carpet.

For the first time since I arrived, Sinclair truly relaxed. "Ah, yes so it is." He allowed. "Well, that will make things simpler, at any rate."

The odor of smoldering carpet seemed to bother him, since he carefully dumped the remaining white wine in his glass on the incipient fire. It died with an angry hiss.

"So, there's a problem at the Madame's House. What, exactly, is it?" I asked, pulling out my notepad and pen.

Sinclair frowned. "I think it would be best if I didn't tell you. I've arranged for you to visit the House, and I want you to...poke around, without any preconceived notions. Any information Madame Treme feels is appropriate, she will provide."

I shrugged. "You're the boss, boss." He stood, and I followed suit. I must have impressed him somewhat, as he held his hand out. I drained the rest of my Scotch, and dropped the empty glass into his outstretched hand. He shrugged, taking it well. I was impressed.

Jeeves/Worthington was waiting to show me to the door. As he led the way, I searched for a suitable parting shot, and came up with one just as we reached the door.

"Worthington, isn't it?" I asked as he opened the magnificent portal for me. "Yes, sir."

"Thanks for everything. Here's something for your troubles." I tossed him a quarter.

Which left him only a split second to puzzle out the dilemma - let the coin drop, thus failing his duties as a butler? Or catch the coin - and thus be guilty of not only accepting a tip - but a cheap one at that.

He caught it.

Whistling, I stepped out into the sunshine and listened to the door shut behind as I headed to my car.

On the way out, I made sure to mangle a couple of the hedges lining the drive, waving cheerfully to the gardener as I did so.

* * * * *

For the first time in my career as a P.I., I was going on a case wearing something other than my fedora and beige trenchcoat.

Oh, sure, I'd done plenty of 'low profile' jobs before, mainly surveillance for divorce cases. But then, my usual attire was the PERFECT cover - I looked to much like a stereotypical private dick for anyone to believe I was a private dick.

And people thought -I- was eccentric.

But this job called for something a little more...upscale. To tell the truth, I didn't really know much about Madame Treme's House - only that it had a very select clientele, hand picked by 'la Madame' herself. Even so, I knew more than most.

So, when I had the cab drop me off out front, I wore my cleanest, nicest suit, a dark blue one with a navy-blue-and-old-gold vest, complete with pocket watch and chain. The fact that the other end of the chain was a single shot .22 Derringer was nobody's business but mine.

The location was a bit of a surprise - a block-long, red-brick building, with the white columns and curlicues common to mid-Victorian architecture. But no windows. Also, it was situated in one of the less savory parts of town. How 'less savory'? Well, I took a cab, because I was afraid of getting MY car stolen down here.

It's the sort of neighborhood where cops always travel in pairs during the day - and won't travel in there at night. The hospital's have signs that read 'Hospital Zone - Please Affix Silencer'.

Shrugging, I approached the front door. Before I could even raise my fist to knock, a voice emerged from a hidden speaker. "May I help you?"

The voice was warm, and decidedly feminine. I was impressed. Not only had I not spotted the hidden camera, I still couldn't see it. Ditto for the speaker/microphone that must be rigged.

I put the best smile I could on my ugly, Irish-American mug, hoping I looked - well, less threatening than usual. In my line of work, bulk and a scowl are de rigueur for the job.

"Actually, Ma'am, I believe I'm here to help you. A...frequent visitor to your...club sent me."

There was a short pause, then the large, ornately carved door swung open. The person framed inside gestured me in.

I stopped long enough to pick my jaw up off the ground, then stepped inside. The door swung shut behind me. I didn't notice who shut it but then again, it could have been a herd of rampaging rhinosaurs who shut it, and I wouldn't have noticed.

The...woman? Young lady? Goddess? Standing in front of me was about my height, which was tall for a man, much less a woman. Yet she was so elegantly proportioned that I wouldn't be able to tell she was so tall if I didn't have myself as a scale to measure against.

And that proportioning! - long, slender legs, clad in elegant nylons with lace trim up the sides. A short, form fitting yet definitely elegant dress, made of royal purple crushed velvet with a stunning deccoll...dekolat...decola...view of her magnificent tits.

And, atop a slender, swan like neck, the face of an angel, with enough of the Devil thrown in to let you know what she'd be like in bed. Surrounded by an untamed mane of rich, vibrant black hair.

The whole package was balanced on 6 inch heels. Which, with her natural height, meant I had to look UP to gaze into the gorgeous, sea- green eyes.

"You must be Mr. Garret." She said, proving herself to be the owner of that glorious voice.

Even in a stunned state, my verbal reflexes cut in. "Well, if I MUST be..." I agreed, snapping out of my daze. Surreptitiously, I wiped the drool from my chin.

"Please follow me. I'll take you to Madame." The stunning vision said, and I had no intention of disobeying. I was starting to regain my normal equilibrium - but it wasn't easy, watching her full, tear-shaped ass wiggling provocatively in front of me. To distract myself, I looked around as we walked.

The House was extremely elegant, and quite expensive. The floor was hardwood, but that was difficult to tell, since it was covered by a parade of expensive, hand-crafted Persian rugs. The walls were painted in a subdued beige with oak mahogany paneling half-way to the eight-foot ceilings, which were stucco, shaped into elaborate friezes. Ornate, neo-classical trim concealed the join between wall and ceiling. Lighting was provided by 'natural-color' lights, at a pleasant intensity, ensconced in ornate wall fixtures.

The door the stunning woman led me to was a mahogany portal, undistinguished from the other, equally elaborate doors lining the hallway. My guide - guidess? - turned the knob, which appeared to be solid gold, and led me inside.

The room was rather regular, if ornate. An office, with a couple of spare chairs - comfortable leather instead of the wooden or steel in more, um, 'conventional' work places - facing an elegant, and somehow feminine mahogany desk.

It was the woman behind the desk that caught my eye.

She was a study in contrasts. There was nothing provocative about the way she was dressed - except, she was an incitement to riot by merely existing. Unlike my guide, who exuded raw sensuality, this woman projected elegance and decorum - from a body that would make a monk drool.

She could have been 19 - or 99. She had an ageless beauty. Her body could have been a ripe, perfect 19 year old, yet her raven's sweep of elegantly styled hair was tinged with silver - NOT gray - at the temples, yet it didn't detract from her sense of contained vibrancy.

Her graceful, high cheek-boned face was stunning. Lines around her eyes and mouth indicated she'd seen all the world had to offer - and had enjoyed most of it.

Despite the fact that I'm a trained student of human nature, the best I could do was peg her at a very well preserved 65 or so, without detracting a whit from her beauty.

Can you imagine a sexy grandmother? If you can, I just did. If you can't, - I feel sorry for you.

She smiled, warmly, and waved me towards a seat. "Please sit down, Monsieur Garret. May I offer you a choice of libations?"

Her voice was rich and full with a warm, delightful French accent. It was the sort of voice you could listen to all day. Unlike the young lady who led me here. After a few minutes of her voice, I'd be too turned on to function.

I sank, with a sigh of pleasure, in the deep embrace of one of the chairs. "You may." I said.

There was a pause of perhaps two heartbeats, and when she spoke again, her tone hadn't changed at all. I was impressed. "Very well, then I DO offer you your choice of libations."

It says in the handbook that no P.I. is allowed to turn down a free drink. I've got a reputation to uphold. "A single malt over a single cube, if you please."

Madame Treme turned to the young lady. "Thea, if you would be so kind?"

Thea - pronounced 'Tee-ah', I didn't learn about the spelling until later - nodded, and fixed my drink. I took it from her, trying not to stare at the awesome view presented when she bent to hand it to me.

Well, not to stare too hard, at any rate.

Madame Treme looked me up and down, obviously judging me. I smiled toothily, stood up, and slowly turned in a full circle.

"Douglas is wearing the new Fall line by the esteemed house of Sears, Roebuck and Company." I said in my best 'announcer' voice. "The royal blue suit includes the high-collared vest with gold accent buttons..."

At least I got a reaction out of Thea - as worldly as I'm sure she was - considering her choice of employment, - she wasn't expecting such things here, in the 'Holy of Holies', Madame Treme's very office.

The Madame herself merely lifted one eyebrow.

"Mr. Garret, due to my chosen profession, I do not often have call to hire outside help. For this reason, I requested Mr. Sinclair to find a suitable person for a very...unusual task. Mr. Sinclair has proven to have extremely fine judgement - at least, until now."

I slowly leaned forward over the mahogany desk separating us, and looked the proprietor of this House right in the eye. "I couldn't care less what you think of my personality, Ma'am, 'cause that's not what I'm hired for. I do the job. I do it VERY well. And I do it the way I think is best. When you hire a plumber, you don't tell him HOW to fix it, you just tell him WHAT to fix, and let HIM figure out the best way to get the results."

That made Madame Treme look thoughtful. Finally, she nodded, and indicated something to Thea, who left quietly.

"You're quite right, young man. I will hold my judgemen..." she held up one slender hand, and corrected herself. "My PROFESSIONAL judgement, until I have seen you work."

I nodded, satisfied. "So, what, exactly, do you need my services for, Ma'am?"

She hesitated briefly. "Somebody has been...changing my employees." she said, obviously groping for words. I nodded sagely. "I'm assuming you don't mean diapers."

Madame Treme cocked her head, frowning slightly. "It started about two months ago. At first, it was benign - and extremely unusual. Some of our young ladies became...enhanced. It always happened in the Lounge, and in front of a crowd of people - so, we can't finger one specific person who was near the women when the changes occurred. Thea, for example. One afternoon, she simply became more..."

"...intensely, mind blowing, jaw dropping, drop dead gorgeous?" I supplied tactfully. She shrugged. "As good a way to put it as any, I suppose."

"If somebody was making your girls sexier, and that was it, I doubt you'd need my services. What changed." "Our mysterious...benefactor" she said dryly "developed a sense of humor. A rather nasty one."

"Oh? What do..."

The door opened, and Thea returned, with two other young women. I craned my neck to take a look. Madame Treme certainly kept a rather diverse staff.

If Arnie had been born black, and female, he might look like the first woman. She was remarkably muscular, yet somehow still extremely feminine. Her ebony skin glistened, almost as if oiled - like a recoilless rifle. I was careful to keep my hands away from any of my weapons. As built as I am, she looked like she could snap me in half.

She wore a black crop-top that revealed the fact that, unlike most female body builders, she definitely wasn't flat-chested. I pegged her at being a healthy C-cup. A pair of black jeans strained at the seams from her muscular legs, and she wore simple black Nike's.

It was the large bulge pushing at the crotch of her jeans that was disconcerting.

Behind Ms. Olympia was a woman dressed in a classic 'French Maid' uniform. She was a slender blonde, with strong features and a lithe, athletic body. Her 'dancer's legs' looked stunning in the fishnet nylons atop 6 inch spike heels. Her full, ruby lips were curved in a bright, inviting smile - but the smile didn't reach her eyes, which were filled with such murderous fury I had to stifle the reflex to draw my gun.

Madame Treme introduced them. "This is Tonya," she said, indicating the muscled black woman, "and Cynthia." The blonde French Maid - Cynthia - came right to me, settling seductively in my lap.

"What can I do for you, Master?" she cooed submissively, the glare from her eyes practically burning through my skin.

Madame Treme sighed. "Until a week ago, Cynthia was my foremost Dom. Then, whoever our mystery man might be made a few...adjustments to her mind. She is now completely, utterly obedient. Needless to say, I've removed her from the list of ladies available. I should think that her clients would be rather...put out by the change in her."

I shrugged. "I don't see a problem. Professionally speaking, I mean."

The temperature in the room dropped precipitously. "Of course not. A completely obedient woman is perfect, isn't she?" Madame Treme asked dangerously. Tonya took a step towards me, her impressive musculature rippling.

"Cynthia." I said casually. "Dominate me."

The smile dropped from her lips. With surprising strength, her fingers entwined in my hair and pushed my head firmly against the chair. Her lips came down, and she kissed me hard, almost painfully, in complete control of the kiss.

Then the kiss softened, and her hands became tender. When she pulled back, her lips were once again smiling - and this time, it reached her eyes.

"Thank you..." she whispered. Then her smile hardened. "You worthless little maggot." It was a toss up as to which of the other three women looked more stunned. I shrugged.

"She has to do what men want, right? Well her clients are going to want her to be a dominating bitch - so she will. Now, whenever she's not with a client, she's going to revert to 'Ms. Submissive'. But it proves that our opponent isn't infallible - always an important piece of information."

Madame Treme was impressed. "I may have misjudged you, Monsieur Garret." She apologized.

"Nope. I AM an asshole." I said agreeably. "I'm just a very talented asshole." I looked up towards Tonya, dropping my gaze briefly to her bulging crotch. "Let me guess..."

You know, I didn't realize black people could blush so effectively.

She glowered. "When I find the asshole... Just because I'm more muscular than most men doesn't mean I want to be a man." She looked at Madame Treme, then back to me. "Uh, should I show you? I mean..."

I considered that. I had no real urge to see...but I did have to know what sort of ability this 'Prankster' had. I nodded slowly. Tonya hesitantly unzipped her jeans, and slid them, and her briefs, down her rock-hard thighs.

Whoever our unknown, and mysteriously powerful, opponent was, he'd decided to uphold the fable about black endowments. Hanging between Tonya's thighs was one of the largest, thickest cock's I'd ever seen in my life - not that I'd seen that many, you understand, - complete with matching balls. I refused to let my distaste show, and even held back the remark that sprang to mind - Tonya didn't deserve this, and was having a hard enough time already.

As she readjusted her clothing, I turned back to Madame Treme. "You want me to find this... 'Prankster', right."

She nodded. "I don't think you'll be in much danger. So far, he's confined his activities solely to women - he may not be able to do anything to men."

"I can't assume that." I cautioned. "I'll be careful. When I find him, what do you want done to him? Do I have a hunting license?"

She understood my shorthand, but shook her head. "If at all possible, it would be better if we could...persuade him to undo some of the changes he has wrought. But if it is necessary, yes, you may kill him."

I nodded. "Good enough. I best get started. The Lounge, you said?"

* * * * *

How to describe the lounge...

First, there was the room itself. Imagine a grand hall in, say, Buckingham Palace. A huge room, with high, vaulted ceilings, elaborately frescoed, with a hardwood floor. The walls were paneled, sectioned by carved marble columns. TWO fireplaces, each big enough to roast a whole ox in.

Not that Buckingham palace would look like this - the paintings, and all the sculptures, were definitely erotic - but tastefully done, not lewdly.

Next, the interior decor. A bar in the corner that looked like it came directly out of an upscale Irish pub. Brass rail, high, comfortable leather stools, an expansive, glittering array of bottles, all presided over by a stunning redhead wearing an apron, a smile, and not much more.

The furnishings were clustered in cozy sections that allowed a sense of a much smaller room, without breaking up the elegance of the entire chamber.

Then there was the people. The rich. The powerful. The famous. Not only all dressed to the nines, but, ensconced in the privacy of a familiar setting, and safe from the public eye, completely relaxed and 'real', rather than the public personas they projected at other times.

Now, throw in a bevy of stunning women of all types, dressed elegantly, provocatively and fashionably, all available to fulfil your every fantasy.

Damn. Now THAT'S a party.

With Thea to escort me, this would have been a dream come true - if I wasn't on duty. I'd have to talk to Madame Treme after this was over.

Thea talked to the stunning bartender, and returned with two glasses. They looked like Scotches, but tasted like some sort of berry, and were non-alcoholic. Nursing my 'drink', I began to casually circulate around the room, surreptitiously eyeing the clientele. I wasn't exactly sure what I was looking for - but I trusted my instincts. Somewhere in this mass of people, there was somebody with an inexplicable power beyond the realm of anything I'd ever encountered. And I had to pick him out, neutralize him, and persuade him to undo what he'd done before ensuring he'd never do it again.

I never said my line of work was easy. But usually, I just had to look for the guy with the gun or knife or other implement of mayhem. With Thea trailing behind me, I mingled. Walking past the Grand Piano, I almost bumped into an older man, and I turned to apologize.

Black hair, going silver at the temples. An one face with dark eyes and heavy lips. Dressed in a simple black suit. He spoke with a southern accent. I would have pegged him at about 55. Except I knew that he was born January 8, 1935.

"Sorry 'bout that." He drawled, while I struggled to keep my face straight. "It's good to see you've lost some weight." I managed to sound casual.

He laughed. "Hell, you know what they say the best exercise is, don't you?" He winked at Thea, who smiled back. I held out my hand. "The name's Garret. Doug Garret. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Pre..."

"I go by Aron these days, Doug" He interrupted affably. "That other name's from, well, a different life, I guess you'd say." I could sympathize. 'Doug' wasn't the name I was born with, either.

"Yeah, a skater's got it now." I said. "At least he's good at what he does, too."

He shrugged, looked down at his now-empty glass, and bobbed his head towards the bar. "Well, I think I'm gonna get a refill. See y'all around." He wandered off.

I looked questioningly at Thea, who shrugged (doing magnificent things do various parts of her anatomy). "Madame Treme does, uh, favors for special clients. Fame can get tiring after a while, and he's so relaxed here...In '77, we faked a death, and here he is." She smiled, somewhat dreamily. "You should hear some of the new stuff he's written."

"If I get a chance, I will." I assured her, taking one last glance. Then, I squared my shoulders, then went back to looking around. In the back of my mind, I was wondering just how much Madame Treme DID charge...

Then a hand came down on my shoulder, and I spun, my right hand diving into my vest pocket. I cursed myself for being distracted...

"Whoa, down boy" the owner of the hand said, chuckling. He was a handsome man, a few years younger than myself, with long, casually styled sandy blond hair. He was dressed in an Armani suit that fit his muscular frame like it was tailored - but it probably wasn't. He was one of those guys who could put ANYTHING on, and it looked like it was made for him. I should know. He used to be my partner.

"Hi, Jace" I said, relaxing. "How's Hollywood treating you?"

He smiled, revealing perfectly, white, even teeth. "Not too bad." Thea looked slightly confused. "You two know each other?"

I nodded. "Before Jason Crosby was a big movie star, he was a cop. A good one too. Decided he deserved more money, though." I said it completely without rancor - we'd gotten that out of the way some years ago.

Jason laughed. "Hey, If Madam Treme let YOU in, you must have moved on to bigger and better things, St..." "Doug." I interrupted, quietly but firmly.

Jace blinked. " 'scuse me?" "I go by Doug now."

He chuckled. "Can't say I blame you." He smiled again, and bowed gallantly to Thea. "As always, a pleasure to see you again, my dear." He winked at me. "Thea and I spend quite a bit of time together. Of course, I don't get down here as often as I like - I wouldn't even be here now, if the Screenwriter's Guild hadn't thrown a sudden strike. Well, since I'm here, I'll just have to steal Thea from you. You and I always have had the same taste in women."

I turned to Thea. "I've always said men have better judgement than women." "Huh?"

I waved at Jace. "Well, he picked you...and you picked him."

Jace just laughed it off. "Don't pick on the poor girl. It's purely financial. Hell, it must be. She's with you, isn't she?" Yeah, well, that was different. But I wasn't going to tell Jason that.

Nodding politely, I headed off. Thea, being who she was, stayed with Jace. It was okay by me - I was working. However, I did give one last look at her magnificent physique - for a time I WASN'T working...

For the next two hours I 'worked the room', looking for anything that set my internal alarms ringing - but nothing clicked. Maybe he wasn't here yet. Or maybe, he was laying low.

Damn it, I wasn't even sure what I was looking for. Was he doing it mentally? Magically, complete with a little wand? With some sort of pocket-sized machine? Or was it like Calvin's transmogrifier, an old cardboard box?

I finally finished my pseudo-Scotch, and decided to swing by the bar - for the real thing this time. Being sober didn't seem to be helping at all.

When I got to the bar, I caught sight of a familiar face. Good old Sinclair. He saw me coming, and nodded at the empty stool beside him. By the time I sat down, a drink was already in front of me. I took a sip before speaking .

Glenlivet. I was impressed that he remembered. He leaned in closer. "Any luck?"

I fished out a cigarette, making him wait until I'd puffed it into life. "Not yet."

He shrugged. "Give it time. I have faith in you." I laughed snorted. "Yeah?"

"Your ex-partner spoke highly of your work as a P.I., Mr. Garret. Despite your animosity towards one another, you must admit he's a very perceptive man."

I nodded reluctantly. Like I said, Jace HAD been good as a cop. I stood up, taking my drink with me. "Gotta keep an eye out. I'll let you know, okay?"

He smiled and nodded, and I headed off on my third circuit of the room.

If I kept circling the room this way, people would start to wonder about me. But the damn room was so big, there was no one place I could 'lurk', and still keep an eye on everything. Although, as stakeouts went, this was a lot nicer than I was used to.

I spotted Jace and Thea coming back down the staircase. I took a second to drink in the view of those long legs descending the spiral staircase. Jace had a smug grin on his face. Well, Thea was quite a bit of woman.

"She's really quite a bit of woman, Sta...Doug, my boy." Jace said smugly. "Your tough luck, huh?"

I shrugged. "Hell, I owe you one, I guess." He looked confused. "What?"

I frowned. "Talking to Ross Sinclair."

"Ross Sincl oh, yeah, the Plastic Surgeon. What about him?"

CLICK.

That smug son of a bitch.

My hand tightened around my glass, which creaked ominously. The look on my face caused Jason and Thea to step back fearfully. "Come on, we need to see Madame Treme. Right now." I said to Thea. I paused, then nodded at Jason. "You too, Jace."

Wordlessly, Thea led us back up to her office at the double time. Madame Treme looked up in surprise as I all but burst into the room. "It's Sinclair." I announced without preamble.

Madame Treme's face tightened, and I got a brief glimpse of her true age. "Are you certain " she started, then looked more carefully at my face, and stopped.

"He thought Jace would be gone for longer. The smug bastard told me Jace recommended me. Jace doesn't even know what I'm doing for a living now."

Anger burned in Madame Treme's glorious eyes. "And I trusted that "

Jason looked back and forth. His handsome face was screwed up in the unfamiliar expression of confusion. It didn't suit him. "What's Sinclair? What going on?"

I looked at him, and inclined my head at Thea.

"You notice anything different about Thea this time?"

"Yeah, but I haven't been here for a couple of months. I just thought "

The three of us filled Jace in, calling in Cynthia and Tonya, not only as collaboration, but as backup. Jason's face tightened in anger as we explained, and I was surprised to find I still trusted him after all this time. Didn't like him, but trusted him.

"So," I concluded, "Sinclair heard about my reputation, and thought he could pull the wool over my eyes." I turned to Madame Treme.

"He made the same mistake you did, Ma'am - he confused personal eccentricities with professional incompetence." She looked at me calmly. "He seems to have underestimated you, Mr. Garret, as did I. The question is, what do we do now?"

I looked around at the small group in the office. Not much of an army, but... "Can I trust all of you to back me up on this?" Surprisingly, it was Jace who beat everybody else.

"Just like old times Stacy. You lead, and I'll watch your back."

I winced at his use of my real name, but didn't call him on it - it was just old habits dying hard. It was gratifying to see that he still trusted me, too. The others chimed in seconds behind him. I caught a couple of questioning looks, but here and now wasn't the best time to explain why my parents cursed me with 'Stacy'.

"All right," I said, standing. "This is the plan..."

* * * * *

I really, REALLY hate making mistakes.

I made three of them in less than half an hour.

The plan, such as it was, was based on all the available information we had on Sinclair's Modus Operandi. Since we now knew WHO our 'Prankster' was, we could back-track the events and see where he'd been at the time the, uh, 'events' occurred.

It turned out that every time, he was in brief physical contact with the victim. Which told us we had to take him down fast. Also, all his victims, at least so far, were female. Whether that was person preference or physical limitation, we didn't know, but it was all we had to work with.

So, we arranged an ambush in the foyer. Tonya, who was already transformed and, therefore, probably fairly safe, would tell Sinclair that he had a phone call. She'd follow him into the foyer, where Jace and I would be waiting. Tonya would tackle him low from behind, I'd hit high and from the front, and Jace would move in with my lead sap and ensure Sinclair's lights were out but good.

Afterwards, we'd give him a little session in Mistress Cynthia's Dungeon - only, it wouldn't be any fantasy sex game for him.

So everything was set up and ready to go, when my mistakes piled up on each other and came down on me like a ton of bricks.

The first mistake was assuming he hadn't noticed Jace's unexpected return to the House, thus screwing up his little charade. Although we didn't know it, from the foyer, when Tonya approached him with the bogus phone message, he immediately suspected a trap.

I found out later that he made an 'adjustment' to Tonya when she came up to him. He changed her mind about that huge cock he'd given her - making her obsessed with having it fucked and sucked. Rather than follow him back to the foyer, she obeyed her new

'programming', and had a helplessly obedient Cynthia give her a blowjob.

While this was going on, I was still waiting, unsuspecting, in the foyer. That's when I started to feel woozy. My muscles seemed to be turning to Jell-O, and I was having a hard time seeing.

My second mistake had been taking a drink from Sinclair at the bar. It was drugged.

And as I crumpled helpless to the floor, barely hanging onto consciousness, I got to observe my third mistake. We never considered the possibility that Sinclair could change HIMSELF, as well.

The Sinclair who burst through the foyer door was 243 pounds of solid, densely packed muscle. Like some sort of steroid hyped athlete, he practically ripped the heavy door from its brass hinges as he smashed through. Jace, who had started towards me when I collapsed, didn't even have a chance. The 'New, Improved' Sinclair blindsided him like a tractor trailer. Going 80. Filled with lead.

Jace never saw it coming.

And as I slipped down into the darkness waiting for me, my last sight was of Sinclair scooping up my limp body like it weighed nothing, and using me as a battering ram on the outside door.

* * * * *

I awoke with tiny pygmies jabbing sharpened wooden spears into my lower spine, while a trio of tiny Con-Ed guys ran around my forebrain with jack-hammers, trying to escape through my skull.

For a second, I tried to remember what I must have drunk last night to cause such a massive hangover. Then, everything came back to me in a rush. The headache wasn't from drinking. It was a mixture of the aftereffects of a drug, plus being used as a battering ram.

For once, I was actually wistful for a simple hangover.

Very slowly, I opened my eyes, and waited for the world to stop spinning and come into focus.

"I was afraid you were going to sleep the day away, Mr. Garret." An insufferably smug voice commented. Sure enough, Sinclair - once more bereft of the muscle-bound body from the night before, was sitting in a comfortable chair, grinning comfortably at my helpless state.

"At least I don't have to worry about getting up on the wrong side of the bed this morning," I said dryly. It was technically true - I was laying on a partially elevated hospital bed, still fully dressed, thank God. I was held in place by leg manacles and handcuffs. It was the TYPE of manacles and handcuffs that necessitated a second look.

"Oh. One of those, huh?" I asked, eyeing the purple, velvet lined restraints, typically used by the BDSM crowd.

"No, not really. You should be thankful, Stacy - You don't mind if I call you Stacy, do you? - should be thankful that I was thoughtful enough to use restraints that won't damage you in any way."

"Thanks just TOO much" I replied, ignoring his use of my birth name. At the same time, I was carefully cataloging my surroundings.

I immediately ID'ed the place as the basement of Sinclair's Oak Hills' estate. Technically, wine cellar was the correct term, considering the racks and racks of wines, ports, sherries and other assorted spirits.

"oh, it was more than thoughtfulness, I assure you" Sinclair explained, as he helped himself to one of the bottles on the endless row of racks. He showed me the label. "Grenacis Village. An Egyptian wine, actually - I've developed a taste for it." He carefully poured himself a glass of the white wine, then continued. "No, the handcuffs are padded so we won't damage the tender flesh of the new body I'm going to give you. One more fitting to your name, I should think."

That's what I was afraid of.

Smiling cruelly, Sinclair added the final twist to his nasty little plan - as he tied a thick blindfold over my eyes, ignoring my attempts to thrash away.

Unable to see, I had to rely solely on sound. Because much of my work was done in the dark, I'd developed a tremendous sense of hearing, able to deduce what was going on by sound alone. It was a useful skill - I only wish that I didn't

have cause to use it. Somehow, not being able to actually see made things that much worse, rather than better. I resolved, then and there, that should I ever end up in front of a firing squad, I'd accept the cigarette, but refuse the blindfold.

I heard Sinclair moving around. He stopped to take a sip of his wine - I heard the 'clink' of his ring against the glass - then proceeded with his little 'game'.

"Let's see," he said thoughtfully, laying his hand against my side. "You do a lot of legwork in your job, don't you?"

If there's any way you can plan out your life to avoid being tied up, blindfolded, while you helplessly felt your body shifting, I'd advise you to do it.

It was an unbelievably odd feeling to feel my legs rearranging themselves, assuming a whole new form. The sensation was - literally - indescribable. I could feel the hair of my legs sliding back into their follicles, while the muscles and flesh changed over altering bones. It wasn't exactly painful - just unbelievably strange.

I already knew that Sinclair could do the transformations instantly. All his previous - and public - alterations had occurred in the blink of an eye. The only reason he was dragging this one out was for its horror effect.

It was working.

Having finished with my legs and feet, Sinclair continued on, altering my body one part at a time. As he continued, my clothing fit me less and less, as my altering body filled it in ways it was never designed for.

My pants became too tight in the hips as they widened. At the same time, my ass filled out, straining against the imprisoning fabric. Although my pants now strained at the hips, it hung loose around my constricting waist.

The material of my shirt became taut as beneath it, my traitorous flesh rose up, forming breasts. I couldn't see the transformation, and had no previous experience with HAVING tits - the new weight on my chest was disconcertingly real, a constant reminder of what I was experiencing.

It took nearly half an hour for Sinclair to complete his work, a bit at a time. Throughout the ordeal, he kept a smug running commentary.

"...ah, yes, Mr... , or should I say, MISS Garret. Since you've given me so much lip, let me return the favor...And, having risked your neck, perhaps a little something there, as well...let us not forget that you watch people. That deserves a new pair of eyes, I should think..."

And then, having completed everything else, he had one last thing to do. He'd purposefully saved that for last.

"Now, Miss Garret. I'm afraid, it's time to change professions. Because, from now on, you will never be able to call yourself a private DICK any longer..."

And with that, I felt my manhood pulling in on itself. It was indescribable, the sensation of my dick and balls pulling back into my body, forming a slit that opened into my new, altered anatomy. I was now, biologically, female.

You want to know the odd part? I wasn't as horrified as I thought I'd be. I'd just lost my masculinity, my manhood. My body was transformed, against my will, and I wasn't overwhelmed by it.

Because, I was still ME. Not physically, but mentally. Right now, my strongest emotions were shame and anger. Shame at allowing myself to screw up this badly, and blinding rage at Sinclair, for doing it. But although I was now, physically, a woman, the essential ME, my 'soul' was untampered with - so far.

"So what happened, Sinclair," I asked cuttingly. It wasn't easy for me to get that tone right - my voice had risen in pitch, becoming a (lovely, to be honest) contralto. "Your momma didn't love you as a kid? That's why you're a psychopath?"

Sinclair laughed. "I'd watch my mouth if I were you, Miss Garret. I may be a psychopath...but I'm a psychopath with power." I could hear him leaning forward again. "Now, let's see about some mental adjustment. The thought of your original personality in such a lovely body is quite distressing..."

NOW I felt that helpless horror. Sinclair was about to alter the one thing that made me the individual that was ME - and turn me into somebody else.

You've heard the term 'saved by the bell'? In my case, it was almost literal. His hand had just touched my forehead, his ring feeling cold against my skin, when an unseen telephone rang. I heard Sinclair rise and cross the room.

"Worthington, I told you I didn't... .I see. Who is it? No, I don't think that's a good idea. Invite them in Yes, I'll be right up."

Sinclair hung up the phone. "Well, Miss Garret, it would seem that I have to go for a while. But don't worry. We'll finish this at a later date.

And then the footsteps crossed the room, and climbed the stairs. The door swung shut, and I was alone.

Time seemed to drag to a halt as I lay helpless, blind and transformed, alone in the basement of my captor. Sinclair wasn't stupid - he'd even remembered to tighten the cuffs around my now thinner wrist. There was no way to talk advantage of his absence, and I wallowed in self-pity. Three mistakes. Goddamn it, THREE! I deserved what I got. I must be slipping.

It couldn't have been more than five minutes when my reverie was cut short. The sound of a gunshot, muffled by the heavy door, but unmistakable. I tried to jerk upright, but the cuffs pulled me up short. I listened, holding my breath.

Two more shots rang out in quick succession, the silence descended once more. It wasn't until my chest began to burn that I remembered to breathe.

Moments later, the door opened. Footsteps descended the stairs - not Sinclair. Somebody else, wearing hard-soled shoes.

"Who's here? What's going on?" I asked, praying that it was a rescue attempt. I was still trying to get used to the voice now issuing from my altered vocal cords.

"Oh my. Mr. Garret, is that really you?" A rich English accent, muted with shock. I sighed. "Jeeves? What's going on?"

The blindfold was pulled off, and I saw the butler's face, filled with a mix of confusion, pity and disbelief.

"It's Worthington Miss...Sir." He corrected me absently. "When Madame Treme called and explained what Mr. Sinclair had been doing, I didn't want to believe her, but..." He trailed off, undoing my restraints and helping me up.

"What about the gunshots, Jeeves?" I asked. I was standing unsteadily, my altered body's new balance throwing me off. My shoes no longer came close to fitting my petite new feet, so I kicked them off. The butler helped me towards the stairs.

"Worthington, Ma'am...sir. After the Madame's call, I checked the surveillance cameras. I caught the last few moments of your...torture. I called down to Mr. Sinclair, and informed him that his lawyers needed to see him, and when he came upstairs, I attempted to ...kill him." Worthington heaved a sigh. "I failed, I'm afraid. I'm not experienced in the use of firearms."

I shrugged as we reached the top of the stairs. "You did your best, Jeeves. I just wish it'd been a little sooner. It might..." My voice died as I came face to face with a mirrored closet door, and got my first look at my new body.

I was shorter - about 5'5", I'd guess. My clothes hung loose and long, except across my hips and chest. I'd say I was now the not-so- proud owner of a firm pair of C-cup breasts.

My altered face could be in the dictionary beside 'cute'. Full lips, permanently curved in a slight smile. A pert, upturned nose. Bright, sparkling green eyes beneath fine eyebrows. My hair was the same hazel coloring, but was longer, hanging around my new, feminine jaw in a pageboy haircut.

Put me in a pair of jean shorts and a T-shirt, and I'd be the perfect 'Girl-next-door' - cute enough to be sexy if I wanted to, but not so beautiful to make men uncomfortable.

It was a cute, sexy, delightfully friendly female body - and if I got my hands on the man that gave it to me, I'd kill him slowly and painfully. Then revive him, and do it again. I'm sure Madame Treme would foot the medical bill. Hell, she might want to take a turn as well.

Which reminded me. . "Hey, Jeeves. Is Madame Treme on her way over?"

"Not herself, actually, but she said she was sending someone. And it's Worthington, Miss..., excuse me, sir."

I sighed (fetchingly, Goddamnit!) and shook my head. "Hell, I AM a woman now, like it or not. There's no sense in screwing you up too, Jeeves. Call my Miss Garret. Or...Stacy."

Worthington raised his brow. "You picked a new name? Or did Mr. Sinclair..."

I shook my head. "Actually, Stacy IS my real name. My parents wanted a girl, you see..." I broke off with a short laugh. "If they were still alive, they'd probably be overjoyed."

Just then, the doorbell rang. Bonged and chimed, to be more accurate. With the help of one still-stunned butler, I made it to the front door, becoming more accustomed to the strange balance of my new figure. The sensation of my new tits swaying with every step didn't help at all. My new nipples were engorged from the - admittedly pleasant - sensation of the fabric sliding over them.

I opened the door, and found myself face to face with Jace. Behind him was Tonya. They both held rather large caliber firearms, pointed at me.

"Whoa, easy Jace. Put down the artillery before you hurt yourself."

New body, new vocal cords - same personality. Jace gaped, and Tonya's face filled with sympathy.

"Stacy? Is that...oh my God." Jason said, slowly holstering his gun. It took three tries. He looked at my chest, where my breasts pressed disgustingly enticingly at the fabric, my aroused nipples clearly visible. Blushing, he looked away.

"Fraid so." I sighed. Then my face hardened. (Well, as best it could, cursed with a permanently pleasant expression.) "But only until we find Sinclair. That bastard's not getting away with this."

I felt a hand on my shoulder. "Excuse me Miss Garret, but if you'll permit me to help? I feel guilty at not having realized what Mr. Sinclair was up to, and putting a stop to it."

I nodded, then turned to Jace and Tonya. "Meet our newest team member. This is Worthin..." A precise British accent interrupted me. "Jeeves."

I turned to find a weary half-grin on the butler's face. He shrugged. "It will make things easier, sir. Besides...I kind of like it." And to my surprise, he managed to startle a laugh out of me - which was his intention in the first place.

"Good enough. Let's go, people. We've got work to do."

* * * * *

Well, at least I had a sympathetic audience.

Arriving back at the House, the 'regulars' met in Madame Treme's office for an update, and a bout of pity for poor little ol' me. I wasn't used to accepting pity graciously - but Hell, I wasn't used to being a woman either. I took it with all the grace I could manage.

The disconcerting part of the meeting was Tonya - thanks to Sinclair's mental adjustment, she had a very hard time keeping her eyes off of me, and the enormous bulge in her jeans spoke louder than words.

Look, you get changed into a sexy woman against your will, and sit in an office with a muscular, buxom she-male with a cock the size of a MX missile, who wants to have you fuck and suck her silly, then we'll talk about the meaning of 'uncomfortable', okay?

Oddly enough, it was Jeeves who got most of my sympathy. No, I mean it. I went into this with my eyes open, knowing that this COULD happen. Worse, it DID happen through my own fault - I screwed up. But Jeeves just walked into the middle of this. None of it was his fault, and he even worked up enough courage to try and stop Sinclair. But the poor guy still blamed himself for not seeing this sooner.

Worse, he specifically blamed himself for not being able to help ME sooner. The poor guy was practically falling over himself trying to be helpful.

Wanted or not, I got myself a butler. He swore to serve me as a butler - free of charge, no less, - until HE felt he'd worked off his guilt. I couldn't very well say no, now could I.

I sighed. "Well, that's where we are right now. We've got a megalomaniac Plastic Surgeon with an unholy power running around, God knows where. We have to find him to stop him from doing more people. BUT, we can't just kill him, if we want to have these things changed back - but we don't know how to force him to do THAT either."

Jace looked at me, practically reading my mind. "You're not just thinking of killing him anyway, are you? You'd be stuck in that body."

I shook my head wearily. "Nope. If it was just me, I might consider it. As much as I would hate living my life as a woman, it wouldn't kill me. And the satisfaction of knowing that Sinclair would never, ever change anyone again would go a long way. But there ARE other people he's changed, and we have to try to correct that." I stood up. "In the meantime, these clothes are killing me. Is there anything around that might fit a little better?"

Thea stood as well. "Of course. We'll find you something. Come with me."

I nodded and followed her, but stopped in the doorway. "You realize, this is the worst possible scenario." Madame Treme nodded. "Yes. 'Absolute power corrupts absolutely', Miss Garret."

I snorted. "Naw. We've got a Mad Doctor on the loose. We're in danger of becoming the Hoariest plotline ever used in a Horror Movie. To win, we'll probably have to dig up a mob of torch-carrying villagers."

And turning, I followed Thea down the hall.

And now, a word of advice. If you're a recent transformee, uncomfortable in your new role as a sexy woman, and looking for clothing - a whorehouse isn't the best place to find a 'demure' or 'unisex' ensemble.

I looked through the pile of clothing that Thea had dumped on her bed. After taking my measurements - and, if there's been an upside to this, her hands roaming my body was it - she had canvassed the House for clothing in my size. This was the result.

"You must be joking." I said, making a face at the pile of clothes. In my new voice, even that came out sounding cute.

Thea frowned. "I know Dou...Stacy. But, if you can find something for a while, we could go shopping for something else. Madame Treme has extended you an unlimited line of credit."

Well, hot damn. She is a grand old lady, I'll give her that. I thought about it for a minute, then shook my head. "I don't think I'm quite ready to go shopping in this body. Going into the women's change room. . ., jeez, I'd keep expecting to be arrested as a Peeping Tom."

Going back through the pile, I decide I'd just have to settle for the least provocative outfit I could cobble together, and live with it. And, so, for the first time in my life, I put on women's clothing. Well, there WAS that Halloween when I was 15, but...never mind.

The first order of business was underwear. A matching bra and panty set, in plain black cotton, did the trick for that. I wasn't going to wear any of the lacier articles Thea had rounded up.

Since there wasn't any pants to be had, I was stuck with skirts. Thea insisted I wear nylons with it, and I finally gave in - she knew more about women's clothing than I ever did. She helped me put on a pair of black nylons, with seams up the backs. Over that went a simple dark burgundy skirt that hung just above my knees.

For a shirt, I found a simple black silk blouse. It wasn't as baggy as I'd like, but I'd live with it. For the first time, the shirt actually got the top two buttons done up - its usual owner never used them, preferring to display her cleavage.

A black leather belt went around my now slender waist. All that left was the shoes.

And there's the problem. High heels - VERY high heels, was practically the order of the day at the House. I really didn't have much choice - I couldn't walk around barefoot, especially if I had to go outside.

So, swallowing my objections, I stepped into a pair of black pumps with a 4 inch, block heel. I wobbled slightly, and walking took concentration, but it wasn't as bad as I feared. At least they weren't spike heels.

I looked in the full length mirror - and realized that my new body was turning me on. Damn, but I was so sexy in a cute way, it hurt. Pleasant smile permanently affixed to a pretty face, a trim, shapely figure - and the most spectacular ass I'd seen. Hell, I had a better ass than Thea, and that's saying something. The heels emphasized my derriere, as well as my shapely new legs.

Damned if I didn't want to date myself.

The odd thing is, seeing myself in the mirror made it easier to accept the clothing I was wearing - on the woman in the mirror, it looked right. It sounds odd, but any man prefers to see a well-dressed woman whose clothes show her figure. Even though I was now her, my still-very-much-male brain LIKED what it saw.

This was going to take some getting used to. I was confusing myself.

After dressing, Thea took me to the cafeteria. I wobbled somewhat unsteadily on the unfamiliar heels, but did well enough to get by. In fact, by the time we reached the Cafeteria, I was doing pretty well in them. (What Thea didn't tell me until later was that my somewhat long, steady stride caused my ass and hips to wiggle provocatively. By the time I found out for myself, my new stride was a habit.)

The cafeteria was doing fairly brisk business when we arrived, and I peered around for a place to sit. A waving figure caught my eye near the back corner - Jace.

"Over there" I said, nudging Thea. "Jace's got a table"

She peered over and nodded. "I see him. You go sit down, and I'll go talk to the Chef. She's got a few specials that aren't on the menu." She smiled. "Staff Only deals that's melt in your mouth."

I nodded, and we angled off in different directions.

As I approached the table, Jace surprised me. Instinctively, he stood and pulled out my chair for me. I blinked in surprise, and his face slowly colored. Holding back a cutting sarcasm, I settled into the chair on my new, fuller ass, and he pushed me in. He seemed to have a hard time keeping his eyes from where the fabric of my blouse pulled taught over my full tits.

"Uh, sorry about that, Stacy" he said, settling into his own chair. "Habit. I always hold a chair for a lady." I snorted. "I may be a woman now, Jace, but I sure as hell ain't no lady."

His blush deepened. "Uh, yeah. Part of it is, uh..." he waved his hand at me vaguely. "You look good dressed like...I mean...oh, shit."

Although I had a small smile permanently affixed, it became genuine at Jace's discomfort. He had never been politically correct - he always treated women AS women, not some of pseudo-men like the Radical Feminists would like.

"Don't worry about it, Jace." I said. "I saw myself in the mirror. As much as I hate to admit it, you're right - I do look good in this."

The walked up, and Jace jumped up to seat her too. "What are you two talking about?" she asked coyly. "Jason here is doing a wonderful impersonation of a beet."

If anything, Jace's face got redder. "Uh, nothing." He said, then managed to regain his usual persona. "Stacy and I were discussing the finer points of Feminism."

"Yeah. We decided we don't like Radical Feminists." I agreed.

Jace nodded. "Yeah. Stacy thinks a woman should be proud of herself, but LOOK and ACT like a woman." He leered at me suggestively, exaggeratedly eyeing my new body. It was my turn to blush.

I should have known better than to leave an opening like that.

I was lucky - the arrival of lunch saved my from having to use a devastatingly cutting come-back - which I did not have.

Thea was right - the Chef's Special was just that - Special. In my line of work, I usually stick to take-out, and so I couldn't tell you what half the dishes I ate were - just that the names were French.

"More Bouef De Jus Brise?" Thea asked, pointing - thankfully - at one of the dishes I'd enjoyed most.

I sighed. "If I have some more of that, I'll have some more Potato Au Gratin (that, I remembered), then I'll get fat. Don't tempt me." I said plaintively, patting my slender waist with a smile - which vanished the instant I realized what I'd just done.

The other's were eyeing me oddly as well. "Are you feeling all right, Stacy?" Jace asked with concern.

"I THOUGHT so..." I answered slowly. I cast my mind back over everything that had happened since I was, uh, 'changed'.

I hadn't really been all that upset putting on overtly feminine clothing. WHY? I had actually enjoyed the sight of my new body in such clothing. WHY? And no, I had reacted, instinctively, in a feminine manner...

And then it struck me, like a hard blow in the solar plexus. "Oh, shit." Thea's brow clouded. "What? Was it Sinclair?"

I shook my head wearily. "No. It's a mix of things. The first is hormones - I now have the hormonal mix of a normal woman. The second part is the kicker..."

"What?" Jace prodded gently.

"I have a normal, male brain. With it's own, preconceived notions of how a woman should look and act. Like the clothes - when I looked in the mirror, my MALE brain like what I saw. It's almost like schizophrenia - one part of my brain fighting the others."

The other's jaw's dropped as they got it. It isn't too hard, actually. Look - you ever spend time in a different environment? Say. A classier one? You want to fit in, so you hang around, you dress like them, etcetera. And, without even thinking about it, you begin to pick up their mannerisms, the way they speak, and so on. It's completely natural - your brain is trying to adjust so you'll fit in - it's a survival trait.

Only, I couldn't leave the 'environment' that was forcing my mind to try and adjust. I WAS female, and my mind was trying - damn hard - to allow me to fit in.

I'd have to watch myself. Carefully. Damn.

"Well, I think...What is it?" Thea turned to the waiter who'd approached discreetly. He whispered something into her delicate ear, and she nodded.

"Come on," she said, rising to her impressive height. "Madame Treme would like to see us."

* * * * *

It was good news for a change.

"I have just received some information from my contacts," she informed us, waving us into seats. Due to our now-regular gatherings, she'd had enough brought in for all of us.

"Mr. Sinclair's accountant, one Jerold Weissner, is hosting a party at his estate in the Hamptons, day after tomorrow. Now, all of Mr. Sinclairs acquaintances and business relations will be there. Mr. Sinclair, regardless of the power he now holds, will have needed to contact SOMEONE - as there is no nation-wide search for a missing person. I have arranged for you four" she said, indicating Tonya, Jason, Thea and myself "to be invited to the party as well. Perhaps you will be able to pick up some information that we can put to good use."

I nodded. "Sounds like a great idea, Madame Treme. When do we leave?"

She handed around ticket pouches. "I have taken the liberty of booking your flight. You leave in four hours. Jeeves has already left, to make arrangements at the other end. Hotel and the like." She turned specifically to me. "Also, clothing and sundries for you, Stacy. Also, I suggest you look in the folder."

I did so, and was pleasantly surprised - Driver's license, Birth Certificate, and two credit-cards, all matching the new me. Good work too

I'd seen more than my fair share of fake I.D.'s, and these were primo.

"All right, boys and girls, we got something to go on." I said, rising. "Let's get our shit together and get ready to move." It felt damn good to be doing something constructive.

Having gotten everyone else in motion, I returned to the room supplied to me by Madame Treme. I didn't have any packing to do, but I still had to get ready.

I didn't mention it to anyone, but my stomach was tied up in knots. I hadn't been this nervous since I asked Linda McKie to the prom.

I was going to have to go out and act convincingly female. I could sluff off on the way there - but I'd have to play it to the hilt at the party. With a sigh, I decided to take a shower and get cleaned up. I smelt a little gamy, and it would be relaxing.

At least, that's what I thought.

I walked into the bathroom and turned the water on, allowing the water to get warm. I started to undress - and found I was unable to resist a little voyeurism - of myself.

The room was elaborately mirrored - I couldn't look anywhere and not watch myself undress. I also was completely unable to help myself - my primal male urges were practically drooling at the idea.

I undressed slowly, teasingly, watching through the reflective glass as this slender, shapely young woman sensuously undressed. Her long, supple legs kicked out of her shoes with a movement that was almost dancing. Her fingers slowly slid up towards her blouse, seductively undoing each button.

It was a bizarre form of bio-feedback. Watching this woman undress was, frankly, erotic. And I - that is, the fundamental male part of me was getting turned on. Which cause me to become more erotic. Which turned me on even more. Which caused...

I knew what I was doing - but, although I knew it was perverse, it was also highly erotic. Can ANY red-blooded American male WILLINGLY stop himself from watching a sexy woman undress, and wish she would do it JUST the way he liked...

Only, in my case, whatever I wanted to see, I could do. It was a strip-tease perfectly tailored to my every deepest fantasy, and every errant whim.

Only, I was the woman...

I unclasped the button at the waist of the skirt, and let it fall around my ankles. Slowly, I erotically rolled the nylons off the soft, supple flesh of my long, limber legs. My hands rose to the bra, and undid it. Teasingly, I slowly pulled it away, watching my every mirrored move avidly. Finally, I slipped the panties off and stood gloriously nude before my own, lustful gaze.

I stepped into the shower, embraced by the cascade of warm water soothing my body. Hormones thrummed through my female body, igniting my every nerve ending with a need for satisfaction. My long, slender fingers rose of their own accord and began to massage my firm, round breasts. I moaned softly, my head thrown back, as my fingers worked my nipples into complete arousal.

Slowly, my right hand slid through my cleavage, moving downwards. Crossing the flat expanse of my toned, wet stomach, it closed in on the wet cleft between my silken thigh. My finger hesitated on the threshold of my eager, waiting womanhood...

And I turned the water onto COLD, full blast.

Every nerve in my body screamed as the hormone-induced lust was washed away in a tide of adrenaline.

Shivering and ashamed, I stepped naked from the shower and hurriedly towed myself dry. Gathering up my clothing, I stumbled from the oh-so- strong temptations of the mirrored room.

But I couldn't escape the memory of how GOOD it had felt to have warm hands gliding across my new body.

I sat on the bed and took deep breaths as I regained control of myself. The bathroom fiasco was a trap that I hadn't foreseen. My male brain KNEW how it would like to see a woman like this act - and now, I KNEW I had the power to make her act that way.

Only, I WAS her.

But I had no time, right now, to worry about it - I had a plane to catch. So, I ignored it for now and finished getting ready. I ducked back into the bathroom long enough to retrieve the blow-dryer and used it to dry my silky hair, then got dressed again. It felt decidedly odd to put my new I.D. in a purse (supplied by Thea), and sling it over my shoulder, but I was ready, and a quick glance in the mirror confirmed it.

I went down to the Lounge to wait for the others. Sliding onto a stool at the bar, I sipped quietly at a scotch and water - I usually wouldn't water down good booze, but I was sure this body couldn't handle alcohol as well as I was used to, and I sure as hell didn't want to get drunk.

Madame Treme's House is NEVER closed or empty, so there were still quite a few people here this time of day, but the sheer size of the room kept it from feeling crowded, and even allowed me to feel like I had a modicum of privacy. I needed that to psych myself up. As soon as my friends arrived, I would have to play the role of 'woman' in public - which I was NOT looking forward to.

Halfway through my second watered-down drink, Thea showed up, followed closely by Jace and Tonya. They'd already had their bags taken out to the cab that was waiting, so there was no longer a reason to delay.

With a deep breath, I followed them out to the waiting taxi. At least I'd had some time getting used to these heels - perhaps too used, considering the way the cabby eyed my legs as I climbed in. Thankfully, Jace took the front seat, leaving the back to just us 'girls'.

The ride to the airport could have been more comfortable. On one hand - literally - I had Thea wedged in beside my, the smooth expanse of one long leg pressed against my own nylon-clad one. The feel of her pressing into my side, and the faint fragrance of her, was wonderful.

On the other side Tonya was trying damn hard not to stare at my clearly outlined breasts - and failing. The baggy-style slacks she'd chosen still couldn't completely hide the enormous erection that the closeness of my new body was giving her, and her expression was one of barely contained lust. Well, for that matter, I was having a hard time controlling my emotions for Thea.

The cabby must have thought we were a bunch of lesbians. At least he didn't hit on us when we climbed out at the airport - I wasn't quite ready to handle that.

"Tonya, people are going to stare if you don't get that thing under control." I whispered to the muscular black woman as we walked through the concourse. Her carry-on was held in clasped hands in front of her, somewhat hiding the bulge straining the crotch of her pants.

She swallowed. "I'm sorry Stacy." She said huskily. "But, I can't help myself." I stiffened as her strong hand discreetly fondled my spectacular new ass. "But a couple of minutes in the Ladies room, and you could get rid of the erection."

I started to retort - then had to restrain a grim laugh.

Out of pure habit, I'd almost replied with "Fuck you." NOT the right thing to say to her right now. "Just think about Sinclair" I whispered, then moved out of range of Tonya's wandering hands.

* * * * *

Now, let's get this straight right at the outset - I AM NOT afraid of flying.

The fact that I leave my seatbelt on the entire flight, and hold my breath from touchdown to roll-out is NOT fear. Not at all. It's merely informed concern over the current safety records of airlines since deregulation.

However, on this particular flight, I was so involved with a myriad of new experiences that I forgot to be afraid...uh, concerned.

Since my transformation, the only people I'd had to deal with new the truth. During the flight, I was exposed to the public, who only saw, and reacted to, an attractive young woman.

It's amazing that even I, a trained observer, had never noticed before now, just HOW different men and women really are. I'd caught all the major things - but it was those thousands of subtle points that I kept stumbling over.

For instance - I bet you never noticed that stewardesses - sorry, 'Flight Attendants', lean in closer, and speak in a quieter voice, with the women than they do with the men. They were also more at ease around me as a woman than they'd ever been when I was a man. They felt they didn't have to worry about me peeking down their blouses, for example. (They were wrong, but THEY didn't know that...)

Then there was the seating thing. When a stewardess told a man where HIS seat was, she'd guide him with one hand about an inch from his back, never actually touching. With me, she actually put her hand on my back when she guided me.

There was thousands of other little points, but that gives you some idea. It also told me something - playing a female persona would be harder than I originally thought. Through the flight, I watched every tiny, subtle thing that women did, and

filed them away for future reference. How to sit. How to stand. How to talk - to men, and to women. It was a crash course for the party I'd be attending, less than 48 hours from now, and I had to learn quick.

Thankfully, the flight was more or less on time, pulling up to the jetway with practiced precision. Since Jace, Thea and Tonya had nothing but carry-ons, and I didn't even have that, we didn't have to wait for luggage that may or may not be coming.

A familiar face was waiting to greet us outside the main doors of the terminal. Jeeves smiled politely as we came out, and immediately moved to help load the luggage into the already open trunk of the long, white limo.

"It was a good flight, I trust?" he asked politely as he pushed the lid down.

"Oh, tolerable", I allowed as he opened the rear door, The other three climbed in, but I hesitated. "Something amiss, Miss Garret?" Jeeves asked as I held back. I shook my head.

"I think I'll sit up front with you, Jeeves."

His eyebrow rose in an unspoken question, but he merely held the door open as I slid into the passenger's side seat. The last thing I needed was Tonya leering at me the entire ride to the Hotel. She'd barely kept control of herself in the airplane, and she'd been two seats away from me. I wondered what her fixation on me was - she'd been sitting right next to Thea, yet barely glanced at her.

"Are you getting along alright, Miss Garret?" Jeeves asked, looking over at me. "You seem to be getting used to the clothing, at the very least."

"Getting used to may be too strong." I sighed. "Putting up with, is probably closer to the truth."

He smiled. "Then you should be happy to know that when I outfitted your closets, I included jeans, sweatshirts and running shoes, Miss Garret."

I smiled and, without thinking replied "Jeeves, I could kiss you."

It was a common remark - I'd made it dozens of times as a guy, to a guy. But it had never received this response.

Jeeves had the typical milky-white British complexion, and the blush that formed shone like a beacon. He glanced quickly at me, then away. It struck me that that was PRECISELY what Jeeves would have liked, but had been too gentlemanly to give any indication - until I surprised him with it.

"Jeeves?" I asked, slightly shocked.

"I'm sorry, Miss Garret." He said, blushing furiously. "But you are quite attractive, physically, and I happen to find your personality quite...entertaining."

Oh, great. Just what I needed.

The thing was - no I began to blush. It suddenly dawned on me that I had come to like the butler - just friendly, I hadn't even considered the male-female aspect of it, because I was still thinking of myself as male. Besides, he was too old for me...

WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING!

We remained in embarrassed silence for the rest of the ride.

* * * * *

It was a considerable relief to get to my room. I quickly stepped out of my skirt/blouse outfit and relaxed when I pulled on a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt, both of which were slightly baggy. The jeans were normal Levi's, but I could have done without the white sweatshirt emblazoned with the logo of a local Women's Collage - it fit my 'girl next door' image too damn well.

Likewise, the pink socks and pink and white sneakers wouldn't have been my first choice. At least the underwear - plain white cotton briefs - weren't too offensive. For comfort, I decided to forego the matching bra, even though the sensations created - both from the sway of my unrestrained breasts and the feel of the fabric sliding across my sensitive nipples - were slightly distracting.

But DAMN pleasurable, I have to admit.

Dressed more comfortably, I flopped down on the large bed and relaxed, one arm behind my head, while the other one used the remote to flip through the available channels. The party wasn't until tomorrow night, and we'd agreed to hold a strategy session shortly before we left for it. Which left almost 24 hours to relax.

Just then there was a knock on the door to my suite. Clicking the TV off, I went to the door and pulled it open.

"Hi, Jace. Come on in." I said, holding the door open. He'd also taken the chance to change into jeans and a T-shirt, which, as usual, fit his muscular body as if tailored specifically for him.

"Actually, I came over to see if you wanted to go out." He said, declining the invitation. "Oh? Where?"

"The latest action flick's playing at a theater a block from here. I thought I'd go see it. Want to tag along?"

Huh. Going to see a movie while on a case was a new one for me - but a LOT of things in this case were new for me, and this was the least of them. I nodded, and went to grab my wallet.

And, sighing, sling my purse over my shoulder. Some things take some getting used to. Locking the door behind me, I dropped the key into my purse.

To my surprise, the movie was actually quite enjoyable. I was really getting into the flick, which was one of the few action flick's that was half-way intelligent, when I became aware of something.

Jace's arm resting on the seat back behind me.

It had been there for almost half an hour now. His hand had started lightly massaging my shoulder immediately, but had been slowly moving downwards. Now, it was under my armpit, lightly caressing my firm, sensitive tit.

Without a word I got up and left the theatre, trying to keep my emotions under strong control. I wandered along the sunlit street, not really caring where my feet took me.

Because I'd been enjoying it.

I hadn't noticed it happening. I was so engrossed in the film, it only registered as a pleasurable sensation, and I hadn't paid any attention - until I had instinctively leaned in closer to Jace. It was then, when I realized what I was doing, that I'd gotten up and left.

Yet part of me hadn't wanted to. Regardless of how disgusting I found the THOUGHT of a man fondling me - the actual FEEL of one doing so had been very, very nice.

It scared me.

I heard footsteps behind me, and Jace's voice came from over my shoulder. "Stacy, look, I'm sorry..."

I spun around, and my contralto voice whiplashed with as much anger as I could project. "You BASTARD! You slimy little slug. How could you do that to me! To ME! I. . . I,..."

I had to stop talking - because I was crying. I couldn't help myself. The sobs wracked my body as I stood, helplessly bawling.

And then, I felt Jace step forward and wrap his arms around me, pulling me to him. I wanted to pull away, but had no strength as the sobs shook me. I buried my face in his broad chest and cried.

Slowly, the crying tapered off, and shame ran through me. I was standing in the encircling arms of my oldest friend, while he gently stroke my hair. I looked up. "Jace..."

That's as far as I got. He kissed me.

His lips pressed firmly against mine, and I stiffened. I was being kissed by a MAN! By my oldest, most trusted friend. By a strong, handsome man, whose warm, strong arms held me tight while he kissed me both more passionately and more tenderly than I'd ever been kissed before.

By a man whose hands now slid down to caress my firm, full ass as my braless breasts pushed against his muscular chest. Waves of pleasure filled me at his touch, and our tongues intertwined passionately.

I was horrified. I was ecstatic. It was horrible, wonderful, shameful, erotic. I wanted to pull away. I never wanted it to end.

I wanted him to take me back to the hotel and fuck my brains out.

With a tremendous burst of will power, I tore myself away from him. "Don't EVER touch me again." I said huskily, as my body screamed for just that. I turned from him and hurried away. He didn't try to catch me this time.

He yelled after me. "Fine, go to Tonya then. Make HER happy." What the hell was happening to me?

And then, in an instant, I knew. I KNEW.

Because, coming out of the hotel, directly in front of me, and still dressed in the clothes he'd worn on the plane, was Jason R. Crosby, movie star, ex-cop, and my oldest friend.

Which meant the person who'd taken me to the theatre, who I'd kissed, had been...

"SINCLAIR!" I screamed so loud it felt like jagged fishhooks were ripping through my vocal cords. "I'LL KILL YOU, YOU BASTARD!"

And Jace - the real Jace - arrived just in time as I collapsed, sobbing, into his arms, while he held me tentatively, his face twisted in mixed concern and disbelief.

* * * * *

I told my story sitting on the bed of Tonya's room. Or rather, on Jace's lap, while his arms were rapped around me while he sat on the bed.

It was either give in to my artificial 'need', or send him away. And he had to hear this. So, I gave in unwillingly - and shamefully enjoyed every second of it.

"Well, now I know why I'm so attracted to you." Tonya said, unable to keep jealousy from her eyes as she watched Jace embracing me.

Thea nodded. "If Sinclair can look like ANYONE, he had no trouble 'altering' you a bit after he did Stacy."

I nodded, then sighed. "Tonya, this is partly my fault. I keep under- estimating the bastard." I looked around the group with a steely eye, opened my mouth - then hesitated.

This was going to be the hardest thing I'd ever done. But I did it.

"Next time we're sure we have him - kill him." I said as coldly as my pleasing contralto would allow. "No hesitation." Everybody gasped.

"But, Stacy..." Jace managed, sounding strangled. "...you'd be stuck like that."

I nodded. "But it's easier to live like this, then living with my conscience if he continue this shape-changing spree he's on. We HAVE to make sure he's gone."

As tough as it was, we all agreed. I leaned back, for once not ashamed as I stole strength from Jace's muscular body. I had to face the facts.

Now, and forever, this is who I am, and would be. There was no other choice.

* * * * *

I looked at Jace as we filed out of the room. "Thanks for your. . .support." I said, trying to ignore Tonya's lustful gaze. Jace looked troubled. "Uh, no problem. To tell you the truth, it felt...good." He was blushing furiously.

Part of me was screaming for me to invite him back to my room, so that we could spend the night...

I squashed the thought with difficulty, none of which showed in my face or voice as I wished Jace a good night, and went to my room. It took hours before I was able to sleep, visions of Jace's nude body still dancing in my lust-filled mind.

* * * * *

However, facing up to who - and what - I was going to be didn't make dressing for the party the next evening any easier. It was a very set, formal affair. And so, I looked in dismay at my outfit, then shrugged, and proceeded to put it on.

First was the lacy black panties. They were cut high on the hips, and low near the waist. There was no bra to go with them.

Next was the black nylons, with elasticized lace at the top. I rolled them carefully up my long legs, their silky smoothness feeling cool on my smooth skin.

Over this when a deep burgundy dress. It was velvet and silk, hanging tight at my slender waist and along my legs. The bottom flared out around my ankles, and the neckline was 'cowled', draped artfully in a loose way, making my bust look larger than it actually was, without showing so much as an outline of my true bustline.

Then, with a sigh, I stepped into the four inch tall spike heeled pumps that went with the outfit. I picked up my purse, and checked the contents.

I would have preferred my reliable old Colt .45 Model 1911, but my new, slender wrists couldn't handle such punishing recoil. So, instead, a .38 Special nestled in my black leather purse, it's blued finish gleaming dangerously.

Snapping the purse closed, I was ready to go. I had already had Thea come in and do my make-up earlier. As much as I wished I didn't have too, the circumstances demanded it. Thea had used as light as touch as possible, but even that had

emphasized my full, smiling lips and large, liquid eyes. I checked my watch and headed out the door, a couple of minutes early. I wasn't intending to perpetuate the myth that women always made the men wait.

I smiled grimly to see that Thea and Tonya were also ready. The three 'women' were waiting on Jace. Thea was dressed - spectacularly - in a simple, form-fitting black silk dress. Tonya wore a feminine version of a tux, and it looked pretty good on her muscular frame. It also helped hide the huge bulge at her crotch - although, if you knew what to look for, you could still see it. But we were ready before Jace was. We shared a smug glance.

Right until the elevator 'dinged'. The silvered doors slid open to reveal Jeeve's serene face. "Are you ladies ready?" he asked politely. "Mr. Crosby is waiting in the limo."

Damn.

The ride was spent quietly discussing signals and the like, things by which we might spot Sinclair. All though he could change his appearance, he'd have the same habits - the way he stood, what he ordered to drink, etc.

Thea, who had spent the most time near him, surprised us all by how much of his subtle mannerisms she remembered. It slightly depressed me, though.

Who HADN'T I underestimated recently?

So, with all our deep conversation, plus our limited knowledge of this part of the country, it took us awhile to figure out that we were going the wrong way - out into the middle of nowhere.

"What the?..." Jace sputtered, the first to realize. That clued the rest of us in.

'Jeeves' voice came over the intercom with an ugly chuckle. "Well, well, the junior detectives finally wise up." "Sinclair" Tonya grated. I failed to notice that her hand was already in her purse.

"In the flesh." He agreed in Jeeves voice. "As it were."

Tonya screamed and drew her gun. My big, kick-ass .45, because HER wrists had no problem with the recoil. "NO, don't!..." I cried, grabbing across two people for the gun.

I didn't make it.

The gun went off, sounding like the coming of Armageddon in the enclosed space. 18 grams of lead sheathed in copper rocket out of the barrel of the venerable Colt, moving at 940 feet per second. In less the blink of an eye, the slug traveled the distance from the muzzle to the divider between the driver and the passenger sections.

And ricocheted off the bullet-proof glass.

I felt the slug plow into me more as pressure than pain - the piece of metal was actually moving faster than the nerves in my body could transmit information. But, from past experience, I knew pain would come soon, in a terrible blossom.

I also knew just how bad the wound was.

Though Sinclair must have also known the glass was bullet-proof - it was standard practice - it startled him enough that the stretched Caddie veered off the road.

Everyone hung on to whatever they could. My wound had just begun to scream when the car ran off the side of the road into the ditch. It tipped sideways, slamming into the ground on the passenger side.

Thea and Jace were knocked sideways onto Tonya. Her head hit the metal frame of the car, and I saw her pass out. Before I could move, the door swung open, now above my head, and Sinclair stood there.

He still wore Jeeves' body - if Jeeves had been on steroids. His enormous musculature rippled as he hauled me out of the car and held me with one enormous arm. I'm ashamed to say I was whimpering from the enormous pain of my wound - which had passed through my kidney and spine, leaving me paralyzed from the waist down, and hushing blood like a fountain. Sinclair pulled me towards the road.

Jace's head appeared over the edge of the over-turned car, his .357 firmly gripped in one blood-slicked hand. "Let her go and give up, Sinclair. It's over."

Sinclair laughed. "I don't think so, Mr. Crosby. I really don't think so. You see, Miss Garret is paraplegic, and dying - but I can save her. But only if you let me go. That's the deal, Mr. Crosby."

"Don't do it!" I cried through my curtain of pain. "Shoot hi..." My voice died as the pain took me, and everything went black.

* * * * *

I awoke slowly, stretching luxuriously with my eyes closed. I yawned and opened my eyes, blinking in the muted light coming in from the window - and then I frowned, and sat upright.

Where the hell was I?

It was a motel room - a fairly cheap one. The walls were faded beige, the furnishings battered and inexpensive. Yet I couldn't recall how I got here.

In fact - I couldn't recall ANYTHING from before I woke up. My mind was a complete blank.

I fought down panic. Even my body felt odd to me. I couldn't remember a single thing at all, and it scared me. Swinging my feet over the side of the tousled bed, I stood up.

And almost fell flat on my face.

After a second of pinwheeling my arms, I managed to regain my balance. Blood thundered in my ears as adrenaline flooded my body, and I wondered what in hell was wrong with me. Not only was my mind a complete blank, but my sense of balance was all out of whack.

Was I dying? But I FELT fine, physically.

Walking carefully, I approached the full-length mirror on the wall and carefully looked myself over, sighing in relief to find I looked perfectly normal.

My deliciously long, sexy legs (they weren't that long before!) led up to the same full, womanly hips I've always had (no, you're a man, damn it!). My waist was still delightfully (impossibly) slender. And there was nothing (everything!) wrong with my magnificent (freakish) 68 GGG tits either. I smiled at my reflection, and lightly touched my enormous breasts. God, I was (a caricature of) a sexy woman!

I frowned again. Why did I still feel uneasy about the way I looked then? It was like, I dunno, some part of my was upset at what I saw in the mirror. But, I loved my body. (No! It's not our body!)

I shook my head at the thought. That action caused my enormously full mane of wavy brown hair to sway, and I enjoyed the feel of it brushing across my shoulders and back. It wasn't terribly long, hanging midway down my smooth back, but was gloriously full.

But I still couldn't remember.

Okay, first things first. My name. My name is...Stacy! Yeah, that sounds right. I don't know why, but I'm sure that's it. I'm Stacy. Stacy... Damn. Nothing would come for a last name. I must have one, but I couldn't remember it.

I.D.! I can look at my I.D.!

I looked around, and quickly spotted my purse sitting atop a suitcase, and sighed with relief. I walked over to it, enjoying (hating) the sway and bounce of my breasts, and the way the cool air made my (huge) nipples stand at attention.

Rooting in my purse, I quickly found my driver's license. Opening it up, I read off the name. "Stacy...Staxx?" I said aloud in my lovely contralto. (Garret! It's Garret!) I blinked. It didn't ring any bells.

"Hell, It must be right." I said, smiling. "That's my gorgeous face in the photo." (Dear god! Why do I sound like a phone sex girl from Georgia!)

Well, enough lolly-gagging. Sitting around wouldn't do me any good. Dropping the I.D. back into my purse, I moved it aside and opened my suitcase.

I pulled out a pair of panties and a bra. White lace. Quickly I slipped them on. I had a little bit of trouble getting the under-wire bra on over my magnificent (gigantic) tits, and I frowned. Hell I must have done this... Well, I couldn't REMEMBER doing this before, but I MUST have, right? (Wrong!)

I shook my head again, wondering why I couldn't shake the negative feelings from somewhere. Ignoring them, I finished gelling dressed in my usual outfit.

Tight blue jeans - which looked great pulled taught of my spectacular ass. An off-white T-shirt that molded itself over my glorious, bra encased tits. Pink socks.

Walking over to the mirror, I sat down, and began putting on my make- up.

And stopped, confused. What the hell was wrong with me? It looked like a mess. I washed my face and began again, concentrating harder.

Gloss red lipstick on my full, soft lips. A light blush over my high cheekbones. Eyeshadow and mascara for my gloriously liquid hazel eyes.

It took awhile and I had to concentrate, but I finally got it right.

Grabbing my purse, I stepped into my knee-high black leather boots with their six-inch spike heel. I headed for the door - and found it a little difficult to maintain my usual (unbelievably erotic) stride. But I ALWAYS wore high heels. (NO. I DON'T!)

Well, I got used to it quick enough it didn't matter. I stepped outside and locked the door behind me, then headed down towards the restaurant.

Walking into the restaurant - well, more of a diner, really, - was like an instant ego boost. The eyes of every man in the place immediately locked onto me and followed my every movement.

I put an extra little sway into my hips as I walked to a booth and sat down.

Almost instantly, a muscular man, dressed in such a way that instantly identified him as a trucker, wandered over. "Mornin' miss." He said in a pleasantly gravelly voice. "I was wonderin' if you'd like some company."

(No!) "Sure, handsome" I said, smiling, "make your self at home."

I felt a delightful (disgusting) warmth building in my loins as he sat down across from me. I liked (hated) the way his eyes caressed the taut fabric over my magnificent tits.

He introduced himself as Ed, and insisted on paying for my breakfast. We went through the little ritual, covering what we really meant with small talk while we ate.

"So, y'all heading right back out again?" I asked, smiling suggestively. "Oh, I got some time to spare, I 'spose." He allowed, eyeing me hungrily.

"Well, we don't we go back to my room, and see if we can't find something to while away the time." I suggested. (Oh, God, NO!) That was one offer he wasn't going to refuse.

I led him back to my room, knowing he was watching my ass sway as I walked. Letting him into my room, I pulled the door shut behind me.

Instantly, he was on me. Quickly, but gently, he pushed me against the door while his lips came down on mine. We kissed hungrily, passionately, as his hands wrapped around my ass and he began to fondle my full, firm cheeks.

He broke the kiss. "Damn, you are HOT, girl." He whispered as his hands peeled my T-shirt off, revealing my bra-encased tits. Seconds later, they hung free, displayed in all their glory.

I moaned as he began to caress them. His mouth came down and he began to lick and suck my engorged nipples, and I kicked off my boots.

At the same time, our hands went to each other's jeans, unzipping them. Quickly, we shucked off our remaining clothing, and I smiled as his thick cock sprang out, throbbing with the blood filling it.

Without a word I moved to the bed and lay down. He followed my, practically drooling. I spread my long, supple legs, and one hand slid between my silky thighs.

"Now, lover boy" I said huskily - and he complied.

I gave a small, ecstatic cry as his throbbing member slid into my wet, ready cunt.

He took his time, making it last, and I cooperated whole heartedly. We moved together in rhythm, trying to hold off his cumming for as long as possible. Waves of pure pleasure wracked my body in slow waves as his thick cock filled me, pounding in and out of my waiting womanhood.

Finally, it got too much for me. Orgasmic fire flowed through my veins and I shook and writhed in orgasmic ecstasy. The muscles of my cunt tightened, pushing him over the brink, and he poured his hot seed deep into my cunt.

We collapsed together. I lay there, unable to move, as the last of my orgasm thundered through my body. I lay, eyes closed, savoring the afterglow of our fucking, while he kissed me, dressed and left. Slowly, I opened my eyes.

Looking over, I frowned. Laying on my bedtable where four crumpled twenties. He'd thought I was a hooker!

Hell. Maybe I am.

I thought about it - making a living fucking men. Getting paid to have men fill my every orifice. Fucking my brains out every day. I smiled.

(I cried.)

* * * * *

I walked out of the gate, feeling the eyes of the young gate attendant watching me as I walked away, and enjoying it.

It had been a great two months. And I felt fantastic. Now and then, I'd hit a bump in the road where my amnesia would reach up and smack me in the face, to let me know it was still there, but I always got through these bouts with little problem. As scary as not having a past was, at least having such a fantastic present helped.

Two months. Two months of fantastic sex, four or five times a day, on average, and sometimes as much as a dozen.

And I had made a FORTUNE.

It was almost as if, somehow, I always understood EXACTLY what men wanted. As if, in some strange way, I could THINK like a man, enough to catch every signal, every desire, and use it to make every fuck absolutely mind-blowing for my customers.

And they paid top dollar for that.

It had been one of my clients comments that led me here. He'd told me I was 'wasting my time in such a shit-burg town', and I found myself thinking it over.

Now, as I headed towards the main doors of the terminal, an eager excitement filled my as I stood on the brink of conquering the 'Big City'. It meant more money, because prices were higher here. It meant a better place to live, more luxuries.

It meant thousands and thousands of men to fuck.

I smiled at the bored looking security guard near the doors, and his eyeballs practically popped out of his head as he saw me. I knew I looked damn good. Or, maybe FUCKING good...

I was dressed in a Donna Karen suit. But not a regular D.K. The seamstress I'd gone to had almost choked on the thought of altering an original D.K., but had finally agreed to tailor it to my specifications, and now it looked absolutely perfect as my travelling outfit.

I knew exactly what the stunned guard was seeing. First, there was my feet, encased in black pumps with an ankle strap, and gold- toned 6 inch spiked heels, which did mind-blowing things form my legs and ass.

My long, shapely legs were encased in black nylons with seems at the back, held in place by garters. The beige skirt, originally cut to hand just above the knees, was now re-tailored to mid-thigh, barely covering the black, French-cut lace panties that hid my newly shaved 'money maker'.

It was belted with a thin black leather belt with a golden buckle, clearly defining my slender waist. My silk blouse had been specially made, and not only clung to me like a second skin, but didn't even HAVE the three top buttons, displaying a generous amount of creamy tit-flesh and a mouth-watering cleavage. Over this was the beige jacket, with my black leather purse over on shoulder.

My gloriously full hair had been pulled back, gather into a gold and tiger's eye barrette before fanning back out along my back. I'd opted for toned-down make-up, sophisticated yet alluring, emphasizing my full, kissable lips and deep, limpid eyes.

I looked sophisticated, wealthy - and mind-blowingly erotic.

I carried no other luggage - with such an inflated bank account, I'd find a place here in town, then buy a whole new wardrobe. All 'high- class' stuff like I wore now, sophisticated and sexy.

'I'm not a CHEAP whore,' I thought with a smile as the guard scrambled to open the door for me. I loved the way men always became so unbelievably helpful when I was around.

Stepping outside, I took a deep breath (doing wonderful things to my bustline), and enjoyed the glorious day. Rather than catch a cab, I thought I'd walk for a bit, enjoying the weather, the feel of the city - and the way men drooled as I walked by.

A tall, muscular, on by god, absolutely gorgeous, man was walking out of a store as I passed by, and I was we bumped into each other. He turned, saw who he'd bumped, and smiled.

"Sorry about that, miss." He said with a most charming grin. God, he was HOT. (Jace! It's Jace!) I smiled back. And suddenly, blinked and gaped at him.

He looked familiar. I couldn't place him, but... He frowned at my expression. "Are you all..."

"Jace?" I asked hesitantly, the name floating up somewhere from the depths of my mind. With it came an image - Him, younger, but still handsome, in a police uniform...

His face took on an expression that I couldn't name. "What? What did you say..." And then his eyes widened. "Stacy? It that you?" I sighed and tension I didn't know was even there went out of me.

"YES!" I said, grabbing his arm. "You know me! Oh, thank god, I finally can find out about my past. Please, you have to tell me, how do you know me? From where, when. WHO AM I?"

He looked pole-axed. "You...you don't know who you are?"

"Well, I know I'm Stacy Staxx, 23 years old, and living - lived - in Georgia for some time. My name and age from my driver's license, and Georgia from my accent. I woke up two months ago with amnesia. Please, I need your help."

He looked stunned. "Staxx? No, it's Garret. Stacy Garret..." he said, puzzled. The name leapt out at me. "Garret. It sounds...right, somehow. But, my license..."

He took my arm. "Look, don't worry, everything will be all right." He pulled out a cell phone and punched in some numbers. "Madame Treme?... Get the others together, I'm coming back right now... No, not it's not Sinclair, I've found Stacy!...Right here beside me...No, she doesn't - she woke up with amnesia two months ago ... that's right...uh, no, she's, um, different. You'll have to wait until we get there and see...yeah."

He hung up, and led me towards a car. I wasn't really paying attention. While he'd talked, the name's jumped out at me. Madame Treme, Sinclair - they both rang a bell, but I couldn't quite place them . .

I was pulled out of my fruitless efforts to remember when we pulled up to a red brick building, and Jace led me towards the door. Dear god, what if I was wrong. How did I know he was my friend. I began to panic.

"Wait" I said, frightened, "I'm not sure..."

And then we were inside, and all my fears vanished. I knew this place. I KNEW this place.

It was a whorehouse. I relaxed, and smiled up at Jace.

"I worked here, didn't I!" I said enthusiastically. "Oh, god, you guys must have been worried sick. Wow, I've been hooking since the amnesia, and I was damn good, but I could have been back here. . "

Jace was looking at me oddly. "Uh, yeah, Madame Treme DID hire you. . ." he said. I followed him eagerly up a flight of stairs. "So, Jace, when can I get back to work? I know you're worried about me, but god, I really could use a good fucking..."

Jace seemed to struggling to control his face, and I wondered why. But he didn't say anything, and led me through an ornately carved door into an office.

The room was filled with people, and I knew them all. I stopped dead, while they all looked at me with what almost looked like a mix of awe an...horror?

"What? Is something wrong?" I asked

"We're just glad to see you okay, my dear." An older, but still attractive woman said, standing up from behind the desk. "It's been two months, and we were worried..."

I took a stab. "Madame Treme, right?"

She nodded, and introduced me to everyone else in the room. My eyes paused briefly on the muscular black named Tonya. Her jeans were bulging impressively at the crotch, almost as if...

Madame Treme broke my train of thought, gesturing me towards a chair. "Now, my dear, please fill us in on what happened to you..."

* * * * *

For some reason, parts of my story caused odd expressions on the faces of my...friends? Co-workers? Both? Anyway, they let me finish the story without interrupting. Finally, Madame Treme stood.

"Look, I'm eager to find out about my past, and to get to know you all again." I said, also standing. "But we'll have plenty of time for that, now that I'm back. Right now, can I get back to work? Please? I'm so god damn horny, I can barely think straight."

The others in the room shared some sort of glance. Madame Treme looked at me, then sighed. "You really, really DO need to do this, don't you."

"Oh, fuck, yes. It's not the money, I need to get some sex. If you don't want me to go back to work right away, well, Jace here could probably keep me satisfied for a couple of hours at least." I smiled at Jace, and was shocked to see...what? Repugnance? Disgust? Shame? Whatever it was, it was also mixed with a damn healthy dose of lust, at least.

"No, I think it would be for the best if you do go back to work for now." Madame Treme said slowly. "Tonya...take Stacy to her room and...help her relax, if you'd like."

The muscular woman nodded, and led me out. I followed close behind her.

"Uh, I don't know how to put this..." I said, trying to be tactful, "...but, uh, they way your pants bulge..."

She didn't answer me as she led me into a spacious suite, elegantly decorated, and I figured I'd insulted her. "I'm sorry..." I started - then Tonya kissed me.

It was a hungry, needing kiss. Pure lust drove that kiss, and I responded instinctively. Our breasts pushed against each other as her muscular arms pulled me tightly to her.

"Oh, God, I NEED you..." Tonya moaned. Frantically, her hands tore at her zipper. Literally - she just ripped the pants open and tore the underwear from her body with one muscular motion.

And the most enormous, thick, alluring cock I'd ever seen sprung free. Its head was almost purple from the state of her erection, and the cock throbbed hungrily with each beat of her heart.

"Please..." Tonya moaned. "Suck it..."

Reverently, I sank to my knees. My tits were so massive that they pressed against Tonya's muscular legs as I leaned forward.

And took the head of her enormous, pulsating ebony cock into my mouth. It filled my lips, sliding past my full, soft lips into the moistness of my mouth. The feel, the taste, the smell of it - God, it was wonderful! It was addictive.

That's all I could fit - and even that was a stretch. Eagerly, my slender hands wrapped around it ebony thickness and began to pump as my long, supple tongue began to work on her sensitive glans.

She moaned loudly as my full, soft lips created suction, and my hands and tongue provided stimulation. She entwined her hands in my mass of luxurious hair, grunting as I worked to bring her off.

I used every cock-sucking skill I had. I brought her to the brink - then back down. I teased her, I drove her beyond anything I'd ever done before. The feel of her veined ebony shaft under my stocking hands, the taste and texture of what I could fit in my mouth... This, THIS was the cock that was created to be sucked. I would have tried to do this for ever - but, I also wanted to make her give my her sure-to- be- orgasmic cum.

I succeeded.

Like some geyser, an unbelievably delicious flow of hot, salty cum flooded my mouth. No normal human being could possibly swallow such a tremendous gush of cum.

I could.

Swallowing greedily, I gulped at the glorious taste filling my mouth. The flow of hot cum was the most mind-blowingly satisfying taste I'd ever known, and I succeeded in my quest not to spill a single drop of the precious fluid from her huge rod.

As soon as I had finished, Tonya's face suddenly screwed up, as if she'd committed some horrible sin. "Oh, God, Stacy, I'm so sorry. I couldn't help myself. For more then two months I've been going crazy with the need. . " She sounded like she was going to cry.

I wrapped my arms around her, and kissed her, giving her a taste of her own, delicious cum.

"Tonya, that was the best 'welcome home' I could have wished for." I told her, gently fondling her deflating cock. "Next time though, I'm going to fuck this monster of yours..."

For some reason, she shuddered.

* * * * *

For the next couple of weeks, life was good for me. I saw clients during the day, and got reacquainted with my friends during the evenings - especially Jace.

It was odd, but the avoided talking too much about my past - but I didn't mind, really. From what I learned, amnesia is quite often caused by an event so traumatic that the brain doesn't want to deal with it. If that's what happened to me, it was best to let it alone.

Oddly enough, I turned out to have my own butler - a nice older man named Jeeves. I didn't realize butlers were so attentive - Jeeves tried damn hard to make sure my every want was met - except one. Despite his obvious attraction, he kept things completely professional. Too bad - he was kinda cute.

Thea and I became very close friends. Sometimes, I'd see some sort of obscure sadness in her eyes when we talked, and I'd wonder what our relationship had been like before.

And I fell madly, passionately, hopelessly in love with Jace - which seemed to bother him deeply.

We talked about it - in fact, the evening I told him, we were on the couch in my suite. At first, he'd been very stiff around me, but he'd quickly loosened up.

So, I leaned over and kissed him.

He stiffened suddenly, the gently pulled away. It hurt, deeply.

"Jace, I don't know what happened between us in the past." I said, taking his hand. "But whatever it is, it's over. Jason, I love you." He sighed deeply. "I love you too, Stacy." He said, and my heart swelled - only to be dashed as he continued. "That's the problem." That's all he'd say.

So, aside from the love of my life shunning anything stronger than simple friendship, life was pretty good.

* * * * *

I was just finishing my shift, and was sitting at the bar, sipping a rum and coke. Business had been good today, and I was feeling especially pleased - I'd finally talked Tonya into letting me suck that monster of hers again. God, I loved that! But as of yet, no luck in getting her to fuck me with it.

I felt a tap on my shoulder, and turned around.

It was a tall, slender man with a coffee-and-cream complexion. I'd seen him around in the past couple of days. "Hi, you're Stacy, right?" he said in a mellow voice, holding out his hand. I shook it.

"Sure am. What can I do for you, honey?" He nodded towards the stairs. "You busy?"

I smiled. "Never to busy for that, sugar. Follow me."

He did just that. Once in my room, he seemed awfully eager to proceed. In no time, I was on my back, moaning, as he fucked me powerfully.

Then he smiled and, still fucking me, everything changed.

His body changed completely, while at the same time, I was finally given my mind back.

For the past three months, it had been as if my mind was trapped helplessly in the body of someone else, feeling, seeing and hearing everything, but unable to control the body. Now, both personas merged back together. 'Stacy Staxx' wasn't gone - but she no longer had any lack of memories, and I once more was whole.

"Sinclair" I gasped, as he continued to fuck me. "You. .oh. . .bastard. . ." He laughed. "Want me to stop?"

"Ye...oh, god!...NO, you son of a. .oh , harder. . ." I cried. I hated this man's guts - but I needed to get fucked. It felt SO good, and I never wanted to stop. Sinclair laughed again, as if he knew what I was thinking and feeling.

"I didn't think so." He chuckled, cheerfully fucking my brains out. "Don't worry, after I'm done fucking - and humiliating - you, I'll put the other persona back in charge, and you won't remember any of this."

No, he wouldn't. Because the door flew open, and Jace raised the gun he carried and calmly blew Sinclair's brains out.

* * * * *

We gathered again in Madame Treme's office.

"I'm sorry to use you like bait, but we knew he couldn't resist forever." Jace said. "So we bugged your room, and somebody was always monitoring for him."

I shrugged. "The bastard's finally dead. That's what matters." I sighed. "But you could have waited until he finished." Thea shook her head. "We had to act while you were still...you, I guess. You know."

I nodded. "Thank you. It was a good call."

Jace looked upset. "I'm just sorry we couldn't make him change you back before we had to kill him. Or, take away your compulsion for near- constant sex, at least."

I thought about that. "No, actually, I'm glad neither happened." Dead silence. "Excuse me?"

I sighed. "Even with the compulsion, and my female body, I'm still having some trouble accepting what I've done. If I were back to me - the real 'me', that is - I'd probably blow my brains out with a gun."

Jace nodded slowly. "I see what you mean. But now you're stuck like this forever. What are you going to do?" Madame Treme spoke up. "Of course, you have a lifetime job here, if you wish."

"Thank you, but no. I can't bring myself to do that. But I still want to see you guys. Especially you, Tonya." I said with a grin. Now that she no longer felt like she'd be raping me, Tonya smiled back.

Then Jace shocked me. He got down on his knee, and opened a small, velvet box, revealing a diamond engagement ring. "Stacy, will you marry me?"

I found myself crying. "Yes. Yes, Jace, I will."

The other's applauded as he slipped the ring on my finger, and kissed me soundly. "Oh, great!" I sighed, and Jace looked worried.

"What? What's wrong?"

"Do you realize, I spent the nine years since leaving the force getting a new life, building up a business and a reputation, and after it's all said and done, I'm ending up right back where I started?"

"Huh?" "As your partner!" I said, playfully jabbing him in the chest. Unlike before, Jace now had an effective way of shutting me up. He kissed me.

* * * * *

I awoke with tiny pygmies jabbing sharpened wooden spears into my lower spine, while a trio of tiny Con-Ed guys ran around my forebrain with jack-hammers, trying to escape through my skull.

I groaned softly and opened my eyes. Thankfully, the expensive venetian blinds were closed.. The layered panels of fabric kept the sunlight down to a - barely - tolerable level, and opening my eyes wasn't a suicidal action. Trying VERY hard not to move anything not absolutely essential to the mission, I pulled open my desk drawer and felt my way past a couple of lenses, a few loose rolls of film, a ring of keys, and other accumulated, unidentifiable junk until my fingers encountered a couple of aspirin lying at the bottom.

Slowly, I sat up. Grimacing, I dry-swallowed the pain killers, and waited for the pounding to subside. While I was at it, I also drank a cup of the Kona coffee warming on the credenza.

The door opened and Jace came in.

"God, honey, you look terrible." He said with a huge grin.

I looked at my husband, and suppressed a smile while I faked anger. "I blame you for this, Jace. First, we all go out and celebrate our magazine's anniversary. That would be okay, if you, Jeeves and Tonya hadn't kept me up all night - fucking me brains out. Your poor, battered wife fell asleep at her desk!"

"Hey, battered maybe. But not poor!"

No, that was true. After our marriage, we'd started up a skin mag, staring some of the sexiest women ever seen. Thea, for example. And of course, now-world-famous co-editor, Stacy Staxx. Hell, even Madame Treme had posed, for our special issue. God, that woman had a body!

I smiled up at Jace. "So, got some time?" He smiled back. "Always."

God, I'm glad we got the padded desktop.

And as my husband proceeded to fuck my brains out, the rest of the staff of 'Sinclair's Folly' magazine went about making the founders even richer, and wondered who the Sinclair was, anyway.

THE END...



SUMMARY: Receiving a strange package containing women's shoes, one man tries them on only to discover that they have the power to change him and are the product of revenge from an old girlfriend; or are they

Cassandra's Gifts

By Gunslinger

Steam billowed from the door of the bathroom as it opened, temporarily obscuring the muscular, dark-haired young man who stood on the threshold. Then Jake Panzerelli stepped out of the cloud of warm moisture, tightening his bathrobe tighter around his body.

Humming happily to himself, the Italian-American headed downstairs, his hairy, muscular legs rippling with his smooth, powerful stride. He moved down the wide, gracefully sweeping staircase and across the smooth hardwood floor of the lower foyer. Pausing in the large, airy kitchen long enough to start the coffee machine brewing, he retraced his steps towards the foyer, using the towel around his neck to dry his short, thick mass of dark hair.

Opening the door, he bent down to retrieve the Saturday Herald...

...and paused.

"What's this?" Jake asked himself, his deep, mellow voice sounding loud in the early-morning silence. Resting atop the paper was a small package, covered in brown Kraft paper and tied with plain brown twine. There was no return address or express shipper's label on the package, which bore only his name in a flowing, smooth script.

Picking up the package and paper, he carried them into the living room. Placing them on a cherry-wood coffee table, he left the enigma long enough to grab a cup of coffee, then returned to the large, sunlit room. Dropping onto the leather sofa, he pulled the package towards him and examined the outside, looking for a sign as to the sender. The handwriting on the package looked vaguely familiar, but he couldn't place where he'd seen it - he simply didn't pay that much attention to other people's handwriting.

With a half-smile, Jake lifted the package close to his ear.

"Well - it's not ticking..." He joked to himself. Placing the package back on the table, he pulled open a drawer in the coffee table and rooted through the items inside, looking for a pair of scissors. He didn't find the scissors, but he did find a pen knife, and he flicked the short blade on the silver pocket knife open and used it to saw through the twine.

Pulling the paper off the package, Jake found himself looking at a shoe-box. Pulling the top of the box off, he opened it and looked inside.

Nestled in the tissue paper was a pair of shoes. Women's shoes.

Humming thoughtfully to himself, Jake eyed the footwear. They were a sort of cross between high-heeled pumps and sandals, kind of. He didn't know much about women's shoes, but figured that these were probably the 'summery' equivalent to the stiletto platforms that his ex-girlfriend Cassandra had used to wear to clubs. These shoes were white leather, with a six-inch spiked heel not unlike the ones that Cassandra's shoes had had. However, rather than an 'enclosing' upper, or even the standard type of strap, these shoes were really a series of white leather straps that had been criss-crossed where the foot would be, and then the ends of the straps would wind behind the ankle of the wearer, and back to the front where they would be buckled.

"Now, why would somebody...?" Jake started to ask himself - then stopped, catching sight of a note nestled between the shoes. Lifting the pink sheet of paper from its resting place, he unfolded it.

'Jake,' He read,

'Here's something for you to remember me by. I'm sure that this is an adequate compensation for the relation we had.' It was signed 'Cassandra'.

Lifting the shoes from the box, Jake looked at them and snorted.

Cassandra, a slender, energetic woman with dusky skin and dark, smoldering eyes had been absolutely incredible in bed - but she'd also been one of the strangest women Jake had ever gone out with. Claiming to be the queen of the Gypsies, she also claimed that she was actually over eighty years old - though she hadn't looked a day over Jake's own age of twenty-three. She'd been mystical and secretive, and she had these little rituals that she performed on certain nights, like nights of the full moon. However, he'd been willing to put up with her idiosyncrasies in light of her incredible energy and skill in bed.

However, she had finally become too much to take when she'd developed the 'certainty' that Jake was cheating on her with some of the girls down at the strip club.

Now, Jake knew he was a mildly chauvinistic man, and that he wasn't cut out for things like marriage or long-term, serious relationships. However, he was also - by his own, personal code - an honorable man. He might switch women fairly often - but he also ended the relationship with one before going onto another. He never cheated on his current girlfriend, and he never dated more than one woman at a time. In fact, the only reason he'd been going to the strip club was the fact that a friend of his owned, and had a bouncer injured in a fight. Jake had helped out by filling in for a week as the club's bouncer.

However, Cassandra hadn't believed it, and she'd become cool, calculating, shrewish and abrasive. On top of her other oddities, it had simply become more effort to maintain the relation than it was worth...

...at least, from Jake's point of view. Cassandra hadn't been so phlegmatic about it, though - she'd literally thrown a fit when he'd told her he was breaking up with her, and refused to acknowledge the break up for nearly twelve hours. Jake had finally been forced to call the cops and charge her with trespassing to get her out of his house. That was the point when she'd decided that it really was over.

And now...

Shaking his head at the memory of her antics, and at the really strange 'gift' she'd sent him, Jake tossed the shoes over one shoulder. Sitting back, he opened the morning paper and began to read.

By the time he was finished his first cup of coffee, Jake was becoming annoyed. For some reason, he was having trouble concentrating on the paper. Every few minutes, he'd find himself losing track of what he was read - and then, for no good reason, he'd find himself turning to look at the shoes, laying askew on the hard-wood floor where he'd negligently tossed them. They were just a goddamn pair of shoes, but for some reason, he couldn't seem to get them out of his mind.

Annoyed, Jake rose from the couch, planning to take the shoes and toss them in the garbage. But, as he neared the shoes, he found himself thinking about a different plan. For some reason, he began to develop an irrational urge to try the shoes on.

Deciding that he'd ignore the shoes altogether and take his paper into the kitchen - out of sight of the footwear - Jake turned away...

...then turned back. The shoes sat on the floor, gleaming whitely in the morning sun streaming in from the window. "This is *stupid!*" Jake declared to thin air, shaking his head at his own stupidity. "I mean... they wouldn't even fit me!"

There was no answer, of course - except for Jake's irrational desire to try the shoes on. A straight man with no past urges in cross-dressing, it shook him to the very core, and he tried to dismiss it - but it wasn't to be so easily sent away.

Jake tried to merely walk away from the shoes. But despite their commonplace appearance, something about them had gotten under his skin - into his mind - and he couldn't force himself to just leave.

Sighing, Jake shook his head again.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." Jake muttered. Cinching the bathrobe tighter around his muscular body, he walked over to the shoes. After a second's hesitation, he put his right foot into the webbing of leather straps, then - wobbling badly - he stepped into the second one.

Instantly, his feet complained - loudly - at being forced into the too-small women's shoes, while his calf muscled complained at the strain of maintaining balance atop the six-inch stiletto heels.

"I knew..."

Then the thought - and everything else - was blotted out by intense, mind-numbing pain that claimed his entire body.

Crying out, Jake fell forward onto his hands and knees, not even noticing the pain that came from bashing elbows and knees onto the hardwood floor. It was washed away, buried, in the avalanche of pain already overloading every nerve ending in his body, like a fire that was consuming him from the inside out.

Then the undifferentiated pain altered, changing texture into a thousand new - and unpleasant - sensations.

An intense itching all over his entire body, as if he could feel every follicle of his body hair moving, drawing inward on itself. An equal but opposite sensation from his head, as if somebody was pulling on each and every hair with great force.

A terrible crushing sensation in his waist, as if he were being crushed in a vise.

A strange stretching, pushing sensation in his hips and ass, as if he was being inflated like a living balloon.

A deep, throbbing ache from every bone in his body, much stronger in his feet, hands and face than elsewhere, as if the were moving, changing from within.

And an intense pushing sensation from his chest, compounded by a growing, dragging weight, as if gravity was increasing for just that one part of his body.

He screamed again, a high-pitched soprano suited to the cheesy eighties horror movie 'heroines' being hacked apart. He shuddered, dropping long strands of golden-blond hair in front of his eyes. The pain throbbed sharply through his body, and he almost blacked out at the crushing, blasting pain from his crotch, as if somebody had hit him there with a sledge-hammer.

Then the pain vanished as quickly as it had come, leaving Cyndi weak and limped. She collapsed forward, grimacing as her weight came down on huge, gorgeous tits, pressing her massive nipples into the floor.

She lay like that for a few seconds, enduring the indignity as she recouped her strength. Finally, she rolled over onto her firm, shapely ass and sat up. Brushing her long golden hair off her forehead, she began to gently rub her massive, tender tits, the MMM-cup boobs overflowing her slender hands. Despite the situation, it still felt as good as always, and she began to imagine it wasn't her hands at all, but the strong, firm hands of a handsome, muscular - and well-hung - stranger.

Closing her baby-blue eyes, Cyndi began to loose herself in the fantasy. Moaning softly in her breathy, high-pitched voice, she let one hand slide away from her gorgeous globes. It glided downwards, past her tiny waist, and settled between her shapely, tanned thighs.

Gently, Cyndi inserted one long-nailed finger into her now-sopping cunt and began to finger her clit, moaning again at the erotic connection made between her outsized clit and swollen nipples.

As the sensations ran through her, Cyndi smiled languorously, imagining the 'hunk' that was fondling her. Several inches taller than her own height of five-five, he would be well muscled. Dark-haired and dark eyes, with a nice, manly coating of body hair, especially the chest. Since the legends sometimes had basis in the truth, she made him Italian...

Her full, sensual lips slowly slid into a slight frown and her hands slowed their erotic motions. Despite the fact she was just fantasizing, the man she'd imagined almost seemed... familiar.

Cyndi's smooth, soft brow furrowed slightly as she tried to place the familiarity. She ran backwards in her memory. Jake's eyes flew open.

"Holy fucking shit!" He - she - screamed in horrified shock, yanking dainty hands away from a wet-dream body. Her huge, blue eyes locked onto the massive, round tits thrust from her slender ribcage, and her elfin jaw dropped.

"I... I... I'm a *woman*!"

Caught up in a thousand conflicting, whirling emotions and feelings - and thoughts - Jake did the first thing that seemed to make any sense in this impossible sensation. She kicked off the shoes adorning her dainty feet and used the heels of those feet to propel her backwards on her sexy ass, increasing separation between her outrageously sexy body and the footwear.

Breathing in sharp, short pants, Jake waited for something to happen, for pain to fill this ridiculously feminine body as she began to change back.

Nothing happened.

"Oh... shit..." Jake whispered, unsteadily. The world began to spin, the edges of it dimming into darkness as the sun slowly faded...

Realizing she was on the very edge of passing out, Jake struggled to keep herself from blacking out, forcing her breath to be deep and regular. It wasn't easy - not only did panic want her to gasp in short pants, but every breath she drew caused the

massive tits thrust from her chest to jiggle slightly, reminding her of their existence. Grimly, she hung onto consciousness, not really thinking at all as she struggled against the encroaching panic and the horror she was so desperately trying to repress. Shaking her head - which caused her thick, heavy mane of golden hair to fall in front of her huge, blue eyes - she drew her knees upwards until they crushed against her massive, firm tits, sending a shiver down her spine at the sensation. The pleasurable sensation didn't truly register on her conscious mind as she began to rock back and forth, staring blindly through the golden curtain of her hair.

"No"

The word was whispered in her breathy, high voice, a denial of what was happening to her. She said it again...

...and again...

..and again. It became a litany, a mindless repetition of the same word over and over, without any real meaning after the first time.

Time passed, but Jake didn't really register it. She sat, her mind blessedly blank, as the shadows slowly shifted their positions as the sun moved across the sky. The only thing that her mind did as she rocked back and forth was struggle to keep from allowing in the strange, un-Jake-like thoughts that wormed through her mind, insisting that she was somebody else, somebody for whom this body was a blessing, not a curse. The floated up, one at a time, like objects surfacing from a deep, dark pond. When a thought insisted that she'd been born in Atlanta, Georgia, her silent mind answered immediately that no - he'd been born right here in Philadelphia. Then her mind would remain silent and blank until the next conflicting thought or memory awoke.

There's no telling how long Jake might have sat in that corner, staring blindly into the distance with her bathrobe hanging open to expose her over-exaggerated body. She might have sat that way until she starved to death, for all she knew - and she probably wouldn't have even noticed it happening.

The only thing that kept her from sliding off into that comatose oblivion was the sound that slowly sank through the layers of barriers she'd mentally erected to protect her from the reality that was so unacceptable to her.

It was a ringing phone.

Vaguely, Jake realized it had been ringing for quite some time now. It's ring steadily for ten or twelve rings, then there'd be a short pause, then it would ring again. If it had only repeated the cycle once or twice, it might never have gotten through to her - but it had been ringing for so long now that it had finally sunk in.

For several minutes, Jake just stared across the room at the phone sitting on the end table, still whispering the one-word litany. Then, faintly, the light of conscious thought once more bloomed in her huge, clear eyes.

She shuddered as she once more was forced to face reality. Now feeling the sensation of her knees pressing against the huge, impossible firm tits thrust from her ribcage, she quickly shoved her legs away, shuddering with disgust at the sensation. The movement, however, caused those massive tits to jiggle, which was as distasteful as the earlier sensation, and Jake wanted to scream.

Instead, her mind latched onto the phone's ringing with desperate force.

"Help..." She whispered to herself, her mind still numb and befogged. It was the only way she could function, in this state of shock - if she'd come out of the fog-like state, she'd be screaming and gibbering. Instead, she forced herself to move, to go towards the phone.

Her mind had fixated on an idea. She'd answer the phone, and tell the person on the other end what had happened - they would send somebody to help her. All things considered, it was a ridiculous thought - but her mind, desperate and in shock, couldn't see the flaws in it, only the hope that was in it. She latched onto the idea with her mind, and that was that.

Pulling herself onto the couch, intent on the phone, she didn't even notice how she was moving - with an easy, supple - and very feminine - grace. She should have been awkward, with her body unfamiliar to her. It's radically changed - and top-heavy - balance and it's different center-of-gravity should have defeated her first attempt at moving - yet she unconsciously moved as easily and gracefully as if she'd been born in this body, with out even noticing it.

Lifting the phone, she brought it to her ear, already speaking in a flat, numb monotone.

"Help me. You have to help me, there's something wrong, I'm not the same..." She spoke in incoherent sentences, her mind not fully functional.

"I'll bet you're not." A smug feminine voice answered. Jake babbled right through it for a minute, then it percolated through her mind that the person at the other end had said something. Falling silent, she took a minute to figure out the meaning of the words.

When it sunk in, something sparked in her brain, and the voice itself registered, as well as the tone the words had been spoken in...

Suddenly, like awakening from a dream, Jake found the shock thinning and his mind returning to something closer to 'normal'. Her eyes narrowed as her brain began to combine things in a chain of logic, arriving at an inescapable conclusion...

"You!" Jake hissed, his high, breathy new voice eliminating most of the threat from the word. "You did this to me, bitch. I don't know how, but it was you!"

Cassandra laughed. "You should have taken me more seriously - especially when I told you that I knew Gypsy magic. But no... you didn't believe. Well - do you believe now?"

"You bitch!" Jake attempted a snarl, but her new vocal cords didn't allow it. "You change me back right now, or so help me I'll..." "You'll what?" Cassandra challenged, with a laugh. "There's nothing you can do. You could have avoided this altogether, if you'd just been faithful to me. After all the cheating, lying bastards I've had to put up with, I thought I'd finally found one man I could trust. But no - you were just like all the others, so now I have to punish you - just like I did with all the others."

"Look, you..." Jake began - to be cut off yet again.

"Why don't you go to the front door, sweet-cheeks? I left a little gift for you." Then she hung up.

Staring at the receiver, Jake seethed with anger. Slamming down the receiver, she shuddered with rage, and tried to think.

Now that she was reasonably coherent again, the thought of calling for help was revealed as ludicrous - there was no-one that she could call in a situation like this. The realization that there was no-one that could help her, panic started to seep in, and despair. She shivered, her breathing beginning to come in tight little gasps as the realization sank in that she might be trapped in this body forever...

Forcing down the tide of panic, Jake forced herself to think. There was one person who could 'help' - Cassandra. If she did this to him, she could undo it.

Locking onto that thought, she managed to hold onto her sanity. Rising to her - damnably dainty - feet, she angrily wrapped the bathrobe around her wet-dream body. Tying it pulled it tight over her tiny waist, and the top - not straining taut over her massive tits - displayed an awe-inspiring chasm of cleavage while causing pleasurable sensation to shoot through her from where the fabric hugged her huge, thick nipples.

Forcing her mind off the erotic jolts coming from her engorged nipples, Jake headed towards the foyer - and noticed, for the first time, the way she was moving.

"God damn it!" She cursed, struggling to walk in a determined, masculine stride - and failing. Whenever she fought the 'natural' movements of the body, she lost almost all control. She could decide where she was heading - but it seemed to be built-in to this body how she was going to get there - namely, with a sexy, hip-swiveling walk that caused her massive tits to sway slightly in the fabric prison that held them.

"Fucking Gypsy bitch!" Anger was good, Jake found - holding tight to the white-hot rage drove back the panic that threatened to rise at the discovery that she could no longer control the way her body moved, locked into a sexy, feminine grace that she despised and hated. Burning with rage and disgust, Jake entered the foyer...

...and eagerly jiggled over to the door. Pulling it open, Cyndi clapped her hands together at the sight of the promised gift sitting on the doorstep. Giggling in excitement, she picked up the small box and carried back to the living room. With her long nails, she ripped the packaging paper off the outside and opened the parcel.

"Oh, my!" Cyndi squealed. Reaching into the box, she pulled out the contents - a pair of French-cut lace panties, and a massive underwire bra, both in shocking hot pink.

Eagerly, Cyndi stood up and undid the robe, letting it puddle at her feet. Practically shivering with delight, she pulled on the panties, loving the way they slid up between her full, firm ass cheeks. With surprising dexterity, she pulled on the bra, loving the way it felt, cupping and lifting her massive globes. The feel of the satin material on her massive nipples was heavenly.

Giggling with joy, she sat down on the couch and pulled on the shoes Cassandra had sent earlier. Rising atop the spike-like heels, she jiggled and swayed up the staircase and her bedroom, where there was a full-length mirror.

"Oh, this is great!" She squealed joyfully, cupping her massive tits with disgust, yanking her hands away as if they'd been electrocuted.

"What the fuck...?" Jake gasped, feeling a deep, numbing shudder of fear. One instant, she'd been ready to go tear Cassandra a new asshole - the next, she'd been acting like the blonde bimbo she looked like. The thought that she could lose control of herself at any second was terrifying, on a very deep level.

Taking a deep breath - which did amazing things to her massive breasts - Jake got a hold of herself. For the moment, there was nothing to do but follow her original plan, and try to deal with anything that might come up during the course of it.

The first order of business was to get dressed - she wouldn't get far at all if she left the house nude. Looking down at the frilly pink undergarments, she shuddered but decided to leave them on. The shoes, however, were a different story - she quickly sat on the bed and unbuckled the strap, unwinding it from around her tiny new ankle so she could toss the footwear aside.

Barefoot, she hurried over to the closet, hoping she could find something that would fit a body radically different than the one the clothes had been designed to fit.

Frowning, she went through the stuff she owned, and sighed as she realized she wasn't going to have a lot of choice - she'd wanted to wear something baggy and concealing, but with this body, anything that had been baggy on her flat, masculine torso would, now, barely be big enough to contain her massive new endowments.

Within moments, she'd done the best she could, clothes-wise. She'd had to settle on a pair of jeans that were left over from his younger days. Back then, he'd been chubbier, and the shorter pants with the wider hips and ass now barely fit her altered body, hugging tightly to every curve but the waist, and that was taken care of by a belt, with a new hole punched in it.

With a grimace, Jake pulled on the top he was stuck with. Out of all the clothes, it was the one that fit her new figure the best - but the white cable-knit sweater hugged every contour of her massive new tits. She could have gone with a white T-shirt -

but the reflected sight of the hot-pink bra showing through the thin material had been too much to bear. At least the sweater was heavy enough that it wasn't see-through. Besides, she really didn't have much of a choice - it would be mild outside, but a sweater was necessary - there was no way she'd be able to get the light spring jacket zipped up.

Taking her keys and wallet, she prepared to leave...

...and that when she hit the snag.

Every pair of shoes in the house were huge on her diminutive new feet. Every pair but one, that is. Fighting fate, Jake tried wearing three pairs of socks, and stuffing a cloth at the end of the shoes. Even then, they were loose on her feet, and walking was an awkward, unstable nuisance, made worse by the top-heavy balance of her new body.

Grinding her perfect white teeth in annoyance, she gave into the inevitable, and sat on the edge to pull on the shoes that had started the whole mess she was in. Face flaming with a mixture of emotions, she headed out to the car, accompanied by the gentle clicking of the heels that she was helplessly swaying sexily atop.

Climbing into the car, she started to do up her seatbelt - then curse, and hastily loosened the chest belt. The only way she could wear the belt was with the loosened restraint between her massive new tits, clearly defining them. Gritting her teeth, she brought the engine to life with an angry twist of the key. Slamming the vehicle in reverse, she peeled rubber out of the driveway, eager to get to Cassandra's place and put an end to this torture.

She was about three blocks from Cassandra's place when the engine began to sputter. Glancing at the gauge, she was surprised to find that the tank was practically empty - she'd thought it was nearly full.

Grimacing at the delay, Jake pulled over to the side of the road and shut off the engine. Climbing out of the car, she was all-too-aware of the looks she was getting from the people passing on the sidewalk, the men especially. Flushing self-consciously at the way they stared at her massive tits, she hurried to trunk and popped it open. Leaning over very carefully - with the weight of her tits, which was a good extra thirty pounds up top, she had to be careful - she picked up the jerry can of gas she always kept in the trunk...

...and cursed when it lifted much too easily. Unscrewing the cap, she stared inside.

The can was bone-dry. In fact, it wasn't even her can, but another one. And, stuffed into the spout, was a small note. Picking it out of the can, Jake unfolded it.

'Another gift from an ex.'

It was unsigned, but Jake knew who had done this little routine.

Throwing the can back into the trunk with a curse, Jake slammed the trunk and turned towards the sidewalk. The reason for this latest indignity seemed completely frivolous, nothing more than forcing her to walk a distance in public. Why else would a certain amount of gasoline be left in the tank, rather than just siphoning it all out? It didn't seem to make any sense.

"Oh, goody!" Cyndi clapped her hands together gleefully, bounding up and down on her toes at the sight of the sign. The movement made her wonderful boobs move, which not only felt great, but got the guy's attention. Smiling at one of them - who was kinda cute - she put a little extra 'oomph' in her walk as she strut to the boutique that was having the complete make-over special.

An hour later, Cyndi emerged, feeling fantastic. Her hair was done up in a wonderful fall of golden hair on long waves, and her face had been artfully made up to enhance her sexy lips and big, blue eyes. With a little extra bounce in her step from how great she felt, she headed down the street and stopped dead, cursing vehemently, drawing a number of stares from those passing by. They wondered who 'Cassandra' was, and what she could have done to this gorgeous, huge-breasted blonde.

The women passing by, however, shared knowing looks, thinking they understood the significance of one woman swearing at the thought of another.

Compressing her full - and now, gloss red - lips together angrily, Jake stalked off towards Cassandra's place. Unfortunately, the 'stalk' of her new body looked like a sexy strut, but she was so enraged at this latest indignity that she didn't even notice that - to the rest of the world - she was moving with a sexy, swaying stride that did amazing things to the ass packed so firmly into the skin-tight jeans.

Not to mention what it did to her tits.

Fuming, Jake stamped up the stairs that fronted the walk of Cassandra's small bungalow. Heels clicking on the flagstone path, she stormed up to the door and rang the bell.

There was a short pause, then the door swung open. It wasn't, however, Cassandra who opened the door, but an incredibly good-looking guy. He was tanned and athletic-looking, and Cyndi's eyes widened when she glanced at the crotch of his tight jeans. She'd never seen such a large bulge, and her mouth began to water at the thought of what the denim was containing.

That wasn't the only thing that began to get wet.

"Hi - you must be Cyndi." The guy said, smiling. He held out a hand. "I'm Josh. Cassandra told me to expect you."

"Mmmm... Hi, Josh..." Cyndi cooed, stepping inside. "Are you a friend of Cassandra's?" She had a hard time keeping her eyes off his crotch - but figured that it was only fair, as Josh seemed to have his gaze locked on her tits.

"Well, kind of." Josh said with a slightly embarrassed look. "To tell you the truth, I'm her pool guy. Thing is, she said she had to go out, but that I should wait here. She told me you were coming over, and since she couldn't make it for your 'girls day out', maybe I'd do for a substitute."

Slowly licking her full, sexy lips, Cyndi shrugged. "Naw - we were gonna go shopping, and I don't think you'd enjoy that. Wanna fuck, instead?"

Josh's jaw dropped. "Huh? Uh, I mean, uh Huh?"

Cyndi blinked. "I said, wanna fuck? You seem to like the way I look, and you're getting me so hot that I might just explode." "Uh " Josh stammered, wide eyed.

"Say 'yes '" Cyndi prompted impishly. Then, deciding to make a forcing bid, she wrapped her arms around his neck and dragged his head down so that she press her firm, sexy lips against his and give him the most mind-blowing his he'd ever had.

That seemed to make up Josh's mind for him. Within seconds, his arms slid around to embrace her, and he pulled her tightly against his muscular body, her huge tits pressed against his chest.

Then, Cyndi pushed Josh backwards until his knees struck the edge of the large coffee-table. He sat down hard, unwillingly pulling away from her.

Smiling, Cyndi kept him from getting back up. "Strip, lover-boy." She cooed, and began to demonstrate the technique, using her own clothing.

He was a fast study.

She let him strip completely, while she only went down to bra and panties - then stepped back into her shoes so she could wiggle seductively.

Leaning forward - presenting him with a view of her magnificent cleavage - she smiled and wiggled her torso a bit. "Help me?"

Eagerly, Josh reached around her Finding the clasp of her bra, he quickly undid the eye-hooks and peeled the garment off, revealing her massive boobs in all their glory.

Leaning forward in a crouch that put her at the right level - one of the reason's she'd put her shoes back on - she let Josh fondle her massive tits, shuddering in pleasure as his hands found her swollen, thick nipples. The shudder intensified, accompanied with a low moan, as his lips found her nipples, sucking and licking them while his hands slid to her panties and guided the now-sopping garment down her legs and tossing it aside.

Gently, Cyndi positioned him 'just so', then too one step forward and, in a sitting position facing him, lowered herself on to his thick, long cock.

"Oh..." She moaned as she impaled herself on his hot, throbbing member. Smiling, she leaned forward and claimed a quick kiss. "Just relax - let sinful Cyndi do all the work."

Then, with a flex of her long, sexy legs, she began to drive herself up and down on his cock.

They moaned in unison, incredible sensation flooding through both of them as Cyndi began to drive harder, using her own weight to impale herself as deeply as possible on his throbbing member. Her moans began to acquire the same rhythm as her thrusts, and she leaned forward slightly, so that her nipples grazed up and down Josh's chest with each stroke, increasing the incredible sensations filling her body.

"Oh, God, baby..." Josh said, gasping. "Oh, yes... yes, you're the best, Jake."

"Mmmm... ohh " Cyndi tried to reply, but her mind was overwhelmed with the ecstasy, and little things - like command of the English language - seemed to have slipped from her for the moment.

Instead, she concentrated on driving harder and faster. Josh's hands reached around and cupped her firm, full ass, and he began to help her, forcing her faster, harder, deeper, increasing both their pleasure.

Then she came.

She screamed, a primal, wordless sound. Her body shuddered, her huge tits swaying as the orgasm took her. Her cunt clenched around the cock filling it, and that was enough to drive Josh over the edge. He moaned, low in his throat, as his cock began to gush.

And, in the middle of the orgasm, Jake's mind cleared off all the 'tampering' Cassandra had done, and she remembered who she really was, and what was happening to her.

As the last of the orgasm rocked the transformed man, 'Josh' lost the tenuous control necessary for the shape-change. With a ripple, his form wavered - and began to change.

Within seconds, it was no longer a muscular man that Jake was astride, but a slender, dusky woman who was panting at the effort she'd just been through.

Jake, caught in the emotions that what Cassandra had done to her, was now in the perfect position to express that emotion very, very directly. Before Cassandra could even speak, Jake acted.

She kissed Cassandra long and hard.

Giggling, Jake rolled off the coffee table and collapsed on the sofa. "God - that was great."

Cassandra, still catching her breath, smiled. "I should hope so - do you know how hard it was to set this one up? Not just wiping every trace of your transsexuality from your mind, but hiding the physical evidence at your house too."

Jake was busy fondling the massive tits hanging from her chest, now able to enjoy it more without the imposed 'straight-laced' version of his personality in place. "Yeah, well - thank you. It was great. I've always wanted to do the 'oh-my-god' type fantasy, like most of the TG stories on the 'net."

Leaning back on one elbow, Cassandra stared pointedly at the huge tits. "Is that where you got the idea for that... body of yours? I wondered, when you asked for tits like beach-balls."

"Yeah." Jake admitted. "But hey - it's a fun switch. I'm not saying I'd want something bigger than a D-cup, usually - but every once and a while..."

"Gotcha." The gypsy smiled. "Next weekend, lets just do the straight 'trading bodies' routine - this one really took it out of me. Magic isn't easy, you know."

"I know, I know." Jake said, leaning forward to kiss his girlfriend soundly. Pulling back, she asked a question in a slightly disappointed tone. "Does this mean you're too tired to change back into Josh? I was kinda looking forward to getting tit-fucked in this body - among other things." She cocked her head. "Hell - it's only Saturday afternoon. Please don't tell me that you're so pooped that we can't do anything else together this weekend."

Cassandra winked. "Hey - we'll probably be doing a lot of lesbo this weekend, and tomorrow night we'll go to a club and see if we can't pick up a couple of studs for a night of fun before you have to change back. However, for the moment, I'm pretty bushed - but, I think I can still do this..."

Jake smiled as Cassandra's crotch rippled - and a cock slowly formed. Thinner than before, it was also longer. "If I've guessed right, you can even suck me off while I'm tit-fucking you." Cassandra said with a smile.

"Well - why don't we find out?" Jake suggested. It turned out she could....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When he finds some porno tapes featuring bimbos in the trash, one man thinks it is his lucky day, but when he sits down to watch he never dreamed that he would become the bimbo

Caught On Tape

By Gunslinger

Pete Widzikowski was loading beers into the fridge to chill when a sudden thought struck that sent shivers up and down his spine that had nothing at all to do with the cool air from the refrigerator.

What if there was a damned good reason why those tapes had been in the garbage to begin with?

Heart thudding painfully in his narrow chest, the flaxen-haired collage student quickly jammed the rest of the bottle of Budweiser into the fridge, shoving aside the standard bachelor collection of microwavable meals and condiments to fit the rest of the case into the cool interior.

Slamming the door to the refrigerator shut, the lean young man hurried the few scant steps it took to go from his small apartment's claustrophobia-inducing kitchen to its cramped living-room. Pete, his face even paler than was usually the case, quickly wiped his damp hands on the somewhat baggy seat of his cut-off jean shorts - aside from being □tiny, the somewhat seedy-looking bachelor apartment also lacked AC, and was just barely shy of s□tifying. S□till, it was his own place, all his - though his usual pride of ownership was a li□tle muted at the moment by something that closely approached blind terror.

Spread across the surface of the battered and scarred coffee table in front of the 'pull out' futon that did double duty as couch and bed, the contents of the cardboard box he'd found in the apartment building's garbage bin lay scattered. Oddly enough, it included feminine items like a pair of high-heeled platform shoes and a couple of (ew!) *dildoes* - which were directly at odds with the items that had been on the top of the box, and which had prompted him to 'rescue' it in the first place:

Porn videos.

It was the lurid, graphic covers of these video that had caught Pete's eye - and fired his imagination. Not in the usual sense that a porn video would fire the imagination of a red-blooded college student, but as a means to an end - a way to be 'popular'.

Now, however, the thought that he might have 'jumped the gun' terrified him. Hell - he didn't even know if there were actually porn videos inside those highly explicit cases!

Picking one at random, Pete held the cardboard box upright and allowed the cassette inside to slip down into his hand for his watery blue eyes to scrutinize.

Externally, the tape seemed to be in good shape. Though the once-vibrant label that exclaimed the tape to be a copy of ***BIG- BOOBED BONDAGE BEAUTIES*** was a bit faded and tattered at the corners, there was no obvious sign of any damage to the tape.

Still, the ugly thought persisted - because, having finally gotten his own place, and thus the ability to air a porno tape without any chance of his mother finding out what was going on, the less-than-popular college student had been so hyped that he'd called Jack and Steve to come over for 'a cool surprise' without actually checking what, if anything, was on the tape.

If they got here and the tape didn't work - or worse, the porn movie had been taped over with somebody's kid's birthday party of the like - he was going to look like an idiot.

Well - an even bigger idiot, since his 'rep' wasn't exactly anything to boast about at the moment.

Still, the thought was horrifying to the very, very social-status conscious young man. After all, it was nearly impossible to not be aware of social status at college when you, yourself, had none at all...

Well, at least the thought had occurred to him no, before the 'cool guys' he hoped to win friendship - or at least grudging acceptance - from showed up. Though it was too late to call off the invitation if there *was* something wrong with the tape, at least finding out now would give him time to come up with some sort of secondary plan.

Actually, the truth was much simpler than coming up with back-up plans of any sort - the horrible thought having struck him, Pete simply couldn't help himself. With the near-disaster his social life had been, he just had to know.

Mentally reminding himself, again, to get rid of the other items before the guys showed up, Pete stepped around the cluttered coffee table and took the two long strides needed to reach the off-brand VCR resting atop the old, wood-cabinet-enclosed twenty-four-inch RCA TV that had been state-of-the-art in the early eighties.

Bending down over the old-fashion top-loading VCR, he hit the button that popped out the cassette shuttle, and slipped the tape in and pushed it down.

At first, all the sounds were just as they were supposed to be - the warm, oiled mechanical humming and clicking the somewhat noisy machine was supposed to make...

...and then there was a horrible, out-of-place 'zurp' sound, followed by a squealing whine completely out of place for any correctly-functioning mechanical device.

"Aw, shit...!" Pete swore, his gut clenching as he stabbed frantically at the 'eject' button.

After an eternal second, the tape shuttle popped up out of the machine and shoved the tape forward. Gripping it by the exposed front edge, Pete pulled it out of the machine...

...and swore anew at the sight of the shiny black ribbon of tape that unreeled out behind the tape, the other end still mired somewhere in the internal workings of the machine.

Putting the cassette down on the top of the TV, Pete gently gripped the glossy double layer of magnetic tape and tugged lightly on it, trying to get the VCR to give up its grip on it. Though it seemed obvious that the video itself was FUBAR - Fucked

Up Beyond All Recognition - Pete still needed to try and work the tape out of the machine if he intended to ever use the VCR again.

Muttering the word 'damn' over and over again in some sort of magic mantra to keep his hands from expressing the frustration he felt, Pete tugged at the surprisingly sticky-feeling tape, trying to get the machine to give up it's grip.

Without warning, the machine did exactly that - at the very instant where his tenuous grip on his humiliation-enhanced anger boiled over into an overly-energetic tug on the tape.

Pete reeled backward, balance lost with the lack of the resistance he'd been braced for, and he stumbled across the floor of the tiny living room as the oddly tacky tape clung to his hands, the tape still attached to the other end flying off the TV with his jerking motion to fly up and over him as he staggered back.

Just as the cassette, trailing tape like a tail, whipped up and over his shoulder, the back of Pete's calves came into hard contact with the edge of the coffee table.

The table flipped over backwards, spilling the items into the narrow space between the table and the couch. Even as the table finished hitting the floor, the tape whipped down and around, coming up under the opposite armpit... and somehow managing to 'bolo' around, whipping up and over his wrists and wrapping itself around them three or four times even as he flew backwards to end up sprawled half-seated on the couch.

"Oh, *fuck!*" Pete shouted at the top volume the lungs in his scrawny chest could produce, stunned by the entire incident - which had lasted, perhaps, all of two seconds.

Struggling to free his hands from the tape - which, oddly enough, was not only sticky, but considerably stronger than he ever imagined half-inch magnetic tape could be - Pete put his feet down on the floor, intending to stand up...

...and cursed anew as his feet landed atop something, and odd metallic 'clicking' sound accompanying the feel of his bare feet on something cool and smooth.

He lifted his feet - and whatever he stepped on lifted with them, a tight sensation just below his ankles accompanying the cramped sensation of his toes.

Leaning down, Pete looked between his pale, hairy pipe-stem legs...

...and gaped.

"How the hell...?" He asked himself in a disbelieving voice.

He was wearing the high-heeled platform shoes.

Well, not exactly 'wearing' - since the platform bright red platform pumps were too small for his feet. Still, the toes of each foot were crammed into the front of each shoe - and the ankle strap of each of the pumps was snapped into place just below each ankle.

Even assuming the odds allowed him to end up with one foot coming down exactly into the toes of each foot, how the hell had the ankle straps managed to snap themselves closed...?

Confusion now warring with annoyance, anger and humiliation, Pete leaned forward to undo the small buckles of the ankle straps...

...except that his 'taped together' hands weren't able to perform the job.

Cursing, the confusion growing, he pulled hard against the tacky, taut tape - and it didn't give at all.

"What the hell is with this tape...?" HE asked himself, shaking his head as he reached down to grab the cassette laying between his feet...

...and just as his hands started to close, the canted cassette rolled off the object it had been resting on, and Pete's hands instead wrapped themselves around the thick black dildo that had lain underneath.

"Shit!" Pete shouted, trying to drop the smooth, phallic object - but it seemed to be bound up in the tape, and he couldn't get his hands to release their grip from around the base of the long, hard plastic cock.

Angrily trying to shake the dildo free from his hands, he jerked upright...

...completely forgetting about his feet, still crammed into the shoes with their three-inch his inward sloping platforms and slender nine- inch heels.

He managed to get to his feet all right - but there was no chance at all of him managing to keep himself upright. He couldn't have stood in the shoes had they been all the way on his feet, much less in the half-on tip-toe position he was in now.

Cursing at the top of his lungs, Pete staggered around, shaking his hands frantically as he tried to unwrap his hands from around the damned dildo.

He accomplished many things - but none of the ones he wanted.

Reeling and wheeling about the tiny living room, his arms waving and pistoning, he trailed a whirling, whipping cassette that unspooled more and more tape - tape that wrapped itself more and more around him, even as the exposed end of it got even longer.

The tape not only whipped and whistled around him, it's sticky surface dragged down near the floor - and suddenly stuck to the side of the other oversized dildo still laying on the floor.

At the same moment, Pete just happened to slam backwards against the support column that separated the kitchen from the living- room - and the whirling, whipping tape suddenly swung around and over, wrapping itself around the column...

...and around his calves...

...around the column again, higher and moving faster as the arc of the shrinking length of tape grew shorter...

...then around his thighs. The column.

His waist - and hands. Column.

Chest and arms. Column...

...and then, with the last of it's velocity, back around his face...

...just as he opened his mouth to swear...

...and the dildo attached to the sticky tape slammed deep into his open mouth, it's thick bulk filling it completely as the tape finished it's last spin and pulled his head tight to the column.

Eyes wide, Pete grunted in horror and shock and minor pain, trying to scream in disgust and horror.

He couldn't - because of the head of the outsized plastic phallus that filled his mouth, held tightly in place by the tape.

The same tape that pinned his hands at his crotch level, the second dildo pressed hard against the sensitive flesh of his cock and balls.

As Pete struggled - vainly - against the impossible bonds of the tape, the thought that flitted across his confused, humiliated, horrified mind was: 'This is impossible!'

However, that wasn't at all true. What had happened so far was 'merely' highly *improbable*. What happened *next* was 'impossible'.

His entire body jerked - as his feet slid down to fit perfectly inside the incredibly high-heeled shoes, canted easily and 'natural' on the sixty-degree angle demanded by the high arch the slender heels imposed.

Not because the shoes had gotten any longer, but because - in a incredibly strange-feeling 'pulling' sensation, his feet had suddenly shrunk to fit.

Not that Pete could see any of this, of course. He couldn't see that his feet had become small and dainty and well-arched below slim, well-rounded ankles enclosed by the straps, any more than he could see that the shoes themselves had suddenly become a glossy jet black, with gleaming steel spike heels...

...but he could *feel* things happening. He could feel the strange, utterly impossible changes - as they raced upwards over his body.

He could feel strange pulling and pushing sensations as his previously angular, ungainly legs filled out into shapely new curves and hollows.

The 'crawling ants' sensation of his wiry body hair slurping back into the shrinking pores of his skin, leaving it silky smooth and eminently supple...

...and that was only the beginning.

As Pete grunted and moaned, struggling and writhing in the bonds of the impossible video tape, the changes continued flowing upwards - even as things continued to change behind the fore-front of the expanding wave of impossible alterations.

His legs - now long, smooth, and undeniably feminine in their shapely contours - were being forced steadily wider apart - as the 'tape' wrapped around his damnably attractive new feminine laps widened and thickened, the feel of them against the slick, smooth skin also changing as it acquired a new texture - that of cool, gleaming black close-grained leather of the finest quality.

Leather straps that bound those long, sexy new legs at an almost forty-five degree angle - and attached to the gleaming metal, black- leather-padded framework that was spinning itself out of nothing behind them.

Pete's incoherent grunting around the dildo-gag grew stronger in frantic intensity - as he felt his hips pushing out wider and wider, a more undeniably feminine curvature...

...much better suited for supporting the firmer, fuller ass-cheeks swelling out the back of his jean shorts. Shorts which, themselves, were also changing, becoming more feminine...

..as was only 'reasonable' - considering that the dildo pressed tight against his crotch was moving inexorably inwards against the resistance of his shrinking cock and balls.

Pete's muffled attempts at screaming became much higher - not because of any mystical change, but out of sheer, mindless horror.

Horror driven by the fact that the leather 'hot pants' now tightly incasing his full, firmly founded feminine ass and equally feminine wide, smoothly rounded hips had a 'slit' over the crotch...

...allowing the huge, thick dildo to slide smoothly and easily into the tight, wet embrace of her warm, supple new womanhood.

Pete's 'hysterical screams' became... something different as he first experienced the sensation of a large, hard object filling a tight, wet, oh-so-highly-sensitive cunt.

His cunt. *Her* cunt.

After all, it was only reasonable to apply the feminine article to anybody who had a tight pussy to be filled with a big, thick dildo - a dildo gripped in slender, well-formed hands whose long fingers were tipped with equally long, blood-red nails.

Hands encased in fingerless black leather 'gloves' attached by gleaming stainless-steel 'O'-rings to the metal-and-leather framework...

...a framework which had electrically-operated actuators that moved her hands.

Helplessly, locked into the grip of the machine, the feminizing Pete fucked her pleasure-charged cunt with the smooth plastic of the oversized dildo.

The moans forced around the dildo filling her still-masculine lips changed character as Pete was hit - and hit hard - with the unwanted pleasure issuing in liquid waves from her slick, warm new cunt.

The changes continued.

With a sensation somehow diametrically opposed to the bloated feeling of gas, his waist crimped inwards a remarkable degree, even as the 'tape' wrapped around broadened into a tight leather corset trimmed in shining steel grommets that connected to the metal framework forming itself behind her altering figure.

Writhing and moaning in the helpless grip of the unwanted pleasure that came from her unstoppable - and vigorous - motions with the dildo, Pete was 'distracted' from the sensations wracking her changing body - but not enough to notice the sensations as the bony ribcage smoothed out into more feminine dimensions - all the better to support the softly firm masses of flesh bulging steadily outwards in two unmistakable domes.

Domes that rapidly filled out into firmly rounded spheres.

Spheres that showed no interest in stopping at merely 'big', rapidly swelling out into the 'huge' range, the frank, pink nipples tipping each firm new breast growing in rapid pace along with the tits...

...which were now surrounded by a 'cage' of leather in a strange sort of garment that was sort of a 'reverse brassiere', supporting the swelling breasts without covering them.

Seconds later, a pair of huge, firm breasts, each the size of an extraordinarily delectable watermelon, thrust proudly from her chest - tipped by large, thick nipples, each of which were the 'proud bearer' of a large, gleaming steel nipple ring.

Huge, firm, round tits - that bounced and jiggled and swayed with each hard, rhythmic thrust of the dildo. Each disgustingly *enjoyable* thrust of the big, hard dildo...

...and still the changes continued.

Her neck became slimmer and longer - underneath the wide black leather collar that formed around the swan-like neck now laying in the shadow of the slender, finely-formed jaw...

...which boasted the glossy-red bee-stung lips wrapped around the equally big dildo now attracted to the black leather straps connected to the metal braces on either side of her stunning, triangular-shaped new feminine face, holding the dildo-gag in place.

A face boasting a pair of rich, emerald-green eyes that, even widened in unwanted pleasure and horror, remained heavy-lidded and seductive, peering past the long, dark eyelashes of her purple eye-shadowed lids.

A face that was, in turn, surrounded by the thick, luxuriant wave of rich, dark red hair that spilled out from her scalp, completing the transformation of a scrawny young man into a shapely, huge-breasted woman clad in luxuriant, fetishistic leather and mounted on an articulated frame that held her in lace as it forced herself to fuck her flame-hair trimmed new cunt with the juices-slicked dildo in her gloved hands.

Her voice - now husky and feminine in a rich, low, erotic moan - was almost equally helpless in it's need to respond to that unwanted pleasure which thundered through her transformed new body...

...but, muffled by the gag, it wasn't even close to loud enough to drown out the sound of the knocking on the apartment door. Jack and Steve had arrived.

Helplessly moaning around the dildo between her full lips, drawing steadily closer to orgasm, the new woman felt a shudder run through her as she was suddenly struck by a confused feeling - not sure if she wanted to be 'found' and released or not.

The knock came again.

"Pete? You there...?" Steve's voice called...

...and the doorknob turned. The unlocked doorknob.

The door opened.

"Pete? What's the surprise...?" Jack called, stepping into the apartment. Tall and lean, but well muscled and darkly tanned, the dark-haired young man in the khaki shorts and baggy gray athletic shirt stepped out of the way to allow the shorter, much heavily muscled young man with the shaved head and close-cropped brown goatee who stepped in behind him.

"Pro'ly something really lame." Steve said, his voice low and gravely as he glanced around the cramped apartment, his gray eyes narrowed. "I mean, what could a geek like Pete have worth..."

"Holy shit..." His taller friend said in an oddly breathless voice. He'd caught sight of Pete.

Not that he recognized the pneumatic red-head as the geeky blond kid, of course.

"Holy geez..." Steve agreed in a similar, if lower, tone, as he also stepped into the living room to stare at the wide-hipped, big-titted woman mounted on a leather and metal framework, frantically masturbating with a big black dildo.

Heavy-lidded eyes unable to express her true feelings, the new woman made sounds intended to convey one thing - but coming across as eager, horny moans of pleasure to the ears of the two young men.

"Shit - get a load of this...!" Steve said, somehow managing to rip his eyes off her huge, shimmying tits to read something on the control panel mounted on the side of the framework.

"I'm Penny Plaything, the Big-Boobed Bondage Beauty." He read in an awed voice. "The Pleasure Provider 3000 will release me only after each of it's functions have been used at least once. Enjoy!"

"You gotta be shittin' me..." Jack said, shaking his head.

"I don't think so." Steve said, a slow grin forming on his heavy-featured face. "She sounds ripe and ready now, don't she?"

"Maybe..." Jack said, a matching smile slowly surfacing on his face. "Why don't we try one of these functions and see what happens...?"

"Why don't we...?" Steve agreed - and reached out to push the 'blowjob' button on the console.

Pete - or 'Penny' - barely noticed the by-play, because she was much too busy trying to cope with the fact that she was on the very edge of her first female orgasm...

...which she didn't quite make it too as he hands suddenly released the dildo, leaving it lodged in her cunt as the framework hummed, leaning her forward as her cradled hands were pulled upwards.

As the machine hummed it's way into position, the straps holding the dildo-gag in place 'retracted', pulling the dildo free.

Even in the unwanted disappointment flooding her at the frustration of nearly reaching orgasm, Penny tried to cry out for help...

...and was horrified to hear nothing but an horny, eager-sounding moan emerge from her full new lips.

She tried again, struggling to get her feminine new voice to form the words - and her increased effort made her new moan sound all the more emphatic...

...and consenting.

"Yeah - she wants it..." Steve grunted, undoing his jeans as the machine finished humming into position - leaving her 'leaning over', huge tits hanging loose as her hands ended up in position in front of her new mouth...

...all at just the right height.

Grinning, Steve stepped forward, sliding his already hard cock into her hands...

...and through them, directly into a her mouth.

A mouth that, as if on it's own, tightened around the warm, slightly musky-tasting cock, as if her body was as automated as the complex device that held it.

Helpless to stop herself, Penny began giving her first blowjob.

Not that Steve had any idea that it was a first for the woman - because she was doing it like and expert.

"Oh, God - yeah!" Steve cried, his head rolling back and his eyes closing in pleasure as her gloved hands began working the shaft with a steady rhythm while her lips and tongue danced over the head and the end of the shaft in expert patterns. "Oh, baby - that's the way..."

"Damn...!" Jacks gasped, watching the big-titted red-head slurp Steve's cock like an expert, his own cock like an iron bar in his shorts.

Penny, however, was experiencing some rather different emotions than those one might assume from the happy-sounding little moans she was making.

She was, quite frankly, horrified and disgusted to find herself helplessly - and hungrily - slurping away on a hard, throbbing cock, tasting the salty muskiness of the living flesh filling her 'expert' mouth as she licked and sucked the throbbing member. She struggled, desperately, to make herself stop - but her new, unwanted body ignored her in favor of continuing the requested blow-job, just like the obedient little sex slave she would appear to be.

Inside, her screaming mind was still that of Pete Widzikowski - but in body and action, in everything the outside world had to observe and interact with, she *was* Penny Plaything, the Big-Boobed Bondage Beauty.

Which was why when her talented hands and mouth worked to the final end of getting Steve off, her throat worked convulsively, 'eagerly' gulping sown the thick, salty, astringent load of cum that Steve pumped into her warm, waiting mouth...

...and she groaned with every sign of pleasure as he did so.

"God - that was the best blowjob ever..." Steve said, pulling his slowly softening cock from her mouth - as she licked the last droplets of cum from her lips, apparently savoring the flavor. "Damn, but she'd a cock-hungry slut, ain't she?"

"My turn..." Jack said, hoarsely, stepping up to the machine. He glanced over the remaining three options - then pressed a button.

With a humming sound, the machine began to reconfigure itself. Even as Jack hastily dropped his shorts, her hands went back to the massive dildo still impaling her tight cunt - and pulled it free with a wet, slurping sound, it and the hands gripping it going back up, this time to rest over her head as the machine finished swiveling her, leaving her inclined on a nearly ninety-degree angle, legs spread invitingly.

It was an invitation that Jack needed to promptly take. Stepping forward into the 'V' of her spread, canted legs, he pushed a small lever on the side that 'fine tuned' her to the right height - then eagerly slammed his throbbing manhood deep within the wet embrace of her waiting womanhood.

The low moan from her throat gave every indication of deep, eager pleasure...

...and it was only half 'forced', because the shocked, stunned, helpless man trapped in the buxom body was forced to experience the physical pleasure of an act that created emotional horror and disgust.

Leaning forward, his hands going to her huge, firm tits, Jack began to thrust his hips in a hard rhythm, working for his own pleasure, and his own pleasure alone as he began to fuck her hard and quick, hands squeezing and mauling her boobs...

...and despite his 'me, me, me' approach, she couldn't help but feel growing pleasure as her delayed orgasm began to approach again, the hard masturbation session with the dildo having 'prime her pump'.

The blow-job had told her what her fate was to be. Even after she was released from the machine, she was going to play the role she now embodied, unable to be anything but Penny Plaything...

...and that knowledge, combined with the rapidly approaching orgasm, was enough to push her entrapped mind over the brink, and in the gibbering madness that enveloped her, she cheerfully embraced her new role in life as that of huge-breasted sex slave.

* * * * *

As his friend banged the big-titted slut hard, Steve looked around the skuzzy apartment, looking for something to occupy him while he waited his turn...

...and his eyes fell on some brightly colored boxes on the floor near the couch.

Bending over, Steve grinned at the sight of the porn videos scattered on the floor.

"Cool..." Steve said, rummaging through them. Finally, he straightened, holding a copy of '*Deviant Vixens*' in one meaty hand.

Grinning to himself, he walked over and slipped the tape into the already open slot of the VCR, pushing it down into the machine. The machine hummed and whirred...

...and then there was a terrible, discordant 'zort' sound, followed by a ragged squeal completely out of place for any correctly- functioning mechanical device.

THE END



SUMMARY: A man meets five women demonesses, hellspawn on torturing him, and must pay a dear price for being a black-mailer when returning home to his childhood roots.

Cells And Gibbets

By Gunslinger

Clayton Edward Munroe's 'Triumphant Return' to the place where his path to privilege and fortune began was somewhat marred by the fact that he was nearly killed by a massive, rusting iron gate almost the instant he arrived.

Ears still ringing from the sharp, ear-drum-crackling sound of metal-on-metal, Clay pushed himself off the badly overgrown stone-paved driveway, brushing the leaves and dirt from his tan slacks and off- white, cable-knit turtle-neck sweater. His right knee gave a twinge, letting him know it wasn't happy about the sharp blow it had taken on his instinctive dive away from the gate, but Clay had to admit that a sore knee beat the hell out of having the gate crash down on his head.

Besides - the pain was more the a little muted by the champagne he'd drank a) at his penthouse apartment before coming here, b) in the Jag while on his way up here, and c) finishing the bottle of Cliquot Veuve just before trying the gate.

More than just his pride was injured, however. Running his manicured fingers through his short, dark hair, Clay looked mournfully at his hunter-green Jaguar XJS, its hood and roof crumpled by the gate that had cashed down on it, the windshield turned into small, pebble-like chunks of safety glass that were sprayed through the cream-colored leather interior of the luxury sports car. Several of the spear- like uprights of the gate had broken free from the badly rusted cross-bars, and had all-but-shot through the windshield, one of them actually protruding halfway through the driver's seat.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't go with Plan 'A'..." Clay muttered, shaking his head as he surveyed the damage to his beloved Jag.

When he'd first pulled the car up to the massive, locked gates that protected the decaying hulk of what had once been the Merriweather Academy for Young Ladies, he'd looked at the gigantic rusted hinges and thought they were permanently frozen in place, and had considered just trying to 'nudge' them open with the Jag. To be honest, it was the thought of

scratching the paint on the sloping hood that had convinced him to test the hinges by hand, despite the 'obvious' fact that they were rusted solid.

And, indeed, the hinges themselves would never rotate. However, Clay hadn't taken into account the fact that the rusting bolts that had once firmly secured the gate to the gray stone pillars were no longer capable of supporting the massive weight of the wrought iron *and* handle the relatively little force he'd applied to them in trying to open them. If he hadn't come along, the gates would probably have fallen in a year or two, just from age and weather. A good, strong gust of New England wind would have done the job.

Normally, Clay wouldn't have taken the damage to his car so philosophically, but between the champagne and the fact that he was celebrating having just signed a deal that made him the youngest member of the NYSE's 'Platinum Club,' the damage to his beloved status symbol could be viewed with a certain amount of detachment.

It was the signing of that deal that brought him back here. This place was Clay Munroe's greatest memory - and greatest secret.

Though none of his 'associates' knew it, this was where the now thirty-two year old 'wheeler and dealer' had learned all he needed to know about making it in the cut-throat world of the financial markets - and it hadn't been from Merriweather's business classes, which had been almost non-existent.

Back then, Clay had been a fifteen-year-old orphan, on his own - and secretly living within the walls confined of the once-prestigious New England finishing school, in a small cottage that had belonged to the 'Head Groundskeeper', back when Merriweather had been able to afford such things. Despite a growing financial problem that would shortly lead to the school's closing, Merriweather still had a fair number of very 'upper crust' young ladies in attendance, girls whose mothers had attended Merriweather, and wanted their daughters to share in their Alma Mater.

It was here that young, dirty Clay had learned the secret to Blackmailing for Fun and Profit. It had begun as a survival skill, since he'd needed 'confederates' on the inside to help him obtain food and clothing, as well as other necessary items. He'd all-but-stumbled across the answer on one of his midnight raids to the kitchen's garages - when he'd come across a couple of young ladies busy toking on a big, fat reefer.

Since that could get the girls in trouble, he'd immediately seen the possibilities inherent in the situation, and had begun his life as a blackmailer. From there, he used the girls to garner new secrets, bigger secrets, that allowed him to gain a greater hold over them, making it possible to get more and more out of them, in a vicious cycle that the girls, for all their 'hoity-toity' education, didn't have a clue as to how to escape, because doing so would ruin them as well.

Clay had been absolutely certain that he'd had their lives and souls in the palms of his hands when he began having sex with the girls, whether they really wanted to or not - they just couldn't refuse, the alternative being so much worse.

Since then, Clay had moved up in the world, and quickly enough too - and nobody but he and his victims knew that his amazing 'insight' into the financial world came from the fact that he had more than two dozen women in his pocket, women married to the movers and shakers of the financial world and who knew many of their husband's secrets, and passed them on to Clay, usually in a secret apartment he owned, where he could indulge in the 'forbidden fruit' of these married women who would almost literally die rather than let the world find out all their dirty little secrets - and yet, every time they obeyed Clay's orders, they just dug themselves deeper into a dark bit that had driven two of his stable into 'inexplicable' suicides.

He'd made sure to get rid of any damning suicide notes that might have revealed his part in their suicides, of course...

The others half-hoped he'd someday make good on his promise to just let them walk away - but he merely snickered at the thought, since these women, weak and pathetic, were his secret to fame and fortune, and he'd use them up until they were dry. Not that he planned to let even that stop him - he'd already started 'cultivating' a couple of these women's daughters.

One *did* have to plan for one's future, of course...

That thought ran through his mind in the voice of Miss Haversham, one of the teachers, and the thought made him chuckle as he walked around to the rear of his car and unlocked the trunk.

Darkness was just settling in, the late-summer twilight further cut by the tall, stately trees that overhung the overgrown drive. The gathering gloom was quickly dispelled by the bright white light from the 12-Volt lantern flashlight Clay withdrew from the trunk, however. Holding the large, square light in his right hand, Clay gathered up another bottle of champagne in the other and pushed the trunk closed. Following the bright white cone of the light, he headed walked past the car and carefully maneuvered around the demolished gate, entering the overgrown grounds of the old school with a certain sense of homecoming.

It was a rather Gothic homecoming, though. The Merriweather Academy was one of the original ivy- covered institutions of yore, a sprawling gray-stone building with hand-chiseled motifs around doors and windows, now mostly hidden by the ivy that crept across the darkened building. Following the beam of the lantern, Clay made his way to the main building, the overgrown lawn and hedges seeming to jump and sway in the moving beam of light.

The big, oak doors that led into the building were a little more weathered, but otherwise as Clay remembered them being - large and formidable, bound in iron and looking like they'd been relocated from a fortress of old.

It was only upon seeing them did Clay realize he hadn't bothered to try and track down a key to open them. With a muffled curse, he put the bottle of champagne down on the step, and half-heartedly gave the big brass latch a try...

...and was surprised and gratified to hear that old familiar 'clunk' of the heavy, old-fashioned latch letting go. There wasn't even a screech from the big brass hinges as he pushed the door open, revealing the darkened interior of the school's lobby.

Picking up the champagne, Clay entered the building and closed the door behind him. Looking around with a certain sense of satisfaction, he found memories flooding back - memories further enhanced by the fact it was now full night, just as he'd planned.

Due to his status - or lack thereof - he'd never dared wandered the grounds of the Academy in broad daylight. Though he could have come earlier in the day, somehow it seemed fitting that this last visit to the academy be like all his visits, shrouded in darkness. The daylight belonged to the public image he presented the rest of the world, that of C. Edward Munroe, gifted financial genius. Clay, however, an orphan and blackmailer, was a creature of darkness and secrets, and it was only fitting that this nostalgic journey be conducted under the cloak of darkness.

With a small, self-satisfied grin on his face, Clay headed for the broad, sweeping oak staircase that rose from the center of the foyer and split to the left and right. His expensive Italian-leather shoes made small, sharp ringing noises on the dusty marble floor, the sound seeming crisp and clear in the silence of the abandoned school - a far cry from the silent, slightly frightened footsteps of a bare-foot youth creeping about.

The once-regal red carpet on the stairs was faded and dusty, but the aged oak beneath was still sound, the heavy wooden stairs not even creaking as he walked boldly up the center of them, something he'd never done before. Always, in his youth, he'd crept up the side of the stairs, near the ornate banisters, eyes flicking around in fear of the 'House Mothers' who strolled the grounds, ostensibly as chaperones and security... but, usually, on their way to the kitchen for a midnight snack and cigarette, washed down perhaps by a touch of port or sherry, which was against school rules but a 'open secret' among the staff - and known, of course, to the silent presence who knew all the dirty little secrets the stone walls of the academy contained.

Part of him almost wished he was back in those long-ago days of youth. Sure, he hadn't been rich, and sure, he'd been living like a rag-tag street orphan, dressed in stolen girls' clothing and living off the refuse of the school kitchen. Despite all the hardships, though, he could still remember the heady thrills of those days, when he had just discovered the power and influence he could wield over other human beings.

The nostalgia was so strong, he could practically hear the feminine chatter of those now-grown girls...

Clay came to a dead stop, a puzzled frown crossing his face. There was no 'almost' about it - he could hear the sound of girls chatting in low tones. In fact, it was getting clearer, louder - and was no accompanied by the sound of those short, Mary-Jane heels on hardwood floors.

Clay stopped dead, paralyzed by surprise. Who was in here? And why?

Before he could realize that those questions could wait, before he could think to try one of the doors lining the hallways, a flare of red-tinted light sprang around the wooden door at the end of the corridor as it was swung open...

...revealing a quintet of young ladies dressed in the well-remembered uniform of the Merriweather Academy.

Clay's eyes roamed over the young women's bodies and clothes. All were dressed in identical clothes a starched, white cotton blouse over 'sensible' undergarments. A dark-blue-and-white plaid skirt, knee-length, sensible and a tad shapeless. A matching dark-blue blazer (or sweater-vest, also acceptable under the Dress Code). White wool, cotton or opaque nylon hose. Black 'Mary Jane' shoes with a sensible one-and-a-third-inch-heel.

The uniforms were the same as Clay remembered - but not the bodies filling them out. Merriweather, at least of old, was a haven for tall, elegant, slender women. Caucasian women, mostly. Oh, there were a few 'odd girls out', but not many.

And certainly not like this. The five girls could have been sisters, so similar were they. They all had dark, dusky skin - something that looked to him like a shade somewhere between 'Indian Red' and 'Latino Bronze'. Their eyes were slightly almond-shaped, dark and mysterious. Their lips were full and round above mischievously impish chins. Full manes of jet-black hair cascaded past this face - and over the shoulders of a body that was taut and muscled without being 'masculine'. There was a lot of power in these girl's bodies - but feminine power, smooth and graceful. These were no 'innocent' school-girls. They were twenty-one if they were a day, with lush, taut bodies promising rampant sensuality beneath those boring, 'Plain-Jane' uniforms.

Now, Clay new very well that he had no rightful reason to be in the school, whereas the girls might... but: 'when in doubt, attack!'

"What are you girls doing here?" Clay asked, balancing his tone between a demand and a causal inquiry.

The dusky, beautifully toned women shared a long look among themselves, nearly identical gloss-red lips curving up at the corners slightly in nearly-identical secretive smiles.

Then the one leading the 'wedge' of young-women 'girls' spoke in a rich, melodic voice.

"My, my - what have we here?" She asked her near-clones, in a coolly sarcastic tone. "Somebody's not living up to the high, high standards of the Merriweather Academy. Whatever shall we do?"

Clay frowned at her smug, calm tones. "Look, girls, I don't know..."

"I suppose we must help our new friend." The girl said, as if Clay hadn't even spoken - her voice was neither loud nor annoyed, but still powerful enough to override his annoyed response. "It is our duty as Ladies, after all. Bring her along."

The other four girls approached Clay, silently, and he took a step backwards while looking at them through narrowed eyes, wondering what game the young women were playing.

He was unprepared for it when the front two moved with surprising speed, reaching out and grabbing his wrists in their dusky hands. He yanked his arms away from their clutches...

...or tried to. Though he should have been able to pull away with fairly little effort, his arms didn't so much as budge, though the muscles beneath his clothe straightened and flexed impressively. It just didn't do any good - it was as if he were trying to pull his arms away from padded steel bands rather than mere human hands.

"What the hell...?" He gasped, dropping bottle and light as he struggled harder in the deceptively easy-looking grip of the two women. It still didn't do so much as budge their grips - or ruffle their calm, cool demeanor.

"Let the fuck go...!" Clay demanded, struggling against the two women's impossibly strong grip... and then the other two silent girls bent down and grabbed his ankles in an equally unshakable hold.

Clay wasn't used to feeling powerless - especially against the female of the species. He'd made a living - and hell of a good one - out of bending women to his will. The situation was too new, too strange for him to be able to deal with it rationally yet - and the emotions that it was creating were ones he didn't like feeling.

Confusion. Shock. Anger...

...and fear.

He was being carried, struggling, towards the door the girls had come through, suspended spread-eagle in the air in the unbreakable, impossibly strong grip of four women who couldn't possibly be as indomitable as they nevertheless were...

...and then the fifth one, the one who'd spoken, stepped up beside him, walking backwards down the hall - and bent over, grabbed his head firmly-yet-gently, and began kissing him.

It was the most stunningly sexual kiss he'd ever received in his life. He'd never felt any kiss that was so indescribably erotic and pleasurable in and of itself. Despite the strange situation, he felt his fear and confusion being submerged under a wave of arousal as the yet-unnamed woman provided him a crash course in super-human sexuality in kissing.

Then that incredible kiss broke, and she whispered sensuously in his ear....

"What's your ideal home or apartment?"

Flabbergasted, Clay managed to stammer out how he liked penthouses atop skyscrapers and then she was kissing him again.

Clay lost all track of time. It seemed that he was carried down endless hallways, spending hours either being kissed or answering strange and bizarre questions that ranged from his favorite color to his favorite fruit or vegetable, and then on into even stranger questions.

After an immeasurable time, Clay found himself being pushed into an upright - but still spread-eagle - position, one of the girls still clamping each ankle and wrist. He looked around - and found himself to be in what looked like a very large shower stall, white tiled - even the door was tiled. There were a dozen faucet-heads, at different levels.

Suddenly, those heads sprang to life, and water washed over Clay and the young women.

No - not water. It was odorless and tasteless - but whatever it was, it ate away all clothing and hair. The women's hair and clothing dissolved away as if made of powdered sugar - and so did Clay's.

His squirming and writhing did nothing to stop it from happening.

In a minute, all six of them were completely nude - and completely denuded, not a single hair remaining among them. Their skin was smooth and soft - and while it looked good on the girls, Clay was less enthusiastic about it.

Then the fifth woman grabbed him and kissed him. It was a passionate kiss, a pleasurable kiss - but her grip was as implacable as the other girls' had been, and when the other four released him and disappeared out the door, Clay didn't even have the slightest chance of escaping.

A moment later, she broke the kiss - and then released him, stepping out of the shower through its tile covered door.

Clay stepped out and looked around, hesitantly, nervously running the palm of his right hand over his eerily smooth, denuded skin.

The room was large and rather unique. Clay knew for a fact that there'd been no room like this in the building when he'd been here last.

One end of it looked like the ultimate high-tech hair saloon. The shower took up another corner, leaving the rest of the room in a rough 'L' shape, and the lone woman was along the short end of it, where there was a stunning array of wigs, each mounted on a Styrofoam 'head'. Past that large, multi-shaded display was the door - which was solid steel, and Clay didn't think he'd be lucky enough for them to have forgotten to lock it.

"So - what do you think?" the woman said, drawing his attention back to her. She was holding a wig that exactly matched the massive, raven's wing mane of hair she'd possessed before the shower. "This one?"

"Uh..." Was the best Clay could manage, still trying to wrap his brain around whatever it was that was going on.

"How about this one?" the woman said, holding up a mid-shade brown one, with a pony-tail.

"How.. how about that one...?" Clay said, struggling to sound calm and collected as he pointed rather randomly at one of the most garish wigs - a massive, brassy-blond wig that boasted lots of golden curls running down.

"Mmmm... Nice choice..." She said, picking up the Styrofoam head. She reached under one of the stands, then smiled at him before bending out of sight for a second or two.

Straightening, she slowly walked towards him, smiling a mysterious closed-lip smile and still carrying the wig stand.

Then she was rubbing her body against his - and all that smooth flesh felt decidedly nice as she pressed her firm, D-cup breasts into his chest and slowly moved him backwards. When the back of his knees hit the chair, he sat instinctively in the complicated black-leather stylist's chair, the dusky-skinned seductress climbing onto his lap and bending to press her full, soft lips against his.

He started to respond, letting his lips open - and she used her tongue to press the ball-gag she'd been holding in her mouth into his. Before he could respond, she'd put the wig-head aside, grabbed the leather bands attached to the ball, and clipped them onto built-in posts on the chair, locking his head into position.

He struggled, making pathetic sounds through the gag, but she quickly fastened other restraints on him, pinning him in place on the chair.

"Okay, girls, she wants this one..." He heard her say. That puzzled him for a second, until: "I showed her the one that matched ours, then the 'Brunette Good Girl' style, but she wanted 'Bimbo No. 5' instead."

She bent into his field of vision, smiling.

"I think Carolyn here will look lovely as a blonde..."

Clay tried to struggle - but he was pinned tight. He couldn't even move his head as he felt the women go to work, doing something to his scalp. Shortly, his head began to itch horribly, and he felt a silky 'slithering' sensation across his skull.

He was pretty sure he knew what it was. It was impossible, but he was still pretty sure that it was happening, anyway.

"Okay, while we're at it, she wants long, hot-pink nails. It's against the dress-code, but Carolyn said she likes her nails 'long and hot pink'..."

Clay's mind spun. He recognized the 'answer' as being his - but the 'question' it had been the answer for had been about describing one of Elvis's cars, and the only thing Clay had been able to think about was the 'Pink Cadillac'.

"Of course, she'll want eyebrows to match her hair - and lipstick to match her nails." The one looming over him said, negligently, and he could do nothing but make highly muffled noises in complaint.

Mentally, he noted that it was a night for 'eternity's'. It seemed that their fussing took hours - hours during which he experienced some of the strangest and most unnerving sensations he'd ever felt. The annoying itch on his head, one he couldn't scratch. A smaller - but equally annoying itch - above his eyes. The feel of something being done to his lips around the ball-gag, his fingernails - and to his eyelids, lashes and cheeks.

His was being 'made up' in addition to having long, blonde hair grown from his scalp and styled by a quartet of silent, nearly identical girls, all to a running dialogue provided by the look-alike who spoke... and seemed to really enjoy referring to him as 'her' and 'Carolyn'.

When they were finally done, he felt a mixture of hope and fear, glad this was over, but knowing what came next.

"Arch your back." The one who did all the talking said. Clay didn't react quick enough...

...and then his back arched completely on it's own when she wrapped a hand around his balls and squeezed. Agony like none he could remember shot thorough him - and he knew that she wasn't squeezing as hard as she could.

When his back was arched, a machine built into the chair came to life, dragging the leather manacles at his wrists towards each other, under him. There was a muffled 'clank' as they came together, then the chains that mounted them to the chair were released, leaving the leather wrist-restraints connected, like hand-cuffs.

At the same time, there was something going on behind his head, as the machine pulled the traps of the ball-gag down and behind him, fastening it into place on a leather collar that snapped into place around his neck.

He was allowed to sit up, the leg restraints removed - but with a ball-gag strapped in place on the collar and his hands manacled behind his newly smooth back, Clay was hardly in the perfect situation to take advantage of having his legs freed.

Instead, he only stared in the mirror one of the girls held up.

That huge, outrageous mane of brassy-blond hair now rested on his head, styled identical to the wig. His face was fully made up, with long, dark lashes, bright hot-pink gloss lipstick, and even eye- shadow and blush.

He made one hell of an ugly chick, even if he did have the skin and the hair. Not that he wanted to look good, mind you, and he definitely didn't want the hair or soft, bare skin - but he didn't have any say in the matter.

The one who spoke reached out and took a hold of the chain that was attached to the collar around his neck - his leash.

"Come on, Carolyn - we have plenty to do." She said, yanking on the chain...

...which hauled him out of the chair and would have sent him halfway across the room if she hadn't been holding the other end firmly enough to jerk him to a stop. There was no possibility of him disobeying her order to follow - even if he'd locked his stance, she could have dragged him easily. Instead, he went under his own power, the sour sweat of fear beginning to run down his smooth, denuded skin.

He found himself being led into what appeared to be a typical dorm-style room, at least typical for Merriweather Academy, at least - lots of oak paneling and hunter-green carpet and drapes, with gold trim.

"Okay, let's see where Carolyn's having trouble, shall we?" The talkative one said with a sort of false solitude that made the already untenable situation worse. She walked over to the desk, on which there was a few items, including a flower-covered Diary, which was open to a pink-bordered page about halfway through the book.

"The last entry..." She said, clipping the end of Clay's leash to a metal register and picking up the book. "Hmm... it says here that she hates the chair she has to sit in all day - it's so uncomfortable."

It was another 'answer' that Clay had given, and this time an accurate one, sort of - when she'd asked him one of the things he'd really hated about the school, he'd replied that the wooden straight-back chairs they used were too hard and uncomfortable.

"Well, I think we can help with that..." The woman said, grabbing the chain and pulling Clay towards her. He struggled, but her grip was unbreakable as she grabbed him and bent him over the back of that straight-back wooden chair.

"Carolyn would like some more padding, please." She said to the other girls - and, by turning his head, Clay could watch the other four in a sideways view as they went into an adjoining dorm room through the connecting door and got some materials.

Then, all sideways, he watched them work quickly and efficiently at building something, the four of them sitting in an open circle on the floor of the room beside the desk.

The constriction started with a folding steel object that was roughly 'Butterfly' shaped, to rounded steel wedges attached in the center on a spring-loaded folding 'lock-hinge'.

Over this they placed a couple of round couch-cushions. They were attached a distance from the folded metal piece, with a metal rod connecting their figure-eight shape to the butterfly. The whole thing was then covered with pinkish-beige fabric that was sewn over it, until it looked a little like...

He'd just had time to realize what it looked like when they finished it - and handed it to the talkative one, who didn't hesitate in the least as she shoved the folded metal 'butterfly' up Clay's ass.

He tried to scream at the gigantic flood of pain that came from having the huge, cool metal object shoved deep up an asshole that should never have been able to stretch far enough to accept it, yet somehow did anyway. The wash of pain was just starting to ebb as the girl - humming cheerfully! - glued the hemmed edges of the fabric in place over his upper thighs...

...and then she triggered the spring, and worse agony flared at the metal butterfly unfolded.

He should have passed out from the shear force of the agony - but he was spared even that relief, forced to live through the red-tinged hazed of agony that seemed to last a life-time.

Finally, the agony subsided, and Clay found himself being hauled to stand in front of a three-way mirror...

He stared, eyes bulging. Somehow, the 'padding' they'd constructed had become real, fusing to living skin. More than that, however, the construct had done other impossible things - like widening his hips considerably to what was most definitely

feminine proportions. That wide, womanly set of hips supported a huge, round, and firm ass that was practically too much of a good thing.

Clay's mind spun in useless circles. The women's impossibly strong grips were one thing. The hair, another - but what had just happened was utterly inconceivable in any way that Clay was capable of theorizing. High technology, new chemicals or devices could explain the hair-growth, perhaps.

Genetic tampering or even 'androids' might explain the women. But this...? This he'd had happen to him, so he knew it wasn't technology or illusion - and yet it had happened, as impossible as it should have been.

Worse than just the fact of the impossible happening was what the impossible thing was - something that gave him wide, well-rounded hips and a huge, firm - and feminine! - ass.

"What else have we got in here...?" The dusky-skinned tormentress said, vaguely, clipping Clay back to the radiator - and he tried to shake his head in the negative as she looked in the diary. His frantic head-shaking went ignored as she twisted yet another of his answers, this one from a question about meat. He liked his meat nice and lean...

"She thinks she's got too much fat on her. Why don't we help her with that, then?" The dusky-skinned woman said... and Clay noticed, with horror, that there was something different about her, and the other girls.

Their skin was a different shade than before, a more red hue than it had been originally... and there was a small little bump at the top of each girl's perfect, firm ass.

Held immobile by two of the girls, he could do nothing as the other two went to fetch a white leather corset and began to fit it around his waist. Truth be known, he was staring wide-eyed at the girl holding his right wrist. She was grinning at him, wickedly... and, with rising fear, he noticed that the white, clean teeth in that grin were now somewhat pointed.

The woman's previously dark eyes now boasted a red tinged iris, and there were two small bumps forming on her skull, amidst the sparse new layer of fresh hair growth. A quick glance at the others showed the same changes... and then he lost all interest in the girls as new agony flared in his waist as the corset was drawn tight, then even tighter - and going right on in to impossibly tight, past the point where it should, logically, be able to compress him down to.

By the time the agony subsided and he was allowed to see his tiny new wasp waist in the mirror, 'logic' no longer interested him. He had to choose between staring in horror at his tiny waist - or at the girls, who now looked completely different.

Their hair was back, those massive, wavy manes of glossy black hair - and peeking through it were a pair of curved black horns streaked through with a sullen red near the base - a red that matched the hellish shade of their skin. Even the flesh on their long, spatulate tails was the same reddish hue.

The five women were demonesses, hellspawn bent on torturing him - and the form of the torture was pretty well an open secret.

The woman - demoness - who was doing all the talking laughed, looking at him staring at them wide-eyed.

"I think our little lamb is finally catching on." She said, looking at Clay with a wicked grin. She made a gesture with her arm, and the other four walked towards her...

...and then, one by one, they walking into her, being absorbed by her body without the slightest ripple. While the 'girls' were filing into the talkative demoness, the room itself changed. The light darkened and became tinged with red, while the air became heavy with the smell of sulfur. From an unseen distance, the faint wails of the damned reached Clay's shocked, wished-he-could-be-disbelieving ears.

The room itself took on a dusty, somehow decayed look, though everything remained whole and firm. Despair and gloom pervaded, and the air temperature rose a few degrees, making more sweat roll down Clay's body.

Now alone with Clay in the room, the demoness laughed again, and stepped close to Clay. "News-flash, honey." She said, huskily. "You're dead."

Clay stared at her... and then, horrified, found his mind flooding with repressed memories, memories that made him want to scream and gibber in terror.

When he'd driven his Jag up to the gates, he'd been drunk. He'd never thought of 'nudging' the gate open, nor had he gotten out to do it by hand - those were all 'false' memories. Now, horrified, Clay was able to remember hitting the brakes too late...

His mind went back to the 'memory' of the iron bar thrust through the driver's seat... only now he saw it thrust through the driver, too.

He'd died - and now he was in Hell.

If he could have, Clay would have one stark, raving mad - but Hell wouldn't let that simple escape for it's damned souls.

The demoness laughed, a horribly mirthful sound, evil and rich and full of true enjoyment of his agony.

"I like you, Clay." She said after that laughter died away. "You've damned a lot of souls for us, and I'm looking forward to torturing some of those less depraved lost souls. Yours is too dark for true enjoyment - despite your various horrors, you are too inherently evil for me to defile."

Clay swallowed nervously, staring at her gape-eyed. "Uh... thanks..."

She chuckled. "I'm going to be nice to you, Clay. I'm going to make you an offer - how would you like to love again? To get a second chance at life, with a guarantee that you won't wind up here after you die again. Oh, a few millennia in Purgatory - that's a necessity. But any man who's seen hell cannot willingly doom himself a second time. The human mind won't let him - a damned 'safety clause' Ol' Graybeard threw into you money-spawn."

She spit on the now-rock floor... where it hissed. Clay hadn't noticed, but the room had continued to 'decay', and now was a ruin sitting on a steaming, hissing red-tinted floor that threw off waves of dry, sulfuric heat. Through a huge, gaping hole in one wall, he could see an endless blasted plain, full of horrors that his brain quailed at just seeing.

"What... What's the chance?" He gasped, mind spinning.

She laughed. "Simple - you have to save XX souls... while I fuck you. If you successfully save all XX souls, you get to go back to earth with a whole new life."

Clay stared at her hideous, pointed-tooth smile. Though still inhumanly sexy, the demoness no longer held any sexual appeal for Clay.

"And if I fail...?" He asked.

She laughed, horribly. "Why, then, you willingly dedicate yourself to Satan, and become a minor demon, safe from the worst tortures of hell as long as you continue corrupting souls - and continue to please me as my personal plaything for all eternity!"

Those were his choices: An eternity as lost soul in hell, tortured for eternity. Or, a minor rank in Satan's army, safe from the worst tortures... but not all of them.

Or - a new life, and a chance for redemption.

Clay had always scorned religion, believing it fodder for the gullible masses - but he'd recently had a change of mind on the topic, and was now very interesting in making the acquaintance of a certain Savior and his Father, forever and always, amen.

"I'll take your deal." He said, fervently.

She laughed. "Oh, god - I do so love to defeat mortals in a test of will - and sex."

Laughing, she slammed him back atop the still-intact bed and thrust herself down on his suddenly rock-hard cock. Hellishly powerful pleasure ripped through his body as she turned loose the full power of her hell-spawned sensuality, her very touch sending near-orgasmic pleasure through Clay as she began to ride him with powerful thrusts from her shapely, well-toned legs.

"Look up, Clay!" She shouted. "It's your first soul!"

Clay, vibrating in ecstasy on the bed, struggled to focus as much of his mind through the overwhelming pleasure, staring up at the gaping whole in the roof, through which an image was somehow projected, as if there were a pure-pictured TV on the other side of the whole. Threw it, he could see a young man approaching a street corner. He was walking, head up, focused on the lights that were about to change. The whole image was 'paused', taken from a high angle that also showed around the corner of the building, where two more people were approaching the corner. One was an older lady in a floral-print dress and too-large sunglasses. The other was an amazingly slender, supple, fashion-model-beautiful woman, wearing small, wrap-around sunglasses, a baggy, bright- yellow turtleneck sweater... and a tiny black leather mini-skirt that showed her incredibly long, shapely legs.

"In a few seconds..." the demoness said, speaking easily as she rode atop him. "The young man is going to see the woman - and stare so hard at her legs that he won't notice the old woman. He'll bump into her and knock her into traffic - and will feel so guilty about it, he'll commit suicide in two days, his Despair of God sending him straight to hell..."

Then the picture began to move, the man approaching the corner as the two women, as yet unseen, approached the corner for the other side.

"What do you do!" the demoness shouted at him as the near-inevitable loomed.

Mind still swirling with unholy pleasure, Clay struggled to think. "Make her legs less sexy..." He shouted.

"How? Where will I put all that sexiness...?" She screamed - as, in the 'picture', the woman began to clear the corner, the young man instinctively looking towards the splash of color that he caught in his peripheral vision.

Switch it with mine...!" Clay screamed, desperately...

...and watched as, in the image, the young man's glance took in the woman...

...and, after sliding across the plain legs her short skirt showed, shrugged and faced forward, stopping in plenty of time to keep from bumping into the old lady...

...then whirling around as the fashion-model began to scream, staring down in horror at her legs.

The demoness, atop Clay, laughed uproariously as she pounded atop his body, her own legs now just barely more shapely than the long, toned ones Clay boasted. "Next!"

The scene above shifted - this time, it showed a young woman, sitting in her room, head buried in her pillow, crying. She couldn't have been more than seventeen, and her room was feminine-yet-not- ornate, with a big cross above her bed.

"This very devout Catholic girl is going to commit a venal sin. You see - she's obsessed with the thought of blow-jobs. She tries to get the images out of her mind, but she can't - not since she inadvertently logged onto a web-page showing blow-jobs by the hundred. She keeps temptation at bay by never going to sex-sites, but with her hormones, that little bit of

'smut' was worse than a lot of smut - it's all her mind can think of the, the 'dirty' thoughts of sucking cock... and she's going to give in. What do you do?"

Thrashing below her, in ecstasy, Clay screamed out, "Take away the thoughts!" "But where would I put them...?" The demoness mused, wickedly.

"In me...!" Clay screamed...

...and then found himself drooling, literally drooling, at the thought of kneeling down in front of a guy and sucking hungrily on his cock, eager for the taste of his wonderful, manly sperm. Clay struggled to banish the horribly exciting thought - and managed to do it, somewhat, by the amount of sheer pleasure thrumming through his body, making all other thoughts pale in comparison.

"This angry young man just got dumped - and, in a few minutes he's going to rape the girl near the alley - just because she looks a lot like his ex girlfriend."

Clay struggled to focus on the new image the demoness had described. In it, the young man was walking with his hands jammed deep into the pockets of his denim jacket, his entire body projecting a 'don't-fuck-with-me' attitude. At the alley stood a woman who was obviously a hooker. Her body was 'okay', but her face must have pulled in quite a bit - she had that 'innocent' type of face, heart-shaped with a snub nose, huge, bright-blue eyes... and the most incredibly sexy pair of gloss-pink lips, ones that could curve into an impish smile... or look right at home wrapped around a huge, delicious, throbbing, wonderfully-cum-filled...

Desperately, Clay ripped his mind off the subject of 'blow-jobs' and screamed out, "Switch my face with her..."

Immediately, he could smell the odor of make-up wafting up his smaller, daintier nostrils as he licked his full, new lips, getting a taste of the gloss-pink lipstick.

The image above shifted again, showing a kitchen. In it, an older man was sitting in his undershirt, reading the paper while ignoring his breakfast. Behind him, at the stove, was an older woman who was still in fairly good shape, if no beauty queen. She was surreptitiously grinding her crotch against the stove as she cooked.

"This woman's sexual peak hit late - and all the stronger for it. She's so horny that she can't think straight. Her husband's not much use - he hit his peak fifty years ago. So, she's gonna boink the grocery boy later today, committing adultery."

Mind overwhelmed with pleasure, desperately trying to fight the urge to suck a cock, Clay dimly realized that he was changing himself, doing terrible things to himself - but he desperately wanted that chance at life. He had but a second to do something - and though he knew what it meant, he shouted, not even noticing the high-pitched, slightly lisping new voice it came out in: "Give me her lust...!"

He got it. Suddenly, complementing his desire to suck cock was a desperate need to be fucked. By a man. Even as intense pleasure thundered through his cock, he wished it were a cunt, and that he was being fucked by a man - any man. He needed to be fucked so badly it was painful. He was super-horny...

...for men.

"These three girls..." the demoness shouted, talking about the three young women in a doctor's waiting room "...are going in to commit the sin of mutilating their bodies - they all want to have 'big tits' so that boys will notice them."

"Make them stop!" Clay shouted. "Don't let them do it!"

"Even if I do something like have the doctor die, the desperate urge for bigger tits will be in them. They'd do it later, that's all."

"Give me those urges!" Clay shouted, helplessly.

"But what about them wanting to dress sexy? Show off their big tits? Using their bodies to turn men on?"

"Give it all to me. From all three of them, I'll take it...!" Clay shouted...and then screamed, overwhelmed by horror at how flat-chested and ugly he was. No guy would want to fuck him - and he really wanted to be fucked by guys - because of how flat-chested he was.

"My God - I have no tits...!" Clay screamed, hands flying in dismay to his horrendously flat chest. The image flickered again, this time to show a fat woman sitting at a table.

"She feels despair because of her weight, and..." the demoness started.

"Give me her fat! Pack it all into my chest and give me tits!" clay screamed. "I need tits, huge tits! Give the woman's fat to my tits...!"

Immediately, his chest began to swell. He screamed in mixed horror and joy, hating the fact he was overjoyed to be watching his chest swell. He knew he only wanted huge tits because of the girls' urges... but those urges were now his, and as his chest swelled outward, he watched with helpless joy, already imagining all the skimpy, revealing tops he wanted to cram these wonderful monsters into.

By the time his chest growth stopped, his new tits were each the size of a medicine ball, and almost as round. Each was topped by a massive, thick, highly-sensitive nipple, and he reached around with a disgusting joyfulness, having to stretch to fondle his wonderful huge new tits.

"Last one." The demoness laughed. "Succeed, and you live again." The image showed a shapely young woman hastily packing her bags.

"This woman is going to run away from home. Just before she runs out of money and comes back home, however, she's going to find a job - as a stripper. This will get her into..."

"Don't let her get the job!" Clay shouted.

"How?" The demoness grinned. "The club needs a new dancer." "I'll do it! I'll be the dancer..." Clay screamed.

"You'd have to be a woman to do that."

"Make me into a woman, and give that job to me!" Clay screamed, wishing desperately for a dozen different things, only one of which was orgasm.

"I can't give the job to you... but I'll let you convince the owners of the club..." the demoness said, laughing. "Have a good life Cassandra Casabas!"

Then she laughed again as Clay felt the rest of his body altered, becoming fully feminine - including his cock, slurping out of the demoness' cunt and forming one of her own...

...which was filled with a hard, throbbing cock. Gasping in near-orgasmic pleasure, Cassy rode the one owner of the club, her massive, wonderful tits bouncing as she frantically fucked the man, eager for an orgasm that she knew would satisfy her for only an hour or so, just long enough for her to go out and wiggle and jiggle her wonderful body for the men in the club.

Then her huge, blue eyes saw the huge, thick cock the second owner of the club was waving in her face, and she eagerly opened her mouth to let him slide his wonderful, tasty man-meat into her mouths so that she could suck him off.

Happily slurping away as she frantically fucked herself atop a man, Cassy realized just how ironic this situation was. Oh, not just the fact that she was now an insatiable cum-hungry nymphomaniac slut stripper with massive tits she loved to show off - that wasn't nearly as ironic as the other thought.

Here, as Clay, she thought she could outwit the law - yet, in front of much higher court, not only hadn't 'he' even tried defending 'himself'...

...she'd voluntarily accepted a life sentence.

THE END

Better build schoolrooms for 'the boy,' Then cells and gibbets for 'the Man.'

-**Eliza Cook**, A Song for the Ragged Schools



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After one man crosses paths with an angry "lesbo" he suddenly finds himself and his world changing, when he runs into her again, she is now turning into a macho man who now lusts after the new bimbo.

Chairman Of The Bored

By Gunslinger

The light rain was hardly more than curtains of mist, falling from the low, scudding clouds cast orange-gold by the reflected street lamps. Driven by a brisk, chill wind, the sheets of fine droplets moved down the streets in sinuous rhythm, almost dancing across the slick, shiny surface of the much-patched asphalt.

Pausing in the scant protection provided by the doorway of the old school's gymnasium, Doug Terrill looked up at the sky with a sour look. With exaggerated movements and a low grunt he amply expressed his displeasure at the weather, Doug belted his trench-coat tight over his second-best suit, pulling the collar high around his broad neck and tucking his hands deep into the coat's pockets before stepping out into the rain.

Head lowered and eyes tracing the cracked and canted slabs of concrete that formed the sidewalk unrolling before his feet, Doug headed off towards the south, trying to remember the meandering route he followed to get here, and wondering if there was a more direct route back to the hotel.

After toying with the idea of finding a shorter path back, Doug finally discarded the idea with an annoyed huff of breath. In Chicago on business, he didn't know the area well enough to risk getting lost - though, in retrospect, that's exactly the risk he'd taken when he'd left his hotel room more than a hour before, driven by boredom to wander the streets near the somewhat run-down hostelry in hopes of finding some sort of entertainment.

A small, wicked smile touched the sandy-haired man's lips at the thought. In truth, he'd been seeking 'entertainment' of the feminine variety - but, though he hadn't found any enterprising ladies of the evening willing to risk the inclement weather, he had managed to find entertainment that featured the female of the species...

"Hey! Asshole!"

The voice was sharp, angry - and newly familiar. At the sound of it, Doug wasn't quite sure whether to smile less, or more.

"Yeah, I'm talkin' to you!" the voice called, more loudly, as the owner closed the distance. There was no 'clack' of heels on pavement to judge the rate of closure, but there was no doubting the intent of the woman. With a mental sigh, the rangy, ruggedly handsome young man paused and turned in place.

She was nearly as tall as him, and nearly as broad in the shoulders. As if contemptuous of the weather, her toned body was clad only in sneakers, a tight pair of jeans, and a baggy, formless sweatshirt. Her strong-jawed face devoid of makeup, the woman looked even more mannish now than she had in the gym, what with her short hair slicked down by the rain.

The cold rain didn't seem to dampen the fiery anger in her eyes, though, and Doug mentally braced himself as she stalked up to him, one finger coming up to poke at his chest.

"Did'ja have fun in there, Mr. 'I-Got-A-Dick-So-I'm-Better-Than-You?'" The woman demanded, all but snarling. Doug hesitated a bare instant - and then replied, truthfully, "Yeah, actually, I did."

The smirk the admission came with probably didn't help matters any.

"Oh. I just bet you did." The woman snarled, jabbing his chest again. "I bet you go around looking for feminist meetings to 'crash'. What - do you come up with those sexist, macho 'jokes' off the cuff, or do you sit around for hours, working on them?"

Doug could have honestly replied that the jokes - the entire endeavor - had been a spur-of-the-moment thing. Hell, he could have told her the blunt truth - that he'd entered the building out of a simple desire to avoid the rain that had just started, not realizing what meeting had been going on inside.

He didn't bother. While she might actually believe him, especially the part about how he'd only stayed because he was bored, and pissing off a bunch of 'Femi-Nazis' seemed like something vaguely entertaining, he doubted very much that she'd forgive him for it.

At twenty-eight years of age, Doug Terrill had inherited more than just his broad frame and light coloring from his father. He'd also inherited Pop's intense distaste for 'those damned feminists' who were sending America to Hell in a hand basket. Doug, of course, wouldn't have used the term 'brainwashing' when describing this oh-so-logical mindset, of course. In fact, the idea that his view on women was the effect of being raised by a bitter, angry man whose girlfriend had left him and her new-born out of fear for her own welfare at the hands of the wife-beating, skirt-chasing bastard had never crossed Doug's mind. As far as Doug was concerned, Pop's attitude that women were weak, second-class creatures who existed solely as adjuncts to men was 'a simple fact of life' - and thus, feminists like this dark-haired bitch were either misguided, perverted, or 'untamed'.

In other words, Doug felt absolutely no need - or urge - to justify himself to this woman.

"Look, lady." Doug said, mentally substituting a much less flattering appellation for her. "This is America, remember? I have every right to present an 'opposing viewpoint' at a meeting like that. You and your lesbo friends are just pissed because you couldn't do your man-bashing routine in peace and quite - or am I wrong?"

The woman's mouth worked in shocked and anger too great to allow something as structured as coherent speech to occur. "See?" Doug said, with an intentionally insulting - and completely dismissive - shrug. "You can't even argue it."

Mentally racking up another point 'for his side', Doug turned away from the woman.

Though thinking of them as second-class citizens, Doug wasn't completely blind to his situation. Even as he turned away, he was mentally braced for either a verbal or physical assault. After all, the first rule of fighting was to never underestimate your opponent, and Doug was fully aware of the fact that the woman was almost as tall, broad and muscular as he was. Though sure he had the physical advantage that came more from his masculinity than from the slight advantages in his six-four frame and a hundred and thirty-nine pounds of fat-free, tightly toned muscle, he was sure any woman 'sick' enough to want to make herself look more masculine might actually have studied fighting to a much greater extent than he had.

Understandably, it never occurred to Doug that Ms. Lydia Shakland might possess paranormal powers far beyond his ken. Given this lack of consideration, the fact that he might have angered Ms. Shakland so far as to break many of the rules concerning the use of this unconsidered power was also a null factor in his thinking.

So, when the feminist leader blurted out a long string of what sounded like nonsense syllables to him, Doug merely grinned tightly and continued walking away, assuming he'd angered her into complete incoherence.

The thought that she might have been angrily - and, perhaps, unwisely - using an ancient and secret power to curse him never crossed his mind.

At least, not at that particular moment.

It wasn't a thought that would occur to him for some time yet.

As he turned the corner and was lost from the seething woman's line of sight, the only thing Doug was thinking about was the satisfaction he'd gained from having gotten the better of her in their little confrontation...

* * * *

By the time he closed the door to his inexpensive hotel room behind him, any sense of satisfaction had been washed away. Literally.

Almost immediately after his little fight, the rain had steadily thickened. Unwilling to run the risk of getting lost in an unfamiliar city, Doug had been forced to follow the same meandering route back to the hotel as the rain had grown heavier, and

by the time he'd reached his temporary lodgings, he was soaked to the bone, the steady trickle of water down the back of his trench-coat having provided a target for the ever-colder wind that was blowing harder then before from the north-west.

Now, slumping against the inside of the door with a soggy thump, Doug began cursing to himself in a low, miserable monotone, alternately shivering and shuddering beneath the layers of damp clothing.

Being bored had been bad. Being wet and cold was even worse. Now, surveying the cheaply furnished hotel room, dimly lit and claustrophobic in size, he was miserable and bored, a combination worse then the sum of it's parts.

Though there was no more a solution to the boredom then there'd been before leaving the room, at least he could do something about being cold and wet.

Pushing himself from the door, Doug began to struggle out of his wet clothing as he made his way over to the over-priced bar built into the cabinet that housed the television.

Shucking off the last of his clothing, Doug grabbed a couple of beers and all four of the miniature bottles of Scotch housed in the tiny fridge, eschewing a glass as he carried his alcoholic booty towards the bathroom.

Starting water running into the chipped and yellowed tub, Doug twisted open one of the scotch bottles, the 'ripping' sound of the plastic retainer strip lost beneath the clattering and whistling of the building's old plumping.

Opening one of the beers, Doug quickly downed the entire contents of the scotch bottle, following it with a healthy swig of beer before the burning sensation of the harsh liquor could fully register on his senses. With a faint grimace at the taste of the Scotch - the only hard alcohol Doug could stomach, even if he didn't particularly enjoy it - he carried the rest of his booze over and set it on the edge of the tub.

Turning, he quickly gathered up a pile of somewhat ratty bath towels, plopping them in a convenient pile just beside the tub. Making sure that the hotel had supplied him with a tiny bar of soap and equally minuscule bottle of shampoo, the broad-shouldered man wandered back out into the main room, turning on the TV.

Though it was getting quite late, Doug contemptuously disregarded any patrons in nearby rooms, setting the set to MTV and turning the volume up loud enough for the music to be heard in the bathroom, even with the door mostly closed. Satisfied with the volume level, he hurried back to the bathroom, shivering as the air caressed his damp skin.

Opening another bottle of Scotch and finishing the rest of the beer in another impromptu boilermaker, Doug tossed the empties into the wastebasket beside the toilet, then gingerly eased himself into the tub, his body generating a wide variety of goosebumps at the disparate temperatures provided by the cold porcelain and warm water. With a soft sigh, Doug eased his genitals into the heated water. Once passing that most delicate of moments, Doug slumped back in the tub, the porcelain cold against the back of his neck as he got comfortable in the half-full tub.

As the water level slowly rose, Doug finally began to relax, the warmth in his gut complementing the slight alcohol-induced 'soft focus' provided by the two quick drinks.

With his sense partially numbed by the two fast drinks, Doug was able to stomach the scotch a bit better, alternating sips of the fiery amber liquid with cooling draughts of beer.

Unlike many men, Doug had never quite managed to get past the 'getting drunk from being drunk's sake' of his life. At the age where most men were finally beginning to find the after-effects of drinking poor compensation for the drunkenness itself, Doug still only drank to get royally smashed, and even as he finished the last of his small supply, he was already wishing he'd brought more of the booze into the bathroom with him.

Under the influence of the alcohol rapidly soaking through the permeable membrane between his veins and his brains, Doug conveniently forgot the high price of the alcohol, already eager to down a few more bottles of booze. Rather than the long soak he'd originally envisioned, Doug quickly began washing himself, eager to get back to some serious drinking. Practically before the tub had finished filling, he'd already washed himself and was about ready to climb back out.

Only the lingering chill from his walk kept him in the tub for another five minutes, letting himself warm back up under the twin influence of water and spirits. Only when his feet had stopped tingling under the warmth of the water did he pull the plug from the drain, letting the water gurgle and hiss out of the tub as he rose and grabbed a thick white towel from the stack he'd placed beside the tub.

Laying the first towel out on the floor, Doug used it as a bath-mat to keep from spreading a growing pool all over the place. Despite his precautions, however, his too-energetic toweling of his hair and body caused fine sprays of droplets to flick across the room, unnoticed in his tipsy state. Not having eaten anything recently, the alcohol was hitting him harder than usual - not that he was upset by this in any way, of course.

Given the situation, it took Doug a minute longer to realize that water wasn't the only thing the towel was removing from his body...

"God-*fucking-damn!*" Doug roared, angrily, staring down in tipsy anger at the wide, denuded swatches on his arms and legs. Even as he watched, more of his thick, light-brown body hair detached itself from his body and drifted downwards to pile onto the towel at his feet.

Gingerly, he swiped at his still-wet chest. No matter how delicately he handled the towel, however, more body hair went to join its brethren on the towel below. Indeed, even the slightest of air currents removed hair, indicating that, no matter what he did or didn't do, he was sure to be utterly denuded of any body hair.

Cursing loudly and angrily, Doug finished toweling off, unable to stop the loss of his body hair. By the time he wrapped a towel around his waist, his body was left smooth and soft, all his body hair now piled atop the soaked towel he'd laid on the ground.

"..fucking cheap soap!" Doug finished his tirade, staggering slightly as he headed for the door of the bathroom. Nervously running his fingers through his damp mop of sandy-blond hair to ensure it showed no signs of loosening, Doug stormed out of the bathroom, intent on giving the management a piece of his mind over what their inferior products had done to him - after a few belts of 'Dutch courage', of course...

Stopping dead, Doug looked around him. "What the fuck...?"

Slowly, Doug took a few more steps into the room, looking around in disbelief.

All his belongings were gone. The wet clothes strewn around the room - gone. The suitcase on the stand in the corner - not only gone, but replaced with another one, this one white leather, matching the two others on the floor that flanked it. It was open to reveal carefully-packed feminine clothing.

...much like the outfit laid out on the bed.

A hot-pink leather bustier top, it's front lacing between the ridiculously large cups left open. A matching mini-skirt. A pair of white nylon stockings with elastic tops.

On the floor beside the bed, a pair of hot-pink platform shoes with slender heels that soared at least seven inches tall.

Atop the pillow sat a white leather purse, and a small pile of hot-pink plastic jewelry - large, garish hoop earrings, and an equally garish bracelet.

"What the hell is going on here?" Doug demanded of thin air, spinning around to make sure there was nobody else in the room. "What is this? Some sort of joke?"

Angrily sweeping aside the clothes and purse, Doug plunked down on the bed and grabbed the phone. Tucking the handset between shoulder and ear, he angrily punched up the front desk.

"I want to talk to the manager!" Doug demanded, angrily. When the voice at the other end tried to explain that the manager was at home, probably asleep, Doug simply repeated his demand, more forcefully.

After a short silence, a much subdued voice asked him to hold, and the line went over to Muzak.

Fuming, Doug began drumming his fingers on the night-table, staring off into space as he mentally composed a scathing tirade to give the manager.

The clicking of his long, gloss-pink nails on the table annoying him, Doug stopped his aimless drumming as he continued to wait, his mental composition somewhat distracted by the Muzak version of the music coming through the phone...

"Her name was Lola, she was a showgirl..." Doug unconsciously sang along with the tune, his contralto voice sweet and melodic as he unconsciously began balling soft nylon in one hand...

After a moment, Doug realized he was mindless singing along to the song. Pushing an annoyed snort through his pert, upturned nose, Doug stood up and tugged the hem of his skirt down before beginning to pace back and forth in front of the bed, working on renewing his anger.

It wasn't easy, especially with the cool air flowing oh-so-pleasantly over the nipple crowning his firm, C-cup breasts. Flipping his long, wavy hair back over his slender shoulders with annoyance, Doug grabbed the bustier and quickly began lacing it closed over his dome-like double-'D' endowments, starting at the bottom and drawing it tight over his slender waist.

Still waiting for somebody to pick up the other end of the line, Dougie finally managed to force the straining garment into place over his wonderful enormous, JJJ-cup boobies, the lace straining against the force her saline-packed slut-tits put on the garment. For a moment she felt a wave of dissatisfaction thrum through her at the pressure, and she wondered if getting her boobies pumped up so wonderfully huge had been a mistake...

"Oh, holy shit...!" Debi screamed in horror as what she was wondering registered on her conscious mind. Dropping the phone, she staggered atop the high, slender heels she'd been so effortlessly balancing in a second ago, her big, blue eyes dropping to view the massive mounds that were pushing up and out of the top that barely contained them.

"I've got tits!" Doug screamed, horrified to hear it come out in a high, mindless-sounding soprano. "Big, saline-inflated titties, the kind that men like to ogle and stare at..."

She smiled, her hysteria fading into desire. "...and fondle. Mmm... I love my big, new boobies. I'm so glad I made enough as a stripper to get these...Oh, shit! What the hell's wrong with me!"

Debi yanked her hands from where they'd been lightly caressing her massive rack, suddenly aware of the weight and heft of her huge tits as she strode away from the bed - and, horrified, realized she was walking with a sexy, easy sway, as if she were used to walking in high, slender heels...

Unable to dampen the sensual strut she was using, Doug hurried into the bathroom to stare, horrified, at what the mirror revealed. She was a woman.

She was a five-foot-nothing tall woman, with a slender waist and shapely legs enhanced by her high heels.

She was a slender, sexy woman with long, honey-blond hair, full lips, huge blue eyes, and tits the size of basket-balls. She was...

"Hot." She said, smiling at her reflection as she ran her hands across the smooth leather of her skirt. "Debi, honey, you are one sexy little slut. Guys are gonna be lining up to have you fuck and suck them..."

Winking one long-lashed lid at her reflection, Debi - stripper and cum-slut extraordinaire - turned from her reflection and jiggled and swayed out of the bathroom, heading for the door to the room. Pausing only long enough to grab her key, she headed towards the bar...

...then staggered slightly just as she reached the entrance to the dimly-lit, barely-populated bar, her mind whirling in horrified confusion as he realized that, in shock, his mind had slipped over into some sort of parallel, alternate mind-set - that of the type of woman who would have the body he'd inexplicably gained, a stripper and nympho named...

"Ah, Miss DeLite - couldn't keep away, huh?"

Startled by the bartender's voice, Doug found a welcoming - if vapid - smile spring to altered lips as she looked up, her body easily sliding into a sensual pose.

Now aware that there was something seriously wrong with her in body and mind, Doug was more than aware of the 'alien' thoughts and desires flooding her mind as her gaze slipped down to the bulge the bartender sported. She licked her lips, slowly...

...and, horrified, hauled her eyes from the man's bulging crotch, aware of the sexual images playing in the theater of her mind.

Memories. But not 'his' memories. The memories of Debi DeLite, a stripper living in a hotel and making extra money on the side while gratifying her seemingly endless sexual desires...

"No!" She gasped, staggering back. "I.. I'm not a woman!"

"You're not?" The bartender said, confused but game. "Gee, you sure seem like one to me, Debi. God knows, I've had plenty of chances for 'field testing' you, and I gotta say - you certainly seem all woman to me."

"Sure..." Debi said, seductively, licking her lips as her hands came up to fondle her tits through the leather enclosure. "That's what I mean - I'm not a woman unless I'm fucking or suck a big, thick, cock like.."

Horrified at what she was saying, Debi stopped, struggling for control.

"...Like mine?" the bartender finished for her, smiling lasciviously as he rubbed his crotch.

The realization that she was about to agree with him, begging him to satisfy her new/old urges, was just enough to break through the rising tide of lust she was feeling. Heart thundering behind her mountainous new breasts, 'Debi' fled from the bar, heels clattering with disgusting grace despite her high speed as she managed a sexy, 'come-hither' sway to her new hips even at a dead sprint.

Reaching 'her' room, she threw fumbled with her key, wishing she could blame her trouble on her long, brightly-painted new nails - but knowing that she was now as 'used' to her nails as she was to the rest of her horrible feminine existence. As if her body was as sure that she'd been female all her life as the rest of the world had been...

Even as she finally unlocked the door, a horrifying thought struck her. One that stunned her with the enormity of the implications:

What is she was female. What if she had been born female, lived as a female all these years, had been the sex-crazed bimbo everybody - including her own body - seemed to think she was.

What if all that was true - and her 'delusion' about really being male was... insanity? Horrified at the thought, she threw open the door and stepped inside...

...and stopped dead in her tracks, barely noticing the sensuous pose her body slid 'naturally' into as she gaped at the man sitting on her bed.

Or, rather, at the massive, thick cock the man was gripping lightly in one hand.

Horrified, Debi felt the same response she'd felt when she'd encountered the man at the bar - the rush of pleasure. That horrible rush of wonderful pleasure - but much stronger this time, and accompanied by a much more disgustingly enticing flood of sexual imagery in her mind's eye. Even as she tore her eyes away from the massive, hard - and horrible arousing - cock, she felt the renewed, strengthened flood of warmth in her crotch, accompanied by the sensation of her large, thick nipples becoming fully erect in unwanted desire.

Struggling not to let her eyes focus on that oh-so-enticing cock, the new woman staggered a few graceful steps back, fighting against the urge to move forward, to step closed to the huge, broad-shouldered man who was sitting on the bed, his jeans down around his ankles, his shirt open to expose his massive, hairy barrel chest below his rough-hewn, bearded face...

...wreathed in an expression of horror?

In the incongruity of the expression on the massively masculine man was, barely, enough to break through the twin conflicting desires Debi was felling. Rather than move closer to the man, or run from the unwanted desires he kindled, she stopped dead.

"Who...?" Debi stammered, hating the high-pitched tone of voice it emerged in, yet another hideous reminder of her new (*if it was...*) condition.

"Oh, God, Doug - I am so sorry.." The man rumbled in a deep, cavernous voice, yanking his huge hand away from his equally massive organ as he flushed to the roots of his dark hair.

The sound of the masculine appellation struck Debi like a blow, reliving her anxiety of insanity even as it reinforced the disparity between her remembered existence and the one she was now cursed with.

"You know me!" Debi cried. "You know my real name! Please, whoever you are, tell me... tell me what's happening to me! What happened to my body? Why am I a woman with huge, round tits? Why.. Why..."

Almost unnoticed by her, Debi's voice slipped from 'hysterical' into sensual, and she paused to lick her full, glossy lips before continuing, barely registering what she was saying as she slowly began walking towards the man, eyes once more locked onto his massive organ.

"...why am I so eager to wrap my full, sexy lips around that wonderful, huge cock of yours?" She asked, practically cooing. "Why are you just sitting there when we could be fucking like crazed..."

"Get a hold of yourself!" The man barked in a tortured tone, tearing his eyes from her massive breasts as he flushed deeper. "For God's sake, get a hold of yourself!"

Horrified at how easily her mind wanted to slide into the patterns of the huge-breasted slut she now appeared to be, Debi forced her eyes up to the man's face, struggling to retain her original sense-of self.

"What's happening...?" She said, fighting the urges that were slowly, but steadily, gaining strength.

"I.. I'm Lydia." The man said. "Lydia Shakland - the, uh, 'lesbo' feminist from earlier... except that, none of that happened anymore..."

It took a second - and then, for an instant, Doug returned, in full force.

"You *bitch!*" Debi screamed in soprano rage, anger blotting out all imposed sexual desire as it registered. "You fuckin' bitch!"

Though not clear on 'how', the transformed ex-male now knew 'who' - and that was all that she needed to know as she launched herself towards the man, nails extended in preparation of gouging his eyeballs out.

In her anger, Debi hadn't contemplated the differences between her own petite, top-heavy frame and this seven-foot-something mass of masculine musculature. With no appreciable effort, the ex-female grabbed the ex-male's wrists, easily subduing her and pulling her tight against his massive, heavy frame to keep her from struggling.

For an instant, anger continued to hold them...

...and then both gender-bent individuals became aware of the fact that soft, sensual female flesh was pressing firmly, enticingly against taut, male musculature...

"My, you're so.... strong..." Debi found herself cooing - and not entirely helplessly, either. Even as disgust at what she was doing and feeling flooded through her mind, she couldn't help but want to increase that amazing pleasure she was feeling from being snuggled against a brawny, all-too-masculine man. Though she hated herself for it, she snuggled even close, angling to press her half-covered breasts more firmly against that broad, hirsute chest, nipples as hard as diamonds...

...only to feel a mixture of disappointment and gratitude as the massive man shoved her away, shuddering.

"Stop it! Just.. Stop it!" the man gasped, voice hoarse with conflicting desires and emotions. "Don't you understand? I put a curse on you - and it was so evil, so wrong, that I'm paying for it as well!"

"What..?" Debi stammered, struggling not to let the growing feminine side of her persona overwhelm the anger-fueled male side. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm as cursed as you are!" the man gasped, unwilling to look at Debi's pneumatic new form. "Just as you're in an over- developed, over-sexed female body you don't want, driven by lusts and thoughts that disgust you, so has the backlash of my curse done this to me! Just like you, I've become something I hate - a overly masculine man, driven by the sort of raw, uncaring sexual lusts that..."

Just as Debi had so recently done, the ex-feminist began to slide towards the imposed person, barely aware of the change as lust crept into a voice becoming steadily less horrified.

"..make me want to have sex with you." He said, eyes coming back to gaze lasciviously at Debi's curvaceous body, his massive hand dropping back to his lap. "No, babe - to fuck you. To... use you. Use you like the little sex-machine you are, babe. To fuck your brains... Oh, God - no!"

Catching the horribly seductive slip into the imposed persona, the ex-woman yanked her eyes from Debi, struggling for control.

Debi, \primed' by the man's sexual words, was also desperately struggling for control of those hated, seductive lusts. Even as part of her altered persona - and all of her altered body - demanded that she give in and satisfy her new cravings, the few remnants of her old mind struggled for control.

"Do.. something...' She gasped. "Please..."

"I... Can't..." The new man, gasped. "This curse... is equal between us. Just as the world now remembers you as Debi, so I'm now Lyle. I... I was so angry when I.. cast the curse..."

The new man broke off, embarrassment managing to push lust into the background as she struggled for control over this new emotion.

Also managing to put her new wants and needs into the background, Debi nervously made her way to the bed, sitting down an arm's length from the massive, male body that was still oh-so-horribly tempting to her.

"I wanted to make you suffer..." Lyle admitted, unable to look at Debi for a whole range of reasons. "I.. I made you female in body and, mostly, in mind. I wanted you to do all those disgusting, sexually submissive things I though a man like you were would want from women... and now, because of the back-lash from the curse, the man I've become wants those things from you."

Licking his new lips, Lyle hesitated - then admitted: "I.. I want to do these things to you so badly that I can't work up enough will- power to reverse the curse. I'm still angry at who you used to be, even as ashamed as I am about what I've done, that I want to make you suffer more - by debasing and using you sexually."

Debi shuddered in a mix of emotions as the truth became clear to her:

"You can't change me - us - back until you satisfy these dark, sexual urges of yours." She said, her voice husky.

Slowly, she slid her full, firm ass over on the bed, getting closer to Lyle as her voice deepened and roughing, becoming more powerfully assertive - and less 'Debi-ish', despite the words she spoke next: "You want to fuck me like you mindless little slut, don't you?"

"Yes..." The man gasped, unaware as Debi scooted a little closer. "I.. I want to treat you like a slut, like my little fuck-toy... I want to make you be my sex slave..."

"You could have done that when I walked in the door." Debi said, now practically shoulder-to-shoulder with the ex-woman. "No.. No, I.. I can't..." The man gasped, obviously as tortured as he was aroused - or vice-versa.

Debi smiled - and, unlike the vapid little grin she'd give the man in the bar, this one was wickedly sharp.

"You literally can not give into your urges, can you?" Debi said, her voice now taunting. "Having sex with me, especially anything you consider 'degrading', would make you the very thing you hate. Worse... you might discover that sex like that feels good for men, instead of just being some sort of 'power trip'. The idea that men might be acting out of pleasure, rather than malice, when they want sex... defeats all those arguments you made at the meeting."

Debi's tone and words finally registering fully on the man's mind, Lyle turned and gaped at the huge-breasted, scantily clad woman who was looking at him with a shark's grin on her face.

"See?" The new woman gloated, satisfaction overriding most of her implanted persona. "All those 'jokes' that made you angry, all the things I said to piss you off at the meeting the never happened - I was right, every time... wasn't I?"

"What.. what are you doing...?" Lyle gasped, his huge cock going even harder at the realization of her closeness. "Why, getting revenge..." She hissed. "I'm going to rape you!"

"Wha..?" Was as far as the new man got...

...because Debi wrapped her arms around his head and mashed her own lips against his, kissing him hungrily. Shocked, at first Lyle did nothing...

...and then he began to kiss her back, hungrily, his tongue first matching, then overriding, her own talented tongue. Cock hard as an iron rod, he pulled her tightly against him, loving the feel of her soft body pressed painfully tight against his own

body as he gave into his desire, felling her writhe against him as he increased his grip, forcing his tongue deeper into her suddenly uncooperative mouth, eager to control her, humiliate her..

"No!" He shouted, pushing her now limp, uncooperative frame away from him...

Debi hesitated for a second, struggling to regain herself. For the first instant after he pushed her away, she felt gratitude - thankful that she was going to be injured by this mean, abusive man.

Then she felt disappointment - disappointment that he raging urges for sex were going to be denied. Sure, fucking Lyle would have ended up with her being demeaned, probably also beaten, but she would have at least gotten fucked...

...and then, with a wrench, Doug's renewed sense of self regained full control of the horny, huge-breasted body she was trapped in. the body that was the perfect 'weapon' of revenge.

"What's wrong...?" She taunted, brazenly choosing a seductive pose as her hands rose to the hot-pink leather bustier that barely enclosed her tits. "Can't control yourself? Just another 'sexist pig' who can't control your animal urges? No... that's just a 'lame excuse', isn't it...?"

With a flourish, Debi yanked the lacing out of the top, causing it to burst open, revealing her massive breasts in all their glory.

Combined with the sexual urges thundering through her body, the cold air of the room hitting her engorged nipples caused her to shiver - but none of the determination went out of her eyes as she grinned wickedly at her victim.

"What are you doing?" Lyle screamed. "You.. You're trying to have sex with me!"

"Bingo." She said - and stepped closer, her huge, round tits dangling in front of his face. "I'm consciously, willingly tempting you. Even if you can't work up the will power to end this for both of us, by changing me back, shouldn't you at least be able to resist me? Shouldn't your disgust at having sex with a woman - especially by giving into your urges to degrade and demean me - cause you to control yourself? Or are you too weak, too pathetic..."

She leaned even closer - and her huge breasts graces his face.

"Please.. Stop.." Lyle gasped, fighting disgusting, horrible urges to go ahead and beat her - urges made stronger by her actions.

With a tremendous burst of will, he managed to keep from hitting her - but he was unable to resist the temptation her massive rack presented, and he found himself reaching up and grabbing them roughly, horrified by how good the firmly-soft flesh felt in his grip..

"Ow!" Debi gasped in pain and pleasure, loving and hating his grip on her tit. "That hurts...! "I.." Lyle said, yanking his hands away and pulling back from her. "you.."

"I'm really, really horny..." Debi admitted, feeling herself flush in shame, but letting 'Debi' push 'Doug' onward. "Even though part of me is disgusted, I still really, really want to fuck you, to suck you - to have all sorts of wonderfully pleasurable sex with you. We both know that, regardless of the fact we're each the 'wrong' gender, sex could feel really, really good..."

"How.. How can you..." Lyle stammered, horrified at how badly he wanted to just throw her on the bed and fuck her hard, hard enough to make her scream and beg him to stop..."

"I'm horny." She said, grinning wickedly. "I really do want to have sex. Though I'd prefer to be a guy having sex with a woman, I'll take having sex with a guy-who-used-to-be-a-woman. You see, I'm trying to force you to change us back - or, failing that, to satisfy my cravings. You see..."

Smiling wickedly, she unzipped her matching skirt and let it fall, revealing her hot, wet new cunt.

"...if you give into those 'macho' urges your feeling, I win." She said, once again invading his personal space. "Well? Are you 'man' enough to resist those urges? Can you control them, even in the middle of mindless lust? Where's all your righteous indignation? The certainty you showed at that meeting, when you claimed that men were only slaves to their lusts because they wanted to be?"

Nervous, not sure whether she was right about her assumptions or not, Debi licked her lips with a forced look of excitement - then, oh-so-slowly, began to bend over, her gloss-pink lips getting closer and closer to the throbbing head of Lyle's massive cock, feeling herself slip further into the Debi-mindset as she drew closer to becoming an eager cock-sucking slut...

"No!" Lyle screamed as he grabbed her...

...carefully.

Just as Debi had prayed would be the case, the core of who Lyle was - or had been - wouldn't let him be the bastard he was supposed to be. With gentle firmness and force of will, Lyle fought those 'disgusting' urges to gently, lovingly pull Debi's face level to his own, selling her gently on his lap.

'You fucking bitch! Suck my cock like the slut you are!' Flitted through the transformed man's mind...

...and, forcing his tone to be level, even loving, he purred softly into her ear: "Oh, my beautiful darling, let me soothe your every desire..."

Then, fighting the urges inside his divided mind, he kissed her - passionately, but with infinite gentleness and conscious control.

Letting her body go limp, Debi collapsed into his embrace, ignoring the brief, painful tightening of his arms before he regained control and eased off into a gentle embrace.

Pleasure ran through her at his gentle ministrations, at his loving kiss...

...just in time, as she wouldn't have been able to hold out any longer. Eagerly, she kissed back, her sexually submissive persona letting the now-ashamed man set the gentle, oh-so-loving pace, a pace consciously designed to provide her with as much pleasure as possible, and no pain.

Debi had realized that the new persona was too strong for her to fight any longer - and so, in a last ditch effort, she'd bent her will to 'setting' Lyle up. As disgusted as she was with the thought of having sex with a man, she'd rather have sex with an ex-female man than a 'real' one, an unreal distinction that nevertheless made her more emotionally comfortable with what her urges were driving her to do.

Best of all - her 'mind game' had ensured that she wouldn't be the degraded, demanded slut that she would have ended up as, otherwise. Lyle's own self-image just wouldn't allow him to be that way.

So - the stronger the urge to demean or injure Debi got, the more determined Lyle became to give her pleasure...

...which, in the most fundamental sense was exactly what both 'Debi' and 'Doug' wanted.

So, 'Doug' didn't do anything to fight 'Debi' as she shifted around, raised herself up - and happily impaled herself on Lyle's huge, throbbing organ.

The massive cock filled her tight, wet cunt like it was custom fitted for her, it throbbing length being firmly encased by the slick, tight confines of her expansive, designed-for-sex cunt.

"Yes!" She screamed in pleasure as she was penetrated, the masculine disgust at being entered more than buried in the wave of physical pleasure it generated.

As for Lyle - his first instinct was to buck his hips, converting pleasure into pain by driving himself into her as hard and deep as he could.

To do so, however, would make Lydia the terrible, horrible sort of person she'd spent all her life decrying - so, Lyle forced himself to slowly ease them over, his cock filling her deeply, but not forcing itself beyond the point of pleasure for her.

All of which generated a situation Lyle was even more unprepared for...

He was enjoying this. though both sets of emotions were warring over how this should feel, over how much pain he should be causing Debi, there was no denying the physical pleasure it generated.

Hesitantly at first, afraid of hurting Debi - and, worse, liking it - Lyle began thrusting, now looming over the diminutive, top-heavy body that had ceased to be either Debi or Doug, and was now simply a complex series of interlocking mental connections, all dedicated to enjoying the physical pleasure that Lyle was providing her no-longer unwanted body.

In fact, the person who was being fucked by Lyle had ceased to feel any negative feelings whatsoever - because both personas were in complete agreement with the assessment that this was the best, the most incredibly pleasurable sex ever experienced.

"Oh, God, Lyle - fuck me!" the new. Intermingled persona cried, eagerly, loving the sensation of even Lyle's hesitant thrusts.

The sensations only grew more pleasurable as the hesitancy faded, becoming a strong, steady rhythm that caused nerve ending to fire in the pattern they were specifically designed to do.

Patterns that thundered through her new form and directly into the pleasure center of her brain, which was already awash with the alcohol that had remained in her system during the transformation.

"Yes! Oh, God, Lyle - I love being fucked by you!" She cried, too overwhelmed by pleasure to say anything but the simple truth. "Oh, my wonderful Stud, fuck this body you gave me! Fuck me long and hard...!"

With a feral grin, Lyle did just that, making his thrust longer and harder...

...and generating even more pleasure. Debi's cunt had already been 'stretched' by his earlier, more hesitant thrusts, and his renewed, deepened thrusts didn't hurt her at all as he pounded harder. Driving her deeper and deeper into previously untouched realms of pleasure.

Debi abandoned coherent thought for long, eager shrieks of pure pleasure.

Shrieks that infuriated Lyle's implanted consciousness. Here he was fucking her hard and deep - and the stupid bitch was actually enjoying it! God, he hated dumb bitches like her - all women, in fact. Stupid, pathetic cunts, thinking they were anything but a convenient place to satisfy men's urges. Who cared if they enjoyed it? Hell, it was better if they didn't, to better emphasize their place in the world..

As his grin became even more feral, he drove into harder, faster - and her screams of pure pleasure began to ring with pain as he slammed into her hard, his hand now tightening on the huge, fake tits bouncing on her chest...

...and then Lyle realized what he was doing to her as she began to whimper, and his mind finally acted in self-defense, the measured syllables of the spell slipping from between his lips almost unwillingly, his implanted male persona screaming in horror as it was eradicated...

...leaving Lydia once more in full, sole control of herself - but still in Lyle's body.

Just as Doug was once again the sole inhabitant of the over-developed female body Lydia had cursed him with.

Still conjoined, bodies still quivering in the pleasure of their suddenly-halted sexual athletics, the two gender-misplaced individuals gaped at each other, wide eyed, as each absorbed their situation without the confusion and conflict created by inflicted mind-sets.

"Don't..." Doug-in-Debi said, voice high and quivering, breaking at the end. She shivered, her inner muscles clenching around Lydia- in-Lyle as she tried again:

"Don't stop!" She cried - and then, frantically, began bucking her hips.

"What!" Lyle gasped, shocked, as he tried to extricate himself from her, his organ beginning to wilt. Long, shapely legs wrapped themselves around him.

"I was an asshole!" Debi cried. "I was a jerk! I didn't deserve what you did to me, because I don't deserve to feel anything this wonderful - but, for God's sake, I'm so close. "Oh, God, Lydia, I'll do anything, be anything you want me to be - but, please, make me cum!"

Debi was more than aware of what she was saying and doing. She was well aware that she was a transformed man, living what should have been her worst nightmare...

...and she couldn't have cared less. The sex she'd been in the middle of was, bar none, the most wonderful physical sensation she'd ever felt - and she knew damned well that the orgasm was the best part, and she'd been so... damned... *close!*

"Please..." She sobbed, not caring how 'pathetic' it was. "Please, Lydia, please - fuck me..." Lydia gaped down at the woman beneath her massive new form - and, hesitantly, thrust.

Once.

"Yes!" Debi cried, squirming and writhing on his impaled cock, generating pleasure for him too, as she went on to reveal a 'shameful' truth she'd never have revealed only a short while ago: "I'm a macho asshole who hates women, and so they don't want anything to do with me. It's been months since I've been laid, Lydia - I need this. Oh, God, please - do me! Do me, now!"

The truth struck Lyle like a sledge-hammer blow - because she, too, was highly unpopular with men. In fact, her own 'feminism' came from all the rejection she'd suffered as an unattractive tomboy of a teenager - and her lesbianism wasn't any sort of detriment in this situation, not with an all-too-feminine body beneath her. In fact...

...she was more turned on as a man atop a woman than she'd been in her entire life. She began to thrust again, slowly, then with gaining enthusiasm.

There was no attempt to injure the woman he was having sex with. There was no desire in either of them to inflict emotional or physical pain on anybody.

It was simply a man and a woman in the middle of a mutually-pleasurable sexual experience, one long denied to either of them, regardless of current gender.

So - they fucked. Hard.

With great, eager intensity.

"Oh... God..." Debi gasped, squirming and bouncing under his massive body to increase her own pleasure. "I never.. knew.. it felt.. so good.. for women!"

"I never.. knew.. it could feel.. so good.. for men..!" Lyle gasped back in reply, amazed at the intense satisfaction that was generated, emotionally - in addition to the purely physical pleasure, of course.

Any further comparisons were left to later, the urge to communicate lost in the rising tide of pleasure that quickly reached it's previous high-water mark...

...and surpassed it.

Orgasm hit Debi like a sledge-hammer blow, albeit one that generated pleasure instead of pain. She cried out in pure, orgasmic pleasure, writing and jerking in mind-numbing pleasure.

Her muscular spasms, both internal and external, served to push Lyle over the edge as well, and his voice became bass profundo counterpoint in the orgasmic symphony of pleasure.

Slowly, like a tide receding from a beach, the steadily diminishing waves of her 'after orgasm' faded away from her - and Debi found herself looking up into a caricature of masculinity, rough-hewn features cast into shocked disbelief.

"What... what did we do..?" Lyle gasped, swiftly pulling out of her and rolling off of her. Somewhat bemused herself, Debi answered without thinking: "Well, we fucked..." Startled, they looked at each other - and laughed, nervously.

"Thank you, Mistress Obvious." Lyle retorted, then sighed. "Okay, we fucked. Now, the question is - what do we do next? I mean, what do I do to you... because I think..."

As Lyle trailed off, Debi smiled softly, finishing his sentence. "You think you prefer being male - a happy male - then you do to an angry, unsatisfied female."

Lyle opened his mouth to retort - then, slowly, began to nod, blushing furiously.

A blush sprung to her own face as, in a small voice, Debi admitted: "I... I realize now how much of an asshole I was. I.. I didn't want to like women, not after the way they turned my dad into a bitter old man. I didn't want to admit it, but I've been driving women away because I didn't want them to get close enough to hurt me."

"I was the same way about men." Lyle admitted, ashamed. "Actually, driving them away wasn't enough - I wanted to hurt them before they could hurt me, if you know what I mean..."

"I know." Debi said, propping herself up on one elbow and reaching out to lay a hand on Lyle's massive shoulder. "In fact, half-way through sex I realized something that you haven't, yet."

"What's that?" Lyle asked, intrigued.

Debi smiled, softly. "Well, the spell didn't conjure up mind-sets out of nothing. 'Debi' was a hyped-up version of your 'real' inner self - and 'Lyle' was the inner me, over-exaggerated."

Lyle's jaw dropped as she realized it was true - Lydia's secret inner self, hidden even from her, had been to be attractive - wanted - by men. Likewise, Lyle had been formed by the hate and desire to injure women that Doug had secretly harbored.

Faced with over-emphasized versions of their own id's, each had been forced to finally acknowledge what was wrong with themselves - and, having done that, they could no longer conveniently ignore their own flaws.

"That's why..." Lyle started, floored by the truth.

"Why we don't want to go back to our original genders." Debi finished for him. "We've seen who we really were - and come to hate it so much that we can't bear the thought of being put into a position where we might slip back into that life. We didn't realize what was happening the first time around, so we're afraid that, back in our old genders, we might some day end up that way again." "So..." Lyle said, slowly. "What do we do now?"

Debi laughed, suddenly, as the last, final realization kicked in. "What?" Lyle demanded.

"It's just... so ironic...!" Debi finally managed to get out between giggles. "Both of us.. were so sure that the other was the perfect example of what was wrong with the opposite gender!"

"Yeah, so?" Lyle said, still not getting it.

"So?" Debi asked, smiling. "Don't you get it? All of this started because we were each utterly sure the other one was utterly wrong..."

"...when the truth was, we were both completely right!" Lyle finished, seeing the irony of it: "Now, we're going to have to try and be our own vision of what we thought the other *should* be!"

"That's right!" Debi giggled. "The sole reason why we haven't gone stark, raving mad over what's happened to us..."

"..is because we're each so egotistical that we think we can make a better guy-or-girl than the other one did!" Lyle finished.

Looking at each other, finally coming to the full realization that their own sanity was maintained simply by a stubborn core of 'anything you can do, I can do better', the two egomaniacs burst into full-fledged laughter and fell into each other's arms.

As they shook with gales of bitter laughter at the irony of the universe, each managed the same darkly humorous consideration: Whatever their new lives held for them, one thing was certain:

It wouldn't be boring...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When his father dies, Daniel Laycroft realizes he ended up just like his father - rigid, unthinking and set in stone - so he decides to change everything he can about himself and moves Brazil where he is assigned a secretary/interpreter which is really a psychologist researching his Disassociative Persona Syndrome.

A Change Is...

By Gunslinger

(Part I)

"Excuse me, officer - where's the office of, uh... 'C. Palmer'...?"

The security guard smiled at the confused-looking brunette, no bothering to point out her mistake in calling him 'officer' - in fact, he liked the way it felt to have somebody address him with a modicum of respect. After all, sitting behind a big marble desk in the even bigger marble lobby of the Asheron Building might give him lavish surroundings, but his work left something to be desired.

"Well, Ma'am..." He said, with a pleasant smile. "If you see that lighted cube over in the corner, well, that's an office director of the building. I'm sure that.... you "

His smile slowly faded, his expression sliding into a slack-jawed gape of incredulity as he stared at the main door to the building. Confused, the brunette glanced over her shoulder then did a double take almost comedic in its classic simplicity.

She wasn't the only one. In the elegantly understated and very expensive lobby of the city's oldest and most respected 'Professional' building, heads were turning and jaws were drooping as people caught sight of what was walking in the door.

The figure just inside the door was technically wearing a pinstripe suit - but as far from the sedate outfits of the other men in lobby as fire was to water. The most sedate part of the outfit was the shoes, the black-and-white wingtips that looked brand-spanking new, despite being fifty years out of fashion, both black and white leather gleaming like mirrors.

Draped artfully over the shoes was the upturned cuffs of the pinstripe pants - the searing-red pants, with gold pinstriping that glittered and danced in the light, seeming to point upwards to where the matching jacket enclosed the figure's slender torso - but, slender as that torso, and its shoulders, might have been, the suit was anything but. From a nearly skin-tight waist, the suit was cut to flare like an inverted triangle, rising from that slender waist to shoulders so extravagantly padded that it didn't seem possible that they'd fit through the doorway.

Nestled in the 'V' of the suit's wide-collared neckline lay the upper portion of a tie so glaringly, achingly yellow that it seemed to be the condensed, distilled, chemically-pure origin of the color. A matching tri-peaked handkerchief nattily thrust from the breast pocket of the impossible suit, splashing against the equally glaring red of the jacket.

A matching red hat rested atop the person's head - a flat-crowned hat with a massively wide brim and hatband that was the same glaring yellow as tie and kerchief, in which rest a huge plumed peacock feather.

His left hand was gripping the fob of a golden pocket-watch on its chain, and was lazily twirling it around like a miniature, golden airplane propeller.

Looking around with satisfaction, the tall, slender apparition spoke in a rapid, sing-song voice.

"Hi, ho, daddios. Don't wear out your peepers, 'cause I'm not an illusion - I'm live and in living Technicolor, hep cats."

With a strange, sort of gliding walk, the garishly-clad man started towards the bank of elevators at the far end - and ever head turned to follow the progress, as if the silent spectators were little more than animatronic constructs designed solely to track the garish oblong of color that breezed through their midst.

Then the doors to the elevators slid open, then closed, and it was gone - and a dozen people shook their heads and began to murmur.

Shaking his own head, the security guard reached down and grabbed the phone hidden beneath the ledge of his desk, punching in an internal code. A voice on the other end answered.

"Uh, Stan?" The guard said in a stunned voice, speaking to another security guard on the very top floor of the building. "I think you'd better get Mr. Asheron. Uh, Mr. Laycroft just came in, and.. uh... I think he's gone crazy."

Still stunned, the guard slowly hung up the phone, not even hearing the tinny squawking issuing from the receiver as he put it down.

* * * * *

Daniel Jackson Laycroft had never felt so utterly happy in his life.

Even as the elevator cab rose towards the peak of the building, and the offices of Asheron Accounting and Insurance, Dan knew that he was committing metaphorical suicide - but he didn't care. His job, his supposed friends and colleagues, his little niche in life - none of it seemed to matter, not in the least - and the knowledge made Dan feel more completely and utterly free than he'd ever felt in his life.

It had all started just four days ago.

Four days ago, thirty-seven year old Dan Laycroft had entered the very same door as this morning - the same door he'd entered every weekday of the past ten years. One of a dozen slightly different shade-and-cut of brown three-piece suits he owned had sat on his sparse frame, every seam and crease perfect, brown shoes lightly polished to a sedately semi-gloss gleam, Gold watch neatly tucked into one pocket of his brown vest, the fob tucked into the other so that only the gleam of the golden chain offset the sedate touch of the suit.

He had then walked across the same marble floor he'd walked across for the past ten years, throwing the same polite nods and muttered greetings to the same people he always passed, as he waited quietly for the same elevator that would take him up to the top floor, where he would go to the same office and take off his coat, neatly fold back the French-cuffs of his starched white shirt, and get down to doing the same business he'd done for the past ten years, moving numbers from one column to one of three other columns, the amounts and associated codes meaningless to him in and of itself as he performed his mindless, repetitive - if fairly well-paying - job.

Over the decade he'd worked at Asheron, the computer on the desk had been upgraded several times, and the coffee maker in the lounge had been replaced with a machine that also made espresso and cappuccino - but, even then, Dan had habitually poured his same black-double-sweet coffee every morning, never even trying the new coffees the machine dispensed.

It had been a day identical to any other work day in the past decade... until the phone had rung, bringing with it the news that Dan's father had died.

It shouldn't have been a surprise, really. Everybody had known it was coming, and not too long. Between the dust from the mill and the pack-and-a-half-a-day cigarette habit, lung cancer had been inevitable, and even Martin D. Laycroft had only grunted unemotionally when the doctor had made the final pronouncement. A big-boned, wide-shouldered man with leathery skin, Marty Laycroft hadn't cried at the funeral of his wife, and he didn't whimper at the news of his own impending death... and he hadn't called his only son to inform him, leaving it to 'friends of the family' to finally pass the piece of news on to Dan... who hadn't had the slightest idea how he should react to that bit of news.

Even when old Doc Winslow had called and informed Dan that his Dad was dead, Dan hadn't known how to react. He wasn't sure whether he was happy or sad, excited or crushed by grief. He did know that it just didn't seem possible, no matter how he felt about it - Dad was immutable, as unchanging as the mountains or the sea.

It had taken the sight of his father laying in a casket to completely convince Dan that his dad, his unbending, unchanging father, was indeed dead.

It was the sight of the otherwise viewing room that had made Dan realize some other things, as well.

Martin had been a stern, unbending man. In the world of Marty Laycroft, everything had been black and white in a world full of givens - and Dan had hated him for it, with a passion that had surprised him.

Though Dan had inherited the slender build that had ultimately led to his mother's death while she was giving life to him, Martin saw only a 'son' in Dan, a male offspring who would do the same heavy work that big, strapping Marty had done in his youth. It hadn't been planned torment, or even really uncaring cruelty - it had been a given. A son would do heavy chores, and Martin Laycroft was incapable of altering his mind to accept anything, unable to take into account that Dan wasn't the big strapping boy that Marty had imagined a son would be.

It was also a given that Dan would work in the mill, like his father and his father's father before him. Martin hadn't even seemed to hear young Dan's desires to see the world, to leave the tiny company town and make something of himself. In Martin's life, everything was already set, and that included Dan's future. From that day he'd been born, Martin had already 'known' every detail of Dan's life to come.

So Dan had simply walked out one day. Taking his small collection of personal possessions, he'd sold off anything with the slightest value and traded it in for a bus ticket out of there. On his own, he'd headed to Chicago, where he'd made a new life for himself. He'd gone to school during the day and worked during the night, wearing himself thin and leaving no time for a social life as he'd striven towards his golden dream of a life completely unlike the one planned for him by Laycroft the senior.

When he'd finally graduated university, he'd accepted his diploma with pride, his own hopes and dreams to bright for him to see that, in the crowd of shining faces that watched, not one of them, was applauding for Daniel Laycroft.

That same shining hope led him to the doors of Asheron, where his drive and credentials had secured him a position as distant from a mill as you could get. Operating a computer in a climate- controlled office high above the city, dressed in well-tailored suits instead of greasy coveralls, risking paper-cuts from reports instead of mashed or missing limbs from machinery.

It wasn't until he stood in the viewing room that it had hit home. Part of Dan had begun to gloat over the emptiness of the room the knowledge that his father's unbending nature had left him alone at the very end...

..when he'd realized that the empty room had also signified that there was nobody there for him. No friends. No family. No companions or colleagues or acquaintances. Not one, single soul there to give him solace in this time of grief.

That's when Dan had realized, external trappings aside, he'd become the very thing he hated. Somehow, chasing the dream to escape the life his father had planned for him - he'd become the same unbending, unthinking man that his father had been, each day as identical to the other as if set in stone.

Something in Dan had become unhinged at the realization. He'd stumbled out of the viewing room in shock, and made his way to the nearest bar - where he'd tried to fit himself into a bottle.

He'd awoken two days later - the day before yesterday - with a massive hangover. He'd been laying in the hotel room he'd taken, his head pounding and his mouth a cesspool, when he'd realized that he couldn't go on like this. Something had to give.

He'd showered and shaved, taken a few aspirin and rinsed his mouth out with mouthwash. Then he'd dressed - and, for the first time in as long as he could recall, he didn't bother to work out what went with what, merely picking out the most comfortable pieces of clothing and the hell with it if they clashed.

Then, calmly and deliberately, he'd gone to the task of completely and utterly tearing apart the life he'd formed for himself.

It started with his up-scale apartment in Chicago. The instant he'd gotten home, he'd began stuffing things in bags and boxes, clearing out the apartment. The furniture and electronics he pawned for half their actual worth, everything else went to Goodwill.

Then he'd gone shopping for all-new possessions - and his one guiding rule was that they be as 'un- Dan-like' as possible.

Which left him where he was, on the elevator riding up towards the offices of Asheron Accounting and Insurance, to rid himself of the last vestiges of the old Dan Laycroft. As the elevator slowed to a stop and the doors slid open, Dan grinned boyishly, feeling a sense of elation fill him as he stepped out of the elevator.

Dan grinned as he saw his co-workers stop in the middle of their work and turn to gape at the garish vision stepping from the elevator. One of the secretaries, passing by, came skidding to a stop, her carefully collated pile of papers spilling from numb hands as she gaped at him, wide-eyed.

Throwing her a wink, Dan strolled towards the office of William Asheron. Ignoring the bleating of the security guard who was running up behind him, and the protests of Asheron's private secretary, William pushed open the door to the ornate office of the heir to the Asheron name and company and strode in proudly, closing the door behind him.

"Hey, there, Billy-boy." Dan said, brightly, to the silver-haired man behind the big desk, who was gaping at him.

"What's the meaning of this... Laycroft? Is that you?" Asheron asked, confused.

"Sure is, Daddio." Dan laughed. "I've come to, as you squares say, 'tender my resignation'. I'm blowing this joint."

Sliding his formal resignation from an inner pocket, Dan walked over and dropped it on the desk.

For a second, his nearly manic smile slipped as the consequences of what he was doing tried to make themselves heard - but Dan refused to listen to the quiet, logical voice anymore. It was the one that had led him to the distorted parody of his Dad's life, and he was damned if he was going to listen to it anymore.

"Laycroft... Dan..." Asheron said, slowly, looking at the resignation but not touching it. "I realize that your father passed away recently, and you might not be... fully aware of what you're doing..."

"Hell, no, Billy-boy." Dan grinned, cheerfully. "I know exactly what I'm doing. I'm blowing the dust of this squaresville of my clodhoppers and hitting the bricks. I'm ready for a change, Billy-boy. No more boring old Dan - this boy's a hep-cat now, and I'm gonna find something a little more my style, daddio."

William Asheron slowly folded his hands on the desk-top and looked at Dan's grinning face with compassion. "So... you don't think that this might be a.. a reaction to you father's death, Dan?"

"Well, sure it is, Billy-boy!" Dan said, dropping into one of the high-backed leather chairs in front of the big desk. For some reason, he felt like explaining himself, of showing the reasons why what he was doing was necessary. Almost as if seeking absolution for his 'wasted' life, and to boast of the revelation he'd had, Dan began to explain to his now-ex-boss what he'd realized.. and then found himself going into deeper detail, the grin sliding from his face and his voice becoming bitter as he slumped forward in the chair, eyes fixed on something in the unknown distance as he went through the whole story.

When he finished, Dan stared off into the distance for a few minutes.. then blinked and shook his head, coming out of the reverie with a snap, near-manic grin springing back to his lips.

"See, Billy-boy?" Dan asked, standing. "So, I'm gonna flee the joint."

Asheron was looking at Dan with true compassion and pity. Though the heir to a fortune, a name connected with power, and a life of luxury, William Asheron was also a good man in his own right, and the sight of what one of his most trust-worthy employees was going through touched him deeper than the shell of an efficient businessman could cover.

"Dan... wait a second." William said, lifting a hand and forestalling Dan's departure. "Please - hear me out."

"Hey, ain't no skin off my nose, Billy-boy." Dan grinned agreeably.

"I understand your.. need.. to distance yourself from what you see as a failed life." William said, slowly. "But, still, I can't help feeling that you're... overcompensating. This 'revelation' is still too new - you haven't had a chance to get used to it. You're erasing the old Dan - but you haven't yet decided on who the new Dan is going to be."

"If you're trying to talk me out of it, Billy-boy, you're wasting your breath." Dan grinned. "I ain't never going back to the sad-sack I was."

"I'm not saying you have to." Asheron assured Dan, quickly. "However... I want to offer you another job. If what you're looking for is a change, this might be just what you need."

"What's that? Mail-room? Janitor?" Dan asked, sarcastically. "Maybe tour-guide for the 'Historic Landmark Asheron Building'?"

"no." William said, shaking his head. "We've just opened a new office in Venezuela. We need somebody down there to head it... and I think it might be perfect for you." William opened a drawer in the desk and pulled out a sheet listing some details, sliding it across the desk. "You wouldn't have to start for a month, and we'd pay for relocating you. You could basically start a whole new life down there, re-invent yourself completely... as long as you're willing to choose a new you suitable for working in a casual office environment. Perhaps tone your fashion down a bit..." William looked Dan up and down, slowly, eyebrows raised. "It'll be pretty casual.. but not that casual."

Dan looked down at the paper sitting on the desk, then slowly picked it up, looking it over - and thinking about it, hard.

The part of his looking to escape his old existence urged him to accept - more than a change of wardrobe and speech patterns, this was a chance to start over in a new location, a new culture...

The 'logical' part of him also pointed out that it was damned good money. A little less than he'd earned here, actually - but it was also cheaper to live in Venezuela, meaning he'd come out slightly ahead.

It was the best of both worlds - and left him with a month off, to get moved down there and find his new groove...

"Hey, man - this sounds like a decent gig." Dan grinned. "I guess you got your boy." "That's great!" William said, obviously pleased. "Now, there's just one other thing." Dan's smile faded. "What's that...?"

William waved a hand in dismissal. "Oh, don't worry, it's nothing major. You're just going to have a secretary/interpreter staying with you for the month. We do it for all our employees going to a foreign country. She'll help you get up to speed with the new language and culture..."

* * * * *

"Well, babe - I guess this is our new pad!" Dan said, climbing out of the cramped, smelly taxi and staring at the pink-walled house. Dressed as a fifties 'Greaser' today, Dan was less out of place than he might have been, many of the locals having adopted a somewhat similar style out of personal preference.

Susan Chavez Climbed out of the cab as well, taking a deep breath to clear her lungs of the stale odors of the taxi as she looked at her residence for the next month - and mentally decided to tack another couple of grand on her bill for this.

Though playing the role of interpreter/Secretary to perfection, being fluent in Spanish and English, Susan was doing just that - playing a role.

Her real job here was to help 'guide' Dan along, subtly - something keeping right in line with her 'real' job, since she was an expert psychologist, especially in the 'Disassociative Persona Syndrome' field. In fact, she was the world's leading expert on the phenomenon...

...which was the major reason she'd accepted this case. It wasn't really the money, or even the case in and of itself - it was for her reputation as an expert, and the fact that this case was so important to that reputation.

Dan's case was the first recorded instance of a man suffering from a clear-cut case of DPS. A relatively new psychological phenomenon, DPS had, until now, only been clearly identified in women - to be specific, battered or subdued women whose controlling husbands had died or divorced them.

Overcome with 'freedom', the women would do the same 'flip-flop' in personalities as Dan was doing, searching for something to replace their old life. An ardent feminist, Susan had devoted her career to helping guide these women along the 'right' path, to allow them to become strong female individuals who no longer felt the need to 'submit' to men.

She wasn't exactly happy with having to deal this closely with a man - but if she didn't do this, one of her competitors would have taken the ground-breaking case, and she would have fallen behind. She wasn't about to play second fiddle to anyone, so she'd taken the case, her own discomfort notwithstanding.

"Well, why don't we get you inside...?" Susan said, trying to keep her dislike for her situation and 'patient'/project out of her voice. Active enthusiasm was way out of her league of acting skill, but at least she could try and act civil towards him. "You could probably use a long, hot shower after such a long trip."

"Sounds great, babe." Dan grinned, leading her up the walk to the garishly-colored and somewhat antiquated house she was going to spend the next month in.

"Go ahead and get your shower." She said, feigning as much enthusiasm as she could bring to bear. "Just throw your clothes out the door - I have to run some errands, and I'll wash your clothes while I'm at it."

"Sounds great!" Dan agreed, heading into the bathroom. A moment later, the door opened a crack and his skinny little arm slipped out, dropping his clothes onto the floor. A few seconds later, the sound of the shower filled the air.

"Well, at least I don't have to worry about this nutcase being abusive." Susan muttered to herself as she gathered up the clothing. Dan was thin and fine-boned, about the same general height and build as she herself - but she was an ardent fitness 'nut', and she was toned and fit, unlike the skinny, pasty office-worker Dan had let himself become.

Carrying the clothes, she headed out of the house. Wrinkling her nose, she dropped the archaic clothing, shoes and all, into the garbage can - and thus set 'part A' of her plan into motion.

When Dan climbed out of the shower, he'd find the only clothes available were those that were a little more appropriate. Susan had used this tactic dozens of times on women with DPS, who had over- expressed their freedom in the guise of 'too feminine' or even 'slutty' clothing. Inevitable, after they'd found nothing but comfortable casual clothes to wear in the closet, they'd put them on - and found themselves enjoying them more than the other clothes they'd been wearing. Susan was sure that once Dan put on some of the clothes in his closet, he too would start the road to being more... 'normal'.

Shaking her head, Susan headed down the street, towards the market at the bottom of the hill. Setting up this 'correction exercise' for Dan meant that there were certain things she'd purposefully instructed the company not to put in the house, and she had to pick them up. Besides - she was sure that there was a place that would sell alcohol down there somewhere - and right now, she needed a drink.

* * * * *

Annoyed, Dan peered around the corner of the bathroom door. "Susan..?" He called out, hesitantly. "Susan - are you here?"

He waited a moment - and was glad when he didn't hear any response. There was no bathrobe to be had in the bathroom - and all the towels were hand towels, which not only meant he'd had to use several to dry himself... but none of them came close to being large enough to wrap around his hips.

He had to settle for one rather strategically placed as he self-consciously padded from the bathroom and to his bedroom, shutting the door behind him with relief...

...and looking at the window with red-faced embarrassment. Looking out over a collection of other yards, the window was unadorned with any drapes or other view-disturbing items. Though there wasn't anybody immediately visible, there could be a dozen people looking out their own windows, able to see the nearly-naked 'gringo' in his bedroom.

Dan hurried over to the closet and pulled open the door, eager to end the chance of being 'peeped'. One-handed, he began to paw through the clothing.

Casual slacks. Dress slacks. Dress shirts, causal dress shirts/ Ties. Dark socks. The closet was full of the attire of a dedicated businessman - almost too much so. No jeans. No T-shirts. Everything was button-down or button-up...

...exactly like the clothing he'd worn over the past few years. Like the clothes that 'the old Dan' had always worn.. and staring at the selection, Dan felt a worm of fear twist in his heart. There wasn't a single piece of clothing that he found far enough away from his old life in there.. and the thought of wearing some of this clothing made his heart pound and sweat stand out on his brow.

"No..." He moaned in a low, half-crazed voice. "No, I'm escaping from that.. I'm not going back!" His voice had slowly risen as he'd talked and he didn't realize he was screaming at the top of his lungs, eyes bulging as he screamed. "I am not going to be my father!"

Dan slammed the door to the closet and slumped against it, panting. His own fear and disgust at what he'd let himself become, once, shook him with it's intensity - and the need to avoid being the least like that person was equally intense. He couldn't put the clothing in the closet on - not if he wanted to be able to cope. It would feel too much like.. like giving up. Like letting his father win, even from the grave.

Shaking with emotion, Dan turned away from the closet. He glanced at the bed, which was devoid of sheets or blankets, then padded towards the bedroom door.

Glancing around, guiltily, Dan padded towards the bedroom that Susan was going to be using, hoping to find a robe or something to put on. It was embarrassing to be sneaking into somebody else's room without asking - but it was even more embarrassing to be padding around, naked.

The thought of wearing the clothes in his closet was downright unthinkable, however. Opening the door to Susan's bedroom, Dan walked in and looked around.

The bed, like his, was stripped down to the bare mattress, and there was no curtains on the windows of her room, either.

"I thought this place was supposed to be 'fully furnished and equipped'..." Dan muttered in annoyance as he walked over to the closet. Opening the doors to the large, spacious closet, he began to flip through the clothing in search of a robe.

There wasn't one. In fact, most of the closet was filled with clothes bought by the local company rep for Susan - which showed that he knew about as much about Susan as he had about Dan. While the clothes in Dan's closet were repulsive to him because of their boring, business-like style, the clothing in Susan's closet was too 'feminine' for Susan. Dan hadn't seen the dusky-skinned Interpreter in anything but mannish-style clothing that was, at best, 'unisex'.

"Geez, talk about your screw-ups." Dan muttered. "Susan wouldn't want to wear this stuff - hell, she'd be happier wearing the stuff in my closet."

He shook his head at the truth of the statement - the stuff in his closet was actually damned near perfect for Susan, despite being 'men's' clothing. Hell, with their builds, they'd probably fit just right.

"That's it - they got the rooms mixed up. That's her clothes... so, these must be mine." Dan laughed at the thought...
...then stopped dead, an odd expression coming over his face as he looked at the clothing in the closet.

He was looking for something to wear that was about as far from his old clothing as possible - and women's clothes would definitely qualify...

"Naw..." Dan said, shaking his head. "What the hell am I thinking? I'm not some sissy tranny! I'm.. I'm... I, uh,..."

Dan stopped dead, face going blank as he suddenly realized he simply didn't know how to end that sentence.

William Asheron's words came back to him. Mr. Asheron had said that Dan was erasing the 'old Dan', but without having anything to replace it with. Dan hadn't been willing to listen, thinking Billy-boy was just trying to talk Dan into getting back into his old life - but, now, Dan realized that Asheron might have been right. Maybe the 'old Dan' was the only person he knew how to be, and all he'd been doing was.. 'playing around'. Choosing to act and dress directly opposite, but without any real goals or aims to form a new Dan.

In short - he was still the 'same old Dan', just in brighter clothes...

:No!" Dan shouted at himself, angry - and scared. "No, I can change. I can be somebody completely different! I'll prove it!"

Though there was nobody there, in truth the shouted denial was aimed at his deceased father. The sting of his father's assumptions and iron-clad beliefs of what his soon would become had shaped Dan for so many years that even the death of Martin Laycroft wasn't enough to break the cycle. Just as he once had, Dan needed to prove to his Dad - and himself - that he could turn around and do something completely different...

And if it was 'different' that was needed, then 'different' it was going to be.

"Never thought a son of yours would ever be caught dead in women's clothes, hey dad?" Dan shouted at the ceiling as he grabbed some clothes at random. |"No Laycroft would ever be a 'sissy- boy', right? Well - watch this Dad!"

Carrying the pile of clothing, he went back into the bathroom and started the water running again - but rather than pull the little lever to send the water into the shower head, Dan put the plug into the tub and let it begin to fill.

Sitting on the toilet, Dan grabbed his rechargeable electric razor.

"See this dad - your son, who was going to be 'just like you' is gonna shave his legs. You ever do that, Dad? Huh?"

Quickly, Dan used the electric razor and began to shave off his leg hair. In a red haze of anger at himself and his Father, Dan was barely aware of his own actions as he worked his way up one leg and then down the other - and then went on to the rest of his body, contorting to reach every inch of his body as he removed the little masculine body hair he had.

Then, turning off the razor, he put the electric razor down and grabbed a bottle of Nair that had been supplied. He'd seen it under the sink when he'd showered, and laughed to himself at the thought that, considering Susan's personality and choice of clothing, it would probably never get used. Well, it was going to get used now...

Stopping the water in the tub, which was half full, Dan slid into the tub and washed the remaining loose hairs that had fallen over his body as the razor had done its work. With his skin slick with water, he stood and applied the Nair according to the instruction on the bottle.

After fifteen minutes, he turned on the water and pulled out the plug with his toe, then turned on the shower and rinsed the foul-smelling hair-remover off his slender body, stepping out of the tub and shutting off the water.

"See, dad! All nice and sissy-smooth!" He shouted at the ceiling, running his hands over his slick, smooth skin. Grabbing another pile of hand towels, he quickly toweled off.

"Watch dad! I'm getting dressed!" Dan shouted, picking up a pair of white cotton panties that were most definitely feminine attire. He quickly pulled them on, laughing almost maniacally at his dead father.

Next, he pulled on an off-white silk blouse, thrown for a second by the buttons being on the wrong side. Next, he pulled on a burgundy knee-length skirt that hung a little loose across the hips, but fit fairly well otherwise.

"See, dad! I'm nothing like you!" Dan shouted in weaker defiance, the red-hot anger at his father draining away as his manic burst of energy died. Slumping against the sink, Dan found himself looking in the mirror.

Staring back at him was a person he hardly recognized. He'd always taken after his mother, with her slender, svelte build - and now, dressed in a basic, feminine outfit, his mother's less-than-stunning daughter could have been looking back - if she'd had one.

Despite the short hair, the flat chest, and the too-large nose.. Dan almost looked like a woman. Hell - if he walked down the street at this instant, more people would assume he was a not terribly attractive woman then would assume he was a guy. Even the legs revealed beneath the knee-length skirt weren't half bad.

"What the hell am I doing?!" Dan asked himself, horrified as he realized what his anger had let him do. He stared back at the feminine-looking 'sissy-boy' in the mirror, unable to believe how monumentally stupid he'd just been. Shame washed over him at the memory of shaving his body hair and pulling on these clothes.. and for what? To make some sort of point to a person who was already dead and buried.

"Dan.." He told his reflection, shakily. "This.. this isn't normal. Asheron was right - you need some help. Some serious, *professional* help. You're cracking up..."

Like some great boulder rolling from the entrance to a cave, light flooded into Dan's mind as his 'rational' side was allowed to speak again, to show him what he'd been doing. Dan realized that, for the last week, he had been - technically - insane.

Taking a deep breath, Dan felt tension drain out of him - and embarrassment rose to take its place as he looked at his own, mostly-feminine reflection. Straightening, he decided to go back to his bedroom, get out of these clothes and into something more fitting - and try and forget that he'd ever done this incredibly stupid, embarrassing thing.

Shaking his head at his own crazed actions, Dan stepped out of the bathroom - and practically into the arms of Susan Chavez.

"What the.. Dan?" Susan gasped, staring at him - with good reason. Dan began to blush. "Look, Susan.." HE tried to explain.

An odd look came over her face as her eyes narrowed. "Oh - don't bother to explain, Dan. So, you like to dress in women's clothes, huh? I see you've even shaved your legs. Well, if you want to look like a woman, I think that's just fine..."

Dan didn't like the tone of her voice, or the odd glitter in her eyes, and held up his hands and tried to explain. "Look, it's not..."

* * * * *

Susan was seething at being played for a fool. She can't believe that this.. this sissy had managed to fool her, make her believe that he was actually an important case, the first recorded male case of DPS.

No, it was nothing that important. This little slime bag was just your standard-issue little sissy. It all fit the slim build, the lack of facial hair, the lack of friends and close ties.. all so that he could better play the woman without getting caught.

But - this little sissy had tried to pull a fast one. Using the excuse of his father's death, he'd played 'insane' - and managed to get reassigned to Venezuela...

...which 'just happened' to have a number of very good, very cheap sex-change clinics, where the non-AMA-bound doctors could do the job faster and less expensively than in the states.

She'd left her thriving practice and come to this shit-hole.. because this damned tranny had tricked her. Well.. she wasn't going to stand for that.

The little sissy was babbling something - but she didn't hear him. Anger was white-hot behind her eyes, and the rush of blood through her ears blocked him out... as she put ten years of Martial Art's classes to good use.

With a movement almost too fast to see, her fist lashed out and caught him in the pit of the stomach. Air rushed from his lungs, and he bent double - and she brought both hands, folded together, down on the back of his head, sending him sprawling to the floor, unconscious.

Susan didn't realize her lips were curled in a fearful sneer as she looked down at the little sissy with white-hot anger.

"So.. you want to be a little sissy, do you?" She snarled. "A girly-girl? Well... You've come to the right person. I am going to help you, Sissy... You have no idea how much I'm going to help you..."

Throwing her head back, Susan began to laugh as she stood over the unmoving form dressed in a skirt and blouse.

THE END PART I

SUMMARY: This is the second part of an interesting story of a man who leaves his life in the states and goes to Venezuela to "start a new life." And what happens is your guess.

(Part II)

By Gunslinger

Darkness to darkness. Silence to silence. Stillness to stillness.

If not for the new-born awareness of the deep, throbbing ache of his head, Dan wouldn't have realized he was conscious once again as he blinked up into a darkness as deep as that of the Stygian well from which he'd just arisen.

Dan groaned, trying to raise his hands to his aching head.. only to find that he couldn't. The movement was brought up very short by a sharp tug on each of his wrists, and the slickly- uncomfortable abrasion of nylon rope tightening and rotating around the wrist with the aborted movement.

"Wha...?" Dan said, thickly, his throat as dry as the Sahara as he tried to recall how he'd ended up here. He licked his dry, salty lips as the last memories came back - Susan, glaring at him as he'd stood in the bathroom doorway, dressed in some of her clothes... and then the sudden flashes of pain, then darkness.

He was laying on something cold and hard, strapped down in a spread-eagle on the surface. From the way the cool material felt beneath him, and the slightly warmer air flowing over him, it wasn't hard to figure out that he was also naked.

His body was stiff and sore - he must have been out of it for quite awhile. His head ached, his mouth felt like the day after a major drinking binge, and he was strapped down, unable to move more then a couple of inches.

This wasn't exactly an ideal situation...

"Hello...?" He croaked, his voice dry and rusty. Clearing it, he tried again. "Help! Somebody, help me...!"

There was a dull thumping sound in response. Even as Dan's brain placed it as being sneakers on a concrete surface, they paused - and light flared, momentarily blinding him as he gasped at the searing bolt of pain that flashed through his indignant head at the mistreatment.

"Ahhh... I see our little sissy-boy's awake..." Susan's voice said, smugly. Turning his head, Dan found himself looking at Susan, dressed in a pair of jeans and a baggy sweatshirt, standing in the doorway of what Dan could now identify as the garage of the house he'd been given in Venezuela.

"Susan!" Dan gasped, still wincing in the bright overhead light. "What.. what are you doing? Have you gone crazy? Untie me!"

"Oh, no - I don't think so..." Susan said, with an unpleasant grin, as she came down the two steps from the door to the garage floor. "You picked the wrong woman to try and play games with, little Tranny Danny. For once, I'm in a position to do something about it."

Dan frowned in confusion. "Wha.. What the hell are you talking about, Susan?"

She slowly walked around the large workbench-like table he was strapped to, her entire body radiating a sense of arrogant control.

"You thought I was just some dumb secretary and translator, didn't you, Danny?" She asked, with a grin that wasn't the least bit humorous. "You had no way of knowing you were trying to fool one of the preeminent psychologists in the world. For more than a decade, I've been helping women who have suffered at the hands of men, women whose identities have been swallowed up, so that they actually needed somebody to help them form a whole new personality after their escape."

Dan tried to follow what she was saying - but he couldn't tie it into the situation in which he found himself in. He wasn't the 'man' who had done something to one of her patients so this couldn't be some sort of 'revenge' thing...

"I.. I don't understand. What.. why are you doing this to me...?"

She turned on him, anger flaring in her eyes. "Oh, don't try and play dumb now, Danny. You're caught! I know what you were doing! Acting all crazy... just so you could con your company into paying for your new life in Venezuela. You couldn't have swung your tranny life in America - but here it's cheap and easy, and there's now Government watchdogs to slow or stop the process. Oh, your plan was pretty good, Tranny-Danny - but you had no way of knowing that Asheron would assign a psychologist to keep an eye on you!"

Dan's blood ran cold. "But... I'm not a tranny.. a transvestite!"

Susan laughed, cruelly. "Oh, of course - shaving off all your body hair and wearing women's clothes is 'a comfort thing', right? Stow it, sissy-boy - you can't fool me. No, I'm trained as a psychologist, remember? We've been trained how to spot - and deal with - people like you. Oh, I know you better than you know yourself, tranny-Danny!"

"But...!" Dan tried to explain what had happened.

"Shut up!" Susan roared. "What, do you really think I'm that stupid? That I don't know what's going on? Well.. let's look at the 'facts', shall we?"

Her voice sliding into a condescending lecturing tone, she began to tick points off on her fingers. "First - your build. You're slender, very much so. In fact, you have just about the perfect 'feminine' build, despite the lack of secondary feminine characteristics."

Dan had inherited a feminine frame from his mother... but it was the fact that his Dad had expected him to become a 'big strapping boy' that had driven Dan to keep himself trim and slender... feminine- looking in fact. It hadn't been a conscious decision, really - but, now, he realized that he did, indeed, present a very effeminate appearance, a side-effect of his desire to be as unlike Dad as possible...

"Then there's your behavior..." Susan continued, raising another finger. "Very proper, almost foppish... and very 'polished' and graceful. Characteristics usually assigned to women, again..."

Dan realized it was true, as well - though, again, Susan was ascribing the wrong reasons to the phenomena. Dan's father had been a muscular, gruff man - so Dan had tried to be 'polished', as upper-class as his father was working-class...

"Look, you don't..." Dan tried again, seeing that all the pointers were there - but misunderstood... the blow came as a shocking surprise. Pain flared in his mistreated head as the exquisitely toned and fit Susan right-crossed him across the jaw, making his head pound to the side.

As if she hadn't just slugged him harder than most men would be able to do, Susan continued on, unperturbed.

"Then we have your 'social life' - or rather, lack thereof. This is a common indicator in transsexuals who feel 'ashamed' of their 'perversion' - they avoid forming close friendships to keep the chances of being 'discovered' minimal. For the same reason, they were very drab, masculine clothing when not 'en femme', to help distract for their proclivities..."

Still stunned by the blow, Dan was too dazed to refute the charge, though - like the others - it was the wrong conclusion based on the right data. Dad had worn grubby work- or casual clothes, so Dan had always worn very 'formal' clothing, toned down and sedate to form the persona he'd been trying to make - one that had been driven to be as unlike Marty Laycroft as possible, *not* to try and be feminine...

"So, you see, you can't fool me any longer!" Susan snapped, triumphantly. "I know all about.. men like you. Secretly ashamed of being male, yet too damned cowardly to be openly female. You sissies are nothing! Not men, and you sure as hell aren't 'real' women. Oh, no - when you're all 'feminine', you don't act like really women. No, it's all swishy-swishy, lace and satin and heels. You disgust me! You sissy trannies are more of a stereo-type of the type of women that men want than any woman ever was or will be! It's perverts like you that give real women a bad name! Hell, men figure that if damned sissy-boys like you can be so feminine, then women should be able to be even more feminine. You make me sick. You disgust me. I just want to take your scrawny little neck and...!"

Susan suddenly realized she was ranting, eyes bulging and spittle flicking from her mouth. With a visible effort, she reined herself in - then smiled most unpleasantly.

"Far be it for me to be upset about it, though." She said, too-calmly. "After all, I'm a trained psychologist. My job is to help people like you - especially people like you, afraid even to admit what it is that you wanted. What you lied and schemed to get. As long as nobody suspected, you were happy but being confronted with your own guilty secret humiliates you to no end. Well... I'm going to help you overcome you shame, and face what it is that you really want.."

"No!" Dan gasped out, head banging and throbbing angrily as fear ran up and down his spine. "I don't want to be a woman! I never have! It's all a mistake..!"

Susan smiled, cruelly. "Ah, yes.. the first step: Denial. Well, we'll just have to start there, won't we...?"

She began to laugh - a low, ugly sound that sent chills up and down Dan's spine. Still laughing, she grabbed something out of Dan's line of sight. A second later, he felt something round and cool - and slightly resilient - being forced into his mouth. HE tried to struggle, but she had the advantage, and she finally forced the ball-gag into his mouth.

Still laughing maniacally, she left the room, turning off the light and plunging the helplessly, gagged Dan into darkness as he faced the prospects of what this crazed woman was planning to do to him...

* * * * *

Dan awakened for a second time, still strapped down to the work-bench style table in the garage.

At least his head didn't ache as much anymore... though that didn't immediately register, as his awakening was coupled with a not entirely unpleasant sensation in his crotch.

Lifting his head as far as he could, Dan looked down at Susan who - improbably - was doing something that felt very much like giving him a very slow hand-job. Through the ball gag, Dan made an odd, inquiring sound, wondering if this was her way of 'apologizing' for having gone psycho on him.

Apparently not - the cruel grin she gave him didn't seem the least bit apologetic. However, she did walk to the head of the table and unstrap the wide black leather strap that held the red rubber ball in place. He spat it out and worked his tongue around in his mouth, trying to get the saliva going again.

"Well, welcome back to wakey-land, sissy-boy." Susan said with an unpleasant grin, proving that she definitely wasn't off this 'transvestite' gig.

"Look, Susan - this is all a mistake..." Dan started, hoping to get through to her...

...and then he screamed as she reached over and pushed a button - and the 'sleeve' she'd wrapped around his cock and balls transferred the electricity from the 6-volt 'hobby' battery to his testicles.

It was only a momentary jolt - but Dan thought he was going to die as he writhed and twitched in the straps that held him in place.

"Now, now - none of that..." Susan chuckled. "Today, we're going to take the all-important first step: getting you to admit your problem so we can deal with it. Now, I want you to repeat after me..."

Her voice took on a high-pitched sing-song quality as she spoke. "I'm Tranny Dani, the cock-sucking sissy slut!" - Now, you say it."

Dan stared up at her, horrified. Susan had obviously flipped her wig, gone off her nut, had a screw loose, was playing with less than a full deck, was a medium drink short of a Happy Meal. She was plum crazy.

"Look, Susan.." Dan gasped...

...then screamed as she held the button down a little longer this time, leaving him jerking in agony as it felt like his cock and balls were being roasted in the fires of hell.

After she released the button, she waited until his ragged, gasping breath became somewhat more even - and then prompted him. "Tranny Dani...?"

He glared up at her, his view partially obscured by the tears of pain - and humiliation...

...and then, mechanically, started to repeat. "I'm Tranny Dani, the..."

His repetition was interrupted by a shorter - but still searing - bout of agony from the electrodes attached to his cock and balls.

"Why...?" He gasped as the agony eased.

"The voice, Dani - you have to do the sissy voice!" Susan said - actually giggling in demented pleasure.

Dan gaped at her, horrified and disbelieving... and then she started to reach for the button.

"I'm Tranny Danny, the cock-sucking sissy slut!" Dan cried, in as high-pitched a falsetto voice as he could force through his throat.

"Very good!" Susan grinned maniacally. "Again!"

"I'm Tranny Dani, the cock-sucking sissy slut!" Dan parroted back, humiliated... but unwilling to face the pain of having electricity run through his genitalia again.

"Very good. Now, I want you to repeat that a hundred times, until you can say it bright and chipper like you mean it... and then we'll work on the next phrase." Susan grinned, sitting in a chair very close by.. close enough that she could easily reach the button to the battery.

Closing his eyes, Dan whimpered.. and then cleared his throat and began to chant in as bouncy, falsetto voice as he could manage.

"I'm Tranny Dani..."

* * * * *

"...what you think, I like things that are frilly and pink!" Dan sing-sang in a cracked and warbling falsetto strained from too-much use in one day.

The work-bench turned out to be very adjustable - without having to loosen the ropes, Susan had arranged it like a very uncomfortable chair, letting him sit up and get a better look at his tormentor as he was put through hell.

He'd spent all day sing-singing out phrases she'd given him, unable to move more than a couple of inches in each direction. During the course of the day, she'd also hooked an Iv up to his arm, 'explaining' that it would be giving him his 'sissy-juice' - a mixture of nutrients, vitamins, and doses of female hormones and supplements. Between being a doctor and the looser local laws, she'd apparently had no trouble getting what she needed for this insane crusade she was one. Between the IV and the fact that the sleeve on his cock also led to a tube that took his urine to the small drain in the center of the floor, there was no excuse to untie him - with no solid food intakes, any 'other' problems were unlikely.

When she'd stuck the IV into his arm and explained what was in it, he'd showed defiance, screaming for help and trying to yank his arm enough to dislodge the taped-in-place IV needle.

All he'd gotten for his troubles was a nice, long jolt of electricity that had left him screaming in agony. Now, he numbly obeyed her orders to repeat insipid phrases over and over again, lost in a hell that he still wasn't sure how he'd gotten into.

"Very good, Dani!" Susan applauded his latest effort. "See, it wasn't so hard to admit you problems, was it?"

Head slumped in exhaustion, Dan had to force himself to raise it enough to look wearily at his tormentor.

"Go fuck yourself, bitch..." He rasped - in a high-pitched voice. He wasn't sure why, but she refused to punish him for swearing or cursing at her... if he did it in the 'Dani' voice.

"Oh, I do. Quite often, actually." Susan replied, cheerfully. "After all, despite the current political climate, us lesbians don't always find it easy to find a partner on short notice." She laughed brightly, obviously finding something hilarious about the comment and her reply. "Well, you've had a busy day. Time to get some rest, Tranny Dani - you've got even a busier day tomorrow."

"What...?" Dan said. "What do you mean...?"

She didn't explain. Instead, she filled a syringe of slightly yellow fluid, and injected it into the IV line leading into his vein.

"Nighty night, Tranny Dani..." She whispered with a manic cheerfulness, as the world faded out on Dan and he slip deep into the arms of Morpheus.

* * * * *

"Wakey, wakey, Dani!" Susan cried, too cheerfully. "Wakey, Wakey, Sissy!"

Slowly, Dan regained consciousness... mostly. He found himself sitting in a half-reclined position, staring up at the ceiling of the garage. For some reason, the plain stucco ceiling seemed incredibly interesting, and he stared at it for several long minutes, until an itch on his nose drew his attention away from it. Slowly, with poor coordination, he lifted his hand and scratch the itch slowly and thoroughly before letting his unfettered arm drop back down, not even recognizing the importance of what he'd just done.

"Feeling a little sluggish, Dani?" Susan asked, brightly. "A little thick-headed?"

Dan slowly turned his head and blinked at her, feeling an odd, insistent need to answer. "Uh.. yeah..." He mumbled, having a hard time getting his eyes to focus on her grinning face.

"That's probably the secobarbital-Amobarbital Sodium solution in you IV drip!" Susan confided to him. "Since you finally admitted you problem, now I'm allowed to start treating you - so, I've doped you to the gills!"

Dan frowned, trying to get his sluggish brain to work that out. "Problem...?"

"What did you say to me yesterday?" Susan prompted. "Who and what are you?"

The frown of concentration deepened as the urge to answer grew to almost unbearable proportions - and then a wave of relief broke over him as he found the answer. "I'm Tranny Danny, the cock-sucking sissy slut..." HE said in a thick, high-pitched voice.

"That's right, Dani!" Susan chirped. "And I'm here to help you!"

"Oh, that's good.." Dani muttered, thickly, feeling a wave of gratitude towards his benefactor. "Now, Dani - I need you to sign this medical release form..." Susan said, holding a clip-board out towards him. "So that Asheron, Inc., won't wonder about you when you don't show up or work. This will make them understand why, once it's filed."

"Whazzis?" Dan asked, looking at the clipboard as if he'd never seen one before in his life.

"It just says that you voluntarily went on an accelerated SRS-prep program and drug regimen." Susan explained, most of which slipped past Dani completely. "It explains that you asked to be given the highly risky and legal-here-but-illegal-in-America regimen of Testosterone enanthate benzilic acid hydrozone, estradiol diananthate, estradiol benzoate. Sodium estrone sulfate. Flouxymestron. And, of course, natural-source estrogen compounds."

Dani grunted non-committedly, then gripped the pen she handed him and concentrated very hard on signing his name on the correct spot on the sheet.

"Very good!" Susan said, switching to another sheet on the clipboard. "Now - you need to sign this one, too. It legal changes your name to Danielle Sillysisy."

"Uh-huh..." Dani agreed, signing numbly.

"There you go - now you're Tranny Dani for all legal purposes! That's your name now, Dani - Dani Sillysisy. Tranny Dani, the cock-sucking sissy slut!"

Dani nodded slowly, mouthing the words in time with her.

"Now - lets get you standing up..." Susan said, helping him out of the chair. He wavered and tottered, barely able to stand.

"Now that that's over with, we can decrease the dosage somewhat. We want you a little more awake, but still... pliable..." She grinned as she carefully adjusted the IV on the stand next to him. Dani simply stood and waited for what seemed forever, until his head cleared a little bit and his sense of balance firmed up. He shook his head, slowly.

"What.. what's going on...?" He asked, blinking. He felt.. confused.

"You just signed the papers, Tranny Dani." Susan grinned, holding out a clipboard. "Don't you remember - you're in Venezuela. You came down here to change who you were, and you just signed the papers to let me help you do that."

Dani frowned slightly, then nodded, remembering. "Yes. I remember. Thank you, Susan - I'm so glad you're going to help me."

"I know, I know..." Susan said, brightly. "Now, let's go into the house. We have to get you into your corset."

Dani had started to follow her, instinctively - now he drew to a halt, a frown crossing his face. "Corset? I.. I don't know if I want... that is..."

Susan smiled gently at him. "Dani, Dani, Dani - of course you need a corset. You need to make your waist nice and small, so you can wear the women's clothes. You remembered trying on women's clothes, right?"

Dani tried to focus on the image, and it slowly swam into his mind - him climbing into some women's clothing in the bathroom...

"Remember how you felt...?" Susan prodded, and Dani nodded. "Ashamed..."

"That's right." Susan grinned. "Ashamed by how ugly you were. Well, I'm going to help you look all nice and pretty, the way you want. Come on, Dani..."

"Oh... okay..." Dan agreed, frown smoothing away as he mindlessly let Susan help him up the two steps and into the house. Dragging the Iv on it's wheeled stand, he headed into the bedroom, which was now fully finished, decorated in a lacy pink-and-white motif.

Opening the closet, Susan extracted a white canvas corset, trimmed in pink lace.

"Okay, Dani - lean against the bedpost, and we'll get you laced in..." Susan instructed, and Dani obediently leaned forward and held onto the poster of the four-poster bed as she wrapped the corset around his slender frame.

He winced as she put her knee in the small of his back and began hauling on the strings with all the strength, but he didn't say a word of protest.. after all, she was being so nice and helping get what he really wanted...

...wasn't she...?

Finally, she got the corset laced into place, and she patted him on the ass and told him to straighten up.

"Now - since you're still new to this, we'll start you off on low heels..." She said, pulling out a pair of white patent-leather 'Mary Jane' shoes with a two-inch block heel...

* * * * *

Dani stared up at the ceiling of the room, wondering what was going on.

He'd just awoken, and he felt... strange. Like he'd just come off an all-week bender... but not with the physical ailments of a hangover. Instead, it was the mental effects - he felt confused and fuzzy- headed, his memory yielding only snatches of color and sound that didn't mean very much.

He recognized the ceiling and the walls of the room around him as being the house in Venezuela - yet, it also didn't look right. Had it always been pink and white... yet it all seemed so familiar somehow.

The last sharp, clear memory Dani could pull up was a sudden pain ij his gut, followed by one to the back of his head... but that had no connections, no continuity. The last continuous train of memory he had was him walking into the office, dressed in the most garish suit of clothing he could find. He'd bought it becuase.. beucase he'd wanted to change...

Shaking his head in frustration at his lack of mental cohesion, Dani slid his legs over the side of the bed and sat up - then frowned down at the smooth, hairless legs.

Should the bee smooth like that...? Yet, he seemed to recall shaving them... unsure of his memory's accuracy, Dani rose from the bed and looked around the familiar/unfamiliar room. Slowly, he padded over to the closet, aware of the way the air moved across his denuded skin, where his body wasn't covered by the corset and...

"Corset...?!" Dani asked himself out loud, confused - and confused anew by the voice he spoke in, a high, lisping sound that was... somehow right and wrong at the same time. Shaking his head, he slowly ran his hands over the heavy corset that was tightly cinched around his waist.

"What the hell...?" HE muttered to himself in that comfortable-feeling falsetto soprano, and he tried to get the knots on the damned foundation garment untied so he could get it's uncomfortable restriction off.

He couldn't the combination of the tightly-tied knots being behind him and his longish nails defeated the attempt. Sighing in annoyance, he decided to ignore it and find something to wear so he could find out what the hell was happening here, and why he felt so strange.

He swung open the closet - and his jaw dropped as he stared at the 'selection' in the closet.

There were fifteen outfits inside... all exactly the same. Big, fluffy pink skirts trimmed in white lacy. Pink polka-dot blouses with puffy white-lace shoulders and big white buttons down the front. White nylons, and white patent-leather pumps with six-inch spike heels.

"What the hell...?" Dani said, rubbing the bridge of his nose, being careful not to spear his own eyes with his nails. He remembered wanting clothes completely different - but he couldn't have chosen these clothes...

...could he?

The damndest thing was... he just couldn't remember. The clothing looked oddly familiar, despite the fact he also felt pretty sure that he wouldn't be caught dead wearing them.

Looking around, he spotted a big, fluffy pink bathrobe. He shrugged his way into it, then padded out the door of his bedroom and down the hallway.

"Good morning, Dani... something wrong?" The tall, toned dusky-skinned woman in the kitchen asked as he rounded the corner. Unprepared for anybody else's presence, Dani felt his heart-rate jump...

...and a memory stir.

"Sar...no. No... Susan..." He muttered, struggling to order thoughts and memories. "You.. you're Susan, right?"

"That's right, honey." The woman said. "Don't worry if you feel a little confused. That's only normal after being on the drugs for slightly over a month."

Dani's heart-rate spiked. "Drugs? What drugs?"

"The estrogen and hormone drugs." Susan said, smiling. "The ones to let you be all sissy and pretty."

Dani shook his head. "No.. no, I don't... I don't want to be girly..."

"Sure you do. That's what you came down here for, Dani." Susan said, taking something out of her pocket and handing it over. Dani looked at it, and found that it looked vaguely familiar - and the signature on it was definitely his.

It was a consent form - a form giving permission to start his drug therapy.

"No... no, this isn't... isn't right..." Dani muttered, shaking his head. "I.. I don't want to be.. be a girl..."

Susan smiled warmly. "Dani, Dani, Dani... you're just fighting your own sense of shame. Don't worry, though - you signed over all your legal rights and became my ward, so that I could keep you from backing out."

Dani frowned at her. "What...? No, that can't be right." He tried to focus. "Look, I... I don't know what's going on... but I'm not going to be a sissy."

"Yes. You are." Susan said. Though she was still smiling, there was iron in her tone. "Dani, it's time for you to go get dressed - we have a lot of work to do today."

"No..." Dani shook his head. "There's no way I'm wearing those.. those... sissy clothes..."

Susan grinned, and leaned forward, her voice becoming louder and sharper. "Oh, yes, you will. You need to get dressed... Tranny Dani!"

Dani opened his mouth to argue.. then gasped, feeling a rising pressure behind his eyes, like some gigantic valve had been opened, filling his head with an ever-increasing volume of air that threatened to make his head explode from within.

"What.. what's happening...?" He gasped, sinking to his knees and clamping his hands to the side of his head. "It hurts! It.. it hurts so.. so bad and.. and I can't.. can't think..."

"Why don't you go get dressed, Tranny Dani...?" Susan suggested, her voice seeming to have to cross miles to reach his ringing ears.

"No.. Not going top.. won't..." Dani stammered, his brain being crushed against the inside of his skull and fracturing thought with the pressure. "I.. I... I'm Tranny Dani... Tranny Dani, a.. a cock- sucking...sissy..."

Slowly, the pain began to recede, and he gasped in relief as he continued to chant without hearing his own voice. "Tranny Dani, the cock-sucking Sissy Slut. I don't care what you think, I like to wear things that are frilly and pink!"

Smiling in relief, Dani rose from the floor. "I.. I think I'll go get dressed now, Mama Susan.."

Turning, he sashayed back to the bedroom and quickly pulled on his usual pink-and white frilly outfit, smoothing it over his more slender than ever figure...

...and then began to frown in confusion as he stared at the reflection of the mirror mounted on the closet door.

"Wait... I thought I wasn't going to... I mean..." Dani tried to remember when he'd decided he was going to wear these clothes after all.. but it wouldn't quite form.

"Oh, Dani...!" Mama Susan called - and Dani let the thought slip away, unfinished.

"Coming, Mama!" Dani lisped in as high, silly a voice as he could manage. Susan said that the bad old Dan was too grown up, so Dani should act like a little girl, and Susan could be her mommy and do all her thinking for her, which was nice, because thinking made her head hurt.

Skipping atop her high-heeled shoes, Dani headed out to the kitchen, only vaguely bothered by the sensation that something was wrong....

After all, she had more important things to worry about. Mama Susan said that if Dani was a good girl for 'nother whole month, she could get some boobies, then she could be a big girl !

* * * * *

THE END



SUMMARY: One young man has plans to reshape the Universe to his liking - starting with his beer- swilling, sex-crazed roommates.

Clarity

By Gunslinger

Aaron and Brad were assholes. They were drug-smoking, beer-swilling, sex-crazed ex-jock assholes. They were also dumb as dogshit.

Chris hated his roommates with a passion. The lean, sallow-skinned young man with the dark, mistrustful eyes and huge shock of died-jet-black hair was not, by nature, a likable young man, and did not like many people in return - but he reserved a special bilious vat of hatred just for his tanned, once-muscular roommates, Aaron and Brad.

That wasn't just an expression, either. Chris had it boiling on a hot-plate in his room, and it was just about ready.

The twenty-seven-year-old 'wizard' hated just about everyone and everything. Always dressed in black clothing of archaic cut, Chris found his very existence intolerable - but, unlike the rest of the undeserving assholes in the world, Chris was going to do something about it. His life-long pursuit of the Dark Mystic Secrets was about to pay off, and he was going to reshape the Universe to his liking - starting with Aaron and Brad.

Aaron was dark-haired, while Brad was tow-headed - but other than that, they could have been clones. Living in a huge beach house atop a hill overlooking the Pacific Ocean, the two thirty-year-old men had been 'buds' since they were twelve. They not only had the same build, fading boyish charm and taste in garish Hawaiian shirts, they also had the exact same background, each life mirroring the other. They were both once-athletic men who were too stupid to realize that their looks were fading while they partied up all the money they'd inherited from their rich fathers. They still thought they were real 'studs' - in part because of all the sexy women who came onto them. It wasn't rugged good looks drawing them in, but the money, booze and drugs that floated around at the parties.

Actually, Aaron and Brad weren't completely stupid, Chris had to admit - grudgingly. They had at least hooked up with other 'stupid white rich boys', and set up a schedule among the four 'groups'.

Anybody could hold a party anytime they wanted - but every fourth night they *had* to have a party, and the other three groups were *always* invited.

It worked out well. You were guaranteed to have a party to go to anytime you wanted, but you only had to have a party at your house one night out of four, if you wanted.

Aaron and Brad, of course, threw more parties than that - but they really liked letting somebody else do the work, so half the time Chris had the place to himself, his roommates off partying somewhere else.

That's when Chris worked on his potion - and now it was almost ready. In just a few minutes, he'd add the final ingredient...

...and then he'd be transformed into hideously powerful cougar who'd tear his roommates to shreds before returning to his human form and 'frantically' calling 9-1-1 and calling for help.

All the evidence would support Chris' story that he was in his room when his roommates were attacked and savagely killed by a cougar - including the video evidence.

Chris had set it all up. Tonight was a rare occasion - a night when his roommates were going to be alone. They weren't hosting a party or going to a party. They'd come home, not expecting anything - and since Chris had made a huge point about being an avid 'videography' buff, they'd ignore the lighting and video equipment in the living room, having gotten used to it.

Chris, actually, hated electronics like Camcorders and video-editors. However, it was part of his ploy, and so he made sure everybody knew about his 'hobby'.

Again - the police would find nothing suspicious about his video equipment being left on when he went back into his room for awhile. It was a well-known 'fact' to everybody who'd even heard of Chris, who was always boring people with his explanation of 'time-lapse' movies.

So - there's be plenty of video evidence of Chris' closed door. Of the cougar smashing through a window and killing Aaron and Brad, then leaving again. All while the door to Chris' room stayed shut...

...until it was well over, and a cowering Chris crawled out to make that call.

Chris wasn't bothered about the 'cowering in his room' reputation that would result. Once he inherited the money he'd talked the two morons into putting in their wills for him, he'd be able to afford the very expensive ingredients he'd need for the potion that would give him God-like powers. Once he was a semi-deity, he figured he could deal with anybody who felt like being insulting.

It was ready. In the living room, bright lights reflected off white umbrellas, casting ideal lighting over the 'set', while the four Sony CamCorders hummed near-silently. They had lights and camera - all that was lacking was action.

Then Chris heard the cue - as a jeep pulled into the driveway, light momentarily washing in the beach- house's huge windows. A minute later, there was the sound of keys in the lock...

...and Chris, grinning triumphantly, dumped the least ingredient into the caldron he'd bought over the Internet. Immediately, the vile-looking-but-odorless liquid inside began to churn - then emit an incredibly thick, dense column of black smoke that, impossibly, held near-cylindrical position directly in front of the large, open window to Chris' room.

Chris walked back to the other end of the room and looked at the column of smoke, hanging motionlessly in front of the window.

'This is it...' He thought, triumphantly. 'All I have to do is leap through the smoke. As I pass through the smoke, I'll become whatever I'm 'imagining in a moment of perfect clarity' - and I know what that it, all right. The feline vengeance from the night. The Destroyer. Their destroyer. Their **Destiny**...'

With a look of grim purpose on his face, Chris sprinted for the window, his feet leaving the floor as she dived at the open aperture...

...while a random thought flitted across Chris' brain.

'Destiny. Huh. Sounds like the name of a brain-dead slut the guys might bring home...'

Then the smoke was past - and she thought, wryly, '*oh, shit...*'; as she tucked-and-rolled for the landing.

"One simple thing, Chris..." She muttered softly to herself in disgust, hearing the new, feminine tones to her voice. Decidedly feminine. "All you had to do was focus on the one thing you've been obsessing over for the past six months, the cougar that would destroy Aaron and Brad. That's it.

What do you do instead? Imagine one of the asshole's sexual playthings. You idiot - you deserve whatever you've turned yourself into."

Feeling utterly disgusted with herself, Chris sighed and decided to get it over with. Picking herself up from the ground, she surveyed the new body she'd inadvertently given herself.

Not that she had to look. She already knew. Though the woman she'd become had never existed before, Chris already knew every square millimeter of her - since, after all, she was Chris' own 'fantasy image' of a 'party slut'.

Yup - it was all there. There were the white platform pumps, with the three-inch high platforms and the eight-inch high spiked heels, an unbelievably impractical pair of footwear - and damned sexy, showing off her long, shapely bare legs from slender angle top mid-thigh, where they disappeared under the hem of her ultra-tight white leather miniskirt studded with copper 'rivets'. The jacket she now wore matched the skirt, and beneath it a hot-pink spandex crop-top left her narrow waist bare, the material straining mightily to contain her unbelievably, ridiculously, impracticably out-sized silicone-inflated tits, massive, medicine-ball-sized monstrosity that were impossibly huge and firm, practically spherical as they strained for freedom, a massive amount of breast-flesh and vast cleavage revealed in the neckline of the straining garment.

She was short, slender, and supple, glittering with cheap gold bracelets, bangles, necklaces, rings, and jewelry of every sort. Though she couldn't see her face, she knew it was a sexual caricature, with huge, brainless blue eyes and full, sexy, lips that would look more at home wrapped around a massive, throbbing cock. Surrounded by her huge, thick mane of platinum-blond hair, her overly-made-up-face was a tribute to pure mindless sexuality, as was every inch of her bimbo-ish body, from her massive new breasts to her spectacular new ass, and every inch elsewhere as well. She was a walking monument to the American-Bred Bimbo of song and story.

In more than just body, too. Just as she would have had all the instincts and abilities of the wild feline she'd planned to become, so had her mind and emotions been altered by her inadvertent thoughts.

Now her body was literally trembling with desires. Her tight new cunt was hot and wet, and her wonderfully huge bimbo-boobies tingles with the desire to be appreciated, touched and fucked. Her skin-tight clothes clung tautly to her spectacular fuck-hungry new body, making her hyper-aware of her of every inch of her creamy, sexy, man-candy body.

Sexual day-dreams, desires and fantasies of every type and description thundered through her hormone-sodden new brain, making it even harder for her to concentrate - especially since she now had the IQ you'd expect of the average turnip. Not that it came as a surprise to the new woman - she'd always thought the 'party girls' were brain-dead cum crazed nymphs, and so she was now the ideal sex-crazed bimbo, huge-breasted and monumentally stupid.

'Well, it could be worse', the new woman thought with a giggle as she ran her long-nailed new fingers happily over her outrageously sexy new body. 'I could be butt-ugly and horny. Instead, I've got this wonderful body, with my magnificent new boobies and sweet, sexy ass. Guys'll want to fuck me all day and night, and let me suck their wonderfully huge, cum-filled cocks. Oh, I'm so happy I've got such a fuckable body - because I can only turn back into myself in a moment of clarity, and I'm too super-horny right now to think clearly. With this body, I'll have no problem fucking and sucking my way to sexual satisfaction, so I can be clear enough to use the smoke...'

"Fire!" A voice shouted, drawing some of her mind away from the orgy in her mind... to stare at Aaron and Brad as they rushed to the smoking pot...

...and, standing in the smoke, unknowingly became the idealized images of themselves that they held in their minds, becoming younger, more handsome, leaner...

...and almost ridiculously over-endowed. The new woman's eyes widened and her mouth began to water at the sight of the massive bulges at each man's crotch. She stared at their crotches, barely noticing as they put out the fire under the caldron, stopping the flow of magic smoke.

Then they caught sight of her - and those bulges got even better defined as they openly stared at the huge-breasted blonde outside the window.

"Well, what do we have here..." the asshole Brad said, almost drooling at the cleavage her top displayed. She shifted position and took a deep breath while pushing her shoulders back, better displaying her wonderfully massive tits for the two assholes to drool over while she desperately searched for a name to call herself.

"Like, hi!" She said, with a giggle, loathing and lusting after her wonderfully-endowed dip-shit roommates. "I'm Destiny, and, like, you're the two hottest guys I've ever seen. Your cocks are so thick and huge that I'm getting all hot and wet just thinking about them."

She paused, shivering in delight at the thought of her stupid roommates' wonderful cocks - then asked in her high-pitched soprano, "So - you hunks gonna invite me in to, like, fool around, or what?"

The two younger, more muscular men grinned at each other - without even noticing how they'd changed.

"You bet - we'll go open the front door..." Aaron said with a huge, shit-eating grin - while his huge, thick new member strained the crotch of his jeans.

With a giggle, 'Destiny' headed to the front door, swaying sexily atop her high, spiked heels - which required all of her vastly diminished concentration, as high-heels were hardly the ideal footwear for walking in sand. She did the best she could, though, partly out of the 'instinct' of her top-heavy, hormone-sodden body, but mostly out of eagerness to get inside with the

two dip-shit studs, so she could fuck and suck herself back to clarity. After all - how could anyone be expected to think clearly with all these wonderful desires thundering through her wondrously over-sexual body?

Reaching the front door, she found her two incredibly studly roommates waiting eagerly for her - well, for her top-heavy, super-sexual new body, at least. That was the thing about situations like this - sometimes, it wasn't about the mind, but about the body. Aaron and Brad were dumb as dog-shit - but, *God!*, didn't they just have the hottest bodies under the sun, with wonderfully huge, thick cocks already nice and hard at just the thought of her wonderfully over-endowed new fuck-toy body, regardless of the fact that it was Chris' sharp, diabolical mind inside such a ditzzy-looking exterior. Oh, sure, she knew she wasn't as smart as she used to be, but that was okay - no matter how dumb she felt, she was absolutely sure she was still many, many times smarter than these two hunky morons.

With a happy giggle at the thought, Destiny smiled brightly at Brad and Aaron, revealing her perfect, white teeth - and she was glad to see that they didn't bother admiring her pearly whites, their eyes firmly locked on her well-displayed new boobies. It made her so hot to have these huge-penis'd hunks staring at her in open lust, and she shivered in pleasure, picking a pose to best display her new body before she walked past them into the house - doing so in such away that she turned sideways and slid between them, her body brushing close to the two men as she went by.

The sensations were incredible. Her huge, wonderfully firm boobies were pressing against Brad's body, while her firm, round ass brushed against Aaron in the most wonderful arousing way. In fact, she was getting even more horny by the second, sexual thoughts tumbling through her mind, images of naked flesh intertwining with her own, smooth, fuckable flesh, huge cocks and tits, wet cunts and eager mouths thundering through her mind, making it hard to think as her body became steadily more aroused by the second, more aroused than she'd thought it was possible to be - and yet it just kept going, more and more hormones thundering through her fantastic new body as she trembled with desire and lust and eagerness...

'Like, oh my God!' Destiny thought with a mental giggle as she finished brushing past her two incredibly sexy roommates. 'I, like, gotta satisfy all these cravings before I can... can, uh... you know

- do that thing I was going to do...'

She paused, a small, puzzled frown forming on her caricatured features as she tried to assemble a coherent 'thought' of what it was she was aiming for again. She knew it was something important, something she really had to do, and that it was something she couldn't do until she was all satisfied... but what, exactly, was it...?

"Damn, Destiny - you're hot..." Brad said, hungrily, eyeing her body - and she grinned and 'posed' again, her thoughts slipping away under another wave of hormones. Whatever it was that she'd been trying to think about, it was important - at least, not right now. Whatever it was she was trying to do, she knew she had to satisfy her cravings before she could do it, so she'd take care of that, and then worry about whatever the next part was.

"Gee, like, thanks..." Destiny giggled, bouncing lightly on her toes to make her huge, round boobies bounce fetchingly inside her skin-tight pink top. "You guys aren't too bad, either. So... You guys wanna fuck me, or what?"

Aaron answered for both of them. "You bet, baby!"

Destiny was so glad they weren't going to slow her down. She needed to fuck, and she needed to fuck *right now* - because there was that other thing she, like, had to do... or something...

Well, it didn't matter. Destiny knew exactly what she had to do right now - she had to fuck and suck men until she was satisfied. She knew that was all that was important now, and that was *very* important - because she was so damned horny, and all the really, really sexy thoughts she was having was making her mouth water with desire. She'd satisfy all her urges, then worry about what came next...

"Oh, goody...!" She squealed, clapping her hands together - which caused her arms to press against the side of her deliciously massive titties, pushing them inwards, and upwards. Pleasure and excitement thundered through her body anew, making it even more difficult to think straight - but who cared? She knew what she was doing, and it didn't take much intelligence to be a nympho, did it...?

Nope. Since all she was doing was satisfying the wonderfully horny urges, all she had to do was listen to what her body wanted...

"Okay, studs..." She said, with a giggle, peeling off her white leather jacket and letting it slip to the floor while she pushed her big, firm boobies further outward. "Who wants to get their hands on my huge, round hooters?"

Then, grinning mindlessly, she crossed her arms, hooking her long nails under the edge of the straining top. With one, smooth motion, she literally peeled the top off her enormous, artificially-round breasts, exposing every inch of the smooth, creamy globes.

"Come 'n get 'em, boys!" She giggled, tossing the top aside and wiggling her torso, causing her huge breasts to jiggle and bounce. "One per customer, no waiting!"

Brad and Aaron went after her massive melons as if they were starving men and each breast was a ten-course meal. Each one grabbed a breast in their broad, masculine hands, licking and kissing their way across broad expanses of silky-smooth flesh while squeezing and fondling the medicine-ball- sized breast they held.

"Oh, I love having such huge boobies..." Destiny squealed. "It feels so good to have them touched and sucked!"

It really, really did - so why did she feel so disgusted by it, despite the wonderful pleasures it was giving her. She knew she really, really needed it, and it felt really, really good, physically, but for some reason, she was really bothered by it all.

She tried to reach for a reason why that would be - but her physical emotions and rampant desires were much more powerful than her weakened intellect, and the thought just drifted away, replaced by another bimboish squeal of delight.

"Oh, yes, play with my big round boobies..." She told them in soprano sing-song. "I had 'em pump tons and tons of that silly-cone stuff into my titties so all the studs could drool over 'em. I wanted all the guys to, like, fuck me, so I paid lotsa money to get such big, sexy boobies..."

Wait a second - was that what happened? It didn't seem quite right, for some reason - yet, why else would she have said it?

Besides, she *had* the wonderfully huge, fake tits hanging off her chest right now, being used just like she wanted them to be - fondled and rubbed and sucked by two real studs. So, it must be true...

...not that it mattered. Not that anything mattered - besides the one, *clear* thing she knew: She had to satisfy all her urges.

All of them. *Right now.*

She practically shoved Brad aside, using all the strength her tiny, perfectly girlish arm had to offer - and then she practically threw herself on Aaron, thrusting her huge breasts hard against his chest as she kissed him hard, past and passionately...

...and then she dropped off of him, leaving him standing dazed and confused as she dropped to her knees, eyes wide and mouth watering...

...to tear open his jeans and set free his massive, hard, throbbing cock.

"Oh, Goody - a cock!" She giggled, licking her lips. "I just love sucking cocks. Cum tastes so wonderful..."

'*It does...?*' She wondered, bemused - then decided she'd find out soon enough as she opened her jaws as wide as they'd go and enveloped as much of the hard, throbbing shaft as she could, her hands wrapping around the base of the monster manhood.

She sucked eagerly and expertly on the massive, jaw-cracking cock whose wonderful presence graced her mouth. Hands, lips, and tongue worked together in perfect harmony, driving the hard, thick machine closer and closer to orgasm.

Behind her, she heard Brad making a phone call. Absorbed in the wonderful sensation of having her mouth crammed full of warm cock, she only caught bits and pieces of the conversation - words like 'nympho' and 'insatiable', 'dumb' and 'bimbo'...

...and 'huge tits', which made her shiver in pleasure - he was talking about her...

...and then she was busy trying to keep up with the massive flood of warm, wonderful cum that Aaron pumped down her throat in an incredibly long, thick stream of wonderfully delicious man-juice.

Aaron seemed to cum forever, a never-ending stream of deliciously warm, salty cum flooding her mouth and sliding down her eager, willing throat. She trembled with pleasure at the sensations, knowing she really loved sucking cock - so it couldn't possibly taste nasty, all salty and musty. No, if she loved sucking cock and gulping cum, it was because she liked the flavor she was tasting - so, she loved it, despite what her taste-buds might try and report. After all - she was an insatiable nympho, a dumb bimbo with huge tits...

...just like Brad had said.

When Aaron finally finished filling her with his wonderful gift, Destiny eagerly licked his cock clean before smiling up at him.

"Gee, like - thanks!" She said, with a giggle - even as her attention slipped away from him, despite the fact she was kneeling only inches from his crotch. After all, she was supposed to fulfill all her urges, and she'd already finished this one - which meant it was time to move onto the next one.

Still crouching, she turned and smiled at Brad, lightly fondling her wonderfully gigantic breasts.

"So - you gonna fuck me, big boy...?" She asked, with a vapid grin. She sank down onto her full, sexy ass - then lay back, lifting and spreading her legs in an invitation that Brad wasn't going to refuse.

"You bet, baby..." Brad said, with a huge, shit-eating grin. Quickly he shucked off his pants, looking rather ludicrous in just his sock and brightly-hued Aloha shirt, his massive cock jutting out from the hem of the flower-patterned garment.

"Oh - goody...!" Destiny giggled, still fondling her massive rack - and idly wondering why the thought of Brad fucking her was making her... upset...? ...as well as excited and eager. It seemed strange to her - especially since she no longer recalled her previous doubts, making the sensation knew and unnerving...

...but, unlike the unremembered last time, she didn't even try to track the source of the discomfort down. After all, she knew who she was, and why she was here. She was Destiny, a huge-breasted bimbo, and she was here to satisfy every urge her wonderfully cartoonish body might have. That was all there was to it.

"Fuck me, Brad - fuck me long and hard..." Destiny begged, blankly, her high-pitched voice sounding almost unreal. "I wanna, like, make you cum long and hard."

"Let me think about it..." Brad told her, giving Aaron a wink as he slipped down to his knees, lightly sliding his hands along the smooth, silky flesh of her lifted legs as he settled the curve behind each ankle on his shoulders, positioning himself with slow deliberation as he watched the massive breasted bimbo beneath him actually wiggle and writhe in eager desire to be fucked.

"C'mon, Brad - fuck me...!" She said - *begged* - as Brad continued to tease her, stroking the smooth flesh of her legs as he lightly shifted his hips, causing his huge cock to sway back and forth less than an inch from her hot, wet cunt. "Fuck me now, Brad - fuck me long and hard!"

"You want to be fucked?" Brad asked, feigning surprise. "Are you sure?"

Destiny gaped at Brad, stunned. She was a cum-slut nympho. Anybody could see that just from looking at her. She was a huge-breasted bimbo who had to fulfill every desire she had. She was a sex-starved cum-hungry slut - why couldn't Brad see that/ Why was he not fucking her long and hard like she so desperately needed? She had to fulfill all her urges because..

...because...

...because...?

For an eternal instant, something trembled on the very edge of Destiny's consciousness, a small voice that seemed to be screaming at her from a very, very distant place. Not a distance of space or time, though, but - somehow, in a way Destiny was simply no longer able to understand - from a distance in a completely different direction, as if it were almost lost in the cacophony in her head, a small, masculine voice screaming in one last, very desperate attempt to make itself heard over the screams and moans that were the soundtrack to her endlessly sexual thoughts and fantasies...

...and then it slipped away, stealing with it the 'reason' - but not the 'need'. Everything else just sort of slid downwards with it, the clamor in her brain softening and easing as she understood with perfect clarity who she was, and what her very reason for existing was.

"You gotta fuck me..." She explained to Brad, happily. "That's what I'm here for - to fuck an' suck an' please men an' women all I can for the rest of my life..."

Brad blinked in surprise - then grinned. "Well, then in that case..."

He thrust forward, his huge, throbbing monster sliding deep into her tight, wet cunt, filling it to capacity.

Her screams of pure emotional and physical pleasure at being penetrated completely overrode the slowly rising rumble of engines from outside, the basso rumbles drowned as she screamed at Brad to...

* * * * *

'Fuck me harder, stud!'

Sergeant William R. Liftfinger glanced around to make sure he was unobserved - and then, lightly, began to stroke his cock through the dark-blue fabric of his Police-issue trousers, his eyes drawn back to the screen, where the impossibly blonde writhed and wiggled, her massive breasts bouncing and jiggling wildly as the somehow-much-better-endowed Brad fucked her hard and fast.

This was the strangest Missing Person case Liftfinger had ever worked on - but the running record from an array of cameras was pretty good 'evidence'. At least, that was the official reason why the tapes were being distributed to officers assigned to the case - and bootleg copies were being distributed to just about everybody else. There was still no leads or explanations as to the whereabouts of Christopher Carter, nor was there any way to explain how the missing man's roommates had suddenly become much more handsome and well-endowed - they two men had simply walked run into Carter's room, shouting about smoke and fire - then emerged as they impossibly-well-endowed versions of themselves that they now remained.

As for this 'Destiny; person, the huge-breasted platinum blonde - there was no record of her anywhere. Nobody knew who she was or where she'd come from - not even her. In fact, the only thing she'd been able to tell them was her first name, and the fact that she existed solely for sexual uses...

...which, considering her 'performance' on the missing man's tapes, meant that she was going to make a fortune in her new career as a porno actress.

With another glance around, Liftfinger leaned back in the chair and began to masturbate in earnest as, on screen, the couple of dozen friends Brad had invited over came in...

Too bad the missing boy had only used eight-hour tapes. Liftfinger would have liked to see all of the seventy-two-hour sexual marathon that ensued...

THE END

SUMMARY: Goddess Athena helps one man re-open his defunct club under her guidance but Goddess Athena only helps women. Will this man pay this hefty price for success?

Closing Time

By Gunslinger

The sound system gave off a slight, barely audible hiss as the amp pushed 'base distortion' through the high-end speakers. Inaudible in normal circumstances, the faint white noise was clearly audible as it floated through the dimly-lit interior of the large, nearly acoustically perfect room.

A second later, there was the slightest of changes as dead air became the ambient background noise of the recording's studio - and then a simple, rhythmic electric guitar beat floated through the room, joined shortly by a simply piano refrain in such perfect surround- sound high fidelity as to seem to come from the empty, unlit stage at the front of the nightclub, a phantom band performing to the spacious room's sole occupant.

A second later, the phantom lead singer joined in, the smooth and slightly syncopated voice blending in easily with the rising music... 'Closing time, open all the doors and let you out into the world. Closing time, turn all of the lights on over every boy and ev-ery girl...'

For two more lines, the voice was relatively smooth against the rhythmic background music - and then it swelled into a richer beat that soared and echoed through the elegantly decorated room, seeming almost pathetic in the otherwise silent gloom.

Seated in the center of the magnificent room, Steve Lybrenner listened to Semisonic's 'Closing Time' - and tried not to cry.

The chair which held the tall, slender blond man was made of oak and fine red leather, trimmed with 'old brass' tacks, a classy furnishing in perfect harmony with the elegance and decor of the rest of the club. Even in the dim lighting managed to pick gleaming highlights from the oak and brass that filled the room, all tinted by the rich red of the carpet and drapes. The club, designed in the fashion of the night clubs of the forties and fifties, was a testament to elegant good taste and class...

...and it had not, and would not, ever be visited by patrons.

The Corsican Club was closing the very day it had opened. The worst part of it was, Steve had come so... damned... close.

With a long, heavy sigh of regret, Steve finished off the last of the vodka in the shot glass he was holding, setting the empty vessel down on the table next to the chair as he let the song roll around him, a melancholy anthem for this, the saddest night of his life.

He'd bought the building and the property for the club more than five years ago, sinking almost every dime of the money he'd inherited from his adoptive parents estate. Roberto and Thomasina Delfuego had been as good parents as any boy could hope for, even if they'd been older than the adoption agency would have liked. Their age hadn't kept them from being a wonderful influence on their adopted son, and the golden-blond orphan had grown up in a home full of laughter and love. When his parents had passed on, within a week of each other, he'd inherited what little there was - and had decided to fulfill a life-long dream of opening his own club, now also meant as a tribute to his adoptive parents.

To save money, Steve had moved into the building he was renovating, doing almost all the work himself to save money. Never to cut corners - no, he was determined that the Corsican Club was going to be perfect in every respect. He'd even gone so far as to make much of the furnishings himself, using skills his general-handyman father had taught him to renovate and rebuild the old brownstone factory into the perfect nightclub, the sort of elegant place where people could come for a good dinner and some light entertainment, then stay for that night's headliners.

It had been a wonderful dream, one that he'd worked so long and hard to fulfill - and yet, this close to making it, he'd been stymied. Stopped dead in his tracks, his hopes and dreams shattered by the least expected interference:

Tonya Greenspan.

Miz Greenspan, fuck you very much. Ms. Greenspan was the county by-law enforcement officer and head of the by-law committee - or, at least, a very small-but-powerful section of it. An almost painfully thin woman with hard, angular features and an ever less appealing personality, Ms. Greenspan was one of those real crusader types, a woman with her own agenda and the uncaring determination to push it through. Specifically, she had a very long list of things she thought should be 'rectified', to use what seemed to be her favorite word. One of her largest pet peeves was alcohol. She'd lobbied long and hard to have the county declared 'dry'...

...and she'd partially succeeded. As of midnight, Huntington County had become what was colloquially known as a 'moist' county: Alcoholic beverages could be sold by licensed liquor distributors, and consumed in the privacy of one's own home, but no clubs, restaurants or other public venues were allowed to serve alcohol.

Of course, since this was America, Home of Depraved and Land of the Fee, there were about a hundred-and-one loopholes to the half-measured law Greenspan had finally managed to push through. Steve, hoping against hope that he might qualify for one of the loopholes, had spent weeks pouring over the law itself, searching for a loophole through which he could squeeze.

He couldn't claim the 'grandfather' clause, because he hadn't bothered licensing his club until it was almost ready to open, and the clause only applied to those establishments that had built up a clientele over at least ten years of continuous licensed operation.

Likewise, he wasn't a micro-brew distillery, and he didn't have the money - or space - with which to become one. Nor was he.. well, suffice it to say that he'd stricken one possible loophole after another on the list, some of them just a little outside his reach, others so far away as to be ridiculous.

There's been one, single loophole that Steve had pinned all his hopes on. A loophole so small that he'd actually missed it the first time he'd gone through the books, catching it only when he got desperate enough to actually look up the legal definition for his establishment under the county's zoning laws...

...and had discovered that, since he'd lived in the building while renovating it, he could legally claim that it was a 'private club' under the law. Since a private club had members, rather than patrons, and was technically a private lodge rather than an actual public venue, Steve would have been legally allowed to serve alcohol to any member. On one of the many fine lines that the law was full of, he couldn't actually sell alcohol to anyone - but he could serve it, free of charge, to any 'Member in Good Standing' - that is, according to the law, any member who's dues were current and paid in full.

Which would have been great - except that Steve had worked out the math very carefully, and realized that - given the average number of drinks sold in an establishment per person - he would have had to charge a two-hundred-and-fifty dollar annual membership fee to just break even on the cost of booze.

Given the fact that there were restaurants and other public venues out there who already fit under the loopholes, and could continue business as they always had, Steve had almost no chance of making a go of it. Nobody wanted to come to a new, unknown club where they couldn't drink when they could go to the old, familiar places and down a few - and certainly nobody wanted to pay over two hundred dollars on such an unproved club. After all - what if they didn't like it...? Membership dues were non-refundable by law.

Steve sighed and shook his head, his long, slightly 'horsy' face made longer by his woes as he looked around what could have been a truly great club. To have come so close... and then fallen short in the last mile of the race...

So lost in his own funk was Steve that it took several seconds for him to register the fact that there'd been a knock on the club's elegant oak-and-wrought-iron door. Frowning slightly, Steve shot a look at the clock, noting that it was a little after ten.

Since the club's big sign was turned off, and the dim lights couldn't be seen through the heavy drapes covering the windows, Steve wondered who the hell would be driving up to an apparently deserted club. Technically, he wasn't really 'closed', since he himself qualified as the one and only member of the 'private club', and the new law didn't go into effect until midnight - but since he would have had to have at least four more members before the midnight deadline, Steve hadn't bothered with the six o'clock 'Grand Opening' of the Corsican Club earlier that evening - why bother opening a club and paying employees when it would have to shut down six hours later...?

At first, Steve was tempted to just ignore the quick knock - and then it occurred to him that it might be Sheriff Bunnell, and he rose and hurried towards the door.

Sheriff Jack Bunnell was one of the few friends Steve had made in his cloistered time in Huntington County. He'd chosen to start his club there mainly because of the fact that the land and building were within his price range, and because of its proximity to a couple of campuses both in and out of the county. Given his rather monkish lifestyle, he hadn't really had any social life, but one of the few acquaintances he would have liked to call a friend was the older sheriff, an open-faced man with an easy smile and silver-gray hair.

Since the law was going into effect at midnight, the sheriff's department was tasked with having at least one officer present at each of the non-loop-hole-qualifying business at midnight, to make sure they complied with the new law. Bunnell had promised Steve that he, himself, would do the painful duty of legally declaring The Corsican Club closed as of midnight - but he was probably swinging by early, to express his regrets and maybe even keep Steve company for the last two hours.

Since that sounded a hell of a lot better than sitting around by himself, Steve pushed his long legs to move faster as he called out: "Okay, hold on, I'm coming !"

Reaching the front door to the club, he yanked the door open...

...to stare out at the darkened, empty parking lot. Whoever had knocked on the door had already left.

His narrow shoulders slumping, Steve started to turn away - and then he paused as he noticed something sitting on his doorstep. It was one of those disposable zip-loc containers, with a crisp manila envelope resting atop the translucent blue plastic lid.

Face forming into a puzzled frown, Steve bent over and picked up the letter-sized envelop, turning it over twice in the vain search for some clue who had left it.

Still holding the envelope in one hand, Steve picked up the small container with the other, his confused frown deepening as he held the container up and peered doubtfully at the thick, black liquid filling the container to the top.

Letting the door swing shut behind him, Steve carried both items back to the chair. Placing the container on the table for the moment, he undid the little string that held the top of the envelop closed, and slid a creamy sheet of paper out and unfolded it, eyes squinting slightly in the dim lighting as he focused on the elegant black script covering the paper.

My Dearest Mister Lybrenner, it read;

Please accept my deepest condolences for your situation. I was unaware of how much effort - and emotion - you put in the founding of your club. Though I am, of course, both unwilling and unable to repeal the law to rectify your situation, I sincerely wish to provide assistance in allowing you to fall under the 'Private Club' designation. To that end, I have taken the liberty of providing you with the necessary amount of Athena's Blood. If you truly have the will, conviction and desire to open your club as a private club, this will allow you to do so. If, however, you have the slightest lack of dedication or selflessness, it will sense this and do absolutely nothing, as consent - however uninformed it may be - must be given before it can act. Likewise, at anytime after it's initial application, it may also be revoked, returning everything to the original state. In either case, should you no longer have any need for the Athena's Blood, please return it to me forthwith.

It was signed: Yours Sincerely,

Lady Tonya Greenspan,

Apprentice Sorceress.

For several seconds after reading it, Steve simply stared at the letter, trying to figure out if it was some sort of joke, or what. Steve, by his very nature, was a peaceable and friendly man, and he'd tried his hardest not to dislike Ms. Greenspan, but it hadn't been easy - aside from the fact she'd effectively crushed his dreams, she was also a cold, apparently uncaring woman. A letter expressing any sort of regret or desire to help, even one as odd as this one, was hard to believe...

...yet it was most definitely her handwriting. With all the correspondence he'd had with her, trying to make his dream stay alive, he'd had plenty of opportunity to see her surprisingly elegant handwriting, and this was in the same script.

But... Athena's Blood? Lady Greenspan? Sorceress...?!

If it weren't for the fact that she was so passionate about her hatred for any intoxicating beverage or other consumable, Steve might have thought she had been either dead drunk or completely stoned when she wrote this.

Putting the perplexing letter aside, Steve picked up the plastic container and - very gingerly - popped the lid off, staring down at the thick, glossy-black liquid inside.

It looked like a very thick, industrial grade lubricating oil - at least, that was the closest analogy Steve could come up with. Unlike the faintly metallic odor of a petroleum product, however, this dark, viscous liquid gave off an oddly earthy odor.

Well, at least it wasn't nearly as... as bloody as it's name would have indicated - but Steve still had no idea what it was, much less how it was supposed to be any help to him - assuming, of course, that this wasn't all some sick, twisted prank born from the dark depths of an otherwise apparently humorless woman.

His narrow face set in a deep frown of puzzled concentration, Steve rolled the container in a tilted swivel, watching the syrupy liquid as it sluggishly drifted from side to side, thick and stiff. Oddly, it left no residue on the side of the container as it ebbed and flowed slowly, but that could have been from the slick properties of both the fluid and the nonporous plastic that contained it.

Shaking his head slightly, Steve put down the lid he was still holding, and poked at the thick liquid with the pointer of finger of his right hand...

What happened next happened so fast that he barely had time to register it as it happened. The instant his finger made contact with the surface of the thick liquid, the gooey black substance crawled - no, sot - onto his hand, impossibly flowing upwards over his hand and up under the cuff of his dark red shirt, spreading rapidly as it slid up his arm.

This happened so fast that it was nearly instantaneous. He'd barely begun to jerk his finger away when the liquid finished emptying itself from the container, forming a thick blob on his hand like some sort of glossy black boxing glove.

Before the container, dropped in his startled jerk, managed to hit the floor, the liquid had spread under shirt, covering his chest and back as it wrapped around, spreading quickly and leaving a thin, opaque film between his skin and his shirt, flowing with incredible speed over his body from the point of contact.

By the time he'd finished his involuntary spasm and slammed his head back into the chair, the liquid had covered his entire torso and both arm, including his hands, and was rapidly shooting downwards under his black jeans.

"What the blue blazes...?" Steve gasped, stunned, staring at a hand that now seemed to be covered in a perfectly formed black latex glove, gleaming with faint highlights under the mellow lighting. Still stunned, it took a second to realize that this thin, glossy coating had expanded to cover much more than his hand...

He was startled and more than a little afraid - but panic never had a chance to set in. In almost the same instant as he realized the 'Blood' had encased him from the neck down in a thin, flexible layer of glossy black material, he also realized he was

in no pain or discomfort, nor were there any other negative effects immediately noticeable. Whatever the strange substance was, it didn't seem immediately dangerous, just enormously puzzling.

With more confusion than fear, Steve stood up and stared for a second at the now empty container - and then he began to strip.

Despite the thin, glossy layer covering every inch of his body from the neck down, there was no diminution of sensation - it was as if it were 'transparent' to the sense of touch, even allowing the same amount of grip on the small plastic buttons of his shirt. It didn't take long for Steve to strip off all his clothes, revealing that he now appeared to be wearing a skin-tight latex bodysuit that conformed to every dip and curve of his lean, somewhat raw-boned body.

Brows still knitted in bemused puzzlement, Steve turned to a nearby brass-edge mirror mounted on the club's wall, looking at the reflection it gave back.

The 'latex' covering started just at his jaw-line, covering his neck and stretching downward in a unbroken sheen that covered every inch of his body, conforming to every curve and line. He could even see the flex and pull of his muscles as he moved, and there was no pain or discomfort, nor any reduction in his senses - he could even feel the air moving across his 'skin', as if it were passing right through the strange new 'suit' he wore. Slowly, he slid a hand over the covering - and was further bemused by the odd effect, which felt as if his bare hand were sliding over his latex-clad stomach - and yet, the sensations from his belly was that of a latex-glad hand sliding over a bare abdomen....

As weird as that was, it wasn't nearly as strange as what happened next:

<You're a man !>

It wasn't a 'voice'. Not under the definition of the word, since there was no actual sound at all - rather, it was almost as if somebody had directly accessed the part of the brain responsible for hearing, and sent it the exact same neural impulses that would have been received from the air if somebody had spoken aloud, only without any of the 'background' noise that went with a human voice. The mental voice was crisp, clear and strong - and of a feminine nature, a powerful, slightly accented female voice in the lower soprano register.

Even had he not been stunned by 'hearing' the inexplicable 'voice', Steve wouldn't have known how to answer that particular startled accusation.

<In three thousand years, my Gift has never before been bestowed upon a man.> The 'Voice' said, musingly - and a touch angrily.

Startled, confused and a little afraid, Steve instinctively fell back on his own natural inclinations, reinforced by the manners lovingly taught by his adoptive parents, all without conscious forethought....

"I'm sorry, Miss." Steve said, aloud, feeling both puzzled and more than a little silly, "If I have done, or am doing, anything to make you uncomfortable, please let me know how I can correct the situation "

The Voice was silent for a good second - and when it did reply, it sounded both vaguely amused and grudgingly impressed.

<You need not speak aloud. I am conscious of most of your 'surface' thoughts.> The Voice said - then, with a slightly interested tone. <I can clearly see that you do not understand what has happened, nor who I am - yet you did not ask my identity, nor try to 'evict' me.>

"You're more than welcome to stay as long as you like." Steve said - and this was a conscious offer, made in good faith, despite the strange nature of the situation. Regardless of how 'she' had gotten where she was, she wasn't doing anything to harm him, and so she was as welcome as any other guest would be in his home. "Having something by which to address you would be helpful, but you don't have to give me your real name, if you don't want to. As for speaking aloud well, I just find it easier to order my thoughts that way."

<Actually, your thoughts are admirably ordered already - moreso than I would have expected from a male.> The voice admitted, candidly. <Though that may be due to the fact that your first and foremost thought at all time is this 'club' of yours. As for my name - I am Athena, Goddess of Wisdom.>

At the rather proud announcement, Steve's brain came to a skittering halt...

...and then spun back into life, accepting this as gospel truth, re-ordering his world-view to accept it, and then dealing with it. "Oh. I guess I should have figured that out for myself " Steve said, sounding embarrassed. "Sorry, your Divinity."

This time, the Voice - Athena - was dead silent for a good ten seconds.

<Allow me to admit - I am impressed.> Athena finally responded - and there was nothing grudging in her mental tones. <I can 'see' your confusion and amazement - yet you do not fear or doubt me. Indeed - you are sincere in your effort to welcome me as best you know, despite this being a strange and confusing new situation for you. Though I doubted, at first, the wisdom of the Priestess who provided you with my lifeblood, I can see you are worthy, even if you are male. However, I will not submit myself to assisting a male, no matter how worthy the spirit housed within that least attractive of all forms. If you wish my boons, you must accept the price - that of becoming female.>

Even shocked and stunned, Steve was the very essence of a gentleman - yet now he found his manners, natural inclinations and his other overriding desire, that of opening the club, warring with something much deeper and stronger...

"I'm sorry..." He said in a voice of deepest regret, his shoulders slumping. "I.. I can't accept your boon. I.. I'm a Catholic."

This time, Athena was both openly amused and yet deeply respectful. <I know. Had your God had any objections, I would not even be able to offer, for he holds sway - but your God is a tolerant God, if aloof, and He commands only that you have no God before him. If you wish to accept the price, I may offer the boon under his auspices. Under the Covenant of Free Will, he has given leave for you to be exempt from his strictures and be placed under my rule.>

"Oh..." Steve said, now giving the offer new consideration. "So... Everything's square with Him? I'm free to accept your help in opening and running my club, as long as I accept your price?"

<Indeed. You will not only be able to open the club under my guidance, but be assured that it will be a success for as long as you accept my assistance. As long as you release yourself from my sphere of influence before your death, your soul shall be welcomed into what you call Heaven - and I assure you that you will not die without being given a chance to 'renounce' me.>

Steve licked his lips, which suddenly seemed very dry. He opened those lips to ask a question...

<Take as long as you wish to decide.> Athena replied, 'reading' the questions from the convolutions of his mind before it made it to his lips. <Just remember - you are free to renounce me at any time, and you will simply regain yourself at that point in time - but once renounced, I cannot be recalled. I am a prideful Goddess, and will not return once cast away.>

"I understand." Steve said, slowly sinking back onto the chair as he thought, long and hard.

He remained nearly motionless for a good fifteen minutes - and when he finally did make his decision, it wasn't even necessary to speak it, for Athena already knew.

<Very well.> She said - and then, in a strange 'tone', admitted, <I find that I am strangely gladdened that you have accepted, for you are an exceptional example of your species. It will be a measure of pride to have you as a fellow woman...>

With the decision made, the change came quickly and painlessly. One moment, Steve was his normal, male self, simply enclosed in what appeared to be a form-fitting black latex bodysuit - and then his body seemed to tremble, and quickly reshaped itself, almost too fast for his sense to follow. He had brief, passing impression of the changes, mostly dealing with the altering sensations as his body moved across the gender line and into the female arena, with the sensation inimical to that new gender.

The effects of the change could be seen, however, and the new woman did just that, feeling stunned and slightly unsure as he <she> she stood and once again surveyed herself in the mirror.

She was still tall and slender - but 'tall and slender' looked a hell of a lot better on her than it had on her old body.

Her face was still narrow - but now it was the gracefully tapered shape of a coolly beautiful woman, now almost eerily lovely, with flawlessly smooth skin and finely defined features, including a sharp-bridged nose with a slightly upturned end, flanked on either side by cool blue eyes under finely arched eyebrows. The smooth skin of her cheeks were pulled higher over

better-defined cheekbones in the almost classically Grecian style, yet with the coloration of a Nordic ice-maiden in her fair skin, blue eyes and close-cropped golden hair. Her lips, while feminine and perfectly formed, were less the seductive, though attractive enough, especially since anything fuller would have looked on a narrow face tapering to a smoothly pointed chin.

Her now smooth, alabaster skin probably - almost certainly - covered her reshaped form, but it was impossible to tell, given that the 'latex bodysuit' she was wearing started right below that well-defined chin, enclosing the now longer, more delicate curve of her neck down to the narrow, gently sloped curves of her shoulders. Her new ribcage was barely smaller than her old, male one had been - yet was undoubtedly feminine, especially considering the firm, taut mounds it boasted, covered by the gleaming latex that clearly defined the firm dome-shape of her new - and quite sensitive - breasts, each one roughly the size and shape of a halved orange, tipped with a somewhat enlarged nipple.

Her slightly altered ribcage tapered gracefully into a slender, taut waist before swelling outwards into boyishly slender hips that were nevertheless agreeably feminine compared to her seventeen-inch waist. Less 'boyish' were the athletically firm buttocks her slightly widened hips boasted, now firmer and fuller than ever before.

The suit, once meticulously molded to her then-male genitalia, now ran smooth and unbroken across a crotch that she had no doubt contained a perfectly-formed womanhood - especially since she could 'feel' it, though the sensations were not defined enough to describe - rather, they were the sensations of 'just being', hard to define, but undeniably different than those that came from 'just having' a cock and balls between her legs...

...and speaker of 'legs', her new ones were lovely. Since she'd been fairly tall for a man, she was even taller for a woman - and the extra height looked especially good on her legs, which were not only toned and fit, but by virtue of that height, undeniably long. Mounted on smaller, feminine feet and well-shaped ankles, her shapely new legs were, of course, encased in the 'latex', which enhanced her new legs almost as much as a good pair of really...

<...high heels?> Athena mused, reading the thought - and the 'image' - directly from the ex-male's mind. <I find this concept interesting. They appear so very... graceful. Almost definably female in concept and design. If I may...?>

Steve hesitated. She was still trying to get used to the fact that she was now female, even a 'tall cool one', and jumping right into something like heels seemed.. well, she couldn't define it.

It was an odd situation. There was no doubt about that. Being female was one thing. Steve, though never having particularly desired to become female, was able to consider it - and even deal with it as a reality - with a sort of bemused, mildly intrigued equanimity, since he wasn't particularly prejudiced against the idea like so many others in what was laughingly known as Western 'Civilization'. After all, being male or female was more or less an accident of birth, something which Steve was able to accept intellectually - and, on an emotional level, he'd been raised to believe that what mattered most was the 'soul', not the body, so even though it was strange, new and decidedly different, it was only mildly discomfiting to be female. 'Being' female was one thing, though - 'acting' like a female was another...

<You would wish to be female in appearance, yet male in mannerism?> Athena pointed out, reasonably. <If you do not wish these 'high heels', you need not accept them, now or later - but do you really wish to live in one gender, while 'playacting' the part of another...?>

Still, Steve hesitated...

...until her 'good manners' pushed her to ignore what was, really, a completely illogical disquiet.

With Athena sharing her mind, the new woman didn't even have to verbally give consent - the instant she capitulated, Athena knew...

...and the new woman found herself slowly being pushed upwards as high heeled shoes formed on her feet, made out of the very substance of her outfit.

When Athena did something, she didn't do it by half measures. The shoes now grafted directly into the suit she wore boasted a three- inch high platform that sloped inward from the sole to the floor, and an even more tapered heel that was nine inches high.

Thanks to Athena's own presence within and without the new woman's body, there wasn't any sense of instability or unfamiliarity with the new footwear - she balanced atop them easily, if not especially gracefully. Indeed, her stance, though feminine enough, was proud and 'unexciting', despite the almost fetishist nature of her new 'shoes'.

Steve had to admit - they really did enhance her new legs - and since they were as comfortable as if she were standing barefoot, she had no reason to complain, other than some longer misgivings from a subconsciously-indoctrinated mind, which she was intelligent enough to see for what they were, and mostly discount.

<Interesting...> Was Athena's sole comment on the new heels - but they didn't get any shorter or disappear. <Well, now that you are fit to receive my boons, shall we not 'open this joint', as I believe you'd say?>

No matter what misgiving she might have had, that would have driven them from the new woman's mind, just as the concept had made it possible for her to except this strange and awkward situation - she might be a woman, but she was the woman who was going to open.. her.. club!

"You bet!" Steve agreed, her undeniably feminine new voice barely registering in her own ears as her heart raced in excitement. She turned and walked with a strong-yet-feminine stride towards the front door, so comfortable and natural-feeling atop the heels that she barely noticed she was wearing them.

Reaching the panel near the front door, the new woman reached out and open the Plexiglas cover - then, with all the slender, feminine new fingers on her slimmer, more gracefully formed hand, flipped up the switches that turned on all the interior and exterior lights, including the neon tubes in the road-side sign.

The Corsican Club was officially open for business...

...at least for the next hour and a half. If she couldn't find at least four people to pay the hefty membership dues required, her club would have to shut down at midnight anyway...

It was right about then that Steve also realized she had no staff of any sort, either - which, given that she didn't have any customers- slash-members, either, seemed almost secondary...

<I will handle the duties of your non-existent staff, at least for the first few weeks.> Athena replied. <As for finding - or luring - these members for your club, I will leave that to you. I will assist you, of course, but though I can influence Mortal minds, I will not. You must find a way to convince any potential members that this club would be well worth the cost. Be assured, though - if they decline, it will not be because of 'lousy service'...>

Though Athena didn't elaborate, the new woman felt sure that the service end of it all would be taken care of. All she had to do was convince at least four people to hand over a check or cash and claim membership before midnight.

Having stood stock-still in momentary worry of the fate of the club, divinely assisted or not, the new woman was just starting to turn away from the panel when she heard the sound of an engine growl to a stop, slightly muffled by the thickness of the door.

The new woman turned to face the door - and suddenly realized she was a slender, shapely woman with coolly beautiful features, dressed in skin-tight clothing and wearing extremely high heels.

She had just enough time to feel the full weight of delayed embarrassment and dismay before the door swung open to reveal Sheriff Jack Bunnell.

Athena, thankfully, immediately forced the new woman's body to hide the emotion, leaving her looking almost utterly professional despite her coolly sexy appearance as the tan-clad officer looked at her, silver eyebrows rising expressively.

"Evenin'..." Jack said, in a neutral tone. "I just noticed everything lit up like the Fourth of July, and figured I'd stop in. Is Steve around...?" If nothing else, Steve had to admire Jack's nonchalance - if not his timing.

Her voice admirably controlled given her shock, dismay and sudden 'shyness', she started to speak - without having any idea what to say.

"He's... <up in his office doing...> Up in his office doing some last-minute paperwork. I'm his new Maitre D' - or Matron D', if you prefer.

<He hired you...> He hired me to help him meet the membership requirements for a private club... and, given the description, you must be the Sheriff Bunnell he's spoken so very highly of."

(Thanks)

<No Problem>

"That's right, ma'am." John said, grinning. "Sheriff Jonathan Bunnell, at your service... but, please, call me Jack."

"I'd be honored, Jack." Steve said, recovering her emotional equilibrium a bit - though it wasn't easy, considering that, polite or not, Jack couldn't help but notice her new body in the skin-tight outfit. "I'm... Amanda."

<Cute.>

(Give me a break - I'm under a bit of pressure...)

"Would you care to come in, Jack?" Amanda said, stretching one hand out to gesture at the tables in the club - before realizing what the action would do to her torso, making her half-turn and press her perky new bust upwards and out.

"I'd like that. If Steve's club is officially open for business, the least I can do is be his first paying customer. Any chance of getting some of that Chicken Parmesan he's always bragging about?"

"Of course..." 'Amanda' agreed, cued by the quiet sounds of apparent preparation now coming from the direction of the kitchen. "The fact that I can't offer you a glass of wine or beer to wash it down isn't even a consideration, given that your an officer of the law and on duty. How about a nice cup of coffee, instead?"

"Sounds perfect." Jack agreed, settling into a chair and looking around at the club with an appreciative eye.

Turning, Amanda now found she was highly aware of her firm-yet-feminine stride atop the high heels, easy and competent as she might look. She was also overly aware of how firm and tautly packed her new derrière was as she walked away, the gleaming latex only serving to highlight the coolly graceful movements of the gluteus maximus.

Pushing open the brass-covered door to the kitchen, Amanda was immediately struck by the increase of noise and the sudden rich scent of a dozen mingled foods cooking...

...which was quite amazing, considering the gleaming room was completely empty.

Unless, of course, you counted the steaming plate of Chicken Parmesan sitting on the counter, complete with garlic bread, a helping of Scalloped Potatoes, and a side salad, plus the cup of coffee, all on a tray and ready to be served.

Picking up the tray, Amanda carried it back out to the sheriff, her mind moistly fixed on ignoring her sudden awareness of her new femininity.

"That was fast..." Jack said in a mixture of admiration and confusion.

"Well, we aim to please." Amanda said, Athena helping her manufacture an authentic-looking smile to hide her nervousness. "Since we're new, we're going the extra mile to get and keep business - and if that means we sometimes have to throw food out in order to have meals ready fast, it's a price we're willing to pay..."

Amanda felt bad about lying to Jack - but this was once circumstance where the unvarnished truth would buy her a nice white coat that tied in the back and a room without a view.

The sound of the front door swinging open allowed her to avoid anymore unnoticeably awkward conversation with her unsuspecting friend, letting her escape with only a murmured "Excuse me - duty calls..."

She actually felt relieved as she walked to the front door - until she caught sight of the look on the face of the heavy-set man standing in the door.

The look turned into a shit-eating grin, the eyes dancing merrily.

"I think I'm gonna like this place..." the man said, not trying to hide his obvious delight as he gave her a good, long look.

"Well, I certainly hope so..." Amanda said, politeness keeping her from voicing it in a doubtful tone as she wished he would stop staring at her like she was an especially tasty steak. Inspiration hit, suddenly. "Unfortunately, I'm afraid this is a private club. Members and guests only, so I'm afraid..."

"What's it take to become a member?" The man interrupted, his eyes still roaming her body.

"The yearly dues are..." She started, politely, and without noticeable hesitation in her tone suddenly decided to 'up the ante', "...three hundred and twenty-five dollars annually, which gives entrance and bar privileges only. Dinners and temporary over-night accommodations are extra, of course."

"Oh..." The man said, nonplused.

Just then, the door swung open to reveal a skinny, dark-haired guy with teeth so white and perfect that they had to be dentures. He was already talking when the door was swinging open, his voice a good-natured high-pitched whine.

"So, Zeke, this place look any "

The skinny man with the pockmarked face caught sight of who the stockier, sandy-haired man he was addressing was speaking to, and his mouth and tongue seemed to have suddenly gone numb.

"good?" He finished, breathlessly. He smiled, revealing those too-perfect teeth in all their artificial glory. "Well, hot damn - we finally got ourselves a real Gentleman's club in Hun'inton County."

"Stop starin' Tom." The burly fellow said, in a weary voice that said he'd said it many a time. "Besides, it costs three hunnert'n twenty- five bucks a year to come here."

"Sounds fair to me - that's less 'n a buck a day, dumbass, and well worth it." Tom said, still smiling and staring. "As for the starin' bit - well, this here's the place where it's not only allowed, but encouraged - for the payin' customer, leastwise. Ain't

that right, honey-buns?" rather than actually answer the demeaning question, she politely pointed out the obvious: "Which you aren't, I'm afraid - and this is a private club."

"Well, now, why do you say that...?" Tom said...

...and out of his pocket he hauled a thick wad of cash. Most of the wad of sweaty bills were ones and twos - but not all of it. With a flourish, the acne-scarred man pulled five one-hundred dollar bills from the pile and held them out to her.

"This is too much " Amanda said, trying hard not to say it in the tone of numb surprise that would have revealed her true emotions.

"Nope - I figure tha's just enough to get me a little special service 'round here..." Tom said, grinning. Turning slightly to his friend - without taking his eyes off of Amanda - he elbowed him in the side. "Pay the lady, lard-ass."

A thoughtful look pasted itself onto the sandy-blond's face, looking out of place on his heavy-seat features. "Well, now... If Tom here's a member, then I guess I can be his guest for the evenin', till I see whether there's any girls on staff who meet my more, uh... " He paused, then grinned. "...stringent criteria"

His words might have sounded half-intelligent - but the way he held his cupped hands out from his chest with an oily grin spoiled the effect.

Amanda's mind was slowly building back up to speed. These guys were lechers, hard-drinking, hard-playing men who obviously thought this place was a 'real' Gentleman's club, staffed by gorgeous women...

...and she already had one paid member, and just about an hour to come up with three more, which made the answer simple and obvious.

"Of course." She said. "Can I get you gentleman anything from the bar...?"

"Beer..." the two men chorused in unison, heading toward the main part of the club. "When's the show start...?" Tom added, gesturing at the stage.

"Eleven thirty..." She answered, spur of the moment. "We're starting things later then usual because it's our first night, and as you can see, we don't have much clientele..."

"Or much staff..." Zeke said, pointedly, looking around with a narrowed gaze.

"No - we've got plenty of staff. We're just... keeping them out of sight until more people show up." Amanda ad-libbed. "Last-minute details of a brand-new club getting up and running."

"Better be..." Zeke mumbled.

Amanda quickly grabbed a couple of beers from the bar - and realized that profit would be no problem, what with the draft beer coming from a tap that wasn't actually connected to anything. A free and endless supply of booze could really give a business a leg up on the competition...

...assuming, of course, that she could keep the place running. Delivering the guys' drinks, she quickly checked to make sure Jack was doing okay, then disappearing down the employee service corridor, mind spinning a hundred miles an hour as she tried to work out how to meet the minimum requirements.

Pacing back and forth, she tried - and reject - idea after idea, consider and she tip-tapped her way up and down the short hallway. Still lost in frantic consideration, she glanced quickly through the round window in the brass-clad door to see if any new customers had come in...

...and saw Zeke gesture angrily at Tom and get up to leave... She knew what she had to do.

(You won't change his mind - but will you 'read' it? At least enough to...)

<Yes, but Are you sure?>

(Positive)

<All right, then >

Turning quickly, Steve watched in another wall mounted mirror as 'Amanda' melted into somebody completely new.

The black 'latex' she wore writhed its way quickly up legs that were becoming a little larger in circumference - which was perfect, considering the fact that she was shrinking a bit in height overall, her legs actually remaining slightly longer in proportion to her rest of her body. The 'boyish' curves of her hips swelled outwards under the skirt that was forming out of the black latex, while the shoes she was wearing actually shrank in height, retaining a six-inch heel while the platform disappeared completely, leaving her slightly larger - but still daintily feminine - feet clad in a simpler pump.

Her waist actually expanded outwards an inch, still delightfully slender considering her now more womanly hips - but the expansion above that waist was considerably more than an inch, as her breasts swelled outwards rapidly. The 'latex' of the Athena's Blood was expanding downwards at the same time, leaving a large 'keyhole' neckline to expose more and more creamy cleavage as her breast billowed outwards and upwards, seemingly trying to escape through the hole in the fabric as they became ever larger, achieving the rough size and shape of a pair of blue-ribbon-winning melons.

Above that awesome chasm of cleavage, her face was also altering itself, becoming less classically beautiful as it became rounder and more inviting, her lips rapidly plumping up to softly full dimension, now coated with a bright red shade of lipstick, even as her hair spilled down over somewhat wider shoulders, in keeping with the massive weight they had to bear. The golden-blonde tresses were also acquiring a slight wave as they continued to spill down her back, until the point of the her tapered style just barely hovered above her full, tantalizing new buttocks.

The sleeves and gloves of her new outfit receded back into the main mass of the body-suit, as if the material necessary to cover even slightly more than half of her massive new endowments was more than the suit could provide and still cover her arms, leaving her wearing a short-sleeve 'T-shirt' dress with a high neck and a key-hole décolletage that literally put the tops of her firm new breasts on display.

A second later, the change was finished, and the new woman ran her blood-red fingernails through her massive, silken mane of golden-blond hair, while rather uncertainly eyeing her massive new chest with her big, baby-blue eyes. Her new breasts seemed to weigh a ton a piece, and every breath she took seemed ready to spill them out through the top of the dress.

"Oh - one of those guys..." She murmured - then turned and hurried with a sensual sway to her womanly new hips through the door, and into the main room of the club. With her sensual, hip-swiveling glide, her massive new boobs jiggled and jostled, as if unhappy with their confinement.

Zeke was halfway to the door - but his friend's very loud, very emotional 'Good God Damn!' caused his head to whip around...

...so that he could behold his own fantasy woman, clad in form-fitting black latex, swaying sensuously towards him with a wide smile of her full, inviting lips.

"Zeke...?" She asked in a breathy little voice as she walked up to him. "I'm Bambi, Amanda said you might like me to give you the... full tour."

<Lick your lips - slowly.> (Right.)

She let her full, soft new lips part ever so slightly, then slowly let her tongue creep out and sweep, sensuously, over her gloss-red lips.

"Uh... Yeah..." Zeke said in an odd tone of voice, his eyes drifting downwards from her mouth to the open display of feminine fullness. "Yeah, sure..."

<Take his hand...>

Reaching out, 'Bambi' twined her long-nailed fingers with his chubby ones, then turned and began to jiggle-swivel towards the door leading to the staircase - and Zeke followed along numbly, his eyes focused firmly on her ass, which was twitching and swaying pertly.

She led the heavy-set man up the stairs, well aware of the way he was trying to peer up her short, tight skirt as she ascended the steps

- and she actually took each step with a slightly exaggerated step, Athena actually regulating the dress so that tantalizing glimpses showed she wasn't wearing any underwear, but didn't quite show 'pink'.

<If your heart beats any faster, it's just going to explode. I'm having enough trouble just keeping you from shaking and sweating.> (Technically, I'm a virgin. I'm allowed to be nervous.)

<Would it make you feel any better if I told you that he doesn't actually want sex with you?> (Thank God!)

<He just wants a blow-job.>

"Let me tell you about some of our 'member benefits'..." She said, reaching the top of the stairs and pulling him around the corner, into what had been an unfinished upstairs room - and was now one of six fully furnished 'guest rooms'. "First of all, there's this..."

Stalling for time, she made 'this', a hard, quick, and deep kiss, her lips pressed hard against his as she leaned her entire body into him, her huge boobs pressing firmly - and, she was amazed to discover, amazingly pleasurable - against his body. Her new height, with heels, was exactly the same as his, and between her boobs and his beer-gut, you couldn't have slipped a pin between them.

She continued to kiss him for as long as he wanted, preferring the actually quite enjoyable - if pseudo-homosexual 'uncomfortable' - sensation to that which would come.

When he finally had enough and broke the kiss himself, she still wasn't quite ready - so she went right on into her next 'stalling tactic'.

With Athena allowing it, she pulled her neckline down, letting her huge, creamy globes of firm breast-flesh to pop free of their confinement.

"Then there's these..." She said, with a slight giggle, as she took his hands and brought them up to her massive new mounds,. He eagerly began to fondle them - and she moaned in unfeigned pleasure, Athena thoughtfully having boosted the pleasure-causing sensations to 'compensate' for her own emotional discomfort - a thoughtful gesture she truly appreciated, especially when he bent his head and began to nuzzle, then lick and nibble, at her now fully-engorged nipples.

Zeke was a 'tit man', and he took his time with her full, creamy mounds, hands and lips working eagerly - almost to eagerly, in fact, with enough quick force that it would have been mildly uncomfortable for any other woman, but thanks to Athena, Bambi felt nothing but pleasure from Zeke's touch - physically, at any rate.

As much as Zeke enjoyed breasts, however, there inevitably came a time when he began to become bored with her standing there moaning softly as he played with her huge, round boobs - and so, she forced herself to give him a long, slow smile...

...as she slowly sank to her knees in front of him, her hands reaching for the zipper on his jeans. "Let me give you a few minutes to think it over..." She said, her last-ditch stall tactic...

...and then his fly was open and her hands were on his thick, meaty cock, pulling it's already hard length out into the open in front of her face.

She simply slid her fingers over the warm, slightly sweaty member for a moment, letting him enjoy the sensation as he worked up the last bit of nerve needed - and then she opened her lips and leaned forward, her mouth closing with presumed skill over his hard, throbbing cock...

...which tasted exactly like a grape lollipop.

(Hmm.... Thanks...) She thought appreciatively, the last of her nervousness fading away as she realized she had a real ally to help even the most uncomfortable situation be as inoffensive and physically pleasurable as possible. With that knowledge firmly in mind, she was able to push through the last of her negative connotations, closing her eyes and starting a long, slow, and unbelievably skilled blow- job...

...which wasn't actually based on any previous experience, but on the fact that Athena kept up a running dialog, letting her know exactly what Zeke wanted, when he wanted it, and how he wanted it.

She licked and she sucked. She bobbed her head back and forth, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. She varied pressure and suction. Twice, she let the cock slip completely out of her mouth so she could lick up and down it's length with her tongue.

Through it all, her hands were never still. Sometimes they worked the shaft, sometimes she played with his balls, and sometimes she simply placed them on either side of his cock and pressed backwards, lightly.

Finally, after what seemed a quite pleasurable forever, Athena's dialog came to an end.

<You're on your own, now - he's so close to coming that he's not thinking coherently. Just push him over the edge.>
(Right... and, thanks.)

<De Nada, ducks.)

With a quick slip of the tongue and a light squeeze of her hand, she pushed Zeke over the edge...

...and hungrily gobbled down every drop of the warm, thick fluid that spurted into her mouth... (Mmmm...! Chocolate!)

<Whoa...! We didn't have this in Greece - I just duplicated a flavor-memory in your brain. This stuff is.. fantastic! We've got to do this more often...>

(There's easier - and less embarrassing - ways of getting chocolate, your Divinityship...)

Swallowing the last of his chocolate-flavored cum, she licked his cock clean and tidily tucked the rapidly shrinking member away, looking up at him with an expectant smile.

"So...?"

"Would you take a check ?"

As she accepted his signed check and watched him head down the stairs, she took the money Tom had given her from inside the sleeve of her dress, where Athena had held it tightly in place until now. Swaying atop her heels, the huge-breasted new woman walked to her office to put it down in the record books - and was surprised to find her office much more luxurious than it had been. Having been focused on the club itself, she'd skimmed on the office and her own apartment - but Athena had very thoughtfully 'upgraded' her to first class.

(Thanks.)

<It's the least I can do for such a dedicated professional. By the way - you're due on stage in five minutes.> (What?!)

<The eleven-thirty show, remember. Your little seduction ate up quite a bit of time.> (Oh, shit! Not only am I still two short, but I've left the club unattended...!)

<No, actually, you didn't - I called in reinforcements.> (Huh?)

<Every sorceress within twenty miles. Not only do they draw their power from me, they're sworn to serve me - so when I told them to drop everything and come running, they did. You've got eight women working the floor as waitresses - and Lady Tonya Greenspan herself is playing the role of 'Amanda', greeting your new patrons at the door.>

Bambi blinked - then giggled. (This I gotta see...)

<Take a quick glance from the stage - you're on...>

Steve turned away from her desk and hurried out of the room - even as her body was in the process of changing. By the time she was halfway down the back stairs, which led to the stage, she was fully transformed - but she really didn't have a chance to admire her new form as she slowed herself, then strode out onto the stage, her eyes flicking to the door...

...where, sure enough, 'Amanda' was escorting another man to the packed, roped-off section at the back of the room, where men were as tightly packed as sardines as they gazed incredulously at the eight stunning women who were serving the three men who were sitting comfortably at the tables.

(Oh - nice move...)

Then she had to restrain a sudden jolt of shock as she heard her voice - his voice - Original-Male-Steve's voice echo over the sound system.

'Gentlemen, please give a warm Corsica Club welcome to... Miss Selina Diane!' (No way!)

<Way. She'll never know...>

So, the stunned on-lookers in the peanut gallery, and the three very smug-looking seated members, were treated to 'My Heart Will Never Stop', followed up with a very, very... evocative version of the old reliable, 'Fever'.

"Thank you, thank you..." the almost painfully slender woman on the stage said in her lightly accented voice, smiling beatifically as she calmly and graciously walked off the stage...

...then all but dashed around the back of the lighting and sound area, moving quickly atop her rhinestone-studded strappy style sandals, her matching silver-sequined 'cocktail dress' fluttering around her thin legs.

(Pick the most likely candidate out of that crowd at the back, give me his fantasy woman's body, and take me to him...!)

<You ready for this...?>

(I'm two short, and only have about fifteen minutes to go...!)

<Right - I'm on it... Hey, do you realize you actually in a hurry to get laid? There's a nice Greek word for women like you> It's perhaps the greatest measure of Steve's character that she not only didn't say 'Shut up' - she didn't even think it...

There was a short pause as Athena quickly scanned the minds of the cluster of stunned, amazed men...

...and the pause went on...

...and on...

Almost at the door to the main room, 'Selina' slowed slightly. (When do I change?)

<You don't.>

<Oh? Oh!>

She pushed through the door, pasting a smile on her famous face...

<Big Ugly. The one staring right at you.>

(They're all staring right at me - I'm Selina Diane, remember?)

<Egotist...>

...as she walked right up to the biggest, ugliest black man she'd ever seen, a huge bruiser with a sloping forehead, bad skin, deep set eyes, and...

(Hmmm... I've never seen that before. He looks almost purple from that blush.)

<He's shy. Very shy. You'll have to... 'take control' of the situation - and you've got twelve minutes.> (Damn - a 'quickie' for my first time...)

<Laugh it up, Furball> In a dead-on imitation of Harrison Ford, no less. In her own tones: <Eleven.> (But who's counting, right...?) "I just wanted to thank you all for... Excuse me, is something the matter?"

The big guy looked away, his dusky blush actually managing to deepen. "Uh.. No, miss.. Uh, Diane.. I.. I.. I'm a real big, uh fan, and..."

This was taking way to long. Leaning forward, she had to stretch up on tip-toe to whisper at him. "Would you be less shy around me if we go somewhere and fuck?"

He gaped at her.

"I'll take that as a 'yes.'" She said, grabbing his huge, ham-like hand and turning towards the door to upstairs...

...and for a big guy, four times her own negligible weight, he came easily enough, a dazed look on his face as he moved like man in a dream.

(Who woulda thunk it...?) She giggled at Athena as she pulled the big man into a private room. (If anybody had asked me what I'd be doing tonight, I never would have... GREAT SCOTT, HE'LL...)...rip me in half!" She finished in a dazed whisper, staring at the enormous and quickly hardening cock revealed as she all-but-ripped his pants off.

<No, he won't. Ten minutes.>

"Whu... what...?" the stunned man managed.

Selina yanked up her dress and leaned back against the nearest wall. "I want that monster cock in me, baby..."

He gaped at her, his pants around his unlovely ankles and his huge cock thrust from his crotch like an ebony battering ram. Selina sighed, and pointed. "That... goes in.. here. Now."

"Oh. Right..." He said, numbly, shuffling forward comically...

...and slowly.

Shaking her head, the slender woman threw her hands up...

...then took two quick steps forward and, before she could stop and have seconds thoughts, adroitly impaled herself on (his cock feels fantastic! Oh, God, this is.. This is...)...wonderful!"

He was huge and heavy, she was small and light - he just stood there as she wrapped her coltish legs around his trunk-like body and began to frantically bounce atop his massive organ, her womanhood not only stretching to take him perfectly, but already 'hot and wet'.

(Oh.. Athena... thank.. You.. for making.. it.. feel so...)...fantastic!"

<Sorry, honey, but you're thanking the wrong deity - your God designed women, and this is just how it feels.>

Selina would have answered that - but she was too busy fucking her brains out, using her arms and legs to pump her entire body up and down on the massive cock, her urge to make him cum quickly and pay membership subsumed in her desire to reach female orgasm first...

...which didn't take all that long, not with her current vagina literally custom-fitted to his cock.

"Oh, dear GODDESS...!" screamed that richly vibrant singer's voice as her eyes went painfully wide and her almost frail body shook with the sheer force of her orgasm...

...and then he was pumping what felt like gallons of cum into her body.

Only when he had finished did she smile up at him, still impaled on a slowly softening cock. "Want to join my fan club...?"

She had to - regretfully - slide off his enormous member and let him pull up his pants so he could get his wallet... which he numbly handed to her. Quickly, she extracted the requisite amount of money from his billfold, then tossed the wallet back and dashed out of the room, leaving him standing there as she pelted down the hallway, her body changing rapidly...

...and Amanda dashed into her office - to stop dead and stare, gaping, at Sheriff Bunnell and Tonya Greenspan, standing at her desk and looking down at the 'membership Ledger' she'd left open on the desk.

The clock on the wall began to decorously chime midnight. "I..." Amanda said, numbly, her shoulders starting to slump...

"Congratulations." Tonya said in her cool voice, her eyes unreadable. "It appears you've qualified..." Amanda blinked.

"I must say - I'm glad there's no cause for me to shut this place down." Jack said, warmly. "In fact, I just finished congratulating Steve on his success. Your boss is a lucky man to have a woman like you..."

"Uh.. Thank you..." Amanda said, numbly, coming over to the desk and staring down at the ledger...

...which contained five names. Steve. Tom. Zeke.

Jack Bunnell...? Tonya Greenspan...?

"Well - I see you have yet another member to sign up - and I really have to get back to my patrol." Jack said, taking her hand and lifting it to give her a light kiss on the knuckles. "I'm sure I'll see you often, Amanda..."

"I hope so..." She replied, almost automatically, her stunned gaze going to Tonya's inscrutable face as Jack left...

...and when the door closed behind him, Tonya broke into a huge smile.

"One of the other sorceresses played the old you..." She explained, warmly, walking around the desk and taking the money from Amanda's unresisting hand. "She was a perfect 'Steve' in every detail - except one, and since she didn't drop her pants to show Jack, he never knew... So, who's the new member...?"

"I.. I never got his name..." Amanda said, slowly, shaking his head. (Slut.)

(...!...)

(Geez - can't you even think dirty words?)

(I don't.. HEY! You... You sound just like me, now!)

<Sorry - I'm just having fun poking around in your brain. Since I get the feeling we're going to be together for a long, long time, I thought I should get better acquainted. We'll discuss it later, though - right now, Tonya wants your attention...)

[Amanda?]

"Oh, no - hearing one voice in my head's bad enough." Amanda said, with a quick grin. "Except in an emergency, you sorceresses stay out of my head."

"Sorry.." Tonya said, contritely, lowering her head...

...and then raising it again as Athena 'pulled back', leaving Amanda's body naked except for the extreme heels.

"So..." Tonya said, suggestively, walking forward as her own clothes dissolved. "About these 'membership benefits' I've been hearing so much about..."

THE END



SUMMARY: One man is driven insane by a prejudiced young man harboring his own secret desire to be a woman.

The Club

By Gunslinger

Lloyd wandered down the street, eyes tracing a path on the cracked and tilted blocks of the sidewalk just ahead of his faded red canvas Hi-Tops. His beefy shoulders were slumped forward, almost defensively, and his hands were jammed deep into the pockets of his jeans.

A partially crushed coke can glittered red-and-white in the late summer sun, and he lashed out at it viscosly, his foot barely catching the edge of it and sending it skittering an insultingly short distance as he found himself suddenly thrust off balance by the sudden, powerful move. Yanking his hands from his pockets, the pudgy young man wind-milled for a second, struggling to stay upright. His head snapped up as his shoulders twisted, causing his thick, slightly greasy mane of dark hair to flop in his face as he struggled to remain upright, all-to-aware of how silly he must look at that second.

For an eternal instant, Lloyd was sure he was going to end up on his too-well-padded ass, making his ignominy complete - then, finally, he felt his center-of-balance reestablish itself somewhere in his full, pasty gut, and he straightened, his too-pale face flushed red with embarrassment. Flipping his hair back from his forehead with one inelegant swipe, the twenty-five year old man glanced around shamefacedly, his watery hazel eyes sad and hopeless as he expected to see people pointing at him and laughing.

The street was empty, however, sparing Lloyd that particular indignity. Sighing, Lloyd tucked the hem of his lightweight cotton shirt into his jeans, where it had been before his rapid arm movements had yanked the material loose. Feeling like a complete idiot, he shot an angry glare at the inoffensive little can, then began mumbling under his breath as he continued on his way, wondering if he was doomed to spend the rest of his life as a fat, poorly coordinated loser.

"You fucking bastard!"

The shout came from nearby, and though Lloyd wasn't doing anything but walking, he was irrationally certain the angry voice was directed at him, and his heart switched to a rapid double-time beat as his head snapped up and his hands came out of his pockets again, rising defensively almost out of instinct.

Immediately, he saw that he wasn't the one being addressed. He was in a fairly run-down section of the city, near the slowly decaying downtown strip that the city was almost uselessly trying to breath new life into via an Urban Renewal program. Despite the money being dumped into new stores, theaters and other entertainment and shopping venues, the surrounding blocks were still overpriced, badly maintained shops, tenements and hastily 'remodeled' apartments. The particular source of the current commotion was an alleyway between a pornography shop and an old variety store that looked like it had simply been abandoned one night during the Eighties.

The person yelling was a lean, golden young man about Lloyd's own age, dressed only in a pair of frayed jean shorts that showed off his tanned, lean body to an advantage. Like Lloyd, his hair was long - but unlike Lloyd's, it was neatly trimmed and glossy-clean, trailing back from his lean, handsome, hawk-nosed face like a lion's mane.

The young man's taut, golden body was further tensed with anger, and the anger was obviously directed at the slightly younger Hispanic youth who was walking away, a back-pack slung over one shoulder and a look of fierce concentration on his dusky face. He was obviously trying hard to ignore the golden young man - and, just as obviously, not quite succeeding. Behind the tanned, lean young man stood a small knot of four other men roughly in the same age range.

"You swore, José!" The golden young man shouted, angrily. "We all swore! Each of us takes a turn, you bastard! You swore on the Virgin Mary, José - what about your honor?"

From the sudden, stricken look on Jose's face, it was obvious the remark had hit home,. He paused, obviously torn - then he slowly turned to face his accuser.

"I know, Keith - but I can not." José - who Lloyd thought looked stunningly like a young Ricardo Montalban - said in a torn voice. "I... I just can't."

Turning away, José continued walking away from the small group. The golden leader of the group - Keith - shouted another remark about Jose's oath at the young man's retreating back, but José merely squared his shoulders and continued walking.

Keith swore, loudly, and looked around with an angry glare, obviously looking for something to hit or kick...

...and his eyes fell on Lloyd, and narrowed.

Lloyd's heart, which had just finished pumping the last traces of adrenaline from his scare through his system, suddenly revved up again as Lloyd realized he'd been staring at the confrontation. Yanking his eyes away, he began to walk again, praying that Keith would just leave him alone.

"Hey! Hey, Buddy!" Keith's voice rang out, and Lloyd had to fight his initial reaction to glance in that direction, forcing himself to continue staring at the white rubber toes of his shoes as he walked.

He heard the patter of running feet behind him, and his double-timed heard jumped into triple-time as he struggled not to bolt - knowing full well that his pudgy, pasty body would never keep ahead of the lean, taut runner's body Keith boasted.

"Hey, pal - can you hold up a sec? I'm not gonna hurt you or nothing..." Keith's voice came from just behind him, and Lloyd sighed and stopped walking, shoulders slumped dejectedly as he turned...

...to find himself face by a Keith who's face was wreathed in a bright grin, his warm blue eyes dancing happily. Lloyd blinked in surprise, and found himself thinking that Keith probably didn't have the faintest inkling what it felt like to be rejected by women.

"Hey, there, howya doing?" Keith said, cheerfully, sticking out one hand. Almost instinctively, Lloyd thrust his own pudgy fingers out, and Keith didn't just shake his hand, but clasped it, his other hand going to Lloyd's arm and squeezing it lightly...

...as he smoothly and confidently swung around, his hand guiding Lloyd, who found himself almost unwillingly walking with the golden youth towards the knot of young men at the mouth of the alley.

"The name's Keith - Keith Lockport." Keith said, brightly. "I guess you saw that little scene we had, huh, big guy?"

"Uh, yeah..." Lloyd muttered, coloring slightly and tearing his eyes away from Keith's smiling face. Keith's warm, cheerful nature was amazingly charismatic, almost making Lloyd feel as if Keith was an old, good friend that he hadn't seen for awhile.

"Oh, the quiet type, huh?" Keith asked with a grin. The words could have been mocking, as so many had been in Lloyd's life - but they weren't. He'd had enough experience with jeers and digs to recognize even the most subtle or sugar-coated one, and this wasn't one of them. Keith seemed genuinely pleased to meet him, not at all put out by Lloyd's pudgy build or doughy, moon-shaped face. "You got a name there, big guy?"

"Lloyd.. Lloyd Minden..." Lloyd managed to get out, feeling a little dazed by the situation.

"Hey, great name!" Keith said, enthusiastically, as if Lloyd had chosen his own moniker. "Distinctive. I like that."

Almost without realizing it, Lloyd had been brought to the beginning of the alley, where the others were clustered, and Keith waved an arm toward Lloyd's chest, grinning broadly.

"Hey, guys, this is Lloyd." Keith said, cheerfully. "Don't be put out if his greetings aren't terribly effusive - he's the strong, silent type."

There was a low chuckle from the others, and Lloyd felt a moment of shame - and then realized with something akin to shock that it was good-natured laughter, not mocking.

Keith pointed to the man the farthest to Lloyd's right, a well-muscled young oriental man who bore a startling resemblance to a young Jackie Chan. "This lean, mean Kung-Fu machine is Senji Nokashimiri... but we all just call him 'Bruce'."

Smiling warmly, Senji - Bruce - shook hands with himself and bowed low.

"Ah, so - pleased to meet you, Rroyd." He said in a high-pitched sing-song... and then, as the others laughed, he straightened and let his voice drop into a warm, uninflected tone. "Hope you're going to join our little club."

"Club...?" Lloyd asked, blankly.

"Now, now, I can see you're dying of curiosity..." Keith chuckled. "But let's get through the introduction first, shall we? This tall drink of water is Gary Redman, from out Arkansas way. He's our resident red-neck"

The tall, rangy brunet winced as Keith pronounced the state's name as it was spelt - 'Ar-kansas'.

"That's Ark'n-saw, ya dumb Yankee." He drawled, with a grin. He winked at Lloyd. "Pleased t'meetcha."

"Uh, yeah..." Lloyd mumbled, thinking to himself that Gary looked like a cross between a young Clint Eastwood and a young Paul Newman.

The next to be introduced was a young black man. In a tie with 'Bruce' as the shortest member of the group, Jeff Stockwell was much more heavily muscled, his arms as thick around as Lloyd's thighs. Despite his massive bulk, he was almost

eerily handsome, his starling, sea-green eyes enhancing his smooth, even features. He grinned at Lloyd and greeted him with a surprisingly deep voice that was nevertheless mellow and rich.

Jeff was the only one of the four who didn't remind Lloyd of anybody famous - but the last person to be introduced more than made up for that, leaving Lloyd wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

"I'm Scott - Scott Priestly." He said, with a welcoming grin in a lightly accented voice. He grinned at Lloyd's gaping stare. "Nobody calls me that, though. Can you guess what my nick-name is?"

It took a second for the question to register on Lloyd's stunned mind - because Scott was the spitting-image of 'Young Elvis'. It was eerie, like looking at old film-footage of 'The King' brought to life. Even his voice was a dead-on match for the famous singer's.

"Uh-uh-Elvis..." Lloyd stammered.

"Uh-huh, that's right." Elvis threw a 'cocked pistol' point in his direction and winked with those famous eyes at Lloyd.

"Well, that's the group." Keith said, taking the stunned young man's arm and guiding him down the alleyway. "A great bunch of fellas, as you can see. You're gonna love them, trust me. Now, why don't we tell you about our little club..."

"Club?" Lloyd parroted back as he was guided, unresisting, through a plain black metal door and into a darkened hallway. "You bet." Keith said. "Now, just wait until we get seated, a couple of cold beers in our hands, and we'll tell you all about it "

Lloyd opened his mouth to answer - but never got the chance. Instead, his already open mouth dropped even wider as his plain, muddy-brown eyes widened to take in the vast room when the corridor spilled into.

It had probably started out as some sort of factory or warehouse. Now, however, it was the biggest, most opulent place Lloyd had ever seen.

At the center of it was an odd blue-black metal object whose highly polished skin reflected mellow blue-tinted highlights back at Lloyd. It was designed like some sort of odd, bio-metallic flower, with five 'petals' curving away from the center part, each 'petal' flaring into what was obviously a seat, whose organically-shaped arms sported lights and what were obviously display screens of some sort. A platform rose from the center of the 'flower', surrounded by slightly out-curving metal rods on three sides, each one tipped with a horizontal- teardrop shaped metal 'ball', the narrow end pointing inward at the center of the platform.

The rest of the room was roughly separated into different 'areas' - not by anything as crude or invasive as walls, of course. Instead, the room seemed to *flow* from one area to the next, each one blending smoothly into the whole though each area was obviously designed for a specific purpose - like the kitchen, it's gleaming metal stove and fridge close-fitted into the handworked cherry-wood cabinets and 'island', all topped with red-veined black marble and floored and back-splashed by tiles of the same material.

In another corner of the mostly-black-and-red room was a wall-unit housing a top-of-the-line big-screen TV, a DVD player, and a gleaming red-and-black stereo system that featured a class-encased, cherry-wood-framed Tube Amplifier that produced the incredibly rich, vibrant sounds coming from the eight-speaker Paradigm set-up that surrounded the two over-stuffed Corinthian Leather chairs or the soft, ultra-wide couch.

There was a section with a big, four-poster bed framed with end-tables, *two* full-length three-way mirrors, and *four* Free-standing cherry-wood wardrobes.

Another section's wall was adorned with whips, chains, manacles and item leathers - yet didn't look 'sleazy' or 'cheap', but as classy and handsome as the display of antique weapons some of the wealthy had in their homes or offices.

Another section looked like a photographer's studio. Another, like a very comfortable 'bar'. Another...

There were at least a dozen or so 'areas' in the room, some along the walls, other in somehow fitting areas of the cavernous floor. Everything was lit by soft, warm lighting that was not only indirect, but invisible, the fixtures hidden away in decorative sconces, behind plants, or behind black-or-red drapes.

Despite the stunning opulence and odd design of the huge room, Lloyd's eyes kept being drawn back to the strange metal 'flower' with its organic-looking shape and obviously technological aura. His eyes never left it as Keith guided him over to a comfortable 'coffee- circle' of chairs around an end-table, pushing the unresisting young man into the comfortable embrace of one of the chairs.

"That's the reality modifier." Keith said, warmly. "It gets everybody that way the first time."

"I bet..." Lloyd mumbled, entranced - and then the first part of Keith's causal-sounding comment sunk in, and his head whipped around. "Reality Modifier?"

Keith grinned. "Yeah. Just a year ago, none of us looked like this. In fact, we were all... how can I put this delicately...?" Keith looked thoughtful - in a very theatrical way. Then he slapped his hand to his forehead, palm outwards, with all but thumb and pointed finger clenched, forming a crude letter 'L'. "Losers."

"Huh?" Was the most intelligent thing Lloyd could come up with.

Keith laughed, dropping his hand. "Yeah. We were a bunch of geeks, book-worms and techno-weenies. At least, until two months ago. That's when we found the Reality Modifier while on a - get this - archeological dig. Honest to God. I guess we wanted to feel like Indian Jones or something, so we studied up on archeology, bought some 'cool' threads and some equipment, and went to dig up Indian Hill, hoping for some arrowheads or shards of pottery, even though the site isn't even the least bit interesting to professional archeologist."

"Yeah - but what we found was... that." Gary said from where he was perched on the arm of a chair. Clad in faded blue-jeans, a faded red-and-black checked shirt, and cowboy boots, Gary looked more like Clint Eastwood than ever in the mellow lighting.

"Yeah, it was a cast-iron bitch to get back here." Jeff said, as he leaned over to hand a beer to Keith. The muscular black man handed Lloyd the other, and he took it without even being aware of it, letting it rest between his clasped hand on his lap.

"Especially without anybody seeing us." Bruce said, grinning. "For some reason, we just thought it might be a good idea to keep it secret."

"Even if we didn't know what it was, or what it did, at the time." Elvis said, dropping causally into another chair, cradling a white-and-tan Rickenbacker guitar.

"Since we were a bunch of nerds, we managed to puzzle it out, though." Keith took up, winking. "It turns out that it's a device to alter reality - at least, in a small area. We can change anything into anything on that platform over there, creating almost literally anything "

As if rehearsed, all five of them chorused together: " *including money!*"

Chuckling, Keith continued. "Technically, I suppose it's counterfeit. See, the machine works off mental emanations, both as controls and as a power source. So, anything we've seen or imagined can be created. With each of us thinking about money - all with different serial numbers, at least after a try or two - we created several hundreds of thousands of dollars and all of them were perfectly authentic, and cheerfully accepted at the bank and the stores."

"Oh - there is one sort of 'proviso', though." Bruce said, suddenly. "Anything can be changed into anything - except non-living material can't become living material. It cannot create life, though it can alter the form that houses it. I could turn a big dog into a human being - but it's still have the mind of a dog. Oh, we could actually alter it's thought patterns, give it an 'identity' and even a few basic skills - but it would only have the intellect of a dog, and could only learn the same sort of simple 'tricks' as the dog could have, no matter what the 'tricks' are the machine puts into it. The body and mind change, but the intellect - the 'soul' remains the same."

Lloyd, mind spinning, opened his mouth to ask if they'd used the machine on human beings then took a good look at the five remarkably handsome young men, his gaze resting on Elvis for the longest period. Instead, he elected to ask: "Where where did it come from?"

"Who knows?" Keith asked with a shrug. "Personally, I think it's from the distant future. The dumb ol' redneck over there, however, is daft enough to actually suggest 'aliens' "

"Screw you, too, Keith." Gary shot back in a good-natured tone.

"So, anyway, we all made ourselves look the way we wanted too. Not only that, but we got 'updated' ID. That showed our new faces... and with a super-powerful laptop and a AI hacking program on it, we even changed the government's computer records to match."

"Yup..." Elvis said. "We were even bright enough to hack into the IRS computer and enter a fictional 'audit' for each of us last year, showing that the money came from 'legitimate' sources. Now, as long as we keep paying our taxes and refrain from making too much more 'funny money', we're in the clear."

"Now, José - the one you saw leaving - was one of the original founders of the Body-Mod Club, but he's become 'dearly departed', if you will, and so we'd like to extend membership to you, Lloyd."

Lloyd's mouth worked for a second - and then he asked; "Why?"

Keith smiled. "Well, see, it's like this. The machine takes five people to 'power' it. As I said, it runs off 'brain-power', and it needs at five people to function - so we need a total of six to for any one of us to be able to change."

"Uh... actually, I already figured that part out..." Lloyd said, flushing slightly and hoping they didn't think he was just saying that as a rather pathetic 'boast'. He really *had* figured that part out for himself. "No, I meant: 'Why did José leave'? It seems strange to just... walk away from something like this."

Keith sighed, and looked at the other guys. "Well, this is the part that worried me. José had a very good reason for leaving. I have to admit that. Then again, I'm not the angry sort, so you have to realize I musta had a good reason to be angry about it, too. I'll just have to lay my cards on the table, and see who's viewpoint you agree with."

Now, Lloyd was beginning to get nervous. Realizing he had a cold beer in his lap, the condensation from the bottle running over his fingers and dripping on the crotch of his jeans, he hastily brought the bottle to his mouth and chugged it's contents in one long swallow, something he'd never even *tried* to do before.

"Well, Lloyd - we all made ourselves handsome mainly for one reason - to get the girls." Keith said, nervously. "As I'm sure you understand. I bet you saw that possibility right off, same as we did. The problem is... we can give ourselves the bodies. Hell, we can even implant ourselves with the skill... but we can't change our most basic selves, so we're still as awkward and nervous around women as we were before we changed."

Putting the empty bottle aside, Lloyd nodded slowly in understanding, a slightly puzzled look in his eyes as he tried to figure out why Keith had been angry at José. After all, José was justified in leaving in disgust after he found out that the machine couldn't correct that final flaw, but why would...?

Keith continued, breaking into Lloyd's thoughts.

"So, uh, we were sort of stumped until, uh, Bruce commented that what we really need is practice... and that when we, uh, sort of made this deal, and, uh..."

"Deal? What deal?" Lloyd asked, remembering that the argument had included something about José swearing to do something.

"Uh... well, we each agree to be a turned into a woman for a week and, uh, sort of be, uh... 'agreeable'." Keith said, letting it all out in a rush. Taking a quick breath at the end, he looked at Lloyd nervously.

"A *woman*...?" Lloyd gasped... then blinked and said in a quieter, more thoughtful voice. "A woman..."

It made sense - if all of them swore to do it, of course. Sure, it made Lloyd's stomach churn at the thought, but he could defiantly see where having a simulacrum of a beautiful woman around, one who was always 'willing', could help boost a guy's ego until he felt ready to tackle a real woman.

"So... You're offering to let me join your club, where I can get a body that I think is perfect, plus new ID to match... and lots of money, to boot - but the 'catch' is that I have to spend a week as a... a woman? One who, uh... well..." Lloyd's ears felt like they were on fire, letting him know he was blushing as furiously as he ever had in his entire life. Even thinking the thought was tough, much less saying it

- but he forced himself to finish. "...one that has sex with you guys?"

Keith at least had the decency to look embarrassed, turning his head and coughing unnecessarily. "Yeah."

"But, once you're a guy, you also get to 'practice' on a woman like that, too." Jeff added, quickly - and Lloyd found his choice of phrasing interesting. Though everybody knew what Jeff meant, he still didn't specifically point out that the 'woman like that' would be one of them. Obviously, these guys were less-than-comfortable with the situation, finding it easier if they tried to pretend that whoever was female at the time was a 'real' woman, rather than a transformed guy.

Well, Lloyd could understand that. It was a touchy subject, and man was a *rationalizing* animal, not a rational one...

Which is why he wasn't terribly shocked to find himself considering the offer. Oh, rather disgusted and somewhat horrified, but not surprised. After all, the 'pot of gold' at the end of this particular 'rainbow' was pretty enticing. There was just the little matter of what you had to do to get to it...

"Uh, so, Lloyd...?" Bruce asked, hesitantly, his supposedly 'inscrutable' face clearly displaying his uncertain anxiety.

"Give me a minute..." Lloyd asked, slowly wiping a hand across his face. "i.. I need to absorb this and think about it for a minute."

Having 'been there, done that', the five current members of the 'club' fell silent and let their prospective initiate consider all the ramifications of the bizarre - but tempting - offer.

It was obvious that each of the guys had already spent their time as a woman - and it was equally as obvious that this José had gotten all the 'benefits' of the machine, but had balked when it had come time to pay the piper. For both these

reasons, Lloyd would have to pay 'up front'. Unlike the rest of the guys, who had at least gotten their ideal bodies first, Lloyd was going to have to go through a week of being a woman before getting his new life...

..which, he was surprised to note, could actually have a benefit or two - assuming he could handle it, of course. AT least, after the week, he'd have (he winced) an intimate idea of what sort of body a woman enjoyed having pressed against her... and what size and shape felt good inside her, too. After all, 'bigger is better' had it's limitations...

So - the question was: Was he willing to spend a week as a very sexually active woman in order to vastly improve his life?

No - that wasn't the question. Though part of him was ingrained with certain disgusted and sickened feelings about the idea, the truth was that he *was* willing - the question was, was he *able*?

"It... It sounds very, very tempting." Lloyd admitted in a voice that had more then a little quaver in it. "I mean, what I'd get out of the whole thing. It's just that... I don't know if I can go through with it. I really, really want to get the money and the body - but I just don't know if I'm able to actually, uh.. you know..."

The others shared a long look, and then Keith - obviously the 'designated spokesman' of the group, asked in a surprisingly gentle tone, "But are you willing to try?"

Lloyd blinked. "Well, yeah..."

Keith smiled. "Well, then - that's the place to start. We can change you into a woman, and if you can go through with it, fine. If not... if not. Then we'll change you back, and we can part ways as friends. Heck - we'll even through in some money for you, sort of payment for your courage. Then we'd just have to look for another person to be a 'member'."

Lloyd's stomach was clenched, his palms sweaty, but he managed a rather sickly looking smile that mirrored the excitement that also roiled in his gut. "Okay. That sounds fair - one step at a time, right?"

"Right!" Keith said, and the other four relaxed and smiled. Lloyd took a deep breath. "So - what's the first step?"

Keith grinned. "Well, the first step is sort of the easiest. You go ahead and write down a description of the woman you'll be for a week, and we'll type it into the machine so it flashes on all our screens, so we can...

"Wait, wait - I get to pick?" Lloyd said, interrupting Keith. "I... I really don't know if I can do that. I mean, being turned into a woman is one thing, but actually choosing the one I'll become "

Keith blinked, a blank look on his face. "That makes it harder?"

Bruce cleared his throat. "Uh, Keith? I think what Lloyd is trying to say is that actually choosing feels a little too much like, uh, like he's 'eager' to do this. I kinda felt that way too - and you'll remember what I turned out like."

"Yeah - the most mannish woman you could be, and still be considered female." Keith said, thoughtfully rather than accusingly.

"Guys?" Jeff said, diffidently. "I, uh.. I sort of added a program to the machine that might be perfect for this." "Oh?" Keith asked, interested. All eyes swung to the muscular black man, who grinned a bit nervously.

"Yeah. It flashes a random description of a certain 'area' of a woman on the screen. Then it 'complies' whatever pops into each of our heads, and creates a random woman out of the mix. I designed it to allow us to 'surprise' each other with new bodies, once our 'chosen' forms started to get boring - but it might be perfect for this situation."

Lloyd's mind churned that over. From what Jeff said, one of the guys might get, oh, height and general build flashing on his screen, something like 'Tall and slender', and whatever that guy thought 'tall and slender' was would be what the machine used - while another might get hair color and length, and so on...

"Yeah. Yea, I think that would work. Then it would be something out of my hands, all most like an act of God rather than a conscious decision to be a certain female." Lloyd said, making Jeff's grin become more confident. "Yeah - yeah, I can handle that."

"Great!" Keith said, grinning again. "Okay, then - why don't we do this, then?"

The six of them rose, five eagerly and one hesitantly, and headed towards the machine. Moving nervously, stomach churning and hands cold and clammy, Lloyd moved hesitantly towards the center platform of the machine.

"Uh..." Lloyd said, hesitantly. "Do I have to, uh, undress or anything...?"

"No, leave your clothes on - we'll be changing them, too." Keith said, brightly. "Oh, right." Lloyd said, feeling foolish.

"Don't pound yourself in the head over it..." Bruce said in a low voice as he walked by on the way to his petal-seat. "Me and Gary thought the same thing the first time - and Gary there actually stripped down to his skivvies before Jeff pointed out that clothes were, well, irrelevant."

"Sure." Jeff called, easily, from his seat on the other side of the machine. "If you want to look at it a certain way, this thing could also be called an Irrelevant Generator - it changes the 'relative' fabric of reality. Ol' Professor Einstein woulda been in his element with this thing. With it, 'E' doesn't *necessarily* have to equal 'MC2'."

Lloyd stared at Jeff, who grinned back and explained; "Better-then-perfect hearing, big guy. Just something to think about when you're designing you body."

Suddenly, some of the butterflies in his stomach settled in for a soft landing as the broad vistas of possibilities opened up. Suddenly, it seemed like the coming week 'en femme' was just a minor hurdle to overcome in the quest for a great treasure. He grinned back at Jeff, who winked, and then Lloyd climbed up onto the platform.

The other five were already in position, and as Lloyd took the platform and faced outwards, Keith asked him if he was ready. Though having squelched many of his doubts, Lloyd still didn't trust himself to speak at this point, afraid his nerve might break. Instead, he nodded.

"Okay - let's do it then." Keith said, hitting a control on the arm of his chair and leaning back. There was several seconds of silence, nothing happening - and then a 'holographic' screen appeared in front of each of the five, a semi-transparent blue rectangle floating in mid-air in front of their eyes and displaying whatever part and style of Lloyd's body-to-be that they were supposed to think about.

In that same instant, the platform below Lloyd hummed and began to tremble slightly - while blinding blue-white light flared at the end of each of the 'bulbs' atop the ring of metal poles surrounding the platform. The light flared as a warm numbness flowed through Lloyd's body, and for an instant nothing existed. The universe ceased to exist as all probabilities became equal - and then the 'possibility' of Lloyd's feminine new body became a certainty, and the universe flashed back into existence, Lloyd's base persona now enclosed in a new - and decidedly different - body.

In a surprisingly good impersonation of Steve Urkel's high-pitched whine (especially considering his deep voice - 'Musta also given himself full-range vocal cords', Lloyd thought, numbly), Jeff called out: "Oh, did *I* do that...?"

The other four laughed. Lloyd, however, was in a daze, trying to deal with the strange new sensations and feelings coming from his altered - and as yet unseen - body. Given the situation, Lloyd did the most sensible thing he could think of:

He looked down.

Or, rather, as was immediately obvious, she looked down - because what greeted the new person's eyes was the largest collection of smooth, feminine flesh she'd ever seen - and that was just in what seemed to be miles of creamy cleavage, framed by a strip of feathery black faux fur, framing her massive breasts and deep cleavage in sharp cleavage. She had never seen breasts from this angle, of course, and that might have thrown her estimate of size of a couple of inches - by in breasts that were the size of basketballs, an inch or two was chump change.

"Uh...." Lloyd said, stunned, hearing the low hum emerge in a clear, well-defined soprano. She took a hesitant step forward, feeling some of the new, implanted skills kick in as she moved with easy, supple grace atop whatever heels she was wearing. She could hear the gently 'clack' of the high heel on the platform, but her massive new rack prevented her from seeing the shoe making the sound.

Wow - that's quite a look." Bruce said - drawing the new woman's attention away from her own rack and towards the tautly muscled oriental. She looked at him - and realized that, though he hadn't changed a bit, she was seeing him a bit differently, taking in the smooth musculature of his golden form in ways she'd never even imagined she would. It stunned her as she realized that her altered body and it's new, implanted skills were having an effect on her mind. The machine couldn't directly alter somebody's core being, so she wasn't turned into a 'willing slut' or anything - but her altered body had the normal

complement of female hormones, and to back that up she had a whole raft of implanted sexual skills. Just looking at Bruce, she knew that she now had the ability (if not exactly the urge) to have absolutely fantastic sex with him.

"Why don't you come take a look?" Keith suggested, urbanely, gesturing towards the section of the vast room that featured racks of clothing - and a full-size three-way mirror.

Still a little numb, emotionally, Lloyd walked off the platform and towards the mirror,. Though her emotions might be muted, her physical sensitivity was untouched, and her bemused mind took in all sorts of new sensations as she walked.

There was the new sensations that came from being balanced atop whatever heels she was wearing. For one thing, there was a slight 'leaning forward' sensation that came from the new angle on which her feet sat atop the sloped sole of the shoes she wore. For another thing, there was a new - and not unpleasant - strain on her obviously altered calf muscles, one that might be annoying if she spent several hours walking around in heels, but was merely new and... 'intriguing' at the moment.

Related to that was the way the air moved over the newly 'shaved' skin of her legs. She had yet to see what her new legs looked like, but she could safely assume they were denuded of air by the fact she was wearing nylons - though it had taken her a second to figure that out, mildly puzzled by how different the air felt as it moved over her legs, and the slight 'tugging' at the knees, toes, heels and thighs. It was the tightness around her upper thighs that had finally made the connection - it was the elasticized tops of those nylons, holding the silky-smooth fabric in place over her smooth new legs.

Then there was the feel of her skirt as it brushed across her legs just above the knees. It must also have been trimmed in faux fur, from the sensation, and it mover pertly with ever feminine sway of her wider hips, her stride a graceful feminine glide thanks to the implanted skills in her mind.

Her new breasts also moved as she walked. Apparently unfettered by a bra, they swayed side to side with each supple step she took, and also jiggled in the vertical. Firm yet resilient, heavy yet well-balanced, her new, expansive bosom gave rise to a whole raft of new sensations, from the mere weight of them, to the way the fabric of her dress felt pressing against their softly firm flesh and her sensitive new nipples.

In addition to those sensations was the feel of whatever new hair she boasted, brushing with silky softness across the nape of her neck and stirring with the breeze her own motion caused. As a man, Lloyd had worn his hair long - but it had never been as soft, light and lively as this, moving much more easily then his old, heavy mane.

All this sensations - just from *being* female. She wasn't *doing* anything, not anything she hadn't done as a man. Just walking - albeit in a completely different stride, one almost mandated by the hells she wore. The basic action was the same, lifting one foot, putting it forward, shifting her weight, then repeating the process - but with her new build and mass distribution, that simple act was transformed into something new and very different.

The other five members of this odd little club she found herself in had gathered around the mirror in the corner of the room - and she could almost feel the emotional support radiating from them, helping her face this new experience. Though still

queasy by the thought of what she was going to be doing with them later - if she could go through with it, that was, - the fact that she knew each of these guys had gone through a similar experience helped a lot. There was an old saying that you could never hate someone you truly knew, and by extension she knew that they could not possibly be intentionally cruel to somebody experiencing something they, themselves, had gone through. Rather, they were sympathetic to what she was feeling, and it showed - and that allowed her emotions to return to an even keel, the strange numbness fading away as she knew that this was 'doable' - though radically altered, she was alive and healthy, in a body that felt to be in better shape than her old one had ever been - and, after she made it through her period of being female, she'd be able to pick a male body that was, to her tastes, ideal.

That, itself, was a hell of a motivation...

With a deep breath that did interesting thing to her most salient new attributes, Lloyd stepped in front of the mirror and took a good, long look at her temporary new body, starting at the bottom and slowly working her way upward.

The heels she had been walking so gracefully in turned out to be five-and-a-quarter-inches tall, glossy black and slender. They were attached to black leather pumps with gold trim around the scallop-detailed openings. Rising from these graceful and elegant pumps were her legs, clad in smooth black nylons that accentuated every curve of her smooth, shapely new legs.

The dress she wore was black as well. A black sequined bustier-style dress, trimmed with a line of black 'ermine' at top and bottom, looking elegant and sexy at the same time, especially as it was form-fitted to a body that was tall and deliciously slender in built. Her breasts were about three-quarters covered, looking deliciously round in the dress as they sensuously-yet-elegantly rose out of the trim of fur, milky globes that were huge and firm, enough of them showing to tantalize, yet somehow 'demure' for all that.

Her shoulders were slender and flawless, her arms bare and smooth down to her slender new wrists, one of which sported a small, expensive gold watch, the other of which sported a gold bracelet that matched the fine-linked gold chain encircling the base of her long, slender new neck. Perched atop that swan-like neck was a face that was elegant, sexy and classy, all at the same time. It wasn't a vapid, mindless face, but a willful, intelligent one, with a strong-yet-feminine jaw complimenting dark, intelligent-looking eyes below finely-arched platinum-blond eyebrows. Her nose was almost patrician, with a somewhat rounded tip and a strong bridge.

Her lips....

Odes could have been written to praise the most stunning single feature of her face, her full, mobile lips. Softly firm and full, they were lips that were mobile and expressive, currently coated in a pink lipstick that made them all the more kissable.

Her gorgeous, elegant face was surrounded by a wealth of platinum-blond hair that was elegantly styled. It fell free to her shoulders, where it 'poofed' outwards, reminding Lloyd of the hairstyles you sometimes saw in movies from the Forties and Fifties, especially on the 'Classy Woman' characters.

"Good Lord...!" Lloyd breathed in his sweet, clear new voice, one that matched her new form perfectly. "I.. I'm gorgeous "

"You can say that again..." Jeff said.

Lloyd paused then a faintly wicked smile curved her firm new lips as she quite deliberately mimicked her stunned tone as she repeated: "I'm gorgeous "

Jeff blinked twice - then roared in laughter, the other four joining in as Lloyd also giggled, feeling the release of tension she hadn't even been aware of fade from her body. As radically changed as her body and skills were, it was still 'him' deep inside, and that - more than anything - allowed her to relax. Though not exactly overwhelmed with enthusiasm at being made into a buxom, elegantly gorgeous woman, she could cope with it. With being female, at least. Oddly enough, she could also cope with dressing female, even walking and talking in a feminine way - though she hadn't yet 'experimented' with playing at being female, she knew she could handle that part simply because her male mind had no problems with putting this body in figure-flattering clothing and feature-flattering make-up. Though it was a bit odd to be doing such things to herself, the final result would be one that her male mind could appreciate.

Which only left one thing she wasn't sure she could handle. Well, more than 'one thing', technically speaking, but all falling into the same broad category: Sex.

She pushed the thought from her mind. She'd deal with it when she was ready - and, without even having to discuss it, she knew the guys wouldn't push her on it. They'd been where she was now, of course, and so knew that it would take a bit of getting use to.

"Jeff..." Keith said, from behind her. "Let me be the first to compliment you on that program - it works beautifully."

"Thanks, man..." the handsome, muscular black man said, modestly, as the others chimed in their agreement with Keith's assessment. Lloyd also had to admit that she turned out spectacularly... but she didn't say anything. Being able to acknowledge that she was a stunningly sexy young woman was one thing, but actually thanking somebody for turning her into that woman was a little beyond what she felt comfortable with at the moment.

Hesitating for a second, Lloyd cocked her new head and looked at her new form, ever inch of it's six-foot-with-heels height pure femininity.

"Hmmm...." She said, thoughtfully. "Somehow, calling somebody who looks like this 'Lloyd' just doesn't feel right. Any suggestions on what I should call myself for the next week?"

"Well..." Elvis said. "Since 'Lloyd' is a Welsh name, why don't you try a feminine Welsh name? How 'bout 'Lionna'?"
"Hmmm... I Don't know..." Lloyd said, uncertainly.

"Leanna?" Was Keith's suggestion - and it didn't feel quite right either, even after she'd repeated the word aloud.

"Uh, 'scuse me..." Gary said, diffidently. "Iffin' I'm not outta line, can I suggest 'Guinevere'... or, 'tween us, just 'Gwen'?"

Lloyd blinked - then grinned. "Gwen... yeah, I like that..." She cocked her head, thoughtfully. "What's with the sudden 'tude change, Gary?"

The lanky young man blushed. "Well, uh, Gwen, I was raised to treat women a certain way - and, uh..."

Lloyd/Gwen couldn't help herself - she burst out laughter. She laid a hand on Gary's hand, letting him know she was laughing with him, rather than at him - then was bemused at how easily she'd picked up the feminine gesture. She'd never have done it as Lloyd... but, then again, as Gwen she had a full set of implanted feminine social skills.

"Thaz so cude..." She said... the frown at her slurred words, as Gary's suddenly confused, concerned face spilt into two separate, wavering images.

"Waz 'appenin'?" Bruce demanded, thickly, staggering. Gwen tried to turn to look toward him, but once she started to spin she couldn't seem to stop, the world whirling gaily around her as she crumpled gracefully to the floor.

Behind her, somebody muttered something incoherent, and she heard the sound of the guy's bodies also slumping to the floor...

...and then blissful darkness came and carried her away.

* * * * *

Flipping the switch on the ventilation system to 'Max', José waited several minutes before removing his gas mask and taking a deep breath, mask close to his face in case he felt even the slightest dizziness.

He didn't - the efficient fans had cleared away the gas he'd pumped into the room. Putting the mask down, the handsome young Latino walked across the room and looked down at the slumped forms of his friends...

..and the person who'd replaced him, so quickly and easily.

"Jesus, guy - you a closet tranny or somethin'?" José muttered, eyes roaming the new woman's ridiculously huge-breasted new body. He found it hard to believe any man could choose such an outrageously sexy female body. Hell - he, himself, hadn't been able to go through with being female at all, and all the other guys had felt some trepidation, but judging by the body she had, this person must have been more than just 'eager' to be a woman.

Shaking his head, José put the thought aside, returning his attention to his ex-friends. He was still pissed at them, royally so. After all, he was as entitled as them to the befits of the machine - yet they'd turned him out on the street with hardly a backwards look, just because he wasn't willing to turn himself into a woman to fuck and suck them.

Well, duh!

Well, if he was going to be kicked out, he was going to make sure he had everything he wanted. When he'd left, he'd known that the guys wouldn't think to immediately change the code on the door lock - and so he'd had no trouble sneaking in to the storage room where they'd kept some of the early item's they'd created when 'experimenting'.

The gas had been one of them. Now, he opened up a small case that contained something else they'd created, but never had the balls to use - a 'mind control' serum. Methodically, José went around and injected each of the guys with a full dose. The agent wouldn't only make them utterly obedient, but it was also the counter-agent to the sleep-gas he'd filled the room with, and it didn't take long before he had all five zombie-like men sitting at the machine, concentrating on creating the list of items he'd given them - things to make his 'expulsion' from their little fraternity much more comfortable.

Which left him some time to kill. He went back over to where the huge-breasted blonde woman lay crumpled on the floor, staring down at her ultra-feminine figure thoughtfully...

...then he began to smile, wickedly, as he looked at the needle and mind-control serum he still held. Kneeling, he injected her with a full dose, and once she was 'awake', amused himself by giving her some instructions...

Once the guys were done creating the items he'd detailed, he had them carry his new plunder out to the van he'd rented, loading the vehicle with various item, many of them extremely valuable. Once he was ready, he instructed all of them, including the new woman, to go sit down - and, in exactly five minutes, to 'wake up', with no memory of his being there, or what he'd had them do. They'd think they'd just gone from where they were standing, walked over, and sat down, none the wiser - though the woman might find it interesting when she began obeying the instructions she didn't even remember getting...

Grinning to himself, José hopped into the driver's seat of the rented van and put it in gear, leaving the guys to their amusements as he headed off to a very comfortable new life.

* * * * *

A wave of disorientation washed over her, and Gwen had to take a deep breath, putting out a hand to stabilize her new body against the arm of the chair in which she sat.

"Oh... I came over all weird for a second there..." She said, lifting one dainty hand gracefully to her forehead. "Me, too." Bruce said, looking around with a puzzled expression as the others chimed in.

Gwen wondered why they would all feel disorientated at the same instant - but found herself distracted by another thought, one that sprang up full-formed in her mind.

'I am in the body of a woman - and so I must act like a woman...'

The thought was so crystal-clear and sharp, for a second she thought she'd spoken aloud - but none of the others reacted in any way. She frowned, slightly, wondering why the thought had come through so strongly.

Even as she was wondering about it, though, she almost unconsciously shifted into a more 'feminine' pose, suddenly hyper-aware of her own body and the way she'd been sitting - legs parallel, slightly spread, back leaned comfortably in the chair's embrace. Now, she sat up straighter, lifting one (*oh-so-wonderfully-smooth-and-feminine-how-I-love-my*) leg and crossing it over the knee of the other one. She smiled, slightly, at Bruce, who was looking in her direction. (*Pay close attention to men at all times*) She caught the slight flicker of his eyes as they dropped to her (*wonderfully huge and feminine, oh I'm so happy I have such sexy*) breasts, and she instinctively pulled her shoulders back and took a deep breath, better displaying her wonderful new attributes. Her smile deepened a tad and she winked at him.

Wait a second - did she just flirt with Bruce? From his slightly startled expression, she must have - but why would she have flirted with him? There was something (*I voluntarily became a huge-breasted woman, so I should flirt and tease guys like a woman like this would do*) wonderful about being able to tease and flirt with these guys, a sort of heady rush that came from her new sexuality. She was just fooling around, of course, but it still felt good.

Having figured it out, her expression smoothed.

"Well, it might take you a day or two to get used to being female..." Jeff said, from his chair, "...but it's not half as bad as you feared it would be, is it?"

(I was ready, willing and eager to be a huge-breasted woman, and now that I am one, it feels so wonderful.) "Actually, It's better than I ever dreamed it could be - I feel fantastic."

The mild cross-chatter about the strange synchronized disorientation stopped dead as they all turned to look at her. Hyper-aware of the five pairs of masculine eyes on her (*wonderfully sensual*) body, Gwen shifted position slightly to better display herself and smiled warmly at her soon-to-be lovers.

"You do...?" Keith asked - and his confusion made her frown slightly, wondering why they would think it odd. After all, they'd all been where she was, more or less - why should they find her reactions to being female so strange...?

(I will never doubt myself. I am excited and happy to be a woman. I wanted to be a huge-breasted woman, to act like a huge breasted woman, to have sex like a huge breasted woman, and now I can.)

She smiled, brilliantly. "Oh, yes - I feel better than I've ever felt in my life. I used to be so awkward, so unpopular - now I'm graceful and sexy and desirable. I'm wonderfully sexy, and I know that you find me attractive - don't you?"

"Well.. yeah..." Elvis said, frowning slightly. "We're just sort of surprised to find you so... accepting."

She blinked, startled. "Well, why not? It wasn't as if I didn't know what I was getting into. I was more than willing to be turned into a huge-breasted woman - why should I get upset when I got what I wanted?"

The guys shared a startled look. "Well, of course, you didn't know you were going to get such a, uh... 'well-developed' body..."

Now she frowned in confusion as she realized it was true. Then why had she been so sure that this was the body she'd wanted, that she'd volunteered for...?

"You're right.." She said.. and then, slowly, she smiled again. "...but I'm glad I did. This is the best body I could have gotten. If it had been less feminine, I would have felt like a guy in drag - but is there any doubt at all that I'm a hundred percent female now?"

The guys looked flabbergasted - then Jeff laughed.

"Guys, Gwen here is genius." He said, chuckling. "We all tried to 'ease into' being female - and she's jumped in feet first. It's like getting into a cold pool, or ripping off a Band-Aid - sometimes it's best to just go for it."

That must be why she felt so comfortable - even excited - with her new body and gender. It was actually sort of obvious. Why go 'semi- feminine' and deal with all that guilt and uncertainty? No -she was doing 'total immersion' in femininity - and it felt wonderful. In fact, (The more you act like the woman you appear to be, the happier you'll feel), she was feeling better and better about her choice to immerse herself in femininity. Her old life seemed like a pale shadow compared to the life in this (*wonderfully sexy*) body. How did she manage to survive in her old, boring, practically-chaste body when she had this (*huge-breasted, wonderfully fuckable*) female body available? No wonder why she'd secretly hated being male, always wishing she could be a wonderfully fuckable huge-breasted woman who could satisfy all her sick and perverted homosexual desires to fuck and suck men.

She was so happy that she no longer had to hide the fact that (I'm a fuckin' weirdo who wants to be a huge-breasted woman. I must be, because look what I let those ungrateful bastards do to me. No real man would let himself be turned into a woman, and especially not one with such freakishly huge tits. I must be a real fucking perv, man, to do this to myself - and those guys must be pervs, too.

Ungrateful Bastards..) she no longer had to hide the fact that she was a sick little transvestite, never happy with her male body... "Gwen?" Gary asked, concerned, as he saw a very startled, puzzled look cross her face. "Are you okay?"

'Why did I just think I was a transvestite? I was never a...' Gwen thought, not even hearing Gary's question as she tried to work out her strange thoughts. She didn't notice the concerned looks she got as she stood suddenly and began pacing cross the room, alternating between smooth, sexy steps and awkward, masculine ones as two sets of completely different thoughts struggled inside her head.

"Something.. Something's wrong..." She muttered, unaware of the guys coming over to where she stood as she stopped and bent over, feeling dizzy. Sweat stood out on her forehead as her mind struggled to integrate two sets of mutually exclusive thoughts into a coherent structure.

José had made a horrible, terrible, mistake when he'd 'programmed' her. Due to how quickly she'd capitulated to being turned into a woman, and based on the mistaken assumption she'd chosen this body, the angry young Latino had thought she

was a willing, eager transformee, a transvestite that the guys had been lucky enough to stumble on, a person who had no problems with the thought of being female. To have a bit of 'fun', José had 'amplified' the thoughts he'd assumed she had, not knowing that they were actually diametrically opposed to her own thoughts on the matter. Now, the two independent sets of thoughts, one natural and one imposed, struggled to find a 'common ground'...

...because, otherwise, she'd quite literally go stark, raving mad. Her mind was whirling under the assault of her mental 'split', teetering on the edge of either schizophrenia - or outright madness.

Insanity occurs when a mind is incapable of dealing rationally with reality. What happened inside Gwen's mind in that instant, was - technically speaking - insanity. Unable to cope with the situation as it was, it found an 'excuse' to deal with the impossible situation - and what made it 'insanity' was the fact that the 'excuse' itself was completely irrational, though she didn't realize that.

Slowly, Gwen straightened, her face pale but resolute as she faced the worried-looking men.

"I can't ever go back to being male." She told them, her voice thick with honest emotion as she spoke what she considered to be the truth. "I... I've always had a yearning to be female, but I.. I forced myself to ignore it, to hide it, feeling sick and disgusted by the thoughts - and now, here I am, fully female, finally able to live out the horrible, perverted fantasies I tried to hide even from myself. I.. I can't ever go back to the tortured life of a man in denial, because the lid has been blown off my own self-denial. I.. I have to be a woman, forever..."

It was a lie. Though, like most guys, Gwen had sometimes wondered what life was like as a woman, she'd never had any secret yearnings - but none of the other men knew that, so they took her 'crazy' explanation at face value.

"You mean... you're a.. a cross-dresser?" Bruce said, stunned.

"No - I had the urge to wear women's clothes, but thought it too sick, too perverted, to go through with." Gwen said, believing it utterly. "i.. Oh, God, how can you guys even stand to look at me, knowing what a sick and perverted person I am. Oh, God, I hate myself..."

The anguish was real - she just didn't know it was a reflection of José's mistaken view of her. The Latino had thought it sick and perverted, so now she felt that way, having unknowingly absorbed his attitudes while being programmed.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of!" Gary said, awkwardly, stepping closer. "You.. you..."

Jeff stepped in, using an old stock phrase to fill Gary's awkward fumbling. "You were a woman trapped in the body of a man, and now you're free. It's nothing to be ashamed of. The universe screwed up, sticking you in the wrong body - and you were lucky enough to get the body you were meant to have."

She looked at them, hopefully. "You.. You really mean that? You don't think I... I'm some sort of Freak?"

Her voice broke on the last word.

"No, no - we think you're a sexy, beautiful, wonderful woman, and we're glad we could help you,." Keith said, quickly, quashing a qualm and wrapping his arms around the new woman's lush form. He had plenty of experience pushing down any guilty doubts he felt about embracing women who used to be men, and was more accepting of what he thought was Gwen's honest 'peculiarity'. The others seconded Keith's words, telling her how sexy, desirable and feminine she was - and, unwittingly, fueling her 'delusion'.

"Do you..." She whispered in a hurt, tortured little voice that ripped at Keith's heart. "Do you find me... desirable? As a woman?"

Keith looked at her, feeling awkward, this woman who used to be a man, her lush body pressed against his...

Keith - like the other four guys - were basically 'nice guys' at heart. Though nearly unimaginable power had dropped into their hands, they hadn't abused it. Though socially inept, they were good-hearted and kind - and the obvious distress of this person, regardless of her past, wrenched at them.

So, Keith did the best thing he could think of. He kissed her.

Gently, at first. Hesitantly, actually, waiting for her to push him away, to slap him, for berate him for the 'liberties' he was taking - but none of that happened.

Because of José's interference, Gwen had been feeling like a complete failure, both as a man and a woman. She was now hopelessly programmed to resist all notions of going back to being male - and Keith's kiss fueled her helpless need to succeed as a woman, of feel herself to be utterly useless. Despair faded rapidly into a desperate need, and she kissed back, hesitantly at first as she expected Keith to push her away, call her a freak or sicko or pervert.. and when Keith responded, eagerly, to the deepening kiss, she felt reassured, the pain and sadness fading into joy at being desirable, useful...

...feminine.

When they finally finished what had turned out to be a deep, hungry kiss on both sides, she pulled her face back a bit and smiled at Keith, only inches away.

"You.. You guys will let me stay?" She asked, hopeful-yet-afraid. "I mean... as a woman? You... you won't be upset, disgusted if I give into my.. my desires?"

"Of course not." Jeff answered, firmly, answering for all of them. "you're part of the club now, and we promised you whatever body and new identity you wanted - and if it's a female one, then that's what you'll have."

She began crying - but it was the happy tears of ultimate relief. She pressed her lush, buxom body closer to Keith. "Please..." She whispered in his ear. "I have to know.. I have to be sure "

Keith blinked, holding her body tightly against his own as he tried to make sure he understood what she wanted, desperately afraid of saying or doing the wrong thing. While he struggled for an answer, though, she made it abundantly clear what she needed more than anything else in the world - but lightly stroking the bulge rapidly forming at his crotch and whispering: "Make me feel like a woman."

Bending down slightly, he slid one arm behind her knees and lifted her, his tautly muscled body moving with ease as he carried the now- brilliantly-smiling woman towards the big bed in the corner, while the other four guys discretely decided to be elsewhere for awhile.

Kissing her gently, Keith lay the new woman on the bed - unaware of the fact that more and more of the real 'Lloyd' was slipping away as he unwillingly strengthened her own fantasies. He, and the others, had no way of knowing that, had they 'forced' her to become male again immediately, José's commands would have 'released' - unaware of what he was doing to her, thinking he was just having some mean-spirited 'fun' at her expense, the Latino youth had added a 'program' that would have erased his commands as soon as she was once again male. Now, driven over the brink by the meddling in her mind, Gwen was slipping deeper and deeper into her delusion that the only way she could ever be happy was to be a complete and total success at being the woman she appeared to be.

Gently, hands trembling from a mixture of excitement and mild guilt at 'taking advantage' of her, Keith peeled off her dress.

When 'dressing' her via the machine, the guys had thought of the nylons, and the dress - but it hadn't occurred to any of them to 'imagine' her up a set of underwear, so the dress slid off to display a smooth, silky body that was now naked except for hose and heels that only served to make her look more naked than she would have if completely unclothed.

Keith, looking at her over-endowed figure, laying naked and vulnerable beneath him, hesitated, unsure. Part of him was bothered by the fact that this huge-breasted, oh-so-eager woman had once been a man. Another part of him was bothered by what was he thought was only an 'almost' insane desire to be sexually active...

...but, more than he was bothered than either of these, even more than his rampant arousal at having this woman eager to have sex with him, was the fact that he truly wanted to do the right thing for her, that he truly wanted to help her. As he hesitated, he saw the sudden look of fear and panic cross her face as she thought he was going to reject her... so, pushing his thoughts aside, he began to strip.

"God - you are just so sexy..." He told her, peeling off his shorts and underwear, exposing the thick, throbbing cock that he boasted. Her eyes fixed on it hungrily, seeing it as a symbol of everything she needed to be - an alluring, desirable woman who men were willing to treat as a woman, even - or especially - in the most emphatic way possible...

"Make love to me..." She whispered.

Keith complied. As she eagerly spread her smooth, nylon-clad legs for him, he lifted her ankles up and rested them on his tanned shoulder, sliding in closer to her warm, vibrantly alive body...

...and gently yet firmly sheathing his ready manhood deep into her welcoming vagina, her supple walls embracing his shaft tightly even as her arms wrapped around his neck and she gasped out in ultimate pleasure, a combination of physical pleasure at being filled, and emotional pleasure, prompted by 'programming' she wasn't even aware she had, making her feel unbelievably happy to be treated in this ultimately feminine manner.

"Yes...!" She gasped in encouragement... but she didn't need to encourage Keith, who had put all his doubts aside and was now concentrating on making her first time absolutely spectacular, plunging into her with firm-yet-gentle strokes. Implanted skills flared to life in her, and she eagerly matched his rhythm, increasing the pleasure both of them felt as they rocked in synchronized rhythm atop the bed.

"Oh, yes... harder!" Gwen screamed, pleasure - emotional and physical - thundering through her as she bounced atop the bed, wonderfully massive new breasts jiggling and swaying as Keith obeyed her, fucking her hard - yet, somehow, gently - sweat forming and running down his naked, tanned body as he braced himself and really 'dug in' for the home stretch.

"I love this...!" The new woman screamed before her vocabulary deserted her completely and she resorted to nearly animalistic groans of pleasure and ecstasy as she thundered her way to her first female orgasm...

...and her mind finally snapped completely - and she became the happiest person on the face of the planet as her past slipped completely away from her and a whole new personality was formed, one that was 'sane' by being able to deal with reality in a rational way...

...but in a way that her old personality would never have been able to accept. By shedding all the masculine 'emotional baggage' of Lloyd, the new and wholly feminine Gwen could embrace her new outlook in life without trouble. The woman she'd become was one that wanted - and would be - the ultimate female in every way, vindicated in her existence by the way she was treated - and they guys would go out of their way to treat her the way she needed to be treated, without even having to think about. Being who they were, they would have no problem treating her as a sexy, desirable woman - and the more she was treated as a woman, the happier she'd be.

Once upon a time, there was an unhappy young man named Lloyd, one who subconsciously hated his own life and considered himself a failure. Though never harboring a secret desire to be a woman, a mistake by a prejudiced young man had driven her insane, to the point that she believed she had - and did - desperately need to be a woman, a 'real' woman, treated in a feminine manner...

...and that desire was now fulfilled, allowing a sense of pure satisfaction claim her new personality. She was unique, unlike anybody else in the world - she had a simple view of the universe, and her place in it - and as the orgasm ripped through her body, she knew that she was fulfilling her place in the universe, allowing her a doubt-free happiness, an almost religious

ecstasy. One that, if lucky, a person felt maybe once or twice in their life - yet she would feel it every second for the rest of her days.

It wasn't just the sex, though that was part of it. Even as they finished their simultaneous orgasms and slipped into each other's arms, spent, the emotional high continued - because Gwen's purpose in the universe was to be female, and that was what she was. Female. Through and through, now and forever. Her past was no longer of interest to her, and she let it slip away from her as she embrace both her new future and the man who'd helped usher it in.

Instead of afraid, awkward or upset, Gwen felt confident, comfortable - happy. She smiled and kissed a drop off the end of Keith's nose. "Hmmm I'm not the only one with some implanted skills, am I?" She essayed, with a wink. She stretched, luxuriously - which did interesting things as her flesh moved against Keith's. "You were wonderful, Keith."

"You weren't bad yourself... Gwen." Keith said, still a little startled by how this had all turned out.

Kissing him again, Gwen slid out from underneath him, gently, patting him easily on the firm, taut ass as she stood and walked with an easy, graceful sensuality over to the racks of clothing. She massaged her own wonderful feminine breasts as she walked, wallowing in the sensual sensations it created, reaffirming her own femininity before happily slipping into a semi-opaque black robe. She felt no pang of regret at covering up her wonderfully over-endowed new body, because she could always uncover it any time she wished - and picking feminine, figure-flattering clothing made her almost as happy as having sex, it being as much a part of her idea of being feminine as anything.

Keith had just finished dressing when the other guys hesitantly entered the room. Smiling confidently, Gwen ankled her way over to them.

"There you are..." She said, unconsciously parting the front of the robe a bit to better display her wonderfully firm assets. "I wondered where you guys had gotten to. I wanted to thank you for accepting me, welcoming me into you wonderful little club."

"Aw, shucks..." Gary said, flushing a bit. "T'wernt nuthin' "

"No, no..." She said, wagging a finger and grinning wickedly, confidently. "You don't understand. I want to thank you "

Then, suddenly, the roof and surrounding walls became very, very interesting. Or so it would have seemed to somebody watching, as everybody but Gary suddenly seemed to find a wall or rafter to stare at, an exaggerated look of innocence on their faces, which were coloring slightly... as the sound of a zipper being pulled open seemed to fill the suddenly silent room.

As Gwen's lips wrapped around Gray's shaft and she began to utilize every new skill at her disposal, a sense of immense satisfaction filled her, and she happily slurped and sucked away at the hard, thick cock, destined for a life of pure, unending bliss.

The guy's lives weren't to be too shabby, either...

The End



SUMMARY: After his "strange" uncle gives him a converted factory to live in, Greg discovers a device that changes him into a female, but what will he do with his new body.

The Collection

By Gunslinger

PART ONE

Stepping from the warm confines of his car into the chill air of the autumn evening, Greg Ossian shivered as the brisk wind, funneled by the high brick walls of the old warehouses, bit deep.

Quickly extracting a pack of cigarettes from the inside pocket of his leather flight-jacket, Greg pulled a smoke from the pack before hurriedly returning the cigarettes to the inside pocket and zipping the faded brown leather garment shut.

Tugging the collar of the jacket higher around his neck, the dark-haired young man turned his back to the stiff, chill breeze as he cupped one hand around the end of the cigarette, and flipped open and struck his silver Zippo lighter with the other.

Taking a deep drag on the cigarette, Greg savored the smoke for a second, enjoying the cigarette long-delayed by his two-hour long trip in a no-smoking rental car.

Finally letting the smoke out in a long plume, Greg tucked the lighter away in one voluminous cargo pocket in his faded olive-drab BDU pants. Buttoning the old-style combat pant's pocket shut, he stuck the cigarette between his lips and reached into the opposing pocket with his other hand, emerging with a small pocket flashlight.

Only after he'd brought the small light to life did the broad-shouldered young man lock and close the door of the rental car, plunging the narrow alley-way between the two old warehouses into a darkness relieved only by the relatively weak beam of the small, convenience-store flashlight.

The darkness made Greg extremely nervous - a new phenomenon, and one he was far from comfortable with. Though he still thought he'd made the right decision, getting his unfortunate neighbor into a women's shelter and away from her abusive

boyfriend, the resulting 'stalking-in-preparation-for-an-ass-kicking' from the enraged boyfriend and his redneck buddies made life much more nerve wracking...

Taking another long drag on his cigarette, Greg followed the beam into the darkness, heading towards the slowly rusting metal door a few feet down the alley. With each step he took, the heavy tread of his army-surplus combat boots echoed and rebounded from the high brick walls flanking him, until it sounded if an army marched in unison, instead of a single man.

Reaching the door, Greg dug into yet another of his combat-pants' many pockets, finally coming up with the key that unlocked the industrial-strength door. Putting the toned muscles of his body to good use, the twenty-three year old man hauled open the resisting door, its hinges screaming in protest. Stepping inside, Greg paused to glance up and down the alleyway, biting his lower lip, then, with a sigh, he shrugged and pulled the heavy door shut behind him.

Swinging the flashlight beam around in a slow arc, Greg eyed the vast darkness of the warehouse, practically a single-room expanse that the weak beam didn't even begin to penetrate - and then the thin cone of light fell on exactly what the letter from his distant uncle had led him to expect.

Taking two steps forward, Greg reached out and threw the big, old-fashioned knife-switch mounted on the concrete column. With a series of muffled thumps, the lights suspended from the ceiling, twenty feet above, flickered into life.

Staring at what the lighting revealed, Greg slowly shook his head in bemused disbelief.

"Mom was right..." Greg muttered to himself, turning off the flashlight and stowing it back into a pocket. "You *are* a crazy old coot, Uncle John..."

The back quarter of the spacious warehouse had been converted into a sort of apartment. The supervisor's office having been made over into a bedroom, and the standard four-stall industrial bathroom redone to residential standards, the open area of the warehouse floor had been converted into the 'everything else' room, the hardwood-floored kitchen/living-room/dining-room made somewhat more livable by the floor lamps and space heaters that had also come to life when Greg had flicked the switch.

The 'studio apartment' part of the warehouse took up about a quarter of the floor space.

The rest of it had been turned into some sort of strange amalgam of museum and laboratory, carefully arranged and labeled displays interspersed with expensive, high-technology diagnostic and research equipment.

Still shaking his head, Greg began to wander in and out of the 'exhibits', thinking that his mother might have understated things...

Greg's Uncle John was sort of the black sheep of the family. Practically a hermit, the only real 'contact' Greg had with Uncle John were the Christmas and birthday cards that arrived each year, each with a crisp, new twenty dollar bill slipped inside.

It was a very distant, one-sided relationship - yet, apparently, it was the only substantial one, at least from Uncle John's point-of-view. It had to be - because Greg could see no other reason why Uncle John, having decided to move to Switzerland for some reason, gave his 'home and life's work' to Greg.

Still thoroughly bemused, Greg continued to wander through the exhibits, trying to figure out exactly what that 'life's work' was. Secretive nearly to the point of being paranoid, antisocial as a hermit, wealthy yet miserly, Uncle John himself had been an impenetrable enigma, and his work and goals even more obscure.

Leaning over one of the display cases, Greg eyed the object inside.

It was a small device, vaguely resembling a television remote control, but with labeling much more obscure. Below where the device rested on it's pegs, there was an identification label - which wasn't much more comprehensible than the strange symbols on the device, despite being written in English. It read:

MEMORY INGRAM REVISION DEVICE (VERIFIED VIA LABEL, UNTESTED)

1996(?) - TL 37941(Sub A-22)

TECH: EM/IC/UNK

CAPTURED JULY 12, 2001

NOTES: NO COMPATIBLE POWER SUPPLY AVAILABLE FOR TESTING/USAGE

Unenlightened by the cryptic card, Greg moved on to the next display...

...and blinked.

It looked like nothing more than some sort of extremely high-tech hair brush.

At least able to tentatively identify the object thus displayed, Greg's eyes went to the identification card, hoping that this display might serve as some sort of Rosetta Stone to aid in 'translating' the cryptic remarks on the other display.

It didn't help much.

FOLLICLE MODIFICATION AND STIMULATION DEVICE (VERIFIED VIA TESTING)

2021 - TL 00274 (Sub D)

TECH: NANO/ADAP MAT/UNK

CAPTURED APRIL 3, 1994

Shaking his head yet again, Greg concluded that his mother was right - Uncle John had been, quite simply, insane.

Still, sane or not, Uncle John had left his barely-known - and financially challenged - nephew a paid-for 'home', no matter how strange it might be. More over, it was a home that not only boasted a big-screen TV, a high-end stereo, a DVD player, and at least two very expensive computers, all visible from where he stood, but it was also a home with all it's cable, high-speed internet, electrical, and other bills being paid for him for the next five years through a lawyer-run trust fund...

...that also paid him a 'modest monthly stipend' of a thousand dollars a month for that five-year period, simply contingent on his living in, and acting as care-taker for, Uncle John's 'museum'. The warehouse itself, and all the 'habitat' items within were Greg's, free and clear, but Uncle John had been uncertain whether he'd need any of his 'collection', and so was using the five-year paid curatorship to give himself some breathing space...

...or, so the letter had explained. Looking at the 'valuable collection' that his uncle thought had probably served whatever arcane purpose it was supposed to have, but hedging his bets nonetheless, Greg decided that Good Ol' Uncle John was as crazy as a loon - but the 'loon' had managed to pick just the right time to do this. With any one of three red-neck, woman-beating assholes standing watch outside his old apartment's door, waiting for him, Greg had been more or less confined to his apartment, which had cost him his job. The police had been sympathetic - but unhelpful, since the boyfriend, Steve, and his two cronies had made it clear what they were planning to do to him without actually saying anything directly threatening. The cops could, and did, give Steve and his buddies Darryl and Joe-Bob warnings - but they couldn't arrest any of the three until after they did something directly illegal, like beat the shit out of him. So, Greg was going from frightened, trapped and broke to a strange, new situation - and as long as the money kept coming in, Greg couldn't have cared if Uncle John thought he was Napoleon.

Still...

As facile as the 'crazy' explanation was, Uncle John had still been sane - and canny - enough to be able to amass a small fortune through some esoteric method that nobody short of the Internal Revenue Service had been able to learn from him. So, perhaps there was something to this 'crazy' collection, if it could only be cast into the correct light.

Looking around a second time, Greg slowly began to smile - and headed towards the three high-end computers set up near the center of the 'collection' space on a horse-shoe shaped desk.

Settling comfortably into the high-back leather computer chair in the open 'U' of the desk, Greg brought the three computers to life.

It took Greg all of five minutes to determine that his uncle's 'elaborate' security systems within the computer, though good enough to protect against accidental unauthorized access, were far from being good enough to stop him. Whatever his uncle's strengths might have been, John had 'merely' been a user - while Greg was somewhat more than that, having lived and played with computers his entire life.

Moments later, Greg was deeply engrossed in reading his uncle's 'highly secure' personal files... "Holy shit..." Greg whispered, mind spinning. "This can't be for real..."

According to the files, Uncle John had discovered a way to access the until-now entirely theoretic 'alternate universes' - or, as Uncle John called them, alternate Time Lines - parallel earths where history had run differently, in either rate or result - or both.

According to the notes in the computer, that was how Uncle John, nominally an 'inventor', had made his fortune - but 'stealing' objects from alternate time-lines and reverse engineering them so that he could sell them in this 'reality'.

There was much more to it then that, though.

Uncle John wasn't in Switzerland - or, at least, if he was, it wasn't the same Switzerland.

The first 'hole' John had opened, ten years ago, had been about six inches in diameter. Since then, between reverse-engineering products, he'd been working to expand the whole - and, having finally gotten it large enough, he'd gone ahead and left this universe to one that more closely suited his tastes.

Engrossed, Greg opened the next file...

...and a warning window popped up on the screen:

WARNING

UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS DETECTED (INCOMP. EEG/BW PAT, NO MATCH FOUND)

Log off of the system IMMEDIATELY!

ACTIVE DEFENSES IN ACTIVATION SEQUENCE!

Snorting at the attempt to scare him off with a bunch of gobbledy-gook, Greg minimized the warning window. After all, it hadn't taken much to realize that Uncle John knew beans about computer systems, so how could he possibly have put in a security system so advanced that Greg could miss it, even on an off-brand computer running Windows XP...?

Wait a second...

Frowning, Greg took a closer look at the familiar logo - only to find that it wasn't quite as familiar as he'd taken it to be. What the hell was Minisoft Windows SX...?

Eyes widening, Greg realized that maybe, just maybe, he'd been making some unwarranted assumptions... He was in the process of reaching for the power switch on the computer when the 'active defenses' kicked in.

Greg slammed stiffly upright in the chair - as the otherworldly computer opened it's one-way carrier wave into a full-fledge link between it's cold, logical circuitry and Greg's living brain. As the screen displayed an 'ACCESSING' notation, he felt

a strange sensation, almost indescribable - the closest he was able to come was the mental image of fine fingers tickling his brain itself.

Then a new window came up:

DETERMINATION:

Non-hostile unauthorized access by blood relative of Authorized User for informational purposes. Authorized User Unavailable for permission/punishment.

TENTATIVE CONCLUSIONS:

Access rights permissible for new user - 55%

Viable non-damaging punishment for unauthorized access - 78%

ANALYSIS:

Punishment (Level 4/ Non-damaging) Required

STAND BY

Holy crap! The computer had read his mind, found out who he was and what his intentions had been - then compared the data to what it had read from Uncle Jack's mind during previous use, and had determined that Jack - the Authorized User - would have given Greg access to the computer if Greg had asked - but would have found some punishment for Greg for having accessed the computer without permission.

The 'STAND BY' vanished, and a new screen came up.

PUNISHMENT DETERMINED VIA NON-AUTHORIZED USER'S SUBLIMINAL REACTION TO HYPOTHETICAL SCENARIO.
NOW SCANNING...

Again, Greg felt that 'fingers in the brain' sensation - and then a new screen popped up:

THREE (3) QUALIFYING SCENARIOS FOUND:

(MINIMUM 24 HOUR DURATION)

SLIDING-SCALE: OBESITY vs. INTELLIGENCE. MAX VALUES; +300 lbs @ -0 IQ/ +0 lbs @ -100 IQ

SLIDING-SCALE: MASCULINE vs. FEMININE: RELATIVE VALUES; 100% M PHYSICAL/ 100% F MENTAL, TO INVERSE

SET-SCALE: FEMININE, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL; 50%

Having scanned his mind, the computer had come up with three punishments that Greg *would have* agreed were fair punishments, if he could have objectively considered the question.

His first choice: Chose between becoming very dumb, very fat, or a compromise somewhere in between.

The second: Chose between becoming extremely feminine in appearance with no mental change, or keep his current body but have the mind of an extremely feminine woman - or, again, somewhere in between.

Finally - Become half/man, half/woman in both mind and body.

The funny thing is, being drawn from his own mind, Greg could see what was being offered. Embarrassment and shame for punitive value - with a mix of 'interest' in what was harmless enough in the long-run. A 'viable, non-damaging punishment'.

All he had to do was choose the one that he thought would best fit his situation - something the computer couldn't do, for all it's complexity.

It was the most 'fair' punishment system Greg could have imagined...

...but that didn't mean he had to actually like it, as he viewed his uncomfortable - but eminently harmless - choices.

More than anything else, the thought of having his brain monkied with bothered him the most - which meant that he was down to either becoming extremely fat, or extremely feminine...

Fat - but male. Feminine- but, presumably, fit... Taking a deep breath, Greg made his choice...

...and unwillingly found himself jerking upright, pushing the chair back out of the way, and stripping out of his clothes.

At least, it was his body performing the actions - but it was the computer that was controlling them, preparatory to transforming him into a woman.

Naked, standing in front of the computer, Greg felt a strange sensation run through his body...

...and he changed.

Objectively, the transformation took about two minutes, from beginning to end - but, subjectively, it seemed to happen in an instant, and yet at the same time, take an eternity.

Had his life depended on it, Greg couldn't have described the sensations attendant with being transformed from a more-or-less average female into an overly abundant female. There was absolutely nothing in his life experiences to date to which he could have compared what it felt like - either physically or emotionally. Perhaps, after thoroughly studying the Unabridged Oxford English dictionary, he might have been able to find the words - but not then and there, not at the time.

He could, however, quite easily explain why the computer had him strip out of his clothes, first...

When the transformation finished, the woman Greg had become blinked and looked around, struck first of all by how off-kilter everything seemed from a viewpoint a good foot and a half lower than the one that he/she had been accustomed to. Sure, Greg had passed through this point during the normal process of growth - but it had been some time ago, and it had been a slow change, not one that took place over the span of a mere two minutes.

From a slightly taller-than-average man, Greg had become a tiny, petite slip of a woman, the crown of her head barely reaching the arm-pit level of her old form.

Slowly, hesitantly, Greg forced *herself* to look down at the body she would be wearing for the next twenty-four hours. The computer had taken all the differences between men and women - and exaggerated them.

That's why the temporary woman she now was had become so short - and with such a fine, delicate bone structure, almost doll-like. In fact, to Greg's mind, the quickest comparison that sprang to mind was that of an Asian woman.

While Greg's new form might have had the fine-boned delicateness and tiny stature of a Japanese woman, there were many things most definitely *not* oriental about her new form, of which skin-tone was only the least.

Unlike the somewhat boyish hips that came with many fine-boned oriental women's build, Greg's exaggerated new feminine form boasted a pair of wide, womanly hips below her new wasp-waist. Hips that supported a derrière more reminiscent of the Negroid stereotype than the Asian.

Though her new hands and feet were petite even in relationship to her diminutive size, like many Asian women, her legs were proportionally longer - as was the proportion of her waist, making it seem longer and more delicately slender than it really was, which was amazingly slender to begin with.

Again, most Asian women failed to boast an exaggerated pair of breasts like those now thrust so roundly from Greg's tiny new ribcage. Firm, dome-like DDD-cup breasts, each tipped with a proportionately large, pink nipple, the firm, out-thrust breast were about as far from the hairy, flat male norm as you could get without having 'too much of a good thing'.

As a further exaggeration of the difference between men and women, her entire body seemed to be utterly denuded of any body hair.

Staring down at the incredibly smooth, silky, pale flesh that she now boasted, Greg hesitantly reached down and slid his long, slender fingers across the lightly befurred cleft of her new womanhood - and, shivering at the sensations it created, quickly yanked her long-nailed fingers away from the moist, sensitive opening, unwilling to 'go there' quite yet.

Instead, the new woman headed for the bathroom, and a mirror.

The walk itself was a fine example of the differences between men and women. With a radically different center-of-gravity, the normal process of walking became a series of undulations. A man, when walking, basically swung his arms to compensate for the movement of his legs - but that was a convenience rather than a necessity.

For her new form, necessity required a smooth, wide hip-swivel with each step she took, her torso and shoulders also making small rotations in the opposite direction as she 'instinctively' combined each discrete rotational moment into an integrated whole by the simple expedient of finding what felt comfortable - the method of movement that put the least amount of strain on the shapely muscles of her new calves and milky thighs.

The fact that the resulting movement was one that was very 'feminine' was neither surprising, nor comfortable. Stepping into the bathroom, the new woman turned on the light and looked at herself in the mirror.

There was something much more Asian about her then she'd realized - though it had to do with something other than Asian women's physical appearance, and more to do with Asian men's artwork.

She looked like a Japanese Manga representation of a woman.

Tiny, snub nose. Large, bee-stung lips. A massive head of glossy black hair hanging straight down around a heart-shaped face whose incredibly fine-boned jaw came nearly to a sharp point...

..and huge, blue eyes that, had they been even a fraction of an inch larger, would have seemed utterly unreal.

"Holy crap..." She muttered - and was startled anew by the high, musical tone it came out in, as radically feminine as the rest of her temporary new form.

As strange as this all was, Greg was still willing to admit that it beat the hell out of being either 'brain-washed' or fat. His mind, in her body, was unaltered, and the body itself was not only healthy, but actually more limber, balanced, and light on it's feet than her male one had been.

The fact that there was any way that this new body could be considered superior to her 'right', male, body was disturbing - and yet, at the same time, both undeniable, and reassuring.

'Nothing in life is good or bad, but thinking makes it so', the new woman thought to herself. Sure, she was definitely having trouble getting her male-orientated brain into thinking of this as a positive thing - and yet, nevertheless, from a dispassionate part of her mind, she had to admit that, not only was being female harmless, but it could be interesting, as well..

Hesitantly, she lifted one tiny, slender hand and cupped the firm, smooth dome of flesh thrust firmly from her altered ribcage, her slender thumb with it's long nail spreading out to lightly tweak the firm, full pink nipple that stood at attention at the apex of the firm breast.

A soft, pleasurable wave of pleasure issued from the firm tissue she was tweaking, and she gasped on an indrawn breath as the sensation registered on her unaltered mind.

Yes - spending twenty-four hours as a woman might be a very interesting punishment, indeed. After all, there was nowhere she had to go, and Uncle John had been kind enough to ensure that the kitchen was stocked. Perhaps with

non-perishable canned food and dry goods rather than the fresh fruit, vegetables and meat she might have preferred, but she could certainly survive for twenty-four hours on what was available.

So the fact that she didn't have so much as a stitch of clothing that would fit her body in a publicly-accepted way wasn't any sort of handicap - especially since she had no plans whatsoever for letting anybody else see her this way,

Though she knew, intellectually, that there was no way anybody could tell that she was 'really' a guy, the mere thought of having to deal with anybody else while in this feminine body was horrifying and humiliating. That was just the thought of it - the actual situation would probably turn her into a blubbering - albeit feminine - mass of insecurities and embarrassment.

Well, no matter - she not only had no need or desire to deal with anybody else while female, she had the good excuse of no clothing to fall back on for her own interior mental defense. Sure, she might have an over-sized shirt that she could pull on, tent like, if she wanted - but it wouldn't be suitable for public consumption...

...and if she wasn't going to be seen by anybody, why bother covering up the body she was wearing. Sure, it was a little chilly...

...or 'nippy', she thought with a grin, eyeing her erect nipples...

...but she could turn up the space heaters to their maximum setting to compensate for the chill. After all, it was a real balm to her upset sense of 'wrongness' that she had 'been forced' to end up female - but since she hadn't had any *acceptable* choice in the matter, well... She was female now, so she might as well make good use of the 'highly unwanted and utterly horrifying' situation.

"Make the best out of a bad situation..." She told herself in the mirror, eyes still drawn to the elfin countenance reflected in the glass.

Her full new lips curved in a mocking half-grin at her own open hypocrisy - but, as she'd already noted, it's not like anybody would ever know, right...?

Her hesitant grip on her breast became considerably less hesitant, her huge eyes growing heavy-lidded as she enjoyed the before-experienced sensation of a breast filling her hand, and the never-before-experienced sensation of her full, firm, and delightfully sensitive breast being fondled with growing conviction and fervor as her other hand slid across her wide, womanly hips and stared down towards the cleft between her alabaster thighs...

...and then the power went out, plunging the bathroom - the entire structure - in darkness. "Oh, crap..."

A split second ever the words were out of her altered mouth, there was a dull series of muffled sounds as the solenoids in the emergency lighting kicked over, and the darkness was split by the wall-mounted, battery-powered directional lights whose bright, white beams cut sharply contrasting swaths of light through the darkness, throwing the interior of the building into a confused jumble of stark shadows and over-lit pools of radiance.

"Fuses, fuses, where the hell would the fuses be...?" She muttered to herself - then stopped dead and utter a short, high-pitched bark of laughter.

Being male or female, or even having lived your entire life as a man and then suddenly finding yourself a woman was wholly secondary to the fact that you were a living, intelligent creature - a fact made brutally clear by the reaction she'd just given. Female or male, her reaction to the power dying would be exactly the same, because the mind driving the altered body was exactly the same as it had always been.

Muttering to herself, she stepped out of the bathroom and looked around the poorly lit interior of the warehouse, trying to figure out where the fuse box might be located in the cavernous interior.

She couldn't spot any obvious fuse box, not in the mish-mash of shadows and pools of over-bright light that strained the eyes with their radical contrast - but she had no trouble picking out the phone mounted on the wall near the refrigerator.

Still bemused by the feminine stride imposed on her by her feminine body, she walked over to the spot-lit phone and picked up the receiver...

...then frowned, and jiggled the disconnect a couple of times.

She had no idea what good that supposed to do, but it was something she'd seen on TV and the movies, and it seemed a better response then swearing, ripping the phone of the wall, and throwing - which had been her first urge when she'd realized that there was no dial tone.

"Great, both power *and* the phone..." She muttered. "What happen, some drunk hit the pole...?"

She looked around, wondering what she was going to do - and then she remembered the flashlight in the cargo pocket of her discarded pants.

Carefully threading her way through the confusing array of displays that were now a maze in the poorly-lit room. Reaching the computer area, she began fumbling around in the dark pool of shadow under the desk, searching for the pants...

WHAM!

As the concussion reverberated through the warehouse, Greg sat bolt upright in shock...

...then cursed loudly and thoroughly, her angry, high-pitched voice nearly drowning out the second concussion as she rubbed the sore spot where her head had contacted the underside of the desk.

WHAM!

A third, metallic burst of noise echoed through the warehouse, originating from the direction of the door...

...but this one was accompanied by another sound. A human voice - raised in a mocking tone.

Her already pale face went stark white. "Oh, shit..."

* * * * *

"Oh, Gregggy-Weggy...!" Steve called with malicious glee, slamming the heavy iron pipe against the door yet again. "Come out and play...!"

The muscular, unshaven man turned to grin wickedly at his two companions. The taller of the two cronies, still a few inches shorter than Steve's own massive dimensions, was as skinny as a rail, with a low, sloped forehead half covered by an unruly shock of carrot- red hair. The grin on the skinny man's face was full of angry eagerness, but almost devoid of intelligent thought.

The shortest of the three, a marginally-more intelligently looking fireplug of a man almost as broad at the shoulders as he was tall, didn't grin. Dead-pan, he just continued pounding a fist into the other hand.

"Now, Darryl, you sure he's in there, right?" Steve asked the dark-haired man.

Daryl shrugged. "Must be. Followed him all the way here, watched him go inside. Did a quick drive-around, ain't no other entrances 'cept the loading dock at the front, and that dumpster's blockin' it. He c'aint a'left."

"Good..." Steve said, with a wolf's grin. Turning back to the door, he slammed the heavy pipe against it again, sending another ear- shattering metallic concussion through the night.

Lit mostly by the high-voltage sparks still sputtering from the junction box he'd shattered with a heavy iron shot-put, Steve Malini looked like the devil himself as he gleefully resumed his cajoling demands that Greg come out.

"Come on, Greg - come out here and face us like a man..."

* * * * *

"You have no idea how ironic that is..." Greg muttered, as she looked around frantically.

From the sounds of things, if 'Greg' didn't come out soon, something she couldn't arrange even if she wanted to, they were going to come in - and find a tiny, sexy, naked and utterly defenseless woman.

Since this whole grudge had started over a woman, Greg knew exactly what these three men would think of that situation - and she was sure she wouldn't enjoy it, not at all.

What the hell was she going to do? She didn't even have a weapon...

...and then, just as her hands curled around the slender barrel of the flashlight, she stopped dead, a wicked grin coming to her face.

Flicking the flashlight on, she turned to look at the four dozen or so display cases, each of which contained a device from a parallel universe.

"Okay guys, you want to come in...?" She whispered to herself, viscously. "Come on, then - I'll be ready for you..." Hurriedly, she began to look through the display cases.

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Greg uses the device that has changed his gender to also alter the gender of his enemies.

PART TWO

"C'mon out, Greg!" Steve shouted, his original angry glee having given way to furious, frustrated rage. Murderous rage.

"You damned sure there's no way for that asshole to have gotten out...?" Steve demanded of Darryl, his face looking demonic in the poor lighting. "Last thing we need is for weenie-boy to have bugged out the back while we stand here holdin' our dicks."

"He'd gotta still be in there." Darryl said, his face still flatly expressionless. "Even if he got out of the building, his car's right here. Where the fuck's he gonna go?"

Steve slammed his iron bar against the door three time in rapid succession, more out of a need to use some of the angry energy filling his body then for any other reason.

"Look for a way in." Steve finally said. "A window, a grate, any damned thing. Daryl, you go that way, Joe-Bob, you go the other, and go all the way around. You find a way in, you don't use it - you come back and tell me, got it?"

Sullenly acknowledging Steve's imperious commands, the two cronies headed off in opposite directions...

* * * * *

In the mish-mash of stark light and deep shadows that filled the cavernous interior of the warehouse-cum-home-slash-laboratory, the petite woman Greg had become waited patiently in a dark pool of shadow, her arsenal of otherworldly devices close at hand.

Rather to her surprise, she found that she was actually looking forward to what was to come. Part of it was from the fact that she'd be putting an end to this threat - but also present was the excitement at how she was going to do it.

Being turned into a woman, for her, was 'merely' disconcerting - but she was sure that the same fate, imposed on these three, would be much more devastating. In fact, she was pretty damned sure that each of the three men would find it to be the proverbial 'fate worse than death'.

It was this thought that so warmed the cockles of her re-formed heart.

What was good for the goose - was a well-deserved hellish nightmare for the sexist, woman-beating gander...

So, when she heard the soft, semi-stealthy sound of one of the high-set, blacked-out window being forced open, she felt an increase in her pulse rate that was more from excitement than from fear.

With the mix of light and dark turning the room into patches of shadows and high-contrast lighting that made sight almost useless, and the echoing nature of the room made the sound impossible to localize...

...but the new woman watched the short, broad-shouldered man clamber into the room with perfect clarity, thanks to the high-tech, parallel-universe 'night-vision goggles' she wore. As thin, light, and closely resembling a pair of sunglasses, the night-vision device was far advanced, replacing the grainy, green-tinted picture of this universe's equivalent equipment with a perfect picture with clarity, depth - and adjustable magnification from 0x to 20x.

The glasses not only enhanced the darkness, they also lowered the level of the over-bright light, giving her perfect vision. She had no problem following Darryl's progress as, thinking himself unobserved, carefully lowered himself to hang by his brawny hands from the window-ledge. Letting go, he dropped nearly soundlessly to the cross-beam three feet below his sneaker, eight feet off the ground.

Surprisingly agile and light on his feet for a man of his size and build, Darryl had no problem landing and balancing on the two-foot- wide beam. Carefully, he slid down onto the beam, and then did the hang-and-drop routine again, landing perfectly on the couch sitting beneath the beam.

The glasses and magnification were so good, she could even tell that he'd done all of this without any expression crossing his stone- like face. She watched as he stepped lightly down from the couch, looking around at what, to him, was a nearly useless high-contrast area, looking for a person that, unbeknownst to him, he literally had no chance at all of finding.

Instead, Darryl was about to 'find' something completely unexpected.

Picking up one of the devices, she rose, and took a measured step forward, placing herself into a memorized pool of light.

Heart pounding in a strange, exhilarating mixture of emotions she was surprised that she didn't have to force the smile to her lips.

"Well, hello there, big boy..." She said in the highest, most vividly sexy tone her new voice was capable of creating. She was both excited and ashamed by her 'come-hither' call and pose - and embarrassed at the excitement she felt at 'playing' at being every bit as female as her new form was.

She also, however, knew that in the long run, it didn't matter - for, even as she spoke, she was triggering the device.

At the sound of her voice, Darryl had spun around - only to stare at the tiny, sexy, heavenly-curved woman standing in an evocative pose in the spot-light beam of an emergency light, glad only in a pair of futuristic-looking sunglasses.

The stocky man felt his cock stirring - stirring faster and with more authority than he could ever recall.

Especially since the woman wasn't what he considered his 'type' - except, right now, looking at her, he felt a slick, warm sweat coating him rapidly as his cock went rigid, his heart ramping up in a nearly-overwhelming sexual desire...

...or, more accurately, sexual *need*. One that was stronger, more immediately demanding, more world-shaking - and more inexplicable - than any he'd ever felt before.

"Who..." Darryl said, shocked to find it coming out in a nervous, needy tone. "Who are you...?"

The man who'd sat stone-faced and unaffected through ever major and minor even since puberty nervously wiped a sleeve across his forehead, blotting up the sweat that had sprung up on the broad brow as he licked his lips and eyed her naked figure, almost trembling with the strange, imperative needs that filled him.

"You can call me... Amanda." Greg said, with a faint smile at her chosen moniker - and a strange, not altogether unpleasant sensation at the expected reaction the 'desire enhancer' had wrung from the suddenly-attentive man. She'd expected Darryl to suddenly find her overwhelmingly attractive, thanks to the set-to-maximum device...

...but she'd not expected the guilty excitement she felt over that reaction.

Well - in a way, that just made things easier, didn't it? After all, no matter how 'dirty' or 'guilty' she felt over this excitement, excitement it indeed was - and it was easier to do something that excited and interested you than something that didn't.

"Where..." Darryl said, licking his lips again. "Where's Greg...?"

"Does it really matter...?" 'Amanda' asked, seductively, still finding the thrill at acting sensual far outstripped the nervous, slightly nauseating sensation it created. "You're here, I'm here - is this 'Greg' person so important...?"

Darryl hesitated - and Amanda held her breath, waiting to see whether hate would win out over enhanced lust... "Naw, it don't." Darryl finally said, a hungry timbre to his now-husky voice.

The crotch of his pants straining over an erection bigger and harder than any he'd sported in his life, Darryl began to move towards her.

It took an effort of will to keep herself from 'instinctively' flinching away from an obviously-aroused man moving towards her with an equally obvious intent - something all her 'socially instilled' senses told her was wrong.

Instead, she forced herself to give an oh-so-welcoming smile, slowly and gracefully sliding down to the floor in a carefully-rehearsed move that looked even more inviting than her smile - since it left her sitting on the floor, torso leaned back and her shapely new legs spread invitingly wide...

...and her hand in the pool of shadow just beside her, where her arsenal of weapons waited.

"Like what you see, handsome...?" Amanda purred, as she exchanged the desire enhancer for another device.

"Yeah..." Darryl grunted, hungrily, stripping off his shirt as he approached her, kicking off his shoes at the same time in another display of unexpected agility and balance.

"I bet you know exactly what type of woman you lie." She prompted him. "I bet you know exactly how a woman should act, right...?"

"You bet..." Darryl agreed, as he began to unzip his pants. It was only to actually step out of both his pants and his underwear that he paused his advance- and then, his stocky, hairy body naked, he closed the last few feet between them.

"Why don't you tell me all about it...?" She suggested in a teasing voice, as he knelt down beside her, his hands eagerly reaching out to make rough contact with the smooth, soft flesh of her altered body.

Emotional displeasure and physical pleasure met head-on in opposition as he touched the soft flesh of her thighs and breast. She almost blessed him for being so rough, the fingers at each point digging in to change pure physical pleasure to a mixture of pleasure and pain that went more easily with her emotional discomfort at being touched by a man.

"Fuck talking..." Darryl said, huskily, pulling the thigh he was holding farther open, moving to position himself for penetration.

His desire for her had been driven radically higher than it normally would have been - but his 'technique' and mental outlook hadn't changed a whit, and his rough, 'me-me-me!' approach only further stiffened Amanda's resolve, verifying that she was giving this self-absorbed asshole nothing more than what he deserved.

This was where the whole plan got very dicey.

She'd increased his desires - not just for her, but across the board. She was, however, the only tangible 'object of desire' to be seen.

The question - and a very big question it was, indeed - was whether or not the peculiarly male mindset would allow her to play 'theoretical desire' over 'tangible desire'.

"Mmmm..." She said, feigning an interest in the stocky, unkempt, and rather foul-smelling asshole that she had no liking for, despite the faint threnody of physical desire her new, female body felt for him. "You have no idea how glad I am to hear that I'm your perfect sexual fantasy brought to life..."

"Close enough, for now..." Darryl grunted, indifferent, giving her starboard teat a particularly hard squeeze before releasing it in favor of gripping both her dimpled knees and pulling them farther apart as he loomed over her.

"Oh...?" She said, heart thundering at the risk of actually having to have sex with this asshole. "Is there anything I can do to excite you more, be more perfect for you, my handsome stud? Tell me- tell me what it is you desire most. Tell me of your strongest desire in a woman..."

Would he...?

The next instant lasted a small eternity, stretching her nerves to the breaking point...

..and then, with an grunt and an off-hand comment, Darryl committed himself down a road he wouldn't be able to back away from.

"You could stop talkin' so much, babe..." Darryl said, about to push his hips forward for penetration of her tight, wet new womanhood...

...and then he paused, his ardor for what was latterly 'in hand' cooling in favor of desire for a mental image that had begun to form in his mind, a fantasy that only he could see.

He'd taken the bait - and now it was time to reel him in.

"Oh?" She goaded him, slowly sliding out from underneath him as he helplessly found himself committed to visualizing what he really wanted, rather than talking advantage of 'Miss Right Now'. "You wish you could make a woman behave the way you want her to? To make her talk only when you think she should talk, say only what you think she should say...?"

"Yeah.." Darryl grunted, almost involuntarily, his mind still trapped in the tantalization loop she'd locked him into...

...just as the warning on the 'maximum' setting on the desire enhancer warned could happen if it were misused.

"You want that woman to exist, don't you...?" She prompted him. "You desire having complete and utter control of your ideal fantasy woman, making her look, act, dress and behave exactly the way you want her too, don't you...?"

Another grunted agreement - and she grinned, knowing she had him.

"Let's make it happen, then." She said, standing over his still kneeling form. "Let's make a woman you have total, indisputable control over - because you'll control her body and actions from within."

A faint look of vague horror crossed his face - but it was too weak to overcome the rampant desire of 'total control' that she'd presented him. An offer that wouldn't have so affected a man capable of seeing a woman as a separate, thinking human being - but Darryl didn't, hadn't, and never would be able to comprehend that concept, and that weakness trapped him in a cycle that would lead inexorably to his own fate.

Stepping up behind him, Amanda looped the 'necklace' around his neck, the 'pendant' dangling down his hairy, broad chest.

"Think about your fantasy woman.." She whispered in his ear. "Every detail, every fine curve, every aspect of her - think, and you will create her. Create her, *be* her - and you can make her do whatever you want."

That, unrealized but unarguable, was the 'fantasy' he was dreaming. A man, being little more than his puppet, was more important to him that his own sexual gratification - because, like many abusers of women, Darryl's domination routine wasn't about sex, it was about power - and what greater power of a woman could there be than complete and total control, even if he had to give up his own masculinity to get it...?

Helplessly, Darryl built up the image of his fantasy woman in his own mind - and the 'necklace', a matter-transformation device now tied directly into his neural network, took them to be commands, and did what it was programmed to do...

..and Darryl's body changed to match that he'd constructed in his mind.

Amanda watched with a smile as Darryl's body shimmered in a glittering, out-of-focus effect that was every cell in his body being converted into a matching energy-pattern, re-written, then reassembled as it's new material.

A second later, the transformation was complete - and the figure that sat in the same place and position as Darryl had just occupied was as far from the stocky, hairy man as could be imagined.

She was tiny. Even shorter than Amanda's new body, and about as fine boned - but without the exaggerated curvature of Amanda's buxom, wide hipped body.

The word to describe the woman Darryl had 'chosen' to become was 'waifish'. A woman who was complete and utterly unable to offer physical resistance to any man, with her tiny, slender build, her pale skin and pale, limp blonde hair, her huge, doe-like eyes and her weak chin.

She looked like a woman made to be, and resigned to being, completely submissive to any and all men...

...and, because that's how he wanted her to act, that was the way Darryl would haplessly find himself, trapped in her body, making 'her' act.

"What's your name, honey...?" Amanda asked the new woman...

...and, since a woman was not 'real', the question went to Darryl 'inside' her body, controlling her every action and reaction, and thanks to his overwhelming desire to have his 'fantasy' act just as he imagined she would, he found himself with horrid willingness commanding the body he controlled to say, in a thin, resigned voice: "Whatever you'd like it to be..."

Darryl's fantasy woman, the one he wanted to exist, was so submissive, so without any reality of her own, that she was even undefined in her/his own mind, being whatever anybody wanted her to be, unable to exercise any will of her own.

"Okay - you're 'Honey', then..." Amanda said, feeling very little guilt at having tricked Darryl into this - since what he'd become was, quite literally, exactly the woman he'd always wanted to exist. Only now, it was he that was her - and would be, for evermore.

It was fair, equitable, and well-deserved - and it could only be done once, since the enhancer had but the one charge, and the necklace was the only of its kind in the collection.

There was, however, plenty more devices in the collection...

"Get up..." Amada ordered Honey - and, driven by Darryl's fantasies of pure submissiveness, the new woman complied obediently. "We have some work to do..." Amanda informed her new 'slave', with a grin.

* * * * *

"I'm gonna kill the bastard..." Steve growled to Joe-Bob, his hands flexing menacingly.

It had only occurred to Steve after Darryl's disappearance that they only had Darryl's word as to who owned the rental car and who was inside the warehouse. They'd predicated all this on Darryl's words - and now Darryl had vanished, leaving Steve and Joe-Bob to face any repercussions for their answer alone.

The three of them had never really been friends. Being who and what they were, the actual concept of trust and friendship was foreign to them, though they didn't see it that way - they saw themselves as 'realists', for who trust, honor, friendship and love were nothing more than illusions that the weak-minded held onto as a crutch, and how dealt with the 'reality' of self-interest, and the way it could be served with temporary alliances with other people.

So, Darryl's disappearance was seen as a sure sign of 'treachery' - that is, completely understandable self-serving actions performed to somehow better his own position in the world by setting up and then bringing down his companions, placing himself in position of ascendancy.

"Let's get the hell out of here before the cops show up..." Steve said disgustedly, more at himself for failing to see whatever form of self-serving advantage Darryl was getting out of this than at Darryl's actions themselves.

The two men began walked away from the door...

...when it opened behind them.

"Well, if I'd known two such studly men were knocking, I wouldn't have waited so long to open the door..." A high-pitched, sensual female voice cooed appreciatively.

Steve and Joe-bob turned - and stared.

Two practically-naked women stood framed in the doorway. One, short, slender and curvy, stood proudly displaying a body clad only in a pair of sunglasses, while and even more petit, slender and waifish woman with small, high-breasts and a downcast face stood submissively at her side, the hands folded on her crotch covered in a pair of silvery, elbow-length gloves.

"Well, are you two just going to stand there, are you going to come in and let use show you some sexual action like none you've ever experience before...?" The taller of the two women asked, boldly.

It was, in a way, very much a rhetorical question.

"Come in, come in..." Amanda cooed, stepping back from the door invitingly. "I am Amanda, and this is Honey - and I promise you, we will deliver a sexual pleasure like none you have ever felt..."

It was a promise neither of the men could turn away from, and they quite willing stepped through the door - without knowing what fate it was they were abandoning themselves to.

"This way, you sexy hunks.. Amanda cooed, leading them towards the living room section of the warehouse, where she'd and Honey had re-aimed the beams of the emergency lights to highlight the area more efficiently. "Tall and skinny, why don't you take h=Honey over to the couch there, and let her teach you what a good blow-job is all about, what tall and brawny here and I get to know each other more... intimately.."

Giving a smile full of promise, Amada quite firmly squashed the hesitation and distaste she felt, and began undressing Steve even as she guided him to wards an ornate 'chair' that had come form the collection.

Once she had him naked, she eased him into the chair- even as Honey was submissively lowering her own 'victim' to the couch, her 'lipstick' clad lips already nearing Job Bob's erect cock.

"Make yourself comfortable.." She told Steven in a sensual voice, as he made sure he was seated correctly in the ornate chair - or, rather, made sure that all the contacts, for the mental and physical transformations to come, we correctly placed to have their full effect.

A few feet away, helplessly driven to do so by the fantasies running her body, Honey was busy giving Joe-Bob the most amazing blow-job of his life. He was laying back, eyes closed, enjoying the sensations so powerfully increased by the sensory amplification 'lipstick' Amanda had put on Honey - creating sensations so powerful that he didn't even feel the much more minor sensations occurring as the matter-transformation gloves she was wearing did their job as she stroked and fondled his body as she continued helplessly sucking cock like a seasoned pro, thanks to the data downloaded into her brain by yet another device.

Turning her attention away, she left Joe-Bob to the final bit of masculine pleasure he'd experience - and braced herself for providing likewise to Steve, the price for getting to confer his fate on him herself.

Ready, big boy..." She asked, teasingly, as she rose and positioned herself above him via the special grip-points and hand and leg- holds built into the frame of the chair.

"Yeah..." Steve breathed, feeling more ready and relaxed than ever before, his eyes closed in pleasurable anticipation - partly due to the mental alterations already underway.

Steeling herself, Amanda finalized her position above his lap - and then lowered her tight, wet new womanhood over his hard, ready cock, impaling herself in a burst of wonderful friction.

"Oh.. yes..." She gasped, only partly acting as he began imbedding certain thoughts and emotions in a very pliable mind. "Oh, a woman should have a cock in her as often as possible..."

"Yeah.." Steve agreed with a vague grin, unaware that he was reinforcing his own fate.

Amanda began to rise atop him, her petite legs pistoning her up and down atop him as her body trembled in physical pleasure.

Pleasure that's he not only made no effort to hide, but that she exaggerated - further incalculating in Steve's slowly changing mind the concept that a woman pleasuring a man got fantastic pleasure from the act, that it was only right and natural for any woman to immediately offer herself up to giving and receiving sexual pleasure from men.

Still mouthing exaggerated words and phrases of pleasure, she glanced over at where Honey was helplessly completing her task.

Head back, eyes closed, moaning in ecstatic pleasure at the intense pleasure of the blow-job, Joe-Bob was unaware of his now- hairless limbs, of the slimming waist, of the altering contours of his body. He was even unaware of the altered pitch of his voice as his steadily shrinking cock was generating more and more pleasure with each progressively shorter bob of Honey's unwillingly willing lips.

Steve's situation was somewhat different. He, too, was unaware of the transformation that was occurring - because his/her mind was changing at exactly the same rate.

Joe-Bob and Darryl were the lesser evils here, and so Amanda hadn't 'stolen' their minds in her punishment of them, letting each one's minds continue to exist, with some new 'imperatives', in their altered bodies. Steve, however...

In a way, it was murder. Having found not one shred of redeemable person in him, she was removing him completely, conferring on him her own worst nightmare, the one that had led to her own transformation into a woman.

Even as she continued to ride a hard, thick cock that was steadily becoming ever 'harder', Steve was undergoing a transformation both physical and mental that would leave a whole new - and better - person in his place.

"Oh, god...!" Amanda gasped, completely unfeigned, amazed at the level of pleasure a female body could experience without 'defusing' itself, as a man's body did after orgasm - and she hadn't even reached her first female orgasm yet. "Oh, God, yes..."

"What... What's happening to me...!" The person who had been Joe-Bob gasped, only then becoming aware of *her* predicament as she stared down at the firm, C-cup breasts thrust from the slender ribcage of her almost completely altered body. "I.. I'm a chick...!"

Thanks to the pleasure she was feeling, the new woman didn't even make a move to stop Honey from continuing to lick and suck at what was now an enlarged clitoris, and one that was quickly moving towards it's final dimensions. Caught in the now lesbian pleasure she was feeling, the woman she'd bee for the rest of her life was unable to give a command to what was to be her new 'lesbian life partner' - since, as another side-effect of the 'lipstick', the two were now chemically bonded in sexual obsession that would never fade, making them, quite literally, made for each other.

Caught in the chemical/hormonal imperative that the 'lipstick' had created, Roberta Joanne - Bobbi Jo - did nothing at all, except revel in the physical pleasure - and let the last of the changes sweep over her new body...

...even as Amanda lost the ability to pay attention to Bobbi Jo's new situation, as her female orgasm tore through her diminutive new body, making her scream out in ultimate pleasure.

A scream that was exactly mirrored by Stacy Steven's own high-pitched scream, as the double-ended dildo that had once been a real cock drove two new women to orgasmic delight.

"Like, ohmi'God, Amanda..." Stacy said, blue eyes sparkling as her massive, spherical, basket-balls sized breasts heaved in panting delight. "That was, like, so cool - but, like, not as fun as letting some handsome stud, like, you know, fuck our brains out."

Thanks to altered memories, 'Stacy' thought she was making a simple statement of truth to the woman she thought of as her 'bestest friend'. Huge-breasted, supple and sexy, the new woman was practically the stereotype of a huge-breasted blonde bimbo - right down to the ramped sex drive that, thanks to implanted skills, she had the ability to back up.

"Yeah, well - it was good enough for me, for the moment..." Amanda said, pulling herself off the plastic phallus with a wet slurping sound - and a strange sensation of regret. "You can go out and find yourself a hunk or two tonight, if you want - but I've had a long day, and I'm ready to turn in..."

She turned - and watched as Bobbi Jo and Honey traded places on the couch, the submissive obeying the unwilling new woman's helpless needs to satisfy her lover. Though each had their original mind, each also had an overwhelming need to keep the other happy- and between Bobbi Jo's naturally low intelligence, and Honey's 'fantasy' of being utterly submissive, there wasn't enough willfulness to go beyond the obvious source of 'happiness', that being nearly endless sexual pleasure.

"Then again..." Stacy said from behind Amanda, her voice filled with desire as she fondled her own massive - and much beloved - breast, 'remembering' how much she loved to let men do what she was doing to her own massive breast at the moment. "There's something to be said for a Girl's Night In..."

Turning, Amanda appraised the massive-breasted new woman, the warm, willing, and very-eager-to-please one who remembered being Amanda's friend - and smiled.

Taking the taller, bustier woman's hand, she lead Stacy towards the bedroom...

* * * *

24 HOUR PUNISHMENT PERIOD EXPIRED

DO YOU WISH TO RETURN TO YOUR ORIGINAL FORM AT THIS TIME?

With a soft smile, Amanda clicked the mouse button once...

...and then, with a supple sway supplied by the 'training' of the high-heeled training shoes she wore, the woman sensuously headed to where Stacy, clad in a 'self-adjusting' dress that did full justice to her amazing figure, waited for her 'bestest friend' so that they could head off and find a couple of hot studs to 'fuck their brains out'.

After all - when you could change back any time you wanted, it meant you could take as long as you wanted to 'fully explore' all the pleasures of being female, no matter if doing so required days, weeks, months...

..or, perhaps, even the rest of a lifetime.

THE END



SUMMARY: One young man accepts a scholarship to an all male British College, but unbeknownst to him it is a "sorcerer" school, and the tricks have only begun.

College Daze

By Gunslinger

Part I: Initiation

"I'm *not* going outside like this..."

"Oh?" Cassius Connelly asked, urbanely, one finely-sculpted eyebrow raising a polite eight of an inch. "Something wrong... *Dana?*"

Dana O'Roarke winced at the emphasis put on his name. There was no doubt in the nineteen-year-old's mind that his parents unfortunate choice for a moniker had been the rather insipid 'inspiration' of this little stunt.

At first, an all-expense-paid scholarship to some British College sounded like a dream come true to a bright, athletically-gifted young man stuck in the backwoods of Kentucky. His startling transformation from the original 'ninety-pound-weakling' into a lean, mean Soccer Machine had been nothing short of magical. An intelligent young man who was fairly slender, Dana had simply decided he wanted to be good in athletics, as well, and had spent a solid year adding lean, powerful muscle to a light, agile frame. Too lightly-built for football, and not quite tall enough to excel in basketball, Dana had found himself faced with three sports in which a fit young man with his build and strength could excel: Swimming, running, and Soccer.

Since he couldn't swim, and the solitary nature of running didn't appeal to him, Dana had chosen soccer. Aside from being fit and healthy, the sudden interest in sports was also tied in to a desire to be more popular, and so he set out to make himself a local 'sports hero'.

He'd succeeded - better than he'd ever hoped. Hence, the scholarship, a dream-come-true...

...until he'd landed at Heathrow airport, where he'd met the ultra-cultured Headmaster of the Bryson College. A long drive later, and Dana was ensconced within the bleak, gray walls of the Gothic-style all-male College.

Right away, Dana was back to being a nobody. Aside from being ultra-cultured, the 'boys' at the small college seemed to be snobby as well - not to mention, a little bit eccentric.

At first, student and staff were very cordial to Dana, if a bit distant. However, after some strange questions that had made absolutely no sense to Dana, he'd been dropped like a hot potato, that cool courtesy vanishing.

Desperate, Dana had sought out Cassius, a slender, dark-haired young man with intense blue eyes. Cassius was sort of the unofficial spokesperson for the other ninety-eight students, with a form of influence that Dana didn't really understand. All

the other students deferred to him as if... well, maybe as if he were the son of somebody unbelievably rich and powerful, or something. Since Dana couldn't explain it, he couldn't find an adequate metaphor for it, but that was the closest he'd stumbled on so far. All he knew for sure was that if he could get Cassius to just accept him, then the rest of the student body would treat him *at least* as well as Cassius did, if not better. When Cassius urbanely heard Dana's plea and then reassured the alienated young man that it was indeed possible to be much-liked at the college, Dana had eagerly agreed to the little 'initiation' Cassius had casually informed Dana was '...absolutely necessary, old boy. Tradition, you know.'

Of course, Dana hadn't realized what that the casually mentioned 'costume' that Cassius would bring to his room would be. He'd agreed to putting on this 'costume' and going out into the school's public area without pausing to consider just what sort of 'costume' it would be - though, in retrospect, it seemed obvious.

"I look like an idiot!" Dana protested, angrily, his face a bright red under the long, curly golden-blond wig that he wore. He was so red that he almost matched the shade of glossy-red lipstick that over-exaggerated his lips. Behind the long, false lashes and the mascara, Dana's emerald-green eyes were a mixture of shame and anger.

"Why - what one earth gave you that idea, dear?" Cassius asked with a patently 'pleasant' smile, his eyes coolly amused.

"Oh, I dunno..." Dana said, angrily, rolling his eyes. "Maybe it's the fact I can barely stand upright, much less walk in this stupid platform shoes! Ten inch heels, five inch rounded-toe platforms, and they're the size of bloody boats on my nice, big, masculine feet. Even if I could stop leaning on this wall for support and actually remain upright, I'd stagger around like a drunken idiot in these things - if I didn't fall off and break my neck, first!"

By now, the shame and anger had coalesced into something that would not be denied, and now that Dana was in full voice, he wasn't anywhere near quitting. Bent over and braced against the wall to keep from falling, long golden-blond curls falling in front of his garishly made-up face, Dana somehow still managed to seem somehow 'imposing' as he continued to spill his anger out in a verbal flood.

"Oh, and hey - how about these stringy, hairy legs, oh-so-nicely displayed by the leather mini-skirt you gave me? The one that barely covers my crotch - and, oh, how about my cock, stuffed tight between my hairy thighs under the stupid, skimpy white lacy panties? If it weren't for the fact that the back of this skirt was designed for a much fuller ass, you'd be able to see my crotch from the way I'm bent over! Oh, but don't think that means I like the way the skirt fits. No, it's too damned tight in the waist, and I can barely breathe!"

Her on-going tirade gave lie to that statement, even as she took a deep breath and launched into it again.

"Oh, hey, and let's not leave out the fit of the lace-sleeved white cotton shirt you gave me to wear! Though the long, nylon-and-lace sleeves are a bit 'girlie' for me, the shirt would still be bearable - except for the fact that it's straining over the pair of basket-balls you stiffened into the cups of that ridiculous white lace bra!"

"I see..." Cassius said, gravely, dark merriment dancing in his intense, blue eyes. He clasped his hands together and lowered his dark head in a parody of concern. "So, what you're saying is that you're uncomfortable because "

"...because I'm a guy dressed up like some sort of... of.. of huge-breasted nympho cum-slut. That's why!"

"Oh, well..." Cassius said, a wicked grin creasing his narrow lips. "I can take care of that for you, my dear - no problem at all "

Chuckling, the slender young man lifted one arm and an intense blue glow began to emanate from his eyes as he pointed at Dana and began to chant in a deep, strangely hypnotic voice, strange, foreign syllables and sounds dropping from his lips.

"What...?" Dana gasped.. and then felt a strange sensation rising up from the floor, sort of an odd, almost subliminal 'humming' that vibrated through clothing, flesh and bone with equal facility.

Gasping, Dana's eyes widened as he stared down at his high-heel-clad feet and watched them shrinking, becoming 'feminine', if not exactly dainty.

The changes continued up his legs, moving swiftly. With no pain coming from the changes, there was no immediate physical sensation to rip Dana from the state of shock he'd slipped into as he watched his body change.

His legs were now smooth and athletically feminine. Not the most gorgeous female legs in the world, not terribly long - but they were exquisitely toned and supple, the skin smooth and taut. They were definitely female legs - and pretty 'sexy' ones at that, rather than long and 'beautiful'.

Dana's hips barely expanded at all, maybe a measly inch or too - but his ass expanded remarkably, becoming deliciously full, firm and ripe, a mouth watering image of feminine posterior perfection. His bent-over position caused his now-skintight skirt to ride up, exposing the tiny lace panties that clung to his smooth, feminine crotch, the panties were already beginning to damp where they covered Dana's tight new cunt.

The skirt no longer bit into his waist, as it compressed itself to fit the waist-band of the skirt perfectly. While not tiny, the waist was now athletically slender.

The light weight of the basketballs suddenly doubled and then redoubled as they were merged into his chest, becoming a heavy, incredibly sensitive pair of massive, full breasts, each spherical mound tipped by a massive, thick, permanently-engorged nipple.

Her shoulders narrowed slightly, and a layer of fat smoothed her arms to acceptably feminine contours, if still athletic. Her neck narrowed slightly as her jaw-line softened into a still-squared jaw that was safely within the 'feminine' category, if not 'beautifully' so.

Her lips swelled to the full, sexy feminine contours outlined by the lipstick even as the wig fused to her head, becoming a silky mane of obviously bottle-blond curls.

At the same time, the strange, barely-felt 'tingle' in her head marked some changes being made within her mind...

"Oh...!" Dana gasped, unconsciously straightening and falling into a cheaply sexy pose, balanced easily atop her incredibly high heels. She slowly slid her amazingly long, supple new tongue over her gloss-red, incredibly sensitive new lips, feeling their fuller, more softly-firm contours as she tried to concentrate - which wasn't easy. Besides the hundreds of highly-pleasurable sensations coming from her highly-sensitive new body, there was also her incredible level of sexual arousal to deal with. Her new body was permanently aroused, a delicious heat and dampness in her belly and crotch matched by an exquisite yearning in her huge, sensitive nipples, as well as a strange thirst for something very warm and salty.

"There you are, Dana..." Cassius chuckled, his eyes returning to normal. "Now you don't have to be embarrassed. Now it's perfectly natural for you to dress up like a... how did you put it? A 'big-breasted nympho cum-slut'? Now, it's perfectly natural - since that's exactly what you are."

Dana stared at Cassius - but she was unable to deny it, no matter how much she wanted to. She could feel the weight and heft of her huge new tits, moving slightly with each breath. She could feel the cool air of the room caressing her newly-denuded legs, and moving under her short, tight new skirt, brushing against the warm wetness her new womanhood was generating. Desperate urges were thundering through her mind and body, some of them hormonal and some of the mental - and they all pointed to the fact that she wanted to, needed to, and would really enjoy having sex - all sorts of sex.

"How...?" She stammered in her husky-yet-feminine new voice. A surge of pleasure made her realize she'd unconsciously begun to knead her massive new tits with her strong-yet-feminine hands with their long, hot-pink nails. Yanking her hands - regretfully - away from her hyper-sensitive new tits, she added, "Why...?"

The dark-haired young man smiled urbanely and buffed his manicured nails against the front of his dark-maroon school blazer. "You see, Dana, the Bryson College is a school for Sorcerers."

"School for...?" Dana repeated, numbly, trying very hard not to stare at the crotch of Cassius's dark-gray trousers.

"Once upon a time, the genetic make-up that allowed for Talent was carefully hoarded, though the people who did so didn't truly understand what it was they were protecting. Still, they applied the sciences used for breeding animals, and Talent was conserved solely for aristocracy - and, later, the descendants of aristocracy. Such as myself."

He eyed the huge-breasted woman Dana had become, and grinned. "However, there were cases where a sorcerer liked to... 'play around' with women. It was frowned upon, but it did happen - hence, such Bastard Talents such as your miserable self."

"Me...?" Dana gasped, trying very hard to ignore the very-definitely-feminine urges her body was sending her mind.

"Yes... you." Cassius said, disdainfully. "one of our... 'stringers', perhaps you'd call him, heard about your 'magical' transformation, and decided to take a look. He was amazed by the amount of Latent Talent you had. Though strangely 'flavored' by you Bastard line, and most certainly not pure, it seems to have a strange sort of energy to it. However, a few simple questions soon proved you don't even know it exists, much less how to tap into it. Though with much Latent Talent, you're much too old to teach the basics of Sorcery to - so you're useless to us, other than a plaything."

Dana glared at Cassius, her outrage momentarily overwhelming her new-found lusts. Anger like none she'd ever felt began to build in her, and she let it. Usually easy-going, Dana figured her nature being changed so much was nothing next to the changes her body had undergone, and she didn't try to reign the anger in as it built.

She desperately wanted to pound the living shit out of something for what had been done to her. Specifically, she wanted to beat the living daylights out of Cassius - so, when she felt this strange sort of 'weight' in her mind, she grasped it, mentally, and tried, metaphorically, to throw it at Cassius. It was as if it weighed a ton - but she were a superman in her own mind, able to move the massive weight - if not overcome it's massive inertia as easily. She mentally began to swing the massive weight in her mind, unaware that her intended target had recoiled in his chair at the intense green glare emanating from her eyes.

A blue 'bubble' popped into existence around Cassius. Somehow, underneath the layers of pure rage, Dana dimly understood that she was seeing that 'bubble' of energy as a representation of something non-corporeal. Somehow, she simply knew that any 'normal' human wouldn't see anything at all - but, somehow, she was seeing Cassius 'warding spell'.

She couldn't care less. All she wanted to so was crush him. As her mind whirled the imaginary weight, hurtling it towards Cassius with terrible rage and precision, the new woman found her voice again.

"Bitch." She snarled, gloss-red lips curling in anger.

There was a tremendous flash as a green energy intersected with Cassius' warding spell, causing it to waver and twitch uncertainly. "But...." Cassius gasped, sweat pouring from his forehead as his eyes glowed, desperately. "You didn't even chant..."

Then his bubble burst - and he only gasped once before he began to change.

His nose and lower jaw moved outwards, forming a muzzle as his head reshaped atop an inclining neck. His body collapsed in on itself as short, fine hair... no, fur.. began to sprout all over his body.

In seconds, atop a tattered pile of rags that once been a school uniform, a female Irish Setter growled angrily at Dana. It's eyes glowed, deeply, and it's body shape twitched once or twice - but, in the end, it remained as it was, and the glow slowly fled the eyes while the growls became more desperate - and threatening.

The glow slowly faded from Dana's eyes as she stared, uncomprehendingly, at the dog she'd turned Cassius into. "Holy shit..." She whispered, stunned. "I.. I did magic..."

Then the 'bitch' Cassius had become began barking - and charged her.

Screaming, Dana yanked open the nearby door and dashed gracefully into the hall, moving with a sexy little wiggle atop her heels. She slammed the door behind, a split-second before the dog's weight slammed into the wooden partition.

As the door continued to shudder under the frantic canine's battering, Dana hurried down the marble hallway, trying desperately to ignore the way her huge new tits bounced and jiggled from her hurried movements. The sound of her high heels against the marble rattled and bounced off the stone walls, a staccato rhythm that haunted the new woman with it's easy rhythm - the smooth, clock-work regularity of a smooth, ass-wiggling stride rather than the awkward fumbling she would have wished for... even as part of her found that fact that her new walk would turn men on a useful asset for somebody so damned *horny*...

As her mind delved deeper into disturbingly pleasant thoughts of her sucking and fucking men, she didn't notice her frantic dash slowing to a leisurely stroll, her movement becoming even more sexy as she unconsciously began to fondle and massage her massive tits, moaning softly to herself at the pleasure her own hands brought her.

She was barely aware of her surroundings, her long-lashed eyes half-closed as she fondled her massive, super-sensitive tits and moaned softly in pleasure. Completely unaware, she descended the marble-and-polished-oak staircase to the main floor, a massive, domed chamber with dark scarlet-and-gold carpets covering the hardwood floor...

"Going somewhere, Dana?"

The deep, authoritative voice snapped the new woman out of her daze, and she stared at the quartet that was facing her.

Standing in the center was Lord Gerald Morrows, Duke of Glouchesterbury, Headmaster of the Bryson College. As usual, he wore his conservative, somber gray suit and steel-rimmed glasses, his dark hair shot with silver at the temples. Lean and ascetic, the headmaster of the Bryson College was an imposing man.

Flanking him on either side were Last Year students, close friends to Cassius. They were dressed in gold-trimmed purple velvet robes with deep hoods, the robe tied in place around their waist by a gold-colored rope.

Heeled at Mr. Morrow's side and looking miserable was the bitch Dana had turned Cassius into. She was on a leash, and from her tense posture, it was obvious that she was helplessly under the Headmaster's command.

"I heartily approve of your form of punishment on Cassius, my dear girl." The Headmaster said, coolly. "It was a remarkable display of raw, unformed talent. However, given the fact you're still in that lust-ridden body, it's obvious you don't have conscious control over that vast power - so, it's up to us to break you, mold you into a submissive, obedient tool we can train to unleash that great power for out benefit - and under our direction."

Taking a deep breath, Dana managed to yank her mind off sexual matters - and her hands from her tits. She straightened, tossing her golden curls back as she thrust out her incredible chest, placing her hands on her hips for a defiant-and-sexy pose.

"Just how do you plan to do that?" She asked, managing to keep her affected mind firmly in hand. "I've learned the knack for 'seeing' magic - and if you try an attack, I'll be able to tap into that power of mine. Maybe I have trouble controlling it for most things, but it sort of responds automatically to an attack."

It was a bluff... sort of. To be honest, the thought of trying to use her powers voluntarily had missed her completely. She'd been stunned, horny and scared, and she'd walked away in shock, not thinking to try her new powers. The fact that she didn't need to know the elaborate chants they obviously needed to work magic indicated she had an advantage they didn't - but she wasn't sure she could make the magic work at all.

"Oh, we won't attack you, my dear..." The Headmaster said, with an evil grin. "Cassius already assured your downfall when he managed to get you into that body and mind-set. All we have to do is *this*..."

Dana sensed the magic being released, and tensed in preparation for the attack...

...but the bluish-gray mist flowing from the three men wasn't moving towards her, but flowing around the men's own crotches...

...where fabric parted easily, magically making way for the enormous, throbbing cocks that pushed their way into view.

All three cocks were identical in every way. Massive, each cock looked to Dana to be about eighteen inches long, and wide in circumference even for their mammoth length. Their heads were huge and almost purple, beating in perfect sync - as were the hearts of the three men. Dimly, Dana realized she somehow knew that the two 'Acolytes' were 'tied-in' to the Headmaster to give him strength - so they were sort of automatons, walking and moving storage-batteries getting their commands directly from the Headmaster, through their 'Link'. Dana wasn't sure how she knew this - she was just sure it was right.

All that, however, was going through a back part of her mind, while the rest of it was watching the huge, throbbing monsters the three men sported. Sweating, Dana struggled to tear her eyes from the sight of those massive cocks, all-to-aware of the fact that her mouth was literally watering, while her cunt was hot, damp and 'itchy'. Foreign-yet-arousing desires ran through her head, feminine urges and lusts that she'd never wanted - yet now found herself wanting to give into. Desperately, she struggled for control...

Then, in a soft, mocking tone, the Headmaster said, "Oh, baby - you're so sexy "

It felt like something went 'snap' in her mind, and Dana found herself shivering in pleasure at the thought of a man finding her sexy - sexy enough to get all nice and hard....

"Really ?" She asked in a breathy tone, her eyes heavy-lidded as she walked in a slow, sensuous undulation towards the Headmaster, her hands lightly tracing slow, sensual patterns on the taut fabric over her massive tits.

"Oh, yes, baby." Headmaster Morrow said in an amused, flatly-false voice. "Your huge boobs make me so hot, oh yeah, baby." "Oh " She moaned, softly, her gloss-red lips turning up in a cat-like smile. She lifted up her shirt, exposing her huge, round, bra-clad breasts. Lightly, proudly, she began to fondle them. "I'm so glad you like them "

The Headmaster made a gesture, and the two students under his control approached her, and she spread her arms to welcome them as they moved in rather eerie precision to unclasp her bra at the front so they could begin to lick, suck and fondle a breast each, their movements in extremely pleasant synchronization.

"Oh, yes..." She moaned softly, pleasure coming from the attention being paid her massive bust.

Though Morrow hadn't moved, his whispered words came out of the air right next to each of her ears, and she could almost feel his warm breath on each lobe as he spoke in low, seductive tones.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" He asked silkily. "You really love male attention now, don't you? It's like a drug - and addiction. You want men to find you sexy. You want them to admire you. Touch you. Kiss you. Fondle you "

"Oh..." She moaned, softly. "*Soooo* good. Yes... Yes "

"Imagine " Morrow whispered, seductively. "The entire student body, all as well endowed as these two, bespelled to find you the sexiest woman they've ever met. Making them willing to touch you. Fondly you. Even *this* "

Magic coalesced around Dana, but she barely noticed as a gentle force slowly repositioned her, leaving her bent over with her legs spread, her panties simply vanishing into a mist as her skirt lifted itself into a bundle around her waist, exposing her magnificent ass and shaven new womanhood.

The two Acolytes stopped fondling and massaging her breasts, and she felt a stab of regret as the pleasant, sexual haze began to fade...

...only to double and redouble when she felt the massive, throbbing head of one cock slide past her conveniently-placed lips, even as its identical mate slid slowly and firmly into her sopping wet new cunt. Pleasure and a sense of fulfillment like none she'd ever known filled her with peace and joy as she wrapped her long-nailed hands around the shaft of the cock in her mouth and began to move them rhythmically as she slowly sucked and licked the huge cock filling her mouth. Her saliva-coated lips were generating incredible pleasure from the friction created as she moved her lips up and down on the huge shaft, her rhythm matching the long, deep thrusts of the cock in her cunt, sending intense spasm of near-orgasmic ecstasy through her nerves. Her huge, round tits jiggled and swayed on her chest as her body moved in slow undulations, maximizing the pleasure she felt at having a massive cock filling her mouth, another one in her cunt. She was lost in a world of pleasure, her horizons extending only as far as her own body, and the cocks that were generating the intense pleasure that was thundering through it.

Through her pre-orgasmic haze, Dana dimly comprehended the Headmaster's words, floating into her ears from all around her new little reality.

"Imagine. Near constant sex. Men touching you, fucking you, constantly."

As her first, thunderous orgasm began to build in her, Dana moaned low in the back of her throat, the mental image of near-constant sex very, very appealing to her.

"All you have to do..." The Headmaster whispered, intensely. "I agree to serve me, unconditionally. All you have to do is - surrender" then his words were lost to her as her first orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her slow, sensual movements became spasmodic as the orgasm thundered through her body, the huge cock stretching her cunt so wonderfully pumping a thick jet of cum deep into her new cunt while it's twin pumped a thick spray down an unresisting throat. She swallowed convulsively, barely tasting the sweet, delicious cum gushing down her throat as her body was wracked by the most mind-blowing orgasm she'd ever experienced...

...and, in the instant of clarity that came at the very apex of that orgasm, when she was completely sated, sexually, in the midst of a pleasure that kept her, momentarily, from craving more, she was able to think.

Then, as the orgasm began to fade, and the two Acolytes withdrew their cum-dripping monster cocks from her still-shuddering body, she unleashed the intense, live-wire ball of mystical energy she'd tapped into in that instant of clear, logical, coldly powerful rage.

Her eyes didn't just glow - they were like twin nuclear blasts detonating, a palatable wave of green-tinted light converting the room into a freeze-frame of over-exposed, high-contrast still-life...

...and then it was over, and Dana was standing upright near the door, her clothes restored to their skimpy, inviting original configuration, leaving her unmussed and looking pert and ready. A white leather purse, containing identification that matched her new form, as well as quite a bit of money, hung from her shoulder. Two large bags of luggage sat beside her, flanking her.

"I'm sorry to hear that the Bryson College isn't for you, Miss O'Roarke." Headmistress Morrow said, politely. She folded her elegant, slender hands over her trim waist, leaving them in the looming shadow of her massive breasts, straining against the crisp white fabric of her blouse, over which was buttoned a tailored gray jacket, clinging tightly to her bust and waist, but flaring at the hips, where her tight, knee-length matching skirt took over. The tall, slender, elegantly-sexy older woman cocked her head and pursed her full, lightly-tinted lips. "I'm sure my outstanding evaluation will help you get into any college in America you'd care to."

"Thank you so much..." Dana said, struggling to warp her slowly-lusting mind around the fact that she'd 'reset' the situation exactly as she'd hoped. She let her eyes flick to either side of Headmistress Morrow, where an honor-guard of Acolytes

flanked her, one male and the other female - ostensibly, at least. Heeled next to one sensible black pump with a four-inch heel, Cassie, an Irish Setter bitch, sat obediently at her mistress' side.

"Have a nice day..." Dana said with an odd smile. Picking up a bag in each hand, she headed for the door, her slender-yet-womanly hips swaying seductively as she moved.

Outside would be the cab that was waiting to take her to the airport, from which she'd head back to America. She'd known that she couldn't make herself male again. The new lusts and desires had been put in her mind by Cassius, and only he could have released them - and she would have had to free him back to a human form to do that. So, though she could make herself male again, it would have been a miserable one, with incredibly powerful 'homosexual' urges, and a body far different from the one she was helplessly 'proud' to wear. So - she was stuck as a woman. A huge-breasted, super horny woman...

...with incredible magical abilities. Ones that could come in handy. In fact, a certain bully who'd made Dana's life a living hell back when she'd been a 'ninety-pound-weakling' came immediately to mind, and the new Sorceress decided that Bill 'Butch' Cassidy would be the first person she'd visit in America...

* * * * *

As the door closed behind Miss Dana O'Roarke's spectacular ass, Lady Geraldine Morrows, Duchess of Glouchesterbury, Headmistress of the Bryson College turned to her highest Acolytes and looked at them with one raised eyebrow.

"Well...?" She asked in a cultured, inquisitive voice - and the two Acolytes hastily shed their robes, revealing the tanned, toned bodies that made Bryson students stand out so. They were each a 'handsome' vision of their respective genders, the young man boasting a firm, muscular body, while the 'girl' was more shapely, with firm D-cup breasts, womanly hips, and toned, sexy legs.

What they shared in common was a matching pair of huge, thick cocks, which were already becoming hard as Mistress Morrows smiled dreamily and began to unbutton her clothes, already lost in the fantasy of her male and she-male students falling back into the daily rhythm of the College, where she would spent almost all her time ordering her happily obedient students to pleasure her...

...while, deep behind the erected 'persona' of Geraldine Morrows, the 'real' mind of Gerald Morrows screamed in protest and beat helplessly at the massively powerful enchanted 'barrier' that kept his mind from accessing the immense powers the new body still housed...

TO BE CONTINUED



SUMMARY: The continuing tale of one young man who accepts a scholarship to an all male Briarley College, but unbeknownst to him it is a "sorcerer" school, and the tricks have only begun.

Part II: Finale

Bill 'Butch' Cassidy had the perfect life. He was rich, muscular, handsome and incredibly well-endowed. He was living in a huge, cliff-side house with kick-ass furnishings and a really sweet Porsche in the carport. Oh - and he was having sex all the time, day and night, sex of every type and position.

"Oh, yeah, baby...." Butch moaned, closing his eyes in pleasure as Dana's warm, willing, and incredibly skilled lips wrapped around his enormous, throbbing cock. "Yeah, that's my cock-sucking Lucky Charm..."

That's what he'd taken to calling her. It had started out as a 'joke' nick-name, but it had stuck - and for good reason.

Butch had first seen her two and a half months ago. He'd been hanging around the local bar after a hard day down at the feed-mill, letting the not-so-skanky women ogle his tanned, muscular body and handsome 'All-American-Boy' face, right down to the blue eyes and chiseled, dimpled chin. His teeth were kept meticulously, sparkling white, and he was meticulous about his clothing: Skin-tight jeans, showing off his hard, taut ass, and the sizable 'package' in the crotch. Then, either a white, beige, black, or pale-blue denim or cotton work-shirt, loose and 'bloused' into the pants - but with the sleeves rolled up tight to reveal his bulging, tanned biceps, and the buttons undone halfway down to show off his broad, manly chest.

Butch Cassidy was a man in love - with himself. He was perfection personified, the Ultimate Man. All lesser males below him existed to either serve or amuse him, and women existed to meet his carnal pleasures. It wasn't arrogant or egotistical, Butch knew, despite the whispers that sometimes flew around - in his case, it was merely the simple truth.

So, when he'd first seen Deanna O'Ryan, it had been during a 'sweep and scan' of the bar for the best pick of the litter. At first, his cool, blue eyes passed right over her. After all, she wasn't even remotely his 'type'...

...except, for some reason, he found his eyes returning to her - and taking a longer second look.

She was tall, for a woman. Almost his own height, in fact - and Butch liked his women 'petite'. Yet, still, he couldn't stop looking at her.

She was athletically built, which was another thing Butch wasn't all that fond of. For one thing, the legs showing under her short, white cotton skirt were muscular and toned, instead of long and slender. Even the six-inch heels on the white leather pumps she wore didn't do much for her legs - though, Butch had to admit, they did nice things for the one feature he heartily approved of - her spectacular, firm ass. Unfortunately, the hips that supported that mouth-watering delicacy were on the 'trim' side, rather than 'womanly'. Even worse, she had the most ridiculous fake tits Butch had ever seen, stuffed into a lace-trimmed white leather 'bodice' top, pushing a ridiculous amount of cleavage upwards and outwards.

Even her face wasn't Butch's style. It was not exactly 'masculine'... but it might edge into 'mannish'. Her nose was a little too large, though her red-glossed lips were full and ripe. Her best facial feature, though, was probably her incredibly rich, emerald-green eyes...

...and Butch wasn't exactly an 'eye' man, so that didn't do much for him. He did kinda like her long, rich, dark-flame-red hair. All in all, though, she was completely wrong for him in every way.

So why couldn't he stop looking at her...?

She was looking right back at him. With an odd little smile, she began to approach him with a slow, sexy stride. Without waiting to be invited, she pulled up a stool next to him, licking her lips slowly as she ran her hands lightly across the bulge at his crotch.

"Well now..." She said in a somewhat husky voice that was actually made incredibly sexy by her Irish accent. "My name is Deanna O'Ryan, but you can call me 'Dana'."

"Uh..." Butch stammered, jaw loose.. and then he shook his head and snapped out of it. "Cassidy. Bill Cassidy - but, 'course, people call me 'Butch'."

"Mmmm..." She grinned, sensuously. "I like it. It's so.... manly "

Again, she ran her hand over his crotch - and this time, he was a little more alert. He pulled his hips back, slightly, pushing his ass up against the bar.

"Look, uh... Dana? Look, Dana, I..." Butch started to send her away...

Just then, a waiter who was passing buy, a tray full of drinks on his arm, glanced at the woman's huge, top-straining breasts - and then, a split-second later, a classic Hollywood double-take.

In the best Jerry Lewis tradition, the waiter had tripped over his own feet, his tray of plastic, beer-filled cups flying up, over...

...and raining with unerring - and eerie - accuracy on Dana, drenching her from head to toe.

She immediately stood up and began to cry. Loudly. Very, very, very loudly, wailing about how her 'date' was ruined, how 'her boyfriend' would hate her forever for embarrassing him in public like this...

It wasn't until the manager had hastily assured her that for the rest of the night her and 'her date' would drink free, thus restoring peace, that Dana leaned close to Butch and whispered, sensuously, in his ear.

"Actually, me being all wet... and slick... really turns me on." She'd lightly, sensuously licked his earlobe - with a tongue that had to be incredibly long and supple. "After we finish these first free drinks, why don't we go somewhere dark so I can give you the most incredible blow-job you've ever had?"

It was literally an offer he couldn't turn down - and she'd delivered, just as she'd promised. She gave him the most incredible blow-job he'd ever had in his life... and then, calmly, told him that she could do much, much better when she was 'in the right mood'... and, so, the next thing he knew, she was moving in with him.

After that, it had been non-stop sex. Well, not non-stop. They had to stop to eat and sleep sometimes. He certainly didn't need to stop and go to work - not since that lottery ticket she'd bought him as a gift had won him a cool twelve million dollars. In fact, ever since she'd come into his life, everything had been going his way. Everything.

His cock had grown. Big to begin with, now it was absolutely massive, the most enormous, sensitive organ Butch could ever imagine existing - and Dana was using every skill in her repertoire to give him a great 'pre-party' blow-job.

With a low groan that was more than masked by the music and guest-notice going on outside the master bedroom, Butch bucked his hips - and pumped an incredible amount of thick, salty cum down her eager throat, her full lips and long tongue ensuring that not a single drop of what she liked to call 'The Nectar of Life' was wasted.

"Fantastic, as usual, babe..." Butch said, magnanimously, as she licked his massive cock clean, then helped him cram it into his skin- tight jeans...

...or, rather, between the two layers of silk that he wore under the jeans, to keep his highly-sensitive cock from getting abraded. Since his cock never seemed to go fully limp anymore, just sort of... pliable... it was a bit of a chore - but Butch thought it was worth it. After all - he could be ready for sex five minutes after he'd just done it - and keep doing that, all day and all night, until he passed out from sheer exhaustion.

He knew that for a fact. Dana had insisted in a 'clinical trial' to test his 'sexual endurance level'.

He, of course, had been a most eager test-subject. He'd never even imagined he could have non-stop sex like this.

"Well, Dana - I think it's time for the host to make his appearance..." Butch said, expansively, spreading his arms and admiring the way the tailored, skin-tight black silk highlighted his arm. His parties had quickly become famous - for many reasons - and he hosted one almost every night - but, though guests started streaming in at four or five o'clock, Butch himself never appeared before eleven, more likely midnight, when he'd spent an hour or so 'circulating' - then head off to bed...

...with some 'pretty young thang' on one arm, and his ever-faithful Dana on the other. Ever faithful. Submissive. Eager-to-please...

...so why was she shaking her head, instead of taking his arm to properly 'escort' him out.

"Not quite yet, Butch dear..." She said, slyly. "You see, I've really enjoyed our time together. Well, rather, the wonderful fucking I got, and all the delicious perm. You, personally, I think are an egotistical, self-absorbed bastard who used to like to beat the crap out of anybody smaller than you."

"Wha...?" Butch stammered, jaw dropping. Part of it came from the fact that she was still smiling sweetly, a tiny drop of cum in the corner of her full, upturned lips. Her voice was sweet and reasonable - actually conversational.

"But, Butch, I'm not really a cruel woman." She continued, warmly - while, Butch, much to his dismay, found he was unable to move, as if his body had somehow been 'frozen', turned solid. He could do nothing but listen as Dana spoke. "Rather than a cruel and off-the-cuff punishment I could have inflicted on you out of anger and dusty memories, I gave you a chance. I lived with you. I satisfied your every whim in bed - and, with my sorcery, I satisfied your every whim in life."

She grinned, and gestured grandly about her. "All this, Butch - I gave you all this. You didn't know it, but I used sorcery to manipulate people, places, time and memory - so that you got all those things you're always yapping about. You wanted to be rich, and I gave that to you. You wanted to be popular, and I gave you that, too. I even made you rich - and, let's not forget, unbelievably well-endowed..."

Butch could hardly believe what he was hearing - but he had too. There was no choice - because, not only was his body immobile, locked solid, but Dana was floating in front of him, her eyes flowing eerily.

For some reason, Dana's hair had turned a brassy, bottle-blond shade, and her Irish accent had faded away... but small discrepancies like that were low on Butch's list of priorities at the moment.

Not that having such a list helped much - considering he couldn't even lift a finger...

"Don't worry, Butch - I'm not going to take this away from you." She laughed, grinning wickedly. "It's yours. This basic lifestyle - the parties, the money, the sex... all of it. Still yours... but different."

It was the 'different' that bothered Butch the most - and it turned out his fears were completely and totally justified. He desperately wished he was able to scream as a strange 'humming' sensation encompassed him...

...and then things started to change.

It started with the bedroom. The decor, a sort of 'western' feel bright into the 21st century, rippled - and, like a tide spreading out, a change wrapped itself around the room. The colors faded as everything became shades of black, red or burnished brass - a darker room, with black-leather-and-burnished-brass furniture. The bed became huge, covered with black-and-red-silk sheets, while the big wall opposite the floor-to-ceiling windows became covered with whips, chains, and an assortment of less immediately identifiable 'hardware'.

Thick black velvet curtains appeared on those floor-to-ceiling windows, cutting off Butch's night-time view of the skyline. Not that he was worried about his 'view' - he was too busy being concerned with the way his body was changing.

Like he way his feet were shrinking, the better to fit into the knee-high black leather boots he was now wearing - the sexy ones, with the platforms and the eight-inch heels, not to mention the lacing running through the polished-brass grommets.

Then there was his legs. His long, shapely, sexy legs, tightly clad in a pair of skin-tight black chaps that left her ass and crotch bare - revealing to all the tight new cunt she boasted, surrounded by a tiny triangle of dark pubic hair.

Considering that Butch now found himself half-female and changing rapidly the rest of the way, he really wished he could scream. It would have felt very satisfying to let out a long, anguished scream as his hips flared out to womanly dimensions, matched by the shrinking of his waist to delightfully feminine dimensions beneath the black leather corset she now found herself wearing. One that tightly clung to her waist - while that matching black leather bra clung tightly to her rapidly swelling chest, where her new breasts were quickly forming up.

What a set of breasts they were, too. the size and rough shape as medicine balls, they were even more enormous than Dana's - though Butch's highly-sensitive nipples were nowhere as big as Dana's. The redhead-turned-blonde sported massive nipples in keeping with the scale of her huge tits, while the blond-man-turning-female had smaller nipples, like a woman who'd had radical breast-enlargement surgery.

She couldn't dwell on her new tits for long, though, since there were other changes still occurring. A black leather 'duster' coat wrapped itself around her body as she began slender, supple and sensual, her hair lengthening and turning a shiny, silky black as the face it surrounded altered, becoming coolly beautiful with full, dark-red-glossed lips and dark, smoldering eyes. Her cheeks were high and well defined, and her nose sharp and patrician. She looked sexy as hell - and more than a little intimidating.

In the space of a few seconds, Butch had changed as completely as her room. She was now all woman - and a hell of a woman at that. She was tall and slender and tautly muscled, like a panther. Her incredibly high heels only added to her leather-clad height.

Her breasts were enormous. Incredibly huge and round and firm, bound tightly into an erotic sheath of leather. More leather compressed her slender-yet-muscular waist, and yet more glossy black cowhide covered her incredibly long, tautly-sexy legs. Her incredible ass and tight, wet cunt were left open, however - for easy access, one would assume.

She'd been turned into an imposing, raven-haired seductress with massive, round breasts - yet none of that bothered the new woman nearly as much as the strange sensations in her mind. The sensations that told her, somehow, her mind had been altered.

Extensively.

"Now, that's much better!" Dana said, clasping her hands together in a theatrical show of girlish glee. "Come on, now, let's not keep your guests, fans, and paying customers waiting..."

Dana strode, quickly, towards the bedroom doors. Dazed, the new woman followed her, not even noticing her long, powerfully-sexy stride, a sensual strut that was as much challenging as arousing.

All done atop high, slender heels - and with the added handicap of her extremely top-heavy new build.

She was still stunned, unable to do anything but follow - sensuously - where Dana led, when Dana threw open the doors of the bedroom, and there was a breathless pause as utter silence fell...

...and then the applause started. The thunderous, screaming applause - and, somehow, the new woman knew it was for her. Her head swam and a shudder of pleasure ran through her new body at the thought of being that popular. Of having that much attention focused on her.

Suddenly, she craved that attention. She needed it. She didn't know why - but she knew it was true, so now her numb following became a brisk, purposeful stride as she moved closer to that applause.

Her applause.

Then Dana was shouting into a mike that had magically appeared in her hand, her amplified voice rolling out through the huge open room, one side of which was floor-to-ceiling glass.

"Ladies and Gentleman! Boys and girls! Sex addicts of all ages and perversions! Bow down in reverent prayer, for you being granted the supreme, the eternal, the unspeakable honor of being visiting, in person and in the flesh, the Country Countess of Kink "

The applause swelled even more - and many voices were matching Dana's amplified one, shouting out what was obviously a well-known chant.

"...The Southern SlutBitch !"

Now the entire crowd was screaming it at the top of their lungs, overpowering Dana's amplified voice. Pleasure at the mere thought of all that adoration thundered through the new woman's long, buxom body.

"The One...! The ONLY...! BITCH CASSIDY!"

'That's me ' Bitch thought with somehow dark, near-orgasmic pleasure.

Then she was arrogantly striding down the short, curving flight of stairs to the main floor - which was packed with people.

Men. Handsome men by the dozen - by the score. Women, in sexy clothing. People with cameras, still and video. A sound crew. Two bartenders - open bar, apparently...

She couldn't worry about trivial little things like an open bar, being turned into a woman, or suddenly finding herself thing eagerly of fucking and sucking men. No, it was much more important that she bask in the attention these people were giving her. It was what she needed. She could not lose it - would not. She'd do whatever these people wanted her to do, so that they'd pay attention to her. That was the important thing here.

There was some guy standing at the bottom of the staircase, staring at her with a slack-jawed expression on his pimply face. Bitch had no idea who the gangly guy was - and she didn't care. Just on an impulse, she grabbed the guy, slamming him up against the wall and kissing him, hard and deep. As she ground her tall, magnificent new body against his and kissed him painfully hard, she heard Dana's words behind her.

"All right, Internet Porn-Addicts, take a look. Young Jerry Snotley of Shithole, New Jersey, ponied up the five-and-a-half-grand for the entrance fee - and now look at him. Ask him if it was worth the money..."

Then, just as suddenly as she'd initiated it, bitch broke the kiss, all but tossing the stunned young man aside, his crotch bulging painfully from the pressure on his hard, throbbing cock.

Stepping away, Bitch was surprised to find herself speaking, also in impulse. In a negligent tone, she said, "Somebody fuck him, would you...?"

...and a half-dozen women lounging about nearby actually leapt at the stunned young man, eager to fulfill her commands. Bitch shivered in orgasmic pleasure at the power she held over these people. This was heavenly...

...or, at least, it would be - if it weren't for this tiny, nagging voice in the back of her head that was insisting that something was very, very wrong.

For the life of her, Bitch simply couldn't figure out what it might be...

Well, there was no time to puzzle it out now - she had to come up with a successor to her last 'act', something new and interesting. She had to keep their attention, their devotion, focused on her. She had too...

"Sluts and studs! Your attention, please! It is now time for Bitch Cassidy to perform judgment!"

Oh, good - Dana had everything planned for her. Gratefully, Bitch strode arrogantly into the cleared area, and watched as three strange women were led out...

...and then her brain froze momentarily as she realized that each 'woman' was boasting a massive cock...

...and furthermore, that each 'woman' was familiar. Though looking utterly feminine except for those massive cocks, and clad in feminine clothes, they didn't look the least bit 'masculine' - yet, in each face he could still see the man the 'woman' had once been...

...and each one of them was an old friend of hers. There was Steve. Ted. Even Carl - Carl, who'd so loved to joke about the size of Dana's rack...

...and was now sporting an impressive rack of his own. Not nearly as big as Bitch's, of course, but big enough - for a guy.

Now why did that thought really bother her? For that matter - what were Steve, Ted and Carl doing here - and looking like that? Dana's amplified words explained.

"You all remember Stephanie, Te-hui and Carla, don't you?" Dana called out, and the audience cheered back. "Not that those are their original names - but they're the only one Bitch lets them loose since she forcibly transformed her old friends into cum-craving sluts through surgery, brain-washing, and really, really expensive experimental therapies."

'What...?' Bitch thought, stunned - but none of it showed on her seductive, arrogant face.

"Now, as you can imagine, all three of them really, really hate bitch - so, they're going to try and fuck her brains out. You see, to make this a fair contest, Bitch is going to be injected with a serum that will take away all her willpower. Unfortunately, the effect is permanent, but Bitch is willing to accept that in the spirit of making this a fair contest, otherwise her current pure perfection would guarantee..."

Dana continued to prattle on - even as the new woman's brain finally wrapped itself around what Dana was saying - and that snapped her out of her daze quick enough, and she started to open her full, no-longer-sneering lips...

...and the needle rammed. Home. Bitch didn't even manage to get out an 'eep' before the drug took hold, leaving her standing motionless, feeling weak and limp and unable to so much as twitch a muscle.

Until she heard Stephanie snarl at her. "Get over here, Bitch."

Then she could move - whether she wanted to or not. Obediently, she walked over to the three transformed men, who were staring at her with ugly eyes.

"Okay, 'girls'..." Stephanie said, coldly. "Let's get to work."

They stripped her. Roughly. And she could do nothing but stand there and let them do it, unable to summon up the energy for even the most token sign of resistance.

She wasn't even allowed to flinch as Carla bent her over slight, slammed his massive cock all the way up her ass, and proceeded to ass-fuck her, hard and brutal.

It hurt. A lot. A huge, thick cock slamming back and forth in her inadequately-stretched, inadequately-lubricated asshole.

It didn't feel nearly as bad as what was being to her at the front, however - because the other two transformed men were not injecting her with some compound that was causing her already massive tits to painfully grow larger and heavier, but

they were putting steel rings through her nipples. They were also injecting her lisp with something that made them fuller and even more sensitive.

Then Carla cam, flooding her abused ass with hot, salty cum as the she-male withdrew her massive organ. She was then thrown to the floor on her back, her unbelievably huge new beach-ball-sized breasts bouncing painfully as her legs were hauled upwards and apart...

...and Te-hui slammed her huge cock into her pussy.

Ted hadn't been Asian before, but 'she' was now, petite and bronzed - except for her cock, which was massive and bronzed. A feral grin rode on her exotic-looking new face as she fucked Bitch hard and fast, while the other two worked on something off to the side.

When Te-hui was finished, Bitch was ordered to stand upright...

...and when she did, the three transformed men encased her in a shiny coating of fast-setting liquid latex which was exactly that odd pink shade that is called 'skin-tone', yet isn't.

They started at her feet, and while two of them worked their way upwards, Stephanie shaved off Bitch's hair. All of it. Soon, liquid latex had covered every inch of her except for her asshole, her cunt, her nipples, nostrils and mouth. It did cover her lips, and there it had been painted a high-gloss shade of red.

A huge, platinum-blond wig was lowered onto her head and glued into place.

Then a specially shaped couch was brought over, and Bitch was fitted into it - and ordered not to move, her glossy 'naked' body looking decidedly artificial, with only the slow rise and fall of her gargantuan tits to give away her life.

"May I now introduce you to Bitch - the living sex doll!" Stephanie shouted. "She'll do anything she's told! Watch!"

Then, stepping up beside her, Stephanie pressed the massive head of her huge, throbbing cock against her lips - and whispered the command.

"Suck me off."

Bitch had no choice but to comply. Helplessly, she began sucking Stephanie off, accepting the massive cock into her mouth and applying suction as Stephanie began to face-fuck her.

About the same time Stephanie pumped her huge, thick load of salty cum down Bitch's unresisting throat, somebody had stepped up and began to fuck her cunt - while the couches design allowed another to straddle her and begin tit-fucking the canyon of cleavage between her massive, impossibly gargantuan tits.

"No need to fight to get in line..." Dana's voice called, brightly. "The mindless living sex-doll without willpower isn't going to go anywhere - except when she'd lead away to eat, shit, sleep, or learn a new act. So, ladies and gentleman - enjoy..."

With all the attention focused on Bitch, nobody noticed the fact that Dana, quite literally, disappeared...

Billie 'Bitch' Cassidy had a hell of a life. She was rich, leggy, sexy, and incredibly well-endowed. She was living in a huge, cliff-side house with BDSM furnishings and a Hot-Pink 'Vette in the carport that she'd never get a chance to drive. Oh - and she was having sex all the time, day and night, sex of every type and position...

...while, inside, both 'Bitch the Dominatrix' and 'Butch the Man' screamed and fought, spending more time fighting each other than in a vain attempt to recapture control of a body that was, literally, a living sex toy for the masses.

THE END



SUMMARY: Trying to help his brother who is in danger, one man finds himself in the center of a scientific experiment where reality is change so that he is now a cum sucking bimbo.

Comes The Dark

By Gunslinger

With a hissing, sizzling sound, the flames rushed up, almost invisible in their blue-orange hue.

Waiting exactly five seconds, Kyle finally moved with a combination of practiced ease and efficient grace, sliding the lid on the pan and snuffing the flames. Waiting a half-beat to ensure that the flames were well and truly out, he lifted the lid and placed it aside, once more releasing the pungent fragrance of the orange brandy used in the flambé.

Sliding the plate closer to the side of the counter-top stove, he flicked the copper-bottomed pan with a practiced motion, sending the crepe over the edge of the pan. With his other hand, he expertly caught the rolled pastry with it's filling of fruits in the exact portion of the plate where he wanted it.

Laying the plate and pan aside, he turned off the heat on the stove and wiped his hands on a tea-towel before turning to the oven and extracting his warming dinner. Removing the metal cover from the pate, he held it in his left hand, then balanced the desert crepe on his left arm. Picking up his glass of wine with his free hand, he carefully made his way to the table in the far

corner of the large, stone- floored kitchen, the heady fragrances of the meal wafting to his nostrils and causing his mouth to water in anticipation.

Setting the food on the table, Kyle refilled his glass from the bottle of standing red wine on the sideboard, then settled onto the hand- sewn cushion that padded the hard 'county' chair. Reaching for his fork, he prepared for the first bite of the perfectly cooked *boeuf au jus*....

...and the phone rang.

Kyle sat for a second, staring at the bite of food on the end of the fork, almost - but not quite - able to taste the rich, juicy flavor of the meat...

Then he sighed and put the fork down, sliding from the chair with an easy grace and heading for the ached doorway to his right.

If it had been his home phone - an extension of which was within reach of the table - he probably wouldn't have answered it. Even if it had been the phone in his office, he wouldn't have bother. Not now, especially not after arriving home after a week-long assignment on the Brazilian interior, away from the comforts of civilization - when the office phone rang, it was usually a indicator that he was about to be given a tip that would send him flying half-way round the world in frenetic chase of a second Pulitzer.

No - the reason he abandoned his first 'real' meal in a week was because the electronic shrill was issuing from another phone entirely - a phone which, in all logic, shouldn't be ringing.

So, it was almost palatable curiosity that moved Kyle to leave his meal. After all, it was that weakness - the addiction to information - that had lead him to become a reporter in the first place. It was that trait, his insatiable curiosity, that had driven him to become one of the best reporters in the world, to be found at the center of the biggest story of any given moment, chasing after that elusive God known as Truth.

And it was that trait that pulled the athletically slender man with the tousled head of sandy hair to his den, which - uncharacteristically - was in a state of disarray, luggage heaped on coffee-table and sofa, sharing space with the tools of his trade.

It was one of this 'tools' that was half-way through the third repetition of it's shrill, electronic call. Frowning in puzzled curiosity, Kyle flipped open the lid of the suitcase-like object and picked up the handset inside, pressing a green rectangular button that shared space with the rest of the controls.

"Hel.." He started to greet the unknown caller - then fell silent as he heard the series of clicks and hisses that indicated only one thing. To verify his suspicions, his eyes went to the readout on the control panel, and he watched as the boxy LCD letters went from 'NEG. PRO.' To 'RDY STU-IV'

It only served to deepen Kyle's confusion and curiosity. But the confusion didn't come from the cryptic words themselves, as he understood what they were trying to tell him.

It came from the fact that, not only was he getting a call on a phone that he hadn't expected to ring, it was coming in manner that he'd never before had reason to use.

As a reporter always in the thick of things, Kyle spent a lot of time on assignment in foreign countries. For that reason, he'd invested a good chunk of money on the purchase of this large, bulky 'cell' phone. But The Magellan World-phone was no ordinary cell phone - as it linked directly to satellites in Low Earth Orbit, allowing the phone to be used anywhere, no matter how remote.

The phone also came with a plethora of other features - one of which was the STU-4 protocol.

When two phones with the STU protocol called one another, they emitted a sequence of random numbers based on the exact instant the originating call was placed, allowing an algorithm to 'jump' frequencies during the call.

In short - it 'scrambled' the call, making the conversation between the two parties theoretically secure from electronic eaves-dropping - and Kyle had never had call to use it, not even knowing anyone else who had a STU-capable phone that could form the secure connection with his.

Yet - somebody was calling in, and using a secure link-up to do so.

The hiss-click of the phone synchronizing with the originating phone ended - to be replaced by the wailing hiss of thick, heavy static, taking Kyle by surprise. Designed for use anywhere and anywhere, even during high sun-spot activity, the World-phone was designed to give crystal-clear reception. All Kyle could think was that the interference was coming from the other end of the line.

Then, out of the murky hiss of static, a voice sound. '..yle... ou there? It's ..e, ..ris...'

In the back room of the large, Spanish-Mission style home Kyle owned sat a ham-radio transceiver that he used to keep his finger on the pulse of the world. Now, all those hours spent in weak communication with distant transmitters came in handy, his brain automatically filling in what blanks it could in the static-ridden voice.

"Chris?" Kyle said loudly into the phone, forcing his voice to the highest octave he could, as high-pitched sounds traveled better through static than low-pitched one. "Chris, is that you?"

"..es, It's m... yle. I'm so sor... ...all you, but... ...n't reach... ...one else. I need help, Kyle."

Thumbing up the volume on the phone, Kyle pressed it tight to his ear. "Chris! Chris, what's going on!"

Two years his senior, Kyle's brother Chris was a theoretical scientist, usually calm and composed at all times. Even with the static interference, Kyle could hear fear in his brother's voice, and it shocked and frightened him.

The static weakened for a second, not clearing completely, but making the words less broken.

"..idn't want to ..all you, Kyle." His brother's voice, softened by the static, came through. "But they... cut my phoneli I can't reach anyone else. Something's gone ..oribly wrong, and.... cover it up be.. too late."

Kyle's stomach dropped to his shoes. "*What* went wrong, Chris - *who's* trying to cover it up?"

As far as Kyle knew, his brother was working in a small private lab in Kentucky, doing AIDS research and if there's been some sort of accident, if somehow people had gotten infected If Chris had gotten infected.

"Ca... ..plain everyt..ing now, Ky... You ha.. to get... help.." Chris said, his voice fading in and out as the static grew worse. "...ey're jamm... ..ansmission. You.... call Jen... esrman.... ..gone. Head... ..Reasearch for Pro... ..nome "

"Chris, I'm loosing you again!" Kyle shouted into the phone, his mind trying to put everything together in a coherent manner - but even the words he could string together into sentences didn't seem to make sense.

Somebody was jamming the call? They'd cut the phone lines? What was going on?

"Jen who?" Kyle shouted in the phone, trying to get through. "I don't know who you want.."

"...*eneral*, Ky... Genera.. ..erman, Head...." Chris bellowed back. "...him Project.... gone wrong. The... cee... has.... ..renegad.... stopped "

Not 'Jen', a woman's name - but General somebody...

What the hell was Chris involved in? "...arefull, Ky... ..ry danger... ..find out "

"Chris!" Kyle yelled as the static whirled stronger then ever. "Chris, I didn't get the name! What's the general's name!" Chris apparently didn't hear. Static washed up and down, obscuring sound, then...

"..eware the dar " Chris's voice, nearly panicked, came through in a sudden clear spot.

Then, with a series of 'clicks' the transmission was broken.

Kyle stared down at the handset in confusion. What the hell was going on? That last fragment 'beware the dark?' was that what Chris had said?

Frowning, Kyle lay down the phone - but didn't hang it up, instead clicking on the 'hold' button.

Unlike a land-line phone, one party disconnecting didn't 'clear the line' - the World-phone stayed in standby on the same frequency, more like a CB then a phone in that respect.

Swiveling, Kyle picked up the handset of the conventional phone at the end of the couch and quickly punched in a number. "Hello, Uplink Center " A familiar voice at the other end said.

"Hey, Jerry - It's Kyle Forlander." Kyle said, having dealt with the company while in the field. "I've got a problem - I just was on your phone, and got tons of static and a premature cut-off before I could find out who I was talking to. Can you give me a GPS mark on the last call on frequency " Leaning over, he read off the frequency still showing on the display of the sat-phone.

"Sure - wait a sec while I check." Jerry said, the sound of keys being worked coming through the phone.

Kyle had done this a couple of times before - since the satellites that the communications went through 'focused' on the transmission through three separate satellites to get a good, solid signal, it was possible to find out where the originating uplink came from, accurate to within a few dozen feet. A similar system was used by GPS navigation systems, and the military had even more accurate GPS systems for steering cruise missiles in flight.

"Kyle?" Jerry said. "I got the numbers for you - it's...41 degrees 46 by 88 degrees 03." "Where would that put it?" Kyle asked. "Kentucky?"

"Not even close." Jerry replied. "That puts you in Chicago, my friend." "Chicago?" Kyle asked, confused. "Are you sure?"

"Not a doubt - but it's probably not the call you're referring to." "Oh?" Kyle asked.

"Yup - this one was STU'ed, and almost all the calls uplinked from that location are." Jerry said, and Kyle could almost hear the grin in the man's voice. "So, It's just another call to and from the eggheads at Argonne."

"Argonne?" Kyle asked, his instincts flaring. His house was just outside Freeport, and Chicago was practically his back yard - and the name rang a bell...

"Argonne National Laboratory." Jerry replied, making the connection for him. "Big government run lab near Lockport. Can't get within a mile of the place, looks like a doublya-doublya two prison camp - got security up the ying-yang. 'Sides, it can't be your call cause they got three big dishes for comm traffic - even in the worst sun-storm, those babies push enough megawatts to keep the signal clear." There was a short pause, then... "Jeez, man - either I'm lookin' at the most incredible coincidence I have ever seen, or your phantom call did come from Argonne."

"What?"

Jerry's voice sounded puzzled. "While I was checkin' out the data, somebody else did the same thing through the land-link to the computer. Routing shows it's coming from Argonnne - and they're back-tracking to your uplink." He paused. "With just the straight numbers, it'll only give them a rough location. Want me to send an e-mail to the routing system and let 'em know your at home and they can reach you by land-line?"

"No..." Kyle said, thoughtfully. "Now that I know who's trying to reach me, I'll give them a ring myself. Thanks Jerry." Hanging up, Kyle reached out and disconnected the sat-phone, a thoughtful expression on his face.

Chris, a brilliant theoretical scientist, would obviously be known to those who ran Argonne - which was right in his backyard. But, if for security reasons, you didn't want anyone to know he was working there, you give out a cover story. Then Chris just 'disappears' into Argonne, while a small office in Kentucky takes any calls for Chris and forwards them back, to keep up appearances.

A secret military lab pulling the 'Purloined Letter' maneuver and hiding in plain sight. A secret military lab that had just done a back-trace on the signal.

Maybe he'd gotten it all wrong - there'd been a lot of static, after all. Maybe Chris was doing some visiting research in the area and, not knowing Kyle was home, had called his sat-phone to ask permission to use the house while he was in the area.

Then again... maybe not.

Kyle's instincts were screaming - the same instinct that helped keep him alive while doing battle-field reporting in the hot-spots of the world.

Argonne was only half-an-hour away - and they knew where Chris had called, to within a few dozen feet. Liking his privacy, Kyle had the house built on a big tract of land quite a distance away from anyone else - there'd be no doubt as to which house the call had gone to.

And, in cases involving a cover-up, the idea of a reporter being the one who knew anything was considered bad, very bad. Maybe he was just being paranoid... but one word that had come through clearly and with no mistake was 'danger'.

Rising from the couch, Kyle let his instincts take over and he flipped open one of the suitcases from his recent trip. Maybe this would turn out to be nothing - but he'd rather feel stupid and silly later, then do nothing and find out his instincts were right.

He was dressed comfortably in the clothing he'd been wearing when he'd stepped off the plane this afternoon - a pair of olive-drab trousers, a khaki short-sleeved shirt and a pair of thick socks. Now, from the suitcase, he withdrew his hiking boots and quickly laced them on his feet.

Popping open the top compartment in the bag, he extracted an envelope full of cash and stuffed it in his shirt pocket, the pulled out the other item he kept in the bag.

A Para-Ordinance .45, based on the famous - or infamous - Colt Model 1911, but with a longer muzzle, double-stacked magazine, and equipped with a laser sight.

Kyle pulled the weapon from its rolled-up holster and inserted a thirteen-round clip into the wide grip of the pistol, then pulled back the bolt, chambering a round. Making sure that the weapon's safety was on, he slid it back into the holster, which he quickly pulled into place. Over the weapon and the two extra clips on the opposite strap of the sling, he pulled on a khaki

field-jacket that held a flashlight, film, a hunting knife and a few other pieces of equipment in the various pockets and straps on the garment.

Closing the suitcase, he checked his watch and figured he still had fifteen minutes...

...and then the lights in the house went out.

Kyle stopped dead, his heart revving up as he realized he'd made a tactical mistake. It might be a half-hour drive...

...but it was only ten minutes by chopper. Outside, he could hear the faint thrumming chop of a helicopter's blades against the cooling night air as it descended towards night. The only light in the house came from the garish orange glow of the setting sun through the windows, painting everything a flaming orange.

Cursing at being right about this, Kyle began to move, the gun appearing to grow out of his fist like a malevolent magic trick.

Sidling up to a window, he peered out and saw that his house was loosely surrounded by a ring of armed men in uniform. In one hand, each man carried a rifle, the ubiquitous M-16 made so famous by Vietnam movies. In the other...

...a bullhorn?

Putting the irrelevancy aside, Kyle faded back into the deepest shadows in the room, senses alert as he tried to come up with some sort of plan. He definitely didn't like the turn events had taken.

Oddly, his mind kept wanting to jump back to the cooling meal left on the table, and he found himself wishing he'd taken just one bite before answering the phone...

...or, maybe, that he'd eaten the meal in leisure and ignored the phone completely. From outside came a crackling sound, followed by an amplified voice.

"Hey, Zwicky."

A younger voice, full of an odd anticipation, came in amplified response. *"Yeah, Sarge?" "I bet whoever's in that house is completely unarmed."*

'That's a bet you'd lose...' Kyle thought to himself, wondering what the hell they were up to. Taking a deep breath, he slipped from the shadow...

...and stopped dead, staring at his empty hand in shock and confusion. One instant, he'd been gripping the .45, checkered grip tight in a sweaty palm. The next... he was empty handed. A quick check revealed that it wasn't in its holster - or maybe it was. Because that holster was no longer strapped in place on Kyle's shoulder.

What the *hell*?

Suddenly, Kyle realized that he'd come to a dead stop in the center of the room, and was probably visible to anyone with a fairly good optics device...

...like a sniper-scope.

Quickly, he ducked into another shadow, mind spinning as he tried to deal with the impossible disappearance of his weapon. "*Zwicky!*"

"Yo."

"I bet he'd also bare-foot."

Ignoring the amplified - and surrealistic - conversation going on outside, Kyle darted from the room...

...the floor cold against his bare feet.

"What the...?" Kyle said, huddling next to an end-table in the living room, stunned. Somehow... whatever the men outside said was right - even if it hadn't been a second before.

The phone next to Kyle rang, and he fell over as his heart accelerated rapidly. Sudden, loud noises in this situation were not good. "*Mr. Forlander, sir?*" The amplified voice of 'Sarge' said. "*I suggest you answer it.*"

Heart pounding, Kyle wondered if this was a diversionary tactic...

Then again - did it matter. Hesitantly, he reached out and picked up the phone, staying silent.

"*Mr. Forlander?*" The voice was smooth, polite, deep - with a rough-edged undertone to it, not exactly threatening, but giving the sense that the voice - and the person who owned it - *could* be threatening, if he wanted to.

"Yeah?" Kyle answered, hesitantly.

"Welcome to your brother's masterpiece, Mr. Forlander." The voice said, a faint undercurrent of humor coming through. "Welcome to Project Schrodinger."

The name rang something in the back of Kyle's head....

"Schrodinger's Cat!" He said, stunned realization slamming into him.

"Very good, Mr. Forlander." The voice replied. "I believe you understand your situation very clearly now."

Schrodinger's cat - shorthand for a theory in quantum mechanics, based on an amazing and confusing premise. The theory was simple

- if you put a cat into a box with a time-delayed vial of something that may or may not be poison, then the cat wasn't either dead or alive at any given time, until the box was opened and the cat's status was observed. In short, in the theories of

Quantum Mechanics, nothing was real, but was simply a set of probabilities that were determined by the observer's act of observing.

"You see, Mr. Forlander." The voice said at the other end. "When we tracked your call, we decided it was time to 'field test' your brother's work. So we used a satellite to bounce what your brother has called the 'Probability Disruption Field effect' onto your house and surrounding area, soaking you in it. Until the field dissipates, you - and anything that you are touching - can be... 'influenced' by the beliefs of people around you." The voice chuckled. "So, you can see - there is no escaping."

Kyle might not be the scientific genius his brother was - but he was pretty bright. His eyes narrowed. "Wait a second... if that was a complete explanation, that why do I remember having a gun, putting on my boots? Shouldn't my memory have altered as well, to match the 'revised history' of the new probability?"

"I'm very impressed." The voice said. "And you're right - except that anybody currently within a PDF effect is immune to memory loss. We're not quite sure why, but it seems to be related to the frequency of the field itself. However - anybody outside the field will have their memories affected to match the new status of anyone effected. In theory, history rewrites itself completely to match the new status of anybody affected."

The voice at the other end was obviously trying to overwhelm Kyle with the power of the new 'weapon' at his disposal - and in part, it was working. But he'd also let something slip...

When knowledge was power, losing all knowledge of the 'original' configuration of the world would be intolerable to an organization. No

- they'd have to retain their original memories, while they could 'fill in' the new information by checking the instantly altered records and histories. So...

So - the man he was speaking with must also be within a PDF effect, immune from any memory changes. But that would be 'dangerous' if anyone's whims or thoughts could change him.

Unless, of course, the weapon had a 'safety'.

Schrodinger's cat was neither dead nor alive until observed - and the changes Kyle had experienced had only happened once he'd left the concealment of the shadows and become visible.

'Beware the dark', Chris had said - and now Kyle understood.

"Well - nice talking to you, but I've got places to go, people to see." Kyle said, flippantly. Hanging up the phone on the unknown man, Kyle stood and raced towards the basement... avoiding the shadows and remaining in the open.

Outside, the sound of running sounded... and Kyle winced and hunched over as a stream of bullets slammed through the window of the living room, chewing up the wall behind him.

Then he threw open the heavy metal fire-door to the basement and slipped through, slamming it behind him and locking it from the inside, buying himself a few minutes.

Fumbling, his hand finally hit the large 6V lantern on the wall and he flicked it on, flooding the stairwell with its light. Quickly, he rushed down the stairs and into the basement proper, searching frantically through the boxes there...

..and finally finding an old pair of sneakers, sans laces. He quickly pulled them onto his feet, then made his way to the back of the basement as, at the top of the stairs, a pounding began on the metal fire door.

Hands shaking with urgency, he unbolted the odd, round door at the back wall of the basement. Pulling it open, he exposed a six-foot- round opening that lead off to inky darkness. Stepping through, he pulled the door shut behind him and threw the bolts - the took off at a dead run, chasing the glow of the lantern ahead of him.

Despite how it might appear, there was nothing inherently Machevellian about the tunnel. Since he traveled so much, he'd designed his house to be as perfect as possible for his lifestyle. In the winter, it some times took a day or two after his return to get somebody to plow his long, winding driveway, and he'd had the tunnel installed to get him to a 'guard booth' at the very end of the driveway, where he could grab his mail or meet a cab while his driveway was inaccessible.

Now, he blessed its presence, counting on it to get him outside any perimeter the soldiers might have formed. He was about half-way along the tunnel when the lantern began to flicker and die.

"No..." Kyle urged the inanimate object. "Come on... just a little longer..."

The lantern - with its aging battery - ignored his plea, and faded into darkness. "Dammit!" Kyle swore. "You work, damn you!"

The flashlight flared back to life, bright and clear - and Kyle almost took a header.

Stunned on two accounts, he aimed the beam of the inexplicable functioning flashlight at his feet...

..and gaped.

Because they weren't his feet. They were slender, small, dainty feet. Feminine feet - a conclusion heightened by the shoes he was now wearing.

Black platform soles, two inches high. Slender heels, rising a good five, five and a half inches - maybe six. Hot-pink patent leather uppers, which were really a series of straps. A broad strap that ran over the top of each foot, leaving dainty toes bare. A second strap that went behind his altered heel, then rose up and crossed twice over slender, feminine ankles, before being held in place by little silver buckles.

"God damn!" Kyle swore in understanding as he struggled to maintain his balance. He himself had inadvertently brought the lantern to life by altering the probability of it - but, to slow him down, somebody else had altered probability to give him tiny feet perched on high heels.

Kyle wasn't sure whether or not that was better then if they'd had his feet become encased in concrete blocks.

Kyle was just about to sit down and unbuckle the shoes to take them off when he heard the sound of somebody working the bolts on the door at the end of the tunnel. Cursing, Kyle continued forward, balancing as best he could and using a hand on the curved wall of the tunnel for support as his new heels clicked and clattered on the concrete flooring.

Whoever had done this to him had been smart enough to specify the shoes would take time to remove.

Just as the door at the other end of the tunnel began to open, Kyle reached the stairs leading up to the booth at the end of the driveway.

Grimacing, Kyle balanced on the platform soles of the shoes as he hurried up the stairs as best he could, hand gripping the railing tightly.

Behind him came the clattering of booted feet running down the tunnel.

Frantic, Kyle struggled with keeping his balance as he burst out of the guard's shack...

...and nearly slammed into the side of a slow-moving semi negotiating the curve where his driveway exited. At the bottom of a hill and surrounded by trees, the curve forced trucks to slow to a crawl around the curve before being able to accelerate on the straight away.

Without a second thought, Kyle acted on instinct. Even as he was falling from the sudden stop - which had destroyed what little balance he had - he was tossing aside the lantern and reaching out with both hands...

...and catching hold of the empty metal frame for holding a spare tire that was attached to the bottom of the trailer. Unaware, the driver of the rig began to accelerate as the truck pulled onto the straight portion of the road.

Hauling himself up, Kyle curled himself up in the space, gripping onto the cool, dirty metal of the frame as the truck accelerated and rolled over pavement only a foot or so below his unstable perch.

A moment later, soldiers burst from the booth at the end of the driveway and looked around in frustration.

* * * * *

"Hey... get a load of this..." Don nudged his younger brother, Matt, as they began passing down the side of the rig that was 'hogging' the road.

Matt's eyes followed his brother's finger... and he watched, incredulous, as a pair of feet came into view from the edge of the trailer as somebody stretched to relax muscles cramped from the position the owner must be in.

Feet clad in pink-and-black high-heels.

Then they vanished as their owner once more coiled up in the small space, invisible in the darkness under the trailer. "Geez..." Matt murmured.

Pulling even with the cab, Don began to honk the horn on his Pony, trying to get the driver's attention.

The driver - tired from a long haul and nearing the point when the law said he'd have to rest - wasn't in the best of moods. He hated the secondary highways, so dark and narrow - with a full supply of morons like the two kids in the car that had been honking at him to get out of the way, then finally came up the shoulder to swing past him. Now they were hovering even with his cab, and honking at him.

Annoyed, he blew a long blast at them in reply... then slowly began to nudge to the right...

"Shit!" Don swore, accelerating to get out of the shadow of the looming rig. Looking back, he saw the driver giving him the finger. "Asshole!" Matt said. "You're not going to give up, are you?"

"Nope... If nothing else, I want to meet his mystery passenger." Don said with a tight grin, refusing to lose his cool in front of his younger brother, who practically idolized him. He began to slow the tiny vehicle, watching carefully in the mirrors as he kept the car dead in front of the rig's long, looming snout - forcing the driver to slow as well, cursing and blasting his horn.

To hide his nervousness at playing chicken with a big-rig, Don continued to banter with his brother, voice tight with tension as he concentrated. "Yeah.. I bet she's got great legs that go all the way up to there, and..."

* * * * *

Hearing the honking and the truck's bellowing reply, Kyle tensed, his body stiff and cramped from more than an hour in the tight, unstable perch...

...then felt the vehicle begin to slow.

It seemed to take forever, but the rig - brakes hissing - pulled to a complete stop, and Kyle knew that this was his chance. Forcing his stiffened body to move, he slid from the shadow of the truck...

...and gasped as he felt his body begin to writhe and change...

* * * * *

"What the hell is your major..." Larry, the trucker, yelled furiously as he climbed down from the rig and began to approach the slender young man who slipped from the driver's side of the tiny compact car.

"You've got a stowaway!" Don explained, hastily, pointing to the other side of the truck. "Some woman's hiding on a rack-thing beneath you trailer!"

"What!" Larry said, stunned. With Don following, he hurried around the front of his rig...

..and stopped dead, staring at the person facing away from them.

She was balancing unsteadily on a pair of high heels, the muscles of her long, sexy legs flexing under the black nylon that covered them. A short, hot-pink skirt enclosed her womanly hips and mind-boggling ass, leaving a smooth expanse of her back bare showing in the two-inch gap between the skirt and the shorty black T-shirt she wore, her mane of thick, golden-blond hair falling in waves down that slender back.

She seemed to be staring down at herself, her hands sliding over her body. "Hey!" Larry shouted, stepping forward...

Startled, she glanced for an instant over one shoulder, leaving Larry with an impression of huge, blue eyes, pert nose and full, gloss- pink lips...

...then she took off in an unsteady runny, her long legs carrying her towards the woods that lined the road.

"Hey!" Larry shouted, starting forward... but she'd already vanished into the woods, and Larry couldn't take the time to chase her down.

Turning, he shook his head. "Goddamn. A stowaway. I'm sorry for yellin' atchya kid - thanks for pullin' me over. If she'd fallen outta the tire well..." Larry shuddered at the image, and Don grimaced.

What a horrible fate that would have been for such a shapely young woman...

* * * * *

What a horrible fate - to be turned into a shapely young woman....

Kyle shuddered at the thought of his altered body, leaning against the tree for emotionally as well as physical support as he...

...she...

...tried to cope with the realization of what had happened. She wasn't sure of the exact scenario, but somebody had said or thought something about 'her' while she was in the darkness of the trailer, and stepping into the dim light available had brought it to reality, altering not just his body - but history.

As far as the world was concerned, this was how she'd always been. Perhaps even the soldiers that had chased her now remembered chasing after the body she now wore. The only people in the entire world that Kyle was sure remembered her the way she really was, was herself...

...and her unknown adversary, the man she'd talked to on the phone.

Shaped by the words of a twenty-one year old catering to the imagination of his eighteen-year-old brother, Kyle had become a living stereotype of a fantasy woman. Long blonde hair surrounding a face that looked as if it had never had an original thought in it's life - and if many of the unoriginal thoughts had been about sex. Her body was almost too perfect to be real, from the long, sexy legs to the tiny waist, all in the shadow of the massive, impossibly firm tits that trained the three-quarter-length T-shirt she wore. The one with the glittering silver letters that spelled 'Girlie!', surrounded by star-bursts of the same metallic glitter.

Also, somewhere Kyle had lost a good decade of age, at least, now somewhere in her early twenties, with soft, smooth skin that was a fantasy vision of smooth - lacking any body hair of any kind, even the fine, soft hair of a 'real' woman.

Of the intelligent, able and somewhat famous reporter she'd once been, there was no trace.

Shaking with the force of what had been done to her - the very alteration of every fiber of her being - Kyle pushed away from the tree and carefully headed back to the road, keeping an eye peeled to make sure that the trucker had left, while struggling to maintain her balance in the high heels. Reaching the side of the road, she found that the 'coast was clear', as the old saying went. Choosing to continue away from her home, Kyle started walking along the side of the road, feeling the unusual and awkward movements of her reshaped body.

Her legs themselves felt weird, and it wasn't just because they were perched atop high heels. Part of it was the fact that they were proportionally longer compared to the rest of her. Also, her ass was fuller and her hips wider, imparting a strange little 'twist-swivel' motion to her stride.

Then of course, there was her huge new bust. The size of basket-balls, they were amazingly firm and round, and encased in - in Don's words - 'an over-the-shoulder-boulder-holder' made of black cotton with lace trim. Despite that, they had an annoying tendency to bounce and jiggle with every wobbling, unsteady step she took, forcing her to move her hips a bit more to compensate for the movement. She wondered how a 'real' woman dealt with the movements of the body and made it look so easy...

...then found out.

The world seemed to waver around her, actually rippling, as if it were a canvas that was being shaken - then it snapped back into total clarity...

...and her walk smoothed out, becoming a supple, smooth, sexy stride with her chest pushed up and out in apparent pride.

Kyle stopped dead in shock, wondering what the hell had just happened. Along with her sudden - and help-less - switch to sexy, female motions, a small back-pack-like purse had appeared over her shoulder. Unslinging it, Kyle opened it...

Make-up. Keys. Some money... and ID.

For 'Kayla Finch', aged 22, of Freeport, Illinois. The photo showed her new, vapid looking face verifying that this was her new identity. For a second, Kyle... Kayla... didn't get it.

Then it hit home. She'd just seen the effects of the PDF effect from an outside perspective. If she still hadn't been under the influence of her own field, her memories would have altered to match her new identity and life - but because the effect was slowly fading from her body, she'd been caught by the side-effects, giving her the sexy walk that was Kayla's. She was sure there were probably also a few new wrinkles that managed to slip through the weakened field that held her, but she hadn't had a chance to see them yet.

However, her mind wasn't on what might have been done to her - it was on the realization of what this meant.

In attempt to 'clean up' the problem, his unnamed nemesis must have used the effect on Chris - and said that Chris was an only child. History had altered to make it so - and so Kyle became Kayla, a person with her own life and completely unrelated to Chris.

A cold chill went through Kayla at the realization of the fate she'd so narrowly escaped. Being a woman was a horrible fate, as far as she was concerned, but it wasn't a fate worse than death.

What they'd planned for her, however, would have been. The universe had taken the 'path of least resistance' in matching the new history. Since her new form was so dissimilar from Chris' lineage, she'd just been given a new identity to match. But if she'd physically been Chris' brother, still, then the effect would have been different.

'Kyle' wouldn't have died - he would have been edited out of history, never to have existed. Which, in fact, was more or less what had happened - but, in this scenario, at least his consciousness lived on, even if it was in the body of 'Kayla Finch'.

Only now did the true, awesome power of the weapon her adversary held become clear to Kayla - and she was stunned to find that her new body and identity were a pale torture compared to what could have been done - which was, quite literally, anything. Despite being shamed, disgusted and horrified by her sudden 'demotion' to womanhood, she was still healthy and - being younger - could be considered in a slightly better situation.

But what if the adversary had altered the probabilities so that Chris' brother was dumb, deaf, blind and quadriplegic? Or suffering a slow, intensely painful disease? There were millions of other, worse scenarios that Kayla could imagine, and she shuddered at them all - but especially at the thought of just being 'edited' out of existence, not only her future life ended, but her past life and work removed and erased. While part of that *had* happened, at least there was the future - and thus, hope, thin as it might be.

Hope and despair, anger and shame, rage and fear whirled in the new woman's mind in perfect balance, and she was momentarily lost, not knowing what to do. Then she forced herself to push the more distant future aside and focus on what to do right now - and the answer for that was fairly easy.

She needed a place to stay - and, according to 'her' ID, she had a home, which was merely an address to her right now. Sighing, she started walking again, finding it easier to walk now that her body 'remembered' how she 'always' walked - but that hardly raised her spirits. The ability to walk and move like a woman wasn't quite something she was ready to be proud about, no matter how useful it might be in the current situation.

* * * * *

The weirdest thing was...

...things looked familiar.

Walking through Freeport, her feet aching, the straps of her bra digging into her shoulders, mind awash with the situation she was in and the ramifications of it all, Kayla still couldn't help but notice the strange feeling of Deja Vu that would creep over her - more and more often as she neared 'her' place. Thanks to the weakening effect on her, and the 'bleed through' of altered history, she had a sort of double vision, Clear and strong was her view through the eyes and memories of 'Kyle', who had passed through Freeport, done shopping there - but didn't know it. The weaker vision was from 'Kayla', who lived there and knew things no casual visitor would.

Even as she passed a diner on a street corner, she had a sudden conviction - completely unsupported by anything 'Kyle' knew - that they had the best fries anywhere. Although Kayla couldn't bring up a clear memory of having eaten there, or under which circumstances, she just knew that she had, and must have loved the fries.

It was... weird.

Finally, Kayla reached the building that her ID designated as home, and she looked at the building with that odd doubled vision - it was at once both unfamiliar and yet so tantalizingly familiar. Entering the building, she didn't need to watch for apartment numbers or figure out where she lived - though, to her 'memory', this was the first time she'd been there, her body seemed to know the way and, out of long 'habit' led itself up two flights of stairs, through a fire door, and three doors down and on the right, her hand even retrieving her keys without an explicit command from her mind.

It was unnerving.

Unlocking the door, she stepped into the apartment and swung the door shut behind her, dropping her purse and keys on a table just inside the door - again with a feeling of long habit - while she looked around in interest at where 'she' lived...

The door behind her rattled, and she whirled and stepped back as the door swung open, revealing a well-built young man with a shock of dark hair and expressive features.

His eyes locked on hers as he stepped inside, his face registering surprise and relief. "Kayla! Thank God!" He said, stepping forward, arms extended....

Kayla had no idea what she was going to do until she was doing it - stepping into his embrace, wrapping her arms around his broad shoulders, and kissing him passionately, pressing her incredibly endowed figure against his firm, delightfully masculine body...

With a gasp, Kayla yanked herself away from the man. Stunned, she realized that what had happened was an action of her 'Kayla' bleed-through - but that didn't stop the feeling of shame at the eager way she'd thrown herself into the kiss with....

John. She was absolutely positive his name was John, though she had no memories to support ever meeting him.

"Kayla?" John asked, confused at her actions. "Are you okay? What's going on - where were you?" "I, uh..." Kayla stammered, blushing furiously...

Then, suddenly, she was absolutely sure where 'Kayla' had been.

"The car broke down." She said, somewhat hesitantly. "I had to walk home."

"Damn - I knew we should have gotten rid of the clunker and got a new car!" John berated himself angrily, closing the door behind him with more force than was necessary. Then he turned back to her, a quizzical look on his face. "Why didn't you call me, honey? I would have had Lou come pick you up."

'Because I don't know my own phone number' wasn't what she replied. Instead, she winged it.

"There was no phone nearby.. and by the time I got near one, you must have gone out looking for me, so I came straight home." "Baby, I was so worried about you. You've been out all night..." He shook his head. "You must be exhausted."

"Yeah." Kayla said. "I.. I just want to get some sleep." "You sure?" He asked. "You must be starved." "Well... yeah..." She admitted.

"Why don't you climb into a nice warm tub and I'll bring you something to eat?" He asked - and it sounded almost sinfully good to Kayla, who ached in body parts she hadn't even had twelve hours ago.

While John headed for the kitchen, Kayla headed for the bathroom - and looked down at her hand and wasn't terribly surprised to find that she hadn't noticed the wedding ring on her finger.

After a warm bath and a quick meal, she headed for the bedroom - with John right behind her. She was glad the light was off in the bedroom, as she didn't know how to explain the bright flush she was wearing, and she had to fight the urge to make some sort of excuse to send him out to the couch - that would only cause problems she didn't have the energy to face, instead, she climbed into the bed, instinctively knowing which side was hers, while John climbed in the other side...

...and reached for her...

"What's wrong, honey?" John asked as she stiffened and inched back from his touch. Concern and confusion was rampant in his voice, and Kayla couldn't help but feel bad about treating an obviously loving husband this way - but what else was she going to do? Tell him that she was a man until a few hours ago.

"I'm just tired, stiff and sore." She said.

"Of course - I'm sorry honey. I should have known better."

Repressing a sigh of relief, she rolled over and pulled the blankets around her shoulder, feeling incredibly weird about being in bed with 'another' man.

The definitely new sensation of her breasts pressed against the mattress wasn't exactly reassuring, either...

* * * * *

Kayla awoke to a fantastic feeling...

Blinking drowsily, she looked down to find John fondling and massaging her huge, firm tits, his tongue and lips teasing her swollen, erect nipples.

Moaning softly and sleepily, she let her head loll back a sleepy, dreamy grin on her lips - nobody could play with her tits like John. "Mmmmm.... baby..." She moaned sleepily, as she felt John shift in preparation for a semi-regular ritual for 'waking her the right way'. With a hiss of drawn in breath, she felt him slide his hard, ready cock deep into her sopping wet cunt...

...and she came fully awake as the pleasure of his first thrust ran through her body - and she realized what was going on.

"Oh God!" She said in horrified realization - but John mistook it for a shout of passion as he began to fuck her with a strong yet gentle rhythm, his cock driving in and out of her and creating an incredibly erotic friction that caused intense pleasure...

...that was totally unwanted by the transformed man.

"...don't..." She gasped, her voice hoarse in unwilling pleasure as the disgustingly wonderful sensation of her first sexual experience as a woman thundered through her. She moaned helplessly in the grip of the passion and ecstasy that she was feeling. "...stop..."

Again, John misunderstood, taking it for her 'don't stop, harder' request - and he complied.

Kayla helplessly cried out as the pleasure doubled and redoubled, panting as her body began to respond though it's sexual habits, and she was helpless to stop her 'well trained' body as it enthusiastically joined in on the fun.

Then she screamed in mixed pleasure and disgust as her body shuddered under the onslaught of her first female orgasm, and he came deep into her cunt before collapsing before her panting body.

As the orgasm subsided, she regained control of her self - and she rode and fled into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her and crouching, bent double, on the toilet, disgusted by how much she'd enjoyed the sex and the way 'Kayla' seemed to enjoy it even more. Memories that were both hers and not hers swam through her head, informing her that she'd done this many times before, that she enjoyed doing it, that she was a very willing participant who enjoyed all sorts of sexual acts with John...

John had been knocking on the door, asking what was wrong in a worried voice. Now, using a straightened coat-hanger, he popped the privacy lock on the door and opened it.

"Kayla, baby - what's wrong?" He asked, stunned as his wife recoiled back from him.

Then, in the midst of the emotional pain and confusion she was feeling, Kayla found a plan form in an instant, full-formed and perfect.

"I... I was raped last night..." She sobbed convincingly, collapsing into his arms - but her stiffness at his touch and her reaction to sex were suddenly 'understandable' to her husband.

"What...?" He said, horrified and enraged. "Who!"

"I.. I never really saw him." She sobbed. "I just heard his voice - a deep, kind of gravelly voice - and saw a security badge on his jacket. I couldn't make out the picture or name... but he works at Argonne National Laboratory..."

* * * * *

John Finch was not going to take no for an answer.

"I demand to see the director of this facility and I want to see him right now!" John said, jamming his face into the guard's, his arm still clasping Kayla's tightly. "If I can't see him now, with my wife, I'll come back in an hour with the police!"

The guard's partner was rather nervously fingering his holstered sidearm, but the guard - seeing in John's eyes that he wasn't bluffing - stepped back from the coldly enraged man and nodded. "Hold on just a second...sir."

The ingrained honorific obviously took something out of the guard to say - and also revealed the fact that, despite his civilian uniform, he was most probably military. In the US Army, they taught you to 'sir' a civilian as if he were a General.

Twenty minutes later, they were being led towards the office of Director of Operations, William C. Mackenzie, Kayla with her heart in her throat and John with a scowl on his face.

The guard escorting them opened the door, and announced them as 'Mr. and Mrs. Finch', then let them in and closed the door behind them.

The man behind the desk hardly looked like the man to be running a scientific research facility - although short, he was broad shouldered with a gleaming bald head and dark, watchful eyes that looked them over with wary interest.

"Can I help you?" He asked calmly. "I understand you demanded to see me."

His voice was smooth, polite, deep - with a rough-edged undertone to it, not exactly threatening, but giving the sense that the voice - and the person who owned it - *could* be threatening, if he wanted to.

Bingo.

And the beautiful thing was - Mackenzie had no idea he was facing somebody who knew his secret. He thought he'd erased her off the face of the earth, when, in fact, he'd actually provided her with the perfect 'cover'.

"That's him!" Kayla said, with a simulated horrified gasp, pointing at Mackenzie... John's response was predictable.

"You slimy little..." He snarled, reached out, and hauled the unsuspecting man out of his chair and over the desk.

They were of about even muscle mass, but John was taller and had the element of surprise on his side. He managed to haul Mackenzie completely over the desk and start shaking him like a rag-doll before the startled man could have hit an alarm button.

Kayla quickly ran around the desk, not sure what she was searching for, exactly, but hoping she'd recognize it when she saw it.

Mackenzie wouldn't risk 'random' problems while anyone else was in the office. The whole 'announcing' visitors was really to give him time to shut off the constant field that kept him immune to memory changes. So - there must be an on-off switch somewhere here...

She found it, on a small access panel near the kneehole of the desk. He must also have another one - or a satellite bounce-back at home, and this one had a key to lock it out when he was out of the office. However, taken by surprise, he hadn't had a chance to remove the key, and it gleamed from the slot in which it rested.

She also found something else, however, hidden in the knee-hole of the desk... and she grinned wickedly. "John!" Kayla shouted. "This phone doesn't work!"

Then she drew the .357 Magnum Bulldog with its long, thick silencer from its clip-sheath and leveled it at the two suddenly very still men.

"I'll hold him here - you go call the police. And close the door so he can't make a break for it!" Kayla shouted. "Kayla.."

"Go!"

John went - and as soon as he was out the door, she switched the field on with her knee, her two-handed grip on the gun keeping the angry, tense man from guessing what she'd done. He still had no idea who he was dealing with, and as she slowly came around the desk and edged for the door, gun leveled unwaveringly, he proved it by speaking.

"Look, I don't know who you are or what you think I've done..." He started, sure that he'd be able to walk away from this one safely.

"Oh, it's not what I think you've done." Kayla said, reaching behind her to lock the door. The light switch was only inches away - but she'd bet anything that, for safety reasons, the switch also controlled the effect so an accident wouldn't leave him vulnerable.

She, however, wasn't an accident.

Then she raised the gun and - before he could react - blew out the light in his interior office, dropping them into pitch black.

"I bet you couldn't say a word to anyone, in any way, about Project Schrodinger." She said loudly into the darkness - and she heard him gasp.

"How..." A short, angry silence - "Forlander!" "Yup - and I bet..."

He hit her hard, trying for the door - but she was ready for the movement and accepted the impact, despite the pain - then clubbed downward with the butt of the pistol. She missed his head, but the impact on his shoulder was enough, and she spun him as he pulled away, disorientating him.

"Nice body." He said, calculatingly. "I bet that you're a super horny little slut, right?"

Ouch. This combined verbal and physical battle was a two-sided sword, and Kayla knew it - and she was at a disadvantage on both sides. She'd have to act fast, and hope...

"Yeah, well I'll bet..."

* * * * *

The female secretary outside the office was more than she appeared to be. Despite being shorter and slimmer than John, she was a trained fighter, and they'd only managed a stand-off - which had been enough for reinforcement to arrive in a few minutes, alerted by other workers. Now, two guards held a bruised and bleeding John as one of the guards began bashing on the door with increasing intensity.

"Get him out of here!" He ordered, shooting an angry look at John - then he turned and, bracing himself, slammed against the locked door.

As the other guards began to lead him away, John watched helplessly as the man hit it again, this time popping it open and letting fluorescent light stream into the room.

They were unable to notice as the world suddenly wavered, then...

* * * * *

"mmm-MMMf-mmmummm"

"Don't.. talk.. with.. your mouth.. full.." John gasped in pleasure.

Kayla fell silent, except for the slurping noises she made as she sucked vigorously - one could almost say hungrily - on her husband's cock, her hands, lips, and tongue moving with incredible skill as she brought him towards a raging climax, having teased him to the edge and back until he could no longer hold on.

With a muffled moan, John let go, filling her mouth with a full load of warm, salty cum that she gulped down greedily. Licking him clean, she let him soften before 'zipping him up'.

"God..." John breathed, sighing. "That - as usual - was absolutely incredible. "I bet it was, honey." Kayla said in her high-pitched voice - and giggled.

She giggled a lot. Just slightly more than she sucked and fucked her husband - but then again, what could you expect from somebody that had once - rather devastatingly - been described as having 'a chemical imbalance that makes her a cum-craving, cock-sucking, fuck-crazed nymphomaniac'?

A statement that - very shortly thereafter - had been nothing but the truth.

Her full, red lips seemingly locked in a permanent smile, Kayla slowly rose to her feet, her massive tits jiggling and swaying in the skimpy bra she wore. The massive undergarment did little to support her basket-ball-sized globes of tit-flesh - but it wasn't necessary, as her massive tits were almost inhumanly firm, despite their size. No, she wore the bra because of the way it felt on her incredibly large, unbelievably sensitive nipples.

With another giggle, she slipped her arm around her husband's waist and they headed towards the pool just off the back of the house. Despite the (custom made) three-inch platform shoes with the ten-inch stiletto heels she wore, her tiny, slender frame was still dwarfed by her husband's bulk, and the size difference made him - and his average-sized endowment - seem absolutely huge.

The trailing ends of her massive mane of curly, platinum-blond hair swayed across the skintight red latex pants that enclosed her spectacular ass as he walked arm-in-arm with her husband, already feeling the helpless, insatiable desire for any

kind of sex at all rising in her, hidden behind a face that couldn't ever display any emotions but cheerful - and practically mindless - ones.

Having been trapped in this tiny, huge-breasted, sex-crazed body for over a month, Kayla was just getting used to her body's demands for sex. That didn't mean she was completely comfortable with it - not by a long shot - but the fact that her body created intense physical pleasure during any sexual act (including cock-sucking) went a long way towards easing the emotional pain, even if it didn't obscure it completely.

"Hey, Chris." Kayla giggled at her brother, who was reclining on a lounge chair beside the pool, soaking up the rays.

"hey, Sis." Chris replied with an easy grin for his only sibling. "Hey, John - guess I don't have to ask 'how's it hanging', huh?"

His brother-in-law laughed at the running joke - Kayla was so utterly insatiable that he was always hanging 'limp and satisfied' - because, as soon as he was able to get it up again, she'd 'relieve' him of the pressure.

Chris could joke about it easily - because John wasn't the only utterly satisfied man in the house.

Kayla turned as the door opened again, and Billi came out, carrying a ice-bucket full of beers. As usual, the tiny Amazon was grinning, despite her somewhat wry personality.

"Hey, ugly..." She said to Chris, handing him a beer. "...why am I always the one to do the run and carry?" "Because you leave me to drained to do the heavy work." Chris grinned at her.

As always, at the slightest hint of sexual talk, she blushed slightly, looked away.. then almost unwillingly slid her eyes to her fiancée's crotch, longingly.

"Speaking of which..." She said, with her usual hesitancy, shifting awkwardly from one incredibly high-heel to the other.

Other than the fact that she was more muscular - in a sexy, feminine way - and slightly less endowed, Billi was awfully similar in body to Kayla, although her facial features differed, as did her personality.

Her cravings for sex, however, were identical.. even if she didn't seem as 'comfortable' satisfying them as Kayla was.

Chris, however, didn't have any problems with that. Taking a long drag of his beer, he lay it aside and rose. Taking his intended's hand, he smiled at the other couple, then started towards the bedroom.

Billi looked back over her shoulder at Kayla. "Thanks, girlfriend." She said, her new nature hiding most of the venom in the comment.

"She keeps saying that..." John said, broaching the subject that had been nagging him more and more ever since Kayla had introduced her remarkably similar friend to her brother. "Why is that?"

"Oh, it just has to do with something I said once..." Kayla said, real humor shading her permanently cheerful features.

As John lay on the vacated lounge and Kayla lay on top of him so he could fondle her bra-clad tits between sips of beer, she still had to laugh internally at her 'childish' stroke of genius back in the office.

After all, the other person didn't have to hear the defining words for them to have an effect, as she knew all so well...

..so, the phrase had been the most utterly perfect revenge she could have ever devised for the man responsible for what she'd become. "Yeah.. well so are you..." She said softly, with a giggle.

"What was that, baby?" John asked, confused.

"Oh, nothing." Kayla said, giving him a kiss and relaxing in his arms.

After all, with a certain man 'edited' out of history, Chris Forlander had worked in the commercial sector and made a fortune, allowing him and his sister - and now, their 'significant others' - to live in the lap of luxury....

As always, the thought of 'lap' turned her mind in another direction, and she found herself slowly grinding her full, womanly hips against John, to see if he was 'ready' yet....

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out: At one stride comes the dark.

-S. T. Coleridge, The Ancient Mariner



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A male chauvinistic CEO is forced to either give up his company, or allow himself to be transformed into a woman; choosing the later, he discovers he likes it.

Comeuppance

By Gunslinger

"What the hell is this?"

Darien Cross looked at the form in his hand with anger. The handsome young CEO, looked up at the smirking lawyer across the desk, and his tanned, strong face darkened with anger beneath his fair hair.

"That..." Lindsay McNair said, smirking. "Is going to put you out of business for good."

Darien glared at the dark-haired lawyer. "I'm the head of a Fortune 500 company, one of the richest men in America, and a prominent business man. Do you really think I'll be removed so easily?"

Lindsay smiled. "Yes - you also happen to be sexist, chauvinistic and ,as Judge Wilma Tomason noted 'unrepentant'."

"I didn't do anything wrong." Darien said angrily. "It's you... feminists, jumping on any member of the male gender as if we're the root of all evil in the world."

"Oh, really?" Lindsay retorted. "Although I was more than happy to prosecute you, it was five of your female employees who brought the charges of sexual harassment, gender discrimination and unfair hiring practices."

Darien's eyes narrowed. "Yeah. All I did was ask that the women wear makeup and acceptable work attire - and ask them out for business lunches, the same as my male employees. There was no sexual harassment."

"Judge Tomason thought differently."

Darien looked down at the paper again. "Perhaps - but this says I have an option - rather than lose my position, I could undergo this... what is Article Two-seventy-one, anyway?"

Lindsay laughed. "Nope - you're out of business. That is a new wrinkle in the law, looking for it's first test subject. Gender Appreciation and Sensitivity Program. Some whiz-kids in a lab figured out a way to make men look convincingly female, then turn them back. You'd have to agree to be turned into a woman, and stay a woman until you meet all the conditions of the 'parole'. You don't meet them, you don't get to be male again."

It was probably Lindsay's smug expression, even more so than the loss of his vast fortune, that prompted his next words. "Oh, so you don't think I'd take it? I'll tell you something, Miz McNair - if women can take being woman, then I can handle it. I might just take this Program."

Lindsay laughed. "Yeah, right. Even if you were serious - which you aren't, you can't even bear the thought of being a 'pathetic little woman' - you'd wimp out at the last moment and lose you company and dignity."

Angrily, Darien glared at Lindsay. "We'll see about that - now get the hell out of my office, Miz McNair." Lindsay rose and headed for the door, throwing a parting shot over her shoulder.

"It's only your office for another seven days - then somebody else gets this place, and you end up flipping burgers for minimum wage."

The heavy mahogany door swung shut, leaving Darien fuming silently.

Looking down at the paper in his hand, he reached for the phone. He, truthfully, didn't sexually harass his female employees, and his only fault in that direction was his 'archaic' tendencies towards such things as holding doors open for women, or requiring them to wear appropriate make-up during business hours. But the fact that his top executives were all male - hired solely on their resumes, not genders - the feminist lobby had it out for him.

So, as he dialed the phone, he did something he didn't usually do - he said, aloud, a word he usually only thought, and that infrequently.

"I'll show that bitch a thing or two..."

* * * * *

"So, the upshot of this all is - you'll look, and even feel to yourself and everyone else, completely and utterly female. Of course, a medical examine would find the differences, and you won't menstruate or be fertile. But otherwise, you'll be a completely believable female." Dr. Harding paused, ribbing his bald pate. "Assuming, of course, that you go through with it."

"Assuming?" Darien asked, sitting across from the doctor. He was dressed in an expensive, sober suit, and was doing a marvelous job hiding his uneasiness being here.

The doctor sighed, and slid a piece of paper across the desk to Darien. "These would be the requirements you'd have to meet while being female."

Darien looked at it, hiding his distaste. Dressing only in clothes that the manufacturer designated as being female.... Using only feminine products... Required to wear make-up and feminine hairstyle appropriate for the situation... all of this seemed rather unpleasant, but made sense in light of...

Darien screeched to a halt near the bottom of the list. "Go on 'social interactions' with males? Have some form of sexual intercourse, at least three times?"

The doctor sighed. "Ah, yes. It's part of the package. That's why I said 'if' - Ms. McNair told me that when you saw that, you'd back out."

Suddenly, Darien saw red. That damned bitch was driving him crazy. Getting him in trouble, doubting his courage and convictions...

"Oh? What else did MIZ McNair say?" Darien asked in a low, frighteningly even voice.

The doctor blinked. "Oh, not much else. Just that if, by some remote, unimaginable chance, you DID agree with it, you'd take the least feminine body available, and would be painfully obvious during your 'parole', completely unable to blend in or act natural."

Darien's blood thundered through his veins and red spots of rage danced before his eyes. "Really? Well, perhaps she doesn't know me as well as she thinks..."

* * * * *

Lindsey walked through the doors of the medical center with the oddest series of conflicting emotions.

She'd gone after Darien Cross for the same reason she went after all high-profile men she could. Men were scum. It was a fact, as obvious a saying 'water is wet'. Men were scum, with thousands of centuries history of abusing women, the only truly evolved life-form on the planet. It was obvious in everything in society - even the words used. "Mankind" to refer to human beings, "Masterful" to describe something well done... it went on and on. Men were scum.

So she'd had no compunctions having some of her underground sympathizers apply for jobs at Cross' company, then exaggerate situations to get the conviction from a sympathetic Judge. It wasn't injustice - after all, all men were scum. Some, like this Cross animal, were better at hiding it than others. But eventually, they'd whittle them down, allowing woman to take the top positions, and guide society back onto the female dominated path - the right path.

Which was part of the reason for her confused emotions. Judge Tomason had to put that clause in the conviction, the one about the Advanced Gender Sensitivity Training experiment - but it hadn't mattered, because men were too weak and pathetic to take being female. Everybody knew that.

Yet - this Cross character had taken it. Lindsey still couldn't believe it. On one side, she was upset - the plan was to get him out of the CEO office, so a woman could take over, and this jeopardized it. On the other hand, she was also elated at the chance to see Darien fail miserably at his attempt to be a Goddess, like her and natural woman all over the world.

She was even more confused because, to her amazement, Darien had *requested* her as Training Officer. This was a real sacrifice, and she'd been tempted to turn it down flatly.

It meant that she'd have to undergo the Gender Reversal procedure, and spend the period of Darien's parole as a... a... *man*.

Of course, it wasn't that bad. It would be a hell of a lot easier for her to play the part of a Neanderthal, hairy ape than for Darien to act like a Goddess that was woman. She could handle it.

She would quickly prove to Darien that his concept of women - gentle creatures who wore gender specific make-up and (God Forbid) make-up was ridiculous. Some 'unrealized Goddesses' in the system had been brainwashed to accept that role - but they couldn't possibly enjoy it. As Darien would learn soon enough.

She walked into the office of Dr. Harding, noting with distaste that the doctor was a man. Well, at least he was working for the right cause, she consoled herself.

"Doctor, I'm Lindsey McNair. I'm going to..."

The doctor nodded. "...be the T.O. for Mr. Cross. Yes, I've been informed. So, do you wish to choose a male body to your specifications, or the one Mr. Cross requested you take?"

Lindsey blinked, then smiled. "I'll go easy on Mr. Cross - go ahead, give me the one he suggested." "Very well. If you'll just follow me, we'll fill out some forms, and start the procedure..."

* * * * *

Uncomfortably, Lindsey - or, as his temporary identification now read, Lee McNair - stepped from the elevator, mentally cursing Darien.

Darien must have thought it would be funny to have her take this body. It was huge, in more ways than one. It was tall, nearly six-eight, and massively muscled.

But worst of all was the size of his new 'equipment'. Lindsey had little experience with men, sexually speaking, but she knew enough to know that her new cock and balls were simply enormous - and it was damned uncomfortable to walk with such huge genitalia, especially in the jeans that he wore, provided by the Doctor.

Still, he could handle it, in the name of seeing Darien's complete and utter humiliation. Shaking his head with a grin, Lee stepped through the door, and looked around.

His smile dimmed - Darien must be out, or something. But her roommate was in, and he walked over to the bed.

"Hello - my name's Linds.. Lee. I'm here to see your roommate - do you know where..." he cleared her throat. "...'she' is?"

Darien's roommate was a stunning blonde woman. Even with her shapeless blue robe, it was obvious she had a slender figure with large, firm breasts, which Lee was sorry to see, although he had to admit that they seemed quite well-proportioned despite their size. The woman also had a face that was both stunningly gorgeous and intelligent, full of strength and character. Lindsey/Lee personally didn't think woman should wear their hair that long - it was down past the woman's slender shoulders - but it was a choice, he supposed.

The stunning, intelligent looking woman smiled, revealing even, white teeth. "No, I can honestly say I have no idea where my roommate is, Mr. McNair." Her voice was rich and melodic.

The male ex-woman shrugged. "Oh well, I'll catch..." His deep, rumbling voice died and his eyes widened. "How did you know my last name?"

The stunning, shapely woman laughed, a rich, honest sound. "What's wrong, *Lindsey* - don't recognize me?"

Lee gasped. "No... Darien?"

The gorgeous blonde nodded with a smile. "None other. Well, actually - my new, temporary identification says Alexis Crosley. I thought I looked more like an Alexis than a Darien, don't you agree?"

Darien - sorry, Alexis, - enjoyed the stunned look on Lindsey's face. If nothing else, it told him he'd made the right decision.

She hadn't become rich and powerful by backing away or giving up. If to beat these feminists by being female, he was going to do it the way she always did everything - full-bore, and better than anyone else.

Let's see how Ms. - oh, excuse me, MISTER McNair liked them apples.

"Well, are we just going to sit here all day?" Alexis asked, her full lips curving in a grin. "Until I finish my parole, my business is in limbo. Let's get on with it, shall we?"

"Ye... Yes, all right." Lee stammered, still trying to come to terms with this. It wasn't right, it wasn't right at all. He was supposed to be whimpering and crumbling...

Lee mentally straightened her shoulders. It was nothing. Darien had been Alexis for all of, what... two hours? All of it spent in a hospital room. She'd crack - oh yes, she'd crack under the strain of trying to be a woman.

"Well, if you're ready, I suppose we should get started. Now, one of the basic rules is that you not wear any masculine or 'unisex' clothing for the period of your parole. So I suppose shopping is a good place to start."

Alexis nodded, rising from the bed. "Good idea. I've got some clothes to wear to the mall - I think you'll agree they're acceptable?" She held up a plain, dark-blue sun dress, some white cotton panties, and a pair of brown strap sandals.

"Yes - they'll do." Lindsey agreed.

"Good." Alexis said, heading towards the bathroom for some privacy. At the door, she paused. "By the way - how's that body I suggested working out."

"It's fine" Lee said, tightly - while shifting uncomfortably, her huge cock painfully cramped in the jeans.

Alexis smiled at Lee's obvious ill-temper, and quickly changed, grabbing a small clutch-purse containing her identification, temporary credit cards, and cash.

"All right, I'm ready." Alexis said, and Lee wordlessly led her towards the door - and the 'real world'. He gave 'Alexis' twenty-four hours before begging to be turned back.

Tops.

* * * * *

Alexis kept reminding herself to allow her new body move in a feminine manner as they walked through the mall. It wasn't all that difficult - although she instinctively wanted to walk the same way she always had, with a strong male stride, she could easily emulate a more graceful, feminine glide if she was paying attention. And the sway of her new, DD-cup breasts helped her remember to act womanly, and not slip into her masculine habits. It still felt damned weird, but it was bearable - and, since she wasn't wearing a bra, actually quite pleasant as her new endowments swayed gently, her new nipples brushing against the fabric.

She glanced at Lee, and had to repress a grin. Unused to the new body, the new man was clomping along gracelessly - and very awkwardly, his huge cock rather obvious in the way it bulged the front of his jeans. Alexis hoped Lee was enjoying the crash-course in male anatomy vis a vis tight denim clothing.

Of course, as amusing as this little bit of revenge was, the situation was still uncomfortable. Alexis was determined to show Lee a thing or two, and was enjoying her awkwardness in dealing with the thoughtful glances some women gave the huge bulge in his jeans. At the same time, it was a real battle to hide her own awkwardness at the glances guys gave her, seeing only a stunningly gorgeous, well endowed woman.

It was almost worth it though. Whenever she noticed Lee noticing a guy noticing her, she'd give the admirer as sincere a looking smile she could in return - and always got a burst of satisfaction at Lee's expression. She knew Lee didn't believe she could handle being female, and every time she managed to stand being ogled, it was like Lee was being punched, hard, right in his/her feminist ego.

"All right - this looks like a good spot." Alexis finally said, pointing at a store.

"Here?" Lee asked, surprised. What the hell was Alexis up to - this place sold sexy clothing, mostly dance wear. It was a joke, right? She wasn't really going to go in...

...and walk out two hours later, dressed in a sexy, tight-fitting black dress, black nylons, and black high-heeled pumps, with sexy black lace underwear caressing her curves underneath the dress, and two more bags full of similar clothes. With her long, blonde hair cut in a stylish, feminine style, and her face carefully and sensuously made up.

Alexis had a hard time believing she'd gone through with it herself. Having the tight black spandex hugging her body and drawing the stares of men who passed by wasn't her idea of fun - but it was, strangely, thrilling. She knew, without a doubt, that men found her sexy - because she did too. It was an unusual feeling - and she tried very, very hard to ignore the way her nipples were almost painfully engorged.

Lee was trailing Alexis, a stunned look on his face. "What the hells gotten into you, Da... Alexis?" He hissed to her.

That confusion, anger and hurt made it all worthwhile. "Why, nothing." She said, feigning confusion. "Come on, I'm starved - let's get something to eat."

She walked off, not bothering to see if Lee was following. It wasn't because she wasn't interested - she was concentrating to damn hard on not falling off of the four inch stiletto heels that adorned her black velvet pumps. Still, this discomfort and annoyance was all worth while just to show that uppity feminist a thing or two.

Plus Lee had been given certain injections to alter his chemical balance to that of a normal, heterosexual male, just as she'd been given ones to balance out her hormonal system to match the average female. The upshot of which was simple - her sexy new body and tight, form-fitting clothing, coupled with her laboriously/casually sexy stride - was giving Lee one hell of a hard on, clearly visible through his jeans. As equally obvious was his inability to handle these new emotions and sexual drives with anything approaching equanimity. Alexis was half-way through her plan, and it was working perfectly - she was driving Lee absolutely insane.

The plan continued through dinner. As much as she wanted to take a break, relax, and be as much 'herself' as possible in her new body, Alexis forced herself to keep the pressure on every single second through the meal. She ate her breadsticks sensuously, lightly caressing them as she picked them up, licking the ends of them slightly before slowly sliding them into her mouth and biting off the ends.

The same things applied to the rest of the dinner. Every opportunity that arouse to increase Lee's arousal to painful levels, she took. She rubbed up against him when she walked to the table, and when she got up to go to the washroom (barely remembering WHICH washroom in time). She constantly arranged to lean forward, displaying her mouth-watering cleavage, and twice she dropped a utensil so she could get out of her chair and oh-so-sensuously bend down to pick it up, showcasing her spectacular ass.

By the end of the meal, Lee was literally squirming in his seat. The ride home was also interesting - Alexis forced herself to lean against Lee, pressing her large, firm tits into his arm - and she didn't have to feign enjoyment at the act, as she quickly discovered that it felt really, really good.

Arriving back at the apartment they'd share during the parole, Lee finally turned to Alexis in the living room.

"All right - what the hell are you doing?" He asked raggedly, his pupils dilated and his hands having a hard time staying away from where his throbbing, painfully erect cock was clearly outlined in his tight jeans.

Now that the time had come, Alexis found herself hesitating, unsure if she could go through with her plan. But she had to do it sometime, with somebody - and she just wouldn't give Lee the satisfaction of being right about her.

"Why..." She said, sensuously peeling her dress off before Lee's startled gaze. "...I thought it was obvious. I'm seducing you."

"What...?" Lee started to protest - when he was rather effectively shut up by Alexis' firm, gloss-red lips pressing firmly against his as she pressed him backwards, onto the couch.

Lee was stunned. He was also aroused more than Alexis new - aside from the hormonal adjustments, Lesley was a confirmed lesbian, and women excited him even more now, with the hormonal boost.

He couldn't have stopped himself from responding to that kiss, even if he'd wanted to. And the worst thing was, he wasn't sure that he wanted to.

For her part, Alexis was also stunned. By how well she was kissing Lee, that she'd managed to work up the nerve to act this well. The fact that Lee was kissing back just as passionately was also not as expected.

And the discovery that she was really, really enjoying it was absolutely shocking.

But very, very nice. And it made it a hell of a lot easier to take the next step, as she unclasped her bra and let it fall to the floor, and pulled Lee's hands up to fondle and caress her bountiful tits - which, after some initial hesitation, he did, falling to the rampant hormones that flooded his body, as well as his own lesbian tendencies.

"I... I..." Lee stammered, confused, aroused, and painfully wary of his own strong hands on her limber body.

Alexis was now caught up in her own hormonal rush- but, unlike Lee, she was still very much in control as lifted her ass enough to slide off her panties and unzip his pants and lower them, letting his huge, thick, throbbing cock spring free. Gently, she positioned herself so that her wet cunt was gently, ever so slightly, slipping over the huge, purple head of Lee's hard dick.

"What - you want me to stop?" Alexis asked breathlessly. Part of her wanted him to say yes - but to her surprise, most of her didn't. She was hot, horny and ready - she wanted to have sex, and she didn't care it if was as a woman, with a man. She needed satisfaction.

Lee struggled to say 'yes', fought to get that one syllable out of his mouth - and failed. "No - please, don't stop.." he found himself begging in abject humiliation.

And Alexis complied. At his words, she lowered herself onto him, crying out as she was penetrated for the first time - my Lee's massive, throbbing cock.

It felt wonderful.

All her previous doubts and hesitation were gone - this was wonderful, and she'd just barely started. She corrected that deficiency at once by using her long, taut legs to set up a rhythm, driving her hot, wet cunt up and down his massive cock, driving him and herself higher and higher. Bolt of electricity ran filaments of fire through her new nerves as she gasped and panted in ecstasy, her body driving to the thundering blood in her vein.

"Ohh " She moaned, matched in passion and intensity by Lee as she drove herself faster and harder on his pulsating, iron-hard shaft of man-meat.

Then her newly acquired feminine grace completely deserted her as the orgasm hit.

It was like a silent, painless nuclear explosion deep in her body. That was exactly the metaphor that struck her as the orgasm hit.

Detonation - a tremendous blast of power that lifted her up on his cock, causing her to cry out in primal ecstasy.

Blast wave - her body shook as if in the grip of a high wind as the intense sensation rippled through her nerve ending, spreading out from the point of impact and radiating in all directions.

Thermal blast - the intense, sexual burning that passed through her body, setting every nerve aflame with passion and desire and ecstasy, all at once.

Residual shock - the softer, secondary spasm as her tightly-clenching cunt caused Lee to gush like a cum-carrying fire hose, filling her new womanhood with his warm, thick cum.

Gasping, her body heaving with the force of the shear, orgasmic power she'd just experienced, she slid from his loins - and to her knees in front of him. Before he could say a word, his highly-sensitive, post orgasm cock was being enveloped by her warm and, now, absolutely willing mouth.

Lee threw his head back and gasped as Alexis began sucking him off. His cock hadn't even started to soften before she was driving him to arousal using every trick she'd ever had used upon her when she was Darien, sucking, fondling, licking - and not letting up as his hot cum once more gushed forth, this time down her eager throat. She continued on, taking longer this time to get his cock ready again.

Then, with her cum-coated lips in a cruel smile, she once again mounted him. This time, she worked fast, almost brutally - she was more than ready to experience that mind-shattering orgasm again.

And she did. It ripped through her body again, not quite as strong as the first time, but more than enough.

Finally she climbed off of Lee, who was completely spent.

"So - how'd it feel to fuck the first piece of ass that came your way, Lindsey?"

Lee was panting from exertion - but those pants became muffled sobs as he realized that he had, indeed, become the very enemy itself - a muscular, hairy man who thought with his dick and, quite literally, couldn't say no.

"I I'll sign the release papers the first thing in the morning." Lee said, admitting complete defeat.

"We'll go in and get changed back in the afternoon."

"No, we won't. You'll sign those papers, all right - or I'll scream bloody rape. And, you know I can make it stick. But they never expected it to move this quick - there's a two-month minimum wait period between procedures. Enjoy your time as man, Lee - and if you ask nicely, I might fuck you again."

Once more victorious, Darien Cross strode briskly to her room and slammed the door...

...then collapsed on the bed, opened a drawer and removed a massive black plastic dildo, which she promptly put to use.

* * * * *

"You're *what*?" Lee shouted, stunned.

Alexis smiled from behind her desk. "I'm staying female. I've decided I like this too much to give up, plus I get the bonus of keeping my company under the same control and management as always, but filling one more quota." She gently caressed on tit behind the expensive, business-like but still sensuously-tailored suit she wore. "I never realized just how good being a woman could be - I've got dates lined up for the next two months."

Lee was furious. "I wanted you out of here, dammit. You don't deserve this job..."

Alexis leaned forward, her smile disappearing. "Look, Lee - there's nothing you can do. I built this company from the ground up, and you almost got it away from me with some trumped-up charges." She smiled again, but there was no humor in them. "I don't think that strategy will work a second time, do you?"

Not giving Alexis - now her legal name - the benefit of an answer, Lee stormed out of the office, barely able to calm himself as he strode towards the elevators.

"Lee... isn't it?" A female voice said off to his right, and Lee turned to find himself looking at Carol, one of the secret feminists that had helped indict Darien/Alexis - not that it had worked out right. But since the court order kept everything secret, Carol wouldn't have known that. Carol would have to keep up appearances, at least for a while.

"That's right." Lee said with a smile, admiring the woman's acting abilities. "Can I... help you?" "Can you give me a hand with something heavy in here?" Carol asked, gesturing at the copy room. Lee was impressed - considering his muscular new physique, it was a good excuse. "Sure."

She stepped into the room, and Lee closed and locked the door behind them to keep them from being disturbed. He turned around - and gasped at the sight of Carol literally ripping her dress open. Before the startled man could react, she kissed him on the lips as she ripped open his pants.

"No..!" Lee gasped, realizing that Carol didn't know who she was - and was using one of their set-ups on him. She'd seen him arguing with Alexis, thought he was trying to get the new, 'female' CEO kicked out...

Already, the special, completely undetectable compound in Carol's lipstick was having its effect as Lee's cock swelled ominously. Carol was busy handcuffing herself to the copier - and screaming at the top of her lungs.

She was also using her powerful legs to hold Lee in place as he tried to escape as the chemical compound brought him closer and closer to spontaneous ejaculation.

There was a pounding at the door, followed by confusing, and increased pounding. Lee struggled to free himself from the determined Carol, not appreciating the irony of the situation.

Then the door burst open just as his cock, hard, thick and throbbing, gushed all over the handcuffed, screaming woman - and the whole office staff saw 'him' raping 'her' - as they would tell the police when they arrived five minutes later, tipped off by one of Carol's - and, ironically, 'Lindsey' - other accomplices.

Five hours later, in two very different places - an elegant bedroom and a jail cell - two very different people - a gorgeous woman and an extremely muscular, hung man - were having two very, very different sexual encounters. And while both of them screamed at the climax of the encounter, only hers was one of pleasure....

THE END...



SUMMARY: When a poor Russian is offered a way to support his family he takes it, even though it entails allowing himself to be transformed into an American wife.

Coming To America

By Gunslinger

"Perhaps my English is not being as much good as I am thinking..." Ivan Cheralenkov said, slowly, staring at the 'crazy American' sitting before him, his white linen suit resplendent in the dingy gloom of Ivan's cell. "Is sounding as if you say that you are to be making me into woman, yes?"

"Yes." The American, who'd introduced himself as William Marcus said, his face serious, almost intent. "That is it exactly."

Idly, Ivan scratched at the filthy, tangled mass of silver-blond beard obscuring the lower half of his emaciated face.

"Guards is being right - you *are* Crazy American." Ivan finally declared. "Man cannot be woman. Is not... what is word? Is not possible."

"Yes, it is." William said, firmly. "I have the worlds best team of sexual reassignment surgeons standing by. If you agree to this, we'll put you 'asleep', keep you asleep... and when you wake up, you'll be a woman, in America, and your sister and her family will get the new house I promised, plus all the food they can eat."

Almost against his will, Ivan found himself beginning to half-believe that it could, in fact, be done. He'd heard some extremely odd things that decadent Americans could do, with all their wasted money... maybe they could even do this.

"But why?" Ivan finally asked. "Why is you be wanting to make man into woman?"

"I made my fortune by taking worthless junk and making it priceless." William said. "That's what 'gets me off' - and the thought of taking you, a back-woods Russian, making you over into my ideal woman and teaching you how to act and dress..."

He didn't have to explain any further - the rising bulge in the crotch of his immaculate suit explained all that needed to be said.

These Americans were even more perverted and corrupt then Ivan had been taught...

...but this perverted, corrupted American not only held the keys to his own life, which he'd come to care less and less about during the past few years, but health, wealth and happiness for his sister and her family - the family who he'd begun robbing to keep fed, ending him up in prison for the next twenty years.

Another long, slow look around the grimy cell, and the starving, filthy prisoner knew what to do. Even if he wasn't quite convinced the whole thing was possible, the 'worst case scenario' was by far better then the fate that surely awaited him otherwise.

"Yes." Ivan said, stomach clenching despite his intellectual certainty that no fate then this could be worse for him, and any chance of helping his sister's family would make it worthwhile. "I am being agreeing to your deal. I will be your... wife."

* * * * *

Slowly, Ivan's eyelids fluttered open.

It wasn't at all easy to make them do so - because he felt worse then he ever had after a binge of home-made Vodka. A difference in the nature of the feeling told him it was a drug-induced 'hangover' rather than an alcoholic one - but that didn't lessen the queasiness, nor the pounding in his head, nor the extreme sensitivity to light that made it seem as if the bright glow was spearing directly into his brain through his eyeballs...

...and, awake enough to realize that it was a drug hangover from whatever sedative had been used came the realization that it might not be 'his' eyeballs that were transmitting the pain.

It might be 'hers'.

With a gasp, Ivan-or-Ivana's eyes popped wide open despite the pain, and he-or-she sat bolt upright...

...or, at least, tried to - but was foiled by the unexpected weight on his-or-her chest that she-or-he hadn't counted on, and his-or-her eyes flickered down...

...to *her* chest. Most definitely 'her'.

Most emphatically 'her'.

Most outrageously, ludicrously, ridiculously 'her'.

Ivana screamed in shock as she stared down at the massive breasts thrust from a slim ribcage - and the high-pitched and undeniably feminine nature of that scream further rattled her already shaken mind and she scrabbled at the bed, panic and horror welling up inside her, fingers skittering across the incredibly smooth, fine sheets, long nails tearing the fine fabric as she writhed in horror and shame and shock and disgust and...

"Settle down, Ivana!" William said, entering her field of vision with a shocked look on his face. "It's okay, Ivana. You're in America now. Please, Ivana, just..."

"Don't call me that!" She screamed hysterically - and realized she'd done so in Russian. Her whirling mind scrambled to find the words in the less instinctive tongue, the hard-won second language mostly lost in the stress of the moment. "Am not Ivana - am Ivan!"

"Not any more." William told her, firmly. "You're a woman... remember?"

"Am not woman!" She screamed, finally managing to heave herself upright on the bed, hands flying to the massive, weighty orbs thrust from her chest. "Am, how you say...? Am *cow*!"

"You are extremely buxom, but..." William said, reaching out to grab her bare shoulders....

...and she yanked herself away with a violent curse in Russian.

"Not be touching me!" She screamed at him, struggling to control lethargic limbs made further awkward by the fact that her balance, her reach, every single movement and position felt *wrong* to her. "Not touch!"

"Ivana!" William barked, sharply, face falling into lines of annoyance. "Do you want me to stop sending money for food to your sister's family?"

That stopped her dead in her tracks, heart pounding furiously behind her ridiculously out-sized new breasts - because, after all, 'touching' was implicitly and explicitly part of the deal...

...and with the mental pause it took for her to realize that, more things snapped into place and her immediate panic and instinctive horror lessened their hold without relinquishing their presences, and she took a long, shuddering breath.

"No." She said, hearing the bitterness in her high-pitched new voice, and not minding that she couldn't seem to keep it out. "Was... surprised. I am still being agreeing to deal, William."

Careful not to look down at her hideously re-shaped body, Ivana forced herself to take a long, slow look at her surroundings - her first view of the nearly mythical land of America.

What she saw stunned her almost enough to make her forget her feminine new fate. Almost.

The single room she was located in was as big as the entire cottage she had shared with her sister and her family - and luxurious enough for a Czar. The bed she was lying on was huge, and unbelievably soft, covered in what could only be white silk sheets. The floor itself was neither wood nor even linoleum, but buried under carpeting so deep that William's stocking feet seemed to practically disappear in it.

Electric lights were everywhere - one in the ceiling, and four more spaced around the huge room. Everywhere, polished metal and wood gleamed, and there were three doors, one of which opened to - of all the luxuries - an *indoor* bathroom!

"Yes, I know what you're thinking..." William said, catching her gaze as she looked about, wide-eyed. "I may be rich, but I'm afraid I live fairly modestly. Just a modest house with five bedroom and four baths, no servants, just two cars, neither of which are a Lamborghini or a Rolls..."

Now her feminine plight was momentarily forgotten, and her head snapped around so she could gape at his slightly shameful face.

"You think this is modest...?" She gasped in disbelief. "This is... undreamt of luxury!"

"Well... I'm happy you think so." William said, taken aback. "After all - all of this is also yours, now."

The thought hit her like a foam-rubber sledgehammer... and, suddenly, despite the heavy weight of her ridiculously huge new breasts still trying to pull her off balance, she began to think that perhaps, just perhaps, she might have gotten the better end of this bargain after all.

"Well, hop out of bed sleepy-head." William said, holding out a hand to her. "I know this is all new and strange to you, doubly so because you're experiencing it as a woman, so we'll take it fairly slow... but the agreement is that you're to become my 'perfect wife', and we're going to have to start teaching you how to do that."

"Yes, of course..." Ivana said, blushing, her stomach dropping and her suspicion that it might not be as bad as she feared weakening without vanishing as the memory of the entirety of what she'd agreed to came back to her. "I... I am to be living up to my agreement, William. The cooking and the cleaning and the more.. intimate.. wifely duties, these I will be doing."

"You don't have to call me 'William' all the time... honey." William said. "You can call me 'Bill'... or 'dear', or other affectionate nick-names."

Ivana swallowed heavily, and had to force the words through a suddenly tight throat: "Yes... dear."

"Good." Bill said, grinning. "Well, why don't we start off with the basics - getting showered and dressed."

Ivana nodded heavily, unwilling to trust her voice - and, hesitantly, took the still offered hand, and let him help her to her new feet.

"Now, this is the bathroom..." Bill said, sliding his arm around her waist to help her - and she somehow managed to resist the almost overwhelming urge to pull away, letting him touch her, hand on her wider new hip, as he guided her into the bathroom.

She caught sight of herself in the huge mirror that took up most of the wall over the sink...

...and she gasped, jerking so quickly to a stop that she almost overbalanced under the weight of her tits, with only Bill's support holding her upright.

Part of her hadn't even believed it was possible to make a man a woman, and the part that had believed it had more or less expected to see a big scar where her manhood had been, and a pair of breasts grafted onto her chest - though not as large as the ones she now boasted.

The mirror, however, showed something completely different...

"I am.. woman!" Ivana gasped, stunned. "Am.. *beautiful* woman!"

"You certainly are." Bill agreed, lightly caressing her hip. "I told the surgeons that I wanted 'Paris Hilton meets Dolly Parton' - and that's what I got."

The names didn't mean anything to Ivana - but the results spoke for themselves. She was tall and slender and beautiful - and buxom...

...but nearly as much as she'd thought.

In the mirror, her breasts weren't as big as they looked when she glanced down at herself, and not nearly as big as they felt, hanging from her chest. Certainly, they were large, each one as big as the finest cabbage she'd ever seen - but they weren't the 'bigger-then-her-head' monstrosities that her unfamiliar viewpoint and unfamiliarity with their weight had originally lead her to believe. They were 'merely' quite big, not ludicrously monstrous.

"Full triple-D's." Bill told her as she hesitantly touched her domed mounds. "Firmly packed enough that they push that size a bit, but still..."

Stunned, she ran her slimmer, long-nailed hands over the incredibly smooth skin of her feminine new figure, amazed that even the ingenious Americans could make her into such a stunning woman. It wasn't until her fingers lightly slid across her new

womanhood that she suddenly realized that what the woman in the mirror was doing was what she was feeling, and she hastily yanked her hands away from a body she didn't really want, could barely believe possessed - and was finding decidedly less 'horrific' than she'd expected it to be.

"Do you prefer showers or baths...?" Bill asked, drawing her attention to the bathtub that was ingeniously molded into the corner of wall and floor, easily three times as big as the large wooden half-barrel that had always been Ivana's 'tub' until today.

"I am liking the baths." She said, still stunned - and then the thought of the logistics of bathing brought her back to the moment, and the womanly duties that were now her responsibility. "If you would be showing me where is the stove, I will be building up fire for heating bath-water... Bill."

Bill looked at her, startled - and then laughed.

"First of all, our stove is electric, not wood-burning." He chuckled. "Second, you don't have to heat water - we have a water heater in the basement that provides all the hot water you could want."

He demonstrated, pulling up on the metal handle above the tub's faucet and rotating it first towards the blue-marked end of its range of motion, then over to the red.

"Heated water, all the time...?" Ivana gasped, stunned anew. "What luxury!"

"Go ahead and get yourself a bath." Bill said, gesturing. "This being your first day, I'm not expecting you to cook breakfast - I'll take care of that. After you bath and dry off, you'll find clothes in the closet that's behind the door on the right, then you can come down to the kitchen and eat before I give you the five-cent tour of the house."

She nodded, at a loss for words, and he left her in the most opulent bathroom she'd ever seen.

Her bath was long and slow - partly because she was luxuriating, however bemusedly, in the decidedly odd sensation of sitting tit-deep in hot water, but also because she was still uncomfortable running her hands over a new body so far distanced from the one she still felt should be sliding by under her unfamiliar hands.

She couldn't quite say what she was subliminally expecting to feel as she touched her own body - she just knew it wasn't what she was feeling: Pleasure.

Her new body felt good.

Good both to the hands that roamed it, and to the body itself that glided slickly by underneath them. It was soft.

It was supple.

It was sensitive.

Her breasts, so full and firm, were a joy to caress and fondle, better than any pair of tits she'd ever squeezed or tweaked the nipples on as a man - and the sensations of being fondled, tweaked and caressed were even better, her one hand roaming her expansive breasts as her other slid down to her new womanhood, almost as if it knew what to do and where to go, to fingers spreading her new slit wide as the third penetrated her and...

Her eyes flew open and Ivana gasped as she realized that, lost in a fog of pleasure, she'd stopped washing herself - and started playing with her new body, exactly as if she were 'really' a woman....

...but even though the shock of what she'd almost unthinkingly done paused her - it didn't stop her. It just felt so good...

Her finger resumed its motion - and now her gasps were of pleasure as, face beet-red, she knowingly and willingly continued fingering herself,. Waves of pleasure rolling through her from her surgically created cunt.

In what seemed both an eternity and now time at all, she was thrashing in the warm water of the bathtub in time to her first guilty, pleasurable, wonderful female orgasm, mind stunned by the fact that she'd done this to herself at all, much less about how utterly fantastic it all felt...

Blushing furiously, she quickly finished washing up, amazed - and slightly worried - to find that her new feminine sexuality didn't end when she orgasmed, as it had when she was male. In fact, it had just made her body hypersensitive to pleasure, and the knowledge that she could 'get right back to it', something that had never been a 'problem' as a man, continued to haunt a mind stunned by what she'd just willingly allowed herself to do.

Confused and shocked by these new feelings and urges, she towed her new body off and headed into the closet...

...and managed to completely forget how good finger-fucking herself while caressing her smooth body had felt, stunned by the sight of the huge closet filled with what had to be hundreds of articles of feminine clothing.

She'd owned exactly four outfits of clothing back in Russia.

Stunned, she wandered through the display, touching this, feeling that, running her hand down the side of something else...

So many clothes - and all of them incredible fine, incredibly soft, incredibly.. nice. It was mind-boggling to think that these were hers.

Slowly, feeling like a thief as well as a 'pervert', she picked a few items off the racks, somehow certain two people were going to burst in on her at any moment, one screaming that she didn't deserve such fine, soft, light clothing, the other screaming at her for being so sick as to dress in women's clothing.

Hesitantly, guiltily, but with a strange tingle of eager excitement building in her, she puzzled out the method of getting this incredible American clothes onto her incredible American-contrived body.

The almost transparent light brown leggings were odd, the closest thing to 'socks' she spotted in her hasty look over the available clothing - but she immediately found out why women would wear such barely-there items, as once she'd managed to figure out how to ball them up and slide them up her legs, she shivered in bohemian delight at the soft caress of the incredibly fine material as it slipped over her smooth skin. The even continued to provide a lesser sense of pleasure from the air moving over them as she settled them in place high on her thighs by virtue of the lace-trimmed elastic tops of them.

Next, she pulled on a pair of underwear - underwear that were small, high-hipped and low at the navel, and made of a cotton so finally-woven that she could only tell she was wearing them by the soft caress of them against her full new buttocks and smooth new crotch.

She briefly attempted to put on a matching foundation garment obviously designed to support her big new breasts - but the systems of hooks and catches on the back completely defeated her, and she finally gave up, deciding breasts so firm and round probably wouldn't suffer much without support...

...then shivered in guilty delight with the certainty that she'd done the right thing as she felt the way the silk of the dark-red shirt she'd chosen felt as it moved over her round new breasts and slipped across her firm new nipples.

The knee-length black silk wrap-around skirt felt every bit as good caressing the top half of her legs and swirling about her knees.

Dressed, she headed towards the door of the bedroom to head downstairs...

...and found herself unconsciously moaning softly, low in the back of her throat, at the unbelievable and uncountable physical pleasures generated by each and every article of clothing she was wearing, as if a hundred light, gentle hands were stroking and fondling and caressing her all over.

That wet warmth she'd felt in her crotch and dismissed as being part of the bath quickly resurfaced, even more strongly than it had before - and it somehow combined with that guiltily excited tingle she was feeling from wearing such finery, making her knees feel watery with pleasure and excitement.

She couldn't believe the Americans, no matter how rich, could possibly function being dressed like this. It seemed impossible. No heavy weight of wool enclosing their bodies, causing itchiness after just a few moments. No rough-woven cotton, no heavy, stiff quick-cured leathers. No places where the rough-fashioned garments bound here or hung uncomfortably loose there - no, not with this soft, light clothing.

She was better and more wonderfully dressed than any Czarina through history could ever have wished, in the finest fabrics...

...and though she might have expected much from a rich American providing clothes for her, she could never have imagined just how wonderful it would all feel, the soft pleasures generated with every single move she made.

Walking down to the first floor and searching for the kitchen was such an exercise in physical pleasure that she barely remembered to be awed by the uncountable luxuries that lay on all sides of her in each room and passage she entered.

"There you are!" Bill exclaimed, eyeing her. "Wow - you look great!"

"Thank you." She said, numbly, still trying to come to grips with all the pleasure America had in every way - even the wonderfully luxurious sensation of deep carpet underfoot.

"You took longer than I expected, so I had to go ahead and eat - I need to get to the office." He said, taking her hand and leading her towards the front door. "I left a little booklet on how everything works, like the dishwasher and vacuum and such - and if you have any problems, call me at the office., the phone numbers in the front of the booklet."

"Okay, she agreed numbly, earning an odd look as she reached the front door.

"Well.. you know how to reach me, then." Bill said, uncertainly. "Um, it's sort of customary for wives to kiss their husbands when they leave..."

"Okay..." She replied in that same, stunned tone, obediently leaning forward.

As their lips met and she began giving him a strangely absent-minded kiss, he pulled her close and slid a hand down to her silk-enclosed ass...

...and her kiss went from absent-minded to nearly desperate, and by the time he finally managed to force her to break the kiss, it was with a half-hard cock in his pant.

"Um, uh.. I'll.. see you tonight..." Bill stammered, shocked by her inexplicable enthusiasm...

...and as she started to lean in to resume that passionate kiss, he literally fled the house, mind whirling as he tried to figure out what the hell had come over her.

She watched him go down the steps towards the car in the driveway, then slowly swung the door closed with a blank look on her face...

...then dropping skirt and panties to the floor, she turned around, leaned on the door, and frantically finger-fucked herself to the release that her body, having had sensitive tits press hard against a warm chest and sensitive ass fondled through a layer of silk, so frantically demanded.

Still to stunned, shocked and guilty to think about what it was she was doing or how she was acting, she calmly replaced her clothing, went into the kitchen, and sat down to a breakfast that awed her with the amounts and varieties of food. Afterwards, she rinsed the dishes and put them in the 'dishwasher' mentioned in the booklet, further awed by a machine that washed the dishes for you...

...and that felt so wonderful to lean against as it whirred and burbled and bumped, which she did for several minutes - until she tore off her clothes, lay on the floor, and fondled herself thoroughly before finger-fucking herself yet again.

Dressing, she went to work cleaning the house, following the instructions in the booklet...

...and quickly discovered that the rounded-ended handle of the duster felt even better thrusting in and out of her cunt than her finger had.

Even with her unfamiliarity with the technology, all the 'time savers' were just that, and she finished the listed duties shortly after noon, a good four hours before Bill was expecting to be home and she'd have to make dinner. So, she guiltily went back to the room listed as the 'study' and pulled the box of American cigarettes and the bottle of clear, export-quality Vodka out of the cupboard she'd found them in while cleaning, feeling incredibly guilty about 'stealing' such valuable items, but sure that Bill wouldn't mind her taking some, since he had so much...

...and, stripped down to just silken leggings, sat on the couch and alternately sipped vodka or smoked a cigarette with one hand, the other busy with that oh-so-pleasurable duster.

An hour before Bill was due home, she reluctantly dressed again, put away the duster, and set about cooking dinner.

* * * *

Bill opened the front door...

...and was attacked by a buxom blonde blur that enveloped him and started kissing him hungrily. "Dinner is..." She gasped out between almost desperate kisses. "...almost ready..."

She broke off, kissing him harder, deeper, longer, literally grinding her body against his. "...so we have time..." She gasped. "...to be fucking me."

Startled, Bill forcibly broke her kiss and pushed her back. "What's gotten into you?" He demanded, stunned.

"Everything that is being fitting - finger, duster, cucumber..." She listed, grinding a hand against her crotch. "Now, it is to being your manhood, which I am thinking will be much nicer than cucumber, but maybe not so nice as duster."

"What...?" Bob said, wide eyed. "No, I.. I meant, 'why are you acting like this'?"

"Is pleasure." She told him with a gasp, her hand, having slid under her skirt, now doing more than just 'grinding'. "Back in Russia, I thought I was having pleasure, sometimes - but I am not. Was not pleasure, just lack of pain, of despair, of exhaustion. Here, everything is being for pleasure.

Everything is feeling so good. Floors that are being nice to walk on, beds and chairs and couches all so very soft, clothes that are so soft and light - and the pleasures of being woman! I try to have all womanly pleasure I can handle today - and not

even get close., Body can always have more, more, more - and I am wanting that more, bill. Now, please, you are to be... what is word? Fucking, yes - you are to be fucking me now, please."

She started towards him...

...and he backed off.

"This isn't what I wanted!" He told her. "Earlier, today, you shocked and confused - that's what I wanted. I wanted to spend a year, two, maybe three, slowly making you over, teaching you to stop being male and start being female, to start enjoying being treated like a woman - not this.. this.. enthusiastic transformation! There's no fun in this!"

"There is much fun in this." She contradicted him, her 'free hand' now playing with her silk-encased tits. "If I knew that being woman in America was nothing but pleasure, all day long, I would have begged for this. All the food I can eat, no more starving. Not too cold or hot, not scrabbling for rags to wear - and all the woman pleasure I want in this body. How can I be upset? How can I not embrace it? Come, Bill - now you fuck me, no?"

"No!" Bill shouted. "This isn't turning me on! Making you accept letting me fuck you turns me on, not you begging me! Don't you get it, you stupid Russian? Making you over into a woman and 'blackmailing' you into being my wife was like.. like the ultimate rape fantasy without any legal consequences."

"You want rape me? No problem." Ivana said. "Oh, Please, Mr. Bill, don't be sticking big cock in tight cunt and fucking me hard. Please, don't rip my clothing off and fuck me again and again."

It was a decidedly... unconvincing plea - since every single thing about her was literally begging for exactly the opposite.

"I didn't go to all the trouble to feminize some dumb-ass backwoods Russian so she'd be my little slut!" Bill said, angrily. "I'm rich, I'm well-known and I'm handsome. I already *have* women of all shapes, sizes and colors throwing themselves at me. Next thing you know, you'll be on your knees begging me to let you blow me!"

"What is this 'blow'...?" Ivana asked, throwing his tirade off-stride.

"Huh? Oh - you know, a blow job. Sucking me off. Fellatio." Bill explained, nonplussed.

"Sucking you... You mean having your cock being in my mouth?" Ivana asked, with a horrified shudder. "That is being *disgusting!*"

Bill blinked - then slowly began to smile.

"You don't want to give me a blow job?" He asked.

"No!" She denied, emphatically. "I am not wanting to have cock in mouth - am wanting it in cunt! Cock in mouth, man's seed taste when I spit it out... yuck!"

"What about giving me a blow-job... and then swallowing my cum?"

"Please!" She said, putting a hand on her stomach. "You be making me wanting to throw my cookies."

Despite the garbled metaphor, Bill got her answer - and his grin widened. "Not even if I promised to fuck you good and hard later, like you wanted?"

"No!" She said, emphatically. "I am woman with big titties now. I can find other men who will be fucking me without disgusting blowing job!"

"Only if you want me to divorce you and send you back to Russia." Bill said, eyes sparkling. "No more gravy train, for you or your sister's family."

Ivana's eyes widened, and she went red with rage - then pale with fear, as a stricken look took up residence on her face.

Bill's cock began to harden, and he reached down and slowly unzipped his pants. "Well?" He asked. "How about it, 'baby' - gonna suck hubby's cock?"

She shook her head violently from side to side - but her voiced question was a small, trembling voice asking: "Do you be promising?"

"Promising what?" He wanted to know.

"I am..." She paused, shuddering, and took a deep breath. "I am doing... that.. and you will be.. fucking me later?"

"Say it." He demanded. "Say what you'll do, and then do it - and I promise you the best fucking of your life tonight."

"Okay." She said in a small voice he had to strain to hear. "I.. I will be.. blowing you."

With stiff, awkward movements that revealed the intense inner debate she was struggling through, she forced herself to her knees in front of him...

...and he smiled and enjoyed the stiff, mechanical movements of her unwilling blow-job more than he ever had the most skilled fellatio by the most experienced cock-sucker.

His money had finally bought him the power he'd wanted, even if the victory wasn't as complete as he would have liked...

* * * * *

"Oh, Lenin- yes...!" Ivana screamed, shuddering in the grip of the most powerful orgasm she'd felt yet.

"See...?" Bill panted, sliding off her with his chest heaving. "Told you.. I'm a man.. of my word."

"Yes, you are..." She said, bitterly, as her orgasmic glow faded. "A blackmailing, perverted, son-of-a- bastard who keeps his word."

"Well, that's better than a blackmailing, perverted, son-of-a-bastard who doesn't keep his word." Bill said, smugly. "We've established the barter system here, 'dear' - one blow-job, one fuck. Just keep that in mind."

Smiling to himself, he blew a kiss at his wife's disgusted, angry face, then left her bedroom to turn in for the night.

She watched him go, scowling... and then, a minute after he was gone, let the scowl fade into a smile.

She might be a backwoods Russkie - but she wasn't stupid. She'd known what a blowjob was.

She'd known it was something not necessarily enjoyable - but not actually all that inherently disgusting, either...

...and most importantly, she knew it was one of the prime bargaining chips a woman had in getting what she wanted out of a man.

Grinning to herself, looking forward to a life filled with luxury and pleasure, Ivana rolled over and blissfully fell asleep.

THE END



SUMMARY: A Macho guy, after drinking contaminated water in the desert, finds himself turning into the type of mindless bimbo that he has always craved.

Contaminated

By Gunslinger

At first, Brendan thought it was just a mirage - or, perhaps, a hallucination, something conjured up from the depths of his fevered mind.

As he staggered closer to it, however, and it remained real and solid in front of him, his disbelief began to transform itself into something else, something he had slowly faded during the past few hours:

Hope.

"Water." The golden-tanned young man whispered through dry lips, blue eyes widening. "Dear God in heaven... *water!*"

The slow, foot-dragging shuffle that had become his stride began to pick up, almost without him consciously willing it to do so. First, his battered red canvas high-tops lifted out of the sandy soil, instead of simply digging furrows as he shuffled along.

Then, the foot- steps became wider spaced, with less weight resting on the heels - until, finally, he was moving at a dead sprint towards the unlikely object he'd found, stuck way out in the middle of the Nevada desert.

"Water!" He cried again, whooping for joy as he actually ran up to and embraced the once-red, slowly rusting iron pump...

...and then quickly pulled away as the searing heat of the sun-baked metal hit his skin.

"Ha!" He crowed to himself, ignoring the heat of the metal as he wrapped his hands around the handle of the old-fashioned pump and began working it. "You're in for it now, bitch!"

Almost as much as his body craved the water, the golden-haired young man's mind cried out for revenge on the woman who'd put him in this situation. It was, of course, all her fault - because if she'd just submitted to him, let him go ahead and fuck her, then none of this would ever have happened, right?

But, *nooooo*, she couldn't just lay there and take it like a good little bitch, could she? After he'd gone to all the trouble of getting her good and liquored up at the casino, then gotten her to take a ride with him that had ended up way out in the middle of nowhere, where nobody could have heard her scream, she'd had the gall to have sobered up enough to demonstrate that she'd been one of those bitches who had taken 'self defense' classes. Two punches and a well-placed knee to the groin later, he'd been on the ground, gasping - and watching her peel out in *his* car, leaving him stuck out in the desert.

So, clad only in the tan 'safari' shorts, white tee and high-tops, he'd begun hiking through the growing heat, only now realizing that taking women out into the middle of the desert to 'rape' them, (*as they called it*), might have a *few* drawbacks...

...especially since he hadn't struck out in the direction she'd taken, towards the highway. After all, he was sure the first place she'd go was the cops, and lead them right back here - and he didn't want to go to prison. He'd given her a name, but it wasn't his real one, so as long as he could avoid getting caught, he thought he'd be alright - since even the car was registered in that fake name, and he'd never been arrested before, so his fingerprints wouldn't be on file.

Now, as he cranked the handle of the pump and water finally began to gush from the spigot, cool and clear and inviting, he thought to himself how he was going to track down that bitch and make her pay before he finally vanished and set up shop under a new name in another state.

Still working the pump handle, Brendan leaned over and thirstily gulped at the water coming out of the ground. It was barely cool, and had a strange sort of metallic aftertaste, but he couldn't care less as he filled his belly with it's sweet wetness.

After drinking his fill, the lean young man soaked himself in the water, leaving him sopping wet, and then once more set out across the desert, mind fixated on the revenge he was going to claim...

...and not once did he bother to read the badly-rusted sign near the pump, the one whose much-faded lettering warned that the well the water was being drawn from was contaminated from the atomic-bomb testing done in the region during the 50's and 60's.

* * * * *

"Damn bitches..." Brendan muttered to himself, walking across the buff-colored scrub desert towards where he thought the highway was. "They want it just as much as guys do, but they play their fuckin' games to get guys to pay for it, and they scream and yell 'rape' if a guy tries to get some for free."

He felt a strange shudder run through his body, momentarily pulling him from his dark musings, and he hesitated for a second. He'd been so focused on his thoughts as he'd slogged along, it was actually difficult for him to yank his mind from them - yet, as soon as he did so, he felt badly disoriented, as if - having 'derailed' his train of thought - it was hard to get it started again. For a moment, he simply stood there, brushing his shaggy, golden-blond hair back from his face and thoughtlessly scratching at his tingling scalp with his short, ill-kempt nails.

"What was I just thinking about...?" He asked himself, confused, as he resumed walking. "Oh, yeah... right..." He went back to thinking about women and sex.

"Women really like having sex." He told himself. "They love it - all of it. After all, look at the way they dress, the way they act. They want men to look at them, they want men to find their bodies sexy and desirable. They wear high heels to make their legs and ass look nicer, they wear tight clothes to show off their figures - and if their figures aren't nice enough, they get liposuction or breast implants to make them look better. Yeah, all women love being sexy, and that's because the sexier you are, the easier it is to get sex. It's just that most women are real bitches, pretending that's not how it is. The only honest women out there get bashed by the bitches who want to pretend it's not like that, get called things like 'whores' and 'sluts'."

Another strange shudder ran through his body - and once again, he stopped dead, a confused expression taking up residence on his face as his thoughts scattered like a covey of quail before a shotgun blast. For several minutes, he simply stood there, lightly gnawing on one long nail as he tried to get his whirling mind to focus on thoughts - and thoughts - once more.

Then, at last, he began to move again.

"Sluts..." He said to himself, tapping one long nail against his full, puffy lips as his other hand idly rubbed at the swollen, sensitive flesh of his slightly puffy chest. "Sluts..."

His bright blue eyes widened, and a broad smile crossed his full lips as he finally remembered what he'd been thinking about.

"That's right! Sluts like sex!" He told himself in his high, breathy voice. "I was just thinking how sluts love fucking, and sucking, and, uh... shit like that!"

Finding it a bit hard to actually conjure up the words and phrases used to describe the acts that 'sluts liked', he settled for, instead, visualizing them, which was much easier - and much more fun, he thought to himself with a breathy little giggle. Grinning happily at the thought, he continued walking along, the now-common shudders and shivers running through his body no longer nearly enough to interrupt his highly-explicit 'thoughts'.

Tripping and falling over, however, *was* enough to derail the highly sexual images running through Brendan's head.

For a minute, Brendan simply lay on the ground, unable to figure out what happened. Sitting up, Brendan looked down, hands idly going to the most offended body parts from the face-first flop to the ground...

"Wait a second..." Brendan said, furrow of confusion marring the creamy, smooth skin at the brow. "Wait just a second..." It took considerably longer than 'a second' for whatever it was to finally register, but when it did...

"Tits!" The tall, leggy, *über*-buxom blonde woman sitting on the ground screaming horror, slender, long-nailed hands gripping the massive, round orbs of softly firm flesh in question. "I've got *tits*...!"

Her hands continued holding the massive breasts as she stared down at herself in utter shock. "Huge tits!" She added, in a stunned voice.

"Huge, round boobs!" She said a second later, dreamily.

"Huge, round, *sexy* boobies!" She announced, happily, with a little giggle, as she continued playing with her wonderful tits. "They're so big... and they feel, like, really good, too!"

She giggled again - and then paused, looking around in confusion.

"Like, why am I just sitting here, playing with my big, fun boobies?" She asked herself. "It's, like, *soooo* hot out here!"

Pushing herself up off the ground, she brushed the sand off the skin-tight beige fabric hugging her full, delectable ass, then began heading towards the horizon, humming happily to herself as she swayed her hips in a wide circle, purposefully making her huge bobbies bounce and sway enjoyably under the taut fabric of her white tee-shirt.

It seemed to her that there had been something bothering her a few minutes ago, but whatever it was, it probably wasn't anything important, because didn't she feel just so happy and wonderful right now, her delightfully sexy body sending all sorts of nice pleasure to her? The way the skin-tight fabric of her shorts pushed and pulled against her cunt with every step of her long, tanned legs felt great, and her huge boobs bouncing and swaying felt really nice too, so what could she have to worry about? It was just too much of an effort to think about such things.

In fact, it was really too much effort to think at all. It was much nicer to just walk along in a pleasant, dreamy daze, enjoying all the nice feelings coming from her body.

After a while, she reached a road - and she simply stopped and stared at it. "Silly!" She scolded herself, with a giggle. "I don't even know where I'm going!"

She looked in one direction, then the other, and finally stared down at the graveled verge where she was standing, staring past her massive bust-line at the ground.

Her massive bust-line. Her massive...

"Boobs!" Brendan cried, staggering back a step. "Holy shit.. I'm a broad!"

He staggered back another step in shock, only the fact that they were high-tops keeping him from falling out of his sneakers. Sneakers.

Red canvas sneakers.

"I, like, would look so much hotter in heels..." She giggled to herself, looking down at the long, shapely legs barely visible as she leaned over slightly to see past her huge titties. She rested her weight on her left leg, extending her right forward to get a better look at the long, tanned expanse of curvy leg...

...and looked up, blinking in surprise, as the screeching howl of brakes.

The bright red Sunfire skidded to a stop in front of her, and the young man behind the wheel lowered the passenger's side window and leaned across the seat, a broad grin on his face.

"Hi there, miss." He said, eyes tracing up and down her tall, sexy body. "Need a lift?"

"Gee, thanks!" She giggled, swaying and jiggling over to the car, enjoying the way the cute guy was eyeing her body. She opened the door and slid inside the air-conditioned interior of the car. "That would, like, be *sooooo* great!"

"So - you heading into Vegas?" The dark-haired young man asked, putting the car into gear. She blinked, and giggled. "Sure, sounds like fun!"

He grinned at her, seeming to have a hard time keeping his eyes off her curves and on the curves of the road. "I'm Jack, by the way." "Brendan." She introduced herself.

His eyebrows rose. "Hmmm... That's an unusual name for a girl." "It is?" She asked, frowning cutely. "Gee, yeah..."

She fell silent, confused frown deepening as something tugged at her, insisting that there was, indeed, something very wrong in the discrepancy between her name and her body...

...and then she laughed.

"Brenda is a girl's name, not Brendan!" She told Jack, as she ran her fingers through her thick mane of golden-blond hair. "I'm, like, just such a total blonde. I keep thinking the weirdest thoughts today."

"Oh?" Jack asked, clearly bemused. "Like what, Brenda?"

"Like there should be some reason why I should be mad at you for, like, totally staring at my huge boobies." She told him, sincerely, as she cupped her massive breasts and hefted them. "Which is, like, *soooo* silly! Of *course* you want to stare at my big, huge boobies! You probably even want to play with them!"

The car swerved, almost running off the road.

"You don't mind me looking at you.. breasts?" Jack asked in an oddly strangled tone of voice. She pouted in pretty concentration.

"Well, I don't think my titties were always this big..." She replied, her mind trying to grasp fleeting thoughts. "I musta got myself, like, implants, you know? An', if I got these really huge boobies, it musta been 'cause I want to make guys horny... right?"

"If you say so..." Jack said, his voice sounding even more strangled.

"Well, it only makes sense." She said, half to herself. "Babes like me don't get really huge boobies not to be noticed. If I didn't used to have big boobies, and now I do, it must have been to get men's attention."

"I... see..." Jack said, slowly. He sat for a second, wondering whether it was at all possible for any woman to be as complete a ditz as this one seemed to be, then finally shook his head and brought his mind back to more practical matters: "So, where are you going?"

"Gee, I dunno!" She admitted, brightly.

"You don't know where you're going?" He asked, incredulous.

"Well, see, I was just walking along." She explained. "I think it had something to do with sex, because I think I remember leaving a casino to go have sex - but all I relay remember is walking through the desert thinking about sex. I don't know whether I was going home after, like, having sex... or still out looking for sex, you know?"

Jack gaped at her.

"It's, like, really hard to, like, think and remember and stuff..." She explained. "It's, like, there's this voice, in my head, screaming? An', like, it's really, really annoying and distracting and it, like, makes it really, really hard to think? It's, like, so much easier to just, like, not think at all... you know?"

"I'll take your word for it." Jack assured her, giving her a side-long look of disbelief. She sighed, prettily.

"It would, like, be so much easier if I could have somebody else do all my thinking for me." She commented. Dead silence reigned for nearly a minuet as she stared with a vacant pout...

"Uh..." Jack said, carefully. "I, um.. could do your thinking for you... if you'd like..."

"Really?" She asked, clasping her hands together happily in front of her massive bosom. "That would, like, be so cool!"

"Sure." Jack said - still not nearly convince that what seemed to be going on here really was going on here. After all, it seemed impossible that any woman as truly brain-dead as she seemed to be could actually survive this long by herself.

On the other hand, if she really *was* as dumb as she appeared...

For her part, Brenda was ecstatically happy. If this nice, cute guy was going to do all the worrisome thinking for her, she could concentrate on trying to block out that screaming in her head that was so unpleasant, by focusing all her attention on just enjoying all the nice feelings of her body.

"So, what should I be doing right now?" She asked, Jack, with a smile.

"Uh... just sitting there is fine." Jack said, wondering what he dared 'think' for her, looking for any sort of trap or downside to this highly improbably situation that had somehow managed to develop. "I'm driving right now, and you're a passenger, so you can just sit there until we get where we're going."

"Okay!" She agreed, brightly, sitting back in the seat and staring out the window at the passing scenery with a vapid smile on her face, concentrating every ounce of her attention on the way the vibrations of the car felt as they traveled through her highly sensitive flesh.

She hummed happily along to herself, her steady concentration on every jiggle, sway and bounce of her body absorbing her utterly and completely...

...so she was completely unaware of Jack's side-long glances at her as he considered the situation, wondering just how far he could take it.

Finally, he pulled up to a stop in a parking space in front of one of the smaller motels at the outskirts of Vegas, a clean but somewhat seedy establishment that catered to the 'low-rollers' who visited Vegas.

"Well, this is where I'm staying." Jack said, carefully. "Do you want to come in?" "I dunno." She said with a giggle and a vapid grin. "Do I?"

He swallowed heavily.

"Yes, you do. You really do."

"Okay!" She agreed, readily, slipping out of the car and following him to the door of his motel room. He unlocked it and led her inside, then stepped aside and closed the door behind her as she stood in the center of the small room, grinning at nothing.

"Now what?" She asked him. He swallowed again.

"Well, uh... you were saying about how you were in the desert, and don't know if you'd just had sex, or was looking for sex." Jack said, very carefully. "I think that you should probably have sex.. just to be on the safe side."

She cocked her head - but she wasn't even really considering his 'suggestion', but was concentrating on blocking out the screaming that, for some reason, had just gotten much louder and more annoying in her mind.

"Okay. Who should I have sex with?" She asked, innocently. Jack almost choked.

"Well... Me, I guess." He finally said.

"Okey-dokey." Brenda agreed, quickly, trying to focus her attention on Jack to override the still-increasing furor in her mind. "What should I do?"

This couldn't be happening, Jack thought numbly to himself. There was no way that this sort of thing happened, not in real life, anyway. The odds against it were, well, phenomenal...

...but then, this was Vegas, wasn't it?

"I'll... just start by playing with your tits for a bit." Jack said, 'judiciously'.

"Good idea!" She agreed, reaching down and peeling her skin-tight top off, setting her massive breasts free to bounce and sway on her chest. "There you go!"

Making an odd little whimpering sound, Jack reached out and hesitantly began pawing at her tits.

"Oh... that feels real nice!" She told him - and it was true, it did. It felt so nice, that it was easier to focus on the way his hands were making her titties feel, helping drown out the banshee-like wailing in her head. She almost latterly wiggled in pleasure. "Oh, like, that's *real* good!"

Still unable to fully believe this was happening, Jack stepped up his attention, a lot less hesitant as his hands began roaming over more and more of her Barbie-doll body.

"This feels so nice! I *like* you thinking for me!" She squealed in delight as that annoying screaming in her mind faded even more in the face of the increasing pleasure of his hands - and, at her words, lips.

His hands went to her full, firm ass, sliding across the taut fabric of her shorts - and then, a moment later, he'd undone her fly and slipped her shorts and underwear down so he could fill his hands with the warm globes of her taut ass.

Neither of them noticed - or commented on - the fact that the 'panties' in the shorts were men's briefs, since they'd both been slid down her long legs at the same time - and when she stepped out of them and kicked them into the corner, they were promptly forgotten as they made their way to the nearby bed.

His hands left her body momentarily as they worked at his own clothes - and she enthusiastically joined in on the task of stripping him, the momentary lack of attention to her sensitive body allowing that high-pitched, near-frantic screaming in her mind to remerge into her consciousness...

...but it was completely blotted out a moment later when, now naked, he pulled himself up and impaled her tight cunt with his hard, throbbing cock.

"Oh, God - yes!" She screamed, all 'negative' feelings wiped out in the burst of pleasure thundering through her as he began plunging his hard rod rhythmically into her writhing, highly-pleasured body. "Oh, yeah, fuck me like that,... just like that.. I really LIKE that...!"

She didn't have to worry about anything at all, not when she was being fucked. Oh, no - thought was completely superfluous as she rocked beneath his thrusting body, and any screaming or complaining part of her mind might have been doing was completely buried under the tidal wave of growing pleasure that took up every nerve, every synapse, every neuron.

This was wonderful. Laying there, broad hips thrusting wildly to increase the depth and power of his penetration, her wonderfully huge tits bouncing and shaking on her chest, she didn't need to think, only to feel. She could just let herself react in whatever way it took to increase all this wonderful pleasure - and increase it she did, finding the ever-growing ecstasy even more wonderful with each passing second as less and less of her mind was taken up by anything even closely approaching conscious thought.

Within moments, she wasn't even really a 'person', just a body thrusting and moaning and screaming her way through ultimate pleasure, her mind nothing more than a device to record and experience the wondrous pleasure that came when, finally, she reached a screaming, mind-blowing orgasm that rocked her mind and body simultaneously.

Brain completely shut down for the moment, she shuddered her way through her orgasm as he pumped his load deep into her hot, wet cunt and then, gasping, all-but-fell off of her and slumped down to lay beside her.

Still shivering in mindless delight as several aftershocks hit her body, she stared up at the ceiling with a huge, mindless grin as her lover drifted off to sleep beside her.

Slowly, her mind began to form rudimentary thoughts, the swirling ideas and concepts at first fragmented. *'That was the best sex I've ever had!'* Was the first coherent post-coital thought she had...

...and then a faint frown occurred as it brought up the subject of the 'other' sex she'd had, in comparison. She sat bolt upright in bed.

One hand flew to her massive tits.

The other flew to her wet, just-used cunt.

Her mouth and eyes widened into O's of shock and disbelief. "I... I'm a woman!" Brendan gasped in a stricken voice.

"I... I'm a woman who just had sex...!" She whispered to herself in horror.

"I just had sex...!" She said, louder, as Jack stirred beside her, slowly rising from the mists of post-sex sleep at her voice. "I just had sex....!" She screamed, as Jack snapped awake...

"...and *loved* it!" She finished her squealing shout of mindless happiness, as she turned and looked down at Jack. "Now what...?" "Well, uh..." Jack said, blinking. "Maybe, uh.. well, how 'bout a blow-job, honey?"

"Would I like giving you a blow-job?" She asked, causing him to blink.

"Oh, yeah - you would." Her 'brain' told her, in an odd tone of voice as he guided her head towards his stirring cock. "You love giving blowjobs."

"Okay." She agreed, leaning over and pressing her huge tits against his legs as her warm, wet mouth encircled his cock...

'Gee, my stomach feels all flip-floppy and tight.' She thought to herself as she slurped and sucked at the cock filling her mouth. 'I guess 'liking' blow-jobs means I feel just like I'm about to vomit... and so I must really love sucking cock, 'cause I feel, like, totally ready to spew!'

Giggling to herself at how much like feeling ready to blow chunks 'loving' sucking cock felt like, she went on sucking and slurping...

...while Jack, enjoying an unskilled but highly energetic blow-job, found himself considering possible financial ramifications to the situation he'd somehow stumbled across...

* * * * *

The cum gushed out as if propelled from a fire-house.

Some of it landed in her open mouth, but the majority of it splattered over her face, down her neck, and over her huge tits. She played with the cum filling her mouth, tongue darting out to slide over her sperm-slicked, gloss-pink lips as her hands worked the warm, slick cum into the smooth flesh of her massive tits, until...

"CUT!"

Smiling at her male costar, Brandi Bigguns rose to her feet and swayed sensuously atop her six-inch heels towards the dressing room to get cleaned up and ready for her next shot.

"Great work." Jack - her manager and 'boyfriend' - complimented her as she went by. "Thanks." She said with a giggle, wiggling her way into the dressing room.

Cleaning herself up by the simple expedient of scooping the cum into her mouth and swallowing it, she followed that by using a damp cloth to 'waste' the rest of the man-juice Jack assured her she loved so much. That done, she picked up a lipstick tube and lifted it towards her mouth as she looked in the mirror...

...then stopped dead.

"Hold on..." She muttered to herself...

...and then her eyes widened.

"Oh, god.. I'm a porn star!" She told her reflection in horror. "I'm fucking and sucking men for a living! I.. I.. I have to get out of here!" Turning, she yanked open the door to her private dressing room and started to leave...

"You haven't finished getting ready, honey-buns." The assistant director informed her with a long-suffering sigh.

She blinked at him, obviously confused, then looked at the lipstick she was holding as if seeing it for the first time in her life. "Oh, yeah - right." She said, with a giggle. "Silly me!"

Turning, she went back into her dressing room, and the AD shook his head in amazement, even after having worked with her on three movies.

She was literally as dumb as a post. You had to remind her of everything, tell her exactly what she was doing at any given instant...

...but, then again, with a body as outrageously proportioned as hers, it was worth the effort it took to keep her 'on track'...

...even if the spontaneous sobbing she sometimes broke out into was a little unnerving. Besides, it never lasted long - and was happening less and less often as time went on.

The way things were going, in a few more months she'd just be the perfect little brain-dead little blonde fuck-toy - and that, of course, was just what everybody wanted for Brenda 'Brandi' Bigguns...

...even, deep inside, Brendan, who was desperately praying for the day when 'he' was finally eradicated and forever relieved of the living nightmare his life had become.

THE END.



SUMMARY: Thinking that he has received a sex doll in the mail, one man is dismayed to find that it is really some sort of costume; he tries it on and the changes begin!

Covered Up

By Gunslinger

Yawning hugely, Jake wrapped his tattered old plaid bathrobe around his lean, bony body and padded towards the front door of his house.

Still half asleep, he kicked through the piles of debris rather than stepping over the assortment of fast-food wrappers, cola- and beer- cans, and porno magazines.

Given the clutter that filled the old, post-war red brick house, his slow, unsteady progress simply redistributed the litter, rather than spreading it. Kicking through one last drift atop the faded afghan rug he'd inherited along with his parents house, he reached the front door and dealt sleepily with the intricacies of a dead-bolt lock.

Having spent half the night playing *Biohazard: Contagion* on-line, Jake's eyes were ill-prepared for the full light of day, and he groaned and threw a slender hand up to shade his muddy brown eyes. A moment later, the indistinct shape of a figure coalesced out of the bright white blur, forming into a slender black man dressed in a rather geeky-looking brown uniform.

"Uh, hi..." The deliveryman said, blinking at the tall, lean, fine-boned young man with the crew-cut brown hair standing in the doorway, obviously just awakened despite the fact that it was a little after noon. "Look, the label on this is a little smeared, and I'm having trouble making it out..."

The delivery man hefted the plain brown-paper wrapped package he held - and Jake's eyes lit up at the sight. "Yeah!" He crowed, grabbing the package from the startled man's hands. "I've been waiting for this!"

"Well, if you're sure it's for you..." The delivery man said, doubtfully.

"Sure, sure!" Jake gushed, all but yanking the pad out of his hands and scrawling an illegible signature across it before jamming it back into the dark-skinned man's hands and slamming the door shut in his face.

Already tearing the brown paper wrapping away from the plain white box within, Jake headed eagerly towards the kitchen, nominally the cleanest room in the small house he'd inherited after his parent's death.

He'd been born very late in his parent's life, an unexpected arrival. His parents, good hard-working parents, had not only managed to sock away a good nest-egg before passing on, but owned the house outright. Sure, the house was small,

undistinguished, and now on the very outskirts of a commercial/industrial area that had slowly expanded over the years, but it was all his - which meant that he could quite comfortably live off the savings his parents had left behind.

At twenty-one, he was more-or-less retired, able to do just about whatever he wanted...

...including ordering an inflatable sex-doll from an on-line catalogue.

Chortling with excitement, the painfully skinny, self-absorbed young man dropped into the cracked and vinyl kitchen chair, almost reverently placing the box down on the table in front of him and lifting off the lid.

"Oh!" He gasped, the surprised expression wrung from him at the sight of what lay carefully packed inside. He hadn't expected it to be so... *detailed*.

The deflated 'woman' laying inside didn't look much like the fairly small image on the website. For one thing, the skin actually had texture, almost identical to 'real' human skin, except for the fact that it was utterly unblemished and lacking in any body hair.

Not that the limp, flat figure was lacking in hair. Indeed, it had a head full of it - a 'wig' that was part of the skin, long, thick, mahogany- colored tresses that went very well indeed with the rich, bronze shading of the 'skin' and the dark, almost black iris' of the eyes...

"They sent me the wrong one...!" He said, with a sigh. "I ordered 'Betty the Blonde Bimbo'." He sighed again - then shrugged. After all, any sex doll served the same purpose.

"I'll just inflate you, sweet cheeks..." Jake told the doll, grinning, "...and then we'll have some... what the hell?" Confused, Jake held the deflated doll out at arm's length, looking at it's back, where he'd expected to find the fill valve. "Great - it's ripped!"

He reconsidered on a long, second glance however - the split up the back of the of the doll was to even, to regular, to be a rip or tear. "How the hell is this supposed to work...?" Jake asked himself, flipping the doll over and looking at it again.

Confused, he glanced into the box, hoping for an instruction booklet - and instead found a length of hose. It had a standard fitting at one end, then separated into two, smaller hoses that ran for about two feet before ending in what looked like the small little 'needles' on the end of a basketball pump.

"Hmmm... Water filled." Jake mused.

Still somewhat confused, but game, he carefully scrutinized the doll - and found four little plastic fill valves, almost invisible and located under each armpit and at the very bottom crease of what would have been each buttock on a real woman.

"Huh. Let's give it a try..." Jake said, carrying both the doll and the hose with him as he headed into the bathroom.

The bathtub was an old, claw-foot type, with a simple faucet nearly identical to an outdoor tap. The hose attached perfectly to the faucet, and he carefully placed one needle in the valves under each of the armpits before laying the doll down in the tub.

He figured that the doll was broken up into four 'water chambers', two above the waist and two below. Based on that, he figured it would take a while to fill even the top half through the small hoses he'd plugged into it, so he turned on the tap and headed off to the kitchen to start some coffee brewing.

Once the Brewmaster was gurgling away contently, he hurried back to the bathroom...

...then swore loudly and hastily shut off the water.

"Shit!" He swore again, pulling the hoses from the fill points and lifting the doll from the tub - awkwardly, because of the over-sized 'tits' the doll now sported.

He was surprised that the latex - or whatever it was - that made up the doll's skin hadn't burst from the pressure. Each 'breast' was roughly the size and shape of a basketball, with the amazingly life-like nipples and areola similarly outsized at the apex of each heavy, round orb.

Jake tried for several minutes to find a way to 'shrink' the ridiculously huge boobs, but the valves seemed to be one-way, not allowing any of the water back out.

With a sigh, he considered simply tossing it aside and calling the company for instructions, or a refund... then he shrugged, and decided to 'play around' with it for awhile longer, if he was simply going to return it.

Hoping that he'd simply picked the 'breast size' valves, and it was the other set that inflated the rest of the doll, Jake hooked the hose up to the two 'butt valves' and turned on the water.

A moment later, he shut it off in disgust, only having achieved the effect of 'plumping out' the ass to respectable proportions.

"Just how the hell is this supposed to work...?" He asked of thin air, carefully turning the doll over and over in his hands, hoping to find another set of valves, or some other indication of how to fill out the rest of the doll.

"Geez..." He snorted, his eyes returning to the slit running up the back, "It looks more like a suit than a doll."

He chuckled, shaking his head - he paused, and took a long, hard look at the suit, a thoughtful expression on his bony face.

He glanced around nervously, almost as if expecting somebody to be standing by, ready to jump out and laugh at him or castigate him for the thought he'd just had.

"Well..." He muttered, blushing. "Why not?"

Feeling extremely self-conscious, he hesitantly slipped out of his robe and sat on the cold porcelain edge of the tub.

Holding out the 'skin', he slowly, hesitantly slid one hard-edged hairy leg into the slid of the suit, sliding his toe around until he found the top of the right leg.

The inside of the suit was slick, making it easy for him to slide his leg down into the leg of the suit, until his own foot was filling out the bronzed foot of the suit, it's own toes sliding onto his own after a few seconds of toe flexing.

"What the hell am I doing...?" Jake asked himself - even as he repeated the procedure with his other leg.

Once he had both feet in the suit, he stood and slid his arms in, surprised at how awkward the over-filled breasts made it as he groped for the arm hole. A minute later, he found them, and he hesitated for a long second before taking a deep breath and leaning forward, shouldering his head into the suit in a bent position, then standing up swiftly.

The motion pulled the 'suit' more-or-less into the correct position over his body - but it took a couple of minutes of blind fumbling to finally get the 'face' lined u enough that the eyes popped into place, letting him see out of the lenses.

"It *is* a suit!" He exclaimed, after getting the mouth and lips into position so that he could speak. He shrugged his shoulders and smoothed the suit around his body, annoyed at the way the size and weight of the ridiculously oversized breasts got in the way as he settled the suit into the correct position over his body.

"Kinky..." He commented, as he hesitantly approached the mirror, not really sure if he wanted to see what he looked like in this... female body-suit, or whatever it was.

He caught sight of his reflection - and gasped.

The 'woman' in the mirror mimicked the expression perfectly.

Aside from the ridiculously oversized breasts - or, perhaps, even despite them - the woman reflected in the mirror was gorgeous. There was some amount of padding built into the skin of the suit, and that certain amount of padding managed to combine with Jake's tall, bony built for a final effect that was stunning.

The padding within the face softened the angular bones of his face, give 'her' a set of high, well-defined cheekbones on a broad, string-jawed face vaguely reminiscent of Sophia Loren.

The same effect could be seen in the rest of 'her' body. The extra padding made 'her' hands seem smaller, more femininely scaled in proportion, and because of his extremely lanky build under that padding, the overall effect was a tall, supple-slim woman with trim hips and a tiny waist on an exaggerated hour-glass torso balanced atop long, slender legs.

"This is just too... weird." Jake muttered, gaping at the mirror. Trying on the 'suit', just for the hell of it, had seem 'perverted' enough - but, somehow, the fact that he made such a stunningly attractive woman made it only worse. He shuddered in emotional discomfort at the attractive - and highly realistic - image the mirror reflected...

...then shuddered again, this time because of a strange, almost electric tingle that pulsed out from the base of the neck's suit.

He gasped - then shuddered again, as a stronger pulse emerged, this one spreading out from it's point-of-origin until it spread across every inch of his body...

...except that, well before it finished it's all-inclusive travel, a second pulse went out. Then a third...

...and a fourth...

Jake began thrashing and whipping around the bathroom - not because he wanted to, but because of the electric pulses causing nerves to fire almost randomly. He shivered, shook and shimmied as the pulses grew faster and closer together, somehow managing to retain his feet as he was almost literally thrown around the room in the grip of the tingling seizures the pulses caused.

Then, slowly, the pulses died away, and Jake yanked himself upright, holding on to the edges of the sink for support. "What the fuck-?" Jake asked the mirror...

...in a husky, but sensual, *female* voice.

Dark eyes flying wide, Jake gaped slack-jawed at the woman in the mirror who the voice so well matched, his hands flying up towards his throat.

He had, however, failed to compensate for the heavy, awkward weight and mass of the suits huge, round breasts, and his arms slammed into the outboard underside of each massive mammary...

...and a high-pitched breathless little shriek was ripped from *her* throat as her nervous system registered that impact, not only through her arms, but through the huge - and highly sensitive - breasts themselves.

"This... this can't be happening!" She told her reflection, squeezing as much of the ludicrous breast-flesh as would fit in her hands - then hastily letting go as the sensation, with the voice, put lie to her denial.

She simply stared at her feminine reflection for a long, long moment - and then her hands flew, almost of their own accord, to her crotch...

"Noooooooo!" She shrieked, slumping to her cutely dimpled new knees at her fingers encountered the smooth, soft folds of a her warm new womanhood.

"Off.. gotta take it off..." She told herself, an edge of hysteria in her damnably sexy new feminine voice, as she reached behind her. It was awkward, because of the way the motion made her huge, heavy breasts rise higher on her chest as she fumbled around behind her, long new nails painfully running across the soft, smooth flesh of her back.

The unbroken flesh of her back - for, as she rose and whirled desperately to peer over her shoulder, she discovered that, not only was her soft new skin much tougher - and much more sensitive - than 'natural' skin, it was also utterly seamless.

"I don't want to be a chick..." She sobbed, her still-scrabbling hands slowly losing momentum as the futility of trying to remove the suit that had, somehow, bonded with her registered.

"No..." She sobbed, hands dropping in defeat. "Please, God - I don't want to be a woman..."

God, however, ignored her plea, and no miracle was forthcoming to reverse the inexplicable effects of the suit. A woman she was - and a woman she remained.

"This... shouldn't be possible..." She sobbed. "How could this possibly happen?"

Slowly, through her haze of fear and horror, the question's import registered on the new woman's mind, and she repeated it, in a more thoughtful tone: "How *could* this happen? How could a... a sex doll, or suit, or whatever, turn me into a real woman?"

The thought struck home - and she rose and hurried towards the living room, where the computer was located.

All things considered, it wasn't terribly surprising that she failed to notice the small lettering floating in the bottom-right corner of her vision, placed there via the miracle of the semi-transparent micro-LED screens built into the 'contact lenses' of the synthetic body suit. After all, the lettering was low-contrast, little more than a barely-there distortion unless you attempted to focus on the letters - which, not having received the separately shipped 'operating manual' that had gone to the correct destination, the new woman didn't know to do.

So, she missed reading the lettering output by the tiny micro-processor of the suit, now wired directly into the neural network of her brain - the lettering she read: AWAITING INPUT.

In fact, it hadn't even occurred to Jake, who - male or female - wasn't exactly the brightest bulb in the box, that the suit might not have been from the company she'd been expecting a package from. She was, rather stupidly, fixated on the idea that it was some other product from fly-by-night adult specialty company that had 'merely' been accidentally shipped in place of correct order.

A notion that she might have been disabused of, had she bothered to check the return address on the packaging itself - but that thought didn't occur to her, either, and she instead went to her computer, planning to return to the website from which she'd ordered the sex doll in the first place.

Of course, part of the problem was the fact that she didn't remember the URL of the website, and had to reconstruct her route to it by trying to find the same series of links she'd stumbled across while perusing the Internet for porn.

So, she opened her bookmarks and went to the first site she'd started at, a daily TGP site...

...and, concentrating on the images popping up on the website, she again failed to notice the small lettering in the bottom right-hand corner of her vision.

The lettering that now read: PROCESSING INPUT.

Perhaps, in a way, it was a good thing that she completely failed to notice the changing array of letters and words in the corner of her vision as she continued surfing from one porn site to another - for she might have realized that the processor, now wired directly into her brain and her central nervous system, was 'learning' at a tremendous rate.

Learning about being female.

Learning about being female - from porn sites.

In fact, there were a great many things the new woman didn't know.

For instance, she didn't know that the site she'd ordered the sex-doll from was a scam - a company that was little more than a post office box, a rented cubical, and a server, that took people's checks and then folded up operation and slipped away to another city, to set up under another name and URL.

She also didn't know that, during her three-hour long fruitless search, the suit was recording what it considered the 'appropriate' imagery and video graphics: the ones that matched the 'correct' gender for the suit, the female images.

She certainly didn't know that the suit, similar in technological design to the fictional 'tuxedo' in the Jackie Chan / Jennifer Love Hewitt movie of the same name, was only doing what it was supposed to, since the purpose of the suit was to allow a quadriplegic person capable of moving again. Wired into every single nerve in the body, the padding designed to make up for the atrophy common with paralysis, with the 'programming' designed to completely circumvent the usual long, grueling process of physiotherapy needed to learn to move again, the suit was an incredible technological miracle...

...and was developed illegally from highly sensitive military technology stolen by a desperate employee at a department of defense research facility.

All of which meant that she definitely didn't know that contacting the person on the return address of the package was the worst possible thing she could do, when the idea finally occurred to her after those hours of wasted searching.

Which was why, after the thought finally occurred to her, she rose from the computer and headed for the kitchen...

...completely unaware of the extremely feminine gait she was using.

She didn't notice she was standing on tip-toe, hips moving in a supple, rhythmic sway as her arms, close to her side, made small, little arcs beside the huge, swaying breasts that were counter-balanced by the smooth swiveling of her hips.

She didn't notice any of this - because the microprocessor was providing both action and feedback, as seamlessly and 'intuitively' as it was designed to do. Her brain generated the command 'walk' - and the processor took over, using the processed and programmed data it had been incidentally fed from the internet to create the feminine walk it believed was the intended final effect, and then it took the resulting sensations and reported to her brain that everything was going exactly the way it was supposed to do.

The programming didn't 'override' her own mind, just the incoming and outgoing nerve impulses. It wasn't forcing her to do anything - but was determining how she *did* whatever it was she was doing.

All so smoothly and effectively that she didn't - couldn't - tell it was happening.

Not that it didn't mean that she couldn't register the differences in sensations that came from walking that way in her new body. She didn't realize just how feminine she was walking - but she could feel the way her huge breasts bobbed and swayed with each step, their heavy, firm weight new and unfamiliar...

...and both annoying and disturbingly pleasant.

Reaching the kitchen, she found the discarded wrapping. Picking it, she didn't even notice that she tossed a long, thick mass of wavy tresses back over her slender shoulder with a feminine flip of her hand.

Nor did she notice the feminine pose she struck, one hip against the wall, as she picked up the phone and dialed the number in the return address section of the waybill.

* * * * *

The shrill shrieking of the phone cut off Dr. William Kurtz' tirade in mid-swear, and he all-but dived for the phone.

When the computer tracking the delivery company provided had indicated the package had been delivered, he'd called the intended recipient, eager to walk her through the process on the phone...

...and learned that she'd never gotten the package.

Now, hoping that the delivery service had finally figured out it's snafu, he eagerly yanked up the phone. "Kurtz!" He snapped, half angrily, half eagerly.

"Uh... Mr. Kurtz?" A warm, rich, feminine voice asked over the phone...

...a voice that he recognized immediately, as he'd programmed it. Kurtz' blood ran cold at the thought that somebody else had put on the suit.

"Look, I, uh, got this suit in the mail..." The voice said, awkwardly. "I put it on... and now I can't seem to get it off..." Kurtz' mind spun at the horror of the situation.

He'd never bothered to come up with a method of removing the suit once it was put on. It was permanent - and any attempt to find some sort of reversal would require revelation of his theft, of his dishonesty.

It was actually much worse than that, of course - but in her rush to get back to being male, Jake had skipped over the pleasantries of introducing herself - and she didn't even realize that the suit was giving her the rich, natural feminine intonations. The hysteria that should have been in her voice was missing, 'edited' out by the suit...

...leaving Kurtz to assume that it was a woman who'd put on the suit, which was why she was merely 'upset', rather than hysterical as a man who put on the suit accidentally would be evincing.

Which was why his whirling, frantic mind struck on a plan - not much of a plan, but a hastily conceived one that just might keep him from being sent to jail.

Looking around frantically, he finally spotted what he was looking for - a small electronic device. "Uh... Mr. Kurtz?" The woman asked, uncertainly.

"Yes, just a second..." Kurtz said, lunging for the device - and bringing it up to the phone mouthpiece, where he pressed the button that sent out a very high-pitched squeal.

A squeal that activated the auditory programming override...

* * * * *

She shivered - and looked at the phone she'd just hung up, confusion plain on her face. Kurtz had just told her what she needed to do to be normal again...

...but she couldn't remember what he'd said.

Blinking, she shook her head, feeling strangely dazed, as if she'd just gone through some sort of struggle - but she couldn't imagine what sort of mental struggle she might have gone through while listening to the now consciously-forgotten instructions she'd be given.

It would have worried her - except that 'worry' simply didn't seem to be an option. In fact, she felt oddly calm and even... content, somehow. Oh, sure, she knew she hated being female, and she desperately wanted to be a man again, but she no longer felt panicked or horrified about her condition. Instead, she felt content to be female until it was time to stop being female, as soon as she did... whatever it was she had to do.

She also felt confident that she'd know what she had to do, when she had to do it - even if she didn't understand what or why she was doing.

With that calm, content confidence, she found herself heading to her bedroom, where she pulled on a white T-shirt and a pair of once-baggy jeans. Both shirt and pants clung to her fuller new figure like a second skin, and she was faintly bemused to find herself excited by the image revealed by the mirror, that of a lushly-figured woman in tight-fitting clothes. She would have thought she'd be disgusted to find herself doing something even vaguely sexy in her new, female body - but, instead, she found it exciting.

Which wasn't as worrisome as she would have thought it would be, either. In fact, she was also content to find herself excited to be sexual.

"That's kind of weird..." She told her reflection, smiling warmly at her supple, feminine figure, one hand lightly caressing the massive breast under the straining shirt that, with so much of the fabric taken up trying to cover her huge tits, left her belly bare. "I didn't realize I'd find being a sexy woman so... fun!"

She heard herself give a deep, sensual sigh at the admission she'd just made.

"Well, I'm eager to be a man again..." She said, finding herself wincing at saying such a thing aloud, even if she was alone. She certainly couldn't bring herself to mention her masculine past to anybody else, she was sure. "...but it might not be utterly horrible being female for however long I'm stuck like this."

Giving herself a wink in the mirror, she slipped into a pair of sneakers and, walking with an exaggerated, sexy sway, she headed towards the door. She found herself extremely aware of the motions and sensations of her transformed body as she walked - and was pleasantly surprised at how good it felt to have massive boobs to jiggle and sway, and a full, firm ass to move tautly under her jeans.

Humming softly to herself, luxuriating in the feel of her feminine body, she grabbed her wallet and keys and headed out to her car - not even sure where she was going.

It turned out she was going shopping.

It was easier than she would have expected - because she seemed to know exactly what she needed to buy as soon as she saw it. She was modestly surprised by some of the things she purchased - but she knew they had to be the right things, because as soon as she saw them, she felt a pleasurable wave of eager excitement run through her, accompanied by a wave of uncritical pleasure when she purchased the item.

Finally, she returned to her car, carrying her purchases with her in a suitcase she'd also purchased - and was intrigued to find herself pointing the hood of her car to the road leading out of town.

Of course, she had no idea where she was going, but she wasn't worried about the fact she was leaving town, since the waves of mindless pleasure that ran through her told her she must be doing the right thing.

Of course, the fact that she had this mindless pleasure to guide her was a handy thing - since that dazed feeling hadn't left her, leaving her in a strange, dreamy state that would have made any deep thinking extremely difficult. It was so much easier to just let herself obey these sort of pleasure/pain impulses guiding her, without really doing anything so annoying or boring as thinking.

Yes - thinking was much over-rated. It was thinking that had gotten herself into this trouble...

...and so not thinking was the solution! Yes - it made so much sense.

In a warm, happy - and utterly uncritical - fog, she let herself drive the car to wherever it was she was going.

She drove for more than three hours, stopping once to gas up - but, if after the drive, she'd been asked how long it had taken, or if she'd ever stopped, she wouldn't have been able to answer. Her mind was slowly shutting down, things like memory and rational thought and 'real' emotions seemingly unimportant as she let herself be swayed by the guiding burst of pleasure, leavened occasionally by emotional discomfort when she did something wrong...

...and all underscored by a faint, but persistent headache, the only enduring sign of her mind's futile attempt to break through the wall of conditioning Dr. Kurtz had created.

Well, the wall that Kurtz was the architect of - for she'd built the wall herself.

It was the only way it could be. After all, the mind is designed to resist such outside influence, even when amplified by the devices in the suit.

Kurtz, however, had known this - and taken it into account when choosing a method of covering up the mistake and keeping her from speaking.

He'd told her that the only way to get the suit off... was to forget she had it on.

In fact, he'd told her that the suit was designed to 'stretch her capabilities' - and that it would only deactivate once she'd picked up a new lifestyle using all her 'untapped' skills, to the point that she was so confident and comfortable in her new persona that she'd stop consciously thinking about her previous life for at least a full twenty-four hours.

Of course, Kurtz thought that the person in the suit had been female to begin with, and so thought it would just be a 'lifestyle change', one that by its very nature would keep her from ever bringing up the fact anything had changed to anybody else.

What Kurtz hadn't known was that the new woman had been male, with the only 'untapped skills' being any sort of social or sexual skills... and the downloaded female skills.

She, however, did know all of this - and so the very fact that she was so driven, so eager, to get back to being male only gave her own mind extra impetus to force herself to become more feminine... in order to, supposedly, become masculine again.

So, a man trapped in the body of a woman, not too bright but unbelievably motivated, was doing her own level best to make her own worst nightmare come true.

All of which combined to explain why, motivated by something she wanted more than anything else in the world, a very large part of her really was looking forward to what she was going to do - while the rest of her mind, aside from trying to forget her past, was also trying to forget what it was she was doing, even as she was doing it.

It was a survival maneuver, necessary under the circumstances - and the reason why she was able to surprise herself with her own actions.

With her mind desperately suppressing any conscious knowledge of what it was she was quite voluntarily to achieve her desperately desired goal, it meant that she had 'no idea' why she actually pulled into the cheap hotel in a somewhat run-down urban center, in a city she couldn't have named if her life had depended on it.

Her mind was working under the idea that 'ignorance is bliss' - and, since she was fooling herself quite effectively, it was working.

Mindlessly happy, all worries, disgust, hatred and horror forcibly forced down by her subconscious mind before it could reach her consciousness, she pulled the car up in front of the office and slipped from behind the wheel.

She had a full range of female movements imbedded in her mind that would have unconsciously had her move in a feminine way - but she was quite consciously aware of her motions, as she was consciously making an effort to move in the 'perfect' feminine way, tapping into the unconscious skills to consciously create her second-by-second feminine control of her body.

So, her movements were almost eerily graceful and perfectly performed, each motion precise-yet-delicate, smooth and using only just enough energy to complete the motion.

So, it might be noted that it was this eerily perfect, somehow feminine movement that caught the clerk's attention first, even before the huge, round tits straining the shirt she wore.

Her tits were the *second* thing he noticed...

...with the fact that, despite her simple clothing and lack of make-up she was still both stunningly beautiful and stunningly second coming in a far distant third.

On her own behalf, most of what she noticed first, second and third, was her own massive bust. The way they felt as she walked, the heavy, softly firm weight of them shifting and shimmying with each smooth, supple step...

...the way the pot-bellied Hispanic clerk's eyes fell on her huge bust, and stayed there right through the check-in process.

Which gave her a shiver - which her subconscious mind quickly made sure that her conscious mind registered as a shiver of pleasure.

Shooting the man a long, lingering smile, she signed 'her' name in the register, in a very carefully, consciously created feminine script:

Angelica DeVille.

With another long, lingering smile at the clerk, she peeled off some of the bills from the wad she obtained at an ABM while shopping, then accepted the key in return, and headed out back to the car...

...with a sexy, added sway to her full, taut ass.

Pulling her car into the slot in front of her assigned unit, the newly-named Angelica grabbed her suitcase and heading into the room.

Standing in the center of the room, suitcase open on the bed, she stripped out of her straining male attire - and began to dress in clothing created more with her new figure in mind.

Once dressed, she pulled out the supply of make-up she'd purchased, then pulled the faded old chair from the corner in front of the bureau-mounted mirror, sat down, and spent the next hour doing her make-up. She had to do it three times to get it right, but finally she was 'happy' with the effect - that being the emotion her subconscious decided to treat the sensations she was feeling as.

Ready, she clasped the black leather clutch purse, slipped her room key inside, and headed out of the room.

Her hips swung in a wide, swiveling sway that was both incredibly graceful and incredibly sexy, the taut, full, round ass working visibly - and erotically - beneath the skin-tight fabric of the dark red silk of her dress' full-length slit skirt.

Her feet moved in a smooth, even heel-to-toe stride that caused the six-inch heels on her black, classically-inspired pumps to clack with an unmistakably feminine sound.

The slit running down the left side of the ankle-length skirt was trimmed with rich, old-gold braided trim whose gleam drew the eye to the slit - and the long, black nylon clad leg that appeared with each graceful stride she took.

That same eye-catching gleam trimmed the décolletage of her dress - and if the stitching of the rush tailoring job she'd had done to make the dress fit both trim waist and massive bust was a little uneven, it would have been hard to notice against the distraction of the deep cleavage and richly golden flesh of tits that, if they hadn't been so massive and so well-displayed by the tight-fitting silk fabric, would have been demurely displayed.

Her massive, thick mane of her rich, dark hair fell in mahogany waves around her golden shoulders, framing a face whose beauty had been enhanced with a 'subtle' make-up scheme that failed completely to hide the sensuality inherent in her features and her full, deep-red lips.

From the highest, breaking curl of her lush wave of hair to the rounded-point toes of her high-heeled shoes, she was wearing clothes, make-up and accessories that bespoke coolly beautiful elegance - and gave off a palatable air of barely restrained sensuality...

...in a way that made it seem if that sensuality, not only of figure, but of expression and movement, was utterly unavoidable, inherent rather than so carefully cultivated and projected, as it really was.

Instead, it seemed that this gorgeous, carefully attired woman simply couldn't *help* giving of an aura of pure sex.

Reaching the street, she headed down to the corner of the nearest main road, every motion part of a carefully orchestrated, choreographed display of sensual elegance...

...while her subconscious mind edited out the disgust and self-hatred generated by her willingness - and worse, success - before it ever reached her determinedly 'happy' conscious mind.

Reaching the busier corner, she struck a consciously feminine, sensual pose, and watched for a cab to flag down.

She had her own car, of course, but there were several reasons why she was going to flag down a cab - and none of them was as far thinking as the fact that she didn't have a valid driver's license to match her new name and gender.

One of the reasons was the fact that she didn't know the town, and a cab driver would be able to get her to a place based solely on a description of what she was looking for...

...and there was another major reason, as well.

* * * * *

Marty, the bartender, was in the process of handing David his martini when he suddenly stopped dead, chilled martini glass clasped in a suddenly petrified hand just a few inches shy of the waiting napkin resting on the polished oak bar David was leaning against.

David blinked, confused - and then became aware of a sudden drop in the volume of glass and metal clinking and muted conversation within the confines of the upscale bar and club.

The void beneath the shadow of the soft, high-fidelity music coming from the overhead speakers was replaced by the sweeping susurrations of clothing against seats as people turned in place, and the sound of the soles of David's Italian leather shoes joined in the soft wave of sound as he turned to look towards the door...

...and stare.

The very fact that he shouldn't be disposed to stare at the woman who'd just entered made him stare all the harder.

She wasn't his type, not by a long shot. He liked his women shorter than him, blondes or redheads with pert breasts just big enough to fill his hands - whereas the woman who'd caused such a sensation was just the antithesis of his 'type' of woman in just about every imaginable way.

She was tall - six-one or -two, even without adding in the height of the slender, ankle-breaker heels on her gleaming black pumps.

Oh, she had a stunning face, and a tiny waist, and her legs seemed to be on the 'better than just' side of 'okay' - but, aside from being so tall, she also had the biggest breasts David had ever seen. No - not just big.

Huge. Massive.

Freakishly, ridiculously, impossibly gigantic tits, packed 'demurely' into a dress top a good fifty percent larger than the rest of the torso.

So, he shouldn't have had the slightest sexual interest in her - which made the fact that 'Goliath' was stirring in his boxers.

It was something in the unbelievable way she moved, about the expression in her heavy-lidded eyes, the slight, knowing smile to those incredible, full lips - or just some sort of supernatural aura that streamed off this woman, somehow making it known that her incredible, unreal body was capable of doing things to, with, *for* men that no other woman could.

Aware of his slowly rising erection, David coughed demurely and turned back to the bar - a move similar to that of many of the other men in the bar.

A moment later, a soft rustle of silk and a sweet scent announced a feminine presence at David's side - and, even without looking, the almost overpowering sexual presence of the woman announced it was the bronzed sexual goddess herself.

"Is that yours?" She asked - and, dammit, her low, slightly husky voice was every bit as sensual as the rest of her. "Or is for anybody?"

Blushing slightly over the fact that Goliath had gone from 'slowly rising' to 'hard as a rock', David glanced up - to find the woman making an incredibly graceful, feminine gesture towards the martini held by the still-immobile Marty.

A movement that somehow made her massive breasts move in a way that was enticing even to a man who, intellectually, knew them to be ridiculously oversized.

David's intellect, however, wasn't running the show.

"oh, uh - please, be my guest." David managed - then wasn't sure how to feel as Marty, previously a stature, suddenly slipped the martini into her only half-outstretched hand with expert alacrity.

"Thank you..." She said - to him, not Marty, and somehow making the simple words sound like she were offering him some sort of exotic sexual experience.

She smiled at him - and her eyes quickly but expertly repeated the once-over he was on his twentieth run on, pausing for an instant on a crotch that occasioned a second, slower, smile.

For some reason, David was finding it hard to breathe normally - but speaking happened almost on autopilot. "I'm David - David Johansson."

She smiled for a third time - and he had to strain to hear her low, sensual answer through the sudden pounding in his ears. "Angelica DeVille," She said, oh-so-warmly, "...and I am so very pleased to meet you, David."

Her tone was no more sensual than before - but her eyes flicked back down to his crotch on 'very'.

She took a sip of the martini - and then her slim, long pink tongue slipped out to lick her incredibly full lips, her eyes once more dropping to his crotch.

"So - what do you do for a living, handsome?" She asked.

It took David a second to remember that piece of information.

"Oh - I, uh, I'm a lawyer." He finally managed. "And you, Angelica? What do you do?"

She smiled at him for a long, long second - so long that David didn't think she was going to answer...

* * * * *

It was as if she'd gone into 'system lock'.

She'd been steadily more surprised at what she'd found herself doing - but not worried, or bothered. In fact, the level of emotional pleasure had been rising steadily, her mind manufacturing more and more happiness at what she was doing, right up until this moment...

...when something seemed to lock down her brain, holding her in exact flux between something she desperately wanted to do and something she desperately didn't want to.

Then, it was simply the fact that the carefully toned, groomed and dressed blond man was waiting for an answer that pushed her into action...

* * * * *

"I'm a 'professional' woman." She said, the slight, knowing emphasis on the word making it all abundantly clear. David gaped at her.

Sure, she was the most utterly sensual woman he'd ever seen - but also the most elegant, the most daintily feminine.

She was a hooker...?

She was, however, still talking.

"It was a self-defense choice, really." She said, taking another sip of her drink - and another side-long glance at his crotch. David gave her the most insightful, witty response he was capable of:

"Huh...?"

"Well, you see, I started out as an 'amateur' woman, but I was so busy doing... *pro bono* work, I was having trouble making any sort of a living." She said, in such an off-hand tone that it took the full import of the words to register on a very startled David's mind. "So, I decided I needed some sort of standard to help me control my... my enjoyments. Given the level of skills I've picked up during my amateur days, it seemed only reasonable to limit my... hobby... to those who can afford a rather hefty fee."

She took another sip, smiling as she waited for David's response. He hesitated...

"How much?"

"One thousand, and I'm yours until dawn..." She said, her voice now openly sexual...

...as she drew one long, red fingernail lightly over his bulging crotch. "Let's go." David said, hoarsely.

* * * * *

Something about this didn't seem right.

Sitting in David's Jag, leaning against him and giving him a series of hungry looks as she lightly stroked his knee, thigh and crotch, she was running more or less on sexual autopilot as she tried to get her almost completely shut-down brain to deal with the nagging feeling tickling the back of her dormant mind.

It wasn't easy - not with the steady waves of emotional pleasure her subconscious mind was generating out of her 'real' feelings washing through her.

God, all that pleasure was just so... distracting! Exactly as it was supposed to be.

Still trying to think, she mindlessly followed him from the car to his house...

* * * * *

With a slithering sound, the silk dress slid off of her incredible figure, revealing that there was nothing else but nylons under it. Correction - no other clothing. There was, however, a whole lot of woman - including that massive amount of breast-flesh.

Those freakishly huge tits - which had, somehow, become utterly perfect.

So huge, so round, so unreal - beyond the normal rules of what he should feel.

"You love my huge tits, don't you, stud...?" Angelica asked in a voice that was now pure sex - as was every move, every pose, every nuance, as she began to undress him, letting his clothes fall wherever they landed on his bedroom floor. "For tonight, they're your tits, babe. Go ahead..."

Unable to believe the pure sexuality this woman gave off, David buried his face in her yawning cleavage, his hands fondling and caressing the smoothly firm flesh of her massive breasts as she reached down to undo his pants...

* * * * *

There was a reason she was 'pure sexuality' - because she was running solely on the downloaded information of the microprocessor in the now-bonded suit.

She was incapable of operating her own body, her mind overwhelmed.

Half of it was trying, desperately, to put all of this in some sort of context, to find out why her mind was trying to warn her, trying to tell her something vitally important...

...while, at the same time, trying to drown itself out. With pleasure.

Emotional pleasure - and physical pleasure.

In a frantic effort to keep her from focusing on the root cause of her discomfort, her mind had basically switched off her pain receptors in favor of doubling the ability of her pleasure center. Exquisite, fiery lines of pleasure burned through every nerve in her buxom new body - and, as equally as distracting as the pleasure was the hyper-reality of her senses, every sight, sound and sensation magnified three times over, washing through her stunned, struggling brain as she experienced her body fondling, and being fondled in return.

Kissing, and being kisses. Touching.

Caressing.

Every sensation unimaginably sharp, clear - and pleasurable.

The rest of the day - the rest of her entire past - was a blur, despite her attempts to sharpen it to find out why what she was doing might somehow feel so 'wrong' - yet it was a losing battle in the face of her sexual experience, engraving itself indelibly on her mind.

It was as if her very existence had started the moment the dress had slipped from her body. Everything before that was a vague haze, unformed and confusing - and every instant afterwards sharp and crystal-clear, her body performing on its own - and generating yet more mind-numbing pleasure.

How could she concentrate with all this pleasure, as she was lowered onto the bed by the nearly-bursting man, her long legs spreading wide of their own accord?

How could she think, his hot hands burning pleasure up her body as he slithered his way between those inviting legs, touching at caressing?

How could she think, with him above her, his face nearly inhuman with inflamed desire as he bucked his hips and... *Oh, God, it felt... so... GOOD !*

* * * * *

He'd never had sex that felt so good.

Her body moved in ways that no woman's body had every moved with his before - as if, somehow, her body was moving only to provide the most perfect sexual experience he'd ever have, no matter what her mind might be going through.

She bucked, then writhed, then shimmied, her tight, wet cunt wrapping itself around his cock in a way he'd never even dreamed, the angle and depth changing subtly on each thrust to maximize the pleasure he felt...

...as her incredible voice, under inhumanly perfect control, said all the right things, at all the right times.

Sometimes she whispered, sometimes she screamed. She told him how wonderful he was, then urged him to even more. Her body.

Her voice. Her rhythm. Her beat.

All were tools to be used in building a monument to perfect, unimagined sexual pleasure as he built to a thunderous climax...

...and then, impossibly, she somehow hit a counter-point rhythm, thrust for nearly desperate thrust, holding him at exactly that knife's- edge point of ecstasy.

It was the most utterly, unbelievably, overwhelmingly amazing thing he'd ever experienced, pleasure prolonged nearly to the point of pain - but not quite, for at that penultimate moment before it would have become too much, she moved her hips, one - and he cried out as he came longer and harder than he ever had in his entire life...

...and she still wasn't done...

* * * * *

...so good, so good, so good...

The mantra repeated over and over in a mind that had become little more than a recording machine for the continuous waves of pleasure, physical and emotional, that washed through her as she took the limp cock into her mouth and began slowly working him back to erection, every sensation engraved in her mind as it happened.

The texture and the taste of his juice-slick organ, warm in her mouth and hands. The smell of his crotch.

The feel of his skin.

The sight of the hardening shaft as her head worked and bobbed. The sound of his horse breathing.

All of it causing exquisite pleasure - underlain with that strange sense of discomfort, all permanently etched on her benumbed mind as she brought him back to full readiness in record time...

...and then she shifted below him, repositioning herself for act two...

* * * * *

David closed his eyes, riding with an easy rhythm, a nearly mindless smile on his lips as his saliva-slicked cock rode in the warm canyon of her massive cleavage, his hands working the firm flesh of her massive orbs as he gave his first-ever tit-fuck.

It was a simple, straight-forward act, nearly a form of masturbation, counterpoint to that incredible sex he'd had...

...and, after a much smaller load of cum had been expertly caught in her eager mouth with perfect timing, prelude for the next hour of licking, touching, teasing, sucking preparation that brought him back full-circle to the complexity of another mind-blowing fuck, this time her atop him, allowing him to play with her gargantuan tits as she brought him to another mind-numbing orgasm...

When dawn came, so did David - for the seventh and last time. Leaving behind a man drained in more than the one meaning of the word, the huge-breasted woman headed back to her hotel room for a scant four hours of sleep before she'd hop in her car and head off to another city, and hopefully, another client...

That became her life - or what she remembered of it, at any rate. There must have been nights when she didn't get a 'date', or days when she had other things to take care of, but she didn't remember any of those. Her life became an unbroken string of sexual act, fully remembered in every little detail...

...including the steadily rising feeling of discomfort that battled with the constant presence of pleasure in her fragmented memories. It escalated steadily in the series of memories that ran like an unbroken string of porno movies in her mind's eye...

...until the day when she suddenly became 'aware' again, however dimly, on the street of yet another nameless city.

"Something about my body..." She said, in a musing tone, a slight frown marring the perfection of a face that had known nothing but expressions of pleasure or desire in recent memory. Blinking, she turned and looked at her reflection in a silvered plate-glass window.

The woman looking back at her was wearing expensive, carefully tailored clothing she couldn't actually remember buying, still projecting that look of sexual elegance. With most of her 'life' occurring at night, her original bronzed tan had faded to a light coppery sheen, and her once unrealistically round breasts had sunk slightly into a somewhat more natural, but still firm, shape. She looked at her tall, uber-boxom reflection, feeling her sluggish mind dimly grasping the edges of some concept.

"Who are you?" She asked her reflection. "Who is Angelica DeVille...?"

Then those heavy-lidded eyes started to widen, her incredibly full, ruby-red lips parting in shock, and...

* * * * *

"Oh, I just */ooooove* sucking cock!" She giggled brightly, hands clasped behind her pert derriere as she bounce don the toes of her 'Mary Jane' inspired white patent leather platform shoes. "Can I suck your big, thick, cock mister? Huh, please, can I?"

"Right after I get ma hands on those huge boobs a'yours, girl." The husky man said in a thick, southern accent.

"Oh, okay!" She agreed with another giggle, the colored contacts that made her eyes such a bright, vapid blue subconsciously held wide open for a look of complete brainlessness that went well with the pigtailed hair she dimly remembered bleaching blonde, and the high, giggling soprano she'd so carefully cultivated.

Reaching down, she eagerly peeled her custom-made crop-style 'cheerleader' sweater away from her massive tits.

Dimly, the vaguely-remembered period of pain after the surgery that had 'repumped' her breasts up to medicine-ball sized spheres of perfect, artificial firmness surfaced - and with it, the strange, nagging thought that had been getting steadily stronger over the past three months.

The thought that she should really try very hard to remember what had prompted her to take up her new persona as 'Bambi DeBodie'.

It was a silly thought, of course, she thought to herself as she gleefully let the man begin squeezing and groping her surgically-enhanced tits. After all, a woman with a constant - hell, almost desperate - urge to suck cock and trouble concentrating on anything else was well-suited to playing the roll of 'big-breasted blonde bimbo'. It certainly worked well enough for her, allowing her to get a whole five hundred dollars a night for her 'group rate' - sucking as many wonderful, deliciously cum-filled cocks as could be provided to her each night.

Still, there were these strange, dim memories. Though she clearly remembered being so happy taking up the Bambi routine, she knew she *hadn't* been 'Bambi' before - and though her vague memories included plenty of sex, she couldn't clearly recall the wonderful craving for cock she now felt.

The problem, she thought as the man finally stopped playing with her 'advertising' and let her (she giggled) 'get down' to business, was that she thought too much. She tried to drown out all this stupid thinking with the bimbo routine and plenty of sex - but still, the thoughts kept entering her mind...

...except, like now, when she had a wonderful cock in front of her, and she could lose herself completely in the overwhelming joy of taking that cock into her warm, eager mouth, and begin slurping at it hungrily, struggling to put some technique into it through her incredible desire to do it fast-and-dirty and get more of that wonderful, warm cum pumped into her...

(altered)

...body.

Horrified to find thoughts slipping through, even in her sanctuary of cock-sucking, Bambi slurped and pumped all the...

* * * * *

"...harder!" She gasped to the fat black man pumping away at her atop the make-shift 'bed' of garbage-bagged Goodwill clothes stolen from a drop-box at the end of 'her' alleyway. "Fuck me harder! Twist my nipples! Fuck me so hard it hurts...!"

The man grunted, already pumping as hard and fast as he could, the better to get his rocks off with 'Crazy Carla' and get on with his night.

Even as she urged the nameless man driving away at her to give her some pain to deride the incredible pleasure she was feeling, Carla struggled to tune out that awful, horrible voice that the near-endless string of pleasure she got from any contact with a man caused to scream and gibber at her in the vaults of her own mind.

Finally, the man gasped, dumping his load into her cunt before hastily climbing off of her and zipping up his pants. Gasping, glad the horrible mind-lashing internal screaming sank down to its lower, post-pleasure muttering, Gertie thanked the man as he contemptuously tossed her five-dollar fee down to her, and disappeared into the night.

Grasping the crumpled bill in a sweaty hand, Carla ponderously levered herself into the sitting position, loving... (*hating*)
...having to fight against the deliciously feminine... (*disgustingly freakish*)

...weight of her gloriously huge, round, saline-pumped tits. (*HIS horrible, sickening, humiliating...*)

"Shut up, shut up, *shut... UP!*" Carla screamed, clapping her hands to the side of her head, trying to drown out that hateful, evil voice inside her head that said all these things, that ridiculed the breasts she spent so much money on making so wonderfully huge, that tried to keep her from having sex with men. "I'm a woman, damn you - a woman!"

Sighing, she stretched her hands out and encompassed as much of her over-pumped, beach-ball sized breasts as she could.

"Why won't you let me enjoy my big boobies?" She asked that hateful voice, fondling her wonderful - womanly! - tits. "I'm not a man. I'm a girl, with tits and a cunt. Really, really big, wonderful tits, and a tight cunt for fucking men..."

(A man, I'm a man, I don't know why I have tits and a cunt, but I'm a man...)

Trying to ignore her unwanted, constant companion, Carla struggled up to the slender, nine-inch heels of her platform shoes, tucking her purple spandex mini-skirt down over her cunt. Working awkwardly around her beloved...

(hated)

...tits, she grabbed the fabric of the tube-top hanging around her neck where the john had pushed it up, and spent several enjoyable...

(humiliating)

...minutes working it into place over her massive, heavy bust.

Running her long, hot-pink nails through her ass-length mane of greasy, tangled, garishly orange-dyed hair, Carla began swaying and jiggling off towards the liquor store, eager to use her money to buy some booze. It was the liquor which could sometimes drown out that horrible, horrible voice, as much as needing to satisfy her incredible, constant need for any form of sex, that drove her to 'hook', and she was already looking forward to a couple of blissful hours when she could fondle and fuck herself in blessed silence - perhaps even find a man to fuck her without that voice screaming and begging her to stop, though most of the times even being drunk couldn't shut it up if she did more than masturbate frantically by herself.

She headed down the street, the cool night breeze serving to clear some of the inherent industrial odor of the commercial/industrial area. Her hands still fondling her massive, wonderful tits, she started to turn where she always did, the shortest route to the nearest liquor store...

...then quickly turned back and ducked on down the street, high heels clicking faster on the cracked and worn pavement as she prayed the cop standing halfway down the street hadn't caught sight of her. She'd somehow managed to avoid any trouble with the cops so far, and she wanted to keep it that way.

Hurrying on, Carla went down to the next block and turned up that street, her pace slowing as she looked around with a faint interest. Though definitely in 'her' neighborhood, she'd never actually been down this street, having no cause to do so. After all, one block of a commercial/industrial area was much the same as any other...

...except this one. This one had a house.

Carla's stride slowed a frown crossing her face as she looked at the house, a post-war red-brick 'box' sitting halfway down the street, its windows blank and its lawn overgrown.

It looked oddly familiar... (It's my house!)

With an almost palatable 'whoomp', full and complete memories came rushing back, every minute, every second of her/his/their life flooding through her.

She began to giggle.

The giggle turned into laughter, edged with hysteria...

...which turned into high-pitched shrieks she was still giving off when the cop came running around the corner, completely unprepared to hear the unbelievable story the 'crazy', huge-breasted woman would eventually tell him...



\$1.00US
\$1.25CDN

THE INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONER

BUSTED!

DUPLICITOUS DOC'S DDD-CUP DESTINY

'As much motivation for cure as punishment', DA claims.



Doctor William 'Wilma' Kurtz

EXCLUSIVE TO THE QUESTIONER

In a landmark decision, the Fulton County court has sentenced Dr. William Kurtz to femininity. After stealing top-secret government data for his own ends, Kurtz tried to cover up a crime by turning Jacob Candless, of Onogongo, Mississippi, into a woman. After accidentally receiving - and using - a product that was the result of Dr. Kurtz' theft in the mail, Candless was unwillingly transformed into a woman. Moreover, when he contacted Kurtz for help, Kurtz used the products built-in thought-altering capabilities to alter Candless' mind to that of a very sexually active woman, in an attempt to cover up his own misdeeds. Accordingly, the Fulton County Court decided it only fitting that the 'doctor' receive a dose of his own medicine. Forced to wear one of his own 'girl suits', Kurtz now has more-than-adequate reasons for finding a cure for the suit, something he hadn't bothered to develop previously. Given the horrific events occasioned by the mind-control imposed on Candless, the court saw fit to insist that 'Wilma' be forced to endure the deprivations of the same suit.



[BACK TO FUN ZONE](#)



SUMMARY: A best selling novelist finds himself at the mercy of a female who thinks his books portray women in a stereotypical fashion and has decided that he needs to learn how women really live.

The Critic

By Gunslinger

The deep, low throb in his head finally brought Adam out of the dark pit of unconsciousness, and he moaned, deep in his throat as awareness returned. For several seconds he lay absolutely still, absorbing the low, insistent pain and wondering why he went on these benders and had to put up with the hangover the next day.

Then memory came back with a flood, and his eyes popped open and he sat bolt upright.

Well - tried to, at least. Even as the glare of light bashed into the back of his dark-adapted eyes and brought the low pain into flaring life, he felt bands at his forearms, biceps and forehead making the convulsive movement a complete waste of energy. With a louder moan, he squinted his eyes against the flare of light, his head feeling like it was ready to explode as fear began to worm it's way towards panic.

"Well, well, well - it seems that the '*great*' Adam Brannigan had decided to finally rejoin the world of the living." A female voice said, sarcasm dripping from the word '*great*', and Adam winced at the sound of that voice. It had been the last sound he'd heard - *the night before*? Adam wondered, having no way to know how much time had passed - before the prick of a needle in his ass had sent him tumbling into the darkness from which he'd just returned.

"Wha..?" Adam said, his voice rusty as he forced sound through his dry throat and through his cottony mouth. "Gina? What are you doing? What's going on here?"

Anger and fear were warring within his restrained body, and his attempt to speak forcibly was doomed from the start. The fact that he could feel cool padding under his body and even cooler air moving over him - everywhere - didn't help, as it made him realize he was naked and defenseless in the most literal sense.

Adam's eyes became adjusted to the white glare of the quietly humming fluorescent lights, and he blinked and looked at Gina standing over him, and expression of distaste on her face. Dressed in jeans and a bright yellow crop-top, the darkly tanned, incredibly fit woman with the short thatch of sandy-blonde hair and strong yet beautiful features, she was the same woman who had looked so attractive when she'd come over to introduce herself to him at the bar. But gone was any trace of the gushing, slightly awed persona of an adoring fan of his books. Now, she was looking at him as one might regard a mess left by an untrained puppy, her full lips curled in a sneer.

"What's going on?" She repeated, dryly. "What's going on is that I'm... registering a complaint about your work."

"But..." Adam stammered, his mind still struggling to catch up with the situation. "But.. last night... you said you loved my books..."

Gina laughed, a decidedly unpleasant sound. "And you were all too willing to believe that, weren't you? You egotistical prick."

The worm of panic was turning tighter and tighter in his gut, and Adam made a futile effort to pull free of the straps that bound him to the padded frame-work that held him on a forty-five degree angle. It was a useless effort. Maybe a Schwarzenegger or a Sorbo could have ripped free of the straps - but not an out-of shape, slightly pot-bellied thirty-nine year old author who'd spent the last ten years of his life drinking too much and smoking too many cigarettes.

"Look, Gina - I don't know what your problem with my books are..." Adam said, ashamed at the pleading tone in his voice as he tried to reason with her. "But there must be some way we can work this out..."

"Of course you don't know what my problem with your books is." Gina snorted. "Not you - you're too damn egotistical to see your own flaws, aren't you?"

"Look... I..."

"Shut up!" Gina screamed in his face, spittle flying from her lips. Even as he winced at the roar, Adam felt panic rise and grip him - because, when she'd leaned forward to scream at him she'd come close enough for him to clearly see the look of complete and total insanity in her dark eyes. His teeth clicked together painfully as he bit back on the rest of his words, deathly afraid of provoking the unstable woman into an action that he feared to even contemplate.

After waiting a half-beat to see if he felt like adding anything, she smiled thinly. "That's better." Adam remained silent, thinking furiously as he struggled to keep from giving in to the panic.

"Now that you understand your situation, I'm going to release you - I'd suggest you don't try anything stupid." Gina told him. She walked away from him, out of his limited field of vision, and seconds later Adam heard a series of muffled 'clunks' as the obviously remote-controlled shackles that bound him released. He barely caught himself as he slid down the inclined surface of the table, and forced himself to stand upright.

Rubbing his wrists, Adam stood awkwardly and looked around at the room he was in. It was large, and made out of concrete, with a single, heavy steel door inset into one wall. The bed on which he'd been strapped lay roughly in the center of the room, a complicated piece of furnishing that could be adjusted to almost any angle or position. Surrounding the walls of the room were various pieces of equipment that looked vaguely medical in nature, although he couldn't put a name or purpose to any of them.

Gina was leaning against the wall near a control panel, watching him with a condescending look on her face. Adam immediately rejected the thought of trying to rush her - she was far enough away to eliminate any element of surprise, and she

was tone and fit, whereas he was slight of build and out of shape. Even though she wore simple running shoes, she was equally as tall as he was, and much more muscular, despite her gender - and strictly physical confrontation would have an easily determine outcome.

"Now - why don't you get dressed?" Gina suggested with a smirk, pointing to a low stool nearby. "You'll find some clothing over there."

Shooting her a wary glance, Adam walked over to the stool and looked at the pile of clothing that lay upon it's black vinyl surface, confusion running across his face as he picked up the item on top - a 'poofy' summer dress, off white with little pink flowers dotted across it's thin cotton fabric.

"You gotta be kidding me!" Adam exclaimed, eyeing the rest of the equally feminine clothing. "This stuff is women's clo..."

Then his words degenerated into a scream as he collapsed to the ground, twitching. His vision faded in and out as he writhed on the floor, pain slamming through his system for an internal instant before vanishing, leaving only the fading effects that left him twitching on the floor, gasping for breath.

"That was the lowest setting." Gina said, conversationally. "The training collar has four more settings, each one progressively higher."

Still twitching slightly, Adam's hands went to his neck, and he felt a leather band encircling it, with two box-like devises mounted towards the back, one on each side. Shuddering, he rolled over and pushed himself to his knees, glaring at Gina.

"What the hell..." Was as far as his angry question got. Gina touched the surface of what he'd taken for a watch on her wrist - and the pain slammed through him again, but only for a fraction of a second

- just enough to slam him back to the floor, and demonstrate to him who was in control of the situation. "Would you like to try level two?" Gina asked, cruel enjoyment in her voice.

"No..." Adam moaned, hoarsely, as his head pounded as if a Con Ed team was working on the inside.

"Then I'd suggest you dress." Gina said, and Adam's teeth ground together as he glared at her. She raised an eyebrow, daring him to defy her, while one finger hovered above the surface of the control unit for the electric collar wrapped around his neck.

"Okay, okay..." Adam said, climbing slowly and painfully to his feet. Wincing, he bent over and picked up the dress that he'd dropped, then looked with distaste at the rest of the clothing on the stool. His face burning in shame and anger, he began to pull on the clothing with clumsy fingers, struggling to contain his emotions.

First came the white cotton panties. Although they were his size, they weren't designed to fit somebody with his figure, clinging a little too tightly to the waist, and a little baggy across the hips and ass - or would have been baggy, if the extra material wasn't used to stretch over his limp cock. Shame burned deep within him as he snugged the feminine underwear into place. That shame only deepened as he picked up the white canvas corset that was laying on the stool. He looked at the sturdy garment for a long second, then turned to look at Gina, his mouth working as he fought to either remain silent or protest - he wasn't sure which.

Gina smirked. "Don't even think about it, asshole. You'll never get the dress on unless that sucker's tightened right down - and if you don't get the dress on..." She trailed off, tapping the edge of the control unit on her wrist. Adam instinctively twitched as her finger neared the button on the unit, and his shame flared when she laughed at his fearful reaction.

Gritting his teeth, Adam struggled to get the heavy canvas corset in place around his waist.

"See that?" Gina said, pointing. "It's an auto-lacer. Just step into the two prongs and position the corset according to the guide, and it'll lace it up for you."

Adam glared at the woman, but gritted his teeth and forced himself to cross the room to the odd- looking device she'd gestured to. Stepping into place and awkwardly positioning everything correctly, he hit the button on the side of the machine.

At first, it was almost a pleasant sensation, like the embrace of a strong woman, as the machine began to tighten the laces on the corset. Then the pressure on his waist continued to mount, rapidly becoming painful, and he gasped and struggled to hit the 'off' button as the cincher compressed his waist smaller and smaller under the heavy material of the corset.

His finger never reached the button.

Pain lanced through his body as Gina pressed the button on her controller, and he writhed and flopped bonelessly, held in place by the auto-lacer as the electricity commandeered his neural pathways to conduct pain along. The crushing pain of the steadily constricting corset was lost, buried in an avalanche of agony as the electricity seared down his nerves, shorting out any attempt at coherent thought for the twenty-eight eternal seconds it took the machine to finish its job - then Gina released the button, and Adam flopped to the floor, unable to control his body as he flopped like a landed fish from the after-effects of the electrocution, barely able to draw breath into his lungs under the constriction of the corset.

"Get up." Gina commanded, halving the distance between where she'd lounged and where he lay on the floor, fighting to breathe. "Get, up, you pathetic excuse for a human being!"

Adam shook his head, not in defiance but in explanation of the impossibility of her order. He looked at her with pleading in his eyes.

"Can't..." He wheezed, somehow finding enough air to make the noise, as weak and tremulous as it was.

"Get up, or you'll feel level two, you wimp!" Gina screamed, leaning over and shaking her arm - with the wrist controller on it - in his direction. "*Get up!*"

Painfully, inch by agonized inch, Adam forced himself to comply, the pain of moving with the restrictions imposed by the corset much, much less painful than even level one of the 'training collar', much less what level two must be like. Using the frame of the auto-lacer to buttress him, Adam slowly managed to drag himself hand-over-hand up the machine, his breath coming in short, painful gasps as he finally managed to get himself upright.

"*Muuuuch* better." Gina said, eyeing the painfully trim, womanly wasp-waist the corset had forced upon Adam's figure. "You can get into the dress now."

"Why...?" Adam asked, finding that he could speak, if only in a thin, rather high voice. "Why are you doing this to me?"

Gina laughed. "You, the 'great' Adam Brannigan, have produced twelve New York Times 'Best Sellers' novels - and in every one of them, your female characters have been trite, stereo-typical weak-willed 'bimbos'. You have no idea how to write a realistic female character." She held out her hands, smiling cruelly. "Just think of this as a crash-course in womanhood. By the time we're done, I'm sure you'll have no problem writing female characters."

Then her face hardened, and she pointed towards the remaining clothes on the stool. "Now get dressed, before I get upset."

Fear-induced perspiration matting his short crop of dark hair, Adam slowly walked over to the remaining clothes. Without a word of protest - but with some difficulty - he struggled into the dress, then the slip-on white women's deck-shoes - a necessity, as with the painfully tight corset, bending at the waist was simply unthinkable.

Finished dressing, Adam looked at Gina with undisguised hatred mixed with shame. "Okay? You happy now?" He asked in his weak voice, resisting the dangerous urge to add the appellation 'bitch' to the end of the question.

Then his blood ran cold as she smiled and said "It's a good start..." She paused, maliciously. "Annie."

Adam opened his mouth to say something - then snapped his jaws shut to Gina's mocking laughter as he saw her finger move towards the control on her wrist.

Inside, the re-named man boiled with impotent rage, resentment, fear and shame - while he stood, helpless, and absorbed the laughter of the crazy woman who had the power to inflict unbearable agony with the touch of a finger.

* * * * *

"Today will be a light day for you, Annie." Gina told the physically and emotionally suffering man with a smile, leading him down the long, echoing concrete corridor the led from the room in which he'd awoken. "Today, all you have to do is a few basic

'feminine' things you have you female characters do while waiting for the 'hero' to come so they can jump into bed with him and/or be rescued by him while they scream helplessly."

Adam felt the pit of his stomach drop, and his steps slowed. "Like what?" He asked.

Gina continued walking at the same speed, mentioning - as a 'casual' aside - "Oh - the controller's set so that if you ever get farther than forty-five feet away from me, the collar kicks in at level three and stays on until I turn it off - an 'anti-escape' feature I've built in."

Adam hurried to catch up, gasping for breath at the sudden flurry of exertion. She smiled coldly at him, then - amazingly - deigned to answer his question without torturing him for bringing it up. "Now - you're the writer. I'm pretty sure you'll recognize all the 'female pastimes' that you've written into your stories. You know - 'women's work' like doing the laundry and cleaning the house."

All things considered, that was the best news Adam had heard since waking up - and if that wasn't a thoroughly disheartening thought, Adam didn't know what was...

So it was that the writer spent the day in domestic work, everything from scrubbing the kitchen floor to cooking dinner, with laundry, dusting and vacuuming in between. It was nothing that he hadn't done before - after all, he was a bachelor - but the constriction of the corset and the ever-present threat of electrical punishment made it a whole new experience.

If nothing else, Adam saw the situation he was in clearer than ever. The house he was cleaning was a

- thankfully - relatively small A-frame overlooking a high alpine meadow and surrounded by blue-gray peaks that thrust their white-tipped bulk into the sky on all sides, leading him to the conclusion that he was still somewhere near Aspen - but the location was remote enough to ensure that escape was near enough to impossible for him. Especially with that 'proximity' problem with the collar.

He also noticed that, while there was electricity and a small DBS satellite on the TV, there was no sign of a phone anywhere, although there were phone-jacks installed. Adam couldn't decide whether or not she'd just hidden the phones, or whether she didn't have any at all.

After a full day of doing 'woman's work', Adam was led into a bedroom, furnished in a vaguely feminine style with the impersonal feel that declared it to be a guest room, and told that this was to be his room. Locking the door as she left, Gina left Adam to get undressed - of everything except the corset, which was impossible for him to remove without help.

Sore, stiff and humiliated, Adam lay on the bed, staring off into the distance and trying to think of a way to escape the crazy woman and what she was doing to him.

He was still considering options when he drifted off into a fitful sleep, punctuated with sporadic, ill-formed nightmares in which he was running from a horrible, unseen menace.

* * * * *

"All right, Miss Alice Lazybones - time to get up."

Adam blinked, shuddering as nightmare segued into reality. He looked up into the coldly grinning face of Gina, who was looking down at him from where she leaned against the wall, one hand near the controller in case he tried anything stupid.

"Time to get up - the vacation's over." Gina told him, and he sighed and struggled painfully out of bed, unable to bend at the waist and simply sit up.

"All right - what do you have planned for today?" Adam asked with resignation. "More cooking and cleaning? Perhaps scrubbing a toilet or two?"

"Oh, no - the straight drudge work was yesterday." Gina said with a grin. "Today, you get to pretty yourself up."

Adam definitely didn't like the sound of that - but he kept his discomfort to himself.

Until they reached the bathroom, and Gina pointed to a stack of razors and told him to shave - everywhere.

"You've got to be kidding!" Adam said, after she made clear what she'd expected him to do. "You can't seriously... ahhhh!"

If he'd been able to think, Adam might've thought 'So this is what Level Two feels like'. But he wasn't able to think as he jerked in agony on the tile bathroom of the floor, every nerve screaming in pain as his muscles contracted him into a twitching, insensate ball.

After an eternity of agony, the pain finally vanished - and Adam snapped straight, the agony from the corset being bent almost as bad as the agony from Level One electricity had been - but buried in the sheer agony of what he'd just experienced.

"So - lose the hair, or I give you twice the jolt." Gina said, smugly.

"Ohhhh kaaaayyy" Adam rasped, tears streaming down his face as he lay on the floor. His body continued to twitch in the after affects of the voltage that had coursed through his nervous system, making any real control over his body impossible for the moment.

Gina's brow rose as she watched him lay on the floor for a long moment. "Well, I heard the agreement - why aren't you moving?" She asked. "Change your mind?" Her finger moved towards the button...

"Nooo... please..." Adam rasped, trying to explain. "Can't... move "

"Oh, really ?" Gina asked, leaning near him. She held her wrist where he could see - and, under other conditions, reach - it, and slowly brought her other finger towards the button.

"Noo... please... no " Adam begged, ashamed of his pathetic begging, but unable to stop as tears ran freely from his eyes and he twitched helplessly. He watched, mewling in fear as her finger neared the button...

...then stopped.

"Huh." Gina said, sounding surprised. "Guess you can't move, after all. Fair enough - I'll leave you here and go get my breakfast. You'd better be done - or, at least, a fair ways into it - by the time I get back."

Turning on one sneaker-clad heel, the tanned woman vanished from Adam's sight, and he was ashamed to find himself sobbing in relief. But, as soon as he was able to move at all, he dragged himself into the tub, started the water running, and picked up the can of shaving cream on the edge. He began the awkward process of lathering up...

...and watched, amazed, as all the hair beneath the area he was lathering fell easily out into the lather. He sat, stunned, until it dawned on him that the repeated electrical shocks - especially the last one - had acted much like electrolysis, killing of the roots of the hair and loosening them.

With stunned movements, he put aside the shaving cream and picked up a bar of soap and began to wash himself, watching as the hair on his body fell out, leaving behind smooth skin without even the faint stubble that shaving would have left. Everything came out, aside from his pubic hair, eyebrows and the hair on his head.

However, following Gina's instructions to the letter, he picked up an electric razor - being very careful, since he was sitting in a tub of water, and had enough electrocution already, thank you very much - and shaved his scalp down to a fine stubble, which he then removed with a razor.

By the time Gina returned, he was done, dried off, and waiting for her 'submissively', seated on the toilet. He watched her through his eyelashes, his head lowered in apparent resignation. When he noticed that she entered with her finger inches away from the button, he let tense muscles relax slightly, knowing that it wasn't yet time.

"Well - it looks like our little Annie is nice and baby smooth!" Gina laughed. "Good - know we can move onto the next step in our little program."

"Mistress Gina?" Adam asked, keeping his forced-weak voice soft and submissive. "may your humble servant ask what that program is?"

Gina blinked - then grinned widely. "Well - It's nice to see that you've decided not to suffer needlessly." She paused, cocking her head. "Mistress Gina.' I like the sound of that."

"Yes, Mistress." Adam replied, lowering his head slightly further - to disguise his hungry gaze at the way her hand had moved away from the controller - but not quite far enough...

...yet.

"Well, since you asked so nicely..." Gina said, her vanity pricked by Adam's form of address. "I'm going to have you learn to put on make-up, as well as walk in high heels. A wig, some new clothes, some glue-on falsies... Then I'm going to drop you on the side of a road somewhere without ID or glue remover for the wig or falsies. The way I see it, by the time you manage to get everything straightened out and get the glued-on appliances off, you will have learned your lesson." She leaned back against the wall. "Although, I'm glad to see that you're a fast study..."

Then Adam lunged forward, slamming the weight of his body against the arm with the controlling, pinning it against the wall. Before Gina could use her superior strength to simply push him away, his other hand came up...

...the hand with the small, sharp piece of metal razor from the disposable plastic razor's he'd been left with. He let her get a really, really good look at it - as he was holding it right near her left eyeball.

"This can't kill you, bitch..." Adam growled. "But it can blind you. So don't even think of struggling."

Gina's eyes widened and her breath began to shorten as her color faded, and Adam felt a perverse pleasure in her fear as she began to tremble slightly...

...at the fist tingle, Adam had an instant in which he realized that a control device, strapped to a wrist, could also measure pulse rate and, if the pulse rate exceeded a certain figure, automatically deliver a blast of energy. He also had an instant to realize that she'd almost literally thought of everything.

Then agony far, far worse than any he'd even known took over, and all thought was washed away in a red tide of unyielding, eternal pain.

* * * * *

Adam stirred - and the very fact that he was still alive to stir was a source of amazement.

He was sure he was alive, even before he opened his eyes - because there was no way that being dead could hurt as much as this did. He felt like he'd been hit by a Mack truck, with extra-agonizing pain in the hips, ass, waist, chest, face, hands and feet - his legs and arms were 'mere' dull throbs compared to the rest of him.

Painfully, he forced his eyelid open...

He was laying on the ground. Not on a floor - on the ground. A small brook babbled beside him, running into a culvert a few feet away, and he was surrounded by low scrub brush.

Painfully, Adam forced himself upright, feeling an odd shifting sensation in his chest as he did so...

Adam rolled his eyes as he looked down and saw what appeared to be the tops of two large, firm breasts stretching out the front of the floral-print dress he was wearing. The bitch had gone ahead and carried out her threat, it seemed - gluing

falsies to his chest and dumping him somewhere. Shaking his head, he reached up to see if it was possible to tear the breast-forms off his chest, glue or no...

...and as his hand met the firm, round mound under the thin cotton, he was horrified to discover that they not only felt warm and firm and real under his hands...

...but he could feel the touch of his hands through the breasts themselves. The touch of hands that, while large and rather raw-boned, looked acceptable feminine with their long, gloss-red nails and the cheap rings that bedecked the fingers.

Adam screamed. Or, rather, tried to - but no sound emerged from his throat. He tried again - and the faintest whisper emerged from within, more the hiss of escaping air than any real sound.

Frantic, he pulled off the dress and gazed down at what of his body he could see.

It was smooth and soft, with very realistic looking breasts that were at least an E-cup in size. No corset crushed his waist, but it was nevertheless shrunken to a tiny diameter, probably through the use of liposuction. Not that the fat thus removed had been wasted - from the looks of it, it had been added to his hips and ass, giving them a fuller, more feminine appearance. A pair of white 'cowboy boots' with a four-inch block heel were on his feet - and when he struggled to remove them, discovered that they must have been glued in place, as he couldn't even budge them.

By drawing a few strands of flame-red hair in front of his eyes, Adam concluded that a long, red wig had been glued to his scalp, and from certain tastes and odors he realized he was made-up to some degree, with lipstick and mascara being the very least.

And, of course, there was the 'little' matter of what the bitch had done to rob him of his voice. But all of this was determined after a few moments had passed - because his first action had been to grab frantically at his crotch - then relax slightly as his hand encountered the familiar equipment under the thin cotton panties he wore.

Adam finally managed to figure out what all that medical-looking equipment in the room had been for - and he seethed with anger while roiling in shame, and self-flagellation for his hasty actions that had led to this more severe form of the humiliating punishment Gina had planned for him.

Furious - but unable even to swear out that frustrated anger - Adam pulled on the only clothes he had available to him - the cotton dress and the panties. The dress clung tightly to the huge, artificial (?) tits that thrust from his chest, and ended quite high on his smooth and acceptable feminine - if not terribly attractive - legs.

Stumbling up the embankment, Adam found himself on the side of a country road, looking down the patched and scarred asphalt. Seeing no vehicles in either direction, he picked on at random and set off, wondering what he was going to do - even when he got to civilization, he'd have to write down his predicament - and he had no idea of Gina's last name, or where she lived, other than in the mountains somewhere. For that matter, he didn't even know that her name was really 'Gina' - all he had

to give was a physical description. They might never find the bitch and make her pay for what she'd done to him. At least he didn't have to worry about...

With that thought, a startled hand flew to his neck - and he relaxed as he realized that there was no sign of the electric 'training collar' - the first good news he'd had since this whole nightmare had started.

Adam walked for almost an hour before hearing the growl of an engine behind him. Turning, he raised his hands and began waving frantically as an older pick-up hove into view. Seeing that tall, large-breasted 'woman' waving, the heavy-set man behind the wheel slowed and pulled to a stop opposite to her.

"Need a lift, miss?" The broad, florid-faced man asked with a smile that revealed teeth stained brown by chewing tobacco. Adam nodded and popped open the door to the truck, slipping inside with a grateful smile.

The man smiled at her as well. "I'm Ted - what's your name little lady?"

Frowning, Adam tapped his throat, then made a diagonal slashing motion through the air. When Ted just gaped at her, she opened her mouth and worked it silently, then repeated the motions.

"Whoo-ee." Ted said in a low voice. "You one of them there mutes?"

Throwing up his hands, Adam nodded vigorously, figuring that it was as accurate an interpretation as he'd be able to get across to Ted, under the circumstances.

"Realllly " Ted said in a contemplative voice. Putting the rattling truck into gear, he began to cruise down the road, shooting her thoughtful glances - or rather, shooting her tits those glances.

Then, about two miles down the road, he turned the truck off onto an overgrown driveway that was shrouded with bushes and trees, and Adam shot the man a frightened look.

"Take it easy, missy - you an me just gonna have a little fun..." Ted said with a nasty smile, and Adam's eyes went wide with horror. He fumbled for the door handle - but Ted had pulled the vehicle into such a position that a large tree sat inches from the door on Adam's side, effectively locking 'her' in.

"Why don't you just pull off that dress o' yours..." Ted asked - and didn't wait for an answer, his thick hands grabbing the front of the dress and yanking, ripping the dress apart. Aside from the boots and the panties, Adam's altered body lay exposed to the other man's lavicious gaze - and the fact that Adam's cock was tucked back in the panties for comfort kept the illusion from being broken.

Then Ted's hands moved towards the panties - and Adam went cold as he contemplated the possible reactions to the truth should Ted tear off the panties.

Frantically, Adam began to struggle to keep Ted's hands at bay.

"Umph.. shit." Ted swore, batting Adam almost negligently across the face and making him see stars for an instant. In that instant, the only possible course of action became clear to Adam, and although he went first pale, then a bright red, he knew he had no choice. Feeling sick, he shoved his hands forward, ripping open Ted's jeans...

...then, fighting to hold back his rising gorge, he lowered his head closer to the man's thick, swollen cock, and looked up questioningly.

Ted looked down at Adam - and laughed. "Don't wanna risk getting pregnant, huh?" Adam slowly nodded, jaw clenched.

Ted laughed "Okay - you let me fondle those tits of yours without fighting, and I'll let you suck me off instead of giving you pussy a ride."

Swallowing painfully, Adam crossed his smooth legs and leaned back in the broad seat of the pick-up, face burning in shame as he closed his eyes and let Ted maul the tits on his chest.

It was painful, and not just emotionally - the implanted masses of tit-flesh were still tender from whatever method Gina had used to install them, and Ted's ministrations were far from gentle. Biting his rouged lower lip in shame and pain, Adam bore the fondling of his new tits in enforced silence, trying to pretend that this wasn't happening.

Then a few crude words from Ted informed Adam that he had to choose the form of humiliation he preferred - and opening his eyes, Adam forced himself to lower his head. He paused, staring at Ted's thick, throbbing cock, thickly veined with a head that was almost purple...

Then Ted grabbed the back of Adam's head and jammed it into his crotch. Before he was even really aware of what was going on, Adam had a thick, warm cock in his mouth, and Ted was forcing his head up and down, swearing at him and telling him to start sucking... or else.

Closing his eyes, Adam forced himself to comply.

Ted provided most of the work, both through his meaty hands and his driving hips. He basically mouth-raped Adam, whose only 'contribution;' was to tighten his lips around the cock and let his tongue slide over the bottom of the throbbing organ as tears of shame and humiliation ran down his cheeks. The tears redoubled as Ted stiffened and shot his load deep into Adam's mouth, forcing the man to swallow as he held Adam's head in place. Adam gagged at the salty, musty taste of the warm cum, and briefly thought of clenching his teeth together and ending it all - but his will to live was too strong to allow him to do that.

Pulling Adam's face from his crotch, Ted laughed. "Not bad, bitch. Taste good?"

Adam spat a wad of cum out the window, gagging. Then his stomach couldn't take it, and he crouched, knees on the seat, and shoved his face out the scant inches between the window and the tree, and vomited up the cum.

Then slammed head-first into the tree trunk, making the world spin. The position he'd unthinkingly chose to vomit in had clearly revealed his cock to Ted, who had gaped for a second at the organ outlined in the white cotton, then gone brick red.

"God damn faggot!" Ted screamed.

Adam didn't even have time to react before the panties were torn off in one quick motion, and a 'snick' came from where Ted had withdrawn a long, wicked-looking hunting knife from a belt holster. Adam had an instant to register the cold metal resting against the wrinkled skin of his scrotum...

...then the world was enveloped in a haze of pain.

* * * * *

"Doctor - doctor, 'Jane Doe' is waking up!"

Ever so slowly, Adam rose through the layers of fog that shrouded his mind, until he found himself gazing up at a white tile ceiling, aware of how slow and fogged his thoughts were, and of distant, throbbing aches from various parts of his body, but especially his crotch.

The a face hove into view, and an older man in a white coat was looking down at him.

"Miss? Miss, can you hear me?" The man - the doctor - asked, obviously unaware of Adam's inability to speak. "You're at the Hollitt County Medical Center. You were brought in, unconscious and badly cut... down there." he paused, waiting for a response, but only seeing the horror and despair on his patient's face, he rushed to reassure 'her'. "Don't worry - we've done reconstructive surgery, and while they'll be some sever loss of sensitivity, I'm afraid - the reconstructed vagina and clitoris we've give you will look completely natural, and will be completely functional."

And the worst horror of all was that Adam/Annie had no voice to give to the scream that signified the shattering of his mind into a million pieces as Gina's revenge reached out to twist his life into a living nightmare from which he'd never escape.

And, for the rest of 'her' life, nobody would make the connection between 'Jane Doe', the mutely compliant, 'not-all-there' woman living day-to-day in Hollitt County bars with Adam Brannigan - author of the New York Times Best-selling Children's books like 'Mommy is a Homemaker'....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A wife gets silent revenge on her husband for his continuous cheating.

Cruel & Unusual

By Gunslinger

God, but did Tommy Kincaid love being married to a gullible woman.

Oh, his wife Carrie had other features he liked, too - like her slender, supple body, virginal before he met her and almost as young- seeming now, nearly a decade later. A perky blonde, she was cute and sexy with a great sense of humor...

...and a very trusting nature, which was why he'd been able to con her for so long. All his 'business lunches' taken at a local strip club went without question. Even his three-or-four-nights-a-week 'business meetings' with 'Debbie DeeKupps' went unsuspected - which was just the way Tommy liked it. After all, what man didn't dream of having a slender, petite 'lady' at home - and a eager-to-perform stripper with a magnificent pair of artfully artificial, full, round, DDD-cup breasts 'on the side'.

It came as no surprise that, even eight months after he'd started cheating on his wife, Tommy liked to drive home from his latest assignation with a big, shit-eating grin on his face as he listened to a much-worn copy of the Loving Spoonful asking 'Did you ever have to make up your mind...? '

In what had practically become ritual since he'd started his fling, the well-muscled, blandly-handsome thirty-two-year-old man spoke directly to the CD player, answering the hypothetical musical question:

"Nope."

Chuckling at his own 'wit', the dark-haired philanderer let scenes from his most recent romp run through his head - even as he looked forward to pulling up to his small house, where his sweet and unsuspecting wife would have a late dinner ready for him, same as always. This, he reflected happily, was *living!*

Each one-hundred-and-six times he'd done this had been nearly identical, except for the fact that the days were growing steadily shorter, so that he now left the motel where he met Debbie after dark - which was just fine with him. As always, he'd stopped off at a coffee-shop to 'grabba java' - and double-check to insure there was no incriminating evidence before he rushed home. Then a longish drive to his suburban 'castle', during which he'd listen to the same CD with the same 'canary-that-ate-the-cat' grin on his face as he 'wound down' before pulling into the driveway...

...except that his routine had never included a pair of flashing red-and-blue lights pulling sharp, bright reflections from the rearview mirror of his five-year-old Pontiac Grand Am.

"Oh, shit..." Tommy swore, eyes flicking instinctively to the speedometer - which was right where it should be, hovering right around the posted speed limit. "What the fuck is this about....? "

With a sigh, Tommy eased down on the brake and let the sporty red car glide onto the gravel shoulder, slush, salt and gravel crunching beneath the all-season radials. Dropping the car out of gear, Tommy reached across and pulled his papers from the glove- compartment, more out of a nervous double-check to ensure he had them than out of any sense of 'efficiency'. Glad to find them right where they should be, he rolled down the window and watched in the side mirror as a large, dark figure climbed out of the driver's seat of the cruiser, nearly featureless in the darkness.

It wasn't until the dark, formless figure stepped past the front of the cruiser and was back-lit by the headlights that Tommy's brain began to insist something was wrong.

Tommy's broad brow furrowed, a puzzled look coming into his dark eyes as he tried to figure out why his adrenaline level had just spiked. Getting pulled over was never a cause for celebration, but what he was feeling was a growing apprehension - a desire to get the hell out of there, RIGHT NOW.

The human mind is an interesting thing. Millions of years of evolution have allowed for reactions to stimuli that the conscious mind hasn't had time to perceive or correlate with the higher brain functions - which is why humanity in general is generally taught to 'ignore' most primal instinct in the interest of 'logical, civilized' thought...

...which was why the dark figure was almost at the window before Tommy finally realized what was wrong. There'd been no delay before the cop had climbed out of the cruiser.

No clipboard in the left hand.

A bulky, dimly shiny metallic object in the right hand, the muzzle of the strangely-shaped gun already coming up as the big, muscular figure came abreast of the Grand Am...

"What the fuck...? " Tommy shouted, jerking in his seat and trying to duck down out of the line-of-fire as he stomped on the accelerator...

...and the habits of 'logical, civilized' society caught up with him, the engine howling in impotent protest against the out-of-gear transmission as the three-point seat-belt defeated Tommy's instinctive survival movement.

The gun fired with a muffled pneumatic 'thud', and a sharp pain blossomed in Tommy's left shoulder, followed almost immediately by a warm numbness that spread rapidly.

"Wha...? " Tommy tried to ask, his lips and vocal cords already betraying him as he vainly tried to peer at the face lost in the shadow of the 'Smoky the Bear' hat of the State Patrol...

...and then darkness overwhelmed him, and all was black.

* * * * *

Tommy jerked awake.

The cop and the strange weapon still sharp in his memory, Tommy didn't just 'wake up' - his eyes flew open and he sat upright with a jerk, a gasp exploding from him as he wrenched himself upright by sheer dint of effort, supplemented by an adrenaline flow that surged through his awkward-feeling body as memory and consciousness returned in a sudden, sharp burst...

...which was why he was almost immediately aware of the fact that something was wrong. Very, *very* wrong.

It wasn't the locale that set off all the alarms in Tommy's head - though finding yourself waking up on a park bench in the dead of night could be disconcerting, even if it was a fairly well-lit bench, what with it being located directly below a wrought-iron 'Victorian'-style sodium lamp that cast a orange-tinted light across him and the bench.

It wasn't even the fact that he was cold and stiff and uncomfortable that made his heart shoot up into his throat and his jaw drop open. It was the fact that he was dressed in women's clothing - and was filling them out in a way that he should never have been able to.

The way he'd sat bolt upright had allowed him a very good, fast look at most of his body - or, rather, of the body that came in sight, because it wasn't his body. In fact, 'his' would never be applied to the body he was looking at - the forms and shapes that were both revealed and hidden by the feminine clothing most definitely fell under the category of 'hers' rather than 'his'.

The cork-soled sandal-style shoes with their leather uppers and wedge-shaped soles were undeniable a 'her' item, what with the wedge making them officially four-inch high heels, and the strap-style upper leather revealing small, well-formed feet that most definitely deserved such feminine footwear. Likewise, the ankles just above the last strap on each shoe was slender and well-shaped, leading the eye naturally upwards, to the long - and most definitely feminine - legs that disappeared under the hem of the short denim skirt, the tough, tight fabric riding high enough to expose a cute pair of female knees.

Blocking off the view of skirt's waistband was an obstruction closer to Tommy's point-of-view - a white shirt-sleeve sweater whose front was pressed outwards by a pair of breasts that seemed to be quite large and firm, perhaps a double or even triple 'D'-cup - at least, that's what the view down the fairly low neckline of the sweater seemed to suggest, at any rate. Those creamy, firm mounds were further framed by the strands of golden hair that poured over-and-around Tommy's apparently considerably narrower shoulders, the tint and tone of the hair the brassy sort of blonde that only came from fairly inexpensive bottles.

All in all, everything that could be seen suggested that 'her' was unarguably the right term to be applied to the person on the park bench

- and, worst off all, everything that Tommy's mind was receiving in the way of physical sensation also agreed with what could be seen, the sensations making utterly clear and unarguable to Tommy that 'he' was no longer a 'him' at all - but a 'her'.

Given the circumstances, the shocked scream that was ripped from the new woman's throat was quite understandable - though the sound of that scream, high-pitched and 'horror-movie-stereotypical', did little to make her feel any better about the situation.

"Holy shit - I'm a woman...!" Tommy said, weakly, having expended most of her energy in that scream - and, again, her voice was that feminine soprano that couldn't possibly be imagined as belonging to a man, yet another 'proof' to a situation that was already undeniable - no matter how much she wished it was otherwise.

Hesitantly, Tommy put trembling hands to smooth legs, verifying by external touch stimuli what the visual and internal sensations already proved - that what she was experiencing was reel. She could not only feel the smooth, shaved flesh of her moderately shapely legs through her hand, but she could also feel the sensation of her slender, long-nailed new hand through the smooth new flesh of her legs, and that proved without a doubt that...

"Is something wrong, Miss? "

Tommy gasped and spun, so absorbed in trying - in vain - to disprove to herself what she was seeing that she hadn't heard the man who'd spoken approach. She stared, wide-eyed, at the dark-haired man in jeans and a leather motorcycle jacket who was looking at her with a mixture of curiosity and sexual interest...

...and then, against her will, found her eyes drawn downward from his unshaven face to the crotch of his jeans, her eyes seeming to move of their own accord to lock onto the spot where a manhood like the one she'd once possessed was lurking.

As if from a great distance, Tommy heard a breathy, feminine voice speak in tones that could only be described as 'vapidly seductive: "Oh, I'm just so very horny. My name's Tammy, and I'm a nymphomaniac slut who just can't get enough sex. Would you fuck me, please? "

The crotch she was staring at fixedly twitched - as well it should, considering what the ditzy-sounding voice was saying.

"I.. beg your pardon...? " The man asked in a startled, lustful tone - and Tommy couldn't blame him, since that strangely familiar voice was suggesting something that didn't happen outside of porno movies, Penthouse letters or some boy's wet dream. Nevertheless, the sexy, brainless little voice made sure that she was being utterly clear.

"I need to be fucked..." It said, hungry in a mindless sort of way. "please, I really, really need to be fucked right now. Please, will you fuck my brains out, you handsome stud....? "

It was right about then that Tommy realized who was speaking in that vapid little voice, begging to be fucked:

She was.

In fact - she was continuing to stare at the man's crotch, her eyes still wide as her continued pleas to be fucked spilled uncontrollably from lips that not only felt fuller and more softly firm, but which tasted of what Tommy could only presume was lipstick - and that taste came when she helplessly licked her tongue across those lips, feeling their slick, cosmetic-coated surface slide under her probing tongue.

In the midst of her horrified realization that she was helplessly begging some strange man to make use of her newly-acquired and desperately unwanted body, the new woman also became aware of the fact that there was a rapidly rising warmth in her crotch, unlike anything she'd felt before - but nevertheless recognizable, especially from the effects it was having on her breathing, perspiration, and pulse rate.

She was, in fact, becoming aroused. *Sexually* aroused.

Very aroused. *Painfully* aroused...

...by the thought of being fucked...

...by a man!

"Please..." She heard herself beg, unable to control her traitorous tongue. "...I need it *sooooo* bad "

"Are... are you serious..." The man asked, nervously licking his lips as he glanced in either direction, looking for spectators, or maybe a hidden camera.

Tommy (or 'Tammy') didn't notice, her new - and, unbeknownst to her, large and blank-looking - blue eyes helplessly locked on the man's now straining crotch. She struggled within the confines of her own mind to say something to retract her unwanted statements...

...and, as if she'd not even tried, found herself reassuring the man as to what she 'wanted' from him: "Oh, yes, I'm so very horny, and I need to be fucked often, and can you fuck me please? "

"All... All right..." The man said...

...and her attempt to jump up and run screaming into the night was as useless as her earlier attempt to stop herself from asking to be fucked. Indeed, as if there were no 'out' lines from her brain to her body, her new form swung its legs over the edge of the bench and spread them lasciviously, one hand going down to lightly rub across the denim fabric covering her now sopping wet cunt, while the other lightly slid across the soft, fuzzy material covering her firm new breasts, the two hands moving slowly, almost as if unaware of what they were doing...

...and then, with one sudden movement, she gripped the edges of her sweater and pulled it off in one smooth, graceful motion, freeing her otherwise unrestrained breasts to the man's hungry gaze and to the cool air of the night.

Her nipples were good sized, a darker, pinker color than her smooth, milky flesh - and fully engorged in what well could have been rampant sexual desire, especially considering the sharp, tangy odor that was drifting from under her skirt.

"Do you like my tits...? " She found herself asking, none of her horrified disgust showing through to the surface as she lightly fondled her new bust, her fingers moving independently of her own will, to create new - and, disturbingly, quite enjoyable - sensations.

"Yes.." the man said, his voice husky.

"Maybe after you fuck me nice and hard, you can play with them for a bit..." She found herself saying in a teasing voice - despite the fact that part of her would very much rather that the man play with her tits rather than fuck her.

Of course, a much larger part of her wished she wasn't in this situation at all. That part of her brain was barely able to keep up with what was going on, the strangeness of waking up female in a park much less important to her now than the fact that the 'female' side of her seemed determined to get fucked by this stranger - and she couldn't seem to stop herself.

Which was why she could do nothing at all to prevent herself from sliding her skirt down, the elasticized waistband - practical for a nympho who wanted clothes that came off quickly - sliding down the well-rounded curve of her hips and over the smooth flesh of her legs, to wind up puddled around her new ankles as her long-nailed fingers lightly stroked the damp folds of her new cunt, her nymphomaniac history explaining the lack of any underwear.

She was finally able to tear her eyes of the man's crotch - but it wasn't an occasion for relief, since it was necessitated by her rising and turning around, spreading her fine new legs as she thrust her firm, round new ass into the cool night air, bracing her slender new arms on the back of the bench to leave herself bent over, damp pussy invitingly available.

"Fuck me..." She heard herself beg yet again, continuing the trend of 'nymphomaniac vapidness' that she'd helplessly displayed before, the words and actions fitting the image of a woman who cared - who *thought* - about one thing and one thing alone: Sex.

The stranger needed no further encouragement. From behind her, the new woman heard the sound of a zipper being hastily lowered, and she knew that he was pulling his now-hard cock out...

She struggled desperately within the prison of the strange new female body she found herself trapped in, trying (and failing) to do something - anything - to escape the fate that had inexplicably been thrust upon her.

She had just enough time to realize that, even with such a great incentive, she had absolutely no control over her body at the moment...

...and then she felt the brand-new sensation of having a big, hard cock slide deep and hard into her hot, ready cunt.

She cried out in pleasure - and though her body would have done that whether she'd willed it to or not, she was stunned to find that the impulse to do that had actually been generated by that trapped portion of her brain that was her old, male sense of self - because,

'disgusting' as it might have been, emotionally, having a cock slide into her tight new cunt felt utterly fantastic, physically.

"Oh, yes..." She heard her voice moan, and found herself agreeing in part with the satisfaction found in that vapid tone. "That feels good.."

It felt even better when he began to thrust into her, his sweaty hands grabbing her womanly hips for added leverage as he began to drive into her, his own 'hydraulic' need now as great as the need she'd claimed to have...

...only, as the man whose name she still didn't know continued to fuck her, she found that there was nothing 'claimed' about her nymphomaniac status - not only had she been incredibly aroused, before, but now she was experiencing sensations stronger and more physically pleasing than any she'd ever felt as a man.

"Oh... Oh... harder..." She found herself begging - and she was no longer sure what part of her mind was doing that, since part of her very much wanted the man to obey what she was telling him, because as great as it felt to be fucked, she also knew it could feel better...

The man complied, his breathing horse and rhythmic as he slammed her from behind, his own bony hips slamming into her delightfully padded posterior as he grunted and moaned in unison with her own, higher-pitched cries, pleasure building in each of their bodies - but much more rapidly and much more powerfully in the new woman's body than in the unnamed man's, a comparison she felt safe making since she knew what sex felt like for a man...

...and it wasn't anything close to as wonderful as this felt. Her whole body was trembling with the force of the man's thrusts as his cock plunged again and again into her tight, well-lubricated new womanhood - and her whole body was alive with pleasure, the intense sensations in her new crotch seeming to reverberate through her, adding intensity to the sensations generated by the rest of her body. The air moving over her now-sweat-slicked body, especially her painfully erect nipples and her full, damp lips, felt wonderful. The way her longer, silkier hair felt as it slipped over her shoulders with each shudder and bounce that came from being fucked was something else that felt good - but not as good as the way her new boobs bounced and jiggled and swayed with each fantastic thrust.

She was getting fucked by a man. Fucked hard and fast...

...and loving every second of it!

That only made it that much more humiliating for her. All the wonderful pleasure she was feeling was physical, and it was enough to override her own judgment, making her 'love' every second of what was happening even as she was still capable of knowing that if she'd been able to, she would have stopped it, despite all the pleasure she was feeling from the actions...

...but since she didn't have a choice in the matter, the pleasure she was feeling was even more horrifyingly seductive, seeming to tell her that if she had no choice, anyway, she might as well go ahead and give in, lose herself to the pleasure, accept her new role and stop trying to fight something she had no control over...

...and she was slipping. Unable to remove the wonderful sensations, and the temptations they created, she felt her will to resist weakening even as the pleasure grew and grew, driving her towards her first female orgasm.

"Oh, God... yes...!" She cried...

...while her straining, cracking mind cried out in a silent male voice, 'Oh, Go, no!'

Pleasure was now shooting through her body in rapid waves, the sharp edge to it promising an orgasm to come, a promise that served only to drive a wedge deeper into her slowly fracturing mind. Her body was now rocking with the man's rhythm, making each stroke longer and deeper - even as part of her mind was still trying to get her unresponsive body to haul itself off the man's cock, not wanting to experience the wonderfully pleasurable humiliation of a female orgasm.

Of course, she had no say in the matter. Her body continued to respond in the 'nympho' mode, her breath now sharp gasps as the pleasure continued to build and build...

...and build...

...and build...

...and...

The orgasm came hard and fast, slamming into her like a freight train of pure, unregulated pleasure, her entire body going rigid for an instant as every nerve, every neuron was put to use for the transmission of ultimate, orgasmic pleasure, the palatable force of the 'genital sneeze' magnified several times beyond that which a normal woman would feel, less like a 'mere' sensation and more like solid object that was somehow capable of slamming into her body without actually affecting it...

...but more than capable of affecting her already strained, overly-stressed mind, the sheer force of the incredible pleasure actually serving to momentarily short-circuit her entire brain, a rushing wall of white overwhelming her mind as it was hauled out of its own sense-of-self, to become a momentarily unthinking organ that existed solely to 'appreciate' the force of the orgasm still ripping through her body....

...and, vaguely, capable of registering - and, at last, recognizing - the sound that was ripped out of her throat, the primal scream of orgasmic pleasure that he'd hear before, in similar-yet-radically-different situations.

It was the recognition of that scream, more than anything, that did it. Like a pane of glass tapped just right with a hammer, the mind housed within the body shattered, fragments spewing through the landscape of the psyche even as the realization came to the new woman:

'I'm Debbie !'

'Debbie DeeKups', stripper and 'girl-on-the-side'. Blonde and eager and sexy, with firm, round DDD-cup breasts. Debbie, whose vapid face she would have recognized in an instant, if she'd had a mirror to look into. Debbie, whose soprano voice was a familiar sound, though the odd way a voice sounded to the person speaking was enough to have kept instant recognition from setting in. Debbie, who Tommy had often joked sounded like a 'Wildcat in heat' when she came...

...and who was now making that exact same sound as she shuddered and jerked at the end of a big, hard cock, doing what she loved doing best: Fucking.

"Oh, yeah, baby..." She murmured in a voice that was more musing than enthusiastic - a voice that was run by the 'real' mind, repeating a much-heard phrase that came after that wildcat scream, one that the shattered mind inside the sexy body was merely parroting rather than emoting.

The man who was just dumping his load into her tight cunt didn't seem to notice the odd tone to her voice, though, since he was barely capable of noticing anything at all, his own orgasm claiming most of his attention as he bucked his hips twice more, awkwardly, then let his cock slide free of the wetly warm embrace of her womanhood.

Suddenly aware of the fact that he'd just fucked a strange woman in the middle of the park, the man became very confused and worried, wondering what had motivated her to do something like this, and what could possibly be going on. Suddenly panicked, he mumbled something incoherent and quickly tucked his juice-slicked cock back into his pants, already moving away from her at a quick pace as he made up his mind to get tested for every sexually transmitted disease known to man.

In his rush to leave, he didn't even register the fact that the woman was still in the same position, bent over the bench with her ass stuck outwards and upwards. Even if he had noticed the fact she hadn't moved, he wouldn't have been able to see the blank, stunned look on the woman's face as she stared unseeing at the grass a few feet away, her fractured and damaged mind trying to sort itself out.

In any case, he didn't stick around, quickly vanishing into the darkness of the night as the woman continued to stand there with goosebumps forming on her skin.

"I... I'm Debbie..." She murmured to herself in a vague voice, her eyes still unfocused as her brain struggled to become coherent once again. "I.. I'm a sexy stripper with firm, round tits and a hot body... a stripper who likes having sex..."

Slowly, the new woman straightened, her face still blank as she slowly began to dress, moving like somebody deep in a trance. "I.. I'm not a man..." She murmured to herself.. and then she giggled, a bit of animation coming back into her face.

"Of course I'm not a man..." She said, with a shake of her head, as she finished getting her clothes rearranged. "What a silly thing to think. I'm a woman, and I have been one all my life - why I've been working at the same club for more than two years now, so how on earth could I 'suddenly' be a woman...? "

She paused for a moment, her face taking on a puzzled cast as she tried to recall what could have prompted her to think she was her own lover, Tommy - well, one of her many lovers, though his was the only name she was actually able to remember, oddly enough.

Perhaps she just didn't bother to get the name of most of the men she fucked, needing release so desperately that she didn't bother with such trivia...

Her puzzled look deepened as she thought of her 'nymphomania'. Why couldn't she remember being a nymphomaniac? In fact, why was she having so much trouble remembering a lot of details in her life...?

She pushed the thoughts aside, quickly, as a wave of pain and discomfort washed across her - the pain a physical sensation, in the form of a splitting headache, the discomfort emotional. Thinking about her past or her situation didn't seem to be the right thing to do at the moment, not if it caused such uncomfortable feelings. Leaving the pondering for another time, she began to walk down the path, her own movements feeling strangely awkward and unfamiliar to her as she headed towards...

She stopped dead in the middle of the path, finely arched eyebrows drawing closer together in puzzled confusion.

She had no idea where she lived. She knew where she worked, of course, and she could even remember which motel she met Tommy at for their trysts - but her own home address was a mystery to her.

"But..." She stammered, feeling the headache, which had begun to subside, swell anew. "I.. Why..? " The pain was almost at 'migraine' levels, making her wince and rub at her temples...

...and, momentarily distracted, her mind took the easy way out, leaving her wondering why she was standing in the middle of the park. Confused all over again, wondering what she'd just been thinking about, Tammy began walking again...

...then stopped dead.

"Tammy...? " She asked the night air, unconsciously wincing at the renewed rush of pain in her temples. "Why did I tell that man my name was Tammy? "

She began walking again, this time slowly and meditatively, her eyebrows still drawn together in what was now a mixture of confusion and pain, trying to work out what the hell was going on here. Something just didn't seem right - and one of the 'off' things was how hard it was for her to wonder what could be 'off' about this whole situation. It didn't make any sense...

...but she couldn't dwell on it, not with a migraine setting in that threatened to knock her flat on her ass. She'd have to leave it until she was feeling up to tackling tough questions. Right now, all she wanted to do was get home and relax.

Just stepping out of the park and onto the sidewalk of the road that fronted it, she stopped dead again, her brow furrowing as her earlier musing was once more pulled sharply to mind:

Where did she live? She had no idea.

She should know her own address. After all, if she was Tammy, then.. no, wait, she meant, if she was Debbie, then she should know what her own address was. Yet, for some reason, the only address she could come up with wasn't hers, but... Tommy's? Why would she be thinking of Tommy's address...?

Wait a second....

Tommy had been very careful not to give her his address.. yet she knew it. How...?

"Because... I'm Tommy..." She said in a voice of dawning recognition. "I.. I'm a man.. and I.. I.. I..."

Unable to take the strain of what had been done to him, Tommy's mind 'retreated', leaving behind the much-altered version of Debbie's persona that Tommy's wife, Carrie, had left behind in the now-hyper-sexual stripper's body before she'd used her friend Tonya's latest 'science project' to transfer her cheating husband's mind.

"...I love fucking!" The much-simplified part of Debbie's psyche said - the part that made her such easy prey for sleazy men such as Tommy, now magnified and simplified into unthinking sexual lust.

"Boy - I sure could use a blow-job..." Tommy/Tammy/Debbie sighed, hungrily, heading towards the downtown strip - and the bars, sure to contain men who'd want a real hottie like her to slurp on their cocks. She hoped that she could find somebody who could give her a nice, big load of hot cum, because she was really hungry for some sweetly-sour semen, so much so that it was taking almost all of her concentration, images of male organs dancing in her head...

...and serving to distract her from either of the two very deeply buried 'senses of self' deep within her mind, one of which was a stripper who, while she liked sex pretty well, was far from a 'nympho slut', and the other, which was the cheating husband who liked sex well enough as well, just not with men.

In fact, her sudden and overwhelming desire to find a nice big cock to suck was simply the first distraction her fractured, altered, mixed- up mind could come up with - and it desperately needed that distraction to keep her from listening to those two parts of her brain which were now - and forever - screaming in horrified realization of what had been done to them.

THE END



SUMMARY: After discovering an ancient stone with unusual powers, two old friends fall victim to the stone which turns one into a female and the other into her admirer.

Curiosity & The Kat

By Gunslinger

With a low creaking that was lost beneath the hum of computer equipment, the heavy oak door of what had once been a bedroom swung open, the bright light of the room spilling out into the dimly-lit hallway beyond.

The golden-white light from the room's many lamps splashed across the chiseled cheek-bones and broad, hatchet nose of the lean, rangy man who'd opened the door, picking sharp highlights from the long, blue-black mane of hair as he leaned against the old, much-varnished door frame. The native American's obsidian eyes flicked around the room, the thick, dark eyebrows above slowly rising steadily higher as his sharp gaze fell upon one disheveled pile of papers on top of another. Finally, his gaze fell upon the room's sole inhabitant - and his eyebrows finished the journey to their limit, jaw slightly slack in surprise.

"I don't believe it..." William Twofeathers said, softly, his voice surprisingly deep for a man possessing a lean, ropy frame such as his own.

Absorbed in his work, the man at the room's battered, cigarette-scored desk didn't even hear the low comment. Narrow shoulders hunched in concentration, the dark-haired man's bony back was curved in a spine-creaking position as he peered through a huge, 'Sherlock Holmes' magnifying glass at something on the desk. Almost as if operating on it's own, the scrawny young man's right hand was jotting notes in a leather-bound notebook, the pen scratching across the paper with frenetic haste completely unlike the man's usual studied pace.

Usually right at home in his friend's house, William felt decidedly out of place as he stepped into the room. Quietly laying the overnight bag he carried onto the floor, he slowly moved deeper into the room, jamming his hands into the pockets of his jeans in an awkward motion, afraid of touching any of the teetering piles of books or papers that lay scattered around the usually immaculate study that the room had been turned into.

"Uh..." William said, raising his voice uncomfortably. "Kat?"

With a jerk of surprise, Vladimir Katszilowski - 'Kat' to his few close friends - spun around on the awkward-looking stool, his pale blue eyes wide in surprise.

For a second, the two friends simply stared at each other - and then Kat smiled broadly, rising from the stool with surprising grace as he wiped his ink-smeared hands on his far-from-pressed black trousers.

"William!" Kat said warmly, hurrying to pull aside a stack of books to make room for his best friend to sit down. "Please, my friend, do not stand on ceremony - come in, come in!"

Although still a year shy of thirty, Kat spoke with a measured courtesy that seemed like something right out of movie from the fifties - which went perfectly with the Ukrainian immigrant's wardrobe. Though he'd successfully muted his accent to a faint, almost exotic underlay, Kat had no desire to fully 'Americanize' himself, choosing to take the best from both his past and his future and combine them to his own taste.

Between his exquisite - and, therefore, 'weird' - courtesy and the passion for books and dusty old museums that came from his calling as a scholar of extinct cultures, Kat was hardly the most popular man in Washington - and that's the way he liked it. Unlike the American custom of having a wide circle of friends, Kat preferred the old-world custom of having very few - but very close - friends.

William Twofeathers was one of these close friends, and Kat's enjoyment at one of William's steadily less frequent visits was obvious, despite the formality with which Kat offered coffee and cigarettes to his friends.

"I am very glad to see you again, my friend." Kat said, lighting up the cigarette William had refused only after getting his friend's permission to do so. "It has been much too long since we last visited together."

"Yeah, well, the dig's been keeping me busy as.. uh, heck." William said, curbing his language at the last second to keep from offending his host.

"Oh, I am not complaining." Kat said, quickly. "I know how important your work is to you."

A prodigy, Vladimir Katszilowski was a renowned expert on extinct peoples and cultures, already well known and respected in his field for sheer brilliance and persistence in 'forensic archeology'. William, however, was still working hard to build his reputation in his chosen study of the Native American culture. Given his heritage, it wasn't really surprising that he was ahead of the curve due to a certain sort of 'reverse racism' - and though it rankled slightly, William wasn't above using that fact, especially since it helped him obtain funding for the dig he was heading up in the Nevada Badlands.

"I was called in for an 'emergency meeting' by the boys down at the Smithsonian." William explained. "Turns out it was just a typo in the report, not an actual problem - so, I have a few days free, and thought I'd drop by."

"Of course, William, you are always welcome here." Kat said, waving hand to indicate the old Victorian brownstone he called home. "You know that."

"I wasn't sure." William replied, with a slight smile. "You seem rather, uh... involved in something."

Kat grinned shyly. "Ah, yes - you must have been somewhat taken aback by my disheveled state. I have been very intrigued with a puzzle - perhaps even 'obsessed'. However, I was just finishing up when you arrived."

"Oh?" William said, wondering what could have been so 'intriguing' to effect his usually fastidious friend so. "Do you mind if I ask...?"

"Oh, please do!" Kat replied, with a laugh. "As you might imagine, I am quite eager to share this with someone, now that I have 'cracked the case', to use the vernacular."

Rising, Kat made room for his friend in front of the desk. Gesturing at the object he'd been studying, Kat faced William with a raised eyebrow.

"Can I safely assume you are at least somewhat familiar with this object?" Kat asked, politely.

William blinked twice in surprise before answering, his voice somewhat breathless. "It looks like the Chapiquien Curiosity." "Indeed, indeed." Katszilowski chuckled. "That is exactly what it is, my friend."

William let out a low whistle as he surveyed the time-worn octagonal stone with its mysterious cursive inscriptions in fine gold filigree. Under the numerous lamps Kat had placed around the object, the beaten gold gave back a mellow gleam against the dark basaltic stone, and the fine-cut jewels placed in each corner of the stone object shot back fiery highlights in accompaniment to the breathtaking sparkle of the large pink diamond set in the center of the mysterious artifact.

"I'm amazed they gave it to you..." William confessed, knowing that the best experts in antiquities had placed its inherent material value at well over half a million dollars - and that its cultural value as an antiquity made it, quite literally, priceless.

"Oh, 'gave' is hardly the correct terminology, my friend." Kat chuckled again. "Indeed, it took quite a bit of persuasion to convince them to let me study it, especially here in an 'unsecured' environment."

William suddenly twitched, then shot an incredulous look at Kat in realization: "I just walked in here, Kat. Anybody could have simply..."

William Twofeathers had already sustained many surprises that evening - but they all paled in comparison as he broke off, wide-eyed gaze fixed on the gleaming metal object Kat had seemingly produced from nothingness.

"A Radom WZ 35." Kat identified the weapon in an apologetic tone. "A nine millimeter Polish copy of the American Colt .45..." Sliding open the desk drawer, Katy extracted another handgun.

"...such as this one." Kat finished.

William gaped at the two gleaming handguns now sitting side-by-side on the desktop.

"I have held a handgun license for some years now." Kat explained, replacing the heavier-caliber Colt in the desk, and sliding the nine-millimeter into a nearly invisible 'clip' holster just inside his waistband. "Indeed, I understand that my accuracy and ability would rate as a 'master' rating in the United States Army."

William suddenly grinned at the thought. Aside from being a renowned expert on ancient cultures, William knew Kat to be a gourmet chef and a world class pianist. Though surprised to learn that Kat owned any firearms, he wasn't surprised to learn that the meticulous man was an expert with them - anything Vladimir Katszilowski choose to do, his did well.

"All right, 'Quickdraw' - so what's the breakthrough you made on the Curiosity?" William asked, shaking his head in bemused amusement.

Grinning back, Kat gestured at the stone.

"As you are aware, the Chapiquien Curiosity was recently discovered by French Surveyors near Serro do Navio, in Brazil." Kat explained, slowly polishing his glasses with a handkerchief.

William nodded thoughtfully. "I know that much from the newspaper accounts and the subsequent publications in the journals. They were surveying a road through the Guiana Highlands, north of the Amazon, right?"

"Quite correct." Kat acknowledged. "Those highlands were once home to a tribe of indigenous people known as the Chapiqui. Though culturally similar to both the Incas and the Mayans, the Chapiqui were a very reclusive race, and little is known about them, other than details gleaned from the remarkably advanced artifacts left behind. The Chapiqui culture, you see, simply vanished sometime before the Spaniards arrival in the New world, circa 1500 A.D. Therefore, very little is known about the Chapiqui."

"Right - one of the few cases of a 'New World' culture vanishing without any help from 'Old World' explorers or invaders." William said, slyly. "Okay, I'm with you so far."

Nodding, Kat gestured again at the stone. "The reason that this is referred to as the 'Curiosity' is quite simple - though undeniably Chapiquien in workmanship and age, found among Chapiquien ruins, the 'writing' on it bears no resemblance to known examples of Chapiqui script - or, indeed, any other known form of written communication."

"Oh...?" William said, surprised. Though such 'schisms' in writing techniques had been known throughout history, eventually key discoveries between cultures - such as the renowned Rosetta Stone - had all-but-eliminated such stand-alone cultural differences. "I take it you managed to 'crack the code' and determine at least some of the writing?"

"Oh, no..." Katszilowski said with a chuckle. "You see, my breakthrough is considerably more fundamental than that. I have determined that the 'writing' is, in fact, no such thing. This stone is not, in fact, a tablet. It is, for want of a better term, an 'integrated circuit'."

William's head jerked up and he stared at his rather smugly grinning friend. "You... You're serious..." William said, amazed.

"Oh, quite." Kat assured him. Let me show you something, my friend..."

Working with the quick, sure motions of a man performing a task he'd done many times before, Katszilowski quickly slid a small, obviously home-built frame into place near one corner of the stone. Slender fingers moving with assurance, Kat quickly tightened the small pair of 'C' claps around the wooden handle of his magnifying glass, the small pads tipping each vise-like clamp settling into the indentations made by previous uses. Within seconds, Kat had secured the large lens directly over the small, convex-cut emerald in the stone.

"Now, observe..." Kat said as he flicked off the lamps arrayed around the artifact. Lit only by the light that seeped between the blinds on the window, Kat picked up a powerful MagLite flashlight and thumbed the rubber-coated switch, bringing the long four-cell flashlight to life.

Twisting the housing of the flashlight's lens, Kat tightened the bright white beam generated by the halogen bulb, then aimed the flashlight precisely through the center of the magnifying glass. The lens focused the beam tightly, a cone whose apex focused on the top of the inset jewel...

...and William gasped as the larger pink diamond set a good six inches away in the stone began to pulse with an almost eerie inner glow.

"That's amazing..." William breathed as Kat switched off the flashlight and snapped on one of the lamps. "What happened if you light more than one of the jewels at a time?"

"Actually, that I do not know." Kat admitted. Picking up a pen, he tapped the notepad he'd been scribbling in. "I was just making my notations on the effect of lighting each individual jewel, one at a time. I'll then try every combination of two jewels at a time, then three, and so on."

Pulling open another drawer in the desk, Kat gestured at the array of flashlights, magnifying glasses, and home-build frameworks that filled the large drawer. "As you can see, I have everything I need for doing everything, up to and including the illumination of all the jewels simultaneously, but I estimate it will be a good week before I get that far."

"I see..." William said, disappointment obvious in his voice.

"Ah..." Kat said, nodding in realization. "You only have a couple of days here, and are disappointed you will not be available when I, how should I say it... 'shoot the works'?"

"Yeah." William said, grinning self-consciously. "I know, I know - It's hardly a proper scientific attitude. The way you're planning to do it is the correct approach. But..."

"Ah, yes, 'but...'. " Kat acknowledged, dryly. He hesitated, his own curiosity now reinforced with a desire to satisfy a matching curiosity in his friend. "I suppose it would not hurt..."

William held up his hands quickly. "No, no - don't let me talk you into..."

"Actually, my friend - I must admit I, too, am curious." Kat said, with a grin. "However, without your limited time here, I could not provide myself with a 'good excuse' to break my normal routine. Will you do me the favor of allowing me to blame a deplorable break in scientific methodology on a desire to satisfy a good friend's curiosity?"

William hesitated a second longer - then grinned boyishly. "All right, It's all my fault - now how about seeing just what this thing can do?"

"Indeed..." Kat agreed with a matching grin. "If you would be so kind as to assist me..."

Eagerly, the two men began setting up the apparatus Kat had already designed and purchased for the 'final' experiment. Setting the stone upright in a plat-holder that held it perpendicular to the desktop, the two men quickly assembled the 'C'-clamp framework around the stone, placing a magnifying glass and a flashlight parallel to each corner stone. With his usual methodical planning, Katszilowski had even designed a series of spring-powered 'trip-hammer' devices that, when activated by a single string pull, would snap down on the on switch of each flashlight and turn them on simultaneously.

Within fifteen minutes, the two scientists had set up the apparatus, all but the center of the stone now nearly obscured by the framework and it's various clamp-mounted lenses and lights.

"Well...?" William asked, a bit breathlessly.

"I believe we are ready." Kat pronounced, double-checking the apparatus and nodding ins satisfaction. Lightly lifting the end of the string, careful not to apply any tension, he held it in William's direction. "Would you care to do the honors?"

"Oh, no..." William demurred, shaking his head as he rummaged around in the bag he'd left beside the door. After a moment, he emerged holding a digital camera. "I'll document the results, but the honor is yours."

"If you insist." Kat allowed with a slight grin. "On the count of three, then?"

"Okay..." William agreed, quickly snapping a quickly series of 'before' shots before snapping off the last remaining lamp, plunging the room again into darkness.

"One..." Katszilowski announced loudly. "Two..."

On 'Three', Kat tugged the string he held - while William began to punch the button on the camera as fast as he could, capturing frames barely a scant second apart.

Even as the shutter on the camera click-whirred into action, a flare of blinding pink-tinged light burst from the curiosity. Like a modern laser, the beam neither diffused nor dimmed as it burst arrow-straight from the diamond, forming a column of dazzling light...

...that all-but-eradicated any detail of Vladmir Katszilowski's trim figure as it washed him in the brilliant glow, leaving only a dark shape against the eye-watering back-lighting the beam provided.

Kat grunted slightly, one hand flung upwards in an effort to further shade his tightly closed eyes against the dazzling glare - but even with his arm upraised, bright orange-red light registered on his optic nerve as he helpless 'saw' the inside of his light-washed eyelids.

The incredible beam of dazzling light was accompanied by an eerie, high-pitched rhythmic pulsation of sound from the stone, one that seemed to spiral higher and higher in both volume and tone, causing the fillings in William's teeth to ache in painful sympathetic reverberation as the rising sound wound ever higher through the register...

...until it died an bare instant after the high-pitched note caused the glass in both the magnifying glasses and the flashlight's bulbs to shatter, plunging the room into sudden, shocking darkness and silence.

"Kat! You okay?" William said, unconsciously shouting into the aftermath of the high-pitched squeal as he fumbled desperately for one of the lamp's switches.

"I believe so..." Kat replied, slowly. "Careful, William - I believe the bulbs in the lamps quite probably shattered as well. My glasses, thankfully, are actually polycarbonate rather than glass, and so remain intact..."

Cursing, William fumbled in the darkened room, shoes crunching on the scattered fragments of glass littering the floor. Finally, he managed to find the doorknob and pull the door open, allowing a faint light reflected from the stairwell light down the hall to register in the room.

After futilely flipping the wall-mounted switch outside the study door, William carefully eased back into the room, hand outstretched.

"The hall light is out, too." William said. "After that blinding light, all I can see is little orange sparkles in front of my eyes. It's the blind leading the blind up here."

"I hope it's not too accurate a metaphor." Kat said, his voice surprisingly level. "I, too, was dazzled by the light, perhaps even flash- blinded."

William's breath caught in his throat at the thought that their ill-advised experiment might have cost his friend his sight. Resolutely, he forced the thought away, determined not to dwell on the possibility until he had a chance to either prove or disprove their fears.

"take my hand, and we'll try to get downstairs." William called. After a moment of blind fumbling, they managed to link hands, and William slowly and cautiously headed towards the stairs, blinking away the fading spots of light that were obstructing his vision.

"Can.. Can you see anything...?" William asked, hesitantly, as they drew closer to the light cast by the stairwell light."

"Hmmm?" Kat inquired, distracted. "Oh, yes - I believe so. Unless I am very much mistaken, we are just passing the bathroom."

"That's right..." William said, making no effort to hide his relief as they reached the top of the stairs and stated down, William in the lead. "You had me scared for a second there."

"I was rather concerned myself..." Kat admitted with a wry, somewhat distracted, chuckle. "Though still somewhat dazzled, I believe my eyesight is quite all right."

"That's good..." William said as they reached the well-lit first floor of the brown-stone townhouse. "I was worried that... Kat! Your hair...!"

"Or lack thereof." Kat agreed, dryly, mouth quirked slightly at the look on his friend's dusky face as William stared at him in shock. Reaching up, Kat slowly ran his fingers over the perfectly smooth flesh of his now-bare pate.

"Well, at least I can cut down the time it takes to perform my morning toilette." The slender archeologist suggested, ruefully. "No need to shampoo or brush my hair any longer."

"But..." William stammered, taking two steps to the side to allow the light to fall more fully on his friend. "How can you be so calm? You're bald!"

"More than that..." Kat pointed out, calmly. "As far as I can tell, I've been completely denuded of any hair whatsoever. A form of electrostatic depletion, similar to laser hair removal, I believe."

William gaped at his friend, who's appearance was radically altered by a complete lack of hair, including eyebrows and lashes. "I.. You..."

"It wasn't painful, and it's hardly life threatening." Kat pointed out, reasonably. "All things considered, the folly of performing the experiment in less-than-controlled circumstances extracted a fairly minor price. Even if it should turn out that the hair does not regrow, it's not something worth becoming overwrought about."

"You sure...?" William asked.

Kat smiled and nodded. "Indeed. If anyone should ask, I'll simply say I decided to try the 'Lex Luthor' look for awhile." With that, William couldn't help but grin. "Okay, if you aren't going to freak out over it, I guess I shouldn't."

"Quite right." Kat replied. "Indeed, I've seen very few things in life worth 'freaking out' over, as you so colorfully phrased it. Now, then

- what would you say to a bite of eat? Caught up in my studies, I neglected dinner - and, now, I find I have little urge to continue experimenting tonight, and so a bit of dinner would seem in order."

Still amazed at how well his friend could keep a curtain of calmness around him like his own personal cloak, William chuckled and agreed.

"Good." Kat said, nodding. "I think a light dinner, accompanied by a fine wine of course, followed by a cigarette and a glass of port or sherry, would be the perfect prelude to a good night's sleep. I hope that meets your approval?"

Drawing on all the reserved dignity he could muster, William cocked his head slightly and outrageously over-played and upper-crust British accent. "I say, that sounds absolutely deeee-lightful, my dear sir."

"Ah - then shall we adjourn to the kitchen for our repast, my friend?" Kat replied, a sparkle in his eyes.

"Quite." William agreed, stiffly - then, chuckling and shaking his head, William Twofeathers followed his friend into the kitchen.

* * * * *

Yawning, William rolled over on the surprisingly comfortable pull-out couch in the living room, slowly stretching tautly muscled arms up over his head as he listened to the soft, almost musical clink and clatter of breakfast being prepared in the kitchen.

Enjoying the warm, golden sunlight streaming in the tinted upper panes of the ornate windows fronting the room, William pushing his head back into the pillows and slowly smiled. Inhaling deeply, he let the rich, unmistakable fragrance of coffee filter in to his mind, tantalizing his senses.

Among the many other things Kat did expertly, preparing coffee was one of his specialties. William didn't know how the archeologist did it, but somehow Katszilowski could take everyday bulk coffee, add a pinch of this and a dash of that to the basket before brewing, and produce a cup of coffee that tasted every bit as good as it smelled. It was the type of high-caffeine treat that made climbing out of bed a more than worthwhile effort.

Swinging his legs over the side of the sofa-bed, William stretched again before tugging his somewhat threadbare bathrobe around his pajama-clad frame, slipping his feet into the slippers Kat had so thoughtfully provided. Abandoning his bed with more alacrity than usual, William padded towards the door to the kitchen, his taste-buds already anticipating the coffee whose scent tickled his olfactory sense.

"Kat, if you could just find some way to market your coffee recipe..." William said, loudly, reaching out to push open the swinging door leading to the kitchen, "...you'd soon be rolling in *Holy Shit!*"

"I doubt rolling in feces - even blessed feces - would prove to be enticing enough for me to give out an old family recipe." The person standing near the kitchen sink remarked with a dry chuckle. "Good morning, my friend."

"I.. Uh... You..." William stammered, his eyes bulging from their sockets. "Kat... You... You're... a *woman!*"

"Quite." She agreed, chuckling again. "You surprise me, old friend - I'd made myself a wager that you wouldn't even notice until after you'd had at least one cup of coffee. Speaking of which..."

Gracefully, the bathrobe-clad woman carried a steaming mug of coffee over to where William stood, still only half-way through the kitchen door, mouth agape. She held the fragrant mug in William's direction, but the bronze-skinned man made no move to take it, one hand remaining against the swinging door, the other limp at his side.

"Problem?" She inquired, he 'surprised' tone of voice at odd with the wry grin on her lips.

William simply made a few thoroughly incoherent noises as he looked the woman up and down. His slowly, stunned survey started at the crown of her head, eyes sliding across the perfectly smooth skin of her scalp in a sort of wishful denial that this was, indeed, his friend - and yet the rhythm and tone of the woman's speech, not to mention the lack of any motivation for a lie or deceit, only made the impossible situation more confusing. Slowly, William's eyes slide downwards.

As his gaze slid slowly over the familiar-yet-different features of the woman's face, William found that it was the familiarity, more than the differences, that disturbed him. Though the bone structure was slightly finer, the nose slightly smaller and more upturned, the lips fuller and more sensual, there was no denying that he was looking at the features of his friend. Though softer and feminine, they were unmistakable - as if Kat had a twin sister, the familiar features made feminine. Behind the glasses, the considerably more doe-like eyes nevertheless gleamed with the same quite good humor and startling intelligence William had come to know.

Beneath a finer, more delicately shaped jaw lay a slimmer, longer neck that no longer bore the somewhat prominent Adam's apple Kat had once boasted, perhaps making the neck more eminently feminine than some of the other parts of his body, which, in comparison, were little changed. Though somewhat finer and more subtly sloped, the shoulders beneath the terry-cloth bathrobe were much the same as before, the build of a somewhat short, slender man subtly altered to that of a slim woman of average height.

That was not to say that there was little change to be noticed in the figure William's eyes slowly glided over. For example, slender for a man or not, Vladmir Katszilowski had never boasted breasts before. There was no doubt that the woman she now was boasted the new endowments, however - the robe bulged outward over the firm, more-than-ample bust that had blossomed over night, the robe's design allowing a clear - and, for William, disconcerting - view of deep, enticing cleavage, framed by the smooth flesh of two large, firm orbs that disappeared under the thick cloth.

Kat's waist, slender for a man, had become all the more slender on a newly feminine frame, the tightly-cinched cloth belt outlining a slender, supple waist above trim hips that were little altered. Where once those hips, on the male frame, might have been considered 'girlish', now the opposite was true, defined perhaps as 'boyish' on the petite, fine-boned frame of what was now, undeniable, a woman.

Those hips, however, had never before been the support for such a full, firm derriere. Indeed, though William would have hotly denied ever having noted the fact, Kat had always been somewhat 'flat assed'. However, the newly-formed woman his friend had become sported a firm, full posterior that even a simple robe couldn't begin to hide.

Beneath the robe's hem lay a pair of the 'cutest' legs William could recall seeing in a long time - a fact that both sickened and embarrassed him, considering the circumstances he was seeing them under. Though average in comparable length to Kat's new body, and hence not 'long' enough to be considered overly sexy, they were firm and shapely, with slender ankles and well-shaped knees that were a legacy to the slender build of the male body she'd once laid claim to. The largest changes in Kat's body, in fact, were the extremities - the hands and feet, both made nearly doll like by the further refining the already slender appendages suffered under whatever inexplicable force had transformed Kat into her current gender.

Overall, the changes would have been called 'minor', for the most part - there was perhaps a ten percent difference in the over-all build of Kat's skeletal structure. However, having been short, slender and supple for a man, that 'slight' change was more than enough to define her new frame as both 'petite' and 'feminine', even with the relatively slender hips.

The same could not be said for the soft tissue changes, however. Whereas the changes to solid bone were fairly minor, the changes in muscle distribution were significant, especially in newly shapely legs and downright delectable derriere.

Those changes, however, paled in comparison to the even more extensive changes in the even more soft - and malleable - fatty deposits. The slight 'swivel-chair spread' common to many scientists had disappeared, the paunch made over into that smooth, supple layer of fatty tissue that smooth and sensualized the bone and muscle structure of women - and even more of it had been redistributed to form the pair of large, almost preternaturally firm breasts that strained at the front of the feminised archeologist's robe.

Having slowly looked his feminized friend up and down, William finally essayed a comment. As it so happened, that comment was; "Er-guh."

Kat blinked. "I beg your pardon?" "Uhgn-uh... Urg." William clarified.

Leaning forward slightly, the slightly diminished archeologist peered up into her taller friend's eyes, judging his current mental capacity.

With a sigh, the woman extended a slim, dainty finger, pointing towards the kitchen table. "Sit!" She commanded, using much the same tone as she would have to a recalcitrant dog.

Numbly, William shambled over to the table and - barely - managed to sit into one of the chairs. Kat followed him to the table, rotating the mug she held in her hand so that the handle protruded towards William. Thrusting it in his direction, she pressed the handle against his limp hand until he reflexively took a grip on it.

"Drink!" She commanded.

Though it was still hot enough to be scalding, William didn't seem to notice as he drained the coffee in one long, convulsive draught. If anything, the scalding temperature seemed to help steady him down, his gaping mouth and wide eyes slowly returning to normal as he finally lay the mug aside with an uncoordinated movement.

"Are you feeling a bit more coherent?" Kat asked.

"You..." William said, hesitantly. "You seem to be taking this rather calmly, Kat."

Glad to hear a coherent sentence, the new woman smiled thinly. "I'll admit, I was a tad flustered when I awoke and found myself... like this - but, honestly, would screaming, panicking, or curling up in a ball crying help the situation in any way?"

William blinked - then smiled weakly. "No - but it also wouldn't hurt, now would it?"

That surprised a chuckle out of her. "Well, it would have wasted time - and the coffee wouldn't have been ready when you awoke, which would have truly been a tragedy. You, my friend, are certainly not what I'd call a morning person."

"This morning's been worse than most. I mean, waking up and finding your best friend turned into a woman is a.. a bit of a shock." William admitted, wryly.

"I know..." Kat commiserated, reaching out to lightly touch William's hand...

...and he yelped and rocked back as what felt like a million volts of electricity surged through his body. "William!" Kat said, eyes widening in surprise. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know..." William said, shaking his head as the feeling passed. Whatever it had been, it hadn't exactly been painful - instead, it had been 'electrifying', leaving his muscles feeling watery. Taking a deep breath, he shrugged and raised his head. "It felt as if..."

"William...?" Kat said, confused, as William stopped talking to simply stare at her. "You..." William said, huskily. "You're... gorgeous..."

"I beg your pardon?" Kat asked, certain she must have heard incorrectly.

"You're absolutely stunning, Kat..." William said in an odd, distracted tone of voice, his gaze slowly traveling from her face to the hint of cleavage exposed by her robe, pausing there appreciatively before drooping to survey her legs. "You.. I.. God, I'd do anything for a woman as beautiful... as perfect..."

"William...?" Kat said, hesitantly, staring at her friend's glassy eyes. She paused, and when no response came from her friend, she called his name again, loudly and sharply.

William blinked. "Huh?"

"What, exactly, was that about?" Kat asked, thoroughly confused. William blinked, looking equally confused. "What was what about?"

"That little soliloquy about how gorgeous I am." Kat said, patiently. "I suppose I should be flattered, but it came as a bit of a sur..." "Wait, wait!" William said, wide eyed, his eyes locked on her full lips. "What are you talking about, sweetheart?"

"Sweetheart?" Kat asked, grinning faintly. "I appreciate the sentiment, but isn't it a bit... presumptive."

"What?" William said, frowning in confusion - and blushing in embarrassment. "What are you talking about, my love? I don't understand..."

"William!" Kat said, sharply. "Huh?"

"I'm up here." Kat said, chuckling, pointing to her face...

...and William suddenly realized that he'd had to lift his gaze to her face, because he'd been gazing into her deep, enticing cleavage, so milky-smooth and creamily perfect, practically begging for a willing, obedient man's hands to...

"Oh, Dear God!" William all-but-screamed, realizing not only what he'd been doing, but what he'd been saying. Horrified - and horribly embarrassed - he ripped his eyes from her lithe, shapely form.

"What's happened to me, honey?" He asked, wincing as he heard the unintended endearment slip from his lips - forced out by a strange, overwhelming desire - nay, *need* - to...

...to...

"Oh... God..." William whispered, wide eyed, as he shuddered out of the chair and scuttled backwards from his feminized friend - and a woman who'd just, literally, become overwhelmingly attractive to him. "Your touch... it did something to me.. I.. I.. I can't stop thinking... as if... as if I love you."

"What?" Kat asked, stunned.

"No.. No, that's not right..." William, struggling not to let his eyes slip to the lovely form that so called to him. "It's not love, but.. almost... almost as if I want to..."

William stopped, groping for a word to describe what he was unwillingly feeling...

...and he was stunned to hear the exact word drop from Kat's new lips in her sweet new contralto: "Worship."

William gaped. "Yes... how did you...?"

"Something just now made sense..." Kat said, struggling to regain her customary calm good humor. The effort showed, but she managed a faint smile. "I did not understand some of the runes I'd deciphered earlier, but now I know what it meant. The Curiosity... is a weapon of last resort."

"What do you mean...?" William asked, barely succeeding at repressing an endearment.

"In battle, the Chapiqui fought all-out, to the last man. Many believe that this is what caused their extension, meeting an enemy who beat them on those terms, killing every single Chapiqui male. Apparently, the Chapiqui considered this, and developed a device - the Curiosity - to make their women not only physically, uh... desirable, but to allow these women to 'conquer' the tribe by.. well..."

"Enslaving them." William finished in a miserable tone of voice, the truth made all too clear by his own confused emotions. "I know exactly how that would work. I... I'd be willing to do.. almost anything for you..."

The admission shamed William more than he cared to admit, and he shuddered at the implications. Used as intended, the Curiosity would have been devastating - but this was a situation where the 'woman' he desperately craved on so many different levels was not only 'really' a man - but his best friend.

It was a situation he couldn't handle.

"I.. I have to go..." William muttered, fighting against a very, very strong urge to stay and... 'submit' himself to the newly feminine archeologist.

Kat cleared her slender new throat rather apologetically.

"That might be problematical..." She said, delicately, her doe-like eyes flickering momentarily downwards...

...and, horrified, William suddenly realized he was sporting the longest, hardest erection of his life.

"Oh, crap!" William said, embarrassment overwhelming his desire not to offend Kat's sensibilities. Futilely, he tried to hide the rigid hard-one outlined by the bathrobe he wore.

"Perhaps it would be best if I went out for a while and gave you some time..." Kat said, kindly. "What...?" William said, agog. "No, you... I mean, how can you go out like.. like..."

"Like a woman...?" Kat asked, with a small smile on her full new lips. "I assure you, William - you're having a much harder time dealing with this situation than I am. I won't have a problem."

William stared at her - and, horrified, realized his gaze was sliding to her full lips, considering what they might feel like wrapped around his...

"Yeah, okay..." William said, huskily, tearing his eyes away. "maybe that would be for the best. I.. I need to regain my composure." "All right." Kat said, sweetly. "I'll leave you alone for a while..."

Miserably, William lowered his head and stared at the linoleum as Kat padded out of the kitchen. As he heard the new woman head upstairs to dress, William desperately tried to gain control of his spinning, whirling - and disgustingly sexual - thoughts.

Head lowered into his hands, William tried to focus on his 'really male' friend's kindness... and found his thoughts drifting to the new woman's full, firm new bust. Desperately, he forced his mind to consider Kat's calm, sharp intelligence - and , in the midst of it, found himself thinking about her smooth, cute new legs...

* * * * *

Her slender new body clothed in a baggy sweater and a pair of trousers held tight at her slender new waist by a belt, Kat padded out of her house in a pair of old shoes padded at the toe with balled up socks.

As her unfamiliar body moved with supple new grace towards her car, Kat tugged the somewhat oversized tweed cap tighter over her smooth pate, her hands performing the action automatically as he mind dwelt on the trouble her oldest and best friend - one of the very few friends she had at all - was having with this situation.

The... 'urge to worship' her was disconcerting and unexpected, of course - but it was only as bad as it was because of the trouble William was having with Kat's new gender. Oddly enough, finding herself female wasn't nearly as devastating to her as it was to her friend.

Kat had never really been particularly hung up on either her male body or the assumed male gender roles. Indeed, her life had been intellectual, rather than physical - her body had simply been a vessel for her mind, where her 'real' life went on. As far as she was concerned, she was still the same person - who she was wasn't defined by her body, at least not in her world-view. Male or female, as long as her mind remained as sharp and clear as ever, she was still capable of doing everything she cared about in life...

...or at least she believed. The problem was, one of the few 'external' things she cared about was William - and her new gender was having a devastating effect on her friend.

Well, that wasn't quite true, she mused as she pulled out onto the street. After all, William didn't have a problem with women. Indeed, unlike Kat, William had always been a 'physical' sort of guy, which helped explain why William was a 'dirty hand' archeologist, while she'd become a theorist. Likewise, William had always had a fairly active romantic life, compared to Kat's nearly non-existent one. The problem wasn't that Kat was now female - it was that Kat had once been male...

As she pointed the snout of her Audi towards the shopping district, Kat sighed and pulled her mind off of her friend. Given her own concerns, and the fact that she hated the idea of anything coming between her one and only true friendship, it

wasn't an easy task - but it was a worthwhile one. Kat, like many certified geniuses, found that answers to a problem tended to come when she *wasn't* consciously thinking about them. Instead, she'd let them 'simmer' in the back of her mind until the answer was ready to show itself.

Driving almost on autopilot, the new woman turned her mind to a related topic - the Curiosity. More amazing - and powerful - than she'd ever believed possible, the artifact definitely had enough intriguing possibilities to allow her to focus on them, her sharp mind considering all the ramifications and exigencies of the discovery she and William had inadvertently made...

...and as she did, a cold knot began to form in the pit of her stomach.

* * * * *

William sighed and took another long, deep drink from the sherry glass he was holding.

Sitting on the sofa-bed that he hadn't bothered to fold back up, William finished the remaining ruby-red liquid, and quickly poured himself another.

Though it was still some time before noon, William had forgone his usual temperance and helped himself to Kat's liquor supply - indeed, he wished Kat stocked something with a little more authority.

He'd hoped that a couple of stiff belts would help keep something else considerably less stiff...

Nearly four hours had passed since Kat had left him alone. Thanks to her absence, and several bouts of 'manhandling' Little Willie, he'd managed to leave himself in a state that was almost limp. It was a case of physical limitations rather than a lack of prurient interest, however - his repeated masturbation had left Little Willie too tired to come to attention, not erased the desire for it to do so.

It was slowly but surely driving him crazy. How could any man handle the knowledge that he was suddenly and helplessly 'addicted' to his best friend, sexually and emotionally? It would have been bad enough if Kat were still a man, but there would have been an added 'buffer' about the whole homosexual connotations of the situation - but now those considerations were 'second hand'. Even though William was more-than-aware of the fact that Kat was really a man trapped in the form of a woman, the fact was that it was indeed a *female* form, and part of him didn't find wanting her at all odd...

"William...?"

Head jerking up, William bit his lower lip, finding an odd mix of emotion well up in him at the sound of Kat's warm new contralto. "In.. In the living room..."

He heard Kat approach down the hall, heels tapping on the wooden floor... *Heels* tapping on the floor?

Startled, William glanced up just as Kat stepped into the doorway...

...and his jaw dropped as his manhandled penis struggled valiantly to achieve an erection. "Kat...?" He gasped, desperately wanting to tear his eyes from the figure in the doorway.

"What do you think, my friend?" Kat asked, slowly spinning in a circle before striking a pose in the doorway.

"Ungh..." Was the best William could manage.

Though the woman standing in the doorway hadn't specifically gone for a 'sexy' look, there was quite a bit of that as an unintended side effect. The part that hit William the hardest, however, was how utterly, naturally feminine she looked - and though William's reaction was 'hyped' by his unwanted adoration imposed by the Curiosity, there was also the strange and stunning realization that he would have reacted much the same way to a 'natural' woman who looked the way Kat did right now.

Almost without conscious thought, his eyes dropped to the floor and began what was now his third 'once over' of his friend.

A pair of black leather pumps enclosed her slender, dainty feet. Almost a modified 'Mary Jane' style, the shoes had rounded toes and a slender strap just below the ankles - and each shoe boasted a three-inch shaped heel.

Heels that did a remarkable job of adding increased definition to already-shapely calves. 'Cute' in their own right, her legs had been further enhanced by the black nylons she now wore. Of a style William thought of as 'old fashioned', the nylons... stockings...? were smooth and silky, with a defined stitched seam running up the back of each leg, the ruler-straight 'line' of the seam only adding a defining contrast to the smooth curves of her dainty ankles, fine-boned shins and full, taut calves.

They probably did the same for the rest of her legs - but William couldn't tell, since those now delightful legs disappeared under the hem of a shaped skirt that hung to just past her knees. Also in a somewhat dated style, the pearl-gray skirt clung to the supple curves of her hips and thighs, with small, 'demure' slits near the hem to allow easier movement - and the occasional hint of more smooth, stocking-clad leg.

Coming down over the waistband of the skirt was the smooth, softly gleaming fabric of the white silk tunic-style jacket she wore. Cinched tight around her amazingly delicate waist by the matching belt, the jacket outlined - emphasized - her hourglass figure. With its broad, pearl-gray velvet lapels displaying the crisp, high-necked blouse beneath, the play of light-and-shadow against the jacket and the sharp, crisp whiteness of the shirt also 'demurely' displayed the fact that the hourglass of her figure boasted an extra half- hour up top. With her volley-ball sized breasts pulling the tailored ensemble taut, it created a startling effect that only her incredibly slender waist kept in balance despite her somewhat slender hips.

As amazing as both the outfit, and the figure that lay beneath it, were, it wasn't solely the Forties' style couture that left William stunned.

Above were the high, lace-edged collar with its cameo clasp encircled her slender neck, Kat's lovely new face had become utterly stunning in its new look. Those full, supple lips that had so hypnotized William that morning were now carefully coated in a pastel shade of pink lipstick, defined and highlighted by the slightly darker shade used to outline the lips.

Gone were the glasses Kat habitually wore, replaced by what had to be colored contacts - because those large, glorious eyes she now boasted had become a startling, arresting shade of emerald green, framed by long, fine lashes.

A startling green that, along with William's pale complexion, went perfectly with the perfectly coiffed head of rich, vibrant hair that now framed that lovely countenance in gentle waves.

Atop that vibrant mane of hair rested a hat. A wide-brimmed hat of pearl gray felt accentuated with a white silk band, hat-pinned in place slightly back on her head and not at all obscuring the perfectly - and elegantly - made-up face the new woman boasted.

As the final touch, subdued golf jewelry gleamed at each earlobe and on her wrists and fingers - finger that now boasted long fingernails painted to match the shade of lipstick now coating her full, luscious lips.

"Well...?" Kat asked, in a faintly nervous tone in her smooth new voice. Awkwardly, William cleared his throat, eyes still painfully wide.

"You... You look gorgeous..." He breathed, reverently - then, with a shake of his head, he pulled his eyes from her oh-so-feminine appearance. "I.. I don't understand. You unexpectedly become a woman, and right away you run out and... embrace your new..."

William awkwardly broke off, his discomfort with her new look warring with his dislike of saying anything even faintly hurtful or accusing to his long-time friend.

"William..." She said, uncomfortable, as she walked over and sat down beside him on the fold-out bed - something that didn't help William's state of mind, as her presence allowed the subtly, yet powerful aroma of the perfume she was wearing reach him.

"Perfume, too, my love?" William asked, desire warring with distress.

"You find all of this... unlikely?" She asked, her voice now sorrowful. "You think that, as unlikely as it is for a man to be suddenly and... 'magically' transformed into a woman, it is even more unlikely that he - she - would then run out and 'embrace' her new femininity?"

Closing his eyes, William sighed and breathed the word: "Yes." "Good."

Startled, William's head snapped up and he stared at her. "Kat...?" She grinned, sadly. "Actually, Kate. Kathryn O'Dell, to be precise." William gaped. "I.. I don't understand, sweetheart."

Kat - Kate - hesitated before speaking. When she did, her voice was heavy.

"William - I have to go away." She said, slowly. "Vladmir Katszilowski has to disappear... for good."

"But..." William said, the shock of the news so strong as to distract him from his unwanted desire for his friend's new body, at least for the moment. "Why?"

"The Curiosity." Kate explained. "Think about it, William. Think what would happen if the wrong people learned about its capabilities."

William considered it... and paled slightly.

Seeing this, Kate nodded. "Exactly. It could be a weapon. More than that - if they science that drives it was understood, it could spawn many more such weapons. Consider - a 'laser' that could turn entire battalions into women - and, perhaps, if they study the science, maybe something worse."

"But, maybe..." William said, instinctively trying to argue - then stopping dead as he realized he didn't have a single argument to make.

"Maybe nothing, my friend." Kate said, softly. "I thought it through most thoroughly... before I emptied my bank account, bought all- new clothing and personal items, and had false identification made up."

William blinked, and started to ask how and where she'd gotten fake ID - then realized that it was the least important part of the situation, and let it slide. Instead, he simply sat and stared at her, his best friend in the body of a woman he was helplessly attracted to - and realized there was only one thing he could possibly do.

"I'm coming with you." William announced, firmly.

Kate blinked. "Oh, no, William - I couldn't ask you to..."

"You didn't ask." William pointed out, resolutely. "Look, Kate - I know you, and you're intelligent, resourceful, and determined... but, face it, you're a bit of a hermit. You'll need somebody you can trust, somebody a little more worldly to help you establish a new life... and, besides, I know about the curiosity too. When you turn out to be missing, the investigation is sure to come around to me, sooner or later. It'd be much better if the only two people alive who know what the Curiosity can do vanish - with the Curiosity."

Kate stared at William for a long moment, her face cast in lines of deep thought...

...and it was that look that almost caused William to go stark, raving mad, because it was the quintessential Vladmir Katszilowski look, only cast onto features that made William's heart want to melt.

"William..." Kate said, slowly. "I appreciate what you're offering. I am even able to see the logic in having us and all the evidence simply vanish... but, my friend, how can I know that it is an offer you are making in your 'right mind', so to speak? How can I know that you are not simply blinded by the unwanted need to please me that the Curiosity has imposed on you."

William started to deny it - then paused as he realized it was a very valid point.

Slowly, William stood up and turned to face his feminized friend. For the first time since the transformation, William looked at her with the full intention of doing so, letting go of his own battle against his feelings and letting everything flow through him freely.

He let his eyes trace over the supple, feminine frame beneath the tailored clothing, feeling Little Willie respond as he took in her shapely, buxom form. He let his eyes trace over her face, feeling the urges to touch her soft, supple skin, to kiss her full, pink lips. He eyed every inch of her curvaceous, feminine body, feeling the sexual desires supplemented by the desire to 'worship' her, to do whatever it took to please her in any and every way...

...and, having finally allowed himself to feel the full force of his desires for her without fighting them, allowing the nearly-overwhelming wants and needs run through his mind and body, he was able to tell just how strong they were, how hard it would be to fight these feelings.

It was only after he'd acknowledged his feelings and urges that William could compare them to what he felt in entirety, and know what was driving him.

"Kat..." William said, slowly, having to force his friend's male name past his lips from the 'desire' to please her by using the name she'd chosen for her new identity. "Don't you think that, if you were still male and had to run for some reason, I would have helped? Don't you think that our friendship means as much to me as it does to you?"

Kate stared at her friend for a long, solemn moment... then slowly smiled.

"I am sorry for doubting you, my friend." Kate said, warmly, rising smoothly and gracefully to her feet. "Very well, then. I believe it is time for us to... how shall I put it? Ah... 'pull a Houdini'..."

* * * * *

Awkwardly, William lugged the two suitcases full of clothing at the shoulder bag containing the Curiosity down the hallway of the Las Vegas hotel room.

Kate had gone in and rented a room from the Casino/Hotel while William had, very shame-faced, stayed in the car and tried as unobtrusively as possible arrange the luggage around him to hide the raging erection spending so much time in Kate's presence had given him. Even now, with the suitcases 'casually' held to hide Little Willie from sight, he was filled with the odd thought that every person on the floor was peering through the peepholes in their door, seeing his rampant erection with x-ray vision that pierced the suitcases as if they weren't even there.

"This is us..." Kate said, gesturing at the door at the end of the hall.. and William twitched and guiltily ripped his eyes from where he'd been staring at her luscious derrière and smooth, supple legs as she'd walked.

"Thank God, Honey..." William said with a sigh, not even hearing the endearment slip from his lips, just as he'd become inured to the fact that he was unconsciously, helplessly acting like a love-stricken teenager with his first girlfriend.

Unlocking the double doors of the room with the key-card, Kate stepped inside and flicked on the lights, then stepped out of the way to let William inside.

William walked into the room, kicking out with a foot to close the door behind him...

...then, as the door snapped shut, he stopped dead in shock, the room finally registering. "Sweetheart...?" William said, his mouth dry.

Kate chuckled. "I guess I am hopelessly old-fashioned, my friend. I signed us in as Mr. And Mrs. Billy O'Dell..."

"Oh..." Was the best William could manage as he stared at the luxurious appointed Honeymoon Suite. "That.. That's fine, dear."

Shooting him a surprisingly nervous look, Kate gestured at the bathroom. "I'm just going to freshen up a bit. Why don't you put down the suitcases and turn down the bed for me?"

"Oh, sure..." William said, wincing at his own helpless desire to do just about anything that pleased her. As she took the small suitcase she carried into the bathroom and shut the door behind her, William piled the luggage near the door and went over to turn down the bed.

Once that was done, he nervously looked around the room, trying to figure out where he was going to sleep. There were a couple of love-seats that were really too small for somebody of his build - but William knew he'd unquestionably, uncomplainingly endure as many uncomfortable nights on one of them as was needed, his new needs making it unavoidable.

"William...?" Kate called through the door, instantly gaining his undivided attention. "Do me a favor? Slip into the bed and get it all nice and warm for me, would you?"

Under other circumstances, William might have thought in an odd request - but, now, anything at all Kate wanted was perfectly reasonable. Having spent so much time beside her, his hormones thundering more and more powerfully through his system, he was practically intoxicated by the exotic substances in his bloodstream, less capable of rational thought where Kate was concerned.

"Of course, honey!" He called, kicking off his shoes and clambering into the bed. Piling the pillows on one side, he sunk down in the soft mattress, helplessly worrying that he was 'warming' the wrong side of the bead, nearly sick with the concern he might be doing something for Kate that was less-than-perfect - and hating himself for it.

Laying perfectly still, practically willing his body to warm the bed and sheet, William simply passed the time until the door to the bathroom swung open...

...and his abortive move to slip out of the bed to make room for her stopped dead as his eyes widened in shock. Slowly, nervously, Kate padded out of the bathroom, approaching the bed with hesitant steps.

Wide eyed, William couldn't help but stare at her, unable to move a muscle as his entire being was taken up in absorbing the sight in front of him.

Barefoot, she was walking almost tip-toe - enhancing legs that were made all the more desirable by the white seamed stocking she wore, each one trimmed in lace, the elasticized tops sporting long silk ribbons tied into bows at the sides. A diaphanous white gown floated around her body, barely concealing the smooth, creamy flesh that lay beneath...

...flesh that was completely bare.

Aside from the gown and the stockings, Kate was naked.

Her huge, firm breasts stood proudly from her slender ribcage, her large, pink nipples jutting firmly forward. Her waist, revealed, was even more slender than William had thought, her stomach firm and flat. Between her smooth, milky thighs, her vagina was clearly exposed, pink folds unadorned by any trace of hair as she slowly drew closer to where he lay frozen.

The wig, semi-permanently affixed with a special adhesive, still framed her now-lovely face, and its natural human hair construction made it seem like her own hair as it moved softly over her slender shoulders. Framed by that silky flaming cascade, her face was cast in an expression of hopeful uncertainty as she slowly slid her supple body onto the bed next to him.

"My love...?" William said, huskily, uncertain.

"I.. wanted to discuss something with you..." She said, her voice low and musical as she slid her warm body against his shoulder, her lips nearing his ear to continue in an intimate whisper.

"I used to be.. unconcerned with my own body." She told him, softly, whispering. "Today, that changed. Today, I became steadily more aware of this body I now possess, aware of its oh-so-feminine curves... because you were aware of it. Your awareness of my femininity made me aware of it, unable to ignore it..."

"I.. I'm sorry..." He whispered, heart-broken...

...until her next words thundered through his consciousness.

"I became aware of the fact I was enjoying it." She said, softly - sensuously.

"I became aware of how smooth and enticing my new legs were..." She whispered - and, gently, she took his hand in hers and lay it on her nylon-clad leg, slowly guiding his warm hand over the contours of her thigh. "Before, my legs were simply something to support me, something to walk upon.. but your attention made me aware of them as something more..."

Gently, yet firmly, she increased the pressure of his hesitant touch.

"I became aware of them as a source of pleasure." She whispered, throatily. "I.. I've been thinking about my legs a lot today, William. How good they feel enclosed in smooth nylon, how wonderful the air feels moving over them as I walk... and how nice it would feel - does feel - when you do this."

Shifting slightly, she twisted her torso, her lips now practically touching his ear as her voice dropped even lower.

"I have been thinking about other things, as well..." She told him. "I have been thinking about my new breasts. How large they were, and how firm. How much I enjoyed the way they felt, pressed tight in the clothes I wore, moving slightly with every step, every breath I took... and how good it would feel to have a strong, gentle hand touch them..."

Her position had let the robe fall open, exposing those full, proud breasts - and now she gently lifted his other hand and lay it on one of those softly firm spheres, sighing in pleasure at the contact.

"Kate.. what..." William said, mind whirling...

Lightly, she began to nibble at his ear-lobe, supple lips closing ever so softly on the sensitive flesh.

"I've become aware of my femininity." She whispered into his ear. "Become aware of it - and the fact that just being female is more enjoyable than I could have ever imagined. This body, every inch of it, can bring me pleasure, something I never felt about my male body. Today, dressing like a woman, acting like a woman - being a woman - has been more enjoyable than any single day I can remember "

Shifting again, she pressed her breast more firmly into his hesitant touch, moaning low in the back of her throat as his hand pressed against her erect nipple.

"...and I want to share all of this wonderful pleasure - and much, much more - with my one true friend..." She said...

...then she gently gripped his chin, eased his face towards her - and kissed him.

William hesitated as her full lips pressed firmly against his, her arm going around his body to pull him tight to her firm, buxom body...

...and then he kissed her back. He couldn't have stopped himself, even if he'd wanted to - but he no longer wanted to.

In that one moment when she kissed him and pressed herself against him, William's mind had stopped, stunned - and then restarted with a single conviction based on all the young years of friendship with the mind that, regardless of what form it wore, was the same as it had always been.

This is not something Kat/Kate would do unless she meant it. this was not something she was doing for him - or, at least, solely for him.

This was something an old and dear friend truly wanted - and it was something he was now fully ready, willing and able to give her. All doubts and hesitations washed away, William kissed her back, gently at first, then with growing passion.

"Make love to me, my friend..." Kate whispered, passionately, eagerly...

...and not only was William completely incapable of refusing her this, he no longer wanted to refuse her. With all doubts pushed aside, at least for now, he let himself go, gently easing the warm, supple woman in his arms back on the bed, his hand gently sliding down her leg as, cooperatively, she spread herself for him, her slender hands quickly working to open the fabric binding his rampant erection.

Leaning forward on one elbow and kissing her hungrily, he used his other hand to remove his pants and underwear. It was an awkward, uncoordinated series of movements, one that would have seemed practically comical to any onlooker - but neither Kate nor William noticed, their full attention focused on each other as she wrapped her long, slender arms around his neck and kissed him back with her own passion.

Still clad in his shirt and sock, his breathing heavy, William remained above her. Gently, he kissed her lips, and then, shifting slightly, her chin. The next soft kiss came in the hollow of her neck, making her shiver with desire - and the next kiss, on the upper curve of one magnificent breast, made her shiver again.

The next shiver was one of pleased delight - as, gently, William took one erect nipple between gentle lips, tongue darting out to tease the firm pink nub in sexual play.

"Oh, yes..." Kate moaned, eyes wide in amazement. With all the new thoughts and feelings that she'd experienced that day, she'd found herself thinking more and more frequently - and intently - about what it would feel like if she did this - but every imagining paled in comparison to the actual sensations she was feeling. "Please, oh, please, I'm so ready..."

Gently, William slid one hand across the smooth swell of her mons, feeling the warm wetness of her vaginal folds, knowing that she was indeed ready - her gasp and shiver at even that light touch showed her more than ready, even eager.

He could not deny her.

He didn't want to deny her.

Bracing his weight, William eased himself in position, guiding the purple, throbbing head of his painfully hard cock into the lightest contact with her vaginal lips, wondering - worrying - over whether to move slowly or quickly, his need to please her making finding the perfect approach a massive concern...

...when she took the problem away by tightening her grip around his neck and thrusting upwards with her hips, impaling herself on his throbbing manhood.

"Oh, dear God, yes...!" She screamed in shocked, awe-filled surprise at the intense pleasure that came from that single thrust, her silky-smooth new womanhood forming itself tightly to encase William's iron-hard cock. "Oh, William, yes!"

When she'd - very nervously - imagined how this would play itself out, she'd assumed she'd rely on William's broader experience in sex to control the even, letting him take the lead as she responded to his direction.

All that went out the window, however. Now, she wasn't thinking so much as reacting to the sensations she felt, and the desire to increase them. Without planning or conscious direction, she let her body move in the way it wanted, rocking her hips to allow movement - for in moment lay pleasure, the unimaginable, intense, *internal* pleasure of having herself filled and fulfilled, more powerful and more immediate than anything she'd ever felt in her few sexual encounters while a man.

Unimaginable pleasure that only increased as William caught her rhythm and matched it, increased the length and depth of each stroke, the wonderful friction increasing the sensations tenfold.

A calm, thoughtful individual not often prone to emotional outbursts or unconsidered actions, Kate promptly abandoned rational thought and coherency for the joys of wordless, uncontrolled screams of physical pleasure as she surrendered herself to her new body, her sharp mind simply a passenger in this wonderful new vessel. A passenger who's only task was to accept and revel in the pleasure she felt as her best friend used every trick and technique he knew to give her sexual pleasure...

...with remarkable success.

Even as her body began to spasm in paroxysms of orgasmic pleasure, William matched her frenetic thrashing, keeping the sensations as intense as ever as her first female orgasm ripped through her nervous system, her vision graying out from the intensity of the pleasure that overwhelmed her. Fingers twitched and her body shook as she momentarily lost fine motor control in her new body, the nerves usually used to convey commands unable to compete with the flood of pleasure traveling into her brain. Unaware of her own voice shouting William's name again and again, Kate twitched and jerked under him, impaled on his cock as the first orgasm segued into a second, the joys of multiple orgasms making themselves obvious even as William - against his will, and yet nevertheless quite happily - pumped his seed in her new womanhood.

Spent, William felt a tremendous rush of disappointment at having finished so quickly - but Kate didn't seem to mind as she rode the post-orgasming glow down, her arms pulling a spent lover close.

"Oh, god.." She sighed, rolling against him and cuddling up to his sweat-slicked body, one hand sliding inside his shirt to play with his chest hair. "That was incredible, my love.."

Her words filled him with even more pleasure than the simple sexual release had. That had been mere, orgasmic physical pleasure - while her words created an emotional orgasm that paled in comparison.

Even as she kissed him, gently, and told him again that she loved him, William knew he was finally lost. Having experienced the pleasure that came with providing his own personal Goddess with the ultimate physical pleasure, he'd never be able to walk away from her. He was helplessly, hopelessly,. Eternally enslaved to the service of a woman who'd once been a man...

...and he no longer cared one whit about it.

"I love you to, Kate." He whispered, gently enfolding her in his arms and kissing her full lips. "My love."

Entwined in each other's embrace and in the sweat-slicked sheets, all the cares of the world momentarily forgotten, the friends and lovers gently drifted off to sleep.

The End.



SUMMARY: A high school nerd finds an old Druid spell, that he thinks will help him get revenge against all the jocks who have been taunting him, but he does know what form the spell will take.

The Dance

By Gunslinger

Sometimes, things just... happen.

That's it. No great 'Master Plan Of The Universe'. No Secret, no Deeper Meaning, no mystical reason that Defied The Understanding Of Mere Mortals.

Such was the case with Denholme Ellis Cornell.

There was no Great Reason why, on the twenty-second of May, in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen-Hundred-and-Eighty, the child born to Mr. And Mrs. William Cornell was premature by several weeks, and undersized even at that. There was no

terrible Fate that decreed that their son, Denny, would stay small and weak for the opening years of his life, suffering more than the usual spate of childhood illnesses. This series of illnesses guaranteed three things.

He would develop vision problems at an early age.

He would never, ever 'fill out' into the 'strapping young son' that a not-so-secretly disappointed father imagined.

And, that an over-protective mother, with only the best intentions, would keep him close to her, denying him the freedom that youth deserved.

However, from that fateful day when a short, pale, painfully slender youth with thick glasses and braces entered 'Society', in the form of school, something did dictate what was to come from this point on.

Human nature.

Almost instantly, the young Denny was subjected to the taunts and teases of his peers, becoming the brunt of unkind jokes and jeers. This had the effect of driving him deeper into a solitary life, avoiding people out of a mixture of fear and loathing, and thus increasing his 'strangeness' in the eyes of the other children.

As the years rolled past, little changed. Young Denny grew - but not very much. His best friends became books, where he could escape into a world where his imagination mattered more than his appearance. As his age increased, so did his knowledge, at an astounding rate. But to the young man, now entering High School, this too was a curse rather than a blessing - being too smart in the odd society that was youth decreed only more scorn and derision.

So, it was no surprise that the skinny youth with the big glasses, bad skin and awkward movements would begin to nurse a growing, festering core of hate and disgust at those around him - with more than enough left over to spill over into himself, as (like many) Denny harbored the subconscious belief that, somehow, some of this was his fault, as if he had failed in his youth.

So, this confused, bitter young man entered the eighteenth year of his quietly pathetic life - with no idea of the changes that loomed in his not-too-distant future...

* * * * *

Lead. That was it - lead had somehow filled his gut, dragging down at the stomach that clenched around it painfully, and the weight of the mass was pushing down on his bladder, creating the almost unbearable urge to urinate.

It would have been a good way to explain what Denny felt at that instant - if only he could figure out the connection between the lead and the sweat on his palms, he might even believe it...

Denny swallowed. At least, he tried - but he discovered that his mouth felt as dry as the Sahara. At least now, he knew where all the water for that sweat was coming from. Fishing into the back pocket of his too-stiff, too-dark jeans, he hauled out his handkerchief.

Usually reserved for the cleaning of his horn-rimmed glasses, he now used it to wipe away the sweat the trickled from his too-bushy eyebrows and into his watery brown eyes.

Tucking the damp square of cloth away once more, Denny clenched and unclenched one fist as he shuffled his feet.

"Come on, Denny - you can do this." He whispered to himself, unaware of the odd look he garnered from a passing teacher. His chosen location had been picked mainly on it's relative desertion - not that, in his current condition, he'd have noticed a herd of enraged Rhinos stampeding down the stark, Institutional Green hallways of Middleton High.

Finally, with one last, deep breath, Denny forced himself into motion, not even aware of his hands forming into white-knuckled fists as he crossed the distance between him and his 'target'.

"Uh, hi, Becky." Denny managed, then winced - his voice was by nature rather high and weak, but to his ears he sounded like he was trying to imitate a castrated mouse.

Becky Leggett, a mousy young girl, all awkward angles and knobby joints, turned in surprise at the sound of Denny's voice - she hadn't noticed him approach.

"Oh... Hi." She looked flustered. "Uh... Denny, right? From Miss Jenkins' class?"

"Uh... yeah..." Denny said, heart plummeting at the pause before she'd dredged his name out of her mind. They'd been in the same class all year, sharing desks at the back of the class, and Becky was the person with whom he'd had the most interaction in the entire school, save for his sadistic Gym teacher, who seemed determined to 'make a man' out of him. Yet, she couldn't even remember his name right off the bat...

"Yeah?" Becky asked, looking at him, and Denny just wanted to scurry away in shame. But, having come this far, he couldn't let himself do it. No matter how embarrassing this might turn out to be, not even trying would mean he would probably spend the rest of his life wondering 'what if...?'

"Uh, well, the Prom is only two weeks away, and I was, you know, wondering if... if nobody's asked you yet, that is, if maybe..."

Becky looked startled - then sympathetically sad. "Oh, Denny - I'm sorry. Tom Greeley already asked me if I'd go with him, and I said yes." She patted him on the shoulder. "I'm sorry, but... I hope you understand."

His stomach tightened around the lead ball sitting inside. His answer was thick with many emotions. "Yeah, I understand."

Despite his feelings, his hot disappointment and sharp, bitter embarrassment, Denny had to appreciate Becky's final words, spoken kindly as he turned away.

"It was very sweet of you to ask, though."

His back to Becky, Denny hesitated a second, then began to walk - slink - away, disappointed, yet glad that he had, at least, tried... Laughter.

"Hey, look - it's Nerd Rejects Nerd."

A male voice, powerful and cheerful, with a biting edge to it. On it's heels, a lovely feminine voice, now sickly-sweet with sarcastic sympathy.

"Oh, Brad - be nice. It's not poor little Denny's fault he's too geeky to even net Becky as a date for the prom."

Denny's jaw muscles tightened, and he felt his teeth grind painfully across one another as his head came up and he glared at the originators of the mocking comments.

Brad 'The Stud' Stuckley was the prototype for every Star Quarter Back for every All-American Boy film - tanned and blond and handsome, his muscular body toned and tight beneath casual clothing that didn't hide his 'near God-like' physique. The young Adonis

was grinning at Denny without any shared amusement, displaying a mouthful of perfectly white, even teeth.

Of course, the All American Boy had to be dating the All American Girl. Unlike the prototypical Hollywood cliché, Tasha Steeves wasn't the head cheerleader - in fact, she wasn't a cheerleader at all. But everything else was there - the perfect figure that mixed healthy, youthful vitality with more than a dash of sensuality, the easy beauty, and the long blonde hair. She was leaning against her boyfriend, and her deep blue eyes regarded Denny with a look so very like the one she might give an unsavory deposit left by a puppy on a new rug.

"Ha. Ha." Denny said between his teeth, turning around. He caught Becky's half-angry, half-sympathetic look, and felt his own anger supplemented by the incidental taunts that his actions were inflicting on her. He wished there was something he could say, or do - but it was a oft-expressed but never fulfilled wish, and he once more came up empty. He began to walk away, not even aware that he was hunching his shoulders forward slightly, as if to ward off blows from behind.

But even his unintentional posture couldn't ward off the verbal blows that came next.

"There's that girl who was in the accident last month," Brad called out. "I hear she's still in a coma. Maybe you should ask *her* - she won't say no."

"And you can get used to being stood up." Tasha added, laughing.

Long after he'd left earshot, Denny could still hear their laughter, echoing in the vaults in his mind where a lifetime of taunts and jeers amplified them until they became so loud that he could no longer think.

* * * * *

Reaching home, Denny slammed the door and stomped angrily into the living room, where he dropped onto the worn, sprung sofa.

Since turning eighteen, he'd gotten a place of his own - a tiny basement apartment in a cheap building. His father's easy agreement to pay half the rent each month only verified once again his disappointment at having fathered such a sickly son - not having to see his 'failure' every day had been enough to convince Denny's mom not to fight too hard to keep her son at home.

Denny sighed and rose once more, walking over to the shelves of books that lined his tiny living space. He began to browse through the selection, looking for something that could, at least temporarily, divert his mind from the mocking voices and laughter still echoing in the vaults of his memory.

Finally he picked a supposed copy of the 'Lecremonicon', the mythical book of the ancient druids. It wasn't exactly 'popular fiction', but Denny enjoyed the mental exercise of working through the archaic language, and he found some of the supposed 'spells' humorous in the effects they were intended to cause.

It was in his particular state of mind that he came across a 'spell' that immediately caught his attention.

According to the convoluted Olde English text, mixed with ungrammatical Celtic, it indicated that the spell was designed to transform a person into the physical representation of their hidden self - in other words, to reshape a person into what they would be most perfect as, as opposed as to what they were now.

That gave Denny pause. What would the perfect form for him be, he wondered. What 'outer form' would be the perfect housing for who he was, and allow him to be everything that he could possibly be?

According to the book, only about half the time was the change into another human form - quite often it was into an animal that housed the spirit.

Denny found himself wishing that it was actually possible - that, somehow, such a spell could truly transform him into whichever form would bring out his hidden talents and strengths. Idly, he read over the long, convoluted 'spell', wishing that the 'magic' of the ancient druids had been real...

That's when a thought struck and took hold of his mind. Frowning, Denny rose and pulled another book from the shelf and consulted it, then looked back at the book of 'spells.'

There was something wrong. The book of 'spells' was different than all the other Druidic writing ever found.

Comparing the two, Denny retrieved a piece of blank paper and a pencil and began to laboriously transcribe the 'spell', putting it into a format similar to the ones used in all other druidic writing. He was sure this had probably been done before, but somehow it seemed important to him to do so now.

After an hour of laborious work, he had the entire spell written on the paper in the correct format, and it still didn't make it any more coherent, although it looked more authentic. He read over the text of the spell, beginning to wonder if maybe he hadn't stumbled on something.

Just as the codes to nuclear weapons were closely guarded today, Druids of the past wouldn't have wanted it to be easy to find out their secrets...

Shaking his head at the ludicrous thought - he was taking this too seriously - Denny began to put the stuff away... then sat back down, drawn to the impossible lure that the spell offered.

Once more he studied what he'd written, comparing it to the original and the formatting template he'd used. What was the key (if one existed) to the code (if there was one?)

Then, on a whim, Denny began to work out anagrams on the re-formatted copy...

..and sat upright in shock.

Because, with the new layout, he had discovered something amazing. If the letters, now in the correct position to one another, were read DIAGONALLY - they actually made sense!

Stunned, the skinny youth slowly read - aloud - the words that had appeared in the new sequence.

He cut off sharply as a strange tingling began to spread through his body. Sort of a prickling sensation that started in his stomach and spread outwards in a warm, enveloping glow.

For a long second, Denny was thought that it was psychosomatic - but instead of fading, the sensation increased, now reaching every nerve ending in his slender, pale body.

Then he began getting cramps. Not terribly painful, but definitely there. Denny hunched over slightly, crossing his scrawny arms in front of his stomach as the pulsing cramps reverberated through his bowels. His glasses tumbled from his face as the sensation increased.

"Holy shit..." was the best response to the situation that Denny could come up with. It was gasped out against the pulsing sensation rippling through his body, which suddenly felt... impermanent, as if nothing in his body was firmly anchored to anything else, as if his insides were moving and sliding and shifting.

The spell was actually working.

Denny stared down at his bare arms - and for a second, it didn't register, not in the blurry view his unaugmented eyes provided. It wasn't until he lifted his arm for closer inspection that he was sure.

It was darker. No longer the stark, pale color it had always been, it was now lightly tanned, looking healthier as the flesh began to ripple and reshape it's contours. Gaping, Denny wondered at the way his once pale, pencil-thin appendage was filling out with firmer, stronger contours. This was it - he was gaining his new form.

A wrenching sensation in his hips drew his attention away from his arm. Even as his hands flew downwards, he could feel the jeans he was wearing becoming tighter across slowly spreading hips and swelling buttocks.

Startled, his thin, pale fingers (only - they weren't exactly 'pale' anymore...) flew to the fly of his jeans and he frantically undid the denim garment and yanked it down, relieving the growing pressure...

...and exposing legs that were changing, altering - and becoming smoother and softer.

His eyes flew to his crotch, a suspicion forming in his mind - one that was borne out by the way the small bulge his cock made slowly shrank in time to a strange pulling sensation.

If he needed any further verification, it came soon enough - as a growing pressure in his chest was matched by the fact that he was having a harder time seeing his altering crotch - due to the fact that the front of his white cotton shirt was being forced outwards by something.

He had a pretty good idea what that 'something' was.

"Great Scott!" Denny said, startled. "I'm... I'm I'm turning into a *girl*!"

Awkwardly - thanks to his shrinking feet and widening hips, as well as other things that were altering his center of balance - he headed for the bathroom, and the mirror it contained. Even as he moved, he could feel things shifting, sliding and changing, creating a cacophony of sensations unlike any he'd ever felt before.

By the time he reached the mirror, they had stopped - and the designation 'he' was no longer suitable for the person reflected in the mirror.

From the bathroom came the sound of a startled gasp. Then, several seconds of utter silence...

...followed by a laugh that slowly built and built. An *unpleasant* laugh....

* * * * *

THREE DAYS LATER

"Come on, where is she?" Brad asked himself angrily, tapping his foot. "God, if she really isn't coming, I'm going to kill her "

The muscular, handsome youth was standing outside the school gym, where the dance was just getting into the swing of things. He was waiting - impatiently - for Tasha to show up.

He still wasn't sure what was going on. For the past couple of days she'd begun acting a little strangely, looking him oddly once and a while, and seeming to question his every move when he wasn't with her. It took him off guard, and he wasn't sure what was going on - except for the fact that she wasn't the only girl who suddenly started acting strange towards her boyfriend. He'd heard some rumors - crazy rumors without substance - about a new woman around town. High-school aged, but not attending any high-school that anybody knew off, the rumor was that she was absolutely stunning, sexy as hell - and taking great pleasure in cutting her way through the male population of the high-school. Despite the rumors, he hadn't actually met anyone who'd stand up and say that they'd met this mystery woman, much less slept with her - but it seemed to be the root cause of the trouble.

Especially since Tasha's raving call of this afternoon, claiming she knew he'd asked this mystery girl - who Tasha seemed to think was named Denise - to go to the prom with him. Tasha had raved for a good ten minutes, finally slamming down the phone before he could get a word in edgewise. Now, he was beginning to worry he was going to look like the ultimate fool, and not have a date for the...

"Well, hello there handsome..." A voice said cooed.

Brad turned - and his jaw dropped.

The woman who stepped out of the shadows was unbelievable.

The same height as Tasha, this woman had hair the same shade and length as his girlfriends - ex-girlfriend's - hair. But that was where any similarity ended.

This woman's legs were incredibly long and sexy, a fact that was driven home by the black nylons she wore, enhancing the smooth, sensual curves of her incredible legs. Those legs naturally drew the eye upwards to the full, womanly hips and the tiny waist that rose above them.

Above that minuscule waist loomed the largest, firmest breasts Brad had ever seen. They were massive, the size of basket-balls, and an awful lot of them was exposed in the barely-there dress she wore. Black and covered with sequins, the dress covered her like a second skin from just below her crotch to just above her nipples.

Her face was a study in sensuality, her full, soft lips slightly parted and her huge blue eyes eyeing him speculatively. Balanced atop black platform shoes with six-inch heels, she was like a wet dream brought to life.

"Hi, Brad." She said, smiling at his stunned look. "My name's Denise, and I just wanted to apologize in person for the trouble I've caused."

"Huh?"

Her perfect teeth gleamed. "Your girlfriend overheard part of a conversation. I was wishing that you would ask me to the prom, and she only heard part of it and thought you had asked me. A friend of mine is over there now, explaining it to her." She

took a breath, and Brad's eyes nearly popped out of his head at the sight of her massive cleavage expanding, threatening to burst the dress she wore.

"Say - since she's not going to make the prom, why don't I fulfill part of my fantasy and come in with you? She asked, as if the idea just struck her.

Gaping, Brad tried to get his thoughts up to speed. "Part of you fantasy?" He asked, stupidly.

She shrugged - nearly causing Brad's pants to exploded - and said, in an offhand tone. "Yeah - the other part of my fantasy is that after the dance we'd go somewhere and I'd fuck your brains out."

Brad had no response to that as she took his hand and dragged him, numbly, along behind her into the dance.

* * * * *

"Come on, Brad - I just can't wait. Here - we'll go in here!"

Brad, still feeling numb after three hours, followed Denise into the room that was somewhere in the maze of small, dusty halls behind the gym. They'd spent those three hours at the dance - and she'd been unable to keep her hands off of him. People had watched with a mix of shock and envy as she'd let everybody know just how horny for his body she was.

Now, here she was dragging him through the school halls to find a private place where she could fuck his brain out.

Closing the door behind them, she slipped her hands into his nice dress shirt - and ripped the shirt off.

Brad considered saying something about her ruining his best shirt - but changed his mind as her dress peeled off and was tossed into the corner - revealing the fact that she wore nothing at all underneath.

"Mmm... - what are you doing still dressed, stud?"

Brad didn't need any more urging. With fumbling haste, he hurriedly discarded the rest of his clothes as she licked her full, soft lips and eyed his naked body.

As Brad undressed, Denise was fighting to keep the two parts of her mind separate. Ever since the transformation, she'd been struggling to keep up with her new body - her perfect new body. Although a fan of TG fiction for a couple of years now, it wasn't until he'd seen her incredible new body in the mirror that she realized that the perfect form was just that - perfect. By letting herself become the cum-crazed nymphomaniac her body said she was, she finally fulfilled all those urges she'd ever had. The urge to be recognized, to have people want to be around her, to have sex. All these were answered, and if it was in a female body, who the fuck cared - she was having more fun than she'd ever dreamed of.

But that's not what this little rendezvous was about, and she had to reign in her hormones to keep from just jumping on Brad's already rock-hard cock and fucking his brains out. No, she had to play this a little cooler.

"Mmm - such a nice looking cock.." She murmured, hungrily, licking her lips. Slowly, she sank to her knees in front of him. "I think I'll just take a little taste..."

And she went down on him, and Brad's eyes shot wide open as she began to suck him off.

When she'd give her first blow-job - less than two hours after the change - it hadn't been very experienced. Since then, she'd gotten plenty of practice in - she couldn't stop sucking cock, it seemed, she enjoyed it nearly as much as getting fucked - and the one she gave Brad was simply incredible. In no time, he was shooting his load down her throat, and she was swallowing the warm, salty liquid with a look of ecstasy.

Her hands began to fondle and massage his cock, which twitched and slowly began to harden. Pushing herself up a bit, she began to rub her huge, firm tits over his cock, and it slowly reached full erection again.

"Please.." She said, laying down, spreading some of the cum and saliva from his dick into her cleavage. "Tit-fuck me, stud."

And Brad was in no condition to argue. Dropping to his knees, he slid his cock into the warm valley of her cleavage and, at her urging, began pumping away.

It seemed to take forever before he came again, and it was a smaller orgasm than the first one, leaving a dribble of cum in her valley of cleavage that she cleaned up with her finger and swallowed. She smiled at him, then moved to a new location on the floor, spreading her legs as one of her hands stretched over her head and under an old drop cloth. There was a soft 'click' sound, then she spoke, a little louder than before.

"Oh, God, Brad - I want you in me so bad, so very bad..." She moaned, her voice driving him out of his mind with the lust he heard in it. "I've wanted it ever since I saw you, all through the dance - please, fuck me now!"

"I..." Brad said. His cock twitched, but was unable to make a third erection. "I.. can't " He said.

"What? What do you mean, you can't?" She asked, sounding stunned. "Don't you want me?" "Yes - It's just "

She looked horrified. "Are you telling me you can't get it up? That a gorgeous woman who wants you to fuck her brains out isn't enough to get you hard?"

"I just need some more time!" Brad said as she rose and began to pull on her dress. "I just "

"If you're not man enough to get it up after all this, then forget it!" She said, reaching for her purse and heading for the door. Quickly yanking on his clothes, Brad ran after her, begging for more time...

...then they were walking through the door into the gym. The crowd was no longer dancing, the music silenced as a hubbub rose - then they saw Brad trailing along after an outraged Denise - and they began to laugh.

Too late, Brad figured out what happened. After draining him dry, the bitch had turned on a patch-in to the PA - and the entire school now thought he couldn't get it up.

As she vanished out the door, Brad ran after her, followed by the laughter and jeers of the whole school. He was going to kill the bitch...

"Hey, buddy - hold it!"

Brad slammed full-tilt into Gary, one of his fellow teammates. Gary looked down at Brad's enraged face, and shook his head. "She's gone, man - had a cab waiting and everything. She set you up but good for this."

"I'm gonna kill the bitch!" Brad ground out between gritted teeth.

By now, almost all the other team members had grouped around their humiliated friend and captain, and now one of the others spoke up. "I've got a better idea."

"Oh?" Brad asked.

The guy smiled. "I had one of the nerds boasting to me that if he really wanted to, he could turn any girl he wanted into a real slut - unable to stop fucking anything with a cock. What say we get one of them to call this Denise girl, saying he just has to meet her about something important - say, at the old gas station on the edge of town. Then I get my brother to grab her. He's a security guard, and he's

got an old police cruiser that he drives - with the uniform, he looks like a cop. He'll drop her off at the nerds place, and they'll 'program her' - then my brother can drop her off at your place, and we'll take turns on her. That would teach her, wouldn't it...?"

slowly, brad began to smile - a wicked, evil smile.

* * * * *

Eagerly, the group of men gathered around the hooded woman, rubbing their hands and chuckling in anticipation.

"Come on, Brad - take off the hood. Let's see how 'Miss High and Mighty' acts now." One of the various muscle-bound youths urged, and Brad needed no more prodding. Quivering with eagerness, he leaned forward and removed the black hood, revealing...

...the face of Tasha Steeves. Gone was her usual slightly haughty expression. Replacing it was a look that indicated a frightening lack of intelligence.

"Oh, boy - guys!" She squealed, rocking her head back and forth. Even though it was her voice, she spoke in much higher tones, and her voice was as empty of intelligence as her big, blue eyes.

"You wanna fuck?" she asked the stunned group of men, artlessly.

"How... what...?" Brad stammered, taking a step back, even as his ex-girlfriend now reached eagerly for his zipper, a brainless smile on her lips.

Then it burst like a bomb in his head - Denise had, somehow, outsmarted them...

The horrified - and aroused - group of youths would have been startled to learn that Denise hadn't done this - not directly, that is.

Denise didn't even know what had been done - although she'd find out shortly, from some very good friends of hers. Because, after all, she had once been a nerd herself. And the memories of that time had all but guaranteed that she wouldn't scorn the lustful, longing young men who made up the schools 'nerd' population. It was a mixture of pity and lust that caused her to have sex with the 'unfortunates' as much as with the 'in-crowd' - not a plan for future assistance.

So, when they'd been 'coerced' into the 'Great Bimbo Plan', the nerds had 'leaked' enough to Tasha that she'd padded out her bust, styled her hair, and dressed in Denise-ish clothing to ambush Brad's 'rendezvous', thinking she was going to get absolute proof that Brad was cheating on her - thus insuring that it would be her, and not Denise, who was kidnapped.

Denise hadn't planned any of this - but it was, nevertheless, the perfect, most fitting, final revenge that could be. Sometimes, things just... happen.

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A male chauvinist is forced to go to a shrink after his six ex-wives sue him, the shrink hypnotizes him and transforms him into believing that he is his own girlfriend.

Dangerous Thoughts

By Gunslinger

"Why don't you have a seat, Mr. Jones. " Doc Llewellyn gestured at the standard dark-burgundy leather couch beside her chair. "Can I get you something? Coffee? Or perhaps something stronger?"

I smiled and shrugged as I crossed the room. "Naw - I'm fine. " Not that I wouldn't mind going out for a drink with the shrink, mind you. In less. . . formal surroundings, of course. Still, even in the rather severe outfit she wore, I could tell she had a nice figure under the stiff cloth. Maybe a little small up top, but nice and slender. And the legs that showed below the slightly longer than knee-length skirt were pretty damned nice. In the crotch of my custom made pants, the unusually large cock I'd been blessed with twitched.

I sank onto the couch and - what the hell - threw a wink in Doc's direction. "Call me Peter, by the way - 'Mr. Jones' is my dad. " I gave her my most charming smile. "And I should call you. . . ?" "Dr. Llewellyn. "

Damn. Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained, I always say.

Leaning back in her chair, she eyed me like I was a cut of beef she wasn't sure had gone bad or not. I let myself relax and let her look.

"So, what's on the agenda, Doc?" I asked as she performed her survey. "The court says you have me for the next twelve hours to decide whether or not I can keep my money, or the exs gets it. Other than that, I haven't a clue as to what to expect. So - end the suspense. "

She pursed her lips. "It's unusual for a divorce to be based on 'emotional cruelty'. Usually, 'irreconcilable differences' is the reason. If your ex wives feels strong enough that they got together and sued you. . . " She cocked her head. "How many ex-wives is it, Peter? Five?"

I shrugged. "Six, actually. "

She wrote something on her pad. "Don't you think that, perhaps, there's something to their claims? If one, or even two, of your wives made the claim, it could be coincidence, or spite. But all six. . . ?"

I snorted. "Hell - it's a load of crap. " I cocked my head apologetically. "Excuse my French. Anyway - I don't treat women like property. I gave them everything they could want. I just have bad luck - I seem to end up with really touchy woman, is all. Latent feminists or something. "

Her face pinched in a bit at that - a decidedly unlovely look. That's all right - I just dropped my eyes from that sour look and took another quick glance at those legs of her. Too bad the skirt was so long - and the heels so short. Still. . .

"Well, I believe I've decided on a course of action. " Doc finally said. "Oh?"

She nodded. "Hypnosis. I'm going to take you back, and see what you were thinking and feeling about each of your wives. "

I shrugged. "You can try. But I don't believe in that hypnosis crap. "

She smiled thinly. "Yes, well. It still can't hurt to try. Why don't you sit back, Peter?"

I did as she instructed. She pulled out a gold pen and told me to watch it as she slowly rotated it in the light of a small spot. I watched the little gold pen, feeling ridiculous. Any intelligent person knew that hypnosis was just a load of. . . .

* * * * *

. . . crap, fostered by weak-willed. . .

I came to a screeching stop, mid-thought. "What the ?" I gasped, staring at the Doc.

She was dressed in a different outfit. Just as severe - but different.

For that matter, I was dressed in a different set of clothes than I had been.

The Doc smirked slightly. "For somebody who doesn't believe in hypnosis, you are a marvelous subject. "

"How long have I been here?" I waved a hand, looking for the right word.

"Under?" She supplied. "Since yesterday. To you, it's ten in the morning, 'tomorrow'. "

I gaped. "What? Look - this was supposed to be a one day session. What the hell were you ?"

She held up a hand. "Calm down, Peter. Before you get excited, let me inform you - your ex-wives have dropped the suit against you. After I talked to them, and explained what I'd found, they backed out of it, agreeing that it wasn't in their best interests. "

Slightly mollified, I kept from cursing her out for the long 'trance'. "That's good, Doc. Glad to see you're reasonable. When I first heard that I had a female shrink, I was kind of worried. "

Her lips twitched. "Really? Well, I don't think I have a problem with being objective. After our session, I think I know exactly how you think of women. "

I shrugged. "See? I told you it was a load of crap. So, are we done?"

She cocked her head. "Well You can leave now. Your obligation is fulfilled, and there's no more legal sanction against you. "

I stood. "Well, I wish I could say it's been fun, Doc - but I don't remember. Anyway, thanks for straightening this mess out. "

"Not at all, Mr. Jones. " She replied, walking me to the door of her office. "I've never been fond of the *legal* system - I'm a believer in *justice* itself. "

"Yeah, sure. " I said, hoping she wasn't going to explain that comment. "Well, nice knowing you, Doc. "

Thankfully, she didn't try to explain her beliefs - whatever they were - to me, and I made a clean escape. Well, aside from one bobble - finding my car. Apparently, we'd driven it somewhere while I was 'zoned' - it was in a different spot. That, more than anything, kind of drove home the point that I basically had a day of my life missing, and I briefly considered suing the Doc for it - but was there any legal precedence? Hell it would be more trouble than it was worth.

Dismissing the thought, I climbed behind the wheel of my Jag, and headed home.

* * * * *

Tossing my keys on the end table, I kicked the door to my penthouse suite shut, and kicked off my shoes. Wandering across the deep pile rug, I headed for the wet bar. I couldn't help but notice the remains of a breakfast for two on the breakfast nook table - which explained where my car had gone, and how I ended up in a new set of clothes.

Although it was still morning, it felt like afternoon - yesterday afternoon - to me, and I decided a drink would be all right. I was just reaching for a bottle of Tequila when I heard the shrill shriek of a cell phone.

For a second, I felt confused - I'd left my phone upstairs this. . .

. . no, yesterday morning. Sighing, I patted my chest and wasn't surprised to feel the small bulge. Pulling it out, I flipped it open.

"Hello?"

There was a hiss of static - and then, to my surprise, I heard my own voice, obviously recorded, and sounding rather vague. Surprised, I could only listen as I. . .

. . Peter spoke for a moment. Sighing, I hung up the phone and stuck it in my pocket. As I did, I looked down at my arm, and admitted the truth - he was right. My right to 'be comfortable' had to be balanced with other things. As a matter of fact, I couldn't even come up with a good reason for not doing this before. Rebellion, perhaps - but no woman should have this much body hair - it wasn't worth 'making the point'.

Wondering why I'd ever thought differently, I walked over to the guest bedroom and shut the door behind me. Putting the cell phone on the shelf, I undressed, wondering what had possessed me to wear this outfit today - sure it was comfortable, but god, it looked terrible.

Of course, being naked wasn't much better. I couldn't believe just how hairy I was. God - how did I stand being this. . . ape-like all this time.

Shaking my head at my foolishness, I started filling the tub with warm water, and dug out a supply - a large supply - of razors, as well as some Nair.

Climbing into the tub, I began on my legs. Lathering them up, I began to draw the blade up my leg, removing that unsightly body hair.

God - what a job! Shaving every where I could reach, followed by awkward contortions to use the depilatory. It took the whole bottle, two dozen razors, and three hours, but at the end, I could look at myself in the mirror without shuddering. Smiling, I ran a hand across my now-smooth skin, glad I'd finally gotten around to. . .

. . . shaving off my body hair?!

I staring at myself in the mirror, jaw dropping. What the hell had I just done?

No - I knew what I'd just done. I even knew why, sort of. For the past three hours, I'd believed myself to be a woman. Somebody named Petra - and the present girlfriend of 'Peter'.

I had to force myself to unclench my teeth - I was grinding them so hard that it was physically painful. I was so pissed, it took three tries to get my fingers to hit one button at a time as I dialed a number.

There was a brief buzz, then. . . "Hello, Dr. LI. . . "

I cut her short. "What the fuck did you do to me, you bitch?" I snapped.

"Ah - Peter. I expected to be hearing from you. " Damn her, her voice was calm and even, with a slight hint of amusement. I wished I was talking to her face-to-face, so I could slap that humor out of her.

"Peter, I've given you some post-hypnotic suggestions. Based on your own views of women. At certain prompts, you're going to become 'Petra' again - a woman based on your thoughts of how woman think. Since you don't think there's anything wrong with your views, you should have no problem being Petra. Right?"

"Listen, you. . . " I started, angrily - and the damned bitch actually had the nerve to hang up on me. Enraged, I began to dial again. . . .

. . . but couldn't. No matter how hard I tried, my fingers refused to call her back.

I dressed quickly, feeling with shame and anger the strange way my clothes felt against my denuded skin. Stuffing my phone in my pocket, I grabbed my keys, stepped into my shoes, and headed down to my car. Each angry stride I took only enraged me more, the sensation of the clothing sliding over hairless flesh driving my anger higher and higher. My face was

probably the color of a boiled lobster, but I didn't give a damn about that as I slid behind the wheel and brought the car to life. I reached to put the car into gear. . .

"God **fuckin'** damn!" I yelled, pounding on the steering wheel in enraged frustration - because I couldn't drive to the bitch's office. I couldn't put the car into gear as long as I was planning to go to her office, no matter how hard I tried.

Sitting in my running car, I spent a good ten minutes venting my spleen. A small part of my brain was objective enough to be impressed by just how many curses and swear words I was able to dredge up. "

" damn daughter to a camel. " I wound down, panting for the force of my invective. Taking a deep breath, I found the release of anger had one positive side - I was now able to think semi-rationally. How the hell was I going to fix this?

I was considering my options when a thought struck me, sending a chill up my spine. Eyes widening, hoping I was wrong, I opened my mouth, and tried to say, out loud, what was happening to me.

"Damn!" I slammed my fist on the seat as I was unable to give voice to my situation. If I couldn't tell *myself* what was happening to me, I doubted I'd be able to tell anyone else.

Still, I wasn't going to take this without a fight. I was going to have to find some way around whatever the bitch had done to me. I was a man, god damn it, and there was no way in hell some broad was going to turn me into some sort of. . .

. . . tomboy, I thought, eyeing my hair in the rear-view mirror. Sure, it was a lot easier to care for, and it dried faster - but it didn't really suit me at all.

"You silly goose. " I told myself in the mirror with a wry little smile. Dropping the car into gear, I backed out carefully and slowly, craning my head around to the left and the right to ensure that I wasn't about to whack into anybody. Putting the car into drive, I pulled out into the driveway of the building and waited for a spot to slip into the stream of traffic that I was comfortable trying to squeeze into. When Peter drove, he'd just squeeze into the first slot that opened up, and it scared the life out of me, even if we hadn't had any accidents.

Finally spotting a big enough slot, I eased down on the accelerator and moved into traffic.

As amazing as it seemed, I had never had my hair professionally done, so I didn't have a 'my' salon. Instead, I just headed down to the part of town where all the salons and boutiques were located, and picked one by the simple method of going into the closets one to the parking spot I found.

"Good morning. " The woman behind the counter asked with a smile. "Let me guess - you're here for a gift certificate. "

I blinked - it must be obvious from my haircut that I didn't have much use for stylists. That is, I didn't have much use for them before. "No, actually, I was wondering if I could get my hair done - or do I need to make an appointment. "

The woman seemed surprised, which in turn surprised me. "You? You want to get your hair done. . . here?"

"Well," I admitted, "I'm not necessarily tied down to the 'here' part if you don't have a free stylist - but I'm looking for somebody who can do something with this mop-head I call hair. " Laughing wryly, I fluffed my short hair with a hand. "I've finally decided that, hell, - a woman should have a woman's haircut. Right?"

"Right. " The woman behind the counter replied in an odd tone, and I wondered if it was her first day on the job or something - she was behaving very strangely.

"Well, I think it's wonderful. " A voice to my left said, and I turned. A Slender man dressed in all black and wearing a beret was looking at me with a little smile, one hand tapping a finger against his lips while the other held the elbow of that hand. "I think everybody should feel free to express themselves any way they wish - oh my, yes. " He made a little waving gesture towards himself. "Then again, if I didn't then I'd be a hypocrite, no wouldn't I dearie?"

I smiled back - the man was obviously gay in both the original sense and the more modern one. It turned out that his name was Guy - (Pronounced *G'he*, my dear. Kind of like a giggle and a laugh in one little hiccup - that's my name) and he was free, and more than ready willing and able to help me with my quest for a better 'do. I was a little afraid that my hair was such a mess that it couldn't be rescued until I let it grow out some, but Guy assured me that he could do something with it.

He sure could. He was some sort of wizard as well as just a hell of a fun guy - Guy - to talk to. We chatted about this and that while he worked, and I felt a sort of obscure shame when I realized that

he could actually be more feminine than I was, despite the fact that I was actually a woman. I sighed with the thought of all the years I'd wasted until now, and was glad that I somehow managed to catch and hold Peter's attention, even looking and acting the way I did.

Or the way I had up until now. I could hardly wait until Peter got back tonight - I was going to show him a completely new side to the Petra he thought he knew. When I saw the finished product that Guy did with my hair, I knew that I'd never let myself go back to being such a slob again.

Guy had managed to make my short mass of dark hair look great - he'd combed it straight down from the new part in the middle, and just above my ears it turned into a mass of tiny, tight little curls, running longer at the back. It was just great, and I told him so at least a dozen times before I paid and left, walking with a new bounce in my step and feeling a lot better about myself. I felt even better when I noticed all the looks I was getting from the guys I passed on the street, and started smiling at them, even though I was already involved with Peter. After all - a little bit of innocent flirting never hurt anybody, right?

In fact, I felt so good about myself that I just had to go into the boutique next door.

It seemed to be my day for new employees - like the woman at the salon, the woman here seemed amazed that I'd actually want to buy some clothing here - but, then again, the clothing I wore into the store marked me as a 'K-Mart Shopper',

by and large. I told the woman that I had decided to give into my nature and just dress in a more feminine manner, and she seemed to understand, becoming a lot more helpful. So much so, in fact, that she suggested I could use a make-over when I was done, and even gave me the name of somebody who she said could do wonders for somebody 'like me'. And, she seemed to think that it was a great comment on her friends skill that she was willing to come right there, to the boutique, and do the makeover in the back room with 'discretion'. It all sounded a little strange to me until I figured it out - the friend was somebody who was working 'under the table' to avoid taxes, and the boutique's saleswoman probably got a small cut of each transaction. But she had been very helpful, so I agreed, and sure enough, her friend did do a wonderful job.

Standing in front of a three-way mirror in the boutique, I could hardly believe the woman I was seeing was myself. I was wearing the outfit I like best out of the two dozen or so I'd just bought - a pair of 'nude' stockings with visible seams up the back that disappeared under the hem of the white cotton skirt that fell just above my knees. A sand-colored silk blouse caught the light and shimmered nicely above the skirt, and the gold-link belt I wore around my waist showed the magnificent job the almost painfully tight white leather corset I wore underneath was doing. About the only regret I had was that I wasn't more experienced in walking in heels - I had to make do with a pair of white pumps with a mere one-inch heel. Still, plenty of practice, and I'd soon be wearing the six inch heels I though would look so nice with this outfit.

The beautician friend of the salesclerk had done a marvelous job, and my carefully applied make-up beneath my new hair style, coupled with the out fit, almost made me look like an up and coming young female executive - dressed smartly enough to show she was serious, but with enough flair to show she wasn't yet old and staid. I liked the look, and the small gold balls in the lobes of my newly pierced ears were just perfect, elegantly understated for the look.

Even on the short walk to my car, the look proved it's worth, as people actually stopped to stare at me as I went by. Once guy was even so interested, he called out after me as I climbed into the Jag. I didn't catch the words clearly, as he was across the busy street, but it was definitely directed at me.

As I reached forward to start the car, I thought to myself that I'd never felt so. . .

. . freakish.

That was the only word for how I looked. Here I was, a fairly big, muscular, broad shouldered man with undeniable masculine features, dressed up in women's clothes, wearing make-up and

everything. And, to make sure nobody could possibly miss the truth, the outline of my huge cock was visible in the tight skirt I wore.

"You bitch!" I swore into the air, my large hands with their ludicrous new press-on nails on the thick fingers tightening on the steering wheel. I seethed with anger, and the desire to kill that damned bitch. Without thinking, I brought the jag's engine to life and screamed out of the parking space, giving one last effort to aim the car towards the doctor's office - and was amazed to find I could.

Maybe it was the white-hot rage I felt, but whatever it was, I was no longer bound by the inability to go and seek her out. Various ways of killing her ran through my mind as I screamed towards her office, and as soon as I was done with the damned bitch, I was going to go home and get out of this damned outfit, shave my head and newly re-shaped eyebrows, and wait for the hair on my body to grow out before I went after my ex-wives, who must be involved in this damned. . . thing.

Reaching the doctor's building, I stormed up the steps, blew past the receptionist, and burst through the doors of her office, leveling my finger at her and saying. . .

"Dr. Llewellyn, I wanted to thank you again for everything you've done for me. " I said, sincerely. "You've helped my get past my aversion to being the woman I should be. "

"I'm glad to see that you've taken my advice, Petra. " The doctor said with a small smile. "And I'm glad you dropped in - I've got some good news. "

"Oh?" I asked.

"I know that part of your problem comes from your figure. " She said, and I had to admit that was true. "But, I have a colleague who has been working on something, and is looking for a volunteer to be the first test case. Not only would you be perfect, but it would be free of charge. "

I smiled - it looked like today was my lucky day. "Really? When could I go see him?" The doctor smiled. "There's no time like the present, don't you think?"

* * * * *

I'm beginning to worry.

I arrived home at about eight in the evening, feeling absolutely fantastic. My new tits - a beautiful pair of big, firm E-cups with nice, large, thick nipples that can be seen right through the silk of my blouse - looked spectacular, even if they were a little tender at the moment. I thought Peter would just go ga-ga over them when he saw them.

So, I planned the perfect romantic dinner and got everything ready, expecting him home any minute and praying that I'd have enough time to get everything done before I did.

Well, in a way my prayers were answered. He didn't arrive in the middle of my preparations.

In fact, he hasn't come at all. It's nearly four a. m. , and I've been sitting on the couch, playing with my tender new boobs while getting more and more concerned. At first, I figured he was just out with the guys and hadn't bothered to call - he's done that before. But now I'm getting scared.

Although I know it'll make me sound like a hysterical girlfriend, if he doesn't walk through the door in the next fifteen minutes, I'm going to start making calls. First, to his friends. Then to the hotels. Then to the hospitals - and morgue.

I'm hoping I find him at the first places. I'd even prefer that I find him at one of the hotels, shacked up with some girl - after all, he doesn't know that I've finally allowed myself to be feminine, and so I

probably drove him to it. But I'm still worried.

Because I have a strangely powerful felling that something truly terrible has happened to Peter...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a college guy decides to try and infiltrate a coven of mysterious woman, he finds that he must now join them in their sexual ritual; as a girl.

Dark Of The Moon

By Gunslinger

Heart pounding a staccato beat in his chest, Jeff looked up and down the darkened hallway, holding his breath as he strained to hear over the thunder of his own pulse.

Detecting no sign that anybody else shared the deserted Performing Arts building with him, Jeff wrapped his hands around the tarnished brass door knob. Taking a deep breath, he tensed himself, the ropy muscles of his lean, wiry body going taut as he simultaneously pulled upward on the knob and leaned forward.

After a couple of seconds that seemed to last an eternity, the bolt of the locked door lifted up and out of the worn brass striker plate, the door popping open with a 'click-scrape' that sounded as loud as an atomic explosion to the young man's adrenaline-fueled senses.

Pausing for a second, Jeff listened to the near-silence of the community college, detecting no indication that anybody had noticed anything amiss. With a soft sigh, he quickly slipped inside the darkened room. Twisting the little knob in the center of the door knob's other side, he then turned the unlocked handle and gently eased the door soundlessly closed, then re-engaged the lock.

For a second, he simply stood stock still, letting his eyes adapt to what little light there was in the darkened property room, then slowly began making his way towards the marginally lighter rectangles in the darkness that denoted windows. Hands held out in front of him, feet moving a bare inch off the floor in a sweeping motion, he groped like a blind man across the nearly pitch-black room, guided by his sense of touch.

Reaching the windows, the rangy brunet carefully picked a spot on the wall to lean against, while still being able to see out of the second-story window towards the forested hills beyond.

Satisfied he was situated to see anybody who came down the dirt track that ran just on the other side of the fence that marked the limit of the college's property line, Jeff peered down at the faintly luminous hands on his watch, checking the time.

The twenty-four year old brunet knew he could get into deep shit for breaking and entering. Never scholastically inclined, he'd dropped out before even graduating high-school, never even contemplating continuing on to collage, and had no legal right to be on

campus at all, much less in the locked property room - but his curiosity, and not a little jealousy, had driven him nearly to the edge.

Tonight was the night of the new moon - and the strange monthly occurrence in the woods just outside the sleepy collage town, the woods he was now overlooking.

Not that it was exactly a secret - just about everybody knew about what had come to be called 'The Ritual of the New Moon'. As far as anybody could tell, it had been going on, uninterrupted, for at least a century.

Every twenty-eight days, staring just after sundown, women would begin filtering into town. Not that it was easy to tell they were women, not at first glance - because each of them wore long, voluminous hooded black robes and masks of one sort or another. The cars many of the came in bore license plates from just about every state in the union, and some were even Canadian. Moreover, many of the out-of-state cars were rentals, and rumor had it that some of these dark-cloaked women had flown in from Europe or Asia - but that might have been just rumor.

What was stone-cold fact was that at eleven o'clock, these dark-clad women would gather on the trail Jeff was now watching over, and would disappear into the threes.

Literally.

No matter how carefully men tried to hide themselves in the wood, or follow their trail, nobody ever found the women, nor their path, after they stepped into that tree-line - at least, not then.

Some young men, however *would* find them - at exactly midnight.

These lucky young men, almost invariably with stunned, happy smiles on their faces, would come back down the trail at one o'clock, with the women - but this time, the women would be carrying those black robes over one arm, or slung over their shoulder...

...to reveal themselves to be some of the sexiest women anybody could wish for, clad in skimpy clothing, lingerie, or nothing at all.

The women would then leave, scattering off to all points of the compass, leaving behind happy young men who would tell the most erotic tales of what had happened during that hour between midnight and one.

The problem, for Jeff, was quite simple: Somehow, it always worked out that the men who inexplicably managed to find these women when all others failed were invariable between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, and virgins.

Which explained what Jeff was doing, taking the risk of breaking into the college: Tonight was the last full moon before his twenty-fifth birthday, and despite the fact that he hadn't qualified as a virgin since he'd talked/blackmailed Becky Orland into having sex when he was fifteen, Jeff still intended to 'get lucky' tonight.

That is, if he could figure out a way to follow the women into the woods when a century's worth of horny young men had failed.

Biting his lower lip, Jeff peered out the window, then down at his watch again. Though any of the rooms along this side of the building would have offered a good vantage point of the trail, he'd picked this one for a specific reason, and now it was time to get to work.

The small black object he extracted from his pocket wasn't actually a flashlight, but a key ring with a little yellow-white LED used for helping you see the door lock on a car - but, with his eyes as dark-adapted as they could get, the nearly invisible glow from the tiny bulb provided plenty of light for Jeff when he squeezed the button.

Grinning a bit uncertainly, he began to survey the props and costumes stores in the room, knowing how quickly time was passing.

His plan, such as it was, was pretty simple - he was going to disguise himself as one of the women and follow them to wherever it was they went, then at the last moment slip into the woods nearby and shed his costume, to emerge at the stroke of midnight as one of the lucky few who got to perform in the pagan sexual orgy he'd heard so much about.

Hell - it was more than enough incentive to go 'in drag', especially since he'd hardly have to go 'whole hog' with the costume.

Working decidedly to his advantage was the lack of uniformity in the outfits these women wore. Though they all wore dark-colored hooded cloaks and masks, the types of masks and the cut and style of the cloaks varied widely, indicating that each person came up with their own, rather than it being a 'uniform'. Jeff was sure he'd have no trouble finding the necessary items in the prop room to pass, and quickly began searching through the available items.

On the racks of clothing lining one side of the room, he quickly found the section holding all the cloaks of various styles, and began going through them. He simply ignored any light-colored cloak, and any lacking a hood, or sleeves, and quickly found that there was only one that met the necessary criteria. Quickly, he pulled it off its hanger and slipped into it, smiling to himself smugly as he looked down at the coarse, dark-green fabric wrapped around his body...

...and then swore softly, muttering angrily to himself. The hem of the cloak barely fell past his knees.

That, in and of itself, wasn't out of line with any of the cloaks some of the women had worn on the night of the new moon - except that it revealed a pair of hairy, ropy-muscle calves and feet clad in ratty old sneakers.

Given the unexpectedly steamy heat of the unusually warm summer night, Jeff had figured that his ragged black cut-off jean shorts and black muscle shirt were perfect, especially since he'd be wearing a robe or cloak on top of that - but he'd expected the garment would fall all the way to the ground, not come up so short.

Muttering to himself, but determined not to give up, Jeff began looking around, shooting worried glances at his watch as he searched for a solution to this unexpected dilemma.

He found the solution, such as it was, in a pair of women's black leather 'biker's boots'. Though he spent a few more oh-so-precious minutes searching after he came across them, the press of time finally convinced him that he'd have to go with them. Perching himself atop a 'treasure chest', he grimaced as he forced his feet into the too-small boots, pulling the long laces through the series of

silver hooks up the front of each and tying them off where the boots stopped, just below the knee - and a bare inch higher than the hem of the cloak.

Grimacing from the pain in his cramped feet, he forced himself to hurry, cursing the three-inch high black heels of the boot even while being grudgingly grateful that they weren't thinner or higher.

There'd been a pair of elbow-length black latex gloves stuffed into the boots that he'd yanked out before putting them on, and as he moved to toss them in a box of miscellaneous clothing, he hesitated. He looked at the bell-like ends of the sleeves on the cloak, and the hairy forearms and masculine hands they revealed. He'd planned simply to place each hand in the

opposing sleeve, monk-style - but suddenly realized that if he stripped or stumbled, something quite possible in the damned boots, he might give himself away.

Sighing, he took off his watch and, after another worried glance at the hands that seemed to be moving at warp speed, pulled on the gloves and laced them up. It was a struggle, and not only because they were a little too small for him - each of the gloves sported 'fingernails' under the dully gleaming black sheathing, a good inch long and making things damned awkward.

Painfully aware of the time racing by, he grabbed the full-face mask he'd been able to scrounge up, some porcelain job with a feminine face painted on it's front, and put it over his face, then pulled up the hood. He quickly glanced in a nearby prop mirror...

...and cursed anew.

The mask covered the front of his face, all right - but the hood was baggy enough that you could still see the sides of his face, including the stubble on his cheeks and jaw.

He paused, looking around wildly as the last few minutes ticked away - and spotted a big, thick black wig. Yanking the hood down, he grabbed the wig and slapped it on top of his head, then pulled the hood back up.

The wig was made up of thick black 'hair that was almost straight at it's top, becoming wavier as it fell, until it was a thick mass of curls where it billowed out at the shoulders. Getting the hood back up over it was a pain - but it did the job of hiding the sides of his face.

Finally 'satisfied', and both physically and emotionally uncomfortable in the psuedo-feminine costume - he awkwardly made his way towards the stairs in the corner of the room.

He descended them carefully, feeling like he was going to fall any second, and reached the small 'T' intersection at the bottom. One side ran off towards the stage and dressing rooms of the auditorium, but just to his right lay the door to the outside that was used as the stage-door entrance. It was a big, metal exterior door, and he would never have been able to 'break in' from the other side of it - but from the inside, he merely pushed down on the metal bar across it's center, and slipped out into the muggy night air.

Just a shadow in the darkness, he struggled to achieve some sort of relatively easy-looking stride in the boots, not wanting to look like a complete idiot and draw attention to himself from the real women. Finally managing a sort of almost haughty stride that came

from having to come down on the heels rather than on his painfully cramped toes, he pushed through the thin line of scrub at the edge of the property and hefted himself over the low fence that separated it from the path beyond...

...and watched as other dark-clad figures began to appear on the path, one-by-one.

Heart pounding, waiting for a cry that would indicate he'd been found out, Jeff felt fear warring with excitement inside of him as he tried to look casual, standing on the dirt pathway. Thankfully, none of the women tried talking to each other, which spared him one risk, and soon there was eight other woman gathered on the path around him.

Though nobody had said anything, and he hadn't seen any of the women checking their watches, they all suddenly turned and began heading for the tree-line - and only the fact that Jeff had already been facing that direction kept him from seemingly being 'out of the loop' as he managed to get himself into motion without seeming startled or surprised by the sudden, wordless agreement to move towards the woods.

The women fell into a line, and Jeff's feigned air of 'don't give a damn' disdain that had hid his slow start left him last in line - which meant that he was surrounded by the women, and didn't actually have any of the other women directly at him, which was a relief.

Even more of a relief was the fact that the women, despite the fact that not one word had been exchanged, all seemed to know where they were going, slipping between barely-seen trees as they entered the forest on a path that almost couldn't be seen unless you were already on it.

It was the fact that Jeff was watching the line of dark-clad figures so intently that let him catch the rippling motion down the line as the women joined hands so they were walking in a linked chain. Given that, he managed to push his hand forward quickly - and was grateful he'd thought to put the gloves on as the woman in front of him reached back and wordlessly gripped the hand that she'd obviously fully expected to be waiting for her.

A sour sweat was running down Jeff's back, and not from the sultry night, either. These women must have practiced or trained for this, to be able to know what to do without anybody saying anything - and so far, only sheer luck had kept his lack of this preparation from screwing up his plans. Silently praying that his luck would hold, he continued his 'proud' stride, struggling not to give the impression that he *needed* to be led by the hand as they went deeper and deeper into the woods.

It wasn't until too late that he realized the luck of being led by the hand was two-sided - as they stepped into a large, level clearing, and Jeff's heart-rate increased three-fold as, hand-in-hand, he was led away from the tree-line he'd planned to slip into unnoticed.

Even in the sudden cold rush of fear as he was led further from the woods, he was bemused to not the large clearing's attributes. He would have been willing to swear that he'd gone over every inch of the woods during previous attempts to track down the women - but he'd never seen this clearing before.

In its center, where the line of women were heading, was a large fire-pit, already laid with kindling and wood, and surrounded by fire-blackened stones that looked to have been there for centuries. Surrounding these were heavy, varnished divans with thick, velvet-covered 'mattresses' that were either a dark red or purple, and trimmed in gold. Though solid and heavy, the bed-like lounging

couches couldn't simply be left out in the weather all the time, for they seemed in perfect condition, and Jeff wondered how they'd been brought here for tonight - but the thought couldn't hold his attention, not with the predicament they were in.

The line of women stopped near the fire pit, and released hands. The tall figure in an all-enveloping cloak that had led the procession turned...

...and suddenly everybody went utterly still. Though nobody had spoken at all until this point, it suddenly seemed to get even quieter, and Jeff felt a sudden chill of fear run through his as the women slowly turned to look at one another, their bodies tense.

Jeff wondered if, despite seeming to come from all over, the women planned this, and knew how many women should be there, because he seemed to sense suspicion - maybe even anger - in the air as each of the women looked over their masked companions. The tall woman at the front looked back over the line, seeming to peer at each woman for a moment before letting her gaze travel onward, and Jeff tried to give his body that same tense, watchful air as he also mimed looking around, wondering if he was about to be both figuratively and literally unmasked.

Suddenly, the women all turned as one to look at the tall figure - and Jeff was grateful that, as being the last in line, he'd already been looking in that direction. For a second, nobody moved - and then, amazingly a low, soft chuckle issued from the woman at the head of the line, to be echoed by all the other women.

Caught by surprise, Jeff didn't have time - or the inclination - to try and join in, but the chuckling was so soft that he figured that nobody would notice he hadn't added to it - though he wondered what had prompted it.

Maybe it was something expected - because the tall woman, in a strong, rich voice, began to speak, her cadence almost ritualistic - and yet still holding a slight chuckle in it's tone.

"Here, in the dark of the moon, we gather, as supplicants. We come to cast off who we once were, to become who we shall forevermore be. Here, in the sacred clearing between the worlds, under no light of moon or sun, all is formless, and anything may be."

Jeff, behind his mask, grimaced at the stupid near-chant, while relived that the women hadn't seemed to notice anything awry - yet. Still, at some point he'd have to find a way to hide until the men were supposed to be in the 'sacred clearing', so he paid close attention, hoping for a chance to slip away.

"Here will we be granted the boon of becoming. Here, Nox shall hear our voices, and our thoughts. Here, Nox, the Goddess of the Night, shall grant us her favor. Come forth, supplicants, and ask of the Goddess this boon...!"

Behind the tall woman, the bonfire within the stone circle burst into sudden life - and the brief thought Jeff had, wondering what pyrotechnic device had allowed them to do so, was lost in the rising fear that came from the added illumination that could reveal him.

"Come, suppliant, and beseech the Goddess!" The tall woman intoned, pointing to the first woman in line...

...and, heart pounding, Jeff watched as, one by one, each of the women went through 'beseeching the Goddess', only to retire to one of the divans arranged in a semi-circle.

A semi-circle behind Jeff, ensuring that he could not slip past unnoticed.

At least he had plenty of opportunity to observe the 'ritual'. When only he was left, and to avoid being caught, he was at least able to go through the stupid thing as if he knew what to do.

Like all the others, he approached the bonfire. At least, to the other women behind him, he was just a dark shape against the blazing flames.

Kneeling at the edge of the stone ring, sweating in the heat rolling off the fire, he placed his hands on the small golden plaque set into the stones, and whispered the 'incantation', glad that the low level kept his voice, though audible, from sounding too masculine.

"Nox, Goddess of the Night, grant unto me that which I have come for upon this enchanted night." Then, standing, he turned and took from the tall women a gleaming goblet.

Being this close, under the light of the fire, scared him - but, thankfully, the mask he wore had a small opening between the painted porcelain lips, so he didn't have to lift the mask to take a long sip of the sweet liquid before returning the goblet and heading over to an empty divan.

Even before he reached the reclining seat, however., he felt the effects of whatever was in the drink - and figured he better understood what was going on here, because the world began to swim around him a very pleasant fog.

Drugs - they took some sort of drugs.,

All-but-falling onto the divan, sprawling comfortably on it's soft surface, Jeff felt a warm, extremely pleasant fog fill his mind, while his body felt heavy, yet distant, almost as if it belonged to someone else. His fears about being discovered - indeed, any worry at all - began to seem very distant as a wonderful, uncritical happiness slowly took it's hold of him, leaving him feeling languid and giddy and content, as if nothing in the world could possibly be wrong.

Time seemed to slow - or rather, become non-existent, as if there was nothing but this eternal now in which he found himself. Everything seemed so distant and unimportant, nothing intruding on the calm, happy, uncritical contemplation of the universe that held him so firmly in it's grasp.

Even in his dazed state, however, Jeff couldn't miss it when a young man came over and sat on the edge of the divan.

He was about Jeff's own age, maybe a bit younger, and Jeff vaguely recognized him. Through his drug-wrapped brain, a name slowly rose to the surface, though Jeff couldn't - and didn't particularly care to - track down when or where he'd met the young man named 'Steve'.

Floating high, feeling happy and warm and uncritical, Jeff didn't offer any resistance as Steve slowly pulled him into a sitting position on the divan. Somewhere, in the back of his mind, Jeff felt that there was something wrong, but it wasn't nearly strong enough to dissipate the warm fog that swaddled him, and so he couldn't seem to bring himself to care about it, much less work out what had set the alarm off in the first place.

Gently, Steve began tugging on the hem of the cloak, obviously wanting to pull it from where it was wrapped around Jeff's legs so that it would hang free over the edge of the divan. The motion caused that warning bell in Jeff's mind to grow stronger, this time powerfully enough that his befogged mind began trying to track the reason down. Slowly, it began to register that, for some reason as yet undetermined, Jeff didn't want anybody seeing his legs - but by the time he'd gotten that far in his vague musings, Steve had already pulled the cloak's hem out from under Jeff's butt, allowing it to hang free off the edge of the divan, and exposing Jeff's legs.

Vapidly, a dreamy little smile on the lips behind the mask, Jeff watched Steve's slender hands lightly caress the smooth, silky skin of his legs, and wondered why he'd been worried about them being seen. Though they were only bare between the tops of the boots and the hem of the skin-tight black jean shorts, they were shapely enough, and Jeff sighed dreamily as the pleasure of Steve's touch on that taut, smooth flesh registered - especially since it was enhanced by the effects of the drug, making the caress more enjoyable than it would otherwise have been.

That alarm was still sounding in the back of Jeff's mind, but between the dreamy effect of the drug and the pleasure that was coming from the shapely, smooth thigh being caressed, Jeff didn't find the willpower to finish chasing the vagrant worry down.

Likewise, concern flared as Steve's roaming hands moved upwards, spreading open the cloak - but not enough to overcome either the drugs swaddling Jeff's brain, nor the pleasure of Steve's questing hands.

The cloak fell open, and Jeff gazed downwards as Steve's hands moved up over the rise of full hips straining the jeans to the maximum - and for a moment, Jeff felt - happily - confused, since there seemed to be something very wrong with the sight meeting his eyes, though he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was.

Was it the slender, well-defined waist? The full, womanly hips filling the shorts so tightly that they were practically pulled right up into the moist womanhood under the taut fabric over the crotch? Maybe even the deep cleavage between the full, firm breasts straining the black tank-top to the limit...?

There was certainly something wrong with this image, that was for sure. Something that created confusion and doubt...

...especially since something inside a drug-addled mind was now trying to fit everything together, since the whole he/she thing didn't seem to match up. After all, this body was definitely female, yet until this moment she'd been thinking of herself as male, though she was too uncritically dozey to figure out why she'd been thinking of herself as male.

As the cloak fell to the ground behind her and she thoughtlessly shook her full head of raven hair loose, feeling the wind tickling as it pulled lightly at where the roots of that rich head of hair met the scalp, she found she just couldn't bring herself to worry too much about the strange sensation of not really recognizing herself. After all, everything felt so good, so wonderful, and if she couldn't place her finger on whatever was setting off more and more warning bells in the back of her mind, well, they were still so deeply buried on the pleasure and happiness that she was feeling that they really couldn't matter, now could they?

Sighing softly, she placed her toned, smooth arms over Steve's shoulders as he pushed her shirt up and began caressing her big, round breasts, enjoying the sensations as she dreamily played with his short, sandy hair with one latex-clad finger. Everything he was doing to her body felt so nice, and she couldn't worry about the fact that she didn't seem to find any of the sensations familiar - after all, she couldn't seem to actually think about anything, or put enough coherent thought into remembering anything about her past.

None of it mattered. All that mattered was the here and now, and this here and now was feeling wonderful.

When Steve reached up and peeled off her mask, she smiled warmly at him, eyes unfocused as she stared off into space over his head, full lips curved in a mindless grin of happiness that would have been there even if Steve hadn't been giving her such wonderful pleasure.

When he leaned forward and kissed those full lips, hands sliding down to fondle the firm, full ass filling out the skin-tight jean shorts, she slowly, dreamily began kissing back, her first 'action', instead of just sitting back and letting Steve do whatever he felt like.

It felt really good to be joining in on the kiss, not just accepting the pleasure Steve was creating, but working to enhance it - so when his hands slid up around her hips and moved towards the fly of her shorts, she went ahead and lifted her firm, ripe ass, allowing him to unzip the shorts and peel them off down her long, toned legs.

As good as whatever Steve did felt, it felt even better when she helped increase the pleasure - so she no longer passively accepted what he was doing, but put what little concentration she could summon up into helping him, pushing that fuzzy sense of disquiet even further away from her drug-swaddled mind as she lay back on the couch, legs spread wide and held high as Steve quickly stripped out of his own clothing.

In short order, he was ready, his cock throbbing at attention - and this time, the sharp warning bell was just strong enough to pierce the haze of her drugged mind, and he paused...

...but that just meant that she offered no resistance as Steve smoothly and eagerly penetrated her sopping cunt with his hard, throbbing cock.

Any worry she might have had, any sense that there was something very wrong with what was happening, vanished in a wave of pleasure as Steve began thrusting into her tight, wet womanhood - and as the pleasure only continued to mount, everything faded, the only thoughts scattered in her shrouded mind concerning the best way to increase the pleasure she was feeling from having Steve fuck her.,

Almost instinctively, she began thrusting her hips, making his thrusts deeper and harder - and the increase of pleasure succeeded in wiping out the last few fragments of thought, and she began gasping and moaning as her body, practically running on autopilot., responded to Steve's actions and worked in concert with his thrusting body to make the sex she was experiencing all the more enjoyable.

The fact that the orgasm, when it hit, was quite literally like nothing else she'd felt before had some implications that might have born thinking about... if not for the fact that the power of the orgasm itself wiped all other considerations from her mind.

Gasping in pleasure, she barely noticed when Steve patted her on the cheek and left - but the afterglow had faded enough for that sense of something being very, very wrong to begin nibbling at her consciousness by the time a tall, shapely woman arrived at the side of her divan, another naked young man in tow.

"Hello, Jen." The tall woman said, gesturing at the naked man beside her. "This is Bill. He'd like a blow-job - and since I know how much you love giving blow-jobs, I immediately thought of you."

That sense of wrongness still nibbling at her mind, she frowned, wondering why 'Jen' didn't sound quite right - nor did the idea of giving a blow job, despite the fact that she was fairly certain she liked 'blow jobs', though she couldn't quite manage to make herself remember having ever given any.

"I feel.. strange." She murmured, though without worry, still wrapped in the warm haze.

"That's because of the drugs.," The tall woman said, smiling. "You like drugs, don't you Jen? You like how they make you feel." "Yeah..." Jen said, smiling dreamily. "Drugs are good."

"So is booze." The woman told her, an odd smile on her face. "You like drugs and booze, don't you? Drugs and booze and sex?" "Drugs and booze and sex..." Jen repeated, dreamily. "They're all good."

"...and blow-jobs of course. You like them, too." The tall woman prompted.

Jen frowned slightly - but that just sounded so right. Though still not sure how she knew, she was certain she did, indeed, like blow- jobs.

"yeah." She agreed, a bit hesitantly, despite the wonderfully comforting haze of the drugs. "Well, Bill here would be happy to let you give him one." The tall woman said, gesturing.

"Sure." Jen said, sliding down to her knees as Bill stepped forward. Though something still didn't feel right, she was certain what the woman had said was true, so as she wrapped her lips around Bill's soft cock and began working him to hardness, she decided that the sensations she was experiencing from doing so must be 'good', something she liked and strove to feel.

Even starting flaccid, it wasn't all that long before Bill had been brought first to full erection, then to orgasm, and Jen gulped down the load of warm, salty cum, just as the tall woman suggested she would enjoy doing - and wondered what it was about the flavor and texture she loved so much, since it didn't seem to be anything obvious...

...but she let the thought slip away as the tall woman thoughtfully brought another naked man to her to fuck her like she loved so much - and some more of that wonderful drug, so she could enjoy all this attention from men in that wonderful haze that had only just begun to fade...

* * * * *

"Man, this is weird..." Eric said, stretching in the light of dawn as he stared down the path. "No shit." Dan agreed, shaking his head.

The two twenty-six year old friends had been camped out along the path, wanting to try their luck at the hot babes as they came out of the woods. As usual, their entreaties and 'pick-up' lines had been ignored - but that was just about all that had been usual.

First off, the women hadn't been escorted by the usual group of dreamily happy men. There had only been a couple of guys with the women - and since then, guys had been slowly filtering out of the woods. As a matter of fact, the last few had come down the path with odd looks on their faces, walking gingerly as their expressions hovered somewhere between exhaustion and supreme satisfaction.

Shaking their heads, the two young men prepared to leave - and then stopped dead as one, last figure came down the path. Tall, lean, and tanned, everything about her, from her arrogant stride, to her clothes, to her big, obviously silicone-enhance tits,

seemed to scream 'biker slut'. Though not nearly as beautiful as any of the women the two men had ever seen come down this path, she was definitely more 'sexy' - in a cheap, slutty way that only reinforced the whole biker-slut image...

...except for the slight, but perpetual look of mild confusion on her otherwise arrogant face, as if there was something hovering just out of the reach of her conscious mind, bothering her without letting her know why.

Stunned, the two friends watched as she drew closer, obviously intent on drying to pick that strange nagging feeling out of her mind - so that she didn't notice the two young men until she was only a few feet away.

She stopped dead, eyeing them with a slightly puzzled look on her face.

"Oh - hi, guys..." She said in a strong voice that was smoky-sexy - and a bit vague. "How's it going...?" "Pretty good... hot stuff..." Dan ventured, eyeing her bountiful breasts openly.

She barely seemed to notice.

"You looking for some fun, babe?" Eric tried.

"Always, stud..." She replied in that barroom-sexy voice - but without even seeming to think about it., as if the response was hard-wired into her. Likewise, the sexy, 'come 'n get it!' pose she struck seemed likewise thoughtless, almost instinctive.

The two friends shared a startled look, then a smile.

"Why don't you come back to our place then, baby?" Eric suggested, sidling up to her and taking the risk of fondling her denim-clad ass.

Her confused expression grew more pronounced, and she hesitated, something obviously bothering her - and just as obviously, she wasn't sure what it was.

"Yeah, we can down a few beers and.. have a good time." Dan added...

...and, though that bemused look didn't fade completely, the suggestion of a few drinks seemed to catch her attention.

"Yeah, sure, sound's like fun..." She said, coming up with a plastic-looking smile as she wiggled her wide hips against Eric's hand.

Almost without thinking about it, mind fixated on the thought of the welcoming haze booze would bring, Jen let herself be led down the path...

...but that strange sense that something was terribly, terribly wrong continued to haunt her, and would for the rest of her life, no matter how much she tried to drown it out in the nearly-desperate repetitions of drugs, sex and booze that would define the entirety of her new life.

Standing just inside the tree-line, hidden from view, the High Priestess of Nox watched the newly-minted 'biker babe' walk off down the path with her most recent male 'distractions' - and chuckled to herself.

"Well, you got exactly what you wanted..." She muttered, eyeing the new woman's exaggerated strut. "You came up here looking for sex, and sex is just what you got."

She chuckled again, then softly whispered the words of the very old cautionary quote, just before she quite simply faded from view until the next batch of supplicants appeared for the monthly ceremony:

"Be careful what you wish for - you might just get it..." THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: With an unplayable gambling debt, one man agrees to let an eccentric millionaire change him into a woman in exchange for paying off the debt.

The Debt

By Gunslinger

Outside, the semi-tropical sun bathed the grounds of the estate in almost painfully bright light, seeming to leach the color from the greenery maintained by a veritable army of gardeners, at great expense.

Little of the California sun reached into the study of the Spanish-style mansion that laid sprawled at the center of the estate, however. Following the classic design, it looked out onto an inner courtyard, the deep-set windows further shaded by wide red-tile overhangs that roofed the walkway around the center of the courtyard. The study itself - a tastefully decorated expanse of wood, stone and rich Corinthian leather - was kept cool and dry by an expensive air conditioning system, the slowly spinning hardwood fan on the desk more of an affection than a necessity, doing little more than stirring the haze from Mr. Cordova's expensive Havana.

Despite all that, Larry Sandhurst was sweating - the acrid, thick sweat of anxiety. Surrounded by the trappings of wealth and privilege only increased that anxiety, and he kept folding and unfolding his hands on his lap as he watched Ramón Cordova finishing reading through the leather-bound folder in front of him and push it aside. For a moment, the slender, darkly handsome man stared of into the distance, as if unaware of Larry's presence, then slowly those dark, unrevealing eyes turned to him, narrowing slightly.

"It would seem that I have a distinct advantage here, would it not?" Cordova asked in a polite, lightly accented voice that was consciously modulated and carefully pitched.

Larry swallowed nervously. "Yes, sir."

Tall, thin and gangly, the dark-haired youth was 'awkward' at the best of times - now he felt like a loose collection of bones rattling around in a bag of skin as he awaited the judgment from on high.

"Two hundred and forty-three thousand, nine hundred and seventy one dollars." Cordova said, thoughtfully. "Nearly a quarter or a million dollars - that is what you owe, due to your gambling debt. Is this not correct?"

Larry nodded his head again. "Yes, sir - that's right. Some of the money I owe the bank, and the rest "

Cordova smiled thinly, with appreciation for the irony. "Ah, and therein lies the dilemma, my friend. You are trying to pay back the money - but it would take years for you to come up with the cash. Meanwhile - if you give every cent you can to these 'loan sharks', you will probably go to jail, once the bank finds out about the lies you made to get the loans. On the other hand, if you attempt to pay off just the bank loan... You may not live to face trial for fraud."

Larry's hands clenched into fists at Cordova's slow, methodical examination of his problem. "That's about it, Mr. Cordova, sir." The Cuban-born millionaire leaned forward slightly, interlacing his hands on the surface of the mahogany desk. "Not, quite, Mr.

Sandhurst - the final playing piece of this little game would be; myself. As you have stated, you have heard that I might, perhaps, help you, as I have been known to help other people, from time to time."

Larry's mouth was so dry that he couldn't possibly have spoken - he just bobbed his lowered head, hoping...

...praying...

...and scared silly.

A friend had suggest that Larry go see Cordova - but Larry had already heard about the highly eccentric millionaire, mostly through rumors and second hand stories.

Ramón Cordova had a really twisted sense of humor. Having made his fortune, he indulged himself in everything he could ever want - the expansive, richly appointed mansion, the expensive cars, his own private fleet of aircraft - and the strangest 'hobby' Larry had ever heard of. Ramón Cordova enjoyed making 'wagers'.

It was the nature of those 'wagers' that made him so eccentric. Like some twisted reincarnation of Monty Hall from Let's Make A Deal, Cordova paid people to do the strangest, most bizarre, twisted things. One of the better-known stories was the man who'd been paid a small fortune to speak nothing but Classical Latin for one year straight. If the man had said so much as one word in any other language, he would have lost the money. 'Thankfully', the man had been somewhat of a scholar, educated by the Jesuits, and had managed to last the whole year - despite the obvious problems of speaking in nothing but a dead tongue, which really limited the available social interaction.

So, Larry was understandable a little nervous...

"I will tell you what I shall do." Cordova finally said, nodding his head in decision. "I will help you with your problem, and even give you a chance for more money - if you are willing to fulfill the task I set you."

Larry swallowed, then asked, hesitantly. "Wha.. what would that be?"

Cordova's smile was thin but genuine as he enjoyed a long pause to increase Larry's tension. Finally, he spoke. "Allow me to turn you into a woman."

Larry paused, then asked a decisive, insightful question... "Huh?"

Cordova laughed. "My friend, I have connections to some remarkably skilled people. When I found about some experimental work they had come up with that can do this truly amazing thing, I decided I would like to see it with my own eyes - more, I would like to be involved intimately with every step of the process. So - if you agree to this, you will stay here with me for the time it takes me to do the work. Once it is finished, I will pay you three hundred thousand dollars, then you can be changed back."

Larry was stunned - of all the humiliations he'd worried about being subjected to, this is one that never occurred to him. Without thinking, he blurted out his initial thoughts:

"You must be kidding!"

Cordova's smile dimmed. "I assure you that I am not, Mr. Sandhurst - and this is a limited time offer. So - I give you exactly ten minutes to make up your mind, and then the offer is withdrawn. I will not make you any other offer, either - this is not a negotiation. It is, as you say, a 'take it or leave it' deal."

Everything that made Larry who he was screamed for him to leave it. To be turned into a woman! It was unthinkable!

Except... he was thinking about it. As disgusting as the idea seemed, it offered a way out of his very serious problems - and, it wouldn't be for that long...

Nobody but Cordova and himself would know it was him. It could be his secret - and he'd have the money... But... a woman!

Nine of the ten minutes ticked away as Larry's mind warred between two equally unattractive scenarios. But, as the final seconds counted down, he finally decided.

"I'll do it." He said, quietly, his face flushing. He'd decided that the time spent being made a woman was certainly a far shorter term of humiliation than the pain that could come from either of the other possible outcomes - and more private.

"Good!" Cordova said, his smile blossoming again. "I give you until tomorrow morning to tidy up your affairs, then you must report to here where I will begin work on your body. Just sign this contract, and everything will be legal - and ironclad."

Taking out a document on legal paper, he slid it across the desk to Larry, who glanced at it, skimming over it quickly. He found that it stated the terms that had been agreed to, though couched in legalese, and he signed it and slid it back to Cordova.

Larry rose and headed for the door, already wondering if he'd made a horrible, horrible mistake. If nothing else, accepting the deal gave him time to think - if he changed his mind, he could just not show up in the morning, and be none the worse....

...and no better, either.

Lips compressed, Larry walked out of the house, squinting in the glaring sunlight and wondering just how he'd managed to screw up so badly that he'd come to this.

* * * * *

He was still wondering the next morning, as he entered the cool, dim foyer of the Spanish-style mansion, his body aquiver with nervous energy - and six cups of coffee. The gangling, dark-haired man had barely slept at all, his eyes bloodshot and baggy, as he'd tried to make the final decision...

Indecision, rather the decisive action, had brought back to the house - he hadn't so much decided to do this, as been unable to decide not to. Now, his heart was racing a million miles an hour in a body that was an odd mixture of lethargy from exhaustion and nervous energy.

"Ah, Larry." Cordova said, as he shut the heavy, carved door. "I was not sure whether I would see you again this morning or not." Swallowing, Larry did his best to sound indignant. "Hey, we had an agreement, and so here I am."

So, it wasn't the truth - but why let Cordova know about his failings?

"Good man." Cordova said, nodding. "Now, since we will be quite.. *familiar* with each other before long, I would suggest that a first- name basis would be more appropriate. You may call me Ramón, and I shall call you Larry for now."

Larry swallowed at the reminder of what was going to happen to him. "Uh... okay "

Ramón gestured. "This way, if you will."

Fighting the urge to turn and run, Larry followed his dusky-skinned host through the stone-floored hallways to the large, well-lit room that had been prepared for what was about to occur.

"This will be the work room." Ramón said, gesturing at the most modern-'decorated' room in the house, clashing with the stately, old- fashion architecture that formed the room itself. Gesturing towards another door, the Cuban expatriate continued. "Through that door is the suite that will be yours while you are staying with me - a bedroom, en-suite bathroom, and doors to both the hall and the courtyard. I trust you'll be comfortable."

"Uh, yeah - that'll be fine.." Larry mumbled. It was a sort of silver lining - the mansion was a far cry from his tiny walk-up apartment. Still, all things considered, he wished he was home right now, instead of here.

"then let us begin." Ramón said, smiling slightly. "If you would be so kind as to undress ?"

Larry did so, hesitantly and awkwardly. He'd never been completely comfortable undressing in front of another man, but that was nothing compared to the way he felt now. the actions might have been the same - but the motivating reasons for him to undress were completely different. He wasn't in a change room or a doctors office - he was getting undressed so that the handsome man watching him strip with a detached expression could change him into a woman...

When Larry was completely naked, he stood nervously, shifting his weight from foot to foot while he tried to decide what to do with his hands. Should he try to cover 'himself'? But that was ridiculous...

...considering that, before this humiliation was over, there'd be nothing there to cover. Well... not what was there now, at any rate...

Ramón ignored his subjects obvious nervousness. "Why don't we begin with the basics?" He said, gesturing to what seemed to be a shower stall. "This is a depilatory chamber. There are tanks of a special chemical blend that will remove your body hair. After that, there will be a fresh-water rinse, followed by another mix that will help soften and smooth your skin, followed by another rinse and an air-dry."

Larry followed the words closely - while struggling not to 'understand' them. he focused on each word itself, to give his mind something else to do, rather than focus on what was happening.

It didn't work very well. He was still scared spitless.

Taking a deep breath, Larry nodded, and let Ramón help him put on the special protective 'mask'. Made of clear plastic with an elasticized edge, the shaped 'bag' hooked under the nose at the front, and at the base of the skull behind, covering his nose, eyes, forehead and hair. Two thin tubes connected to the wall of the stall circulated air through the 'bag', to keep him from suffocating.

Larry felt a burst of claustrophobia as the door to the stall swung shut and sealed against it's rubber seal. The claustrophobia was merely another variation on his fear, the ever-present guest who'd taken up residence ever since he'd agreed to this insane bargain, and he had to fight to...

When the chemical spray turned on, he almost jumped out of his skin from shock. He'd been so busy trying to keep from panicking that he wasn't prepared for the deluge...

..which almost made him panic. Even in his current condition, he had to grin wryly at the irony of it.

Helplessly, he could do nothing but stand there and watch through curves in the distorting mask as the warm liquid washed over his body. That spray lasted for a good twenty minutes, and Larry could actually see his hair falling out under the chemical's effects. By the end of the rinse, there didn't seem to be a hair left on his body, though the distorting nature of the plastic in front of his eyes made it hard to get a good look.

The chemical spray shut off, then there was a short pause before the first rinse-off. After that, the next batch of chemicals rained down on his skin. This time, the experience was less 'unnerving', but more boring, as he couldn't see any changes, the effects not exactly easy to spot through the obscuring plastic.

After the second rinse, warm air gusted through the stall, quickly and efficiently drying his denuded body. As he felt the last of the moisture evaporating, Larry had to admit that careful attention had been paid to the physical comfort of the subject.

He only wished there was some way of making more comfortable for his emotions and intellect, as well.

Finally, the air stopped and Larry pulled off the hood and stepped out through the door that Ramón had opened for him.

"Ah... marvelous." Ramón said, eyeing Larry's hairless body. Larry, himself, was staring at his own arms, bemused. The middling- heavy coat of dark hair that had covered them since puberty was gone, leaving his arms smooth and bare. The second set of chemicals had also made his skin softer and smoother, and he ran his right hand over his left arm in amazement, the hand continuing down his side and over his thigh.

"Holy shit, this is weird..." Larry breathed, struggling to deal with the way his body looked and felt. It was a fairly small change in the over-all scheme of things, but he was amazed at how much of a difference it made to how he looked, felt...

...and 'felt', emotionally. Even as his hand was sliding over the silky-smooth skin, he was shuddering at the thought that the soft flesh he was touching belonged to him. He'd never in his life felt skin so soft and smooth, even on a woman - who still had body hair, though much finer and softer. His skin was even silkier than that, and it was definitely unnerving.

"How are you coping so far?" Ramón asked, politely - probably out of clinical interest rather than compassionate reasons.

"I'm... coping." Larry said, shortly, still trying to sort out the responses he was feeling. He was staring at the reflection of his body in the mirror that made up the far wall of the workroom, amazed - and disquieted - by the visual difference not having body hair made.

"Good, good." Ramón said, nodding to himself. "Then, I believe it is time to introduce you to your new daily routine."
"Daily routine?"

Ramón smiled. "But of course - you will also have to learn to dress and act as a woman does." A shiver ran down Larry's spine. "Hey - that wasn't part of the agreement!"

"Oh, but it was." Ramón protested mildly. "I said, I was going to make you a woman. I did *not* say I was just going to make you *look* like a woman."

Larry realized that his hands had rolled into fists, and he was clenching his teeth. This, he thought, was asking too much...!

"You may stop now and walk away if you wish." Ramón suggested. "I can see you did not fully understand the deal. Well, all we have done is remove your body hair - dressed, no one would notice. You can dress now and leave, if that is your wish."

And be right back where he started... With conscious effort, Larry forced himself to relax, taking several deep breaths before speaking. "no, no - I was just... surprised, that's all. I didn't understand. Now... well, 'In for a penny, in for a Pound', I guess."

Ramón's smile blossomed again. "Very well. If you will?" He gestured towards the door to Larry's new room, and Larry walked over and went in, trailed by the dusky man.

"In the closet you will find female clothes in your current size." Ramón explained. "The make-up table is fully stocked, and there is a book that should help you learn how to apply it. You will need to apply make-up every day, and touch it up or change it as required. You may only wear feminine clothing, and you must learn to walk in high heels - I have supplied some shoes with a one-inch heel to get you started."

"Great..." Larry sighed.

"I will leave you to dress." Ramón said, heading for the door to the hallway. "Once you are... *presentable*... you will find me in my study."

Sighing, Larry closed the door, then turned to survey the room that had been given to him for the duration.

It was definitely 'nice'. Tastefully understated elegance was the theme, running through the entire room from the cherry-wood four- poster bed to the matching make-up table with its swivel-mounted mirror and brass accents. The floor was flagstone, covered by a heavy Indian rug, with muted colors. The walls were a sort of pinkish beige, also muted, offset by the dark wood of the doors and their frames, and the heavy exposed beams overhead.

The problem was - the 'secondary' theme to that elegance was most definitely a feminine decor. The four-poster bed boasted a heavy off-white duvet with lace trimming, with very pale pink sheets below, with matching pillowcases.

Silk, of course.

Above the thick mattress, surmounting the tops of the four tall posts, was a swatch of gauzy white fabric, decidedly feminine in nature, and matching the lace-like clothes covering the cherry-wood bed tables. The entire room was a carefully

orchestrated symphony of tasteful, feminine decor that showed elegance and wealth - and, before long, Larry would soon be fitting right in.

With another shudder at the vile thought, Larry steeled himself up for the ordeal that just getting 'ready' was sure to be. As he opened the big walk-in closet, he was sure of one thing...

...this whole humiliating situation had cured him of his gambling addiction for good. Never again would he be able to make a single bet, not with the knowledge that it might start him on the same road that had ended up with him where he was, doing what he was now doing.

Looking through the clothing, Larry found that it was all decidedly feminine - not only wasn't there any 'unisex' clothing in her, there were no 'masculine' inspired articles, leaving only the most feminine finery to choose from. Larry, of course, didn't really have a preference for which female clothes he would wear, but he had no choice - he had to dress like a woman, or forfeit his only way of escaping his dangerous situation. Though he had no real desire to look his 'best', he ground his teeth together and forced himself to choose an outfit that would actually go together, rather than just throwing on 'any old thing'.

As much as he hated what he was going through, he didn't want to screw this up. With a sigh, he began to dress - not enjoying this in the least.

For underwear, he'd chosen the most basic pair of panties he could find - white cotton briefs. Though picked for his measurements, they were definitely not designed for his build. They fit too loose across the hips and ass, and were definitely uncomfortable in the crotch.

Next came the bra - which really set Larry's teeth on edge. It was a simple white cotton training bra, matching the panties. The straps were adjusted for his build - but his mind wasn't adjusted for wearing a bra. Though he had some experience in removing the garment from a willing female, he had no experience in putting one on, and it took some contortions and a fair amount of under-the-breath swearing to get the garment on. Once he'd done so, he felt utterly humiliated by the tight constriction of the bands around his back and over his shoulders, the useless triangles of material at the front resting against his now-smooth chest and covering his nipples.

He felt utterly ridiculous.

With resigned anger, he pulled on the simple summer dress he'd chosen. Beigeish in basic color, its print was a mix of browns, reds and oranges in a floral pattern that definitely didn't match his mood as she pulled the stupid thing on. Like the panties, it might have been his size, but not his shape - the waist was too tight, the bust too loose, and the skirt hung oddly on his skinny hips and ass.

The final article of feminine wear was the shoes - a pair of white pumps with the promised heel. He pulled them on with a grimace, finding that they weren't that hard to stand and walk around in - but the heel altered how it felt to walk and stand,

serving as yet another reminder of what he was going through, and once more making him curse himself for ever getting into this mess in the first place.

Having forced himself to dress, he was now faced with an even worse humiliation. Makeup.

With his jaw clenched in shame and self-anger, Larry walked over to the make-up table and slowly sat down, staring in disgust at the reflection in the mirror. Picking up the book on the edge of the table, he began to flip through the well-illustrated instructions, bemused at how many variations of make-up schemes there were, and how much work it could be to 'put his face on'.

Not surprisingly, he chose the 'minimal' look - a faint, nearly invisible shade of lipstick that added just a hint more of a shine to his lips while altering the color a bit to make them more prominent and large. Not that he wanted his lips to look more prominent, of course, but it was either this or face the troubles of his gambling debts.

Next came a hint of blush across his cheeks, which seemed to make them slightly more prominent. Mascara thickened and lengthened his lashes, while eye-shadow emphasized his dark eyes a bit.

Looking in the mirror, he saw... himself in makeup. Which was enough to make him want to gag. Lipstick-clad lips narrowed in shame and humiliation, he decided that it was 'good enough', and rose from the table.

Feeling like a freak of some sort, he walked out of the room and towards the study, paying attention to his stride and balance so that he wouldn't stumble on the uneven flagstones of the floor, his short new heels making that a distinct hazard.

Ramón smiled as Larry entered the room, making a twirling gesture with his finger. Jaw clenched, Larry obeyed, slowly spinning in a circle.

"Not bad for your first day, I should think - but you'll have to pick up on things quickly." Ramón said. "Like what?" Larry tried - and didn't completely succeed at - keeping his tone level and polite.

"You are not wearing jewelry." Ramón said, ticking the points off on his fingers. "You are walking like a man. You have done nothing with your hair. Your speech and mannerisms are masculine, confrontational and inelegant. Plus - you should cultivate a more... *appealing* persona."

Larry's lips tightened, and he said...

"I'm sorry, Ramón. I'm a little stressed at the moment. I'll try to keep my composure from now on."

The words grated on Larry's nerves as he forced them out, and he didn't quite make the polite, well-modulated tone he was trying for. Ramón, however, was delighted. "Wonderful, wonderful. I'm sure you'll pick everything up splendidly."

"Thank you." Larry said through clenched teeth. His face was burning, and he knew he must be as red as a beet - but as long as he was 'trying', Ramón seemed content to overlook the clenched teeth, humiliated flush and self-angry eyes.

"Well then - I believe it is time to move on to the next step!" Ramón said brightly, enthusiastically - and Larry had to fight down the two separate urges.

One, to wrap his hands around Ramón's neck and throttle the life out of the millionaire. The second - to have somebody do that to *him*, ending this humiliation.

"But first..." Ramón suggested, brightly. "A toast to the initial steps of our program!"

Larry grimaced as he accepted the champagne flute handed to him by Ramón, taken from behind the desk where it had been hidden. Sighing, Larry toasted his own humiliation and feminizing, downing the bubbly quickly and placing the slightly pinkish-hued flute down on the desk. A second later, Ramón's own, utterly clear, glass joined its slightly tinted mate.

"So.. What is the next step?" Larry asked, with real interest - since it was his being altered, he wanted to know exactly how the procedure worked, what would be done, and the possible risks and effects. He leaned forward so that he could listen closely and follow along, the posture of his body betraying his intense interest as Ramón spoke.

"What we need to do next is begin changing the shape of your body through use of the complex polymer-based synthetics that are nearly identical to human muscle and fat. With the precise use of..."

The lack of sleep, with the alcohol on top of it, must have gotten to him. Larry felt a strange lightheaded feeling for a second, and he blinked...

...to find himself sitting in one of the rich leather chairs, Ramón standing over him with some smelling salts. "Wha.. what happened?" Larry said, feeling slow and muddled.

"I do not know - you simply passed out." Ramón said.

Larry sighed. "I didn't sleep much last night - the champagne must have really hit me."

"Oh, I see." Ramón said, quickly dismissing the whole incident. "Are you ready to continue, then?"

"Yeah." Larry said, positively. "The sooner I get this whole thing over with, the better - let's just get on with it." "As you wish. Back to the workroom, then." The ex-Cuban said with a small smile.

Rising from the chair, Larry rotated his head - his neck felt oddly stiff, the muscles tense. As he followed Ramón to the door, he paused for a second.

"Something wrong, Lori?" Ramón asked, eyeing him oddly.

"Your clock's off." Larry said, pointing to the grandfather clock near the door.

Ramón stepped back a step to get a good look at the clock, then frowned at Larry. "No, Lori - that's the right time. It is twelve seventeen."

"Oh..." Larry said, bemused. "Huh... Guess 'time flies', and all that."

It certainly wasn't important enough to worry about. Making an 'after you' gesture, he followed Ramón back to the workroom. "Now, Lori, as I was explaining before you passed out, the way this works is that..." Ramón started to explain.

"Never mind the technical crap." Larry said, waving a hand dismissively. "Let's just get on with it."

Ramón nodded. "Of course. If you'll stand against the white wall, we will begin the imaging procedure, taking photos of you from all sides so that the computer can create a three-dimensional..."

Larry raised a hand and rubbed his temple - Ramón's techno-babble was giving him a headache. "Look, let's cut to the chase - tell me where to stand and what to do, so we can get on with this. The sooner this is over, the better."

Ramón blinked. "Well, the computer takes some time to 'crunch the numbers', as I believe the expression goes. We will image you now, then tomorrow we can play with the image to get the correct new form for you. The day after..."

"The day after!" Larry explained, horrified.

Literally - at the thought of this taking that long, his heart sped up and he felt weak-kneed, as if in the grip of a full-fledged panic attack. All this time spent being humiliated, degraded, femininized? It was too much. "Look, is there any way we can speed this up and get it over with?"

Ramón looked thoughtful. "Well, theoretically, we could try sculpting everything 'on the fly', as it were - without computer control. It would be incalculably faster - but, then, we run the risk of not knowing how you will turn out. You could end up looking... just about anyway at all."

Larry sighed and rolled his eyes. "Look, Ramón - you seem to forget that I don't care in the least what I'll look like, as a woman. Just being female will be freaky, no matter what I look like. So, let's just do this, without all the time-consuming techno-crap."

"I do not know..." Ramón said, hesitantly. "I am not sure that I am willing to take that risk - I think I would be too worried about making a mistake to do much of the work."

"Fine, fine - then you just tell me what to do, and I'll do the work." Larry said, the answer seemingly blindingly obvious. "Pretend that you're the manager, and I'm the actually employee doing the grunt work. Or, if you prefer, you're the master and I'm the slave."

Ramón made an odd sound and turned his head away quickly. A minute later, he turned back, his face so dead-pan that it was almost scary. "Well, if that's the way you'd like to do it..."

"Yeah, anything to get this over with." Larry said. He was almost hopping from foot to foot with the emotions that the time talking about it was wasting.

"It will also cut down on the time you have to learn feminine actions and..."

"then I'll double-up on my practicing." Larry said, very near the edge of panic at how long this useless discussion was taking - it felt like his heart was going to burst, and he couldn't remember feeling this horribly anxious, exposed and afraid - ever.

"Very well." Ramón acceded, the near panic rapidly fading at those words. "Well, then - I guess we can start right in, no?" "Yes!" Larry said, finally glad to be getting on with this - it was taking way too long. The sooner it was done, the better.

"Then, let us begin with the hair." Ramón said, gesturing towards a machine. "This machine takes a sample of your hair and creates a silk-like synthetic fiber that..."

"Yeah, yeah..." Larry muttered, his head beginning to ache again, causing him to wince at the sudden, sharp burst of pain. "I don't care about that - just tell me what to do."

"Very well." Ramón said. "First, sit down in the chair. You will find a control panel on the end of the arm on your right." Larry did what he was told, lowering himself into the odd-looking chair and looking to the right....

...and finding nothing. He frowned, then considered for a second. Sighing loudly at his own stupidity, he shifted his gaze from the left arm of the chair to the right, looking at the control panel set near his right hand. Sloped at a forty-five degree angle, the control-panel was analog - it contained a dozen or so knobs, switches and button, all different, and all labeled with cryptic notions. Looking at it, Larry's vision seemed to blur, and as he tried to figure out what they did his headache became nearly deadly.

"How do you work this damned thing?" Larry asked, angrily, the pain of his massive headache making him irritable.

"The three knobs at the end - in order from left to right - set hair color, length and diameter. Now, since you have black hair, it is easy to set the color by twisting it all the way to the left. You see, it is graduated in shades from blonde, through brunette, to "

"Yeah, yeah." Larry said, annoyed, cranking it all the way to one side.

"Lori!" Ramón said, reprovingly. "I do not like to berate you - but you *did* say that you would work on you feminine persona "

Larry sighed, then forced a smile to his lips, tasting the faint flavor of the lipstick he wore. "I'm so sorry. I've got it set - what do I do now, Ramón?"

Ramón nodded. "Now, the second one is for length, and is calibrated in centimeters. To convert centimeters to inches, you "

"Oh, that's all right - I know how." Larry said, sweetly - lying though his teeth. He simply picked a random spot to turn the dial to, taking the time to make it look as if he was actually carefully choosing a hair length by making several small, fine 'adjustments' around the random place on the dial. After all - he couldn't care less what hair length he ended up with, since he could always cut it.

"Very good, my dear." Ramón said. "Now, the third sets the diameter of the hair, or how fine it is. Calibrated in microns, and the average "

"Oh, no need to explain, Ramón." Larry said, hiding his annoyance at the long-winded Cuban's need to explain irrelevant information. Again, he picked a setting at random.

"Well, then - you just sit back and push the big red button." Ramón informed him. Which Larry did.

The hood that formed the top of the machine lowered down over his head. There was a sucking sound as a powerful pump sucked his hair straight on end, and tiny probe-arms grasped his hair, creating a pulling sensation. The arms then set to work, attaching artificial fibers to his short crop of real hair, coloring the fibers, and cutting them. The entire process took about fifteen minutes, while Larry forced a smile to remain on his face as he chafed over how incredibly time-consuming the process was.

Especially since he didn't really want it done in the first place. It was just something he had to put up with. Finally, it was done, and the machine lifted up...

...and an incredible mass of hair spilled down over his face and shoulders. An incredible mass of hair that was silky-fine.

A silky-fine mass of hair that was an incredible shade of bright, platinum blonde.

"Oh, my!" Ramón said, startled. "It looks like you may have made a mistake, Lori. Well... We'll just cut the hair short, and start again..."

No fucking way! Larry thought, hiding the surprise at seeing the massive mane of platinum-blonde hair. With a negligent-looking gesture that was actually very carefully 'acted' to look feminine, he threw his thick, massive mane of hair back over her shoulders and letting it stream over his back, getting it out of his face.

"Oh, no - this is exactly what I had in mind when I set the machine." He lied in (what he hoped was) a convincing way, a self-satisfied smile plastered to his face. "Something... different. From short, dark hair to long, blonde hair. Pretty good, huh?"

"Well, if that's what you want.." Ramón hedged.

"It is." Larry assured him. Of course, it wasn't, and the thought that he'd have to put up with this ridiculous, massive head of hair was humiliating and frustrating - but it was better than wasting time getting it all shorn, then doing the whole procedure over again.

For Larry, Time seemed to be a massive block of lead, tons of heavy metal slowly pressing down on him and threatening to crush him unless he could keep ahead of it. All else became secondary to that task - making this go as fast as was possible, getting it over and done with.

"So, Ramón - what's the next step?" Larry asked, forcing that same semi-smile to remain on his lips. Ramón sighed. "Nothing. We are done for the day."

That huge weight seemed to drop a few inches closer in a heartbeat, and it was a real fight to keep from screaming out an incredulous, angry question. Taking several deep breaths, Larry forced himself to sound polite...

...and 'ladylike'.

"I don't understand, Ramón - why can't we keep working?"

Ramón gestured expressively. "Lori, I did not plan to move this quickly - much of what I need has not been prepared. The next step should be working on altering your feet, but the special molds..."

Yadda yadda yadda. This need to explain everything in detail was eating up precious time.

"Ramón, dear." Larry interrupted as 'sweetly' as he could. "Isn't there some way we could do it? Any way at all?"

Ramón frowned. "We need a mold for your new feet. We could use shoes to set the shape and size of your feet, but we have no shoes that are of a feminine size. The ones in you closet all are for the size feet you know have." He half-laughed, and rummaged under the desk for a second. "Except for these, which a cleaning woman left behind."

'These' were a pair of pink leather pumps, with a six-inch high spike heel. They were small and dainty, obviously designed for a tiny, feminine foot. Larry grimaced, mentally, at the thought of wearing a shoe like that, even in 'his' size, much less using it as a template for his new feet.

Still...

"Well, I don't see why we can't use those." Larry said, 'thoughtfully'.

Ramón seemed almost too incredulous. "But, my dear Lori - they are six inch stilettos. You cannot walk in such! Besides - using them to mold your feet would give you an unnatural arch that would mean you would only be comfortable wearing shoes with similar heels."

Larry had to restrain another grimace, re-considering. No matter how he felt about it, though, it was the quickest way...

"Well, I need to learn to walk in high heels anyway, don't I?" He asked with a forced grin. "If anything, this will provide me with the right motivation."

Ramón shrugged. "Very well. Sit down, and I will inject your feet with the compound..."

Half an hour later, Larry's feet had 'set' inside the dainty, hot-pink shoes, making them fit the interior perfectly. Fighting down the urge to swear, he let Ramón help him up, needing to lean on the dark-skinned man to stay upright. For the next little while, at least, Larry wouldn't be able to walk anywhere unless he was holding tightly to the handsome ex-Cuban.

"Well - that wasn't bad at all." Larry lied, artfully, fighting to keep balance atop feet that were now smaller, and delicately arched upwards inside the shoes that had shaped them. Standing still, he was able to keep his own balance, wobbling slightly...

...for short periods of time. Every now and then, it was necessary to hold onto Ramón for support, though Larry struggled to make it as unobtrusive as possible - a light touch on Ramón's shoulder or arm now and then, occasionally leaning against the man for momentary 'rest'.

"Yes - I can see you are handling it well." Ramón answered.

"I guess we can move on to the next part, then." Larry said, brightly, while burning with shame and humiliations at standing in high heels, stripped to a silky-soft skin, with a massive head of blonde hair tickling shoulders and back.

Ramón cleared his throat, as if embarrassed. "Well, you see, I also do not have the correct items for the next step - molding your hands. Though I have the actual molds for the hands themselves, we need something cylindrical to give natural curvature to your hands, and it should be capable of being warmed to..."

"Perhaps we can find something else?" Larry said, forcing his voice to remain polite and soft. "After all, we did so well with my feet." It really burned him up to say that, but whatever it took to keep the process moving...

"Well, we could take a look around..." Ramón agreed, reluctantly. Ducking behind the worktable again, he came up with a box. "This is all the items the maid left behind when I let her go. I don't know if..."

"Let me have a look.." Larry suggested, 'politely'. Keeping a firm reign on his emotion, he extended a hand gracefully and let Ramón help him walk over to the box, teetering badly on his new heels - and the new feet they contained.

Looking into the box revealed it to be full of odds and ends of a curious nature. For a moment, Larry wondered what sort of woman would have left these behind, much less been a maid working for Ramón - but the question was a time-consuming 'diversion' he wouldn't let himself get into. Pushing aside his curiosity, he looked at the strange assortment of items in the box.

There was only one thing that would serve the purpose, and Larry shuddered. But...

"How about these?" He asked, skin crawling as he lifted the bright-pink, life-sized and realistically-molded dildos from the box. A matched set, the pink plastic phalluses were complete with 'balls', and capped by a black cap at the base.

"Well, yes - I suppose we could at that." Ramón said, sounding almost too startled at the suggestion. "They are hollowed, so we can fill them with warm water. Perhaps we could even.. no, no! I cannot believe I was even thinking it!"

"Thinking what?" Larry pounced on the half-spoken suggestion. "Something to speed up the process?" Ramón waved a hand. "No, no - it was stupid of me."

"Please, tell me. I'd *really* like to hear it." Larry practically begged - sweetly.

"Well, to save time we could also so your face while your hands are 'setting'. However - we require something to 'separate' your lips when we work on them. I was about to make the monumental error of suggesting..." He shuddered, gesturing at one of the dildo.

Larry shuddered as well, but kept the faint half-smile on his lips. "Yes, well... how long would it take to get the proper item?" Ramón waved a hand dismissively. "Oh, a day or two - certainly no more than three."

That massive block of lead seemed ready to drop. Three days, just for the next step? Larry wanted - needed - for this to be over by then, if not sooner.

"No, no - we'll work around it, and do my face now." He managed to force out, despite the disgusting thought of putting a dildo in his mouth.

"No, it's no good." Ramón argued. "The object used would set the new, natural spacing and curvature of your lips and tongue, and..."

"That's all right - I don't mind." Larry answered, fighting the urge to scream at the Cuban to jest get on with it. "Now, why don't we begin."

"Well, if you *insist*..."

They set to work, with Larry standing and half-leaning against the wall to help get used to standing with his new feet.

The first thing they did was his hands - but injecting them with the same compound used on his feet, then cramming them into a pair of leather 'gloves' that would re-shape his hands. Each hand was then wrapped around the base of a dildo, to give his hands a defined curve when 'naturally relaxed'. Ramón fretted that the phallic objects weren't quite the right size, but Larry refused to brook any delay.

Next, Ramón injected Larry's lips. Having to force the action, Larry lifted the dildo in his right hand to his face, wincing as he slid the body-temperature plastic cylinder between his lips and held it there.

Ramón went to work on the rest of his face, complaining all the while about having to work 'free-hand'. Larry could feel the changes being made to his face as Ramón pushed and shaped the now-malleable flesh and bone that the special compound had created, as well as being able to feel the odd, disturbing and shameful sensation of his lips slowly 'plumping up', filling out around the dildo in his mouth.

While he was at it, Ramón also made the modifications to Larry's vocal chords, again complaining that he didn't like doing this all so 'casually'.

When the work was finally done, there was nothing for Larry to do but stand there, and wait. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, Ramón let him know that he could remove the dildo from his mouth and could drop both phalluses, which Larry promptly did.

"Please, say something." Ramón said, standing in front of Larry."

"Of course, I..." Larry stated - then had to stop, as a high-pitched soprano slipped from lips that felt swollen and overly-sensitive. "Oh, my - I was aiming for something... not quite so high." Ramón sighed. "Why don't I just reset the voice, and..."

"No, no - this is fine." Larry quickly reassured Ramón, even though the high-pitched little voice grated against his nerves and made him shudder at how feminine and... 'ditzzy' it sounded. "I kind of like the way it sounds."

"Are you sure?" Ramón asked. "It would be easy to reset your voice while I rework your face - I'm afraid I botched it up this try." "Oh?" Larry asked, wondering. "Please, Ramón - help me over to the mirror."

Draping himself over the Cuban, Larry struggled to walk as they made their way to the mirrored wall. The face reflected was... female.

Almost too female. It was just shy of the borderline that would have pushed it over into a caricature of a female face.

The face itself was 'heart-shaped' - a finely pointed chin leading on a smooth angle to high, well-rounded cheekbones, and from there to a smooth brow.

That face supported a set of features that were so eerily 'perfect' as to be almost unbelievable. Her lips... her new lips were incredibly full and softly firm, in the classic 'bow-shape'. Above those full lips was a tiny snub of a nose, with a pert upturn at the end that was incredibly cute.

Flanking the finely curved bridge of that nose was a pair of huge, dark eyes, framed by long, dark lashes. Her eyebrows were small and curved on an upward arch, the left one partly obscured by the massive mane of platinum-blond hair that spilled from her head in thick waves.

In fact - the new face Larry boasted looked like somebody had taken a photo, of Marilyn Monroe, then morphed it to 'idealize' it.

'My god! What has he done to me!' The thought ran through Larry's head as he stared at the beautiful, sexy, cute face staring back at him in the mirror.

What he said, in the high-pitched new voice, was:

"Wow - it looks great!"

"I does?" Ramón asked.

"Sure - I love the way it looks!" Larry lied as best he could, even going so far as to blow a kiss at the reflection before him - anything, to keep Ramón from starting all over again, and wasting more precious time. "So - what's the next step...?"

* * * * *

Twelve hours later, Lori approached the mirror, shuddering inside, but playing the role of 'anxiously excited woman' for the audience of one.

For the past twelve hours, Larry had endured one humiliation after another, as a direct result of his need to keep things moving. When Ramón had warned him about doing things free-hand, Larry hadn't realized how inexperienced the Cuban expatriate really was - he seemed to have screwed up every single thing he'd done.

But - the upside of it had been that five days worth of work had been completed in one day... well, two, since it was now three-thirty in the morning, and technically the next day. Still, things had gone quickly, if not all that well.

The downside, of course, was the utter humiliation that Larry had been forced to endure, the shameful - and sometimes 'sickening' things he'd submitted to in the name of expediency. Worst of all was the simple fact of what was being done to him - weather 'poorly'; done or not, quickly or not, he was being transformed into a woman.

Or, rather - he'd been transformed into a woman. For, approaching the mirror, the person who had once been Larry Sandurst was no longer in any way the person who had once existed, physically. With the last of the work done, the person approaching the mirror was Lori Lipinski, the name they'd agreed on for the new feminine for that she was to wear until this ordeal was over.

It hadn't really been agreed, of course - Ramón had suggested that it might be easier to develop a female persona if she had a 'role' to play, and had started making hesitant suggestions - and Larry had agreed immediately to all of them, just to keep things moving. So, now, she was trying to keep things straight in her mind to get the role down pat, while having to deal with the disgust, humiliation, and inward-directed hate and anger for what she'd let Ramón do to her, with her 'permission'.

Reaching the mirror, Lori took a deep breath, and looked herself over, starting at the bottom and working her way up.

Her tiny, curved new feet were now clad in a pair of black leather pumps with a six-inch gold-tone stiletto heel and a 'cute' ankle strap with a golden buckle, purchased by Ramón while she'd been sitting for an hour and a half in one of the machine. Rising from the tops of those shoes was her legs - a pair of incredibly shapely, attractive female legs, smooth and silky, clad in the sheer black fabric of the thigh-high nylons she wore, with seams running up the back.

Those nylon-clad monuments to feminine appendages disappeared under the hem of the skirt she wore - an expensive, form-fitting skirt that clung to her wide, womanly hips and mouth-watering teardrop-shaped ass. The front of the black skirt was smooth over her crotch, now that the final step had been performed. Behind the lacy beige panties that lay under the skirt was a perfectly-formed vagina, formed into its shape by one of the dildos they'd used earlier.

The waistband of the skirt was snug around the almost ridiculously tiny waist her new figure 'boasted', thanks to another screw-up from Ramón. The tiny diameter of her wasp-waist was further emphasized by the pair of enormous tits that strained at the fabric of her gold-colored, lace-trimmed, silk blouse. Beneath the fine blouse lurked a massive beige bra, its massive GGG-cup design barely managing to contain her incredibly huge, firm tits with their large, thick nipples. The weight of her massive new endowments exacerbated the balance problem she had atop her new feet and the heels they wore, and she was leaning almost constantly against Ramón, finding 'feminine' excuses to make it look more natural for her persona.

Above the collar of her blouse was a slender, swan-like neck that led up to her stunning face, now carefully made up to emphasize features that barely needed it. A fine gold necklace lay around her slender neck, matched by gold-and-diamond earrings through her smaller, now-pierced ears. Her hair had been carefully styled and flowed around her face and shoulders in a pale golden waterfall, further emphasizing her almost unreal face.

She wanted to say something unpleasant about her new figure - but didn't dare. Instead, she concentrated on keeping 'in character' as best she could, though managing the 'perky' aspects that Lori was supposed to have would be nearly impossible, all things considered. Still, she'd try her best - so that she could get this horrifying, humiliating experience over with, collect her money, and get back to being...

"Lori?" Ramón said, breaking into the new woman's thoughts.

"Yes, Ramón?" Lori said, forcing her gloss-pink lips into what she hoped was an authentic looking smile.

"Now that we're done the physical work, I think there's something we need to discuss." Ramón said, unusually serious. "Please, let us retire to the study."

Taking the dusky man's arm, the tall new Blonde with the enormous tits let herself be led to the study and settled into one of the deep, comfortable armchairs, while Ramón sat down across the desk from her and pulled out the piece of paper she'd signed - as Larry - before this whole thing had started.

"Lori - there's something I haven't told you..." He started - and the tone of his voice sent shivers down her newly reshaped spine.

"I made all my money by gambling - wagers of the like you wouldn't believe." Ramón said. "In fact, I have recently made a bet with two other wealthy men - men much wealthier than I, in fact. The amount we wagered was enormous. For them, it represented about half of their enormous fortunes. For me, it is... everything."

He paused, and Lori - heart running wild - prompted him. "What... what does this have to do with me?" Ramón looked ashamed. "The wager was to see... who could create the most perfect 'bimbo'."

Lori's eyes widened, and her jaw dropped. "What?!"

Ramón was now blushing, and couldn't meet the new woman's eyes. "The rules of the bet were fairly simple. We would create the most perfect 'bimbo', but we were not allowed to coerce a woman in any way - she had to agree, willingly, to everything we did to them."

"And... I'm supposed to be your 'bimbo'?" Lori demanded, incredulous.

Ramón's flush deepened. "The rules assumed that we'd start with a woman - so I got around some of them by starting with you. You see... I drugged to, so you would be more 'agreeable', and so I could... 'overdo' your body."

"Why you little..." Lori snarled, her high-pitched voice robbing her tone of much of its threat.

"Wait - hear me out." Ramón pleaded. "Now that you are fully female, the rules apply to you, with no loop holes - so I cannot force you to do anything. This decision must be of your own free will. If you wish, you may take the three-hundred-thousand that we agreed upon, and leave now."

"Damn straight." Lori said, furious, humiliated and disgusted. "Give me my money, change me back, and I'm outta here." "Well..." Ramón said, eyes downcast. "You see... the agreement you signed never said anything about changing you back." "What!" Lori shouted, rising to her feet - and nearly toppling over. She grabbed the edge of the desk.

"I'm sorry - I really am." Ramón apologized. "First of all - no more work can be done on your body for at least a month - to do anything more before then would be very dangerous. As it was, I pushed the edge of the safety period to get you done this quickly. The 'test' of the wager is tomorrow night, and if I lose, then I could not afford to change you back."

Lori's big, dark eyes became as threatening as they could, all things considered. "Are you trying to tell me I'm stuck like this?" She said, dangerously.

"No, no!" Ramón protested. "That would be 'coercing' you to do this, and I'm not allowed to do that. I can give you the name of the person who developed this biomedical technology, and he can change you back, in a month but it will cost about one hundred and

fifty thousand dollars."

Lori slumped back into the chair, seeing what Ramón had done.

Regardless of what she did, there would be the month that she spent as a woman - as *this* woman. So, that didn't count as coercion, since it was simply a medical necessity that couldn't be changed.

The money the reason Ramón had upped the offer to three-hundred grand had been so that it was exactly double the amount of

getting changed back - so, that became a fifty-fifty balance, an even decision on her part, without 'weight' that could be coercion. If she accepted the money and left now, then used it to get changed back, she wouldn't be able to wipe away her debts, as she'd wanted - but she'd be better off by a hundred and fifty grand, which would go a hell of a way to doing so, and give her a running chance to get the rest of the money. She'd still be in a risky situation - but in a better one than before this had all started, so that it wasn't only 'forcing' her to do anything, but was actually improving her situation and giving her an easier reason to opt out. From a certain point of view, Ramón was being almost over-reasonable.

From the other point of view, however....

"You bastard..." Lori said, bitterly. "You lying little "

"I never lied to you!" Ramón protested, suddenly affronted. "Never, in any of my bets, have I lied or cheated. I have withheld information, true. And I have found ways around restrictions, as I did by starting with a man for this bet - but that is not cheating, merely cunning. Even the others will agree it's fair, as I found a fair, if devious, way to make the rules work in my favor. I said I would pay you to let me turn you into a woman, and that is what will happen - any way you choose, I will pay you the money I owe you. The fact that it is not as much money as you might have hoped, at the end, does not change anything. If I'd offered you half from the very beginning, and never brought up this other wager, would you have taken it?"

Ouch - he had her there. She was desperate for the money, and nobody else had helped her at all. She would have taken half over nothing.

"Okay - so I can take the money and just leave, right?" Larry said. "I can take the cash and "

Then it struck her.

What would she do for a month? As a woman, she couldn't claim to be Larry Sandhurst - nobody would believe her. She might be able to use her apartment, since she had the keys... but, if somebody where to call the cops, there could be trouble. She wouldn't dare drive, since she had no valid ID. She would be a non-person, while suffering the humiliation of being a huge-breasted woman for that one-month minimum.

"So, let me sum this up." She said, angrily. "I can spend a month as a woman, with no identification or history, then get changed back with enough money to pay off slightly more than half my debt - and hope like hell I can pay off the rest before something bad happens to me. Or, I can be your 'bimbo' for one night, spend a month as a woman in the safety of this house, then get changed back into a man and have enough money to pay off all my debts, and still have some left over."

"Yes, that's right." Ramón nodded. "A perfectly balanced choice, with only your own personal view of which is the worse scenario to guide you into deciding. No extra pressure from me to go one way or the other - in each case, there are good and bad points, the way of all decisions in life."

Lori wanted to kill the millionaire right then and there, for all that she'd already been put through, as well as for the decision she now faced. Nevertheless, she could also see that he'd been extraordinarily careful to never actually lie to her, or attempt to directly 'cheat' her - if she'd bothered to read the legal document over more carefully, she could have found out that there was no agreement in place to change her back. Her own desperate 'greed' had led her to this direct situation, just as her own gambling problem had led her to Ramón Cordova in the first place. She could *hate* him for putting her in this position - but the only one she could *blame* was herself.

"What... what would I have to do, tomorrow, for you to win the bet?" She asked, grudgingly, hating herself for even considering that option.

"The entire house used for the evening is wired with surveillance - there would be no chance for you to break character, at any time." Ramón said, haltingly. "Sooner or later, you would... we would have to.. um.."

Lori knew what he meant - and flushed, shuddering in disgust.

But... a thought had occurred to her, and she couldn't get it out of her 'pretty little head'.

"Uh..." She said, loathing herself, but unable to refrain. "You know... it's kinda... customary... I mean, with bimbos and all... to.. um.." "Yes?" Ramón asked, having no idea where this was going.

"Gifts." She blurted out. "Expensive jewelry. An expensive convertible, like a Porsche, maybe. Perhaps... even an upscale apartment in town..."

Ramón blinked. "Well, yes I suppose that's... in character for a bimbo, to get gifts like that from a rich boyfriend. And since you brought it up without me saying anything... Yes, yes that would be allowed. I couldn't make any specific guarantees, of course, since this isn't any sort of legal contract to gain your agreement - but I'd definitely be giving my 'bimbo girlfriend' some sort of gifts..."

He trailed off and waited, his face wavering between hope and despair.

If she did this... nobody but her and Ramón would know the truth. She'd walk away, debt-free, fifty grand to the good - and with some gifts she could sell for even more money. Maybe even a nice new apartment. She could live... quite well.

If she was willingly to spend one day as a complete and utter bimbo, acting just the way her body looked - and having sex with the man in front of her.

So quietly that Ramón strained to hear it, Lori said. "I.. I'll do it."

* * * * *

She slept very poorly that night, tossing and turned, moaning in her sleep as nightmares assaulted her, though she didn't have any clear recollection of the actual images that assaulted her while she slept.

* * * * *

Lori's heart - one of the few unchanged things about her - was beating a million miles a minute as she stepped out of the limo, hanging on to Ramón's arm for more then just physical support as she fought to maintain as natural-looking a smile as she could. Slowly - mainly to help her maintain her balance - they started towards the door of the house, and she had to fight the urge to turn and run.

With the setting sun reflecting off of her, she seemed to shimmer and glow like an ethereal vision. She was dressed in shades of gold and black, highlighting the slight golden tan of her skin and the platinum-gold of her hair. A pair of gold-and-black open-toed pumps with the gold-toned six-inch stiletto heel graced her tiny feet. Black nylons encased her fabulous legs, a fine filigreed pattern running up the outside of each leg, with threads of gold interwoven with the black lace. The nylons led the eye up to the dress she wore - a gold-colored backless dress made of crushed velvet, the top half little more the gradually narrowing strips of the soft fabric that crossed her breasts and tied at the nape of her swan-like neck, revealing much of her massive breasts and an awe-inspiring amount of golden cleavage. The skirt of the dress barely covered the tops of her thigh-high nylons, and her arms were bare - all in all, Lori felt as if she were naked.

The jewelry she wore was more then 'gold-colored' - it was 24-karat gold, from the necklace draped around her neck, with it's diamond pendant that seemed to pint directly to the chasm of her cleavage, to the finely detailed 'chain link' earrings dangling from her tiny lobes, the center of each 'link' holding a small, perfectly-formed diamond. A gold watch on a black leather band graced her slender wrist.

Her hair was piled high on her head, before cascading down her back in a mass of platinum-blonde curls, a style that had taken her hours to get right, and emphasized her face, and it's artfully-applied make-up. Everything was designed to draw attention to herself, and that was the last thing she wanted, no matter what she was 'supposed' to feel - she'd be happier to jump into a hole and pull it in after her, leaving her alone and unseen.

In short - as her incredible figure jiggled and swayed in a sensual stride towards the house where she was going to be acting like a perfect bimbo, she was having considerably more then 'second thoughts'.

The they stepped through the mahogany-brass-and-glass door into the tastefully decorated foyer, and it was too late to turn back. Since they were the last of the three couples to arrive, he 'butler' left the house, closing the door behind him. It sounded like a bank-vault

being slammed shut as it quietly clicked closed behind Lori's delectable new ass.

She couldn't even say something to Ramón about all this - they were now under constant surveillance, and she was 'stuck' in the role...

...or risked losing Ramón's bet for him, and condemning him to poverty while she ended up in the second situation, which was what she was trying to avoid.

She just wondered if the price was too high.

Forcing herself to act the role, she pushed her lush new body more firmly against Ramón's side and looked around with simulated awe.

"Gee, honey - this place is really something!" She said, forcing her high-pitched voice to sound perky, if not overly intelligent. "It musta cost a fortune!"

Nobody except her would ever know how much it took out of her to manage that bright, dumb voice.

"Yes, I suppose it did cost quite a bit, Lori." Ramón agreed, 'indulgently'. "Come, I am sure the others are already waiting for us. You took quite a while to get ready, my dear."

Leaning on the handsome Cuban, Lori let herself be lead towards the parlor, fighting down incipient panic by focusing solely on getting her walk down right - a sexy little stride with short, 'heel-to-toe' steps that caused her hips to swivel and sway and her huge tits to jiggle and bounce.

They entered the parlor, and Lori struggled to keep a smile fixed to her face as she was introduced around.

The first 'other' millionaire was a man by the name of Robert - a tall, almost painfully thin blond with a faint German accent and steely- blue eyes that seemed to dissect her, rather than look at her. Hanging on his arm was a tall, slender blonde woman name Carrie, with a stronger Germanic accent, whose triple 'D' cup tits would have seemed big to Lori, before she'd developed the massive endowments now thrust roundly from her chest, straining at the dress.

The other man was Donald, a slightly pudgy and completely forgettable-looking man with medium brown hair and eyes. The woman hanging off his arm was also a blonde, but obviously of the 'bottle' variety - it was an incredibly brassy shade with black roots. Her eyes were a bright, sparkling blue that looked like she'd never entertained a thought in her life, and she giggled frequently. Her body was somewhere between Lori's and Carrie's, with breasts almost as big as Lori's own monsters, but her body not quite as hour-glass. Her face, while cute and definitely perky, lacked the elements of classical beauty that Lori possessed.

Her name - or at least the one she was using - was 'Bambi'.

Though Lori definitely possessed the most 'bimboish' body of the three, it was only by a small margin over 'Bambi' - and, with the girls perky, brain-dead personality, Bambi was the greatest competition for Lori.

Of course, the thought that she'd have to 'out-bimbo' Bambi was less than reassuring.

"So, what do you ladies do for a living?" Robert asked. "Carrie, hear, is a swimsuit model."

"Oh, gee..." Bambi said, with a giggle. "That's neat. I work as a... whatchamacallit. The classy name for a stripper..." "Exotic dancer?" Ramón supplied, dryly.

"yeah! That's it!" Bambi giggled. "I keep forgetting it."

"Lori?" Donald prompted, smiling down at Bambi - well, her cleavage, at any rate.

Lori put her most brain-dead expression on her face. "Me? Oh, I don't really, you know, work. I just kinda.. hang out, y'know? At nightclubs, mostly - I just love the wet-T-shirt contests." She took a deep breath and pulled her shoulders back, and her tits threatened to burst from her skimpy clothing. "these babies win a lot. I guess guys like them."

Then, she did perhaps the bravest thing she'd ever done, the thing that took more willpower than she thought she had. Smiling, she looked Donald straight in the eye - then grabbed his free hand and pulled it against her massive tit.

"Do you like them?" She asked, artlessly.

Donald coughed, withdrawing his hand - slowly. "Well, um.. they're quite nice..." "Oh..." Lori pouted. "Just 'nice'?"

"They're stupendous, my dear." Ramón 'assured' her.

Screwing up all her courage, Lori pressed herself against Ramón. "that's why I like you, honey." She breathed, perkily - then pressed her full, firm lips against his.

Trying to 'forget' that she was kissing a man, she pretended that it was Bambi she was kissing, working to put all the 'oomph' she could muster into it.

Ramón responded, enthusiastically. They kissed, deeply and passionately, in a kiss that went on...

...and on...

...and on...

Robert cleared his throat, noisily.

"Oh, jeez, sorry." Lori said, breaking the kiss, and struggling to keep her tone light and perky. "Sometimes, when I'm kissing, I just forget everything..."

It wasn't easy to keep that tone. 'Flustered' would describe how she felt - if you were the type of person who described the Grand canyon as 'a little ditch'.

Some of the emotion came from the fact she'd just kissed a man - a nine-point-five on her own personal Richter scale. Running right off the charts, though was the fact that, physically...

...she'd actually enjoyed it. It had felt good to have her full, firm lips pressed against Ramón's lips. To have his tongue and hers intertwined. Though it was utterly disgusting, emotionally, the sensation had been very, very pleasant - and it scared the hell out of her.

She'd never even considered the possibility that being female could feel good - and it opened up a whole new dimension to what was happening to her. Intellectually, she could understand it - women felt pleasure, she knew that. It had just, somehow, escaped her mind that she could also find aspects of being female physically enjoyable.

"Well, now that we're all introduced," Robert suggested. "Why don't we go into the dining room - we wouldn't want out dinners to get cold, would we?"

There was general acclamation on the subject, and the sextet headed into the wood-paneled dining room, finding seats around the table.

Ramón held Lori's seat for her, and the instant he'd seated himself next to her, she snuggled up to him - strictly for appearances, of course.

She was again amazed to discover how nice it felt to have her body pressed up against his firm, lithe body. This was definitely a new and distracting idea for her, having to deal with the disparity between physical pleasure and emotional pain - and the better something 'feminine' felt, physically, the worse it felt, emotionally.

Oddly enough, it sort of helped her. Since she was playing the role of a bimbo, the most 'feminine' type of woman (from her point of view), the less she wanted to do something, the more likely it was that it was exactly what she 'should' be doing.

So, gritting her teeth behind her smile, she forced herself to do the things that she least wanted to do. As they ate dinner and made small talk, she hardly ever had her hands off of Ramón, constantly making suggestive comments, as well as constantly posing her body to show it if, not just to Ramón, but to the other men as well.

When what she really wanted to do was wear something so bulky and unflattering that it wouldn't have been possible to determine her gender. Which, given her outrageous figure, was patently impossible.

Finally, the meal was done - and Lori was a bit surprised to realize that she couldn't recall what she'd eaten, so wrapped up as she had been in getting through the ordeal. It had taken most of her willpower to go ahead and do all those things she loathed, and she kept telling herself that she had to just keep on doing it, setting her sights on getting through dinner.

Dinner was now over, and Lori realized that it wasn't the end of anything, but merely the beginning of the next step, as they 'retired' to the parlor for after-dinner drinks...

...and some serious fondling and kissing, as each of the 'bimbos' climbed onto their man's laps and draped themselves all over them, letting the men's hands wander over their lush bodies.

Lori wanted to die as she cuddled up in Ramón's lap and felt his strong hand glide up her nylon-clad leg while she nibbled at his neck. The 'good' part of that was the fact that, her face buried in the crook of his neck, nobody could see the tortured expression in her eyes.

The worst part - was feeling Ramón's cock stir to life under her thigh as he rapidly became aroused. Created by him or not, there was a hugely-endowed and apparently very 'willing' woman on his lap, fondling and nuzzling him 'enthusiastically' and his body responded in a completely natural way...

...making Lori want to vomit. Instead, she redoubled her efforts.

She was determined - she'd already gone this far, and she wasn't going to back down. She had to win this 'Contest of the Bimbos', no matter what it cost her, emotionally.

Besides... it felt kind of... good.

It ranked her to admit it, even to herself - but the feel of Ramón's hands roaming her soft, supple flesh was pleasurable indeed, and when she pressed herself more firmly against his masculine body, huge tits thrust against his chest, it was a shameful action that was only half 'planned' - the other half of the action came for the disgusting fact that it felt better to her that way, and she'd done it to increase the awful, disgusting, wonderful pleasure she was getting from 'playing' with a man.

Lori was horrified to discover that she was rapidly becoming aroused. A low warmth was building deep inside of her, and her nipples were so fully swollen that they were almost painful.

'Oh, God!' She thought to herself as she kissed him passionately, tongues dancing. 'Why am I enjoying this so damned much? It feels really, really good - but it's sick and perverted...'

'...isn't it?'

The fact that she was no longer absolutely sure should have been terrifying for Lori...

...yet, it was only 'disquieting'. It was as if something inside her was slowly eroding, as if her resistance to her new gender was slowly fading - as if she was beginning to accept that all the things that would have been wrong as a man would now be all right - more than 'all right' - in her new form...

...she shivered slightly, even as she continued to kiss Ramón, feeling his hands cupping her full ass cheeks. Confusion was swirling with pleasure in her mind, leaving her little time to reflect on everything - all she knew is that she seemed to be falling down a steep

incline, her sense of 'masculinity' slipping away at a faster and faster rate as she absorbed more and more of the pleasures that her new body could bring.

It was with genuine reluctance that she finally broke the long, passionate embrace they'd been in, and from deep inside came a pang of her masculine ego as she wondered why she regretted it so much... but it couldn't stop her from feeling what she was feeling.

Including the fact that the feel of a very large, erect cock against her thigh was driving her nut, that large, warm organ separated from her bare flesh only by thin layers of cloth. She found herself thinking about that cock, and what she could be doing with it - after all, weren't her hands, mouth and cunt all - literally - formed to embrace just that object...?

A moment of clarity rang through her, and she found herself thinking 'Oh, shit! I'm losing myself!'

That's what it felt like - as if there were two separate people inhabiting the same, luscious body. One of them was the male persona, Larry, that had lived his entire life as a man until being transformed into a woman. the other persona was Lori - who, from a certain point of view, had lived her entire life as a female, and was beginning to not only accept, but enjoy her body and gender.

Something was wrong. Lori knew, deep down, that this shouldn't be happening this way - she shouldn't be accepting things so quickly and easily. Intellectually, she knew she would be utterly disgusted by what was going on, if she were still the same person she had always been - she could remember how she'd felt, then, and knew how she should be reacting.

Her emotions, though - 'Lori' seemed to hold almost all the emotions already, as if she'd claimed them in the divorce of Larry's masculinity from his body. Now, she realized, she was slowly gaining ground on the 'intellectual' side, as well 0 though not as much, because she didn't seem to care at all about most of the intellect. She just wanted to keep doing what felt good, and stop worrying so much about things. Thinking was becoming harder and harder as she sank towards living 'in the moment', enjoying the physical pleasures without any worries about how she 'should' be feeling about them.

In any other situation, Lori would have 'backed away' from the situation, taking the time to battle out the divided thoughts and urges in her mind - but, right now, her male side was being forced to act in the exact manner her female side wanted to, and to take the battle in hand would have meant losing the best chance she'd have of returning to her male form. It was a catch twenty-two situation, leaving her in the untenable position of having to choose what to do:

She could give in to her female desires and urges, hoping she had enough strength after this was all over to pull herself back from the edge of losing her 'real' persona,

or,

She could take firm control over her wayward emotions and urges, refusing to give into them - and end up spending the month as a woman with no identity or history, trying her best to make things come out once she was finally male again, with the threat of prison or death looming over her while she - who would be he - struggled to pay back his debts.

She wanted, desperately, to have time to consider, to choose what the best route for her, in the long run, would be...

...when she noticed the other couples, arm in arm, were heading for the bedrooms assigned to them for the night.

In that instant, without even thinking about it, she made her decision, by smiling at Ramón and pulling him to his feet, cuddling up against him as they headed towards their bedroom. It hadn't been a conscious action, on Lori's part - she'd just responded to what the others were doing, unwilling to lose by default while she was still trying to decide - and, in that indecision, she made her choice.

'Why am I doing this?' Lori asked herself, even as she led Ramón into the bedroom, smiling seductively - if vapidly - at him. 'Why am I so accepting of what's happening to me? Why aren't I fighting it, the way I should be?'

Somehow, the questions couldn't arouse the emotions that would have given her the fire to answer them, and she realized that the reason for that was that she was too busy feeling other things...

...like 'incredibly horny'. At that moment she wanted to do this - she wanted to embrace her new gender and just let herself go, losing herself in the pleasure of what she was doing.

So - that's what she did.

Still smiling - no longer needing to force that smile to her full lips - she kissed Ramón quickly, but passionately, shivering in pleasure as she felt his hands on her body, caressing her firm, full ass. She was still smiling as she reached behind her neck and undid the bow at the nape of her neck, letting the dress slide down her body to form a golden puddle around her high heels.

"I am *sooooo* horny, Ramón..." She said, in a high, breathy voice, her eyes blank and empty as her body was consumed with arousal. Her dainty hands came up and began to caress her huge, firm tits. "Please... touch me..."

Ramón didn't need any more urging. His hands came up and began to fondle her huge endowments, paying special attention to her massive, fully engorged nipples. Lori's eyes closed and her head lolled back as she moaned in pleasure... but her hands reached out and found Ramón's body, and her slender fingers began to undo buttons and zippers, eager to get at the masculine flesh behind it.

'This isn't right!' Part of Lori's mind protested as she absorbed the pleasure of Ramón's touch - but that voice was ignored by the part of her mind that was running her body, the part of her mind that was no longer thinking about anything as complex as right or wrong, focused solely on 'feeling good'.

She had Ramón's shirt off now, and she pressed her lush body against his, feeling the warmth of his flesh through her own, her huge tits crushed oh-so-wonderfully against his broad chest.

Then, slowly, she began to sink to her knees, her hands going for his pants as her vapid smile widened at the thought of filling her mouth with...

'No!' That small voice in her mind screamed. 'No, I've changed my mind! I don't want to do this!'

For a second, Lori's mile faltered and she blinked, trying to focus on that small voice. She understood the words themselves, but what the words meant just wouldn't gel...

...then she mentally shrugged, and her smile grew again as her slender finger sent Ramón's pants and underwear down to his ankles. She actually cooed in pleasure as his cock sprang free, throbbing and ready, only inches from her face.

The voice deep inside was shouting at her, but she didn't bother to listen as she slid her full, soft lips down over the warm, delicious shaft, loving the way it felt - after all, weren't her lips designed to fit just this shape?

So were her hands. Wrapping her hand around the base of Ramón's cock, she began to slurp nosily at the wonderful organ filling her mouth, licking the head of the cock as her own head bobbed back and forth, lips sliding up and down the wonderful piece of man-meat.

If it weren't for the annoying voice in the back of her mind that she was ignoring, she would have been in heaven as she licked and slurped away at the cock.

It didn't take long at all before Ramón groaned, and he came like a fire hose, gushing a jet of warm, salty, delicious cum into her mouth. She slurped down every drop, loving the taste and texture of it as if slid down her oh-so-eager throat.

"Mmmmm..." She murmured in delight as she licked the cock clean. "I just *love* the taste of cum..."

"Do you love getting fucked long and hard just as much?" A voice behind her asked, and Lori turned to see Robert standing behind her, naked, his own cock already hard and ready.

"You know I do, honey..." She cooed, rising to her feet and slowly, sensuously sliding her panties down, one hand caressing her hot, wet cunt. "Fuck me, stud..."

Taking his hand, she led him eagerly to the bed and lay down, spreading her legs and smiling vapidly at him. Swinging a leg over, he positioned himself at her crotch - then bucked his hips, driving his cock deep into her waiting womanhood.

"Oh, yes!" She cried. "Fuck me, honey - fuck me long and hard!"

She began to move her own hips in time to his rhythm as his cock pounded her pussy, creating waves of pleasure that resounded through her so intensely that it nearly drowned out the screaming voice in the back of her mind. It was the most

wonderful thing she'd ever felt, and all Lori could think about was fucking and sucking men day and night, to feel as good as she did now, all the time.

Robert was fucking her hard and fast, and her huge tits bounced and swayed as she rocked and writhed in pleasure, shouting out words of encouragement as she rose closer and closer to orgasm...

Then Robert came, his quick, hard thrust pushing him past the edge and sending his cum deep into her sopping cunt.

Even though she hadn't orgasmed, herself, Lori cried out in intense pleasure at having sucked the cum out of his cock, looking as if she were experiencing the most intense orgasm in history despite the 'dissatisfying' feeling of being so close. She didn't care, though - just having a cock in her cunt was more enjoyable than anything she'd ever done, and the occasional orgasm would only be the icing on the cake, if she could just feel that 'fulfilled' sensation of a man's organ in her cunt, again and again..

Panting, Robert rolled off of her, and she smiled at him... then smiled even more widely at the sight of Donald standing behind Robert. "Hey, Lori..." Donald said. "Feel like getting a hard cock deep up your ass, bitch?"

"Oh, yes, please...!" Lori all-but-begged, eyes shining, as she rolled over and rose to her hands and knees to present her spectacular ass to him...

* * * * *

Ramón sipped at the Cuba Libre Robert had poured for him, and waited for Robert's verdict.

The other man made Ramón wait while he built himself a drink, then leaned against the bar and took a long sip before he spoke. "Yes - I think you've nearly got it." Robert said, slowly.

Ramón let out a sigh, half relief, half frustration. "What is it this time?"

Robert held out a hand, placating his 'employee'. "Don't get upset, Ramón - I understand that this is hardly an exact science, and you are definitely improving. When you started with Carl, it was a completely unwilling subject and untested procedures, and so Carrie is only borderline - but the best that could be expected of a prototype. Your second attempt was a good idea, too - after all, Bob was gay to begin with, so Bambi's absolutely incredible when it comes to cock-sucking, and always willing to get ass-fucked..."

"...but she won't let anyone even come near her vagina." Ramón finished, wincing. "God knows I've tried a dozen different times to reprogram her to get around that - but it never works."

"A phobia, I think - stemming from the fact that she was never interested in that as a man." Robert replied, with a shrug. "Still, she makes us good money at Donald's club."

"Obviously, Lori doesn't have that problem - I thought she would have been about perfect." Ramón replied. "So - what is it this time?"

"Actually - nothing." Robert said, with a smile. "We merely need to do one more, for two reasons. The first reason is to verify that the procedure wasn't a fluke..."

"A fluke?" Ramón said, affronted. "I tell you that it will work just as well, every time. We should go directly to the... second phase."

Now Robert's 'friendly' facade slipped, and the powerful entrepreneur showed through. "When you lost all your money in a bad gamble, Ramón, I bailed you out. Completely. I didn't come close, then suggest that it might work itself out, did I?"

Ramón's head lowered. "No. no, you didn't."

Robert nodded in satisfaction, the friendly demeanor returning. "Well then - now we have figured out the system for the actual transformation, I can have my teams start rounding up all the homeless people we can get our hands on. Nobody will miss them, the city itself will be the better for it - and, soon, our little 'entertainment centers' for our wealthy brethren will be turning quite the profit. Especially since we can tailor individual 'girls' to certain client's preferences "

" which will make us very, very rich." Donald said, still tying his bathrobe into place as he came into the room.

Ramón's lips tightened at his 'partners' jocular tone. He was nearly bankrupt again, as it was, this 'program' draining his resources quickly and painfully. He might - might - have enough money to do one more 'test case'. He'd better - he wouldn't see any more income until the girls started 'producing', and even then, he'd only be receiving a small percentage of the profits, while the other two received the lions share.

"What is the second reason for doing a second 'test case' on this 'model'?" Ramón asked, finishing the last of his drink.

"Well, it is actually a two-part reason, my old friend." Robert said with a smile. "A 'final test'. First, we have to make sure that another person can duplicate the work from all your carefully-kept records. You certainly don't want to be doing the hands-on work anymore."

"That's right." Ramón agreed.

"Secondly, we have to make sure that you are right, that it can be used effectively on a person, even if they didn't even give nominal agreement to the procedure. I know, for 'safety' reasons, you 'hoodwinked' Lori for the case - but you have assured us that it will work, no matter how willing - or unwilling - the subject is."

"That's right." Ramón agreed again feeling fuzzy and light headed. He blinked as his vision doubled, everything becoming hazy and

indistinct. He tried to say something, but his lips were too thick and heavy, and they wouldn't move...

* * * * *

"Ah I think a sultry Latino will be a wonderful addition to our stable." Robert said, finishing the last of his drink and smiling down at the

figure sprawled limply in the chair. "I've made it a habit to eliminate potential interference in my plans before - but this time, *Ramona* is not only no longer a liability - she will be an asset. A wonderful new system." He laughed. "Besides - why share the profits needlessly?"

His smile faltered, and he blinked. Slowly, comprehension began to sink into eyes that were going dull, and he tried to say something - but, like Ramón, the drug kicked in so quickly that he didn't have a chance, and he slid to the ground, unconscious.

"Why, indeed?" Donald answered, with a half-grin. Walking over to the door, he opened it and allowed his hand-picked team to enter. "That one.." He pointed to Ramón, " is to be a slender, fairly well-endowed 'common'. Mindwipe and basic programming only."

"Yes sir." The leader of the team nodded. "And the other one?"

Donald looked down at Robert's limp form. "Same basic template as Lori - it'll be in the files. Give her the 'nymphomaniac' sex-drive, and suppress her ability to talk about her 'real' past - but leave her basic person intact." His grin became cruel. "Give her one set of clothes, five hundred dollars - and turn her loose."

"Yes sir." The leader of the team replied, neutrally, and he and his men got to work, loading the limp bodies onto stretchers and hauling them away.

Smiling contentedly, Donald headed out of the room, and back to the bedroom where Lori was waiting...

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: After being shot down, two macho Cuban pilots encounter a UFO and slowly find that their bodies are being transformed..

Deep Cover

By Gunslinger

The bearded man paced up and down in the ornate office, a crumpled sheet of paper in one waving fist. Once voted as 'Cuba's best athlete', his body had softened and spread, and gray shot through his once dark hair and beard, but the revolutionary fire burned brighter than ever in Fidel Castro's dark eyes.

"How dare they?" he raged, his face darkened with anger. "Those yellow bastards DARE to question my commitment?"

His brother Raul watched with disinterest. Calmer and more methodical than his brother, he lacked the personal magnetism that had allowed Fidel to take Cuba as his own, but was Fidel's most trusted - and capable - advisor. He was used to such outbursts from his hot blooded sibling.

"You must admit," Raul said, "that to our Chinese brethren, allowing the Pope to come was a serious breach. A true Marxist denies the existence of any God."

Rather than further enflaming Fidel, it caused his tantrum to cease as a small, wry grin to surface. Both Castros had Catholic upbringing, and had secretly continued their devotions. The Papal visit had been one of the highlights of Fidel's career as 'Benevolent Dictator'.

"A dedicated Marxist also refuses to bow to capitalism" he retorted, referring to China's gross commercialism. "Still, this is an insult that can not be tolerated. We must do something."

The slimmer, clean-shaven Castro nodded. "I thought you might feel that way. I have already made some plans." He pulled a file folder from his leather briefcase.

"I knew you wouldn't let me down." Fidel said, settling into his chair. "Show me."

Raul passed a photograph to his brother. It showed a tall, slender man with crew-cut hair so pale it almost appeared white. He wore the high-tunic uniform of the PVO Strany, the now-defunct Soviet Air Defense Force, roughly equivalent to the American's Air National Guard.

Fidel raised a bushy eyebrow. "So?"

"Dmitri Aleksander Filitov. Previously a Colonel in the Soviet Air Force. He was on an exchange tour here in Cuba when the breakup of the Soviet Union occurred. Moscow immediately released him as they began a drastic downsizing of military forces. Filitov elected to remain, and now holds the same rank in our own Air Force."

Fidel accepted the second picture. This time, the person photographed was Cuban - or mostly so. Tall for a Cuban, his skin was also several shades lighter than most of his Latin countrymen. However, his close cropped hair and small, neat mustache were the lustrous black of most Cubans.

"Miguel Jesus Chavez." Raul recited from memory. "Also a Colonel. His mother was Russian. His knowledge of the language prompted us to assign him as liaison to Col. Filitov. The two have worked quite closely for some time - and quite well, by all accounts."

Fidel nodded. "Since both men are pilots, I assume your plan involves an aircraft of some kind?" he said, mildly sarcastic.

Raul smiled. "Of course. A MiG-17. An older model fighter, it can be fitted with a photographic reconnaissance package. It is also small, and it's handling characteristics are similar to an American business jet, called a... " He looked at the ceiling, dredging up the piece of information. "... Gulfstream."

Fidel's eyes lit up. "Ah, I see. A spy mission of America."

Raul nodded. "Yes. I've personally briefed the two men myself, to get their feelings. They assure me that they can do a covert mission and photograph the American naval installation at Norfolk."

"And then, we send a copy of these photos, quietly, to those old men in Beijing." Fidel smiled. "That should keep them quiet for a while" Raul agreed.

* * * * *

"Gulf One-Seven-Niner, this is ANG on guard, do you copy?"

The pilot of the Air National Guard F-16 checked his radar display as he closed on the blinking lights in the deep, moonless darkness. It was standard procedure that any aircraft entering American airspace be visually identified, and his take-off from Homestead Air Force Base had been routine.

His radio crackled. "ANG, this is One-Seven-Niner, we copy. Go ahead, over."

The reply was laced with a heavy Spanish accent - not surprising, the flight-plan for G-179 originated from Peru. The Guard pilot toggled his IFF, and got the appropriate response from the other aircraft's transponder. According to the radar, the other aircraft was also behaving the way a private jet should be.

His agile Falcon was closing quickly of the blinking nav lights of the other aircraft. In the deep darkness of the moonless night, visual identification would be difficult. But, when it came to telling the difference between a genuine aircraft and a threat, there was one sure

way...

"One-Seven-Niner, activate cabin and rudder lights please."

A second later, the night was split by a row of golden light, at the tail of which upward aimed lights illuminate a white tail with the registration code G-179-PR23A. The Guard pilot checked the number off that on his sheet, verifying that it was the same on the flight plan. Satisfied, he began to bank his aircraft for a return to base.

* * * * *

"You are cleared to enter America, One-Seven-Niner. Have a nice flight."

Chavez, in the rear seat, watched the ruddy glow of the F-16 as it banked down and away. He clicked his microphone twice, 'breaking squelch, the international pilot short-form for 'roger'.

"Okay, 'mano, I think you can shut them down." Chavez said.

In the forward cockpit, Filitov clicked a switch. Along the spine of the aircraft, the row of hastily added lights, simulating cabin lights, died into blackness, along with rudder light, illuminating the freshly painted numbers.

With the most dangerous part of entry behind them, the two pilots relaxed a little. They'd decide that Chavez would handle the navigation and radios, while Filitov flew. The assumed - rightly - that a Latin voice would sound less suspicious than a Russian one over the radio.

The small, two-seat MiG - 'Fishbed', in NATO nomenclature - continued northward through the night. Aside from the continuous coverage along the borders, and the sets near commercial airports, few Radar sites dotted the interior of the States, and as they passed into Georgia, they were flying a route that kept them out of the umbrella of radar. The night grew longer and the two men chatted on the intercom - in their individually accented English - to pass the time away.

Despite their disparate backgrounds, the two men had become good friends as well as professional colleagues. Both had grown up in countries forbidding religion, yet each had been raised in a religious background, albeit furtively. Filitov's was Russian Orthodox, Chavez's Roman Catholic, the two often got into surprisingly deep theological debates. The command of the Russian's native tongue - thanks to his mother - meant they shared another bond in common.

But most of all, they were fighter pilots. Part of a select brotherhood in the world, every military aviator, regardless of what uniform they wore, possessed the same types of personalities and training as their counterparts. It had been one of the

ironies that during the height Cold War, American and Russian fighter pilots had more in common with - and more respect for - each other than they did for their respective political masters who would decide if they should ever meet in combat.

It was nearing two o'clock in the morning, and the cramped fighter was flying over the Appalachian mountains that divided northern Georgia from Tennessee. It was Filitov who spotted it first - years of training had ingrained him with the habit of searching the skies

around him for potential threats. The cluster of lights in the distance, slightly ahead and above their path of flight, caught his eye. The distance was so great, he would have missed it if not for the pitch-black conditions.

"We have a fellow traveler, eleven o'clock high." Filitov keyed over the intercom with a small smile. In the Fifties and Sixties, the phrase 'Fellow Traveler' in America had been a code phrase to identify fellow communists. "What do you make of her?"

Chavez searched the sky until he caught it. He frowned slightly, then fished in his survival vest, coming up with a small pair of field binoculars. He focused them on the other aircraft travelling parallel to them. He keyed the intercom.

"Sergei, something isn't right about this. " He said, concerned. "They're showing several bright lights, like landing lights, yet they're obviously not landing. Also, the nav lights are wrong. They should be red and green - these look orange and blue to me. And I can't figure out the configuration."

Filitov, unable to use his field glasses while flying, frowned, trying to make out more detail. "What do you think it could be, Miguel?"

"I don't know, but... Jesus Christo!" Chavez swore.

Both men were experienced fighter pilots. Trained in aerial combat, they knew what sort of agility and speed the highest-performance fighters in the world possessed. And what they saw now was impossible.

The other aircraft when from miles away, flying parallel, to a closing course towards them. It gave no indication of either a long, flat rudder turn, nor a faster, sharper bank. It just seemed to . . swivel ninety degrees and shoot towards them at a velocity that left both pilots in disbelief. In mere seconds it was flying in close formation, ahead and slightly behind their aircraft.

Chavez was the only one that got a good look at it. It was oblong, about twice the length of their MiG, and wreathed in strobing lights that pulsed around the lower rim. Several blindingly bright white lights shone down from the belly of the . . whatever it was. It seemed to hover behind them, matching their velocity with no noticeable propulsion. Then his view of it vanished as Filitov cranked the fighter into a punishing 5-G turn to starboard, and accelerated into afterburner.

The agile fighter twisted sharply in mid air, and began to peel away from the intruder - then stopped dead in the air. A deep blue glow filled the cockpit, as some sort of beam lanced out of the impossible aircraft, catching the Fishbed in it's grip.

The roaring Tumansky engine screeched into higher registers as systems began to short out in the cockpit. Smoke and sparks filled the air as the engine cut off and began to wind down. Inexorably, the fighter was being drawn towards the belly of the intruder, still sitting in the fifty-degree angle the bank had induced.

For the two men in the helpless fighter, the beam swept through their bodies and was felt deep within. For Chavez, it reminded him of the pins and needles of an arm that fell asleep, but through his entire body. Filitov, however, found himself thinking of the training he'd received in Russia - and a description of what a blast of radiation might feel like passing through the human body.

"Miguel, get ready to punch out!" Filitov screamed as loud as he could, not trusting the intercom. He waited a bare heartbeat, then pressed his body into the ejection seat, reached between his legs, and pulled the handle.

For an endless instant, nothing seemed to happen. Then, the twin canopies blew off in a burst of pyrotechnic glory, and the cold air filled the open cockpit. A split second later, the motors under the two seats ignited, trusting the two men from the aircraft, up and out.

Filitov felt a tremendous jerk as the parachute opened, separating him from the seat. Reaching up, he grabbed the risers, and looked for his co-pilot's chute. Spotting it below and ahead of him, he steered his own chute to follow him down.

Almost immediately, he began to worry. In the pitch black, there was no way to judge how high they were above the ground. He knew it must be rushing towards them, yet impact would come as a complete surprise. They could hit almost anywhere - including somewhere lethal. In a terrible game of Blind Man's Bluff, they were going to have to trust sheer luck.

Filitov, at least, got a second's warning, when he saw Chavez's chute collapse, indicating a landing. Filitov flared the chute, braced his legs, and prepared to perform a parachute landing roll.

Chavez groaned as he lay on the ground. Thanks to a little foresight, he'd taken off his helmet and let it hang to the extant of its air hose. When he'd heard it hit the ground, he'd performed a near text-book landing. The pain he felt was the deep, throbbing ache in his lower back. He'd been slightly out of position when they'd ejected, the thrust compressing his spine in a painful direction. The sudden yank of his chute opening had stretched his spine, creating a minor - but painful - injury. Still, he reflected, he preferred that to what would have happened had the chute NOT opened.

Painfully, he unclipped himself and rose to his feet. As he was gathering up his chute, Filitov appeared, barely visible in the blackness. Uninjured, he was faster than his companion, and had already buried his own parachute. Seeing the way his friend moved, Filitov realized what had happened - that particular injury occurred during more than half the time during ejection.

"Here, let me." he said, bundling up the chute, and dropping it in the same shallow hole under a bush that his own resided in. He piled the soft loam around it.

Chavez pulled his flashlight from his survival vest and snapped it on, turning in a circle. He gave a low whistle. "Man, I tell you, we're a couple of lucky sons of bitches." He breathed in awe.

Filitov stood up. "What do you mean?"

Chavez repeated his circle, revealing their landing site. They'd come down in a small clearing in the foothills. Behind them, sharp crags rose up into the sky, while on the other three sides, dense woods surrounded them. In a phenomenal burst of luck, they'd missed both hazards to land in the meadow, measuring about a hundred yards long, and about a quarter of that wide.

"We'd better get moving, Miguel." Filitov said. "The American's will be looking for us." Chavez blinked. "I doubt it."

"You don't think they'd let witnesses to some sort of top-secret aircraft just walk away, do you?" Filitov asked.

Chavez shook his head. "Sergei, my friend, that was no American aircraft. I got a very good look at it. It was a...UFO."

Filitov stared at his comrade for a minute, his mind churning the idea over. The odd lights, the impossible performance - and that strange beam. He found himself unable to logically dispute his friend's assertion.

"Still, we should find a place to hole up until morning." Filitov said.

Chavez nodded, and the two men, illegal spies in a foreign country, began to carefully pick their way through the woods. Using their lights, they found an odd tree. Short and wide, it was a member of the Weeping Willow family, its foliage laden branches creating a dome that hid a small, clear space near its trunk. Thankfully, they sank to the soft loam of the forest floor and, safe from prying eyes, drifted off to sleep.

* * * * *

Chavez yawned and blinked, his sleep-befogged mind trying to place the dull green illumination around him. The memory of the previous night swept back, and he realized he was seeing the late-morning light through the foliage of the tree.

Carefully, he eased himself upright - and rolled smoothly to his feet as he discovered, in a very pleasant surprise, a complete lack of pain from his back. He moved around the trunk of the tree to wake his Russian compatriot.

As he knelt to shake Filitov awake, he paused, frowning. Something wasn't quite right about his friend. It took him a few seconds to realize what it was.

Filitov's hair was too long.

Last night, his friend's pale hair had been in its usual crew-cut. Now, it was about an inch long, looking like a disreputable haystack from Filitov's 'bed-head'. Reaching up, the Cuban established a similar amount of growth on himself. Still frowning, Chavez shook him awake.

Filitov grunted and opened his eyes. "Good morning, Miguel. I trust you slept well?" he asked sarcastically, as he rubbed a sore shoulder. Some of the various survival equipment on his vest had dug into soft parts of his body while he slept.

"Tell me, Sergei. Do you notice anything odd about me?" Chavez asked.

Filitov frowned at his friend. "What do you mean, odd..." he began, then his eyes widened. "What happened with your hair?" "Our hair, you mean." Chavez replied. "Both of us have longer hair this morning."

The Russian was rubbing his jaw. "Well, more hair on our head, less on our face. Shouldn't we have stubble?" He eyed Chavez as the Latino felt his own smooth jaw. Thankfully, his short, precise mustache appeared to be unaffected.

The two men had no choice but to ignore the odd happenings for the moment - they had things to do. The first order of business was something to eat. Filitov dug a can of Sterno from his vest and lit it, while Chavez mixed water from his canteen into their only two packages of dehydrated food - beef stew for the Cuban, and Chicken Pot Pie for the Russian. It really didn't matter - both were equally unappetizing.

That unpleasant task out of the way, Filitov took out a map, and they tried to locate themselves. From the position of the sun and the mountains, it was quickly obvious they had come down in Tennessee, but the exact location remained a mystery. After discussing it, they decided to strike out north-west, and hope to come upon a road or a stream. If they were lost in the woods for several days, they'd be forced to use their .38 pistols to hunt - a task the small-frame, inaccurate weapon was poorly suited for.

It was just after noon when the two communists set out, following the now-descending sun's path. This time of year meant they had a good eight hour of daylight for movement, and with Chavez's inexplicably painless back, they should make good time.

They took a break two hours later. Not because they were physically tired - both men were in prime shape, and could have walked for hours more. They Stopped to take stock of the continuing changes that were taking place.

Chavez's moustache was gone. Both men's bodies were now completely hairless from the nose down. Their skin had softened as well, become silky smooth. Their hair had continued to grow, now laying in a tangled mass around there slimming shoulders.

But the most worrisome part was their chests - where each pilot now bore two firm, pointed breasts of roughly A-cup measurements.

"Sergei, I don't think we can pretend any longer." Chavez said in a horrified voice, his hands touching, then shying away from, his shrunken manhood.

The Russian's hands - which were becoming more slender, and whose nails were longer - were lightly touching the domes that rode incongruously on his chest.

"You're right, Miguel." He said. "Somehow, that - thing - has done something to us. We're turning into women."

Colonel Miguel Chavez, pride of the Cuban Air Force, and in his mind one of the great Latin lovers, nodded and straightened. "Colonel Filitov," he said in a formal, sober voice, "It has been an honor and a privilege serving with you."

"What..." Filitov's eyes widened in horror. Before he could make any move, Chavez calmly but swiftly removed his survival pistol from its holster, placed the muzzle against his temple - and pulled the trigger.

"NO!" Filitov yelled helplessly as the bullet tore through his friend's head, catapulting a grisly spray of blood and bone from the other side.

Impossibly, the Cuban did not fall. An agonized scream tore from his fuller lips as he dropped the pistol to the ground. Filitov rushed to his friend's side to support him.

"Madres de Dios!" The Cuban cried. "The pain..." Tears rolled down his dusky cheeks.

Filitov had no answer. He was staring in horrid fascination at the terrible wound in his comrade's head. As he watched in disbelief, the gray matter of the brain was slowly pulling itself together as new bone knit rapidly in place to cover the wound.

Within minutes, the dreadful injury had completely healed over, with no trace that it had ever occurred. Chavez slowly sank to the ground as the dreadful pain finally faded away.

"It... it's not possible. . " Filitov stammered. "You should be dead." Not knowing what to say, Filitov sat beside his friend in silence. A few minutes later, the Cuban heaved a tremendous, heart-wrenching sigh, and stood.

"We'd better be on our way." he said dully, and without waiting for a response, began to walk.

* * * * *

The hours passed, and the two men had harder and harder going, due to the changes creeping over their bodies. Chavez remained cold and unresponsive, but Filitov knew that the Cuban must be getting as uncomfortable as he. As they became more feminine, their clothing fit more and more poorly. The worst was their boots - they began to rub their shrinking feet raw, making every step an agony.

The two finally stopped as night began to close in, finding another tree to sleep under. The Cuban rolled on his side and curled up in a fetal position, and began to sob softly.

Filitov, his own arms crossed over his now C-cup breasts, understood completely. It was much the way he felt, as well. Slowly, he drifted off into a fitful slumber

* * * * * When Filitov awoke - alone - the next morning, he felt as if he were being crushed. The changes had completed themselves while he slept, and his new body fit poorly in his now straining flight suit.

He intended to get up like he always did, but for some reason out of his control, the movements he now made were smooth, graceful and elegant. Slowly, he - she - unzipped her flightsuit, and surveyed her new body.

She was tall and slender, with a remarkably slim waist. Thrusting proudly from her chest was a pair of smooth, perfect globes. Her milky breasts were DDD's, with small, nublike nipples atop nearly non-existent areolas.

Taking out the signal mirror from her vest, she surveyed her face. Surrounded by a mass of platinum blonde hair that hung half-way down her smooth back, her face was high cheek-boned and intelligent, with wide, deep blue eyes and gracefully upswept brows. Her nose was smaller, but almost patrician. Despite her large bustline, she came across as elegant, rather than sexy - or, more accurately, she came across as more elegant than sexy, for she was both.

"Miguel?" she called - then stopped at the sound of her rich contralto voice. Taking a breath, she called again. "Over here." Replied an incredibly rich, smoky, erotic voice, and the new female Chavez stepped from the bushes.

Filitov sucked in her breath. Naked, the Cuban was unconsciously standing in a sexy, feminine pose - as was Filitov - but the Cuban's new body pole-vaulted past sexy to mind-boggling.

Her dusky skin was flawless. Her legs were long and sensuously muscled, leading to wide hips and an unbelievable ass. Her waist pinched in before widening to a ribcage that supported immense GG breasts with large, dark nipples. Her face was exotically erotic, with smoldering dark eyes, a pert nose, and amazingly full, soft lips. An incredible mane of midnight black hair fell in waves to the middle of her womanly back.

"Good God!" Filitov gasped, staring. "I know" the Cuban sighed - sexily - with exasperation. "I awoke this morning looking like pure sex. And the worst part is - I'm proud of this body."

Filitov opened her mouth to ask Chavez what she meant - then snapped it closed, as she realized that she was, inexplicably, proud of her own, elegant new form.

"What the hell?" she gasped, stunned.

"I know." The Cuban said, having gone through it already. "I don't know why it is, though."

What neither of them realized was that their male brains simply regarded their new bodies as incredibly gorgeous women - and, a life time of thought patterns they'd built up as men had very specific ideas about how such woman should act, dress and so on. Now, a lifetime of unconsciously chauvinistic thoughts were coming back to haunt the new women.

"Well," Filitov sighed, "I guess we should be on our way. We're not going to make things better by standing around here."

The two women buried their excess survival gear before they left, so as not to be caught with anything to mess up their stories. They dressed only in their undershirts and briefs, which strained mightily over their new endowments, and partially

unzipped flightsuits. Being barefoot wasn't a worry - any cuts they received healed immediately, and the brief pain could be ignored. Prepared, the two stacked spies set out. It took half an hour for them to get used to their new way of walking, as well as the sway and bounce of their remarkably full, firm breasts. They now knew why women wore bras - their breasts threatened to burst out and bash them in the face with every step. Other parts of their anatomy were also moving in new and intriguing ways.

"So, I've been thinking." Filitov said after awhile. "I hardly think I can call myself Sergei anymore. If you wouldn't mind, I think you should start calling me 'Alexis' "

Chavez looked at her. "What? Why should I start calling you by that?"

Filitov shrugged. "Well, we're going to have to use new names when we deal with people. I thought it would be a good idea to get used to it now, so when I need to use it, it'll be natural."

Chavez thought it over. "Good idea, Alexis. I suppose you should call me 'Maria'."

The two rechristianed women looked at each other and giggled slightly. Feeling better, they continued on their way.

Three and a half hours later, they hit on a small backroad. Picking a direction at random, they headed to their left down the gravel road, watching for vehicles.

Twenty minutes later, the two women found an access road that led into the woods. No sign of the building that the road serviced was visible - which was the first prerequisite of Alexis and Maria. Silently, they padded up the rutted dirt road to see what lay ahead.

It was a large, well maintained cabin. It looked like nobody was home, but whether the owner was gone for minutes, days or weeks was the question. Keeping alert, the two buxom woman scouted around.

Behind the main building stood a small shed with a overhanging roof that sheltered a stack of firewood and two garbage cans, both long empty. The shed was too small to house a car, so they ignored the outbuilding and continued to scout the cabin itself.

There was a small accumulation of dust and debris on the wide front porch that was undisturbed, indicating that nobody had come of gone recently. The same thing was indicated by the lack of tire tracks. Satisfied, the two women met at the front door.

Drawing her pistol, Maria prepared to shoot the lock in the hardwood door. Alexis' slim hand closed over hers before she could aim. With a small smile, she knelt, flipped back the welcome mat - and stared at the blank boards revealed.

"Well?" Maria smirked.

"Hold on, you can't always be right the first time." Alexis retorted. She felt along the door lintel, then moved to the two planters, containing long withered remains, that sat on either side of the step. Under the left planter, she found what she was looking for, and stood with a smile, brandishing a key. Dusting off her knees, she used the retrieved piece of milled metal to unlock the front door, and they went in.

The cabin had that certain musty smell all buildings acquired after about a month of sitting unused. An attempt to turn on the lights quickly informed them that the hydro had been cancelled by the owners while they were away. The cabin was so secluded, the two women felt safe in opening the shuttered windows for illumination while they explored.

The cabin was large and fully furnished. The ground floor was one continuous room that was living room, dining room, kitchen and front entrance all in one, with a bathroom and a laundry room off to one side. Since almost everything could be seen from where they stood, it quickly became obvious that the cabin had never seen a woman's touch - it was decorated in a tidy sort of disarray that indicated the young male mind at work, as further indicated by various pictures and posters of women, all in various states of undress. The 'creature comforts' were scarce, the furniture shabby and mismatched, but unbelievably comfortable. The TV, sound system and wet bar were all top of the line though.

A quick tour of the upstairs revealed five bedrooms, all similarly furnished, but each with a certain flair imparted by its inhabitant. When they had seen the building from the outside, they had assumed it to be a family retreat, but they now realized that late teen or slightly older boys used it exclusively. In the fifth bedroom, Alexis gave a little cry of surprise, and dumped the contents of the garbage pail onto the bed. Almost a carton of unopened cigarettes - Camels - poured out, all somewhat crushed, plus several lighters and packs of matches.

"Thank God." Maria said. "Cigarettes. I've been dying for one since yesterday."

"I know." Alexis agreed. "If we had of been smart, we would have stuck a pack into our survival vests."

"Hey, I don't care. Just thank you lucky stars that our friend here decided to quit. Most of these will still be smokable" She grabbed a pack and stuck it and a lighter in her (ahem) breast pocket.

"Probably college student." Opined Alexis, looking around. "For their breaks from school."

"You're probably right" Maria allowed. "Let's just hope we can find some clothes to wear. More importantly, some food."

Leaving their explorations, the two went to the upstairs bathroom. An outsider walking in would have been startled to see two sexy, buxom women staring breathlessly at the sink as the dusky, huge-breasted one turned the tap.

They sighed as they were rewarded with a stream of cold, clear water from the cabin's well. With no electricity, they'd have no hot water, but it was a price they'd have to pay.

Back in the kitchen, they found their assumption that the place was inhabited by bachelors proven true. The fridge was empty, with no power, but the cupboards were packed to the top with canned food of all varieties. As an extra bonus, the stove

was propane, with two full tanks, good for a month each, under the counter. Likewise, the huge stone fireplace against the far wall had an ample supply of firewood beside it, nicely dried in it's sheltered location.

"Why don't you get a shower and dig up a change of clothes?" Alexis suggested, rooting in the drawers for a can opener. "I'll throw some stew on to heat."

"Sounds good to me" Maria replied, grimacing as she took a sniff at her armpit. "I ain't looking forward to a cold shower though."

Alexis stopped, then ducked under the counter and emerged with a huge copper pan. "So, take a bath." She said, filling the pan to capacity. "I'll heat this water to a boil. Between it and cold water from the tub's tap, you should have nice warm bath water."

"Hey, now that's the best thing I've heard all day." Maria replied with a smile. "While you boil the water, I'm going to look outside."

Receiving a nodded reply, the dusky Cuban stepped outside, the cooling air causing her considerable nipples to stiffen, and sending a pleasurable sensation through her body. She fished the crumpled pack of smokes from her pocket and used the zippo to light one, after she carefully straightened it. Inhaling deeply, she let the smoke dribble from her lungs as she walked around the side of the building.

She walked to the lone outbuilding and was surprised to find no lock on the door. It must be that kind of neighborhood, she mused, opening the latch.

Inside, the place was a veritable rat-pack of things store haphazardly in the small shed. The first box she opened contained candles and the like, and she placed it outside the door to bring inside. Idly, she began to pick through the tangle of fishing equipment, used and broken 'boom-boxes' and other assorted odds and ends.

Although she wasn't really looking for anything - in fact, she was being just plain nosy - Maria hit paydirt - one of the old liquor boxes held a mis-matched collection of women's clothing, jewelry, and personal items. She took the two boxes inside, walking awkwardly. Before, she could have carried them easily, but she was physically weaker now, and her huge globular tits tended to get in the way. She dropped the boxes beside the couch.

"What's that?" Alexis asked, looking up. Steam curled from both pans on the stove.

"Well, you help me get that tub of boiling water to the bathtub, then you can come down and root through them." Maria told her.

The two women man-handled - well, woman-handled - the steaming pot upstairs and dumped it into the bathtub. While she ran cold water in with it, Maria went out and fetched two towels and a bathrobe.

Sighing, Maria climbed into the tub, the warm water surrounding her silky body and her huge tits floating above the surface. For the first time, her new, slender hands began to explore her body as they slid across the dusky expanse of her soft, massive tits. She slowly soaped herself up, then cleaned herself off, marveling at the new sensations the simple act of bathing created in her new body. She ducked her head under, soaking her hair, then laboriously shampooed her ebony mane.

Finally, she climbed out of the tub and toweled off. Her wet mass of hair felt like it weighed a ton as she wrapped the robe around her body. A man's robe, it displayed her luscious legs, and a generous amount of her round, firm globes. She opened the door and stepped out.

Alexis was waiting outside the door, a smile on her face.

"Good news. I found the power was turned off at the fuse-box - we've got electricity. There's stew ready downstairs, and you can go through that box of clothes and see what fits." She paused, awkward. "Um, it might also be a good idea if you...ah, practice make-up. If we're going to go out in public..."

Maria nodded, seeing the logic in this. "Gotcha. Enjoy your bath."

She headed downstairs and grabbed her cooling plate of stew. She also found that Alexis had started a fire in the fireplace, and so Maria sat with her hair to it to dry as she ate her beef stew. A bottle of warmish beer from the bar chased it down.

Done her dinner, and with her hair mostly dry, she began to root around in the box of clothing.

It was an odd collection of cast-offs - retro clothing, probably from Halloween parties and the like, and formal clothes, but very little day-to-day wear. She immediately figured that while Alexis could cram her DDD breasts into most of the clothing, her own, larger tits denied her much in the way of choice.

Picking through, she found a garish orange and white zebra-patterned spandex crop-top that, as she discovered, was possible to get over her enormous globes, cramming them together as they strained the resilient fabric to the limit and displaying an awesome amount of cleavage.

Laughing, she pulled out a 'matching' skirt - silver nughyde with large metal buttons down the front. There was even silver Lame French-cut briefs. Laughing, she pulled the garish clothing on, and struck an exaggerated pose. Laughing at the look, she fished out a pair of clear- and-silver shoes with 5-inch spike heels. Strapping them on, she 'click-clacked' around, getting use to the balance of the high heels.

She was completely unaware of what had happened. Over the past hour, her brain had been slowly changing, and the simple act of dressing, which, as 'Miguel Chavez', he would have refused to even contemplate, 'Maria Chavez' now actually enjoyed. The chemical and hormonal changes in her brain had happened in such a way, she was still sure she was the same

person as before, yet in truth, the new personality was being built on his old, masculine ideas of what a huge-breasted, sexy Latino woman should be.

The same went for the make-up. The colors she picked were bright and garish, and applied with a slightly heavy hand. Bluish-silver eye shadow and bright, glossy red lipstick enhanced the erotic look of her face, yet she reveled in how 'sexy' she looked, not realizing an hour ago such a look would be unthinkable. Proudly, she strutted around the room, enjoying the feel of her new wardrobe on her voluptuous body.

"Whoa, girl, you got it going on." Alexis laughed, coming down the stairs. With electricity, she had taken advantage of a blowdryer, her platinum mane brushed and gleaming.

"What's in here for me?" she asked, sorting through the box. With plenty of 'suggestions' from Maria, she was soon attired and made-up, somewhat more conservatively than her more-buxom friend.

A gorgeous deep burgundy velvet dress clung to her body like a second skin, its 'sweetheart' neckline displaying her milky cleavage. A long slit revealed glances of her legs with every step she took in the 4 inch black pumps with ankle straps. Her make-up was more subtle, enhancing the elegant lines of her face.

They were still playfully commenting on each other's appearance when light flashed through the windows as a vehicle pulled up outside. The two women looked at each other in chagrin. They stood, like deer caught in headlights, as the sounds of people climbing the front steps echoed, and the door swung open.

The four young men, loaded with luggage, entered the cabin, and stopped dead at the sight of two drop-dead gorgeous women standing in the living room.

The one in the lead, a tall, muscular man with a curly mop of red hair blinked. "What the... - Who are you?" he asked dumbly, his eyes locked firmly on Maria's enormous endowments.

Suddenly, in both the women's minds, as if the guys' appearance triggered something, a struggle emerged from their own, real personalities and the emerging female ones. The memories of their dressing and make-up flooded through them with shame as they realized how they'd acted - and how much their new, female personalities were getting turned on by the sight of four handsome young college kids. The struggle rocked through them silently, their female bodies fighting their male egos.

In Alexis' mind, the two sides circled around her core self, trying to breach the essential soul and claim it, and the body for its own. They were evenly matched - so evenly matched, that one didn't defeat the other. Instead, the two personalities merged, creating a new

identity - a strong, intelligent, confident woman who was completely comfortable with her own sexuality. Alexis was reborn.

Maria wasn't so lucky. Although his old friend was gone, the new Alexis was a capable, comfortable, happy person. Inside her mind, the struggle ended differently. The fully female portion of her brain grabbed control of her body - but her old male mind was still trapped inside, like a helpless passenger in a runaway train he couldn't control.

The whole struggle took but an instant, and left no trace. With no noticeable hesitation, Alexis was stepping forward with a small, confident smile.

"You'll have to forgive my friend and I" she said warmly in her rich, Russian-accented voice. "We've run into some troubles. We're tourists, visiting your wonderful country. This morning, some men robbed us - took our rental car, our money, our clothes - everything. They left us at the side of the road. We came here hoping to call the police - but no-one was here. We found your key and let ourselves in.

"We're sorry, but we couldn't walk around naked all day." She handed the red-head the key. "I'm Alexis. Alexis Filitov. And my friend here is Maria Chavez."

"Uh... Sean. Sean Butler." The red-head replied, extending a hand and pointing in turn to his friends. "Jason Goren" - A slender, thoughtful looking youth, dressed in nattily meticulous 'yuppie'.

"Peter Cateria" - A tall, slender black youth with 'basketball player' written all over his lanky frame. He looked like a walking advertisement for Nike, from his 'Air Jordan' shoes, to his Nike-logoed trackpants, sweatshirt and ball cap.

"And Ross McDougal" - A blonde Adonis - tall, broad-shouldered and criminally handsome, with a devastating grin and muscles like Mr. Olympia wished he had.

"Helllloooo Ross" Maria literally purred as she swayed seductively over, her full hips swinging in time with the hypnotic sway of her spandex encased tits. It certainly caught Ross' attention. Inside, Miguel tried desperately to regain control of her renegade body as she appreciatively ran one red-nailed hand up and down Ross' bulging bicep.

"Oh, we don't mind you coming in, Miss Filitov" Peter said in a voice so deep and baritone, it sounded like James Earl Jones was hiding in Peter's size 12 feet. He flashed a smile with teeth so bright that Alexis felt she should be wearing sunglasses. "If you'd like, we can take you to the police. We don't have a phone installed here - we like to be cut off from the world while we're here."

Alexis frowned slightly, then leaned forward. "Can I tell you a secret?" she asked conspiratorially. Peter nodded. "Sure thing."

"Well, both Maria and I are somewhat - well, broke. The breakup of the Soviet Union cost us our State-sponsored jobs. We were planning to find a way to stay in America, using what money we had left to get a visa. Now..."

The guys looked at the two women, then at each other.

"You know," Sean said meditatively. "There's no reason you ladies can't stay with us. In fact, if you'd like, you can live here. There's plenty of room for all of us, and when we're not here, we can arrange a car for you."

"Oh, you guys are sooo sweet." Maria cooed helplessly, giving the red-head a peck on the cheek. "We accept, don't we Alexis?" "Certainly. But how do we work the arrangements?" She asked.

Jason spoke for the first time. "Well, we have one spare bedroom upstairs. Or friend, Gary, no longer lives in America - he married a Canadian and moved to a place called Kitchener. So, one of you can have that. The other one we can put in the attic. It's a loft room we used as a guest bedroom. Big, spacious and bright, it's only drawback is the low ceiling near the sides. It goes from seven feet in the center to five at the edges."

Alexis smiled. "Sounds perfect. Why don't you show it to me, Jason?" He quickly agreed, and led her upstairs.

Maria watched them leave, her male half trying to pull herself off Ross' arm. "So, guys, you like what you see?" she asked, wiggling her chest while her male side screamed.

"Huh?" was the best Sean could do. Ross and Peter's responses were more appreciative.

Maria smiled. "Look, I'll be honest, 'kay? Alexis, said we're tourists, right. Well, that's kinda half-true. I'm Cuban, and she's Russian. She was staying with my family when the Soviet Union broke up. Her old man, he was a big Soviet big-shot. Rich, powerful, the works - only, he gets killed in the deal. She can't go back, 'cause the same people do her too, y'know? So, she decides to come to America, where she'll be safe. So, that's why she's here. Me, I came to get away from my father. He's a real Catholic, right? Makes me go to Catholic school, wants me to become a nun. Because of my body, see? He thinks it's too much temptation for men. I always had to wear baggy, concealing clothes, flat shoes, stuff like that. So, I came to America so I can live a little."

The three guys smiled at her, at each other, and at everything in general. "Well, we want to help. What have you got in mind?" Ross asked.

'Oh, God, no. Don't!' Miguel cried silently in the prison his body had become.

It didn't work. "Well, I heard all 'bout how women do things with guys, and I want to try some of them. No, since I never do these before, I gotta learn on the job, so to speak, so I can't promise how good it'll be. So, whose cock am I suckin'?"

The guys looked at each other, and each waited for the other to give something. They began to discuss who owed whom what.

"Look, I bought the beers last night. I think..." Sean started. "Yeah, sure, but who paid for the food?" Ross retorted. "Hey, the beer cost more than ... " Sean said hotly. Peter was trying hard not to laugh. She took his dark arm in her slender hands.

"While they figure this out, you an' I can get started, huh?" she said, smiling seductively. As his friends watched enviously, she led him to the couch and sat his down. Slowly she pressed her full, soft lips against his and passionately kissed him. His large, sure hands

peeled off her spandex top, and her huge tits bounced free. His practice at 'one-handing' basketballs paid off like he never imagined as he began to caress and fondle her huge, dusky globes.

Slowly, she slid downwards, her hands pulling his track pants and underwear down. In his case, the myth of black cock size was true, his dark, throbbing tool sprang out, huge and thick.

Smiling, she began to give her first blow-job. Her technique was nothing special, but Peter wasn't about to complain. She enveloped the head of his cock with her warm 'willing' mouth, then simply used her hands, wrapped around his dark, hot cock, and eagerly jerked him off. Within very short time, his cock twitched, sending a spray of hot, salty cum into her waiting mouth. She swallowed hungrily.

Deep inside, Colonel Miguel Chavez, Cuban Air Force, screamed helplessly as Maria stood and turned. "So, who's next?"

* * * * *

Beneath her fine, upswept brows, her sparkling blue eyes, like the depthless lakes, swept appreciatively over the spacious loft. The builder had known his business, and the four dormer windows, two to each side, sat along the sun's endless track, allowing the golden light of sunset to spill into the room and reflect from the polished pine that dominated the homey room.

As she took in the design of the loft, her eyes also secretly took in her diminutive companion. Beneath the full curve of her womanly bosom, her heart beat a little faster as she considered him in the dreamy light from the window, painting his intelligent, yet masculine face in shades of gold and ochre.

She had learned much about Jason's personality just going upstairs with him, and she approved of what she had discovered. Unlike his coarser friends, the slightly build, sober young man had the gallant soul of a true gentleman.

Many men, walking up the stairs with such an attractive woman as herself, would have either hung back and ogled the gentle sway of her backside, or walked close to her, their sweaty hands sneaking fleeting contact with the flesh beneath the rich velvet dress. Yet Jason had stayed one step behind her, his arm out-stretched, close to, but not touching, the small of her back, ready to catch her should she lose her balance on the tall slender heels she wore.

Furthermore, he neither stared obsessively at the view of her rounded breasts, nor snuck furtive glances at her décolletage when he thought her otherwise engrossed. No, his gaze had been frank and appreciative when he did look, but his eyes always returned to hers when they spoke, his dark, expressive eyes honest and thoughtful, reflecting the depths of his soul.

"I trust you find this satisfactory?" he asked, his voice neither strident nor particularly deep, but nevertheless, reassuringly masculine.

"Oh, I think this will do nicely, " she replied, turning on her slim heel and looking at him openly. She smiled softly at him, her voice dropping into a richer tone. "I want to thank you again for your help."

"That's not necessary, my dear." He replied, his eyes dropping for a second. "It's a pleasure to help a lovely lady such as yourself."

Slowly, she crossed the intervening space between him, and her slender hand slowly drew his gaze to meet hers. "No, I really do wish to thank you. Properly." She whispered, then bent her face to his.

As their lips touched, he stiffened for a moment, unsure, Then, his strong, manly hands slowly slid to encircle her slender waist as he returned her embrace.

Her lips parted as his initial hesitation gave way to blossoming passion. His probing tongue entered her waiting mouth and began the timeless dance with her own as she slowly led him towards the soft, inviting bed.

Gently breaking from his warm lips, she turned in the circle of his arms and presented the smooth sweep of her back to him. Glancing over her softly rounded shoulder, she traded a depthless glance of passion with him.

"Would you unzip this for me?" she asked sweetly, and his fingers gently grasped the metal tongue that held the taut fabric in place. Slowly, almost reverently, he drew the zipped own, exposing the soft, creamy flesh of her back. The fabric rustled as it slid from her body, and he lifted the sweep of her silken hair with his hand and lightly kissed the base of her swan-like neck.

Gently, yet with restrained urgency, she pushed him onto the soft, downy mattress, clad only in her lacy underwear, nylons, and heels. Gently, her long slender fingers flew over his body, unfastening and opening every closure until his compact body lay exposed to her appreciative gaze.

Sliding her hands through the hair that adorned his chest, she smiled dreamily as his hands found her bare, full breasts, touching and moving with erotic motions over the unblemished skin. She eased her frilly panties from her full hips and let them flutter to the floor as she moved gracefully over his supine form.

She had never before made love to a man. But her unique situation provided Alexis with a new and wonderful advantage. Having experienced the other side of the coin, she knew what it was that a man wanted, and was determined to provide Jason with the most perfect lovemaking he had ever experienced.

She bit her full, lower lip to keep from crying out as she slowly lowered her warm, wet womanhood over him, feeling, for the first time, herself completely filled, a sensation she could never accurately describe, and one which she never knew was

missing from her life until she experienced it. She began to move her hips in a smooth, steady rhythm, feeling his manhood excite the sensitive flesh of her wonderful new sex.

Jason was a true gentleman. Just as she was determined to provide him with pleasure, so too was he prepared to use all his skill in pleasuring the intensely feminine woman atop of him. And, as the two each tried to outdo the other in providing pleasure, a minor miracle occurred.

Like much in life, what they achieved was more than the sum of it's parts. Her head thrown back, her golden hair streaming behind her, Alexis rode the gaining swell of her first female climax as it built to the bursting point - and beyond. Her voice cried out to the heavens that she had achieved as her body shook in the grip of the sheerest ecstasy. Jason's deeper cries met hers in an erotic counterpoint as he achieved his own climax, and the two reached a plateau where not just their bodies, but their souls lay bare to each other, intertwined.

Gently, Jason disengaged from her and lowered her to the mattress beside her.

"You were wonderful." She murmured to him, her heart swelling at the memory of their lovemaking.

He smiled down at the, then nibble lightly at her earlobe. "Were?" he whispered into her perfect, shell-like ear. "Just because a man has spent his seed, doesn't mean it has to be over. Not if he knows how to use his hands, and his tongue."

And, as he slowly kissed his way across the smooth expanse of her stomach until he came to rest between her silken thighs, she discovered that he did, indeed, know how to use them.

* * * * *

Jason led Alexis down the stairs, both of them wearing smug little smiles. Suddenly, they stopped at the bottom. "Oh, my" Alexis said, then giggled.

Maria lay on the cushions of the couches, which had been lain on the floor. Her dusky body was glistening erotically with sweat as she moaned in the throes of orgasmic delight. Sean, an intense look on his face, was pumping rhythmically into her, trying to make himself last longer than Ross, whose muscular body was perched atop Maria's body as his thick cock plumbed the depth of her cleavage.

Sean lost. He cried out as he cum, dumping his hot cum into Maria's sopping cunt. He was followed seconds later by Ross, who stiffened as his hot, cream jism gushed out between Maria's magnificent globes and splattered her face. She sat up and began to lick the salty liquid from her full, red lips.

Deep inside, Miguel had given up the fight as the power of the orgasm had swept her body. If being trapped in the prison of a buxom, nymphomaniac woman was the price he had to pay to experience such overwhelming ecstasy, then he would accept that.

The two women looked at each other, a silent communication passing between them. No matter what happened, nobody would ever learn the final fates of Sergei Filitov and Miguel Chavez, Cuban spies and fighter pilots.

The only future was For Alexis and Maria.

THE END...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Receiving a strange package in the mail, Steve puts on the garments that start to change him into a woman, his girlfriend convinces him to go along with what is happening to him, but it turns out she has other motives.

Delivered

By Gunslinger

It was a dark and stormy night...

Well - it wasn't exactly *stormy*, per se. More *windy*, actually. And, since night is usually dark, it hardly seems worth mentioning *that*, either. But, for God's sake, I've got to start this story *somewhere*, don't I?

Okay, so it was a dark and *windy* night. (Happy?)

In any case, the wind (*well*, perhaps 'light breeze' would be more accurate...) was blowing, and it was enough to move clouds over the tiny of sliver of moon in the sky, making a dark night that much darker.

It was the proverbial 'darkest' before the dawn. It was about this time - say, three-thirty or so in the morning - that out 'hero' awoke, with a throat as dry as Arizona in the summer.

Running a dry tongue over his chapped lips, the raw-boned man in his mid forties stared up at the slightly out of focus ceiling, debating whether or not to bother getting up for a glass of water, or waiting to see if he could just fall back asleep.

Finally, Steve decided that sleep would evade him, and quietly rolled out of bed, trying not to wake his girlfriend, Susie. Fumbling across the night-table, his hand found his glasses and he pulled them on as he wrapped a bathrobe around his pajamas and padded out to the kitchen for a glass of water.

He'd just completed this little task, slaking his thirst, when he noticed the security light on the front porch of his bungalow flash on. From the kitchen, the front step wasn't visible, but he could clearly see the glow the porch light created - and the dark shadow made as somebody moved around on the front porch.

Creeping slowly to the front door, Steve took a quick peep through the peep-hole mounted in the center of the door.

He couldn't see a damned thing. Whoever was out there was well below the level of the peep-hole, although Steve could clearly see the shadow of whoever it was.

Backing quietly away from the door, Steve turned and padded quickly to the side door, which was on the other side of the kitchen and led out into the carport. He opened it, striving for silence as he did so. Stepping out, he closed the door just as quietly and moved silently across the cool asphalt of the driveway and around to the front of the house, gathering speed as prepared to confront...

...and empty porch.

Well, no - not quite empty. Resting on the porch was a small package, wrapped in brown wrapping paper. Approaching it, cautiously, Steve picked up the package gingerly and looked it over. Finding nothing threatening about the package, he carried it back into the house through the carport door, trying to be quiet.

At least, that's how Steve says he found the package. Personally, I don't know if I buy that 'heroic-chasing-off-of-an-intruder' routine. But, hell - who am I to say that Steve's lying about it?

In any case...

Steve returned to the kitchen and lowered himself onto a seat at the small table nestled in the corner of the room. With a distracted slapping motion, he managed to find and flip on the switch for the light that hung over the table, never taking his eyes off the package in front of him.

It was unremarkable, to the eye - roughly the size of a shoe-box and wrapped in basic brown paper, complete with twine holding it shut. Neither his name nor a return address marred the blankness of the outer wrapping and Steve gingerly held the package near his ear and shook it slightly.

There was a soft ticking from somewhere deep inside.

He dropped the box on the table, jaw muscles working as he stared at the package. Curiosity finally managed to get the better of him, however, and he reached out and pulled on the knots holding the box closed, slowly unwrapping the package and lifting the lid off of the plain white shoe-box that was revealed.

He stared for a long second at what the box contained, his face twisting into a confused-yet-amused expression as he finally reached in and lifted out the contents of the box.

The first item, explained the ticking - it was a watch. A high-tech-yet-classy 'Navigator' style, with a black leather band, dark blue face with gold roman numerals and gold hands, and all surrounded by a bezel that was gold with silver degree marks around the edges.

He looked at the watch for a long moment, intrigued - despite the obvious expense of the watch, there was no makers name or insignia anywhere, which struck him as odd.

Not as odd as the other contents of the box, however.

A pair of ankle-high 'socks' - except he'd never seen socks made out of a fine-grain black leather before. They shone with the muted gleam of expensive, fine leather as he lifted them to the light and examined them. It was nearly impossible to see the seams in the form-fitting 'booties', as they were so perfectly matched and so finely butt-stitched that they seemed to be part of the surrounding material.

The craftsmanship of the 'simple' garments was as fine as that in the precision timepiece. Whoever had left the unattributed gift on his doorstep had exquisite - if eclectic - taste.

Of course, there was only one thing Steve could do...

Glancing around with a guilty look, Steve slid the watch onto his wrist and fumbled the clasp closed, finding that - unadjusted - the supple leather band fit his wrist as if made to go there. He admired the watch, incongruous as it looked beside the somewhat tattered sleeve of his robe, then turned his attention to the leather 'socks'.

Turning sideways in his chair to allow himself more room, he lifted one foot and began to fit the sock onto the rather rawboned, unlovely appendage. It took a bit of work, as they were tight-fitting and leather is not really known for its 'give'. But he finally managed to get the first one, then the other in place and he smoothed them down, finding that they just covered his ankles, fitting to his feet with contour-hugging perfection.

He turned his feet to the left and right, looking at the somewhat odd picture it presented, then shook his head and snorted. Pulling his leg up, he peeled off the sock...

..or, at least, tried to. He couldn't even get his fingers under the tight-fitting 'lip', much less pull the sock off.

He tried again, even padding to the drawer to 'steal' a butter-knife to aid him, but the socks refused to budge - as did the watch, when he attempted to remove it.

"Ha. Ha. Ha." Steve said aloud. "Very funny."

Now he knew why there was no return address on the package. Somebody who knew him well enough to guess he'd try the stuff on thought it would be a 'great' joke, obviously, to apply some sort of glue or something to the objects, leaving him with the problem of removing them.

Well, as that may be, Steve didn't feel up to the task, certainly not this early in the morning. Maybe later, when he was more awake and

- more importantly - Susie was up. The old saying 'two heads are better than one' was true enough, especially when it came to problem- solving, and Steve didn't feel like wasting the skull-sweat on the problem.

Annoyed - and, he had to admit, mildly amused in a ticked-off way - he padded back to the bedroom, trying to keep as quiet as possible. Dropping his robe into a pile at the side of his bed, he slid between the covers without disturbing Susie, and soon drifted off into the welcome arms of sleep, his mind still trying to decide which one of his so-called friends had decided to play the little prank.

* * * * *

Steve awoke from a dream/nightmare in which a car-crusher made out of foam was slowly pressing in against his legs.

Even as he swam out of the embrace of sleep, however, the odd 'gentle compression' sensation on his legs failed to fade away, and he blinked and hauled himself upright, flipping the sheets off of his body without consideration for Susie.

"What the...!"

Being 'deblanketed' might not have pulled Susie from the gentle arms of Morpheus, but the loud, startled exclamation from her man did. Yawning and blinking blearily, she pushed herself onto her elbows, her ocean-blue eyes fogged by sleep.

"Whazzzrong?" She muttered, bringing one hand up to push her sleep-mussed mane of wavy, ebony hair out of her face as she looked at Steve with a sleepy, puzzled expression.

Steve, however, didn't answer - he was too 'busy' gaping at his legs, his fumbling hands numbly sliding his glasses into place to better focus what he was seeing.

He was no longer wearing the leather socks... exactly. Instead, black leather stretched from his toes to a silver metallic band that encircled his legs just above his knees, unbroken by seams or imperfections. They hugged his legs perfectly...

Only, the contours they were hugging didn't look right. In fact, the shape under the black covering was slowly writhing, accompanied by that compressing sensation.

Which faded away, leaving Steve staring numbly at glossy black legs that were unlike his own unremarkable male gambs. Instead, the leather covered legs that - to Steve - appeared to be the shapeliest, most feminine legs he'd ever seen.

From the knees down, that was. Above the band of metal that ringed the top of what looked like a pair of knee-high stockings made of black leather, his own male thighs remained as 'normal' as ever, showing no relation to the shapely, dainty legs and tiny, slender feet below.

"Honey... what's going on?" Susie asked, holding one hand in front of her mouth as she yawned, a little more alert. She gazed down at his legs, brow furrowing in confusion. "What the...?"

"That's what I said." Steve replied, slowly sliding his hands over the leather encasing the shapely calves, feeling the touch - somewhat muted by the leather - transmitted through 'his' legs.

Susie blinked. "I don't get it - is this some new pair of nylons, or something...?"

Steve shook his head, sketching in the odd events of earlier that morning as they stared in bemused confusion at his altered legs. Used to Steve's cross-dressing, the 'mere' sight of something like 'stockings', no matter how unusual the material they were made of, wouldn't have fazed the petite woman. But the definitely 'un-Steve-like' contours under the leather was definitely enough to attract some notice.

Susie's comment on Steve's repetition of the events was its usual, pithy self. "Steve, sweets - I don't know what this is, but it's no practical joke. This just isn't possible." She paused. "Correction - before now, I wouldn't have thought it possible..." She slid one hand over his lower legs, shaking her head. Then - her mind as practical as it could be so soon after awakening - "So - just *how* upset are you?"

That gave Steve pause to think. Anybody else might be in a near panic - anybody who wasn't a cross-dresser and aficionado of TG fiction, that was.

"Actually..." Steve said, smiling thinly. "This is kind of... neat. Exciting - in a scary sort of way."

"Mmm-hmm." Susie said, stretching. "Either somebody has decided to give you a taste of your little fantasies "

She slid her legs over the side of the bed and stood, her smooth back presented to Steve's admiring gaze as she stretched on her toes, adding an inch or so to her five-foot-nil height.

"Or ?" Steve prompted.

"Did it occur to you that those could have been meant for me?" She asked, throwing him a wicked grin.

Steve's face went blank, answering her question. Laughing at his startled look, Susie padded off to the bathroom to empty her bladder, her nonchalant acceptance of even the outlandish events of the morning only reaffirming Steve's already high respect for her ability to take life in stride.

Hell - she stuck with him, and even on his 'best' days he was hardly 'Joe Average'. If she'd been the type of woman obsessed with order and 'normality', she'd have left him ages ago.

While Susie went about her morning ablutions, Steve swung his altered feet over the side of the bed and bushed himself upright....

..then caught his balance, adjusting his stance to take into effect his smaller feet. Peeking around the corner of the door frame to see Susie brushing his teeth, he gave into the temptation that had sprung into his mind and padded over to the closet, feeling the subtly different bunching and relaxing of the altered, feminine muscles beneath the black leather casings.

Sliding open the closet, he bent over and fished out a pair of shoes - Susie's shoes, as his own feminine footwear was designed for much larger feet, and he'd swim in the oversized shoes and boots.

As it was, even Susie's size seven shoes turned out to be a bit loose, surprising Steve - his feet were much, much smaller than what would be 'to scale' for a genetic woman of his height and general build. The shoes he'd picked - a pair of glossy black patent leather pumps with five inch heels - fit a lot better than any of his own would have, but remained a touch loose.

However, they definitely looked like they fit his altered feet, visually speaking. Though of a different texture than the preternatural leather stockings that enclosed his altered legs, they matched well enough to create the impression that he was wearing some sort of fancy thigh-high boots.

"Hey - très chic."

Steve whirled, then grinned guiltily at Susie. "okay, okay - I just had to give it a try."

She was looking at his legs with a grin that was slowly fading. "Um... didn't those things just come up to those metal bands before?"

"Huh?" Steve glanced down, then gasped when he realized that the leather now extended a good three inches above the metal bands, reaching mid-way up his thighs. He stared at the leather, swearing that he could see it slowly creeping upwards.

"Trés weird." Susie said, padding closer to look. "What if these things continue going - right up over your whole body?" Steve considered the question - then grinned wryly. "Well - there's only one way to find out, isn't there?"

She matched the grin, leaning forward for a quick kiss. Having something completely 'out there' happening to him was 'scary' - but the what of what was happening was a sort of a long-held 'dream' that acted as a counter-weight to the fear and confusion, leaving him in a state of frightened excitement - or maybe excited fear. He wasn't quite sure yet.

The broke the kiss, and stepped a bit apart. Susie reached up and patted him on the cheek. "So - what's the plan for work today? Short skirt and heels? Or would that be a little much?"

Steve laughed. "I think I'll play it easy today - just call in sick." She walked over to the phone...

...and stopped and turned back around when Susie gasped. It was an instinctive act, and a second later - without and 'prompting', besides the startled look on Susie's face - he glanced down.

He gasped himself.

The latex 'stockings' now reached his crotch, following a 'reverse bikini line' - a vee-shaped area that left his crotch itself bare at the front, and circled just below the bottom curve of his buttocks at the back. Another metallic band encircled his leg at the top of this new juncture.

But that wasn't what caused the gasp.

It was the fact that the shoes had 'disappeared' - now the 'boots' that the leather had become ran smoothly to a semi-pointed toe and a five inch heel that looked as if they were part of the entire 'boot', not showing any sign of having been 'absorbed' by the leather.

"Holy..." Steve started - then gasped and gave a mild grimace as the leather sheathing his legs 'flexed'. The sensation passed fairly quickly - and his upper legs had reshaped themselves to match the sensual, feminine curves of the legs below, giving him a pair of extremely shapely female legs encased in leather, and enhanced by the heels he wore.

"Wow..." Susie said, one eyebrow rising.

Swallowing, Steve picked up the phone and called in sick.

When the secretary who took the call asked him what was wrong, Steve found himself having to hold back an attack of the chuckles at the thought of trying to explain the real answer to that one. Instead, he blamed his absence on the flu, saying he hoped it was only the twenty-four hour variety, but that he might not be in all week - a nice 'escape clause', depending on what happened.

He hung up the phone - and let the chuckles escape, earning him an odd look from Susie. He explained the 'joke' to her, and she giggled at the thought.

"Okay - now what do we do? Just wait and see how much of you your new boots 'devour'?" Susie asked.

Steve looked down at his re-shaped legs with a judgmental look. "Actually - I think it's stopped. Last time, it only took a couple of minutes to extend past the metal band. These still seem to be the same length."

"All things considered, honey?" She suggested. "I wouldn't assume anything."

"Good idea." Steve admitted, while mentally reserving an 'I told you so' in case he turned out to be right. He was sure she was doing the same for the other eventuality. "Look, this is getting a little freaky for me. I mean, I'm still really curious and all - but I don't know whether or not this has a 'happy ending', you know?" He swallowed. "Lets see if we can get these things off."

He sat on the side of the bed and Susie grabbed a hold of his left 'boot'. She began to pull on the skin-tight part around his foot while he tried to find a finger hold or break around the metal band at the top.

Both attempts were met with failure.

Just as Susie was bracing herself for another go, the doorbell rang. She looked down at Steve's transformed, leather-clad legs, then jerked a thumb over her shoulder.

"Why don't I get it?" She suggested, wrinkling her nose and nodding. Picking up the bathrobe, she slipped it around her well-maintained body and tied it around the waist as she padded off towards the front of the house.

She returned a couple of minutes later, gingerly carrying a box in her hands. A box wrapped in plain brown wrapping and tied with twine.

"It was just sitting on the porch, and nobody was around." She said, laying it on the bed beside Steve. "So... do we open it?" He looked at her, then at the box. "I..."

She read the indecision on Steve's face, and understood that his conflicting emotions were holding him in a tug-of-wore. His 'sensible' side was insisting that he should be panicking, while his 'emotional' side was saying 'go for it!'.

Shrugging, she solved the perfect balance of emotions in Steve by taking the matter into her own hands - literally. She picked up the box and quickly undid the string and unwrapped the box, opening it...

"Kinky." She tilted the box to show Steve what was inside, obviously hesitant about actually touching the contents. Inside lay three pairs of 'underwear'. At least, that's what it looked like - women's briefs.

Only - they were made of what appeared to be latex, and came in gloss black, gloss 'flesh-tone', and shimmering silver.

"You do realize what will probably happen if you put one of these on, don't you?" Susie asked, searching Steve's face for a hint of what he was feeling right now. She wasn't sure whether she should be concerned, or caught up in the 'excitement' - his confused emotions were affecting her as well.

He grinned wryly. "Sure, I know - I'm just trying to figure out if that would be a bad thing or not." There was a pause.

"Well...?" Susie prompted.

Steve looked down at the 'panties'.. then, as if afraid it might leap out at him, slowly reached into the box and pulled out the black pair.

"Are you sure this is what you want to do?" Susie asked, her tone making it clear that she wasn't condemning, merely interested in knowing the answer.

"No." He replied - but didn't stop sliding his high-heeled feet into the leg holes of the 'panties' and pulling them up his sexy, female legs. He pulled it tight on his crotch, finding that the panties now covered from exactly the top of the metal bands of the 'boots' to the top of his hips.

He had stood to pull them in position, and now he leaned over to look at them while Susie began gnawing on a fingernail, waiting to see what happened.

The first thing that happened was that his cock, clearly outlined in the material, began to grow harder, quickly becoming rigid. "Steve!" Susie giggled at the sight.

"I..." Steve started to reply - then gasped.

Susie gasped as well as she watched the flesh under the panties ripple. His hips pushed outwards, becoming wider - womanly - as his ass expanded into a delectably female shape, firm and round beneath the skin-tight covering.

The covering also spread over his erect penis, no longer outlining it under itself, but allowing it to stand straight out as the material filled in and covered it completely. Then there was a rippling sensation....

...and his 'cock' dropped off, landing on the floor with a soft 'thud' and leaving only smooth latex over his smooth, feminine looking crotch.

"Steve!" Susie said - then hesitantly bent down and picked up what was quite obviously a black plastic dildo.

Steve was staring at his ex-member, stunned. "Wow..." He breathed. There's been an instant of pressure when the 'panties' had done their work - then no pain at all as the now-dildo dropped free. Instead, he could feel a subtle-but-unmistakable difference under the latex that covered his crotch, and he gently pressed his hand against the small, smoothly curved mound between his feminine thighs.

"Um... Well - I think that I'm... 'fully equipped' from the waist down." He said, trying - in vain - to pull the panties down and take a look. They were as stubbornly locked into place as the 'boots' were, causing him frustration on top of everything else. Here he had - wanted or not - what was probably a fully functional female vagina - and he couldn't even take a look at the damned thing!

"Whoa, lover..." Susie said, idly fondling the dildo that had been his penis. "You know, I have to say that this is getting interesting."

"Well, It's nice to know you're enjoying this." Steve retorted - in an exaggerated feminine tone and posture, putting his hands on his wider, feminine hips and mocking the expression she sometimes used when she was upset with him. Dropping the act, he shrugged slightly. "It is kind of... incredible. Exciting - but what if no more boxes arrive? What if I'm stuck like this, and can't get these things

off?"

"Well " Susie started to say something reassuring, when she was interrupted by the shrilling of the phone. Turning atop the heels,

Steve picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

There was a strange hiss on the line - then a voice spoke, and from the first syllable it was painfully obvious that the voice was being electronically distorted, sounding unearthly and flat.

'In your mailbox you will find a key. This key fits locker 1026 at the bus terminal. Proceed there immediately and retrieve the parcel that is inside. Do not attempt to contact anybody. Do not attempt to seek 'assistance' from anyone aside from Susie. Further instructions will be forthcoming. You have twenty-five minutes.'

There was a 'click', then the ordinary hum of an empty line.

Hanging up the phone, Steve explained what the voice had said, searching for something to wear. He had absolutely no intention of disobeying the instructions, which only increased his curiosity rather than frightening him - now that he knew that there was some sort of continuing plan behind this.

Not having long to consider his options, Steve settled for pulling on a pair of loose-fitting sand-colored jeans over his lower half. They pulled taut across his new hips and ass, making it difficult to button, but hung like tents on his slimmer legs.

A comfortable-fitting khaki shirt went with the jeans, and he resorted to a pair of large, black rubber boots to cover his high-heeled feet. It was an indication of how much his feet had shrunk that he was able to jam his feet into boots that used to fit him fine, but walking with high heels hidden in clunky boots created a decidedly odd look, especially since his widened hips had a tendency to perform a feminine 'swivel and sway' that the hidden heels only exaggerated.

Hurrying outside, he checked the mailbox and was unsurprised to find the promised key, a piece of milled brass with a bright orange plastic coating the butt end, stamped with the locker number. Hurrying to the driveway, he slid behind the wheel of his Grand Am and brought the engine to life, pulling the metallic blue car out of the driveway with uncommon haste, his eyes flicking to the clock on the dashboard.

He was cutting it too close for comfort when he hurried into the terminal, all-too-aware of the strange looks his odd gate garnered. Ignoring them, he began searching the banks of lockers for the correct locked, throwing worried glances at the watch on his wrist - then cursing when he realized that the time it bore had no relation to reality, although the hands were moving.

Finding the right locker, he opened it and found - as he half-expected - another box. Larger than the previous ones, it was also a plain white box, although the plain brown wrapper had been omitted in this case.

Taking the box out, he closed the locker then glanced around curiously. He failed to spot anyone paying undue attention to him...

...or, rather, there were several 'starers', but he couldn't tell which ones were just the usual lot of Bus Terminal gapers, and which might have anything to do with his being here.

Hesitantly, he opened the box and peeked inside.

Corsets. Two of them - one a bright fire-engine red with lacy black trim, the other a more 'functional' one in flesh-tone.

Glancing around again, Steve closed the box and headed for the exit, taking the extra time to try and mute the strange gait of his stride.

Before too long, he was back in his bedroom, Susie clamoring to know what had been in the locker. He showed her, and she hesitantly lifted the two corsets out, one in each hand.

She whistled, eyeing the red-and-black number. "Wow - you know how much these things cost?" She asked. "This is a real corset, not one of those flimsy 'decorative' ones."

"Yes, I know what these things cost." Steve said, gently, while smiling.

Startled, she looked at him - then laughed at her comment. Steve already owned a couple 'real' corsets, heavy canvas and metal 'boning' designed to compress the human (supposedly female) waist.

"Well?" She asked, shaking one then the other. "The red one, right?"

Steve smiled at how well she knew him - not 'are you going to put one on', but 'you're going to put this one on, right?'

Frowning slightly, Steve shrugged and decided that - since she was right that he was going to put one on - he'd throw her a curve-ball, just to keep her on her toes.

Figuratively speaking, of course - he was literally on his toes, as demonstrated as he slipped out of his clothes, revealing his heeled 'boots'.

"The flesh-toned one, I think." He suggested, and was rewarded by a startled blink and the 'really?' that snapped out of her mouth.

"Sure." Steve smiled, taking the thick garment and pulling it over his head and down around his waist, turning his back to her and bracing himself against the wall. "Lace me up?"

Having done this before, Susie moved with efficiency, grabbing the loose laces and, working from the top, snuggling them semi-tight to his skin. Reaching the bottom, she grabbed the drawstrings, then lifted her leg and braced her right knee on his buttocks - which were much better padded than the usual - and hauling on the strings.

The corset began to slowly move inwards, slowly compressing Steve's waist. "Problem, honey?" Steve masked. "Go on-haul away."

She stopped, an odd expression on her face. "Steve - I am..."

Steve blinked and tried to get a good look at his midsection, seeing that it was, indeed, compressed an inch or two. "Holy... it just feels like you only quick-tightened the laces. I was wondering why you weren't pulling!" He paused. "Uh.. okay, keep going."

Susie drew the laces tighter down the back, then began hauling on the loose ends again.

Again, the corset moved slowly inward against that soft resistance, the inches slowly being compressed without Steve experiencing anything more than a light, almost sensual, pressure.

After three more cycles, Susie stopped and eyed the effect of the corset.

"Steve." She said, awe in her voice. "I'm tying it off - if I tighten it any more, you're going to snap in half." Suiting action to words, she tied a bow into the drawstrings, then walked around and shook her head at the image Steve presented.

Seeing her look, he walked into the bathroom for a look in the mirror.

His waist couldn't be an inch more than sixteen inches around - if that. From the top of the corset to the bottom of his feet, Steve presented the image of a woman - and then some. Tiny wasp waist, tiny feet, sexy legs, spectacular ass - he was like some idealized woman.

"Wow..." He murmured, running his hands over the fabric of the corset...

...then, on instinct, he reached around and tried to undo the draw-string that Susie had so easily tied a moment ago. The knot refused to budge.

"You're trying to take it off?" Susie asked, surprise, seeing him fumble.

"No - just verifying my theory that I can't take it off." He replied, and she nodded in understanding. "Now what?" She asked - and before Steve could answer, the phone rang.

Looking at her with a raised eyebrow, Steve went and answered it. Once more that electronically distorted voice spoke, as quick and unhesitating as before.

"You are to go to 371-B Front Street - The Anything Goes Shop. They have been well paid, and will give you any wig that you choose, free of charge. Bring it home. Do not attempt to explain what is going on. Susie is to take the key now in your mailbox and go to the bus terminal. She is to retrieve the item in the locker whose number is on the key, and follow the instructions listed.'

Again, the caller hung up immediately, and Steve hung up and explained the information he was given. They shared a look that spoke volumes, then Susie helped Steve into his clothes, the corset - while fairly comfortable in fit - making bending over a bit awkward.

Pulling out of the driveway, Steve watched Susie's Geo pull out of the driveway and head off in the direction he'd gone earlier, while he aimed the snout of his car to the more distant location he'd been given.

It took him some time to find a place to park in the downtown district to which he'd been instructed to go to, and he was glad that there was no time limit in effect this time. He went into the store, an adult 'boutique' for 'alternate lifestyle' that he'd visited a couple of times before, his eyes roaming over the items on display, everything from 'plus size' women's clothes to B&D gear, from sexy leather and latex for him and her to 'marital aids'.

Walking up to the counter, he cleared his throat. "Um... My name's Steve Zink, and..."

"Of course, Mr. Zink." The girl - with two-tone pink and baby-blue hair - said, eyeing him with a speculative look. "Everything's been arranged. Just pick out the wig you want."

Not willing or able to satisfy her obvious curiosity, he turned his attention to the selection of wigs on Styrofoam heads. He had a pretty good idea of what would happen when he lowered it into place over his own sandy crew-cut, and took his time, wanting to pick the right one.

Finally, he pointed to one that was a brassy blonde, and long enough to hang to the small of his back. The style was straight, with fluffed bangs and a gentle teardrop sweep to the back of it.

The clerk went in back and returned a moment later with a boxed wig, handing it over. "If you don't mind me asking..."

Steve shook his head. "Sorry - I'm not allowed to explain."

Her eyebrow rose at that, but she shrugged and turned away, obviously a touch miffed.

Tucking the box under an arm that was rapidly becoming incongruous when compared to the rest of him, he headed back to where he'd parked his car, heading back home.

Opening the front door, he carried the wig-box into the house calling out. "Susie, honey - you home?"

There was a sudden, sharp thump, then Susie's voice - sounding both startled and... somehow slightly odd - came from the back of the house.

"In the bedroom, honey!"

With a slightly surprised look on his face, Steve headed into the bedroom, where he found Susie just doing up the shoulder clasps on a brand new pair of denim overalls that were so baggy and large that they hung like a tent on her, an effect further emphasized by the thick, baggy sweatshirt that filled the top half, causing the bottoms to hang bagged outward from her body.

"Well.. that's a new look." Steve said, more than a little surprised. She grinned devilishly. "Look who's talking."

Steve snorted, tossing the wig box on the bed - and noticing the large white box that it landed beside. "What's that?"

"Wait until you see what's inside." She said in that odd tone of voice, earning her a bemused look from Steve. He quickly undressed, then let Susie open the box and tilt it to display its contents.

Bras. Well - sort of. Because in each white cotton bra was built-in padding, shaping the cups into the semblance of breasts themselves. And there was quite a selection...

"My god!" Steve gasped, looking at the ones at the end. "They're... huge!"

Susie laughed, then pointed to each of the bras in order. "We gotch'er B cup, D, E, HH, JJJ, and MMM." The last one she pointed out looked like a pair of beach-balls covered in white fabric, and Steve could see why such a large box was needed - even the next size down was like a pair of medicine balls. She nodded in the direction of the wig box. "So?"

tearing his eyes away from the array of falsies, he opened the box and lifted out the glossy blonde mane. "Hey, *nice* choice." She said, approvingly. "C'mon - let's see how it looks."

"Sure." Steve said. He carefully eased himself to his knees and held the wig out. "Just in case - you put it on, and make sure it's straight. I'd hate to put it on crooked and have it stuck like that."

"Sure thing, babe." Susie said, moving with what seemed excessive enthusiasm to take the wig. Holding it an inch or two above his own short hair, she closed one eye and carefully lined the wig up before lowering it into place.

immediately, a tingling sensation ran through his scalp, and Steve verified his assumption by reaching up and tugging at the hair, feeling

- as expected - the tugging of his new hair through his scalp.

"Okay - now for the tits, babe." Susie said, practically yanking his arm out of the socket in an effort to hurry him.

"okay, okay - geez, I think you're more into this than I am." Steve grumbled cheerfully - although, truth be told, he was definitely starting to enjoy the whole experience of slowly being made female, fulfilling a long-held fantasy. All the negative considerations were there, but they were buried under the excitement of the moment. "So - what size shall I be...?"

Susie nudged him in the ribs. "come on, honey. I've read those stories you write. Big, balloon-chested girls. Then there's Eddie - and that *Gunslinger*..." She rolled her eyes.

Steve grinned at the ribbing. "Okay - I get your drift." He looked over the selection, then reached for the double 'H' cup. "Oh, come on - go whole hog." Susie urged.

"Really?" Steve asked, considering. He'd had the urge, but it had faded a bit... but now he found himself coming back to the so quickly rejected idea.

"Yeah - go on. Live it up." Susie said, slapping him on the full, firm ass.

"Yeah. Yeah - I think I will." Steve said. Picking up the light (probably foam-filled) bra-encased 'tits', he slid his arms through the straps, holding the huge, round 'tits' against his chest...

...before he could suggest it - or change his mind - Susie reached around him, her face practically buried in his 'cleavage', and snapped the bra closed.

Instantly, the 'tits' fused to his chest, and Steve felt the flood of sensations transmitted through them, even as the surprising weight of the massive - and now, real - tit hauled him forward and off balance, He stumbled, his body pressing against Susie's before - with her help - he managed to catch his balance and stand upright against the drag of his massive new tits.

"Damn - these are heavy!" He said, cupping his massive new tits, and feeling the pressure transmitted through the tits themselves. It was a new and definitely interesting sensation.

Awkwardly, he reached behind him - using his previous experience of cross-dressing - to fumble for the snaps, while feeling the heavy drag of his new tits pulling at him in a new and unaccustomed manner.

To his surprise, the clasps undid easily, and the bra dropped away.

Revealing his massive, round tits in all their glory. They were firm and almost spherical, and his new nipples quickly responded to being bared to the cool air, swelling outwards. They were absolutely huge, in scale to his massive new tits. They were easily as big - erect - as three-quarters of his thumb in length, and slightly thicker around than that digit.

"Wow..." Steve said as his hands roamed over the surface of the massive boobs, his thick fingers lightly squeezing the massive, swollen nipples, causing him to shiver at the decidedly pleasurable sensation created by the motion.

"They do have their uses." Susie said, eyeing his new endowments with a strange look. Reaching out, she hefted his huge tits, grunting slightly at the weight. "Wow - they are heavy..." She said, letting her smaller hands slid up the round curve of the breast and flicked Steve's thick new nipples."

"Hey!" Steve said at the mixed sensation that made.

"Just... interested." Susie said, looking somewhat - and, somehow, somewhat theatrically - hurt. "This is kind of a new and interesting situation for me, too."

"Sorry." Steve apologized - then his mind jumped back to something. "What have you got in you pocket, anyway?" She blinked. "Huh?"

"I felt something thick and hard when I fell against you." He explained. "What was that."

She waved a hand dismissively. "Oh - the dildo. You know - the one that your dick became?"

"Oh!" Steve said in startled understanding. He blinked - he hadn't realized that his dick felt that big when pressed against a thigh... Then again, his thigh had changed dimensions, and maybe that was what was throwing off his perspective.

Shrugging the thought away, he bent down to retrieve his bra...

...and barely managed to keep from crashing face-first into the floor, slapping his hands down to stop the inertia-and-gravity aided descent that his new tits provided, making his motion much faster than he'd anticipated.

Shaking his head at his stupidity at not anticipating the effect of his massive new tits, he grasped the bra then slowly strained upright, feeling like somebody had strapped a fifty-pound bag of milk to his chest. His back muscles twinged at the strain, but he got upright all right, and he decided that - to ease some of the drag of the tits - it would be a good idea to keep the bra on. Contorting, he got the garment on and done up, finding that it took a different sequence than he was used to to get the massive underwire bra in place, especially over his huge, now engorged nipples, which were - quite pleasantly - compressed by the straining fabric.

"Well - this is certainly... interesting." Steve said, fondling his massive, bra-encased boobs and already mildly regretting choosing the most massive of the available options.

"So.." Susie started to say.

Steve held up a finger, gesturing silence. Blinking, she did as he instructed, then watched as he waved her over to the phone. Not wanting the drag of gravity to affect him unduly, he bent his knees and kept his back ramrod straight as he crouched beside the bed table. With a bemused look, Susie joined him.

Steve made a rolling motion with his hand, a 'go on' sort of thing.

Frowning, Susie said in a questioning tone. "So - I wonder what happens next?" The phone rang.

Wiggling his eyebrows up and down under his glasses, Steve made a 'be my guest' motion at the phone. Shaking her head, Susie picked up the phone. "Hello?"

She listened for a moment, then hung up, a bemused expression on her face. "How...?"

He shrugged. "Hey, it's as if there's a magical spell on us. Not only does anything I put on become part of my changing feminine body, but any time somebody says..." he paused. "...that phrase, then we get new instructions."

"Ah..." Susie said, nodding. "Okay - just chuck logic and go with the flow, huh?"

"Works for me." Steve said with a shrug - which caused an interesting expression to cross his face as he experienced the motion the movement created in his massively expanded chest, especially the way his still-swollen new nipples moves over the surface of the fabric.

"This will take some getting used to." He told Susie sheepishly. "So - what were the new instructions?"

"Well, we've got a choice. I was given two addresses to pick from - one's a tattoo parlor, the other's a... 'special' bar-slash-club."

Steve winced at having to go out in public like this. There was no way of hiding his huge new bust - another mark against it- and his face and arms weren't feminine enough to get away with playing a 'normal' woman. What might be possible if he were to 'en femme' in his normal body became hard to reconcile in his new form, which looked like a slender, huge-breasted woman from the waist down, but was bulkier and much more raw-boned up top.

"Uh..." Steve considered the question. He didn't have a clue about this bar - but he had an idea what a tattoo parlor might lead into, and he wasn't interested. "Let's try the bar."

"Okay." Susie said, agreeably. "Throw something on, and let's go."

Somewhat taken aback by the brisk command, Steve shrugged and looked for the most 'inconspicuous' outfit in the closet.

He settled on a black leather skirt that came about midway down his altered thighs and a black turtle-neck sweater that helped hide the differences between his feminized and normal body parts. He figured he'd just have to 'make-due' with his face the way it was.

They took his car, simply because it was the one that was last in the driveway. Locking the house, they headed out to the Grand Am, Susie sliding into the driver's seat. Steve slipped into the passenger's seat and began to buckle up - then grimaced and loosened the belt to accommodate his new 'frontal emplacements'. They headed off, Steve's heart slowly increasing its tempo as they drew closer and closer to the destination, wondering what he was going to encounter, and what would be the final outcome of this incredible, amazing day.

Susie drove, having received the instructions, and it was a good thing she did - he might never have found the alley that she pulled into. He winced as the car barely cleared the walls of the run-down tenements on either side, then the alley opened up into a parking lot surrounded by brick walls on all side. She parked the car and shut off the ignition.

"Here we are." She announced.

"Okay..." Steve said, looking around as he climbed out of the car, his huge new bust swaying despite the restraint the bra provided. Susie led the way to a massive black steel door embedded in a brick wall. There was no handle on the door, no sign - nothing.

Susie merely stood in front of the door, and Steve was about to suggest they knock or something when there was a series of muffled 'thuds', and the door swung open, spilling music out into the night.

Hesitantly, Steve followed Susie into the darkened interior, the door swinging shut behind them of it's own accord and the thick bolts locking shut.

"Look!" Susie said, pointing to a large sign mounted on the wall. Steve leaned closer to read it, barely remembering to counter-pull against the mass of his new tits.

THE LUCRE CLUB PHILOSOPHY

Everything is for sale. Any patron may offer to sell anything, legal or not, and anything may be purchased upon agreement of the price.

All payment is through automated debit/credit, payable in cash upon time of exit.

RULES

1. There is a hundred dollar (\$100.00) per-person fee to the HOUSE upon entering that must be paid before exit is granted.
2. The SELLER always sets the price. DICKERING IS SEVERELY FROWNED UPON.
3. Once a BUYER agrees to the SELLER'S set price NEITHER PARTY MAY BACK OUT OF THE TRANSACTION.
4. Any disputes WILL be settled by the HOUSE.
5. Within these walls, the terms ILLEGAL and/or IMMORAL have no meaning. ('Fattening' may still apply, however.)
6. NO COERCION is acceptable in the initial transactions. (It may be applicable to ENFORCE a transaction - or may be an integral part of the transaction, however.)
7. Availability of refreshments, alcoholic beverages and other such consumable ARE NOT provided/regulated by the HOUSE, but the sole providence of such SELLERS who have had the foresight to establish such services. HOWEVER - the first drink is on the HOUSE.

Steve read the sign again, then turned to Susie. "I don't believe this. If nothing else, we have to pony up a hundred bucks a piece before we're allowed to leave? We didn't bring that much cash!"

Susie seemed unconcerned. "So? We'll sell something. You read the sign - we can offer anything we want for sale, and see if anybody buys."

Steve spread his hands. "What the hell are we going to sell?" Susie smiled oddly. "We'll think of something."

The continued on into the club, finding themselves at a gate that barred further progress. It looked out into a cavernous club that was part gentleman's club, part flea market and part... orgy.

To the right of the gate, a booth stood with a bored-looking man inside, dressed in a 'guard uniform' made of blue leather. "Get your Credit/Debit transceivers here and..." He began in a bored drone.

Debbie held up her arm. "We already have them, buddy-boy. Open your eyes - and open the gate." Startled by her brusque manner, it took Steve a second to realized what Susie was showing the guard...

...a watch, identical to the one he wore on his wrist. He frowned, realizing that she'd received some addition instructions, probably while getting the 'tits'.

The guard's manner changed. "Sorry, Miss - didn't know you were already a member." He glanced at Steve's wrist, then nodded to himself and hit a button that caused the gate to swing open, allowing them entrance to the club proper.

"Susie?" Steve asked, tapping her 'watch'.

"I'll explain later, love..." She said in a distracted tone, looking around. "We're supposed to mingle. I have things I have to do, and so do you."

"Oh? What do I have to do?" Steve asked, slightly miffed - then shrugged it off, figuring that she'd been instructed to keep her 'additional' information secret for some reason.

"Why..." Susie said with a mysterious grin. "Finish your 'look', of course. You can buy everything you need here, after all. Just try and keep your deals in the 'reasonable' range - you'll have to pay off your purchases before you can leave, remember?"

She gave him a quick peck on the cheek, then wandered off into the crowd.

She was gone before the fact that she'd avoided saying 'we' registered. Blinking, Steve looked around, trying to sort out the throng of humanity that moved around the club.

The place was roughly the same size and general architectural style as the main concourse of Grand Central station - but the mix of people filling it would have seemed odd even there, the dress ranging from ultra-conservative to nothing at all, and with people doing just about anything at all. Steve had never seen anything like it, and it was like an assault on his senses.

The only 'good' news was that there was absolutely nothing about his current appearance that would attract a second look from this crowd. Picking a direction at random, he began to move through the crowd, keeping his eyes open and trying to

decide what he was going to do. He had a rough sense of what was expected - he was to buy things that would complete his transformation - but the specifics of the change were up to him to work out.

He almost passed the slender, elegant woman laying on the divan, smoking a long cigarette in a black holder. She was dressed in an elegantly simple sea-blue velvet dress that must have cost a fortune, and her free hand was fondling the chest of the muscular man sitting on the floor.

It was that hand that caught Steve's attention.

It was clad in a glove. An opera-length glove of black satin, to be exact, trimmed at the top end with evenly spaced rhinestones.

At least - he assumed they were rhinestones. Guestimating the worth of the dress again, he thought suddenly that they might be the actual gemstone rather than a cheap substitute.

Well - nothing ventured, nothing gained. He walked closer, clearing his throat.

Her eyes swung to look at him, dark and smoldering. They flicked up and down his body, pausing at the massive chest that strained the sweater, then the incongruous, bespectacled face that topped it all off.

"Yes?" She said in a slow, eloquent British accent that actually made it sound more like 'MMMMNnnyeESSS?"

Steve smiled. "I was just admiring your gloves..."

"Really?" She asked languidly. "I, myself, was rather unsure of them when I dressed this morn. I thought perhaps these..." She reached into a bag of some sort on the far side of the divan and produced another pair of opera gloves.

These one were a rich, dark blue, and tracing up them in entwining patterns were small rows of white stitching that formed criss- crossing diamond patterns.

"What do you think, dear? More apropos?" She asked, eyeing him with interest.

Steve considered the question. "No - I think the black ones were the right choice." He told her, slowly. "They complement your gown, rather than 'coordinate' with it - and the simplicity makes a statement that the other ones would have failed to make. They're too..." He fumbled for the correct word.

"Gauche?" She said with a slow smile.

Steve shrugged - and again felt the sensation that created. Ignoring it, he said "Actually, 'busy' is what came to mind, but the idea is the same."

"Yes, I quite agree, my dear - thank you for setting my mind at ease. Life is too long to let these rather trivial things worry one for long, is it not?"

Steve nodded - and even that caused a new sensation, his now long, silky mane brushing over his neck.

"I will tell you what, dear - for your assistance, I shall allow you to buy these gloves..." She tilted the deep-blue satin gloves in his direction. "...for a mere twenty-five dollars. Agreeable?"

Steve considered. The black ones were actually more to his interest, but....

She cocked her head, reading his expression. "Perhaps you are right - they are too 'busy' for you as well. I will sell you a pair nearly

identical to the ones that I am wearing for eight hundred dollars, if you wish. The diamond chips, I'm sure you must understand, do force me to rise the price."

Steve flinched at the figure she named for the black ones. "no - I think those ones will do." He said, pointing to the blue ones - after all, he was looking to change his arms, not necessarily win the 'best dressed' award of the evening.

"Splendid." The woman said, holding out her arm, on which the watch was resting, matching her outfit beautifully. "Um " Steve looked mildly embarrassed.

"Ah, of course." the British woman said, tilting her head. "Merely 'set' the watch to the amount to be debited from you standing account. The 'second' hand is tens of dollars, the 'minute' hand hundreds, the other thousands."

Steve brought his arm up and examined the watch, only now noticing that the numerals on the face only had eleven numbers, (0-10) rather than twelve. In a few seconds, he figured out the system, and he spun the hands via the knob on the side. Pulling it out three stops moved the thousand hand, which he set on 'zero'. Pushing it in one stop allowed him to do the same with the hundred's hand, then he spun the tens hand half-past two.

He then held his writ out, and the elegant woman pressed her own watch against his, face to face.

When he looked at his watch, Steve found that all hands were now set on 'zero' - and the outside bezel had spun slightly, the arrow now pointing a touch past the first tick. It dawned on Steve that the ticks each signified thousands of dollars - and he wondered about the buy-and-sell of some things in here.

Taking a deep breath, he slid the gloves on under the sleeves of the sweater he wore...

..and felt the tingle of the change as he gained feminine arms up to his shoulder.

Twenty minutes later, thos shoulders matched his arms, as the purchase of a pair of women's shoulder pads converted the real mass of his shoulders under the sweater to an illusion that the pads provided over his slender new shoulders.

Or 'her' new shoulders. The search for the rest of the necessary items required some social interaction, and almost instinctively, Steve found himself using the name he usually did when in women's clothing - Jennifer. He began to fall into that certain 'mood' that 'playing' at being female always brought out in him - although he'd never 'played' it this well before.

A studded leather collar gave him a feminine voice - although, to late, he realized that getting one with a gold 'dog tag' bearing the legend 'Silly Silicone Slut' hadn't been the best move, as his new, feminine voice was higher pitched - and more 'brainless' sounding - then he would have liked.

However, that was a mere inconvenience compared to the 'face' he ended up with. Several 'other' women had come with masks of various styles, as if attending a masquerade ball. The vast majority of them were filigreed half-masks, some with feathers or pearls, but two of the women had incredibly detailed, realistic-looking masks.

However, the one with the 'elegantly beautiful' mask wasn't keen on giving it up, asking for two thousand dollars, while the one with the almost caricature-like mask seemed almost eager to get rid of it, letting the mask with its tiny nose, huge blue eyes and full, red lips go for a song - thirty bucks.

So - 'Jennifer' ended up with a face that more than matched the voice she had.

But it completed her change, and that was the important part, for now. Finished - and only a couple hundred in the whole - she began to search for Susie, asking people if they'd seen her by describing her.

Finally, somebody pointed her towards a slender, rather arrogant looking man resting in an armchair, saying that he'd been speaking to her until a few minutes ago,

Jennifer walked over, and opened her mouth to introduce herself.

"Ah, my dear Steve - I must say I like your final choices, although that ensemble is simply ludicrous." He paused. "Or should I call you Jennifer now?"

"How..?" Steve gasped, surprised.

The man smiled. "because I'm a wizard. A real, wave-my-hands-and-do-magic wizard. And the architect of your and Susie's little adventure."

"What?" Jennifer blurted. "Where is she? What's going on? How... Why..."

the man waved a hand. "She is fine - she'd merely off getting 'prepared' for her little part in earning her way out of here. In the meantime, let me introduce myself. I am Roland..."

"I don't care what your name is." Jennifer said in annoyance. "I want some explanations!"

"You see," Roland explained dryly. "one of the restrictions placed on my enormous power is that I can only use it on mortals who enter into it 'voluntarily' - that is, without direct magical 'force'. Technically, you 'voluntarily' proceeded along the way - through ignorance at first, then through your own personality." He grinned devilishly. "I more or less counted on that, dear fellow - it was why I chose you. Not allowed to use magic to find a suitable candidate who lived in the area, I used the Internet, and tracked you down through your stories and participation on the TG-related Internet sites. It worked out more or less as I planned, actually."

Jennifer tried her best to glare at the slender man, but her new face simply wasn't suited for the task. "So?" she asked in her new voice. "What's your plan for me then?"

Roland smiled. "Actually, I mean you no real harm. It's merely that I have to fulfill a deal I foolishly made while under the influence. You see, I agreed to supply a certain person with a chance to see a staged fantasy - or, rather, any one of the half-dozen he wished to see. Now, if you 'voluntarily' go into the change room and pick any of the costumes there to wear, you'll then find yourself locked into playing out the associated fantasy for that costume."

"And if I don't?" Jennifer asked.

Roland shrugged. "Then you are trapped here until you are able to earn enough to leave - and you will remain trapped in that body, for the rest of your life. However, should you do this 'little' favor, then I will pay you and dear, dear Suzie handsomely for it. Furthermore, you will then be able to switch between your 'real' identities and these ones quite easily - you will be able to 'remove' this body at will, as if it were a body suit, then put it back on and will it 'real' at any time. So - a handsome reward if you comply, and, if you don't..." He trailed off expressively.

Jennifer sighed angrily - not that it looked that way to anyone watching, of course - knowing that there was really no choice at all. So - she would 'volunteer'.

"That room, there?" She asked, pointing one finger at the door he'd indicated. "Yes, dear girl - that one." Roland said with a victorious smile.

Shaking her head, the huge-breasted blonde ex-man turned and jiggled and swayed over to the door and went through.

She found herself standing in a small room with two doors - the one she'd entered through, and one on the far wall. One each of the other walls, three open-fronted lockers held costumes.

Jennifer examined each of the costumes, her full, gloss-red lips curling at the 'selection' that was 'available'.

There was a 'cheerleader' outfit - but you'd never see a cheerleader dressed like this on any sports field, aside from the one Hugh Hefner had at his mansion, maybe.

Then there was the 'cop' outfit that would get you arrested in any city in the country - with the possible exception of Las Vegas, of course.

The third costume on the right-hand wall was the quintessential 'French maid' routine that fueled teenage boys fantasies throughout western 'civilization, with the possible exception of actual French teenagers, who might know better.

The ones hanging on the other wall were no better. There was a 'business' outfit that would never be seen in a Fortune 500 boardroom, a Nurse's uniform that could cause cardiac arrest in older 'patients', and...

..and...

the final costume didn't fit into any clearly define role, as the others did. Instead, it was a fantasy onto itself, and Jennifer leaned closer for a better look, afraid to actually touch any of the costumes before she'd made her choice.

Resting in the bottom of the locker was a pair of silver leather boots that rose to a height that could only end up being thigh-high on her, if she wore them. They sported three inch platforms that were made of clear plastic, and a matching nine-inch stiletto heel rose from the back of each boot. A series of chrome buckles-and-snaps rose up the outside three-quarter edge at the front of the boot to hold them on to the wearer's feet and legs.

Hanging from the hook was a pair of silver spandex shorts that were cut in the classic 'French' pattern, basically a triangle of material at the front and a slightly large one at the back, held together by a narrow join at the bottom point and by a black elastic band that ran along the top. Also hanging on the hook was a silver spandex crop-top that looked like it might - might - cover her massive tits.

Sitting on the shelf just below this hook was a corset. A black leather corset with silver 'ribs' and silver snaps and buckles on the side in place of lacing at the back.

Also resting on the shelf was a pair of silver leather 'sleeves' that had buckles and clasps up the sides, but would leave the hands themselves free. The top end flared out sharply to a rounded point, matching those at the top front of the boots. Also resting on the shelf

was a pair of silver-rimmed, slanted-oval sunglasses with lenses that were alternating bands of silver-and-black tinting. There was also a silver leather choker necklace with a bright blue 'jewel' in the center of it in a silver setting.

Jennifer looked at the odd ensemble for a long moment, wondering what fantasy went along with the outfit. She was pretty sure what to expect in terms of what the others represented - but this one was a mystery.

That was the deciding factor. Not particularly interested in any of the other scenarios, this one at least offered a chance to satisfy her curiosity.

Shrugging, Jennifer quickly stripped out of the clothes she was wearing and struggled into the outfit from the locker, fumbling with all the buckles, catches and snaps on the outfit. Her final act was to pull on the bejeweled choker and clasp it into place.

That was her last voluntary action for the duration. Instantly, she snapped ram-rod upright, her hands dropping to her side as her body went into 'automatic pilot'.

With an incredibly sexy, ass-swinging sway that she'd never be able to manage atop those heels on her own, Jennifer found herself walking over to the other door and opening, stepping through...

...onto a stage that looked like a set from an old 'Flash Gordon' movie. One side of the stage was open to an audience of attentive men and women watching the well-lit stage with enraptured expressions, while the rest of the set was done up in what a director from the 'fifties would have thought of as a 'futuristic' spaceship interior.

Standing center-stage was Susie. She was dressed in a skin-tight silver spandex jumpsuit that hugged every single curve of her body...

...including her now enlarged tits, somewhere in the amazingly firm, round, EEE-cup range, even tracing her large, erect nipples...

...and hugging her crotch, and the extremely large, unmistakably phallic bulge that lay there.

Swaying closer to Susie, Jennifer threw a snappy salute while wiggling her torso, causing her tits to jiggle and sway within the skimpy top she wore.

"Crew-girl Jenni Juggs reporting for duty, Cap'n Suckmeoff!" Jennifer - Jenni - reported in her chipper, bimbo-ish voice.

"Just in time, crew-girl Jenni!" Susie replied in a fake - and incredibly sexy - Russian accent that made the words come out as 'Jshust in time, crewl-girl Jshenni!'. "We are about to spiral into Alpha Beta's atmosphere unless we can restart the fusion engine."

"I'll do anything you tell me to, Cap'n honey!" Jenni assured Susie suggestively, earning applause from the audience. "First, open valves one and two!" Susie ordered.

Jiggling and swaying, Jenni went to two large hand-wheels set into the floor of the set, in a row perpendicular to the front of the stage. She stood between the two of them, then - bending from the waist - bent over the first one.

The crowd roared its approval as she began cranking the wheel, displaying a fantastic view of her cleavage as she did so, and the motion making her tits sway back and forth. After about a dozen turns, she stood straight up, then turned in place with jiggly, brainless little steps. She then bent over at the waist, displaying her ass to advantage as she cranked the second wheel, wiggling her ass in time with each crank.

Standing again, she threw another jiggly-salute at her 'commander'. "Done, Cap'n!" "Good!" Susie complimented her. "Now - pump the primer for the reaction chamber!"

Jiggling and swaying, Jenni helplessly made her way over to a big, thick lever protruding from the floor of the stage on an angle. Making a big production of it, she 'demonstrated' that 'poor little her' wasn't strong enough to move the lever, then stood back and looked at it with an exaggerated look of pouty befuddlement on her face.

Then she broke into a sunny smile and snapped her fingers. Throwing on long, sexy leg over the lever, she straddled it and pushed her crotch firmly on it's roundness. Her weight pushed the lever down. She then flexed her legs, pushing herself back up atop the lever's return stroke.

Closing her eyes, she began to fondle her own body and toss her head around, making moaning sounds as she continued to 'pump' the lever, riding it up and down like a very erotic see-saw.

The moans, though unwilling, weren't entirely without justification - her hands were really fondling her transformed body, and it was pleasurable, especially when she fondled her huge, firm tits through the stretchy fabric that barely covered them, her fingers teasing her thick, engorged nipples through the fabric.

Finally, she stepped off the lever and, with another salute, reported that job done, as well.

Suddenly, a red light began to flash and a pipe that ran from the floor to the ceiling on the left side of the stage snapped off near it's bottom, and a thick, clear gel-like liquid began to gush from the rubber-insulator-coated pipe as the top portion of the pipe fell off to the side.

"Stem the flow until I can get the computer to shut the valves!" Susie commanded, running to the control board.

Jenni jiggled over and stared at the leak, then picked up a few obviously-unsuitable objects and consider them as stoppers before disposing of them.

Finally, looking worried, she tore off her top and dropped down beside the fifteen-inch long pipe thrust from the floor and tried to plug it with the scrap of fabric, which was immediately washed out of the way by the gushing, thick fluid.

So she knelt down and shoved her tits together and placed them atop the fountain.

The pressure of the goo forced a stream of it up through her cleavage at just enough pressure to allow it to ooze out of the top of her cleavage and down all sides of her huge, round tits, quickly coating them in a thick layer of clear ooze. She remained like that for a moment later, until Susie told her that the pressure was cut.

Rising, Jenni began to massage the thick, glistening liquid over her huge, round orbs, making wholly honest sound of pleasure as her hands worked over the slick, sensitive flesh of her huge tits.

"Now - we need to regain a vacuum in the primary system to restart the engine. Connect the house to the outer vent, Crew-girl Juggs!"

"Aye-aye, Cap'n!" Jenni replied. She opened a storage locked and remove a long black rubber hose. Walking over to a spigot that bore an overly large sign reading 'WARNING - THROUGH-HULL FITTING', she attached one end. Then she carried the other end over to the other wall and flipped open an access hatch, revealing a 'probe' that was about fourteen inches long, as thick around as her wrists, and with a decidedly phallic end. She started to connect the hose...

...and it was a couple of inches too short. Frowning, she tried again, then tossed it aside and looked at the phallic-looking connection while the audience began to laugh in anticipation.

They weren't disappointed.

Stepping up, she wrapped her hands around the base of the plastic 'fitting' and sucked the thick phallic probe into her mouth.

Sucking in until her cheeks hollowed, she made a big show of sucking as she slowly moved her head back until it was just barely enclosing the end of the 'fitting', then quickly moved forward, adding body language as she repeated the cycle.

There was a 'thrum.. thrum.. thrum... cough.' Sound from behind the wall.

She continued the cycle, faster and more 'passionately' every time, each time getting a longer, more powerful sound, like an engine just about to catch. She continued to 'blow' the fitting vigorously, now basically face-fucking it with an incredible show of sucking with stunning skill at the phallic probe...

...and the unseen engine roared into life, accompanied by mixed laughter and cheers from the audience.

Some women were given the blow-job description that they were able to 'suck-start a leaf blower'. She'd just suck-started a *spaceship*.

"Very good..." Susie began.. then a pipe on the far wall, about sixteen inches around and twelve inches long where it ran from the base fitting to the top fitting, suddenly burst, a hole appearing in its side as more of that thick, clear liquid gushed out.

"It couldn't take the extra pressure!" the 'captain' cried. She tore off her uniform - which came off with suspicious ease - and used it to plug the whole, getting coated in a coat of the gleaming goo that managed to cover every inch of her except her hair.

"But it'll never hold!" Susie cried. "I've exposed myself to the effect Glastinine has on my race for no purpose!"

Jenni mimed having a brilliant idea, then whipped off her corset. Now naked to the waist, she ran to the pipe, tits bouncing and swaying. Wrapping the corset around the pipe - where it fit perfectly, to the inch - she buckled it up, holding the captain's uniform in the gap.

"Sheer genius, Jenni- but it's too late for me, I'm afraid. The effects of exposure all already starting." "You don't mean...?" Jenni gasped, hands flying to her cheeks.

"Yes - hypercumiosis!" Susie said. "Even now, I can feel the pressure building..."

Her now revealed cock began to stir, the massive member swiftly becoming erect. "...and soon I shall die of the pressure!" "No, Captain!" Jenni cried. "I shall save you! I can ease the pressure!"

She found herself all but dragging Susie to a couch-like bench in the center of the stage and forcing her to lay on it, head towards the audience. The couch 'just happened' to be below a forty-five degree, highly reflective 'roofing panel' that gave a perfect 'birds eye' view of the couch as Jenni swung her leg over her captain...

...and impaled herself completely on her huge, thick cock.

Moaning, Jenni began to thrust herself up and down on the thick, hot cock, feeling the incredible friction that caused bolts of pleasure to race through her body as she drove herself up and down on the cock, her muscular, sexy legs flexing inside her boots as she rode Susie, crying out in pleasure that wasn't at all fake. Incredible sensations coursed through her as she fucked Susie hard and deep, her huge tits bouncing as she fondled and squeezed Susie's new, not-inconsiderable endowments. Soon, she was returning that favor for Jenni.

Pleasure rolled through her glistening, writhing body, building and building as she fucked Susie with abandon, not knowing if it was the spell causing her to do it, or if she was doing this of her own free will. If it had been anybody else, she would have been utterly disgusted - but this was completely different, and the pleasure... it wasn't more, really, then sex as a male, but it was so different, so new...

...so.. wonderful...

Jenni screamed in orgasmic ecstasy as the pleasure reached it's climax and rolled through her body, leaving her to slump against the slick, well-endowed body of her lover as Susie's cock gushed warm cum into her new womanhood.

The audience was applauding madly as the two women lay intertwined, their lips pressed firmly together as they kissed passionately, a wholly voluntary act...

Then the sound of the applause faded, and there was a sudden 'shifting' sensation, and they broke the kiss to stare at one another in surprise.

They were sitting, naked, on the couch in their living room, their bodies completely and utterly normal.

"wha..?" Steve said, disorientated. He glanced around, trying to adapt to the sudden jump in gender, location and situation. Then his eyes fell on what appeared to be a deflated blow-up doll - and recognized the features.

Stunned, he picked up the 'skin' of Jennifer, turning it over in his hands. A zipper ran up the body from crotch to chin, leaving no doubt how it was designed to be put on.

"That was..." Steve said, searching for adequate words - and failing. "Yeah." Susie said, gaping at her own, deflated 'alter ego'.

Steve searched for words to explain his feeling, to describe what he thought - to explain that, although he didn't want to do it right now, he was already looking forward to the next time he would be Jennifer.

Before he could begin, though, there was a muffled whirring sound, and their heads whipped around to gape at the TV, which flared to life as the tape in the VCR began to play.

The screen remained blank for a second. Then a picture flared to life...

...showing a set that looked like an escapee from a fifty's sci-fi movie, with a 'woman' in a silver jumpsuit in the middle of the set, looking at a door that had just opened on one side, to reveal an incredible vision of blonde - and bimbo-ish - femininity.

Sharing a look, the two lovers lay the skins aside for the moment and leaned against each other, hands idly roaming over each other's body as they watched their alter-egos go through the scene...

* * * * *

Well, that's the whole story, as I heard it from Steve. Not that I believe a word of it, mind you - Steve's known writer of fiction, which - after all, I should know - is only another way of saying 'Professional Liar'.

The thing is.. how I came to hear the story.

See - I went out to get my paper this morning.. and found a box on my doorstep. A plain-brown-paper wrapped box, tied with twine.

A box that contained three pairs of lady's gloves - sort of.

Now, this box sort of confused me, what with no note or return address. So, I started contacting some of my friends and acquaintances to try and track them down.. and when I reached Steve, that's when I got this whole, utterly unbelievable story.

He's pulling my leg. I'm sure if it. Maybe he sent the box, and this is all an elaborate joke, or maybe he doesn't have a clue and just spun the story out of thin air for a laugh. I don't know.

But putting on a pair of gloves.. won't do a damned thing. In fact, I'm going to prove that by putting on a pair right now.

Hmmm... But which pair? The pair of lady's elbow-length 'evening gloves', in a rather racy shade of red satin and with fringe trim up the outside?

Or maybe the women's black leather motorcycle gauntlets, with the chains over the wrists and the little gold letters on each knuckle. The ones that spell 'B-I-K-E-R' on the right glove, and 'B-I-T-C-H' on the other.

Or maybe the really strange ones. The realistic-looking flesh-toned latex ones that even have long, bright red fake nails affixed to the end of each finger.

I just can't seem to decide. Any suggestions...?



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A macho guy talks about the type of girl he likes to his over sensitive roommate and suddenly finds that a spell has transformed him, but his roommate doesn't seem to know how to treat the new bimbo.

Demonstrative

By Gunslinger

With forlorn eyes, Jeff watched from the walkout as the red glow of taillights turned the corner at the end of the street. Shoulders, held square in a sad effort, slumped, and the somewhat portly young man heaved a heavy sigh and went through the sliding glass doors...

...where he found Nick laughing his proverbial ass off.

"Oh, Jeff, you're such a sweet guy..." The swarthy Italian-American mocked, in a fair imitation of Luanne's voice. He extended his arms in a much sharper, harder version of the gentle push Luanne had so recently made on the porch when Jeff, nervously, had leaned in for a 'end of date' kiss. "It's just that... I don't think of you 'that way'. You're... more... like..."

Unlike the original conversation he was mocking, Nick couldn't complete it in one fell swoop, his laughter breaking out anew. His handsome face alight with malicious enjoyment, he struggled to get the 'punchline' to the cruel joke out between his laughs.

"...a ...a ...a brother!" He finally managed - and then went into convulsions of laughter at the look on his sandy-haired roommate's face.

"It's not very funny." Jeff said, stiffly, rather pathetically drawing himself up to his rather unimpressive full height.

"You kiddin' me, book-worm?" Nick chortled, settling back onto the couch. "It's fuckin' hilarious, is what it is. Watching you try an' score... I swear, Jeff, you'd probably have better luck hittin' on lesbians. Hell, you're practically a god-damn fuckin' chick yourself."

"I am not a *woman*." Jeff said, pointedly hitting the final word with an edge of emphasize.

"Well, ex-*uuuuuuse* me!" Nick said, slapping a hand theatrically against his forehead. He grinned, nastily. "I forgot babes don't like to be called chicks babe."

"I am *not* a woman!" Jeff repeated, albeit angrily and with a different emphasis. Part of him knew that he should just leave, before it got worse but Nick had an uncanny knack for 'pushing buttons', a skill honed to a fine edge by long and constant use, and the

thread of anger kept Jeff from giving the arrogantly self-conscious young man the point by default.

"Really?" Jeff asked, smirking. He waved a hand around the modest, first-floor apartment they shared. "You take a good look at the place recently?"

It was one of Nick's favorite 'hot buttons'. When they'd first moved in, Nick had more or less held sway over decorating by the simple default that Jeff was flat broke after making his share of first-and-last. The original decor had been 'Early Bachelor', with more than a hint of 'Late American Depraved' tossed in.

Since then, Jeff had been fighting a slow, uphill battle to get at least the living/dining-room area 'livable'. Some of the more objectionable items of decor Jeff had managed to get Nick to move into the master bedroom with en-suite he'd taken as his own - but Nick never passed up the opportunity to rag on Jeff for what they'd been replaced with. If he'd been able to afford it, Jeff would have moved out long ago - but, barely staying afloat as it was, he could do nothing but grind his teeth when Nick went on.

"For cris'sakes, Jeff - fairies and unicorns?" Nick said, gesturing at the artwork that had replaced his original framed posters of scantily-clad, surgically-enhanced women draped suggestively over various motorcycles.

Jeff's lips tightened, but he forbade pointing out - yet again - that the prints on the wall were poster-sized reproductions of the incomparable Hildebrandt illustrations for Tolkien's books. After all, Nick hadn't even known *Lord of The Rings* was based on famous literature, until Jeff had told him.

Besides, he thought to himself, looking at 'The Return of Gandalf', there was nary a unicorn to be found among them...

"...and the rest of this crap!" Nick snorted, picking up one of the inexpensive 'knickknacks' Jeff had purchased at a second-hand shop to help liven up the place. Idly, he played with the battered brass curio Jeff had so painstakingly buffed back into gleaming brightness. Fingers toying with the permanently out-of-kilter scale of the statuette entitle 'Karmic Balance', he momentarily looked pensive - and the reason why the dark-haired young man who many women thought looked like an Italian version of 'Young Elvis' could charm women and men alike when he wished to became painfully clear.

Then the moment passed, and that cruel little smile returned to Nick's pouting, mobile lips.

"Unfortunately, you're completely unsalvageable, book-worm." Nick said in a heavy-handed parody of regret. "There's nothing I could do at this point to make a real man outta'ya. I mean, you're so far gone, you actually *care* how women feels."

Theatrically, he heaved a sigh.

"Frankly, man, you're making real men, like me, look bad." He said, gesturing with the statuette. "Puttin' funny thoughts in babe's heads, like that what they may or may not like matters, an' shit."

Ignoring - or, rather, enjoying - Jeff's white-faced look of anger, Nick turned and started to return the small curio to its place.

"I tell you, man..." Nick said, looking back over his shoulder. "I wish there was some way to make you see how great *my* kinda babe is to have hangin' around."

Jeff opened his mouth for an angry retort - but never got the chance.

Instead, the opened mouth sagged, and the eyes originally narrowed in anger grew wider and wider as he beheld the utterly impossible.

"What the...?" Nick gasped, staring in horror down at the glowing, golden mist that was impossibly seeping from the statuette he still held. It sparkled and shimmered as it slowly churned and swirled around him, gradually hiding him within its eerie radiance.

"What the fuck is happening?" He shouted, voice raw with the beginnings of panic as he struggled to release the glowing curio. "Stop it! Goddamn it, this isn't fucking possible!"

Now the golden glow had completely encased Nick, obscuring him behind its shimmering curtain, until he was little more than a dark shadow at its center - and as Jeff stared, frozen in position in disbelief, Nick's voice came out of that cloud, screaming a long, drawn-out denial that rose in pitch and softened even though it became sharper with utter terror.

Then the glow simply vanished - and the once-more mundane statuette tumbled from the nerveless fingers of the person sitting on the couch.

A person who's similarities to Nick Diamato only served to emphasize the vast differences.

The hair, though still a rich, glossy black, was now both much finer, individually, and much thicker, overall - and the considerably more voluminous mane was now also quite wavy, falling in a luxurious cascade almost all the way down to the couch.

The skin, though still dusky and olive-tinged, was now also smoother, almost flawlessly perfect - and the lips, still full and pouty, were much more luscious given their even fuller, more sensual shape, especially with that deep, glossy red lipstick against the flawless complexion. Dark, rich purple eye-shadow served to highlight eyes that were still dark, but now sultry behind the veil of the long, thick lashes coated the same black as the eyeliner.

Tall and toned and slender was still an operable description for the person on the couch - and yet in a completely different meaning - as was the newly-reconsidered of the phrase 'spectacularly well-endowed', a phrase Nick had always proudly used for himself.

Now, there was nothing particularly proud in the individual's demeanor as slender, long-fingered hands, each tipped with a long nail the same deep, glossy red as her lips, splayed over a truly impressive bust-line.

"Holy, shit, dude...!" The woman exclaimed in a rich, melodic voice which was smoky and seductive, even in shock. "I'm a *chick!*"

Jeff couldn't think of a single, 'good' way to respond to that - so, almost involuntarily, continued gaping wide-eyed at the incredible figure of a woman who'd replaced his obnoxious roommate on the couch.

More than just the physique and gender of the person on the couch had undergone a change - so had the clothing encasing that spectacular new figure. It was a change that well-displayed the new attributes the stunned woman had in spades.

In place of tight black jeans was a black leather skirt that encased wide, well-rounded hips - and displayed an awful lot of long, black- nylon encased leg, right down to where the crossed-over straps of her black platform shoes criss-crossed her smooth lower shins and shapely ankles, before terminating in the three-inch platforms and eight-inch heels.

Given that the woman was in the same half-turned, crouched-on-the-couch position Nick had been in before the golden glow, it was easy to see that those nylons featured a seam running up the back of them - and that, just barely under the hem of the skirt, they boasted black lace trim at the top.

Trim, that from his vantage point it was easy for Jeff to see, that matched the thong panties she wore under that self-same skirt.

Though her delectably full, firm ass was pointed almost directly at Jeff, her torso was twisted - giving him a good, profile view of the huge, firmly-round breasts. Since the top she wore was an interesting garment featuring an integral black leather waist-cincher below the black stretch-velvet tank-style upper portion, there was no 'overhang', the garment molding itself perfectly to those bosoms, and displaying perhaps the outer quarter of them to his view.

The she turned and dropped down in her seat - and he could see the neck-line of the garment actually meant that the inverted 'V' of each half of the garment, the broad base just above the corset narrowing to the top, where they tied behind her slender neck, was barely enough to cover perhaps a third of each magnificent mammary, with a deep display of cleavage left over.

Around her neck hung a gold chain which, in the center, bore some letters - and somehow, Jeff managed to find the willpower to raise his eyes that high and read the gleaming letters:

NIKKI

"Nuh..." Jeff said - then, clearing his throat, made a more successful attempt at meaningful communication with this gorgeous, dusky- skinned vision of pure sensuality: "Nick?"

"Of course I'm Nikki! Who else would..." She started to answer, both hotly and sensuously - and then she stumbled to a stop, a stricken look coming to her face.

"Nikki. Nikki. Nickkinikkinik - shit!" She said, hands roaming disbelievingly - and erotically - over her body as she struggled with her name. She looked up at Jeff.

"You know what name I'm trying to say, you gorgeous hunk!" She said, in exasperation - and then blinking. She hesitated a second, then pushed herself off the couch with one sensual, fluid motion.

"Jeff, you hot stud, there's something wrong!" She told him, urgently, pausing to lick her full lips seductively. "First I get changed into this hot, gorgeous babe with the huge, spectacular tits..."

She stopped dead as she leaned forward slightly and cupped her massive new endowments enticingly, as if offering them up to him for his enjoyment.

"...now I can't stop acting and talking like you make me incredibly, amazingly, sensationally hot for you." She said, pausing slightly before coming down with almost painfully intense sexual provocation on the word 'hot'. Her hands, leaving her breasts, clenched in frustrated rage for just a second - and then began slowly, sensuously, sliding over her leather-encased hips.

"I can't stop it!" She told him, tone seeming to indicate that the last thing in the world she wanted was to stop. "Jeff, you sexy thing, I'm not really unbelievably turned on by the thought of letting you fuck me any way, anywhere, any time you want. Though I can't keep myself from saying it, I don't really want to wrap my luscious lips around your big, throbbing cock and hungrily suck you off until you pump a hot, thick, delicious load of man-juice down my willing throat."

Jeff made a choking sound as, in describing what she didn't want to do, she did the impossible of making sound as if she actually wanted to do it even more than Jeff wanted to have it done.

As intense erotic and inviting as the words and accompanying motions were, the meaning behind them got through, and Jeff nodded jerkily.

"I.. understand." He said, taking a deep breath - and painfully aware of the bulge in his pants. "Whatever turned you into a woman is making you come onto me - but isn't making you feel the things you're saying, or like the way you're behaving. No matter what you say or do, you're still Nick, inside, and feel the way about doing.. uh, 'stuff'... with me the way Nick always would have felt."

"That's right, hot stuff." She breathed, sensuously, as she slipped down onto the couch. Reaching over, she patted the cushion beside her invitingly.

"Now, whatever you do. Don't sit down here. I wouldn't want to have to then drape myself all over you, fondling and caressing you until your cock was as hard as a bar of iron." She told him, licking her lips and leaning suggestively on the arm in place of where he would have been sitting, hat he taken up the offer her hand had made.

It took a second, but Jeff finally managed to get his brain to make his body understand the words - not the tone they were spoken in, and the actions that accompanied them - were what he should listen to.

Blushing brightly, Jeff instead collapsed into a chair nearby.

"God..." He said, shakily, putting a hand over his eyes. "I need a drink."

He heard a rustling sound - and looked up to find Nikki sensuously rising and moving towards the kitchen.

"Just because I seem oh-so-eager to please, and do anything you want of me..." She said, over her shoulder, "...that's only because you haven't specifically told me not to. It's not like I want to stand by, ready to fulfill your every whim, and if you just told me that I didn't have to, I could..."

The rest of her sultry 'plea' for him to tell her he'd get it himself was cut off as she passed through the kitchen door.

The apartment just wasn't big enough for her to make the plea, not when she was helplessly driven to 'dress it up' as she was. Shivering slightly, Jeff tried to get himself to focus on the situation at hand.

As strange and disturbing as this was for Jeff, it had to be a hundred times worse for Nick/Nikki - and yet the very 'curse' laid upon the new woman kept her from expressing even a fraction of what she must be feeling. Whatever force had done this to her was forcing her to 'come on' to him, playing Nick's own ideal woman in nearly every way - and so only the things that could fit into that image could be even obliquely referred to. Jeff doubted very much that there was a sexy, sensual way to have a screaming, cursing fit, or a complete emotional breakdown - because, without a doubt, had there been one, Nikki would have been doing it right now.

In fact, to some degree, she probably was, Jeff realized with a sudden shock that sent him sitting bolt upright in his chair and staring at the kitchen door thoughtfully.

She was out of sight, and as long as she kept her hysterics quite, out of earshot. Since he wasn't present, she was probably allowed a mild attempt to vent her emotions - as long as it didn't take too long.

Definitely the smarter of the two, Jeff understood that, impossible or not, Nick's wish had somehow been granted - but in a way the ex-male never would have desired. Nick's chance to teach Jeff how great 'his' kind of woman was to have around came in the form of Nikki - which limited the new woman's actions and words. After all, Nikki would hardly be great to be around if she were acting the way you'd expect a man unexpectedly transformed into an unbelievably seductive, buxom woman to act.

The thing of it was, Jeff would have found it easier to deal with the new woman if she'd still acted the way Nick had. With her blatant displays of sexuality, it was difficult for him to remind himself who she 'really' was, and how she must 'really' feel inside the imposed facade. His body, at least, certainly considered her 'all woman', that was for damned sure!

The question was - how the *hell* was he supposed to deal with this?

He was still considering that - and, in fact, had reached a tentative theory about it - when Nikki re-emerged, carrying a glass of whiskey.

"Please, sweet thing - tell me you don't want my full, firm ass grinding into your lap." She said, swaying seductively towards him. Jeff gulped - then reached out and accepted the glass from her with one hand, while holding the other one out.

"That depends, Nikki." He told her.

"Mmmm, when you say my female name like that, it gets me so horny." She cooed. "I hate it." Again, the disparity made Jeff pause - and then he plunged onwards.

"I want to give you my theory, Nikki - and I want you to listen carefully. Please, go sit down on the couch and pay attention."

"Of course, honey-buns." She said, graceful atop her high heels as she complied. "I'll do anything for you, and I'm glad it's this instead of something more... sexual."

The disappointment imbuing her words, and the hungry purr in 'sexual', almost managed to derail Jeff's train of thought.

"Here's the thing..." HE finally said, getting his thoughts in order - which wasn't easy until he forced his eyes away from where she was lightly fondling the fabric straining over her own massive bust. "Your wish came true, no matter how differently - or sarcastically - you might have originally meant it. Well, I've got a theory about how to undo it. Now, it's just a theory, but a good one - and you won't like it."

"I don't like anything about this..." She assured him, moaning slightly in apparent pleasure that belied her words.

"Well... For the wish, in it's entirety, to be carried out - which, if I'm right, means the job is done and you'd go back to being male - I have to... I mean, you have to... That is..."

"Spit it out, hunk..." She breathed, licking her full lips hungrily. Swallowing, Jeff took the plunge.

"Just like you wished, *you* have to **make** me see how great it'd be having your kind of babe - you, now - hanging around." He explained. He paused to lick his own lips, nervously. "It's, like, kind of a karmic irony sort of thing... in order to get back to being a man, you've got to make yourself be your own idea of a perfect woman."

"Oh, you're as smart as you are handsome, hunk, even if that sounded like complete bullshit to me." She informed him, one hand sliding under her skirt...

Pointedly, Jeff looked away and took two deep breaths. Still not looking over - and trying to ignore soft gasps of pleasure mixed with a very moist-seeming sound - he filled in the basis of his theory.

"It would fit with the idea of karmic balance - or, rather, perpetual imbalance." He explained. "In order to 'teach me a lesson' about your idea of a woman, you'd actually have to experience what it would be like to be that type of woman."

Taking a deep breath, he gunned down the drink in one swift motion - and then gave her the bad news:

"Which is why, for your own good, I'm going to stop resisting your unwillingly willingly attempts to make me enjoy having you around."

She smiled seductively at him for a moment, running her fingers sensuously through her thick mane of hair - which, as Jeff had deduced, was as close to horrified shock as she was allowed to show.

"You mean...?" She asked, rising slowly and sensuously, approaching him with a step that looked teasing, but probably revealed her entire will fighting against the imposed force upon her. "No matter how much I beg you to, you won't tell me not to run my hands over your hot, sexy body?"

'Teasingly', her hands moved slowly towards him - and, mouth suddenly dry, Jeff nodded. "That's right." He rasped.

With a soft sound that seemed like a gasp of excitement, she did just that, her hands starting at his chest and slowly working their way downwards. Soon, her slender, long-nailed fingers were lightly stroking the bulge in his pants, and only the occasional, slight tightening of her grip - erotic in and of itself - revealed the inner desire she probably held to rip his manhood out by the roots.

"This is for your own good." Jeff told her, voice thick with pleasure at her touch.

"I see..." She purred, sensuously, as one hand left off kneading his crotch, and instead rose towards her own neck. Brushing back her thick mane of hair, she began to 'play idly' with the knot holding her top up. "Would it be for my own good that you'd do nothing to stop the disgusting and hideously enjoyable shame of undoing my top so you could ignore my desperate pleas and play with my huge, firm, sexy tits?"

"Yes..."

With that one word, the fingers playing with the knot tugged - and, under the pressure pushing outwards, her top popped open, twin inverted 'V's dropping to hang from the top of her corset - and displaying her massive, round new tits.

"Oh, please..." She gasped, the hand not still lightly stroking his crotch instead stroking her own thick, fully-engorged nipple. "Please don't play with my gorgeous tits. Don't run your hands over their smooth, firm surface and make me shudder with pleasure - and whatever you do, please, *please*, don't lick and nibble on my huge new nipples, making me squirm with unwanted desire until my cunt's dripping with hatefully wonderful arousal!"

Jeff, body awash with a completely understandable hormonal flood, didn't know whether 'yes' or 'no' was the answer he was looking for - and so he didn't answer verbally at all.

She didn't seem to have any problem interpreting his non-verbal response, however - no matter how desperately she might have wished otherwise.

For nearly half an hour, his hands and lips roamed over a luscious body that, step by step, was gradually laid bare, while her own hands and lips played with his own body, likewise revealing more and more of it to her sensual touch. By the time their mutual fondling had segued into a long, deep kiss, she remained clad only in her nylons and heels, and he in nothing but his socks.

After the long, deep kiss, she lightly kissed the point of his chin.

"And now..." She said, moving to deposit a light-yet-burning touch of her lips to his throat.

"...for my own good..." She continued, pausing to teasingly place a kiss on his right nipple - "...no matter how hard I beg..." - and the left.

"...or plead..." The top of his stomach.

"...or get as close to hysterical, screaming tantrum while being utterly sensual for your every desire..." On to his lower stomach - and now she was kneeling between his spread legs, one huge, warm tit pressed lightly against each leg.

"...no matter that I'd rather die first, you're still going to let me lick my lips..." She licked her lips, long and slow.

"...and, still begging you to tell me I don't have to do this, eagerly bend my head..."

She 'eagerly' bent her head, peering up at him through the veil of her eyelashes, voice dropping to a husky whisper. "...and, ignoring my desperate, literally-on-my-knees begging of you..."

She cupped her hands in front of her, a familiar position for prayer - except for the throbbing warmth that separated her palms. "...let me hungrily, desperately, eagerly suck your cock?" She finished.

Somehow, she managed to make herself pause at the end of the question. The struggle, the most powerful she'd put forth yet, showed briefly in her face as she desperately strove for just a few more seconds of grace, one more chance for him to demur.

"Yes." He sighed - and she lost control, and her lips parted and her head dipped. It was... unbelievable.

Jeff didn't exactly have a long line of blow-jobs in his personal sexual history to compare it to - but that didn't matter. Even a neophyte could have told you it was nearly mind-boggling, the things Nikki did to him over the next half-hour.

The very duration itself described the skill and dedication with which she sucked cock. Somehow, she could hold him at the edge that long without quite pushing him over it, varying stroke and pressure and moisture to keep him in an apparently never-ending state of utter bliss, whose texture shifted constantly without lowering in intensity.

If perhaps, her moans of pleasure were really camouflaged gasps of horror, if the light playful nips were really desperate attempts to bite down... well, it didn't affect in the least how utterly fantastic it felt.

Nor, at the perfect moment when prolonged bliss would have begun to turn to agony and she finally pushed him over the top, did any of that keep her from gulping down every drop of the thick load she'd coaxed out of him.

After, she told him in detail how much she'd hated swallowing his load of 'delicious, creamy cum', how sickened she was to have 'loved wrapping my soft, willing lips around your gorgeous, thick cock', and how horrified she was to be 'fantasizing eagerly about he next time you'll not stop me from dropping to my knees for a long, slow, wonderful blow-job'.

All while getting him nice and comfy, providing him with a beer, lowering the lights and turning on the stereo.

As she danced, slowly and sensuously, touching her self as if her hands were the talented lover she sensuously denied she wanted him to be, she told him several times how much she didn't want the erotic dance to get him hard again so that he'd take her to bed and fuck her all... night... long.

Which, of course, was exactly what Jeff proceeded not to not do...

* * * * *

"Great show tonight, Nikki!"

"Thanks, Betty." 'Naughty' Nikki replied - knowing that only the greatest vocal expert in the world, knowing her situation, could have told that the tone she used was her 'bitterly sarcastic' one. To anybody else, it would have sounded little different than her truly appreciative one - had she ever had had reason to use it since becoming female, that was.

Unlike the other dancers, Nikki put on 'street clothes' only marginally less revealing than her 'work clothes', then let herself out into the cool air of early morning and began her walk towards the upper-end new apartment that her now six-month long career as a stripper allowed her to get for Jeff.

She could have taken a cab, of course - except for the fact that her kind of woman didn't 'waste' money on any sort of personal luxury when she could save it all for her man - a point Jeff had, as always, finally deferred to her on, 'in the negative', as she had pleaded with him not to let her be as utterly selfless as she so 'desperately' wanted to be.

The thought of which made her grind her teeth - but not because she was thinking specifically of what she'd been forced to endure over the past nine months.

No, it was because she'd figured out, about three days into this apparently unending nightmare, what exactly she had to do to get her manhood back - and hadn't found a way to get it across to Jeff.

Once again, inside the utterly sensual shell of this perfect babe, Nick's consciousness seethed and stewed, none of it reaching the surface.

Just as her occasional bouts of utter insanity had never shown up in her day-to-day life in the first couple of months. She thought Jeff might have detected it - but the 'curse' always kept jerking her back to minimal sanity in order to continue with this sick little game, denying her the final descent that might have been a comforting escape from this fuck-infested feminine hell.

All Jeff had to do, even for a minute, was ***STOP GIVING A GOOD GOD-DAMN ABOUT HER!***

That was all.

Oh, sure, the humiliation she'd endured was part of it too. Though not nearly Jeff's intellectual equal, Nikki understood that it had been necessary, at least to a degree - but that degree had long passed, and now she was trapped in a repetition of it all as she awaited that last, crucial step.

The one Jeff couldn't see, because of the very god-damn 'blind spot' she'd been ragging him about before being changed into a woman.

Yes, part of her 'lesson' was being forced to be a woman, and *yes*, it was being 'her' kind of woman - but the final part was that she must be 'her' kind of woman *and treated the way she, as Nick, would have treated her.*

Unfortunately, just like she'd said before this whole thing had started, that damned book-worm actually cared about women as people, something Nick would never have done...

...before this all happened, of course. She was many things, but she'd definitely learned that particular lesson. The problem was, she hadn't 'made' Jeff enjoy thinking and treating her as a mere thing, and so...

"Well, well, well..." A voice said out of the darkness. "What have we here...?"

"Looks like a huge-breasted slut!" Another, equally male voice replied, with a nervous chuckle. "A slut - trolling for some cock!"

Nikki looked up - and felt hidden fear stir as she noted the two slovenly men the bouncers had been forced to eject earlier that evening for getting to 'grabby' with the girls.

"Well, I think she'd sound some..." The bigger of the two men said, rubbing his crotch suggestively. Nikki's eyes flickered side to side - but they'd chosen a good spot, and nobody was in sight...

...and...

"Oh, no..." She said, the panic in her voice sounding like sensuous invitation to the two men.

"You're not going to rape me, are you?" She asked, 'teasingly'. "Please, whatever you do, I'm begging you..."

One hand went to her skirt, and she sensuously swiveled on one high heel, bent over, and peered to the side as she pulled up her skirt to reveal her tiny panties.

"...don't stick you hard, throbbing cock deep into my hot, wet cunt and fuck me long and hard." She 'begged'. "Don't fuck me again and again until I'm screaming in pleasure. Don't fuck my slutty little brains out..."

As the two men grinned at each other, her own lips gave back a matching, though more seductive smile - even as, deep inside, she screamed out in horrified outrage and mortified disgust.

"Whatever you do..." She told them, as they approached her, "...don't fuck me so hard that it *hurts*."

Even as she said it, she knew it would come out sounding for all the world as if that's what she wanted more than anything else - but that was as much part of her curse as her freakishly huge tits...

...as was the irony of the fact that, never having been able to keep her mouth shut as a guy, now that everything she said was reversed in apparent meaning, she couldn't help but drive her two 'rapists' into even deeper depths of depravity.

* * * * *

Feeling a little confused - and considerable more sore - Nikki approached the door to the apartment, her usual 'come get it' sway somewhat toned down by the gingerly aspect of her stride.

In a way, she was surprised the men had been able to fuck her so hard as to cause even the generally mild discomfort she felt - considering the sheer amount of 'practice' she'd gotten from Jeff. Of course, Jeff was just one man, and couldn't 'tag team' the way her two 'rapists' could...

What really confused her, though, was the fact that Jeff hadn't come to pick her up from the hospital. Oh, not that she'd actually required anything more than a few painkillers - and even those she'd helplessly refused, sort of. Of course, she'd really been telling the nurse she'd wanted them - but in such a way as to make it sound like she enjoyed being left 'like I've finally been well-and truly fucked to complete satisfaction'. Compared to things like that, mild qualifiers like 'or beyond' barely registered.

Still, she'd gotten the feeling that Jeff had read between the lines of the phone conversation. To anybody not knowing the truth of the situation, she would have sounded like she was boasting - but Jeff almost certainly knew she'd been complaining as bitterly as she was allowed.

So - why had she had to take a cab home...?

Unlocking the door to the apartment, she let herself in...

...and found herself in darkness.

"Jeff?" She called. "Stud-muffin wonder-lover - are you in here?"

The apartment was still too new for her to instinctively know where the light switch was, so she began to feel about on the wall for it...

"I know what happened." Jeff's voice came out of the darkness - and there was something odd in its timbre, as well as its tone. "Though you couldn't tell me, I know you were raped - and it's my fault..."

"How can my getting lots of hot, heavy practice to get me all ready for fucking you silly tonight be your fault?": She asked, hand finally finding the switch...

'It'd be nice to be able to scream in shock right now...' she thought, numbly.

The blonde in the chair was tall and broad shouldered and very well muscled - and yet, somehow, still deeply, erotically feminine. An Amazonian example of womanhood, the type who could take care of herself, (*and her friends*), if she had to, perhaps - but equally capable of giving extraordinary ecstasy, if she chose.

"If I'd found the way to turn you back before now, this never would have happened." Jeff - or, as the small gold necklace around her neck advertised her, Jessica - said, deep-yet-feminine voice close, but not quite identical, to her old male one - and rife with sadness. "So, well.. I used the statuette. If you're going to have to go through life, temporarily or permanently, as a woman - I'm going to be right there by your side, sharing it with you."

'Oh, shit - What the hell did I ever do to deserve being cursed with somebody who's so damned... nice!' Nikki thought to herself in angry resignation, as she squealed in delight and flew across the room to greet her equally buxom but considerably bigger best friend and lesbian lover. *'With such an undying display of loyalty and affection, I'm going to be a goddamn woman forever!'*

'Oh, well - guess I better make the best of it...'

"Please, Jess - *whatever* you do, ***don't*** let me go to get a huge, thick strap-on dildo so that I can spend all night driving you to the same indescribable heights of ecstasy I reached tonight...!"

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a young inventor tries his magic "suit" on for size, he decides that he might as well use its design flaws to gain sweet revenge.

Design Flaws

By Gunslinger

"Sarah, no - you can't *do* this to me!"

'I'm sorry, Mark - I just can't. I know I promised... but then Barry asked me out, and... well, you said yourself that it's not guaranteed to work. I don't want to miss going on this date because I look like a chemo patient.'

Mark slumped in the chair next to the phone. Taking off his thick glasses, he rested his head in his hand, fingers twining through his lanky, dark hair in frustration. "Sarah, the suit's all made up and ready, and..."

'Look, Mark, I'm sorry - but there's just no way. Look, I've got to go... bye...'

With a click, the line went dead. Mark stared at the phone for a minute, then swore and pounded the phone on his thigh in frustrated anger before savagely hitting the 'off' button, tossing the cordless handset onto the table with a clatter.

"What the hell am I supposed to do now?" He demanded of an uncaring universe, his voice rough with anger as he slid his glasses back on and rose from the chair. "I dumped all the money I had into this! It was gonna make me rich... and now I'm broke!"

Pausing, he looked in the direction of the phone - and his lips curled. "You stupid bitch..."

His hands curled into fists of rage... and then slowly loosened as he took several deep breaths.

It wasn't Sarah's fault, not really, though he'd never forgive her for backing out on her promise, no matter what the motivation for it had been. He knew the truth, of course - it had been Barry.

Bartholomew William Harding. Barry Harding, who at the age of twenty eight - a year younger than Mark - was one of the wealthiest people in town, as well as being obnoxiously intelligent and devastatingly handsome. He was the veritable antithesis of Mark in every way... except in intelligence. It was in that one area that Mark was superior to Barry, at least in several fields. Barry was more *knowledgeable*, having had access to the finest schooling money could buy, but when it came to the sciences, Mark was a verifiable genius. It was this genius that had allowed him to develop his 'claim to fame'. Working on a shoe-string budget to keep from having to give up control of his brainchild, Mark had developed his research on his own, foreseeing the day it would make him rich...

...except that Barry had found out about it, and had become determined to get his hands on the process and make himself richer and more famous.

Okay - so there was another field in which Mark was superior to Barry - Mark actually had scruples.

Barry seemed to think the entire town was his playground, and everything that went on in it related to him. Half the people in town were his cronies, including most of the supposedly 'elected officials', with the Harding bankroll behind their elections. The other half of the town he kept firmly under his thumb, and he was resolute about maintaining his control - so he'd set out on a campaign to bankrupt Mark, force him to sell his wonderful new process. Barry wanted it for himself - but he'd be almost as happy if Mark sold it to an outside corporation. Just as long as Mark remained poor and obscure, it didn't matter to Barry.

So - he'd subverted the only subject Mark had been able to find willing to perform the final 'proof test' of his process. It was masterfully done, too - by allowing Sarah to volunteer, then snatching her at the last minute, Mark had already created the suit, spending the last of his money to do so. There was no way he could dig up a suitable test subject within the next two hours, after which the suit would be useless, and Barry would have won. The suit required a human 'host' to remain viable.

With an angry sigh, Mark headed for the basement of the dilapidated bungalow he'd inherited from his parents. He'd let the maintenance on the building slip... except for his workshop in the basement. Flipping on the overhead lights, he listened to the buzz of the fluorescent tubes as they sprang to life, casting their merciless white glare across the stainless-steel surgical-quality table that held the result of his genius.

At first glance, it seemed a gruesome sight. Carefully laid out on the table, it looked like a human skin, stripped off a living body, right down to the full head of golden blonde hair. The skin looked utterly authentic, right down to 'living' tones and colorations, all several shades lighter than Mark's own Italian-Ancestry influenced coloration. The same complexion as Sarah, as a matter of fact, only flawless.

The 'body suit' was going to revolutionize the world... because it was 'plastic surgery in a can', as Mark jokingly referred to it.

The suit was actually made of a complex synthetic polymer much like human flesh. In fact, when worn it would actually transmit sensations through to the receptors in the skin beneath. If the chemical makeup of the suit was perfectly balanced, there wouldn't even be any loss of sensitivity.

The chemicals that made up the suit were part of it - as was the 'padding'. The 'skin' didn't lay flat on the table, but had some inherent contours from the special 'padding' built into the suit. Like the outer layer of the suit itself, the 'padding' was activated by the enzymes and pH level of the wearer's body. It would activate the 'condensed' padding, which would fill out and bond with the body, as would the

outer skin, hair, even the 'lips' and 'mouth' of the suit - The suit's mouth was completely enclosed, including tongue, gums and tubes for the throat and airway. Where the teeth would be was a special layer of enamel emulsion that would bond with the wearer's teeth as well.

Each suit had to be created for the specific person wearing it, because of sizing factors. You couldn't make a 'generic' body suit... well, you could, but there was no guarantee that it would fit on any specific person, and you'd have to make dozens of sizes. After all, who wanted to end up with a 'wrinkled' body? That was one of the things the suit was designed to fix.

Then there was the suit's major 'design flaw', one that Mark hadn't figured a way to get around.

The suit began to react with the atmosphere around it as soon as it was created. As near as Mark had figured, five hours was the longest a 'safe' zone was around the creation time, after which the suit might or might not work. Or perhaps it would work... but not correctly, which would be a disaster.

After all... and the suit was 'activated', it became part of the body, actually giving all the help a plastic surgeon could provide, but in a fraction of the time and without scars or other side effects.

In theory, at least. The suit had never been tested on a human subject - and thanks to Barry getting Sarah to back out, the only way it ever would get tested was if Mark sold out to a corporation.

Sarah was supposed to have been over her by now, already shaved bare. The person wearing the skin had to be completely denuded of all body, facial and scapular hair before putting it on. When Sarah was late, he'd called - to find out that Barry had scuttled his last chance with the suit. Now, if a company bought it, they would insist on all the rights. Since Mark couldn't come up with the money needed for testing, he'd have to sell it at that price.. and then he'd get a little credit somewhere, while the company took all the glory.

Mark knew it would be true - they'd insist he sign a Non-Disclosure agreement, and if he broke the NDA to get the credit he so richly deserved, the company would sue him back to being broke, plus throw in some jail time.

In short - his great work had just gone down the drain. Theoretically, he could get a job, save enough money to make another suit a year or two from now, and start again... but Barry would make sure none of the companies in town would give him a high-paying enough job. Barry would also make sure that selling the house so he could move to another town wouldn't work. After all, he could buy up the house himself for next to nothing, holding off other offers until Mark had no choice.

In short - Mark was screwed, unable to do anything to break the stranglehold that Barry held over him.

"God Damn it!" Mark shouted into the air, banging his fist down on the table in fury. "I hate this fucking town, everybody in it - and the entire god-damned Universe for creating Barry Harding in the first place!"

Slumping back against the table, he took off his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose, ostensibly to ease the pain from where his glasses sat, but in truth to wipe away the mingled tears of rage, frustration and despair.

"Fuck it." Mark said to himself, softly. "I'm broke, my works useless, and Barry knows I've got to go crawling to a development company and take whatever shitty deal they give me so I get enough money, quickly enough, to pay off my debts and buy food and clothing. I'm

fucked, well and truly fucked. Once again, the all-mighty Barry Harding wins. I'll sell him the god-damned process, take the money, and get out of this shit-hole of a town. Let him have it."

He pushed up from the table, feeling inexpressibly weary as he gave up. There was no god-damned way to beat Barry, not with the whole town under his thumb. He'd planned too well, pulling the rug out from him at the last minute, knowing there was no way he could get another girl of Sarah's basic build to volunteer to test the suit. It was a masterful stroke that left Mark totally without any...

"Wait a second..." Mark said, stopping dead as the faintest tendrils of hope began to worm their way into his spirit. "What.. what if I didn't find a girl. Barry might be expecting just about everything - but I bet he didn't plan on stopping me if I found a *guy* about Sarah's build to..."

He paused, shoulders slumping. "Fuck, what am I saying? I couldn't find a guy to wear a *male* suit in two hours, much less one willing to wear a girl's suit - 'specially since I can't guarantee that the reversal procedure will work. That's one of the things this test was going to determine."

He slumped again, dejection grinding the faint tendrils of hope that started to arise. Looking up, he felt the despair turn into frustration- fueled rage as he caught sight of the 'body-chart' he'd used to create the suit. A life-size three-view poster photo of Sarah in living color, the sight of the somewhat mannish girl who'd betrayed him enraged him beyond measure. Growling low in his throat without even realizing it, he pushed away from the table, eyes narrowed as he reached out to rip the hateful picture from the wall...

...and stopped dead, staring into the photographic Sarah's flat eyes.

He'd noticed, subconsciously, the fact that they were the same height. He'd known that since getting Sarah to volunteer the first time.. but now, his conscious mind took note of the fact that he and Sarah were also about the same build. Pouring all his money into his endeavor, Mark had lost some weight recently, becoming rangy and slimmer - while Sarah was somewhat muscular for a girl, being on the women's swim team. In fact, between the two factors, his body silhouette was nearly identical to hers...

"Wait, wait, what am I thinking...?" Mark muttered to himself. "I mean, I'm not even sure I could get the damned suit off! Even if that wasn't the problem.. what if something went wrong...?"

He turned and looked at the suit laying on the table, then glanced up at the clock on the wall. One hour and twenty-three minutes remained of his calculated 'safe zone'.

He bounced nervously, shifting weight from foot to foot as he considered the risks and the possible gains.

What decided him was scientific factors, though. No - what made the final decision for Mark was the fact that he might be the one who finally broke Barry's hold, beating him in his own game.

"Dammit - I'm going to regret this..." mark muttered to himself, but that didn't stop him from bounding energetically up the stairs, in search of what he'd need to prep himself. The time was tight... but he thought he could make it.

Once upon a time, in his younger days, Mark had tried a beard, a 'rakish' goatee... that just didn't go over. Still, he had the electric razor he'd bought at the time to trim it, and now he took off the plastic 'grate' that set the length. Sitting in the empty tub, Mark used the electric razor, starting at his head and working his way down his body, getting his body right down to the barest stubble.

After cleaning up the mess of hair that procedure left behind, he commenced filling the tub with warm water while he dug out every razor he had . Sitting himself in the tub of warm water, he used liquid hand soap as a lubricant as he carefully shaved himself as smooth as possible, including his eyebrows - a procedure that produce a few nicks, and a hell of a lot more swearing.

He slowed *way* down when he reached his pubic hair - and his balls. One wrong move, and he'd more then just *look* like a woman...

"Geez.. how do women do it...?" He mutter to himself as he finally finished up the job. It had taken him quite a while, but now his body was completely denuded of any body hair, including under the arms, which had been a hell of a lot harder then he'd given women credit for.

It took quite a few minutes to dispose of all the used razors and clean out the tub, and he kept glancing worriedly up at the clock while he did so.

The next job on the list made him cry. Literally. He had to take a pair of tweezers and pull the hair out of his nostrils, as well as pluck his eyelashes bare. He winced, whimpered and sobbed as the hairs came out, unwanted tears rolling from stinging eyes at the pain.

By the time he was finished denuding his body of every follicle, his safety window was just about up, and he rushed back to the basement naked, cursing and muttering to himself...

...and the he stopped dead before the next step, swearing loudly.

To keep the synthetic flesh from reacting while it was being pulled on, the body was covered in a fine alcohol-based coating that would evaporate in about fifteen minutes, providing a buffer zone. The problem was, he was already five minutes past the five hour limit he'd calculated...

"Ah, hell - twenty minutes won't make a big difference either way, and I've already gone this far..." Mark muttered to himself, and began applying the coating. It took him another five minutes to get the stuff on every square inch of his body - and then it was time to put on the suit.

The suit actually had quite a bit of 'stretch' in it past it's original design parameters, at least until it was activated. As odd as it might seem, the way to put the suit on was.. by the asshole.

He stepped into the legs of the suit, pulling it carefully up and working each of his toes into the correct position in the body suit. Then, bending double, he forced the top half of the suit on, working his arms down the arms of the suit and into the hands, which were already equipped with long fingernails.

Then came the pain-staking work of getting everything lined up. The mouth was as bad as he'd feared, having to hold his breath and force the throat and airway tubes in place while getting his tongue properly positioned. The 'nostril tubes' were almost as bad... but it

was the eyelids that damned near defeated him. Tipped with long, dark eyelashes, they were nearly impossible to get into place without sticking his fingers into his eyes.

Cursing, he wasted more precious time waddling back upstairs, where he got a pair of contact lenses out of a case. Another attempt at a 'new look' the contacts changed the color of his eyes - but he'd stopped wearing them because they'd turned his dark eyes a pale, almost eerie shade of blue unlike what he'd hoped for. Now, he put them into place and found it much easier to get the eyelids into position.

Getting the skin puckered up into his asshole again was a humiliating experience... but not nearly as much as realizing he'd never even considered the problem of the suit's cunt. Finally, he just let the skin at the crotch sit over his cock and balls. So, for the while he was wearing the suit he'd look like some sort of she-male freak...

Finally, he had everything from lips to asshole in position, right on the very edge of his time limit with the 'buffer'. He hurried down to the living room and sat down in the armchair in front of which he'd set up a video camera attached to his VCR, since he couldn't afford a newer camcorder with integral taping capabilities. He hit the REC button.

"It's now three-forty-two in the afternoon, Wednesday February the 28th. I am self-testing my body-suit, using a design originally for somebody else. In just a moment, the body-suit should activate. If it all goes successfully, I will wear the suit for eight hours, then remove it."

Sitting back in the chair, he left the camera running to record what was going to happen as he waited for a sign that the suit was still viable.

It came within a few minutes. As the buffer evaporated, he felt a tingling sensation run across his body - then the suit began to 'contract' into it's designed final form.

"A little uncomfortable..." He said, for the camera, as the suit began to shrink into it's designed shape. "The suit was designed for somebody of my basic build, but my hands and feet are larger than the design's original parameters. I can feel it tightening rapidly there, as well as on my throat and face... now it's tightening everywhere, but not evenly. I.. oh, crap.."

the unscientific exclamation came as the suit began to tighten around his genitals, none-too-gently.

"I, uh, am experiencing some discomfort..." HE said in understatement. "Uh.. meanwhile, the padding in the hips, ass and chest are becoming active... the 'shaping' padding in the face, arms and legs also seemed to be starting to work, and.. and I.. oh, god, that hurts..."

He should keep describing what the suit was doing - but he couldn't. The pain from his cock and balls was growing more and more intense as the suit continued trying to achieve it's original shape...

He screamed. He couldn't stop himself. The pain was just too intense as his balls were forced back up into his body. That wasn't what was causing the long, undulating scream of agony, though...

...it was the 'cunt' of the suit forcing his limp cock back up into his body, a procedure it had never been designed for. There simply wasn't anywhere else for it to go as the suit continued to shrink in on itself. Compared to the agony in his crotch, the pain in his hands and feet, as well as the rest of his body, paled into insignificance.

Finally - thankfully - the pain reached the breaking point... and mark blissfully faded into unconsciousness as the suit finished constricting around his body.

* * * * *

Mark didn't 'return' to consciousness - he was dragged into it, kicking and screaming.

Well, figuratively, anyway. In the first instant that his senses were returned to him, he was only aware of strong - though not unbearable

- pain. It was bad, but not so bad as to lose consciousness again. Indeed, it felt as if he were sitting in a chair made up of dulled knives, not quite enough to break the skin, but able to press painfully into his flesh everywhere that his body sat against the chair.

There was other, odd sensations as well, including a strange sensation in his ass from the way he was sitting, an odd tightness in his hands, feet and face - and inside his nose and throat. And a heavy weight on his chest. But all of these were of secondary importance to the pain of his body resting against those 'dull points' pressing into his flesh...

...and that pain was a welcome relief from the remembered agony of his crotch. That excruciating sensation was gone, replaced by an odd, quite pleasant sensation. It felt like his cock had been stimulated into full erection... here it also felt warm, as if being held tightly-but- not-painfully by somebody's all encompassing hand.

The relief was blessed, compared to the agony - but that didn't mean he welcomed the pain he was feeling over his back, ass, and the back of his legs. Even as his eyes popped open and blinked against the light, he was levering himself out of the chair, wondering what had happened to line it with such painful barbs...

...and then he was falling forward, his feet refusing to support his weight, which felt all wrong, and he was laying face-down on the carpet, a pain thundering through an abused chest...

...while that 'dull knife' sensation now enveloped his front.

"What the hell..?" HE swore, levering himself upwards - then he stopped, hands pressing against the 'dull knife blades' that seemed invisibly embedded in the carpet, eyes wide in shock at the high-pitched breathy voice, little more than a whisper, that had emerged when he'd spoken.

Awkwardly, he tried to rise, but - pain aside - found himself hampered by the weight on his chest, so he quite naturally glanced down...

...at the most enormous, round pair of tits he'd seen in his life. They were gigantic, tipped with huge, erect nipples - and they were thrust from his chest.

Her chest, apparently - because they were transmitting sensations to the brain. The suit had bonded fully... so mark was now a 'she'.

She screamed - and it felt like her vocal chords were being torn to shreds, even though the sound barely emerged at normal speaking volume. She stopped making the sound that was clawing at her throat, and forced herself to stand...

It wasn't easy - because she couldn't force her feet flat. She had to stand on tip-toe, the 'barbs' of the floor digging into her feet. Mark wasn't stupid - she knew there were no knives in the carpet of the chair. Her mind put the clues together quickly enough.

The 'sensitivity' of the skin was off, way off, by several factors. She was feeling everything more intensely then ever before, the 'skin; amplifying the rough texture of the rug and the upholstery covering the old chair, making them painful. Wincing at the way the rough carpet seemed to be grating her toes with every step, Mark struggled against the weight of the massive, oversized tits thrust from her ribcage, tip-toeing to the linoleum floor, which was much smoother against her arched feet... but felt ice-cold.

Slowly, she made her way to the bathroom - and stared in horrified shock at what she'd become.

"Oh, shit..." She soprano-breathy whispered, even though she had projected at what would have been full volume. Her mind spun as she struggled to deal with the impact of what she was seeing.

Something - everything - had gone horribly, horribly wrong.

First there was her feet. The original feet she'd possessed had been larger then the ones the suit had been designed for - but no longer. Now, they were as dainty and feminine as you could possibly want... but the force of the constriction had done something that she'd never expected in a million years.

Somehow, the chemical activity of the suit had changed it's nature with the 'aging' past the safe time limit. More then just bonding with her original, male body, it had infused the ability of the skin itself to 'mold' throughout her system, making her body malleable - and her bones had bent, forming a high, smooth arch in her tiny new feet, making it impossible to stand flat-footed. She was forced to stand tip- toe by the new, 'natural' curvature of her feet, something that would be impossible to correct by any known methods - including her own.

Her legs were... almost too sexy. Rising from smaller, daintier ankles, the legs had been pulled by the suit, the malleable bones becoming longer, like taffy pulled at either end, leaving her legs long, slender and shapely, the 'padding' of the legs filling her new appendages out in a sensual manner.

Her hips.. her hips were flared wide and womanly, well rounded and supporting an almost over-full ass that was incredibly taut and firm and sexy. The 'padding' in the posterior of the suit had been fairly mild... but the 'aging' of the active chemicals made it several times more reactive then it was supposed to be, just as the rest of the chemicals had been 'amplified'. So, her ass was incredibly full and ripe, the suit's taut nature having translated into firm flesh over every inch of her new body, no signs of droop anywhere.

Nestled between her new, silken thighs was... a cunt. Or what looked like one, anyway. Somewhere in it's make up was her cock, remolded and distorted and stretched and shifted... and with it's sensitivity enhanced by the suit, just like over the rest of her body. A thorough physical exam - a very thorough one - would realize she wasn't genetically female, but there was no way an average person would ever know.

Her waist was slender, even slimmer then the suit had been designed to be. Like the rest of the suit, the waist had become an 'overachiever', cinching her waist in remarkably, giving her an over-stated hourglass figure.

One that was as overly exaggerated above as below. In the mirror, the breast could be seen in their entirety - and they were huge. The size of medicine balls, they were incredibly firm and round, almost perfectly spherical, and tipped wit huge nipples that would be permanently erect.

Her face... her face was an exaggerated image. The re-molding of bone and flesh by the side-effect of the chemical reaction had left her with a heart-shaped face that looked insipid in the extreme. Her nose was a tiny snub, upturned at the tip, and below this nose rested lips that were incredibly full and softly firm.. and sensitive. Her eyes, a clear, insipid blue, looked larger in comparison to her smaller, better defined face, looking big and blank. The contact lenses had become part of her eyes, her malleable physiology absorbing them into itself.

Her head was surrounded by that huge, thick mane of golden blonde hair, hanging in thick, wavy falls around her slimmer shoulders and down her resculpted back.

She looked like some sort of sexual fantasy brought to life. The tautness of the suit before it fused completely left her with a trim, taut body that was unnaturally toned and smooth, unrealistic in it's flawless perfection. The over-active chemicals had exaggerated every aspect of the suit, giving her the lush sexual body of a wet-dream brought to life, and hyper-sensitive to boot. The tubes in her throat had constricted, forcing her vocal chords into a permanent crush that cut most of their ability to vibrate, leaving her with a high-pitched, whispery little voice.

The worst thing was... none of this was reversible. Unlike the original design of the suit, the chemicals had become much more potent - the 'aging' past the safety limit was like leaving grape juice to become wine, the potency increased many times over. Instead of just bonding with the outer layer, the chemical s had affected her body right through, every bone and organ absorbing the chemical compound before setting in this new figure. If she were to use a more-potent 'releaser', like the one developed to remove the suit.. she'd just melt into a pile of biological goo. Her tissues were saturated with the chemicals.

The body she'd just given herself was hers for life. She was stuck.

All things considered, she did the most reasonable thing in the world... The new woman fainted dead away.

* * * * *

When she awoke the second time, the newly formed woman was calm, cool, composed.

She was laying on the floor of the bathroom, the linoleum tile feeling like a block of arctic ice along her back. Carefully, she levered her altered frame up on an elbow and rolled to her side, then used the support of the sink to get herself upright on her permanently arched feet. She paused to take another long look in the mirror, this time her vapid face not expressing horror or shock, but as close to cool

composure as it could reveal. Then, with careful steps, she made her way to the bedroom, one dainty hand on the wall at all times to help her keep her definitely top-heavy balance.

Methodically, she began to sort through her clothing. Jeans or anything the slightest bit 'rough' in texture would feel like sandpaper on her hyper-sensitive new skin, so her choices were severely limited, but she displayed no emotions of any kind as she sorted through what she had to work with.

She started with a pair of silk boxer shorts she had. Bright red with a white elastic band, they would be baggy on her old male frame, but fit like a soft, gentle second skin as she pulled them around her womanly hips and full ass. She drew breath in between her teeth in reaction to the feel of them sliding on, it was so incredibly pleasant - and erotic. The feel of the air moving over her teeth and altered tongue was like a blast of arctic air, and she stopped the involuntary action almost immediately.

Next, she rummaged through her closet until she found what she wanted - a dark gray dress-shirt that went with the most expensive suit she - as a male - had owned, the one he'd gotten for the presentation to the board of directors of whatever company the 'body suit' would have eventually been marketed through. Now, she slipped the soft fabric around her slender new shoulders and slid it up her slim new arms. The shirt wouldn't even come close to containing her massive new tits if she were to try and button it up, so she didn't - instead, she tied it in a knot so that it supported - and caressed - her massive new breasts and huge, erect nipples, creating waves of pleasure that shuddered through her body at the fabric's every motion. Even breathing was an exercise in erotic pleasure, one she struggled to ignore.

Smoothly, she headed out to the closet in the hall, sorting through them until she found a set of sheets she'd been saving for the if-and- when eventuality of having a woman over - a thought that caused what should have been a wry smile to form on her full, soft lips. On her new face, the expression looked incredibly 'ditzzy', though she couldn't see it. In any case, the smile lasted by an instant as she took the black silk sheets back to her room.

With the use of a pair of scissors and a needle usually used for sewing lost buttons back onto shirts, she made a make-shift 'skirt'. It was nothing, really - she trimmed a trapezoid of cloth from the expensive sheets and sewed three black

button on the small corner. On the side opposite, she cut three small holes, folding the fabric of the slits back and sewing them into rough eyelets that wouldn't stand the test of time, but should be useful for what she planned them for.

Buttoning the make-shift garment on over the red boxers, she found that it was actually more than serviceable - hanging nearly to her ankles, the buttons held it closed over the swell of her hips, but left a large slit down the side that exposed quite a bit of smooth, flawless leg when she moved.

Rummaging around in her closet, she came up with an old pair of boots from the very back. They were black leather 'combat' boots, still gleaming with a muted shine of polish from her once-male days in the Cadets. In the back of the closet, somewhere, was the now- too-small uniform that went with them, but the boots were all she wanted.

Loosening the laces almost to the point where they popped out of the top eyelets, she stuffed the heel of each boot with a rolled-up pair of dress-socks, and another pair went onto her feet, the fairly smooth fabric bearable, if not as pleasant as the silk that swirled around her legs.

Sliding a dainty foot into each boot, she rested her arched heels atop the socks in the back of each boot and laced the footwear tightly on. They looked normal enough from the outside, even if they clashed with her make-shift outfit's otherwise somewhat 'sophisticated' flair, but the inside supported her foot as if she were wearing four-inch heels. It was uncomfortable to force her heels down that low, but bearable.

Stepping into the bathroom again, she quickly brushed out her hair into a very loose style, then returned to her bedroom long enough to gather some stuff, which she stuck into a small belt-pouch that she fastened on her right hip.

More comfortably attired, she returned to the basement lab. She looked around, assessing what she had, then set to work.

It took her two hours before she was satisfied, slipping the product of her labors into the belt pouch as well. Then, with one last look around, she headed back up the stairs and out of the house, knowing she'd never return to it again.

It was taking some getting used to, walking on curved feet, since her base of balance was so small in relation to her top-heavy balance, but the two hours in the lab meant that she didn't look completely ridiculous as she carefully made her way towards the shopping mall. She couldn't concentrate on her walk, strictly speaking, as she was busy keeping the dopiest looking grin she could on her face, her eyes wide and as brainless as possible as she entered the mall.

She needed to hit several places in the mall, and she hoped that her credit-card would remain good for all the purchases she had to make. There weren't all that many, materially speaking, but she knew they could get pricey, if she wasn't very budget-conscious.

She made the 'easiest' stop first, a drug store that sold a full variety of goods. Keeping her vapid expression on her face, she headed towards the cosmetic aisle.

It was no surprise that she got looks from almost everybody she passed, what with her wet-dream body and her huge tits barely covered by the shirt. She ignored the stares of the women, but forced herself to acknowledge the stares of the men with an extra little 'oomph' to her walk and a wider smile, with the occasional wink thrown in. The fact that she was doing a slow-burn at 'flirting' with guys in no way registered on her face, and barely on her conscious mind, other things taking precedence.

Buying cosmetics for her new body was simple. She simply bought the brightest, glossiest, most garish shade of red lipstick they had, a hot-pink eye-shadow, and mascara. She also swung through a couple of aisles, picking up a few other odds and ends she needed, then paid for them at the front counter, leaning forward to give the pimply-faced male cashier a mouth-watering view of her seemingly endless cleavage.

Taking the bag with her purchases, she made her way to the public rest-rooms, forcing herself to walk into the women's room as if she belonged there - which, in fact, she now did, a fact that galled her to no end, but she had to force herself to ignore it. Her eyes wanted to either wander to the other women in the room, or stare blankly at the wall instead of being a 'pervert' or 'peeping tom', but she forced herself to act natural as she went up to the sink and carefully applied make-up to her feminine face for the first time. The actions disgusted her on a base level, making her feel like a 'sissy', her new body not withstanding... but she'd have to get used to it.

Finished, she ran a comb she'd purchased at the drug-store through her long, golden-blond hair, then slid a white 'scrunchy' onto her right hand and transferred it to her hair, forming a loose ponytail. Satisfied, she jiggled and swayed out the door again, heading to her

next destination, a chain department store known for its low prices.

She got most of what she wanted from a very attentive male clerk that she forced herself to flirt outrageously with, even letting him cop a feel of one massive tit when their backs were turned to the surveillance camera. The touch on her incredibly sensitive tit almost made her cum - the breast itself felt as sensitive as the shaft of her cock had, and the nipple was as highly sensitive as the head of her cock. In both cases, the relationship was in regards of what her cock had felt like immediately following sex - meaning her tits were unbelievably sensitive.

It turned out that they didn't sell the type of shoes they wanted, but the salesman was happy to take his break and drive her to a place that did... while sliding his hand up and down her leg the entire time and trying to wheedle a date out of her. She didn't have to fake the moan that came out in her high-pitched new voice - having his hand on her leg felt utterly fantastic, and she actually had to fight the urge to just fuck him then and there, so utterly aroused did she get. It was incredible how sensitive her new body got to physical stimuli, and she would have found it disgusting if not for the fact that it would make having sex nice and easy, when the time came.

She had no problem making a date with him for Friday night, all things considered. She even kissed him, quite passionately, before climbing out of the car.

It was an amazing experience. With a longer, more supple, and highly sensitive tongue and highly-sensitized lips, the kiss was almost as sexually pleasurable as having sex used to be, as a man, and she had to admit that some advantages could be attached to this body, on the purely sexual level. The only problem was, having sexual contact with men disgusted her, no matter how good it felt.

Of course, she was sure that would fade over time.

The store he'd taken her too had the shoes she wanted, and even something else she hadn't planned on but that would come in handy. As soon as she'd seen it, she knew that she should 'splurge' and by the big, black-plastic multi-speed vibrator.

The owner of the shop was more than happy to lend her the employee's bathroom to change. Especially since he got to see the results when she emerged.

She was dressed all in white. White pump-style shoes with eight-inch heels graced her feet, finally allowing her to walk around comfortably atop her highly arched new feet. A pair of white 'bobby' socks with white lace edging at the top graced her feet inside the shoes.. and she also wore a pair of white nylons. She'd nearly orgasmed from just pulling on the nylons, and every move she made send incredible, erotic shivers of pleasure down her spine from the way the air felt as it moved over her nylon-clad legs.

A white spandex min-skirt encased her hips and incredibly full ass, completely covering the white silk panties beneath. She'd hoped for a micro-mini, but she'd been unable to get on.

A white silk blouse had replaced the dress-shirt, still tied 'Daisy Mae' style around her massive tits, displaying an awful lot of cleavage.

She was a sexual symphony in faux innocent white, a 'schoolgirl' that'd never be allowed near drooling teenaged boys, other than in their wildest fantasies. It was a perfect image, right down to the wad of bubble-gum she chewed with a intellect-barren vapid

expression. A white purse slung over her shoulder contained all the rest of her things, with her make-shift outfit of clothing discarded in the bathroom's trash can.

She had the owner of the store call her a cab, and soon she was in the back, forcing herself to remain calm with a 'bimbo-ish' expression on her face while the male driver veered dangerously close to other traffic, his gaze often returning the incredible sight in his rearview mirror.

Using the last of her money to pay the driver for the ride, she 'tipped' him with a great view of her tits as she leaned over to pay. Then, back straight an a little extra wiggle in her hips, she walked in the door of 'the Hideout'.

She paused inside the doorway, striking a deliberately sexy pose that looked causal, looking around with as utterly vapid expression as possible.

'The Hideout' was well known, locally, since it's clientele was almost exclusively male - which might have had something to do with the fact that all the waitresses were buxom, sexy, and scantily clad. She had only been standing there a short instant when the manager of the bar came up, his eyes roaming her incredibly proportioned body.

"Well, well, well..." He said, oily, shifty eyes drinking her in. "Let me guess - you want a job."

She screwed her face up into a brainless parody of thought. "Well, like, I need money, right, 'cause I'm broke, right? Only, like, I don't wanna be a waitress or nothing." She pouted, sensuously. "It's so *booooring* to be a waitress, right?"

"I.. see..." he said, carefully, a slow smile spreading over his narrow features. "Well, maybe I know somebody who can help. Why don't you follow me?"

"Okay..." She agreed, cheerily, snapping her gum for good measure. She followed him as he led her to the door of a private room at the back of the club> He knocked and vanished inside, reappearing a moment later to escort her in.

The other person in the room was a big, tall, broad-shouldered man. His body layered with muscles, he was almost offensively handsome in his jeans and white polo shirt, his dirty-blond hair causally styled and a causal, easy grin on his tanned face. His eyes roamed her lush body as she entered.

"This is Barry Harding." The manager told her, pointing to the man. Then, he turned to Barry and said. "This is..."

The manager paused, but she just let the bright, brainless expression on her face sit still as she chewed her gum, playing unaware of the prompting.

"What's your name, gorgeous?" Barry asked, his voice deep and smooth.

"I'm Missy..." She said, throwing in a giggle for good measure. "Missy Mountjoy."

"Well, Missy, It's nice to see you..." Barry said, his eyes looked on her monumental chest. It was well known that he had a 'big tit' fetish, and there were women in town who willingly got breast implants, knowing he'd repay them lavishly, even if he wasn't sexually interested in them. The town had to have the largest average bust-size in America, just to give the young multimillionaire good 'eye candy' around town. "I hear you're having some financial difficulties."

She let a puzzled expression take up residence on her face. "huh?" "Jack here says you're broke." Barry said, grinning.

She let the smile resurface. "yeah. That's right."

"Well, maybe I can help..." Barry said. "Why don't you come sit over here, and we'll talk about it...?"

As Jack, the manager, left, she wiggled and giggled over to the couch where he was sitting and sat down... practically on top of him, cuddling her body up against his, her huge tits pressing into one arm while she curled her legs up under her full ass, her knees resting on his leg."

"Gee, you're so big and strong..." She said with a giggle, running one hand over his chest. "Cute, too!" "Oh, you think so...?" Brad said, with a grin, rubbing her knee... which felt absolutely fantastic.

"You don't believe me...?" She asked, forcing her eyes wider and her full, gloss-red lips into a pout, showing how 'hurt' she was. "No, I...!" Barry started to argue.

"I'll prove it!" She said, in a defiant 'little girl' voice - and wrapped her arms around his head and proceeded to kiss the hell out of him.

It wasn't hard, because it felt absolutely fantastic to be kissing him. More than that - once he got over the initial instant of shocked hesitation, he kissed back - and that doubled the pleasure as they kissed hungrily. His one hand continued to caress her leg, while the other reached around her body and pulled her tighter to him, bolts of pure pleasure running through her as her breasts were pushed tight against him.

They finally broke the kiss, and Missy's mind was spinning with the pleasure of it all. There was no need for any acting at all as she let him undo the knot in her shirt and free her enormous tits. His hands went to them and began to fondle them, and the pleasure she felt redoubled, and she bucked and moaned on the verge of orgasm just from having her massive new chest fondled.

She knew whatever happened, the rest of her life she'd be addicted to pleasure like this. There was no way she had the willpower necessary to turn away such ecstasy.

Her hands fumbling with pleasure, she quickly skinned out of her skirt and panties, her hands then going to the fly of Barry's jeans. He continued to manipulate her tits as she pulled his pants down just far enough to reveal his throbbing, ready erection. Mind swirling in pleasure, she rose up.. and impaled her new womanhood on his cock...

She almost lost herself in the purest, most raw orgasmic pleasure she'd ever felt> she was orgasming from the very instant his cock filled her, and as she instinctively rode him, each thrust caused yet another orgasm from her new sex. She was swept away in the string of orgasm after orgasm, not needing any 'prep' work to cum, just cumming and cumming and cumming and...

She might have spent the rest of her life mindlessly fucking him - but he couldn't. He didn't know - or really care - that she was already in the throes of exquisite ecstasy as she bounced atop him with abandon. All he cared about was the fact she came, quickly, pumping his seed into her cunt. His cock began to soften, even though she continued to fuck him frantically - in what he thought was an effort to reach her own orgasm.

However, with the softening of his cock, the orgasms started to fade as he pushed up on her to get her off his softening cock.. and as he was no longer fucking her or manipulating her orgasmic tits, she was capable - barely - of rational thought...

...and even as she felt tremendous regret for the end of the quick fuck (which had seemed eternal while it was happening), she was swift enough with the small syringe she'd secreted in the palm of her right hand and had managed to hold onto in her mindless bliss.

"What the fush wuzz..." Barry started to shout... but his voice faded away as his eyes crossed and he fell unconscious, the sedative in the needle taking effect. In second, he was so deeply under that the end of the world wouldn't rouse him.

Regretfully, Missy pulled herself off the soft cock of her hated enemy, disgusted with herself for desiring him awake again so he could pleasure her... but she reminded herself that there were men everywhere who'd be willing to satisfy her new addictions, and she didn't hate any of them as much as she hated Barry.

"Well, Barry, thanks to you, I ended up turning myself into a huge-breasted, cum-crazed nymphomaniac." She told the sleeping figure in her new voice. "However, thankfully, I'm not the bimbo I seemed to be. I'm even going to be able to control my addiction, to pick and choose who satisfies my rampant sexual desires. Not the life I planned, but it could be worse... especially since this has shown me something I never knew."

Opening her purse, she pulled out some of the things she'd gotten earlier.

"You see, thanks to what you forced my to do out of desperation, I've found that the body suit is unnecessary." She told the sleeping Barry, smugly. "Just the chemicals used, if aged, have the ability to make the body itself malleable... here, let me show you..."

Grinning, she set to work. It took some time, but she wanted everything just right...

When she was finished, she dressed, shivering in pleasure at the feel of her clothes on her new body. Gathering up his keys, she stuffed the large amount of money he'd had in his office into her purse. Not a fortune, but enough to get her started in her new life - she was sure she could earn a good living as a stripper, and fondling her own body on stage would feel fantastic.

Humming happily to herself, she left by the private door in the back, which opened onto the parking spot of his brand-new Jaguar. It was a bit of a risk taking the car, but she was sure that he wasn't going to report it missing any time soon, and she'd have gotten rid of it safely before something like a missing car became important.

Smiling, she slid behind the steering wheel, started the car, and peeled rubber out of the lot as she aimed the hood of the British Racing Green car down the highway, and towards the new life that awaited her.

* * * * *

Jack knocked on the door again, worried. He knew the boss didn't like to be disturbed when he was.. uh, 'entertaining', but they'd been in there for awhile, and Jack needed to get the payroll money for the employees, who were getting restless with the delay.

Maybe he'd taken the huge-breasted bimbo back to his place... but jack couldn't remember him ever leaving without letting jack know. Then again - he'd never been 'entertaining' such a purely sexual slut before, either.

Shrugging, knowing he was risking his job, jack turned the handle of the door and opened it...

...then stopped, eyes going wide as he stared in utter disbelief.

Sprawled across the couch, body shuddering repeatedly, was the most... the least... the absolutely... was...

Jack's mind couldn't come up with a descriptive word worthy of the moment, so he had to settle with the phrase 'a woman' - though that was like saying the grand Canyon was 'a ditch'.

She was short - hell, tiny. Her body was petite in almost every dimension, from her delicate, high-arched feet to her tiny little hands.

Which made her tits all the more unbelievable. They were the most utterly gigantic masses of breast-flesh jack had ever seen on anyone, much less a woman this tiny. They were huge and round, seeming to double her body mass, each one the size of one of those huge beach-balls you could buy, and tipped with nipples the size of a neck of a beer-bottle.

They were so incredibly enormous, on such a tiny body, that Jack doubted she could walk unassisted. Hell, he knew she couldn't - because the sheer weight of them pinned her to the couch. In fact, her tits were so massive, so weighty, that she couldn't lift them with her slender little arms, so she couldn't get her hands down to her crotch...

...where a big dildo... vibrator...? was whirring away busily, seemingly enormous in her tiny body. Her figure was shuddering from mindless orgasmic ecstasy, her eyes rolled up to show just the whites as her incredibly full-lipped mouth worked, an unbelievably long, supple tongue - at least six inches long - dipped out between the lips now and then.

She should have been screaming in orgasmic ecstasy bordering on pain... and from the faint 'whoofing' sounds her breath made, she seemed to be trying, but she apparently was mute, unable to speak.

Her body was writing and jerking uncontrollably in the grip of the orgasm that thundered through her again and again, only kept on the couch because she lacked enough muscle mass in her tiny body to move against the massive weight and inertia of her massive boobs. She was slicked with sweat, her shortish dirty-blond hair matted to her scalp, and jack didn't know if that much pure orgasmic pleasure was actually enjoyable after however long she'd been experiencing it. Jack thought his mind just might crumble if ever exposed to so

much pure, unending pleasure in one go - she certainly didn't seem connected to the outside world at the moment, not showing any response to his intrusion.

Jack had no idea what to do. This was the bosses office, but he was nowhere to be seen - only this freakish tit-girl, locked in silent orgasmic screams on the couch. If he disturbed her, it might cost him his job, and everything he held dear. On the other hand...

Shaking his head, jack decided that discretion was the better part of valor. After all, he shouldn't be going into the bosses office without permission, and he could always claim he hadn't.

With a stunned expression, Jack closed the door, knowing that waiting was the best policy. He'd just see what happened when the batteries finally wore out...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After making his dim witted friend the butt of his jokes, one guy is cursed to have to live out his friend's desires.

The Difference A Day Makes...

By Gunslinger

"Hey, Ox." Chris said, smirking, as he slipped into the booth in the tiny road-side dinner. "Happy birthday, big guy."

"Uh, gee, Chris - thanks." The other man said, blushing slightly. He shifted uncomfortably on the bench seat - which groaned loudly in protest, as did any piece of furniture given the task of supporting the tow-headed young man's three-hundred and twenty pounds of sheer mass.

Not one ounce of which was fat. Jeff 'Ox' McConklin was one big boy.

"Here's your present..." Chris said, sliding a small, simply wrapped package across the table to his 'friend'.

"Gee, Chris - you're the bestest friend a guy could have!" Ox said, enthusiastically - and not a few of the people in ear-shot to this particular little mini-drama winced.

After all, it was hardly a secret that Chris' sole interest in the twenty-two year old mass of walking muscle was to take a perverse pleasure in Ox's reduced intelligence. Being what all the locals referred simply to as 'slow', Ox simply didn't realize that he was constantly the butt of Chris' jokes.

Which was why, when he opened the box and found an XXXL T-shirt bearing the phrase 'I'm with stupid' and an arrow point straight up at himself, he grinned broadly and quickly pulled the gift on.

"Thanks Chris!" He said, smiling his sweet, dim-witted smile. "I'se like it!"

"I knew you would." Chris snickered, a sneering smile on his lean, narrow face. It was he who had bestowed the nick-name on the massive young man - claiming him to be 'As strong as an ox, and almost as smart.' "Come on, let's get out of here."

"Sure!" Ox agreed - and, as always, unquestioningly paid for not only his own prodigious meal, but for the take-out meal and coffee Chris held, another reason he hung out with the big, trusting young man.

They headed for the door - and the owner of the small little shop stopped them.

"Why do you insist on doing this to such a sweet, young man?" She demanded of Chris, gently stroking the massive man's arm as she glared at his leaner, leather-jacketed companion.

"Hey - what are friends for?" Chris asked, knowing this particular conversation - like many - was going right past Ox.

She eyed him angrily - and then an odd little smile came to her lips as she turned to Ox, one hand wrapping around the old, odd- looking little crystal pendant she always wore.

"By all the elder gods, may you get everything you wish for on this, the anniversary of your day of birth." She said in a soft, almost chanting voice as she stood on tip-toe to lightly kiss his cheek. She then slumped, as if suddenly weary - but not too weary to shoot Chris another look, this one not only venomous, but almost gloating.

"Let's go, Ox." Chris said, a bit nervously. Old Lady Packer was a bit on the strange side, and Chris had never felt entirely comfortable around her.

"Okay." Ox said, as obliging as ever.

With the big man lumbering after him, Chris led the way out into the bright, but cool morning. Together, they began cutting cross-country, the shortest route between the road-side diner and the small community huddled close around the nearby Shepherd's Cove that gave the town its name.

"We goin' to get I-screams?" Ox asked, eagerly.

"No, we're gonna go get some pot." Chris said. "Now, come on, hurry up." "I don't like no pot." Ox said, frowning. "The smell makes me feel funny." "That's okay, I'll smoke it all for you." Chris said, impatiently.

"Well..." Ox said, slowly. "I still wish I had some I-screams."

Suddenly, an ice-cream cone appeared in one massive mitt. Moon-shaped face lighting up, Ox happily began to eat the frozen treat.

Chris hadn't noticed the sudden appearance of the cone in his 'friends' hand - so when he heard a crunching sound, and turned to find Ox eating the cone, he was rather surprised.

"Where did you get that?" Chris demanded.

"Dunno." Ox admitted, finishing the cone. "I just said I wish I had an I-scream, and..."

Another cone appeared in his hand. While Chris gaped in shock, the giant happily devoured the second treat. "You.. You just wished for it - and it happened!" Chris stammered. "My God, Ox - quick, wish for a pound of pot!" "I don't want no pot." Ox replied.

"So wish I had a pound of pot, you moron!" Chris shouted. "Don't you get it? Somehow.. whatever you wish for happens!" Ox, in fact, didn't get it - but that didn't really matter.

"Wish for the..." Chris started - then stopped, eyes lighting up. "Wish for a million dollars, Ox! Wish for a million dollars!" "Why?" Ox asked, frowning in confusion - a common expression on his broad face.

"Because whatever you wish for happens!" Chris shouted. "We can have anything we want! Money, fame - girls!"

"I likes girls..." Ox said, dreamily - and then he frowned. "Some girls are mean to me, though, and I don't likes that, no siree! Some girls are nice to me, and that's good - but other girls just pretend to like me, but then don't. Not like you, Chris, who likes me all the time."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm your best friend, I like you a lot, all the time." Chris said, with a sigh. "I wish you was a girl." Ox said, mournfully.

There was a flash of light... Chris screamed.

"Ox, you idiot!" She screamed, her voice high-pitched in a mix of anger and hysteria as her new hands traced the new lines of her altered body under her slightly changed attire. "Look what you did to me!"

Ox blinked, staring at the tall, slender woman standing where his friend had been. Like Chris, she was toned and lean, and she had a short mop of rich black hair, and she was even wearing a pair of black jeans and a black leather jacket over a white-t-shirt. In fact, just like Chris, she looked somewhat slick and a little seedy - but, despite all these similarities, there was no doubt that the person he was gaping at was female, right down to her smaller feet in smaller 'biker boots', now sporting a short heel.

"Where'd Chris go?" Ox asked.

"I am Chris!" The woman shouted, futilely banging slender new hands against his broad chest. "You wished me into a girl, you great big idiot!"

"Chris...?" Ox asked.

"Yes!" She screamed. "You remember how you wished for an ice-cream and got it? Well, then you wished I was a girl - and so now I am, you massive moron!"

"Aw, shit, Chris, I'm sorry..." Ox said, hanging his head. "I didn't mean to do that to ya. I feel, like, really bad 'bout it..."

"You feel bad?" The slim-hipped, rangy young woman demanded, hands going to her small, taut A-cup breasts under her t-shirt, then sliding down to the empty crotch of her jeans. "You're not the one turned into a.. a chick! Wish me back, you idiot! I can't believe even YOU were stupid enough to..."

"Please don't yell at me, Chris..." Ox said, the fact that his friend had suddenly become female no more 'inexplicable' to him than many facets of life other people took for granted. "I'm feeling all sad now."

"Aw, poor baby, feels so sad, just shut the fuck up and WISH ME BACK!" The new woman screamed at him, stomping one diminutive new foot in angry frustration. "Turning me into some.. some girl, you should feel bad, you stupid, dumb, moronic..."

"Aw, please don't, Chris..." Ox whined. "Gee, I wish I wouldn't have to feel bad or upset or nuthin' on my birthday..." The massive, muscular man suddenly blinked - then looked at his friend strangely.

"What's wrong, Chris?" He asked, with the grave concern he could muster.

"What's wrong?" Chris demanded, somewhat fuller lips gaping as her longer-lashed eyes opened. "You turned me into a woman, you stupid lummo!"

"That's funny!" Ox said, laughing. "That's a good joke, Chris. You bein' a guy..."

Chris stared at him - then, slowly, what her ears had registered but her brain had at first ignored slowly percolated, and her face when stark white as she realized that Ox had wished himself into some sort of state of ultimate denial.

"Ox - I used to be a guy, remember?" Chris said, forcing the words not to tumble out between her new lips in a hysterical jumble. "You wished I'd be a girl, and it happened, just like with the ice-cream.. remember?"

Ox chuckled. "You's funny, Chris."

Ox just didn't have a deceptive bone in his body. It was immediately obvious that Ox really did remember his friend as always having been female - which, of course, eliminated any possibility of him feeling bad because he was 'stupid' enough to have accidentally turned him into a girl.

Swallowing nervously, the new woman forced a smile to her lips.

"Wouldn't you like to see what it would be like to have me as a guy friend?" She asked, mind working rapidly as she struggled to find a solution to the situation before all its implications could register on her horrified mind. "Don't you wish I was a guy, Ox?"

"Oh, no - all the guys are mean to me. You're a girl, and the only one who is nice to me. I wish everybody could know how nice a girl you are to me all the time, Chris."

Chris shuddered - and, against her will, found her lips pulling up into a slight, but definite smile.

"I'm sure they all do." She said, wanted to say it bitterly, but unable to - for Ox had just wished her into being 'nice' all the time.

Not only that, but the horrified new woman was also pretty sure that everybody now remembered her as Ox did, having always been female - since that was the definition of his wish.

Though the urge to lash out and yell at Ox could no longer be fulfilled, no matter how much she wanted to do so, she still could have broken down in panic and horror. She forced herself not to give in to that urge, however - because she had more important things to do.

She had to find a way to get Ox to wish her into being a guy again. She didn't know how she was going to do that, but she was going to stay right by his side and keep trying - because the alternative, being stuck like this forever, was simply unacceptable. It didn't matter what it took, she just had to get him to say the words that would end this living nightmare.

"Let's go to your place, okay Ox?" She suggested, 'nicely' - eager to get him somewhere 'safe', where only she would have access to him. The last thing she needed was him wandering around town, spouting wishes prompted by other people's words, or by things he saw.

She knew him well, and the sight of a shiny new bike would prompt him to wish he had one, or the like - and if this strange, inexplicable wishing power of his became common knowledge, she might never get the chance she needed...

"Okay." Ox said, agreeably, and she sighed slightly in relief.

Anger, worry, humiliation and fear still boiled beneath her almost-placid surface as she walked beside him towards his house, but she didn't let any of it show, mind whirling as she tried to come up with a way to get him to say the all-important wish. Part of it was also defensive - because by concentrating on finding a solution to the problem, she could help distract herself from the problem itself. Still, she couldn't help but notice the myriad sensations that were different even for something as simple as walking - the way the jeans felt against her smooth new crotch, the slight sway that was part of her feminine new stride, the way the cool air affected her more sensitive female nipples...

...all sensations she'd never wanted to feel, hated feeling now, and wanted to stop feeling as soon as possible. Her one consolation, slim as it was, was the fact that nobody but her knew of her humiliation at being mad female, since Ox had unwittingly wished everybody remember her as always having been her new gender - yet another problem she'd have to work out, but one that took a back seat to the more important issue. She'd happily go through the rest of her life as a guy that everybody remember as having been born a woman - given the alternative.

Caught up in her own thoughts, Chris didn't notice Ox watching as Miss Longley, one of his neighbors, came out to put up her was. A former local beauty queen who had aged less-than gracefully, she was a rather pitiful sight, her once firm body badly displayed by the undeservedly tight and/or revealing clothing she desperately clung to, her sallow face layered with so much make-up that it almost appeared to be applied with a trowel. The only thing not decrepit about her appearance was her hair - and that was because it wasn't hers, but a wig she'd taken to wearing when her own thin, graying hair had become utterly impossible to 'pretty up' as she desperately attempted to do with the rest of her long-faded beauty.

The wig, however, was nevertheless as 'over-the-top' as the rest of her appearance, a massive, heavy structure of real, golden-blond human hair piled high in a thick, becurled series of waves held in place by three sets of combs before finally being allowed to spill down behind her like a thick golden cape. That much real human hair in a wig, especially at the extraordinary length, made the wig something truly expensive, and she'd practically bankrupted herself buying it, and consequently took vastly better care of it than anything else she owned, keeping it in a silky state of perfection.

To most townsfolk, especially considering the sagging figure it was perched atop, it was an eyesore - but not to Ox. "Gee, Chris..." Ox said. "I wish you had hair like that."

"Huh?" Chris asked, starting to look at whatever Ox was looking at...

...and then she barely had to finish the motion, because the heavy weight and the silky flow of hair down her back swirling in the wind more or less explained it all. Still, she winced, knowing that the massively thick - and surprisingly heavy - head of hair she was now staring at atop Miss Longley's head was identical to her own.

Except that hers wasn't a wig...

She wanted more than anything at that particular second to quite firmly kick Ox in the crotch for what he'd just done to her - but that wouldn't have been 'nice', so she just smiled wanly, and ground her teeth together as she followed Ox the few more yards that led to the relative safety of his house.

All the while, she was mentally cursing that damned old crone for not leaving her god-forsaken wash for another five minutes, when they would have been safely inside and she wouldn't have to deal with the ridiculous mass of golden-blonde hair that had replaced her short, dark mop.

Well, she reminded herself almost grimly, when she was a guy again, she wouldn't have to worry about it.

Unfortunately, that was something easier said than done. Over the next couple of hours, as she forced herself to first play Snakes and Ladders and then watch cartoons with Ox, she tried every way she could think of to get him to wish her into being male again - and failed each time. Not that Ox was upset about her repetitive attempts - he seemed to find it funny, almost like it was a game. It was, for her, horribly frustrating, and finally she took a short break, going into the kitchen to brew some coffee more as a chance to get herself - and her rising panic and despair - under control than out of any desire for coffee.

She came back out - to find Ox playing with his dolls.

She grimaced.

Piled around his feet was an odd assortment of humanoid toys. G.I. Joe, in both sizes, crowded against Star Wars figure, while a Spock figure with a missing arm lay over a pile of toy soldiers.

In Ox's broad hands, however, was a curvy Barbie doll, which he was struggling to get his thick, less-than-nimble fingers to slide a shoe onto.

"Come play Barbie, Chris!" Ox said, grinning widely - then blinking. "Hey, Chris?"

"Yeah?" She sighed, dropping down near the pile and sorting through them unenthusiastically.

"How come Barbie, and Amy, and Tammy, and other girls names are like that, but you are just 'Chris'." She rolled her eyes. "I just am."

"Why aren't you.. 'Chrissy'?" He insisted.

"Because I'm just 'Chris', that's why..." She replied - then winced, knowing even as she opened her mouth to correct herself that it was too late, and that she should have seen this coming...

"I wish you'd let me call you 'Chrissy'." Ox said.

"Of course you can." She sighed, and not even sure if it was because of the wish, or because she was kicking herself for being so argumentative on the point when she could have allowed him to call her that without magical enforcement.

"Great!" He beamed. "Let's play some dress-up, 'kay?" Inspiration struck.

"Why don't we play war, instead?" She asked, grabbing a G.I. Joe. "You like war, right?" "Sometimes." Ox said, now working on getting the second shoe on the doll he held.

"War can be real fun!" She said. "But you know what would make it more fun - if you were playing it with another guy. Two guys playing war is more fun than just about anything!"

"Really?" Ox asked, wide eyed. "Really and truly?"

"Really and truly." She assured him, hope springing anew. "If you just wished I was a guy, I could show you..."

"Okay!" He said, nodding - then turning back to the doll he held. "Just as soon as I get Barbie all dressed up. Girls can't be all naked- like, and stuff..."

He was blushing, and she knew why - though intently curious about 'girl and boy' stuff, Ox was routinely denied any sort of explanation. Even though he'd collected a selection of porn, both magazines and videos, from places who were more than willing to take his money, he didn't understand all the 'rules' that governed men and women, like why women always had to wear shirts, except in his magazines and movies, when men didn't. That was probably one of the reasons for his fascination with Barbie.

"There!" He said, proudly, holding the doll up. "Now she's all pretty! Barbie has such pretty clothes." "Yes, she does." She agreed, impatiently - but not 'un-nicely'. "Now, why don't you wish..."

"Her clothes are really pretty." Ox said, earnestly. "So much more pretty than yours, Chrissy." Uh Oh.

"Look, Ox, war is fun, just wish..." She said, words tumbling hastily out of her mouth...

...but not fast enough.

"I wish you wore pretty clothes like Barbie does." Ox said - and then his face brightened. "Hey - you are!"

"Yeah, I am." She said, sighing. She looked down, barely needing the visual confirmation to see that she was now identically attired as the doll.

Pink high-heeled pumps. A little white tennis skirt. A pink tank-top. Just like the doll. "You look really nice now, Chrissy." Ox complimented her. "All pretty, like Barbie."

Since she couldn't swear at him, she bit her tongue to keep from breaking down and crying.

"But you got no boobies." Ox said, frowning at her chest, which was almost flat beneath the shirt. "Why haven't you got boobies, Chrissy?"

'Uh Oh' went to 'Oh Shit' as Ox's gaze went from the doll's prominent, perky bust-line to her own, flat chest. "Different girls have different sized breasts!" She said, quickly.

"Why?" Ox asked.

"Because... We look different." She blurted out, mind spinning as she struggled to avoid the looming disaster. "I wouldn't look right with bigger breasts. That's just the way it is."

"Oh." Ox said, still frowning in confusion. "If you say so."

"Oh, it's true." She assured him, wondering if she dared breath a sigh of relief at his apparent capitulation on the issue. "It's like in the, uh, movies you watch. The women don't all have the same size breasts, do they?"

"No." He agreed, blushing at the mention of his 'movies'. "Some are big, and some are small, and they're all different shapes, like." "See?" She said, feeling the moment ease past. "Like I said, that's just the way it is."

He nodded again, and she finally let that sigh escape.

"Now, just go ahead and wish I was a guy, and we'll play war..."

"No - I wanna watch my movies..." He said, dropping Barbie without a second thought - and she winced. Like a child, Ox's interest could shift in an instant when a new thought struck home, and she knew it was worthless to pursue the idea of playing war, at least at the moment. She'd have to wait for him to get tired of watching his porno videos, and then he'd probably remember the 'real fun game' all on his own.

"C'mon, watch movies with me!" He said, rooting through his collection for one to put on the simple-to-operate TV/VCR combo. "Uh, I don't think that's a good idea..." She said, blanching.

"I wish you would..." He pleaded - and so, of course, she agreed.

"See?" He said, putting the tape in and starting it up. "Some girls have really big boobies, even bigger than Barbie does!"

She winced as the title screen for 'Super-Stacked Silicone Sluts' appeared on the screen. Moments later, the low-quality digital list of stars with such improbable screen names as Maggie Mountains, Jennifer Juggs and Greta Gazongas vanished, to be replaced with images of the over-inflated actresses themselves.

"See?" Ox said, unselfconsciously rubbing a hand against his crotch as the women paraded across the screen. "All these girls have really big titties. None of them have small ones."

"Don't say it!" She warned him - nicely. "What?" He asked, frowning.

"Don't you dare say you wish I had tits as big as hers..." She said, gesturing at the woman on the screen. "I wasn't going to say I wish you had tits as big as hers..." Ox protested...

...and she gasped as her massively increased breasts pressed hard against the straining fabric of her tank-top.

"Wow, Chrissy!" Ox gasped, staring at the basketball-sized breasts just barely restrained by the taut top. "Your boobies are huge!"

"I noticed!" She gasped.

Ox reached out - and squeezed her left tit. "Stop that!" She yelped.

"I just wanted to see what it was like." Ox said. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No - but you can't just do that without permission!" She said, exasperated - and disgusted, though she couldn't show that and still be 'nice'.

"I sure wish you would show me all this boy-girl 'sex' stuff..." Ox sighed.

Unable to do it physically, Chrissy only screamed in the vaults of her own mind as she helplessly smiled and said: "Sure, Ox. I'll show you all the boy-girl sex stuff..."

So she did.

She didn't want to. In fact, the very thought of having any man touch her body was disgusting to her. It didn't matter that even she could admit that her altered body was the sort that she, as a man, would have wanted to touch, and wouldn't have had any problem with that, in the reversed situation. Though physically female, she still 'felt' male, and so the thought of physical contact with a man, especially in a sexual manner, was disgusting to her.

If just the thought was disgusting, the actuality of it was much, much worse - because, aside from anything else, she had no choice in the matter. Ox's wish had seen to that.

His wish that she would show him ALL that 'boy-girl sex stuff'.

It started with 'the basics' - some simple flirting leading up to some polite fondling. That, in and of itself, was bad enough - but worse was the fact that, no matter how badly Ox 'failed' at any given 'lesson', she had to move on to the next one. A 'real' woman in a similar situation could have decided that Ox was an oaf - which, in many ways, he was. Uncoordinated, with strength far beyond his own understanding, much less fine control, he could actually inadvertently cause some pain, no matter

how 'careful' he was, or how apologetic afterwards. Even a 'real' woman would have called it off after a couple of full-strength grips on rather sensitive parts of the female anatomy - but 'Chrissy' didn't have that option.

As bad as the occasional physical pain was, however, the constant emotional distress was much, much worse. In fact, there was a certain sort of inverse connection between the two - the more physically pleasurable any given action was, the more humiliated and disgusted she was emotionally. The thought of enjoying anything about being female, no matter how little or how unwillingly, only made the situation worse.

Not that, in the over-all scheme of things, 'worse' had much meaning. It was a matter of degrees rather than a quantum shift. After all, here was somebody who'd been a strictly heterosexual man turned into an overly-buxom woman, one who had no choice but to

perform in ever-increasingly sexual manners towards a man she'd always held in the highest contempt.

It was like some sort of 'overload' - but that didn't mean that she didn't feel increasing humiliated and disgusted with each progressively more intimate act. Oh, no, she felt it all. It simply wasn't additive - each new 'outrage' was simply powerful enough to 'wash out' the feelings from the last one.

Light fondling and kissing progressed onto more 'direct' physical contact - and humiliation only increased anew as she was forced to become 'intellectually engaged' in the process.

The wish hadn't granted her any new skills or ideas. However, it did force her to teach Ox everything she knew about sex - but from a new perspective she'd never even contemplated having. "On the fly", she had to find ways of showing him the male aspects that she already knew, while 'making up' the female aspects she now had to present, based on her previous experience as a man.

Helplessly, with no option in the matter, she found herself having to actually think about how a woman would best pleasure a man in response to what she was teaching Ox - and worst of all, the deepest humiliation yet, was how her own, male indifference towards women came back to haunt him and drive home the reality of how she'd always viewed womanhood. Since all she could teach him was what she, as a man, had done, thought and believed, so now she had to experience the feminine side of that equation, learning exactly what her old, male 'lovemaking' techniques were like for the woman on the receiving end.

One thing was for sure - none of them were really about bringing the woman pleasure. Though she'd never really thought about it while male, now the truth was unavoidable, driven home in the worst and most humiliating way possible.

She'd been incredibly selfish when it came to sex - well, when it had come to everything, as a matter of fact, but that wasn't really all that important to her at the moment,. No the matter at hand, was the fact that she'd been a real jack-ass when it had come to sex, insisting that the attention being paid was to providing the man - 'him', at the time - with pleasure, with whatever the woman felt being more or less secondary. Something, if and when it happened, that was a 'bonus' for the woman, but in no way had entered his own consideration.

Now that she was teaching the 'Chris Method of Sex' to Ox, she was forced to experience the same thing from the opposite point of view. Now, on the receiving end, she felt even more humiliated and disgusted by how she'd treated women all those years when she'd never considered the possibility that she herself might have to face the identical situation from the other side of the gender barrier.

All of this only added to the direct and immediate physical humiliations as she helplessly submitted herself to having sex with Ox - a disgust prospect that she couldn't stop herself from fulfilling.

Not just once, however - oh no, that would have been too easy.

First of all, there was the aspect of Ox's wish that she would teach him 'all' - and so she would, but that wish would have allowed her to do it over time. However, Ox still retained the ability to make wishes and have them come true - and it wasn't all that surprising that, having done something he'd just enjoyed - he might wish he could 'do it again' - or that he was able to get hard and ready again to move on to the next, 'exciting' lesson.

She had sex with him in just about every position conceivable between a single man and woman - except, of course, those ones dedicated to providing mainly the woman with pleasure.

Not once did he 'eat her out' - but she gave him four blowjobs.

Only once out of the five times they had 'vanilla' sex was she on top - and it wasn't so that she could set that pace and determine her own pleasure. No, even that one was about pleasing him.

That didn't mean that she couldn't feel strangely horrified by the fact she couldn't help realizing that, whatever the purposes behind the act, she'd physically 'enjoyed' being on top more than being on the bottom.

Which, of course, meant only more added disgust and humiliation to find herself 'willingly' thinking 'gee, I'd rather be on top' when she'd subsequently had sex on the bottom. The fact she couldn't stop herself from thinking about the ways she'd prefer Ox fuck her was somehow even more unmanly than actually being turned into a woman had been...

...and it only got steadily worse. Sexual act followed sexual act, and she couldn't stop herself from doing any of them - or thinking about them, and realizing some of them, however 'disgusting' and 'perverted' it was, actually felt pretty damned good.

She kissed and fondled on the living room couch. She fucked and sucked on the living-room floor. She fucked in the kitchen.

She sucked in the bathroom.

She fucked and sucked and rode and was ridden in every room of the house, in every position, in every situation, degradation piling atop humiliation - and it came as a horrible relief to finally 'fall back' on straight vanilla sex in the bedroom to top off a day's worth of sexually excess.

"Please, Ox..." Chrissy whispered, the exhaustion of the sexual marathon stronger than even the humiliation and horror at what she'd become. She fought against the encroaching sleep, struggling to get 'reality' restored before it was too late. "You have to wish I was a guy."

She had to pause to yawn, then continued, voice little more than a murmur.

"Just do what I say, Ox - wish I was a guy." She insisted, sleepily. "I'm smarter than you, you know that. Just do what I tell you..."

Ox, himself tired, gently stroked her smooth, soft flesh.

"I know I'm stupid..." He agreed, tiredly. "It's not my fault. I know you take care of me, do all the hard thinking for me. In fact, for all you've done for me, I wish it was the other way around, and I was the smart one so I could take care of you..."

In the one, last moment of clarity before intelligence faded away, Chrissy felt a wave of relief wash over her - for, knowing she was forever doomed to her new body, she was grateful she'd be too stupid to know how horrible her fate was.

Then her new, reduced intelligence took hold a scant second before sleep did, and Chrissy fell into the uncomplicated dreams of the big-titted blonde bimbo she'd become.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Hot on the heels of the legendary D.B. Cooper, one man thinks that he has discovered the mystery, but, instead, finds himself exposed to chemicals which lead him down a path of changes until he is a cock sucking whore.

Digging Up The Past

By Gunslinger

"Just... *Fucking*... Great..."

Letting the muffled curse flow out of his mouth in a swirl of cigarette smoke, Jack Scoggin's eased the already crawling Jeep to a stop, staring through narrowed eyes as the crumpled form of a long-dead spruce that blocked the overgrown road.

Taking a long, deep drag on the cigarette, Jack eyed the obstruction, getting his thoughts in order. Finally, the muscular twenty-nine year old stubbed the Marlboro out in the rented four-b-four's already overflowing ashtray. Shutting off the engine, Jack popped open the door and stepped out into the cool, crisp air, his brand-new hiking boots sinking nearly an inch into the thick loam and rotted leaves that now made up the surface of what had once been a hard-top access road.

Reaching back into the front seat, Jack grabbed the heavy, red-and-black flannel jacket he'd purchased at the same time as the boots, slipping the warm garment over his broad shoulders and quickly buttoning it with quick, decisive movements of his blunt, but surprisingly dexterous, fingers.

Grabbing the pack of Marlboros and his Zippo off the dashboard, he stuffed one in each of the two chest pockets of the jacket, then reached back inside to grab two more items: An imitation-leather folio containing some maps and pages of hand-written notations, and an old Caterpillar Tractor cap, it's once-vivid yellow now badly faded.

Brushing his long, greasy black hair back from his face, Jack settled the cap onto his head. Closing the front door, he made his way to the back of the Grand Wagoneer, pushing aside the low branches and high bushes that extended far enough into the negligible roadway to brush against the Jeep.

Popping open the Jeep's tailgate, Jack yanked out the fully-packed hiker's backpack that lay inside. Balancing it against the tailgate, held in place by one muscular, denim-clad leg, Jack pulled a map out of the folio, folding it and sticking it in the pocket with his lighter, then shoved the small case into the back-pack and buckled it shut.

Easily swinging the heavy pack over one muscular shoulder, Jack leaned back into the cargo bed, shoving aside discarded fast-food wrappers and empty soda cans until he found the army-surplus tri-fold 'entrenching' shovel he'd bought, complete with it's carrying- case. Quickly snapping the tiny folding shovel onto his belt by virtue of the two belt-clips on the case's back, Jack also grabbed the heavy-duty 'lantern' flashlight out of the cargo area, then slammed the tailgate shut.

Stepping back, Jack cocked his head and listened to the soft sounds of the forest around him as he slowly surveyed the forest through haze-gray eyes.

Though just past noon, the scene he saw was cast in an eerie twilight provided by the mixture of a thick ground-fog and low, scudding clouds that had been growing steadily darker in color all morning.

Satisfied that no other engine sounds pierced the gloomy silence, the out-of-work mechanic shrugged the back-pack into a more comfortable position on his shoulder, then began walking.

Even though born-and-bred a 'city boy', thoroughly uncomfortable in these rustic surrounding, nothing would have deterred Jack Scoggin from his quest, not when he was so sure of himself.

On November 24th, a man in his forties had and, aside from a parachute, wearing nothing but a simple suit and loafers had popped open the rear stairs of a slow-flying 727 at 10,00 feet, and stepped out of the aircraft - and into history.

Jack was damned sure he'd managed to find a trail long thought cold, and he was determined not to stop until he found what he was looking for - not the man himself, but the \$200,000 ransom money that hijacker Dan 'D.B.' Cooper had been carrying with him when he'd made his jump.

The mystery of Dan Cooper was one of the all-time 'great' unsolved mysteries. Still and open FBI case file, the crime was as equally long-lasting in the mythology of modern mysteries, as people tried to figure out what had happened to the man and the money.

Jack, however, had stumbled across the story rather late in life, and purely by accident. Out of work and living on welfare, he'd been in the local library to peruse the newspapers for job listings - and somebody had left a book about the case on the table he'd chosen to sit at. Only mildly curious, he'd flipped the book over and read the back...

...and the fact that there was \$200,000 in twenties still somewhere at large was all it took to hook him.

As he slogged through the lowering gloom of the woods, eyes watching the uneven footing in front of him, Jack's mind once more ran back along the mental trail that had brought him to this place and point in time, checking and rechecking all the assumptions that had finally convinced him that he could succeed where so many others had failed.

There had turned out to be tons of literature on the Dan Cooper hi-jacking case - but very little in hard facts.

On November 24th, 1971, a man bought a one-way ticket from Portland to Seattle/Tacoma under the name of Dan Cooper. Apparently unremarkable, wearing a suit and aviator-style sunglasses, the man, who would later be erroneously identified by the

more famous 'D. B. Cooper' by an FBI agent, had passed a note to one of the stewardesses on the Piedmont Air 727, indicating that he had a bomb in his briefcase, and that he wanted four parachutes, and \$200,000 in twenties.

He'd also shown her the inside of his briefcase, which - according to her report - contained 'red cylinders, wires, and a battery'.

When the plane had landed, the money and parachutes had been waiting. They'd refueled the plan, taken off most of the passengers, and then lifted off again upon Cooper's demand that they fly to Mexico - but with the gear and flaps down, and at 10,00 instead of the more customary 35,000 feet.

Then, at some point during the flight, Copper had opened the rear stairwell and vanished into the night... and that's where all the hypothesizing started.

Theories abounded, of every stripe, as to Cooper's disappearing act. They ranged from the analytical to the ludicrous...

...and Jack firmly believed they were all flat-out *wrong*.

Instead, he'd formulated his own theory, one that nobody else seemed to have ever considered...

First of all, there was Cooper's demand to be flown to Mexico. All the books had mentioned how, with the gear and flaps down as Copper had demanded, the plane simply couldn't reach Mexico on it's maximum fuel load, forcing Cooper to agree to a fuel stop in Reno.

However, all the books had also pointed out that the 727 was the only plane equipped with that rear staircase that Copper had ultimately used - which indicated that Cooper must have done some research.

That being the case, Jack had reasoned, then there was a very good chance that Copper knew full well about the plane's fuel limitations, especially with the flaps and gear down, since he was so specific about that.

What if it had been a ruse to get the aircraft to fly a specific course? Having the aircraft fly low and slow had obviously meant that Cooper had never planned to go to Mexico - jumping had been part of the plan from the beginning...

In fact, as Jack had finally theorized, maybe Cooper was smarter than anybody gave him credit for. Maybe Cooper, instead of 'simply' picking an unpopulated area to jump in, had popped open the door and been waiting for the 'marker' of his chosen drop-zone. Something visible, in the dark, at ten thousand feet...

...and a yellowing old newspaper clipping had given Jack the answer.

It had been from a small-town newspaper, in even in that venue, had been a little more than a footnote. Just a few short paragraphs describing how power had 'inexplicably' been routed back down old lines to 'the abandoned VeriChem plant' back in the woods, and how the local Fire Chief was quoted as saying that everybody was damned lucky that there hadn't been a short in the old wiring that might have ended up as a forest fire.

In the old aerial photos Jack had checked, the now-crumbled chemical plant lay a good many miles further north-by-northeast the where everybody seemed to assume Cooper had jumped - and, at the time, would have been lit-up like a Christmas tree, and easily visible against the dark woods that surrounded it.

It was to whatever remained of that old plant that Jack was now heading, positive that they'd find some clue as to what had really happened to that money. Though Jack had no theories on how Cooper had managed to successfully disappear off the face of the earth that night, and, further more, didn't particularly care, he was sure that the bulk of the money had never been spent - since, after all, each of the bill's serial numbers had been recorded, and only about six thousand of it had ever turned up, found by a boy along the banks of the Columbia river.

The very same river that, with the help of some old maps, Jack had determine that No-Name creek, the long draining creek for the old plant, ran into.

Now, as the sullen sky continued to grow lower and darker, Jack waded his way through the thickening ground-fog, carefully testing each unseen step for secure footing as he wound his way down the old, badly overgrown access road.

Thirty-seven minutes and two cigarettes later, Jack rounded a bend in the old road, and found himself looking at the crumbling remains of the plant, rising up out of the mist like some ancient castle out of time.

There were the rusting remains of a cyclone fence around the old facility, but the chain holding the gates shut was as old and badly rusted as the warning signs for hazardous chemicals, and it easily parted under one massive jerk from Jack's sinewy muscles. As an added bonus, the sharp motion also caused the left-side gate to tumble inward to the ground in a rattle of rusted chain link, and Jack simply stepped over the corroded gate and walked onto the cracked pavement of the old plant's parking lot.

Using the eroded, tumble-down remains of the guard shack near the gate as his reference point, Jack considered the old map of the facility as he puffed on another Marlborough, trying to orient himself.

Once reasonably sure where he was on the grounds, he picked a tumbled ruin of a chimney as a marker, then carefully began to pace out along the old asphalt.

Jack was pretty sure that the fire chief would have noticed - and commented on - and vehicle tracks leading to or from the facility. Therefore, Jack reasoned, Cooper must have walked out of the woods from the facility, at night, and in the clothes he was wearing - probably leaving the money behind to retrieve at a later date, with a car.

Though Jack had no clue as to why Cooper hadn't returned for the money, a careful study of the plant's layout had given him the most likely place to hide the money, given the fact that some of it eventually washed up down river.

After thirty careful paces, Jack flicked on the powerful lantern, knelt in the low fog, and began a slow, spiraling search on his hands and knees.

It took nearly ten minutes, but Jack's heart began pounding rapidly when his fingers finally came across the rusted iron of the old 'manhole' cover of the draining inspection port.

Setting the flashlight on top of the cover, its beam pointing straight into the air, Jack quickly pulled the folding entrenching tool from its case and began to unfold it. Snapping the handle into its full extension, Jack bent the head out at a ninety-degree angle.

Not the 'shovel' head of the tool, which he left folded back along the shaft, but the 'pick ax' side, which he quickly tightened into position.

Inserting the pick head into the lift hole on the cover, Jack moved the light aside and stood over the port, broad hands gripping the 'D' handle of the stubby tool.

Taking a deep breath, Jack mentally counted to three, then heaved.

With a tortured squeal, the heavy cover slowly began to move, Jack's straining muscles overcoming decades of rust and disuse. Bracing the tool with one booted foot, Jack relaxed and let his muscles loosen for a second, then renewed his attack on the cover.

With yet another hideous squeal, the cover finally gave up the battle, popping out of the concrete rim that had held it, and clattering to the side.

Lifting the flashlight, he pointed it down the access shaft of the old drainage system, his broad nose flaring at the ammonia-like smell that wafted from the hole.

Having verified the height of the shaft on the drawings of the site, Jack had already pre-measured the correct length of rope needed. Pulling the raveled length of heavy-duty climbing rope from his back-pack, Jack tied one end to a protruding metal cleat nearby, after having leaned on it to judge it's strength.

From the back-pack he also took a safety harness, which he buckled in place at chest and crotch. Attaching the rope to the harness, he quickly clipped the flashlight to a short length of cord hanging from the harness for exactly that purpose.

Taking another deep breath, Jack screwed up his not-inconsiderably courage, and began his descent in the stinking black shaft.

With each step, the rusting metal rungs creaked and groaned ominously, the metal under his hands cold and rough with rust. With slow, careful movements, Jack eased his way deeper into the shaft, listening to the sound of running water below.

He was little more than halfway down when it happened.

He was in mid-step, having already moved on foot down on the rung and gently 'bounced' on it before lifting his other foot and opposing hand of their respective rungs.

Though the rung had borne all his weight under his test bounce, the shift from 'right hand, left leg' to 'left hand, right leg' put the weight on a different axis - and the metal rung sheared off.

Unprepared, Jack gave a hoarse scream as he fell, his shoulder scraping painfully against the sandpaper-like surface of the opposing wall of the shaft...

...and then, even as his breath was hauled out of him in a brief 'whoof', Jack congratulated himself on his foresight as the safety rope yanked him to a sudden, painful stop eight feet from the shaft's bottom.

He never finished the self-congratulatory thought - as the sudden, sharp deceleration was too much for the iron spike above, and it snapped in half.

Jack resumed his plummet...

...for three more feet, that being the distance between him and the water sluggishly flowing through the pipe.

Clogged by branches and brush at the far end, forming a sort of natural dam, the tunnel was more of a reservoir, with five feet of chemical-laden water that broke Jack's fall...

...and made his surface already screaming from the flare of pain in his abraded shoulder as the chemicals hit the exposed flesh like some sort of super-iodine, burning and fuming. Standing on tip-toe, flailing cross-body for the water-tight lantern to keep from ducking his still-burning shoulder back into the stinking water, Jack whipped his head back and forth in an attempt to get his long, wet hair out of his face.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, but was mere minutes, Jack got his hair out of his face and his lantern out of the water and turned on...

...and then, despite being cold, wet and in pain, he slowly began to smile. Hanging from a hook in the ceiling was an old flight bag.

Somewhat mildewed, by mostly intact, one corner of the bulging bag had been chewed away by rats - explaining where the money had come from that had washed up downstream.

Smiling happily, Jack waded over to the bag and removed it from it's hook. Turning, he waded back to the access port and - taking even more time and care than he'd used on the trip down - slowly began making his way towards the top...

* * * * *

Feeling utterly wrung out, Jack staggered through the rain towards his motel room.

The setting sun was completely lost behind the thick, dark clouds that had finally delivered up their promised load of rain, accompanied by a thunderous barrage of lightning that split the skies at irregular intervals.

Eyes bleary from the effects of whatever chemicals he might have fallen into, his body stiff, sore and aching even more than the slow climb to the surface seemed to warrant, Jack had barely made it to the jeep before the skies had opened up. Between his own fatigue, stiffness and pain, and the storm, the drive back to his motel had been a form of torture that didn't allow much in the way of gloating. Now, as he fumbled for his keys and finally managed to get the door to the cheap motel room open, he still didn't feel very victorious as he forced his body to enter the comforting shelter of the room, the flight back in hand.

Staggering, he pushed the door shut behind him and simply dropped the bag at his feet, knowing he should be more excited by his discovery, but somehow unable to work up the energy necessary. Instead, with slow movements that should have belonged to a man twice his age, Jack stripped out of his wet clothes and stumbled, eyes fixed on an indeterminate distance as he let his hands do the work. Naked, to the chair near the room's old mirror-topped dresser.

He slumped into the chair, reaching forward to pick up the unopened pack of Marlboros he'd left sitting near the ashtray on top - and then stopped dead, staring dully at his reflection in the mirror.

"What the fuck...?" He asked himself, in a flat voice, as he stared at the reflection. He'd been 'bleached'.

Whatever chemical had been in that water, it had completely washed out the coloration in his body.

His skin, a golden tanned just that morning, was now milky-white. His hair, one greasy and dark, had been bleached out to a near white, almost a platinum-blond shade that was, however, 'ultimate clean', hanging wet but straight.

Everywhere his clothes - which a slow, heavy look also verified were bleached white - had covered, the chemical had sat longer - and that had provided a definite effect. Long streaks on his body were completely denuded of hair, just from the simple act of undressing - and a few half-hearted swipes of a hand clearly confirmed that the hair that remained was simply held in place by moisture, rather than attached.

"Shit..." Jack mumbled as he slowly managed to light up a cigarette. In the back of his mind, Jack knew he should probably be a lot more concerned about what had happened to him as a result of his dunking, but for some reason he felt... almost detached from what had happened.

Finally, almost numbly, he recalled the specification sheets on two of the chemicals he'd managed to verify that the plant had produced, among the God-only-knew how many other's he hadn't been able to discover.

Feeling thick-witted and slow, Jack managed to spread the two sheets out on the top of the long, low dresser in front of him, eyes seeming to waver in and out of focus as he tried to check the side effects of the two verified chemicals he'd discovered, Rhothane and Diethylstilbestrol.

"Oh..." Jack mumbled to himself, as he read the sheet for Rhothane. "It says 'apathy, from mild dulling of interest to profound psychotic depression'... That would explain it..."

Pausing, he wearily cocked his head, contemplating. Finally, with that strange sense of detachment, he managed to decide that he wasn't quite as bad as 'psychotic depression', and so read on.

"Hmmm... wonder what the hell 'gynocomastia' is." He muttered. "Well, I guess 'lassitude' is also kinda what I'm feeling..."

For several long moments, Jack simply stared at the sheet, unseeing, mind nearly blank - then, with a jerk, he remembered what he was doing.

Laying aside the first sheet, he took a drag on his cigarette, mildly surprised to find it burned almost down to the filter. Butting it out, he simply watched the smoke curl up from the crushed butt until it stopped, only then picking up the other sheet and trying to focus on it.

"Huh - that gynecomastia thing again..." He muttered to himself. ...

...then, reading on, alarms began going off in his mind, even through the strange, foggy layer the chemicals had caused in his brain. 'It can cause male impotence and transsexual changes'.

That phrase alone was horrifying enough to make it through, to set fear racing up and down his spine in a tingle of horror. "Doctor..." He muttered, thickly. "I hafta see a doctor "

With a tremendous amount of effort, he leaned forward and pressed hard with his muscular legs and arms...

...and only barely managed to get up out of the chair, the world spinning wildly around him as he struggled to stand erect.

"Stuff gonna make me a girl " He slurred, sounding almost drunken as he stumbled a few heavy-footed steps from the chair. "Says

is gonna gimme a tiny cock n' stuff "

Desperately, he attempted to get his eyes to focus as he took two, shambling steps towards the phone, every muscle and joint in his body protesting...

...and then a wave of dizziness swept over him, and he collapsed face-up on the bed, his body twitching randomly. "Gotta get help.." He said, tongue thick and unresponsive. "Gonna be here "

Raising every ounce of energy left in his body into one, final effort, he tried to scream for help...

...and managed only a pathetic little squeal that didn't sound like any word at all.

It was like some sort of horrible nightmare, where something terrible was chasing after you, but you were unable to run away. Even though his mind was dulled and lethargic, the threat of 'transsexual effects' was so horrific to Jack that sheer force of will kept him from slipping into complete disinterest - and yet, despite that, he couldn't get his body to obey his mind, laying helpless while his body twitched and thrashed in random spasms of muscles.

Strange sensation began to thrum through his body, unidentifiable but definitely not unnoticeable. It was a series of confusing sensations unlike anything he'd ever felt before, and Jack couldn't even come close to describing them, much less giving them a name.

Laying there, naked and damp on the bed spread, Jack's body shivered violently - not a random muscle spasm, but an effect of the cold air moving across damp skin.

Damp, warm skin - because, thanks to both the cold wetness of the drive back, and the depleted immune system affected by the chemicals, Jack was running a high fever, his body wracked not only by chemical-induced side-effects, but by illness.

Jack moaned, low in the back of his throat, and unplanned, uncontrolled effect from the growing, throbbing ache in every joint in his body, supplemented by the taut, painful 'charley horse' sensation quickly taking up residence in one muscle after another, until it began to feel as if his entire body was on an old-fashioned rack, slowly being stretched out inch by painful inch. The sensation was uncomfortable, even painful - but well below the threshold of 'agony'.

Laying on the bed, eyes staring into infinity, Jack slowly - and unknowingly - slipped into a deep fever dream.

The first sign of the delirium was actually a welcome one, as the growing pain from the joints and muscles in his body faded away to a dull 'background noise', barely discernible.

Like in any standard dream, Jack's mind simply stopped discerning from reality and fantasy, so he was unaware of what was truly happening to him, and instead he was as 'caught up' in what delusions his fevered mind was spawning, as if they were not only 'real'

- but reasonable.

Therefore, there was no undue emotion of surprise when he 'sat up', blinking, and found a man sitting in an unremarkably misshapen version of the chair at the dresser.

The man in the chair appeared to be in his early forties, and was dressed in a light brown suit of unremarkable cut. With Medium- brown hair hanging somewhat unkempt over his broad forehead, and with large, protruding ears that gave him a vague resemblance to a 48 Chevy with its doors open, the man was sitting calmly in the chair and looking at Jack with dark, speculative eyes.

Neither Jack nor the stranger seemed it the least bit odd that the seated man was also wearing a parachute on his back.

"Who are you...?" Jack asked - or, at least, believed he did, though in reality the question was an incoherent shout in the empty motel room.

The man - who, come to think of it, bore a startling resemblance to a younger Ross Perot - seemed mildly surprised. "Why, Jack, I'm Dan Cooper."

"Oh. Nice to meet you, Mr. Cooper..." Jack replied, accepting the impossibility with the equanimity common to such occurrences in dreams. "Hey, you know, I found your money."

"I noticed." Cooper replied, hefting the bag which, though it hadn't been a second ago, now rested in his lap. "Good job, Jack - I always knew you were a smart boy."

"Thanks..." Jack replied, a bit awed at the praise. "Say, Mr. Cooper, why didn't you ever go back and get the money?" "Because going in there the first time, to put it there, turned me into a woman." Cooper said - and, sure enough, it wasn't a man

sitting there, but a woman with protruding ears and a shock of dirty-brown hair, her body mostly swimming in the ill-fitting man's suit and the parachute. "I certainly didn't want to see what happens to a person with a second exposure."

"Maybe it would've turned you back into a man, Miss Copper..." Jack replied.

"Oh, ,no." The female Copper said, picking up the specification sheets on the chemicals Jack had brought - or, at least, what was supposed to represent them, though they were now covered with illegible scribbles. "It says here about men growing tits and becoming girls, but nothing about girls becoming men. In fact, for women, it says they only get more womanly."

"Oh - right." Jack agreed with the dream logic. "Yeah, I guess I wouldn't want to go in and become even more like a woman." "Well, I don't think you'd have to." Miss Cooper replied. "I mean, look at you, already. Once was more than enough for you." "You mean I'm a girl...?" Jack asked, trying to look at him - her...? - self, and finding that it wasn't quite possible.

"Of course." Cooper replied, as if surprised by the question. "That's why I've never been 'found' - not only are they looking for a man, when I'm now a woman, but anybody who got close enough to the money ended up a woman, too."

Jack blinked, confused. "You mean other people have found the money before?" He asked. "Why was it still there, then?"

"Oh, well, I always put it back." Miss Cooper explained, waving a hand. "At least, I always have, before - didn't want anybody tracking me down, you see. In your case, I might let you have it, though."

"Really?" Jack said, pleased. "That'd be great!"

"Yeah, well, you might need it." Cooper replied. "After all, after you've gone stark raving mad from trying to resist the urge to fuck and suck every man you meet, you'll need the money to pay for your time in the nuthouse. Maybe they'll even be able to cure you."

"Wait, what do you mean...?" Jack asked, the room growing dark around him as fear filled him.

"Well, you read what the chemicals do to a woman!" Cooper said, sounding surprised. She waved the sheets again. "Increase in size and tenderness of the breasts, increased libido, enlargement and increased sensitivity of the clitoris..."

"But those are side-effects for women!" Jack objected.

"You are a woman, now, Jasmine." Cooper said, calmly. "You're absolutely obsessed with fucking and sucking men, now, because you are a true nymphomaniac - and when you fight against your new nature, it'll drive you mad, and you'll be a raving lunatic. I'm sorry, but that's just the way it is, Jasmine."

"What...? No, no, my name's Jack... It's Jack..." Jack tried to argue...

...but his voice didn't seem to work anymore. In fact, nothing seemed to work anymore, as the room continued to darken, leaving him immobile in the blackness, blind and dumb....

...but not deaf, and Miss Cooper's words went on and on and on as she calmly described how Jasmine would become and madwoman from trying to resist her new sexuality...

* * * * *

Just after dawn, the fever broke, and the figure sprawled on the bed immediately fell into a deep sleep - a deep sleep filled with nightmare after nightmare...

* * * * *

"Let me out!" She screamed, struggling against the straight-jacket. "I'm not crazy! Please, I'm not! I know I look like a woman, but I really **am** a man, and so me refusing to fuck and suck all those guys is normal, see, so I'm not crazy, so please "

"...let me out !" Jack screamed, snapping awake.

The sound of the scream reverberated in the hotel room, echoing back. The high-pitched, *feminine sounding* scream.

Fever-dream and night mare and reality all intermingled for one second as the straight-jacket/entangling-covers of nightmare and reality both existed in a pair of wide, horrified eyes...

...which were staring down at the white fabric bulging over what certainly seemed to be a pair of breasts. A very large, round pair of breasts...

With a muffled scream, Jack threw open the sheet wrapped around him/her...

...and beheld a smooth, pale body that boasted a huge, round pair of tits in the foreground and, barely visible in the background, a tight little slit...

...with a large 'pearl' at it's apex.

Unaware that he/sort-of-she was actually suffering from a 'mild' psychotic break from reality, 'Jasmine' gave out a little squeak that was saved from being a full-fledge 'B-movie queen' scream by the fact that her lungs were already empty, as reality and perception parted.

The reality was, Jack wasn't technically female. Not by a long shot.

The thing Jack saw as a vagina with an enlarged clitoris was actually a channel formed by the retraction of now-swollen balls back up into the body, with the cock also having pulled back and in, leaving a somewhat shrunken head at the top edge of the new 'cunt' to form the 'enlarged clit'.

The two massive, spherical masses thrust so firmly from the ribcage were, indeed, breasts - that being the definition of 'gynocomastia', even the severe form Jack had suffered. They were not, however, female breasts, since they lacked milk glands, and boasted much smaller nipples than 'natural' breasts of that size would have sported on a woman - but, in Jack's mind, the

nipples were perfectly sized for the breasts, since the only comparable breasts had been the surgically-inflated type on strippers and big-bust porn stars.

Everything Jack was seeing, however, fit the consciously-hazy-but-subconsciously-sharp memories of the fevered delirium, and the chemical induced psychosis provided the final, 'illogical' leap of logic.

Perhaps it was a good thing, though. By itself, the particular form of psychosis left by the chemicals should have developed into a depression so deep as to mandate suicide - but, tied into to the hysterical energy Jack had provided at the thought of being female, it became a much 'livelier' psychosis, one far removed from suicidal depression.

In that instant, unaware that 'she' was technically insane, 'she' became utterly convinced that she had, in fact, become the very woman 'Cooper' had told her she would, not realizing that it was all dredged up from her own subconscious fears about what type of woman she would become, if she became female.

To put it another way - Jack's mind had been so busy dwelling on his own 'worst nightmare' scenario of becoming a woman who felt a need to have sex with men, that when the moment came, 'she' almost automatically accepted the premise without so much as a second thought.

"Oh, God - no...!" She whispered in horror, finally having been able to draw in a breath.

Shivering in horror at what had happened to her, 'Jasmine' slid her legs over the bed and forced herself upright.

She glanced over at the corner - and the sight of the bag full of money only served to further reinforce her belief, illogical as it was, that 'Cooper' had been there, and told her what was going to happen.

Shivering even more violently, she forced herself to slowly approach the mirror, struggling not to whimper at the sensations caused by her firm, round new tits as they swayed and bobbed slightly with each hesitant step.

She stared in the mirror - and horror overwhelmed her at what she saw...

...or, rather, what she *perceived*.

An objective observer would have seen the long, 'platinum blonde' hair with it's dark roots.. and might have considered the fact that it looked just a tad coarse. Not so much so as to be worth mentioning, perhaps, but still, not as silky-smooth as some women's hair would be...

...but Jack's mind saw that same hair, and immediately equated it with a very certain sub-set of women's hair.

The type of over-bleached, over-styled hair that certain women wore - the type of women then Jack had always considered 'cheap'.

Likewise, said observer might have noticed a face that, while certainly far from hideous, was too masculine for true feminine beauty, with a jaw that was somewhat too strong, and a nose that was somewhat too large.

Jack's mind, however, saw these 'flaws', and compared them to what 'she' had already assumed from the hair - and the image that jumped to mind was 'cheap' women who, with a 'flawed' face, wore way too much make-up in a vain attempt to disguise the face.

In fact, almost every flaw Jack perceived in 'her' somewhat masculine new 'female' body all went into that same category, one that, in reality, wasn't all that unlikely, psychologically speaking.

Many 'real' women, if subconsciously too aware of their own 'unattractiveness', overcompensated by becoming somewhat 'sleazy' - and given Jack's nature and personality, this was the type of woman he immediately mirrored onto 'herself'.

It wasn't completely out of left field, either - and much of it came as a direct result of the tits.

'Her' new tits were huge and firm and tipped by small nipples. Not just 'big', but 'boob-job' huge, each one like a flesh-colored basketball, round and firm.

The only other breasts that even compared was that of strippers Jack had seen - many of whom had, in fact, gotten such outrageously enlarged breasts to compensate for their own perceived deficiencies. Very few women who considered themselves otherwise beautiful would bother with such over-inflated endowments - while, many such women had 'flawed' figures like Jack's.

So, comparing what 'she' saw in the mirror with the mental image of 'cheap, slutty' strippers and porn stars wasn't that big a leap, really - and all things considered, neither was the leap that led Jack to assume that such women, having voluntarily chosen their 'careers', must be very sexually driven.

With all those 'almost logical' assumptions and thoughts in Jack's head, combined with the fever-dream and her unnoticed psychosis, it took no extra push at all for 'Jack' to become 'Jasmine' - that is, to will herself into believing that her own worse nightmare had

come true, and she had, indeed, been turned into a horny little nymphomaniac slut who'd go insane from trying to resist her new sexual 'needs'.

"I.. I don't want to go crazy..." She told her reflection in the mirror, consciously unaware of the fact that she was, quite willfully, pushing her only-slightly-higher voice up into a trilling falsetto that more closely matched that voice that she 'thought' such a woman would have. "I don't want to be locked away in a nut-house for the rest of my life..."

It was a truism that the insane never knew that they were insane, and such was the case with the new woman who stood staring at her reflection, telling herself that she wanted to avoid going insane. Especially since there was even a hint of 'logic' to the situation since, insane or not, Jasmine knew damned well that a 'woman' running down the street screaming that she was really a man would be considered insane.

However, it simply never occurred to Jasmine that a thorough and complete medical examination would reveal that, in her case, it was true. Instead, having accepted the premise that she was now a woman, (and, illogically, that her sexual orientation had somehow 'automatically' change to match), she also automatically assumed that even the most detailed examination would show her to now be biologically female.

Had 'Jack' been a little more tolerant before this had happened, had bothered to learn a bit more about an alternate lifestyle that he shied away with a curse of disgust, he would have understood that 'transsexual' didn't really mean 'a man becoming a woman', no matter how many transsexuals might have wished it did. No, it dealt with creating as close an approximation of womanhood as possible out of the male 'material' at hand, ,and if Jack had realized that on an instinctive level, the subconscious misinterpretation of the side-effects listed on the sheet wouldn't have occurred...

...and, likewise, if Jack had spent so much as a single second wondering about what would cause a woman over-inflate her chest and take a job as a stripper, 'she' might have realized that it wasn't some sort of 'natural law'.

Instead, Jack's narrow-minded prejudices all combined, in that one moment, to have a single effect:

Her still-and-always-would-be-male mind saw the not-terribly-attractive figure in the mirror with the massive, 'fake' tits - and immediately slapped the label that Jack would have applied to anybody who looked like that.

In other words - she voluntarily defined herself as a cheap slut.

"This.. This is bad. Very, very bad..." She told herself in that falsetto. "Don't panic, Jac.. uh, Jasmine. No, don't panic. We... I can work with this. I.. I just have to keep from going insane, because if I loose my mind, then I'll be completely out of control. I... I just have to keep my sanity, and I'll be able to figure out how to deal with this..."

It was a lost cause, of course, but she didn't know that...

...and so, it seemed utterly reasonable to her, when she looked at the male clothing she'd brought with her, to reject them out of hand.

Reasonable - but certainly not logical. After all, her body with the exception of the massive new breasts, was little changed from the way it had been before. Though a new layer of fat had been added to slightly depleted muscles, giving her a smoother, more feminine contour, her general measurements were nearly identical...

...except, mentally, she was comparing apples and oranges. Instead of a muscular man of average height, she was 'picturing' a tall, athletic woman, and so - without so much as checking - immediately assumed that 'male' clothing wouldn't fit her 'female' body. After all, ,men and women's clothes were somehow fundamentally 'different' - and so, since she was now female, no men's clothing would ever fit her...

With her mental break from reality, her mind forced the square peg neatly into the round hole, and she accepted the premise without question. As a man, 'Jack' had only worn male clothing - and so, as Jasmine, she'd only where female clothing...

...no matter how utterly disturbing she found the thought.

Swallowing heavily, heart pounding behind her massive new chest, Jasmine forced herself to go into the bathroom and grab somewhat ratty but impeccably clean bathrobe the motel provided. Tying it tightly around her waist, she trembled at the thought of having to go out in public like this - not so much 'half naked', but as a half-naked *woman*.

The robe, forced by her massive, ,heavy new breasts to gape open with a display of chasm-like cleavage, barely reached to the middle of her smooth, milky new thighs as she grabbed her keys, cigarettes, and some of the old, slightly mildew-scented twenties from the flight bag.

At the door, she paused, heart thudding so heart it seemed it must burst right through her chest - but she truly believed that she had to do this, and so, gathering up all her not-inconsiderable will, she forced herself to do what was 'necessary', and open the motel door.

Oddly enough, she might have been displaying more raw courage then she'd ever shown in her life was she forced herself to walk out of the motel room and to the Jeep, parked five feet away. She could have dashed that distance, then fumbled frantically with they keys to unlock the vehicle - but, instead, she walked with a certain dignity, ,head held high and a tenuous determination on her face as she faced what her new life with remarkable bravery.

Unlocking the door to the jeep, she slid behind the wheel, feeling like every eye on the planet was staring at her, as if every finger was pointing as every voice snickered about the 'new woman'.

Despite the mixed flood of shame, ,disgust, self-pity and fear that trembled through her, she did not give in to despair. With the same sort of determination she'd given in her search for Cooper's money, foregoing her job search in a 'ridiculous' quest, now she faced an 'impossible' future with a forced, tenuous - but still intact - dignity.

Putting the Jeep into gear, she pulled out of the motel and headed off in search of an out-of-the-way women's clothing store.

* * * * *

She found just what she needed on a side-street in the more run-down section of town.

It was a small, second-hand clothing store, and it hadn't even been open yet. Pulling up in front of it, She'd nervously smoked a cigarette while waiting, fighting against the urge to simply turn around, go back to the hotel, and hide out until forced to leave the room by hunger...

..or by insanity, which was what kept her from starting the Jeep and pulling away.

The fear of giving into first despair, then madness, is also what sustained her as a somewhat overweight woman, carrying a cup of coffee and a Danish, finally arrived at the shop, five minutes behind schedule. Transferring both Danish and coffee to one hand, she fumbled with some keys with the other, finally getting the door open...

...and Jasmine did the 'hundred meter dash' from the Jeep to the store.

With every step she took, her huge new tits jiggled and bounced in a very distracting manner, the robe's terry-cloth rubbing against her nipples with a disturbingly pleasant sensation, even as the robe threatened to pop open completely. The hem of the robe flipped and twirled in tree self-created breeze, and wind blew across a crotch already lacking the familiar bounce-jostle, creating even odder sensations as the chill air moved across her new womanhood.

At least the feeling of long hair stirring over ears and shoulders wasn't unfamiliar, she thought with a brief sort of wry humor....

...and then she was inside the store, the chubby proprietor staring at her wide-eyed.

"Sorry about that " Jasmine said, in that high-pitched voice she'd unconsciously decided to use. She smoothly slipped into the 'white

lie' she'd rehearsed out in the Jeep: "Some pervert slipped into my hotel room last night and stole all my clothing, so "

"Oh, you poor thing " The chubby woman managed, though she was eyeing her first customer's oversized rack with a bit of a raised

eyebrow. "Well, I, uh... I'll have to see what we have "

"Okay." Jasmine agreed, readily, not admitting that she didn't have the slightest clue as to anything having to do with women's fashion. "Whatever help you can give me would be fantastic "

Again eyeing her customer's 'fake' tits, so amply displayed by a robe that, with a little bit of maneuvering that any woman would know, would close over the display of cleavage, the woman began to walked through the cluttered clothing shop, pausing to consider bits and pieces of clothing.

"You're looking for something like this, perhaps ?" The shop owner hazarded a guess, holding up a blue-and-white cotton/lycra tube

dress whose stretchy fabric had enough give to fit even her customer's 'oddly' proportioned body.

She actually had several other types of clothing that might fit this particular woman's body, though not that much - but still, she'd gone with her instincts, and chosen one that would not only fit, but fit like a second skin...

...and, repressing a grimace, Jasmine took the shop-keeper's somewhat wild-assed assumption as further verification of the 'obvious' nature of her new, feminine life.

"Yeah - that'll be good..." Jasmine agreed with a forced smile, hating the added evidence of her obviously slutty nature. Still, hoping that, perhaps, there might be some sort of 'out', some hidden escape clause that a real woman would know about, Jasmine forced herself to arch her back slightly and gesture with one hand to the spherical firmness of her new endowments. "I mean, what else can a woman like me wear, especially with such a big, round pair of boobs?"

It was meant to be an actual question, a request for advice - but the shopkeeper took it as a 'hypothetical' question, even somewhat of a boast. She forced an answering grin, reminding herself that the customer - even some cheap floozy of a customer - was always right.

"Yeah, when you got 'em, you got to show 'em off." She said in a forced tone of cheerful agreement, unaware that she was reinforcing Jasmine's delusions about 'women like her'. "I think I've got a couple more items suitable for a woman such as yourself. Why don't you hang on a second, and I'll go get them..."

Hating the incontrovertible evidence that proved she'd been right about her new self, Jasmine forced a smile of her own in return. She waited patiently while the hefty woman sorted through the wild variety of clothing, not realizing that there were, indeed, a few 'sedate'

- even some 'minimizing' - outfits that would have fit her figure, but that were passed over by the stout woman in the belief that her customer would have immediately rejected them.

Finally finishing up with what she thought was a suitable selection, the stout woman led Jasmine to the changing room, and left her with the pile, which included whatever undergarments she'd managed to find - and even a couple pairs of shoes.

Alone and unwatched, Jasmine finally allowed her disgusted expression to surface as she rummaged through the pile of clothing 'appropriate' to her new body.

It was every bit as bad as she'd feared. A woman like herself apparently ever wore sleazy, cheap, determinedly 'hey look at me, boys!' clothing.

Grimace deepening, she sorted through the 'representative sampling' of what 'women like her' wore. "Oh, well..." She finally sighed, gut churning at the prospect. "It's either this, or go around naked..."

She was, indeed, brave. She could have 'wimped out', could have chosen the relatively least 'offensive' outfit from the selection - but, squaring her still-broad shoulders, she forced herself to drop her robe and look at her new, naked female body in the full-length mirror.

"You are Jasmine." She told her reflection in the high new voice. "You *like* to wear clothes like these, just like any other slutty, big- boomed woman."

Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to reach up and grip each massive new tit, mentally forcing herself to 'savor' the heft and the sensation of the touch, rather than give in to the instinctive rush of distaste. Instead, she lightly squeezed the enormous mounds, and spoke again to her reflection.

"God, are your tits ever gorgeous." She gave her reflection a 'pep talk' she thought any woman like her might give herself. "So huge and so firm - how can any man help but drool over them? Like the woman said - with tits as big and firm as these, you owe it to people to show 'em off, let them see them and fantasize about them - and you love it when they do, right? You just *love* packing your big, beautiful tits in clothes that just make the guys go wild."

Her stomach was turning over at the thought - but it was the way women like her were, and it was a mindset she'd at least have to learn to imitate, if not actually enjoy, as a real woman would. After all, she didn't want to start acting 'weird', so out of character for a woman like herself - it might prompt somebody to question her sanity.

With that thought, Jasmine forced herself to smile at her reflection as he began to pull on the most 'appropriate' outfit for a big-titted tramp like herself.

She started with the hot-pink, barely-there G-string-style 'panties'. Though she felt a shiver of disgust at even touching these things, she forced herself to smile as she forced herself to 'perform' for her reflection, slowly and sensuously drawing them up her legs.

Though the touch of the silky materiel, what little of it there was, was about as unmistakably feminine as could be, she never the less drove back the immediate desire to rip them off - and instead, forced her fingers to slow their rise, and make it more of a caress that traveled up her legs, then a simple act of dressing.

"You're putting these panties on, because these panties are the type that turn men on..." She whispered to her reflection through her straining smile, reminding herself what any woman like her would be thinking at the moment. She pulled the skimpy materiel into place, the front barely covering her cunt, the back riding up between her ass-cheeks. "With every step, you'll feel these panties - and be excited by them."

Next, she slowly pulled on a black spandex skirt - a 'Spanish' design that clung like a second skin from her hips to her knees, where a ruffled back swatch of semi-transparent fabric 'exploded' outward in a vague attempt to mimic a flamenco dress.

The shopkeeper had been unable to find any brassiere in the store that would fit Jasmine basket-ball sized breasts - but Jasmine assumed the lack of a bra simply indicated that girls like her didn't wear bras, a thought that fit in with her own mental assumptions. So, she simply pulled the white, ruffle-trimmed cotton/lycra 'peasant-blouse' into place on her massive new tits, pausing to survey the effect in the mirror.

The ruffled neck of the top displayed the top third of her massive new mounds, clearly showing how incredibly round and taut each spherical breast was, while separate matching 'sleeves' gripped her biceps in a spandex embrace that minimized the

muscularity of her arms. Given her massive new endowments, the bright-white blouse on her milky-white skin combined to 'balance' the look.

Finally, after three forceful repetitions of the thought that 'any woman like her' would love doing so, Jasmine managed to force herself into the shoes.

The black imitation-leather 'sandals' were pretty basic, as far as the uppers went. It was the three-inch platform and the seven-inch flared heels that bothered her - or, as she kept reminding her with a smile that was almost cemented to her face, 'excited' her.

Gathering up the rest of the clothing, Jasmine left the changing room.

Between the heels and the skirt, she was forced to take mincing, 'sissy' steps, her hips swiveling widely and her ass swaying to counter-balance the bob-and-drag of her massive new boobs.

It was a result of her outrageously top-heavy figure, an outfit poorly chosen for such a figure, and her unfamiliarity with the heels that resulted in such an exaggerated version of a 'sissy bimbo' walk - but Jasmine simply accepted it as the 'natural' stride of a woman like herself, just as she'd accepted her 'naturally' reversed sexuality in this new body.

"It's perfect!" She enthused to the stocky storekeeper, trying not to act 'out of character' for the type of woman the world had obviously decided she must be. As disgusting as it was, it beat being locked up in an insane asylum...

Paying for the clothing, she also picked out a couple of hand bags - and a cheap 'silver' jewelry set, which she put on right there with a forced show of pleased excitement for the shopkeeper's benefit.

Only after the big hoop clip-on earrings were in place and the heart-shaped pendant around her neck and pointing like an arrow at her amply displayed cleavage did Jasmine turn and wiggle, jiggle and sway her way out of the store, reminding herself that she needed to pretend to enjoy the friction of the fabric over her nipples as her tits wobbled and jiggled with each mincing step.

Depositing her new clothing in the back of the Jeep, Jasmine began to mince towards the driver's door - then stopped as she caught sight of another establishment down the street.

A beauty parlor.

Her heart almost stopped as she realized what she was contemplating... but, while a woman 'running out' to buy some clothes after being burglarized might do so without make-up and with her hair in disarray, but what sort of woman did so habitually?

She was going to have to do it. She was going to have to get her hair and make-up done, or else somebody might notice how odd she was acting, and force her to undergo psychiatric treatment for such an obvious mental imbalance - because women like her didn't just tolerate such things, but actively enjoyed them.

Her knees seemed to turn to water, and every instinct inside her urged her to turn and run - but, drawing on every ounce of will available to her, Jasmine forced herself to begin walking towards that dreaded lair of femininity.

Pushing open the door, she stepped into the somewhat run-down establishment, the strained smile on her face firmly fixed in place. "Hi." She said, striving not to sound at all like somebody struggling not to be sick to their stomach. "Any chance you can fit me in?"

Despite her somewhat desperate hope for a reprieve from the 'necessary' task, the shop wasn't at all busy, and an older woman with artificially red hair piled into a big beehive led her to a chair and sat her down.

"Okay, honey, what'll it be?" She asked in a cigarette-roughened voice.

"Hair and make-up... and I'm sure you know exactly the type of thing a girl like me is looking for." Jasmine forced out in the trilling falsetto, wondering if her pale skin had taken on a pallid cast from the way her stomach was reacting to the oh-so-definably-feminine odors the shop was redolent with.

"I can guess, honey." The woman said, with a snort. "We also got a special on appliqué nails. Lotsa you gals are buyin'em." "That'd be great." Jasmine finally managed, amazed she'd not screamed the negative that had shot up into her throat.

Frightened by how close she'd come to 'blowing her cover', Jasmine pleaded a short, busy night as an excuse to lean back, close her eyes, and try to blank her mind out completely as the older red-head went to work...

..and, in the imposed darkness behind her eyelids, heard the discussion going on between the red-head and the shop's idle other employee.

Never having been in a beauty parlor, Jasmine didn't know that the help and the customer usually chatted while the work was going on - and, barring that, the employees chatted with each other to relive the boredom.

She also didn't know that the two women were continuing the discussion that had just started before she'd entered the shop, one that concerned another woman both employees knew - and detested.

"So, what... she's a stripper?" The woman with the page-boy cut asked.

Red snorted. "As if. I mean, the clothes, the implants, I can see why you might think that, but come on - the walk, the wiggle, everything about her literally screams 'whore'."

'Oh, my god - I look like a whore to them!' Jasmine thought, fighting not to let any reaction show on her face....

"Oh, *riiiight*" Pageboy - a real suck-up to Red, the manager - said, nodding. "Yeah, I shoulda seen it right off, now that you mention

it - but you're the expert judge of character. I mean, you're, like, never wrong."

"Well, hardly ever " Red agreed, smugly. "With this one, it was an easy call - one look, and you *know* she spends half her time on

her knees, gobblin' cock."

"...and the other half of the time shoving those plastic boobs of hers under guy's noses." Pageboy rushed to throw in...

...and red shot her an angry glance, gesturing down at their 'inflated' client.

"Not that there's anything wrong with a good pair of implants, right miss...?" Red asked her, eager to make sure she hadn't offended.

Amazingly, Jasmine managed to keep a sob from her voice at what these women considered painfully obvious about the new life she was condemned to. Instead, she forced herself to sound as happy as could be: "Hey, the bigger your breasts, the better the guys like it, right?"

Red - assuming, as she had since Jasmine had walked in, that she was a stripper, shrugged. "I bet it's a real bonus in your line of work."

"You bet..." Jasmine managed, wanting to vomit - but that, of course, would have been so out of character as to ensure a trip to the loony bin. She fell silent, waiting to see if either women had picked up on the strained tone in her high-pitched voice...

...and, of course, didn't realize that, a second later, the two women picked up with their previous conversation.

"You know, I think she really loves being a hooker, too." Page-boy said. "Probably actually thinks it's an added bonus that she gets paid for it."

"Of course she does!" Red said with a snort of laughter. "Little tramp, she just love's gettin' the old man-meat anyway she can. Not surprising, given how she looks. Girls like this, getting a man to let her swallow down a load of come is like getting the highest form of praise..."

Since the women they were referring to was, to put it nicely, 'not exactly model materiel', both women snorted in agreement.

"Yeah, I know exactly what you mean." Pageboy was quick to agree with her boss. "Some women, they'll happily go down on a dozen men, and consider it time well spent if one of them says so much as 'thanks' afterwards."

"Ain't that the truth." Red agreed.

After another mutual snort, the two women moved on to a discussion of their respective boyfriends...

...while behind a plastic mask of repose, Jasmine's mind whirled in horror.

'This is the type of woman I have to pretend to be...?' She asked herself, horrified. 'This is the life I've got to live if I don't want to be seen as some sort of crazy woman? No, it can't be true! It can't be! Maybe... Maybe the women are just teasing me, maybe that's it. Maybe they don't really think that...'

She tried to convince herself that she'd a joking tone in the women's voices. She replayed the conversation over and over in her head, trying to hear some sort of hint of joshing...

...and didn't even realize it as her psychosis re-embellished each 're-enactment', filling the relatively short conversation out with her own dark fears and deepest worries, until the conversation she so 'clearly remembered' wasn't at all like the one that had actually occurred...

"Okay - take a look, honey." Red said, and a somewhat startled Jasmine popped her eyes open...

...and barely clenched the horrified scream behind the plastic smile fixed in her face as all her worst fears were verified.

The huge, bouffant mass of curls her platinum-blond hair had been teased into. The garish make-up that had been applied with such a heavy hand, from gloss-pink lipstick to fuchsia eye-shadow. The long, hot-pink nails applied to the tip of each finger.

It all practically screamed 'whore'...

...and the fact that it could have also been the over-done make-up of a stripper who would only be seen in a darkened room, usually from some distance away, never even occurred to Jasmine as she forced herself to look at Red with a big, simpering grin, and give effusive thanks over the 'absolutely perfect look for a girl like me!'

A big, brainless grin affixed to her face, stomach tied into knots, Jasmine wiggled and jiggled back out to the jeep, where she climbed behind the wheel and stared mindlessly into the distance.

This is what she was supposed to do with her life? Become a mindless little whore, pretending she loved it as she let - practically begged - men to do whatever they want to her?

What was the other option, though? If she didn't act out the part of the big-breasted little whore, people would know there was something wrong with her. What was she supposed to do - explain to the doctor that she couldn't act like the cum-craving little slut she obviously was because, until recently, she'd been a man? She was the one it had happened to, and it still sounded utterly nuts.

For several long minutes, sheared stared off into the distance, weighing her options...

...then, with a sigh through the vapid grin, she started the Jeep and put it into gear.

* * * * *

"Oh, baby, I want you in me..." Jasmine begged, spreading her legs wide as she lay back on the bed and fixed her eyes firmly on the smiling, muscular man. "I want your big, thick cock deep in my hot... wet... cunt..."

Keeping the 'sultry smile' fixed on her lips, Jasmine could only manage to repress the shudder or repulsion she felt as the big, smoothly rounded phallus touch against the damp, swollen pearl of her clitoris.

"Fuck me, Johnny - fuck me hard...!" Jasmine screamed, a half-beat behind Tammy Topps...

...and, as on the TV Johnny Roxx plunged his massive cock into Tammy's cunt, Jasmine drove the big plastic dildo deep into her new womanhood.

Her gasping scream of repulsed pleasure overlaid that of the big-boobed actress on screen, and Jasmine managed to maintain a shred of her composure at the awful - yet, also very wonderful - feeling of being 'impaled' as she matched her movements as closely

as possible to the 'actors' starring in 'Big Boob Whores, Volume One'.

"Oh, yes, Johnny - fuck me hard!" Jasmine moaned in a bad copy of Tammy's voice as she imitated Johnny's thrust with her dildo, squirming in a mix of disgust and pleasure emanating from her cunt as she drove the plastic phallus deep into her, then drew it back out in the same 'teasing manner' as the well-hung man that she was trying to convince herself she found 'sexy'.

"Oh, God, Johnny... You're so *big*..." Jasmine moaned in simulated pleasure - some of which was actually real, as she picked up the pace, continuing her 'training' for the life of a whore.

"Yes, Johnny, yes...!" She cried, matching her thrusting rhythm to the hip-pump of Johnny Roxx - while also trying to match the frantic-the-slow rhythm of Tammy's hips, as well.

It wasn't easy - especially since the pleasure of being 'fucked' was continuing to grow, almost exactly the way it would have had she still been male...

...which was unsurprising, as in all actuality, the dildo was stimulating the shaft of the 'buried cock' that made up the top of her new 'cunt', itself well lubricated by the large spurt of thin 'pre cum' she'd shot from fingering herself, as in the previous scene.

"Harder, Johnny - make me cum, you big stud!" Jasmine begged the actor, as she increased the speed and power of her thrusts, trying to pretend that it was a real man looming over her, driving his cock into her cunt - and trying to also pretend that the thought didn't sicken her.

The growing pleasure from the dildo helped. With a rhythm that matched that of the actors on screen, she went from heavy pounding to a slow tease, then to a faster shorter rhythm that sent sparkles of pure pleasure flashing before her eyes, all while she mindlessly mouthed the insipid dialogue of the movie - such as it was.

Now, it was becoming a struggle not to forgo the screen and give in to her own rhythm. Trusting that porn stars would know more than her own 'instincts', she fought against the urge to simply pound the dildo into her in frantic thrusts until she came, instead trying desperately to get herself to slow down - and even teasingly pull the cock out and 'tickle' her big clit with it - just as the stars on screen did so.

It wasn't easy - not when simply plunging depths of her new womanhood felt so... damned... good...

"Maybe... this won't... be so.. bad... after all..." She gasped out, out of character, as the on-screen duo finally went back to the rapid rhythm that felt so wonderful when she matched it. "Oh, God, , yes..." She moaned...

...then realized she'd said that 'out of sync' with what was going on in the movie...

...which she couldn't even see anymore, since she'd let her head roll back, eyes half-closed as she helplessly gave in to the rising pleasure, arm-muscles beginning to shimmer in strain as she frantically pounded the big, 'flesh' colored dildo in and out of her sopping cunt with complete abandon.

"Oh... Oh..." She gasped, struggling to regain control... but it was as if her body had a mind of its own, her arm frantically whipping back and forth as her hips ground and humped on the bed-sheets, altering pitch and depth of the dildo against the walls of her cunt for maximum pleasure.

"God...! So.. good...!" She moaned, eyes tightly closed as she struggled with the enormity of the pleasure, somehow simultaneously repulsed and delighted that feminine sex could feel so good. "Yes.. yes.. oh, God, yes...!"

Then , feeling exactly as good as any other orgasm from her male life, a sharp, nerve-shaking burst of pleasure ripped through her as her 'cunt' became even hotter and wetter, and she screamed out the deity's name in one, drawn-out prayer of heartfelt thanks for the ability to feel such mind-blowing pleasure...

...and then the eternal instant receded, and she sighed and withdrew the soaked dildo from her sopping cunt, staring at it for along, speculative moment before sighing and tossing it aside.

On screen, the porn stars were still busily humping each other.

"Some whore I'm gonna be..." She said, bitterly, rising from the bed and wrapping the bathrobe around her buxom figure - except that she let one hand slide into the gaping front to slowly and gently fondle a huge tit like she'd done during the first scene of the movie, finding it just as delightfully, ,disgustingly enjoyable as it had been then. "First, you find out that it all feel really, really good - but so good that you can't help but indulge yourself, when you're supposed to be indulging the guy. My orgasm isn't supposed to matter - I'm supposed to be able to hold off until the guy cums..."

She stopped, her pale face suddenly suffused by a deep blush, as it occurred to her that all the practice she so obviously needed might just be worthwhile in and of itself... and her eyes swung back to where the dripping dildo lay on the bed...

"Geez, Louise..." Jasmine said, sitting down hard on the chair near the dresser and reaching for a cigarette. "This female libido thing is something..."

It never occurred to her that, what she took to be the libido of a 'nymphomaniac woman' was exactly the same in all respects to the one she'd considered to be 'perfectly normal' for a guy.

As good as it all felt, though, the thought of being some sort of pleasure toy for an endless stream of nameless men still caused her stomach to do flip-flops. Though, in a sort of hypothetical situation, the emotional disgust of letting one man touch her, in order to give her pleasure like that she'd just felt, managed to seem barely palatable - but as soon as she started imagining that hypothetical one man leaving, and another taking his place - that's when her gut clenched tightly.

Taking a deep drag on the cigarette, Jasmine tried to convince herself that she'd be able to handle it - that she'd be able to take it 'one john at a time', forcing her self to imagine each and every man as the hypothetical 'one', rather than 'just another...

...but what if they were ugly? Or smelly? In fact, there was a lot of men that Jasmine had met that the thought of standing anywhere near made her almost physically sick, much less letting them touch her. Could she pretend to want it - to pretend she actually enjoyed it?

Well, it wasn't exactly as if she had that many options. After all, who ever heard of a choosy who... Eyes widening in shock, Jasmine whirled to the VCR and punched the REW button...

...then let it go, letting the tape play again, to the sound of her salvation:

'Honey...' Sandra Stakked said appreciatively to Tammy Topps '...for a man that hung, nobody in their right mind would blame you for givin' up hookin'...'

Hitting the 'stop' button, ,Jasmine's stunned face slowly began taking on a slow, ,happy smile as her hypothetical 'one' acquired just a touch more detail....

* * * * *

Sipping at yet another of a now-seemingly-endless cup of coffee, Jasmine took a long drag of her cigarette before butting it out in an overflowing ashtray.

Laying the cup of coffee aside, she leaned back into the screen of the computer nestled in the darkest, most private corner of the Internet Café.

As for the past two hours, there was no reply to the message she'd posted, more then a little flush-faced, with the somewhat over- eager assistance of a young, male member of the Café's staff.

It had been with the very attentive young man's help that she'd logged on to a site called MagmaMates - and, under his suddenly lascivious smile, she'd followed his 'assistance' in setting up a profile under the 'Intimate Encounters' section of the site, right down to the digital picture of her taken by the oh-so-very-helpful young man.

To be fair, she wouldn't have been able to do it without his help. Still, she certainly didn't let him see the 'ad' she'd typed in, after specifying that it would only be available for viewing to men within a sixty mile radius of the town.

Now, for perhaps the hundredth time, she re-read the ad she'd posted on the site, still not quite positive that she wanted that response:

JASMINE JUGGS - Looking for a Big Dick to match my Big Tits.

I'm looking for a thoughtful, eager-to-please-and-be-pleased man between the ages of twenty and forty, who just happens to be utterly, amazingly, enormously endowed. Must be willing to accept a big-titted nymphomaniac with the proper appreciation for such a massive organ to become your full-time live-in girlfriend at my own expense, no questions asked. If you can treat me right, go all night, and like your girls tight, then let me know. ONLY THE TRULY MASSIVE NEED APPLY.

Reaching out for yet another cigarette, Jasmine began to sit back in the chair...

...then stopped dead when a 'Mr. Smiley' popped up on her screen, indicating a interested response. With suddenly shaking fingers, she grabbed the mouse and moved the cursor over to click on the Icon, pulling up the person's profile.

The profile for **MR2BIG** came up, with a note indicating that the originating location of the profile was within roughly ten miles from hers.

The photo showed a somewhat scrawny young man, with shaggy brown hair and a scraggly goatee, smiling somewhat shamefully at the camera. The stats listed showed him to be twenty-three years old, and mentioned he was 'unattached', living in 'and owned home', and looking for 'almost anything'.

It also listed the salient statistic as... Jasmine blinked.

NINETEEN inches?

She looked at the photo of the scrawny guy again, wondering if this was some sort of put-on. The profile also indicated there were 'Behind-the-Scenes' - photos only available out of the public area due to content - and that he'd already pre-approved her for access. She clicked on the link...

...and managed to get her jaw snapped shut.

Maybe.. Maybe that huge monster wasn't real, but some sort of photo-alteration. She knew some of these computer geeks could do that, and this guy looked a bit 'geeky' to her. Surely that big, heavy-balled monster wasn't really attached to the body it seemed to be. Hell, it would probably call him to fall over if he tried walking while hard, since it was almost as big as he was tall, not to mention those balls...

...but...

Jasmine hesitated, not even sure if she wanted it to be real. After all, a monster like that might tear her apart if she actually ever tried...

On the other hand, if anybody ever questioned her sanity for not being the cheap whore she was obviously supposed to be, ,who could possibly argue her sanity if she could point to that massive monster, and claim it had ruined her for any other men...?

Swallowing nervously and lighting that cigarette, she opened a message window:

Want to meet face to face.. or, rather, tit to dick...? She asked, glad that trembling fingers and nervous face couldn't be seen through a computer screen.

Hitting 'enter', she waited nervously....

...and the reply came simply in the form of an address, with the addendum, '*Whenever you'd like*'.

She simply stared at the reply until she'd finished the cigarette, once more trying to convince herself of the joys of committing herself to an asylum...

...then, like a rogue comet, a thought blazed across her consciousness, wondering if a bigger cock gave more pleasure than that good-sized dildo she'd tried...

...and she was utterly shocked to look up and realize that she'd typed in another message, one that read, simply; '*15 Min.*' She blinked - then, quickly logging out of MagmaMates, she hurried out to her Jeep...

...and, sliding behind the wheel, suddenly realized that the thudding of her heart wasn't from fear. It was from excitement.

Was it possible? Was she really, literally, atingle with excitement at the idea of committing herself to some guy with a big, thick cock? Sure, she now knew that it was conceivable that what she'd thought was the 'disgusting' act of having sex with a man could be as pleasurable as it had been to have sex with a woman as a man, but still...

...but still, while her mind was pondering the question, she'd already started the jeep and put it into gear, and it took an act of will to ease her foot off on the accelerator.

Mouth dry, heart pounding, Jasmine hurried to the address that had been listed, the one that seemed to be burned onto the inside of her long-lashed eyelids.

Within ten minutes, she pulled up outside a small, somewhat sloppy-looking brown bungalow. The lawn was mowed, but no hint of grace adorned the landscape, no flowers or bushes - things that, only by seeing them missing, did Jasmine appreciate them and she wondered why she hadn't seemed to have picked up the sort of feminine aesthete that would have made such things obvious...

...then realized it would have hardly been much use to a whore. Indeed, now that she thought about it, her transformation hadn't included many of the feminine 'aspects' that she associated with most women, like an urge to shop - but again, ,they were all probably excess baggage to a woman whose true and obvious purpose in life was to be a living fuck-doll...

Climbing out of the jeep, Jasmine headed up the walk towards the house, finding herself more atingle with eager excitement then ever before.

Of course, she was contemplating doing just what her purpose in existence was, so perhaps that was why she was so ready for it. She was still somewhat surprised to find that her hand didn't tremble at all as she rang the doorbell.

Fixing a smile more sincere than any that had graced her face all day, she watched as the door swung open to reveal the scrawny young man from the photo, his face wearing a hesitant smile of it's own...

...and his pants supporting a bulge that, unless stuffed with athletic socks, seemed to support the photos...

...and Jasmine realized that she was standing there, staring - and felt her face go a bright, glowing red as she snapped her eyes from his crotch to his face...

...a split second before he managed to raise his own flaming face from the fixed gaze at her chest.

'I can be excited and nervous and afraid and happy at all the same time...' Jasmine thought, numbly, waiting for words to come to her, the correct thing for a horny little slut with tons of experience would say...

...and drawing a complete blank.

"Why, uh.. Why don't you come in, Miss.. uh..." The scrawny 'hippie' stammered, his eyes unable to held hers for any length of time...

...which she barely noticed, since hers kept wanted to slide away, too.

"Thanks, uh..." She said, hearing the stammer in her own voice - and suddenly, shocked silly, realized that it hadn't come out in that insipid bimbo-voice she'd almost grown used to hearing, but a sort of husky, low-feminine voice.

"Mark.." He replied, awkwardly. "Uh, it's, uh, nice to meet you..."

"Jasmine.." She supplied, again in that voice, wondering where the high-pitched one had suddenly fled to, not knowing she was simply too flustered to summon it. "Um.. nice house you have, Mark.."

"Oh, uh, thanks..." Mark replied, startled, while Jasmine, wide eyed, asked herself if she'd really just said that. "I have some wine or, maybe a beer, if you'd prefer..."

"A beer would be nice..." She replied - before she stopped to think that a wine might be more in keeping with her new life - then realized it would only make her look even more moronic if she tried to correct herself now...

If that was possible.

"Yeah, okay, a couple of beers..." Mark said, with what he obviously was trying to pass off as a smile. He looked more like he was about to toss his cookies, but Jasmine tactfully decided not to point that out...

...since she was too busy trying to fight down panic as she followed him first into the kitchen, where he tried - and failed - to look suave opening the beers, then out to the living room, where they perched awkwardly on the edge of the couch.

'He's going to know!' Jasmine's mind screamed at her, loudly. 'You're supposed to be an accomplished slut!'

Trying for an alluring smile, she leaned back in the couch, , reaching for that 'seductive lounge'...

...and ending up in 'undignified sprawl'. Quickly, she yanked herself back upright, blush as bright as ever as she wondered what the hell was wrong with her, and where were all those whore instincts she should have...

..and Mark didn't seem to notice, so maybe it's still okay, maybe it can be salvaged, just think hard, what would a slut do, and...

"Maybe.." Mark said, slowly looking up at her again, nervously fingering the beer bottle. "Maybe you should, you know, sort of, uh.. 'take the lead', and get us started. I'm sure, with all your experience, I'd like just about anything you..."

"I've never slept with a man!" She blurted out...

...then, eyes wide, slapped both long-nailed hands over her mouth and stared at him, wondering where the hell that had come from even as she waited for the anvil to fall...

...and here it came...

"You haven't...?" Mark said, disbelief heavy in his voice, and now it was all going to come crashing down as he opened his mouth and...

"That's wonderful!" He exclaimed, grinning. She blinked.

"Excuse me?"

Mistaking the stunned question, Mark flushed and held out his hands. "No, I mean - it's wonderful for me, because I'm a virgin too." "You *are?*"

Mark's flush deepened, but he nodded. "I, uh.. was always sort of afraid that I'd, you know, hurt a girl or something, so I've been waiting for some girl who seemed sure that she could..." His smile began to slip. "Wait, but you've never... and, like, for virgins - girl virgins - the first time is, like the most painful..."

She held up her hands quickly, surprised to feel something akin to physical pain at the hurt look and lost hope in his eyes. "Look, it's kinda the same for me, Mark..." She said, bull-shitting on the fly. "I guess I'm not technically a virgin anymore, since I've been using,

,you know, ,dildo, for years - only, I kept using bigger and bigger ones as time went by, until finally, I began to worry that, when I finally did it, for real, it'd be a disappointment..."

"Oh.." Mark said - and then, for several seconds, they simply stared roughly in each others direction, blushing furiously.

"So.. what do we do now...?" Mark finally asked, his rather pathetic attempt to appear cool having vanished with his admission of virginity...

...and Jasmine was shocked to find that most of her fear had vanished with her own not-quite-untrue claim that she'd never slept with a man, as well.

Mark had not only not freaked about it - he'd been relieved.

They were now on 'equal footing' - and neither one was in any position to call the other on any mistakes they might make...

"Well..." Jasmine said, flying on instinct, heart beating rapidly. "Why don't we just, you know, start at the top? We could, uh.. well, kiss each other, and just... see what happens from there..."

...and, stunned, was slammed so hard by a memory that she almost blacked out.

A memory of herself - or, perhaps, 'Jack', since 'he' seemed almost another person - in a darkened room much like this one, in a situation much like this one, trying very hard to lose his own virginity.

Jasmine realized that her assessment of the situation had been dead wrong. One of them did have experience.

Plenty of experience, of a sort,...

...and knowing exactly what the other was feeling at this very instant.

The last of the nervousness and hesitation slipped away, the blush fading into nothingness as she slowly, warmly smiled at the very nervous young man.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A man encounters the Great Randolpho on a back road in West Virginia and is turned into different women who exist only to give people pleasure.

Disappearing Act

A Morality Tale In the Key Of 'F' By Gunslinger

PART I - FORESHADOWING

Though the sinking sun was still, technically, above the horizon, there was already a twilight filling the hollow of the Allegheny Mountains that was home to the small, sleepy town of Hubris, West Virginia.

It was into this backwoods twilight that the stranger came a'roaming, a battered and faded olive-drab backpack slung carelessly over one soft-looking shoulder. His dark hair, ragged and untrimmed, flopped around a broad, cheerful-looking face supporting a snubbed nose and merry brown eyes. Beneath his travel-worn blue-plaid shirt and faded denim jeans, his body was as rotund as his face - not fat, exactly, but definitely pudgy, carrying an evenly-spread layer of padding that gave the young man a well-fed and somewhat clownish appearance. Though nearly twenty-three years of age, he looked days short of his eighteenth birthday, an illusion compounded by his clean-shaven face and boyish walk, faded and tattered red Hi-Top sneakers slapping an easy beat as he headed into the vale, thick lips spread in a grin that revealed not-quite-even teeth that were almost angelically white.

Trailing behind him and projecting in front of him, warbling through the cooling air of the mid-summer evening, was his voice, lifted in song, the lyrics to *'Walking to New Orleans'* rolling out in a surprisingly rich, engaging voice.

Yes, indeed, Ron Dobbins did, indeed, have a very fine singing voice. He was also very well traveled, having criss-crossed the country since he'd left the foster home at the tender age of fifteen. However, this was not to say that the cherubic-looking young man didn't have a flaw or two in his personality.

He was less than enthusiastic about physical labor, and just a little too fond of the cold, foamy beer the coin of such a day's labor could bring, if he'd so engaged himself. He was fond of telling stories, but quite often *forgot* to indicate to the listener when he drifted into fiction - especially if said fiction would serve to further line his own, somewhat thread-bare pockets. He also seemed a bit vague about the generally accepted notions of property ownership, and occasionally located 'lost' items before they were, properly speaking, lost.

In other words, Ron was a liar, a cheat, a con-man and a thief, 'earning' his money in a variety of illegal ways. His one saving grace was that he didn't look dishonest. His somewhat short, pudgy body looked admirably innocent, especially with his most engaging, trustworthy, and apparently less-than-bright grin plastered on his cherubic features. Many a time, it was his looks alone that kept supposedly intelligent people from figuring out that pilferage and financial loss seemed to increase almost the same instant Ronald Dobbins wandered into town.

Many a time, it worked that way - but, recently, it hadn't seem to be nearly as reliable. Like it or not, he was getting older, and people were less and less trusting. The last two towns he'd visited had been left quickly, in the dead of night, and the last one had even included the indignity of having to hide while a police-cruiser went screaming down the back-road he'd chosen, 'cherry-dome' glaring blood-red and siren screaming as if in anger.

On the whole, Ron had felt that the fine citizen actually involving the Law in what was, after all, a smattering of petty matters was not only unnecessary, but insulting. Ron was very careful not to 'fleece' to much in any given town. As far as he was concerned, he was just helping keep the economy alive and healthy, redistributing modest sums of wealth that would probably have otherwise been *wasted* in a savings account. Certainly, no individual 'mark' has suffered enough to be more than temporarily put-out...

Still and all, it was worrying. After all, if he was loosing his edge, it might force him to start looking for - he hated to say it, even to himself - *legitimate* employment.

The mere thought of it made Ron wince.

When he opened his eyes again after the involuntary 'double blink; of the wince, it was to find himself just feet away from a vehicle he'd failed to notice in the rising darkness - not too remarkable, considering that the mid-70's van was painted black and dark red, with trim- work of gilt that was too faded to catch the faint light.

Likewise, the owner of the van was somewhat invisible, dressed all in dark clothes - but he was far from inaudible, though he'd been silent at first. That silence had been broken with a metallic clatter and a meaty thumb - remarkably like the sound of a tire-iron slipping off a recalcitrant lug-nut, spinning from sweaty hands, and landing directly atop a human foot.

Which, if the rather vocal and profane comments that followed were fair indication, was exactly what had happened.

"Having some trouble?" Ron asked, pleasantly, coming closer to the tall, regal-looking man dressed rather incongruously in a severe black tuxedo with a red-lined black satin cape tossed over his shoulders. At the sound of Ron's pleasant, open voice, the leonine head swung up, and Ron found himself the subject of scrutiny for a pair of dark, deep-set eyes flanking a proud beak of a nose that rose from the man's narrow face like the prow of a ship thrusting from the ocean foam.

"Why, certes, my dear lad!" The man said in a voice designed to carry - to whom, Rob couldn't begin to guess, since he was standing only a foot away, and there was nobody else to hear the man's archaic, grandiose tones, unless you counted the odd squirrel.

"I fear that these hands are not made for such mundane labors." The silver-haired man said, holding up narrow hands with long, dexterous fingers as if they were pearls beyond price. "Slight of hand and strength at arms are quite different occupations, you see."

"I'd imagine so..." Ron replied in a noncommittal tone, leaning closer to the coachwork of the aging vehicle to read the words written in golden flourishes. "The Great Randolpho, I presume?"

"Indeed!" The man replied, his teeth shining white and even in the twilit gloom. "The finest prestidigitator upon the firmament, my dear boy - though, I'll admit, the simple truth of my great and unimaginable skill fails to draw the true gelt I believed it would, despite my many years of study in the mystical arts."

Ron suppressed a snort at the man's boasting - after all, a true showman would almost have to claim great and awesome powers, despite the visual evidence to the contrary.

"You don't find many illusionists wandering the highways and byways anymore." Was the inoffensive comment that sprang to mind. Not inoffensive enough. The 'Great' Randolpho drew himself up imperiously.

"Nay, good sir, Nay! No mere dabbler in sleight of hand and illusionary visions stands before you, but one who has studied the mystical intricacies of the true Magic, now all-but-lost in the mists of fable and legend. Though I will admit that I do perform the occasional 'trick' to add a sense of flamboyant showmanship to my act, it is merely a fiscal necessity in this day and age, where every potential patron has been bombarded with the flash and fancy of Hollywood and it's ilk. Nae'the less, dear boy, I assure you - I have dominion over the fey lines of true and powerful Magic!"

'Then why can't you even change a flat tire...?' Ron thought, but didn't let the sarcastic question show on his boyish face. Instead - as always - he looked for the Main Chance.

"Well, then, there's every indication that I'll be amply and handsomely rewarded for rendering assistance, won't there?" Ron asked with a grin, aiming the tone and rhythm of his words towards the magician's own grandiose style.

"What? For a simple courtesy you would expect a reward Magical and sublime?" Randolpho asked, acting affronted. "Perhaps a token gratuity of a suitably small denomination, thrust into unwilling hands belonging to the just, for whom the act is its own reward - that, perhaps, is what is to be envisioned. To expend a great and fell power for such a task - how does it even come to mind for you to suggest?"

Great - the guy was a cheapskate on top of being a certifiable kook. Still, Ron was an expert, and the hint of a 'reward' above and beyond what this man thought was fair just begged to be won. Still grinning, Ron made his argument for a 'great and fell' reward as he bent to the task of changing the tire. Not content to merely point out the Magician's predicament in mundane terms, Ron saddled up his vocabulary and rode it out at a gallop, careening over, around and through the magician. Every step he'd taken to reach this point became an arduous trail in its own right. His tale became full of woe and despair as he 'forsooth'ed and 'verily' declaimed his bone-

weary exhaustion, despite which he'd come to the magician's aid. He 'foreasmuch'ed his way around to where the Magician would be, had Ron not stopped to aid him, and even managed to work the word 'niggardly' into the soulful 'I shouldn't have expected better' conclusion of his verbal barrage, even as he finished tightening the last lug-nut on the spare tire.

The Magician might have been a showman - but Ron survived on his wits and his words, and he'd cut loose with the full broadside on this one - Randolpho's steely-gray eyes had glazed, and he was nodding his head more in acknowledgment of Ron's cessation than in any sort of agreement.

"Very well!" He said, throwing up his hands in surrender. "Since, as it seems, you have actually saved the whole of the universe from imminent destruction by aiding me in this matter, I suppose it lay upon me to grant you a just reward - if for no other reason than out of respect for your sheer verbosity!"

Turning, the old magician slid open the side-door of the van, revealing a remarkably cramped interior. Rummaging through a large steamer trunk, muttering to himself, Randolpho seemed unaware of Ron's thoughtful appraisal of the stage dressings... and shrug them away with a roll of his eyes.

"Here, then - a just reward." Randolpho said, turning and pressing a small, cool object into Ron's hand. Cocking his head, Ron lifted the item - and blinked at the sight of what appeared to be a finely-crafted silver ring, etched with fine detail carvings.

"You hold the ring of Lucrochio, my young lad." Randolpho intoned, gravely. "A talisman of limited - yet puissant - power. Indeed, I used it much for my act, before my assistant decided to seek her fortune elsewhere."

Theatrically, he peered around and lowered his voice to a 'stage whisper' that couldn't have been heard more than, say, a hundred yards away.

"When this ring is invoked, it changes the wearer, and all the wearers immediate possessions." Randolpho said, sounding utterly serious. "A fairly minor change, in the grand scheme of things, but assuredly enough to keep any individual from recognizing the altered wearer, at least immediately."

"I... See." Ron said, carefully, while mentally calculating the ring's worth.

"Beware, young sir, for this you must know!" Randolpho said, theatrically. "Once changed, the wearer must - will he or nil he! - retain that form for at least three hours. Once returned to your rightful form, you must wait at least another three-span of hours ere you invoke it once more."

Ron rolled his eyes, but played along. "What happens if you invoke it too soon, or change back too quickly?"

"The change needs last at least three hours, and naught you say or do will change that, for the ring will not respond. Should you try to invoke it whilst in an alternate form, it is that form that will be further altered - and piling one invocation atop t'other is most inadvisable, young sir, for it will have far-reaching effects and long-term consequences. I cannot say, for certain, what these will be, as every invocation is different - and I have never been foolhardy enough to break the supernatural laws that govern the ring. I suggest you treat it with as much care as I, young sir, for like fire or the sword, this talisman has the power to harm as well as help."

"I'll remember that." Ron promised - spuriously, since he was going to 'cash in' on the ring as soon as he hit a burg big enough to have a pawnshop or two.

Having the ring in his chubby little hand, Ron was no longer interested in the weird old magician. Mumbling vague assurances, Ron cut the magician short by turning his broad back to the stringy old man and resuming his interrupted walk into town.

He was surprised to find no trace of the old man of his van when he turned back, a few moments later. He hadn't heard the engine start, or even the slam of the side door closing, yet the van was gone from the side of the road - and no trace of taillights gleamed on the road from Ron to where it disappeared over the crest of the valley.

Frowning slightly, Ron mentally shrugged and continued on his way, wondering if the town was small enough to use old-fashioned paper receipt-machines for credit-card transactions. He had one or two credit-cards in his wallet that, technically speaking, were worthless, being both stolen and already reported. With an 'instant response' digital machine, they were useless - but with the older system, they very pretty rectangles of plastic might get him a hotel room...

* * * * *

PART II - FLEEING EN FEMME

With a self-satisfied grin, Ron pushed the door shut behind him and looked over the room in the town's only hotel. Sure, it wasn't a suite at the Ritz-Carlton, what with it's cheap, dark-'wood' paneling and riotous floral comforter, but it was clean and cozy, with all the basic necessities - and best of all, it was gratis, compliments of the management.

Even if the management wasn't, yet, aware of the fact. By the time the transaction was phoned in sometime tomorrow, Ron was planning to be long-gone... though he figured he might be able to hear the outraged screams of the proprietor, if the wind was blowing just right.

With a satisfied sigh, Ron slumped down on the edge of the bed and slowly undid the laces on his shoes, wrinkling his nose at the odor as he peeled his graying sweat-socks off his tender feet. Tossing socks and shoes into the corner, he peeled off his jeans and added them to the pile to 'confine' the smell. Dressed only in his black boxer-briefs and blue-and-white-checked shirt, Ron stretched out on the bed, folding his head behind him as he stared up at the ceiling.

Doing so, he could feel the ring that old kook had given him pushing into his scalp. The only finger it had fit on was his pinkie, and now he tapped it lightly on the headboard just behind him, feeling the cool curve of metal press against his scalp on the back-swing. He snorted in sarcastic humor at the old man's grandiose tale for the bit of stage-jewelry, though it certainly seemed to be silver-plated at least, and on top of pewter rather than plastic from the feel and heft of it. Ron highly doubted it was actually solid silver, though part of him hoped it was. Still, that would be as unlikely as...

...as it actually having magical abilities.

With another sarcastic chuckle, Ron pulled his hand from behind his head and held it dramatically out-thrust as he forced his chin onto his chest to help get his voice as theatrically low as he wanted for this whimsical bit of tomfoolery.

"Ring, I invoke thee!" Ron chanted in as deeply powerful a voice as he could manage...

His body jerked. It had good reason to - it felt as if he'd been hit with an electrical shock, one that thundered through his body, leaving him rigid and tense - and that was immediately followed by a sensation that was, as close as he could come to describing it, felt as if his entire body had turned to an ice sculpture, lifelike in every detail but cold and solid.

Then, an instant later, he melted - and as he did, his body flowed, painlessly since he was numb from head to toe. Still, despite the lack of physical sensation, there was definitely an emotional and intellectual discomfort, one that was only a step or two shy of full-fledged panic.

Then the series of sensations - or numbness - passed, and he slumped, stunned.

Or, rather, she slumped. It was the strangest sensation - a sort of 'realignment' in her head, as if her brain was a compass that had just swung to point to a new north, realigning itself instantly and painlessly to it's new identify, without

changing the underlying memories and thoughts - well, not much. As much as she knew who she 'really' was, she was also aware that she could be, if she wished, 'Ronnie Dubbins'. Somehow, she also knew that, had she been holding her backpack at the moment of transformation, she would have had identification that matched that name. However, she hadn't been holding it, so it remained as it had always been, just as did the rest of the world. Though 'fell and puissant' as the magic was, it affected only her and that what she was touching, an immediate effect rather than an area one.

All things considered, though, Ronnie didn't exactly feel cheated, considering she hadn't expected the magic to work at all.

Despite the shock that washed over her, though, the new woman had to admit that it was a well-thought-out 'spell', as far as until-now mythical magic went. The relatively 'slight' changes in her mind didn't do anything permanent to her 'real' sense of self, but let her handle the random transformation without going into hysterics.

"Holy shit...!" She muttered, eyes wide in stunned realization that she was now female - and would remain so for at least three hours, according to the magician who'd supplied the ring. The Great Randolph's reputation suddenly got reassessed in the new woman's mind, upward - and very rapidly, too. No idle boasting, as she'd believed - the man really could work magic!

Still feeling stunned, Ronnie let her eyes slide over to the mirror mounted on the cheap-but-clean bureau across the room. Oddly enough, she already knew what she'd find - her own mental 'self-image' had shifted, along with her sense of identity, all without erasing her original world-view. Still, she wanted to see it with her own eyes, not sure how she should be dealing with the sudden and unexpected change in gender. After all, this wasn't exactly a situation that you could really prepare yourself for...

What she saw was just as she'd expected - she saw herself.

Not just 'herself' in the sense that she was now mentally realigned to her temporary new identity, but in the sense that the body she was now wearing was most decidedly the feminine version of her original male one. It was about the same height, and even the same build

- except slightly narrower at the shoulders and somewhat wider at the hips. She was no raving beauty, that was sure, though she wasn't repulsive either. Instead, she looked... decidedly average. A bit chubby and under-endowed, not that she was minded to complain. When you hadn't expected to ever have tits, you couldn't very well be upset that all you got were small ones when, in fact,

you did gain them. Somehow, she just knew that they were A-cups, and a quick opening of her only-slightly-altered shirt revealed small, conical mounds tipped with large, dark nipples, looking nearly prepubescent.

In short, she looked the way a twin sister would have looked, had 'he' had one. Indeed, the 'family resemblance' was so close that if you were looking for 'Ron', you might mistake 'Rona' for him, until a second look. Not that she looked masculine, exactly - it was just that she wasn't aggressively feminine.

"Great..." She snorted, seeing little use for this 'disguise', it being so similar to her original form. Indeed, the thing most changed by the magic was her underwear, which had become a sensible pair of black cotton panties - covering a flat crotch, her new womanhood nestled behind the thin layer of fabric. Oddly enough, she was able to think about her new 'equipment' with near equanimity, her mental realignment keeping her from panic.

Of course, the fact that it was also temporary also helped. That was assuming that the magician was right about it being reversible after three hours, but Ronnie somehow knew that it was true, though it was like the other 'new' information in her mind, simply resting there without explaining anything. In the same way, she knew she was 'Rona' - yet Ronnie had no history, no background. It was an empty 'shell' of an identity, though she was also somehow sure that they 'fake' identity would have held up, had she been holding her backpack at the time of transformation. She made a mental note to always have her identification in hand if she changed.

She sighed, realizing that it was merely 'luck of the draw' that she'd had this relatively useless - and more than a little mentally uncomfortable - transformation. It could have been something else just as easily - and ending up taller, thinner and blonde would have been a great disguise. Despite the relative ineffectualness of this first transformation, Ronnie's swindler-aligned mind began to see some very useful possibilities to this unexpected and barely-believable magic she almost literally held in the palm of her hand - instinctively, she'd wrapped her hand into a fist to keep the ring from sliding off a slightly more slender finger.

Which left a question to be answered - having found herself suddenly and unexpectedly turned female and - even more unexpectedly - less than panicked about the fact, what was she to do with the next three hours of her life? Certainly, she had never given considered thought to being female, though it would have been a lie to say the thought hadn't crossed her mind once or twice. Almost every man alive wondered what being a woman was like, though most would rather die than admit it - sometimes even to themselves. Now that she was unexpectedly faced with the situation, what was she to do with it?

It was perhaps a greater indication of her personality than any other would ever be that this 'miracle' left her wondering how she could use it to her financial and personal edification, rather than any truly 'earth shattering' explorations into the differences between the gender. Having found herself female, and reasonably 'comfortable' with the gender thanks to a new mental 'overlay', she knew she could pass as a female, at least for the next three hours. There were new thoughts and ideas in her head provided by her new gender-orientation, though like her new identity they were 'hollow', with little backing them up.

For example - she was amazed to note that she could, indeed, see that the room was poorly decorated and furnished, with a blandness that was so solid as to be a style all its own. As a man, he'd never really noticed this in rooms before, other than subliminally, yet now it loomed quite large in her new world-view... yet she couldn't have explained why.

Shrugging off her newly-female instincts for interior decorating, she grabbed her jeans and began to pull them on - also ignoring the fact that her newly fashion-conscious mind was pointing out that the ensemble that had been comfortable and road-worthy for her male self was now noticeably 'unflattering' to her female mind.

Harder to ignore was the fact that, as close as she looked to her original body, she was female - while the pants were men's pants. Her shirt had altered slightly to fit her new body as well as it had fit her old one, but the pants were a little too tight across her slightly broader hips and fuller ass - and she had to repress an all-too-feminine sigh over the fact that her ass was less than spectacular. She'd never really paid that much attention to her ass before, except in the metaphysical sense that she was always 'watching her ass' - but now she was more aware than ever the fact that she was less than perfect a specimen of female pulchritude. Certainly, she was no more ugly as a woman than she had been as a man, but the outlook on her own body-image had shifted along with her gender.

However, unlike a 'real' woman she had her underlying male mind to help her cope, and her lack of 'self-esteem' over her body didn't hit as hard as it could have. Pushing the thought aside, the new woman also tried - with somewhat less success - to note what, exactly, it felt like to draw the denim over smooth feminine flesh, her newly-gained legs as smooth as if she'd just waxed them.

Through all this, her devious mind was still trying to puzzle out how best to make use of her newfound gender, financially speaking. So far, she hadn't hit on any particular plan - it was somewhat of an unanticipated situation, after all. She did have the feeling that some of her standard gambits might be more successful than usual, however, since people seemed less inclined to suspect a woman of chicanery.

Leaning over, she went to grab her back-pack - and the move put her line-of-sight onto the partially opened curtains, and the darkness beyond the second-story window. The window that overlooked the parking lot of the hotel, which was currently vacant of traveler's vehicles.

That wasn't to say it was completely empty, however - for there was a tan-and-black vehicle just pulling in, one with a dark lump atop the roof that Ronnie knew from experience to be red plastic, housing a rotating light.

Her newly feminine insides felt as if they'd turned to liquid as she realized that it was the Sheriff's car from the last town she'd visited. Which, in a way, made sense - after that little incident with the Sheriff's daughter, the lawman was likely to be slightly more 'motivated' to catch Ron than usual - and given the semi-isolated area of the mountains, it seemed only sensible to check both routes out of the last town.

With a quail of fear, Ronnie watched the Sheriff climb out of the car and stand up...

...and up...

...and up. Ronnie had been heartily glad that Missy had taken after her mother, not her huge, slab-muscle mass of a father. Now, however, he realized just how truly mountainous the living mass of legal muscle was, and she realized that the isolation of the area might mean that the Sheriff had more 'personal' means of punishment than was strictly allowed by the state criminal code...

...and, though she was currently female, the resemblance was so close that it could cause some problems, especially since the clerk at the front desk would be sure to recognize the masculine description the sheriff would give, and Ronnie was currently standing in the

room rented to that particular male individual.

Suddenly, it struck Ronnie that she had a pressing engagement to be anywhere but here.

Throwing her backpack - well, Ron's backpack - over her slightly more slender shoulder she headed to the door and opened it, knowing she had but a few minutes to make good her escape - so she certainly couldn't stand around and absorb the sensations as the strap of her backpack sat tight over a remarkably more sensitive nipple, creating new and distracting sensations. Pushing the thought aside, she quickly ducked back into the room and grabbed her shoes and socks, knowing they'd be a little too large for her somewhat smaller feet, but not willing to leave them behind. Barefoot, she padded quickly towards the end of the hall farthest from the staircase leading to the lobby, where even now she could hear the deep rumble of the Sheriff's voice as he introduced himself to the clerk.

Reaching the window at the end of the hall, she looked out to spot the fire-escape that the fire-code insisted should be there - and began to curse under her breath to find it missing. Normally, she wasn't all that finicky about the finer points of law, but she must definitely felt that this particular ordinance should have been followed to the letter.

Already, she could hear the heavy tread of the sheriff's feet as he approached the stairs, and she shivered in unpleasant consideration of what would happen when the hulking man found somebody who looked like Ron's twin sister, dressed in clothes nearly identical to those last seen on Ron's rotund body - and carrying a backpack full of Ron's belongings. It could definitely get dicey.

Looking around, Ronnie spotted an inset area off to one side, where shelves held a small stack of fresh linens, It wasn't even a closet, lacking a door - but it wasn't immediately visible from the hallway. Near panic, the new woman slipped into the niche and all but held her breath as she listened to the Sheriff approach the still-open door of her room.

There was little time, and she had to do something. Biting her somewhat fuller lower lip, she could think of only one thing to do. As quickly and silently as she could, she jammed her feet into her shoes without bothering with the socks - then squeezed her fist tight around the ring, wondering whether or not fooling around with magic was a good idea.

"Garret!" the sheriff shouted, using the alias Ron had chosen in the last town. "I know you didn't leave, so you're still here somewhere. Give yourself up now, or I'll promise you'll regret it even more than you will already!"

Suddenly, fooling around with the mystical didn't seem like as much a risk as it had a second ago. Biting her lower lip, she whispered the invocation...

* * * * *

PART III - FIT AND FASHIONABLE

"Excuse me - I hate to interrupt, but I'm looking for a Donald Heywood...?"

Sheriff John Bannul, whirled, his meaty face a scowl... but it couldn't maintain that expression as he saw the owner of the warm, somewhat hesitant contralto.

She couldn't have been more than twenty. Slender and attractive, she had the vibrancy of youth that pushed her beyond her own, natural 'cuteness' to a sort of youthful beauty - and her clothes only accentuated that. Perched atop a pair of black leather open-toe pumps with a tapered heel, she wore a pair of tight jeans and a midriff-baring blue-and-white shirt with varied sizes of lines crossing it horizontally - which only served to accentuate the fullness of her firm, ripe C-cup breasts. Her cute face, with only lipstick and perhaps mascara, was hesitant, framed in a shoulder-length mane of light brown hair, and her green eyes were flicking hesitantly back and forth between the clerk and the cop. Her slender hand was wrapped tightly around the strap of her faded denim back-pack, and she looked very hesitant and uncomfortable.

"What did you want with this man, Heywood?" The sheriff asked, almost unconsciously pitching his voice to a more gentle tone, not wanting to further frighten this attractive - if nervous - young woman.

"Uh... it's more what he wanted with me, actually. Something about wanting to sell a piece of jewelry..." the girl-woman said, eyes flickering about nervously.

"Look, miss - the man you're looking for is the same one we are, and I'm after him because he's a con artist." The sheriff said, hating to break the news to her but glad he'd kept her from getting fleeced. "If you do see him, let me know immediately, all right miss...?"

She managed a smile that was less than enthusiastic. "Drummond. Tawni Drummond - and I promise to let you know if he turns up..."

'Not likely', Tawni thought to herself. Somehow she knew that the 'overlap' of magic meant a minimum time spent as a woman to be at least six hours. The same way she knew that, since the original change was to a woman, all changes after would follow a certain 'theme', enhancing the original change. She understood that it was actually a useful 'device' within the spell, allowing the user to 'expand' upon any given change if they wished - but Tawni certainly didn't wish to be more feminine. Still, between her new 'Mona' equilibrium and the fact that this slender, attractive young woman looked nothing like the Sheriff's prey helped calm her own disquiet at being made more feminine.

The way her fuller, firmer breasts felt beneath the strap of her back-pack didn't help matters any, though, nor did the fact that she felt comfortable - and, even 'attractive' - perched atop the stylish shoes.

Faking another smile. Tawni headed towards the stairs, glad that neither man had thought to ask where she'd come from. Well, at least now she had identification that matched her too-feminine-for-her-own-liking body. That was one of the things she'd checked as soon as the change was finished. Sure enough, matching ID had been nestled in her bag, along with other feminine odds and ends, like lipstick.

She still wasn't sure why she'd given in to a sudden impulse to apply the lipstick, but she was used to trusting her instincts. It probably just helped enhance her impenetrable 'disguise'. Still, it had felt strange to confidently and skillfully apply lipstick - and do so almost 'eagerly', though she was sure that it was just a good instinct from long years as a con artist. It certainly didn't have the feel of the other 'overlay' ideas of her feminine persona, feeling right and natural rather than imposed. Not that she was complaining about those 'imposed' thoughts and skills - it not only made it possible to deal with her second change, but it allowed her to walk easily, even gracefully, atop the three-inch heels on the shoes that now enclosed her feet. She winced to think what she'd look like if the magic had changed her footwear without giving her a complimenting skill to allow her to make use of them.

Not that she was actively happy to be walking around in heels, of course, no matter what her new female instincts said about the way it made her stride more gracefully feminine while accentuating her new, much nicer ass. Nor was she actually excited about being trim and attractive with a firm bust and smooth, flawless skin that would make most fashion models just *die* with envy if they saw it. Despite her new outlook on life from behind the Tawni persona, she was still the same person as always, and the fact that her new body was well-displayed by the fashionable outfit she was wearing barely registered, and certainly wasn't creating a trill of pride in her gut. No, that was just her nervousness at being so close to that big, manly hunk of a sheriff who was so pissed at her - or, rather, at the male version of her, who'd dallied with his daughter, Missy - who was attractive enough and all, but what had Missy been thinking, wearing that color of eye-shadow with that shade of blush, and those shoes...!

Well, that was neither here nor there. Tawni certainly had other things to worry about - like the fact that she was out of a hotel room, and now had to find something to do for at least six hours. Her immediate thought was to spend that time putting distance between her and the sheriff. She was sure that, no matter how hard Sheriff Bannul looked, no trace of 'Ron' would turn up between here and whatever points he could get to six hours from now. Being a woman wasn't her first choice, but damn - did it ever make losing the long arm of the law easy. Hell, the Sheriff had been staring right at her, and had no idea...

Of course, Tawni took it as a personal insult that she had to hide or run at all. A good con artist left the marks not even knowing they'd been fleeced. That made it easy to come back and fleece them again sometime. Second takes were always easier - you already knew the marks' little peculiarities. The fact that she had to 'run' from this cop, excellent disguise notwithstanding, annoyed her sense of professionalism.

Oh, well - everybody had these little set-backs in life. You just had to move past them - even if you moved past them in three-inch contoured heels. Tawni wasn't exactly ecstatic about that part, even with her 'mental overlay' absorbing some of the emotional shock - and ingrained 'homophobic' sensations instilled in 'his' mind from childhood.

Even worse - she was being forced to run without being prepared, something she really, really hated. No reserve of cash, no ready-to- run con for bus money so the 'starving young student' could go visit her 'poor, dying grandmother'.

Oh, well - when all else failed, you fell back on the basics. With that in mind, Tawni glanced around as she exited the hotel, looking for an ideal candidate.

She found him, standing under a streetlight and reading a newspaper, his collar pulled up to keep the wind from trickling down his neck - the summer nights up in the mountain could get quite chilly, something a vagabond like Tawni discovered quickly enough.

With a small, smug smile, she headed off in that direction, thinking to herself that she hadn't used these skills in far too long. When he'd first left home, he hadn't been ready to run any cons, and had instead cultivated the most basic skills that a 'street runner' needed.

So, it was with expert grace, further amplified by the natural grace inherent in her new form, that she slipped her fingers into the man's back pocket and removed his wallet so quickly and smoothly that he never felt a thing.

She started to perform the standard 'tuck and cover' maneuver to hid the wallet in her armpit... when she paused, staring at the wallet.

Or, rather, the hand that held the wallet. The slender, shapely young female hand, each of it's graceful fingers tipped with short, bare fingernails.

Lightly biting her lower lips, Tawni considered her nails. They looked so... plain. Almost like a... a *boy's* fingernails. They definitely needed some color - and having them longer wouldn't hurt, either. Perhaps an inch and a half long, filed to a smooth oval, and coated with a glistening shade of, oh, perhaps Coral Pink...

"Hey, what the...? That's my wallet!"

Tawni's head snapped up - and her eyes widened in horrible realization as the man stared at her, *very* temporarily at a loss for other words or reactions.

Had she just stopped, mid-pick, to consider her *nails*...?

However stunned her mind might have been, her body had long-ingrained responses to this situation, hard-won lessons from Ron's days as a street-runner.

She ran. She spun on one heel, crouched low and lean, and left the imaginary 'blocks' as smooth as any Olympic-caliber sprinter. Longer, leaner legs pumped as her heart pumped blood at a frantic pace - a body more limber and athletic - more feline - than his old, male body had ever been.

She ran like the Devil himself was behind her, and through it all her old instincts remained strong - the hand gripping the wallet never even loosened.

However more light and lively her body might be, especially compared to her old male one, it wasn't the whipcord-lean body of an Olympic sprinter. She didn't have the lean, taut-muscled built of a real runner.

The man behind her, however, *did*. Even as she dashed for all her new body was worth, she could hear him quickly eating up the slight lead she'd opened in the sudden move.

She was going to make it to the corner ahead of him - but not by much, and not for much longer.

Which means she had to round that corner - and disappear. She hated the thought of it, but there was no other choice.

Forcing her already tiring legs to give their all in one last, draining burst of speed, she rounded the corner, her lips forming the words of the invocation...

* * * * *

PART IV - FLIRTATIOUS

Transforming while moving was completely unlike the first two changes she'd experienced.

There was no jolt of electricity, no numbing blast of supernatural cold. Instead, between one step and another, her body seemed to 'melt' like a wax candle left to close to the fire - and then reform into a new shape. It was painless, though not exactly comfortable - a discomfort extended due to another side-effect of invoking the transformation while in motion. Having less time to cram her new 'persona' into her head, the spell forced her brain to work at a much faster rate, nearly ten times as fast as it had ever worked before...

...and, as a result, time seemed to slow for her. Her mind only knew how to keep track of 'time' by how fast her brain processed information - when it was accelerated, time seemed to slow, subjectively.

So, she had more than enough time to see the transformation happen, something that hadn't been possible before.

She could watch as her black shoes rippled and began to change. The top section began to shrink back in itself as the heel lengthened and narrowed, all of it shifting in color, it's black leather taking on a sooty shade, then gradually running down into the red side of the spectrum. In the subjective space of a few seconds, her foot - or, rather, feet - were enclosed in strappy red shoes with four-and-a-half inch cylindrical heels.

Then she watched, bemused, as the hem of her jeans shot upwards, the legs 'spreading' to merge in the center, forming a short, tight denim skirt that revealed long, smooth, and quite shapely legs.

She could only peripherally see her chest, so she didn't get a good look at her shirt as it writhed to form a tight, white spandex crop-top. She *could* see the dark chasm of her cleavage, however, as her breasts expanded out into a delightfully firm pair of D-cup beauties.

She then felt the change run through her face, altering her look completely.

Then time once more resumed its normal shape and speed, and she 'snapped' back into the real world, skidding to a smooth stop.

She wasn't even out of breath. As far as the skewed logic of magic was concerned, *Tawni* had been the one running - not Tammy, who'd just appeared.

Seconds later, the enraged man rounded the corner... and then skidded to a stop, finding no sign of his quarry. "Did a woman just run past?" He gasped, panting.

"That way..." Tammy said, pointing, expecting - yet still surprised at - the warm contralto the words emerged in. She felt a moment of panic as he looked at her - she was still holding his wallet!

The man didn't seem to notice, panting out a quick 'thanks' before taking up the now-useless pursuit. A moment later, he vanished into the alley Tammy had pointed to...

...at which point she spun on one bright heel and walked in the other direction, forcing herself to remain calm and look casual. The first instinct of any thief is to run - but nothing proclaims a guilty man more than a dead-out run.

Struggling to look calm and casual, Tammy glanced at the man's wallet...

...and was amazed to find it transformed into a white faux-leather 'change-purse'-style women's wallet. Blinking, she opened the clasp...

...and found herself looking at a wad of cash, plus credit cards in the name of 'Tamara Runyon'.

Frowning, Tammy slid the strap of her back-pack down her arm - only to discover it was now a white leather purse. Which made sense

- unlike the wallet she held. If the man's wallet had transformed into her identification, then what had happened to her own wallet...? It, too, had become a women's wallet, identical to the one the stolen wallet had become - externally, at least.

Inside, there was almost no cash - just the one five and three rumpled ones 'Ron' had begun with. There was also identification, with her new face on it...

...which proclaimed her to be 'Tammy-Lynn Dolan'.

Interesting - two valid identities. However, 'Tammy-Lynn' somehow felt more real, so she assumed that it was her 'real' one, in this body

- though 'real' was a relative term when discussing a person who didn't exist a few minutes before.

Tucking both wallets into her new purse, Tammy resumed walking - and found herself passing a mirrored storefront window, underneath a street-lamp. In the garish orange-white of the sodium lamp, she caught a brief glimpse of her reflection out of the corner of her eye - then stopped dead, turning to stare at her new form.

She was the All American Girl.

Her body was toned and tanned, not 'tomboyish' or 'athletic', but firm and fit and young - like a cheerleader, perhaps. Her legs were shapely under her tight, fresh-denim skirt, and her waist was trim where her midriff-baring top revealed it.

Her breasts were full, firm domes, in no way too much of a good thing, and encased within the tight white spandex, which nevertheless displayed a hint of her creamy globes and a tantalizing amount of cleavage.

Her eyes, of course, were blue, and her nose a cute little snub above full, red lips. Her sandy-blond hair was pulled back into a pony- tail, and trailed just below her shoulders, where it swayed perkily whenever she moved.

Which she found she was doing, nearly continuously. Without being aware of it, she was bouncing on the toes of her shoes, breasts jiggling invitingly and hair bobbing as she smiled brightly at her reflection. Her new body looked closer to her true age, making her anything but jail-bait, but she had an 'innocently-sexy' look that was utterly breathtaking.

"God, I'm a cutie..." She muttered to herself, grinning - then the grin faltered when she realized what she'd said.

What the hell was going on? First, that pause to examine her nails - and now this. She was sure it wasn't right - yet these thoughts felt as at home in her head as any other, making them indistinguishable from her 'real' thoughts, except in retrospect.

This definitely wasn't part of the package, at least not as it had been explained to her. Somehow, the multiple-transformations must be causing this to happen - and what seemed to be happening was that the new, imposed personas were meshing into her original one.

This wasn't good news. Sure, she'd escaped a couple of awkward situations by transforming - but the change-upon-change had its own toll, not the least of which was the fact that she couldn't become her 'real' self for another nine hours. Well, just under nine hours, since she'd already 'wasted' some time as a woman. Still, it was a long time.

Especially with odd, not particularly welcome thoughts and urges crowding into her mind. She'd have to deal with them for the next nine hours - but she swore to herself that she wasn't going to transform any more. She didn't know just how much she could handle.

The mental aspects of each change had muted her natural reactions to finding herself suddenly female - a 'safety catch' written into the spell, to keep panic or confusion overwhelming the user. It didn't isolate the shiver that ran down her spine at the thought of having her mind altered, however. The only source of comfort was the fact that her mind would (presumably) be restored when her old, male body was.

Still, it was pale comfort here-and-now, especially when she noticed the smooth, sexy glide she used, hips swaying and causing the hem of her skirt to flick pertly back and forth - and felt a burst of pride at having both such a great walk and a cute ass.

Being 'proud' of her body was built into the Tammy persona - but instead of being an 'overlay', it was partially integrated into her 'real' mind, making it as forceful as an emotion or thought generated by her 'real' persona.

She hoped that there wasn't too much more of the Tammy persona that had integrated - but there was no sure way to tell the dividing line when the thought was generated. She'd only notice it - and be able to react to it - when she caught on to the anomalous nature of her reactions to the thought.

She continued down the street, heading in the direction where she thought the bus terminal lay. It was growing late, and she hoped that bus service hadn't ceased for the night. Hubris was more than a one-horse town, but it wasn't a major metropolis by any means. It hovered on the border between 'village' and 'town' - and Tammy had no way of knowing on which side of the border 'bus service' fell.

As she walked, she found herself glancing around with a bright-eyed-and-bushy-tailed enthusiasm so unlike her original person. Sure, 'Ron' had always been amiable, the better to calm and fleece the marks - but Tammy was downright *perky*.

It was annoying. Extra energy was used in every movement Tammy made, plus she made extra movements as well, themselves unnecessary as far as she was concerned - but she was incapable of 'heading them off at the pass', not knowing the thought-impulse was wrong until it happened. It was nearly enough to drive her crazy, and she focused instead on her route, trying to (and not entirely succeeding at) ignoring the sensations of her new body and the thoughts of her altered mind.

She turned another corner, heading towards the center of town - when a couple of loud voice caught her attention. She glanced towards their source, just in time to see the door of a two-story brownstone apartment fly open, thrown open by the body of man who dashed through, head tucked down and hands wrapped about his head.

For good reason - just behind him came a young woman - and in her cradled arm she held a small stack of plates, and she was sailing them after the protesting man, her own voice raised in a harridan-like screech.

"For me, huh?" She screeched, sending a poorly-aimed plate sailing out to shatter on the street. "If you bought that damned dress for me, then why is it the wrong size, you lying two-timer?"

The man tried to explain - but the woman didn't seem interested in his explanations. He dodged to the left as another plate sailed in his direction. The woman followed up immediately with the last plate in her arsenal, then - out of ammunition - turned and slammed back into the building.

Tammy had watched the whole spectacle, her original cynicism warring with an implanted urge to gasp and stare, wide-eyed. Now that the show was over, she began to move on once more...

...but found her eyes straying to the man. He was tall, broad-shouldered and ruggedly handsome, a mop of dark hair framing a square-jawed face. The fight had taken him unprepared, apparently, for he had dashed out of the building dressed only in a pair of 'Kicking-around-the-house' jean shorts, leaving much of his tanned, well-muscled body exposed. Tammy's eyes began to trace over his broad, well-defined chest, sliding down past his shorts to study his toned, hard legs...

...then sliding up to linger on his crotch, and she wondered if all of him was built on the same 'heroic' scale....

Realizing what she was thinking, Tammy gasped, tearing her eyes from his crotch.

Her gasp, however, was enough to draw the man's eyes to her - and she watched as he surveyed her with almost unwilling appreciation. Though he blushed and quickly glanced away, trying to ignore her, she had caught his appreciative gaze, the slightly hungry look in his eyes before he'd turned aside - and it caused something inside of her to 'melt', spreading a warm, thick liquid through her nerve endings and centering in her abdomen, just behind her new womanhood.

She found herself drifting closer to him. She hadn't planned on it, didn't even realize she was doing it until she was already halfway there. She struggled to stop, to keep going in a straight line past him, and had just started to correct her course...

...when he almost involuntarily glanced up at her again, sensing her closeness - and she found herself turning back to him, her lips curving slightly in a smile that mirrored her inner excitement.

She didn't want to be excited - but she couldn't seem to force the rising tide of excitement down. Excitement and arousal?

Oh, God - she was getting turned on by this guy!

No - no, that wasn't quite right. Even as she closed the rest of the distance between them, a little extra wiggle in her walk, she knew that wasn't true. What was exciting her was the prospect of exciting him. She had no intention of actually having sex with him, and for that she was glad - but, somehow, her new feminine mind had 'latched' onto her old instincts, which were to find ways to manipulate people. In this body, she could manipulate men by using her new-found sexuality...

"Looks like you're having a bit of trouble, huh...?" She said, smiling winsomely. She couldn't help herself - being this man's center of attention, establishing sway over him - even sexually - seemed to be all she could think about, no matter how hard she struggled not to. The words coming from her mouth weren't a surprise to her, something that 'slipped past' her original

mind-set - instead, she was saying them 'willingly' because of the rising urge she felt, forcing her to use all the skills in her mind - both old and new - to get what she needed.

Once upon a time, a street-runner named Ron had gotten ensnared in the web of drugs that sprawled through the seamy underbelly of almost any city. It had been a dalliance, a few months - but that had been enough that when Ron smartened up and stopped the 'hard stuff', he'd suffered from withdrawal. For a while, all he'd been able to think about was getting another hit.

That's what this was like - but stronger. Something inside her desperately needed this, and she simply didn't have the willpower necessary to resist. It was a strange sort of unwilling willingness, knowing that she didn't want to - but feeling that she needed to, so strongly that she was using all of her not-inconsiderable skills to achieve it, whether she wanted to or not.

"Yeah. My girlfriend thinks I've been cheating on her." The man said, awkwardly, looking everywhere but directly at her taut, well-curved body - and that made it worse for her, because she had a need to be 'appreciated', to arouse him. Though he had no idea, he was presenting a challenge to person who, quite simply, couldn't resist it.

"That's a shame..." Tammy said - and reached out and slowly, sensually, slid one long-nailed finger over his taut chest, her voice become softer, more seductive. "She obviously doesn't appreciate a good thing when she has it..."

The man took a stunned step backward, head swinging around so he could stare at her in wide-eyed confusion. She just smiled at his confusion and stepped forward, her sensual movements and predatory grin hiding the confusion and disgust that were rolling around in her mind.

"What... what are you *doing*...?" The man stuttered, taking another step backward.

"Surely you can figure that out for yourself, handsome..." She said, smiling, as she stepped closer again - and even closer, pressing her firm, lushly-endowed body against his, her spandex-covered breasts pressing into his chest. She didn't know how it felt to him, but the sensation was very pleasurable for her - physically, at least. Emotionally, she was evenly divided between pleasure and pain, her altered mind fighting an emotional tug-of-war over what was happening.

"Hey!" He said, stunned - but she was pressed against his body, and she knew that his body, at least, liked what it was feeling. So, almost helplessly, she moved onto the 'next step' - she dropped her purse beside her, wrapping her limber arms around his thick, muscular neck as she lifted her face and pressed her firm, sensitive lips against his, kissing him hungrily and trying to slip her disgustingly eager tongue between his lips.

He began to respond to her passionate, powerful kiss - and then yanked her arms away from where they'd enfolded her neck and stumbled back a few steps, confused, aroused and obviously feeling very guilty.

"Don't try and fight it..." She purred - and she wasn't sure whether she was talking to him, or to herself. She started to take a step forward...

...and heard a scream of outrage and betrayal from behind her. Looking back over one smoothly rounded shoulder, Tammy saw the woman who'd been pitching plates standing at a window on the second floor, screaming. Then she whirled and disappeared back into the apartment.

"See - she knows she's no match for me..." Tammy said, lifting her hands to let them slowly - invitingly - glide across the white spandex covering her firm, delightful mounds of breast-flesh. Her whole body was thrumming with the need to arouse and 'subjugate' the man, to so enthrall him with her feminine sensuality that he'd obey her slightest whim, give her anything she desired...

There are few things that can instantly quell the rising surge of warm, exciting lust that a woman can feel. However, of that short list, the unmistakable 'cha-chunk' of a round being chambered in a pump-action shotgun is definitely one of them. Horrified, Tammy's head whipped around...

"Slut!" the woman in the window screamed, hysterically - and brought up the barrel of the shotgun. She was a sturdy, athletic-looking woman, and though her awkward movements indicated she wasn't terribly familiar with firearms, she looked solid enough to be able to handle the recoil of the weapon.

She also didn't have to be all that expert with firearms to figure out how to use a gun. Hell, almost anybody who'd ever seen an action movie had learned the basics - and this woman must have seen some. Even at this distance, there was no mistaking the 'click' of the safety catch being released as the woman brought the gun to bear, the muzzle looking as big as the Lincoln Tunnel to Tammy.

The confused, disgusted, recently-aroused new woman turned and began to run.

Hollywood might have helped educate the American populace on the operation of firearms, but it certainly didn't accurately portray the sound and fury of guns. Instead of the tremendous, Dragon-like roar of a Hollywood shotgun, the report of this one was flatter, more guttural, and shorter-lived.

There was no doubt that it was, indeed, the sound of a shotgun blast, however - because Tammy screamed as she felt three or four pellets lance into the smooth muscles of her left leg. At this range, the spread of the buckshot was enough to minimize the damage - but it still felt like she'd been jabbed by red-hot needles.

The second shot sent more pain lancing through her legs, both left and right, making her stumble. Desperately, she strove to maintain her balance, and succeeded. The buckshot was painful and definitely inconvenient, but not incapacitating - not at this range. From the dozen-or-so wounds, blood ran down Tammy's shapely new legs, and pain lanced through her nerve endings - but she was still able to move.

The pump-action shotgun was quick to chamber rounds, and could hold up to eight - but the expected third blast never came. Still running - though not quite as quickly - Tammy glanced fearfully over her shoulder...

...to see the woman leaning far out the window, trying to line up a shot on the man, who had used the time his ex-girlfriend had 'wasted' on Tammy to dash towards the side of the building. It was a gutsy move, since he'd been getting closer rather than farther away - but it also put him in the shadow of the building itself, and as he ducked towards the corner the woman couldn't line up a shot from her angle, her ex-boyfriend being almost directly beneath her, and the 'overhand' of the window ledge temporarily protecting him.

Tammy mentally wished him luck, but had other priorities at the moment - like getting out of range herself. Gasping in mingled pain and exertion, she whipped around the corner - even as the lights in the houses around her began to flare to life, the occupants rather unceremoniously awakened by the roar of gunfire - even now, a third shot rang out, followed in rapid succession by two more.

"Hell... hath no fury..." Tammy gasped, slumping against a mailbox and trying to ignore the pain in her injured legs. Soon, the police would show up - and here she was, wounded by buckshot, blood trailing down her legs. Though not life-threatening, the wounds were painful - and she couldn't seek treatment for gunshot wounds without the doctor calling the cops. She didn't really want to try and explain any of this to the police.

Almost against her will, Tammy remembered how she'd felt after the last transformation. 'Tawni' had been running hard....

...but 'Tammy' hadn't been out of breath.

She winced. She really didn't want to use the ring again. She already knew that it would make certain things worse. There'd be more physical and emotional changes, and the length of time before she could change back into a man would be further extended. None of the effects were something she was looking forward to.

The rising sound of sirens, however, was a persuasive argument - and, any second now, people would be looking out their windows to see what was going on. Trying to explain the gunshot wounds was one thing - trying to explain how she'd changed from a wounded woman into another, uninjured, one was another. That was exactly what would happen if she didn't change before anybody could see her.

Wincing, Tammy sighed the words: "Ring, I invoke thee "

* * * * *

PART V - FELLATIO

The clock inside the bungalow near the edge of town chimed eleven, but the sound was mostly buried in the chatter of the five young men sitting on the porch, each holding a glass or bottle of the ethanol mixture of their choice. They were all dressed in faded jeans, although of different styles, and a variety of faded-but-comfortable shirts. Having just finished a shift at

the mill just outside of town, they were kicking back at the home of one of the group's two bachelors, enjoying a couple of drinks with their buddies before wending their way home to their respective beds.

"So, I goes, 'Waddya mean I don't get overtime?', and Frank " One of the was saying - when he noticed that one of them was less-

then-engrossed in the story. The short-yet-muscular young man frowned, directing his gaze angrily at the individual ignoring his story. "Hey, Billy - what's so damned interestin'?"

"That." Billy said, simply, pointing - and four other pairs of eyes followed that pointing finger.

All four pairs of eyes widened as they took in what Billy was staring at - and the story-teller mentally forgave Billy for being distracted.

She was a tall, slender blonde, dressed in a tiny, tight dark-blue denim mini-skirt and a barely-there white bikini-top that just barely covered the full, thick nipples surmounting her remarkably firm, mouth-watering DDD-cup breasts. The short, ultra-tight skirt revealed a lot of her long, sensually muscled legs as she walked - and her walk was an ass-swaying, hip-swiveling strut of sexual challenge, the six-inch spike-heels black pumps she wore further emphasizing the sexual curves of her long legs. Her face, surrounded by a mane of golden-blond hair, was a little on the narrow side - but her eyes were bright, electric blue, seductively framed with long, dark lashed, and her ruby-red lips were so incredibly full, sensual and enticing that they were nearly an incitement to riot by themselves, especially curved into a faint, challenging smile as they were.

All of this was reason enough to stare. However, she wasn't content to just 'be' a sexual enticement - she was also lightly fondling her firm, dome-like breasts as she walked, eyes narrowed slightly in pleasure - yet not vague or unfocused, since they were focused on the small group of men, sizing them up with a sensual challenge as her long, supple tongue slowly ran over her full, gloss-red lips.

She wasn't 'beautiful', or even really 'pretty' - but she was amazingly, breathtakingly, cock-stirringly sexy, and everything about her, from her clothes to the slightest move she made, proclaimed that she knew it.

"Hi, boys..." She said, in a voice that just oozed sexuality. "My, it looks like you're relaxing after a hard day's work..." there was something about the way she said the word 'hard' that worked a sympathetic magic on their male organs. "Uh... yeah..." Billy stammered, wide eyed.

Her grin grew, becoming even more provocative.

"Well, here are five handsome young men, worn out by a day earning honest wages - and here I am, penniless, but possessing certain... *skills*..." She slicked her lips, slowly, and lightly cupped her breasts. "Perhaps we could work out some sort of arrangement..."

+ + +

What was really odd about the whole situation was how easily she was handling it.

The most recent change had further 'damaged' her mind, and that fact scared and sickened her. She knew, in a very real sense, that she was losing herself to these overlapping personalities, all of them female - and each one more aggressively, sexually female than the last. What made it possible for her to function, however, was the fact that the three residual feminine personas jammed into her mind sort of balanced each other out. The latest persona - Sandy - was by far the strongest, but it was evenly matched by the combined personas of 'Tammy' and 'Tawni'. In fact, it was like being in a crowded room, with three constantly discussing (or arguing) every thought she had, as well as ones originating from any of the three. That had begun almost the instant she'd first changed - with 'Sandy' thinking she was unbelievably sexy, but 'Tawni' and 'Tammy' thinking she looked more 'slutty' than 'beautiful'.

All of which left her diminished 'Ron' persona in charge... sort of. Since more and more of her brain had been taken up by these new personas, certain parts of her original mind had actually been lost, the 'space' inside her head needed for these other ideas, thoughts and urges to take up residence. At the core, however, she was still a swindler, fraud and thief, looking for the Main Chance - and since she'd lost her purse before the most recent change, that meant she needed money. Her original persona was the one who'd decided to

find some cash,. To make good her escape - but it was the committee of her other three personas who had decided how they'd make that money, with 'Sandy' taking the lead in the matter. Though she felt uncomfortable at what she was doing - even disgusted - her male mind could admit the necessity of what she was doing, and that was all the leverage 'Sandy', and to a lesser extent, the others, needed to force her to agree.

So, here she was, brazen suggesting she'd trade sexual favors for cold, hard cash - and meaning it. All her skills, both original and magically implanted, were being used to get the money she needed, the feminine sexual urges and the male recognition for the need to get cash overriding her innate disgust and dislike for what she was about to do.

"Come on..." She said, letting her hands slide down her bare midriff and over the womanly swell of her hips. "Don't tell me you guys don't want to feel my war, eager lips wrapped around each of your cocks, giving you the most intense blow-job you've ever experienced..."

The guys all gasped, and their wide-eyed look let her know she'd hooked them - which was more accurate a term than any other, considering she was now, technically speaking, a 'hooker'. Still, a blow-job was as far as the trio of feminine personas could force on her. All three really wanted to get laid, knowing it would bring her more pleasure than sucking cock would - but her male mind revolted at the thought, and it was enough to keep the trio at bay. Though it was odd, somehow having a man penetrate her womanhood was more 'feminine' than a blow-job. After all, a man could perform oral sex on another man, disgusting as that homosexual thought was - but no man could accept another man's cock into a vagina he didn't have. In a way, it was a hollow defiance, as if she were trying to deny the fact that she was, in fact, a woman - at least for now.

Still, she was marginally willing to suck a cock, no matter how sick it seemed to her, while she was completely unwilling to contemplate the other sexual act.

Well, at least all her 'pain' was emotional - the change had, indeed, gotten rid of the buckshot wounds. Still, she wasn't sure whether or not she'd gotten the short end of the stick on this little 'bargain'.

"Ten bucks, each..." She said, slowly and sensuously drawing closer. "Ten buck each, and I'll show you what an expert cock-sucker can do..."

the guys shared another look...

"Hell, I don't know about you, but I'm gonna do it!" The owner of the house said, digging into a pocket.

She raised a hand, forestalling him. "Sorry, all of you have to agree - or none of you can see just how good a blow-job can be..."

She needed the money - and if she was going to do this, she might as well get it all over with at one time, having to 'debase' herself to just one group of men, rather than having to find individual men, again and again. 'All or nothing' seemed the best way to go.

Her words started an argument among the guys - but a short one, as the other four were quick enough to talk the last into agreeing, his own guilty feelings about cheating on his wife notwithstanding. After all, nobody would know but them, so what could it hurt...?

It wasn't the most honorable argument she'd ever heard, but only Tawni felt any qualms over it, her being the most 'innocent' persona in the female body. The original persona, of course, wasn't the least bit put out by the guys' willingness to cheat on their spouses - as long

as it made her a profit.

With a smile, she gathered up the money the guys handed over, having slowly climbed the steps to the porch while they'd debated - and she was sure her sexy, sensual ascension of the stairs, as well as her very physical presence, had been at least as persuasive as the arguments the guys had made. Now, she tucked the money into the waist-band of her skirt, knowing the very tautness of the material would hold the sweaty, crumpled bills were she'd put them.

Then, with a sexual smile that disguised her inner feeling of disgust, she knelt in front of the first man to cram a ten-dollar bill in her direction, long-nailed fingers reaching out towards his crotch. Slowly, sensuously, she unzipped his jeans and released the button, slowly peeling open his pants in what seemed to be a teasing maneuver, but was really a delaying tactic to allow her to muster her nerve - and to allow her to willingly let Sandy take the lead, handing over more of the tenuous control of her body in order to make this easier - and more effective - than it would have been otherwise.

So, it was with considerable 'implanted' skill that she leaned forward and let her full, ruby lips seal closed around the man's throbbing cock, one hand wrapping around the shaft of his ready organ while the other cupped his hairy balls.

'Ron' was disgusted at the thought of sucking cock - not enough to keep her from doing it, but disgusted nonetheless. Sandy, however, wasn't the least bit disgusted. Though she didn't actively enjoy the act of performing oral sex on a man, she didn't find it distasteful - and she had all sorts of skills at it, further bolstered by the fainter skills of the other two female personas - and by the fact that 'Ron' knew what, exactly, a man liked in a blow-job.

In short, the new, buxom blonde kneeling in front of the young man was the world's greatest cock-sucker - and the man let the others know that by the way he moaned, long and low, as she began expertly working his throbbing organ with lips, hands and tongue.

It was like an artistic performance performed in the medium of ecstasy. She varied speed and rhythm. She tightened and loosened her grip, increased and decreased the amount of suction she used, altered the swirling patterns of her tongue as she licked his head and - occasionally - up and down the shaft. Though this was in actuality her first blow-job, she was more expert than a dozen experienced hookers, her every move and action utterly perfect in every way, causing the man more pleasure than he'd even considered possible. It wasn't quick, either, since she purposefully built him up and let him down, drawing out the act, while she threw her whole self into sucking him off.

While she was doing so, she began to worry, greatly - because she was beginning to enjoy it.

Not 'physically' - the physical sensations were intriguing, and not unpleasant, but not truly enjoyable. Emotionally, however, various parts of her fragmented mind had combined to find great pleasure and pride in what she was doing. It was a form of domination, at least in her fractured personality - the fact that she was more skillful than any other woman at sucking cock meant that she could use this to get more out of men than any other women could. The more pleasure she felt - and displayed, by twitches and moans - the more warm, eager pleasure thrummed through her emotions, ecstatic at being this powerful.

When she finally let the man come, his hot seed gushing down her throat, she was stunned to feel a huge wave of disappointment roll over her. Even as she was gulping down the load of salty liquid that proved she was powerful enough to make men cum 'on her command', she was regretting the fact that it was over...

...but, then again, there were four more cocks just waiting to be milked. Even as she licked the first man clean, leaving him limp in the chair from the sheer force of his own orgasm, and moved onto the next one, she was desperately battling the powerful new feelings inside her, the ones that made her eager to suck cock, to enjoy the pleasure at being the greatest cock-sucking woman who ever lived.

Fighting, desperately - and losing.

By the time she was sucking on her fourth cock of the evening, she was lost. Her original persona was screaming and trying to regain control, but she'd given up too much of it - and all that mattered, now, was sucking cock...

...for profit, of course.

It was well after midnight when she finally finished - because she'd sucked each of the guys off at least three time, and one of them four. She couldn't help herself - she just couldn't stop sucking cock, not until she'd given the guys so much pleasure that all five of them lay in semi-comatose states from over-stimulation. She" never have believed you could knock somebody out due to pleasure overload, but she'd managed to do so to all five of them. They just hadn't been capable of handling as much pleasure as she could dish out.

With all her 'sources' dried up, she finally began to regain some semblance of sanity - though her mind still screamed for more men, to prove how much power she had. Power that derived from giving them more sexual pleasure then she'd ever experienced - and which, in turn, gave her too much pleasure overriding her mind and forcing her into an obsessive state where she was unable to control herself.

Quickly, before any of them could awake and, in turn, reawaken her new obsession, she went through their pockets and gathered up all their money. 'Ron' now had faint control over her body, and was struggling to maintain it - but it wasn't easy, the force of the other, feminine persona's nearly overriding her.

She paused after she'd stripped them of cash, considering - then quickly grabbed their wallets, keys, watches, and anything else of value she could find. A quick glance inside the door showed that the house's owner had dumped his work-bag inside the door, a tattered red gym-bag containing his work clothes. She dumped her ill-gotten loot into the bag, quickly adding a few small, but valuable items that were in the entrance was, and rounding it out with a pair of shoes and a pair of boots she found in the closet. She also took the five men's shirts, peeling them off their limp bodies. Four of them she jammed in the bag, but the fifth she pulled on over her own body - which caused her almost physical pain, 'hiding' her valuable 'assets'. As far as her divided mind was concerned, her new body - and gender - was a tool for controlling men into giving her money (and pleasure) and it 'hurt' to cover it up more then was strictly necessary.

She forced herself to do it, though, feeling near panic. Her feminine side was, temporarily, sated - but she was nearly paralyzed with horror at the thought of what would happen when she saw another man, and the need grew strong once more. She had to get out of here, put as much distance between herself and the town as she could - and avoid any male until she had time to return to her male body.

Quickly, before the trio of feminine voices could force her to stay until a man awoke, she hurried from the house, heels tapping on the sidewalk as she headed out of town. Soon the sidewalk petered away, and she took to walking on the gravel road, keeping her ears and eyes peeled for any movement or sign of life as she neared the bridge running over the narrow but fast river at the edge of town.

It happened to quickly for her to do anything. She was halfway across the bridge, stolen bag full of stolen goods over her shoulder, when she felt the force of the other three persona's combine to take control of her body. Horror, outrage and fear rose as she temporarily lost control of her altered form, and she struggled to control it - but she'd been overwhelmed so quickly that her slight hesitation put her a half-step behind the combined thoughts of the other three personas. Even as she fought for control of her body, she found herself slipping that magical ring off her finger, cupping it in the palm of her hand as she stepped to the edge of the bridge - and cocked her hand back.

"No !" Her weakened original persona screamed in horrified realization, even as the other three force that arm to whip forward.

In that last, split second before the ring left her hand, to arc out and disappear into the river with a tiny splash, she heard her voice shout, the words ripped unwillingly from her throat;

"Ring, I invoke the !

* * * * *

PART VI - FINALE

Jake eased up on the gas as the headlights of his '73 GMC pick-up splashed against the dark iron beams of the bridge spanning the Illilaway River. Older then even his antiquated, rattling dark-blue truck, the bridge narrowed the road to one lane, and Jake was alert for any sign of another vehicle.

He didn't see any headlights from the other direction - but he did see something, something that made his foot almost involuntarily ease off the gas. The truck slowed, moving barely at all by the time it pulled even with the individual who had so forcefully grabbed Jake's attention.

She was a vision in white.

White lather pumps enclosed her feet, six-inch silver spike heels adding extra height. Perhaps they weren't the most comfortable walking shoe in the world, but they certainly looked utterly perfect on feet that were dainty and perfectly formed - or at least Jake assumed they were perfect, since everything else about her was. There were certain areas that Jake usually didn't 'appreciate' about women, but even he could admire how utterly perfect her slender, well-formed ankles were - though he was drawn more to the rest of her long, shapely legs, their alabaster skin former perfect, lovely contours that defined the most utterly feminine pair of legs Jake had ever seen - at least, until they disappeared under the hem of her skirt, which started just above her perfect knees. It wasn't provocative, in and of itself, a simple white cottons skirt cinched by a silver-buckled white leather belt - but it was tight enough over her trim-yet- defiantly-feminine hips and utterly perfect ass to let Jake know her figure was utterly flawless - especially since her simple white cotton blouse was tailored to mold both to her delightfully slender waist and full, firm DD-cup bosom.

Her face was a study in feminine beauty, from it's high cheekbones and perfectly shaped chin to it's pert nose and full, soft lips, all framed by a thick, luxurious mane of silky platinum-blond hair that fell in unfettered waves past her slender shoulders - yet, oddly, his eye was drawn to her eyes, which were a warm, rich gray and framed with long lashes. A man - or a woman - could lose themselves in those deep, clear eyes....

"Uh... can I help you?" Jake managed, amazed he could find voice in front of this embodiment of feminine perfection. She was flawless, utterly lovely and graceful - and sexy, though it came from just 'being' rather than anything she was doing.

"I don't know..." The woman said, her voice rich and melodic. Faint confusion flitted across those glorious eyes of hers, and it made Jake's heart wrench to see it. "I... can't seem to recall what I'm doing here... or who I am."

Jake gasped.

She gestured with a perfect hand, whose long, perfect fingers were graced with long, perfect nails painted the faintest shade of pink. Jake had to drag his gaze away from the dainty, flawless hand to see the white leather bag she was gesturing too.

"There's five sets of identification in there, all with my picture on them - but all of them have different names, none of which I remember." The woman explained in that glorious voice of hers. She paused, an oddly hesitant look coming over her face. "I know how this might sound, but... I think maybe I'm an angel or something."

"An angel...?" Jake said, gazing adoringly at her perfect, luminous beauty. "No, I can believe that - no mortal woman could be so utterly perfect."

Her smile lit his heart with joy. "Thank you, kind sir. What I mean, though, is that I don't remember who I am, or how I got here - but I know why I'm here. Not 'here', specifically, but I know what my purpose in the universe is."

"Oh? Really?" Jake asked, devouring her with his eyes.

She nodded. "Yes. I exist to give people pleasure. To be pleasant to gaze upon. To be pleasant to be near. To be enjoyable to converse with, entertaining to sit near, exciting to all the senses - and pleasurable in the act of lovemaking."

That made Jake blink - and part of him responded rather more... enthusiastically. She blinked - then smiled, that perfect, welcoming smile.

"Would you like me to pleasure you, kind sir?" She asked, sweetly. "Man or woman, friend or stranger, it doesn't matter - if I can bring pleasure, I will. All you have to do is ask..."

Jake couldn't believe his luck. This was like every fantasy he'd ever had come true. He couldn't trust himself to speak as he leaned over and opened the door, letting this perfect woman into the truck.

Every move she made was the embodiment of perfect feminine grace and beauty. She picked up her bag and slid into the cab of the pick-up as if it were a dance, a smooth flowing motion that was graceful and stunningly attractive, and Jake felt his heart swell even more.

Then she leaned over and kissed him, slowly and lovingly, and he felt as if his heart was going to burst - or his loins. It was somehow both sweetly innocent - and the most powerfully erotic kiss he'd ever experienced.

"Perhaps you cannot wait, kind sir..." She whispered, lovingly, into his ear - and slowly sank down in the seat, perfect hands reaching out to his pants...

What followed next was, simply, perfect. He'd never had a blow-job like the one this vision in white gave him. She was attentive, skilled and loving, dedicated solely to bringing him the most physical, emotional and intellectual pleasure that a blow-job could ever provide - and she succeeded. Yet, somehow, it didn't make her any less dignified or graceful, or otherwise diminish her in Jake's eyes. Though the act she was performing was a 'dirty' one, she did it so lovingly, so sweetly, that it made it seem innocent, 'merely' a way for a woman to provide a man pleasure - as it would be in a perfect world, perhaps.

The rest of the world might be far from perfect - but this woman was perfect, in every way.

Stunned, feeling light-headed and bemused, Jake stumbled over a long, rambling speech of gratitude, a simple 'thank you' not nearly enough to express what he was feeling, while she smiled lovingly up at him and refastening his trousers. It was obvious that she neither needed nor particularly wanted any reward for pleasing somebody, the act being its own reward - but if thanking her pleased Jake, then she'd do nothing to stop it.

In a numb, adoring state, Jake somehow managed to drive the rest of the way into town without hitting anybody or anything. With a perfect vision of feminine beauty, grace and sexuality sitting next to him - cuddled up to him, in fact - it was difficult to keep his eyes on the road.

Feeling as if he were floating in a dream, Jake led this perfect woman up to his house and let them in...

...and wondered how he was going to explain all of this to his younger sister, Karen, who was watching TV. Twenty-one, Karen was a pretty young thing, with a fit body and a shock of dark hair like her brother's surrounding an impish face. Between her bright, somewhat mischievous personality and her limber, well-endowed body with its long, tanned legs and full, firm E-cup breasts, Karen was certainly no blushing virgin, and was probably more experienced than her somewhat shy older brother - but, still, this was a highly unusual situation...

Luckily, Jake didn't have to explain anything. The vision in white smiled at his sister and stepped closer to her. "Hello." She said, in that incredibly rich, vibrantly feminine voice. "May I give you pleasure?"

"Excuse me...?" Karen blinked, shooting confused looks at both the woman and her brother.

"I wish to give you pleasure, if you'll allow me to. That is my reason for existence - to bring pleasure to any who wish it." "Uh..." Karen stammered, more than a little startled by the unusual offer. "Well, um, I guess everybody wants pleasure..."

There was more to what was trying to be a very polite 'no' - but it was too polite, and the woman in white merely responded to the opening statement - as she leaned forward, enfolding Karen in a loving embrace, and began to kiss her, slowly but with great depth of feeling.

At first, Karen stiffened, and she even tried to push the woman in white away... but then her body went slack, and she merely absorbed the pleasure the woman was giving her, making no move to break away.

When the woman in white finally finished, Karen just stared at her blankly for several seconds, mind still reeling from the most utterly perfect, most utterly pleasing kiss she'd ever experienced. Jake could sympathize - not only was the woman in white's kisses sexually arousing, they were also deeply pleasurable on an emotional and intellectual level, satisfying far more than they aroused, making them complete in-and-of themselves... yet also leaving open the possibility of further pleasure by the virtue of an unspoken promise that everything she did would be as utterly perfect and pleasurable as that kiss.

"Wow..." Karen whispered, stunned. "I.. I never knew..."

"I will return, and show you how much pleasure one woman can give to another..." The woman in white whispered in promise, lightly caressing one of Karen's firm, round breasts through the black T-shirt Karen wore... then turned away from Jake's still-stunned sister to smile at him, making him melt...

...well, emotionally speaking, anyway. Certain parts of his anatomy actually went in the other direction as she took his hand and led him towards the stairs...

...where she sent him off into a semi-comatose state of pure orgasmic pleasure before coming back downstairs to grace Karen with the same gift, using somewhat different techniques, and taking somewhat longer - women, after all, have some experience in dealing with multiple orgasms, unlike Jake, for whom it had been a first. Still, the woman in white lovingly and happily outlasted Karen, leaving the woman in a state of utter bliss - and, in return, receiving a name from the stunned woman, who had coined it on the spot simply to have a name to attach all her cries of undying devotion to.

The newly named Angelica rose from Karen's now-limp body, pausing just long enough to kiss her lips one last time, softly, before walking - floating, gliding - towards the bathroom, so as to shower. She had to be utterly perfect at all times if she were going to give perfect pleasure, of course.

Not that it was so much a thought as an instinct. The last transformation had pushed almost all her personality out of the way. Instead, she existed almost solely as a collection of skills - perfect feminine skill, uncluttered by thought or habits. She was, in many ways, the ultimate woman, in body and mind - but there was very little thought going on, since she now existed simply to utilize all those utterly, ultra-feminine skills to bring pleasure to all around her.

Indeed, the only think that kept her from being a mindless automaton was the final fragments of her original, male personality. The others were wiped out completely, but a hint of the scheming, conniving little thief remained, buried deep beneath the avalanche of feminine skills, thoughts and opinions. Filtered through this mass of utter femininity, that tiny fragment of 'Ron' still existed, the core portion of the personality that had shaped his entire life.

Deep down, under everything, Ron had always desired to be 'accepted'. Though he hadn't even been consciously aware of it, his entire life had been motivated by that desire. When he ran a con, he was proving just how much people 'accepted' him by building up enough trust and friendship to be able to abuse it - a twisted concept, perhaps, but his life had been one 'test' after another, proving to his inner

self that he could work his way into people's confidences, even if he didn't have the morals or trust necessary to extend this into true friendship, or even love.

Now, however, she existed solely to fulfill that core desire, with a huge supply of perfect skills housed in a perfect body to help ensure success. The thoughts that core section of the original persona were vague and poorly formed, but still present as 'Ron' finally - and for the rest of her life - found true happiness - by giving others pleasure.

Somewhere, many miles away in a direction that no physicist would ever be able to name an entity that had appeared as an aging magician smiled, and turned his eternal attention away from the eternally, internally happy woman to focus on his next duty.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: An American in Bangkok is given an amulet which he thinks makes him a babe magnet, but what he doesn't realize is that it is really going to make him a babe.

Disclaimer

By Gunslinger

No matter how much I wish it was otherwise, I have to admit it - it was my own bleedin' fault.

It all started a couple of weeks ago, when I was on a business trip. The Mega corporation I work (*worked*) for owns hundreds of subsidiaries all over the world, and I - as an 'Executive Liaison' - am quite often called to visit these smaller 'siblings' in a variety of countries.

Which is how I ended up, jet-lagged and a tad tipsy, stepping out of a Japan Air 707 and into the steamy, odor-laden atmosphere that passed for 'air' at the Bangkok International Airport.

Beneath the ever-present smell of jet fuel and av-gas, there was a richer, deeper, somehow more permanent smell also wafting around, mostly occluded by the odors associated with the modern jet-age. Since I was definitely feeling less than my best, the petroleum odors were rapidly giving me a headache, and I decided whatever atmosphere Thailand might boast, it couldn't be worse than the one at the airport.

Unlike the more modern facilities in the 'First World' nations, Bangkok International didn't boast jetways - the few passengers getting off the flight had to disembark down a set of stairs and onto the tarmac, braving the heat and painfully bright sunlight as we walked across to the terminal itself.

Now, don't get me wrong - it wasn't as if the airport was run-down or anything. In fact, it looked practically brand-new, as did many of the other facilities and buildings surrounding the field. The thing was... it was as if we'd stepped back in time to the sixties, or maybe early seventies, by the American cultural time-line. The same building designs, the same materials, even that awful color of orange that died a delayed death before the eighties - it was all there.

Kind of like Dorothy's house, dropped into the middle of Oz. Right down to 'the little people' - the Asian populace hurried around with determined purpose, and I was somewhat surprised to find that a good percentage of them were conversing in English, with a smattering of French-speaking 'natives' here and there.

Shaking my head, I entered the (thankfully) dimly-lit terminal, and looked around.

Again, I was somewhat struck by that odd sense of having being transported back in time - but, this time, I wasn't looking around to admire the neo-retro decor. I was looking for that item that had waited to greet me at all other airports the world over when I stepped off the plane - the ubiquitous cardboard sign held over the head of a driver.

Sometimes the sign gave my whole name - 'Martin Hunter'. Sometimes, it was merely 'M. Hunter'. Mostly, it was simply 'Hunter'. The person holding it could be anything from uniformed chauffeur to the most disreputable taxi-driver. But that sign and that driver were an omnipresent part of my job, letting me know where I was and what the next step was to be.

Except... this time there was no sign.

I looked around a second time, thinking that the driver might be extraordinarily short... but no. He (or, rarely, she) simply wasn't there.

Muttering to myself about the delay, I wandered - hesitantly, I'll admit - to the airport restaurant. I've eaten at terminal restaurants the world over, and never found one that was even a two-star - but the food was edible, if bland, the atmosphere clean, if impersonal, and the service quick, if borderline rude.

The restaurant at Bangkok International Airport looked like it had come right out of a James Bond movie's idea of an oriental restaurant - all bamboo and rice paper and chefs wandering the floor in white suits and tall hats. The smells wafting out of the glass-enclosed room were unfamiliar, but set my mouth a-watering, and before I could reach for the handle on the door, the man in the black suit (Maitre D'? In an airport restaurant?) had swept the door open and was bowing so low I'd swear he could kiss his own shoes.

"Bonjour, Monsouir, bienvenue á Maison Nygen..."

"Uh..." I stammered - I knew maybe five words of French, with 'ou á le toilet...' being four of them.

"...the finest restaurant in all of Thailand." He finished, smoothly, switching between languages so effortlessly that it took me a second to realize he had. "If you will follow me..."

So I did. I was seated promptly, at a good table, and a waitress - a cute-as-a-button woman, petite-yet-shapely, dusky in a golden- bronze sort of way - appeared as if by magic, her teeth showing in a hundred-watt grin.

She handed me a menu, printed in ...whatever the language they use in Thailand is, plus French and English.

I couldn't understand a word of it, even the English. The names of the dishes meant nothing to me. The only items I could identify were water, beer and coffee.

So... I shrugged, smiled helplessly, and asked the waitress for her suggestion...

Without speaking, she walked away - and returned with two heavily-laden servers within minutes. I think they simply brought me one of everything on the menu.

I have no idea what it was that I ate - but it was delicious. There was no way I could finish all of the food they piled at my table - but after those first few hesitant tastes, I did my damndest to put a serious dent into that mountain of consumable items.

When I could not fit one more delicious morsel into my mouth, I signaled for the check, and it arrived with amazing speed. I opened the little leather folder - and winced at the 'price' inside, before it occurred to me that it really didn't mean anything to me, since I hadn't the foggiest notion about the exchange between the Baht and the Dollar. Instead, I smiled at the waitress and whipped out good old AMEX...

...and first her smile, then she herself, disappeared. She returned a moment later with the Maitre D' in attendance... who very sadly explained that they didn't accept credit cards from foreign nationals, unless they'd been bonded by a 'fixer' - a Thai 'man Friday' most business travelers would hire first thing, who would be good for the debt if the card didn't clear.

"However, we do accept American currency, at a slight mark-up." He explained, with a smile. "It will come to..." Picking up the bill, he wrote down a number on it before I had time to explain I only had a few dollars cash on me. "Look..." I said, heavily, glancing instinctively down at the check as he placed it in front of me...

...and then I shut up, as I was too busy gaping at the new, American Dollar, total.

\$4.37. Including standard gratuity.

"Something wrong, sir?" the maitre D' asked, graciously. He looked over the array of food still left at the table. "Perhaps you did not mean to order all of this, sir. If you would indicate what you did wish to order, I will subtract..."

"No, no!" I insisted, (*numbly*), pulling five crumpled ones from my pocket. "Everything was wonderful - my compliments to the chef..."

I walked out of the restaurant as if awakening from a dream, stuffed to the gills with good food at a price so low I was thinking of moving here...

Once in the terminal proper, my dream gave way to reality. No driver, no cardboard sign.

With a sigh, I decided the only thing to do was get a hotel room, and call the head office. By asking the immediately-helpful Traveler's Aid desk, I discovered there was a good, reasonably priced hotel just two blocks away. Since I traveled light, with only one overnight bag, I collected my single piece of luggage and decided to walk the distance to burn off some of the oh-so-delicious calories I'd consumed during dinner.

If I'd only known, I would have gladly accepted the extra two pounds....

I found myself outside the front of the terminal, the too-bright South East Asian sunlight reflecting off the light-colored pavement, the predominately light-colored clothing of the pedestrians, and from the usually light-colored paint-jobs on the hundreds of 'vintage' looking automobiles that only reinforced the 'skewed time warp' sensation.

Squinting against the glare, I managed to determine the direction that I had to go, and set off...

...and was immediately grateful that I'd eaten at the Terminal restaurant. Not only because of the delicious food, which I would eventually find normal for Thai cooking, nor for the equally predominate low price.

The major reason I was so glad I had recently stuffed myself silly is that it kept me from spending hours in the street that lead from the airport to the hotel.

Recognizing the economic values of placing themselves close to a major traffic point, hundreds of vendors had lined both sides of the broad avenue with all conceivable types of booths, shops, wagons and displays. Except for narrow 'alleys' between these street- vendors, to allow access to the semi-residential buildings behind them, the entire street was packed with a mobile, gaudy, noisy, festive....

...and incredibly *delicious* marketplace.

This was the source of the 'hidden' odor I'd encountered when stepping off the plane - only, here, it was the predominate odor. About half the vendors were hawking food, both prepared and 'raw', ready-for-market and ready-to-eat. All the dishes I'd tried in the restaurant, and a plethora more. If I'd had a single cubic inch of space left, I would have been tempted to sample the treats whose delightful aromas tempted my nostrils.

As it was - I couldn't have taken another bite, if I was so ordered at gun-point. Reluctantly, I began to thread my way through the hustling throng, aiming for the dimly-seen light at the end of the street where it opened onto the plaza where I would take a right to get to the 'Hotel Americana'.

So - there I was, braving the crowd, struggling to ignore the delicious odors that were making my nose try to convince my stomach there was just a *leetle* more room...

...when a little old guy steps in front of me and, in a high pitched voice, said...

"Big American. Girls, you like. Buy this, should you!"

Fractured English; little dark-skinned guy with just a fringe of white hair; ears too big for his head; plain, rough-spun white tunic...

Great - I was being pimped to by Yoda's older brother...

The little old guy was waving something under my nose well, actually, with our height difference, it was considerably south of that

appendage. Since whatever he was waving was flashing in a metallic way, and very near something very dear to my *heart*, I got

nervous, bending over in a half-crouch that (*coincidentally*) pushed my pelvic region away from the man's hand.

He was holding an incredibly cheap-looking medallion on a equally cheap 'stopper chain' necklace. "You buy!" He insisted. "For Bangkok, you buy! Many girls!"

I took a closer look at the cheap hunk of metal and... I kid you not!... found engraved words on the front that read....

(Wait for it)

'Catcher of babes, for bankock.'

No - seriously - that's what it said. Bad spelling and grammar intact.

"Won dollah!" the man shouted, practically in my ear. "Good metal, real strong!"

(If it was anything tougher then cheap tin, I'd find a place that sold hats, buy one - then eat it.) "All time you here, it last! Many girls, all want, for you! Guarantee!"

('...or your money back!' Minus, of course, the three dollar handling fee)

"You buy!" he insisted - loudly. "Americans, for here! Won dollah! Good boom-boom, give to friend. Give to me, then go home! Won dollah, and give ten-ty plus ten-ty-five cents if give before go! You buy, big American!"

it took me a couple of seconds to re-arrange his 'sort of' English. A dollar buys me a cheap tin trinket 'guarantied' to get me a lot of.. ahem, 'boom-boom', then I can sell it back to him for a quarter before I go.

The way I figured it - any 'Big American' who bought the damned thing would be 'advertising' to any whore within a twelve-block radius. Then again... 'Bangkok Whore' was a famous synonym for good, cheap sex...

"Okay!" I told Yoda's clone, fishing a dollar out of my pocket - my last, to be exact. "Here!"

He didn't hand me the 'charm' - he insisted in placing it around my neck personally, and I finally gave in, just to get away. As I turned and headed off, he shouted one more thing at my retreating back, but I didn't respond to it because:

1. I'd already bought the damned 'trinket', and he didn't have to keep 'pushing' it...

2. I didn't believe his statement, even if I had cared...

...and, most importantly...

3. I'm a complete and utter moron who is too dumb to live - but I didn't realize that at the time....

(Hindsight is always twenty-twenty)

* * * * *

The Mega corporation I work (*worked*) for owns hundreds of subsidiaries all over the world, and I - as an 'Executive Liaison' - am quite often called to visit these smaller 'siblings' in a variety of countries.

Which is how I ended up, jet-lagged, dead tired, and more than a little tipsy, stepping out of a American Airlines 777 and into the air- conditioned, almost unscented air of the jetway in the city that passed for Los Angeles International Airport.

LAX encompasses more 'acreage' than most Mid-west towns, and has even more people in it at any give time. So, I was less than enthusiastic as I staggered of the flight, my head whirling and my knees threatening to go their separate ways.

I had been called home to my head office after three days in Bangkok... because the office there had informed the head office that the Liaison (me) had never arrived there.

Which was true. I'd never had the chance.

I'd been too busy having sex in every conceivable position and combination - and some that weren't, strictly speaking, possible. (*We certainly gave it 'the old college try', though...*)

Once I'd had that medallion, it seemed that every woman who crossed my path wanted me, and wanted me in the worst (or best) possible way. At first, I thought it was just as I'd figured, as the first woman who approached me was obviously a 'working girl'. However, I definitely began to find it odd that she absolutely refused to let me pay for what she did to me...

...twice.

After that, things only got stranger. Women literally threw themselves at my feet, offering me the moon and the stars, if only....

Now, I'm no Quasimodo, but I ain't Tom Cruise, either - I'd never had women literally lining up for the chance to beg me to go to bed with them. My ego swelled so large that I'm surprised I could fit through doorways and I began to pick out the 'best of the best' of those

women...

Before I knew what had happened, I'd spent three solid days in my hotel room, barely leaving the bed. By the time the Head Office called and demanded I come back to answer some questions, I was more than ready to leave. I was limp, in more ways than one, and desperately needed the break. Hell - it had been so 'powerful' that I hadn't even had to pay for my flight home. The woman behind the counter had all-but-dragged me into a closet and sank to her knees to suck me off, then had give me the seat of a 'no-show', assuring me that the indignant flyer could be soothed by the PR department over the 'mistake' with his 'used/unused' ticket.

So, I was tired, upset about the hot water I was in with Head Office, and so 'spent' that I wasn't even looking at the more beautiful of the women I passed - but I was glad to be home.

Wouldn't you know it - no driver, no cardboard sign.

At least this time I could understand it - after all, Head Office was pissed at me for 'sloughing off' an important job. I could even agree with them - it was a rotten thing to do. Hell, I felt bad about it, guilty as hell - but, on the other hand, how often does a guy get a chance to be a sexual God? I don't think anybody in my shoes would have done anything different.

The really ironic thing was - I was going to have to figure out a believable excuse for Head Office, since the truth was simply to unbelievable. Then again - I looked like something the cat dragged in, from three days of almost no food or sleep. I should have no problem claiming I contracted some seventy-two hour flu when I arrived in Bangkok. It was better than nothing.

Even as I worked out my lies, I was heading towards the car-rental counter...

...until I was near enough to hear the woman behind the counter turning away the customer with the information there were no cars to be had. She was obviously one of those 'by-the-book' types, prissy as hell, not a hair out of place, thin, gold-rimmed glasses and a mouth that could only produce thin, 'plastic' smiles.

My own lips thinned at the thought of taking a cab - not only would getting one be a hassle, but a ride from LAX to anywhere - even just around the circular drive and back to the terminal - cost a fortune. It was actually cheaper to rent a car.

That's when the thought occurred to me. Though I wasn't looking for sex, maybe the influence of the pendant would come in handy... I'd taken it off before leaving Bangkok, and it had just been a very tacky souvenir in my bag. Now, I slipped around a support column,

put my bag on a bench, and extracted the cheap metal object from where it lay - handling it with near-reverence, now that I knew what it could do. I slipped it around my neck...

...then cursed and yanked it off. The damned thing had shocked me! As if it was carrying an electric charge. My first thought was that the exposure to the metal detectors had somehow charged it. In any case, I wasn't putting it back on, not until I was sure I could avoid another painful jolt like the one I'd just received.

Tucking the medallion back into my bag, I sighed and decided that using 'magic' to con somebody was something else I'd just have felt guilty about anyway. Shouldering my single bag, I headed off towards the cash machines, to withdraw enough for my cab fare home.

Only - it didn't quite work out that way....

I'd better explain. You see, I have two sets of cards. One set is my company cards, which is all I bring with me when I travel. Not only does it make my expense reports easy, but if they ever get stolen I don't have to worry about getting struck with a loss from unauthorized use - it would be the company's problem. My own, personal cards were currently stored at the in-mall branch of my bank, where I'd dropped them off when I'd gotten my short-notice advisory that I was leaving. (The mall was near my office, and I keep my travel bag in my office. It was easier to run across the street and drop my 'home' wallet and

it's cards in the safety deposit box I kept there, because that's where I kept my 'away' wallet when I was at home. I just switched them.)

I found out just how pissed Head Office was with me when I found my cards had been canceled...

Which meant that I wasn't going to suffer the indignities of paying the outrageous cab-fare after all. Instead, I was forced to use 'Public Transportation' - the shuttle-buss into the city proper, then a city bus to the mall, so I could get my wallet.

This was shaping up to be a pisser of a day. I had no idea, of course...

Maybe there was a small warning or two earlier, but they couldn't have been much at all. All I know is that I first noticed something weird going on when I got off the shuttle-bus.

The shuttle-bus had been crowded with low-end passengers and cheap-ass tourists, and I'd been forced to stand as the bus made it's express-run into the city, arriving at a transfer terminus in fairly good time.

By the inevitable laws of the universe, the city bus I'd need to get to the mall had just departed a few minutes before, and I'd have to wait about twenty minutes for the next one. Sighing, I rolled my eyes and sat down on one of the benches provided....

...and found myself staring at my legs in surprise.

Oh, not the legs themselves - after all, there was nothing remarkable about the unseen legs beneath the semi-dress slacks I was wearing. No, what I was staring at was the position they were in. "I'd just sat down and crossed my legs, resting the right leg over my

left knee.

It was the sudden 'scrunched' feeling from my crotch that had cause me to look down - and I was gaping stupidly at my legs arranged in such a feminine pose. Blinking and shaking my head, wondering what the hell had possessed me to sit that way, I uncrossed my legs and shuffled my butt around on the bench, trying to get comfortable...

...when I felt that discomforting pressure again. I looked down and - sure enough - I was sitting in that same, feminine manner again, without having consciously decided to do so.

"What the hell...?" I asked my self, *sotto voce*, and uncrossed my legs again...

A few minutes later - thanks to the snicker of a passing youth in leather-and-denim, I realized the new pose I'd unconsciously adopted wasn't appreciably better than the 'ball-cruncher'.

This time, my legs were crossed at the ankles. The 'over' foot was bobbing up and down, with my shoe loosened so that it was held on to my foot by 'fisting' my toes, the heel hanging free and swinging back and forth from my foot's motion.

Meanwhile, I'd crossed my left arm over my stomach, grasping the elbow of my right arm, which was pulled tight to my body - with my hand up to my face so I could gnaw lightly on my thumbnail.

Again, it was a position that was most definitely feminine in nature - and I'd done it as unselfconsciously as I used to sit down at my desk and lean back in my chair. I could actually recall 'assuming' this pose, yet - in retrospect - it had felt as natural at the time as that

other long-standing habit. It was only now, with my conscious attention directed to it, that I was aware of how strange and out of character it was.

The rest of the wait was spent in deep concentration - concentration bent on sitting perfectly upright, legs straight, arms at my side. That earned me a few odd looks as well, but it wasn't as humiliating to me as the more feminine poses.

Meanwhile, my brain spun uselessly as I tried to figure out what the hell was going on. The best I could come up with - weak as it was - was that I'd just spent three uninterrupted days in the company of nothing but women, and had subconsciously picked up a few of their habits.

I got off the bus at the mall, pausing to look up at the office across the street, where the 'Big Guys' were waiting to hear my explanation. I'd planned to go home and get cleaned up, but I figured that a better plan was to get my wallet and cash, then go straight to the office - the worse I looked when I told my 'sick' story, the better.

So I went into the mall and was heading for the bank...

...when I was taken by an incredible bout of cramps that literally doubled me over. In the first instant, I thought it was psychosomatic, considering the lies I was preparing - but real or 'all in my head', the cramps were incredible, and I rushed off to the nearest public restroom and locked myself in the stall, dropping my pants and sitting on the toilet doubled over, wondering if some of that wonderful Thai food had given me dysentery.

So, there I was, locked in the stall in the men's room, doubled over with my pants around my ankles - when it happened.

There's no good way to explain what it felt like. It was painful and uncomfortable and horrifying - though it wasn't painful enough to be called 'agony', wasn't uncomfortable in any way that I had ever felt before, and was horrifying in an emotional context that was somewhat drowned out by shock that made me emotionally numb.

You see - I turned into a woman.

I couldn't see everything that was happening at the time, of course - but some of it was more obvious than others. Like when my short, sandy-blond hair suddenly spilled down over my face and shoulders, now a rich, lustrous black.

Or the way it felt like I was sitting on an inflatable rubber toilet-seat that somebody was inflating - but not quite, as the sensations were coming from my own ass swelling, becoming fuller and rounder. I had a hard time focusing on that, though -

the pain in my hips as the bones 'stretched' themselves to make my hips wider was very distracting, to say the least. I actually 'missed' the way my waist shrunk - at the time.

However, it was hard to ignore the way my chest suddenly ballooned outwards, the buttons on my dress-shirt unable to withstand the pressure from the twin mounds of flesh that suddenly blossomed on my chest. They expanded outwards, as if they were never going to stop, becoming absolutely massive before they finally decided to cease growing. The dress-shirt hung loose and open, but the breasts themselves were (barely) hidden behind the 'wife-beater' undershirt I was wearing, now strained to the limit by a pair of massive tits whose deep cleavage was well-revealed by the out-stretched neckline.

The fact that the cleavage was a dusky shade far from my normal pale fleshtone was a minor point at the moment, as I was too busy trying - vainly - to hold onto my cock as it slid back up into my body, leaving behind a perfectly formed - and perfectly feminine - vagina.

It seemed to take an eternity, all the changes that swept my body - but it couldn't have been more than two or three minutes.

Then I guess I screamed. I don't remember doing so, but it would be perfectly understandable, what with me suddenly having changed from a man into a woman. Practically *de rigueur*, as a matter of fact.

I do remember staggering out of the stall, half-naked, and string in shock at my reflection in the mirror over the sinks.

A woman I'd never seen before - and who looked nothing like 'me' - stared back with the same dazed, horrified expression.

She was Hispanic, with rich, dusky skin, and a broad, high-cheek-boned face. Her lips were almost over-full, and her eyes were huge and dark, framed by long, dark lashes.

Her body....

'Voluptuous' was coined for this body, I think. She wasn't 'overweight', not even 'pudgy' - all things considered. Her legs were long and slender and shapely, and her waist admirably tiny. It was just that she had the wide, child-bearing hips, amazingly full, firm ass - and a pair of massive tits the size of volleyballs, whose enormous, dark nipples were clearly visible through the thin undershirt.

I might have stood there in shock for quite awhile - except that I heard a rising commotion outside. By sheer happenstance, the bathroom had been empty during my transformation - but, now, I could hear the attention from outside, and realized that I must have screamed.

Then I panicked. I'd stepped out of my pants in the stall - and my shoes, which were now too large for my shrunken feet. Now, scared silly at being 'caught', not thinking straight, I grabbed my carry-on bag - and ran.

The security had made an understandable mistake - when they'd heard a female scream from the directions of the bathrooms, they'd gone to the women's bathroom, which was farther down the hall, and a small crowd of on-lookers had gathered around the open door as the guards went in. When I dashed out of the men's room and ran - half naked, massive new tits bouncing and swaying wildly. - for the nearest exit, the guards were already behind me, and had to push through that group of spectators.

I made a clean get away. A half block away, past a dilapidated fence and through an empty field, I found myself behind a run-down, seedy hotel. I was about to round the corner - and then stepped back as I caught sight of a couple of cop cars, a group of police officers leading four half-naked women with blankets wrapped around them.

Panting, confused, unsure, I looked around - and spotted an open window.

Moments later, I'd managed to get through the window, cursing my massive new bustline and wide hips. Brushing myself off, I looked around...

...and some things became clear. The place reeked of sex and drugs, and laying around were piles of women's clothing. Three of them were street clothes, the fourth a maid's uniform - and I figured that it had been some sort of lesbian orgy or something, and the police had been involved mainly because one of the participants had been a hotel employee.

Now, here's the weird thing - I got changed. Clothes, I mean - my body stayed the way it was. The thing is, out of all the clothing I could have put on, I chose the maid's uniform.

It was never designed to fit a body like mine. The underwear was a complete write-off. The panties were torn and sodden, and the bra was much too small for my massive chest. But I put on the black nylons, the black skirt, and the black blouse. The skirt fit me like a second skin, and I had to tie the blouse in a bow over my massive bust to get it on.

That was bad enough. I mean - I knew that these clothes were a lousy fit, but I just couldn't seem to help myself. I had to put them on - I even put on the white apron and that stupid little white cap.

The only thing from the uniform I didn't put on was the shoes - instead, I 'picked' the pair from another pile of clothes - black patent- leather pumps with a five inch heel.

I tried to stop myself of course - I didn't want to wear high heels. I just couldn't help myself.

Grabbing my bag, I tossed it on the maid's cart in the room, opened the door and glanced around. Seeing the coast was clear, I stepped out of the room...

...and, unwillingly, pulled the cleaning cart after me. trying desperately to stop myself - and failing - I wheeled the cart to the next room, used the pass-key on the cart to open the door...

...and cleaned the room. Thoroughly. Mincing around on the high heels, my movements restricted by the super-tight, near-to-bursting uniform, I cleaned the room until it was spotless.

Then I moved on to the next room, and did the same. Then the next room...

I reached the sixth room, unlocked the door - and stepped into a room under the incredulous stare of a big, naked black man, sitting cross-legged on the bed and in the process of rolling a joint. He was tall and muscular - sort of. He'd obviously once been massively muscled, but quite a bit of it had become flab in the past few years, with a layer of 'real' muscle still viable through the softening layers. His head was shaved bald, and he had a badly-trimmed goatee, and was about as generally 'thug-like' as a Hollywood character actor.

I don't know what I - the 'real me' would have done under these circumstances - but it didn't matter. I couldn't control my own actions. I started to clean.

Recovering from his daze of surprise, the black man snapped an order.

"Get the fuck out of here, bitch!" And I answered...

"Yes, sir. I live to serve, sir."

I started to wheel the cart towards the door...

...and the man snorted. "Yeah, right - then why don't you show me those tits o' yours, bitch." The words were sarcastic...

...but the sneer on his face dropped away into a look of shock as I wordlessly, helplessly turned around, undid the strap of the apron from around my neck - then undid the bow on the blouse, letting my huge melons of tit-flesh pop free.

"Damn..." the black man breathed in shock, putting the half-rolled joint aside. "Uh... you mean to say you'll do what I tell you to? Izzat it?"

"Helplessly - horrified - I repeated my 'I live to serve' line. He smiled. It wasn't pleasant.

"Then come over here, bitch, and suck my big black cock."

I wanted to scream. To run from the room. To snap back at the man.

Instead, I walked across the room and knelt at the side of the bed. Reaching out, I took his slowly stiffening cock in hand - then bent my head and began to lick and suck at the cock, rapidly bringing it top full erection.

I wanted to throw up. This was utterly disgusting - but I seemed to be utterly emotionless as I slurped and sucked at his cock, which was indeed big and black.

I appeared as equally emotionless when he told me to stop sucking - and fuck him. And I did. Dear go - I did.

He lay back on the bed, and I stood up and finished undressing. Then I got on the bed, swung my leg over his hips...

..and without hesitation, dropped my new cunt right down onto his hard, thick cock.

I didn't make any sound, though I wanted to scream in emotional horror and physical pleasure as my cunt enveloped his cock, sending bolts of pleasure through my body. I began to rise him, thrusting my body up and down by using my long, shapely legs as he rocked his

own his, his hands playing with my massive tits. I might have remained silent throughout the act, if he hadn't ordered me to 'make some noise'.

Then I started panting and gasping in 'passion', telling him he was the best I'd ever had... (Ironically true, in a way)

...and telling him how much I loved it....

(Disgustingly true, in a way)

...as I rode him to orgasm.

His orgasm, that is. I never got close. After he stiffened and shot his load deep into my new womanhood, he ordered me off of him, and spent a few minutes sucking and licking my tits, then ordered me to go get cleaned up. Helplessly, I walked into the bathroom and did as he ordered.

Once I was done that, I went back into the main room and went immediately to the cleaning cart, and my carry-on bag.

I'm not stupid. I'd finally made the connection, though I'm ashamed it took me so long. Opening the bag, the amulet was right on top, and I needed to verify my suspicions.

I looked at the small printing on the back of the 'amulet', and - sure enough - there it was. Just as the old man had tried to warn me. If only I'd paid attention, realized that, in a different culture, what I might think I'm hearing might not be what was being said.

The small, raised letters seemed to stare up at me, accusingly, and I hated myself for ignoring the words, both when spoken by the man, and when I hadn't bothered to read them on the back of the amulet.

'Maid, in America'

Then the black guy wanted another go, and I just *couldn't* refuse him - and when I went to put the amulet down, it fell down the ventilation grate. I would have 'done' the guy, then - after he'd left - taken the grate off and gone after it, because it's my only hope (slim) as it is, of getting changed back...

...but, halfway through our second round, you guys burst through the door and arrested us. That's the truth. Really - the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

So you see, officer - I'm *not* a prostitute. And I'm *not* an immigrant, even though you don't have a record of 'me' anywhere. And that's why I *don't* have a green card - so you *can't* deport me 'back' to Mexico...

Officer...?



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After discovering a magic amulet, one man's sense of right and wrong disappears and he changes his best friend into a sex starved bimbo for all to enjoy.

Discovery

By Gunslinger

With a gust, the early morning wind ruffled the leaves and branches of the forest, bringing the illusion of individual life to each tree and bush as the forlorn wind moaned through the dark and shadow-bejeweled halls of the heavy foliage.

Mark shuddered, his rangy body responding to the mostly-psychological chill that ran up his spine. He pulled his denim jacket tighter around his whipcord-thin body and bowed his dark, tousled mane of hair to the oncoming wind.

"Geez, Jason - can we head back now? There's nothing interesting out here."

His companion turned and smiled at him, his broad, muscular form apparently unaffected by the chill breeze, though no jacket covered the tight black T-shirt he wore to show off his massive, toned arms. "What's the matter, Mark? *Scaaaaaared?*" The almost offensively handsome young man laughed, showing off perfectly even, white teeth.

"Not scared..." Mark replied, without rancor. " 'Spooked'. This place isn't exactly Fun Central, you know."

Jason laughed again. "Hey, man - you're the 'smart' one. You're supposed to be 'walking in the woods' while I - Party Animal of The World - bitch about how boring it is. Hey, maybe I'm becoming smart and sensitive as *well* as studly and strong *naaaahhh*."

Mark rolled his eyes - nobody had ever accused Jason of being particularly bright or sensitive before. Not that he was an asshole or anything - the fact was, he was more 'uncomplicated' than anything. It was almost willful, his choice to not think about what he was doing. He preferred to live the 'easy' life, doing whatever he found enjoyable and refusing to do anything he didn't like. He simply refused to consider any possible consequences that might come from any of his actions - which made him a bit 'dangerous', but a hell of a lot of fun to have as a friend, even if he did have a habit of letting whatever he was thinking slip between his lips without considering whether or not it was really worth saying...

Aside from the fact that both of them were twenty-three, Mark and Jason shared very little in common. Jason, muscular and blonde, was almost offensively outgoing, easy-going, and decidedly self-centered, living to enjoy himself. Mark, however, was quieter, more introspective and studious. However, it turned out that the two of them worked out well as friends - Mark tended to keep Jason's thoughtlessness from doing much harm to other people, and Jason kept the rangy writer in the social flow of things. Despite the fact that Jason didn't specifically consider the thoughts or feelings of other people, he tended to radiate a certain charisma because when he was enjoying himself, he only wanted people around him that wouldn't 'kill his buzz' - so, out of purely selfish interests, he made sure that the people hanging out with him enjoyed themselves too. It was a pretty good arrangement, as far as Mark was concerned, even if it did have its occasional drawbacks.

Which was why Mark had accepted Jason's invitation to spend the weekend up at the cabin. It had sounded like a blast - but Jason hadn't said anything about strolling around in a dark, heavy forest, where Mark's writer's imagination was working overtime.

"So - why the hell are we out here, then, Oh Great Part Animal?" Mark asked. Jason grinned and gestured. "What do you see?"

Frowning, Mark looked in the direction Jason was pointing. "A hill. Big deal."

"That's what I thought too - but look." Jason said, leading Mark around the other side of the small rise in the forest floor...

...and Mark gaped. A recent heavy rain had eroded the soil on that side of the hill - and what was revealed was step-like terraces of stone with worn and pitted engraving on it - and what was obviously an entrance of some sort, covered by a large slab of stone.

"Holy shit!" Mark gasped.

"Yeah." Jason said, with a grin. "C'mon - give me a hand with this." He grabbed part of the slab of rock, and looked at Mark expectantly.

Part of Mark's mind was informing them that they should leave it the way it was and call the Archeology department of the nearest University that had one - but another, louder, part of him was just too damned curious....

He grabbed the other side of the slab. At the count of three, both young men heaved, and the slab tilted outward. When they felt the weight of the slab leave from their hands, they scurried backwards to get out of the way as the slab fell to the forest floor with a loud - but muffled - 'thud' that ran through their legs. Left behind was a dark entrance to the interior of the small structure.

Digging into his pocket, Jason pulled out a small penlight and turned it on, aiming the narrow beam into the darkened interior of the ancient stone structure. Both of them peered inside.

The austere interior of the pyramidal-shaped structure was empty - except for a stone pedestal in the geometric center of the building, on which rested a small, gleaming object.

"I wonder..." Mark started to ask but Jason, without saying anything, was already stepping inside.

"It's some sort of necklace, with a , uh... pendant." Jason called, picking it up. "Hey! I think it's solid gold!" "Hey!" Mark protested. "Don't touch that - we should call the authorities and have them examine this."

"Hell no!" Jason said, grinning, as he slipped the necklace around his own, thick neck. In the bobbing and weaving beam of the small flashlight, Mark could see that it was a heavy gold chain, with a torus-shaped gold object suspended from it, inset into which was a blood-red jewel that might have been a ruby.

"Finder's keepers!" Jason said, grinning.

"I really don't think..." Mark continued to protest.

"Hey - it's on my land, so it's mine." Jason said, grin fading. "Jeez - why don't you just shut up?" Mark opened his mouth to protest...

...and nothing came out. Not a sound. No matter how hard he strained, the best he could do was a 'whuffing' sound of air. It was as if his vocal cords didn't even exist.

Eyes widening in shock, Mark tried again - with the same lack of success. He simply couldn't utter a word.

Mark was a bright boy, and - inexplicable as it was - it didn't take much for him to connect his sudden and strange lack of a voice to Jason's comment. Since Jason's off-hand comments had never had any paranormal results before, it was then a short logical jump to the necklace he'd put on.

As impossible as it seemed, somehow that amulet had made Jason's whim a reality - and Mark was the victim of the discovery. Near panic, he stepped forward and slapped Jason on the arm. Jason - who hadn't noticed anything - frowned.

"What the hell's your problem?" He asked.

Pointing at his throat, Mark worked his mouth, eyes wide and pleading. "What the hell is this?" Jason asked. "Charades?"

Mark banked his fist against his upper chest, and tried screaming at the top of his lungs - which merely produced a sustained 'whoosh' of air, followed by a wheezing as he emptied his lungs.

"Geez, man - what's gotten into you?" Jason said, frowning. "If there's something you want to tell me, why don't you just..."

It would have been comical, in other circumstances - you could practically see the light bulb go on over Jason's head as he made the connection.

"Hey!" Jason said, in tones of revelation. "You're telling me that you can't talk!"

Mark nodded vigorously, tapping his nose - then pointed frantically at the pendant Jason was wearing. "Huh?" Jason said, not getting that one.

Frustrated - and scared - mark stepped forward to yank the pendant off...

...and Jason thrust out an arm to stop him. "Hey - don't ever try that again!" He said, startled.

Frantic, Mark tried to push past the arm that was restraining him and grab the pendant - but, to his horror, he found that this order had also been made real, as he couldn't get his hands near the necklace. It was as if an invisible wall was surrounding the object, keeping Mark's hands away.

Jason, however, had made the connection. "Holy shit... the necklace! Somehow, this thing's making what I say come true! I told you to shut up... so now you can't talk!"

Making an angry face - that was marred by his fear-filled eyes - Mark nodded rapidly, stepping back and crossing his arms over his chest. He jerked his head forward in a 'well?' motion - now that Jason knew what was going on, he could undo what he'd done.

Jason, however, merely grinned. "Hey - this is so cool. Think of what I can do with this!"

Mark's eyes widened, and he snapped his fingers to get Jason's attention, then jabbed a finger at Jason, emphatically, then at his throat.

Jason sighed. "Geez, man - we discover an object of amazing power - and all you can worry about is bitching me out. I mean, man - I know that's what you're planning to do as soon as you get you voice back. You're gonna whine and complain about your voice, then moralize about how I should leave this thing alone and call somebody in authority. Are you really surprised that I'm not really, really eager to give you your voice back?"

Mark frowned... then, almost against his will, smiled sheepishly.

Jason was right - that was exactly what Mark would have done the instant he got his voice back. Mark didn't have to like it - and he didn't - but he could admit that Jason's reluctance made a certain sort of sense.

"C'mon - let's head back to the cabin." Jason said, with a grin. "It'll give you a while to calm down, and me time to think about what I'm going to do with this thing. When we get back, I'll make it so that you can talk again - I promise. Fair enough?"

Mark threw up his hands - it wasn't like he had a say in the matter...

The two young men headed back towards the cabin. Mark practically wanted to sprint there, the sooner to get his voice back - but Jason strolled along, head bowed in thought as he considered what he could - and should - do with this sudden, new-found power he held.

Mark was worried about that - though neither cruel nor evil, Jason wasn't exactly a genius, and was rather single-minded in his pursuit

of 'fun'. While Mark didn't think Jason would do anything truly despicable, he might do some things that were.. well, 'wrong', in the search for a good time.

When they reached the cabin, Mark waited impatiently while Jason got himself a beer, then dropped into a comfortable - if worn - armchair. Mark then pointed at his throat, insistently.

"Okay, okay..." Jason said, with a grin. "You can talk now."

"Ahem.. testing..." Mark said - and was relieved to hear his familiar old tones emerge from his throat. He paused for a second, then...

"Now, don't go stealing my voice again. Jason..." Mark said, hesitantly. "I know you don't want to hear this, but I really think it's for the best if you took that pendant off and put it away - at least, for now. I mean, we don't know anything about it, and if you're wearing it you might use it accidentally, or without thinking it through. I mean - you didn't mean to take my voice away, and just think what would happen if somebody ticked you off, and you..."

Jason rolled his eyes at the lecture... then began to grin, almost wickedly. He muttered something under his breath.

"...and could cause a lot of trouble," Mark contained trying to convince Jason. "...without meaning to, of course. It could be something that you couldn't undo, and then you'd, ahem, ahem.. you'd find yourself, ahem.."

Mark frowned and cleared his throat again - his voice was cracking and warbling. He tried to keep talking. "Um, if you.. ahem.. made a mistake and.. ahem.. I mean, uh... Holy shit, Jason, what the hell did you do!"

As he was speaking, Mark heard his voice slowly but inexorably changing in pitch and tone, rising higher through the register - and altering in nature. Even after he put two and two together and snapped at Jason, it was in tones calmer and more friendly than he'd intended.

"Well.." Jason said, with a grin. "If you're gonna bitch at me, I figured it might as well be nice to listen to." "What the hell does that mean?" Mark asked - but the question was answered by itself.

He'd asked it in a warm, sultry and quite sexy female voice. One that was sexy and almost seductive - despite the fact that he'd wanted it to be demanding and angry, it had come out as smooth as syrup, as calm and friendly and seductive as if it was a woman speaking to her lover. The tones belied the words, robbing them of rancor or anger.

"See - that's much nicer." Jason laughed. "Go ahead, yell at me all you want, lecture me forever - I won't complain." "Oh, geez, Jason..." Mark said - but had to grin as well. "You can't take anything seriously, can you?"

"Nope." Jason admitted readily, with a grin.

"Come on - this is too weird." Mark said, shaking his head as he heard the sexy, friendly, seductive female voice emerge. "Change my voice back."

"Hey, I told you I didn't want to be lectured." Jason said with a grin and a shrug. "But, when you get your voice back, what's the first thing you do? I think I'm gonna leave your voice like this for awhile, just to make sure you get the idea."

"Jason.. this isn't funny." Mark said, crossing his arms. Jason just stared at Mark for a long moment.

"Okay, okay - so it's probably damned funny." Mark admitted, with a wry grin. "I meant that I'm not enjoying it, even if you are. I sound like a phone-sex girl or something!"

"Hey - maybe you should keep the voice." Jason said, with a grin. "Think how much you could earn..."

"Ha. Ha. Very funny." Mark said, roiling his eyes. "You're not going to give me my voice back as long as I'm making this fun for you, are you?"

"Nope." Jason agreed readily, with a smirk.

Mark sighed - the more he 'bitched' about this voice, the more Jason would get a kick out of it. As galling as it was, the best Mark could do was stop bugging Jason about it, and hope that his friend tired of the game before too long.

"All right, fine." Mark said, dropping into the other chair. "You want to get a laugh out of your friend having the voice of a sexy woman, go right ahead. It might be weird, but hey - it's not actually hurting me any."

"Yeah, right." Jason grinned. "It's driving you nuts, isn't it?"

"No - not at all." Mark lied. "It was just a surprise at first, that's all. To tell you the truth... it doesn't really bother me, now." A little reverse psychology might work - after all, god knows that direct confrontation wasn't helping.

"In fact..." Mark said, with a forced grin. "It's kinda.. neat. What do you think.. big boy?"

He purposefully made the last sound as sexy and seductive as his new voice could provide - maybe having his friend 'come on' to him would be enough to creep Jason out.

No such luck.

"Yeah, sounds good." Jason said with a knowing grin, taking another pull on his beer.

Mark sighed and rolled his eyes. "Look, Jason, that's enough. Maybe you're enjoying this - but I'm not. Besides - doesn't it feel weird in the least to have a sexy voice like this coming out of somebody who looks like..." He waved his hands at his body, "...this?"

Jason sighed. "Actually - no. What *does* bother me is how much it bothers you. I mean, it isn't like I actually did anything bad to you - I was just having a little fun."

Mark was glad to see his friend wasn't a complete moron about this. "So - you're going to give me my voice back?"

Jason nodded, apologetically. "Yeah - I didn't mean to piss you off. I really didn't think you'd get this annoyed. I'll just give you your voice back, then..." His voice became heavy with regret. "...I'll take this off, just to be on the safe side."

Jason shook his head and sighed, looking down at the necklace with regret. "You know what, though - I wish that, for just one day, I *could* use this thing without having any conscience or inhibitions to bother me..."

Suddenly, Jason shook his head - and then he looked at Mark with a smile.

It wasn't his usual, open grin. It was a sly, malicious smile - and, suddenly, Mark felt a shiver run up and down his spine as he realized what Jason had, inadvertently, just done...

"Uh... Jason...?" Mark said, a quaver in his sexy new voice.

"Yeah, Mark...?" Jason asked, grinning wickedly. He took a deep breath and let it out with enjoyment. "God, I feel so... liberated..."

'*Oh, shit...*' Mark thought, eyes widening in alarm. "Jason, look - you just said something you didn't mean to say. Now, just give me my voice back and..."

Jason chuckled - an unpleasant sound "Oh, no - I don't think so, Mark. No... the fun's just getting started..."

Mark hesitated for a second. Basically, what Jason had just done was make himself a psychopath, with no distinction between right or wrong, with no conscience or scruples or inhibitions...

Throwing himself out of the chair, Mark sprinted for the door.

"Get back here!" Jason demanded - and, helplessly, Mark found himself skidding to a stop, turning, and walking back to stand in front of Jason.

"No!" Mark said, struggling against his own body. "Let me go! Jason, this isn't you - you don't really want to do this! Let me go, Jason!"

Jason rolled his eyes and snorted. "Mark, you simpering sissy. I haven't even done anything to you yet." His grin widened. "But I'm going to - oh yes, I am. Now, you just stand right there and don't move - or say anything - while I figure out what would be the most fun..."

Helplessly, unable to move or speak, Mark stood before Jason while his now-psychopathic friend considered his nearly limitless options.

Jason said, silent, for several minutes - then, slowly, he smiled. "Oh - that's good. That's really, really good..."

Unable to move or speak, Mark was able to sweat - and sweat he did, heavily, at the sight of the evil grin on his once-friend's face.

"Wait here..." Jason commanded, the rose from the chair and walked out of the room, heading towards the two bedrooms of the cabin. He walked into the one Mark was using, and started talking to himself - or, rather, to the necklace. Mark couldn't make out the words - but he was sure that they didn't bode well for him. He struggled mightily against the magical ennui that held him, but was unable to move at all, no matter how frantically he commanded his traitorous body to obey him.

After several eternal minutes, Jason called out, instructing Mark to come into the room. Helplessly, mark's body obeyed, while he silently screamed for help.

Stepping through the door, he found himself in a room that bore nothing in common with the bedroom that it had so recently been, except for basic physical dimensions.

Instead, it looked like a very small studio for some sort of game show. There was an opaque booth of some sort in the center of the room, a small podium, and a camera - that was connected to a very expensive-looking computer.

Hanging on the back wall was a large logo with words spelled around it. Words the sent a chill of horror through Mark. 'WIN A DATE WITH A DREAM GIRL'

Mark had a horrified idea who that 'dream girl' was - or, rather, was going to be...

"Okay - get into the booth there." Jason - now nattily dressed in a tailored Saville Row suit, ordered Mark. "Sit down on the chair and be quiet until the screen in front of you prompts you. Then read the question."

Helpless to do anything but obey, Mark walked into the booth. Inside, he found a stool, a small computer-monitor mounted on a corner brace, and a large mirror making up the front wall of the booth. Helplessly, Mark sat on the stool.

Outside, Mark heard a couple of noises - and then Jason's voice.

"Hello there! This is Jason Jovial, welcoming you to the premiere web-cast of the new Pirate Internet Game Show, 'Win A Date With A Dream Girl' - where you, the Internet audience, can win a chance to date the person inside the box behind me, if you get the questions right in the allotted time. This is the first, best, and only interactive game-show of it's kind, and I'm sure it's going to be very, very popular. Now - if you're interested in playing, and winning an all-expenses paid date with the person in the booth, then go ahead and log yourself on as a contestant."

There was a short pause, then Jason - just as artificially cheerful - said "Well, our 'hit-o-meter' shows we have enough people to start, so let's begin with contestant number one. What's your name, contestant?"

There was a short pause, then a nervous, tinny voice echoed through the room.

"Uh.. Josh."

"Okay, Josh - here's how it woks." Jason 'explained'. "Our Mystery Date will ask a question. If you guess right, you get to go on to the next question, and if you guess wrong, you're out of here. BUT... anybody else out there can jump in with their guess. If they guess right before you do, they go on - but if they guess wrong, YOU automatically advance to the next question. Ready?"

"Uh.. I guess so..." Josh said, nervously.

"Good!" Jason said. "Okay, Mystery Date - ask the first question!"

Words appeared in front of Mark, on the monitor - and, helplessly, he found himself reading the question, knowing what the 'audience' would assume from the richly feminine voice Jason had cursed him with.

"My name begins with an 'M'..." Mark said, helplessly, "... and it rhymes with a type of bird. What's my name?" There was a pause...

...and another male voice blurted out - "May! Your name is May!"

"That's right!" Jason boomed. "M-A-E, Mae, rhymes with 'Jay', and is the only name our mystery guest answers to!"

Mark - or, rather, Mae - wanted to cry, knowing that, thanks to the pendant Jason wore, his words were now the truth - the only name he'd be able to answer to now was 'Mae'.

"Okay, Josh, you're outta there. Who's our new contestant?" "Darren." The voice said.

"Okay, Darren - let's see if you can keep your one-right-answer streak on a roll. Mae, what's the next question?" Jason said. Helplessly, the newly renamed Mae read out the question on the monitor, his voice sounded sexy and seductive even to his own ears.

"My hair is like a part of the summer's solstice. What's my hair like?" Mae asked, catching on - just as 'Lark-with-an-em-is-Mark', it was, technically, possible for somebody to guess that the night of the solstice was 'short and dark'. But the more likely answer would be...

"It's long and light!" Darren said, triumphantly.

"That's right!" Jason trumpeted. "Mae has gorgeous, golden-blond hair down to her ass...!"

As Mae watched, helplessly, the image in the mirror showed that it was now quite true - his hair had suddenly grown in thick waves, golden blond tresses spilling over his shoulders and down his back.

And so it went. The newly-renamed Mae wished, desperately, that there was some way he could stop asking the questions - but the power of the pendant that the newly psychopathic Jason held was absolute, and his sweet, feminine voice continued to call out the questions whose answers invariably changed her further, each change matching the answers that were given on the assumption that the unseen Mae matched the sexy, feminine voice that asked the questions.

His body hair vanished on the next question asked, leaving his skin smooth and hairless. Helplessly, Mae shuddered as he ran a hand over his denuded, newly feminine skin - even as he helplessly asked the next question, which caused his socks to rise upwards under his pants, forming into a pair of black nylons that encased his smooth new legs with a sensation that was disgustingly pleasant.

The pants covering the nylons didn't last too long - all too soon, they were forming themselves into a skin-tight black leather miniskirt.

Another question - and suddenly Mae's face was heavily made up, covered with garishly bright make-up, including gloss-pink lipstick and pinkish eye-shadow over eyes whose lashes were long and dark. The make-up looked ridiculous - but became less so when the next question made Mae's lips plump out until they were almost obscenely full and pouting. Mae wanted to scream as he felt his lips swell to their new, erotic dimensions - but was unable to give voice to the horror and disgust that was flooding him, merely moving on to the next question...

...which caused his ass to swell, becoming fuller, firmer and rounder. Mae wiggled on the seat as his ass expanded, wanting to whimper

- his new posterior felt absolutely enormous as it supported him, lifting him higher out of the seat with its firm new contours.

That incredibly full ass was soon joined by wide, womanly hips that strained the skirt skin-tight over his boxer-briefs, which looked definitely out-of-place peaking out from beneath the skirt. The next question solved that 'problem' though, and Mae couldn't even gasp in discomfort as the black PVC panties he now wore pulled painfully tight over his cock and balls.

The next question made his feet small and dainty - and enclosed them and his lower legs in a pair of black PVC boots with a two-inch platform, ten-inch high heels, and a gaudy, large-toothed zipper. The framing of the question, and the way it was answered, left the steadily feminizing man no doubt that his walk would be easy and sexy in the new boots he'd just gained.

Then his legs altered under the boots and skirt. Though he could only see from the knees up to the hem of the skirt, Mae had no doubt that the legs were as every bit as sexy as the re-worded answer Jason gave claimed they were.

More questions - and more changes. One after the other, the changes rushed ahead, and soon his hands and arms and neck matched the feminine ideal the rest of his body was becoming. His shirt became a black-spandex tank-top that molded itself tight to his denuded flesh... and then he learned the true meaning of the word 'tight' as the shirt was joined by a black leather corset whose gleaming form, with it's big, silver buckles, clung almost painfully tight to his now-eighteen inch waist.

He acquired jewelry, garish 'silver' earrings, rings, bangles and a necklace.

His face remolded itself, the chin narrowing, the nose shrinking, until the mirror showed the face of a somehow-cheap-looking woman who was more sexy than beautiful - and it wasn't a quiet sexuality so much as a screaming challenge to men, with dark eyes, strong-yet sensual features, and permanent look of lust imbued in it's every contour.

There was very little of the original man left in the new body - and he was denied the opportunity to scream, to cry, even to beg, as the 'game show' continued inexorably towards the complete erasure of every male detail.

"I've never bought a bra at a department store or normal lingerie shop..." Mae asked, helplessly, telling the highly-biased 'truth' in that damned voice. "Why is that?"

the current contest answered with the 'obvious' answer. "Because you're too big-busted for a standard size bra!" "That's right!" Jason supplied. "Mae's tits are incredibly huge, and amazingly firm. They're absolutely gigantic!"

Though it wasn't true when he started speaking, it soon was as Mae felt his chest pressing outwards, the flesh rapidly expanding and pushing the skin-tight spandex further and further out over the growing mounds, which shot quickly through 'prepubescent', zipped right past 'average', and headed deeper and deeper into the 'buxom' category.

They didn't even slow, though, running right through and into 'freakish', remaining incredibly firm as the swelled outwards, finally stopping when they were the size of medicine balls - two gigantic, round tits straining at the skin-tight top that barely contained them, a mile of delectable, creamy cleavage exposed and her huge, thick nipples clearly visible by the dents they made in the shirt.

There was one last question and answer, and then it would be finished - he would be female. Even as he wanted to curl up and die, part of him felt almost... relieved that the torment was about to end, as he gave the final question...

...and shortly felt the pressure at her crotch ease as the PVC panties now covered her new, tight cunt.

But the questions DIDN'T stop. To her horror, Mae found herself asking another question - and this was about her skill in oral sex...

...and, seconds later, she knew that she was not only incredibly skilled at sucking cock - but that she 'loved' the taste and feel of a cock in her mouth.

More questions continued, and each one made her want to die - as she became changed more and more in her mind, too. She gained a new personality, bit by bit - one where she 'loved' displaying and flaunting her body, especially her huge, heavy new tits... a personality where she was great at fucking, and was always multi-orgasmic... one where she loved getting it-fucked.. and ass-fucked.. and doing just about anything sexual you could possibly imagine. As they changes piled up, one on top of the other, Mae wished for the comfort of insanity, something to break her away from the bizarre new reality that was being formed for her...

...but wasn't delivered from this horror, even as the winner of the show was announced, and she was asked to come out.

Moving with helpless, sexual grace, she slid off the stool and opened the door, feeling her gigantic globes of tit-flesh shifting as she balanced easily and sensually atop her heels. Then she was walking out of the booth and into the view of the camera so that all the people watching could see the prize.

A tall, slender, wasp-waisted blonde with enormous, impossibly firm tits and wide, flaring hips, dressed - and looking like - some cheap slut in every detail.

"Congratulations, harry!" Jason said. "This is your date for tonight! If you go out to the airport, you'll find a private jet standing by to whisk you here, for a night I'm sure you'll find eminently memorable!"

the he signed off and shut down the computer - and grinned at the newly-made woman.

"Wow - you are something..." He chuckled, reaching out to caress on massive, spandex-covered tit. Mae wanted to scream, to shout, to slap his hand away...

...until the very instant when his hand made contact. The she closed her eyes and moaned in pleasure, pressing her tit more firmly into the contact, feeling pleasure run through her body at have her glorious perfect, wonderful new tits touched, just the way she liked... now if he'd only start fondling them...

...then Jason pulled his hand away - and Mae's mind snapped back from the pendant's-power-induced new mindset. She felt like vomiting as she realized how.. eager she'd been a second ago...

...and at the way she was standing in as sexy a pose as she could, helpless with the need to try and be seductive in every movement and position.

"Thanks, Jason..." She said, helplessly feeling a wave of pleasurable pride at his comment, and unable to stop her. "I didn't want to be a woman, and I didn't want tits - but if I have to have tits, I'm glad you gave me such huge, sexy ones..."

Helplessly turned on by her new mindset and body, Mae helplessly massaged her own, spandex-enclosed tits, moaning again as she felt pleasure run through her.

Jason laughed, unpleasantly. "And to think... this is only the beginning!" He put his hands on his hips and arched with evil laughter. "To think I've wasted all my life actually caring about what other people might think about me. This.. this is power, almost as much power as the pendant! This is.. freedom!"

Turning to the new woman, he grinned. "Go out to the living room, Mae. We have some work to do, to get this place ready for your debut night as a... socially active woman."

"Please, Jason..." Mae tried, as she helplessly walked with a sexy stride out of the room. "Don't make me do this - I don't want to be forced to meet some guy and kiss him.. slide my tongue deep into his throat.. while I reach into his pants..." Helplessly, she began to breath heavily, voice becoming husky. "...and making sure he's hard so I can ride his hard, throbbing cock to screaming orgasm! Please, don't make me wait until to night - fuck me now!"

She was horrified to be saying it - but even more horrified by the fact that she meant it. Right now, she wanted to fuck Jason, long and hard.

Jason wagged a finger at her. "Now, now - you just save yourself for tonight, Mae. I have other things to do. You just sit here quietly."

Mae obeyed, feeling her hot, wet cunt press even tighter against her PVC panties as she settled into the chair and watched, wordlessly, and Jason began to completely re-design the cabin into a whole new building.

As he went about his work, Mae wished that he hadn't ordered her to sit quietly... because she was so horny she felt like she was about to burst, and she wanted, desperately, to masturbate frantically and loudly.

The fact that she did want to do that disgusted her to no end - but didn't change how she felt, and she cursed Jason for that. He hadn't made her just need to be a sexy, horny woman - he'd made her want all of these things, and though she knew that it was imposed, though she knew that she wouldn't want any of this if she hadn't been changed by her once-friend, it couldn't stop the feelings - the urges - from existing, and affecting her.

To distract herself from the warm, wet, annoyingly pleasant interior 'itch' she was feeling, she paid attention to Jason's work as he remade the once humble cabin into what appeared to be some sumptuous Executive retreat. It was still in the 'rustic' motif, but the type that somebody with a shitload of money would interpret it as. The log walls were varnished and wide, the

two layers actually filled with heavy layers of insulation to keep the cabin as cozy-warm as any house. The interior had a gleaming, polished wood floor and heavy, dark-stained furnishings with over-stuffed, baby-bottom-soft leather. All accents were 'old brass', muted golden shades that went with the dark-stained wood that abounded. The small fireplace became a huge stone monolith that could have roasted an entire ox, and a cheerful fire blazed in it's deep recesses.

By the time Jason finished, the place was huge, and looked like a hunting lodge of royalty. He, himself, even fit in with the look, his broad, handsome frame now adorned in expensive 'casual' clothes whose only discordant note was the pendant, which he thoughtfully tucked into his shirt to keep from spoiling the image.

In fact, the most glaring thing in the room was her, her new, cheap-slutty body and clothing and attitudes, don't forget that, she told herself) very much out-of-place in the elegant surroundings.

"There, that should do it." Jason said, with a broad grin, as he collapsed into a couch. "go get me a beer, bitch."

Mae was stunned... to find herself not at all insulted. She knew she should be - but despite the fact she new it to be an insult, emotionally it felt more like a term of endearment. She found herself hurrying atop her extremely high heels, moving sensuously into the huge kitchen and opening the massive, steel-clad fridge to grab the beer and fetch it back to her new master, who had complete control over her.

He didn't thank her as he took the beer, and Mae found she didn't expect him to. In fact, she went through the ritual of acting sexy while she gave it to him, but knew he wouldn't take her up on the offer - he knew her 'history', and the pleasure he was getting from her was from his use - or misuse - of the power he now held, not from her as a woman.

Damn him.

Part of her wished he was back to normal, so he could undo this - yet and equal part of her wanted him to become even more depraved, enough so that he'd eagerly fuck her, hard. Even painfully. She knew she'd love it, and that part of her dreaded him turning her back into a pathetic, not-often-laid man.

Helpless, hopeless, Mae returned to the leather chair and sat down, lightly caressing her huge, firm tits and wondering if getting herself off would piss her new master off...

then she heard the sound of a vehicle pulling up.

"That'll be Harry." Jason said, with a grin. "Why don't you greet him at the door... properly?"

Mae was disgusted with how eagerly she rose out of the chair and hurried towards the door - part that didn't keep her from being eager, from looking forward to what she was about to do.

The fact that the guy who came through the door was twenty pounds overweight, pale, with greasy black hair and bad BO didn't deter her 'eager' side in the least, though it only added to the disgust of what little male ego remained. The fact remained though, that he was male - and that was all Mae needed to get all hot and horny over him.

He was definitely surprised when she greeted him with - "Hi, I'm Mae, and I want to fuck your brains out", but didn't object when she pressed her lush body against his, huge tits shoved against his chest as she wrapped one leg around his and pressed her full, gloss- pink lips against his and kissed him hungrily. In fact, he responded with a clarity, dropping the tattered Army-surplus backpack he was carrying so he could grope her ass as he kissed her back just as eagerly.

"now - that's a greeting..." he said when he finally broke the kiss - but couldn't say anything else, as she re-initiated the kiss, rubbing her huge tits up and down on his chest as she kissed him hungrily, one hand sliding between their bodies to grope at his crotch.

"now, now - at least close the door..." Jason said, and Mae had no choice but to stop kissing Harry and let him the rest of the way into the cabin, closing the door behind him.

She was disgusted to find that she was more upset then relieved by the 'reprieve' Jason had temporarily granted her.

"So, Harry - you think you've got a good thing here?" Jason said, with a grin, as he came over to shake the grinning young man's hand. "man, oh man..." Harry said, looking back at Mae, lustfully. "She's even better in person. Is she really as hot to trot as she seems?" "More." Jason assured him. "Especially for you - after all you have an enormous cock, and always have."

"That's right..." Harry agreed with a grin, shifting his stance slightly as his crotch bulged alarmingly (and enticingly). Thanks to Jason's choice of words, he didn't realize he'd suddenly gained a much larger 'package', thinking he'd had it all along.

"So, why don't you and Mae get... acquainted." Jason said, with a grin. "I'll just watch some TV. Why don't you take Mae to her room? It's the third one back, on the left..."

"Sure thing..." the now hugely-endowed young man said with a grin, taking Mae's hand and leading her towards the hallway. She pressed eagerly against him, huge tits pressed against his back, as she wiggled and swayed along behind him.

As they entered the hallway, she caught a momentary glance of the picture on the TV that Jason had turned on - and saw that it showed.. her and Harry, as if there were an invisible film-crew following them. Obviously, Jason wasn't planning on missing anything, though he'd chosen a more discrete method of watching.

She felt a burst of pleasure at the thought of being watched while she fucked somebody, which only made the helpless male part of her feel worse - since there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

They barely managed to get into the room and close the door before Mae was all over Harry, her hands working the buttons and clasps of his clothes as she kissed him hungrily. It was sickening to be doing this, but she couldn't possibly stop herself - and most of her didn't want to stop, was looking forward to being used like the horny slut Jason had turned her into.

Harry was equally adept at stripping her clothes off, what little of it there was to remove. It wasn't long at all before she was dressed only in her nylons and heels, while Harry was completely naked, cock already hard and throbbing.

And what a cock it was! Easily a foot long, and amazingly thick, it looked more like some sort of sexual parody than a real organ, with its swollen, over-sized head and thick, heavy veins...

...and the sight of it almost drove Mae mad with unwanted lust. "Fuck me..." She begged, eyes fixed on that huge organ.

"Not yet, babe - I want you to blow me..." Harry said, with a grin - and, disgusted, Mae found herself sinking eagerly to her nylon-clad knees, anticipating the act she was about to perform.

Opening her full, sexy lips as wide as they would go, she leaned forward - and engulfed that massive head with her lips, leaning forward to take more and more of the massive, warm, salty organ into her mouth...

...and throat. Jason had 'considerately' made her able to deep-throat even such a massive organ as this, and she found herself positioning herself to allow a straight line from her lips to her throat, so that she could push her face forward until her nose was nudging his curly, smelly pubic hair.

There was no pain, but quite a bit of pressure, as the massive organ filled her throat, stretching the esophagus so much that her airway was blocked. She should have been gagging, but her gag reflex was missing - so she could quite easily suffocate in this position, the massive organ filling her throat until she couldn't breathe.

Instead, she began to shimmy her body back and forth, the massive organ sliding in and out of her throat. Each time it cleared her throat, she'd take a quick breath through her nose while her tongue licked the massive, swollen head - then she'd hold her breath again as she took that massive organ deep into her throat once more.

Harry moaned as he continued to deep-throat his huge cock, her silky, wet mouth and throat enclosing the organ with yielding pressure, her lips stretched around its girth. He wrapped his hands into her long, pale hair, and urged her on, bucking his hips to 'help' her, banging his crotch into her face...

...and she was loving every second of it. Though her male ego, buried and helpless, was screaming in humiliation and disgust, Mae was loving being used, being fucked - because that's why she existed. She was a fuck-slut.

Then he came - and she almost suffocated. She wanted to jerk her head back, so she could taste the wonderful flow of cum gushing from his cock - but he grabbed her head and held her all the way forward, and his cum seemed to flow forever, gushing straight into her stomach as his massive organ filled her throat. The world was beginning to gray out when he finally released her, and she fell back gasping.

"Wow - that was great, Mae."

"Mmmm.. I loved it, harry." She said, sensuously climbing to her high-heeled feet. "And, if you want, you can call me 'Slut', or 'Bitch' - anything you want..."

"Okay.. Slut." Harry said, grinning even more broadly. "Get over here - I want to get my hands on those huge tits of yours."

She obeyed, and spent the next few minutes moaning in disgustingly genuine pleasure as her roughly - almost brutally - fondled and squeezed her huge tits and massive, swollen nipples. By the time he was beginning to get bored with mauling her huge mounds, his cock was already hard again, and ready.

"Now get on your knees, bitch..." Harry said. "Time to get fucked."

"Yes..." She panted, rolling onto the bed on her hands and knees. "Fuck me, Harry - fuck me hard! Make me scream!"

harry obliged. Getting on his knees behind her, he wrapped his hands around her hips - and drove his massive tool deep into her cunt.

It was fantastically enjoyable - and painful. But Mae enjoyed the pain as much the pleasure, begging for it, crying out to be fucked like an animal. Harry began to slam his massive organ into her, over and over, not making love to her, not having sex with her, barely even fucking her - but using her to pleasure himself, the way she was intended to be used. Mae was little more than a living fuck-toy, thanks to Jason, and that's what Harry was using her as.

She was loving it. Though part of her was gibbering and screaming, the majority of her mind - that reworked by Jason - lived solely for moments like this, and she screamed in primal pleasure as she built towards orgasm...

...but she never reached it. Already 'primed' by the blow-job, he came quickly, and she faked an orgasm as his huge cock spewed it's load of cum deep into her sopping wet cunt.

With a grunt, he withdrew from her - and she eagerly turned around and cleaned off his huge cock, lapping up the mix of their juices as if it was the finest ambrosia.

"thanks, babe." He said, indifferently - and Mae suspected that Jason had been tampering with his mind, to make him more receptive to her type of sexuality, to make this more humiliating for the trapped male ego deep inside of her. It worked - the part of her that remained

from her old life just wanted to die. But it no longer had any say in her new life, and she couldn't express any inkling of those inner torments she was suffering.

"Enjoy yourself?" Jason asked, from the doorway, where he was lounging against the wall. Harry, startled, turned - then grinned. "You bet. I'm gonna enjoy fucking this slut a couple more times."

"I'm sorry, but your time is up." Jason said. "No, you're not going to be the least bit interested in her anymore." "What the fuck's that supposed to mean?" Harry said, frowning.

Jason explained - in that tone of voice that told Mae that he was actually making a wish that would come true. "This is a whore-house. We just opened, but it's going to be the most private, most exclusive, most profitable whore-house in the world. I'm a Dutch Ambassador, you see, so this house is legally part of Holland, and American laws don't apply, so I can have whores, serve pot - and make a fortune."

Harry blinked. "Oh - you mean I won a fuck with a whore, and now you want me to pay for the next time?"

"Not exactly." Jason said, with an evil grin. "I want you to imagine your idea of a perfect whore. Imaging what she looks like, imagine how she acts. Imagine every possible detail about her..."

Frowning, Harry found himself, unwillingly, doing just that.

"Now... become her." Jason said, laughing - as Harry cried out, collapsing on the bed as his body writhed and changed. A minute later, the newest employee of the whorehouse sat up, looking somewhat confused.

"What.. what happened...?" She asked, her voice incredibly sweet. She looked like some high-school innocent, though Harry had been at least twenty-two, twenty-three before. The new 'whore' was a slender, petite slip of a girl, with big blue eyes, a supple body, and pert little tits.

"You're just a little confused, dear." Jason said. "Nobody here but us employees."

Instantly, the 'waif' act vanished. "No shit, boss. Nobody got a butt - I need a nic-fix." Though the voice itself was still a lovely soprano, the tone, words - and her expression - were world-weary and experienced.

"We won't be busy until tomorrow. Go ahead, go to your room.. you'll find your entire wardrobe and personal items is unpacked and set out for you."

"Good." The new woman said, rising and strolling from the woman. Mae found herself wondering if, deep inside, she remembered being Harry...

"Now, as for you, Mae..." Jason said, grinning at her. "You did a good job... but I think it wasn't humiliating enough for you. So, from now on, I want a little more of the 'real' you to show through whenever you're with a customer... but you'll only work as a 'bottom' for the BDSM clients..."

Because he wasn't a client, Mae wasn't even able to scream at him even as the 'armor' of Mae's willingness was depleted, leaving her to face fully, intellectually and emotionally, her new fate....

"Well, I hate to leave you " Jason laughed, knowing what she was feeling. "But there's some people from my past, male and female

alike, that I think would be perfect new additions to our staff "

* * * * *

Jason grunted as he dumped his load into the huge-breasted, younger version of Miss Sanchez, his old Spanish teacher. He collapsed, heavily, onto her, while she thanked him profusely for fucking her...

Then suddenly he twitched and screamed as his 'one day' came to an end, and his normal mind reasserted itself. "My god!" He cried. "What have I done!"

"You've made me so very happy!" Miss Sanchez - Donita - said, in reply, from beneath him. "Oh, Jason - I wish you could know just how I feel about spending the rest of my life as a cum-crazed, huge-breasted whore !"

Jason had just enough time to realize that the pendant, dangling from it's chain, was resting between her massive boobs as she said this...

And the whorehouse gained it's final member of the staff.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A thief steals ancient worship artifacts, and suddenly find that he has awaken the gods who decide to turn him into their ideal of the female creature.

Divine Disguise

By Gunslinger

The guard's eyes narrowed as the man came through the doors. A twenty-one year veteran of the NYPD before 'retiring' to the position of a Security Guard, Brad Garret was used to making snap judgments of people - or rather, the chances that a particular person was likely to be a source of trouble.

The tall, hugely muscled man walking through the door of the Cartwright Building caused the hairs on the back of Garret's neck to shiver.

The man wore jeans and a T-shirt, both of which were straining over the man's massive musculature. His heavy, Army-surplus boots hit the marble floor of the lobby in time with his arrogant stride, and beneath the gleaming dome of the man's shaven head, his narrow-eyed face sported a large, misshapen nose that proclaimed the man's involvement in past violence.

"Can I help you, sir?" Garret asked - one finger hovering near the alarm button below the edge of the desk. Brad just didn't like the way the muscular man was carrying the large, olive-drab bag over one shoulder. The strap left the bag hanging right near the man's hand, and if there was a weapon inside....

"Yeah - I'm here to do some weight-training with Mr. Sarpin's daughter." The man answered, politely enough, even if his face kept the same, slightly threatening expression.

Garret relaxed slightly, even as he sighed in annoyance. Jessica Sarpin - eighteen-year-old 'Rich Bitch Extraordinaire' - was at the stage in her life where she automatically defied her father in everything. That included finding guys her father would never approve of to have brief flings with.

Brad cocked his head. "Got something for me?"

The man nodded, producing a card that he slid across the desk. Sure enough, it was one of Jessica's 'passes', and Garret buzzed the man through, shaking his head.

He should really stop doing this, Garret thought to himself as the man walked through. If the company ever found out he was letting anyone in without signing them in and copying down their ID info....

Then again, he thought, settling back into his chair, the company would never know. After all, each floor of the exclusive building had a private, direct-to-the-street elevator. Unmonitored - because they couldn't be summoned from the street level - it was possible to arrange entry with a tenant by calling them and having them ride the elevator down to pick them up. Which, as a matter of fact, would be Garret's explanation if anything went wrong. Besides, the extra twelve hundred a month Jessica was paying him to 'play along' was very, very nice....

* * * * *

Stepping into the elevator, Jeff let the brass-clad doors slide shut. However, instead of punching 'seven' - the floor the Sarpin's lived on - Jeff firmly pressed twelve, and waited as the large, ornate elevator carried him smoothly upwards.

When the elevator reached the indicated floor, the doors slid open and Jeff stepped into a small lobby. A quick look verified that the small red light over the security camera was out - just as advertised. Since he worked for the building's Security contractor as a maintenance technician, it had been as easy to arrange as it had been to find out about Jessica Sarpan's little clandestine love trysts. Since the person who lived in the apartment that took up this entire floor was on vacation for a month, there had been nobody to report the 'malfunction'.

Using a copy of a key he'd made, Jeff let himself inside the apartment, where he quickly disarmed the security system with the company pass code. Outside the huge widows that looked down on the park the building bordered, the sky was already fading into the darkness of night, which was all going the way it was supposed to - so far.

Now came the '*fun*' part.

Quickly, Jeff began to undress, stripping off all his clothes...

...followed by his muscles.

Formed out of high-quality prosthetic latex - like that used in Hollywood - the fake musculature readily peeled off, revealing the real Jeff Witherspoon - a tall, almost frighteningly skinny young man. Peeling off the fake 'broken' nose and jaw line revealed an almost effeminate face, with a smooth jaw and small, upturned nose that had been the bane of his high-school days. It was a face that would have been recognized by Brad at the desk, even with the newly-shaven scalp, thus requiring the disguise.

Quickly, the now-naked young man emptied his bag and stuffed his clothing and disguise into the bag.

Padding through the apartment, Jeff made his way to the prize he was here to claim - a series of glass display cases that held ancient

- and priceless - Greek artifacts.

Each of them were spheres of pottery, intricately worked in precious metals and gems. About four inches across, each sphere's design represented a different Greek deity, displaying an artist's rendition of the deity and a series of associated acts and fables.

Using a lock-pick, Jeff swiftly opened the first four cases and extracted - carefully - the valuable objet's de arts. One by one, he carried them back to his bag, and the items he'd laid out beside it.

Two of the items were latex-foam object, roughly spherical in shape and about the size of medicine balls. Behind a backing of foam on each object were two shaped recesses.

Into one of the foam spheres, Jeff placed the first two 'Worship eggs' - In this case, those of Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, and Dionysus the God of Wine.

The sphere for the Three Graces - Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, Goddesses of banquets, dances and Social Enjoyments, - and the one for Priapus, the God of Fertility, went into the second. The foam backings of each of the carriers was closed, leaving the valuable objects well padded.

Then Jeff began to 'dress'.

First he carefully applied spirit gum to various parts of his body, then began applying the correct pieces of latex prosthetics in a pattern he'd rehearsed a dozen times in preparation. The latex application that changed the contours of his carefully shaved legs came first, followed by the ones that altered his hips and ass, as well as containing his carefully positioned cock. More prosthetics reshapes his neck, shoulders and arms.

Then, finally, Jeff picked up the two 'carriers' of the stolen artifacts and carefully affixed the huge, detailed, amazingly realistic 'breasts' into place.

Had anyone been present, they would have seen a person who appeared to be completely and utterly female. Every detail was perfect, from the shapely legs, womanly hips and full, tear-drop-shaped ass to the tint waist, huge, round tits and feminine - if not particularly noteworthy - face.

There were a few things that would have drawn attention - aside from the massive tits, that was - and Jeff's next action was to take care of those.

The most obvious was 'her' bald head - which was quickly corrected by another application of spirit gun to the smooth scalp, which assured a good grip for the massive wig of blonde hair that 'she' carefully lowered into place.

Having practiced many times, it didn't take Jeff very long to finish 'her' preparations. With the smoothness that came from those many practice sessions, 'she' pulled on 'her' clothes - a pair of black nylons that covered 'her' shapely legs, and a short, tight hot-pink skirt that clung to wide hips and sexy ass while hiding the black panties beneath.

A massive black bra - a custom-made MMM-cup - enclosed the realistic-looking tits, making the precious cargo within all that much safer. Over the massive undergarment went a tight, midriff-baring short-sleeve shirt with an extremely low-cut neckline. This shirt was the same shade as the skirt, and was designed - as was the rest of the outfit - to make it look like 'she' had no place to hide anything like the 'Worship Eggs'.

The final touches were the selected pieces of flashy jewelry and the cheap-looking make-up Jeff carefully applied.

Jeff had spent the past six months preparing for this part, including getting used to walking in heels - so there was no hesitation when 'she' stepped into the pink-and-white platforms with the seven-inch stiletto heels. 'She' had already proved that 'she' could pass in public, having done it five times already, although in a different - less 'memorable' - feminine disguise.

Satisfied, Jeff took the bag and carried it over to the incinerator chute. Dropping it down, 'she' was certain that the last link between 'Mr. Muscles' and 'Miss Mammary' was gone.

Grabbing 'her' small clutch purse, Jeff headed out, moving with a supple, slightly exaggerated feminine stride that looked completely natural.

The new disguise was necessary for the simple reason that 'she' knew that 'she' would be caught on tape was 'she' left. With the owners on vacation, the direct-access elevator was locked off at this floor, and trying to use it would set off alarms. Likewise, 'she' couldn't exit via the front door.

Instead, Jeff entered the standard elevator and rode it down to the underground parking lot. The cavernous, single-level underground lot was shared between this building and the one across the street, and was monitored by video. As 'she' exited the elevator and began 'her' jiggle-and-sway towards the subway entrance on the far side of the structure, Jeff knew that each building's security guard would assume that the massive-breasted blonde had exited from the other building. Even when the theft was discovered, they wouldn't connect it to 'her' - the tight clothes and tiny purse left nowhere to hide the stolen items, and the mouthwatering amount of breast-flesh revealed 'proved' that it wasn't a small-busted woman with the items hidden under a shirt. It wouldn't occur to anyone that the barely- covered breasts were, themselves, fake - and the hiding place of the stolen artifacts.

Smugly, Jeff entered the subway and caught first west-bound train. Despite the discomfort of having the guys sharing the car with her ogle her, 'she' acted naturally, even smiling at one guy. Not only had 'her' previous practice session trained her to handle this in a feminine way, but the fact that some of the guys were obviously quite willing to bed 'her' merely reinforced 'her' confidence in the disguise.

Twenty-eight minutes later, 'she' entered 'her' bolt-hole - a small one-room apartment in the bowels of a now abandoned factory. Jeff's father had once worked in the building, and had once told Jeff about the small room, a fully furnished and functional apartment that was a relic from the highly paranoid owner's obsession for 'safe' places to stay when he was unable to get home to his fortress-like mansion.

Now, Jeff entered the forgotten room and looked longingly at the bed in the corner. But 'she' knew that the prosthetics wouldn't survive being peeled and reapplied, which would be necessary is 'she' wanted to go to bed. Since 'she' needed the disguise again in about six hours, when she went to deliver the 'items' to the buyer, that was out of the option.

Instead, Jeff turned on the coffee-maker he'd brought down when he'd outfitted the place, then sat in the old but comfortable armchair and turned on the TV, which he'd spliced into a cable-line running in the access shaft that lead to the concealed door to the bolt-hole.

Despite the strong, black coffee, Jeff unwittingly slipped into a deep sleep during the fourth hour of his vigil.

* * * * *

Jeff snapped instantly awake, absolutely positive that he wasn't alone.

He wasn't. Even as his eyes adjusted and his brain ran fast enough to interpret the visual stimuli, panic raced through Jeff at the danger he was in - either legal, or physical, depending on what the interlopers had in mind.

Even as Jeff's 'Fight or Flee' instincts snapped into screaming wakefulness, his churning brain was realizing many things about the unwelcome guests, and the oddities of the situation.

They were all dusky of skin, and - dressed as they were in variations of the Greek Classical style of toga - it wasn't hard to see the Mediterranean background of the people crowding the small room.

On the bed sat three women, vaguely attractive. They were near-identical, but not quite exact triplets - there was slight variations.

Nevertheless, they obviously shared a genetic background.

Sitting in the other chair, smiling slightly in the abstract way of someone who was almost always smiling, was a tall, vaguely handsome man, one hand wrapped around a pewter goblet of a deep red liquid. Seated on the arm of his chair, being lightly fondled with his free hand, was a beautiful, if somewhat imperious-looking, woman. The final member of the strange quintet was a tall, handsome and - judging from the line of the toga - amazingly endowed young man.

All five of the intruders was enveloped in a faint but noticeable golden glow.

Even as his brain finished cataloging all the impressions, Jeff was attempting to rise from the chair and demand an explanation.

Attempting, because nothing happened. No voice, no movement - aside from the ability to track with his eyes, Jeff was completely and utterly paralyzed. He could feel everything his body was reporting, but any command sent from his brain apparently never reached it's destination. In radio terms, the brain stem that linked him to the rest of his body was no longer a transceiver, capable of sending and receiving information, but a receiver, accepting only incoming nerve pulses.

"This is truly pathetic." It was the beautiful, imperious woman who spoke, looking at Jeff with disdain. "A single worshiper - and a man at that. This is intolerable."

Despite the fact that he understood every word perfectly, Jeff was filled with a certainty that she wasn't speaking English at all.

'It's a dream - I'm dreaming.' Jeff told himself - but he found, to his confused horror, that he couldn't convince himself of that fact. Despite the dream-like qualities to the situation, the actuality of the matter was that it was too detailed, too... real.

"Come, now, Aphrodite!" The man that was fondling her said, jovially. "The rest of us have no problems having worshipers of either sex. Why are you so hung up on such a small matter?"

"Dionysus is right." The three woman chorused, in one voice. "Would you turn away a worshiper after so many years?"

"I leave men to my brother, Eros." The woman - Aphrodite - snorted. "There are a great many differences in the sex lives of men and woman - even us Gods must share the load of all that work."

The well-endowed man spoke. "Consider his attire and attributes, my dear - if we did not know, we would think him female. Perhaps he wishes to appease you by appearing female for you."

The woman shook her head. "Perhaps, Priapus - but that still isn't enough." She sighed. "Well, if I must have this one as my worshipper, I suppose I shall just have to make the change. After all, he is the first to invoke us in many centuries." She looked at Jeff with reproach. "Still, to have to go from having thousands of worshipers to sharing *one* with all of you..."

"Let it go - we must all sacrifice in this day. Come, let us give our new worshiper our Mark, Boon and Commandment, then let it free to bring us more."

"Very well." Aphrodite acknowledged the wisdom of Dionysus' words. She rose and approached Jeff, who was unable to do anything at all.

"I grant you this Mark, proclaiming you a worshiper of Aphrodite," She said, touching Jeff's forehead.

Instantly, a thousand sensations assaulted Jeff as things changed. He suddenly felt the movement of air over nylon-clad legs, when the latex forms should have separated his true skin from the nylons. The sensation of his ass sitting on the extra padding changed, and he could now feel the seat through what should have been an inch and a half of foam. Likewise, he could now feel the tight skirt on his very flesh - and the tight feel of the black panties across a smooth crotch and it's womanhood, while the sensation of his imprisoned cock vanished.

At the same instant, his breasts suddenly acquired a new weight and transmitted the sensation of being enclosed in the bra, even as the feel of the wig 'glued' to his scalp altered. In fact, all over his body, things shifted and changed, and nowhere was the intervening sensation of padding or applications.

Jeff wanted to scream as, in that instant, it became all too clear - undeniably so, no matter how much he wished to deny it - that he no longer wore the disguise of a huge-breasted blonde woman, but had, in fact, become one.

"I grant you this boon, Mortal - that you shall have the womanly arts and actions that befit a member of the Sisterhood of Aphrodite." She continued, her words slamming home in the confused, horrified mind of the immobile ex-man. "As such, I give you this Commandment - go forth and use your Boon to acquit yourself as a member of the Sisterhood, desired by men and envied by women."

Then Dionysus stepped forward, taking her place, and placed his hand upon the new woman's head. "I grant you this Mark..." He intoned, and though Jeff couldn't see the effect, she could feel the tingle that marked her lips becoming larger, sexier, more inviting. "...and with it, the Boon that the taste of your lips shall be like the richness of wine, intoxicating to all those who partake. I Command you to share your bounty with the world, to ease the pain and bring forth the joy."

Then it was the Graces turn. As one, they moved from the bed, one taking a position at each of her shoulders while that last stood squarely in front of the horrified, terrified new woman.

"We grant you this mark," The intoned as one, and the last trace of any manliness left in her new form faded as her hands and feet became dainty, and the rest of her feminized body altered to become more than just the sensual femininity left by Aphrodite - it now was also graceful and agile.

"We grant you the boon that your moves shall be as a dance, your dance as if a fantasy, and your presence the herald of enjoyment.

We Command you to share of these with the world."

Then it was Priapus' turn, and he stepped forward with a thoughtful look on his face.

"I don't often have female worshipers." He remarked candidly to the immobile, now-stunning blonde that Jeff had become. "But, unlike dear Aphrodite, I think I can handle the situation."

Then he placed his hand upon her head. "Let this be my Mark, naming you as a worshiper of the God of Virility and Fertility." He intoned, and Jeff felt a disturbingly pleasant sensation run through her new body, emanating in her crotch, chest and mouth.

"For my Boon, I give you this - The sight of you shall arouse, the smell of you entice, and the touch of you produce new-found virility upon any man. I Command you - share this gift, so the world might know my power."

The assembled Gods and Goddesses formed a semi-circle around the transformed Jeff and spoke, their voices in a complex, powerful harmonic chorus that seemed to shake the very foundations of the world.

"We proclaim the no longer a mere Mortal, but by the power of our Boons, an Incarnation. We greet thee, Adara Erotus, Incarnation of Feminine Sensuality. Go forth, and let the world pay homage to that which you represent."

Then, their work done, they began to fade from view, as if a dimmer switch were dimming the light. But the room itself was not that which was darkening, but only the forms of the deities who had 'blessed' their unintended new worshipper. Within moments, they were nothing but shadows that blended in with those that already existed - and then they were gone completely, and Jeff - Adara - could once more move.

However, for the first few seconds of her new existence, the new Incarnation barely moved at all, merely dropping the gaze of her dark, powerfully intelligent twilight-blue eyes to the massive mounds so amply revealed by the top she wore, and the dainty, slender - feminine - hands that she numbly lifted with an unconsciously graceful, seductive motion to touch her huge tits, sending a jolt of pleasure through her massive mounds of sensitive flesh.

Stunned and horrified - among a welter of other emotions - Adara rose from her seat. Another time, it would have been a stiff, mechanical motion. However, that was no longer possible in her new form - Adara's body had been divinely endowed with the ability to move in a graceful, sensual manner, and that's how it moved. At this point, Adara wasn't thinking about how she was moving, but even if she'd tried to force herself to move differently, it wouldn't have done any good. With a gracefully

seductive grace, she rose from her seat, feeling her massive, firm tits shift upon her chest as she rose, and the way her spectacular new ass moved as the muscles that formed it flexed sensuously. Rising to the top of the spike-like heels on her shoes, she moved in a helplessly sensual sway towards the mirror in the corner of the room, her long, sexy legs scissoring erotically as her taut, firm ass swiveled in a determinedly feminine way,

moving her wide, womanly hips with a gentle rocking motion that cause her panties to slide every so slightly - and ever so 'enjoyably' - over her smooth-shaven new womanhood.

She approached the mirror and stopped when she was able to see as much as the small rectangle of reflective glass could show. What it showed made that male part of Adara's brain drool.

She was absolutely stunning.

No 'Dumb Blonde Bimbo', the face reflected back was intelligent and self-confident, the incredibly full, sensual lips in a small but permanent smile that was seductive, provocative and knowing. Her eyes, framed by long, dark lashes, were equally provocative and knowing, revealing an absolute sense of control and power that the owner of the eyes did not feel. Her face was classically beautiful as well as sexy, and framed by a huge mane of silky golden hair that had gone from the artificial shades of the wig to a rich golden color somewhere between 'Wheat' and 'Brass'.

Her body was as equally stunning, shapely and mildly athletic. Her huge tits were incredibly firm and round, and - incredibly - didn't look out-of-proportion on her body, balanced by her hour-glass figure with it's wide hips and spectacular ass below her slender waist, and by the wider-than-average shoulders above. Her legs - incredibly long and shapely - added a few inches of height to the 'taller than average for a man' height the now non-existent body that Jeff had possessed, making her about 6'7", not including the height her heels lifted her. However, her body was so perfectly proportioned that the height was only noticeable in relation to things around her, not detracting at all from her incredibly feminine physical presence.

In short, she was the most absolutely stunning example of sensual femininity she had ever seen.

Only now was the truth - and the consequences of it - starting to really sink in. She slumped slightly - again, a graceful move - and stared at her unbelievably seductive, provocative new self in the mirror.

"Oh... my... God..." She said - and started at the incredibly rich, seductive contralto it emerged in. She closed her incredible eyes, trying to hold on to the thin edge of sanity she possessed, and even that was a seductive move. It was rapidly becoming clear to the new woman that no matter what she was feeling, no matter what her intentions and emotions were, her physical movements would always appear seductive and provocative, displaying other emotions and intentions, one that she wasn't feeling or eager - even willing - to express.

But she no longer had a say in the matter. "Come back!" Adara cried out. "I don't want this!"

From the departed deities, there was no response, vocal or otherwise. Wanted or not, her new identity - and purpose in life - had been given to her, apparently irrevocably.

At the moment, the thing the new woman wanted to do the most was give into what she thought of as the most feminine urge - to break down and cry, give into the shock, despair and confusion. But, in the same way she was unable to show her emotions by body

language or facial expression, so she was unable to bring tears to the piercing eyes in her new face.

Instead, she straightened, and forced her mind to fight through the layers of complex emotions in an attempt to begin thinking in something approaching a logical way.

To that end, she began to focus on herself and her new body, partly to see if she could somehow draw connections with her 'old' body

- despite the fact that she moved easily - gracefully, sensuously - in this new body, it's every movement felt alien and awkward, the weight and balance all wrong, and millions of new and disturbing sensations - including some that were disturbingly comfortable, like the sensitivity of her new endowments, of the way her smooth silk flesh felt, and the way her...

Adara stopped as she realized two things she didn't feel - hungry or tired. She should have felt both, but whatever alterations had been made to her, these were beneficial - she felt 'great', in the physical sense. However, finding anything 'good' about the situation only made her more awkward - being turned from a guy into the most unbelievably sexy woman in the world wasn't supposed to be enjoyable.

In any case, she also found herself thankful that that was the case - if one thing was for sure, it was the fact that she wasn't just going to curl up and go to sleep.

Like most people, especial those in 'civilized' countries, Adara's first thoughts involved getting 'help'. But, in an unbelievable situation like this, where did you go? A doctor? A Psychiatrist? A theologian?

The answer to the question, of course, was: no-one. All telling her story - to anyone - would achieve was getting her locked up in a mental ward, post haste.

Confused and unsure, scared and horrified and a thousand other things, the new woman's first reasoned course of action wasn't truly reasoned at all, but based on a simple thing - she couldn't pace in the tiny room, and she was going nuts. It was like being caged in, when she now had all sorts of nervous energy, without any fatigue to counter-act it.

So, Adara Erotus, nee Jeff Witherspoon, stuffed her little wad of 'getaway cash' into the tiny purse and headed up towards the surface and the night-time streets.

Emerging from the side door of the building, she began to walk down the sidewalk, not traveling anywhere in particular. All she knew was she needed some time to think, and some mindless, meaningless physical activity would facilitate that.

Almost immediately, she became sharply aware of the look a man in a passing car shot her, and only then did it strike home. The man in question didn't see who she had used to be, only a huge-breasted, incredibly sexy woman walking down the street in a sexy, provocative glide that made parts of her anatomy move in highly intriguing ways....

It wasn't a voice in her head. Not exactly - but it was enough to bring Adara up short as the communication from Aphrodite slid into

her thoughts. In fact, it would have seemed to be one of her own thoughts, if not for the fact that it was full of a constrained power, and more focused and coherent than her own thoughts.

Adara shuddered as the thought was translated into a coherent concept. Aphrodite was, after all, the Goddess of beauty - and her... well, displeasure wasn't quite the right word. Her 'unappreciation' of the fact that her new worshiper wasn't doing anything on behalf of the Goddess of Beauty was enough that, if left unaltered, *would* become displeasure.

Even in her circumstance, where she was beginning to think that death might be welcome, Adara knew that angering a Goddess was a **bad** idea.

After all, there *were* fates worse than death....

As disquieting as the thought was, there was one benefit to it - she now had an aim, something to do, a 'next step' to take.

Although the activity wasn't one she actually wanted to do, the fact that she had something to draw her on, to focus on, was necessary.

The tough part would be finding what she needed at this time of night. Still, she had to try or else.

Her first step was to head for a drugstore in the area, where she - as Jeff - had purchased things like razors and shaving cream for the bolt-whole. It was still open, and she entered the brightly-lit store, intensely aware of the sudden looks that she was getting from the few male customers, the long, lingering looks, the lustful expressions.

She wasn't even able to display the discomfort she was feeling at the situation, instead seeming completely at ease - even appreciative - of the looks her incredible, massively endowed form generated. With the same sexy stride, she went up and down the aisles, collecting what she needed. The clerk - a young man of about twenty - was eager to help in any way possible, and allowed her to use the employee's bathroom.

When she emerged from the bathroom, she'd undergone a second sort of transformation, albeit of a more mundane sort.

Her hair was now done up in a stylish style that lifted it up off her face into a slight rise over a barrette before spilling back down behind her. Her face was exquisitely made up, highlighting her features to a definite advantage. Unlike the earlier style, this wasn't 'cheap', but very subtle yet seductive.

She swayed sensuously up to the clerk, her lips still locked in the small smile that she didn't feel. The look on the young man's face proved that her work had been effective.

"Thank you." She said, her voice stuck in 'low and seductive'.

She had perhaps a second's warning, as the weight of a God's presence in her mind hit like a weight - and in that instant, her mind considered the command she'd been given, considered the alternative...

Unable to give expression to the grimace she felt, Adara felt she had no choice, and gave into the divine command. Slowly, sensuously, she brought one shapely arm up and draped it over the young man's shoulder, then leaned forward - and a considerable way down - to express her gratitude in a more direct way.

As she shuddered in the depths of her psyche, Adara's soft, sexy lips pressed against the youth's. For a second, he remained stiff, too stunned by the fantasy-come-to-life to respond - but that broke quickly, and he kissed back enthusiastically.

The Boon granted to her was already in effect, and both participants of the kiss felt the effects - the flush, the slight light-headed feeling - and the intense, physical pleasure of the kiss. The youth was really cooperating now, and their tongues were slowly, sensuously dancing around each other - and Adara was disgusted to find herself so wrapped up in the physical pleasure of the kiss that she actually felt a flush of disappointment as she broke it.

"Is there a clothing store nearby that would still be open?" Adara asked, forcing her mind back on track.

"Huh?" Obviously, the same wasn't so easy for the young man. He spoke with a dreamy voice, and from the way his pants bulged, he probably had the most enormous erection he'd ever had. "Oh - yeah, three blocks up and on the right."

With regret, the few other men in the store watched as the mind-blowing woman sensuously glide from the store. The regret, however, was mitigated by the view of the tall, incredibly proportioned woman's perfect ass as she left.

* * * * *

Helplessly using that incredibly graceful, provocative walk, Adara followed the instructions given to her by the store clerk, her mind still trying to cope with the kiss. Not so much with the actual act itself - but by the disturbing fact that she had actually - physically, at least - enjoyed it. That wasn't something she was quite ready to handle, and didn't know if she ever would be.

Reaching the store, she paused at the entrance, looking at the selections in the window. The place was a higher-class boutique, and with a sinking sensation Adara knew that every single thing would be outside her price-range. She wasn't

particularly upset that she couldn't by new 'girlie' clothes - but she was upset that the Deities responsible to her fate wouldn't take an excuse.

Turning away from the lit storefront, she continued down the side-street, which was mostly deserted in the pre-dawn gloom. Her glorious new eyes carefully scanned the area, then she took the first alleyway that led to the delivery doors for the row of stores and shops.

Moving carefully through the rather pungent darkness, she let her eyes adapt to what little light there was. Counting off doorways, she soon found herself at what should be the delivery door to a small shop she'd chosen. The storefront had revealed nice-looking clothes that were probably knock-off copies of designer originals, inexpensive jewelry - and no security company logo on the window. After all - who broke in to steal women's clothing?

She did. With one last look around, she slipped her lock-pick set out and quickly bypassed the lock, allowing herself access to the store-room.

Rummaging through the boxes, she soon found an outfit that she'd feel more comfortable in. Struggling with the unfamiliar clasps, she set about putting the outfit on...

...and cursed loudly, and at length, when she realized that there was no way that her chosen ensemble would fit her amazing new body.

With a grimace, Adara set herself to the task of finding clothes that would fit. She really didn't have the luxury of being choosy - she'd simply have to wear whatever she could manage to get on her tall, massively endowed body.

* * * * *

Richard pushed 'end' with more force than necessary, clipping the cell phone to the burlled walnut dash with an angry motion. His handsome face was marred by his disgruntled expression as several choice comments about his just-now-ex girlfriend ran through his mind.

Tapping his fingers on the steering wheel of the Jaguar, his fingers reached for the keys while he debated whether or not he should bother going on to the *Leigh-Anne II* or not. Sure, the other guys were at loose ends as well, relationship wise, but Richard had been bragging about the 'mystery girl' he was bringing, and the jeers and ribbing he'd get from showing up alone might....

Richard glanced up, his mind working on a good excuse for avoiding the party. Then the tanned blond did an almost classic double take, his jaw slowly dropping downwards.

An absolute goddess was walking down the street in the direction of his car.

Balanced atop black suede pumps with four-inch gold-toned heels, the tall, buxom goddess moved with stunning, supple sexuality.

Incredibly long, shapely, nylon-clad legs scissored back and forth, showing through the slit in her black, crushed-velvet gown with every step. The deep, plunging neckline with a mesh insert revealed an unbelievable amount of cleavage - and quite a bit of her massive, firm tits as well, as the mesh was strained to the absolute limit as it struggled to contain that massive bosom. Her face, a study in feminine sensuality, was exotically beautiful beneath her mane of glorious golden hair. Her every move seemed to be a direct challenge to every man who'd ever lived.

As she reached the front of the Jag and began to pass by, Richard finally snapped out of his lustful daze. Quickly lowering the electrically driven window, he leaned out and raised his voice.

"Excuse me, miss?"

The woman stopped and turned to look at him. Her provocative eyes took him in, and she must have liked what she saw because her full, sensual lips were curled in a slight, seductive smile.

"Yes?"

Her voice made Richard's dick twitch, it was so richly erotic and feminine. "I was just wondering - and forgive me if this seems forward

- but would you care to join me for the evening? Some friends of mine are having a little party on a yacht, and I'm sure that your presence would turn a standard get-together into something altogether wonderful."

The woman opened her incredible, ruby lips to say something - then stopped. For an instant, the glorious blonde goddess almost looked like she was listening to something in the distance...

"Yes, I think I will." She replied. With that incredible, sensual grace, she smoothly glided around to the other side of the car and opened the door. Pushing the seat all the way back to accommodate her tall frame and massive bust-line, she slid into the car. Richard had to fight to avoid losing himself in the mouth-watering view of cleavage and breast-flesh so close at hand.

"Richard Davenport."

The woman smiled slowly, seductively. "Adara."

Smiling, Richard dropped the car into gear and pulled away from the curb...

* * * * *

Adara wanted to grind her perfect new teeth, but was as unable to do so as she was when she'd been forced to leave the shop in this clothing. First the clothing set-back, not 'divine orders' to accept this... this... guy's invitation. She just wanted to scream with frustration.

Or refuse the order - but, so far, she hadn't reached a point where she was willing to tempt the God and Goddess' anger. After all, they'd done this to her when they *weren't* angry. Imagine what might come from their *displeasure*...

* * * * *

"Guys..." Richard said, leaning into the door of the main salon, "I'd like you to meet somebody."

The three young men's quick glance up become something completely different as the door slid fully open, and Adara walked in the room.

With awe-struck looks on their faces, the three men slowly rose to their feet as the tall, massively endowed blonde wiggled and swayed into the room, her eyes sweeping over them with seductive interest. Numbly, Bill, Roger and Steve introduced themselves to the woman who was taller than any of the men who surrounded her.

"Pleased to meet you..." She said in her rich voice, and more than one of them was positive there was a definite emphasis on the word 'pleased'.

"Would you like something to drink?" Bill offered. The gorgeous blonde smiled and agreed that that sounded wonderful. Soon they were ensconced in the chairs - not coincidentally, there had been quite a bit of jockeying for the two spots on the couch, one on either side of the towered monument to femininity. Richard and Steve couldn't quite keep the smug smiles from their faces as they settled in beside the massively endowed woman.

Making chit-chat, all four of the men looked for some 'civilized' way to steering the conversation in the direction they wanted, when it suddenly became completely moot...

* * * * *

When the guy with the Italian heritage... Bob...? Bill...? suggested drinks, Adara agreed enthusiastically - a couple of good stiff belts would numb her a bit to what was going on.

As they rambled on, each trying to make himself the center of her attention, Adara gunned down several Rye and Cokes in quick succession, feeling the slightly numbing warmth kick in nicely. As an added bonus, the God of Wine seemed happy with her for the 'tribute' - so she had herself a couple more. As she started to feel a little detached from what was happening, Adara wondered if, as a man, she'd been this transparently obvious when hitting on women> God, these guys were so pathetically obvious it was painful - and disgusting. Her skin crawled at the hints they were blatantly dropping, but - of course, - she was completely unable to express the utter revulsion she was feeling. Thankfully, the booze was kicking in quickly, helping dull the sharp edge of the emotions she couldn't... emote.

Then, just as she finished her eighth 'tribute' to Dionysus, another divine command intruded on her consciousness - and, if possible, she would have shuddered with disgust. For a long second she sat, the sound of the men's voices flowing around her unheard as she considered the command given to her.

Inside the transformed man, a war raged. Part of it was her... 'male ego', the part that had played such a major part in her life before - but one that was, - as much as she hated to admit it - basically 'excess baggage'. What it wanted out of life couldn't ever be.

The second part was her intellect. Itself, it would view things logically - but much of that logic was skewed by emotions, emotions rooted in the past, in her male upbringing - but also tainted by that 'excess baggage'.

Another part was her male vision of a woman such as herself. As a man, he'd had certain views on how women should be, and now that he was one, those views suddenly became stark and unyielding, a wall to batter her male ego against.

The final part of her wasn't, accurately speaking, part of her - it was the whim and will of the deities that had done this hideous thing to her. Now, as she paused, those 'voices' were becoming louder, clamoring for attention - and compliance.

The men, not even aware of the titanic struggle going on behind her sultry facade, continued to natter away as she tried to resolve the dilemma that held her in it's grip. She didn't want to obey the command - but could she - dare she - disobey it...?

Then, because she had taken too long to decide, because her delay was as good as disobedience, the question suddenly became moot....

* * * * *

In some unimaginable 'place' that didn't really 'exist' as mankind would define it, a certain entity - who, to human eyes would have appeared to be a beautiful, imperious looking woman - was in a state of anger that had no human counterpart. Her companions, while in various states of annoyance or displeasure, came nowhere close to the towering rage that engulfed this one.

"How dare she refuse us?" She 'said', eyes burning. "How dare she?"

And, with the unvoiced consent of her companions, the deity 'reached' into the creation they had wrought and made a certain series of 'corrections'.

* * * * *

Space, time and reality ripped apart.

The only person who could tell was the entity once known as Jeff Witherspoon. Deep in the recesses of his... 'soul', for want of a better word - he felt the terrible pressure as the full force of the Goddess' displeasure became action. That action was tearing him apart.

Literally.

The part that was Jeff Witherspoon now became free of all the mental restrictions placed upon it. The 'honor' that had been placed upon him was revoked, and the demi-Godhood was yanked from the part of him that was, fundamentally speaking, him.

But that was only the half of it. Because there was no a second 'person' sharing the fantastically attributed body sitting in the yacht's main Salon. This one also started out as Jeff Witherspoon - but that did not last for very long. Because for this entity, history was being rewritten. Memory unreeled in it's 'mind', and as it did so, each and every second of that past history was edited, altered so that this new entity remembered itself being born, and growing up, as a female. A female named Jessica Witherspoon, who had *voluntarily* sought out the gods and asked for this boon.

If Jeff/Adara was balking her will because of his masculine past, Aphrodite had decided, then she would simply get rid of that impediment - by creating Jessica/Adara.

And, in the space of a few seconds, a new personality filled that outrageously proportioned body, shoving Jeff into the background.

Still able to feel, see, hear, taste, *experience*, he no longer had even the slightest semblance of control. Instead, he was trapped, a helpless passenger in a body that was no longer his to command.

And the new owner of this form had no reason to hesitate or disobey. After all, Jessica/Adara was an all-too-willing participant in this, not a victim of an unwanted fate...

* * * * *

For a moment, the world seemed to waver, then it settled back down.

Whoops - a little to much to drink there, dearie, Adara thought with a mental grin to herself. Putting the empty glass down on the table in front of her, she leaned back in the couch and spread her arms, placing one over the shoulders of each of the men beside her.

Crossing her long, shapely new legs in a way to show them off better, she smiled and cut their obvious ploys short.

"So - are we just going to sit around all night talking?" She asked, enjoying the sound of her rich new voice - and the effect it had on the men around her. "I was told that this was going to be a party."

The guys gaped at her for a second, then began to smile. "I'll put some music on..." Bill said, leaping up from the chair.

"Can you put it out on the deck?" Adara asked, rising to her full and imposing height. "So that we can listen to it while we head out?"

"Out?" Roger, the yacht's owner asked, perplexed. "Uh, we weren't really planning to go anywhere. I gave the crew the night off, you see..."

Smiling seductively, Adara ran one hand down Roger's chest. "Can't you gentleman run a yacht?" She asked, lightly licking her full, rich lips. "I'd be awfully disappointed if you can't. Some things I had in mind really deserve the right setting - like a cove in a nice deserted stretch of shoreline, where we don't have to worry about shocking the neighbors..."

Roger held a Master's Certificate. One thing he'd learned was not to run a boat without an experienced crew. And especially not if all the 'crew' had had at least two drinks. And certainly not at night, without telling anyone where they were going.

The boat got underway ten minutes later.

* * * * *

Noooooo! Jeff screamed silently in the prison of his own mind. Trapped, helpless, he had listened to the words his body - Adara's body - had spoken, had watched what was going on...

Now, as the boat headed out along the coastline, looking for a perfect spot, he could feel Richard's body pressed firmly against 'hers' as they sat behind Roger at the helm. He could feel 'her' huge, firm breasts being lightly fondled by the hand draped around 'her' shoulders - and 'she' could feel 'herself' lightly sliding a slender hand across the taut fabric of Richard's crotch.

It didn't take too long to find a sheltered cove that fit their purposes, and Jeff could only watch through Adara's eyes in horror as the men quickly anchored the boat, then returned to where she waited on the back deck, stretching luxuriously - and emphasizing every curve of her tall, supple body under the black dress.

"So... uh..." Steve stammered slightly. "Did you want to dance, or something?"

Adara smiled. "That sounds wonderful." She said, rising. Steve, with a smile, stepped forward...

...and Adara pushed him lightly down into the seat. "Have a seat, gentleman - and watch..." She told the rest.

As they lowered themselves to the weather-proof seats lining the rear deck, Adara went to the sound-systems controls and turned the music up, increasing the bass slightly.

Then, she began to move.

If the guys were expecting a typical strip-tease, they were...

...well, certainly not *disappointed* - but certainly surprised.

With incredible, supple grace, Adara began to dance, losing herself in the rhythm of the music. Her motions were fluid and graceful - and powerful erotic as every muscle, every sinew of her body worked to display herself to incredible advantage while teasing the sense with her motions. Her hands hovered near her body, then stretched out, then returned to touch ever so lightly at breast, hip and crotch. As her body glided and moved, her legs flashed and stretched, her bountiful bosom heaved, and her mane of golden hair streamed behind her like a cape.

Jeff fought to control his emotions as Adara danced. Disgust warred with the strange pleasure that lanced through 'her' body when she touched herself, driven higher by the arousal she was feeling - and so Jeff had no choice but to feel the same arousal as well.

Desperately, the trapped male mind fought to disconnect itself from the body, to escape the unwanted pleasure that it was receiving - but it was no use.

Then, Adara's dance changed - and Jeff simply wanted to die.

Her full lips curved in a sensual smile, Adara slowed her gyrations. With a sinuous side to side swaying motion in time with the music, she approached the awe-struck men. She passed slowly in front of them, one hand lightly sliding across their legs, and then she turned to Richard.

With the same sinuous sway, and in time to the music, she slowly, teasingly sank down to her knees in front of him. Her hands went to his pants, undoing his fly - then she slowly pushed herself upwards again, leaning herself forward so that her huge, firm breasts slid across his chest. She paused at the apex of her movement long enough to kiss him, passionately, before sliding downwards again, her fingers moving with incredible speed and agility to unbutton his shirt as she moved.

At the bottom of her slow piston-like movement she paused long enough for another kiss - this time applied to the tip of his freed cock, already hard and throbbing.

The men didn't know how she did it, but when she began to rise a second time, her dress went in the opposite direction, puddling around her ankles as her now-bare tits slid across Richard's bare chest. She shuddered in delight as her huge, engorged nipples slid across his skin, and although she claimed a kiss this time, too, she didn't stop rising upwards until her breasts pressed against his face.

She hung there for a few moments, gracefully swaying, while Richard licked her engorged nipples, his hands fondling her massive, sensitive tits.

Jeff didn't know how to feel, what to do - not that there was anything he could do. His male mind was battered by the sheer pleasure of Richard's touch, and disgust was overwhelmed by unwanted pleasure.

Then Adara began to sink downwards again.

This time there would be no upward movement - because her full, soft lips found Richard's hard manhood, encircling his rigid shaft eagerly. With incredible skill, she applied herself to the task of giving him a blow-job.

She'd stopped her slow, sensual sway and now spread her legs and pushed her ass upwards and out, presenting her firm, full ass to Steve, who sat opposite of Richard. Twining her fingers in the underwear she wore, Steve yanked them down, revealing a cunt that was literally dripping, obviously ready and waiting.

He wasted no time rising to his feet and dropping his pants.

In the middle of experiencing a blow-job, Jeff thought he'd reached the pinnacle of horrified disgust as he felt 'her' lips, tongue and hands move in sequence to manipulate the organ that was filling her mouth with its warm length. But that became a mere shadow as he felt another cock enter 'her' cunt from behind.

Just as the pleasure of before became a mere shadow to what he felt now as Adara was penetrated. Waves of pleasure exploded out from her cunt as Steve began to pump into her, his hands coming forward to reach under her and find her massive, firm mounds.

Pleasure rocked the body that both minds shared, one reveling in the sensation, the other one overwhelmed by it. The pleasure only continued to increase, driving coherent thought further and further away as the ecstasy mounted, and her lips and hand were practically on automatic as he lost herself in the pleasure of being fucked.

Then the two men came - as did she.

Jeff was lost in a world of sensation, his mind unable to keep up with what was happening. He felt everything, saw everything, heard everything - but so overwhelming were the sensations that his mind couldn't process the meaning of them as quickly as they occurred.

All he knew was that an intense, mind-blowing orgasm was rocking him even as his taste buds registered a warm, salty fluid streaming past. The body swallowed automatically, taking as much as it could while the mind was occupied with the pleasure screaming through the nerve ending, including that of large, engorged nipples that were now being sucked and fondled by Bill, who lay below her.

Then, finishing, she straightened, and Jeff's mind finally caught up with the events. He'd just been fucked by a man, while giving another man a masterful blow-job.

And it had felt spectacular. Even as he was horrified and disgusted by what had happened, part of him craved that pleasure again.

And again. And again.

It would not be disappointed.

Licking the last of the jism from her lips, Adara turned and smiled at Bill and Roger. "Which one want to tit fuck me?" She slid a hand across one massive breast. "The other will have to wait to give my ass the good, hard fucking I want so bad."

There was no shortage for volunteers.

* * * * *

The sun shone down on the decks of the gently swaying boat as a figure stirred.

Jeff opened his eyes and stared up at the sky, confused. He tried to recall what had happened. Where was he? What was going on? Why did his body feel so strange? Was he still in the body suit...? / Jessica opened her eyes and stared up at the sky, contented. She'd fucked the guys into complete and utter exhaustion, but had only lightly tired out her incredible body. She enjoyed the sensations from her nude body, the sun warming it, the air moving over her bare nipple...

Jeff sat up, feeling the strange sensation increase. He glanced down - and, stunned, slowly raised a hand to touch the impossibilities thrust from his chest - massive, incredibly firm tits with gigantic nipples. Half-dried cum covered the massive globes, and he struggled to understand what his sense were telling him. Then shockingly, memory returned - and he recalled everything... / Jessica sat up, enjoying the shift of her massive bust as gravity took hold. She looked down at them with pride, lightly running a hand over one engorged, cum-covered nipple and recalling last night...

The sex. Every kind, in every combination - and all of it producing mind-blowing, incredible amounts of pleasure. The men, falling under her spell, promising her money and cars and jewels. Fighting to offer her the most pleasure, in and out of bed. Agreeing to introduce her to more men - and women - to fulfill her - and the God's - desires.

Both minds shuddered under the memories. One reveled in them - the other, amazed - did the same. The sheer pleasure, the intense sensations - and the wealth and life that lay before them - overrode the remnants of objections that lay in their path.

In that instant, a split mind recombined, becoming neither Jeff nor Jessica - but Adara, a woman with the memories of both, but a personality all her own.

Looking down at the men surrounding her, Adara began to smile...



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: After discovering a Genie, one makes a wish that he can change into other shapes, what he doesn't know is that his body changes are triggered by others desires.

Djinn And Tonic

By Gunslinger

"Jeez, Steve - you little booze-hound..."

With a snort of resigned humor, Brian gathered up the empty bottles and carried them over to the recycling bin under the kitchen sink.

The tall, vaguely handsome young man had just finished a hard 'day' at work, working the night-shift at a vinyl siding factory. The schedule he worked was a little odd - three days on days, three days off, then three days on nights before another three days off and the repeat of the cycle. He'd just finished his last night shift, and thought a drink or two was called for.

His roommate, Steve, however, had apparently beat him to it. Brian wasn't sure what he found more annoying - the fact that Steve had finished off the booze, or the fact he'd left the empty bottles in the cupboard, giving the illusion that there was some booze still around. If Brian had seen the empty bottles in the recycling container, he would have picked up some more.

Not that Steve did it out of cruelty or anything - in fact, Steve was one of the nicest guys Brian knew. He was just a little... vague, that was all. Not stupid, by any means - he just didn't seem to think things all the way through. He did and said things without realizing what the end result might be.

If it weren't for the fact that he was almost disgustingly handsome, athletically built and good natured, Steve might have had some problems. As it was, almost anyone who met him was willing to cut him some slack, based on his amiable nature and Adonis-like physique.

Especially the women - which annoyed Brian to no end. Which is why Brian sometimes referred to Steve, only partly in jest, as a 'himbo'

- the male equivalent of a bimbo.

So, being well experienced in living with a somewhat vague 'Surf God', Brian wasn't exactly *angry*, but he *was* frustrated.

He really wanted a drink. He'd had his heart set on it ever since mid-shift at work. Now he was faced with a terrible dilemma - as much as he wanted that drink, he really didn't want to go out to the store to buy so more liquid. He'd come home and had a long, hot shower and was dressed only in a tattered plaid bathrobe, and getting dressed and driving somewhere seemed much, much too complicated.

Suddenly, a thought struck him, and he headed to the unused bedroom at the back of the post-war bungalow he and Steve shared. The three-bedroom house had been a great deal - mainly because the previous tenant had simply disappeared one day, leaving behind a house full of useless junk. Rather than go to any real effort, the landlord had simply shoved everything into the smallest bedroom and rented the place out as a 'two bedroom and storage room' - if the new tenants wanted to go to the trouble of sorting through the junk and disposing of it, more power to them.

Brian and Steve hadn't. Now, however, it occurred to Brian - considering what he'd heard about the hippyish, constantly stoned previous tenant - that there might be some booze in the boxes. Cheap booze, to be sure - but it would beat all the effort of going out to buy some.

Flipping on the light in the back room, he looked over the pile of boxes, garbage bags and stacks of cheap books and clothing that filled all the available space, wondering if he might have made a mistake in assuming that this would be easier than going out. Shrugging, he picked a box at random and pulled open the flaps, rummaging through the odds and ends that filled the box.

Not finding what he wanted - or anything of the slightest interest or value - he set the box aside and opened the next one, pushing through cheap Bic disposable razors, half-full packages of incense, a garish plastic bong, some Henrix 8-Traks...

...then stopped dead with a beatific smile on his face. Gingerly - almost reverently - he reached out and picked up the dark bottle and turned it to read the label.

"Dark Horse Gin?" Brian asked the empty room, mouth quirking in a wry smile. "Not exactly Gordons' or Gibney's - but I'll take what I can get."

The bottle appeared to be full right to the bottom of the unusual ceramic stopper - it didn't make a sloshing sound when he shook it, but it was too heavy to be empty. Detouring to the kitchen for a glass and a can of Club Soda from the fridge, he carried his prize into the living room and all-but-collapsed on the comfortable, if worn, Lay-Z-Boy.

Setting the glass and soda down on the table beside the chair, he hefted the bottle again, then set about opening it.

Instead of twist-cap or even a cork, it had a ceramic stopper that was vaguely mushroom-shaped. A hole through the 'head' of the stopper acted as a hinge for a metal 'brace' that was curved down and around, the bottom half clipping around the neck of the bottle.

Bracing the palms of both hands on the side of the bottle itself, Brian placed his thumbs on the half-open reverse side of the 'clip', then pushed forward. The metal bent slightly, allowing it to slide around the neck of the bottle and pop free - allowing the metal 'U' to be used as a handle to pull on the stopper itself, which Brian promptly did.

With a 'screeeech-pop', the stopper came free...

...and a dense smoke began to pour from the neck of the bottle.

"What the fuck...?" Brian exclaimed, instinctively pushing the smoking bottle away. It dropped from his lap and - against all physical laws or odds - managed to land upright on its base.

The smoke continued to billow out - but, oddly, instead of dissipating into the air, it formed a dense column directly over the bottle. As Brian watched, jaw hanging limply, the smoke continued to thicken, way past the point that it could rightfully be called smoke any more.

It was like watching a Polaroid photo develop. The smoke continued to become denser and denser, acquiring solidity, texture and color...

...in the shape of a human being. To be exact, a short, pot-bellied man in a gray suit.

Then the smoke stopped pouring from the bottle, leaving the short, gray-toned man 'hovering' over the neck of the bottle for an instant...

...then he dropped to the ground, stumbling over the bottle and barely managing to keep his footing.

"Oh, dear me - I keep forgetting that the first step is a doozy." The man murmured, apparently to himself, as he brushed fastidiously at a rumpled gray suit that was badly in need of a pressing.

For a long instant, Brian merely stared at the man, dumbly. The man was short and balding, and seemed to be made up of shades of gray, from head to toe. Under the gray suit was flesh that looked pale, if not in an ill way - more the pale skin of somebody who spent all their time indoors.

The man's hair - what little of it there was - was a light gray, and even the eyes under the silver-rimmed spectacles were a smoky gray. Finally, Brian managed to snap partially out of the shocked daze that held him.

"Who... what... how...?"

The man jumped back with a squeak, hand flying to his chest in shock.

"Oh, me oh my!" The man said in a high pitched, faintly British voice. "You did give me a turn for the worse there, Master. I thought the old ticker was going to give out for sure, that time."

"M... Master?" Brian stammered, a light finally dawning through his stunned confusion. "Wait a second... are you trying to tell me that you.. you're a...?"

"Genie?" The man asked with a slight, self-deprecating grin. "Yes, I do fear that I am. Not what you would expect, I'm sure - but not all of us can be the swarthy muscular type, or the gorgeous, scantily clad lass."

Somehow - that's what convinced Brian that this was really happening. If he'd just gone off his noggin, he'd be hallucinating a genie of just that type - but a pot-bellied genie with a weak heart dressed in a cheap suit? Brian's imagination just wouldn't be up to creating something *that* ludicrous.

"Although..." the man said, pedantically. "The correct term for us, both singular and plural, is 'Djinn' - 'Genie' is a bastardization based on phonetic similarities."

Definitely not a hallucination, Brian decided - he couldn't imagine someone this...

...well, *boring*.

Brian waved his hands in the air. "Wait, wait - let me see if I understand this." He leaned forward and stared at the little gray man. "You're a genie? Like in the stories? I get to make three wishes, and you have to grant them?"

"Why, yes, Master." The man seemed surprised that Brian even needed to ask. "I haven't been a Djinn for all that long - a hundred years or so, give or take - but *everybody* knows how it works."

"You're a... *new* genie?" Brian asked, brow furrowing - then, catching the long-suffering look, corrected himself. "Djinn, I mean?"

"Oh, my - yes." The Djinn said, removing his glasses to polish them with a hanky. "You see, I am - or was - a scholar in mythology at the University of Edinburgh. I managed to track down a Djinn, and was given the standard three wishes. However..." He sighed. "...I made the mistake of wishing I knew everything about being a Djinn - and the only way I could possible know everything..."

"...was to become one." Brian finished, earning another suffering look. "So - you're stuck like this?"

"Oh, no." The man assured him. "Actually, it was the standard Djin 'three by three' routine. After three masters each make three wishes, I am free once again - and you happen to be my third Master. So, as you can understand, I am rather anxious for you to make your wishes. I'm sure the world has changed considerably since my... incarceration in that bottle, and I'm eager to get a new start in life." He sighed. "As best I can, being a hundred years out of date, and with no ready source of money or papers."

Brian couldn't help but feel sorry for the little man - and the words slipped from between his lips almost before he knew he was going to say them.

"I wish that, after you have granted my remaining two wishes, you will have a complete set of identification, a bank account with fifty thousand dollars in it, and impeccable, believable, verifiable references from the University of Edinburgh stating that you have worked there for the past twenty-five years."

"Granted - and, thank you master." The Djinn said, a startled - but pleased - look on his face.

"Glad to help.." Brian replied, absently, as his eyes narrowed and he forced himself to think. Out of pity, he'd let himself 'waste' his first wish - though he guessed that he didn't really mind, and the poor guy needed all the help he could get. Brian wasn't going to lose any sleep over having instinctively used his first wish so unselfishly.

Now - he just had to come up with two more wishes - really good ones.

Now, Brian had read all the same 'Genie' stories that everybody else had, he'd seen the movies, and he knew that you had to be really, really careful when making your wishes - or something would go wrong.

The more Brian thought about it, the more he thought that all he really needed was one wish. One really good wish, that would take care of everything he might want. So, that meant that his other wish could be used to make sure that he was 'safe' from any mistakes or side- effects of his 'real wish'.

Taking a deep breath, Brian made his second wish.

"I wish that nobody but me will be able to notice the effects of any wish that I make, that I will be the only one aware of any changes, while the rest of the world will think that the changes I make have always been that way."

"Granted." The Djinn said, mild surprise showing in his face. Which left...

"I wish..." Brian said, slowly and clearly. "...that for the next twenty-four hours I will have the power to alter reality in any way at all, without being limited in the number of times I can do this during that time period, and that at the end of that time, any changes I have made will remain, unless I had already nullified them by another change, and, in addition, the use - or non-use - of my power cannot be coerced by anyone or anything, nor will my power ever be obvious to anyone, remaining completely inconspicuous while I have it."

"Granted!" The Djinn said, happily. "Witness that our dealings are done, and I am now free of my obligations!"

Brian grinned and stretched in self-satisfaction - he'd really pulled it this time - for the next twenty-four hours, he could make whatever changes he liked to his life, or what he owned, and then it would become permanent.

So... he might as well start putting his power to use.

"I wish..." Brian said, with great satisfaction, "...that I had a cold bottle of beer." Nothing happened.

"What the ?" Brian said, blinking.

The Djinn... ex-Djinn was heading for the door, obviously eager to begin his new life. Now he stopped and turned back to face Brian.

"Oh, my - I'm afraid that I should mention that power doesn't work like that, my boy - I thought you realized what you were doing." Brian slowly rose to his feet. "What do you mean?" he asked, worried. "You mean that nothing at all happened?"

"Oh, no." The little man assured him. "It's just that there's a sort of 'safety catch' built into the universe to keep powerful creatures - such as the Djinn - from using the power for their own benefit. You see, while you might have the power - you cannot 'activate' it. Somebody

else must make the wishes, which you will then grant."

"What!" Brian said, outraged and disappointed - this isn't what he'd wanted, not by a long shot.

He sighed. Obviously, it made sense - otherwise less scrupulous people would use this incredible power to make themselves a god. Well, if he couldn't use it, then he'd just ask the ex-Djinn to wish that beer into being...

...only, he couldn't. No matter how much he tried, he couldn't get himself to ask the man to make the wish.

The little gray man obviously knew what was going on, from the look on Brian's face. "You wished that the power couldn't be coerced - and trying to talk me into making wishes for you would qualify, you see."

Oh, that was great! Brian shook his head in frustration.

"However, as you have been so kind to me..." The ex-Djinn said, kindly. "I wish you had a bottle of very fine scotch."

Suddenly, Brian felt a powerful compulsion come over him. He couldn't fight it, as the powerful need drove him to walk away from the gray man and into the kitchen, right up to the cabinet. He opened it...

...and took down a full bottle of scotch, which he carried back into the living room.

"Having it appear in your hands would have been 'conspicuous', and you wished that wouldn't happen." The ex-Djinn explained, patiently. Then, tipping an imaginary hat, he said, "I wish that I owned a small, but nicely furnished, home near a major university, and that I was there now."

With that, the little man turned and walked down the hallway leading to the bedrooms, turned into the spare bedroom...

...and, Brian assumed, vanished off to his new home.

"Dammit!" Brian swore, upset by the mess of his plans. Then, shrugging, he settled into the recliner and poured a glass of scotch. As upsetting as having screwed-up his wishes might have been, he at least managed to get the drink he'd wanted.

Brian was such taking a sip of the scotch (*and making a face, Scotch wasn't his favorite drink*) when the phone rang. Without thinking, Brian reached out and picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Honey - how's my little man getting along?"

Closing his eyes, Brian repressed a sigh. "Hi, Mom - I'm fine. How are you?"

"Oh, I'll live." His mother said in that certain, long-suffering tone she had. "I just thought I'd give you a call because I haven't talked to you in awhile - and I thought maybe something had happened to you. I was watching the news this afternoon and saw that there's been a string of break-ins in your area. I thought I would just call and make sure that nothing bad had happened to you."

Brian rolled his eyes - 'in the area' meant that these burglaries had happened somewhere in the same state. His mother was a little overprotective, at times.

"I'm fine, mom - nobody's broken into the house."

His mother used her prerogative to make a wild jump in topics, as if they were directly connected. "Of course not - what self-respecting burglar would want to break into a house and steal second-hand furniture and out-dated appliances?"

"Mom - I know that this place isn't exactly the Ritz, but there's nothing wrong with the house or my belongings." Brian said. "Don't get defensive with me, young man. I just wish you lived in a nice, well furnished house, that's all "

Brian gasped as the a strange rippling sensation seemed to swim through the air...

...then passed through the walls of the house and everything inside of it, causing them to ripple as if they were nothing more than reflections on the surface of a pond.

Then, suddenly, everything snapped back into focus...

...only - everything was different.

Gaping, Brian slowly rose to his feet and stared.

The room he was standing in was easily twice the size it had been a moment before, and probably more. Directly in front of Brian was a theater-width big-screen TV, completely accessorized with a full set of expensive stereo and video components.

The room itself was a different design altogether - the entire house appeared to be a Spanish-style ranch bungalow, with off-white stucco walls, dark, exposed beams along the ceiling, and ornate carving in the trim and lintels.

Brian became aware of his mother's voice still issuing from the phone he held - now an expensive cordless model - and he slowly sank into the expensive Italian-leather chair that had replaced the recliner, listing to his mother complain about how she worried with him living with a house full of such nice stuff, and always having his parties there, where unsavory types could see all the expensive and 'burglar-worthy' things he owned.

Slowly, Brian began to smile as he realized that his mother - his *mother* - had inadvertently called upon his new-found power - and given him a new and very expensive house, complete with all the extras.

Apparently, more than that had happened, though, Brian thought - from the sound of it, his life-style was a little more flamboyant, now that he had money to be more social. The wish had tried to be as 'inconspicuous' as possible, by making all the details match - obviously, the only way he could afford a house like this was if he was better off, financially, than he had been before the wish.

He could get to like this.

However... his mother, completely unaware, was still babbling - and, Brian was amused to note, now she was complaining that he was too well off. It would have been downright funny - if it wasn't for the fact that his mother had the power to alter his reality with a few words, and - the way she babbled on - she was sure to say something else...

"Look, I'm the last person in the world to say that you're not the nicest, friendliest person I know, and that's not just because you're my son, either." She paused, and Brian winced, knowing that something bad was coming - and he was magically unable to 'coerce' her into not saying it.

Then it came: "It's just that, with all the weirdos out in the world today, I just wish you were a little *less* outgoing."

This magic wasn't anything visual, so it wasn't nearly as impressive - but Brian knew that it had happened, and winced in emotional pain as he felt a strange, wrenching sensation deep inside. It wasn't a physical sensation, although it was as real and as strong as if it had been. That instant, Brian knew that, now, he would be less outgoing. He could tell, already, that he was more nervous, less sure of himself - and even though he knew that it was magically inherited, and not 'really' him, that didn't make the slightest bit of difference - from now on, he'd always feel more frightened and nervous than he had before, a little less outgoing and a lot less self-assured.

He had to end this conversation before his mom said anything else that might have an unexpected effect. Of all the people who could have the power to alter his universe by their words, his mother probably tied with his worst enemy.

"Mom..?" Brian said - and cursed silently again. Instead of interrupting her firmly, he had said the word hesitantly, and his pulse was racing and his heart fluttering in nervous anxiety. "Mom... I've got something on the stove. I've got to run."

His mother sighed.

"All right, I'll let you go - God knows I understand that young men have more important things to do than talk to their doddering old mothers..."

"Mom, you're not..." Brian tried to reassure her - uselessly. She continued speaking as if he hadn't even tried.

"...and God knows that I wouldn't try to interfere with that social life of yours." She continued, inexorably. "I'm sure that God will forgive me for my 'lapse' if I were simply to wish that you'd call me more often."

Brian sighed. "I will, Mom - I promise."

It was an 'easy' promise to make - since there was a magical power backing it up, whether he'd promised or not. By using that dread word, she'd promised for him.

Then again, Brian thought as he said his good-byes and hung up the phone, that hadn't been so bad after all. The 'calling home more often' was no big deal. Even being forced to be less outgoing wasn't a huge loss, really - and in exchange for these relatively minor concessions, he'd managed to get part of what his original plan for the power had been - a much nicer place to live. Hell, damn near a mini-mansion, from what he could see from where he was.

The logical thing to do, of course, was to familiarize himself with his 'new/old' home.

Rising from the comfort of the new leather chair, Brian began to stroll through the Mission-style bungalow, opening gazing with appreciation at the detail of the decor, of the cost of the understated-but-comfortable furnishings.

From the large living room, he strolled into the spacious 'peasant' style kitchen - though no peasant ever had it so good. Stained red- wood cabinets. Stone flooring. A center island, with a rack of brass-bottomed copper pots above it. Big 'county' style dinette set. Indirect lighting.

The house also boasted a formal dining room, large enough for ten - a big, old-looking table. 14th century Spanish sideboard and china cabinet - or very good replicas.

Next to that - the 'games room', a large, completely interior room that was dimly but adequately lit, with extra lights over the pool table, card table, and wet-bar.

Smiling, Brian grabbed himself a cold beer from the bar fridge, the continued strolling along.

The bungalow now boasted four bedrooms, two of which were obviously guest-rooms. His bedroom was fairly easy to find, even though it now looked completely different - he and Steve had considerably different interests, and he just looked at the surf-board propped up in the corner of the one bedroom to know that it was Steve's, leaving the other non-guest-room as his.

He was just sorting through some of the items in his room, amazed at the stuff 'he' had accumulated over the years, when he heard the front-door slam shut and Steve's voice.

"Honey, I'm home!" Steve shouted in a bad impersonation of Ricky Ricardo - one of his standard ways of coming in. Steve seemed completely unable to enter a room without making some sort of announcement of his presence.

Subtle, he wasn't.

Smiling, Brian headed out to the living room, part of him still feeling - despite what he 'knew' - that Steve would be shocked by the 'change' in the house.

Of course, Steve was completely oblivious, unaware that he'd ever lived differently. However, Brian was exempt from the 'blindness' of everyone else to the effects of the magic...

...so he had to hide an expression of surprise when he saw Steve.

Steve, himself, still looked basically the same, though he was a little more tanned and a little more muscular.

His clothing, however, had changed considerable. Though still causal - almost excessively so - it was of much more fashionable and expensive cut, and the few accessories he wore - watch, single gold chain, the earring in his right ear - were of high-quality, and expensive.

"Hey there, buddy!" Steve said in a boisterous voice, dropping into an armchair.

"Hey, Brian - how's it hanging?" Another voice said - and Brian had to hide another expression of shock at the sight of Mark Gaines coming out of the washroom new the foyer, a smile on his dark face.

"Hi, Mark..." Brian managed - and mentally cursed at his nervousness and awkwardness, even around his 'old' friends.

It felt especially weird feeling so 'shy' around Steve, who he'd known for a long time - but that weirdness was doubled by the obvious new reality that Mark was also a long-time friend. In the 'original' reality that Brian knew, the short, tautly muscled black man was a quasi-enemy, after a fight between him and Steve awhile back, over the damage to Mark's jeep on the beach. He'd always claimed that it had been Steve's fault, and Steve had always refused to pony up the cost of the repair.

Apparently, in this altered reality, the better-off Steve had paid the repair bill, and they'd ended up as friends.

In fact - Brian was almost thankful for his mother's inadvertent wish that he be more shy and retiring. Neither Steve nor Mark seemed to notice anything strange about his startled reactions, assuming that they were his 'normal' nervousness around people. Brian was beginning to see that it would take awhile to get used to just how much the magic was altering reality with each wish.

Hell, Brian realized with a start, he didn't even know where - or *if* - he worked in this new reality. Obviously, he couldn't still be working at the siding plant, and be able to afford to live here.

"This is just too weird..." Brian whispered to himself, realizing that - among other changes - he should have wished that he 'remembered' both realities after a wish, so he would know what was going on.

Then again - hindsight is always twenty-twenty. Brian decided he'd have to pay close attention and try to pick up clues to his new life, while asking as subtle questions as he could.

Which meant sitting down and 'chumming around' so that he could troll for information.

If only he didn't feel so damned nervous and awkward! He knew it wasn't 'real', in a sense - but the wish had erased any distinction between the two, and he felt those emotions, 'real' or not.

Sighing, Brian settled into an empty chair, feeling nervous and antsy at being around other people - although, thankfully, it wasn't too bad, not to the point where it was a phobia or something.

Steve picked up the remote to the TV, and flipped the big-screen device into life.

"We thought we'd just kick-back for the evening and veg out." Steve said to Brian. "Sound okay to you, roomie?" "Sounds fine." Brian agreed.

"My idea of a perfect end to a day of surfing... almost." Mike said, with a grin. "Though I wish we had a couple of tall, frosty beers and some snacks."

A tingle ran through Brian - and he found himself opening his mouth and saying 'I'll go get some.'

Control of his body stolen from him, Brian jumped up as the other two guys thanked him, and went into the kitchen.

The instant the door to the kitchen swung shut behind him, a tray appeared in his hands, with two large, cold can's of Foster's lager, and a bowl of chips. Turning right around, Brian pushed back through the door and carried the snacks and drinks back out to the guys.

"Wow, that was fast." Mike said, with a grin, while control of his body returned and Brian sat down, cursing his damned power - although it had gotten this house.

Mike, however, was still talking. "Great house, kick-as TV - and fast, efficient service. Man, I tell you - I wish I lived in a place like this." Brian felt the tingle run through him, although nothing seemed to happen.

However, he was pretty sure that if he were to get up and check out the bedrooms again, one of the guest-rooms was now Mike's room.

Brian sighed, with a mental shrug. He guessed that Mike wasn't such a bad guy, and having another roommate sharing the sprawling bungalow wasn't such a big deal.

Hell - there was plenty of room for him. As annoying as being a living 'wish-generator' might be, he couldn't forget that it had given him one major 'plus' for all the little 'minuses' he was having to put up with.

Steve had been flipping through all the channels that the TV - hooked up to a DBS system - could provide. Now, he sighed and shrugged, hitting the 'mute' on the remote. "Geez, this is nuts. Not one damned thing worth watching. I wish that I'd picked up some videos on the way home..."

Brian felt that odd tingle that announced the use of his power, even as Steve continued talking, without missing a beat. "...and they're still in the car. I'll just run out and get them."

Rising from his chair, Steve headed out to get the videos that both he and Mike now remembered stopping to get on their way back. Brian was willing to be that there was also a record of that transaction in the video store's computer - as he'd noted earlier, the power he held seemed determined (thanks to his 'inconspicuous' and 'nobody notices' clauses) to alter whatever it took to make the effects of any given wish as minimal and natural as possible.

When he thought about the thousands of tiny changes and the sheer amount of power used on such a simple wish as having picked up videos, Brian's brain wanted to ache.

"So, Brian..." Mike said, conversationally...

...and Brian felt a flush of extra nervous 'fear' rush through him, as he unconsciously lowered his eyes and drew his bathrobe tighter around his body in shy embarrassment.

'*Damn.*' Brian thought, with annoyance, finding it difficult - and obviously 'awkward' - to force his eyes to meet Mike's, and smile. "Yeah?"

Mike's eyebrow rose. "Geez, buddy - I'm not gonna bite!" He shook his head. "Two years - we've been living together for two years, almost, and you're still a nervous Nelly. No wonder you made your money from on-line trading..."

'Well, that answers the question of what I do for a living, and how I got the money...' Brian thought, with a sigh. 'I just wish I knew how to trade the way 'I' am supposed to..'

"...when you're too nervous to deal with other people." Mike continued. "I wish that you'd at least be able to open up and be cheerful and outgoing when you're at home."

Brian couldn't help but feel a wave of gratitude at Mike for his inadvertent comment, as he felt the wave of anxiety lift from him, the nervous fear fading away to nothing....

...as he began grinning. In the back of his mind, a small alarm began to sound as he realized that he felt great - happy, relaxed, comfortable, chipper.

To happy, chipper and comfortable for what was going on. Mike's words had swung the magic pendulum of emotions in the other direction. Now, whether or not he 'really' wanted to, he would be 'cheerful and outgoing' while at home with his roommates. Even now, he just couldn't stop himself from grinning brightly.

Not that it felt bad, or anything - but, Brian would have preferred to have 'real' emotions, rather than these magically imposed one.

Needless to say, neither Mike - nor Steve, when he came back in with the movies - noticed anything strange about Brian's sudden 'change'. The both remembered Brian as being shy in public, but surprisingly up-beat, out-going and cheerful at home.

In fact - Brian found he couldn't help himself. As Steve came back from the car, Brian was cheerfully chatting with Mike about insignificant things, with an enthusiasm that bordered on zeal, a big smile on his lips as he spoke quickly and cheerfully, using his hands extensively to help express what he was saying.

Even as he ran off at the mouth, Brian was mildly amused by the buoyant feeling of good cheer that had enveloped him. It might be as magically motivated as the anxiety had been. But it was 'real', in that he really did feel happy and excited, even though there was no 'good reason' for it.

Besides - being cheerful was better than being nervous, wasn't it? Although - it did have a few side-effects that were less than stellar.

"These chips could use some dip..." Was all Mike said, as Steve prepared to put the first movie on...

...and Brian found himself 'cheerfully' volunteering to get some. Unlike earlier, when it was a wish that motivated him, helplessly, to get the chips and beer, now it was the fact that he felt so damned good that moved him to be helpful - and expend some of the energy that had him practically bouncing off the walls. It was 'willful', in a way, a conscious decision - but a decision based on the magically- motivated emotions. The magic gave him all the perky, peppy, perpetually cheerful energy - which is the sole reason that he felt 'constrained' while just sitting there, and would 'eagerly' run the slightest errand.

God knows - the movie wasn't enough to capture his attention and keep him enthralled.

Steve - and, apparently, Mike - was the sort of guy who enjoyed the rather brain-dead movies usually churned out on a low budget for the dubious benefit of a collage-age audience. The particular film they were watching was supposedly a mystery, but the biggest mystery of the film, as far as Brian could figure out, was how the female characters' clothing stayed on. The women were all attractive in that sort of you, fit, not-too-bright way, right down to the supposedly 'plain, brainy' one who - Brian was sure - would eventually whip off her glasses, let down her hair, and turn out to be a real hottie.

Of course, there was quite a few scenes where the women's clothing *didn't* stay on - which, of course, was the main *raison d'être* of the film in the first place.

Which brought around the next crisis in Brian's steadily more complicated life....

"Geez " Steve said, watching the film with a boyish smile and nudging Mike in the ribs. "I wish that we could have somebody 'fetch and

carry' who had legs like that."

What Steve was referring to was the unavoidable 'French maid' that was *de rigueur* in any Mystery film - this one a brunette with a severely abbreviated uniform that displayed almost all of her long, spectacular legs.

The problem was right now, their 'fetch and carry' person was Brian. With the wish trying to be as 'unobtrusive' as possible, creating a

whole new person to fit that definition would have been more 'obvious' than the other solution.

Brian, just heading into the kitchen with an empty pair of beer cans, almost ignored the comment, it was so typically 'Steve' - except that he felt that tingle again, and his body was taken over by magical motivation to finish carrying him into the kitchen, and out of sight, even as he realized what Steve had said.

"Oh, Steve " Brian said, with amused exasperation, even as his viewpoint shifted upwards an inch or so. Putting down the beer cans,

he leaned against the counter and bent over, string down at the long, smooth, sexy - and definitely feminine-looking legs - that not protruded from below the hem of his bathrobe. For a sense of 'completeness', his feet had also become smaller and feminine, to match his legs.

"Steve, you little... look what you've done..." She muttered in good-humor. "Just be glad that I'm unavoidably cheerful now - otherwise, I would kick your ass with the new legs your wish gave me."

It felt really, really weird - Brian knew that he didn't want this to happen, he knew that he hated having these feminine legs 'thrust' upon him, he knew that he would normally be worried, upset and angry - but he just couldn't summon those emotions. Though he knew that this was wrong and that he didn't like it, the intellectual knowledge didn't put a dent in his unbreakable cheerfulness and perky good humor.

The most he could manage, emotion-wise, was a sort of good-natured exasperation and amused wonder of what might happen to him next.

To say that the guys didn't notice the change in Brian would have been untrue - they knew that he had long, sexy legs. They just thought he'd always had long, sexy legs - and they felt free to joke about it, as they 'always did' - when women appeared on screen, they'd judge

- with mock solemnity - the actresses' legs against Brian's shapely new legs, then tease Brian about having sexier legs than the women.

Brian could do nothing except accept the ribbing in good-natured annoyance, even though he knew that he should be scared and disgusted by his altered limbs. He did, however, find out that Steve and Mark now 'remembered' him as having some sort of condition that meant he couldn't grow body hair, and that his legs were just naturally 'shapely' in a way that the condition exaggerated.

Next chance he got, Brian ducked into the bathroom, and found that he was indeed short on body hair. Where most men - or women, for that matter - had reasonably light body hair, he had none. The 'thicker' body hair of the pubic area, the armpits and the eyebrows was still there, but it was finer and thinner.

Brian wished he had the capacity to be as upset about this turn of events as he knew he would be, otherwise - but he just couldn't summon up the emotions required to be truly worried or upset.

Again, the wish had tried to patch things together as 'logically' as possible - this condition of his was one of the reasons he was so shy in public, and he never wore shorts or T-shirts that would reveal his condition. With his friends and roommates, however, he'd gotten used to it, allowing his 'natural perky nature' to show while he was at home.

The magically unassailable good-cheer he felt allowed him to appreciate the comprehensive nature of the wish, trying to make everything fit together logically - but he still was able to wish that this wasn't happening, evening if he wasn't able to tie any strong, negative emotions into that intellectual process.

It more or less guaranteed that, sooner or later, something else would come from the situation that he was in - a guy with legs that looked like spectacularly sexy female legs, in the same room as two emotionally immature guys watching an equally immature movie simply invited problems.

Brian knew it was coming... He knew he should be worried... he knew, intellectually, that this was a bad situation, about to get worse...

...and, not only was he unable to feel truly upset or worried - he knew for a fact, that he couldn't do a damned thing about it. the damned 'safety clause' he'd put on his power meant that no-one - not even him - could 'coerce' anybody into not making a wish. He knew,

because he just couldn't bring himself to do anything specifically designed to avoid any future wishes.

God knows - he tried. He tried to leave - but, since he wouldn't have left if he wasn't trying to avoid the use of his now-unwanted power, that would have breached the clause, and he couldn't do it. He couldn't bring himself to ask them to turn off the movie, or do it himself. He couldn't force himself to ask them to make any other wish that might rectify what had already happened...

...and he was completely unable to be anything but perky and cheerful as the inevitable drew steadily closer. He couldn't even contain his own 'cheerful banter' as the movie went on. He'd try - and succeed - for a few minutes, then somebody, real or on-screen, would say or do something that would cause him to make a comment or amusing observation before he could remember that he was trying to keep silent.

That's how it happened. On-screen, the sexy female cop was in a fight with the murderess - and both were wearing high-heels while they 'fought'.

Without thinking, Brian - laughing and not realizing what the consequences would be - said, "Oh, yeah - now this is real talent..."

He laid the sarcasm on so thick that you could have cut it with a knife - and, without looking up from the screen, Steve rather absently defended the cheesy movie.

"Yeah? Well, I wish you had to walk around in high heels all the time and manage to make it look easy."

Even as that tingle occurred, Brian knew that he'd goofed and invited this on himself, and he knew that - if not for the imposed cheerfulness - he should be panicking right now.

Instead, he could only sigh as he glanced down at his feet, now sporting a pair of white-and-pink 'mules' with big fluffy bows on the toes...

...and slender, five-and-a-half inch heels.

Of course, when he rose to go to the bathroom, he managed an easy - even sexy - glide that got the 'usual' cat-calls from the other guys, making it clear that this was something they remembered being common, and worth good-natured, easy joking.

However, making it look easy didn't make it easy - Brian now knew what it felt like for a woman to walk around in high heels. It was as if he had been doing it for years - he could do it without much conscious thought, but could still feel the discomfort, recognize what he was doing and how utterly strange it felt, and be intellectually aware of how mortifying and frightening this whole 'wish' thing was getting, now that it was rapidly getting out of hand.

But, damn it, he couldn't actually be upset about it! He knew he should be, he even wanted it to be - but it was like somebody who was depressed and 'satisfied' to be depressed suddenly coming across something so funny that it made them smile. they might not want to feel happy right then, they might try to fight it - but that smile would surface whether you wanted it to or not, and it would break the bad mood.

The thing was - it happened to Brian constantly, without any 'outside force' providing the 'funny' moment. It was just that, second to second, a wave of cheerfulness would wash away any negative emotions as they started to form, defeating any possibility of him feeling the emotions that he would... should... *wanted to be* feeling.

He also had a limited ability to alter his plans to fit the changing circumstances - for instance, he would have stayed longer in the bathroom, killing time and avoiding trouble. However, since that would have qualified as an attempt to 'coerce' the non-use of his power, by effectively 'kidnapping' himself, he was completely unable to do so.

Instead, he found himself forced to return (with a sexy little strut atop his high-heels) to the living room as Steve started the second movie - an equally mindless film, this one was a 'college caper' type of movie, with no real attempt at a plot.

Again, it wasn't long at all before somebody said something...

"Jeez, look how tiny her waist is!" Mike commented, regarding a 'cheerleader' on the screen. "I wish I knew somebody whose waist was that small..."

Beneath the bathrobe, Brian felt his waist suddenly constrict inward, reaching a wasp-like diameter that he had no doubt exactly matched that of the girl in the film. The tie on his bathrobe also drew tighter around that reduced waist, emphasizing the tiny diameter.

At the same instant, everybody else's memory of how Brian had always looked changed, and in mid-stream Mike continued with the comment he would have/was making...

"...as yours, Brian." Mike finished.

"Yeah - I'd say we're almost exactly the same size." Brian agreed with just a hint of wry humor in his voice. He surreptitiously ran his hands around his now-tiny waist, sighing with annoyance at the new change in his body - and knowing that the farther down the path that had inadvertently been started by the first wish they went, the more likely it was to draw the next comment...

Then, Brian discovered something... something that added true, honest, un-magically-created hope. The movie was bad. It was really, really bad, so utterly clichéd and hackneyed....

...that he wouldn't have watched it, even if he hadn't had the magic power and the urge to 'run for cover'.

So - he was allowed to leave - and, grateful in a cheerful, perky sort of way, he made his excuses and -high heels tapping against the hardwood floor - fled to the sanctuary of his room...

...which had changed.

Startled, Brian walked around 'his' room. He'd only given it a quick look when he'd first explored the house, sort of browsing through the new, larger room. However, he'd seen enough to know that it was different now than it had been then, with the decor, knickknacks and personal items having changed to fit the new life he apparently led. In short, the room now matched the life of a publicly-shy man who

was 'cursed' with a pair of legs that looked like just about the sexiest women's legs anybody had ever seen, and who wore high-heeled shoes whenever he could.

In fact, that was one of the most noticeable changes - his closet was considerably larger, and much of that space was for his shoe collection - which included more than just shoes. There were boots of every description, pumps, sandals, sling-backs, mules - even 'sneakers'.

Not one of the pairs of footwear had a heel less than four inches.

With an amused snort - which would have been something completely different, had Brian been able to feel 'natural' emotions - he picked up a pair of black leather 'ballet' boots, with nine-inch heels and a sloped sole that angled sharply to the small friction-pad at the toe which was the other point-of-balance on the incredible - ridiculously - high-heeled shoe.

"You've got to be kidding!" Brian said, shaking his head. "No way anybody could walk in shoes like this!"

With a queasy fascination, Brian put the odd-looking shoe back into the closet, then looked around and wondered what he should do. Here, alone in his room, he figured he was fairly safe, so he just had to entertain himself until as late as he possibly could, then get a good, long sleep. As best he could tell, his power - 'curse', as he now thought of it - had started about noon or so, as best he could figure. It was now about three o'clock, and, if Mike was anything like Steve, the two of them would finish watching their cheesy movie, thus taking them safely past the dreaded 'daytime television' period, then head back out to the beach for the late afternoon tides, and some '*bitchin*' surfing - and babe-cruising.

Which would leave him alone in the house for at least four hours - and, if the guys 'got lucky' and went to the girls' places, maybe longer.

Though he no longer worked at the siding factory in this reality, and had a magically-induced amount of cheerful energy, apparently he had stayed up late last night in this version of life, as well. So... if he stretched staying awake while alone as long as he could, then turned in, he figured he could sleep almost to the end of the twenty-four hours that he'd be cursed with this.

Maybe he'd manage to escape any further changes. Maybe...

...he hoped.

Browsing through the books that lined the two shelves that had come with his 'new' room, Brian picked one and flopped down on the large bed, leaning over and bringing the small-yet-pricey stereo beside the bed to life. There was a CD already in the player, and Brian assumed that it would be one that he would have bought, had he the money - and he was right. After a second's delay, the sound of a woman's smoky, rich voice, singing the opening bars *a capella* - issued from the high-fidelity surround-sound speakers that were spread around the room. A jazz combo Brian liked, the lead singer was a black woman who had the deep, husky, sensual voice that only black women ever managed to be blessed with.

Leaning back against the headboard and flipping the book open, Brian settled in for what he fervently - yet, cheerfully - hoped would be an uneventful afternoon.

Not having the slightest clue, of course, that he'd made two very basic - and very wrong - assumptions. One of which was about to turn around and bite him.

* * * * *

As the sound of a rich, sensual female voice came from the direction of Brian's room, Mike blinked and looked over at Steve, fooled by the incredible fidelity of the sound-system and the chance happening that the volume was set almost perfectly for what a 'live' performance would be.

"That's not Brian singing, is it?" Mike asked Steve, hesitantly.

'Engrossed' in the movie - or, rather, the trio of scantily-clad beach-bunnies currently on screen - Steve snorted and answered absently. "Yeah, right - I wish Brian *did* have a voice like that. It's just his stereo, man."

A second later, the rest of the jazz combo came in, verifying Steve's assertion....

...except that neither of them remembered the conversation at all - because, for them, it had never happened.

* * * * *

Brian, just starting the first page of the book, blinked in confusion as he thought he felt that faint tingling sensation that heralded the use of his power.

Of course, he couldn't see anything at all that looked different - and nothing could be different. After all, he was alone in his room, and there was nobody there to make a wish that could affect him.

Shaking his head, Brian went back to reading - blissfully unaware of the fact that he *had* heard Mike and Steve's conversation through the wall - he just hadn't consciously paid attention to it.

* * * * *

At the sound of the front-door closing, Brian put his book down and shut off the stereo, listening closely. A moment later, the sound of the Jeep starting came weakly to his ears, and he relaxed with the knowledge that he would be alone in the house for a few hours.

Rolling off the bed, Brian sighed as his high-heeled shoes hit the floor, and he rose to his full height - plus the added height from his now longer legs and the heels themselves. He knew that, really, he wanted to take the shoes off and walk around barefoot - but he just couldn't bring himself to do that. he couldn't even make himself feel the annoyance, frustration, anger and disgust he should be feeling

over having sexy, feminine legs and feet, all atop high-heeled shoes. He could do nothing at all except walk out of his room with the sexy, graceful sway that was now his stride - at least while in heels.

Heading into the living room, Brian looked around and assured himself that both of them had left. Reassured, he grabbed another beer and collapsed into the comfortable chair, taking the weight off his feet - despite his ease and apparent long-time practice in walking in heels, he wasn't immune to the uncomfortable sensation that it created in his altered calves when he

walked - though, with a sigh, he knew that if he couldn't find a way to correct what had been done to him, he'd eventually get as used to the sensation as women who walked in high-heels all the time were.

It should have been a depressing thought - if only he was still capable of feeling depressed.

Picking up the remote, Brian flipped through the channels, looking for something worth watching. Finding something that looked vaguely interesting, he settled back into the chair and let the images on the screen parade past his eyes, only partially interested with the show itself, and tuning out the commercials altogether...

...until he sat bolt upright as a tingle ran through him - and he found himself rising from the chair and heading towards the bathroom, with no choice in the matter.

Even as he walked, Brian felt the decidedly odd sensation of his hair growing longer, fuller, and more silky-soft, spilling down over his shoulders in great waves.

Racking his brain for an explanation of what was happening, it took the sight of the shampoo in the shower as he peeled off his bathrobe and reached in to turn the water on to trigger the realization.

It had been a commercial. A commercial in which the spokes-woman had said - not to an on-screen character, but directly at the TV itself - "I wish you could see how soft and beautiful your hair becomes..."

Which was exactly what he was experiencing.

As he showered - and used the new shampoo - Brian knew that he should be panicking right now, if he was able to. Things were much worse than he'd thought.

Finally, finished with his shower, he had no choice but to return to the living room and plop himself back down in front of the TV - now all-too-aware of what was happening...

...right up until he said to himself, "This could be bad..."

Then he blinked at the sound of the rich, sultry voice that emerged from his throat. The rich, sexy, female voice that emerged from his throat.

"How did that happen?" He asked himself, confused - he couldn't figure out what would cause him to have this female voice, so rich and husky. He didn't realize what had happened - just that he now had a completely different voice, as well as long, silky hair.

Things weren't exactly looking up, and if he could have he would have turned off the TV and retreated to the 'safety' of his room. But that would have been a direct response to what had just occurred, and an obvious attempt to avoid having his power used anymore - a 'no-no' under the 'oh-so-smart' terms of his wish, as he'd defined them.

He was beginning to realize why the Genie stories turned out the way they always did - the smarter you thought you were when making a wish, the more likely you were to screw something up in the details. He now realized that he should have made two wishes, each as painfully simple as they could be, so that there could be no chance of conflict, misunderstandings of mishaps like there had been in this case.

But it was much, much too late for that now - and, although he couldn't feel panic or fear right now, Brian waited for the other shoe to drop as he helplessly watched TV. He was allowed to change channels to find shows he would watch anyway - but he couldn't avoid the fact that, sooner or later, somebody was sure to be addressing the unseen audience beyond the lens when they used that fateful 'W' word...

Sure enough, it came to pass - and there was - by definition - nothing that Brian could possibly do to stop it.

It was exactly the type of show he'd be watching, on a 'normal' day - and one that he definitely didn't want to be watching now, given the effect it was sure - and did - have.

It was one of those 'helpful' type of shows, that did various segments. How to do this in the home, how to cook that type of special desert, that sort of thing. Definitely not his usual fare - except that he was flipping channels and came across it just as the 'fashion' segment started - and the sight of attractive women in attractive clothes made him pause, unwillingly, as he would have willingly done on a normal day.

They were showcasing clothing that was functional, comfortable, and flattering - and the woman who was hosting the segment did the worst thing she could do to Brian, all without knowing it.

She smiled at the camera and said: "Now, I know that most people think clothes that look this good must be uncomfortable, but that isn't true. I wish you, at home, could feel how comfortable this clothing is to wear..."

With that, Brian felt that now-familiar tingling - and his bathrobe writhed and reformed into the exact copy of one of the outfits the models was wearing.

Now, instead of a bathrobe, Brian found himself wearing decidedly feminine garments. Though hidden from sight, he could feel the pair of women's cotton briefs that had replaced his usual underwear. Over those briefs was a skirt. Coming to about mid-thigh, the skirt was made of dark-brown denim with big brass buttons for accent, and had two suspender-style straps that went up over his shoulders. With the skirt was his new top - a medium-dark pinkish-beige color turtle-neck shirt that clung tightly to his torso.

But it was more than that - because he had all the accessories that the model had been wearing, too. Specifically, a slender watch with a dark-brown leather band that rested on his right wrist, a matching leather purse that was now sitting on the table beside the chair...

...and a pair of 'brass' earrings hanging in his now-pierced ears.

The only difference between the outfit he wore and the one the model was wearing was the footwear. Like her, he now wore a pair of knee-high suede boots with brass clasps holding the soft, dark-beige material together. But, unlike the model's boots, these conformed with an earlier wish and had a pair of five-inch heels.

"Oh, great..." Brian muttered, with a helplessly wry grin - and a helpless shrug. "Well... it is comfortable, I have to admit..."

However - he knew that, given a choice, he'd be wearing the most hideously uncomfortable male clothing they made rather than this comfortable - and feminine - ensemble.

Which sparked a thought.

Rising to his feet, Brian hurried into his bedroom - bemused to find that he could even hurry easily and gracefully atop high heels. Inside, he flung open the closet...

..and found it three-quarters-full of women's clothes, all in the same general style as the outfit he had on. However, the closet was actually bulging with clothing, the smaller percentage of it being men's clothing - which made Brian blink.

Looking around the room, Brian noticed several other differences in the room, including a few minor changes in the decor that gave the room a faintly feminine look. One of the new changes was a book resting on the desk in the corner, and going over to it, Brian discovered it was 'his' journal.

Or, rather, Diary - because that's what the golden letters on the cover declaimed it to be.

Picking up the book, Brian started to open it - and found himself helplessly walking back to the living room while he did so. He didn't want to, but he would usually read something like this while in the living room, with the TV providing background noise - so that's what he did.

Settling in the chair, Brian began to read through the diary - with a decidedly odd sensation. Though he hadn't actually written this, the handwriting, the phrasing, everything about it was so perfectly 'his'.

Except for the content.

In this version of reality - Brian was a cross-dresser.

It all tied in to the weird dichotomy created by the past wishes, and his power trying to tie them together. In this reality, the reason he was so shy and nervous in public was because he was 'forced' to act and dress male, while he was happy and chipper at home when he could wear the clothing he 'preferred' to wear - right down to the heels, which, apparently, he enjoyed. In this new version of his life,

his legs and lack of body hair was what had gotten him started as a transvestite, and he considered them a blessing rather than a nuisance.

This was definitely getting out-of-hand, Brian thought - even though the wishes of before made sure that the thought was accompanied by an annoyed grin.

"Great - now I'm a cross-dressing on-line investor." He muttered to himself, putting the diary down and mulling over what he was going to do now - and if there was any way he could possibly reverse the progression of wishes that were pushing him steadily - helplessly - deeper into a territory he didn't like.

By the time he finished reading the diary, it was six o'clock - and all that was on TV was news, which - thankfully - allowed Brian to shut it off. Rising from the chair, he returned the diary to his bedroom, then wondered what to do with himself for the next little while.

The answer came about ten minutes later...

...and it definitely wasn't the one he was hoping for. The phone rang.

Brian definitely didn't want to answer it - but, since he would have answered it if this wasn't happening, and no other 'overriding' magical change in his supposed persona and lifestyle would allow him to change his habits, he had to answer. He almost wished it could have been somebody at the door, instead - though, before, he would have answered it, the fact that he was a semi-secret cross-dresser in this new life would have allowed him to avoid answering the door. However, answering the phone didn't depend in the least on how you looked, so he couldn't help himself. He picked up the handset with a cherry "Y'ello?"

"Brian, it's Steve." The familiar voice came over the line, the sound of music coming from the background. "Me and Steve ran into a couple of guys we know who went down to Hawaii for a while to ride the big waves. Just got back, and they're having a nifty little beach party - and, when we got here, we thought we'd have to call and invite you, buddy."

Thank God for his mother's wish that he be less outgoing - he could refuse this one easily...

But Steve wasn't done. "It's a real wild gig, pal - we've got people dressed - and undressed - in the weirdest bits. 'Fact, there's already a couple of guys dressed up in women's clothing - because my buddies are giving free drinks to everybody who dresses or acts weird in some way." Dropping his voice for privacy, Steve pointed out: "You show up in your... *comfortable* clothes, nobody here'll know that you do that all the time. This is your chance to go in public, buddy."

That was something he'd read in 'his' diary - in this life, Brian was mildly upset that he couldn't work up the nerve to go out in public dressed 'en femme', where he'd be mocked, stared at, made fun of....

So, with this perfect excuse presented at hand - he, quite simple, *couldn't* refuse. "Give me the address." Brian said, helplessly. "I'll be there in a bit."

He knew for a fact that this was a really, really bad situation for him to be in - he'd be exposing himself to great risk. But that couldn't affect him, with his wish's clause that nothing could coerce the use - or non-use - of his power. He'd put that in, to

ensure that nobody could threaten him into not using his power, but it had really been a redundant that he'd thrown in just to make sure that there was no possible loop-holes.

However - the problem was there was no loopholes, and he was the one caught in the snare of the power.

So, though he really didn't want to, he finished jotting down the instruction, then picked up 'his' purse and headed out to the garage, high-heeled suede boots tapping on the floor and the hem of his skirt flipping pertly back and forth from his gracefully feminine stride.

Climbing behind the wheel of the only car in the garage, he was still slightly surprised when the key in 'his' purse slid into the ignition and brought the car roaring to life. Before this whole thing had started he'd owned a rather decrepit-looking Cavalier that was getting on in years.

Despite the knowledge of what his power was capable of doing, it still felt weird to think that this fire-engine-red AC Cobra with white racing stripes was his. With the big-block Ford 427 making the aluminum body vibrate with power, Brian popped the car into gear and felt the neck-snapping acceleration of Shelby's most famous roadster as the nearly thirty-year-old car pulled out of the driveway with a sprint acceleration that few cars built today could equal.

Despite everything that was happening to him, and everything that was probably yet to come, nothing could dim Brian's genuine joy as he drove towards the beach, and the house the party was being held at. The joy differed from the helpless feeling of cheer he'd felt at home - and which had fled as soon as he'd left the property - because both his emotions and his intellect agreed that he was happy right now, instead of him being intellectually confused, upset and afraid while his emotions insisted that he be cheerful and perky.

Even the anxiety that he'd feel shortly was gone, because there was nobody around to trigger the 'shy' set of emotions. For the first time since his mother's comment, he was feeling his own emotions again, and he felt joyful as he threw the car around tight bends as the sun slowly sank towards the Pacific Ocean that was his destination.

The joy didn't last long - as everything began to slowly pile on top of each other, his real emotions finally allowed reign in the few moments of solitude he had before he'd arrive at the party.

It started when he rotated his ankle when he pulled it off the clutch, trying to ease the discomfort that came from working the gears in high-heels. That was enough to bring him out of the momentary 'high', as he realized that he was, indeed, clad in high-heeled boots. Clad in women's clothes from head to foot, actually - and those feet were small, feminine looking things attached to spectacularly feminine-looking legs.

Then there was the wind streaming through his long, chestnut hair - and flicking his earrings around in the slip-stream.

Fear, anger, confusion, disgust - these emotions began to creep in, growing stronger and stronger as he was finally allowed the full impact of what was happening to him....

...then he was pulling to a stop outside of the brightly-lit beach house from which music streamed loudly, and the true emotions were submerged in the anxiety and shy nature that his mother inflicted on him, and he was once more engulfed in the controlled emotions - though this one was 'unhappy' enough that it didn't completely occlude his true emotions, like being cheerful had. Under the enforced anxiety and discomfort was real anxiety and discomfort, as well as fear and anger - but these were all eclipsed by the nervous, awkward, unsure feeling that was his mother's legacy.

However - as strange as it sounded, these enforced feelings were perfect for the 'role' he was playing at the moment. Even as he awkwardly, uncomfortable and hesitantly climbed from the car, he knew he looked the part of a guy dressed up as a woman on a dare or something, uncomfortable and awkward. Even as he headed for the front door, he could see another guy - this one a husky guy with a pot-belly and a goatee - dressed in a summery dress that strained to encompass his unlikely figure, something the dresses designer had never planned it to fit over.

That guy had the same shy, nervous attitude, and the same way of refusing to meet other people's eyes...

...except Brian's. With Brian, he met his eye - and shared a look of commiseration, with a wry grin. "The things we do for free booze, hey?" He said, self-consciously.

Brian laughed, nervously, without saying anything - the last thing he wanted to do was reveal his new, richly feminine voice. Following the cross-dressed biker-wannabe into the house, his 'usually' graceful stride somewhat muted - but not completely erased - by his nervousness.

That nervousness was justified - by more than just because he was in 'public' dressed in women's clothing. Unlike the other half-dozen 'temporary' transvestites, he was in a precarious situation where the wrong comment, said innocently enough, could have dire consequences.

Which, before long, it did.

He didn't see the speaker, and barely heard the voice over the music - in fact, all things considered, it was just the fact that the speaker was inebriated that made him hear it at all, as it was the comment that wouldn't usually be made loud enough for the person being referred to to hear. Nevertheless, Brian had no doubts whatsoever that he was the person the unseen speaker was referring to.

"Only drag-queen here that looks half-good inna dress." The voice said, slightly slurred. "Hell, better legs than half the girls here - I just wish he'd tried a bit harder to find something to fill out the shirt."

That's when Brian found himself helplessly going into the bathroom, after waiting a few minutes for it to be vacant. Ducking inside, he could do absolutely nothing but watch in the mirror as that familiar tingling ran through him.

Slowly, the shirt he was wearing began to bulge outwards. It was subtle, at first - a small rise centered over each nipple, barely noticeable. However, that didn't last for long as the shirt continued to be pressed outwards by the swelling mounds of flesh behind it.

It not only looked weird to see it happen - it felt weird, to. Brian could feel his nipples becoming large and more sensitive, the fabric of the shirt sliding over the sensitizing nubs of flesh as the breasts behind them continued to gain a mass that he could feel from the inside

- a new and disturbing sensation.

In the space of a few minutes, a pair of breasts filled out the shirt, the nipples pressing smaller dents in the fabric atop the smooth curve of the skin-tight fabric over his new endowments.

Swearing under his breath, Brian hesitantly reached up and - through the shirt - cupped the new tits that thrust from his hairless chest. From one point of view, it felt nice to cup his hands around a pair of firm tits that he judged to be a healthy 'C' cup, but the sensation of having hands cup those breasts, from the inside, was...

...pleasant. the fact that it felt good, physically, however, only made the emotional feeling of having tits that much worse.

"Great - now I'm some sort of bi-gender freak." Brian muttered to himself in that rich, feminine voice he was cursed with. Right now, he either wanted to go home or hide out in the bathroom all night - but neither one was a choice at the moment, so he found himself unlocking the door and rejoining the party, painfully aware of the new endowments that he 'boasted'.

Then it came - the dreaded tingle....

Nothing happened.

A long second passed, during which Brian was sure that he was mistaken - either he hadn't felt the tingle or he had, and something

must have happened.

Then he spotted her. He might not have, except he was standing just outside the hallway that lead to the bathroom.

She was just one of the girls at the party, dressed in 'beach-sexy' chic, a bikini bathing suit with frayed 'Daisy Duke' jeans over the lower half of the bikini, and a pair of old canvas sneakers.

At least, that's what she'd been wearing when she went into the bathroom. When she came out, she was wearing the same bikini, the same shorts - but now, she was walking out in a pair of white platform shoes with six inch heels.

Nobody else noticed the change, and it was pure chance that Brian did - but he realized what had happened.

Nobody else would notice the change, except him - because somebody had made a wish on him, and the shoes were the result. The girl wasn't carrying a bag, had no way of changing her shoes like that - except that somebody had wished she was wearing high-heels, and the wisher had been close enough that Brian had heard the words, even if he hadn't been paying attention to them.

That told him what he could expect from the evening. Every day, people used that phrase - "I wish " Without thinking, never ever

expecting that these 'wishes' would come true, they used the words to express a half-formed desire that was usually nothing more than a spur-of-the-moment comment. Only, right here and now, anybody who was within range of Brian's hearing was going to effect reality, when that simple wish came true.

Brian began to worry very, very seriously at that point... "I wish a guy would try being honest with me for once." *Tingle.*

"I wish my girlfriend would dress like that..." *Tingle.*

"I wish I could find a good job..." *Tingle.*

"I wish the Indians would get a chance at the playoffs this year." BIG *tingle.*

"I wish you'd go away and leave me alone!"

Tingle

"I wish..."

Tingle. Tingle. TINGLE.

Brian walked through it all, nervous, shy, not talking - and throwing off wishes left and right. By both natural inclination and imposed emotions, he sought out the least crowded areas of the party - but there was already somebody nearby, ready to use those same, careless, harmless words.

Slowly, the nature of the party began to change - and he was the only one that would notice. As girls talked to their girlfriends, as guys talked to their buddies, those words kept coming up again and again, and the effects were spreading - magically unnoticed - through the party.

It had been a pretty typical beach-party when Brian had arrived - loud, fun, and a little out-of-hand, with the added twist of about a third of the party-goers dressed in outlandish clothing to take advantage of the free booze.

Slowly, the clothing women were wearing tended to become more and more 'sexy' and revealing, and their manners tended to be sexier, more accommodating. Several of the girls had noticeably different figures or faces than when they'd arrived, though nobody - not even them - knew it.

Except Brian.

The guys were tending to change, to, though it wasn't always as obvious. Quite a few of the changes were girl's comments about how guys acted, and several of the guys had complete 'face-lifts' to their personalities, becoming attentive, sincere and sensitive.

The changes kept coming - averaging about one every ten minutes or so, with surges and lulls. Then....

"Whoa - that chick's got great legs, but I wish her ass was at least as nice."

That was him - somebody seeing him from behind had made the not-unbelievable mistake, taking him for a girl. From behind, with the great legs, high-heels and long hair, it was an understandable mistake, especially when you added booze-dulled senses to the mix.

Understanding it didn't make it any easier for Brian to except, however. He found himself filled with the sudden desire to take a seat in a deep arm-chair...

...and when he rose a few minutes later, his skirt was pulled taut across the firm, round cheeks of his full, spectacular new ass. That was the turning point for Brian.

There was nothing he could do to stop this from happening - so he decided to just numb himself to it. Going up to the bar, he used a simple method of pointing at what he wanted, and thus set his new plan into motion.

He was going to get roaring, stinking, pass-out-blind drunk.

This time - his plan met with no unforeseen obstacles. It was almost gratifying in and of itself, a sense of stability and order in a suddenly chaotic universe - you consumed alcohol, you felt 'fuzzy'. You consumed more - and you felt even more 'fuzzy'. Cause-and- effect. Basic science and biological processes, ethanol being absorbed into the bloodstream and having a measurable, logical, scientific effect on the human body.

The tingles didn't stop coming - but the more he drank, the less he was able to notice them, the mild sensation lost in the alcoholic haze that was slowly filling the world as he downed drink after drink with a steady, determined pace.

That didn't mean he was drunk enough not to notice when things happened to *him*, though. Tingle...

Suddenly, Brian found himself moving, heading for the bathroom again. By this time, he was fairly well swozled, so it took him a second to realize why he was walking to the bathroom.

Hell - it took him a second to realize that he was walking to the bathroom, without actually making himself walk to the bathroom.

Once in the privacy of the white-and-blue tiled room, he just stood and waited, the actual words that were causing this having 'zoomed' past him in his state, he had no idea what was about to happen - but it didn't take him long to find out.

He grunted once, softly, in his new voice - as his waist slowly pulled in on itself, becoming slimmer, more... womanly.

Not long after that trip to the bathroom, he found himself opening his purse, and extracting a cigarette. Before that very instant, he'd never smoked in his life - now, he lit one up and took a drag...

...just before somebody came over and asked if he could spare a cigarette. Oddly enough, it was exactly the other person's brand, which was a Canadian cigarette, and not easy to find somebody smoking in a party like this. What were the odds on that one ?

A while later, Brian found himself staring out a window at the darkness beyond, his back to the party...

...so he was the only one who saw his face change, in the faint reflection of the glass. His average-looking face writhed and reshaped itself into a cute, if somewhat understated feminine face. It looked like just the face a shy-but-sweet girl might have, in every detail.

The most outstanding feature of his new face was the eyes - huge, dark, 'doe-eyes', framed by long, dark lashes. The lips were quite full, but that fact was somewhat downplayed by the very pastel lipstick that appeared on them. the nose was slightly large for her face, but looked quite cute, as it wasn't a 'fleshy-large' nose, but one that just rose a bit to far out from the surrounding face, with a slight bump at the bridge, and a fine ridge down the center before the up-turned point of the nose.

"Just great " Brian told his reflection. Now, from an observers point of view, it would be nearly impossible to tell that he was actually

male. He looked like a woman, mostly, although his shoulders were broad for a woman and his hips narrow - plus his masculine hands definitely looked out of place. but it wasn't enough to make him stand out as a male in drag....

...which meant that was the end of the free booze, and he hadn't brought a bottle of his own. Then it suddenly dawned on him - with the free-booze no longer an incentive, he could now leave!

Turning, he began to wend his way through the party, long, sexy legs scissoring as he anxiously headed for the door, weaving slightly in a state of mild inebriation...

...when he found himself stopping when a voice nearby said that cursed word, the one he'd so come to hate. "I wish we could find ourselves a smaller, more private little place - with free booze."

Helplessly, unwillingly, cursing mentally, Brian turned and walked over to where three guys were sitting.

"Hi - I couldn't help but overhear what you said." Brian said, nervously, in his richly smooth feminine voice. "I, uh.. thought you might like to... um.. come back to my place. It's pretty big, and quiet - and I have a fully stocked bar."

"Sure, sounds great!" the guy in the middle said with a slightly drunken smile. He was of medium height, with the rangy body of long- distance runner. "I'm Jason, by the way. This..." He gestured to a beefy-looking guy with a crewcut and goatee of a dark shade, "...is Biff, and this...(a tall, slender black man) ...is Marcus."

"Hi, I'm Brian."

Jason blinked. "Excuse me - did you say 'Brian?'?" he asked - after all, Brian now looked feminine, if not stunningly gorgeous. "Yeah." Brian agreed.

Jason shrugged, and started following 'her' towards the door, his friends following behind. "I've never understood some of the names Californian parents gave their kids in the seventies. It must be awful being stuck with a name. I wish you'd have a name that fit you better - like, say, Brianna."

Brian... Brianna winced. He didn't even have to check the ID in his purse to know that his name was now - and, to everybody else, had always been - 'Brianna'.

The newly christened Brianna knew that she was too drunk to drive, as was Jason. So, Biff slid behind the wheel of John's car, while Marcus smiled brilliantly at the sight of the car he was going to be driving.

"Man, oh man - now there's a car." He said, slipping behind the wheel with a kind of loose-jointed awkwardness. Brianna had the feeling that Marcus was the type of guy who only stopped talking when he was asleep - and maybe not even then. "I love these muscles cars. Now this - this is power." He brought the engine roaring to life, and asked for directions as he pulled out of the spot. Obviously, he wanted to open the car up and see what she could do - and was frustrated that he couldn't, as his friends had to follow them.

Brianna wished that Marcus would just shut up. Not only was his unending monologue annoying - it was 'dangerous'.

By the time they finally got to the house, Brianna was looking ruefully at the slender, feminine hands that now graced his equally slender, feminine arms - which, in turn, were connected to slender shoulders. She looked almost utterly female now, a slender, somewhat pale young woman who was cute and shy. The only thing masculine left about her body was the ultimate part of his masculinity, his cock - which, hidden inside his panties and skirt, had never become a topic of conversation, and was safe from change...

...so far. The possibilities that lay ahead frightened him badly.

That in no way interfered with his magical 'need' to lead the three friends into the house, seat them in the living room, and hurried off to grab drinks for them.

He was just turning from the bar to head back to the living room when he heard the front door open and shut, and muffled voices. Hurrying back down the hallway...

...he suddenly wished he paused just a little longer when he heard Biff's comment. "Yeah, well - I wish he was a female roommate, instead."

'Oh - shit!' Ran through Brianna's mind in that instant, and he went cold as the tingle ran through him.

As bad as what was happening to him was, the thought of this affecting Mike or Steve - Steve especially - was worse. And the knowledge that the affected person wouldn't even realize anything had changes didn't make it better - somehow, it made it worse for him, knowing that the person who thought themselves to be... whoever, was really somebody else.

Faking a nervous smile, Brianna handed out the drinks and 'innocently' asked "I heard voices. Did one of my roommates come home?" "Yeah - Michelle did." Marcus said, with a shrug.

Again, a chill ran through Brianna - a chill that intensified as a warmly feminine voice said "Did I hear somebody talking 'bout me?", and 'Michelle' walked out of the hallway into the living room.

The woman that had been Mike still shared some things in common with her male body - but it was obvious that several things had changed to match her new history as always having been female.

She was short - shorter then she'd been as a man, but compared to the average height of a woman, probably the right ratio - and still well-muscled. Her taut, athletically supple body gleamed ebony under the lights of the living room - and there was a lot to gleam, as she wasn't wearing very much clothing.

A skin-tight, pale-pink PVC skirt hugger her womanly hips and came mid-way down her firm thighs, and a matching PVC crop-top encased her small, firm tits. Her shoes were of a style that Brianna had always thought an odd fashion statement - 'sneakers', with inch- high soles and two-inch heels. Her hair was long and curly, and pulled back from her face by a black band around her forehead. Her almost obscenely full lips were covered in a gloss-red lipstick, and those lips were in a bright, cheerful smile.

"You'd better be sayin' nice things 'bout me, Brianna honey." Michelle laughed, moving with a supple-yet-powerful grace to settle onto the couch - not very far at all from Marcus, as a matter of fact.

"Just wondering who came in..." Brianna mumbled, distressed at seeing the woman Mike had become - and the way Michelle was not- so-subtly flirting with Marcus.

"Just me, sweets." Michelle smiled broadly. "How 'bout you grab me a beer?"

"Actually - can you give me a hand rustling up some munchies?" Brianna asked, not wanting to watch the now-female roommate flirt with Marcus. "You can grab a beer out of the fridge at the same time."

Michelle sighed, she smiled a promise at Marcus before joining Brianna as they headed into the kitchen.

As they rustled up some snacks, Brianna hesitantly asked "Do... do you find Marcus... attractive?"

Michelle grinned. "Sure do, honey. He's a tall drink 'a water, sure - but he's cute 'nuff. I figure he'd be fun to have a roll in the hay with, seein' as I struck out at the party at the beach."

Brianna repressed a shudder.

"I just wish..." Michelle continued, and Brianna stiffened at the dread words. "...that Marcus here would be proof of that old fable about how my type of man is endowed, if you know what I mean."

"I have a funny feeling that he will." Brianna said, dully.

"I hope so." Michelle said, with a grin. "Say - these boys don't know that you're a she-male, do they?" "No..." Brianna answered, mouth suddenly - painfully - dry.

Michelle winked. "Well, don't worry - I won't tell. If any of 'em started comin' on to you too much, I'll give you a hand, 'kay?"

"Yeah - thanks." Brianna mumbled as they headed back out to the living room. Surreptitiously, Brianna threw a glance at Marcus' crotch, and wasn't surprised to find a noticeable bulge in his fairly baggy pants.

Brianna was just sitting down - when she went absolutely rigid as Steve walked in from the direction of the garage, obviously having struck out as well. Stopping in surprise at the sight of the three strangers in the living room, he shrugged. "Okay - guess I didn't need to pick up a video to watch after all."

Steve was introduced around, and Jason asked Steve what he'd rented.

"It's kind of a comedy." Steve said, his face flushing slightly - he hadn't expected to defend his taste in movies to strangers. "It's called '*TEXAS T&A*, and it's about this university..."

"Oh, one of *those* movies." Marcus said, rolling his eyes.

"Hey - they can be fun, too!" Michelle slapped Marcus lightly on the chest, and the two of them got into a quiet argument over film genres as Steve went off to grab a drink from the wet-bar.

Then Brianna went ice-cold as the almost inevitable occurred.

Marcus, watching the handsome, bronzed Steve disappear down the hall with a faintly jealous look, turned to Michelle. "He's not Brianna's boyfriend... or anything, is he?"

Michelle giggled. "No, silly. Why - does having a handsome hunk in the house make you feel... inadequate?"

"Hell no!" Marcus denied, vehemently. "Still - I wish all three of you roomies were girls." Brianna winced at the double pulse of tingling that tore through him...

...*her*. Because she felt her cock withdraw up into her body, making the transformation from male to female complete - she was now fully female, internally and externally.

As scary and horrifying as that was for her - the thought that both Mike and Steve had paid the same price for her mistakes hurt almost as bad.

Absently crossing her legs in the feminine manner - then realizing what she'd just done by the new and unusual sensation it produced - Brianna felt like bursting into tears as she heard the click-clack of the high-heels shoes coming from the hallway Steve had gone down a moment before.

As a woman, she was as stunningly beautiful as she'd been handsome as a man. Her body was tanned and toned and slender, with firm breasts that had to be at least a D-cup. Her long, golden-blond hair framed a cheerful, sexy face, and she was dressed to show off her spectacular body in a white spandex mini-dress and white pumps with six-inch heels.

Walking over to the love seat Biff was seated in, she smiled down at him. "Hey, did either Bree or Mikki show you the pool out back?" Biff blinked. "Nope."

"Well, why don't we go for a swim, then?" She suggested, leaning over the chair so that her body was displayed to the best advantage.

Part of it made sense - as men, both Steve and Mike had 'struck out', and in the revised history, the same thing had happened to both women - so, coming home and finding men waiting was like a gift from heaven.

Biff, of course, jumped at the chance - and Michelle - 'Mikki' to her friends, apparently, just as Brianna was 'Bree' - also thought it was a wonderful idea, and Marcus agreed. From the name Mikki used to reply - 'Stacy' or maybe 'Staci' - Brianna learned Steve's new name in this new version of history.

"Bree?" Stacy/Staci asked, lifting one sculpted eyebrow questioningly. "Uh.. the guys don't have any swimsuits, you know..." Brianna stammered.

The two 'other women' and three guys shared a tolerant look among themselves. "Okay - that's fine." Mikki said, and she, Staci, Biff and Marcus headed out to the pool.

"Um..." Jason said, hesitantly. "If you don't mind, I think I'll just hang here with you, keep you company." "You don't have to." Brianna replied, quickly. "I mean, if you want to go swimming, go right ahead."

Jason smothered a snort of laughter. "Um, you are a little naive, aren't you?" He asked, not unkindly. "I would definitely be a fifth wheel out there."

Brianna knew what he was talking about - but didn't want to admit that the 'new' women had just made a blatantly obvious move of seduction. Although, intellectually, Brianna understood that everyone, including the 'girls', though they'd been female their entire life. to her, however, it was hard to accept - just minutes ago, they'd been guys.

Jason, misinterpreting Brianna's look, felt the need to 'explain'.

"They want to be.. *romantic*." He said, gently. "They're hoping that " He searched for a diplomatic way of saying it to the 'shy, naive

woman' he was talking to - and gave up with a shrug. "Anyway - I just wish they'd get everything they wish for tonight."

'*Oh, crap!*' Brianna thought - as a strange, pulsing tingling took up residence in her body. She knew that it was the power, holding itself ready to make real whatever the four people outside might wish, even though she wouldn't hear them.

Then:

"I don't mean to be rude..." Jason said, a little hesitantly. "But I wish you were as willing with me as your friends are with my friends."

That was definitely another 'oh crap' thought - but it was much too late to do anything about it. Not that she could have done anything, anyway.

"Actually..." Came, unbidden, from her lips as she blushed brightly. "I am... I'm just not as experienced as they are."

"Oh." Jason said, nonplused. Then, with comprehension. "*Oh!* Well, then - why don't you come over here and sit on my lap and.. we'll see what happens?"

Whimpering inside, Brianna hesitantly rose and walked over to where Jason sat, and gently lowered herself - awkwardly - to his lap, her pulse racing and her face flushed.

Gently, Jason pressed his lips against hers and she hesitantly responded. Slowly, the kiss deepened, with Jason taking the lead, and

she following. Their tongues intertwined as the kiss became more and more passionate, and Brianna was ashamed at her inability to stop what she was doing - and even more ashamed by how good it felt to be kissed by a man, and how her body was responding to his touch, his kiss...

Jason's hand had been slowly inching up her thigh, and was now under her skirt and gliding towards...

She pulled away, and Jason stopped, a startled look on his face. "What?" He asked.

Blushing furiously, Brianna answered - and listened with relief and gratitude at the words emerged from her mouth.

"I.. I, not quite.. ready for anything else yet." She told Jason. "I'm not a virgin - but I've only done it once before, and I... need to take this slowly."

Jason sighed, frustrated - but accepting. "Oh... of course. Sorry." "It's not your fault. "Brianna found herself reassuring him. "It's me..."

"Well then..." Jason said, still holding her on his lap. "Why don't you get us a couple of drinks each, then we'll get... *comfortable*, and we'll watch the movie?"

"Okay.." Brianna replied, shyly. Running to the bar, she grabbed a large bottle of pre-mixed vodka and orange-juice and a couple of glasses, and carried them back to the living room. turning off the lights, she put the bottle and glasses on the coffee-table...then helplessly found herself snuggling up against Jason. Using the remote, she started the movie running - then reached for the drinks.

As the cheesy movie, heavy into innuendo and risqué scenes, played on the TV, the two of them finished the bottle in record time. Jason drank out of frustration, and Brianna out of a mix of confusion, disgust and fear. Considering that both of them had been mildly squiffed when they'd arrived here, from the party, by the time the movie was half-over, the bottle was empty and both of them were fairly well drunk.

Brianna found herself kissing Jason for no apparent reason, time and again. They'd be watching the movie, then her mind would wander... then, with a start, she'd realize that she was passionately - if drunkenly - kissing Jason, who was kissing back just as eagerly, his hands stroking her thighs, ass, belly and breasts - but carefully not trying to push too far.

She'd break the kiss - though she couldn't seem to bring herself to ask him to stop the (*extremely pleasant*) caressing - and try to watch some more of the movie. Then her mind would wander... and the whole cycle would start again.

It was during one of these times, when she was trying to pay attention to the movie, that she giggled. "What?" Jason asked, blearily, paying more attention to the warm, supple woman in his lap.

"Her!" Brianna answered, just as fuzzily, pointing at the screen. "Isn't that the most ridiculous thing you've ever seen?"

'That' was the woman on-screen - an obvious bottle-blond woman, pretending to be a 'prim-and-proper' teacher who moonlit as a stripper, and was in the process of trying to keep a group of students from recognizing her.

In real life, there was no way she could succeed like she was in the movie - her tits would have been a dead giveaway. In the illogical premise of such movies, none of the randy boys noticed that the stripper's huge, silicone-inflated tits were the same size as - get this - 'Miz Heftichester', the 'English teacher'.

Jason looked....

"I don't know." He said, "I wish you had a rack like that, actually."

Brianna was suddenly sobered by the realization of what had just happened. Weaving only slightly, she helplessly found herself rising - with an excuse about going to the washroom - and heading for the bathroom.

Her heart pounding, and she fought to stop herself, to find a way out of what was about to happen...

...but there was no way of avoiding it.

Once in the bathroom, she got a few minutes 'reprieve' as she actually did use the can - but it didn't help. Not only was the knowledge of what was about to happen driving her nuts, she had to endure the new sensations of her first time urinating as a woman.

Then, with the suspender-straps of her skirt still hanging down, she stood in front of the mirror and lifted her shirt, watching helplessly as Jason's drunken wish came to pass.

Her already firm tits began to expand, rapidly. She watched in numb horror as they swelled outward, the mass of the swelling boobs getting heavier and heavier on her chest as her tits became more spherical...

...and larger. They quickly passed the size of grapefruit, entering the realm of small melons - about the limit of readily available bras. Like the EEE-cup maternity bras.

They didn't stop there. Now they were into the realm of custom-made bras, her breast the size of Volleyballs...

...basketballs...

...and, finally, the huge, Medicine-ball-sized monster tits - freakishly huge tits - the 'actress' had boasted. If a bra was custom-made to fit them, it would have to be an MMM-cup, and Brianna - with a sinking feeling - guessed she'd find such monster-sized lingerie in her drawer.

More than that, though - these tits were nearly identical to that of the woman in the movie - including the fact that they were obviously the result of surgery. Although Brianna didn't know all the details, she knew that her personal 'history' had been revised, complete with whatever reason 'she had' for getting so unbelievable, freakishly huge implants. Tits this big couldn't be done all at one - 'Brianna', in the past, had consciously gone to a lot of trouble to end up with tits the size of medicine balls, and almost as heavy.

Helplessly, Brianna pulled her shirt back down over her massive, round tits, finding that the shirt was now specially-tailored to accept her massive bust-line - while hugging to them like a second skin.

Helplessly, she turned on the heels of her boots and headed back for the living room. Her walk was somewhat different then it had been before - and her huge, unrestrained tits swayed with every step she took, as if they wanted to remind her of their presence on her chest, two incredibly huge, spherical, pumped-up silicone tits thrust from her slender body.

Re-entering the living-room, she discovered that, somehow, her having 'had' huge tits 'the entire time' had made a difference, somehow

- Jason was no longer drunk, just mildly tipsy, like her.

"hey.." He said, a little awkwardly, as she returned. "I... didn't mean to upset you. It's just that, when you leaned over to get the remote, I thought you were... and I..." He was now blushing brightly. "Anyway... I'm sorry I kissed you like that."

'*Huh?*' Brianna thought, confused - her having these massive, monster tits had changed it so that she was more shy?

Then she found herself speaking, as she slowly approached Jason. "No, I... I'm not upset..." She said, shyly and almost inaudibly. "In fact, I... I.. like it. A lot."

'*Oh, this is just great*' she thought with a mental sigh.

"You.. did?" Jason asked, hesitantly.

She found herself nodding. "Jason... I heard Staci tell you how the three of us made the money for this " She waved a hand around at

the house. " by her and Mikki stripping, and me investing the money."

"uh - yeah." Jason agreed, slightly confused.

"And.. I bet that made you wonder why, if I was never a dancer, I " She waved a hand at her massive, out-thrust chest.

"Well " Jason said, blushing in agreement.

She found herself taking a deep breath. "I I've always been really shy, and since I'm not as good-looking as Mikki or Staci, guys have

never gone to any effort to get past my shyness - except once, and it... wasn't any good. So, I thought if I.. did this.. then maybe some guy would be willing to... try and "

She was blushing furiously now - and, inside, she listened with mounting horror to herself, realizing these massive, gigantic tits were a result of a severe lack of self-confidence. She'd gotten these huge, outrageous tits...

...in the sole hope that it would convince men to seduce her, since she couldn't bring herself to seduce them. Jason caught on just as quickly, slowly rising to his feet. "You mean.. you really want me to.. I mean, want us to..?" She was now blushing brightly, and couldn't speak or meet Jason's eyes...

..but, very hesitantly, she nodded just a little.

It was enough.

Smiling, Jason wrapped his arms around her, and kissed her - passionately.

She kissed him back, hesitating a second - then joining in with just as much 'passion', feeling her huge, round tit pressed firmly against Jason's chest.

Breaking the kiss, Jason took her hand and led her back towards the bedrooms. She followed - hesitantly, shyly, eyes locked on the heels of his feet and her face a bright red...

...but she followed.

Reaching her bedroom, Jason shut the door behind her, then smiled at her. Quickly, efficiently, he stripped out of his clothing while her already bright blush deepened - but she found herself staring with a fascination that frightened her at his average-sized cock, already hard and throbbing.

Then, slowly, sensuously, he undressed her. He took his time, his hands wandering over her body, his lips tracing kissing over her smooth skin. He let her shirt drop to the floor, sliding his hands over her thighs and ass with firm, slow motions, pausing to squeeze her ass as he kissed her jaw.

Then he peeled off her top, and his hands and lips went to her gigantic, round tits.

Helplessly, she moaned softly, her rich, smoky 'singers' voice making the sound incredibly erotic as he fondled and licked her tits and nipples - and the worst part of it was just how much she was enjoying his touch.

Gently, he led her over to the bed and sat her on the edge, undoing the clasps that held on her boots. Pulling them off and dropping them, he caressed slowly up her left leg, while his lips slowly made their way up her right.

They met at the juncture of her smooth, silken thighs - and, gently, he pulled off her panties to reveal a cunt that was already wet and ready, no matter what the 'real' person inside Brianna's body might have wanted.

Then, gently, he began to lick at her cunt - and she moaned again, this time louder and with more feeling as the sensations of pleasure thrummed through her body.

Then he was easing himself onto the bed and rolling over, his hands gently guiding her.

Kneeling on the bed, she found herself straddling him, her hot, wet cunt positioned over his hard, throbbing cock. She hesitated there for along minute, his hands gently kneading her huge tits...

Then, gently, he slid his hands to her waist and pulled lightly downward...

..and she 'surrendered', dropping down and impaling herself on his cock with a scream of pleasure that mirrored the burst of ecstasy as he filled her cunt.

He slid his hands to her hips, and she helplessly took the queues he gave her, using her long, sexy legs to lift herself up- then drop back down. Hesitantly at first, then with more conviction, she began to rise atop his cock, moaning in pleasure as she began to establish a

rhythm to give her the most pleasure.

Closing her eyes, she let her head loll as she pounded her cunt up and down the length of his war, fulfilling shaft. Moans and gasps and inarticulate words tumbled from her throat, and her hands found her own tits and began to fondle them, also cutting down on the mildly unpleasant bouncing from her piston-like motion as she bounced up and down, pleasure thrumming through her like she was a live wire and ecstasy the current flowing through her.

Then she turned up the juice, increasing her pace as the pleasure mounted to an inevitable conclusion.

Droplets of sweat ran down her body, rolling over the awesome curve of her breasts and dripping from her engorged nipples as he twiddled and squeezed them. She was screaming now, wordless sounds of ecstasy, as she drove herself up and down on his cock like a woman possessed, the slick, silken interior of her cunt wrapped around Jason's cock and proving the orgasmic friction that was making her body writhe and shake.

Then she came - like a painless explosion of pure pleasure, the orgasm ripped through her body, stealing breath and thought alike as she was filled with utter ecstasy, her cunt sucking hungrily at the load of cum that Jason had to give her.

Then, gasping, she slowed her frantic motions and opened her eyes, riding the orgasmic afterglow down from the heights.

It had felt... spectacular. The power of her first female orgasm frightened Brianna. It would have been better, to her, if she'd just been forced to live as a female and be celibate.

Now.. now, she would be constantly tempted. Tempted to feel this again. Tempted to fuck men.

She didn't know whether she wanted to run, screaming, from the room - or thank Jason profusely for the intense pleasure he'd just given her.

What she wanted to do, however, was completely irrelevant - as she found herself pulling herself off his slowly softening cock. She was moving under the influence of the magic, and she wondered what the hell was going on as she took a towel from the dirty-laundry hamper and wiped herself off, then walked over to the closet.

Her confusion only grew as she got dressed.

Plain white panties. A massive white cotton bra with a front-hook closure. A pair of white thigh-high-socks, with light-pink lacy trim at the top. A plaid pleated skirt that barely made it to the tops of those socks. A white blouse that would have been plain, if it wasn't stretched taut over her massive bust.

And, the final touch, a pair of black 'Mary-Jane' style shoes with a six-inch carved heel.

The confusion she was feeling only grew - as she threw a smile at Jason as she walked to the door and left the room.

Walking through the house, she found herself going into the kitchen...

...and opening a door that hadn't been there before. She found herself descending the staircase that was revealed...

...into a dungeon?

That's what it seemed to be. The new basement was made of stone blocks and carved stone pillars, and various items, chains and whips gave it a decidedly medieval look.

But she could barely spare a look at her surroundings - because her eyes went to the room's occupants.

Handcuffed to a bed was a tall, massively-muscled black man who Brianna could vaguely recognize as Marcus from the facial features. It was hard to look at his face, though - as the eye seemed naturally drawn to the absolutely enormous, thick cock that rose from between his legs, looking like a black battering ram that throbbed in time with the beat of his heart.

However, that sight was matched by the black woman who stood beside the bed.

Her muscular ebony legs were encased in black leather boots with wicked-looking metal heels that were a good seven inches tall - and the boots didn't have platforms. A black leather body-suit enclosed her torso, molded - literally - around each of her firm, triple-D-cup breasts, leaving them completely bare and allowing her surprisingly large, dark nipples to stand proudly unrestrained.

Her muscular arms were bare to her wrists, which were encircled with a dark metal band. However, her head was covered by a black latex mask with opening for her eyes, nostrils and amazingly full lips. The mask rose to a metal-ringed top-knot of hair, which then spilled in a massive, thick mane of curls down her leather-clad back.

And, as the high-cut crotch-line of her suit, a massive black strap-on dildo thrust proudly outward, every bit the equal of the living phallus Marcus sported.

"Mi... Mikki?" A very confused Brianna asked.

The woman smiled briefly, the genuine warmth momentarily destroying her awesomely threatening look.

"Glad you agreed to play, Bree." Mikki whispered - then was once more the silent, brooding figure that was so foreboding. Then Brianna understood.

Jason had wished that the other four people would have their wishes granted - and this was what had happened. Not only had each of them changed...

...but, apparently, either Marcus or Mikki had wished for a threesome in a B&D scenario. With her as the third party.

And she couldn't stop herself from fulfilling that wish.

"Bitch!" Mikki snarled, striding towards Brianna. "Did you really think that you could graduate this college without learning the proper discipline!"

"Please, Mistress Michelle..." Brianna found herself pleading. "I'm doing well in my studies, and..."

"Silence!" Mikki shouted - and Brianna fell silent. "You must learn obedience, bitch. So - I command you to suck that cock!" She gestured at Marcus.

"But...!" Brianna started - and Mikki slapped her.

It wasn't all that hard, but Brianna 'acted' as if she'd been given the full force of Mikki's muscular arm.

Then, Mikki reached out and tore open Brianna's blouse, tearing of the bra underneath and setting her huge, inflated tits free.

"You dare disobey me?" Mikki thundered, grabbing Brianna and pushing her against a column, lifting Brianna's hands over her head and tying them to an 'O' ring in the stone with a length of leather strapping. "You shall learn the price for disobedience at the Academy, bitch!"

Turning, 'Mistress Michelle' picked up something from a table...

...and Brianna screamed in horror - both the forced act, and real emotion - at the threatening looking syringe-like device she held.

"First, we will give you something that can be put to good use, once you are properly trained... slut!" Mikki hissed, stepping forward. She held the device close to Brianna's right tit...

..then shoved the long needle through the center of Brianna's relatively small nipple, while three clamp-like objects tightened around the base of the nipple.

Brianna screamed in sheer agony....

...but it was an act. There was no pain, just a pressure and a mild discomfort.

A second later, Mikki pulled the device away from a sobbing Brianna - and revealed a huge, thick, engorged nipple. She then repeated the procedure - and Brianna repeated the act - leaving Brianna with a matched set of enormous, thick, presently-erect nipples.

"Now... will you obey me ?" Mikki asked, threateningly. "Or will you take the penalty?"

And she held up a pair of large golden nipple-rings and gestured with them at the rack with it's chains and weights, all designed to clip

on to rings just like the ones Mikki help.

"I'll obey.." Brianna sobbed.

Mikki released the leather binding. "Then... suck!"

Helplessly, Brianna walked over to the bed where Marcus lay, watching. Keeping her legs straight, Brianna bent over the bed, her huge tits pressing against Marcus' bare legs as her lips drew closer and closer to the throbbing monster of a cock....

...then she screamed as Mikki ripped off her panties and slammed the entire length of the massive dildo deep into her cunt.

The scream of pain was fake - but it could have been a scream of intense pleasure as the massive phallus filled her cunt, intense pleasure thrumming through her.

"Suck!" Mikki commanded.. and Brianna's head lowered and she took as much of Marcus' massive, throbbing cock into her mouth as she could.

As she began to slurp noisily at the massive, warm cock between her lips, hands working feverishly on his shaft, Mikki began to fuck her

- hard.

Brianna wanted to scam in shame, disgust - and mind-blowing ecstasy. Instead, she helpless slurped and sucked on Marcus' new cock as Mikki continued to pound into her cunt from behind.

Brianna and Marcus came at the exact same time, the flood of cum gushing down her throat keeping the scream of orgasmic pleasure from emerging as she sucked and swallowed 'eagerly' taking the entire load of jism that Marcus had to give.

Then 'Mistress Michelle' instructed her to 'begone', and she fled, crying....

...to the top of the stair, where her tears stopped.

She cleaned herself up, wiping the overflow of cum from her tits with paper towel - a process that took much longer then it would have if she wasn't constantly playing with her huge and highly sensitive new nipples.

While, inside, she was trying desperately to deal with the conflict between how she felt, emotionally, about being a suddenly *extremely* sexual active, huge breasted woman - and the physical pleasure that it brought.

Helplessly, she found herself walking back to her bedroom.

"you like ?" She asked Jason, seductively, indicating her new nipples.

Jason proved his enthusiastic answer by spending a good twenty minutes fondling her tits and suckling and licking her new nipples...

which led directly to Brianna's first tit-fuck.

Wiping the cum from her face and hair with a towel, Brianna then found herself padding, still naked, off to the bathroom...

Where she found Staci and Biff waiting for her.

Aside from the massive new cock and soft-ball-sized balls Biff was now sporting, he remained little changed, and Staci was exactly the same as he'd been before - unlike Mikki, Biff must find Staci just perfect the way she was.

However, he did have a fantasy, too - and it involved him sitting in a chair just outside the shower stall as Staci and Brianna stepped inside, and began to fondly and kiss each other under the spray coming from the shower-head.

Only - the stuff coming out of the shower wasn't water. It was semen. Warm, fresh cum, drenching down on the two women as the fondled and kissed each other, hands and mouths and tongues roaming over each other's cum-slicked bodies.

The kissed, passionately - and Brianna didn't know whether to be surprised or not as her tongue grew longer and more supple, as did Staci's. however, it wasn't something to complain about - as each of the girls put their new tongues to good use when their turn came to eat each other out, lapping hungrily at each other's cunt and gulping at the cum that ran down each other's body.

When Biff had finally added a spray of his own cum to the shower, with a moan, Brianna found herself actually reluctant as the scene ended, and the shower reverted to spraying water, allowing them to wash off.

Then, toweling herself dry, she padded back to her bedroom, and a ready and waiting Jason.

With his wish having stated 'all night', fantasy after fantasy, interspersed with 'normal' sex with Jason, was played out, every conceivable mixture of one, two and three girls meeting Biff and Marcus's every whim. It wasn't until dawn brightened the east that the six people where finally able to fall into a deep, dreamless sleep, utterly exhausted.

* * * * *

Dressed in just a bathrobe, Brianna staggered into the kitchen and started the coffee brewing.

As the pot burbled happily, she looked up at the clock with a hopeful eye, and her hands clenched in hope.

It was nearly noon. Any time now, the twenty-four hours would be up, and the curse she unknowingly placed on herself would be lifted.

"Too little, too late." She told herself sadly. She still didn't know how she should feel, with everything that had happened - and she certainly didn't know how to deal with the fact that she found sex as a woman so incredible. More than just the sexual act, this body was more sensitive, with more erogenous zones - despite everything, she'd felt more pleasure and more intense pleasure - in the past twenty four hours than she had in the rest of her twenty-four years of life.

Oh - except that, as far as the world knew, she could only claim twenty-one years of life now, somebody having shaved a couple of years off her age during the night's 'festivities'.

There had been a few more changes to her life-style - and body. Like the fact that her hair was now much longer, and curly. Like the fact that her hands were even smaller and more dainty. Like the fact that she was skilled at her now 'ex-job' as a stripper, just like her

roommates.

The pot had finished brewing, and Brianna poured a cup, hoping that this might be the end - even now, her power might be gone, and nothing more would be added to her altered life...

Well, she figured she was about to find out - as she heard Marcus and Mikki coming down the hall, talking.

They looked more or less the way they had last night, except for the fact that Mikki now had startlingly bright-blue eyes, and was taller. "...great as a stripper. It's too bad you gave it up." Marcus was saying as they came in the kitchen. "Hey, Brianna - is that coffee?"

As he grabbed a cup, Mikki gave Brianna a kiss - no simple peck, it was a deep, passionate kiss.

Though no magic now bound her actions, Brianna returned it with passion - Mikki really knew how to kiss. "Anyway," Marcus continued. "You should have kept with it - you're spectacular."

"oh, so dozens of men a night can drool at the sight of me?" Mikki asked, getting her own coffee. "I prefer having one man a night who can do considerably more than drool."

"Hey - you can't tell me that being a stripper didn't get you laid every night." Marcus retorted. "Especially since you enjoy fucking so much."

"Hey, now..!" Mikki replied, an edge of anger in her rising voice as she continued a 'friendly' bicker. "They still at it?" Jason asked as he entered the room, trailed by Staci and Biff.

"Yeah..." Brianna replied, absently, her mind barely noticing what was going on in the kitchen as her attention was focused on the second-hand of the clock. It had to be over, or almost so - it was exactly noon, and there couldn't be more than three minutes, tops - and it was probably already gone.

She was just starting to relax, and wonder how she was going to deal with her new life, when the argument behind her reached a climax, and at the same instant both of the spoke, their respective sentences each starting with... "Yeah, well I wish..."

* * * * *

ONE WEEK LATER...

"Oh, baby... I gotta get a lap-dance from you!"

Brianna smiled at the man waving the money at her. "Sorry, but I've got something I've got to do, first. Ten minutes?" "Sure thing, honey!" The man said, eyes fixed on her huge tits where they strained the front of her negligee.

Smile still on her lips, Brianna continued on her way, swaying seductively in her six-inch heels.

Since Marcus' wish, she'd found a sort of peace within herself, now that a portion of her day was 'pre-decided' for her. With that last wish, Marcus had brought into being the 'Kit-Kat Klub', a strip-club owned and operated by the three roommates....

..who, per Marcus' wish, would spend a minimum of a year being the feature performers before they could retire. Brianna, of course, was the only one who knew that - the other girls thought it was their own decision to spend that first year as the features to ensure the club's success.

Be that as it may, Brianna and the others each did a minimum of two shows a night, plus floor work. This was 'mandatory', and Brianna didn't have a choice - but once she'd gotten over the initial shock, she'd found that she didn't mind it at all - she actually enjoyed being a stripper - and it showed in her work.

The fact that she was rich and getting richer didn't hurt, either.

The rest of her time was her own, with no magic controlling her - aside from the occasional residual 'flare up' from a wish that was still functioning. Mostly, she relaxed alone, reading or watching TV....

..and, if she sometimes found herself going out with a guy, what of it? It wasn't as if she was a slut or a bimbo...

...though she'd already had sex twice in the week since this had happened - and had given one of them a blow-job, as well, after he'd been especially attentive.

The sound of the DJ's amplified voice, Brianna glanced up, and smiled - a trifle wistfully. '*Guys, let's hear it for **Black Magic!***'

A heavy driving beat began as the duo act strutted out on stage, accompanied by cheering and hooting that almost drowned out the amplified voice.

'That's right - it's twin sisters Michelle and Marcie, ready to whip you into a frenzy!'

Brianna sighed softly as she watched the two of them on the stage, starting their gyrations and mutual fondling. Marcie - once Marcus - was now indistinguishable from Mikki, aside from the fact that her leather Dominatrix outfit was black-on-blue, while Mikki's was blue-on-black.

That was the one thing that bothered her - reminding herself that all the other transformed men were truly happy with their 'new' lives, never realizing that they had ever been anything else. Mikki's wish - '*I wish you guys had to live lives like ours*' - had been simple, but 'effective'.

Instinctively, Brianna's eyes flicked over the crowd. She smiled briefly as she passed over Staci, in her highly effective - and highly abbreviated - cheerleader costume, then she spotted Jessica, in the corner giving a guy a lap dance, a huge and sincere smile on her face.

The woman who had once been John was quite the looker. Tall and slender and supple, she moved like a cat in heat, and her moves were enough to turn almost any man on. The fact that she was also amazingly sexy didn't hurt, either, what with her full, pouting lips, dark, smoldering eyes and high, firm breasts. She could give the Pope a hard-on, if she'd wanted to.

No client would believe that Jessica was actually a lesbian who got off on teasing men. In her new history, she lived with a 'bull-dyke' type in a house near the coast, and was a radical feminist. Not a Radical Feminist, the organized group - their views were completely different. Jessica didn't think women working in strip clubs were degraded - she thought that men paying money to stare at a naked woman he couldn't touch was the most incredible, wonderful thing she'd ever heard, and working her gave her the most incredible power-trip - the more aroused she could make the men around her, the more money they would pay her just because she was a woman, the better it felt - hence the big, shit-eating grin.

Then, of course, Brianna's eyes had to seek out Jessica's direct opposite...

...Buffy.

Buffy looked like the stereotypical blonde bimbo brought to life - and the only woman in the club whose bust rivaled Brianna's own. However, those monster melons were on a body that was unlike Brianna in a dozen different ways.

Buffy's legs, while longer, weren't quite as sexy as Brianna's gorgeous pair. However, Buffy had tiny little feet that she loved to cram into the highest heels she could find. In fact, that was one of the drawing points of the club - men coming to see if a woman with a chest as big as Buffy's massive melons could actually dance atop shoes with a two-inch platform - and twelve-inch heels.

She could - very, very well as a matter of fact.

Buffy's ass was almost as good as Brianna's - and it was attached to a wider, more womanly pair of hips that made her incredibly tiny waist seem even smaller. Above that tiny waist her massive tits loomed - and, unlike Brianna's, these huge tits were 'all natural', which meant that, though still amazingly firm and spherical - they had noticeably more 'droop' than Brianna's, and a hell of a lot more movement when she danced.

Her face was pure, mindless sensuality, with full, bow-shaped lips, a tint nose, and huge, bright-blue eyes that looked like they couldn't hold two thoughts at once, all surrounded by a mane of golden curls.

Truth was, Buffy wasn't a bimbo at all, and was quite intelligent - she just like to play the bimbo in public.

It made her hobby - getting fucked ,long and hard - that much easier. Buffy was the first to admit that she was a raging nymphomaniac - she just loved sex, in all it's forms, and the fact that men would buy her anything, do anything she 'stupidly' asked them to do (with a giggle), and give her all the sex she wanted gave her her thrills.

Of course, like Jessica's secret, her clients - both sets of them - would have been shocked if they'd found out what she 'really' did for a living. The club patrons would have been shocked and amazed to discover that their Buffy was the Miss Bennett, whose insightful finical

commentary was distributed nation-wide, along with her soaring personal portfolio, which she used to show how investment should be done.

And all her readers would have been shocked to find out the financial genius was a huge-breasted stripper.

So, Buffy used her 'bimbo' routine to keep anybody but her close friends from knowing the whole truth about her life.

The funny thing was - Brianna was one of the ones who wasn't 'supposed' to know. It was simply the fact that her memories were never 'altered' that allowed her to track Buffy's daily - and supposedly secret - trades, and adjust her own rapidly soaring portfolio.

That, more than anything, was perhaps the final reason that Brianna had managed to come to terms with what had happened. Even as she resumed walking, she couldn't help musing - she had a fantastic house, and a job she enjoyed. Steve - now Staci - was still her best friend, and both of them were already 'well off', and heading rapidly towards 'filthy rich'. Sex was better now than it had ever been before

- and, if she wanted, more plentiful, too. So, she'd had to be turned into a huge-breasted stripper to achieve it. though that still 'hit' her sometimes, and still caused her confusion and a few troubled nights, she figured that she was still better off than she had been as Brian. About the only constant thorn in her side was...

Reaching her office, she closed the sound-proof door, dropped into her comfortable chair, and pressed a button. From a hidden speaker, a muffled buzzing sound, followed by a click, emerged.

'Hello?'

"Hi, Mom - It's me..." Brianna said, with a sigh.

A long pause, then. "I'm going to call the police, you know that! God knows, I'll probably rot in hell for all eternity, but I told you when you wanted to get those horrible implants and take up that dirty, dirty job that - if you did - I would disown you until you gave it up and put your body back the way God intended it..."

Shaking her head, Brianna waited until her mother ran out of steam and hung up.

"Call you next week, mom..." She said to the hum of the disconnected line, then pushed the 'kill' switch and headed out to the floor, a smile slowly reclaiming her features.

She had a lap-dance waiting.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Two high school boys decide to use hypnosis and drugs to make tom-boy girl more feminine; however their plan backfires when the tape they send her is listened to by her brother, and she enacts her revenge. *CONTEST WINNING STORY!!!*

Do Onto Others....

By Gunslinger

Ah - you've been here before, Gentle Reader. I may not be able to put a name to your face - for the moment, at least - but I am sure I have related a tale or two to you before.

Perhaps you'd care for another one? I'm sure I could be persuaded to spin a tale. Merely to help fill the time, of course.

If you're interested, that is.

Please, make yourself comfortable - we might be here for a while. But I assure you, the tale is worth the time. It is more than mere entertainment, a yarn spun to fill the time. In fact, I think you might find this tale edifying, and, like all good tales, it has a deeper meaning, a lesson to be learned.

Ready to begin, oh Gentle Reader? Very well...

There's an old, old rhyme that begins 'For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost.' This particular rhyme comes to a rather morbid close with an entire kingdom toppled, '..and all for the want of a nail', as they say. It's an interesting statement whose lesson is both profound, and obvious. The largest thing can be set in motion with the smallest beginning.

For Brad Detweiller and Jeffery Lawford, that 'nail' was a simple, off-hand comment in the cafeteria.

* * * * *

"You know, she'd be hot - if she was a girl."

Jeffery choked on the 'slider' he was in the middle of swallowing, spraying bits of cheeseburger over the table. Frantically, he reached for his Coke, half-laughing, half-choking.

"God " Jeff said when he was finally able to speak. "Don't do that when I'm eating. I could have

choked, you know." The short, dark-haired youth shook his head, and looked at the door Mikki Kelso had just exited, unaware of the amusement she'd inspired. "You're right though. Nice figure, kinda, nice face, again, kinda - but she walks, talks and dresses like ninety percent of the guys on campus. Never any make-up, no skirts or dresses, and that butch hair-cut "

His slender, blonde-haired friend grinned at Jeff through his 'John Lennon' glasses. "Yeah - how much you want to bet she shows up for graduation wearing Army boots under her robe."

The two freshmen shook their heads at the absurdities of campus life. Of course, only half a year into the college experience, they weren't exactly experts - but, like young men all over the world, they thought they knew everything.

In fact, the two youths did know more than most people would expect of two young men like them.

On the standardized IQ tests, they both scored high - Brad rating a 162, Jeff slightly lower with a 161 - making them both certified 'geniuses'.

Not that you'd know it by looking at them. Based on visual appearance, you'd wonder how the hell the two boys managed to get into a Ivy-league college, much less managed to become best friends. The two of them looked and dressed nothing alike.

Brad, a slender, slightly devilish looking youth, was the nineties reincarnation of every hippie at Woodstock. His wardrobe consisted almost solely of faded, almost white jeans, shirts that were either garishly bright or amazingly subdued, and sandals.

He wore a hemp necklace with a cast-pewter marijuana leaf dangling from it, kept his long, sandy blond hair in a long ponytail held by another hemp band, and peered at the world through an area of non-proscription glasses - currently, round, rose-colored glasses covered his eyes, but his collection included the octagonal wire-frames, half-lens 'Granny glasses', and the small, round sunglasses, all of them made famous - or infamous - during the sixties. His ultimate goal in life was to ride across America on a motor-cycle, living life free and unencumbered.

Jeff, on the other hand...

Jeff apparently had never worn denim in his life - or anything other than a pastel color, for that matter. Jef was the ultimate button-downed yuppie, with pastel-colored polo shirts over neatly-creased trousers. His belts and shoes always matched his current attire, and his middle-brown hair was always neat and trimmed. His goal in life was to be successful, wealthy and admired.

But despite the two youth's differing tastes in clothing, music, and life's goals, a stronger bond kept them best friends. As certified geniuses, everyone and everything was boring to them - school was amazingly easy, and the two youth's social life was almost nil - it was a real pain to deal with people who seemed - to them, at least - amazingly dense. They quickly found out, not only were they the only company the other could stand...

Of course, being the two smartest people around, there was also a sort of rivalry between the two youths - a constant contest to see who could do something better than the other. Even though the contest was 'friendly', it was also very intense, each seeking to prove that they, and only they, were the smartest, the best. It could have been enough to break them apart, if it weren't for the odd fact that their biggest source of contention required the other...

They were constantly trying to come up with the 'ultimate' prank.

You needed somebody who could appreciate your genius at pranks. Before they had met, each boy had been a holy terror - although they rarely got caught or blamed for their pranks. Being so much smarter than the average person, they could also cover their tracks well. But there wasn't much fun in pranks that nobody could appreciate - so the two's friendship was perhaps destined to happen, if for no other reason than each boy needed the other for a properly appreciative audience.

Which is probably why Jeff caught the look on Brad's face almost immediately, and began to smile tightly.

"You've got something in mind - what is it? Come on, give." Jeff said, leaning forward.

"Not here.." Brad whispered, which let Jeff know just how juicy this idea was. "Let's get back to our apartment."

Jeff nodded, and the two youths slid from the booth and headed for their off-campus apartment. Thanks to their intellects, each boy had gotten a Scholarship to attend the University - which was important for Brad, but not so much Jeff, who's parents were 'well-off', as he put it, and 'loaded', as Brad put it.

"Okay, the door's locked and the cone of silence had descended." Jeff said as they entered their apartment, using one of their in-jokes. "Now, give with the idea."

Brad flopped on the couch and pulled a Bud from the beer-fridge on the coffee-table. "You remember that rig I hooked up into the CD-burner in your computer. The one we used to make those 'stop smoking' CD's?"

Jeff nodded. "Sure I remember - you must have earned a good three hundred with that subliminal hypnosis recorder."

Brad nodded. "Yeah, well - what if we sent a very 'special' CD to Mikki - one that convinced her that acting like a girl might be a good idea?"

Slowly, Jeff's smile grew to match the wolfish one on Brad's. "I like it." He said, simply - which meant that all his formidable skills would be behind Brad's own on this project.

Which was a very, very scary proposition indeed.

* * * * *

Now, Dear Reader, it may be that you do not know much about the strange, half-scientific/half mystical subject of Hypnosis - and I shall certainly not bore you here with the complete history of this art. However, I will touch upon the single greatest truth of Hypnotism - which, oddly enough, is also the single greatest lie.

It is the most basic fact of hypnosis that you can not hypnotize a person into doing something he - or she - would not do willingly. So, if a certain person, whom I will call 'Mr. X', had a brother, you could not merely hypnotize this person and say 'You will kill your brother'. Unless our fictional Mr. X was pre-disposed to murdering his brother, he would not carry out this command. That is why this is the single greatest truth of hypnotism.

The reason it is the single greatest lie is equally as simple - because you can make Mr. X kill his brother, if you go about it the right way. The first trick is to use hypnosis to determine whom Mr. X would kill. For example, our Mr. X may be of the Jewish persuasion, and have relatives who suffered under the yolk of Nazi Germany. Understandably, Mr. X may have wished that he could change history, killing Hitler before he could rise to power.

Next, using hypnosis, you would convince Mr. X that you have sent him back in time, by 'acting out' a time-machine. Under hypnosis, Mr. X might well believe that he is, indeed, in the past. Then, you convince him that his brother is, in fact, Adolph Hitler, only a few hours away from assuming power. If you were to provide Mr. X with a gun, it is indeed quite possible that he would kill his brother, believing he was ridding the world of a great monster.

Now, suffice it to say that both of our young geniuses were familiar with these facts, and as they set about their little project, they argued at length about what emotional 'triggers' they could use to convince Mikki that she did, indeed, wish to be more feminine. Finally, the two young men reached a compromise, and set about creating the CD containing the hypnotic commands.

It took another day, but at last the innocent appearing Disc was completed, and that night the two of them snuck to the house where their target resided and left the CD in the mail-box before vanishing back to their apartment, rather mischievous grins on their faces.

However, despite their high intelligence, they were far from omniscient, and they did not foresee the events that were about to transpire...

* * * * *

"You sure that you'll do everything on the list, right?" Michelle Kelso admonished gently as she watched the cab pull into the driveway. "I don't want to get back and find every dish in the house dirty and piled in the sink. If I do, you're going to be in some real trouble, Terrence Grant Kelso."

"I've got it, Mikki." Her eighteen year old brother said in exasperation. "Don't worry, everything will be fine..." He paused, then smiled at his older-by-two-years sibling. "You make sure you have fun."

Mikki smiled and hugged her almost painfully thin, pale brother. "I will. And please, Terry - try to drag yourself away from the TV once in a while. You're withering away."

Terry laughed. "Hey, blame yourself, sis - you're the one who ordered satellite TV." The horn of the cab bleated, and Terry followed his sister out the door. Standing on the step, he waved to his sister who, since their parents death, had practically been his mother, too. It was nice to see her taking some time for herself - since she'd rather abruptly become responsible for him two years ago, she'd lost her once-active social life.

Sighing, Terry grabbed the mail and went inside. He sorted through the stack, then stopped when he came to the small, clear-cellophane enclosed CD case.

"Huh... Sis ordered some music?" Terry mused, looking at the CD. It seemed to be some sort of 'relaxation' music, judging from the insert.

Shrugging, Terry unwrapped the CD. Mikki and he shared everything, and neither worried about opening each other's mail, or borrowing things.

Popping the CD into the stereo, Terry let it run, the gently, rolling strains of the soft chamber music filling the house as he set about tidying up around the house.

About two hours later, Terry was cleaning up in the living room when the phone rang. Since he was, by nature, somewhat of a loner, the chances were it wasn't for him. So, he merely cocked an ear and listened as the answering machine clicked on.

"Hi, John - this is Steve " an unfamiliar male voice said. "I'm calling about that play you wrote - you

know, 'Being Harry'?" Then there was a brief pause. "Being Harry is awful. Being Harry is annoying. It's irritating. Being Harry is the worst thing in the world, and you should do something about it immediately." Then the machine clicked off.

Terry shrugged - obviously, a wrong number. He had no idea what that whole thing had been about.

Twenty minutes later, Terry was wondering if there was something wrong with him. His entire body seemed to be crawling and he had to force himself not to scratch his skin right off. It felt like every square inch of his body was itching like mad.

Finally, desperate for some release, Terry went upstairs and ran a tub of warm water, planning to see if soaking would help. He was waiting for the tub to fill when he caught sight of a razor on the edge of the sink. Then, it sank in, so obvious that he should have seen it before. It was his *hair* that was making him so itchy!

It took two and a half hours and a dozen razors, but when Terry emerged from the tub, it was with a satisfied sigh. Every square inch of his body from the eyebrows down was now completely smooth and hairless - and that terrible, annoying itching was gone.

Feeling great, Terry began whistling a tune as he went back to his cleaning, enjoying the flow of air over his denuded skin, and wondering how he could have lived so long with so much body hair all over him...

About twenty minutes later, Terry was in the middle of cleaning the kitchen. He'd had to turn the stereo up, to be able to hear the music clearly - it was just so relaxing and enjoyable, he'd put it on 'repeat' so that it'd just keep looping. He'd looked on the package for a return address - he'd wanted to order his own copy - and he'd been mildly annoyed not to find one. He'd just have to wait until Mikki got home, and find out where she ordered it from.

He was just drying the dishes when the phone rang. Again, Terry cocked an ear, listening as the machine picked up.

"Hey, Caryn, it's Steve - I just got back from the mall, and I saw something you have to buy. They're a pair of high-heeled shoes. I know you don't usually wear heels - but just think how great they would feel, encasing your feet. How nice it would be to get a couple of inches of extra height. And they'll do wonders for your balance and co-ordination. Once you're able to walk gracefully in heels, you know that you're not clumsy or awkward. You really, really should wear heels - you'll enjoy the feeling of control and agility. You really, really will. 'Bye."

Terry shook his head - another wrong number. People these days just didn't pay attention to what they were doing.

Ten minutes later, he was putting away the dishes, and found himself constantly annoyed by having to go on tip-toe to place the glasses on the top shelf. He'd done this job hundreds of times, yet he'd never really noticed just how damned annoying those extra two inches could be.

Then a thought occurred to him. Leaving the glasses on the counter, he went up to the attic, and soon located what he was looking for - a box of clothes from his sister's younger days. Lugging the box down to the living room, he opened it up, and

sorted through until he found what he was looking for - Mikki's old 'formal' shoes, black suede pumps with a two inch heel. He tried them on and found that they fit tolerably well. Awkwardly, he wobbled and swayed back into the kitchen, and discovered that he was right - it was much, much easier to put the dishes away with the extra height of the heels.

It was awkward walking in them, but Terry figured he could learn how if he wore them constantly for the next little while - besides, the extra height would be useful in all sorts of situations. He should have thought of this ages ago - it was so blindingly simple.

Finishing the dishes, Terry teetered out to the dining room to begin dusting. Already, the heels were proving themselves invaluable - the extra height let him see the spots he'd always missed before because he was too short to see them.

Humming happily, Terry went about his cleaning, only half-listening as the machine once more picked up.

"Hi, this is Carlos. I noticed you haven't been looking all that well recently, and a friend of mine had a great suggestion. A little make-up would cover the little flaws and signs "

* * * * *

And so, all unawares, our 'heroes' continued making their 'wrong number' phone calls, believing that they were triggering changes in Mikki, and completely unawares that Mikki had a brother, much less that he was the one on the receiving end of the programming. Over the course of the weekend, the two young men made numerous calls with the triggers, under many a different guise. Messages from 'the hairdresser', confirming an appointment to get 'a very feminine style' that 'will make you feel happy and energetic. From the 'Goodwill', asking for old clothing 'but not the real feminine clothing - that should be saved so that you can wear it and feel it's soft, comforting texture next to your skin'.

From 'friends', 'professionals', and all sorts of other pretexts, these calls each set to trigger a certain phase of Mikki's transformation, an being 'intercepted' by a thoroughly programmed Terry.

But even Brad and Jeff had no idea just how powerful, how overwhelming - how utterly *complete* - their programming had been...

* * * * *

Terry signed for the package with glee. The delivery man, eyeing the young, short-haired, flat-chested girl came to the silent conclusion that she was probably a lesbo - she was too thin, too flat-chested, and her hair was too butch to be much else, besides the frilly dress she wore, complete with nylons and two-inch pumps. Still, you never knew - look at what he was delivering to her.

Mentally shaking his head, the driver helped bring the three large boxes from Frederick's of Hollywood into the living room, and set them down. He politely nodded to the young woman - then decided to indulge himself. "These for you, Miss - or a present for a friend?" He asked, trying to sound like he was just making polite conversation as they headed for the door.

"Oh - they're for me." The young woman replied in a husky sort of voice. "It's about time I treated myself right - even if I am the only one who gets to appreciate the look..." She sighed, almost wistfully, and that decided the delivery driver. She wasn't a lesbo - just didn't have that great of a figure, and was understandably depressed.

The driver smiled sympathetically. "Miss, I think you'll look wonderful in this stuff." He said, trying to boost her ego. Tipping his cap, he climbed into his van and pulled away.

Terry was ecstatic. He couldn't believe it had taken him so long to realize the root of his problem. He wasn't athletically inclined, he wasn't muscular, he wasn't a charmer - he'd been a flop as a guy, and that had been so depressing. But now - he'd just successfully passed as a woman - and gotten a complement, something he'd never gotten while being masculine. Yes, this was a wonderful idea.

And it was only going to get better.

Quickly, Terry stripped down, frowning as he surveyed his nude body. He was slender, and now hairless, which was good - but he wasn't female. The cock, he kept hidden in the panties by tucking it under, which was good. But still, he looked like a boyish girl - and that wasn't good enough. Well, until he could do something more permanent, the short-term solution was in these boxes. Eagerly, Terry opened them, and had to decide where to start.

Eagerly, he pulled out the breast forms. Called 'Silicone enhancers' in the catalogue, they'd been expensive, - in fact, everything had been expensive. Thank God he'd inherited not only quite a bit of cash, but he'd been able to get a credit card with a high limit. As it was, he'd almost maxed it out.

Still, it was well worth it.

For a few seconds, he just held 'breasts' in his hand, marveling at how real the weight and texture was, as was the color. Of course, they weren't perfect - he wouldn't be able to show 'cleavage' with these - but they were good enough until he could get implants done.

Regretfully, he put these aside for the moment to do things in necessary order. His first step was the 4-pad nylon/spandex girdle. It was 'nude' in color, and had padding in the hips and ass, which was precisely what he wanted to help fill out his figure. As an added bonus, it helped hide his cock, when he tucked it between his legs before settling the garment firmly in place.

Next came a pair of special 'nude' pantyhose. Instead of regular nylon, these were a form of spandex, nearly opaque and coming up to the waist. Designed to hide veins and other imperfections, they were a struggle to get on, but when he finally managed to do so, and smooth out the wrinkles, the look was amazing - aside from the lace trim around the waist, it looked like Terry was a nude neuter. The semi-gloss finish of the garment and the precise coloration completely blended in with his skin, and also hid the padded girdle, making it look like it was his own body that was curved that way. Aside from the lack of anything at his crotch, it was a wonderfully feminine look, from the waist down.

The next step helped solve the problems with it. A white leather corset with lacy, built in bra cups was cinched tightly in place, neatly hiding the dividing line of the leggings and making it look completely natural, while compressing his waist for even more of an hour-glass figure. The C-cup built in bra accepted the breast forms, their lacy fabric showing the breast-forms colored, molded 'nipples', making it appear that he did, indeed, possess firm, C-cup breasts. The matching white lace panties hid his lack of feminine genitalia as well. And the white lace stocking he pulled into place and clipped to the corset's garters made his legs look completely feminine, and hid the artificial nature of the garment under them. Unfortunately, it meant Terry couldn't enjoy the feel of the lacy nylons, but he was willing to accept that single draw-back.

Next came the shoes. But there Terry bogged down for nearly half an hour, trying to decide which pair to go with. He'd worn the pumps he'd had day and night over the weekend, and was able to move easily in them, but now he wanted something more fashionable. He just wasn't sure he was ready to try the higher heels of some of the footwear he'd purchased.

Finally, he settled on a pair of low-cut, pointed-two pumps in white patent, with the four-inch heels. He was much rewarded to find that he could move easily in them after a few minutes of getting used to the higher heel.

Looking in the mirror, Terry was ecstatic - he looked completely feminine. Although, the short hair was rather 'butch' - which was solved simply enough, as he'd bought all of the wigs that the catalogue had to offer.

Deciding on which one was easy - he took the longest one, a long, flowing mane of hair that hung two feet from the nape of the neck. He'd bought three of these, and easily decided to use the one that was 'champagne blonde', to match his all-white motif. He admired the look, so glad he'd spent all those hours last night practicing applying make-up. The look was perfect.

As much fun as it would be to spend the day wearing nothing but the lingerie, enjoying how perfectly feminine he looked even in such apparently skimpy clothing, he was also eager to try on some of the multitude of clothing he'd purchased. Smiling happily, he sorted through the different garments, trying to settle on the first thing he'd wear. Finally, after hemming and hawing, he forced himself to make a decision.

A pale beige silk blouse with 'pearl' buttons, white lace trim, and short sleeves was a great choice, because it was slightly transparent, revealing his lacy under things, and making his darker 'nipples'. Once the blouse was chosen, the medium-gray skirt that came to just above the knees was a logical choice to go with it. And that, of course, led to the elegant gold jewelry - which, unfortunately, included 'clip-on' earrings, a shortfall he would remedy soon, he promised himself.

Thoroughly pleased with the final result, Terry took the remainder of the stuff up to his room, where he carefully put it away, along with the make-up he'd purchased yesterday through Avon. Feeling

delightfully feminine, he decided to 'treat' himself to a salad and a glass of white wine, despite the fact he was on a new diet.

He had to watch his girlish figure, after all.

* * * * *

"So... Should we?" Jeff asked, drumming his fingers against the edge of the desk.

Brad was frowning. "I think we may have rushed it - what if we didn't allow enough time for the programming to take hold before we made the first call?" He gnawed at a fingernail.

"Well - there's only one sure way to find out." Jeff urged. "Come on - let's go over and see what's up."

Brad was still worried that their eagerness had caused them to rush - but there was nothing they could do if that was, indeed, the case. "All right, let's go." He said, letting the chair he was leaning back in tilt forward, depositing his feet on the floor. Rising, he grabbed a faded brown denim jacket and headed for the door, followed closely by Jeff.

Twenty minutes later, butterflies in their stomachs, the two young men stood on the door-step of Mikki's house. Taking a deep breath, Brad reached forward and rang the doorbell.

Seconds later, the door swung open, and for a second, each of the young men were positive they'd succeeded in their plan, because standing there before them was a lovely young woman with long flowing blonde hair...

Then it registered, with a wave of disappointment, that while there were many similarities between this lovely young later and Mikki, there were also too many discrepancies - such as the fact that this young woman looked younger.

"Yes...?" the comely blonde asked in a husky voice, smiling at the two young men on her doorstep.

"Is Mikki in?" Brad asked, taking in the young woman's trim figure and - in his opinion - tasteful-yet- showy choice in clothing.

The young woman shook her head. "I'm sorry, my sister went away for the weekend. She won't be back until later tonight." She held out a slender hand tipped with long, red nails. "By the way, I'm Terri."

Brad and Jeff mechanically introduced themselves, sharing a look with each other. "When did your sister leave?" Brad asked.

Terri smiled quizzically. "Friday Morning - why, is there some sort of problem?"

"Uh, Terri, this is going to sound weird but... did a CD arrive in the mail for your sister?" Jeff asked hesitantly.

Terri nodded. "Yes, as a matter of fact, it did - right about the same time she left. Why, is there something wrong...?"

Brad hastened to reassure the lovely girl. "No, no... we were just wondering. We're sorry to have bothered you."

Terri smiled fetchingly, and rather obviously eyed each of them slowly. "Oh, no bother - I'll never complain when fate drops a couple of good-looking guys on my doorstep." She let her gaze linger on

their crotches for several endless seconds, then looked them in the faces again, smiling brightly. "Would you like to come in for a bit, guys?"

It wasn't exactly the sort of invitation that Brad and Jeff were used to turning down. "Sure."

Sharing a quick smile, the two guys followed Terri's pertly swinging ass as she lead them into the living room.

"At least one of the girls in this family knows how to dress..." Jeff whispered to Brad, who nodded in agreement.

"Why don't you guys get comfortable, and I'll grab a couple of drinks." Terri said, gesturing at the couch. "Beer okay?"

Both guys agreed, and Terri headed for the kitchen.

As Terry got the beer, he couldn't believe his good luck. Here he was, all dolled up and so very eager to test his new look out on some guys - and fate drops them right at his doorstep. He was going to see just how well he could pass - with any luck, he could see these guys every day for years and never get found out - and, he'd be treated better, with more attention, than he'd ever gotten before going 'en femme'. It was great.

"Here you go, guys..." Terri said, handing each of the guys a beer as she settled gracefully into the couch - directly between the two men, wrapping an arm around each of their shoulders. "Why don't we see what's on the tube?"

"Sure..." They guys agreed, unanimously. Brad took a deep breath, letting Terri's mild, feminine fragrance envelop him as Jeff picked up the remote and flipped through the channels. Soon, they were sitting on the couch, half-watching a movies as they chatted about inconsequential things, merely enjoying each-others company.

A couple of hours later, the guys regretfully cleared their throats. "Terri, it's been really fun tonight - but we have to get going."

Terri smiled wistfully. "I hate to let two such great guys out of my sight, but all right. But..." She put her hands on her hips, mock-threateningly, "I'm not letting you out that door until I get your phone number!"

Laughing the guys willing agreed, then headed out.

Wrapped in a fog of joy, Terry looked down at the simple slip of paper with the phone number on it. Instead of a boring night at home, like he'd always spent, he'd just had an enjoyable time with two attentive, obviously interested guys - and he'd pulled it off so successfully, they'd left their number. Life was good.

Terry was still smiling happily when he heard the front door open, and decided to share his good news with Mikki. High-heels, clicking on the floor, she went to greet her sister.

Terry was just shutting the door. When she turned back, she suddenly started, seeing another girl in the shadow of the hall.. "Oh - you startled me, miss." She was in the act of shrugging of her overcoat as she continued. "Are you..."

Then the 'young woman' stepped into the light of the foyer, and Mikki's voice died in her throat. "T... Terry?"

Terry grinned at the surprise in his sister's voice. "Yeah, it's me. Don't I look great?" She said, slowing spinning to reveal all her beauty.

"My.... God!" Mikki whispered, stunned. "Terry - what the hell...?"

Terry look shocked - it had never occurred to him that his sister might be this surprised. "What? Is something wrong?"

Mikki gaped at Terry. She'd left him, a somewhat of a loner but otherwise normal younger brother, Friday morning, and come back Sunday night to... this.

Fighting to keep her emotions in check, Mikki smiled gently. "No - I just was a little surprised at... how good you look, Terry." Lightly gripping her brother's arm, she guided the amazingly feminine youth towards the living room. "I want you to sit down and tell me every detail of your weekend. Every single, tiny detail..."

* * * * *

Brrrr..innnngg.....Brrr..innnng....

"Whazza?" Jeff said fuzzily, running a hand over the stubble of his chin. The hem of his shirt hung out of his jeans and his hair stuck out in all directions.

Brad snorted - Jeff was absolutely useless before his first cup of coffee, a monumental task that the youth was now attempting. "I'll get it." Brad said with a grin - already working on his second cup, and feeling much more human. Taking a last sip off coffee, he crossed to the wall mounted phone and picked up the receiver.

"City Morgue - you stab 'em, we slab em." He said airily.

He was rewarded with a giggle. "Nice" Terri's voice said mockingly. "Just what I wanted to hear first thing in the morning Speaking of which, I didn't wake you, did I?"

"No, no, we were already up " Brad assured her. Covering the mouthpiece with his hand, he jerked his chin at Jeff. "Psst it's Terri." He turned his attention to the voice coming out of the phone.

" had such a good time last night, I though we should get together again." Terri said. "How about lunch with me and my sister? She want's to meet you."

Brad's eyebrows rose. He didn't even have to consult Jeff on this one. "Yeah, that'd be great." "Oh, good " Terri said. "We're going to cook for you guys. Why don't you come over for, say - noon?"

"We'll be there." Brad promised. "We're looking forward to it."

* * * * *

"So are we." Terri said cheerfully. "No, that's all right, we've got plenty of beer and wine. Just bring yourselves." He listened for a few seconds longer. "Okay, bye."

As soon as he hung up the phone, Terry's face when utterly blank, and he stood still, staring mindlessly at the wall.

"That was great, Terry." Mikki said. "Why don't you go start preparing something for lunch."

"Okay, Mikki." Terry replied woodenly, making Mikki's heart ache. She'd tried to 'deprogram' Terry, but soon realized that the CD programming had hit Terry hard in his weak self-image. Tearing that away so soon after he was sure he'd found the answer would be devastating. She'd had to hypnotize him to keep him from making an appointment with the hospital for SRS.

However, she wasn't going to let this whole thing go idly by...

With an intense look on her face, Mikki looked down at the bottle of hypnotic drug in her hand, gently hefting the weight of the powerful hypnotic.

The powerful hypnotic that, when mixed with alcohol - such as beer - was completely tasteless and odorless.

"Yeah, Brad and Jeff..." She hissed to herself. "Come on over, have a couple of drinks - then you and I are going to have a long talk. A very long talk."

* * * * *

Diiiiinnng..Dong..... Diiiiinnng..Dong.....

"Whazza?" Jeff said fuzzily, running a hand over the stubble of his chin. The hem of his shirt hung out of his jeans and his hair stuck out in all directions.

Brad snorted - Jeff was absolutely useless before his first cup of coffee, a monumental task that the youth was now attempting. "I'll get it." Brad said with a grin - already working on his second cup, and feeling much more human. Rising, Brad crossed the kitchen, went down the short hallway, and opened the door to reveal the smiling face of Terri.

"Hi, Brad." She chirped, giving him a brief hug. With a smile, Brad returned it, leading the young woman into the kitchen.

Jeff was slumped at the table, sipping at the coffee. When Terry came in, he muttered something unintelligible, then went back to his caffeine.

"So, thanks for the invite yesterday." Brad said, seeing that all the conversational burden would fall on him. "It was "

He trailed off, frowning slightly. It had been what? For some reason, he couldn't dredge up any

clear memory of the visit, although it had lasted until long in the evening...

Dismissing it as having a few too many beers, Brad let his smile resurface. "So, what brings you by our humble abode?"

Terri sighed. "It's Mikki. I'm worried about her." Brad look startled. "Oh? How so?"

"Well " Terri said, slowly. "She seemed okay last night - in fact she was in a real good mood. Then, she went off to read for a while before bed. She put on that CD we got in the mail, and must have drifted off while reading, because it was still going when I got up this morning."

Brad shared a glance with the more awake Jeff. "Yeah?"

Terri nodded. "Then she came down - and she was nearly crying. She says she feels so unattractive, so useless - so unfeminine."

Another quick glance shot over the table. "Well... if she feels that way, why doesn't she just... do something about it?" Jeff asked.

Terri sighed. "She doesn't think there's anything worthwhile to do. She thinks she'd to far gone. Like the fact she'd kinda... hairy, for a woman. She'd tried shaving, she'd tried the stuff at the store... none of it's good enough." Terri sighed deeply. "She says it would take the smartest person in the whole world to come up with something that works."

The guys shared a look. "Well, Terri - maybe we can help. Why don't you go home and keep an eye on your sister, and we'll give you a call if we come up with something."

"Oh, would you?" Terri said, smiling brightly. Giving them each a kiss on the cheek, she all-but- danced from the apartment.

The two guys eyed each other over the table. "I think I'll go see what I can do... It'd probably be best if you didn't disturb me while I'm working." Jeff said, the words 'World's smartest person' dancing before him.

"Sounds fair - I thought I'd take a crack at it too..." Brad said, slowly.

Giving each other a slightly distrustful look, the two men headed off in opposite directions.

* * * * *

Now, Dear Reader, I should point out that Brad and Jeff, being who they were, were not content with an average apartment. Oh, no - they apartment they had originally started out life as two separate apartments. But a five-year lease and a liberal application of Jeff's money had made it possible to combine the two apartments. One of the amenities this arrangements provided was a separate workroom for each of them. As I have said elsewhere in this narrative, the only real point of contention

between the two friends was their competitiveness in their geniuses. So, the separate 'labs' were a necessary device for our lads continued friendship.

It was into these labs that the two youths disappeared, to set about solving the problem. They worked for many hours, emerging only occasionally to run out and purchase some unusual item or another for their work.

Now, you may doubt the veracity of this. Two young men, no matter how smart, working to produce an item that corporations that exist to produce such an item don't market? It does seem ludicrous. But you must remember, my friend, that these youths didn't have to meet FDA regulations, or make a product that was cost efficient or marketable. In fact, these two lads had no other limitations on what they created, other than the most basic.

That it work.

* * * * *

"There..." Brad said, removing his gloves and dropping them on the work bench. "That should do it."

With pride, he looked at the device he'd created. To the untrained eye, it was nothing special - a small pad of metallic material, attached to a black plastic box with a few unmarked knobs and switches, from which extended two electrodes.

But to Brad, it was a thing of beauty. If it worked, that was. All he had to do was test it.

Now, he might have hesitated to test it on himself, despite his own belief in his superiority. But, thanks to a little tampering, that ego was over-inflated, and his ability to worry about future consequences - in fact, to consider them at all - were greatly reduced. His only goal was to prove himself better than Jeff, at least intellectually, and that was like a wall that saw him from considering anything else.

So, without a second thought, he quickly undressed. Stepping up onto the platform, he attached the two electrodes to his face, just below his eyebrows. With his big toe, he nudged the large red button on the side of the box.

There was a brief, unpleasant tingle through his entire body - then his body hair, every single follicle, drifted slowly down to create a pile at his feet.

"There!" Brad crowed, unhooking himself from the machine. He looked down at his denuded body with pride - that should prove that he was, without a doubt, the smarter of the two. Every time he looked at his now permanently hairless body, he'd know he was the smartest and the best.

* * * * *

Twenty-eight feet away, Jeff was standing in the shower with his special bar of soap, admiring his own, hairless body, and thinking thoughts very much in the same vein.

Quickly, Jeff dressed, and headed towards the phone - only to meet Brad in the hallway.

Warily, each youth eyed the others suspiciously smooth face, neck and hands, then silently continued into the kitchen, each still convinced that their solution was the best.

Reaching the phone first, Brad began to dial, while Jeff quickly hopped on the extension to keep track of the conversation.

"Hi, Terri? I think we might have found a solution to... what? She is? Well, what is the new crisis?" Brad listened for a moment. "She doesn't think she can learn to walk in heels? Maybe there's something I can do..."

On the extension, Jeff hung up, and headed for his lab, eager to get the jump on the problem...

* * * * *

Three hours later, Brad broke for some coffee. He strode out into the kitchen, feeling proud of his accomplishment, the sound of his high-heels clicking on the floor proof that no problem was beyond him. His particular method had the drawback that his altered feet were smaller, and needed to be supported by at least six-inch heels, but he was sure that his solution was...

He stopped as he saw Jeff grabbing a quick bite to eat at the counter - standing in a pair of black pumps with a four-inch heel.

"Hey." Brad said, pouring some cold coffee into a cup and sticking it in the microwave.

"How it going?" Jeff asked, eyeing the white platform shoes with the seven-inch heel that graced Brad's smaller feet.

"Not bad..." Brad said, and to rub it in, he walked across the room for no good reason, just to show off the sexy, feminine stride that he was forced to use thanks to the modifications to his feet. He didn't even have to think about it, or try - the sexy wiggle and jiggle walk was now done naturally.

Jeff grinned. "Great. Glad to hear it." And he strode across the room and out the door in a different, but equally feminine stride.

"Damn..." Brad muttered. It was another tie. Of course, he still felt proud of his solution, and from now on every time he walked it would be a reminder of how smart he was. But he wanted - needed - another chance to break this stalemate.

As if in answer to his silent wish, the phone rang, and Brad grabbed it as Jeff lunged for the extension.

After they hung up, both young men were surprised and gratified that their programs even allowed them to run in high heels.

* * * * *

Brrrr..innnnngg.....Brrr..innnng....

"Want me to get that?" Jeff asked in his new, chipper contralto. He was pouring her coffee slowly, admiring the way his new, firm C-cup tits pushed out the front of his polo-shirt.

Brad sighed - Jeff was absolutely considerate since the 'accident'. "No, I'll get it." Brad replied in his own breathy, feminine voice, and heaved himself out of his chair against the massive weight of his enormous GGG-cup tits. "I need to get used to lugging these things around." He said, mentally swearing for the hundredth time that next time a situation like this came up, he'd quadruple check his figures...

"Hello?" Brad said, picking up the phone.

Mikki's voice came through the receiver. "I am the key."

Instantly, Brad's face went blank. "Yes, Mistress?" He asked in a dull voice, and Jeff looked up in surprise.

"Put me on the speaker, would you?" Mikki's voice said, and Brad immediately obeyed.

"I am the key." She said again, and this time, both the youths, wooden-faced, replied "Yes, mistress?"

Inside, their minds were whirling in confusion and horror. As their bodies mindlessly obeyed the programming put into them more than a week ago, the two youths were finally allowed to realize what they'd done to themselves. Last night they'd finished the process, finding a way to give themselves a reasonable facsimile of a vagina, and, for all intents and purposes, turning themselves completely female. They'd been unable to see that fact, however, until a certain phrase had been spoke by a certain voice - which had just happened.

"Listen up, you worthless pieces of shit " Mikki said, and the two boys - girls - helplessly replied.

"Yes, Mistress," in unison.

Then Mikki's voice, so vindictive to be barely recognizable, activated the last program in their minds. "Girl's day out." Mikki snarled, then hung up.

Instantly, animation flooded back into the transformed men's faces - but, to their horror, they found it wasn't their own personalities controlling that animation.

"So, Brenda - what should we do today?" Jeff found herself asking helplessly, with a grin. She'd been completely unaware of what she was going to say until she'd heard her own words.

"Well, Jessica, I'll tell you this - shopping is first on our agenda!" Brad - Brenda, now, she supposed - answered, just as unwillingly. Then, as if an idea had just struck her, she said "Hey - why don't we see if Mikki wants to come?"

Jessica helplessly smiled. "That's a great idea! Poor girl - she hasn't got any female friends to hang around with, just that sister of hers, and she'd too busy with her boyfriends to spend time with her sister."

Helplessly, Brenda picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hello?" Mikki's voice came over the phone, sounding absolutely normal - a far cry from the viscous snarl of moments before...

...which Brenda proceeded to pretend never happened. "Hi, Mikki! It's Brenda. Jessie and I were thinking of spending the day indulging ourselves - a Girl's Day out, I guess. Want to join us?"

"Sounds great!" Mikki said, with what was obviously unfeigned enthusiasm. "I'm ready to go whenever you are."

"We'll pick you up in a couple of minutes." Brenda promised, then hung up. Helplessly, the two ex-men looked at each other.

Brenda saw Jessica, an elegant, somewhat cool-looking brunette with long, dark-brown hair, dressed simply in a pastel yellow polo shirt and beige tapered slacks that fit her trim hips and tiny waist. The tapered legs drew the eyes down to the white strap pumps with their three-inch heels. Jessica was a vision of innocent-looking loveliness.

What Jessica saw when she looked at Brenda was something else. The massively endowed woman had a massive mane of gold-blonde hair framing a face of pure sensuality. A tight black T-shirt strained to contain her massive endowments, and a pair of tight black jeans hugged her full hips and firm, full ass like a second skin. She gained an extra seven inches from the heels of her black platform shoes, making the already tall woman tower.

Helplessly, the two 'girls' headed down to their car, to pick up their friend, Mikki.

The slender, athletic woman with the short, platinum blonde hair was waiting at the curb for them, dressed in a pair of jeans and a simple white crop-top. She squeezed into the front seat of the car, between the two women, who greeted her cheerfully while wishing they could kill her.

"Oh, by the way - you forgot these last time you were here..." She said, handing them each a purse. "Thanks - we were looking for these." Brenda helplessly said, taking the purse. Jessica did likewise.

"So - onto the mall!" Brenda said as Jeff dropped the car into gear, and headed off towards the largest mall in the city.

Half an hour later, they were walking along, window shopping, when Mikki suddenly came to a stop, looking into a shoe store.

"You know..." She said, contemplatively, "Perhaps some new shoes would help cheer us up..."

Soon after, the specifics of their new punishment was made all too clear to Brenda and Jessica. They stopped into store after store, and they got their 'wish' of seeing Mikki more feminine, as she slowly bought clothing, always wearing something new leaving the store.

And every time, Brenda and Jessica were compelled to go a little bit further. Mikki had turned their plan back on them - as she became more feminine, they were forced to outdo her, to be that much more feminine than she was, to top her at every turn. And that was exacerbated by their own rivalry - they also felt compelled to try and 'one-up' each other, above and beyond what they had to do to be more feminine than Mikki.

By the time they broke for lunch at the food court, all three women were completely made over - and Brenda and Jessica were the most changed.

Mikki wore a knee-length black leather skirt, nylons, and black four-inch heels, with a white blouse and understated jewelry.

Jessica, however, was fully decked out, dressed to emphasize her elegant look, while still keeping her sensuality intact.

Perched atop white leather pumps with gold trim and five inch stiletto heels, her long, shapely legs, clad in white nylons, disappeared up under a gauzy, voluminous skirt that half-concealed, half-tantalized. An off-white corset that pinched her waist even tighter and covered her firm breasts was faintly visible under the pale pink satin jacket she wore, and her long, silky hair was elegantly styled under the pink satin hat, bedecked with feathers, that graced her head. She was a vision of loveliness, of elegant sensuality.

Brenda, however, was all-out sensual. A tight, black crushed-velvet dress clung tightly to every curve, its plunging neckline revealing an amazing amount of mouth-watering cleavage. Silk black nylons encased shapely legs atop black pumps with an incredible arch caused by the seven and a half inch heels, emphasizing the graceful curve of her firm, full ass. Her blond hair hung in a massive wave of curls around a face made up to emphasize her full, sexy lips and dark, sensuous eyes.

Men's eyes followed the trio of lovely ladies as they took a table at the food court to grab a bite to eat. "So - did you ladies have fun?" Mikki asked, looking at her watch.

Brenda and Jessica helplessly agreed that they had.

Mikki looked up - and Brenda and Jessica were shocked to see the snarl on Mikki's face. "Good - 'cause that's the last nice day you two are going to have. It's now noon - which means that Terry's new gender is official - he went over to your place while we were out and used your stuff to finish what you started. You see, Terry isn't my sister - he was my brother, until your damned little prank gave him the unbreakable need to be feminine."

Brenda and Jessica were horrified, and tried to protest - but were unable.

"Since she must live a new life, so must you two. Brad and Jeffery - even Brenda and Jessica - no longer exist. Once I say the magic word, you two get to live out your new lives. In your purses, you'll find your new identification. You will be compelled to be the person you feel that somebody who has a body like yours, and that name, would be. You will have no choice but to be that person." Mikki explained with an evil grin. Then, slowly, she leaned forward, and whispered into each of their ears.

* * * * *

Now, Dear reader, I must break of this narrative from it's linear path. From this point on, what occurs happens concurrently - but since I am able to tell but one story at a time, we must follow the new experiences of the ladies separately.

Let us begin with the lady once known as Jeffery, shall we...?

* * * * *

Jessica felt Mikki's gentle breath on her ear as she spoke two simple words. "Rich Bitch."

Immediately, without saying a word, the new woman rose and walked away, heading towards the bathroom - the women's bathroom. Once inside, she opened the purse to find out who she was. Extracting the identification, she read the name.

'Ivana Manslaivta Zuckov'.

Instantly, Ivana felt her perspective on everything change. Although she remembered who she had been, and she now had control of her body once more, there were sudden shifts in her mind. She couldn't identify what they were, just that they'd happened.

Ivana shook her head, horrified at what had been done with her. She'd have to teach that Mikki a lesson, she'd show that damned ignorant bitch who was boss...

Then Ivana caught sight of herself in the mirror, and amended her thought to 'later'. She felt her skin crawling at the sight of what she was wearing, and was overcome with the need to change into other clothing. She didn't know what clothing, but she had to find out - fast. Before this crawling, disgusted feeling drove her absolutely nuts.

Ivana strode out of the bathroom, finding that she felt most comfortable keeping her back iron straight and walking firmly and purposefully. She walked past store after store, not knowing what she was even searching for, but somehow certain she'd recognize it when she saw it.

And she did.

She emerged from the store feeling much more comfortable, especially since she'd used the time in the changing room to change her hair and make-up.

Black leather pumps with a four-inch heel encased her feet, out of which rose black nylons with a seam down the back. These disappeared up under the skin-tight knee-length beige skirt she wore. The skirt, belted tightly around her slender waist, was the holder of the tucked-in portion of the crisp white blouse done up to the top button, over which hung a matching jacket. She'd put her hair up in an almost painfully tight bun, and put on much more subdued make-up and jewelry. Behind her trailed one of the store employees, lugging the other purchases she'd made.

Felling much better, physically, she was feeling an odd nagging sensation, like there was something she had to do before she could put that cheap bitch Mikki in her place. Finally, Ivana decided she needed to find a place to stay so she could plan things out. For some reason, the thought of returning to that pig-sty of an apartment greatly distressed her, so she decided to check into one of the upscale hotels. She had little trouble catching a cab, and after the cabby had loaded the bags into the trunk, the curt command - "take me to the best hotel in the city" produced an adequate response from the slovenly foreigner driving the poorly maintained - and smelly - vehicle. Ivana wrinkled her nose and put up with the stench for the duration of the ride. Having the man bring the bags to the front counter

for her, she paid the man exactly what read on the fare, and not a cent more. If he wanted a tip, he should have damned well done something to deserve it.

Striding firmly up to the counter, she looked down at the young man sitting at the computer.

He glanced up with the perfunctory smile. "I'll be right with you miss." He said, turning back to the computer.

Ivana felt a cold rage descend over her. She tried to shrug it off, but was unable to. How dare this pathetic little worm make her wait? Angrily she leaned forward.

"Yes, you'll be right with me. Right now - or I shall be right with the manager of this hostel, demanding to know why I - the only customer standing at the desk - was being ignored." Ivana said coldly, fixing the pathetic man with a steely glare. She felt an intense, almost sensual burst of satisfaction as the chastised underling scurried to correct his mistake.

"Very well..." Ivana said, as the cowering clerk handed the key to a bell-hop who hefted her bags and deferentially led her to the elevator.

At the elevator rose upwards, Ivana noticed the bell-hop was not only properly deferential - but fairly attractive. She didn't know why she was noticing this, but she couldn't stop herself. And she had the strangest feeling that there was something about the man that she wanted - although she couldn't figure out what some lowly hotel employee could have that she'd possibly be craving so intently.

Then, when the bellboy dropped off her bags in the room and waited expectantly for a tip, she realized just what it was she was craving so madly from the handsome young man.

Ivana tried to deny the craving, to simply pay the young man off so he'd leave - but she couldn't. She very desperately needed that one thing that only he could supply for her right now...

"Very well - disrobe." Ivana said curtly, shutting the door. The bell-boy looked startled. "Um... 'scuse me?"

Ivana frowned at him. "Undress. Remove your clothing, young man." The bell-boy half-laughed. "I... uh..."

Ivana crossed her arms over her taut, proud bust. "look, young man - either you do as I say, and let me perform oral sex on you - or you do not do as I say, in which case I shall accuse you of trying to sexually harass me. It is your decision."

The guy blinked. "Let me get this right - I let you, um - suck me off, and it's okay, I don't get in trouble - or I don't do it, and get blasted for sexual harassment." Ivana smiled tightly. "You have a fine grasp of the obvious."

The bell boy quickly began undressing. "By the way, miss, my name is..."

Ivana snorted. "I couldn't care less what your name is, young man. If I should find the experience better than the average, then I may care - but right now, you matter very little to me."

The guy paused for a second, then resumed undressing. "You're the boss, miss." "Yes - I am." Ivan agreed tartly. "Finish undressing and... Good Lord!"

The bellboy smiled as the boxers he had been wearing dropped to the floor. "I hope I'm not scaring you with 'old Betsy', miss."

Ivana eyed the enormous cock that was rapidly rising from the man's crotch. It was easily sixteen inches long and remarkably thick. "Perhaps I may want your name after all." Ivana said, a tight, small smile curving her lips. "Sit on the bed."

The bell-boy complied, and Ivana knelt between his legs. Rapping her long fingers of her right hand around the base of the massive member, she opened her mouth, bent forward - and let them slide down over the rock-hard cock.

Ivana was repulsed by the fact she was going to give this man a blow-job - but that repulsion was greatly overshadowed by her rampaging need for the man's cum. Like a coke addict craving a fix, she desperately needed the man's cum, so she began sucking on his cock, her lips compressed around his throbbing, monstrous shaft as her fingers stroked and fondled his cock and balls.

She began sliding her mouth up and down his enormous cock, her tongue dancing across the massive head filling her mouth as her other hand went to her blouse and began unbuttoning it. As she increased the rhythm and intensity of her actions, she removed her bra and began to fondle her taut mounds. Her slim hands fondled and stroked his manhood while her tongue swirled over his sensitive head. Ivana continued to piston her mouth back and forth on the enormous cock and was 'rewarded' with a flood of cum that she gulped at eagerly. With her desperate, helpless need, the flavor and texture of the warm cum was the most intense thing she'd ever swallowed, and she gulped down every drop before pulling away.

"Oh, yes..." she moaned, wiping the last of the cum off her lips and sucking it from her fingers. She suddenly felt warm and wonderfully relaxed, the tenseness flowing from her body like water down a drain.

"Mmmm... that was wonderful." Ivana moaned, smiling up at the bell-boy. Her hands, almost of their own volition, rose to her head and undid the bun, letting her silky brunette hair fall down her graceful neck. "How long do you think before that huge cock of yours will be ready again...?"

The bell-boy blinked, amazed at the woman's sudden, and to him, inexplicable - transformation from ball-busting bitch to sweet, horny slut. Already, his dick was beginning to harden. "Uh Look, miss, as fun as this might be, I have to get back "

Instantly, the bitch returned - kind of. Ivana's long-nailed hands gripped his semi-rigid cock, and she squeezed in warning. "Look, buster - you were good enough to buy some leeway - but you're not off the hook. I'm going to get pleased, and if you know what's good for you, you'll do it right."

Ivana felt so stupid - it was obvious. Men thought with their dicks. Control that, and you controlled the man. Why, look at this one - he knew he should be going back to work, yet he was doing what she told him, because his cock commanded it.

And, as she let him do his best to please her - which was a very credible effort - she realized that the procedure had one or two 'fringe benefits' as well...

* * * * *

Now, let us return through time and space to where we last left the person once known as Brad, sitting in the mall's food court with Mikki, who had just begun to lean towards him...

* * * * *

"Biker Slut" Mikki's gentle voice whispered in her ear, and the outrageously endowed blond found herself looking in her purse and extracting an ID.

"Anita Reilly Bigmann"

With a smirk, Anita rose from the food court and headed for the door - these 'femme' clothes were bugging the hell out of her, and what she wanted wouldn't be sold here.

Forty-five minutes later, she emerged from the dressing room at the shop the cab had dropped her off at.

Knee-high black leather boots with a six inch heel encased legs clad in a pair of skintight black denim. A black t-shirt, low-cut, was straining over her massive melons, and a leather vest hung loosely from her shoulders. Her massive mane of blonde hair was tucked up and back into a long, flowing ponytail, so that it would be less trouble in the motorcycle helmet she held. A black leather knapsack was slung over one shoulder.

"So - where'd you say this bar is?" Anita asked the almost-drooling shop-keeper, who pointed out the door. "Two blocks down - you can't miss it."

"Thanks." Anita said, tossing some bills down on the desk. With a provocative stride, she strode out the door and in the direction pointed out to her.

Reaching the bar in question, she lingered outside for several minutes, looking over the bikes lined up outside the establishment, then finally went inside.

The one-room bar was like a dark, smoky netherworld, the dim lighting making her all-but-blind for several seconds as her eyes adjusted. But she could still hear the sudden cessation of conversation, and the creaking of leather jackets as the male patrons turned to stare at the huge-breasted blonde who'd unexpectedly entered their midst.

"Who's riding the blue Low-Rider?" Anita called out into the silence.

"I am - who's askin'" A voice from near the rear called, and Anita's eyes had adjusted enough to make out the speaker - a big, muscular man with a burgeoning belly and a long, tangled beard on a round face beneath a bald dome of a head.

Anita provocatively strode through the crowd until she reached his table and, uninvited, sat down. "I am - name's Anita."

"So?"

Anita smiled. "I like your ride. So, I'm going to let you gimme a lift out of town, plus pay for food, lodging and booze."

The man smiled without humor. "You are, huh? And why am I going to take you up on this offer?"

Anita leaned forward. "Because a big, powerful piece of machinery between my legs gets me hot. The farther and faster we go, the hotter I get - and at the end of the day, I need something to satisfy that heat."

The man spluttered, spilling the beer he'd just begun to take a sip of. He eyed Anita's outrageously sexy figure, then stood.

"Come on guys, let's ride. We have to cover a lot of distance."

There was some grumbling. "Hey Pitbull- you may want to get some of that, but we just got off the road - give us a coupla hours." One of the near-by bikers said. The room had been so silent that all of them had heard Anita's rather loudly stated offer, so they all knew why Pitbull was so eager to get going.

Anita stood, letting them get a good look at her. "It usually takes three or four guys to satisfy me." She stated, loudly. "However I ride with that day gets first dibs - after that, whoever treats me best "

Instantly, chairs all over the room scraped back as a general stampede for the door started.

* * * * *

Anita was amazed to discover that she'd been[speaking the truth. As the miles unrolled under the wheels of the Harley, she felt herself becoming more and more aroused, her crotch becoming damp as her hormones began to boil.

They finally stopped for the night out of sheer necessity - Anita was so aroused, she was pressing her enormous tits into Pitbull's back, and her hands around his waist had a tendency to drop just a little bit lower. The muscular leader quickly found a hotel and paid for just enough rooms, and lead Anita towards the one he'd gotten for her.

By the time they reached the door to the room, she all-but-dragged him inside, kicking the door shut behind them, Her hands flew to his clothing, and she began to strip him in a sexual frenzy, while he struggled to do the same to her.

"Fuck me - fuck me hard" she was amazed to hear herself begging, and Pitbull eagerly complied. Guiding her back to the bed, he all but collapsed on her.

There was no tenderness, no gentle foreplay - just pure, animal lust as Pitbull rammed his hard, throbbing cock into her sopping cunt. Anita screamed in primal pleasure as his tool entered her, thrusting. She gasped and screamed, her huge tits bouncing, as he pounded into her, seeking release for the pressure.

He got it. Within minutes, he grunted as a load of hot cum filled her hot wet cunt, well before she'd reached orgasm. His cock already softening, Pitbull rolled off of her, despite her clutching hands.

"Please... I need it " She begged, her hands flying to her cunt and frantically plunging into her pussy.

"No problem " Pitbull said with a smile. Crossing the room, he opened the door, revealing all twelve of his bikers lined up in order of strength. One or two knock-down fights had been necessary to determine the line-up, but despite many contusions and one broken bone, none of the injured had left.

"Next..." Pitbull said airily as he walked out of the room...

* * * * *

And so, Dear Reader, our narrative comes to an end. We shall leave our players there, and once more return to the more mundane aspects of our own existence.

But in parting, I am sure that you have seen the *raison d'être* for this little morality tale, one of the oldest and best known morals, found in story after story of this nature...

The fastest way to become a woman is to piss off a Feminist. What? You were expecting something else maybe?



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a wife discovers her husband's desire to wear her clothes, he thinks that she is helping him out by using a magic amulet to change him for a short period of time, but she has other plans.

Dolly

By Gunslinger

"So *that's* what she meant!"

At the sound of his girlfriend's voice, Douglas Sataouchuk was so startled that he fell off his heels, landing in an undignified sprawl, skirt hiked up around his knobby knees and wig askew.

"Mary!" Doug squeaked, muddy brown eyes bulging comically behind the thick lenses of his horn-rimmed glasses. "Wha.. what are you doing home!"

"Catching you wearing my clothes, apparently." Mary said, with a giggle.

Actually, Doug had his own wardrobe, bought to fit - it just so happened that he thought Mary looked so cute in her version of this outfit that he'd bought an identical one for himself.

It hardly seemed the time to correct her, though.

"You were supposed to be in Atlantic city until tomorrow night!" Doug said, face florescent crimson in utter shame as he struggled off the floor and onto the couch. Pulling off the long, dark wig he was wearing, he ran his fingers through his crew-cut, lusterless brown hair. "You... I mean..."

Mary was struggling not to break out into full-fledged laughter, her boyishly-slender frame shaking as she wrapped one arm around her slim waist and held the other hand firmly against her lips. She glanced away, struggling to maintain control.

When she thought she was once more able to speak coherently, she turned back to face her boyfriend of more than two years...

...and the sight of his pale, slender body dressed up in a brightly-colored wrap-around summer skirt and short-sleeved yellow blouse, narrow face fully made-up, was too much. She began to laugh, hard.

"You... you look..." She tried to get out as her body shook with the force of her laughter. "...redic.. rid... icul..." Failing completely to get the last word out, she fell onto the floor of their apartment, howling hysterically.

Doug had often wondered (*feared*) what might happen if Mary ever found out his 'little secret'. The possible reactions had kept him from revealing the truth, fear of shame, of rejection, of recriminations and exposure making him limit his 'dressing' to supposedly safe times. Now, there was no more hiding, no more secrets...

...and, despite the shame and fear he felt at having been found out, the relief of no longer having to keep his secret relaxed him enough that he could see what Mary must see. Could understand what she had seen when she'd walked into the apartment, unexpectedly - and seen her usually reserved, shy, practically 'boring' boyfriend dressed in what appeared to be one of her own outfits, walking around balanced (perfectly) atop five-inch heels.

It started as a twitching, deep in his gut. His breath began to waver, and an odd tickling sensation ran through the base of his throat...

...then Doug couldn't hold it in anymore, and he howled with laughter too.

"I.. do... look.. red.. redic.." He lost it on the same word Mary had, and fell over on the couch, tears of relieved laughter making his mascara run.

After a few minutes, the laughter began to taper off... then the two lovers looked at each other, and that set them off again. It took nearly fifteen minutes before they were able to look at each other with nothing more than grins and the occasional chuckle and/or giggle.

"So.. now you know." Doug said, removing his thick glasses and wiping at his eyes with the back of his hand. "I know you must have a bunch of questions, but I kind of have to know... why are you home so early?"

Mary's grin became bemused. "You know, you probably aren't going to believe this... but I was told to." Doug blinked in surprise. "Uh... huh? Once more, with clarity."

His tomboyish girlfriend dug into her blouse and pulled out a pendant on the end of a black leather thong, where it had been hanging in her (too small, she always moaned) cleavage. Without taking it off, she leaned forward so that he could get a better look at it. Putting his glasses back on, Doug leaned closer and hefted the surprisingly heavy 'pendant' in his palm.

It seemed to be cheap pewter, rather badly tarnished, and inset with colored-paste 'gems', mostly 'rubies', with an 'emerald' set in the center of the strange, interwoven design. Doug grunted, letting her take the ornament back as he leaned back on the couch. "So, what's this got to do with it?"

"Carla and I were walking the boardwalk - just killing time, you know? Anyway, there was this fortune-telling booth set up at the end of the midway. Little booth, draped all in purple silk, the works. Inside was the most... stereotypical 'gypsy' you could ever hope to see.

About a hundred years older than God, with this big nose, died-black hair, wearing this...gypsy outfit and turban-like hat. Called herself 'Madame Zatana'."

"So...?" Doug prompted, while using some tissue paper to remove the pastel pink lipstick he had on.

"Well... since we were just killing time, I let this 'Gypsy' woman tell my fortune. She stares in this crystal ball for a while - then starts chuckling."

"Chuckling?"

"Well... more like cackling. Then she tells me that my boyfriend has a secret. Something he'd been keeping from me, and if I were to go home right now, without any warning, I'd catch him at it."

Doug blinked in surprise. "You're kidding, right?" She shook her head. "I shit you not, kemosabe."

Doug's eyes narrowed in confused, willing disbelief - he'd never believed in 'psychics' or fortune-tellers of any stripe. On the other hand...

"So what about that pendant?" Doug asked, lifting an eyebrow.

Mary looked down at it. "She gave it to me, after I pestered her a bit to know what your 'secret' was. She said..." She screwed up her face, and did her best to imitate the other woman's cracked, accented voice. "This talizman haz great powrez, my dear. Wiv diz, it would be pozzible for you to grant your beloved'z greatezt fant-azie - but be warned! Do not uze this unlezz your inte'shuns are az pure az de d'hiven znw, for it may alzo cause great havoc, if used unwizely."

"Oh, come on!" Doug snorted, seeing the look on Mary's lightly made-up face. "Surely you don't believe that... that... load of dung!"

Mary's eyes held contemplation as they rose to meet his. "Well... I mean, what if she's telling the truth. I mean.. she was right about your secret. If I hadn't followed her advise, I might never have found out that you like to " She waved a hand at his current attire.

The situation was still so new that Doug wasn't sure whether he would have preferred it that way or not - Mary hadn't had a chance to get used to the idea and figure out how to respond to it on an on-going basis.

"I mean, what *is* your fantasy ?" Mary trailed off as a horrible uncertainty flared in her eyes. She looked down at her slender, boyish

body, eyes widening. When they returned to Doug, she held a mixture of uncertainty, horror - and fledgling anger. "You.. you didn't start dating me because.. I mean.... you don't.. you are pretending that I.. I'm a *man* are you?"

Doug recoiled. "Hell, no! I'm not gay!" He took a second to calm himself, to keep from lashing out at her sudden insecurity. "Mary, my dressing up doesn't have anything to do with my sexuality - after two years, I would hope you'd know that."

"I... I'm not sure what to think, right now." Mary said, slowly, the fear and uncertainty fading - but not the anger. "I thought I knew you..."

and now I find out you've been lying to me. How am I supposed to know what to think?"

"I didn't lie to you!" Doug retorted - then, sheepishly. "I... just didn't tell you everything."

"Oh. Of course." Mary signed, looking at him firmly, causing his blush to begin to resurface. "So, you don't like men? You didn't start dating me because I'm... boyish?"

"No!" Doug denied, with a shudder. "Geez, Mary - keep it up, and I might not be able to look at you without that thought in my head - and that wouldn't help. Trust me - men do nothing for me, and I find the idea... disgusting!"

"Oh, well - it would only be fair." She said, with a slight edge in her voice. "After all, from now on I'm going to have that..." She gestured at him, "...stuck in my mind." She paused. "So... what is your 'fantasy', then? Finding perfectly matched accessories for your new pair of shoes?"

Doug winced - this wasn't going well at all. "Look, Mary, I know that this is all a little sudden - and very weird. I'm sorry about not telling you... but I didn't know how you'd react if I just came out and told you that I'm a part-time cross-dresser. You see, the truth is..." He paused, trying to find the best words.

Finally he looked down at himself and grimaced. "You might have noticed that I'm not the most... '*studly*' guy around, even without the dress. I've always been thin and kinda... well, 'wimpy'. Girls just sorta ignored me when I was going through puberty, and after, too. I... didn't stop noticing *them*, of course." He grinned, wryly. "For a couple of years, there, they were my main focus of interest."

Mary didn't respond to his thin smile, just continuing to give him 'the look', arms crossed over her small bosom, head tilted down, eyes fixed on him from beneath raised eyebrows.

"Well, you see - that's when this all started." Doug said, sighing. "I mean - I spent so much time watching girls, that I started to think that they.. had it easier, somehow. Not easier, overall - I'm not saying *that*. I'm talking about the way they act

in public, the way they form relationships. I mean - when's the last time you saw two *guys* hug when they met? Guys just don't seem to be as.. open, I guess. And if a guy is, then he gets funny looks, where it's completely normal for a woman. After a while, I... I began to wonder. To wonder what life is like, for a woman..."

'The Look' went from full-blast to about half throttle, faint compassion seeping in.

"See..." Doug said, slowly, not meeting her gaze. "I've never really been 'one of the guys'. I just... don't fit in with most 'guy'-type groups. But... I'm not a woman, either. Not that I want to live life as a woman - I enjoy being a guy, even a 'weenie' guy. Plus - as I said - I'm not gay. But... well, that fantasy? It would be to live as a woman, for just a little while. Just.. just to see what it was like. Like now, I only dress up occasionally. I wish.. that instead of just 'dressing up', every now and then I could actually be a woman. For awhile, at least."

Mary bit her lower lip in thought. "Lemme see if I've got this straight - you're a guy. You like being a guy. You just don't feel like you're a very 'manly' guy... so you began to wonder what kind of woman you'd make, if you had the chance?"

Doug blinked. "Well... something like that."

"I don't suppose it occurred to you to 'fantasize' about being more of a man, huh?"

Doug winced at the sarcasm. "Look, turn it around. I've been a man all my life, and know what it's like. If I suddenly woke up in the body of Arnold Schwarzenegger - well, you know me better than anyone else. Go ahead and imagine it..."

Mary frowned at him side-long, then her eyes went out-of-focus as she began to imagine it...

...when she giggled, it was the most welcome sound Doug could ever remember hearing.

"My god - his body, but your personality. A walking hunk of masculine muscle - with the personality of Jerry Lewis!" She giggled again. "hey!" Doug protested the analogy - weakly.

"So, what you're trying to say is that you like the personality you have, and don't really want to be more 'manly' in who you are, inside." Mary said, head cocked. "So... it would be easier for you to be more feminine."

"Well... something like that." Doug said with a slight frown - that wasn't quite the way he'd phrase it....

Mary didn't catch the tone he'd used, however - she'd shifted her attention to the pendant she now cradled in on hand, a thoughtful look on her face. "You don't suppose "

"Oh, come on, Mary!" Doug said, throwing up his hands (with their Lee Press-On nails painted a lovely Coral Pink), and shaking his head in disbelief. "That whole 'gypsy' thing was pure luck. That's it. There's no such thing as "

Suddenly, Mary leaned forward and tapped Doug on a knobby knee with her free hand, the other clutching the 'amulet' tightly. "...magic!" Doug finished, twitching in surprise at Mary's sudden touch....

...then twitching even more strongly as an odd sensation ran through his body, as if his entire body had been 'asleep', and had suddenly awoken to pins and needles. He felt as if he was being turned inside out - painlessly. Not without sensation, of course, but it was mild enough to be called 'discomfort' - a strange, tickling sensation that occurred just under the top layer of flesh.

Then it was over.

"What the hell was...?" Doug started to ask, confused....

...then his jaw dropped open at the sound of the feminine voice that emerged. It was completely nondescript, as women's voices go - but it was most definitely produced by female vocal chords, and different then even his best attempts while 'en femme'.

"Oh... My... God..!" Mary breathed, shocked then, slowly, she began to smile. "It worked!"

It took a second to register - then Doug's hands flew to his crotch, sliding up under...

...under *her* skirt - for what her fingers slid across was smooth, slightly rounded flesh covered in the white cotton of the panties she wore. He'd been tucking 'Little Doug' away long enough to know what it felt like, and this wasn't it.

"Holy shit!" Doug - who never, ever really swore - swore loudly. "I.. I... I'm a woman...!"

She bolted to her feet - and nearly went sprawling, as she discovered that her shoes no longer fit her smaller feet. Kicking them off, the newly-formed woman dashed for the bedroom's full-length mirror, not even hearing Mary's voice as she called out.

Screeching to a stop in front of the mirror, she stared at the reflected image of...

...himself.

For a second, it was as if nothing at all had changed. She was seeing exactly what she expected to see. The same features, the same body, the same...

...*almost* the same. Slowly, she began to notice the differences as her mind stopped assuming and really started to look. It was her - as a woman.

She looked much the same - but all the 'subtle' differences added up into somebody who was most definitely a woman, if not the most attractive one in the world. Her nose was still too large for her face, and crooked at the bridge - but it was slimmer, and somehow more dainty. Her jaw was still receding - but it was also more smoothly rounded under that recession, not as masculine. Her lips were slightly fuller, and her slightly slimmer neck now lacked the tell-tale Adam's apple.

Her body was the same mix of old and new as her face. She was the same height as she'd always been, and her build was about the same - but her hands and feet were smaller, matching the feminine dimensions for somebody of her size. Hastily undoing her blouse and removing her lightly padded bra revealed a small, conical pair of A-cup breasts riding high on her chest, with larger and more... reactive nipples gracing the larger, darker aureole.

Then, of course, there was the most defining change, revealed when she hesitantly finished stripping off her clothes - centered between somewhat rangy thighs lay a perfectly formed vagina, nestled in an unremarkable patch of pubic hair.

"Geez - a woman less than ten minutes, and you're already doing a striptease." Doug whirled and stared at Mary, leaning in the doorway. "What.. how...?"

Mary smiled. "I... didn't know if it was real or not. I was.. 'playing around', almost. I just touched you, and wished you were a woman - and so you are." She cocked an eyebrow and looked the stunned new woman over, critically. "The 'wish' was really literal, though - it made the minimum amount of changes possible to make you female."

"Change me back!" Doug demanded, shrilly.

Mary looked utterly floored. "Huh? I... I thought you'd be overjoyed!"

Doug looked down at her practically flat, but feminine chest. "Yeah - if it's temporary!" She said, gasping breaths as she hovered on the edge of panic. "What.. what if this is permanent? How... how would I explain it? How would I go into work on Monday? I.. I'd be a laughing stock! A freak! A..."

"...a woman?" Mary asked, pointedly. She threw her hands into the air. "Fer Christsakes, Doug - you get your 'fondest fantasy', and all you can do is bitch and whine? I mean - I can do anything at all with this amulet to make your fantasy come true, do you really think I can't change you back to a man at the end?"

"I..." Doug stammered, taken aback by her outburst. "I'd like to be sure..."

"Fine!" Mary said, stamping forward. She held the amulet with one hand, and touched Doug with the other.

She felt that strange, tingling sensation again, and watched with awe as the reflection in the mirror rapidly regained its usual male configuration...

...then continued right on back to the female. "Uh..."

"Don't worry, Doug - that's how I wanted it to do it. Just a quick round-trip so you can see that it can be done. After all - you are planning to take advantage of this, aren't you? You don't have to be anywhere until Monday morning - so we have this evening, and then all day tomorrow to let you 'play out' your fantasy."

"Yeah..." Doug said, as the truth finally began to sink in. A hesitant smile began to form on her narrow, feminine face. "Yeah - yeah, I guess we do..."

"So, Doug, the question is..." Mary frowned. "Huh - I guess we can't go around calling you 'Doug' all weekend, can we?" "Well..." Doug said, hesitantly. "Usually, I call myself 'Donna' when..."

It was as if Mary didn't even hear her. "Dolly! That's a perfect name!" The new woman blinked. "Huh? 'Dolly'? Look, I don't think..."

"No, it's perfect!" Mary said, smiling. "we're going to be playing 'dress up' with you, after all - yeah, Dolly is just perfect!"

The new woman opened her mouth to argue... then sighed, shrugging her narrow shoulders. It wasn't as if it really mattered, after all, and considering the surprise this whole 'secret' must have given Mary, it was the least she could do.

"Okay, Dolly it is." She said with a weak smile.

"Great!" Mary exclaimed, clapping her hands together in glee. "Then let's go get my Dolly all dressed up!"

Dou... *Dolly* wasn't sure how to take everything that was going on - it was too new and strange. In many ways, this *was* a fantasy come true - Mary not only held the amazing power to transform him into a woman at will, but she was eagerly excited about his 'hobby' of cross-dressing, now brought to a brand-new level by the power of the amulet she held.

However, deep down, she felt uneasy. Was it because somebody else held that power, not her - leaving her at Mary's mercy? But -she trusted Mary...

...right?

That was another thing that was bothering her - Mary's odd mood-swings between anger, bitterness and gleeful excitement. It was hard to tell what Mary really felt about Doug's long-held secret. It seemed that she was pissed at Doug/Dolly for lying to her... yet she seemed overjoyed at the prospect of 'helping' Dolly with her feminine life.

Shaking her head, Dolly pushed all these doubts aside - what Mary had said was true. She was getting to live out her fantasy, and there was no reason to waste valuable 'wonder and awe' time worrying about things that were, really, nothing - just vague misgivings, probably meaningless.

"Oh, Dolly!" Mary called from the closet, where she'd been rooting through piles of clothing. "Why don't you try these on!"

She turned and held up her 'prize' - a pair of black fishnet stocking, complete with black leather-and-lace garter belt, with a matching set of panties, all packaged in a clear plastic bag.

Dolly blanched, but smiled weakly and took the package. "Yeah, sure - sounds great..."

Fishnet stockings weren't really her style - but she had two very good reasons for not arguing. The first was that she didn't want Mary losing her enthusiasm and swinging back to anger. The second, however, was even more important, at the moment.

She'd bought these nylons and the accessories, as part of a 'French Maid' costume she'd gotten for Mary last Halloween. She'd been upset, not wanting to wear the costume at all, and Doug had wheedled her into wearing the rest of the uniform, though she drew the line at the stockings.

Dolly knew if she said one word about the stockings, they'd be rehashing that argument all over again. So, she merely smiled weakly, kept her mouth shut - and opened the plastic bag to get the items out.

Dolly was used to putting on women's clothes, of course - but, somehow, this wasn't the same thing. Part of it was the fact that she was doing it openly, right in front of Mary, and the part of her that had been keeping the secret for so long felt very strange about that.

Secondly, there was the fact that she was now, in fact, a woman - which made the simple act of dressing both familiar and brand-new, all at the same time. The final factor was what she was putting on - she'd never worn this particular type of clothing while 'en femme', preferring the simpler, more 'demure' fashions.

Now, she slid the lacy black panties up her unremarkable - yet feminine - legs and settled them into place around her boyish hips...

...and, like a light dawning, began to understand some of Mary's objections, as well as what it felt like to really be a woman.

The pre-packaged set had come in a variety of sizes, and he'd picked the one that should have been right for Mary - and, since her new figure was remarkably similar to Mary's, it should have fit her, too.

The problem was, neither Mary nor her fit the mythical 'average' for women. While the waistband of the panties fit well enough, the underwear was baggy around her slender hips and less-than-fully-packed derrière. Dolly grimaced at the rather uncomfortable fit... then caught Mary looking at her with a sparkle in her eyes.

"All right, all right." Dolly agreed, unwilling grinning her capitulation. "I'm sorry, all right? I was just... well, too dense, I guess."

"Don't think that means you're getting out of this." Mary said, her grin widening as she let her own little secret loose. "You know why I'm having so much fun? Because your 'fantasy' is absolutely perfect for me to show you what a real woman goes through. You've got this idealized image of what womanhood is like. Let's see how it stacks up to the real thing."

Dolly sighed and rolled her eyes - but she was grinning anyway. After all, it was a fair enough 'threat' - since her fantasy was just that. to find out what being a woman was really like.

Feeling a little less put out - but less then ecstatic - Dolly pulled on the garter belt, then carefully unrolled the fishnet stocking up her legs, clipping them in place to the garter's clips. Standing up, Dolly eyed herself in the mirror, a wry grin on her face at the sight of cheap-looking lingerie that enclose her lower body.

"All right, Mary - it's your show." Dolly told the other woman, letting her own 'taste' in women's clothe slide away for awhile to allow her girlfriend some (hopefully) good-natured retribution. "What's next?"

Mary ginned, holding up a black leather skirt....

Thirty-seven minutes later, Dolly was fully dressed and accessorized - and squirming uncomfortably under Mary's grinning gaze. "Yahoo, little lady." Mary said, with a giggle.

"Yeah, yeah " Dolly sighed, eyeing herself in the mirror with a critical eyes.

Mary had used the 'opportunity' to dress her up in the tackiest clothing she could find in her closet. Now, the new woman though to herself that she was dressed like a hooker - and, with her boyish figure, a cheap whore at that...

To start with, she was wearing a pair of knee-high black leather boots with a two-inch platform - and seven-inch high stiletto heels. Despite having considerable experience in walking in heels, Dolly still felt like a stiff wind would send her sprawling.

The short distance from the top of the boots to the bottom of the skirt revealed her fishnet-stocking clad legs, before the disappeared under the glossy black leather of the mid-thigh-length skirt, which was tolerably well fitting. 'Accenting' the black leather skirt was a wide white-leather belt with a garish silver buckle. The belt was a refuge from the eighties, and it's design showed it - it flared considerable at both the buckle and the tongue end, and fastened off center, almost looking like a big, white-leather bow sitting over her right hip.

Another refugee form the eighties was the top Dolly now wore - a leopard-skin-print spandex blouse, it's colors 'emphasized' by being metallic-gold with flat-black spots rimmed with metallic silver trim. Black faux fur lined the cuffs and neckline, further emphasizing the sheer and unadulterated tackiness of the garment.

To go with the tacky ensemble, Mary had cajoled Dolly into an equally 'eighties' make-up scheme. Bright, gloss-red lipstick with darker liner, obvious amounts and shade of blush, too much mascara... In short, the works - eighties style.

In keeping with the 'theme', Dolly was now wearing all the tacky, cheep jewelry that Mary could put her hands on. Big, garish black-and- hot-pink earrings dangled from her lobes, while silver bracelets 'graced' her wrists. Two cheap, plastic 'gold' rings adorned her hands.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Dolly asked, wryly, practically blinded from the light reflecting from the metallic blouse and cheap jewelry.

"Yeah - very much so." Mary said, with a smirk. "I know, I know - it's not very mature. But, hey - you dressed as well as I did, when you were a guy wearing women's clothes. I think it's only fair that you get the experience of being 'tacky' as woman. Us 'real' woman make fashion faux pas now then, you know."

"Well, whatever makes you happy..." Dolly grumbled.. but with a smile. Despite the outfit not being her own 'style', the fact that the body it was encasing was fully and completely female (if not 'overly' so) was enough to take the sting out of it. It had begun to truly sink in that she was finally getting to see life from the other side of the gender barrier, as she had so often dreamed. Next to that, letting Mary have her 'fun' was a minor point.

"Well, now that you're all..." Mary grinned, broadly, "...dressed' up, what say we go grab a bite of dinner? Say... at Giordano's?" Dolly's jaw dropped. "What... you mean, go out in public like this?"

Mary blinked. "What's wrong? You were planning to be female in private? that would sort of be... counterproductive, wouldn't it?" "Well..." Dolly hesitated. "yeah - but, somehow, in my fantasy I didn't look like this."

"Look like a 'refuge from the eighties', you mean?" Mary asked, pointedly using Dolly's own phrase. "Perhaps, in your fantasy, you're always perfectly dressed, accessorized and coifed."

"No, not that... exactly." Dolly said, with a sigh. "It's just that, usually, you dress to emphasize your figure - I don't have much to begin with, and this outfit certainly doesn't help."

Mary looked thoughtful. "Well, if that's all it is, I can certainly fix that."

Dolly blinked - then began to grin. "Would you?" Mary smiled. "Sure."

Stepping up to the garishly-clad new woman, she removed Dolly's horn-rimmed glasses, throwing the world out of focus. Dolly felt Mary's hands touch her temples....

...and the world suddenly came back into focus. For the first time in her life, Dolly was able to see without the aid of thick lenses. "Holy shit!" Dolly breathed, amazed.

"Hey - we're just getting started." Mary said, grinning. Dolly continued to feel the odd sensation running through her new body, starting at the top and working it's way down - and, with now perfect eyesight, she could watch in the mirror as her new body was slowly altered.

The first thing her newly-reshaped corneal lenses focused on where.. her eyes.

Her incredibly rich, electric-blue new eyes, clear and deep like a mountain lake, seeming so large and clear beneath the finely arched eyebrows Mary had also provided.

"Whoa !" Dolly said, in amazement - even as the tingling continued downwards on her face, and she watched her nose shrink inwards,

loosing mass and height. Once large and too 'obvious', it quickly reshaped itself into a more feminine shape that looked a hundred percent better than it had.

Below that, her gloss-red lips puffed outwards slightly, becoming somewhat fuller and firmer as her chin became better defined, a gracefully feminine curve.

The tingling sensation continued to slip downwards, narrowing her shoulders slightly even as it gave her softly rounded feminine musculature slightly more definition. Then the tingling reached her chest - and the new woman gasped as that garish blouse began to push outwards, driven by the force of her once-nominal breasts filling out, acquiring firm mass and a more gracefully rounded shape, until a firm pair of C-cup breasts, unencumbered by a bra, pushed the blouse firmly outward in a most delightfully feminine manner.

And the changes continued. Her waist shrunk slightly, but the change seemed more dramatic as her hips flared out to more womanly dimensions, her ass becoming firmer and fuller. Though mostly concealed, her legs also took on more defined contours, become less nondescript and more feminine.

Then, almost as an after thought, the last change occurred, jumping from her now dainty ankles all the way back to the top - as her hair rapidly grew, spilling down to just above her collar in a silky page-boy cut, the hair going from muddy brown to a light, glossy shade of brunette.

"Oh, My God " Dolly said - then her glorious new eyes opened even wider as a more richly feminine contralto rolled out of her slightly

thinner throat. "Mary, I could kiss you!"

In the space of a few minutes, Dolly had gone from a mousy-looking stick-figure of a woman, to a fairly attractive, nicely contoured vision of 'above average' femininity, with just the right touches. She wouldn't stand out in a crowd for being either too unattractive nor startlingly beautiful - but her new figure was now crammed into an outfit that (with her enhanced curves) had become skin-tight, guaranteeing that her otherwise average figure would draw more than the average amount of attention - giving her both the elation of being visibly female in public, tied tightly to the nervousness of... being visibly feminine in public.

Talk about your mixed feelings...

"There you go, Dolly." Mary said, with a grin. "A nice, normal feminine body so you don't feel ashamed - in an outfit that seems to show that you don't even know how to be ashamed. You wanted to be female in public, and that's exactly what you're going to get."

"Yeah..." Dolly said with a bright, if slightly nervous, smile. "The funny thing is... I feel just as excited as I do in my fantasies, but I've never felt this queasy before..."

"then I'd suggest a very light lunch." Mary said, then giggled. "Besides - you've got to watch your girlish figure."

That made Dolly laugh - then laugh harder as a thought struck her, and she shared it with Mary. "Actually - I could eat like a pig> I've got you to give me a 'girlish' figure anytime we want."

Mary waved a finger. "Ah, ah, ah! no cheating, Dolly. I expect you to act just the way any woman would. Remember - most of us don't have access to magical talismans that can make us look any way we want!"

"Most of you weren't male an hour ago, either." Dolly retorted. Picking up her big white leather purse, she struck an exaggerated feminine pose and pushed her voice into it's highest ranges. "We ready to do lunch, girlfriend?"

"Sure." Mary said, with a grin. "oh - I'd better drive. If you were pulled over and the cop asked for ID..." "Yeah..." Dolly said, blinking in surprise - the thought hadn't even occurred to her before now.

As far as the 'official' world was concerned, she didn't even exist....

* * * * *

"Mary.... I want to go home "

The plea was spoken in a low voice, a look of near-anguish across Dolly's garishly made-up features. Mary looked surprised. "You mean you're not enjoying yourself?"

The sarcasm was so thick you could have cut it with a knife, and Dolly winced - practically from the first instant they'd walked into the restaurant, Dolly had figured out that Mary wasn't as forgiving as she'd originally seemed - instead, she was so 'cheerful' because she was enjoying paying Dolly back for the deception and other grievances, real or imagined.

Giordano's was a reasonably up-scale restaurant and bar - and Dolly stood out like a sore thumb. That would have been bad enough - but Giordano's was also popular with the more upscale college crowd, and between her 'fair-to-middling' new body, and the outrageous packaging that contained it, Dolly had received an awful lot of male attention - which had been aggravated by Mary's endless supply of suggestive comments.

What had finally caused Dolly to make her plea had been Mary's loud observation about a handsome-looking man looking like Dolly's 'type'. It was the fifth such blatant action in the last fifteen minutes, and Dolly had been hit on more times since they'd gotten to the restaurant then should could conveniently count.

"Please, Mary..." Dolly all-but-begged, now. "I know that you're not happy with me, and I can understand... but you know I don't like men, and in this outfit I feel like a cheap whore. Please, don't..."

"No - you don't understand how I feel." Mary interrupted, quietly but with an edge of anger. "Damn it, I come home from my vacation to find that my *ex*-boyfriend has been lying to me all these years. Even worse - he'd not even half the man he seemed to be, and he wasn't very manly to begin with."

Dolly's jaw dropped at the venom with which the words were spoken. "I.."

"Shut up!" Mary continued. "I know I'm not exactly a pageant-queen, but I figured that I couldn't be that bad, because I did finally manage to land a 'serious' man... only to find out that he's some sissy-boy who's more interested in my wardrobe than in me!"

"That's not...!" Dolly started to deny the accusation - but the look Mary gave her made her jaw snap shut.

"What's more - this sissy-thing I've been dating is so... blessed that I'm given a magic amulet that can make his fantasy come true - but won't do anything for me! It only works on you, you God! I mean - I can give you the body you've always dreamed about, which is

really the body I've always dreamed about - and I'm stuck with this barely-female body that's only good enough to attract a pansy-boy like you! And you you get the fantasy body I've always wanted, and you haven't even got the guts to be female enough to use it the

way it deserves to be used!"

'Oh, shit ' Dolly thought, a chill running up and down her spine as she realized that Mary wasn't just angry - she was, quite literally,

insane with a strange form of jealousy. Her apparent 'acceptance', at the beginning, had been a sort of 'displacement'. She'd been doing what Doug had done all those years - projected herself on the life of somebody else.

The fact that Dolly wasn't willing to 'fulfill' the fantasy had finally pushed Mary to the edge - and right over. The fact that Dolly now had Mary's own fantasy body was bad enough - but the fact that Dolly had the gall not to 'enjoy' the attention it generated was worse. Mary had dressed Dolly up in this garish outfit precisely because it was the type of thing that Mary wouldn't dare wear with her own, less 'feminine' body - and all Dolly, with her now-perfect body, could do was complain.

Dolly realized that she'd, unwillingly and unwittingly, managed to push all the wrong buttons, bringing to life all the insecurities and self hatred Mary had ever felt about her own 'tomboy' life....

"Mary, I'm sorry - I didn't mean " Dolly said, sincerely - and scared out of her wits. She'd never, ever seen Mary so absolutely volcanic.

"Shut up!" Mary hissed. "You don't want to be here? Fine! Let's go!"

Mary threw a wad of cash down on the table for the food that they'd barely touched, and Dolly had to struggle to keep up with Mary, hampered by her tight skirt and incredibly high, slender heels.

By the time Dolly had caught up with her, Mary was already in the car. Because Dolly had never actually left the apartment 'en femme', she'd had no skill in getting in and out of a vehicle in a tight skirt, so they'd parked in a dark corner to allow Dolly to practice a couple of times, something she'd been unwilling to do in the brightly-lit parking lot of their apartment

building. Now, Dolly cursed the darkness, almost falling flat on her face as she stumbled over some uneven pavement and landed against the driver's side door of the car...

...just as the engine roared to life, and the headlights snapped into existence. The car revved a couple of times, but moving would have risked crushing one of Dolly's feet...

...and, staring in the window, Dolly was horrified to see a look of consideration on Mary's face. "Mary! What are you doing!" Dolly cried, and Marry frowned in anger and rolled down the window.

"Going home." She said, shortly. "I don't want to deal with you right now - I'm too damned mad. Maybe by the time you get back, I'll have calmed down a bit. Maybe even enough to turn you back into a man *before* I kick you out of the apartment."

A chill ran down Dolly's new spine - this fantasy had quickly turned into a nightmare, and the thought of being stuck in this new form for the rest of her life was horrifying. "Mary, please... let's talk this over! Please!"

"Get away from the car, Dolly - or I'll just run you over." Mary said, coldly, revving the engine again."

"Please! I.. I don't even have any money. Not for a bus, much less a cab - and I can't walk around town dressed like... this!"

Mary looked Dolly up and down very slowly. "Oh, I see - you don't think those clothes fit your 'image', huh? I guess you're right. Here, let me help."

She held out her hand, and Dolly moved back slightly and extended her own hand, expecting Mary to drop some bus-fare into her palm...

Instead, Mary's empty hand just gripped Dolly's for a second, then let go.

"Have fun, bitch." Marry said, stepping down on the accelerator and pulling away.

"No...!" Dolly screamed at the receding taillights... as she felt that strange tingling take control of her body again.

For an instant, she thought Mary had started her transformation back into a man, to leave her to walk home dressed in an outfit even less suited to that form than this.

Instead, she'd done the exact opposite...

The first sensation was almost as if somebody was tugging lightly on her hair.. and strands of brassy gold hair tumbled in front of her eyes even as she felt it spill down her back in thick, silky waves.

Even as she pushed the hair back from her face in anguish, she could feel her face changing. She couldn't see the changes, of course, but the sensations themselves gave her some clue as to what was happening - the way her lips felt as if

they'd been bee-stung, swelling out into a fuller, firmer-yet-soft bow-shape. At the same time, she could feel the bones of her jaw and cheeks writhing into new shapes while her nose also altered.

Then the tingling continued downwards, There seemed to be little change in her throat, shoulders or arms...

...but that was more than made up for when it reached her chest. As she looked downwards in helpless horror, she watched her spandex blouse begin to push outwards, the fabric stretched by the swelling mounds beneath.

"No! No, this is too big!" Dolly cried out, hands flying to her chest. The new, higher-pitched soprano of her voice barely registered as she vainly - and somewhat stupidly - tried to restrain her swelling mounds by pressing against them with her hands while they continued to swell outwards, becoming fuller and firmer, almost perfectly spherical.

"No, stop!" She shouted at her chest, in vain, as her new endowments continued to swell. They were already the size of prize cantaloupes, and showed no signs of slowing. At the same time, the hands struggling against the expanding masses of breast-flesh were becoming smaller and slimmer, the nails growing much longer. The pressure of her hands across her new endowments made her all-too-aware of her swelling, thickening nipples as they pressed through the thin fabric and against her slimming palms.

"Please, Mary - make it stop!" the new woman called, helplessly, as her breasts passed the size of volley-balls and continued onwards. Though quite stretchy, the material of the blouse had its limits, and those were being met - rather than continuing to stretch just over the expanding mounds, the material now had to take up extra 'stretch' from other parts of the garment. The neckline began to expand outwards, the actual size of the opening growing, as the bottom of the blouse pulled upward, molding itself to the bottom of her swelling breasts.

Just when it seemed there was no more slack to be taken up,... her massive new tits finally stopped growing.

"Oh.. my... god..." Dolly said, stunned, her hands now cradling her huge tits from underneath for support. Her massive new mounds were the size of basket-balls, and literally packed into the now-skintight blouse, whose tail-end just barely rested under the bottom curve of her massive tits, and whose neck-line was stretched so far outward that the garment displayed an amazing amount of creamy cleavage. Her nipples were equally large, and in the cool evening air they were fully engorged, clearly visible through the molded fabric. "I... I'm.. *enormous*..."

So... absorbed was Dolly in her massive new endowments, she barely noticed the sensations as her waist shrunk inwards to a delectably tiny diameter.

She did notice, however, when her hips and ass expanded considerably, because her skirt suddenly became skin-tight over her wider hips and fuller, firmer buttocks, the hem of the skirt sliding up slightly as the slack was taken out of it.

Dolly gasped, one hand flying from her massive new 'rack' to her swollen derriere...

...just as a strange sensation trembled through her, seeming to slide through her body's innards in a way fundamentally different then the tingling that had heralded the changes in her outwards appearance. It felt as if the blood running through her veins had somehow... changed. As if it was running faster, and hotter - it was almost as if she suddenly had a fever... but it wasn't quite the same sensation.

"Mary... what have you done to me?" She wailed into the darkness of the night, hands sliding across her altered form. She shivered in the cooling night air, her hands sliding over her almost painfully engorged, enlarged nipples. She shivered, wondering how she could feel both cold and hot at the same time, as if there was a liquid fire running through her veins. She also felt 'on edge', alive with a form of nervous energy that was derived from a source far distant then the fear and anger she was feeling at the moment.

Then Dolly hear running footsteps coming in her direction - at least two sets of solid, masculine treads thundering over the pavement. Gasping, her altered form's importance pushed back slightly by a more immediate fear, she shrank back into the shadows...

...as a pair of young men burst into the alley. Dressed semi-casually in trousers and collarless shirts, the young men were about twenty- five or so, both of them obviously fit and athletically built. The one on the right, in the black trousers and shirt, had short-cropped dark hair and a dark goatee, making him look more threatening then his sandy-haired companion, dressed in beige trousers and a white shirt

- but both of them possessed trim, well-muscled figures that could easily overpower a woman like her, and Dolly found herself shivering at the sight of those strong, masculine bodies...

...then forgot to breath for a long second as she was stunned to realize that the sensation coursing through her at the moment wasn't fear - at least, not all of it was. She was huddled against the wall, eyes wide as she stared at the young men...

...but her lips had unconsciously formed a strange half-smile, while her hands were sliding across her own altered body as if they had a mind of their own.

In that instant, Dolly realized what Mary had done to her, and what the odd sensations were. To make the punishment even worse, Mary had vastly increased Dolly's production of hormones...

In short, Dolly was really damned horny, no matter how disgusting she found the thought.

And she did find the though disgusting. Though she'd long wished to experience life as a woman, it had always been a 'platonic' fantasy

- she had never had any sexual attraction towards men...

...until now. No matter what her mind might think of the idea, her body was definitely having a reaction to the presence to fine specimens of masculinity. Though she had no way of knowing it (other than by the effect), Mary had also boosted Dolly's ability to perceive - and respond to - male pheromones.

So when the two young men saw the huge-breasted blonde woman in tight clothing and their bodies began to respond, Dolly's own body began to respond to that, as well.

As well as one other little 'surprise' Mary had left her....

"Are... you all right, uh miss?" The blond asked, pupils dilating at the sight of the woman before him, his tone of voice somewhat

vague. "We, uh.. heard shouting "

Now - how did she answer that one, Dolly wondered numbly, even as she tried to deal with the sudden - and very distracting - sensations her altered body was providing her. It wasn't easy - she found she was having a hard time marshaling her thoughts - her mind kept slipping away from her coherent trains of thought, as if her attention span had shortened dramatically.

Which it had. Mary couldn't actually 'brainwash' Dolly into anything - but she had complete control over every aspect of Dolly's physical self, and it was relatively easy to give Dolly 'brain-damage', lowering her overall ability to think, while ramming her hormone levels up so high that when Dolly did think, it was almost guaranteed to be about one thing.

Which is why...

"I, uh, was just " Dolly said in her breathy new soprano, her brow wrinkling in confusion and frustration as her mind refused to provide a

viable 'excuse'. "Uh I was just a little upset."

"But are you okay?" the dark-haired one asked, taking a couple of steps closer - and Dolly was unconsciously fondling her own, massive tits through the spandex as the proximity increased the effect of his pheromones.

It slipped out before she could stop herself. "Uh, no - I'm just really horny, and can't concentrate because of it "

The men's jaw's dropped as she realized what she'd said, instinctively answering their questions with an honesty that she knew was highly inappropriate, especially for her.

"Oh, god - I mean !" Dolly stammered, flushing brightly. "I can't believe I just said that!"

"Neither can I..." the blond muttered, also stepping closer. "Look, uh "

"Dolly.." She supplied, vacantly, just having noticed that she was fondling her tits with one hand, while the other was sliding up and down the front of her skirt. Blushing, she yanked her hands away from her body and tucked them behind her, gripping her left wrist with her right hand.

"John and Steve." The blond supplied, pointing to himself and his friend. "Uh... you seem "

Steve noticed his friends search for the proper word - which was nigh well amazing, considering that he was staring at Dolly's well- displayed body with a certain interest that was more then obvious by the bulge in his pants. "Um do you need some help?"

Dolly's head was spinning, and she struggled to maintain her sense of self in the face of her body's sensations. She literally felt her body crying out for attention, and her hands kept wanting to...

"My friend - she left me here." Dolly said, almost absently telling the truth. "Without even cab fare." "Oh!" John said, surprised. "That's... a lousy thing to do. Why don't you let us give you a ride, then?" Dolly beamed. "Yeah, that would be wonderful!"

In her current state, it didn't occur to her that it might not be such a good idea - not until it was too late. Steve owned a new minivan, and he pulled it around and Dolly and John climbed into the back seat, the vehicle already in motion before she realized that locking herself in an enclosed space with two aroused men was not the answer to her current predicament...

She moaned as her body's already 'painful' arousal shot through the roof, and her hands helplessly returned to massaging her huge new tits through the spandex as she closed her eyes and began to writhe in her seat.

"Dolly...?" John asked, surprised.

She knew what she was saying, and she hated herself for having to say it. She couldn't stop herself though - it was like a crack addict trying to quit cold-turkey. What she was 'addicted' to was 'normality', and the rampaging desires through her body were driving her crazy, the way a junkie might go through the DT's.

So, it wasn't surprising that she found herself saying the simple - if hideous - truth.

"oh, god.. I'm so horny..." She moaned, one hand sliding down her body and under her skirt. "I'm so horny I can't think straight. My whole body's just crying out to be touched and fondled!"

Of course, all things considered - John took that as an invitation, of sorts. Leaning over, he slid one hand over the taut fabric covering her massive right tit - hesitantly.

"like this...?" He asked, uncertain if this was really happening the way it seemed to be.

The touch of John's hand made Dolly shudder - and while it was emotionally disgusting, the instant his hand touched her tit she was lost.

"Oh..." She moaned, grasping John's wrist - and sliding his hand down inside the neck-line of her blouse. "Touch me.. touch me *everywhere...*"

Dolly found herself thrusting her body against his, letting him slide his other hand around to fondle her firm, leather-encased ass while she moaned in frustrated pleasure.

Deep inside, She was horrified by how easily she'd let go - yet she also couldn't seem to care. It didn't matter what she *wanted* - this is what she *needed*.

"Jesus!" Steve swore from the front seat, staring in shock in the rearview mirror...

"Take me!" Dolly moaned in helpless need, pulling her top off over her head and setting her huge, firm mounds free. "Take me now! This time Steve's head swiveled all the way around and he gaped in shock at the half-naked woman in the back seat...

...then whipped his head to face forward at the blare of a horn, and barely managed to keep from plowing into oncoming traffic. Hurriedly, he pulled off into a darkened parking lot for a closed store.

Dolly didn't notice. Her sense were inflamed with the lust she was feeling, and her hands were working on the fasteners of John's clothes as the blond youth returned the favor.

The van was never designed for what happened next - but where there's a will....

The seat they were sitting on was one of the 'flip and fold' style seats, and by awkwardly crunching themselves into the space between the bench seat and the two 'captains chairs' seats up front, John managed to get the seat flipped up and folded out of the way. They'd only disrobed to the point where 'access' was available, with Dolly's skirt rucked up around her waist and her sodden panties literally torn off and tossed aside. John positioned her so that she was on her hands and knees, her torso was in the space between the front seats, her ass sticking into the back and 'available'. With his pants down around his knees, his head bent and shoulders pressed against the roof of the van, John looked more then a little ludicrous - but that didn't stop him from plunging his throbbing cock deep into Dolly's sopping cunt.

She cried out in pleasure as she was penetrated, then moaned in continued pleasure as John began awkwardly thrusting in and out, his ass slamming into the folded-up back seat with every thrust.

Dolly's body shook with the force of the fucking she was receiving, huge, dangling tits wobbling and shaking. Steve, wide-eyed in the diver's seat, looked at the ecstatic face of the woman only inches away from him, her body shaking as his best friend fucked her - and he unzipped his own pants and began to jerk off, feeling incredibly ridiculous even as he did so.

catching sight of this out of the corner of her half-closed eyes, Dolly turned her head and began licking and kissing Steve's cock as the forward movement of each thrust pressed her face toward Steve's cock. Steve's hand speeded up and most of the shame and embarrassment was washed away by the added pleasure Dolly's brief oral caresses brought.

John groaned and stiffened as he came - and, in the same instant, Dolly screamed as her own body writhed and twitched in the grasp of her first female orgasm. An instant later, Steve's self-manipulation pushed him over the edge and he also came, a jet of warm, thick cum gushing from his cock and splattering over Dolly's face, some of it landing in her open mouth.

The three of them slumped as the trio of orgasms faded, the smell of sex filling the air of the vehicle.

As Dolly came out of the orgasmic haze, she felt John's slowly softening cock still buried in her wet snatch, tasted Steve's cum on her lips and in her throat...

...and gagged as she realized what she'd done, the post-orgasmic afterglow muting her hormonal 'high' enough for her to regain some semblance of control.

"oh.. God.." She gasped, horrified. With a wet 'slurping' sound, she pulled herself off of John's cock, feeling sick...

...and disgustingly 'happy'. Sex with a man had felt *fantastic*...

"I.. I have to get out of here.." She stammered, yanking her skirt down over her bare pussy and grabbing her blouse.

"Wait..!" John called, but she ignored him and slid the door open, all-but-falling out of the van and onto the grassy verge of the road.

Spitting and gagging, Dolly used a handful of tissue from her purse to wipe her face, then stood and struggled into her skin-tight blouse, ignoring the guys' shouts as they struggled to get themselves cleaned up and 'rearranged'.

Getting her blouse in place, Dolly - nearly crying - hurried off before the guys could chase after her, hurrying towards the apartment and 'safety'.

* * * * *

Mary answered the pounding on the door - and grinned wickedly at the sight of a thoroughly mussed Dolly, needing no other confirmation of what had happened.

"So, how was it?" Mary smirked. "Enjoy being a 'real' woman?"

"Mary, please..." Dolly begged, her over-endowed body already trembling in the grip of her rising desires. She tried to enter the apartment...

Mary stuck out her hand, placing it against Dolly's over-inflated chest and stopping her in her tracks. "No way, Jose - I've had enough of you. You're on your own now. You wanted to be a woman? Well, now you are - so have a good life."

"Mary, don't do this to me!" Dolly pleaded, near tears. "This is what I wanted - to be some huge-breasted bimbo! Even if I had to be a woman for the rest of my life, I could have managed that... if it was more like your life, instead of this... hell!"

Mary laughed without humor. "oh, you'd like my life, would you? I'd like to see you live my life, bit..."

The flash of light was so blinding that it blanked out all senses, not just sight. For an instant, both women's brains were completely overloaded as the amulet around Mary's neck flared into cool, painless incandescence.

"...ch" Doug/Dolly hear Mary's voice finish - from between her own lips. As she felt the amulet turn to ash and disintegrate from around her neck, 'Mary' stared at the over-exaggerated body that, seconds before, she had inhabited.

It took the new Dolly a second longer to get it, as the huge-breasted blonde gaped at her own body. "Wha...?!"

'Mary' laughed with delight. "You were touching me!" She crowed. "You were touching me, and you 'willed' something that was part of my fantasy - and it came true."

"*Nooo!*" Dolly screamed in horror as she realized that she was now trapped in the very hell she'd crafted for her once-boyfriend. "No, change me back!"

"I can't." Mary said, grinning at the irony of it all. "And even if I could - I wouldn't. You were about to condemn me to the life of a huge-breasted bimbo slut. Well.. you can enjoy it yourself."

"no! No, I won't let..." Dolly started to say...

The new Mary's hand was still on the huge chest of the blonde in the doorway - and now she pushed. Unprepared, Dolly stumbled back into the hallway and Mary quickly slammed the door and locked it.

Ignoring the pounding and shouting from the other side of the barrier, the new Mary grinned at her reflection in the mirror, then headed over to the phone, willing herself into the right 'mood' as she picked up the receiver and punched three digits on the keypad.

A second later, a voice came on the line - and Mary went into her act.

"I.. I don't know what to do..." She 'sobbed' to the emergency dispatcher. "My boyfriend and I had an argument earlier today, and he left. He hasn't come back - and now there's some crazy woman pounding on my door and saying all sorts of weird things and I think she might have hurt poor Doug and..."

the voice on the other end urged her to calm down and start over, with her name and address.

It was hard to keep a self-satisfied smile off her face as she stated, for the first time, the new, female identity that she was now more than happy to carry for the rest of her life....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Walking into a store, one man is shocked to see his exact double, before he can react, he is mistakenly captured and slowly turned into a nymphomaniac bimbo.

Doppelganger

By Gunslinger

Doppelganger - (*German* - 'Double-goer') A double, a look-alike. It is said that if anyone ever meets their doppelganger, it is a sure sign that bad luck will soon befall them.

DAY ZERO

"Boom de boom-ba-boom... Didi-da boom ba boom bi-boom..."

The fact that he was completely off key and lacking in rhythm didn't diminish the joyful attitude of Rob Carsten's vocal rendition of the song running through his mind. Fingers drumming in time with his mental soundtrack, feet bopping along to the same off-beat as his vocals, the tall, muscular youth made his way down the sidewalk, his sneakers squeaking against the concrete as he performed an occasional 'dance step' in time with the music.

Obviously in no hurry, the sandy-haired young man in his mid twenties bopped along, his blandly handsome face reflecting his good mood as he headed down to the corner store for a bag of milk and loaf of bread. The muted sounds of traffic ran through the cool night air, diminished from the usual day-time cacophony to the somehow distant, almost musical mutter of a mid-sized city in the wee small hours of the morning.

Rob was just about to head home after having been to the local night-club - but his good-mood was only slightly exaggerated by the intake of alcohol, not caused by it. He'd only had a couple of beers.

No - the reason he was in such a good mood was the slip of paper resting in his pocket, on which was written the name and number of the cute red-head he'd hit it off with so well at the bar. She'd been truly sad to have to leave with the female friend who was visiting her for the weekend - but had left Rob with the promise of a second meeting that might extend into something even more. That was the reason a slightly silly grin was pasted on his face, and why he was in such a care-free mood.

Reaching the store, Rob reached for the front door...

Several thoughts chased through his head in an instant. The first was the question 'When did they cover the door in mirrored Mylar?', followed by the thought, 'Damn I look good'.

Then it registered that his 'reflection' in the door was holding a jug of orange juice, and with that came the realization that he wasn't looking at a mirror image of himself - but at another young man who bore an incredible resemblance to himself.

In that stunned instant, Rob's numbed brain went into autopilot and began cataloging the tiny differences between himself and his double on the other side of the door.

They were both the same height and weight, to within a small percentage. Both had sandy-blond hair of about the same length and minimal 'style'. The facial features were almost identical, though his duplicate's were a little paler, a trifle more strained.

Even their clothes were almost - but not quite - identical. Both wore black jeans that could have come from the same rack at the same store, and both wore blue denim shirts. But Rob's shirt was a slightly heavier grade of denim, and it was over a gray T-shirt, while the other's open collar revealed a white one. They both wore sneakers, although Rob's weren't as cleanly new as his counterparts, and his white laces where his duplicate's shoes had black ones.

Then his counterpart - looking as equally stunned as Rob felt - spun and disappeared into the store, breaking the instant of immobility that held them locked into the tableau.

"Hey!" Rob called, startled, yanking open the door and dashing inside. He wasn't quite sure why he was chasing the frighteningly similar young man - it was instinct rather than logic that was making the call. Somehow, though, he felt it was important to meet this twin of himself, find out how somebody could look so much like himself, yet be a complete and utter stranger who just happened to cross his path.

Catching the flash of black-and-blue disappearing through a door at the back of the store, Rob hurried down an aisle as the Oriental store-keeper watched in confusion. Ignoring the sing-song shouts of the owner's fractured English, Rob ducked through the door and into the back storeroom, looking around in the glaring, fluorescent-lit room. Boxes and containers lined the room on shelves and stood in piles on the floor, vying for space in the cramped, dingy room. At the far end was a door leading into a bathroom, and halfway down the length of the room a heavier, metal door looked to lead to the alley behind the store.

Hurrying down the length of the room, Rob through open the heavy door and stepped into the alley, lit only by the garish orange glow of the sodium lamp directly above the door.

Rob looked around, looking for a sign of his twin, but saw nothing. By the time he turned to look inside, the heavy door had swung shut with a final-sounding 'thunk' revealing a slab of black-painted metal that lacked an outside handle, to discourage breaking-and-entering from the relative sanctuary of the alley.

Taking another look around, Rob shook his head, realizing that his look-alike was either considerable faster than him, or hadn't come through the door into the alley at all. Shaking his head in bemused wonderment, Rob headed down the alley to walk around to the front entrance.

He was just reaching the juncture where the alley spilled onto the semi-residential street when his heart jumped into his throat and he instinctively leapt back. It was a socially-programmed response to the sudden, high-pitched screeching of rubber on asphalt as a late-model Ford Econovan, painted in a dark color, screamed to a stop at the end of the alley, mere feet from where Rob stood.

Even as the boxy vehicle was shuddering to a stop, the slide door was thrown open and three men, dressed in dark clothes and wearing black ski-masks, bust from the van with speed and purpose. Rob barely had time to register what was happening before they were on him, two of them grabbing his upper arms while the third grabbed his ankles.

Rob began to writhe and shout in stunned defiance as they tossed him into the lightly padded cargo bed of the van like a sack of potatoes. The dark-clad men ignored his protests as they scrambled into the vehicle with him, hauling the door shut even as one of their number slammed Rob - who'd begun to push himself up - back down to the floor.

"Go, go, go!" The man at the side door shout, and the unseen driver of the vehicle responded with a heavy foot on the accelerator, causing the back end of the vehicle to slew around as smoke poured from the tires. The sound of the engine was unusually - suspiciously - powerful for the boxy vehicle, and the nearly whiplash-inducing acceleration that occurred when the tires found their grip backed up the assumption that there was more to the vehicle than met the eye.

"What the hell is..." Rob started to demand, his heart pounding in fear and anger.

One of the men grabbed him by the shoulders and slammed him flat against the floor while another pushed a damp, foul-smelling rag across his mouth and nose.

His shouts muffled by the rag, Rob struggled vainly against the man pressing on his shoulders with his full weight, and the third man who'd sat down on his feet. Even attempting to whip his head back and forth under the rag did no good, as the hands holding the rag in place followed every movement, allowing Rob no respite.

He'd instinctively held his breath when the chemical-tinged odor of the rag had reached his nostrils - but his struggles only burned up the oxygen in his lungs that much faster, and his chest began to feel as if it were being compressed as his lungs cried out for air. Unable to stop himself, Rob sucked in a deep breath...

...and began to cough, sucking in more and more of the pungent fumes as the darkened interior of the van seemed to swim in and out of focus, until the dark blanket of unconsciousness lifted and swallowed him whole.

* * * * *

He seemed to float in a void, surrounded by nothing. No light, no sensation of distance or enclosure, no sense of falling yet no sense of remaining still. There was just the void, all around.

Then.. voices, coming through the void as if traveling light-years. *"Dammit, what do you mean it's not him?"*

An older voice, strong and confident, yet tinged with anger and a hint of uncertainty. The one that responded was more then just tinged, and almost fawning in it's tone.

"We asked him a dozen times under pentathol, under hypnosis - under every treatment available, Director. He stuck to his claims of being a..." A pause, a rifling of papers. "A Robert Carsten. The thing is - it all checks out. Fingerprints in the apartment that he gave us the address to, checks with his employer, family, friends - secretly of course. It all checked out. His story, as incredible as it seems, is true."

"You mean that this.. person who just happens to look exactly like Moran also just happened to cross paths with him on the night we decide to make the grab?"

"Yes sir."

Silence followed, and Rob didn't know whether or not he had slid deeper into the void again. Then: *"There's no doubt at all?"*

"No, Director - none at all."

"Well, we certainly can't have it come out that we're running a domestic op - that bastard in the White House would have our heads. Do what you have to do to clean this mess up."

"Sir? The boys over in STI have been working on a little something, and need a... 'volunteer'. This might be the perfect way to kill two birds with one stone, sir."

A pause, then in a tone that indicated that it was the end of the discussion, the older voice replied coldly. *"I don't care how it's done - just as long as he can't tell anybody."*

Then the darkness surged around him, and Rob was once more swirled away in it's eddies.

* * * * *

DAY ONE

Rob moaned and rolled over....

memory flooded back, and the sandy-haired youth sat up with a jerk, eyes wide and frantic as he lifted his smoothly muscled arms to ward off an impending attack...

...that never came.

He sat, panting, his wide, dark-brown eyes taking in his surroundings as it slowly got through to him that he was in no immediate threat. Shaking slightly from the adrenaline rushing through his system, he pushed the thin white 'hospital' blanket off of his naked body and - shivering slightly in the mildly chill air - slowly rose from the bed, body still tensed for any surprises.

He was in a small, impersonal looking room. Small, of course, was a relative term - the room was about the size of his bedroom in his apartment, although not as 'nice'. Instead, the walls were a neutral off-white color, unadorned by any decor, and didn't look to be made of drywall. There was a pair of plain, functional metal wardrobes on one wall, a large, floor-to-ceiling mirror on the opposite wall beside a doorless opening that obviously led to a bathroom, and the bed he'd just risen from along the third. The final wall of the chamber was taken up by a metal door with no handle, lock or other protrusion.

The floor was beige, industrial-grade carpeting, and the light that filled the room came from inset fluorescent tubes behind metal grills, like the type of fixtures he remembered from school. The room looked like a cross between a cheap hotel room and a prison cell.

In fact, it looked more-or-less like Rob imagined a room in a mental asylum might look.

Rob shivered again, his breathing slowly resuming its normal rhythm as his pulse subsided to a slightly elevated beat. Although it was obvious he was in no immediate danger, it was equally obvious that he was in a situation far from normal, and he definitely didn't like it.

Keeping one eye aimed towards the door, he padded over to the wardrobes along the one wall and swung them both open, peering inside.

The first was completely empty. The second, however, held one garment on the rail section, and one set of underwear and socks on the racks along the side. A single pair of footwear rested on the floor of the metal wardrobe.

Gathering the clothing together, he carried it back to the bed and dressed quickly, pulling on the white cotton briefs, pale blue jumpsuit and white socks with nervous movements. It took him three tries to lace up the black leather 'combat boots' that came with the outfit.

Taking a deep breath, Rob squared his shoulders. Striding towards the forbidding metal door, he raised his fist to pound on the surface and demand to be let out....

...and he burst into flames.

He didn't actually, catch fire - but for all the world, that was what his nerve ending insisted he was feeling as he screamed and crumpled to the floor, writhing in agony. It lasted but an instant, but it seemed an eternity before the sensation vanished, only leaving the memory of it searing his mind.

'Now, now, Bobbi - you shouldn't do things that might upset or anger people.' A voice floated through hidden speakers in the room, its owner's gender and age hidden by electronic distortion.

Gasping, sheathed in a cold sweat, Rob pushed himself into a sitting position, mind spinning. "My name isn't..." he began dully...

...then gave a strangled scream, hands flying to his throat as it felt as if broken glass was being force-fed to him. An instant later, the sensation vanished.

'Correcting me might upset me, Bobbi - and when you upset, anger, or otherwise create negative emotions in other people, you'll find that it can be very, very painful.' The voice said. *'Perhaps you should strive to be more pleasant. Agreeable, even. Don't you think?'*

Swallowing and blinking back the tears the pain had caused, Rob fought down the immediate response that leapt to his lips. Forcing himself to take a deep breath and keep his tone even, he replied, subconsciously raising his voice to address the unseen microphones.

"I I'm sorry." He said, feeling shame and anger at the subservient tone he was forced to use.

"Could would somebody please let me out of here?"

'For somebody who asked so nicely?' the voice replied. *'Of course, Bobbi.'*

As 'easy' as that, the door slid aside with the sound of powerful hydraulics dragging the five-inch-thick door aside on its tracks.

Rising, Rob looked outside the door, hesitant. Despite his urge to leave the room, it was also the only semi-familiar thing in this bizarre, horrible situation, and he was hesitant to leave its dubious sanctuary...

Bolts of pain thrummed through his legs, and Rob stumbled out into the corridor. The instant he cleared the door, the pain vanished.

'Now Bobbi - the way you hesitated there made me think you didn't trust me - very upsetting, I must say.'

Closing his eyes, Rob ground his teeth together, forcing his reasonably level-toned answer through them. "Of *course* I trust you." He lied - literally through his teeth - to the unseen voice. "I just don't know where I am."

'Of course - you must be looking for the dining room. Straight down the hall, turn right, first door way on the right.'

Straightening, Rob started to follow the directions.. then felt a throbbing in his throat that began to rapidly head towards pain. Before it quite reached that level, however, the voice spoke again.

'What do you say, Bobbi?'

As the sensation began to burn, Rob forced the words through the growing pain in his throat. "Thank you."

Instantly, the pain vanished. Hands clenched into fists of anger and humiliation, Rob began walking. As he numbly followed the directions, he took a deep breath and hazarded a question.

"Who are you?" He asked, fighting to keep bitterness of fear from his voice. "Why are you doing this to me?"

'You may refer to me as 'Mistress', Bobbi - and this is for your own good.' The voice replied. 'A less... empathic person who had seen what you have might have to be... terminated.'

A chill ran down Rob's spine. Though the electronic distortion robbed the... Mistress' voice of all inflection, there was no doubting the threat in the final word.

Stepping through the doorway indicated, Rob found himself in a small but fairly nice corporate-style dining room, with a few round oak tables scattered around the room, and one wall taken up by a serving line presided over by two men in whites. A few other people - about an even mix of genders - sat at the various tables, showing no interest in the new arrival.

Rob knew better than try and ask any of them for help - he was sure that they were part of whatever was happening to him. Instead, he kept from making eye contact with any of the other diners as he walked up to the serving line.

The first man smiled at Rob as he walked up and picked up a tray - and the warning tingle in his lips gave Rob just enough time to force a return smile before the pain rose to unbearable levels.

"Well, I don't think I've seen you here before." The man said, nodding. "My name's Steve."

"R.." Ron started... then gasped thickly as it felt as if he was being choked by a pair of unseen hands. "...Bobbi."

Even as he shamefully forced the feminine name from his lips, the pain subsided.

Steve's brow rose. "Really? That's funny - I never thought I'd meet a 'Bobbi' with such a deep, masculine voice. I always thought a 'Bobbi' would have a sweet, lovely, feminine voice."

"Well, I..." Rob started.

Terrible, terrible pain lanced through Rob's throat. The tray he'd picked up clattered to the ground as he sank to his knees, hands grappling at his throat in a vain attempt to find and end the source of the terrible, burning agony that lanced through his vocal cords....

Then it was gone.

"Oh well. I guess I - and everyone else - will just have to get used to being disappointed every time I hear you speak." Steve continued, as if nothing unusual had happened. Fear lanced through Rob as he realized what was happening.

Anytime he tried to speak in his 'masculine' voice, it would be 'disappointing' - and cause the intense agony he had just felt.

"Of course, you could go two doors down, on the left." Steve continued, picking up another tray and laying atop the serving table as if merely carrying on a 'normal' conversation. "I hear that Doctor Markson can give you just about any voice you could possibly want eggs?"

Having hauled himself to his feet, it took Rob a second to mentally switch gears from the 'obvious' solution that had been 'causally' mentioned to the offer of food. Trying to deal with the chill that ran down his spine at the realization of what was planned for him, Rob shook his head, his lips forced into a grotesque rendition of a smile by a warning tingle.

"Sorry - was that a yes or no?" Steve asked, 'innocently', and a warning sensation let Rob know that he'd better answer damned fast.

The flush of embarrassment vied with the paling of fear in his face as he struggled to force his voice into a higher register. "No, tha "

The false word of gratitude trailed off into a gurgle as pain gripped his throat - but it was 'merely' intense, not unbearably agonizing. Even as the pain faded and Rob gasped in mingled relief and anger, he realized that he'd gotten 'partial marks' for the attempt to force his voice into a less 'disappointing' tone. Say - pain equal to his poor ability.

"Sausage?" Steve said, still acting as if nothing untoward was going on.

Taking a deep breath and fighting the fear and anger he was feeling, Rob forced the words through his grotesque smile. "Just "

A gasp, the strong-but-not-unbearable pain of his pseudo-feminine attempt fading. "...coffee "

Pain subsiding again but another warning pain reminding him of his 'manners'.

"...please "

Head spinning with the sharp, rhythmic bursts of pain, Rob forced out the 'personalized' word of the sentence, the tingle informing him that it wasn't option.

" Steve."

"Sure thing, Bobbi - I admire you trying to watch your figure." Steve said, pouring a cup of steaming black brew from an urn.

Rob gasped and swooned - but not because of a burst of pain.

Because, when Steve gave the 'compliment', a quick, yet powerful, burst of pleasure had suffused Rob's body.

Then... "Cream and sugar ?"

A life-long 'three-cream-two-sugar' man, Rob grit his teeth behind the false smile. "Black...is...fine thanks."

Taking his coffee, Ron headed towards an empty table...

"Oh, why don't you join us here?" A voice called to his left, dragging his eyes to a table with two men and a woman, the later one waving at him.

A hint of agony told him what he should do.

Face starting to ached from the insincere smile pasted on it, Rob lowered himself into a chair...

...and painfully introduced himself as 'Bobbi' to a trio who obviously wanted to 'chat'....

* * * * *

Rob reeled through the corridor, struggling to maintain the smile on his face as he moved, lost in a haze of pain.

It wasn't the sharp, short agony created by uncorrected disappointment - in was the throbbing, on- going pain of a headache and sore throat caused by forty-five minutes of agonizing 'polite' conversation.

Staggering slightly in time with the beating throbs of pain behind his right eye, Rob pushed open the door marked with a red cross and the name plate that read 'John L. Markson, MD'.

A older, dignified gentleman in a traditional white coat was talking to a woman in a nurse's uniform. He looked up as Rob came through the door, then smiled and stepped forward, hand outstretched.

"You must be Bobbi!" He said as Rob forced himself to shake the man's hand. "I'm Doctor Markson, and this is nurse Denevue."

"Pleased.. to... meet.. you... both " Rob forced out, his throat fighting the words as if knowing the

burst of agony each syllable would inflict. "So - what can I do for you today?"

"I... have... a... headache " Rob fought through the pain to explain in as 'reasonable' a tone as possible, each burst of agony more intense as his raw throat forced his voice to be less and less feminine. "...and... a... sore throat."

"We'll see what we can do to fix that for you, Bobbi." Doctor Markson said agreeably.

Drops began to leak from the side of his eyes, and each one felt like a drop of acid scalding his cheeks - but Rob couldn't stop the tears of shame and anger from flowing as he continued. "...and...

can... you... change... my... voice please?"

The Doctor's smile widened. "Of course, Bobbi - we'll have you sounding like yourself in no time "

* * * * *

"There you go, Bobbi - and please, feel free to drop by any time."

Rob barely even felt his lips curving back into the smile that was now an instinctive reaction to the prickles of pain he felt when it started to slip. Even the rest of his face now matched the smile, warning prickles having taught him to make the smile look almost completely authentic. Since the four-hour procedure had been under local anesthetic only, it had given him plenty of time to learn, when the Doctor wasn't busy with something down his throat.

"Of course, Doctor Markson." Rob 'assured' him, wincing internally at the sweet, almost bubbly soprano that flowed from his 'smiling' lips. "Thank you for all your help."

A warning burst of pain made her extend additional thanks to the nurse before being able to escape into the hallway, shame burning deep inside at what he'd 'willingly' done to himself, 'merely' to escape the pain.

But something else warred in him as well - for now, every time he used his new voice, a quick burst of mild pleasure matched every syllable that emerged in the feminine tone he now possessed.

A man walking down the hallway in the other direction smiled as he passed. "Good morning." "Good morning." Rob replied in a chipper tone...

...and found himself having to fight the urge to broaden the brief greeting into a conversation to extend the amount of pleasure that talking in his new voice brought.

None of the internal turmoil showed on his grinning face as he obeyed his stomach's rumbling and headed back to the dining room...

...with a half-formed hope that somebody would want to chat, and hating himself for it.

Crossing the room, Rob found Steve was still on duty behind the serving table as he picked up a tray. "Hey there, Bobbi - how's it going?"

"Pretty good, Steve," Rob replied in a passably cheerful voice. "How 'bout you?"

"No complaints." He said, agreeably - then a faintly puzzled look crossed his face and he leaned forward. "Say, I don't mean to be insulting - but is that 'five o'clock shadow' I see?"

Wincing almost unnoticeably, Rob forced his lips into the 'apologetic smile' the warning pains demanded. "I'll be right back "

* * * * *

DAY TWO

Rob opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling of his room. He lay, unmoving, his mind trying to cope with the situation he'd found himself in, and the half-formed hope that the events of the day before - and his 'willing' surrender of his male voice - had been some sort of twisted nightmare.

'Rise and shine, Bobbi.' Rob winced.

'People will be upset if you hide out in your room all day, Bobbi - you need to be more social'

He almost hurtled out of bed, just ahead of the gathering pain. Since he was 'alone', no need to smile at his predicament was given, but he certainly couldn't give voice - bubble, feminine voice as it was - to his thoughts as he padded into the bathroom and used the toilet, then brushed his teeth and - after a glance in the mirror that caused a flash of intense itching - shaved.

Walking over to the wardrobe, he found that the outfit he'd worn the day before had been removed, and another left in its place - a pair of gray track shorts, a white T-shirt, and a pair of sneakers.

Mentally shrugging, Rob pulled on the clothing provided, finding it a trifle chilly given the air temperature, but - all things considered - not the worst thing he'd had to face so far.

Again, he politely asked for the door to be opened, the sound of his altered voice and its subservient words grating on his nerves as he forced himself to debase himself for egress. When the door slid open, he thanked the unseen Mistress, then headed off to breakfast.

Once more, Steve was standing behind the serving table when Rob arrived. "Morning, Bobbi." He said, affably. "Just coffee again?"

Since it no longer hurt to speak, (Physically, that was - emotionally, it was another story), Bobbi 'smiled' and asked for a full breakfast.

"Sure thing." Steve said, agreeably - but made no move to start serving the food. Instead, he continued speaking. "Now, I hope I'm not being insulting here Bobbi - but do realize you've got the hairiest legs I've ever seen?"

Instantly, every follicle on his legs began to itch uncontrollably.

Rob's teeth ground together behind the false smile he wore. "No offense taken, Steve - thanks for pointing that out." He waited a beat. "So - bacon and eggs, toast and home fries?"

Steve blinked. "Of course - coming right up."

Steve served the food, one eye on Rob, who was fighting the urge to scratch his legs, knowing it would do no good. Accepting the tray, he quickly headed for a table, being drawn to one already partly tenanted by an 'impossible to refuse' offer to join the couple already there.

the instant he slid his legs under the table - hiding his 'unsightly' leg hair - the intense itching dropped to a lower, bearable level.

Eating a full breakfast before it went cold was a chore - Rob was constrained to chat sociably as he ate, and with two people chatting with him, he only managed a bite half as often as either of them. Leaving the last, cold portion on his plate, Rob swallowed the dregs of his coffee and headed for the door...

...and the instant his legs cleared the table, the itching returned to full force.

Forcing himself to show none of the discomfort he was experiencing, Rob headed out the door, turning towards the recreation room he'd that had been 'suggested' as the place to spend a few hours during the day...

"Say - you must be Bobbi." A new voice called, and Rob 'cheerfully' acknowledged the new moniker to the slender woman who'd spoken.

She eyed him with a wry expression. "My - you're a hairy one, aren't you?"

Instantly, every follicle on his body joined in that chorus, not just the ones on his legs.

"Excuse me..." Rob ground 'politely' through his teeth - then reversed direction and headed for his room.

After asking the favor of having the door opened, Rob walked into the bathroom. Having seen them before - and somewhat anticipating their use, no matter how much he dreaded it - he knew where the two bottles of depilatory gel were under the sink, and now he pulled them out and re-read the instructions.

He stood there, the bottles sitting on the edge of the sink, jaw clenched as he tried to fight the urge to use them. Though the sensations of terrible itching he was feeling were 'artificially' created, the urge he was feeling to put an end to them was his own - he wanted to stop itching. He just wasn't sure what the 'lesser of two evils' was in this case. The thought of using the depilatory gel disgusted him, and the idea of having a smooth - feminine - body was shameful. The idea of giving in to these unspoken but obvious 'demands' was just as bad...

...but the terrible, mind-crushing itching over every inch of his body was just as bad, and he knew that

- sooner or later - he'd have to give in. He could hold out a while longer yet - but what would it gain him? A few more hours of having body hair? He couldn't withstand this itching forever, and he knew that he'd break at some point if he fought it, and the simple truth was that his body hair was just what he was used to, couple with a sociological taboo against guys doing something so 'feminine'. He'd already traded in his voice, and he'd thought that the previous weakness - and it's constant reminder - would stiffen his resolve.

He was wrong.

Acid-like tears of shame and hatred rolling down his cheeks, Rob undressed and stepped into the shower stall. Slowly, hating himself for it, he began to slather on the thick, aqua-tinted gel...

...and immediately felt the itching sensation fade to nearly nothing. When his entire body was coated in the goo, with the exception of his eyebrows and scalp, it was almost as if he felt normal - with only his shame and anger roiling within.

Half an hour of standing in a goo-coated position in the shower stall, and then it was time. With one slick hand, he reached out and turned on the water.

As the -at first - ice cold water sluiced down his body, he shivered and began to wash off the gel. With the goo went the loosened hair, falling down his body and through the drain, leaving behind growing swatches of smooth, feminine-looking skin.

And a complete lack of itching.

Within minutes, Rob had washed off all of the coating, taking with it all of his body hair. Head bowed in shame, the sandy-haired youth shut off the water and stepped out of the shower. Toweling himself off only further increased the realization of what he'd done - the very feel of the towel against his skin felt subtly different now that he lacked his usual thin coating of body hair.

Once dry, he padded out of the bathroom, jaw working. Part of him hated the unseen Mistress and all her confederates for what they were forcing him to do - but there was plenty of bitterness left over for himself, as well, for being such a 'agreeable' target, giving in so easily.

Tossing the pile of clothes he'd carried for the bathroom onto the bed, he prepared to get dressed - and he caught a look at himself in the full-length mirror on the wall, his head instinctively turning to give himself a better view of his denuded body.

A shiver of pleasure ran through him at the sight of his smooth, hairless body. Blushing, he tore his eyes away from the reflection... then let them creep back.

Just as using his new, feminine voice caused small bursts of pleasure for being 'agreeable', so did the sight of his now smooth skin cause bolt of pleasure to run through his body. Though they were fairly weak, they were nevertheless tangible, and the realization that seeing his body so smooth and feminine made him 'feel good' was shaming, regardless of the fact that the sensation was artificially induced.

It also didn't help that, like any 'normal' person, Rob would rather feel pleasure than pain. He knew it was a set-up, but it didn't help. It was still true, no matter how artificially created it was - defiance would bring pain, compliance would bring pleasure.

Tearing his eyes away for a second time, Rob dressed quickly, trying not to look at his smooth flesh any more than necessary, as if denying himself those fleeting bursts of pleasure was a sort of penance for giving in so easily.

Once clothed, he strode to the door and lifted his voice to the air, feeling those jolts of pleasure as the feminine tones sounded from his lips.

"Mistress, would you please open the door?"

'Certainly, Bobbi - and I just want to say how nice you look without all that body hair.'

"Thank you, Mistress." Rob said, shuddering at the sudden, powerful burst of pleasure that the compliment caused him to experience.

Stepping out into the corridor, Rob headed for the rec. room...

...and half the people he passed mentioned how much better he looked, causing more of the unwanted/welcome bursts of pleasure.

* * * * *

DAY THREE

Rob's eyes blinked open, and he slid the sheets off his denuded body and swung his legs over the side before the electronically distorted voice of the Mistress could send even warning shots of pains through his body with her morning 'wake-up' call.

'Good Morning, Bobbi - I see you're up bright and early.'

"Yes, Mistress." Rob replied, forcing himself to not snap something angrily - first thing in the morning, it was tough to keep a tight rein on his emotions.

'Good for you.' Mistress said - causing a shiver of pleasure at the accolade. 'Why don't you shower and get dressed, then head down to breakfast?'

"Sounds good to me, Mistress." Rob replied, partially truthful. He didn't have any feelings about it one way or the other - but at least it wasn't a comment that would cause another bout of pain.

He showered quickly, finding hard not to linger over his smooth, soft skin - not because he 'really' enjoyed the skin itself, but because of the induced tremors of pleasure he felt from his new skin.

Toweling off, he headed over to the wardrobe...

...and stared in disbelief at it's contents. Subconsciously, he knew the direction this horrifying situation was pulling him in - but the sight of the plain white cotton panties, long, flowing skirt and lacy pink blouse only drove it home.

Hands trembling, Rob closed the doors of the wardrobe, the clothing still inside. '*Something wrong, Bobbi?*' Mistress asked, and Rob braced himself...

...but no pain came. He had closed his eyes tightly in anticipation of the agony, and now he slowly opened them, hands still clenched in fists of anticipation.

'Bobbi?'

Rob cleared his throat. "Uh... Mistress. I... I don't particularly like the clothing provided today." He said, carefully. In truth, he wanted to scream and rant and rave, spill out his anger and shame and horror - but this feeble show of defiance was all he could summon up, fearing the blast of pain that was sure to follow...

'Perhaps there is something else you'd prefer to wear?' Rob's mind was spinning - then he got it.

So far, Mistress hadn't said anything that would have caused the bolt of pain, because she hadn't told him he'd look good in the clothes, or otherwise hinted that she'd be 'disappointed' if he didn't wear them. Instead, she seemed to be waiting for something.

This was some sort of a test.

Rob thought of the clothes sitting in the wardrobe... then summoned up his courage and took a bit of a plunge.

"I... I really prefer jeans, Mistress. And shirts that are less " He blushed, cleared his throat, then continued on in his new soprano voice. " frilly."

There was a couple of seconds of silence...

Then a series of strange rattling noise from the two wardrobes.

'Why not pick out something you'd think you'd look good in, then?' Mistress said. Hesitantly, Rob opened the wardrobe...
...and found it stuffed full of an array of clothing, as was the second one.

It explained how his new outfits appeared each morning - the back 'walls' of the wardrobes were really doors. Now, he looked at the selection of clothing, and hesitantly picked out some clothing and began to dress, fearing a blast of pain at any second for making the 'wrong' decision.

First, he pulled on a pair of simple white cotton briefs. Although women's briefs, they were the least feminine available. Over these he pulled on a pair of women's jeans that looked nearly the same as the ones he'd always worn, but were tight in the waists and loose in the hips and back, if tolerable. A simple black T-shirt was next, its only 'feminine' concessions being the way it fit too taut across the shoulders and waist, and the tiny black sating bow at the 'vee' of the neckline. The final touch was a pair of almost unisex sandals that had a thick once-inch high cork heel.

As soon as he put each piece of clothing on, he felt a mild discomfort that was obviously induced. It wasn't a constant, all-over discomfort, but a nagging sensation everywhere that the clothing didn't fit the way it was 'supposed' to. It was annoying - but not unbearable.

'I suppose that'll do.' Mistress said - causing neither pain nor pleasure.

"Thank you for the choice, mistress." Rob replied. "Can you please open the door?" 'If you'd like.'

The door slid open, and Rob stepped out, his face automatically slipping into that sort of 'cheerful' mask at the first waning twinges. He headed off towards the dining room, wondering whether or not he'd passed the test, and what, exactly, the test was testing.

Breakfast passed without anything really new - just the usual chatting in his new voice, the usual this- and-that. the only 'new' addition with the constant, low-level irritation of his ill-fitting clothes. Annoying

- but tolerable.

After breakfast, Rob headed to the Recreation Room, where he played cards with a couple of people, then watched a little TV before lunch, the entire time trying to ignore the steady sensation the clothing was creating. It wasn't getting any worse in terms of actual levels, but - like the ancient Chinese Water Torture - the longer it went on, the more annoying it was, grating endlessly on his nerves.

After lunch, he excused himself and headed back to his room and reassessed his clothing.

He emerged an hour later, feeling better physically, more ashamed emotionally - and more understanding, intellectually.

He had first dressed in a pair of knee-length black spandex 'bike shorts' that had a green stripe up the side of each leg. Since the material was form fitting, it eliminated most of the discomfort - although he'd had a brief blast of pain before he'd thought to tuck his 'unsightly' bulge back between his legs.

Now, the compressed feeling from his cock and balls inside the white cotton briefs was purely physical, not induced.

He'd tried a loose-fitting white peasant blouse at first, trading the obviously feminine appearance of it for the loose fit - but a sudden burst of discomfort had arrived when Mistress had pointed out that the outfit really didn't 'go well together', so instead he'd ended up with a black spandex crop-top. Only that had caused a burst of discomfort too, until he'd 'padded' it out with a couple of pairs of socks to create a rough illusion of breasts, his face red with shame.

That had caused the pain to vanish, so he'd pulled on a pair of socks and sneakers, deciding that he could live with the outfit...

...until he'd looked in the mirror.

He'd looked utterly ridiculous like that - and the knowledge of how stupid the outfit looked on him had left him in even worse discomfort than the original outfit he'd put on that morning, although it had still been well short of actual pain.

Grimacing, he'd undressed and reassessed his option.

He had to pick clothing that wasn't 'tailored' to a female form, but that would look acceptable on him as if he were a female.

With a sigh, he'd sorted through the clothing and ended up with a compromise that he could live with on all fronts.

He'd kept the same briefs, sandals and shirt from his original outfit - but with the 'modification' of also pulling on a simple white cotton bra and padding its 'C' cups out with socks, face flushed with shame. Unlike the crop-top, the shirt - especially over the bra - didn't make it obvious that his bust was padded rather than real.

However, instead of the jeans - whose tailored denim couldn't be 'faked' around with - he grit his teeth and pulled on a simple knee-length skirt. It was flowing rather than form-fitting, and was done in shades of black and gray.

The outfit, while definitely not his 'thing' made him look 'acceptable' enough that there was only a mild physical discomfort in his shoulders and waist - which was almost exactly offset by the pleasure that came from 'showing off' his arms, lower legs and 'chest'.

Which was more-or-less the point of the whole exercise, he understood now. He was being taught that he did, indeed, have all the choice in the world as to what he would and wouldn't do - he just had to decide how much pain he wanted to withstand, or - conversely - how much pleasure he wanted to feel.

That might have been the worst part of all. They weren't 'simply' trying to brain-wash him. That would have meant simply instilling their own ideas into him, giving him a single new 'train of thought' in the areas they wanted to change. Instead, they were forcing him to 'voluntarily' remake his own mind, choosing for himself his new 'tastes' and preferences.

What frightened him the most, though, was the knowledge that it extended to everything - not just his clothing.

Sooner or later, they were going to make him make similar decisions - but on how he 'wanted' his own body to look. And it scared the hell out of him to think what he might do to himself to avoid pain and feel pleasure.

* * * * *

DAY TWELVE

Hesitating, Rob stood outside the door - then, clenching his hands into fists of self-disgust, pushed it opened and stepped inside.

Nurse Denevue looked up and grinned. "Well, Bobbi - it's nice to see you again."

"It's nice to see you too." Rob lied, the smile on his face looking utterly sincere for the almost two weeks of constant practice. "Is the doctor in?"

Nurse Denevue nodded. "Of course - is there something wrong?"

Biting back his emotions, Rob forced his tone to stay level as he spoke. "Well, I was just wondering if there was some way we could shave a couple of inches off my waist so that I could fit into some of my clothes better. I've tried a corset for the past two days - but that's not really comfortable."

"Of course... why don't you follow me..."

Six hours later, Rob stood in front of the mirror in his room and lifted the blouse he wore, sliding his hands gently over the still-tender flesh of his now nineteen inch waist.

Hating himself for giving in to the constant discomfort of his 'thick' waist - but shuddering in pleasure at how 'wonderful' his new wasp waist looked - Rob tucked the blouse back into the skirt he was wearing. Instead of blousing it out, though, he drew it tight and cinched the belt around it, 'showing off' his hour-glass figure from the slender waist and the padded bra. A constant thrum of pleasure ran through his body at having such a 'delightfully' slender waist, and he hated himself again for going that small - he'd originally planned to shave only a couple of inches off, not compress it down to such dainty dimensions...

...but it felt so good to be this small, physically, despite his disgust.

Stepping out into the hall, he headed towards the elevators at the far end. He'd been shown the elevator - which only went up two levels and was run by Mistress via remote control - three days before, when he'd been directed up to 'The Club'.

'The Club' was a large room that was dimly lit and filled with heavy music, where alcohol and gambling was available, as well as a stage where women danced - not strippers, but scantily clad women who did numbers that seemed like a cross between a strip-tease and a Vegas revue act. Although Rob had the occasional drink now, he wasn't going to The Club to relax - but to work. because, for the past three days, he'd been working there, running the 'concession' stand. No money traded hands and he didn't earn any money - instead, he sat behind the counter for six hours a day, providing cigarettes, cigars, pipe tobacco and various candy bars to any who asked for them, and restocked the shelves. He didn't really have a choice in the matter - but it beat the hell out of sitting around all day in the Recreation Room, which - after a steady week of it - had paled considerably.

Reaching The Club, he went to the booth and removed the 'closed' sign before settling into the comfortable chair.

"Hey - glad you're back, Bobbi - I've been dying for a smoke." A slender man who hung out all day at The Club said, obviously waiting for her return.

"Sorry about that." Bobbi apologized - another one of her 'duties' seemed to be 'conversationalist', and she actually 'enjoyed' that part, as each word she spoke provoked that same burst of pleasure at the sound of her 'lovely' voice. "Camels, right?"

"You got it." The man said, accepting the pack of cigarettes. "Oh, and hey - you're looking great today - nice and trim. I never knew you had such a slim waist."

Shuddering under the burst of pleasure at the compliment, Rob thanked the man.

He didn't even notice himself unconsciously sliding his hands over his slim waist as the pleasure trembled through him.

* * * * *

DAY TWENTY-NINE

Bored out of his gourd, Robby flipped down the mirror he'd installed on the wall of the booth and checked his face, running his fingers through the curls of the recently styled hair and shivering in pleasure. Rummaging through his purse, he pulled out the tube of Coral Pink lipstick and began to touch up her lipstick while trying to ignore the annoyance of seeing his too-masculine nose and jaw-line amidst the 'pleasurable' sight of his long-lashed eyes and carefully made-up face. Even the lips were a 'break-even', the lipstick just barely matching the pale of his thin, masculine lips.

"Bobbi?"

Putting away the lipstick, Robby turned to face Mr. Shaw, the man in charge of The Club. "Yes, sir?"

"You seem to be bored in your current job." Shaw said, holding up a hand to stop the inevitable denial. "So, I thought I'd offer you a promotion."

"A promotion, sir?" Robby asked.

"Yup - how'd you like to be a waitress? Only four hours a day instead of six, and you get three drinks a night after your shift is done, plus thirty bucks in chips."

Robby considered the offer - and pain trembled through his body. He knew that - compared to the other waitresses - he was 'ugly', with thick hands and big feet, and unlovely facial features.

"Um... can I give you my answer in a bit...?" Robby asked, the thought of not being bored silly every day just so tempting. "I.. want to think about it."

"Sure - take some time off, give it some thought." Mr. Shaw said with a smile.

His four-inch heels tapping on the floor, Robby headed over to the elevator, his 'cheerful' expression masking the thoughts and emotions swirling behind it.

Three hours later, mind still in turmoil, he hesitantly pushed open the door to the doctor's office....

* * * * *

DAY SEVENTY-THREE

"Hey, Bobbi Long-Legs!" A voice called. "Another Gin and Tonic!"

Shivering in pleasure, Robby waved at the owner of the voice to indicate he'd heard, then headed towards the bar - which gave the speaker another chance to ogle the long, incredible legs protruding from the tiny, fluffy black miniskirt that Robby - and all the waitresses - wore.

Of course, those legs, by themselves, were incredible enough - but with the black seamed nylons that encased them and the six-inch stiletto heels of his black pumps emphasizing the curves of the calves and buttocks, they became simply mind-boggling. Robby had no idea how incredible his new legs would be when he went in to see the doctor about getting them reshaped.

Of course, he wasn't exactly proud of his new legs, per se, although the incredible pleasure he got at the sight of them was amazing, as was the pleasure from the frequent compliments. For Robby, the greatest benefit of having his legs reshaped was the three weeks he'd gotten 'off' while they healed, when no demands had been made on him and he'd felt no pain at all - even the pain from his healing legs had been missing, thanks to the pain-killers Doc Markson had put him on.

Getting the drink, he carried it over to the man, hating himself for hoping he'd make another compliment that would cause another burst of pleasure.

Laying the drink on the table, he let the smile on his full, soft lips grow wider, slightly crinkling his pert, upturned nose.

"Here you go handsome." Robby said, disgusted at giving in to the urge to compliment the man, despite the quick burst of pleasure that he felt. It had taken him forever to learn of this new 'effect', simply because he hadn't complimented men before - but now he was finding it hard to keep from falling into the habit of doing so, knowing that a burst of pleasure would come each time he gave in.

"Thanks, Bobbi." The guy said, causing a burst of pleasure...

...then he reached up and squeezed one of her 'tits' through the black ilk short-sleeve blouse he wore. The man blinked. "hey - you're padded!"

Pain zapped through Robby's chest, making him gasp - it had been more than a week since he'd felt such intense agony, and he'd begun to hope...

"Excuse me.." He managed, having ample experience at disguising his discomfort. All but running atop the slender heels, he dashed for the elevator...

...and Doctor Markson's 'tender' care.

* * * * *

DAY NINETY-SIX

"Baby, you're just too damned good to us poor folk, you know that?" Steve said with a grin.

Laughing, Bobbi slapped him on the arm playfully, unconsciously pulling his shoulders back so that his firm, round C-cups pushed up and out, a hint of milky cleavage showing through the top two buttons, which he'd recently taken to leaving undone.

"Thanks, hot stuff." Bobbi replied cheerful, straightened. "I'd love to keep chatting with you, but I've got to get back to work - these drinks don't serve themselves, you know."

"Yeah - and that's a damn shame." Steve said with a grin, letting one finger lightly trace down her nylon-clad leg. Bobbi shivered in delight at the sensation - and in disgust at the emotions it caused, but he didn't try pulling away from Steve's - or any man's - touch, knowing the burst of pain it would bring about.

When Steve finally let his hand fall away from his leg, Bobbi turned and headed to the bar, 'working' his fuller, heart-shaped ass in the unconscious desire for another compliment. Reaching the bar, he put his tray down and leaned against bar, one high-heeled foot propped on the brass rail around the base, unconsciously posing his body for the maximum effect to increase the almost constant if rather weak current of pleasure that thrummed through his body at looking so damned 'good'. Whenever he caught himself 'femme'ing it up, Bobbi felt the now familiar burst of shame and disgust at himself, but it was happening less and less frequently now.

Him catching himself at it, that was, not the actual act of doing it - in fact, he was acting nearly utterly - almost overly - feminine all the time now, to match his almost completely feminine new look. It was just that he was so 'used' to the changes - even if he didn't want to admit it consciously - that it took more and more for him to notice the changes. He was even 'used' to the new sensation that his body created when he moved and walked, and spent an awful lot of time 'instinctively' searching for the most pleasurable way of doing things, when he only consciously thought he was searching for ways to avoid the jolts of pain.

"Hey, Bobbi - looking good!" A man on the barstool next to her said with a smile that Bobbi returned out of habit.

"Thanks." He replied, again mostly out of habit, although there was some real gratitude in it for the burst of pleasure that came from the compliment.

"Say - why's a hot little number like you working as a waitress?" The guy asked - and Bobbi's smile became forced as a slowly gathering pain began to fill his body.

"Excuse me?" He asked, wondering what was disappointing the man, and what he could do to stop 'upsetting' the guy.

"Well, a woman as sexy as you should be up there, dancing." He pointed at the stage. "Oh..." Bobbi said, gritting his teeth against the steadily increasing pain.

"Then again - I guess you're not really the dancing type." The man said, musingly - and the pain began to ease....

...but the man continued. "You're a little under-endowed for the job, and you probably don't have that certain sexual 'air' about you for it."

Instantly, the pain redoubled, then doubled again, thrumming all through his body but focused more at his chest.

Grimacing through his smile, Bobbi shot a glance up at the dancer on stage, a slender woman who was - undeniable - dancing with a sensual flair that Bobbi had never even attempted to duplicate, her tiny sequined 'bra' cupping her firm double-D breasts.

There was no way he was going to end up on that stage, Bobbi swore to himself. Chatting with the man a few minutes longer, he went back to work, jaw muscles begin to strain against the hidden grinding of his teeth.

* * * * *

DAY ONE HUNDRED AND THREE

"You ready, Bobbi?"

'Hell no', he thought - but it was no longer even an effort to avoid saying 'upsetting' things, it having become a survival instinct by now.

"Sure thing, Mr. Shaw." Was what he said instead, lying his ass off to his boss as he looked at the beaded curtain that led out to the stage.

"Well then - go show them what you've got." Mr. Shaw said, patting Bobbi on the ass.

Taking a deep breath, Bobbi started forward, swaying seductively atop his seven-inch spiked-hell platform shoes.

Pushing his way through the curtain, he thrust back his shoulders, lifting his 'gorgeous' DDD-cup tits up and out, thrusting the round masses in their tiny white, rhinestone-studded bra out for the world to see as he placed his dainty, long-nailed hands on the womanly swell of his wide hips and sashayed down the stage, working his full, sexy ass in the confines of the white hot-pants.

He almost collapsed to the stage.

Not from the fear, disgust, hatred, - self- and otherwise - or shame.

From the incredible thrum of pleasure that shook his body as the audience applauded, hooted and shouted compliments.

Fighting to continue the act he'd practiced in the privacy of his own room, Bobbi soaked up the steady, rich thrum of pleasure that invaded every inch of his body at being ogled by appreciative men, eyeing his altered form with obvious enjoyment. He found himself slowly altering his act, pushing it further and further in an attempt to increase pleasure in certain parts of his body at certain times - sometimes emphasizing his legs, sometimes his ass, sometimes his tits.

When he finally swayed and jiggled off the stage, it was with a bigger-then-normal grin on his full lips, and an intense pleasure filling him that seemed to push aside other considerations as he tried to catch his breath and force himself to remember that this was all horrible and disgusting, that the pleasure was 'fake' and he shouldn't let it affect how he felt about his altered body...

* * * * *

DAY ONE HUNDRED AN THIRTY-FOUR

Pleasure whiled and swirled though his mind, pushing aside everything else as he let his body move almost instinctively, not needing to think about it so much as merely react, letting the ebb and flow of the pleasure let him know how to move.

A subconsciously understood shoot caused him to lean forward a bit, shoulders pushed back, and jiggle his torso, causing his newly-inflated GGG-cuppers to bounce invitingly, his surgically enhanced nipples pressing out against the pale blue sequined bra with vigor, their high level of sensitivity only adding to the pleasure. Pulling back upright, he placed his hand on his now-sixteen-inch waist and swayed down the stage, fuller lips in a wide, almost mindless grin as he worked his hips and ass to the music.

Raising his hands over his head, Bobbi pulled his long, wavy - and now, thanks to a 'suggestion', richly golden-blond - hair up, then let it tumble back down so it once more hung to mid-back.

Spinning at the end of the stage, he wiggled his incredible ass at the crowd, barely aware of what he was doing in his haze of constant pleasure.

Lost in that ecstatic glow, Bobbi failed to register the form of a half-drunk man standing up unsteadily and reaching out... but register the increase of pleasure as his finger slid down the smooth, soft curve of his hip...

...and under the edge of the fabric of the baby-blue briefs he was wearing.

Then the man staggered - and fell backwards. His grip on the material didn't loosen as he tumbled over - and with a susurrantion, the fabric parted, following the man's short voyage to the hard floor below the stage.

Dead silence flowed out from the crowd and the haze vanished in an instant...

...as Bobbi's long-hidden cock once more saw the light of day, dropping from between his soft, smooth legs, where the taut fabric had held it out-of sight.

"Ewww..."

"That's disgusting..." "That blew the mood." "Get off the stage..."

"God - somebody put something over that..."

As the mood of the group swung to the other end of the spectrum, so did the sensations Bobbi was feeling.

Pleasure was replaced with pain. Pain worse than any he'd ever felt - and all of it centered between his legs.

Screaming in sheer agony, he collapsed to the stage, curling up in a ball as the white-hot agony seared through him, blanking out thought and reason and leaving him lost in a world of agony that didn't release him into the arms of unconsciousness. Unaware that his screams had words - coherent words, begging and pleading for a specific remedy - Bobbi was also unaware that somebody responded to the screams. The fifteen minutes it took Doc Markson to arrive were an eternity spent in hellish agony, and when the doctor asked him if he really wanted what he was screaming for, he didn't register the question consciously but began to scream an undeniable affirmative to the question...

Screams that ended with a needle entering his left buttock and bringing blissful darkness to Bobbi's universe.

* * * * *

DAY...?

With an unladylike grunt in a very feminine voice, Bobbi came awake suddenly, blinking in confusion at the sight that greeted his eyes.

Trees.

Brow furrowing in confusion, Bobbi shifted his head, slowly realizing that he was looking through the windshield of a car, and that he was seeing trees in the near distance, bathed in the glow of an early morning sun - a sight he hadn't seen since he'd...

Memory came flooding back, and he gasped as if punched in the stomach. His hands - his slender, feminine hands - flew downwards, past the yellow sweatshirt straining over the monumental tits on his chest (did they seem even bigger then before... yeah, they were huge...) to the crotch of the jeans he turned out to be wearing.

Fumbling, he undid the fly of the jeans, and pushed his hand down the waistband of the lacy white briefs....

...to have *her* fingers slide over what was undeniable a fully-formed - and fully female - vagina.

Bobbi gasped, eyes sliding shut and a slow, sensuous smile curving her lips as her fingers began to stroke the outer lisp of her rapidly dampening cunt. She moaned softly, low in the back of her throat, as a sudden, stark image flashed through her mind it wasn't her finger at the edge of penetrating her

wonderful, wet new pussy, but a huge, thick, throbbing cock that would pound into her, fucking her long and hard until...

"What the hell!"

Bobbi yanked her hand way from her crotch, gasping, her eyes flying open as she tried to drive the sudden and vivid image from her mind. The distinctive, musky scent of an aroused woman began to seep through the car as she shuddered at the sudden, powerful set of urges and thoughts - totally alien to her - that had suddenly filled her.

"Wha where the hell did *that* come from?" She gasped, stunned and horrified at how easily it had slipped into her mind how *naturally*.

Yanking her mind away from the thought, she looked around again, forcing herself to focus on other things.

Like the car she was in - a Volvo, according to the insignia on the steering wheel. Behind her, in the bed of the station wagon, were boxes and bags, some with clothes overflowing them - looking like the car of a person (woman) in the process of relocating. On the seat beside her rested a black leather purse, which she eased open and began to look through.

A wad of cash, rolled up and surrounded by an elastic band. A quick rifle through the roll gave her an estimate of more than ten thousand dollars.

A woman's wallet, with another forty bucks in the money compartment, plus loose change in the change purse. Three credit cards, a driver's license with 'her' picture on it, birth certificate, etc. - all in the name of 'Roberta Mae Jepson'.

A cashier's check from a bank in Las Vegas, made out to her - for fifty-three thousand, seven hundred and twenty-one dollars.

"Well - I won't be hurting for money for awhile." The new woman said to herself, mind trying to catch up with the sudden changes in her life. She continued to paw through the debris in the purse, a completely normal collection of belongings for any woman, she supposed.

Keys, rather obviously hung on a Volvo key-chain - but no house key. A few photos of 'herself' in Las Vegas, including one of her on stage below a garish neon sign announcing 'Big Bust Week at The Top-Hat Club'. Although the background was unfamiliar, the actual picture of her was one from her doing her routine at The Club - obviously all the photos were doctored to give 'Bobbi Mae Jepson' a history.

An envelope, containing 'her' resumes - which, incidentally, filled her in on her own history, in a shallow sort of way. According to the resumes, she was born in Glensward, Tennessee, had her high-school diploma (but no more), and had worked for a few years in a variety of waitress and cashier jobs before becoming a stripper, then working at various clubs.

Pushing aside a drift of Kleenex tissues and loose cosmetics, she reached the bottom of the purse, and...

"Ummm.... yeah..." Bobbi moaned with a slow smile, pulling the large, thick, 'flesh' colored dildo from the purse with her left hand and lightly stroking the rounded tip of the phallus with the fingers of her right. "Come here, big boy... you'll do 'till mama Bobbi can get the real thing."

Her voice had taken on a faint accent as she spoke in that sensual, dreamy voice, and her full lips were in a dreamy smile as images of hard, throbbing, gushing cocks claimed her mind. She licked her lips slowly - lewdly - as she stroked the thick dildo. Bringing the big, thick dildo up to her lips, she began to lick and suck at the cool plastic end, one hand dipping down to duck under the sweatshirt and slide up to her massive, bra-encased tits. She began to fondle her massive, sexy globes as she thought how much she wanted a real cock in her mouth, so she could suck down a delicious load of hot, wonderful...

"Oh God...!"

The dildo described a short arc, clipping of the windshield and rebounding onto the passenger's seat as Bobbi, shuddering, yanked her hand from under the straining sweatshirt, panting. Lewd images by the dozen screamed through her head as she shook it, trying to clear the disgusting...ly attractive images from her mind.

"What... What have they done to me...?" Bobbi gasped to herself, her face flushed as her mind and body were wracked with unbidden thoughts and desires that nauseated and excited her at the same time.

But it was a rhetorical question, for she understood the horrifying truth all too well - they'd used her as a guinea pig, testing to see how far a human being would 'voluntarily' go, if presented the choice between pleasure and pain. It was an effective technique - bit by bit, Bobbi had given up her masculinity to avoid the pain and to feel the pleasure that waited for the 'willing' victim of the test. But once the final limit had been determined, she was just so much excess baggage. They could have killed her, if they'd wished.

And Bobbi almost wished that they had - for what they'd done was much more insidious, more cunningly cruel.

They'd taken what they'd started and pushed it ever further - they'd turned her into a freakishly endowed woman, biological indistinguishable from the genuine article as they used her as a test bed for their secret - and all too effective - medical tests. Then they'd used her mind as a similar test bed, warping her perceptions and her thoughts, turning her into some sort of sex-crazed nymphomaniac.

Then they'd given her some money, a new name - and dumped her, in her new form and with her implanted desires, out in the 'real world' to face life trapped in the body of a slut - with a mind-washed persona that would force her to play the part.

"No..." Bobbi whispered, horrified. "No.. they can't do this to me..." But they already had.

"I... I need to fight this..." She whispered to herself, building up the conviction, gathering strength. She fought to banish the disturbingly attractive thoughts from her head as she struggled against the powerful ideas implanted deep in her psyche.

Unnoticed, her hand - as if with a mind of its own - slid across the seat.

"I.. have to stop thinking about this..." She told herself in a hoarse voice - hoarse with a mixture of disgust and lust. "I.. have to stop thinking about huge, thick cocks... filling me... satisfying me..."

Gripping the thick plastic phallus, her hand began the return trip, her other hand moving down to push down her pants and now sodden panties.

"I can't let myself... think about being satisfied by a man... any man..." She said, her voice husky and thick. "Of taking him, again and again, of sucking... fondling..."

The dildo reached her crotch, and at the sensation of the cool plastic sliding across her thigh, she looked down, staring past the freakish/beautiful tits straining her sweatshirt to the hand that gripped the dildo by its base.

"No.. no.. this is so wrong..." She said...

...and stood the dildo upright, the rounded head pressing against the outer lips of her hot, wet cunt, sending shivers down her spine.

"I... shouldn't "

She slowly slid the length of the thick, rigid dildo deep into her cunt, burying it to it's hilt as she let out a mixed moan of despair and satisfaction.

"This... is.. wrong..." She panted as she slowly withdrew the dildo most of the way... then rammed it back in.

"So wrong... so *very* wrong..." She panted, repeating the motion, faster and with more vigor.

"All wrong... very wrong... *fucking* wrong..." She gasped, tossing her head back and forth as she cried out at the pleasure that flooded her body as she began to drive the fake cock in and out of her sopping pussy with powerful, rhythmic motions.

"No... don't..." She told herself, moaning between the slurring words. "Don't.. drive it in.. hard.. and deep... hard and deep... harder... deeper... harder..."

Her hair was becoming matted with the sweat poring from her brow, and her other hand had returned to it's task of fondling her tits as she began to buck her hips in time with her strong, rapid thrusts.

"Don't duck me like that... not like that... like that.. uhnnn. Like that.. yes, like that!... just like that!... I love it like that...!" She gasped and moan, her train of thought derailing in mindless lust as she slumped lower in the seat, spreading her legs as far as her half-mast pants would allow and bracing her knees on the dashboard.

"yesss... uhnn.. oh God... yessss!" She hissed, fucking herself hard with the fake phallus, her head whipping her sweat-sodden mane of golden hair back and forth as her face contorted in ecstasy.

"Oh God... I'm cumming... cumming!" She shouted to the roof as her motions became less coordinated, more frantic.

Then coherent words were lost in a scream of primal pleasure as she orgasmed, her body shaking with the sheer force of the pleasure that tore through her like an explosion, originating in her cunt and blasting outward along her nerve endings.

She gave a final series of twitches then - with the dildo still embedded in her cunt - slumped back in the seat, gasping with the force of her release. Her huge tits heaved with her rapid breathing, and sweat poured from her brow as she slowly returned from the shattering orgasmic high.

"oh, yeah " She whispered huskily, opening her eyes and grinning dreamily up at the ceiling.

The smile faded slightly as a puzzled look crossed her face....

She barely got the door open before she to dry-heave, gagging heavily as realization set in. Even as she gasped and gagged over the sill of the door, spitting up nothing but thin dribbles of saliva, her other hand blindly fumbled at her crotch, extracting the slick, wet dildo from her cunt and tossing it on the cracked and worn pavement.

Pulling herself back into the car, she slammed the door and slumped sideways in the seat, mind spinning at the realization of what she'd just done...

...and how good it had felt...

..and how much she wanted to do it again, soon...

...and how good it would feel to give in to all the other lewd erotic visions running through her mind, promising all sorts of pleasure. And endless supply of sexual pleasure, easily available, needing only a man, any man to make her whole and satisfy her every carnal...

"Nooo!" She shouted, clapping her hands to her head. "No! Stop it!"

Sitting up, she tore her mind away from those erotic vision flooding her mind by sheer force of will, all too aware of them looming in the background as she forced herself away from the lure of the thoughts. She'd made the mistake of thinking about not thinking about them, earlier - which, of course, had only led to her thinking about them more. Now she forced herself to put her mind on a completely different topic completely.

As odd as it sounded, her safest course wasn't to continuously caution herself against the urges - which would only lead her to think about the urges - but to force herself to forget that there was anything in the least bit worth thinking about herself or situation. She had to avoid thinking about what had been done to her, to stop dwelling on her condition and predicament, stop thinking about herself at all, in terms of 'outside' thoughts. Instead of looking at herself as 'Rob' looking in on the 'Bobbi' she'd become, (which would trigger thoughts of how she'd gotten that way, which would lead to thoughts of what had been done to her body, which would lead to the thoughts that matched her new body, which would lead to...) She'd have to push that aside and try to live each moment in the moment, dealing with them as 'a rational person', basing decisions on those current thoughts ONLY and not 'what I would do as Rob' or - especially not - 'try not to think about what my Bobbi mind wants to do now.'

It was a case of forcing herself to not see the forest for the trees - rather than stand back and view it from a distant perspective, she had to submerge herself into her current situation, live 'instinctively' rather than thinking about everything.

So...

First things first - her pants were down around her ankles, and her panties were soaking wet and torn... *(because of what I just did, but that's okay - it happened, I'm moving on without dwelling on how I feel about it)*... so she needed to change.

Rummaging through a bag in the back seat, Bobbi pulled out a bundle of clothing. Retrieving her keys, she pulled her sodden pants back up and stepped out of the car, not looking at the pinkish object she could see out of the corner of her eyes as she locked the car...

...then sighed. Stooping, she picked up the dildo and hid it under the pile of clothing, considering it only as an object and not dwelling on its purpose - or previous usage. Instead, she trotted over to the bathroom in the rest-area that the car turned out to be parked in.

Shutting and locking the door of the rather odorific bathroom, she kicked off the high-heeled white pumps she turned out to be wearing and quickly undressed and - without second thoughts - stuffed the torn panties and damp-crotched jeans into the garbage, not wanting to deal with the odor the pants would give off in the enclosed space of the car. Quickly and efficiently washing herself in the sink - and very carefully and unemotionally as possible drying herself with paper towels - she looked through the bundle of clothing she'd picked up.

She sighed, then peeled off the big yellow sweatshirt she was wearing - and paused as she saw her nearly nude body in the mirror.

Her tits were... massive. The size of volley-balls, they were stuffed into a frilly white bra that was more decorative than anything, the massive globes thrust from her chest being remarkable firm and spherical on their own. Huge, thick nipples dented the fabric of the bra where they pressed against it...

Cocking her head, Bobbi - moving almost in slow motion - lay the clothing she was holding aside and slowly brought her hands up to her bra-encased bust. Cupping them, she hefted slightly, feeling the weight of her massive globes and feeling a warm sensation in her chest that seemed to center around her slowly swelling nipples.

Her tits were... fantastic. Massive and huge and round and perfect.

"Hmmm..." She said, softly. "How many women can boast a pair like these babies...?" A warning bell went off in the back of her mind.

"Well, I don't have time to stand here and admire my gorgeous tits all day, girl." She told herself in the mirror - and it was a semi-truthful lie to herself. She was running a ragged edge, knowing that she should let herself get into this lustful mode - yet knowing equally well that she couldn't think about the reasons why she shouldn't, which would make things worse. Instead, she forced her hands away from her tits by thinking of a 'safe' reason - she couldn't 'waste' the time.

If she'd thought about the true reason - that she was disgusted by the implanted thoughts about her gratifyingly/grotesquely huge tits - things would only spiral out of control.

Quickly, Bobbi pulled on a pair of lacy white panties, then pulled on the only full outfit in the bundle she'd grabbed - a white dress with a peasant neckline and a tight, brightly-colored sash sewn to the tailored waist before the flare of the knee-length skirt. She tied the sash tight, emphasizing her narrow waist, while the carefully tailored upper half of the dress hugged her bust like a second skin, not only curving tight along the under curve of her mountainous tits, but even pulling in slightly at the cleavage, outlining each breast in perfect form...

..well, the lower two-thirds of each breast, that was. For the neckline of the dress - which wasn't really a 'neck' line at all, since it ran across her upper chest and to the attached sleeves, leaving her shoulders bare - showed off a fair amount of milky curve and dark cleavage. The dress stayed in place by virtue of it's tight-fitting tailoring and the fact that the top actually went over the apex of her breasts and fit snugly on the upper slope when it was zipped in place at the back, the form-fitting design holding itself up.

Stepping back into the shoes... (*'Luckily they match the outfit'* was her first thought, then she had to shy away from thinking about why that thought should be disturbing and/or natural to her) ...she gathered up the rest of her belongings and headed back out to her car - which turned out to be bright red on the outside, she found.

Sliding back into the car, she deposited the rest of the clothes back into the back seat... then, flushing slightly and not 'thinking' about it, she slid the dildo back into her purse.

Starting her car, Bobbi pulled out of the rest area and on to the highway - with no idea where she was. Not that it was terribly important, really - she didn't know where she was going, either.

Instead, she just drove along, concentrating on nothing but paying attention to the road, keeping her mind away from dangerous thoughts by concentrating on figuring out where she was.

When she'd finally pinpointed her location, that 'brain-busying' task dwindled, so she let herself turn to the question of where she should go...

The answer popped into her head, unbidden - a sudden, sharp image of not just a city, but a specific place - her home, where she'd lived before...

...before. She stopped her mind there, before it could get dangerous - and pulled off at the next exit, driving over a state highway for two score miles before pulling onto the interstate and pointing the nose of her car towards the city that had jumped into her mind.

She drove with a near-mechanical precision, keeping her mind occupied by little things as she steered the car on it's journey. Keeping the needle pegged on the speed limit. Keeping the wheels a set

distance from the lines on the highway. Reading each and every sign she passed, doing math between distance and time - then back again. She let herself think only about the tasks she was performing, not letting herself be distracted by such things as the feel of the seat-belt in the cleavage of her massive tits and across her womanly hips. The way it felt to press the pedal while wearing shoes with six inch stiletto heels. The way her golden-blond hair would slip in front of her face, and she'd flick it back with an oh-so-feminine gesture.

She drove with mindless concentration, her face set in an small, unknowing grin as she drove, not even keeping track of herself enough to notice as her bladder began to signal - thankfully, not urgently. The rumble of her stomach growling went unheard until she was forced to pull over for gas when the little red light flickered on.

When the warning light came to life, she snapped out of the daze she was in, the various signals from her body finally reaching her mind. Having read every single sign she passed, she knew exactly what was available at the next exit, and she guided the bright red 'sport wagon' down the curved incline and to the crossroads below, passing under the interstate and traveling a mile to the small community that lived off agriculture and the passing travelers.

She pulled the car into the lot of a diner/restaurant/gas station that served as the bulk of the towns facility for travelers, only then registering the fact that it was after dark. She'd realized that it was getting late, having turned on her headlights miles back, but it had been a 'reaction' rather than a 'realization', and only now did she realize that it was mid-summer, and the darkening twilight indicated that she'd been driving for more then twelve hours straight.

A fact quickly verified by her back when she climbed out of the car. Wincing at the twinges and stiffness she felt, Bobbi slid a credit card into the pump, unlocked the hose and turned to fill the tank...

...then, blinking, hung the hose on the pump without locking it, climbed back into the car, started it, and pulled out of the islands before swinging around so that the filling cap was close to the pump.

She climbed out and proceeded to fill the car's tank, blushing slightly at the faux pas - she hadn't known what side the filling cap was located on her 'own' car.

Finishing, she screwed the gas cap back on and closed the little door over it, then started the car and drove it across the lot to a parking spot before shutting it off again for the last time for the next little while. Grabbing her purse, she headed into the diner.

The place was almost decorated in an almost determined county motif, right down to the country music drifting from the speakers in the ceiling - not 'New country' and not 'Country and Western' - country.

It was also mostly deserted, the few people bearing the look of locals who lacked the 'life' to eat at home, either being single and unattached, or older married couple who didn't want to bother driving to the next largest town for their night out.

Picking a booth in the back, Bobbi walked over to it as quickly as she could without actually breaking into a run, all too aware of the looks that she was getting - and all too aware of the reasons why, which lead to a problem - since she wasn't willing to think about the 'why' of how she looked' she had to dwell instead on what they were seeing as mere 'datum' - but that datum was that she was a huge- breasted woman with a massive mane of blonde hair, long, sexy legs and a tiny waist, with a face that seemed designed to express sensuality.

And, if she wasn't going to think about it, she had to 'feel' it instead - and the thought that she looked so damned sexy was making her 'proud' - and although there was a reason why that thought might be

very wrong - or even very right - she couldn't think about it. Instead, she just had to let herself 'go' with the feeling, reacting rather than thinking.

Since one of the things that she was trying very hard not to think about was the fact she'd spent the last hundred-and-some days practicing being as sensually feminine as possible, her 'instinctive' actions involved letting herself fall into an undeniably feminine stride, her face falling into a pleasant smile, her motions become smooth, graceful and feminine. Even the way she sat down - slowly, back straight, one hand sweeping her skirt to the side to keep it from bunching up - was utterly feminine and 'natural'.

The waitress wandered over, and older woman in a shapeless brown dress and an apron, with lanky brown hair and too-much make-up.

"Hi, honey - howsyadoin'?"

"Not bad." Bobbi allowed, not noticing that faint 'backwoods' accent that had seeped into her speech.

"Well, here's the deal honey - if you're stayin' the night, I can register you and get ya a key with your dinner, and it's thirty-five bucks a night, plus we'll add your dinner on and you can pay it all when your done eatin'. Or, you can pay forty bucks now, an' ya get the room, plus the special tonight and coffee and Danish in the mornin'."

Bobbi blinked. "Well - how's the special tonight."

The waitress grinned. "Smart girl ta ask - most nights, it's fish, and I wouldn't recommend that to my ex-husband, and most travelers don't ask. But tonight it's the meat loaf, and Murray - he's the cook - does wonders with some ground round and bread-crumbs. The only thing we got that's better'n the meat loaf is our roast beef - and we're outta that 'till Tuesday."

Bobbi had to grin at the way the waitress loosened up at having her opinion asked. "Sure - sounds great. I'll take the room and the special." Digging into her wallet, Bobbi handed over forty dollars.

She ate her meal slowly, finding that the simple fare was as tasty as advertised - although her enjoyment of the food was slightly marred by her emotional state, which itself was a result of the rather obvious ogling of a pair of big-boned youths sitting at the counter, talking to each other and eyeing her body.

The problem was - their ogling was creating two diametrically opposed emotions in her, and she wasn't 'safe' trying to track down the reasons for the different emotions to sort them out. She knew, of course, what the generalities of the problem was, but she didn't dare let herself dwell on it.

Finishing the meal, she stood and headed for the door, the key that the waitress had provided ('room 12, honey, right down at the end and the one I use when I'm too damned lazy to go home on Friday nights, so it's pretty nice) in hand.

She found herself shooting a speculative look at the two raw-boned youths as she passed them - and refused to allow herself to think too hard about what she was speculating on with the look.

Heels clicking on the concrete, she walked out to her car and grabbed a suitcase from the back seat, deciding that she'd leave the car where it was - on the advice of the waitress, who'd suggested that not only would it be safer from local joy-riders in front of the brightly-lit, twenty-four hour diner, but when a girl was traveling alone it was better not to advertise which room she was staying in.

Sliding the suitcase out, she locked and closed the door... "Need a hand, miss?"

With a gasp, Bobbi spun, the suitcase tumbling from one hand while the other flew to her monumental chest, behind which her heart 'hiccoughed', then resumed beating at twice it's precious rate.

The two muscular, broad-shouldered youths were standing behind her, looking sheepish.

"Sorry, Miss - didn't mean ta startle ya." The one on the right said, looking down at the big boots enclosing his equally big feet...

(big feet mean big...)

...looking as embarrassed as the other brunet youth, obviously a slightly younger sibling. "Tate, Johnny - you ain't bugging the lady, are you?"

At the annoyed-yet-affectionate shout, Bobbi's eyes went to the door of the diner and the waitress who was standing there, hands on her hips...

...and the connection 'clicked' so strongly that she could have sworn that it was a physical sound.

"Your sons are just being thoughtful." Bobbi called - for 'some reason', she was very, very anxious to avoid upsetting anybody. "They're offering to carry my luggage for me."

"You sure they ain't being a nuisance?" the waitress asked. "It's fine." Bobbi assured her.

The waitress hesitate, as if to continue the conversation - but a muffled shout of 'Dotty! The MacLindles!' from inside drew her back inside.

"Thanks, Miss - Mom's a little... uh..." The one on the right said, obviously searching for a diplomatic term.

The younger one - about eighteen or nineteen, Bobbi judged - was more forthright. "A little bit of busy- body." He finished with a grin that did odd things to Bobbi's insides that she didn't want to think about. He scooped up her suitcase, and she found herself watching the easy flex and bend of his powerful muscles as he did so. "Room twelve, right?"

"Yeah.." Bobbi replied, wondering when her throat had gotten so dry. She headed off, the two youths following behind - and she was sure they were watching the way her legs, ass and hips moved as she walked.

She found herself putting a little extra 'oomph' in her stride, and couldn't seem to stop it.

She also couldn't seem to stop being intensely aware of the two broad-shouldered, virile youths right behind her.

Reaching the end unit, she unlocked the door and stepped in, flicking on the light switch.

She turned to watch the younger brother perform a neat trick - the depositing of the suitcase inside the room, without any part of his body crossing the threshold.

She found herself grinning at the obviously 'gentlemanly' move - their mother obviously drilled them in some of the older forms of etiquette, including the fact that a 'man simply didn't enter a room occupied by just a woman - or women - without being asked.'

Even as that thought ran through her mind, she found herself doing just that.

"Thank you. "S he said, not realizing until she did it that she was going to say more than the gratitude. "Why don't you boys come inside for a minute?"

The two young men shared a look, and Bobbi found herself realizing that - although she was 'really' a couple of years older than them, she looked - and, according to her new ID, was - probably smack- dab between their apparent ages of nineteen and twenty-one.

"We wouldn't want to be a nuisance, miss." The older one said, despite some rather... argumentative eyebrow motions from his younger sibling.

That was an easy enough out, then...

...but part of Bobbi didn't want to take the easy out.

She swallowed, realizing that somewhere in the past ten minutes she'd begun a slide down a very slippery slope - but she couldn't find a way to put on the breaks. She was very aware that her body was responding in a very certain way to these two young men, and thinking too hard about that would only speed up the process.

"Well, I usually don't have to ask twice..." She found herself saying - and fought to redirect her mind, partially succeeding. "...but I won't hold it against you."

With a tremendous amount of will-power, she managed to get herself into a slightly safer frame of mind. "You see - I've been driving all day, and am sort of stiff." She said - and a sudden image flashed through her mind at other things that could be 'stiff'...

She pushed on. "But I was raised that if a lady's sitting alone and drinking, she's got a problem - so I was wondering if one of you boys would know where I could buy a bottle of Southern Comfort, and have you lads join me in a nightcap."

The two youths shared a look that both excited and worried Bobbi - so, with an effort, she pushed harder against the growing urges she was feeling.

"Tell you what - you go tell your Mama that I invited you in, and explain why - and if she gives you the okay and the keys to her car, then you can buy the bottle and join me. if she says 'no' - well, you're mama was nice to me, and I don't want to do anything that would upset her."

"Okay, Miss..."

She held out her hand. "The name's Bobbi Mae."

The older one shook it. "I'm Tate, and this here's Johnny."

"Nice to meet you both." She said with a broad smile - and trying not to think about what she was thinking about what she'd like to do with them both.

"Well - we'll go see what Mom says, 'kay?" Johnny said, and with Bobbi's nod, they took off. Bobbi closed the door and slumped against it.

"God - hold it together, Bobbi." She told herself, huskily. Her nipples were swollen and her crotch was warm and slippery - and she refused to think too hard about either of these facts, instead hoping that 'Mom' would say 'no'..."

* * * * *

"Yer shittin' me, right?" Dotty Lourdes asked Tate with a raised eyebrow. "I love you two dearly and all

- but you ain't no movie stars, and she's a /ot a woman. Even got class, too - hell, I used to have a pretty good body too, and I flaunted it - but she does it with style. You sure she don't mind associatin' with a couple a' local yokels like my boys?"

"No, Ma." Johnny assured his mother - known as the easiest woman in the county, and famous in her youth as the best one, too. "She said if you say it's okay, then it's fine by her."

Dotty smiled - she knew her own kind when she saw it, and had no problems with a woman who like to live life to the fullest while she had the youth and looks for it - but to give a go to her boys made her proud. Despite her comment to the contrary, she did think they were a couple a handsome boys, and having a class woman like that blonde pick them out only

proved it - plus, the blonde even had the style to have her boys okay it with her. Dotty would have felt a little put out with some 'out of towners' just having a fling - but since she 'asked', it made everything okey-dokey by her.

That's exactly what she told her boys - and, telling Murray to take it out of her paycheck, proved her pride by taking one of the bottles of Southern Comfort from under the bar to save the boys the time a trip to the local store would take.

* * * * *

The knock on the door startled Bobbi...

...and excited her.

Her breath quickened as she went to the door, telling herself that it was too soon for the boys to have made a run to the store, that they must be coming to tell her that they couldn't join her.

She relaxed at the thought - though she felt disappointment at the feeling. She opened the door, a commiserate smile already starting to form...

...that stopped as she saw Tate holding up a bottle of Southern Comfort in one hand, a couple of glasses in the other. Johnny carried the third glass, and a bucket of ice.

"Mom said it's fine with her..." Tate started, with a smile.

He was cut short by the honking of a horn and light flooded the scene as a car pulled up in front of the room.

"Hey, Tate, Johnny - you boys ready to paaarrrr-tee?" A voice shouted.

The two youths shared a startled look, then turned away from the open door, giving Bobbi a clear view outside.

An older convertible was pulled to a stop, a slender, dark-haired young man standing in the driver's seat and waving a bottle of something in the air. A more 'gym'-muscular blond youth sat beside him.

As Tate and Johnny stepped aside, allowing Bobbi a view out, it also allowed the youths in that car to see her - and the big shit-eating grin on the dark-haired youth's face turned into an almost comical look of surprise at the sight of the tall, leggy, huge-breasted blonde in a white dress who stood in the door of the room.

The blond in the car grinned sardonically. "I'd say that was a big effin' *Yes!*, Luke - but I think they just plum forgot 'bout us tonight."

"Oh, shit - yeah." Tate said, no real regret in his voice as he nudged his brother at the look on his friend's face. "I guess you could say we got a better offer."

"Uh.. well - I ain't gonna blame you." The lean youth said. "Sure Mark here don't mind if we cruise by ourselves tonight, right?"

The blond youth shrugged. "No skin off my nose." He inclined his head at Bobbi. "Sorry to have disturbed you, Miss."

Bobbi's pulse was pounding so hard that she was amazed that she was still able to hear anything. Four hormonally super-charged youths were eyeing her, and her body was doing all sorts of 'interesting' things to her, things that disturbed and excited her.

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of breaking up your little group..." She forced out...

...and the almost comical looks of disappointment on the brother's faces did something to her.

Although she no longer felt the 'real' pain of upsetting somebody, it was an ingrained habit - and, to her surprise, more flowed forth from her lips in her sexy voice.

"...so why don't you boys join me for a drink, too." She heard herself say, as if in a dream. "The more the merrier, I always say."

She turned and walked into the room with an incredibly sexy sway to her ass.

'What the hell are you doing?' Bobbi screamed at herself. 'They're *guys* for god sakes! *Horny* young guys who are looking at you and thinking about how much they'd like to...'

Images of what 'they'd like to' suddenly leapt to life in her mind - and that instant of letting her guard down broke the barrier, and she was lost.

"Well ?" She asked in a seductive, suggestive tone as she looked slowly, sensually over her shoulders. "You boy's coming in or what?"

The one named Luke had to run *back* to his car and shut it off, being in such a hurry that he forgot the first time he leapt from the car.

The boys crowded into the room, shutting the door behind them, and Bobbi turned to smile at them, her mind awlirl behind the sensual facade she presented.

"So, you boys ever go out to a strip-club?" She asked, slowly.

"Uh.. yeah." Mark nodded, and Luke repeated the motion, adding, "But the nearest one's an hour an a half away, so we don't go often."

"Well - for tonight only, a new one just opened in town - and you're just in time for the feature performer "

* * * * *

Across the road, parked in the darkened lot of a used-car lot and hidden among the other vehicles, the late-model black van attracted no undue interest.

Behind the tinted rear window, the man with the binoculars lay them aside, nudging his partner with a grin before picking up a microphone.

"Base, this is mobile-twelve." He said into the encrypted radio unit. "I think the programming took hold and we have nothing to worry about - she's stopped at a nothing motel for the night, and she just invited for young men into the room with her."

"Copy that, -12." The voice at the other end replied, its tone hidden by the electronic distortion that Bobbi would have found familiar. "Still, maintain surveillance for another forty-eight hours and make sure."

"Will do, Base. Mobile twelve, out." Racking the microphone, he grinned at his older partner. "Too bad we couldn't have volunteered for 'under-cover' work, huh, Steve?"

Steve looked at him with a raised brow. "Geez, Julio - get a life. She's a test-bed convert, man - you know that."

Julio shrugged. "Doc says that she's now as biologically female as if she'd been born that way, right? And that's good enough for me."

Steve snorted and turned away. "Inflatable *rubber's* good enough for you.." he muttered under his breath.

* * * * *

Flicking on the radio that rested on the table, she spun the dial through the band until she found a station that was playing something with a heavy, driving beat. Twisting the 'treble' knob to zero and cranking up the bass, she winced slightly at the sound coming from the old mono radio - but it didn't seem to bother the guys at all.

Turning back to them, she began to sway sensuously, slowly moving towards them. As she moved, she let her hands slowly roam over her own body, varying between short, bold stares at the youths and coy, seductive glances away from them.

'Fluffing' her hair over her head, she let her hands drop, then slid them under her tits and hefted them, pushing them up and out.

"Ever seen a pair like these, boys?" She asked in a husky tone,, something deep inside of her screaming for them to say something that would break the mood...

...but none of the drooling youths did, merely adding to her emotional states with varied signals of appreciation.

Slowly, Bobbi slid her hands behind her back, unzipping the dress. Teasingly, she held the top of it up, pulling it back slightly before crossing her arms in a sudden gesture of 'hesitation' - then letting it drop forward to expose the huge white bra straining to contain her massive mounds.

She danced around a bit, fondling her huge tits, then slowly closed on Mark, fingering the end of the sash around her waist.

"Bite on this, handsome.." She told him, handing him the end of the sash. He did as instructed, and she slowly spun away, the motion causing the bow in the sash to untie. When it did, the last thing holding her dress vanished, and the garment slid down her legs and she stepped out of the pile it made around her shoes, continuing her rhythmic, swaying motions.

Walking up to Johnny, she leaned forward, exposing her huge tits to him.

"Help a girl?" She asked, jiggling her torso. Johnny didn't need to be asked twice, his fingers fumbling at the front clasp of the bra until it popped free, allowing the strapless under-garment to fall away.

Slinging her hands behind his head, she buried his face in her cleavage. Pulling away, she backed up and slowly turned around while still swaying.

Crossing her legs at the ankles, she slowly eased her panties down, slowly bending at the waist to emphasize her ass as she slid her panties down to her ankles, then stepped out of them before turning around and standing with her legs spread.

Slowly, sensuously, she moved closer to the youth on the far right, Tate.

"Do I get you hard, Tate?" She asked, hungrily. "Do I make your cock go all big and hard?" Swallowing, Tate nodded rapidly.

"Show me..." She said - moaned. "Show Bobbi baby your big, hard cock." Flushing, Tate shot an embarrassed, shocked look at his brother and friends....

Then, slowly, he undid his jeans and slid them and his underwear down to his ankles. "Mmmmm... you are big and hard " Bobbi said in a low voice.

Slowly, she sank to her knees, wrapping one hand around the base of Tate's throbbing, thick cock. '*Stop!*' Part of Bobbi's mind screamed in horror - but it was much, much too late for that, now.

Instead, she lowered her head, slowly engulfing Tate's throbbing erection with her mouth. Moaning low in her throat, she began to bob her head up and down as her tongue swirled over the warm, purple-tinted head of his thick, veined cock. The taste of man-meat filled her mouth, and his musky scent filled her nose - enflaming and disgusting her at the same time, though she only displayed the first as she continued to slurp and suck at Tate's cock as if it were the world's tastiest popsicle.

It turned out to have a 'cream filling'. Under her ministrations, it didn't take long at all before he was gushing into her mouth, and she swallowed furiously, managing to gulp down the entire warm, thick load of cum before licking his cock clean.

Slowly, Bobbi straightened and smiled at the other guys with an artful look of surprise. "What you're still dressed?" She asked.

There was no hesitation as the other three disrobed - indeed, their motions were so frantic that they almost tied themselves into knots trying to take everything off at once.

The first one to succeed was Mark - so she sauntered to him next, taking his hand and leading him towards the bed.

"We don't want anyone getting 'sloppy seconds' - but luckily, I'm versatile." She said, smiling at him. "So - do we fuck, or do you want the tits or mouth?"

Mark smiled, hand's running over her firm, round ass. "Oh, baby - I'll take the fucki'."

"Good." She said, pushing him onto the bed and swinging herself up. Not even giving him a chance to speak, she straddled him and drove herself down on his hard, ready cock.

She rode him like a cowboy trying to break a colt, throwing herself up and down on his shaft with powerful motions of her sexy legs and firm butt, her huge tits bounding and swaying as she moaned and gasped, thrusting herself up and down in a sexual frenzy that had Mark gasping himself as she fucked him silly.

When she came, it was known clear down the strip as she lifted her voice in a scream of passion, shuddering atop the youth's body. He cunt clenched around his cock, milking every drop of cum from his balls as he gasped in mingled ecstasy and exhaustion.

Rolling off his limp body, Bobbi looked at the other two with a feral look and licked her lips...

* * * * *

Three and a half hours later, the door to room twelve slowly swung open.

Clothes only partially on, disheveled and looking as if they'd gone twelve rounds with the champ, four youths staggered out of the room, an odd look in their eyes and silly grins on their faces. Closing the door behind them, they stood and talked in a low voice, then the youngest of them padded off towards the front of the end of the building, moving with a slight limp.

He returned a few minutes later with four keys, and each of the youths took one, opened a door, and slipped into a motel room where they dropped quickly off to sleep, utterly drained.

In room twelve, Bobby lay on the sweat - and other liquid - soaked bed, a smile on her face and a wild look in her eye as she fondled her breasts with one hand, and with the other reached for her purse...

* * * * *

Mind spinning, Bobbi stared at the building across the street, one hand unconsciously stroking her outer thigh under the thin fabric of the gauzy white skirt she was wearing.

"Come on, Gary... it's after five. You hate everybody at the store - I was the only one you could stand..." She whispered. "Leave, damn you!"

She was staring at the door of the video store where she'd worked.. before. Where, hopefully, her best friend Gary still worked.

Bobbi had decided on Gary as being the only person she could turn to for help - and she needed help. Any time she was near men, she became an insatiable cock-craving slut. She just couldn't stop herself, not after discovering how utterly pleasing sex with a man was last night with the four guys - physically, she'd loved every second of the acts that had disgusted her emotionally, and she couldn't stand the strain the two separate emotions were creating. Even on the drive here she'd ended up proving her new body's unstoppable desires - she'd picked up a hitchhiker and sucked him off every half an hour until he'd finally all but begged to be let out of the car. Even now she could taste his cum in her mouth - and it was like ambrosia to her taste buds, and it wanted to make her vomit in shame, horror and disgust.

"Come on.." She whispered. She had it all figured out. There was no way Gary would turn her down if she invited him for a drink - and that would give her a chance to prove who she really was, by revealing things that only he and 'Rob' knew. Once he knew who she was, she'd be safe - even if she lost it, he'd refuse to have sex with a woman who used to be a guy. And he'd help her, forcing the authorities to listen to her story, and believe.

Finally, the door to the store swung open, and Gary stepped out, his head turned as he talked to somebody inside. Bobbi started to step forward...

...then stopped dead, eyes widening in shock and confusion as 'he' stepped out of the store.

Chatting with his best friend, Rob patted Gary on the shoulder as they headed toward the parking lot - and Rob's car.

"No.. I..." Bobbi stuttered, mind quivering. "I'm Rob... I mean, I was Rob..."

Finally seeing a way out of the dilemma it was in, Bobbi's over-strained mind solved it's problems...

...by snapping.

Bobbi blinked - then giggled. The giggle was rather high-pitched and ragged, but she didn't notice as she turned away, eyes wide and rather vapid.

Moving with a sexy - but still almost.. mechanical - gait, she walked to a phone booth and flipped through the yellow pages before picking up the phone and dialing the number of the psychiatrist she'd picked out.

"Hi - I'd like to make an appointment - I need help." She said in a cheerful tone into the phone.

"Of course, Miss." the voice at the other end said. "Now, if you're not comfortable answering this over the phone to a receptionist, I'll understand, but if you can it'll make things a bit easier - what's your name, and why do you need to see the doctor.

Bobbi giggled. "My name's Bobbi Mae Jepson, and I need to see the doctor because I'm a nymphomaniac."

A pause, then... "Is this a joke?"

"No - but I can see why you might think that!" Bobbi said with an agreeable giggle. "You see, I'm attracted to all men, all the time - but I was so ashamed of this that - until recently - I dealt with it by deluding myself into thinking I wasn't really a woman at all, but a man who'd been 'forced' to become the woman I am, and 'brainwashed' to be this horny all the time."

"I... see." The receptionist said.

"So, I need help - I need the doctor to help me come to grips with who I am, and make me comfortable with my urges - and able to deal with them social, without screwing the brains out of every man I meet - just some of them."

There was a long pause.

"Miss Jepson - I just talked to the doctor, and if you'll tell me where you're calling from, I'll come down and pick you up right now and he'll see you right away."

Giggling mindlessly, Bobbi gave the street corner she was on....

* * * * *

DAY ONE

Darien Moran moaned and rolled over....

Memory flooded back, and the sandy-haired youth sat up with a jerk, eyes wide and frantic as he lifted his smoothly muscled arms to ward off an impending attack...

...that never came.

He sat, panting, his wide, dark-brown eyes taking in his surroundings as it slowly got through to him that he was in no immediate threat. Shaking slightly from the adrenaline rushing through his system, he pushed the thin white 'hospital' blanket off of his naked body and - shivering slightly in the mildly chill air - slowly rose from the bed, body still tensed for any surprises.

He was in a small, impersonal looking room. Small, of course, was a relative term - the room was about the size of his bedroom in his apartment, although not as 'nice'. Instead, the wall were a neutral off-white color, unadorned by any decor, and

didn't look to be made of drywall. There was a pair of plain, functional metal wardrobes on one wall, a large, floor-to-ceiling mirror on the opposite wall beside a doorless opening that obviously led to a bathroom, and the bed he'd just risen from along the third. The final wall of the chamber was taken up by a metal door with no handle, lock or other protrusion.

There was a brief crackle, then an electronically distorted voice came over hidden speakers in the ceiling.

'Well, well, well - welcome back, Darien.'

The young man looked up at the ceiling, eyes narrowing in anger, but he refused to say anything at all.

'I must say - I'm impressed. Waiting a week, then letting yourself be found 'wandering' around town with amnesia was a wonderful idea - in no time, you were identified as your look-alike and all 'your' friends and acquaintances were only too eager to help you relearn about 'your' life so that you could go back to being the same old 'Rob Carstens' they knew and loved.'

"Yeah - but it didn't exactly work perfectly, now did it?" Darien asked, dryly.

'Actually, if it hadn't been for the real Rob returning 'home', we might never have caught you.'

Darien blinked at that - after he'd realized that they'd grabbed the wrong 'him', he figured they'd probably killed him - it had never occurred to him that Rob might be alive to try and reclaim that life. Taking a deep breath, Darien gave a show of indifference.

"I guess it doesn't matter - the knowledge you wanted from me is long out of date by now - so, since there's no use torturing me, you might as well kill me and get it over with."

'Kill you?' Laughter crackled through the speaker. 'Oh, no - I've found something much, much more fun to do with my 'useless' prisoners...'



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Caught cheating with another man's wife, one guy runs into the basement of three nerdy friends, only to find himself covered in mysterious chemicals which cause him to transform into the nerds dream girl.

Down And Out

By Gunslinger

'Maybe sleeping with other men's wives **isn't** a good idea.'

It was a brand-new thought for Brian. One completely unlike any thought that had passed through his mind during his twenty-six years on the planet. New, and completely unprecedented...

...but, then again, he'd never found himself running-leaping-fleeing through backyards and over fences, buck-naked, in the middle of the night before, either.

Saying the thought was 'unprecedented' wasn't hyperbole, either. It certainly wasn't that, until that moment, he'd thought it was a good idea to sleep with other men's wives - he, quite literally, had given it no thought whatsoever.

If, for some reason, he had given it any thought at all, he would have assumed it was a fantastic idea. After all, wasn't he a 'real' man, the most manliest of men? Wasn't he tall and strong and handsome? Women, of course, should beg for the honor of being allowed to pleasure him, and any man should feel equally honored if their wives were chosen to satisfy Brian's equally manly sexual needs.

Unfortunately, the man somewhere behind him, carrying what Brian certainly had to assume was a loaded shotgun, didn't seem to share this particular conclusion with Brian. As obvious as the situation might have been for the well-toned young man, the undeniably peeved husband seemed a little less inclined to accept the obvious.

Which was exactly why Brian was running for his life.

Brian, of course, was in utterly excellent shape. His six-foot, three-inch tall body had a lean, lithe build well suited for running, and his well-toned muscles, not the ridiculous mass body-builders lugged around, provided speed without assessing an undue weight penalty. He ran like the wind itself, unhampered by clothing laying scattered on the floor of the irate husband's bedroom, his longish sandy-blond hair fluttering in the wind...

...but the man's wife had been doing her level best to 'wear him out' before her husband had unexpectedly arrived home, and she'd been quite good at it. Brian's breathing was already labored, and his muscles were beginning to cramp.

Clearing the hurdle of the knee-high brick wall surrounding 'Nerd Central' was much, much harder then it would have been if he'd been even half as fresh as he'd liked - so when Brian saw the pale yellow light streaming through the open door of the root cellar, he felt a brief flash of gratitude and swerved towards it.

He might not like the three young men who shared the house, and he was damned sure they didn't like him - but it was an 'inactive' dislike, not open anger, and Brian was damned sure he'd rather deal with Jeff, Frank and Harry than the gun-toting man somewhere behind him. Though he didn't consider it consciously, Brian was nevertheless sure that their reactions to his decade-old teasing of their 'nerdish' natures was a lot less inclined to open violence than the irate husband.

Loping now, rather than running full out, Brian reached the pair of wide wooden doors inset on an angle against the side of the old, wood-frame farmhouse. He started down the wooden stairs that lead to the stone-walled basement inside the old home.

The stairs were the ones originally installed, nearly a century before. Painted over and over again, their dry, ancient wood had warped and cracked and buckled over time. The stairs saw active use, nearly on a daily basis...

...but one of the things 'manly' Brian had used to tease the three young men who used those stairs was their considerably less muscled bodies and shorter statures.

The third step up from the bottom, more than sturdy enough to bear up under any one of the house's owners weight, cracked and snapped like a dry twig under Brian's taller, more tightly-packed muscular body, and with a sharp, short cry of dismay, he helplessly pitched forward into the basement.

He was 'lucky' - he didn't land on the concrete floor.

Instead, he landed on a long, battered table of the type that indicated it was surplus from some public school's cafeteria - a table that was covered in array of scientific equipment.

Beakers, bottles, retorts and stands went flying, and if there'd been so much as an ounce of air left in Brian's lungs, he could have cried out as he rolled and bounced along the table. The table was set up so that it was parallel to the stairs, so he went skidding across the entire length of it, trailing a line of debris that seemed drawn to him by his liquid-slicked movement provided by the sweat coating his skin.

The 'glassware' was real, laboratory grade stuff, not cheap knock-off copies. Sure, probably school supply-house stuff, but still Pyrex rather than softer 'pure' glass, and none of the beakers, test-tubes or decanters broke. Though spared the risk of shattered glass, Brian nevertheless picked up a fair number of scrapes, scratches and other indignities from the stands, retorts and Bunsen burners - none of which were lit at the time, thank god.

Reaching the end of the long table, he went over the edge and then ended up on the concrete floor - quite literally dripping in a foul-smelling mix of just about every chemical, compound and liquid that glassware had contained, causing the various cuts in his skin to cry out in sharp pain from the introduction of such liquids into the openings.

All in all, it was hardly a 'quite' entrance, and as he lay there, struggling for breath, he heard cries of consternation from upstairs. About the time he a door at the top of the steep stairs being thrown open, he managed to figure out how his lungs were supposed to work and took a deep breath...

...and instantly regretted it,. tears springing to his eyes as he began to cough and wheeze.

The reasoning behind leaving the big doors at the top of the cellar steps open was made instantly apparent as he hacked and burbled at the sharp, chemical odor that filled the basement, and he began to thrash and skid on the debris-strewn floor as he tried to get his aching and complaining body to pull him away from the foul-smelling stench.

It was a futile exercise - since that smell rose primarily from the mix of chemicals liberally coating his body.

As Brian struggled to get up off the floor, Harry appeared at the bottom of the steps leading up to the main floor of the two-story wood frame structure he shared with his two roommates. Clad, as always, in a pair of denim bib overalls, the short brunet grasped the railing with one hand and stared in shock at the scene before him, nose wrinkling in unconscious reaction to the smell.

"What the hell...?" Harry demanded, looking at the mess. "Who..? What...? Brian - Brian Vela? What happened?"

Gasping, Brain shook his head wordlessly and staggered towards Harry - who immediately pushed aside his shock and amazement, and hurried over to help the soaking blond.

The three young men who shared the house had been friends practically since the day they were born - a situation that worked out well for all involved. All three were intelligent, but had widely differing interests, which actually allowed them to compliment one another's endeavors.

Out of the three, Harry was the 'mechanical genius' of the bunch, and as such he was the most physically fit of the trio. Though quite a bit shorter than Brian, he was fairly well muscled for his height, and though his face revealed distaste that could've come from more than just the stench of chemicals, he braced himself under Brian's arms and helped him up the steps, where the other two young men who shared the house were waiting.

"What the heck is going on?" Jeff Quan demanded. The 'computer nerd' of the bunch, the second-generation Vietnamese-American looked at Brian with obvious displeasure, since his 'foreign' heritage had made him a particular target for Brain's attention in their high-school days. "What the hell is he doing here - and naked and, god, the smell!"

"That's my chemicals!" Frank blurted out. The shortest of the three, the 'science nerd' was running his hands through his close-cropped platinum hair in distress. "My god - you've ruined all my experiments!"

"Never mind that now..." Harry grunted. "Help me get him into the bathroom "

Brian was more than a little ashamed as the trio of 'nerds' guided him towards the ground-floor bathroom, stuck him in the shower stall, and washed him down - but as humiliated as he might have been, especially when they took hand clothes and began scrubbing his naked body down, he had no choice but to yield to their less-than-tender ministrations...

...because he wasn't able to do a damned thing to help himself. There was something very seriously wrong with him.

He heard the three nerds discussing it as they hastily washed him off, comparing notes on what effects the various chemicals would be having on him, but Brian didn't understand half the terms and words they used. All he knew was that his body was twitching and jerking almost at random, denying him any control over his own movements and making the highly humiliating help utterly necessary

- and that was only the beginning.

Even twitching spasmodically, he could tell something strange was happening to his body. The random movements kept him from taking good, hard looks at himself, but his flesh itself seemed to be 'bubbling' - rippling and swaying as if there were tiny creatures burrowing around under his flesh, which was also a fairly good description for what it felt like. Not only that, but as they 'hosed him down', he could see his body hair sloughing off and washing down the drain - and the initial concern and fear he'd felt as he'd begun realizing something was wrong was now so much closer to panic that the humiliation of being man-handled definitely came in as a second-place concern as they finished washing him off and pulled his twitching-rippling-warping body out of the shower and toweled him down.

With his jaw, tongue and larynx muscles in spasm, he couldn't even form the words to demand to know what the hell was happening to him...

...but it didn't take too long to find out.

It wasn't a smooth, orderly transition. Parts of his body changed at different rates. Nevertheless, all the changes, disparate and spasmodic as they were, trended towards one definite end - and in less than an hour, as Brian twitched in the bed in the guest room they'd laid him in, he was far enough along to make the direction obvious. Even with the bulges on his chest of different sizes, even with fingers that didn't even come close to matching each other, even with a face that was frighteningly similar to the ones in that famous Twilight Zone episode 'Eye of the beholder', there was no mistaking the direction the changes were taking him.

Brian's twitching muscles denied him coherent speech - but he could scream, and he did a lot of that during the next half hour as he completed his transition into womanhood.

The entire time, the trio of certifiable geniuses stood around him, taking notes and discussing what was happening to him in tones that would have almost been described as 'clinical' - if not for the edge of bitter enjoyment they obviously held as they watched the person who'd tormented them during their formative years, who'd been so proudly of being so 'manly' and laughed

at their lesser statures, lost the very things that gave him his own highly-exaggerated sense of self-worth and endured a fate as bad as any he could have ever dreaded.

All of which seemed to be just about what the three young geniuses figured he deserved. At the time when Brian's transformation was just ending, Harry was holding a rear-guard action for the argument of serendipity, while getting hammered at on either side by a pair of variations on 'directed design', though there was also a cross-argument between Jeff and Frank on who, exactly, the 'designer' might be in this case, with both of them being extremely careful never to actually use the word 'God' - it was too 'unscientific'.

Brian, however, was busy having none-to-quite hysterics. It wasn't until he - or, rather, she - finally managed to get around to regaining coherency that the trio paid any real attention to her as other than an interesting scientific phenomenon. It was her screeched 'Oh, god - I'm a chick!' that seemed to remind them that she was also a conscious entity in her own right.

"Now, now, Brian - broads don't like to be called 'chicks'." Frank corrected her with a grin, while his roommates chuckled at what was obviously some sort of inside joke.

Brian didn't find it at all funny. In fact, she didn't see anything the least bit humor about anything at all as her newly re-shaped hands fluttered awkwardly over her radically altered body.

"Do something!" She shrieked at them, hearing the edge of panic drive an already high and undeniably feminine voice even higher. "Get me to a hospital! Call somebody! *Change me back...*!"

"How exactly do you propose we do that?" Jeff asked. "...and why on earth would we want to?" Harry inquired.

"Yeah!" Frank agreed, making no attempt to his a lascivious leer as he eyed her new form. "You're quite the babe now, Brian - or, perhaps Brianna would be more fitting for you, now."

"Oh - 'Brianna'..." Jeff echoed, pronouncing it the same way Frank had - 'Bree-anna'. "I *like* it!"

Somewhat diffidently, Harry suggested that perhaps 'Titiana' - emphasis on the 'Titty' - would be more appropriate, all things considered, but eventually allowed himself to be argued around to 'Brianna'.

Meanwhile, the incredulous, nearly hysterical subject of the discussion rolled off the bed and, awkward with the radically redistributed mass and new center-of-gravity of her new form - staggered to the bathroom to look into the mirror.

"Oh, god!" She sobbed, staring at her reflection in horror. "I.. I.. I'm a *hot babe*!"

Nobody who hadn't been there to see the transformation was ever going to believe that the woman gazing at herself in the mirror had once been Brian Vela.

The metamorphosis had been totally complete - and the new woman was even more emphatically feminine than her old one had been masculine.

The chemicals had done more than just make her 'female'. After all, she could have been technically female, and been a feminine version of her old body - but more had happened than just the complete reshaping of her body into emphatically feminine contours. The chemicals had also caused her coloration to change, as well as her gender.

The soft, smooth skin that now covered her changed body was not only silky, it was 'milky' - pale and perfect. Not the unhealthy shade of somebody who didn't get enough light, but the incredibly light, creamy shade of milky skin so beloved and desired by

women throughout the ages.

On the other hand, the coloration of her hair had become darker - an incredibly rich, thick, luxurious fall of raven's wing hair that tumbled down her back in a much longer, thicker mane than her old male head of hair...

No, that wasn't true, any more than it was true that her nails were 'longer'. Both were exactly the same absolute length they'd been - but, she'd become shorter and slimmer, and so they were comparatively longer than they'd been before.

She was now, at most, five feet tall - but she would have looked taller without anything around her to compare her too, because she had such a perfect, slender build that was in ideal scale, no matter the height. Not so fine as to give that delicate, doll-like impression common to many truly petite women, but neither the long, ungainly build sometimes common to tall women. Instead, it was... perfect.

Much of her new height seemed to be taken up in long, shapely legs that lead to well-rounded hips that were neither 'boyish' nor 'broad'. Her waist was narrow without becoming a caricature, and her arms were perfectly formed - slender but well rounded, not the 'pipe stems' more common to women trying to achieve a slenderness through sheer diet that genetics had denied them.

In fact, the woman gaping back at her from the mirror reminded then new woman of a young Audrey Hepburn.

Oh, not that she actually looked anything like her, so much as the general 'feel' presented by the all-over appearance she now bore...

...excepting, of course, the breasts.

They weren't 'stripper tits', unbelievably huge and ridiculously round - but they were still somewhat more than simply 'large and firm'. Altogether, the package formed that rarest of things - the woman who could be 'all things to all people'.

With no make-up and in jeans and a sweatshirt, she'd be that girl that everybody agreed was pretty, but no guy could hit on without feeling like they were trying to seduce their own sister.

In a basic black dress, she'd be that woman that only movie stars and millionaires ever seemed to marry - gorgeous, but unobtainable to the average man.

In an evening gown, she could walk into a formal state dinner without anybody bothering to ask to see her invitation - and in lingerie, lipstick and high heels, she could give a hard on to a corpse.

A *homosexual* corpse. Naked...

Naked, she was somehow all these things at once, and more - professional businesswoman and cool librarian, yet sultry seductress and playful lover. Duchess and whore. Lady and tramp - all rolled up into one, but with her very nudity leaning the average male mind more towards sexual thoughts than otherwise...

...and that was even with her shocked, horrified and humiliated.

"No..." She moaned in horror, staggering away from her damning reflection and back into the guest bedroom. "I.. I don't want to be a woman..."

"Well, you are, Brianna" Jeff pointed out, with a viscous sort of glee. "Don't call me that!" She shrieked at him.

"We'll call you anything we want to call you." Harry pointed out - not cruelly, just very 'matter of fact'. "As it happens, it's probably better for us to call you that - rather than constantly reminding ourselves that you're 'really' the Brian who always made fun of us in high-school."

The new woman's blood ran a little colder at the thought. She looked around in horror and fear, feeling the need to find somebody to help her...

...then stopped dead, eyes widening as she realized that she had no idea where she could possibly go, who she could possibly turn to in search of help in the bizarre and unexpected situation.

"Oh my god..." She moaned. "What am I going to do? Where am I going to go...?" "Not our problem." Jeff pointed out with a brutal lack of cruelty.

She gaped at them.

"Now, let's be fair." Harry said, not unkindly. "We can't just shove her out into the street, stark naked. After all, even assuming she doesn't get raped before the cops pick her up for indecent exposure, they're just going to come back and interview us."

"Hmm... unless they don't buy her 'crazy' story enough even for that, before locking her up in the loony bin." Frank pointed out, clinically. "I guess we'd better call them ourselves and explain everything to them before we turn her over. They can decide where to take her after that."

"Not that any hospital will now how to deal with her." Jeff said, with a shrug.

"Well, as I said - not our problem." Jeff repeated - and the other two men nodded in agreement. Jeff headed over towards the phone on the night stand...

...and something 'snapped' inside the new woman.

It wasn't that she went insane - it was just that, in one, searing instant, a certain barrier broke within her. Indeed, you might have almost put it down to her suddenly 'going sane', if you wanted to - because that barrier had been her own, monumental male ego letting go when she was finally forced to admit to herself that it no longer applied.

As it happened, once that occurred, she was also forced to face the fact that it had never really applied, anyway - and, in that searing instant, she saw the possible host of futures that might come about from this situation...

...and every damned one of them was a nightmare.

She was a woman - and likely to remain one for the rest of her life.

She was a gorgeous woman right now, and maybe extensive surgery could make her a fake man - but that would really just be making her an 'ugly woman' who would pretend to be a man. Besides - how was she going to pay for that surgery? Get a job, as she was now? Go to work every day, in this body, and deal with people effectively?

In fact - just dealing with people in general. Going outside. Having to tell her friends and family that this woman they saw before then was the Brian they knew - assuming she could convince anybody of the truth of that in the first place.

She didn't want to be a woman, didn't know how to be a woman, hated being a woman - but she suddenly also realized that being seen as a 'real' woman might actually be more preferable than being seen as a 'real' man who was now a woman - in other words, a freak.

Which was what she really was.

This, and a thousand more permutations of a possible future, each one worse than the last - and not one of the possible outcomes being anything even closely resembling her old life. Even if, somehow, in time they found a 'cure' for what had happened to her tonight, she'd still be known as the man who'd been a woman.

All this passed through her mind as Jeff reached the phone and started to pick it up - and she threw herself across the room, barely noticing her naked and emphatically female body pressing against his as she sobbed at him, hating her own weakness but unable to control the incredible panic at the thought of having to deal with the knowledge of anybody else knowing about her 'humiliation'.

"No! Don't tell anybody!" She sobbed, unable to stop herself. "Please, I can barely stand the thought of this as it is. The thought the anybody else would find out.. please, don't do this to me! I don't want anybody else to know I'm a freak!"

"What...?" Frank demanded, confused.

"I'd rather have 'Brian' just vanish, here, tonight, and never be heard from again, rather than have anybody ever know about... this!" She declared, stepping back from Jeff and waving a hand at her own body. "I.. I just realized something about myself, saw myself 'from the outside' for the first time... and I can't knowingly tear apart 'Brian'. I... just *can't!* It would be like... like committing suicide! Please - I'll do *anything*, if you just promise not to let anybody else find out about this!"

It took a few seconds, but then the guys got it - and the expressions on each of their faces as the truth registered was something truly interesting to see.

'Brian' was all about being manly - in fact, the most manly of men. That was the core and the sum of who 'Brian' was...

...which meant, to the person standing before them, she couldn't possibly be Brian, because she was the very antithesis of all that. If she admitted to - accepted - the idea of being Brian, she would diminish that perfectly manly ideal of Brian... and it was that 'unflawed manly perfection' that *defined* Brian.

Oh, not that she'd gone insane, or that she thought she was somebody else other than who she really was - it was just that, in being that person, the very notion of her own assumed 'perfection' had refused to let her look outside herself to understand anybody else. As the old Brian, she'd been the only 'real' person in existence, and everybody else just 'lesser creatures'. Sure, they may have had a purpose for existing, outside of serving Brian in some way - but none of them *mattered*.

Since she was who she was, (and who she had been), that image was still all that mattered - and she could no more voluntarily provide a situation that would allow it to be diminished then, as then then-male Brian, she could have considered 'going gay'. She *needed* a sharp, unequivocal dividing line between that 'perfect man' and her own, current 'fallen state'...

...or she might as *well* commit suicide.

It was that important to her ability to remain even nominally sane - and that meant that it was incredibly powerful leverage on her.

It was the realization of this power over her that caused the odd expressions on their faces - because she'd just willingly turned this power over to them.

* * * * *

Neither the Brian she had been, nor the Brianna she'd become, would ever have been described as a 'genius'. She certainly didn't understand the actual psychological stresses in her own mind even one tenth as well as Frank, Jeff and Harry did, and she couldn't have explained exactly why the thought of anybody else finding out who she 'really' was scared and horrified her so much that she actually believed she'd rather die than face such a thing.

Then again, a claustrophobe probably couldn't tell you exactly 'why' small spaces affected them that way, any more than a acrophobe could explain their unreasoning fear of heights. It certainly didn't make what they felt any less 'real' - or any less powerful.

Thanks to the unprecedented new situation, Brianna was getting to experience a whole new psychological disorder - transgenderphobia.

All of which meant that she *hated* the thought of accepting the role of being female - but couldn't bring herself to not accept her new 'identity'...

...as defined by her new roommates.

That had been their condition. Oh, not of 'keeping her secret' - but in adding and abetting her in defining a new identity for her new form. They'd help create a new identity for her - but they got to decide what that identity *was*.

It wasn't quite extortion. Not the way it would have been if they'd used her helpless need to hide the truth as their bargaining point. After all, she could still keep that secret and not accept their 'help'...

...and had to leave, and try to make it on her own. With no money. No identification. No help...

...and, most decisively no damned idea *how* to 'play female'.

All of which served to explain why she didn't actually give in to the urge to simply flatly refuse to even consider wearing the clothes they bought for her the next morning.

After reaching their agreement, she'd curled up in the bed in the guest room and fallen into a fitful, nightmare-filled sleep that had lasted well into mid-morning. That had allowed plenty of time for the guys to go shopping for her first few outfits of clothing - and left her the luxury of waking up alone, and considering what she'd let herself in for.

As part of the agreement to stay with the guys, she was going to be doing 'light housework', to not only earn her keep, but to help 'balance out' the cost of getting her everything she was going to need to 'play female'. She was, of course, less than excited by the thought of doing 'women's work' around the house, and even more unhappy at the fact that the term now applied fully to her new gender...

...but she was decidedly even more unhappy with the clothing they were... 'suggesting' she do that house-work in.

"But... I don't want to wear a maid's uniform!" She protested, unhappily, looking at the array of items spread out on the bed. She was dressed, at the moment, in one of Harry's old bathrobes - and even in the tattered old garment, with no make-up and sleep-tousled hair, she looked pretty damned good. She knew, in the sexy, adult-novelty-store version of a maid's uniform, she'd look downright hot

- and that was hardly something she felt comfortable knowing.

Perhaps the oddest thing about it though, was that she understood it. She didn't like it - downright hated it - but, being who she was, the thought of her new body done up all sexy was something she *knew* a guy would like.

"So don't wear it." Frank said, with a shrug. "Nobody's forcing you to."

"Yeah." Harry agreed. "If you'd rather walk around nude all the time, that's completely up to you."

Brianna sighed - because it was true. She didn't have to obey their every single whim, and she wasn't a mindless slave - but in defining her new identity, they got to pick out the type of clothes she 'preferred'. She could choose among those clothes at will, or wear none of them at all, for that matter. She just couldn't 'insist' on baggy jeans and an oversized sweatshirt, like she would much rather wear.

At the moment, however, her wardrobe choice was extremely limited - because it consisted of just three outfits, as much as the guys were willing to spend on her at the moment. It wasn't even something she could really complain about, even if she'd wanted to. After

all, they weren't exactly rich, and she knew that this arrangement added the burden of everything about her new life on them, which was one of the 'sacrifices' that made it more equitable than her emotions wanted to let her believe it was.

"All right, fine..." She sighed.

The guys left and, grimacing, she began to dress.

It's wasn't a flow-blown 'sex games' version of the French Maid outfit - which was why it was the one outfit out of the three most sensible to wear. After all, she really had to do housework, such as cleaning, and the other two outfits were her 'good' clothes. Still, it was designed to show off a woman's physique - and that was something she was all too aware of as she pulled it on.

Worse, the agreement was that 'Brianna' would want to 'look nice', which meant that she also had to do her hair and, ugh, make-up - which, given her inexperience, meant it was nearly an hour and a half later when she finally emerged from 'her' room, walking carefully atop the three-inch heels of her ankle-strap black pumps.

Jeff gave a wolf-whistle.

The tight-weave fishnet stockings disappearing under the short, wide petticoated skirt made her already long legs look even more delectable, and the neckline of the dress displayed more than just a hint of her creamy cleavage. With her hair combed out around a face wearing the minimal amount of make-up she thought she could get away with, she presented an all-too-attractive picture to the male eye.

Something she knew damned well - because she'd shocked herself when she'd looked at the final effect in her mirror, and found her new nipples going rock-hard and an entirely too pleasant moist warmth growing in her abdomen at the sight.

In short, she'd gotten incredibly turned on at the sight of her sexy new body in the French-maid get-up - and she was still feeling that arousal, because she couldn't get the thought of how incredibly sexy she looked out of her head, with predictable results.

Even the fact that all three of the guys shared her assessment of her appearance couldn't put a damper on her 'straight male' appreciation of her new body, and the fact that the feminine clothes constantly drew her mind back to her new body didn't help at all.

As she set about her appointed tasks of cleaning, dusting and vacuuming, every careful step in her high-heeled shoes reminded her how long and sexy her legs were. Every movement that caused her tits to jiggle or sway recalled their delightful, sexy firmness to mind. The hair stirring around her face brought back the memory of just how damned good it looked made-up, and watching her pale-pink painted nails all day as she worked drove home her gorgeous, sexy femininity...

...all of which meant that she spent the entire day in a constant, low-grade state of arousal, helplessly thinking about her sexy female body - and hating the fact that she couldn't make herself stop, or keep herself from being horny over something she'd never wanted.

That, in and of itself, was bad enough - but there was something much, much worse.

The guys made no bones about how sexy she looked, either. They made comments among themselves, and even gave her direct, obviously sincere compliments over how good she looked...

...and these forced her to consider her sexy new body even more strongly than her own, internal musings, and that resulted in her 'male' mind to get her new body even more aroused at the thought of the 'hot babe' she couldn't stop thinking about - even if that 'hot babe' was her!

Which, basically, added up to the fact that she was getting 'turned on' by *guys*.

Actually, she was getting turned on 'as a guy' by the mental memory of the totally hot babe from the mirror that was brought to mind by the guys - but it *felt* as if she were 'simply' getting turned on by knowing guys found her sexy.

So, all in all, it was quite a relief when she finished her list of daily chores and headed off to her room to get changed into one of her other outfits.

Closing the door behind her, Brianna sighed with relief and quickly began getting undressed...

...and caught sight of herself in the full-length mirror that had been one of the other purchases for her.

To put it another way - she caught sight of an incredibly sexy woman undressing right in front of 'his' eyes...

...and then next thing she knew, there was a finger deep in her tight, sopping wet new womanhood, almost frantically thrusting back and forth against its yielding softness.

She certainly hadn't planned on masturbating - but six hours spent in a steady state of arousal, culminating in the incredible peak of lust at the sight of the stripping woman in the mirror meant that it wasn't even a conscious choice. Not really.

Without meaning to - without even particularly 'wanting' to - she found herself slumped back against the wall, wearing only the nylons and heels, fingering herself towards and orgasm her female new body needed to release all that sexual tension.

She dimly heard her own panting, sexual moans as she squeezed and toyed with her magnificent breasts with her free hand, but the sound and fondling sensations were purely secondary to those coming from her new cunt, and her hips began bucking rhythmically to increase the depth and power of her penetrations as a second finger joined the first in working her new womanhood. Her moans became loader and longer - and then, as she reached her first female orgasm, they became screams of pleasure as intense ecstasy rolled through her.

With her sexual release came a return to her pre-lust 'sanity' - and she blushed brightly as she realized what she'd just done, somewhat disgusted and horrified by it, but unable to complete banish the memory of just how damned good it had felt.

"oh, god - I can't believe I just did that...!" She muttered to herself, shocked. "What the hell was I thinking! I just jacked off like.. like a woman!"

She shuddered at her own actions...

...and then, helplessly, found her mind's eye turning to the thought of what it must have looked like, from a hypothetical 'outside view'...

She tried to banish the thought the instant it formed - but it was much to late. Nobody could command themselves NOT to think of something, for the very attempt made you think of just that.

So, it was like having her own little porno theater playing in her mind, showing an incredibly hot babe finger-fucking herself against the wall, looking unbelievably sexy in her heels and hose and...

With a stifled scream of shock, Brianna dashed across the room as best she could in the heels and, without bothering to finish undressing, *threw* herself into the shower and cranked the cold water on full-blast...

...and found herself thinking about how sexy it must look, water gleaming on her perfect skin, it's chill causing her nipples to stand at attention as her hand slid downwards, long pink nails arrowing to a center of warmth that grew despite the cold water and...

"Shit!"

Taking two deep breaths, Brianna forced herself to keep her hand away from her cunt until the water could do it's think, leaving her to cold, shivering and miserable to possible think about anything the least bit sexy...

* * * * *

The next two weeks were a course in applied human nature.

Had she told the guys what was going on in her head, they would have actively tried to help her. Though they were enjoying the chance to have their old tormentor 'play female', it was something they were quite literally doing at her own behest. If she described what she was going through, they would have slacked off on their requirements and rummaged through their closet for 'unsexy' clothes she could have worn.

However, she didn't even want to admit she was getting 'turned on' to *herself*, much less to anybody else, and so she kept it a secret

- or *thought* she did, unaware that her screaming orgasms were quite audible throughout the thin-walled house. However, she didn't notice the uncomfortable looks she sometimes got from the guys as they wondered how to deal with the evidence that she was obviously 'enjoying' her new body - frequently. Instead, she was too busy concentrating on 'catching herself' in unattractive moments, so she could point out to herself how 'not sexy' she could be. Every awkward position, every less-than-flattering moment was ruthlessly dissected as something to hold in her mind as a 'shield' against the sexy moments...

...and only served to accentuate those 'sexy moments' when they came.

Which meant, on a level far below the conscious mind that refused to even consider it, she was forcing herself to become more and more aware of how 'good' it felt when she was being sexy, and how 'bad' she felt when she was being unattractive. After all, she was

consciously using those moments of awkwardness or gracelessness to 'whip' herself, while unguarded moments of 'sexiness' caused physically pleasurable arousal - which often lead to even more physically pleasurable fondling or masturbation.

Brianna, however - like the Brian she'd been before - was no masochist. In fact, as Brian, a huge portion of her life had been devoted to finding pleasure...

...and so it was almost inevitable that she began making 'excuses' to herself.

So caught up in this internal situation was she, she never even noticed how poorly she was hiding all of this - or at least, the outward symptoms. Not knowing what was going on in their new roommate's head, the three guys could only form conclusions based on the evidence on hand. She never even realized the 'show' she was putting on - or the conclusions the guys were drawing from it.

Her first line of defense was her 'secret'. Not knowing that they guys were well aware that she was masturbating frequently, she thought she was hiding her 'disgusting problem' when she vanished into her room - and so she didn't even pause to consider the all-too-inevitable conclusions.

After all, one of the major sources for her getting 'hot and bothered' was when the guys forced her to realize how sexy she was by how they reacted to her. So, from the point of view of Frank, Jeff and Harry, they saw the situation where they'd say or do something that was openly appreciative of her new female form - and she'd soon be in her room, masturbating.

Understandably, the guys found themselves thinking that she was enjoying being found sexy. After all, she'd given no hint that she disliked masturbating frequently, and they certainly didn't know she did it 'unwillingly'. They thought it was a conscious choice - and, though a bit confused at how quickly she'd decided to find 'getting men hot' sexy, and not a little uncomfortable at the gender-bending nature of the situation, the fact that a gorgeous woman was getting turned on by 'them' wasn't something they could just shrug off.

Of course, their own awareness of Brianna's recently male status made them somewhat uncomfortable with the whole thing, if not enough for them to come out and openly comment on it to bring it to an end - and so, understandably, they thought that was the self- same reason why she didn't openly mention her 'obvious new sexual orientation' to *them*, either.

By another quirk of human nature, Brianna 'convinced' herself that if she was going to be helplessly falling prey to this horrible new situation, anyway, she should 'maximize' the times when she was forced to accept the consequences, under the (badly flawed) theory that the more thoroughly she indulged her 'curse' when she couldn't avoid giving into anyway, the more 'sated' she be.

Which is why, day after day, she 'reluctantly' *let* the porno theater in her mind become more and more erotic. Locked 'safely' in her room where she thought nobody could possibly know what she was doing, she'd purposefully dress as sexily as possible and 'act out', letting the female star of her own little mental porno movie become even more and more sexual in order to maximize the effect.

She had no idea that the guys knew damned well what was going on, to a large degree. As she had 'the actress' play out the steadily more sexually open roles, the guys could hear her 'role playing'...

...and, still unaware of how much they knew, the fact that they were buying steadily more sexy clothes and accessories for her didn't register on her with full regard for the implications. Indeed, she was mildly - and shamefully - grateful for the added 'props' they were

providing for her sexual playacting, not realizing that it wasn't their idea, so much as something they were doing because they thought she wanted it...

...and because she never said anything against it, they thought it was what she wanted - even though she continued wearing the most 'demure' of the clothing whenever she was out of her room.

She actually thought the guys were trying to 'force' her to wear sexier clothing, and believed she was 'fooling' them, as if she simply left the more sexual outfits untouched in her closet as she employed her prerogative to choose what she wore. The

fact that anybody could tell that wasn't the case simply from the evidence of what ended up in the laundry completely escaped her...

...as did the obvious consequences to not ever letting the guys seeing her in the sexiest of clothing, which they damned well knew she was wearing in the privacy of her room, leaving them only able to imagine what she looked like in it.

All of which summed up nicely why three horny, rarely-laid young men with active imaginations helplessly run up to full rev by her actions would resort to pressing their ears to the wall every time she disappeared into her room.

They were rarely disappointed. Especially when they heard her cry out things like 'I want your big, thick cock to fuck me harder, stud!'.

They couldn't possibly know that, in her mind, she was imagining herself in the role of that *man*, fucking the gorgeous woman who was saying those things to 'him' - while, in reality, frantically masturbating to all of this to 'get rid off' the unwanted sexual urges.

By the end of that two week period, the guys thought she'd completely accepted her new sexual identity as a man-loving 'straight woman' who 'obviously' got turned on by them, but was either too unsure or too shy to take that final step to make her obvious fantasies reality. Considering that understandable assumption, driven more then raging hormones than intellect, what happened was almost inevitable...

* * * * *

It had taken twenty-four rounds of 'paper, rock, scissors', twelve high-card draws and seven drawn straws, each proceeded and followed by an argument, but Harry was finally - and grudgingly - declared the winner.

Which was why, short on breath and with a pounding heart, he approached the door to Brianna's room. Hardly a 'real ladies man', he paused in front of the door she'd gone through after doing her daily chores, and spent several seconds nervously shifting his weight back and forth before he actually managed to work up the nerve to knock.

Even incredibly excited by what he thought-and-hoped was going to happen, his natural discomfort and lack of experience when it came to all things sexual showed itself in the hesitancy and instinctive 'easy out' in what he called through the door: "Uh, Brianna, can I come in? Unless you're doing something important, of course..."

That question, however, didn't show the 'easy out' to Brianna, whose heart had seemed to stop at the knock and called question, and she stared at the door in utter consternation.

She still thought that what she did in her room was a secret - and, at the moment, she was afraid of making Harry wonder what she might be doing in here if she didn't open the door as if 'nothing was up'.

Which was why, highly uncomfortable and trying desperately to hide it lest it raise suspicions, she quickly walked over and opened the door.

"No big deal." She said, 'casually' bright and chipper. "Come on in."

"Thanks..." Harry replied - and she was too wrapped up to notice his nervousness. Still dressed in her 'French Maid' uniform, she was much too busy concentrating on appearing 'normal' to realize she was overdoing it, actually acting more 'comfortable and casual' than usual. Which was why she suggested they 'have a seat' - even though the only place to perch was on the edge of the bed, side by side.

"You... look great." Harry said, trying to ease into the 'right direction' - poorly. Brianna, however, smiled brightly at the compliment.

"Why, thank you Harry!" She said, trying desperately to hide the 'mental movie' that was trying to start in her head. "I'm glad you think so!"

They were sitting side-by-side on the bed, torsos swiveled towards one another - and Harry reached over and put his hand on her outside thigh.

He had come in to the room, planning to 'help' Brianna get past her awkwardness and live out what she was 'obviously' wanting from the three guys she was living with... but she hadn't been expecting anything at all, and was so wrapped up in her own situation that her mind didn't immediately realize what the motivation of his action was. Instead, mildly confused, she pursed her lips in surprise...

...and Harry, 'primed' with preconceptions, took it as invitation, and kissed her.

As his lips pressed against hers, and his tongue invaded her mouth, she was too shocked and surprised to offer any initial objection, or attempt to pull away - and Harry's hand eagerly rose to cup one full, firm breast.

What was happening finally fully registered on her mind...

...and two weeks of 'training' herself to disassociate herself from her feminine sexual side kicked in.

It was suddenly as if 'he' were floating, disembodied, in the corner of the room, watching the scene as if it were an incredibly realistic 3D porn movie - and 'he' was the director...

...or, in this case, the 'second unit' director, because - unlike the fantasies played out for masturbation, Harry was running this little 'scene', and 'Brian' could only direct the 'lead actress'...

...while feeling everything she experienced, something 'he'/she had also trained herself to not only accept, but to actually strive greatly for.

So, it was with a sort of helpless willingness that Brianna replied with submissive enthusiasm. With the male part of her fully disassociated with what she was doing, the 'porn actress' part of her was what Harry was dealing with now...

...which he found out very quickly as she kissed him back hungrily with a sensual moan.

Meanwhile, 'Brian' was floating around in her mind, enjoying the developing plot of this 'porn movie' even more than usual, since it was the first one that he didn't know exactly what was going to happen, yet still had a large 'say' in making sure his 'actress' made it as sexy and sexually enjoyable as possible.

"God, I want you..." She moaned, pressing her body against his. "I want you to fuck me, stud - fuck me long and hard!" It wasn't exactly an idea he was adverse to, and despite his relative lack of experience, Harry knew the basics.

Not that it mattered - Brianna was more than happy to supply any assistance he needed, and in no time at all, she had him naked, on her bed, while she rode atop him like a tigress in heat.

"God, yes!" She screamed, thrusting herself atop him in languid waves. "I love your cock filling my tight pussy, Harry! God, I love it!"

Harry made some strangled, gasping sounds that were definitely conveying agreement with sentiment as she went into as faster, harder rhythm.

It felt utterly fantastic to both of them - but that was almost secondary, opposed to what it would have looked like. Every move was utterly choreographed for maximum visual sexual impact.

Even as she writhed and rippled atop him, crying out his name and various sexual clichés, every head-toss, every hair flip was carefully planned and executed to look as sexy as possible. Even the apparently nerveless twitching as she reached orgasm was done with a consideration to making it as sexy as possible - as with every motion as she licked her way down her new lover's body to his softening cock.

The blow-job that followed, had it been caught on video, would have won an award from even the most prudish individual, purely on the basis of its status as a sheer work of art.

An artistic integrity that became part and parcel with every single action she made - all in a highly sexual context, of course.

From then on, she was always 'on stage'. Never again would she simply undress for bed - it would always be a sexy strip-tease, even if she were completely alone. Every shower would become an excuse to masturbate, unless she was sharing it with one of the guys, when it would be pure bliss for him while she acted out her own 'pure sexual satisfaction' - which was completely secondary, of course.

Every article of clothing she would ever wear would be carefully chosen for effect, and every expression and every pose would be carefully planned out, no matter how 'spontaneous' it would seem to be...

...and, of course, there was the fact that she was forever planning to be ready for the next 'sex scene', taking every advantage and every opportunity to get past the boring plot-development parts she had to put up with to get to the real 'meat and gravy' portion of it all.

It was also so engaging, keeping one step ahead and always prepared, that she only rarely even noticed that odd little male voice echoing in the back of her head, forever screaming out one word over and over again in a sobbing, pleading tone...

'CUT!'

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Two young slackers enjoy the run down house that one of them has bought, until, after dropping a strange liquid in the basement, one of them turns into a babe and falls for the other.

Down On The Farm

By Gunslinger

The muscular youth moved carefully across the wooden floor, bringing his sneaker-clad feet down softly and silently. The worn wooden stock of the rifle nestled into the crook of his taut, tanned arm, the long black barrel pointed aimed at the back of the man crouched, unaware, near the far wall. The late afternoon sun streaming in one of the small windows glinted off the dark metal of the barrel as the dark-haired man lifted the weapon...

A single misstep caused one of the floor-boards to creak. Startled, the crouched figure whirled as he half-rose, dust stirring under his feet...

Luke let his breath out with an explosive 'whuff'. "Jeez, James - what are you trying to do, give me a heart attack?"

His more muscular friend lowered the 'weapon', smiling. "Naw - just bored. Cool find, though, huh?" He hefted the old musket. "Look cool over the fireplace downstairs."

Carefully, Luke walked over to his friend. Under his feet, the floorboards creaked ominously, and Luke winced each time an anguished groan rose from the dry old attic floorboards. "I keep expecting to fall through." Luke said, looking at the warped, graying boards. "Let's leave the rest of this junk for now - I want to get back onto *terra firma*."

James smiled. Handing over the old musket, he slapped his friend on the shoulder. "No problem, buddy - I could use a cold brewski." He headed to the trapdoor that led to the attic and clattered down the ladder, followed by his friend.

As they headed down to the big 'peasant' kitchen, Luke look around, once more feeling the odd, hard-to-define sensation that came from knowing all of this was his. To many people, the old farm-house was somewhat run-down, badly decorated, and isolated. But to Luke, who'd bought the place for a song, it was beautiful - and it was his, free and clear. The slightly heavy-set youth shook his head again, still amazed by the fact he had joined the rank of 'homeowners'.

The two twenty-four year old friends entered the stone-floored kitchen. James dropped into one of the straight-backed wooden chairs, which creaked ominously under the weight of his tall, broad, muscular frame. Taking off his ball-cap, he brushed a hand over the short

black stubble that coated his skull. "Man - it's hot up there." He complained, tossing the hat on the table.

Grabbing a couple of cold beers from the fridge, Luke tossed one to his friend with a laugh. "Let's see - black jeans, black T-shirt, black hat... in a sunny attic. Smart move, pal." Luke was dressed in faded jeans and a light beige tank-top that showed off his tanned arms - and, unfortunately, the slowly growing gut that was forming. Luke hoped that the work of getting his new/old home into shape would help loose the gut - working all day long at a computer didn't exactly help the situation.

Brushing his overly long wheat-blond hair out of his eyes, Luke collapsed into the other chair at the table. Until a few months ago, he'd been a struggling writer who worked as a mover to pay his bills, supplemented by the occasional story sold. Then, thanks to a fair- sized inheritance, he'd been able to give up his 'day job' and turn all his attention to writing. Since then, he'd started a goatee and let his hair grow, since - as his own boss - he didn't need to worry about his looks. Now he scratched absently at the facial hair, wondering when he'd actually get used to the somewhat scraggly whiskers.

Taking a long pull on the beer, James sighed with satisfaction. "Ah... I needed that." He raised an eyebrow humorously. "That's the other great thing about you letting me stay here..."

Luke laughed. "Yeah - I keep you in good beer." Luke's taste ran to micro-brews, which were usually as better than the national brands

- but less known. Luke was one of the few who took the time to find the good ones. "So - I don't feel like braving the attic again today - what say we hit the mess in the basement?"

James looked out the big window over the sink and eyed the late-afternoon sun hanging low over the trees. "Hmm... getting late, and we'll barely make a dent in that crap."

"A journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step." Luke said, cocking his head. " 'Sides - the satellite wont be activated 'till the morning, and the antenna only pulls in one station. You got something better to do?"

Giving into the logic of boredom, James shrugged. "Sure - maybe we'll find something cool down there, too." He waved his beer bottle in the direction of the musket - then cursed, bringing the bottle to his lips to suck down the sudden spurt of foam from the motion.

Letting go with a belch, James continued. "At least it'll be cool down there."

Quickly the two friends finished their beers, then, with Luke in the lead, clattered down the steep stairs that led off the kitchen. Pulling the chain that turned on the three bare bulbs in the basement, Luke looked with distaste at the disorganized pile of boxes, crates, and other containers that filled the large, dank, stone-walled basement. With his muscular friend's help, Luke pulled one of the boxes into the clear space near the stairs and began to sort through it, making a large pile of stuff to throw away, and a much smaller pile of things worth keeping.

"Hey, Luke - what about this stuff? Garbage?" James asked, tipping the battered metal chest so that Luke could see that it was full of women's clothing.

"Yeah, just..." Luke paused, reconsidering. "No - leave it by the stairs. Next time I'm in town I'll take it into the Sally Ann - they might want it."

James nodded, sliding the chest under the stairs. "Sure."

Finishing the box he was working on, Luke rose and dusted off his hands. He began to tug at a crate, surprised at its weight, and the faint sloshing sound from inside.

Suddenly, the aged wood of the crate gave way, and Luke - suddenly pulling fiercely on nothing but a handle - flew backwards as the crate disintegrated, spilling out it's cargo of what appeared to be sealed test-tubes. Several of them bounced past the flailing Luke, scattering over the floor.

Luke, arms wind milling, did an internationally-known ballet known as 'keeping you balance' - only to fail in the final act. He sat town hard - and swore, loudly, as two of the test-tubes shattered under his ass. The shards, coated with the cloudy liquid inside, easily went through the khaki's thin material, and into the most padded area of the human body.

"Shit, shit, shit, *shit!*" Luke chanted, bouncing back to his feet. Awkwardly, he craned his torso around and removed the long splinters from his posterior. "Goddamn it!"

"Are you okay?" James asked, looking at the punctured pants, which were slowly darkening with the thin trickle of blood. "Yeah - I think so." Luke said, dropping the shards. "It just stings like a mother-fucker."

Once assured of his friend's well-being, James began to chuckle - then laugh. "Man - you should have seen yourself." Luke frowned at his friend. "Hey - it isn't funny."

James laughed harder. "Yes, it *was*."

Luke considered what the whole thing must have looked like to James - then smiled wryly. "Yeah... maybe." He looked back down at his punctured posterior. "I hope to god that whatever was in those wasn't dangerous."

James' smile faded at the thought. "Tell you what - you go clean yourself up, and I'll take care of this mess." He waved a hand towards the roof. "Look in my green back - the one with the broken zipper? - you should find some antiseptic in there."

"Got my own - but it's a good idea." Luke said, heading for the stairs. The cuts really did sting - a lot - but Luke was damned if he'd let it show in front of James.

As soon as he was out of sight, though, he let his face go tight with the pain, and limped the rest of the way to the bathroom.

* * * * *

James had to grin as his friend lowered himself - gingerly - into a chair at the table in front of a 'Nuke Dog' and a beer. As Luke began to slather mustard on the hot dog, James leaned forward. "Feeling better?"

"Eh..." Luke replied, wiggling a hand in a 'so-so' motion. "My butt's sore - but I think I might be having an allergic reaction to whatever was in that tube - I'm itchy all over, just like being near a cat." What Luke didn't mention was the way his chest felt, or his throat. It seemed irrelevant.

"Want to go see a doc?"

Luke considered it, then shook his head. "Nope. I'll just get a good night's sleep tonight and see how I feel in the morning." He wolfed down the rest of the dog, wondering why he was so damned hungry. He quickly zapped a second and gobbled it down too, despite his attempt at dieting. "In fact..." Luke said, wiping his face with a napkin as he finished the second, ungarnished hot-dog. "...I think I'll turn in early - there's nothing better to do around here anyway."

"Yeah - you're probably right." James agreed, looking at the clock. "Still - it feels weird going to bed at seven."

Luke shrugged. "So? We'll get up earlier tomorrow - and we'll have the satellite to entertain us. " He smiled. "Ah - TV, the great American God."

Chuckling, the two friends headed off to separate bathrooms for their nightly ablutions, then turned in.

Left behind, sitting on the table beside the dirty dishes, was the napkin that Luke had used. Unnoticed, inside of the napkin, was many of Luke's stringy facial hairs.

* * * * *

Luke had a restless night's sleep. It never got deep enough for true relaxation, and his dreams were ill-formed and mildly disturbing, although he couldn't quite recall what they'd been.

His first thought the next morning, as he opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling, was that he might go and see the doctor after all. The itching was gone, but he felt stiff and awkward, his body feeling almost alien to him.

Yawning, he brought his hand to his face...

...well, tried to, anyway. His hand got as far as his chest before it stopped dead, impeded by a large, soft mass that he felt through his fore-arm...

...and through his chest. Shocked, Luke sat bolt upright, fighting against the weight on his chest, that shifted as he rose. He looked down....

* * * * *

The scream literally catapulted James from his peaceful sleep. His brain barely registered the fact that he was in the air, and he landed poorly as he leapt instinctively from the bed. The scream had wakened him, but hadn't really impacted on his conscious mind - his brain insisted it had heard the scream, although he couldn't actually remember it. Still, considering that there was just Luke and him in the

house, he rushed down the hallway between their rooms, struggling to get his bathrobe on. He threw open the door to his friend's room and rushed inside - then stopped dead, staring.

Sitting in the bed, the covers over her legs, was a slim young woman. She was fairly attractive, if you allowed for the lack of make-up and sleep-mussed mane of platinum blonde hair. Her face was... face shaped, and her features were regular and symmetrical, with big blue eyes and remarkably full lips. All in all, she was relatively cute, if a little on the thin side...

But that's only if you ignored the two massive, incredibly firm and spherical breasts standing out-thrust from her slender ribcage. The massive - hell, monumental - breasts that she was cupping in her dainty hands, staring down at them in amazement.

"What the...? Who the hell are you? Where's Luke..." James started demanding, confusion mixed with anger and worry - and not a little arousal.

His questions died in the back of his throat at the enormously endowed woman looked up with a shocked look on her face. Her pale blue eyes met James...

"Luke...?" James managed to get out of a throat that had gone bone dry. "Is... is that..."

"I... I'm a woman, James!" The figure on the bed said in a clear, high-pitched voice. "I'm a woman!" Then the huge-breasted woman - Luke - did the most sensible thing under the circumstances.

She fainted.

James didn't feel too steady on his feet either - his jaw had apparently come unhinged, as it hung loosely below eyes roughly the size of saucers. Desperately, he wanted to believe that this was a gag or something - but he couldn't. They say 'The eyes are the windows of the soul'. And when his and the woman's eyes had met. James had seen his best friend in them.

"Holy fucking shit..." James said, in a breathless monotone. Slowly - as if scared shitless - he approached the slim, huge breasted woman on the bed. "Luke...?"

There was no response from the massively-endowed woman on the bed - she was out cold. Hesitantly, James reached out towards Luke's overly feminine form, intending to shake her on the shoulder - then he drew back.

Before he could work up the nerve to try again, the long-lashed eyes fluttered, then opened, the pale blue eyes staring up at the ceiling. Slowly, the head rotated towards James.

"James...." Luke asked slowly, "am... am I awake?" James blinked at the question. "Uh... yeah."

Luke swallowed. "So... this is really happening? I'm really... really a huge-breasted woman?"

James nodded. "Yeah. I don't know how, but..."

"I do." Luke interrupted in her higher-pitched voice. Very slowly, fighting against the weight of her massive new tits, Luke struggled to the sitting position. Awkwardly, Luke swung her coltish new legs over the edge of the bed, staring down at their smooth length as she continued. "It was whatever was in those test-tubes."

James slowly nodded. "Yeah - it must be..." He paused. "you seem to be handling it, um, pretty well..." Luke waved a hand. "Well, once I figured out it was the stuff in the test tubes, I realized something else." "Oh?"

Luke smiled thinly. "We know what caused it - some sort of... serum. Well, that means it was just scientific. So, there must be some way to undo it - all we have to do is see some specialists. Maybe they don't know, right now, how to correct it, but they can analyze the stuff and come up with an antidote. If somebody figured out how to do it one way...

James bobbed his head. "Yeah - make's sense, I guess." He cocked his head. "Are you okay...?"

Luke's head came up, and she snorted, which caused James' face to slowly redden. "No - I wouldn't say I'm 'okay'. I seem to be healthy, and surprisingly enough, I haven't gone insane - but I'm not okay." Luke shook her head - she stopped immediately, wincing at the sensation of her long hair brushing against her shoulders. "This isn't easy to deal with - you know?" Looking away, she gestured with a hand. "That doesn't help either."

Looking down, James blushed at the sight of his hard-on poking from his robe. Quickly, he retied the robe to hide his erection. "Sorry - all it knows is that I'm in a room with a naked, huge " He cut himself short.

Luke's mind was racing a thousand miles a minute. The situation was so new, so unheard of, that panic wasn't really an option - she was too busy trying to cope with all the new sensations she was feeling, the odd way her body felt and moved, the strange emotions and random thoughts that flashed through her mind... like the sudden image she'd had when she'd seen James' extraordinarily large....

Luke clamped down on that thought - viscously. She didn't have time to deal with that now, either. She prepared to stand up. "We need to find something I can get on, so we can go see a doctor."

"Why don't we just call " James started, then realized that nobody would believe a phone call like that.

Besides - the phone wouldn't be installed for another week.

Luke nodded when she saw that James understood. Cursing her suddenly slender, weak arms - hell, her whole altered body for that matter - Luke pushed herself off the bed...

...and, quite literally, fell right into James' arms. Instinctively, he caught her, leaving them in an embrace, her huge tits pressed into his muscular chest, their lips, one set so firm, the other so soft, only inches away from each other...

Flushing, both of them broke the long gaze they'd fallen into.

"Damned tits..." Luke swore, half-angry, half something else. "James - you're going to have to help me. Until I get used to this

body's balance, I " She waved one slender hand angrily.

"Uh sure." James said. Hesitantly, he put an arm around her slim waist, while she put her arm around him. Carefully, the began

heading towards the kitchen.

As she walked, Luke kept her thoughts clamped in tight control. Her mind kept wanting to wander to the fact that she had a handsome, muscular, spectacularly well-endowed man practically in her arms, and...

Damn. She was doing it again. It was almost a relief when they reached the kitchen, and James deposited her in a chair and went to find something for her to wear.

Almost a relief, because part of her didn't want James to let go - ever.

"What the fuck's wrong with me!" Luke screamed at the top of her lungs, as unbidden tears poured from her eyes. Her emotions shot through the pendulum arc, and she was crying heavily. Ever since she'd awoken and seen James, disgusting, sexual thoughts had been filling her mind, and she couldn't close them out.

The floodgates broke. Everything she'd been struggling to contain broke free in a flood of emotion - fear, horror, rage, lust, disgust, attraction...

Luke tried to run from the house, but, overbalanced, tumbled to the floor. James, hearing the commotion, came flying into the room. "Luke - what is it?"

"What is it?" Luke screamed. "I'm a woman, James! A huge breasted woman who can't stop thinking about fucking your brains "

Realizing what was pouring from her mouth, Luke clamped her lips shut. James was staring at her, wide-eyed. "Wha ? What?"

Luke looked away in self-disgust. "I... I try to stop myself, but I keep thinking of you. Like I want to "

James gaped at the huge-breasted woman his friend had become then began to chuckle, then laugh.

Luke whirled on James. "What the fuck are you laughing at, you bastard! It's not funny!"

James managed to get back down to a chuckle. "Hormones " He gasped. "It's your female hormones - you've never had female

hormones, so you don't know how to handle them." "Huh?"

It was too much - James broke up again. Between gales of laughter, he managed to force out the punch-line. "You... 've got... super PMS."

Luke's jaw dropped as the truth hit home, and she too, began to chuckle. "Mood Swings! Oh, thank God - I thought " She levered

herself into the chair without finishing the sentence, because James wasn't listening. Instead, she turned her attention to the stuff James had dropped on the table.

She grimaced, then sighed. James' appeared to be done, so she held up the clothing. "I'm going to need a hand."

It was distinctly uncomfortable for the two friends - because it was so enticingly pleasant. Knowing the root of these strange feelings didn't eliminate them, and having James help her put on the blue-and-white gingham dress was disgustingly nice, especially when his

strong, capable hands...

She pushed the thought away. Instead, she concentrated on the clothing. The dress fit fairly well - except in the chest. She had to leave the top buttons open, exposing entirely too much of her enormous bust. Likewise, the flared skirt was way too short for her taste - but she'd have to live with it. While she adjusted the clothing, James quickly pulled on his clothing from the day before.

"Okay - this'll have to do." Luke said, smoothing the wrinkled, slightly musty fabric. "Now let's go find somebody who can help me."

"Right!" James agreed, helping Luke up. Again awkward to be arm-in-arm - and arousing each other, unwillingly - they headed for the car.

Five minutes later, James was helping Luke back into the house - and apologizing profusely for leaving the headlights on.

"Great! Now what do we do?" Luke asked, upset. She sat back down at the kitchen table, protectively crossing her arms over her massive chest - well, as well as she could, anyway. She was fighting back a panic attack. Like many people, she placed a lot of stock in modern medicine. Sure, what had happened was inexplicable, and unbelievable - but you could get some expert to help right?

But if she couldn't get to anyone....

"I could walk " James started to offer.

"It'd take you at least eight hours - then what? You're going to get a doctor to do a house call?" Luke said, angrily, then instantly softened. "I... I'm sorry. I'm a little tense."

James nodded. "No problem." He looked around. "Well - I suppose the thing to do right now is get some breakfast."

To her surprise, Luke found that she was, indeed, hungry - it seemed like a good idea to her. While James whipped up some bacon and eggs, Luke sat in the chair, basically sulking - she was trying to cope with the idea that she was female for at least a while, and it wasn't easy.

As James leaned over her to put her breakfast down, he wrinkled his nose. "Uh - no offense, but you're kind of... rank, you know?"

Luke sighed. "Yeah - tell you the truth, it's been bothering me, too." She managed a thin smile. "I guess being turned into a woman is sweaty work." She dug into her breakfast with gusto, and James followed suit.

"So, now what?" James asked, pushing away the now-empty plate.

"I guess I get a shower..." Luke replied, hesitantly. Her face slowly began to redden. James didn't get it. "What's wrong?"

Luke cleared her throat. "Well, the shower is the only thing working right now - not the bathtub up stairs. Since I can't stand by myself..." She looked up at James, then a way again.

James began to blush as well. "No... No way. That would just be... too weird."

Luke looked up. "Yeah, it will be weird - but I'm gonna have to shower sometime. Besides... it's not as bad as it seems." "Oh, really?" James retorted.

Luke's blush deepened. "Um... later on, when I need to use the washroom..." James was startled - but it was also obvious. "Oh, crap..." he replied, without thinking. Luke giggled. "Exactly."

With a sigh, James gave in gracefully to necessity. "Okay - let's get you cleaned up."

James helped Luke upstairs. The two friends didn't even notice that they were starting to get used to having their arms around each other when they walked - it was just something that was done. If they'd thought about it, they would have been shocked to discover that they were actually enjoying it... but they didn't think about it.

Reaching the bathroom, James slowly helped Luke undress, then sat her on the toilet as he self-consciously undressed. It was made worse by the fact that, once again, his cock was becoming hard at the sight of his naked, transformed friend.

It wasn't easy on Luke either. Still not used to dealing with her altered hormones, she was both disgusted and pleased by the feminine arousal that James' naked body produced. Again, trying to block the thoughts from her mind proved ineffective, and she bore the strange - and to her way of thinking, homosexual - thoughts in silence, as James started the shower running. Helping Luke up, he led her into the fairly roomy shower stall, closing the clear plastic door behind them.

It was awkward, but they finally figured out how this would have to work. Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, Luke tried to think neutral thoughts as she braced herself against the stall with her arms - and James began to wash her.

He started at her feet. Taking the soap, he began to wash her long, slender legs, his strong hands gliding over her soft, supple flesh. Gradually, he worked his way up, his capable hands moving over her widened hips and cute new ass. Then, after a brief hesitation, he continued, washing her back, then sliding his hands around to begin soaping up her huge, amazingly firm tits and large, engorged nipples.

Neither spoke of the arousal they were experiencing. Luke had to clench down on the soft moans that wanted to escape as James' strong, large hand caressed the silken surface of her tits, and the highly sensitive nubs of her large nipples.

James also remained silent as his cock went rock-hard. His hands were filled with the largest, firmest - and to his way of thinking, sexiest - tits he'd ever seen, and it was damned hard to remember that it was his beast friend inside that body.

They were both enjoying it immensely, although guiltily. Yet neither was going to actually say anything - which explained why James washed her enormous tits for quite a long time, each of them guiltily wanting to continue, but ready to stop as soon as the other complained.

Finally, James - his cock almost painfully hard, pulled his hands away from the enticing bust of his best friend. He was breathing slightly hard - but failed to notice that Luke was too.

"Turn around - I'll do you're hair." James said, somewhat huskily.

Luke complied - and ended up with her body pressed tightly against James' muscular figure. Her huge tits were pressed firmly against his muscled chest, and she could feel his hard, throbbing cock against her leg. Both tried to pretend they didn't feel anything as James began to soap up her mane of blonde hair, then rinse it off. As he rinsed it, the shampoo ran down her back and under her feet - and she slipped.

Instinctively, James caught her, pulling her tightly against him. One arm was around her waist, the other was lower, cupping her ass. Her arms had been thrown around his neck in an instinctive move.

Both of their bodies thrummed with arousal as they stared in each others eyes.

"We... should probably..." Luke said, weakly. Her arms, however, remained locked around James' neck.

"Yeah..." James agreed, his arms still around her. His voice was low and husky. His hand on her ass slowly slid a little bit, the lightly tightened.

Luke gasped at the pleasurable sensation. "This... isn't a good idea..." She said, as began oh-so-slowly grinding her shoulders, dragging her breasts and highly charged nipples back and forth over James' chest, producing incredible sensations.

"This is wrong..." James agreed... then kissed her. And she kissed back, passionately.

It happens all the time, all over the world - two people, who know that they shouldn't, are overwhelmed by their passions. And so it was as the two friends kissed hungrily, their tongues entwining erotically around each other.

Still kissing hungrily, James lifted Luke and carried her from the shower. Water pattered from their wet bodies as James brought her to the large master bedroom, and lay her on the bed.

Breaking from the kiss, James' hands and lips went to her tits. Luke, caught up in the incredible sensation, closed her eyes and moaned in pleasure as James skillfully fondled, kissed, caressed and sucked her huge tits.

Then James slid one muscular leg over her slender ones, pulling himself up. Instinctively, Luke shifted her hips, pulling her legs up and open, as James hard cock hovered between her silken thighs...

...then slid deep into her hot, wet cunt.

Luke moaned intently as James' large cock filled her utterly and completely. It was like nothing she'd ever experienced, a complete sensation of fulfillment... and it only grew as James began to rhythmically slide in and out, slowly building in speed.

As his pace increased, so did the incredible sensations rocking her body. She began to moan louder, her eyes sliding close as she tossed her head side to side, lost in the erotic sensations sweeping over her body in waves.

"Uhhnnnn... harder..." Luke moaned. She began to thrust her hips in time with James' thrusts, instinctively trying to maximize the sensations she was experiencing.

James complied. His rhythm became more primal, harder and faster as he drove his cock into her. He gasped at the sensations he was feeling as well, but the sound was overridden by Luke's increasing moans as she neared the edge...

..and tumbled over.

She screamed as the first orgasm took her. It was more intense than any she'd ever felt as a man - and also more satisfying, internal rather than external. It was followed in quick sensation by three lesser 'aftershocks as she cunt tightened on his cock, increasing the friction.

Which was enough to make James cum. He too cried out as his cock spurted hot cum into Luke's new womanhood, and he strained forward against her silken tightness, penetrating her to the limit as he shot his load deep into her.

Finally, spent, James slumped to the bed beside Luke. Slowly, their minds cleared as they lay beside each other. Luke was slowly caressing her enormous tits, enjoying the lingering warmth of the incredible orgasms.

James blinked and looked over at the woman he'd just had sex with... then his eyes began to widen. "Oh.. my.. Hod.." James stammered, slowly sliding away.

Luke looked over at the sound of his voice. She, too, was beginning to realize - truly realize - what had just happened. Guilt and mild disgust tried to rise in her still-male mind - but the sheer pleasure of the experience was still too new, overriding the other feelings.

James, however, had ample experience in dealing with what his own orgasm felt like. Now that the lust was fading, the other emotions that replaced were a lot more disturbing.

"James..." Luke started to say - and the sound was enough to snap James all the way, to drive home what had just happened. "I... I fucked you..." James stammered, backing away from the bed. "I just raped my best friend!"

And before Luke could say anything else, James turned and fled the room.

Luke pushed herself up on her elbows, staring after him. She opened her mouth to call after him, but the sound of him bashing down the stairs told her it would be useless. Instead, she slumped back in the bed and stared up at the ceiling, trying to work out what she herself was feeling.

There were the emotions she'd expected to feel - the feeling that it had been wrong, so very wrong. But they were amazingly weak - overridden by the feeling that it had been oh-so-right.

Not just physically - it had been fantastic physically - but emotionally as well. James and her had been friends for years, sharing that bond - but that was as far as it had gone, as they were both male, and neither one was gay.

But now she was female. And although her male mind was insisting that what had just happened made her gay, her body - the very existence of the cunt that she'd just had filled - argued against it. Even more, all her hormones insisted that this was right. Emotionally, she liked - had always liked - James. A lot. But with her new body and hormones, she also found him amazingly attractive.

She hadn't planned for this to happen. In fact, if it had come up before, she would have argued strenuously against it. But that had been an ingrained response - like a child refusing to try a new food. And, like that child, once she'd experienced it, she came to the startling realization that she'd enjoyed, utterly and completely. She like the way she felt when James kissed her, held her....

In fact, she also realized something else.

She couldn't go back again. Not after this - it would be like a blind person who had learned to see. Everything might be new, and confusing, and a little scary - but there was no way that she would go back to being 'blind' again.

She was a woman - and she was madly, passionately in love with James. In fact, you could probably say she had always been in love with James, in a non-sexual manner when she'd been male. But the culture she lived in refused to admit that - you could call it all sorts of things, including 'they were like brothers', which implied the love - but unless you were drunk or comforting them after a death, you never said the truth - I love you.

Only, now she could. And it was no longer a platonic love - it was very definitely sexual.

Now, all she had to do was make James understand that things had changed. After all - wasn't doing things you wouldn't do at other times, with other people, one of the definitions of love?

Laying back in the bed, Luke waited for her friend.

* * * * *

"What have I done?" James whispered for perhaps the hundredth time as he paced in short, jerky steps in the basement. His hands were running idly through his close cropped hair as he tried to come to grips with what had happened.

But he couldn't. He'd had sex with Luke. There was no denying that fact. That fact that Luke was a woman made it worse - not better. He'd be disgusted with himself if he'd indulged in sex with another guy - but this was worse. Not only had he taken advantage of his friend's condition - he wanted to do it again. He was attracted - very attracted - to the female Luke. He wanted to make love to Luke - he wanted things to stay like this

He was sick. His friend was in misfortune, and he couldn't stop dwelling on how much he was attracted - emotionally and physically - to her. Not only had he done it - he'd do it again. He was the worst human on the face of the planet, ruled by his baser urges, unable to control himself.

Doing things to somebody that you shouldn't do at any time, with anybody - wasn't that sort of a definition for 'psychotic?' Finally, James came to a decision. Looking down, he knew what he had to do, what the penance for his crime was.

Pulling the penknife from his jeans, James opened the small but sharp blade. Bracing himself, he braced the blade against his wrist - and cut....

* * * * *

Luke cursed as she maneuvered down the narrow staircase to the basement. "James?" She called again, and once more received no reply.

After waiting for two hours, she'd become extremely worried. Laboriously, she'd hauled herself out of the bed and, using the walls for support, had slowly and laboriously made her way around, the house, looking for James. Now, fear burned deep in the pit of her stomach. She would have heard the door if he'd left, yet there was no response, and this was the last place in the house...

Suddenly, Luke caught her breath, and her hand flew to her mouth. "James!"

She tried to rush to the unmoving figure that lay on the floor in a pool of liquid - but stumbled. She ignored the pain as her knees contacted the cement floor, and grabbed James' hand with her own. "Oh.. why?"

James' eyes blinked open. "Luke?"

Slowly, the tall, muscular woman with the huge breasts - although not as big as Luke's - sat upright, her torn clothing soaked with the serum she'd poured over the cut in her wrist. She looked down at her new, smoothly muscled feminine body. "I guess it worked..." She said inanely, trying to cope with the new sensations.

Luke was holding back tears. "James - why did you do this? I... it didn't..."

James leaned forward and embraced Luke, their huge bosoms pressing together. "It's okay, Luke - I had to do this." She looked Luke in the eye. "I... I know that you might not be as attracted to me as much like this..."

Luke, with a start, realized that wasn't true, exactly. She was still attracted to James - but in a... different way. Her male mind found the female James sexually attractive, where her female hormones found men attractive. But she didn't interrupt James to tell her this.

"...but I still find you attractive." James continued. "And..." she cast her eyes downward. "Luke - whatever you go through, I'm going to go through. You're... the most important person in the world to me. I know that we don't tell each other this - but it's true." She looked up again, meeting Luke's eyes. "I don't know what happens now, where we go from here. But whatever happened - we go through it together."

The tears began to run down Luke's cheeks as she lost control. "James - that's the most perfect description of Love that I've ever heard." She hesitated, then said it. "James - I love you."

James tightened her embrace. "I love you too..." She paused. "You know - we're going to have to pick some new names for ourselves."

Luke blinked. "Yeah. We're going to have to do a lot more than that though. How do we explain this? What do we do now?" She began to worry as the truth impacted on her. "I mean, we can't claim to be ourselves - and 'we' are now missing "

Gently, James kissed her - a kiss that soon deepened into passion. "It'll be all right." James said. "We'll work it out - somehow."

Pushing herself off the floor, the well-muscled new woman helped Luke off the floor, and began to assist her up the stairs. "But you're going to have to learn how to balance with those tits of yours."

Looking over at the person who voluntarily gave up manhood for her, Luke smiled. "I think I can make that sacrifice." James smiled back at her. "Great. Now - how about some lunch?"

And Luke had to laugh - no matter what gender, James was - and always would be - the same person deep inside. Which made her realize, with a warm glow - she was too.

Maybe - just maybe - everything would work out, after all.

 BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Using a "dream walking" chant that he learned from an old Indian, one man goes into a dream state only to find that he didn't really understand how to control his new world and ends up female.

Dreamwalker

By Gunslinger

Working his mouth at the bitter taste of the tworoot tea, Dave settled his lean, naked body onto the sofa cushion he'd placed in front of the low, faux-oak coffee table in the center of the living room.

He'd adjusted the temperature so that, even naked, he didn't feel uncomfortable being as baby-naked as the day he was born. Physically speaking, of course - proud of his lean, well-muscled body, Dave was never ashamed to show off how trim he was. With his dark hair worn somewhat long and loose, framing a hawk-like face with dark, intense eyes, he knew there was a sort of animal attraction many women found nigh irresistible.

It was more than the appearance of intensity, as well - Dave, as anybody who'd ever met him could attest to, was every bit as intense a young man as he appeared. Everything he did, no matter what it might be, was done with that same intensity. Some of the women initially attracted to him by that look of single-minded attention he gave any task he set his mind to sometime hurried away, frightened by the dark passion he invested. Others, however, found being at the center of that dark flame even more exciting...until he tired of them, and turned his intense passion onto the next topic.

Which, at the moment, was the golden glow of a fat, black wax candle sitting on a saucer in the middle of the coffee table.

The saucer was black, as was the cloth draping the table. With the lights off and night pressing hard against the windows, the steady flame of the fat candle seemed to float in mid air, as if nothing in the universe existed but that one, tapering flame.

Just as Marcus Loonfeather had taught him.

For the briefest of instants, a touch of guilt brushed at Dave's consciousness. After all, the old Indian had made Dave swear never, ever to attempt a Walk by himself.

Dave banished the momentary guilt easily. Regret for his actions were not part of Dave's personality - everything he did, he did in the utter surety that he was in the right, his intensity allowing no doubt of his own decisions or actions. When he'd first heard of Dreamwalking from the 'crazy old Indian' who claimed to be a shaman, Dave had dedicated himself to learning whether or not it was true, or merely some crazy old man's delusion. For the past three weeks, he'd been paying Marcus to teach him the basics, barely

restraining himself as he listened to the doddering old fools repeated warnings about the dangers of Walking. Marcus, stringing him along with painfully slow lessons that were clearly a bid to earn more money over a longer period of time, had been giving away more than he'd thought - and now, Dave was sure, he now knew enough to try it himself, without having to put up with the gray-haired old fool any longer. If nothing happened tonight, then Marcus was a senile madman - and if it did work, then obviously Dave needed no more instruction. Either way, Marcus had seen the last dollar he'd ever get from Dave.

Taking a deep breath, Dave focused all of his intense concentration on the flame that appeared to float alone in a sea of darkness. "I am dreaming." Dave chanted, softly. "This is a dream, and I am the dreamer..."

His voice low and steady, he repeated the words over and over again, as Marcus had taught. Gradually, the words felt so familiar in his mouth that he stopped having to consciously think of them. Unbidden, they continued to emerge, while the last bit of his conscious attention was freed to focus on the flame, and nothing but the flame...

"I am dreaming." Dave chanted, focusing. "This is a dream, and I am the dreamer." "I am dreaming. This is a dream, and I am the dreamer."

"I am dreaming." "This is a dream..."

'...and I am the dreamer.'

With a start, Dave's eyes popped open.

He was still sitting, naked and cross-legged, on the sofa cushion. Before him, the table, draped in black, sat, and with it the black saucer....

...but the candle, flame fluttering ever so slightly, was now a gleaming fat cylinder of white wax.

The golden glow of that flame seemed no *brighter* - and yet, somehow, the room itself was better lit, that same light somehow seeming to reach further, to stay nearly as bright as it splashed off the walls and furnishings of Dave's living room.

'I did it', Dave thought, not without a certain amount of surprise - surprise that redoubled when he heard his own voice say those

very words even as he thought them.

"Why did I say that out loud?" Dave wondered - and again heard the words emerge from his mouth...

...and then, slowly, he began to grin.

"Because I'm in the Dream World." He told himself, still bemused that this half-crazy notion had actually worked.

To Dave, it seemed as if he were 'really' here - but this was not a place of body, but of mind. That was why his thoughts emerged as words, because here his body was merely a remembered reflection of what his mind expected to feel, and so words thought here were also spoken simultaneous with the thought.

He looked around the familiar room with a small smile. It was nothing impressive, just the living room of an affordable two-bedroom apartment, but that wasn't why he was smiling - he was smiling at the fact he'd successfully done something he wasn't even sure was possible.

"I am dreaming." Dave suddenly found himself saying. "This is a dream, and I am the dreamer." Of course - the chant. The one he'd repeated over and over until it was practically second nature.

As it had to be - not only because you had to be able to stop thinking about what you were saying in order to focus all your attention on the flame to *enter* the Dream World - but also because, without the chant, you could quite easily stop Walking.

Not that it was any big thing, in the great scheme of things - but Dave didn't want it to happen, anyway. After all, if he forgot, even for a moment, that this was really a dream and he was the dreamer, then he would stop Walking the dream, and merely be in it - asleep, and dreaming as normally as anybody else.

No, he liked Walking the dream, of having control over the world of the collective unconscious where the dream resided... Speaking of which...

Taking a deep breath, Dave concentrated, turning his attention to one of the aspects of Walking he'd been told about - and, once again, Marcus' words proved to be more than the insanity so many took them for, because a comfortable pair of track pants and a white t-shirt formed themselves around Dave's body.

Here, conscious and Walking the dream, he had control over so many things.

The clothes were chosen almost subconsciously - but that was a moot point, because here in the world of the dream, subconscious and conscious were mostly one and the same. When he'd thought of clothing, he'd found himself wearing the same thing he might have 'thrown on' when rolling out of bed. A second later, the clothing writhed and changed - this time, to an expensive, dark-gray tailored suit that showed off his lean body to perfection.

"*Much* better..." He thought/said, running a hand across the smooth, soft material.

Yes - he liked this. Here, things were - by definition - exactly as he thought they should be.

Smiling a tight, intense little smile, Dave once again muttered the Dream Chant without really thinking about it, then decided it was time to explore a world that did his bidding.

Crossing the living room in that strangely-bright golden candlelight, he moved into the shadowed hallway that led past the kitchen to the door of his apartment. Here, the wall of the kitchen blocked the direct glow of the candle - and yet, even here it wasn't as dark as it should have been, *would* have been, in the waking world. Though dim, there seemed to be a strange, direction less gray light that kept it from being pitch black.

Yet another oddity of the dream world for him to not, Dave thought/said to himself as he reached out for the door handle...

...and, startled, found himself instead walking straight through the closed door.

It took a second for him to catch his breath on the other side of the door, as he stood in the middle of a hallway lit by the fluorescent tubes above. Obviously, the rules for interacting with the dream world were considerably stranger than he'd assumed. For a moment, he felt a sense of unease, the thought that maybe he should have allowed Marcus time for a few more lessons about what to expect - but then, as always, Dave put aside any doubts, and squared his shoulders under the fabric of the fine suit. Head held high, he strode off down the hallway, wondering where he should go, what he should do in the strange new world of the Walk.

The thought and action occurred simultaneously, as it must in this world where thought was action. Even as it occurred to him, he simply turned and walked through the door to the nearest apartment.

Even as he stepped through what would have been a solid, and undoubtedly locked, door in the real world, he realized he needn't necessarily use the door - had it occurred to him before he'd done it, he could have easily as stepped through a wall as a door.

Nevertheless, it mattered little - 'real' objects, in the dream world, couldn't be interacted with. Pushing the thought aside, he almost unconsciously repeated the chant as he looked around.

The layout of this apartment was almost identical to Dave's own, though mirror reversed - the hallway from the front door, rather than running down the left side of the kitchen, ran down the right. The walls were painted the same off-white color, however, and the same industrial-grade carpeting lay on the floor.

Amused at how easy it was to 'break and enter', Dave momentarily considered heading out to a bank or two as he wandered down the short hallway. It was nothing more than a moment's idle speculation, though, for it would do no good. He could not only not take the money back into the waking world with him, he wouldn't even be able to move the 'real' money. On the other hand...

A thick, banded stack of hundred dollar bills appeared in his hand - and then, just as quickly, vanished. It was both as real and as 'fake' as anything in the dreaming world, and had as little value in the waking one, which was to say, none at all. Sighing slightly, Dave stepped into the apartment's living room.

It wasn't nearly as neat nor as nice as his own. A bachelor himself, Dave wasn't as fussy about housekeeping as women seemed to be, but his intensity in all things applied to how he kept his house, as well - when he cleaned, he *cleaned*.

By comparison, this place was a pigsty.

Oh, it wasn't really filthy. There was no foul odor to speak of true filth, just the slight mustiness that said the place hadn't been aired out recently. Clutter, more than dirt. Nevertheless, the place had a slovenly air to it, unkempt, without any real sense of order imposed upon the items scattered about the mismatched furnishings.

With a wry twist to his lips and a grunt of distaste, Dave eyed the slovenly room, already planning to leave - but not quite enough for it to have become action, because he hadn't quite made the decision. Instead, he idly moved around the room, peeking here and peering there. There was a strange sort of voyeuristic thrill to look around another person's home, uninvited, with no chance of being found out.

The couch, a somewhat tattered thing upholstered in brown velour, was pushed up against the western wall, and was, for this room, fairly uncluttered. Indeed, aside from a plump cushion at one end and a worn old blanket half-off the other, the only other item on the couch cushions was a cheap-looking paperback book. It lay open but face-down near the plump cushion, its blue-edged newsprint pages dog-eared and well-thumbed.

Curiosity slightly pricked, Dave once more found thought becoming action as he leaned forward to peer at the cover - and his eyebrows climbed high on his forehead as he ogled the lurid illustration gracing the front.

'Big' was the first thought that came to mind on spotting the water-colored woman illustrating the front cover of that novel.

Oh, the drawn-and-painted woman wasn't even slightly *fat*. Nor was she 'sturdy', 'husky', or 'plump'. The adjective 'big' didn't not apply to any of these concepts at all.

No, it was 'merely' that every thing about the illustration was over-the-top.

The hair, colored an improbable shade of yellow, was even more improbably in its shear, bouffant mass - it rose high above her head, held in place by an equally 'big' pink bow, before finally spilling down in a big golden flow more like a thick cape than a hairstyle.

The eyes painted on that face were also big - huge, bright-blue eyes drawn in such a way as to suggest that not so much as a single thought had ever floated through the woman's head.

Her lips, the same shade of pink as the massive bow, were bow-like themselves.. and of course, full to the point of caricature, as over-the-top 'big' as the huge, chandelier-like diamond earrings she sported, or the equally tacky necklace.

The dress she wore was supposed to be the type of cocktail dress popular in the forties and fifties. The bodice-style top was illustrated with little gleams to show glittering sequins, while the skirt - short, but 'big' in it's puffy way - was layers of what was supposed to be alternating strips of white and pink, gauze-like fabric.

The skirt was barely long enough to reach the fancy, decorative tops of her garter-supported white-lace nylons. At the other end of those long legs, she wore 'big' pink platform shoes with ridiculously high, slender heels.

Her hips and ass were likewise exaggerated to almost outlandishly round, shapely proportions - but above and an equally improbably waist of wasp-like slenderness lay the biggest thing about her, the massive breasts barely restrained by the skin-tight top, the edge of each utterly massive pink nipple clearly shown.

Dave shook his head in disbelief and grunted softly to himself. He recognized the artist even before spotting the signature - Will Board, known for such outlandishly-proportioned women in his illustrations.

"Ridiculous!" Dave snorted - then paused, voicing his thoughts as they formed: "I wonder if a woman with tits that big could even stand upright, much less in heels that high..."

He swayed slightly.

Confused, he straightened and looked down at himself...

...and full, gloss-pink lips opened into a perfect 'O' of shock as he gaped down at the massive flesh spheres thrust defiantly forward from his chest, the glittering white-sequined neckline of the bodice-top almost lost under the horizon of the spheres of tit-flesh.

"Holy shit - I turned myself into a chick!" He thought/squealed in a high-pitched breathy voice completely unlike his own, but completely fitting the massive bust-line before his huge blue eyes.

He started to form the thought of his own body again - but before it coalesced, he found himself voicing the first thought that zipped through his mind: "I wonder what this looks like as a living woman..."

He whirled, feeling decidedly strange as he did so, for it was a tight little whirl done on what felt like eight-foot-stilts, and was accompanied by an even stranger feeling that could only be the cool breeze motion created ghosting over smooth, nylon-encased legs... and then he was gaping at the reflection presented by the three-way mirror thought had formed.

In something very near disbelief, he stared at himself...

...or, rather, *herself*.

It was the woman on the cover of the book - and yet, at the same time, it wasn't.

"It's as if an actual woman had spent a fortune on plastic surgery to get as close to the illustration as humanly possible." She said in that ridiculous, slightly lisping soprano, staring in wide-eyed amazement at the almost impossibly proportioned woman gaping back from the mirrors.

Withy liposuction and collagen injections, cheek and chin implants, eyelid surgery and colored contacts, a couple years of hair growth and a dye-job, and many rounds of breast-enlargement surgery, it was just barely possible that a 'real' woman could be turned into the reflection in the mirror. If the woman in question had been tall and leggy, broad of hip and full of bust to begin with, then perhaps...

...but, even then, just barely - and Dave couldn't imagine any woman willingly transforming themselves into the cartoon-like woman his/her own vagrant thoughts had just transformed her into. That face, with its broad, high cheekbones and huge blue eyes, gaped foolishly at the reflection, full pink lips still hanging open to expose almost impossibly white, regular teeth. Gaped in shock at the over- all impression of the leggy woman with the head of hair so thick and massive that it seemed to weigh a ton... but mainly, stared at the unbelievable massive breasts, each easily as large as a medicine ball, and feeling almost as heavy.

Slender fingers tipped with hot-pink nails that had to be at least three inches long started to rise towards those massive, fleshy spheres, thought made action, even before the thought of changing herself back could fully form...

...and once more she was distracted, this time by something she saw in the mirror. A strange oblong haze forming on the couch behind her.

She whirled anew, barely aware of the mirror vanishing behind her as she spun- in this strange world, where thought and reality intertwined so closely, she couldn't think/do multiple things at one, and the struggling attempt to regain her own form was doomed even as what thought she could spare was used for motion, turning her and bringing her gaze to bear on the thickening mist on the couch.

A mist that was rapidly coalescing into something recognizable...

"What the hell...?" The spoken thought popping from her full lips unbidden, and once more cutting short her attempt to transform, even as realization pushed the next attempt aside with more words: "It's somebody who fell asleep entering a dream!"

The thought that followed immediately on the heels of one that was both obvious and upsetting: "I have to get out of here!"

She would have much preferred to return to her own, male body first, then leave - but as bad as the thought of being seen in this ridiculous form was, the thought of being seen at all was worse, because she knew she had no real right to be in

somebody else's apartment, dream or not. That was the thought that formed first, and hence, the one she obeyed first, her body moving with an impossible skill in the ridiculously high heels, a skill as 'real' as the money she'd momentarily created.

Her feet refused to move in anything but short little 'sissy steps', and she almost managed to fully-form the thought of her own body - but was helplessly distracted, instead, by the strange sensations of the new body, which prompted her to think/voice something: "Geez, this huge boobs feel really weird! A real woman's tits can't possibly be this sensitive - every step I take cause them to jiggle and bounce, and it feels so... good!"

She didn't want to admit that last, but the thought had formed, and so the words emerged - and, again, thought becoming action, she found her hands rising up to cup her massive tits and give them a light, testing squeeze.

"Oh, shit, that feels great!" She gasped, as helpless to stop herself from voicing that unwilling truth as she'd been to keep her hands from her massive new tits in the first place. Shocked and worried, concerned about the dreamed entering the dream, she helplessly found her head swiveling to look over one shoulder, unable to take her hands down from her massive and unbelievably sensitive tits as another thought/action was in play.

She felt the massive cape of silken hair brush over her slender, milky shoulder as her head turned, followed an instant later by the cool touch of the huge earring moving over warm flesh - then her huge blue eyes were able to focus on the figure laying on the couch.

It was a young man or perhaps twenty. Pale, with a thick shock of medium-brown hair, with a stocky build that, given his beer-belly, would move on into 'fat' before he saw thirty. He was laying sprawled on the couch, the novel now resting on his chest, wearing only a pair of white boxer shorts...

...and his brown eyes were open, and looking right at her.

Right at the huge-breasted blonde in high heels, turned three-quarters of the way from him, her bubble-but thrust in her direction and her hands cupping her over-sized tits as she looked back over her shoulder at him.

As he stretched and sat up on the couch, he didn't even seem the slightest bit surprised to see her standing there.

Which, in a way, made perfect sense - after all, he wasn't Walking - he was just a guy having a dream, and in dreams many things could happen that, waking, would be strange or downright impossible, and yet taken as completely normal while in a dream.

So, that made immediate sense - what didn't, however, was the fact that she hadn't voice the sudden realization, as she had been voicing all other thoughts until just that second.

In fact, she wasn't saying - or doing - anything, even though she was now desperately trying to leave. Failing at that, she tried to remake herself a man to face the stout young man's long, obviously well-enjoyed look at her ridiculous figure - and failed.

Struggling to do or say anything, Dave wondered what the hell was happening, why she couldn't seem to control the motions of the body she was now in, much less transform it into the one she wanted...

"Wow..." The brunet said, eying her. "You look.. incredible..." Annoyance, anger and distaste flared in Dave...

...which made it all the more shocking when her full lips parted, and she spoke: "Gee, (*tee hee*), you really think so...?"

'What the...?' Dave thought, shocked - and, even more shocked, realized it was the first thought, separate from his conscious mind, that he - or, as it now was, she - had had since starting the Chant.

Then a cold chill ran through her mind as she realized she hadn't repeated the chant recently.

Too caught up in what had been going on, too busy moving and reacting to allow anything but the current thought/action or thought/words, she'd missed the grounding chant.

She was still alert and aware, still in the world of Dreams...

...but she was no longer the Dreamer. The brunet was.

'Oh, shit...!' This was... bad. Very bad.

Very, **very** bad...

...and about to get a whole lot worse.

"You're kinda cute, too!" She helplessly heard herself say, with a giggle - and, inside, her mind screamed briefly as she gave a metaphysical shudder.

In that instant, he'd *become* cute.

Oh, not a single thing about him had changed - but her perception of him had, for just as she spoken each thought before, it now worked in reverse, and as this man's dreams made her voice a thought, the thought itself formed in her mind - unbidden, unwanted, but there, and as real as any 'real' thought she'd ever had for herself.

*'God, no- I don't want to find a man, **any** man, 'cute!'* She screamed at herself inside her mind - but that didn't change the fact that, now, she did think him exactly that.

It was as strong and as real as any other thought she'd ever had - as real and as valid as any time Dave had looked at a girl and found her 'cute'.

The thought, flaring briefly through her mind like a meteor through the night, faded, as any other thought might have, and his 'cuteness' began to diminish even as she smiled at him... but the *memory* of the thought remained, and with it overtones and implications that would keep a certain amount of his 'cuteness' apparent to her, even if he didn't dream her into saying or doing anything that caused a recurrence of the thought.

She was trapped in a dream of his weaving, and it was more than just her body obeying his desires like a puppet on a string - what he wanted from her, she had to give, and that extended itself to what she *felt*, as well as what she did.

Helpless to stop herself, she found herself moving towards the couch in a slow, hip-swaying walk. The smile on her full, firm lips was warm and welcoming, and unbidden shivers of anticipated pleasure raced up and down her spine...

...and all of it drove home the difference between this unknown man smiling at her from the couch, and the man she'd so recently been.

'He **cares**...!' She thought to herself in shock, feeling unwanted excitement racing through her body. 'He actually wants me to enjoy this. Not to be 'forced', but to actually... **want** to do these things.'

It was, of course, 'just a dream' - but awake or asleep, a person's mind was a person's mind. In her male fantasies, the unreal woman was just a playing, a shade to bring him pleasure - and that was a reflection of real life, where he cared less about a woman than his own immediate pleasures. Whoever this man was, he wanted a woman to enjoy what they were doing together as much as he did - and in his dreams, that fantasy became real.

A fantasy she was now trapped in the middle of.

The worst was that she knew what was coming - and that she was unable to do a single thing to stop herself. She was utterly helpless, cast into a role she must play, and she couldn't even control what it was that she felt, much less what it was that she did.

With absolutely no choice in the matter, she walked over to sit beside him on the couch, lowering her firm, full ass to the cushions right beside the man, until she had all-but-draped herself around him. It was almost literal, her slender new arms going around his neck as she pressed her overly lush, ripe body firmly against his.

'This is just a dream!' She tried to tell herself. *'It isn't real!'* It didn't help.

Intellectually, she knew it was true - she wasn't 'really' feeling any of this. In fact, she wasn't even 'unreally' feeling any of this, either - after all, she wasn't really a woman, and didn't know what anything a woman might experience would feel like. The closest thing to describe what she was going through is what her own imagination thought a woman might feel as these things happened.

Not that it mattered - when he began caressing one long, nylon-clad leg, it certainly felt real enough to any sense she'd care to name.

"Wow.. you really are gorgeous..." He told her - and, as for one brief moment, she actually did believe this ridiculously top-heavy form was 'gorgeous'.

Even as that momentary conviction filled her, he pulled her mouth closer - and kissed her.

She'd kissed enough women in her time to give her mind plenty to work with. The way their lips pressed together, a soft moan of unfeigned pleasure coming from her throat. The slow, moist dance of their tongues. The warmth of their bodies pressed tightly to one another, with but thin cloth separating them, and in some places not even that.

Physically, it felt... just like a real kiss.

Inside, she shuddered in disgust over the fact she was kissing a man - until, after what seemed an eternity, they broke apart and she helplessly fulfilled his desires by saying, "That was wonderful."

As she spoke the words, memory momentarily changed, and she herself actually believed she had thoroughly enjoyed the kiss - and even as that unwanted conviction faded, the taint of it remained, leaving her with two memories of the same kiss, one that thoroughly disgusted her even as she was forced to enjoy the physical aspects of it... and the other, where she loved it from beginning to end.

"Well, then..." He said, grinning, "You'll love a second kiss just as much..." Since it was his fantasy, she did. Every damned second of the long, deep kiss. Not that 'kiss' was the only thing he did. Oh, no...

Given the cover of the novel the guy had fallen asleep reading, it was no surprise when his hand moved upwards from her leg to her massive, round breasts. Lightly, almost teasingly, he played with her massive mounds, sending unwanted pleasure through her new body - and when his other hand slipped down behind her back to unzip the dress to bare her silky smooth flesh to his hand, the pleasure only increased.

Then, a moment later, it redoubled.

It turned out there was nothing under that dress but a garter belt and a whole hell of a lot of her. Now naked but for garters, stockings, heels, and jewelry, she helplessly let herself be pulled around until she was straddling him, allowing hands and mouth full access to more of her body. At first, it was just his hands roaming over her massive breasts as he continued kissing her, but then his lips sank down to nuzzle her breasts, to lick and suck on her massive and now fully engorged pink nipples, while his hands once more roamed over her nylon-clad legs, working their way up over her thighs and past the garter, until they were cupping her fully firm ass.

All through this, his fantasy had her murmuring words of encouragement, small sounds of pleasure - sounds and words that, moment by moment, described what, willing or not, she was feeling and thinking.

So, when he 'made' her cry out that she wanted him inside of her hot, wet pussy, she was actually happy when he obliged her. His hands tightened on her buttocks as she rose, and he helped her position herself over him - and then she sank down, impaling herself fully on his hard, throbbing cock.

"Oh, God, Yes!" She cried out as pleasure ran through her at being filled - and fulfilled - by his manhood, and even she couldn't tell whether it was the words causing the pleasure, or the pleasure causing the words.

As intense as that first moment was, it only grew as they began to rock together on the couch, his fantasy allowing him to match her moves as if he was perfectly synchronized with her. His hands roamed all over the warm, smooth flesh of her incredible body, whispering to her, praising her, encouraging her, while she murmured back like words of pleasure and enjoyment, no longer able to tell where her own desires and the ones imposed on her intermingled. Pleasure flooded through her, tingled down every nerve ending, as she rode at an increasing pace atop him, the moistness of her womanhood seeming to embrace the rigidity of his intensely pleasurable manhood.

Somewhere, in the back of her mind, she knew that she was 'merely' feeling her own imaginary conception of what sex like a woman must feel like, and it was probably nothing like what a real woman would feel - but that made it now less intense, no less *real* for her.

Sex, for a man, consisted mainly of sensations from one portion of the body - while this was ebbing and waning, flowing and throbbing, through every fiber of her imaginary body.

As unbelievably intense as all that might have been, it was nothing at all compared to what happened to her when the man she was busy having sex with decided it was time for them both reach simultaneous orgasm.

This time, she knew the scream of pleasure torn from her throat was voluntary. There could be no way to hold in the pleasure she felt as her entire body convulsed around the burning moist center of her pleasure, tossing her atop him like a wet sack as the orgasm overrode nerve endings, tearing through her body with a force she couldn't imagine, much less control. She thrashed and writhed, burying his head in the seemingly endless cleavage of her massive breasts, until the last, flaring echo of orgasm made its way through her and left her sagging and gasping with the intensity - the *immensity* - of it all.

"God..." he muttered into that massive chasm of cleavage. "that was... amazing."

She agreed, without reservation... but there was something strange about his words - not just muffled, but somehow... weak. Watery.

Just like he, himself, as he seemed to soften under her in more than the expected way. He was leaving the dream.

Since, at the moment, she was merely part of his dream, no longer a Walker, so too did she find herself departing the world of dreams. It wasn't just the man upon whom she was mounted who seemed hazy, indistinct - everything around her was growing dim, hazy, unreal....

* * * * *

With a gasp, Dave sat bolt upright, heart pounding.

For a moment, he simply stared around him, his eyes wild and with no sign of recognition for his surroundings. His hands, as if separate entities, fluttered around his body and face, touching, feeling, judging, as if something unfamiliar.

Slowly, the pounding heart slowed, and the sweaty body stilled. The smell of hot wax registered, and eyes regaining some semblance of control turned to look at the thick, eight-hour black candle, burned less than one-quarter of its way down.

His rapid panting was slowing to something near normal, but his hand lightly rose again to lightly touch the flat, slightly hairy flesh of his chest.

"A woman.. I was a woman with huge tits " He gasped to himself, frowning slightly at the voice that emerged, then relaxing anew.

"I'm me again " Dave sighed.

It was over. He was awake, and back in the body that, in reality, he'd never left. As real and intense as the whole thing had seemed it had been, after all, 'just a dream'.

Just a dream. Harmless...

...and intensely pleasurable.

More so than any 'real', male experience he'd ever had.

Hands still lightly roaming his chest, as if looking for something that should be there, he turned to look at the candle, licking dry lips nervously.

"I... am dreaming." Dave said, hoarsely nervous voice growing stronger, more certain - even eager - with each syllable. "This is a dream, and I am the dreamer "

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A drug addicted young med. student, steals a drug that he thinks will feed his habit, only to discover that he has taken a drug which turns him into a sex starved bimbo with huge tits who loves to suck cock.

The Drug

By Gunslinger

The buzzing fluorescent lights still kept the institutional-green hallways as brightly lit as daylight. The soft whirring of ventilators and air- conditioning units continued their ceaseless humming. The electrical and mechanical systems, with no concept of day and night, hummed, clicked and whirred along as efficiently as if the building was humming with activity.

But the building lay silent in the small, quiet hours of the morning, it's rooms empty except for the occasional member of the custodial staff going about their duties, or the few remaining doctors or interns burning the midnight oil.

The hospital was a teaching a research hospital, endowed with a grant by the local medical school. Lacking an ER, the hospital only performed scheduled operations, for the benefit of students or researchers. Unlike a 'real' hospital, the building became silent and deserted as the staff worked regular eight-to-eight shifts.

Through the silent hallways moved a slender young man, dressed in the white uniform of a medical student. Clipped to the pocket of his shirt was an identification card allowing him access to the hospital. It was a real card, and in fact was even the young man's card, with the usually poor photo of his intense face topped with a careless mass of blond hair, and his name - 'Thomas Bedsloe - on it. But a closer inspection of the card would have revealed that it had expired the week before.

Thankfully, the bored security guard hadn't looked that closely at it, waving the 'med student' through languidly. If the over-weight guard lounging at his desk had actually read his weekly bulletins, he would have learned that one T. Bedsloe was to be refused access to the entire campus, having been expelled for drug use - drugs that he had stolen from the hospital's supply room, as a matter of fact.

That is where Tom was heading now. With one last look around, he ducked into the darkened storage room, closing and locking the door behind him. He even went so far as to stuff a couple of surgical gowns along the bottom of the door, so that when he turned on the light, none would show through the crack.

With a sigh, Tom relaxed and leaned against a convenient wall, his heart pounding as the adrenaline surged through his system.

He was taking a big risk coming in one last time. Before, he'd only ever pilfered a little at a time, just enough for his immediate needs. Now, he had to take a large enough supply to last him for some time - he simply couldn't afford the street price of the drugs he needed.

And need them he did. It hadn't ever been his intention to become a drug addict. In fact, he was one of the very few drug users in the world who could honestly claim that his addiction wasn't his fault. The reason why he was a drug addict all

stemmed from an unscrupulous med student at the same school, eager to make as much cash as possible before his low marks flunked him out at the end of the semester. So, he'd thrown a big party, with free booze - using up the last of his cash to do so.

At the end of the evening, when everyone else had staggered off, the student had been left with a half a dozen students passed out in his rented house.

It was these ones that he'd injected with a highly potent - and addictive - neo-morphate. The half dozen students had awakened the next morning helplessly addicted to the high the drug provided. They were also shown some extremely shocking photos of themselves that the student had 'staged', making it appear that they were all involved in a homosexual orgy. One word about this, he warned, and a friend of his at the newspaper would print the photos.

Now, a month later, Tom was disgraced, expelled and addicted. So, he figured he really had nothing to lose by this one last raid. Of course, he really knew better than that, but the drug's hold on him forced him to ignore common sense in search of his next fix.

Now, he looked around the small storeroom, looking for the cardboard boxes containing his drug. When, on the first search, he couldn't locate them, he searched again, becoming desperate.

They weren't there.

Sometime in the past week, the drugs he was looking for had been moved - and he didn't have time to search through the building to find them.

Which meant he'd have to take a substitute. He once more went through the boxes, finding that all of them were from the research division of the hospital, without trade names. Only the chemical prefix system and the compound names were listed, none of which he knew. Tom sat back, trying to dredge up the inorganic and organic medical chemistry classes he'd taken.

Finally, he thought he had it. If he had interpreted the complex chemical code right, the one he wanted was... that one.

Picking up the cardboard box, Tom read the hand-written notation on the top, written in by the researcher, giving the experimental name, the lab code, and the researcher doing the work. HE squinted and read the spiky, tightly-spaced handwriting.

'Series 12 - Neogenestrogenic morphologic biogenaccelerant - compound B - Produced by B. E. Rasputin, Lab 8B, 11/08/98'

Most of the designation was gibberish to Tom, but he sighed in relief at the second word - Morphologic. Although he wasn't familiar with that word, itself, he figured that it was a derivative of 'morphine', verifying that he had the right compound.

He placed the box of vials in his text book bag, along with a more than adequate supply of hypodermic syringes. Shutting off the light in the storeroom, he opened the door a crack to ensure the coast was clear. Satisfied, he left the room, closing it behind him - then walked boldly and swiftly through the halls, looking as if he belonged there. Since he seemed so competent and assured, completely at ease, no one noticed the slightest thing odd about him, and dismissed them from their minds. To many criminals never learned the simple fact that Tom understood instinctively - if you skulked around like a criminal, you got noticed. If you took it easy, looking like you were *supposed* to be doing whatever it was you were doing, few - if any - people questioned you.

So, heart pounding a mile a minute, Tom feigned casual calmness as he walked right past the security guard and out to the parking lot. Climbing into his aging, rusting Toyota, he slumped for a second in relief, then started the engine and headed for home.

He arrived there half an hour later, feeling exhausted. It wasn't only the fact that it had been twenty-four hours since he last slept - it was also the physical exhaustion that came after the initial rush of adrenaline wore off. The more adrenaline the body produced, the worse the fatigue afterward - and Tom's body had been swimming in the hormonal energy.

Barely able to function, he staggered inside, stumbled to his bedroom, and collapsed onto the bed, sound asleep before his head hit the pillow.

Tom didn't dream often - or, more accurately, he dreamed as much as any other person, but remembered none of them in the morning. So it was this time - he awoke at noon, feeling refreshed and alert, with no memory of having dreamed.

He also felt antsy and irritable - a warning sign of withdrawal. Enforcing what little of his self-discipline that remained, he forced himself to shower and shave, and put on a fresh set of clothing - his ever-present pair of jeans, white athletic sock, and baggy sweatshirt. In this case, a dark green one, emblazoned with the garish yellow logo of a local bar.

Then, refusing even to look at the tempting cardboard container laying on his night table, he went to the kitchen, fixed himself a cholesterol-rich breakfast of bacon and eggs, and washed it all down with two cups of coffee, black and sweet.

Only then did he give into his need. Walking back to his bedroom, he sat on his bed. Rolling up the baggy sleeve of his sweatshirt, he eyed the needle marks on the inside of his elbow with distaste. At least, as a medical student, he knew how to do it right. The needle tracks were small and unobtrusive, having done the least amount of damage possible.

Hating himself, he prepared a syringe with twenty CC's of the drug. Swabbing his arms with an alcohol pad, he slid the needle expertly into a vein and depressed the plunger, injecting the fluid into his bloodstream. He swabbed the area again, then the needle. Laying the hypo aside, he leaned back against the headboard and waited for the drug to kick in.

KICK in it did - like a mule. One instant, Tom was sitting there, waiting for whatever effect the new drug was going to have - the next, the entire universe changed.

Time seemed to slow down, everything happening in slow motion while Tom continued to function at normal speed. In the same, never-ending instant, all his senses reached peak sensitivity - and hurtled past that barrier as if it never existed. Sounds became shaper, crisper than the ever had. Colors that he never new existed filled in the shades between the spectrum he knew, allowing him instantly

and obviously see the difference in color between beige, cream, off-white, egg-shell and desert sand - whereas before they had been the same shade to him, now each one had it's own subtle texture and shading.

His sense of smell but any bloodhound to shame. The odor from the breakfast he'd made tantalized his nose, and he could tell, by smell alone, what items of food were in his house, and where.

But it was much, much more than that. He became excruciatingly aware of his own body - it's slow, plodding, awkward shape and movements, it's unpleasant yet bearable masculine musk, the annoying sensations from every single hair on his body... everything.

He rose from the bed, feeling oafish and uncoordinated, his heavy denim jeans like mild sandpaper on his legs. He walked into the living room, feeling the currents of air across his body, seeing everything around him with hyper-acute senses.

Then everything doubled, and he pushed through to a whole new level of awareness.

Everything, inanimate and animate, that surrounded him had emotions - and he could feel those emotions like waves in his head. The fluorescent light streaming from the kitchen was painful, harsh. He quickly shut it off, sighing in the gentle glow of sunlight coming in the window.

The walls around him emoted stability and strength - except for the one that held a large poster of a almost nude woman. The poster felt weak, pitiful - and it was weakening the whole wall, Hurriedly, before disaster could strike and the wall come tumbling down, he removed the poster, allowing the wall to gratefully regain it's strength and permanence. It was better, but not perfect the walls were painted light desert tan with shadings to beige and highlights of egg-shell. The color was inoffensive, but by the same token it was unappealing, bland. Tom decided he'd have to repaint in a color with stronger emotions sometime soon.

Floating, Tom moved his heavy, graceless body to the leather recliner, which was begging to enfold him in it's warm, soft embrace. He let it do so, basking in it's love of him. Gently, so as not to startle it, he lifted the remote to his CD player, and kindly asked it to put on some music. The remote discussed it with the CD player, and they agreed that some nice classical music, not too loud, would be appropriate. The CD player located a song it felt would serve, and sent the electrical impulses to the speakers, who were kind enough to let the gentle strains of 'Pachelbel's Canon in D' fill the room.

With a smile, Tom watched the dust motes dance to the soothing music that contained notes and nuances like none he'd ever heard, ethereal in it's beauty.

* * * * *

Tom blinked at the late afternoon sunlight streaming in through his window, his eyes feeling gritty and sore, as if somebody had blown sand in them. He stretched slowly, marveling at the strength and duration of the 'trip' - and the way he had dropped down like a rock at the end, going from high to straight in about seven seconds.

He stood up slowly, feeling stiff from sitting eight hours in one place. His body tingled with pins and needles as the circulation picked up, and Tom began to feel a little more like himself again.

Which was pretty damn depressing. After having the world shown to you in perfect, utter clarity, the letdown of having to see the world like everyone else is pretty big. To Tom, the entire world looked gray and bland, everything muted and out of focus.

Sighing, Tom headed to the bathroom, his bladder signaling that those two cups of coffee from this morning were ready to be set free. Standing in front of the toilet, he unzipped and lowered his jeans...

"Fuckin' SHIT! My dick!" Tom yelled in horror, staring down at his cock.

It was tiny. Only about one-eighth the size it had been this morning, it was a tiny little nub hanging forlornly from his crotch. Of his balls, there was no sign, except for a small bit of flesh below the withered cock that was slightly baggy. Horrified, he touched the tiny cock - and drew his hand back, surprised by the sensitivity of the tiny organ.

He was so horrified and shocked by the inexplicable shrinking of his cock, it took him several seconds to register the fact that there were more things wrong than that - although that was the one that worried him the most.

There was no hair on the thighs that framed the tiny dick. In fact, as he soon found out, there was no body hair anywhere on his body - his skin was completely smooth from the eyebrows down.

Horrified, he tore off his clothes and checked over the rest of his body, mind whirling in confusion and fear.

Although he was never very bulky, he'd had a sort of lean muscularity - no longer. He seemed to have lost some muscle mass, his body slender and less... masculine.

In fact, his nipples were swollen, with small domes of flesh, barely visible but definitely there, pushing out behind the enlarged nipples. Also, his hair seemed to have grown several inches, now hanging midway to his jaw.

There was no denying what the image in the mirror showed - Tom looked almost completely androgynous.

Heart pounding a mile a minute, Tom dashed naked from the bathroom into his bedroom, grabbing the box of the drug he'd taken, and re-reading the label on the experimental serum.

'Neogenestrogenic morphologic biogenaccelerant'.

Grabbing the Oxford English Dictionary from the shelf beside his bed table, Tom flipped through it, confirming his worst fears. Neo - New, or recent

Gen - Short form for Genetic

Estrogenic - Having to do with any or all of three hormones that induce a series of physiological changes in females, especially in the primary and secondary sexual characteristics.

Morphologic - relating to form, structure. Bio - Short form of biological

Accelerant - an enzyme or chemical for the speeding up of a reaction.

'Neogenestrogenic morphologic biogenaccelerant' = 'New genetic female hormones to greatly accelerate the formation of primary and secondary female sexual characteristics.'

"Dear God..." Tom whispered, stunned. The OED tumbled from his numb hands onto the floor. "It's a god-damned sex change drug!"

Frantic, Tom raced to the kitchen. In his emotional state, it took two tries to grab the phone from its place on the wall, and three more to dial the number.

"Hello, University Medical Research Hospital - how may I direct your call?" the bored female voice at the end of the phone asked, in a bored voice.

Tom had to calm himself with a deep breath before he could speak. "I need to speak to a Dr. Rasputin, immediately. It's an emergency."

The bored tone never left the woman's voice. "Please hold, I'll transfer your call." Then her voice was gone, replaced by the annoyingly gentle sound of Muzak.

Tom, held on to the phone tightly, waiting for the doctor to answer the phone. There had to be some sort of antidote, or something - there had to be.

Then he felt a strange sensation. It began in his jaw, where a muscle began to twitch spasmodically. It soon ran through his whole body, and he began to shake and twitch uncontrollably, as if having an epileptic seizure. Helplessly, he fell backwards as his legs refused to support him - and his death-grip on the phone caused it to pull off the wall, snapping the phone line and disconnecting the call.

Pain roared through Tom's body as he lay on the floor, shaking and twitching. He realized he was having a tremendous reaction to the drug he'd taken. Having taken a powerful female hormone supplement, his body had begun to adapt to the feminine hormones. Now, it was clearing out of his system - causing a massive, instantaneous withdrawal seizure.

As a medical student, Tom knew that a case this bad would lead shortly to massive, system wide shock - which would probably kill him. His body was now completely reliant on the female hormones, without which it would shut down and die.

Dredging up every once of willpower he possessed, he began to painfully, excruciatingly move towards the bedroom, his body twitching and wracked with pain. It took him nearly a half hour to traverse the distance, an eternity of suffering.

Right now, all thought of what taking more of the drug would do to him were wiped out of his mind. His instinct for self preservation demanded that he try to save himself, whatever the cost.

He was in no shape to inject himself - he couldn't even grip a needle, much less fill it, find a vein, insert the needle, and depress the plunger.

So, he forcefully knocked a bottle off of the night table. It flew through the air and smashed against the floor, leaving jagged shards around a small amount in the shattered bottom half of the bottle.

Tom lifted his arm - and brought it down, hard, on the shattered bottle. The wound began to bleed - but the drug was also being absorbed into the open wound, although Tom had no way of knowing how much, or how effectively.

Then, the pain, agony and withdrawal finally caught up with him, and he slipped into unconsciousness, not knowing if he'd ever awake.

* * * * *

HE never awoke again. But SHE awoke about three hours later.

She drifted in and out of an odd, drugged state, aware of what had to have happened with the new dose of the drug, but not really caring at the moment. As a matter of fact, someone could have come in the room and beat on her with razor-tipped baseball bats dipped in vinegar, and she wouldn't have particularly cared. She lay on the floor, eyes closed, savoring the incredible sensations she was experiencing in her high.

She let her hands travel over her body, the sensation incredibly pleasurable to her vastly heightened senses.

She could feel the soft, silky texture of her new body, it's skin smooth and unblemished. The slenderness of her new waist above the swell of her altered hips. When her altered hands reached the weighty mounds on her narrowed ribcage, she shuddered in delight, letting her hands travel up the creamy smooth skin of her new breasts, and letting her elongated nails play with her engorged nipples. Finally, the hand slid down between her firm-yet-soft thighs and lightly toughed the mound of her new womanhood- then slipped a finger inside.

She shuddered in ecstasy, biting her lower lip and moaning as her finger began to stroke her new clit, until she reached an orgasm so powerful that she blacked out, carried into the depths by a tidal wave of the most intense pleasure she'd ever experienced.

* * * * *

The second time the new woman awoke, she was considerable less sanguine about the situation.

The darkness parted, and she stirred slowly, the morning sunlight streaming in the window, and bathing her in a golden glow. For several seconds, she lay there, wondering why she felt so odd, so light-headed and awkward and upset and...

...then she remembered, and sat up with a jerk, eyes bulging.

"I'M A WOMAN!" Tom yelled as memory returned, hearing her unremarkable, but definitely feminine, new voice. She gaped down at the firm, round tits rising from her chest. Horrified, she lightly touched her new endowments, verifying that it wasn't just some horrible nightmare, but reality. The bolt of pleasure from her incredibly sensitive body verified that it was, indeed, real.

With a grace that she was disgusted to possess, she rose to her feet and numbly walked to the bathroom, her unbelievably sensitive body feeling strange to her, it's balance and motions foreign and unwanted.

She braced herself, took a deep breath, and looked in the mirror.

If Tom had a sister, she might have looked like this. She was shorter than she had been, by about five inches or so. Her hair, thicker and softer, now hung down to her reshaped jaw in a golden wave. Her body was slender and athletic, with firm breasts - about a C-cup, she estimated numbly - and somewhat slender hips above cute, hairless legs. Her face was more feminine, but unremarkable in any way.

Then, of course, there was her newly formed vagina. Remembering the intense sensation, she had to consciously will herself not to repeat the action - she was shamed and disgusted that she'd done so once - even if it had felt so good...

She couldn't think about that - if she did, she wouldn't be able to stop herself from repeating the sensation. Instead, she cast her mind about for something else to focus on - and found it.

It was morning. Too many hours had passed for the last dose to still be in effect. Then why was she still high, instead of on the floor, going into withdrawal shock?

The answer that came was startling and depressing - she was fully female now - including her hormonal system. Her body was now producing the hormones by itself. She'd never have to worry about going into withdrawal ever again - and she'd never have to worry about finding a drug supply, either. If her body was producing the hormones naturally, she'd always maintain this same low-level high - the heightened sensitivity of all her senses, the hyper-emotional responses - a permanent high.

She looked at her athletic, unremarkable feminine body, and her fuller lips tightened resolutely. She didn't intend to be stuck this way. If there was a way to do *this*, then there was a way to undo it, too.

She started for the kitchen before remembering that her phone was out of service. She'd have to go out to contact the doctor who'd synthesized the serum - and if she had to go out, she might as well drive over in person, rather than just go to the nearest payphone.

Which meant her first order of business was getting dressed.

She walked to her bedroom, trying to ignore the way the air felt moving over her swaying tits and engorged nipples. This was no time for distraction - no matter how good it felt.

She pulled out a pair of silk boxers, a pair of blue jeans, and a baggy gray sweatshirt, and quickly began to dress...

...then cursed. First of all, the clothes fit poorly, too loose and large almost everywhere but her chest. The pants, especially, were very loose around her slender new waist.

Even worse - due to the mild high she was stuck with, the coarse fabric felt like sandpaper on her highly sensitive body. She simply couldn't stand the sensation - it would drive her nuts in minutes, like an all-over itch that she couldn't scratch. Swearing loudly, she threw the clothes aside, and looked for something she could bear, if only for a while.

Finally she managed to find clothes she could stand. Her 'funeral-and-wedding' outfit, kept around to wear on those occasions. A soft, white dress-shirt and black slacks. They fit as poorly as all her clothes would, and she definitely didn't like the way her nipples were clearly visible through the thin white shirt, but it was better than nothing. She dug up a black velvet vest that solved the problem, even if it did fit so tightly over her new tits that it seemed molded to them, clearly displaying their size and shape. The clothes were better than the jeans and sweatshirt, but still felt rough to her heightened senses, and she knew that she couldn't wear them for all that long until sheer annoyance would force her to strip.

The black dress socks fit her feet well enough, but none of her shoes would fit her smaller feet. Finally giving up, she grabbed her keys and padded out to her car, sliding behind the wheel and preparing to start the car...

...then stopped and re-adjusted the seat, mirror and steering wheel to her new height, cursing the delay and inconvenience. Finally ready, she started the car and pulled out of the driveway, heading for the clinic.

* * * * *

"Son of a BITCH!" Tom said angrily, banging her practically dainty hand against the locked door. She looked up at the mass of clouds quickly rolling in, and swore again as she banged on the door, feeling stupid.

One of the reasons she picked the day of her raid was the fact that the clinic was shutting down for a week. The staff and students were attending a medical seminar in Boston, and since it wasn't a functioning public hospital, there was no reason for it to be open during their absence. In the horror and panic of what was occurring, she'd forgotten that very significant fact. At this very moment, the man she needed to see was probably boarding the plane at the airport - along with the rest of the staff.

Swearing again, Tom tugged absently at the vest she wore, finally unbuttoning it in annoyance. The clothes were starting to drive her nuts, but the vest worst of all - it seemed to be drawing tighter and tighter around her tits, crushing them.

Looking around, Tom wondered what the hell she was going to do. On impulse, more out of desperation than hope, she turned to the security pad on the side of the wall near the door and punched in the code she'd had as a student...

...and gaped in disbelief as the doors slid open. She sagged against the wall, the rough texture of the brick causing her to jerk upright again. As she entered the empty building, her mind whirled at the enormity of the fact.

They hadn't changed the code. She could have waited until today, and still gotten in. With the building to herself, she could have searched until she'd found the neo-morphate she'd wanted - and none of this would have happened.

But how could she have known that they'd be so sloppy with security, damn it?

She hurried through the silent halls, searching for Lab 8B, which is where the serum had been developed. Locating it, she opened the door and slipped inside, shutting the door behind her and switching on the light. The first thing she did was sink gratefully into a chair.

She had to find some shoes soon. Her super sensitive feet felt like pieces of raw meat, and ice cold. IT was like walking on shards of broke, ice-cold glass.

She shifted uncomfortably in the chair. The clothes were not only driving her nuts, but they seemed to be fitting worse and worse the longer she wore them. Irritably, she ran her hands thorough her heavy mane of shoulder long blonde hair...

...shoulder long?

Ignoring the discomfort of her body, Tom rose and all but ran to the bathroom adjacent to the lab, and gaped at herself. She was still changing.

She'd gone from average-looking to cute, facially. Her nose was smaller, her lips fuller, her jaw-line smoother and less square. Her mass of hair hung to shoulders even slimmer than before.

Above a waist that was becoming more wasp-like, her tits strained impudently at the dress-shirt, at least a D-cup, and probably larger. The seat of her pants were tighter over an ass that was becoming firmer, fuller and sexier.

With horror, Tom made the connection he'd missed earlier.

His transformed body wasn't producing natural female hormones - it was producing the hormones she'd injected, unknowingly, into herself. And she would keep changing, unless she could find an antidote. Or, at least, something to keep her like she was now.

Unchecked, her new hormonal system would continue feminizing her.

Tom was now very, very desperate. It was a nightmare to be transformed unwillingly into a woman - but to keep changing...!

As desperate as she was to go through Dr. Rasputin's files, the first thing she needed to do was find some clothes - it was impossible for her to concentrate while wearing what she had on - the constant irritation of the too-rough fabric kept her from focusing. Hurriedly, she dashed down to the female staff-member's lounge, wincing at the agony of her super-sensitive feet.

She cursed at her diminished strength as she pried open the lockers with a fire axe taken from the wall. Even though the lockers were more for privacy than security, her loss of muscle made it a chore to open the lockers - and it wasn't a terribly rewarding effort, either. Not many staff members left clothes behind, and she had to wear what there was, personal feelings be damned.

Like the 'flesh-tone' pantyhose. Given a choice, she would quite happily spend her life without once wearing pantyhose. This pair had been left by a female staff member, in the case of a run in her other pair. Now, Tom grimaced and fiddled with the sheer fabric until she

figured out how to get them on her now-sexier legs - then she shuddered. She'd had no idea how good it could feel to wear sheer fabric on silk-smooth skin....

Pushing the thought aside, she pulled on the black silk blouse she found. It fit too tightly across her now DD-cup tits, but she didn't have a choice. From the same locker came the gray tweed skirt, which also fit a little too tight across her firm new ass - but loose at her diminishing waist. A white leather belt took care of that problem, however. Also in the locker was a bra - but Tom took one look at the B-cup undergarment, and tossed it aside in disgust.

The last thing she did was step into the only pair of shoes she had found - a pair of black velvet pumps with a three-inch heel. Again, not her first choice - but infinitely better than nothing.

Turning on the heels, she began to leave, helplessly walking with a feminine sway imparted by her new shoes - then stopped and returned to the locker, grabbing the black leather purse. If she needed to smuggle something out of the lab, she could put it in the hand- bag.

She returned to the lab, having to bite her lower lip - which was considerably sexier than before - to keep from moaning as the silk fabric of the blouse rubbed against her nipples with every step she took.

Once in the lab, she sat down at the desk and began to search through the files, looking for the notes - and hopefully an antidote - regarding the serum she'd unwittingly taken.

At last she found them, and began to read through them.

She discovered that the serum wasn't designed as a sex-change serum - it had been meant to help women who had glandular problems. Since a woman's body already produced hormones - albeit too little, in the case of the women who would be taking the drug

- there was no problem with long-term continuation of the changes. Over about two weeks, the woman's characteristics would be enhanced - and then her natural hormones would take the enhanced hormones out of her system. Tom, however, wasn't producing natural female hormones - instead, the enhanced hormones were taking his male hormones out of her system.

Then Tom reached the clinical notes - and her blood ran cold as she re-read the paragraph, hoping against hope that she'd read it wrong.

' the patient should refrain from any sexual contact, as human seminal fluid entering the body vaginally, orally or anally, will temporarily

block the serum's effectiveness '

It was there, in black and white. She read the rest of the documents, hoping for something else buried in the technical details, but there wasn't any other such instructions or clues.

The only way was to stop - or even slow - the changes occurring in her body was to have sex with a guy.

Numbly, Tom dropped the file, mind spinning. In the same dazed, hopeless way, she stood and walked - well, swayed femininely - to a counter top. Slowly, she picked up a scalpel and lay it against her wrist...

.then cried out. Instinctively, her hand flew open, dropping the sharp instrument, and she cursed, loud and long. With her hyper-acute senses, even the slightest pressure on the blade had caused overwhelming pain. The thought of enduring the indescribable agony that actually making the cut would have caused made her realize that suicide was out of the question - unless she found an instantaneous and painless way to do it.

Besides, she wasn't really the suicidal type. The attempt she'd just made had been impulsive, based on the blackest depression that had settled over her at the realization of what she'd have to do to stop her body's changes.

But there had to be another answer. Just because it wasn't in the file didn't mean that it didn't exist. She just had to find it. Gathering up her things, Tom headed out to her car, determined to find some way to set things right.

She hurried across the parking lot, glancing up at the darkened sky, expecting the downpour any second. It was with relief that she got the car door unlocked and open without the heavens opening up to drench her.

She settled behind the wheel - then sighed and re-adjusted everything again. She'd lost even more height - she figured she was now only about five-four or -three. It was getting to be more than just a nuisance, as her clothing was becoming more

and more ill-fitting as time passed. Being female was bad enough, but going from six foot even to this height was making things worse.

Cursing, she did up her belt, having to fuss with it. Her still-swelling bust was straining the blouse to the limit, and adding the safety belt to that strain caused a button to go flying as she adjusted the belt to sit between her DDD-cup 'assets'. Finally ready, she started the car and put it into gear, heading for the exit as the first fat drops of rain splattered the windshield.

She'd just turned onto the road when the car began to splutter. Swearing - in a voice steadily becoming higher pitched - she pulled off onto the shoulder as the old, poorly maintained engine seized for good.

She climbed out of the car - and instantly winced. The rain felt like tiny hammers as the drops pounded her intensely sensitive body, and she felt like it was three-hundred degrees below zero - Kelvin.

She was about to head back to the lab when a vehicle coming down the road slowed to a stop beside her. It was a big motor-home, of an early eighties vintage, and Tom prepared to turn away the help of the occupants - until the door opened, revealing to women.

"Need a lift, honey?" The driver, a black woman in a tight pair of blue-jean shorts and a black crop-top that outlined her large, firm tits, asked with a grin. The other passenger, a blowsy looking blonde, smiled as well. Her somewhat over-padded body strained at the tight black spandex dress she wore - and her own breasts were at least as big as Tom's new endowments.

But it was a lift, and she didn't have to worry about dealing with some guy, so Tom hopped in gratefully. "Thanks." She said sincerely, wincing at the richly feminine contralto she'd developed.

"No problem." The black woman nodded. "I'm Latisha, and that's Sindi."

Tom opened his mouth - and thought damned fast. "Hi, I'm Tonya.." she said, after a very slight pause, hoping that



ta drive 'The Beast'," Latisha said, waving a hand at the vehicle, "But Sindi'll find you men giggled, and Tom realized that he wasn't the only person in the vehicle who was high, more conventional 'mind-altering' substance, considering the 'burnt-rope' smell of pot.

ya said, honestly. The wet clothes felt awful to her highly sensitized body, and she needed e her nuts.

e towed off quickly, hissing as the towel brushed her large, engorged nipples. Sindi, dug through the closet and dropped a pile of clothes on the couch.

this, Tonya" She said with a dreamy smile. That wasn't exactly what Tonya was going for,

Tonya's face turned red with embarrassment as she looked over the 'ensemble' Sindi had collected. "You wouldn't have anything a little less... um..." Tonya asked hesitantly.

Sindi laughed. "Fraid not, girl. Tish and me are strippers, see? We're wearing our least 'um' outfits now - and all our other stuff is for the act, or worse than this. So, it's this or nothing, Tonya."

Tonya sighed and began to dress, feeling ridiculous.

First, the black pantyhose with the seams running up the back. Over this went the sleeveless silver spandex bodysuit with the low neck-line and extremely high hips. The 'butt-flosser' bottom slid between her firmer, fuller ass cheeks, stretching the black nylon tight over each shapely globe of her ass.

Thankfully, that wouldn't be seen - as the black leather corset with the attached mini-skirt, in silver, covered her ass with its taut, shiny material. Sindi giggled, and tightened the buckles on the corset, drawing it tight around Tonya's slender waist.

For shoes, Sindi had supplied knee-high silver boots with six-inch spiked heels. Tonya slid them on, then rose to stand on them, balancing easy with her new body's heightened sense of balance.

She was disgusted by wearing such sexy, feminine clothes - and aroused by how sensuous it felt. The nylon on her legs, the taut silver material across her tits, the caress of the corset - it felt indescribably good, and she hated herself for enjoying it.

"Looking good, babe." Sindi said. "Now lets do somethin' with your hair and face."

Tonya protested, but Sindi refused to give up, and Tonya was disgusted to find herself giving in. Sindi set to work on her mane of golden hair - now hanging half-way down her back - and doing her make-up.

When the motor-home pulled into the parking lot of a hotel a half-hour later, the door opened, and Tonya stepped out into the fresh air that remained from the rain that had passed by.

She looked stunningly sexy. The high, spike heels of the silver boots lifted her height, and the silver foot-wear clung to her long, shapely legs. The silver skirt was drawn taut over her firm, sexy ass, rising to join the corset that hugged her deliciously slender waist. Above that, her huge, unbelievably firm and round FFF-cup tits, the swollen nipples pushing the fabric out.

Her face had been made-up to enhance her sensual eyes, high cheek-bones and full, sexy lips. Her face was surrounded by a huge mass of golden hair that trailed down her back in waves. Faux-silver bracelets hung from her wrists, and a silver and black choker drew the eye to her long, slender neck. She was a sexual vision.

And she hated every second of it. Slinging 'her' purse over one shoulder, she waved goodbye to the two stoned strippers, and headed towards the nearest main road, to catch a bus the rest of the way. She walked with a helplessly sensual sway, and her huge tits swayed invitingly in their spandex prison.

Tonya was close to panic. Everything was spiraling out of control, and she wasn't sure how to deal with it. In the space of forty-eight hours, she'd gone from a reasonably tall, if average-looking man, to a five-foot-two blonde bombshell whose appearance practically exuded sex. Worse, with her hyper-acute senses and slowly building levels of hormones, not only was she continuing to change, but it was getting harder and harder to concentrate on anything other than the sensual sensations she was feeling - the supple, feminine sensuality of her own body, her highly sensitive nipples and breasts, the caress of the soft, smooth clothes over silky soft skin...

She forced her mind away from these thoughts - but it was getting harder and harder to do so. As a matter of fact, it was getting harder and harder to think coherently at all - she had to fight off a growing urge to just let herself go with the growing high, riding it in mindless ecstasy - especially since her mind kept turning and returning to the memory of her orgasm...

She reached the bus stop, grateful for something to distract her from these foreign thoughts and urges, It took tremendous willpower to concentrate long enough to read the sign, sex, gloss-red lips moving as she had to puzzle out the meaning of the words.

"Damn!" She swore in her rising voice. "No buses after six."

It was six-twelve - which meant that she'd have to find another way home.

She stopped, frowning. There was something very wrong with that idea. What was it? It was so very hard to concentrate, but she finally managed to latch onto the idea.

She didn't have any money - and if she walked, by the time she got home, she'd have changed a hell of a lot more.

She was still standing by the side of the road when a car pulled up, and a furtive-looking man looked out. "Hi there." He said, glancing about. "You, um, looking to earn a few bucks?"

"Yeah." Tonya said without thinking about it - then a ray of light broke through her clouded thoughts, and she realized that the guy thought she was a hooker.

She was about to send him on his way with an angry retort - but stopped.

She needed cash for a cab. An cum would slow or stop the changes for a while - and allow her to think clearly.

She was disgusted and horrified at what she was considering - but in just a short while, she wouldn't be able to think straight at all, and there's simply no telling what she might do in that condition.

But she couldn't bring herself to take the initiative. She just couldn't - she might have the body of a drop-dead sexy babe, but she still thought of sex with a man as a homosexual encounter, no matter how it might look.

The man, seeing the gorgeous - and not too bright - woman gnaw thoughtfully on her full, sexy lower lip, suddenly had a hunch. "This is your first time... uh,... selling, isn't it?" He asked abruptly.

Tonya's face flared bright red - but not exactly for the reasons the man thought. "Yeah." She admitted in a small voice.

The man nodded. "Tell you what - I'll be a nice first customer. Meet me over at that hotel." He pulled the car around into the lot, having enough time to pay for a room and get to the door of the unit before Tonya, jiggling and wiggling in her high heels, reached him. He escorted her in.

"Look, I paid for the room for the night, so that you have a place to work out of. And, I'll pay you twenty for a blow-job, to get you started."

Tonya just wanted to curl up and die. She couldn't suck some guys cock...

...could she? The guy was going out of his way to be helpful and nice, and Tonya needed both the cash and the... uh... well, cum, to be honest.

Tonya couldn't bring herself to agree verbally - so she forced herself to sink to her knees and unzip the guy's pants, setting his rapidly swelling cock free...

...and Tonya went insane.

Temporarily, at least. What she hadn't counted on was her extremely heightened sense of smell. The man's clothing, after-shave and deodorant had hidden it before, but he was giving off pheromones, little sexual signals in chemical strings that the body picked up as

scent.

But opening his pants and setting free his cock released them, and they flowed directly into Tonya's pert nose, only inches away, triggering a sexual response - which, with her hormones, was many times stronger than a 'real' woman's would be.

Tonya had no way of knowing any of this. All she knew is that at the sight of the man's average-sized cock, she was overwhelmed with lust and need. Helplessly eager, she took his now-hard cock in her dainty, long-nailed hands, and began licking the underside of it - which released even more pheromones.

Hungrily, she enclosed his cock with her eager mouth. She used her hands, lips and tongue to savor his hardness. She'd never given a blow-job before, and had no experience - but the man couldn't know that, and her actions were incredible. Her slim hands fondled and stroked his manhood while her tongue swirled over his sensitive head. Tonya began to piston her mouth back and forth on the cock...

...and was 'rewarded' with a flood of cum that she gulped at eagerly. To her heightened sense of taste, the flavor and texture of the warm cum was the most intense thing she'd ever swallowed, and she gulped down every drop before pulling away.

"Oh, yes..." she moaned, wiping the last of the cum off her lips and sucking it from her fingers.

The man moaned and zipped up his pants. "Miss, that was the best blow-job I ever had. I'm glad I splurged on you - it was fantastic." Dropping a twenty on the bed-table, he left the room.

Slowly, as the cum worked its magic, Tonya's head cleared - and she almost vomited as she realized what she'd done. But she didn't - doing so would make what she'd done pointless. With the cum in her body, it would hold off further changes for a while - but she had no idea how long.

Her plan had been to take the money and catch a cab. But it didn't work out that way.

Her body was in a state of flux, strange hormones battling it out, while her emotional state was one of fear, disgust, confusion and despair.

Tonya began to cry. Helplessly, she sobbed in great, tearing gasps. No actual tears came to her eyes, but she curled up on the floor and sobbed painfully, unable to accept what she'd become, and what she'd done...

...and sometime in the middle of this, she unwillingly slipped over the edge, and into a deep sleep. She awoke, hours later, in extreme pain.

Gasping she jerked awake, realizing that she'd drifted off, and what that meant.

The pain was direct result of that. The 'dose' of cum she'd taken had worn off while she slept, and the changes continued. The pain came from the fact that her clothes didn't fit at all right. Hurriedly, she began to strip, she rose to her feet and went into the bathroom, bleakly surveying her altered body.

She was about four-eleven - maybe five feet if she was lucky. And most of that height came from long, impossibly sexy legs that led up to the sexiest ass she'd ever seen.

Her hips were somewhat narrow for a woman - but that wasn't very noticeable, because the difference was more than made up for by an unbelievably slim waist.

Her face was an erotic dream - dark, seductive eyes framed by long, dark lashes. A pert nose above full, sensual lips. A slightly pointed chin whose jaw-line brought the eyes up to her sharply defined cheek bones, giving her face an impishly seductive cast, as if daring any one man to try and please the petite sex goddess she'd become. The face was surrounded by a huge, tumbling mass of golden blonde hair that hung to her perfect ass in a tangled, wild mane.

But the most startling change was the enormous tits that thrust unbelievably round and firm from her chest. They would be huge on a normal-sized woman - on Tonya, they were immense.

They were the size and shape of medicine balls - and almost as firm. But they were also soft and smooth, the skin creamy and unblemished.

Thrust from the apex where her nipples. They were centered in small areola that were light pink, and that domes outward to the base of nipples that were as long and thick as her thumbs had been when she was male.

What's more, her huge tits felt so full and heavy - more so than just the sheer weight of them could account for. A fact that was explained when she lightly squeezed her nipples - and a thin stream of white liquid shot out.

"Just fucking great!" she muttered. "I'm lactating."

She looked over her impossible body with loathing - mostly directed at herself, for falling asleep. Now, she was stuck with this form, at least for now - and if she didn't do the unthinkable, it would only get worse.

She knew that she was beyond the point where she could spend time looking for a solution unimpeded. She'd need to keep her form from becoming any more extreme... and there was only one way to do that.

She'd have to have sex.

At least she was able to think reasonably well. The mind-numbing stage would come some hours later - assuming she didn't do anything to head it off.

Able to think clearly, she could do some necessary math. It was twelve-thirty at night, meaning that she'd been asleep for six hours or so.

Taking in account the rate of feminization that she'd experienced while awake, she was about four hours further along than she'd been before falling asleep. Which meant that a single dose of cum was good for about two hours.

Tonya shuddered and slumped on the bed. At that rate, she'd have to have sex of some sort a dozen times a day. Most of it all at once

- before she fell asleep, she'd need enough cum to keep her from further changes for the eight hours or so of sleep.

A sickening as the thought was, the idea of what she'd look like in another twelve hours, without the cum, was enough to motivate her. Twelve hours of changes, at the current rate, would turn her into a pair of tits - that's it.

No matter how disgusting the alternative was - it was better than being a living pair of tits.

Tonya's first problem was clothing - the outfit she'd worn wouldn't fit. The corset was too loose for her tiny waist, and the spandex bodysuit too long in length, but too tight in the bust - even with the extra material available by her lack of height, it fit much too tightly over her enormous tits.

The skirt no longer fit her full, firm ass - and the boots were too big for her now tiny feet. In fact, the only thing she could still wear would be the nylons - since her legs had become proportionally longer on her frame, they'd fit fairly well. But just pantyhose wasn't an acceptable outfit.

She went to the window of the room and glanced outside, well aware of the fact that she was playing against a clock. Having very limited time, she'd have to take the direct approach...

* * * * *

Tonya finally managed to get the window open, and she rolled over the sill and into the darkened building - losing the bed sheet she'd wrapped around her in the process. But it didn't matter - she'd made it into the second hand clothing store she'd spotted near the hotel.

Her tiny body shook with the adrenaline rush from her furtive walk down the back alley to the window at the back of the store. At least her assumption that the store - which sold goods with a very low value - would lack a security alarm had paid off.

Now, she began searching through the second hand clothing, looking for anything that would fit.

Twenty minutes later, the back door to the store swung open and disgorged a figure before swinging closed and locking with a soft 'click'. The figure moved quickly down the dark alley, finally emerging into the light of a street-light along the main road, revealing the figure in its white glare.

Tonya was a teenaged boy's wet dream brought to living, breathing life.

She stood perched atop a pair of black platform shoes with a eight-inch stiletto heels and an ankle strap. The black shoes were buckled into place over black nylons that clung to every erotic curve of her impossibly long, sexy legs. The nylons were held in place by garters, which were just barely hidden by the extremely short, tight navy-blue skirt that clung to her sexy ass.

A white blouse barely covered her enormous tits, displaying an awesome amount of mouth-watering cleavage. Not big enough to actually contain such massive endowments, it had been tied into place in a big bow below the enormous tits, exposing an amazingly

slender waist.

High-heels clicking on the pavement, the erotic vision began walking with a sensual, cock-hardening sway that did enticing things to her tits. Her long, luxurious mane of blonde hair followed behind like a cape, fluttering slightly in the wind created by her movement. Over one shoulder was slung a small black leather purse with a long strap.

Tonya had absolutely no trouble flagging down a cab. She merely waited until she saw one, then lifted a hand - which caused her shirt to open even wider. The driver stopped almost too quickly.

Climbing in the front seat, she had to take a deep breath before giving her directions in her breathy soprano voice. Her heart thudded in her chest, and she couldn't believe she was actually going to go through with this. But she had to - and the longer she left it, the worse things would get.

Finally, the cab pulled up in front of the turn-of-the-century brownstone house. Tonya tried to pay the man, but the cabby insisted that it was on him - which, Tonya figured, was fair enough, considering the free show the man had gotten, unable to keep his eyes off the petite sex goddess in his car.

For several long seconds after the cab left, Tonya just stared at the house, trying to work up enough nerve. It was nearly impossible - she knew exactly what she'd have to do to keep this from getting any worse. She'd have to have sex, with men. Often.

Finally, she took a long, deep breath, then climbed the steps to the porch, and knocked on the door.

The house was jointly owned by six students at the medical school. In fact, in it's way, the house was infamous. The six that owned it could have each afforded a place of their own, but they preferred to stick together. In fact, the six of them were nearly inseparable, in class, at parties, or at the nightclubs and strip clubs. Somehow, with a group of wealthy, handsome and very horny young men, six seemed appropriate - after all, that made them a sextuplet of people.

The door was opened by Jim, a tall, darkly handsome man who carried muscle without being bulky - a runner's build. He took one look at what was waiting for him beyond the door, and his normally imperturbable good-cheer turned to an open-mouthed gape.

"Hi, Jim. My name's Tonya - Mind if I come in?" Tonya asked, face flaming red in embarrassment. She had to resist the urge to pull her blouse shut over her enormous tits - which is where Jim's gaze was focused.

"Uh.. no problem, uh... Tonya" he stammered, coming back to an even keel. He held the door, and Tonya entered. "Do... Do I know you?" Jim asked, sure that he'd remember if he'd met her.

"Not really. But I know you through some friends at the medical school." Tonya answered. She looked around. "Um... is every one here. I kind of, uh, wanted to talk to you - all of you."

"Sure." Jim said, mildly confused but more than willing to accommodate. He led her into the rec. room, where the other five guys were sitting, drinking beer.

Instantly, silence descended as they all stopped to gape at her, conspicuous bulges forming in the crotch of their pants. Jim awkwardly introduced her, and vice versa.

"What can we do for you, Tonya?" Ron a very muscular young man asked, his eyes drinking in her outrageous figure.

Tonya was feeling light-headed and very, very horny as she realized something. She hadn't planned on how to deal with the effect of six very horny young men's pheromones filling a fairly small room. Already, concentration was slipping away, and thought was becoming very difficult. Before she could lose her train of thought, she outlined the plan she'd come up with.

"I need a place I can stay for as long as I need, no questions asked. I need food, clothing, a room of my own - and some spending money every week. Also, I need to be smuggled into one of the labs at the medical center as many times a week as you can."

The guys looked at her dumbly, then at each other. "Um "

She closed her eyes, braced herself - then undid her top, letting it fall to the floor, revealing her massive tits in all their glory. The guys almost came in their pants.

"In return for this, I'll fuck you each at least twice a day."

The men spared a split second to share an incredulous gaze with one another - then agreed, unanimously.

"You're serious? You'll fuck us, in exchange for room, board, spending money and the occasion lab trip?" Ron exclaimed. "You'll be our own private hoo "

Tonya held up a hand quickly, face crimson. "Um Let's get something straight. I'm not a slut, hooker or bimbo. I'll want to be

treated... right. Not like a toy, or a thing or "

Jim smiled reassuringly. "Of course. Not a problem, Tonya. We'll make sure that everything is satisfactory." Several of the other guys looked at Jim askance. She was obviously desperate, and they had what she wanted...

Then they realized - treating a woman like this right was a small price to pay. And if they screwed up and lost this chance, they'd never forgive themselves. One at a time, they each pledged to treat her right.

Tonya nodded. "I don't suppose there's anything to eat?" She asked hesitantly. "I'm starved." She paused, and blushed a deep red.

"Also, um..... I... uh, am.... uh... lactating " she trailed off, too embarrassed to continue.

Jim and Ron looked at each other. "Why don't we show you to your room?" Jim asked smoothly, picking up her blouse and handing it to her. She nodded and followed him, with Rob close behind her.

Smiling, Jim led her into a large, well decorated guest bedroom. Ron stepped in behind her, softly closing and latching the door.

"Why don't we take care of that little, uh, 'pressure problem' you're having?" Jim suggested, leading her to the bed.

Horribly embarrassed and disgusted, Tonya let them take the initiative as the two of them knelt before her and each began fondling her enormous tits.

Tonya shuddered in disgusted pleasure as they began to suck on her thick, engorged nipples, hating herself for enjoying it so much. She couldn't help but let out a small moan as the two of them drained some of the pressure from her over-flowing endowments.

She began to become incredibly aroused from it. Which she was hoping for, in a way. The thought of sex with them was utterly disgusted - but if she got aroused enough, it wouldn't matter.

Then she reached critical hormonal mass. She couldn't restrain herself any longer. Tilting her head down, she lured Jim's mouth away from her nipple with her own soft, inviting lips. They kissed hungrily as Ron faded back, to give them room.

Within seconds, the two of them were naked, and Jim was easing her back on the bed.

"Fuck me..." she moaned, unbelievably aroused. Jim smiled - and slid his rock-hard cock into her wet, ready cunt.

Tonya moaned loudly as intense pleasure wracked her body. Her moans intensified as Jim began to slowly fuck her, getting the most pleasure he could from it - and causing her mind-blowing ecstasy. Her moans hovered on the edge of screams as Jim slowly fucked her.

Then she fell silent - as Ron's large cock filled her hot, ready mouth. She numbly, instinctively gave him a rather distracted blow-job while she concentrated on the unbelievable sensations of being fucked...

She orgasmed not once, but a dozen times, a rolling wave of multiple orgasms that hit like a string of fire-crackers and caused her to writhe in indescribable ecstasy. At the same time, cum gushed to fill to of her opening, and she swallowed hungrily at the cum flooding her mouth.

Spent, the two young men moved back, breathing hard. Slowly, Tonya returned from where the pure pleasure had taken her, her mind clearing as the double-dose of cum kicked in.

She was utterly disgusted by what she'd done - and wanted to do it again. She hated herself for enjoying it - and wanted to enjoy it as often as possible. She was a heterosexual man who was also a cum-loving nymphomaniac with tits the size of melons.

Unable to deal with the conflicting emotions, she settled for merely replacing her top and asking Jim, "So, about dinner..."

* * * * *

TWO MONTHS LATER

Humming softly to himself, Jim opened the door to the house and walked inside. He could hear Tonya's dancercise tape playing in the other room, and smiled to himself.

Before going into the living room, he walked over to the kitchen fridge and pulled it open. Reaching in, he pulled out one of a dozen half-gallon jugs of milk, and drank deeply from it before returning it to the fridge.

The milk tasted good - if different. That was because it was Tonya's milk. Most of the guys had shuddered at the thought of drinking human breast-milk when it had been first offered to them - that is, until they saw the effect it had.

Unknown to anyone, Tonya's milk contained all the male hormones that her body was trying to get rid of. And that male-hormone-laden milk had a *very* definite effect on the guys...

Smiling at the thought, Jim headed into the living room, glad to see he was the first one home this afternoon. Some rescheduling of classes had allowed them to set up a rotation, but even so, there was a two hour period in the afternoon where Tonya was alone - arranged that way at her request. It wasn't often that Jim got home first though.

Tonya was in the living room, keeping her spectacular body in shape with her exercise tape, and Jim had to smile at the sight as his cock stirred.

Tonya was the only woman Jim knew who exercised in high heels. In her case, they were red pumps with a 'mere' three-inch heel. Today she was wearing her white leggings, pink leotard and pink ankle warmers. Her massive tits were constrained inside the leotard by a massive, custom made bra - size 34 MMM to the awe of the guys. A pink headband kept her massive mane of hair out of her face as she exercised vigorously.

Tonya caught sight of Jim as he entered the room. "Hi, Jim." She said with a quick smile. "Just give me a couple of minutes, will you. I want to finish this, and..."

With a wicked smile, Jim began to move toward her. "Come here, gorgeous." He said, licking his lips. Tonya said "Jim " in a warning tone.

Jim ignored her, closing in. She looked at him with a strange half-grin/half-frown. "Jim would it really hurt you to... um, wait... a "

she frowned, then smiled. "Can't you wait, you <giggle> big.. boy "

Jim reached her - and she looked at him with a seductive, but somewhat brainless grin. "Since you're here " she said with a giggle,

and Jim had to laugh as well.

They'd discovered Tonya's oddity within the first week. She was an intelligent, independent woman - as long as no guy was within five feet of her. But the closer a guy got, the dumber and hornier she got.

Taking her in his arms, he felt her massive tits pressing against his chest as he kissed her long and hard. Then he released her, and backed out of range.

Tonya had closed her eyes while enjoying the kiss, and now let them slide open. "God, Jim, I wish you wouldn't do that." Tonya said, one hand rubbing her crotch. "Now I'm all worked up..." She forced her hand away and plopped on the couch with a sigh.

Jim was instantly apologetic. When not 'influenced' by a man's presence, Tonya was obviously not interested in sex - or rather, she seemed ashamed and disgusted, but helplessly interested by sex. When 'uninfluenced', she never brought the subject up or tried to seduce any of them - but sometimes she'd look at a clock with a strangely worried look - and then move into range. It was all a mystery to the guys - but they weren't going to complain.

"Look, I'm sorry Tonya. It's just that I don't often get home first, and..." Jim tried to explain.

Tonya sighed and looked at him. Then she flushed bright red and looked away. "Why... um.. don't you, uh... come sit beside me..." she said awkwardly.

Jim's brow rose - that was the closest she'd ever gotten to actually asking - since she had to know what would happen.

He walked over and sat beside her - and instantly her flush faded, and she looked at him with a smile. Slowly, she swung around until she straddled him, lowering her leotard to reveal her massive bra.

"Why don't you <giggle> help me with this?" She asked, and Jim gladly undid the front closures of the bra and peeled them off her massive tits. He fondled and caressed them as Tonya kissed him deeply and passionately.

Then she slid off him to the floor and undid his pants, setting free his massive, thick cock. Jim leaned back and closed his eyes as she gave one of her unbelievably expert blow-jobs, somehow managing to swallow every drop of his hormone-increased load.

Then the last strange thing about Tonya occurred. Immediately after sex, and for about three hours afterward, her 'range' shrunk to zero - even touching a guy wouldn't 'bimbo-ize' her. Immediately after sex, she returned to her normal, intelligent self - and was obviously embarrassed about what she'd done, and would cover it by pretending it never happened.

Tonya, as usual, immediately got up and rearranged her clothes. "Um.. well, that enough exercise for today." She announced, awkwardly, then headed for her room, where she threw herself down on the bed, mind spinning.

Over the past two months, she'd been trying to deal with her new needs - and not exactly succeeding.

Thanks to her hormone-enhanced milk, the guys average cum production had quadrupled - meaning that she could get by on a mere 3 sexual encounters a day.

But she didn't. She had, at minimum, a dozen.

And she had to face the fact - she loved it. Two months of daily fuckfests had driven any real objection from her mind. No matter how embarrassed she was by the fact - she loved fucking and sucking cock. She loved kissing men and feeling their arms around her, their hands on her tits and ass. She loved the clothes she could wear, so soft and silky and sexy.

She loved being a woman.

It was time to face the facts - she was stuck in this body for the rest of her life. And, due to her hyper-acute senses, it was the most pleasurable life she could imagine. If she ignored the EMOTIONAL problems she had with it, she had to admit that she could never have wished for a life full of more pure, physical pleasure. Plus, her every want, need and whim were met by a dozen attentive, caring, oh-so-eager-to-please young men - all of whom had cocks that were absolutely enormous.

* * * * *

Jim was flipping through the channels for something to watch when he heard Tonya's voice.

'Oh, Jim, darling " she said - in a tone he'd never heard. It wasn't her 'bimbo' voice - yet it was seductive, full of sensual promise.

Jim looked up - and his jaw dropped.

Tonya was dressed in black six-inch heels, black nylons and garters, and a custom made lace breiflette that concealed nothing. Her hair was elegantly coifed, and she was smiling at him enticingly. Slowly, Jim rose.

"Tonya?" he asked, incredulous. They were more than five feet away, she'd had sex less than an hour ago - and yet...

Tonya shrugged - causing her huge tits to jiggle invitingly. "I've finally decided to give into my nature " she said. "I don't like being the

'bimbo' - I like to be able to think for myself." She smiled again. "So, if I just have sex at least once every three hours, I'll be fine." And Jim smiled too as she swayed towards him, arms outstretched to embrace, not just him, but a whole new life....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a self styled militiaman tries to take apart an old chemical weapon which explodes he finds that it was designed to transform men into docile women.

Easy As 'A-B-C'

By Gunslinger

With a low, creaking moan, the warped floor-board under the right wheel of the dolly began to sag. Bobby Joe instantly stopped moving - completely.

He held so perfectly, tensely still that he didn't even release the half-breath he'd had in his lungs. He simply froze in position, the only movement in any way directly related to him being the slow trickle of sweat breaking rolling slowly down his forehead until balked by the thick dike of his dark, heavy eyebrow.

Only after his lungs had begun to burn with the desperate need for oxygen did Bobby Joe finally move - and it wasn't to breathe, not yet.

Oh-so-very-carefully, he eased the dolly backwards - not so much pulling on it as *willing* it back.

Only when the big, knobby 'heavy-duty' sealed tires were back on solid flooring did the tall, gangly young man finally release the stale air in his lungs and gulp in a fresh supply. Very gently, he eased the front of the dolly the short distance to the floor, letting it stand freely, and reached up to pull off his faded olive-drab cloth fatigue cap and use it to mop his sweat-streaked forehead.

Leaving the heavily-laden dolly where it was for the moment, he carefully crept across the warped planking of the abandoned old house and stepped out onto a badly sagging porch in even worse repair.

Sitting on the slowly rotting remains of a wicker chair were his cigarettes and lighter - kept outside to keep him from absent-mindedly lighting up while inside. Now, trembling slightly, he extracted an unfiltered Camel from the pack and brought it to life with the battered USMC Zippo inherited from his father.

"God-damn." Billy Joe muttered to himself, shaking his head. "I think I done gone left skid-marks in my BVDs."

Pushing away from the wall he'd been leaning against, Billy Joe hopped off the porch and into the badly overgrown, weed-infested yard of the old one-story farmhouse.

Though the sun shone brightly out of the flawless blue bowl of the West Virginia sky, it was a spring sunshine, moderated by the still cool wind that ruffled the long grass that spread out around the old cabin-like home and out to the tree-line.

Dressed in a pair of jean shorts and a tank-top, both in mottled 'woodland' camouflage pattern, the lanky, dark-haired man had plenty of skin exposed the brisk, clean breeze - and he welcomed the cooling sensation as it swirled the sweat-slicked hair of his bare arms and legs.

Though the late-spring air was alive with the sounds of nature, not a single man-made sound intruded on Booby Joe's solitude - and he thought again just how perfect this place was for today's work.

Not only was the old, over-grown farmstead so remote as to practically be on the back-side of the moon, but it couldn't in any way be tied to him by the Nazi FBI, if and when it should come to that...

...at least, Bobby Joe didn't *think* it could. After all, the last time the place had been 'inhabited', it had been by three women using it as a whore-house before the state pigs had come around and rounded them up, and that had been five or six years ago - and they, themselves, had simply been squatters, using the house after it had been abandoned by it's rightful owners years before that.

Still, Bobby Joe had an almost superstitious dread of the FBI - or, rather, the various different federal law-enforcement entities that the gangly young man lumped under that dreaded acronym. At twenty-two, the rather horse-faced young man had a certain sort of animal cunning, but his schooling had ended when he'd dropped out after flunking the seventh grade for a third time running.

The young, self-proclaimed 'militiaman' wasn't exactly what anybody would call a 'nuclear physicist'...

...which made it seem even more ironic that he was out here fiddling around with a nuclear bomb.

Finishing his cigarette with one long last inhale, he dropped it and ground it out under the heel of one of his army-surplus black leather combat boots. Hitching the wide, olive-drab canvas belt of his shorts up higher, Bobby Joe turned and swaggered back towards the weather-beaten old cabin, one hand resting lightly on the but of his Daddy's old service .45 in it's black leather holster.

Stepping lightly, he crossed the creaking old floor of the cabin, until he once more stood in front of the dolly that bore the 'prize' that had cost every last cent of what little money he'd had to begin with.

Technically speaking, it wasn't really a 'nuclear bomb' - it was, in fact, an old Soviet 203-mm artillery shell. As a matter of fact, given it's age, it wasn't even properly referred to as 'nuclear' - in it's hey-day, the terminology had been 'atomic'.

He had no idea how 'a friend of a friend of a friend' had somehow laid hands on a forty-year old Russkie artillery shell - and he didn't care. It was his, now - and he knew exactly what he was going to do with it.

At nearly ten inches in diameter, and nearly two hundred pounds in weight, the tall projectile was carefully cocooned in several old blankets, and carefully strapped to the dolly. Still, handling the device made Bobby Joe - as he thought of it - 'As nervous as a long- tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs'.

Given that fact, it wasn't surprising that it took him nearly a full hour to move it the last four feet to what had once been the kitchen counter, and very carefully hoist it up to rest on the wooden blocks he'd cut to hold its cylindrical shape.

Once it was in place, Bobby Joe ducked out for another smoke, washing it down with a cup of instant coffee made on the camp stove he'd brought along - and then it was back inside, where he picked up the Craftsman screwdriver from the set he'd bought the day before.

His plan was simple - he was going to figure out some way to rig the alarm-clock he'd also bought to the bomb's firing circuits, then drive the thing down to Washington and park it as close to the White House as possible, then get the 'hell out of Dodge'.

It's perhaps a telling measure of Bobby Joe's intelligence that he thought his general handiness with repairing household appliances qualified him for the task of modifying an atomic bomb...

Holding the screwdriver, he closed his eyes, unconsciously making a twisting motion in the air with his hand. "Righty - tighty, lefty -loosey." He chanted to himself, softly.

Nodding, he opened his eyes. Leaning forward, he slotted the head of the screwdriver into one of the three flush-mounted screws securing the nose of the shell to the body - and twisted clockwise.

He frowned when the screw refused to move - and then looked at the hand holding the screwdriver. His right hand.

"Oh, right." He told himself, then rotated the screw in the correct direction.

Soon, he had all three screws removed and laid aside. Grinning in triumph, he reached out, grabbed the nose-cone in both hands, and twisted it to the left.

After a moment's hesitation, it gave in to his grasp and spun a half-turn, until the interrupted thread met the matching gap in the seating, and he pulled the nose-cone off...

...and the short length of thin, braided metal cable connecting the nose-cone to the anti-tamper device inside yanked free, the 'grenade pin' at the end popping out onto the countertop.

"What in tarnation...?" Bobby Joe muttered, no more conscious of an anti-tamper device than he would have been working on a Kenmore dryer. Leaning over, he peered into the darkened interior of the shell.

The shell went off.

Thankfully for the surrounding countryside and all those downwind, it wasn't a 'nuke' after all, though it was an 'ABC' weapon.

The acronym 'ABC', (*since replaced by first NBC, then WMD*), stood for 'Atomic-Biological-Chemical', and this particular shell was a psychological operations - psy-ops - weapon, containing both the 'B' and 'C' elements to create a very specific effect that its designers thought would be highly effective in demoralizing enemy troops.

There are various types of 'agents' used in both biological and chemical warfare. Some are nerve agents, which can be absorbed through the skin. As it happened, the mixture in the old Russian shell was an aerosol - an inhaled agent...

...and Bobby Joe got a whole lungful of it as it sprayed directly into his face - at several times the concentration expected by the designers.

"Holy shit, what'n'hell was that!" Bobby Joe gasped, coughing and back pedaling as he wiped at the thick moisture on his face. "Goddamn bomb just fuckin' blew it's load all over me!"

He staggered around a minute, hacking and wheezing as he tried to clear the metallic-tasting liquid from both his throat and airways...

...and then, suddenly, he felt very dizzy, and had to lean against the wall for support.

"What the fuck is goin' on...?" He asked, thickly, having a hard time getting his lips and tongue to work in coordination. "Ain't no damned nuke, that's shor'nuff."

His body had begun to itch horribly - all over, meaning that there was no possible way he could scratch that particular itch. Not that it mattered - because his fine motor control seemed shot, and he could only make jerky, ill-timed motions with his wooden-feeling hands.

"God... fell like I'm a-burning' up!" He gasped, shivering despite his internal heat.

In addition to the terrible itching sensation, there were also various types of low, dull aches and pains at various locations throughout his body, especially at the joints - but also at both his crotch and his chest. Given the many sensations trying to overwhelm his nervous system, it took him a moment to register an odd sensation of weight and movement on his chest, causing him to look down.

His shirt was slowly tenting outwards from his chest.

The reasonably loose-fitting camouflage tank-top was moving slowly but steadily away from his chest, as if there were balloon underneath being slowly inflated - yet he could still feel the fabric rubbing against his itching nipples - and through the outward-and- upward rising neckline, he could see what looked suspiciously like...

"Holy livin' hell - I'm growin' myself a set o' knockers!" Bobby Joe cried.

He was still staring down at his still-swelling cleavage when his cloth hat popped off his head - and even before he could really begin to wonder why it had happened, the explanation became clear as hanks of hair flopped down in front of his face.

His hair - which, moments ago, had been nearly crew-cut.. and was now not only still inching down in front of his face as it continued to grow, but was growing lighter in color.

Even to somebody who wasn't the brightest bulb in the box, the lengthening hair, swelling bust-line, tightening sensation of his shorts across hips and buttocks, and throbbing ache in a crotch that wasn't being compressed by the shorts as it should have been - it all added up to one horrifying, yet inescapable conclusion:

"Holy crow - I'm turning into a gurl!" Bobby Joe screamed in a cracking, rising voice that verified the self-diagnosis. He was, indeed, turning into a girl...

...and what a girl!

Designed for 'maximum demoralization' of enemy troops, the Soviet designers of the compound had included certain interesting effects - and Bobby Joe got to experience these for himself as he staggered away from the wall, slimming hands grasping frantically - and usefully - at his still-swelling breasts and buttocks.

The breasts still bulging steadily - and now, quite heavily - out from his chest were not only remarkably firm - but remarkably sensitive, as well, since the compound added a certain 'nerve stripping' agent specifically targeted for the nerves ending up in the brain's pleasure center.

Of course, the dosage Bobby Joe had gotten was considerably greater than anticipated - and so the effects were magnified, as he tits grew ever bigger, and ever more sensitive...

...and all the other effects were equally exaggerated.

After only a few staggering steps, Bobby Joe came right out of his boots - not at all surprising, as not only were his feet getting steadily smaller, and even more proportionally slimmer, but they were also arching higher and higher in the air as the ligaments and tendons shortened, pushing them three... four.. five inches into the air - and still going.

His hips were widening and his ass was filling out - and the only reason why it hadn't passed the point where his shorts could no longer enclose his previously thin, bony hips was the fact that he was 'supposedly' shrinking.

'Supposedly', because the compound was supposed to shrink an average male to the height of an average female - but also increase the length of the legs, proportionately. Well, Bobby Joe was a long, tall drink of water to begin with, with long, lanky legs - which, even as the rest of him became smaller (*and more dainty*), continued to lengthen, with the unforeseen side-effect that he was remaining at about the exact same six-foot-six height he'd been before.

So, the shorts, through now quite loose around his inward-pinching waist, remained 'merely' skin-tight against his proportionately wider hip and fuller ass.

Approximately nine minutes later, the final changes tapered off - and, gasping in horror, the new woman - who bore little resemblance to the man she'd once been - gaped down at herself in shock.

Her feet were, to put it simply, tiny - and pushed up so high that she was bracing on slender, long-fingered hand against the wall as she balance on tip-toe. Above those tiny feet and well-turned ankles, her legs seemed to rise up damned near forever before ending up in hip that - given her over-all appearance - were trim, yet womanly, and supporting a very fine, round, not-to-much-of-a-good- thing ass made all the more delectable for being tightly packed into what were now 'short-shorts', pulled tight against her obviously feminine crotch, and loose around a tiny little twenty-one inch waist.

Her breasts, filling her shirt spectacularly, were firm, round spheres of creamy tit-flesh the size of volley-balls - and only kept from being utterly ludicrous on her slender frame by the fact of her extreme height.

Her neck was incredibly long and slender - and led up to a lovely, fine-boned face that looked very young, surrounded by a thick mass of silky, golden-blond hair.

Her arms were also long and slender, and her wrists incredibly dainty.

She was tall, and slender, and willowy - with incredibly fine, almost doll-like joints that made her seem (and feel!) too delicate to do anything useful.

She had the body of a fashion model - with the breasts and ass of a world-class porn-star, and baby-face look suitable for a decidedly naughty, bawdy angel.

Of course, that was just the physical changes - the effects of the mind-altering portion of the chemicals weren't nearly as obvious, and the person who'd been Bobby Joe Rudnick remained, for the moment, unaware of them.

Still, the weapon's designers would probably have been happy to learn that the new 'she' was, indeed, most thoroughly demoralized.

Her new feet - so high arched - were already beginning to ache with the strain of trying to support all her weight on her tiny new toes, and she staggered around the room, wide-eyed and horrified, feeling her altered new body sway, bounce and jiggle in a whole host of new ways.

"I'se a gurl!" She blurted out in his high, breathy new voice. "I'se a chick - with big ol' titties!"

All of which was, of course, utterly true, and even what she happened to be thinking at the moment. What the new woman simply couldn't understand was why she was saying it all out-loud.

Of course, that was because she had absolutely no idea that the chemical/biological compound had 'short circuited' her inhibitions. Now, any thought that zoomed through her pretty little head was either spoken - or acted on.

Which made it a damned good thing that she didn't, even momentarily, think of killing herself with the heavy Colt pistol still hanging on her womanly hip.

"God, my feets hurt!" She bemoaned to thin air - following it, with confusion at her vocal state, with: "But my big ol' boobies bouncing around sure do feel good."

Now why the hell had she said *that?*, she wondered.

She spotted, in the corner, a dusty pair of boots left by one of the previous occupants of the shack...

...and found herself saying: "Maybe my new feets will feel better in high heels"...

...and, worse - and to her much greater confusion - *acting* on the idea.

She found herself walking over and bending down - and almost falling right over, unused as she was to the weight of her new tits making her decided top heavy. She caught herself by bracing a slender hand on the wall - and the other hand reached down to the boot, even as she was still trying to figure out why she was doing this.

It would have been exceedingly strange for somebody to watch - because the entire thing went on in a series of fits and starts, almost in some sort of 'strobe' effect, as one conflicting thought was counter-acted by another - only to be overridden by a third, and so on.

In the end, the pain in trying to stand on her altered feet was just enough to generate the 'try the boots' thoughts more often than the 'I don't want to wear the boots' thought - and, eventually, she found herself, somewhat... well, 'shell-shocked' - as she balanced easily and comfortable in the nearly knee-high black leather boots with three-inch platforms and nine-inch skyscraper heels.

"Well, I'll be doggone. It feels much better." She heard herself tell thin air. "I guess I'll be wearin' high heels from now on." Hearing herself admit such a thing - even if only to herself - made her feel sick to her stomach...

...and of course, she said so, going on for some time about how disgusted, horrified and mortified she was - even as she pranced around in her new heels, throwing in comments about how amazed she was at how easy it was to walk in such high, slender heels.

Then, on one confused, bemused circuit of the room, she caught sight of her new body in a cracked and dusty old full-length mirror in a badly tarnished brass frame - and she came to a dead stop.

"Holy shit!" She exclaimed. "I'm incredibly hot! Lookit them legs... and that ass! An', of course, those tits! They're so big and round and firm. God, I'm getting so turned on somethin' fierce just lookin' at my new self. If I still had a cock, I might just try and go fuck myself!"

THAT wasn't something she was comfortable with saying - but she really had no choice.

"I cain't deal with - not all by my lonesome." She fretted. "I gots to go gets some help - a doctor or somethin', somebody who can help make me a guy again', cause I don't want to enjoy being a woman much longer."

The particular phrasing of that admission scared the living shit out of her - because she'd been trying, rather unsuccessfully, to ignore how damned good every single move she made was, now that she had ended the annoying ache of her feet.

She headed out of the house - and she was using her regular old male stride when she did so...

...or so she thought. Between the heels, her new hips, and the necessary motion to keep her jiggling, bouncing tits under control, she unknowingly ended up producing a strut that would have looked right at home on the stage of any strip-club in the world.

Something, thankfully, she didn't realize - realizing she was 'strutting her stuff' so blatantly as she headed towards her beat-up pick-up might have been enough to trigger that fatal thought.

Instead, blissfully unaware, she walked up to the front of her old, jury-rigged truck. Built out of spare parts from a half-a-dozen makes and model years on a Ford chassis, it didn't even have a battery - it had a hand crank connected to a generator inside, like an old Model T. She grasped the greasy metal in one slender hand...

...and groaned as she struggled to get it to make one full turn.

"Oh, shit, this new body ain't nearly strong 'nuff for me to crank'er!" She said, letting go of the started and pouting - prettily, though she didn't realize that. "I guess I'se just gonna have to walk myself back to town."

Almost immediately, she found herself unclipping her Colt and putting it on the seat of her truck. With her belt so loose, it was banging annoyingly on her hip - and so, of course, she'd thought about leaving it behind...

...and, of course, she did.

Still confused, the tall, leggy new top-heavy blonde strode out down the rutted drive towards the distant road - still walking with that sexy stripper-strut that did such amazing things for her long legs and full ass, completely unaware of the sexy image she presented as she walked along.

She was much too busy talking to herself about something she'd rather not even think about....

"Boy, my titties feel real good as they jiggle all over the place." She said. "An' the way my shorts feel over my new cunt - why, it's gettin' me all horny, it is."

It was true - with every step she took, the fabric over her sensitive new woman not only tightened and loosened slightly, but also moved back and forth slightly. It was a disturbingly pleasant feeling, and she found herself thinking that it would probably be even more disturbingly pleasant if she...

...and so, she found herself rubbing a hand over the front of her shorts. "Damn, do that feel nice!" She gasped, hand grinding the fabric over her cunt.

A moment later, her other hand rose up to her bouncing boobs...

"Oh, and that feels damned goo, too!" She moaned, squeezing and fondling one fabric-encased tit.

Again, she kept stopping and starting the two motions, disgust at feeling up her new body warring with the amazingly pleasant sensations it produced...

...and by the time she reached the main road, she was fondling herself constantly, the scope of her hands having expanded until they were roaming all over her new body, generating pleasure wherever they went. From tit to leg, from ass to cunt, over and around the slid, cupping here and squeezing there - and all of it felt really, really good.

"I just can't bring myself to stop!" She gasped, still jiggling and bouncing along. "It all feels so damned good!"

So wrapped up was she in the sensations from her new body, she didn't notice the pick-up truck approaching her from behind...

...but the young man in the truck sure as hell noticed her, and so it wasn't at all surprising that he pulled up along side her - and there discovered what she boasted 'up front' to go along with the incredible legs and fantastic ass he'd been ogling as he closed on her.

"Well, who do we have hear...?" The tanned, handsome young blond man said, truck crawling at a walking pace as he ogled her out the window.

"I'm Bobby Joe" She replied - without planning to.

"Well, Bobbi Jo, I'm Travis. Y'all want a lift into town?" The blond man suggested.

"Yes, I would." Bobby Joe - or, as Travis heard it, 'Bobbi Jo' - replied, to honestly for her own taste.

"Well, then, hop on in, honey." Travis said, slowing to a complete stop and letting her climb into the truck - while getting a good look at the deep cleavage displayed as she clambered in.

She caught him looking...

...and was horrified to hear herself say:

"I bet you don't see many chicks as hot as me - 'specially with this big ol' boobies of mine." She blushed - and went right on vocalizing her thoughts:

"Oh, damn, I hadn't a oughta said that - even if it is true. I really shouldn't be telling a complete stranger about how all hot and sexy a babe I am - or how good it feel to play with myself, for that matter. Oh, shit, there I go again, unable to jus'

shut my mouth about everything. For some reason, I cain't help but say anything at all that pops into my head, Travis - no matter what it is. An' I jus' cain't help myself. If I could, I wouldn't be tellin' you how good it feel to have my boobies squeezed, an' stuff."

Her blush was even deeper now - especially since, talking about it, she had begun to fondle her new, sensitive breasts.

"Oh, this feels real good." She moaned. "I could just play with my titties all day long, it feels that nice. I just wish I had bigger hands, 'cause I'm sure it would feel even better - hands like yours, now that I notice it, and, hey, that give's me an idea - why don't we see what it would feel like if you played with my big new boobies with your big, strong hands?"

As she said it, she found herself - on an impulse she couldn't stop - peeling the tank-top over her head. She missed the priceless expression on Travis' face as he took this all in.

He took 'new boobies' to mean she'd gotten them recently enlarged, which might serve to explain a lot - and since he was a 'big tit' man, it was almost literally and offer he couldn't refuse.

At this point, horrified at what she'd just said to him, much less her resulting action, she got the instinct to take it back, and she immediately began to do so - but she wasn't nearly fast enough, as Travis reached out and cupped her new rack in his 'big, strong hands'.

She moaned.

"You like that...?" Travis asked, grinning maniacally as he continued fondling her huge tits. From just a few seconds acquaintance, it was obvious this Bobbi Jo didn't have much going on in that pretty little head of hers - but she had a hell of a lot else going for her, and if she was going to offer, he wasn't going to refuse, not with a stone-cold fox like this one.

She answered his question more honestly than she wanted:

"Oh, yeah - your hands squeezing and playing with my tits is much nicer than doing it myself." She admitted, not wanting to. "Oh, shit, I didn't mean to actually tell you that. Damn, I wish I could stop myself from telling you things like how much I'm loving having you play with my tits, and how horny I am right now, and how I'm thinking about how you gots a cock, and I gots a cunt that so hot and wet that I feel like I'm goon just explode, and I'm thinking maybe I'd really enjoy having that cock of your pumping into..."

She clapped both hands firmly over her mouth, muting the stream of words that continued to pour out.

Travis, for his part, was staring at her in utter shock, wondering what the hell the story with this ditzy, busty, talkative chick was...

...and his cock, now painfully hard in his jeans, not giving a damned.

"I live just up the road a spell." He said, slowly and very carefully. "Would you like to come to my place, Bobbi Jo? No pressure, or nuthin'... but, you know, just to see how it goes, sorta."

She actually fell dead silent, for the first time since her transformation...

...because she couldn't make up her mind, and so couldn't blurt out the 'answer'.

Her mind was spinning, overwhelmed by a cascade of thoughts, none of them fully formed enough to make words - just impressions and concepts and considerations, tumbling through her mind.

She was a woman who was 'really' a man, and she didn't want to do anything 'gay' - but her new body was most definitely signaling that it was ready for the type of satisfaction that would come from the incredibly NOT-gay action of a penis filling a pussy, a cock satisfying a cunt. She didn't want to be enjoying her new, feminine body - and yet she was, very much so, and damned near anything she did felt really, really good - and when Travis had touched her, it had felt even better.

She didn't want to be a woman - and yet she was one. She didn't want to be thinking about satisfying the burning, liquid warmth in her abdomen by having sex with a man - and yet she was. She didn't want to enjoy having a man touch her new body - and yet she did...

...and if, at that very instant, Travis' question had been if she wanted to have sex with him, she might have 'locked up', unable to say either yes or no, like the donkey that starved to death exactly between two piles of hay.

Instead, as he carefully tried to 'CYA' with his careful question to this crazy - but damned hot - babe, it allowed a 'possible' to win out...

...and, still unable to speak, she found herself very slowly nodding her head. The ride to Travis' house was done in dead silence.

The entire time, she was wrestling within her own mind, trying to overcome the physical desires of her highly pleasurable new female body with the ingrained desires of her masculine psyche... and yet she couldn't. Though had never been her forte, and this new body's sensations were much stronger than her old one's.

She was caught between the two - and it left her, literally, speechless.

She didn't even get out as they arrived at his house - well, double-wide house trailer, actually. She simply considered sitting in the passenger's seat, staring blankly out the window, perfectly motionless as she fought to go one way or the other, in a tug of war between mind and body.

In this strange state, she didn't resist - or help - as Travis opened the door, took her hand, and gently eased her out of the truck and towards the trailer, his eyes devouring her bare breasts and long legs as he led her, silent and unresisting, inside.

Travis was beginning to get a little freaked out by this new 'silent drone' routine of hers.. but 'getting a little' was a far cry from 'already incredibly', which would describe his state of arousal. He guided the tall, topless blonde beauty into his home and gently eased her down into a sitting position on his couch - and then immediately sat down beside her, hip pressed against hers.

Locked in that perfect state of balance, she didn't say or do anything, practically zombie-like...

...and still incredibly sexy.

Several minutes passed, with Travis getting steadily more uncomfortable with this strange woman - and with Bobbi Jo still precisely caught between a desire to satisfy her almost painful sexual arousal and an equally strong urge to just get up and run like hell.

Finally, just to instigate something, Travis slowly reached out until his right hand was resting n her thigh, watching for any reaction, positive or negative.

She didn't speak, didn't move, didn't react in any way, caught between liking and hating it equally. He began to stroke her leg.

Still no reaction.

"Do you like this?" Travis finally asked, out of frustrated arousal.

Almost immediately, she answered, the 'truth' bypassing her conflicted mind and popping out of her lips in a soft, dreamy tone Travis had to strain to hear:

"Yes."

"You like this?" Travis prompted again.

"Very much. It feels good." She half-whispered, dreamily, still staring straight a head - but with the faintest, dreamy smile on her lips.

Travis, bemused - and aroused - traded off, now stroking her thigh with his left hand - while his right reached behind her back and under her armpit to cup her breasts.

No reaction.

"How's this?" He finally asked, still fondling her thigh, but now lightly squeezing her tit as well. "Even nicer." She sighed dreamily.

That was about enough 'consent' for Travis to continue, though there was something decidedly eerie about all of this, as well as arousing.

"Would you like me to kiss you?" Travis asked her. Her answer surprised him:

"I don't know."

"Well, there's one way to find out..." He said - and he kissed her. She let him.

In a way, you could even say she responded - second by second, directly to each and everything his lips and tongue did, never initiating anything herself, just 'playing along', neither heating it up or cooling it down.

That was just fine with Travis, as it meant he got to kiss her exactly as he wanted to, for just as long as he wanted to. "Did you like that?" He asked, after ending the kiss.

"Yes." She admitted in that same, dreamy tone. "I like how it feels when you kiss me, Travis."

More than she'd given him before - yet still 'responsive' only to what had just happened, not urging him on to the next level - nor indication he should back off, either.

In fact, Travis was finding himself getting more and more turned on by this odd state she was in.

She was so... *compliant*. Willing to let him do whatever he wanted, never complaining, never seeking for him to specifically address her own needs or wants. Just... letting him do what he did, at his own pace and to his own rhythm.

Eventually - inevitable - he carried her into the bedroom, part of him still waiting for her to suddenly 'wake up' and scream that she was raping him... but the rest of him not caring.

He lay her on the bed and played with her unresisting, docile body for awhile longer - then parted her legs, and slid his rock-hard, eager cock deep into her cunt...

..and she reacted. She sighed.

He thrust again...

...and she gasped.

A third time, harder and faster...

...and her eyes flared to life, and she said, clearly and not at all dreamily, "God, this feels fantastic!"

Several rapid thrusts later - and some steadily more 'involved' statements about how good it felt, how wonderful his cock was, and assorted related comments... and somehow Travis found himself on his back as she energetically rode atop him like a wildcat in heat, screaming about how much she was enjoying fucking him.

The last remaining doubts he might have had faded completely when, during orgasm, she screamed out that she loved fucking him, and wanted him to fuck her again, and *again*, and *again*...!

Afterwards, she once more retreated into that same dreamy, utterly docile state. So he kept her.

There was no other way to describe it. Except in the middle of the act of sex, when she was oh-so-energetically involved, she was utterly compliant, doing whatever he wanted, wearing whatever he gave her to wear. He didn't have to 'baby-sit' her, like a child or an idiot - when she wanted something she could get for herself, she did so, dreamily but competently. When she couldn't do it for herself, she'd dreamily inform him that she would 'like' this or 'enjoy' that - and he took care of it for her.

Life settled into a steady routine - and slowly, those sparks of life began to increase in frequency and duration. She began mentioning, to no-one in particular, how 'hot' or 'sexy' she looked in a particular garment when she spotted her reflection in the mirror. She began to dreamily opine when a song she particularly liked came on the radio, or a show on the TV - though, she never complained if he changed the channel, either.

Step by step, she gained more 'life' towards anything that pleased any of her senses - but to anything unpleasant, she remained utterly oblivious, 'alive' only when there was something to be enjoyed.

Eventually, as the pleasure that had become the center of her life slowly expanded to fill every nook and cranny of her existence, that which had been the not-to-bright freedom fighter was forced out for good.

Not one single, solitary person mourned the passing of Bobby Joe Rudnick...

...not even Bobbi Jo Rudnick.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A friend agree to pose as a female so that his buddy can collect an all expense paid vacation to Las Vegas, but things go awry when they are stopped in a small town run by feminists.

Effects

By Gunslinger

"Just fuckin' *great!*"

Unless folded in a specific manner, paper has extremely poor aerodynamic properties - so Jason's attempt to hurl the letter across the room met with dismal failure. Despite the fact that he should have known that the paper would do little more than flutter to the ground, the fact that everything seemed to be against him - even the laws of physics - only pushed Jason deeper into angered despair.

Muttering under his breath, the athletic youth slumped down into the worn, overstuffed armchair.

The shout attracted the attention of the apartment's other occupant. The door to the kitchen swung open, disgorging a short, slender youth who looked like he'd just stepped out of the seventies. Dressed in faded, tattered Levi's and a tie-dye shirt, the young man wore his long, dark-auburn hair in a pony-tail. Thin, scruffy hair of a slightly darker shade formed what the owner termed a goatee.

"Hey, man - somethin' up?" The slender youth asked, taking a bite out of the enormous sandwich he carried. With a loose-jointed walk, he sauntered over to the couch, his Birkenstocks slapping on the hard-wood floor. Taking another enormous bite, he flopped down, peering over at his roommate and long-time friend.

Jason waved a hand dismissively. "It's nothing, Sandy - you know me, just blowing off some steam." The dark haired youth settled farther back in the chair and crossed his arms, staring angrily at the black screen of the TV.

The temporally misplaced hippie laughed.

"Mr. Emotional strikes again." Sanford Golden Carden said, sarcastically. "Man, usually you're so cool ice wouldn't melt on you. Only one thing gets you so riled - so what did the ex-perfect-girlfriend do this time?"

Jason looked over at Sandy - and cracked a thin smile. From anyone else, that question would have caused anger. But the two had been friends since kindergarten, and Jason knew his friend was just trying to pull him out of his mood. "Well - it is related. I just got a confirmation letter from 'Millennial' Magazine. Me 'and a female companion of my choice' have just won a two-week, all-expense paid vacation in Las Vegas."

"Ah..." Sandy nodded. Back when Jason had been dating Linda, they'd entered a contest. A huge, luxurious suite for two, and all expenses, including admission to all Hotel and Casino events. But...

"...No girlfriend to go with, no prize, right?" Sandy mused, aloud. "How 'bout Debbie? Sure, it wouldn't be all that romantic - but you could use the time away."

Jason shook his head. "Nope - she took Linda's side on the matter, and she's pissed at me."

"Hmmm... Well, maybe she's not pissed at me. Can I see if she wants to go with me? I could use some time away, too." Jason shook his head. "Nope - the prize is in my name. I have to go, so..."

Sandy rubbed the scruffy hair on his chin, thinking. "So - we have a prize here. It's two weeks in a Vegas hotel that has all the luxuries. Plus, free food - and a cash prize too, right?"

Jason nodded. "Yeah - ten thou. But you can't claim just the money."

Still considering it, Sandy cocked his head. "Do the 'winning couple' *have* to gamble the money at the casino?"

Jason shook his head. "Nope. It's free, if they want to - but they don't have to. They can spend the entire time in the suite, if they want. It *is* supposed to be a romantic getaway."

Sandy nodded. "Cool. Well, I can guarantee it won't be a romantic - but what say you take me?" Jason blinked and frowned at his friend. "Huh?"

Sandy shrugged. "So, it's a little embarrassing - I'll put on a dress, shave the whiskers... As long as nobody has to get too close, I could pass. And it'd only be for two weeks."

Jason gaped at his slender friend. Sure, it might work - but Jason was shocked that Sandy would be willing to dress in drag. "You're serious?"

Sandy smiled and buffed his fingernails on his shirt. "Six and a half thousand dollars serious, my friend."

Jason stared at Sandy - then laughed. "Well, if you're willing to go through with it - sure, I'll give you six and a half thou to do it. Two weeks vacation does sound good."

"Great!" Sandy rose and headed for the hallway that led to the bedrooms. Just as he reached it, he stopped and turned. "Oh, by the way..."

Jason looked up. "Yeah?"

Sandy smiled. "Since I'm a little strapped for cash..." - he was always strapped for cash - "...you get to buy everything I need for my little charade." Cocking his hips, Sandy tapped one finger against his lips. "Thoming in thatin, I think," he lisped in an outrageous falsetto. "I jutht *adore* thatin." And he minced off down the hallway.

Behind him, his best friend in the world doubled over with laughter.

* * * * *

"Jason - I'm gonna get you for this. You know that, don't you man?"

Jason glanced at Sandy. "Hey - you volunteered, remember?" He asked, tightly, as he guided the car towards the shoulder, easing it to a stop.

"Yeah - but I didn't volunteer you to do seventy in a fifty-five zone." Sandy said, shifting uncomfortably in the passenger seat. He fingered the purse that Jason had purchased for the occasion, his heart pounding.

It was eerie how well he could pass for a girl. After shaving - including much more of his body than he'd originally planned - and doing his hair and make-up, Sandy had been amazed - and abashed - to discover he was one of those people who made a very passable girl. Oh, to be sure, 'she' was hardly gorgeous - but nobody would assume 'she' was anything but female.

Jason had, indeed, paid for the 'disguise'. In doing so, he'd also taken the opportunity to get a practical joke in there.

All the clothes he'd purchased for Sandy, including what he was wearing now - a simple denim dress and a pair of sandals - were too tight in the waist...

...which was why he'd also bought the corset. Sandy had no choice but to strap the 'torture device' on, so tight that it was mildly painful.

But even worse, from Sandy's point of view, was the two enormous fake tits that looked amazingly real through the low neckline of the dress. Made of latex, the edges of the beach-ball sized tits 'feathered' to an incredibly fine layer that blended into his natural skin, making the humongous tits look absolutely authentic - for surgically inflated 'stripper tits'. Jason had had a friend who was studying to do prosthetics work in Hollywood make them up for the 'occasion'.

All in all, Sandy was an amazingly realistic representation of a mildly attractive girl with massive implants - except for when he spoke. Sandy simply could not imitate a girl's voice effectively.

It had been a perfect disguise for its purpose - but that was cold comfort now as the car came to a stop, the flashing lights of the cop-car behind them filling the interior with strobes of crimson.

The friends watched, apprehensively, as the door to the cruiser behind them swung open and the officer stepped out. It was a woman officer - but Jason and Sandy were hard-pressed to make the distinction. Dressed in uniform, the woman was tall, broad-shouldered, and heavily muscled. Her squarish face beneath its 'Smoky Bear' hat bore no make-up, and it was the fair-sized breasts that pulled the uniform blouse taut that allowed the two friends to make the determination of gender.

Not that that was an absolute, Sandy thought with glum humor, looking down at the realistic cleavage of 'his' own pair of KKK-cup 'breasts.'

Rolling down the window as the muscular woman leaned down beside the door, Jason said, unimaginatively, "Is there something wrong, officer?"

The woman's cold blue eyes swept the interior of the car. "Can I see your license and registration please, sir?" She asked, coolly....

...then Sandy's heart leapt to his throat as she continued "And I'll need to see your identification too, ma'am."

Numbly, Sandy dug around in his purse, extracting his own driver's license. He handed it to Jason, who passed all the identification over to the cop, shooting Sandy an apologetic glance.

The woman looked over the documents without expression. Sandy, watching her nervously, found his eyes wandering away from the wooden, unchanging face, flicking here and there in nervous tension. Idly, he noted the small brass name-plate on her ample chest -R. Keswick. Then his eyes flicked over to the other side, reading the embroidered crest on the shoulder - Estrona Police Dept.

Sandy frowned slightly - as the passenger, he'd been doing the navigating for them, and he couldn't recall seeing a town named Estrona on the map...

"Will you please shut off you vehicle and step out?" Officer Keswick asked, abruptly - and Sandy felt his stomach drop as she clipped the ID to the clipboard she carried, rather than returning it.

"Wha ?" Jason started to ask, confused.

Then Officer Keswick stepped back, her hand dropping to the butt of her holstered pistol. "Please step out of the vehicle and place your hands on the roof." She snapped, coldly.

Numbly, Jason shut off the car and climbed out, while Sandy did the same on the other side, wondering what the hell was going on. "Officer, I don't " Jason tried to protest.

The cop's voice overrode his as she pulled his hands behind his back and snapped on a pair of cuffs. "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you do say may be used against you in a court of law "

* * * * *

"Hey! What about our phone calls? Or a lawyer?" Jason shouted from the cell. There was no answer.

"What the hell is going on around here?" Sandy asked, in frustration. He was sitting on the bunk in the cell, tapping his sandaled foot against the floor in a nervous rhythm.

After being Mirandized, the two friends had been put into the back of the cruiser and driven quite some distance off the main route. For a good twenty-five minutes, they'd seen nothing at all, until the dusty cruiser arrived in a small, but modern-looking town. As a matter of fact, nothing at all in the small town looked to be older than a year or two.

The tiny community had been mostly deserted. Their uncommunicative driver had lead them into the small police station, where another cop - also a woman, and even more massively muscular than Officer Keswick, but considerably shorter - was manning the front desk. The two female cops had wordlessly logged Jason and Sandy in, then led them down a corridor, and into a room with five cells. After locking the confused, frightened young men into one of them, they'd left - and no-one had spoken to them or checked on them in the hour since that had happened.

Jason banged the brand-new cell bars and then dejectedly slumped onto the bunk next to Sandy. "I just wish somebody would tell us why we're under arrest." He said, confused. "I mean - don't they have to tell you the charge when they arrest you?"

"I *thought* so." Sandy said, shrugging. "But all I know about arrests is what I see on TV, so..."

"Hello? Hello, are you back there?" A thin, hesitant voice called, and the two friends looked at each other. "Hello?" Jason called back. A second later, the door to the cell was slowly swung open.

The man who entered was short, and pudgy. Wearing a rumpled brown suit, the tiny little man had dark hair that had balded into a crescent-shaped fringe around his pale face. Wide, watery dark eyes were magnified by a thick pair of glasses atop a tiny nose, and the man clutched a worn brown briefcase in a death-grip.

"Mr. Detweiler? Miss Carden?" His voice was so thin and weak, the poor man sounded like he was going to pass out from fright. "I... That is, My name is Peter Lender. Attorney-at-Law." He smiled weakly. "I'm afraid that I'm the Public Defender who'll be representing you in court."

Sandy stood up. "First off - I'm not Miss... despite how it looks." He grinned thinly. "And just what the hell are we going to court *for*?" Lender cleared his throat nervously. "Um... well, I'm afraid that's exactly why you are going to court Miss."

Jason blinked, and came to stand beside Sandy. "Excuse me?"

The attorney looked around furtively. "I'm afraid you made a mistake, taking a short-cut through Estrona County." He said, in a low

voice that the two friends had to strain to hear. "The town, and the surrounding county, were founded fifteen months ago by a group of

feminists who want their own enclave." Straightening a bit, the diminutive lawyer continued in a louder voice. "Under Estrona County laws, a man posing as a woman falls under two separate charges - Criminal Fraud, and Carrying a Concealed Weapon."

"What?!" Sandy asked, stunned. "You're kidding - right?"

Lender shook his head. "I'm afraid not. Under the laws, your... genitalia is considered a weapon. If you were dressed in normal clothes, women would have ample warning that you were a male. But, by posing as a female, they might let down their guard, not knowing that you were packing heat."

Jason and Sandy looked at each other incredulously.

"Look - you have to help us." Jason said, quickly. "I mean, we had no way of knowing "

Lender held up a pale hand, stopping Jason. "I'm going to do whatever I can to help. Unfortunately, the case is pretty clear-cut. He's

dressed, quite convincingly, as a woman, and you were aiding and abetting him. And, unfortunately, ignorance is no excuse in a court of law."

Stunned, the two friends slumped slightly. It was incredible, it was ridiculous - but it was also happening to them, right here and now.

Hearing the sound of boot heels ringing on the concrete floor, all three men looked up as officer Keswick came into the room, carrying a ring of keys. She unlocked the cell door.

Peter shrugged helplessly. "I'm afraid it's time for your trial. You'd better follow Officer Keswick - I've convinced her that she doesn't need to handcuff you for the ride to the courthouse."

Stunned, the two young men let themselves be led to the awaiting cruiser for the short ride to the courthouse.

* * * * *

Much to Jason and Sandy's astonishment, the mouse-like Lender became a veritable legal tiger in the court-room.

Oh, he was still small, soft-spoken and inoffensive. But he was also obviously well-experienced, and he had the tenacity of a bull-dog.

His opponent, a tall, striking woman named DeVries, was viscous, using of venom in her rhetoric and piling as much legal abuse on the hapless friends as possible...

...and at every turn, Lender had an objection, a precedent, or a legal qualification in the boys defense. He argued the lack of criminal intent, of the boys lack of criminal history, of the lack of a victim in the crime.

Yet despite Lender's surprising legal acumen, it was obvious that the boys were in trouble - there was no denying the basics of the case

- not with Sandy standing there in front of the all-female jury, still in his female costume.

Now, only three hours after the court was called to order, Lender was pacing back and forth in front of the jury box as Madame Fore- person read the verdict.

"On the charge of Criminal Fraud, we find the defendant, Sanford Carden - not guilty. On the charge of Carrying a concealed weapon, we find the defendant, Sanford Carden - Guilty. On the charge of Aiding and Abetting, we find the defendant, Jason Detweiler - not guilty. On the charge of Conspiracy in the Second Degree, we find the defendant, Jason Detweiler - Guilty."

The friends looked at each other, with mixed emotions. It could have been worse - they'd only been found guilty on half of the charges against him.

The judge - a woman of course - leaned forward. "The Court will now hear sentencing recommendations. Ms. DeVries?"

The prosecutor frowned, obviously unhappy with the overturning of two of the charges. "Your honor, I request the maximum penalty - twelve years or three years, sexual reassignment surgery, and re-education for Mr. Carden, six years plus gender-sensitivity re- education for Mr. Detweiller."

"Mr. Lender?"

Peter drew himself up. "Your honor, I beg leniency for my clients. Neither has a previous record. There was no criminal intent, only ignorance. They never even had any intention of stopping in this county at all."

"Your Honor!" DeVries interrupted. "It doesn't matter whether or not they were planning to stop - they were traversing through this county, and thus subject to its laws. Moreover, Defendant Carden isn't just posing as a woman - but he's objectifying them ! Look at the size of the artificial breasts that he is wearing - more than just a disguise, this is a veritable insult!"

"As is the choice of jury." Lender said, after DeVries harangue was finished. "A jury of their peers - yet not a single male impaneled." He shrugged. "Moreover, the size of Mr. Carden's falsies is more in the nature of embarrassment than insult - he is the one who is being forced to deal with having them."

The judge looked thoughtful. "Since this is the first trial in which these laws are affected, I am, by nature, predisposed to impose the maximum penalty, as to set a precedent for future cases. However, this is not just the makings of a dusty law book - this is a case involving real people, and I cannot let my decision forget their rights, or I forget true justice. Therefore, I will offer the defendants a choice."

"Your honor..!" DeVries said. An angry glare from the bench silenced her.

"Mr. Carden, you may choose. Since you were actually planning to commit fraud claiming that prize in Vegas, I will allow you to avoid breaking the law. You may spend two weeks as a woman, with Mr. Detweiller as your male companion - or you may each serve a six- year term of incarceration. I'll give you five minutes to choose."

"What's going on?" Sandy asked the attorney, confused. "What are our choices?"

Lender sighed. "I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you." He shrugged. "Your choices basically boil down like this. Serve prison time. Or, you can choose to voluntarily undergo a sex-change operation, reversible after two weeks. If you choose the sex change, Mr.

Detweiller will undergo some changes that would basically make him forget you were ever male - he'll 'remember' you as always being female. Plus, he would not remember what happened here for those two weeks, nor could you tell him during the two weeks. After that time, you will be returned to how you are now."

Sandy gaped. "What? You mean - actually be turned into a woman?"

"And I'd think she was my girlfriend? That's... sick!" Jason interjected. "What about an appeal?"

"Actually..." Lender said to Jason. "The training would make it so that you recall Mr. Carden, who will be, for all practical purposes, female, as being female all along. Your current relationship will be unchanged... although you may find yourself being physically attracted to 'her'. Whether or not you act on that attraction would be up to you. As for an appeal - I'm afraid there's no valid grounds to apply for one. As much as it pains me to admit, this has been a fair trial on a law that, while I don't like it, is constitutional. Furthermore, the punishments are fitting, from a legal point of view, forcing to live what you were pretending to be - so we can't appeal under 'cruel *and* unusual'. It's a fact of law that an appeal must be based on both aspects, because the constitution doesn't read 'cruel *or* unusual' - and while this is unusual, it doesn't classify as cruel."

"Taking away my dick isn't cruel?" Sandy asked, incredulously.

Lender shrugged. "Legally - no. Being female isn't considered cruel under the law - more than half the population is born that way. Furthermore, it's a voluntary choice. If it's really that abhorrent to you, you can take the prison time instead."

They debated in quiet but emotional voices until the time limit ran out. But the choices were basically two weeks of discomfort in a 'gilded cage' - or hard time in prison.

"Your honor," Lender said. "My clients will accept your generous offer."

* * * * *

"wow - quite the setup, huh?" Jason asked, dumping their luggage inside the hotel suite. He looked around with an awed look in his eyes.

"Yeah." Sandy said, a trifle sourly. She stood just inside the door, shifting from foot to foot awkwardly - her feet were killing her. They'd been reduced in size, and with the extra weight of her massive tits, she was forced to keep herself balanced constantly - there was no easy stance where that happened by itself, like when she'd been male. So, the muscles in her feet ached from all the work.

"Come on - lighten up." Jason said, nudging her in such a way that his hand slid across one of her massive tits. "Geez - I let you come for a free weekend, and you get all moody."

Sandy grunted uncommittedly. She was beginning to worry about Jason - she thought that they'd done something else other than make him forget that he'd once been male. Ever since they'd left that damned town, he'd been acting... strange. Aggressive and

chauvinistic. It wasn't like him to be this way.

"Aw - the hell with it. Let's celebrate." Jason announced. He went to the bar and mixed up a couple of drinks, bringing one back to her. "I don't..." Sandy started to refuse.

"Come on - just one. For a toast." Sandy sighed. "Okay."

Jason lifted his glass. "Here's to the sexiest girl to ever enter this room!" He winked at her.

Sandy grimaced and downed the drink quickly. Putting the glass down, she excused herself and went into the washroom to 'freshen up'.

Really, it was a chance to be alone. She didn't know if she could take this sentence for the full term. As bad as being a huge-breasted woman for two weeks was, spending it with the prick Jason had become was worse. What the hell could be wrong with him? She'd known him since kindergarten, and...

That's when it struck her, like a physical blow.

The two of them had been friends for most of their lives. So much of who they were was based on that friendship, the shared lessons and experiences.

But with all trace of that past erased in Jason's mind, he just remembered her as a female friend. Since he obviously found her sexy, in his mind it was a female friend he'd been trying to lay since... well, whenever. In Jason's mind, the fact she'd agreed to a romantic weekend would just be another chance to get into her pants.

This was the Jason that would have been, if they'd never been friends.

Sandy was amazed to realize just how much influence that friendship had had on Jason. without that male friend Sandy to grow up with, he was a real bastard, an arrogant, chauvinist prick.

It was enough to make her head spin. And her nipples hard.

And her crotch wet...

Sandy gasped in horror, nearly falling over. She felt the world seemed to retreat a bit as she realized that she was becoming unbelievably horny, in next to no time at all.

Then she knew - that bastard Jason had become had drugged her. Slipped some sort of sex drug into the drink when he'd made it. This was what a guy like the 'new' Jason did.

Horried, Sandy turned towards the door, intending to lock it. She'd just spend the next while in here, until the drug wore off, then get out...

But before she could lock the door, it swung open, revealing Jason's face, with it's cruel smile. "Hey, babe - how ya feeling?'

"You... you drugged me, you bastard!" Sandy exclaimed, finding it hard to believe.

He snorted. "You bet your ass I did - bitch." He leaned closer. "Ten years. For ten years, you've been teasing me with your body, with those tits of yours. Coming over in the summer, dressed in next to nothing bathing suits. Inviting me to go clubbing, with you in some sexy little number - just so you could go home with another guy. And every time I bring up you and me having some fun - you laugh."

Sandy, becoming confused and light-headed, was horrified to hear what his mind had done with the actual events that had happened. They gone clubbing together, and swimming, and other things - and of course, both of them being guys, never had sex. But since he remembered all those with her being female, they changed, took on new significance.

"No..." She moaned.

"Oh, yes - you're going to fuck me tonight. You're going to make up for ten years of teasing - you're going to fuck my brains out!" His nasty smile widened. "And with that drug in you, in just a few minutes you're going to WANT it that way."

"No! You can't do this Jason... You can't. I'm not really a woman, I'm a guy - you can't do this to me!" "What the fuck are you babbling on about, bitch?" Jason asked, annoyed.

It took a second to register on Sandy's befuddled brain. She'd just told him! But she wasn't supposed to be able to, due to hypnotic programming.

The drug. Whatever he had given her, it must have short-circuited the hypnotic commands. It was like a truth serum...

"Take the drug. The one you gave me!" Sandy cried, trying hard to hold on to the thought. It wasn't easy - though wanted to skitter away from her.

"What?" Jason asked.

"I'll fuck you!" Sandy said, needing to say whatever it took. "I'll fuck you right after you take the drug!" Jason looked at her funny, then shrugged. "Sure, why not - It'll help me keep going."

She followed him into the other room. Already, she was feeling a powerful need, a desire to give in to her imposed lust, and satisfy her cravings...

Jason swallowed a couple of pills, washed down by a blast of scotch. "Okay baby..." "Wait - who am I?" Sandy cried, even as she yearned for his cock to fill her....

"You're the dumb bitch who's been teasing me too long." Jason said, grabbing her arm and dragging her towards the bed.

For a second, she almost went, 'willingly', but was able to hang onto that thought she'd latched earlier. "No - I mean, what relationship have we had. What sex am I.... how "

Jason glared at her. "What the fuck are you talking about, Sandy? You're the same huge-titted, bitchy little slut you've always been. Always showing off those huge tits and tight little cock of yours..." He blinked. "Cunt. I meant, tight little cunt " He stopped, becoming

confused. His grip loosened as memory - real memory - flooded in.

"Oh... God " Jason said, stunned, as the truth settled in. What had happened, what he'd been 'programmed' to believe - and what

he'd almost done...

Sandy, by now, was massaging her own crotch with one hand, blind lust in her eyes, so horny she felt she was going to burst. "Jason..." She moaned. "Help "

Already feeling the arousing properties of the drug, Jason looked at her with lust and grabbed her arm.....

...and dragged her back into the bathroom. "Stay in here. Two hours - we have to last two hours "

She closed and locked the door - then slid to the floor and began ripping off her clothes. She'd done it - she'd brought Jason back, and kept him from raping her.

But she was so horny!

Sitting, naked, with her back to the door, she began to masturbate, frantically, trying to relieve the uncontrollable lust deep inside. But it wasn't enough.

Outside, she could hear Jason talking to himself as he, too, was caught in the grip of uncontrollable, drug induced lust. Sandy stood, absently licking her own juices from her fingers, and began to open the door.

"No!" Jason's voice came from outside, and he slammed his weight into holding the door shut. His voice was husky with lust. "Jason.. I need it... please " She begged her friend, her body suffused with need.

"We... we have to... fight it..." Jason grated. "We... can't give in, Sandy. Remember who you are. We're best friends. We don't... can't..."

Sandy closed her eyes, and fought to concentrate on the past. the two of them, friends. Always there for one another. Going through thick and thin. Laughing and joking...

...discussing what was good and bad in sex....

...trading skin mags...

"Jason... please... help me..." She begged. "I don't care - I know I was a man. But I need it, Jason - I need it, please I'm so horny it

hurts....." She sobbed. "Hurts... so bad "

She began to cry. Long, loud racking sobs, even as her hand slid back into her sopping wet cunt.

The sound of her crying was too much. He was strong enough to fight the lust - but the emotion that he felt when he heard his feminized best friend crying, begging him for help it was too much.

He'd done this to her. He had to make it right...

* * * * *

"I can't believe you did that."

The morning sun streamed in the window, highlighting her where she stood in the bathroom door, a robe barely covering her body. She stood a trifle awkwardly, due to the tenderness of her cunt after all the pounding of last night.

Jason, who had been trying to silently pack up while she was having her shower, straightened - painfully, like his cock and balls were made of glass.

"I "

She shook her head, and spoke in the same tone of stunned amazement as she slowly closed the distance between them. "I mean - I just can't believe it." She said. "There I was, horny as hell, actually begging you to fuck me. And you obviously thought - think - I'm incredibly sexy as a woman. Yet you find me a dildo to keep me satisfied - then leave."

She looked down at his crotch. "And you didn't find relief - did you?"

Then, to Jason's shock, she dropped her robe, letting it puddle on the floor, as she knelt in front of him, her hands reaching for his fly. He jerked backwards. "Sandy! What the hell are you doing!" He cried out, shocked.

Then she looked up at him, and he saw something in her eyes he'd never expected.

"I'm going to ease the pain of the man I love." She answered firmly. The light of sheer insanity blazed in her eyes as she continued. "I've learned my lesson, Jason - from now on, I'll do whatever I need to do to please you. You don't have to run, anymore."

Jason shuddered. She sounded rational, if infatuated - but that look in her eyes revealed that she'd lost complete touch with reality. What the hell had happened to her?

"When you left, I tried the dildo - but it wasn't enough. I needed you..." She said, rising and slowly approaching him. "Then I called for room service, and when it was delivered, I fucked him, too - but it wasn't him, either, I needed> It wasn't any of the other guys I tried, either."

Jason gasped in horror. Driven by lust, she'd searched for satisfaction. Of course, with the drug in her blood stream, she'd NEVER be satisfied - but she was so doped up, she hadn't known that. Somewhere in the orgy that had been her night, she had snapped - had decided that the only person who could satisfy her was him, and he'd left to prove that to her.

"come on, Jason - you don't have to worry. I'm going to stay female and make sure that your every whim is fulfilled" His best friend said, her face sad around her mad, mad eyes. "Don't punish me anymore - I beg you. Let me suck your cock."

Jason knew what he had to do. Her whole insane fantasy world now revolved around him. She literally needed him, to satisfy him - or she could never be satisfied. For the rest of her life, all she would desire is to please him in every way a woman could please a man.

Disgusted, horrified and self-loathing, Jason could do only one thing. He could ease her pain, no matter what the cost.

So, he let his best friend in the world, the one he'd unwittingly driven insane, drop to her knees in front of him and begin giving him a blowjob.

He didn't know what was worse - the fact that he'd done this to his best friend...

...or the fact that, no matter how hard he tried to fight it, a day would come when he'd actually be so used to it that he'd no longer be disgusted by having this huge-breasted ex-male-best-friend as his willing sex slave.



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: A messy border get his comeuppance when his landlord, who is also a scientist, attaches him to a machines that adjusts his attitude making him both more feminine, and afraid that people will think that he is a sissy.

Emotional Response

By Gunslinger

'...so, then John says that he can't make it because...' Mark rambled on, deep in the middle of the story he was recounting.

At this end of the phone Jan Johansson was half asleep, listening to the rambling story - nearly comatose, really.

Just then, Fate intervened - in the eerily controlled, British-accented voice of Gregory Tannelworth, emerging from the intercom system he'd installed himself.

"Whoa, whoa, Mark - hold up." Jan said into the phone. "My 'boyfriend' is calling me, and I have to run."

Mark's laughter crackled over the rough connection. "Jeez, man - how long are you going to keep this 'boyfriend' shit up, anyway?"

The muscular, pale-blond young man laughed in response. "For as long as I still get a kick out of it. The look on Greg's face when he saw who his roommate was going to be was just hilarious - every time I remember it, I have to keep myself from laughing. Anyway, man - I gotta run. I'll see you on Monday, 'kay?"

"Sure thing, man." Mark said. Shaking his head, Jan hung up the phone, his heavily muscled body uncurling from the worn couch in the den, muscles bunching and flexing under the tight jeans and black T-shirt that were stretched over them.

Heading towards the basement - where Gregory's voice had originated - the muscular youth was grinning to himself at the memory of his first introduction to the creepy guy who owned the rambling, remotely located farmhouse. A mutual friend had managed to get Gregory to let Jan rent out half the house at a real good price... without ever mentioning the fact that 'Jan' was quite a common *man's* name in Iceland, where Jan's parents had come from.

Well, at least the freak hadn't backed out of the agreement - though incredibly handsome, skilled at athletics of all sorts, and a real babe-magnet, Jan was less than financially secure, the money of his job being spent mostly on booze and women.

So, the low monthly rent for this place was just the ticket for his strained finances, and he was glad Mark had finagled Greg into renting it to him - false pretenses notwithstanding.

That was 'Good Old Mark', though. Studying to become a lawyer, the guy was slipperier than an eel - and able to talk forever without actually saying anything. His careful finagling had made Gregory think (without ever actually saying it) that he was getting a athletic Nordic Goddess as a roommate - hence the very low rent offered. Looking and acting as he did, Gregory wasn't exactly prime dating material,

and had obviously been hoping to 'score' with a roommate... and the look on his face had been priceless when a sculpted Norse God had shown up at his door, instead.

Reaching the stairwell entrance in the kitchen, the twenty-seven year old clattered down the stair energetically...
...and right into a set from a Fifties sci-fi movie.

At least, that's how the transformed basement always looked to Jan. Part of it was the field-stone walls of the subterranean chamber, creating that 'medieval' feel. Part of it was the array of sputtering, crackling, whining machines built out of surplus material that was from the 'right' time-frame for such a set. The bubbling, smoking retorts, racks of test-tubes and the eldritch blue glow from the Bunsen burners didn't hurt the image either.

But the major contributing factor to the whole 'cheesy sci-fi' feel of the room was it's owner and creator, Gregory.

The tall, almost painfully thin young man stood in the center of the room, tinkering with some arcane piece of antiquated machinery, his spare frame rapped in a white lab coat. Hearing the clatter of his roommate's steps, he straightened and turned... and completed the illusion.

His face was thin and allow, having rarely seen the light of day. Beneath a Hawk's beak of a nose, and above thin, humorless lips, an almost obsessively neat mustache rode, it's sandy coloring matching the shade of his hair, which was already prematurely exhibiting 'male pattern baldness', revealing a high, bare forehead above his round, rimless glasses.

"Ah, Jan - so good of you to respond so quickly." Gregory said, lips curling in a faint, humorless smile. "I do believe it's time that we had a little sit-down."

Gregory gestured with one slender hand at a chair that looked like a rejected 'Captain's Chair' from the original 'Star Trek' series. "Please - have a seat."

Rolling his eyes, Jan crossed the floor and lowered himself into the stiff, uncomfortable chair, resting his arms on the wide, metal arms of the furnishing. "Okay, Greg - I'm listening."

The self-proclaimed 'scientist' winced at the diminutive form of his name, then pulled up a lab stool and perched on it like a vulture, his narrow back ram-rod straight.

"Jan, when I agreed to rent out the use of the house to you, it was mostly as an additional source of revenue to fund my research." Gregory started out. "Since I own the house, free and clear, as an inheritance, there is no real financial burden on me for it's upkeep, aside from maintenance costs, land taxes, and other such unavoidable expenses. This is the reason why your own financial contribution is so reasonable."

"Yeah, right." Jan said, with a knowing grin. "That's the reason."

Gregory paused and frowned, making sure Jan's interruption had run its course. Then he picked up, pointedly ignoring the comment. "However, the monetary compensation you are making does not make up for your negligence as a secondary inhabitant of this house. When I lived alone, I had only my own interests and affairs to keep in order - and I am an orderly person to begin with, so it was hardly an arduous task. Of course, I did not assume that a tenant would be so inclined, but I did expect..." He stopped himself, holding up a hand and closing his eyes as he searched for the right phrasing. "No - I demanded, and still do, that a tenant try their level best to maintain the general living conditions of the house, leaving things as they find them."

"Which means..." Jan asked, annoyed - as always - with Gregory's pedantic nature.

"Not only do you not tidy up after yourself, which would be bad enough..." Gregory said, rather sharply. "...but you entertain a constant stream of... 'ladies', who add to the problem - without attempting, in any way, to alleviate the condition."

"Yeah, so I have a lot of girls over, and we have a little fun." Jan said, with a sigh. "What's your point?"

"My point is, I require you to keep this house as neat and orderly as I did when I lived *sans compagnon*." Gregory explained, exasperation creeping into his usually carefully modulated tones.

Jan snorted and rolled his eyes. "Geez, lighten up! This place was like a museum when I moved in. Now I'm giving it that 'lived-in' look. Besides, if you don't like the occasional pile of crap, then go ahead and clean it up."

"It is considerably more than the 'occasional' pile of clutter." Gregory retorted. "And it is not my job to clean up after you. If you wish to remain my lodger, I *require* you to keep the house tidy, the dishes clean, and the laundry either freshly washed, or out of sight."

"Like hell." Jan said, shaking his head. "I signed the one-year lease mark drew up for us, remember? It didn't say anything about me doing that sort of thing. For God's sake, Greg - that's woman's work, and no matter what you thought before you met me, I ain't a fuckin' broad. No way."

Despite Jan's tirade, Gregory didn't seem upset - in fact, a faint grin crossed his lips. "Actually - I thought you might make an objection along those lines."

"Yeah, so? Whatcha gonna do about it? Evict me?"

"No." Gregory said, the grin flitting across his lips again. "I'm going to do... *this*." He pressed a red button mounted on the work-bench beside him.

With an audible '*snap*', metal restraints popped out of the arms and legs of the chair, locking in place around Jan's wrists, biceps, knees and ankles.

"What the *fuck*?" The muscular man exclaimed, trying - and failing - to break from the metal restraints' unyielding grip. "What the fuck you doing, ass-wipe!"

"Why..." Gregory said, feigning surprise. "...I'm merely making you more... *amenable* to my... *suggestions*."

"Look, shit-head!" Jan said, in his most threatening tone. "You'd better let me up right now, or you're going to regret it!"

"Oh, I think not." Gregory said, with a smile, as he rose from his stool and walked over to a bench and began to gather some items. "If there's nay regrets involved, they will be yours - and you will regret that you ever had your friend trick me - and that you didn't accede to my very reasonable requests."

He approached the chair Jan was locked into, holding some odd - and definitely 'medical-looking' - items.

"What the fuck are you doing!" Jan all-but-screamed, trying vainly to watch as Gregory walked around the chair, to stand behind him. The shaped neck-and-head brace of the chair kept him from being able to move his head more than a few inches...

...a freedom that was immediately denied as Gregory snapped another clamp in place, securing Jan's head in a straight-forward position.

"Well..." Gregory said, in an abstract, clinical tone. "First I am going to inject you with a local anesthetic, as well as a paralytic agent."

"What!" Jan screamed - as he felt the pin-prick of the needle entering his neck, right at the point it joined the back of his skull. "What the hell do oo hink er oi.. oooo.. oo..."

As he spoke, it was as if his muscles were becoming detached from his brain, and before he could finish the sentence, he found himself locked in position, unable to move, as his upper back and the rear of his skull slowly went numb.

"After waiting for full effect..." Gregory said after a few minutes. "...we're ready for the next step - the insertion of the bio-chip."

There was no pain, only the faintest sensation of pressure, as Gregory made a small incision in the back of Jan's head and began to work.

"This is a device of my own devising." Gregory said, not without some pride. "Designed to operate off the natural electrical current of the human nervous system, this chip allows a crude - but effective - interface was the nerve bundle at the

base of the brain - the place where all the primal sensations and emotions are routed. As well as many of the hormonal systems' controls, I might add."

Falling silent, Gregory very carefully implanted and positioned the small, dark chip into Jan, waiting until he was suturing the wound closed before speaking again.

"To put it simply," He explained. "This device allows me to access - and, if necessary, activate - all your basic emotions, major sensory responses, and even you hormonal system. I should think it will be most effective in... keeping you in line."

Tying the last stitch, Gregory snapped the excess chromic and stood back, surveying his handwork. "Ah... perfecto. Now, I'll leave you while the drugs clear your system. Once you are capable of it, simply give a shout, and we shall see how well my little friend performs."

Undoing the now-unnecessary head-strap, Gregory turned and began to walk towards the stairs.

Jan wanted to curse and scream at Gregory's retreating back as the slender young man headed for the stairs - but was unable to do anything at all except sit there...

...as the first shivers of fear began to work their way down his spine.

* * * * *

"Gregory! You son of a bitch! You'd better get down here and let me go, or I'll..."

"Well..." Gregory said with an urbane smile, reaching the bottom step and crossing his arms dramatically. "I see you've recovered the use of your vocal chords."

"Damn right, you worthless piece of shit!" Jan said, lip curling in a sneer. "You'd better get these damn things off and let me go, or I'm going to..."

"Oh, do calm down." Gregory said, reaching for a red switch mounted on the wall. "I have every intention of letting you go."

He flipped the switch, and - with a pneumatic hiss - the metal restraints retracted into the chair.

Slowly rising to his feet, Jan stood with a loose posture as he rubbed his arms where he'd been restrained....

...then without any warning, broke into a sprint, heading directly for where Gregory stood, at the far end of the room.

He made it about half the distance before the slender 'scientist' casually pushed a button on his 'wristwatch'...

...and all the hatred and anger suddenly drained from Jan, to be replaced with awe, dread...

...and stark, ravening terror at the thought of harming Gregory in any way.

Crying out, Jan skidded to a stop and dropped to his knees, flinging his arms up defensively. Despite the intellectual knowledge that he could pound Gregory into a paste, physically, he found himself screaming at the top of his lungs, begging for forgiveness and mercy.

Despite his intellectual knowledge of how he should feel, Jan felt as if he was in the very presence of God Himself - and, in that instant, the thought of physically attacking Gregory became as impossible as the thought of attacking God would have been for a devout Catholic.

Gasping for breath, Jan felt the stark terror slowly subsiding as all thoughts of violence slid from his mind but that sense of dreadful awe remained as he knelt on the cool concrete floor, a few feet in front of Gregory.

It took an amazing amount of sheer will for Jan to speak to Gregory.

"What what have you done to me?" He asked hating the fawning tone in his own voice - but unable to stop from cringing at the thought of talking to Gregory like a 'mere mortal'.

Gregory's grin widened. "Contrary to standard doctrine on the subject, I've never believed that tampering directly with a man's mind is the best way to control his will. Instead, I've theorized that stimulating a man's emotions can be more effective, since there are numerous instances in history where somebody didn't do something that, intellectually, they knew they should - or, conversely, who did something completely ill-advised. All because of emotions. So, I've decided to test my theory - on you."

"But..." Jan wanted desperately to argue but couldn't quite bring himself to do so. no matter how much he wanted to, he just couldn't find enough force-of-will to overcome the emotional certainty that doing so would be so completely, utterly wrong that the universe would rain unimaginable wrath down on him. Licking his suddenly dry lips, Jan struggled for control of his rampant emotions...

..and lost.

Bowing his head, Jan began to whimper, ashamed of his weakness - and helplessly 'worshipful' to Gregory.

"I do believe that the first test is a rousing success " Gregory said, with (for him) an unusually wide smile. "Rise, Jan - we have much work to do."

Thanks to the implant, the mere thought of disobeying brought wild, rampaging terror. Hating himself, but unable to stop, Jan slowly rose, finding himself unable to meet Gregory's eyes.

"Yes, sir."

* * * * *

Jan looked at the pile of dishes beside the sink, chewing nervously on his lower lip. Closing his eyes, Jan took several deep breaths, trying to force down the artificially-induced, yet utterly 'real', panic that was trying to claw at his throat.

"I... I don't... want to do the dishes." Jan said, hating the fearful, whining tone of his own voice. "Please, Gregory, I'm so sorry for everything I said and did, and I'll make it up to you, but please don't do this to me, I feel all scared and weak and..."

"Jan." Gregory said, softly - and that quiet tone was enough to stop Jan dead in his tracks. The muscular youth literally cringed, as if that soft word had been a powerful blow to the face.

"Yes?" Jan said, his voice helplessly small and scared. "Just wash one glass, for now."

Hesitantly, Jan turned to the sink. Turning on the water, he waited for it to get hot. Then, squirting a small amount of dish-soap into a glass, he added a quarter-cup's worth of hot water and picked up the wash-cloth. He began to wash the glass...

...and an incredible sense of relief, peace, and happiness washed through him, making him sigh in utter bliss.

"Both the carrot and the stick." Gregory said from behind Jan - and Jan nearly dropped the glass as the dread and awe stole away the pleasant feelings. Quaking, the muscular youth turned to face his new master.

"Excuse... excuse me?" Jan asked, fearfully.

Gregory smiled. "When you are doing any task I ask you to do, you will feel very, very good - warm, pleasurable emotions will wash over you. Try to disobey me, though..."

Jan felt another wave of sheer panic at the very thought. Though he was intellectually disgusted with himself, he shook his head violently. "No! No, I'll do what you say!"

Gregory smiled - and the fear slowly faded. "Good - now, go ahead and wash the dishes. Then come see me when you're done. Oh - and from now on, you may address me as... 'Master'."

"Yes... Master." Jan said, tears of shame sliding down his cheeks. Hating himself, Jan turned to the sink...

...and the tears continued to flow as a faint, dreamy smile spread across his lips and he began to perform his assigned task. A dreamy sort of pleasant lassitude spread through Jan - but it was coupled with a deep and abiding shame that made the experience bitter-sweet, a shameful pleasure that he was ashamed to find himself feeling, but completely unable to stop.

* * * * *

Drying and putting away the last glass on the drying rack, Jan found his eyes once more sliding towards the door at the back of the kitchen - the one that led out onto a porch, and then to the garage, his car... and freedom.

No matter how much he longed to walk through that door, though, Jan found he could not force himself to do so. Three times, he'd taken a hesitant step in that direction - and dread and panic and horror had kept him from taking another. He was as unable to walk through the simple screen door as he would have been if it were twelve inches of steel-reinforced concrete.

Whimpering softly to himself, Jan turned away from the door and headed into the living room, where Gregory was sitting with his feet up, watching TV.

"Ah, I see you have finished..." The British-born young man began... then stopped, sandy eyebrows climbing. "I say... have you been crying?"

"Yes, Master..." Jan admitted, miserably. Gregory frowned. "Why?"

"Because I'm so ashamed." Jan admitted in a tiny voice, eyes downcast. "I.. I'm a man, but I'm doing women's work. I'm just so... ashamed."

"Astonishing...!" Gregory mused, aloud. "The chip should completely override any natural emotions. For you to be able to feel anything but a programmed emotion "

Since Gregory wasn't speaking directly to him Jan remained silent, barely even registering the words as he stood, sunk in shameful apathy.

"Good Lord!" Gregory muttered, squeezing his lower lip between thumb and fore-finger. "That particular... mindset must run so incredibly deep and strong "

He fell silent for several minutes, then looked at Jan and raised his voice.

"Jan?" He said, with real interest. "How do you feel about women? Be completely - even brutally - honest."

Jan looked up - and said the words that he'd always believed, but had never uttered to another living soul. "Oh - women aren't 'really' people. They're just things. Put on earth for the purpose of making

a man's life easier. You know, to cook and clean, and to be sexual playthings."

Gregory was taken aback. "I see - and that's why you feel so ashamed. You're ashamed to be doing women's work."

Since it was spoken to him, Jan felt the helpless need to correct the slight misinterpretation. "Sort of. I'm ashamed that somebody will see me - a man - doing woman's work. Of doing something feminine. When I lived alone, I sometimes had to do this stuff - but I'd do it alone, with the shades drawn, so nobody would see me. I didn't like doing it, but I wasn't ashamed - just annoyed."

"Hmmm " Gregory said, pinching his lower lips again, thinking hard. Minutes passed, with Jan standing silently, eyes downcast, as Gregory thought. Then, slowly, Gregory began to smile.

It wasn't a pleasant smile. Not pleasant at all.

* * * * *

"Jan, I want you to pay attention." Gregory said, drawing Jan's eyes to him. Ordering Jan to remain in the living room, the skinny youth had vanished off to the basement for a couple of hours, and now he was back, carrying something in his hand. "From now on, you'll be in charge of answering the phone. When it rings, I will *never* answer it - you will. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master." Jan said, after a second's hesitation. That second cost him - the wave of sheer, mindless fear at the thought of disobedience nearly sent him to his knees."

"Good. However - when you answer, you will answer by saying; 'Master Gregory's residence, Slave Jan speaking. How may I serve you?'. Do you understand?"

The hesitation was longer then a second this time - and when Jan said 'Yes, Master' this time, it was in a voice of misery, with tears of shame rolling down his cheeks.

"You're crying again, Jan. Why?" Gregory asked.

"Because it's shameful. For a man to sound so... so... well, like a slave." Jan said, hating his own weakness in the face of Gregory's emotional hold on him.

Gregory smiled. "What if they don't realize it's a man speaking?" Jan blinked. "Huh?"

Gregory's smile became devilish. "Oh, it's up to you - you can use any voice you want to. But, if you didn't sound like 'you', nobody would know it was you - a man - debasing yourself..."

Gregory held up the item he carried - what appeared to be one of those small, pressurized 'breath spray' tubes.

"This compound will raise the pitch of your voice." Gregory explained. "The more you spray, the higher and more feminine your voice will become. I warn you, though - the effects are permanent, and irreversible."

"You... want me to use that?" Jan said, hesitantly.

Gregory shrugged. "I don't care if you use it, or - if you do - how much. It's completely up to you." He handed the tube to Jan, who took it, looked at it hesitantly, then dropped it into his pocket.

"Now..." Gregory said, rising. "I'm going to take a nap. By the time I wake up, I want this room spotless. Do you understand... Slave Jan?"

"Yes, Master." Jan answered, miserably, as Gregory headed away. Helpless, he began to clean the room...

...and the shame was mingled with the pleasure of obeying Master Gregory's orders.

* * * * *

Reaching his bedroom, Gregory picked up the phone beside his bed, and tapped out a phone number.

"This is Gregory Tannelworth. I buy a large amount of equipment from... yes, that's right. Can you do me a favor? Check my current bill balance ? No, I can't hold, but you can call me back. Yes, twenty minutes would be fine. Yes, thank you."

* * * * *

Jan was just 'getting into' the rhythm of cleaning - when the phone rang.

Horrified, the hapless male looked at the phone, then hesitantly approached it as it rang a second time.

He started to reach out a hand then yanked it back.

"I.. I can't do it..." Jan said in a pitiful whimper, hyperventilating. "But.. I can't *not* do it, either..."

As the phone rang for the forth time, the panic was nearly enough to drive him to his knees. Two conflicting - but equal - emotions demanded diametrically opposed options.

Whimpering, Jan dug frantically into his pocket and yanked out the small metal tube. Fumbling with haste, he brought it to his mouth and sprayed it while inhaling deeply, holding the valve down for a long, deep blast.

Tossing the mostly empty tube aside, Jan grabbed the phone, struggling for composure as he spoke.

"Master Gregory..." Jan started - then stopped in utter shock, as an almost unbelievable voice emerged from between his lips - high pitched and breathy with his panic, it sounded more like a 'Cartoon Bimbo' voice then anything a real human being would have.

Fighting down shame and panic, Jan swallowed, then forced himself to start again. "Master Gregory's residence, Slave Jan speaking. How may I serve you?"

There was a very, very long pause at the other end of the line, then:

"Uh... Is Mr. Tannelworth there, uh... miss?"

Despite the shame of hearing that ridiculous, overly feminine voice emerging from his throat, Jan was suddenly overwhelmed by intense sensation of relief. The man at the other end of the phone thought he was a woman! His terrible secret was still safe!

"I'm afraid Master Gregory isn't available at the moment." Jan said with more confidence, even as he winced at that ridiculous voice. "Can I take a message?"

"Uh... just tell him he has no outstanding balance at Roy's Electronic Surplus, 'kay?" "Certainly." Jan said, then said his good-byes and hung up.

"Hello, testing, testing..." Jan said, trying to get used to the sound emerging from his throat. Shaking his head in shame - but less shame than answering the phone like that as a man would have created - he went back to his cleaning, muttering to himself in his altered voice.

* * * * *

"Please, master... I don't want to do this..."

It obviously took a lot out of Jan to make the argument, and Gregory feigned shock. "Why not? Hanging clothes out to dry is an integral part of doing laundry."

Jan bit his lower lip, then found enough nerve to continue his mild defiance - in that cartoonish soprano. "But... somebody driving by might see me doing it..."

Gregory shrugged. "Well, it's not all that likely - and the clothes do have to be hung out."

Jan nervously shifted his weight from leg to leg. "When... when I cleaned the attic earlier.." He stuttered, hesitantly. "...I noticed some women's clothes and stuff. Can I put on a big, flowing dress and a wig, so that if somebody did see me from the road, they'd think I was a woman doing the laundry."

Gregory looked thoughtful - while fighting to keep from smiling. "Well, I don't know - you'd look pretty silly, big hairy you in a dress..."

"What if I shave off all my hair? Can I do it then?" Jan's high-pitched voice held hope.

Gregory sighed, 'regretfully'. "That would use up to many razors. Now, I do have a depilatory cream that would take all your body hair away, but it's permanent, and would also leave your skin really soft and smooth, so I don't think you'd want to..."

"Oh, I do!" Jan begged. "Please, let me use that depil... dipla... anti-hair stuff, and then wear the dress and wig! Please!"

Gregory's face felt like it was going to break from the effort not to smile as he 'gave in'. "Well... all right..."

"Thank you!" Jan said - feeling relieved that he wasn't going to get caught out doing women's work. Eagerly, he accepted the bottle of depilatory, then ran upstairs. Grabbing a large, flowing, floral-print dress and a long, blonde wig from the attic, he went into the bathroom and started a shower.

Climbing in, he began to use the depilatory according to the instructions. He felt ashamed as he began to remove his body hair, but he made sure to do a good job of it. If there was a chance somebody would 'catch' him doing women's work, he wouldn't be able to go out and hang the laundry... but the mere thought of not doing what he was ordered to made him so

scared and horrified that he was almost sick to his stomach. This way, he could do what needed to be done without anyone knowing it was really a man doing the woman's work...

Finishing, Jan stepped out of the shower. For speed and efficiency, he'd used the gel everywhere, except for certain parts of his eyebrows, and his eyes themselves. Now his body gleamed as he toweled off, denuded of hair, except for his lashes and his slender, arched eyebrows.

Done drying off, he awkwardly shrugged into the dress, feeling silly - but also calm, and almost 'happy', now that he was able to obey Master Gregory's commands. He'd been under the influence of the chip for only six hours or so, but the emotions it caused were so strong that Jan could barely remember the anger, disgust and hatred he'd once felt for his new master. Instead, it almost felt as if he'd always worshipped the God-like figure who was looming steadily large in his mind's eye with every passing hour.

Carefully positioning the slightly musty blonde wig on his bald pate, Jan stuck his tongue out at his ridiculous-looking reflection, then padded barefoot out of the bathroom and towards the waiting pile of wet laundry...

...completely unaware that he was humming happily to himself in his new voice.

* * * * *

"Please, Master - you have to help me..." Jan said, near tears.

"Why, what's wrong?" Gregory asked, 'surprised'. "When I decided we were going to leave the shades up all the time, you decided that wearing a dress all the time would keep you safe from being seen through a window while doing woman's work. What could be wrong now?"

"I was cleaning up the kitchen after making you your dinner," Jan explained. "...and the little TV on the counter was on. It was this show about how people can make all sorts of snap judgments, and I just happened..."

Gregory struggled to keep from grinning - for that show to 'just happen' to be on had taken him half- an-hour of splicing a VCR into the cable where it came into the house.

"...to hear that some men can make accurate guesses as to a woman's measurements from quite a long distance away." She was actually crying, now. "If one of these types of guys sees me, even from the road, he might be able to tell I'm a man doing women's work!"

"Oh, I don't think it's likely." Gregory said, playing it up. While he was supposedly napping, he'd further increased the chip's output to make Jan downright obsessive about this topic - Jan was now incapable of ignoring even the smallest 'threat' of being found out.

"Please, Master - please, help me!" Jan begged. "You.. you have to give me a woman's figure. Please!"

Gregory sighed. "Well, if that's what you want..." "Yes, please!" Jan said, eagerly.

"Follow me, then..." Gregory said, heading towards the lab in the basement.

He still couldn't believe how powerful emotional control was. Though he'd set up certain 'traps', Gregory hadn't touched Jan's mind itself, just his emotions - so that all of these ideas were coming from Jan. He was 'willingly' choosing to do this to himself, and that made it more powerful than any externally implanted 'mind-control' could ever be.

"So - what do you need me to do?" Gregory asked, as they reached the bottom of the stairs.

Jan had been considering the question for the past few hours. Of course, he had no way of knowing that the sheer, literally 'mind-bending' force of the emotions he was being subjected to had made him a raging 'mascuphobic' - scared unto death of being identified as a male.

In his 'right mind', he would have realized what this meant, and been horrified - but with his mind twisted by its own preconceived notions and fears, all he could focus on was not being caught looking like a man while he was doing women's work, and he needed to do the women's work Gregory ordered him to do. So, his mind, of its own accord, began to construct a 'better disguise' for him...

"I've got too much muscle for a woman, Master." Jan told Gregory, sincerely. "Women as slender, weak little things. Can you get rid of all this masculine muscle?"

Gregory nodded. "Sure - there's a machine over here that can convert and redistribute soft-tissue masses. It's really designed to go the other way - convert fat to muscle - but it can be used this way. The problem is... it doesn't get rid of the mass, just moves it around."

"Oh, that's okay, Master." Jan 'assured' him. "You can use the machine to give me a slender body - and the extra mass can go to my tits and ass."

"I don't know..." Gregory 'hesitated'. "That's a lot of extra mass. Perhaps you should wait until tomorrow, think this through..."

"Please, Master - do it now!" Jan begged, horrified at the extra 'risk' delaying would entail. "Please, I don't care how big my tits end up - I'll be happy with them. In fact - make them as big as you can. The bigger my tits are, the harder it will be for people to know I'm a man!"

The sight of the muscular youth earnestly begging for a huge pair of tits strained Gregory's control to the limit - but he 'solemnly' agreed to help Jan, having him strip naked and then leading him over to

the machine and strapping him in. A series of tiny, sub-cellular pressure-injectors then went to work, destabilizing the material of Jan's muscle and beginning to redistribute it.

"This will take awhile." Gregory said. "I'm going to go upstairs, rather than wait. In any case, this button here will stop it - you'll have complete control over how far you want the process to go. Okay?"

"Yes, Master." Jan said, staring up at the full-length mirror above the device, watching as the slow process began. "Thank you, Master."

"No problem." Gregory said, heading for the stairs...

...and grinning broadly. When he'd installed the chip, it was to bring Jan to his knees and make him a slave - this was all just an 'extra'...

* * * * *

"Gotta fool them all..." Jan mumbled to himself, not really noticing his new voice anymore - after just a few hours, it (emotionally) felt natural to him - and comfortable. 'Safe', in fact - with a voice like that, nobody would know it was 'big, manly' him doing woman's work.

What Gregory hadn't counted on - and what Jan didn't even consciously realize - was that the very things that had driven Jan to become a muscular 'stud' were what was effectively making him 'insane' under the influence of the emotion chip.

Jan's parents were Icelandic, and very 'conservative' - his father had worked, and his mother had kept the home, 'submissive' by the standards of the American 'liberated' woman. With this as a background, Jan had received a lot of ribbing and jokes about his name when he was young, and as an unconscious defense, had started over-compensating by being 'ultra-masculine', never realizing that it all stemmed from a deep-rooted sense of inadequacy. Now, all that came together, and the only thing Jan could think about was avoiding being seen as the 'girly-man' he'd been teased so much about being when he was younger.

The fact that he was making himself more feminine by the hour didn't truly register on his consciousness, other than being a 'benefit' - the more he looked like a woman, the less people would tease him about being a man who was acting like a girl. Though illogical in the absolute sense, it made complete sense to Jan's twisted emotional outlook on life, and he lay in the machine and was comforted by the thought that he was 'hiding' his shame...

...beneath the 'disguise' of a woman.

"More... gotta stop looking like a man..." Jan muttered, oblivious. "Gotta keep anyone from knowing it's me..."

* * * * *

"Master Gregory...?"

Gregory blinked, then sat more upright in the sofa, realizing he'd drifted off. It was nearly midnight, and the day had been a long one for him, what with him getting up early to finish the work on the bio- chip.

"Master? Where are you?" Jan's improbable voice called from the kitchen, as he'd obviously just finished climbing the stairs.

Gregory frowned - what had Jan been doing downstairs. It's not like Jan could have spent all that time in the...

"Oh... ye... Gods..." Gregory said, slowly rising to his feet as his jaw dropped.

The reaction was caused by the fact that the person who had been Jan the muscle-man had just walked into the room.

"Master Gregory!" Jan said, happily, awkwardly turning full circle. "Isn't it great! Nobody looking in the window will ever realize I'm a man!"

"Uh..." Was the best Gregory could do as he gaped at the reshaped Jan.

Almost all the massive musculature Jan had possessed had been converted. Gregory assumed that Jan would stop when he'd reached the stage of 'athletic-but-feminine' - but Jan had gone further than that...

...much further.

The new Jan looked almost like a flesh-coated skeleton, so scrawny was his body. The skin was drawn almost painfully tight over his wide, and now very visible, shoulders, and his legs looked like pipe-cleaners. His waist couldn't be more than thirteen inches around. His face was a grotesque parody of a skull, the thin lips stretched in a gruesome smile of joy.

Against this sere, bony back-drop rested the new, swollen attributes of Jan's body.

His ass, especially on his now-bony, slender hips, was almost unreal in its huge, firm, round shape. Composed of denaturalized muscle, it was firmer than it would be naturally, and incredible round and fully-packed.

But even that obscenely huge, round, heart-shaped ass couldn't begin to compare with Jan's chest. For, sprouting from a too-visible ribcage was the most enormous, unrealistically firm pair of spherical tits that Gregory had ever seen. They were unbelievably, unrealistically, unimaginably huge, the size and shape of those inflatable beach-balls, and each one was tipped by a huge, thick nipple bigger than Jan's once-masculine thumbs had been.

Jan was leaning against the wall, barely able to remain upright, the massive endowments, weighing enormously on his weakened frame.

"Aren't they fantastic?" Jan asked, too brightly, bright-blue eyes shining as he fondled the enormous mounds of tit-flesh. "Nobody will know that somebody with tits like these is really a man!"

"My God, Jan!" Gregory, stunned completely out of the 'game' he'd been playing with the transformed man. "You... you're nothing but skin and bones! We have to get you back downstairs and change you back!"

Then the most shocking thing happened. Despite all the emotional programming... Jan defied him.

"No!" Jan screamed, hand reaching out to grasp his huge new tits possessively., "No, I need these tits! I have to have them! You can't make them smaller!"

Of all the possible outcomes to 'playing' with Jan's emotions, this was one that Gregory could never have foreseen. When he'd enacted his plan, it wasn't as 'evil' as it had seemed - after all, it was Friday night, and (despite what he'd told Jan), everything he'd done was reversible. He'd simply planned to spend the weekend humiliating Jan, bringing him down a notch or two - then setting everything right before Jan's friend Mark came over Monday> After all, it wasn't like this could all be kept a secret.

Sure, in books and movies you could 'enslave' somebody and get away with it, but this was real life. It certainly wasn't supposed to get this far out of hand.

Lifting his arm, Gregory looked at the watch-like control unit on his wrist - and pushed the button marked 'reset', followed by the one marked 'Off'.

* * * * *

Leaning against the wall, cradling his huge, wonderful new chest possessively, Jan shuddered as he felt the strangest 'sensation' run through him. There was no physical aspect to the 'feeling', but it felt as if he'd been picked up, spun around a dozen times, and then put back in the exact same place and position, all in an instant.

It was the sensation of all his emotional responses being reset, just as Gregory had planned to do Monday morning - and then the chip being deactivated.

There was just one problem - though the chip erased all emotional programming, it couldn't erase the experiences and thoughts Jan had had during the past fifteen hours...

* * * * *

Still shuddering at the thought of what his fooling around had unexpectedly done, Gregory adopted a conciliatory tone.

"Oh, Jan - I'm so sorry - I didn't mean for any of this to happen." Gregory said, shaken and truly apologetic. "Come on, let's get you back to normal and..."

"No!" Jan shouted, more forcefully this time - released from 'worshipping' Gregory, there was nothing to restrain him. "maybe I don't have the muscles anymore - but if you try to take away my tits, I'm going to kill you!"

Gregory's jaw dropped again. "Buh... Buh... but... You can't really *want* to have those tits!"

"Yes I want theme!" Jan shouted, shrilly. "I need them. I'm not Jan the Girlie-man! I'm not! I won't be! I can't let anybody know I'm really a man! I need these tits, I need them so people won't think I'm a girlie-man! No, you can't take them away, they're mine..."

"Jan!" Gregory shouted, trying to interrupt the shrill, wild rant, shaken to his core as he realized what he'd inadvertently done.

Faced with two choices that he couldn't accept, Jan had found a 'third' choice - by going completely and utterly insane. He was completely irrational, his mind having detached from logical reality to live in a fantasy-land where being a look-alike woman was 'better' than being a man who did womanly things.

People made fun of effeminate men - but not of effeminate woman. It was on this one 'logical' piece of information that Jan's new, badly skewed, outlook on life formed its foundation.

"Jan!" Gregory shouted, to break through to the ranting man - this 'new' side of Jan scared the hell out of him...

...or, rather, the fact that he'd done this, inadvertent as it might be.

"You're not taking my tits away!" Jan said, emphatically - but it wasn't mindless ranting, showing that he had heard Gregory.

Gregory bit his lower lip, and (like many people) tried to be placating to the 'crazy man'. "Okay, Jan. I won't. But I want you to look at yourself. You're much too thin. You're just skin and bones. Do you think that's healthy?"

Jan's breathing was slowing, and he seemed to be regaining some composure as he considered the question. "I.. guess not. I am feeling really weak..."

Gregory sighed in relief at reaching Jan. "Okay. Then why don't we go downstairs and transfer just *some* of the muscle back..."

"They're mighty tits!" Jan screamed, eyes going flat and dangerous. "you can't make them smaller! They're mine I need them!"

Badly overbalanced and weakened, Jan held on to the wall as he staggered towards the small chest he'd brought with him when he'd moved in.

"Look, Jan!" Gregory shouted, trying not to 'loose' him. "I understand - you love your tits. It's okay! But you just said that you're really weak, and..."

Jan had reached the chest, and had opened a drawer and dug around in it...

...and now he turned, a small, nickel-plated revolver grasped in his emaciated fist. It was probably a

.38, small as caliber's go - but the muzzle looked as large as the Lincoln tunnel as it lined up on Gregory's forehead.

"You're one of them!" Jan's high-pitched voice screeched madly. "You've been trying to make me a girlie-man! You're one of the ones laughing at me! Now you're trying to take away my huge, gorgeous tits!"

"No!" Gregory screamed as Jan thumbed the hammer back. In a state of utter panic, he tried to say anything that would keep him alive. "I'm on your side! I... I'm the one that showed you how to get those huge tits!"

Gregory shuddered, waiting for the shot that would kill him...

...then Jan giggled.

"Gee - you're right!" He said in a too-bright voice, swinging from murderous rage to perky cheerfulness in a heartbeat. "Silly me - I'd forgotten about that."

Then he began to frown. "But... if you're on my side... Why are you trying to get me to make my tits smaller?"

The gun, which Jan had begun to lower, slowly came back up.

"I'm not!" Gregory lied hastily, thinking quickly. "It's just that you're too thin and weak. I.. I can transfer some of the mass - but still leave your tits so big and firm by using a different method! You'll be stronger and 'fuller', with tits just as big!"

"Really?" Jan asked, brightly, the gun lowering again. "I'm so glad you're on my side, Gregory! You can help me look less like a man! You can make me look just like a woman, so nobody will know, right?"

"Uh..." Gregory hesitated.. then, as he r eyes began to go flat again, quickly said: "Yes, of course! I've helped you so far, haven't I? That's my plan - to help you do whatever you want!"

"Good!" Jan said, smiling again. "Come on, let's go downstairs and finish the job!"

Since it was obvious Jan was now madly paranoid, Gregory had no choice but to play along until some sort of opportunity presented itself. Forcing a smile to his lips, he feigned enthusiasm. "Yeah,

sure! Let's do it!"

* * * * *

"Okay... we're done.." Gregory said, his voice horse with absolute exhaustion. "Come.. come take a look..."

"Oh, boy..." Jan said, eagerly, as she rose from the chair she'd been sitting in for the 'final touches'. An eager look on her face, she approached the full-length mirror...

...with the gun still clamped firmly in her fist, the barrel aimed unwaveringly at Gregory's head.

They'd been up all night, Gregory working like crazy to fulfill Jan's insane demands - and the threat of dying had been motivation enough for the scientist to find the means necessary from his equipment to make Jan over into something nearly indistinguishable from a biological woman.

Jan was a raving lunatic, and paranoid to boot. A couple of attempts to dissuade Jan from going all the way female - which was irreversible - had made Jan untrusting, and all the work had been done at gun-point. Gregory was many things, but he wasn't that much of a risk-taker. Swallowing his guilt at what he'd done, swallowing his own objections, he'd gone ahead and done everything Jan had insisted, despite his growing exhaustion.

Now, he watched with limp self-hatred as the new woman he'd created approached the mirror for a look at her new body.

With a smile on her new lips, the insane new woman surveyed her new body.

She was balancing on tip-toe, a necessity since her dainty, feminine new feet had been specially modified to make wearing high-heels easy and comfortable for her - since 'A man would never wear high-heels, so if I can wear them and look like I'm used to it, nobody will know I'm really a guy.'

Above her nicely-formed new ankles, a pair of sexy, smoothly muscled legs seemed to rise on up forever, looking unnaturally, eerily 'perfect' in the most sexual way - the result of hard work by Gregory to accede to Jan's demand that they be that way, a pair of sexy, ultimately feminine legs that could never be mistaken for men's legs.

Those legs gracefully merged into a wide, womanly set of hips that supported the incredibly full, firm ass, before they narrowed to a waist with that same, incredible, thirteen-inch diameter. Above that tiny waist, those massive, gravity- and imagination-defying globes hung on a slenderized ribcage below much narrower shoulders.

Those shoulders led to a long, swan-like neck - which in turn lead upwards to a face out of a wet dream.

It wasn't 'cute', it wasn't 'pretty', and it definitely wasn't 'beautiful', in the classic sense. Instead, the face was carved out of pure, utter feminine sensuality.

It was fairly wide, with a strong-yet-feminine jaw and well-defined cheeks. That face boasted an incredibly full, luscious, eerily sensual mouth that would have been 'too much of a good thing' on a more 'heart-shaped' face, but was well-balanced on her new face. Above that was a almost haughty nose.

Her eyes had been darkened, and her lids made 'heavier', with much longer lashes framing them - giving her a challenging, sensual gaze that was sultry and seductive in a way that 'a man would never be'. It made her very gaze a sexual challenge to every man she might glance at - and if she tried to make a sexy 'come hither' gaze, the effect became mind-blowing.

The face was surrounded by a thick, silky mane of dark-brown 'hair' with reddish highlights, the curvy mass spilling sown over her narrow but well-yet-femininely muscled shoulders. Of artificial origin, the strands were actually in the follicles of her head, and attached to the tiny stands of stubble in the scalp, which would allow it to grow out and eventually be replaced by real hair, though Jan's naturally blonde, straight hair would have to be dyed and curled to match the mane she'd requested.

In fact, most of her new figure was 'artificial' in one way or another, giving her an unrealistic appearance, as if she were a sexual fantasy brought to life, rather than a real woman...

...which, in many ways, was nothing but the truth. However, the 'unrealistic' effect was just subtle enough that people would be able to notice it, but not put their finger on the precise nature of it...

...except for her unrealistically massive bust line, of course, and that would be accepted as the result of saline or silicone.

In short, Jan never had to worry about being 'discovered' as being male. By her insane sense of logic, she'd 'defused' that threat...

...by becoming completely female, right down to the realistic-looking and fully-functional pussy between her taut, silken thighs. A full medical exam would reveal that she wasn't 'really' female, and she was, of course, sterile - but to any other test, she *was* indeed female.

She'd even had Gregory alter her vocal chords - permanently. Now she spoke in an incredibly sexy, throaty voice that was pure, feminine sensuality.

"Oh... that's perfect..." Jan said, using her free hand to fondle one huge, firm, tit. Her large, thick nipples were erect. "Oh, nobody will ever guess who I really am. Finally... I'm almost safe..."

"Almost?" Gregory asked, groggily.

She turned and eyed him distrustfully. "Of course - to be perfectly safe, I also have to act like a woman, all the time. I can't let anybody have the slightest hint of the truth, or the might figure it out." She cocked her head, tapping the barrel of the revolver against her full, sensual lips. "In fact - I'd better make sure I can pass in discussions with women, about everything. Learning how to dress and wear make-up like a woman shouldn't take that long - but it'll take years for me to catch up on all the sexual techniques a real woman would know."

Gregory's jaw dropped. Slowly, Jan began to approach Gregory, trying to mimic a sexy, female walk. "Drop your pants, Gregory..." She said in her sultry voice. "I need to start practicing sucking men off."

She was a picture of pure, carnal sensuality - but knowing the truth was the ultimate turn off for the slender scientist.

"I.. I can't..." He stammered, eyes fixed on the gun. "I'm sorry.. but I.. I just don't feel *that* way..." Slowly, the new, purely sexual creature let her hear loll to the other side...

...then her hand suddenly lashed out, and the metal of the gun slammed into the point of Gregory's chin. He reeled back, taken by surprise...

..and Jan slammed the gun down on the back of his head, sending him into darkness.

* * * * *

"Rise and shine, big boy..."

The incredibly sexy voice pulled Gregory out of a deep sleep, and he opened his eyes...

...to find himself staring at a pair of incredibly sexy legs, encased in black nylons. At the lower edge of his vision, Gregory could see a pair of black platform shoes, with six-inch high stiletto heels and a one-inch platform.

Slowly, Gregory's eyes slid upwards, over those incredible, mind-boggling legs - to a black leather skirt that fit like a second skin, starting just above the perfectly shaped knees and hugging the full hips before being pulled tight around the tiny waist by a black leather belt.

Above the skin-tight skirt, a very dark red leather bustier-style top started. With black leather 'lacing' running up the front, the bodice-style top was quite adjustable - the lacing was pulled tight to have the garment conform to the tiny waist and small ribcage, but was looser over where the garment struggled to contain the massive, mouth-watering globes of her tits, cleavage visible through the lacing that held the wide-spread halves of the upper garment in place. The wide straps of the sleeveless garment framed the upper curves of those massive globes, drawing the eye up to a face that was carefully and artistically made up.

"I went shopping this morning..." Jan said, licking her dark, gloss-red lips in an overtly sensual manner. "What do you thing?"

"Oh.. God... You're... hot, Jan!" Gregory moaned, helplessly, his hard-on almost painful under the bathrobe he wore...

"You...!" Gregory said, eyes widening as realization hit. "You implanted a chip in me!"

"Yes - I read your notes..." Jan confirmed smugly. "By the way - I've decided to go by 'Shanelle' now..."

Gregory nodded, mutely - while trying to deal with the almost painful level of pure sexual desire he was feeling for the transformed Jan/Shanelle. Despite the fact that he knew the feelings were 'artificial', it didn't lessen the impact.

He was more incredibly, painfully aroused by this 'woman' then he'd ever been in his life.

"So.. how about letting me give you that blow-job now?" Shanelle said, hungrily, as she used her slender, long-nailed fingers to start undoing his bathrobe.

"Please... don't..." Gregory said, weakly - but he made no move to stop her as she knelt beside him. Despite the intellectual disgust he was feeling, knowing her origins, his pure, painful sexual desire for her kept him from being able to resist, physically.

"Don't?" Shanelle asked, running one dark-red painted nail ever-so-lightly over his raging hard-on. "Don't what? Don't do... this?"

She lowered her head... and slowly pushed her tightly puckered lips down his shaft...

Gregory shuddered in disgusted ecstasy - or ecstatic disgust. The two feeling were so equally matched as to be almost indistinguishable, locking him into a state of paralysis...

Then again - he didn't have to do anything as the new woman wrapped on dainty hand around the base of his cock - and began to piston her head up and down, tightly sealed lips massaging the highly sensitive shaft of his rigid cock, while her long, supple tongue danced over the crown.

Gregory moaned in pleasure.

Shanelle moaned in the back of her throat in response, making it sound as if she were thoroughly enjoying herself - when, in fact, she was completely oblivious to any of the physical sensations, other than as information. Her only goal was to suck cock as well as a 'real' woman could.

It didn't take long at all before Gregory came, dumping a load of cum into the new woman's mouth, which she swallowed - without really tasting it.

"Oh, that was wonderful." She lied, convincingly. "Now, why don't you play with my tits until you're hard again."

Gregory looked at the transformed woman, hating himself...

...as he reached out and began to unlace her top.

Even as Gregory began to fondle her tits, Shanelle decided she didn't really trust him, even with the chip. She'd wait until she found a couple of other men to help her train, then she'd find a way to ensure he wouldn't cause any more trouble...

..while keeping him around. He might become useful in the future, though not as a sexual partner. As far as that went, Gregory was definitely 'under-equipped'...

* * * * *

Mark sighed and rang the doorbell again.

"Come on, Jan.." the vaguely handsome black man muttered, looking at his watch.

Then the door swung open - and all thoughts of being late for the game flew from his mind as Mark found himself gazing at the most immense pair of tits he'd ever seen, thrust half-out of the bathrobe loosely tied around the most completely sultry woman he'd ever seen.

"Uh..." Mark gaped - then shook his head. 'Is Jan here?'

"You must be mark..." the woman purred in a voice that sped up his already rapidly-forming hard-on. "Please, come in..."

It didn't take much to convince Mark to follow her delicious ass as it swayed back and forth from the high-heels she wore.

"I noticed you staring at my tits " She purred as she lead him into the living room.

"Oh, uh... sorry " mark stammered, blushing.

"Don't be - I love having men admire my tits." The woman said, pulling her robe open and openly fondling her monstrous bust.

Mark's jaw dropped as he gazed at her nude body.

"By the way..." the woman said, causally, still fondling her huge endowments. "My name's Shanelle...

would you like something to drink?"

it took as second for the question to register. "uh.. sure "

"Have a seat." She told him, then wiggled and swayed into the kitchen, returning a minute later with a glass of wine. She handed it to him.

"Drink up." She instructed, and Mark numbly downed the glass of liquid - while in the kitchen, she'd disposed of the robe completely.

A moment later, Mark's eyes took on a glassy appearance as the hypnotic drug Shanelle had Gregory develop took effect.

Shanelle's sensual smile faded. "Mark, I want you to listen closely." She told her friend. "It's me - Jan. Except I want you to forget I was ever a man named Jan. I am Shanelle, a woman, and always have been. In fact, you've been seeing me for quite some time now. I'm the sexiest woman you've ever met, and you'll do anything for me, just so I'll fuck you - which I do, all the time. Do you understand?"

"Yes.." mark agreed, numbly.

"good." Shanelle said "Now, if I ever say 'Mark, critical', you will fall back into a trance. You will not remember anything at all that happens when you're in that trance." - then snapped her fingers.

Mark blinked - then smiled. He reached out and pulled Shanelle's luscious body tightly to his. This kissed, hungrily.

"I've been so horny all morning, just thinking about you, babe." Mark said, utterly convinced that he was basically her willing sex-slave. He'd do anything to touch her luscious body.

"Hmmm... I'm glad to hear it..." Shanelle said, fondling his hard cock through his pants. She began to unbutton his pants, and he hurriedly kicked off his shoes and stripped out of his shirt.

With a smile, Shanelle swung one luscious leg over - and sat down facing him, impaling herself on his hard cock and moaning in 'pleasure'.

'Fuck me, stud!' She commanded - and began to drive herself up and down on his cock with flexes of her shapely legs.

Moaning, Mark fondled her huge, bouncing tits as she rode him, hard and fast, her lips fixed in a fairly authentic-looking smile as she emulated all the sound of passion.

When she felt mark tense up and begin to cum, Shanelle quickly faked a spectacular orgasm, making sure it lasted until well after Mark was finished.

Then, still impaled on his slowly softening cock, Shanelle said "Mark, critical." Instantly, Mark fell back into that daze.

"Now..." Shanelle instructed, avidly. "Tell me how the sex could have been better..."

* * * * *

Officer John Mahoney knocked on the door of the old farmhouse with a sigh, wondering what sort of wild goose-chase he was on now.

It had all started when some company had called, saying that one of their employees, a man named Jan Johansson, hadn't been in to work in over a week, and they couldn't get a hold of him.

Suspecting it was some sort of wild-goose chase, he'd done a little look-see, and found that a man named Jan Johansson did live in the area, and had two parking tickets.

But - when he'd gone to the complaining company, the entire staff had claimed, with apparent sincerity, that no Jan Johansson had ever worked there, and they'd never heard of the person.

Now, Mahoney had gone to the listed address, to get some answers to this.

He was just reaching up to knock again, when the door swung open, revealing...

...the most incredible-looking woman he'd ever seen. Dressed in a skin-tight black leather dress that must have been custom-made to fit her outrageous proportions, she stood framed in the doorway with her enormous tits rising and falling hypnotically.

"Uh..." Mahoney said. "I.. I'm looking for a Jan Johansson..."

If he'd been looking at her face, he would have been surprised to see her smile slip, replaced by a look of hatred and panic - but his gaze was further south than that, and when he did manage to haul his eyes upward, the smile was back in place.

"Oh, well - why don't you come in?" She said in an utterly sexy voice. "Can I get you something to drink, officer...?"

* * * * *

"Damn...!" Shanelle cursed, as she awkwardly made her way down the stairs, her tight skirt and high- heels impeding her progress. "This is getting complicated!"

In the living-room, Mahoney sat rigidly, a glazed look in his eyes as Shanelle went for some advice on what to do.

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, Shanelle began to stalk towards the figure in the center of the room. "There's a cop upstairs asking awkward questions. You have to help me figure out how to handle this!"

Slowly, the figure turned atop the computer chair.

The person who had once been Gregory licked her incredibly full, soft lips, her huge, blue eyes unable to reflect the intelligence inside the re-shaped head.

"Gee, Shanelle..." 'Gina' said with a giggle, both the high-pitched voice and 'brainless' speech-patterns a 'gift' from Shanelle. "...why should I, like, help you?"

Shanelle sighed - with the 'lust' gone since the conversion, Gina was much harder to control, even if the severe phobia she'd had implanted kept her from ever telling anyone the truth. However, she'd made sure to 'instill' another emotional control to use as a 'bartering chip'.

"I'll tell you what - you help me with this... and I'll let you go out and spend a whole weekend seducing and fucking as many men as you can in forty-eight hours."

"Like, okay!" Gina said, with a big smile at the thought of getting the sex she now so desired. She rose to her sky-scraper heels. "Let's go, like, see what I can, like, do - you know?"

Shanelle grinned. "I know."

Following the buxom, leggy blonde 'ditz' Gregory had become, Shanelle had to smile at her own stroke of genius. After all, she was trying to learn how to act just like a woman, and that included things that any woman would have experienced, growing up female.

Which is why she'd 'given' herself a Barbie Doll to play with - even if it was a living, breathing, sex- crazed life-sized one...



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: While two male scientists play with their new mutation machines, one of them is mistakenly turned into a woman... but luck has it that they fall in love with each other and continue their experiments together.

Eve-Ita

By Gunslinger

As the curvature of the spheroid planet's own mass blocked the lowering rays of the primary star, the shadows merged together in the gathering gloom of twilight, the brilliant blue sky of late afternoon giving way to the velvety navy-blue of evening, the first glimmering diamonds of light appearing in the calm, dark sky.

As the light faded from the sky, sensors mounted within the Stress-Crete posts that supported the metal-and-glass atop them registered the gathering darkness, and sent a signal through to the central switching system. Power flowed from the generating station, miles away, and into the switching system's main bus, to be distributed from there to the strategically-placed lights throughout the compound. In the sparsely populated parking lot, eight-head lamps flared to life, bringing to life the orange-yellow glow of Sodium Arc-Lights to bathe the lot in man-made brilliance. On the carefully landscaped lot, hidden by shrubbery or stonework, pure white flood-lights also came to life, bathing the building in a halo of angelic light that gleamed from the white marble, gleaming chrome, and mirror-tinted windows that made up the determinedly high-tech building. Out past the guard-shack on the main access road, other lights flared to life, the beams drawing golden highlights from the brass letters that spelled out the name of the corporation within: GENETECH, INC.

It was a artfully constructed effect of light and shadow, a beautiful display that was further enhanced by the building's location atop a small rise on the east side of the small city, it's reflective windows staring down upon the small valley which contained the city.

Deep within this Temple of Science, behind the extravagantly decorated offices, lay the heart of the company - the modern, well- equipped labs in which dedicated teams of men and women worked on sciences barely heard of by the general populace. It was one of these teams, working long and hard, that were on the trail of a new serum, one which would change the very face of humanity as we know it...

Unfortunately, they are still at least five years away from the break-through that will make the theories reality. Since we, quite simply, don't have that much time to follow their progress, let us, instead, turn our attention elsewhere - to a crumbling red brick building some

forty miles to the south, nestled within the slowly decaying outskirts of a once-vital downtown section now given mostly to pimps, prostitutes and pushers.

In the dim light of twilight, the two-story building rose from the surrounding decay like an aging empress, its once elaborate facade stained by age and whether, its turn-of-the-century brickwork slowly crumbling. Just below the peak of the somewhat sagging roof, the green-tarnished brass letters spelled out: THIST EWAIT E COM UNI Y T EATERE.

It was in the shadow of this aging theater that a tall, rangy figure slipped down the alley, moving nervously in the fading light. Clad in worn Levi's and a patched denim jacket, the dusky figure reached the heavy metal door at the rear of the building, its once-black paint scared and peeling from neglect.

Compared to the rest of the building, the Electronic Surplus keypad next to the door looked newer the next week, even if its dull stainless finish and white 'touch-tone' keypad were second-generation technology. With sure fingers, the figure punched in a eight-digit code, and a muted buzz sounded from behind the panel as the red LED winked out and the green one blinked on, a muffled thud of locks being released coming through the still-solid door.

With a quick yank, the figure heaved the door open, slipping into the building as the door closed and locked behind him.

Shivering slightly in the cool air inside the building, Ricardo Jose Dina - RJ, to his friends - started to walk towards the bright white light that glowed from around the corner...

...and promptly tripped over a garbage can, sending various bits of useless electronic components flying as he slammed against the far wall, reeled backwards, and tripped over a empty case of beer, creating a loud clatter as the dark-brown bottles tumbled from the overturned case and rolled around on the concrete floor.

Cursing - loudly - in a mixture of English and Spanish, RJ extracted himself from the litter of failed electronic components and beer bottles, shaking one fist at the burned-out bulb in the ceiling fixture. Still muttering, he carefully picked his way across the obstacle course the short hallway had become and rounded the corner, climbing three groaning metal steps up to the back-stage area of the old theater, where his friend Eric was sitting in front of a computer, the blue-white glow of the monitor bathing his skinny, pale body and reflecting off the wire-rimmed glasses that sat in front of his dark, intent eyes. Dressed in dark gray slacks and a white, button-down short-sleeve shirt, Eric's dark hair was cropped close to the scalp, and his skinny, short body was tense with attention as he gazed at the computations scrolling up on the monitor of his second-hand P-100 computer.

"God-damn it, Eric!" RJ swore, loudly, stalking over to the coffee-maker on a folding table set up in the corner of the large, mostly open room. "I damn near broke my neck coming in here! You gotta get that light-bulb replaced."

"Uh-huh..." Eric murmured, fingers flying over the keyboard. "I mean it!" RJ insisted. "I've been telling you that for a week."

"Yeah..." Eric agreed in a preoccupied voice, watching the computer simulation his typing had started running.

RJ sighed, then spoke to his friend in a calmer voice. "Hey, you want some of this god-awful coffee?" "Huh...?" Eric muttered. "Oh, yeah - sure. Double-double..."

"I know how you take your coffee, idiot." RJ said, in good natured ribbing. He fixed the coffee the way his best friend liked it, then added a couple of packets to his own steaming cup after a tentative sip of the bitter liquid. Satisfied, he picked up a Styrofoam cup in each hand and walked towards the work-station. As he did so, he passed several tall, complicated looking devices standing against the back wall. The main component of each was a steel cylinder with glass view ports, which had once been Navy-Issue Decompression Chambers, long since phased out for more modern ones. Each of the five cylinders was heavily modified with added on electronic and chemical components. They were in various states of reconstruction, with the two chambers at either end almost complete, lacking only cover plates over exposed electronic 'guts', showing IC boards, bread-bored hookups and snarls of soldered wires looking like multicolored spaghetti.

"Looks like 'Eve' is almost ready..." RJ remarked, handing Eric his coffee. Eric jerked a bit, taking the cup and looking up at RJ, blinking in surprise. "Oh, hey RJ." Eric said, grinning. "I didn't hear you come in..."

RJ rolled his eyes and sighed. "Geez, man - dedication and concentration are good things... but there's such a thing as taking it too far."

Eric blinked in confusion. "Huh?"

RJ waved a hand. "Never mind. Anyway... I was saying that 'Eve' looks about ready to go."

Grinning fondly, Eric pushed the office-surplus chair back from the desk and rested a hand against the burnished brass metal of the chamber nearest to him. Above the Plexiglas shield that replaced the heavy air-tight hatch that had been the original 'door', a hand-painted sign read 'EVE', and - below that - 'ITA CHAMBER'

These chambers were Eric's brainstorm. ITA - Isolinear Transformative Array - was something he'd come up with one night after watching a cheesy B-movie, in which a mixture of radiation and chemicals had caused a person to 'mutate' into some horrible monster, a sort of ironic twist on the then little-feared cancer that such things did, in fact, cause.

However, that cheesy movie had left him thoughtful. What if you could actually control the effects of radiation and chemical exposure to cause beneficial mutations? That is - to heal?

That was where the chambers had come from. There were five of them, since each chamber had to be hard-wired for specific uses. The 'Eve' chamber was for women of Caucasian descent, with 'Adam' serving the function for men. There was also two chambers - 'Malcolm X' and 'Marsha Y' - for men and women of Negroid descent.

The fifth chamber was a specially-wired 'recording' one, designed for any gender or genetic background. Simply, it did the diagnostic scanning, which was then fed into the computer, where the 'flaws' would be corrected for, then transmitted to the correct chamber. If this worked, there would be chambers for Asians, Hispanics, etc... but budget restraints limited Eric to the five he had now.

"Yes - she'd almost ready to go." Eric said, cheerfully. "In fact, her hardware's already finished. I'm just working on the software, especially the link between the Diagnostic Chamber to Eve."

The Diagnostic chamber had been ready for a few weeks now, even though the software wasn't quite ready yet. The next easiest to finish was Eve, and soon it'd be ready for testing - once all the software was in place. RJ had wondered if Eric had finally flipped his lid when the skinny scientist had first explained the concept of the ITA system... but now he was a firm believer in Eric's genius.

The scrawny scientist patted the metal hide of the chamber again... and, from inside, came a most definitely metallic 'clank' followed by a short, angry buzzing sound.

"Damn!" Eric swore, pushing up from the chair and looking inside the darkened chamber. A small cover plate rested on the floor of the chamber, a circuit board dangling from the exposed opening, several of the 'alligator clip' connections swinging free as the shorter wires pulled free when the board dropped to the extent of the longer wires.

Grabbing the flashlight from the drawer of the battered metal desk on which his computer rested, he swung open the Plexiglas door and stepped inside the dim interior, thumbing the switch of the flashlight...

...and cursing again when nothing happened. He hefted the flashlight, realizing it felt much too light. Gripping the knurled end, he twisted the cap free and looked in the hollow body of the flashlight...

...at the slip of paper inside. Frowning, the dark-haired young man pulled the paper out and looked at what was written on it: Buy more batteries.

(P.S. - Replace the bulb in the entrance way, too...)

Eric blinked... then remembered the batteries in this flashlight died about a week ago, and he'd written himself a note to remind him to buy new ones.

What was this about the bulb in the entrance, though...?

Well, that wasn't important now. Sighing, Eric tossed the useless flashlight aside as he stepped out of the booth. Walking around the back of it, he flipped the large, red switch at the back upward... and there was a low hum as the machine began to draw power from the high-voltage lines originally designed for the theater lighting, one of the main reasons he was renting the dilapidated building.

The fact that the rent was also dirt-cheap didn't hurt, either...

Walking back to the front of the unit, Eric hit the button that swung the door back open. Electronically controlled the door had automatically closed when the power had come on... and now it closed again behind him as he stepped inside, as it was designed to do. Muttering to himself, Eric re-connected the wires in the bright fluorescent light from the fixture built into the roof of the cylinder, then put the circuit board back into place and began to tighten the thumb-screws on the cover plate...

...when the computer, outside the cylinder, 'bleeped'.

Eric had half a second to realize his error... then the software version he was running, 'safe' while the unit was off, send the command signals to circuits that would have been dormant if not for his mistake in turning on the unit.

Eric screamed as the devices within the walls of the ITA unit came to life. Scavenged microwave, TV and X-Ray electron guns came to life, on carefully modulated power settings and frequencies, while chemicals were added to the slightly compressed air the valves were pumping into the chamber.

Outside the chamber, RJ froze for an instant as a blinding light filled the chamber with Eric inside, the unit's hum rising in volume and pitch as it worked... and then RJ realized what was happening, looking around frantically for a way to shut the system off. The computer was too busy performing calculations and operations to accept input - the safety feature to shut down the system in case of a problem had been deactivated by Eric, since he was 'only' running a 'safe' test on a supposedly inactive pod.

By the time RJ realized that Eric had gone behind the pod to turn it on, it was too late - he'd just begun to walk around the pod when the humming died, the garish blue-white light that had filled the pod fading as the system cycled down.

RJ hurried back around the front of the pod... then stopped dead at what he saw through the Plexiglas shield. The blinding light had prevented him from seeing Eric while the machine was running, and now he gaped at his friend, standing in the pod with a stunned look on his face.

There was a lot to see - since his clothing had apparently disintegrated, forming a mildly steaming pile of ashes around his feet. That wasn't all that pile of ashes was made of, either - because it appeared that every single strand of hair on Eric's body and head had also disintegrated, leaving him completely denuded of hair, as well as stark naked. Even his glasses were missing.

"Well, are you just going to stand there, staring, or are you going to open the door?" Eric asked, his peevish voice muffled by the Plexiglas.

RJ considered that for a second, then decided that Eric might get a little pissed off he left him in there long enough to ruin and grab a camera. Sighing at the missed opportunity (but filing the image away, mentally, for a good 'embarrassing Story' later on down the road), RJ hit the button that swung the door open, letting his naked friend escape the pod.

"Are you all right?" RJ asked him.

Eric looked at him incredulously. "Are you kidding? I mean - really!" he huffed, angrily. "Do you have any idea how much a new pair of glasses costs these days?"

"I know..." RJ confessed, abashed. "I just figured you had a spare pair." Eric blushed and cleared his throat. "Uh... I kinda sat on them..."

RJ chuckled.

"Hey!" Eric said, defensively. "It's not funny. Now I'm gonna be as blind as a..."

The short, completely bare young man paused, an expression of surprise crossing his face. "Hey! I can see you!" RJ blinked. "Huh?"

Eric looked around, a broad grin crossing his features. "I don't believe it - I can see everything perfectly!"

"Well - then you don't need your glasses after all." RJ said, thoughtfully. "All in all, I think this means that it was a good thing the accident happened. Right?"

"Well, let's see..." Eric said, as he looked around for some clothes to put on. "I've proved that the machine works, that it can correct something as inherent as a congenital eyesight flaw, and that, while mildly uncomfortable, the treatment isn't painful. " He paused. "On the other hand, I'm as bald as a new-born baby. Hell, balder."

RJ frowned. "Is 'balder' even a word?"

"If it wasn't before, it is now." Eric explained, with a grin. "After all, I just used it, didn't I? All in all, I think things went well, I guess." "But they could have gone weller." RJ pointed out.

Eric, mumbling, sorted through a rack of costumes left over when the building was abandoned. "Weller? You can't say that. 'Well' is an absolute. There's no such thing as 'weller'."

"Oh. I see." RJ said, nonplused. "Then I guess everything is the wellest we can expect."

Eric opened his mouth to argue... then shook his head and went back to rooting through the costumes. There was some rattling of hangers, some shifting of clothing, then Eric stepped from behind the racks...

...and RJ burst out laughing.

"Cut it out!" Eric complained, blushing furiously. "It was the only thing on the rack that fit!"

"You jutht look tho thpectacular...!" RJ managed between laughs, lith... lisping outrageously as he rolled his eyes and made a limp- wristed motion with is right hand. "It'th jutht tho you, dahhh-ling!"

Then he collapsed in fits of helpless laughter, leaving his friend to glower at him resentfully.

Eric was short, skinny and pale - hardly the most threatening looking person on the face of the planet. However, his 'angry stare' lost any power it might have had when you added in the fact that he was dressed in a short-sleeve red-with-white-polka-dot 'Farmer's Daughter' dress that hung on his skinny frame, flaring out into a short, full skirt that came to mid-thigh and revealed white lacy 'petticoats' inside.

"Stop it, RJ - it's not that funny...!" Eric commanded, blush deepening.

"It... It is..." RJ gasped, rolling on the floor, face red as he gasped for air to both laugh and speak. "...with... with the... shoes...!" And then he was into gales of full-fledged laughter again, unable to speak.

"Shoes?" Eric said, frowning. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Unable to speak, RJ jabbed a finger in the direction of Eric's feet, and he leaned forward to get a look past the frilly, puffy skirt of the dress...

Eric stared in wide-eyed disbelief at the pair of shoes enclosing his feet. White patent-leather pumps with a two-inch platform and seven-inch high stiletto heels.

"What the hell...?" Eric said, stunned... and, like a Polaroid photo developing, suddenly remembered putting the shoes on. He'd been thinking that his feet were cold, and he'd tried on a pair of rubber boots marked as being his size... but they'd been way to big. Then he'd caught sight of the high-heeled shoes and pulled them on, finding that they fit his feet perfectly, even though they should have been too small...

...and then he'd 'forgotten' about it, teetering atop the heels as he tottered out from behind the rack of clothing without noticing the fact he was struggling to balance on the slender heels.

Now he remembered it as clear as day.

"I don't see what's so damned funny." He told RJ, confused. "I still think they look fantastic."

"Yeah... Right..." RJ gasped... then got a good look at Eric's serious, annoyed face, and the urge to laugh suddenly died. "Wait a second - you're serious, aren't you?"

Eric blinked in confusion. "Of course I am. Sure, they're a little awkward, but they make my calves look fantastic." Slowly, RJ climbed up off the floor. "Eric... what are you talking about?"

Eric's face was as wreathed in confusion as RJ's was. "Huh? What do you mean? I just said that these shoes look my legs look better."

RJ instinctively glanced down at Eric's smooth, bare legs... then quickly glanced away, flushing, as he realized that, smooth and perched atop high heels, Eric's legs did look surprisingly feminine - even pretty nice, which was pretty damned disturbing.

"What are you... a closet homo, or transvestite, or something?" RJ asked, shuddering at the fact he'd found another guys' legs kinda cute.

"Huh? What's that supposed to mean?" Eric asked, shaking his head.

"What do you think it means, dumbass?" RJ asked, glancing up at his friend. "Do you hear yourself? You're wearing women's shoes and saying how nice they make your... holy shit!"

"What now?" Eric demanded, confused and angry and upset. "Your eyes!" RJ said, pointing. "They're... they're blue!"

"So?" Eric asked in an annoyed, higher-pitched tone. "What the hell is wrong with blue eyes?" "But... But... Your eyes are brown!" RJ stammered.

Eric snorted. "That's redic..."

Suddenly, his annoyed expression began to fade into one of sheer amazement as he realized - RJ was right. When RJ had said that his eyes were blue, it hadn't struck Eric as the least bit odd. Nothing about that comment had seemed at all wrong... but when RJ had pointed out that Eric's eyes had been brown... that had felt just as right - and had memories to back it up, too.

Spinning, Eric hurried over to the mirror in the corner of the room where his cot was laid out. He stared at his reflection in the mirror, mind spinning.

His eyes were, indeed, a rich, clear blue - and the strange thing was, that looked perfectly right to Eric. Seeing his blue-eyed reflection evoked a sense of 'everything is right with the world' sort of thing... yet he could also clearly remember having brown eyes, which made him feel decidedly strange - especially since, when he pictured himself with brown eyes, he felt 'weird', as he might if he'd suddenly put colored contacts in his eyes and then kept catching sight of himself before getting used to seeing himself that way...

"Fuck, dude - how the hell did you do that!" RJ gasped, causing Eric to turn around, a questioning look on his face.

"You practically jogged to the mirror - yet you didn't have any problem at all with the heels. Like you've practiced walking in heels or something!"

"Again with the heels!" Eric sighed in annoyance. "What is it with you and my shoes? Of course I can walk in high heels! I've been doing it ever since I was.."

His annoyed expression faded as it dawned on him that, even though walking in heels felt right, he'd been only doing it for the past five minutes or so, not for the 'years and years' that it felt like, emotionally.

"Holy shit - and your legs are sexy, too!" RJ gasped, pointing.

"Thanks." Eric said, with a grin, twisting slightly to look down at his smooth, sensuously contoured legs with pride. They were long and smooth and shapely, and...

..and they hadn't been that way ten minutes ago. The easy smile of pride vanished as confusion set in.

"Your voice!" RJ said, slumping into a chair as his legs went like rubber on him. "There's something happening to your voice! It's getting higher! What the fuck is happening to you, man?"

the first answer that sprang to Eric's mind was 'nothing' - he felt fine. Everything seemed to be just the way it should be...

..except that when RJ pointed stuff out to him, Eric's memories indicated that he was different then he'd been a few minutes ago. For some reason, his... his 'intellect' and emotions were changing in such a way that at any given instant, everything seemed completely normal - it was just his memories, spurred by an outside, impartial observer, that pointed out that this wasn't the case...

...and that was enough to make the connection in Eric's brain.

"The 'Eva'-ITA!" Eric said, snapping fingers that he didn't notice were slimmer than a few minutes before. "It's designed to 'heal' women, and with the system set on a default 'generic' female template, it's altering my physiology to 'correct' what it sees as defects - my masculinity!" He blinked. "Huh... I guess I underestimated the power of the system. It's not only re-writing my genetic codes to correct the mistakes, but it's altering the synapse patterns in my brain to match. It's not effected long-term 'stored' memory because it's not being constantly activated... but the more I remember, the more my brain-wave patterns with be changed. Basically, every single time I think about anything, there's an automatic, subconscious 'shift' to the 'correct' point of view."

"Uh... Huh?" Eric said. "I.. I think I understood the part about your body... but what do you mean it's subconsciously changing you mind?"

"Changing my mind...?" Eric asked, confused - then remembered that he'd just been discussing that, even though it felt all wrong. He frowned and tried to recapture the train of thought, which made him feel as if he.. well, as if he were deliberately lying or something. Even though it sounded 'logical', it felt so very wrong as he tried to explain it. "Uh.. well, it's sort of like I've been.. well, I hate to use the word 'brainwashed', but I can't think of a better one. Anyway, every time I have a..., uh, a 'wrong' thought, I guess I have to call it, then my subconscious makes me change it to one that I can accept as being 'right'. So, I'm constantly making myself.. making myself think like a woman. No, wait - that's not quite right. I mean I'm making myself think the way I think a woman thinks, if that makes any sense..."

he trailed off, his mind ties up in a logical knot that left him feeling dirty.. then blinked and shook his head.

"What was I just saying?" He asked RJ, in a confused, but chipper, tone. "I swear, if my head weren't attached, I'd lose it."

"You.. you were talking about how you're being turned into a woman..." RJ said, staring at him. Erica laughed. "What's that supposed to mean, you silly goose..."

Then she.. no, wait, he.. trailed off in confusion, as he realized that RJ was right...

...or was he? It was hard to keep in mind. What felt right warred with what memories seemed to say was right, leaving her feeling confused, uneasy, anxious.

RJ, for his part, was staring at his slowly changing friend. In addition to dainty little feet in high heels and absolutely spectacular, sexy legs, Eric now sported slender, feminine hands. His face was somewhat different, too, but it was a bunch of little changes that was hard to put a finger on any specific one - but his face definitely looked more feminine. In addition, there was now a light fuzz of honey-colored hair on his scalp, and RJ could literally see it slowly growing longer.

"Holy shit,. Man..." RJ said in a hoarse voice that sounded distant to his own ears. "You.. you're becoming a friggin' woman!"

"And what's wrong with women, of Mr. High-And-Mighty Chauvinist?" Eric asked, archly, in a voice that was most definitely feminine. "Bu.. But you're a guy!" RJ insisted. "Or, at least - you were a guy!"

"Oh, don't be..." Eric started.. then, again, looked stunned. "Yeah. That's right. Damn, RJ - I keep forgetting that."

Shaking his head in confusion, Erica put his dainty new hands on his hips... and the way the moment pushed the dress down, it was obvious that the hips were definitely wider then they'd been a few minutes before. Idly, without even realizing it, Erica tightened the attached white, patent-leather belt of the dress, drawing it tighter around a waist that was slimmer and more supple then before. Then he blinked.

"I'm sorry - what were we talking about?" Erica asked in a warmly feminine voice.. then blinked. "Oh, yeah - I'm turning into a woman. Shit. Guess I'd better keep repeating that to myself, so I don't forget."

"I'm turning into a woman..." She said, mostly to herself, as she walked from the mirror towards RJ - in a smooth, sexy, feminine stride that caused her long, smooth, sexy legs to scissor deliciously, and made her wide, well-rounded hips sway and swivel in a definitive, feminine manner that made RJ shudder at the lust it induced for his best friend.

"I'm turning into a woman..." Erica repeated, running long, slender fingers tipped with long, feminine nails through wheat-blond hair that now hung to the slender new collarbone of slimmer, more feminine shoulders.

"I... I'm..." she murmured in a sensual voice, her lips full and sexy as she tapped one finger against them thoughtfully, confusion in the blue eyes that were framed with link, dark lashes and topped with finely arched eyebrows. "RJ, what's happening to me, again...?"

RJ licked lips that were suddenly more dry than the Sahara. He wanted, desperately, to tear his eyes from the gorgeous woman Eric was becoming, but he couldn't - even with the rising horror he felt as his cock stirred and began to stiffen.

"You're becoming a woman.." He said in a weak, hoarse voice, feeling warm and edgy, but unable to move.

"Yes.. a woman..." She moaned in a sensual voice that increased the pace at which his cock was hardening. Turning, she bent at the waist and braced herself against the wall, legs spread and her back to him... showing him all of her long, sexy legs atop the high, sensual heels, her skirt lifted to reveal the fact that she wasn't wearing any panties. Of her male genitalia, there was no sign, indicating that, ongoing changes or not, she was most definitely female at this point.

"Oh... I can feel my ass growing, RJ..." She moaned, sensuously... and RJ, eyes wide, couldn't tear his eyes from her ass as it slowly inflated, filling outwards as if her flesh were balloons being inflated. Within a minute, her ass was incredibly full and round and firm, forming a perfect inverted heart-shape that made his mouth water - which didn't help his emotional state.

"Oh... that felt good..." She moaned, her voice - incredibly - even more smoky and sensual. "I can't see, RJ - is my ass sexy? Is it full and round and firm?"

"yes..!" RJ admitted, barely able to whisper through a very tight throat. His hands were gripping the arms of the chair with enough force that his fingers were white... and his jeans were straining at the crotch, his male ego unable to accept the 'logical' proposition that the incredibly sexy woman in front of him was 'really' a guy, and his best friend to boot.

Erica straightened, her hands reaching behind her to fondle her new ass.

"Mmm... it feels so very good..." She moaned as she turned to face him. "Having my ass fondled feels so good, RJ..." "Eric, no..." RJ protested, his voice hoarse.

"Eric...?" She asked, her incredibly sensual lips curving into a teasing smile. "What's gotten into you, RJ - can't you say my name anymore...?"

She walked towards him with an incredibly slow, feline stride that just exuded sensuality, her eyes roaming his body hungrily, pausing often at his crotch.

"Tray it, RJ..." She said, in a hungry, sensual voice. "Say my name. Say 'Erica'... and I'll be yours..."

She continued to draw slowly, sensuously closer, and RJ tried to say something - anything - to make her stop.. but his voice refused to work as he watched, wide eyed, as the front of her dress began to ripple... then push outwards.

"Mmmm..." She moaned, pausing and closing her eyes. She flicked her head back, an innately feminine gesture, throwing her long, honey-gold hair back from her shoulders to trail nearly to her ass as she cocked her head back and to the side, eyes closed, as her feminine hands rose to her chest, where her dress was continuing to push outwards.

"My tits..." She moaned, softly. "Getting bigger... fuller... heavier... Oh, god, they're getting more sensitive. Oh.. it feels so good, RJ - having my tits grow makes me so very horny..."

Her chest continued to expand, pressing the fabric outwards as the breasts beneath it grew ever larger. She was already 'buxom' by the time she finished telling him how good her tits growing felt - and still they continued to grow. As the material of the dress grew taut over her swelling mounds, the bulges her enlarging nipples made were clearly visible.

And still her tits grew. They grew until the material of the dress was straining, nearly to the bursting point over huge, round tits the size of basket-balls, barely contained within the fabric of the dress, her huge, swollen nipples clearly visible through the red-and-white fabric.

She opened her eyes and looked at him, giving him the type of smile that made his blood burn. "RJ..." She said, hungrily. "It's time. After all these years, I'm not going to take any excuses..." She began to draw closer to him, eyes fixed on his.

"I've loved you for years, RJ.." She said, hungrily. "And, now, you and I are finally both unattached at the same time, and I don't have any pesky experiments going on. Now.. now you and I can make hot, passionate love to each other all... night... long..."

...and she swung her leg up, sliding her high-heel-clad foot between his leg and the bar of the armrest, pushing her other knee beside his other leg, straddling him on the chair.

She was the most incredibly gorgeous woman he'd ever seen. Her face was intelligent, yet sultry - and her eyes burned with a hunger for him. Beneath a strong-yet-feminine nose, her lips were incredibly full and inviting, slightly parted to reveal perfect, white teeth and a long, supple tongue. She was breathing heavily, her huge, firm tits only a few inches away from his face, moving hypnotically with every breath. Her long, incredibly sexy legs straddled him, her incredible ass close to his hands, the faint but undeniable odor of an aroused female rising to his nose...

He gasped out a choked scream of frustration and horror and pushed her away. She tumbled to the floor - and the stunned, hurt look she gave him nearly ripped his heart in two.

"You're a guy...!" RJ screamed.. and threw himself off the chair and dashed across the room.

There was a huge clatter as he stumbled and staggered through the debris field in the back hall - then the heavy sound of the door being opened and closed.

Erica stared after him, confuse, hurt, near tears...

...and then, what he said registered... and she gasped in horrified realization.

She was - or had been - a man, and RJ had been her best friend. Though she still burned with passion for him, her 'best friend' emotions having become something considerably more, she could remember what it had like to be a man, and how she would have felt, if the situations were reversed. Though everything still felt very, very right to her, though she still burned with desire for RJ's rangy, lean body... she was once more aware of her past as a man, and understood.

"Oh... My... God..." She gasped in her rich, sexy new voice.. then rose gracefully to her feet and hurried after her friend.

She had to find him. She had to talk to him. She had to make him understand that, whatever she might have been before, she was female now - and she didn't even want to imagine going back to being male, much less actually do it. She wanted to stay female.. and spend the rest of her life with him...

She shoved the door open...

"God-damn, watch what the fuck you're... wellllll, hello there...!"

"Oh, uh... Sorry..." Erica muttered to the tall, broad-shoulder man she'd nearly slammed the door into. Tall, with greasy sandy-blond hair and a pock-marked face sporting a much-broken nose, the guy was grinning in a slick, cool manner while his eyes roamed over her spectacular body, which made her feel very dirty, somehow. However, she tried to ignore it - and him - as she scanned the alley for any sign of RJ...

"Hey, babe - what's your name...?" The guy said, his eyes finally settling on her chest. Just a minute ago, she'd felt unbelievably happy, proud of her huge, firm tits - now she wished she could suck them back into her chest, just to keep the guy from staring at them like that.

"Get lost, creep..." She said, hotly, starting to step out of the door to try and catch up with RJ...

"No fucking way.. bitch..' the guy snarled - and one of his almost grotesquely muscled arms wrapped around her slender new waist, lifting her clear of the floor, while his other covered her mouth, muffling her screams as he hauled her back into the building and let the door swung shut behind them...

* * * * *

Heart pounding, lungs burning, RJ slowed to a walk, gasping for breath.

Eric... Erica... had tried to have sex with him. She wanted to fuck him, long and hard...

...and she was the most incredibly sexy woman he'd ever laid eyes on, and he 'liked' her, to boot. She was his best friend, and given half a chance, she'd be his ideal girlfriend...

...but she was 'really' a guy, damn it!

RJ felt more confused then he'd ever felt in his life, trying to straighten out what he was feeling about - and for - Eric/Erica. Part of him desperately wanted to go back and take her up on her offer... and part of his was horrified by the fact he was even thinking about it.

What the hell was he going to do...?

* * * * *

Erica moaned slightly and looked around, brow furrowing in thought as she tried to remember why she felt so... so calm. So peaceful. So.. so giddy.

She spotted a big, muscular guy almost right away - he was looking around her lab, hands behind his back as if afraid his massive musculature might cause him to inadvertently cause him to break anything he touched.

"Where's RJ...?" She asked, with a soft sigh... she really did feel good, though she also felt kinda out of it - like she was slightly drunk or something.

The big guy turned around and smiled at her. It wasn't a very nice smile, especially with his off-white teeth and his narrow eyes - it made his grin look feral, but she smiled back, anyway - she just felt too damned good not too.

"He had to go out for a bit." The big guy said, in a rumbling voice, and her smile faded for a second.

"Oh, yeah..." She said, sadly - but without much true emotion. More.. more petulant than anything. "I remember. He was upset because... because..."

She frowned as the memory remained hazy, then smiled and dismissed it - she felt too good to worry about it.

Then a thought struck her. "Hey... you gave me a needle of something, didn't you...?" She remembered that, hazy as it was, and... "No, I didn't." The guy said, calmly. "You're just imagining that."

"But..." Erica said, brow furrowing in confusion. "But.. my arm hurts, and..."

"You tripped." He said, clearly and distinctly. "When you were inviting me in, you tripped on the junk in the hallway, and I caught you. That's why your arm hurts."

She blinked, and her smile resurfaced. "Oh, yeah, right - I remember now..."

"Good." The man said, drawing up a chair and sitting across from her. "Now, My name's Rock... and just before you fell, you told me your name, but I didn't catch it..."

"But you caught me..." She said, with a lazy smile and a small giggle. She really did feel good. "I'm Erica, silly." "That's right - Erica. That's what you said when you invited me in."

"Yeah... that's right..." She murmured, happily.

Rock grinned at her again. "you're a very sexy woman, Erica. You know that, don't you?" she giggled lazily again. "yeah. I'm really sexy..."

"You feel really happy that you're so sexy, don't you, Erica?" He asked. "Yeah - I do..." She admitted. "I'm sexy, and that makes me feel good..."

"Well, being sexy means that guys like the way you look, and want to have sex with you. That's why it's called 'sexy', right?" She blinked, then laughed. "Yeah... I guess so..."

HE grinned. "Well, then - if you're happy and proud to be sexy, that must mean you're happy and proud that men want to have sex with you, right?"

Her brow narrowed as he frowned in concentration... but it all made sense. "Yeah. Yeah, that's right."

"Then you must love dressing and acting sexy." Rock pointed out. "After all, tight clothes, high heels... they make men want to have sex with you even more, and having men want to have sex with you makes you feel good, right...?"

She frowned again.. then it converted into another slow, lazy smile.

"Gee, I guess that's right..." She murmured, feeling warm and happy knowing Rock understood her so well. "I like to be and dress sexy so that men want to have sex with me..."

"Good, good..." He murmured. "Wow, Erica.. you have really, really big tits. You must love having such big, huge tits." "Yeah..." She sighed. "they're so big and sexy. I love having big, sexy tits..."

"You must love having guys look at them, lust after them." Rock said. "You must love wearing clothes that show them off, if you're so proud of them..."

"That's right... I love to show off my tits so guys can see them..." She agreed, happily. "That means you must love to have them fondled and sucked and stuff, right?"

"Yeah.." She giggled. "My huge tits feel so good when they're fondled and sucked..." She blinked at Rock, a sudden thought coming to her. Happily, she slowly stood up, which seemed to surprise Rock. He quickly reached into the pocket of his rather dirty overcoat and came out holding a syringe, like the one she'd imagined he'd used on her, only he hadn't because he'd just caught her when she'd fallen, that's all.

Giggling, Erica peeled off her dress, leaving her wonderful, sexy, making-men-want-to-have-sex-with-her body naked. "You must want to fondle my tits. I want my tits fondled, please..." She said, happily, walking over to Rock.

He seemed surprised.. then he grinned, and gestured to her. She sat down on his knees and let her head roll back.

She felt good - but she felt even better when Rock began to fondle her tits. Maybe he was squeezing them a little hard, but she had big, huge sexy tits, and tits like that should be shown off, so that she could get them squeezed and fondled. That's why she had such big tits, and she was happy she did - she loved making men want to have sex with her...

She frowned slightly as her mind seemed to find something wrong with that. It was hard to concentrate on it while she was enjoying having her huge, round tits fondled and squeezed, and her huge nipples sucked and nibbled on, so finally she gave up trying to figure it out.

Rock eventually stopped, which made her feel less good - but still really happy, still.

"Hmmm... a sexy girl with big tits, like you, is a real woman." HE told her, making her grin happily. "Not like the flat-chested ugly woman. You're all woman, right?"

"Yeah.. all woman.." she agreed, easily.

"So - you like everything women do." He said. "You must love.. well, giving blow jobs." She frowned. "I.. I don't know. I mean..."

He gripped her upper arms, startling her. His voice was very slow and strong.

"You like giving blow jobs. It makes you more sexy, and you love feeling sexy. It's what a real woman does, and you're a real woman." He told her, firmly. "You love sucking cock, and you love drinking cum. It makes you very, very happy, and you love the taste of cum."

She frowned for a moment, and he released her arm and began to reach for something... then whatever was troubling her slipped away before she could latch onto it.

"Yes. Yes, I love sucking cock and drinking cum..." She said, woodenly. For some reason, she wasn't feeling nearly so good... "Damn - One shot's all I ever need for my other whores..." Rock muttered, looking at her oddly.

"Huh...?" She asked, feeling uncertain and a little scared.. though she was having trouble figuring out why...

He was looking at her with a cold, thoughtful look. "Nothing. Look, Erica... do you want to suck my cock? I'm all hard from fondling your great, big tits..."

She grinned, uncertainly, feeling very confused now.

"I... I really, really want to suck your cock. I love sucking cock...." She paused, confused. "But I don't know why I love sucking cock. I just know I want to..."

He was still looking at her oddly... and then he pushed her off his lap, his hand going to his fly and slowly unzipping it. He pulled his fly open and his discolored underwear down, to reveal a large, throbbing erection.

Erica stared at his cock, suddenly feeling sort of sick to her stomach, as well as uncertain and confused... but she had a sudden feeling - certainty - that sucking his cock would make all the bad feelings go away, and she'd be happy again.

Full lips curving into a smile, she bent down and gripped the base of his cock with her right hand, letting her lips slid over the dark- purple head of his cock. She pushed her head down, slowly, licking his cock all over to lubricate it... then she began to slide her lips back and forth, up and down his hard, warm, throbbing shaft as her tongue licked at his head.

It felt fantastic.. she guessed. She didn't really know whether it was feeling really good, physically - but she felt fantastic to be sucking a cock. Sucking a cock made her feel more like a woman.

"Oh, yeah, baby..." Rock moaned. "God, you're a super cock-sucker. You must be a cum-hungry little nympho, ready to fuck and suck all the time..."

Still frantically slurping at the cock, she felt a moments revulsion and confusion at his words.. then it passed. After all, her she was on her knees, naked in front of a man, slurping away at his cock. She must love having sex with a man. After all, she was a sexy woman, and nothing proved that she was all woman, and all sexy, then actually having sex with a man... She'd love to have sex lots and lots and lots...

..with RJ. She loved RJ, and she loved being a woman, so it made sense that she'd love fucking and sucking RJ as much as she could. That's what made her feel sexy, and like a woman. Dressing sexy for RJ. Sucking RJ's cock. Fucking RJ. Being a sexy woman for RJ made her feel really good...

..so why was she sucking Rock's cock? Sure, he'd asked her too... but why had she agreed? She didn't want to have sex with him. She didn't know him - hell , she didn't even like him...

Just about then, he came in her mouth... and it tasted wonderful, and she gulped every drop of his sweet, delicious cum down... even as she felt utterly disgusted for letting her nymphomania get the better of her and make her end up fucking this.. this creep.

She wanted to fuck RJ - except he'd seemed upset about it...

Why...? Even as she almost helplessly licked Rock's cock clean, she tried to figure out what had happened. Her memories were getting shaper.. a side effect of the fact that her brain was still 're-writing' itself, which was a two-edged sword, since it let her think more clearly, even as it set into stone the 'suggestions' that Rock was implanting into her to make her a willing whore for...

"Oh, God..!" Erica screamed throwing herself backwards and gagging. "oh, God - you're a pimp! And you're trying to brainwash me into being a whore for you!"

"Shit!" Rock swore, fumbling to get his cock back in his pants and his fly done up. "Fuckin' shit - how the hell didja throw off the drug before I was fucking' done? The other bitches were under for nearly an hour..."

then he grinned and rose to his full height, holding the syringe in his meaty hand.

"Still.." He laughed, gutturally. "I got enough 'wonder juice' to hit you three, four more times - that'll be enough..."

He began to stalk towards her, grinning evilly. "Oh, by the time I'm done with you, bitch, you'll be begging me to let you be my whore, to let dozens of men fuck you every day... and they will, cause you'll be very popular..."

Erica, scared, sickened and horrified by the drug-toting pimp, nevertheless made no move to escape his steady advance, just laying sprawled on the floor and watching...

..as RJ slammed the beer bottle down on Rock's head with as much force as his rangy, tautly-musclcd baseball-pitcher's arm had to give.

Rock roared in pain, dropping the needle as he turned, hand going to his head...

...and RJ let him have it over the head with the chair. Rock went down, hard.

"Oh, RJ..." Erica said, finding herself sobbing as she threw herself into his arms.

She'd seen him come in while she was sucking on Rock's throbbing cock - and it had saved her from being completely mind-wiped into a cum-hungry cock-sucker, because (even in her haze) she'd known what she felt for RJ, and all her newly implanted desires had been transferred solely onto him. Now, the thought of having sex with any other man made her feel torn, disgusted and aroused... but for RJ she felt only sweet, warm desire - and love.

"I love you, RJ." She told him, pressing her naked body against his rangy form. "I love you, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you, pleasing..." She stopped, and smiled sweetly at him. "No - pleasuring you. I'm still 'me', still the same person inside, not a slave or a slut or a whore... but now I'm a woman, with very strong female desires, and I want you - and only you - to be the one to satisfy them..."

RJ stiffened - in more ways than one - and slowly disengaged himself from her.

"When.. when I came in, and saw you..." He blushed, and made a gesture to indicate what he'd seen, "I didn't know what to think. Then you explained it by what you shouted... and I had to act. You're still my best friend, Eric..a. But.. but I can't..." He took a deep breath. "Look - you have to finish 'Adam'. Then you can become a man again. Maybe you won't look the same, but..."

"No..." Erica said, shaking her head and taking RJ's hand. "No - I can never be a man again, even if I get 'Adam' working." "Look, I know how you feel, now, but you know once you're male again..." RJ started to protest.

"No - not anymore." She said, gesturing at Rock's limp form. "After what he did, I'll always have the urge to wear high-heels and sexy clothes, to have - and be proud of - huge tits and a sexy body I'll always want to have sex with men.. with you. Becoming a man

again won't fix that... and do you want me to live that life?" She paused, eyes downcast. "I.. I love you, RJ - and that means I love you enough to walk away from you... if you really can never feel for me what I feel for you "

RJ's face twisted up. "That's just it, damn it! - I do love you.. and that's what's driving me crazy. I'm in love with - and incredibly attracted to - another guy!"

She looked at him, a faint smile forming on her lips. "Do I look like a guy to you, RJ?" "Well, I mean..." RJ floundered...

She stepped closer, wrapping her arms around his neck, lightly.

"Are these the arms of a guy, RJ ?" She asked, coyly, and then used her right hand to start unbuttoning his shirt. "Are these the hands

of a guy ?"

"No.. I mean..." RJ said, blushing furiously.

Opening his shirt, Erica smiled at him - then pulled herself tight against him, her huge, firm tits pressing into his dusky chest. "Are these the breasts of a man, RJ - or a woman?" She asked, throatily.

He was incapable of an answer.

"Are these the lips of a man...?" She asked.. and kissed him. Hungrily.

He tensed up but couldn't help himself. He began to kiss her back, his hands reaching around to first hold, then fondle, her incredible

ass as they kissed.

Her hands were busy.. and by the time they broke the kiss, his pants were down around his ankles, revealing his hard, throbbing cock. "Am I a man, RJ ?" She asked, lowering herself into the other chair, the one she'd started in - and arching her back and spreading her

legs. "Do I have a cock, RJ - or a hot, wet cunt, begging to be filled by the hard, throbbing cock of the man I love?"

There was only one possible answer to the question Erica had just made all too clear to the once confused man. It was a non-verbal answer, one that not only didn't detract from his manhood or heterosexuality but proved it.

It was the answer he gave, leaning forward to brace his hands on the arm-rests of the chair.. and buck his hips forward, driving his hard, male cock deep into her hot, sopping wet - and completely female - cunt.

They cried out together, in physical and emotional pleasure, and began to move their hips rhythmically.

Both of them were supremely fit - RJ from his baseball playing, Erica from having a newly-minted, flawless body. Their muscle control was amazing.. and their innate, unspoken bonds as 'friends' fully alive for the first time as all the hours of semi-exaggerated discussions about doing this with that woman or that with the other girl paid off in a way unexpected - and fantastic. Each knew the other, intimately - and they began to know each other even more intimately as they matched rhythms, bodies flexing as one, separating without ever completely separating, coming together again in rising waves and rolls of pure, ecstatic pleasure.

"Yes, RJ, yes - Oh, God.. YES!..." Erica cried, urging him on, her pleasure doubling and redoubling. "Oh, god, I love this.. I love you...!"

"Oh, Erica..!" RJ cried, without any forethought. "I love you, too!" Then, at the same instant.. they came...

The world was lost in a white, soundless explosion as pleasure thrummed through their joined bodies.. then slowly began to fade...

RJ looked down at Erica, who was smiling happily, eyes closed, moaning softly.. and he bent down and gently kissed her full lips, even as his face flared bright red with remnants of shame and guilt that he couldn't - yet - avoid. He extracted himself from her, feeling dirty and ashamed.. and extremely guilty about how warm and happy he felt, despite that.

Turning away from the new woman whose very presence was like a powerful magnet to him, body and soul, he began to dress. Erica looked at RJ's back, and sighed sadly.. but also began to dress, knowing RJ would have to work through this.

She found that the hypo Rock had been holding had fallen on her dress, unbroken, and she put it on the desk - then pulled the dress over her body,. Feeling a pang of dismay at covering it up so much, but feeling 'happy' that it was so tight over her spectacular, wonderful tits. She knew she was going to have to deal with the constant urge to look and be sexy - but her own mind was basically unaltered, and 'sexy' could be elegant, too, despite the fact that Rock had been thinking of 'sleazy' at the time...

"So.. what do we do with him...?" RJ asked, obviously very happy to have something else to talk about while he tried to sort out his confused feelings. "I didn't kill him - though I wouldn't have been heartbroken if I had..."

Erica slowly grinned. "I know just what to do with him..." She looked around at her lab. "First, though - we've got to synthesize up several batches of this stuff..." She tapped the syringe. "Then we have to get 'Adam' working..."

* * * * *

As the darkness slowly cleared, Rock became aware of familiar voices.

He expected a sharp pain in his head where that bastard had hit him - but he didn't instead, he felt really strange, instead...

...then he opened his eyes and found himself staring at something that made all his thoughts stop dead.

Sitting across from him was the most outrageous woman he'd ever seen.

She was sitting in a chair, arms on the arm-rests. Her feet were on the floor.. well, the soles of her shoes were on the floor, her toes sitting about five inches higher, thanks to the platforms of the black ankle boots she was wearing. Her heels were six inches higher up than that, her dainty feet on a forty-five degree angle to make it possible - which was, after all, exactly what 'ballet' shoes were designed to do, especially the 'fetish' style ones she wore, with ankle-straps with little golden locks and a golden chain stretched between the shoes.

Fishnet stockings covered her long, luscious legs, leading upwards to the high-hipped, low-cut bodysuit she wore. The bodysuit with fetish design so that the bottom half was little more than a specially-arranged set of straps that left her cunt and ass bare.

There was very little upper portion, too - since it left her tits bare.

And what a set of tits! They were enormous, like a pair of flesh-colored beach-balls.. and tipped with enormous, thick nipples with had golden rings clamped to the base of them, with another gold chain running between them.

Her face was a vision of pure sexuality, heavily made up from her huge, cock-sucking lips to her brainless bimbo eyes,. Her face was surrounded by an incredible wealth of platinum-blonde hair that spread down her back like a waterfall.

All of this in a tiny, slender little package. She was tiny, making her tits look that more incredibly enormous, and she was obviously pure sexual dynamite.

After Rock surveyed this incredible vision, he became aware of other women sitting in the room. In fact, there was a double line of them, one on either side between where he sat and where the woman was sitting.

They were all naked - and he recognized all of them. They were the dozen women he'd converted into his 'willing' whores.. and it was their voices he was hearing.

"Blow jobs..." one of them was saying. "I love blow-jobs..."

Another was saying. "Big tits. Big tits are for fondling and sucking and fucking..."

yet another was saying. "Cunt and Ass.. Fucking is what a cunt or an ass is good for..."

All of them were reciting their 'needs', their 'lessons', and it made Rock smile. The incredible vision at the other end of the line seemed to find it amusing, to, he cock-sucker lips spreading in a mindless grin...

...then rock's attention was diverted as he noticed something. His whores...

..were changing.

Their breasts were shrinking in on themselves as their bodies became heavier, bulkier.. and something was happening between their legs...

"Blow jobs..." the one was saying - in a much deeper voice, larger hand now stroking a steadily growing cock between her.. no, his legs. "I love blow jobs..."

Horried, Rock watched as his whores finished turning into men - men with enormous, muscular bodies and gigantic, throbbing cocks with huge, round, hairy balls. They continued a mantra that now had completely different meanings... as they all turned to look at him, and slowly began to rise, a terrible hunger on their faces...

Rock opened his mouth to speak... and was shocked and horrified to hear what came out of his mount, in a high, brainless soprano.

"Hi!" he found himself saying. "I'm Rocki Mountains, the cum-sucking bimbo slut slave. I love fucking and sucking, and I'll do anything anybody asks me!"

"Suck my dick, bitch!" One of the ex-whores commanded...

...and Rock found himself moving...

..and, as per the 'programming', motion allowed the suppressed sensations of her body come through, from the ballet boots enclosing her tiny, dainty feet, to the huge, chained tits on her chest...

...and she got to watch in the mirror across from her, seeing that incredible body made for sex that was her own, as she helplessly knelt to service her new masters...

* * * * *

As the end credits to 'Armageddon' began to roll, Erica snuggled closer to RJ, enjoying the way he was almost idly fondling her massive, firm tit.

"Great movie." She said, warmly, feeling utterly fantastic. "though it was a lot better when we saw it on the big screen." RJ stiffened slightly, his hand stopping it's very pleasurable movements.

"God.." HE sighed. "I'm sorry, Erica - I'm getting better at this, but sometimes it just smacks me in the face all over again - the fact that you used to be a guy, and my best friend to boot." He looked down at her, fondly. "I love you, and I love having sex with you - but there's times when I still feel like crying over what happened to a certain guy I used to know..."

Erica smiled and began to fondle his crotch, causing his most definitely unconfused cock to begin to harden. She slowly began to lower her face to his crotch, having discovered the best way to push him out of these 'funks' when they happened, with less and less frequency.

Just before she enveloped his throbbing, delicious tool with her so-very-willing lips, she paused to look up at him and say... "Don't cry for me, RJ Dina. You never really knew me..."

+ + + + FINI

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Okay, Okay, so I wrote the whole frickin' story just for that punch line. You got a problem with that? (*Grin*)

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: "MY STORY IDEA IS: A confirmed bachelor having strung his fiancée through years of waiting, announces that he's bisexual and would like to experiment a little before settling down. His girlfriend doesn't take the news well and uses some very strong hormones and attachments to solve his bisexual problem. When she's through he only craves men." *CONTEST WINNING STORY!!!*

Excused

By Gunslinger

"Damn it, Matt - I'm not going to keep waiting forever."

I sighed and put down the paper. Looking at Carrie with exasperation, I took a long drink of coffee to make sure she understood I'd heard her, but was making her wait. I regretted, again, letting her move in - I like my morning paper and coffee uninterrupted - but it's one of those things that was expected when you were engaged.

Besides - having her make the coffee was night. So was the sex.

"Look, Carrie." I said, putting the mug down. "When we started going out, we'd agreed - the wedding would be as soon as we felt we could be true to each other. We both agreed - it's a better idea to get out wandering urges out of the way first, so that our marriage would be strong.

Carrie tossed her head and snorted. She ran her fingers through her short blonde hair in frustration. "Your wandering urges, Matt. I'm ready - *have* been ready - for a committed, monogamous relationship. Three years, Matt, three years."

I winced at the terms 'Monogamous' and 'Relationship'. Internally, of course - I never let Carrie catch on to the fact that this wasn't going anywhere at all.

Look, Carrie was a hell of a catch. One of those slim, energetic girls from a 'good' family in the suburbs, she wanted to be rebellious - not enough to jeopardize her run at a Medical Degree, of course - and I was it. I could live like that - these suburb girls were incredible - they had some class, and weren't sluts, but if you got them to believe your line, you had it made. Ladies in the office and living room, they were first-class ass in bed. Hell, Carrie could suck-start a leaf blower. Besides, she could actually cook without canned food or a microwave, and she was the cheapest maid service around. It'd be a shame to lose her.

So, I proposed. No intention of actually marrying her, of course - nobody is that valuable. But I wanted to hang onto her for as long as possible - especially now that she had a job at a medical lab,

and was pulling down major buck.

"Look, Carrie - you know I love you." I said, lying as sincerely as possible. "But if this is going to work, I *have* to get these... interests out of my system. Burn them up in experimentation - I know my weaknesses, and if I don't fulfill my urges to experiment before the wedding, I'd be driven to do it after the wedding. It's for *our* good."

"Really?" Carrie asked - and the doubt in her voice worried me. "I believed that for the longest time - I truly did. While you experimented with Asians, and African Americans. With women tall and short.

Big-busted, small busted, svelte and heavy - every type of woman in existence. Once you'd had them, your curiosity would be gone. But now you've done every type of woman available. If you start repeating, then I'll know that it's just a scam - and what have you got left to experiment with that you haven't already done?"

I tried to keep the near panic from my face - because she was right. I had 'experimented' with just about every variety, milking each group for all it was worth - and every variation and combination there was. She was looking at me with a suspicious eye, and I had to come up with my next round of 'experiments' - but what was left?

"Men." I blurted. I feigned embarrassment when disgust was my true feeling - but it was the only thing I could come up with on the spur of the moment.

Her finely arched eyebrows rose. "What? You... with a man? I don't believe it."

Great. Now that I'd blurted it out, I'd have to defend it, believably, despite the fact that the thought of sex with men utterly disgusted me.

"Look, Carrie - like you said, I've had experience with a lot of women over the years." I said, making it up as I went along. "And all of them seemed to enjoy having sex with me. I mean - you enjoy sex with men, don't you?"

"Well... yeah." Carrie admitted grudgingly, still giving me a funny look.

"Well, " I said. "That got me thinking - there must be something to men - something that makes sex with them enjoyable, something to make them attractive. And once I started thinking about it, I couldn't get it out of my mind. At first, I tried to deny my feelings - I was a man, and I shouldn't be feeling these things. Then I found myself looking at men - and wondering what they'd be like in bed. How muscular they were, how tight and tone and strong their bodies were... how big their cocks were..."

I felt like I was about to vomit - but lying is a necessary skill, and I was sure I could pull this off. It wasn't like I'd actually have to do any of the things I said.

"I found myself obsessing on what women liked in men. If they enjoyed sucking cock, there must be a reason. I even picked up a few copies of Playgirl, and looked at the men inside, these enormously endowed hunks - and I began to understand why women would find it attractive." I repressed a shudder of disgust with a feigned embarrassed shrug. "So - I really can't commit to a relationship yet, because I haven't experimented with other men, to see what it is in guys like me that make me attractive."

Then I played my trump card. "By learning about sex where I'm taking it from a man, I'll probably become a much better lover to you - I'll see what it is that you like and don't like."

Translation - I'd claim to be going off to find a gay lover for my experiment - and once safely away from Carrie's scrutiny, find a hot little number at a bar on the outskirts. Carrie would never know.

She was still looking at me - but her face had become completely unreadable. I couldn't tell what she was thinking - whether she'd bought it or not. Then:

"Well - I have to get to work. "She said, rising. "But if you think that you really, really have to experience sex with men - to see it from a completely new viewpoint - then I should support that, like I've supported every other urge that has delayed this wedding over the years."

Despite the concession of the words, her emotionless tone and inscrutable look worried me. But she'd acquiesced, and hadn't said anything about leaving, so I figured I was off the hook, for a while at least - hopefully, long enough to come up with my next excuse for a delay in matrimonial hell.

"I'm glad you see it that way, Carrie." I said, standing and giving her a peck on the cheek. "I'll see you after work."

As Carrie headed out to the car, I sank back in my seat and picked up the paper - but my mind was already turning to the days activities, wondering which type of woman I'd give the privilege of mounting my cock.

* * * * *

The mind can play funny tricks on you. I was at 'Giordinos', the local nudie bar, hitting on one of the feature girls - a ridiculously buxom bottle blonde name - well, billed as - 'Becky Boobies' when I glanced over - and my heart stopped for an instant.

I thought I saw Carrie.

Then Becky said something. I replied to her without any real interest - I wasn't really interested in her and her over-inflated bust anyway, I just hit on any woman I can to keep in top form - and when I looked back, the woman I thought I'd seen was gone. For several long minutes, my heart pounded as I was nearly positive I'd gotten a fleeting glimpse of Carrie, dressed in blue jeans and a blue short-sleeved blouse.

Then I caught sight of one of the working girls - a slender blonde with short hair, dressed in tight, light-blue jogging pants and a darker blue crop top. I relaxed, realizing that my mind, still worried that Carrie might see through my act and leave, had taken a brief glimpse of this woman and made it into a brief illusion of Carrie actually having skipped work to catch me 'in the act', so to speak.

Still, I felt unsettled all day long, off my stride. I barely managed to fuck the brains out of the three different women I'd picked up during the course of the day, that fleeting false image in my mind.

So when I heard the lock to the front door click open, my heart swung into a faster tempo.

But Carrie came in with a bright smile, and I relaxed - this wasn't the face of a woman about to dump me after discovering my lies - in fact she looked cheerfully mischievous.

"Hey, Matt - I've been thinking about our discussion this morning - and you're right. You should experiment with men, get a feel for what a woman sees in guys." She said, dropping onto the couch beside me. "Look what I got."

I grimaced as she pulled out a pile of women's nudie mags. They weren't even the semi high class stuff either - the sole defining factor in picking models seemed to be the size of their equipment. So I was forced to spend the next hour sitting there, feigning enthusiasm as we 'honestly' discussed which guys were handsome, which turned me on, and other things that just wanted to make me vomit. Of course, I don't find men at all attractive, so when she asked for my opinion of which guys in each mag

I found the most 'exciting', I copped out by simply picking the best endowed guy from each mag - while trying really hard not to actually see the pictures.

"Wow - we should have done this before." Carrie said, snuggling up against my shoulder. "Seeing all those guys has gotten me all hot. You must be pretty turned on, to - but since you're looking at being a practicing bi-sexual, I suppose I could probably convince you to turn your attentions to me, for now."

"Sure babe - if I have to." I feigned mild indifference, while smiling. Despite the definitely uninspiring magazines we'd just gone through, the thought of Carrie's taut ass and skilled lips and hands were already getting me hard. "Let's go."

She trailed me into the bedroom, each of us shedding clothes as we went.

"You know..." She said, and I was surprised to notice that she was naked, but still carrying the oversized monstrosity she called a purse. "I've been thinking - your eagerness to experiment has gotten my own creative juices flowing. Would you mind indulging me in a little fantasy game?"

Hey - this was a rare thing. Carrie was a great lay, but usually stuck to the pure vanilla sex. "Sure babe - whatever you want."

"Great." She said, enthusiastically. Reaching into her purse she pulled out...

...a pair of purple velvet-lined handcuffs, and a matching set of ankle cuffs? For her first try, she went right to the big kinks - I'd been expecting leather or something.

"Hey - I'm up for it." I said, gesturing to Big Willie, standing at attention. "You just lay down and..."

"No, no..." Carrie said, running a hand sensuously down my taut abdomen. Her firm, pert tits lightly grazed my chest. "I want to do you first - you don't object to me being on top, do you?"

Well, I wasn't a big fan of being cuffed - but if a woman wanted to do all the work of getting me off, I say let her. "No prob, gorgeous," I said, laying down on the bed and spreading my arms and legs apart. "Chain me up and do your worst."

Smiling she clicked the padded cuffs into place, tightly securing my wrists and ankles to the stout wooden posts of the bed.

Then she stepped back, and her smile faded as she stared at me like a piece of meat.

"You stupid, stupid bastard." She said, clearly and distinctly. "You actually thought I bought your act? You, Mr. Macho straight man himself, being interested in guys? Give me a break. Then you head straight to a strip bar..."

Shit.

"Look, Carrie - it isn't what you think..." I said, feeling panic beginning to rise. I'd thought that if I screwed up, she'd leave and take a bunch of good things with her. Now, naked and helpless, I was beginning to understand that there could be worse complications to being caught. My mind spun for an excuse.

Before I could come up with one, she smiled unpleasantly. "That's okay, *dear* - you don't need to explain. I'm going to forgive you completely." She said, and I felt a chill run down my spine as my cock wilted. She saw it and moved forward, speaking with a biting edge. "Oh - look, you aren't turned on by a naked woman - It must be because of your lust for men. Don't worry, Matt - since I forgive you, I'm going to do what any good friend would do - I'm going to help you get what you want."

I gaped at her. "What the hell do you mean..." I trailed off as the word's meaning impacted. "No - no way I'm having sex with any guy. I ain't no goddamned faggot!"

She cocked a brow. "Really - you were going on and on about how much you wanted to learn what a woman saw in a man - very sincerely too. I think you're just getting cold feet - you don't want to be seen as a faggot in public. You're incredibly interested in sex with a man, it's just your fear of being branded gay that's stopping you. Don't worry - I have every intention of helping you."

Then she reached into her purse and pulled out a long, liquid-filled hypodermic needle.

"Hey!" I said, alarmed. "What the hell is that! What do you think you're doing! Get away from me with that!"

She just grinned. Since I was completely chained, barely able to move, she had little trouble injecting me with the fluid in the needle.

"Just something to make you a little more... tractable." She said with a nasty smile.

A few minutes later, I began to feel strange - a sort of light-headed, disconnected floating feeling, like this wasn't reality. Although I knew things were wrong, that I was in deep trouble, I couldn't seem to worry about it. Instead I just relaxed, staring up at the ceiling without any true emotions, my unguarded psyche open to Carrie.

"Can you hear me, Matt?" She asked. "Yes." I replied, somewhat dreamily.

"Tell me - did you have any intention of ever marrying me?" She asked.

In the condition the drug had put me in, lying wasn't even an option. "No. I intended to string you as long as possible, then dump you if you became more pain than you were worth."

Carrie's eyes narrowed as she received all the verification she needed. "Okay, Matt, I want you to listen to me carefully. Now - do you have any desire to have sex with men?"

"No."

She smirked. "Do you remember what you said earlier, about wanting to have sex with men, to understand what woman enjoyed in men?"

"Yes."

"You said that, didn't you? You weren't reading it from somewhere, or being forced to say it - it was your own words, spoken voluntarily - right?"

I paused for a moment, trying to work it out. "Right."

"So - it must be true - you want to understand what women like about men."

There seemed to be something wrong with that premise - but her logic drilled into my brain. "That's right."

She smiled. "You've been engaged to me for three years. Engagement means trust - you must trust me - right?"

Another long pause. "Right."

"We're no longer engaged - but the fact we were means that trust is unbroken. Now - have you ever been engaged to anyone else?"

"No."

"So, you must trust me more than you have ever trusted anyone else - right?" "Right."

"So - you trust me, utterly and completely. If I say something, or tell you to do something - well, I must be right. You'd have to do it - because you trust me."

I had to think about it for a long time - there seemed to be something wrong with that - but I couldn't figure it out. "Right."

She smiled. "Good. Now, you're going to sleep for a half hour or so, then awake feeling refreshed. We'll talk more then."

* * * * *

I yawned and sat up in the bed, then looked over at where Carrie sat - then my eyes widened slightly as memory flooded back to me. Most of it was hazy, but I definitely remembered Carrie discovering I'd been lying to her.

She didn't seem upset, though. "Sleep well?" I nodded, warily. "Yeah - what happened?"

She smiled in a way that made me uncomfortable. "Nothing much. So - let's get you ready to find a man to get fucked by."

I recoiled. "What? No - I don't want..."

She smiled that smile again. "You're going to let me get you ready - aren't you?"

To my horror, I felt the ability to resist drain away. I still wanted to - desperately - but somehow, I couldn't summon up the willpower necessary. "All right." I agreed, in horrified helplessness.

"Great. Now - do you want to have homosexual sex?" "No!" I said, emphatically.

"But - if you're going to have sex with a man, that would be homosexual, because you're a man too. Is there anyway for you to have sex with a man without it being homosexual?"

Although I didn't want to, I helplessly considered the question.

"If I had sex with a man - but I wasn't a man - then it wouldn't be homosexual." I said, trying to stop myself but helpless to resist.

She grinned. "Well then - you need to become a woman before you can have sex, don't you?" "Yes."

She smiled, and gestured towards her make-up table, the one I'd had to force myself to let her bring. Now I wished I'd refused. "Come sit over here."

It was the last thing in the world I wanted to do right now - but I helplessly rose to my feet and went over, none the less.

"Look in the mirror." I did.

"Is the image you see somebody who should have sex with men?"

"No." I said - knowing, somehow, that this apparent escape clause wasn't true. I was right.

"Well - let's take care of that, then. You wanted to discover what made men attractive - so I'm going to teach you."

To my horror, I thanked her for that.

"the first thing women like about men is the way their hands feel on our soft, supple skin." Carrie said. "But you can't understand that - you have that hairy body with it's harsh skin. To know what we like about men, we'll have to change that. Here's a package of razors, and some cream..."

Following her instructions - no matter how much I wished it was otherwise, I went into the bathroom and drew a tub of warm water. I settled down into it, and picked up the first razor.

I started at my ankles. I was under instructions not to nick myself, so I was extremely careful as I began to shave off the hair that covered my body. Humiliation burned within my, magnified by the stupid pink Bic razors I was using to remove all my body hair, with Carrie's help on the hard to reach places. She also cropped my hair short with scissors, the used clippers on it, followed by the razor. By the time we finished, the only hair I had left was my eyebrows and lashes.

She then assisted me with the cream as the water drained away. She slathered it over every inch of my body, including my now-shaved scalp, avoiding only my eyebrows. I stood, motionless, for half an hour with the cream coating my body, then Carrie helped me rinse it off - and with it, the last of the hair follicles.

Burning with shame and hate, but unable to express it, I ran my hands along my body, feeling my skin. Not only was I completely hairless, but ingredients in the cream had added elasticity to my skin, leaving every inch of me silky smooth - and femininity textured to the touch and eye.

"Much better." Carrie said, smiling at my predicament. My body language and vocal abilities kept me from expressing what I truly felt, but she had no problem reading the tortured hate deep in my eyes.

She pulled a small, rounded box from her purse. Following her instructions, I strapped it in place on one bicep, the prongs imbedded in it's bottom sinking directly into my vein.

"What's this?" I asked - I was able to hold calm, civilized conversations with Carrie - I just couldn't express anger, hate or shame, or refute or argue anything she said - no matter how much I wanted to.

"Concentrated synthetic Estrogen, and a few other goodies. Get dressed - we have places to go, and things to do."

Though I didn't want to go out in public like this, I had no choice. I drew on my clothing, feeling the subtle difference as the clothing slid over denuded skin, the soft smooth whisper of the cloth against silky derma.

Helplessly, I followed my ex-fiancée and torturer out to the car, wondering what, precisely, was in store for me - but from what she'd said about the box running into my vein, I had a bad feeling that I knew exactly what was coming.

My fears were confirmed when we pulled up to a salon.

"Something else we like about men - the way they appreciate the effort we go to look good. So - you need to look your best, a complete makeover. We're going to go in, and you are going to ask - beg, if you have to - for a make over."

And I did. I didn't want to, but I had no choice. No trace of my shame and hate showed as I asked for a complete make-over from the startled desk clerk - but I was a paying customer, and that's all that mattered to them.

Besides - this is California. I wasn't the strangest thing to happen in their salon, I'd bet.

I helplessly acted enthusiastic as I was made over. But it wasn't an affair where I was just a hapless victim - no, Carrie demanded I input, by asking what colors, what types of make-up I'd like best on a woman like myself. I was helplessly compelled to try and explain to the make-over artist what lipstick I thought was the sexiest, what eye shadow. I sat and - under instructions - watched with 'interest' as the work was done, learning all I could about the correct way to apply make-up.

Then Carrie had them bring out a selection of wigs, and forced me to purchase the four I thought were the best, the sexiest, the most feminine.

By the time we walked out, I'd had my eyebrows plucked into a narrow, curving arch. My face was flawlessly made-up, and I wore a long, large, curly wig of flame-red hair. Other purchase - the wigs, make-up, etcetera - resided in a bag 'for later'.

"Good - but not great." Carrie said as we got into the car. "Look at me."

I did - and she pulled out a bunch of tiny needles. I couldn't even flinch as she applied them to my face, especially the lips.

It was a strange sensation to feel that serum she'd injected go to work. In some places on my face, it caused the cells to deflate, tightening my flesh and changing the configuration of my face. My lips, on the other hand, felt tight as the swelled, becoming firm and sexy and feminine. The lady in the salon had used extra lipstick to simulate full, sexy lips - now my lips inflated behind the illusion, making it real. I could taste the lipstick on my lips, and smell the feminine scent of makeup hanging about me, intermingled with the perfume Carrie had me apply - I just wanted to curl up and die.

Instead, Carrie took me shopping.

It started at a shoe store. The clerk was amazed when we walked in - and I asked to see the sexiest shoes they sold. Rage burned deep inside as I looked at style after style.

Before we made a purchase, we ducked back into the car. After a few more painful injections, my feet were much smaller, daintier. The tautness of the skin had caused my feet to arch excessively - something that would fade over time, Carrie told me, but until then, walking without high heels would be extremely painful. A fact I learned as I tip-toed back to the store.

I left with more purchases - and wearing a pair of white platform shoes with a seven inch stiletto heel and ankle straps. I wobbled clumsily atop them, barely able to keep my balance - but in no pain from my high-arched feet.

After placing the other shoes and boots I'd bought in the car, I hobbled after Carrie into the mall. Under her orders, I was struggling to learn a new stride in the heels - Carrie had commanded my to try an imitate the sexiest walk I'd ever seen a woman do, and although I'd rather cut my tongue out then comply, I did so without a word of protest.

Our next stop was a place where they sold jewelry - and did ear piercing. When I left, I wore a gold necklace, a bracelet, and large black plastic earrings that dangled. These earrings and my long wig brushed my shoulders every time I turned my head, a constant reminder of what I was undergoing at Carrie's slender hands.

She had me practice walking up and down the halls as she did some shopping for my. I was forced to endure the amused and/or disgusted stares of other shoppers as I tried to learn a sexy feminine stride in my new heels. I longed to call out to them and beg for help - but all I could do was politely answer the jeers of some of the people with polite answers.

After Carrie had completed her shopping for me, we returned home. I was beginning to feel the effects of that stuff in my bloodstream - my emotions, which I could not express, were to rapid, wild swings, and I was having strange, hot sensations up

and down my spine. As Carrie had me strip, I could also see some other changes - my nipples were swollen and - when Carrie commanded me to feel them - sensitive to the touch.

But worse - much worse - was the shrunken, shriveled look of my cock and balls. They looked nearly pre-pubescent.

Through all of this, I had thought I was suffering the most intense humiliation of my life - my punishment for betraying Carrie.

Then I discovered it was but a prelude to her real revenge.

"Okay, Matt, I'm going to release all mental conditioning in a few seconds - with a few exceptions." She said. "First - you are unable to lie to me, or attempt to harm or restrain me in any way. Second - you cannot masturbate until I give your permission. Lastly, you will now refer to yourself in the feminine, using the name Mandy Smith. Now - all other restrictions are lifted."

"You bitch!" I screamed, wishing I could wrap my hands around her slender little neck. "Just what the hell do you think you're doing, bitch!"

She grinned. "Giving you what you deserve." She said with a grin. "Now, here's what's happening. The hormones I introduced are self-replicating - until I give you the antidote, the amount of female hormones in your system will keep increasing. Further more, they cause brain damage - until I give you the antidote that will cause the level to stabilize, you will also slowly get less and less intelligent."

I was stunned. "What! Give me that antidote!"

"Oh - not yet. You can't lie, so I'll know if you've earned the antidote." "How!" I demanded, angrily. "How do I get the antidote?"

She smiled cruelly. "When you get a straight man - no gays or bisexuals - to make you reach orgasm."

"What! I won't do it!" I yelled.

She shrugged. "Then by morning you'll be a helplessly horny moron - and you'll do it then." I swallowed - I had no choice.

"Everything you should need is here." She said, tossing me a bundle. "Get dressed and get out - you can come back when you've fulfilled the obligation."

For several long minutes I simply stared at the clothing at the strange items in the large purse I'd been given, debating. But as terrible as it was, it beat the alternative - I began to dress.

I tucked my shrunken cock up between my legs and grimaced as I pulled on the lacy black panties she'd provided. Next, I pulled on the bar, having to struggle for some time to get it on. I slipped the B- cup breast-forms into the cups, rather than hurl them across the room like I wanted.

Then the black leather corset. Grimacing, I pulled it on as tightly as I could, giving me a semblance of a female figure, despite the pain.

Then I pulled on the black nylons, which made my legs look - okay. Nothing special, but definitely feminine.

Next, the blue spandex dress. The final touch was the shoes I'd learned to manage a passable female stride in - not that I was going to use that excessively sexy one. My sole goal was to get a man to make me orgasm, then get the antidote, before I became a mindless feminized slut-boy.

Wishing I could kill Carrie, I left.

* * * * *

I walked into the bar and looked around, just wanting to get it over with as quick as possible. From long experience, I picked a guy who looked alone and desperate, and headed over, walking with a strong stride in the heels I was forced to wear.

"Hi, there." I said, trying to imitate a female voice, as I approached. "Feel like some fun?" The man recoiled from me. "Get lost, faggot - I only like real woman."

Several men around me were giving me looks that were threatening. I beat a hasty retreat.

* * * * *

Sitting in the car outside a second bar, I grimaced - but didn't have a choice. Rage and shame burning inside me, I used the spray that was in my purse - the one that would alter my voice.

I approached my target in this bar. "Hey - feel like some fun?" I asked in a voice that was a feminine sounded contralto.

He gave a once-over, then shrugged. "Maybe. Why don't you have a seat?"

I did so, and let him buy me a beer. I sat stiffly, answering in monosyllables. He looked at me oddly, but he was definitely desperate - he slid closer.

I stiffened, but didn't try to stop him as his hand slid around me and...

"Get the hell away from me, you... fagot." He growled as he felt the fake tits under the dress. I beat another hasty retreat.

* * * * *

In my car again, I looked at my chest, with it's swollen nipples. Closing my eyes, I injected the needles into each nipple, wincing at the pain.

The pain was followed by a strange sensation as two small forms appeared on my chest. They began to swell outward, pushing the nipples outward as mass increased. There was something definitely off about feeling masses of flesh there as I gazed down at a pair of perfectly formed B-Cup tits. Feeling like I wanted to die, I headed for the bar.

* * * * *

Two hours later, I was getting desperate - and it showed on my changed body.

I was getting desperate because it was getting harder and harder to concentrate, and things kept slipping from my mind. I could actually feel myself getting dumber. Even worse, I was experience increased sexual need, coupled with strange mood swings.

By now, my legs had been resculpted by my own hand in sexier curves, while I'd decreased the muscle mass in my arms. My ass was fuller and sexier, and my waist trimmer. I'd abandoned the bra, which was useless now that a pair of firm round - and sexy, damnit - D-cup tits thrust from my chest.

I looked around the bar as I entered, moving with a sexy, feminine stride. I'd learned many lessons so far, and was eager to get this over and done with.

I sauntered down the bar, making myself make sly eye contact with the occasional man who looked like he was alone. Picking an 'accessible' bar stool, I sat down - and waited.

It wasn't long before a guy approached. "Hi miss - care for a drink?"

"I forced my full, feminine lips to smile, and crossed my legs to draw attention to their shapely configuration. "I'd love one - I'll have a..."

for the life of me, I couldn't remember the name of the bran I liked.

"...Beer." I finished, worried. He introduced himself - and I worried more when I replied easily with 'Mandy' -and realized I couldn't remember my real name.

Pushing the gathering panic aside, I forced myself to come onto him as we chatted about inconsequentials. It took some convincing, but after feeling me up for a bit, we headed toward the alley beside the building.

I hated the fact that I'd enjoyed getting felt up. The first time, the experience had been too new - but to my horror, I found that with each successive time a guy fondled my expanded tits, I was enjoying the physical sensation, even if I was disgusted by it. Likewise, the two other times I did what I was going to do now...

I kissed him. The first time I'd forced myself, I'd let him do all the work - and that's what had cut that attempt short. But I'd been aghast to find that I'd enjoyed it. The second time I'd participated a bit, and enjoyed/hated it even more- but that guy hadn't trusted me enough to leave the building.

This time, I'd gotten him outside - and now I kissed him passionately, throwing myself into it while I built up the nerve needed...

Then I unzipped his pants and knelt.

Fighting the urge to vomit, I extracted his cock and fondled it as it became rock-hard. Forcing myself, I leaned forward - and slid my lips around it.

I wanted to die as I began to use every technique I enjoyed in a blowjob. My hands worked his shaft while my head bobbed up and down. My tongue danced over the head of his cock as I had one goal - make this blowjob end as fast as possible.

I succeeded - my aggressive actions brought him off quickly. As his cum gushed down my throat, I fought the gag reflex and swallowed it all. Not because I really wanted to - it was just the fastest and easiest way.

Then I stood - and was horrified to gape at him for a second, not remembering what was so important - then the fact that I was acting so stupid triggered the memory.

"How about a return job?" I asked. I lifted my skirt and pulled down my panties - and let my cock pop out.

He hit me. I saw it coming, and moved enough that it wasn't hard, but murder was in his eyes, and I fled.

It took me twenty minutes to find the car, in a panic - I was rapidly losing necessary brain cells. Memories were fading, and I was becoming lost in enforced feminine emotions from the hormones.

I climbed into the car in a panic. I'd wasted hours getting this far - and I wasn't close to orgasm yet. I needed to do something - something drastic.

So the first thing I did was make this recording on a micro-cassette tape-thingee in my purse. It's for me - so if I forget anything important, I can play it back. Now it's time for me too do whatever I need to end up as a sex-starved vegetable of a she-male.

I'm going to keep this running so I can have a record of everything. Here goes.

First of all - I'm now... um.. unrecognizable as me. I look like a kinda,, um.. mannish looking woman - which is okay. I'd think I was kinda sexy, if I could do myself. But I'm going to have to make myself a little sexier if I want to make it.

First - my cock scares off the guys, so I'll have to get rid of it, at least for now. There's a ... vagina mold in the purse. I push my cock and balls back up into my body like... ouch! That and... damnit.. that. That hurt.

Okay, now I stick the mold in place. It'll shape my vagina - the reason I haven't used it before, even though it's reversible is because it'll also increase my female hormones - but I have no choice.

Here goes.

Oww...ohhh.. Weird - sharp pain, then it felt good - looks just like a real cunt. Hang on a second - I'm going to let the burst of hormones kick in.

giggle

That was weird. So neat - kinda felt good, too. 'Kay, now I gotta make my boobs bigger, a bit - guys like big boobs.

I outta know.

Okay, got the needles. Going to stick my right boob now - then the other one....

oh - there they grow! *Giggle* The nipples are starting to get bigger. There's getting more sensitive too - the cold air make'em feel sooo good....

oh!

Opps - I musta injected all the stuff, not just some - these babies are still growing. I didn't want them too... but they feel good growing. So soft and firm, big and round... god, they look sexy Geez - I

must be a GGG cup. Um... they feel sooo good... I could just sit here and play with them all night...

ohhh...

no! I gotta go get a man. I gotta cum Why?

Oh, yeah - don't wanna get dumb and stuff. Better get ready.

Off - this dress don't fit so well any more. Gotta pull really hard to there. *Giggle* - my tits stick out, like, a mile. I can see my nipples through the spen.. spund stretchy cloth. God - look at my cleavage - I could just drool.

I mean... I could have drooled? What Oh! Guys'll drool. That's what such big, sexy tits are for - so I can get fucked and be a guy again. That's right.

Giggle Silly me.

Okay - I'm going to go now.....

Opps - forgot my purse.

Oh - this bar is crowded and what? Oh - hi! I'm Mandy.

Hi, there - you look a little lost.

No - just.. waiting for my tits to stop moving. They jiggle a long time after I stop, you know? *I guess they would - they're kinda big.*

Yeah, they are kinda big, Jeff. Do you like them this big? *Uh - yeah. They're...*

Gorgeous. *Giggle* Oh - they feel so good....

Um... you .. uh.. probably shouldn't fondle them in public like that. You're right - you wanna do it for me?

Huh!?

Come on - we can go in the alley. You can fondle them all you want I like having them fondled. It's important to get 'em fondled - oh! And to kiss guys, too. Because.... uh...

Mandy?

I can't remember - but it's something important. Wanna help me? All ya gotta do is come outside.

Uh... yeah. Great! Come on. Here - this is fine.

An alley?

Yeah. Come on John, let's... *Jeff.*

Huh?

My name's Jeff.

Giggle Sorry. Here - let me make it up to you. *Well I d...umph.*

Mmmm....

Wow - now that's a kiss.

That was fun. Here- why don't you take my dress off? *Okay God - they're huge.*

Thank y... oh! Mmmmm yes.... now lick the other one.... yess...

God - you're sexy. I am ?

Something wrong?

I... no - nothing. Here, why don't I get that zipper...

I...

Oh God! You're enormous! *Yeah - I know...*

No! I can't... I have to...

What?

Please wait... oh..... yes.. you can do that while I think... mmmm.. squeeze the left one a little harder...

So - what was it you have to do?

Uh... oh, yeah! I have to orgasm. Jeff - can you make me cum? Please?

Oh... I think I could do that. Just turn around and... yes, like that so I can still fondle your tits. You ready?

I.. I don't.. OH GOD! You're too big... I can't take it...

Yes.. here - it's in...

God! Oh... okay.. yes.. I can do this... *Mmm... you're so tight, baby...*

OH! Oh yes! Give it all to me, John.. harder... harder! Oh good, yes.. .mmm.. more... more... *Take it all, baby. Take it all..*

YES! Oh God.. don't stop... ughn... ughn... yes "

Ughn.. god... you're... tight.. for ... a whore...

Mmm..mmm..mmm HARDER! I'm... ughn, ugn.. coming... OH GOD, YES! YES!...

YEEEESSSSSSS!

Shit that was good, babe. Here's fifty. Huh?

Dollars. Geez, you're tight and you got tits like fuckin' beach-balls - but you should be blonde. Oh. Money - okay. Thanks - you were great. But I gotta go.

Sure thing.

Oh, God - that was great. I came - I finally came. Now I gotta...

Gotta...

Damn. What did I have to do?

Lessee - I'm really, really horny. I came, and I got paid...

I.. gotta see.... Carrie? Yeah! Carrie.... because....

uh...

Huh. Lemme think. I had to cum. When I did, I got paid, now I gotta go see Carrie....

Oh! Carrie must be my pimp! Yeah - gotta give her my money so I can go out an come again. That's right. I trust Carrie - she'd the one who showed my what to look for in a John. Right.

Giggle

Oh! Hi Carrie - I was just coming to look for you...

* * * * *

Carrie smiled at the woman standing across from her. She smelled of recent sex, and her huge tits were clearly viable to all who cared to look - she'd forgotten to pull the dress over them. She was smiling brainlessly at Carrie.

"I did it - I came. Here's the money." She said in a bimboish voice, then giggled. "It was fun."

"I bet it was, Mandy." Carrie supplied. "You can keep the money - I just have to give you a shot." Mandy blinked. "Is it gonna hurt, Carrie?"

"Just a little" Carrie expertly injected the huge-breasted bimbo. "So - what now?"

Mandy looked a little hurt, and confused. Then she smiled. "I made a tape. It'll tell me what I was going to do - there was something important." She pulled a recorder from her purse...

Carrie easily took it from her. "You don't need this - I'll tell you what to do." Mandy smiled. "Will you? Oh - thank you, Carrie."

Carrie smiled. "You shouldn't take anymore money from men. You just want to fuck them - and suck them, and have sex with them all the time. If you don't ask for money, more of them will fuck you."

Mandy beamed and bounced up and down. "Oh! Goody!" "Come on - I'll drive you to a place with lots of guys to fuck."

As they climbed into the car, Carrie looked at the massive-breasted slut her ex fiancée had become.

A week. She'd let 'Mandy' be a cum-slut for a week. Then she'd undo the hypnotic suggestion that had made her think she was getting dumber - and all the memories of what she'd spent the week doing would come flooding back in a rush.

That would be the final straw - right before she told the new woman that she'd lied. None of the things that she'd done to herself was the least bit reversible.

Including the new hyperactive sex drive she'd possess.

Carrie could hardly wait to see the look on her face when it hit home.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One girlfriend, tired of her boyfriend's crude behavior, has a spell whipped up by Madame Zoleski, and swaps bodies with her boyfriend changing him into a mindless, sex-slave, without name or identity.

Executive Toy

By Gunslinger

Running up the stone-banister-lined steps to his converted brownstone townhouse, Bradley R. Winthrop glanced at his gold Rolex and muttered under his breath.

Hastily ducking through the outer and inner doors of the polished-wood 'cloakroom', Brad stepped into the marble and polished-light-oak foyer of his expansive townhouse, glancing around with frustrated anger on his face.

"Candace! Where the hell are you?" Brad muttered, too 'polished' to shout such a thing out loud as he paced back and forth, his Italian leather pumps 'tocking' softly off the marble tile floor.

Pausing at the end of a pace, Brad pushed up the sleeve of his tuxedo jacket, and the French-cuff dress-shirt beneath. Seeing it was now seven after nine, Brad rolled his eyes and muttered to himself, figuring it was going to be another one of those night - Candace was 'in a mood' again...

Then Brad's eye fell on a photo mounted on the wall, one showing Candace and him at a charity event. Brad's expression softened as he looked at the two of them, so obviously meant to be together - Candace, tall, leggy and stunningly beautiful, with soft platinum- blonde curls framing an angelic face with blue eyes and full, soft lips. She had a supple, slender frame with long, shapely dancer's legs, and she looked great in the simple, deep-blue gown she was wearing - even if it did sort of 'highlight' her disappointingly small breasts.

Brad grimaced slightly. That was the only flaw in Candace's body - and it was obviously tied into some of her 'mental' flaws as well. Brad had quite reasonably offered to pay for breast implants, bringing her A-cup chest up to a nice, firm D or DD.

Candace had flown off the handle. It had been one of the first times, but definitely not the last. She had a tendency to get furious at him over all sorts of trivial things - like tonight. They'd been having breakfast, and he'd quite reasonably told her what they were doing tonight - and she'd gone off on him again about how he always wanted her to play the 'Vapid, sexy Girlfriend' at all the social events

they went to. She'd submitted - barely - to that, she'd yelled, but this - this was going too far. He'd had to remind her, quite forcefully, that she was a nothing little girl from Kansas, NB from some one-horse farmer's college in a hayfield not withstanding. He, on the other hand, was rich, powerful, stunningly handsome, and amazingly well-endowed. As long as she remembered her place and played her part, she was welcome to all the perks that came from being Bradley Winthrop's girlfriend - but, fail to keep him happy, and out she'd go. Oh - and don't even think the word marriage. As soon as she was no longer 'stunning', she was out of there, with a nice little 'settlement package' and a cozy job in another company.

She'd muttered something about herself being Brad's 'Brainless bimbo whore', but had finally - if bitterly - admitted that she had no other choice.

So - where the hell was she? They were supposed to be at a very exclusive yacht party. One that was very, very exclusive. Some of the biggest movers and shakers in the business would be there - and they were all male, all between thirty and thirty-seven, the fast- track millionaires who liked the rich life and all the perks it brought...

...like the sexy, willing 'girlfriends' it brought. Brad was to bring Candace so that he and the other four men could 'share and compare'. Considering the 'private' nature of such an affair, it was an obvious sign of trust... and that boded very well for Brad's financial future.

Assuming they didn't set sail without him. He was in danger of quite literally 'missing the boat' - and all because of his bitch of a babe. If he could find a more willing girl who was as beautiful as Candace, he's drop her in a second - but so far, he hadn't been that lucky.

Brad was starting to get really frustrated - and enraged - when the doorbell rang. Forcibly calming himself, ever-mindful of his public image, Brad opened the door.

The delivery man outside looked into the house with obvious interest. "Hi. I'm looking for a 'Candace Higgins'? She rush-ordered a custom-sewn gown and some ancillary items..."

"I'll take it..." Brad said, quickly, signing for the package before the man could object, then over-tipping him generously to get rid of him quickly, practically slamming the outer door of the townhouse in the man's face. He closed the inner sets more gently, relieved to know that Candace hadn't forgotten their little talk - obviously, she'd been so forcibly reminded that she'd wanted to look extra-sexy tonight, and the delivery had simply been late.

"Candace, your dress is here..." Brad called out, warmly, as he put the box down on a hall table and opened it.

Inside lay a black sequined dress. Though ankle-length, the shimmering skirt had a high slit up the side, and the dress boasted both a cutaway back and a plunging neckline. Also in the box were a pair of black leather pumps with six-inch heels, a small black sequined purse with a pearl strap, and a tiny, lacy pair of black panties.

"What do you think?" Candace asked from the staircase, where she was completely naked, her lean, trim - and very sexy - body leaning casually against the railing. She was looking at Brad with a very, very strange smile on her full lips that almost transformed her face from 'Angelic' to 'wicked'.

Brad blinked, mentally shrugging at her strange look. Perhaps she thought it was 'sexy'.

"Isn't it sort of low-cut in the front? Especially considering how loose the bodice is?" Brad asked, holding up the dress and playing with the front laces. "Even tightened up as far as it'll go, it'll probably sag right off your chest."

"Oh, I don't think it'll be a problem..." Candace said, with the same eerie grin. "By then, it'll be your chest - and it'll fit fine." Brad blinked. "I beg your pardon?"

Her grin widened, became more feral. "I called Madame Zoleski, that old Polish astrologer I use. Told her I was going to leave this intolerable situation, even if I ended up broke and homeless. She, however, had a much more... fitting way for me to solve the problem."

"What the hell are you talking about..." Brad started to demand...

...and then the world spun around him, and he almost fell down. He steadied one slender, dainty hand against the polished oak banister and shook his head, the platinum blonde curls just lightly tickling the nape of his swan-like neck as he tried desperately to stay upright atop his dainty little feet....

"Holy shit!" Brad exclaimed, wide eyed, in a sweet feminine voice. He stared across the room at his own body, grinning wickedly at him...

...or, rather, at her - for Brad was now in the body of Candace.

"What the fuck...?" the new woman exclaimed, long-nailed hands flying in stunned shock to her crotch.

"It's a nifty little spell Madame Zoleski whipped up." The new man said, wickedly. "We've swapped bodies. Oh - but there's still more to come, Candi, so don't worry. First things first, though- you'd better get dressed."

Brad-in-Candace's-body was about to refuse, indignantly - so she was rather surprised to find herself gliding elegantly and sexily down the steps and across the floor.

"What's happening to me, Brad...?" The new woman asked, plaintively - and was stunned all over. She'd meant to say 'Candace' - but it had come out as 'Brad'. Worse than that - she had no control over her body, which was moving in a sensuously feminine way as it disobeyed her transplanted mind and started to dress.

"Oh, that's one of the 'perks' of the spell, Candi." Brad grinned, running his hands happily over his strong, virile new body. "You're now helplessly 'programmed' to act exactly the way you'd want me to act in any given situation. Quite simply - you're going to be your own idea of a perfect 'girlfriend'.

Brad was stunned - but unable to express her horror and outrage as she dressed. Candace had already put make-up on the face 'Candi' now possessed, and had also put on a few pieces of jewelry. It didn't take long for the new woman to unwillingly dress - and she'd been absolutely right about how loose the top of the black sequined dress would be.

"Don't worry - it's self correcting..." Brad told the new woman with a grin...

...and Candi gasped as her breasts began to grow. It was definitely an odd sensation, the weight and mass of her breasts steadily increasing as the flesh swelled larger.

"No!" She shouted, vainly trying to stem the rapid growth by pressing her hands against them - which created an interesting and not- unpleasant sensation. "Stop!"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of it." Brad chuckled. "After all, I know how you feel about that 'flat chest'. Soon you'll have no reason to complain."

"No...!" Candi cried again, staring down in horror as her already melon-sized breasts began to draw the fabric tight. The dress' top continued to move as her tits continued to swell, becoming bigger and heavier with each passing second. In next to no time, a pair of massive, medicine-ball-sized breasts were straining the dress to the limit, the massive mounds of firm flesh not only showing a chasm- imitating cleavage from the plunging neckline, but the draw-strings on the front were drawn so far apart that the cleavage ran practically down to her slender, supple waist. Her new rack was incredibly huge, impossibly firm, and remarkably heavy.

"Please, Brad..." Candi begged, horrified. "Change me back!"

"Oh, no - not a chance..." The new millionaire grinned. "Now, come on - we're late as it is."

"Yes, dear..." Candi said with a sweet, submissive smile, wrapping a black mink coat around her slender shoulders to ward off the autumn chill. It was an odd sensation - because 'Brad-soul' didn't want to do it - but 'Brad-mind' wanted the Candi-body to do it, it being the correct thing for her to do in response to Brad's comment.

Even as she sensuously ankled her way out to the Mercedes, her high, slender heels tapping lightly on the stairs, Candi realized that she was trapped in a hell of her own making. She'd never seen the dichotomy between her own 'freedom' and the 'slavery' she'd wanted from women, simply believing it was his right as a rich, handsome, successful man. Now, trapped in a huge-breasted version of his girlfriend's body, condemned to act the part of what she'd considered a 'perfect woman' for such a man, she understood what she'd been trying to subject Candace to...

...but the realization came too late. Much too late. Helplessly, Candi gracefully slid her firm, full ass into the car and slowly lifted her high-heel-pump-clad feet into the car, showing a lot of shapely, creamy leg in the process.

Brad grinned and slid into the other side, giving the driver directions.

Alone, Candi had been able to 'talk' to Brad, to complain and question - but, with the driver present, she was 'in public' - and so, she couldn't reveal even the slightest hint of dissatisfaction with Brad, herself, or the situation. Brad had always believed women should be sexy and sweetly submissive when in public, smiling and uncomplaining - so, as Candi, that was the way she had to act. Helplessly, she grinned warmly at her tormentor - and snuggled up against him, pressing her huge new tits into his arm as she brightly made vapid 'small talk' during the trip.

What really disturbed her was how good it felt to have warm, masculine flesh pressed firmly against her over-endowed new body. Of course, that physical 'joy' was more than eclipsed by the emotional trauma and horror at what was happening to her, and what was yet to happen.

The new Brad had no such compunctions. As the car pulled up to a pier, he grinned over at the new woman and smiled.

"I'm going to enjoy tonight..." He whispered - and he had no choice but to smile back 'lovingly', her real personality submerged by the one she was unwillingly playing out to her own damnable specifications.

With a sexy little mince in her step, she followed her new 'boyfriend' down the pier and onto a small-yet-luxurious yacht that was preparing to get underway. A simpering smile was fixed to her vapid-looking face, and her huge new tits jiggled and swayed under the straining sequined material of the dress as she sashayed up the boarding-plank. Still grinning insipidly, wishing she could just curl up and die, Candi followed Brad to the main salon of the yacht.

Four men she recognized quite well sat there, though she'd never met them as 'Brad' before, much less as Candi. She still knew who they were, though, and could identify each of the powerful, fairly young men sitting comfortably in the lounge, each accompanied by an attractive young woman.

"Well, brad - didn't think you were going to make it." Carl Dithers said, grinning. A dusky-skinned young man with dark, close-cropped hair, he openly eyed Candi's lush figure.

For her part, Candi found herself answering the implied criticism, 'protecting' her man's reputation.

"That was my fault." She said, with the same vapid grin. "My new dress is a little too small in the chest, and it took forever for me to cram these lovelies into it." Her grin helplessly widened, and she took a deep breath as she arched her shoulders, causing the dress to audibly groan as more stress was placed on the material covering her tits.

Too much stress. With a muffled 'pop', the lacing tore free of the grommets, a chain-reaction type of rip that didn't stop until the front of the dress was torn from neckline to waist.

Since the dress was also low-cut in the back, the result of this ripping was that her dress slid down her shapely, top-heavy body, pooling around her ankles and leaving her nude body gleaming under the golden-yellow cabin lights.

"Oops..." Candi found herself saying, mildly, making no move to cover her sexy, huge-breasted body.

"Well - quite the woman you have there, brad..." Stephan Dorfman, head of Dorfman Industries, said approvingly, eyeing Candi with undisguised lust. "Since your date has 'broken the ice', so to speak, why don't we just get right into it? We've already drawn lots for the swap-sets, and the list is right here..."

Brad picked up the leather-bound folder that was laying on the table. Opening it, he glanced at the table inside - then singled out a tall, slender red-head and gave her an appraising look. The woman, seated beside Michael Flating the Bio-Tech King, grinned back with sensuous wink.

One by one, the men paired off with the women, leading them off to separate staterooms - and, helpless to resist, Candi found herself following David Mannon, the sandy-haired Dot-Com millionaire. Though a little thin and pasty, David was still handsome enough, as well as young, wealthy and powerful - and Candi was stunned to find herself reflecting on these facts, thoughtfully, as she led David towards a stateroom with an extra little 'oomph' in her walk for his enjoyment.

'I've turned into the gold-digging little slut I really wanted Candace to be!' Candi thought with growing horror. 'Oh, God, I didn't realize what that meant until now! I.. I actually wished Candace would be a 'willing' slut... and so, now, I actually like acting the part of a gold- digging slut. My God - I... I'm actually going to find this immensely pleasurable...!'

Helplessly, she found herself pausing at the doorway of the stateroom, opening it and gesturing David through - and positioning herself in the doorway so that he had to press his body against hers, hard, to get by.

'Oh, God...' Candi thought in horror, 'I.. I did that! I planned it and did it, not as a 'programmed' action, but as a willful, planned sexual technique!'

What had been done to her had unwillingly harnessed her conscious, intelligent mind to the person he'd wanted Candace to have - so he was consciously and deliberately planning and executing these actions, even though she didn't want to do it at all...

No, that wasn't true. Only a small part of her didn't want this. That's what made it so horrible - most of her was already 'into' this persona, a twisted part of her actually wanting her to act this way. After all, this is the woman he'd always wanted to exist, and now she could make sure that such a woman acted exactly the way he wanted her too. It was this 'bait' that the rest of the spell was linked to, making her directly responsible for everything she did. It wasn't 'mindless' obedience, but planned and executed ideas in the service of her own subconscious fantasies.

Unable to stop herself, she smiled and wiggled into the room, clad only in heels and underwear,. She closed the door behind her and struck a sexy pose, smiling eagerly at the man who was reclining on the bed.

"So, David - what is it you'd like me to do...?" She asked suggestively, sucking lightly on the tip of one long-nailed finger and looking at him through provocatively lowered lashes.

"Get over her, baby,. And let me get my hands on those monster melons of yours..." David demanded, imperiously.

"You're the boss, honey..." Candi said - and it wasn't exactly 'unwillingly'. After all, she really believed that huge-breasted women like the one she'd become existed to please and obey men like David, so she had no choice but to live that way. She padded towards David, to all appearances eager to satisfy his slightest whim.

She climbed up on the bed - and damned herself for the rising surge of excitement and pleasure she felt at 'fulfilling her role'. After all, she'd always imagined such a woman as the one he'd become somehow being defined by the man she was with - as if, away from men, she was sort of a non-entity, a creature merely waiting in the wings for her cue to come out and be some powerful, wealthy man's sex toy. Since that was what she honestly believed her new role was, that was the only way she could behave - and the only way he could feel.

It was with excited deliberation that she pressed her breasts against David's face, letting him bury his head in her cleavage as he began to massage and squeeze her massive, round tits.

"Oh, yes..." she moaned, softly. "That feels really, really good..."

The most horrible thing was - it was the truth. Her body was responding to his touch, as was most of her mind. She was feeling indescribable emotional pleasure right now, more than even the physical pleasure his somewhat rough touch gave her. She was a huge-breasted sexual plaything, and she was being played with, sexually. The 'satisfaction' of being used as she believed she was supposed to be was overwhelming her, making it hard for her to think, to accept, to see what it was she was doing 'objectively', and be properly horrified and mortified by her helpless actions. Instead.. instead, her mind just wanted to shut itself down and go on subliminal 'autopilot', responding as she thought such a woman would respond, and simply absorbing the wonderful sensations of it all.

'No...' She thought as she had her massive, huge tits licked, sucked and fondled. 'No, please God, don't let me loose myself in the role...'

The problem was - the more 'intellectually' satisfied she felt from resisting the temptation to just gave in was more than counter-matched by the flood of negative emotions that occurred as she tried to hold on to her old, male life. The more she struggled, the more painful it became - and the more painful it became, the more her subconscious personality took over, to keep her from actually stopping.

In other words - it was a no-win situation, the harder she fought, the faster she lost.

Before she was even one-hundred-percent-aware of what she was doing, she was lost completely in the new Candi persona, eagerly and willingly sliding into the 'haven' of mindless bliss that came from being the submissive, eager-to-please little bimbo he'd always wanted Candace to be.

"Oh, you're so good, David..." She built up the man's ego as she enjoyed the immense pleasure doing so caused. "You're cock must be so big and hard by now. Please, won't you tit-fuck me?"

"You bet, babe.." David grinned, slipping out of his clothes while she eagerly dug through the end-table for some lubricant. She found a bottle of sun-tan oil, and she handed the coconut-scented oil to David with a happy smile, tons of pleasure thundering through her at being so submissively helpful to such a handsome, powerful man. She was horrified to find herself hot and ready, eager to do anything at all for this man. She tried, desperately, to rein herself in, to remember who she'd been - but it was impossible. While she could feel the excruciating shame and horror at her actions and persona, she couldn't do anything to change the way she was acting, actually eager to feel the pleasure that came from serving a man like this.

"Fuck my huge melons, baby..." She begged as her oiled up her hug, round tits and deep, chasm-like cleavage. "Fuck them and gush your sweet seed all over my face."

"Anything for a lady.." David leered - and then she was laying back and eagerly pushing her tits together around his hard, throbbing cock, feeling immense emotional joy at just the touch of his organ against her skin, knowing she was going to use this wonderful new body of hers to give such a wonderful, important man pleasure. That was what such a wonderfully bimbo-like body like hers was for - for pleasing men. That's why she existed, after all...

The thoughts running through her head horrified her with how 'natural' they felt, and she tried to eradicate them - but before she could, David began to pump his body, pounding his cock back and forth in her oily cleavage - and she squealed in ecstatic delight, happily moving her torso to enhance the sensations the wonderful man atop her was feeling as he tit-fucked her awesome cleavage, her own hands and his entwined on her magnificent rack.

"Yes, baby - cum for mama...!" She exhorted as he shuddered - and he obeyed, gushing a spray of warm, salty cum all over her smiling face.

"Mmm..." She said, wiping her face off with a towel that was kept handy for such situations - after all, everybody had known the idea behind this cruise, and the ship had been prepared for it. She was grinning giddily at David, feeling wonderful about getting him off and wondering why there was an odd, nagging feeling in her mind...

...and then, the immediate rush over with, memory and personality came flooding back - and though her outward demeanor changed not one whit, Candi desperately wished she could curl up and die.

Instead, she answered the light tap on the door.

"Ready to switch?" the cute brunette standing outside the door said with a grin.

"You bet..." Candi told her, helplessly - and she gave the woman a quick-but-eager kiss that the woman returned eagerly. As the cute brunette disappeared into the cabin with David, Candi padded down to the next 'assignment'.

"Hi ya, hunk.." She said, sensuously, as she stepped into the cabin where Steve was waiting for her.

"Hey, yourself, gorgeous..." Steve said, eyeing her magnificent rack. Candi felt the eagerness-to-please rising again...

...and this time, there was even less of a mental struggle before she was lost in her role, sashaying sensuously to where the naked man waited for her.

"Suck me off, Candi..." Steve whispered, and she was all willing smiles as she climbed up on the bed and began to lick his partially- erect cock, getting him ready after his last fling with the brunette.

Soon she was eagerly slurping and sucking away at his cock, not terribly expert in her technique, but showing lots of enthusiasm and native talent.

'God, this feels so good...!' Candi thought with a mental giggle as she slurped hungrily away at Steven's cock. Actually, physically, the sensations were neutral-to-mildly-unpleasant, but her rather shallow persona was unable to see the difference between physical pleasure and emotional pleasure anymore, actually enjoying what she was doing immensely. 'Boy, I should suck cock much more often...'

Despite the fact that this was his second round in a short period, Steve managed to cum fairly quickly - and most of that was from Candi's eager enthusiasm. As his flood of hot cum gushed down her willing throat, she had a 'mental orgasm' at the amount of

pleasure she was giving the millionaire, and she was lost in a daze as she slurped him clean and bid him goodbye.

With a blank look on her face and a sexy wiggle in her walk, Candi went to the next door on her list. She knocked, and when there was no answer, she rather blankly began to fondle her massive, wonderful tits, glad she had such massively magnified mounds of mammary magnificence - after all, one could hardly be a proper bimbo without a huge pair of tits.

Still grinning blankly, Candi waited patiently for her turn to go in. It took some time, but the passage of time was barely noticed by the dazed mix of persona hovering within the rapidly dividing mind of the ex-man.

When the door finally opened, a sexy blonde came out, and Candi grinned at her before going in.

She walked to the end of the bed - and then knelt, submissively, her long-nailed hands still absently massaging her wonderful new bust.

"How may this worthless bimbo slave serve you, master..." She asked the millionaire on the bed. She couldn't exactly remember his name at the moment, but she didn't care - his was rich and powerful and male, and so he was so far above her in the 'social strata' that she was a mere nothing, ecstatically happy just to be in his presence. She waited, patiently, ready and willing to do anything to please him, but just was willing to do nothing at all for hours on end - if that's what he wanted from her.

"Oh - that, I like..." The man on the bed said, massaging his own limp cock. It was very slowly stirring to life, having already been 'serviced' twice tonight.

"Would you like me to get your wonderful cock all hard again, master?" She asked, eyes lowered. "this humble bimbo is far from deserving of such an honor, but if you so wish, I could get you hard enough to fuck me, master."

"I'd like that..." the man said, grinning, and she grinned back, wiggling like a puppy that was being rewarded for something good.

"Thank you master...!" She bubbled, before burying her face in his crotch and working eagerly to get him hard again. She was tempted to just keep going, getting another delicious load of cum all to herself - but he wanted to fuck her, so once he was hard she lay on her back and readied herself for the Master, eager to please him in any way he desired.

It turned out that what he desired was some pretty rough sex, fucking her and fast. She didn't mind, even though it was mildly painful and very degrading, what with her calling her 'slut' and 'bitch' and 'whore' - but they were all true, or would be if that's what he wanted from her, and she smiled through the whole thing as she tried to anticipate his hard, angry thrusts and match them to increase his pleasure. Meanwhile, she begged and pleaded with him to stop fucking her so hard with his 'huge, thick' cock, telling him that he was 'too much man' for her...

...and loving every second of it. Of course, she would have loved just as much if he'd been taking whacks at her with a machete while fucking her, but she didn't care - if that was what he wanted, that's what she'd do. That's what huge-breasted brainless bimbo-sluts like her were for, wasn't it?

Soon, he was finished with her, and she padded with a blank smile to her next appointment, high-heels tapping an uneven rhythm on the deck as she blankly fondled her massive mounds with one hand, and frantically masturbated with the other.

When she reached the next stateroom door, she knelt at the foot of it and knocked timorously, her whole body shaking with the force of the pleasure she felt at the thought of satisfying the whims of yet another wonderful powerful man.

The door finally opened, and a man she vaguely recognized glanced out. She might have recognized him better if she looked up, but a stupid, useful-for-sex-only bimbo slut slave like her didn't deserve to see her master's face.

"This pathetic-but-willing bimbo slave wishes to serve your every whim, master." She breasted, submissively. "What the...?" A vaguely family voice exclaimed. "Boy, if this is what you had planned for me..."

Since it wasn't an order or question, Candi remained properly silent while she waited for instructions.

"What are you doing?" The man finally asked, his limp cock hanging invitingly close to her mouth - but she'd never even dream of pleasuring herself by sucking a man's cock uninvited. "I'm waiting for your instructions, master."

There was a long pause. "Tell me your name." The man said, urgently. "Tell me your full, real name."

"What would you like my name to be, master?" She asked, submissively, her own identity not mattering a whit to her as long as it pleased her master.

"What the... Look, I demand you tell me who you are!"

She felt fear, and she struggled to find the 'right' answer. "I.. I am whoever you want me to be, Master. Being a bimbo slut, I'm not a real person. I have only the identity my masters give me."

The man looked stunned. "What? Oh, shit... Look, this isn't fun if you don't know who the hell you are!"

"I'm sorry master..." She whimpered, lowering her face. "tell me who I am to be, and I'll be that person, Master." The familiar-looking man stared at her, open-mouthed. "Shit. Now I don't even want to..."

Bimbo-Slut waited, contentedly, for her master to instruct her. Finally, the man sighed and gestured. "Oh - go down to the crew- quarters and tell the men there that you've come to fuck them."

"Yes master!" Bimbo-Slut said, ecstatic to be granted such a wonderful gift. "Thank you, Master! Oh, thank-you, thank you, thank you thank you thank..."

"Just go!" The man said, burying his face in his arms in an oddly defeated manner.

"Yes master!" She said - and, happily, traipsing off to fuck her brains out, what little of them remained after the complete and total breakdown that left her a mindless sex-slave, without name or identity...

..while the new millionaire sat in his cabin and tried to figure out how, exactly, he'd still managed to lose...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After a terrible accident, the doctors decide that life as a woman would be better than a disfigured life as a man, but it takes a friend to help the new female enjoy her fate.

Eye Of The Beholder

By Gunslinger

It was forty-two days after being released from the hospital that Don Williams first began considering leaving the house.

It wasn't the fact that food was running short that prompted the unthinkable action. Nor was it the shortage of clean clothes, cigarettes, or toilet paper.

No - it was the fact that the booze was gone that prompted the consideration of leaving the womb-like safety of the darkened sanctuary and once more brave the world at large.

Gingerly, Don pushed out of the arm-chair where it's become habitual to spend most of the day, and began to painfully head towards the kitchen, keeping most of the body-weight forward, on the toes. Despite the deep depression Don had fallen into, merely rotting in bed was unthinkable, and Don was actually clean, and dressed in reasonably clean clothes that actually matched one another, an oddity considering the complete and utter lack of pride in self-image Don felt since The Accident.

That's how Don thought of it, capital letters and all - and it was thought of it often, and bitterly. Until The Accident, the twenty-two year old had been one of the best-known stunt-men in the business, an odd combination of panache and almost paranoid caution making Don the most-wanted stunt-man for any big-budget movie. The amounts studios were willing to pay for the trademark skill and daring had steadily increased...

...until Don had actually become something of a 'Status Symbol'. Even if the stunt wasn't too difficult, each production wanted to have Don doing them.

Which had lead to the worst mistake of Don's professional (and personal) life. One production company had wanted Don to perform the stunt - but they already had a long-term contract with another stunt coordinator and team. They'd wanted Don to work under that team, performing a stunt devised and rigged by another man. The one thing that any 'good' stunt-man refused to do. Unless you were part of that team, had worked with them for years and knew each member as well as you knew yourself, you didn't allow yourself to trust that they'd do the 'prep' right...

Except the company had shoved a large enough check in Don's direction to make him momentarily forget the personally-held code of conduct. One of the 'Mega-productions', the Prima Donna producers insisted on 'the best', whether they were actually needed or not. Every actor was a 'Name', the director was a 'Somebody', and ILM was doing the SFX - so they'd wanted Don, and shoved enough money at him until Don had accepted....

..and almost died as a result.

Oh, it was a great stunt. A classic 'burning man' fall-scene, with the extra 'visuals' of falling through the center of an open-shaft construction elevator. A great stunt, carefully planned from the initial explosion that would 'hurl' Don into the shaft, to the high-power fan blowing up the open shaft, slowing the fall, keeping Don centered, and making the flames 'billow' more, right until the so-called 'soft' landing in the Nomex airbag at the bottom...

The fan was a standard model, mostly used for 'weather' effects in movies, capable of generating everything from a 'summer breeze' to near-tornado velocities. The actual fan itself was mounted on Gimbals mounts to allow it to be directed...

...and the large restraining vise that held the fan locked in position had given way when Don was halfway down the shaft. Rather than blowing nearly straight up, and acting as a brake, it had blown Don sidewise, slamming him into the girders...

...off of which he'd rebounded, slamming into the girders on the other side, and so on, for another three stories.

Which would have been bad enough - except that, on the last set of girders, he'd gotten hung up... and by the time they'd been able to get to him and extinguish the flames, the special protective jelly that covered every square inch of his body had overheated.

Now, the person who had once been considered Hollywood's greatest living stunt-man approached the kitchen of the expensive, now-filthy house... and stopped, jaw tightening as the most-hated act of his new life was forced upon Don.

Don turned and looked full on into the large, floor-to-ceiling mirror that Don had vainly had installed in the house when it was purchased.

"Hello, freak-boy..." Don greeted the reflection bitterly, voice high and husky from the vocal-chord damage from one of the girders.

The image in the mirror was the most utterly hideous thing Don had ever seen...

Not that it was grotesque, in a fundamental way. Now, Don was pretty well healed, physically - except for the fact that the person in the mirror in no way resembled the man who'd once been.

Don had been of average height and built, one of the things that had helped create demand - with the right padding and clothing, Don could pass, in a 'long shot', for any of the big-name actors who was supposed to be doing the stunt. The person who now looked back at Don was completely unlike that 'generic male' that Don had once been.

Don was now thin - and only part of that was the weight lost from a long convalescence followed by bad eating habits. More of it was from the numerous broken bones that surgeons had painstakingly reassembled - but, with such fragmented breaks, there'd been considerable loss of bone material.

Don's shoulders were narrower, hands and feet more slender - and, with the two bottom ribs removed completely, plus the lack of solid food intake, Don's waist was damned near non-existent.

Despite the near-miraculous work done by the surgeons, even the jig-saw work they'd done on Don's bones wasn't anything near what they'd once been. Don's hips, for example, were actually wider, due to the steel pins that braced them, spreading them slightly. Then there was the problem with Don's feet, which forced a severe case of 'tip-toeing' around everywhere.

They'd done a pretty good job with the jaw and nose, even if both were smaller than they'd been before.

On top of the effects all the bone reconstruction, there was Don's hair... or lack of it. Though the actual burns had been minor, and were now fully healed, the heat had been enough to burn off every square inch of hair, leaving Don's skin completely smooth.

The doctors still weren't sure whether or not any of the hair would regrow again - and, as yet, none had.

Though it had been of medical necessity, and in no way planned, there was no denying the final effect of the work.

Don now looked more like a woman than the man he'd once been. And that was what made Don's reflection appear so utterly 'grotesque', that was what caused the fall into a deep depression that verged on suicidal... if only Don had the emotional strength to end it all, something Don just couldn't bring himself to do.

Because the very sight of his feminine-appearing body served as a constant reminder of the worst part of the tragedy. The edge of the beam that had performed sudden, complete and radical castration, forever unmanning Don, leaving behind this grotesque parody of a human being, neither male nor female....

...except for the fact that, while Don was still under for the surgery, the doctor had used his own medical judgment and decided that the best thing for the 'unfortunate' was the creation of a 'vagina', using the latest in medical techniques, creating a very realist, quite serviceable, and authentic-looking vagina for Don.

Who didn't want one. Which couldn't be 'corrected'. That had done more than leave him a castrated male, making him a pseudo-woman Don had never wanted to be.

"Goddamn it..." Don nearly sobbed, *her* slender left hand balling into a fist...

...and then she shouted incoherently, hurling her empty scotch-glass at the mirror.

The projectile slammed into the Plexiglas layer that protected the huge mirror, leaving a small scratch in to tough surface as the Scotch glass shattered into pieces and dropped to the floor...

...among the shattered remains of the dozens of other glasses she'd hurled at her own, hateful image.

"Why!" Don screamed at the ceiling, her damaged vocal apparatus making the sound high and very feminine. "Why did you do this to me!"

Oh, she knew 'why' the doctor had performed the procedure - he'd been under the mistaken impression that, given Don's new body-shape and lack of external male genitalia, Don would rather live life as a woman than a freak. No, the question was directed at fate itself, for the cruel trick it had played upon Don.

Sobbing, the unwillingly feminine Don turned away from the hateful image and staggered, tip-toe, into the kitchen. Slumping against the counter, she waited for the fit of anger and despair to pass.

When it did, Don slowly straightened, looking at the empty bottle of Scotch that sat on the counter. Her last bottle, she'd been rationing it for the last two days, rather than 'drinking like a fish', as she had been ever since she'd gotten home. She was more sober now than she'd been since The Accident, and the time had come.

Picking up the phone, Don slowly reached up and hit the auto-dial number on the phone. The one she'd promised herself she'd never use...

"Matt?" Don said, dully. "Don. Come on over... and bring your kit."

Without waiting for a response, the new woman hung up the phone, then awkwardly tip-toed back to her easy chair, collapsing bonelessly into its leather embrace and staring blindly into the distance, tears slowly cutting tracks down her cheeks.

* * * * *

"Okay, thank you, that'll do it..." Matt Stein said, showing the workmen who'd carried in the large collections of items to the door. "Have a nice day."

Sharing a 'Can you believe this guy?' look the two men left the house, and Matt locked the door.

"Okay, Don - it's safe!" Matt called out, and Don slowly teetered out of the bedroom where she'd been hiding while the workmen carried in Matt's 'kit'.

Matt was one of the best make-up effects man in Hollywood, and a long-time acquaintance of Don's, though the ex-stunt-ex-man was still unwilling to call the somewhat bisexual make-up artist a 'friend'.

"I'm so glad you finally decided to do this." Matt said to the bathrobe-clad ex-male. "I'm not." Don said, bitterly. "But I really don't have a choice, do I?"

Matt had volunteered his services before Don had even left the hospital. Rather than undergo 'final' surgery, Don could 'get by' with the help of Matt's creations, whether it was for a one-day excursion in public, or as a 'test run' before having surgery to complete the outward transition to womanhood. Don still had no desire to take that surgery, but had to admit - bitterly - that looking the part of a 'real' woman would make her less conspicuous in public than her current appearance.

"Oh, don't be that way." Matt scolded. "Sure, life's thrown you a curve - but it's not the end of the world. You have to learn to enjoy what you've got, rather than long for what you haven't."

That was the other reason Don didn't like Matt - the slender, dark-haired man was always this upbeat and chipper, no matter what the circumstances. In fact, it was one of the reasons he was so 'openly' gay - after experimenting in his late twenties and finding he enjoyed the company of men more than women, it had never even occurred to Matt to feel 'ashamed' about it, and he'd gone on living his life as openly and determinedly cheerful as ever. It was that near-overwhelming ability to find the 'joy' in any circumstance that drove Don nearly to distraction.

"Let's just get this over with..." Don said, grumpily. She waved a slender hand at the pile of stuff Matt had brought. "Why the hell is there so much stuff?"

"Well, I needed to bring just about one of everything, so you'd have a wide range to choose from for your 'look'." Matt said, sounding surprised.

"Geez..." Don said, shaking her head. "You could have saved yourself a lot of trouble, and just picked one set to bring. After all, I don't give a damn about what I'll look like, as long as I can walk into a liquor store without being stared at."

"Nonsense." Matt said, more firmly than Don had ever heard him. "You're going to have to start making some conscious choices about your life. The accident didn't kill you, and now you're going to have to start choosing what the rest of your life will be."

'I wish The Accident had killed me...' Don thought, but kept silent as she waved at Matt to get started.

"Okay, I thought we'd start at the top, and go from there." Matt said, opening up a huge case that folded out into five tiers - revealing a selection of twenty-five high-quality wigs. "Go ahead, and pick a hair style."

"What do I care?" Don said, turning her face away from the collection of feminine hairstyles.

"Hey, the color and style of hair will have a lot to do with how you're perceived. This isn't a 'whatever' choice. Now - pick one to try on."

Don sighed, looking over the collection briefly before picking one out, more or less at random. "That one..." She said, pointing to wig that was a brassy shade of golden-blond. It went from

relatively straight at the part, just to the left of the crown, to wavy for most of its length, to large curls at the bottom of its collar-length stands.

"Ah, yes - the 'Suicide Blond' style." Matt said, picking it up as if it were a delicate vase rather than a wig.

" 'Suicide Blond'?" Don asked with little real interest as Matt carefully positioned the wig on her bald scalp.

"Dyed by her own hand." Matt explained with a grin, fussing with the wig. "There you go - have a look."

Sighing, Don turned her head to look in the mirror...

...and gasped.

"Geez... I look like Marilyn Monroe..." She said, without thinking, as she stared in the mirror. The observation slipped out while she was busy being stunned.

The simple addition of the wig had suddenly changed the entire way her face looked. It had gone from looking extremely strange to bearing a passing resemblance to the once-Goddess of the Silver Screen, even if the lack of eyebrows and eyelashes made her look like a doll rather than a real person.

"My word - indeed it does." Matt agreed. "The question is - is that a good thing, or a bad thing, in your view."

The initial shock fading, Don was able to slip back towards her apathy. "It's fine."

Matt sighed. "Does that mean I should use the glue to hold it in place - or would you like to try other ones on?"

"no, no - just glue it down." Don said, crossly. She just wanted to get this humiliating procedure over as quickly as possible, so she could go out and buy what she needed.

Lifting the wig, Matt began to carefully apply an adhesive to the inside of the flesh colored-and-toned underside.

"Now, this is a top-of-the-line wig, undetectable even at the closet range, once it's glued down." Matt informed Don, carefully positioning the wig and pressing it down. "The glue will make it as 'tough' to pull out as real hair, and it won't come off until I use a special solvent on it. - go ahead, play around with it a bit."

To make Matt happy, Don tossed her head around a couple of times, then 'fluffed' it with her fingers - and was bemused to not how 'real' it looked in the mirror, like one of the shampoo models in a television commercial.

"Yeah, it's fine." Don lied, eager to get this over with.

"Now, let's consider the choices for your make-up and facial 'touch up' " Matt said, staring to open a half-dozen cases.

Wincing, Don decided to speed the process up. "Look, Matt - since we've got a 'Marilyn' sort of thing going, why don't we stick with it." She said. "With my 'breathy' voice, I even sound like her - so go ahead and make me 'Marilyn'."

"I thought you didn't want to be stared at." Matt said, with a grin.

Don didn't care less, but tried to make it sound like this was actually a decision she'd made, and wanted to do. "Hey, it's Hollywood. People will assume I'm trying to land a role as her - and won't notice and slight 'imperfections' from me being a.. you know."

Matt smiled. "Good thinking, Don! I'm glad to see you're starting to get into this."

'Yeah, right.' Don thought, sarcastically, as he followed Matt's instruction to sit in the recliner and tilt it back.

For the next hour and a half, Don remained silent and morose, not really paying attention as Matt performed his 'magic', starting with realistic-looking latex prosthetics for Don's nose, chin and lips. On the last one, Don thought of complaining, since the procedure was a bit uncomfortable, and tasted bad but at the first comment, Matt was quick to 'reassure' Don.

"This is a special formulation of the adhesive." Matt said. "It increases the sensitivity of the flesh about the same amount that the latex dulls it. It's not quite as if you weren't wearing anything at all - we can't be that perfectly accurate on the mix - but it's pretty good. You get used to the taste in fifteen and twenty minutes, and won't even notice it, except when you're eating something - it skews the flavor of things slightly. You'll need this for fuller lips if you want the 'Marilyn' look. Now - should I finish, or should we try a different look?"

"No, no - I was just worried about the taste." Don said, hastily. "If it won't bother me, then go ahead."

Matt did so, finishing with the prosthetic lips, then going to work on the make-up for Don's altered visage. While Matt was fitting her with eyebrows, Don licked the lips, finding that they not only felt 'puffy' from the inside, but that the sensations through them were actually stronger than before, if not as 'clear'. Mentally shrugging, Don didn't say anything.

"Okay - that should do it." Matt said, proudly, pushing the chair upright. "Have a look." "Holy shit " Was the best Don could do, at the first sight of Matt's handwork.

Her face wasn't an exact replica of the deceased film star - but it was so damned close it was eerie. If there was a movie being made with a role for a Marilyn look-alike, she'd win the part, hands down. It was that perfect, from the bee-stung lips to the heavy-lidded eyes, from the straight-bridged nose to the tiny mole - nearly every detail was perfect.

"Thank you." Matt said, taking the startled exclamation as a compliment.

Despite the fact that she didn't really care how she looked, Don had to admit that Matt's artistry was amazing - and it wouldn't hurt her to admit it.

"It's.. incredible, Matt. Absolutely amazing." She said, sincerely - on the basis of artistic appreciation rather than personal preference.

"Well - for you, Don, I'll do my utter best to reach perfection."

Despite her own self-absorption at her own situation, Don couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt at Don's unflagging helpfulness. Though this isn't what she really wanted, Don had to admit that Matt was putting a lot of time and effort into this, and doing his very best for her.

"Now..." Matt said, looking her up and down. "The rest of you looks pretty good, as it. really, all we have to do, for the physical work, is pick a set of 'boobs' for you to wear. Then comes the really time- consuming part - picking out your clothing."

"Time consuming?" Don said, with a mental groan - having just realized the self-sacrifice in time and attention Matt was making, she no longer had the option of telling him to just 'go to hell'.

Despite everything that had happened to her, Don was, at heart, a friendly, kind, witty person. The depression she'd slid into had made some changes in her behavior - but she couldn't bring herself to be deliberately cruel to Matt, not even now.

"Of course!" Matt said, with a grin. "I've brought a pretty extensive wardrobe for you to choose from. Now, actually, the size of your new endowments will have some say in your options. Since I knew your new measurements, from when you were in the hospital, I brought just the stuff that would fit you, with various choices based on your new 'cup size'. For a woman like you, a 'C' cup would be about average, and that's what most of the clothing is for, but I realize you might want to be more 'flat-chested', and that's fine, too - the clothes will still fit well enough..."

Don mentally groaned again - Matt had obviously put a lot of thought into this, and wouldn't be satisfied if she just choose at random.

Matt opened up the case in which he'd brought the prosthetic latex breasts. Unlike commercial breast-forms, these ones were incredibly realistic and detailed, and once the tissue-paper-thin feathered edge were glued onto Don's skin, would be completely 'real' to the eye and touch.

"Now, this is the 'A' cup set..." Matt said, pointing to the ones on the far right, then slowly sweeping his finger to the left. "...and then we have the 'B', the 'C' - and, just in case, the 'D' and double 'D' sets, mostly because I had them around from another project that they weren't needed on. Of course - if you really want a 'Marilyn' look, the 'D' set would be closest, though larger than the 'C' and we start limiting the clothing that will fit..."

That perked Don's ears up, and she looked with a sort of queasy fascination at the slightly large 'DD'- cup breast-forms, which were sure to limit the clothing choices even more. She wasn't really keen on the idea of having 'tits', even fake ones, but if she had to, it might as well be a pair that would...

"What's under there?" Don asked, pointing to a cloth that covered the inset compartment all the way to the left.

Matt coughed, and blushed slightly. "oh, those - they're something for another project that didn't work out at all. Forget about it - they're... big."

"Oh?" Matt said, suddenly intrigued. "Well, let me see them." "Oh, no - you don't want them. trust me." Matt said.

"Oh." Don said, deciding not to push the matter - and, inadvertently, winning the argument by giving up, when she said, off hand. "You're the expert - you know what's best for me..."

Matt looked startled, then abashed. "Oh, no - I'm so sorry. Here I am, struggling to get you interested in this, and just when you're really coming out of your funk, I start telling you what you should look like. I'm so sorry. Just because I think you won't want them, I shouldn't deny you a chance to make that decision yourself. Here... these are them..."

Matt lifted the cover...

...and Don giggled. It was a girlish sound that caused an almost physical ache at hearing it emerge from her throat - but she couldn't help it.

Not at the sight of a single 'boob', the size of a volley-ball, sitting in the inset. "That's it? A single boob?" Don said, trying to get the giggling under control.

"no - the other one's in the next shelf down." Matt said. "They're too big for both of them to fit in one." He paused. "Uh.. I'm glad I showed you them, even if they're utterly ridiculous - it's good to hear you laugh."

Don blinked... then her slender new jaw sagged a bit. "Actually... it feels good to laugh again." She admitted, somberly, the moment of levity taking her by surprise.

Until that instant, she hadn't believed that she'd ever laugh again in her life...

The combination of the unexpected mirth, the way it would speed up the process of clothing selection, and a touch of sheer perversity, made Don blurt out...

"Those - I'll take those."

"What?" Matt said, stunned. "You mean... the monster tits? You're.. you're joking, right?"

"Actually.. I am..." Don said, finding the very thought of what she was saying so ludicrous that it spawned another of those wonder-feeling giggles. She couldn't believe that she was doing this...

..but the heady feeling she was getting as the sheer... outrageousness of what she was doing was more intoxicating than any of the booze she'd sucked down since leaving the hospital. That liquor had only made her depression 'fuzzier' - now, for the first time, she'd found something that was crazy enough that the sheer shock of it could push through her depression, if even for a few minutes.

Despite how she felt about the whole 'feminine' thing, the giddy, 'guilty pleasure' type of feeling she was getting was worth it. It reminded her of sneaking cigarettes when she was young, of the gut- wrenching, fear-inducing, yet somehow exhilarating feeling that came with every stunt she'd ever done. That sudden rush was the whole reason she'd been a stunt-man, and she'd never expected to feel it again.. yet here it was....

"I am joking - joking with myself." Don told Matt, still giggling helplessly. "But that doesn't mean I'm not serious about this - I'm going to wear those.. those "

She couldn't find a word capable of accurately describing the outrageously oversized 'tits'.

Matt was torn. On one hand, it was hard to believe this near-perfect Marilyn look-alike, laughing in such a cheerful manner, could be the same depressed ex-male he'd started work on a couple of hours ago. Matt didn't want to say or do anything that would send her back into that morose depression.

On the other hand, her sudden shift in attitude was so bizarre...

"Uh, Don?" Matt said, hesitantly. "I.. don't get it."

"don't you see?" Don giggled. "It's so ironic, it's... deliciously perfect! I didn't want to do any of these, except that I'd rather look like a full female, rather than let people see what a freak I'd become. But, if I wear those, nobody would notice. They'd all be to.. damned... busy.... sta... staring.. at... at..."

She couldn't finish - the mere mental image was enough to have her in howls of laughter.

She'd spent the last forty-two days hating her 'freakish' appearance, and dreading 'enhancing' it by trying to pass as a 'natural' woman.

Until the instant she'd seen those huge, fake, unreal tits - and realized she'd overlooked the classic 'purloined letter' method of ultimate misdirection.

With tits like that, nobody could look at 'her' and see the man she'd used to be. With those tits - all anybody would ever be able to see is those tits. Some women complained that when men looked at them, all they saw was 'tits, ass and pussy' - well, Don was going to go one better, and become a walking, talking pair of tits.

When you're a freak, and ashamed of it...

...hide yourself as another type of freak you couldn't care less about.

When she'd caught enough breath to explain this to Matt, he too began to laugh at the delicious irony of it. It was, too literally, perfect - the ex-man who hated the fact he was 'a little bit' of a woman had found the hidden out...

...become too *much* of a woman.

"Put them on!" Don almost begged, and Matt set to work.

Applying the surgical glue - with the added 'enhancer' - he carefully placed the tit on her chest...

..which wasn't easy, because she was still giggling. Finally, Matt got them in place. "There you go." Matt said, stepping back - and laughing.

Don was the spitting image of the Screen Legend - except for the outrageously out-sized butt. Marilyn Monroe had passed into popular culture enough that the image of her was more real than the real woman who'd lived - she was almost a fantasy of her own.

With those massive tits attached to that famous face.. Don instantly ceased to be a real person in any sense of the word. Even the fact that she wasn't a 'real' woman only added to the illusion.

Don had gone from being a freak - to a parody. Not one person who saw this new 'woman' could possibly really see her as a person - no, the image projected by the total look was stronger than whatever reality that lay behind it. Surgically 'real' tits or latex 'fake' one, 'real' woman or ersatz, original face or not - none of that mattered under the all-enveloping, totally unbelievable image the look created.

Anybody seeing Don would know she wasn't 'for real' - and that very assumption meant that they could never see her as she truly was - an ex-male, trapped in a body given her by a horrific twist of fate.

This body was the ultimate escape from her hell.

Laughing, Don rose to her feet and looked at her reflection, seeing...

..the image. It was so overwhelming, she couldn't see 'herself' though it. Even though she was inside, it was as if the real her was inside a tiny control room in her head, looking out of her eyes. The body that she hated had somehow... distanced itself from the mental her. With such an overwhelming, unreal image, she just couldn't 'feel' the hateful body that so disgusted her. This was something else entirely.

If Don had been an 'Internet junkie', she could have better understood what she was feeling, how she was acting - just as a computer 'nerd' could create a whole new persona in the anonymous safety of a chatroom, and play out the most ludicrous fantasies without any inhibitions, so Don now had a 'virtual' identity complete separate from her real one.

"Yes!" She cried. "I'm free!"

Where she'd once dreaded it, she now found herself throwing open Matt's wardrobe chest with glee. "We have to find the perfect outfit..." She said, eagerly.

"Wait! Wait!" Matt said, smacking his forehead. "I have to have packed it! It... here it is!" Matt pulled out the prize...

...a white dress almost identical to the one from the famous 'sewer-grate' shot. "Oh - perfect!" Don said, grabbing it.

She had to have Matt's help getting it on - since the strings of the upper part tied at the back, they had to take a shoe-lace to make them long enough to enclose her massive tits, and it displayed an outrageous amount of 'tit-flesh', even so - but that was just fine.

She decided to forego the underwear altogether.

Then she stepped into a pair of white pumps with five-inch heels - and found she could move easily in them. indeed, after more than a month walking on tip-toe, the heels were actually easier than walking barefoot.

Don laughed, twirling in front of the mirror - then laughed harder as the skirt flared out, revealing her bare pussy. She was also laughing at the weight and bounce of the fake tits, which had small 'water balloons' inside to create authentic movement, more or less.

"Oh, this is wonderful!" Don cried. "I'm not me, anymore. I'm..." She stopped, with a startled, thoughtful look on her face.

"I'm.. part Marilyn Monroe, part Don Williams... and part walking tits..."

then, she laughed out loud. "Good God! I'm Madonna Mountains!" She smiled at Matt. "What do you think - does it suit me?"

"i.. guess " Matt stammered, with a confused grin, as he tried to keep up with Don's sudden transformation in spirit.

She laughed at his expression. "Don't you see? I was making the mistake of trying to.. carry the baggage of 'Don' around with me. A male, who'd been made female. What I needed to do - what I'm doing - is starting from scratch. I wished that accident had killed me? Well - it did. Don William's died

in that accident, and - sad as it is - he's gone for good. Once I realized that, I realized that this person, right here, had to.. start from a dead stop. From zero. And this..." She waved a hand at her self. "Is what I - we - invented."

Slowly, Matt began to smile gain, realizing that Don... Madonna meant what she was saying. She hadn't just accepted what had happened to her.. but embraced it.

"I'm going to keep this for awhile, see if this look is really what I want..." Madonna said, hefting her new tits with a grin. "But, whatever look I finally choose, I'm going to make an appointment with the doctors to make it permanent."

"That's great, Do.. Madonna. I'm glad to see.."

"Kiss me!" Madonna interrupted, thrusting her huge-breasted figure up against Matt's. "Huh?"

"I want to see what it's like to be kissed by a man" She said, grinning. "god... I have a whole new life to live, Matt - I have to start 'learning' things as if I were.. were a girl just growing up.. which remind me, you'll have to teach me how to do make-up.. but, that's later. Kiss me. If I don't like it... I might become a lesbian..."

She giggled at the thought. "if I do.. hell, who knows."

Matt shrugged - then decided to do it right.

grabbing her, he swept her down over his knee, dramatically, and pressed his lips against hers...

...which was spoiled by her giggling.

"Sorry, sorry." She apologized, grinning. "The 'swoop' took me by surprise. Try it again." They did... and both thought it went very well indeed.

"Oh.. I liked that..." Madonna said as they straightened up. "To think.. I've been missing kisses that good all these years because of my... 'tunnel vision', Imagine what else I've..." She broke off as a thought occurred to her. "Hey, how are blow-jobs. Giving, I mean."

"Uh..." Matt said, startled anew.

"Mind if I find out?" She asked brightly - and, before Matt could answer, she was on her knees in front of him, eagerly hauling down his pants like...

...like a girl just finding her sexuality, and eager to try new things. "Gee... you're not even a little hard." She said, pouting theatrically. Matt didn't know how to answer the charge.

"Let's see if I can fix that!" Madonna said - and began eagerly licking his cock as if it were a popsicle. "Um... salty." She said between lick, now using her hand to help matters.

It didn't take long for his cock to... 'rise to the occasion.'

With no hesitation, Madonna sucked his rigid rod into her mouth and began slurping away.

She got no points at all for style or skill - but definitely got an 'A' for effort, and it didn't take long at all before Matt was moaning, and gushing a load of cum down her until-now virgin throat.

Licking her lips, Madonna stood up.

"Hmmm..." She said, with a thoughtful look. "Tastes kind of like caviar."

She suddenly grinned a naughty grin. "And I */ooooove* caviar! See - I can't believe I've been denying myself this all these years. Kissing men, sucking cock - geez, what a doofus I've been."

"Well, uh..."

"Hey!" She said, snapping her fingers. "Come in the bedroom - I wanna see what having sex is like as..."

"Sorry!" Matt interrupted. "I would like to help, but.. well, you just don't so anything..." Then, suddenly, he realized what he was saying, and began laughing.

"What? What?" Madonna asked.

"It's just that - for years I've fantasized about having sex with you.. Don, I mean.. and now..."

Madonna laughed, too. "Ah, the ways of the world. Oh, well - I guess I can learn about sex the 'natural' way - tomorrow I'll have to start learning how to 'flirt'. Maybe hit a nightclub or two.

Meanwhile... how soon can I get another load of man-caviar from you?" Matt blinked. "Well, I'm not as young as I used to be. It'll be a bit..."

"Maybe I can speed things up." Madonna said, dropping to her knees again... As it turned out, she could - and she was a very fast learner, too...

* * * * *

ONE YEAR LATER

"Geez, Rick - get a load of her!" Tom said, nudging his buddy.

Turning, the second young man looked at the door leading into the bar - and blinked.

"Geez... She looks almost exactly like... uh, what's her name... The counselor in 'The Next Generation'."

"Maria, or Mariana." Tom supplied. "Something like that - but she never had a rack like that!" "Yeah! Oh, shit - she's look right at us!"

Blushing, the two young men looked away, ashamed to have been caught staring.

A moment later, they heard the click of high-heels, then a feminine throat-clearing. Abashed, they looked up at the beautiful, dark-haired woman, struggling not to stare at the enormous tits straining her blouse. Close up, the resemblance was even more eerie - she looked almost exactly the way

'Deanna' looked in the show... and both of them had the occasional masturbatory fantasy about her when they were a couple of years younger.

Or even more recently, on a particularly good re-run.

"I noticed you guys staring at me when I walked in - and from the look on your faces, it's because I look 'familiar'." She said - in a voice that was also eerily close to that of the actress. "I seem to get a lot of it... and it's great. Makes striking up a conversation with a couple of cute guys really, really easy."

Tom and Rick gaped.

"Mind if I sit down? She asked - while doing so. "I'm Madonna, but the way - Madonna Montagne." Tom and Rick introduced themselves, numbly.

"oh - stop that." Madonna said, crossly.

"Uh.. stop what?" Rick said. "We're not.. doing anything."

"That's what I mean!" Madonna said, feigning anger. "You're practically breaking your necks trying not to stare at my tits! Honestly - if you're not even brave enough to stare at a pair of huge, firm tits when they're a short distance away and covered by clothing, how on earth are you guys going to work up the nerve to ask me back to your place so you can fondle and suck them... among other things?"

Reaching hand in either direction. Madonna placed them firmly - and without any possible mistake as to intention - on the young men's crotches, smiling brightly. Leaving her hands there for a second, she removed them and smiled at the two stunned young men.

"Oh - don't get me wrong." Madonna said. "I'm not 'easy'. I'm just saying that if a couple of handsome guys were to treat me nice, buy me some drinks, hold some intelligent, amusing conversation - and 'complement' me often by both words and obviously appreciative staring, - then, if they could work up the nerve to ask me, I'd be quite happy to spend some more intimate time with them doing things I'm sure you'd enjoy as much as I do - like me sucking on your cocks."

Then Madonna had to lean over start patting Tom vigorously on the back - because, after she'd released his cock, he'd picked up his beer and taken a long swig to cover his shock - and at the end of her little spiel, had begun to chock on the amber liquid as it went down the wrong way.

Though she'd been female for slightly over a year now, Madonna had never quite managed to break the male mindset about being direct...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Search for ^13([a-z]) and replace it with a space and \1

The \1 tells it to use what is inside the () as part of the replacement. If you have multiple () in the search string, you would use \1 \2 etc.

New dialog in parenthesis with capital letter, space before "([A-Z])

"([A-Z])

^p"\1



Summary: A nerd bookkeeper goes to investigate a strange factory owned by his employer, litte does he know that he is about to stumble over new process where people are transferred into custom made forms.

The Factory

By Gunslinger

The small man sat in the deep gloom of the office, his balding head bent low over the stacks of papers he was reading. The only illumination came from an overly bright desk lamp, whose glare reflected back from his severe silver-rimmed glasses, turning the lenses into tiny white spotlights that hid his watery blue eyes from view.

Harrison Robert Nebbish was the penultimate stereotype of an accountant - which, unsurprisingly, had led him into that field, his passionless, calculating nature meshing neatly with that of the job, producing somebody who was so perfectly defined by his work that he was practically a living zero - a small, insignificant man who moved through life making no impact on anything other than the figures he checked and rechecked day after day.

Harry paused in his work, the slender index finger of his left hand resting on the column of figures, as not to lose his place in the myriad lines of fine, close-spaced type. With his free hand, he removed his glasses and gently massaged the bridge of his small, unassuming nose. Replacing the spectacles, he ran his hand through the ring of salt-and-pepper hair ringing his bald pate, and once more bent to his mind-numbing task.

It was Harry's first day as Chief Accountant at a new company. He was dressed conservatively and painstakingly in a brown three piece suit, complete with a gold pocket watch with a chain that spanned the distance between the two pockets in the vest. His tie was neatly tied and lay almost mathematically centered between the lapels of his jacket.

The fact that it was his first day didn't account for Harry's precise, conservative dress - Harry Nebbish, accountant extraordinaire, (if those terms could be used together in any meaningful way) always dressed impeccably.

Likewise, the lateness of the hour, and the fact that he declined to remove the jacket didn't stem from an urge to impress his superiors. No true accountant ever impressed anybody - any accountant feared being noticed, as the only time such people were noticed was if they made a mistake of some sort. Perfection guaranteed perfect anonymity and a thankless lifetime of unrecognized work.

No, Harry stayed late because he had no particular urge to return to his small, fanatically tidy efficiency apartment, there to partake of a frozen microwave dinner - cooked exactly to the instructions on the box - while previewing the evening news before a quick shower and an early bed.

The thought that some social life might intrude on this routine would be laughable, if it were ever imagined.

However, imagination was not Harry's long suit. A great many things outside the realm of numbers and figures were not Harry's long suit.

Suddenly, the short figure straightened, a slight frown marring his high brow.

"My, what do we have here?" He asked himself in a quiet, monotonous voice, his long, tapered finger tapping the paper. "This certainly is unusual."

Harry used a pencil to lightly circle the entry in question - the easier to erase any evidence if it should turn out to be the Dread Mistake that would Destroy His Reputation, (which is exactly how he thought of it, capital letters and all.) - and started cross-checking references to the item in question.

Some time later Harry carefully folded his hands and leaned forward, resting his poorly defined chin on the interlaced fingers. His methodical mind considered the question.

The item he'd found seemed to refer to an expenditure that didn't show up anywhere else, other than one brief reference - the mailing address where the monthly checks for a fairly large sum were sent. Yet, the company directory listed no *authorized* division at that address. It would *appear* that somebody was siphoning money off, and very cleverly indeed.

Yet, it could also be some sort of legitimate division, which the company had a valid reason to keep at arm's length. Harry, as a new employee, simply could not be sure. However, asking someone else might get him noticed - and, if it turned out to be completely legitimate, noticed unfavorably at that.

Finally, he nodded his head slowly, reaching a decision. Tomorrow, which was Friday, he would leave work at five, rather than staying late. Then he would go to this address, and look for himself. He would then decide what to do with the information he'd acquired.

It was a cautious, conservative decision. Which made sense, as Harry was a very conservative, cautious man.

With that decision made, Harry's watery blue eyes once more turned to the column of figures, the small discrepancy pigeon holed into one of the many spaces in his meticulous, precise mind.

* * * * *

"So, Harry, enjoying your new job?"

Derailed from his determined move towards the exit, the accountant blinked in mild annoyance, and turned to face the speaker. "I'm getting along splendidly, sir." He replied. The fact that he'd avoided admitting - or denying - any enjoyment in his work was done completely subconsciously.

The handsome, well-formed young man laughed. "Sir? I don't think I've ever been called that outside of a restaurant before." The tanned man's white teeth flashed again, as he held out a large, manicured hand. "Name's Rob Delameco, Public Relations. Call me Rob."

Harry shook Rob's hand - or rather, held out his own hand and let Rob shake it. He was mildly surprised - he'd met many 'hail-fellow- well-met' types in his life, but this was the first time he'd ever run into an honest, natural incarnation of it. This man was simply the most cheerful, friendly person that it had ever been Harry's misfortune to meet. Harry cordially detested anyone whose own emotions intruded on his sedate little existence - such as this man holding him up.

"Excuse me, Mr. Delameco, but I must really be going." Harry said quietly. Without waiting for a reply, he began once more for the door."

"Sure thing, Harry. Be seeing you around. Have a good weekend, and don't forget...just call me Rob." Harry ignored him with aplomb.

Harry stepped through the building's mahogany and glass doors, and exited into a gorgeous late spring day. Like always, Harry's methodical mind recorded the warm temperature and the gentle breeze, the clear blue sky and the smell of growing things wafting upon the breeze. Yet, if someone were to greet him with the phrase 'Nice day, isn't it?' he'd reply in the affirmative out of polite habit only - although he saw, catalogued and remembered every detail of the day, he applied absolutely no aesthetic judgements whatsoever. The day just...was.

Harry crossed the parking lot to his car. A Volvo sedan, (the company had a wonderful safety record and the car was a good value for it's price.) it was neither old nor new, neither big nor small, and painted a simple brown. A completely, utterly unremarkable car - just like it's owner.

Sliding behind the wheel, Harry carefully adjusted the seat, mirror and sun visor. He fastened his safety belt and tugged it to ensure it was correctly latched before inserting the key in the ignition and bringing the car to life. Unlike most drivers, he actually checked every single gauge on the dashboard, especially engine temperature and oil level, and insured they were within the driver's manual specified parameters. Only when he was satisfied did the accountant put the car into gear and pull away.

Driving to the address specified in the records, Harry, as always, adhered rigorously to every driving law that existed. He kept the speedometer pegged with unerring accuracy on exactly five miles per hour less than the posted speed limit, and he never failed to signal a single turn. He drove with an eerie economy - his foot never touched the brake or gas pedals unnecessarily, and he was aware at all times of every other vehicle around him, moving or parked. The sheer precision of the driving was a miracle unnoticed and unappreciated by his fellow motorists.

Finally, Harry pulled to a stop outside the address shown in the records. As the Volvo halted in the lane, surrounded by a decaying industrial section long out of date, a thoughtful look creased Harry's face.

To most passerby's, the large, rambling brick building would have looked just like the other turn-of-the-century factories around it, long past their glory days and, to paraphrase General Douglas MacArthur 'slowly fading away.'

Although Harry's eyes were weak, his glasses approximated perfect vision for him - and there was nothing slow or weak about his analytical mind.

He noticed the fact the building, despite its discoloration and age stains, was still remarkably intact. Moreover, the many windows, high in the building, were all intact - not a single broken pane. And while many of the other factories' windows were painted black, Harry was pretty sure that this one's windows were not - what appeared to be black paint actually looked like polarization film to Harry, blocking any view in, but allowing people inside to look out.

And then there was the security system.

It was fairly unobtrusive, but Harry picked out the hidden cameras, and the cipher locks on the doors. As well, there were fine silver wires on every window he could see.

Satisfied he'd found the place he wanted, Harry climbed from the Volvo. Carrying his briefcase in on hand, he walked towards the pseudo-abandoned factory, climbing the short flight of metal stairs to the door - noting, as he did so, that the apparent rust was a very convincing paint job. The steps were as sound and sturdy as the day they were installed.

Looking at the heavy, steel door, Harry could see no way of announcing himself - aside from the camera mounted above the door, staring down at him. Whoever was in the building must know he was there. However, Harry always did everything methodically, so now he reached out and knocked three times on the steel door, then lowered his arm, simply standing absolutely, stock still.

Five, then ten minutes passed - and Harry refused to move a single muscle. It was quickly apparent that the balding accountant wasn't going to move until he got a response - if necessary, Harry was willing to stand there for hours.

It wasn't necessary. There was a brief electronic crackle, then a voice from a cleverly hidden speaker spoke shortly and to the point. "Yes?"

Harry assumed that there must also be an audio pickup accompanying the speaker. Unlike most people, who would look up at the camera, or raise his voice, Harry kept his myopic gaze on the door and spoke in the same quiet monotone.

"Sir, my name is Harry Nebbish. I am the new Chief Accountant for the firm of Abercrombie and Sons, Incorporated. The same firm, I believe, that signs the checks you receive. I wish to find out why, exactly, those checks are being sent, and what the money is being used for." He paused for a beat. "I should inform you that I am now the person who signs said checks - something that will not happen unless I am satisfied."

There was a brief pause. There was no verbal response, but there was a faint click from within the door, which swung open half an inch or so. Grasping the handle, Harry opened the door and stepped inside, hearing the door close and lock behind him, as he gazed out onto the factory floor.

The large room was brightly and evenly lit, and was meticulously clean. The room appeared to be a cross between a factory, a medical lab, and the set of a big-budget Hollywood science-fiction movie. Machines of obscure purposes hummed, beeped and clicked softly and efficiently, and several powerful computer terminals were situated in glass-enclosed offices at the far end of the floor.

Despite the profusion of equipment, the spacious building held only two other men. Both of them tall, clean cut and broad-shouldered. They wore their pristine white lab coats more like uniforms than everyday clothing, and while they also

moved with quiet efficiency, it was of a more...military bearing. Disciplined and directed, rather than Harry's own self-directed and prissy attitude. The stood at the bottom of the short staircase, arms crossed, looking up at Harry with expressionless face.

"Mr. Nebbish, I presume?" The one with the dark hair and dusky skin asked. "Quite correct. And you gentleman are?" Harry asked, descending the stairs.

The lighter complexioned one fielded the question. "I am Dr. Jonathan Tyler, and my companion is Dr. Jerold Mahout."

Reaching their level, Harry nodded politely at the two men. None of the trio made any effort to shake hands, and despite the civility, it was obvious that each faction was sizing up the other.

"Doctors, I have come here because I believe that the firm is unaware that it is providing monies to you." Harry informed them gravely. "Oh?" Jerold asked, one eyebrow rising. "We've never had any problem before regarding this."

Harry noted that the man had neatly side-stepped the implied question, neither confirming nor denying the allegation. Harry smiled thinly.

"Perhaps you can explain to me what exactly it is you do here, gentleman."

Dr. Tyler nodded. "Certainly." Gesturing with an outstretched hand, he said "Please, come this way."

Harry obliged, noticing how he was now sandwiched between the two men, one in front and one trailing. Tyler led Harry to a glass- enclosed work bench, and stepped aside to allow Harry a view inside.

If either of the two men were expecting a shocked outburst, they were disappointed. Harry merely removed his glasses, polished them with his handkerchief, and replaced them before leaning closer for a better look.

"It appears to be a human leg." He stated. "Of the feminine persuasion, if I am not mistaken."

"Close." Dr. Mahout admitted, with a hint of pride. "It is a female leg - but it isn't exactly human. It's completely synthetic, created here."

"Oh? For what purpose?" Harry asked, straightening.

"Imagine, if you will," Dr. Tyler began, with the air of a man about to sell something. "A workforce of...drones, I suppose. Humanoids, appearing completely human, but programmed to perform their tasks - and that's all. Performing every function of a human being - but for less money, as they need no social life, no clothes other than for work, the basic foods with no regard to taste. Imagine, also, an unlimited, inexpensive supply of artificial organs for medical uses. Do you see the possibilities?"

Harry frowned. "I see that the 'drones' will never come to pass, blocked by legislation. I see the medical uses withheld for years - maybe decades - before federal approval. I see tremendous startup costs, with no immediate income, and risky chances in the future."

Dr. Mahout cleared his throat. "Um, yes. But what if we told you the immediate applications in the field of, um, 'Adult Novelties', in which much can be earned quickly, and start the basis of supportive public opinion as they become generally accepted."

"Some sort of living, moronic sex toy? A man's fantasy slave, created to specification. That is what you are producing?" Harry asked, then switched tracks. "Have you actually began producing a finished product at all?"

"Not quite" Tyler admitted easily. "We're still having problems synthesizing a viable brain, as well as a few other organs and other systems."

"I see." Harry sniffed. "Well, I think it will no longer be a concern for you. I cannot agree to the usefulness of this endeavor, gentleman. It's simply not a financial sound endeavor. I'm afraid that the flow of cash will cease immediately. Good day." Harry began to walk away.

The two men grabbed him easily. He struggled vainly as they lifted and carried him, his briefcase falling to the floor with a clatter.

"What? Put me down immediately! I demand to know the meaning of this!" Harry exclaimed indignantly. There was no fear in his voice - this was all to far out of his purview to be immediately accepted and handled.

"I'm afraid not, Harry." Tyler said mockingly. "The money is nothing - yours is only one of over three dozen companies we, ahem, 'borrow' from. However, Jerrold and I have this aversion to leaving witnesses to our work."

As Harry spluttered, the two men quickly stripped him. His pocket watch became airborne as they roughly tore his vest off, to land on the floor. Before it finished spinning and fell on its side, the two muscular men had strapped the nude accountant onto a stainless steel table, the metal ice-cold along his back and legs.

"I demand you let me up!" Harry said. For the first time, a trace of fear was beginning to show in his voice, actually adding a spark of life to his usually flat speech.

That first icy trickle of fear promptly became raging terror as the blond picked up a gleaming, stainless steel scalpel from an instrument tray and approached Harry, his face impassive. He brought the razor sharp knife up and gently placed the tip of it against Harry's right shoulder.

"You can't do this!" Harry screamed, his voice cracking. For some reason, an image of his father slicing the Christmas turkey flashed through the accountant's head, then was gone.

Now, a faint, ironic smile touched the lips of the Doctor. (Harry suddenly realized he had no idea what Tyler was a doctor *of*, if anything, but that didn't matter now, did it?)

"Actually," Tyler said conversationally, "yes, I can."

And he began to cut.

Harry's screams echoed and re-echoed in the large, cavernous room. Methodically, Tyler made a shallow, diagonal incision, starting at the right shoulder blade and moving down to the center of Harry's torso, stopping at the place where the ribcage ended. Blood welled up along the clean, straight cut and began to roll down Harry's side.

Tyler repeated the cut in reverse, starting at the left shoulder, and joining it to the bottom end of the first incision. From that point, he drew the scalpel straight down to end at Harry's crotch, just above Harry's withered penis. A bloody 'Y' now adorned Harry's slight torso, bright red blood quickly blurring the smooth, even lines of the incisions.

Then, Tyler grabbed the head of Harry's dick. Holding it between forefinger and thumb, he pulled it out and away from Harry's body, and placed the scalpel at the base.

And then the scalpel bit into the penis, cutting upwards and opening the flesh like a peeled banana.

The agony went from throbbing red to white hot and Harry's scream hit a pitch that seemed impossible to produce with the human vocal cords.

Then, Harry's scream started to fade in his own ears. He was sure his lungs were still pushing air through his straining vocal cords, but the sound seemed to be fading, the same way that his vision...was...going...darker...

* * * * *

Harry regained consciousness quickly, as if a switch had been flipped. One instant, nothing but blackness, a complete lack of awareness - the next instant, he was perfectly aware. One of the things he was completely aware of was the complete lack of pain. From what had been his last conscious memory, he should be feeling something - but there was nothing. Physically and emotionally. Somehow, the utter panic he should be feeling was gone. He was intellectually aware of his predicament - but emotionally, he felt nothing.

There was something wrong with his vision - everything was perfectly clear and focused - too focused. The colors and images were sharper and clearer than he'd ever seen. His view of the lab was slightly obscured by a clear liquid that he seemed to be immersed in, and slightly distorted from the glass that contained the liquid, but it was still too sharp.

Even worse, he seemed to be completely deaf. There was absolutely no sound - not even his own pulse beating in his ears. Only complete and utter silence.

The blond - Doctor Tyler - came into view, a small smile creasing his face. He carried a small Motorola walkie-talkie, which he lifted to his lips.

<Good Morning, Harry.>

Tyler's voice was sharp and clear. Harry assumed that he was wearing utterly soundproof headphones, and that explained his 'deafness'.

<Would you like to see what we're doing, Harry?>

It seemed to be a rhetorical question - which was fortunate, because Harry found he was completely unable to make any noise, at least as far as he could determine. In the same emotionless state, he watched as a large mirror slid into place from unseen scaffolding.

For a second, Harry couldn't tell what was being reflected - and then, suddenly, it crystallized, and he realized exactly what they were doing, and why he felt - or didn't feel - the way he did.

Reflected in the mirror was a large tank of liquid. Floating inside was a mass of grayish-pink material, beneath which dangle a thick tendril of fibrous material that branched out into thousands of smaller fibers. Also suspended were various masses of biological material.

The gray-pink mass was his brain. And the rest of it was his nerves, veins and internal organs. Of his actual body, nothing remained. A small series of fine wires connected to an electronic circuit imbedded into his lower left hemisphere, presumable funneling the communications to his auditory nerve.

Without the necessary glands, strong emotional responses were impossible - which is why Harry didn't go immediately, helplessly insane at the image of his disembodied organs floating in the nutrient solution. Nevertheless, he was completely aware of the situation, and able to think clearly.

<Don't worry, Harry - you're not going to be like this for long. We thought you'd like to watch as we rebuilt you.> Tyler smirked as his colleague moved behind a computerized console. Dr. Mahout pushed something - and Harry watched as computerized arms inside the tank began to rebuild his body, supplemented by Tyler's running commentary.

<As you can see, we are now putting together your 'skeleton' around your internal organs, complete with a skull. The reason that the 'bones' are an odd silver/gray color is because they are actually a carbon/titanium composite. Half the weight of real bone structure - and nearly thirty times stronger.>

Harry watched as the four-piece lock-together skull was fitted around his exposed brain, the robotic arms carefully positioning it so that his new, electric blue eyes fit perfectly into the socket. Below that, a vertebrae was built around the spinal cord, followed by the ribcage, hip-bone, and finally extremity bones. Soon, a complete skeletal structure was in place. From his unnatural calm, Harry noticed the skeleton was smaller than his original.

<Next, we put in the 'muscles'. Again, they are synthetic. About the same weight as the original, they are about twice as powerful.> Tyler said. The arms placed the fibrous material quickly, connecting it to Harry's own circulatory system and nerves.

<Followed, of course, by glands, missing organs, and subcutaneous fat. Don't worry - we're not going to activate your glands just yet. We don't want you panicking - yet.>

Harry watched the machines go to work. The mass of organic material positioned at his crotch and abdomen didn't clue him, as the distortion of the liquid made identification impossible - but there was no missing the large amounts of fat being applied to his chest in large, twin mounds.

'They're turning me into a woman.' Harry thought with trepidation - the strongest emotion he could summon. 'Those breasts look remarkably large - especially considering how little mass they've put in the waist.' In his dispassionate state, Harry could even think just how impressive the technology was to be able to reconstruct an entire human body so quickly.

After everything else had been positioned, a synthetic skin was pulled into place, complete with pre-attached living hair and nails. Harry, still completely immobile, got his first true look at his - no, her - new body as the liquid around her drained away, and the reflection became crisp and clean.

Her slender new body stood about five feet tall, much of which seemed to be leg. Not constrained to true human proportions, her legs were proportionally longer than usual, and remarkably shapely.

As was the derriere they connected to. A perfect tear-drop shape, her new ass was remarkably firm and shapely. Her hips were slender, but still womanly. Nestled between her new thighs was her new womanhood, surrounded by a small, neat patch of reddish- brown hair.

Her waist was unrealistically slender, a fantasy women have dreamed of achieving given to her by science. Above that, her chest blossomed out into a pair of firm, round breasts which Harry judged to be DDD's. Remarkably firm and round, the perfect breasts were surmounted by perfect pink nipples.

Her new hair was an impossibly rich, luxurious shade of auburn. Fairly short, the fine mass of hair was nevertheless feminine above an open, beautiful face. Surprisingly, it was beautiful and friendly, as opposed to unrealistically sexy - although there was definitely sexuality present in her new, high cheek-boned visage.

She was absolutely stunning.

"So, what do you think of your new body, Harry?" Tyler asked, and this time Harry heard it with her new, perfectly formed ears.

Without the glands active, Harry couldn't feel the horror, fear and anger to any degree, although she was intellectually aware of them. So, it was in the tone of the mildest indignation when she spoke, her voice a rich, elegant contralto.

"You can't get away with this, you know. Although you've turned me into a woman, I can still report you - in fact, now I have more reason than ever to want to."

Tyler laughed." True enough - now. But we aren't quite done. My only regret is I won't be able to watch the results of my little transformation. Good-bye, Harry."

The robotic arm injected a syringe into Harry's slender, feminine arm, and blackness reclaimed her.

* * * * *

The golden, morning sunlight spilled into the hotel room through the opened drapes, painting the bed and it's occupant in pastel shades of red, orange and gold. One long, shapely calf extended from the rumpled covers.

The delectable leg shifted slightly as a low, feminine yawn sounded from beneath the sheets. Slowly, the figure on the bed stirred to life, awaking from her slumber slowly.

The transformed accountant blinked blearily at the beige ceiling, unsure where she was - and then memory came back in a flash, and she sat bolt upright, the rumpled bedclothes spilling onto the floor as she gazed in shocked horror down at her large, firm breasts, their nipples crinkled and erect in the cool air.

"My god!" she gasped in her rich, feminine new voice. Her first thought - that it had all been some sort of horrible nightmare - was quickly disabused as her slender hands, tipped with long nails, rose and lightly touched her full new bosom, verifying it's reality. New sensations emanated from her chest at even the light caress of her new hands.

Forcing her attention away from the sensitive mounds of flesh, she surveyed the room. It was luxurious, the bedroom coming off of a well-appointed sitting room, visible through the open door. A second door obviously led to an en suite bathroom. Despite the expensive decor, there was an impersonal feeling to the decor that immediately pegged it as a hotel room, expensive to be sure, but a hotel room. Slowly, she slid from the bed, finding, remarkably, that she had perfect balance and moved with a supple grace that should have taken weeks - months - to acquire.

The shapely, buxom frowned at the sight of a small, black leather purse on the night table. Her first inclination - to look through it - was delayed by something more prosaic. Her bladder. She had to pee, and now.

With the same inexplicable, ultra-feminine grace, she made her way to the bathroom and lowered herself onto the toilet, cataloguing the way her fuller, firmer ass felt with her weight upon it. With a feeling of shame, she urinated, finding the experience fundamentally similar, but at the same time, unavoidably alien. Finished, she carefully wiped herself, trying to ignore the sensations it created, then flushed the toilet. That taken care of, she returned to the main room and sat cross legged on the bed, pulling the purse to herself and methodically taking each item out.

"Hmm... make-up...tissues...a pen. A wallet " she opened the last item, a lady's black leather wallet with gold accents. Carefully she scrutinized the contents.

"Well...more than two thousand in cash, plus five seventy-three in change. A Connecticut driver's license - in the name of Anita

Mann. Apparently me, from the photo... Credit cards, checks, bank-book, all in the Mann name... Hmm, balance of "

Flipping through the bank book, she stopped, one slim, finely arched eyebrow climbing higher.

"Seven hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars?" She said, surprise evident in her new voice. She shook her head, forcing the cash from her mind. If it were some sort of bribe, it was certainly considerably less than it would take. They'd taken her body, her manhood, her *life* away - and they thought a miserable three-quarters of a million would keep her quiet?

That's when Anita made a shocking discovery. She couldn't remember the two men's names.

In fact, she couldn't remember, really, what they had looked like. Or where the...lab? For some reason, lab wasn't quite right, but in any case, she couldn't remember that either. It was like the information was just...gone. She *knew* she should know it, but it wasn't there.

What was more frightening was the fact that she couldn't remember *her* name. Her original name, that was. She could still remember that she'd been a man, and must have had a male name - but she couldn't think of it, no matter how hard she tried.

Or where she'd worked as a man. Where she'd lived. Her parent's names. Her friends names. She could remember her life as a man quite a bit, could mentally see the business where she'd worked - but the address, telephone number or name of the company were blanks. Just the nameless image of the building itself.

For Anita, who'd always had a perfect, flawless memory, it was staggering. She dropped her purse and wrapped her arms around herself, suddenly chilled.

"What have they done to me?" she whispered to herself, staring into the distance. Then, her eye caught the calendar on the wall, and she started. More than four months had passed since this whole thing had started.

Slowly, her expression strengthened. Anita vowed that she wouldn't let them destroy her 'self'. If she was condemned to life as a woman - well, come hell or high water, she'd make the best of it. There was no way she was going to let those bastards win.

In the oddness of the situation, it never occurred to her that she - who had been a cold, emotionless man - had never before felt anger, or any emotion, as strongly as she did now.

Gathering up her purse, she meticulously placed the items in it, then with that damnably easy stride, swayed across the room, her full, firm breasts jiggling slightly with each step. Reaching the closet, she opened it and frowned at the decidedly feminine selection stored inside. Sighing, she picked an outfit at random, and carried back to the bed to change.

The lacy white briefs were easy to put on, despite the odd way they felt fitting snugly around her flat, feminine crotch and remarkably full, firm ass. The bra - a DDD - was a little harder, and she struggled with it for several moments before finally managing to contain her full, sensual bosom.

Next came the sheer black pantyhose. She considered them for a moment before carefully balling them up, inserting her dainty feet, and carefully drawing them up her long, smooth legs. She tried to ignore the new sensation as the silky nylon encased her legs.

Over the inner garments she pulled on a simple beige skirt that fell to just above her knees, and clung tightly to the curve of her ass and hips. Tucked into the skirt was a white silk blouse that buttoned taut over her full bust and was tailored to make the sudden transition from the fullness of her chest to the startling slenderness of her waist, emphasizing both to an advantage. The final touch was the shoes - a pair of white pumps with a two-inch flared heel. She carefully stepped into the unfamiliar footwear - and didn't know whether or not she should be surprised by the fact that she balanced and moved easily in them, emphasizing her feminine gait.

She walked over to the full length mirror, feeling the air moving across her nyloned legs in a pleasant breeze unlike anything she'd ever felt before. Critically, she eyed herself in the mirror, and grudgingly admitted that she looked pretty damned good...

<...except you need to do your jewelry and make-up...>

...for a woman who hasn't finished. Humming to herself, Anita walked over to the dresser. Looking in her jewelry box, she selected a pair of short diamond and gold earrings and expertly inserted them in her pierced lobes. For her neck, she chose a simple gold chain, which she put on after undoing the top two buttons of her blouse for a more casual look. A slender gold watch on a leather strap was the final piece of jewelry.

Still humming contentedly, with a small smile, she walked into the bathroom and sat down at the mirror. Quickly, she applied a faint hint of blush with a light touch, her smooth, flawless skin needing little help. Next, she used mascara on her full, long lashes, and a touch of eye shadow. Thankfully, she used the new 'one-minute' fast drying nail polish, which simplified things. Finally, she applied her lipstick, a pastel shade of coral. She looked in the mirror and checked her final look...

...and a frown creased her perfect brow as a puzzled look crossed her face. She looked down at the lipstick she still held - then dropped it with a gasp.

"What the hell....?" Anita gasped, shocked. "*How* the hell...?"

She hadn't even thought about it. It had seemed perfectly natural, at the time, to apply the make-up. Which she'd done easily and efficiently, as if she'd been doing it for years. What on her had possessed her to put on make-up at all? She didn't want to be a woman, she didn't want to be feminine...

<...it looks perfect...>

...but still, it *did* look good on her. Having put it on, it didn't make any sense to take it off now, did it?

Nodding to herself, she gathered her purse and left the room, her hips swaying with every step as she walked to the elevator. Inside, she found herself looking at her reflection with...pride? Grudgingly, she had to admit she did look real good.

Stepping out into the parking garage, she stopped dead as she realized something. She had no idea which was her car.

She solved that problem with the remote on the keychain. She followed the sound of the car's security system arming and disarming until she was sliding behind the wheel of a brand new BMW. She carefully positioned the seats and mirrors and brought the car to life, letting it idle as she checked the Driver's Manual to ensure the gauges all read correctly. Finally, she slipped the car into gear and pulled out of the underground garage.

She spent the next few hours driving around in a sort of search pattern, trying to find something that looked familiar, that would jog her recollections of her past life. She finally decided to take a break from her search when her stomach announced it's continued existence. She chose a small cafe and pulled to the curb.

Without really considering it, she ate on the patio, a light lunch of salad and breadstick, with a glass of white wine. It never occurred to her to question her choice of lunch. She was too busy studiously ignoring the admiring glances of patrons and passing men.

Finishing her small lunch and paying for it, she rose easily to her feet. Looking at the car and contemplating another few hours in it, Anita grimaced and decide to 'window shop' along the stores lining the street, a chance to stretch her...

<...long, luscious...>

...legs before another extended bout of driving. She began to walk along the sidewalk, idly viewing the wares on display in the various windows.

She was passing an up-scale shoe store, and glanced disinterestedly at the display of footwear crowding the window...

<...THOSE! YOU HAVE TO BUY THOSE!...>

...when she inexplicably found her eyes drawn to a pair of white shoes with a five-inch stiletto heel. She frowned and dragged her eyes away - only to inexorably return to them.

"What the hell am I thinking?" she muttered to her self. "I don't want those."

Nevertheless, when she returned the car, it was perched atop the high-heeled shoes, which did wondrous things to her legs and ass. Puzzled and slightly scared, she also found herself...enjoying? the looks that she got in the spike-heeled shoes. She knew how good her legs and ass must look...

Squelching the thought, she started the car and pulled away from the curb.

* * * * *

"Amazing." The slender man shook his head as he watched the BMW pull away. The driver - a reasonably attractive woman, not stunning but nice - excepting, of course, her absolutely magnificent set of tits. "And he - she, I mean - really doesn't know?..."

The second man in the van glanced out of the tinted windows with a smile as the taillights of the BMW vanished from sight. "Not for the next year, until she's settled into her new life. Then everything will come back - as specified."

The slender man shook his head again and repeated. "Amazing. Mr. Delameco, when I was, um, referred to you by..." Rob held up a hand. "No names please. We ensure complete confidentiality, Mr... Smith."

The slender man smiled at the use of the pseudonym. "Of course. Still, I can't believe that hypnosis could be that powerful. She really doesn't remember?"

Rob shook his head. "He was bored with his life, and had a secret - very secret - fantasy. But, he didn't want to experience a man living as a fake woman - he wanted to see what being a real woman would be like. So, first we hypnotized him to forget his transgender tendencies, and set him up in a fake 'job'. Then, leaving the 'clue', we played out the script. We drugged him, sent him off to Switzerland for the surgery - a marvelous job, as you can see - then implanted the fake memories of his complete transformation. For the next year, she'll live exactly as a woman. Then, on the programmed date, everything will come back, and she'll get to savor the past year before going on in the new life she'll have defined for herself."

'Smith' smiled. "But you can custom tailor my own scenario, right?" Rob nodded benignly. "Of course. We'll be ready next week."

The slender man looked thoughtfully in the direction the car had vanished. "I only want to make one change to my scenario." Rob's eyebrow rose. "Oh?"

The man smiled, flushing. "Well, those are really great looking tits she had..."

Rob laughed. "No problem, Mr. Smith. No problem. Here at the Fantasy Factory, we aim to please." THE END...



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: A nerd lures his next door neighbor over, drugs him, and proceeds to use a new drug to turn him into a buxom bimbo.

Fail-Safe

By Gunslinger

Holding the door open with one hand, Jeff used the other to wave towards the interior of the house.

"Come in, Brad, come in!" The slender, bespectacled young man said, smiling brightly. "I'm glad you agreed to come!"

"Uh, yeah..." His guest said, looking at the russet-haired young man askance. Practically looming over Jeff, the hard-bodied, deeply tanned young blond walked - strutted, really - into the low, sprawling building that served as both Jeff's home and his own personal laboratory.

"What's this all about?" Brad wanted to know - with good reason. Though they were neighbors, it could hardly be said they 'got along'. Being invited over was unusual - to put it mildly.

"I'll explain it over a drink." Jeff said, shutting the front door and leading his guest to the study. As Brad settled his tall, tautly-muscled body into a comfortable chair, Jeff walked over to the small cabinet that served as his 'bar'.

"I've got whiskey and sherry. What'll you have?" The young scientist inquired.

"Whiskey." Brad said, the expression on his face making it clear what he thought about men who drank sherry...

...which was exactly what Jeff had planned. Smiling to himself, he poured a glass of each libation, having already liberally laced the whiskey with his powerful hypnotic drug before calling Brad over.

Carrying the drinks over to the desk, he sat down behind it and slid Brad's drink across the polished oak surface.

With great satisfaction, he watched his muscle-bound neighbor finish off the drink in one shot - and when Brad asked if he could pour himself a refill, Jeff was only too glad to agree, knowing the more laced whiskey Brad drank, the more highly suggestible he'd become.

As Brad poured and downed a second drink - and, in fact, a third, Jeff watched with a predatory gleam in his eye. Usually dressed in rather 'formal' clothing, Jeff was wearing a loose-fitting pair of sweatpants today, held up by the tightly-drawn string built in to the waist band.

His usual clothes wouldn't fit him very well - not any more...

...and, as he looked at his neighbor, whose hard-muscled body was displayed by only the cut-off jean shorts he wore, Jeff found great satisfaction in the thought that Brad's entire wardrobe would soon be obsolete, as well.

"So, what the hell is this all about?" Brad asked, carrying yet another drink over with him as he slumped back into his seat. This drink he began sipping.

"I have something I want to show you..." Jeff said, standing. He reached down, and began yanking at the draw string of his track pants.

"Whoa, what the fuck are you doing?" Brad demanded, half-rising from his seat. "I always just assumed you were a fagot, but that doesn't... HOLY SHIT!"

"Quite impressive, isn't it?" Jeff agreed, smugly. He looked down at the massive cock hanging limp between his thighs, and smiled to himself before pulling up his pants.

Brad had an odd expression on his face - half awed, half disgusted.

"Man, I can see why you'd be proud - but what the hell are you showing me for? I don't swing that way!"

"Neither do I." Jeff said, calmly. "Despite the fact I'm short, slender and smart, or that I don't like sports, and I drink sherry instead of beer or whiskey, I'm very much heterosexual. I'm *geeky*, not gay."

"Sure, whatever." Brad said, dismissively. "So why the peep show bit?"

"Because, until three hours ago, I was only average." Jeff said - overstating it slightly, actually. "That cock you saw? It's the result of a new drug I've developed."

"You came up with a cock-growth drug?" Brad blurted in shock.

"Oh, much more than that." Jeff assured him. "Actually, while the drug's in your system and active, you can change your body in any way you desire - just by thinking about it."

"You're shitting me!" Brad said, shaking his head.

"Not at all - and, in fact, you can prove it to yourself. That's why I asked you to come over - I'd like you to be test subject number two." Brad gaped at him.

"I need several test subjects to see if it's equally effective on all people." Jeff 'explained', glibly. "Think about it - one little injection, and you can alter your body in any way you see fit - like I did."

Jeff waved a hand in the direction of his own crotch. It was, of course, 'bait' - Brad already thought he was God's Gift To Women, and about the only part of himself he'd be really willing to change was the size of his package. One of the reasons Jeff had chosen to (*radically*) enlarge his own cock was to help plant that idea in Brad's head.

Not that it was the *only* reason, of course - or even the most important one.

"You want me to take this stuff, too?" Brad said, his face displaying his unfamiliarity with considering consequences - as he was trying to do now.

Of course, the solidly-built 'stud' had no way of knowing that the incredibly fact-acting drug already in his system was also degrading his ability to do so.

If he'd wanted to, Jeff could have just slipped the body-altering drug into Brad's drink, as well - but that would have taken most of the ['fun' out of what he had planned. After all, one of the great things about the hypnotic drug was the fact that the person didn't know they were under its influence. Though they'd be highly suggestible, they'd think they were doing everything 'themselves', never realizing their thoughts were being tampered with.

"Are you sure it's safe?" Brad asked, finally.

"Of course it is - I already used it on myself, didn't I?" Jeff asked, reasonably enough.

"I dunno..." Brad said, gnawing on a knuckle. "I mean.. it still sounds like something bad can happen. I mean, what if I turn into, like, a mutant or something?"

"Can't happen." Jeff said, blithely. "After all, you control your changes yourself. The drug only changes you in ways you will it too - so you can't become anything other than what you willing decide to be. Come on - say 'yes'..."

With Brad already 'naturally' half-decided, that little push on his wide-open brain was all it took:

"Well, okay..." Brad agreed, still somewhat hesitantly - but his doubts and, though he wouldn't have admitted it even to himself, fears, weren't nearly enough to stand up to the combined weight of his own interest and the drug flowing through his system.

"Great!" Jeff agreed, opening up the desk drawer and removing an already-prepared syringe.

Brad winced briefly when the needle punctured his skin, but it was all over in a minute, and the new drug was rapidly flowing through his system, soaking into each and every cell in his body - and the tiny nanobots that were the heart of the 'drug' tapped into the nervous system, 'networking' all the way up to their new CPU - his brain.

A CPU that, all unknown to Brad, was easily reprogrammable...

"So, that's it?" Brad asked, looking down at himself as expecting something to happen - like maybe a bright glowing light to surround him, maybe, letting him know he could change.

"It should be." Jeff said - then pitched his voice differently and spoke a little more firmly, pressing his words into the soft putty of Brad's mind: "All we have to do is start with something small, a simple little test change."

"Well, why don't I just...?" Brad asked, gesturing at his own crotch.

"We need to do a test, first." Jeff said, firmly. "To make sure it's working right." Brad blinked.

"Yeah, you're right." He finally 'agreed', even though he really wanted to just go ahead and give himself a package every bit as impressive as Jeff's new equipment. "Uh... what sort of test?"

"Well..." Jeff said 'thoughtfully', pretending to mull it over as he 'casually' wandered across the room - to come and stand, 'coincidentally', right beside a nearly life-sized poster framed and mounted on the wall.

"I've got it!" He said, snapping his fingers. "Nice and simple - we'll make your hair grow. It's perfect!" Jeff's 'enthusiasm' for the idea was, of course, infectious - and Brad quickly agreed.

"So - what do I do?" The toned blond asked, looking at Jeff - and, unaware of just how easily suggestible he was, at the poster behind the red-head.

"Simple." Jeff said, grinning. "Close your eyes and concentrate on the mental image of a full, lush head of golden-blond hair." "That's it?" Brad asked.

"Yup." Jeff replied, firmly. "Just focus on what comes to mind when I say 'thick, glorious mane of golden-blond hair'."

"Well... okay." Brad said. He had the funny feeling that he was missing something - but he couldn't pin it down, and it didn't seem to matter, anyway.

Closing his eyes, Brad took a deep breath and tried to call up a mental image to go along with a full head of golden-blond hair... After a moment, Brad's hair began to push out of his scalp, rapidly growing longer and lusher...

...and silkier, and wavier - and a more brassy-golden shade.

In fact, were one to bother to look closely, one might even say that the full, lush head of hair rapidly piling up on Brad's brawny shoulders and spilling down his back bore a startling resemblance to the massively thick head of hair sported by the woman in the poster.

When it was done, Brad's eyes popped open, and he stared at Jeff in amazement.

"It worked!" He said, slowly shaking his head from side to side - and feeling the silky, wavy mass of hair brush over his shoulders. "It really worked."

"Whoa..." Jeff said, feigning surprised amazement. "You don't do things by halves, do you Brad? I mean - that's quite the head of hair. In fact - it almost looks like *women's* hair."

"Yeah, uh, well " Brad tried to explain, blushing. "For some reason, when I tried to concentrate, this was the only thing that would come to mind."

He was a little embarrassed by that, the fact that he'd been trying to picture more of a 'Fabio' head of hair but had been unable to keep his mind from forming the massive mane he now sported - but, then again, he didn't know that he was so incredibly suggestible that the poster behind Jeff had practically burned itself into his mind.

"Yeah, right " Jeff scoffed. "You know the drug is fail safe. It can only change you in a way you're willing to be changed. You know that."

"Yeah, I know." Brad agreed - honestly believing, (*as of that moment*), that it was true. "If you got that hair, it means you must have wanted that hair, right?"

"Yeah... I guess so " Brad said, uncertainly. He didn't *think* he wanted an incredibly thick - and, now that he thought about it, rather heavy - head of silky-soft hair...

"You can only get whatever it is you really want." Jeff said, forcefully. "That means you really wanted that hair - even if you don't want to admit to anybody, including yourself "

"Yeah, that's what it is..." Brad agreed with a blush. "I I guess I just didn't want to admit that I wanted a head of hair like this."

"Why, Brad!" Jeff exclaimed in mock astonishment. "You're secretly wondering what it would be like to turn yourself into a woman... aren't you?"

"That's ridiculous." Brad said. The last thing he wanted to do was... was to turn himself into a chick !

...so why had his denial sounded so weak, even to himself - and why, now, was he thinking about it? Oh, not 'happily' or 'eagerly' - but he was most definitely thinking about it, nonetheless.

"You are!" Jeff reiterated. "You're thinking about turning yourself into a woman. After all you bragging about how many women you've fucked - and hot chicks, too, no dogs - you're wondering what it's like from the other side. You're seriously thinking about turning yourself into a woman!"

"No, I..." Brad tried to deny it...

...even as his body betrayed him and began to 'flex', in a state of flux and on the very edge of transformation - but always pulling itself back before actually doing it.

"Look at you - you're trying to fight it, but you can't..." Jeff said, quickly. "You're going to turn yourself into a woman - right here and now!"

"Oh, shit...!" Brad gasped - as his body began to change.

His body hair began retracting into his body - even as the skin it was pulling back into became smoother, softer, and of a lighter, creamy color. Masses of muscle quickly melted away into the smooth, softer lines of a feminine figure, as his bones, flesh and sinew reshaped itself...

...and, a minute later, gasping and yanking open shorts never designed for hips that wide, *she* looked down at herself in shock.

"I can't believe I just did that!" She said in a higher, sweeter new voice, utterly convinced she'd 'willingly' done this to herself. "I mean, I guess I've always wondered what it must feel like to be a woman, even if I didn't want to admit it to myself - but I can't believe I actually went ahead and did it!"

Jeff, not answering, merely looked the new woman up and down as, self-consciously, she crossed her arms over her firm, C-cup breasts.

She was, in a word, gorgeous. Tall and lean and nicely toned, she had dark brown eyes in a strong, well-defined and yet eminently feminine face. Her hips were trim, as was her waist, and her dome-like breasts were perfectly firm. She could have been a movie star or a fashion model...

...and that wasn't good enough for Jeff.

Oh, sure, he was enjoying this, seeing Brad turned into a woman - and, especially, the fact that Brad thought he was doing this to himself, 'guiltily if willingly', unaware he was being played.

Jeff, however, wanted more - much more.

He wanted utter humiliation - and capitulation.

Jeff had a certain fetish - or, more accurately, an obsession. Tits.

The bigger, the better...

...and it was a fetish Brad had derided on numerous occasions, which was going to make what he was about to do all the more sweeter.

"Jeez, you actually turned yourself into a girl, after all that talk about how 'manly' you are!" Jeff said in feigned astonishment. "Hell, next I practically expect you to keep on going, making yourself even more feminine - and giving yourself a huge, round pair of tits, to boot."

"No, I..." Brad said, brushing brightly as she continued trying to cover the breasts she still wasn't quite sure *why* he'd given herself. She must have wanted to, because here they were - but how could she have let herself do this, and in front of a witness, at that.

She'd been hiding this longing so well, for so long, refusing even to admit it to herself... so how could she let herself do this in such a humiliating situation, with JEFF, of all people, to see her do it. "I wouldn't..."

"You are!" Jeff exclaimed, as if stunned. "You're going to make yourself even more feminine! Being just 'female' isn't good enough - you need to push it to the extreme, to be 'ultra feminine'. You're going to make your hips wider, your ass bigger, your tits huge....

You're going to turn yourself into what even you consider a sexual parody of a woman, something 'designed' solely for sex, and nothing else.

"No, I'm not " Brad claimed - even as her new body began to seethe and writhe.

"Yes you are!" Jeff said, loudly. "You're on the edge of doing it right now! You're going to go ahead and turn yourself into the 'ridiculously over-exaggerated' women you keep knocking me about."

"I " She said - and that was as far as she got before her body once more began to change.

Once more, it was over in a minute - and the new woman stared down at herself in shock, unable to believe what she'd done, and no longer even attempting the impossible task of covering up her new bust-line.

Traces of her original beauty were still there, especially in the face - but it had changed, becoming something else as she'd changed into what she knew, herself, she considered an over-exaggerated woman, good only for sex.

She looked...

Easy.

Not 'cheap', though that could have applied, too, because you got the feeling that this woman would give head for the price of a cup of coffee - but not because that was the highest price she could command.

She was a whole lot of woman.

Certainly not 'fat' - no, not that at all. It's just that there was a hell of a lot of total area covered by her now creamy skin - because all her dimensions were exaggerated, and only one of them - her waist - was exaggerated in the 'smaller' direction.

Everything else was BIGGER.

Her hips, broad and well-rounded below that tiny waist, and supporting a full, round pair of buttocks - a true 'bubble butt'.

Her legs, proportionally longer for her body than a 'normal' woman would have, keeping them long and shapely with well-toned leg muscles beneath a smoothing layer of feminine flesh.

Her boobs...

Her boobs were massive. Gigantic.

Enormous...

...and obviously 'fake'.

The huge, basket-ball sized masses of flesh were pulled into taut spheres of unnatural perfection, and tipped with nipples that were still the same size as they'd been on her earlier, much smaller endowments. Though even the closest of searches would have revealed no scars from breast enlargement surgery, nobody looking at the massive, proudly-jutting orbs of tit-flesh would think them anything other than an example of a plastic surgeon's scalpel.

"Oh, God..." She moaned in a voice that was higher pitched, and carried the faintest lisp. "What did I do to myself...?"

"You turned yourself into the woman you've secretly been fantasizing about being!" Jeff 'exclaimed', setting the hook deeper in the new woman's unguarded mind. "You've had so much sex as a man that it was beginning to get.. well, boring, and so you've been wanting more and more to see what it would be like to be a woman - and offered the change, you took it! You turned yourself into a.. well, a *slut!*"

"I know..." The new woman moaned, in shame. "By why did I have to do it here, and now, and with you watching...?" It was an unexpected gift, an opening in the right direction offered up spontaneously - and Jeff took it.

"I don't know... unless..." He said, looking thoughtful. "Unless what?"

"Unless... you did it because I'm the person you want to try having sex as a woman with!" Jeff said, snapping his fingers.

"God, no!" Brad exclaimed in genuine shock. "I mean.. I *have* fucked so many babes that they run together in my mind, and maybe I've been doing some more.. 'creative' thinks with babes lately, like a little light bondage and shit, just to spice things up... but I'm not planning on having sex with any man - much less you!"

"Oh - but that must be what you were thinking!" Jeff insisted, no longer bothering to try and be subtle - he didn't have to be. With her already convinced she'd done this much to herself, she'd be willing to 'buy' any thought he planted into her mind.

"You saw my huge, thick new cock - and you turned yourself into this woman who's built for only one thing - sex!" He told her, slowly walking closer to her with his super-sized equipment already hardening. "You saw your chance and you took it! You thought to yourself 'here I am, now able to become a woman, and get laid by a huge, thick cock, just like I've always secretly fantasized about!'"

"No, that's not true..." She said, weakly, backing away from him as her mind - which, deep down, knew the truth - struggled against the 'wrong' ideas 'she' was having. "i.. I liked being a man..."

"It was all a lie!" Jeff told her, as she bumped up against the desk and came to a stop.

"You've always wanted to be a woman - a real slut, too!" He told her, reaching out to grab her huge tits. She twisted away, breaking contact.

"You have always thought women had it better and easier and nicer!" Jeff screamed, spittle flying from his mouth, his face red. "You've thought about how women can get fucked whenever they want, when you can't get laid to save your life!"

"But..." She stammered, now very confused as her mind tried to assimilate too many different thoughts.

"You've always secretly dreamed about it - but couldn't bring yourself to do anything about it! No, your daddy, a big, strapping guy disappointed since day one by having such a pathetic little wimp of a son, drove that whole 'faggot' thing so deep into your brain that you couldn't admit to anybody that you had always wished you'd been born female and could have sex with men!"

Tearing at his clothes, wild-eyed and panting, Jeff looked like a mad-man - which, in truth, he was, as he went on screaming out a confession in the form of an accusation, something any reputable psychiatrist would have recognized as 'transference'.

"You've tried your whole life to find a way to get what you've always wanted, what you thought the universe was supposed to have given you and fucked up - and female life!" Jeff bellowed, pushing her back on the desk and grabbing at her already-unbuttoned shorts. "You've done everything you could to find a way to make yourself a woman, and when you finally found it - you couldn't bring yourself to use it, no matter how desperately you wanted to!"

Pushing her legs apart, Jeff climbed up on the desk and penetrated the new woman's cunt, still screaming at her as he commenced fucking her hard - almost viciously.

"This is what you've always wanted!" He screamed down at her as he fucked her. "You've always wanted to just lay back and be fucked by a man. To not have to do the 'chasing', but just to let them catch you and fuck.. *your.. brains... OUT!*"

She writhed under him, gasping and moaning almost against her will as even his thoughtless fucking drove her into a state of extreme ecstasy - but not enough for her to lose track of what he was saying, now in quick pants, as he slammed into her again and again, almost as if he were trying to punish her...

...or himself.

"You get.. to feel.. what it's like.. to get fucked.. as a woman!" He gasped, tears now running down his cheeks. "It's better.. than you ever.. dreamed.. and.. you want.. more of it! You love it! It's wonderful...!"

He picked up speed, 'nearing the finish line' - but the new woman who writhed and thrashed below him, huge tits bouncing and jiggling, beat him to it, screaming out helplessly as she was wrapped in the grip of her first female orgasm.

Jeff finished the job - but it was almost as if it were an afterthought. Still impaling her with his slowly softening cock, he shouted down at her:

"I've just forced you to turn yourself into a huge-breasted slut!" He screamed, reaching down to grab the huge tits in question. "You can realize that now! You can look back and see everything I did to you!"

Pulling out of her, he turned and stalked towards the bar, huge cock swinging and swaying between his knees.

"I drugged this!" He shouted at her, grabbing the whiskey. "Anybody who drinks it becomes very suggestible! They listened to whatever anybody says!"

Upending the bottle, he drank from it frantically, golden liquid overflowing his mouth and spilling down his chest as his throat worked convulsively.

Throwing the bottle aside, he turned back to her.

"I've just fucked you! I've turned you into a huge-breasted woman and all-but-raped you, and now I've taken the drug that makes me easily manipulated too - now *WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, BITCH?*"

Still shivering from the force of her first female orgasm, mind suddenly 'cleared' by Jeff's 'suggestions' that it be, she pushed herself up on one elbow and stared across the room at him in shock, suddenly understanding:

He'd done all of this to her for no other reason than to get her to 'revenge herself' upon him and wish the same fate onto him - which was the fate that he actually wanted, but couldn't overcome an upbringing and give himself.

Anger boiled up in her as her mind cleared, as realization set in, as memory was 'unaltered' and she could see and understand everything that had been done to her since the first second she'd walked into the room.

Face contorting into lines of rage, she pushed herself up from the desk and began stalking towards Jeff, who's eyes had begun to sparkle in long-wanted hope...

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do to you..." Brad promised in a high-pitched voice particularly unsuited for the sheer rage it was struggling to contain...

* * * * *

As the lights dimmed and the music rose, Brad reached out and grabbed his beer, pulling a long pull from the cold bottle just as The Bobby Traps' feature dancer walked out onto stage.

No - not 'walked' - STRUTTED.

Long, shapely legs scissored sensuously atop the six-inch heels of her classic white 'fuck-me' pumps as the stunning, super-buxom red-head swayed to the music.

A massively full, rich mane of red hair - surmounted by the little white cap of her highly abbreviated 'nurse' costume - surrounded a face of stunning beauty... and sexuality. Her full, gloss-red lips and emerald green eyes both gleamed in the spotlight as her outrageously proportioned body began to sway and swivel in time with the heavy, driving beat of the music.

Men began to cheer, whistle, stomp and applaud as the huge-breasted, utterly stunning woman began her strip-tease, one snowy- white article of clothing after another teasingly removed to display milky-white flesh of extraordinary smoothness. Long, shapely legs in white nylons continuing to propel her around the stage, she started with the little white PVC skirt, teasingly slipping it down to display the thong pulled tight between the perfect globes of her mouth-watering ass.

After the skirt was finally flung aside, her busy fingers went to work on the little PVC top with it's gleaming red cross, opening and closing it for repeated glimpses of the huge, custom-made bra encasing her volley-ball sized breasts. Finally, it too was flung aside, leaving her dancing around in only her white lace lingerie - what little of it there was.

Bit by bit, she slowly worked herself down, until finally she pranced around on stage in nothing but the cap and the shoes she'd pulled back on after teasingly removing her nylons...

...and then it was over, and the huge-breasted red-head sauntered off stage to get ready to 'work the crowd' "Wow..." The man beside Brad in 'pervert row' said, shaking his head. "That was something!"

"It sure was." Brad agreed.

A gleam came into the man's eyes.

"You know, I hear a lot of these women have a.. 'side line'..." HE said, thoughtfully. "Yeah?" Brad inquired.

"I wonder what the chances are I could pay her for a little action?" The man mused. "It's be pricey, I'm sure... but well worth it." "I wouldn't bother." Brad advised, shifting position to allow his massive cock to find a more comfortable position in his pants. "Why?" The man asked, clearly annoyed. "What, you her 'boyfriend' or something?"

"Nope." Brad said.

"Then why wouldn't I have a chance to get me a piece of that?" The guy demanded. "She doesn't ever have sex with men." Brad explained. "She's strictly lesbian..."

Then, smiling an obscure little smile, he reached for his beer and contemplated his ultimate revenge...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Discovering an alien being who has landed, one man becomes the test subject as the alien steals his body and proceeds to transform him into different types of woman to see how human gender works.

The Fallen One

By Gunslinger

The low hum of the fluorescent tubes built into the bottom of the oak cupboards kept a vigil with Gary as he sat at the table, sipping at a glass of lemon tea. The small tubes of fluorescing gas cast stark white light and deep shadows, enhancing the strange feel that seemed to exist late at night, the low hum emphasizing the silence rather than breaking it.

Wearily, the dark-haired man at the table lifted the mug to his lips for another sip of the hot, fragrant liquid within. Of medium height and build - if you ignored the slowly expanding pot-belly he'd been fighting for the past year or so - the dark-haired man would have been blandly handsome if not for the dark circles under his blood-shot eyes. Even his posture, slumped and dejected, revealed depths of weariness best left unplumbed.

Gary Douglas would have been happy if he'd never known such exhaustion. With a sigh, he lowered the mug to the table and slowly wiped a hand across his face, staring at the pale blue-green numerals on the front of the microwave. Hitching a deeper sigh, he rose - slowly, he seemed to do everything slowly - from the table and padded over to the counter to retrieve his cigarettes. He lit one of the cigarettes and took a deep drag of the smoke, enjoying the sensation. Exhaling a blue-gray cloud into the air, he slid open the door next to him and stepped out onto the deck, the cool, early autumn air ruffling the dark pajamas he wore and sending a small shiver up his spine. For the thousandth time, he cursed the sudden and inexplicable insomnia that had descended three days before, robbing him of all but a few hours sleep since then.

Then, without warning, that sense of utter exhaustion was washed away - unpleasantly.

The streak came from the left, and even before Gary's eyes could focus on the bright orange-white light, it plummeted down into the maze of scrub-covered canyons and ridges that formed the sere landscape below the cul-de-sac on which he lived. The impact, when it came, was curiously quiet, made up more of the vibration transmitted through the ground than actual sound.

Even before his brain had fully registered everything, the adrenaline rushing through his system had him moving, his bare feet crossing the cool, dew-covered lawn of his yard. When he stepped from the carefully maintained lawn onto the hardpan of the landscape beyond, he was forced to slow. As the rocks and pebbles dug into his tender feet, slowing his forward progress to an awkward walk, his brain finally managed to catch up with his body.

"God damn..." Gary whispered, awkwardly making his way to where the last fading glow of the crash was located. His mind raced, and he wondered what - exactly - he had seen. It had seemed to be moving awfully fast for a civilian aircraft, and was obviously too small for a commercial airliner. But there had been no tremendous explosion, as if gallons of av-fuel going up. A military jet, it's tanks drained?

Well, whatever it was, Gary would find out soon enough - he was almost to the site of the crash.

Then the low brush at the edge of the ravine that hid the wreckage stirred, and a figure, indistinct in the dark, rose from the draw. "Hey! Are you okay?" Gary called. If it were military, then maybe this was the pilot, blown clear by the ejection seat.

Then all thought stopped. He had closed the distance, and was able to make out some details of the figure. His stunned brain barely managed to catalogue the strange physiognomy of the creature, the gray-green skin, the huge, dark eyes...

...and then, suddenly, it... *rippled*, changing shape and texture until Gary was staring at a whole new figure. Himself. He was facing an exact duplicate of himself, right down to the dark-green-plaid pajamas.

"Do not be afraid." The other said, in Gary's own voice. "I mean you no harm."

Gary attempted a startled step back. His brain and body, however, were not quite in sync, and he ended up falling back, landing with a firm impact on his ass - one that would usually be quite painful, but at the moment was completely ignored by his stunned senses.

"Who... who are you?" Gary asked, deep blue eyes wide with shock. A second later, he amended his question to something much more accurate. "*What* are you?"

"A visitor. From far away." The doppelganger answered. Although the voice was Gary's, the rhythm and cadence was different - cool, almost inflectionless. At the last instant, Gary's mind corrected itself - it wasn't that the voice was cool, so much, as completely expressionless. No emotion, merely information.

Of course, Gary's brain was nit-picking it's own judgment of vocal inflections as a way of avoiding what it should really be thinking about. Like many people in time of complete emotion stress, Gary was turning to the mundane - or inane, as the case may be - to maintain a mental equilibrium.

It wasn't helping much.

The... clone...? took a step forward, and Gary let out an undignified 'yelp' and scrabbled backwards, stones digging to the soft palms of his hands. He ignored the pain, his heart pumping out enough adrenaline to keep him 'hyped' for quite some time.

"Stay.. stay back!" It was more of plea then a demand.

The creature stopped, Gary's own face looking back at him with an emotionless calm. "I will not harm you. I have studied your..." For the first time an expression crossed the other's face - the look of a person groping for the word he wanted.

"..television broadcasts." The... *alien* said, finding the right term. "I am not a 'little green man'. You need not fear me. I am a... a 'student' of your planet and culture, and am on a 'field trip'."

Gary swallowed nervously. "Why... why do you look like... me?"

The alien cocked it's head. "I have taken a human form so as not to cause any undo concern."

Gary's heart started to slow. The situation was way too strange, but there was no sense of threat in this other think. Although part of Gary wanted to deny that it was even happening, and another part wanted to run away and forget he'd ever seen any of this, the largest part of Gary's personality was becoming intrigued. An avid reader of science fiction, he was well aware of the three 'camps' or writers.

The first were of the 'aliens are evil, even the ones that seem nice' variety. The second group was the 'aliens are benevolent, superior species here to lift Man from his own folly' proponents. The last group was the 'no matter what they look like, or what their technology is like, sentient creatures the galaxy over are basically the same'.

From this, Gary could draw a simple assumption - he had two-to-one odds this wasn't an alien bent on world domination. And with that rather flimsy premise, Gary's sense of awe and amazement made a tremulous appearance. Already, Gary's mind was beginning to whirl with the that that *he*, Gary Robert Douglas, was making Mankind's first contact with a Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence.

In dark-green pajamas.

Slowly, one eye warily fixed on his duplicate, Gary rose to his feet and rubbed his hands on his pants. "Uh, 'we come in peace' kinda deal?" Gary asked, a wry smile touching his trembling lips.

"It seemed more appropriate than 'take me to your leader'."

The straight-faced, emotionless reply was enough to leave Gary gaping at his opposite - then break into laughter. A short-lived chuckle rather than a belly laugh, but it was enough to turn the tide.

"So, if you look like me are you, um, human now? Inside, I mean?" Gary asked, unsure how to phrase the question.

"I am exactly like you in every way, right down to the cellular level, with the exception of my brain." Gary-Two answered.

Gary nodded. "Then you must be freezing your butt off, too." He waved a hand towards his house, faintly visible in the pre-dawn gloom. "Come on, I'll serve you up a cup of coffee."

The alien nodded, and trailed after his template for humanity. "Thank you. I wish to learn about your culture, and this... 'coffee' is quite prevalent. I look forward to the experience."

* * * * *

Gary awoke, feeling refreshed for the first time in days.

Sliding out of bed with a soft, satisfied sigh, Gary quickly pulled on some clothes, mentally thanking his doppelganger once more. After arriving home, Gary had poured some coffee and explained the 'benefits' of caffeine to the intrigued alien, using his own current case of insomnia as an example. Upon hearing that, Gary-2 had made the most amazing offer - he could make Gary get a full, restful sleep in only three hours.

As good as his word, the alien had followed Gary into the bedroom and waited for him to lie down. With a touch of one hand, he'd sent Gary into a deep, comforting sleep...

...and more. Gary paused in the act of pulling on his T-shirt, once more sliding a hand across his smooth, flat stomach. As a gesture of goodwill, the alien had revealed it's ability to alter forms other than it's own by restoring to Gary an amazingly slim waistline, removing the slowly spreading paunch that had been Gary's bane.

Still amazed at what was transpiring in his own home - First Contact with an alien race! - Gary padded out into the living room, where the alien sat, 'absorbing' western 'culture' from the 31" Sony Gary had connected to a satellite receiver, offering a wide range of programming.

"Good Morning, Gary." His guest said, in that same emotionless tone he used. However, the alien no longer looked exactly like Gary. Although extremely similar, this version of Gary was slightly taller, much more muscular and tanned, and somehow - although Gary couldn't put his finger on the little differences that made it so - a lot more handsome.

"Geez..." Gary stopped, eyeing the alien. The being cocked it's head inquisitively, then figured out Gary's response.

"I assume you are startled by my altered appearance, Gary." Gary-2 said. "I have been watching your television, and have altered myself to meet with what I believe is considered an ideal physique."

"Yeah, I'll say." Gary commented. Having taken a few steps closer, Gary registered two other things.

The first was the alien's clothing. Apparently having seen the outfit on TV, the alien had created for itself a pair of khaki pants and an off- white cotton shirt, whose rolled-up sleeves showed off his tanned, muscular arms.

The tight pants also revealed that the pseudo-Gary was also considerably better endowed than the original, judging from the large bulge in his pants.

Gary wasn't upset at Gary-2 - he was mildly envious. The alien looked like an idealized version of Gary, the way he'd sort of wished he looked like.

However, before Gary could ask his idealized clone for similar treatment, the alien gestured at the TV screen.

"I am intrigued." Gary-2 said. "I have been watching your television, and I notice that your culture can put emphasis on differences in the genders that seem relatively minor to me. My race has no separate genders, as we do not reproduce the way you do - at least, not in our own forms." The alien looked down at itself. "In this form, I am biologically human, complete with standard male hormonal responses. However, much of what I see seems to be a cultural or intellectual bias, and since my mind is my own, without a Human upbringing, there is much I do not understand."

"Oh?" Gary asked, interested. He'd never realized that much of his own views on what was 'feminine' or 'attractive' were subliminal cultural installations, rather than 'natural' responses. "Like what?"

Gary too cocked his head. "For instance - the human eye. Although all human eyes - except defective ones - work on the same principals and manner, does the color of the eye really make much difference? I have seen several instances where a character in these tele-dramas made specific note of eye color, as if it were significant."

Gary's brow wrinkled in thought. "You know, I don't know why, but yes... somehow, different eyes cause different reactions. I'm sorry - I can't really explain it."

The alien looked at Gary thoughtfully. Suddenly, Gary felt an odd sensation, as if somebody had very lightly blown on his eyeballs - and then his vision changed.

It was subtle. No major changes, no loss - or increase - in overall vision. But colors shifted slightly, everything looking slightly 'warmer'. Also, his vision seemed to brighten a bit, as if there was more light - or, perhaps, as if his eyes were processing what light there was more efficiently.

"Yes - I do see." Gary-2 stated. "Interesting."

"What did you do?" Gary asked, blinking his eyes rapidly, looking around at the slightly different spectrum he was perceiving.

"I have altered your eyes, so that I may experience, first hand, the effect. I now note that your altered eyes are more intriguing than your old ones - although I, too, am at a loss to explain exactly why."

Startled, Gary quickly moved to a nearby mirror mounted on a sideboard. Leaning close, he stared at his face, amazed.

His once unremarkable brown eyes were an incredible, rich shade of green. Small flecks of gold ran through the iris, and the pupil seemed slightly larger. In fact, his eyes themselves seemed somewhat larger, and subtly different in shape. They *were*, he had to admit, startling, intriguing eyes.

For a second, Gary considered complaining about the sudden transformation. However, no real harm was done - in fact, it was interesting to see what he looked like with these eyes - so everything would be all right if...

"You can change these back, right?" Gary asked the alien, who looked... well, not 'abashed', exactly, but suddenly aware that he might have done something wrong, without actually being emotional in any way about his error.

"Of course. Do you wish me to do so, Gary?" Gary-2 asked. "However, I would prefer not to, as I have not yet had time to fully understand how - and why - eyes effect me differently."

Gary considered that for a minute. "No - you can leave them." He finally said, relaxing. "It doesn't hurt anything - just as long as I know you can undo it, then I'm not worried about it."

The alien attempted a smile - but it wasn't based on emotion, merely a conscious effort to duplicate human social expressions. It showed.

"Well - what would you say to some breakfast?" Gary asked.

The alien blinked. "I did not realize it was necessary to address meals before consuming them."

"Ah... no..." Gary stifled a smile and explained the meaning of the expression as he led his idealized doppelganger into the kitchen.

* * * * *

Gary was sipping at the last of his coffee, enjoying the feeling that a large breakfast of bacon, eggs, hash-browns and toast could engender when Gary-2 pushed his now-empty plate away with a small burp and asked a question.

"Have you any close female acquaintances, Gary?" Gary was slightly startled by the question. "Why?"

"I wish to ask a female about the differences in feminine hair, and the styling and products used by women. I assume that a female could explain the difference, and why it is culturally aggravated."

Gary worked that one out before answering. "Well, I certainly don't know any women that I'd trust enough to reveal your existence too." He said, then shook his head. "Besides, I don't think a woman could help explain."

"Oh?"

Gary shrugged. "Men have men's hair all their lives, and women have women's hair. Neither could explain the difference, not really, because we only have experience with our own hair. It would be like a sighted man trying to explain a rainbow to somebody blind since birth. Since the blind man has never seen, they don't have the necessary... common ground to use for the description."

Gary-2 looked thoughtful. "I see. Then the best way to find out, I suppose, would be to alter your hair to that of a woman's, so you could describe the differences."

Gary was startled. "What? Me? Why not just do your own hair, and find out for yourself?"

"As you have explained, I have not 'lived' with the culture and mindset of a human male. I would not truly know the differences." The alien explained, sipping at a glass of orange juice appreciatively.

Gary frowned, uncomfortable with the thought - but Gary-2 had a point.

"All right - if it's only going to be temporary." Gary finally agreed. "But, before you do that, I guess I should go out and buy some... feminine hair products. Otherwise, I might not understand it all myself."

Gary-2 nodded. "Your assistance is truly appreciated, Gary. I shall watch some more of the television until you return."

"Good idea." Gary said, grabbing his wallet and pulling on his shoes. "And, for God's sake - if anybody calls or drops by, pretend you're not here!"

With that warning, Gary headed off to the nearest store.

* * * * *

"Are you ready, Gary?"

Gary took a deep breath. "As ready as I'll ever be."

There was a low tugging sensation in his scalp - then an odd, ticklish sensation as Gary felt his hair sliding down his neck, growing longer at an astonishing rate.

At the same time, it was also becoming finer, softer, more feminine. Within seconds, a massive, thick main of glossy, silky hair ran from Gary's scalp and part way down his back.

They were sitting in the bathroom, so Gary had been able to watch as his hair had practically exploded out from his scalp. Now, he eyed the thick, wild mass of glossy raven hair with a critical eye, trying to ignore the way the silky strands felt as they brushed over his shoulders and neck.

"Okay - I guess you'd better get to work." he told Gary-2.

The alien had read over the instructions on the bottles Gary had brought home, as well as a book on hair styling that Gary had picked up. Now, with amazing skill, the alien began to do Gary's hair, starting with a shampoo.

Gary mentally gritted his teeth and endured the 'fussing'. After the shampoo - with a product with a vaguely 'fruity' odor - Gary-2 conditioned Gary's new mane with a similar-smelling product. Following that, the alien quickly and skillfully began to cut and shape Gary's hair, finishing with a blow-dry.

"I believe that is it. How does it look, and feel?"

Gary tilted his head and forced himself to dispassionately assess his new head of hair. Although he was rather uncomfortable with it, on him, he could admit that it was well styled in and of itself.

It was a simple cut. The hair was left full and slightly shaggy, and hung to his shoulders. Kept off his face by the style, the hair was nevertheless full at the top and sides, flaring out slightly at his shoulders.

Hesitantly, Gary ran his fingers through the thick mass of hair, feeling it's new texture and weight.

"Well - female hair feels nicer to the hand." He admitted - then, grudgingly - "It also feels nicer on my neck and shoulders. If I'd let my old hair grow like this, it would have itched on my neck. This hair is softer and nicer."

He ran his fingers through the cut a couple of times, and reported the differences. For instance, he'd never realized that the lighter, finer hair was one reason that it took more time to care for a woman's appearance - the light strands tended to shift more easily. However, it was partially compensated by the fact that the hair did move more... 'naturally' when he turned his hair, flowing rather than 'flopping about' like his old hair did."

"I will leave you with that hair for a while so you may get used to it, and see if there is anything else to report. I am sure that there are many little things that you will notice as you 'live' with your new hair for a while." Gary-2 said.

Gary shrugged - which definitely felt weird, as it caused his shoulders to move the hair resting on them. Weird - but... nice. "Okay."

Rising from the chair, Gary headed towards the living room, Gary-2 close behind. The original Gary was bemused by the way his new hair shifted and flowed in the slight breeze created by his movement.

Sitting in one of the comfortable chairs in front of the TV, he leaned back as Gary-2 settled into the second. With nothing better to do, he joined Gary-2 in watching - studying - the shows. Due the time of day, most of them were either soap operas or talk-shows.

Gary didn't even realize what he was doing.

Without knowing it, he was studying - intensely - the way female characters reacted to their hair. The way they moved their heads, the way they moved the hair, all tiny little details that seemed to seep directly into his mind. Without even realizing

it, Gary began to copy these tiny little habits - he brushed his hair back with a smooth flick of his fingers, his hand held loosely. He tossed his head slightly to move the hair when it shifted, and he occasionally ran his fingers through his hair or patted it back into place.

A foot and a half away, Gary-2 - who had made a slight alteration in Gary's mind - watched with interest, without appearing to watch at all. As Gary's demeanor towards his hair changes - slowly - from masculine to feminine, the alien's incomprehensible, powerful mind filed away the data impassively.

* * * * *

Flushing the toilet, Gary squeezed a bit of toothpaste onto his brush and brushed his teeth. In the guest bedroom, across the hall, he could hear Gary-2 doing the same thing in the en suite, making Gary glad he'd remembered to explain the basics of hygiene to the alien.

Finishing with his teeth, Gary started to head towards the bedroom - then stopped, with a nagging feeling that he'd forgotten something. For a second he merely stood, brow furrowed, as he tried to figure out what it was.

A quick look in the mirror triggered the answer. Shaking his head at himself, he rooted around for his brush - he usually only used a comb - then sat down on the toilet and began to brush out his hair. He didn't really give it that much thought as he brushed it out, a hundred even strokes.

It simply seemed the natural thing to do.

A few minutes after he was finished with that chore, he was curled up in bed, fading off to a deep sleep. One of his last thoughts before slipping into the darkness was that he was almost going to miss this hair when it was gone - it felt so nice between his face and pillow, almost like sleeping with silk pillowcases...

* * * * *

"Get a good night's sleep?" Gary asked cheerfully, carefully brushing the last of the 'bed-head' from his raven tresses.

The alien looked thoughtful. "I believe so. Although I did not actually 'enjoy' sleeping, as I have no memory of the actual sleep, I feel more... energetic this morning than I did before sleeping."

Gary smiled. "Yup - that's a good night's sleep, all right." Gary-2 nodded. "I see. An interesting experience."

Gary headed towards the kitchen. "So - let's see how you like waffles..."

After finishing the last of their breakfast - Gary-2 seemed to have developed a real taste for coffee, Gary noted with mild surprise - they headed back to the living room. Once more, they settled down in front of the TV, but instead of flipping through the channels, Gary suggested that they watch one or two of his video collection, and the alien agreed. Gary wanted to see what

the alien's response to 'emotional' movies would be, so he picked a rather immature comedy that relied heavily on slapstick and sexual humor, and a love-story drama that he'd always thought of as a real 'tear-jerker'.

After they'd watched both the movies - with Gary introducing the alien to popcorn, to make the experience complete - Gary turned to Gary-2.

"So - what did you think?"

The alien cocked his head. "Interesting. In the first film, I assume from your grins and laughter that you found it humorous."

"That's right." Gary confirmed. The movie's plot-line, basically, had revolved around a group of fraternity boys using pranks to force the shy new girl on campus into all sorts of semi- (and not so semi-) sexual situations, such as stealing her clothes and leaving sexier clothes in their place, among other things.

"I do not understand something." Gary-2 said. "The actress was the same through the entire movie. Yet, she was considered.... undesirable...? at the beginning, yet by the end, she was a real looker?" The alien's brow furrowed. "Why is this? She is the same woman at all times."

That stopped Gary for a second as he tried to find a way to explain it. "Well, it's kinda a two part thing. In movies, if they pretend a cute girl is kinda mousy, well then, you're supposed to accept it. Movies aren't supposed to be real life, you know." He explained. "But, the other part is mostly how she dressed, and acted. Like, at the beginning, she wore glasses, baggy, dark clothes, and no make-up. At the end, she was fully uh, 'tricked out', right down to short skirts and heels."

Gary-2 frowned slightly. "I am afraid that I still do not comprehend the significance of either the exposure of more leg, nor these rather impractical looking heels."

Gary never felt the slight shift in his thought patterns as Gary-2 reached out, mentally, and altered certain synaptic pathways deep in the human's mind.

"Well..." Gary said, the thought 'just occurring to him'. "Why don't I kind of demonstrate?" He asked. After all, it wouldn't be permanent, right? "Why don't you change my pants into a tight pair of shorts, then alter my legs to match that of the woman's in the movie." "Those legs are what you'd consider extremely desirable?" Gary-2 asked, making another small, unfelt mental adjustment.

"No, actually. They were kinda nice, but hold on a second." Gary headed into his room. When he returned, he was wearing tight spandex swim trunks, a T-shirt and sneakers, and carried a porno magazine in one hand. "*These* are awesome legs." Gary said, flipping the magazine open to a certain model.

"I see. Very well." The alien concentrated for a minute.

Gary felt an odd sensation in his legs, and looked down to watch as his legs reshaped themselves from the inside out. The hair that covered his legs fairly thickly merely fell out, fluttering to the floor, as bone, muscle and sinew changed their life-long contours, leaving him with a pair of incredibly shapely, toned, feminine legs that were silky-smooth and attractive. The red canvas sneakers he wore shrank slightly and became a bit narrower for their size, fitting his feminized feet perfectly.

"You see? It's not just the lack of body hair that makes female legs different." Gary said. He ran one hand over the smooth, soft skin, feeling strange about possessing such sexy, feminine legs. However, it wasn't as odd or repugnant as he'd expected - and he had no idea the reason behind that.

"Yes. I believe I see." Gary-2 admitted. "However, I still do not understand the appeal of 'high heels'."

"Well..." Gary said, then explained what the alien should do...

* * * * *

"See - don't heels make the legs look even better?" Gary asked. Almost without thinking about it, he bent one knee slightly to better show off his legs - and eyed them in the full length mirror, thinking to himself that these were the most spectacular legs he'd ever seen, even if they were on him.

"Yes, I believe I understand." Gary-2 agreed. He eyed the shapely curves of Gary's altered legs, displayed to an advantage by the bright red platform pumps with six-inch stiletto heels that Gary wore.

Moving easily, Gary crossed the room, almost forgetting that he was perched atop tall, needle-thin heels. Over the past twelve hours, his sneakers had slowly become these shoes, meaning that he'd transitioned from flats to six inch heels at the rate of half-an-inch an hour. It had been such a slow, smooth change that he'd adapted naturally to the heels, and walked in them as easily and naturally as if he'd been doing it for years.

"You know, you could make a fortune." Gary said with a chuckle. "There's women all over the world who'd pay good money to learn how to walk in heels so easily."

"Perhaps. But I fear that my method is not correct." Gary-2 replied.

"Oh?" Gary asked, surprised. The method had seemed so perfect that he didn't even feel weird wearing 'women's shoes' - at least, he believed that it was the slow transition that made it so 'acceptable', not knowing about the alien's tampering. "How so?"

"Although you are wearing heels, and it does pleasantly accent your legs, you do not walk like a woman does." Gary nodded. "Oh, that - well, a woman's walk is also from the way her hips and ass differ from a man's you see." "Really?"

Suddenly, it seemed almost ridiculous not to show Gary-2 what he meant, Gary thought. "Sure. Look, all you have to do..."

* * * * *

Gary woke slowly, the warm, golden sunlight streaming in through his window announcing that his insomnia had been - at least for now - cured by the alien's intervention.

Stretching, Gary threw off the covers and swung his legs over the side of the bed...

...and frowned.

He was looking at a pair of long, sexy, feminine legs.

"What the...?" Gary muttered, sliding one hand across the smooth, silky flesh, verifying what his eyes were informing him.

A confused, worried look on his face, Gary quickly pulled on a ropy, tying it closed. It felt weird, the way it hung from his wide, gently curved hips and amazingly firm, full ass. Ignoring the sensation, he stepped into the six-inch high-heel sandals that Gary-2 had 'thoughtfully' provided, after discovering that a 'mistake' had made it impossible for Gary to walk flat-footed anymore.

With the hem of the robe doing 'cute' flips from the womanly gyrations of his wide hips, Gary headed out of his bedroom, ignoring - for now - the way his hair was a mass of tangled knots.

"Uh... Gary?" Gary called for the alien. There was no response, and a quick check verified the fact that the alien was no longer in the house.

"Where the hell has he gone?" Gary asked, aloud. Then, staring down at his altered lower half, he asked "What the hell was I thinking?" Confused - and even more worried by the alien's inexplicable absence - Gary headed into the bathroom for his morning shower.

He had expected to awaken this morning his normal self, everything returned to the way it had been before. So the fact he still possessed such a sexy, feminine lower half, long, silky hair and startling green eyes worried him.

As he washed his altered thighs - with his unaltered cock hanging incongruously between them - he was even more worried by the fact that he'd agreed to any of this in the first place. Try as he might, he couldn't figure out why on earth he'd agreed to let this be done to him. He certainly couldn't figure out why he'd actually *suggested* the altered hips and ass.

Not that they were hideous, mind you - Gary had to admit that he possessed the most spectacular legs and ass he'd ever seen. But, God damn it!, it shouldn't be his ass and legs that looked this fantastic!

Quickly brushing out his thick mane of hair - it took forever to dry, he'd discovered - he headed back to his room to get changed.

He stopped dead. "What the fuck were you thinking, Gary?" He asked himself again as he surveyed the available clothing. Somehow - he didn't know why - it had seemed perfectly logical to have Gary-2 change all his pants, underwear and shorts into feminine equivalents. And considering the 'accident' in his altered feet, the shoes had been a necessity. Only now did it occur to Gary that the alien could have just fixed his feet - for some reason, that simple solution had never occurred to him last night.

Lips compressed, Gary forced himself to dress. The same while, frilly cotton panties he'd worn so casually last night now brought a bright flush to his face as he slid them on. He flatly refused to don the nylons he'd so blithely sheathed his legs in the night before, going straight - with a grimace - to the tight blue denim skirt that barely managed to cover the bottom of the panties. For comfort's sake, he tucked his limp cock out of sight, leaving an all-too-feminine contour to the panties, bringing further embarrassment. But there was really no option - neither panties nor skirt were designed for a 'frontal bulge'.

Pulling on a plain black T-shirt, Gary hatefully finished off his ensemble by stepping into a pair of black pumps with five-inch heels - the shortest ones in the house.

Grimacing at what the mirror showed, he turned away quickly. The reflection was deeply disturbing - it seemed to show a rather unattractive young woman who happened to have fantastic legs and ass. Worse, the clothing he was forced to wear made it look like that 'woman' knew her best attributes and was purposefully drawing the eye to them.

Gary had already set the coffee to brewing when he'd done his first walk-around, and now he sat out on the deck with a cup, lighting up a cigarette to calm his nerves. Part of his brain insisted on pointing out that he was supposed to be back to normal - and if the alien was gone for good, then he might be stuck like this.

But the larger part of his mind was trying to cope with being this way right now - and the fact that it had seemed so natural at the time.

Now it felt anything but natural. When he caught himself sitting with his sexy new legs crossed in a feminine manner, Gary cursed and quickly changed his posture - but that felt so strange, so... *unnatural*, that he soon shifted back with a grimace.

The combination of nervousness and caffeine piqued his energy to new levels, and Gary rose from his chair and began to stalk around on the deck, lighting a second cigarette from the butt of the first.

Well... *stalk* wasn't exactly the right word. As he moved, his body moved with a fluid, supple, *feminine* grace that had his wide, womanly hips swivel and sway with each step, his firm, sexy ass flex beneath its sheath of denim, and his high heel 'click'ed annoyingly on the hard wood planking. In addition, the wind stirred his soft, silky hair, causing it to flutter and shift, brushing across his neck with each turn he made.

The questions continued to gnaw at him. Why had he agreed to any of this be done to him? Why hadn't it been undone by the time he awoke, like the alien had promised? Where *was* the alien?

Finally, unable to restrain himself any longer, Gary turned and headed down the steps and across his yard, heading towards the gully where the alien ship had come down.

Just as his first trip across this ground had been slowed by lack of shoes, now it was slowed because of shoes. The high-heeled pumps he wore were never designed for this sort of terrain. In a fit of anger, he pulled the black suede pumps off - only to quickly replace them when he felt the agony that came from trying to stand on his unnaturally arched feet and the subtly shortened calf muscles of his sensual, feminine new legs.

Finally reaching the gully, Gary looked over the edge...

Gary's stomach flip-flopped as he stared down into the empty gully. The sere bottom of the gulch contained only a few scattered shrubs, dry now, and a huge granite boulder, irregular in shape, roughly the size of a mini-van. Of any extraterrestrial space-craft...

Suddenly, a light glimmered in Gary's mind, and he relaxed slightly. Sure, there was no sign of a spacecraft - but there was also no room for one to have landed, not with that huge boulder there.

The huge boulder that shouldn't have been there, if you thought about it. There was no way a boulder like this could have been moved into the dry gulch by the spring run-offs, and there was no way it could have been there under the dirt until it was eroded clean - the water would have found an 'easier' route.

Therefor - the boulder was the disguised alien spacecraft. Obviously, Gary-2 wasn't going to leave an interstellar runabout sitting out in the open to be ogled by any stray passerby.

Feeling better - somewhat - now that he knew the alien hadn't merely left, Gary turned to head back to the house, intending to have a word with the errant alien when he returned...

Gary felt a stranger rippling sensation run through his body, throwing him off stride and almost making him fall down. As a precaution, he threw his arms out in front of him to break any such fall...

...and gaped at the slender, feminine arms and the slim, feminine hands - complete with long oval nails - that graced the ends of those arms.

At the same time, Gary registered an odd sensation coming from his chest, waist and crotch. A quick glance down revealed his T-shirt being pushed out from underneath by what his brain instantly informed him were at least healthy C-cups. Below the burgeoning bust, his waist nipped in sharply before flaring out into his feminine hips.

Hesitantly, Gary slid a hand under the skirt...

"No...!" She cried, not sure whether or not to be surprised by the feminine contralto the denial emerged in. Slender, female hands flew to a smooth neck, then hesitantly quested across a face that sported a smaller, pert nose and fuller, softer lips. A face that Gary assumed was as feminine as the rest of her body.

Enraged, horrified and confused, Gary headed back to her house at the best speed should could manage atop the heels. It isn't really possible to slam a sliding door, but she gave it her best shot as she entered the house.

"All right, where are you?" She shouted, wincing at the sound of her new, feminine voice. There was no answer.

She stalked through the rest of the house in that damnably smooth, feminine sway, revealing that Gary-2 was not there. Finally, Gary just slumped into an armchair, her mind whirling. The fact that the alien could apparently change her from a distance took secondary importance to the fact that he'd changed her at all.

Into a woman.

She almost gave into the sudden urge to simply start crying, but forced herself away from that all-too-feminine reaction. Instead, she tried to force herself to be calm - and slowly rose and approached a mirror.

A beautiful, dark-haired woman looked back at him. Over-all, she was 'cute', with regular, smooth features that even reached 'beautiful', especially with the devastating green eyes nestled beneath her slender, curved eyebrows. Her ass and legs, of course, still shot past either 'cute' or 'beautiful'.

Hesitantly, Gary peeled off her black T-shirt and eyed the firm, out-thrust C-cup breasts she now possessed. Firm and flawless, they were tipped with large, frank nipples. Gently, Gary ran a hand over one breast, shivering at the sensation as her feminine hand slid across the sensitive nipple.

Even more hesitant, Gary slowly lowered her skirt and panties.

There, nestled between firm, sensual thighs was an unmistakable sight. Unadorned by pubic hair, there was no mistaking what nestled at Gary's crotch for anything else.

"I... I've got... a cunt." Gary stammered.

Quickly, Gary recovered this strange body, uncomfortable with seeing her new form. However, covering it didn't relive all the decidedly feminine sensations - the difference in how her crotch felt when she walked or sat, the way the shirt lightly moved over her prominent new nipples, the way...

Forcing her mind to stop cataloging all the tiny but undeniable differences and sensations, the newly feminized Gary sat in the chair and tried to completely shut down her frantic mind, to stop thinking all together - and, thus, refusing to deal with this situation right now.

It didn't work.

Frustrated, Gary tried to figure out what to do next. Inexplicable as her allowing the alien to change her the first times was, this - the sudden, complete, and unprecedented change was even worse. She had no idea why - or how - it had been done to her. She had no idea how long it would last, or what would happen to her while it did last. She had to deal with all this confusion on top of the actual effects of suddenly finding herself female.

So, when the door opened and Gary-2 entered the room, her reaction was completely understandable. "What the fuck did you do to me, you lying son of a bitch!"

Well, completely understandable - to a human.

"I have changed you into a female." Gary-2 said, calmly. "I thought you would have realized that by..."

"You fuckin' change me back right now, you bastard, or I swear I'll... I'll..." Gary ran down to a stop, unable to come up with a dire enough punishment for failure to comply.

"You seem... upset." Was Gary-2's less-than-stellar comment.

After several long minutes of very long profanity, Gary-2 was once able to make himself heard.

"I am interested in the differences between male and female." He said, calmly. "As you pointed out, the best person to explain the differences would be somebody who has been both."

There was another pause for rather less inventive - but much louder - invective.

Gary-2 seemed genuinely intrigued by the response. "Interesting. There is actually fairly little difference between the male and female of your species, yet you seem to place great importance on you 'lost manhood'. Yet, had you been born female, you would find it natural and be upset if you were suddenly be made male. This goes far beyond the loss of the familiar - you actually have an ingrained cultural identity that states that the other gender is less than human, and to be so changed is... 'a fate worse than death', I believe the term is.

Intriguing - I shall be very interested in seeing what happens."

Gary felt a cold shock run down her spine as she realized that the alien had no intention of undoing this. It seemed to be completely indifferent to her pain - in fact, it didn't seem to register emotions as having any importance at all. It viewed emotions and feelings as an odd 'personality quirk' of humanity.

Gary had thought that they were dealing as one intelligent being to another. Now she was gripped by chill fear as she realized the truth - she was nothing more than an interesting experiment to the alien, completely unimportant as an individual being. Her only worth to Gary-2 was for the experimental processes it could run on her.

"I see you have accurately assessed the situation." Gary-2 stated, calmly. "However, I feel it wisest to fully inform you of the experiment underway. As you may or may not have guessed, I am able to alter your mind at will. However, I have removed

these alterations, for now, as I wish to view your 'natural' reactions. At the end of the experiment I shall just copy you memories - 'download' them, if you will - so that I can see exactly what you experienced."

Gary swallowed noisily. "Then... then what will you do?"

Gary-2 blinked. "Then I shall move on to a new subject. Probably one who began as a female." He cocked his head. "We shall begin the basic experiment now. For the remainder of the experiment you shall need a female name. What is one that you will be able to remember?"

Gary clenched her teeth, tempted to defy Gary-2 - or break out crying and collapse. Rather than either of those, she forced herself to consider the question. Her only way of getting out of this was to make sure the experiment ran as smoothly as possible and ended quickly.

Finally, she answered. "I suppose 'Carrie' would do." The alien nodded, and made an odd gesture.

There was a shimmer - then a purse appeared on Gary... Carrie's shoulder, startling her. Recovering her breath, she looked inside. She wasn't really all that surprised to find very authentic looking ID in the name of 'Carrie Bradley'. After all, and alien with the power to alter things at will would have little trouble with fake ID.

"Very well. Let us proceed." Gary gestured towards the door.

Carrie opened her mouth to protest that she refused to go out in public as a woman - then realized defiance would only delay the inevitable, and prolong her situation. Forcing herself, gritting her teeth, she ankled out the door, long, sexy legs scissoring seductively in time with the pert sway of her womanly hips.

* * * * *

"Here?" Carrie asked with a sinking sensation.

"Yes. I have seen that much interaction occurs between humans over this beverage you call 'coffee'. In fact, one of your major mating rituals involves 'going out for coffee' - or a 'drink'." Gary said, clinically.

Opening the door to her/Gary's car, Carrie stepped out and followed the alien towards the door of a popular 'Coffee Pub'. Following the human conventions he had studied, Gary held the door for her and 'escorted' her to a booth.

The waitress came around and Gary ordered their coffees for the both of them Gary sat, nervously fidgeting in the seat and trying to sink into the upholstery. Irrationally, she kept expecting somebody to rise up and denounce her as a fraud, a man posing as a woman.

Gary eyed her, then rose and headed for the washroom.

Carrie tracked the alien - her tormentor - as he crossed the room, so she was probably the only one who really saw it happen. Just before entering the restroom, he lightly touched one woman sitting with a group of friends whose attention was elsewhere. She shuddered, then seemed to forget anything had happened.

A moment later, Gary returned. He lowered himself into the booth, one hand lightly touching Carrie...

Thoughts. Images. Memories not her own, feelings she'd never had. They swept through her mind, sifting into slots, supplanting other ideas and skills...

Then it was over. Carrie's mind was once more her own - almost. For certain parts of the other woman's persona was now imbedded in her mind. She knew it, and she could tell which parts were 'hers' and which were the other woman's - but that didn't make it easier to ignore what those 'real' feminine instincts and habits' were telling her.

Shooting Gary a dark look, Carrie gave into the nagging, implanted thoughts. She straightened in her seat, assuming a more feminine posture. Rather than grip the mug - like her male instincts had her do before - she held it by the handle, the only way to banish the nagging, annoying feeling she was doing something 'wrong'.

Carrie guessed that the woman whose feminine habits had been introduced into her mind wasn't a smoker - at least she got to keep her old 'masculine' way of lighting a cigarette and holding it as she smoked.

"You see, I am introducing you to the skills and habits of the women of your culture, so that you may experience the true state of being female. Had I wanted to see a man attempting to 'play' female, I would have found... a 'transsexual'. They would probably be most eager to have a female body, but they would have had the wrong mindset for the experiment."

Gary said that in a low voice, leaning forward with a slight smile so that any one glancing over would have seen a good-looking couple having a pleasant conversation. Not wanting to attract attention to her plight, Carrie was forced to play along. Flipping her hair out of her face with a completely feminine gesture, she forced a small smile of her own to her full lips and leaned forward.

"Just as long as you don't really screw up my mind. When you did it before, I couldn't tell that they weren't my own thoughts. At least this time, I know it's an imposed thought pattern."

Gary nodded. "Indeed - as I intended. As I said, I wish to keep your... 'real' personality intact, so as to measure it. These additional skills and thoughts will be 'tacked' on, so you will have them, but they will not be 'integrated' into your base personality."

"How comforting." Carrie said as dryly as her new, feminine voice would allow her. She glanced down at the table to break eye contact with her idealized clone of her old body...

...and saw the pale reflection of her face in the glass-topped table.

Instantly, anxiety flooded her. She knew it was an 'imposed' anxiety, but that didn't change the power of the unpleasant feeling. "Carrie?" Gary asked.

Closing her eyes and gritting her teeth, Carrie forced herself to let the response leave her lips, burning with shame. "I.... I look... awful." She ground out. "I... need to put on some make-up."

Gary closed his eyes. "I have searched the memories from the woman I touched, and have duplicated the items she uses for this purpose. They are in your purse."

Carrie could have guessed that herself, from the extra weight that suddenly dragged the black leather strap of the purse down. It wasn't much - but enough.

Taking a deep breath, Carrie tried to fight the feeling - but, imposed or not, she felt more like some hideous freak than ever, bringing her 'exposure paranoia' to unbearable levels.

"I'll be right back."

Rising from the booth, Carrie quickly made her way to the bathroom. Her 'implanted' habits saved her from getting the wrong bathroom - or hesitating at the door to the right one. Still, it was unnerving to her to simply walk into the women's bathroom.

Quickly - eager to get it over with - Carrie began applying the make-up in her purse with the skills from the woman. She was only partially done when there was the sound of a toilet flushing, and a brunette emerged from the stall, smoothing her skirt into place.

"Hi." She said, politely, washing her hands.

Since she was in the middle of applying lipstick - God, what a galling thought - Carrie made a low noise in her throat in response. The other woman looked over... then looked harder.

"Oh... Uh..." She said, hesitantly.

Lowering the damned lipstick, Carrie turned to her. She kept her voice light and polite - partially to avoid any 'memorable' encounters, but also because the dark-haired brunette was kind of cute. "Yes? Is something wrong?"

The woman blushed slightly. "I don't mean to criticize - but that make-up scheme is all wrong for your coloration."

"Oh..." Carrie said, a little startled. She recalled that the woman whose memories she now had was fair-haired and skinned, but hadn't realized that it really made a difference.

"Here... we're close enough that I can help..." The brunette offered.

* * * * *

"You look lovely, my dear." Gary said - for the 'audience' - as Carrie returned.

"Yeah, well..." Carrie muttered. She was still disturbed by the fact that the make-up really did enhance her looks. Part of her hated it, part of her liked it because of the implanted thoughts - and part of the 'original' her liked the way the 'woman in the mirror' looked made-up. "Something to file away for your data - different hair coloration's require slightly different make-up schemes. The one you copied wasn't right."

"Intriguing.." Gary muttered.

Then, Carrie was forced to spend half an hour in small talk while using 'downloaded' flirtation on Gary. It wasn't strong flirtation, like that of the woman whom Gary had stolen it from, because Carrie wasn't willing engaged in it like the original owner. Eventually, however, the need would become too strong, and she'd give that coy look, or the slow smile, or lightly touch Gary's hand...

Feeling nauseous at flirting with a man - even if it was an alien - Carrie was very, very glad when Gary decided that they'd spent enough time in the coffee-shop - and nervous as hell as to what might await her next.

When it turned out to be nothing more than going home, she almost felt grateful to Gary. Almost.

It was a feeling that didn't last very long at all.

Gary turned into the mall's parking lot, selecting a spot fairly close to the entrance.

"What are we doing here?" Carrie asked, nervously. The thought of walking through the thronging mall... "I am getting out. I have some... work to do." Gary said.

"Oh. I'm just going home?" Carrie asked, relieved.

"Yes." Gary replied. "I wish for you to become more familiar with your new body. You are to bathe, and explore your body. Then I wish for you to pick out a new outfit from the clothing you will find in your room. Something... attractive. You are then to go to the bar on the corner of Fifth and Oak, and stay for at least two hours before returning home."

Carrie gaped at Gary. "What? You must be..."

"I can alter your mind so you have no choice, if you prefer." Gary said, flatly. Tightening her full, soft lips, Carrie nodded. "All right - I'll do it."

"Good."

* * * * *

Pulling into the driveway of her house, Carrie leaned over the steering wheel and closed her eyes, taking a couple of long, deep, shuddering breaths.

It was like living a nightmare. Her identity stolen, her gender changed, her free will a negligible commodity - everything was gone. Her only choice to utter obedience was to try and run, to get away from the situation. But doing so would leave her trapped in this body for the rest of her life. Even worse, she knew that Gary could alter her at long range - just how far away, she didn't know. There was more than a good chance, however, that any escape would be utterly futile in any case.

Shutting off the car, Carrie climbed from the vehicle and made her way slowly to the house. Even this was a mild torture in itself - atop the high heels she wore, she moved with the sinuous, graceful motions of a woman, with the movements of her hips, legs and breasts forcing the change of gender to the forefront of her mind, not allowing her to forget for an instant that her old life was altered, stolen, gone.

Entering the house, Carrie thought about the instructions she'd been given and shivered. For a moment, defiance flared - then died. No matter how demeaning, how humiliating, how unwanted the action or command - defiance would only serve to drag the situation out, and she knew the alien had the power to make her perform in the end, anyway.

Feeling tears welling up in her glorious emerald eyes, Carrie shook her head angrily, refusing to give in to the urge to cry, and headed towards the bathroom.

Only, it wasn't exactly the same bathroom she'd left earlier that day. It wasn't even the same bedroom that she'd left. Both bedroom and en suite were now decorated in a manner that, while not exactly 'frilly', was most definitely feminine. Venetian blinds were gone, replaced by gauzy white curtains. The plain beige paint in the bedroom was now something like a light pink - it was actually 'Pastel Coral', but Carrie didn't know that - with fancier, white-painted trim. The dressers and bed were different, a Neo-'Queen Anne' design in white, with silver-and-gold handles.

It was as if the 'original' Gary had never existed.

Walking into the bathroom, Carrie started filling the red claw-foot tub that had replaced the old, standard 'formed' tub. Looking at the items arrayed around the tub, she hesitated, her face becoming set - but they were there for a reason, and even if Gary hadn't specifically commanded her to use them, it was safer to 'err on the side of caution'. Having to force herself, Carrie added some of the scented bubble bath to the water, then lit the candles in the holders surrounding the tub.

Switching off the overhead light, Carrie undressed in the warm golden glow of the candle-light. The flickering light spilled across her smooth, unblemished skin, converting her slender figure into a living statue of gold. Grimacing at the sheer femininity of the situation, she shut off the water and slid into the warm embrace of the bubble-topped liquid.

Slowly, Carrie discovered something amazing - this wasn't bad at all. In fact, her nerves were sound wound up, her emotions so tangled, that this was actually very... relaxing.

Letting the warmth soak through her, Carrie dried her hands on a nearby towel, then reached over the edge of the tub and dragged her purse to her. Opening the black leather bag, she extracted her cigarettes...

Only, they were no longer her cigarettes. Instead of the brand she had always smoked, these were a slim cigarette - what she'd used to call 'chick-sticks'.

Ignoring that for now, she lit one of the long, slender cigarettes and relaxed in the tub, feeling tense muscles slowly relax, feeling the nicotine take the edge off her anxieties. She looked over for a place to tap the ashes...

..and blinked in slight surprise at the sight of an ashtray that hadn't been there before, sitting next to an equally 'miraculous' crystal 'goblet' of chilled white wine.

Shrugging mentally, Carrie took the glass and settled into the tub comfortably. Closing her eyes, she let her mind wander aimlessly as she smoked the cigarette and sipped the wine. Her situation hadn't really changed, and at no time did she ever managed to actually 'forget' what was happening, but she allowed herself to relax to the point that, for the moment, it didn't matter. There was just this moment, the comfort of it and the relaxation, and she refused to think of either past or future as she allowed herself to luxuriate in the comfort.

Finishing the cigarette and the wine, she lay them aside and - refusing to let her mind leave the warm glow of relaxation and alcohol - began to explore her new body.

Drawing one leg up, she slid one hand over her small, dainty foot. A small sensation of surprise made it's way through her haze as she realized her foot had been made 'normal' - still feminine, it had lost the built-in arch that made heels an absolute necessity.

From there her slender fingers moved over a slender, shapely ankle, gliding upwards over smooth, taut, calf muscle sheathed in silky skin.

Her hands slid over the shapely, slightly dimpled knees that were now hers, moving onward to the smoothly curved flesh of creamy, soft thighs.

Sliding past what lay between those toned thighs, her hands crossed over each other as she slid them over firm, slightly rippled stomach muscles before sliding down to the sides of her slim, pinched-in waist above the flare of her wide, smooth hips.

Pulling her crossed hands upwards, her fore-arms made contact with the firm swell of her breasts, pushing the taut, firm mounds slightly higher. Uncrossing her arm, she took one breast in each hand, feeling the heft of the silky-smooth globes in her small hands. Gently, she moved her hands upwards...

She couldn't help but moan softly as her slender fingers lightly squeezed her large, swollen nipples. Ripples of pleasure radiated out from her chest, quite unlike anything she'd ever experienced as a male. Softly, she pressed down on the sensitive nubs of flesh, then sliding her fingers around to oh-so-gently squeeze them, manipulating her own nipples with more gentle skill than she'd ever used on a woman when she had been male. Only now did she discover what *did* feel good, what was the right way to tease and touch and fondle, to squeeze and lightly tweak.

Sinking slightly lower in the tub, she spread her legs, her shapely, dimpled knees surfacing as she positioned herself without allowing herself to think. Instead, Carrie forced herself to become lost in the sensations, ignoring the causes and implications as one hand slowly traveled downwards once more. She hesitated for the briefest instant, then slid her hand between her silken thighs.

At first, she merely rubbed the flat of her hand across the slight mound, applying pressure that caused ripple of soothing pleasure from the sensitive flesh. Coupled with the sensations from her breasts, the ripples seemed to merge, creating a stronger pleasure than either alone could have achieved.

Then, lightly biting her full lower lip, she slid a finger into her new womanhood.

Ripples became waves as she moaned again. For a second she left her finger more or less in the same place, merely applying pressure in slightly different outward directions, seeking the center of that pleasure.

Then she began to slide her finger back and forth of the most sensitive part, her thumb curling at the base of that finger so that every stroke brought her thumb knuckle across the nub of hyper-sensitive flesh that formed her clit.

She gasped, her rhythm increasing instinctively in speed and length. Sweat stood out on her brow as the world around her seemed to fade away. A rushing filled her ears as the sharp waves of pleasure began to mount, starting to overlap each other as the sensation built, and built, and built...

"Ohhhh!" Carrie cried out as the sharp, bright lance of pure ecstasy lanced through her like an electric shock. The sharp, powerful orgasm was followed almost immediately but a fainter, longer one, a warm, pleasant after-shock that slowly faded away as she slipped her finger from the swollen lips of her new womanhood.

For a long moment, Carrie remained in that golden never-never land where nothing mattered, where there was no past or future, only the oh-so-very pleasant *now*.

Then she began to blush> The faint color quickly deepened as reality once more intruded, and what she'd just been doing registered fully.

"Jeez, Gary - you keep this up and you'll be begging that alien to leave you like this!" She muttered to herself, using her old 'male' name to reinforce the self-contempt. Despite that, she couldn't deny that the auto-erotic act had been a deeper, longer one than the similar act was a male. He'd never realized just how much of a woman's body was an erogenous zone. While he had been male, the center of his sexuality had been his cock, and that was about it. In a woman, it was faster to list the areas that *weren't* erogenous.

Climbing from the tub, she carefully towed. Doing so revealed something else - a woman's orgasm didn't relieve the sexual desire and sensitivity - it attenuated it, making it warmer, less intense but deeper, somehow richer. Her body seemed to be one warm, golden, sensually sensitive zone that almost begged to be touched.

God, Carrie thought - no wonder why women were so big on foreplay. Hell, making a woman come before you had sex with her would make the actual sex...

She forced her mind off that track, taking the time to blow-dry her hair as she let her body 'cool down' from the sensual activity that had only heightened her sensitivity to her new sexuality, unwanted or not.

Leaving the bathroom, she headed into her altered bedroom, opening a closet much larger than the one that had existed in the room's previous incarnation.

Making a low whistling sound in the back of her throat, Carrie surveyed the profusion of clothing with something approaching awe. It was a mildly horrified and extremely humiliated awe, of course, because she'd be wearing some of this stuff, but still - she'd never owned this much clothing as a man, and never in such a wide diversity of fabrics, styles and cuts.

...and the shoes...!

Shaking her head, Carrie grudgingly set about the task of picking out something 'attractive'. Thankfully, that was a relative term, and with the wide selection available, she thought she could pick out something 'tolerable', yet stay within the loose guideline.

That didn't mean she'd enjoy it. Merely tolerate it.

Her final decision was a simple yet 'attractive' outfit that she could live with. One of the major points in favor of the chosen outfit was the fact it avoided skirts completely. Instead, a tight - *very* tight - pair of black jeans would clad her legs. She was sure that the way the pants practically cupped her ass would guarantee the 'attractive' part - and the fact that she didn't have to wear a skirt made up for the extra trouble it took to get into the tight, tight materiel - and the fact she had to wear a pair of 'barely-there' black panties to avoid panty lines. The panties fulfilled that requirement but fitting up the crack of her spectacular ass.

With the jeans she had chosen a 'sand' colored suede vest. Tight-fitting, the vest was 'shaped' with a belt at the back that pulled the garment taut around her delectable waist, and the low neckline displayed a fair amount of her delightful cleavage. The bottom of the V- cut vest hem made the simple jeans look even more 'attractive', and when she completed the basic outfit with a pair of beige suede boots that came to mid-calf, it completed the look. Unfortunately, the boots had a four-and-a-half inch heel - with her 'repaired' feet, she was looking forward to flats - but the net effect was worth the discomfort.

Especially since the 'active, outdoorsy' feel of the outfit allowed - hell, practically demanded - minimal make-up. She applied on a light, low-gloss lipstick, a bit of mascara, and the faintest of blush and left it at that. Her hair she pulled back into a loose ponytail, tied into place with a length of rawhide - actually the one of the spare laces for the boots she wore.

Satisfied at the attractive-yet-not-too-girly look, Carrie grabbed her purse...

...then stopped. She looked over at the other purses hanging in the closet. Deciding 'what the hell', she traded the black leather purse for a smaller one of buckskin, then headed out to the car, her stomach roiling at the thought of spending at least two hours in public, by herself, as a woman.

* * * * *

Pulling into the parking lot adjacent to the plain, brown-brick building on the corner of oak and Fifth, Carrie felt a wry smile coming to her lips, realizing that this might not be such a terrible two hours, after all.

The Bar was the 'Grouse and Gander'. From the outside, it appeared to be a rather sedate Neo-British Pub style bar. But everyone who lived in town knew the bar for what it was - the local 'haven' for Gays and Lesbians.

In any other bar, Carrie would have been extremely uncomfortable, an unescorted female - to all appearances - and so 'fair game'. But she thought she could handle being hit upon by other women.

Then she forced her mind to deny the faint gratitude she'd felt for Gary. He might be 'easing' her into being alone in a public place - but if wasn't for the alien, she'd never have been in this situation in the first place. So, she'd be damned if she'd feel grateful to him for making it a lighter torture than it could have been.

Locking up the car, Carrie headed over to the side door of the building, pulled it open - and hesitated for a second, gathering courage, before going in.

Needless to say, she'd never been here before - and was surprised to find it cleaner than the town's other bars, with it's patrons quieter. Somehow, she'd expected... something else.

However, the fact that the couples were same-gender, and the fact that many were kissing or touching was still disconcerting to the new woman. Pushing the discomfort away - far enough, at least, that it didn't show on her face - she picked a stool at the end of the bar and settled her firm, full ass onto the soft red leather, tucking her legs up and hooking her heels over the rung at the bottom of the stool.

The bartender, a tall, muscular man with a shaven head and neatly trimmed mustache, walked over - well, almost glided over, he moved with such confidence and not-unmasculine grace.

"Miss." The bartender acknowledged her with a tilt of his head. His voice was surprisingly gentle for such a large man. "I haven't seen you around before."

In any other bar, that would have been a possible pick-up line. In this one, it was a polite check to make sure that any out-of-towners who might have 'drifted' in were fully aware of what type of place they'd entered.

Carrie smiled. "I used to do my drinking at home. With a friend. But she's gone, so..." She shrugged. "...I decided I didn't like drinking alone anymore."

The bartender managed to half-smile with his mouth at the subtle way Carrie phrased it, while conveying sympathy with his eyes. The look of sympathy was so genuine that Carrie felt a pang over the lie - but then again, it wasn't really a lie, was it? She'd 'merely' neglected to mention the fact that 'she' had been his last girlfriend - when she was a man.

That probably wouldn't have gone over well.

Then again, Carrie reflected, after ordering a gin-and-tonic, perhaps it would have gone over fine. A glance around revealed that the clientele wasn't limited to the more mundane homosexual types - there appeared to be a few cross-dressers, and at least two transsexuals in the crowd.

In fact, she had to restrain a start of surprise when she recognized one of the cross-dressers as being a guy she'd gone to high-school with. At least she was sure she was safe from being recognized herself.

Her drink arrived, and she sipped at it, allowing herself to relax slightly. Despite her current situation, there was something... 'voyeuristic' about this. Many a man in town had wondered what went on inside this bar - but would rather die than simply walk in the door and take a look.

"Excuse me - I don't suppose you'd care to have company for a drink or two?" Slightly taken aback by the directness of the question, Carrie looked around and up...

...and up...

...into the eyes of a towering, slender black woman. Considering all the jokes about women's basket-ball, this woman was practically a walking stereotype. Tall, thin, and - to Carrie, - unattractive, she towered over the ex-man.

"Uh..." Carrie said, eyebrows rising. She searched for a 'polite' way out. "No offense, but..."

The woman smiled - a trifle sadly, but smiled. "None taken." Giving a small wink, she wandered away, scanning the group. "Fresh talent always attracts attentions." A voice said near Carrie's elbow, dragging her eyes around.

The speaker was a deeply tanned, athletic blonde with a toned, shapely figure and bright blue eyes. She was smiling at Carrie, her eyes roving Carrie's body. "We more or less know each others tastes by now, so a new member of our little group always gets some attention." She held out a deep golden hand. "Lynn."

"Carrie." She responded, shaking the athletic woman's hand. "Can I get you something - a drink perhaps?" Lynn's smile widened. "Now, there's an intriguing offer. Why don't we find a nice private booth?"

* * * * *

"Well, welcome to Casa De La Lynn."

"Nice " Carrie murmured, letting her eyes sweep through the apartment. Truth be told, she wasn't the least interested in the decor, though she vaguely registered the fact that it was fairly nice.

Lynn had begun subtly pushing Carrie to join her for the evening at her apartment, and before long Carrie had been genuinely interested, the two-hour-minimum being the only thing holding her back. Now that the time had expired, she'd followed the tanned woman the half-block to the apartment building in which she lived.

"So - another drink?" Lynn offered. "I don't have any Gin, but "

"No, thanks - that's all right." Carrie demurred.

Lynn's smile widened. "Well then - why don't you make yourself comfortable?"

Carrie smiled back. Eyeing the toned physique of the other woman suggestively, Carrie went right ahead and made herself comfortable...

..by unbuttoning and removing her vest. The cool air made her shiver slightly, and her nipples immediately reacted, swelling outward. The sensation spoiled the illusion Carrie was trying to maintain - that she was a man again, about to have sex with this tanned blonde fitness goddess - but she was so aroused at this point that the illusion had served its purpose and could be discarded. Right now, she didn't care what gender she was - she was just horny for Lynn's taut body.

"Well, well, well..." Lynn murmured. Smiling, the muscular woman stepped closer, sliding her arms around Carrie's now bare waist, her hands cupping Carrie's spectacular ass.

Carrie let her eyes drift close as they kissed, passionately. Her hand came up, lightly drifting over Lynn's firm, taut ass, then moving up to the edge of the dark navy crop-top the woman wore. Gently, Carrie pulled upwards, breaking the kiss only long enough to slip the top off of Lynn, then returning to the embrace, their breasts pressed together, nipple rubbing against sensitive nipple as, entwined, they slowly, awkwardly made their way towards the bedroom.

Collapsing on the bed, the two women broke their embrace, smiling at each other as hands went to the other's remaining clothing. There was a bit of trouble when Lynn tried to remove Carrie's jeans before removing the boots, and they giggled while fondling each others soft, silky flesh.

Carrie had never felt anything like this before. She was aroused in a way that she'd never even dreamed existed. Not the centered arousal of a man, she was filled with a low, powerful warmth that centered in her crotch - and, to a slightly lesser extent, her nipples - but it also filled her entire body, filling her with a low urgency that was pleasurable in its own right, unlike the uncomfortable 'hydraulic' pressure that would have been the result of a two-hour-long arousal as a man.

Finally naked, the two women kissed once more then positioned themselves on the bed. Having told Lynn of her 'relative inexperience' earlier, Carrie was grateful when the tanned lesbian took the initiative, kissing her way down her body. She paused when she reached Carrie's firm breasts, larger than her own B-cup endowments.

Carrie shuddered with a low moan as Lynn's fingers and lips found her swollen nipples. Sliding her diminutive hands over Lynn's smooth back, Carrie let her head roll back as Lynn manipulated her the way only another woman could. Now her new gender almost became a thing of enjoyment, as Lynn's incredible skill at pleasuring a woman came through loud and clear. Deep in the recesses of Carrie's mind, she realized that when this was all over, and she was male once more, she was going to be an unbeatable lover...

Then Lynn moved further south, and all thought swirled away in time with the woman's talented tongue.

Carrie moaned louder as Lynn's talented tongue and fingers worked in sympathy, driving Carrie closer to the edge of... With a little cry, Lynn flew backwards, practically throwing herself from Carrie, spitting.

Carrie, startled, jerked and pushed herself up on her elbows, her body throbbing with unsatisfied need. "What the...?"

"I... I.. oh, God..." Lynn stammered - then turned and fled from the room. Seconds later, Carrie heard the sound of retching.

Frowning, Carrie sat up, one hand sliding down to the moist warmth of her crotch while the other slid across an engorged nipple. Confusion and lust warred in her mind as she tried to figure out what was happening. She had been so *close*...

Suddenly, Carrie jerked as an odd sensation, centered in her chest, throbbed through her body. Her hands stopped their sensual motions as she gaped down at her firm C-cup tits.

Only, they were now a D-cup - and still growing. Before her amazed eyes, they were slowly swelling outwards, the nipples perched atop the mounds slowly enlarging to keep pace with the burgeoning mass of breast flesh.

Beside the bed, the phone rang. Carrie ignored the first ring, her hands flying to her swelling endowments, trying - in vain - to restrain the implacable growth of the now almost-spherical DDD-cup tits that were pushing against her grip.

The second ring, however, had a completely different effect on her. The sound came in time with a strange wrench in her mind, making it absolutely imperative that she pick up the phone. Awkwardly - trying to compensate for the increasingly top-heavy balance as her tits continued to swell outwards - she pushed herself up the bed and picked up the phone.

"Gary." The word emerged in the same tone usually reserved for a particularly vile curse.

"Of course, My dear." Gary's voice came over the line - only it was more animated than usual, with a slight edge of dark humor to it. "I didn't disturb anything important, did I?"

Since the question about herself was unnecessary - and self explanatory - Carrie hissed the other question. "What did you do to Lynn?"

"Is that the lesbo's name?" Gary asked, indifferently. "I just changed a bit of her orientation - from this point on, she will be absolutely disgusted by any attempt she makes to have sex with a woman, and will be absolutely orgasmic when with a man." He paused. "I didn't alter her actual preference however."

That was cold. Not the coldness of indifference, but a calculated cruelty. Trying to ignore the sensations in her chest, Carrie ground her teeth and spoke into the phone to her tormentor. "What the hell's going on, you... you..."

Gary laughed - an unpleasant sound. "While you've been hanging out at the local gay bar, I took the opportunity to sample many minds of men around here, learning how a human male thinks and integrating it into my psyche for study. I've found some truly interesting 'mental' flavors at the local strip-club. One of which was a fondness for buxom women - extremely buxom women. I'm sure you know what I mean - or soon will." He laughed again, then spoke with dark intensity. "You've had your fun, Carrie. I'm heading home now, and you'd better hope to God that you beat me back, because if you're not waiting for me at home..."

Carrie didn't even bother to listen to the rest of the threat. He'd been to the 'local strip-club' before - once. A real dive, it was a hang-out for bikers, riffraff, criminals - and less savory characters. If it was these male minds that Gary had absorbed for his new personality...

She rose quickly from the bed - and promptly fell over.

Cursing, Carrie struggled upright against the weight of her massive new bust. They'd finally stopped growing - but much, much too late. Thrust from her ribcage was a pair of massive, unrealistic tits. Almost perfectly spherical, they were the size of small beach-balls, but much, much heavier. Topped by enormous, dark nipples, the massive masses of breast flesh must have weight twenty pounds - a piece. Her mind quailed at trying to assign a cup-size to the massive tits, not having ever seen anything to compare them to.

Quickly yanking on her jeans - sans panties - and boots, she staggered and stumbled from the bedroom, her massive new tits swaying and trying to yank her off balance with the new inertia they possessed.

Reaching the living room, she took one look at the vest and new it was a lost cause. There was no way she could stuff her massive tits into the garment. Instead, she grabbed the crop-top. The spandex stretched as she struggled into it, allowing her to get it on - but it barely managed to cover her enormous - and, as she discovered, highly sensitized - nipples. It displayed a vast amount of cleavage, and most of both the top and bottom of her breasts were visible. It was, however, legal - barely.

Struggling to walk - cursing the heels she wore - she swayed, jiggled and bounded out of the apartment, scooping up her purse on the way out.

The half-block walk seemed to take forever. The eyes of every person she passed turned to follow the progress of the impossibly endowed woman down the street - and they blinked at the steady stream of vehement curses that flowed from her full lips as she moved as fast as possible to her car.

Fumbling through her purse for the keys, she finally just dropped the suede bag when she found the keys, ignoring it as she unlocked the door, swinging her ass in and...

...cursing, moving the seat all the way back to allow space between her massive prow and the steering wheel. Turning over the engine, she slammed the car into reverse and laid a trail of rubber out of the lot. Stamping on the brake, she yanked the wheel all the way over and slamming on the clutch and dropping it into drive as the car performed a 180. As the nose aimed in the general direction of the street, she stamped on the gas, ignoring the blare of horns as she shot out onto the street, demolishing two shrubs and a street-sight as she struggled for control.

She didn't just break the speed limit on the way home - she shattered it, then ground the pieces into dust. Dire thoughts of possible punishments for failure continued to plague her as she shifted through the gears, barely touching the brakes as she skidded around the corners. On several, she used the parking break to throw the car into a semi-controlled skid around the sharper turns, stamping on the accelerator even before she was sure the car wasn't simply going to roll.

Perhaps crashing into a ball of lethal fire would be preferable. After all, these huge tits weighing her down and interfering with her driving had been 'granted' *before* any threat of punishment...

Reaching her driveway, Carrie finally used the breaks, screeching to a shuddering, forty-degree off-kilter halt. Not bothering to shift in park and shut off the ignition, the hugely endowed ex-male jumped from the car, barely able to keep from toppling over. She ignored the car slowly rolling towards the backyard as she dashed up the steps, fumbling for the right key.

It took endless seconds to get the key in the lock. Turning the tumblers with enough force to snap the key off when it reached the limit of its movement, she slammed the door open and stepped across the threshold...

...and came to a dead stop.

Gary sat in a kitchen chair in the foyer, an unpleasant grin on his face. "You're late."

The man who was grinning at her so unpleasantly wasn't the same one she'd left. Taller and broader, he was even more massively muscled - and endowed, judging from the enormous bulge in his jeans. His skin had deepened in its tan, and acquired a darker, thicker texture, like that of a man who spent most of his time outdoors. His hair was longer, and a pointed goatee graced his face, making his dark grin nearly Satanic.

Fear metamorphosed into anger as she finally reached the breaking point. It had all become too much - the change in gender being the first, worst shock, but each successive indignity only piling on the humiliation, fear and hate until she finally boiled over.

"You bastard!" Carrie screamed. She advanced on the grinning man, her walk stiff and awkward under the drag and sway of her impossible tits, her glorious green eyes burning with rage. Her long-nailed fingers curved into claws as she reached out to throttle the life from this... this... alien entity. "I'm going to kill you, you sick..."

* * * * *

She was walking to her bedroom.

She felt strange, as if she were walking in a haze. Her mind was dulled, and she couldn't seem to work up any real emotion, other than a very mild curiosity as to what was going on. The past was a blank, a swirling mist that would take more effort to penetrate than she could possibly expend.

She knew, vaguely, that something was wrong. She couldn't recall what exactly it might be, but she had the odd feeling it was connected to the way she was moving, having to walk so very carefully so as not to be over-balanced by the weight dragging at her chest.

It took almost all her will to just look down and ascertain that the drag came from a pair of gigantic tits barely enclosed in a spandex crop-top. Somehow, this seemed wrong, but it was only a minor variation on the fact that - for some reason - her entire body felt wrong, and she just couldn't work up enough interest to dwell on it. Instead, she concentrated on making it to her bedroom, so she could sit on her bed, legs together and hands on her knees as she waited complacently, her mind almost a total blank.

How long she waited, she couldn't tell. Time passed in a gray haze, unimportant and uninteresting. Finally, a tall, massively muscled man entered the room, his face composed and calm.

"It took some work to repair the chaos you left behind on your little joy-ride." The man said in an emotionless voice. "However, as far as the world is concerned, it never happened." He paused. "I also... 'reset' Lynn to her previous... interests. She also has no memory of what happened."

It took her some time to work out what he was saying. However, once the words themselves finally gelled, it still didn't really mean anything to her. It was... unimportant.

The man sat in a chair across from her, and she watched with mild interest as his body rippled and changed slightly. Some of his bulk vanished, as did some of his height. His hair became shorter and his skin softened and paled slightly. The rather rough clothes he wore became a more comfortable jean-and-t-shirt combo as he continued to look at her with interest.

"All in all, an intriguing experience." He said. "Despite your distaste for being a woman, it was not enough for you to try open defiance. Even 'attacking' somebody you'd formed a tentative friendship with only evoked anger, not true rage. The breasts, the threats - only fear and anger and humiliation. It was only *after* you had lost, when it was too late, did you choose open rebellion." His brow quirked. "You humans are strange. I find that taking away your volition like this makes you much less interesting - but easier to deal with."

She listened to his words, understanding some of it, not understanding the rest of it - and unable to worry about either part of it. She merely sat, listening.

"I'm interested - what do you think of your tits right now?" the man asked.

Asked a direct question, she found she didn't have the will to refuse to answer. It did take a moment, however, to formulate a response. "They're big." She said, dully. "Heavy."

"I would think so." The man said. Reaching under the chair, he produced a couple of magazines and tossed them to the bed beside her. "Much, much larger than the ones in here - I wanted to make a point. Why don't you take a look through those magazines?"

Numbly, she did what she was told. They were full of pictures of naked women with slender bodies, smaller breasts and more attractive features. After carefully scrutinizing each page, she lay them aside and waited.

"So - which woman has breasts that you would consider being the absolutely perfect?"

She considered the question for along moment, then opened the magazine and pointed out one of them.

The man's eyebrow rose, then she felt a tingling sensation in her chest. She slowly let her gaze drop to the massive expanse of breast displayed by the top she wore, and watched incuriously as they slowly shrank to about the size they'd been originally - or maybe a bit smaller. Full, firm, slightly large B-cups, perhaps, but shapely and perky.

"Undress and go look in the mirror, Carrie." The man commanded.

She slowly rose and stripped mechanically. Slowly, what the man had called her percolated through her mind, and although something seemed wrong, she decided it must be her name - or, at least, what she was going to answer to. In any case, it wasn't really a matter of interest to her.

Now completely nude, she walked to stand in front of the mirror - which hadn't been there before, not that it mattered.

The reflection showed a tallish woman with a slim figure. Her long, well-contoured legs were joined by womanly hips that supported a tear-drop shaped ass at the top, and terminated in dainty feet at the bottom. Her face was attractive, with full lips and a pert nose, but it was dominated by her emerald-green eyes, offset by the mass of dark hair that surmounted her face. Somewhere in the back of her mind, Carrie realized she was quite attractive and sexy - and also, the fact that it was vaguely disconcerting for some reason.

"What do you think of your height, Carrie?" The man asked. "Too tall for perfection? Too short? Just right?"

She considered the question. From somewhere in her mind came the realization that - for some reason - she'd view a shorter woman as being more attractive. She said so.

Quickly she began to shrink, losing a few inches in an equal number of seconds until she stood about five-one or so. "Your legs? Are they okay?" The man asked.

At her reply, her legs remained the same, as did her ass, hips and waist. However, prompted by the man, her face altered slightly, the lips becoming slightly fuller, the cheek-bones more pronounced, and the chin coming to a rounded point. Her neck became longer, more slender, while her shoulders narrowed and her arms gained a little more definition without gaining more muscle.

"Perfect." The man said. "Now, we're almost finished. All you have to do now is concentrate a bit. I want you to..."

* * * * *

The world shifted.

For one second, there was only blackness, a complete absence of everything. In that eternal instant, memory flooded back, allowing Gary/Carrie to remember everything, to feel the emotions surge through him/her in sequence, to allow him/her to catch up with what had happened in the daze, what had been altered, everything except the few seconds immediately before this... limbo.

Then the world snapped back into existence.

The first thing she was aware of was her mind. It was her own - Gary's - mind, untainted by any interference. Even the 'grafted' parts were gone - although, having used the skills in those grafted parts, they were now part of her 'own' mind, just as using any skill would have become.

The next thing she was aware of was her body - the same sexy, 'perfect' body that she'd been 'given' as the 'perfect' Carrie. She was stark naked.

Then lastly, her surroundings registered, and she found herself in what appeared to be some sort of dressing room. Sitting on the make-up table was a micro-cassette recorder, taped to which was a piece of paper that said, simple enough, 'PLAY ME'.

Carrie looked around for possible threats or exits. There was nothing immediately worrisome - except for the fact she was still female, and in a situation she knew nothing about - and the only exit was a closed door. Before she opened the door, she turned back to the make up table and picked up the tape recorder. Peeling off the tape, she pressed the 'Play' button.

Gary's voice emerged from the machine.

'Carrie, this is the final test in my study of you as a human being. After this, there will be no more interference whatsoever in your life, except for the appropriate changes to accommodate whatever choice you may pick in the next little while.'

'When you leave the dressing room, you will find yourself in a short hallway. Down one branch lies an exit. If you go through this exit, you will be returned to your own home, and you will be in the 'idealized' male body I have created. You will be able to pick up your life where you left off - and I shall even 'erase' all memory of the 'indignities' you have suffered.'

'However, if you choose this option exactly one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-two people you have never met will die slow, horrible deaths, many years before their time. You will not know that you are responsible, as you will have no memory of this.'

'Your other alternative is to go in the other direction. There, I will be waiting. I will have a 'fantasy' for you to act out that will - at maximum - last exactly one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-two seconds. For each second you successfully managed to 'act out' the fantasy, one person will be spared this fate. However, once you have chosen this route, the fantasy will slowly, gradually alter your mind and body as you 'play along'. No matter when you 'quit', whatever has been done to you will remain - and form the basis of your new life.

'Take as long as you need to decide and - if necessary - prepare for the fantasy.'

Carrie stared at the recorder with a look of purest horror. She'd known that the alien entity didn't really view humanity as 'real people' - but this?

More, it was all resting on her shoulders. The decision was impossible. If she left, she'd never know what she'd done - but before she could leave she'd have to accept those death, and make herself walk down the corridor and out the door. Once through, she'd be free - but could she make it through the door, or would guilt crush her....

...into the other impossible choice. Be left as a woman for the rest of her life? The type of woman whose personality would be defined by what she did and how she acted?

Could she live with that? Could she live with the other? Where was the 'out', the silver lining, the prize for doing it right?

There wasn't one, she knew - that was the purpose of the test. To determine whether she would place herself above those people - who she didn't even know.

But...

But...

Slumping to the chair, Carrie stared off into the distance, mind awl. But no matter how much she wanted to avoid answering the question, she knew that there was really only one thing she could do.

Squaring her narrow shoulders, Carrie opened the door to the dressing room. Taking only a swift glance at the door clearly marked 'exit', she turned and headed in the opposite direction.

Stepping through the curtain that blocked the doorway, she found herself in a large, dark space. It was impossible to judge how large the area actually was, but it was certainly as big as the high-school gym, and could be considerably larger.

The blackness was broken by two things. One was red numerals that seemed to float about twenty feet up in the air, displaying the number of seconds - and lives.

The other was a narrow pool of light that revealed the alien Gary, reclining in a chair, looking at her with that cool expression that she'd come to loathe. Then, suddenly, his expression changed, to one that seemed warm and welcoming. At the exact same instant, the numbers on the 'tally board' began to roll backwards.

"Ah, Carrie - there you are!" Gary said, warmly - and, at the same time, she felt something happening. She looked down at watched as clothing began to appear on her body.

Within seconds, she was dressed in a rather severe business suit with a knee-length skirt. She was wearing glasses, and her hair was done up tightly in a bun. Her viewpoint shifted slightly as she rose up atop blocky shoes with one-and-a-half inch heels. Even as the clothes formed around her, Carrie knew that if she quit, right this second, this would be the type of clothing she would 'prefer' from now on.

As the clothing finished coming into existence, the darkness faded around her, the empty space forming itself into something else - a room. A large room full of...

...books?

She was, apparently, in a library. And, judging from the clothing she wore, she was the librarian. That made it fairly obvious what life would be hers if she quit now...

...leaving thousands to die terrible deaths.

Taking a deep breath, she took the barest instant to think. So far, these decisions had been out of her hands - but however she acted would form her new personality, so she had to be careful - but not too careful or hesitant, or she would be in default to the game.

"Did you expect me to be somewhere else?" She finally chose, in a somewhat sarcastic tone. With a somewhat stiff stride, she walked to the librarian's desk and went around behind it, not yet sure what the 'game' she was playing was.

Gary laughed. "No, the only place to find you is with your beloved books, my dear." Rising from the chair - which had changed, becoming a leather one at a long reading table, he approached her, coming around behind the desk. Standing next to her, he slid one hand across the stiff fabric covering her shapely ass, while moving his lips towards hers...

She pushed him back. Surprise registered on his face, and she could feel the game trembling right on the ragged edge - but she had to play for time - and lives.

Of course, she also had to work up the nerve she'd need...

Before he could declare the game, she smiled coyly but correctly. "Not here, Gary." She said in a low voice. "Follow me."

She moved off into the stacks, and after a moment he followed, mild amusement on his face. She'd already figured out one crucial detail, and was going to play it to the hilt.

He really didn't care if he won or lost. He wouldn't cheat, he wouldn't rush her too much, he wouldn't try anything other than his original plan, modified by her responses. Because he wasn't evil, or a psychopath. Only now had she realized that - he was indifferent, emotionally uninvolved - he was only looking to see what her response was, to run the test for the data he wanted. He would do nothing to skew the data, and as long as she stayed within the boundaries of the test, she had some degree of control.

She was going to milk it for all it was worth, slowing the changes that were going to occur, fighting for the best possible outcome for herself - after saving those lives.

Stopping at the 'Romance' section, she picked a book off the shelf, praying that they would be more than simple, blank props. With a hidden sigh of relief, she looked at the printing inside as she opened the pages.

Gary - 'out of character' - was obviously intrigued by her gambit, allowing her a chance...

...if she didn't stretch it too far.

Picking a section, Carrie mustered all her courage - and began to read.

"Her bosom heaved as Roland approached, and she looked away, her face flushing..." She read - then, forcing herself to breath heavily, she glanced at him, then looked away...

Gary caught on immediately. Smiling, he began to approach her.

"Her eyes returned to his as she felt his strong arms encircle her, touching her soft, milky thigh on one side and her slender waist on the other." Carrie forced herself to inject a note of 'arousal' in her voice as he suited action to words. Wanting nothing more than to delay further, she forced herself to read on, hating/enjoying Gary's hands on her body.

"One strong hand slid around her womanly hips to slide across firm, forbidden flesh, and she tried to bring herself to demand he halt - but could not. Gently, he drew her to his manly breast..."

She was pulled tightly to Gary as he continued to fondle her ass with his hand. Unwanted shivers of pleasure ran through her body at his touch, and her slight moan of pleasure wasn't nearly as feigned as she would have liked. In the same instant, the enjoyment of that touch became a permanent fixture of her slowly altering psyche - as did a fondness for romantic novels. No matter how careful she was, her mind was slowly conforming to her actions and choices, and that fact was made worse by the knowledge that it was happening - and that it was here who was deciding what would be part of her new personality.

But she would not - could not - give up now.

"...and their lips met." She finished the paragraph, forcing her voice into a passionate whisper - and let the book fall from her fingers as she embraced him. She couldn't let her hesitation or disgust kill thousands, so she acted before she could think - closing her eyes and kissing Gary with all the hungry passion she could manage - and thus, imbedding forever in her psyche a pleasure in kissing, a desire to kiss and be kissed, as she was doing now.

But the sting of that fact was lessened by the sense of victory - for, by her actions, she'd managed to limit that desire to it being initiated by *her* - not by responding to any man who wished to kiss her.

A small victory, perhaps - but she'd have to take any victory she could get.

Then, even as she found herself actually enjoying the kiss, her altered psyche ensuring that it was intensely pleasurable to her... the room faded, and Gary seemed to turn to mist in her increasingly 'real' embrace, and he slid away from her.

She was disgusted by the pang she felt as she 'escaped'/'lost' his warm embrace and passionate lip-lock.

Then she felt a strange writhing sensation run through her body. A pressure in her chest prompted her to look down, and she watched - with rising dismay - as her bust swelled outwards, coming to rest when her breasts were firm, round DD-cups. Meanwhile, her clothes began to change, seeming to run - as if wet paint - before re-solidifying in a new configuration.

Then the room faded in on her.

She was seated at a desk. Although she was wearing 'business' attire, it was a lot less conservative. A fairly short, off-white skirt revealed much of her spectacular legs, clad in dark nylons. A silk wrap-around blouse in white covered her new assets - barely - and what the low neckline didn't reveal would be more than hinted at if she removed the cream-colored blazer that covered them.

"Miss Douglas, will come in here for a moment?" Gary's voice came though the intercom, tinny but clear. Taking a second to figure out how, Gary responded in the affirmative, even as she registered the changes in her psyche - including 'flaunting' her body in nice - but naughty - clothing.

Rising to her feet - clad in off-white pumps with three inch heels - she headed toward the doors she assumed led to the office.

At the last second, she remembered to put a little more sway into her step than her 'librarian' persona had used - thus embedding her new walk in her mind.

Closing the door behind she, she forced a polite 'company' smile at Gary, who sat behind a desk at the far end of the room. "You wanted to see me, sir?"

Gary smile lewdly. "Yes, I wanted to see you, Miss Douglas. Quite a bit more of you."

Well, that more or less defined this section. In the distance - beyond Gary, hanging above the skyline of the city - the numbers continued to roll backwards, and Carrie had to think very, very quickly to find the best solution to this one.

She smiled. A 'happy' smile - if a bit forced. "Naughty boy -you know we should really wait until I quit next week, so that our engagement can be open. People still frown upon bosses fooling around with secretaries, you know."

And with those words, she defined the 'scenario' - she wasn't a trampy secretary, but a secretly engaged woman who was making her husband-to-be happy. Which gave her a lot more latitude.

With the same smile, she shrugged out of the blazer and dropped it on the couch. Slowly, she ran her hands up her own body, ending up with her barely-concealed breasts, cupping her endowments as she slowly squeezed her rapidly swelling nipples through the translucent fabric.

Forcing a giggle, Carrie continued to define her persona. "You know the girls in the pool are all wondering what happened to 'shy little Carrie'. I think they'll be able to figure it out once we announce our engagement, don't you?"

"If not, they should be fired for incompetence..." Gary said agreeably, willing to play along.

Having bought all the time she dared at his point, Carrie undid the fastener on the blouse and - as slowly as she dared - unwrapped it, allowing her firm, perfect breasts into full view - and, thankfully, defining herself as a woman who enjoyed showing herself off - to her lover.

Dropping the blouse, she also stepped - slowly - out of her skirt. Forcing herself to keep the same, seductive smile, she moved slowly forward, her slender hands fondling her own body as she approached Gary.

This part of the act was disgusting to Carrie, the playing at the exhibitionist - and having it imbedded in her mind. But, somehow, it was more disgusting to her that she was genuinely eager to reach Gary and settle into his lap so she could kiss and be kiss - that part having already been altered and fixed in her mind, making her desire it even as she was disgusted by it.

So, it was with decidedly mixed feelings that she reached him. She had to actually force herself to continue her play for time, so eager was she - and she hated that.

Still, her discipline one out, and she bought a few more crucial seconds by placing one long, sexy leg on his chair and slowly, sensually peeling off her nylon, her panty-clad crotch close to Gary face. A few more long, necessary seconds were consumed as she repeated the action with the second leg, then she had-to/finally-got-to lower her firm ass onto his lap and claim a deep, hungry kiss from him.

He took the time to also fondle her enlarge breasts as they kissed, and she moaned softly, low in her throat, at the pleasure of his touch across her swollen nipples - and hating the fact that she would now enjoy having her breasts fondled and touched in the future.

Even as she was beginning to - grudgingly - enjoy her position in his lap, being fondle while half-nude, the scenario once more faded, leaving her in a sort of limbo.

As she'd feared, she again felt the pressure in her chest as he breasts once more swelled outwards, filing out to firm, spherical EEE- cup, and tipped by large, dark nipples. Even as she looked with wry acceptance at her expanded bust-line, she felt the clothing - and world - reforming around her...

Carrie felt a brief instant of panic as she realized that Gary was stepping up the pace of the experiment - and for a terrible second, she drew a complete and utter blank.

They were in a cheap motel room. Bright red light spilled from a neon sign outside the window. She was standing beside the bed, dressed in the unmistakable outfit of a 'working girl' - tight black leather skirt, fishnet stockings, bright-red crop top and bright red shoes with five inch stiletto heels. Gary, standing just inside the closed door of the hotel room, was looking at her with undisguised lust.

Then, in that instant of despair, when she thought she couldn't go on, that she'd have to quit before she either refused to continue - or did continue, locking her mentality into the scenario in which she was trapped - she found the out she needed.

"I can't believe we're doing this." She 'giggled'. "What?" Gary asked, slightly taken aback.

"I feel so silly dressed up like this." Carrie said, forcing herself to continue on, knowing what was going to happen soon. "But, when you're married to a Ensign in the U.S. Navy, you have to make sure you his twelve-hour liberty in San Francisco is... memorable." Then using every ounce of willpower in her mind, she forced herself to 'get in the role'. "So, sailor - come here often?"

Gary leered at her. "No - but I hope to cum here soon." He approached her, pulling his shirt off as he came, then his hands were reaching for her and she was eternally grateful that the role of 'hooker' meant she didn't have to make her smile look genuine.

Pulling off the crop top, he began - rather roughly - to fondle her tits, pulling at the nipples while her hands reached for his fly.

Knowing that she had to protect her psyche, Carrie put all her effort into making the sound of her 'passion' as artificial as possible - despite the fact that, rough as he was, some of Gary's touch was bringing pleasure. But her effort to make her sound less the realistic paid off - for, instead of her mind altering to 'enjoy' rough fondling, it merely made the minor change that she'd allow rough handling, in certain - and very limited - circumstances.

Plus, the fact she had to concentrate on perfection for that sound allowed her to slip his pants and underwear down without really thinking about it.

However, when her yanked off her skirt - revealing a bare cunt - that wasn't possible, and it took all she had not to just push him away, and lose the 'game'.

Instead, she forced herself to remember the 'role within a role' she was playing, and whisper in Gary's ear "careful, darling." Then he was pushing her back in the bed, his hands on her body.

There was no finesse in his acts, and there wasn't intended to be. His original set-up was a John using a hooker, and that's how he was playing it - it was up to her to preserve as much of her persona as possible. So, when he used his weight to push her legs apart and penetrate her, she felt both pain and pleasure from his rough entry.

The pain she'd sort of braced herself for - but the pleasure was surprisingly strong, and she almost lost her hold on her persona when it hit her. He began to fuck her - there was no other word for the act - with long, deep, fast strokes, pounding into her with energy, but little technique. Despite that, waves of pleasure rolled through her as she gasped at the sensations, disgusted at the sensation of being filled by a hot, hard cock, and at the way her cunt instantly became wet and hot, 'eager' for him.

The intense sensations continued to build, and only one thought kept Carrie on the ragged edge of control... This wasn't that bad.

As odd as it may seem, she didn't have that much trouble dealing with the fact that she was being fucked by a man. She knew - no matter how much she wished it was otherwise - that she was forever trapped in the body of a woman. Sex, as she'd once known it, was no longer an option. Even if she'd been mentally unaltered, and allowed to become a lesbian, she would have had to deal with having a cunt. In the body of a woman, vaginal sex wasn't as degrading as it could be, since it didn't have a 'homosexual equivalent' if she'd still been male.

But she couldn't/didn't want to/wasn't going to just 'give in' to the sex that was occurring.

"Honey - I know it's been six months..." She gasped, fighting both the ecstasy she was feeling and the emotions fighting in her mind. With those words, her psyche was safe from becoming 'cheap and easy' - at least for now.

Which meant that she could stop having to fight, to concentrate desperately on her 'play-acting' - and instead, surrender to the sensations that were coming through her body.

Wave after wave of pleasure continued to build, and she moaned, low and deep and - as much as she hated to admit it - honestly. She'd never experienced anything quite like this, not even masturbating, despite the fact that it was fast and hard.

Then she shuddered as her orgasm hit in time with Gary's.

She screamed, loudly, as intense pleasure rocked her body. Deep inside, she screamed in another way as her personality was forever altered, guaranteeing that she would be sexually attracted to men forever after, desiring sex in the future...

But, thank god, not necessarily sex like this. Her resistance had allowed her psyche to remember this as 'unsatisfactory' sex - not something to be sought, and only barely to be tolerated. It wasn't much, but if she was going to seek out sex in the future, at least she'd be seeking out really, really good sex.

Then, even as Gary rolled off of her and she began to ride the afterglow down from her first post-coital interlude, the world once more faded away.

An instant before anything else changed, she got a glance at the numbers rolling backwards, and a surge of hope rolled through her. She'd managed to delay things long enough that she was nearing the end of the test. Whatever happened, this would be the last segment that could happen. If she could just get through this - and do it without sacrificing her persona too much - then there was still some small measure of hope.

Gary was pushing her harder. Knowing that he wouldn't get to run all the segments he had wished to - for instance, anal intercourse, incest or bestiality - he was going to 'force the issue' on this last game, to see where her breaking point might be.

This time there was no warning, no time to adapt - she just appeared in a new setting, altered and dressed.

She barely had time to register anything - other than there was something different about her - when Gary started the scenario.

He was sitting on the bench of what appeared to be a locker room. He was also much younger than before - perhaps nineteen or twenty. He was dressed in jeans and a football jersey that stretched over massive musculature...

...and, jutting from the open crotch of his jeans was the most massive cock that it had ever been the misfortune of Carrie to see. "Well, Carrie - you said you were going to show me how an expert sucked cock." Gary said with a grin - waiting....

With no time to adjust, with no time to plan, Carrie only knew one thing at that instant - she couldn't give up. No matter the cost to her, she had to play the game to the finish.

Mentally crossing her fingers, she jumped in with both feet even as she fought the bile that wanted to rise in her throat at the thought. "Of course, stud-muffin." She said. "And the first step is 'the tease'."

Having bought herself an instant with that line, she took stock.

She was naked. Not a stick of clothing covered her body, denying her any 'reference' to plausibly start her persona from - whatever she went with would have to be whole-cloth, spun out of thin air as she went along.

She was younger. About the same age as Gary, or a little younger.

And her tits were huge - massive, firm boobs the size of medicine balls, topped with massive nipples as big as the necks of beer-bottles.

Then the instant she'd bought herself was gone and she had to play the game with no plan, nothing but instinct and her wits to guide her while she fought off the disgust and hate she felt.

She approached Gary, forcing her full, soft lips into a sensual smile as she neared him. With each step, her huge new tits jiggled and swayed.

"God, I love your tits, Kerri." Gary said with a grin, alerting Kerri to her altered name. "You must love having tits like those." It was a forcing bid - whatever she said would decide how she would view her tits in her new life.

However, since she was going to be stuck with them...

She smiled - and this time it was genuine, since she was actually amused at the thought that had occurred to her - Gary didn't understand. Since she was going to 'loose' anyway - from the point of view that she was going to be stuck in this form - then she wasn't going to fight this particular 'bid'. She was just going to pick how she wanted it to go.

"Most people's genetic 'defects' are awful" She said with that grin. "I'm so very happy that mine was having these huge, unbelievably sensitive tits! Even having to keep them 'hidden' most of the time is okay, since the touch of clothing on them makes me feel so good "

Boom - the point was hers. In an instant she'd guaranteed that she wouldn't mind wearing almost any clothing over them - and, since her psyche already 'liked' having her tits fondled, making that act even more enjoyable for her was another victory. She added 'insult to injury' by fondling her enormous new tits, and was rewarded with an incredible burst of pleasure as reality altered to match her words.

Then a thought struck her...

"Of course, the fact that my cunt, lips and tongue are *also* hyper-sensitive doesn't hurt either "

If she was going to have to do it in the future, she might as well find it extremely pleasurable, physically.

Knelling in front of Gary, she eyed the massive cock with hidden revulsion - and surreptitiously glanced at the clock. This was it - crunch time.

Having no choice now - or rather a choice she simply refused to consider - she leaned forward, opened her sexy lips - and slid her mouth over his massive shaft.

It was a struggle to maintain control. It took every ounce of willpower in her hyper-feminine body as she forced herself to act like this is exactly what she wanted to do - suck a guy's massive cock.

Expertly.

She put everything she'd ever learned from being on the receiving end into the act. Lips, mouth, tongue, fingers - and a touch of suction

- all played their part as she bobbed her head up and down on that massive shaft, telling herself desperately that she *must not* vomit! When his incredibly thick stream of warm, salty cum started gushing down her throat, however, it was a very close thing.

He seemed to cum forever, most of it gushing down a throat she forced to stay open with sheer willpower. Some of it, however, leaked out the edges of her mouth to splatter down on her massive, hyper-sensitive tits.

When he finally finished coming, she pulled her mouth away from his cock with a wet 'plop'. A look at the clock told her she had only seconds left, and those seconds were all she had to implement the most important part of the plan that had occurred to her...

* * * * *

Lounging on the quadrangle outside the library, John glanced around at the sound of high-heels on pavement - the surreptitiously nudged his friend, Dave.

"Psst, look" John whispered. "It's Kerri Douglas."

Both young men openly started as the incredible, dark-haired girl passed them. Her incredible tits jiggled and swayed hypnotically under the fuzzy pink sweater she wore, and beneath the hem of her short, white shirt her long, sexy legs moved seductively. The shoes she wore, with the five-inch heels, did amazing things for both her stride, and her already mind-boggling ass.

"God, I'd love to fuck her " Dave muttered, his eyes not wanting to leave the 19 year old sex-goddess.

John snorted. "You wish. We aren't even close to what she demands in a man. Besides, I heard that she's so unbelievably incredible in bed that if you're not an athlete it might kill you."

"I believe it." Dave said. "Holy fucking shit - gorgeous, rich, a certified genius, with no parents to boss her around - and she fuckin' owns half the collage. She's, like, the perfect girl, ya know?"

'Enjoying' the stares of the men around her - she really had no choice in the matter, thanks to her altered psyche - Kerri could take comfort in three things.

First, the fact that her last change had given her a longer life, and a second shot at youth. Second, that she'd safely guaranteed her enjoyment of the sex she was 'forced' to have.

And third, that she'd had just enough time to 'congratulate' Gary on 'graduating' - the only reason why the 'richest, smartest and most admired girl in the state would stoop to a 'gratuitous' blow-job without having had lengthy, dedicated pleasure for herself first '.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A curse from the past finds its way to haunt the present in this "Barbie Gone Bad" story.

Family Legacy

By Gunslinger

Hamptonshire Keep Northhamptonshire, England *The Year of our Lord, 1502*

Her once fine silk dress in tattered disarray, Lady Charlemaine still managed an air of dignity and nobility around herself as she gazed out the bared window and into the moonlit depths of the Northhamptonshire Moors, what little of it she could see through the thick fog rolling in from the English Channel.

"Enjoying your stay in Northhamptonshire, Ma'am?"

Her captor, his voice laced with thick, ugly humor. His words and dialect were of the low-born: '*Ajoiin' yer stay in Nor'amponshur, Mum?*' Her reply was sharp, quick, coolly sarcastic, her diction perfect, her phrasing 'just-so': "I fear *not*, Master Smith."

The statement was followed by a lady-like snort from her narrow, high-turned nose, her usually pale cheek burning with rage as she regally turned her narrow, sculpted face away.

Allein the Smith's heavy, fire-singed eyebrows sank lower over his deep-set eyes, his leathery face scrunching in on itself as his massive, bulky body straightened in unconscious threat, hamhock-sized fists clenching tightly.

"Oh, so yer Ladyship's bein' all refined and courtly again, is she? Wot, jus' like she was when she first rode into town like she was the queen o' the world, wantin' her horses shod right-way and be right glad to take whatever she consents to pay ye for slavin' away all day." The black-smith's voice was dripping with sarcastic glee, because he knew the punch-line of this horrid little joke - and so did she.

Which was why his heavy, smoke-roughened voice dripped with glee as he taunted her. "Yer Ladyship weren't nearly so refined last night, now was she? No, sir, she were right forward, what with me bein' a widower twice her age, and just havin' buried my second wife. You just strut right into the pub, bold as brass, and in front of all them fine folk, and me own son to boot, ripped your clothes off and begged me to be putting the iron to the fire, and thank ye very much."

His gnarled face forced itself into a look of stunned innocence, as fake as a wooden ha'pence. When he went on, his voice was as if honeyed.

"On account o' your evil eye, I was helpless to do but what I was bid, doing things with you - to you - that my simple mind could not have even imagined before. You begged, and I obeyed, yer Ladyship..."

His feigned innocent dropped away, and his true nature shone out as he laughed, cruelly.

"That lust-potion to Old Woman o' the Woods sold me did all she said it would, aye - an' more! Best gold Sovereign I e'er spent, say I, and so I'll say forever. Yer a fine tumble-and-slap, me fine wench."

She screeched, then, whirling and diving forward. Her long, slender arms lanced out, darting between the thick iron bars of her cell as she tried to scratch her tormentor's eyes out.

" 'Ere, now, none 'o that..." Allein growled, roughly, slapping her hands away with muscular ease. That ugly smile rose again. "That's no way to treat yer 'usband, m'lady."

She recoiled, as one would from a sudden, vulgar stench. "I will never marry you, Master Smith!" "Ye best reconsider, mum - it's me or the flames."

His voice wasn't even the least bit apologetic.

"Then I take the flames, Master Smith!" She declared, whirling in him imperiously, slender finger extended. "But first I curse ye..."

He laughed. His huge, scorched arms clasped across his broad belly, thick fingers gripping his leather smock as he rolled his head back and roared with laughter.

She stumbled to a stop, mid-tirade, mouth tightening primly.

"Go right 'ead and curse me if it pleases yer Ladyship..." Allein guffawed. "The Old Woman also sold me a warding, for me an' my get, and my get's get after them. So curse 'way all ye like, yer Ladyship - and it won't do ye one drop o' good..."

Still chortling, the black-smith turned and stomped to the heavy oak door set in the stone wall, one meaty fist thudding on the iron-bound surface to get the gaoler's attention.

Moments later, his heavy footsteps thundered away down the oak stairs that circled down the keep's height, leaving her alone with her fears and hates, her hopes and her despair...

...her raging, uncontrollable urge for vengeance.

Her dark eyes blazing in the candlelight, Lady Charlemaine looked upwards, her hands rising outwards as she implored the dark forces that her Druidic heritage gave contact to.

"Give me my vengeance!" She hissed, eyes flashing. "If not on him, nor his get, nor theirs, then down the bloodline, five hundred years hence, when the bloodline will be so thinned as to be unprotected. Those distant offspring of that vile man, as yet unborn, shall take my vengeance, through you. As I have fallen, so shall they. They shall find change in fortune, change in position - and they will be forced to endure some of that which was forced unto me. I implore thee, carry this, my vengeance, until that day, giving it onto only the males of that yet unborn generation..." Her voice rose in pitch and volume as, outside, thunder ripped and crashed through towering dark clouds that were rising much, much to fast.

"Grant me this boon, Dark Gods of my Forefathers!" She thundered. "Take my life, now, for your amusement. Take my life, as payment for wreaking my vengeance on the male children of a generation as yet unborn! Take me - but forget not the geis I lay upon thee...!"

The last of this came out in the spittle-flecked shriek of a mad-woman, the high-pitched scream echoing out through barred windows and into the now storm-tossed night, ripping out with such force that even wind, rain and thunder could not obscure it from the blacksmith, huddled in the stone-arched doorway and begging for re-admittance against the rising tempest.

As the shriek pierced the storm, the hugely-muscled man stopped his heavy, frantic pounding on the door and looked up, grizzled gray hair flapping around his face as he stared at the top of the tower, far above...

...just as the bolt of lightning slammed through the thatched-roof tower, setting the roofing aflame even as the massive, uneven stones of the tower ripped apart, thrown directly upwards and outwards, into the ravening wind...

...and then came crashing down through the wind-torn night, slamming downwards and gouging heavily into the ground, shattering stone pathways and killing any living thing that happened to be there.

Not Allein the black-smith. Though blocks fell all about him, none landed on him.

Closing his eyes and promising to deliver a new caldron to the Woman of the Woods, the Smith brushed some dust off his tunic and smock, squaring his beefy shoulders as he began to stride towards home, already working out the very best way to tell this little tale down at the pub...

He paused, heavy brows narrowing, and he glanced over his shoulder at the ruined tower, flaming fragments of thatching lighting the lowering sky.

On second thought, the smith decided he'd keep this one to himself. No need to start rumors that the boys might hear, and then think less of their dear old dad because of it.

That decided, the black-smith dashed for the safety of his cottage before the full fury of the storm could catch up with him.

* * * * *

Pomona Freeway California, USA

Today

Bradley Carter-Smythe nearly died at 1:22 in the afternoon.

He'd been roughly midway between Montebello and Pomona, 'stretching the legs' on his brand new Mercedes, a 21st birthday present to himself from his father's trust fund. He'd had the gleaming back SSK up to seventy-five and was just putting the hammer down when his entire body had suddenly been his with an icy blast of cold that had seemed to send every muscle in his lean, sinewy body into spasmodic twitching.

Sweat quickly matted his wheat-blond hair as he struggled for control - not of the car so much as himself, since it was his own spasmodic actions that was causing the car to veer and swerve all over the (Thank God!) fairly empty freeway, his twitching feet alternately causing the engine to roar and mutter, the nose of the car dipping and swaying as he fought for control...

...and then the steering wheel went dead in his hands.

"Whu..at.. de... fu..ug..ck..?" Brad stammered out, sounding like a drooling idiot as his facial muscles defied him as much as the other muscles in his body. He was under marginal control of himself - but it didn't seem to help, since the car had become a dead thing around him, the engine's scream dying away as the car began to decelerate rapidly, gliding straight towards the shoulder even as the...

...metal grew transparent ?!

Even as his mind finally began to register the fact that the car seemed to be growing hazy, somehow, the car reached the graveled shoulder, barely crawling along...

...then Brad stumbled, barely managing to get his feet under him as the car, quite simply, vanished.

His recovery had been automatic, a lifetime of fairly good reflexes coming to his aid even as his body continued to tremble slightly - but of the car, there was no sign. It was as if it had been made of fog that had dissipated under the heat of the summer sun.

"Whatthe fuck ?" Brad asked, aloud, forcing his still-trembling tongue and lips to form the words clearly and angrily as he stood on the side of the road, an athletically built young man in tan chinos and a off-white silk shirt, his handsome face wreathed in much more annoyance and anger than fear and confusion. With his wealthy and privileged background, Brad simply wasn't used to situations he couldn't handle through influence or money - so he was less puzzled than simply royally pissed...

"Goddamn - I didn't even put a thousand miles on the damned thing!" Brad swore, bitterly, looking up and down the freeway in seething anger at having 'lost' his car, the *inconvenience* of it all more important to him than the strange nature of it's occurrence.

The whole thing happened in broad daylight, on a highway that wasn't exactly deserted - yet nobody seemed to have noticed anything strange about what had just happened. At least, none of them seem the least bit inclined to help the wheat-blond young man on the gravel shoulder.

Muttering to himself, Brad reached into his shirt pocket for his tiny Motorola cell phone...

...then, his face becoming thunderous, he began to pat around his body.

"Shit!" Brad swore, kicking at an inoffensive pile of gravel with the toe of his Italian leather loafers. Now really pissed, he looked up and down the highway again - this time, not focusing on the traffic, but considering distances...

"Aw, fuck it..." Brad swore, looking around. On the dirt-and-low-scrub hill that rose rather steeply from the shoulder of the highway, a rather large, modern, glass-and-white-plaster home was barely visible on it's crest, the large south-ward facing windows throwing off sharp highlights in the early afternoon sun.

Shaking his head in annoyance, Brad turned and walked up to the dusty, pebble-strewn base of the slope, idly kicking loose scree about as he eyes the slope with a look of resigned annoyance.

Giving his head a quick shake, Brad pushed aside his annoyance at the inconvenience of it all, and leaned into the hill as he began to climb it, his eyes focused on a spot about four inches in front of his toes as he carefully avoided loose gravel and sand, occasionally finding a short, sparse shrub to help pull himself up with.

The shrubs weren't quite as sturdy as they looked, their sparsely-vegetated branches supported by a very shallow - and, currently, very dry - root system.

One of the ones he grabbed onto for support gave way, and he wheeled backwards, his slender, longish-nailed hand instinctively releasing the bush so that he could wind-mill his arms for balance.

For a second, Brad was sure he was going to fall - and then he leaned forward just a little bit more, and felt himself regain his balance. He glanced down and verified the fact that, yes, the soles of his black size nine pumps were firmly ground into the hillside, the six-inch high tapered heels dangling in midair and *what the... "fuck...?!"*

He blinked, looking again, and the feminine footwear still enclosed his feet.

He hadn't even been aware of the fact he'd altered his climbing technique to account for the heels he now wore - and did so with such practiced skill and grace, that the climb had actually become a bit easier. If it hadn't been for the added skill he seemed to have somehow acquired when it came to moving around in very high-heeled shoes, he would never have regained his balance after the shrub unexpectedly let go.

Brad gaped down at the shoes, which were not only feminine, high-heeled, and glossy black - but *cheap*, made from patent leather rather than the real stuff...

It took him a second to realize that his first thought should have been to step out of the shoes - yet, the thought hadn't occurred to him when it should have, and now that it had, he found himself strangely reluctant to take the shoes off...

Oh, well - that was just his common sense telling hi he couldn't very well climb up the rock-strewn slope in his bare feet. In fact, the heels actually seemed to make the climb a bit easier.

He'd leave them on until he got to the top of the hill, he decided, then let the matter slip from his mind as he bent to the task of climbing, unaware of how odd it was for him to let the strange matter go by the mental wayside so easily.

With his mind just sort of focused on getting up the hill, he didn't really think much of anything - and he noticed even less, at least until he reached the top of the hill, crossing a short patch of dusty ground to the sharply-defined edge of the rich, green lawn that surrounded the house. Only then did he take a deep breath, stretching his bare arms above him and looking up towards the coral-blue sky as he let his breathing and heart-rate return to normal...

...and spent several seconds staring at his arms and hands before he realized something was strange.

His arms were thinner than they should have been. Not only that, but his hands and fingers were smaller, daintier than they should have been, and each more-slender finger was tipped by a longish nail, colored a faint semi-translucent red.

He stared at his arm in a mildly puzzled way, wondering what was going on. For some reason, he didn't seem the least bit panicked about the change, though he was confused and more than a little surprised.

He sifted his gaze, completely unaware that the feeling of longer, silkier hair brushing over the back of his neck was something he should be concerned about. He was too busy looking at his shirt...

...which seemed to have become some sort of 'tank-top' style undershirt, a bit loose on a slimmer-than-before ribcage, the once-silken material now a light gray color, and a heavier and... *cheaper* material.

His pants now seemed to be made of the same material, though they were now a dark brown in color below his now-shinier-gray belt.

They were not only a different color, but a different style - fairly tight-fitting, in fact - with the fly gaping open, exposing his considerably shrunken cock.

"Oh, no - my pathetically little cock is showing..." Was the only thing that he thought to say, completely unaware he'd added the 'pathetically little' part as he looking down at his slimmer, smoother legs, dangling cock, and the black patent-leather ankle boots with their seven-inch heels with mild - and somewhat vague - concern.

He no more noticed the fact that both the boots and the feet inside were smaller and slimmer then he noticed the voice he'd spoken in had been higher pitched and softer.

"I'd better find some big, strong man to help me out here..." He decided. "Big, strong men or so smart, and they always know what to do..."

He blinked, wondering why he'd mused that aloud - but not why he'd done so in a vague sort of sing-song voice.

He headed towards the house, aware of the way his wider hips were moving in a feminine little swivel-sway - yet not able to find any other sort of stride to use, since his every attempt to walk in a more masculine way just sort of screwed him up, causing him to stumble and sway - almost as if he had no skill or experience walking in anything other than a rather over-stated little sway, his unnoticed-but- noticeably-smaller feet taking short, pert little steps.

His mind focused on the problem of what was happening to him, Brad absently nipped the end of one of his golden-blond ponytail, lightly chewing on the French-braided end of the golden rope as he thought, his perfect white teeth occasionally showing past his fuller, lightly-tinted lips.

"This is, like, so totally *weird*..." He murmured to himself in a breathy soprano, the finely-shaped eyebrows above his big, blue eyes lowering in a puzzled expression. "Like, why would I be wearing, you know, women's clothing?"

He swayed towards the glass patio doors overlooking the pool that the back of the house boasted, swaying atop the eight-inch heels of his gleaming semi-'ballet'-boots, only marginally aware of the severe angle his tiny, dainty little feet were forced into by the footwear..

...since he was much more concerned by the way his chest was pressing outwards into the latex crop-top he was wearing. More and more creamy cleavage was being exposed as his chest swelled outwards into two very well-defined - and recognizable - spherical shapes.

"I'm growing huge, round boobies!" He exclaimed in shock - then looked past his swelling chest, to where the gaping-open crotch of his leather chaps revealed the finely-trimmed golden-blond hair around what was unmistakably... " and a tight, wet little pussy, too!"

She stood easily balanced atop the gloss-black patent leather ballet boots with their nine-inch heels, struggling to look at her tight new cunt - and finally having to give it up, since she couldn't see past the enormous, creamy curvature of her new bust-line, the medicine- ball-sized orbs of creamy breast-flesh obviously 'surgically enhanced' to be so utterly huge and spectacularly firm and wonderfully round, straining the leather crop-top that barely covered their huge expanse...

"What the hell do you think you're doing, Barbie?" A voice demanded angrily, and she snapped her eyes towards the voice, realizing as she did so that she was instinctively responding to that name...

Her gaze paused for a second, her big blue eyes widening as she caught sight of her reflection in the semi-mirrored glass of the house.

'Barbie' was it exactly. The woman who gazed back at her was the spitting image of Mattel's plastic doll brought to life, from long, impossibly slender legs and a tiny waist, to an incredibly long neck and heart-shaped face with big blue eyes and bee-stung red lips...

...except this 'Barbie Doll' had enormous, fake tits and was dressed up in gleaming black fetish-wear, including a black leather collar and gleaming silver cuffs at wrist and ankle. Thin-yet-strong steel chain connected her feet together, making her 'instinctive' little 'pansy- stride' a bare necessity, especially in the fetish footwear she wore.

She was Barbie gone Bad...

"Damn it, you stupid cunt, I didn't spend all that money on plastic surgery just so you could wander off and probably break that lovely new neck of yours." The man in the doorway said, angrily, drawing her bright gaze to him.

He was a short, broad-shouldered man, his skin darkly tanned under the thick mat of course dark hair that showed on his bare arms and where his open-necked white cotton shirt left his barrel-like chest bare. Heavily muscled, the man had dark hair and eyes, and surprisingly full, sensuous lips. Clad in a simple cotton shirt, black jeans, and leather sandals, he exuded a sense of hard confidence and adamant control...

...and the new woman's head swam as she stared at him, suddenly convinced that he was so much smarter, wiser and more powerful than she was, that she was barely a little speck compared to him, and insignificant nothing...

She tried, desperately, to shove the near-overwhelming sense of awe and near worship she felt for this strange man...

...and couldn't.

Her knees felt weak, and her stomach was in a tight knot. Her full lips were curved in a smile, but that seemed to be her new, permanent expression - since she was sweating and literally shivering.

She was desperately trying not to piss herself.

She knew it was completely illogical - even ridiculous - but she had the uncontrollable, overwhelming impression that this man could crush her like an insect, if he chose. That he could just think her out of existence, wiping her off the face of the Earth if she did anything to displease him...

...and he was staring at her in anger...!

"I'm so sorry, Master, I'm so stupid, I don't know what I was thinking, please, I'm sorry..." She heard herself babble, shocked to find her high-pitched new voice rattling off the apology - but completely unable to stop herself from doing it, driven by a frantic need that stemmed from a completely illogical-yet-overwhelming 'survival instinct'. "Please don't be mad and I promise I'll never do it again and please forgive me I'm so..."

Her need to take a breath finally stopped her insane begging for forgiveness, barely aware she'd run up to him in a jiggling, swaying little sissy-prance, dropping to her dainty new knees in front of him as she raised her tiny new hands imploringly upwards.

"get your ass in here, you stupid cunt..." He growled in a slightly mollified tone...

...and she was utterly ashamed at the flood of hope and terrified excitement she felt as she all-but-leapt to her feet and ducked into the house, babbling her gratitude to him helplessly.

"Shut the fuck up..." He snapped - and her mouth slammed shut so quickly that she nearly bit her tongue.

Heart pounding in fear, confusion, and completely unreasoning fear-inspired worship and awe, she followed the man whose name she didn't even know deeper into the big, expensively-yet-sparsely decorated house. Chrome and black lacquered 'Swiss Modern' furnishings gleamed on white sandstone tile floors and against white stucco walls, the only splashes of color the big photographs hung on wall after wall...

...all depicting her in various degrading and disgustingly pornographic poses.

There were all obviously 'her'; - though they showed the 'slow' series of changes that had turned a woman who looked exactly the way 'Bradley Carter-Smythe' would have looked if he'd been born naturally female into this unrealistic representation of feminine sexuality.

She wanted so desperately to turn and flee the house, huge-breasted bimbo body or no - but her panicked, horrified urge to run wasn't nearly enough to overwhelm her horror and awe of the man she followed.

She quite simply couldn't do anything she knew might upset him, no matter how hard she tried.

In fact - she was his helplessly unwilling slave, unable to make herself disobey or anger him in any way...

...which included showing the full extent of her horror and disgust, since that might make him mad, too...

"I haven't got all damned day to do the shoot for '*Fetishca*', so get your ass in here and let's get to work..." the man growled, opening a door to a room and gesturing her inside...

...and, heart pounding and stomach ready to let loose, she found herself ducking inside with a pathetically easier-to-please smile on her face as he did so.

A complicated piece of chrome-and-black-lacquered-wood 'furniture' was sitting in the middle of the room, hang about with chains and clips and clear plastic objects that gleamed in the light thrown by the 'silk-umbrella' reflectors that shaded the expensive lighting equipment that surrounded the camera on it's tripod.

There was a door in the wall behind where the camera sat, a heavy, sound-proof door with thick glass that allowed her to see in the next room...

...where a group of geeky-looking young men were sitting, staring entranced at the big-screen TV that was showing her in some sort of bizarre pornographic film.

Each of the young men was busy jacking off into a beaker.

"Get over here!" The man demanded, angrily, and she yanked her sickened gaze off the masturbating group of men, helplessly obeying his instructions.

"I... I..." She whimpered, trying desperately to tell him she didn't want to do this - and unable to do so. "I'm coming, master..."

Helplessly, she stepped where he indicated, setting her ballet boots onto the small platform's shaped quarter-inch-deep-indentations.

"Take off your top, you dumb bitch.." He growled as he knelt and began to attach a pair of chains to her boots, locking her legs in the spread position.

Biting her full, gloss-red lower lip and struggling not to whimper, she complied. Her huge, surgically-inflated globes jiggled slightly when she removed her top and hesitantly tossed it away...

...and they jiggled even more when he roughly forced her to bend over, grabbing her by the back of the neck and forcible folding her at the waist so that he could slide a stainless-steel bar into position just above the smoothly rounded curvature of her exposed ass...

..and then he grabbed her French-braided ponytail and yanked on it hard, causing her to strain upright against that bar, her upper torso thrust forward and almost perpendicular to the floor, her face aimed upwards as he locked her hair into a specially-built clamp.

She couldn't even force herself to whimper as he painfully contorted her body, spreading her arms and attaching chains to her wrist- cuffs that left her hands yanked painfully out to the side.

Leaving her strapped into place, the man headed into that other room...

...and returned moments later, followed by a geeky-looking volunteer who ogled her, wide-eyed, as he lugged a big vat of fresh-pulled cum into the room and emptied it into the clear plastic holding tank attached to the metal frame of her ornate prison.

"Let's get this done...| The man growled, walking back to his camera. *click*

There was a surge of light as he triggered the camera, preserving on celluloid the image of her strapped into the decide, a huge tank of cum clearly visible in the three-quarter-angle shot he took.

Still with his eye pressed to the viewfinder of his camera, the man reached out and activated a button on a small control panel mounted close to hand. *click click*

Two quick snapshots captured the clear plastic dildo as it rode smoothly forward on it's extending metal shaft, the massive fifteen-inch phallus sporting a clear plastic tube attached to the hollowed-out 'pipe' through the center of the dildo. *click*

The camera captured the helpless look of pain and pleasure as the dildo's massive head pressed just into her cunt, creating new sensations that she hated to love and loved to hate as the slick plastic met her helplessly ready, wet cunt... *click*

...and slid deep inside it's warm, damp embrace, causing a pained pleasure that... *click*

...cause her to gasp, wide-eyed in shock and shame... *click*

...as the dildo firmly seated itself in her cunt, almost it's entire length embedded in her new womanhood, leaving just enough of the shaft exposed to see the place where the tubing attached to the dildo's bore... *click*

...which made it easy to see the lightly pressurized flow of fresh cum that was pumped through and into her cunt, the pleasure of the dildo's entrance having given way to a disgustingly pleasant 'bloated' sensation from having the immobile phallus filling her cunt, and filling her with cum, the pressurized flow creating new and nearly indescribable sensations as the cum... *click*

...began to seep around the dildo and drip down her chap-covered legs... *click*

...where it was joined by the flow of cum from another dildo behind her, which had just begun to jet cum, splattering over her firmly out- thrust ass-cheeks before... *click*

...the marginally smaller dildo slid forward, shoving itself deeply into her tight ass in an agonizing but of pleasured pain, making her feel wonderfully, disgustingly, painfully filled as she was stretched and pumped, causing her to gasp again... *click*

...which meant that the sudden gush of cum from the dildo in front of her face ended up right in her mouth, to be followed by even more disgusting, salty, luke-warm jizz as... *click*

...the dildo pushed forward between her helpless lips, filling her mouth was about a third of its thick length, the clear plastic easily showing the flow of cum that she was forced to swallow as it was pumped at a low-but-steady rate into her mouth and down her throat, even as... *click*

...cum began to gush from the dildoes pointed at her tits, sending a steadily growing stream of cum splattering over her massive tits and... *click*

...into her cleavage, some of the cum... *click*

...dripping in fat drops from her nipples, the slow drip becoming... *click*

...a splattering spray as... *click*

...the dildoes in her ass and cunt began to vibrate, causing... *click*

...her body to shake and shimmy in a mix of equally helpless pleasure and pain, her helplessly horrified humiliation captured on film as the camera continued to... *click*

...away - even though the man had hit a button and stepped away from the camera, and was, in fact... *click*

...walking towards the door they'd come in by, not even looking at her as... *click*

...he left the room, closing the door behind him as he left her hooked up in the cum-pumping apparatus, a... *click*

...helplessly obedient sex-slave to a fetish photographer who... *click*

...AHD absolutely no interest in actually making her feel pleasure, the fact that the buzzing dildoes made her.. *click*

...experience a painful orgasm that caused her to... *click*

...gasp, causing some of the cum in her mouth to 'back wash' from the corner of her lips... *click*

...and trip onto her... *click*

...heaving breasts,... *click*

...and yet,... *click*

...the worst part... *click*

...of it all... *click*
...was that... *click*
...she would... *click*
...never... *click*
...know... *click*
...why.
CLICK
THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One man agrees to make his fuck bitch's "wildest fantasy come true" - but certainly he didn't know that she was a genie and her fantasy was to read his mind and create a new life for him as a cum-sucking "famous" slut.

Famous

By Gunslinger

Lucas Radbury was having an absolutely fantastic day.

So, when the woman who was the cause of making it so fantastic asked him if he'd help her fulfill her wildest fantasy, he immediately smiled and gave a very enthusiastic answer: "You bet!"

What she said next, however, gave him a bit of a pause.

"Okay, then..." Jennie said, in a seductive voice, her long-nailed fingers toying with Luke's thick mat of chest-hair. "Just say you wish that you could make my wildest fantasy come true."

The muscular, dark-haired young man looked down at where the slender, vivacious brunette was curled up against his broad shoulder. She was gazing back at him in almost breathless anticipation, her mysterious eyes still as inscrutable as ever.

Luke had met Jennie just that morning, while at a rummage sale held in the neighborhood park. As if reflecting the then-unknown future, Luke had met her in a very unusual way - he'd literally fallen to her.

He'd been looking at a cheap old brass decanter when he'd slipped on the dewy grass and fallen backwards down a short hill, instinctively clutching the decanted tight to his chest for protection. When he'd finally stopped rolling, he'd blinked and looked up to find Jenny standing over him.

A short, slender-yet-curved woman with rich olive skin and dark, coolly-seductive eyes, she'd been dressed in tight black leather pants and a black vest that showed a nice amount of her firm, DD-cup breasts.

Oddly enough, she'd been barefoot, and she wore no make-up or jewelry. Even more oddly, for the first instant she didn't even seem to be aware of Luke, looking around with a slightly critical expression.

Without thinking, Luke had blurted out his version of a compliment - a blatant come-on...

...and she'd *twitched*, an odd little ripple - and had agreed.

Though Jennie had tried to talk him out of it, apparently in such a rush to sleep with him that she didn't want to wait, Luke had bought the brass 'bottle' and had led Jennie eagerly towards home.

Actually, at the time she'd just been 'the hot chick', because it wasn't until they were almost to his place that it occurred to him to ask her name. She'd given him an odd look and told him it was a foreign name, utterly unpronounceable to Americans - but 'Jennie' would do.

Good enough for Luke. After all, it's not like he cared, or anything. Still, it was just another slightly odd thing about her.

She seemed incredibly eager to sleep with him - which was also extremely odd, but Luke wasn't counting that one, his ego not letting him attribute it to anything other than his own perfect 'studness'. However, she'd been so damned eager that it was almost an anti-climax when they finally made it into bed, naked - she rushed it so fast that it was over almost before it began.

She must have really needed to 'take the edge off'. That's what Luke figured. After all, he'd lewdly suggested that they should spend all day trying for the best sex he'd ever had, she'd agreed readily enough, even if she'd seemed to shiver slightly.

Now, several unbelievable hours later, Luke looked down at the woman who had, indeed, given him the best sex he'd ever had, and considered her odd request.

With a shrug, he complied. "Jennie, I wish I could make your wildest fantasy come true." "Thank *Vorda*!" She said in an explosive sigh of relief - and she rolled off the bed.

That was unexpected. Luke figured he should inquire as to her intentions: "Hey, baby, where the hell you goin'?"

"Not far." She said in a meaningful tone - as she began to dress. She pulled on her black leather pants - only, *her* black leather pants had been almost 'Xena-ish', rougher-grade leather with rawhide lacing up the outside of each leg. *These* pants were fine-grain leather buffed to a high shine, and were as new as next week in design, with neat silver buckles on the built-in belt and zippers at the cuffs to allow a perfectly-formed fit.

Then she pulled on a black leather bra. She hadn't had one before, just a vest - but there was no sign of the vest as she pulled on the glossy, silver-buckle-accented bra.

Then she sat on the edge of the bed and began to pull on the boots that she hadn't had, black leather boots that matched the rest of her outfit...

Luke was a little stunned by this. He wished to know what was going on: "Okay, bitch, what the fuck's goin' on here...?"

Jennie rose and turned, balancing gracefully - and, somehow, powerfully - atop the six-inch silver- colored spikes her boots boasted.

"You're seeing a genie live out her fantasy, asshole..." She said, a wicked smile curving her now dark- gloss-red-lips. Silver earrings now dangled from each dusky lobe, and she wore a black leather choker-collar with silver buckles. She also wore opera-length black leather gloves, each one of which was also accentuated with a silver buckle at the top.

"A... genie...?" Luke said in a tone that indicated two things very clearly: That he was perfectly willing to get royally pissed off if this was some sort of joke...

...and that, given what he'd just seen, he didn't really believe that it *was* a joke....

"Well, soon-to-be ex-genie, actually." She said, still with that wicked grin. "You see, my fantasy ends with me becoming a healthy mortal woman with an exceptionally long - and exceptionally youthful- looking - life-span ahead of me, a valid identity, and plenty of cash. Sort of the Emancipation Proclamation, as applied to genies."

Luke began to feel very unsure at that point. Not actually *scared*, of course, not a macho stud like him... but definitely unsure. Either her impossible story was true - or she was a complete psycho...

"That's how it ends." She repeated - then that wicked grin grew. "It starts, however, with me utterly humiliating my last Master, who used me as his own private sex-slave."

Then again - it was conceivable that BOTH were true....

"But... You... I didn't..." Luke tried to defend himself, finally admitting he was afraid. It wasn't a feeling he was familiar with, and certainly not in connection with women - but, more than anything, it was the strange aura of complete confidence that Jennie was giving off that bothered him the most.

"The first words out of your mouth were a lewd wish that I'd come back here and fuck you - and since you were the one that set me free, and you held my lamp, I had to obey. I tried to get you to not buy the lamp, since then you'd no longer be my master by the default of ownership or possession - but no, you bought the damned thing, so I had to come back here and fuck you."

"I didn't know that you..." Luke tried, slowly sliding his body across the bed...

"Then you wished I'd spend the rest of the day trying to give you the best sex you'd ever had !" She said, angrily - and snapped her fingers.

Luke was downright shocked to find that he'd instantaneously jumped from the bed to the middle of the room - and from a prone position to a standing one. Catching his balance an instant before he fell over, Luke gaped at Jennie.

"So, I was utterly humiliated. Now it's your turn." Luke didn't like the sound of that. Not one little bit...

That's why he bolted for the door.

Well - tried to, at least. It was a bit disconcerting to find himself unable to move more than a few, casual inches in either direction, allowing him to shift around and 'pose' anyway he wanted - but there seemed to be a short circuit of some sort between brain and body, because any 'run away' commands were simply ignored.

"Oh, fuckin' shit !" Luke swore, eyes widening as the gravity of the situation finally took hold. Without the benefit of anything so mundane as chains or walls, She'd effectively 'imprisoned' him...

Magically. As in the magic of a genie. Of a genie who'd openly admitted she was royally pissed at him, and was planning to humiliate him.

It was right about then that Luke discovered his 'beg for your life' circuits worked just fine. He dropped to his knees...

"I'm sorry for anything I did that you didn't like, and I didn't know you were a genie and had to obey me, I thought you were just a slutandpleasedonthurtmeokay ?"

He would have kept going, except that he had to pause and take a deep breath to replace that used in the fast, frantic, run-on sentence.

"Oh - this won't hurt..." She said, with a chuckle that was anything but amused. "Not *physically*, at any rate. In fact, I'm sure parts of it will feel very, *very* good - physically. Now, *emotionally* "

She trailed off, leaving the implicit threat hanging between them.

Then 'implicit' became 'explicit' as she spoke, smugly: "You're going to spend the rest of your life as a woman."

"No....!" Luke gasped, feeling as if he'd been kicked. "You.. You can't "

"Oh, yes I can..." She said, giving him that wicked grin again. "In fact, not only am I going to turn you into a woman - I'm going to do it in the most humiliating way possible. You see, part of my 'wildest fantasy' includes being able to read your mind. I know exactly what would be most utterly humiliating to you. Every detail that would raise the humiliation to its maximum intensity - and I know it. I'm going to utterly humiliate you. I'm going to make you famous."

While Luke stared at her, uncomprehendingly, she slipped into a very elegant, very expensive-looking black leather coat with black fur trim...

Just as she belted it into place, her long, dark hair curled itself up into a tight bun, and a pair of stylish silver-rimmed glasses appeared on her face. With everything but the bottom of her boots covered by the coat, she suddenly looked like a very sexy - but 'no-nonsense' - businesswoman.

He didn't have much time to 'appreciate' her new look, however - he was distracted by the fact that he was now sitting, fully dressed, in his living room. Jennie was standing beside him, and across from him was a very familiar-looking blonde woman in a stylishly-tailored suit, and a burly man with a camera on his shoulder...

"Mr. Radbury, thank you so much for letting us film this... incredible occasion." The woman said, warmly and clearly.

"Please, call me Luke..." Luke found himself saying, without planning to. "at least for a little while, anyway "

Missy Manfred, WGKY-TV Channel 6 News, gave a polite little laugh - while Luke struggled to do anything but sit there and smile slightly.

"Also with us is Jeanette Livewell, owner, founder, and director of the just-opened Livewell Clinic." Missy said, obviously for the benefit of the viewers...

..'viewers? Oh, holy shit - I.. I'm on live national TV....' Luke realized, in belated horror....

...then the perky blonde turned that million-kilowatt smile on Jennifer... Jeanette...? and said,

"There were many who frowned upon a medical clinic - even a radical new purely elective-surgery outpatient clinic - holding anything so crass as a lottery to determine who would get the 'honor' of being the first patient - not to mention having the winner get anything he wants, free of charge. Do you have anything to say to these detractors, now that the winner's been chosen, and soon to be your first patient?"

Jeanette laughed. "Well, Luke certainly seems to be happy with my idea."

Luke really, really wished he could scream right now - but, instead, he laughed. Not a big one, but a laugh nevertheless...

...and he'd done it because he'd known it was the most humiliating way he could act in the situation! He'd actually picked through his mind for the way to make this the most humiliating he possibly could - which, right now, would be to act as if this was really what he wanted. To be turned into a woman on national TV...

He was helplessly, unable to stop 'helping' Jennie/Jeanette. Luke was helplessly committed to humiliating himself as completely and thoroughly as possible.

Luke wasn't all that surprised to find himself wondering whether or not he'd be permitted to kill himself any time soon...

"Is there anything you'd like to say, Mr. Radbury...." Missy quite consciously paused, smiled, and corrected herself. "...Luke?"

The strangest thing was - he wanted to return that bright smile. He would have, whether he wanted to or not - but the fact that parts of it would be 'voluntary' only increased the humiliation...

...of course.

"What are we waiting for?" He asked - and to his lasting shame, he asked it 'eagerly'. "Let's get on with it!"

* * * * *

Having to act eager and excited on the trip to the magically-created medical complex was humiliating. The entire time, with the camera showing his actions and assumed attitudes, he acted absolutely thrilled at the prospect of using these radical new surgical techniques to fulfill his 'lifetime' ambition of becoming a woman.

"I'd always wished I was born female..." He'd 'confided' to Missy - and a nation of viewers. "Since there was no way I could afford SRS - which, at best, is a poor substitute, - I hid my desires by acting 'ultra-male'... but it was only an act. Now, with the wonderful new techniques available at the state-of-the-art Livewell Clinic, I'll finally be able to live life as if I were one-hundred-percent female."

"Really...?" Missy had asked, intrigued - and that had been Jeanette's cue to explain some of the incredible new break-throughs her clinic incorporated.

In truth, it had been more humiliation for an eager-looking Luke. The people watching the live special report on their televisions had no idea that he was squirming in humiliated horror as Jeanette explained all the incredible things her clinic could do.

Yes, the ride was horrible and embarrassing, and more than once he tried - uselessly - to open a door to the limo and throw himself to his merciful death.

As bad as the ride was, however, it was almost nothing compared to what happened in the clinic. After all, Jeanette knew the inside of his mind, knew what would humiliate him the most - and she wasn't the least bit shy about using that knowledge.

Especially since nobody knew about it except her and Luke. To all outward appearances, it was he who was asking - almost literally *begging* - for all these things to be done to him.

Once in the clinic, Jeanette led Missy into a large, curved room. The long, curving back wall of the room was filled with various pieces of computer equipment, including a dazzling array of high-resolution flat-screen monitors. The wall opposite this array of high-tech wizardry was also curved, but instead of the painted anechoic tile of the rest of the room, this wall was made up of a huge, double-layered Plexiglas wall that looked out into a smaller, completely circular room.

It was into this second room that Jeanette led an apparently excited Luke, personally leading him to the room's sole 'furnishing' - a large, stainless-steel device that was roughly 'X'-shaped, and surrounded by a wide variety of arcane-looking machines and devices mounted on stainless-steel robotic arms.

Struggle as he might, Luke could not control his body as he 'willingly' began to undress. On the other side of the huge plexi wall, the soulless eye of the video camera continued to watch him, and Luke knew with a sinking feeling of certainty that Jeanette had 'fiddled' with certain FCC regulations in order to allow every detail of his humiliation to be shared by John and Jane Q. Public.

Once completely naked, he literally had no choice as he stepped into place and let himself be firmly buckled into the slightly canted X-frame, self-adjusting padded restraints being applied at wrist and ankle, waist and forehead.

When he was finally trussed up so tight that he couldn't move more than a fraction of an inch in any direction, Jeanette patted him condescendingly on the cheek and then walked over to the heavy steel door that separated the 'Operating Room' from the monitoring room, stepping through it and pulling it shut behind her.

To Luke, the heavy 'clang' of the metal door being sealed was as grim and final as that of the lid of a coffin being closed over him. 'Luke' was dead - and was about to be 'reborn' into a whole new gender.

His extreme humiliation was now joined by a rising horror as what he hadn't-quite-*really*-believed was going to happen - happened.

"Okay, Luke - we're going to begin now..." Jeanette's voice said over the intercom, sounding coolly professional as she began his horrifying transformation. "We're going to start with the basic transgender program. There'll be no pain, but you might feel....uncomfortable "

'No shit, Sherlock ' Luke thought in horrified anger.

"This will take about ten minutes."

Maybe - but it somehow managed to seem like both a lifetime, and an instant.

With the push of a button on the command console, Jeanette started the robotic arms in the operating theater in motion. Two of them advanced and, with cold, uncaring precision, slid needles into each of his arms. Two different chemical cocktails - that had never existed until a few minutes ago - began to pump into his veins.

At the same time, a large, decidedly-weaponish-looking device swung out and began to pump very specific frequencies of radiation into Luke's body, at precise levels and in an invisible pin-sized beam that flitted and danced through his flesh and sinew.

Another gleaming steel arm rose from the floor between Luke's legs. Rising, the rubber-cupped top of the device slid between his hairy thighs and sighed perfectly into place, the rubber on the specifically- shaped 'cup' creating a seal. There was a soft hiss as a specialized topical anesthetic was pumped into the area. Derived from military nerve-gases, the anesthetic completely numbed his cock and balls, as well as an surrounding area, the numbers settling in deep.

For the benefit of those watching the live news special, and to increase the humiliation Luke was experiencing, Jeanette calmly - clinically - explained exactly what was happening, in easy-to- understand terms.

"The fluid you see being pumped through the needle in Luke's left arm is a custom mix of artificial hormones, plus enhancers and boosters." Jeanette explained. "These synthetic hormones simulate the effects of an entire lifetime of normal, feminine hormonal cycles. The boosters being used to 'fake' Luke's body into thinking it's been female all this time are 'decaying' compounds - that is, they have a finite life-span, one of just a few minutes, after which they dissolve. The then-unboosted hormones, however, are permanent. This means Luke will have a normal female hormonal balance for the rest of his life - for example, when Luke's own glands produce testosterone, the semi-sentient synthetic hormones will cancel it out and replace it with the correct amount of estrogen..."

Helplessly, Luke found himself moving the one part of his body that he could move, even slightly - his right index finger. He could only move it marginally, but it was enough to key the sensitive button beneath his finger, allowing him to speak through the microphones in the operating theater.

"Doctor Livewell, is it possible to alter that hormonal balance?" Luke asked, helplessly.

"Actually, it's easy - I can send 'instructions' to the synthetic hormones by using very specific radio frequencies. Is there something you wanted done, Luke...?"

"Yes, please, Doctor Livewell..." Luke found himself saying, knowing that whatever was going to come out of his mouth wasn't going to be good. "Can you set it so that my body produces much larger amounts of female hormones? Especially those associated with sexual arousal and functions? I want to really, really experience everything about being female, so I'd really like it if you could make me really, really horny."

Luke wished he could die as Jeanette responded: "Of course, Luke, no problem at all. Remember, you can have anything you want."

She paused to type some commands into a computer, then went back to her explanation.

"The chemicals entering his right arm are 'markers'. These are tiny devices programmed to 'swim' through Luke's body to specific locations. They amplify the effects of the radiation laser that's 'shooting' Luke right now, allowing pin-point effects in Luke's body practically commanded mutation, actually, killing some cells and forcing others to duplicate, quite a bit more rapidly than would otherwise be possible. At the same time, a combination of radiation therapy and surgical micro-manipulators are breaking down Luke's genitals. Basically, the flesh is being turned into a sort of organic 'slush', while his nerves and veins are relocated into the body. The 'slush' will be washed away, while the radiation forces the new opening to 'heal', at a vastly accelerated rate. Of course, by the use of specific radiation and placement, we're forcing it to heal into a fully functional female vagina, complete in every detail. Of course, Luke will not have a womb, and won't be able to have children, but he - or, rather, she - will be able to experience sex with all the sensations a natural woman would feel.

"Uh, Doctor ?" Luke found himself helplessly keying the microphones again.

"Yes, Luke ?" Jeanette said, patiently.

"Can you make my new cunt more sensitive to a natural woman's?" Luke was horrified and humiliated to find himself asking. "Sexually, at least. Can you make it so that sex would feel unbelievably great? Absolutely, unbelievably spectacular?"

"Of course." Jeanette said, indulgently, and turned to enter a few more commands into the computer.

A moment later, the first phase of the process was over, and the machinery was swung away to make room for a hydraulically-mounted mirror that swiveled down to show Luke the work so far.

In all actuality, it wasn't that much - but Luke desperately wished somebody would kill him, and end this horrifying, humiliating torture.

He was now a she.

Sure, her body was still almost identical to her male one. Put some clothes on her, and she could pass for her male self. Nobody would really notice that his muscles were slightly 'softer', covered in a new layer of outer fat. Nor would the tiny, prepubescent mounds on his hairy chest be visible.

Likewise, his somewhat more plump derrière could be blamed on a few too many eclairs.

Certainly, if Luke were dressed, nobody would be able to see her tight, perfectly formed new cunt, which was clearly visible since there was absolutely no pubic hair in the area where the cup had rested.

Luke knew that it was there, though - and that was the part that counted.

"That's the basic transgender program." Jeanette announced. "Now, we 'design' the actual woman Luke wants to spend the rest of her life as - and, judging from her reaction so far, I'd say she knows exactly what woman she wants to be already, so why don't we get right on with it. We'll start with basic body shape and appearance. Luke, sweetheart - what sort of build do you want...?"

'I want to be a man again, dammit...!' was what she wanted to scream in anguish - instead, words came out in a tone of breathless anticipation, words that further damned her: "Doctor Livewell, can you get rid of a lot of these ugly, masculine muscles and give me a nice, slender female body with wonderfully delicate ankles and wrists and dainty, feminine hands and feet...?"

"Of course I can, Luke. Is there anything else...?"

"Oh, yes...!" The new woman 'gushed eagerly'. "Can you give me smooth, hairless skin? The type of perfect complexion any woman would envy?"

"Why, yes - I should have thought of that myself...." Jeanette said, starting to turn towards the console...

"...and long, toned legs?" Luke went on, helplessly. "Sexy legs that seem to go on damned near forever?"

"Coming right up." Jeanette assured Luke. "Let me guess - I should throw in a firm, round ass while I'm at it...?"

"That would be wonderful..." Luke lied helplessly.

"Sure thing." Jeanette said, adjusting some settings on the control panel. "Okay - here we go..."

Again, there was no pain as the new technologies went to work on Luke's now technically feminine body, filling out the details of her new life. The mirror remained poised where she could see it, allowing her to watch with helplessly hidden horror and mortification as her body began to change.

A tremor ran through her body as a special low-voltage electrical charge was run through her - and the result was immediate. Her hair began to drift down to the floor, every follicle from the tip of her toes to the top of her head 'jolted' right out of her body.

As the last of the hair fell, another device swung out and began to move around, resembling the radiation-gun of before. Jeanette calmly explained that it was a special type of laser that would keep the hair from growing anywhere on her body, except for a few very sharply defined areas, such as her scalp and eyebrows...

At Luke's 'request', she also initiated the hair-growth program, causing radically accelerated hair growth in the parts of her body that were still viable for follicles to take root - and within a matter of minutes, a pair of finely-defined and delightfully arched eyebrows rode above Luke's eyes, their dark color matching the rapidly growing tresses of hair that were falling in a fine, silky spray down around now-smooth shoulders.

Luke wasn't really watching as the thick, wavy mane of silky hair grew in, though - she was more focused on the way her legs were developing, so long and perfectly toned, nicely muscled under a layer of fat that gave them smooth, sensual contours. At the bottom of these long, sexy legs were ankles that were growing steadily more 'delicate' with each passing second, and her feet - like her hands - were becoming smaller and much finer-boned...

More feminine, in other words. Not just 'feminine enough', but dainty and slender.

At the top of her new gams, her hips were growing steadily wider, becoming undeniably womanly - as her ass pushed more firmly into the padding of the table, unseen behind her - but almost certainly becoming as full, ripe and sexy as the rest of her body was becoming...

"Oh =- and a very, very slender waist...!" Luke called, helplessly, and the doctor complied. Even as the other changes were drawing to an end, her waist began to draw steadily inwards, moving from 'average' and through 'slender' towards downright tiny.

Meanwhile, Luke was still helplessly spewing request after request. To those watching, it was the perfect image of somebody so excited by what was happening that they could barely get the words out fast enough, eager and excited to bring about something they'd dreamed about for years...

Nearly twenty minutes passed this way, then Jeanette finally stepped back from the console and keyed the intercom again.

"Well, Luke?" Jeanette asked. "Is this the body you wanted?"

'No !' Luke's mind screamed, unheard, as she surveyed the new body in the mirror.

She was gorgeous.

Tint, finely-formed feet led upwards past slender ankles to legs that were long and smoothly curved. Her hips were also smoothly curved, widening to womanly dimensions before pinching inward sharply to a 'delightfully' tiny waist. Her ribcage had shrunk inward, more in keeping with her trim new build, and supported a small, taut pair of firm, B-cup breasts, tipped with dark, well-defined nipples. At either end of her finer new breast-bone, her narrowed shoulders joined to arms that were smooth and flawless.

Atop her slender, swan-like new neck rode the face she'd begged for - a heart-shaped face with softly full lips, big brown 'doe-eyes', and well-defined cheek-bones, all surrounded by a wealth of glossy black hair that fell in waves past her shoulders.

Her skin was silky-smooth and utterly bare of the slightest imperfection or out-of-place hair. Even the voice in which she'd begged for the changes had gradually risen to a warm, vibrant contralto. She was every inch a stunningly beautiful woman, right down to her now-long fingertips.

It was horrifyingly humiliating to look at this woman in the mirror - but it got much, much worse...

"Oh, I'm *soooo* lovely, Doctor Livewell..." Luke said in that damned warm new voice of hers.... "But... can we make my breasts bigger?"

"No problem, Luke..." Jeanette said, smiling. "I'll just program them to start growing. Let me know when to tell them to stop..."

Her breasts began to swell. Rising further from her ribcage, the firm mounds of flesh pushed through 'C' cup, and right into the 'D'-cup range, the perfect domes of her breasts starting to round out at the bottom, becoming heavier and more spherical as they moved through the double - then triple - D-cup sizes...

"Now, Luke...?" Jeanette asked, solicitously.

"Oh, no - not yet..." Luke said in a tone of breathless excitement, unable to express her true emotions as she watched her still-swelling new tits become as big as volley-balls... and then even larger...

"Oh, they're drooping too much!" She exclaimed in the first 'horror' she'd been allowed to display - a hollow echo of what she was really feeling. "Can you make them firmer... and a lot more sensitive...?"

"Of course..."

They were still growing, now the size of basketballs - and firming up rapidly. Her nipples were also growing - and becoming erect, standing stiffly outward as they - and they breasts they rode one - swelled in size and sensitivity.

"Yes.. yes, bigger..." Luke found herself moaning helplessly - while slowly building waves of physical pleasure began to tremor through her new breasts, the simple rise-and-fall of the weighty new mounds causing pleasurable sensations that she hated experiencing.

"Okay - you can stop now..." She finally said - much, much too late, for now an immense pair of breasts thrust roundly from her slender chest, freakishly huge on her body - each one easily as big around as a medicine ball, firm and heavy and hyper-sensitive, each one tipped by a thick, fully- engorged nipple. They were the sort of unbelievable huge, ludicrously firm breasts that Luke thought of as 'stripper-boobs', so unrealistically massive that nature wouldn't provide them - they had to be asked for.

They were also too massive to possibly be hidden or downplayed. They were gigantic, in-your-face tits...

...and they were hers.

"I love them...!" She gushed, as the devices swung away and the restraints were loosened. With a big smile on her full new lips, the new woman stepped off the X-frame with a smooth, gracefully feminine motion, her dainty new hands immediately coming up to lightly and happily fondle her massive new bust, sending shivers of pleasure up and down her spine.

"I'm perfect!" She exclaimed.

"I'm glad you like your new body, Luke..." Jeanette said.

"No - No, my name's not 'Luke'." The new woman helplessly corrected her tormentor. "I'm Lucy now. Lucy Lustworthy."

"Are you sure?" Jeanette asked, 'dubiously'. "We have a judge standing by to make any name change completely legal. Is that really the new name you want?"

"Definitely..." Luke - Lucy - stated, firmly...

...while, inside, she screamed.

* * * * *

She was still screaming two hours later.

Not that anybody could tell, of course - that might actually make her feel better, being able to let somebody know about the horrifying and humiliating things that had been done to her, and the humiliating and horrifying things yet to come.

Nobody could tell, though. Not with her walking with a sexy bounce in her step, dressed to show off her 'wonderful' new figure to the best advantage.

She was ankling along atop a pair of black patent-leather platform pumps, with a seven-inch heel. She'd explained to Missy that she'd 'practiced for hours and hours' in shoes like this when she was still just a guy who dreamed of being a woman...

It wasn't true, of course, but the magically-bestowed ability backed up her supposed story, and Jeanette the Genie had also made damned sure nobody would question her eager transformation into a woman.

After all, did a man 'forced' to be female wear black thigh-high seamed stockings that were attached to the corset she wore beneath her black leather skirt and matching jacket? Not likely. Such a hypothetical woman certainly wouldn't be wearing carefully - and expertly - applied makeup, and she wouldn't have her hair elegantly - and sensuously - styled. She certainly wouldn't be wearing plenty of flashy silver jewelry...

...and she most certainly wouldn't be walking into 'The Arena' - the local strip club - in search of a job.

However, that was just what 'Lucy' was doing, helplessly and hopelessly - for, of course, being an 'eager to flaunt my body' stripper was the most humiliating job for the new woman to have, eagerly showing off the body she didn't want to a crowd of horny strangers.

Despite the fact that, reality or revised 'history', she had no experience at all as an 'exotic dancer', she was somehow certain she was going to get the job...

...in the most embarrassing way possible, of course.

The club was open when 'Lucy' sensuously strutted up to the much-re-finished oak door of the place - but 'open' hardly meant lively. There were maybe twelve guys in the dark, smoky interior, die-hard fanatics who used the excuse of the 'lunch deals' The Arena had for the early afternoon crowd.

Lucy - as Luke - had never actually tried the food at The Arena. Which wasn't surprising, since on his first night there'd he'd been told it was 'the worst food' this guys had ever had...

The guy he'd been speaking to was in the Army, for God's sake. There was no way that Lucy-then- Luke was going to touch the stuff. To tell you the truth, The Arena was... well, sleazy. Luke-who- was-now-Lucy had only gone there twice...

Lucy had almost - almost - managed to loose her horror and embarrassment in a simple moment of reflection - but the reaction of the few guys who were in the club quickly snapped her out of it.

The very fact that she could *almost* find a moments peace was worse then being completely hopeless at all.

Driven by the web of magic that now surrounded and suffused her new life, Lucy didn't have time to 'reflect' on the hot wash of anger and shame that ran through her at this realization - she was to busy swaying sensuously towards the stage.

The bored-looking woman on the stage was just finishing up her set when she caught sight of Lucy, previously lost in the contrast between the brightly-lit stage and the darkened room. Now the somewhat sturdy blonde on stage paused in the act of gathering up her discarded clothing to shoot a startled, incredulous glance at the overly-buxom woman now mounting the stage.

"I think you're in the wrong club, honey...." The stocky blonde said in a wearily surprised voice. "With a body like that, you should be doing the big clubs as a Feature."

"Won't be long before that's exactly where I'll be." Lucy found herself saying, confidently. The worst thing was, the 'confidence' wasn't the least bit feigned - Lucy was positive that she'd become extremely famous. "Everybody's got to start somewhere, though..."

"I *guess*..." The blonde said, her own dubious tones revealing that even *she* might have been able to do better then this dive.

Then she was gone, leaving Lucy alone on the stage, standing with apparent confidence mid-stage. "Well, what do we have here ?" The amplified voice of the club-owner-and-DJ asked, lasciviously.

With a slow, sexy strut that made her toned legs shift seductively within their nylon sheaths, Lucy walked to the very front of the stage, her flawless, top-heavy body bathed in the spotlights that picked sharp highlights from her leather clothing.

"I'm Lucy Lustworthy...!" She declared, firmly and proudly, tossing her head back defiantly, " and I'm the sexiest damned dancer you'll ever see!"

After the proud, brave words, there was only one thing she could do...

Prove it.

She had no way of knowing what song was up next. Truth was, even when it started she didn't recognize it - but that didn't matter. Not in the least.

With the first, heavily-beat-driven riff, she was already in motion without 'planning' it. As if her body were perfectly attuned to the music, she began to move in sensual sync with it, with precise time and exquisite grace.

Oh - and sensuality.

The men in the room weren't exactly the literary type. However, this was no ordinary woman on stage, but a stripper who had been magically provided with every detail, every move, every instinct she'd ever need to become famous as the world's most erotic dancer. Though, of course, none of the men were aware of this fact, it still had an effect on them, and one of these low-brow types, when interviewed some months down the road about Lucy's memorable debut, was actually moved to state: "It wuz like she was makin' love to the music, yu'know?"

Any of the other men in the room would have known exactly what he meant - for they were all staring in slack-jawed amazement at this incredible woman on the stage, sending out almost palpable waves of sexuality that had an immediate effect on all the men - even those who'd seen her transformation on TV and knew what she 'really' was.

None of the men found that she cared anymore. She was incredible.

She was sensuously strutting up and down the stage, her slender heels meeting the hard material of the stage in perfect sync with the music, her knees locking ever so briefly to caused the muscles in her legs to look absolutely perfect. Her hips were playing a counter-beat to the music, swiveling and rocking with gracefully emphatic movements, gyrating as her upper body swayed and spun to the melody of the music. Her hands explored her own body exactly the way each of the men watching longed to do, and even her shoulders rolled and twitched in perfect time to the music, helping to add energy and passion to her dance of erotic desire.

As she danced, she spoke. No - she *challenged*. In the incredibly erotic new voice of hers, powerful and seductive, she teased and taunted the men.

"Oh, my legs are just so smooth...." She called, proudly, as her long-nailed fingers lightly slid over nyloned contours. "So smooth and sexy..."

Still moving in time to the music, she strutted up to 'Pervert's Row', the seats pulled right up to the stage - and in one smooth, sensual moment, she lifted her leg and kicked outwards, missing a dazed patron's head by less than an inch...

...then she gently moved it inward, until her leg was lightly grazing the man's cheek. She drew her leg back slowly, undulating on one leg as she let the smooth contours of her long, sexy legs slide over the man's flesh.

"You can't tell me you've ever felt sexier legs than that..." She challenged the man as she spun away, sinuously.

Considering his slack-jawed look of stunned amazement, he couldn't have told anybody *anything*.

So she danced. She danced without conscious thought, the inner man trapped in her incredible new body simultaneously horrified - and aroused.

Her body was getting very, very turned on by dancing. No matter how disgusted she was, inside, she still couldn't help but experience the incredible sensations thrumming through her aroused body as she danced and teased, whirled and taunted.

Helplessly, her body getting more and more aroused, the new woman danced her 'short set' of one song. Her clothes came off quickly and sensuously as she rushed-without-seeming-to-rush - and with every article of clothing she removed, her body got that much more aroused. When her leather jacket came off to reveal her huge, firm tits and thick, swollen nipples, she actually had to restrain a groan of pleasure.

When her skirt came off, it revealed that she not only possessed a tight new cunt - but that she was hot, wet and ready...

Even as she finished up her set, Lucy wondered how the hell she was going to be able to do standard three-song sets. Dancing to the one song, alone, had gotten her so very horny...

With a great deal of relief - none of which she could show, of course - Lucy gathered up her clothing and swayed off the stage and towards the DJ's booth...

She'd already opened the door to the smoky, electronics-filled room and stepped inside when the stunned dozen or so men in the main room finally managed to get control of themselves again. As she closed the door, she heard them clapping and cheering enthusiastically...

Shuddering inside, Lucy closed the door, glad that the small room was sound-proofed...

"Damn, girl - you're incredible..." The owner-slash-DJ said in a stunned voice. A pale, overweight man with too-narrow eyes and lanky, greasy dark hair, he was sitting at the little mixer-board behind the one-way mirror, dressed only in a pair of stained boxer shorts and a white undershirt. Since this room was his combination office/broadcast-booth, he obviously figured he might as well get comfortable...

Since he was so scantily clad, there was no way of missing the fact that her little strip-tease had given him a raging hard-on.

"So - I'm hired...?" She found herself asking, coquettishly.

"Damn straight girl - any terms you want..." The owner said, not even trying to hide his raging erection. A somewhat silly grin was plastered on his face. "I'm Ed - Ed Wilkinson."

"Hi, Ed..." She said, seductively, swaying over to where he sat...

Horried, the new woman found herself dropping to her knees. "You mind if I suck your cock, Ed...?" She asked, desperately trying - and failing - to stop herself as she pulled down his underwear and revealed his hard, throbbing cock. "I'd offer to fuck you, instead - but I only have actual sex on my days off. Being constantly horny and sexually frustrated helps me keep my edge..."

Her mind was whirling and quivering as the true nature of her fate sunk in - she was to be a cock- sucking slut. She was going to suck cocks, and only one or twice a week actually get fucked in her tight, hot new cunt...

...and the most humiliating thing was - she wanted to get fucked. Her new body was super-horny, and ex-male or not, she was desperately craving the release that orgasm would bring.

It was also denied to her. She knew without having to be told that she also wouldn't be able to masturbate. She'd spend all week getting more and more horny, and when she was finally allowed to fuck, she'd do so eagerly and hungrily. It had nothing to do with 'imposed will', like her dancing or cock-sucking - she'd actually be eager enough for it that she'd beg, desperately, for some guy to fuck her - and she'd mean it, all the way down to the disgusted depths of her trapped male mind...

Until then, however, she'd fill time by doing something else humiliating and disgusting...

Helplessly, her hands wrapped themselves around her new boss' average-sized cock. She gave him a long, sensuous look, slowly licking her lips...

Though she was straining with all her might not to do this, there wasn't even a noticeable hesitation as she lowered her face and enveloped his hard, ready cock with full, soft - and apparently eager - lips.

She began to make wholly-fictional moans of pleasure in the back of her throat as she began to lick and suck the foul-tasting cock filling her mouth, her hands working his shaft and balls in perfect rhythm as her head began to bob back and forth. Ed wasn't very clean, so the taste was musty and rather foul - and she was taking it way, way to deep with each thrust, further increasing the rampant desire to vomit.

She knew she wouldn't however. No matter how desperately she wanted to up-chuck, it wouldn't be allowed.

Anymore then she'd be allowed to stop this humiliating act. Here she was, clad only in nylons and high heels, kneeling in front of a sweaty fat man, eagerly slurping away on his cock... while he leaned forward so as to be able to reach down and begin awkwardly - and painfully - 'fondling' her massive new tits.

Mauling was more like it. Ed certainly wasn't a gentle man. Still, she had no choice but to simulate pleasure that wasn't *totally* feigned - her tits were amazingly sensitive...

Then she wasn't paying any attention to her tits. She was too busy trying to block out the sensations that came with hot, salty cum gushing into her mouth - and down her 'willing' throat. Her little strip- tease had gotten him so horny that it didn't take long at all to get him off, and she swallowed down every drop of his cum as if it were the most wonderful thing one earth...

"Mmm... That was delicious..." She lied, licking him clean and pulling his shorts back up. "I just love sucking on a hard, thick cock and gulping down warm, fresh cum - it's my major food-group..."

Rising, she smiled down at him helplessly. "Look, I've heard rumors about this place IS it true that private 'lap dances' can include hand-jobs or blow-jobs if the client pays for them ?"

Blinking, Ed started up at his newest dancer - and smiled. "Honey, you just do whatever you want, and don't worry about giving me my usual cut. You're going to make me rich as it is "

"I'm so glad you said that..." Lucy helplessly 'admitted'. "I'll do another set -a full length one - at about six, and then again at eight, ten and midnight. In between, you mind if I 'steal' one of the private rooms to suck on some more hard, thick cocks?"

"No - you go right ahead..." Ed said, still with that silly grin.

Smiling her supposed gratitude, the huge-breasted, 'cum-hungry' new stripper turned, opened the door, and helplessly went off in search of a hard cock to suck...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One roommate works on his great great invention that is going to make him rich and famous - a machine that can give the user just about an body they desire. And this time, his roommate is going to *love* the new invention.

The Feminine Persuasion

By Gunslinger

Rick was just getting into his newly-purchased DVD of *The Fast and the Furious* when the power flickered and died. "Goddamnit!"

Fumbling blindly - and swearing viscosly - Rick scrabbled around until one flailing hand hit the edge of the coffee-table in front of him, allowing him to put his beer down safely. If there'd been an observed equipped with night-vision goggles handy, they might have been surprised with the economy and speed with which the ruggedly handsome redhead moved - but, then again, the hypothetical observer probably wouldn't have realized that Richard Wheeler had plenty of experience at moving around after a sudden power failure.

In fact, too much experience...

"Damnit, Jim..." Rick shouted, rising from the couch and heading towards the hallway, one hand running along the wall to keep his sense of location solid. "It's shit like this that made me kick you out! Couldn't you have just waited another goddamn week, then pulled this stunt?"

There was no answer from the door behind which Rick's rather unusual roommate worked. That wasn't to say there wasn't anything at all coming from behind the door - knowing his own perchance for blowing fuses, Jim had bought a couple of those flashlights that you plug into the wall, the ones that automatically came on if the power was cut off - so there was a thin crack of pale white light to define where the bottom of Jim's bedroom door was. Light, however, wasn't the only thing escaping from the unsealed door - once again, the smell of ozone and burnt plastic leaked from beneath James Grosslighter's bedroom-slash-workroom door. It was an odor Rick loathed, and his fairly frequent exposure to it didn't lessen his dislike of it.

James - 'Call me Jim' - Grosslighter had shown up at Rick's door about eight months ago, responding to the ad Rick had placed after his then-roommate had left. Slight of build and quiet in nature, Jim was fairly well off financially, didn't smoke or drink, and almost completely lacked a social life. In many ways, Jim appeared to be the perfect roommate...

...except he'd considerably underplayed his 'Little Hobby'.

Jim Grosslighter was the quintessential American stereotype - the 'Basement Inventor'.

Unfortunately, Jim didn't have a well-equipped, quiet - and somewhat more remotely located - basement. Instead, he had the one bedroom, directly beside Rick's own room, and with a doorway that opened onto their shared space - so any odors connected with whatever current 'invention' he was working on quickly filled the entire apartment.

Aside from the one invention, an automated 'pop-tart'-style pastry maker, all those odors were less-than-enjoyable.

Then there was the fact that many of Jim's inventions were quite likely to blow the apartment's fuses. Jim had at least been considerate enough to change all the fuses in the unit's fuse-box to 'quick-fused' fuses, so that he wouldn't blow out the power to the entire building - but his experiments quite often left Rick in the dark, figuratively and literally.

All of which had finally prompted Rick to kick Jim out. He'd felt sort of bad about it, knowing that Jim's stupid experiments had eaten up quite a bit of his savings, leaving him low funds - and, with Rick's two-week ultimatum, short on time, as well. Still, Rick just couldn't live like this, and so Jim had to go.

Rick had just sort of expected that Jim would use the time he'd been given to look for a new apartment, and maybe even a job. Instead, he'd closeted himself in his room, working on one, last, invention.

Rick, as usual, had no idea what invention Jim was working on - but he thought that maybe Jim had re-invented the straw. The infamous straw that broke the camel's back, to be exact...

"Jim, I've had..." Rick started, angrily, throwing the door to Jim's room open and blinking at the wash of rather pale light against the darkness of the hallway...

...and then Rick's eyes adjusted, and he stopped dead in mid-sentence, dark eyes slowly widening as his jaw dropped as suddenly as if all the muscles in his face were to be taken up with pushing his eyebrows into his hairline to keep his mouth shut.

It was an extreme reaction, not just a simple 'gape', but a near caricature of a gape, right down to the little breathless 'whoof' sound as shock emptied his lungs for him.

The fact that Jim's room was so cluttered with strange, jury-rigged equipment would have been explanation enough for a regular gape - but the reason for Rick's exaggerated expression was the naked woman laying on a raised platform in the center of the room, the light from the two emergency flashlights creating high-contrast lighting that actually faltered the new woman's nude, sprawled figure.

It was that figure more than anything, that caused Rick's reaction - because the naked woman laying on the raised, padded platform was damn near his ideal woman in every respect.

Which, of course, was more than enough reason for Rick's jaw to drop and his eyes to fly wide open - because his ideal woman didn't exist. Not to his knowledge, anyway, and he'd kept pretty careful track - and his 'ideal' woman hadn't seemed to be anywhere, not even in the most 'specialized' porn movies, much less in 'real life', where he might actually meet her. His ideal woman was purely imaginary...

At least, until now.

Rick liked Asian women.

Not that it was the 'Asian' part that was hard to find, since there was literally more Asian women on earth than any other single genotype. Even when you got a little more specific about it, there was a lot about this 'fantasy woman' laying on the platform that could be found in many other Asian women.

For instance, most Asian women were, in fact, quite petite. Not just 'short', though the woman on the platform shared that in common with many other Asian women - her dusky-brass body couldn't have been more than an inch off of five feet, a 'respectable' height for an Asian woman, neither tall nor short enough to cause undue notice.

Though not always going hand-in-hand with 'short', this petite woman's build mirrored that of many other Asian women of similar stature

- fine-boned and delicate, with wrists and ankles so slender and perfectly formed that she seemed almost doll-like in some respects, her slender frame flexible and feminine, supple and sexy.

Already, that would have been enough to eliminate many Asian women from Rick's mental list as an ideal woman - yet not all of them, leaving many that were as short, slender and delicately feminine as the one laying only a few feet away from Rick.

However, more of this hypothetical pool of women could be stricken from that mental list for not sharing the silky-smooth and almost completely hairless skin that this woman boasted, the fine-pored flesh appearing almost like a faintly roughened plastic in the sharp contrast lighting, so smooth and flawless was its uncovered expanse - but it wasn't unheard of, certainly. If that had been the final requirement, Lucy Lui would have sparked every cylinder of Rick's libido, especially with her silky mane of gloriously gloss-black hair, just the way he liked it.

The smooth skin, however, wasn't the deciding factor - and although Rick thought Ms. Lui was definitely hot, he thought that the girl in a few of Jackie Chan's movies was even hotter, since she had the more rounded facial shape he preferred, less coolly sharp than Lucy's, more open and inviting - at least to Rick's way of thinking.

Even then, that martial-arts mistress wasn't his ideal girl, despite her dark, perfect eyes with their exotic folds giving them that tilted- almost look he found so mysterious and sexy. Even though she had the slender waist and the long, swan like neck, even though that woman had just about every detail at about three-quarters of what he'd consider perfection, there was one last thing that kept that particular woman from being perfect. One last 'little' detail that every other Asian woman he'd ever seen was lacking - and that this woman had, making her his absolute vision of sexual perfection:

Breasts.

Most Asian women could actually be said to be 'flat-chested', lacking almost any 'redundant' fat characteristic of the female mammary gland.

Not this woman.

In fact, this woman looked like she'd inherited all that 'missing' mammary fat, her slender ribcage supporting a pair of breasts that were not only utterly enormous, but incredibly firm. Rising and falling with each breath she took, each of this woman's breasts were as big as a medicine ball - and looked even larger on her diminutive, fine-boned frame, especially since they were so incredibly firm that they remained amazingly spherical despite the fact she was laying flat on her back.

This one the one last detail that every other possible 'candidate' for fantasy woman of Rick's life had lacked - not just big breasts, but huge breasts. Massive, round, firm breasts so incredible in proportion and shape that many - maybe even most - others would find them ludicrous, perhaps even disgusting - but, for Rick, it was the most crucial detail, the one thing more important than all the other, easier-to-find characteristics...

...which this woman also boasted, in addition to those massive - and, in Rick's eyes, perfect - breasts. She was *perfect*.

From the tip of her tiny, tapered feet to the top of her shoulder-length mane of straight, glossy black hair. From the tips of her slender, long-nailed fingers to her slight, finely formed shoulders. From slender neck to even slimmer waist, from full lips to tiny nose, from big, dark, exotically-shaped eyes to her huge, smooth, bronzed-copper breasts, she was utterly, completely, fantastically perfect.

So perfect, in fact, that Rick was quite literally entranced, standing with one foot inside Jim's room and the other out, hand still holding the doorknob as he stood stock-still, gazing in awe and wonder, to stunned by the sight to even wonder where she'd come from, much less where Jim was and how this was related to the power outage...

...and then she stirred, giving off a soft mutter in a voice that was sweet and soft and - again - perfect.

Rick suddenly became aware that he was staring at her, making no effort to hide his not-so-slowly growing erection and yet, he still didn't move, his own amazement and disbelief at seeing his fantasy woman made real enough to leave him pined in that position despite the realization that he was being more than just 'impolite'.

Still unmoving, he did nothing but watch as the diminutive-in-stature-but-not-endowment woman pushed herself into a sitting position, obviously having to work hard at it against the weight and drag of her massive new breasts. As she sat up, her breasts shifted and jiggled - which finished the job of getting Rick rock-hard, at least in one part of his anatomy.

If the jiggle-and-bounce routine hadn't already finished the job, however, what she did next would have gotten him fully erect.

With a slightly odd look on her face, the new woman looked down at her massive, round, unbelievably firm tits - then reached up and cupped them lightly with hands that barely managed to cover a tenth of their surface...

...and she gave them a light, almost tentative squeeze...

...and at the same time, let her eyes slide closed as she gave out the most sensuous, seductive moan of pleasure that Rick had ever heard.

In fact, Rick was so caught up in what he was seeing that it took the faint flickering at the edge of his vision for him to realize he hadn't yet replaced the breath that had been knocked out of him by shock. He'd been completely entranced by the vision in the room, so much so that he hadn't even felt the growing burning sensation in his chest as his lungs cried out for air - but now that his attention was drawn to it, the sensation hit with a vengeance, and he sucked in a heavy lungful of air, the hand on the doorknob tightening as he leaned against the opened door for support against the weak-kneed feeling that was half oxygen deprivation and half stunned amazement.

The incredible vision on the platform gasped at his noisy inhale, hands flying guiltily from her massive bosom as her eyes snapped open and her head whipped around, dark eyes widening as her cupid's-bow lips parted to reveal perfect, even white teeth...

"Oh...!" She said, her voice a rich contralto tinged with the faintest accent, sexy and sweet and utterly perfect. "Rick, you startled me!" "I'm sorry, I..." Rick started, ripping his dark brown eyes from the vision of loveliness as he felt his face flush a bright, hot shade of red...

...and then he did a double-take that was as classic an example of that expression as his gape had been of it's.

"How..." He said, hesitantly, frowning slightly even as his blush made his face match his bright-red hair. "How did you know my name?" The Asian woman on the platform looked startled - then she smiled wryly.

"Rick, it's me." She said, tilting her head in a way that looked oddly familiar. "I'm Jim."

For a second, Rick's brain simply refused to process what she'd said, the sheer absurdity of it making him sure that he'd misheard - and yet, after running it back in replay, there was no mistake...

"What...?" Rick asked, certain that he must still be confused. He glanced around the room, looking for the tall, skinny guy with the messy thatch of mud-brown hair...

...and failing to find him, despite the fact that the room's only window was sealed closed and there was no way Jim could have slipped out of the room without Rick noticing.

The woman's rich voice, edged with a humorous chuckle, yanked his attention right back to where it wanted to be - on her lovely, naked, wonderfully top-heavy body.

"Rick, it's me, your roommate, Jim." She said, patiently, awkwardly levering herself to her feet. "You know - the 'mad scientist'? The one you were coming in here to bawl out for blowing the fuses yet again?"

"I..." Rick started - then, realizing he had no idea where he was going with the pronoun, he tried something else. "You..."

That didn't work any better. While he stopped talking to try and figure out what, exactly, he was going to say, the huge-breasted woman gingerly made her way to the edge of the platform, walking with strange, unbalanced gait - and quite often pausing to lean forward in an awkward, oddly sexy way, to peer over her massive bust-line to see where her feet were.

Negotiating the single step down from the platform, she actually grabbed each breast with one dainty hand, and - with a soft sigh of pleasure - actually pulled her breasts further apart, allowing her to watch her step as she peered through that massive chasm of cleavage.

It was almost enough of a display to derail Rick's train of thought again - but what he'd finally decided to say consisted of a single word, and he managed to get it out, even if it was in a strangled - and, frankly, quite disbelieving - voice.

"How...?"

Pausing in her careful negotiation of the 'lab', the woman - who, Rick noticed with quite a bit of interest, had not yet released her massive breasts, though she'd let them settle back together - cocked her head.

"Well, actually, that's a very interesting story." She said. "You see, I was doing some research into electromagnetism, vis-à-vis its effect as a 'lens' on certain types of radiation, all coupled with the properties and possibilities inherent in the realm of relatively low-energy physics applications regarding the genetic sequences imbedded in the metallic compounds of the human body, including - but not limited to - copper, zinc, and, of course, iron, all suspended in a radiation-and-electromagnetic reactive solution of fluids that..."

Well, though she didn't look or, physically, sound, anything like his roommate, Rick had to admit that the mannerisms and speech patterns were a dead-on match for that of the missing pseudo-scientist - so, tentatively, Rick was willing to stipulate that this woman might, indeed, be Jim, or at least some form of him...

...which made the next question an easy one, also a single word of inquiry, though with considerably more emotional confusion in its tone: "*Why?*"

In perfect Jim-like fashion, her briefly unfocused eyes flared with annoyance at being cut short just as she was getting up to speed with her techno-babble...

...and then her eyes softened even as she lowered them slightly, her voice dropping a bit. "Why... so that I could be your fantasy woman"

The dropped eyes and lowered voice weren't done shamefully, but seductively - complete with that 'peering up past the eyelids' look that women occasionally used, the one that made them look like they actually knew every dirty, naughty thought you might be thinking...

...which, in this case, might actually be true - since Jim, if this was indeed him in another form, had listened to Rick's comments on the various Asian women on TV or in movies, and knew exactly what Rick wanted in a fantasy woman.

Slowly, consciously, and (*not that it lessened the effect*) a bit too theatrically, the gorgeous woman in Jim's room licked her full, bow-like lips, and winked one long-lashed eyelid at him.

Stunned, Rick stared at the woman that he was slowly becoming convinced was, indeed, his strange roommate in a different form - and could only repeat his last question, louder and in shocked tones, amplified by invoking a deity: "In God's name, Jim - *Why...?*"

"To keep you from kicking me out." She replied, matter-of-factly, as she pulled a folded pile of clothing from a shelf.

Rick blinked, beginning to feel as if somebody had spent the past few hours beating him over the head with a very large, very soft hammer: "Huh?"

She shrugged - which did truly interesting things to her massive new bust, things that both of them noted with great interest and - interestingly - with equal measure of pleasure.

"This is my great invention, the one that's going to make me rich and famous - a machine that can give the user just about any body the desire." She explained, laying one tiny, perfectly formed hand on the flank of one of the bigger pieces of interconnected equipment. "Getting the incredibly fine tolerances of the electromagnetic lenses was as much luck as skill, though, and taking it apart to get it out of here could ruin it completely. I couldn't take the risk."

"So you turned yourself into my fantasy woman?" Rick asked, numbly. "I mean... didn't it ever occur to you to just explain to me how important this was? I mean, honestly - a machine that can do...." He paused, searching for words, then finally settled on just waving his free hand in her direction. "...*this*, you don't think I would have changed my mind?"

The woman actually snorted - the first non-fantasy sound from her perfect little lips.

"I've tried to explain my work to you before - and your eyes just glaze over, and then you cut me off." She said.

He winced, knowing it for the truth - not even realizing that the instinctive wince was his final, subconscious acknowledgment of who this incredible woman 'really' was.

"Besides..." She went on in a gentler tone, "Would you really have believed me even if I had been able to keep you interested long enough to explain what I was doing? You might not have thought I was lying - but I'm sure you would have doubted my ability to accomplish it, much less so quickly."

Rick could have winced in acknowledgment of that, too, but she didn't give him a chance, continuing on without pause.

"Personally, I sort of doubted it myself, until it worked." She admitted, candidly. " Aside from all that, I had to completely convert my room to fit the machine in. My bed is actually the base of that platform there, and the padded surface came from the mattress. Since I'm practically broke, having spent all my inheritance on this machine, I also needed a 'test form' that would not only show you the value of my work, but that would make it acceptable for me to share your bedroom with you - and entice

you to let me live rent free - hell, cost- free - until I can finish my work and patent it for sale. My best guess is that the process will take about five years - so I needed one hell of an incentive."

While she'd been explaining this to Rick, the new woman Jim had turned himself into had been getting dressed, starting with a pair of white cotton panties that were pretty 'Plain-Jane', and certainly not what Rick would have chosen to put that fantasy body into - and the fact that it was really Jim inside that luscious body meant that the realization that he was fantasizing what she 'should' wear something perverted and disgusting.

Not that the realization did anything to stop him from continuing to do it. The part of his brain interested in this fantasy woman had very little to do with logic or intellect, operating on much baser instincts - which was why his cock had remained disgustingly hard even as she awkwardly pulled on the massive white front-closing bra she'd had custom-made somewhere, the heavy-duty white fabric encasing her massive globes perfectly. It had continued to stay hard as she'd talked, pulling on a pair of tight denim shorts that left her long, smooth legs bare, and hadn't softened in the least as she'd lifted her arms and slipped the pearl-gray sweater over her head.

However, against his will, his cock had gotten even harder, his erection actually becoming painful, as she tried - in vain - to tug the off- the-shelf sweater down over her massive new breasts, and the bra that contained them. She finally had to settle for having the hem of the sweater riding just below the half-way mark of her enormous new breasts, the bottom third of the bra and her slender waist left bared at the front, while the sweater hung almost to her firm, fully-packed ass at the back.

Rick really, *really* wished he hadn't noticed the fact that her full ass, tightly packed in denim, was as equally perfect as every other inch of her new body...

"You... want me to share my bedroom with you...?" Rick stammered, feeling as if the intervening decade had somehow melted away, leaving him a gawky, awkward eighteen-year-old again. "I.. I could just get a fold-out couch and.. I mean..."

"Oh - that wouldn't work very well..." She said, appearing almost panicked as she hurried towards him...

...and then as she moved towards him slowly, having barely caught herself before falling, her new - and radically different - center-of- gravity obviously giving her trouble. The rest of her walk to the door was done more gingerly, one hand kept on something solid for balance at all times - but her movements were none the less urgent.

Rick's brain was a-whirl, unsure what to make of the woman whose body was his ideal fantasy, and yet who was awkward, unbalanced, graceless and - in his opinion - had lousy taste in clothing. Blinking, Rick wavered between hormones and higher intellect - and split the difference, glancing at her occasionally rather than staring hungrily at her body as she drew closer. Though his mouth suddenly felt drier than southern Nevada and his voice had become a near-laryngitic croak, he managed to ask: "It wouldn't...?"

"I wanted to make absolutely sure you'd not only let me live here, but pay any and all expenses I can't afford." She explained, pausing just inside the door to her room to open the door to the relocated fuse-box and throw the reset switch before

carefully closing the rest of the distance between them. "That's why I also used a small sample of your DNA to make myself helplessly addicted to you "

...and then she was pressing her body hard against his...

...and a psychiatrist might have gained a lot of insight into Rick's psyche by noting the fact that Rick's ideal fantasy girl was two inches shorter than his own diminutive frame.

Psychology, however, was about the furthest thing from Rick's mind as he was assaulted by two diametrically opposed, yet equally powerful, urges - one, to shove 'Jim' violently away in horrified shock, the other, to wrap his fantasy girl into his embrace...

With incredible forbearance, however, he did neither. He merely stood stock-still, arm remaining exactly where they were, as he gazed in shock at the woman who was pulling her body against his, her huge breast shoved firmly (*and very, very pleasantly, he noted numbly*) against his lower rib-cage and stomach.

"Addicted...?" He croaked.

"Oh, yes..." She told him, brightly - while she began, slowly, to rub her body up and down against his, a somewhat awkward motion, but one that was nevertheless having a very pronounced effect on him. "Oh, it's not a super-strong one, since I want to be able to spend at least eight hours away from you - but that's my 'push' range, when it would get decidedly uncomfortable. With my physiological need to press my naked flesh against yours, often is better - and, not only that, but my body is 'sensitized' to yours, which means touching you gives me greater physical pleasure than touching anybody else, male or female, would, so any sexual activity, even something like sucking your cock, will feel much more enjoyable for me than it would otherwise - which is good, given the fact that making my breasts so utterly - or, should I say, 'udderly'? (he, he) - huge without resorting to implants meant I had to, um... well, deliberately unbalance my hormonal system, giving me a higher-than-usual libido."

Rick made a strange sort of squeaking sound - then closed his eyes, took several deep breaths, and thought desperately about baseball for a minute before trying to speak.

"You're more horny than a normal woman, and addicted to touching me - naked flesh to naked flesh...?" He finally asked, trying not to visualize that situation - and failing miserably.

The new woman grinned at him, purposely grinning one denim-glad thigh against the prominent bulge in his pants - and getting a small whimper for her trouble. "That's right, Rick. I'm not only your fantasy woman, physically, but I'm also a clinical nymphomaniac now - and you're the one stud on the face of the planet who can really satisfy me. Once I get some practice in this body, I'll even be able to move and walk the way a woman who looks like this should - though it may take a couple of months for me to get make-up and hairstyles down pat, and I have no idea at all how long it'll take before I can walk in really high platform heels - right now, I can barely manage it barefoot."

Rick took several more deep breaths, this time thinking about football - a bunch of burly men hitting each other, without spherical objects or phallic clubs to muddy the mental waters.

It helped. A bit...

"Jim..." Rick finally said, his voice ragged with conflicting thoughts and emotions as he took a step backwards...

...and she stayed right with him, actually leaning into him and letting him drag her into the hallway, her slender arms unable to wrap all the way around his broad back, but holding on with determination nonetheless.

"I thought I'd use 'Jade', actually." She said, somewhat pointedly. " 'Jade Kim', though, of course, that's not my legal identity... yet." Rick swallowed, heavily. "Whatever you want to call yourself, you're still you. You're still really a guy... and I can't do this."

He didn't know what he'd expected as a reaction - but it certainly wasn't a surpassingly knowing chuckle. She let him go, taking a step back.

"I don't think you've been paying attention to me." She said - then, in acknowledgment of just how much attention he'd been paying, at least to her body, corrected herself: "At least, you haven't thought through the implications of what I've been saying."

Which was true enough - Rick was having a hard time thinking at all. At least, with his brain... "What... What do you mean...?" He asked, hesitantly.

If she weren't so cutely sexy, the responding grin would have been described as 'wicked'.

"I wanted to make damned sure you'd have to, um... 'help' me." She said, dark eyes flashing. "That's the whole point. I set this whole thing up so that you just can't refuse me what I want..."

...and then she began to strip.

"What are you doing...?" Rick asked, weakly, as he removed the poorly-fitting sweater and tossing it negligently aside, her bra-clad breasts thrust proudly outwards. Even though he'd already seen her completely naked, damn near memorizing every inch of her, the sight of more of her perfect, muddy-gold skin was still making his perspire.

"Isn't that obvious, Rick?" Jade asked, coyly, her dainty fingers going to the waist-band of her jean shorts. "I'm seducing you." "No..." Rick croaked, taking a trembling step backwards - and bumping into the wall. "You.. You can't..."

"I dunno..." She said, casually, pausing her rather mundane 'strip-tease' to point on dainty finger towards a certain part of Rick's anatomy. "Part of you certainly seems to think that I can..."

"But... But..." Rick stammered in lieu of any rational argument...

...but she treated it like a request, slowly swiveling around and - oh, Dear God above! - actually rising up on tip-toe, silky hair hanging like an ebony veil for her to peer sensuously through as she looked over her narrow shoulder, watching his reaction as she slowly pushed her shorts down - having gripped the waist-band of her panties as well...

...which meant that the perfect, firm curves of her spectacular new buttocks were sensuously revealed as she pushed the fabric over the swell of her hips and let it slide smoothly down her sensuously-contoured legs and fall to the floor.

Rick whimpered.

"You like my ass...?" Jade teased, lightly sliding her fingers across the smooth skin of her firmly rounded buttocks. "My firm, sexy, woman's ass? Don't try and deny it - because it's not just a woman's ass, but your fantasy woman's ass..."

Tint feet tired of maintaining her balance against her top-heavy structure, she sank back to a flat-footed stance, still peering over one shoulder coyly.

"It must be a woman's ass..." She said, softly, seductively. "After all, look what's on the other side..."

She swiveled, slowly spreading her legs as much for support as for erotic effect - though it served both purposes equally well, and Rick's gaze was helplessly drawn to the most definitely feminine folds of her new cunt, nestled in her small patch of dark pubic hair...

...some of which was glistening with drops of liquid, visually verifying her arousal. This time, the sound was halfway between a whimper and a groan.

Oddly enough, the thought of simply closing his eyes never occurred to Rick. As a matter of fact, the short, broad-shouldered red-head hadn't even blinked recently...

"Look how hot and wet I am..." She said, and her voice was heavy and throaty as she slid those perfect hands of hers across the smooth swell of her hips, sliding tantalizingly down either side of her moist new womanhood. "Look at the tight, wet cunt of your fantasy woman, ready, willing, and eager to accept the one cock in the world that will give her the most pleasure..."

One finger flicked lightly across the swollen pearl of her clitoris, and she gasped, a purely feminine sound of sexual needs and pleasure, unlike any sound produced by even the most adept female impersonator.

"Oh, but as perfect as my hot, wet cunt is, it's not what makes me your ultimate fantasy..." She said, huskily, and Rick's eyes were helplessly to do anything but follow those hands as they slid slowly upwards, the index finger of her right hand leaving a faint, glistening trail across her flawless flesh as it slid up the taut flesh of her trim stomach, rising up into the shadow of those massive breasts - and then her hands followed the contour of the massive bra, sliding upwards and outwards to push her bra-encased breasts higher and tighter, forcing more golden-tan cleavage to show.

"These are what you could never, ever find on any other woman..." She said, giving her huge new endowments a light squeeze. "These are what make me your Ultimate fantasy "

Slowly, her hands slid away from her massive breasts, sliding back downwards, riding over the crest of her tiny waists to disappear behind her back, her shoulders rotating to thrust her chest out enticingly.

"All you have to do is accept it..." She said, her voice a tantalizing whisper. "I'm all woman now, Rick. I'm Jade Kim, your fantasy woman brought to life - and not only am I *willing* to have sex with you, I'm actually *begging* to. Why fight it? Why not just give in? Why not reach out, undo this one, little clasp and let yourself enjoy?"

Rick stared at her, mesmerized by her sensuality, trying to cope with the thought, emotions and desires thrumming through his body as he stared at the golden-bronze vision that his roommate had turned into, so near and so willing...

"Please..." She moaned, her voice edged with erotic frustration...

...and it was the final straw.

Rick's hands rose, and before he was truly even aware that he'd made his decision, he found them adroitly popping the clasp on the bra.

A size too small for the massive orbs of breast-flesh that it contained, the bra literally popped open, setting her massive new breasts free. The dark nipple that tipped each rounded mound was fully engorged, tantalizing, teasing, practically begging for attention...

..and Rick was completely incapable of refusing.

Jade gasped as Rick's hands cupped around her massive new breast, desires stronger than any she'd ever felt thrumming through her new body as he caressed her massive, firm breast, gently and hesitantly at first, then with growing confidence and expertise.

"Yes..." Jade moaned, closing her eyes in pleasure at his touch, the interaction between the chemical structure she'd given her new skin and his own body-oils causing his touch to be exquisitely pleasant, more so than it would have been for a 'normal' woman. "Ummm... That feels so *good*..."

It felt even better when he bent his head, licking lightly at her engorged nipple...

...then taking it between his lips, lightly sucking on it...

The sensation was indescribable. There was just no reference in the new woman's experience to compare the wonderful sensations caused by Rick's mouth as he lightly sucked on her full, sensitive nipple - and then, lightly, began to 'nibble' at it, using lips rather than teeth to add pressure.

"Oh..." She moaned, her hands going to his pants, enjoying his attention to her massive new breasts as he continued to fondle them, switching the attention of his lips from one nipple to the other. "Oh, Rick, yes..."

Having her breasts played with felt even better than she'd hoped when she'd finally decided to go through with this scheme - much better as a matter of fact, enough so that it washed away all the lingering doubts and discomfort she'd been hiding from Rick.

As good as it felt, though, and as much as she was sure she'd love having long bouts of breast-play in the future, right now she wanted - no, because of what she'd done to herself to ensure she'd go through with her plan, she needed - something more.

With one motion, she yanked his pants and underwear down to mid-thigh, allowing his cock to spring free, swollen and throbbing in the cool air.

"Fuck me, Rick..." Jade begged, hungrily, her arousal almost physically painful - and yet wonderfully pleasurable, all at the same time. "Please, fuck me..."

Rick, now running more on hormones than on intellect, was far past the stage of objecting. With moments that would have been comically eager and awkward at any other time, he kicked his way out of his pants as he pressed himself against Jade, turning his hips so that his almost-ready-to-blow cock wouldn't rub against the silky-smooth flesh of her thigh as he pulled her towards his bedroom, his hands now wrapped around her tiny waist to fondle the firm muscle and delightful layer of 'padding' that made up her buttocks.

Lost in their own rampant sexual needs and wants, neither one actually noticed the trip to the bed. Even if their lives had depended on it, they couldn't have told somebody what, exactly, had happened between the hallway and the bed, or how Jade's opened bra and the rest of Rick's clothing had been taken off. All they could remember was touch and taste, feel and fragrance, sound and sensation. The world seemed to consist only of smooth, golden flesh rubbing against milky skin, of two sets of lips touching and parting, tongues intertwining, hands roaming over each other's body and their own as they slid onto the bed.

Though they were making all sorts of sounds, none of it was actually 'discussion' - yet, for all that, their bodies were communicating everything that needed to be said - at least, that was what Jade had to assume, since she didn't recall the actual process that led up to it, but she was very, very aware of the act...

...as Rick's hard cock slid slowly and firmly into her sopping wet new cunt.

"Oh, God.. yes...!" Jade moaned, thrashing beneath Rick in pleasure at the incredible, fulfilling sensation. "Oh, I'm so close, Rick.. Fuck me! Fuck me now!"

It wasn't like Rick had any other plans. Eyes closed and head rolling back and forth in intense pleasure, Jade's first sexual experience as a woman was literally done blind - but that only allowed her to experience the physical sensations all he more

strongly as Rick eagerly rode atop her, his weight balanced far forward on one arm of that his free hand cold roamed and caressed her massive, spherical breasts as they writhed rhythmically atop the bed, the squeaking springs unheard as they moaned and gasped together.

She felt the warm flesh of his hand, damp with perspiration, as it slid over her breast, touching and squeezing.

She felt the sharp bursts of pleasure and mild pain as the hand slid over her nipples, 'flicking' them in unplanned, unnoticed sadism - and yet the brief, dull pain of sharp pressure wasn't only not subsumed in the pleasure also generated by Rick's touch, but actually a strange source of pleasure in and of itself, something similar to the way it felt to lightly bite your lower lip - which Jade was also doing, though she was completely unaware of it.

She was more aware of the overwhelming sensation. The one of being fucked like a woman - of being fucked as a woman.

It felt... it felt as if she were hollow. As if her entire body was one empty husk lined with incredibly sensitive pleasure-receptors, and Rick's cock was not just filling her cunt, but filling all of her. It was as if his thrusting cock was making her whole, completing her in a very primal way...

...and causing unbelievable physical pleasure as well, the strange sensation of being hollow-and-filled meaning that the sensations didn't seem to be spreading through her body so much as they seemed to be generated throughout her body, the cock filling her cunt seeming to steadily grow to fill more and more of her with pleasure - and the pleasure was increasing as she was 'hollowed out' more and more to make room for the 'expanding' organ thrusting into - and, seeming to her, through - her body...

...until it seemed to her as if that massive, thrusting head reached far enough inside her to touch a nerve-bundle in the center of her brain, making a direct neural connection between body and brain that became a painless white explosion of orgasmic pleasure.

The scream she let out as her first female orgasm hit her went unheard by either, the flexing and writhing muscles of her new cunt more than enough to push the already-on-edge Rick over the edge, his own orgasm a split-second behind hers...

...and a split-second before the second orgasm that slammed through her body, somewhat weaker, but longer and somehow more 'mellow'...

...but not nearly as 'mellow' as the third, almost unnoticeable orgasm - the one that immediately connected to a slowly fading afterglow of pleasure, much like the sensation one might feel after finally sitting down after a long walk, and actually directly related, since it was a 'simple' case of hard-used muscles relaxing - but this 'pleasant relaxation' was much, much stronger, and much more localized... except for the fact that it still felt like her new cunt ran up through her entire torso.

It wasn't until Rick, panting, rolled off of her new body that the mental dimensions of her new womanhood began to creep back towards reality.

"Oh, God..." Rick moaned, collapsing beside her.

Even in the midst of the slowly fading pleasure, a pang of worthy speared through to Jade's slowly-reawakening intellect, and she looked over at him...

...to find him looking back at her, a tentative smile on his lips, his eyes both hesitant and hopeful...

"You were fantastic..." She said, truthfully, and felt relief wash over her as the hesitant look in his eyes faded away, signaling that she'd successfully 'hooked' him. Though he might have the occasional bout of disquiet over the fact that she'd once been a man, it wouldn't be enough to counter the pure - and, in many ways, unreasoning - lust he felt for the living version of his own fantasy woman.

Felling physically, emotionally and intellectually satisfied, Jade snuggled up to her lover and new boyfriend, still finding that she, to, had lingering 'homophobic' emotions - but, thanks to some judicious tampering, her own hormonal system more than compensated for that, as well, and she felt a smug self-satisfaction at having planned ahead enough to make this so damned easy on her. Her new body was one-hundred-percent genetic female, physically indistinguishable from the genuine article - though, of course, not every 'genuine' woman suffered from both hormonal nymphomania and hypercomastia.

Yes, indeed, the new woman, with her huge, round breasts and tight, sensitive cunt was as 'real' as a woman could get - in body.

Given her male upbringing, however, it didn't occur to her until much, much too late that it was possibly to make something too perfectly realistic - and by the time she realized that it probably would have been for the best if she'd made herself infertile, the strange and powerful hormonal changes of pregnancy had kicked in, making her incapable of making any sort of rational decisions about the situation...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When a wanna-be witch comes to her next door neighbor and ask for his help practicing spells, he has no idea it is going to lead to him living his life as a female.

Final Exam

By Gunslinger

Sarah blushed - something she wasn't accustomed to doing, but which Peter thought she did most prettily, the flush bringing color to the dark-haired young woman's flawlessly pale, milky skin.

"I... I need your help." She admitted, slowly.

To say Peter was surprised was an understatement. Not only was Sarah hardly known to admit needing help from anybody at all, if Peter had ever stopped to consider if-and-when she *would* ask for help, he would be pretty far down the list of people he'd think she'd turn to. Not that they were enemies, exactly - it was just, as neighbors went, they weren't particularly...well, neighborly. He, tall and broad-shouldered, was a twenty-four year old 'jock', while she was a slender, pale twenty-one year old 'Goth'. They had very little in common - including schedules, since she was definitely a 'night owl', and while he still occasionally partied late into the night, he was mostly a day person.

So, to come home from work Friday afternoon and find her not only already up and about during daylight hours, but waiting for him in front of his apartment door was more than a bit unusual. Her statement, however, was downright amazing, and Peter's bushy eyebrow rose in surprise.

"Well, uh, Sarah..." Peter said, working through his faint sense of shock. "What is it I can do for you?"

Usually quite self-assured and reserved, her furtive glances were out of place. She pursed her dark-painted lips, and inclined her head towards the door to her apartment. "Uh.. can we discuss this inside?"

Peter nodded, and followed her to the door of her apartment, which she opened just long enough for them to slip inside before closing it, almost as if she were afraid of the sunlight 'contaminating' the room.

This was the first time Peter had been in her apartment - but it was more or less what he'd expected. Black was the predominant color in her decor, and there was very much a Gothic feel to the furnishings and finishings.

"So - what's up?" Peter asked, letting himself being lead to a heavy wooden chair with deep, dark-purple velvet cushions. He sank into it, and watched as she sat in a matching chair across from him, her black-painted nails fidgeting nervously with the hem of the short, leather skirt that displayed her pale, fishnet-stockings clad legs.

Taking a deep breath, she finally managed to get her gaze to meet Peter's hazel eyes. "Peter, I'm... a witch." She said.

Peter pursed his lips. He looked the short, elfin-like girl up and down, from the mop of short, black hair to the toes of her knee-high black leather 'combat'-style boots.

"I see." He said, finally, his voice neutral. "Do you mean, like, a real, card-carrying 'cast a curse' witch?" Her blush increased - but she nodded.

"Yeah - well, that is, almost. You see, that's what I need your help with..."

"Oh...?" Peter asked, carefully. He wasn't quite sure what to make of her claim, and he was quite carefully reserving judgment - for the moment.

"To be a full-fledged witch, I need to pass the final test." She said, blush deepening. "It's sort of a three-in-one test. Truth, Trust, and Power."

"Truth, Trust, and Power?" Peter repeated, carefully. She seemed too intent - too honest - for this to be some sort of elaborate gag... so either she was completely insane, or this was - to her at least - the truth.

She nodded.

"Truth - because I have to take the risk of revealing myself to a 'Normal' - a person with no connection to other Mystics, like myself." She explained.

"Ah - and that's where I come in." Peter said.

"Partially." She agreed. "The other two parts are 'Trust' and 'Power' - because, once I have proven to you that I am what I say I am, I have to get your willing agreement to let me cast a spell on you. That's the whole test, you see - Find a Normal, convince him, and Enchant him. If I do all three, I pass."

"Okay..." Peter said, slowly. "Uh, I hope you won't be offended, Sarah... but I'm not sure I'm convinced, yet. I mean, I'm sure *you* believe you're a 'real' witch, but..."

"That's still part of the 'Truth'." She said. "See, it's sort of a test of judgment - because, once I prove to you I'm an apprentice witch, we'll see if my judgment about how you'll react is correct."

Taking a deep breath, Sarah lifted her hands in front of her and began to chant in an oddly low, hollow-sounding voice. Bemused, Peter watched her...

...and then started, violently, his jaw dropping and his eyes widening in amazement, as a glowing ball of blue-green flame began to form between her out-stretched hands.

There were no hidden gas-pipes feeding the flame - her leather bodice-style top left her slender arms bare to the shoulders. The ball of flame wasn't an illusion or projection - it cast of a bright, blue-green light, and Peter could feel the heat radiating out from it.

Heat that stirred Sarah's short mop of dark hair, but didn't burn the flesh of the pale hands just an inch away from either side of the flaming, hissing, burbling ball.

Suddenly spreading her fingers wide, Sarah barked out a command in that strange, harsh language she'd been chanting in - and the ball of flame vanished, and she tensed slightly in her seat, her dark eyes watching for his reaction almost fearfully.

"Holy... shit..." Peter breathed, unconsciously shaking his head from side to side - and then, slowly, a faint smile formed on his lips. "I bet that comes in handy for lighting cigarettes..."

Sarah returned his smile, her tense shoulders relaxing. "So.. you believe me, then?"

"I.. guess I have to." Peter said, still trying to wrap his mind around the fact that magic - 'real' magic - actually existed. It seemed impossible - but Peter himself would admit that he was an uncomplicated man. He didn't understand electronics or electricity, and to him the workings of a television or computer were practically 'magic' - but it didn't bother him. He didn't care if he didn't understand how something worked, as long as it did. His own eyes had just shown him what certainly appeared to be witchcraft - and, understand it or not, he wasn't going to start disbelieving his senses now.

"You're not freaked out? Panicked?" Sara pressed.

"A little." Peter admitted, wryly. "This isn't exactly an everyday thing for me, you know? Thing is, though - you haven't changed. Oh, you can do things I didn't know, until just now, that you can do - but if you were going to do 'bad things' to me with it, you could have done it any time you wanted, whether I knew about it or not. So..."

"So... you trust me?" Sarah asked, almost breathlessly. "I mean... you'll let me put a spell on you?"

"Whoa, slow down." Peter said, raising his hands. "I'm still trying to wrap my head around the fact that it's possible for you to really put a spell on me. I'm not quite to the point of agreeing to it."

"Oh." She said, crestfallen.

Peter sighed. "What type of, uh.. 'spell'?"

She blushed, slightly. "Actually, the only spell I know, with the requisite power to qualify, is the transformation spell."

"So, what exactly is it that you're asking of me?" Peter pressed.

"Uh..." She said, blush deepening. "I, um.. Well, can I turn you into a dog for the weekend?" "What?" Peter blurted out, shocked.

"Well, the spell takes roughly twenty-four hours to 'set'." She explained. "At that point, it becomes as if the new form is your 'natural' one, and the effort, which lessens during that day, is finally gone completely. Then I need at least another day to 'rest up' enough for the change back. You see, once the new form has set, it takes just as much effort to change you back as the first change did to change you in the first place."

"You want me to spend the weekend as a dog?" Peter demanded.

"Well, it doesn't have to be a dog..." Sarah said, with a sigh. "I just figured that would be easiest. I mean, I could make you a cat - but the bigger the change in mass, the harder the spell is. A big dog would be a lot easier. Something else, say, and ape, with just about your own mass would be easiest of all - but an ape would attract a lot more attention than a dog would, don't you think?"

Peter, however, was shaking his head. "I'm sorry, Sarah - but no way. I'm not spending three days as a dog. I know it would help you... but I just can't agree to it. I mean, not being able to talk, not having hands.. hell, what about going to the washroom? You can't actually expect me to go down to the park and use a tree, now can you? It's just out of the question!"

"Please, Peter...!" Sarah said, all but begging. "If I fail this test, I can't try it again for at least a year. It's the rules - and it started as soon as I told you who - what - I am. Please, if you turn me down, I'll fail!"

Peter felt sorry for her - but not that sorry. "No, Sarah - I just can't agree to it."

"An ape then?" She asked - begged. "You'd have hands, and you could use the toilet - we'd just have to keep you hidden, out of sight, and..."

"I.. don't think so." Peter said, genuinely regretful. Sure, he didn't owe her anything - but he didn't like to see her suffer, even if she was just one step up from a perfect stranger. "I... I guess I'm just too used to being human. The thought of even just being an ape, unable to talk... doesn't feel right."

Sarah looked like she was going to cry, pulling even more on Peter's guilty feelings - and then her eyes brightened.

"Uh.. there's another choice..." She suggested, her tone of voice decidedly delicate. "I mean, something that would still qualify..." "Oh...?" Peter asked, carefully.

"Instead of a change of species.. a change of gender..." Peter gaped at her.

"You want to turn me into.. into a girl?" He blurted, shocked.

"You'd still be human!" She pointed out, quickly. "You could talk, you could even go out in public... if you wanted to. I mean... would it really be such a big deal?"

Peter just continued to stare at her, shocked. "Please?" She quite literally begged.

"Just.. give me a minute..." Peter said, awkwardly, trying to deal with the new thought that had just been introduced. She fell silent, giving Peter a chance to think it over.

His immediate impulse was to tell her to go to hell... but the longer he thought about it, the more he realized she wasn't really asking all that much of him. Certainly, he was less than sanguine about the idea - but it wasn't like it was going to hurt him in any way.

Indeed, a lot of the negative feelings came from the thought of being 'seen' to be less masculine - but it wasn't like she was asking him to wear a dress, where anybody who looked at him would see Peter, acting feminine. If this spell thing really worked, then he'd be a woman in women's clothing - and though the thought of that might make him uncomfortable, he knew nobody else but Sarah and himself would know of his 'perversion'...

...and that, of course, interested up some intriguing ideas.

After all, he was basically being offered a chance to see what life was like for a woman - without any possibility of getting 'caught' at doing it.

It took him nearly fifteen minutes to come to that conclusion, and he still felt somehow 'dirty' for even considering the idea of willingly letting somebody 'steal' his masculinity and leave him a 'mere' woman...

...but, mixed in with those disquieting emotions and thoughts was a certain sense of... guilty excitement, made all the more enticing by that 'forbidden' aspect of it.

"I guess..." He said, slowly, "...as long as you are absolutely positive that you can change me back - and that nobody else will find out about this... well, then, I guess I could, you know, deal with being a.. a woman... for a few days."

"Oh, Peter - thank you!" Sarah gushed, completely abandoning her usual reserve as she almost literally threw herself into his arms for a long hug of gratitude...

...and even as he enjoyed feeling her lean, lithe body in his arm, Peter couldn't help but feel his was making some sort of horrible, horrible mistake.

* * * * *

"Are you ready...?" Sarah asked, finishing the last of her lengthy preparations.

Laying on a small velvet-covered divan in the middle of an intricately-drawn series of designs on the floor of the apartment, Peter was desperately tempted to say 'no', and back out now. Dressed in a pair of loose-fitting boxer shorts and a thick terry-cloth bathrobe, his heart was pounding a mile a minute at the idea of letting himself being turned into a woman -

but, on the other hand, he'd just spent the last hour and a half calling a few friends and claiming he was going out of town for the weekend, and taking care of all the other preparations for a 'missing weekend'.

"I... guess so." He finally agreed.

"Then let's do it!" She said, with completely understandable - but, to Peter, nevertheless excessive - enthusiasm.

Lighting the tall taper candles placed at strategic points around the designs on the floor, Sarah - now dressed in a long, flowing black velvet gown - raised her arms towards the ceiling and began to chant in that low, guttural voice she used when performing a spell.

As she chanted, Peter had his own part to play in the casting of the spell. Though she was providing the actual magic to achieve the transformation, it had to be a 'willing' change on his part - part of the 'safety measures' instilled within the world of witches. Though it was somewhat relaxed for more powerful and mature witches, whose judgment on using magic on unwilling subjects was a little more trustworthy, for an apprentice witch it was utterly absolute. After all, otherwise an unscrupulous witch could choose to interpret a person's agreement to allow for something the person never intended.

That being the case, it was up to Peter to actually determine the form he'd wear for the next three days, to ensure that there was no possible way Sarah could 'screw him over'. As she chanted, he closed his eyes and concentrated on building as detailed an image as possible of the woman he'd become.

It seemed like such an easy thing to do, when she'd explained it to him. He'd come up with a rough idea of what woman he'd like - well, no, not 'like', but would be willing to be. Some tall, well-muscled 'female body-builder' type, one who was only barely female, but not looking anything like Peter, so that nobody would have any chance of making the connection.

Now, however, laying on the divan with Sarah chanting and his heart pounding, he found it much harder than he'd expected, his mind wanting to flit all over the place. As he felt the magic encircling him growing in power and needing an outlet, he struggled to force his mind to concentrate on the image he'd decided on...

...but, even as he was considering the mental image, his undisciplined mind began to run away with him.

At first, he barely noticed it, too busy focusing on the mental image of the 'female body builder' he was planning to become. Oh, certainly, he was aware of himself thinking about how ugly the image he was creating was, to him - but he didn't think about the fact that he was thinking about it, because he agreed completely with himself. Female body-builders certainly weren't his 'thing', and he'd never actively tried to 'fantasize' one before. No, when he was imagining a female form, it was usually something more like...

Before he could catch himself, before he could even realize what exactly he was doing, his mind slipped naturally into more familiar channels, and the mental image he was struggling so hard to create instead slipped towards one that was no

trouble at all for his mind's eye to 'focus' on - being one much more pleasurable to his sense of feminine aesthetics. Then, it was entirely too late - as the magic suddenly took hold.

It was nearly indescribable - and certainly the strangest thing Peter had ever experienced. Somehow, it felt almost as if his mental image had become 'liquid', and was oozing outwards from his mind and through flesh and bone that liquefied as it passed. The magic itself felt like a cold heat that melted his body, and then a warm freeze that resolidified it - into the form he'd been holding in his imagination.

A form far different then the one he'd intended to hold.

"Oh, shit..." Peter-who-was-no-longer-Peter sighed as the change finished, knowing without having to look that he-who-wasn't-a-he had screwed up. Even the sensations coming from the newly feminine body and the sound of the newly feminine voice were redundant verification - for the new woman was well aware of the figure she'd been imagining at that last, crucial image, and it was about as far from the 'unpleasant' image she'd been attempting to form, against her own 'judgment'.

After all, nothing in the new woman's past had ever led her to try and discipline her mind into fantasizing about a female body unattractive to her. Of course, nothing in her past had been geared towards imagining herself as that woman, either - but, undisciplined, her mind had ignored all the repercussions of the form, and just went for the 'eye candy' pleasure of it.

"Whoa..." Sarah said, sounding a bit tired. "That's... quite the body you chose for yourself..."

"This wasn't the body I was planning on." The new woman said, wryly, as she pushed herself into a half-seated position and looked down at her figure with a sigh. "My.. imagination sort of got away from me. My brain is sort of trained to imagine female bodies.. but this type, rather than the one I was planning to give myself."

"Oh..." Sarah said, blushing brightly. "You have, uh... interesting tastes."

"Yeah, I know..." A blush of her own on her new face. "Can we, uh... try again?"

Sarah hesitated. "I.. I don't have the strength to let this transformation 'slip', then start a new one." She said, face working with motion. "If.. If you tell me to let you change back, I will, of course... but then, I'll have failed..."

The new woman almost went ahead and demanded to be changed back into a man... but something stopped her. Several something's, actually, not the least of which were pride and guilt.

This wasn't Sarah's fault. It had been Peter's job to decided on the form and hold the image of it in his-then-her mind...and so, she'd gotten what she'd deserved, as uncomfortable as it might be. It had been her mistake - and she was going to have to live with it, at least for the next three days.

"No..." She sighed, not without some wry humor. "This was my own fault, and I'll just have to deal with it."

Pushing herself the rest of the way into a seated position, Peter shook her new head and looked down at the female form she was going to be inhabiting for the next seventy-two hours.

It was quite the form - and, even though she'd never wanted to be inhabiting it, the new woman couldn't help but find it 'sexy', despite her discomfort - for, of course, she was seeing it through the lens of her own taste in feminine flesh, and it was, of course, just about her own idea of a 'perfect babe'.

No - that wasn't quite true. Even Peter would admit that the type of woman he-then-she had imagined wouldn't make a 'real' good girlfriend, in reality. No, this was strictly the body of a 'no repercussions, no past, no future' fantasy woman.

It showed.

She was pure seductress.

The word best used to describe her would be 'lush' - from the lush fall of her thick, rich wave of mahogany hair, to the lush curvature of her body. She was, most definitely, 'a whole lot of woman' - not in the sense that she was fat, but in the sense that her curves abounded. Her waist, which would have been 'thick' on any other woman, was made narrow by the wide flare of her broad hips below, and the scope of her full, heavy breasts above - breasts that, though lacking the spherical perfection of implants, were remarkably firm for their 'natural' size, and only barely kept from being 'too much of a good thing' by her equally broad shoulders, made feminine by the overall well-padded curves of her figure.

Her legs were also well-packed and full - but also long enough to keep from looking 'thick', or worse, 'sturdy' - instead, they were quite sexy, especially leading up to the incredibly full, firm ass that would have looked ridiculously huge on a slimmer pair of hips.

Her face, also, was a study in lush sensuality, with a broad chin and sharp nose that would have been 'big' or even 'masculine' on any other woman - but with her broad cheek-bones and dark, sultry eyes, she instead had a sort of 'Sophia Loren' sexiness, especially with full lips that, once again, answered to the description of 'lush' - as did the long lashes framed her heavy-lidded sensual eyes.

Her nationality was hard to pin down, but it was undeniably a full-figured Mediterranean look, with dusky skin adding a hint of the exotic to her seductress looks. It was the look of a woman designed - not just for 'mindless sex' - but to seduce men, easily and without any self-consciousness or cruel intention, into highly enjoyable sex.

In short, just the sort of 'fantasy woman' Peter had long dreamed about, one who enjoyed sex and would willingly - even happily - entice her lover into giving her the 'pleasure' of pleasing him sexually...

...and now it was the body she was wearing.

"Well... this is going to be interesting..." the new woman breathed, running her hands over her smooth, softly-firm flesh, so unnaturally smooth and silken beneath her question hands. "I guess it won't kill me to stay like this for three days, though."

"Oh, Peter - thank you!" Sarah gushed, amazed - and happy - that the new woman wasn't going to break the deal and go back to being a man after finding herself in an unexpected sensual body. The slimmer woman flew into the half-naked new woman's arms for yet another thank-you hug...

...and the new woman had to bite down on her full, rounded new lower lip to keep from gasping in pleasure as the other woman's body pressed against her own.

It was purely physical. Peter's mind hadn't been 'messed with' at all - but, as in her fantasies about this time of woman, her new body was designed for pleasure, and that's what it felt. The press of Sarah's chest against her own, full bust, the touch of the other woman's warm skin against her - all of it caused considerably more pleasure than she'd expected, and her body reacted as could be expected of a fantasy woman's body - it became aroused, her thick, frank nipples standing at attention and a warm and very pleasant moisture building in her crotch.

"You're welcome..." She said, awkwardly, unsure how to cope with the incredible ease and speed with which her new body became aroused.

"I'm just so happy, Peter...!" Sarah said, not yet noticing the new woman's state of arousal. "Oh, hmm... Peter doesn't quite seem to fit you anymore. I mean, if we do go out in public, and people hear me calling you 'Peter' - well, it would sound a little weird, wouldn't it?"

"I.. guess so..." She agreed, not really paying all that much attention. Instead, she was busy 'experiencing' the strange pleasure of being an aroused woman. She felt guilty enjoying the sensation - but that didn't mean she didn't concentrate on enjoying it.

"How about..." Sarah said, disengaging from the new woman and tapping her chin as she stared thoughtfully off into space. "Petra. How does that sound...?"

Sarah lowered her gaze, eager to see the new woman's response to her suggestion...

...and then she blushed and looked rapidly away.

Blushing herself, the new woman quickly pulled her hand out of her now-straining boxers and hastily wiped her moist fingers on the hem of the bathrobe that hung, parted, over her full, firm breasts.

"Sure, Petra would be fine." She agreed - more to move past the awkward moment than out of any real affinity for the new name. "Great idea, Petra I'll be."

"Oh, okay, good..." Sarah said, awkwardly - and then, face flushing even deeper red, she turned her gaze back to the newly-renamed woman, a thoughtful pucker to her lips. "You seem, um, to be... enjoying your new body."

Peter/Petra's blush deepened too. "Oh, well.. um.. Like I said, it's sort of my fantasy-woman's body...and I'd always fantasized it as being, uh... highly sensitive, and..."

She trailed off, embarrassed - but though Sarah's blush was as deep as ever, the look in her eye was nearly wicked.

"Would you like to... experiment?" She asked, her eyes tracing up and down Petra's lush new form. "I mean, I'm not really into girls, but if you'd like..."

Petra stared at the witch in shock - then her flush deepened as far as it could possibly go...

...and she, slowly and hesitantly, nodded.

"It might.. be " She said, barely able to believe that, mere minutes after being turned into a voluptuous, sexy woman, she was actively seeking out a sexual experience, even if it was with another woman - but, feeling the sensations she already had, eager to find out what it could feel like if more directly explored. " interesting."

Having been honest when she said she wasn't 'into' women, Sarah's movements were a little hesitant, a little self-conscious...

...but then again, so were Petra's, so it all balanced out.

Slowly and deliberately parting Petra's robe to reveal her lush new body, Sarah leaned forward, hands sliding up to the firm globes of Petra's new breasts before sliding back down and around, ending up behind her back - as the pressure of her hands on Petra's tits was replaced with the pressure of her own, considerably more modest bust-line as she leaned in for a long, deep kiss - one that expressed all her gratitude for what Peter/Petra was doing.

By the time Sarah broke the kiss and began slowly working her way downward, caressing, kissing and licking the new woman's dusky body, 'self-conscious' was the last thing either of them were, so caught up in the moment that any sense of shame or embarrassment was only something being filed away in the backs of their mind to be remembered later.

For Petra, this high sense of arousal was a combination of her body's new sensitivity, and her amazement at her first sexual experiences as a woman - and for Sarah, it came from finding herself more unbelievably turned on than she thought she possibly could be by the 'kinky' thought of making love to a man she'd transformed into a woman.

When Sarah's slow, southward journey ended with her pushing down Petra's boxers and apply a quick, supple tongue to a thoroughly moistened womanhood, Petra was seriously wondering why every woman on the planet wasn't just a lesbian.

Two sets of silky-smooth skin, one pale and one dusky. To soft, feminine voices making soft sounds of pleasure. Two pairs of breasts, one large and one more modest.

Smooth legs.

Gentle, delicate hands. Full lips.

Silky hair...

...and the moist, highly sensitive slits with their pink little pearls of pleasure... Time lost all meaning.

* * * * *

"God God...!" Petra sighed, softly, sprawled limply across the divan, dark eyes wide in reverent shock. She stared at the ceiling, barely capable of absorbing, much less believing, how utterly sated her body was, a deep sense of utter satisfaction that left her feeling incredibly relaxed, yet not at all tired.

"Yeah." Sarah agreed, feeling much the same way.

Letting her head roll to the side, Petra brushed a lock of thick, mahogany hair from in front of her eyes and stared at the clock on the wall in disbelief.

"Three hours?" She said, stunned. "We've been having sex for three hours?" "Yeah." Sarah repeated, in a dreamy tone.

"Wow..." Petra breathed. "There's something no man, no matter how virile, could claim..."

In the odd mental state that accompanied her physical satisfaction, she slowly reviewed the constant lesbian pleasures of the past three hours - including more orgasms than she could conveniently count.

"I never knew how incredibly... all-encompassing a woman's orgasm is!" She muttered - still incredibly bemused to be ABLE to make such a claim, truthfully. "For a guy, it's a lot more... localized."

"Really?" Sarah asked - herself bemused to be having a 'girl talk' with somebody who could provide a first-hand account of a man's sexual experience.

"Yeah. In fact, it's actually more intense..." Petra stopped suddenly, and shook her head. "No, that's not right. There's probably the same total amount of pleasure, but for a guy it's all in his cock, so it's more... 'concentrated. But it's also over a hell of a lot more quickly."

"Tell me about it." Sarah said, a bit bitterly - and then she blushed in a most becoming manner.

Looking at each other, the two women - one life-long, the other of a considerably more recent vintage - burst out laughing.

After they took turns having a shower, the women had a late dinner, then settled won to watch some TV - normal, everyday actions.

Actions made new and exciting for Petra by the fact she was doing them in a woman's body, feeling the sensations a woman would feel...

...and, surprisingly, new and exciting for Sarah, who still couldn't believe how arousing she found it to be 'playing' with a transformed male.

Some time later, by unspoken mutual consent, the TV was shut off, and they headed off to the big bed in Sarah's bedroom...

...and after she'd been most thoroughly - and intimately - introduced to Sarah's little pink plastic friend. The two women drifted off into a deep, exhausted sleep of utter contentment, still entwined on sweat-dampened sheets.

* * * * *

When Petra awoke, she was alone.

Yawning, she climbed out of bed and, naked, pattered around the apartment, wondering where her lesbian lover had gotten too - but more interested in being pleasantly bemused by being able to claim a lesbian lover than she was by worrying about Sarah.

Besides - wherever Sarah might have gone, she'd left that delightful little pink dildo behind....

Petra, so recently Peter, was still quite capable of feeling more than a little ashamed to be fucking herself with Sarah's hot-pink plastic phallus...

...but not nearly so much as to stop herself from doing it, still amazed to find how responsive this new body of his was.

Of course, it was somewhat more than the 'average' woman's body would be - but it wasn't even close to being outside the 'known' range. The easy and strong arousal of her body was simply at the other end of the spectrum from, and no more uncommon than, women who were 'frigid'.

Not that Petra particularly knew or cared about that - all she knew was the fact that everything was 'new and different' simply increased the somewhat guilty pleasure that she felt, emotionally, in enjoying the uncomplicated pleasure of her body, physically.

When Sarah returned, it turned out she had been shopping. She'd purchased a half-dozen outfits at a second hand store, 'guesstimating' the new woman's dimensions from a combination of personal experience with women's sizes and a highly detailed, if untechnical, series of 'hand measurements', based on having touched every square inch of Petra's new flesh at one point or another.

Not one of the outfits had pants, or even shorts. Just dresses and skirts and blouses.

Petra didn't mind putting on the dress Sarah urged on her - but had to be somewhat convinced to try the shoes with the two-inch heels, 'just to see' the entire effect...

...which, some time later, led her to not-quite-reluctantly letting Sarah 'do' her hair...

...and, after that, getting made-up was almost a given. Several hours later, she stood in front of the mirror.

She wore a tight-fitting crushed-velvet dress in dark, faded 'Old Gold', with nude nylons and brown pumps with a three-inch heel. Her hair, pulled up high on her head, in turn spilled down in thick rings past a face carefully made up to accentuate her full lips and dark, mysterious eyes.

It was agreed that it made her look unbelievable 'hot'...

...which, in turn, lead to nearly an hour's worth of careful look for that final effect being all-but-torn from her body as they once more wound up on the bed, pale and dusky bodies writhing in consensual pleasure.

* * * * *

This isn't natural." Petra said, with a yawn, as they 'cuddled'. "You weren't interested in women, and while I was, it was a guy - and yet, here we are, a day later, having spent more then half our time since I became a woman having wild, passionate sex."

"Are you complaining?" Sarah asked with a tired giggle. "Not at all." Petra admitted.

A moment's silence went past, and Petra thought Sarah had drifted off to sleep - then:

"You're 'set', you know." Sarah said, softly. "It's been a day. By this time tomorrow, I'll be strong enough for the second transformation spell."

Petra considered that.

"Well, then - let's not waste any time..." She said - and, this time, she was the one who began kissing, licking and caressing her way towards a moist, warm womanhood...

* * * * *

The next day, some time between their slower, more... 'loving bouts of sapphic sex, they found time to go out for lunch.

It was, surprisingly, Petra's idea. She wanted a chance to go 'incognito' in public - not that she went unnoticed, by any means, not in that ensemble they'd agreed was so hot.

But nobody knew that this hot babe was, 'really', a guy, and that's what made it so deliciously delightful - more then enough to make up for the slow roil of Petra's stomach as she, admittedly illogically, awaited someone to 'unmask' her for the fraud she was.

No one did, of course...

...but they had an incredibly close all in the alleyway behind the restraint when, excited and aroused far beyond what she would have believed possible by her 'kinky' jaunt out into the world as a woman, Petra had dragged Sarah back there for some public sex.

Scared, excited, shocked, guilty and unbelievably aroused by the near-miss, they retreated - rapidly and not-quite-decently to Sarah's apartment...

...and made wild, unfettered love until, late that night, it was agreed that it was time for Peter to reappear in the world of men.

* * * * *

Peter's eyes all-but-rolled back in his head, and he moaned in deep pleasure as the warm, softly-firm lips wrapped around his cock brought him to orgasm. He twitched, his hot cum jetting thick and fast into the willing, waiting mouth.

"God - that feels fantastic!" Peter gasped, leaning his head forward to peer down. "No wonder guys love getting blown so much." He added, after a second.

"I always enjoyed it." Petra admitted, licking the last of the cum from her full, lipstick-clad lips, the rising and settling herself on her boyfriend's lap to claim a quick kiss.

Peter's hands, almost on their own, went to their accustomed positions - one helping hold Petra on his lap while not-coincidentally squeezing her magnificently full ass, the other coming up to lightly play with one equally magnificent breast.

"So - how did it go?" Petra asked. Peter chuckled.

"Well, they admitted I passed the test - but I can't be admitted as a fully accredited witch while I'm still a man." Sarah-as-Peter said. Petra laughed.

"Well..." She said, pausing for another kiss... while sliding a hand down to grasp the cock of her old, male body, still feeling that incredible arousal at fucking 'himself' even after more than a month. "...it'll just have to wait, then."

Peter's cock began to harden.

"I'm still nowhere near skilled enough to do the transformation spell." Petra continued - while pressing her full breasts against her old, male body's hairy chest.

"When I made that agreement, that I'd become Peter and stay 'you' until you learned enough witchcraft to transform us both back into our original genders, I thought I'd be spending a hell of a lot of more time tutoring you." Peter said, trying to sound firm - and failing, even as a certain part of his new body *became* firm. "Instead, I spend all day pretending to be you at your job - and then, when I get home, you're all hot and ready to trot. If not for the limitations of the male organ, we'd never get anything done..."

Petra, smiling mysteriously, swung her dusky, shapely leg around, momentarily bracing her weight on Peter's broad shoulders. "That's because I'm in absolutely no hurry to change back." She said, huskily...

...and then happily impaled her warm, wet, *wonderful* womanhood on her lover's hard, throbbing cock.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A detective on the job looking for a gender change clinic, agrees to change bodies with a female doctor, to meet his clients needs.

Final Gambit

By Gunslinger

The twenty-fifth floor of the Harriman was as large as the floors below it, but considerably more expensive, as it was the penthouse level, large and spacious. It was unusual for that much area to be taken up by a single company. The floors below it all housed at least two, and on the twelfth there were eleven companies sharing the same floor.

So it was unprecedented that the 'corporation' housed on that floor - 'Results, Incorporated' - consisted not of a few dozen industrious staffers, but a single man.

But that was the case. Not that the other tenants - or even the landlords - of the building knew how many people did or didn't work on the top floor. Everything about the nebulously-named company was mysterious - who worked there, what they did, or how much they made doing it. They couldn't even glean a clue from the clientele - the penthouse had a separate ground-floor lobby that led to an express elevator to the top floor. As soon as 'Results, Inc.' had moved in, that ground-floor

lobby had become a high-security enclave with heavily tinted windows, forestalling any attempt to discover anything at all about the unusual company.

And the man who lay at the center of all this mystery was Jonathan Kirkland Tyler.

Tyler wasn't an imposing man, physically. Although he was well into his forties, he didn't appear a day over twenty-eight. He was a few inches above average height, but slightly on the slender side in build, a fact mitigated by years of demanding physical exercise that had built up his musculature to a fair degree. Interestingly, he had never set foot inside a gym - the bulk came from the sometimes- excessive physical strains of his work.

His hair was worn short but stylish, and it was black across the top and back, shading into a dark brown at the temples. Aside from a brief period in the seventies, he always kept his face clean shaven. The face itself was neither ugly nor terribly beautiful - but imbued with a rugged, masculine cast that some women seemed to find attractive.

But his eyes...

His eyes could turn a woman's knees to jelly or a brave man to a coward. They could see to the core of your soul, winnow away the chaff and pass judgment on what was left. They could be set anywhere from 'stun' to 'disintegrate'. His eyes made John Tyler a God.

They were... Gray? Gray Blue? They were the color of an iceberg in a storm-tossed ocean. They were a metallic, depthless gray that had no equal in the world. And in the case of John Tyler, the old saying that 'eyes are the windows of the soul' was the simple truth.

Tyler's business - Tyler's life - was built around one, simple concept:

Get it done.

No matter how unlikely, unfeasible or impossible a job was, Tyler's singular skills guaranteed the completion of whatever task he took on. John Tyler wasn't just a man unaccustomed to failure - he was a man completely unfamiliar with either the concept or reality of failure. Not once in his long and varied career as the performer of the impossible had he ever, once, experienced failure.

And when your skill was procuring, solving, finding or fixing the impossible, you could ask for any fee you wanted - and get it. Tyler asked for a lot.

And got it.

John Tyler was seated behind the massive hand-crafted desk that was the centerpiece of his office. It was a huge semi-circle of solid wood, carved from a single piece of a Giant Sequoia. Even the drawers had been carefully cut from the trunk, shaped in one piece each, then returned to the same hole they came from, their grain and pattern matching so perfectly the rest

of the highly-polished wood that someone unfamiliar with the desk would have a hard time even finding them. The massive, priceless desk was but one of many extremely valuable items or artifacts that he possessed - but was arguably the most useful, as it he used it daily, his expensive - and not commercially available - computer resting atop it's close-grained surface. It was this computer that gave off a muted 'beep', indicated that somebody was endeavoring to gain access to the ground-floor lobby.

Tyler was in the middle of reassembling a Barrett Light Fifty, a sniping rifle chambered in the massive fifty caliber shell. Although his gaze rose to the monitor, his hands never paused in their skillful re-assembly of the weapon.

The monitor blinked, splitting into a four-window view. The upper right indicated the status of the active security systems - defensive and offensive - indicating that all were on-line and ready.

The lower left window presented a fiber-optic feed from the high-resolution camera above the door. In remarkable color and clarity it displayed the short, somewhat pudgy man who was standing outside the door, dressed in a conservative and very expensive Saville Row suit. The man, who was starting to bald, also wore a pair of gold wire-rim glasses, and the resolution of the picture on the 35 inch monitor was good enough that Tyler had no problem identifying the watch on the man's wrist. Not the more trendy Rolex, it was a gold and platinum Cartier, with clear diamond chips for each of the numerals - except the four cardinal positions, which were black diamond.

Tyler was unimpressed by the \$135,000 watch - many of his past customers had wealth to spare. The fact that the watch was of the less trendy, but higher quality make did intrigue him.

The lower right window shoed an image from almost the exact same viewpoint as the camera - but it was a completely different display. A combination of X-ray, Gamma, ultra-sound and infra-red, it displayed a ghostly picture of the man's innards, as well as every item that he carried, weather or not it would have been visible to the human eye unaided.

The pen in the inside jacket pocket was clearly defined, as was the cell-phone, the suspenders, the wallet - and the small steel pin in the left shoulder.

Finishing his work on the rifle, Tyler lay it aside, out of sight, and hit the F7 key, which unlocked the first door to the lobby. The pudgy newcomer stepped through the automatically controlled door, which immediately slid closed behind him.

The unknown man now stood in a 'man-trap'. A small room with two doors, both of which were under Tyler's control. They were made of three layers of poly-carbonate 'bullet-proof glass' capable of stopping almost any round - except for the massive fifty caliber. The doors were held closed by their hydraulic mechanisms, which were providing over two thousand pounds of pressure to keep them closed, ensuring that they couldn't be forced open. The rest of the room was made from titanium, kevlar, and more poly-carbonates. In short, anyone in there was effectively neutralized. They could only leave when Tyler willed it, and in the direction Tyler wanted. The room could even contain an explosion in excess of three-hundred pound of C-4 plastique.

Hitting another key, Tyler activated the two-way intercom, and spoke a single word in a voice totally devoid of any inflection. "Yes?"

The clarity of the intercom was remarkable - it was as if the man was standing right beside Tyler, not many stories below. His words were repeated with remarkable fidelity.

"Mr. Tyler? My name is William Desmond. A mutual acquaintance of ours suggested that you may be able to assist me with a rather... unusual problem I am having."

Immediately, Tyler's estimation of the pudgy man rose. Despite the man's less-than-inspiring physique, he had guts. Most of Tyler's possible clientele were rattled by know, but Desmond spoke calmly, strong without being blustering, and very straight-forward. He even offered his real name - at least, according the voice stress recorder built into the system, which was right about eighty-two percent of the time.

More importantly, Tyler's instincts told him it was true - and his instinct's reliability rating was damn near one-hundred percent. But, instincts notwithstanding, Tyler excelled by covering every base.

"Did our 'mutual friend' give you anything?" Tyler asked into the microphone.

"Of course." Desmond replied. "Oh - and I was told to say 'The Dog Barks at Midnight' when I show this." From his inside pocket, he withdrew a small, black card with embossed gold letters and held it for the lens to see. The business card bore only the words 'Results, Inc.' - no address, no other name, no phone, fax or cell number - just those two words. Therefore, anyone carrying it had to have been given it, as well as instructions what to do with it.

More importantly, the special sensor in the man-trap registered the tiny strip of depleted uranium thread in the card that indicated two very important facts - one, that it wasn't a forgery. Second, the very specific pattern of the threads indicated who had originally owned the card. The computer automatically scanned thirty-seven different databases, including the police scanner, for the slightest hint that the original owner had been blackmailed, injured, or in any other way coerced into giving up the card and information. In less then three seconds, the computer 'bleeped', indicating that the search had come up clean.

"Mr. Desmond, if you will be so kind as to leave your cellular phone on the small shelf to your right, I will let you in."

The pudgy man complied, then calmly entered the express elevator when Tyler let the doors slide open, and rode in silence up to the penthouse.

Tyler leaned back in his custom-built chair and propped his feet up on the desk as the elevator doors slid opened and deposited Desmond onto the Persian-rug-over-oak floor of the expansive office.

Gesturing to the comfortable leather chair on the other side of the desk, Tyler greeted his new client. "Have a seat, Mr. Desmond, and tell me what I can do for you."

Desmond took the proffered seat, appearing completely at ease.

"To tell you the truth Mr. Tyler, if our mutual friend hadn't been so quietly unshakable in your abilities, I wouldn't be here right now." Desmond said, leaning forward slightly. "From what I've been told by many other, supposedly highly reliable sources, what I'm after doesn't exist."

Tyler smiled tightly. "Then you've come to the right place, Mr. Desmond." Tyler said with utter assurance. "The impossible is my stock in trade."

Desmond nodded, then went directly to the heart of the matter with no apology or embarrassment at all in his tone or manner.

"Mr. Tyler, I am of the firm belief that nature made some sort of horrible mistake when I was born. By all rights, I should have been born female - or so I believe."

Tyler nodded. "And I can assume that Sexual Re-assignment Surgery is a poor facsimile of what you want?" "That's right. And, according to all the 'experts', there are no other options." Desmond said.

"However...?" Tyler prompted.

Desmond leaned back in the seat. "There have been some rumors - very vague, unspecified rumors, mind you - that someone, somewhere, has perfected a perfect process for changing genders. The rumors seem to indicate that, whatever the method, it is being with-held due to fear of Government interference due to illegal, 'immoral', or otherwise unacceptable methods."

Tyler considered his client, then wrote a figure on a small slip of paper and handed it across.

"For that sum, I will locate any and all possible methods of achieving the results you seek, rate them for feasibility, and, if necessary, advance them to the point where they will achieve what you find acceptable. The price is non-negotiable, payable upon successful completion of the task."

That caused Desmond to look somewhat startled. "Nothing up front?"

Tyler smiled his tight smile again. "Mr. Desmond, I only receive payment if I succeed. However, I should point out that yours is by no means the most 'impossible' task I've asked to perform - and I have never, ever, failed to collect my fee."

Rising, Desmond leaned forward, hand outstretched. "Then we have a deal." Tyler leaned forward and solemnly shook Desmond's hand, sealing the bargain...

...and his fate.

* * * * *

After Desmond's exit, Tyler started where he usually started such assignments - the computer.

His computer, itself unavailable to the public, also had access to many other computers that couldn't be accessed by the general public. Without the knowledge or agreement, Tyler's computer could link directly into the computer files a wide variety of sources, including the Central Intelligence Agency, The Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Pentagon, The National Security Agency, all State and Federal data-banks, The Department of the Treasury....

...and other computers world-wide, in Japan, China, England, Canada, Australia - and, amusing to Tyler, the main computer of the RVS, the down-sized - but still formidable - successor to the KGB.

Using a special interface of his own design, Tyler began his search for clues, using an intuitive heuristic Artificial Intelligence to winnow through the millions of files and find ones that corresponded to Tyler's search parameters, then combining all of those files into a single, comprehensive document that provided Tyler with his starting point for tracking down what he needed.

Unsurprisingly, the search included the Internet. That connection yielded a whole field of fiction that Tyler could discard, untouched. Likewise, all the references to SRS, hormonal therapies, and other 'conventional' methods.

Perforce, he left in the 'outlandish' techniques, as any of them might be the 'mythological' source of the rumor. Tyler was more than aware that many of these myths came from some kernel of fact - over-blown, distorted or mis-interpreted, but there.

This was by no means a quick process - it was spread over two weeks. Although, to the casual observer, Tyler would have seemed to be working leisurely, he was actually working at a frenetic pace. Tyler had long ago learned the near-vanished art of efficiency - gaining the maximum results with the least expenditure of energy. Hunching over a keyboard and pounding heavily at the keys didn't make the data come any faster than sitting back in the chair, typing casually, and sipping Irish Coffee while waiting for the screen to reload, which was Tyler's deceptive-looking method.

So, two-weeks of winnowing away the chaff passed by. Most times, when the chaff was removed, what remained had to be discarded, proving to be something totally unrelated to his objective.

Which is why Tyler sat forward with sharp interest when the computer 'bleeped' and gave a 'solid' hit on an obscure para-psychology journal entry from a half-decade in the past. Gently, Tyler ran his long, supple finger along the glowing line of time on the computer monitor.

86% Confidence - 'AP & OBE *vis a vis* Transference of Basic Electro-Psyche Patterns' With mounting interest, Tyler read the document from beginning to end - then again.

The title wasn't nearly as unrelated as it might first appear, he learned. AP & OBE were shorthand for Astral Projection and Out-of- Body Experiences. The rest of the title was the clincher - simply put, it indicated the article's main thesis, that if the AP subject encountered the 'empty physical body' of another AP subject, he/she could then enter that body, 'possessing' it. In

short, their mind would reside in another body - and there was no reason, according to the article, why the second, 'new' body couldn't be of the opposite gender.

The article was written by one 'Dr. L. Meehaghn', and interestingly, a footnote indicated that though the paper had been published, it had never been presented. Moreover, the author, who had a few other published works before that article, apparently never published anything afterwards.

Satisfied, Tyler logged out of the search interface he was in, and brought up another. The next step was to find this 'Dr. L. Meehaghn', and find out whether the work was purely theoretical, or if there had ever been any *empirical* evidence...

* * * * *

Tyler pulled his black Hummer 4x4 up to the gate that was the only break in the monotonous ten-foot tall gray concrete wall surrounding the estate registered to L. Meehaghn.

In locating the address - no easy chore - he's discovered that the 'good doctor' was an enigma wrapped in a riddle and tied with a bow of questions trimmed in mystery. Nobody knew anything at all about the recluse.

The wall seemed the perfect metaphor. No attempt had been made to make it more attractive or less obvious. It was a tall, blank barrier designed for privacy - and nothing else.

It was a self-imposed exile that Tyler planned to break.

Leaning through the window of the wide vehicle, Tyler pushed the annunciation button on the intercom beside the massive steel gate. Several long minutes passed, and Tyler waited patiently, staring directly up into the unblinking lens of the security camera mounted atop a post, making sure that the occupant was aware that he had no plans of leaving.

Finally the intercom clicked on. A voice emerged - a strange, low, warbling voice that Tyler immediately identified as being produced electronically. As privacy went, this Meehaghn person was truly determined.

"Go away. Dr. Meehaghn isn't seeing anyone today." The eerie voice said. Tyler wished that he could read the inflections of the unaltered voice behind the facade.

"From what I understand, Dr. Meehaghn isn't seeing anyone, anytime." Tyler replied calmly. "Nevertheless, I need to speak with the doctor, regarding a research article published in ninety-two. I'm extremely interested in some of the ramifications behind it - and I'm not prepared to accept a brush-off."

"Go away." The voice repeated. "I'm not interested in talking about any of my work."

Well, that verified who it was at the other end of the intercom. And the crackle of the intercom being turned off verified the obsessive desire for privacy.

Not that it was going to stop him, of course...

* * * * *

The late-night breeze was brisk and chill as it stirred the trees inside the walled Meehaghn estate. The somewhat eerie light of the full moon lit the grounds in a silvery glow that glinted off the broken glass and loops of concertina wire embedded in the top of the stark, forbidding concrete wall that sealed off access to the grounds...

...or was supposed to, anyway.

From high above the moon-silvered estate, the lonely drone of an aging, twin-engine plane droned on as it flew along its approved flight-path from one airport to another. Oddly enough, this particular aircraft, a DC-3, had flown from the local airport to one farther north and to the east, so that the flight-plan to El Secunda airport would take it through this particular patch of sky.

Which is why, with a soft, muffled thud, Tyler dropped from the sky, his all-black jumpsuit and black parachute all but invisible against the night sky.

Performing a PLF - Parachute Landing Fall - to cushion the impact, Tyler then lay perfectly still for a moment, waiting. An earlier recon of the estate from a helicopter, using extremely high-powered binoculars and an infrared sight, had allowed him to pick out the cameras and motion sensors. Now, he waited to insure that he'd landed where he'd wanted to, in the blind area of the detection equipment. Like many security systems, this one had the common failure of only looking towards the perimeter - once past that zone, it was essentially useless.

Once he was sure he'd landed where he wanted, Tyler quickly gathered his 'chute into a ball and stuffed it under a convenient bush after unclipping the pack. Silently, like a shadow, he moved towards the house, keeping out of direct line of sight with the windows, cameras and motion detectors, until he reached the back door.

An efficient - and illegal - 'Lock-aid' gun, used by police forces to gain entry, made short work of the triple-locked back door. Tyler then used a special RF-meter/induction transmitter to bypass the security system's sensor on the door, and slipped inside.

For a fair sum of money, Tyler had been allowed to study the architect's plans of the house, and so knew the basic layout. The only other obstacles would be furnishings, which - of course- were not on the builder's plans. To overcome that, Tyler pulled on a pair of night-vision goggles and turned them on. By the eerie green image provided by the heavy goggles, he moved with assurance towards the stairs, and the master bedroom. A heat-sensor sweep of the house from the aircraft had verified the location of the only person in the house - the mysterious Dr. Meehaghn, presumably.

Nearing the door, Tyler slowed and slipped off the night-vision goggles. A sliver of wan light under the door indicated that the 'good doctor' slept with the light of the en suite bathroom turned on all night, which would provide all the light he'd need.

Silently, he opened the door slowly, and crept into the room. His dark-adapted eyes made the light spilling from the bathroom more than sufficient to make out the figure on the bed. Sometime during sleep, tossing and turning had pulled the covers away, leaving Meehaghn lying nude on the bed.

Tyler stopped and gaped, everything suddenly becoming clear. Dr. Meehaghn was a woman. Of that, there could be no doubt.

She was short, about five-foot even. But much of that height seemed to be taken up by the long, silky, incredibly sexy legs that led upwards to the gentle curve of her womanly hips. That gentle curve became a sudden drop-off as her hips gave way to an incredibly pinched waist, easily the slimmest waist that Tyler had ever seen.

Looming above that slender waist was a pair of huge, firm tits that seemed simply enormous on her petite frame. Unlike the silicone-enhanced breasts of many women, Meehaghn's weren't spherical masses that poked impudently up from her reclining figure. Due to their remarkable firmness, the actual breast itself was amazingly round, even reclined, but they didn't thrust from her chest like they were beach-balls glued in place, but hung naturally, looking vaguely like tear-drops - the round, spherical breast pulling down from the narrowing flesh that supported it.

Her face was a study in simple sexuality, with a pert nose, pointed chin and amazingly full lips, all capped by a thatch of short, bright golden hair.

Tyler understood why Meehaghn had never presented her papers in person, and why she wanted her privacy. From her work, it was obvious that she was talented, intelligent and ambitious. Yet, she had the body of some teenager's wet-dream. No colleague would ever be able to take such a woman seriously, no matter her qualifications or intellect.

This changed his plans slightly - although in execution rather than goal. Silently, Tyler retreated from the room...

* * * * *

"What the hell...?"

Tyler smiled his most engaging, 'harmless' smile. "Good Morning, Dr. Meehaghn. Coffee's ready, breakfast will be a few more minutes."

"Who the hell are you!" Dr. Meehaghn asked angrily. Well, as angrily as possible in a high, breathy soprano with just the faintest hint of a lisp. She drew her plush, salmon-colored bathrobe tighter around her, and ineffectually tried to cross her arms of her massive bust.

"Jonathan Tyler, at your service." Tyler said with a gallant bow. "I stopped by yesterday to speak with you. If you'll recall, I warned you that I wasn't going to accept a brush-off."

"How did you get in..." Meegahgn started, then shook her head. "Never mind, I'm calling the cops." She headed for the phone. On distinctly uncomfortable look graced her sensual face when she picked it up and found the line dead.

"I really wish you wouldn't" Tyler said, mildly. He held up a hand soothingly. "No, don't be afraid - I'm not going to hurt you. I didn't even cut your phone line - I just unplugged the junction in the basement. You can reconnect it anytime. I just wanted to slow you down for a moment so we could talk."

She was eyeing his muscular physique warily, and subtly worked her way to the other side of the counter, ready to bolt at any moment. "About what?"

Tyler finished preparing the breakfast and placed it on the table, along with some coffee. "Sit down and have some breakfast. While you're eating, I'll explain."

"I'm not hungry." She said flatly.

Tyler sighed. It looked like this was going to be difficult.

Meegahgn's eyes bulged and she gasp/screamed as Richard drew the nine-millimeter Glock from the belt holster behind his back and chambered a round. The expression changed to one of shocked confusion as he placed it on the counter and slid it across to her.

"I told you I wasn't going to do anything to hurt you. Perhaps that will make you feel safer." He said, seating himself at the far side of the table.

She picked up the gun, and Tyler was mildly surprised to note that she did so confidently and competently. Then in one smooth motion she lined the gun up and pulled the trigger.

The Glock jumped in her hand, driven backwards by expanding gasses as the small lead projectile left the muzzle at slight above the speed of sound. In a fraction of a second, it had transited the distance, and plowed through the layer of fabric and deep into the innards of the target.

"I think you're going to need a new couch." Richard said mildly, sipping his coffee.

Meegahgn looked surprised. She'd assumed the gun wasn't loaded, or it was loaded with blanks. Now, a confident look sat on her face as she settled into a chair across from Tyler, the gun pointed firmly at his head.

"Talk." She commanded.

Tyler nonchalantly sipped his coffee - and proceeded to explain everything without any misdirection, gloss-overs or blanks. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"...shut the door to your room, and came down here and grabbed a couple hours of sleep on your couch. Then, I woke up and started breakfast, and waited for you." Tyler finished. He looked down at the bottom of his empty coffee mug. "Can I get a refill, Dr.

Meehaghn?"

Meehaghn looked at him steadily for a moment - then put the gun aside, and slid the coffee pot across the table. "The name's Linda." She said, accepting his story. It would be very hard not to - his straight-forward, obviously honest telling of it saw to that. "That's a hell of a lot of money your client is willing to pay."

Richard looked at her steadily. "Yes, it is." He cocked his head. "All right, I'll bite - how much." "Describe your client for me." She replied in a non-sequiter.

Tyler shrugged, and did so, pulling every detail from his near-perfect memory. When he was done, she shook her head. "No, no good."

Tyler blinked. "Excuse me?"

Linda looked at him bitterly. "You have no idea what it's like to go through life like this. The reason I started that research in the first place was in the hopes of trading bodies with a less.. well, with another woman." She snorted. "But even then, I'd be stuck living their life - and the two short-term test subjects I tried had lives that were shit. Being a woman in this society is hell on Earth." She sighed. "So, I was thinking. Your client would need a female body to transfer into. I thought of switching with him myself - after all, he's obviously rich and successful. I wouldn't mind being male." She made a face. "But I want a strong, healthy body..."

She trailed off, suddenly staring at Tyler shrewdly. "...like yours." She finished slowly.

That came as a shock to Tyler - and not many things did. "I beg your pardon?" he asked, unsure whether he'd heard right.

Linda smiled as wolfishly as possibly with her sensual features. "Here's the deal. Assuming that your client can find a willing - willing, mind you - woman to switch to, I'll do the transfer - on one condition. You and I switch as well."

Tyler set his jaw. "You have no idea what you're asking." He grated. In his work, he'd faced danger, death and injury without flinching - but this was simply unthinkable.

Linda cocked her head, and her soprano voice held longing and despair. "I do, actually. I've lived my life as a cartoonishly-sexual woman, never taken seriously. I'm smart, I'm determined - but no-one, male or female, ever gets past these..." She looked down at her massive tits. When she looked back up, her voice had become somehow both pleading and commanding. "Well, I'd given up. Now, I have some hope again - as you, I could have a real life. We're both reclusive, secretive

people with no close friends or family to notice the switch. And, if I can't get that body of yours, I don't have any reason to help your client, so..."

Tyler gaped at her. Switch bodies? Live the rest of his life in her outrageously sexy body? But he'd never, ever failed a client...

Seeing the indecision - and more importantly, the consideration - on his face, Linda said "I'll give you twenty-four hours. Come back tomorrow to agree - or don't come back at all." She smiled slightly. "And there's no notes, equipment or secret you can steal to do this without me - just my knowledge, which you can't get without that agreement."

Slowly, Tyler stood, a slightly stunned expression on his face, and left the house, walking slowly down the long drive to the gate, then the two blocks to where he'd left his Hummer.

He came back exactly twenty-four hours later, a set look of resigned determination on his face.

* * * * *

"So - what do we do?" Tyler asked as he helped push the two couches in Linda's living-room closer together.

"Well..." Linda said, straightening. "You're part is simple. I inject us both with a mix of drugs that causes extreme relaxation, and a mild trance state. Then we lay down - naked - on the couches, holding hands. At that point, I'll do the hard part of inducing AP in both of us, because I have experience." She looked at Tyler. "You're client is going to have a harder time. He'd going to have to take a six-month training course from me on how to induce AP so he can do the transfer. You're lucky - I already know how."

Tyler nodded wordlessly. He was 'eager' to get this over with, before he changed his mind.

Twenty minutes later, he lay naked on the couch, trying hard to think of nothing at all as the drugs kicked in. He began to drift in and out of a dream-like state, the world around him fading away as he sank deeper and deeper....

All of the sudden, there was a tremendous pulling sensation, and Tyler felt like he was adrift in a vast sea, all bearings and directions lost. He frantically began to flounder about, and - like a ship-wrecked sailor finding a life-boat - felt himself make contact with a 'vessel' of some sort. Desperately, he hauled himself in...

And opened his eyes with a gasp. His face was turned to one side, and he found himself looking at...

...himself.

For a moment, Tyler merely stared at his own masculine body, which was staring back at him. Tyler could feel the odd senses that indicated that the transfer had been made, as quickly as that. He was - now, and forever - in the body of Linda Meegahnn.

Tyler... No, he corrected himself. As far as the world was concerned, from now on, *she* was Linda Meehaghn - and she might as well get used to thinking of herself like that.

Linda slowly sat up, feeling the shifting of her enormous new endowments. It was a decidedly strange sensation, but one that she figured she was going to get used to. She looked over at the other couch, where 'John' was sitting up, running *his* hands over his muscular fit body in awe. Linda couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy - only a short while before, that trim, fit - male - body had been hers. Now she was relegated to this ridiculously endowed form.

"Well, Linda - it's not so bad, is it?" John asked, looking down at his strong, muscular hands. "Sure, that body isn't as strong as this one

- but it's fit, healthy, and very, very sensitive." He made a face. "I didn't realize how sensitive until I switched. Your - *my* - body's senses seemed faint to me. It's odd."

"Oh, trust me - I find it odd too." Linda said, swinging her new long, smooth legs over the side of the couch. She understood what John meant - just the feel of the air over her long, smooth legs seemed excessive, heightened - and not exactly unpleasant.

At almost the same moment, the two of them rose from the couches to their new feet.

John, unprepared for the power of his new legs, practically sprang from the couch, taking a few steps to regain his balance as his momentum pulled him forward.

Linda rose - and staggered forward, arms wind-willing as she tried to catch her balance, thrown off by the weight of her enormous new endowments and her radically altered center of gravity. For a few moments, it looked like she was going to do it, but then tipped over against the arm of the couch John had been laying on, bracing herself with her long, slender arms. Slowly, she straightened, feeling the weight and pull of her huge new tits, and trying to figure out how best to handle it.

John was chortling from where he stood, and Linda crossed her arms over her impressive bust - then quickly pulled them away as they made contact with her engorged, highly sensitive new nipples, sending a bolt of pleasure through her body.

"What's so funny?" She asked. It would have been 'irritably', but her high, breathy new voice did poorly at expressing that, as did her new, sensual features. It came across more 'pouting' - and slightly erotic.

"We look like a couple of drunks." Jack replied with a chortle - almost a giggle - that was completely new to that body.

Linda blinked, then smiled faintly, seeing the humor in it. Had anyone been watching, and not knowing what had just taken place, would have seen two nude people - one handsome, muscular man and the other a overly sexy, enormously endowed woman - staggering around the room.

Still, despite the humor in the situation, it still wasn't easy for Linda to accept. This wasn't exactly how she had envisioned her life as turning out...

"So, now what?" Linda asked, moving carefully to keep her balance. Her new body's center of balance was going to take some getting used to.

"Well, getting dressed would be a good idea." John said, picking up the pile of masculine clothes at the end of the couch. He began to pull them on.

With a mild grimace, Linda followed suit. It felt very, very strange to put on such feminine clothing, despite the fact that it now matched her new body. The clothing wasn't excessive sexy, but was undeniably feminine - the plain cotton briefs and matching, custom-made 34-EEE bra, the white blouse, the black knee-length skirt, the simple black pumps with a one-inch heel...

Oddly enough, one of the oddest things of the situations was the buttons - the simple fact that the buttons on the blouse were reversed gave her a moment's trouble. Suddenly, it truly struck home that every little detail in her life was forever altered - even such simple things as buttons...

...or going to the bathroom. Although the sensation was different that what she was used to, there was no doubt about the fact that her bladder was signaling - quite frantically. With a sigh, she headed towards the bathroom.

Sure enough, even going to the bathroom was a radically different experience. It wasn't so much external - merely sitting to pee - but internal, how it felt. Another small thing that was now part of her life.

She returned to the living room, and found John lifting pieces of furniture, delighting in the strength he'd gained - and she'd lost. Setting her jaw - which only looked 'cute' in her new form - she tried to ignore the demonstration of how weak, how helpless, how... feminine her new form was.

"Why don't you put that down - we have to get back to my..." she paused, and corrected herself. "...*your* office, so I can show you how to be me. You - I mean... *I* might not have anyone who can tell that I'm different - 'Linda Meehaghn' is practically a hermit. But 'John Tyler' has a business to run - and one client in particular waiting for a response."

John smirked. "All right, keep your... skirt on, Linda. I'll go upstairs and through some of *your* clothes into *your* suitcase, while you get *your* purse so you have *your* I.D. with you. It's in the front closet."

Linda gritted her even white teeth, reminding herself that this was literally a dream come true for John - and, if she *did* try to kill him, he'd break her into a dozen pieces. She should know - she could have done it when she was him. While John went upstairs to pack, Linda grabbed a coat and her purse, taking a quick inventory of the items inside. She cringed at the make-up, but sighed, realizing that she'd probably have to get used to wearing some, at least - sooner or later.

Otherwise, there was the typical things - driver's license, birth certificate, health and social insurance cards, credit cards, keys - everything that told a modern woman she was a real individual. And now, it was all hers. She made a mental note to get the PIN numbers for the two banks cards - and to practice 'her' signature.

"Ready, gorgeous?" John said, coming up behind her, lugging a pair of suitcases. "Funny. Very funny." Linda said, slinging her purse over one shoulder.

"Actually, I mean it..." John said, sounding intrigued and mildly amused. "I've seen that body thousands of times in a mirror, and it did nothing for me - now..., well, considering the erection I get looking at you..."

Linda's eyes instinctively dropped to John's crotch, then quickly looked away from the bulge that was straining his pants. Even more discomforting was the frisson of... arousal?... that shot through her new body at the sight.

Disquieted, she said as brusquely as possible in her extremely feminine new voice. "Let's go." The ride back in John's Hummer was a quite one.

* * * * *

Step by step, Linda led John through the different disarming and unlocking codes that would get him into 'his' office, explaining everything in detail. She reflected that she'd have to make up some sort of user's manual for the system. She'd never needed one, having been the one who designed and installed it, but it wouldn't do for John to forget how 'his' system worked.

Once in the combination office/apartment in the penthouse, Linda showed John around, ending the tour of the sumptuous accommodations in the kitchen.

"Wow, I'm really living high off the hog, aren't I?" John said with a smile. "I could get used to this." He opened the fridge and poked around.

"Hey - caviar." He said, pulling out the small container. "You can have this - I can't stand the stuff." "Really?" Linda said. "Try some."

Making a face, John tried a bit - then laughed. "Of course - I have your taste buds now." He looked thoughtful. "I guess we'd better make up a list of likes and dislikes for each other, so we know what to order in restaurants."

"There's a lot of things we're going to have to help each other learn." Linda replied, slumping onto a chair, and wincing as her huge tits bounced with the motion. "I'm not going back to 'my' life soon - you and I are going to spending a lot of time together for the next little while."

Linda was surprised by the response that brought - John flushed a bright, vivid red - something that Linda couldn't remember ever have doing as Tyler.

"What?" Linda asked, confused.

"I... uh, was hoping... um... that you wouldn't be here long." John stuttered. "Why?"

If possible, John's flush intensified. "I, uh, sort of wanted to, um, try out my new body... with a woman..."

Now, Linda found herself blushing. Because the thought of sex with somebody who, until recently, had been the same gender disgusted her, she had assumed....

"Oh."

John took a deep breath. "Well, I guess it can... will have to wait." He seemed incredibly disappointed by the thought.

Linda put that aside. "Luckily, this line of work is one where you don't have to deal with customers day-to-day. That gives us some time to get you up to speed." She sighed. "God, I need a drink."

"Good idea!" John said, enthusiastically. "I'll get us a couple...." he stopped and looked around, then asked, abashed. "Uh where's the bar?"

Linda sighed. "Sit down - I'll get it." Walking over to the concealed bar, she said. "You like Glenlivet - but what do I like?" "Fuzzy Navels."

That stopped her. "Excuse me?"

John chuckled. "Orange juice and Peach Schnapps."

"Oh. Right." It sounded odd to her, but it turned out to be exactly what her new taste buds preferred. Carrying the drinks over, she sat beside John, and handed him his drink.

John knocked the Scotch back in one shot, with a grin. "Habit, huh?"

Linda looked startled, then laughed. Out of habit, she had, indeed, poured a 'Lady-size' drink for John, whom she still subconsciously thought of as female, regardless of the extremely masculine body.

Linda finished her Fuzzy Navel, and John went to get them refills. She was somewhat startled when he returned with, not only the drinks, but a hand-rolled cigarette with a certain, distinctive odor.

"Where did you get that?" Linda asked, looking at the joint.

John shrugged. "I have a small supply, for 'medicinal' purposes."

"Yeah, right." Linda snorted. "Well, since this is 'your' place, I guess you can light up if you want."

John looked startled. "Oh - it's not for me. Unless you smoked, this body would probably cough it's lungs out. It's for you." "Me?!"

John grinned. "I told you - medicinal purposes. How's your back?"

Linda had been noticing the sharp pain at the base of her spine for the past two hours or so, but had said nothing. Now, it dawned on her that the reason for it was simple - she was carting around these massive tits. No wonder her back was in pain. And, though it seemed odd to take marijuana for it, John had been in this body for all those years, and must know the best treatment. Reluctantly, she accepted the joint and lit up, discovering that her body accepted the harsh smoke with little complaint.

She was just finishing the rather large joint, and a third Fuzzy Navel, when John, returning with another drink, tripped and spilled a large amount of Scotch on her. The alcohol felt freezing to her soft skin as her clothes were soaked in it.

"Why don't you get changed." John suggested, helping her up - but he must have been drunk, because he somehow managed to wedge his shoe against her, snapping the short heel off. With a muffled curse, Linda kicked the shoes off and padded for the spare bedroom where 'her' clothes were, her feet feeling cold against the wood floor. With each step, she wobbled slightly, the combination of three 'Man-sized' drinks and the large, laced joint having a most definite effect on her diminutive body. It seemed to take forever to reach the bedroom, and when she did, she stood still for several long minutes, trying to recall: A) Why she had come in here, and B) Why she was so cold.

Finally, her fuzzy mind managed connect the two, and she clumsily undressed. She took off the blouse, cursing the small buttons, then dropped the skirt. She peeled off her panties and bra...

...and several minutes later, reluctantly removed her hands from her enormous tits. Massaging them felt great, but she was shivering in the chill air. She opened the suitcase - after three tries - and began to pull on the top set of clothes.

First, the lacy black bra that barely enclosed her huge tits. Her massive, engorged nipple poked through the sheer fabric, and her fingers skittered lightly across them, causing her to gasp in pleasure before taking her hands away.

Next, the lacy black French-cut panties. For some reason, she found herself sliding her hand across her new mound, shivering at the sensation, and feeling the dampness of her crotch, which seemed to be burning with an inner fire.

Over the undergarments, Linda pulled on the tight black silk dress, fumbling with the buttons. Satisfied, she looked around blearily for shoes.

All she could find was a pair of black platforms with a nine inch heel. Shrugging, she stepped into them, and jiggled and swayed back to the couch, enjoying the movement of the air over her silky legs. She sat - collapsed - next to John with a giggle. The fact that John was sitting, naked, on the couch, lightly stroking a throbbing erection didn't strike her as odd in her condition.

"God, I feel, so... weird." She giggled, not realizing her full, soft new lips were looked in a mindless grin. Absently, she began to stroke her huge tits. "I didn't know pot could make me feel so... good..." she said, leaning back on the couch and closing her eyes as her hands caressed her massive, silk-clad mounds.

Suddenly, the pleasure redoubled, and she moaned softly as John's strong, firm hands began to caress her huge globes as well, particularly her huge nipples. Knowing just what Linda's body liked, her expertly massaged and fondled her huge tits, lightly squeezing her swollen nipples, causing her to moan.

Leaning forward, he pressed his lips against hers.

Drunk, stoned - and affect by the Exxstacy John had laced her drinks with - Linda let her lips part, and slid her tongue into John's mouth, kissing him tentatively. It soon turned from tentative to passionate, and she let him pull her half on top of him, his skillful hands massaging her firm, full ass as they kissed hungrily. Those hands occasionally slid down her silken thighs and shapely legs, but always returned to her firm, sensitive ass as their tongues intertwined in passion.

Linda's mind spun with the pleasure she was feeling. She was too far gone to truly understand what she was doing, and the Exxstacy made sure she was too horny to care - all she knew was that it felt very, very good.

Soon, John leaned Linda back and gently undid the buttons on her dress, slowly and sensuously sliding the sheer material off her body, causing her to shudder in pleasure. His hands then went to her bra, and he let it drop to the floor.

Easily, he lifted her petite form. She wrapped her long, sexy legs around his waist and he licked and nibbled at her full, dark nipples as he carried her into the bedroom, gently lowering her to the mattress.

Now, he slid off her sopping panties, exposing her hot, wet cunt. Slowly, he licked and kissed his way down her body. Reaching her crotch, he teased her excited clit with his tongue, causing her to buck her hips, and cry out in pleasure.

Working his way back up her body, he lay atop her - then rolled over, pulling her on top. Gently, he guided her into a crouching position

- then bucked his hips, impaling her on his large, hard cock.

Linda cried out, and when he let his hips lower, she sank down with him, then used her sexy legs to pump up and down. She bit her full, sexy lower lip to keep from screaming out in sheer ecstasy as she mindlessly rode the cock that only hours before had belonged to her.

John moaned at the new sensation, and fondled Linda's enormous, bouncing tits as she rode his thick cock, gasping in pleasure.

Linda had never experienced such pleasure as the waves of ecstasy that thundered through her body. Each one, impossibly, was stronger than the last, and she began to call out John's name as she increased the length and speed of her stroke, trying to maximize her pleasure.

Then it happened. Her rhythm went haywire as her co-ordination went out the window as the synapses in her brain were over loaded by the orgasm that smashed through her. She screamed, sweat dripping from her huge nipples, as her whole body shook with pleasure.

Then a second orgasm, a little weaker than the first, burst through her, and once more her cunt went into a spasm - this one pushing John over the edge. He called out as he shot his load deep into her cunt.

Linda rolled off John's softening cock. Thanks to the drug, she wasn't even close to being satisfied, no matter that it had been the most intense sexual experience she'd ever felt> Frantically, one hand began to work at her huge, round tit while the other slid between her legs and began masturbating her cum-filled cunt.

After laying for a few minutes, savoring the power of his new body, and the difference in sex, John got up and padded to the guest room. Rummaging through the suitcase, he picked out an item and returned.

Linda took the large black dildo easily, inserting it into her sopping cunt hungrily, and frantically working the long, thick, cool plastic phallus in and out. Another orgasm rocked her body, causing her immense endowments to jiggle, but she didn't stop, needing much, much more.

Watching the outrageously sexy body he'd been born with frantically fuck itself quickly got John hard again. This time, he wanted something else. Walking to the side of the bed, John gently pressed his cock against Linda's full lips.

Not aware of what she was doing, Linda accepted the cock deep into her mouth, sucking and licking the hard erection like a lollipop as John gently face-fucked her. She continued masturbating furiously through the whole thing, and as fate would have it, reached orgasm just as John came again, shooting a load of salty, thick cum into her mouth. Unthinkingly, she gulped the liquid down, what she couldn't swallow dribbling from the sides of her full lips.

John needed a break. Leaving Linda fucking herself with the dildo, he went to grab a shower, and a couple more drinks.

Over the course of the night, he took her in the ass (painfully/pleasurably), tit-fucked her, and had her jack him off onto her massive tits before he'd fuck her again.

* * * * *

SIX MONTHES LATER

Detective Lonigan shook his head. "I figured she must be a pro - dressed like that, doing what she was. So I arrested her and her john in the alley, brought them in."

Wilmer, the D.A., shook his head as well, and looked over at the young woman on the bench.

She was short, but with the most immense tits either men had ever seen, despite her diminutive stature. And, given the free view she'd given them while trying to seduce them, they appeared to be real.

Lonigan sighed. "I'd like to catch the bastard who did this to her. A continuous overdoes of Exxstacy until she's a nymphomaniac - what a bastard."

Wilmer agreed, but since Miss Meehaghn refused to name the person, there wasn't much they could do. The person in question was listening to the conversation, while she massaged her huge, leather clad tits.

Despite her helpless need for sex, Linda's mind was clear. She was disgusted by what her body forced her to do to keep from going mad - but also had to admit that sex felt incredible in this body. But that didn't mean she was going to forgive John for doing this to her.

She now knew that it had been a set up. John, eager to get a male body, had been willing to do anything for it. So she'd found William Desmond, who also wanted to change genders, and turned him into unwitting bait but making sure that certain rumors got to him, anonymously of course.

And Tyler had fallen for it. But, now that she had his body, wealth and business, she didn't want 'her' in the way, and so had done this too her.

Linda could have told the police what had happened - at least the drug part. They'd believe that.

But Linda wanted her own revenge. She'd procured a supply of Exxstacy of her own. And she knew 'trap-doors' in the security systems that would get her back into the building.

Her plan was simple - she was going to drug John to the gills with Exxstacy, then literally fuck him to death. She'd had plenty of experience and practice in the last few months, and she was sure she could do it.

After all, Linda Meehaghn wasn't used to failure...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a guy finds a computer that has fallen from a car in an accident, he is surprised to find that it has the power to transform the user into a female; unfortunately he doesn't really know how to control it.

Finders, Keepers

By Gunslinger

Bemused, Tommy slid the laptop out from under the bush in his front yard, slowly turning it over in his hands.

Sitting back on his haunches, the muscular, dark-haired young man looked down at the computer in his hands, then over his shoulder at the street behind him, then back to the laptop again.

"Well, I'll be damned..." Tommy said, a smile slowly rising to his swarthy face.

Looking around a second time, this time to see if he was being observed, Tommy quickly shoved the laptop inside his loosely-tied bathrobe. Ignoring the morning paper he'd been groping under the bush to retrieve, the broad-shouldered young man darted towards the front door of his small bungalow, a broad smile riding on his narrow, sharp-edged features as he ducked inside his house and shut the door behind him.

"Finders, keepers..." He chuckled to himself, kicking off his worn and sprung moccasins and heading for the tiny living room of his old, pre-ward bungalow.

Letting his bathrobe fall open to reveal the hard-muscled body clad only in a pair of black boxers, he placed the computer on the coffee table sitting beside the black leather recliner that was the only other piece of furniture in the austere room, aside from the entertainment center holding his big-screen TV, DVD player, PS2 and Xbox.

Scurrying over to the black drapes hanging in the window, he pulled them aside and peeked out the window at the intersection upon which his corner-situated house abutted.

Still embroiled in an argument with the driver of the flat-bed wrecker's truck the man dressed in a badly rumpled Armani suit hadn't noticed Tommy's actions. Waving his hands wildly, the disheveled man gestured at his Lincoln Navigator, it's front-end crumpled from the impact with a telephone pole.

"That's what you get for dropping the car to drive the cell phone..." Tommy smirked. Shaking his head and chuckling anew, Tommy let the drape fall back into place. He then strolled over to survey the prize that had obviously been thrown free of the luxury SUV during the accident.

Aside from some turf that had accumulated on the corners from it's skidding across the lawn, the laptop seemed basically untouched. Even as he cleaned the dirt and grass off the computer, Tommy could imagine the laptop's flight - an almost flat trajectory, almost like a well-thrown Frisbee, onto the soft surface of his lawn, where the light friction of the dew-damped grass had slowed it enough that the branches of the bush had caught it without any hard, damaging impact.

As far as Tommy was concerned, that made the laptop 'fair game'. Though Mama Bertoni hadn't raised any thieves or career criminals, Tommy's grasp on the finer points of the law was a little loose, especially when it came to property ownership. Anything left behind or misplaced was fair game to him - and the laptop fell firmly into the category.

Shucking off the bathrobe and dropping into his comfortable leather chair, Tommy pulled the laptop onto his lap and ran his fingers proprietarily across its lid.

"Wonder what you're worth..." Tommy mused, then frowned slightly, and slowly looked the lap-top over, flipping it over in his hands as he gave it a complete once-over - twice.

There didn't seem to be a maker's logo anywhere on it. The black plastic casing was generic and unmarked.

"Damn - probably some cheap knock-off made in Taiwan..." Tommy muttered, grimacing. "Well, let's see if the damned thing still works."

Resting it on his knees, Tommy popped open the top and folded it perpendicular to the keyboard built in to the lower half of the device's casing.

"Built in speakers, built in camera, fifteen inch LCD screen..." Tommy catalogued, eyes flicking over the lid portion before dropping to the lower section - and then he blinked. "What the hell...?"

The standard keyboard he'd expected to see was missing. Instead, there was a series of small dials and switches, with only a few keys - not alphanumeric, but oddly labeled in acronyms and condensed forms that meant nothing to him.

Muttering to himself, Tommy reached out and pressed the one control he did understand - the power button.

The LCD screen flared to life, booting up incredibly quickly - not into any standard operating system, but into some time of custom interface obviously made for this computer. A square 'window' took up half the screen, while the other half held spaces for some sort of indicators, currently blank.

Almost as soon as it booted, another window popped up, overlaying the rest of the screen with a message: CURRENT USER PROFILE NOT FOUND.

CREATE NEW PROFILE? (Y/N)

"Hmm..." Tommy said, stabbing out at the key marked 'Y'. "Why not?"

The laptop hummed - and then the message window disappeared, to reveal the main screen again. The square window taking up half the screen was no longer blank - it now showed a live, real-time view of Tony's own torso and head, obviously fed in from the little camera lenses mounted into the lid.

A small little window opened over the other half of the screen, the still blank indicators, with the message:
EXTRAPOLATING. PLEASE STAND BY...

There was a little indicator bar beneath the words, and as Tommy watched, it slowly 'filled' from left to right, taking about two forty seconds or so.

When it was done, the little advisory disappeared - and the live camera view changed, 'zooming out' to show a slowly rotating three- dimensional representation.

A representation of a human body:

Tommy's body.

"Whoa..." Tommy said, eyes widening as he took in what certainly appeared to be an anatomically correct nude three-dimension representation to himself.

Manipulating some controls, he found he could zoom in and out, as well as slow, speed up, or stop the rotation - and from what he could see, the 3D version the computer had somehow created was dead-bang perfect, aside from missing a small scar on his left shin.

"Damn - that's a pretty neat trick..." Tommy said, grinning.

Another small notice had appeared at the bottom of the indicator section of the screen, asking if he wished to adjust or save the new 'profile'. Tapping the 'SV PRFL' key listed as one of the options, Tommy then looked at the controls with fresh eyes, beginning to understand the function of some of them.

Clicking on the 'LD PRFL' key did, indeed, bring up a 'LOAD PROFILE' screen, which showed a dozen or so 'thumbnail' pictures, of which Tommy's was the upper right-hand side one, labeled with a '001'.

Looking over the small, low-resolution pictures, Tommy's bushy eyebrows rose, and he pressed '008'.

The machine whirred - then the larger, more detailed image popped up in the bigger window, and he gave a low whistle as he played with the visual controls.

It was a naked woman - or at least the 3D representation of one.

'She' was sort of a generic woman - completely average in every way, neither ugly nor pretty, neither tall nor short, and shown with a basic, straight-hanging jaw-length style of medium-brown hair.

Drumming his fingers on a bare part of the casing, Tommy looked over the controls, then began 'fooling around' seeing what they did. What they did was alter the image on the screen.

Not knowing which keys and controls did what, he hit them at random, playing around with them and watching the effect on the screen, trying to get a feel for what did what, and how.

After about twenty minutes of playing around, he got the hang of using the controls - and set about creating a new 'woman'.

When he was done altering the figure on the screen, he smiled, one hand slipping between his legs to lightly stroke his semi-rigid cock through his silk boxers as he eyed the 'hot chick' on-screen.

She was a tiny, delicate little slip of a woman. Though an over-all description of her might have included the word 'girlish', it didn't mean that she wasn't all woman. From slim-yet-feminine hips that supported a taut, pert ass to a lovely, full-lipped face surrounded by a thick fall of rich, deep red hair that hung just past her shoulders, she was definitely fully grown, but delicate. More 'elfin' than 'girlish' - except for the bust Tommy had given her, which was more than just merely 'full'. Especially on her short, slender figure, the basket-ball sized breasts, each tipped with a large, thick pink nipple, looked enormous.

Chuckling, Tommy saved the 'profile' - then looked at the next option that popped up, asking whether he wished to continue modifying the profile, or 'apply' it, whatever that was.

Shrugging to himself, Tommy reached out and hit the 'APPLY PRFL' button - then started to gasp in shock.

That's as far as he caught - because the flickering blue-white beam that had shot out of the 'camera' had immobilized him completely. He couldn't so much as blink as the beam wrapped itself around his body...

...and changed him.

There was almost no sensation at all attached to the change that swept over his body, the beam leaving him numb as well as motionless - but, when the beam released him a scant minute later, there were a whole host of sensations to be felt.

New sensations. Feminine sensations...

"Holy shit!" Tommy screamed, leaping up from the chair - and he heard it emerge in a sweet, feminine tone even as he - no, most definitely she - scrambled away from the computer.

As she scrambled, her huge, artificially round new tits jiggled and swayed and bounced in the most distracting manner, while her hair whirled and brushed against her slender, fine-boned new shoulders. Her attempts were further hampered by her boxers sliding down her long, slender legs, now too big for her smaller, slimmer form.

"I'm a fuckin' babe!" Tommy screamed, hands shooting up to cradle the massive, heavy tits threatening to pull her off her tiny, dainty new feet. Leaning with her full, firm ass against the wall, she held her shuddering new bust in tiny, delicate hands much too small to even come close to encompassing her massive new boobs, trying to keep them from shaking and shivering.

When her massive new bust had finally stopped bouncing from her hasty movements, she let go of them - and slowly sent her slim, long-nailed new fingers sliding downwards across the silky-smooth skin of her slender new waist to the light down of dark red hair trimmed in a 'V' between her legs.

Her fingers grazed the soft, slightly moist flesh of her new vaginal lips - and she screamed again, yanking her hands from her new womanhood and staggering across the floor against the bounce and sway of her ridiculously over-sized breasts. Decidedly top-heavy, she was amazed she could move at all, especially with a strange sort of familiarity, as if her body would have no problem with coping with her new boobs if she'd just stop fighting it's natural instincts and move in feminine manner, rather than the masculine one she was still trying to make use of - but she had no plans to do any such thing.

Grabbing at the computer, she pounded hard on the key to load profiles, found her recently recorded male one, and hit the 'apply' button...

...and a minute later, was sighing with relief as he cradled his familiar manhood in both hands. Picking up the computer, he prepared to hurl it against the wall...

...then stopped dead, a smile slowly coming to his face as a thought occurred to him.

Sitting back down, he gingerly placed the laptop on his knees, handling it like alive grenade. Being extremely careful to keep his fingers away from the 'apply' button, he pulled up the profile he'd saved of the woman he'd just briefly been - then carefully began tapping keys he hadn't understood the purpose of until he'd realized what the device he'd found could do.

When the new options came up, he began working on the 'mental' settings. Once satisfied - and with a wolfish grin on his face - he pulled up some of the other options, working away for more than an hour to get everything just right.

When he was done, he carefully put the computer down on the coffee table, walked over to the phone, and picked it up. Quickly, his fingers punched out a sequence of numbers, and he listened to the ringing on the other end.

"Steve? It's Tommy - and don't hang up." He said, the shark's grin still on his face contrasting with the slightly contrite tone in his voice. "Look, about this silly feud we've been having - I think it's time to put an end to it, don't you...?"

* * * * *

Warily, Steve stepped a single step past the threshold, watching as Tommy pushed the door shut behind him and stepped back.

"I'm glad you came..." Tommy told the lean, well-toned blond. Gesturing towards the living room, Tommy cocked his head. "Come on in."

"Okay..." Steve said, still wary as he followed Tommy deeper into the house. The fair-haired young man kept his eyes focused on Tommy's bathrobe-clad body, almost expecting him to whirl and lash out at him - though, their 'feud' had never been a physical one.

He still wasn't sure if Tommy was sincere about the idea of a *digital* fight to end their feud.

Tommy's proposal over the telephone had been simple - and simplistic. After nearly two years arguing over who had been 'right' that night at the bar, Tommy suggested they 'duke it out' - via one of his fighting games on the PS2.

It seemed silly - but, of course, the whole feud was a little silly. Who was right or wrong really didn't matter - because it was their arguing over it that had chased away the girl they'd both been dating, who thought they were BOTH 'immature macho assholes' for having made a bet to see which one would 'get' her.

Now, Steve looked around, still half-expecting some kind of trap...

...and his eyes fell on the open laptop sitting on the coffee table.

It wasn't really a laptop, but something else, he noted vaguely - but it was only a passing thought, as he was busy staring at the 'woman' presented on the screen, slowly rotating to show all of her aspects.

"Damn, man - what the hell is this...?" Steve asked, stepping closer. He eyed the woman spinning on the screen, a slender, petite and ultra-buxom red-head clad in a short, tight black leather mini-skirt, an emerald green tube-top barely big enough for her huge rack, and black platform high-heel shoes. "This is pretty cool!"

"You think that's cool...?" Tommy said, unobtrusively stepping well out of range of the 'camera' on the computer. "You should see what happens when you hit the 'APPLY PRFL' button..."

Steve looked up, eyes narrowing. His mouth tightened slightly, and he looked more carefully at the computer, looking for some sort of trap.

"What is it?" Steve asked, slowly.

"It's a 'character maker' for the fighting game." Tommy explained, feigning a casual voice as he gestured at the game displayed on the big-screen TV. "Hit that, and it transfers into the game."

"Really?" Steve asked, buying the story. "Cool!"

He reached out and hit the button...

...then frowned.

Tommy also frowned - as absolutely nothing happened.

"There's some sort of error message on the screen." Steve complained. "shit!" Tommy swore, with feeling. He came closer...

...and had just enough time to see the error message window go from 'UNKNOWN USER - PROFILE NOT AVAILABLE FOR REPLACEMENT' to 'USER PROFILE FOUND - APPLYING REPLACEMENT PROFILE'.

Tommy didn't even have time to swear as the beam reached out and enveloped him. Steve, however, did: "Holy shit! What the fuck...!"

He watched, wide-eyed, as the blue-white beam enveloped his swarthy nemesis - and then his jaw sagged as Tommy seemed to sparkle, his image fading - then coming back 'in focus'...

...except it wasn't Tommy any more.

It was the massively-endowed delicate red-head from the computer screen.

The beam snapped out of existence, and the huge-breasted red-head looked around, shock written on her heart-shaped face as she slowly looked down at the massive cleavage that kept her from being able to see her delicate, high-heel clad feet or long, black-nylon clad legs.

"Oh, shit!" She swore in a richly sweet contralto, hands flying to her massive bust-line. "It changed *me*...!"

With a smooth, supple, and super-sexy sway to her hips, she walked with sensual grace atop the slender, six-inch tall heels of her platform pumps over to the computer, lightly biting down on her incredibly full, ripe lower lip as she stared down at it.

"Shit... which one's the load profile...?" She muttered to herself, almost absently sling a hand down to rub back and forth across the taut leather covering her crotch. "Should have memorized these things before I chose to make her illiterate - but it wasn't supposed to happen to *me*, dammit..."

Steve blinked - and then his face began to harden as he realized what was going on. Not 'how' - that was still a mystery, though it was obviously the computer that was doing it. 'What', however, was blindingly clear.

"That thing was supposed to turn me into a woman!" Steve shouted, grabbing the slender shoulder of the tiny, huge-breasted woman Tommy had become. "You were trying to trick me into becoming what you now are!"

"It was just a joke, Steve!" She snapped - then, as if just realizing she was doing it when a small moan escaped the back of her throat, quickly yanked her hand away from rubbing, hard, over her crotch. "Damn, I shouldn't have made her so horny, either..."

"Oh - really horny and illiterate?" Steve asked, shaking her. "Yeah, 'just a joke', right? What else did you plan to do?" "Look, just tell me which button loads a profile..." The feminine Tommy requested, gesturing at the computer.

"We'll see!" Steve said, snatching up the computer. Easily avoiding the tiny woman's belated grab at the computer, Steve backed away, eyes dancing over the information on the screen.

He stopped dead, shocked - then, slowly, a smile began to form on his face.

"Well, well, well..." Steve chuckled, looking over the list of 'changes' Tommy had loaded into the new woman.

"Look, just change me back " Tommy pleaded in her high new voice, hands going up to begin squeezing her massive, round new tits - and then she yanked them away with an angry mutter.

"What's wrong?" Steve taunted. "Having trouble controlling yourself Brandi?"

The huge breasted-new woman jerked when Steve used 'her' name - and for good reason. "Oh, shit, you bastard " She breathed - because the use of 'her' name had been a trigger.

The trigger that, for all intents and purposes, turned the new woman into Steve's slave. Tommy had set it up so that the first person to use that word became the woman's new 'master' - a person who she couldn't possibly disobey.

"Hey, if it's good enough for you to have been planning to do it to me " Steve chuckled, eyeing the woman staring at him with a horrified expression on her face - while unconsciously caressing one massive breast with her long-nailed, slender new hands. Her other hand started down towards her crotch, her arousal so painful that she couldn't quite stop herself...

...but Steve could.

"Stand perfectly still." He instructed her, smiling. "Make absolutely no effort to get yourself off."

"Yes, Steve " She replied, helpless to disobey. As he surveyed the computer, she had no choice but to stand there, body throbbing with unmet desire.

"Not a bad starting place " Steve finally said, looking her up and down as he tapped away at the computer. "Of course, I prefer blondes - and extremely dumb ones at that. 'Illiterate' is a good start, but I think you'll be much more entertaining as a brain-dead bimbo whose only concern is fucking and sucking "

"Oh, God, Steve - please, no..." Brandi begged, her body literally trembling with something that had gone far beyond 'desire' and well into 'need'. "Don't do this to me..."

"Well, I'm not going to - yet." Steve said, grinning evilly. "Before I completely mind-wipe you and erase 'Tommy' off the face of the earth forever, I'm going to have some fun with you..."

He tapped some more at the keyboard - then gasped and shivered as the light hit him.

When it passed, Steve was completely naked - which allowed Brandi to stare at the massive, thick cock Steve now boasted.

"You still have your own mind." Steve said, lightly stroking his massive organ. "Though I now control you, it's still your mind I control - so that will make this all the more satisfying..."

"What are you going to make me do?" Brandi asked, fearfully.

Steve laughed. "Oh, that's the delicious part - I'm not actually going to make you do anything. However, if you decide, of your own free will, to give me a blow-job - then I promise I'll fuck you long and hard."

Brandi stared at him in horror.

"No..." She breathed. "No, I.. I won't do it!" "Your choice, babe." Steve said, chuckling. She shivered in a mixture of horror - and lust.

Her body was crying out for satisfaction - satisfaction Steve had ordered her not to give herself. An order she couldn't disobey - no matter how desperately tried to.

With a low, despairing cry, she threw herself to her knees in front of him, tears blurring her vision as she reached out for his massive cock.

"That's it, Brandi - I always knew you were a willing little cock-sucker." Steve chuckled as the huge-breasted new woman forced herself to wrap her hands around the base of his massive, throbbing shaft - then open her warm, wet mouth wide, and envelope his cock with it.

Disgusted, she began sucking his cock - very well.

After all, she'd programmed this body with all sorts of sexual skills - skills she'd planned to have female Steve use on male her.

Now, turn was turned about, and part of her could dimly appreciate the irony of it - even as she fought to keep from sobbing as her desperate craving for sexual satisfaction drove her to suck 'eagerly' and 'willingly' on Steve's warm, massive organ.

"Oh, yeah, that's good..." Steve sighed as her hands and lips worked away. "You're a good little cock-sucker, Brandi. A great little cock-sucker."

Between her skills, and her desperate need for relief, it wasn't long before she brought him off - and, according to his gasped instructions, helplessly swallowed every damned drop of the hot, salty, disgusting mass of cum his cock pumped into her mouth. It practically seemed like a never-ending flow of disgusting man-seed, and yet she had no choice but to dutifully take every little bit of it into her...

...which earned her the 'prize' of letting him fuck her brains out.

What disgusted her the most about that was the fact that she was actually, desperately looking forward to it...

"C'mon, fuck me!" She half demanded, half begged, hating herself for saying it even as she hurriedly stripped out of her clothes so he could do it to her. It was humiliating, it was horrifying, it was disgusting - and she needed it.

Desperately.

Which was why, knowing this, Steve teased her. He insisted on foreplay.

"Come on, baby - I need time to get ready..." He insisted, despite the fact that his modified cock was already hard again., Instead, he pawed at her, playing with her new body with an evil grin. He fondled her, and caressed her. He licked and squeezed her nipples, fondled and kissed her massive tits. He ran his hands up and down her smooth, sexy legs, and over her pert, taut ass...

...and all of this drove her already unbelievable arousal to even higher states of torture, leaving her to deal with the utter humiliation of begging him again and again, ever more desperately, to fuck her.

Finally, he complied - and she hated him for making her want it so desperately, but hated herself even more for giving in to that desperation...

...but most of all, she hated herself for loving every damned second of it. She loved it as his huge, thick cock slammed home into her tight, wet cunt. She loved it as he thrust into her, hard, over and over again.

She loved thrashing on his massive organ, screaming out in pleasure, as he fucked her brains out.

She loved it all, every damned second of it...

...but most of all, she loved it when he brought her to a screaming, writhing, twisting orgasm better than anything she'd ever experienced in her life.

She hated loving it all - and she hated finding herself already craving the intense pleasure, over and over again, despite being humiliated and horrified by what she'd done, and what she'd let happen to her.

Trying to control both her sobs of disgust and her shivers of joy, she slowly dressed as Steve sighed in pleasure at the long, hard fucking he'd just given her - and then, pulling himself upright, he walked over to where the lap-top sat on the table next to the chair.

"Good-bye, 'Brandi' - hello 'Bambi'." Steve said, with an evil chuckle. Reaching out, he hit the 'apply' button on the computer...

...and, in the barest instant before being enveloped, had just enough time to realize that he'd forgotten to re-load the 'Brandi' profile after having set up his own profile to enlarge his cock.

He didn't even have time to scream before the beam enveloped him.

A second later, the person in Steve's spot blinked and looked around in confusion.

"Gee, I feel kinda weird..." She said in a breathless little voice, huge blue eyes blinking in confusion. She was nearly a dead-ringer for Brandi.

Her hair, however, was a bright, brassy golden blonde - and though the face was nearly identical to Brandi's, the vapid expression on it went well with the sky-blue eyes that practically screamed 'bimbo'. Even her clothes were the same - except for the color. Her nylons, shoes and skirt were white, and her tiny tube-top was sky blue.

The new woman giggled.

"Hey, Brandi." She said to the staring, huge-breasted red-head 'twin'. "I'm Bambi."

"Bambi, you have to use the computer..." Brandi said, urgently, gesturing at the lap-top sitting beside the huge-breasted blonde... "Oh, I don't know how to use 'puters..." Bambi said, with a brainless little giggle. "Besides, they're so boring."

Brandi, though mildly grateful to be spared Bambi's brain-dead fate, was horrified to realize that the new woman was even less capable of turning them back than she, herself was. She wracked her mind for a solution...

...and then Bambi rose, giggled, and said: "C'mon, Brandi - let's go find ourselves some handsome studs to fuck!"

Different body or not, this woman was the direct 'descendant' of Steve - and the 'mind control' was still in place. Helplessly, Brandi said, "Yes, Bambi," and followed her blonde bimbo 'twin sister' off to a life of constant sex.

Sex which Bambi, not knowing better, would enjoy every minute of - while her 'sister' would spend a nearly identical life in pure, hellish realization of her fate.

* * * * *

"Hmmm..." Sergeant Larry Danvers said, thoughtfully. "What have we here..."

Reaching into the property box from the station's evidence room, the police officer pulled out one of the items from unsolved cases now earmarked for sale at the police auction.

A glance at the evidence tag on the computer indicated it was from a now year-old missing person's case, and that it appeared to have no direct connection with the case. Intrigued, the officer turned the laptop over, looking in vain for a maker's logo or tag, and then shrugged.

If it was a no-name piece of shit, he wasn't interested.

"Aw, somebody will buy it at tomorrow's auction..." Danvers muttered to himself. Dropping it back into the box, he picked up the box and carried it over to the table holding the sorted items that would be auctioned away the next day, and didn't give it so much as a second thought...

...until, two weeks later, he found himself logging the self-same computer back into the property room as possible evidence in yet another missing person's case.

"How the hell can a computer have anything to do with missing people?" Danvers asked himself, aloud. Sitting alone in the dimly-lit evidence locker, Danvers popped up the lid and hit the power button.

The LCD screen flared to life, booting up incredibly quickly - not into any standard operating system, but into some kind of custom interface obviously made for this computer. A square 'window' took up half the screen, while the other half held spaces for some sort of indicators, currently blank.

Almost as soon as it booted, another window popped up, overlaying the rest of the screen with a message: CURRENT USER PROFILE NOT FOUND.

CREATE NEW PROFILE? (Y/N)

Danvers hesitated - and then reached on blunt finger out towards the 'Y' key...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A young male tries to escape the all girls before they change him; a young she-male tries to escape; a young woman tries to escape...something strange is going on.

Finished

By Gunslinger

The older, 'box-style' Chevy Caprice drew up to the large, wrought iron gate set into the red-brick wall. The uniformed driver of the vehicle rolled down his window to talk to the guard manning the small guardhouse at the gate.

Tim looked on with sullen disinterest for a moment, then let his gaze wander along the wall. Despite it's 'decorative' look, he immediately noted that it would be a bitch to get over - the seven-foot-high brick wall was surmounted by wicked-looking six-inch long wrought-iron spikes with barbed heads, set closely together. And the main gate looked like it's stop anything short of a main battle tank. With a grunt, Tim read the brass plaque inset into the pillar beside the gate.

'The Barclay Finishing School - Est. 1995'

The muscular, sandy haired youth shifted in the back of the car, trying to get comfortable - a difficult task, since the hand-cuffs were fastened behind him, forcing him to half-lay on his side. The ill-fitting blue coverall and heavy, cheap shoes didn't help either.

As the Chevy was allowed onto the grounds, and began heading up the long driveway, the nineteen year old youth vowed again to get back at his parents for this. It was his fucking life, and he could do what he wanted. His parents had no right to have him declared a 'ward' until his twenty-first birthday - then promptly ship him off to this 'special school' to fix his 'problems'. It was like all the other time - when they'd sent him to military academy, to special Juvenile schools, all that other crap. But he'd gotten through those places without being broken into some preppy little obedient wimp, and he'd get through this one too. Hell, they were all basically the same.

Or perhaps not.

Tim's eyes widened as the car moved up the long driveway. Crossing the large lawn, wandering with that certain look that almost all student had while on campus, were pairs of girls, about his own age. Some really good-looking ones, too. Tim's lips curved up in an unpleasant grin - all the other schools he'd been forced to attend had been strictly segregated - but apparently not this one. In fact, the girls he saw on campus seemed to out-number the guys he saw almost ten-to-one.

The car pulled to a stop in front of the sprawling brick building - and Tim's dark, sly eyes became thoughtful. Unlike the other schools he'd been forced into, this one didn't have that 'institutional' look - instead, it was a large, elegant building in a Victorian style. Hell - there wasn't even any bars on the damned windows! The youth smirked as he looked over the low-security building - getting out of this place might turn out to be easier than he thought. Looking around at the young women crossing the campus, though, he had to amend the thought - he might want to stick around for a little bit.

The doors to the building swung open, and three people emerged. One was a regal-looking woman, dressed in a conservative tweed skirt-and-jacket combo that couldn't hide her shapely figure. Flanking her, as if an honor guard, were two tall, muscular youths. They waited as the Security Guard who'd transported Tim brought him out of the car. Tim stood, sullen, to

one side as the two goons flanked him, and the elegant woman signed for him, allowing the guard to climb back into the Chevy and head back down the road. The woman then turned to Tim.

"Good morning, Mr... Rusk, isn't it?" She said, cool yet polite. "Welcome to the Barclay Finishing School for Young Ladies. I'm the head Mistress, Elizabeth Barclay - but you may use my title, and call me Mistress."

Tim sneered. "Like hell, I will. And what the fuck's with this 'for Young woman' shit? You fuckin' blind, lady?"

Tim's insolence didn't even phase Mistress Barclay. "I assure you, my vision is quite perfect. You'll understand everything shortly." She turned and headed back into the building, and the two goons escorted Tim in after her. Still handcuffed and flanked by two youths whose musculature matched or exceeded his own, Tim decided not to put up a fight - yet.

The two goons led Tim to a room marked 'Nurses Office'. He was led inside, and pushed to a sitting position on a bench.

The nurse, a slender, intelligent looking Asian woman, looked over her patient. "Ah - our new arrival. Hello, Timothy - I'm Doctor Chu." She prepared a hypodermic needle as she spoke.

"Hey - what the fuck is that?" Tim asked, struggling to rise. The two goons held him fast, their large hands holding him in place as the doctor approached.

"It's a sedative, so that we can prep you for the procedure." Tim's eyes widened. "What procedure?"

She smiled. "Why - turning you into a young woman, of course."

Tim screamed and struggled - but he was no match for the two youths while fettered, and they forced him down and held him as the oriental woman injected him in the shoulder. Tim's frantic, horrified struggles slowly faded as the drug took hold - and darkness claimed him.

* * * * *

"Well?" Liz asked Chu, looking down at the limp figure on the table.

"Everything looks good." Chu replied. "We'll do the initial surgery and keep him sedated until he's well enough to be put in the harness. Then we'll hook him up and put him in the tank. Hopefully, the mental changes will take hold by the time his body is ready - but you have to recall that we only have a seventy-percent success rate."

Liz sighed - she'd seen the thirty percent who's mental conditioning hadn't taken fully - they'd emerged from the tank, and had been insane within twelve hours. They'd been forced to mind-wipe them, which made them useless for anything.

"So - which scenario do you want for Timmy here?" Chu asked, needing the information before she could even begin.

"Hmmm... is twenty-two Alpha possible?" Liz asked. Chu considered Timmy's form and frowned. "Hmmm... marginal. How about two Alpha?"

"Two? We haven't used that for ages." Liz protested - it was once of the first scenarios, and rather unsophisticated.

"Well, how about eight theta?"

Liz cocked her head. She didn't like going higher than beta, but... "Very well - make sure he's firmly under, then proceed." Liz ordered.

* * * * *

Tim paused atop the branch that extended over the wall, then lowered himself until he hung from the position. Bracing himself, he let go and dropped to the ground below, knocking the breath from him.

Rolling to a sitting position, he caught his breath, listening for the sounds of pursuit - he heard nothing. He stood, brushing himself off. He frowned in distaste as his hands ran along the clothing he wore.

Thanks to a faulty valve on the anesthetic, he'd managed to escape after knocking the doctor and her two assistants unconscious - but the only clothing he'd been able to steal was one of the woman's outfits.

At least he'd been able to keep his own shoes, he thought wryly, looking down at the clunky footwear. They'd been in a corner, obviously unfit to dump down the incinerator chute that had consumed his other clothing.

Uncomfortably Tim lifted the skirt of the pale pink dress and adjusted his cock in the uncomfortable confines of the lacy white panties he'd been forced to take. Despite having to make his escape in such clothing, he was glad he managed to do so before they'd started any procedures on him.

Getting his bearings, Tim struck out through the woods, moving through them with no clear idea where they'd lead - as long as it was away from that nuthouse, he was happy.

Half an hour later, Tim broke through a line of scrub and found himself on a back road of some sort. Looking up and down the pitted, two-lane strip of asphalt, he picked a direction at random and began walking, feeling supremely stupid in the frilly pink dress.

Fifteen minutes passed, and the sun began to sink below the trees that lined the road, casting him in shadows. Immediately, Tim began to feel chilled, especially on his bare legs. The strengthening wind ruffled the hairs on his legs, sending shivers up and down his spine.

Then he heard the sound of a motor coming up the hill behind him. The flare of headlights over the hill announced that the vehicle was seconds away.

Unwilling to be caught by another person in such a state, Tim ducked into the woods. He listened to the sound of the vehicle as it approached and passed the road in front of where he lay, then fade off into the distance.

Shivering in the chill of early evening, Tim knew it was only going to get worse. Looking around, he decided that he should probably see whereabouts he was.

He moved a little deeper into the woods, craning his neck until he found what he was looking for - a nice, tall tree that soared a dozen feet above the surrounding treetops. Gritting his teeth, he began to climb the tree, hoping that when he reached the top he'd be able to see a house or something - preferably, a house with a clothesline out back where he might snag a change of clothes. He hauled himself up another branch, tearing the skirt of the dress, then...

...paused atop the branch that extended over the wall, then lowered himself until he hung from the position. Bracing himself, he let go and dropped to the ground below, knocking the breath from him.

Rolling to a sitting position, he caught his breath, listening for the sounds of pursuit - he heard nothing. He stood, brushing himself off. He frowned in distaste as his hands ran along the clothing he wore.

Thanks to a faulty valve on the anesthetic, he'd managed to escape after knocking the doctor and her two assistants unconscious - but the only clothing he'd been able to steal was one of the woman's outfits.

At least he'd been able to keep his own shoes, he thought wryly, looking down at the clunky footwear. They'd been in a corner, obviously unfit to dump down the incinerator chute that had consumed his other clothing.

Thankfully, Tim lifted the skirt of the pale pink dress and lightly ran his hand over his cock in the comfortable confines of his lacy white panties he'd been also found, stuffed into one of the shoes. At least he hadn't had to wear one of those awful, baggy briefs the woman was wearing. Despite having to make his escape in such clothing, he was glad he managed to do so before they'd started any procedures on him.

Getting his bearings, Tim struck out through the woods, moving through them with no clear idea where they'd lead - as long as it was away from that nuthouse, he was happy.

Half an hour later, Tim broke through a line of scrub and found himself on a back road of some sort. Looking up and down the pitted, two-lane strip of asphalt, he picked a direction at random and began walking, feeling supremely stupid in the frilly pink dress.

Fifteen minutes passed, and the sun began to sink below the trees that lined the road, casting him in shadows. Immediately, Tim began to feel chilled, especially on his bare legs. The strengthening wind sighed across his silky smooth legs and caused a brief shiver. It was almost enough to make him wish they'd gotten as far as implanting body hair on him.

Then he heard the sound of a motor coming up the hill behind him. The flare of headlights over the hill announced that the vehicle was seconds away.

He hesitated, unsure what to do, and then it was too late - the vehicle crested the hill and was upon him.

The late-model sedan came screeching to a halt beside Tim, and the driver, a muscular young man a year or too older, opened the door and stepped out of the car.

"Well, well, well..." He said, eyeing Tim with distaste. "What have we got here? Some perverted little pansy?"

"No - it's not like that!" Tim protested, backing away from the young man.

"Oh, really?" The man asked, scathingly. "I see some sick young guy wearin' a dress. You know how we deal with sickos like you around here?"

Tim, sensing what was to come, lifted his arms defensively. It was a reaction that was fortunate - because the man's arm lashed out and, instead of crushing Tim's nose, merely knocked him to the ground...

...knocking the breath from him.

Rolling to a sitting position, he caught his breath, listening for the sounds of pursuit - he heard nothing.

He stood, brushing himself off. He frowned in distaste as his hands ran along the clothing he wore. Thanks to a faulty valve on the anesthetic, he'd managed to escape after knocking the doctor and her two assistants unconscious - but the only clothing he'd been able to steal was one of the woman's outfits.

At least he'd been able to keep his own shoes, he thought happily, looking down at the two-inch high heeled pumps. They'd been in a corner, obviously unfit to dump down the incinerator chute that had consumed his other clothing.

Thankfully, Tim lifted the skirt of the pale pink dress and lightly ran his hand over his cock in the comfortable confines of his lacy white panties he'd been also found, stuffed into one of the shoes. At least he hadn't had to wear one of those awful, baggy briefs the woman was wearing. Despite having to make his escape in such clothing, he was glad he managed to do so before they'd started any procedures on him.

Getting his bearings, Tim struck out through the woods, moving through them with no clear idea where they'd lead - as long as it was away from that nuthouse, he was happy.

Half an hour later, Tim broke through a line of scrub and found himself on a back road of some sort. Looking up and down the pitted, two-lane strip of asphalt, he picked a direction at random and began walking, feeling supremely stupid in the frilly pink dress.

Fifteen minutes passed, and the sun began to sing below the trees that lined the road, casting him in shadows. Immediately, Tim began to feel chilled, especially on his smooth, silky legs. The strengthening wind stirred his mane of long, silky blonde hair, causing a brief shiver as the silky strands brushed over his smooth neck.

Then he heard the sound of a motor coming up the hill behind him. The flare of headlights over the hill announced that the vehicle was seconds away.

He hesitated, unsure what to do, and then it was too late - the vehicle crested the hill and was upon him.

The late-model sedan came screeching to a halt beside Tim, and the driver, a muscular young man a year or too older, opened the door and leaned out of the car.

"Well, well, well..." He said, eyeing Tim with an odd look. "What have we got here?"

"Uh... hi..." Tim said, awkwardly, knowing the picture he must present to the bulky young man. "Look, um..."

"Rick - Rick Farnsworth." The young man supplied.

"Hi - I'm Tim Rusk." Tim replied, feeling silly. He searched for a reasonable explanation for his condition - and one came to him. "I was seeing a young lady - without the knowledge of her father. When he got home, I had to get out of there, and the first thing that was handy was, uh..." Embarrassed, he gestured at the frilly pink dress covering his muscled figure.

"Hmm - sounds like you got out just in time. Loosing your dignity ain't nothing compared to what you mighta lost if her daddy had caught ya." Rick said with a grin.

"Yeah." Tim agreed. "I don't suppose I could get a lift, huh?"

Rick shrugged. "Well, I'll give you a lift to the edge of town - but that's it. No offense, Tim - but I wouldn't want anybody to see you with me."

"No problem." Tim agreed. He climbed into the passenger side, and they headed off.

True to his word, Rick pulled to a stop a hundred yards or so on the far side of the bridge that crossed the river before the town.

"What you do, Tim," Rick suggested, "Is take this railway bridge across - that'll keep you out of sight for a while. Once in town, though, you're on your own."

"Thanks." Tim said, grateful to the young man.

As Rick pulled away, Tim carefully walked across the trestle bridge, not letting his heels drop into the spaces between the ties. Reaching the other side of the bridge, he found himself screened in by a thin strip of trees that blocked the unsightly tracks from the town proper.

Listening carefully for any sign of life, he approached the line of trees. Not hearing anything, he pushed aside the branches and...

...found himself on a back road of some sort. Looking up and down the pitted, two-lane strip of asphalt, he picked a direction at random and began walking, feeling supremely stupid in the frilly pink dress. The four-inch tall heels on his shoes clicked reassuringly on the pavement, letting him know that at least something's were still all right with his world.

Fifteen minutes passed, and the sun began to sink below the trees that lined the road, casting him in shadows. Immediately, Tim began to feel chilled, especially on his smooth, silky legs. A gust blew up his skirt, and he was glad that he had also managed to save his lacy panties, so that he could tuck his cock back, as usual - with those ugly boxers, it would have been hanging loose in the breeze. The strengthening wind stirred his mane of long, silky blonde hair, causing a brief shiver as the silky strands brushed over his smooth neck.

Then he heard the sound of a motor coming up the hill behind him. The flare of headlights over the hill announced that the vehicle was seconds away.

He hesitated, unsure what to do, and then it was too late - the vehicle crested the hill and was upon him.

The late-model sedan came screeching to a halt beside Tim, and the driver, a muscular young man a year or two older, opened the door and leaned out of the car.

"Well, well, well..." He said, eyeing Tim with an intrigued look. "What have we got here? A young man in trouble?"

"Uh... hi..." Tim said, awkwardly, knowing the picture he must present to the bulky young man. "Look, um..."

"Rick - Rick Farnsworth." The young man supplied.

"Hi - I'm Timmy Rusk." Tim replied, feeling silly. He searched for a reasonable explanation for his condition - and one came to him. "I was seeing a young lady - without the knowledge of her father. When he got home, I had to get out of there, and the first thing that was handy was, uh..." Embarrassed, he gestured at the frilly pink dress covering his slender figure.

"Hmm - sounds like you got out just in time. Loosing your dignity ain't nothing compared to what you mighta lost if her daddy had caught ya." Rick said with a grin.

"Yeah." Tim agreed. "I don't suppose I could get a lift, huh?"

Rick shrugged. "Well, I'll give you a lift to the edge of town - but that's it. I already got me a girl friend, and I wouldn't want her gettin' jealous."

Laughing, Tim agreed. He climbed into the passenger side, and they headed off.

True to his word, Rick pulled to a stop on the far side of the bridge that crossed the river before the town.

"What you do, Timmy," Rick suggested, "Is go to the bus station. We ain't got nothing against you types of guys, but it's best not to hang around." He dug into his pocket and pulled out some cash. "Here's twenty-five bucks - that'll get you to the next town, where you can find some of your kind to help you."

"Thanks." Tim said, grateful to the young man. He hoped he remembered the fake names that the bisexual community used as covers for their 'safe houses'. It had been a while since he'd needed to use one.

As Rick pulled away, Tim headed across the bridge, swaying gently atop his heels. He still couldn't believe the arrogance of his parents, sending him to 'recondition' him into a straight male - in this day and age!

Angry at his parents betrayal, Timmy was lost in his own little world - so the sound of the train's horn startled him. Wryly, he looked over at the train trestle, where the light of the locomotive...

...announced that the vehicle was seconds away.

Tam turned and positioned himself - balanced on one five-and-a-half inch heel, the other leg gently cocked to show it's shapely contour. Tam stuck out one thumb, it's carefully filed and polish nailed pointing in the direction he hoped to catch a lift in.

The late-model sedan came screeching to a halt beside Tam, and the driver, a muscular young man a year or two older, rolled down the window and looked out of the car.

"Well, now." He said, eyeing the dress where Tam's hormonally-grown breasts stretched the stolen dress "What have we got here? A young she-male in trouble?"

"Hi..." Tam said, engagingly. "My name's Tam - Tam Rusk." "Rick - Rick Farnsworth." The young man supplied.

"Nice ta meetcha." Tam said, pleasantly - he had plenty of experience at appearing interested in complete strangers. "I don't suppose I could get a lift, handsome?"

Rick smiled. "Well, I'll give you a lift to the bus station, if you'd like. If you need it, I can spare enough to get you to the next city..."

Laughing, Tam waved one slender hand. "Naw - I'm sure I can find a way to *cum* up with the cash..." He climbed into the passenger side, and they headed off.

True to his word, Rick pulled to a stop in front of the brightly lit bus station. "Here you are, Tam - right to the door."

Throwing the muscular man a wink, Tam slid from the car. The pre-op waited until the 'Good Samaritan' had driven from sight, then swayed down the dark alley beside the bus station, wishing she had he normal clothes instead of this stupid pink dress - when working en-femme, there was definitely something as 'too much'.

"Psstt.." A voice whispered, and he turned to find a unshaven man eyeing her padded tush. "You, uh... workin'?"

"That's right, honey." Tam said, smiling. "You 'uh... lookin' for somethin'?" The man looked around, furtively. "Thirty-five."

Tam pursed his red-glossed lips. "You a special delivery with a reach around, or a blow?" The man flinched. "I ain't into that other stuff - just..."

Tam smiled. "No prob, baby - I'm easy " He giggled, and accepted the crumpled bills from the man.

Sinking to his knees, Tam unzipped the man's pants. He made a show of being excited, but that's all it was - a show. Blowjob, to Tam, where just another way of making a living, not particularly fun - especially with a guy as nasty as this one.

Still, he acted like he was enjoying it as he enveloped the man's cock with his surgically-inflated lips and began to bob his head up and down. His slender hand encircled the shaft at the base and worked in rhythm, while he swirled his tongue around the man's head.

He didn't stint on technique, but he also didn't draw the act out. Soon enough, he was swallowing the man's sticky cum, pretending like it was the most wonderful thing he'd ever tasted.

As the man scurried away, Tam heard the low, diesel growl of an engine. Swaying atop his heels, he hurried towards the terminal, hoping he had enough time to get a ticket. It might be iffy - the bus was already pulling...

...to a halt beside Tami, and the driver, a muscular young man a year or two older, rolled down the window and leered out at her.

"Who, baby " He whistled, drooling at the way her huge, firm GGG-cup tits strained the front of her tight red dress. Tami leaned against the car, displaying more mouth-watering cleavage.

"Hi there, handsome." Tami purred, feeling the familiar lust rising in her - damn but she did love her work.

"Rick - Rick Farnsworth." The young man supplied.

"Nice ta meetcha." Tami said, pleasantly indifferent - who cared what their names were? "I'm Tami." Rick was practically drooling. "Uh, if you got the time "

Laughing, Tam waved one slender hand. "Honey, if you got the cash, I always got the time "

When Rick flashed some green, Tami jiggled and swayed to the other side of the car atop her 'Fuck- Me Red' platforms with seven inch stilettos. Climbing in, she made sure to let this guy get a good look at her long, sexy legs.

Rick dropped the car into gear and busted the speed limit into town, pulling into a cheep motel. Tami waited in the car, idly stroking one sensitive tit as he paid for a room, then climbed out and used her 'business' walk to the room, letting Rick know he was getting the best.

Once inside, with the door closed, Tami let Rick slide down her dress. When he was sliding it down her legs, she leaned forward, burying his face in her awesome cleavage as her hands worked at his belt-buckle and fly.

Within seconds, she was falling backwards onto the bed, dragging him on top of her. Her cunt was already sopping wet, and she wanted him now - and guys loved hookers like her mainly because they didn't have to - excuse the expression - 'dick around' with foreplay.

Eagerly, the muscular man mounted her, his hands going to her tits as he drove into her hungrily, pounding with a heavy rhythm.

Tami made all the requisite sounds - but could tell where this was going. Disappointment flooded her as she proved out to be right - the guy was so horny he came in no time, shooting his load and pulling out quickly, long before she was satisfied.

Well, she didn't get paid to be 'real' - when she felt him starting to come, she put on the 'best orgasm of my life' routine, leaving him feel like a real man, instead of like the pathetic 'quick-shot' he was.

As he headed out, having given her a night's lodging and fifty-five bucks, Tami considered going out for an hour to see if she could do better - but it was late, and she would probably only get a few guys wanting back-seat blows. Although her mouth watered at the thought of the tasty cum, she was more concerned with her own unsatisfied desire, and she merely lay in the bed and masturbated herself to sleep, hoping that she'd get lucky tomorrow and find a guy who could go the distance...

* * * * * "Well?"

Chu smiled. "Perfect."

The two women watched as Tami's body was lifted out of the sensory deprivation/Virtual reality tank. Six months of work had sculpted her, body and mind, into the perfect cum-hungry whore, with no memory of ever being male - or at this institution. Before she awoke, she'd be taken to the hotel that she'd 'gone to sleep' in 'last night', and all the necessary props would be left for her to continue 'her' life as she remembered it.

As the unconscious ex-male hooker was taken out, Liz turned to Chu. "Who's next?"

Chu smiled. "Actually, we have an interesting one - one of the self-committed."

Liz 'hmmmed' - although it was rare, due to the secrecy of the institution, it did happen.

"Wait, there's more - you should see what this guy wants. We're going to have to do a whole new program up for him."

"Really?" Liz asked, interested - that was a rare thing.

"Yes - come, I have to let you hear it from him." Opening the door, she leaned out. The secretary at the desk looked up.

"Angela, call the front desk." Chu said. "Have them send up Mr. Zink."



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: One man's experience as he is transformed by his sister using high tech surgical equipment into a blonde bimbo.

Flashback

By Gunslinger

With a faint electronic whine, the automatic door began to slide open on it's track. As the heavy, metal-framed glass started to retract, a gust of the cool night air swept into the lobby, seeping across the body of the person stepping out into the late-summer night.

The heat of day but a fading memory in the pavement and rocks, the air carried with it a hint of the approaching autumn, it's force itself stronger then the summer zephyrs as the cooler air masses created stronger winds.

Though the air was evenly distributed across the body over which it flowed, clothing deflected or altered it's effect - and more then anything, it increased the texture of the breeze as it swept across the fine mesh of the flesh-toned nylons that covered the smooth, firm flesh of the legs...

Teeth grinding in a hate-filled clench of unbearable irritation, he stumbled into the bathroom.

Driven near onto insanity by the relentless irritation, he slapped at the wall-switch, bringing bright light to life, light that reflected off white-tiled floors and walls, creating a harsh reflective glare that bit hard into his eyes.

Staggering into the small, echoing chamber, he raised his eyes briefly to meet those of his reflected doppelganger in the mirror above the sink.

Fine-featured face curled about itself in a grimace, it was the face of a man on the fine edge of madness.

Letting his gaze drop from the tortured gaze, he stared in hatred and frustration at his arm.

Every hair on the arm stood at rigid attention, up and away from the body it was attached do. Driven my the force of the electrostatic generators in the walls of his prison, each hair not only rose away from the body as if each individually being

tugged in slightly painful grip - but they also each individually vibrated, in a cumulative effect that created an endless torment of itching.

Pulling his red-rimmed eyes from the arm, he let his gaze re-focus on a few, otherwise innocuous items on the ledge of the bathtub - items that, for him, were as a torturer's tools.

A package of razor blades, and an 'economy-size' bottle of depilatory.

They were the items that had sat there, mocking him, since the first hour of his imprisonment here, now followed by thirty-six more such intervals of time - each one of which had grown longer in his mind as sleep and peace of mind were denied to him by the incessant itching-pulling-twitching of every hair on his body.

A package of twenty powder-pink disposable razors, each twin-bladed pivoting head mounted atop a padded, contoured grip designed to fit a feminine hand. A large, silver-colored plastic bottle containing a creamy substance designed with the needs - or wants - of a woman in mind.

Simple items, commonplace in so many North American homes. Items he'd so confidently sworn he'd never use.

Items that, now, he reached for with hands he had to uncurl from clenched fists of humiliation and rage...

..as, from the ceiling-mounted speakers ubiquitous to every room in his not-so-gilded cage, **her** laughter rolled out in electronic amplification...

The swirl of wind also brought with it some friends - broad, parchment-thin leaves, still summer-green and soft, that the wind pulled unresisting from the branches of the overhanging tree near the entrance.

The trio of leaves swirled into the door upon the wind, seeming almost alive as they fled the cool darkness of the night for the light of the building, each floating fragment of fragrant greenery tracing the unseen currents of the wind - and sliding, with soft caress, across and around the pinched midpoint of the hourglass figure. So fine were the leaves upon the summer breeze, they seemed to dance and dally across the amazingly slender waist, as if playing upon the supple smoothness of the abdomen's tiny circumference...

For the tenth time in as many minutes, he hesitantly stretched a hand out towards the 'nutrition bars' stacked in a neat pyramid of foil-wrapped foodstuffs in the center of the table.

Unlike the previous nine repetitions of the movement, however, this time he did not snatch his hand back, instead gingerly touching the outside of the plain-wrapped bars, then gently wrapped the hand that terminated the smooth, unsullied arm around the object.

Above, **her** voice continued to mockingly extol the virtues of the bars. The virtues of their balanced nutrition and vitamins, so conducive to weight loss. The virtues of their flavour and texture.

The virtues of the extremely powerful female hormones each bar was liberally laced with.

Hormones equal in unadvisedly high strength as the will-weakening sodium pentothal that tainted the water that had been his sole source of sustenance for the past three days.

Hand quivering from more than just hunger and fatigue, he held the bar before his eyes, mind fighting both sides of a battle as he contemplated the unassuming packaging that contained the food he'd so long denied himself.

Slowly, with awkward coordination brought about partly by shame and partly by exhausted hunger, his fingers worried at the plasticized aluminium until it parted, exposing the granola-like bar within.

Even the faint smell the bar produced was enough to start his mouth to watering, and he lost all sense of hesitation, as well as civilization, as he crammed the bar between dry lips - and found the granola-like bar even harder and dryer than he'd expected.

Jaws working frantically, mind nearly overwhelmed past thinking by hunger, he began gulping large draughts of chemically-enhanced water to ease the chore. Crumbs of food and rivulets of water trickled off his denuded chin to sprinkle down across the heavy leather corset that had found himself wearing when he'd awoken from his drugged slumber in that first hour. Still straining as tautly over his slightly diminished waist as it had the first instant he'd awoken, thanks to the small, self-powered motors that held each binding in a self-tightening grip, the flesh-colored garment left no gap from liquid or fragment to enter, actually compressed to the flesh of his waist in a water-tight bond by its taut snugness.

Managing to lubricate the now-sodden mass of hormone-laced grain and granola, he felt his constricted stomach rumble and churn for a second - and then, awakened after too long being denied, it demanded more.

It was a demand he couldn't bring himself to ignore, hand almost involuntarily reaching out for another bar - as **her** voice slid into another damnable laugh...

As the door continued to yawn ever wider, muscles began to tense in preparation of movement. In the intricate synchronized ballet of muscle necessary for even the simplest movement, sinew and flesh from every appendage began to tense or loosen in the simple expectation of movement, shifting weight and balance to allow motion without succumbing to the never-ending effect of gravity.

Muscles in the slender arms began to bunch under the silky-smooth skin, preparing to swing them in counter-rhythm to the scissoring of the long, well-shaped legs in their nylon enclosures. Muscles within the denuded column of the neck tensed in preparation of keeping the head fixed in relative position against the slight sway of smoothly rounded shoulders that would occur.

Under the taut fabric caress of the short, tweed skirt that clung like a second skin, the taut flesh of a firmly packed and artistically rounded posterior subtly shifted shape as new tension arose from the muscles within. The full, delectable shape of

the inverted heart that went from tiny waist to just-less- then-too-full buttocks took up the tension in even strain, cocking slightly in a way that only further emphasized the quite literally unnatural shape and size of the photogenic posterior...

Beset by exhaustion and befuddlement, by drug and by wild hormonal swings, he staggered about the room, struggling to keep watery knees from collapsing to the cold metal of the floor.

Cold metal that would burn as if on fire, should bare flesh come in contact with the electrified metal sheeting that made up the floor.

Four days without sleep. Four days of growing exhaustion and confusion as the powerful hormones now flooding his weakened system added their voice to the dulling of the wits that the hypnotic sedative brought. A dulling and confusion that had only increased with an ever-increasing consumption of a coffee more laced with a synthetic vitamin complex to soften and smooth skin than it was with the desperately desired caffeine.

Only the strange, oversized 'shoes' that clad his feet kept the electrical current below at bay - and even that exacted a terrible price, as the spring-and-tensioned-metal laden shoes continuously and now agonizingly compressed the feet inwards while simultaneously pressing ever-upwards against the arch in a curve.

Muscles from calf to thigh screamed in addition pain at the forces that were tiring them to raggedness even as they toned and shaped them into new contours, adding to the horrors of the 'shoes' - shoes that he dare not remove, though they were not fasted upon his feet.

Shoes that he could only remove if he were no longer standing on the electrified floor - and shoes that had, before, seemed a much less permanent horror than the only seat in the prison he was in.

Now, brought to the edge of collapse by a combination of factor, he had no choice. Rather than face the agony that his increasing number of missteps and spills had given him ample samples of, he staggered wearily over to the single seat.

Jaw clenched in humiliation and self hate, he gingerly lowered himself in to the custom-designed chair.

He gasped as the not-quite-painful sensation of tiny needles was transmitted through the muscles of the gluteus maximus - needles that provided electronic stimulation to the muscle even as it injected tiny fat cells to increase mass.

Sitting back in the chair, savouring the first real rest since sitting in the temporarily unpowered bathtub for his hair removal, he told himself that he'd only sit long enough to rest his leg muscles.

It was a futile attempt, as exhaustion caught up with him, carrying him away to the sound of **her** humming Braham's 'Lullaby'...

As the door slid to a mechanically smooth stop against its rubber-coated backstop, a foot lifted.

It was done with only the simplest of thoughts - yet the complex physical events that occurred to do so were numerous. The entire body had to shift to maintain balance as the weight was transferred, if only momentarily, from a two-point connection with the ground to a single one.

Well-shaped and well-defined muscles of the smoothly rounded calf and tautly firm thigh tensed in sensual synchronization as the leg lifted a few inches from the ground while swinging forward in a smooth, regular curve that also pulled the wide hips into an equally smooth two-axis sway and swivel.

Traveling a few inches forward, and in a heel-to-toe line with the other foot that caused a much more emphatic swivel-sway-and-sip then absolutely necessary, the foot returned to the ground with a graceful transfer of weight - even as the other foot began it's own mirror-image repetition of the same movement, only now with the added complexity of arms that had begun graceful swings to counter-balance the movements of the womanly hips.

Of the total complexity it took to move the human body, it was an added layer of precision and agility that the entire manoeuvre was completed on the relative-to-mass tiny points of contact provided by the inwardly sloping three-inch platforms and metal-tipped seven-inch spiked heels of the black, rounded-toe pumps enclosing the slender, highly-arched feet...

Slowly, trying to focus a mind befogged by drugs and massive hormonal fluxes, he pushed himself off the 'chair', slipping his feet into the 'shoes' as he blinked sleep from his eyes.

He was all-too-aware of the way his larger, reshaped posterior felt as he removed the pressure from the fuller, fleshier derrière - but he was even more aware - and humiliated - by the strange, 'loose- swivel' from his expanding hips.

There had been great glee as well as pride in **her** voice during the explanation of the pair of surgically-implanted 'hydraulic arms' within his pelvis, slowly pushing outwards on lightly fractured bone in an endless series of breaks-and-heals on a micro-scale, slowly expanding the hips beneath their smooth coating of flesh.

Each 'arm' was roughly the size of a surgical pin - and the four in his pelvis were far from the only ones. There were also such 'micro-hydraulics' in his legs, feet and fingers, slowly lengthening the bones within - while very similar, but differently utilized, micro-hydraulics were working at narrowing his shoulders and hands.

Denied any clock or watch, and with a mind steadily more confused and bemused, he'd lost all track of time, and so no longer had any inkling of the duration of his seemingly endless torment - but he knew it had been long enough for the relatively slow process to show marked changes in his body.

Slow enough to be kept to nothing but a dull ache in his bones, the process was also slow enough for him to 'naturally' acclimatize to the actual changes - but the overall alterations were nevertheless a constant presence in his humiliated, horrified mind as he continued drawing further away from the person he had once been.

A person that, at times, now seemed like little more than a half-remembered dream - and, at other times, was as real and immediate as if this had been but an instant.

Usually when it struck **her** as amusing to point out what was being done to him, and why, and how...

Slender, arched feet slid into the 'shoes', he began to step away from the horrible, horrifying, and terribly necessary piece of furniture that was his only haven from the electrified floor...

...and his foot lifted right out of the 'shoe'.

He stared numbly at the dainty foot for a moment, befogged mind trying to incorporate this new situation. Slowly, he understood that the internal and external alterations had finally altered his foot to the point that the now-fully-constricted shoes wouldn't fit. Perhaps, over the past few days, or eons, they had been growing looser, but his drugged brain, coping with the constant influx of images from the plexi-protected monitors in every room, hadn't managed to pass that information on to his conscious mind - what little of it there was.

Slipping his foot back into the shoe, he numbly began shuffling towards his 'breakfast' of hormone- laced bars,, sliding his feet instead of lifting them.

] By the time her reached the bars, his legs ached horrendously from the awkward movements he was using. Teeth gritted against the pain that still managed to make it through his drugged mind, he began to reach for his ration of mind-and-body altering edibles...

...and his eyes fell on a pair of objects he'd defiantly thrown into the corner on the first day, after **her** boasting that he'd soon be wearing them.

For along moment, he simply stared vacantly at the 'classic' pumps with their five-and-a-half-inch heels...

Slowly, he shuffled over to them and awkwardly bent down to pick them up, not afraid of touching the floor accidentally thanks to the 'insulation' provided by the long fingernails he hadn't been able to trim since this whole thing had begun.

Setting the shoes upright on their slender heels, he slowly straightened, sweeping his long, tangled mass out of his face as he rose - and, to the sound of **her** mocking laughter, transferred his feet from the blocking alteration shoes into the slender pumps, feeling as light as feathers on his altered feet...

With the second step, the doorway was finally cleared - and the night was shattered.

Like a cascade effect, the first, lone flash-bulb that went off was followed by two more in quick succession - then a half dozen more in a string that led smoothly into an irregular, unending series of eye-popping white strobes of light against the darkness as the dozen or so photographers clustered near the end of the walkway snapped one photograph after another in a frenzied explosion of flashes.

The actinic white strobes were all aimed at the single individual exiting the building, a cascade of white explosions. They flared, dimmed, and flared anew in irregular patterns that picked dozens of different highlights off the focus of their beams.

Soft, diffuse highlights off the short, tight skirt and the tight, tied-off white short-sleeve blouse. Sharper highlights off the smooth, creamy skin exposed by the skimpy outfit. Sharp, high-contrast highlights off the leather of the shoes and the belt that encircled the diminutive waist - and off the matching hot-pink gloss lipstick that covered the full, bee-stung lips and the equally glossy polish that coated the long, oval nails that tipped each long, slender finger...

He stared with horrified fascination at the 'spigot'.

Time had become a myth, a story you told children. Time, as measured intervals, didn't exist. There was simply an endless 'now' - a 'now' that was imbedded in a world of change and humiliation and helplessness, never-ending and never-denied.

The 'now' he'd been in for some time had not included water, nor food. His drug-laced supply had been cut off, gradually allowing his mind to clear somewhat - though hunger, fatigue and fear denied him full use of faculties further diminished by the unending barrage of images displayed on the wall-sized monitors that lay in every room, bombarding him constantly with their content.

Even now, with hunger and thirst gnawing at him, he couldn't tune out the images of flesh on flesh, of bobbing breasts and hard phalluses and warm, willing orifices...

...and, worse, he was no longer quite sure whether these images were completely external, for even when he closed his eyes the continued to play in his head, the never-ending barrage having penetrated a drug-steeped mind and filled it with its own never-ending series.

He knew what was happening to him. His mind, though not as clear as it might have once been, was cleared then in current memory, and the humiliation and horrors being done to him were sharp and clear and easily discernable. He knew he was fighting a rear-guard action, struggling against a horrible fate - and he also knew that he wasn't struggling as hard as he could have.

He was... surrendering. One step at a time, he faced battles that should have been fought unto death - and, instead, sooner or later, he gave in.

Like now.

Shaking with newly re-emphasised shame at what he was letting happen to him - what he was doing to himself - he lifted his shaking hands to the camera in the corner, displaying the fire-engine-red fingernail polish that he'd applied to each long nail.

There was a pause - and then **her** crooned words of satisfaction were overlaid by the soft thump as a small slot beside the mirror delivered a small, metallic tube.

Hating himself for what he was doing, he did it anyways. He reached out, picked up the tube - and then, slowly and with reluctance, pulled the top half from the bottom, revealing the chisel-tip of the richly red lipstick.

He looked at his slimmer face in the mirror, seeing the changes already wrought in his countenance by hormones - and then, with a grimace, he brought the tip of the lipstick up to his narrow lips, and began to coat them in the slip, distinctively-scented cosmetic.

It was an inexpert job - but it was good enough for the task at hand.

Her instructions on how to operate the new 'spigot' had been quite clear - explicit, in fact. Body shaking in humiliated, impotent rage, he now obeyed them, his dry mouth already anticipating the life-sustaining liquid it would provide.

Disgusted - but nevertheless 'willing' in a horrifying, perverse way - he wrapped his newly-slicked lips around the highly detailed metal phallus, feeling them compress over the curved head and onto the 'vein' ridged shaft of the smooth metal, even as more of the highly-detailed texturing made contact with the palms of hands that wrapped around the object's shaft.

Eyes closed, small tears of shame he could ill-afford to waste standing in the corners, he began sucking the metal phallus as he began bobbing his head and working his hands at the same time.

With each bob-and-thrust, a squirt of warm, but deliciously clear, water jetting into a mouth so dry that it simply absorbed the liquid without the need to swallow.

Absorbed the liquid - and the drugs and hormones it contained.

Hating himself for feeling gratitude for the liquid that was received in such a humiliating way, he nevertheless worked harder, eager for more of the life-sustaining liquid...

...even as the micro-needles in the shaft, activated by the pressure of his lips, worked at injected micro-fat into his lips to pump them up into full, pouty perfection for the job.

Or, to use **her** description - cock-sucker's lips...

Full, perfect cock-sucking lips 'naturally' curved into a warm smile that dazzled the photographers, the center of attention lifted a slender hand in acknowledgment.

On it's way, the slim hand paused to flip an errant lock of the elaborately styled bottle-blond hair away from one eye made vivid electric blue by colored contacts.

The motion of the arm created other motions. The action, like all others in the universe, had an equal and opposite reaction - part of which was an increase of tension on the flesh just below the arm.

Tension that was then transferred and translated into the flesh surrounding it, causing the full, round breast to shift and move, pushing higher and tighter within the skimpy confines of the bow-tied blouse...

Hesitantly, 'she' stepped into the room, balanced easily atop the high, slender heels.

Lips curved in an approximation of a smile as 'she' assumed a pose she knew from long indoctrination that 'her' companion would find pleasing, even if her didn't acknowledge 'her' presence in any visible way.

The man - a broad, shoulder, dusky-skinned man who's amazing endowment was made obvious by his nudity - had simply been there when she had been roused from a sleep induced by drugs fed into her water supply.

He'd simply stood by and laughed as she had gone into hysterics when she discovered what had been done to her during her drugged sleep. Laughed as she had screamed over the firm, orange- sized implants that had filled out the much smaller mounds the hormones had created - and laughed as she broken down into helpless sobs as her long-nailed fingers had run over the new womanhood surgery had created for her.

Some while later, as the man had munched placidly on a ham sandwich chased by a bottle of cola, shed' tried to attack him, to finally act on the long-bottled hate, humiliation and rage...

...and had ended up on the ground, writhing in agony, as **her** electronically amplified voice explained about the small electronic device implanted within the pain center of the brain - the device programmed to recognize certain 'unwanted' behaviour, including anything aggressive - or anything the least bit masculine.

The man had then proceeded to ignore her completely, explaining that 'sissy-girls' like her were all right, in their place, especially useful for 'earning their daily bread' by sucking cock - but he'd never let such a poorly-endowed, unattractively styled and coiffed woman like her have that pleasure...

There'd been no other enticements.

The floor was no longer electrified - though, with her highly altered feet, more then a few minutes of walking bare-foot, without the support of high heels, was excruciating.

There was now furnishings - but nothing to do while sitting or laying on them, since even the TV's were dark and silent now, and her new companion ignored her completely.

The spigot still worked, and the water it dispensed was now just that - pure, clear, unadulterated water, as much as she wanted to 'suck' from it.

There was even more granola bars, these ones undrugged, unaltered - and flavourless.

Time was still a nebulous thing, so she had no idea how long it had been since she'd awoken to find that the final transformative surgery had taken place - but it had been long enough for the boredom to eat away at her mind as badly as the drugs and hormones had, before.

Now, stepping into the room where her sole companion was reading a book, she slowly walked over to the machine in the corner - the machine she'd been using regularly for the past little while, between times when she was dressing, styling, and making herself up to avoid unnecessary pain.

Hating herself for doing this, but wanting - needing - to do it anyway, she slowly opened her blouse, reached out - and carefully connected the small needles tipping the plastic tubing to the fill-valves under each armpit.

Once again, saline started pumping into her expandable implants - and the man expressed his approval of her actions.

As she willingly inflated already enlarged breasts, she simply stood and accepted what she was doing, disgusted but docile as she gave in to a fate she now knew that she'd never be able to avoid.

She waited until the skin of her bosom was stretched painfully taut over her implants before shutting off the machine and turning to face the man.

He smiled - and ripped chapter three out of the book he was reading, offering the third instalment of the book for the third repetition of her skills.

Submissively, her swollen, taut breasts swaying painfully, she'd walked over and sunk to her knees before him.

Simulating emotion, she'd let her brain wander off into fading memories of happier times as she applied spigot-taught skills to the task at hand, wrapping her cock-sucker lips around his rapidly hardening cock, her hands rising to caress and fondle his throbbing shaft with growing skill.

Trying hard not to think about what she was doing - and failing miserably - she proceeded to give him a long, skilled, and intensely pleasurable blow-job.

Swallowing the thick, salty load of cum he provided her she carefully licked his cock clean - then, again feigning happiness, she stood, and accepted from him her chapter, and a sandwich and a bottle of cola, which she carried back with her into the other room to enjoy in peace...

"Well, gentleman..." Linda Sinclair announced from her position on the podium, getting their attention only because the curvaceous figure upon which they were focused had joined her there. "As you know, it has been exactly one year since my late, lamented brother Thomas' plane went down in a storm over the Atlantic. Though I did inherit the fortune his pornography magazine had accumulated for him, allowing me the chance to finally build and staff my own plastic surgery clinic, the fact that his body was never recovered denied me closure in the matter - and so, today, on the anniversary of my dear brother's passing, I achieve that closure with the assistance of this wonderful woman, who not only was must first patient, but who has chosen to

legally change her name to honor the memory of a person she's never met, a person whose passing made her very dreams possible through my use of the funds. May introduce - Miss Tammy Sinclair!"

The tall, leggy blonde with the basket-ball-sized breasts straining against her blouse waved at the clapping reporters, he amazingly full lips curved in a smile as she let the man eye a tall, shapely body as every inch perfect as modern science and surgery could create. From the high-heeled shoes on which she balanced with a dancer's supple grace...

"That's it, my little slut - dance for me!" Julio demanded, the heavy beat of the music overlaying his words as she strove to perfect her 'stripper' routine out of both a need for physical activity and the promise of a full four-course meal after three days of being denied any other 'offers'...

...to the long, toned legs further emphasised by the nude nylons she wore over their smoothly contoured and highly erotic curves...

"Strut your stuff 'Tammy'..." Linda's amplified voice crooned as, struggling to avoid pain, she strove to master the task of mopping a floor while wearing extremely high heels - and still managing to be seductive and sensual...

...to the wide hips and amazing ass in their tight wrapping of a skirt that was just barely long enough to his her womanhood...

"You're not convincing me, slut..." Julio said, as he fucked her hard and long.

"I love being fucked...!" She'd cried in simulated passion, striving not to cry out in pain from his uncaring, self-centered sexual gratification. "Please fuck me harder. Treat me like the little slut I am..."

...past the tiny waist that sat in the shadow of her enormous, round breasts...

"I'm so glad you love my huge boobies...!" She'd cried in a convincing simulation of sincerity as she rode atop his reclined body, 'eagerly' fucking him. "I love having huge tits that make men want to fuck me. I'm a fuck-slut and a cum-whore, and anything that makes men want to have me fuck them and suck them makes me happy..."

...to the beautiful face, surrounded by it's mane of golden hair, she was every inch a tribute to unfettered sexuality.

"I'm so glad that Miss Sinclair let me do this..." Tammy said in her high, clear voice. "If it wasn't for her brother, I'd never gotten this wonderful body that I love so much, with it's tiny waist and wonderfully big, round boobies. Every time I let a man fondle or fuck me, I'm gonna think of Tommy Sinclair!"

The speech was scripted, under threat of pain - yet, in it's own way, it was absolutely true...

The unwillingly feminized new 'cum slut' followed Linda to the limousine that waited them, the photographers snapping more photos for the woman who had helplessly issued a press release earlier detailing her plans to use her 'wonderful new

body' in the adult film industry. The 'two women' climbed into the back of the limo, one athletic and proud, the other overtly sexual with hyper-inflated breasts that she'd be compelled to enlarge whenever possible to 'further enhance' her career.

As the door of the car swung shut, Tammy looked at her sister. Though denied the ability to suggest in any way that she was anything other than the sex-loving blonde bimbo she was being forced to betray, there was still enough 'play' in her enforced new life to ask the question that had haunted her throughout:

"Why are you doing this to me...?"

Linda looked thoughtful - then answered truthfully, with a wicked grin. "Because I can..."

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: With his skill an imitating a female voice, he is hired to be a female sex expert, little does he know that he is going to be transformed into the sexual creature that he has pretended to be.

For The Record

By Gunslinger

His open bathrobe hanging loosely around his tall, angular frame, Jeff Edmondson padded barefoot across the kitchen, the cold tile floor doing as much to help rouse him to full wakefulness as the mug of steaming coffee held in his long-fingered hand.

Taking a tentative sip at the fresh-brewed coffee, the lanky, dark-haired young man made his way through the combination living/dining room of his cozy, well-kept bungalow, angling towards the desk resting in front of the broad bay window that took up most of the front wall.

By nature, Jeff was more of a nocturnal individual, and his lifestyle allowed him plenty of opportunity to indulge in his own rhythms. The heavy 'blackout' drapes that were a permanent fixture on his windows kept out the mid-afternoon sun, lending a dark and almost mysterious air to the neat interior of his home. Dropping his lank body into the comfortably worn leather executive chair in front of the desk, Jeff pulled out the top right-hand drawer and used it as a foot rest, leaning far back in the chair and stretching his long, bony legs out in front of him.

Tapping on the mouse button to wake up his computer, Jeff let the blue-white light from the screen provide all the additional illumination he felt the dimly-lit room needed. Opening up his mail program, he quickly began scrolling through the collection of electronic correspondence, quickly picking out the ones forwarded to him from the magazine he free-lanced for. Saving their attached texts to the hard-drive, he minimized the mail program and opened up his word processor, which was set up to take about half the screen.

Opening up a second program that filled the other half of his electronic desktop, Jeff took another sip of his coffee as he went back into the word processor and pulled up the first attachment he'd saved from that day's mail, dark eyes quickly tracing the glowing white lines of text against the blue background.

Grunting, Jeff shook his head and closed the window, pulling up the next letter. This one he read over twice, the second time with a thoughtful look on his sharply-featured face.

"Yeah..." He said to himself, quietly. "Yeah, I think this one will do..."

He read the letter through a third time - this time, in fits and starts, pausing after every few sentences to tap out a line or two of his own at the bottom of the document. By the time he'd finished, he'd formed a rough first draft of a response that he then went over, muttering the words and phrases to himself to get a feel for the sound of the response.

Only when he was happy with his 'script' did he pull the microphone resting on the desk closer to his face and activate the second program up on the screen, a recording program. Clicking on the 'record' button, Jeff began to dictate his response into the computer.

Had there been a hypothetical observer standing in the living room, watching Jeff's actions, they would have been utterly amazed - for what emerged from Jeff's lips was decidedly at odd, both in content and in quality, from anything you might imagine coming from the bony young man's mouth.

It was explicitly sexual - in a feminine vein. One that matched fairly well with the high-pitched, almost giggly falsetto voice Jeff used in dictating the letter.

It was a fairly good imitation of a feminine voice, one that would almost pass as coming from a woman 'on first pass'. It was the sort of skill Jeff was sort of proud of, in a guiltily embarrassed sort of way. His sheer ability to mimic all types and tones of voices was what had driven his previous career as a voice-over artist for commercials and cartoons - but, though it was also what had gotten him his considerably more lucrative gig, it wasn't quite good enough for his new 'audience'.

Which was why, after he finished recording his response, he began 'tweaking' the recording, using the filters built into the recording program to make his own 'pretty good' imitation of a 'bimbo voice' come out utterly perfect. By the time he was done, almost nobody would believe that the clear, sweet soprano had it's origins in a man's voice.

All of which was exactly the point, of course. If the subscribers to the porn site Jeff was working for had any idea that it was a man answering their letters, they would have been outraged.

Jeff certainly understood this point. He, himself, was less than comfortable 'impersonating' a whole host of women, and certainly didn't tell anybody what he was doing for a living, and not only to keep the site's subscribers from ever finding out. Though he liked the pay and loved the freedom this sweet little job gave him, had had no intention of letting anybody find out that he played a slew of 'porn princesses' for a living. Though guiltily proud of his ability to do the work, Jeff still found it hard to believe that he was doing this for a living - or that the company had hired him, for that matter.

In fact, the company hadn't initially been looking to hire 'him' - they'd just tracked down the 'J. Edmondson' who'd been the sweet, girlish voice on a commercial they'd heard. Always looking for women to provide voices to the fictional women supposedly part of the 'sex staff' on the site, it had been a routine measure - until they'd met the person behind that voice, and had been amazed to find it belonged to a tall, almost painfully thin young man.

A young man they'd been extremely hesitant to offer a position to - until one of the staff members at the site pointed out that, unlike any of the other women they were constantly hiring for the work, Jeff didn't just have one voice, but a whole repertoire of them, meaning they could hire one person to do the work of a dozen. Even paying Jeff three or four times what they paid any of the 'real' women would still result in significant savings.

With finances involved, their initial hesitation at even approaching him with the offer became nearly desperate desire to talk him into working for them, and in the end, it had been the money that had won him over, as well.

In fact, it was the offer of even more money that had convinced him to agree to another proposal from the site - one that had him glancing ever more frequently at the clock in the bottom right corner of the screen as he worked to get through his usual collection of letters.

Finally, knowing he wouldn't be able to get any more of them done, he closed down the word processor, leaving only the recording and editing software up. Nervously drumming his fingers on the desk, Jeff wondered if it was too late to call the whole thing off.

The answer, of course, was 'yes'. He knew full well that the time to say 'no' had been a month ago, when he'd first gotten the call from the website administrators. In fact, he'd been sorely tempted to do just that - but the extra money had been tempting, too, and he'd agreed.

Now, with the site having built up excitement for their new 'Ask the Sexpert' segment, it was far, far too late to back out.

There was just slightly less than an hour before Jeff would be playing a sex expert - a *female* sex expert, answering live, instant-messaged questions from the site's subscribers. From the website's point of view, it had already been a success, with a good number of new subscribers signing up to take advantage of this new monthly feature on the site - but that only meant that Jeff would be all the more screwed if he 'wimped out' now.

Pushing up from the computer, Jeff began anxiously pacing back and forth across the living room floor, trying out one 'voice' after another, looking for the right one to use. Though, like his recorded responses to e-mailed letters, he could use some filters to alter his own voice, he wouldn't have the time to electronically fine-tune the voice to perfection. He was going to have to use an 'on the fly' method, where the filters, though helpfully, would have to be set at the beginning and left alone for the rest of the hour during which he/'she' would be taking questions. More of the onus was directly on him, and his ability to imitate a female voice - as well as answer questions without lots of time to think about them.

Nervous sweat growing in ever-increasing production, Jeff drew closer and closer to the appointed moment - and his mind conjured up more and more things that could go wrong. By the time he sat down at the computer and opened up the browser window through which he'd see the questions submitted by the site's members, he was a nervous wreck, wiping his sweat-slicked palms repeatedly on his bathrobe as he waited for the first question to be posted.

Though, in retrospect, it could have been predicted, it took Jeff by surprise, and almost panicked him out of doing this. In the very first instant that the 'hot line' went active, nearly a dozen questions popped up in a row, having been pre-typed and then copied into memory by the user so that they could just paste and send in an attempt to be the first one to post. The sight of those dozen questions suddenly appearing on the screen made Jeff's heart pound all the harder, and it took a conscious effort of will to keep his butt planted firmly in the chair.

Taking a long, deep breath, Jeff stood on the precipice - and then threw himself off.

"Hello, and welcome to Sex Central's 'Ask The Sexpert'." Jeff said, hearing the only mildly enhanced smoky, sultry voice he'd chosen echo back to him through the large headphones he'd donned to monitor his own voice. "I'm this month's sexpert, Jessica Blacke, and I was planning to say that the Hotline is open - but, as you can all see, some of you are 'premature inquisitors'..."

That little play-on-words was sort of the turning point. As scary as it had all been before Jeff had started, somehow actually doing it made it easier. Feeling himself begin to calm down as he heard how realistic and natural his seemed to sound, even to his own ears, he moved right on to the first of the mass-posted questions.

It was a question about hair color, asking if 'she' had tried different colors, and if so, which she preferred, and what color hair she had now.

Jeff gave it a second's thought, then answered.

"Well, of course, blondes *do* have more fun..." Jeff joked in the sultry, slightly husky voice that was much easier to maintain than the higher tones he could have used. "They're easier to find in the dark! Seriously, though: I've tried different hair colors, but I prefer my natural shade, and that's what I'm sticking with - Rich, glossy black hair."

It was one of the tamer questions - and Jeff was glad it was the first, because it let him/'her' get into the swing of it before having to tackle the more 'personal' questions.

Questions that left him blushing as he answered them as a woman would, in a woman's voice - and not just any woman, either, but a highly sexual one.

That was what the subscribers wanted, after all - and the fact was, as a man, he had a better understanding of what they wanted to hear than a woman might. It meant that, as perverted as it all seemed for him to be saying certain things to an audience he knew was male, he found himself enjoying it. Playing up to these unseen men's expectations was.. well, fun. Perverse, shameful, and awkward, of course, but the more 'she' answered the questions, the more fun it was to play what was, in a way, one huge practical joke on the unsuspecting audience.

One question after another, 'Jessica' answered them all, getting right into it and making up the answers 'she' figured they wanted to hear on the fly.

How high were 'high heels', and what was the highest 'she' could wear, comfortably?

"It's all relative, of course." 'She' answered that one. "Your average woman finds five-inch heels really high, and gets out of them as soon as possible - because they're used to wearing lower ones. When you wear high heels, and only high heels, consistently, they become as comfortable as flats. I, myself, almost never wear anything lower than six-inch heels, and on certain occasions, even higher..."

Clothing?

"Leather." Was the firm, sultry answer. "I just love the look and feel and smell of leather. Something about being enclosed in tight- fitting leather just makes me feel so very sexy..."

Her opinion about breast implants?

"They're great. I've got implants, myself..." 'She' told her audience, then switched to a larger shovel to keep piling on the bullshit. "In fact, I only meant to have the one enlargement surgery, but my bigger, firmer breasts got me so much more attention that I ended up going back... again, and again. It's almost... addictive..."

Was there such a thing as too much make-up? What's the sexiest thing to wear in the bedroom? Best position - for the guy, and the girl? Spit or swallow? Girl-girl as opposed to guy-on-girl? Threesomes? Foursomes? Moresomes? Orgies? Dildos? Most public place she'd had sex, most unusual, most common, favorite?

As the audience grew more and more confident, the questions got more and more outrageous - and Jeff answered them all, making it up as he went along, blushing furiously at the words coming out of his mouth - and enjoying it all.

So much so, that the hour seemed to literally fly by, and when 'she' said good-bye and logged off, it was with a sense of disappointment that it would be a month until the next one.

Closing down the browser window, Jeff hesitated - then went ahead and closed down the recording program, as well. Though 'on a roll' after the semi-live interview, his throat felt sort of raw from maintaining that 'Jessica' voice for so long, and he decided against answering the rest of the mail he'd put aside. He'd take care of it later.

Pushing back from the computer, he stood up and stretched, deciding it was time to go out and get some fresh air - so to speak.

Heading into his bedroom, he quickly dressed in his usual, comfortable ensemble - a faded, well-worn, and comfortably baggy pair of black jeans and an equally well-worn blue cotton work-shirt. Sitting on the edge of his rumpled bed, he quickly pulled on a pair of socks, then retrieved his wallet from his dresser and tucked it into his back pocket before heading out to the front door.

Slipping his old denim Levi jacket from the peg on the wall, she shrugged into it while stepping into an old, battered pair of eminently comfortable brown leather moccasin-style boating shoes.

Jiggling the jacket, Jeff heard the jangle of his keys deep in one of the voluminous pockets. Satisfied, he pulled open the front door and stepped through, listening for the 'click' of the self-engaging lock as he pulled the door closed behind him.

Not only a night-owl, Jeff was also sort of anti-social, preferring solitary pursuits and his own company to that of the usual hustle and bustle of modern life - but that certainly didn't mean he was a hermit. He just liked to limit his social interactions to situations he was familiar and comfortable with. To that end, he had a few 'hang outs' where he went when he felt like being with other people, and it was to one of these that he decided to go. Turning the frayed collar of his old denim jacket up higher around his neck to foil the cool, late-afternoon breeze, Jeff struck off in the direction of the neighborhood bar and grill, a small, comfortable pool room whose patrons were mostly regulars, people he already knew and who knew him.

With so much of his six-foot-two height taken up in his long, stork-like legs, Jeff set a deceptively casual pace that actually ate up quite a bit of ground, letting him move quite quickly while appearing to merely amble along.

As he strolled towards Mike's place, Jeff's mind kept returning, almost against his will, to the 'interview' he'd just done. Even now, he couldn't believe some of the things that had come from his mouth. Only the fact that none of the listeners had the slightest clue that it was really a man, using a sexy woman's voice, answering their questions had made it possible - but, of course, Jeff knew who was really giving answers that had included a 'honest discussion' about 'her' favorite types and positions of sex, and even the memory of what he'd said in that sexy, smoky voice was enough to renew the blush that had been nearly constant throughout the guiltily enjoyable session.

As the sun began to set behind the tall buildings at the city center, long shadows interspersed with the golden-red glow of sunlight spilled out across Jeff's path, heralding the coming of his beloved night. Even the slowly increasing chill of an autumn evening couldn't kill his good spirits as he reached Mike's Bar and Grill.

Just as he stepped under the overhanging green-and-white awning that shaded the old wood, brass and glass door, the big neon sign above him sputtered into life, and Jeff grinned as its garish red-and blue glow filled the gathering twilight with a purple spill of light.

Pulling open the old-fashioned door, Jeff stepped into the smoke-laced interior of the bar, leaving behind the somehow sterile world of the day-time city.

Mike's Bar and Grill had been opened in 1922, and remained in constant operation since. Though occasional work had been done to update the fixtures and facilities of the bar, its general décor and atmosphere hadn't changed in all the years, and Jeff practically breathed in the ambience of the dimly-lit bar done in a heavy, art-deco style.

The majority of the light came from two sources - the long, stained-glass fixtures mounted above each of the three pool tables, and the collection of glowing neon beer signs mounted strategically on the walls of the old bar. With heavy, geometrically-patterned oak and mahogany complemented by dark red vinyl that matched the felt on the pool tables, the room was not only dimly lit, but seemed to soak up the ambient light. Against this backdrop, the dozen or so patrons in the bar were little more than darker shadows that only resolved themselves into individual people when you got close enough to them.

Smiling to himself, Jeff crossed the dark hardwood flooring to the impressive bar, complete with old-fashion brass foot-rail and tall, high-backed red vinyl barstools. Slipping comfortably atop one of the well-worn stool, Jeff held a hand up to draw the bartender's attention.

"Hey, Jeff..." Gary, the bartender, said as he ambled over to the end of the bar. A big, bullish man with a shaven head and a long, drooping moustache, Gary gave off the vibes of the biker he'd once been, and served both as bartender and bouncer during the evening shift. "The usual?"

"Yeah, that sounds great." Jeff agreed. "Nodding, Gary pulled open the door to a small under-bar fridge and pulled out a bottle of Bud, popping off the cap with well-practiced ease and setting it in front of Jeff. With a running bar-tab that was one of the biggest selling point for the regulars, Gary didn't even have to hang around to collect for the beer, allowing him to head off to serve one of the other regulars in one of the booths, waving an empty bottle in the air.

As Gary ambled away, Jeff looked around as he reached out to grab the beer, trying to identify which of the usual crowd was there tonight. Spotting a few faces of people he liked to play pool against, Jeff lifted the bottle of beer to his lips and took a long pull.

A thin trickle of the cold brew ran down his chin, and Jeff idly wiped at it as he rose from the stool and started towards one of the regular opponents he'd spotted. His mind already on other matters, he barely noticed the fact that, despite not having bothered to shave yet today, his chin lacked any sign of stubble.

Mark, the short, broad-shouldered older man Jeff approached, was agreeable to the thought of playing some pool. As the older man went over to the table and began his finicky ritual of racking the balls 'just right', Jeff took another long drink of beer as he looked over the selection of cues on the wall. Choosing one, he pulled it off the rack and walked back over to the table, where Mark was just finishing the task of setting up the table.

"Your break..." Mark said, by virtue of the fact Jeff had paid for the first game. Gesturing with an arm to conceded the table to his younger opponent, Mark went off to choose his own cue.

Leaning forward over the table, Jeff lined up the cue over the bridge of his spread hand...

...and then stopped dead, staring at the hand.

Or, more correctly, at the long, dark-red painted nails that tipped the finger of each hand.

"What the hell...?" Jeff asked himself, setting the cue down on the table and lifting his hands in front of his face to study them. Hesitantly, unable to believe what his eyes were reporting, he drew the fingers of his left hand over the nails of his right - and tactile senses agreed precisely with visual ones, the smooth, glossy surface of the two-inch long nails running under his questing fingers.

Eyes darting left and right in confused embarrassment, he brought his hand to his mouth and tried to bite off one of the nails - but it was like trying to bite into steel, his teeth aching as they refused to even mar of the surface of the nails inexplicably gracing the tip of each of his fingers.

"This is fuckin' impossible..." Jeff tried to tell himself, pulling his finger from his mouth and staring in confusion at the undamaged nail...

..and then he became aware of Mark turning back towards him, cue in hand, and Jeff hastily jammed his hands into the pockets of his jacket, not wanting anybody else to see the feminine nails somehow tipping his fingers.

"Jeff? Something wrong?" Mark asked, gesturing at the table. "It's your break."

"I, uh... just have to hit the can, first..." Jeff muttered in confusion, keeping his hands firmly in his pockets as he began heading towards the hallway beside the bar that led to the bathrooms. "Look - why don't you break this time? I'll be right back..."

Before Mark could say anything, Jeff hurried off towards the bathroom, his whirling mind still trying to come to grips with the impossibility of his long, painted nails.

Reaching the small bathroom near the end of the hallway, Jeff was glad to see that both urinals and both stalls were unoccupied, leaving the bathroom solely to him. As the door swung shut behind him, he walked over to one of the sinks and pulled his hands out of his pockets, holding them up between him and the grimy surface of the mirror, able to see the nails from both sides simultaneously.

"It just isn't possible!" He argued with his reflection, staring at the nails. As usual, he hadn't exactly paid any attention to his own nails on a general basis, so he couldn't pinpoint exactly when they'd changed, but he knew they hadn't been this long when he'd been typing on the computer, or getting dressed - he was sure he would have noticed if they had been.

Somehow, between leaving his house and lining up the pool cue, his nails had grown longer and somehow been painted in a dark, glossy-red enamel. He was sure that they were longer and painted, because even the closest scrutiny of each nail showed no sign of them being applied acrylic nails - which, though still incredible, would have at least made what had happened a sort of possibility.

After all, it was theoretically conceivable that he'd suffered some sort of fugue or blackout, during which he might have, for some reason, applied fake nails - but how the hell could his nails grow longer and paint themselves without him noticing?

He tried a second time to bite through one of the nails, something he should have been able to do without much trouble, as a nervous habit of biting his nails should have proved - but, again, the nails resisted his effort.

Taking a deep breath, Jeff placed the tip of one dark-painted nail on the porcelain edge of the sink, raised his other hand in a clenched fist, and brought it down sharply on his outspread hand...

...and had to clamp his lips tightly shut against a short scream of pain as a sharp agony flared from his finger, then subsided into a dull ache.

Shaking his complaining hand at his side, Jeff smiled grimly at the sight of the broken nail laying on the edge of the sink. It was possible to break them after all, no matter how tough they'd seemed. Preparatory to going through the pain of snapping each nail in turn off before anybody could see the feminine nails he was impossibly sporting, he lifted his hand to see what sort of damage it had done...

...and stared, dumbfounded, at the perfect, undamaged nail tipping his still throbbing finger.

Glancing back down at the sink, he verified that there was, indeed, a broken nail laying there - and yet, at some point between snapping the nail off and checking his hand, a new nail had grown black to replace the broken one, right down to the colored paint coating it.

"No.. No, it isn't..." He began to deny, to himself - then stopped dead, stunned anew, as he looked up to confront his own reflection. On a face that looked unnatural pale from the shock, the dark gloss-red lipstick contrasted all the more sharply.

Lifting a trembling, long-nailed hand to his face, Jeff scrubbed as the coating of waxy lipstick looking decidedly out of place on his thin lips. When it refused to come off, he hurried over to the closest stall and grabbed a fistful of toilet paper to scrub at his lips. Still vigorously scrubbing at the inexplicable lipstick, he went back to the mirror to check on his progress - and the toilet paper slipped from surprise-loosened finger as he stared wide-eyed at the black eyeliner and heavy mascara serving to draw attention to eyes framed by long, thick eyelashes below thin, arched eyebrows.

"No, no, no...!" He told his reflections, holding his hands up in a warding motion. "No, this.. this isn't right..."

His mind whiled, besieged with improbabilities and impossibilities, tugged this way and that by fear and confusion and a desperate sort of denial - but first and foremost was the thought that he didn't want anybody catch him looking like this. In the nearly incoherent fragments of thought whiling in his mind like debris in a tornado, that was the one, clear thought he could hold.

Staggering - both figuratively and literally - Jeff turned towards the bathroom door, only to go rigid in shock as he saw it begin to open.

In a move of unthinking desperation, Jeff threw himself into the nearby stall and hauled the door closed, slipping home the bolt just as the bathroom door finished swinging open and the sound of footsteps on the tile floor provided echoing announcement to somebody's entrance.

"Jeff?" Mark called, coming over to the closed stall door and knocking on it. "You in there?"

Jeff's brain spun almost uselessly, meaning that the answer that popped out was almost instinctive: an annoyed 'Do you mind? I'm on the toilet...'

It slipped out of it's own volition, without conscious thought - so it didn't stumble to a halt in the increased shock he felt when he heard the feminine tones it emerged in.

"Um... Oh." Mark's voice said, awkwardly. "Uh.. Miss? This is the *men's* room..."

Jeff didn't answer - he was too busy trying to deal with having heard the answer he'd given emerge in a smoky, seductive female voice.

Not just any female voice - the one of 'Jessica' on the porn site. Not the one he'd mimicked, but the electronically enhanced one - the one that it shouldn't have been physically possible for his throat to produce.

Just like it shouldn't have been physically possible to grow long nails, or acquire make-up.

"Well, um..." Mark said, slowly. "I'll... just go stand at the end of the hall and make sure nobody else comes down here before you're done."

Jeff heard Mark leave - and wondered, distractedly, when it would register on Mike that Jeff, who he'd come into the otherwise unoccupied bathroom to find, had 'vanished'...

...but it was just an idle thought, quickly lost in the confusion and shock he was feeling. Relief at not being seen the way he'd inexplicably become warred with horror over the sultry feminine voice that had emerged from his lips, unbidden.

Opening the door to the stall, he stepped forward - and managed to catch himself on the edged of the stall door before he fell over.

Braced against the opening, leaning forward, Jeff looked down - and saw that he'd almost tripped over the cuffs of his baggy black jeans.

Cuffs that hung loose - as if he'd lost four inches or so of height.

"Stop it...!" He said, an edge of hysteria in the feminine voice he couldn't get rid of. "It's enough! Stop it!"

His plea to the unknown and unseen power or force behind these strange events ignored him - as his sense of balance once again shifted, this time upwards.

His too-long cuffs now hung free of the floor once more - since they were only four inches or so too long, while the slender stiletto heels of the gloss-back leather pumps he was inexplicably wearing were a good six inches tall.

Gasping, Jeff flung himself from the stall, consumed with one thought, and one thought only - getting out of public before people could see what was happening to him. The thought of being home, in the supposed safety of his own house, became paramount, and the thought that he'd have no more explanation or control over what was happening to him didn't even matter. Just the thought of getting home did.

Jeff lunged for the door to the bathroom. Despite never having worn high heels in his life, he was somehow balancing easily atop the slender, spike-like heels of the shoes enclosing feet that should have - had been - too small for them. Jeff barely noticed this fact, the only thing important to him being that he was able to move well in the heels, rather than simply falling off them as he'd half-expected. All other consequences and implications that came from being inexplicably skilled - nearly comfortable - in high-heeled shoes were completely irrelevant.

Even as he reached his damnably long-nailed hands out to pull open the door, Jeff felt something else changing - his hair. He could feel it spilling down the side of his face and across his shoulders, growing longer at an incredibly rapid rate. It seemed to be growing, not from the roots, but the tips - there was no 'pulling' or shifting sensation that would have come if the extra length was being added right at the scalp rather than at the end of each hair.

On the jittery edge of pure hysteria, Jeff threw open the door, turned to the right, and bolted for the door that led out into the alley behind Mike's.

* * * * *

Hearing a sound, Mark turned - and caught sight of the woman he'd been talking to in the bathroom.

It was only the briefest of glimpses, more a quick series of impressions than a real, good look at the woman in the darkened hallway.

The smear of lipstick against her pale face before she turned her head away, her luxurious, wavy mane of dark hair falling like a curtain around her face.

The sense of her high heels, more from the sharp clicking against the floor than from seeing them. The smooth, supple sway of her boyishly trim hips as she darted gracefully for the door to the alley...

...and then she was gone, her graceful exit so hasty as to strongly express the shame she must have felt over being caught in the wrong bathroom, making her too embarrassed to come into the bar-room and 'face the music' from her gaffe.

Shaking his head, Mark walked down to the bathroom and pushed the door open.

"So, Jeff - that was a bit..." He started - then stopped dead and began to frown as he surveyed the two empty stalls, the pair of unoccupied urinals.

There was no sign of Jeff...

* * * * *

Gasping for breath, more from near-panic than from effort, Jeff stopped at the edge of the alley, peering out at the now-darkened street.

As he stood, half-shielded by the wall he was almost desperately hugging, Jeff felt a strange sensation - the feel of a breeze moving over his ankles. Almost without thinking about it, he glanced down...

...and watched, wide-eyed, as the cuffs of his pants continued to retreat up his legs.

That wasn't the only thing that was happening - even as the fabric grew shorter, exposing more and more of his legs, it was growing tougher and heavier and smoother, changing in character - and shape, flaring out on the inseam side.

Not only that - but his socks were 'chasing' his pant leg, sliding up his legs with a strange, slithering feeling - and becoming darker, and of a finer, thinner material.

"Stop it!" Jeff demanded irrationally of his changing clothes. Reached down, he grabbed the hem of the now knee-length garment and began pulling down on the morphing clothing. It was as futile as it was irrational, his long-nailed grip being pulled steadily upwards as the garment continued to change - and then his fingers flew open in shock as he belatedly registered the fact that the hand boasting such long, feminine fingernails was, in and of itself, slender and feminine.

He stared at the woman's hands that now graced his slimmer, finer-boned wrists - while his pants finished becoming a tight-fitting black leather skirt that fit snugly over his narrow hips and flat ass, pushing annoyingly tight against his 'package'.

Below the mid-thigh hem of the tight-fitting skirt, his long, bony legs were displayed by the black nylons his socks had become - nylons clinging silkily to legs completely denuded of any hair.

With a breathless little scream of horror and negation, Jeff pushed himself away from the wall, barely noticing the nature of his jacket changing as he hurried with an unwontedly smooth grace down the street, desperate to get home.

He ran - and as he ran, the changes continued.

The skirt, taut across his body, still stayed just as taut - allowing for the fact that his hips and ass were expanding. Even though it remained identically snug across those expanding body parts, there was a part that it was growing looser over - his crotch.

"God, no...!" Jeff sobbed in his hated female voice, as he felt his cock somehow withdrawing back into his body...

...while his chest was doing just the opposite, expanding outwards in fits and starts under a shirt that was, itself, in the process of changing.

By the time Jeff reached the door to his house, he bore no semblance at all to the man that had left - because she was a completely different woman.

A woman who, without even looking, knew she conformed exactly to her own description of 'Jessica'.

A sobbing, horrified woman who, after digging frantically in the pockets of the leather jacket that hung open over her tight-fitting leather bustier, realized she didn't have any keys for this house.

The keys, like the wallet containing the identification for the man she'd so recently been, had simply vanished.

"No!" She screamed. Yanking open the coat whose pockets she'd gone through, she began vainly patting at the tight-fitting top that hugged her slender new waist like a corset, it's built-in cups supporting the weight of her obviously surgically-enhanced new breasts - the big, round, volley-ball sized tits identical to the ones she'd claimed to love in her 'interview'.

"Oh, god - I'm a woman!" She sobbed, slumping against the door...

...and then suddenly jerking straight upright, turning, and walking away.

It wasn't her idea. She'd had no plans to do it, and hadn't actually given her hated new body any commands to move. Instead, it took it entirely upon itself to begin walking - walking with a sexy sway to her wide, swiveling hips that made her full, firm ass move enticingly under the tight-fitting sheath of her skirt. A smooth, sexy glide that made the sensuously curved

muscles of her long, shapely legs flex and contract sensuously beneath the silk sheath of her nylons with every single step her dainty, high-heel-clad feet took.

A sexy, provocative, confident stride that caused her big new tits jiggle within the tight-fitting leather cups that only nominally contained them.

A sexy, supple stride - that she couldn't stop, her hand rising, unbidden, to flick the long, glorious mane of midnight black hair from her now beautiful, sultry face, revealing her faint smile on the full, bee-stung lips she claimed to have on the internet.

She was 'Jessica', in every line and curve of her body - and now in her motions and movements, as well. The first, unplanned motion of turning and walking was unintentional - but now, with every sexy step, it was a mixture of something outside of her, and something within her - as she struggled against the strange, horrifying 'shifting' sensation going on in her mind.

As her body and clothing had changed, so now did her thoughts.

She fought a silent battle within the confines of her own mind - and felt herself slowly losing.

The feel of the tight black leather encasing her body had horrified and disgusted her - but now, with every passing moment, she found herself slowly enjoying it more and more. She didn't want to enjoy it, hated enjoying it - but couldn't stop steadily more powerfully interpreting the exact same sensations as 'pleasant' rather than 'humiliating'.

Her huge, firm, silicone-pumped tits, thrust outwards from her chest, didn't change one bit - but struggle as she might, she found her appraisal of them shifting from 'grotesquely over-sized' to 'delightfully firm and round'.

"No!" She shouted to herself, trying to fight the shifting thoughts and emotions trying to conform to the things she'd claimed for herself on the internet. "I'm not Jessica Blacke! I'm... I'm "

Eyes widening in horror, the new woman realized she couldn't remember her old, male name.

It wasn't like her thoughts had been wiped clean, leaving her as 'Jessica' in every detail. She knew she'd been a man just a short while ago - but she couldn't remember what her name had been.

She couldn't remember exactly what she'd looked like, either. With growing horror, she tried to summon up the memory of what she'd looked like as a man - and came up blank.

Though her memory of being a man was clear, it was undetailed, without form. She could remember no details at all about her previous, male life - not even where it was that she'd lived, though she knew she'd just been there scant minutes ago.

Stopping and swiveling with a grace she hated being proud of, she looked back down the street she'd been walking on - and though she knew, intellectually, that she was only yards away from the house she'd lived in as a male, nothing looked the least bit familiar to her.

She was standing in the middle of what she knew to be her own neighborhood - and yet, she was completely lost.

She wanted to shake. She wanted to break down and cry. She wanted to use the long nails she'd never asked for to claw at her own face and body in anger and frustration of what had been unwillingly forced upon her...

...but she couldn't do that, because she 'loved' how sexy and feminine she was, just like she'd told all the wonderful men who'd listened to her internet broadcast.

The fact that she knew those feelings and emotions about 'Jessica', body and personality, were imposed on her, directly at odds with what she should be - and wanted to be - feeling as a recently male victim transformed unwillingly into the woman she now was, didn't lessen at all the effect of her altered emotions.

She 'thought' she should be disgusted by her 'freakishly big' tits - yet 'felt' excited and proud of them, only upset when she applied the unflattering term to them.

Likewise, though she knew she'd never wanted to walk sensuously in high, slender heels, when she attempted to walk with an almost stomping, masculine stride, it felt horribly, horribly wrong, awkward, uncomfortable - and when she let her body go back to the smooth, sensual glide, it felt right.

It felt... good.

It felt... *perfect*.

"I have to do something!" She told herself, fighting her own emotions, the ones that 'rewarded' her for being 'Jessica'-ish, and punished her for doing anything masculine. Struggling - and failing - to ignore her altered emotions, she tried to come up with a plan of action...

...and failed miserably at that, too.

Standing on the sidewalk, assailed by emotions he didn't want, Jessica heard a vehicle pull up beside her - and honk it's horn. She turned and looked - and gaped.

It was a van - but a van like none she'd ever seen.

It was painted gloss black - and had been 'stretched'. Converted into a limousine, to be exact, with black tinted windows to match it's gleaming midnight flanks. As Jessica watched, one of those windows slid downwards - to reveal the face of a coolly beautiful young woman, her face topped by a tightly tied bun of dark brown hair.

"Hello, Jessica." The woman said. Jessica started.

"How did you know my name?" She asked - which felt completely natural, while even as her intellect tried to insist that it wasn't her name, really.

"I'm the one who did this to you." The woman said, calmly.

"You did this to me?" Jessica asked, stunned. "You bitch! I'll kill you...!" Jessica knew that it was the 'right' response - but it emerged without heat.

'Jessica' didn't hate the woman who'd done this to her - she *liked* her! Despite what her intellect knew was a horrible fate, her emotions made her feel happy that the woman had done this to her.

"My name's Lindsey." The woman introduced herself, opening the door. "Why don't you climb in, and we'll talk about this?" Jessica hesitated - and then climbed into the van.

Her intellect wanted to know how and why this had been done to her, and if there was any way to reverse it - and her emotions felt almost fawning towards the 'wonderful' woman who'd made her so 'perfect', and it felt disturbingly 'right' to get into the van with her.

She wasn't alone. Flanking her on the wide, black leather bench seat were two men dressed in black jeans and tight-fitting turtle-neck sweaters of the same midnight hue. Though they weren't twins, the men might as well have been, with the same muscular, manly build and close-cropped hair of varying color.

They flanked Lindsey on the backward-facing bench seat - and across from them, on the back 'wall' of the vehicle's spacious interior, were two more 'near clones', equally male-model-handsome and well built. Lindsey gestured for Jessica to sit between them...

...and she did so, struggling against what she was feeling.

The four men's eyes were devouring her in avid silence - and though she knew she was 'disgusted' by being ogled by men, she felt pleasure at their attention.

Just as, knowing she'd been a strictly heterosexual male, she nevertheless found her emotions noticing the men as very sexy - very attractive.

"So how and why did you do this to me...?" Jessica asked - not in the angry demand her intellect insisted would be appropriate, but in an almost awed tone, marred by her helpless distraction by what her brain was insisting was grade-A prime 'hunk' filling the van with their masculine musk.

"I have a friend." Lindsey said, sitting back in her own seat as the limo-van began to move. "Though I didn't approve of what she did for a living, when I heard she was fired, I felt sympathetic. She was, after all, my friend. When I found out that she'd been fired to be replaced by a man "

She trailed off, significantly - and Jessica, startled, realized that there was, in fact, one detail of her old male life she could still conjure up - what she'd done for a living.

She could remember every detail of the 'interview' she'd done, even how embarrassed she'd felt - though those same memories now brought completely different emotions to life when she reviewed them, making her feel...

Horny.

The thought of what she'd said, that had made her feel perverted and ashamed and guilty - with just a bit of perverse pride and pleasure - now made her new womanhood moist with excitement and pleasure.

"Since that's how you saw fit to describe yourself, I thought I should make sure it was the literal truth..." Lindsey said, grinning as she watched Jessica squirm a bit on the seat, dealing with thoughts and emotions intellect insisted were sick and wrong and bad, but her emotions and body insisted were good - very, very good indeed.

"Please, change me back..." Jessica begged - poorly, since her emotions screamed in horror and disgust at what her intellect insisted she must desperately want. "Please, I.. I don't want to be a woman..."

"You don't?" Lindsey asked, one eyebrow raising - while she nodded at the men flanking the buxom woman squirming in wonderful/'hated' arousal.

Jessica gasped as the man to her right put a hand on her nylon-clad leg and began to caress it. Gasped - in pleasure.

"Stop it..." She said, weakly, making a motion with her hand, a vague attempt to interrupt a touch bringing her great physical and emotional pleasure.

Her attempt failed before even really getting started - because she gave out a long, low moan of pleasure as the man on her left slid a hand onto the taut leather encasing her trim waist - and slid it upwards to cup one round, firm tit.

"No... I.. I don't want this..." She moaned in pleasure, her head rolling to one side as the pleasure of the men's questing hands only increased. "I... I don't want to... enjoy this so much..."

She tried again to stop what was giving her so much pleasure, this time managing to grip the wrist of each man's roaming hand in one of her own, and began lightly pushing them away. Though they didn't really resist, it was still a battle - as the pleasure suddenly decreased and her body and emotions screamed at her to let the men continue...

...and then the one to her left leaned over, pressed his lips against hers, and began kissing her - passionately.

Her grip weakened and loosened in the face of the unexpected, pleasurable motion - and the men's hands returned to fondling her body.

She was lost in pleasure, whipped back and forth by her directly opposing thoughts and emotions. She felt pleasure thrumming through her as roaming hands not only fondled her body, but began to undress it, touching here and there between unclasping buttons and tugging zippers and...

"No!" She gasped, trembling with desire as she managed to force herself to push them men away. Her huge new breasts heaved with desire, freed of their confining leather prison as she sat on the set clad only in her heels and hose, flushed with sexual cravings her mind insisted were sickening - no matter how good they made her feel.

"I'm a man!" She said, shuddering in disgust at the forced admission. "I don't want to be turned on by other men! I don't want to enjoy being sexy and female! I don't want to love the thought of having sex with men! Turn me back! Turn me..."

Her voice trailed off as she found her gaze being drawn from the cool, wryly amused face she'd initially focused on - to the crotch of the man to Lindsey's right.

The man who'd unzipped his pants, revealing a large, thick cock that he'd lightly stroked into full, throbbing erection.

"I.. don't want to be turned on by the sight of a man's... delicious.. thick.. beautiful cock..." Jessica managed to force herself to say, in a somewhat vague tone, her eyes seemingly locked on the man's hard cock. "I... want to be.. a.. man..."

"Really...?" Lindsey asked, dryly. "Wouldn't you rather stay a sexy woman - so that men like Rob here will let you suck their cocks?" "No..." Jessica said, weakly, shaking her head - without tearing her eyes from the cock that seemed to fill her entire universe.

Vaguely, she heard a soft click, and the muted hiss of black magnetic tape - and then a voice. Her own voice.

'I don't know why some women make such a big deal about sucking cock.' Her recorded voice explained. 'In fact, not only don't I mind it - I enjoy it, myself...'

"It's a lie..." Jessica said, weakly, sliding off the seat and sinking to her nylon-clad knees in front of the man. "I.. was just saying what the guys wanted to hear..."

'A warm, throbbing cock in your hands...'

"When I was saying this, for the interview - I was disgusted by what I was saying..." She explained in a distracted tone, watching her hands wrap themselves around the big, throbbing joystick the handsome, hunky man was offering her.

'...so big and thick and hard, proving how sexy he finds you...'

"The thought... sickens me." She muttered, licking her full, ripe lips hungrily. "Just holding this wonderfully big, thick cock in my hands makes me want to kill myself in horror."

'...practically begs you to show off your skills as a cock-sucker!'

"I practically threw up at making such a sick, disgusting, ridiculous claim," Jessica sighed - and then moaning in pleasure as she wrapped her full, sensitive, cock-sucking lips around the man's delicious shaft of man-meat.

'I'm proud of my skills at sucking cock. I've worked long and hard to get as good as I am, and I feel proud - happy! - to know I'm giving a man as much, or more, pleasure than any other woman has or will.'

She slurped and licked and sucked. Hands and tongue and lips, all working in sequence. Sometimes she bobbed, sometimes she stroked - and all of it caused pleasure, and pride, and excitement, all of which she knew - KNEW - was wrong and sick and horrifying and disgusting...

...and all of which felt utterly wonderful, forestalling her attempt to follow the logical conclusion that came from knowing for an indisputable fact that she should stop.

'More than that, there's the best part of sucking cock...'

Fighting the waves of pleasure, she slowly, almost painfully pulled her mouth back down the shaft, struggling against pleasure and desire to force her full lips to open, slowly managing to pull her mouth off the wonderful cock giving her so much pleasure...

'...the wonderful, delicious cum! I just love the feeling of warm, gooey jism sliding down my throat!'

...and he came, a jetting spurt of thick, salty cum gushing into her mouth.

She swallowed, intellectually horrified by the knowledge of another man's cum in her throat, shivering with delight. *'It feels great - and tastes even better!'*

The last, weaker spurt didn't quite make it, some of it splattering against her lips, the rest trailing dripping down onto her tits - where she hastily scooped it up, licking lips and fingers clean with a low moan of enjoyment.

"Mmm... I loved sucking your cock, but only because she *made* me love it..." She told the man, before leaning forward to lick the last dribble of delicious dick-juice from his slowly sagging cock. "I know how horrible it is that I couldn't stop myself from doing it - no matter how much I loved it, and want to do it again..."

'I think most women are afraid of pleasure. That's the only way I can understand these women who don't want men touching them.' Her voice responded to another question from the interview - as the two men who'd been sitting beside her, now naked themselves, slid to the floor next to her and took up fondling her - with greater intensity.

"Please, make all this wonderful pleasure stop..." She asked Lindsey, putting an arm around one man's neck so she could draw his lips down to lick and suck the fully erect nipple on her wonderfully huge, round, sensitive tit. "Get rid of my big, sexy tits so I don't have to put up with loving men fondle and squeeze and suck them!"

'It's not like being fondled and touched causes pain - it feels wonderful! Why would any woman want to make a man stop giving her pleasure?'

"I want to be a man again, so I can't feel so happy, so excited, so pleased by what these handsome studs are doing to me..." She told Lindsey, letting herself be eased to the floor as one man continued fondling her sexy tits. The other man slid his hands between her sexy, man-attracting legs, and she cooperated in spreading them wide, resting them on his broad shoulders as he slid between them.

"Change me back so I can stop desperately wanting to turn men on with my perfect, sexy body, so that can give me all that pleasure I crave..."

'Oh, god, yes - all sorts of pleasure, and being admired, even touched, is only the tip of the iceberg...'

"Yes...!" Jessica screamed as the man thrust forward, filling her hot, wet cunt with his hard cock. "Oh, you sick bastard, yes! I'm really a man, you hot stud, and I never wanted a hot pussy for you to fuck me long and hard in! Long and hard, stud, that's what I know it's wrong for me to want, no matter how good it feels for you to pump my cunt like the stud you are! Please, don't fuck me, *fuck me, fuck me* like the horny little slut I am, stud!"

'There's getting fucked. A huge cock filling your cunt, driving you to orgasm - the best of the best.'

She thrashed, thrusting her hips to increase the depths and power of his hard, fast stroke, screaming in ecstasy at being filled and pumped.

'Why do most women think 'slut' is a negative term? It defines a woman who knows what feels good, and refuses to pass on something that feels good.'

Shimmying and shaking, waves of pleasure crashing down on her, her fragments thoughts tried to find something to give her leverage, something to give her the strength to stop from letting this man give her all the wonderful pleasure she hated loving so much.

'In fact, I'll tell you truth...'

She couldn't do it. She couldn't give up the pleasure of her approaching orgasm, no matter how sure she was of the fact that she should do so. Helplessly in the grip of the moment, she shivered, shook and screamed her way to orgasm, her shouts of pure pleasure nearly drowning out her recorded voice:

'...I've just never learned to turn down all that wonderful pleasure men can give me. I'm just so happy to be a woman, and a sexy one at that, so that so many men are willing to give me that pleasure.'

Slumping under the man as the orgasm ripped through her and began to fade, she looked around, a dazed look in her eye...

...and then smiled vaguely as the man atop her rolled away, making room for his partner to slide between her legs, ready for some sloppy seconds.

"Please..." She murmured to Lindsey as she reached down and began guiding the man's throbbing cock towards her sopping wet cunt. "Please, I loved getting fucked so much, I can't get enough, I love being a sexy women who can suck and fuck men practically any time, any where - please, just kill me."

As Lindsey laughed, low and cruel, Jessica began squeezing and fondling her own, wonderfully huge tits, screaming in renewed pleasure as she was penetrated yet again, all to the soundtrack of her own recorded voice.

'There you have it. For the record, I'm a cock-loving, sex-hungry slut - and proud of it! I'm Jessica Blacke, saying so long for Porn Central's 'Ask The Sexpert'. It's been fun - but now it's time for me to go out and get laid!'

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



SUMMARY: After finding a magic medallion, one man decides that his change into a woman is an improvement, and grants his friend his eternal devotion.

Friendship

By Gunslinger

Spinning the Frisbee on the end of one blunt finger, Gary shot a quick glance at the old oak and elm trees lining the backyard, gauging the wind by the rustling movement of the leaves.

"O-o-okay..." The heavily muscled young man said, grinning. Dressed causally in a pair of ragged cut-off shorts and a well-deserved muscle shirt, Gary's grin contrasted sharply against his deeply tanned skin and his sandy brown-blond crewcut hair as he called enthusiastically out to his friend. "Wha-wha-watch this one, Juh-Juh-Jay!"

Swinging his hand around in fast, tight circles, the amazingly broad young man increased the spin on the plastic disk - then, with a quick flick of one thick wrist, he sent the Frisbee scything out in a long, broad arc, running dangerously near the brush-covered slope of the ridge that formed the east edge of the property line before it's rotational component caused it to arc back towards middle.

Jason Fairfields, standing near the back edge of the lot, watched the spinning red disk finish it's wide curve and swoop back towards him with nearly eerie precision. Behind the slightly rose-tinted round 'granny' glasses that, along with the scraggly beard and the matching dark-brown ponytail of hair, went with the 'hippie' look he affected, his dark eyes narrowed in concentration as he reached out one bony hand to grab the Frisbee...

...when a sudden gust of wind kicked up from the south, sending the disc into the tree-line behind him.

"Duh-duh-duh-damn!" Gary swore, watching the red plastic vanish into the interlocking boughs of the old-growth forest that practically surrounded Jason's new house. "Suh-Sorry!"

"Not your fault, buddy!" The tall, lean young brunet called back, turning to peer into the woods. "I'll go find it. You grab us a couple of cold brewskis, 'kay?"

"Shu-sure thing, Juh-Jay!" Gary called back, as his lanky, awkward-looking friend headed towards the trees. Conscious, as always, of his fairly fine-boned and angular body, Jason was dressed in jeans and a baggy, long-sleeved tye-died shirt, much better suited for avoiding scrapes and scratches in the woods than his friends skimpier attire.

As Jason's form disappeared into the trees, Gary turned and headed into the house that they'd just finished moving Jason into. While not exactly a palace, the wood-framed old house in the woods at the edge of town was Jason's, free and clear, bought with carefully saved money from Jason's job as a free-lance writer.

No mean feat for a twenty-four year old man, and far more than Gary, with his 'career' doing heavy-lifting 'Joe jobs' like construction, could claim - except that Gary didn't really think like that. After all, he and Jason were best friends, and had been since they'd paired up against the ever-present bullies in high-school, where he'd been considerably less muscular, just another kid with a stutter, and Jason had been mercilessly teased about his 'girlish' looks.

Now, they were the best of friends, and what one had, the other had - so, despite the fact that Jason owned this house, and Gary was renting an apartment near what downtown their small Kentucky town could claim, both were shared residences.

Now, grabbing a couple of beers from the fridge, Gary headed back out towards the back-yard, where they'd been fooling around after a dinner cooked on the barbecue. Pushing open the wood-framed screen door, Gary stepped out onto the slightly

sagging back porch, quickly catching sight of his tall friend striding across the somewhat unkempt lawn in the reddening light of the late afternoon sun.

Though he carried the Frisbee in his left hand, hanging by his side, Jason's attention was focused on something he was holding near his face in his right.

"Fi-fi-find s-something...?" Gary called, spinning the top off his beer and collapsing onto one of the white plastic chairs on the back porch.

"Yeah..." Jason said, nearing the back porch. "Some sort of... medallion, or something..."

Climbing onto the porch, the slender young man walked over and dropped into the chair beside Gary - causing considerably less of a 'thump' than his shorter, but considerably more massive, friend. Tossing the Frisbee aside, Jason gratefully traded the metal disk for a cold beer.

Looking at what he now held in his hand, Gary frowned and slowly turned the dark, almost pewter-colored object over in his hands. About the same diameter of a pop-can, and about a half-inch deep, the dark metal object had a strange raised design that was mirrored on either side - except for the 'writing'.

It wasn't writing, not as Gary recognized it, but he didn't know what else to dub the strange-looking symbols. On one side of the small disk, the symbols were sharp-edged, angular - but on the other side, the symbols, while retaining the same basic shapes, were smooth and flowing.

"Wha-what-what do you th-think it is...?" Gary asked, taking another pull on his beer.

"Dunno." Jason replied, with a shrug of his narrow shoulders. "Thing is... I think it might be silver. Tarnished badly - but silver."

"N-n-no shit?" Gary said, surprised. "It m-m-m-might be w-w-worth some m-m-money, then." "Yeah - if it *is* silver..." Jason said.

Putting the beer down on the planking beside his chair, Gary cupped the object in his left hand, then began vigorously running his thick thumb in a tight, circular motion over a spot on the exposed face of the object...

...and then he twitched a gasp.

"Damn th-th-thing gave me a sh-shock..." Gary said, shaking his right hand loosely in the air...

...and then he gasped again, louder - as he began to change.

"Gary?" Jason said, jerking halfway out of his seat. "Gary, what's wrong...?" Gary didn't answer - as he shivered violently. He wasn't in any pain - but what he was feeling was decidedly strange.

It was equally strange to watch. Dark eyes nearly bugging out behind his glasses, Jason could only gape like a landed fish as he watched the not-inconsiderable body-hair slough off the heavy muscles of Gary's arms and legs.

Muscles that were becoming somewhat smoother, more softly contoured in a...

...in a feminine way, they both realized at the same second, with shock. Less than ten seconds after getting 'zapped', Gary had finished changing.

One broad hand slapped quickly to the denim covering the crotch - and Gary's eyes widened even further behind longer lashes. "I-I-I'm a wo-wo-wo..." Gary stuttered in a deep, husky, but undeniable female voice. "A wo-wo-wo... a girl!"

Making an inarticulate sound, Jason stared at his feminized friend. Then, blinking, he shook his head sharply. "The medallion!" Jason shouted. "Rub it again!"

Catching on, the muscular new woman nodded, then quickly began rubbing the same spot with a slightly smoother thumb now tipped with a somewhat longer nail.

"Nuh-nuh-nothing's h-h-happening!" Gary shouted, frantically, in that husky new voice. "The other side!" Jason said, urgently. "Try the other side!"

Flipping the medallion over, Gary began to polish the side with the angular symbols - then gasped in relief as the strange tingling shock ran through his female body.

Seconds later, Gary slumped back in his seat and thrust the medallion away from him in a convulsive gesture. Though all his body hair was still gone, laying in a fine drift at his feet, his masculinity was restored, and he clapped both hands over the reassuring bulge in his crotch, trying to convince himself that he was okay.

"Wha-what the f-f-fuck was thu-*that*?" Gary demanded.

Carefully, like a man handling an unexploded bomb, Jason picked up the tarnished silver disk, now with a somewhat brighter spots on either side.

"It's impossible..." Jason said, shaking his head. "Yet I just saw it happen. Almost like "

"M-m-magic." Gary finished, his voice now becoming as awe-struck as his friend's as the initial panic passed.

"The smooth-edged symbol side makes a person female.. and the other side makes a person male." Jason said, slowly, as he flipped the medallion over in his fingers. "It's... 'activated' when you rub it."

They stared at each other, stunned...

...and then Jason began to chuckle.

"Wha What's s-so fuh-fuh-funny?" Gary demanded, crossly.

"Man " Jason gasped out, between chuckles. "You were uuug-ly!"

Gary blinked - then, remembering the sight of his smoother bust still slab-muscled and thick 'feminine' limbs, grinned ruefully. "Th-that-that bad?" He asked

"Worse." Jason assured him. In his mind's eye, he once again saw the squat, broad-shouldered, heavy-featured woman his friend had been for a short period of time - and laughed anew. "Worse the a female Russian Olympic athlete on steroids."

"Suh-sorry I was s-s-so of-fensive luh-looking." Gary retorted. "Muh-Maybe you should tru-try it!" Jason chuckled. "Yeah, as if "

Gary, however, was looking thoughtful. "Nu.. No, I'm serious, J-Jay. I th-think you should tr-try it." Jason blinked. "Huh?"

Gary grinned wryly. "How oft-t-ten do you thu-think anybody guh-guh-get's a ch-chance to see wh-wh- "

"...what it would like to be the other sex." Jason finished for him. Looking decidedly uncomfortable with the thought, he nevertheless didn't reject it out of hand, giving it fair consideration.

"Well...." He said, slowly. "I don't know..."

Gary shrugged, not going to push it - the rose up out of the chair, one hand brushing one last time against his crotch - just to make sure.

"I guh-gotta g-g-go." He said, grinning ruefully. "Suh-some of us have t-t-to work in the morning."

"Yeah..." Jason said distractedly, tucking the medallion into a pocket and walking his friend to the front door. "I guess I'll talk to you tomorrow, then."

"Yuh-yeah." Gary said, putting his now-empty bottle of beer on the table just inside the door, and grabbing his keys. He paused, then grinned up at his tall, lean friend. "You can tuh-tuh-tell me all ab-b-bout the experiments you d-d-do tonight with that th-thing..."

He pointed at the pocket where Jason had slipped the medallion, grinning knowingly. Jason flushed brightly - but even before he opened his mouth to refute the implication, he stopped himself, knowing he couldn't do so with certainty.

"If anything happens, you'll be the first to know - as always." He finally said.

"Yuh-yhu-yeah, *riii-ght*." Gary smirked. "Th-this from the g-g-guy who uh-uh-almost got electrocuted touring a h-hydro plant because he 'juh-just w-wanted a c-c-cl-closer luh-look'."

Jason blushed brightly at the memory of the incident - and had to conceded that he was 'curiouser then the average bear'. "S-s-see ya..." Gary grinned, heading out the door.

Still blushing, Jason waved and shut the door - then, quite deliberately, slipped the medallion from his pocket it and lay it beside Gary's abandoned bottle.

Turning, Jason refused to even look back at the medallion as he headed off towards his new study to finish getting his computer set up and, hopefully, to get some writing done before turning in for the night.

In other words - just a normal, everyday, uneventful evening...

* * * * *

Growling in frustration, Jason pushed away from the accusing white glare of the blank page of his word processing program and stared angrily across the room at the darkened wall.

After more then an hour of trying, and failing, to get any writing done, it was time to admit the truth: He couldn't stop thinking about that damned medallion.

It was like some Siren's call, echoing through his mind. Though the thought of using it was not only 'vaguely distasteful' in a homophobic sort of way, it was especially shameful to him - he, who had spent too much of his formative years being teased about how effeminate he looked, to be thinking about something that would only increase that shameful condition.

Still, Gary had been right. With his innate - and quite powerful - curiosity aroused, there was simply no way that Jason was capable of concentrating on his writing. Not with the possibilities, no matter how emotionally disturbing, that the medallion presented still unexplored.

With another muttered curse, Jason pushed his high-back office chair away from the desk and rose to his not-inconsiderable full height.

"Why the fuck am I doing this...?" He asked himself, rhetorically - even as his feet guided themselves towards the front hall, and the medallion that awaited him.

Picking up the medallion from where he'd left it, Jason turned and headed into the living room.

Despite being old and somewhat rundown, the white-washed old farmhouse had several very attractive features - and the living-room was one of them. Not only did it share the ten-foot high ceilings that all the first floor rooms shared, and the upper story rooms lacked, but the living-room - the center-point of family gathering in the house's original inception - was spacious, comfortable, and boasted a highly-polished hardwood floor.

The single largest room in the entire house, it was the one that had looked the most empty after they'd moved Jason's fairly meager belongings. To help 'fill out' the room, he'd supplemented the furnishings with some of the stuff that had made up his guest room in his old apartment - one of those things being a full-length mirror framed in 'brass'-coated plastic.

It was to this mirror that Jason slowly walked, his steps hesitant as he alternately tried to talk himself out of this - and into it. Finally coming to a halt in front of the mirror, he fidgeted for a few seconds - then finally made up his mind.

"well, if I'm going to do this..." he told his embarrassed-looking reflection, "I might as well do it right."

Placing the medallion on a nearby end-table, Jason slowly and hesitantly undressed. Each item of clothing was folded neatly and laid carefully aside - not out of any innate neatness, but as an excuse to prolong the moment, to put off the actual act he was dreading/anticipation.

Finally, his body was exposed to the blank stare of the mirror. Every angle of his too-thin body was exposed, every knob, joint and just of his thin, too-prominent bones displayed under their thin, pale coating of flesh.

With a deep breath, Jason picked up the medallion, centered himself in front of the mirror - and rubbed his thumb firmly across the tarnished finish of the side bearing the smoother, curved symbols.

It all happened too fast for him to take it all in. instead, it occurred in a series of rapid flashes as his eyes darted from one point of his changing body to another.

A brief glimpse of his cock starting to shrink in on itself.

A quick look at his face, where bones were thinning even further as his beard came out in clumps.

A fast view of his legs, becoming even finer in design even as the two-angular lines were being softened by the layer of fat he was acquiring...

...and then the changes were done, and the new woman was left gaping at the over-all body she'd just acquired.

"Holy shit...!" She gasped at herself, so stunned that the sweet feminine tones registered only subconsciously. "I.. I... I'm... *gorgeous*...!"

The woman reflected in the mirror stared back with equal shock at her originator, dark eyes tracing over the same curves and lines as the original.

Whereas Gary's hard-edged muscularity, somewhat feminized, had only served to emphasize how poor of a woman he made, Jason's effeminate built as a man became stunningly sexy beauty as a woman.

Her face, previously narrow and too angular, had softened slightly - into a vision of stunning loveliness. The too-prominent, almost knife-edge cheek-bones were now high, wide, and well-defined on a triangular-shaped face that came to the delicate point of her slim jaw. Above that jaws lay a pair of full, beautiful lips lurking beneath the small, snub nose that had looked so ridiculous on the male face, but was now perfect on her new visage.

Flanking that cute new nose was her eyes - her hug, dark, doe-like eyes, framed by long, luxurious lashes.

Her entire face, so laughable before, was now a stunning example of accessible beauty - not the cool, haughty beauty of a fashion model, but an open, warm beauty like that of Sandra Bullock or Allysa Milano.

That lovely, delightful face was mounted on a long, slender, swan-like neck - that in turn led to a body that could have been the subject of Jason's most enjoyable wet dreams.

She was tall. Very tall - for what had been tall for a man was even more-so for the woman she'd become - but she wasn't the least bit out of proportion.

Oh, no - anything but.

She was lean and slender and supple, with legs that seemed to go on for ever - but, in reality, only existed between the slender ankles leading to her dainty, high-arched feet and the trim-yet-feminine hips that swelled before the wasp-like waist above.

Her shoulders, ever narrow, now looked perfect on her feminine frame, supporting her long, slender arms and their tiny, long-fingered hands - and also leading down into a slender, shallow rib-cage.

A slender ribcage that not only led down into a waist a mere sixteen inches in diameter - but that supported a full, round, and mouth- watering pair of breasts.

On any other woman her height, those breast would have been merely 'big' - but on her slender frame, those round, taut mounds were something more than 'big', boarding on 'huge'.

They were also utterly flawless.

Like ripe cantaloupes, they rode high and firm on her chest, thrusting roundly outward and tipped with large, pink nipples that sat slightly higher than center-line, poking impudently towards the ceiling. Pressed tightly together as they jostled from room on her narrow ribcage, the breasts would never need a push-up bra, naturally forming the most delectable cleavage even as their remarkable firmness gave them, a taut, out-thrust upper slope that blended smoothly into her shoulders, while the bottoms of the breasts formed perfectly rounded shapes that seemed designed for being cupped in large, masculine hands.

Tall, slender, and busty, the new woman could be either elegantly beautiful or cock-stiffening sexy, depending on the clothing and make-up she might choose - while, naked and unadorned, she looked the coltish, cute-sexy part of the mythical 'girl-next-door' every red-blooded American male wished they had.

It was the image of a woman whose very presence would have given Jason a raging hard-on...

...except nestled between those long, slender thighs of hers was a perfect example of a tight cunt, defining Jason's new gender even as she stared incredulously at her new form.

"This is... too weird..." She said, and now that delightful charming, feminine voice registered, making it even weirder. The medallion still rested in her hand, and she flipped it over, preparing to rub her slimmer, longer-nailed new thumb over it's surface and change herself back to the slim, effeminate man she'd been her entire life...

...and then stopped.

Slowly, she eyed her form again, forcing aside the shock and the shame and taking herself in with a cooler, clearer eye. She looked at her long, shapely legs - and compared them to the gangling limbs of her manhood.

She eyed her slender, attractive arms, and considered them in light of her pipe-stem awkward male limbs.

She yes her face, a vision of attractive beauty, and compared it to the awkward-looking visage she'd always seen...

...and was forced to admit the hard, uncomfortable truth.

Aside from the massive, taut breasts and the lake of a penis, this female body and her male one differed only in a matter of degrees.

Just as Gary, as a squat, muscular, and ruggedly handsome man had become a squat, muscular, spectacularly ugly woman, so did Jason go from a gangly, funny-looking man to a stunningly lovely woman - with relatively little change, over-all.

All her old tormentors had been right - she was more a woman than a man, physically. The same attributes that made her so awkward and funny-looking as a guy were the same ones that combined to make the sexy/elegant vision of womanhood she was now gazing at.

It was an uncomfortable truth, one that made her not only shocked and ashamed, but mildly queasy - but it was also a truth that she knew that denying would only make worse. As a man, destined to be male, she had done what little she could to make herself masculine in a sort of defensive mechanism - and if she abandoned this chance to examine womanhood from the inside, simply because she was too pretty for her own liking as a woman - well, then, in a very real way all those bullies and hooligans of her younger days would win, making her forego her very real and very present curiosity out of an instinctive need to be ashamed - to shy away from - anything the least bit feminine about herself.

Taking a deep breath, Jason forced herself to lay the medallion aside. It was a tougher act then she'd expected - not all emotionally, either.

As she turned and leaned over to lay the medallion down on the same end-table as before, she felt the muscles in her newly slender waist pull with her twisting motion - a pulling that extended down into the much fuller, firmer and shapelier muscle of her firm, pert new ass.

At the same time, she felt her large new breasts shimmy and sway from the motion, surprisingly weighty as they shifty and pulled outwards under the force of gravity as she leaned forward, the top-heavy aspect of her new form forcing her to be

much more consciously aware of the shift and play of the muscles of her new body as she had to pay attention to keeping her balance on her slimmer, more daintily formed feet.

She was also too-sharply aware of the way the twist caused her taut, shapely new thighs to press together without her now-missing ball sack 'getting in the way', so to speak.

After having acknowledge that the physical transformation was basically minimal, consisting mostly of a new, softening layer of subcutaneous fat under her smoother, softer skin, it was quite disturbing to discover just how much of a difference in sensation those minor changes made.

The most immediate and noticeable change, however, came from the heft and motion created her by her large, melon-like new breasts - and it felt most decidedly strange to be 'happy' that her new tits were so big - because the undeniable 'major' change of her breasts was considerably less disturbing to think about than the major differences in sensation caused by the otherwise minor alterations of her frame.

High, heavy, and set so proudly jutting from her chest, her new breasts acted considerably on her center-of-balance, and effect hardly canceled out by her somewhat fuller hips and her considerably fuller ass. As she straightened and turned back to once more consider her reflection in the mirror, she spread her long, sexy new legs further apart, to better support herself on the smaller base her slimmer feet now provided for her.

Legs spread wide, her huge breasts jutting firmly forward, she almost looked like she was trying to come-on to herself in the mirror...

...and the sight was more than enough to tell her still-masculine sexuality that it was time to be 'turned on'.

A low, damp warmth, disturbingly pleasant, began to form in her abdomen, sending slight shivers of shameful pleasure up her slimmer spine.

Hesitantly, with wide-splayed fingers and her fuller lower lip held lightly between her even white teeth, the new woman Jason had become gently pressed her palms against the newly smooth skin of her hips and slowly began drawing the upwards and inwards.

She shivered slightly in pleasure - both real and 'imagined'. Real, because the feel of her soft hands over soft, taut skin did, in fact, feel good - and 'imagined' because, in her mind, it was her old, male hands sliding across the soft, taut skin of this gorgeous woman.

Both pleasures only increased as her hands reached the bottom curve of her heavy, round new breasts and lightly cupped the delightfully firm masses - both pleasures increased, and so did her growing arousal.

"I really shouldn't be doing this..." She whispered, huskily, to her reflection - but she didn't stop, her hands rising higher on her firm new breasts, now lightly squeezing the tautly giving mass of her sensitive new bust.

Almost as if in a daze, she heard the low, feminine sound of arousal growl in the back of her throat - and the knowledge that 'he' was making a woman give this sound overrode the reality that it was her giving it, and the emotional aspect of the pleasure only increased.

Slowly, she removed her hands from her achingly sensitive breasts. "This..." She told herself in the mirror, "...is really perverted."

Despite agreeing completely with what she'd just said, both curiosity and arousal moved her - and she adjusted the mirror so that she could still see herself as she walked over to the couch.

As she walked, she looked over her shoulder - and felt the warm, damp heat in her crotch increase at the sight of that full, pert ass swaying gracefully from side to side with the smoother, more toe-to-heel swivel-stride she had to adopt to help counter-balance the swaying of her firm and oh-so-delightful new breasts.

She hesitated when she reached the couch, thinking about what she was considering doing.

"This is really twisted." She told herself, firmly. "You turned yourself into a woman - and the sight of yourself, the feel of your new body under your hands, is getting you turned on faster and more thoroughly than you've ever been turned on as a man."

She knew why, too - because, despite how strange, perverted and 'homosexual' this felt, creating a certain level of emotional disgust at how easily she was 'playing woman', the truth was that she'd never been this comfortable around a 'real' woman, her negative self-image and her general awkwardness serving to greatly limit her male sexual experience. Though hardly a virgin, his sexual exploits were few and far between - and all marked by a hesitant uncertainty in action.

More than that - because of his own self-doubts, reinforced by all the 'less than manly' taunting of his youth, all his sexual experiences had been marred by a certainty, true or not, that he was failing to live up to the expectations of whatever woman he had been with.

This time, 'he' was the woman - and there was no awkward man to 'screw it up'.

Turning, she slowly lowered her firm, full new ass to the cushions of the couch and looked at the image in the mirror.

The image of a horny, big-breasted woman sitting on the couch, her long, sexy legs spread wide to reveal a cunt that was obviously moist and aroused.

"Aw, fuck it." She told herself...

...and giggled slightly as she took her own advice to ignore her misgiving quite literally - and slid one finger tentatively into the warm folds of her damp new cunt.

"Oh...!"

The sensation was... incredible.

It was much like it had felt, as a man, to run a finger over the hyper-sensitive head of his cock... except the same amount of sensation was compressed into the much smaller size of her new clit, making it seem relatively more intense...

...and that particular level of sensation came only after ejaculation as a man, was occurring right at the beginning of arousal as a woman.

Eyes fixed on the image in the mirror, she slowly leaned back into the couch, finger beginning to work in and out of her sopping new cunt as her free hand, almost of its own volition, began rising up to play with the sensitive mounds jutting from her chest - and the even more sensitive nipples, now fully engorged, that tipped each rounded tit.

'There's got to be something severely wrong with me...' She thought to herself, hips twisting under the rising pleasure her frantically working finger was generating. 'Less than ten minutes as a woman, and I'm quite happily finger-fucking myself while groping my own tits - and enjoying it...'

Her finger increased pace and pressure in her new cunt, and was joined by another, then a third as she tried to work her thrusting fingers deeper into her cunt, to add the longer, lower, more steady waves of pain from her tight inner walls to the sharper, shorter burst given by the friction across her clitoris.

Moaning in pleasure, her free hand squeezing and fondling her tits, she let her head roll back, not even bothering to pretend that it was the 'male-sexual' sight of the woman in the mirror that was the cause of the emotional component of the pleasure she was feeling.

Now, she was able to rebut her earlier thought. Now she understood that the earlier doubts, the 'homosexual' feelings, were lingering by-products of her upbringing that had no basis in reality.

The answer as to why she was doing what she was doing, why she was indulging in her new sex and sexuality, had nothing to do with 'hidden homosexual desires' or some-sort of emotional-byplay of having been an effeminate man.

She was busily finger-fucking herself as a woman for the same reason she'd masturbated as a man: It... felt... *great!*

It felt even better a second later, as she screamed incoherently through her first female orgasm, body writhing and twisting with the force of the wave of ecstasy that slammed through her.

Gasping and blushing, she pulled her sopping fingers from her even wetter cunt, and waited for the trembling after-shocks of the intense pleasure to run through her.

Again, the orgasm hadn't actually been stronger than that of a male - but more concentrated, more internal - different, and by virtue of that difference, new and exciting...

...on top of a male sensation that, familiar as it might have been, was quite exciting to begin with.

Feeling somewhat ashamed of what she'd just done, notwithstanding the fact that she recognized the shame as being society-instilled, she pushed herself up from the couch - and ruefully looked back at the large wet spot on the cushion.

She might have the body of a sexily elegant young woman - but she was still a bachelor at heart.

She flipped the cushion over, then - on sexy legs a trifle unsteady - walked over to where the amulet sat.

"that was... interesting." She said to herself as she picked up the amulet - already knowing that she'd occasionally be 'experimenting' with it more often.

She blushed deeply as she realized she was wondering where, in town, one might buy a dildo...

Still flushed in embarrassment and the memory of sexual pleasure, she flipped the medallion over and began to polish the 'male' side of it...

...then gasped as the room shook with a low, angry roar. Light bulbs blew out in a shower of sparks - but darkness didn't descend. Instead, blinding radiance flared to life as something - someone - coalesced into being in the center of the room.

How dare you!

The voice was like a dozen voices, half male and the other half female, played at tremendous volume - and filled with rage.

Trembling in shock and fear, unable to look at the angry being sharing the room with her, the still-female Jason staggered back, lifting a slender, feminine arm over her eyes to cut the radiance flowing from the powerful creature.

How dare you take advantage of this gift to feel the pleasures of womanhood - and then try to abandon it once satiating yourself!

"Please...!" Jason cried out in fear to the enraged supernatural being. "Please, I didn't know,... I didn't understand... I just found the medallion... I didn't... please... mercy..."

There was a long pause - and then the voice spoke again, this time in a tone of reflection.

Long have I been a slumber. My disciples have long ago returned to the earth, their purpose and their lore forgotten in the world of men, my Instruments laying forgotten and unguarded. Yes, you meant no disrespect, no blasphemy...

Jason felt hope begin to flutter beneath her firm new breasts - and then the voice continued speaking.

Nevertheless, the Covenant has been entered into - and then attempted to be broken. The rules must be followed. Hope vanished in new, raw terror, and Jason trembled.

"What.. What are you going to do to me...?" She asked - whimpered.

This is the way of the Covenant. The Voice said. When you choose to become female, you give up your manhood to become my handmaiden, forevermore to be female. In return for entering my service as a female, you receive a boon, a wish of your asking, as recompense for the sacrifice of your old, male life. If, however, you wish to break the Covenant, to become male once more now that you have felt the pleasures of womanhood, you must pay the price, and forevermore be impotent as a male, unable to father children or receive sexual pleasure.

Considering the ramifications, Jason could see the lure of this arrangement - for one could give up their gender in return for a granted wish, but could not return to their original gender without a price.

There was, however, one very important question to ask before she could even consider the options being presented to her. "What..." She asked, hesitantly. "What does your handmaiden do? What.. what would I have to do if I accepted this Covenant?" The Voice told her...

* * * * *

Gary nearly side-swiped Jason's beaten-up old Camry pulling into the driveway after the mad-dash to his house after work.

The muscular young man didn't even notice how close he'd come to wrecking both cars. Indeed, all he noted about the incident was the fact that Jason's car was there at all, indicating that his friend was home.

Forgetting anything as mundane as shutting off the car, Gary pushed open the door and hopped out, without having to handle a seat- belt he'd forgotten to buckle in the first place. Made awkward by excitement, he bounded up to the front door and slammed his way inside, the old fame house shuddering with the unintended force with which he hurled open the door.

"Jason!" He shouted, hurrying down the hallway. "Jason, you won't believe it! You won't believe what happened to me...!"

At the end of the hallway, he caught a glimpse of motion out of the corner of his eye, and began to turn towards the living room.

"Jason, I'm not stut..." Gary began - then gave lie to his statement as he gaped, his voice becoming weak and disjointed. "tutt-ter- ring..."

Then his breath ran out and his voice ran down, and he simply gaped.

Laid neatly out on the floor in a concentric display was an array of feminine clothing - an array that seemed to include every general style and 'look' possible, from 'prudish' at one end of the spectrum to 'slutty' at the other, with everything else in between.

It wasn't the array of clothing and matching accessories Gary was gaping at, however - it was the person who stood in the exact center of this display who he couldn't tear his eyes off of.

She stood barefoot, her back straight and her arms by her side, and despite the array of feminine finery surrounding her, she was dressed in the closest thing to 'neutral' as you could find - a simple, unadorned mid-gray cotton dress that hung to just below her knees and was designed neither to hide nor enhance her figure - and yet couldn't help but show that the tall, slender, dark-haired woman was stunningly beautiful. The lower portion of her legs were smooth and shapely and delightfully defined, and even the generally shapeless dress couldn't completely hide the full, firm breasts that lurked beneath it.

She was stunningly sexy and beautiful in figure - and in face, with a lovely visage surrounded by a wealth of dark hair hanging straight and simple to frame the face that was looking at him with a huge, happy smile and sparkling, doe-like eyes.

"Yes, I know..." She said in a warm, rich voice flowing with a strange sort of wistful joy. "Oh, I am so happy for you, my sweet beloved master."

"Wha...?" Gary stammered - then, taking a second - and equally enjoyable - look, a sort of recognition dawned. "Jason.. is that you?" "Yeas, my dear master, I am the woman who used to be a man known as Jason." She said, warmly, still unmoving.

"Master? What's with this 'master business..." Something else she'd said managed to make its way through his stunned - and unwillingly attracted - mind. "Wait.. what do you mean, 'you know'? I haven't been able to reach you all day.."

She... flinched.

"I'm so sorry, master." She said, in a breathless rush. "I was out buying clothes because I did not know how you would wish me to dress. I am sorry I was not able to answer your call, and you may punish me however you may wish, as always. As to how I knew about your wondrous, happy day - it is because that was the boon I asked The One Who Is Many for."

Gary blinked, shook his head, and held up one lifted finger.

"Oooo-kay, I'm pretty sure I missed something there." He said, slowly. "You used the medallion thing to become female, that I get. Going shopping for female clothes - well, that kind of makes sense, too, though I know I wouldn't have the guts to go out in public as a woman, if that's what you did. As for this other stuff, the 'master' bit, and punishing you, and this 'One who is a bunch' stuff... what's that all about?"

"The One Who Is Many is the great and powerful being of whom the Medallion is an instrument for." She explained. "Having used the Medallion, then experience a female orgasm, I unknowingly entered into a Covenant with the One Who Is Many, who offered me a choice - become male again, but unable to ever have an erection or to ejaculate, or to remain female - and be granted the wish of your stutter being gone. As for calling you 'master', Master - that is because, as a handmaiden of The One Who Is Many, I had to bond to a man, so that I may serve him completely and utterly. In giving a man my complete

and total subservient devotion and providing him with all the pleasures he may ever wish, I am fulfilling my task of showing subservience to the very gender and pleasures I abandoned to become a woman."

Gary felt a cold sensation run through him as his stomach clenched, and he staggered backwards, eyes wide in horror. "To.. To get rid of my... my stammer..." He, well, stammered, "You.. you're stuck as.. as a woman.. who has to obey me..." His throat worked convulsively, and he unconsciously shook his head in denial.

"Oh, God..." He moaned, horrified to think of his friend - his best and truest friend - reduced into some sort of.. of slave girl...

...and then she laughed, a clear and tinkling sound - and said: "No, you silly twit." Gary blinked, and felt the cold, leaden ball in his stomach slowly begin to relax.

"I.. don't understand." He said, cautiously.

"I am a woman now, for the rest of my life. That's the part of the deal that I - willingly and consciously - decided to accept in exchange for you losing your stutter." She cocked her head slightly, her smile widening. "Don't worry. Though I'm still a little, uh... 'weirded out' by it, I decided that life as a stunningly beautiful woman might be better than that of a funny looking - and, if I'd refused this, impotent

- man. As for the 'has to' obey part - not exactly. You see, it's not, uh... it's not 'ingrained' or 'implanted' in me that I have to be your little slave. It's more of a.. a religious thing. You know, like how you're supposed to obey the Ten Commandments? Well, to please The One Who Is Many, I'm supposed to try and be as pleasing to you, my willfully and willingly chosen 'master', as I can possibly be."

Gary's jaw just about hit the floor.

"You.. you're supposed to... and I... We..." He stammered out. "Uh, Jason.. I don't know if I can..." She sighed, and lifted her hands to stop him there.

"I know - it's more than just a little, um... 'weird'? 'Perverted'? 'Sick-in-an-exciting/sexy-sort-of-way'? The thing of it, sweet beloved Master Gary, my dear - while The One might usually be the same sort of absentee deity you might expect, It/They have been 'resting' for a few centuries now, and all It/Their other adherents have vanished - and so, for the time being, It/They are paying very close attention to me and my 'worship' - and the more I please It/Them, the more good fortune and happiness It/They are going to heap upon my - our - heads. Get it?"

"Umm..." Gary said, trying to wrap his mind around it. "So, if.. you willingly and eagerly try to please me in every way you can..."

"...good things will happen to us." She finished, nodding. "You know - health, wealth and happiness - the usual blessings of a benevolent God."

"Oh..." Gary said, nonplused.

"Let me put it this way..." She said. "You see these clothes I bought, Master? I could have put any of them on, hoping they'd please you..." She was staring to blush, but forged ahead" ...but that would have been 'willful'. However, if you ask me to wear any of these outfits, and I obey... that's subservient, and counts towards pleasing the One Who Is Many."

"So my part in this deal.." Gary started, uncertainly.

"Is to ask me to do things that would please you. As often as possible. That would give you as much pleasure as possible..." She finished, her eyes now sort of sliding about the room as she blushed deeply. "Anything that would please you, my beloved master.... *anything*."

Despite her deep, hot blush, she managed to bring her eyes to meet his - and the accent she put on the word 'anything' left no doubt as to the topic being discussed.

Gary swallowed heavily. "You can't be suggesting "

If possible, her blush deepened - but the woman who had been Jason nodded slowly and firmly. "I.. I can't... You couldn't... you wouldn't..." Gary stammered.

Still blushing, she smiled. "Gary, we've been friends now almost forever. We like each other, we trust each other - and not only am I know going to be female for the rest of my life, but we'll experience nothing but good things if we can get past this... awkwardness... and find ways for me to do something I've been willing to do in spirit, if not necessarily in this particular manner, all this time - make you happy."

"You mean it..." Gary breathed, shocked. "You.. You really do mean it." "I sure do... Master." She replied.

He shivered. "Look - please, stop calling me 'master', okay?"

"Of course." She said, a bit pointedly - a familiar sound, despite the change in voice, the tone the same as the one Jason had always used when Gary failed to grasp something Jason had considered obvious. "I'll be happy to call you by whatever name or designation that *pleases* you - just as I'll be happy to answer to any name or designation the would be your *pleasure* to use."

The little light bulb went on over Gary's head.

"I'd be pleased if you would call me Gary, the same as always." He said, finally getting how easy some of the 'small pleasures' could be - as long as she held back from doing them until he asked her to.

"Of course... Gary." She said - and then shivered. "What...?" Gary asked, quickly, concerned by the tremor.

"Oh..." She said, her voice a bit husky. "I should have mentioned - one of the 'blessings' is that, whenever I 'give in' to your wishes, it feels... very good, physically."

"Oh." Gary said - then, in a stunned voice, "Oh!"

She smiled, the fading blush renewed. "Uh... yeah. It feels.. really good. Speaking of which - is there... *anything* else I can do that would please you?"

She hesitated, flushing brightly - and then pointedly lowered her gaze to his crotch, and even more pointedly, theatrically, and suggestively drew her long, supple new tongue across her full new lips.

Gary blanched, then flushed brightly, one hand clapping protectively over the stirring in his crotch. "Oh, no..." He said, hastily. "No, no, no..."

She looked at him - and on that sexy, female face was Jason's ironic expression. "That wouldn't please.. wouldn't pleasure... you, Gary?" She asked.

"Well, yes.." Gary stammered, shaking his head. "But, I mean, no..."

She shrugged - quite purposefully doing it while pulling her shoulders back, making her breasts stick out all the more, the firm, full globes well-defined within the dress.

"Well, is there something else you'd like to do instead...?" She asked, slowly walking towards him - with a slow, slinky kind of stride. "I mean, I'm sure I could find something you'd enjoy, but it wouldn't be nearly as.. enjoyable.. unless it was something you asked for."

She was using that pointed 'get it?' tone again - and Gary knew exactly what she was driving at. He just couldn't believe his until-recently male friend was so... willing? ...eager? ...to do any of it.

Suddenly, only a hands-breadth away from him, she dropped the 'vixen' act - and despite now being a gorgeous woman, the body- language and facial expressions were so familiar, that Gary was almost looking at his old friend again.

"Look, Gary - I know how weird this all is. Trust me, I know." She said. "Here's the thing, buddy. You know I've always felt like, well, a failure as a man. Now I'm going to spend my life as a woman, and, weird as this all is, I'm sort of really excited about being able to be a success as a woman - if I can be. So, even though my.. divine purpose, I guess, is to give you the pleasure you may ask for, I would take great, personal pleasure if you could help me feel like a success as a woman, make me feel as if my new life as a female is going to have all those things I was lacking as a man - you know, being found attractive, having somebody want me and want to be with me, that sort of thing..."

Gary gaped at his transformed friend - and finally understood. Her old life was gone.

Everything was tied up in her new fate. She'd willingly given herself over to it, because it seemed to be the only thing offered to her to take.

Her past was, for all intents and purposes, inaccessible to her. She could hardly call on any old acquaintances, rely on any old markers that 'Jason' happened to hold, because she could no longer be Jason.

All she had was him.

She was desperately, painfully - even obsessively - afraid of being rejected by him.

Gary understood that this was a deep psychological situation. that her self-image would be defined by his next words or actions, that she'd almost literally placed her own sense of self-worth in his hands.

Given all that, there was only one thing he could think to do...

"You know what would please me...?" Gary said, hesitant but determined. "What would please me more than anything else in the world?"

"What...?" She asked, breathlessly, eyes shining as she awaited his first real command, awaited to hear what she was worth to him in this new body she would be wearing for the rest of her life.

"The same thing that always makes me happy." He said, throwing that 'What? You don't know?' tone of voice right back at her as he began to grin. "The thing that will now and forever bring me great pleasure: Seeing *you* genuinely happy."

It was a command.

A command she could obey.

A command that would give pleasure and accrue blessings to obey. A command... to do whatever it was that *she* wanted.

"Oh...!" She gasped in a small voice, one hand rising to her full lips as her eyes widened and became misted with tears of stunned joy. "Oh, *Gary*..."

Then she grabbed him by the head and proceeded to kiss the hell out of him. He'd never experienced a kiss even close to this one before.

It was passionate - yet tender. Demanding, yet gentle. Hungry and giving, eager yet consciously restrained for the maximum pleasure.

It was... mind-blowing....

...and that was just the first bare second, before her hands slid down behind him and she pressed her warm, soft, fully-feminine body against his and lightly, erotically began to grind herself against him.

Gary gave up 'thinking' in exchange for letting all of his mind cope with simply experiencing the incredible, passionate embrace of a woman who'd just given herself over to him, body and soul.

If their lives had deepened on it, neither one could have later said how long the kiss lasted. While it went on, time seemed to stop, stretching out to the infinite, to allow them to truly enjoy the infinitely pleasurable kiss - yet, the instant their lips reluctantly parted, it seemed as if it had lasted but an instant.

"Oh, Gary..." She said again, a low husky tone, her eyes boring into his as a wickedly little smile played around her lips. "You've made me *sooo* happy..."

Her body twitched against his - as she almost came from the wave of pleasure that accompanied her 'submissively' obeying his wide- open command for her to be happy.

"You know just about the only thing that could make me any happier...?" She asked, the wicked grin widening. "Doing something to show my bestest friend in the world just how much I love, respect, and appreciate him..."

"Well, I..." Gary started to demur... but she placed one slender finger against his lips to silence him...

...while her other hand unzipped his pants and set Mr. Happy free to stand at rigid attention. Slowly, she slid down onto those perfect, dimpled new knees of hers.

"You.. Don't have to do this..." He gasped, as he felt one hand encircle the base of his throbbing cock. She smiled up at him.

"I know." She said, simply. "That's just it. Whether I do this or not makes no difference to the wonderful pleasure your choice has allowed me to experience - so doing it anyway lets you know just... how.. I.. feel..."

Before he could reassure her that he didn't need any sort of demonstration of affection to know, she wrapped his cock in a very warm, very mobile, and very eager mouth.

If what she did was an expression of affection, then she loved the living shit out of him.

Pleasure was thrumming through her as she set to work on her first blow-job - but it was the pleasure created by being able to, now and forever, obey the command for her to be happy. She didn't have to give this blow-job - and she knew it.

Nevertheless, despite the feeling that this was 'sick' and even homosexual, she threw herself into the task of sucking her best friend's cock with a will.

She wanted to do this. She wanted to give Gary this pleasure. His choice, his willingness to give up a sort of control over a woman he obviously found damned sexy, for the sake of friendship, made her feel wonderful inside - a feeling that had nothing, and everything, to do with the physical pleasure given to her.

She wanted to respond by giving pleasure back to her friend - and so she gave herself over completely to the task of giving Gary the most mind-blowing, most utterly incredible blow-job he'd ever had.

She might not have any experience - but she had plenty of enthusiasm, and an insider's knowledge of what felt really, really good - and she used it to it's full extent.

"oh, dear GOD!" Gary cried, wide eyed, as his knees suddenly began to feel weak from the incredible pleasure she was causing him

- and that only encouraged her to redouble his efforts.

One hand, made slick by quickly spitting on it, rest near the base of his cock, working in short, slow thrusts - while her other hand lightly drew her finger along the throbbing vein running the length of the underside of his manhood before two fingers lightly 'tickled' the same vein, then returned to the stroking...

...while her mouth, closed over his cock, made short, swift thrusts back and forth while her tongue curled and slid over the engorged head of his penis...

...while she hummed Roger Miller's 'King of the Road' as loudly as she could.

Overwhelmed by pleasure, Gary's brain couldn't handle controlling his body, and he slumped to the floor...

...and she followed him down without even missing a stroke.

Even as she happily, eagerly, and joyfully gave her best-friend/boyfriend the blow-job of a lifetime, the new woman was quite clearly aware of the fact that she'd basically let herself go sort of crazy.

After all, insanity was defined as dealing with a supposed reality incompatible with true reality - and by letting herself become the sort of eager fuck-and-suck happy woman she was quite willingly dedicating herself to being, she was operating under an obvious and clearly seen 'mistaken' reality.

She'd been somewhat of a failure as a man during the male portion of her life, and now that she was female, she wanted to be as 'perfect' a female as possible...

...and even though that her mental image of female perfection was the male fantasy of a beautiful, sexy woman who loved dressing in figure-flattering and -revealing clothes and who loved sucking and fucking cock as much as a man loved getting sucked and fucked, she didn't care. That was her own internal, male mental image of feminine perfection, and so what if not many women in the world would share it as their own personal identity?

She wasn't them. She was herself, and she was going to hold true to what she'd always held in her own mind. She was going to be the sexiest, most sexually eager woman she could possibly be...

...because being that woman, for Gary, was what made her feel happy.

She had always liked Gary. Liked him a lot... but her ingrained 'homophobia' kept her from ever consciously equating that deep trust and affection from equaling 'love'.

Now she was a woman - and she could 'love' Gary - in every way it was possible for a woman to express her love to a man. Though it still felt strange and weird and a little sick to be doing any of this, she knew that those feelings would pass in time - because she couldn't be happier than she was now, eagerly and enthusiastically sucking Gary's cock. The thought of any other cock even touching her in any way would have made her want to throw up - but this wasn't any other cock. This wasn't even just a cock - this was a part of Gary, a part she could make to give fantastic pleasure to the one person who'd always been there for her, who she could rely on, who she could trust and respect and, yes, love.

As far as she was concerned, this blow-job she was giving the one and only person who'd ever truly liked her in any form or gender was the least she could do...

Okay, she knew that objectively that made her downright nuts, having tied up all her self-image and self-worth in her new gender - but, the thing was, everybody did it. Everybody on the face of the planet understood the mechanism she was operating under - for who didn't feel happy when they did something nice, something 'special' for somebody whose opinion mattered to them? Oh, she might be taking it to extremes - but you didn't see Gary complaining about it, did you?

Well, sure, Gary was actually flopping on the floor like a landed fish, grunting and wailing incoherently because she was providing him with more pure pleasure than he'd ever experienced before in his life - but it wasn't a complaining sort of orgasmic grunting, now was it?

With that happy thought, Gary screamed out an incoherent six-syllable word consisting solely of vowels, and pumped a hot load of cum into her eagerly waiting mouth.

'See what a wonderful woman I make?' She thought to herself contentedly as she eagerly gulped down the thick, salty goo...

...and considering that her male-generated ideals for a perfect woman included one who happily gobbled down the cum from - and only from - the man she loved, there was actually nothing all that insane about her having that thought.

"Oh... Oh, wow..." Gary gasped, unable to believe how good it felt to have had her suck him off like that. "oh, oh, oh wow..."

She rose up from between his legs like a goddess rising from the waves, a tiny drop of his recently-expended cum dangling from her perfect, lower lip.

"name me..." She said, huskily, her body literally trembling with her desire to make up for a lifetime of failure as a man with her own, peculiar vision of feminine perfection. "Give me my new female name - give me the name of your lover, Gary."

He swallowed nervously. He knew he'd been right about her need to avoid rejection as a female - but he wondered if it was far worse than he'd feared, if she'd gone completely around the bend after realizing she was 'doomed' to a life-time of womanhood.

"What...?" He said, shakily.

She sighed, her mouth quirked as she looked at him sardonically.

"I can just see you as introducing your new girlfriend as 'Jason' when we go out." She said - and then a stricken look crossed her lovely face, and she blushed, looking down. "I mean... if I *am* your 'new girlfriend', Gary..."

Well - crazy or not, this new woman was his best - his only real - friend, and she was in pain. "Of course you are... Jayne." Gary said.

Her head snapped up, and a smile blossomed.

"Jayne..." She said, savoring the word. "My name is... Jayne."

Gary really did think that she might have been driven crazy by being made female - but it wasn't an insanity you could treat, was it? After all, the 'underlying cause' couldn't be corrected...

...and if 'Jayne' was going to spend the rest of her life as a sexy, lithe, completely nuts woman, the one and only thing her best friend could do was make sure she was a *happy* nutcase.

Which meant whatever she wanted, she got - and that was all there was to it. "Oh..>!" Jayne gasped - then smiled. "A blessing already..."

Gary followed her happy gaze - and was amazed to see that Mr. Happy, despite a completely brain- and ball-draining blow-job, was still standing ready to go.

Giggling, Jayne slipped off the gray dress, exposing a body even more perfect than Gary had imagined - and lay back, spreading those long, luscious legs of hers with a happy smile.

"Make love to me, Gary." She asked in a contented voice. "Make love to me... my love." Oh, well - a life of sacrifice wouldn't exactly be without rewards...

"Anything you say... my love." Gary replied with a smile, as he rose and looked down at the gorgeous, somewhat crazy woman who was obsessed with being a - *his* - perfect little woman.

After all, all she was really looking for was his approval...

...and so Gary grinned, positioned himself between her oh-so-willing legs, and proceeded to approve the hell out of his eager little minx.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: When he thought up the internet scam of having guys pay to date a woman who didn't exist, he didn't count on the mysterious bottle of perfume that changed him forever.

Full Cash Value

By Gunslinger

Gleefully, Jack typed in his bank-card number and password, then clicked on the 'submit' button. As the screen momentarily went blank, preparatory to loading his on-line banking information, he sat back in his chair, rubbing narrow hands together eagerly.

Running at a mere 56k speed, his modem seemed to take forever to load the page as he quite literally held his breath - but when the screen finally finished loading, displaying the account balance, he let that breath out in an explosive, exuberant cry: "Yes!"

Pumping a fist in the air, Jack drummed his feet against the anti-static plastic mat covering his carpeted floor, spinning the swivel chair around as he crowed out his excitement. He indulged in huge grin, displaying crooked, nicotine-stained teeth that did little to improve upon his narrow, acne-pocked face as he shimmied and jittered in the chair, belting out a badly off-key rendition of 'We're in the money'.

As his burst of exuberant energy faded, Jack pushed back the greasy, tangled mass of mud-brown hair that has gyrations had caused to fall in front of his face, revealing narrow-set brown eyes that glittered with a sort of feral intelligence. The wide grin fading into a tight, smug smile, he turned the chair back to the humming computer, ragged fingernails clicking off the worn keys as he entered another website into the browser's address bar.

As the big, garish graphic text loaded, he drummed the fingers of his left hand impatiently on the battered and scarred surface of his computer desk, his right hand almost habitually reaching for the can of Pepsi cola balanced precariously on a stack of old porn magazines. Taking a long pull to empty the can of it's lukewarm contents, he negligently tossed it over his shoulder, barely hearing the clatter as it landed among it's brethren of discarded containers.

As the page finished loading, Jack's eyes danced past the familiar text to the little counter at the bottom - and he chuckled again as he watched the numbers change before his very eyes.

A quick glance at the clock on the wall told him that the deadline was only twenty minutes away - and, from the counter on his website, it was obvious there was a rush to get their entry fees in before the 'contest' closed.

Still smiling smugly to himself, Jack let his eyes go back over the website he'd designed and set-up, eyeing the huge, brightly-colored lettering advertising the raffle of a 'Nite With A Nympho!'.

Then he looked down past the counter, at the small, six-point lettering filling the very bottom of the screen - quite purposefully, below the 'scroll line' of a monitor set to 1024 x 768 resolution.

"The large print giveth, and the small print taketh away..." Jack chuckled to himself, wondering how many of the people putting in their ten-dollar entry fee had bothered to even read the disclaimer - and how many of those who had read the fine print had entered anyways, out of desperation.

After all, you'd have to be pretty desperate to still sign up, if you fully understood that your entry fee was non-refundable, and guaranteed you... absolutely nothing.

Which was exactly what Jack was planning to 'give away'. Before he'd even begun his little Internet scam, the scrawny, angular young man had been extremely careful to study all the applicable laws - so that he could find the nice, comfy little niche for his scam among the 'loopholes' lining the Nevada state laws on the matter.

Not the least of which was the fact that he'd not only never made any guarantees of any sort, express or implied, but he'd also never made any 'unfactual' statements. He'd never actually identified any woman by name - and never actually claimed that such a woman actually existed. The entire tenor of the website could be seen in the oh-so-carefully worded 'come-on' plastered across most of the front page, where the much smaller lettering formed the words 'What would you say to a...' before the big lettering of 'Nite With A Nympho!' - which was a question, and not a statement that could possibly be construed in any way as being legally binding.

"...and my teachers all said I'd never make anything of myself." Jack muttered to himself, pushing up from his chair and looking around the nearly twenty year old house-trailer he called home. It had suited his purposes well enough, especially since he wasn't exactly fastidious about minor little things like hygiene or appearance, and he liked the fact that he was located on an isolated bit of land, with a small creek that provided year-round water to the low scrub brush and limp-looking trees surrounding his home. It would serve him well for another year or so - which was as long as he figured he'd need it.

This raffle scam would net him somewhere in the ballpark of five grand - not a fortune, but certainly not bad for a month's... well, 'work' wasn't quite the right word, now was it? In any case, he had another eleven such schemes all set up and ready to go, all variations on the same basic theme, and if they all did roughly as well, he'd walk away with a good fifty-to-sixty thousand dollars. All of which worked out just about perfectly - since that money was all pure profit, coming in during the year's time he'd be receiving his disability benefits for the 'back injury' he'd faked. With that money covering his minimal living costs for a year, and his schemes building up a nice nest egg, he'd come out of this whole thing laughing his ass off, 'semi-retired' at the age of twenty-four. He'd already earmarked twenty-five grand of the money he was expecting, to buy into a porn production company that was practically guaranteed to return about twenty-five hundred a month - which worked out to about the equivalent of working full-time for about fifteen bucks an hour, but without any of the inconvenience of actually having to work.

For Jackson M. Weber, life was good.

Best of all - he was 'untouchable'. He hadn't gone off on his plan in a some half-assed way, but had been damned careful. Not only had he made sure that there weren't any actual, actionable promises on the website, but he'd spent the hundred bucks to register with the Nevada State Tourism Board, and had set up the website under the aegis of the state-funded department to help 'poor, injured workers' such as himself find useful pastimes during their forced inactivity. Since he'd made it clear that the winner had to be physically present on the day of draw, and that it wasn't open to residents of Nevada, he'd demonstrably pulled in nearly five hundred 'tourists' to the state, with the money that came with food, lodging and other expenses. Given that, the Tourism Board would actually help protect him, as long as he wasn't found guilty of doing anything illegal - and, of course, he'd been damned careful about that.

The thing of it all was - it was just so damned easy! You simply played on desperate men's lustful imaginations, then stood back and let the money roll in.

All it took was a few, simple 'props'. Stuff he'd bought for a total of about another hundred bucks or so. He'd taken pictures of each of the items against current newspaper, ostensibly to provide 'scale', and posted them in his website - and, if people wanted to assume that these items, being offered up as 'runner-up' prizes belonged to the 'nympho' they were gunning to win as the Grand Prize, well, that was up to them, wasn't it? After all, nowhere on his website did it actually say such a thing. The items, all bought second hand, were exactly what they'd been advertised as on the website: previously worn garments, still carrying the scent of their owner's perfume.

"Which reminds me...!" Jack said, snapping his fingers.

Navigating through the clutter of garbage filling the frailer, he made his way to the cramped little bedroom at the very back of the trailer. The items he'd bought were laid out on the bed, atop cut-open and folded out garbage bags.

Since he'd bought them, second hand, they *were* 'previously worn' - and since he'd legally purchased them, he *was* their owner.

To make that statement on his website completely accurate, all he had left to do was spray them lightly with some perfume he'd purchased, which was, of course, 'their owner's perfume' - and if the people who would be getting these items made some assumptions that weren't accurate, well, that wasn't his problem now, was it?

Grinning to himself, Jack picked up the cheep-looking bottle of perfume he'd bought at this strange little back-alley shop in Reno. It was a flimsy bottle, bearing the hand-written label that identified the scent within as being called 'Metamorphose', and Jack handled it like it was a live bomb, hoping the stuff didn't smell too rank. After all, he'd purposefully set out to buy the cheapest perfume he could find, and this stuff had cost him all of one whole dollar - so there was no telling how bad it smelled.

He turned towards the bed...

...and tripped over a pile of dirty laundry in the middle of the floor.

Time seemed to slow down, giving him plenty of time to observe, but no time to react, as the thin-walled bottle left his hands, flew across the length of the cramped space, and impacted against the vent grill of the air-conditioning unit set into the wall.

The bottle shattered, shards of glass flying out in a bloom of glittering shrapnel - and, instantly, a heavily-scented vapor all-but-burst through the room, propelled by the chilled air issuing from the AC unit.

Almost immediately, Jack's eyes began to water. The scent, surprisingly, wasn't all that bad, a sort of semi-floral, musky scent that would have actually been quite arousing in a very base, obvious way - if it had been present in a smaller amount. As it was, the alcohol-based fumes of the perfume rapidly became overpowering in the enclosed space, filling the entire trailer in a matter of mere seconds, and making Jack cough, eyes watering furiously.

Stumbling, he edged around the bed, careful not to step on any of the glass, and batted at the controls of the air-conditioner, until it finally died. Coughing, he fled the bathroom, making a bee-line for a door he could barely see, tripping over every pile of trash and junk along the way. Finally, after what seemed a perfume-enshrouded eternity, he managed to find the door and all but throw himself out into the heat of the mid-day Nevada sun, gasped in and wheezing as he wiped furiously at his eyes.

It took nearly five minutes for him to stop hacking at the scented fumes he'd inadvertently drawn into his lungs - and, even then, the powerful scent of the perfume continued to haunt him, the odor having seeped into the very fibers of his clothing.

Grimacing, Jack peeled off his torn and frayed jeans and once-white t-shirt, glad that his trailer was in such a private location. Walking over to the creek, he quickly rinsed the clothes out, hanging them on a scraggly branch to dry - but the scent still hovered strongly about him.

Hesitantly, looking around nervously despite the fact that there wasn't around for miles, Jack peeled off his socks and underwear as well, finding that the strong scent pervaded them as well. Rinsing them out, he hung them beside his other articles of clothing, feeling decidedly ill-at-ease standing naked in the middle of his dusty, arid 'yard'.

Even then, the smell wasn't completely gone. Though diminished, it still hung around him, at a level that wouldn't have been all that bad - if not for the fact of his recent 'overdose', where even the lesser level of odor was making him feel somewhat light-headed.

Grumbling to himself, Jack carefully waded into the deepest part of the generally shallow creek, lowering himself to a seated position on the sandy bottom of the small pool. Quickly but thoroughly, he began to wash himself, eager to get the smell off his skin and out of his hair.

He started with his hair, soaking it and sweeping it back, then leaning back in the pool and bracing himself on one elbow as he used his other hand to repeatedly scoop up water and work it through his hair. Using his fingers like a comb, he splashed handful after handful of water into his hair and brushed it through, trying to rinse practically every single strand of hair. When he was finally satisfied with that, he sat up, his dripping mane pulled back from his face and hanging in a wet 'tail' down the middle of his back.

Using both hands now, he began scooping up more water from the sluggishly-flowing creek, splashing it over himself and scrubbing at his body...

...and then he began cursing, loudly and volubly, as he watched his body-hair wash away with the water sluicing off his skin.

"No wonder why the stuff was so fucking cheap!" He shouted up to the uncaring blue bowl of the sky. "What the fuck did she use in that stuff? Battery acid?"

Grumbling, he went back to washing the odor off his skin as best he could, grimacing as every swipe of his hands sloughed off another strip of dark, slightly curly body hair. When he was finally finished, he rose out of the creek, water dripping from skin completely denuded of its previously thick mat of hair.

Worst of all, the quick wash hadn't completely eradicated the scent, even though it had completely removed all of his body hair, leaving his skin seemingly abnormally smooth and silky. Of course, that was just an 'optical illusion', given what his mind and hands expected to see and feel when he ran his fingers across his newly denuded skin - there was no way his skin had really become so tautly smooth and soft. Still, it was a feminine illusion made all the worse - and all the more humiliating - by the faint, but definitely noticeable feminine fragrance that refused to completely vanish.

Shaking his head and mumbling angrily to himself about his bad luck, Jack stalked towards his trailer, water quickly drying on his naked skin. Reaching the still-open door to the trailer, he leaned in - and winced anew at the stronger scent still hovering inside, despite the open door.

Oddly enough, the perfume's character seemed different in the trailer than it did on his skin. On his flesh, it was more musky, while it made the trailer seem more floral-scented, almost like one of those floral air-freshener sprays.

The type that Jack wouldn't have used, not even if somebody had pointed a gun to his head.

Sighing, he looked around the trailer, knowing that the scent couldn't have sunk too badly into the basic material of the trailer's interior, most of which was one form of plastic or another. Even the thin carpeting was of a plastic-derived fiber. For the scent to still be as annoyingly strong as it was, it must have sunk into the more porous materials present.

Breathing shallowly through his mouth, Jack darted inside to the small kitchen area, and quickly grabbed the box of garbage bags under the sink. Working quickly and indiscriminately, he started shoving just about everything in the trailer into the plastic bags, not bothering to sort it out. As each bag was filled, he'd carry it outside, taking deep breaths of the reasonably fresh air as he lugged the bag close to the creek, a good distance away from the trailer. Dropping the bag in the low, yellowing bushes near the edge of the creek, he headed back to the trailer to repeat the process, planning to sort through the open bags later, when some of the smell had dissipated, and he could go through and decide what to wash in the creek and what to just throw away without feeling like he was going to gag.

Working his way slowly through the trailer, from front to back, he basically emptied it of every scrap of paper or cloth, not to mention any of the 'real' garbage - not out of a sense of cleanliness, but just because it was easier than separating trash out from his belongings, since his hurried flight from the trailer had effectively intermingled the separate stacks and heaps of his 'pile system'.

Almost all of his clothes, what there was of them, were piled in various states of 'dirty' in his bedroom - and it was there that the scent was still the strongest, so Jack resigned himself to be nude awhile longer as he gathered it, and his bedding, into a bag and hauled it out to near the creek.

The only items he didn't bother to bag-and-drag were the 'props' for his little scam - because, planned or not, they were now scented more or less like he wanted them to be, and he didn't want to remove that odor, and have to buy another bottle of perfume. Instead, he simply stuck them into a drawer in one of the built-in little nightstands beside the bare-mattress bed.

He ducked outside for some more fresh air, again feeling disturbingly exposed in his nudity, despite the remote surroundings of his trailer. As he shook out muscles ill-used to actually performing physical labor, his hair, which had dried in the Nevada heat, fell in front of his face...

...and this time, his cursing was done nearly at the top of his lungs. It was bleached to a silvery-gold platinum blond.

Running out of breath before he ran out of suitable curses, Jack leaned forward, bracing his hands on his knees and staring angrily at the extremely light-blond curtain hanging in front of his eyes, vowing to go 'have a word' with that weird old crone who ran the shop where he'd bought the obviously home-made perfume. Whatever she'd used in that stuff was so strong

that just the vapors bleached thick hair and removed finer hair, and he couldn't believe she could get away with selling such a thing.

Straightening, he tried to push the damnably light-colored hair back out of his face, not wanting to look at it any more - and found that, as it had dried, it had also become quite curly, refusing to sit back out of his face like he was used to it doing. Instead, it now wanted to hang around his face, framing it in thicker-looking masses of big, loopy curls.

Redoubling his vow to extract some sort of vengeance on the bitch who'd sold him the perfume, Jack angrily re-entered the trailer - and swore, loudly, at the strong, floral scent still hanging in the air.

Though he didn't want to, the smell still so powerful in the enclosed space made him do something he really didn't want to do: Clean.

Muttering a steady stream of curses under his breath, he fished a rarely-used bucket and sponge out from a cupboard, and filled it with lukewarm water and some dish soap.

His cursing went from 'under his breath' to 'top of his lungs' as his first swipe at the wall peeled off a huge section of the nicotine- yellowed white paint he'd always just assumed was the original color of the trailer, revealing a pastel pink hue beneath.

Face red and the cords on his neck standing out with the force of it, Jack screamed out his anger and frustration at the woman who'd made and sold him the perfume that was turning out to be much, much more trouble than it could possibly be worth.

"You goddamn stupid bitch, your fucking perfume damn well eats the paint right... *off.. the... fucking'... WALL!*"

By the end of the nearly insane bellowing, he was screaming as hard as he ever had in his entire life - and on the last word, there was a strange sensation in his throat, almost a 'snapping' sensation, accompanied by a brief but powerful flare of pain before vanishing into a near numbness.

Gasping, Jack put on hand to the base of his throat.

"What the fuck was that...?" He asked himself - then winced. "Fuck!"

The shouted obscenity brought the pain back, full force, and he gasped anew - then frowned and, in a quieter tone, began mumbling new curses.

He must have overstrained his vocal-cords or something - because his voice was now softer, huskier, and higher-pitched.

Slowly, grimly, he went to work washing out the trailer, more and more of the paint peeling off to reveal the light pink that lay beneath. The fact that the same vapors also seemed to serve as a wonderful cleaning agent, making all the other surfaces he cleaned sparkle almost like new, was small comfort - because, by the time he was done, the trailer might have looked nearly brand-spanking new, but it was a *feminine-looking* 'new'.

Since he'd removed all cloth in the trailer, including the cushion covers and drapes, it was beginning to go from just 'warm' to 'hot' as the sun streamed in the bare window. Still upset over his strained voice, Jack fished out several sets of sheets and blankets from their storage space. Still wrapped in their original plastic shrink-wrap, and this not 'infected' by the faint floral scent still hanging around the trailer, they were parting gifts from his step-mother when he'd moved out - and there was a damned good reason why he'd never used them.

Grumbling at having no choice but to use them now, he tore open the packages - while making a mental note to trim his nails. Never fastidious, he'd always let his nails get so long as to be a nuisance before trimming them - but he didn't realize how long he'd let them get. More than that, their usually ragged edges were now smooth, which he guessed happened by the rough edges 'self filing' as he'd worked - but at least the long nails made it easy to tear open the plastic, even if it didn't make it any easier to have to use their contents.

The white flannel 'hospital' blankets with their pale blue trim at either end he cut in half and used as drapes, excepting the one that he put on his bed, at least hiding the wildflower-patterned sheets and pillowcases beneath it. Unfortunately, there was nothing to hide the matching sheets he draped over the couches and tucked into position, as well as using one as a table cloth, only serving to enhance the 'feminine' tone of the trailer, making him squirm in emotional humiliation.

That done, he carefully and painstakingly washed out the grill of the air conditioner before tuning it back on and closing the door to the trailer, needing to bring down a temperature that was getting uncomfortably warm, even for his nude state.

With the trailer so warm, and tired of all the work, Jack decided to leave getting his now-dry clothes by the creek until the trailer cooled down enough to require it.

He sniffed the air - and sighed, realizing he couldn't tell how effective the entire process had been. He couldn't even tell how much of the perfume remained on his own body, his nose having been exposed to both scents long enough that it was filtering them out of his consciousness.

He shrugged, wearily. Though there was probably still a scent to the trailer, if he couldn't really smell it, then it didn't bother him too much - not nearly as much as the feminine appearance of his home did.

Sighing at a good chunk of a day wasted, he walked over and dropped into the chair at his computer, wanting to see the final tally for his 'raffle'...

...and frowned in confusion at what was up on his screen, the 'mail sent' message of his web-based e-mail service. How had that happened?

Shaking his head, Jack figured that his cleaning must have hit the 'mail' button on his enhanced keyboard, bringing up the website, which he used the 'always remember me' setting to avoid having to log into every time. After that, he must have hit some other keys that had replied to an email, though it was probably a string of gibberish - not that he could tell, because the program didn't automatically save outgoing mail, so he had no way of checking what had been sent.

He could see who it had been sent to, however, and he looked at the header...

"What the hell...?" He asked himself in that damned quiet, high-pitched smoky voice that was the best he could manage, frown deepening.

The message had been sent to an e-mail account called 'bigboybros@hotmail.com' - but that wasn't what had really caught Jack's attention.

The sender name should have been that of his account name: Jak036.

"Who the hell is 'JuggiJacki', and how the hell did I get into her account?" Jack wondered, staring in the confusion at the screen.

Shaking his head in annoyance, he pushed the thought aside, deciding it was 'just one of those things'. Clicking the mouse on the address bar, he typed in the web address for his on-line banking page, then entered his memorized card number and user password...

...and got an error message.

Sighing in annoyance at the screwed-up day he was having, he typed in the card number and password very carefully, checking to make sure that the caps lock wasn't on or anything - and got another 'invalid number/password' error.

Swearing to himself, Jack tried to calm down. If he entered a wrong combo a third time, he'd be locked out for twenty-four hours, and he didn't want to go through the hassle. Pushing himself up from the chair, he headed back to the bedroom to get his wallet, so he could just double-check and make sure he was entering the card number right - even though he was pretty sure he was.

Reaching the bedroom, he looked on top of the built-in dresser - and cursed again at seeing no sign of his wallet. Though he couldn't believe that he would have tossed it in a garbage bag without noticing, there seemed to be no other explanation - he was positive that his wallet and keys had been sitting on the dresser next to the cheap black vinyl purse that was one of the 'props' for his scam, yet that purse was the only thing now occupying the faux-wood surface.

Deciding it was time to get his clothes anyway, Jack lifted the drape he'd recently hung to look outside - and frowned when he saw dusk was busily settling across the landscape, already clothing the shrubs and bushes in shadow. He'd need a flashlight to find anything in the garbage bags - and he seemed to recall throwing his sole flashlight *in* one of those self-same bags.

Well, he'd just go grab the clothes he'd washed out earlier, and worry about his wallet and keys - and bank account - in the morning. He could...

Stopping in mid-motion as he began to let the drapes fall back over the window, he lifted them up again - just in time to be dazzled by the glare of headlights sweeping across the window as a vehicle pulled into his 'yard'.

"Shit! Now what!" Jack demanded of the universe, watching as the vehicle's lights died, revealing that they were mounted on a pick-up truck of unknown make and model, little more than a darker shape in the growing darkness.

A second later, more light was shed on the scene as the doors opened - and Jack watched as a couple of huskily-built young men climbed out of the cab. In the light provided by the dome light of the cab, Jack could easily tell that the two men were related, both with stocky, muscular builds and sandy hair. They looked to be about two or three years apart in age, the younger of the two boasting a goatee to go with the close-cropped hair nearly identical in shade to the longer, nearly shoulder-length thatch of his older brother.

They were nearly identically clad in blue-jeans and t-shirts, the older brother's was a tight-fitting gray 'Gold's Gym' shirt, while the younger wore a baggier black one with a band logo on it.

Jack watched, annoyed at the intrusion, as the two young men approached his trailer - and then the younger one pointed, drawing the elder's attention to the partially-lifted drape.

"Shit." Jack grumbled, letting the drape fall - but damned sure they knew somebody was here, so pretending the trailer was unoccupied was out of the question. Of course, he could just ignore the knock coming on the door at that very moment - but, somehow, Jack didn't think the two tall, broad-shoulder burly young men would like being ignored, and Jack didn't really want to find out what they'd do if riled.

Of course, Jack also didn't want to find out what they'd do if he answered the door naked. It was his legal right to do so, and it might even convince the guys to leave without bothering him any further - but, on the other hand, it might piss them off.

The big problem was, Jack didn't have any clothes in the trailer. It was all outside, near the creek, and there was no way he could get to it without being seen.

The knock sounded again, more insistently - and Jack suddenly realized that there was, in fact, clothing in the trailer.

He hesitated, grimacing at the thought of wearing the only available clothing - but the third knock was even more insistent, almost demanding, and though Jack couldn't make out the actual words the brothers were saying to each other, there was no doubt that the tone of them was angry.

Yanking open the drawer in the nightstand, Jack quickly hauled out the bundle of scented 'props' and hurriedly spread them out on the bed.

Sighing in annoyance, he tossed the black, six-inch-heeled pumps to one side and picked up the pair of leopard-skin patterned spandex pants. Making a face, he bent over and stepped into the tight-clinging material, pulling the Capri-style pants

up his thin, bare legs. Pulling them all the way up, he grimaced again - this time, as the material fit almost painfully snug over a bulge they were never designed to handle.

Shaking his head as the definitely insistent pounding came on the door, rattling the trailer, he did up the wide, black vinyl belt that was part of the pants, then tossed on the blouse. It was a thin, white cotton 'wrap-around' blouse that would have left a deep, plunging 'V' if he'd bothered to pull it closed, but he just let it hang open, cursing the big, lace-trimmed 'bell'-style cuffs of the stupid shirt.

He certainly had no intention of putting on the too-small pumps with their slender, six-inch high heel...

...which is why he was utterly stunned to find himself doing so.

"What the hell...?" HE gasped, unexpectedly finding himself sitting down on the bed and watching his long-nailed fingers as they grasped the shoes and pulled them on feet that should have been too big to fit into the shoes. Somehow, the shoes slid on as easily as if they belonged there - despite the fact they hadn't gotten any bigger.

Which meant, somehow, his feet had gotten smaller...

"It's not possible..." Jack tried to convince himself - even as he found himself rising, balancing atop the slender heels as if he had a life-times experience.

"Wait.. this can't be happening..." He argued with the universe - as he began walking towards the front of the trailer, moving with a hip-swiveling swaying stride he'd never used in his life, and shouldn't have been able to use now.

"Stop. Stop!" He demanded, hearing anew the high, smoky - feminine - tone of his own voice... as something began to happen to his body.

It began to fill out.

He could feel it happening, something like the way you felt when you'd eaten too much - but not in his stomach, but in varying amounts all over his body.

Staring down at himself in shock, he watched as the blouse pulled itself as close to closed as it got - leaving a nice, wide 'V' neckline for him to watch mounting masses of flesh sprouting from his chest.

Fleshy masses that looked surprisingly like...

"Tits!" He gasped, one hand flying to his chest - as the other went to the seat of his pants, which was rapidly filling out with firm masses all its own. "My ass...! No, this can't..."

He tried to scream as what 'could not' be happening became painfully clear to him actually was - but he couldn't get the scream to leave the throat that, itself, was changing.

It was less than twenty feet to travel, from the bed to the door - but in that twenty feet, Jack changed, completely - and there was nothing he could do to stop it, no way he could express his horror as his body achieved new - and unmistakable - configurations.

"I'm coming...!" He heard his new voice say as he neared the door - but, then his body paused to take a look in the mirror near the door, and Jack knew it wasn't 'he' who was coming.

It was 'she'.

The woman who smiled back at him in the mirror as full-bodied - not fat, but 'firmly packed', with a round, open face with huge, brown eyes and full, plump lips. She had wide shoulders and a deep, broad ribcage - but it didn't look the least bit 'mannish' on a tall frame with even wider hips.

Incredibly wide, rounded hips - that were big enough to keep the huge, round, outthrust ass now straining the spandex pants from looking ridiculously out-of-scale with the rest of her body.

Her broad, deep, tall body was also just barely enough to handle the huge, round tits now filling out the close-fitting bra - and everything else about her was built to the same lush scale, from legs that weren't 'long and thin', but long and almost comically curvaceous, but taut and toned despite all that flesh. The only fat in her body was the slightly thicker-than-normal layer of feminine fat that smoothed the lines of her 'farm girl' body, and that in her big tits - and, not a whole lot there, even, since for their shape and size, they seemed to be mostly saline, pumped up to a step just this side of ludicrous, even on as much of a body as hers.

Every single thing about her, from her lushly-built body to her massive mane of platinum-blond hair, from her over-done make-up to her over-inflated tits, was done as if she'd purposefully set out to be 'as much' as she could, everything taken to its most extreme.

She was a walking, talking, tautly-sheathed sex-bomb, her entire, taut-skinned curvaceous body seeming as if it were struggling to contain the pure sex pumped into it at great pressures. 'Good enough' wasn't 'good enough', not for the woman in the mirror - this was a woman who was all about more, **more, more!** - in everything.

This was the woman Jack had inexplicably become.

This was the woman who helplessly threw open the door to 'her' trailer and felt her full lips curve up into a hungry, 'gimme-gimme!' smile.

"Hi, boys..." She heard her sexy, hungry new voice purr, helplessly. "I'm Jacki - and I'm so glad there's two of you who won me for tonight "

...and the most horrifying thing about the situation was that it wasn't just words being forced, unwillingly, from her new throat - it's what popped out when she opened the door, saw two men that she suddenly found herself as being little more than

eye-candy delicious life-supports systems for cum-producing cocks, and felt a sudden, intense craving rip through her with a force that left her literally shivering with a sort of delightful, obscure pain.

She couldn't help but 'come on' to these two guys, and the fact that it disgusted her didn't matter. The fact that she hated the thought of doing any of the incredibly vivid things now running through her mind wasn't important. Even the fact that just the thoughts she was having, much less the idea of actually doing them with, to, or by anybody sickened her wasn't part of the equation.

Every aspect of the fact that she didn't want any of this to happen paled in the face of how desperately she needed it to happen.

Even in that single instant when she'd opened the door, it had slammed through her and left her feeling hollow, feeling completely empty inside, incomplete and desperately needy. In that single instant, she understood the root of it, recognized the nearly mind-bending power of this sensation that she was absolutely nothing, that she was useless, that she didn't have any right to exist - unless she was doing her utmost to pleasure a man.

The fact that she could see this for what it was, knew it wasn't true, hating even having the thought - couldn't break through the feeling, the utter, soul-crushing despair at the thought of not doing the one, 'single' thing that gave her any right to exist.

Which was why, to her utter horror and despair, she'd found herself saying what she'd said - willingly.

Which was why she willingly invited the two young men in, leaning forward as she did so to give them a great view of her massive tits

- and why, as she did so, she could simultaneously hate having tits at all, and yet desperately hope that they enjoyed seeing her huge, fake tits.

At the edge of all this, making the situation all the more horrific, was the knowledge that she could stop this at any time. That she could back from the brink of that core obsession that was doing this to her, that she could refuse to be the woman that this completely negative self-image was trying to force her to be...

...as long as she was willing to accept the fact that once she'd done so, she'd either go stark, raving mad, or fall into a suicidal despair so deep that only death would release her.

She tried to tell herself that either insanity or death would be far, far preferable to living the type of life she'd be condemned to live if she followed the delusion that only think that earned her a right to go on living was to please men - but, even as her male ego screamed in horror, it couldn't quite push that thought through to action, her mind shying back from that particular brink, leaving her to 'willingly' follow the dictates of her new nature.

"Mmm..." She cooed, running a hand up each of the brother's arms. "You're so big, and strong, and handsome..."

"I'm Ted, Jacki..." The older brother introduced himself, eyeing her with a grin, and gestured at his brother, "...and this here is Matt."

'Just let yourself go crazy!' She pleaded with herself - but couldn't bring herself to do it, and instead pushed her lips into a warmer, hungrier smile as he forced herself to look at the two guys crotches and lick her lips, hungrily.

"Matt, Ted... *cum* right in..." She said, without any subtlety, striving - and failing - to convince herself she wouldn't be a completely useless waste of life if she didn't make herself do everything she possibly could to make these two men happy.

When the guy's gazes and leers and crude comments told her they liked her tits, she tried to tell herself that nothing bad would happen if she told them to get lost - and instead, tore open her blouse and said how much she liked guys who appreciated huge tits.

When Ted wanted a blow job, she tried to say she'd rather die than suck another man's cock - and was still striving to say it after the long, skilled blow-job that ended with her swallowing his disgusting load of salty cum, telling him how much she loved the taste of it.

When Matt 'suggested' she take off her pants so he could give her a good, hard fucking, she tried to convince herself that she wouldn't really go insane if she refused - while bent over the counted and begging him to do her harder and deeper.

She couldn't do it. She couldn't refuse these men anything that might pleasure them, and she couldn't stop herself from letting her use her as they saw fit, all the while pretending that everything they wanted to do with her - *to* her - was her idea...

...and worst of all, as she went to make some coffee while the men took a short breather, all so that they'd have plenty of energy to use and abuse her all night long, was the knowledge that this horrific, humiliating night wasn't something that was a one-time thing.

She was now 'Juggi' Jacki - and this was her life, and she'd be letting men do anything and everything the wanted with her body from now on.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When two buddies find a strange gizmo in the basement of their building, one of the goes through drastic changes and likes it.

Fully Automatic

By Gunslinger

"Just what the hell *is* it, anyway?" Luke wanted to know, walking slowly around the eclectic conglomerate of surplus-store parts with raised eyebrows.

"Well, I'm not exactly *positive*..." Rick hedged, heart pounding with excitement. "...but take a look at the main control."

Luke hesitated, eyeing the barely-restrained grin on his pudgy friend's face, obviously wondering if he was being set up for something. After all, the twenty-one year old was fairly short and slender, and hence, quite often the target of practical jokes...

...but, then again, pudgy and pimply, like his fair-haired best friend, were also 'triggers' for the sadistic streak in your average bully, so Luke figured Rick wouldn't be trying to pull a fast one on him.

There really *was* something about this weird machine they'd found under a tarp in the basement storage room of the apartment building they were living in.

The central portion of the 'device' appeared to be an old dentist's chair, wired and tubed up almost beyond recognition. Strolling around this monstrosity of circuits, cables and plastic tubing, Luke examined the simplistic control board, focusing on the large slider- style control that was the major feature of the board.

The center position, at which the slider knob was currently sitting, was marked with a zero. Outward in either direction, the hand- labeled gradients were marked in percentages, each running up to 300%, marked 'Max.' at either end...

...and on the left-hand side of the scale was the astrological sign for Mars, a circle atop a cross, and on the right-hand side was the sign for Venus, a circle with an arrow pointing upwards on a forty-five degree angle.

The signs for Mars and Venus - also used as the symbols for male and female, respectively. "Does this mean what I think it means...?" The pale, dark-haired young man asked, stunned. "I think so..." Rick agreed...

...and the two young men slowly began to smile at each other.

They'd certainly never expected anything like this when they'd agreed to clean out the cluttered old storage room in exchange for a reduction in their rent. The current owner of the small three-story apartment building had bought it nearly ten years ago, and even then the storage room had been so cluttered with accumulated junk that you could barely get in the door. With more important things to do around the building, he'd just locked the door and left it - until Rick and Luke, a little low on funds, had asked if there was any way they could 'work off' some of the rent, when the storage room had jumped to mind.

They'd just spent all day yesterday hauling junk out of the room, sorting it into two piles: 'worthless' and 'worthwhile'. The worthless junk went right out into the big dumpster, but the other stuff, with some value left in it, had been taken to a pawn shop for whatever cash they could get, which was split with the building's owner.

That had gotten most of the room cleaned out - revealing that it had originally been set up as some sort of workshop. Today, they'd begun going through the tools, assorted electronic and mechanical spare-parts, and the odd assemblages that had been laying under the junk that was now mostly disposed of. Luke had been off hauling a load of 'maybe sellable' items up to their apartment when Rick had finally gotten around to pulling the dusty old tarp off the large object in the corner of the room - and revealed this odd contraption.

"Well..." Luke said, nervously. "Do you think it actually works...? I mean, did it actually do what we think it was built to do, and if so, does it still work now, after sitting down here for god knows how long?"

"There's only one way to find out..." The chubby blond suggested, digging a meaty hand into the pocket of his pants and emerging with a quarter. "Heads or tails, buddy?"

Luke started, almost instinctively beginning to shake his head in denial - and then he stopped himself, curiosity overcoming sensible caution.

"Heads." The slender brunet said, his throat suddenly dry.

With a surprisingly deft flick of his chubby thumb, Rick sent the coin spinning into the air, then caught it and slapped it flat onto the back of his right hand. The two young men took deep breaths - then Rick slowly lifted his hand.

"Heads it is." Rick declared in a strange mixture of relief and disappointment. "In you go, buddy-boy."

Luke hesitated, heart pounding in both excitement and fear - then, slowly, he walked stiffly over to the machine, navigated past some plastic tubing and a bundle of cables, and lowered himself onto the padded surface of the chair.

"I think 'step one' is obvious..." Rick said, walking up to the chair and holding up the padded leather restraint straps hanging from the 'arm' of the chair.

"Are... Are you sure that's really necessary?" Luke asked, wincing at the quaver in his voice. "They're here for a reason." Rick pointed out, logically. "It's up to you, though..."

"Okay, okay - strap me in." Luke sighed, after a moments thought.

Nodding, his hefty friend did just that, buckling up the leather straps at ankles, wrists, waist and neck that would hold the person almost completely immobile. Next, he picked up the tube-bedecked object hanging on the arm of the chair and held it up for Luke's inspection.

Luke grimaced at the obvious purpose, but nodded and opened his mouth, allowing Rick to put the mouthpiece between his lips and buckle it into place around his face.

Thankful that the unknown designer of the strange machine had made it mostly self-evident what to do, Rick began strapping what appeared to be electronic induction electrodes into place. They were grouped into bundles and attached to 'pressure cuffs' that strapped around each upper arm and each thigh - a task made easy given the cut-off jean shorts and dark blue tank-style top Luke was wearing.

Minutes later, everything seemed to be hooked up the way it was supposed to be, and Rick walked around to the control panel, located on the right-side of the machine, facing outwards.

"You ready...?" Rick asked his extremely nervous-looking roommate - and after a seconds hesitation, Luke nodded and gave a thumb's up, about the only motion allowed by his restraints.

"Let's try... 50%." Rick suggested, and got another nod from Luke.

With trembling fingers, the tow-headed young man pushed the slider over to the hand-marked position for fifty percent on the male side - then hesitated, heart pounding as if trying to escape his flabby chest, before finally reaching out and flipping the big breaker- style switch into the 'on' position.

A low wining hum, more felt then heard, began to rise - not in volume, but in pitch. Starting out as a rumble, it rose through the octaves towards a quavering vibration, while, one by one, other sounds kicked in - bleeps, clicks, whirs, and the unmistakable 'chug- chug' of pumps.

His eyes fixated on his friend, watching with nearly paranoid intensity, Rick waited for anything, good or bad, to happen - and, after a very long minute, frowned, as nothing seemed to be happening.

Sitting in the center of the electro-mechanical monstrosity, throat working as he kept swallowing whatever was being pumped in measured dosages into his mouth, Luke was wide-eyed, sweating and pale - but he kept flicking a thumb up to assure his friend that everything was all right.

Sighing, Rick closed his eyes and rubbed at the bridge of his nose before opening them again...

...and started.

Something was happening!

It was happening so slowly and steadily that it was hard to notice the change until you looked away and looked back again - but Rick's previously skinny build was definitely more taut and toned and fit... and Rick was definitely taller, his skimpy clothes tighter on a bigger, taller, more muscled frame.

As Rick watched, a huge shit-eating smile coming to take up residence on his face, his previously nerdish friend became steadily more studly.

By the time the machine finally kicked off, about four minutes after it started, the young man Rick unstrapped from the chair was a handsome, athletic example of manhood, still resembling his 'original' self enough to be recognizable, at least in facial features, but considerably 'enhanced'.

In fact, Rick judged, Luke was now exactly half as much again as the man he'd used to be.

"Holy shit, it worked!" Luke crowed, running his hands over his taut, athletic new frame - and, blushing, across the now-taut fabric of his jeans. He hesitated, blushing deeply, then turned away from Rick and unzipped his shorts.

He was still blushing when he turned back - but smiling like that canary that ate the cat. "Exactly half as long again as it used to be!" He declared, both proud and embarrassed. "My turn!" Was Rick's immediate - and enthusiastic - response.

"You bet!" Luke agreed. "Uh.. you're gonna half to either undress or get changed though..."

Rick blinked - then realized his more-handsome friend was right. Unwilling to show off his flabby body any more than necessary, Rick was wearing full-length pants and a long-sleeve denim work shirt, which would have made placing the pressure cuffs impossible.

He hesitated - then, blushing deeply but unwilling to waste the time it would take to go upstairs and get changed, he began stripping down, until he was standing in nothing but his 'tighty whities', his face flaming.

Moments later, he was strapped into the machine just as Luke had so recently been. The now much-more athletically built brunet walked over to the control panel and flipped the switch, and the machine began to hum, whirl, click and chug industriously...

...and then, accompanied by the noxious smell of burning plastic, sparks began to shoot from the control panel, and the symphony of electro-mechanical noises became a cacophony, increasing in pitch and speed.

"Holy shit!" Luke shouted, shielding his face from the sparks flying from the control panel - as Rick began making awkward chocking noises as he struggled to swallow the vastly increased amounts of the nearly tasteless warm liquid being

pumped into his mouthy, while his body began to involuntarily shiver and shudder in the restraints as the inductive electrical field running through his flabby frame increased...

...except that his frame was becoming steadily less flabby.

"I'm coming, buddy!" Luke cried, starting towards the chair to unstrap his helpless friend - then stopping with a grimace as he watched the moving mechanical levels, gears and pulleys between him and the chair, now running with buzz-saw speed and ferocity, barring all access.

Luke's eyes went from the rapidly whirring machinery to his nearly naked friend...

...and he gasped, feeling as if he'd been hit by a lead weight, as he saw the changes Rick had undergone - and was still undergoing, at a rapid pace.

The weight seemed to be melting off his frame - a frame that was getting steadily slimmer and more finely built. That fat, however, wasn't 'melting' to the floor - but seemed to be sucked through his slimming, shrinking body towards his chest, where it was accumulating in a pair of firm - and unmistakable - mounds that were pushing outwards from a chest that was rapidly losing all its hair.

Yanking his stunned gaze from the tits rapidly swelling on his friend's chest, Luke met Rick's eyes in the middle of a slimming, feminine face that golden-blond hair was rapidly pilling around.

"I..." Luke started, unsure if his steadily more feminine friend was even aware that the machine had run haywire into the feminine mode - then decided it didn't matter, not at this second. "I'll find the plug!"

Turning, Luke frantically began searching for the machine's power source, quickly lost from Rick's limited field of vision.

A field of vision, however, that was enough to let him look downwards at his chest - where he could see what was causing the strange sensations he was feeling from that locale.

Rick was damned well aware that the machine wasn't making him more masculine. Even as his body shuddered and shook, strange sensations flowed through him, sensations that could only confirm the rather emphatic evidence of what his eyes reported was happening to his...

No.

To *her* chest.

From somewhere out of sight, Luke let out a victorious cry - and the machine clanked, creaked and died, the sudden shut-down of the electrical field returning control of her muscles to the new woman.

Stunned, feeling as if in a daze, she slipped her tiny, slender new hands easily from the restraints buckled to the size of her old, fat wrists. She lifted them in front of her face, staring at them, marveling in a sort of disconnected way at the incredibly fine-boned fingers and wrists, the slender hand, and the long nails now adorning each finger tip.

Being careful because of those extremely long new nails, emotions not yet having come even close to catching up with her radically different new situation, Rick removed the straps around her completely reshaped face and spat out the mouthpiece. She was just finishing lifting her tiny, dainty new feet out of the ankle-straps when Luke skidded to a stop in front of her...

...and gaped.

The person in the chair bore absolutely no resemblance to his friend, Rick.

No, that wasn't quite true. There were a couple of 'minor' things that were familiar in the radically reshaped woman staring back at him with a stunned, lost look on her new face.

The incredibly thick, full-bodied mane of silky hair that seemed to explode from her scalp before falling down past her incredibly full, heart-shaped new ass was still the same shade of golden blonde as always, and those huge eyes, framed by long lashes and set in a heart-shaped face of feminine beauty, were the same shade of summer-sky blue.

The rest of her, however...

Rick, as a man, had been of about average height and above-average weight - neither of which described the woman Rick was now gaping at.

She was tiny. From her height, her incredibly fine-boned build and the youthfully smooth, taut skin that sheathed her new form, you might have pegged this unlikely feminine vision as being all of sixteen years of age, barely topping out at four-seven with a flawless, creamy complexion women the world over would have killed for.

Her actual figure, however, was defiantly fully matured...

Her wrists and ankles, hands and feet were all incredibly delicate, 'girlish' in their tiny proportions - but the smoothly curved arms and long, supple legs they were attached to were perfectly toned with the shapeliness of a woman in her early twenties, one who paid extremely careful attention to fitness without being into muscle-building...

...the way a dancer might be, for instance.

Those long, slender legs rose to a pair of wide, well-rounded womanly hips that amply supported a full, tautly-rounded ass before curving sharply inwards to a well-toned stomach on a waist that couldn't have been more than fifteen inches around, incredibly slender even for her diminutive stature.

Her ribcage was long and slender and well-shaped - and almost completely hidden behind the spherical bulk of her massive new breasts, riding high and firm on her chest and seeming almost eager to lead the way, each soccer-ball-sized sphere of flawlessly smooth skin tipped by a long, fat pink nipple standing at full attention atop it's diminutive areola.

Atop the long, slender column of her neck, surrounded by that massively thick, glossy wave of blonde hair, her heart-shaped face boasted a tiny, upturned nose that was flanked by a pair of huge blue eyes, while the slender, pointed jaw-line below the wide, high cheeks was the perfect setting for the incredibly full, bow-shaped lips now slightly agape in an expression of shock.

Shock, not so much from the physical fact of being female, which her whirling thoughts and emotions hadn't had time to work out how to react to - but at the way the sight of Rick affected her.

The way her huge, bright-pink new nipples had instantly stood at attention while a incredibly enjoyable sort of 'frustration' took the form of a moist fire that flared in her crotch and rapidly spread through her body like a wildfire. Electrical connections seemed to sparkle and fizzle into life between her nipples and her crotch, and those connections carried megawatts of pleasurable current as her heart began to pound and her mouth went dry.

She was suddenly, powerfully, *overwhelmingly* aware of the fact that she was now emphatically female - and Luke was most definitely male.

"Oh.. My..." The new woman gasped in an incredibly high, sweet soprano, already huge eyes widening behind their incredibly long lashes. "Oh.. oh... no..."

"Rick..." Luke forced through a tight throat, swallowing heavily as he anticipated pure hysteria as the situation sunk in for his newly feminine friend. "Rick, I.. we..."

"She was still staring at him - and as Luke watched, stunned, her big blue eyes slipped downwards, her slender, pink tongue unconsciously appearing to lightly lick her incredibly full, pouty new lips as her eyes fastened on his crotch for a long, hungry second

- before she gasped and hauled her gaze away, the blush showing like a beacon on her incredibly clear skin. "Oh... dear." She said blinking and shivering in a sort of strange wave of guilty pleasure. "Oh dear, oh dear..." "Rick...?" Luke said, confused, and wondering why she wasn't well into a well-earned hysterical tantrum.

"My.. My hormone production - **female** hormone production - seem to have been... massively increased." She paused, blush deeper then ever as the ramifications of that rocked Luke back on his heels - and then she looked down at the massive, round tits thrust from her chest...

...and giggled!

"Among other things." She noted, full lips curving upwards in a smile... as her hands rose upwards and oh-so-teasingly tweaked her own fat nipples, causing her to shudder and gasp...

...and then one hand slid down from her huge bust to the briefs straining over her womanly hips - briefs whose crotch was quite obviously damp.

Briefs that she slid her dainty new hand into - and began to rub over her new womanhood, gasping and moaning. "Rick!" Luke blurted out, shocked.

"I.. can't help it!" She moaned in high-pitched lust, biting her full lower lip as she continued pressing her stroking hand down on her cunt for the wonderful pleasure the pressure caused, her other hand teasing and caressing her own huge tit. "I... I'm just so *horny*!"

She was caught in the grip of the new sensation her hyper-endowed new body was providing her. Somewhere in that mix were all the negative emotions and thoughts about her sudden new feminine status - but they were tiny shouts in the wildness, lost in the overwhelming desire and pleasure her body was shivering in the grip of.

Her radiant blue eyes suddenly flared with realization, and she stared at Rick.

"Fuck me." She said, so matter-of-fact that the impact of the words themselves took a second to register on Luke. "What...?" He demanded, wide eyed.

"Fuck me!" She repeated, now in a moan of desire.

"No! I.. I can't!" Rick declared, holding his hands up defensively - while, struggling against the confines of it's denim prison, his cock struggled to put lie to his words, his physical arousal at having this new woman demand he pleasure her oh-so-obvious.

"Fuck me, Luke - I need it!" Rick demanded hungrily, hands working all the more feverishly on her new form as the originally extremely enjoyable sexual frustration continued to grow, becoming less enjoyable and more demanding - but it was the physical pleasure of what her hands were doing that forced the new woman to amend her statement to full truthfulness: "I *want* it, Luke! Please, fuck me!"

"You.. Your hormones are screwing up your thinking!" Luke blurted out. "You... You don't really want to..."

"Yes... *I... DO!*" She informed him with so much intensity that he took a step backwards, as if expecting lightning to spark from her suddenly flaring eyes and smite him dead.

It was an easy metaphor to arrive at - for, in that moment, she appeared a Goddess. Tiny frame held rigidly straight, questing hands momentarily stilled, face and eyes supernaturally intent, she was a sexual deity, more pure, powerful femininity crammed into a tiny, shapely package then Luke had even imagined could ever exist.

Eyes still filled with distilled intensity and lust, face cast into sensual lines of pure, willful intent, she removed her hands from her new body and walked towards him - slowly, with a stride that was somehow completely implacable while also being mind-numbingly graceful and sensual.

As she approached him, he slowly began to back away. Equal part fear and lust filled him, each one more powerful than any previous experience as he almost unthinkingly retreated in the face of the suddenly eerily composed, awesomely sensual woman who stalked him as he edged backwards out the door and into the hall.

"Rick..!" Luke squeezed in protest, still retreating.

"Rikki... no, better yet, Vicki." She informed him in the eerily composed tone of pure sexual desire, her eyes seemingly alive with an intense blue flame. "I want you to call me Vicki."

"Wha.. What...?" Rick stammered, his stunned retreat very slowly losing him ground to the sexual Goddess advancing on him. "But, But..."

"I want you to call me Vicki - and treat me like a woman." She told him, eyes burning into his with frightening intensity as he numbly began climbing the stairs he'd backed up to. "A very *sexy* woman."

"Buh.. buh.. buh..." Luke tried again, vocal skills rapidly deteriorating.

"I want you to *want* to see me dressed in sexy clothes that show off my body and turn you on, and I want you to *want* to touch that body, and have me touch you, kiss you, fondle - and be fondled by - you." She told him. "But most of all - I want you to want to *fuck* me."

"I.. You.. guy..." Luke gibbered, helplessly.

"I don't care if I'm a woman now!" She informed him with utter conviction in her high-pitched new voice. "When I saw that machine, I thought it was finally over - no more being fat and lonely and so damned horny all the time, with maybe two mercy fucks a month if I was *lucky*!"

Her lips moved up in a smile of such lustful intensity that 'Little Lucas' went from middlin' hard to doing an impression of an iron bar.

"I thought being a more masculine man would let me be more popular, more sexually active, more *happy*." She said, licking her lips with a palatable hunger. "Sure, I don't even *like* the guys a more masculine body would have made me more popular to be around, but I was willing to put up with hanging around brain-dead morons whose idea of fun is fighting over a funny shaped pig-skin ball so they can run up and down a field with it, because they seem to be the type of guys who get all the action."

She licked her lips again, and moaned, and Rick suddenly realized he'd run out of room to retreat as his back slammed into a door - the door to their apartment, he realized with a sort of numb surprise, realizing belatedly that Rick.. *Vicki* ...had been guiding his stunned retreat.

"Well, no I don't have to hang around assholes in the hopes of getting laid three or four times a week." She informed him, drawing ever closer. "Now I can spend all my time with a guy I'm already the best of friends with - and get laid as many times a day as he's physically capable of handling."

She took the final step, pressing her lushly appointed new body firmly against his, her tiny new hands stroking his hard cock through his shorts as she stared up at him, grinding her huge tits against his stomach.

"Sure, I'm more horny right now than I ever was in my old, male body..." She told him, breathy voice lustful. "I realized, however, that in this body, I have a chance to do something I could never do before: actually satisfy all the lust I feel."

She licked her lips again.

"All I have to do is get you to *fuck... me...!*"

Then she twisted the doorknob, and their weight caused the door to fly open and they stumbled into their apartment. "Fuck... me..." She moaned, slamming the door shut behind her.

"Fuck me." She insisted, reaching down to grab her underwear and latterly tear the sopping garment off.

"Fuck me!" She demanded, yanking open his shorts to reveal his enlarged cock straining at the underwear inside. "*Fuck me!*" She pleaded, grabbing his hands and hauling them to her huge new breasts.

"*Fuck me!*" She begged, using her grip on the wrists of his almost uncontrollably fondling hands to draw him towards the bedroom. "*Fuck me!*" She cried, yanking his shorts and underwear down to expose his rock-hard cock.

"*Fuck me!*" She screamed, falling back on the bed, luscious new legs spread wide to reveal her sopping wet new womanhood, ripe and ready for penetration.

"**FUCK ME!**" She implored, hands squeezing and caressing her diamond-point nipples as she shivered in intense arousal, very nerve in her body crying out for satisfaction - and every synapse in her brain willingly accepting, even embracing, the idea of that satisfaction in her new form. "Fuck me, Luke! I want to be your huge-breasted girlfriend, I want to be your sexy little nympho, I want to be the woman I am, but most of all I want you to fuck me, right now, right here, as hard as you can, just fuck me...!"

It suddenly registered on Luke's confused mind that he was standing at the end of the bed, nearly naked and sporting the longest, thickest, hardest erection of his life, while the most luscious piece of 'tits and ass' he'd ever seen squirmed in utter arousal, playing with her massive tits as she quite literally begged him to fuck her.

So he did.

Letting himself go, letting 'Little Lucas' take control, Luke peeled off his shirt, climbed up onto the bed - and sighed in sweet surrender as he obeyed her chanted mantra to 'fuck her' by letting her spread her welcoming legs wide and accept his eagerly-thrust cock deep into the warm, wet confines of her tight new cunt.

"Oh, yes...!" She screamed, showing remarkable flexibility as she pulled her legs wide and high, slipping her arms behind her knees to help hold her raised and spread legs apart, while still letting her hands reach her huge bust line. She shivered in intense pleasure at being filled with his huge cock, all emotions and sensations agreeing, emphatically, that this was what she wanted.

As he began thrusting, it got better and better. The almost-painful level of desire began to transmute into ecstatic pleasure as it was finally met, and she writhed and squealed in delight as he fucked her, just as she'd begged him to do.

Leaning forward, shifting his weight to his arms, Luke picked up the pace and depth of his strokes, trying to meet her demands of 'harder, Luke, harder!'

Those demands soon turned to incoherent gasps, moans and screams of pleasure as the rising tidal wave of intense pleasure and satisfaction took up more and more of her brain, pushing out such inconsequential things as coherency as she was soundly and rapidly fucked towards the first female climax she was so desperately eager to experience.

Her hands squeezed and caressed her huge, bouncing tits, her eyes now closed as she shrieked out in purest pleasure, soprano counter-point to Luke's deeper grunts of enjoyment as she pounded away at her tight, wet cunt, his face screwed up into an expression of enjoyable intensity as he entered the home stretch towards his own rapidly building climax.

He hit his own climax, pumping his load of cum deep inside her new womanhood - and an instant later, she screamed gloriously as she reached orgasm, body thrashing and writhing in intense, mind-blowing pleasure...

...and then she let go of her legs, letting them whip down to encircle his waist, and in one convulsive movement displaying startling strength in her tiny frame, she rolled them over, so that she was on top of him, his slowly softening cock still buried in her cunt.

A cock that stopped slowly softening as she began rhythmically rocking atop him, a motion as much forward-and-back as it was up- and-down.

Her movements were slower, more gentle, and incredibly graceful, not like the frantic pounding he'd given her - because with her immediate needs met, this one was 'for fun', performed long and slowly and with loving attention to detail, a teasing smile on her full lips and a glitter of humor in her big blue eyes as she gasped in low pleasure as she rode him sinuously, enjoying his fondling of her tits almost as much as the slowly sexual rhythm she'd set on his once-more rigid cock.

It was a short eternity before his second, shorter-yet-sharper orgasm, and pleasurable eternity for him as her cunt worked his highly- sensitized cock, her body shivering every few minutes with longer, softer, gentle orgasms that were every bit as enjoyable despite their reduced intensity.

Finally, his cock feeling pleasantly abused as it rapidly collapsed under the strain of his second orgasm, she rolled off of him and snuggled up beside him, huge tits pressed into the side of his chest as he reached his arm around her, stunned by what had happened and confused about how he should feel about having just fucked his feminized best friend.

"That.. was really what you wanted...?" He asked, guiltily.

"Yeah." She sighed, snuggling closer with a giggle. "Good thing, too - because I couldn't have stopped myself if I'd tried." "What?" Luke demanded, suddenly worried anew at the thought of 'taking advantage' of his helpless friend.

"Oh, the desire to have sex my body was giving me, I could have resisted... Not that I wanted to." She told him, with a naughty giggle. "it was the knowledge that, while giving myself the intense pleasure I wanted, I could also give my best friend in the whole world great pleasure that made it irresistible."

Lifting her head, Vicki smiled at him.

"With any other man, I could have resisted the urge to have sex, picking and choosing when and with who - but not with you." She informed him, leaning forward and giving her stunned friend - and now, lover - a quick but passionate kiss. "I wanted to have sex, solely for my own sake - but when I see you and know that the 'selfish' desire to please myself with sex could also have a 'selfless' purpose of pleasing you - well, what happened next was almost... automatic."

"I.. see..." Luke said, stunned - and guilty. "But.. you really *did* want to do that?"

"Did, do, and will." She confirmed, with yet another fetching giggle, as she slapped him on the stomach. "Think about it, silly: Pleasure, wonderful pleasure, all I could ever want - while also doing something *very* nice for my best friend in the whole wide world."

Frowning, he considered her words, still worried that he'd done something terrible wrong - not in the 'perverted' sense, while a slowly fading part of his mind still insisted on pointing out at the moment, but in a moral sense...

...and then he gasped and his eyes went wide as realization hit.

Giving oneself pleasure while also pleasing somebody you cared very much about...?

That didn't just describe what had gone from *her* side - but exactly happened with him! That moment, at the end of the bed, realizing that he could have sex with the woman on the bed, and give her the pleasure she was demanding while getting some of his own - that had been exactly the mirror-image of her own situation...

...and, he too, had responded practically 'automatically'.

In fact, just thinking about it now, his cock, pleurably tortured as it was, struggled to become erect again...

The didn't discuss it. They didn't even stare into each other's eyes for wordless communication. As if of one mind, they simply did it, shifting around on the bed until Luke's questing tongue could tease the swollen, dripping clit just in front of his face while her warm, full, and oh-so-willing lips and long, supple tongue went to work on his enlarged new cock.

It was practically an automatic response.

One that would prove to be *most* mutually beneficial - not to mention exquisitely enjoyable - for quite some time to come...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Because Brad was discovered cross-dressing during his college years, he is now blackmailed into playing a game where he eventually turns into a super-slut nymphomaniac.

The Game Of Revenge

By Gunslinger

For the fourth time in as many minutes, John slowly turned the piece of ...paper?... over in his hands, searching for some clue as to who sent it - and why.

The muscular, almost offensively handsome young man with the shock of dark hair and neatly trimmed goatee had just arrived home. As usually, he topped off a long, hard day at the automotive parts plant where he worked by stopping in at the local watering hole and downing a drink or three with his car-pool buddies. Thankfully, today he wasn't the driver, so he'd been able to drink.

Dragging with a combination of fatigue and a slight alcoholic 'buzz', the big, broad-shouldered man had walked up the driveway to his small, neatly-kept bungalow, grabbed the pile of mail in the box, and went inside.

Buried among the bills, advertising circulars and junk-mail, John had found 'The Letter'.

That's how he thought of it, capital letters and all. After all, it was unusual enough to warrant a 'title', rather than a mere descriptive phrase.

The first odd thing about The Letter was the fact that it didn't come in an envelope - or, rather, it was it's own envelope, the sheet of 'paper' folded in three and sealed on the back with a blob of wax over a twisted red ribbon, the wax bearing the imprint of a signet. On the front, in broad italic letters, was:

Master Jonathan A. Mandlewood, 16, The Greenbriar Court,

The City of Dearborn, The State of Michigan

The United States of America

There was no ZIP code, nor stamp.

Jonathan had stared at The Letter for a moment, wondering who sent it. it looked extraordinarily fancy, and it struck John as more 'Wedding Invitation' than anything - but he didn't know anyone who was engaged, and any of his friends who might be getting married 'post haste' wouldn't be the sort to send out such fancy invitations.

Putting the rest of the mail aside, John had taken The Letter into the living room, along with a glass of white wine. Placing both the wine and The Letter on the end of the table, he'd taken a quick shower and slipped into his most comfortable bathrobe before returning to the living room.

Sitting down on the comfortable, if worn, armchair, he picked up the wine and took a sip before picking up The Letter.

It seemed almost a crime to break the wax seal to open The Letter. Digging through the drawer in the end table, he found a nail file, and used it to carefully separate the wax seal from the rest of The Letter without ruining it. Placing it aside, he carefully unfolded The Letter.

It wasn't normal paper. It was somewhat thicker and heavier, but with a smoother finish. It didn't seem to be parchment, either - or not the commercial paper caller 'parchment' that could be bought for fancier letters. No, it was smoother and more supple than that.

Opened, The Letter revealed itself to be handwritten in a tight, cursive Italic script, like a form of calligraphy, though it wasn't one of the more common ones that John had seen here or there, before. Taking a sip of his wine, John sat back and began to read The Letter...

...and found himself slowly leaning forward in the seat again as the words registered on his mind. Master Jonathan,

We know your secret. The shameful thing in your past that you have so successfully hidden these many years. Do not bother yourself with trying to determine who 'we' might be - it doesn't matter in the least, not at the moment. However, here is what does matter;

If you wish to keep you shameful secret from becoming public knowledge, you will do as instructed. Should you follow all our instruction, precisely and on time, then we will make no attempt to distribute the information about your past that we hold. If, on the other hand, you attempt to balk us in any way, certain letters will be delivered to you employer, your closest friends, and other selected individuals.

Enclosed with these letters will be copies of a Polaroid photo taken on the Twenty-First of September, Ninteen-Nintey-Two.

If you do not wish for this to happen, you will be at the phone-booth at the corner of Twenty-first and Western at precisely ten-twenty tonight. You will answer the phone when it rings, and follow the instructions you are given. Should you not be there to answer the phone, then the letters will be sent.

The Letter was unsigned.

It also had John bathed in a cold sweat. There should be no possible way for this Letter to be in his hands - or rather, for it to say what it did. Nobody was supposed to know about what had happened on that day, eight years ago. The only people privy to that occurrence were in equal jeopardy from exposure as he was, and he couldn't believe any of them could be so cruel as to use that knowledge in this way, even if it did turn out to be 'nothing' but a practical joke of some sort.

If somebody else had found out, however...

John swallowed nervously, then downed the rest of his drink without tasting it, his eyes unfocused as he stared at the far wall. Then he turned the paper over in his hands, hoping it would give him some clue as to who was blackmailing him with his own, shameful, past.

Aside from the dire and dreadful message written upon it, The Letter remained mute.

His hands trembling slightly, John put The Letter down, then hurried off to his bedroom to get dressed. Given the details given in the Letter, he couldn't take the risk that this was all some hoax of horrible joke.

He had to do what it said.

* * * * *

John approached the phone booth nervously, glancing around in worry.

The phone booth was in an industrial section near the harbor. The place was dark and silent, and the cab driver had dropped him off two blocks away, refusing to leave the more brightly-lit section, obviously fearing some sort of foul play. The walk to where the battered phone booth sat, isolated and near the shore, had kept John's already keyed-up nerves on a knife's edge.

Now, almost shaking from the adrenaline high, John stepped into the phone booth, glancing at his watch.

Finding he still had two minutes, he nervously lit a cigarette and began to smoke it while he waited for the phone to ring...

...and almost had a heart attack when a crackling voice suddenly spoke. 'John - look in the shelf.'

With a startled exclamation, John dropped the cigarette - then, hands shaking, groped in the small, dark space where a phone book should have been. Instead, his fingers came across something else, and he extracted it.

He found himself holding a small walkie-talkie, taped to the back of which was an envelope.

'You are being watched right now.' The small radio advised him, making him turn around and scanned the darkened buildings, wondering from which vantage point he was being seen.

'Do not open the envelope.' The voice said, sternly. 'Pick up the phone and call your girlfriend, Melissa. Tell her that you really need to see her, and that you want to come over.'

"But..." John protested - but to thin air, not keying the button on the two-way radio. Lips tightening, he put the radio down on the shelf, picked up the receiver, and dropped a quarter in the slot. When he heard it ring through the dial-tone, he quickly punched in his girlfriend's phone number.

"Melissa?" he said, quickly, when there was an answer. "This is John - please don't hang up..." She ignored him, and hung up anyway. He cursed.

He and Melissa had recently had an argument, and he'd thought this might happen - she was usually pissed at him for a good three days when they fought. Sighing, he picked another quarter out of his pocket, and tried again.

"Please, Melissa - I really need to..." He tried - but that was as far as he got before she hung up.

He paused, then turned around in the phone booth and lifted his arms in a 'what can I do?' gesture, hoping for some instructions from his invisible tormentor.

They came through the small radio.

'Call Steve. Tell him you really need to talk to somebody about your life. Sound upset.'

Not understanding - but afraid to refuse - John dropped more change into the phone and dialed another number.

He got his best friend Steve's answering machine.

"Uh, Steve? You there?" John said, knowing that Steve sometimes used his machine to screen his calls. "Look, it's John. If you're there, pick up - I really need to talk to somebody, and Melissa won't even listen to me. Steve? Steve.. you there? Come on - I really need to talk to somebody."

He waited until the machine 'clicked', indicating it had run out of time and hung up on him. John hung up the phone, wondering what was coming next.

Whatever he might have thought it would be, this wasn't it.

'Call your mother.' The radio told him - and John had to stifle a hysterical giggle at the strange turn that had taken, when he had some unseen black-mailer commanding him to do what his mother was always nagging about. Picking up the phone, he dialed '1-800-COLLECT', and gave the information. The phone began to ring at the other end...

'Hang up!' The radio commanded, suddenly, startling John anew. Even as he heard the phone being picked up at the other end, he quickly disconnected and racked the receiver.

'Good - now open the envelope.'

Wondering what the hell that was all about, John opened the envelope and pulled out the contents...

...and felt his heart freeze as he stared at the small plastic bag that contained the photo.

In the photo, his younger self looked as horrified as he did now. The John in the photo was wearing nylons, high-heels and a dress, and beneath the garish red wig he wore, his face was heavily made up...

...and his gloss-red lips were wrapped around another guy's cock.

John had been experimenting with cross-dressing at the time. Nothing serious - just every couple of weeks, when he was bored, he would try dressing up, in the 'safety' of his own apartment...

..except that a couple of would-be frat boys, being initiated, had had to sneak into the apartment of one of the last-years football team and steal their jersey. They had chosen John's apartment, thinking he was out - because he hadn't answered the door or phone while in drag - and had caught him.

That had been bad enough - but worse was the photo. They'd had a camera and had taken a picture of him in drag - several pictures, really. It was a Polaroid instant camera, and they only had one copy of each photo - and they'd made a deal with him. They'd trade him those eight photos, which he could destroy - in exchange for this photo. They had sworn they'd give him back this photo after he threw his weight into getting them into the Frat - but they'd broken their word, mainly because the photo could be used against Marcus, the guy shown getting 'blown', though it had been posed rather than real.

In any case, John had lived in mortal fear of that photo being released - and now he held the original copy in his hands. He wished he could believe it as the only copy, but...

There was something else in the envelope as well - a letter. John unfolded it, and began to read it...

...and realized, with horror, that it not only seemed to be in his handwriting, but it was a suicide note, explaining how he couldn't 'live the lie' anymore...

...and he was getting his fingerprints all over it!

Before John could react to the horrified realization, he heard a strange 'phhht' sound...

...and felt a sharp sting in the back of the neck. He whirled around, startled,...

...and felt the strength draining out of his body. He tried to tear up the suicide note and the photo - but his body betrayed him, limp fingers dropping the damning 'evidence' to the floor.

As he slumped, helpless, against the side of the booth, he watched a black-clad man in a ski-mask come into sight and bend over his now inert body. Helpless, John could only watch as the man carefully picked up the note and the photo with his gloved hands, and place them on top of the phone itself, where it could be seen easily.

Now a black van pulled up, and the side door slid open. Two more masked men emerged, and dragged John's limp body towards the van... as he watched the first man pull the phone off the hook and let it dangle. As the darkness began to close in on John, he watched the man dial 9-1-1...

...and then fell into the arms of Morpheus, knowing - but not understanding why - he'd just helped stage his own apparent suicide...

* * * * * DAY 1

'Wake up, Johnny! Time to wake up!'

John groaned, the amplified voice cutting through the peaceful oblivion of sleep and reverberating around inside his aching head, triggering echoes in pain. As the brassy, electronically-distorted voice repeated its message, he hauled himself the rest of the way to unwelcome wakefulness and opened his eyes, squinting against the florescent glare from the lights inset into the ceiling, behind wire-mesh cages. Oddly, the first association that jumped to his groggy mind was the lights that had been mounted in his old high-school - then his brain began to catch up to reality, and he sat up with a start, looking around.

He was in a room he'd never seen before in his life - and he didn't figure he'd ever seen one even close to it, since it was such an unusual design.

It appeared to be about a hundred feet long, roughly, and maybe twenty, twenty-five feet wide. The ceiling was some sort of metal, and the walls... well, the walls appeared to be plastic-covered LCD screens, huge ones that took up most of each wall. Strange, swirling patterns were currently displayed on these screens, like psychedelic screen-savers. They made his eyes ache after looking at them for just a few seconds - but, being everywhere, it was hard to ignore them. Even when he pulled his eyes away from them, he could see them out of the corner of his eyes, and they wanted to drag his eyes to watch the ever-moving colors and shapes.

Shaking his head, he focused his attention on the rest of the room, such as it was.

Most of it was empty. At the far end of the room was a door - a pretty normal looking door, all things considered. The floor that filled most of the empty, slightly echoing chamber was a strange, shiny reddish-gold material that took it several seconds for John to recognize as some sort of copper-based metal, new-penny bright.

The back end of the room - where was now was - was formed out of a raised platform of what appeared to be plywood. Running the width of the room, the platform was maybe ten feet wide, and it's raised surface held a small 'bathroom' in the corner, unprotected by any walls, and the bed on which he was currently laying, the warm, climate-controlled air making sheets (which the bed didn't have) redundant...

"What the fuck...?" John said, looking down at himself. Slowly, he ran his hands over his smooth, bare skin - which was definitely strange, all things considered.

Sometime while he was sleeping, he'd been shaven completely, from head to toe. Running a hand over his chin verified that his facial hair was also gone, leaving behind flesh that was so smooth and soft - even more so than it had been when he'd tried cross-dressing, and had (rather ashamedly) shaved his legs and arms. Now, he couldn't feel - or see - the slightest hint of stubble.

'Like it, Johnny?' the brassy voice - which had fallen silent when he'd stirred - blared out, disgustingly cheerful. 'Looks good on you, doesn't it? Laser hair removal, depilatory and electronic follicle repression. As smooth as a baby's bottom!'

"Wha.. What's going on here!" John demanded, confused, scared - and angry. "Who are you! Why are you doing this to me!"

'Oh, come on, Johnny!' The voice chuckled. 'Don't be such a poor sport - all we're doing is playing a little game!'

"Oh, yeah?" Johnny said, annoyed. "Well, I don't want to play, damn you! Let me go!"

Another brassy, distorted chuckle. 'But, Johnny - that is the game! Right now, you're in a very specially constructed 'building' set up in an abandoned mine tunnel, with you at the very deepest end. Surrounding you is rock, lots and lots of rock, leaving no way out but to go through the series of chambers constructed between you and the mine entrance - and, no, I won't

tell you how many rooms. Don't want you to be able to judge your progress... it's more fun this way, you see.' The voice gave another chuckle. 'All you have to do to win - is to get through all the chambers and leave. That's it.'

John laughed, without humor. "Why do I have the feeling it's not a simple stroll out?" he asked, swinging his denuded legs over the edge of the bed and pulling his naked body upright. He shivered - but it had nothing to do with the carefully controlled temperature. Being nude was uncomfortable enough - but, right now, he felt naked, and more than just unclothed - defenseless, helpless, with no control over his own situation.

It was a feeling he didn't like.

'Quite right, my perceptive little toy!' the voice said, grating on John's nerves. 'Each chamber has it's own little... shall we say, 'problem' to solve? To solve this room's problem, I suggest you go take a look at the east wall - where, by the way, you'll find the food and drink dispensers.'

Walking over to the end of the platform that didn't contain the bathroom, John looked first at the two items built into the wall.

There was a little slot that obviously came from somewhere above, and was too small to allow his hand fit up it, much less a chance of escape - it looked more like a candy machine's dispenser.

The other part was a 'tube' that would be the drink dispenser... but it wasn't just any tube. In shape, it resembled something - a large, erect penis, formed out of black plastic.

"No way!" John shouted to his unseen tormentor. "I'd rather starve!"

'Up to you, Johnny...' the voice said, undismayed. 'I guess you're not going to like the way out, then!' Looking further down, Johnny saw...

...the highest-heeled pair of women's shoes he'd ever seen. Made of bright-pink leather, the shoes had a complex series of straps to hold it to the feet, with little 'lock' connectors where they would join. The shoes boasted a two-inch white-plastic platform that sloped inwards at the bottom to a small little pad, and stiletto heels that had to be at least nine inches tall, maybe more.

"What is this?" John demanded. "Some sort of sick joke?"

The voice didn't answer, and John looked around, angrily. Shaking his head, he decided he wasn't going to play this perverted person's little 'game' - he was getting out of here, right now.

Angrily, he began to storm towards the door at the far end of the room...

...and the instant he stepped off the platform, he began to jerk and writhe, screaming in agony as the electric current flowing through the metal floor arced through his body, his hair standing on its end as he twitched and flopped around on the floor, agony searing through abused nerves.

It took an eternity for him to make his twitching, writhing muscles obey him, to fight through the agony and the overriding muscle twitches, and drag him back to the platform. As he pulled himself off the metal floor and lay in a puddle of sweat, pain still twitching through his abused nerves, the brassy voice laughed, and laughed, and laughed...

* * * * * DAY 4

Feeling weak, feverish, and light-headed, John stared up at the ceiling, where the lights glared mercilessly down at him.

With a moan, John rolled over on his side again, staring at the swirling patterns on the walls, letting them run through his mind as he tried to drift, using the soothing patterns to pull him into his one refuge - sleep.

But it was a refuge that he'd abused too much already. Each day, the lights dimmed to nearly nothing for exactly eight hours before flaring back to life, and that would have been a good sleep schedule - but John had been trying to sleep as much of the time as he could, and - despite being weak and dehydrated - he was all slept out. Worse - he was slept out without getting rest, because that brassy voice taunted him at random times, dragging him out of what sleep he did get, except during the eight hours of darkness when it was silent and still - too silent, too still, reinforcing his loneliness, his inactivity.

Groaning again, John more tumbled from the bed then rose from it, feeling shame flood through him as the weakness of dehydration forced him to crawl rather than walk across the platform to the food dispenser. Pushing it with one hand, he was 'rewarded' with yet another nutrition bar - Strawberry Shortcake, this time.

Unwrapping it, he stared at the pastry-like bar.. and knew he could not choke one more of them down. Though there seemed to be an endless variety of them, keeping him from becoming sick of the flavor, they all had similar, dry textures - and his mouth and throat were parched, his tongue thick and heavy in his mouth.

Almost against his will, he found himself look at the phallic drink dispenser.

"It.. it's not really a cock.." He mumbled to himself, renewing a debate he'd been having with himself for almost two days now. "It.. it's just to shame me. If.. if I don't drink, I'll die.. and then he'll win."

Slowly, painfully, John dragged himself up the wall. Gasping with weakness, he wrapped his hands around the phallic tube where it joined the wall.. then slowly, hating himself, he put his lips around as little of it as he could and still create a vacuum-seal. Then he began to suck...

...and a flood of warm, fresh water flooded into his mouth. It was probably just standard, everyday water - but nothing had tasted sweeter to him than that liquid filling his mouth, and he gulped at the mouthful he had, finding that his mouth and

throat seemed to absorb the liquid before it could reach his dried stomach. He sucked hungrily, desperately at the 'cock' again, tears or relief streaming down his silky-smooth cheeks...

* * * * * DAY 7

Sitting on the bed, John slowly turned the shoes over in his hands, looking at them for the hundredth time.

'Oh, aren't they sooo sexy, Johnny?' The voice said, laughing. 'You just can't wait to strap those babies on, can you?'

John ignored the voice as best he could - when it was the only sound other than his own voice, it was almost tempting to listen to it, out of sheer boredom.

Despite the fact he'd been eating and drinking regularly and was feeling stronger, he still felt light-headed, mildly confused all the time. As best he could figure, it might be the first signs of 'cabin fever'

- he'd never been utterly alone for a week before, and had no idea how it would affect him.

It was all just another good reason to get out of here. It had taken him this long to realize that, taunting aside, the voice didn't want him to put on the shoes. No - the voice was relying on his own inhibitions and the fortified ideas from 'reverse psychology' in the taunting to keep him from doing something so 'humiliating'. The voice wanted Johnny to lose. To remain, trapped here until he died - despite having the means to escape at hand.

Well, Johnny was damned if he was going to let his unseen tormentor win. A careful examination had revealed that there was nothing else he could use to 'insulate' himself from the electrically charged floor - even the wrappings on the food-bars were a form of tinfoil. The bedding was attached to the frame of the bed, and the fabric was too tough to rip with his bare hands.

There was no other choice - if John wanted out, he'd have to wear the shoes.

There was more than one problem with them, though - but the one that bothered John the most was the design. A 'strappy' style of shoe, the shoe would fall off his feet unless the straps were connected

- and there was no release on the connector. Once strapped in place, they'd be stuck there until he could cut them off, and he didn't have the tools to do that. The straps were designed for his feet, with no 'excess' that he could tie together in a knot to hold them in place.

Grimacing, John lifted his right foot and held the platform, spike-heeled sole against his foot, finding the shoe to be on the small side - but only a little.

Putting his foot down, he began to buckle the straps together, hating himself...

'Hey.. what are you doing!' The brassy voice said, sounding alarmed. 'You're not really putting those on, Johnny... are you?'

Smiling slightly at the consternation in the amplified, distorted voice, John buckled first one shoe, then the other, into place, wincing slightly at the pressure from the too-tight footwear.

Carefully, he pushed himself off the bed, swaying as he struggled to remain upright...

...and promptly fell over.

The voice laughed.

'You'll never do it, Johnny!' It declared, laughing. 'Those are ten-inch heels and a quarter-inch platform where it actually touches the floor! You'll never be able to walk in them well enough to avoid falling - and just think what'll happen if you fall in the middle of the floor...!'

Grimacing, Johnny slowly pulled himself erect, hanging on to the bed... and began to practice.

* * * * * DAY 32

"Ha!" Johnny shouted up to ceiling. "See, you can't beat me! I'm gonna win!"

He sat on the bed, taunting his tormentor, who was silent. Shaking his head, Johnny tried to focus on what he was about to do - no easy task, all things considered.

As the month had rolled on, he'd found himself becoming more and more.. eccentric. More easily distracted, especially by the rolling, swirling patterns on the walls, almost hypnotic by their motions and shades. His mind wandered often, and it was harder and harder to recall details of a life that was only a month backwards in time - alone, trapped underground, time had seemed to lose all meaning, and he wasn't quite sure if his count of 'days', as determined by the light-cycle, was correct anymore.

It didn't matter, though. It might have taken him a month - more or less - to get to this point, but he was ready. He refused to surrender. He was going to get out - no matter what it took.

Pushing off the bed, he began to head for the door at the far end of the room, stepping off the platform with only the slightest hesitation.

Balanced atop the slender spike heels of the shoes that were now like second nature to him, Johnny began to walk towards the beckoning door, moving with the easy grace the eight hours of practice a day had given him. In fact, he thought he probably could have attempted escape earlier - but the thought of falling while in the middle of the room had haunted him, and he'd continued to drill himself to walk easily and confidently atop the slender heels and tiny sole of the shoes. Now, he had his

stride down pat, and easy swaying walk that let him balance atop the high heels as if he was born wearing them, and even the pain of them cramping his feet was second nature, barely noticed.

When he'd started, his feet would ache, his legs would ache from the unaccustomed pattern of strain put on them - but wearing the shoes 24/7 had mean he'd been used to them, even for such things as bathroom runs in the middle of the night, which meant (with the eight hours of 'practice'), that he actually spent about twelve hours a standing or walking in the shoes. After all, the other hours he was awake, there was nothing to do, anyway - more then once, he'd spent time just pacing, for something to do.

All of it paid off as he moved across that electrified floor and to the door. Victory welled up inside him as he opened the door...

..and stepped into another chamber.

For a second, Johnny felt like crying. So intent had he been on getting through this door, he'd all-but- forgotten that that had been but the first chamber through which he'd have to pass.

Now, he looked around with dismay at what awaited him...

The chamber was smaller then the one he'd just exited. Aside from the door he'd just passed through, there was a bed, a bathroom, and a food and drink dispenser - though they were both slightly different.

What really caught his eye, though, was what lay at the other side of the room. The first item was a strange-looking machine, from which a garment hung.

Slowly, walking over to it, Johnny picked it up and turned it over in his hands - and found it to be a corset. A white leather-and-canvas corset that wasn't the 'decorative' type sold in most places, but a heavily 'boned' one - and the machine it had been hanging off of was an automatic lacing machine, designed to draw the corset as tight as possible.

The other item of interest was the framework to one side, which was positioned in front of a shape cut into the wall. On closer look, the shape was that of an exaggerated hour-glass figure, an image of somebody Johnny's height and built, but with a waist that, according to the measurement on the wall, was a mere fifteen inches...

'Like it, Johnny?' that brassy voice taunted. 'To ride the 'sled' through that opening, you'll have to fit the opening's size. Too 'thick', and the steel edges of that wall will cut you to ribbons...'

Tightening his lips and refusing to answer, Johnny walked over to the food and drink dispensers...

The drink dispenser was similar to the old one - but was covered with a soft layer of foam rubber, over the hard plastic. Still black and lacking detail, it felt more 'real' then the cold plastic one he'd started with - but he barely noticed as he took a long drink of the warm water it dispensed, already knowing what dehydration felt like, and eager to avoid it.

The food slot... lacked an activation button. The old one had dropped a food bar in the slot when the door was opened, but this one was empty and remained stubbornly so.

"Don't worry, Johnny - it does work..." his unseen tormentor laughed. 'However, it'll only respond to your voice when it sounds like this...'

There was a pause - and then a computer-generated voice that was obviously based on Johnny's real voice, but raised in pitch.

'Hi! I'm Joni Juggs!' The computer-simulated voice said, too brightly. 'Please give me what I really, really want!'

Johnny was horrified. "I can't sound like that!" He protested. "Even if I could, I wouldn't!"

'Your choice!' the voice said. 'The computer says that, with practice, you can match that falsetto soprano - and that voice, saying those words, are the only thing that'll get food from the dispenser.' The voice laughed. 'The good news is - the less you eat, the sooner you can get that corset down to fit through the gap...'

Johnny refused to answer the taunting. Taking a little more water, he ankled over to the bed and dropped down on it, trying - and failing - to ignore the swirling patterns on the LCD walls of this room.

Suddenly, a thought struck him, and he quickly rose from the bed and hurried to the door, which had swung shut on a simple sprig-mount system. He pulled the door open...

..and shivered as a wave of cold air washed through the opening.

'It's minus twenty in there, now...' The Voice laughed. '...and the food and drink dispensers are turned off. Feel free to go check for yourself, if you want.'

Shivering, Johnny slammed the insulated door, then headed back towards the bed. He needed to think...

...as well as he could, his head feeling as if it were stuffed full of cotton, that is.

* * * * * DAY 48

"Hi! I'm Joni Juggs! Please give me what I really, really want!"

There was a second's hesitation - then the machine spit out a food bar.

Eagerly, Johnny scooped up the wonderful little bar, unwrapped it, and gobbled it down, nearly moaning in pleasure.

He considered getting a seventh bar from the machine - but decided against it. Though it felt good to be eating solid food again, two weeks without food had shrunk his stomach and he couldn't eat that much - even though he wanted to.

Washing down the bar with a long, long drink from the dispenser, he ankled gracefully over to the lacing machine and backed into it, positioning himself correctly before hitting the button.

Of course, the painful tightening he went through every day was having it's effect, even if it seemed such a little one, each and every day, as it compressed his waist ever smaller. He was confused, dazed, light-headed - he wasn't sure whether he should feel proud or not when the machine's window displayed his new measurements. After all, this was his waist his was shrinking down to a minuscule diameter...

...which meant that he'd be able to escape this living hell, and beat his unseen tormentor at his own game.

Shaking his head, Johnny paused to check the read out - eighteen and one-quarter inches! - then walked over to the bed and sat down, facing the wall...

...which was no longer just a swirling pattern. Though there seemed to be a swirling under-tone of static or something, the display now showed TV shows, with the commercials removed. The sound came through the same hidden speakers as the brassy, taunting voice.

The shows were usually soap operas, with the occasional movie thrown in, mostly low-brow comedies that were brainless and mostly jokes about sex - but it was a welcome diversion, none the less.

Crossing his legs, Johnny tried to get comfortable as he let himself get into the show that was playing....

* * * * * DAY 69

Johnny glanced at the glowing red LED display on the lacing machine out of habit, the glowing, floating numerals barely more then pretty lights in his now-constant confused state. Thoughts seemed to slide in and out of his head with little lasting impact, his attention span down to keeping track of the characters on the TV shows he watched.

Swaying atop the extreme heels on the shoes without consciously aware of the motion any long, Johnny walked over to the dispenser. No shame reached his emotions as he used the correct pitch without any conscious thought at all, bringing forth yet another food bar.

He ate it quickly, washing it down with some more warm water from the spigot/dildo attached to the wall, then started back to the bed to watch some more TV...

...and his brain finally made the connection.

Eyes widening in shock, Johnny gasped - the hurried back to the lacing machine to stare at the still- glowing numerals.

"Oh, boy!" He chirped, in the high-pitched voice he used instinctively now. "I did it! I can get out of here!"

Hurriedly, he ankled his way over to the device that was covered in a light coating of dust - the 'sled' that would convey him out of this cell.

It's design was pretty simple, but it still took Johnny a long time to get strapped into it. Several times, he forgot what he was doing, his mind loosing focus to the point that he'd begun unstrapping himself again so he could watch his shows... then memory had 'clicked', and he'd returned to the task at hand. Finally, though, he was fully in place in the framework of the straps, locked down so securely that he couldn't move so much as a millimeter in any direction.

Which was a good thing - because a few minutes after being fully strapped into the frame, the sled began to move, gliding forward on the tracks imbedded in the person-shaped hole in the wall that matched the person-shaped sled that perfectly fit his new figure. He held his breath as it glided into the opening, feeling the smooth, slick metal actually lightly touching his body, so tight was the fit.

The ride seemed to take an eternity, and eternity during which he was afraid to breath, in case it would exceed the extremely tight tolerances of the opening...

...and then the sled once more entered the light, reaching the end of the fairly short tunnel and setting him free. As the straps fell away, Johnny stepped casually off the frame and into the new cell, unaware of the easy grace with which he moved, or the way his leg-muscles had been smoothly re- shaped by constant use of the extremely high heels... just as he was unaware of certain other things that should have been worrying him. With his 'cabin fever' limiting his concentration and attention, he wasn't emotionally capable of dealing with the impact of certain facts - like the fact that his cock had shrunk considerably during the past two months, or that he never got an erection anymore, voluntary or otherwise. Likewise, the fact that his nipples seemed swollen and sensitive didn't really bother him

- indeed, he wasn't even consciously aware of the fact, his shortened attention denying him the opportunity of remembering exactly the way his body had been before this had all began. Indeed, in his swirling, confused mind, his life outside the cells seemed like a dream, half faded in the mists of memory, weak and unengaging.

'Well - so you managed to get your waist small enough to fit through the slot, Joni.' The brassy voice said, dissatisfaction evident even in the distorted tones. 'So what? You've still got a long way to go to get out of here, and you'll never get through all of them. I'm still going to win.'

Johnny's mind might be confused and whirling - but one thing that still stood bedrock-firm was the thought that he was going to get out of here.

"Just try and stop me..." Johnny said, his habitual chirping soprano ill-suited to supporting the uncharacteristically firm tone he used. "What's the game in this room?"

The amplified voice laughed. 'Take a good look around, Joni. I'm not making it easy for you anymore. You got to figure it out for yourself.'

Frowning, Johnny looked around then new cell. It was, once again, a pretty plain-looking room, with a food-slot and a water dispenser.

He didn't consciously register the fact that the dispenser was a little more detailed, with ridges simulating veins in the plastic below the layer of the padding.

He did notice, however, the make-up table in the corner, fully stocked with a variety of make-up. Mounted around the outside of the mirror were a half-dozen computer images of his face, surrounded by the longer, thicker mane of hair that his head now sported after two moths of unimpeded growth.

However, the images had been computer modified - to show them fully made up, with lipstick, blush, and all the rest of it, perfectly done.

Frowning, Johnny looked at the six computer images, then looked around for a clue how this was to work - not an easy thing to do with a clouded, befuddled mind. However, he finally managed to make the connection between the images and the plexi-glass plate set into the wall next to the door.

Mounted behind it was a camera, and beside it there was a row of eight buttons and a digital display. The buttons were numbered from one to six, and the a red and green button bore, respectively, 'stop' and 'start'. When 'Start' was pressed, the digital display showed a thirty-minute countdown. Pressing any of the numbered buttons during that countdown caused a loud, dissatisfied-sounding buzzer to sound... and the count-down reset, only this time it would start at twenty-nine minutes... then twenty- eight...

Johnny stopped at that point, making the connection. The system was set up to unlock the door only if he got the six make-up schemes on his face within the time allotted. If he screwed up any of the schemes badly enough that the computer rejected it, then the next time he tried there would be one less minute to work with.

Screw up enough times, and he just wouldn't have enough time to change his 'face' six times, no matter how perfect each one was.

Right then and there, Johnny decided to show his unseen tormentor something. He wasn't even going to try the door lock until he was positive he could get the make-up done correctly...

* * * * * DAY 112

With a muffled 'ca-chunk', the locks on the door released.

"Yippee!" Johnny squealed, bouncing cheerfully atop his heels, much the way a lot of the woman that had been on the TV recently seemed to be doing. The soaps had slowly filtered out to be replaced with very sophomoric movies, featuring many buxom blondes, and Johnny didn't even realize he'd picked up a lot of the mannerisms of the women on screen as he practiced getting the make-up perfect.

He even walked with a similar sort of bouncy, swaying stride as he walked through the just-opened door.. and into the next cell in line. He barely noticed as the door swung shut behind him, locking in place - he was too busy looking around the new room, searching for whatever task had to be completed to get out of this new room. As he looked around, he thoughtfully tapped one hand against his gloss-pink lips... and used the other to idly massage the small, somewhat conical mound of flesh that had formed beneath his perpetually swollen, sensitive nipples, a habit he'd picked up somewhere that he found oddly comfortable.

It wasn't too hard to figure out what the necessary task to escape this room was, for all the taunting of the brassy voice. After all, there was the wardrobe full of a range of clothing, and the scanner beside the door - and the dozen pictures mounted beside a full-length mirror, each computer-altered photo showing him in a different outfit, with matching make-up.

Sighing, Johnny grabbed a quick bite to eat, then blinked at the sight of two liquid dispensers, one on either side of the food dispenser, both of them a dark, artificial red in color and covered with realistically shaped 'veins' and tipped with a realistically formed 'head'.

The one on the right gave off the same warm water as always... but the one on the left gave out a warm, somewhat salty liquid that was thicker than water. It wasn't exactly anything special... but after eating those damned nutritional bars for so long, the new and different flavor tasted like ambrosia in Johnny's mouth.

He took several long drinks from the new dispenser, washing the slightly salty liquid down with water, before heading off to bed. Morning would be good enough to start the new task... after he watched a show or two, perhaps.

* * * * * DAY 146

With the same muffled sound of locks releasing that the last door had given off, the door to this cell swung open, and Johnny swayed through.

His face was carefully made up, surrounded by a wealth of dark hair that kept falling in front of his mascara and eye-shadow rimmed eyes. With a sigh, he flipped it out of the way, not even noticing that he used the same gesture as the women on TV to do so. His body was clad in a short, pleated white skirt and a tight, powder-blue short-sleeve sweater with a mock turtle-neck. Of course, under the ensemble was the corset, and he wore the shoes... but he was also wearing a pair of frilly powder-blue panties and a matching training bra, since the scanner seemed to incorporate a fluoroscope that could tell what he was wearing beneath the outer layer of clothing.

Yet again, it wasn't too hard to figure the trick to getting through this door.

"Well, duh - it's, like, so obvious..." Johnny said, unaware he was speaking out loud, and not even hearing the ridiculously high-pitched, slightly lisping voice he'd come to regard as his own, the one he'd originally used lost in the mist that seemed to fill his brain these days. With a roll of his eyes, he surveyed the easy-to-figure-out system necessary to open the door to this cell.

The room was filled with hair-styling equipment. Scissors, dyes, and all the rest - and, mounted above a large mirror, was yet another computer-edited photo of Johnny. This one showed him dressed in a certain outfit, his face fully made up - and his head surrounded by a curly mane of brassy blonde hair.

Sighing, Johnny decided to get something to drink before starting 'practicing'. Walking over to the two liquid dispensers on the wall on either side of the slot, she eyed the two pink dispensers with their realistic shapes... and then knelt in front of the one on the right, wrapping her lips around it and sucking on it for some of the tasty, salty liquid...

...but nothing came out. Frowning, she sucked harder on it, grabbing it in frustration... and was surprised to feel the softer rubber coating move over the harder plastic, something that had never happened before. Underneath, she felt several small differences in the plastic, seeming to indicate that there might be a switch under there somewhere.

Still sucking, she began moving her hand up and down the shaft, searching for the button... and was at last rewarded with a flow of warm, salty substance. It was even thicker and saltier than the last room's supply... and she found that she enjoyed it better that way. It was much nicer - though there wasn't nearly enough of it.

Sighing, she requested a food bar from the voice activated machine, washing it down with a drink of water from the equally difficult water dispenser, then went over to the styling section to begin practicing on her hair.

She wasn't even aware of the fact she was humming to herself as she worked...

* * * * * DAY 166

The door swung open, revealing Joni, made up and dressed exactly as the picture hanging on the wall. A tight black leather skirt encircled his hips, and a white spandex crop-top covered the A-cup bra beneath. His carefully made-up face was surrounded by a wealth of golden curls as he stepped through the door, balanced atop the extreme heels he didn't even notice anymore...

As the door swung shut unnoticed behind him, Joni stared in amazement at the new room he found himself in - because he'd never seen one like this yet.

First of all, it was larger than any of the previous cells. However, that wasn't nearly as amazing as the fact that there wasn't one other door, but three - one on each wall of the room.

More than that... the layout of the new room was completely different than any of the other ones. It wasn't as 'featureless' as the other cells had been. Instead, it had been done up to look like a cul-de-sac street. The door behind him merged into a wall that was ornately 'decorated'. Like the backing of Letterman's Late Show set, the wall at the back of the 'alley' had tiny models and painted backdrop so as to appear as if it was the 'open' end of the alleyway.

At the 'end' of the alley was a night-club entrance, right down to the neon sign above, and a banner advertising that it was 'Ladies Night'.

On the right was a door, beside which was a sign that read:

KUT-RITE DISCOUNT PLASTIC SURGERY KLINIK

Beauty on a Budget

No Appointment Necessary Easy Payment Services Available

It took Joni nearly ten minutes to figure out the sign, brow furrowed in concentration as he carefully sounded out the words.

On the other side of the 'alley' was the entrance to a 'building' labeled as The Broken Arms Hotel, with a small sign indicating 'Weekly & Monthly Rates Available'.

The 'Sky' was hidden by an elevated train platform whose stairs were part of the back-drop behind Joni.

It wasn't exactly the most realistic looking representation - about as good as a set in a play, say. However, with Joni's constantly more confused thoughts and trouble thinking, he nearly believed he was outside for the first few seconds.

Shaking his head, he looked carefully around, a rather vapid-looking frown forming on his features as he tried to figure out what he was supposed to do, and how he was supposed to get out of this one. It was harder and harder for him to think anymore, so he focused what brain-power he had left on the quest that had obsessed him for the past five and a half months - escaping this 'game'.

Finally, hesitantly, Joni swayed forward, walking to the end of the 'alley' to try the doors of the 'Night Club'.

It swung open... and Joni gasped and fell back as he encountered the first person he'd seen since his imprisonment in this twisted maze.

It was a tall, broad-shouldered and massively muscled man with swarthy skin, a much-broken nose, and a shaven head. He glared at Joni with dark eyes so intense that Joni took a step back, afraid he was about to be beaten to a pulp.

"What the fuck do you want?" the man growled in a voice every bit as threatening as his appearance. "Uh... to get in...?" Joni ventured.

The man snorted. "hell no - this is a class joint, bitch, and you're too damned ugly and flat-chested. This is your first warning, bitch. I'll give you one more warning if you try coming in again - but the third time, I'll beat the crap outta ya and put you in traction for a year. Now get the fuck outta my face!"

He slammed the door, and Joni recoiled, heart pounding from the near-violence as he tried to work out how he was supposed to get past the barrier...

'Ugly and flat-chested...' Joni muttered to himself in his high-pitched soprano, gently rubbing his small, firm mounds through the top he wore, thoughtfully.

Turning, he made his way to the Kut-Rite Klinik. He pulled open the door, elated as it opened under his now long-nailed hands...

..and found himself in a reception room, dominated by a huge, sandy-blond man with muscles equal to the night-club bouncer's, dressed in white, medical-looking clothing.

"Yeah?" He asked, politely enough, easing some of Joni's fears.

"Uh I wanted to ask about, like, plastic surgery?" Joni asked, frowning in concentration as he struggled to keep his vague, slippery mind focused on this important task. "Uh, like, the guy at the end of the street said I can't go in the club 'cause I'm too ugly and flat chested, like, you know?"

"Well, I'm sure we can help you, Miss ?" HE trailed off expectantly, then simply waited the several minutes it took Joni to get the hint.

"Oh! My name!" Joni said, making the connection. "It's... Uh, it's "

He frowned. He should know his own name, shouldn't he? Then, like a light dawning, it came back to him, and he giggled over the fact he'd actually forgotten it for a moment.

"Hi! My name's Joni Juggs!" He introduced himself.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Juggs." The man said, politely. "Now - facial surgery is one hundred dollars, and so is each cup size of breast enlargement."

Joni's smile turned into a sullen pout. "oh, Geez - I don't have no money, you know. How much did you say I needed?"

The man sighed. "Well, a hundred for your face, and, say, a total of three hundred for your chest - so, four hundred dollars, altogether."

"Oh..." Joni said, still pouting. "Couldn't you do me a favor and do it for free...?" The man's polite smile vanished, and he rose from behind his desk, bellowing.

"Get out of here you dumb bitch, and don't come back until you have some goddamn money!"

Scared, Joni spun and dashed from the room, running across the 'alley' and into the lobby of the hotel, heart pounding.

The man in the lobby of the hotel was short, pudgy and balding, with a big cigar clamped between his teeth. He was also dirty and smelly, dressed in rumpled suit pants and a once-white undershirt now a dingy gray and marked with stains.

"Hey, there, Miss." He said in a friendly tone. "Howya doin'? Need a room?"

To Joni, the guy didn't look like a slob - he looked heavenly, the first guy who didn't look ready to pound him into a puddle. However, his question caught Joni off guard and made him think.

"Oh, gee - like, yeah, I do!" Joni said in startled realization. Unlike the other rooms, there was no bed, at least none he'd seen - and no bathroom, and no food or liquid dispensers.

"Fine, fine - always glad to have a beautiful, sexy woman stay with me." The guy said with a grin, and for some reason it made Joni feel very good to hear that all the hard work learning how to dress and do his make-up and hair was appreciated. Then she felt a sharp pang of pain as he continued talking: "...even if you are a little flat-chested for my taste."

Unconsciously, Joni whimpered.

"No matter." The chubby guy said, grandly. "So, how much money you looking to spend?" "Money?" Joni said, startled... and then, helplessly, found himself crying, unable to stop as he spoke rapidly through his sobs. "I haven't got no money and the guy across the street yelled at me because I don't and I just went in 'cause the other guy said I was too ugly and flat-chested too and all I want to do is get outta here and I can't go unless I can go through the doors, except my tits are too small and I don't have any money and..."

"Whoa, whoa!" the pudgy guy said, holding up his hands. "Don't cry, miss! I can help you!" Joni looked at him shyly. "You can?"

"Sure!" the guy said, grinning. "I need a maid here, anyway. Tell you what, I'll pay you twenty bucks a week, plus room and board."

Joni frowned. The words sounded familiar, but he couldn't quite... "Room and board?" "A place to stay, and food and drinks." The guy said.

"Gee!" Joni said, smiling brightly. "That, and money too? That'd be great!"

"Good." The guy said. "But you gotta promise that you'll wear the uniform, and do your hair and make-up every single day. If you're gonna work for me, you gotta look your best - or I'll fire you, and you won't have no place to stay and nothin' to eat and no money. Okay?"

"Okay!" Joni agreed, eagerly.

"Well, then you're hired." The guy said. "My name's Bob. What's yours?" "Hi!" He said, brightly, happy to have found work. "My name's Joni Juggs!"

* * * * * DAY 236

Her pay clenched in her hands, Joni swayed across the street.

The past ten weeks had seemed to drag on - but for all that, she'd been relatively content. Part of it was being with people again. Not only was there Bob to talk to, but also Alice, the other hotel employee. A cute blonde, Alice was the cook who worked in the basement, and she'd befriended Joni, glad to have another girl on staff to chat with.

For some reason, that had bothered Joni... but she'd gotten over it quickly, since she couldn't quite remember why it would bother her. After all, she had a hell of a lot more in common with Alice than with Bob, so it was only natural, right?

Also, she got a great new outfit to wear. It turned out Alice had magnetic keys to take off Joni's shoes and corset. It had seemed wonderful at the time - but as soon as they'd been removed, Joni had found it problematically. The corset was a take-it-or-leave-it sort of thing, even though she felt half-naked without it... but her feet really, really hurt when she tried to walk without shoes.

It was okay, though. The shoes with her new maid's uniform had heels almost as high and thin, and she could take them off when she didn't need them on to walk - which was great, because she could wear the black nylon stockings that went with the uniform. She'd been a little hesitant to wear them, at first, but both Alice and Bob told her how sexy her legs were in nylons. That had worried her a bit, too, until Alice pointed out that sexy legs were better than unsexy ones, which only made sense, right?

With the clack shoes and nylons, there was also a tiny, fluffy black skirt and a tight black silk blouse, plus a white, frilly little apron and a matching cap-thingee that went in her hair. Both Alice and Bob said she looked really, really good in the outfit, which made Joni feel all warm and tingly inside.

Best of all - she'd got paid! Though it would make her sad to leave her new friends, the most important thing in her whole life was getting out of this 'maze'... though she was kinda vague on why it was so important to her. It was really, really hard for her to remember what life was like before she came here - but she knew that getting out was the one constant in her life, the one thing she remembered perfectly well from the entire time in her.

Now she had some money, too, so she could pay and go! She walked into the Klink with a big grin on her gloss-pink lips.

"Hey!" the muscular guy behind the counter said, angrily. "I told you...!"

"I've got money!" Joni announced quickly, grinning happily as she put the bills down on the desk. "See? Now I can get bigger tits and be made pretty. Alice and Bob say that I'll look really good with bigger tits. All the time they tell me how good it is that they won't let me in the club 'cause my tits are too small. Bob and Alice say that 'bigger is better', and I'm lucky to be getting big tits! Alice is a double-D cup, and she's so happy with her tits. That's what I want - nice be double - or maybe triple - D tits, so I can feel all good about them, like Alice."

The guy was counting through the money - and now he looked up, no longer angry.

"Well, you've got some money here - two hundred dollars, Joni." He told her. "But, to do your face and tits would take at least four hundred. You've only got half of what you need."

"Half?" Joni said, upset. Her own tits had been growing a bit, and now she was wearing bras that said 'B' cup on them... but it would take forever for them to get big enough on their own, even if she did her face and got little tit-bigger things. But... it seemed to be taking forever to get money, too. "Can't you do it for half price, please...?" She begged the guy, pouting.

He looked thoughtful. "Well, we do have a special... but you don't want that." "Why?" Joni asked.

"Well, it does your face... but it also gives you a cunt, makes your hips and ass bigger, and gives you really, really big tits. See, we've got these stuff that are so outrageous that nobody wants them, so we're trying to get rid of them that's why it's so cheap."

Joni frowned in thought - thinking made her head hurt, and always took so long. "But, for two hundred I'd get a pretty face, and bigger tits?"

"Yup - and more."

Joni didn't care about anything else - it was being pretty and bigger-titted that mattered. "okay - I'll take it!"

"Well... if you're sure..." HE said, putting the money somewhere and leading her through the door at the back of the room. He walked her over to a wall.. and she giggled.

"Your wall has tits!" She giggled. Indeed, it did - mounted on the wall was pairs of tits, going from real little ones up to real big ones.

"These are the implant sizes we have, to show you what's available. However, the special means you can only choose some of these..." He gestured at some of the tits, all of which were bigger than Alice's tits, and rounder, too. In fact, they were even bigger and rounder than the ones on the girls from the movies. Joni remembered how the guys in the movies always got excited by women, and the bigger and rounder a girl's tits were, the more excited they got...

"These ones!" Joni said, pointing to the ones all the way at the end. "Are you sure...?"

Joni paused, something seeming very wrong about it. Sure, they were really big and all, but for some reason something about them bothered her... then she shook the feeling off. "Bigger is better!" She said, happily. "I want these ones!" "Okay..." the guy said. "Just follow me...!"

Grinning and giggling, Joni followed him through the doors marked 'Surgery'...

* * * * * DAY 308

Joni Juggs awoke feeling supremely happy. For a minute, she just lay in her bed, not sure why - then she remembered.

She was all healed from her surgery. It was finally time for her to go through the next set of doors - and that was the most important thing in her life, getting out of here, so of course she felt wonderful.

With a squeal of delight, Joni got out of bed, delighting in the feel of her gorgeous, huge bobbies moving with her motion. She knew they were wonderful because everybody told her so, and 'bigger was better' - and hers were really, really big. It was so nice to have big, round boobies, the kind men got all funny over. Alice agreed with Joni about how great big titties could be - and how nice a 'pussy' could be. For some reason, Joni had found herself crying when she'd found out that little, limp piece of her had been taken away... until Alice had told her how wonderful it was to have a pussy. It was even better than having a cock, the things Alice said guys had... and Alice said the thing Joni used to have looked a little bit like a really small cock, but it couldn't have been, because it didn't get all nice and hard like the man-thing Alice talked about... did it? Joni couldn't seem to remember. Anyway, it didn't matter, because Alice said that really good cock were like tits, 'the bigger the better', and that thing Joni used to have had been really small and limp and useless, so it was better to have a really nice pussy like the one the doctor had given her.

Happy, Joni went to her closet and got the nice 'going away' present Bob and Alice had got for her - some new clothes that fit her new figure, which was good, 'cause none of her old stuff came even close.

She started with a pair of panties. Bright red, lacy and very, very small, they barely covered the nice new cunt she'd gotten - and slid up between her really firm, full new ass cheeks she'd gotten, with barely a string sitting over the really wide hips that she'd gotten now. It was okay, though - Alice told her that the better you looked, the less you wore, and everybody said that Joni was the sexiest, so she had to wear the least> it was only fair, Joni guessed - since she looked so sexy, she had to show it off so the guys could enjoy looking at her, just like in the movies.

Along with the panties she had a bra - a really, really big one, red and lacy too. It really didn't do much to hold her tits up, but that was okay - her tits were so big and firm they didn't need much help. The half-cup bandeau bra was just for looks, anyway. With a big grin, Joni pulled it in place around her huge new tits, which wasn't easy since each one was bigger than a basketball, and really big and round and firm. They were perfect, and Joni just loved her big, round tits - and they felt so good to play with, too, even though they'd hurt an awful lot when she'd first gotten them. Now they just felt really, really good.

Next, Joni pulled on the black nylons they'd gotten for her, thinking how much better they made her legs look - and her legs looked a lot better even bare, thanks to the stuff the doctor had done to them. The doc had also done something to her feet, so that she now wore a much smaller shoe, though they were just as high heeled - which was good, because everybody told her how sexy she walked in them, and that was a really good thing.

Next, Joni pulled on a red leather skirt over her wide, full hips and really great ass, tightening it with a white leather belt around her really, really small waist. A black spandex 'T-shirt' with a really low neck went on up top, showing off a lot of the great tits she had.

Then she went to work putting on her make-up, loving the way the lipstick felt as she put it on the really, really full, pouting lips the doctor had given her. He'd also made her nose a lot smaller, and done something to her eyes that made them look a lot bigger, all nice and soft and sexy, he said. Nobody would be able to resist her big, brown 'doe eyes' Alice said, and that sounded like a good thing.

Brushing out her long, golden hair, Joni finished up by putting on some of the jewelry they'd got for her, then headed downstairs. She hugged Bob and Alice good-bye, loving the way it felt to push her tits up against both of them, then she headed out onto the street and walked to the doors of the night- club, loving the way her huge new tits swayed and bounced with every step she took.

The big guy at the door smiled when he saw her, swinging the door wide open. As Alice had told her to do, Joni took a second to stare at the guy's crotch, then smile brightly at him. Alice said it was very important to do that, so she did.

"Well, now - why don't you come right in..." The bouncer said, and Joni grinned even wider - Alice was right. It worked real good.

"Like, thanks... Stud." Joni said, like Alice told her.

"No prob..." the bouncer said, grinning, as he led her inside.

The 'club' was small, dark and empty - but Joni wasn't really worried about the club itself, as it was only a means to an end. As confused as her thoughts had become over the months, she still knew that her ultimate goal was to get out of this 'maze', to win the game - and so this was only an 'in between' spot, and anything that happened in it (like getting huge, firm tits or a nice new cunt) were only secondary concerns, something she needed to do in order to achieve her final goal.

She followed the bouncer into the small, dark room - and another man stepped out of a door marked 'Office'.

"Who do we have here...?" the man, who was a rangy, raw-boned man, asked. For some reason, he looked vaguely familiar to Joni, but she couldn't quite make the connection that would explain why.

"She wanted in, Mr. Lockhart." The bouncer explained, with an ashamed look. "I know we aren't open, but... well.. she kinda, uh... 'persuaded' me..."

"Really?" The man asked, raising an eyebrow. "Well... What is it you want, Miss?"

Joni grinned and pointed to the door at the back end of the club, the one marked 'Exit'. "I wanna go out there."

The guy who the bouncer had called Mr. Lockhart frowned. "Well... I don't normally allow people to use my back door..."

Alice had explained to Joni how to handle this. Apparently, there was a way to get guys - and sometimes women, though that was more difficult, according to Alice - to change their minds.

"Well.. I'd really appreciate it..." Joni said... and her eyes not only locked onto his crotch, but she stepped forward and let an arm trace down his chest, while pulling her chest back to make her chest even more prominent.

"Oh, really...?" Lockhart said, in an odd tone of voice. "You'd really appreciate it.. how much?"

Joni knew how to answer that, thanks to Alice. "How much would you like me to appreciate it?" She asked, lightly running her fingers over the taut material staring over her wonderfully huge new tits.

Lockhart grinned. "Well.. why don't you start with Brad her. I'm sure he'd love a blow job..."

"Okay!" Joni said, brightly - Alice had explained about this, and it didn't sound like any big deal. With a big grin, she turned to face the guy Lockhart had called Brad. "Wanna play with my tits first, or anything? You know, uh.. whatchamacallit..." She frowned for a second, then remembered what Alice had called it. "Four-play?"

"Well, sure..." brad said. Stepping forward, he gripped her - and pushed his face towards hers.

She almost recoiled.. then remembered, and let her lips open and her tongue slip between Brad's lips. She didn't remember if she'd known about 'kissing' before this whole thing had started, and part of her seemed upset that she'd do it - but as soon as she'd started, she found it felt really good, and so she didn't have to work hard at all to respond to what brad was doing, letting her tongue play in Brad's mouth as his hands removed her T-shirt and played with her huge tits, which Alice was right about - it felt really, rally good.

Then, finally, he broke the kiss - even though she wouldn't have minded doing it for a little longer. Anyway, Alice had explained to her what to do, so she did it - smiling at Brad, she slowly sank to her knees and reached out to unzip his fly. Sliding his underwear down revealed that he did indeed have a cock - and it seemed big enough, at lest the size of the liquid-spouts that it so resembled. Since Alice had explained it to her, it was easy for Joni to pretend that the thing near her face was one of those dispensers, and she let her full, soft lips envelop it.

As she did so, she felt Lockhart pulling her ass upwards, so that she was standing bent over. She felt a moment of fear - then remembered something else Alice had talked about, and the fact that he was pulling down her skirt and panties seemed to confirm it.

Yup - there his cock was sliding into her cunt - and Alice was right, it did feel good...

With the big cock pushing in and out of her new cunt, creating wonderful new sensations, it was hard to concentrate on the big, hard cock in her mouth - but she struggled to do so, anyway, even as moans of pleasure built in her throat.

Then the two men seemed to stiffen at the same time - even as she felt the most powerful shudder of pleasure yet thunder through her body> even as she shook in the grip of the pleasure, she felt Lockhart dumping some stuff Alice called 'cum' into her cunt.. while Brad 'cummed' in her mouth.. and her eyes opened wider in amazement as the wonderful taste registered. Eagerly, she gulped down the wonderful flavor of his 'cum'.

"gee...!" She said, straightening. "that was great, uh.. sex..?"

"that's right - sex..." Lockhart provided as everybody re-arranged their clothing. "Did you enjoy it. Joni?"

"Oh, yes!" Joni said, brightly. "I'd love to id it again right now, but Alice said it took guys awhile to get ready for it again."

"That's right." Lockhart said. "But what if I told you I knew a place where you could not only have lots and lots of sex, but guys would pay you for it - and that if you say 'yes', I can take you outside, and you'll win the game..."

"really?" Joni squealed. "that'd be great!"

"Okay, then. Follow me..." Lockhart said. Opening the door marked 'Office', he lead her inside - then to a door at the back of the small room.

When that door was opened, it revealed a bright light that made join's eyes squint. It took her a second to realize what she was seeing... outside. Step through that door and she'd win. So, she did... and felt a wonderful surge of victory as she finally beat the game. She was outside. She'd won...

...and she had no idea what to do now. Her old life was barely remembered in the foggy mist that had enclosed her mind. She couldn't recall anything before ethos 'game', and little of what had happen during it...

...but Lockhart had already told her he had somewhere she could go, and where she could get lots of these wonderful 'sex' thing.

"Just get in the car..." Lockhart said, pointing to a big black limousine parked down the hill. "I'll be right with you, the we'll go to this place where you can have sex..."

"OH, goody!" Joni squealed, delighted, as she hurried down the hill towards the car...

* * * * *

Marcus Lockhart watched the huge-breasted, slim-wasted, cum-crazed nymphomaniac he'd turned John into run it the car, and smiled.

He turned back towards Brad, who stood in the unmakes steel-clad dowdy set into the side of the mountain where the old nine was located, now owned by Lockhart Industries.

"Well.. I'd say that went well.." Marcus said, blandly. "using an old acquaintance I had something against made for a safe test-case. How are the follow-up 'super-sluts' coming?"

Brad grinned. "We've got one in room three, and we're just starting one in room one."

"great, great.." brad said, heading towards the car. "Step up the [preparation of the facilities in Utah, Arizona and Nevada - I want full productivity in six months. We'll make a fortune off women who'll do whatever we tell them to do, eagerly and happily.'

"yessir...!" Brad said, all-but saluting, as he pulled the door shut...

* * * * * DAY 1

'Wake up, Danny! Time to wake up!'

Dan groaned, the amplified voice cutting through the peaceful oblivion of sleep and reverberating around inside his aching head, triggering echoes in pain from the obviously drugged beer that the black-clad men had bought for him at the bar...

THE END

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After gettng stabbed, a gangster staggers down an alley and finds himself falling into an establishment where he is transformed into a stunning babe.

The Getaway

By Gunslinger

Ron gasped as Snake, true to his nick-name, uncoiled like a striking Viper, burying all eight inches of the steel K-bar knife deep into the lanky red-head's side.

Ron, not expecting the thrust, clenched his teeth in pain as the force of the thrust threw him backwards across the cat-walk high in the chemical factory's dark-shrouded interior.

Snake smiled wickedly at the shocked look on Ron's face. The muscular, dark-haired man savored Ron's shock and surprise as his bright-red arterial life's blood created a spreading stain on Ron's shirt.

"Sorry, Ronny boy, but you've outlived your usefulness." Snake said with a tight grin. Jerking his head, he told his companion, a massively muscled, bald-headed man with ebony skin, "Go ahead, Bulldog - finish him off."

The massively muscled man flexed his huge biceps and approached Ron, whose mind was still trying to cope with the fact that the man he'd been carrying money for was having him killed.

His temporary confusion cost him. Bulldog reached one powerful hand out and viciously squeezed the wound, causing stars to explode in Ron's vision.

Easily, the powerful black man lifted Ron off the catwalk and turned to throw him to the factory floor, two stories below. Pivoting on one heel, the man thrust outwards, propelling Ron over the railing...

At the last instant, Ron whipped out with one hand and grabbed the other handle of the gym bag containing the three hundred thousand dollars he'd just delivered. As his momentum carried him over the railing, he was secure in the knowledge that Snake wouldn't let go of the other handle, and let Ron plummet to his death.

He was half-right. Snake would never intentionally let go - but, surprised by Ron's lightning quick grasp, Snake was unprepared, and before he could tighten his grip, the bag was yanked from his hand.

All three players screamed the same word at the same time as realization hit. "No!"

Then Ron, grasping the bag of money, plummeted down...

...into a vat of liquid. The chemical-smelling, warm liquid enveloped him, breaking his fall and saving his life - for now.

Spluttering, Ron surfaced and stared up at where Snake and Bulldog were gaping at him. Heaving himself over the side of the tank, knowing that they couldn't get down here in time, Ron took a second to turn and add insult to injury, despite the throbbing pain of the potentially fatal wound in his side. He just had to get in the last word.

"A pleasure doing business with you!" Ron called, forcing maniacal good cheer in his voice. Then, half running, half limping, he fled the factory, dripping wet with the unknown chemical soup.

Ten blocks later, he ducked down a dark alley, breathing heavily. The wound in his side was bleeding heavily, and his vision was fading in and out. He needed to find a place to hole up.

Staggering down the alley, he found a door marked "Ladies Only Fitness - Delivery Entrance."

Looking around to make sure that Snake and Bulldog hadn't caught up, Ron reached into his sodden clothing and extracted his lock-pick. Seconds later, the door sighed softly shut behind him.

Staggering through the darkened gym, Ron at last found the locker room. Staggering inside, he dropped the thankfully water-tight gym bag on the floor and painfully stripped off his soaking clothes. Staggering into the showers, he turned on the tap...

...and nothing happened. The water was shut off somewhere.

"Shit..." Ron murmured. Turning, he left the shower, the air cool on his naked, damp body.

He really needed to find something to stop the blood flow - but he felt so weak, so tired. Sagging to sit on one of the benches, he decided to rest for a second and regain his strength.

Just rest for a second.... Not even laying down, like he was doing now... and he certainly wouldn't close his eyes, like this... Seconds later, Ron was enveloped in the darkness.

* * * * *

Darkness slowly parted as Ron struggled towards consciousness. Sensations flooded to his groggy mind - the hard bench beneath his back, the dull ache in his lower back from the night spent on the hard surface, the strange, heavy feeling on his chest, the cool tile against his left foot - all these things and more impacted on Ron's mind.

But amazingly, it was what he *didn't* feel that had the biggest impression. He felt no pain from his side. The dull aching throb or the sharp, piercing pain he'd expected to feel when he awoke - if he awoke - was missing. Despite the multiplicity of odd sensations that informed him that there was something wrong with his body, not one of them, aside from the lower back, could be even vaguely described as 'pain'.

Slowly, Ron opened his eyes and stared blankly up at the acoustic tiling of the ceiling, waiting for the bolt of pain he should feel. When it simply refused to materialize, Ron slowly rose to a sitting position, pushing against the strange weight on his chest, and looked down to where the wound was - or should be.

For a few seconds, he simply stared down. What he saw was so radically different from what he'd expected - what he *should* be seeing

- that for those long seconds his mind simply refused to process what he was seeing.

He couldn't see the area that he was stabbed in - because there was a pair of immense, firm, swarthy breasts in the way. Firm, proud, and tipped by large, dusky nipples, the mounds were a creamy chocolate color, with smooth, immaculate skin. In fact, the same silky texture and mocha-color as the curvaceous, feminine legs that lay across the bench, one hanging off the side so that the dainty foot rested upon the cool tile floor.

Then it registered.

""Holy fuckin' shit!" Ron yelled - and was shocked to hear it emerge in a smoky, vibrato contralto. Startled, he involuntarily jerked - and tumbled off the bench, to land on a posterior that felt considerably more padded than it had been last night.

Shocked, Ron scrambled to his feet, staring at the smooth, feminine arm that helped lever him up. Staggering with the unfamiliar balance and center of gravity of his body, he stared down at the petite, long-nailed hand that tipped that arm.

"A dream - it's some fucking dream!" Ron muttered, wincing at that feminine voice - but he didn't believe his own words. The heft and weight on his chest, the air moving over smooth skin and - disturbingly - a sensitive, odd-feeling crotch, and the cold tile against his feet

- all this argued that this was, in fact, not a dream.

Looking around frantically, Ron caught sight of somebody from the corner of his eye and all but leapt back, banging into the lockers before realizing that the 'person' was merely a full-length mirror against the wall.

Shocked, Ron gaped at the reflection. Slowly, numbly, he walked towards the mirror, feeling his hips swivel and sway in an unfamiliar way, and the weight on his chest jostle and sway with each step.

Reflected in the mirror was one of the most stunning black woman Ron had ever seen.

Her dainty feet were attached to trim ankles that led upwards to even more shapely legs. Long, toned and well-curved, the legs were smooth and satiny, the flesh a rich shade of slightly reddish brown. Those amazing legs met at the dark triangle of her crotch, and the vertical slit that was nestled in the short, neat patch of hair.

Wide, womanly hips led upwards to a remarkably slender waist, before swelling to the ribcage that supported the almost spherical, practically matchless breasts riding on her chest.

Her shapely arms led to slender shoulders that tapered into a long, swan-like neck. A neck that supported a broad, exquisite face. Her mouth was amazingly full and seductive above her strong yet feminine chin. Her cheekbones were both broad and high-set, giving her an exotic, strong look without diminishing her femininity the least. A mane of curly, richly auburn hair surrounded that face in a cloud that hung down past her shoulders and obscured her well-formed ears.

She was a stunning, sensual example of dusky femininity. The only discordant note was the panicked look in her large, dark liquid eyes. "Oh..My..God..." Ron whispered in shock. "I... I'm a woman!"

For several seconds he merely gaped at his reflection, his slender fingers hesitantly sliding to his crotch to confirm that he no longer possessed his cock.

"I... I..." Ron stammered to the empty room, staggering to a seat on the bench. Slowly, it trickled through to his stunned mind that this must have been caused by his fall into that vat of - whatever it had been.

For several minutes he merely sat on the bench, staring incredulously at his radically altered body. His stunned gaze went from his slender arms to his amazing tits, then down to his long, shapely legs.

Only, none of this was *his*. *His* indicated 'being possessed by a person of masculine gender' - and one thing was now utterly clear to Ron - never again could the term 'his' be correctly applied. No - the legs, the tits, the cunt - they were *hers*.

Ron might have sat there in stunned, horrified shock if it hadn't have been for the sound of a garbage truck passing through the alley outside, the heavy thrum of it's diesel engine faintly penetrating the walls of the locker room. That's when she realized that, despite the unbelievable thing that had happened during the night, she was still alive, healthy - and, if she merely sat here, going to end up in jail when the staff arrived in the morning and found her here.

The thought of jail - of just trying to explain to the cops who she was, much less what she was doing here with three hundred grand, was enough to snap her out of her daze and get her moving. Self preservation came before grief over her lost man-hood - otherwise, she'd have plenty of time to ponder it while she rotted behind bars.

Even though she felt dazed and disconnected, Ron's survival skills, honed by years of hard experience on the streets, were as sharp as ever, and those skills carried her along. One look at the pile of clothes on the floor told her that there was no way she could fit into her old masculine attire - this body was fuller, and considerably shapelier, than her old one - she'd need to find some clothing as a first order of business.

Looking around, she spied a metal rod propped up in one corner - apparently a part of a towel-rack or something, but it would suit her purpose. Picking up the metal rod, she approached the bank of lockers and, picking one at random, began to pry it open.

Immediately, another difference in her body became obvious - this female body, while amazingly fit and limber, was not nearly as strong as her male one had been. Bracing her long legs on the locker, Ron grunted with effort as she hauled on the rod.

Finally the door popped open and Ron, gasping, let the metal bar drop to the floor with a clatter as she began to rifle through the jimmied locker.

She couldn't care less about style or accessories - Ron was just looking for clothing that would fit her altered body.

Stored in the locker was a white spandex body-suit with high-cut thigh and spaghetti straps - at least, that's what the catalogue the owner had purchased it out of had called it. To Ron's eye, it looked like a white one-piece swimsuit. Likewise, the jean skirt was merely a jean skirt to Ron, not a lightweight, pre-faded denim mid-thigh skirt with side-button detail.

Ron was exactly 'up' on women's fashions.

But it was clothing, and that was all Ron cared about. Quickly, she stepped into the body-suit and pulled it up, grimacing at the way it slid up the crack of her spectacular new ass and settled tightly against her sensitive new crotch.

It was a struggle to get the straps onto her slender new shoulders, as the garment hadn't really been designed for a woman as stacked as she was - but the spandex was also fairly elastic, and managed to cover Ron's new endowments, even if it did mold to them tighter than she'd like.

Next, Ron pulled on the denim skirt, wishing it was longer. She wasn't exactly proud of her desirable new legs, although she found them sexy - if they weren't hers, that is. The skirt fit taut over her womanly hips and bounteous, spectacular ass, making it a struggle to fasten the lower three buttons - but the top button hung almost loose. The original owner of the skirt had been nowhere as shapely as Ron now was, and the skirt was loose around her slender waist. With a sigh, Ron solved that problem with the slender white leather-belt in the locker.

For footwear, Ron was relieved to find a pair of white women's sneakers. They fit a little loosely, being about a size too large - but Ron solved that with a pair of thick black socks that padded the space adequately when she pulled the shoes on over them and tied them tightly.

Dressed, Ron started to turn from the locker - she stopped, and eyed some of the items in the locker, considering.

The black sweatband was a comfort consideration. Ron's long, thick mane of wavy, dark auburn hair kept falling in her face, which was annoying. Using the sweatband, Ron pulled the hair off her forehead.

As for the jewelry...

Despite the fact that Ron had three hundred thousand dollars to her name, her larcenous nature couldn't pass up the watch, bracelet, necklace and earrings in the locker. To her eye, they were good-quality gold, and Ron wondered what they were doing in a gym locker - the owner didn't wear them while working out, did she?

(Actually, the owner, a business woman, kept them there in case she was late, and had to run from the gym to a meeting, a fact that most women could have figured out - or sympathized with. But Ron was too new to the female life to catch nuances of that sort.)

At first, Ron considered just dumping the jewelry in the bag - but then figured she might as wear it, so it wouldn't get lost in the pile of bills. Quickly, she put on the watch, bracelet and necklace - then stopped, considering the earrings.

Small gold pendants with what appeared to be Tiger's Eye in the center, the earrings were clip-ons. Ron considered them for a second, then mentally shrugged and clipped them onto her small, well-formed lobes.

The last item Ron took from the locker was a last-minute consideration - a large, black faux suede purse with a shoulder strap. It looked big enough to contain the cash, and Ron thought it might be a good idea to transfer it. She was certainly unrecognizable to anyone who might come after the cash, but Snake knew what the gym-bag looked like, and Ron didn't want to take any chances.

Quickly, Ron transferred the money, finding that the bundles fit in the purse fairly well. Slinging the big black purse over her shoulder, Ron quickly retraced her steps to the door, stepped into the alley, and let the door latch shut behind her as she looked up at the early- morning sky.

The immediate danger over, Ron began walking slowly down the alley, her mind spinning. She was free, healthy, and fairly well off financially, and there was no way that Snake or his cronies would ever track her down, not looking like this.

But she was a woman - a goddammed nigger chick.

Out of immediate danger, Ron's mind was once more free to spin helplessly in circles, always coming back to the incontrovertible fact that she was now a woman - and would be, it seemed, for the rest of her life.

Shuddering slightly, Ron felt a wall of despair threatening to fall over her mind and crush her. She could keep it at bay, but was unable to banish it, and the longer she dwelled on the thought of spending her life as a female, the closer the dark wall came.

Out of self-preservation, she forced herself to stop considering the more distant future, and concentrate on taking things a step at a time.

And, she was surprised to find, the first step was breakfast. Somehow, after such an incredulous thing as being transformed into somebody else, such a prosaic thing as hunger seemed almost anti-climatic. But despite the changes in her life, there was no doubting the signal her stomach was sending her.

Focusing on that simple, every-day need helped stabilize Ron. Taking a deep breath, she calmed herself, and set off in search of breakfast.

Even walking was a new experience - her new body moved so differently than her old one. She would have expected to walk in a man- like stride, that being what she was used to - but the way her ass and hips swiveled were different, and she had to alter her stride, or put up with having her large tits jiggle and bounce distractingly. By using a shorter, more graceful glide, she could reduce - but not eliminate

- the sway of her new tits with every step. Somehow, that inescapable sensation of her large tits swaying slightly with each step summed things up - it was a constant, if fairly small, reminder of the changes that had occurred.

Trying to adjust to the feel and balance of her new body, Ron walked into the small corner diner that she'd almost literally stumbled across as she walked aimlessly.

The woman behind the counter looked up as Ron walked in and settled somewhat awkwardly onto a stool in front of the glass-fronted display/dining counter.

"Can I get some coffee - and whatever the breakfast special is?" Ron asked. It was going to take some time to get used to hearing that exotic, mellow contralto that emerged whenever she spoke, so dissimilar from her old voice.

"Sure 'nuff, honey." The older, slightly worn-looking peroxide blonde said. She turned to the opening in the back wall. "One egg on horseback, side of taters."

Turning back to Ron, the woman picked up the coffee pot of the warmer and filled the mug. As she did so, she leaned forward and spoke in a low voice.

"I may be just you and I, honey, but there ain't no need to advertise." Ron blinked. "Huh?"

The waitress gave Ron an odd look, and nodded downwards.

Blushing, Ron caught on, and shifted position, crossing his legs at the knee. He realized that a natural woman would have noticed the glass that allowed anyone on the other side a look.

"Sorry - without my first cup of coffee, my mind's useless." Ron said, covering her goof. She was starting to realize just how many little things separated men and women.

The bottle-blond waitress, however, smiled. "Yeah - I'm like that too. Once answered the door half-naked 'cause I was still asleep on my feet." Winking at Ron, she turned to grab Ron's 'Egg on horseback' - a steak and egg breakfast with a side order of hash-browns.

Ravenous, Ron dug into the meal, only pausing to sip from the coffee now and then.

He was only half-way through the meal that she discovered that she was slowing down. She had started off as hungry as she'd been for a long time, yet she was already feeling full. Amazed, she stared down at the food still left on the plate, realizing that her new body simply didn't require as much fuel as her old one.

"Can I get a refill?" Ron asked, gesturing at the mug with her fork.

"Sure, honey." The peroxide blonde replied, topping off the mug. "You sure started off like you were starving, but now you ain't so eager. Something wrong with your steak?"

Ron smiled. "No - my eyes are just bigger than my stomach. Everything's fine."

Suddenly, the realization of what had just occurred hit Ron. The way the smile came easily to her full, soft new lips. The complete lack of self-consciousness dealing with the waitress. For a few minutes, she'd been so caught up in simple day-to-day life, the fact that she was now living it as a woman had been forgotten.

No - not forgotten. The weight of her exquisite tits, the cool air on her hairless, shapely legs - all these were constant reminders, not letting her forget. It was more like...

...it didn't matter? Although her male ego tried to reject this answer - hell, being turned into a broad *had* to matter, right? - the thought had the ring of truth to it. No matter the color, gender or appearance of a person, life was life, to be dealt with moment by moment.

Ron had never been much of a philosopher - living on the streets and surviving on petty crime didn't leave much time for introspection. But in that moment, a brief, shining insight burst into Ron's mind.

She had a chance to start life over.

Sure, she was 'cursed' to spend the rest of her life as a woman. But, she was fit, healthy, financial well off - and free of her past life. No- one could possibly connect this exotic mocha beauty with the rangy red-head she'd once been.

Slowly, she went back to eating, her mind trying to deal with the new thoughts in her mind. She'd thought she'd glimpsed her future earlier this morning - but it was as if 'being female' was a huge wall. It had been all she could see, and it had threatened to crush her.

But she was starting to understand that there might be other things beyond that wall. Maybe - just possibly - even... good things. If she could just force herself to look.

Finishing the meal, she placed the fork and knife on the plate, mind still whirling with new thoughts - the most startling of which was that living life as a woman might not be a fate worse than death.

"That be all, sugar?" The waitress asked, breaking into Ron's reverie.

Looking up at the woman, Ron was startled to suddenly see her as a person - not just a woman, or a waitress, but a real person, with thoughts, feelings and dreams.

"Excuse me, miss..." Ron asked impulsively. "This might sound weird but - have you ever had any regrets in your life? Even things that you couldn't possibly control - like who you are, the life you were born into?"

The waitress' eyebrow rose. "Kinda early for philosophy, isn't it?"

Ron shrugged. "Please. Humor me."

The blonde sighed wistfully. "Honestly? 'Bout the only thing I truly regret is Tom Parren." She smiled at Ron. "Cutest guy in my junior year in high school. I had a crush on him the entire time - and I was too afraid to ask him for a date. He probably would have said no - I was a gawky girl - but..." She sighed again. "...he might have said yes - and I'll never know."

Ron was hoping for some insight that would help her face the future - but this wasn't it. She opened her mouth to thank the waitress...

..who was still talking.

"Although, to be completely honest..." The waitress continued hesitantly, lowering her voice. "I also wouldn't mind looking like you. I'm not ugly - but it'd be nice to be stunning."

Ron smiled. "Thanks." Reaching into her purse, she extracted one of the fifties from the bundles of cash that bulged the suede shoulder bag.

"Keep the change." Ron told the startled woman, then got up and left. The waitress's words had helped her to make up her mind.

No matter what she looked like, she was alive and healthy, and she was going to try to make the most of her life, irregardless of her gender. She'd been given a second chance - and she was going to take it.

The first step, as Ron saw it, was to get some new identification that matched her new body. It should be a simple matter - she had one or two connections that should prove useful in that.

Twenty-five minutes and a cab ride later, Ron was standing in the back of a darkened shop that he'd once heard Snake mention, in passing. In fact, it had been the invocation of Snake's name that had gotten her in, like some magic incantation that had made the small, nervous man with the face of a weasel open the door.

"Okay - dat take's care of da pic'shure. So, now I need ta know what name ya want to put one de I.D." The ferrety man - named Eddie - said, bobbing his head nervously.

Ron had been considering that on the way over. She wanted something that would be easy to remember. "Veronica." She said in her husky new voice. "Veronica Mae Eastman."

Eddie nodded and set to work on the immigration Ron had asked for. Veronica seemed like a safe name - she could use 'Ronnie' as a nick-name, solving the 'forgetting her own name' syndrome.

And the immigration card and paperwork was a stroke of genius. By claiming to be a new arrival from the Lower Antilles Islands, which were a possession of the US, it would explain her lack of history or previous identification. Better yet, in six months, she could take the paperwork and ID to a government office, and would be issued full American Citizenship if she passed the written test - at which time, she'd receive, free of charge, a complete set of authentic, government-issued identification documents, including her Naturalization certificate, passport and ancillary items. She wouldn't be able to drive until she took her driver's test - but when she passed that, she would get a real, genuine driver's license as well. Unlike faked ID, it would be in the computer system, and absolutely unbreakable as ID. She would legally be another person altogether.

Taking the finished ID, she sweetly thanked Eddie and paid him off - a rather large amount, but she could afford it. With a smile, she headed out the door.

Her smile faltered as she walked down the alley way. Her heart thundered in her chest as Bulldog and Grant, two of Snake's goons, came down the alley towards her. Their eyes were fixed on her...

...chest?

Ronnie almost laughed as she realized - of course - that they didn't recognize her. They were chest 'checking out that rack', as she was sure they would have put it.

Flashing them a smile, she jiggled and swayed past them, putting an extra little 'oomph' into it, practically flaunting herself in front of them, secure in the knowledge that no matter how hard they stared, she was safe.

Leaving the alley, she looked for a cab to flag down. Her plan was simple - catch a cab to the bus terminal, head to a new city, and start over with a new, quietly law-abiding life.

Before she saw a cab, her eye was caught by the sign outside of a woman's clothing store, and it occurred to her that she could use some clothing. Crossing the street, she ducked into the store.

Only as the door closed behind her did she realize she didn't have the first clue about buying woman's clothing. "Can I help you, miss?" the sales lady asked, coming up behind her.

"You sure can. I'm new to America." Ronnie said, slightly uneasy. "What's in fashion for somebody like me?" She could almost see the dollar signs flash in the sales-woman's eyes. "Come right this way, dear "

* * * * *

Ronnie came out of the store with a decidedly odd feeling.

She was dressed in what she felt was 'acceptable' clothing, given her odd situation. It was feminine yet not overly so, at least to her taste.

A dark-blue denim skirt hang to just above her knees, while a black t-shirt with scalloped lave collar covered her torso neither excessively loosely or tightly. A pair of black sandals with a simple one inch block heel encased her feet - all in all, a simple, basic outfit.

It was odd enough to be wearing it - but even odder to think she looked good in it. It had been a surprise to look in the mirror and find she liked the way the outfit looked on her. As a guy, the thought of dressing in woman's clothing would have been ludicrous - but in her new form, there was absolutely no doubt that she like the way she looked.

In fact, she was admiring herself in the reflection of a store window when she found herself flanked by two muscular, tough-looking men. Bulldog and Grant.

"Miss..." Bulldog rumbled. "We just came from Eddie's, and he mentioned you used Snake's name to get in. Well, we called Snake - and he doesn't know you. We think you should come with us."

The rather mildly phrased suggestion was emphasized by the snub-nosed .38 in Grant's hand, and Ronnie, her heart beating a thousand miles a minute, let herself be led to the car that pulled up to the curb. Clutching her shopping bag fiercely, she remained silent as the car drove to Snake's place, and the two muscular men led her inside.

Veronica's heart beat a thousand miles a minute as Bull-dog and Grant escorted him into the room where Snake half-sat on the bed, propped up against the pillows.

"Hey there, sweet thing." Snake said, eyeing Ronnie.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" Ronnie bluffed, trying to keep fear from her voice.

"Who am I?" Snake asked, dangerously gentle. "That's funny, I thought you must know me - after all, you used my name to get your fake ID" Snake uncoiled from the bed with dangerous languor. "So, tell me. How did you know to use my name - and where the hell did you get the money to pay for the ID?"

Well, there was an easy way to explain both of those away. It was embarrassing, but....

Ronnie forced her full, sexy lips into a slightly contemptuous grin. "C'mon, baby. Look at me - you mean you can't figure out how I earned the money? As for your name - one of my Johns told me to use it at the place. I didn't even know it was a name. I thought it was some sort of password."

Snake eyed her thoughtfully. "That's still a hell of a lot of cash, even for a ho'. And, I ain't seen you around, and I'm pretty well aquatinted with the local talent."

'Oh, shit - think fast, Ronnie.' She thought to herself.

"I just got into town. Starting fresh and all that - that's what I wanted the ID for. I had some problems with my man back in well, where

I'm from. I needed a new life." She forced her grin to become sultry, almost challenging. "As for the money - I'm not your average street whore. I'm top-class, and you pay for what you get."

Snake looked the gorgeous, mocha colored woman up and down.

"Really?" he said in a tone that made Ronnie's stomach turn. "Tell you what - I'm not quite convinced. So, here's the deal - you prove your talents on me and Bulldog here. We're satisfied, we'll pay you your top dollar. You don't convince us - well, you and I might need to have a little talk."

Have sex? With Bulldog and Snake?! Ronnie wanted to puke. Of course, she knew the alternative.

Without visible hesitation and with an apparently causal air, she replied. "Don't need to threaten me, Snake-boy. You got the cash, I do the job."

Snake smiled thinly. "Good. Grant - get back to work. Bulldog and I can handle this." Grant eyed Ronnie's sexy figure. "But, boss "

Snake's cold, almost reptilian eyes narrowed. "Yeah ?"

Grant swallowed nervously. "Have fun." He said weakly, then left quickly.

Snake smiled at Ronnie. "Okay, sweet-cheeks. I don't like sloppy seconds, so, save the real McCoy for me. Otherwise, just make sure you make my friend real happy. Now get to it."

Mentally cringing, Ronnie nodded. "Sure thing, babe." She turned to a grinning Bulldog.

"So, big guy, what is your taste?" She asked, forcing both a sensual voice and a sexy smile. It took some willpower to step close to Bulldog, and sensuously run a hand down his chest to the growing bulge in his pants. Keeping the smile firmly in place, she gently squeezed his hardening cock. "A blow-job " She suggested, mentally wanting to vomit. Thankfully, she pulled her hand away from him and used both her hands to squeeze and lift her firm round tits under the t-shirt. "...or a tit-fuck, perhaps " she continued, coyly.

"no - I've had my eye on the sexy ass o' yours, baby." Bulldog rumbled.

"Oh, God - no..." Was Ronnie's sickened thought, but she kept her smile in place. "Oh, so you've noticed " She forced herself to say, sensually. "Some guys think it's my best feature "

"I like it "

This was like a nightmare brought to vivid life. Yet Ronnie knew it could get worse - a lot worse. Although death might seem like a viable alternative, the truth was, sex with these guys was less then a momentary - if disgusting - occurrence. Because if she didn't meet their standards, they wouldn't just kill her - they'd rape her first> So her option wasn't sex or death. It was sex - or sex, then death. With those odds, she had to force herself to play along, no matter what.

At least she got some time to work up some nerve by stalling. Smiling she pressed herself against bulldog, letting her firm tits mash pleasantly against his chest. When Bulldog bent his head down, Ronnie closed her eyes, and began kissing him. Pretending that she was kissing Becky Levaré, a gorgeous girl he'd dated for awhile, he kissed Bulldog as erotically as she could as she slowly unbuckled Bulldog's pants and slid them down, followed by his underwear. Bulldog was 'returning the favor' pulling off her new skirt and simple black panties, exposing her firm, sexy ass and dusky new womanhood.

Then there was no more time to stall safely. Turning around, she bent over the bed, spreading her legs. Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to do more then just accept it - she had to make it seem like this was what she wanted, what she did often...

"Okay, big guy, let's see if your cock measure's up to the rest of you..." She said sensuously, fighting the bile in her throat. "Stick that big, hard cock deep into my ass, baby."

Then she felt Bulldogs big hands on her hips, and it took every bit of her concentration to keep her ass from clenching involuntarily as she felt the head of his cock slide across her dusky ass cheeks..

...and plunge deep into her.

"Ohhh God... yes!" Ronnie screamed. She had to scream as the huge cock slid into her, feeling like it was going to rip her open, and it was all she could do to make it sound like a scream of pleasure instead of pain and disgust.

Bulldog grunted as his cock entered her tight ass. Bending over, he reached around and began to none-to-gently fondle her tits - as he began bucking his hips in and out her virgin ass.

"oh... yes.. harder!" Veronica cried. "Faster!" She was dealing with the situation by a simple expedient - saying and doing the exact opposite of what she wanted to. The more humiliated and disgusted she was, the more aroused she acted. The more it caused pain, the more she pretended it was pleasure. She had to release her emotion somehow, and this was the only safe way.

And, Bulldog responded to her words, slamming his big cock into her, driving it like a jack-hammer. Ronnie's sexy, taut ass jiggled with each thrust the muscular man made, and sweat steamed down both of their faces as Ronnie 'urged' him on, forcing herself to sound like she was in the throes of ecstasy.

"You're so big... it feels so good... don't stop, never stop stud. Harder, harder, harder!" Veronica screamed - and realized something in the mist of her humiliation and pain.

The sooner he came, the sooner it would be over.

Immediately, she began bucking her hips in syncopation with his, driving his cock in and out of her ass faster and deeper than he'd been able to. Bulldog groaned as her taut ass slammed erotically against his crotch harder and faster, driving him over the edge.

"Yes! Fill me!" Veronica screamed, and the sound of her voice wasn't wholly faked as his cum gushed into her ass - it meant that her first - on hopefully, last - ass fucking was drawing to a close.

"That's it..." She cooed as Bulldog withdrew his cum-slicked cock with a wet 'slurp'.

"Hey, man - there ain't no shit..." Bulldog said, staring down at his cock in surprise. "Every other time I butt-fucked a babe, there was shit!"

Veronica was straightening up, trying to ignore the burning agony of her stretched ass as if it didn't exist. She realized that she had never had to shit yet in this new body, and her ass was as clean as a whistle.

"Yeah - I give myself enema's after every shit." She said, making it up as she went along. "Like I said, a lot of guys like to ass fuck me, so I keep it real clean, baby..."

Then, forcing herself to repress any thought or emotion, she slowly sank to her knees in front of him and forced herself to smile sensuously up at him. "...so I'd enjoy this more." She said - and forced herself to lick his cum-covered cock clean. She had to convince these guys she was better than the average hooker to explain her 'higher price', and so had to do every little thing she could.

"Well, Bulldog - that the best ass-fucking you've ever had?" Snake asked as the muscular man got dressed. "Well, it's right up there." Bulldog said. "And she certainly is a lot cleaner than any other ho I've fucked." Snake smiled. "Okay - go help Grant."

As the big man left, he turned his attention to Veronica. "You're cleaner, okay - but Bulldog didn't sound like his mind was blown. I thought you were spectacular?"

Ronnie shrugged. "Hey, I offered the blow-job. There's not much you can do with an ass-fuck, Snake." The man smiled. "Well - convince *me*, then..."

Veronica forced a smile. "Count on it..." Approaching him sensuously, she moved pulled her shirt off, letting her firm, sexy tits, jiggle freely, and kicked off her sandals, leaving her dark, sexy body naked.

She climbed onto the bed, and positioned herself so the her full, firm tits hung over his face, while her face was even with his chest.

"Why don't you suck on these babies while I get you ready?" She suggested, and Snake took her up on the offer, fondling and sucking her glorious tits as she undid his pants, and slowly undressed him.

When Snake was completely naked, she began to lick and kiss her way down his stomach, bringing her full, sexy lips closer and closer to his cock. At the same time, snake licked and kissed his way down her body. Reaching her crotch, he teased her clit with his tongue - in response to the fact that she was lightly sucking on his large, throbbing cock, licking at the head, then sucking it part-way into her mouth, thoroughly lubricating it while Snake helped her cunt get ready. She had to admit - it felt really, really good. But the thought of what she was doing still disgusted her, and she wanted to get it over with as soon as possible.

Working her way back up his body, she ended up stretched full-length on him, her dusky, sexy body pressed against his, his hot throbbing cock pressing into her thigh as she stopped long enough for a deep, sensual kiss. Then, sitting up astride his crotch in a crouching position, she positioned herself carefully - then dropped her hips, impaling herself on his large, hard cock.

Ronnie cried out in a mixture of real and feigned pleasure. As his hands rose to fondle her tits, she ground her crotch into his a little, then used her sexy legs to pump up and down. She licked her full, sexy lower lip and moaned erotically - and mostly honestly - as she rode the cock that belonged to the man who had tried to kill her.

Snake moaned at the wonderful sensation of the gorgeous black woman fucking him with abandon, and fondled Ronnie's gorgeous, bouncing tits as she rode his thick cock, gasping in pleasure.

She drove herself up and down with wild enthusiasm, little of what was faked as she got caught up in the pleasure of womanly sex. She felt Snake begin to shift as he neared orgasm...

And Veronica lowered herself, doing only small, slow thrusts, just enough to hold Snake at the edge without driving him over. "Oh... God... What are you..." Snake gasped, his balls churning with cum as Ronnie kept him at the edge of orgasm.

Carefully, not breaking her rhythm, Veronica leaned forward until she was laying atop Snake. Instead of an up-and-down motion, her slow motions were now a gentle rocking motion back and forth on his cock as she pressed her tits against Snake's chest and began kissing his neck and chin.

"Ah... ah..." was all Snake could manage, hovering at the edge. He was experiencing that 'almost there' sensation, the incredible, fantastic sensation - yet, instead of lasting a second or two, Ronnie was stretching it out, to the point where Snake was almost driven insane by the sheer pleasure of it.

"Beg me..." Veronica said huskily> She'd discovered that, not did this physically feel good, but it felt great emotionally to be atop Snake, with him literally at her control. She knew, right now, he'd do almost anything, and she wanted to hear him beg.

"Please..." Snake begged. "Oh.. God.. it's too much."

Slowly, Ronnie dragged herself back into an upright position- then suddenly began pistoning up and down on his cock like a human jack-hammer.

Instantly, both of them shot over the edge and into full-blown orgasm, screaming in unison as their bodies shuddered in pleasure.

And through it all, Ronnie continued pounding up and down on his highly-sensitive cock, drawing out his orgasm longer than he'd ever known.

Finally, sweat coating her magnificent body, Ronnie slowed down and gently pulled off of Snake.

She was somewhat surprised to discover that she might consider sex again in the future - with the right guy and or guys - not scum like Snake. It was... enjoyable.

Snake propped himself up on a muscular arm, eyeing Ronnie's dusky body as she slowly covered it. He smiled, almost dreamily, an expression that looked odd on his hard face.

"God, babe - you're fuckin' amazing." He chuckled at his pun. "You know just how to please a man."

'And wouldn't you be shocked to know how I know what a man likes.' Ronnie thought, repressing a grin. "Glad you enjoyed it, Snake." She replied in a husky voice, building up his ego. She was eager to make a clean escape. "I hate to be greedy, but..."

"Yeah, right babe." Snake replied. Picking up his wallet, he flipped it open.

"Do me favor?" Ronnie asked, seeing the thick wad of cash inside, and wanting to get away as quickly as humanly possible. Snake looked up. "What's that, babe?"

"Pay me what the other guy owes me? You can collect from him later - it'd save me some trouble." She flashed him her most sultry, pleading smile. 'Come on...' She thought, mentally urging him to comply.

"I don't know..." Snake replied.

Ronnie struggled to keep desperation from her voice. "Hey - you can make a profit. He won't know how much you paid - charge 'em extra, keep the difference. Play this right, and it could mean that it was a freebie for you last night."

Snake smiled at the thought. "Yeah - I like it." Counting out a wad of bills, he handed them to her. Tucking the cash down her prodigious cleavage, Veronica picked up her shopping bags and turned towards the door.

"I'll be seeing you again, real soon, sweet-cheeks." Snake said. "You can expect a lot of business from us, babe."

Veronica didn't even have to think about her reply. "I'll be looking forward to it, Snake." She lied. Anything to get out of here. Opening the door, she paused, struck by a thought. Turning, she looked back with a sultry, mischievous smile.

"It was a business doing pleasure with you." Ronnie said, then walked out into the morning sunshine, heading for the bus station, and a new life in a new city.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: As part of a Fraternity pledge, a somewhat nerdy guy sneaks into a sorority posing as a girl, little does he know that he about to be transformed into a full fledged sorority girl.

Getting In

By Gunslinger

Feeling like a complete idiot, Jeff Gainesboro stepped out of the shower stall, shivering at the way the cool air moved over his pudgy body.

The shiver and the feeling of idiocy were directly related, and had absolutely nothing to do with the temperature of the air - but the connotations that came from the strange new way the air felt as it caressed a body he'd just completely denuded of every follicle of body hair.

Turning, the nineteen-year-old freshman looked at himself in the mirror hanging on the back of the bathroom door, his thick lips twisting wryly as he surveyed his pale and now denuded body.

"I look like a freakin' slug..." He muttered to himself in that damnably soft voice of his, his blue eyes narrowed in distaste as he looked at himself. In that sort of grey area between 'big-boned' and actually being fat, the athletically disinclined young man's body carried a fairly even coating of flab over it's entirety, with only a little more of it concentrated at his waist in a slightly sagging pot belly. From the top of his crew-cut blond hair to the tips of his size-ten feet, all five-foot-ten of him was one basic series of undulations, the pinchable inch of extra fat denying his body and face any real definition - which had been how he'd come up with this plan, as embarrassing and ridiculous as it was.

"I could stop..." He muttered to himself. "I could not go through with it. Nobody would know what I was planning to do..." Even as he told himself that, though, Jeff simply didn't believe it. Not when he was this close...

His entire life, Jeff had been a social outcast. Growing up an orphan raised by a maiden aunt who didn't even own a television, he'd failed to pick up the sort of 'common background' that television had given all the other people of his generation - while, relying on books for entertainment, had become the much-despised 'bookworm'.

Now, however, Jeff finally had a chance to gain some measure of popularity - albeit a small chance. After all, the Omnis, the biggest frat on campus, weren't all that excited at the prospect of having him as a member. They were, however, willing to at least give him a shot, even if not a particularly good one, in a chance for him to prove them wrong...

There were a total of four pledges for the Omnis - and there also just happened to be four Sororities on campus, which had given the Omnis the idea for their little initiation test. Each prospective pledge had to somehow beg, borrow or steal two identifiable personal items from their assigned sorority house, proving that they had managed to somehow get inside.

Jeff's assignment was the Tau house - the most difficult sorority to 'pull something on', from everything Jeff had heard. In fact, the rumors made the Tau girls sound downright creepy, in a way - whenever any sort of prank or plan was attempted on them, they always seemed to know what was going to happen, and were ready to counter it in the most embarrassing way possible.

That was why Jeff hadn't confided in anybody about his plan - well, that, and to keep anybody from knowing that he was going to spend an evening in drag...

With another sigh, Jeff turned away from his reflection and continued with his preparations. Carefully toweling himself off, he placed himself in front of the sink and, grimacing at himself in the mirror, pulled his make-up bag out of its hiding spot under the sink.

The pledges had each been given a week to complete their task. Most of the pledges had rushed their attempts, in hopes of having surprise on their side - though nobody on campus knew who was pledging to what house, one or two attempts from each pledge would quickly alert each sorority what to watch out for.

Jeff, however, had spent the entire week preparing for his attempt tonight, on the last night, weighing preparation and the lulling of his target into a false sense of security against the advantage of surprise. Among the other preparations he'd performed during the past six days, he'd secretly been practicing certain skills, including doing his make-up - but that didn't mitigate the embarrassment he felt as he carefully did his face.

Indeed, the very fact that he could apply make-up so skillfully was an added sense of shame...

He started with the 'easiest' part of the charade - slipping in the zero-prescription 'sample' contacts he'd gotten, changing his watery blue eyes into a deep, hazel brown.

Then he had to move onto more 'feminine' things - and so, as he began applying the pastel purple eye-shadow, it was on a face that was flushed a red only a few shades lighter than it had been during his very first - and badly botched - attempt.

After the eye-shadow was applied, his pudgy but surprisingly dexterous hands carefully peeled his last pair of long, thick false eyelashes from its waxed backing and carefully set them in place, framing his now dark eyes with artfully long, luxurious lashes.

As quickly as possible while still getting it right, he moved on to applying the heavy, semi-gloss burgundy lipstick, further enhanced by the black lip-liner he carefully blended into the rich, purple-red shade - all in keeping with the advice he'd gotten from the book he blushing checked out of the municipal library, allowing him to subtly alter the contour of his somewhat flabby male lips, instead making them look like full, nearly pout female ones.

With the smooth, pale complexion of a true bookworm, no foundation was needed, and only on the garish, 'distract the eye from the actual face beneath' make-up scheme made the use of blush necessary, the careful use of three different shades of pink creating the illusion that his cheekbones were higher and better defined than they really were.

Looking in the mirror, Jeff had to ruefully admit that the total effect was that of a rather pudgy young woman doing her utter best to enhance what features she had.

With that done, Jeff headed out to the living room of the small off-campus apartment, where the rest of his 'costume' awaited.

The most expensive, and difficult, part of the costume was the mail-order latex prosthetic kit he'd had rush delivered from a theatrical supply house. Thankfully, there'd been enough of the foam latex mix for him to have three attempts - the first of which had been pretty bad, the second of which had been acceptable, and the third of which he'd saved for the actual attempt.

Now, with exceedingly careful movements, he began to apply the adhesive to the inside of the fake breasts he'd formed from the flesh-like latex, slowing to a near crawl as he oh-so-carefully spread the glue on the paper-thin feathered edges of the artificial bust.

Having bought a second full-length mirror for tonight's preparation, Jeff stood in front of it and carefully applied the 'falsies' to his chest, being exceedingly careful with the latex applications.

Looking eerily real, right down to the painstakingly formed and painted nipples atop domed areola, the breasts Jeff had formed soon rode on his rib-cage. With their finely feathered edges carefully blended into his actual skin with a make-up that matched both his natural skin-tone and the painstakingly matched shade of the breasts, it would have taken an incredibly close look to determine that the triple-E breasts weren't actually 'real' - though, with a grimace, Jeff noticed that these ones looked more 'fake' real than 'natural' real.

His second attempt had been damned near perfect. Between his build and the fact he was trying to force any viewer to accept his supposed femininity, he'd created a pair of big, saggy, pudgy-girl breasts. Unfortunately, this time around the latex had foamed up a bit ore while curing, making them firmer and rounder than he liked, more like implants than the naturally saggy shape of fat-filled breasts...

"I'll just pretend I'm wearing a push-up bra..." Jeff muttered, shaking his head.

The next item to be pulled on was the second-most expensive, also rush-delivered... but, this time, from a 'adult specialty house'.

It was a corset. Actually a fetish item, it was heavy, gleaming black leather - but it had high-tension straps that could be done up by the wearer, and that's what Jeff needed as he hauled away on each strap with all his strength as he buckled himself

into the painfully tight garment, constricting his pudgy male waist down to a dimension more pudgily feminine, while also creating the impression that his hips were wider than they actually were.

Taking only the shallow breaths the corset allowed, Jeff finished getting dressed in the clothing he'd carefully chosen from second-hand stores as far away from campus as possible.

First came a pair of exceedingly tight panties, chosen specifically to help with the masquerade. Carefully tucking his cock back and up between his legs, he pulled the high-hipped panties into place - then tugged at the elastic he'd previously exposed, tying it into knots on either side to firmly hold the panties in place, so that there was simply no way they could slip down.

The dress he pulled on was made of a stretchy 'crushed velvet' type of material, so deep purple as to be nearly black, and very much a 'gothic' style dress. Though the ankle-length skirt flared out at the very bottom, it clung tightly from just above his knees upward, helping magnify the impression of slightly pudgy femininity - especially since the high neckline of the dress boasted a black nylon mesh insert that exposed about a fifth of 'her breasts' through its only faintly obscuring fine weave. The mesh rose all the way up his neck, completely hiding the Adam's apple that had been only barely discernable due to his own layer of obscuring fat.

The footwear for the outfit was the 'granny boots' he'd found in his size - black leather ankle-boots with a two-inch stacked heel he'd spent the past week secretly practicing in. Now, very awkwardly due to the dress and the corset, he pulled the boots on, then rose to stand in them with a skill that he regretted having.

Almost finished, Jeff had only a few final touches to add to complete the illusion.

There was the wig that he lowered over his own close-cropped honey-blond hair. The massive, wavy mane of back hair piled high upward before cascading down around his face and shoulders, helping hide the breadth of his shoulders and the thickness of his neck.

Then came the jewelry: A ribbon-mounted cameo that went around his nylon-encased neck, a woman's watch that went on a similarly nylon-enclosed wrist, and a pair of big, 'silver' hoop earrings that clipped on.

With that done, Jeff no longer had anything else to keep him from the worst and most embarrassing part of this plan, the part that he hadn't been able to bring himself to 'practice' - actually having to go outside and face the world.

Picking up his purse, also purchased from a second-hand shop, he dumped his make-up into it, filling it with 'feminine clutter'. There was a couple of items already inside: His keys, a small bottle of perfume, and the only 'identification', a student library card he'd done up on the computer in the name of Virginia Hadstone.

Pulling the small atomizer of perfume from the purse, 'Ginny' gave several hard squeezes on the top, then quickly stepped through the cloud of faintly floral-scented perfume. Tucking the bottle back into 'her' purse, she took several deep breaths, letting the 'trigger' finish its work - since, as an added touch, she'd also been self-hypnotizing herself over the past

week, using the smell of that perfume as a trigger mechanism to help her think 'feminine thoughts' - or, at least, what she'd thought would be feminine thoughts, her unfamiliarity with women requiring quite a bit of guesswork.

Finally, as ready as she'd ever be, and as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs, Ginny headed for the door, her mind almost silently repeating the post-hypnotic mantra she'd instructed it to mutter in a continuous loop.

Peering through the 'peep hole' in the door to make sure she was unobserved, Ginny eased the door open and quickly stepped out into the hallway, moving with an embarrassing grace atop the short heels. Quickly pulling the door shut behind her, she headed down the hallway, face mildly infused with red as she wondered if any of her neighbors had happened to catch her leaving.

Since there was absolutely nothing she could do about it, she tried to put the thought aside as she headed down the stairs. Thankfully, her apartment building was just barely off-campus, and located near the corner of the campus on which the Tau house stood, meaning that - even slowed by the heels and the perhaps slightly over-feminine walk she'd practiced - it was, at most, five minutes away.

It was five minutes that seemed an eternity. She had, of course, planned for this to all take place after dark, so she had the dim autumn night to hide in, as well as considerably less people she'd have to pass - but for all that, she felt as if each of the seven people she did pass were secretly laughing at her behind her back, only pretending to find her unremarkable until she was safely out of ear-shot before laughing and twittering and promising to tell all their friends about the little 'queer boy'.

The fact that all seven were complete strangers, people she didn't even recognize as having seen here or there before, did nothing at all to alleviate the thoroughly illogical feelings.

After a five-minute eternity, Ginny reached the door to the Tau house, climbed the flower-lined steps...

...and stopped in front of the door, a moment of clarity breaking through.

'What am I **doing...**?' The young 'woman' asked 'herself', stunned. 'I'm dressed up as a woman, standing at the door to a house full of women who seem pleasant enough, planning to steal something from them so that I can join a group of guys I don't particularly like anyway...'

'She' could still stop. Nobody had recognized 'her' on the way over, paranoia aside. 'She' could simply go home and forget about all of this, about doing something that conscience insisted was wrong, all in order to become part of a group of people who shared not one single interest with 'her' own.

'She' could stop... and go back to a lonely, boring life.

Almost as if by it's own accord, even before her mind had been able to reach a final conclusion, her meaty hand rose and fell against the polished oak of the door, sending a reverberating sound echoing through the foyer beyond.

The door popped open so quickly that it was downright eerie, as if the trim little honey-blonde woman had been standing just inside the door, waiting for Ginny to knock - which must simply be more paranoia, since it was impossible, of course. Still, the so-quick appearance of the stunningly cute/sexy elfin blonde, a warm smile on her lips, took Ginny by surprise, and she had to physically restrain herself from taking a step back from the slender young woman dressed in the sweater-vest in the house colors, and bearing the Greek letters upon it's front.

"I knew it!" The petite blonde exclaimed, taking Ginny further aback, and making her heart pound in fear. "There's always one girl who waits until the very last second to think about pledging!"

Breathing a mental sigh of relief, the portly girl forced a weak smile to her heavily coated lips, certain that the woman had accepted the first-look impression Ginny had wanted to portray - and, better yet, had even supplied a valid reason for Ginny to get access to the house, something Ginny herself hadn't been able to arrive at, having planned to 'wing it' as best she could.

"I'm Tammy..." The bright-eyed blonde said, warmly, gesturing the taller, heavier-set 'girl' into the foyer of the sorority house. "The newest pledge from last year, and official 'greater' for anybody planning to pledge - and, just so you don't worry you've missed your chance, Tau hasn't accepted anybody this year. They're very picky."

"Uh... I'm Ginny - um, Virginia Hadstone." Ginny managed in the face of the blonde's unrelenting perkiness.

"Hey, Ginny - nice to meetcha..." Tammy said, brightly. "I *soooo* hope you get in to Tau house. It's just so much fun, an' all. I still can't believe how lucky I was to get in last year. Why, when I was were you are right now, coming up to the door to pledge, I was..."

The blonde's eagerness slipped for a second, a faintly puzzled blank look slipping down over her features, as if she felt there was something she should remember, but couldn't quite place her finger on it.

"Is... something wrong...?" Ginny asked, concerned.

Tammy spoke in a slow, almost monotone voice: "Uh, no... I... just can't seem to remember exactly how I felt coming to pledge - or even how I chose to pledge Tau..."

Suddenly, the petite young woman shivered violently, shook her head twice, sharply - then smiled brightly at her guest. "You're going to love Tau house!" She said in a strange little sing-song tone of voice. "I know I love being a Tau girl!"

She blinked again, a slight furrow crossing her brow, and then she shook her head again, her smile fixed and not quite matching the look of mild confusion in her eyes.

"Come on..." The blonde said, closing the door hesitantly, then gesturing down the hallway. "Kara LaVoi is the one you need to talk to..."

Nervously, Ginny followed the remarkably attractive young woman down the hallway. As they passed an open archway that lead to the living room, Ginny glanced inside - and suddenly felt even more conspicuous, seeing the three other Tau girls watching some soap-opera type show on TV.

All three were as remarkably sexy as her guide, albeit in different ways. Ginny had heard the rumors about the Tau girls, of course, and how popular and 'friendly' they were - but she'd always taken the Omni's descriptions of the girls with a large grain of salt, assuming they were 'talking up' the girls to make themselves look better.

"Kara...?" Tammy said, leaning through a heavy, iron-bound oak door into a room. "There's a new pledge here to see you." "That's fine, Tammy - you can send her in..." A rich, surprisingly deep female voice said from within the room.

"Sure, Kara." Tammy said, her upper half still invisible behind the partially opened door. "Uh - you know something weird? I was telling Ginny - the new pledge - about the night I pledged, and I realized that I couldn't actually remember that night. Isn't that weird...?"

Raising one eyebrow, Ginny waited to see how the unseen head of Tau house would respond to the perky blonde's babbling - but, oddly enough, she didn't, or at least not so Ginny could hear.

A moment later, Tammy held the door open, a huge and apparently heart-felt smile pasted onto her face. "Go right in!" She said in an intently bright sing-song tone. "You're going to love being a Tau girl!"

Ginny tried to thank Tammy for the assumption that she'd be accepted as a pledge, but the lovely young lady didn't seem to hear her, that huge grin still plastered to her face as she bid Ginny a vague good-by and walked - drifted, really - off towards the living room.

"You'll have to forgive Tammy..." The rich voice said from within the room. "She can be a little bit... spacey... after a drink or two. Please, come in."

Ginny complied, stepping into what was obviously a study - a fairly small, intimately cozy room lined with book-shelves. It's only furnishings were a trio of very comfortable-looking high-backed leather chairs clustered around a low table in the center of the room.

Sitting comfortable - almost commandingly - in one of the chairs was a tall, lovely woman with Mediterranean features and a wealth of long, straight black hair framing a face of strong, yet beautiful, features. Her lithe, toned body was dressed in a simple-yet-elegant black dress, and subdued silver jewelry glimmered here and there, matching the belt of beaten silver around her trim waist.

"Please, close the door and make yourself comfortable..." Tara said in that incredible voice, gesturing at the seat nearest her.

Nervously, feeling worse then ever at the thought that she was here specifically for the purpose of stealing from women who were showing her such hospitality, Ginny did as suggested, ending up perched nervously on the edge of the chair.

"Please - won't you have a drink...?" Kara said, pouring a few finger's worth of a ruby-red liquid from a decanted on the table into a small, finely-cut crystal tumbler and passing it to Ginny.

Though not particularly anxious to befuddle herself with alcohol, Ginny took the proffered drink and took a polite sip - and then smiled weakly at her hostess, taking another, longer sip at the delicious, somewhat fruity liquid inside the glass, which didn't seem to have much bite to it - some sort of fruit wine, perhaps, rather than a harder alcohol.

"It's quite good..." Ginny admitted, with a third sip that tasted even better then the first two. "What is it...?" "Old gypsy recipe..." Kara said, gesturing vaguely at herself. "Something of a secret, you see..."

"Oh..." Ginny said, finishing the liquid, and not arguing as Kara took the glass and refilled it, this time nearly to the top - the entire time, her dark, deep eyes fixed on Ginny's face.

"I have the odd feeling that you're not quite like the rest of the pledges I've seen over the years..." Tara said, handing the glass back.

Remembering the stunning attractiveness of the other Tau girls, Ginny blushed and shrugged. "No, I guess not - I'm sorry to have bothered you..."

With a feeling of relief at having her crisis of conscience so resolved, Ginny started to rise - only to be waved back into her seat by one commanding hand.

"Oh, I didn't mean to imply anything like that..." Kara said, smiling kindly. "Actually, I was referring to personality. As it happened, many of our rare pledges are rather.. focused.. on certain things. Not to put too fine a point on it, *if* those girls were men, some of what they do might be seen as being date-rape, they are so... um, 'eagerly focused', if you take my meaning..."

Remembering some of the Omni stories, Ginny blushed anew and nodded - though she wondered about the odd smile playing on her hostess' full lips.

"I guess it's lucky for all concerned that they aren't men, then..." Kara said, the odd little smile growing a bit wider. "Still, what they were primarily concerned with was 'getting laid' - and they certainly don't have any problems in that direction, so they got what they wanted, did they not?"

"Well, yeah, I guess..." Ginny mumbled her agreement, hiding her embarrassment with a long sip of her drink.

"Well, enough about them..." Kara said, dismissively. "Why don't we discuss you, and your pledge into Tau. We must be careful, mustn't we - after all, you certainly wouldn't want to find yourself pledging into a house full of people you really don't want to associate with, just for whatever 'fringe benefits' that might come from it, now would you...?"

Shaking her head slightly, Ginny shifted uncomfortably in her seat, suddenly feeling very thick-witted and dull. Realizing that the 'fruit wine' must be considerably stronger than she'd assumed, she put the glass down - but even that was difficult, her head spinning as she tried very, very hard to focus...

"What would you be willing to do to be popular, I wonder...?" Kara said, her voice low, hypnotic. "Would you pretend to be somebody you're not, just to become popular - and for how long, and how intently?"

"I..." Ginny said, trying very hard to concentrate - but the world seemed to swirl around her, and it was hard to remember what she was doing here, what was happening - hard for her to even remember who she was, the world nothing but a kaleidoscope of color and sounds, without form or meaning.

"What would you do to be popular...?" Kara's voice floated out of the swirl of color and darkness. "What would you do...? What would you..."

* * * * *

"...like another drink?"

Ginny blinked, and shook her head, trying to clear it.

"What...?" She asked, confused, looking around herself.

"I said, 'Would either of you like another drink?'" Dave Anson, one of the Omni boys, said, shaking the half-empty champagne bottle he held.

"I would...!" Tammy said, brightly, from Ginny's right. "How 'bout you, Ginny - another drink to 'get in the mood'...?" As Tammy giggled at the heavy innuendo in her tone, Ginny blinked at her, then glanced over at Dave in confusion.

She was sitting in the hot-tub in back of the Tau house, the hot water swirling and foaming around her bikini-clad form as she leaned back comfortably. Tammy was sitting to her right, and Dave to her left, the three of them apparently alone in the warm, whirling water.

"I.. don't think I should..." Ginny said, slowly, mind spinning as she tried to figure things out. Her memory seemed so... hazy. In fact, there seemed to be something in the back of her mind screaming that there was something very, very wrong - but she couldn't place her finger on it.

"Are you sure...?" Tammy said, teasingly, as she accepted the champagne flute Dave handed her. "I really think you'd have a lot more fun if you 'loosen up' a bit more..."

"That was what you were planning, isn't it?" Dave prompted, with a warm smile. "I do seem to recall you definitely suggesting the champagne to help 'loosen us up' when you suggested the idea to Tammy and I..."

"I suggested this..." Ginny said, confused, still trying to connect 'now' to any linear past - and finding absolutely no past to link to, aside from that vague and undefined feeling of unease.

"Sure you did..." Dave said, sharing a glance with Tammy. "You don't remember..." Ginny didn't answer, instead taking a long moment to take stock of her situation.

Looking down, she watched the water foam and froth at just about nipple level, a teasing, tingling, wonderful sensation as the water vibrated against the masses of breast-flesh packed tightly into her purple bikini-and, again, she felt that strange feeling of discontinuity, as if she were seeing herself for the first time...

...but that was ridiculous, wasn't it? She must have seen herself thousands - hundreds of thousands - of times, from every conceivable angle. She shouldn't feel the least bit surprised to see her full-hipped, voluptuous body, one that carried a few extra pounds, but carried them very well - especially with an extra four cup-sizes worth of saline implants to push her sagging B-cups out to a delightfully full, firm D cup, looking like a pair of flesh-colored volleyballs thrust from what had once been a somewhat too deep ribcage below somewhat too wide shoulders, detractors now minimized by the wonderfully huge breasts she'd been so eager to get so that the guys at Omni house - like Dave - would like her...

She frowned again, staring down at the deep cleavage of her chest, holding on tightly to the one memory that had just resurfaced - the strong memory of herself planning to get a pair of big, fake tits to help make herself more popular...

...and remembering feeling ashamed and embarrassed about planning to do that - and yet she must have gone ahead and done it, because those huge, round tits were now riding on her own chest...

"Ginny..." Tammy prompted, drawing the dark-haired woman's fuzzy attention away from her own massive rack and to the slender, shapely young blonde....

...who leaned over and kissed her. Passionately.

For a second, Ginny resisted, feeling that this was all going to fast, before she had a chance to actually decide to do anything - but it all felt so good.

So very good...

She started to reply to the kiss, her tongue delving deep into the warm willingness of the other girl's mouth - and she only stiffened slightly, and made no effort to stop it, when Tammy gently undid the bikini top and tossed it away, giving her slender hand access to one massively full, firm breast, her hand gently massaging and caressing it, fondling and squeezing it in the most pleasurable manner...

...and which was matched by the sensations coming from her other side as Dave began fondling her other huge, round breasts.

Gently, Tammy broke the kiss - then, with her free hand, slowly pushed Ginny's face away from her own, and towards Dave - who leaned forward and resumed the kiss, even as Tammy withdrew her own hand from Ginny's massive breast, and let Dave had the fun of taking one huge tit in each hand.

Ginny stiffened, no longer returning the kiss, her mind trying to cope with this. Kissing Tammy had felt good, physically and emotionally, and both hands on her breasts had created pleasure - but for some reason, this didn't feel right, having a handsome man kiss her and touch her in such an openly sexual way...

"Go ahead, Ginny..." Tammy whispered in her ear. "Let yourself go... Enjoy yourself... Enjoy Dave "

Hesitantly, Ginny began to return the kiss, finding physical pleasure in touching and being touched, kissed and being kissed - even though, emotional, there was something about this that bothered her...

...and then Dave was slowly lifting himself from the hot-tub, breaking the kiss and the fondle as he moved his hands to her shoulders, holding her down as he lifted himself to a seated position.

Inches from her face, his cock thrust from his crotch towards her, throbbing with his desire.

"Suck it, Ginny..." Tammy said in her ear, taking up the fondling of Ginny's huge breasts from behind while the buxom, dark-haired woman stared with a mixture of revulsion and hypnotic fascination at the organ throbbing so close to her face. "Guys love girls who suck cock - it'll make you more popular than you ever imagined..."

"I..." Ginny stammered, staring at the organ, as if hypnotized.

Slowly, Dave scuttled his buttocks further forward on the edge of the hot-tub, his cock growing closer to her full, partially open lips.

"Guys will want you around all the time..." Tammy whispered, enticingly. "They'll buy you nice things, treat you nice, ask you out to all sorts of nice places and pay for the privilege - and all you have to do is one.. little.. harmless. Thing... for them."

The cock gently pressed against her full, firm lips, its head warm and throbbing as it slowly inched into her mouth, its warm slickness pressing slowly over her tongue.

"Suck his cock, Ginny - I promise, it'll make you more popular than you ever imagined..." Tammy whispered, still fondling Ginny's huge tits...

...and Ginny yanked her mouth away from the cock, pulling away with a look of confusion on her face. "No, I don't..." She stammered, trying to sort out her strange, undefined feelings.

"It's okay..." Tammy said, gently pulling her back, and down, practically reclining the buxom woman in her tiny lap as Dave started to slide back into the hot-tub. "You can do that later, for another time, perhaps - we've got something else that

you'll enjoy as much as Dave. You don't have to become a slave to man's pleasure to be popular - you can become a slave to your own, instead..."

Smiling eagerly, Dave reached under the water and spread Ginny's knees, slowly positioning himself between them... "No, no I don't even know you..." Ginny protested, weakly, as Dave moved into position to fuck her.

"You'll like it, Ginny - you'll *love* it, just like I do..." Tammy whispered in her ear, holding her tighter.

"Guys don't like a cock-tease, Ginny." Dave said, leaning forward as he untied the thin bikini bottom that was the only barrier between his cock and her warm, wet pussy. "We both know you want it, that you're hot and horny. We both know you'd enjoy it, getting fucked good and hard - so why turn me down, and be hated? Why not give in to your own pleasure, and popularity...?"

Pulling her sopping bikini bottom from the pool, he tossed it aside, and prepared to thrust himself into her...

"No!" She cried, as firmly as her swirling head allowed, wresting herself from Tammy's grip and scrambling to get out of the hot-tub. "No, I don't want this!"

"You lying bitch!" Dave said, angrily, grabbing her wrist and hauling her back into the water. "You do want this! You're horny, and you know it. Even know, you're wondering how good it would feel to have my cock fuck you - so don't be a cock-teasing bitch and pretend you don't want it when you do..."

"No - I don't want you!" Ginny shouted, struggling to get free as her mind began to rapidly clear. "I don't want just anybody to like me, and I don't care whether... weather a bastard like you likes me, or a slut like you, Tammy! I won't do this to be popular - I won't!"

"Oh, you're going to do it, you cock-teasing little bitch..." Dave snarled, struggling to get her knees apart, with Tammy's willing help.

"Oh, you'll like it so much..." Tammy whispered in her ear, brightly. "Soon, you'll be a helpless little cum-craving slut, just like me - and just like me, you won't help but like it, because it'll feel so good, and you won't be able to stop yourself from sucking.. and fucking.. everybody!"

"No!" Ginny shouted, struggling. "Stop it!"

"Oh, no fucking way, bitch..." Dave grinned, evilly...

"I believe she said 'stop...', didn't she?" Kara said, firmly, from the edge of the hot-tub, staring down with narrowed eyes.

All three occupants blinked, the moment a frozen tableau with Ginny only a quarter of an inch away from being penetrated...

"What... But I.... Wait, something's wrong..." Davina stammered, confused, as she helplessly found herself letting go of Ginny and awkwardly climbing from the pool, her tiny little body burdened by both her unbelievably huge, round, medicine-ball-sized breast and the outrageously huge strap-on dildo she wore. "Kara, what.. what's going on, this.. this isn't right..."

"No, it isn't..." Kara agreed, firmly, walking over and unstrapping the massive plastic phallus from the tiny, huge-breasted woman's crotch. "You know that you shouldn't steel Mistress Lana's toys like this. It's for her to use on you and Tammy..."

"We know..." Tammy and Davina chorused, even though it was as if it was hauled unwillingly from their mouths, odd expressions of confused fear on their faces. "We're bad little submissive sluts, and we should be punished by being forced to suck lots and lots of disgusting male cocks..."

"Well, if that's what you think you should do..." Kara said, with a sort of dark humor...

...as Tammy's eyes lit up in bimboish excitement, and Davina's in utter horror. Despite the different reactions, the two women both scampered off with the same apparent glee to get ready for their night of punishment.

Standing beside Kara, arms crossed over her huge, heaving chest, Ginny stared up at the athletic woman with a look of mixed awe, fear and reverence.

"You..." She said, stammering. "You..."

"Changed you into a girl, yes." Kara said, with a touch of apology in her tone. "You, however, came into my house pretending to be one - and planning to steal from me, if I'm not at all mistaken. Given what you seemed to be willing to do for popularity, I thought sure our little 'motivation testing' spell would have turned you into a 'happy' little slut of some sort, as it did to most other imbibers. You're desire *not* to accept some form of fate resulting in near-constant sexual activity caught me quite of guard, I must say..."

The buxom new woman gaped at the self-described gypsy, her mind still spinning despite having gotten her memories back the instant Kara had shown up - there was still just so much 'impossible' events occurring for her to mentally catch up that quickly.

"I.. wanted a new life..." She said, numbly, to shaken to even think of trying deception or evasion. "I knew what I was doing was wrong, but figured any new life would be better than my old one, even if I had to do things I knew were wrong to get it..."

"...but, in the end, you couldn't go through with it." Kara finished for her, with a sigh. "Just as you wouldn't have actually been able to go through with the theft, if I'd been less impatient - or less sure - of myself, and let you work through it without resorting to my magic."

She gestured - and suddenly they were seated again in the study. Ginny - her body still emphatically and unmistakably female, but now dressed in a version of her original 'crushed velvet' outfit that fit her new form - now dry and warm and, physically, comfortable.

"I regret to admit that power does, indeed, corrupt..." Tara said, softly. "For that, I apologize. I had originally come here, sequestering myself in a house of only women, because I have little interest in men, sexually - but I fear that, since the only men I have seen since coming here tend to be ones trying to get into the girl's pants, I have allowed myself to become thoroughly prejudiced, painting all men with that same brush - and using the same 'punishment' on all those men. As you have seen, those other ones, like Dave - and, of course, Tim, who you know as Tammy - deserved their fate... especially since, before long, they truly and honestly become happy with it, getting all the sex they want. You, however.. are not like them, something I commented on without truly believing it. I am sorry, 'Ginny' - and, of course, the instant you step through the front door of the house, you will once more be male, with no memory at all of what has happened here."

"I... See..." Ginny said, slowly, looking down at the deep cleavage displayed by the mesh neckline of the dress. "What... What if I *don't* go out the front door...?"

"Don't go out the..." Kara started, confused - and then, she blinked, realizing that she'd merely replaced one set of assumptions with another set. "Are you saying...?"

"I.. never really gave it any thought before, because it was never really an option..." Ginny said, slowly, still hardly able to believe she was saying this, her mind awl. "You have just presented me with a whole new option, one that I really haven't had time to truly consider, much less... 'test try'. I... I'm not sure I want to pass on it until I have some sort of chance to take a stroll on the 'greener grass', if you know what I mean."

Kara gaped, stunned - and then took a deep breath. "Okay, let me make sure I have this straight, so there's no confusion - you want to remain female? At least for awhile, until you can see what life would be like, as a woman?"

Biting her lower lip and flushing, Ginny nodded. "I know, I know- I feel so... weird, upset, ashamed? Maybe even perverted? even saying it - but I also feel excited. I mean, I already know that my life sucks as a guy, and I also know that you've given me that

'escape hatch' to go back to that life, if I choose... but, even though, emotionally, I have a hard time accepting it, intellectually I know there's every chance that I might find more of a life as a woman - and I'd like the chance to try, if you don't mind..."

Kara looked thoughtful for a moment - and then, with a look of concentration, waved a hand in the direction of the front door - and then, with a deeper look of focus, made a slow gesture that encompassed the whole house.

"There..." She said, with a tired sigh. "Not only have I removed the spell on the front door, but I've released all the once-male 'Tau Girls' from their enforcement spells. They're still female, but with no particular compulsions on them - and no memory of their male lives, something that they'd appreciate if they could, if you know what I mean..."

Thinking of 'Davina', Ginny thought she did. "You... didn't have to do that, you know."

"I think I did." Tara admitted, ruefully. "Thanks to just happening to be a decent human being, despite the handicap of being born male, I'm no longer so arrogantly self-confident. Besides - you might want 'normal' women around you to help you adjust to your new, if perhaps only temporary, life... as the newest member of the Tau Sorority."

Though still unsure about this - but still feeling about three-hundred-percent better about it than she'd felt about lying, cheating and stealing to get into a fraternity of guys she didn't even like, Ginny smiled back hesitantly.

"As far as anybody knows, you're a new girl on campus - and were raised by ultra-strict, ultra-conservative parents, which will help explain away any... idiosyncrasies... you might display." Tara said, kindly. "Now, what type of female body would you feel more comfortable in, Ginny? Certainly one less, um... 'endowed'..." Tara flushed slightly, something she hadn't done in a long, long time. "I must confess to have a personal preference for buxom women..."

Looking at the slightly blushing woman who'd as much as announced herself as a lesbian, Ginny looked down at the huge breasts so firmly filling her dress...

"Well..." Ginny said, flushing brightly. "I really don't have a preference, and if you get some sort of enjoyment out of seeing me this way...?"

Kara blinked. "Are you sure...?"

Ginny looked at Kara - and then began to giggle.

"I've decided to try being female, which is weird enough, and so far the most 'long-held-fantasy' part of this is that an extremely beautiful woman finds me attractive - except that she's a lesbian gypsy witch who likes my big, fake tits." Ginny said, around her giggles. "I'm not sure of a damned thing right now - but I do know that I won't feel any less, uh, 'weird' about this with smaller breasts, so yes - if you like them the way they are now, then let's keep them this way, at least for now."

"You're willing to keep them... because you like the fact that I find them sexy...?" Tara asked, very slowly and distinctly, sure she'd heard wrong.

Ginny was flushing brightly - but she met Tara's gaze with a long, level look as she slowly nodded.

"I may be female now..." Ginny said, her voice husky, "...but I still have my male sexual preferences, and I find you extraordinarily attractive - and, unlike with Tammy, I'm actually interested in, um..."

She swallowed nervously and waved a hand in the vaguest manner - but Tara managed to catch the drift of her thought. "Are... you sure...?" Tara asked, hesitantly.

Ginny hesitated - then grinned broadly, still blushing brightly. "Hell, no! - but let's do it anyway."

Tara looked long into the new woman's eyes, making sure - then slowly began to smile herself as she rose and sensuously approached the buxom new Tau girl.

A wave of a hand was all it took from the gypsy to remove their clothing, leaving both their bodies bare as she leaned in close for a kiss - a long, slow, deep kiss, not as demanding as the ones Dave and Tammy had forced upon Ginny, but one that was even more pleasurable.

Slowly, Tara's hands traveled downwards to the firm, round breasts she'd given the new girl, her strong-yet-slender fingers moving lightly over the taut, soft skin.

Pulling her lips slightly from Tara's, Ginny grinned.

"I enjoyed the physical sensations of what Tammy and Dave were doing..." She whispered, throatily. "It just didn't feel right, emotionally - but this does..."

Leaning in for one quick, almost hard kiss, Ginny then placed one hand on top of the taller woman's head - and began easing her downward.

Tara didn't resist - at least, not until her lips were level with Ginny's nipples.

Closing her eyes and sighing, Ginny let the gypsy fondle her massive new breasts, feeling very weird indeed about the whole situation - but enjoying it nonetheless, as the warmly expert lips of the lesbian witch worked her fully erect nipples...

...and then slowly slid further downward, needing no more prompting from Ginny.

Letting her head loll back, the new woman slowly spread her smooth new legs wide open, leaving access to a new womanhood that was already warm and moist, ready for what was to come.

With an expert touch, Tara gently pressed her hands against either side of Ginny's new womanhood - then gently eased one thumb into her sopping cunt, even as she leaned forward and lightly licked her engorged clit.

Ginny gasped, hips bucking slightly - but she did nothing to stop Tara as the experienced woman began rolling her thumb with light pressure at the bottom of her cunt, as if rolling her thumb for a fingerprint blotter - while all the time, her lips and tongue were licking, teasing and nibbling at Ginny's clit.

Her own hands coming up to her massive new breasts, the new woman began to gasp and moan in a continues string of pleasure as the other woman's expert ministrations continued, the thumb now giving way to a finger that worked in and out to the now less-steady oral action...

...and then, finger and lips were removed, to be replaced with the feeling of a thick, smooth plastic dildo sliding deep into her sopping cunt.

Ginny gasped and her eyes flew wide open, not having expected this - but she didn't ask Tara to stop as the athletic woman began to rhythmically work the plastic phallus in and out of her eager, ready womanhood.

Quite the opposite...

"Yes..." Ginny moaned, amazed at the pleasure she was feeling. While not actually greater then the pleasure sex had brought her as a man, it was definitely different - and that made it more exciting and enjoyable... "Oh, yes, Tara - harder...!"

The witch complied, the dildo working faster and harder as Ginny squeezed and fondled her own massive tits, writhing in pleasure...

...until her first female orgasm ripped through her, leaving her twitching and screaming in pleasure, her hands suddenly claming on her new tits, hard, in instinctive reaction.

Slowly, as Tara withdrew the dildo, the orgasm faded down into a warm, pleasurable haze, and Ginny smiled down at the gypsy. "A girl could get to like this sort of thing..." Ginny said, warmly.

"I know..." Tara said, holding up the dildo she'd just used on Ginny - which, right before the new girls eyes, become longer, magically transforming into a double-ended strap-on dildo.

"Feel up to round two...?" Tara asked, grinning wickedly...

...and Ginny grinned back, and reached for the dildo.

Yes, indeed - A girl could most *definitely* get to like that sort of thing... THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When his ex-girl friend, who is a witch, gets her revenge and changes him into a sex starved bimbo, she may give a choice of which life he wants to lead.

Getting It

By Gunslinger

As he led the hooker towards his motel room, Bryan couldn't help but keep looking back over his shoulder at her.

It wasn't to make sure she was following him - after all, he was going to be shelling out quite a bit of cash for this little bit of 'entertainment'.

No, it was because he couldn't keep his eyes off her tits. Her huge, round, oh-so-wonderfully-fake tits.

Brian's cock was already harder then it had any right to be, throbbing painfully in the confines of his jeans - all because of those tits.

It was those tits that had caused him to pick her up, and it was because of those massive, fake tits that he was going to fuck her brains out.

Bryan was honest enough with himself to know he was a pretty screwed up individual - not that it showed in his 'public persona', of course. One of the major advantages of being aware of your own insanity was the ability to keep it hidden from the general public.

Which was why, to the world at large, Bryan Steadmuller was a vaguely handsome self-made man. At thirty-two, he was a bonafide millionaire, though as far as the rest of the world knew, he was frugal with the money he'd made off a few patents he'd sold.

Everybody who ever met the slightly pudgy, sandy-haired young man with the perpetual smile on his round, pleasant face all said the same thing - that Bryan was an extraordinarily friendly man who was also remarkably kind and polite - especially to the ladies.

Which was true, to a point. After all, in the circles he moved in, they were indeed 'Ladies', or at least reasonable facsimiles thereof, and Brain's very strict, very proper mother had made sure that her son would always be polite to a lady.

However, there were other women in the world, and not all of them fit the criteria for being a lady...

...which is how Bryan had come to have his little psychotic fetish.

In the presence of your average slender, lovely young lady, impeccable and modestly dressed, Bryan couldn't even get it up.

Take that same woman, strip her down to just her underthings, and the best Bryan could do was make gentle, nearly submissive love to her - which he did while pretending that he liked doing so, since it made his social life easier.

After all, he couldn't very well ask your average well-bred lady to wear slutty clothes and extreme high-heels, plenty of make-up and adopt a slutty attitude - though that's what it would take for Bryan to be able to fuck more or less with abandon.

Of course, there were certain women out there who already met those criteria, and so Bryan sought them out when he wanted to indulge in his urges...

...but he'd never found any woman even as close to 'perfect' as this hooker was. Just seeing her had been enough to unleash the near-bestial man within Brain's pleasant-looking body.

She was the antithesis of a 'Lady'.

She wasn't particularly pretty, really - which helped. Indeed with her somewhat too-strong features, she'd 'made up' for it by applying her make-up with a trowel - bright-red lipstick, rouge, heavy fuchsia eye-shadow and plenty of mascara and eyeliner.

Her shoulder-length hair wasn't only blonde, but a lusterless, much-bleached platinum blonde that fell around her face in ungainly waves.

She wore clothes that no real 'lady' would ever even think of wearing: A pair of thigh-high black leather boots that not only had seven- inch high stiletto heels and a two-inch platform, but boasted huge, unsubtle chromed zippers up the outside of each, so perfectly garish and unlady-like. Her ragged jean shorts not only clung to her almost over-full hips and huge, round ass like a second skin, but they were so high and tight that they practically traced the outline of her cunt.

Then there was her top. Her tight, white spandex crop-top.

The one molded to her wonderful massive, unbelievably fake, terrifically whorish tits.

No 'lady' would consider doing such a thing to her body. These breasts weren't just 'big' - they were grotesquely huge, each one like a flesh-colored basketballs somehow merged with the woman's chest. Barely contained within the straining fabric of the top, these breasts were massive, magnificently firm tits that could only be thrust from the chest of a complete and utter slut...

...which ever single aspect of her entire being declared her to be, right down to the over-exaggerated sway of her walk, which not only made her huge, round bubble-butt sway and dip with each wide sway of her full, rounded hips - but also, quite

purposefully, made those massive, fake boobs jiggle and bounce, as if they were eager to escape the confines of the tiny top that barely contained them.

Fingers trembling, Bryan unlocked the door to the cheep, scuzzy hotel room he'd rented. As he led the huge-breasted hooker into the unit, he still couldn't believe his lick - Priscilla, his current girlfriend and a 'proper lady', had been called out of town unexpectedly, and he'd just started cruising the streets. Usually, his search for release was a well planned affair, and he usually went well out of town for his search, occasionally even as far as Reno and Vegas - but, recently, Priscilla had been more 'clingy' than usual, and it had been much longer than usual since his last fling, so he'd found himself throwing caution to the winds, and prowling his own home turf...

...and despite the risks to her public person, he was glad he had - for otherwise he wouldn't have found this perfect, huge-breasted, unlady-like whore.

"Come on in..." Bryan said, drooling over her wonderfully ridiculous tits as she jiggled, swayed and bounced her way into the room atop her whorish high heels.

Closing the door, Bryan quickly locked it - then turned right back to the huge-breasted blonde sharing the room with him, his eyes tracing over her fantastically slutty form.

"God, I'm gonna fuck your brains out..." Bryan promised with a wicked grin.

"Oh, you like what you see, huh, big boy...?" The hooker cooed in a husky, come-fuck-me voice that was as patently fake and as wonderfully slutty as her surgically-inflated tits. "My body got your engine revving...?"

"You bet..." Bryan said, taking a step towards her, feeling the 'inner him' he usually kept so tightly contained starting to slip loose. "I'm gonna fuck your brains out, you cheap slut."

"Oh, that's so flattering..." She said in that bored-yet-sexy voice of hers. "You want my body, don't you big boy? Go ahead, hunk, say it - say you want my horny, big-titty whore's body..."

"Yeah..." Bryan grunted in eager agreement, his cock like a throbbing bar of iron in his pants as he took another step closer to his rented pleasure-maker.

"Say it..." She teased, sliding her hands over her bare belly and lightly across the massive tits thrust so ridiculously far out from her ribcage. "Say it, hunk..."

"I want your horny, big-titty whore's body..." Bryan said, hungrily...

...and the world seemed to spin around him, and when the momentary vertigo passed, he blinked - and found himself staring at.... himself.

"What the fuck...?" Bryan demanded of the look-alike of himself, standing near the unit's door...

...only to hear a husky, 'come-fuck-me-if-you-want' female voice emerge that drove home the realization that the Bryan standing across wasn't a 'look-alike' - and that *he* wasn't looking at himself:

She was.

Looking down, Bryan felt the waves of much-bleached hair caressing her over-stated cheekbones as her long-lashed eyes widened and her over-full, over-painted lips dropped open in disbelief.

She was staring down at the massive, artificially round tits she'd been drooling over - but she'd never imagined she'd be seeing the huge - and surprisingly heavy - boobs from quite this angle...

"Why, what do you think happened, *darling*?" 'Brian' asked, sarcastically. "Just the usual - once again, the high-and-mighty Bryan Steadmuller got what he asked for..."

The tone and timbre of the voice was Brian's - but the cadence and speech pattern was not. They were, however, familiar...

"Pr.. Priscilla...?" The huge-breasted whore housing Brain's persona said in that damnably whorish voice, stunned. "But... how... why...?"

"Just correcting a minor mistake, my dear..." The man answered, the tones of Priscilla's mind spilling out in the sound of Brain's own voice. "You see, I come from a very... interesting family, and we have a few little... quirks. As it happens, I know all about your little 'business trips', because I've been watching every move you make in my crystal ball. I just decided to correct a mispronunciation you keep making while telling the cheep whores your fuck about your 'stuck up girlfriend'. You see, you kept pronouncing it as 'bitch'..."

The huge-breasted new woman gaped at the image of her old body, even the massive weight from her huge new bust momentarily forgotten in the shock.

"You're a... witch?" She gasped, barely hearing the bored/horny voice of her new form.

"One of my ancestors barely missed being stoned at Salem." The witch in Brain's body said, smugly. "We've sort of kept it quiet after that - except for when good enough reasons came up, like now."

The new woman staggered back, until her bubble-butt pressed hard into a wall, feeling like two fully-packed, highly-sensitive feather- down pillows grafted in place. "But... I.. You can't..."

"Oh, yes - I can." Bryan said, bitterly, the familiar lips curling in a cruel smile that the original owner had never worn. "You see, I like being a woman, and so I'm going to change myself back at the end of the evening. That means you have until I get bored of this male body to 'help' me decide who should vanish - Bryan Steadmuller..." He jerked a thumb at his own body, then swung the hand around and pointed at the stunned new woman. "...or Brianna Bobbies."

The newly-christened Brianna gaped at the man playing at being Bryan Steadmuller. "You.. You don't mean..."

"Oh, but I do..." Bryan said, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "You be a good little whore, and do everything I tell you, and I'll switch out bodies back before becoming myself again. Otherwise, I use this body to become my normal self again - and leave you just like you are."

Brianna gasped, horrified. "You.. You can't do that...!" Bryan didn't answer.

He didn't have to. Brianna didn't even need a mirror to feel the new and undeniably feminine sensations of the body she wore - the over-full packed sensation of her huge new ass, the swish of bleached hair surrounding her face, the feel of tight denim pulled almost painfully tight across her new - and disturbingly moist - cunt...

...and, above all, the heavy, jiggling weight of her massive new bust, all of which argued that Bryan *could*.

"Don't be shy on my account..." The man on the bed said, cruelly, crossing arms over an admirably flat, male chest that the huge-breasted whore longed to have. ""e both know how eager you are to get your hands on those huge, fake boobs of yours, so go right ahead... *Brianna*.""

"Priscilla... Please...!" Brianna sobbed a broken plea.

The man's face hardened. "My name for now is Bryan!" He snapped - and then a cunningly cruel look returned to his face. "Of course, if you're not yet comfortable with playing with your huge titties in front of a man, I can give you plenty of time to work up your nerve. How does a whole *lifetime* sound to you, Brianna...?"

Shaking in both horror and humiliation, Brianna bit her full new lower lip - and tasted the waxy flavor of the garish crimson lipstick she wore.

She closed her eyes - and felt her long, thick lashes flutter against each other.

She took a long, deep breath - and felt the near-painful compression of the straining spandex over her massive and damnably sensitive new boobs as her chest expanded.

She couldn't bring herself to believe that this was happening - yet she couldn't dismiss it either, for the consequences would be feeling these sensations forever...

Hesitantly, eyes still closed, Brianna lifted trembling hands and lightly touched her new fingers to the taut fabric covering the sides of her massive, spherical new breasts.

The new sensation assaulted her, unwanted pleasure mingled in the with horrified humiliation she felt as she hesitantly traced her long, blood-red new nails over the taut fabric.

"Oh, come on - you can do better than that." Bryan said, in disgust. "Grab those huge boobs of yours! Squeeze them! Play with them!"

Eyes still closed, body shaking in disgust, Brianna did as instructed, forcing herself to grip more tightly to the unwanted bust, feeling the firm give of the fully-packed tit-flesh behind the stretchy fabric as she squeezed them together and lifted them up. Even as they bulged up and out the top of the spandex garment, threatening to spill free from its confines, she shuddered at the pleasant sensation her touch was creating even as she was newly amazed at the sheer mass of the huge, saline-pumped tits.

"Work those boobs, baby..." Bryan taunted. "Show them off, play with them..."

Sliding the palms of her slender new hands until they were centered on her massive new tits, Brianna squeezed, hard - and gasped at the pleasure that thrummed from her swollen chest, causing the low warmth in her crotch to increase, a disturbingly pleasant damp, slick sensation.

"Still not taking the top off...?" Bryan snorted. "Gee, maybe you're ashamed by how **tiny** your boobs are..."

Brianna's eyes flew open and she let out a strangled gasp as, beneath her hands, her already freakishly huge tits began to grow even bigger.

She gasped because of the strange sensation of internal pressure that occurred as they started to swell.

She gasped because of the external pressure as the already straining crop-top grew even tighter over her swelling mounds. She gasped... because it felt fantastic.

"What.. are you doing...?" Brianna gasped, squirming uncomfortably as the rising wetness of her crotch increased with the growing pleasure in her breasts, even as she hurriedly moved to yank off her tightening crop top.

"Oh, I thought if your breasts were going to be bigger, they should also be more sensitive... whoa, lookit those puppies!"

Brain's gasped was the result of Brianna's desperate struggle to remove the now-too-small crop-top. With a soft 'pop', the taut fabric had finally cleared the center-point of her bulging bosom, and finally came free - leaving her massive, now-enlarged tits free.

As Brianna tossed the top aside and gaped down at her enlarged bust, her massive new tits - each now the size of a medicine ball - jiggled and bounced once, twice.. and then settled back against her ribcage, still impossibly firm and round, and now even more impossibly huge.

"Better..." Bryan snickered. "Now, go on - play with your huge, sensitive new tits..." Whimpering low in the back of her slimmer new throat, Brianna reluctantly obeyed...

...and then was shocked and ashamed by how hard she had to maintain that reluctance, as pleasure flowed from the manipulation of her hands on the tautly soft flesh of her enormous tits.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Bryan said, with a cruel chuckle. "Go ahead, really do them over - grab those nipples of yours and tune in Tokyo, baby..."

"I..." Brianna gasped, hands kneading the smooth, firm flesh of her huge, heavy tits with unwanted passion. She brought her fingers in towards the small nubs of her nipples tipping each ridiculously over-inflated breasts, and hesitantly let her long nails make failed attempts to 'tune' them. "I.. can't..."

"Let me help..." Bryan suggested...

Brianna gasped as her nipples suddenly swelled outwards between her lightly-questing fingers. Suddenly, the pincers of thumb-and- forefinger on each hand found themselves full of warm, this, erect nipple...

...and the new whores knees nearly buckled at the pleasure that emerged as she squeezed them tightly and began to pinch, twist and tweak them energetically.

"No... Too... pleasurable..." She gasped, trying not to feel the amazing pleasure from her hyper-sensitive new nipples - and failing miserably.

Being a woman was bad.

Being a huge-breasted woman with tits the size of medicine balls and nipples each as thick and long as her pinkie finger was worse.

Finding some sort of pleasure, especially a type of pleasure easily the equal of any she'd ever felt as a man was the most humiliating, the most disgusting, the most... disgustingly enjoyable of all.

"Oh, look - my huge-breasted whore's getting all horny from playing with her big ol' titties..." Bryan said with patently false compassion.

It was true. She didn't want to feel this way, but she couldn't help it - playing with her newly-swollen tits and nipples had gotten Brianna sopping wet, the taut fabric covering - and slightly pushing into - her tight new cunt was rubbing across her swollen clitoris and causing her disturbingly pleasant female arousal to increase in power.

Almost against her will, Brianna found one of her hands sliding off her massive, super-sensitive tits and gliding southward, to where a frustrating, wonderful, painful pleasure begged to be satisfied...

"Ah, ah..." Bryan said, warningly, as Brianna's hung, trembling with both shame and need, undid the buttons of the skin-tight shorts. "You bring yourself off, and you stay female..."

Fingers poised near her sopping, needful new cunt, Brianna gaped at Bryan.

Smiling, the man slowly peeled off the shirt and pants he'd undone while watching Brianna play with herself - and revealed a leaner, harder body than had previously been there...

...and a longer, thicker cock than it had ever possessed before.

"Of course..." The muscular, better-endowed Bryan said, mock-thoughtfully, as he exposed his hard new figure. "If you were to ask very, very nicely, maybe I'd be willing to help you out with your little problem..."

"No..." Brianna gasped in horror at the thought, the shame and disgust finally strong enough to allow her to yank her hands away from her damnably sensitive new body and it's 'perverted', feminine sexual craving.

"Suit yourself..." Bryan said with a shrug, reclining back on his elbows on the bed, his thick, throbbing eleven-incher thrust up in the air.

Keeping her hands away from her over-exaggerated new body, Brianna tried to think about baseball, ice-hockey, and other non- sexual sports...

...and failed miserably.

Female arousal wasn't anything like male arousal. It was internal... and self-sustaining.

She was already painfully horny, and even as she tried to calm herself down, she found her hands wanting to rise back up, touch her hideously sensitive new body, play with her gorgeously grotesque tits...

...and finger her hot, tight, sopping-wet-and-painfully-ready to the much-needed release of orgasm. "...please..."

"Hmmm?" Bryan said, feigning hearing problems. "What was that?"

"Please..." She repeated in a voice filled with anguish at the humiliation of what she was doing. "Please, I'm... I'm so horny..." "I see..." Bryan said, thoughtfully. "Are you suggesting that I might be able to help? In what way, pray tell...?"

Biting her full lip at the shame of being forced to ask for this, explicitly, Brianna's desperate arousal gave her the impetuous needed to say such a disgusting thing: "Please... I.. I need to be fucked..."

"Oh..?" Brian said, thoughtfully. "Who's asking, for what, and why...?"

Choking back a frustrated, humiliated, enraged sob, Brianna forced herself to give the answer her tormentor wanted to hear:

"Please, your huge breasted little whore is so horny..." She managed to force herself to say - to admit - to him. "Please, I want... I want to fuck your huge, thick cock. Please."

"well, if you're desperate enough to beg..." Bryan said, pointedly, slithering back on the bed, huge cock throbbing invitingly, calling to Brianna's hot, wet, painfully ready cunt.

"Please, I need to fuck you huge, thick cock!" She said, feeling something inside her tear as she threw her humiliation to one side and gave full throat to her hot, hungry needs. "I need you big, thick man-meat in my tight, wet cunt! I need my pussy filled with your massive cock! I need it so bad! You big-titty whore needs to be fucked...!"

Bryan waved a hand...

...and Brianna staggered back with helplessly sensual steps atop her high, slender heels as she realized with disgusted horror what had just emerged from her full, feminine lips.

"It's amazing what a woman will say when she has three times the normal hormone production of your average woman, isn't it?" Bryan said, casually.

"What the fuck did you do to me...?" Brianna demanded, stomach rolling in disgust at how easily she'd almost given in to 'perverted' lusts, how much she'd actually *wanted* to fuck a man...

...to act like the huge breasted whore she appeared to be.

"You... You had me begging... to fuck you...!" She gasped in horror, revolted at the thoughts and desires that had been housed in her hyper-aroused mind.

"Oh, don't worry - I wouldn't fuck you." Bryan said, snidely. "I'd never fuck a woman with such itty-bitty tits. I only like women with really big boobs..."

...and then he waved a hand again.

A renewed wave of desperate sexual need his her - but this time she was aware of it's source and it's power, and her mind gibbered in disgust at the urges it brought forth as her huge nipples went as hard as rock and she began to pant in desperate lust.

"Please... no..." She begged, her entire body crying out for satisfaction. She was literally trembling from the force of her desire, her body crying out for release.

"Stop it, please..." She begged... as, helpless to stop herself, she began lightly stroking the outside of her firm, full thighs. Stroking that was getting steadily more powerful - and moving steadily inwards on her legs towards her crotch.

"God.. so.. horny..." She gasped, struggling to control her hands...

...and failing.

"Please.." She gasped, knowing what she was doing - and, unlike before, having to force her way through that befogged realization. "Please.. I... I need... sex..."

Bryan didn't say anything, simply staring at her with a wicked expression - while one hand lightly stroked the massive, throbbing cock she couldn't tear her eyes off.

She sobbed...

...and gave in.

"Please, make my tits bigger..." She begged in object submission, lowering her head to hide the 'unmanly' tears leaking down her cheeks. "please, do whatever you want to me so that I can fuck your thick, hard cock. I'll do anything, let you do anything to me, as long as I can filly my hot, wet cunt with your cock."

"That's more like it... whore." Bryan said, with satisfaction...

...and Brianna gasped and shook with hideous pleasure as her already massively out-sized breasts swelled even larger.

They were freakish masses of round, firm breast-flesh thrust with perverted pride from her ribcage. Each one was as big and as round as a small beach-ball, and each was tipped by an equally huge, erect pink nipple.

They were massive. They were huge.

They were...

"Gorgeous!" Brianna cried, with a giggle. "Oh, thank you Bryan, my huge new bimbo-boobies are so beautiful!" She hadn't wanted to say that - but she couldn't help herself.

Even knowing that it was something Bryan had done to her mind didn't lessen the near-ecstatic emotional pleasure she got from seeing - touching - her wonderfully gigantic new titties. They were so big and slutty and whorish, just the way she loved them to be, and waves of pleasure thundered through her at having such sluttish, bimbo-perfect boobies like that all her own...

...even if she knew that, just a minute ago, they would have horrified.

""Thank you, Bryan - thank you!" She found herself helplessly driven to say - as she scampered eagerly towards the promised cock for her sopping wet and oh-so-eager cunt.

'My god - I'm a huge-breasted, sex-obsessed bimbo...!' She thought to herself with a frisson of horror - and yet she couldn't stop herself, couldn't use that knowledge to even begin and tame the imposed desires and thoughts Bryan had placed in her body and brain.

When she eagerly threw herself on top of the bed and entered her first sexual liaison as a female, it was in the form and with the function of a sex-crazed slut.

She would have needed to take the time to remove her boots to get the shorts off - so, in a burst of desire-driven strength, she simply ripped apart the thin swatch of tattered cloth separating the legs of the garment, allowing her to rip it free and expose her sopping wet cunt.

"So very horny!" She told Bryan brightly, the excess of hormones flooding her body acting like drug on her mind, blowing away the ability to form complex thoughts.

All she was thinking about was sex. Sex was all she was, all she wanted, and all she needed. What had come before, what may come later - none of this had any space to be held in the simple, sexually-driven mind of the massive-breasted woman who eagerly straddled the man on the bed. Her thighs, slick with the juices running from her over-aroused new cunt, spread wide - and she only had one more thing to say to the well-endowed man beneath her before she started:

"Play with my big bobbies, Bryan!" She said, with a mindless giggle of anticipatory pleasure...

...and then, without thought or hesitation, she impaled her ready cunt on all eleven inches of his man-meat, taking him right up to the hilt.

'Who thought getting fucked by a huge cock would feel so good?' she asked herself, the closest her hormone-addled mind would get to recognizing the humiliation and horror of having sex as a woman. 'God, I love a huge, thick cock in my cunt!'

It only got better.

Using skills she didn't know she had, she began to ride atop the recline man, thrusting herself eagerly atop his rigid, throbbing love- pole - and squealing in mindless sexual delight at the intense pleasure her super-sensitive cunt created from the slick friction. With each hard, eager thrust, her wonderfully gigantic bimbo-boobs bounced and jiggled heavily - even as a bucking Bryan did his level best to maintain some sort of contact with the enormous tits that not only filled, but overflowed, his grasping hands.

"Fucking, fucking, fucking...!" Brianna cried, cheerfully. "Fucking a huge thick cock!"

She increased the pace and power of her thrust, eyes now huge and mindlessly bright, as vapid and empty as the huge grin she wore on her face.

"I love cock!" She screamed in joyous realization. "thank you for making me a big-boobed bimbo, Bryan! Thank you for letting me fuck a thick, huge cock! Thank you... mmm.. thank.. you..."

Coherent speech became the next casualty of her degrading intelligence as the rising pleasure demanded more and more from her steadily less-capable mind.

Her movements became instinctive, frantic and steady, her hips bucking and thrusting wildly as she gasped and moaned while staring mindlessly out into space, the small corner of her mind still capable of doing anything other than receiving the intense pleasure monitoring the increasing nearness of her first, wonderful female orgasm...

...and a bare instant before it hit, a gasping, writhing Bryan waved his hand.

Brianna's mind returned to her as her hormonal high instantly vanished, allowing her unaffected male mind experience the full and awesome power of it's first female orgasm for itself.

She screamed in mingled orgasmic pleasure and horrific dismay as her returned mind registered the sensations she was feeling - the heavy, almost painful thumping of her freakish tits as she still - helplessly - thrust herself atop Bryan in a near-instinctive need to maximize and prolong the horrifically wonderful pleasure she was horrified to be feeling.

Even as the orgasm overwhelmed her, turning her into a shuddering overabundance of orgasmic feminine flesh, disgust and shame at what she'd just done - what she just so enjoyed doing - flooded through her, tearing her internal male self-image and savagely wounding his residual male pride.

As the last, shuddering waves of orgasm ran through her body, the new woman collapsed off of Bryan and curled up on the bed, sobbing in disgust at what she'd done...

...what she'd enjoyed...

...what some awful, perverted, traitorous part of her wanted to do again.

After several long moments while she fought to maintain her tottering sanity, she became aware that Bryan had climbed off the bed. Blinking her tear-laden lashes, the huge-breasted woman looked up...

...and realized with dawning horror that Brian was dressed, and heading for the door.

"What.. where..?" The horrified, disgusted woman said, stunned. "You.. You can't leave! You can't leave me like this!"

Bryan grinned. "Actually, I enjoyed sex as a man so much, I'm no longer in an all-fired hurry to go back to being female - especially since, as Bryan, I'm now wealthy, as well."

"No..." The mammoth-breasted blonde gasped in horror. "Please... don't leave me like this..."

Bryan started to sneer - then paused, a thoughtful look coming into his eyes...

...and a cruel smile coming to his lips.

"I'll tell you what..." Bryan said, slowly. "I could use a huge-breasted mindless bimbo slut - but not a screwed up man in a woman's body who hates her new life. So, I'll give you a choice: You can have your mind permanently altered to be my eager

little cock-loving slut, and I'll take good care of you... or I can leave you with the body you had when you first became Brianna, and your original mind, and you can live your life like that, alone..."

She stared at him, horrified by the choices presented to her - and not sure which fate was worse.

Loosing herself in the body and mind of a huge-breasted slut, mindlessly happy but... well, no longer really a person. Or a man's mind trapped in the body of a big-titted whore...

"Tick, tock..." Bryan said, impatiently, thoroughly enjoying the look of twisted despair on Brianna's face. Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, Brianna considered the options - then came to a decision. Opening her eyes, she looked Bryan full in the face, and opened her full new lips to give him his answer... THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Three homeless men find themselves transported to a different place and a different time.

Ghosts Of Christmas Past

By Gunslinger

The old house creaked and moaned softly, almost as if alive, it's aged and worn wooden bones and plaster skin giving voice to more the a hundred years of experience and memories. Whatever pleasant memories may have been, though, they were superseded with the travails of the present, the low moan of the cold December wind thorough warped and ill-fitting windows creating a sound that was chilling and melancholy.

It was even worse in the attic, where the insulation was the oldest and thinnest, and the small vents to allow air flow did just that, a cold stream of air whipping and twisting the flames atop the trio of candles that struggled to light the cluttered, claustrophobic loft.

The three men in the room were poorly dressed for such a cold location, their clothes tattered and frayed. Though chronologically young, each of the three men's faces bore a world-weary look that could have made them as old as the house in which they stood, their skinny shoulders bowed under the weight of their woes as they searched through the collection of once-prized items in search of something to burn.

"Geez, guys..." Ron said, slumping down on an old sea-chest and looking around sadly. "Somehow, burning any of this stuff doesn't feel right..."

Jack, the dark-haired 'leader' of their little group, looked up with a sad smile of his own. "Yeah, I know what you mean." He looked out over the sea of boxes, crates and chests. "There must be a century worth of memories in here."

"Come on, guys." Alex said, pulling the tattered toque of his long, greasy blond hair and running his fingers through the tousled locks. "I know it feels lousy - but this place is gonna be demolished in a week or two. If there was anybody in the family who was gonna collect this stuff, they would have already."

"I... guess so." Ron agreed, grudgingly.

The old, abandoned Victorian home had seemed a godsend to the three young men. In their mid-twenties, all three had ample experience with coping with winter, having been on the streets for a decade. They'd slept in Goodwill Drop-Boxes, on sewer and subway grates, anywhere they could find shelter from the cold, unforgiving world around them. Sometimes, when they were really desperate, they sheltered at churches or homeless shelters - but only in the final extremity.

They were too afraid of getting caught.

It had been when they were fifteen. The three of them had been out in the woods, Jack having stolen a couple of his dad's cigarettes. He'd been the only one with a parent at all, though his dead-beat and drunkard dad was barely a parent. At least he didn't live in the foster home the other two shared, though it was a matter of locale and freedom rather than quality of life.

They'd been heading deeper into the bush to try their first cigarettes, like so many other youths did in their time - when they come across the most horrific thing of their young lives.

They'd stumbled across a corrupt pair of cops, just as the cops were executing some guy. Seeing one of the cops gun down the man with a large-caliber pistol, the boys had cried out in shock - and the cops had seen them, and taken off after them. The boys had run, as the cops shot at them... and then the cop in the lead had tripped as he'd drawn close to Alex, and fallen on top of them. They'd struggled...

...and, somehow, Jack had ended up with the gun in his hand... and a dead cop at his feet. The second cop, his service revolver empty, had taken off - but the boys had known what would come next. They'd watched enough cop shows to know that the gun that had killed the guy in the woods was the one Jack had killed the cop with - and now it had Jack's fingerprints

on it. The second cop would claim it was the boys who did the killing - and it would become a case of the boys words against the cop's.

Maybe in the movies, the truth would come out and the boys would be free - but this was real life. The boys had been on the run ever since - after all, there was no statute of limitation on murder...

"Hey... how about this?" Ron asked, holding up a bundle of paper. "What is it?" Jack asked.

"Uh... here, look." Ron said, handing the top piece of the bundle over.

It turned out to be an envelope. On the outside of the aged parchment-style paper was the address of 'Mr. Brown, Esq.', and inside was a sheet of paper with elegant cursive writing - an invitation to a Christmas party, at the address of the house they were in.

"Huh - I guess they were planning a party one year, and it didn't happen." Alex said. "Musta been a long time ago, considering how old these are."

"Yeah, well, I have the feeling that there's a lot of things that haven't happened in this house for a long time." Jack said, sadly. "God - wouldn't it be great to actually be able to have a Christmas party here?"

"Yeah..." Ron said, a catch in his voice. "A Christmas tree... some eggnog... presents..."

"Christmas dinner..." Alex chimed in. "Turkey and stuffing... Mashed potatoes..."

The three of them paused, glancing away quickly to hide the glitter of tears in their eyes from each other. Though they tried to seem tough enough to outlast this life they'd fallen into, certain times of the year were very hard - and Christmas was the worst. For ten years, none of them had been able to live the storybook Christmas - yet all of them could remember Christmases of when they were young.

Maybe they weren't storybook Christmases, but they'd been good times nonetheless, and the memories were bittersweet to the homeless boys.

"Well.." Jack said, clearing his throat. "Let's... lets find something else to burn. Some of the glasses in this box are wrapped in old newspaper. That should do it."

Putting the pile of invitations down on top of the chest, they gathered up some yellowed newsprint and tramped downstairs.

Gathering some of the dry old wood objects they'd also collected, each of the boys headed off to their 'bedroom' for the 'night'. They hadn't found the house until late, and they had waited even longer before risking the light of candles through the glass, and now it was nearly dawn before the boys finally headed off to bed.

Alex had the 'Parlor', a large room filled with heavy, once-ornate furniture that was slowly rotting away. Starting a fire in the fireplace along the wall, he gathered up with least deteriorated throw-pillows and cushions, and formed himself a bed in front of the fire place, pulling his tattered Army Surplus blanket over himself as he savored being truly warm for the first time in much too long.

Jack was also savoring the warmth. He was bedding down in the kitchen, where there was an old-fashioned wood stove, in which he'd started a fire. Sliding into the old sleeping bag he'd managed to scrounge, he balled up his jacket as a pillow and settled in, the smell of wood-smoke fragrant and comforting in the darkened old house.

Ron also felt nostalgia tug at his memory from the fragrance of wood smoke as he curled up on top of the billiard table in the study. The small, darkly-ornate room also boasted a bar, but Ron's luck had held true, and there was no booze left. Still, opening the tops of some of the empty decanters added the faint fragrance of long-gone Scotch and sherry to the room, and it was to these combined odors that he slipped into blessed sleep.

* * * * *

The wind slackened in the night, a deep calm falling over the entire area as the weather fronts moved on, leaving the night clear and still, if frightfully cold. Elsewhere, police were rounding up street people by the paddy-wagon full, to avoid any near-Christmas deaths do to the extremely low temperatures. They searched the usual haunts of the homeless - but it never occurred to anyone to check the old house on the edge of town, which had lain empty for the past dozen years.

High above where the boys slept, twitching and moaning from nightmares that never quite went away, the pile of invitations stirred. Though no wind moaned through the vents at each end of the long loft, they danced and shivered as if in a breeze...

...and then, suddenly, to wing. As if borne atop an unseen, unheard wind, the aged envelopes fluttered the length of the room and through the octagonal vent at the north end, fluttering off into the deep, still night, as the old house continued to murmur to itself with contentment.

* * * * *

Alex was having the usual nightmare, in which gigantic trolls, dressed in bizarre police uniforms, were chasing him through a forest that never ended. The branches seemed to grab at Alex, trying to hold him in place so that...

Slowly, something began to intrude in his dream, Something that didn't fit. Music. Somehow, bright music was filtering through the forest.

Slowly, the nightmare slipped away as Alex slowly rose from the depths of sleep, towards consciousness. But even as the darkness of the sleep transitioned into the flickering firelight that signaled wakefulness, the music didn't fade away. Indeed, as

Alex came fully awake, he even recognized the tune. Scratchy and tinny, it filled the room with the unmistakable lyrics of 'Deck the Halls.'

"Wha...?" Alex said, his heart starting to pound in 'fight or flight' instinct. Quickly, he tossed off the tattered blanket and rolled off the pile of cushions, coming quickly to his feet and glancing around.

He stopped, suddenly, his breath catching in his throat.

The room was filled with a strange, eldritch light. It was as if a faint, luminous mist was filling the room - but it did more than just great a faint golden glow that filled the room, it also seemed to transform the room itself.

Gone was the tattered drapes that had framed the windows. In their place hung rich burgundy velvet drapes, held open over the gauzy white curtains by gold-colored ropes. Gone was the mold old furniture - in its place, perfectly kept antique furniture filled the room, heavy and tasteful and expensive.

The far wall was taken up by an old-fashioned cherry-wood cabinet, open to reveal an expensive stereo system. No longer 'top-of-the-line', the stereo equipment had been exactly that when it was new, and it seemed impossible for the two-year-old sound system to be producing such a tinny, wavering sound.

Suddenly, the light began to swirl and dance, rippling in ways that created patches and swirls. Where it gathered in thicker banks of luminous mist, the images of the furniture were brighter, more solid, more... there, somehow.

In the thinner patches, the 'real' room showed through, dingy and dark and decaying.

Slowly, the swirling began to slow, forming a recognizable 'form'. Within minutes, the room was divided by a shimmering, wavering curtain, like a sheen of golden water. On one side, the room was brightly lit by electricity that didn't even exist in the 'real' room, the furniture clean and new and 'real'. The music on that side of the room had filled out, become rich and strong, sounding every bit as it should from the stereo system that was only half in existence.

The other side of the room was as Alex remembered it. Cold and lifeless, except for the small fire that burned in the half of the stone hearth, mirror on the 'other' side by a carefully laid fire that burned brightly and almost redundantly in the heated room.

Alex gaped at the room on the other side of the shimmering curtain, the one that was so warm and inviting. He was standing in the 'real' room, only inches from the dividing line. Hanging in mid-air, perfectly on the dividing line and as if surrounding an invisible shape, was an outfit of clothes.

Women's clothes.

"What the hell..." Alex whispered to himself in shock. Slowly, hesitantly, he reached out and touched the shimmering wall of golden light.

It gave slightly at the touch, like rubber... but only so far. It served as an impenetrable barrier between the room he stood in, and the one that beckoned from a place simultaneously so close, yet so very far away.

"Jack...?" Alex called, loudly, afraid to glance away from the warmly inviting room beyond the barrier, as if it might vanish. "Ron...?"

There was no answer. The house lay silent and still, as if he were completely and utterly alone.

Slowly, Alex moved down the shimmering curtain, until he stood exactly where the outfit hung in mid air. From this close, he could see something startling; the outfit was only half there. It sat directly on the dividing line, and the back half of the outfit was missing, hanging empty and open like some sort of three-dimensional cut-away drawing.

The outfit looked to be quite classy - and expensive. From where Alex stood, there was no doubt that the outfit was worth more money than he'd ever dreamed of having at one time.

The very bottom was the front half of a pair of black leather boots. Though they were knee-high, and the angle of the sole indicated they had heels of some height, these were not 'slutty' boots. They were expensive, soft leather, and very elegant looking. Tucked into these boots was an equally elegant, expensive pair of black leather pants - well, the front half of them, anyway.

The shirt that hung in mid-air above them was white silk, and on the inside - the side facing him - he could see the bra that hung in position. The bra was white and lacy, and pressed its C-cups against the silky fabric as if they were filled. On the outside of the shirt was the front half of an expensive black leather jacket that was thin and light - a fashion statement rather than outerwear.

A pair of what appeared to be silver and diamond earrings hung in mid-air at the right height. Half a pair of earrings, that was. Alex swallowed nervously, and looked around again.

"Guys...?" He called, without much hope of an answer. There was none.

Swallowing again. Alex nervously took a step closer, until he was right up against the place where the clothes bisected the barrier. Then, slowly, he reached out his right hand...

...and slid it into the sleeve of the shirt. Here, his hand moved easily, no resistance meeting him as he pushed forward. As he watched, wide eyed, a hand emerged from the lacy white cuff at the other end...

...but it wasn't *his* hand. This hand was slender and feminine, tipped with medium-length, light-pink nails. The slender fingers slid easily into the silver rings that hung in mid-air.

Though the slender, feminine appendage bore no resemblance to Alex's own hand, he could feel the rings as the fingers slid into them, could feel the warmth of the room beyond the barrier.

With a gasp, Alex yanked his hand back. The rings remained exactly where they were, in mid air, as Alex stumbled back from the barrier and stared down at the same old hand that had always graced the end of his wrist.

Alex turned to look at the doorway, tempted to go find the guys... but, somehow, he knew what was being offered her - however impossible as it was - would vanish if he left the room./ Though he didn't understand how or why, Alex knew that some force or magic was offering him a choice - and if he were to leave the room, his choice would be made.

Practically shaking with a mixed-up array of emotions, Alex looked at the shimmering vision on the other side of the barrier. Of the warm, bright room... whose price would be hid very gender.

Alex swallowed nervously, finding his mouth dry. Then, taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes...

...and stepped forward, arms outstretched. He felt his hands slide into the sleeves of the shirt as he had to 'step up' into the halves of the boots. He felt his chest press forward into the fabric of the blouse...

...then he was struck by an instant of vertigo as he stumbled forward a step, moving completely across the barrier.

In that instant, the music surrounded him, strong and alive and 'real', while the blessed, comfortable warmth of the room rushed in to caress his body.

Or, rather, her body. Because, with even that little motion, Alex could feel the new sensations as her long, toned muscles flexed to keep her balanced atop the four-inch heels of her boots. The faint odor of her own, expensive perfume surrounded her, and her earrings jingled slightly as her head swung about.

Gasping, Alex let her new eyes pop open.

There was no sign of the shimmering golden barrier. Instead, she stood in the middle of a whole room, one that was warm and alive. Turning slowly atop her slender new feet within her high-heeled boots, she found that a undecorated Christmas tree sat in the other corner, beside the closed parlor door.

Replacing the faded painting that had hung there before, a large, gilt-framed mirror hung over the fireplace. Alex, stunned, stared at the reflection that gazed back at her.

The woman Alex had become was, quite simply, gorgeous.

She had a slender, supple body under the fashionable, expensive clothes. Balanced easily - almost contemptuously graceful - atop the slender heels on her boots, Alex's new body managed to be both haughty and friendly all at the same time.

Her face was warm and classically beautiful, with well formed cheek-bones, an elfin jaw, and a fine-bridged nose that upturned slightly at the end. Long, blonde hair was kept in check by being pulled up into a sort of 'top knot' formed by her own braided hair, before the braids gave way to loose tresses that spilled from the 'knot' and down to her shoulders.

Her full lips were covered in pink lipstick, and Alex could taste it as she nervously licked her lips before speaking. "Oh, my God..." She said, and heard the warm, sweet soprano that fit the body so well.

Feeling faint, she walked over to the couch and sat down, her new body moving gracefully despite the unsteady feeling of her masculine soul. As she lowered her pert, taut derrière to the couch, she noticed the black leather purse resting on the coffee table. It was the same soft, expensive leather as most of the outfit she wore, and Alex had no doubt that it was 'her' purse.

Reaching out one delicate, feminine hand, she picked up the purse and opened it to extract the wallet that was inside.

The first thing that caught her attention was the thick layer of cash in the billfold section. Stunned, she flipped through it, finding there had to be at least two thousand dollars in cash, not to mention the credit cards - which, like the ID she turned to next, were made out in the name of 'Alexandra Kincaid'.

Looking back at her from her driver's license was an image of her new face. "I..." Alex said, stunned. "I don't even know how to drive!"

Even as she said it, though, she knew it wasn't true. Just as she knew how to walk in high heels, just as she found she knew about make-up and fashion, she realized she even knew how to drive a car - especially her sporty Jag, though she'd switched to her Range Rover for the winter and...

"Oh, my god...!" Alex said, realization setting in. "I.. I'm rich! I'm Alexandra Kincaid, the twenty-one year old heiress to Donald Kincaid."

It was strange. They weren't exactly 'memories', per se. Alex remembered who she had been and all her memories of being the male Alex were intact - but everything she needed to know about her new life was also in her mind, as if she'd read a biography of Alexandra, and remembered it all...

"I... think I could get used to this..." Alex said to herself, with a slowly blossoming smile. Slowly, she rose from the sofa, feeling the new and different sensations from her feminine body and finding them... not unpleasant.

She began to hum softly with the Christmas music on the radio as she walked over to the tree, looking at the open boxes of ornaments that surrounded it.

Feeling supremely content, Alexandra Kincaid began to decorate the tree like she did every year, for the first time in a decade...

* * * * *

The hard floor against his back woke Jack from a sleep that, while deep, wasn't all that restful to begin with.

Blinking up at the ceiling, Jack wondered why his back was sitting directly on the floor. An instant later, as his brain came up to speed, that worry was forgotten - and he gaped at the flood of light that filled the room. Impossibly, the kitchen was brightly lit, as if lighted by electric lamps.

Jerking upright with a startled curse, Jack shot to his feet - then came to a screeching stop at the sight of a room completely unlike the one he'd fallen asleep in.

Oh, the room itself was basically the same. It was still the kitchen, and the layout of the room was the same - but everything looked bright and new, gleaming in the light of the overhead lamp. Bowls of food - obvious a feast in the late stages of preparation, from the looks of it - lay all around, though Jack couldn't smell any of the associated odors that he might have expected.

And, standing at the open back door, a man with a big crate marked 'Wine' was just coming in.

"Who... What..." Jack stammered in confusion, waiting for the man to cry out, or the owner of this impossible feast-in-production to appear...

...but nothing happened. The delivery man didn't even move.

In fact... he didn't move at all. He seemed as frozen as a statute.

Stunned, Jack took a longer, slower look around, his mind trying to make sense of it all.

The back door was wide open, so there should have been a cold breeze coming in - but there wasn't. The room felt completely neutral, temperature wise.

Jack should have been able to smell a mouth-watering array of odors - yet he didn't.

Slowly, Jack walked over to a bowl full of mashed potatoes. Though they looked creamy and delicious, no odor rose from them - and when he touched it with his finger, the soft contours of the food felt as hard and immobile as stone, though it wasn't that cold. Neither was it warm. It was the exact same 'non-temperature' as everything else.

Slowly, Jack walked over to where the delivery man stood on the doorstep. He was holding a dolly on which rested a crate of wine, and in one hand held a clipboard. Past the immobile man, the early-morning scene was as dead still and silent as the kitchen, nothing moving so much as an inch.

Floating in mid-air, just above the clipboard, was a pen.

Stepping closer, Jack stared at the delivery form. The pen hung poised, as if about to sign a name. The spot in which it was positioned was next to a printed name - 'Jacqueline Kramer-Kincaid'.

Staring at the name, Jack felt a strange certainty. Somehow, he knew that this was an offer. That somebody - something - was offering him a chance to leave his own life, and step into the frozen one that surrounded him. The only thing he'd have to do is give up his old life... and old gender.

Stepping back from the clipboard, Jack looked around at the brightly-lit kitchen. It was a homey, domestic scene, warm and cheerful. It looked so warm and inviting - yet, right now, it was as solid and immutable as stone, something he could never be a part of.

Jack stood, thoughtful, considering. He knew what his life had been like until now, and he knew what it would be like if he continued living the way he had. He had no way of knowing for sure what a new life - as this 'Jacqueline' - would be like.

But it had to be better than this, didn't it?

Stepping forward again, Jack reached out - and grabbed a hold of the pen.

A tingle shot through his arm. As Jack watched, stunned, his hand became slimmer, more dainty, the nails growing longer as the change made his wrist narrower and more feminine. The change rushed upwards along his arm, moving faster than he could follow...

"Thank you, Miss Kramer." The delivery man said, taking the pen from Jackie's hand and pushing the crate into the corner. "No... Thank you..." Jackie managed to say, hearing the words emerge in a rich, cultured contralto.

"You have yourself a merry Christmas, Ma'am." The deliver man said, tipping his hat. Jackie didn't respond, trying to cope with the flood of new 'memories' as she slowly walked over to the small mirror and stared at her new face.

Thirty-eight year old Jacqueline Kramer-Kincaid, second wife of the late David Kincaid, was absolutely stunning. Long, rich black hair hung in waves around a face that was beautiful, intelligent and willful. The peasant blouse she wore showed off her slender shoulders and a hint of her B-cup cleavage before hanging over the corset underneath, that was barely needed to pinch the extra two inches from her normally sixteen-inch waist.

A long, full black skirt hit the incredibly long, shapely legs of hers that had caught Dave's attention when he first saw her working as a showgirl in Vegas, and her black leather pumps with their six-inch heels peeked out from beneath the skirt, also revealing the toes of the black nylons she wore.

"Good Lord..." Jackie breathed, staring at her sensuous, full-lipped visage in the mirror. "I'm a woman and twelve years older..." then, slowly, those full, sexy lips curved into a smile. "But I'm single, gorgeous, and rich."

Humming happily in time with the faintly-heard Christmas music coming from somewhere else in the house, Jackie went back to the cooking, expertly and confidently working on recipes she'd never known in her life...

* * * * *

Two sharp, crisp clear sound brought Ron out of his sleep. The sound was unmistakable - the sound of ice cubes dropping into an empty glass.

He was sleeping poorly, barely under and far from the deep REM sleep. He was half awake at the sound of the first cube hitting the bottom of a glass - the sound of the second one hitting the first pulled him all the way out of his sleep, and he sat bolt upright.

The study he was in was brightly lit and fashionably furnished. Everything looked new and expensive, and the tattered, torn felt beneath him had become new and undamaged.

All of this was noted peripherally, though - because Ron's attention was riveted to the bar.

Sitting on the bar was a galls, in which two ice cubes rested. That was the least amazing thing, though - because, as Ron watched, wide eyed, a pair of bottles were pouring themselves into the glass - without the benefit of any human hand. As he watched, wide eyed, the drink continued to mix itself, until a tiny umbrella appeared and nestled itself into the glass, while the bottles returned to the now-full line- up of such bottles behind the bar.

"Guys...?" Ron called, tremulously, as he slowly slid from the pool table. Hearing nor response from anywhere in the house, he slowly approached the freshly-mixed drink laying on the bar.

The drink was a bright pink in color, and was resting beside an open book of bar recipes. The photo in the book matched the drink on the bar to perfection, right down to the style of glass. The heading on the page was 'Pink Lady'.

Straightening, Ron looked around slowly, even walking behind the bar to search for wires. As far as he was concerned, this had to be some sort of elaborate practical joke...

...right?

Finding nothing to explain the inexplicable events, he returned his gaze to the open book beside the drink - and then leaned closer, noticing something decidedly odd.

The recipe didn't include any 'normal' ingredients.

"One part femininity...?" Ron read, aloud, in confusion. "One part sexuality? Add Wealth and Intelligence to taste? Remove masculinity and stir well? What the hell...?"

Suddenly, as if a gust of wind had come into the room, the pages of the book began to flip rapidly, until they settled on a new page - and this one was labeled 'The Fugitive'.

Startled, Ron took a step back from the book - and then two more, as he noticed that the drink on the counter had suddenly changed to match the illustration in the book.

"Holy..." He muttered. Taking a couple steps forward, he picked up the book with trembling hands, and snapped it closed. The glass on the bar was now empty.

Still shaking slightly, he opened the book to the first drink listed - a 'African Queen'. Instantly, the drink on the bar was that of the one in the book.

Ron stared at the drink for a long time. Somehow, he knew what was happening - and he knew what drink he chose would affect the rest of his life - if it was his life after he drink, that was.

Looking down at the book in his hand, he began to slowly page through it, looking at the drinks listed, along with their ingredients.

Finally, he set the book down, staring at the page he'd chosen. He knew that he might be making a huge mistake. Maybe he should have limited himself to the original two options - his old life, and the 'Pink Lady'. Maybe that's what... whatever was doing this... wanted. But, he knew what it was that he really wanted, and the drink that now sat on the counter should give it to him... if he was right, that was.

Taking several deep breaths, Ron reached out, and grabbed the drink. Before he could change his mind, he brought it to his lips and drank it, quickly...

* * * * *

Smiling with satisfaction, Jackie brought out the last of the items and lay it on the huge table taking up most of the dining room. "Well... this isn't bad at all..." She muttered to herself, grinning broadly.

She'd only been female for maybe two hours - but she was adapting well to her lifestyle as a woman, at least as far as it went. She wasn't hungry or cold or scared. Though her new body felt strange to her, it didn't feel bad - in fact, it was more sensitive than her old body, and in such pleasant circumstances, that meant more pleasure rather than more pain. The smells of the food she was cooking seemed sharper and more appetizing, for instance... and she had no way of describing just how good holding a warm bowl of mashed potatoes against her chest felt as she carried it into the dining room, the warmth seeping through her blouse into her highly sensitive new nipples...

She was just beginning to blush at the thought - when she was startled by the sound of a doorbell ringing.

Her doorbell, to be exact. Blinking in surprise, she almost unconsciously undid her apron and hurried out of the dining room into the hall...

...and almost bumped into a beautiful young blonde woman coming out of the study.

Jackie felt the oddest sense of 'doubling' as she recognized the woman... twice. Part of her knew that this gorgeous young woman was her step-daughter, Alexandra - yet, in the same thought, she realized she was looking at Alex, or what her old friend had become.

Alex/Alexandra, for her part, was gaping back, experiencing the same strange sensation. Then the doorbell rang again, and they shook their heads and headed towards the front door. "Where's Ron...?" Alex whispered.

"I don't know, dear..." Jackie said, not even noticing as she threw the endearment in. "I think the question would be '*who* is Ron...'?"

They didn't have any more time to discuss their missing friend, however, as they had reached the door. Sharing a nervous look with her 'step-daughter', Jackie opened the door...

...to reveal a very handsome young man standing on their doorstep with a puzzled look.

"Um, ladies... He said, awkwardly, his eyes gravitating between one stunningly beautiful woman and the other before settling on Alex. "My name's Jason... Jason Brown... and I, uh... got this in my mail..." He held up an invitation that both 'women' recognized.

"Oh!" Jackie said, then smoothly sequel into, "You're a little early, Mr. Brown. That's all right, of course, Come on in."

"So... I am invited...?" He said as he hesitantly stepped inside. "Uh, no offense... but I'm pretty sure I would remember having met either one of you before..."

"Oh, we've never met." Jackie said, warmly, the answer coming into her mind the way her 'history' had - and she suddenly understood everything. "However, I understand that your father knew my father - Robert Kramer?"

"Oh, yes, of course!" Jason said. "He used to live here! He used to hold a big Christmas party for his neighbors, before he passed on." "That's right." Jackie said, glancing at Alex, wondering if she knew, too.

"You could almost say that the house itself was just waiting for the chance for another..." Alex said with a grin, and Jackie knew that Alex knew, as well.

"Well, I..." Jason started to say - but was interrupted by the sound of the doorbell. "Excuse me..." Jackie said, starting forward.

"Sorry, Madame... I was... how you say, 'powdering my nose'...?"

The incredibly sweet, heavily French-accented voice was accompanied by the tip-tap of high heels, and both of the new women turned...

...to gape, slack jawed.

Jason didn't notice their sudden surprise, however - as he was too busy gaping himself, staring wide-eyed at the woman jiggling and swaying towards them.

She was... sexy.

That was more than just a simple description - it was the definition for what she was. The woman walking down the hall seemed to exude sexuality from every pore.

She was short, and almost 'petite'. She had the slender build, tiny waist, delicate features and dainty appendages of that definition - but her long legs by themselves were enough to defy the general usage of the term.

Then there was her chest. Oh, yes... her chest...

'Buxom' would be fairly accurate - in the way that calling the Grand Canyon 'a hole in the ground' would be.

This woman's chest was... spectacular. She was dressed up in a very sexy version of a French Maid's uniform, the short skirt amply displaying her long, sexy, nylon-clad legs atop her black platform shoes with their eight-inch heels. However, it was the white-lace-trimmed bodice of this garment that drew the eye - because of the way it strained over a spectacular pair of EEE-cup breasts.

These breasts were... amazing. Incredible. Spectacular. They were firm, and round, and almost unbelievably firm - without being 'hard'. No, they were pillowy and inviting, and jiggled delightfully with each step.

They could have been artificial - but, then, how would you explain the equally massive nipples that made such impudent bulges in the satin of her uniform? Tipping large, thick, pink aureole whose upper curve was just visible above the lacy rim of the neckline, these nipples were 'naturally' equal to the massive breasts they surmounted.

Her cleavage...

Lifted up and out by the bodice-style neck-line, the cleavage was almost too perfect - but not quite. A near-perfect 'Y' shape, it retained just enough imperfection to make it 'believable'.

With breasts like that, you could be forgiven for gaping mindlessly at the glorious, milky-white orbs - except for her face...

Surrounded by masses of mahogany-brown hair, her face was... sensuality distilled. Her eyes were dark, so dark that they seemed all black, and were surrounded by long, thick lashes. In that, they were similar to Jacqueline's eyes - but while Jackie's eyes were sultry and seductive in a challenging manner, this woman's eyes were huge, limpid pools of base carnality - they were too 'simple', too clear, to hide any hidden agendas.

These dark, carnal pools framed a nose that was a tiny, pert snub, just enough to perform the function of breathing - without distracting the least from her mouth.

Her mouth - her full, rose-bud of a mouth. Those pouty, firmly-soft bee-strung lips that practically begged to be kissed. That soft, sensuous mouth that seemed ready to break into a welcoming smile at the slightest provocation... With a face like that, you could loose yourself in her limpid eyes...

...but only at the risk of missing her ass. Mounted on her wide, womanly hips, hips designed for child-bearing, her ass was equally full and firm, begging to be touched, to be fondled. You could spend a life-time alone on that ass... if you could resist the urge to dip downwards to the long, incredibly shapely legs. The black nylons, complete with the seams running up the back, only served to enhance those spectacular, jaw-dropping legs. You could stare at the way her long, shapely legs scissored as she walked, dainty ankles rotating eve-so-sensuously...

...but then you'd miss the way her huge, firm breasts jiggled ever so delightfully... No wonder the trio started - they were trying to decide where to let their eyes settle.

While they were staring, she ankled and jiggled and smiled her way right past them, to get the now-forgotten door. She twisted the knob in a way that was oh-so-sensual... and said "Bonjour!" to a handsome, older man who was gaping, wide eyed, at the vision of sensual femininity before him. "Right this way, monsieur." She chirped, brightly. "Dinner is ready... is it not, Madame Kramer?"

It took a second for Jackie to realize that this... *woman* was speaking to her.

"Oh - yes." She said, shaking her head. "Just put everything out, as a matter of fact."

"Then why don't I see you ladies and gentlemen to the table, and I will escort the other in as they arrive...?" The woman said, smiling brightly.

"Yes. Of course..." Jackie said, struggling to regain her mental balance. "Thank you..., uh..."

The maid smiled brightly. "Veronique De La Martinique Aux Provinciales..." She said, quickly and fluently, as if introducing herself to the guests, rather than her 'mistress'. "However, Like Madame Kramer, you may call me 'Ronni'."

That left Jackie and Alex gaping anew as their considerably transformed friend led them to the dining room...

* * * * *

"I think I ate too much..." Jackie said with a laugh, sliding her hands over her tiny waist. "If I'm not careful, I'm going to lose my girlish figure..."

'*Did I just say that...?*' Jackie thought to herself in surprise. Deep down, she knew that some fundamental changes were taking place. Though she clearly recall her life as a man, a new - and feminine - viewpoint was slowly coming into focus.

The thing was - it didn't bother her in the least.

After a magnificent turkey dinner, complete with all they trimming, they'd retired to the parlor for some after dinner drinks. Now, it was growing late and most of the guests had left. Now it was down to the three girls, plus Jason, an older gentleman named Dale, and two teenagers who seemed hopelessly smitten with Ronni. It was the most wonderful evening Jackie could remember having in her entire life. Even before she'd had to go on the run, her life hadn't been this simply luxurious and comfortable. Maybe she was a woman now - but that seemed to have it's good points, as well.

It also seemed to be sitting well with Alexandra. Being rich, beautiful and comfortable seemed adequate recompense for being female. Her viewpoint was also sliding into the feminine range, judging with the comfortable way she was handling the attentions of Jason. Then again - Jackie was obviously Dale's center of attention, and she found that she wasn't exactly screaming in horror at having a handsome man pay attention to her.

Neither her nor Alex's sudden comfort with being female held a candle to Ronni, though. Jackie still couldn't believe what Ron had become - it was obvious that she was vigorously enjoying flirting with the two young men. She was definitely more than just 'comfortable' with her new gender - and sexuality.

"Well, I really should be going..." Dale said - very reluctantly. Jackie rose, elegantly, and started walking him to the door.

"I, uh, wanted to tank you again for inviting me..." Dale said, awkwardly. A widower himself, it was obvious that he was out of practice and trying to find the right way to bring up the subject...

Jackie was only very mildly surprised to find herself solving it for him. "Not at all, Dale - I enjoyed having you here." She smiled, easily. "Perhaps we should try something a little more... intimate. Dinner together, perhaps?"

"I'd like that." Dale said, blushing slightly. "I'll give you a call..."

"Of course.." She agreed, easily, finding that she was really looking forward to it - and what might come from it.

Then, out of the corner of her eyes, she caught a faint golden glow above Dale's head. She looked up - and saw a sprig of mistletoe that hadn't been there a second ago.

"My, look at this..." She said, gesturing upwards. Dale glanced up - and when he looked down again, Jackie leaned forward...

The kiss wasn't hard nor energetic - but slow, and passionate, and very, very pleasant. A life on the run didn't allow for romantic entanglements, and Jackie enjoyed the feeling of the masculine arms around her tiny waist, and the warm, willing mouth upon her own.

Out of the corner of her eye, Jackie noticed Alexandra giving Jason a similar treatment under another newly-created piece of mistletoe... and then closed her eyes and gave herself completely to the kiss.

"Call me." She said, huskily, when they finally broke the kiss. "Soon." "I will." Dale promised, softly.

The two new women watched their potential boyfriends leave, then shared a knowing look with each other. "Merry Christmas, Alex..." Jackie whispered.

"yes - and a very Happy New Year..." Alexandra grinned back.

"Excuse Moi, Madame..." Ronni trilled behind them, and the two women turned to face their buxom, sensual friend/maid.

"It is quite late, and Monsuiers Smith and Jackson..." She gestured at the two starry-eyed young men "...arrived by l'autobus. Perhaps they may stay the night in the guest room?"

Jackie's new 'memories' brought up the layout of the house, and she opened her mouth to point out that Ronni herself was living in the 'guest room'...

...then, blushing, realized that was exactly the point.

"Perhaps.." Jackie said, hesitantly. "Can I speak to you for a second, Ron..ni?"

"Of course, Madame..." Ronnie replied with an easy smile, jiggling and swaying with Jackie into the den.

"What happened to you, Ronni?" Jackie whispered, still finding it hard to believe that whatever benign magic had done this to Alex and her had chosen this outrageously sensual form for Ron.

The new maid quickly explained the process, and the choice she'd been allowed to make. "You mean... you chose this?" Jackie said, amazed.

"Not quite, Madame." Ronni admitted. "I was allowed to choose my lifestyle. This body... was not quite what I expected. However... I find it most pleasant, and would not trade it now for all the world."

"Really?" Jackie said, amazed - then realized that she, too, felt completely comfortable with the new her, and wouldn't trade it either. "Well, if this is what you want - then go ahead."

"Merci, Madame." Ronni said. Swaying atop her high, spike heels, the new maid headed into the hall and collected a young man in each slender, feminine arm and headed for the stairs.

"Oh, by the way..." Jackie called, and Ronni turned. "What... what drink did you have?" Jackie asked.

Ronni smiled brilliantly. "Why, an Orgasm of course, Madame." She laughed, a high, delighted sound. "Joyeux Noel, Madame et Mademoiselle."

As she headed up the stairs, a young man tucked under her arm, Alexandra turned to Jackie with a wry grin. "Why do I have the feeling that she'll have a very Merry Christmas whether or not we wish her one?" She asked.

"Come on, I'll explain it to you over a drink." Jackie said, with a grin. "It's probably nothing but there's a drink recipe book in the Study that I'm just dying to check out "



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One poor soul gets his redemption from Santa Claus, but it is not quite what he expected.

The Gift

By Gunslinger

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the town, the people were scurrying from the snow falling down...

Hands numb with cold, Lee hugged the old Salvation Army parka tighter around his emaciated frame, desperately trying to preserve what little body heat he had.

It was a losing battle.

Even if the old, badly-worn parka had a working zipper, which it didn't, it wouldn't have helped much. Though Lee's thick, matted mane of greasy black hair might have served in place of a toque, and his equally thick and unkempt beard replaced a scarf, the rest of him was leaching precious warmth to the cold wind as fast - or faster - than it could be produced.

His tall frame, once sleekly muscled, was now wasted, without that layer of body-fat that retained heat. Even with the viscous wind to his back, the stick-like legs inside the filthy, pathetically thin trousers barely had the strength to hold him upright, and not nearly enough to generate the activity needed to keep him warm. Even had his legs been up to the task, his feet would have balked - without socks, they were clad only in torn sneakers held together with duct tape, and his feet were like two unfeeling blocks of ice grafted to the ends of his scrawny legs.

It was Christmas Eve - and, barring a miracle, it was the night that Lee Greenfield was going to die. The most amazing thing was - now that he was right up against it, Lee found that he wanted to live.

It was ironic, in a pathetic sort of way. Ever since the industrial accident that had left him a eunuch, he'd let death stalk him, unconcerned. Indeed, he'd made it clear to any who cared to listen that he'd rather have had the malfunctioning machine take his life, rather than his manhood.

It seemed that everything in his life had been tied to that bit of flesh between his legs, as if his penis had been the very center of his life. His loving and devoted wife, having always wanted children, had divorced him, while all his so-called friends had promptly abandoned him now that he wasn't the 'handsome, virile' man he'd once been - at least, so it had seemed. It wasn't until now, slowly freezing to death beneath a highway overpass, that he understood it was his bitterness and self-hatred that had driven them away, not his castration.

Too cold and exhausted to go any further, Lee collapsed against one of the rough concrete pillars that supported the bridge, unable to feel the hard texture of the support through his cold-numbed skin.

Too late, he finally understood that his friends hadn't abandoned him - he had driven them away. Though any of them, even the wife that had so desperately wanted children, would have stood by his side if he'd asked them to, he'd instead let his life become a self- fulfilling prophecy, his belief that a lack of a penis made him less than nothing...

...leaving him with less than nothing.

Just as he'd realized, much too late, that his friends and family would have helped him, had he let them, so did the realization that he wanted to live come too late. Though he struggled to rise, to continue on to a homeless shelter that would provide life-sustaining warmth, food, and respite, his wasted body finally repaid the neglect he'd shown it, refusing to move.

Slumped against the column, body slowly going numb, Lee stared out at the swirling, driving snow...

...and blinked, as an apparition appeared out of it.

At first, Lee was sure it must be a vision, a hallucination created by a dying mind - but the vision grew nearer and clear, resolving itself into a living being. A man, his rotund body clad in garments as bright red as his rosy cheeks, and trimmed in fur as white as his long beard.

"Ho, ho, ho - what have we here?" Santa called out in jolly surprise, coming to stand in front of Lee with an avuncular look on his smiling face. "A poor soul, alone on Christmas Eve...?"

As if unaware of the dying twenty-nine year old man's mortal position, the heavy-set man in the Santa Claus costume crouched in front of Lee, still smiling brightly.

"And what do you want for Christmas, m'boy?" Santa asked, with a chuckle. "New clothes and shoes? Or perhaps, a nice, warm bed to sleep in?"

Staring at the improbable vision before him, Lee was amazed to find himself neither enraged or outraged at the man's callousness. Instead, oddly, lee felt a strange, profound trust for the man before him - and it was that strange feeling that made him want to answer honestly the question that was asked. Even as he felt himself dying by degrees, lee found himself turning over the man's offers in his mind - and, surprising even to him, rejecting them as being insufficient.

Even as his life faded in the cold winter wind, Lee was amazed to discover that there was something that he wished, even more than life itself.

He wanted - redemption.

His own life was lost to him - even if he should continue to breath, and to think, and to function, all that had once been dear to him was gone.

What Lee really wanted, more than anything, was a chance - a chance to spare somebody else from ever having to fear the same despair he himself had felt, a chance to keep another human being from ever feeling the extreme indifference to their own mortality that he had felt.

Hovering on the edge of death, seeing life more clearly than he ever had before, Lee tried to explain this to Santa - by all he could give out was a feeble, wordless croak.

Somehow, impossibly, the red-clad man seemed to understand - for, even as the darkness washed over him and stole him away, the comforting words chased him down into oblivion:

"A noble wish, m'boy..." Santa had said. "A noble wish, indeed."

* * * * *

The were playing Christmas music in Heaven.

Which, in and of itself, made perfect sense. After all, Christmas was a religious holiday, a true 'holy day', and you couldn't get much more holy than heaven, now could you?

The part of it Lee found confusing was how he in any way rated getting past the pearly gates - and yet it must surely be heaven, for how else could one explain him feeling warm and comfortable - not only in the sense that he seemed to be laying in an extremely comfortable bed, wrapped in warm and extremely soft blankets, but that all the familiar aches, pains and hungers he'd felt incessantly for so long seemed to be gone?

The air gently caressing his face was redolent with rich, heady fragrances - cinnamon, and coffee, and the comforting scent of a wood fire that went with the muted crackle and snapping of burning wood. Most amazingly, Lee didn't feel the sharp, painfully cramping of a long-empty stomach that the scent of cinnamon should have brought, but instead, a sort of low, anticipatory pleasure.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to open his eyes, so Lee did so. He could have been looking at a print of 'Ye Olde English Christmas'.

His point-of-view was from within the comforting embrace of a real, old-fashion four-poster bed, complete with canopy. Not the light- and-airy brass four-post beds sold today, but an old-fashioned one of heavy, intricately carved dark walnut, with heavy, deep hunter green drapes on all sides, currently pulled back and tied off to reveal a room that matched the bed itself - a wood of plaster walls with half-height wood panels, with deep-set windows whose leaded glass lay in diamond patterns. A room right out of some 'Stately Home of England' - right down to the beautiful, and obviously expensive, Christmas decorations that gave the room an air of festive elegance.

Given the elegant, refined air of the room, the individual sharing it with Lee was all the more startling by contrast.

Oh, not in appearance, exactly. After all, the man, about Lee's own age, was dressed in a pair of dark-gray trousers and a white button-down shirt, his trim body and carefully styled mop of reddish-brown hair looking agreeably stylish for the decor of the room. Now, it was the slender man's manner that seemed so out-of-place in the air of refined elegance.

He was, quite literally, moving on tip-toe, with exaggerated movements of care and silence that looked more caricatured than real. In the corner near the bed lay an extraordinarily comfortable-looking armchair, beside which stood a beautiful antique end-table upon which rested a tray that held a coffee and a plate with a cinnamon bun on it. As for the chair itself, the blandly handsome man was oh-so-carefully laying what appeared to be a dress over it's back, moving with such exquisitely exaggerated care that the wasn't so much as even the faintest rustle of fabric. The man's face was as intent as that of a bomb technician defusing a live explosive, as if the slightest sound would bring hideous consequences...

...which almost seemed to be the case, for Lee tried to speak to the intent young man.

All that emerged from Lee's through was the faintest, highest-pitched squeak, barely audible - and yet the man jumped and spun as if hearing the trumpets of doom being sounded. His face went through an interesting array of expressions - first going so frighteningly pale that Lee was sure that the man was going to pass out, then quickly running to a bright, nearly florescent red.

"I... I... I..." The man stammered, wringing his hands. The flush, impossibly, deepened, becoming almost purple, as he jabbed a hand frantically in the direction of chair and table. "Coffee! And, because, naked, for you... Dress!"

Lee could only stare as the man began to beat a hasty retreat. His blue-green eyes couldn't seem to decide where to look, darting about the room - but never to where he was going, causing him to back into one piece of furniture after another, leaving a small path of upset furnishing and dropped ornaments as he retreated towards the door, looking as if he expected the sky to fall on him any moment - and, perhaps, as if he'd welcome such an event.

Reaching the heavy, carved-panel door, the man desperately grappled with the ornate brass handle for a moment before finally managing to work the simple lever.

"Sorry!" The man blurted out - and then he was gone, closing the door behind him. Perhaps this wasn't heaven, after all.

Lee, not having the faintest clue as to how to take any of this, quite simply decided not even to try, and instead, pushed back the silk sheets and down-filled comforter that covered his body...

...only to discover that it wasn't *his* body they covered.

For a long moment, Lee simply stared at the slender, lovely hands that had pushed down the covers to reveal a slim, equally feminine body.

A body that was not only undeniable feminine, but undeniably lovely. Smooth, silky skin covered a shapely feminine form that seemed to be nearly flawless - especially if you liked your women busty, for the body Lee now possessed was most certainly that.

In the back of her mind, Lee wondered if she shouldn't be panicking, perhaps screaming in horror or trying to recoil from her new body in disgust - but it was a moot intellectual question, since she didn't feel the least bit panicky. After all, she had expected to 'wake up dead', so to speak - and, if not dead, then at the very least, still as a malnourished homeless man in a body that never stopped aching.

Instead, she found herself in a warm, safe haven, feeling well-fed and healthy. The fact that it was in a feminine form that she was experiencing this was, by far, anything but 'horrifying'. Surprising, yes - even downright shocking. Confusing, inexplicable, and strange, without a doubt - but not horrifying.

As the obviously high-end sound system elsewhere in the house began playing 'White Christmas', Lee carefully drew her feet out from the bundle of covers pushed to the end of the bed. Pausing for a second, she eyed the dainty, well-formed feet she now possessed, still bemused - but unafraid - of the strange transformation she'd undergone.

Swiveling on a firm, full new derrière that felt like a well-packed pillow that had somehow become part of her, the newly feminine Lee swung her slender, smooth legs over the edge of the bed and carefully rose to those dainty feet.

She was somewhat amazed to find it felt completely natural. Her form and balance were completely different, and she'd expected to find moving in it awkward and unfamiliar - but, although it certainly felt *different*, it also somehow felt natural, as if she'd been moving and standing and walking in this feminine form all her adult life.

She walked over to the table bearing the enticing continental breakfast - and, as she moved, found her body 'instinctively' gliding with a smooth, gracefully easy feminine stride, her womanly new hips swaying and dipping in a way her old, male body could never have quite managed. With every step, her full new bust, so amazingly firm and enticingly full, bounced and swayed tautly, and a silky curtain of unseen hair brushed her shoulders and bare, smooth back, so lighter and silkier than the heavy, tangled mane of before.

Despite these, and thousands of other tiny but undeniable differences that each and every movement revealed, nothing felt truly 'strange', all of it still feeling 'natural'.

"This is... strange..." She said, softly, to herself - and was somehow not terribly shocked to hear the comment emerge in a bright, feminine voice.

Picking up the cinnamon bun, she - rather daintily, though she didn't notice the fact, consciously - began to nibble on it, occasionally sipping at the coffee, as she eyed the clothing that the strange man had laid out for her.

From it's cut and sizing, it seemed if it would fit what she'd seen of her new figure, and she wondered how the man could know her size, when she herself did not - but considering that she'd inexplicably woken to find herself female, it seemed but a small mystery, all things considered.

The dress itself was lovely, if somewhat old-fashioned in design. It most closely reminded the new woman of the type of 'formal' dressed you'd expect to see in a movie made in the Fifties - dark red velvet, with a scalloped neckline and a plunging back, and boasting a slit that ran all the way up the outside of the right leg. Indeed, Lee had no problems mentally envisioning the dress being worn by the likes of Vivian Leigh, say, or Jayne Mansfield - though neither of those silver screen goddesses had quite the same measurements that she now boasted.

In addition to the dress, there was all the necessary accessories. A pair of black nylons, seamed up the back and with a matching garter belt to hold the old-fashioned stocking in place. There was also a pair of shoes, classic pumps with a five-inch heel, and which were covered in a velvet that matched the dress itself.

There was also a pair of black panties, and a matching demi-cup bra, designed more for 'show'; then for support, especially considering the size that was on the label that curiosity had driven her to take a look at.

The bra was labeled as being a 36-DD.

"Whoa..." Lee said to herself, somewhat stunned - as she lifted the open bra up and placed the cups of the front-closing undergarment against her chest, finding that they cupped and held her breasts as if custom-tailored to do exactly that. "Quite the bustline, girl..."

Standing there, with the bra held in place over her breasts, she only needed to clasp the three metal snaps to put it in place - and so she did so, with a strange little frisson of guilty pleasure at enclosing her firm, spherical breasts in the lacy embrace of the stain brassiere.

Having put on the bra, it seemed only logical to draw the matching panties up her long, slender legs and settle them in place around her womanly hips, the smooth material lightly pressing against her perfectly-formed new womanhood - and that, of course, led to her pulling on the smooth nylons to enclose her legs, which necessitated putting on the garter belt to clip the nylons into place...

...and since she'd gone that far, she mentally shrugged and pulled on the form-fitting dress, letting its smooth fabric caress her slender hips, full derriere, and outthrust breasts.

It wasn't until she'd completely finished dressing herself, even stepping easily and comfortably into the shoes, that she'd realized what she was feeling.

Lee was enjoying herself. The thought - the action - of dressing herself in the feminine finery made her feel... happy.

It wasn't as if her mind had been altered or change in any way. She wasn't feeling some sort of 'imposed' pleasure at wearing women's clothing, nor was she 'thinking like a woman'. No, the simple fact was that it had been too long since she'd worn clean, comfortable clothes of any sort. Regardless of the fact that the clothing was undeniable feminine, it fit well, was warm and comfortable - and, even more, it was soft and silky in a way that even the most comfortable male clothing she'd ever placed on her old body had ever been.

She was enjoying wearing the clothing for the simple fact that it felt good, physically.

The only 'strangeness' about it was how easily she could stand - and, upon attempting to do so, walk - in the high, slender heels of the matching pumps.

With a graceful, feminine stride, Lee made her way in to the room's en suite bathroom - where she found herself gazing at her new reflection in the mirror, amazed at the stunningly beautiful woman who looked back at her.

Tall and slender, with a supple toned body and a face of exquisite beauty - the very image of her new self took her breath away. The face of an angel - and a body that made you want to sin...

"Holy crap..." She said to her reflection, stunned. "I'm... *perfect!*"

Stunned, she brushed a silken lock of raven's hair from her face, her dark green eyes wide with amazement.

Being made female was one thing - to be made a stunningly beautiful, and sexy, one, another thing completely. Instantly, the realization that men would find her sexually attractive struck her with a sort of roiling dread that was more than mingled with a high, powerful sense of... almost anticipation.

After all, it had been two years since she had been capable of feeling sexual pleasure, and she wasn't too stupid as to not realize that sex, for women, was at least as pleasurable as it was for men. While there was guilt at the 'homosexual' aspects of feeling excited at the prospect of one more feeling sexual pleasure, even as a woman, there was nevertheless a real and powerful sense of interest - for not only could she feel sexual pleasure again, but in a form she'd never imagined herself being able to feel.

She shivered - and not from the cold. Nor was any chill to be blamed for the fact that her large, thick new nipples stiffly rose to excited attention, thrust into the soft stain of the bra that very barely managed to cover them, beneath a dress that was similarly 'just enough' to keep the new barometers of her sexual arousal concealed.

No, no chill indeed - for her cutely dimpled new knees went slightly watery at the powerful sensation of moist heat that was suffusing her, beginning within her abdomen but rapidly spread outward to fill her with a formless longing that, though demanding, was nevertheless enjoyable in it's own right.

"Oh, my dear lord..." She whispered in near shock,. Amazed to find that feminine arousal, in and of itself, provided more pleasure than the hydraulically-driven demands of male arousal. Though her new body - and, with guilty honesty, her 'old' mind, she admitted - desired the release orgasm would bring, the anticipation of pleasure wasn't frustrating or pseudo-painful, as it had always been for her as a man, but actually... quite enjoyable.

"No wonder women act the way they do..."S he muttered to herself, amazed to find that the major 'psychological' differences between men and women was actually driven by such a 'small' thing as the manner of sexual arousal.

Men, of course, were 'damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead' types, no matter how baroque their maneuvers to achieve that goal. They needed to be, since their arousal demanded it of them. A woman's arousal, however, enjoyable in it's own right, and not as external to the sense-of-self, could be 'played with', giving a woman much more room with which to bargain.

With the thoughts running through her mind, and the arousal running through her body, Lee suddenly found herself thinking of the man who'd been in the room, the strange man who'd beaten such a hasty retreat at her awakening. Though she'd liked to have thought that she'd suddenly thought of him in gratitude for the food and clothing provided her, she couldn't pass that lie off to herself, realizing full well that her train of thought regarding her new sexuality and the possibilities that it brought had called him to mind.

She flushed, brightly, stunned at the easy acceptance she'd give to the thought of 'experimenting' with her new sexuality - and with the very first man she'd meet as a woman, no less - yet still unable to force the decidedly intriguing thought from her mind.

Two years, three months, and some few odd days - that's how long it had been since Lee had experienced sex. In fact, it had been nearly that long since he'd experienced the touch of any other human being, aside from that necessitated by medical care, or the random brush of a person passing. Even those had faded, the medical care with his supposed healing, and the brush of people who had avoided the 'smelly bum' which he'd become.

Now, looking at her stunning reflection in the mirror, Lee knew that very few men indeed would trouble themselves to avoid touching her new form and figure...

..and that realization only increased the weak-kneed feeling of arousal that suffused her.

Still with a faint blush on her well-defined new cheeks, Lee gave her reflection on last look - then headed out of the bathroom, thence the bedroom, in search of her host.

Heading down the hallway, she found herself facing a window that looked out onto the grounds of what was obviously a small and elegantly-kept mansion. To her surprise, it was dark out - meaning it was either a mere hour or so after her 'death' as a man in the underpass, or it was a whole evening past. For a minute, she found herself wondering which it was, which lead to the thought of how it might have come to pass - but her own arousal, and her own intrigued interest in her new sexuality, took precedence over such intellectual exercises. Driven by body, rather than mind, she headed down the oak-banister stairs to the floor below, from \which rose the soft sound of the Christmas music that filled the house.

Stepping into the first-floor foyer, she followed the music to the door top her right - and there found her prey. Standing, with his back turned to her, in front of the stereo system, he was flipping through a series of compact disks, obviously trying to chose a new CD for when the current one finished.

"Hello, there..." Lee said, somewhat surprised to find her arousal had transformed her feminine new voice into a somewhat husky, breathy-sounding tone that was incredibly evocative.

It had somewhat of a different effect on the intended recipient however.

"Eeep!" The russet-haired man yelped,. Dropping the CD-case as he spun. Eyes a s wide as saucers, he took a few shambling steps backwards, paused, then managed a few swaying steps forward again - putting him in more or less the same place he'd been before he'd attempted either retreat or advance.

"I wanted to thank you..." Lee said, gliding forward with a new seductive nature to her step, unplanned but instinctive. Her mind worked rapidly. "My name's... Leanne."

"I, uh and.. you..." the man - which, she noticed with more then passing interest, was actually quite handsome - was made nearly comical but his stammering attempt at even a simple introduction. "We, and I - found.. my... for you..."

Stopping in front of him, Lee - Leanne - couldn't help but smile at the man's antics, realizing with assurance that the man was one of those poor unfortunates who could barely bring himself to even look at a woman, much less talk with one. She'd met a few of the ultra-shy types in high school, and knew they could be geniuses in all sorts of ways, but completely inept in dealing with women, usually much to their despair...

...and with that though, Leanne suddenly understood.

Her request, her wish - this was it, made real. A chance to keep another human being from feeling despair - and though she still didn't understand the magical mechanism that made it all possible, she understood the intent and the reason behind it.

To overcome the despair that he felt at being unable to deal with women in any coherent fashion, this poor man need a woman who could - would - be somewhat aggressive, yet thoughtful, pushy yet giving...

...and most of all, a woman who had no 'past entanglements' that could interfere in what, for this confused and social incompetent man, was already an incredibly difficult situation.

Leanne, of course, had no past whatsoever. No 'family' that this man would have to someday meet, no other friends or past lovers with which he'd have to deal. She was his romantic 'carte blanche', a woman who could be anything he needed...

...if she was willing to be so, for him.

She was - for, as a consequence, she could also redefine e a whole new life for herself through him. She needed only to look around her to know that it could be a very comfortable life, indeed.

"Leanne." She said, more firmly, taking a few steps closer to him - and, expected, he paced her, step by step, keeping that same buffer zone between them.

Just as she'd planned - as she continued backing him towards where she wanted him. "One word answer, my handsome host..." She said, smiling warmly. "Your first name is...?"

"Juh...Jack!" He blurted out, as she stopped moving - and, consequentially, so did he, standing in the doorway between the living room and the den beyond.

"Pleased to meet you, Jack." She said warmly - then, quite pointedly, looked up.

Jack, blinking, did likewise - and found himself staring at the mistletoe hung in the doorway.

Before he brought his eyes back down, he suddenly found himself holding a warm double armful of lithe, supple woman, her full lips only a few inches from his face - as was her well-displayed bosom.

"Well, Jack - tradition says we have to kiss..." She all-but-purred...

...and before he could dispute tradition, she wrapped one slender arm around his neck, and proceeded to kiss the hell out of him, while pressing her lush body tightly against his.

Part of her was amazed at herself, doing such a 'disgusting' thing - but the rest of her was just enjoying all the wonderful sensations that came from holding a man tight, and kissing him hungrily.

It felt even better after a short period of time, when he started hissing her back, his arms hesitantly slipping around her slender, supple form to hold her tight.

She let herself become lost in the kiss, in the pleasurable dance of tongue against tongue, the wonderful friction of body against body, separated only by the layers of thin cloth.

OF course, she thought to herself dreamily, it would feel even better if the clothes weren't there - and, instead of rubbing against each other, he was rubbing within her, in the way that only a man could rub within a woman for that wonderful satisfaction she was feeling the urge to fulfill...

Part of her was very concerned at how easily she'd taken to womanhood - but she didn't care. After so long alone and bitter and without any form of comfort from a fellow human being, she was more than willing to act the part of a 'slut' in order to feel such wonderful pleasure, to feel the touch of a man on her soft and sensation skin...

Breaking off the kiss, she leaned back and smiled down at Jack. "Please tell me you're a virgin..." She whispered.

Jack blinked, and flushed - and nodded.

"Oh, yes..."S he moaned in pleasure. "My fantasy is to find a man who hasn't learned any bad habits from other women - then 'train him up' right, teaching him the correct way to make love to me. Show him how he should fondle my huge, firm tits. Teach him how to caress my smooth, soft body. Instruct him how to fill my tight, wet cunt with his hard, throbbing cock. Are you willing to be my student, Jack? Are you willing to let me teach you how to fuck my brains out, again and again?"

Jack gaped at her, swallowed heavily - and nodded, frantically.

"Come with me..."S he said, with a chuckle, "...and then you'll cum with me..." Taking him by the hand, she lead him towards the stairs she'd just come down.

'Less the fifteen minutes..' She thought, somewhat delirious. 'Fifteen minutes as a woman - and I'm going to let a man fuck me...' Instead of guilt, she felt... pride.

She felt happier then she'd felt in longer then she could care to remember...

...and shortly, she felt even happier, for as they entered the bedroom she'd so recently left, and she quickly began to undress him, he hesitatingly returned the favor - and the look of appreciative desire that came from gazing on her naked body made her tremble in delight.

"I'm also going to teach you how to by sexy clothes for me, if that's okay..." She heard herself saying, her mind in some strange sort of fog where she spoke without conscious decision to do so. "I'm, going to show you how to treat your live-in lover and willing little sex-slave... okay?"

"Live in lover...?" Jack said, stunned. "But,... we hardly know each other.. you... I..."

"I know all I need to know." She said, surprised to find it was the truth. "I know you're going to be kind and caring, aren't you?" "Yes." Jack said, easily enough, though he was flushing a bright red just from being naked with her.

"That's enough..." She said - and then pulled him with her to the bed, where she spread her legs invitingly. "take me, Jack - make me your woman..."

It was the 'woman' that mattered more than the 'your' to her - but Jack read it another way, and the man too shy to every approach a woman, had one offered to him on a silver platter.

It was an offer he couldn't refuse....

* * * * *

Not without some regret, Leanne carefully eased herself out of her slumbering lover's embrace.

Slipping from both the warmth of Jack's body and his bed, she picked up the heavy dressing gown and slipped it around her slender, and oh-so-wonderfully sensitive new form, tucking the ends tightly together and crossing her arms over it just below the curve of her full new breasts. Thus hugging herself, she gently padded over to one of the diamond-paned windows, leaning forward to get an unobstructed view through the leaded paned.

The heavy snow, which had begun the night before, had finally settled down into only the lightest, stillest fall of tiny crystals. The town, laid out almost like a map from Jack's house on its hilltop, lay in peaceful slumber, transformed into a postcard scene by its undisturbed mantle of crisp white snow.

Softly, her voice but a whisper, she sent her gratitude out into the darkness beyond: "Thank you..."

Turning, she let the gown slip from her smooth shoulders as she headed back to bed. She moved with the same silent grace as with which she'd risen...

...and into the soft silence of her slipping back into Jack's embrace, the voice from darkness of the Christmas night, though faint, was clear and unmistakable, as was the faint, silvery sound of sleigh bells that underlay his words:

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When the girl next door has to face the desires of her life long friend, an Xbox gone astray leads to changes for both.

Girl Next Door

By Gunslinger

Bob watched as she slowly licked her unbelievably enticing lips. Above a dark eye that glittered brightly behind the lenses of her glasses, one finely-arched eyebrow rose, and the face so enticingly framed by the loose bangs of her other-wise swept-back, thickly- waved up-do of auburn hair cast itself into lines of pure devilment.

"You can be on top..." DeeDee said, her rich voice so low and utterly arousing...

...and then she laughed, a trilling sound so sweet and pure that it could remind Bob why he tortured himself like this even as a wave of almost physical longing swept through him.

With a rueful smile, the darkly tanned, athletically-built blond easily caught the video-game controller the unbelievably luscious young woman tossed to him, not the least bit upset at the way his eyes almost helplessly took in the interplay of the muscles beneath the incredibly flawless skin that enclosed her lean, oh-so-supple body.

The fact that he found her the most utterly, enticingly, unforgettably sexually attractive girl on the face of the planet was hardly news to DeeDee, and not just because it was a view shared by a good many of the young, (*and not so young*), men in the small Wisconsin town.

Bob Altman and Deirdre Deacon didn't *have* secrets - at least, not from one another. They'd been friends since long before the whole 'boy-girl' thing had even been a factor, back when the nickname 'DeeDee' hadn't, (*understatedly*), referred to the ripe and incredibly perky breasts now filling out the incredibly lithe, slender young woman's tight, midriff-baring blue 'Superman' t-shirt, distorting the famous red-and-yellow logo in the most mouthwatering way. Aside from 'just' being neighbors, they had lived in houses that were exact mirror-images of each other - which put the windows of each of their bedrooms less than ten feet from each other across the narrow alley separating the two houses. The only nine-year-old kids in the neighborhood, both new to town when their parents had relocated to work at the newly-opened factory, they'd become playmates, then friends, then best friends - before they'd each hit puberty and turned out to be exceedingly fine examples of their respective genders.

As it turned out, their ten-year friendship was strong enough to bear even that burden - the burden of Bob's helpless, hopeless desire for a girl whose type of supple, busty body was not only the thing that fueled his fantasies - but hers as well.

Now, long legs toned by her years as a gymnast propped up on the edge of her desk, taut, trim ass encased in red satin shorts comfortably perched in her high-backed swivel chair, DeeDee gestured with the incredible inherent grace of hers.

"Ready to kick some alien ass, Bobby-boy?" She asked in her rich, sweet contralto voice, the faintest hint of a southern accent making it all the more exotic.

With a long-suffering sigh at the lesbian who was the only person who got away with calling him 'Bobby', the handsome nineteen- year-old smiled and nodded, forcing himself to drag his eyes from her trim, petite figure to the top half of the divided screen showing on the TV hooked up to her X-BOX.

Together, playing cooperatively, they started 'kicking alien ass', supporting each other's back in the videogame world while they did the same thing emotionally in real life, discussing each of their current relationship problems - which, in a sort of wry joke the universe was playing on them, were nearly identical:

Woman trouble.

The 'dating pool' was fairly small in the rural town, all the more so for DeeDee, whose major source of sexual encounters were girls just 'experimenting'. In a town where everybody knew everybody, and all the girls - straight and lesbian - talked to each other and amongst themselves, Bob and DeeDee's extremely close friendship caused a sort of strange jealousy, no women coming close to being 'more important' to either of the friends than they were to each other...

...which had put the two usually quite sexually active friends smack-dab in the middle of a dry spell.

Despite everything, nobody wanted to 'get serious' with them because of the unspoken assumption that a man and a woman who were so close to each other would somehow, some way, end up together.

"It's getting so bad..." She confided, ruefully, "... that the straight girls are starting to experiment with each *other*."

"At least they're willing to give it a try." Bob remarked - and then his eyes went wide and his hand rose to slap closed, much to late, over his mouth.

DeeDee stared at him, aghast, every bit as stunned as Bob himself to hear how bitterly that comment had unwillingly slipped from his lips.

"Bob..." She said, her voice hurt beyond all measure, "You know if I felt even the smallest, slightest, tiniest bit of sexual attraction to you, in any way, then I would.. 'experiment', if for no other reason but to make you happy, but... Well, would you be willing to do something that goes against your own nature, just to help a friend?"

Bob bit his lower lip - then slowly nodded.

She eyed him doubtfully, the trust in him she'd always considered unshakable suddenly rattled.

"Okay, let me see if I've got this straight." She said, slender eyebrows arching. "You're saying that, if our positions were reversed, you'd be willing to try something that holds absolutely no interest for you, just to please your friend?"

"Look, DeeDee, I didn't meant to say it that way." Bob said, holding up his hands. "I never would have..."

"Hey, but you did." She said, firmly, the shock of 'betrayal' over somebody she'd always trusted implicitly suddenly indicating that maybe he wasn't quite as utterly and completely honest with her as she'd always been with him emerging as anger. "I want an answer, Bobby-boy. If everything was exactly reversed - if you were me - you, as me, would have sex with 'you', finally fulfilling all those fantasies 'you' had, simply to make 'you' happy? Is *that* what you're saying?"

Bobby hesitated, seeing her direct an emotion at him that he'd never experienced from her before, and although he wanted to avoid the conversation, he couldn't lie to her, couldn't evade her question. Not her. Not DeeDee.

"Yes."

"Bullshit!" She snorted, her gorgeous face taking on an angry hue. "I can't believe you have the balls to flat out lie to me - to *me* - like that!"

"No, DeeDee, it's true..." Bob tried to convince her.

"Not even close!" She snapped, enraged all out of proportion because it was Bob who was lying to her like this. She'd had plenty of men try plenty of ways to get her to 'experiment', solely for their own pleasures, but she'd never thought Bob felt that way. "I know you better than anybody else on the planet! How do you expect me to believe you'd be so utterly selfless as to do something that goes against everything in your nature, just to make a friend happy? Nobody's *that* nice, not even you!"

"Just to make a friend happy?" bob said, his own anger beginning to smolder. "Is that what you think this is about? Just 'getting some? Damn it, DeeDee, I've been completely head-over-heels in love with you even longer than I've been nut-bustingly in lust with you. Hell, yes, if I were you, and I knew how desperately my bestest friend in the whole world wanted to at least give it a shot, to take that one chance and, if nothing else, finally kill off that last, tiny, heart-rending bit of hope - yes, I'd do it!"

"Oh, right!" She snapped, almost unable to believe this was really happening, that she was in a full-blown argument with somebody she'd never even had one hard word to say to until today, but unable to stop herself from doing it. "If you were me, with no interest at all in men, and I were you, constantly fantasizing about 'your' hot little body, sporting wood practically every time 'I' saw 'you', you'd go ahead and do everything 'I' ever dreamed about, just in the tiny little off chance that 'you' might have been wrong all these years, and might actually enjoy it after all? Oh, come on! That's the biggest load of bull-shit I've ever heard! I can't believe you're trying to pawn it off on me! For God's sake, Bobby - has this whole 'bestest friend' bit been just in the off chance I might actually like you enough to force myself to do something completely against everything I feel, and have sex with you?"

Just as she didn't truly understand just how painful his desire for her was, Bob failed to understand just how sickened and frustrated she was with the fact that men, in general, couldn't accept the fact that she wasn't even the slightest bit interested in them, sexually. To him, that last bit came out of nowhere, slashing at him like a knife.

"No!" He gasped, shocked and deeply hurt that she could question his friendship like that. "DeeDee, I swear it's not like that!"

"Oh, I wish to God I could believe that your friendship *IS* so strong that you'd do 'anything' for the other person." DeeDee said, bitterly, her faith shattered by the doubts about him that she couldn't help herself from suddenly feeling.

"I wish to God I could prove it to you!" Bob said with heart-felt intensity, feeling like crying for the first time in years at the distrust in her eyes. "Oh, I wish to God I could just make you understand..."

It was at just that very second that the X-BOX suddenly let out a strident electronic crackle, the sharp odor of burning circuitry filling the room...

...as Bob and DeeDee both shouted as their bodies helplessly shivered, shock and shuddered in the grip of the electrical current flowing through their bodies from the controls still in their hands.

The brief electrical jolt faded as blue-gray smoke puffed up from the ruined game console - but for the longest time, the two of them sat stock - still, simply gaping at each other.

Finally, as if in a dream, DeeDee let the controller drop from her slender hands, her fingers slowly comic up almost of their own volition as, without taking her staring eyes of Bob's muscular figure, she hesitantly cupped the big, perky tits tenting her tight T-shirt.

"Holy shit..." She gasped, accent gone from her sweet voice, which spoke in a cadence subtly different from any that had ever emerged from those sweet lips. "It.. It happened. I'm.. you!"

Bobby, staring back at her, slowly shook his head like a man coming from a fog.

"This... This is how you see me...?" He asked, a faint trace of the south in his stunned voice. "I mean, I always knew I was pretty hot, but in your eyes... Holy cow! And my *tits*...!"

He gaped at her firm, pointed-dome chest - and she also glanced down...

...and blinked, suddenly finding those 'perfect' breasts a little too large for her slender ribcage, the same fullness that had always been a turn on now looking to be a bit 'too much of a good thing'. In fact, she noticed with a blink as she eyes her form, it was as if she were seeing her body through a distorting lens, at once subtle and profound.

Through her eyes, her feet, in their pink-and-white sneakers, looked to be a little larger then before, and her legs seemed a bit more 'gangly' then 'long and slender' - exactly the sort of self-image that might cause a girl to take up gymnastics in the hope of adding some tone to coltish legs.

Stunned, DeeDee turned her gaze from a 'flawless' body that now seemed to host a hundred imperfections - and gaped anew at the man sitting across from her.

The guy who, in a mirror, had always been slimly athletic, broad-shouldered and handsome...

"I don't look like that." DeeDee told Bob, pointing a slim finger at him almost accusingly. "I am not 'a walking wall of muscle' - and I am NOT that hairy!"

She paused, then smirked in an expression never before seen on that pretty face. "My cock, however, is really that outlandishly huge." She commented.

Bob snorted involuntary laughter.

"Look at it from my point of view." He pointed out. "Knowing what I find physically attractive..."

DeeDee cocked her head thoughtfully - then snickered, getting it. After all, all she had to do was list what was 'wrong' with Bob's body if you used the one she was in as the measure of perfection.

"I still can't believe just how incredibly sexy you..." bob started to say - then he suddenly stiffened...

...as he stared down at what was busily stiffening.

"That's what getting a hard on feel like?" He gasped in shock, staring down at the visible tenting in his pants. "Holy crap! It's so... so... *concentrated!*"

Hesitantly, he reached down and poked one blunt finger at it, the way you might poke a snake to see if it was alive.

"I feel like somebody's shoved a balloon under the skin of my crotch and is inflating it with warm water!" He gasped/complained. "I mean, getting aroused for women is sort of a warmer, all-over sort of thing. This is every bit intense - but in a much smaller area, and not.. not nearly as *enjoyable*."

"You mean you enjoy walking around horny?" DeeDee asked, incredulously.

"It's... kinda nice, actually. I mean, sure, it feels good to 'relieve' the tension - but the tension itself is pretty pleasant, too. At least, for women. This.. this isn't fun at all. In fact..."

Blushing, he shifted position, hesitantly slipping a hand down his pants in a futile effort to find a good position for his now rock-hard member.

"It just hangs out there!" She complained, frustrated. "It's like it's an afterthought, or something, stuck in the way. Good grief - how the hell do you put up with this damned thing...!"

"By thinking about the alternative." DeeDee reported with a wry grin. Bob blinked - and chuckled dryly.

"The old 'fate worse then death', huh?" He asked, eyeing DeeDee's lithe female form. "Well, is it? That bad loosing... this thing?" He jerked a thumb in the direction of his crotch - and grimaced.

"I can see why guys are thinking about it all the time, though." He said. "the damn things just so... there. At least a pussy's unobtrusive, most of the time, never getting in the way or changing it's size and shape and malleability on a whim, and... oh, hell! What is with this thing!"

"This is all your fault!" He accused her. "It wouldn't be doing this if you weren't so damned..." He broke off, an odd look coming over his face as he realized what he was saying.

An odd look also came to rest on her face.

"Your right..." She said in the tone of voice of somebody either strangling a laugh or a scream. "It *is* my fault - and I guess I'd better take care of that."

Slowly, she rose from the chair, slender hands going to the hem of her tight shirt. In one fluid motion, she pulled it up, exposing big, pointed tits so firm they'd been spared the indignity of ever being imprisoned in a bra...

"What are you doing...?" Bob screeched.

"Taking care of a, ahem, 'little problem'." She said, blushing furiously but still amused.

"Not with *my* body, you're not!" Bob said, shielding his crotch. "You keep it away from this.. this.. *thing!*"

"Well, then, you'd better take care of it yourself." DeeDee said, smirking, as she made a universal back-and-forth motion with a cupped right hand. "trust me, the longer the pressure goes on, the worse it gets."

"You've got to be kidding!" He blurted.

"Nope." She said, shaking her head. "Leave it long enough, and the 'relief' is almost as bad as the 'pressure'."

"Hey, I've seen you sporting wood for hours while hanging out with me!" He retorted - then blushed, eyes going wide. "Oh..." he said in a very small voice.

"Yeah, well..." DeeDee said, shrugging uncomfortably. "I'm sort of.. used to it."

Silence reigned supreme - then Bob looked at the half-naked woman standing in front of him, and cleared his throat, nervously. "You were serious all along, weren't you?" He asked. "I mean... about what you said."

"Yes, I was." She agreed, easily.

"You.. have absolutely no desire to do it?" "None." She agreed, even more readily. "But..."

"But I know you'd like it." She pointed out, with a shrug. "Besides - how bad could it be, really?"

"You'd..." Bob said, blushing, groping for words.. then settled for jabbing the forefinger of one hand into the loosely fistled other. "Sure."

"...and...?" Bob continued, this time raising the fisted hand close to his mouth and pushing his tongue into his cheek. "Plenty of women have, and it hasn't killed them - or me..."

She smirked, eyeing bob's crotch in a way that made him blush even more deeply.

"Well, uh " He said, licking his lips nervously as he considered the not-to-pleasant pressure that was more insistent then he'd ever believed had been the case. "I, um "

"Why don't we start 'small', and stop whenever somebody cries foul?" Deirdre suggested, reasonably - as she swayed her pert ass over and plopped it down on his lap, carefully avoiding extra pressure on what she knew from first-hand experience to be an extraordinarily sensitive organ. "A little light kissing and fondling to get 'in the mood', shall we say?"

Bob hesitated - then slowly brought his big, strong hands up to cup her breasts.

"Oh, that's pretty nice." DeeDee said, eyebrows shooting upwards - as her nipples began to tighten.

"I have a certain amount of experience in this - and I know exactly what these tits like " Bob pointed out with a smile, teasing and squeezing her nipples with a gentle firmness before letting his hands slowly explore outwards over her taut skin...

...while leaning in for a kiss.

A kiss that started very hesitantly, at first, but slowly deepened into something stronger, more 'interactive'...

...and, to both of their surprise, right on past hat into something passionate. Something almost hungry.

When they finally broke the kiss, DeeDee was blushing brightly.

"I.. think I'm.. getting turned on." She admitted, embarrassed. Bob took a deep breath of air through his nose - and smiled.

" 'Think'?" he teased.

"Okay - I'm getting turned on..." She admitted, as his hands continued to roam over her body. "Uh... I think I have to take back what I said earlier."

Bob's hands stopped, and he looked crestfallen. "Oh. Of course. Well, I complete understand if you're not willing..."

"Not that..." She said with an embarrassed giggle, blushing all the more brightly. "I meant about not having the least bit of desire about it..."

"Oh." Bob commented - then, "Ohhhhh...!" the sat still for a second, looking at each other. "Then, uh, should we...?" Bob suggested, awkwardly. "Yeah - I mean, if you think..."She replied.

Both faces beat red, they looked at each other a minute longer, trying to make sure they were both suggesting the exact same thing without having to put it into words.

Slowly, DeeDee stood up - and began stepping out of her shoes, hands going to the waistband of her shorts.

Blushing every bit as brightly as she was, Bob also slowly and awkwardly undressed, almost palatable embarrassed by the big, hard cock standing at full attention.

They stood in another brief pause, looking at each other, each making sort of tiny, nervous gestures towards the bed until, finally, they slowly and awkwardly shuffled over to it.

"So, should I...?" Bob started, then stopped. "Or, maybe you should..."

"Well. I guess we could..." DeeDee started, herself - she sighed with a wry giggle. "Aw, hell. Here..."

Turning, she walked away from the bed, startling Bob - until she reached the high-backed swivel chair, which she jammed into the gap in the desk, which held it firm. Bracing her arms on the back of the chair, she leaned forward, legs spread.

Peering over her shoulder, she smiled nervously. "Easier?" She asked.

"Uh.. Yeah." Bob said, sweating despite the cool air - but his cock showed no sign of the hesitancy he felt, and he slowly shuffled across the room.

"Are you, uh, ready...?"

"About as much as you are, I'd say." She chuckled dryly. "Physically yes, emotionally no - right?" "Amen, brother!" Bob said, fervently - then, smirking: "I mean, 'sister'."

"Well..." She said, awkwardly. "I guess you can figure out what to do..."

"Yeah." He agreed - but hesitated a moment longer before oh-so-slowly leaning in and pressing the throbbing head of his cock lightly against her exposed mound.

He waited a second to see if she was going to change her mind - or he, his - and then began pushing it into the slippery, conforming confines of her warm, moist womanhood.

She gasped sharply.

"Sorry, sorry!" He babbled, starting to withdraw...

"No!" She said, sharply - then, in an embarrassed tone, less forcefully. "I mean 'no, it was because it felt good'..." "Really?"

A long, long pause - then, quietly: "Yeah. Really good."

He hesitated - then resumed pushing into her, admitting to himself that it did, indeed, feel good.

He continued until his cock was fully sheathed in her inviting cunt - then, a little less hesitantly, began to withdraw - which made she shiver and gasp again, obviously in pleasure...

...and he concurred. It did feel good.

It felt even better on the second, faster repetition. Even better on the third, harder...

...and better on the fourth...

...fifth...

..sixth...

"Holy.. Shit...!" He gasped, hips bucking almost of their own accord as his body let him know it could do this just fine without any help from the intellect. "It.. feels.. so..."

"...fantastic!" She gasped back, wriggling on the end of his cock, panting as her hips also did their own little dance without needing any input from her. "Don't stop, oh, don't... stop...!" there was absolutely no danger of that.

Bob's body seemed to have a mind of its own - which worked well, since the mind inhabiting that body didn't have the first clue as to what he was doing...

...but was damned happy to be doing it, original doubts notwithstanding.

Thrust and counterthrust - each of their bodies working hard with primal instincts to increase the pleasurable friction of damp cunt enveloping hard cock, minds almost redundant other than as sensory organs to experience the wonderful pleasure thundering through each of their bodies as they continued their age-old rhythmic dance, incoherent sounds of pleasure ripped from each throat as they experienced new and wonderful pleasure both like and unlike anything they'd ever experienced before. What had once been long and rhythmic became sharp and intense, and what had been sudden and well-defined became steady waxing and waning waves. Nerves tingled and synapses fired in patterns producing pleasure no more intense than any they'd ever felt before, but completely unlike in form anything they'd previously experienced, the novelty of the experience making it seem all the more intense than it really was.

"Yes, oh God, yes...!" She screamed.

"Fuck, yeah!" He agreed, hands braced on her back as he humped wildly at her, face contorted in pleasure. "Shit it's so.. concentrated... All.. right there..."

"It's all over!" She screamed, tits bouncing and swaying beneath her with each hard thrust. "I feel completely filled - and I love it! Harder! Fuck me harder!"

If it had been humanly possibly, Bob certainly would have complied - but his sweat-slicked body was already performing at peak efficiency...

...and it was both more wonderful then she'd ever imagined being penetrated could feel, and yet the satisfaction of being filled was somehow making all the more aroused even as the act she was supposed to relieve arousal was being performed.

"Harder..." She begged, not understanding. "Fuck me harder..." She pleaded, not knowing.

"Please, harder!" She screamed, not realizing...

...until the orgasm hit, and she learned that, for women, the more 'not enough' the journey was, the 'more than enough' the destination.

For men, the pleasure just built and built until it broke the dam and then drained away...

...but for a woman, a long, slow, steady 'build' gave pleasure at the time, but lessened the impact of what now hit her with all the force that had built up by the hard-and-hungry rhythm she'd demanded from him - and she was completely unprepared for it as it slammed into her like a runaway freight train.

Even as he came inside her, her knees buckled from the force of the mind-blowing orgasm that slammed into her, an orgasm not limited to the brief span of time it took to empty the hydraulic reservoir it took for a man - an orgasm, a series of orgasms, that blacked out thought and intellect and emotion, leaving her with nothing but mind-warping ecstasy as she collapsed to the floor screaming out in mindless, orgasm pleasure at what was ripping through mind and body, stripping away all hints of civilization from her and reducing her to a quivering primordial lump of post-orgasmic pleasure.

Carefully, Bob helped a still-shuddering DeeDee into the chair and stepped back to wait until the post-orgasmic glow faded.

"that was... intense..." She breathed, vacantly - then shook her head. "I mean - for a novel experience, you know. Oh, speaking of which... how do we change back...?"

"I don't know." Bob admitted. "In fact, I guess I really didn't think about it..." Then he went deathly pale as he realized what else he hadn't thought about. "I didn't use a condom!"

"So? Aren't you on the..." She started - then stopped, blanching, as she realized it was hardly the sort of thing a lesbian usually had to be worried about. "Oh, crap..."

"Hey - 'Hun'reds and hun'reds a time, ain't nuthin' happen a'tall'... right?" Bob tried to reassure her, smiling sickly...

...and sometimes, you got shot down with the first salvo.

* * * * *

"Don't touch me!" DeeDee said, sharply. "Do... *not*.. touch.. me...!"

"Sorry dear!" Bob said, hastily yanking back the hands he'd held out to help her.

Maneuvering oh-so-carefully under the weight of her nine-moth-swollen belly that protruded enormously from her slender frame, she walked - waddled - carefully over to the kitchen table and delicately lowered herself into the chair.

"Twins!" She said, darkly, staring at Bob. "You never mentioned that twins run in your family!" "Your family, dear..." Bob tried to placate her.

"Whatever!" She snapped, unbuttoning her maternity blouse and peeling it off. With a gasp that turned into a sigh of relief, she released the front-closing clasp on her bra and let it swing open, freeing her milk-swollen EEE-cup breasts to sway heavily from her delicate ribcage, nipples dribbling a thin white flow.

"I'll get it..." Bob said in hurried response to the low, steady look she gave him, and hurried to grab the breast-pump out of it's nearby storage. "Do you want me to..."

"NO!" She all-but-snarled, grabbing the pump out of his hands and applying the cup to her starboard nipple. "You touching me is what got us into this mess, remember?"

"Um.. I seem to remember you being an oh-so-willing participant in that, actually - along with the several dozen times afterwards, when I went out to by the condoms that it turned out we didn't need, anyway. I fully understand why guys hate wearing them, now..."

"Oh, zip it..." She said, irritably, suctioning one mammary gland empty of it's heavy weight of milk - Bob also hadn't mentioned that 'her' side of the family were milk cows, producing ridiculously early, and in ludicrous quantity.

The fact that 'mom' had been a C-cup before her pregnancy, but had stayed a DD afterwards was also quite worrisome...

"Well, then, I guess you'll just have to bear the consequences of that particular action you refused to give up.. until recently, that is. You *are* still planning on doing that after the twins are born... aren't you?"

"You know damned well I am." She muttered, darkly. "Just don't think for a moment that just because I'll be just as sexy and just as lustful as a mother as I was before this happened, don't think for a minute that it means I forgive you for doing this to me. You're going to pay for it - by doing as much of the child-care that's humanly possible for a 'mere' male to handle."

"hey - not my department." Bob said, breezily, with a teasing smile. "That's something us 'lesbians' never concern ourselves with, right?"

"If I'd known ahead of time, I would have waited until after you'd had at least one child before switching bodies with you." "Hey, if I could share this burden with you, I would - swear to God..."

* * * *

The doctor wondered why the father passed out during the delivery, but the couple wisely decided not to explain to anybody that for ten minutes - just long enough for one of the births - mommy and daddy had each had a brief and not necessarily nostalgic visit to an old and familiar 'place'...

...but they were the only couple in the history of the world who, during the infrequent argument, the wife never brought up the 'you can't know' ace-in-the-hole to use against her husband.

It wouldn't have worked. THE END

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After he is caught embezzling by a rival crook, she uses a new serum on her captive to change him into a bimbo so that he will give her the code to the loot.

Giving It Up

By Gunslinger

With a slow, deliberate stride, Elizabeth paced a steady circle. On the discolored concrete of the old factory floor, her four-inch heels tapped out a metronome-like beat as she circled, her lovely face cast in lines of disappointment.

"My, my, but haven't you been a naughty boy...?" She said, quietly, continuing to circle like a stalking shark. "Embezzling nearly twenty million dollars from the company funds - tsk, tsk..."

Pausing in front of the man she was speaking, Elizabeth lightly tapped one perfectly manicured, blood-red finger against firm, full lips of the same color.

"Oh, but you were a smart one, weren't you, Patrick?" She said. "Rerouting the funds during the end-of-week settlement, giving yourself a full fifty-six hours before the loss would be noticed. Very, very smart - why, that's the way I would have done it..."

With the lightning speed of a striking snake, the shapely blonde lashed out, bringing the palm of her hand across Patrick's cheek in a stinging slap.

"In fact, that was exactly the way I was going to do it..." She snarled, her lovely face distorted in anger. "...until some pathetic worm of an accountant beat me to it!"

Slowly, she composed herself, her face settling into a faint, comradely smile.

"We're much alike, Patrick, you and I..." She said, softly, sliding her hands over the curvaceous body beneath her black jacket and skirt. "Our bodies are our disguise for the deviousness intelligence of her minds. When people look at me, what do they see? Not another human being, perhaps even one capable of outsmarting them. They see long, blonde hair, toned legs in heels, and a pair of double-D breasts. That's what they see, Patrick - and when they look at you, they see a tall, scrawny accountant in a button-down shirt, peering myopically at the world through a pair of glasses that nobody ever notices have zero-prescription lenses. All part of the disguise, isn't it...?"

With a theatrical sigh, Elizabeth shrugged. "Unfortunately, Patrick, my admiration of you doesn't extend far enough to let you walk away with the money. I mean to have it, you see. Not that I don't appreciate the effort you went to in stealing it - indeed, I'm grateful, in my way. After all, I'm going back in to work Monday, and will work the entire week, just another stunned drone of an employee, until my scheduled vacation starts the following week. Having played the part of the sexy-but-ditzy blonde secretary, I was relying on that to deflect suspicion - but it will be so much better when they discover you missing, along with the money. Best of all, since you really did steal it, even the best forensic accounting will point to you, and not me."

Slowly, Elizabeth leaned in closer to Patrick.

"The only thing I need from you, my dear, sweet Patrick..." She cooed seductively, tracing the tips of her fingers along the red mark her palm had left from the slap, "...is the password to the numbered account in Lichtenstein that you transferred the money to."

Her slender fingers curled around the edge of the black leather strap that ran down the side of his face, bisecting the slap mark. Pulling back on the tension-release on the small metal reel, she pulled the red rubber ball-gag from Patrick's mouth.

The lanky, angular brunet coughed as the gag was removed, making gagging sounds in the back of his throat as he worked his tongue and jaw.

"Fuck you, you numb cunt..." Patrick replied, his voice hoarse - it had been more than four hours ago that 'Lizzy', as her ditzy alter-ego at work was known, had knocked on the door of his apartment, ostensibly to ask him out to dinner. He, like

everybody else at MonoCorp, had been fooled by the buxom blonde façade, so she'd had no problem slipping him the needle that had had paralyzed him long enough for her two brawny assistants to man-handle him down to the van, where the restraints and ball-gag had been put in place.

"Oh, I think not..." Elizabeth said, releasing the tension bar and letting the internal spring yank the gag back into place. "Indeed - 'fuck you', my dear Patrick..."

Stepping back, she crossed her arms over her full chest and stared cruelly at her captive. Naked, he was spread-eagled on a large X frame attached to a rusting iron girder that supported the lofty roof. Helpless and at her mercy, he was displaying quite a degree of self-confident defiance, knowing that she couldn't kill him if she wanted that password...

...but, then again, there was always the proverbial 'fate worse than death', now wasn't there.

Dark eyes narrowed in helpless fury, Patrick watched as three men appeared out of the darkness that reigned supreme beyond the bank of work lights that lit his body. Two of the men were great masses of muscle, the pair that had dragged his limp body to the van. The third was a short, scrawny little man with a tangled beard on his weasel-like face, dressed in a disreputable-looking lab coat.

"Frank and George you've already met..." Elizabeth said, smirking, as the muscular men began to set up various pieces of decidedly medical-looking equipment around the X frame. "This is Doctor Martin Waltham. Dr. Waltham has developed a rather remarkable serum, which he was using in his plastic surgery clinic - until the authorities found out. It seems that certain... side effects... that Dr.

Waltham found extremely positive were seen in rather a more negative light by certain people." The defrocked doctor grinned evilly as he began laying out some equipment.

"You see..." Elizabeth said, smugly. "Dr. Waltham used his serum to, shall we say, 'enhance' a woman's feminine attributes... and then took advantage of the fact that the serum also commensurately enhanced the woman's hormonal production. In short, Dr. Waltham found himself in the business of producing nymphomaniac sluts who couldn't resist fulfilling his every desire.

While the good doctor found the situation eminently acceptable, the women didn't seem nearly so thrilled."

"A shame, really..." Waltham said, oily, as he hooked up a polygraph - a 'lie detector' - to Patrick's immobile form. "Still, I must admit that I never really consider subsidiary applications for my serum until Elizabeth asked me what would happen if I gave the serum to a man."

"The answer..." Elizabeth said, through a shark-like grin, "...is 'the same thing that happens to a woman' - since, if enough of the serum is given, that is exactly what you will become. A woman - with an uncontrollable sexual need."

Eyes widening in horror, Patrick attempted to struggle against his bonds - but it was a useless attempt, over a dozen leather straps holding him firmly in place as the doctor hooked him up to an elaborate IV.

"Actually.." The doctor commented, leading the tubes to a machine connected to a laptop computer. "It is not a single serum, but a complex mixture, and the final effect is determined by the percentages used. I'm sure, with enough trial and error, that we can find a particular mix that will... *persuade* you to cooperate."

As Frank and George wheeled a three-way mirror in front of him, Elizabeth took up the explanation. "Now, what we are going to do is this..." She said. "Under your left forefinger is a small button.

Whenever you feel like telling us the password, press it, and the serum will stop flowing. Now - don't think you can keep pressing it. You see, we've hooked you up to a polygraph, so we'll know if you lie to use - and if you do, we'll restart the serum at twice the dosage, and keep doubling it every time you stop the process and lie. I should mention that the serum also has another, um... negative effect. You see, as the hormonal production increases, it creates a sort of 'hormonal intoxication' that makes thinking steadily more difficult. That's just at the standard dosage, of course. At, say, quadruple dosage, you'd almost be guaranteed to become incapable of thinking about anything but satisfying your new sexual cravings - but since the mind will only be impaired, not physically damaged, you'd still be capable of dredging up the password out of your memory."

Grinning, Elizabeth stepped out of the way of the mirror, leaving Patrick's field of view.

"I'll let Dr. Waltham explain the changes that are occurring to your body as the serum takes effect." Her voice said, out of sight. "I should mention that the serum works quite rapidly - so I wouldn't suggest taking too long in deciding to give us the password. You might not like the results..."

With a low hum, the machine began pumping the mix of exotic chemical compounds into a horrified Patrick's bloodstream.

"You'll feel a low sort of warm tingle running through your body..." Waltham said, out of view behind the mirror. "That's completely natural..."

Patrick was, indeed, feeling that sensation - and he strained against his bonds, screaming into the ball-gag...

...but carefully keeping his finger clear of the button.

"Now, you'll feel an itching sensation across your skin..." Waltham said. "The serum sort of works from the outside in, so the first visible effect occurs when the skin becomes smoother, softer, finer. Now, as a sort of 'side effect' to that, the follicles tighten. Eventually, this creates the finer body hair of a woman, but the immediate effect is that all the existing body hair falls out..."

Patrick's skin began to crawl - and while it was partially a physiological reaction to the horror he felt, it was mostly the effect of the serum - for, even as he watched, his reflection in the mirror stared bug-eyed back at him as the hair began to slough off his body, 'popped out' of their place by the constricting pores.

"Perhaps you are not yet noticing a slightly giddy feeling, and a certain amount of difficulty focusing your mind..." Waltham said. "Don't worry, though - the hormonal effect has barely begun, and those sensations will shortly become clearly noticeable, despite your... *agitated*... state."

That was the understatement of the year, as Patrick's body was actually thrumming in the restraints, looking almost as if her were being electrocuted as he tensed and relaxed every muscle in his body in an effort to find some weakness in the bonds.

Every muscle in his body - except those in his left forefinger.

Through the gag, he began to whimper - not just in humiliated horror, but in pain.

"Ah yes - the unavoidable discomfort." Waltham said. "It's to be expected, really. After all, the skin is tightening dramatically over your penis and scrotum. In a few moments, if not stopped, the skin of the scrotum will tighten enough to press your balls back into your body. Interestingly enough, as the cock shrinks, the nerves within are compressed, creating a higher sensitivity-per-inch ratio. The smaller it gets, the more powerful an orgasm you will be capable of. If you choose to stop soon enough, your penis might be half the size it was - but the sex will be twice as good. If you don't choose to stop... well, you can just imagine what it will be like, all those nerves packed into the tiny nub of your new clit..."

The 'crawling' sensation across his skin strengthened - and became deeper...

"Ah... now the serum has started to effect the subcutaneous layer of fat..." Waltham said, with satisfaction. "Now we're heading into territory where it will be harder for you to walk away still 'male', should you choose to quit soon. As you see, the layer of fat is starting to thicken, smoothing the curvature of your muscles to a more feminine contour... but the fat of the breasts is especially affected. Why, you're already a cute little A-cup now! Oh, but don't feel bad about being so under-endowed... you'll get bigger."

He laughed, cruelly.

"Up top, at least - as you can see, your cock, already significantly shorter, is now also getting thinner. It won't be long until your crotch is completely flat - after which, it will begin forming a crevice. One that will look remarkably like a vagina - and function like one, as well. Oh, you won't be a 'real' woman, and will have no internal plumbing... but nobody but a doctor would know."

The whimpering through the gag was now equal parts humiliation and pain - but his finger stayed well clear of the button.

"My, but aren't you a stubborn one...?" Waltham commented. "The serum is now moving into the deeper structure, the muscles and ligaments. Not that it's stopped affecting the layers outside of it, of course - as you can see, your breasts are coming along nicely. You must be a full D-cup now, perhaps a tad larger... but because gravity hasn't had time to effect them, they're still remarkably firm. Indeed, one might think them silicone implants - if not for the fact that your nipples are growing apace..."

Another chuckle.

"Enough on you double-D's - or are they triple D now? I think they are... Let's talk about your ligaments, shall we? As you can see, they are tightening, which is helping to shift the configuration of your bones and muscles towards the center of each muscle mass. This means that the 'edges' are drawing back from the bones, which has the effect of not only defining the muscle mass itself, but also thinning the points at which the ligaments attach, such as the ankles, wrists, neck, and so on. As you can see, this has the effect of making such points look slimmer and daintier... while the compacted muscles provide a delightful tautness under the still-thickening layer of contour-smoothing fat. Why, just look how shapely your legs are becoming, the muscle 'pooling' in the calves and thighs, while thinning at the ankles and knees. Lovely, my dear..."

Breathing heavily through the nose, Patrick was struggling not to push the button - but it was no longer simply a struggle of will power, which in itself was becoming more difficult. No, it was something else...

"You're probably noticing some muscular strain." Waltham said. "With tightening muscles and ligaments, the 'natural' position your body will want to assume is changing. For example, your hands will now feel most comfortable when wrapped around something... oh, say something about the size and shape of a cock, let's say. Likewise, the changes in your jaw muscles, besides making your cheekbones look higher and more prominent, also mean that your mouth will naturally want to form a sort of 'O' shape, lips pulled back over your teeth - much like if you were preparing to suck a cock, come to think of it..."

The gag no longer felt so uncomfortable - and Patrick now knew why...

"Whoops! There goes the cock! Look at that crotch, perfectly flat aside from your little 'clit'. Don't worry though, my dear *girl* - it's already beginning to form that false vagina I mentioned, and that will go well with those wonderfully melon-like breasts sprouting from your chest now... though, of course, they're still growing..."

Another devious chuckle.

"Where was I...? Oh, yes - those tightening ligaments. Aside from the changes I've noted, there's also the feet. They, too, want to 'curl inward' - which means that the arch is being forced into a higher curve. Why, even now, I bet that you wouldn't be able to wear anything less than four inch heels without discomfort - and those ligaments are still tightening..."

The pain continued to grow - and sink deeper, though it was now beginning to be noticeably 'muffled' by the strange fog filling... his? her...? ...mind - even as strange, unwanted sexual thoughts began to tease the edge of that befogged mind.

"Ah, we're entering the final stage..." Waltham said, with great satisfaction. "Welcome to womanhood, *Patti*. Feeling those hormones now, are we? Oh, yes, your internal orgasm are being affected now. Your glands are being altered, secreting more and more powerful female hormones - while the nerves attached to the pleasure center of your brain are becoming less resistive. In fact, it could quite honestly be said that the now *want* to fire. You know how it feels if you stop masturbating when you're right on the edge of orgasm? That 'I've got to finish it' feeling? Well, you'd better get used to it, because now every pleasure-sensitive nerve in your body will feel that way, constantly, until you satisfy them. Of course, it's only at the 'minor annoyance' stage right now, but it's getting stronger..."

Patrick - or Patti - squirmed... no longer only in the grip of humiliation, but now in the unwanted grip of new needs, as her body began to demand sexual attention. Her still-forming new cunt was the worst of all, almost literally begging to be filled - but her mouth, ass and tits all ran a close tie for second, with every other square inch of her body coming in a third. Even her *eyelids* wanted to experience some sort of pleasurable caress...

...and, even as her befogged mind began to envision all the ways that men could provide her body with the pleasure it now desired, her slimmer finger jammed downward on the button.

Instantly, the pain faded as the changes stopped, and the tension release on the ball-gag was triggered, allowing it to drop from her fuller, fat-engorged lips...

"Aragon..." She sobbed, hearing the higher-pitched voice that the tightening of her vocal chords had created. "The password is Aragon..."

Then the new woman, still helplessly thinking of her new need for pleasure, began to cry.

Eyebrows raised questioningly, Elizabeth looked over at Dr. Waltham, who was surveying the scroll of paper from the lie detector.

Slowly, a broad smile crossed the doctor's narrow features, and he gave a thumbs-up. It was the truth.

"Good." Elizabeth said, shortly, turning to Frank. "Get her off there, and into those sleazy clothes we got at the second-hand shop - whatever fits her well enough. Take her into the city and dump her on some street corner. Maybe our little Patti can make herself a living as a street whore. Meet us at the rendezvous point in two hours."

As Frank and George began to man-handle the new woman towards the van, Elizabeth turned back to Waltham.

"That gives you two hours to pack up what you can, and smash anything you can't." She said. "There's several cans of gasoline in the back room. Make sure this place has an unfortunate accident before you leave - understand?"

"Yeah..." The disreputable doctor said, sullenly, not liking it, but seeing the need. "Good. Two hours then."

Striding firmly upon her four-inch heels, Elizabeth made her way out of the factor and out to her white Mercedes convertible. Bringing the efficient little German machine to life, she put it into gear and pulled out of the parking lot, careful not to squeal the tires and leave any possibly traceable new tread marks on the scarred and cracked asphalt of the parking lot.

Twenty-two minutes later, she pulled into the parking lot of a small house she'd rented with false identification. Set off by itself near a lake, the small bungalow was a vacation property, over-priced for its meager square footage - but suitable for her needs.

Climbing out of the car, she quickly let herself into the bungalow, where she went straight to the living room. She started the process of having the computer she'd placed there booting up, then went into the small kitchen and quickly poured herself a celebratory glass of the champagne in the fridge while the computer finished starting and automatically connected to the internet via the high-speed cable line that had been the deciding factor in choosing her safe-house...

...which was a good thirty miles away from the other house she'd rented, where Waltham had been staying, and where the three morons would meet, thinking she'd be waiting for them there.

She'd never had any intention of sharing any of the money. Though she'd had one plan to double-cross her 'partners' in place, this gave her a much better opportunity, since she could 'take her vacation early', since, even with that suspicious action, all the evidence would point to the missing accountant, especially since he had authorized access to the system, and she didn't.

Taking another sip of champagne, Elizabeth logged onto BankNet, drumming her polished fingers on the desktop as she quickly navigated through the Swiss-based network to the Banc du Lichtenstein. Entering the account number, she tabbed down and entered the password that 'Patti' had finally given up after all that 'persuasion'.

The account information began to flash up on the screen, and her eyes traced down the lines...

Blood draining from her lovely features, Elizabeth stared at the monitor, her eyes locked on the balance of funds, the minimum necessary to keep the account open: 1,000 Euros.

"No..." She whispered, shaking her head in negation. "No, no, no!"

She looked at the time of the money transfer out of the account - less than five minutes ago.

It was blindingly obvious what had happened. Patrick had already arranged to have some confederate transfer the money out as soon as the standard 'hold' on the funds to verify them had been removed. He'd held on to the password as long as he could to give his unknown partner time to move the funds - and if she hadn't stopped for the glass of champagne, she might have still beat him to it...!

Rising to her feet, she grabbed up her keys and sprinted for the door, throwing it open... "Going somewhere...?" Dr. Waltham asked, unpleasantly.

"What..." Elizabeth stammered, as Frank grabbed her and hauled her aside, allowing George to slip past. "How...?"

"You don't think we actually trusted you, did you?" Waltham asked, mockingly. George reappeared. "She's already transferred the funds, Doc."

With growing horror, Elizabeth shook her head. "No! No, it was empty! Patrick must have done it, must have had somebody else who transferred the funds for him as soon as possible..."

"Right..." Waltham said, sarcastically. "*Sure* he did..."

"No, I'm telling the truth...!" Elizabeth screamed, as they began to drag her towards the van.

"Now, now - it's not nice to lie to your friends..." Waltham clucked reprovingly, then heaved a false sigh. "Oh, well. I guess it's just lucky that there was no 'unfortunate accident' at the old factory. I'm sure you'll tell us where the money is... eventually."

Eyes widening in horrified realization, Elizabeth began to writhe frantically in Frank's unbreakable grip.

"Of course..." Waltham said, thoughtfully, as he prepared the injection that would paralyze her. "The serum *does* work much more effectively on a woman than a man. If you don't decided to tell us the truth, quickly, you might just end up with tits so big that you won't even be able to stand..."

Then, as she screamed mindlessly, he slipped the needle home...

* * * * *

Impatiently, Luke paced back and forth in the hotel suite, pausing every now and then to check his watch.

Patrick was nearly two hours late.

Already, they'd missed their scheduled departure time. In what was undeniably a brilliant move, they'd arranged to have the money transferred to Lichtenstein - and then, against all apparent logic, back into the United States.

It wasn't nearly as crazy as it seemed, however. The money wouldn't even be noticed as missing until Monday morning - and by then it wouldn't matter. The whole purpose of the little razzle-dazzle with the cash was to hide it's origin from the financial institution in the US.

Despite the oddity of it all, it made perfect sense.

Luke and Patrick weren't planning to hide out in Bolivia or the Caymans, like so many other 'sudden millionaires'. No, they'd set themselves up a nice little scheme, using Luke's connections and the money Patrick had stolen.

They were going to Cuba.

It was a country that had no extradition to the US - and, better yet, the American dollar went further there than anywhere else in the world.

With Luke's connections, they'd already set everything up. The bulk of the money wasn't to be taken as cash, but as trade goods - all the things they'd need to set up an island paradise in Cuba, with the full blessing of the Cuban government - for a percentage, of course.

By going through Canadian brokers, they'd avoided hassle, and even now an entire ship full of electronics, food stuffs and other necessary luxuries was en route to Havana. Indeed, the broker had been given a fund to draw on, so that regular shipments would arrive for the next five years, not only allowing he and Patrick to live in the lap of luxury, but endearing themselves to the Cuban government, who was even now eagerly anticipating the first 'payoff' of new cars and - more importantly - air conditioners.

The problem was - Luke and Patrick had supposed to have been ferried out to board the ship as it sailed past. Instead, they'd missed it, and now they had to wait at least another two hours until another Canadian ship went by...

..assuming Patrick showed up by then, Luke thought worriedly.

Then a knock sounded on the door to the suite, and Luke's taut muscles relaxed as he hurried to the door and opened it...

"Who the hell are you...?" He blurted out in surprise, staring at the strange visitor standing outside the door.

He had an near-flashback to a scene from the movie 'True Lies', in which the character played by Jamie Lee Curtis was supposed to act 'sexy'. Though dressed considerably different than the character in the movie, the tall, boyishly-pretty woman in the doorway had the same lean-hipped, long-limbed sort of physique, - and she exhibited the same sort of 'awkward sexiness', balancing uncertainly in a pair of white pumps with a six-inch heel that did very nice things indeed to the long, well-toned legs that disappeared under the hem of the short, purple spandex mini-skirt.

Jamie Lee Curtis, however didn't sport the massive, obviously fake tits that the woman with the almost mannish mop of brown hair outside his door did, however, The size of basketballs, her huge tits were amply displayed by the too-tight hot-pink spandex crop-top she wore, barely big enough to cover the surprisingly huge nipples she boasted, and Luke wondered how the plastic surgeon had managed to enlarge her nipples to match her impossibly huge, round, fake...

"Luke, it's me - Patrick..." The woman nearly sobbed in a slightly husky, 'I want to get fucked' voice.

"What is this - some sort of joke...?" Luke said, annoyed. "Did Pat tell you to do this? Where is he...?"

"Aragon!" The woman gasped out, one hand balled loosely at her crotch, lightly rubbing the fabric. "Precious!"

Luke performed an almost classic double take. While Patrick might, conceivably, use the first password as part of some sort of prank, since the account was now practically empty, the second password would access the trust-fund account they'd be drawing on for the rest of their lives...

Luke's eyes widened, and he took a longer, harder look at the woman's face. The woman's somewhat boyish, if not unattractive face.

The woman's boyish face, which if you imagined it being less lean, with less defined cheeks and slimmer, less full lips, would have looked exactly like...

"Patrick...?" Luke said, slowly, stunned. "What...? How...?"

Pushing her way into the suite, the new woman shoved the door shut behind her, already gasping out the bare-bones of what had happened to her, shame at being seen like this by her friend warring with unwanted needs her body was demanding - needs that she was forced to explain to Luke, since they were one major reason for her giving in and saying the password, and oh god, she was sorry, and did he get the money in time, and...

"Take it easy..." Luke said, still trying to wrap his mind around the thought that his friend had been transformed into a huge-breasted nymphomaniac of some sort. "I transferred the cash. It's all there..."

"Thank God..." The new woman sobbed, awkwardly ankling her way to the couch atop the unfamiliar heels that she no longer could walk without. "At... at least I'll be a *rich*, horny, huge breasted woman..."

"Let me get this right..." Luke said, slowly, walking over to where she sat. "You're, like, uncontrollably horny, all the time? Even right now? At this very moment... you're thinking about having sex...?"

"Yes..." Patti gasped, shivering. "Please, Luke - don't talk about it. Talking about it only makes it worse..."

"I need to understand, though..." Luke said. "I mean... if I said something like, 'God, I love your huge tits, you cum hungry little cock-sucking slut', what would that do to you..."

"Ohhh..." Patti moaned, hungrily, unwillingly rolling her arms back and thrusting her enormous chest further forward, even as unbidden images of herself wrapping her lips around a hard, throbbing cock filled her mind. "Oh, God... Luke... Stop it.. It's making me feel... want..."

She trialed off, struggling for control of her own bemused mind.

"I see..." Luke said, thoughtfully, sitting down on the couch beside her. "What if I were to start fondling your leg - like this... and say something like; 'It gets me so hard when you moan and whimper like a horny little slut'...?"

"Oh, please, stop..." She moaned like a horny little slut, writhing with unwanted pleasure as he fondled and stroked the taut contours of her reshaped leg. "Oh, mmm... Stop, Luke.. God, it feels so good.. you're making me so horny... Why.. Why are you doing this to me...?"

Luke feigned a surprised look. "If we're going to spend the rest of our lives together living in our house in Cuba, I want to know what type of woman I'll be living with. Now, tell me - what if I were to say I love your huge, round tits, and would love to squeeze and fondle them..."

"Luke.. no..." She moaned, as her hands moved towards her top.. then, slowly, almost painfully, pulled away as she fought the cravings Luke was inducing in her.

Reaching out, Luke shoved his hands under the thin band of a top, shoving it up and out of the way in one smooth motion - then squeezing her huge tits.

"Oh, God, yes...!" She cried in pleasure - followed a split second later by a cry of humiliation: "Oh, God, no...!"

"I see..." Luke said, with mock gravity. "Now, the big question. What if I were to tell you that you had two choices: Either come to Cuba and live a life of luxury as my eager little cum-slut girlfriend, or stay here, penniless, and end up as some sort of whore, or worse. Would that be enough to get you to beg me to fuck you?"

"Luke... why...?" Patti managed to gasp out, both hands urgently rubbing at her crotch.

"Come of it, lady." Luke sneered. "I don't know what's going on, but I don't buy your story. You don't feel like you used to be a man just a couple of hours ago. I don't know what game Patrick is playing

- but I'm willing to see just how far you're willing to go with this stupid game. So what's it to be? Are you going to tell me what this is all about, and drop the charade? Or do you want to keep insisting that you're Patrick, somehow 'magically' turned into some sort of huge-breasted nymphomaniac who's willing to be my personal whore for Patrick's share of the money...?"

Despair wanted to settle into the transformed man's mind, knowing that he'd never be able to convince her hard-headed friend of the truth - but it couldn't take a firm foothold against the raging sexual desires she felt, the ones that made her decision practically preordained...

"Fuck me, Luke - fuck your cum-craving little whore long and hard..." She cried, flushed with disgusted shame and urgent desire. "Fuck me like the slut I am...!"

Grinning, Luke lifted her long, toned legs and hauled her skirt off in one swift motion, revealing the tight, wet cunt that lay below, without the interference of anything as mundane as panties.

"Nice cunt... for a guy..." Luke laughed, as he used his grip on her ankles to swivel her into a better position on the couch, spreading her legs wide. "Come on, slut -let me hear you beg for my big, hard cock."

As he let go of her ankles to start peeling of her clothes, Patti complied, letting her desperate arousal give her the strength to push through the veil of horrified disgust at what she was doing: "I want to be fucked hard by your big, thick cock, Luke. Shove your hard cock into my hot, wet cunt, and fuck me like the whore I am..."

"You bet, babe..." Luke grunted, climbing up onto the couch, his cock hard and ready as he eased between her spread legs. "Keep talking, titty-girl. Let me hear you..."

"Oh, plunge your cock into me, stud...!" She cried - and he obeyed, with no finesse at all, simply slamming his throbbing organ into her to the hilt...

...and as it slid across the hyper-sensitive nub of her new clit, she screamed in horrific pleasure.

"Fuck me.. Fuck me hard..." She moaned, no longer forcing it at all, her mouth running on its own as she tried to cope with the mind-shaking pleasure that came from having a man fuck her.

Physical pleasure, that was - for, though her body craved what Luke was doing to her, plunging into her again and again in hard, practically vicious strokes, her mind was filled with horror and shame and disgust at being fucked. Fucked, as a woman - and not just as a woman, but as a whore, nothing more than a receptacle for Luke's animal lusts.

Which, of course, was what she'd agreed to become, the hard, overwhelmingly pleasurable fucking she was getting at the hands of her friend nothing more than a way of 'sealing the deal'...

"God, yes...!" She cried, trembling in an overwhelming pleasure she'd never wanted to experience. "Fuck, yeah, oh, yeah..."

"You... loving this... buddy-boy...?" Luke grunted, nearing orgasm.

"Yes.. yes.. yes..." She repeated, helplessly, nearing her own orgasm. "Oh, God....

YEEEEESSSSSSS!"

Her voice soared through the register, hitting the high notes with effortless ease as her body trembled in the grip of the most intense orgasm of her life, and orgasm ten times more powerful than any she'd ever felt before, a wave of ecstasy that washed through her entire body, momentarily becoming the entire universe...

...and an ecstasy that she wished she'd died rather than ever had to experience, for it marked her for what she'd become - a huge-breasted horny whore who hated loving what she was doing...

* * * * *

EIGHT MONTHS LATER

"Oh, yeah, baby " Luke moaned in satisfaction. "You're still the best cock-sucker in the whole world "

On her knees on a small foam pad in front of Luke's chair, Patti continued working the long, slow strokes of her full lips and skilled hand, her tongue dancing over the head of his cock.

Her feet, clad in black platforms with nine-inch heels, were curled up under her taut ass, her long, tanned legs spread to allow her to steadily work the dildo in and out of her cunt to the same languid rhythm with which she was working Luke's cock.

With ever slow bob of her head, her long, carefully styled mane of blonde-dyed hair swayed in gentle rhythm - matched by the gentle sway of her huge tits in the scant confines of her custom-made KKK-cup bikini top.

"Swallow it, babe " Luke instructed her, softly, a second before he pumped a load of warm, thick cum into her mouth, body stiffening, until - spent, he slumped limply back into the chair. Very limply.

Licking her full lips, Patti slowly rose to smile down at a stunned Luke who was struggling to move - in vain, since the paralytic agent the man who'd snuck up behind him, unnoticed, had injected him with rendered him helpless.

"Luke, meet Dr. Waltham " Patti said, gesturing with her free hand while the other one continued working the dildo in her cunt. "You're going to be getting to know him very, very well...

"Oh, yes, indeed " Dr. Waltham chuckled. "After Patti here gave me a call, explaining that she'd spent the past eight months trying to convince you of the truth, so you'd stop making her be your

'willing' whore, I was more than happy to accept her flat-out, no-fucking-around-this-time offer. I'm here to prove to you that she was telling the absolute, literal, and unvarnished truth - in exchange for which, I get paid a flat-rate fee of eight million dollars. After being certain I'd lost all chance of laying my hands on the money, which I would have split three ways, anyway, I'm more than willing to accept this deal - especially since, after I finish changing you, I get to keep you for my own personal whore..."

"Speaking of which..." Patti said, after a series of sharp gasps that finished her work with the plastic phallus. "I believe there's still the other part of our bargain..."

"Of course..." Dr. Waltham said, as he shifted Luke fully onto the wheeled chaise lounge, and began to push it towards the gate, outside of which a very specially equipped van was waiting. "Liz, dear - come say hello to your new girlfriend..."

Waltham, pushing the immobile Luke, disappeared through the gate - and as he loaded Luke inside the van and pulled away, Elizabeth stepped through the gate, gently closing it behind it.

"Hello, Patti..." She said in a high, breathy voice, her blue eyes revealing the immense force of will that it took the incredibly strong-willed woman to maintain coherent thought in the face of a dose of serum that would have reduced most women to mindless bimbos.

"Hello, Lizzy..." Patti replied, eyeing her massive breasts, even more ridiculously giant than her own rack.

"Thank you for letting me come be your girlfriend..." Elizabeth said, unconsciously licking her incredibly full lips at the sight of the dildo Patti still held.

"Of course." Patti said. "We've both spent the past eight months as 'sex slaves' to men we'd trusted

- and while we're unendingly horny, it's just for sex, not necessarily for men. In fact, given a man's... limitations... two women with a strap-on dildo can get more done..."

"Speaking of which..." Elizabeth said, fondling her massive new rack. "Okay..." Patti said, huskily. "...but I get to be on top..."

THE END.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: During a fantasy, one guy finds that his twin sister has used a magic wand to transform him into the bimbo in the picture that he was lusting after.

Goddess

By Gunslinger

Sullen, slate-gray clouds, pregnant with a rain not yet delivered, scudded low and fast in the fast of an ever-stiffening wind. Lonely and forlorn, the gusting wind hooted mournfully across the landscape, drawing forth whirling dust-devils and to scamper and play across the track-like back-country roads, before throwing themselves to the side to be impaled up summer-gold shafts of wheat and barley.

No such golden stalks adorned the long-abandoned fields lying like a castle moat around the once-elegant two-story red-brick farmhouse. There, the wind had to be satisfied with howling through the once-delicate, now-decaying fretwork that

adorned eaves, pitches and joists, and playfully tugging at the worn and wind-depleted shingles adorning the swaybacked barn and equally decayed carriage house.

At window and door, warping wood and crumbling putty gave entrance to the whistling wind, allowing it to skitter and dance with short-lived, but energetic joy. Hair and fabric, paper plain of brightly glossy – all such ephemeral objects briefly became a plaything for the inquisitive wind.

Milford Redman Allen barely noticed the long-familiar sensation of an intruding wind re-thatching his tousled mop of rust-red hair. Out of habit so long-honed he was unconscious of the action, he spread the long, lean fingers of his left hand across the glossy, brightly- colored pages, holding the magazine open against the brief, playful gust.

Licking the thin lips that lay beneath the bushy, tangled moustache, the tall, lean young man continued staring at the magazine balance on his knee, dark eyes bright and unblinking as his right hand slid under the tattered hem of his loose-hanging denim work- shirt, and under the fraying string holding his grease- (and less savory fluid-) stained sweatpants around his lean hips.

A small sound, halfway between a gasp of pain and a moan of pleasure, emerged from the throat of the six-foot, two-inch redhead, and his hand began working the almost painfully erect – and surprisingly small – cock in his stained Jockey shorts.

The scene itself wasn't really all that unusual, and aside from minor details, was probably being repeated hundreds of times across the country at the exact same instant. Nearly anybody, no matter how licentious or prudish, would have known exactly what they were seeing the instant they lay their eyes upon the scene – except that there was one, small detail that might have come as a small surprise.

Though plenty such material lay scattered around him on the couch, floor, and coffee-table of his living room, the magazine Milford 'Red' Allen was jerking off to wasn't a 'skin mag' of either the hard- or soft-core variety.

The scantily, yet 'street legal'ly-clad image of the woman adorning the page had never appeared in any such magazine – and indeed, had adorned very few other magazine pages of any stripe, and none of those few other images had been even as scantily-clad as this one.

The magazine that so firmly held Red's fixed – or, better, 'obsessive' – gaze was merely a June, 1988 edition of a cheaply-printed magazine, published under the auspices of 'The Business-Owner's Association of Feather, Nevada'.

The unimaginatively-named 'Feather BOA' was a ten-page publication that existed solely to (hopefully) entice potential guests and gamblers as to that month's attractions and items of interest. Amongst the various items within the June, 1988 edition was a half- page, full-color advertisement that held Red' interest. In garish, neon-pink letters against a pastel-blue background, the advertisement promised: "4 ONE NITE ONLY!!! LIVE SEXXX ACTS PREFORMED ON STAGE!!! LIMITED SEETING AVAIL!!! BOOK NOW!!!"

(Feather, Nevada, was that kind of place.)

The garish, misspelled, all-capital, declamation took up the top third of the advertisement. In considerably smaller letters, spelling accuracy impossible to judge, the performer's name lay at the very bottom of the ad. In the space left between lay the image upon which Red's never-tiring eyes once again feasted.

The image of a woman – to Red, the epitome of a woman; of all woman, everywhere. The image of... a goddess.

No – A Goddess. His Goddess.

Eyes locked on her memorized form, Red felt the burning, boiling sensation in his loins. Taking his hand off the magazine spread open at his knee, he shimmied down the waist-band of both underwear and sweatpants, hissing as fabric briefly pressed against throbbing flesh. He reached quickly for the always-handy box of Kleenex...

...and, horrified, didn't make it before he came.

"Nooooo!" Red screamed, horrified as his seed splattered out – and fate, chance, or the hand of a dark god was against him, for that spray of thin, salty liquid could not have been consciously aimed more accurately for the final effect.

Eyes wide in disbelieving shock, he watched his cum splatter all over the all-but-irreplaceable image of his Goddess.

Numbly, he groped for tissues, knowing the futility of the act even as he did so, knowing the thin, cheap paper was soaking up his spunk, the ink was...

His Goddess moaned.

Red stopped dead, only the rise and fall of his chest, the slight bristling of his unkempt moustache stirred by his breath, hinting at any life in his tall, lean form.

It wasn't possible. It was... was a picture! It couldn't... It moaned again – she moaned again...

...and the never-changing image rippled slightly, and a third, low moan of undeniable pleasure emerged from those divine lips, and Her eye, always half-lidded, always staring into a distance, shifted to look up out of the picture at Red.

"Oh, yes..." She half moaned, half spoke – and though he had never heard it before, never even heard it described before, that voice coming from the magazine was exactly the one he knew his Goddess would possess.

"Yes... that's just what I like..." She sighed sensuously – and those lips, those impossible lips, curved into a seductive smile. Then, before Red's wide, unbelieving eyes His Goddess reached out, dipped to finger in his man-seed splattered across her somehow-no-longer-merely-printed skin, and she almost lovingly brought those fingers to those heavenly lips – and sucked them clean.

'I've gone plum crazy', Red thought numbly to himself.

"Mmm... that's what I love " She informed him, with a naughty giggle, going back for seconds. She tasted him for a second time, then shimmied her celestial body around in the image, actually grabbing hold of one of the redundant exclamation points to pull herself up and look out of the photograph at him.

'Yup – crazier than a shit-house rat ' Red decided.

"It feels so good to be... wanted. To be... desired " She purred up at him. "That's what a body like this is for – the only thing a body like this exists for. To be admired by men, desired by men. To arouse them, to please them, to pleasure them "

Her tone changed, becoming coily kittenish, as those lips moved into a sensual mock-pout.

"You do desire this body don't you, Red?" She asked. "You want to touch it, to feel it – to watch it writhe in pleasure, to make it writhe in pleasure – that's what you want, isn't it?"

Red stared down at Her, numbly, still trying to tell himself this was impossible, that it couldn't be happening. Her pout deepened. Despite his intellectual disbelief, his cock began to stir.

"That is what you want, right?" She demanded, petulantly. "You want to have this body fulfill it's purpose – you want this body to pleasure men, to fuck again, to suck again, don't you?"

Dumbly, Red found himself almost unwillingly nodding. His cock was hard as the proverbial rock.

"Then say it, Red..." She purred smiling wickedly. "Say it..."

"Yes..." Red started to reply, voice hoarse with lust – and then, the world exploded.

He screamed, in a hoarse voice rapidly rising in pitch, and bones crackled and popped like fireworks – and well should they complain, for they were doing things no human bone had a right to do: compressing in on themselves; shrinking and slimming.

Height flowed from him like water from a broken vase. A second, much higher-pitched scream was pulled from his throat as if felt as if his feet had been caught in a vise, mercilessly crushing and compressing his broad spatulate feet into something small, something slender, something dainty.

The same, ruthless vise was at work at his waist, crimping it sharply inwards – but, as if that extra mass needed to go elsewhere, it felt as if he was being stretched on a rack as his hips swelled outwards. Even as shoulders and ribcage became slimmer, flesh began to bulge and mound on his chest.

Body hair hung about him in a fine cloud as it drifted out of shifting and refining pores, while the hair atop his head rapidly grew longer and lightened in color. Surrounded by the down-spilling hair, his face felt as if it were being pounded by a blacksmith's hammer, flesh and bone being worked into a newer, decidedly more delicate design.

Red screamed one more time, this one a classic horror-movie scream in high soprano and then the pain vanished as rapidly as it had come, leaving in its place a disturbingly pleasant ache that him and throbbed, filling a transformed body with a warm, somehow hungry yearning...

The new figure in the living room very slowly drew itself upright. Tiny feet, half-hidden in the cuffs of the now overly-long sweatpants, uncertainly moved across the creaky old wood floorboards.

Though the legs of the sweatpants hung in loose folds over shorter legs, they were strained skin-tight over the wide-flaring hip and tautly rounded, out-thrust new ass that swiveled and swayed outrageously with each hesitant, mincing step.

With that hip-swinging, ass-swaying, mincing little step, the new figure housing the mind and memory of Red Allen made its way over to a cloudy, brass-framed oval mirror mounted on the wall of the front hallway. Red had mounted it himself, and naturally he'd mounted it at a comfortable height for him to take a quick glimpse to make sure his hair was properly slicked down, for the infrequent times he was running into town.

The Red Allen who'd mounted that 'comfortably positioned' mirror had been six feet, two inches tall.

The Red Allen now standing before that self-same mirror had to reach out one dainty hand, slender fingers tipped with long nails, and hold onto the wall for balance as she rose up on tip-toe to see her new face in the mirror.

For several long minutes, the four foot, ten-inch tall young woman did nothing but stare at the heart-shaped face staring back at her from the mirror. Thick strands of wavy, cornsilk-blond hair hung in front of that face, but not nearly enough to disguise the huge, cornflower-blue eyes, the pertly upturned nose, or the amazingly full, bee-stung lips that now hung loosely open in a dazed expression of shock.

It was a memorable face – a recognizable face.

It was, in fact, the face of the woman in the magazine, right down to the smallest detail.

With that exact-same look of dazed incomprehension on her new face, the woman Red Allen had become lowered the gaze of those huge, vivid blue eyes to stare down at her blue denim work-shirt...

...or, rather, at the truly impressive pair of high-set, artificially-round breasts that presumably had given his Goddess her moniker – and which were now straining within the confines of the new woman's shirt.

"Oh, my God!" she squeaked in her crystalline new soprano, "I.. I.. I'm Suzi Sillycone!"

A sudden, cruel-edged peel of girlish laughter yanked the new woman's attention away from her over-inflated new implants. Head snapping to the side, she stared uncomprehendingly at the tall, lean-bodied redhead standing on the stairs, laughing herself silly.

"Muh... Milly?" The new woman stammered. "What... Why...?"

"Oh, but don't you just look so cute?" Millicent Blanche Allen giggled. Red's twin sister – whom Red had passed without even noticing on her way to the mirror – was standing on the third-from-the-bottom step of the steep old staircase, and one hand was braced on the banister to keep herself balanced as she let mirth shake her tall, toned body.

In her other hand was... a stick.

A highly-polished stick, delicately carved stick.

The type of stick you'd more properly have to call... a wand.

Realization struck the tiny, delicately-built new woman with the wide-flaring hips and huge, surgically-enhanced bust, and she gaped at the tall red-head on the stairs.

"You!" The new woman gasped in that damnably high-pitched, girlish new voice of hers. "You did this to me!"

"You bet your sweet ass I did!" Milly snarled, face twisting like some rabid animal's... and then her face smoothed with the same eerie speed, and she giggled girlishly; "...and such a sweet new ass it is, sis – so big and round and pert on that tiny little body of yours...!"

The new woman's huge, apparently mindless blue eyes locked onto Milly's dark ones – and, with dawning horror, Red realized that Milly had at some point gone completely and utterly mad. She was insane, completely off her rocker, 'crazy as a shit-house' rat...and somehow the owner of a magical wand that could make her warped will become reality.

"You...!" She suddenly snarled, her lips drawing back from her teeth and her madness shining in her eyes. "All you cared about was... was... her! It, I should say – not a real person, but what you imagined the person in some photo would – should – be like! Some brainless, helpless, useless excuse for a human being – useless, of course, except for one thing, the one thing she... she disfigured herself to make all the more obvious. Not a person, but a sex object, a sex toy... and it's all you could think about! The house slowly rotting around our ears, the last of Mom and Dad's insurance money slipping from the bank, and no matter how much I begged you to help, you just say in there jerking off to the one thing in the world that mattered to you, something that wasn't even real...!"

With the same lightning-quick shift of mood insanity brought, she was all smiles and giggles again.

"Well, she's real now! I made her real, just like you wanted... just like you asked for! I used this..." – she wiggled the wand – "...to make that stupid little picture ask you if you wanted that body, and you said yes – and, hey, wonderful sister that I am, I gave you what you wanted! How happy that must make you!"

Even as Red parted her full new lips to reply, Milly wiggled the wand again – and, too late, Red realized it wasn't just for emphasize.

Rather, 'Suzi' realized that fact, for it was Suzi's words that replied, not Red's: "Oh, yes, I'm, like, soooo totally happy to be a tiny little huge-breasted bimbo! *Giggle* I've, like, always dreamed of having a uselessly tiny, girlish little body, but with an exaggerated hourglass figure and, like, totally ridiculous over-pumped fake titties so that all the boys would know that I did this to myself on purpose, and now I do! After all, it's not like a silly, 'useless' girl like me would ever imagine becoming anything else but an empty-headed little living fuck-doll, y'know? Like, thanks totally, sis! *Giggle*"

Horried, the new woman heard those cheerful chirpy words pour unwillingly forth from lips now turned up in a huge, brainless smile

– and realized, with even deeper horror, that she was now standing straight up, shoulders pushed back to emphasize her huge new tits, bouncing lightly and girlishly on her toes.

Acting, as well as talking, just the way you would expect 'Suzi Sillycone' to do.

"Well, of course, sis!" Milly said, too-brightly. "I couldn't leave you in a body you didn't want... a body you hated..."

Her too-bright tone became brittle, her smile fixed and twisted; "...a tall, skinny body – a boyish body, with not tits or hips... a body no boy fantasized about, about just like your bro..."

She broke off suddenly, giggling manically, and the mad gaze that had turned inwards suddenly speared Red full-force.

"Since I gave you that wonderful new fuck-bait body, sis, would you do something for me?"

"Like, totally! I'd do anything for you!" Red heard herself – heard 'Suzi' – assure Milly – then was horrified to hear 'Suzi' add, with a giggle: "I'd, like, so totally do anything for anybody!"

"I know you would, sis..." Milly assured her, her voice threatening rather than agreeable. "I know you would." Milly giggled manically again – and waved the wand.

The ill-fitting male clothing encasing the tiny, overly-curvaceous body of 'Suzi Sillycone' began to writhe and shift. Red watched in giggling, smiling horror as it re-formed itself quickly into a tight, low-cut hot-pink dress with a very short, very 'poofy' petticoated skirt that flared sharply over her flared hips, barely concealing the tiny white-lace French-cut panties that appeared to, in turn, barely cover her new womanhood – not to mention to ride up between the firm globes of her out-thrust new ass.

Her huge new tits strained mightily against the skimpy fabric of the pink dress – and they became all the more prominent when the tiny, frilly, and generally purely decorative little apron appeared, tying itself breath-takingly tight around her tiny waist. A pair of hot-pink 'fuck-me' pumps appeared on her tiny feet, slender heels pushing her seven calf-aching inches higher, and her hair gathered itself up into a hugely bouffant mass of pale-blond curls that seemed to add another seven inches to her negligible height before spilling down her back in a silken cascade of curls. Perched cutely in the mass high-piled atop her head, a tiny little lace-trimmed pink maid's cap appeared, and her gaze went helplessly to the pink-feathered duster that appeared in one tiny hand whose long nails were now adorned in glittering metallic-pink polish.

"Oh, aren't you so pretty...?" Milly asked in that all-to-bright tone of voice – and the new woman found herself turning to once again face the mirror...

...only, with the wiggle of the wand, this mirror was a full-length one, just the right for the new woman to take in her altered appearance.

The cute legs, calves enhanced by the sky-scraper heels on her pink pumps and the extremely short nature of her skirt. The wide hip supporting the rounded globes of her barely-covered ass. The oh-so-cute little apron. The massive breasts straining a top that displayed a truly stupendous amount of cleavage. The cute little cap nestled among pale-blond curls...

...and the name embroidered in white thread on the aggressively out-thrust slope of one unrealistic firm, spherical tit:

Bimbo-Rae Boobiedahl

'Oh, dear God...' The newly re-christened Bimbo-Rae thought to herself in horror, even as she squealed in delight at her reflection. Then, helplessly, she wandered off atop her towering heels to clean house.

Actually, the duster she held did it all - and more. She had to wiggle and jiggle around, waving it, but Milly had endowed it with magical properties - when she ran it across something, it came out the other side not only clean, but in perfect repair - and usually significantly 'upgraded'.

Still it meant she had to mince through the entire house, hideously aware of the swing and sway of her broad hips. Helpless to ignore the massive amount of movement in her huge tits as she bent, twisted and wiped. Unable to ignore the weight of her massive head of hair, the low ache in her calves for the extreme heels, the sound of her own mindless giggles...

...but worst of all, by far, was the indisputable fact of a slowly growing craving.

It had been with her when she'd first been transformed, but she hadn't known what it was, and forgotten about it momentarily in the minutes that followed. As she jiggled, bounced, and swayed around the house, however, she couldn't ignore the steadily growing, somehow pleasurable painful... yearning. A yearning that, while at first unidentifiable, unfortunately didn't remain that way.

She began thinking about sex.

She didn't want to, and when the first few vague thoughts occurred, she pushed them easily away. She'd catch herself thinking about her massive new tits, not just perforce noticing them as any motion made her do, but thinking about, in general, how as a guy she would have loved to touch tits like that.

She'd catch sight of her reflection, and tell her she had no business remembering how, as a guy, she'd dreamed of lips like that wrapped around her cock.

A breeze would stir her skirt, and she'd have to remind herself that she no longer had a cock to put in the tight pussy that lay beneath.

At that point, she still didn't realize what was happening. She should have figured it out by the time she was having more generic thoughts, random thoughts of a cock being sucked or a pussy being fucked, without specifically considering which one she was placing herself in the role of - but, then again, the fact that the thoughts came more often and lasted longer might have explained what she didn't consider the shift in content.

By the time she found herself constantly, consciously imagining a huge cock between her lips, or in her pussy, or hands on her tits, it was entirely too obvious to ignore.

Horror warred with desire in her mind, but no trace of either state showed on her vapid, giggling countenance. Nobody looking at her could know the war being fought behind that blank slate, a war between her 'real' thoughts and the newly imposed need to please men that Milly had forced upon her. By that point, her thought process - if you could call it that - was running something along the lines of:

'...oh god, no, I can't stop think it's about time I find a man to shove a huge cock deep inside my mind, these thoughts just keep going to wrap my perfect cock-sucker lips around a big problem trying to keep under control filled with hard, throbbing headache from fighting not to give him a world-class fuck, why can't I stop myself from behind, his cock filling my tight little bitch do this to me...?'

Sometime later, Bimbo-Rae Boobiedahl finished 'cleaning' the house.

That was exactly who finished the task - for when she stood, bemused, looking around with a dazed expression on her face, no trace of Red's own thought-patterns were to be found in the now-constant mental litany of sexual acts she was going to perform. If not for the mental control of Milly, pulling her string like a puppeteer controlled a marionette, she would be sitting in a corner somewhere, drooling - that's how little 'real' thought was happening behind that vacant expression.

Instead, she cocked her head, the way a dog might do when listening to a sound no human could hear, and with a little giggle she headed towards the now-immaculate stairs. She minced down the stairs, and into the living-room...

"GawdDAM!" the rough-looking sandy-haired man standing beside his sister said, jaw dropping.

Not that Bimbo-Rae recognize the second person in the room as 'her sister' - such advanced thought was far beyond her. Just as Red would have known the blond to be Mark Holmes, the thirty-something year old man who ran the garage in town, whereas Bimbo- Rae's identification ended simply at 'man'. In her state - or lack-of-mind state - she was incapable of even distinguishing one man from another... but she knew what a 'man' was alright.

"Like, hi! I'm Bimbo-Rae Boobiedahl!" She introduced herself - a 'pre-programmed' response that she was unaware she was even performing. Smiling rapidly, she stood there, tits out-thrust and mind empty, blankly awaiting some indication of what the 'man' wished of her.

At that moment, Bimbo-Rae really was 'the Goddess', the 'perfect female' - nothing but a mindless husk, nothing but overly feminine body and unthinking, obedient sex-drive.

Reluctantly, Mark tore his gaze from the tiny bimbo before him to look over at Milly Allen, who called him up and told him the most unbelievable thing - but a think he had, and still feared to, believe:

"Anything...?" Mark asked.

"Anything." Milly assured him, with a manic chuckle.

Licking his suddenly-dry lips, Mark turned to look at the bimbo standing blankly before him. "C'mere, baby..." He said, half-hoping, daring to believe...

"Okay!" She chirped agreeable, then wiggled that ass over to stand in front of him. Mark hesitated a second - then reached out and began squeezing her unbelievably huge tits.

She stood there.

She just... stood there. A little giggle escaped those full lips, but it seemed in no way connected to anything Mark may or may not have been doing.

"You enjoying this, honey...?" Mark asked her, a puzzled look on her face.

Her response was immediate, a knee-jerk reaction, and totally uninformative: "Okay!"

He hesitated a second - then tore the top half of her dress downward, bunching it at her tiny waist and exposing her huge tits to the world... and she did absolutely nothing but stand there, smile fixed on her blank face.

An wicked smile rising on his own face, Mark went to work on her tits with a will, doing whatever he wanted to do, not worrying if it gave pleasure or pain to the tiny woman - and, if it gave either or neither, he would never know, for her expression never changed. A few times her posture or position did, however - always 'agreeably', a direct response to his own actions, in order to facilitate whatever it was he was trying to do. Mindless as she might have been, she was 'pre-programmed' to please, so she wasn't just a inanimate toy, but an obediently responsive one.

"Strip..." He commanded her a bit later, his voice husky with desire - and she quickly and obediently complied, removing the dress and apron, but leaving the shoes and that cap on. The quick-strip was, of course, accompanied by a chirped "Okay!"

"Now, fuck me silly!" he commanded her - and she obeyed. Oh man, did she obey!

He'd never experienced anything like it - never even imagined it. Though completely complacent, the only thought in her head was pleasing him, and that was her only goal. Not for a single instant did her own pleasure come into the equation, not once did her own needs, wants, or whims matter - but, thoughtless as she might have been, she was programmed with an incredible range of sexual skills, and she used them all. Pace and pressure, rhythm and timing - she brought him to the brink, then slowed it down and held him there. She teased him, she pleased him, and she seemed not only to have skills galore, but stamina to burn. It went on what felt like damn near forever, her body rubbing against his, sometimes bringing his attention to her huge breasts, sometimes to her firm ass, sometimes making him drift in pleasure while she worked him. It went on and on, almost to the point where delicious pleasure would edge into pain...

..almost.

Somehow, she knew right where that line was - and an instant before she reached it, she unthinkingly pushed him over the edge, bringing him to the most satisfying climax in his entire life, seeming to drain him in oh-so-many different meanings of the word.

"Damn...!" He swore, shaking his head in disbelief as he stared at the vapidly smiling bimbo still astride him. "I don't think I ever came so long and hard in my life...!"

"Oh, I'd say that was just about average for you..." A voice said, and Mark started - he'd forgotten that long, tall drink o' water, Milly Allen, was here. Had she just sat there the entire time, watching? Creepy... especially with the crazy-looking little grin on his face. Still and all, she'd invited him over, promising just this thing, and she'd delivered - how or why she was pimping this bimbo out, Mark didn't know, but he wasn't going to blow the chance for a rematch.

Eventual rematch, he thought ruefully, looking down at his more-than-sated manhood.

"Damn girl, when my pecker starts workin' again in a week or so, I'll have to see what you can do with those lips of yours!" He told Bimbo-Rae... who, of course, said that was 'Okay!'

"I think you'll find when you have a huge-breasted little bimbo around, you can get hard practically right away..." The tall, creepy cunt said, with that weird little grin.

"Doubt it..." Mark grunted, sourly - but damned if he didn't feel a slight stirring in Mr. Happy even as he denied the possibility. "Well, we'll put that to the test as soon as I get back...." Milly said, standing. "Bimbo-Rae, come with me into the kitchen..."

"Okay!" Bimbo happily agreed, mindlessly following Milly into the kitchen - although she was unaware that was what she was doing, as it was just a programmed response to obey. All her empty little mind was full of was the man she was leaving behind as the door to the kitchen swung shut behind them and...

Red desperately tried to scream, but Milly had thought of that. The horrified woman, newly returned mind flooded with the realization of what had just happened, could do nothing but whimper...

...and even as she whimper in horror and disgust, the most horrifying and disgusting things about her memory of mindlessly fucking the brain out of a man where the memories of how much she'd... she'd...

...LOVED IT.

That wasn't an intellectual response, nor an emotional one - it was purely a physical one. Her body was tuned to enjoy pleasing men on so many levels, from the straight-forward physical sensations, but also to much deeper, and horrifying ones.

Like a drug addict needing his fix, she'd felt... empty, incomplete, painfully hollow - until she'd been pleasing Mark, getting her 'fix'.. and even now, in her horror and disgust, she still, helplessly... wanted that. She didn't want to want that... but that made it no less true. This new body craved the chance to please men, and while she was satiated now, that craving was still lurking, and it would grow.. and grow.. and grow - and the worst the cravings got, the better it would feel to satisfy them.

"My God, Milly - how could you!" Bimbo-Rae whimpered. "... to your own brother...?"

"Brother?" She snarled, madness dancing in her eyes once more. "It was genetics, stupid, simple fate, nothing big or noble or... or... important that turned out to make us twins, nearly identical in looks and background and anything else that matters, and... oh, no..."

The 'oh, no' came out in an odd little tone of voice, and shock briefly pushed insanity at bay as she looked down at her body. A body that was already beginning to change.

"I.. I didn't...!" She protested, in a voice getting higher in pitch.

Without thinking, she'd begun angrily gesturing while she'd ranted at him, emphasizing the two of them... in short, she'd been waving the wand while she spoke the words 'make us twins, nearly identical in looks and background and anything else that matters'...

...and the unthinking, unknowing, uncaring power in the wand had obeyed.

Just as, the mindless magic deciding the rapidly altering woman had reached a critical point, it obeyed an earlier command, a safeguard the then-almost-sane Milly had put in place to keep the soon-to-be-female Red from possibly turning the magic against her

- a command that the wand couldn't even be held by 'a big-titted little bimbo'.

The wand forcefully yanked itself from her shrinking hand, 'throwing' itself through the kitchen door.

"No!" Milly-becoming gasped, and jiggled after the wand in steadily rising heels. As her clothing shifted around her, she pushed through the kitchen door....

...and mindlessly continued walking forward atop her sky-scraper heels. Desperately, her mind screamed at her body to pick up the wand, to change herself back - but her blankly grinning body ignored her, following the same 'background' she'd programmed into Bimbo-Rae.

The major difference being that, while she was fully programmed into instant, subservient obedience, she hadn't had time to 'prime the pump' into complete mindlessness, as was fully aware behind her blank, emerald green eyes as she knelt gracefully in front of where Mark had fallen into a light doze.

It had been ordained - by her, herself, promising to 'put it to the test' when she got back. So, the instant she'd stepped through the kitchen door, she'd been committed - and so, now, she lowered gloss-red, pouting lips, and 'willingly' wrapped them around Marks' cock, which replied by - as she'd magically assured it would - rapidly hardening.

It didn't take long for the incredibly sensation of a building orgasm to pull Marki from his doze.

"Damn, Bimbo-Rae!" He gasped, amazed, as he once again gushed long and hard in response to her ministrations only to find himself gazing down at a massive bouffant of red-hair.

"No, silly!" The red-head giggled as she finally finished swallowing the last drop of his massive load of cum. Grinning brainlessly, she straightened and gestured at one monumental breast straining against her red satin maid's dress – indicating, Mark figured out a second later, the words embroidered in white thread:

Slut-Marie Boobiedahl

Considering it for a second, wondering if he'd been out long enough for the tiny bimbo to dye her hair, Mark finally gave a shrug and a grin.

"Hell, babe – I don't care what you call yourself " He said, pulling the (apparently) completely willing woman closer as his cock -

'Almost magically', he thought - began to harden again, "You've got the body of a goddess "

* * * * *

Some distance away, a woman with the same unrealistically curvaceous figure was walking down the side of the road.

With the transformation of Milly Allen into Slut-Marie, the 'immediate' control over the woman who had once been Red Allen had vanished. That was not to say everything in her mind, much less her body, had gone back to the way it had been - no, like the changes to her body, certain 'pre-programmed' things about her personality were apparently permanent.

Nevertheless, the incredibly short, stacked blonde was extraordinarily happy, given the circumstances - for at least she was able to act for herself, within those limitations, rather than playing to a demented script...

She was ankling her way down the side of the road in the same pair of excruciatingly high-heeled pink pumps she'd been wearing - none of Milly's shoes had come even close to fitting her tiny, dainty new feet. Truth be told, since the magically-bestowed skill and gracefulness in even such extreme heels was another one of those permanent changes, the new woman was only mildly annoyed at still having to wear the shoes.

Though the skill was now permanent, the enforced way of walking Milly had insisted on thankfully wasn't - a combination that meant that the new woman was striding briskly (yet, of course, gracefully) along the road-side. Though her build ensured it was a sensual, hip-swaying stride, it wasn't the over-done wiggle-and-bounce the mincing step previously enforced upon her had mandated.

Aside from the maid's dresses, the only clothes in the house had been Milly's and Red's, and while neither was exactly suitable for the matched women the siblings had become, Milly's had at least offered a place to start.

What had once been a pair of jeans designed for a tall, trim-hipped woman had been cut down into a pair of shorts that stopped in a ragged hem just above an incredibly cute pair of knees. The new woman might have possessed remarkably wide hips and a full ass for one of her height, but that meant the pants designed for a lean, tall woman 'merely' fit tightly across those new attributes, rather than painfully confining them.

A thin white belt, also once Milly's, cinched the otherwise loose waist of the jerry-rigged shorts tight to her tiny waist.

Her massively thick mane of pale-blond hair no longer confined to the ludicrously overdone bouffant, it now had been pulled back and quickly bundled through a doubled elastic before being allowed to fall in a nearly cape-like mass of blonde curls that hung to the top of her swaying ass. This makeshift ponytail swayed with each step she took, the pendulum arc of the curled mass rendered off-center by the battered backpack slung over one slender shoulder. In it was a few more pairs of make-shift shorts, every dollar that had been in both Red's wallet and Milly's purse, a few easily-consumed and long-keeping foodstuffs... and every work-shirt Red and Milly had owned.

Any other type had been completely impractical for a woman with a bust as big as hers, if said woman was going to do any significant amount of walking. Which was why she was wearing one of them now, a black-brown-and-red tartan-pattern cotton shirt... tied in a knot just below the generous amount of cleavage and creamy-white tit-flesh it displayed. It might have been more revealing than the new woman was really comfortable with, but it served its purpose as a make-shift bra. That was a matter of necessity, to reduce the amount of jiggle, bounce, and sway that inevitably came with each step she took.

A spray of light suddenly swept across the low clouds, and her tiny thumb rose in an ages-old gesture even before the 'bodacious blonde' looked to see what car was traversing the gray-clad afternoon landscape.

It was a battered mid-70's Ford LTD station wagon, driven by a young man with longish brown hair. He pulled the car over next to her - and, inevitably, his eyes went first to the massive breasts so enticingly displayed.

"Uh... need a lift...?" He stammered - hardly original, but his entire mind was hardly on conversation.

"Yeah - anyplace you can take me would be great." She agreed - her voice still high and girlish, but without the vapid smile, giggling, or any other of the 'bimbo' mannerisms.

"Sure, hop in..." He agreed, almost indecently quickly.

"Great." She told him. She walked around and slid into the passenger's seat. "I'm John - John Cooper..." said, holding out a hand.

She introduced herself... well, sort of. What her brain insisted she say was something else, but she had enough of her mind back to modulate it as it emerged so it sounded an awful lot like 'Baimba-Rae Boo'bdddahl', which - as she'd hoped - sounded like a mildly southern-accented way of saying: "Bambi-Rae Baudell..."

"Nice to meet you, Miss Baudell..." John said, shaking her hand delicately, then starting to withdraw it to reach for the shift lever - and so, he was surprised when she held tight to it, rather than let go. He glanced at her questioningly.

"I... have another favor to ask, in addition to just the right..." She said, with a sigh, and he looked at her with more than a hint of distrust.

"Yes...?" He asked, slowly, as she released his hand again.

She sighed again, hating herself for feeling the tingle, anticipatory pleasure that ran through her body. "Can I suck your cock...?" She asked in a resigned tone.

John gaped at her, unable to believe he'd heard her correctly.

Given one of the other 'permanent' things she was going to have to live with was her need to pleasure men, Bambi-Rae had no choice but to take his stunned silence as a 'yes'...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Filled with despair over the loss of his girlfriend, one man blindly heads into the woods where he encounters a strange force with brings a new life.

Gone A'wandering

By Gunslinger

It wasn't until Josh unzipped his battered old flight jacket to get at the pack of cigarettes stashed within the silk-lined inner pocket that he realized just how late it had gotten.

Though the snow on the ground was mostly melted into a swampy soup of mud by the warm days that had shed the bitter chill of true winter, spring had yet to take a real hold on the land. Not only did the grasses and trees remained dormant, clothed in their drab gray and sere brown winter hues, but the fading memory of the winter lay sharp in the nights.

It was this sharp chill that was carried by the restless stir of wind that slipped in through the open jacket to caress the tall, slender man's chest, pulling him out of the half-daze in which he'd fallen.

His blue-gray eyes blinking like that of a man just woken from a long, deep sleep, Josh looked around himself with a new eye to his surroundings. He lit the cigarette, cupping his hand around the flame of the lighter to protect it from the breeze that ruffled his untamed mass of dark hair, and realized that his mindless 'stroll' had carried him nearly four miles down the muddy country road, his legs and feet carrying him along without any input from his numb mind.

Taking a deep drag on the cigarette, Josh looked at the landscape surrounding him, the fallow fields and the woods and stone walls that edges them painted in the somber red-orange hues of the approaching sunset, and wondered if one of these days he just might not continue walking, ever further from the whitewashed wood-framed farm house that was just that - a house, not a home.

He'd started walking that day, three weeks ago. Just a short walk, that first day, 'to clear his head' - and clear it had been, for he'd walked in the mindless daze of the shell shocked. Every day, the stroll was longer, but the haze stayed just as thick on his mind, even now. Even three weeks after Connie had left him.

'Since you drove her away...' His mind insisted in filling in, bitterly, in a voice, cruel and twisted, that was nevertheless his own.

The very voice from whom he was trying, in vain, to flee. The voice that was, mercifully, silent during his walks - but that spoke up, loud, clear, and bitterly *right*, whenever he let himself think again.

Turning, Josh looked back down the undulating dirt road, towards where the white farmhouse sat out of sight, if not out of mind. The simple clapboard house that was supposed to be the home and hearth of newlywed happiness, but had instead turned into the site of shame and pain the day before the wedding that had not = ad never would - happen.

Suddenly, the thought of walking all the way back to that house didn't seem worth the trouble. Worse, it seemed as if it were a waiting dagger, waiting to slid into his gut and twist cruelly the instant he stepped across the threshold he'd never had the chance to carry his bride across.

The thought that entered his head in that moment was, on the face of it, insane - and yet it didn't *feel*/insane. If let... right. He wouldn't go home tonight. He wouldn't go *anywhere* tonight, but stay out here, in the woods.

The very fact that the nights were still bitter enough that the risk of death due to exposure was still a valid threat only made the idea seem more perfect, more crystal-clear right, almost Old Testament.

He would put his life in the hands of a God he wasn't quite sure he believed in, and then, perhaps, should he survive the night, it would be a sign - a sign for him to let go of the guilt and pain gnawing at his heart like a rabid wolf...

...and if he didn't survive the night, well, then, he wouldn't have to worry about the pain anymore, now would he?

To his right, the land sloped down away from the road, an unplowed and untended stonewall-edged filed leading to the woods crowding close to the fieldstone barrier at the rear of the field, as if eager to reclaim the once-cultivated land for their own.

On the left, however, the woods pushed close to the edge of the road, somehow deeper and more primeval then the tamer woods flanking the field to the right.

Without another thought, Josh turned and entered the tangled undergrowth bordering the road to his left, pushing through into the deep shadows that lay beneath the boughs and boles of the old-growth trees.

He should have paused just inside that line of darkness, letting his eyes adjust to the instant twilight, but instead he pushed forward, running the risk of breaking a leg in an unseen sinkhole or finding some other treachery to lame or kill him almost with a kind of relish, laying his fate - his life - into the open arms of random chance with a sort of dark glee. The branches of the trees poked and pricked at him, and though the heavy leather of his jacket and the stiff denim of his jeans shielded his legs, there was every chance of a way- ward branch blinding him at this pace - and he knew it, knew it well, but didn't let him slow him at all as he pushed deeper into the tangled woods, eagerly seeking something his heart cried for and his head shuddered to name.

Onward he ran, trying in vain to outdistance the demons that rode him like a steed...

...and then, in a clearing he burst into without warning, his eyes found the light they were craving.

The shifting, pulsating light spread out from the eerie, coruscating curtain in front of him, like a fragment of the aurora borealis brought to earth. A strange, rippling curtain of light that had no earthly business being where it was, an eldritch bit of magic spun out of the primeval woods themselves.

Had he 'put on the brakes' the instant he'd seen the eerie, impossible curtain stretched across his path, perhaps Josh might have been able to come to a skidding halt just before he hit the shimmering curtain.

Perhaps.

He didn't even try.

In a burst of nihilistic joy, Josh all-but-threw himself into that shimmering, unearthly glow...

...and felt nothing but blessed release as the gathering darkness claimed him for it's own.

* * * * *

The very first thing Josh felt when he awoke was completely out-of-keeping with the surroundings in which he woke. With the warm feel of early-morning sun streaming in a window accompanying the sweet silence somehow enhanced, rather than broken, by the sound of birdsong, the fading cool of the evening warmed by the rising sun in a warm, languid moment of relaxation, Josh's first, coherent emotion was starkly at odds with the external surrounds.

He felt outraged. Cheated.

For one, glorious moment, he'd known blessed nothingness, and now to awake to the familiar feel and smell of his own bedroom in his new-yet-memory-haunted farmhouse left an icy core of outrage within him. It wasn't fair, he thought, not fair that he'd been led to believe it was all over, then awaken only to find it was still all the same...

...and then the fog of his deep sleep cleared, and it registered that his body was insisting, rather forcefully, that everything wasn't the same.

Rather, the body he wore was insisting that - because those sensations were insisting that it wasn't the lean, lank body he'd always called his own.

It was a million things that Josh couldn't possibly have described in that moment - yet the very fact that he felt them was more than enough. Only when something was 'wrong' with your body did you truly become aware of it. It was similar to what happened with smells - surrounded by any smell long enough, the brain grew numb to it, and it no longer registered consciously. Likewise, the very feel of your own body was so familiar as to be forgotten - until something changed.

Well, something *had* changed. Radically.

All of this - from waking, to outrage, to the certainty that the body containing the persona previously known as Joshua Redman - took, perhaps, all of two whole seconds.

In the next scant second, even before sitting bolt upright to stare down at a altered physique, Josh knew what the change was. The gaping stare, accompanied by a stifled, breathless, high-pitched shriek, was only the 'icing on the cake'.

Josh was a woman.

Eyes wide in a mix of shock, horror and disbelief, the new woman stared down at the way the simple flannel nightshirt was tented out over her full, round breasts, more than a hint of creamy cleavage displayed by the pink-trimmed neckline of the garment. The arms that rose upwards were slim and smooth, only that fine downy hair of a woman covering them as they conveyed slender, feminine hands tipped with long, well cared-for nails to her prodigious new bosom, to lightly squeeze the softly firm flesh in the faint-and-dying hope that it was some lingering dream.

It wasn't. the somewhat familiar sensation of hands being filled - nigh on to over-flowing, in this case - with firm, warm breast-flesh under a thin layer of fabric was undeniable - as was the completely new sensation that came from the breasts themselves as she squeezed her firm new endowments, then yanked her hands quickly away, startled - and disturbed - at the strange sort of singular pleasure the touch had caused, even in her confused and unhappy emotional state.

"This... This isn't possible!" She gasped to herself, her crystal-clear new soprano voice trembling as she made the patently false statement. Improbable, yes - but every sense, every sensation, denied the impossibility of the situation, no matter how much her 'logical' mind tried to convince her that what she was experiencing couldn't possibly be happening.

"I... I'm a woman..." She said, next, this time a sort of wary, unwanted awe tingeing her voice as she considered the inexplicable situation.

She could have told herself that she'd never, ever even so much as wondered what it would be like to be female - but it would have been a lie. After all, any man born of woman sometimes wondered just how green the grass was on the other side of the gender fence, though how emphatically a person wondered that ranged from mere, guilty musing to something more emphatic, depending on the wonderer.

Josh, personally, had used the 'socially acceptable' dodge of dressing up as a woman one year, the same excuse many a man had made use of to get away with 'trying on' a female persona without substantial risk to their masculine self image, not to mention the social response that would have come from cross-dressing any other time of the year.

Also like many men, that was as far as Josh had ever gone - at least externally, where it could be seen. He'd still occasionally wondered what it was like for women - especially in the post-coital afterglow, when a particular woman seemed to have enjoyed the sexual intimacy on a level he'd never have understood...

...or, at least, so he'd always thought.

This particular situation had never even crossed the then-male mind.

For several long minutes, the new woman considered going into utter hysterics, letting herself work off some of the raging emotions in the hope that, afterwards, some sort of sense might come to her, both intellectually and emotionally - but the chances of that happening seemed very slight indeed, for she knew that she was simply unprepared for this particular situation, and no amount of hysterical screaming or denial would make it more logical, nor make it go away.

However it had happened, he was now a she - and she would have to cope with it, no matter how poorly or reluctantly.

With that in mind, the new woman pulled off the covers that hid her lower half, trying to view the situation as objectively as possible - despite the highly subjective emotions and thoughts leaving her in a confused state of being.

Reveled by the hem of the 'shortie' nightshirt were a pair of smooth, slender legs that, at another time and from any other perspective, she would have found quite attractive - but knowing that those long, slim legs were her own changed the emotional reaction a little bit, just as the sight of the full breasts tenting her nightgown had.

"Why couldn't I be flat-chested an unattractive...?" She asked thin air, wincing internally at the sweet sound of her new voice. Being female was one thing, and bad enough at just that - but somehow, being an attractive woman was worse, as if there were somehow 'degrees' of femininity, rather than it being an all-or-nothing situation.

With a sigh, she swung those damnable cute legs over the edge of the bed and pushed herself upright - and the very action felt unnaturally natural, for though she was commanding the new body *what* to do, it seemed to have a mind of its own when it came to *how* to do it - namely, in a smoothly graceful way as emphatically feminine as the body itself.

She turned, slowly and hesitantly, towards the mirror mounted atop her old bureau - and the slow motion with which she moved her head let her rather numbly notice something about her surroundings.

It was *her* room.

Not 'his' room, as she'd thought before the new gender had caught her attention. Though it was the same room, with the same basic furnishings, the décor had subtly but undeniably changed. Lace doilies now sat on previously bare nightstands, and a vase with flowers sat beside a brass-trimmed old-fashioned wind-up alarm clock that had replaced the simple, utilitarian battery-powered one Josh had owned.

It was a hundred-and-one little things - but, taken in the aggregate, the effect was glaringly obvious. This was a woman's bedroom...

...and then the mirror finally came into her field of vision - and the woman who had been Josh Redman forgot the décor as she stared at herself in the mirror.

The genetic mix that had turned out this woman were obviously the same ones that had created Josh - but the net differences meant that the 'family resemblance', though present, was muted.

She was still tall and lean, with a raven's sweep of hair above Atlantic-shaded eyes... but the total effect of the hundred-and-one differences was even more pronounced in her new body than the décor issue.

She was tall and lithe, with slender yet womanly hips and long, well-toned legs. Though the garment she was wearing was hardly the most flattering thing she could wear, her supple figure made it good enough to show that her waist was slim and her shoulders slightly broad - all the better suited to carry the weight of her full breasts, which were quite large, yet equally firm.

Given that she'd never had breasts before, they seemed to be outlandishly huge to her, at least 'internally' - but her eyes couldn't lie through inexperience, and the firm breasts were more grapefruit than the melons they felt like to her senses. Nevertheless, they would have been prize-winning grapefruit, round and firm and out-thrust with a nearly spherical perfection that made them look much larger than a domed version of the same sized breasts would have seemed.

Given the noticeable out-thrusting of the somewhat strained top across the highest portion of her new rack, her nipples were in keeping with the heroic proportions of her new endowments...

...and that was just the right word for it.

From the lean, lithe, and emphatically feminine shape of her new body to the startling, powerful beauty of her full-lipped and large-eyed new visage, she brought to mind the figure of a comic-book heroine. Not the rather undetailed ones of the Golden Age of comic books, but the 'better than human' heroic figures of modern comic book art, well-toned without being any less the feminine for it, and with breasts so firm and fully formed as to seem nearly designed to catch the eye, even in such a simple garment.

She wasn't just 'attractive' - she was, quite literally, *stunning*...

...and she also seemed to be the better part of a decade younger than her old, male self, certainly no more than twenty-two or -three years old.

Josh Redman, heart-sore and despairing, runs madly through a forest, right into a aurora borealis that has no earthly business being there - and not only wakes up female, but younger and gorgeous...

...or maybe Josh Redman, wandering mindlessly down a country road, was hit by a drunk redneck in a pick-up, and this is his afterlife.

Mind benumbed by the shocks piling atop one another, she slowly shakes her head. Maybe she's dead, or maybe she's crazy - but all of this feels real. Weird, impossible, slightly sickening - but real.

Still stunned, she hesitantly reached out and picked up the brass-trimmed black leather pocketbook sitting on the top of the bureau, her fingers strangely familiar with the task of opening the clasp and slipping the driver's license out.

Jessica Redman. Age 22. Five feet, nine inches tall - a lot of that in her legs, apparently.

Still feeling like she'd been hit over the head with a marshmallow hammer, Jessica slipped the license back into place and lay the pocketbook gently down on the dresser. Turning with the slow, deliberate motions a almost-drunk person might use, her mind and emotions churning useless in an endless cycle, she slowly made her way out of the room, eyes cataloguing the feminine hints in the décor she passed without it truly registering on her mind.

It was a lot to deal with, one thing after another 'sneaking up' on her on top of the last three weeks, during which she'd run mostly on auto-pilot...

...so she could be forgiven for missing all the 'clues', the noises and scents and other indications that she wasn't alone in the house.

All in all, descending the narrow back staircase that led directly to the kitchen, her mind was still on the 'internal', rather than the 'external'...

...right up until the instant she stepped off the bottom step, rounded the small protrusion of the stairwell wall - and found herself looking at the tall, broad-shouldered man standing at the stove, in the middle of cooking up some scrambled eggs.

"Oh, hey honey...!" The sandy-haired man said, an easy smile on his face...

...as he lay the spatula aside and walked over to where she stood stock-still in shock.

That shock paralysis held even as he wrapped his well-muscled arms around her and leaned in for the kiss. A kiss that she let him take, to stunned to reject him, and with no thought of returning it.

Frowning, he leaned back, still holding her trim body in his brawny arms. "What's wrong, honey?" He asked, true worry showing in his dark eyes. Jessica didn't even know where to *begin* to answer that...

...especially since she 'recognized' the sandy-haired man.

Just as she could see her male self in the beauty reflected back by the mirror, so could she see Connie in the rugged features of this almost offensively handsome man.

Somehow, just as she'd become female, this... 'world' had a gender-reversed version of Connie - except, in this topsy-turvy world, they'd obviously never had the all-out argument that had ended their relationship on such a bitter note.

After all, the male version of Connie was physically incapable of 'accidentally' getting pregnant, and so the bitter acrimony the then- male Josh had put into his baseless accusations never happened.

"Honey...?" The male version of Connie prompted, concern deepening.

"I'm... not feeling myself this morning..." She heard herself said, bemused at the utter truth behind the innocuous phrase.

Shockingly, she found herself desperately fighting the urge to giggle at the basically mundane outer aspects of the situation. To a hypothetical observer, it would have been a scene of newlywed hominess, with no sign at all of the undercurrents - the undercurrents that were the sole providence of the gorgeous new 'wife' of the scene, for whom everything was turned upside down.

He blinked - and then grinned, slyly.

"See...?" He said, a subtle undertone to his voice. "That's what I get for foregoing our usual morning 'pick me up' in order to let you sleep in."

His hands, encircling her waist, slid south - and cupped the firm flesh of her buttocks in unmistakable meaning. "The eggs are burning..." She heard herself say, still too bemused to actually think.

Startled, he looked over his own broad shoulder - then muttered a curse and released her in order to deal with the charring eggs. Jessica, meanwhile, was trying to cope with the obvious intention her 'husband' had offered.

She found herself wondering what the hell his new name was - but it was a secondary thought, something to distract her mind from the thought of having sex with a man.

A man who she knew the female version of, just as she herself had been male. A man who was her husband, and so permitted to assume the sexual aspects of matrimony.

A man she was seriously considering letting go through with the proposition. Part of her couldn't believe that she was thinking this...

...but it was a very small part indeed.

Part of it was curiosity. After all, she had wondered what sex must be like for a woman, and this was a chance to find out.

More than that, it was with 'Connie'. Obviously, this male version didn't know about the alternate universe where he was female, and 'Jessica' male - but Jessica knew, and somehow that made it less 'perverted', since they'd had sex when the gender roles had been the other way around.

The vast majority of the urge, however, came from the simple fact that, as a woman, she could sort of just 'go along'. Sex was a situation that didn't demand much in the way of thought, really, being an act so primal and basic that the body could do well enough on her own. Somehow, the thought of just laying back and submitting, letting this new man - her husband - take complete control was enticing...

...as was the promise of pleasure implicit in the concept.

She'd been female for all of what, fifteen minutes? Yet, here she was, quite seriously considering given up her male ego, albeit in an emphatically female body, and having sex with a man.

There was the real reason for not turning her husband down, of course- the reason that was both tiny, and huge. This might indeed, be real - and her life. The one she'd have to live.

Was she going to turn her husband down forever? Claim she'd suddenly decided to take a vow of chastity? One thing Jessica knew for certain: She couldn't tell him the truth.

So, when the man whose name she still didn't know finished tending his brunt eggs and turned around, a smile on his lips that spoke lustful volumes, she found herself smiling back at him.

It was another case of her body knowing what to do - and in the state she was in, she just let it walk along what were obviously well- worn byways of the mind. Along with the body, she'd obviously inherited whatever skill, habits and experience 'Jessica' supposedly had in this version of the universe, and it was almost as if she could sit back and be a passenger in her new body, letting whatever happened, happen.

"Kenny will make you feel like yourself again..." Her husband promised in a low, throaty voice, and she was happy to finally have a name for him - even as he stepped close and embraced her again, his hands going back to her full ass as he pressed himself firmly against her, kissing her with more passion this time.

She let her body go ahead and kiss him back - while she 'rode along' with it, feeling the sensations her body felt. The pleasure.

The kiss seemed to go on forever and she wasn't quite sure if it was the 'forever' of a dream, or a nightmare...

...all she was sure of was this it felt good. Almost... right, somehow.

Her mind was in more of a confused muddle than ever, part of her hardly daring to believe that any of this was happening - that she was letting any of this happen - but her body had no qualms at all about what was happening, or where it was going.

It was going in a direction that her body quite eagerly agreed with, if the slow warmth low in her belly and the way her thick, firm nipples came to sudden, pleasurable attention was any indication.

Finally breaking the kiss, Kenny took her hand and gently led her towards the stairs, smiling back over his shoulder at her - and she felt herself smiling back, her whirling mind simply riding the hot-and-ready stead of her eagerly feminine new body, let herself be drawn into her new, feminine life with no struggle whatsoever, part of her willing mind as eager as her randy body to experience what was sure to come.

She was disappointed.

The trip up the stairs was marked by the clothing her husband shed on the way, piece by piece and bit by bit. Oddly enough, her wide eyes and pounding heart both seemed to note every article of clothing as it came off, exposing more and more of his well-muscled body, but the exact when and where of her own nightshirts removal was a mystery. All she could be certain of was the fact that they reached the bedroom stark naked, the cool morning air only fanning the flame of her desire as her husband led her towards a bed that suddenly loomed very large indeed in her mind's eyes.

It was just about then that she truly began to realize that this new life she was embarking on could actually be enjoyable - perhaps considerably more so than the male existence part of her was still mourning the loss of.

The next few minutes gave her even stronger reasons for her to believe so.

First there was another kiss - and she discovered that body-to-body, with no clothes in the way, made the kiss even better. Incredibly, the wonderful, pleasurable frustration she was feeling rose even more, her arousal more enjoyable for its own sake than the 'hydraulic pressure' she was used to as a man.

It only got better.

Pulling her directly over to the bed, still wrapped in the embrace of his strong arms, Kenny shifted position as they sat on the edge of the bed, and began to nuzzle her full, firm breasts, his warm mouth working to one, fully engorged nipple, the stubble on his upper lips tracing fiery lines of pleasure across her own silky-smooth skin - and then that was lost in the increased pleasure of lips and tongue as he nibbled and sucked on her full nipple...

..while he eased her down on the bed, hands sliding down to spread her silken thighs for better access to the source of the liquid fire that filled her.

Before she could have second thoughts, before the male part of her mind could force her to forego what was to happen, he'd shifted his own position - and his hard, ready cock slid easy and familiarly into the tight, damp embrace of her new womanhood.

Pleasure she'd never imagined flooded her - not purely physical pleasure, but emotional and intellectual pleasure, a sense of something so right that she couldn't fight it.

So she didn't.

Indeed, her body, operating on its own, because a willing - even eager - participant, hips moving to maximize the wonderful sensations.

Sensations that only became more wonderful as he tenderly, but firmly, began to thrust into her, the wonderful, fulfilling sensation of his cock sliding into her counterbalanced by the teasing sensation of withdrawal...

...over and over again...

...faster and faster...

"Yes..." She heard herself gasp, head tossing in increasing pleasure. "Oh, yes, Kenny, harder!"

That wasn't her animalistic body controlling her voice - it was her mind, wrapped in the increasing layers of intense, incredible pleasure.

She was having sex, as a woman...

...and loving it.

"Yes!" She said, now screaming instead of gasping, her body writhing in wonderful pleasure as her husband fucked her 'for the first time', but with all the long experience of knowing what she liked. "God, Kenny - fuck me hard!"

He did. Hard - and yet, somehow, tender...

..and with ever-increasing pleasure.

Pleasure that led to the most heartstopping, earth-shattering orgasm she'd ever experience, different in taste and texture, duration and location, from anything she'd had as a man - anything she'd even dreamed of as a man.

"Yes...!" She heard herself scream to the heavens, unable to lie even to herself in the extremis of incredible pleasure. "I love being a woman...!"

Then it was over, the afterglow of a 'good' orgasm washing through her with renewed heat as her husband slumped to the bed beside her, one strong hand coming up to gently caress her full breast.

"I kinda like the fact that you're a woman, myself..." HE said, with a chuckle. "Works out well, I'd say."

Smiling rapidly up at the ceiling, the new woman nodded, enjoying even the slow, fading afterglow of her first female orgasm. She didn't know how or why this had happened, or how she was going to pick up the threads of a life she knew nothing about...

...but somehow, those questions seemed small compared to the answer to a long held query that had always haunted the back of her male mind.

Now she knew exactly how a woman felt during - and after - sex...

...and she knew, even if offered the chance, she could never go back to being a 'mere' man again. THE END.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When an alien space craft lands right near an isolated ranger post, one of the rangers takes some shots at it only to discover that the aliens decided he needs to be less aggressive and more feminine.

The Gone Ranger

By Gunslinger

'It was a dark and stormy night...'

Frowning, Richard Farrand turned his attention away from the knobs, dials and switches on the radio transceiver that was currently 'transceiving' nothing but hissing static, and eyed the other man who shared the small, wood-walled building with him.

"I beg your pardon?" Richard asked, both the slightly raised eyebrow and the more-than-slightly frosted tone indicating that he was not a man to be disturbed by trivialities or frivolities.

Both tone and look bounced right off Peter Reichs' armor of youthful self-confidence. With a shrug of his lean shoulders, the younger of the two men gestured towards the large, supposedly 'unbreakable' double-layer Lexan windows that gave out onto a sweeping panoramic view.

" 'It was a dark and stormy night'...", Peter repeated. "You know - from that comic strip. What the dog was always writing. C'mon, Rick - you know what I mean..."

Richard - who ***hated*** being called 'Rick' - frowned thunderously, and drew himself up to his full height with an imperious expression on his face.

It was a look he was well-suited for.

While both men wore the same beige-on-beige uniform of the United States Forestry Service, Peter's hung limply on his bony frame, and he preferred the shorts and 'ball-cap' variant that, while USFS approved, struck Richard as highly undignified.

Richard, on the other hand, wore a crisply-pressed pair of uniform trousers with the 'original' long-sleeved shirt with it's more subdued markings. Though his short-shorn, gray-flecked wheat-blond hair was currently uncovered, when he wore his hat, it was the old- fashioned 'Smokey the Bear' version that was standard issue for Forest Rangers almost since the service's inception in 1905.

In fact, the original uniform bore a remarked similarity to the uniform of a United States Marine Corp non-commissioned officer - which wasn't surprising, since similar versions had also been issued to Army and State Police personnel, it being a bureaucracy- designed and government-approved project.

The fact that Richard E. L. Farrand bore a remarkable physical, (*and psychological*), resemblance to 'Gunnery Sergeant Hartman' from *Full Metal Jacket*, simply meant that he wore the uniform with considerably more presence than most Forest Rangers ever managed to project.

With the heavy rain picking a staccato rhythm on the corrugated metal roof, rolling barrages of thunder vying with the wailing wind to see which could shake the little stilt-mounted building the most, Richard opened his mouth to point out just how insipid and redundant Peter's comment was...

...but never got the chance to issue the reprimand, for just then, an intense actinic light split the night, it's blue-white beam rivaling the eye-searing intensity of the lightning, but remaining fixed and steady.

"What the *fuck?!*" Peter shouted, his voice higher-pitched than normal as he skittered his chair backwards from the desk. One leg caught on an uneven floorboard, and the chair tipped over backwards, sending him sprawling across the floor. Not even feeling the pain from the impact, the brunet lifted his head just enough to let his hazel eyes, wide with shock and fear, peer over the desk at the inexplicable sight.

Richard Farrand, on the other hand, remained standing, stock-still and with his backbone as straight and rigid as ever as he directed a murderous glare out the windows.

Silently - or, at least, quietly enough that no noise could compete with the storm - the strange, ovoid craft hung motionless about a dozen feet above and a half-hundred yards east of the Ranger's station. No markings or windows marred the gleaming metal surface, and though there was no visible signs of anything any human would recognize as propulsion, it remained utterly motionless despite the heavy, varying blasts of wind that swirled about it.

Almost as old as the 1930's-era building, virtually untouched over the years except for the routine monthly cleaning, the bolt-action

.303 caliber rifle had originally been provided in the extremely unlikely event that 'crazed animals' attacked the Ranger station. Now, Richard swept the ancient rifle from the wall, yanking open a desk drawer with his other hand to extract a fist-full of gleaming brass rounds. Slamming one into the breach, he worked the bolt as he strode manfully towards the door, his dark eyes filled with wrath.

Yanking open the door to the ranger station, he struggled out against the influx of wind and rain that quickly soaked and chilled him to the bone. Ignoring the immediate physical discomfort, he calmly lifted the rifle and, paying attention to the weather only inasmuch as it affected his accuracy, began calmly firing aimed, measured shots at the obviously alien craft.

* * * * * "Consensus?" B'oRt-hnk, mission-commander, trilled the question.

"Primitive chemical-powered weapon." Ghn'athk, mission-observer replied. "Inconsequential."

"Concur." Mission-specialist Dracht-'k agreed readily.

On the main visaudio repeater, the watched the spindly, four-limbed creature continue its harmless 'attack' until its supply of ready projectiles was depleted - and then the creature brandished the primitive weapon as one would a club, making it quite clear it still wished to continue an obviously hopeless conflict.

"This creature seems quite aggressive." Ghn'athk observed.

"It is a masculine creature." Dracht-'k stated knowledgeably. "They are notably more aggressive than the feminine creatures." B'oRt-hnk considered the matter for a moment.

"Such aggressive nature is likely to indicate this creature's further attempts to interfere in our mission. Though we require less than one-thirtieth of a revolution of this planet to do so, and it is unlikely the creature can provide any real offense, it is nevertheless best to reduce all known risks, no matter how small. Options?"

"Genetic, physical, and hormonal transmutation of the creature towards a more feminine - and, hence, docile - state." Dracht-'k squeaked with assurance.

"It is a *very* aggressive creature..." Ghn'athk observed.

"Then it should be made *very* feminine," B'oRt-hnk commanded...

* * * * *

Suddenly, as Peter watched wide-eyed over the edge of the desk, a red-orange light flared forth from the silently hovering craft. Smaller than the actinic light-beam, but no less intense, it enveloped the form of Richard Farrand, so bright that his figure became little more than a black silhouette cast against it.

With a cry of shock and... something else that Peter couldn't immediately identify, Richard suddenly convulsed, hands unintentionally going into spasm and allowing the rifle to fall to the forest floor, fifty feet below. For three endless seconds, Richard shivered and shuddered in the grip of that eye-searing reddish light - and then he was suddenly propelled back through the open doorway, as if hit by a giant, but foam-padded, fist.

Then both lights, red-orange and blue-white, suddenly died out, and the mysterious craft vanished silently into the night, once more leaving the storm dominant.

Hesitating a few heart-beats to reassure himself the alien craft had indeed moved off, Peter then rose and hurried across the room. His first destination was the wildly swinging door, and he had to put his narrow shoulder into it before he could close and latch it, cutting off the storm's ingress into the now-chilled station.

Only after the door was firmly secured did the young Ranger move hesitantly towards the sopping wet figure huddle on the floor, shivering violently.

"Rick...?" Peter said, hesitantly, his mind filled with Hollywood-inspired ideas of 'pod people', mind control, and alien parasites that took over their human hosts. "Ricky-boy... is that, y'know... you?"

"Now that..." Richard gasped, struggling to pull himself into a seated position, "...is a phenomenally... stupid question... even by... your standards."

"Yeah, it's you." Peter muttered to himself, dryly. "Uh... are you, um... okay?"

"No!" Richard gasped, body still shuddering - but, now that he looked closer, Peter realized it wasn't the 'wet-and-cold shivers' he'd originally assumed they were.

In fact, rather than 'simply' twitching muscles, it looked as if it was Richard's *flesh* that was writhing and rippling.

"What the hell is happening to you...?" Peter demanded, shrilly, now thinking of monstrous mutations and alien infections.

"How the.. *fuck*... should *I*... know?" Richard ground out, his voice hoarse with intense sensation... but it didn't quite sound to Peter like the voice of a man in tremendous pain, oddly enough.

"If it hurts real bad, I can get you some..." Peter's mind quickly catalogued the scanty medical supplies available, and he finished, rather lamely, "...er, aspirin?"

Richard didn't even bother to reply to the asinine offer - any more than he bothered to explain that it wasn't intense pain he was feeling.

It was intense pleasure.

Though he struggled manfully to face it every bit as stoically as if it had been pain, asserting his iron will for control over it, Richard couldn't quite block the sheer intensity of it from his system. Though fear, confusion and horror touched his emotions, just as he would have had the same situation occurred with pain instead, it was nevertheless muted - for who had experience in suppressing *pleasure*...?

Then his control slipped. Just for an instant - but long enough for him to moan in such a way as to make it quite clear that the intense sensations rocking his body and mind weren't pain. The sound, so unexpected, also sounded... a bit too high-pitched, a bit too soft, to be coming from old 'Iron-Spine Farrand'. It caused Peter to do an almost comical double-take - and look much more closely at the older man...

...except, with shock, Peter realized that Richard didn't look nearly as old as he had before. Indeed, the craggy face with its deep-etched lines was becoming steadily smoother, the skin even more softer, right in front of Peter's stunned eyes.

"My *GOD!*" The brunet shouted. "You... You're getting *younger!*"

"Wh... What?" Richard gasped, shivering in the grasp of rolling waves of pleasure that rocked his body. He knew *something* was happening to his body, something radical - but, being on the inside of that change, couldn't see the transformation nearly as well as Peter.

He could, however, hear every bit as well, and to both men, the observer and the observed, there was something fundamentally different about the tone, pitch, and range of the voice that asked the gasped question.

Peter's wide eyes, barely under directed control of a stunned mind, flicked rapidly and almost randomly over the figure shivering on the floorboards before him. With each glance, they took in a different sight, small vignettes of the changes Richard's body was undergoing:

Wheat-colored hair, now without a trace of gray, no longer close-shorn as it continued to grow out of the scalp at a hideously accelerated rate...

Nails pushing steadily further outwards on fingers themselves becoming slimmer, more delicate...

A once-strong, sharply defined jaw-line smoothing and softening, even as the lips above became fuller, more firmly soft...

Trousers, now loose at the waist and both loose and overly-long at the angle, nevertheless pulling ever-tighter across hips and ass...

...and then there was the shirt, baggy and too large - everywhere except... "You... You're... You are..." Peter stammered, helplessly.

"Can't... breathe!" Richard cried - in a soft, high-pitched, and somehow delicate-sounding voice. Delicate hands flew to the taut-stretched shirt, and slender fingers wormed their way between straining button and pulled. Thread gave and buttons flew, and the shirt burst wide open, freeing the compressed flesh within.

Beneath the beige shirt, Richard wore a white 'wife-beater' undershirt... but it was as soaked as the rest of the clothing, and left no doubt at all as to what the twin masses of flesh, already large and steadily becoming more so, were.

"You're a *girl!*" Peter finally managed to blurt out.

Richard, looking down in a mixture of horror and willed disbelief, suddenly clamped altered hands over the still-swelling mounds, as if to physically force the burgeoning masses of flesh back inwards - and then a look of dawning realization slid across a still-changing face, and hands frantically flew to the front of the pants. They scrabbled for a moment, then finally got the fly open, and Richard - leaning forward to see past the swelling mounds obscuring more and more of the downward view - yanked the elastic waist-band of the serviceable white boxer-shorts outwards and stared down at what lay within.

A split second of stunned silence...

...and then the unmistakably feminine figure on the floor screamed in abject horror.

* * * * *

Peter paced nervously back and forth in the center of the room, hiking boots clomping on the wooden floor. Mumbling to himself, he walked with his head down, but lifted it to shoot occasional, worried looks towards the door closing off the only partitioned section of the otherwise one-room structure.

Then, after what seemed an eternity, there was a soft 'click', and the door swung open so that an emphatically feminine figure could hesitantly step out, slender hands clasped nervously at the waist.

Though he knew it rude, and in this particular situation, even perverse, Peter couldn't help but stare.

Topping the new figure was Richard's 'Smokey Bear' hat, now sitting lower on the smaller head. Not a fashion statement, it was worn simply as a 'head band' that would keep the nearly ass-long mane of wheat-blond hair, straight and silky, from continuing to fall into her face.

The face that, shadowed by the brim of the hat, was oval in shape and delicate in nature, almost 'girlish'. Dominated by the big, dark-brown 'doe eyes, it also boasted well-formed lips and a delicately-formed nose.

Peter's spare pair of beige shorts were fit ultra-snug across womanly hips and a full, firm ass that filled them to the point of being taut as a drum - but the belt around the slender waist had been reefed in hard to take up the slack of the waistband. Silken-smooth legs, shapely but, given her diminutive stature, in a way that was more 'cute/sexy' than 'hot/sexy', were made even more 'cute' by the heavy pair of socks and brown leather hiking boots enclosing her dainty feet.

As a man, Richard had already been a half-foot shorter than Peter's 6-foot, two-inch height. Now, however, the woman looking at him with a nervously uncertain expression was no more than five feet tall, and perhaps even a little less...

...which only served to make her massive new bust-line even the more impressive on her petite frame.

Each easily as large as a soccer-ball, the breasts were so new as to as yet defy gravity's onslaught, standing as firm and round as the finest over-pumped silicone spheres of an 80's big-bust star. Unlike those massively enhanced women, however, the new woman's breasts were 'natural', (*at least in a certain sense*), and boast nipples keeping every bit to the epic scale of her

new endowments. Since there was no shirt available that would button over them, the short-sleeved shirt that held the massive mounds was tied in a bow, displaying a deep 'V' of firm spheres of flesh and a canyon of cleavage.

"Uh... So, how are you feeling Ricky?" Peter asked, at a loss for anything more meaningful - and then, wincing, quickly corrected himself: "I mean, uh, Richard."

The petite-yet-buxom woman directed her doe-eyed gaze at him... and, for a couple of seconds, did nothing more. She was trying, *very hard*, to think.

It wasn't easy.

She'd taken an abnormally long time in the bathroom to pick through the meager supply of clothing and get dressed. Peter had thought she'd been 'hiding out' in the bathroom, taking time to work up the courage to come out, but that wasn't true at all. The simple fact of the matter was, coherent thought of any sort was only marginally in the new woman's grasp.

Part of it was the new - and startlingly pleasurable - sensation her new body insisted on transmitting to her brain. It was hard to keep one's mind on a single train of thought when various parts of the body kept piping up, seeming to say 'Pay attention to me! See how good I can make you feel!'

That, in and of itself, would have been merely annoying - if not for the fact she felt dazed and dreamy, almost as if stoned or drunk... or, maybe, stoned *and* drunk.

It was from the massive amounts of hormones running through her system, but she had no way of knowing that. All she knew was she had to turn a remarkable amount of her attention to even the simplest of cognitive functions - like Peter's words.

She took his words in reverse order, the newest first - and, slowly, realized what he'd been saying.

'They're both kinda my name, just different.' She thought to herself, dreamily. It took a second longer for her to realize that using the both of them had indicated some confusion on Peter's part - and another second to realize that the shorter one was probably easier, especially since she was having a hard time keeping her *own* name in mind, as well.

"Ricki's fine..." She finally said.

Peter blinked - and a frown of worried confusion crossed his brow.

Her answer had not only been delayed, but it had been spoken in a very soft, very hesitant tone, almost like a question rather than a statement.

As if in verification, her dark eyes worriedly searched his.

"I mean... isn't it? Okay, I mean?" She asked, he soft, soprano voice clearly worried. She *knew* she wasn't thinking very well since she'd been 'zapped' and 'girlified'... but Peter should be thinking okay, so if there was a problem...

"Sure, sure..." Peter replied, quickly - not out of any logically reasoned response, but simply to reassure the nervous and obviously confused woman that Richard had become. "Ricki's just fine."

Ricki sighed in relief and, rather tentatively, smiled at Peter. Tentative or not, her face made it a remarkably sweet, engaging smile. However, the fact that she simply stood there, doing nothing but *continue* to smile at him, was slightly unnerving.

After a few seconds of silence that was awkward for Peter and seemingly not even noticed by 'Ricki', Peter cleared his throat, and renewed his question about how she felt.

The smile dimmed slightly, and Peter's worry over Ricki's condition deepened significantly as he *saw* her struggle with what, after all, should have been a simple question.

"I don't know..." She finally replied, in the soft, uncertain new voice of hers. "It's like, I feel really, really good... but I feel kinda weird about feeling good, I guess."

She paused for another second, marshalling what little thoughts she could.

"The not-so-good is like, kinda inside somewhere." She tried to amplify. "The really good stuff is all the outside feeling, though."

Peter gulped at the obvious, and to him, frightening diminishment of intellect her words conveyed, and then carefully prompted her for clarification: "You mean that emotionally, you're upset, but physically, you feel... er, 'okay'?"

She considered this gravely for a few seconds - and then she shot him an incredibly high-wattage smile as...

...as...

...as she bounced up and down on her toes, clapped her hands together in delight, and **giggled!** "That's right!" She cooed in her high-pitched voice. "You're like, just **soooo** smart now, Peter!" 'No - you're just so **dumb...**' Peter thought to himself, horrified...

...and, to his humiliation, more than just a tad aroused by this quintessential bimbo bouncing in front of him, her huge new bust threatening to pop free of their make-shift halter.

Then, in an instant, her smile vanished, to be replaced with a petulant little frown. Balling her cute little hands into fists, she planted them on her womanly hips and let out an annoyed 'huff' of air.

"What is it...?" Peter asked, wondering if some of 'Richard' had finally managed to get through to 'Ricki'.

"My boobies!" She announced in a peevish tone, instantly dispelling Peter's first assumption as she pouted prettily. "They're bugging me again."

"Your... breasts.. are bugging you?" Peter asked, carefully - then gaped as she almost absently reached up and began massaging her massive tits through the fabric of her shirt.

"Yeah - they keep begging to get played with, but I can't make them feel good enough." She complained. "It's like it's not me they want to..."

She stopped dead - and Peter could almost see the light bulb go on over her head.

"*You* can play with my big boobies and make them happy!" She announced, suddenly throwing him that thousand-watt smile again. "That's what my boobies want!"

At least.. she thought maybe that was what they wanted. For some reason, she wasn't quite sure. It was just so damned hard to think since she'd been girlified. Of course, both Peter and her knew she was like, incredibly stupid now, and couldn't think well, so if there was something wrong with her thinking her boobs wanted Peter to play with them, he'd tell her how stupid the thought was.

...right?

"You... want me... to play with your... boobies?" Peter asked - very slowly, very carefully.

Ricki's smile dimmed momentarily. Why hadn't he just said 'yes' or 'no' - and then her smile brightened as she realized he was just doing what he'd done earlier. She was so stupid now, she couldn't say things right, like when she'd tried to explain how she was feeling. Peter was just clarifying things.

"Oh, yes!" She assured him, vigorously. "Please won't you make my huge new boobies feel good, Peter? Please? Pretty, *pretty* please...?"

Peter stared at her massive bust line. Looked into her pleading eyes.

Back at the staggeringly sizable spheres she was still massaging.

"I guess I could do something..." He finally managed, in a strangled tone.

"Oh, thank you, *thank you, thank you...*!" Ricki gushed... as slender fingers undid the little bow-tie holding the shirt closed. It swung open, exposing her massive new breasts in all their uncovered glory.

Swallowing heavily, Peter's shaking hands reached out and hesitantly touched the smooth firmness of her magnificent tits.

"Oh, my boobies want you to play with them much more firmly than that!" Ricki informed him - and rolled back her shoulders, thrusting her huge mounds more firmly against his questing hands.

Peter - a self-admitted 'tit man', basically lost it at that point. Breasts exactly like that he'd long dreamed of were in his hands, and the woman they were attached to was literally pleading with him to play with them. Compared to that, whatever the woman might have been or wanted a few scant hours ago had no meaning...

"Oh, yes... my boobies *really* like that..." She cooed as he threw himself into his work. As his hands continued to fondle and squeeze her magnificent mounds, his lips joined in, kissing the way across the surface to take short, quick sucks at her nipples before moving on.

She continued urging him on, enjoying the intensely pleasurable sensations his hands and lips were generating... but, slowly, her smile began to fade.

Something felt... wrong.

Ricki couldn't quite put her finger on it herself, and she was loath to interrupt Peter's impassioned work to ask him help her figure it out, but the sense of wrongness was growing stronger by the second, and she...

Then Peter's lips suddenly rose from her nipple and, instead, pushed hard against hers. The move surprised her, and she froze for a second, train of thought completely derailed.

'Oh - a kiss. He's kissing me.' She finally realized - and then, a second later, '...and I'm supposed to do **this**...'

She did *this*, and it felt so really, really good that she did *that* with her tongue, and pretty soon they were kissing pretty hot and heavy, the fact that Peter's hands were still groping her huge tits all the time making it even more pleasurable. At some point, she lost her hat, which meant her hair kept trying to get in the way, and the need to keep pushing it aside kept what little mind she retained busy while they kissed.

Gradually, though, that sense of wrongness re-intruded on her attention, and once more began to wonder what it was...

...but then Peter, as if knowing what her body was asking, took his hands from her mostly satiated breasts and started answering her firm, round ass' pleas for attention, and she once more forgot what she was thinking about.

'Maybe that weird feeling is because of how all hot and melty I feel down there...' Ricki thought to herself a little while later. 'I almost feel like I'm melting inside, but it feels all really good, and yet somehow bad at the same time. Could that be it...?'

Devoting what little attention she could from Peter's hands and lips as they moved around her body, she considered the problem. 'Pussy. That's what that feeling is - my pussy is all horny and wants attention.'

Some time after that...

'Cock. That's what a horny pussy wants - a hard cock inside it. Now where can I find...?'

Then she looked down - and giggled happily, because Peter - who was, like, *soooo* smart - must have known her pussy would get horny, because he'd unzipped his pants and make his cock all hard and stuff, so it was, like, ready for her.

"Put your cock into my pussy..." She breathed hungrily. "My pussy wants you hard cock in it."

For some reason, she wasn't quite sure what this was all about, or how it would feel, which seemed kind of strange. If she knew a wet pussy needed a hard cock, she must have done it before... right? It was just *soooo* hard to remember things like, you know, a few minutes ago and stuff, much less a really like time ago, like a couple of hours. Maybe that's what felt 'wrong', because she was just *soooo* stupid, like, a complete ditz, and couldn't think good and remember what she was supposed to do with a horny pussy and stuff.

In fact, like, it was... even more hard-like to, you know, what's it called...? Oh, yeah - 'think'.

But, like, it was, like okay and all and stuff, 'cause Pete, he was, like really smart, and knew stuff, so she didn't have to 'think'. Which was, like, really good, cause when he put his hard cock in her wet pussy, she kinda stopped thinking at all for awhile. Instead, she just 'felt' - felt how wonderful it was to get...

What was it called again...? Oh, yeah - 'fucked'.

'Fucking' was wonderful. Though she wasn't, like, think not so good for this now, she was, like, so *totally* reminding herself to remember she liked 'fucking'. It felt, like, *totally*, like, *great!*

'Like, even me can, like, 'member what to do for fuck!' she somehow managed to think as Peter's cock plunger hard and fast into her hot, tight new womanhood. *'In, out, in, out...'*

In fact, in sing-song like soprano tones, she was saying just that, out-loud, memorizing 'how to fuck' - but she didn't even notice.

Then even the mantra of 'in, out' became much too hard to remember as her orgasm hit her unbelievably pleasure-sensitive body and tore through her nervous system like an unstoppably powerful tsunami of ecstasy.

Arms braced on the desk she was bent over, massive tits gyrating and bouncing with Peter's every thrust, Ricky mindlessly creamed her way through her unbelievably intense orgasm...

...and, because he was behind her, Peter didn't see the momentary look of horrified comprehension that crossed her face.

All incredibly intense sexual needs momentarily sated, hormones briefly at lowest ebb as super-productive glands took a moment to regroup, the mind inside the body got a brief respite...

...and Richard E. L. Farrand stared in horror out of Ricki's eyes.

"Oh... my... god..." He whispered in her breathless, high-pitched voice, unnoticed by Peter as that sick pervert of a partner spasmed and dumped his load into her transformed - and now violated - body...

...but the last part of the realization was given in a full-throated scream:

"I'M A **BIMBO**!"

Panting, Peter blinked, and slipped his slowly softening cock out of her sopping new cunt.

"What?" He gasped, narrow chest heaving with the exertion it had taken to keep up with her - at first, Ricki had seemed unsure what was going on, but once he'd been inside of her, *she* had set the pace.

She remained stock still for a few seconds, the muscles of her back and legs corded, tensed... and then she slowly relaxed, straightened, and turned around.

Her face bore a look of puzzled distraction.

"I..." She said, trying to recapture a thought that even now was sliding away.

"I... have huge tits..." She muttered, half to herself, looking down at the massive boobs jiggling slightly with each breath. "You sure do." Peter agreed, with a smile.

Yes, she did. They were right there. So her thinking she didn't (*hadn't/wasn't supposed to...?*) have tits was silly.

"I.. I'm really, like..." She paused, searching for the word she wanted from a quickly diminishing vocabulary. "...stoo-pid?"

"Dumb as a rock." He agreed - well, she didn't know what the phrase meant, but his smile and tone seemed to mean she was right.

"...and Ricki really loves, um, y'know... fuh-king!" She finished, brightly. That must have been what the thought she'd been chasing was, because she (*very dimly*) remembered reminding herself over and over again while in and out.

"That's right - and all of that does make you a bimbo!" Peter assured her, thinking he'd figured out her reason for yelling that out - she'd had an 'epiphany'...

"Bimbo...?" She said, smile slowly fading as she tasted the word out and tried it on for size. She considered...

"No! Ricki not a bimbo!" She said, eyes flaring with sudden anger. "Ricki really horny, and Ricki's pussy love Peter's cock. Ricki have huge booby and Ricki really, like, stoo-pid, but Ricki is not uh... um, y'know... bim-boh!"

Peter blinked in surprise at her sudden vehemence - and obviously, also steadily declining vocabulary. "You're not...?" He asked, very carefully.

"No! Ricki is no bim-boh...!" She declared, firmly, "...until Ricki give Pete-cock good ... uh... bo-jop?"

She frowned over the word, and shook her head, then looked at him questioningly - while holding one hand in front of her mouth and moving it back and forth rhythmically.

"Blow-job." Peter provided, more than a bit numbly.

"Yeah! Yeah! Buh-lo job!" She agreed, giggling. "Ricki buh-lo job Pete, then Ricky be bim-boh! Yes? Yes?" "Oh, yeah, definitely..." Pete agreed, nodding even more numbly.

Ricki didn't know 'definitely' - it was, like, totally to, like, long - but she understood 'yeah' and the nod.

"Rik-ki be good bim-boh!" She assured him amid a flurry of giggles as she knelt in front of him, eager to get rid of the one thing disqualifying her from what obviously was her life's calling. "Pete do think-stuff for Rik-ki. Take care Rik-ki. Rik-ki just for fuh-king and boo-bies and buh-lo jobs. Rik-ki, like, *goood* bimbo!"

"Ricki *best* bimbo..." Peter assured her with a sigh, as her warm and oh-so-eager lips closed gently around his limp cock...

...but she didn't even bother to process her words. She couldn't spare the attention-span for it.

Much more accurately, *he* couldn't spare the attention span - because her sudden and final drop in intelligence came from the tiny kernel of self that was still Richard 'stealing' the bulk of what little of their shared intelligence remained...

...and used it to make sure that he/she/they would never, ever remember who they/she/he 'really' was in that brief interval after orgasm when thought and memory would forever be damnably possible.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A third world dictator plans to use a secret serum that will transform American men into women.

Great Plan

By Gunslinger

Deep in a bunker, many meters below the arid desert soil, the heavysset man known to his followers as 'the Mustache' stood in front of a large mirror, straightening every crease in his olive-drab uniform, making sure that his gold braid loop was properly positioned on his left shoulder, giving his black beret that 'just so' tilt...

...and, generally, preening himself - though he'd never admit that, of course. Just as he'd never admit that he was aware of the nickname his troops had bestowed upon him - if he ever had to take 'official' notice, he'd have to kill a few people to maintain his image as a ruthless dictator. Truth was - he rather like the nickname.

He did have a great mustache, after all...

There was a gentle, hesitant knock on the doors of the great, luxurious chamber in which the Mustache resided, and he hurriedly turned and seated himself behind the big, expensive desk in the corner, ostentatiously removing his silver-plated pistol from his holster and laying it on the desk.

"Come in!"

There was a short pause that walked the fine line between respect and hesitancy - then the door swung open, revealing the white-coated figure of his chief researcher. The slender, mousy-looking man dashed across the rich Persian carpet and knelt in front of The Mustache's desk.

"Oh, Great Leader - I come bearing wonderful news."

The Mustache smiled thinly. "Speak, Hakkim - and may your words please me..." He lay a hand on the gun, enjoying the sight of his underling's tremors.

"Oh, Great Leader - I have finally developed a way to bring the humiliation you so desire onto the people of that filthy country, America." Hakkim said, in a rush. "I have developed a wondrous new weapon - a chemical that will cause the ultimate humiliation of all!"

"Have you...?" The Mustache asked, softly, hefting the gun as if admiring it. "Tell me.. does it kill my enemies, slowly and painfully?"

"Oh, no, Great Leader - it does something much better than that. It lets them live a long and healthy life..." "What!" The Mustache roared, rising to his feet and aiming the gun at his subordinate's unprotected head. "...as *women*!" Hakkim finished in a rapid squeal.

The Mustache's eyes widened as the words stuck home - and he slowly began to smile.

"Yes - the ultimate humiliation, indeed, Hakkim." He chortled. The thought of being a woman, one of those weak, useless creatures... it was a perfect fate. "Show me the data on your test subjects!"

Hakkim trembled. "G... Great Leader... There had been no test subjects, yet." The Mustache's eyes narrowed. "What?"

Hakkim was visibly trembling, and he licked his lips nervously. "The compound... only works on those who are fair-skinned... None of our people would be affected by it..."

The Mustache nodded. "Ah - good thinking, Hakkim - this terrible weapon cannot be turned against us. You will be commended for that... if this compound does what you say it will."

"Oh, it will, Great Leader..." Hakkim said - but he seemed more nervous then ever, despite The Mustache's commendation... "What is it, Hakkim. What have you not yet told me?"

Hakkim took a deep breath. "On my own... I have sent a small team into America itself, to use the serum on an unsuspecting American."

The Mustache eyed his scientist. "Then you'd better hope that it will work, and this unnamed American is changed as you have said - or I will let you live."

Hakkim trembled even more at those words - he knew what they meant. If he failed, he would live...

..if being blind, deaf and dumb and in constant pain could be called living....

* * * * * "Ow!"

John looked over, his dark, expressive eyes showing surprise. "What is it, Chris?"

The sandy-haired youth rubbed his neck, ruefully. "Wasp, I guess - I slapped the sucker away, but he already bit me."

"You're not allergic, are you?" Dave asked, looking up from the burgers he was tending on the barbecue.

"Don't think so." Chris said, settling back into the chaise lounge and picking up the beer beside him on the deck. "Just an annoying interruption on a nearly perfect afternoon, I guess."

The three youth were enjoying the gorgeous late spring afternoon, sitting around Chris' pool. Though it was still a little chilly for swimming, they could enjoy the sunshine and clear day, especially after the long winter. The two dark-haired youths - John Cooper, with his long, straight hair, and Dave Augustino, with his curly locks - had gone 'whole hog', wearing tank-top tees and shorts. Chris, on the other hand, was a little less casual, wearing a longer pair of khaki shorts and a beige summer-weight short-sleeve button down shirt, plus deck shoes.

None of the trio noticed the dark van parked in the alley just behind Chris's yard, and none of them had noticed the muzzle of the dart- gun that had slid out to fire the small dart that had hit Chris. With the tinted windows, the youths certainly couldn't see the video camera aimed at them, operated by a pair of swarthy men.

+ + +

"He is drinking an alcoholic beverage, just as the doctor specified." The older one, a threatening looking man with an eye-patch, said with satisfaction. "That will make the effects more pronounced, and allow the effect to take place faster."

"Oh...kay." His younger companion said, face screwed up in confusion. "That's good... right?" Rolling his eye, the leader of the little team bent back over the camera, cursing very quietly to himself.

+ + +

Scratching at his leg, Chris frowned.

"You know..." He said, sitting up and swinging his legs over the side of the chair. "Maybe I am allergic, after all..."

His friends turned to look - and blinked at the sight that confronted them. Chris was scratching madly at his body, as if he was itching uncontrollably (which he was) - and, everywhere his fingers rubbed over his body, body hair fell out and floated towards the ground.

"Geez - that's weird." Was Dave's considered opinion. John shot him a disgusted look, turning his attention back to his friend. "You okay, buddy?"

"I... don't know..." Chris replied, frowning. "I feel... weird..." "Well..." John started - then his eyes widened. "Holy shit!"

Dave's eyes also widened, and his jaw dropped - but no sound emerged as the two dark-haired youths stared.

Chris didn't have to ask 'at what?' - because he could feel (and, shortly, see) the reason - as his hair started to grow at an incredible rate. It was as if his hair wanted to make up for the loss of his finer body hair - it practically exploded from his head, long golden tresses of fine, silky-blond hair spilling downwards, breaking like surf over his shoulders and cascading over his brow until a huge, thick mass of silky golden hair hung almost to his waist.

"Hey, who turned out the lights!" Chris cried. Reaching up, he pushed the hair out of his face and tossed it behind him - except for a lock that he held in his fingers, to stare at in disbelief.

"Who... some allergy." John breathed, stunned. "Yeah, I think I've heard of this..." Dave muttered. "Really?" Chris asked, surprised.

"Yeah - it's called the 'Rapunzel Effect'." Dave cracked.

"Oh - that's some help, you nit-wit." John said, punching his friend in the shoulder.

"Well, I don't think..." Chris stared - then gasped and his hands flew to his throat as his voice rose rapidly in pitch with each word. "Whoa..." John whistled.

"Testing, testing - one, two, three..." Chris tried, hearing the words emerge in a high, feminine tone with a clear, trilling sound. "Holy shit - you're voice, dude!"

"Testing, testing..." Chris said, again - then launched into a verse of 'Natural Woman.'

"Hey, cut that out - it's freaking the hell out of me!" Dave objected, shuddering at the mismatched sight of his long-haired friend singing in a clear, high-pitched woman's voice.

"Show-off." John muttered. "Look - there's something weird going on here..."

"No shit, Sherlock." Chris rebutted, standing up. "This isn't like any allergy *I've* ever heard of." "Well.. how do you feel now?" John asked.

"I still feel..." Chris started - but he definitely didn't need to finish that sentence, as the answer became very self-evident.

Suddenly, his body twitched and he stumbled forward a couple of steps as his legs twitched and writhed - then began to change, rapidly reforming themselves.

In the space of a few minutes, what had once been lanky, hairy, knob-kneed legs had become a long, slender, smooth set of sexy women's legs, with deliciously curved calves, silky thighs - and cute, dimpled knees. Below much slimmer ankles, his feet had become smaller and daintier, and he stepped out of a pair of shoes now much too large for his altered feet. She winced and grabbed the back of the lounge for balance, raising herself up on tip-toe. All three of them stared down at her altered feet, and the high, well-defined arch that made standing flat-foot nearly impossible.

"Whoa...." Chris said, staring down at his feet. "This is..."

Then the radio beside him finished its current run of advertising - with the DJ blaring out - 'And now, a perennial favorite, especially with the warm weather raising hem-lines all over town. Here's ZZ Top, with 'Legs'...'

Snarling, Chris grabbed the radio and tossed it into the pool, producing a short-lived (but spectacular) spray of sparks and crackling- snapping-sputtering sounds. As he performed his act of pitching, he - and his friends - couldn't help but notice how slender and dainty the hand gripping the radio was - especially since each finger was tipped with a long nail.

"I know this is bad, bud... but don't panic..." John tried to calm his friend.

"Whose panicking?" Chris asked, calmly, struggling to maintain balance on his tiny, arched feet. "But.. I.. You..." John said, gesturing at the radio floating in the pool.

"Oh, don't mind that." Dave said, walking from the barbecue to the garbage can near the back door. Lifting up the lid, he exposed a dozen or so battery-powered radios in various states of destruction. "Chris just can't stand ZZ Top, that's all."

"Oh..." John said, with a shrug. "Well, you learn something new every day..."

"Whoops...!" Chris called, feeling a strange shudder running through his body. "Something's happening...!" His friends turned their attention back to him...

...as hips and ass began to swell. His shorts groaned as the pressure on them began to mount, the flesh inside expanding sidewise over a widening pelvic bone, while the flesh of his ass began to fill outwards, becoming firmed and fuller...

"Oh, shit...!" Chris cried, trying to get the tightening khaki material off - a difficult task with the long nails now on the tips of his altered fingers.

"Shit!" He cried, even as his hips continued to expand - he'd managed to get the button undone, and now the zipper slowly slid open under the pressure.

"Chris...?" Dave asked, startled by the vehement shout of his usually good-natured friend.

"I broke a nail." Chris grouched, holding his hand up and looking ruefully at the offending nail. "Damn - now I look all out of balance..."

With a 'zzzsshripp' sound, his shorts gave up the ghost and slid down to pool around his arched feet, revealing a pair of Hanes boxer-briefs, now pulled skin-tight over her ass and hips - and clearly revealing that he no longer possessed the technical right to call himself a 'he'.

"Shit - your cock is gone!" John said.

Chris looked down, with a frown. "Damn!" She slid a hand down the front of her shorts, her fingers running over her altered crotch. "Well...?" John asked, hesitantly. "Is it.. I mean... Do you have...?"

"A pussy!" Dave called, pointing at the tabby cat that streaked across the yard, chasing a squirrel. He turned back to his friends, then blinked. "Hey - whatcha staring at me for?"

"Never mind..." John sighed, turning his attention back to a blushing Chris.

"Look, buddy - this isn't exactly normal. You're turning into a woman, for god's sake."

"Yeah - and one with great legs, too." Dave said, staring at the shapely gams. "Though, a nice pair of nude pantyhose would look good on ya, too."

"Dave, you moron..." John said, rolling his eyes. "Black pantyhose would really bring out the definition on her legs." "Yeah - but lace-top nylons..." Chris started - then shook her head. "look, this is all a little off topic. Right now I..."

That's as far as she got - because a funny expression crossed her still masculine face, and she looked down at her chest. The light-weight fabric of her short-sleeve shirt was beginning to bulge outwards.

"Opps - here we grow again." Chris said, as the mounds under the shirt passed a firm B-cup, and kept swelling. Her enlarging nipples and aureole were becoming more and more visible through the fabric as they grew darker and larger, pushing up against the thin material by the force of her now-grapefruit-sized breasts...

...the ones that showed no sign of slowing as they entered the 'small melon' range. The material of her shirt drew taut over her swelling bust, and began to strain. The thread holding the buttons onto the light-weight fabric began to groan as the pressure behind them continued to grow.

"Uh... guys...?" Chris said, nervously. *POW.*

The top button snapped free of the shirt, propelled by the pressure of the still-swelling mounds behind it.

"Ow, my eye!" John yelled, clapping a hand to his face as the button ricocheted out into the pool. *KA-PING* - a second button let loose.

"Hit the deck!" Dave screamed, diving for cover. *"Incoming!"*

CRACK. WAP-ZING. TOINK. Buttons flew from the shirt, bursting free of the fabric and flying out into the yard, exposing a pair of swelling breasts that were already the size of basketballs - huge, firm, round tits topped with equally large, thick nipples.

+ + +

"Ahhh!" The older man stared in surprise as his younger associate dived under the table built into the back of the van, cowering in fear. "You moronic offspring of a camel-jockey and his mount!" Eye-Patch swore. "These walls and windows are bulletproof!"

"I know!" His younger associate said, trembling. "But are they button proof?"

Mumbling - a little louder this time - Eye-Patch returned his monocular gaze to the small LCD screen on the cam-corder.

+ + +

"Holy shit, man - they're huge!" Dave gasped, staring at the enormous, firm, beach-ball-sized breasts thrust proudly from his friend's hairless chest. "They've gotta be - I dunno, GGG, HHH cups, sumthin' like that!"

"Don't be ridiculous!" John snapped. "They're at least a MMM cup!"

"Uh, guys..." Chris tried to interrupt. Prying her huge tits apart, she stared down the massive chasm of cleavage and watched as her waist slowly began to shrink in on itself, becoming smaller and smaller.

"No way - no tits are that big!" Dave said. "I mean, compare a set of B's to a set of DDD's, and you gotta figger..." By now, Chris was the proud owner of a wasp waist, further emphasized by her full, wide hips.

"Here, look!" John said, handing Dave a picture from his wallet. "This is my holding the tits of Mandy Mountains down at the Booby Trap. Now, she's billed as an MMM cup. Look how my hands look on her tits, and watch this..."

"Guys..." Chris tried again - as John walked around behind her. Wrapping his arms around her, he cupped her huge new endowments in his broad, strong hands.

"See?" He said, triumphantly, not noticing the way Chris stiffened in shock and surprise - and shivered in pleasure at his touch. "Um.." She said, hesitantly, surprised by the pleasure of his touch.

"Naw, look - your hands are in a different place then in the photo." Dave said.

"Here - tell me when it looks the same." John said - and started moving his hands around on her massive - and highly sensitive - new tits.

Chris shuddered again, making a low moaning sound in the back of her throat as her friend's hands roamed her massive tits. Her eyes slowly slid shut - even as the lashes on the eyelids grew longer and thicker, and her eyebrows finer and more arched.

"It still doesn't look the same!" Dave complained.

"It's the nipples - Chris' nipples are a hell of a lot bigger then Mandy's." John said. "Here.."

He tried to cover Chris' enormous, engorged nipples with his hands, squeezing and kneading them as he tires to hid the nipples, and the entire aureole.

He lips - filling out into a full, sensual view of femininity beneath a shrinking nose - slid apart and she slowly licked them while making a soft sound, a cross between a moan and a sigh.

"Yeah, well - everybody knows that strippers over-boast about the cup size." Dave retorted. "Maybe, but..." He looked down. "Chris, what are you doing?"

What she was doing was slowly sliding her body up and down against his, her hands sliding up and down his bare leg while her transformed face lay against a much slimmer shoulder. At his words, she snapped upright, blushing furiously.

"I was.. scratching." She said, defiantly.

"Oh." John said, nonplused, as he stared at the gorgeous face his friend now boasted. "Hey - you look all woman, now!" "Yeah - and I guess your bladder must be smaller - you wet yourself." Dave said, pointing to a large damp spot at Chris' crotch.

"Yeah - smaller bladder..." She mumbled - trying to kick away the tabby cat, which had acquired a sudden interest in her, little pink nose sniffing the air frantically.

"Look - I think this calls for some professional help.." John said, looking at the short, gorgeous, hugely-endowed bombshell his friend had become.

"Good idea!" Dave said. "I bet the bartender at the Booby Trap is an expert at judging..." "I mean a doctor, numskull!" John said, slapping Dave up the right side of his head.

"Ow!" Dave said with a hurt look, rubbing his head. "Okay - I guess doctors would know sizes, since they do the implants..."

A second later, he was rubbing the other side of his head, as the new woman drew back her hand.

"You're right - I need to see a doctor." She said, struggling to stand under the twin (or quadruple) handicaps of her high, arched feet and her huge tits.

"I think I sprained my wrist." She glared at Dave - her new form making the look seem sexy and 'come hither', rather than threatening.

Neither of her friends decided to point that out to her as they climbed into Dave's Corvette convertible - with her trying desperately to hide her huge tits with a shirt that was too small to reach all the way across. She had to settle with crossing her arms over her huge nipples...

..which became an especially intriguing sensation as the car started to move, and her tits began to shimmy and shake with the car's vibrations.

+ + +

"Quick, quick - follow them!" Eye-Patch instructed his younger cohort. "Okay!" He cried, throwing himself into the drivers seat.

Vrooom, vrooom... screechhhh...!

"What the hell are you doing?" Eye-Patch screamed as the younger man bounced up and down in the seat of the parked vehicle, twisting the wheel frantically and simulating the sounds of a car with his mouth.

"Oh - I can't really drive." The younger one said, blinking. "Daddy won't let me."

"Aaargh...!" Eye-patch screamed. Throwing the young man out of the seat, he brought the van to life and peeled out after the trio in the convertible.

+ + +

"Oomph!" Chris gasped, trying to squeeze her enormous new tits into the too-small bright-yellow crop-top.

When she'd entered the emergency room, she'd almost started a riot. After a quick examination by a doctor, some clothes had been scrounged for her. The white patent leather shoes she was wearing, with their one-inch platforms and seven-inch heels, fit fine and helped her with her balance. The cut-off denim shorts were a little tight on her otherwise bare hips and ass, but fit tolerably well. The crop top, though...

The doctor had gone off to fetch a specialist, while the transformed man and his two friend waited in the curtain area. Now, that curtain was swept back - and the doctor entering the area had to gasp and clear his throat a couple of times before regaining his composure at the sight of the enormous tits confronting him.

"Um, hello, uh.. Chris. I'm Doctor Vannigun. I was asked to come down for this psych consult, and..."

"Psych consult?" Chris asked, jumping to her feet - which caused her huge new tits to perform some interesting movements. "Whoa, wait..."

"Look, miss... we just want to help you..." the psychiatrist said, stepping forward. "Now - tell me about being a guy...?"

"Guy?" Chris asked, shaking her head, "Oh, no - you must have misheard. I said I was a ... a Goy! Yeah, that's it - I was forcibly converted to Judaism this morning, you see..."

"Judaism?" Dave asked John, *sotto voce*.

"The worship of Judy Garland." John explained, whimsically.

"Oh " Dave said, nodding in comprehension - then frowned. "People do that?"

"Come on, you idiot!" John said, grabbing his friend's arm and dragging him in the direction Chris was heading, making her less-then- elegant escape.

"...Hasidic Jews, scary as hell dressed all in black, you know " She rambled on, long-nailed fingers fumbling to pull the crop-top into position over her massive tits. The spandex groaned in protest at the mistreatment.

John and Dave dashed past her - and as they went by either side, each one slid an arm under an elbow, yanking her off her new high- heels and out the door.

"Yoinks!" Dave called as they snatched the new woman and dashed for the car.

+ + +

"I'm gonna tell daddy!" The young imbecile whined, from the passenger seat - where Eye-Patch had use duct-tape to secure him in place, his arms at his sides.

"I don't give so much as a rat's ass about you, your daddy, or his entire misbegotten line, back to your ancient fore-fathers! May Allah leave you and all your father's other offspring incapable of having children!" Eye-Patch yelled at his dim-witted passenger as he peeled rubber following the corvette out of the hospital's parking lot....

...only to come to a shuddering halt scant inches before the automatic arm that lowered after the sporty convertible. Grumbling and cursing, he began to pat his pockets for 'correct change'...

+ + +

"Great!" Chris said in her high-pitched, feminine voice as the rest of her equally feminine body slumped onto the lounge in her backyard. "What am I gonna do now? Nobody will believe us!"

"Gee - I don't know." Dave said.

"At least you make a living on-line, where how you look doesn't matter." John offered, lamely. "Yeah - otherwise you might have to get a job like a stripper, or a porno star." Dave said.

"Yeah - come to think of it, you do look like Tommi Titans, from Vixens Video" John said, looking off into the distance with a thoughtful look.

"Oh, yeah - the one from Big Bust Sorority Girls?'" Dave said, a goofy grin forming on his face. "God, is she hot - and sexy, too. Remember the way she fondled her tits in the first scene, hands sliding all over them, slowly at first and then faster? She looked like she was really, really enjoying herself, too..."

Chris's angry gaze faded as she began to recall that move. Hesitantly, he hands came up and peeled up her crop-top, duplicating the actions as she re-ran the hot, sexy scene in her head.

Her friends didn't notice, as they continued to exchange 'favorite scenes' from her movies. "Oh, oh - and the scene where she was trying to wipe some ketchup from her pants, and ended up rubbing herself..." Dave was saying...

Now lying back on the lounge, eyes closed and lips pursed in pleasure, Chris let one of her hands slide from her huge mounds and down to her crotch, where it unzipped her shorts and slid inside...

"God, she was so damned hot!" John said. "I mean, remember 'Vegas Vixens', and that scene in the suite...?"

Chris was biting her full, lower lip now as she moaned, low in her throat. Her hand - warm, wet juices flowing over its - was moving almost frantically at her crotch as her body's already incredibly high hormone level shot through the roof...

...then she happened to open her eyes - and found herself staring at the two raging hard-ons her friends sported as they continued to reminisce about the incredible sex tapes.

With a growling sound, Chris leapt from the lounge and threw herself on John, her long-nailed hands flying to his crotch and tearing down his shorts to set free his large, throbbing cock.

"Wha..!" John said, startled - then shut up as Chris enveloped his cock with her warm, willing mouth. Wrapping one hand around his balls, she used the other to work his shaft as her head bobbed up and down, her tongue swirling over his swollen, throbbing head.

"Wow..." Dave breathed, staring at the sight of Chris - now a gorgeous, sexy broad - standing beside John's chair, bent at the waist so she could slurp at his cock hungrily. "Uh.. mind if I...?"

"Mmmmph-mphmm-mm-mm-mmmph!" Chris replied, wiggling her ass in the air, juices from her over-excited cunt running down her legs.

Dave took that as a 'yes'. Walking around behind her, he pulled her shorts the rest of the way down, positioned himself - then plunged his cock into her hot, ready cunt and began thrusting powerfully.

The three friends staying in the same rocking, undulating pose as they sucked and fucked.

John came first, gushing a load of hot cum down Chris' throat. She slurped and sucked at it eagerly, getting most of it down her willing throat - and leaving her free to scream in ecstasy as she came to an orgasm, her new cunt tightening around Dave's cock and forcing him to spill his seed deep into her.

As the incredible sexual desire that had held her slowly faded, she stood, pulling herself free of Dave's slowly softening cock and looking at her suddenly very embarrassed friends in confusion.

"Oh, my god..." John said, eyes bulging. "What have we done?" "We.. we.." Dave stammered.

"Did something horrible, something awful." Chris supplied, eyeing them narrowly...

...then dropping into John's lap. "You didn't do any foreplay, and this lips just beg to be kissed, and this tits just beg to be fondled." "Huh?" Was John's brilliant reply.

Chris shrugged, causing her huge tits to bounce. "Well, if I'm gonna be stuck like this - and super horny all the time - I'm gonna need somebody to keep me... 'satisfied'. I wouldn't have chosen this fate, if it had been up to me - but since I'm stuck like this, and have no legal identity anymore, I'm gonna need a lot of help from you guys to get things I'll need for my new life. I might as well get used to repaying you the only way I can."

"this is.. too weird..." John said, slowly.

Smiling, Chris... no, she decided - Krissi - pushed her huge-breasted, lushly feminine body against his and smiled up at him, slowly licking her full, seductive lips.

"Are you saying 'no', John?" She asked, hungrily.

John and Dave shared a look. "Well, since you are our friend, I guess we should do whatever we can to help..."

* * * * *

As the covert surveillance tape of the subject came to an end, the Mustache clicked the button that shut off the wide-screen, high- resolution television and brought up the lights in the room. Slowly, he turned his dark eyes towards his scientist.

"Oh, Great Leader... I have failed..." Hakkim said, trembling.

If he'd made excuses, The Mustache would have shot him dead, but...

"No, Hakkim - you weapon worked exactly as you said it would." The Mustache allowed. "You could not know that these Americans are so depraved, so Godless, so... *alien* as to accept - even revel in - such a thing."

Since the American's unpredictable nature was his greatest excu... *explanation* of the little set-back they'd dealt him, this only served as excellent proof of his often-repeated statements.

"However - we have other means with which to serve them their due. Come with me Hakkim."

The scientist obediently followed his leader as The Mustache led the way to a hidden door in the far wall, and through it to a corridor that led to a large underground room...

Hakkim gasped at the sight of the dozen missiles assembled on their launchers, and The Mustache delighted in the sound - once more, he'd proven that he could get things done.

Even if they'd had to cut corners on these missiles, what with all the UN inspectors poking around. Like the ignition systems, for example...

Refusing to sigh, The Mustache knelt next to the long, coiled fuse that lay on the floor and led to the underside of the rocket. "We shall make the world tremble with our might!" He swore, with a fiery tone. "Hakkim - give me a light!"

"Yes, oh Great Leader!" His underling said, tossing something to him. The Mustache instinctively reached out and caught it...

...then stared down at the cold bottle of American beer that he held, condensation dripping down the famous red-white-and-blue label. "No, no, you idiot...!" The Mustache screamed, infuriated. "...a *Scud* light!"



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: During WWII, a German in the English army is recruited to pass as a woman to enter German territory.

The Greta Escape

By Gunslinger

Stalag XI

Southwest of Aachen, Germany *May 12th, 1942*

Flipping open the gray oil-cloth *kennkarte* just dropped on the rudely fashioned table which served as his desk, Colonel Williamson's right eyebrow climbed steadily upwards as he eyed the inside of the six-by-four inch identity card.

"What, exactly, is this, Corporal Sykes...?" The colonel asked.

He asked it in the almost inhumanly calm, controlled voice he used only when one of the men nominally under his command 'screwed the pooch'. Despite the general shabbiness brought to his uniform by nearly three years spent as a prisoner of war, the RAF officer wore it with a dignified pride that was only enhanced by the clipped, cultured tones of his blue-blood British accent - an accent almost sharp enough to draw blood as he swung the *kennkarte* around to display it to the Army Air Force non-com who, a second ago, had been grinning with smug triumph.

"Aw, hell!" Sykes swore, his normally pale face going nearly the same shade of red as his carrot- shaded hair. "I lifted the wrong goddamn papers!"

"So it would seem." Williamson said, acridly, tossing the *kennkarte* down atop the small pile of matching personal documents the red-faced corporal had gone to great lengths to steal from the commandant's office. "We wanted an example of the identification papers of *Oberst* Von Scheerboch's driver - not his secretary. These are useless."

Flushing even deeper at the tone of ultimate disappointment with which Colonel Williamson delivered the last, Sykes picked up the secretary's identification booklet and looked at it, his face a mask of mortification.

I couldn't help myself. After all his bragging, after all the work he'd gone to, the almighty Sykes had screwed up.

I laughed.

"What's so all-fired funny, Jerry?" Sykes demanded, eyes shooting daggers at where I was sitting cross-legged on my bunk, contents of my latest Red Cross parcel spread about me as I tried what luxury to indulge in first - chocolate or a cigarette.

Though I felt a surge of anger at Sykes' use of the derogatory nick-name - it wasn't my fault my parents had been German, after all - I simply shrugged and decided on the coffin-nail, slipping the Lucky Strike between my lips and lighting it was a show of complete indifference. Only after I'd taken a long drag on the cigarette and blown a plume towards the rafters did I condescend to answer the angry question.

"You are." I said, smirking. "A shining example of American Ingenuity at work."

"Screw you, ya dumb canuck." Sykes shot back. "I don't see you doin' much to get anybody out of this camp."

"*Left*-tenant Baumann has contributed his fair share to our efforts, so far." Williamson chided Sykes, putting that inimitable British spin on my rank as he cut our budding argument off at the knees. "Just as you have, Corporal."

Rifling through the other papers on the desk, Williamson picked up the *Reispasse* - the Nazi passport.

"This, however, is not completely useless." The Colonel said, holding the small booklet up. "It appears that *Fraulein* Sturm has herself a travel authorization to enter Switzerland."

Despite the fact that us Canadians shared a lot of history with our Brit friends, right down to the fact that my RCAF uniform was almost a direct copy of the one the Royal Air Force had issued Williamson, I couldn't tell whether it was an honest comment, or some of that reserved British wit to polished for us crass colonials to get - and besides, arguing and teasing were some of the few entertainments that Herman the German allowed us poor POWs to engage in. I saw another opportunity to take a pot-shot at Sykes, so I took it.

"Sure." I cracked. "Put a wig on Sykes here and stuff a couple of oranges under his shirt, and he can jaunt off to the Alps and pass the intel we've picked up from the guards on to British Intelligence."

"Hey - you'd have a better chance than I would." Sykes retorted, diving into the fray with relish. "You look more like this Greta Sturm dame than I do..."

Suddenly, Sykes pulled almost classic double-take, looking down at the *kennkarte*, then back up at me with a stunned look on his face.

"A heck of a lot more..." Sykes said, in an odd tone.

Being fairly short and fine-boned earned me about as much teasing as did my German ancestry, my defense that it made the otherwise cramped cockpit of a Spitfire fighter positively roomy for me notwithstanding. I opened my mouth for one of my standard come-backs to the joshing about my size and build...

...only to be brought up short by the Colonel, who spoke but one word: "Quite."

It was the thoughtful tone in which it was spoken, accompanied by a steady, contemplative gaze, that sent shivers down my spine.

The shivers only got worse when the Colonel tossed the *Reispasse* over to my bunk. I made no move to touch the passport - but I couldn't help but glance down at it.

It had quite naturally fallen open when it had landed - and there, inside the front cover, was indeed the photo of Miss Greta Sturm, the Commandant's new and as-yet unseen secretary.

A woman who could have passed as my sister. My *twin* sister.

"No." I said, immediately, before anybody could suggest the unthinkable - and then, catching the looks on the faces of the twelve-man escape committee gathered around the colonel; "*Hell*, no!"

"*Le*-tenant Baumann - Martin..." The Colonel said, his use of my first name immediately making my hackles rise. "Let's just kick this one around a bit, shall we...?"

* * * * *

"No, no, no...!"

"Come now, Lieutenant..." O'Connell chided. "The only copy of a travel pass we have is issued on behalf of the *Deutsche Stenografenschaft Hafum*. We have no idea what any other travel pass looks like - and you can guess how many *chaps* there are in the German Stenographer's Union."

I ground my teeth - and not over the flight engineer's thick brogue, either. At least he could correctly pronounce my rank...

"Look..." I ground out. "My answer is the same as it was last week when the whole, crazy idea was brought up: No!"

"But, Martin," Williamson said in an oh-so-reasonable voice. "The whole point is that in the past week it's become steadily less crazy."

"Roight!" O'Connell, the forger, agreed too damned brightly. "We copied Greta's documents word- for-word, stamp-for-stamp... and gave her back the forgeries. You'll have iron-clad original documents that will take you right into Switzerland. It's a bloody get-out-of-jail-free card, boyo!"

"Yeah - in a goddamn skirt!" I came back, looking down at the photo of the sharp-featured but not unattractive woman in the *kennkarte* - the one that looked too damned much like me for comfort. "This will never work!"

"But it will." Williamson said, firmly. "Miss Sturm is new here. The guards know her well enough - but not intimately. She is so conscientious that she works late every night - but to varying times. She leaves mostly by the east gate, but she has twice used the west gate. You even speak German like a native! In another week or two, the guards will know her too well for this to work - but this Friday... You can just walk right out the gate, Martin!"

"Yeah!" I raged. "In high heels!"

Angrily, I shook the footwear that Sykes had 'liberated' from one of the female Russian prisoners on the other side of the compound - a pair of dark brown pumps with a cylindrical heel that must have been at least a good four inches high, if not more.

"Look, lad..." O'Connell said, losing his patience. "Just put the bloody things on, and see if they fit or not!"

My lips tightened - and then, angrily, I yanked off my boots and began to jam one of the damned pumps onto my foot.

"The socks, Martin..." Williamson sighed.

"Aye." O'Connell added, with a badly suppressed grin. "I don't think heavy woolen flight socks are quite the in thing with pumps this year."

Staring daggers at the smirking Scotsman, I peeled off my heavy, shapely gray socks. Then, with hard motions that I'm sure betrayed how I felt about this whole thing, I slid the pump on...

The damned thing fit.

Not perfectly, since my feet were apparently a bit wider than Fraulein Sturm's were... but certainly well enough.

"Good, good - now the other one." Williamson prompted. "Take a bit of a stroll, Martin."

Slipping the other pump onto my foot, I rose to my feet and angrily stomped down to the end of the room, and back.

I half-considered faking a fall - but the truth was, I'd always had a pretty good sense of balance, and the boys had seen me creep over thin boards and over taut wires during midnight escapades in other abortive escape attempts to know it.

Besides... I just couldn't bring myself to do it. Even if the other guys hadn't caught on, *I* would have known I'd deliberately muffed it - and I just couldn't live with myself to do it.

"Hardly ladylike - but you'll improve." Williamson said, chuckling. He turned to Sergeant Lee, our resident tailor. "Now, what about clothes, make-up, and a wig?"

"Well, the clothes won't be a problem." Lee said, tapping his lips thoughtfully. "The wig might be a bit more troublesome, but I'm sure we can come up with something..."

"Good, good..." Williamson said - then looked up at me, expectantly. "Well, lad - don't just stand there. Go ahead, practice, practice..."

As the colonel went back to discussing my feminine fate with his team, I began to pace back and forth, teeth grinding together with every damnable, feminine 'chick' those heels made on the wooden floor.

* * * * *

Heart pounding, I wiggled my way through the cramped confines of the dark, narrow tunnel, feeling the coil, moist air against my skin even as the good wishes of my comrades-in-arms echoed in my ears.

I couldn't believe I was doing this.

Ahead of me I pushed the tightly wrapped bundle holding my - Greta's - clothes and documents, protected from the dirt that was being smeared into my skin, clothes and hair.

It was thoroughly uncomfortable in every way - and yet I was still dreading the moment when I'd leave the tunnel and have to assume that feminine identity.

No matter how much I dreaded it, however, the moment came soon enough. I felt the tunnel slope up underneath me, and a minute later I broke out into the cool, crisp evening air.

With just my eyes above ground, I carefully looked around, grateful to find that the tunnel emerged right where it was supposed to - beneath the wooden floor-boards of the washroom abutting the building housing the commandant's office.

Pausing, I listened carefully - and was relieved to hear nothing but my own adrenaline-fueled panting.

Slowly and carefully, I pushed against the floorboards above me - and, having been previously loosened by the team that had dug the tunnel, they slid out of place easily, creating a hole just barely large enough for me to squeeze through.

Just barely - but enough, which part of me regretted greatly. It would have made the perfect excuse to call this all off.

With a sigh, I carefully crawled out of the whole - then, laying the bundle aside for the moment, quickly ran to the door and locked it, ensuring that no guard would wander in at an highly inopportune moment.

That taken care of, I almost gave in to the urge to simply curl up and wait until some sort of miracle occurred to keep me from having to not only put myself in mortal risk - but to do so in the most utterly humiliating way possible.

Which would have been completely understandable - except that I've never been what you'd call terribly religious. Though it's true that there are no atheists in a foxhole, there were the occasional agnostics, and I couldn't see myself waiting for divine intervention from a God I wasn't even sure existed.

With a sigh, I put aside my hesitation - and much of my own self-image.

Unbuttoning my dirt-smeared shirt, I started the water in the sink running, and set about the task of cleaning myself up.

Even that reasonable simple task was less-than-comforting - considering that the skin I was washing was too smooth for my own liking. I've never been a terribly hairy man to begin with - but a session with every razor my barracks mates could come up with, under their laughing, teasing 'help', had left me as smooth as a new-born babe's bottom all over.

I mean, you get used to not having any privacy at all in the stalag - but that particular shower was perhaps the most embarrassing thing I've ever had to undergo, even though I knew my fellow prisoners were all really rooting for me, not just to get these important tidbits of intelligence out, but because of the boost of morale that would come from just one of us making it out of Nazi-held territory.

Hell, that was one of the reasons I couldn't quit. As bad as the thought of what I had to do was, I couldn't ignore the fact that, in a very real and heart-felt way, my fellow prisoners envied me.

Despite the cost of this bid for freedom, I knew any one of them would wish that it could be them.

In a strange way, I felt an odd thrill of pride that I was the one 'feminine' enough to pull this off - and that brought up 'conflicted emotions', believe you me.

Still, it provided a sort of cold comfort when I'd finally exhausted milking every spare second I could justify from cleaning up, and had to get on with becoming Greta.

Cold comfort - but comfort nonetheless, and I was glad to have it.

I started off with my 'underthings' - or, at least, a reasonable facsimile of feminine undergarments. Since no eyes but mine were ever to see them (for damn sure!), they only had to conform to the right basic shape, and nothing else.

I started with my 'brassiere' - which was basically the corners of a pillow, over-stuffed with the padding the Jerries gave us, and with ribbon bands to hold my 'breasts' into position.

Just my luck, our Miss Sturm was a perfect model of Aryan perfection, figure-wise. The slender waist I already had, even if it were an inch or two bigger than Greta's hourglass perfection - but now I also had to mimic the classic 'buxom blonde' ideal, and that included these damned foam 'breasts', to damned prominent for my liking.

Then again, I would have preferred that Greta was as flat as a board, so it was really 'too big vs. even bigger', if you take my meaning.

So, I ground my teeth and strapped my perfectly pointed 'breasts' into position on my chest, carefully arranging the straps as I'd been showing, making sure that there was no chance of my new bust shifting at the very wrong moment.

'My bust'. Jeez.

My recruiting officer never mentioned anything even remotely like this...

Next came my 'bloomers'. Ugly enough to scare a warthog, but functional, with more pillow-padding to round out my hips and derriere.

Damn - why did Greta Sturm have to be a looker?

There was absolutely no problem tucking Little Johnnie and the Twins up out of the way - if Johnnie had ever been less interested in standing at attention, it was long before puberty and long since forgotten.

Next came the silk stockings. More than just a luxury in war-torn Germany, they were the 'big ticket' of black-market trading in the Reich, nearly impossible to get - yet somehow Sykes managed to come up with a pair.

I asked him where he got them. He said, "Don't ask."

Even the Great and Mythical Sykes couldn't come up with garters to go with the stockings - but that hardly mattered, since most women couldn't anyway. I simply used the same expedient used by women the world over since the war cut down on supplies of elasticized material: I used strips of adhesive tape.

Not that I was exactly driven wild with excitement as I taped the disturbingly smooth, comforting silk mesh to my even more disturbingly smooth thighs. Sure, my heart was racing - but it wasn't from any sort of pleasure.

I was now holding on to that 'cold comfort' with a death grip.

Next I pulled on the clothes that Lee and his team had ginned up for me.

First, a stiff cotton blouse in the correct beige shade of the Woman's Worker Auxiliary - or, at least, as close as several dippings in a tea-and-coffee mixture and repeated washing could get it.

Lee assured me that it would run or bleed, should I be unlucky enough to get caught out in the rain. He hoped.

Which would have been disturbing, if it wasn't for the fact that it was a moot point - since the padding giving me my feminine curves would swell and sag if soaked.

Staying out of the rain was one of my many priorities...

Next came the skirt. In the style Greta wore, it was tight-fitting and hung to my knees, emphasizing my 'full' hips and derriere - something of which Greta was justly proud, but I was less than enthusiastic about.

Unfortunately, I was supposed to be Greta - and so I had to dress as she did.

So, I had to wear a figure-flattering skirt and a tight blouse that emphasized my ersatz figure - and I had to put on those damned shoes I'd been practicing in.

Man - I don't know how women wore these things day in and day out. I mean, I appreciate the effect heels had on a woman's legs and stride - but damn, these things killed your feet.

It was something I'd never really thought about or known - and I wished I still didn't. Ignorance really is bliss.

I'm pretty sure I was blushing in shame at this point, but I didn't bother looking in the mirror to verify it. The less I had to look at myself, the better - so I placed the wig Lee's team had fashioned from the shorn hair of the Russian prisoners on my head by touch alone...

...and *then* looked in the mirror to make sure it was correctly positioned - since I had to look at myself in the mirror to put on my make-up, anyway.

Make-up. Me.

I shivered...

...and then, just as I'd been practicing - with plenty o 'helpful' advice from my barrack's mates, you can be sure - I applied the ersatz lipstick Lee had concocted, then carefully applied the long, fake lashes made from carefully curved moustache hairs donated by the colonel himself.

The funny thing was - I wasn't sure whether to hate or like the fact that mirror now revealed what appeared to be a somewhat sharp-featured, but undeniably attractive, young German woman.

Then again - considering the fact that my life and limb, not to mention the hopes of all my fellow prisoners, rested on my ability to pass myself off as the woman I appeared to be, I guess I was, grudgingly, happy.

It was a damned strange thing to be 'happy' about, if you ask me... Taking a deep breath, I tried to steel myself for the ordeal ahead.

Bad enough that I'd have to go outsize and pass myself off as a nazi. I had to pass myself off as a female Nazi - and do so convincingly, which meant I had to keep from following my urge to try and hide my 'femininity'.

Turning from the mirror, I quickly shoved my dirty clothes and the discarded bundle down into the hole I'd been 'reborn' from, keeping only my identity documents with me. Slipping them into the waistband of my skirt - where any good woman would keep them, Sykes had informed me with a knowledge tone that was probably half bull-crap.

Replacing the boards, I straightened, self-consciously smoothed my skirt - and walked to the door.

Unbolting that door might just have been the hardest thing I've had to do, harder then going into combat.

Taking my first step out into the world was twice as hard.

Here I was, a dumb Canadian flyer who'd foolishly volunteered to transfer to the RAF, walking 'confidently' out into the middle of a Nazi prison camp compound, pretending to be a Nazi stenographer/secretary - and female, to boot.

I doubt you'll find it at all surprising to know that my heart was going a mile a minute as I approached the west gate.

The 'real' Greta was still working, and according to Security, Captain Marks, she didn't look like she was going to be done any time soon.

So, this was my window of opportunity - and I couldn't show any of the fear I felt inside, nor the shame, nor the humiliation.

Instead I had to walk, back straight and an appropriately feminine sway to my padded hips as I approached the two bored sentries standing at the gate.

Mentally bracing myself, I took a metaphorical deep breath that I dare not take in real life, and forced a politely disinterested smile to my lips, made artificially full and enticing by the 'lipstick' Lee had concocted.

"*Guten abend.*" I said, forcing my voice into a higher, softer tone - considerably softer, little more than a whisper, though one that carried.

It was the 'safest' tone out of the ones I'd tried - and it was my damnable luck that it was also the most 'charming'. I just hoped that my charming 'good evening' was all it would take to get the two sets of barbed-wire wooden gates to open.

No such luck...

"Guten abend, Fraulein." The right-most guard said, politely enough. "Zeigen Sie Ihren ausweis, bitte."

The fact that he was asking for my identification papers should have scared me even more. Oddly enough, it didn't, since he was asking for them in the bored, faintly apologetic tone of a functionary performing a task - instead of screaming something about the 'faggot' prisoner trying to escape in women's clothing.

"*Ja, ja, ja...*" I agreed, trying desperately to sound as equally bored as I slipped my *kennkarte* out from waistband and handing it over.

It took every ounce of my self-position to look calmly disinterested as goon number one checked 'my' *kennkarte*... and I noticed the other one noticing that tension of my muscles.

Namely - the way the tension combined with the effect of the high heels to emphasize the curves of my calves.

Okay - so here I was, being ogled by a man who was obviously enjoying the view... and because it meant I wasn't about to be shot for trying to escape, I felt good about this.

It felt even 'better' when the other goon stared at 'my tits' while handing my identification back - because it not only meant that I had both of them fooled into believing a woman, but had them believing I was a specific woman, one Greta Sturm, and permitted to leave.

"*In ordnung.*" The practically drooling guard said, waving a hand to the guards manning the outer gate, even as his own partner swung open the inner gate. "*Sie können passieren.*"

"*Danke.*" I thanked him, in that whispery feminine voice I was using.

Head held high, back straight, a feminine sway to my padded hips, I walked right out the 'front gate' of the prison camp.

I couldn't help it. Even though I should have been thoroughly humiliated to be entering 'the big wide world' as a woman, and scared silly to do so in the heart of Nazi Germany, the overwhelming emotion I felt was... pride.

I was proud to be passing as a woman - an attractive woman at that, especially considering the reactions of the guards at the outer gates, who made no bones about the way they were eyeing my faux-feminine form.

I guess I must have some of the ham in me - because I couldn't help adding an extra little wiggle to my hips and a flip to my hair as I paraded right between two of the guards paid and ordered to keep me in, the smile on my gloss-red lips having nothing - and everything - to do with the man-to-woman way they were watching me walk out of the gate.

All in all, I was surprised to find that the stark terror I had been expecting never hit - overwhelmed instead by this strange, thrilling pride at pulling this 'perverted' charade off.

In fact...

I was enjoying it.

In that sort of guilty, trembling, heart-pounding sort of way. You know, the way you felt when you were doing something dangerous-yet-exciting.

It was the exact same feeling that had prompted me to take on half of Hitler's *Luftwaffe* in my Spitfire. The exact same feeling that had led me to take up flying in the first place, and the same feeling that I'd been denied ever since being taken as a POW.

It was... exhilarating.

I'd certainly never counted on feeling this way. I would never imagined that I'd *want* to feel this way about pretending to be a woman - but here I was, experiencing this queasy/exciting/scary/fun sensation that left me feeling intoxicated.

Lost in trying to cope with the mix of emotions the situation caused, the couple of miles between the camp and the train station went by almost unnoticed. Even the damned high heeled shoes couldn't break through the swirling mix of emotions.

It came almost as a surprise to find myself walking up the wooden steps up to the well-lit platform of the station...

...and my being lost in coping with my emotions might just have saved my life.

For the last ten minutes, I'd been half-aware of the fact that I'd been walking beside a local train shunted off onto a siding while being refilled with water.

A train full of *Wehrmacht* soldiers, dozens - hundreds! - of them, all of them armed, and all of them watching me.

Since I'd only been half-aware of them, and because I'd been... um, 'enjoying' the feminine sway I was using, part of me concentrating on doing it, I hadn't even had a chance to show any fear or unease that might have given me away. In fact, it allowed for the perfect response when I did finally become aware of it - because the train started to pullout just as I mounted the platform, and the soldiers cheered and hooted, making remarks that ranged from admiring to crude...

...and so my startled reaction and deep blush were perfectly in keeping with how any woman might react to such blatant, overwhelming male attention.

Thankfully, it also let me 'hide' some of my nervousness - oh, all right, nervous excitement - as I approached the station window.

I'd passed the first test, that of leaving the compound, so I was reasonably sure that I could pass for who I was supposed to be...

All right, all right, damn it! So I was enjoying passing for the woman I was supposed to be. Happy? Anyway - this was a little different.

The documents I had were 'real', and so as long as I could successfully pass as Greta Sturm, it should be fine - except that this one document, my travel pass, had been altered for today's date, rather than a week from now, when the real Greta was scheduled to go.

Even if the station master 'bought' me being the woman I purported to be, I might still get caught over the forged date...

So, I was glad I had my 'embarrassment' to hide my nervousness in as I approached the bored- looking station master and slid my papers through the window to him.

"*Wie heissen sie?*" He asked, flipping open my *reisepass*, and checking my travel permit.

"Greta Sturm." I replied, in the voice that I was - damn it - actually coming to enjoy emerging from my own lips. Who knew I could make the same sound I would have paid good money to hear a 'real' woman use for me?

"Hmph." He grunted. A sallow-faced old man with a balding pate framed by a shock of white hair, he was the type of man who looked permanently disgruntled with his lot in life - with a disposition to match. "*Wo gehen sie hin?*"

"*Genf - in der Schweiz.*" I replied - without bothering to point out both name and destination were on the travel permit. After all, he was checking to see if I knew where I was supposedly going, and who I was. He stared at my documents a moment longer - and then grunted, stamped my travel pass and passport, and slid them back across the sill to me.

"Wann fährt der Zug nach Genf ab?" I asked, politely. "Zu jeder vollen Stunde." He replied.

I glanced quickly at the clock. If the train to Geneva left 'on the hour', as the station master had said, then it was supposed to be leaving in less than ten minutes...

...which meant that the train just puffing its way into the station must be mine.

Talk about lucky timing. No wonder why the station master was so blasé - it looked as if I had planned exactly this.

A jerk of his head and another grunt from the station master affirmed my assumption that this was the right train - and he even considered to sourly wish me 'bon voyage': "*Glückliche reise.*"

"*Danke.*" I replied, keeping my papers in hand as I accepted the boarding pass he slid across the counter, knowing I'd have to show them to the conductor.

With a grunt, he pointedly snapped open today's issue of *Das Reich* and went back to reading the paper.

Still, despite the gruff demeanor, he'd been polite and efficient - and I had the general feeling he was usually neither...

...with a man.

It was amazing - it was like just being female... well, being seen as a female... opened doors like some magic key. No searches, no hard questions - while the Germans and I didn't share very many things in common, the 'right' way to treat a woman was one of the things we did... and I was on the receiving end of that treatment.

Smiling to myself and shaking my head slightly in bemusement, I turned from the station-keeper's window...

...and found a grizzled *Wehrmacht* soldier standing right behind me, papers in hand as he waited for his turn at the window.

The strange thing was - I wasn't particularly scared. Nervous, sure, but not as terrified as I would have expected to be...

...and then my heart leapt into my throat as I was graphically reminded of the risks and life-or-death consequences of an escape attempt.

Not on my account - but because I recognized the 'soldier' standing there, trying hard to hide the near panic in his eyes... with limited success.

It was one of the Russian POWs.

Oh, I didn't know him by name, nor had I ever spoken to him - but I'd seen him in the compound, a young man made prematurely old by the rigors of war, with a gimp leg and a scar running down the side of his face, just barely missing his right eye.

The Russians had their own chain of command in the Stalag, and though we traded with each other, we didn't really discuss anything like escape plans with each other - and, apparently, the Russians had also chosen today to try and get one of their members out...

Our eyes widened simultaneously as we recognized each other - or, as I recognized him, and he 'recognized' me as the commandant's secretary. His face started to go pale...

I didn't even really think, so much as react. I reached down and snatched the papers from his loosening grip as he prepared to give up, sure he was caught.

I took a quick glance at the papers I held as I turned back to the window, gratified - if somewhat surprised - to find that the Russian POW network was as efficient and meticulous as our own - or perhaps more so, depending on how good this *Wehrmacht* travel pass was. In any case, a quick glance noted that the photo matched the 'Sergeant', and that the uniform he wore was a good likeness, with the correct rank tabs.

So, taking both our lives in my newly-manicured hands, I smiled disingenuously and acted the part of an officious 'civilian' who, like many, somehow thought that made her superior to anybody serving in the army who wasn't an officer, and presented the papers and pass of 'my escort', *Feldwebel* Heinrich Shultz.

It was an almost instinctive act - and it worked better than I could have possibly imagined. The station master, seeing what appeared to be a veteran soldier given the ignominious duty of escorting a pretty but perhaps empty-headed woman on a trip, barely gave me a second glance as he rubber-stamped the travel permit and slid across a boarding pass so that the two of us would share a coach room.

The fact that the train had pulled in and was disembarking passengers only added to the station-master's urge to get this over as quickly as possible. Moments later, I was handing 'Schultz' back his papers.

"Folgen sie mir." I said to him, imperiously - hoping that his German was good enough to understand my command for him to follow me.

Whether it was his German, or whether he just understood the tone, he followed me as I lead the way to the train car - and he even recovered himself enough to hold open the outward-swinging door on the carriage and help me step inside.

The carriages were of a style popular in Britain, with each room having an outside door allowing direct access to the compartment. Settling into our seats, we remained quiet, 'Shultz' eyeing me uncertainly, until the conductor had come by and made a brief check of our boarding passes to ensure we were allowed on the train.

Minutes later, the train pulled out of the station - leaving us in comparative safety as the train gathered speed towards the Swiss border.

"*Danke, fraulein.*" He said - in reasonable, if not perfect, German, explaining why he'd been chosen for the attempt to escape rather than a more mobile man.

Still - he was damned near petrified. Good German or not, I wondered how he thought he could pull off the charade, tense as he was. He looked about ready to die of congestive heart failure...

...while I was actually enjoying myself. All the more so for being so good that I wasn't only getting myself out, but getting another prisoner out on the strength of my 'performance' alone.

We spent the long, boring ride to the border more or less in silence - while I grew steadily more alarmed at the way 'Shultz' grew steadily more agitated the nearer we drew to the border.

Suddenly, helping him didn't seem like such a good idea. I'd tied my fate to his, because if he were caught, the SS was sure to pay much closer attention to his traveling companion.

A scrutiny I might not survive. Literally.

By the time we pulled to a stop at the SS checkpoint on the German side of the border, the last few yards of Reich between us and freedom, he was flushed, sweating and trembling - and I was feeling real fear for the first time since I'd walked out of the compound. Up and down the train, SS officers were opening each compartment and asking for papers - and one look at this 'soldier' and they'd know something was up.

So close I could almost taste freedom - and my companion practically had 'guilty!' stamped on his forehead.

As the SS officer drew steadily closer to our compartment, I did the only thing I could think off... I threw myself into my companion's arms, and proceeded to kiss the hell out of him.

It was the only thing I could think of. I didn't even had time to be ashamed or disgusted - I just did it...

...so you can imagine my surprise when, after a stunned second, 'Schultz' began kissing me back - and turned out to be good at it.

Really good at it.

That's how the SS officer found us when he yanked the door open - me practically wrapped around the 'Sergeant', engaged in a passionate lip-lock that were both obviously very much participating in.

My heart was pounding, and I prepared to let go of 'Schultz' and act suitable embarrassed as I handed my papers to the officer, hoping the embarrassment of the situation would explain and nervousness 'Schultz' might show...

...except 'Schultz' showed no signs of letting go.

Which worked out just fine - since, with a man-to-man wink, one soldier to a grizzled veteran, the SS officer gave a brief salute and continued on, not even bothering to check our papers.

I couldn't believe our luck. The single, riskiest part of the plan - and we'd waltzed right through it. In fact, the whole 'kissing' technique worked so well, I stuck with it - just in case.

Right through the checkpoint - and a goodly ways into Switzerland...

...just to be on the safe side.

Well, Schultz and I parted ways in Geneva, and I have no idea what happened to him, since I wrangled passage on an England-bound steamer on my own - but that's the crux of the story. That's how, in skirt and heels, I managed to leave the heart of the Reich, outwit the Wehrmacht and SS, and sail away to freedom...

...and enjoy every minute of it. THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After winning a legal suit to join an all women's gym, one man finds himself captive at one of the gym machines as he is literally turned inside out and remade as a submissive Asian woman.

The Gym

By Gunslinger

Humming to himself, Barry headed down the steps towards the gym's entrance. Today was his first day at the new gym - and he was looking forward to it.

Because it had taken him six months to get the court to let him join.

Even after all the headaches, the muscular, handsome lawyer still got a kick out of the whole thing. It had first started as a joke - the tall, broad-shouldered lawyer had been looking for a new gym when his old one closed. He'd gone through the Yellow Pages, copying down addresses to check out, when he'd come across the add for 'Miss Fit's Health Club' - an overly-cute title for a women's only gym.

That's what had gotten Bartholomew Robert McNeil thinking. After all, women had challenged all-male gyms, and won. So, he decided that he was going to fight the system for 'Men's Rights' - and he had won, too. The court had decreed that the gym had no choice but to allow Barry a membership, if he so choose. And, just to piss of the dykes and bitches who used an all-female gym, he'd done just that.

Now, feeling cocky and smug, he stepped through the doors to the gym where he was now a member and took a look around.

Empty.

The entire building appeared to be empty, from what Barry could see. Not just the gym area, seen through the set of double glass doors at the end of the lobby, but the entire building itself. There was no sign of employees, patrons, custodial staff - not a single living person except himself.

Barry grinned slightly to himself. The Fema-Nazis who ran and used the place had obviously decided to make his victory a 'moot' one. If he had the right to 'intrude', then they were going to deny him the chance to ogle them.

However, the joke was on them - Barry really didn't care. A 猠er all, most of the patrons of a women's only gym were lesbians and feminists, and he really didn't find hairy, mannish women a 猠tirac猠tive. The point of this li猠tile exercise hadn't been to ogle their unlovely flesh - he just wanted to teach the damned bitches a lesson. If the end result was that he got to use the gym by himself, so much the be猠tier.

Heading into the change room, Barry tossed his gym bag onto a bench and slowly stripped down, eyeing the faintly feminine decor of the room. He had to admit that, if nothing else, this gym smelled better than the ones he was used to.

Pulling off his somber black suit in favor of a pair of red shorts and a white T-shirt, the muscular, russet-haired man slid his bare feet into a well-worn and faded pair of Nikes and headed out to the main are of the gym, where several thousand dollars worth of machine gleamed under the fluorescent lights, idle and almost antiseptically clean. For the first time since the broad-shouldered man had gone to a gym, there was no delay whatsoever to use any machine - he actually had a pick of what he wanted to use, in what order.

He began to wander through the various machines, surprised to find very few that he was familiar with. It wasn't just the brand-names were different - it was the fact that each machine had been designed specifically for women, and so had differences that ranged from subtle to confusing. There was even one or two that completely mystified him.

He walked over to one of the completely unknown machines, a strange device in chrome, pink and white. He tilted his head and read the lettering running up the side of the machine in 'futuristic' italic letters.

"The Body Bender," He read aloud, a hint of amusement in his deep, rumbling voice. He leaned closer to make out the smaller lettering beneath. "The Complete Full-Body Workout Machine to Re-Shape the Figure from Head to Toe."

Shaking his head and snorting, Barry straightened and eyed the odd-looking machine. Moving around, he could see that it had a computerized LCD display and controls that were labeled as to a complete workout session. Shrugging his massive shoulders, Barry awkwardly slithered into the embrace of the complicated machine, having to shoe-horn his massive frame into a design that didn't consider such a figure being placed in it. Finally, he managed to get fairly comfortable in the white- and-pink vinyl padding of the chair that lay at the center of the machine.

Reaching out with a thick, blunt finger, Barry hit the big green button marked 'Init.' Immediately, there was a rising hum and various parts of the machine moved slightly in preparation. Startled, Barry almost leapt from the machine as the seat he was sitting in suddenly came alive, shifting beneath his massive form...

...and around it. The padding moved until it formed a headrest at the top that gripped his head and held it lightly in position. More padding lifted, shifted and moved, and Barry - who, bemused, let the machine do its work - soon found himself strapped into the machine, basically held in its embrace.

Then the machine let out a muted beep - and went to work.

Just as Barry felt an odd prick in the base of his skull, a recorded voice began to issue from speakers somewhere. He recognized the voice as belonging to the bitch who owned the gym - Terri? Tommi? No - Teddi.

"Mr. Martin - you stupid, stupid man." Her recorded voice said with contempt - and he felt a stir of anger.

The next words turned it into a stir of fear.

"We bet on the fact that you'd be stupid enough to use a machine that you knew nothing about at some point during your workout - and here you are, caught in the web of our revenge. You didn't think I'd just quietly let you get away with this, did you?"

Barry tried to extract himself from the whirring machine - and discovered, with horror, that not only couldn't he move his body - he couldn't even feel it. There was no sensation at all in his body.

"Don't bother trying to struggle." Teddi's voice said, smugly. "You've already been injected with a combination paralytic agent and anesthetic. We briefly considered leaving the anesthetic out completely - but nobody deserves to feel the agony that what comes next would cause."

Now Barry was truly scared - what the hell was going on?

"Even though you can't feel it," the voice continued, "right now your body is being cut into by a thousand precision-controlled lasers. These lasers are cutting away skin and fat and muscle, tissue of all sorts - even bone. However, they won't even singe your nerves, organs, veins and arteries. No - you'll still be alive when they finish cutting you down to almost nothing.

Barry was horrified by what he was hearing. It didn't seem possible - they couldn't really do that to him...

...could they?

The sickly-sweet odor of burning flesh almost sent him over the edge in full-blown panic.

"Oh - don't worry." The voice continued. "We're not going to leave you as a set of disembodied organs."

A minute or two passed, then the odor faded a bit. Barry realized that his hearing had changed, becoming less distinct, and that he was no longer blinking at all.

Because he no longer had ears, or eyelids. His eyes and eardrums were now completely unattached from their anchors.

The voice continued.

"By now, you are nothing more than your exposed brain connected to your organs. Everything else is gone, and the little that is left is being held in place by special bursts of air, carefully regulated with the right humidity and content to avoid any damage. To an onlooker, you'd be a gruesome sight, disembodied organs apparently floating in mid-air."

The machine's humming took on a different tone.

"Now a skeleton is being created in place around your organs. It's made of a synthetic poly-carbon polymer that is both lighter and stronger than naturally occurring bone - and is filled with living bone- marrow that matches your blood-type."

Barry was now listening to those words as a sort of life-line to keep him from mindless insanity. He was hovering right at the edge of complete break-down, and only the effort of deciphering the word - as horrible as the message was - was the only thing keeping him barely sane.

"Now - a layer of synthetically created muscle tissue is being added, as well as other tissues. Certain organs and nerve endings are also being moved and relocated to fit the profile of your new figure."

There was a couple of minutes, during which all Barry could hear was the odd sounds of the machine at work.

"Now, the final work is being done. Artificial skin is being applied, new glands are being emplaced, and artificial hair and nails are being created. Which means that it's time to do the other part of our little vengeance."

Before Barry could even wonder what that meant, a screen of some sort dropped into position in front of his immobile eyes. Strange colors and patterns began to swirl on the surface...

Too late, he realized that they were, quite literally, hypnotic. More than that, an unfelt needle was dumping large amounts of a hypnotic agent into his bloodstream. Before he even realized what was going on, he was in a deep trance, his mind disconnected from reality as new information was fed directly into the unguarded depths of his subconscious mind.

* * * * * "nnnn...."

The groan was low and deep, made by somebody lost in the depths of a nightmare that refused to break.

"Nnnooo..."

Definition and coherency began to form as the figure stirred, nearing wakefulness. "**No!**"

The scream was ripped from his throat as he struggled to sit bolt upright, heart pounding in his chest and eyes open wide at the memory. But even as the denial was torn from his throat, he knew that it wasn't a denial he was capable of making.

Or rather - that *she* was capable of making. Because the scream came out in a rich, undeniably feminine voice, and even as she truly began to register her surroundings, new sensations assaulted her mind, proving that this was no nightmare - but that the horror was real.

With a tremendous burst of energy provided by adrenaline, she forced herself upright against the heavy, padded restraint across her chest, feeling new sensations flood her as she tried to come to grips with the realization of what had been done to her. She looked down...

For an instant, her mind went utterly blank as she stared at the incomprehensible sight of the most massive pair of tits she'd ever seen - thrust from her chest. That was the 'padded weight' that had hindered her movement, and now she merely gaped down at the huge, firm breasts, the size of medicine balls, that thrust proudly from her chest. They were a rich, yellowish-bronze color, and tipped by enormous, dark nipples that were swollen in the cool air. The weight of them pulled forward at her slender body, despite the fact they were incredibly - impossibly - firm. They were the most unbelievable pair of tits she'd ever seen, as big as some of the hyper-inflated silicone orbs of 'big-tit' men's magazines, and they were attached to her chest.

"No..." She sobbed, shaking her head in vain denial. "Please, of God.. no..."

She heard the words come out in a high, almost girlish soprano, and that only made her useless denial that much pathetic. The motion of her shaking her head caused a sensation on her shoulders, like a fine silk being drawn across them, and she realized that it was the touch of her new hair across her shoulders. Nothing her body was experiencing was 'right', from sight to sound to touch - everything conspired to prove to her that she was no longer who she'd once been. She was now a woman, right down to the huge, firm tits she'd been sentenced to life with. She was no longer...

Her panicked horror mingled with confusion as she tried to summon the thought. She no longer resembled her old self...

The horror and panic began to redouble as she realized that she couldn't remember who she was. Or, perhaps, who she had been, as she no longer bore the same identity. She knew that this body wasn't hers, that she had been a man who'd been transformed into a woman at a gym, by the vengeful owner... but she couldn't bring to mind which gym - or even which city the gym was in. She couldn't remember what her 'real' name was, or what 'she' had looked like, or done for a living. Although she knew that this was all wrong, the opposite of what had been, no detail of her old, male life would come clearly to mind.

"She began to tremble in the horrified realization that much, much more than 'just' her body had been stolen from her - her memories, her 'true' identity had been taken from her as well, leaving her with nothing but the knowledge that she was trapped in a hugely endowed body of the wrong gender.

She slumped back against the headboard of the bed, feeling her huge tits sway and bounce with the movement as she struggled against the overwhelming horror and despair that threatened to engulf her. She didn't know who she had been,. Or who she was supposed to be now. She knew her old life had been stolen from her, but the person responsible had covered the tracks by wiping her mind of the details. She couldn't get help, comfort or revenge - she couldn't even give a name to support her claims of having been male. There were no connections left to her old life, leaving her only with the new life - the life that she didn't want, the one that horrified her. But they weren't happy just stealing her old life and giving her a new one - nor was simply making her female satisfying enough to them., they'd had to make her a female with tits the size of watermelons...

She realized she was hyperventilating, and closed her eyes and struggled to control her breathing as she realized that she had no idea about the new her. All she knew was that she had massive, incredibly spherical tits, and that had been enough to trip all her breakers and shut down her thought processes. Now, she realized she didn't know a single other fact about the new her, or even her surroundings.

"Okay, get a grip.." She told herself in her girlish new voice, wincing at the sound of it, and the fear and trembling in it. But she needed to think clearly for whatever the next step would be.

For example - her immediate thought had been that she just wanted to die. That was still a viable option - and, in fact,. Seemed the best option at the moment. A knife, a bathtub, some warm water - and she'd be out of her misery before it barely started.

Maybe she would, maybe she wouldn't - but before she could do anything, she had to be able to function at least a little, or she'd simply lay here and whimper.

Opening her eyes, she didn't let herself look back down at her body yet, not ready to deal with that. Instead, she let her eyes wander around her surroundings, taking in her locale and the sights she could see from the bed that she'd awakened in.

It was a bedroom. An obviously - almost insultingly - feminine bedroom. The walls were painted a pale off-pink, and adorned with various prints and paintings that were bright and almost disgustingly cheerful. The furniture was inexpensive, but

new and fairly nice, all of it white with pink trim. A large set of double accordion slat-faced doors were on her left, presumably the closet, and there were two doors to the right - presumably an en suite bathroom, and the door out of the room.

There was also a large, 'brass' framed free-standing full-length mirror in the corner near the presumed closet. The sight of that mirror decided the new woman on what her first, coherent action would be.

Fighting against the drag of her massive tits, she forced herself upright and swung her legs over the bed...

...and almost fell flat on her face as she pushed onto the floor. Because she'd severely misjudged several things.

In that instant, she understood a lot.

She was absolutely tiny. It had been hard to tell from the bed, but now that she was standing, everything seemed to loom over her. Stunned, she walked slowly towards the mirror, finding her body walking with a feminine, easy grace, as if she'd done this her whole life.

She stopped in front of the mirror and took stock of the body she'd been sentenced to. She was Asian.

She couldn't remember her old body, but didn't think it had been oriental, because of how surprising the sight of her new race was to her. The change in race and gender, however, didn't completely explain the loss in height - even for an oriental, she was tiny, about three-six or -seven. She had the slender, supple body one would expect, if you ignored the tits, and something about her face, with its high cheeks, pointed jaw and large, dark eyes struck her as 'Japanese'. A long, silky mane of black hair trailed down her back.

"Oh.. my.. god..." She said, stunned, surveying herself in the mirror. The fact she hadn't realized how tiny she was had thrown her estimate of her breast-size off. They were actually about the size of volley-balls, but - in scale - would have been the size of medicine balls on a larger woman. As it was, the dusky breasts were still absolutely massive on her tiny frame.

Judging her age was impossible for her - she could have been anywhere between sixteen and thirty six, the slim, supple body and Japanese features throwing her off. She stared at her new self in despairing shock, understanding just how cruel her fate was to be...

...or, so she thought. As she gaped at her new form, a sharp trilling sound filled the room, causing her to start and almost drop dead of shock, scared silly.

The phone rang twice more, then there was a 'click' as the answering machine kicked in.

The first thing she heard was.. 'her' voice, sounding incredibly self-conscious and almost disgustingly cute.

'This is the machine of Sukinara Komotusdi. I am not for to answer the phone, and so please tell the machine your name and phone number when it beeps. When I am able again, I will call you again.'

Thank you.'

There was a short pause, followed by the beep - then a male voice...

'Miss Komotusdi, this is Robert Mackenzie of the INS. I'm just calling to remind you that your visa expires as of noon today, after which time you must return to Japan. I'm sorry that you have been unable to find work here in the United States, and remind you that you are welcome to re-apply for a new visa in the next calendar year. I hope you'll visit this fine country again at that time. Have a nice day.'

It took a second to register... then the world began to gray out and, without any recollection of falling, she found herself sitting on the floor in front of the mirror, struggling to hold onto consciousness as the true, terrible state of her predicament sank in.

She was a woman. A Japanese woman. A Japanese woman with huge tits, no memory of her real life

- and about to be deported 'back' to Japan, where she didn't know the language, culture of social life.

She was still absorbing this when the phone rang again. She listened, numbly, to 'herself' repeating the message, then another male voice came on the line.

'Miss Komotusdi? This is Mark Denheim. I'm calling about your add in the paper. If you're still looking for domestic work, I believe I may be able to help. If you're interested, please come to 738 East

Oakhorn Road before noon today. I hope to see you.'

Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, she... Sukinara.. decided that this was the end of the line. Before she'd let herself be deported, she'd fall back on the Japanese tradition of Seppaku - it seemed fitting, after all. Once she'd killed herself, all her problems would be...

She shuddered as a sudden conviction, so streaming as to be undeniable, came over her. She couldn't kill herself.

Not 'she didn't want to kill herself' - *couldn't*. She knew that her mind had been played with, and now understood that that 'escape clause' had been stolen from her.

She was stuck.

Fighting back the urge to break into tears at the realization, she forced herself to her feet and turned towards the closet. There was still a slim hope, even if it was rather pathetic - if she could find a job before noon, she could stay in the States. She didn't want to live life as a hugely-endowed Japanese woman - but with no other choice, it was infinitely better to live it in a country she was familiar with than in a foreign one.

Opening the closet, Sukinara...

She frowned. If she was stuck as a woman for the rest of her life, she didn't want to have to deal with that entire name every time. Suki - yes, that was better.

...Suki looked inside and frowned at the 'girlie' clothes inside. She searched for something more unisex, but there wasn't anything like that available. Frowning, she sighed and gave into necessity, picking the most 'acceptable' outfit she could find.

Grimacing, she pulled on a pair of plain white panties, a task made awkward by her huge tits. Those same tits were shortly restrained in a massive white bra, over which she pulled a fuzzy pink sweater. She wasn't happy with the color, but it was long-sleeved and had a turtleneck, and so was the most 'concealing' piece of clothing available.

She pulled on a white cotton skirt that hung - as far as she was concerned - too short, only barely reaching her disgustingly cute knees. She pulled on a pair of white knee-socks that just barely disappeared under the hem of the skirt, then looked around for some shoes.

All she found were high heels.

With no other choice, Suki picked the least objectionable, a pair of 'Mary Janes' with a two-inch heels. She slid her tiny - dainty - feet into them and buckled up the strap, then looked around.

Walking to the two doors, she tried the right-hand one and found it to be the bathroom. Making a face at her reflection in the mirror, she opened the other door and found it lead to a short hall leading to the rest of what turned out to be a small apartment. 'Her' purse was sitting on the table beside the couch.

Inside was money - a fair amount - plus ID, which informed her that she was living in Las Vegas, and that she was twenty-three years old. She also learned that she didn't have a driver's license, which explained the lone key on the key chain.

Frowning, she searched for the phone book, then called for a cab. She decided it was just as well - after all, she didn't know her way around Vegas.

When the cab arrived, she slid into the back seat and gave the cabby the address from the answering machine, trying to ignore the looks that he was giving her, as well as the similar looks from people passing by. It wasn't easy to ignore, but she certainly didn't feel up to dealing with that right now. All she wanted to do was get a job so she could stay in the country, then work out how to deal with her new life once that major task was done.

The address turned out to be... a mansion. It was a huge house in the new-age style, all white stucco and chromed windows in a bewildering array of box-like shapes and levels that nevertheless conveyed the expense of the house.

Getting dropped off at the gate, she pushed the button on the intercom, and the same voice as on the answering machine asked her identity. When she announced herself, the gate swung open, and she hurried up the driveway, her heels clicking on the asphalt and her huge tits jiggling and swaying, reminding her all-too-sharply of her new state of existence.

The man who opened the door was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a shaven head, who looked decidedly out-of-place in the mansion and the tailored silk suit he wore. He looked more like a wrestler or bouncer than a millionaire, though his vice spoke of some degree of education.

He invited her in, introducing himself simply as 'Mark'. He led her to a large, richly Spartan living room, then gestured for her to take a seat on the couch. She did so, nervously and disgusted - he hadn't torn his eyes away from her the entire time, and odd, speculative look on his face as he mentally undressed her.

He sat on a chair and stared at her for a few more seconds in silence, then spoke.

"I'll be blunt." Mark said, tilting his head. "I'm looking for a very... special employee. One who will be much, much more than a mere maid or servant - yet also more servile than you could imagine."

"Excuse me?" Suki asked, stunned.

"I'm looking for a willing sex slave." Mark stated baldly, and the idea was so outrageous that, for a second, it didn't register. Then it did, and she gasped and flew to her feet, stunned, disgusted and outraged.

"What?"

He shrugged, completely unfazed by the understandable reaction. "I'm looking for a woman who will marry me, to be exact - with the understanding that she's to be my willingly little wife, eager to please me in all ways. I don't plan on ordering this woman about - I expect her to catch any cues I give, and do her best to keep me happy. A woman to be a combination maid, secretary and slut. I won't pay you cash, per se, but I'll lavish you with everything you could possibly want - jewels, gifts, vacations, clothes. Everything."

"Y... You're crazy!" Suki blurted out. Mark shook his head. "not crazy - dying." "Huh?"

He spread his hands. "I have an incurable - and, I should point out, non-virulent - medical condition. Sometime within the next ten months - a year at the outside - I'm just going to keel over dead." He paused. "And my wife will inherit everything."

It became clear to Suki all of the sudden - he wanted to spend his last months in as close to utter bliss as possible, in exchange for which he'd leave everything to his widow.

"I..." Suki started to refuse.. then stopped dead as the thoughts tumbled through her head. If she did this, she'd end up rich. Filthy rich, from the looks of things...

...and, if she married him, she'd gain US citizenship, and never have to worry about being deported. If she married and then divorced anytime in the first five years, it would look fishy to the INS - but if her husband died of a medical condition, that was another story. She'd be here in the US, living in the lap of luxury. She wouldn't ever have to leave the estate - she could spend the rest of her life here, not having to deal with the outside world, not have to expose her new form to 'public' scrutiny.

But the cost - the cost of it was to be a little slut for the amount of time that Mark was alive...

But what else did she have? It was nearly ten o'clock. In a little over two hours, she'd be an illegal alien, and sooner or later she'd get caught - and sent 'home' to Japan.

Suki slumped to the couch, her mind whirling. Mark remained silent, letting her think it over, having expected some reluctance - he had no way of knowing just how reluctant Suki was, or why, of course.

But, reluctant or not, she had only one other choice - since she couldn't kill herself, it was either take this, or let herself be sent to Japan.

"I... I'll do it." Suki whispered, eyes closed and trembling.

Mark's voice was gentle. "I can't accept that sort of reply. I want a woman who can at least pretend that she is supremely happy in this lifestyle, who wants to be here and doing what she can to please me.

'Oh, God - please, just kill me now.' Suki prayed silently. But no bolt of lightening reached from the heaven to strike her down.

Opening her eyes, she took a deep breath and - painfully - forced her bow-like lips into the semblance of a smile. "Oh, mark honey..." She said in a passable imitation of excitement, while struggling to keep her bile down, "Marry me and make me the happiest woman in the world. I want to live my life making you happy!"

* * * * *

Money may not buy happiness. But it can purchase pseudo-enthusiasm, if spent lavishly enough.

Which is how it came to be that less than two hours after her unwillingly willing acceptance, Suki was being led towards the master bedroom of her new marital home, a fake smile pasted on her face, belied by the glazed, scared look in her eyes.

She was dressed in a decidedly unusual wedding gown. A quick side-trip to her apartment had yielded the outfit, while allowing access to the movers hired to transport her stuff while she was wed. the outfit consisted of all-white clothing. A long, white wrap-around skirt with lace trim was parted at the side to show off a leg encased in white nylon. A white silk camisole top served as the upper half of the wedding dress, and a veil and a pair of white pumps with six-inch heels completed the rather hasty-looking outfit. She had quickly applied make-up at Mark's insistence, finding the skills lurking in her reprogrammed brain.

Then it had been off to one of Vegas' famous 'quick wedding' chapels, and then back to her new house...

...and the honey-moon bed.

The new woman's heart was pounding as her muscular groom guided her towards the master bedroom. She wanted to turn and run from the house, screaming - but knew that she couldn't. She couldn't even just 'go along' with this, letting Mark do

whatever he wanted while she tried to close her mind off. Instead, she had to fake being thrilled, eager and willing. She had to play the role assigned to her, now that she'd made the agreement. She couldn't back out - the threat of mere deportation wasn't the sole threat looming over her now. No - if, at any time, she failed to live up to the 'role' she was supposed to play, all it would take was one phone-call from Mark, and not only would the marriage be annulled, but she'd spent two-to-five years in prison for fraud before being deported - as the INS would charge her with that crime, claiming she had 'seduced' Mark into the marriage so she could stay.

She reached the master bedroom, and Suki felt sure she was going to pass out from the panic she was feeling at what she was going to have to force herself to do.

"Why don't you change into something more... comfortable, honey?" Mark suggested, and Suki forced a smile. She had to force herself not to sprint to the bathroom and lock the door behind her, buying herself a few minutes.

The bathroom was actually one of two en suite bathrooms the master bedroom boasted - a his and hers arrangement, each one connected to a separate walk-in closet. Shaking - literally - Suki forced herself to undress and pick out a 'suitable' wedding-night ensemble. It was an effort to force herself to put on the white lace merry widow and white seamed nylons, but she did it.

Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, Suki tried to gather her courage to go through with this. On impulse, she opened the medicine cabinet behind the mirror and began pawing through the bottles.

Mark had no real use for a 'hers' bathroom, and the items in the cabinet were obviously 'storage' stuff, some of which looked old enough to have belonged to a previous owner. Suki rummaged through, hoping to find...

Her tiny, golden hand emerged with a large plastic bottle marked 'PROMAXIDE HCl', with a maker's logo and smaller writing below and on the back.

She looked at the bottle with interest. The name didn't mean anything to her, but the word 'tranquilizer' jumped out. She turned the bottle to read the section of the label listing dosages and uses.

'Chlordiazepoxide HCl/Chlorpromazine HCl (60%/40%) For relief of anxiety, tension, agitated depression and confusional states.'

"That's me to a 'Tee'." Suki said softly to herself, continuing to read.

'For Low-Level anxiety - consume white (X-stamped) portion of pill. For sudden High-Level Anxiety attack, consume orange (Z-stamped) portion of pill. For Chronic/Neurological Anxiety, consume entire pill. Effects last seven to eight hours. Do not exceed more than three doses per twenty-four hour period.'

Unscrewing the metal lid, she pulled out the wad of cotton inside the neck and looked at the almost full bottle. Tilting it - having a hard time holding the large container in one hand - she shook a single pill into her tiny palm.

Popping the two-tone pill into her mouth, she chased it down with a tumbler of water, then sat on the toilet sit with her eyes closed, breathing deeply.

A few moments later, she felt a comfortable warmth spreading through her body as the drug took effect. As the name suggested, the tranquilizer made her feel more tranquil, taking the edge of her emotions and easing her tension. Within seconds after it took effect, she was feeling slightly disconnected from reality, as if she were watching it on TV rather than actually living it.

Smiling dreamily, She rose with a smooth, supple grace and headed for the door, more drifting than walking.

Opening the door, she paused for a second and looked at the large bed, where Mark was waiting for her. In the back of her mind, she knew that she was still panicked and disgusted - but it didn't seem real, and didn't matter. She strode slowly towards the bed with that same fluid grace, a full - if somewhat vapid - smile on her gloss-red lips.

Pausing at the end of the bed, she posed for her husband, raising her slender arms and running her fingers through her hair, then suggestively sliding them back down her body, pausing for a moment to fondle her huge tits before continuing down to massage her crotch.

"Wow..." Was Mark's response.

However, she hadn't done it to arouse Mark - she'd done it simply because it had felt good to do so.

Slowly, she pulled herself onto the bed and slid across the sheets to where Mark lay, nuzzling her chin against his bare chest before closing her eyes and pressing her lips firmly against his, kissing him slowly and passionately. Again, this was an utterly selfish act, guided by a sort of distant intelligence. She knew she was supposed to have sex with him, and so was doing so, but doing it as a way to feel pleasure herself.

The odd thing was - despite her apparent emotions, she was barely feeling anything at all. She knew, deep down, that she was disgusted by what she was doing, but she couldn't feel it emotionally.

Instead, all she felt was a sort of warm urgency centered in her crotch and spilling through her body, along with her knowledge that she was supposed to please Mark.

So, when Mark - still kissing her - reached behind her and undid the snaps holding her merry widow in place, she not only didn't protest, but moved her body to allow easy access. With no emotions to interfere, she was 'comfortable' with what was happening, as long as it felt good, physically.

And it did - it felt really, really good as he tossed the flimsy garment aside and began massaging her huge, firm tits.

Moaning low in her throat, Suki let her husband roll her on her back, his hands still on her massive, engorged nipples. She spread her legs wide as Mark broke the kiss and moved backwards to position himself.

Then he found the right position, and thrust his manhood deep into a cunt that she now realized was hot, wet and ready.

She moaned in pleasure as she was penetrated for the first time. Mark was only average in his endowment, but she was so small compared to him that it felt huge, filling her completely and utterly - and it felt wonderful. She continued to moan in a dreamy, sensual way as he began to thrust into her, her body moving in a slow rhythms to increase the pleasure of her first sexual experience as a female. In the back of her mind, some part of her was screaming that this was wrong, but it was an intellectual knowledge only, and distant at that - emotionally, she felt almost nothing, and the actions felt very, very good, physically. Not only was there no incentive to stop, she wanted to feel this pleasure whenever she could - and the fact that it kept increasing only reinforced that desire.

She felt fantastic.

Mark was panting now as he plunged into her, fucking her with long, hard strokes that pushed her closer and closer to the edge, until she finally fell over, screaming as the orgasm hit her, causing her body to twitch and writhe in ecstasy. She'd never felt anything as purely pleasurable as this, and for a second her mind was utterly blank as she absorbed the intense power of her orgasm.

Then she was in the warm, golden afterglow, and Mark tensed, emptying his cum into her before withdrawing and settling onto the bed next to her.

"God.. that was good..." He said, panting slightly. "Mmmmm..." She said, dreamily, smiling. "That felt.. fantastic."

Rolling over, she pressed her tiny, huge-breasted form firmly against his chest, one hand sliding between her legs to gently massage her crotch as she rested her head against his chest.

It was in that position that they drifted off to sleep.

* * * * *

Suki awoke the next morning, and blinked quizzically up at the ceiling, wondering where she was. Then she became aware of the sensations of her new body, and of the presence of Mark beside her...

...and memory flooded back.

She barely made it to the bathroom and shut the door before she was leaning over the toilet, dry- heaving at the memory of what she'd done so 'willingly' last night.

And how much she'd enjoyed it.

Collapsing onto the toilet, she found herself shuddering with disgust and horror at what she'd entered into. To spend a year as the perfect little wife, like the one Mark had been so captivated by last night. To be the willing concubine to 'another' man, when she'd been a man herself so recently.

She didn't know if she could handle it.

She took several deep breaths, trying to get herself under control. It was too late to back out. She had to deal with it.

Of course, she'd 'dealt' with it all right last night...

Lips pursed in thought, she pushed herself from the toilet...

Then, in one decisive movement, shook another pill out of the container.

A few minutes later, once more delightfully detached from her emotions, she slowly sauntered out to the bedroom and looked at Mark, laying on the bed in a spread-eagle position.

Deciding that she should probably wake her husband, she slowly walked to the bed and slid up on it's surface. Then, pulling the blanket away from his naked form, she lowered her face over his crotch.

Tossing her hair over her shoulder, she began to lick and kiss his cock, which twitched and began to swell. Keeping her weight on one hand, she used the other to fondle the swelling cock as she continued her oral ministrations.

By the time it was fully erect, Mark was mostly awake... so he was able to fully enjoy his wife's delightful method of waking him up as she enveloped his cock with her warm, wet mouth and began to give him an incredibly long, leisurely blow-job.

* * * * *

ONE YEAR LATER

"Honey? Honey, are you in here?" Mark called, walking down the hallway towards the indoor pool.

"Hmmm.. yeah, lover, I'm in here..." his wife's slow, sensual voice responded, drawing him into the room.

She wasn't in the pool itself, but sitting in the hot-tub, the heated water swirling around her naked form. As he saw her, Mark had to stop and admire her, and once more give thanks for his incredible good luck.

It was obvious that what had started out as a marriage of convenience had become so much more, so very quickly. Any doubts that he might have had on that score had been settled, once and for all, after a cure for his illness had been discovered 'in the eleventh hour', and he'd offered to release her from the 'contract', now that the terms had changed. She'd refused by treating him to another one of her unbelievable blow-jobs, swallowing his cum as if it was the finest thing she'd ever tasted - and, for all Mark knew, maybe it was. She certainly never seemed to tire of it, or any other sexual act she could possible perform on or for him.

The year of marriage seemed to have done her good as well - or at least changed her, for what mark considered the better.

Slipping out of his clothes, Mark crossed to the hot-tub and slid in beside his wife, claiming a long, passionate kiss. As he did so, he couldn't help but notice her massive tits pressing into his chest, her enormous, swollen nipples firm and hard.

Now, Mark had thought that she'd had the most enormous tits he'd ever seen on an Asian, and had assumed that they were 'fake' - but he'd come to the conclusion that it must be a genetic 'problem' she had. Although he'd never asked her, and she'd never volunteered information, the way her tits had increased two or three cup sizes in the past year and began to lactate gave mute testimony that no surgeon supplied the masses of breast flesh that he so enjoyed every day.

He also assumed that the same genetic situation was responsible for the fact that she looked different then when he'd first met her. One thing was her tits, of course, but equally amazing was the color of her skin. It had taken him awhile to notice, as the day-by-day change was small, but one day he'd found himself noticing that her skin was the most incredible shade of golden brown that he'd ever seen in his life. Likewise, her huge, dark eyes seemed even bigger and more liquid than ever - and more enigmatic, as it was impossible to read anything from those huge, limpid, dreamy orbs that seemed to be all iris and pupil.

"How was your day, honey?" He asked as they broke the kiss.

She smiled - she seemed always to be smiling that same, dreamy smile, as if utterly content at all times - and kissed his neck. "I did some cleaning in my bathroom." She said. "Say... can you throw out the garbage I left in the bag?"

"Sure, honey." Mark told her, knowing that she tried to keep herself to doing too much strenuous work per day - the drag of her incredibly firm tits would cause backaches if she didn't spend most of her time...

..well, most of her time fucking or sucking him,, to be blunt. She didn't seem to have any urge to develop a social life, go out anywhere, meet new people - she just wanted to stay home and do things that - as she put it - 'felt good'. It struck Mark as an almost Buddhist sort of philosophy, one that he'd adopted whole heartedly, hoping to achieve her content serenity. He hadn't, yet - but he was getting there.

Claiming another kiss, Mark pulled himself from the water and towed off quickly before wrapping a thick robe around his body. He padded barefoot toward the bedroom, carrying the clothes he'd shucked off in one arm.

Dumping his clothes in the hamper, Mark picked up the garbage bag outside the bathroom...

...and an old-fashioned pill bottle fell out.

Sighing, Mark bent over and picked up the bottle, shaking it and finding it empty. He looked at the bottle, vaguely recalling that there were several of the thousand-pill bottles of the same stuff in Suki's medicine cabinet, although he didn't know if they were full or - like this one - empty.

Curiosity got the better of him, and he carried the container over to the desk in the corner and sat down, jumping onto the Internet.

He typed in the name of the drug into a medical search-engine, and waited for the reply.

It had just begun loading when Suki's voice carried through the hall. Not catching the comment, Mark turned his head away, just as the screen blinked and displayed a block of text:

PROMAXIDE HCl - (*Longley Pharmaceuticals*) FDA Approval, 1968. FDA mandated ban, 1981. NOT FOR USE IN UNITED STATES. Immediate Side Effects may include drowsiness, dry mouth, and changes in libido. Long-Term Side Effects may include lactation in females, emotional distancing, increased dermal sensitivity and skin pigmentation and/or ocular changes.

"What was that, honey?" Mark called.

"My tits are so full and heavy." His wife's languid voice came back. "Why don't you help me with the pump... the we can curl up on the couch and watch some TV."

Mark grinned - his wife's definition of watching TV included spending the commercials either sucking him off, kissing him, or having him fondle her luscious body.

Not even looking at the screen, he shut down the computer, tossing the immediately-forgotten bottle back in the trash as he headed out to the living room and his eager-to-please wife.

* * * * *

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Though I have changed the name and maker of the drug listed, as well as exaggerated the speed with which it takes effect, the drug itself is (was) a real drug, with the possible side-effects that are listed.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.



SUMMARY: One hacker finds a big surprise when he tries to gain access to a porn site that has high level security.

Hacked

by Gunslinger

Taking a sip of the steaming coffee, Louis Zinnerman hesitated a second, considering adding another sugar-cube and another dollop of cream to the beverage, to help kill the inherent bitterness that came from making instant coffee...

...and then he considered his low reserves of cream, sugar and cash, and decided that he'd rather be able to have a second lousy cup of coffee later that evening than just one half-palatable one now.

With a grimace, Louie took another sip of the muddy-brown liquid, willing to accept the bitter taste and acrid aftertaste in exchange for the boost the caffeine provided. With no hurry, he padded out of the kitchen...

...and directly into his bedroom.

Louie lived in a small 'bachelor' apartment in the basement of a post-war tenement building, a pain little apartment that hadn't been much to begin with, and had gone steadily downhill since the Sixties. Basically, one twenty-by-twenty room with a small kitchenette in one corner and a small closed off bathroom in the other, the apartment was cramped, poorly lit, and redolent with the faint odors of more than half a century of tenancy.

It was also, however, dirt cheap - and that was the most important feature, as far as Louie was concerned - well, that, and the fact that the building had been rewired in the mid-eighties for cable service, probably the last building within blocks to have done so - apparently, during the eighties cable had somehow managed to become a 'basic necessity', even in such a run-down building as this.

Frankly, Louie couldn't have cared less about the audiovisual capabilities of the television cable - he didn't even own a TV. Instead, he sank all his under-the-table earnings on his computer equipment, and it was for the high-speed Internet access that he'd wanted - and gotten - a place with cable hook-ups.

Aside from a small bed covered with army-surplus blankets, and a footlocker of the same origin, the rest of his apartment was taken up by the huge old wooden desk he'd gotten at a garage sale - and the computer equipment on, under, and around it, since his set- up consisted of three networked computers capable of performing a wide variety of tasks simultaneously, even though there was a bottle-neck in terms of monitors, of which Louie only had the one. Currently, the monitor was showing the image generated by his proxy computer, a 'dead-end' computer set up to allow untraceable access to the Internet - which he was 'stealing', having used his not-inconsiderable skills to set up a false series of 'cut-outs' in a provider's computer, so that his account was hidden even from the provider - and thus, wasn't billed, the usage being lost in the transfer-packets of the cut-outs, tacked on to the usage details of actual customers to hide his activities.

It was a complicated set-up that had taken much time and skull-sweat - but considering Louie made his meager living as a hacker, it was simply a basic necessity to keeping himself out of jail.

The fact that life in jail couldn't possibly have been worse than his own rather pathetic existence had never even occurred to the skinny young man.

Louie Zinnerman wasn't exactly the 'introspective' type...

Dropping his painfully skinny frame into the battered old lawn chair he used, Louie negligently put the chipped mug down on the floor beside him, the coffee that slopped over the side only adding to the large, long-standing coffee-stain in the carpet. Pulling a home-rolled cigarette out of the pocket of his once-white T-shirt, Louie tapped it against the desk to tamp down the mix of cigarette tobacco, pipe tobacco and marijuana that filled the paper cylinder - and whose composition varied, depending on how much cash he had to spend at any given time.

Putting the end of the cigarette between his barely-existent lips, Louie began rummaging around in a drawer for a working lighter, simply tossing the dead ones back into the drawer as he went. He finally found one that had just enough fluid left in it to provide a small, flickering flame, and he quickly puffed the cigarette into life, tossing the lighter back in among its brethren and nudging the drawer closed with his knee...

For a second, he thought he'd closed the drawer too hard, and that the shudder through the desk had made something metallic within the heavy furnishing go 'bing' - but the sound he'd heard wasn't a dull metallic clank, but an actual bell sound, one he'd heard hundreds - maybe of thousands - of times before.

So, it wasn't a lack of recognition that had made him wonder about the sound's origin. It was the timing.

"What the fuck...?" Louie muttered to himself, distractedly running his fingers through his greasy mane of dark hair as he stared at the computer screen in confusion.

Louie's computer was a Windows-based platform, for the most part, though he had heavily modified many of the programs within the OS, and even written quite a few new ones when the need arose. It was one of these programs that had 'dinged' at him, indicating that it was finished the task he'd given it.

The thing of it was, it was a task Louie had only set it to do before starting to make his coffee - and he'd estimated at the time that the program would take anywhere from an hour to all night to accomplish its function. Oh, sure, given what the program was designed to do - namely, bypass the security of pornographic sites - there was always the possibility that the new program would simply 'get lucky' on the first few tries...

...except that Louie, wanting to give his newly-upgraded program a real work out, had set it to the supposedly impossible task of hacking into Megafantastic.com, a new and supposedly incredible site that was rumored to have some sort of security protocol, the likes of which had never been seen.

Well - given the fact that he'd hacked into the site in under twenty minutes, rumor appeared to be just that - rumor.

Just to make sure that it wasn't a glitch in the program, Louie told his program to perform one of it's pre-programmed tasks - and, with a simple click of the mouse, the proxy shunted the connection to his most powerful computer, opening his browser and sending the log-in information to the sight even as it sent the command to the automated switching-box he'd built, switching the monitor feed to the right computer. The screen flickered, then came up with the web-browser open and loaded into the login page of www3.megafantastic.com.

Somehow, Louie had expected something more from the site - the page that was displayed was so simple and austere in it's design that it looked as if it had been created by a neophyte designer: White Courier letters on black background, with a data-entry field and two 'check'-boxes.

WELCOME TO MEGAFANTASTIC MEMBERS AREA

A Division of Witchwood Enterprises.

Please enter Search Parameters

☐ ☐IMAGES ☐VIDEO

[Click here for Search Help.](#)

ADVISORY: Unauthorized Users will be persecuted.

Dark eyes narrowing slightly in puzzled thought, Louie leaned forward, his bony fingers flying rapidly over the keyboard as he entered two words into the data field: blonde lingerie.

Picking the 'Images' box, he clicked the Search button...

...and the screen flickered, coming up with a list of twenty-five clickable links, each one consisting of a filename, a file size, and a date - a basic Virtual Directory listing, aside from the few lines of text at the bottom of the screen and the repetition of his search description at the top of the page in bold. The first line below the left-aligned listing of files was a clickable link, allowing a user to proceed to the 'Next 25 Matches'.

The final line, however, was the one that caught Louie's eye and made him stare at the screen in disbelief: **3,245,653 Matches found.**

"No way..." Louie muttered to himself in disbelief, absently transferring his cigarette to his left hand to tap it into the empty pop-can he was using as an ashtray, his freed right-hand dipping down to bring the cooling coffee up for a quick sip. Not

even tasting the bitter liquid, he cocked his head thoughtfully, setting the coffee aside again to allow him to randomly click on a few of the links.

Tall women. Short women. Fat women, thin women, women alone, women with men, women with women. Women with groups, mixed and homogenous, and even women with toys, animals and even more outrageous 'accessories'. Women involved in softcore poses and raunchy hard-core shoots...

...and in each image, there was at least one woman with blonde hair, and at least one person in lingerie - and the people wearing lingerie weren't always women, either.

Grimacing, Louie clicked the 'Back' button until he was once more at the search screen, then he clicked on the 'Search Help' link. As he read the simply-formatted text of the help file, his disbelief grew even more.

"Understands basic English...?" He muttered, slowly shaking his head. "Up to five hundred words? Complete sentence recognition...? They gotta be shittin' me - no way they could get a computer to do that!"

Determined to prove to himself that the site wasn't nearly as powerful and comprehensive as the simple, dry text of the help file seemed to indicate, he clicked the 'Back' button...

...and a dialog box popped up over top of the search page:

PASSWORD DUPLICATION DETECTED

POSSIBLE UNAUTHORIZED USAGE

CONTINUED UNAUTHORIZED USAGE WILL RESULT IN PERSECUTION DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE?

[YES][NO]

Louie snorted in disgust. This was the 'high-security' of the site? A warning - and the choice to continue? Shaking his head, Louie clicked the 'YES' button, clearing the dialog box - then he sat back and stared thoughtfully at the search page, considering what to put in to really push the site's supposed capabilities.

With a grin slowly spreading on his narrow, hard-edged features, Louie leaned forward and began to type rapidly, a machine-gun-like burst of activity that lasted only long enough to make up a few words.

Finishing with his spuriously-created description, Louie chose both the 'Images' box, then clicked the 'Search' button...

"Yeah, I knew it..." He muttered, looking at the screen that had come up. Just like before, the top of the screen repeated the search he'd given it - but there was no list of files below, no 'Next 25 matches' - and, now directly below that bold-faced repetition of the search parameters, was the result count he'd expected:

0 Matches found.

Finishing his smoke, Louie reached down for his coffee - and then, realizing that he wasn't going to be up nearly as late as he'd first thought, decided he might as well add that extra cream and sugar to his coffee.

Rising, the dark-haired young man turned quickly enough that the hem of the army-surplus jacket he wore in lieu of a sweater flared out, eager to make the quick round-trip to the kitchen and back so he could 'play around' with the site a little more.

As a matter of fact, he turned around so quickly that he didn't have a chance to see the sudden swirl of mist that appeared on his desk, a small globe of smoke-like vapor that quickly contracted in on itself - and, impossibly, solidified, becoming a digital video camera connected to his computer.

Unaware of what had just happened behind his back, Louie started to hurry towards the kitchen...

...and went flying, the coffee mug sailing in a parabolic arc to slam into the wall as his hands instinctively flew outwards to break his fall....

"What the fuck !" Louie gasped - a reasonable question, considering what had prompted it was the fact that the arms that had shot into his field of view were nothing like the ones he should have seen.

No, the ones he saw was smooth and slender, with narrow wrists that lead into slender, narrow-fingered fingers, each of which was tipped with along, hot-pink nail.

In short, they were the type of arms that would look right at home on a woman...

...which probably explained the fact that the question had come out in a vapid soprano tone, finished with a giggle. Well... maybe not so much 'explained' as 'complimented'....

There were other indications that something was very, very wrong here. Like the fact that the feminine arms that had braked his fall with less strength than he'd been expecting, meaning he'd banged his chest hard against the floor...

...which was funny, because his chest should have still been a good foot above the floor, consider the way he'd landed.

Louie rolled over onto his ass - and even that was strange, his ass feeling as if he'd rolled onto a pair of small throw pillows that were somehow transmitting the feel of the floor underneath them - while a heavy, somehow living weight shifted on his chest - and the sensation of movement came not only through his chest, but the weight that was on his chest...

...which was pretty reasonable, actually, because a instinctive glance downwards revealed that he now boasted a huge, incredibly spherical pair of...

"Boobies!" Louie said, still in that high-pitched, feminine tone. "I.. I got really big boobies!"

Something about the way he'd phrased that sounded wrong to his ear - but, for the life of him, he couldn't quite put his finger on it...

Perhaps 'For the life of her' would be more accurate though - since the body he was staring down at was most definitely feminine, as far as she could see - and she could see a lot, since she was 'dressed' in an outfit that left very little indeed to the imagination...

Hot pink platform shoes with nine-inch tall stiletto heels and two ankles straps a piece.

White nylons enclosing long, shapely legs all the way up to her creamy new thighs - thighs that were framing a small patch of platinum-blond pubic hair, shaved into the shape of a heart.

A heart that was surrounding what was most definitely the folds of a tight, wet little cunt.

Not that it was easy to see that cunt - because there was something blocking her downward view - or rather, two 'somethings' - her breasts.

Her massive, enormous, incredibly firm JJJ-cup beauties, each tipped with a wonderfully sensitive, fully engorged nipple, just...

"..begging to be licked and sucked..." She murmured, not even hearing herself - or really noticing that she'd lifted her tiny little hands to caress her massive new endowments with a slow, steady stroke that bespoke years of familiarity that she shouldn't have possessed. "Big ol' nippies on big, round boobies... *giggle*..."

With a strange movement that might have looked awkward if it weren't for the familiarity with which she performed it, Lulu worked against the massive drag of her fantastic boobies to pull herself upright, now balancing easily atop the heels that had caused her fall in the first place...

...and, with a steadily dropping IQ, she wasn't nearly smart enough to realize that standing easily atop the heels was something that should have bothered her - much less the short, 'sissy' stride she used when she began to walk towards the kitchen, her full, hot- pink-glossed lips curved into a huge, brainless grin that was mirrored in her huge, empty blue eyes.

"Gee - I took a fall... *giggle*" she said to herself, not realizing that she was vocalizing what little was going through her mind as she jiggled and swayed into the kitchenette, hands still lightly playing with her massive new endowments. "I wonder how that happened..."

The really strange thing was - she hadn't forgotten who she really was. She was aware that she'd been male only a few moments ago - but was simply too stupid for it to have any real impact, not letting her 'worry' about it. In fact, at that very instant her IQ had passed the 92 mark, and was still trending downwards as she went to the fridge and pulled out a can of pop.

By the time she puzzled out the pull-tab, her IQ had swept past 85, still falling...

...so it's not surprising that she didn't think about the fact that, while the physical layout of her apartment remained the same, the decor had changed radically.

As a matter of fact, her apartment looked like it had been decorated by Barbie on Valentine's day. Red, pink and white was the scheme, and - if you ignored the profusion of high heels, sex toys, and pornographically-inspired articles of clothing strewn about - looked like it might belong to a particularly 'Girlie' eleven year old girl.

This was not to say that that she didn't notice the changes - it's just that, with a severely limited mental capacity, it just didn't mean anything to her - just like the changes to her own body and psyche. Everything had been one way a while ago, and now everything was different - but what little mind she had was focused on each instant as it occurred, leaving no real time for introspection or prognostication.

Then again - Louie-slash-Lulu had never really be one to think about consequences or causality as a man, either - this was just taken to extremes...

Wiggling, jiggling and swaying, she turned and headed back towards the living-room of her tiny, girlish apartment... and even though the hand not holding the can of pop was still fondling her huge boobies, she didn't think anything in particularly about the fact that they were slowly swelling under her gradually lengthening nails - no more than she noticed the other changes going on in her body...

...and mind...

...and...

* * * * *

"Okay - got the cash?" Dave asked as they approached the door to apartment 2B. "He likes to get paid up-front for his work."

"Sure." Mark responded, easily - though, out of instinct, the skinny black man reached into the pocket of his jeans to make sure he had the money they'd brought to pay the hacker for this month's 'Top 100' - hacked passwords for a hundred high-end sex sites.

"What the...?" Mark said, eyes widening - but while the tone was one of shock, it wasn't shocked dismay...

...because, while he did find the money still safely shoved into his pants, his hands also touched something else. Something that was supposed to be in his pants - but not nearly as far down into his pants.

Namely, his cock - which, unnoticed, seemed to have at least tripled in size, though still remaining flaccid.

"What...?" Dave asked, concerned, thinking it was a problem with the money - but even as he was asking, he was knocking on the door of the apartment - which meant that there was no time from Mark to explain before the door swung open, and...

The two men stared, jaws dropping, at the... individual who'd opened the door. It was most definitely a woman. Of that, there could be no doubt at all.

Both men, as if somehow mildly telepathic from being best friends since grade school, did the exact-same 'once over' double-take - for the third time.

They both started at the floor - or rather, at the footwear that was on the floor.

The hot-pink platform pumps. The ones with the eight-inch high inward-sloping platform, which meant that the part of the rounded- toe shoe that actually met the floor was scarcely larger than a quarter, flaring outwards as it rose upwards to the still-diminutive upper section, which was clear plastic - as was the impossibly tall, thin sixteen-inch high heel that each shoe boasted, matching the six clear-plastic straps that started at the ankle of each leg and step-laddeered upwards over the white lace nylons that enclosed the longest, shapeliest pair of 'Dancer's Legs' that either of the men had ever seen.

Each of those lacy leggings was topped by a white-lace elasticized section that boasted a big, pink satin bow at the back, each bow nearly two inches across, and about a third of that high.

Big, pink satin bows - that matched the ones that graced each of her incredibly slender wrists, as well as the smaller ones that ran every inch or so down the thick French-braid ponytail of platinum-blond hair that hung from her head, the color of the bows exactly matching the shade of lipstick that painted her full, grinning lips, nestled under a tiny snub of a nose that was flanked by two huge, empty blue eyes.

Not that either man particularly noticed her eyes. In fact, each man had a hard time getting that high up, since it required going on up past the massive, incredible rack that the woman boasted.

Her breasts were, quite simply, enormous - each one roughly the size of one of those really big inflatable beach-balls you could buy. Instead of the multihued plastic of those inflatable objects, however, this woman's breasts shared the same incredibly smooth, milky flesh as the rest of her body - excepting her huge, engorged nipples, which seemed to naturally share the same hot-pink shade as her ribbons and shoes.

Almost lost in the shadow of those enormous, globular chest-melons was a tiny little wisp of a waist, seeming much too tiny in diameter to support her hyper-exaggerated hourglass figure - and hourglass it was, since her hips were wide and womanly, so much so that they passed right into the realm of 'caricature', right along with her outrageously oversized breasts and cartoonishly 'Bimbo'- like facial features.

Wide, rounded hips that supported and equally exaggerated ass, incredibly firm and round and taut - and, fronting that ass, a tight little cunt...

...that was literally sopping wet, leaving beads of dew-like moisture in the neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair that surrounded it.

Pubic hair trimmed into the shape of a heart - one that perfectly matched the other 'hearts' she boasted, the platinum-blond of her hair matching the 'white gold' that each heart she wore was made of.

The Three hearts of descending size that made up each of the earrings she wore. The chain-linked hearts that formed the necklace she wore.

Even the small little hearts that hung from her pierced nipples.

In other words, the woman standing in the doorway was an over-exaggerated specimen of femininity - one that topped six feet without the incredibly high heels.

One so freakishly feminine that neither of the men would have found her ridiculously proportioned form the least bit sexy...

...if not for the fact that she was also pumping out enough pheromones to give an entire monastery erections.

It certainly worked on the two men standing in the door. One black, one white, one short and one tall - and yet the bulges that formed rapidly in their crotches were damned near identical...

Massive.

Since each of the men now sported what looked like a six-cell Mag-Lite shoved into their pants, the huge-breasted specimen of femininity couldn't help but notice it, her vapid blue eyes sliding from one massively bulging crotch to the other.

"Oh... What big cocks..." She said - no, she giggled, her words actually musical and syncopated in brainless laughter as she stared mindlessly at the massive erections.

Other than her comment, she made no move at all to do anything else, neither inviting them in, nor making any reference at all to the fact that she was standing half-naked in front of two very, very aroused men. In other circumstances, the men might have come to the conclusion that she had no real interest in them...

...but hormones are a foreign substance in the blood stream, acting in many ways like alcohol - and the young men's bodies were pumping enough hormones into their bloodstream to get them royally 'drunk'.

"Oh, baby..." Mark said, eyes wide and hands lightly stoking his bulging crotch. "You're going to get fucked like you've never been fucked before..."

"That sounds fun...!" She giggled in response to the mental image that conjured up - not that it was necessarily the one the two guys thought it was...

...not that they cared.

They stepped forward, and she took a few jiggling, hip-swiveling steps back, her brainless smile still in place, seeming to say she didn't mind the men letting themselves into her apartment.

"Come to papa..." Dave breathed, his broad hands flexing eagerly as he approached, the height difference putting him at just about eye-level with her massive breasts.

She just stared at him, stupidly - not that she had another look handy in her repertoire. Basically, she looked like she couldn't quite comprehend what was going on...

Dave reached out and grabbed her tits.

"Oh - that feels so good...!" She said, immediately - a simple declaration of what ran through her mind, a statement of physical sensation - but, of course, Dave took it the way he wanted to take it, and he continued to kneed her massive breasts - at least, as much of them as he could fit into his hands at one time.

Mike, meanwhile, scooted around the two of them, hurriedly stripping as he walked over to the pink-and-white bed against the wall. Naked, he stood up on the bed, his massive cock hard and throbbing as he made eager 'come here' gestures at Dave over the huge-breasted bimbo's shoulder.

Dave complied, pushing her backwards until the back of her long legs touched the bed.

"Bend over, baby..." Mike hissed from behind her - and she complied, as if knowing what he had and mind and willingly agreeing. It never occurred to the guys that maybe she was just doing what she was told, without recognizing it's significance...

...then Mike grabbed her hips, pulled her slightly back, and slammed his own hips forward, burying his huge cock into her cunt.

"Oh, God - you're huge cock is filling my tight, wet cunt!" She cried - which was a statement of fact, but could be easily misconstrued as something else. In any case, Mike was already thrusting his massive organ into her, hard and fast, in steady rhythm...

...and since the sensations were, in fact, sexually pleasing, she began to make sounds of pleasure - indicating her physical status, of course, not her emotional one - but the guys didn't know that...

"You want it harder, slut...?" Mike gasped out.

"Oh.. God.. No...!" She gasped back, her huge eyes unable to get any wider anyway, her musical voice simply unable to reflect anything but a brainless giggle, despite whatever pleasure - or pain - she might be feeling. "You're so big...!"

Mike took that as compliment, rather than complaint.

Grabbing her head in his hands - which took a stretch - Dave yanked her further over, bending her incredibly tiny, flexible waist until her massive boobs were pressed against her own thighs...

...and her mouth was just about level with the massive cock that thrust outwards and upwards when Dave unzipped his pants. "Isn't the biggest damn cock you've ever seen...?" He asked.

"Yes..." She answered - and, of course, the thought that she might simply be too stupid to do anything but answer the question truthfully never entered Dave's mind.

"A cock this big should have the fat, cock-sucking lips of a slut around it, shouldn't it...?" He teased her, waving the cock near her mouth...

...and when she agreed with him, gasping between moans of physical pleasure, he didn't consider that, maybe, she was answering a question without even thinking to apply the situation to herself. Even a complete idiot could figure out that having a huge cock waved in you face and that question asked meant a specific thing...

...unless, of course, the complete idiot also never consider the thought that she might find herself in that situation, after giving what might just be the simple answer that, yes, there was a part of her that thought the same way he did about what massive cocks were good for - in general, rather than specific.

Since none of this occurred to the very horny young man, he simply shoved his cock into her mouth, cramming it between her full, gloss-pink lips, which - given the girth of the monster organ - couldn't help but be tightly wrapped around his cock. Since her hands were braced on her knees to keep her from keeling over, he was even considerate to start bucking his hips, saving her the trouble of involving herself in the blow-job by the simple expedient of face-fucking her.

"That's it, baby..." Dave moaned, feeling intense pleasure from her stretched lips around his cock, the shaft sliding over her cramped tongue, and the head actually entering the back of a throat that simply wasn't equipped with a gag reflex. He pushed harder - and his cock actually slid into her throat, making speech impossible for either of them as her well-muscled throat closed tightly around his cock, like a second cunt...

...and, coincidentally, keeping her from complaining about what was happening to her.

Again, the thought that such an obvious living fuck-toy might want to complain about two huge-penises men fucking her silly never crossed either of the men's minds.

Instinctively, the two men shifted rhythms until they met one that best suited both their needs - and in doing so, had her huge body rocking in such a way that somebody who forgot to consider that she'd have enough problems just balancing in that position, much less struggling might think she was cooperating eagerly with the two men.

"Ughhh !" Mike cried, orgasming, his huge cock actually filling her cock so tightly, and generating so much warm, thick cum that he slipped outwards under he back-was, splattering half his load all over her huge, round bubble-butt, leaving this globs tracing down her long legs...

...while Dave, whose orifice had more room, pumped a load of warm cum directly into her stomach before yanking his huge cock out of her throat...

...and she dropped to the floor on her back, legs spread, massive bust jiggling and swaying.

To the two men, who found to their happy, horny, and almost as brain-dead delight, it looked like an invitation - not like a woman who'd lost her balance, and whose legs were spread because her stretched cunt would just hurt to much to press her legs together...

...and when she didn't complain at all, only making giggling little sounds in her throat as Dave dropped between her spread knees and slammed his huge, ready cock into her cunt, while Mike slammed onto her torso, burying his also-ready organ between her massive boobs, it didn't occur to them that maybe Dave's throat-fucking had hurt her vocal chords in some way, leaving her unable to make any sounds except moans and grunts and sighs, all in high-pitched giggly tones that sounded happy.

It certainly didn't occur to any of them to look over at the computer, with it's unblinking electronic eye taking all of this in...

...while, on screen, just below the short description Louie had typed in to test the concept-recognition software of the site, a filename appeared, consisting solely of the description Louie had entered and an extension:

An_Utter_Fucking_Bimbo.mpeg

...and, below that, the matches-found changed from a '0' to a '1'.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





Summary: She was a dark and stormy Knight...

Hackett's Dictum

By Gunslinger

Her face darkened with fury, Dr. Teri Knight stormed through the halls of the Baldrige Medical Research Center, her hazel eyes burning. Those few researchers unfortunate to cross her path took one look at her countenance and wisely found pressing business elsewhere.

Her long stride quickly carried her to the innocuous looking door whose smoked glass partition read 'Nicholas T. Reilly, Psy.D., B.Sc., M.S., Ph.D. - Dept. Of Behavioral Sciences'. Without breaking stride, Teri's hand lashed out and barely managed to turn the knob before the bulk of her body reached the threshold, causing the unoffending door to blast open as if with an explosive charge. It rebounded off the wall on the other side, the glass partition dissolving into a spray of silvery shards that rained onto the deep-pile carpeting.

Nick Reilly, having poured himself a coffee from the Melita machine on the credenza, was halfway back to his desk when Teri burst through the door, and so lacked the protection of a thick piece of furniture between himself and the enraged Amazonian.

"Is this some kind of JOKE?!" Teri bellowed impressively. She threw a bound document that unerringly intersected with Nick's coffee mug. The steaming beverage scalded the psychologist as the mug and document succumbed to gravity and dived for the floor. They barely hit when Teri's final steps left her looming over Nick, murder in her eyes.

The two antagonists couldn't have been more mismatched. Teri, tall for a man, much less a woman, possessed a muscular physique that strained the seams of her masculine-cut suit and lab coat. A strong jaw and Roman nose presided under her shaggy cut of straw blonde hair. Her somewhat stunned target, Nick, was a slender, diminutive man with regular, strong features and a shock of rich, red hair that revealed his Irish ancestry before his richly accented voice confirmed it.

Perhaps the only thing they did share in common was the fact that both scientists enjoyed having sex with women. Ironically, it was the lesbian who had the more active sex life of the two.

"I see you got a copy of my research paper." Nick said mildly, his pale blue eyes blinking through a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"Female Homosexual Re-orientation Via Behavior Modification: A Cure for Lesbianism?" Teri snarled as the shorter researcher took a step back. "Yes, I did receive a copy."

Nick prudently retreated behind his desk. "There's no need to take any of this personally, my dear Doctor Knight", Nick sniffed. "The paper merely outlines the steps of my program to cure feminine homosexuality in those unfortunate enough to be afflicted with it."

Teri braced her arms on his desk and leaned forward. "AFFLICTED with it? It's a choice of lifestyle, NOT a disease!"

Nick calmly removed his glasses and began to clean them. "I'm afraid I quite disagree. In Britain, it still remains in the texts as a mental health problem. Agreed, it is not usually referred to as such these days, but it is still listed none the less. In fact, your own American Psychiatric Association held the same view until the early '70s, when they - regrettably - decided to strike it from the books."

"Look, you pompous, arrogant ass. I read your little paper, and I'm shocked. The actual content aside, that is the most unethical program I have ever seen. Not only does it use brainwashing and torture techniques, but as a sample 'target sexual object', the man that the hypothetical patient would be brainwashed into 'wanting' is practically a letter-perfect description of you!"

Nick shrugged unsympathetically. "SOME specific male archetype must be used - I see no problem with using myself for this." Replacing his glasses, Nick leaned forward and stared balefully at Teri. "In any event, it does not matter - not only have I submitted it already, but my grant has been approved, and I'm all ready set up to begin a test program as soon as I can get a volunteer." He grinned maliciously. "Perhaps, in the interest of science, you'd like to be the first lesbian I cure."

For a brief, endless second, Teri was positive she was going to ram the little weasel's teeth down his throat. Hanging onto her raging temper - barely - she turned and stalked out of the office, Nick's mocking laughter trailing after her.

* * * * *

Carla Ludwick sighed as she came through the door of the apartment. "Well, he wasn't lying," Teri's long-time lover said ruefully. "He's got a lab set up out in the boonies, all set up and ready to go. He's resigned his fellowship at the Center, and is heading down there next Wednesday."

Unlike Teri, who held a Psychology degree in addition to her M.D., and was therefore provisionally a member of the Center's Physiology Department, Carla hadn't received a copy of the paper. Being a member of the Pharmacological and Organic Chemistry departments, the first she'd heard of it was Teri's ravings at lunch. But since Carla had the better contacts over at Administration, she'd been the one to confirm Nick's claims.

"I can't believe the little scumbag got a grant." Teri said. She shook her head, "Who'd agree to fund THAT project?"

Carla sighed. "There's still plenty of assholes out there, Teri," she said, wrapping her arms around the taller woman. "and that includes RICH assholes."

"Cure lesbians." Teri snorted, returning her more feminine lover's embrace. "I wish I could 'cure' that little rat's heterosexual tendencies. See how he'd like it."

Carla laughed shortly. "Hey, good idea. The way the labs set up now, you COULD run a guy through the program. It's designed to make a lesbian not only sexually desire men, but also acquire stereotypical feminine tendencies. Hell, the way Nick has it set up, a guy would turn into text book transsexual..."

Her voice died in her throat as she felt Teri's muscular body go tense. She looked up to find her Amazonian lover smiling evilly down at her. "Oh, really?" she purred softly, showing her teeth in a grin that held no humor at all.

Slowly, Carla returned the same smile. "Yeah, really..." Thoughtfully, she picked up Teri's copy of the paper. "And I think I a few of our friends will be willing to lend a hand - in the interest of 'science', of course." She moved towards the phone, only to be stopped by Teri.

"Just a minute." She said, eyes narrowed. "I have to call in a favor from an old...friend first." With that cryptic remark, she picked up the phone and dialed a long-distance number.

Confused by Teri's odd comment, Carla listened to Teri's end of the conversation - and slowly, the sharp-edged smile crept back onto her face, and she chuckled cruelly.

* * * * *

Nick straightened with a grimace, one hand on the small of his back, and closed the trunk of his Cadillac. He'd had to work for an extra two hours to clear up the paperwork he'd let slide before he'd officially been finished at the Center. Then, after a hour break for dinner, it had taken another two hours to pack up his things and transfer them to his car. But, at last, he was finished, and ready to head home for a well deserved nights rest.

Then, after a day of relaxing, he'd head up to his new lab, and begin his search for 'volunteers'. Nick had to smile at that particular euphemism. As that muscle-bound lez Teri had demonstrated this afternoon, most dykes didn't WANT to be cured. So, Nick was going to find a couple of wealthy, powerful men who's daughter had slipped off the 'straight and narrow'. Such men could afford lawyers good enough to get the wayward daughters declared *non compos mentos* and committed into his care. He'd guarantee their fathers to cure them of their perversion - but of course, the fact that he was going to include fucking the girls brains out as part of his 'treatment' would be left unmentioned. And with the mental conditioning, the girls wouldn't say anything about it either.

With a half-grin on his face, Nick unlocked the door to his car. He was so engrossed in his little fantasy, that he failed to sense the darker shadow that separated from those at the edge of the parking lot. Swiftly, the dark figure moved forward.

Before Nick had a chance to reach, a gloved hand clamped over his mouth, and Nick felt the prick of a hypodermic needle enter his buttock. Seconds later, everything went dark, and the last thing Nick heard was the sound of his keys slipping from his unresponsive hand and clattering onto the pavement.

Moving quickly, the muscular man, dressed in Army Surplus fatigues dyed black, scooped up the keys while manhandling Nick's limp form into the passenger's seat. He climbed into the car and shut the door, extinguishing the dome light. Before starting the car, the man quickly pulled off his shirt, revealing a white T-shirt emblazoned with a sports logo. He reversed the removed shirt and pulled it back on. A few hours work, done months ago for another job, had made the shirt reversible, with the inside - now facing out - a reasonable facsimile of a sports jacket. As his final precaution, the man dribbled an airline bottle of Scotch on Nick's lips and shirt, completing his cover story in the unlikely event an officer pulled him over.

Disposing of the tiny plastic bottle, the man dropped the car into drive and pulled out of the lot. Maintaining the speed limit, he checked a notepad with directions written on it, and turned the metallic gray Caddy onto the highway.

* * * * *

Teri looked down at Nick's naked form with satisfaction. Her old 'acquaintance' - a mob 'fixer' she'd supplied anti-impotence drugs to on the sly - had come through beautifully, keeping the diminutive scientist under the entire ride up to his own lab, in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. Now, Nick's unresisting body had been strapped into 'the Chair', a custom made device of his own design. And Teri, plus the dozen odd women who'd also taken 'leave of absence' from the Center, were about to turn this lab, and its technology, back on its creator.

She turned to Carla, who was idly brushing her long black hair with her left hand, while her right worked with a medical calculator - actually a small computer - to work out correct dosages for Nick's body weight. "You almost ready, Carla?"

Carla nodded absently, jotting down a row of figures. "Just finished...now." She said, smiling triumphantly. "Let's get started, shall we?"

With a smooth motion, Teri slid into the pedestal mounted chair in front of an elaborate computer console. The computer was already up and running, and Carla leaned over her lover's shoulder as Teri brought up the main menu on the touch screen.

"All right," Teri told Carla, waving at the screen. "Our dear Dr. Reilly has already programmed the complete program, step by step, into the computer, using a generic model. All we have to do is change the specifics, then from that point on, follow the instructions the computer gives us."

Carla nodded. "Seems easy enough."

Teri deftly prodded the screen, running through user-friendly menus until the screens she wanted came up.

"First things first - our 'subject'. We take a full body photo of Nick and place it in the scanner..." she said, matching actions to words. "...like so, then we digitize it. This is the 'Start' image, his current 'self visualization.' Next, we take a copy of the image into this program here..."

With surprising dexterity for such large hands, Teri pulled the image up in the specialized graphics editing program. Quickly, using many of the numerous pre-sets, Teri altered the photo to a more feminine image without really altering the basic form."

Carla blinked. "Well, who knew that Nick would make such a good woman?" she asked rhetorically. With just the minor modifications the program introduced - mainly a more feminine hairstyle, make-up, and redistribution of fat from the waist to the ass and chest - Nick's photo was surprisingly feminine. Since he was slender and somewhat short to begin with, the altered photo looked like a slim-hipped young woman, aside from the penis dangling between thighs digitally altered to look hairless.

"Next, we alter the 'target sexual object' parameters" Teri said, smiling. "He entered his own data as the default. I don't want him horny for some techno-weenie. So, a little editing of the stats..." she typed rapidly "...and when we're done, he - or rather, she, will be attracted to stereotypically 'Manly' men."

Rubbing her hands, Teri punched in the final few pieces of data needed by the machine, then saved the information, and with barely constrained glee, gently tapped her finger against the on-screen button marked 'begin program'.

The screen flashed, and in the bottom left a time popped into existence reading 'Elapsed Time: Day 1 00:00:01'. The seconds swept upwards as the screen filled with text.

Step 1: Surgical Implantation a. Subdural Hormonal Regulators - Implanting

The two women watched with fascination as two robotic arms moved from the sides of the Chair and positioned themselves at Nick's nipples. Tiny lasers sprung to life, making small, clean incisions at the edge of the areolas. Tiny 'fingers' then moved into place, inserting soft oblong 'packages' under the flesh.

The implants consisted of several items. The first was filters, designed to remove testosterone from the blood stream. There was also several artificial glands that produced estrogen, progesterone, and spironolactone, and provided measured doses into the 'cleansed' bloodstream. One of the alterations Teri had made to the program was the inclusion of an extra artificial gland, placed directly into each nipple, greatly enlarging Nick nipples. The extra gland would dump large amounts of hormones and chemical 'aphrodisiacs' into the blood stream whenever the nipple was stimulated.

Finished the procedure, the arms' laser's focused to an infinitesimally small beam and closed the wounds perfectly before withdrawing. Due to the extra mass implanted, two firm, almost perfectly spherical domes thrust from Nick's slightly hairy chest - almost perfect A-cup breasts, topped with large, dark nipples. Teri and Carla shared a look of satisfaction.

The screen had changed, the word after step A going from 'Implanting' to 'Complete', and step B - Subdural Transponder - popping up.

Again, the Chair did the 'dirty work', implanting a tiny device in Nick's back, where the spine met the brainstem. Powered by the body's own electrical impulses, the tiny device was electronically linked to the main computer.

Satisfied that the surgical steps were complete, Teri acknowledged the computer, which brought up the next screen. Step 2: Aversion Therapy

Waving two assistants over, Teri unstrapped Nick and lifted him onto a gurney, which the other two women wheeled away. "Well, he'll sleep for a couple hours yet. What say we grab some lunch?" Teri suggested.

Carla eyed her suggestively. "Maybe after" she said, huskily, her fingers playing with the buttons on her blouse. "Thinking about what we're doing to him is getting me all worked up..."

Teri smiled hungrily. "Me too," she whispered, and picked up her unresisting friend and carried her into their private office. Nick, being a psychiatrist, had furnished it with the inevitable couch, and Teri intended to put it to good use.

* * * * *

Nick came back to consciousness slowly, like an exhausted diver swimming for the surface. Twice he rose far enough to almost reach the sunlit glow of the waves before sliding back into the depths. The third time, he made it, his eyes fluttering open as his confused mind tried to recall where he was, and how he'd gotten there.

"Well, well, well. Sleeping Beauty awakes." A sarcastic voice echoed from a speaker in the corner of the room, directly below a camera. That placed Nick instantly. Having designed the lab, he recognized one of the treatment rooms - a cell, actually - that he'd designed.

He recognized the voice, as well, and his memory of the abduction came back.

"Teri, you little bitch, what in Hades do you think you are doing?" he asked angrily, sitting up on the bed. The movement caused an odd sensation in his chest, and he glanced down.

He gasped at the sight of a pair of firm, small breasts with thick nipples sprouting from his narrow chest. Hesitantly, his hands rose to touch them. The instant his fingers made contact with the enlarged nipples, the glands inside dumped a 'hormone cocktail' into his system causing him to flush as a slow wave of chemically induced pleasure swept through his system.

"Good Lord!..." Nick gasped, yanking his hands away. He felt...aroused, yet his limp penis didn't so much as twitch. "Tsk, tsk. You don't even recognize the handiwork of your own designs." Teri's voice chided. "Poor little Nikki."

Nick paled as he realized what was in store for him. "No!" He shouted at the camera. "You can't do this..." Teri's voice cut him off, as cold and unyielding as a glacier. "I can. And I will."

Nick glared impotently at the security camera, then looked around at the gilded cage he'd constructed.

Designed to look like a moderately expensive apartment, the suite held a few design oddities. The first, of course, was the camera system. The entire lab compound was wired with dozens of cameras that covered every square inch, and were tied into the main computer.

Then there were the doors - every single door in the building was a hydraulically operated sliding door, tied into the main computer. There was no way of forcing or unlocking any of the doors if they were closed to a person by computer command.

The next noticeable design feature was the fact that the entire lab was heavily mirrored. A profusion of unbreakable mirrors, most of the floor-to-ceiling, abounded everywhere.

The final, least noticeable design feature was the fact that the computer tie-in controlled ALL 'housekeeping' functions - right down to the bathroom fixtures. Unless a person was given computer clearance to do so, he - or she - couldn't even go to the bathroom.

A quick look in the closets and dressers revealed much what he expected - all clothing in the suite was feminine to one degree or another, and looked to be roughly in his size. He shut the dresser drawer with a bang, and looked at the mirror that sat behind it.

Angrily, Nick surveyed the small breasts riding high on his chest in the mirror, with their disproportionately large - hell, huge - nipples. "Like them, Nikki?" Teri's voice taunted him from the speaker.

"Stop calling me that, you numb-assed dyke." Nick snapped back angrily.

A wall of pain enveloped him. Agony roared through his nerves as he collapsed, twitching, to the soft carpet, his brain threatening to overload.

Finally, the pain vanished, leaving him gasping for breath.

"Now, that's not ladylike speech, Nikki dear. In case you haven't figured it out, I've programmed the computer to use the subdural transponder to punish you for being aggressive or abusive. I'd suggest you avoid that in the future. And as to your name, from now on Nikki IS your name, and you had better get used to responding to it."

With great effort of will, Nick managed to hold back the curses that sprang to his lips. As much as he wanted to curse this bitch to hell, he couldn't stand another session of 'punishment' like the last one. He settled for angry silence instead.

Teri's amplified voice laughed. "That's right, Nikki - if you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all. I'm glad to see you're a quick learner."

Nick glowered at the camera, hate and shame eating a burning pit in his gut, knowing that her ability to torment him had been provided by - himself.

"Oh, Nikki darling, I want you to listen up - this is very important." Teri's voice cooed from the speaker. Nick was quickly coming to hate the sound of her voice.

He was surprised when another voice came over the speaker. It was a bright contralto, rich and feminine with a hint of huskiness. "My name is Nikki Rielly" the voice said, sounding delightful with its bright Irish accent. "This is my speaking voice from now on."

Teri's hated voice replaced it. "That, my dear Nikki, is a computer simulation of what you should be capable of imitating. Rather cute, isn't it? Well, you had better learn to imitate it quickly - because from now on, it's the only voice that I, my staff, and most importantly, the computer will accept from you. Oh, and learn how to be polite - you'll need to."

With that, everything - literally - shut off. The room was dropped into pitch blackness as the hum of the ventilation sighed to a stop.

In the well of darkness, Nick set his jaw stubbornly, and carefully felt his way to the bed. Easing himself up, he stretched out. The dyke could do what she wanted, but he refused to play her game.

He changed his mind within two hours. The boredom of laying in the dark, unable to sleep, was bad enough. But slowly his bladder began to signal a need to empty itself. For several minutes, as the pressure grew, he considered just pissing in the corner, but he couldn't make himself do it, knowing he'd have to give in sooner or later, or live in a room full of his own piss and shit.

"Lights on." He finally gave in, trying to match his voice to the simulated one he'd heard. Even to his own ears it sounded false.

For the next half hour he struggled to get the pitch and tone just right, while the pressure in his bladder painfully grew. He was sure he was finally matching the sound close enough, but still nothing happened, and he was quickly becoming desperate. Then he remembered Teri's last remark.

"Lights, please come on?" He asked in a near perfect imitation of that delightfully exotic, damningly feminine Irish voice, and was rewarded with the room's light snapping back on. Swiftly, he made his way to the bathroom, once more politely asking the door to open in the same voice.

Once in the bathroom, he quickly found that Teri had covered all the bases. The toilet seat cover had been spring-loaded to snap shut. The only way to urinate was to sit down and piss, like a woman. Face burning, and struggling to contain several choice expletives, Nick emptied his bladder.

He forgot for a second when he finished, and ordered the toilet to flush using his male voice. When nothing happened, he sighed, and tried again in his newly acquired feminine voice, and instantly the toilet flushed. Red-faced at the shame of giving in, Nick went back into his room.

The rest of the day was uneventful. Teri left him alone in peace, allowing him to semi-relax. The television, like everything else, was voice controlled, and required him to speak in his feminine voice to use it. The same was true of nearly everything in the apartment. When six o'clock rolled around, the small phone beside his bed rang, the kitchen calling to ask what he wanted for dinner.

He goofed twice. He used his male voice - and they hung up. When they called back, he used his female voice to order pizza and a beer - only to be told that such a meal wasn't 'lady-like', before they hung up again. The third time, he got it right - a salad, a small steak with a backed potato, and a glass of white wine. If it wasn't for his gnawing hunger - having nothing to eat for the past 24 hours - he would have refused to answer the phone after they hung up the first time. But once more, a simple biological imperative broke his commitment to not giving in, and as he ate his meal, Nick burned with secret shame.

* * * * *

The days that followed were a kind of living hell for Nick/Nikki. Despite his continuously renewed pledge not to give in, day by day Teri and Carla eroded into him. With Teri taking the day shift, and Carla the night, they slowly chipped away at his masculinity piece by piece.

At the end of the first day, Nick first learned of the new nightly routine he'd follow. Tired, he'd rolled into bed - only to be jerked out again by slow, pulsing waves of dull pain. Not agonizing, but still very painful.

That's when he learned what they wanted from him. Every night, he was to do two things. The first was to take the plastic, one-use syringes they'd stocked in his bathroom, and inject measured amounts of destabilized fat cells into his breasts, ass, and lips. The fat cells would set overnight, slightly expanding the areas with each dose.

Secondly, they turned off the heat in the room and turned the air-conditioning on full-blast - unless he climbed into the huge vat of skin cream in the bathroom, and soak himself completely in it for twenty minutes.

He refused at first. He huddled on the bed, his body shivering from equal bouts of pain and cold. As the hours passed by, the temperature continued to drop, and the levels of pain slowly increased.

Finally, at half-past midnight, half-delirious from pain and mostly numb from cold, Nick staggered out of bed. It took him twenty minutes to force his pain-wracked mind to recall why he couldn't open the bathroom door, finally managing to politely ask in a feminine voice.

Numbly, he injected himself as proscribed, climbed into the vat, and sighed as he felt the cream - kept luke-warm by heaters, enfolded his frozen skin. Twenty minutes later, he climbed out, rinsed under a warm shower, dried himself, and collapsed on the rapidly warming bed, drifting into a deep sleep, during which he had nightmares of being chased by a muscular giantess, while he slowly shrank.

As the days followed one another, so did the 'lessons'. The second day, the computer was instructed to keep him in low-level pain until he used a depilatory to remove all hair below his eyebrows, except for a patch at his crotch. He endured that for almost six hours before giving in. That night, he resisted his 'nightly routine' for two and half hours before giving in. Through the day, anger and shame warred with despair and fear as his emotions, heightened and confused by the new hormones flooding his body, whipsawed his emotions back and forth.

Day three, and the he was advised that the computer would provide him with pain whenever his now-perpetually limp penis was visible. This time it took only minutes before he used a pair of frilly panties to keep his flaccid cock tucked up between his legs, leaving the crotch smooth and feminine looking - especially with his slowly swelling breasts on his hairless chest. A few painful shocks when he forgot quickly got him into the habit of ensuring his useless cock was never visible. This time, his nightly resistance was token - a mere forty-five minutes. When he finally curled up in bed, he helplessly cried himself to sleep, great racking sobs he couldn't control. He didn't even realize he was instinctively crying in high-pitched feminine sobs.

On the third day, he was left somewhat to himself, the only edict from 'on high' being that he watched soap operas during the afternoon. While they could - and did - ensure that the TV was on, and set to the right channel, during this time, he stared at the TV blindly, not paying any attention - until boredom overtook him, and almost helplessly, he began to actively watch the programs, his brain starved for activity. What he didn't know was that the shows had been 'doctored' - heavily laced with subliminal messages that, in conjunction with drugs in his system, caused him to respond with pleasure at the sight of handsome men, and negatively, almost enviously, of the women. That night he made no effort to avoid his nightly routine, distastefully injecting a little more fat into his slowly expanding bust, ass and lips. Thanks to hypnotic programming, he didn't consciously remember his extremely vivid, erotic dreams - fantasies - featuring a fully female him and several of the men from the TV.

* * * * *

"How's our little 'project' doing tonight?" Carla asked Teri as the muscular woman rose from the chair. Teri stretched out the kinks in her muscles and smiled.

"Tonight, he didn't even hesitate to use the syringes and cream vat." She reported with satisfaction. Carla smiled. "Great! We're really moving along."

Teri laughed. "That's probably because he thinks he's 'humoring' us, just sliding by. He's too impressed with his own genius to think anyone could improve upon it."

Carla laughed and slipped into the vacated chair to take the night duty. "Yeah. He came up with this project completely by himself. If he'd consulted a pharmacologist - like me - he would have learned that his basic program, while sound, could be reinforced. With, oh, say somatic hypnotic drugs."

"Like the ones we're slipping into his food?" Teri asked, feigning surprise. "Amazing. Of course, he also missed the power of subliminal messages while the subject is sleeping."

Carla smiled and held up a CD. "What, like the ones recorded on this?" she asked, imitating Teri's surprised innocence. She slipped the CD into the player and turned it on.

The two women looked at each other, then broke out laughing. "The poor bastard." Teri chuckled. "He has no idea."

Carla chuckled back. "And not knowing it's happening, makes it even MORE effective." She agreed.

* * * * *

Nick awoke the fourth day with a now familiar sense of dread. Sliding off the bed, he stretched and looked critically in the mirror, dismayed with what he saw.

Having been jolted out of sleep once when his panties had slipped during the night and given the ever-vigilant computer a hint of his flaccid masculinity, Nick had taken to wearing a black lace bodysuit to bed, whose tight tension kept his cock safely hidden. Now, surveying himself in the mirror, he felt the familiar shame well up.

The nightly injections were, themselves, quite small. Nevertheless, they were accumulative. Already, his ass, which received the largest nightly dose, was considerably fuller, becoming decidedly shapely. The female hormones were aiding that, redistributing fat cells from his shrinking waist to his ass and - as much as he hated to say it - HIS tits, which were firm and round, and now nudging a B-cup.

His lips were also fuller. His face had been strong featured to begin with, with a straight nose and high cheeks over a rounded chin, but hadn't been particularly masculine. His eyes were slightly too large and his nose slightly too small. Now, with his fuller lips, it looked amazingly feminine. Cute, rather than sexy or beautiful, but still, decidedly feminine.

The special nightly cream bath was having an effect too. His skin was softer, smoother and more supple - even the face. Instead of a 28 year old man, he looked like a 20 or 21 year old woman. The cream was also making his deep red hair softer and fuller, like a conditioner.

"Good morning, Nikki" Teri's voice echoed out, breaking his inspection. He turned to the camera. "Good Morning, Miss Teri." He replied. He'd almost choked on that requirement on day two, but pain was a quick teacher, and now it rolled naturally off his tongue in the lovely feminine lilt he now used without even thinking about it.

"Well, I think it's time you started wearing something during the day other than panties. From now on, you must let the computer put you in a corset, and you must wear heels all day. Also, loose the glasses - there's some contacts in the bathroom for you."

"Not likely, Miss Teri. I'm not going to do that." Nick had found he COULD talk back to his tormenter - as long as he did it politely, in a female voice, and without swearing. It wasn't much, but it was better than nothing.

"Fine, Nikki. As always, everything you do is your choice. We always allow you the option to refuse as long as you want. You just have to live with the price of refusal."

True enough. Technically, he had done everything out of his own free will - except for coming here and having the implants, that is. If he was willing to spend the rest of his life in utter agony, he could disobey Teri completely.

"What price would that be, Miss Teri?" Nick asked, sighing.

"Well, the floors are all now being cooled with liquid nitrogen. Within a few seconds, all floors will be so cold as to cause frostbite within minutes. You could climb up on the bed - but I'm afraid the frostbite would get you the first time you tried to make it to the bathroom.

Also, no corset is okay - but then we'll have to stop feeding you to trim down your waistline. Finally - no contacts, no lights. In ten minutes, if you're not wearing them, the lights go out. The only way to get them back on is to put in the contacts - and have you ever tried that in the dark?"

Already feeling the floor chilling beneath his feet, Nick grabbed a pair of boots from the closet and climbed onto the bed to pull them on. The smallest heels in the closet were two and a half inches, but at least the thigh-high black leather boots he'd picked had a block heel, rather than a spike. Pulling them on, he carefully sat on the edge of the bed and for the first time in his life, carefully stood wearing high- heels.

He wobbled slightly, but the block heels allowed him to balance fairly easily. He headed towards the bathroom, forced to move slowly in his new footwear, and well aware of the ten-minute deadline.

The contacts turned out to be colored. Laying in the holder, they were a golden yellow. But when he removed his glasses and carefully placed the lenses in his eyes, the mirror informed him that they turned his watery blue eyes into a vivid jade green. Nick sighed, and carefully tottered back out into the other room. He ignored the computer controlled corset lacing machine, and sat on the bed. Pulling off the boots, he flipped open a book, and went back to reading the only supplied literature in the room - 'bodice ripper' romances.

Later, watching his soaps, his hormone driven emotions shot into sheer anger at missing an important scene while in the bathroom. He thought he could use the washroom and get back during the commercial break, but his unsteady stride in the boots slowed him to much. For the rest of the day, he paced around the room while watching his shows, getting used to the feel of the heels, and acquiring a longer, steadier stride. He was completely unaware - consciously, at least - that while he was watching the show, he was fantasizing about giving blowjobs to every man that appeared on screen. He was equally unaware that he was hungrily licking and sucking the index finger of one hand, while the other massaged one of his budding breasts.

* * * * *

Teri watched the high-resolution color monitor as it showed Nikki's movements. His stride had evened out, becoming a long, feminine movement, supple and graceful, that did truly intriguing things to his fuller, firmer ass. It wasn't quite perfect yet - there was still some wobbling, especially when turning - but it was getting there.

And in that outfit, with his cock tucked away and with small, firm, huge nipples breasts half-hidden by black lace, anyone walking in and not knowing would assume the person on the monitor was a young, vaguely attractive woman. One who was caressing her own tits while lewdly simulating oral sex with one finger.

Teri laughed. And when, hours later, hunger got the better of him and Nick allowed the machine to lace a corset painfully tight, further emphasizing an hourglass figure, she laughed even harder.

But it was Carla who laughed hardest of all while her subliminal messages caused him to enact, while asleep, several sexual fantasies, right down to having him, in his most erotic voice, beg various TV characters to 'fuck my brains out'.

* * * * *

When Nick awoke the next morning, he felt scared. Very, very scared, terribly vulnerable - and crushingly, helplessly alone. To his shock and dismay, a trickle of tears began to move down his softer, feminized cheeks almost the instant he awoke.

What he didn't - couldn't - know, was that these emotions were created by an extra strength hormone and drug 'cocktail' in last night's dinner, and a massive bombardment of subliminal messages while he slept. All he felt was the terrible power of the hypnotically and chemically induced emotions, augmented by the stream of female hormones produced by his pert B-cup breasts.

He almost panicked at the feeling of being utterly alone. Pulling on the boots, he rose easily on the heels and stood, twinges of pain coming from the marks left by the dreadfully tight corset he'd worn yesterday.

Suddenly, he realized that if he asked for breakfast, a female guard would deliver. He wasn't hungry for food - but for company he was starving.

For the first time since his torment began, he did something eagerly. Without realizing the import of what he was doing, he quickly pulled a pair of panties and a corset from the closet. Shucking off his nightly bodysuit, he pulled on the black lace panties, keeping his almost forgotten cock clenched between silken thighs and out of sight while he switched clothes. Then he pulled on the heavy leather corset, and stepped willingly - eagerly - up to the lacer.

The computer controlled device sensed him, and quickly tightened the corset around his waist. The corset's built in cups cradled his breasts, sending shivers of pleasure through him as it contacted his enormous nipples.

If he'd stopped to think, he would have realized that the act which, last night, had been demeaning and terribly painfully, he now submitted to with breathless anticipation. As the garment clenched his waist to a remarkably small circumference, all he felt was elation at the chance of company. Anything to beat the torment of loneliness that assaulted him.

"Miss Teri?" He called in a sweet, accented voice, looking at the camera. At the other end, Teri chuckled at the grin that was unconsciously plastered on Nikki's face, and feigned boredom when she answered.

"What is it Nikki."

Nick unconsciously slid his hands - which were noticeably more feminine - along the smooth sweep of his enhanced figure and said "I'm ready for breakfast now."

"Oh, I thing we'll forget about breakfast today. Have to watch your figure, you know." Teri said, leaning forward and watching the monitor intensely.

Hope can do many things. Including dropping you into an even deeper hole when it was snatched away. The crushing loneliness and insecurity slammed down on Nick in an instant, and for a few brief seconds, he completely lost control. Not even really aware of what he was doing, he began to cry in huge, tearing sobs.

"But...(sniff)..Miss Teri, I...I'm so LONELY!" he told her unthinkingly, before bursting into renewed sobs.

"You ARE?" Teri feigned surprise. It wasn't easy - her huge smile threatened to come through in her amplified voice. "Well, I'll make you a deal, Nikki."

"Yes, Miss Teri?" Nick said, dabbing at his tears, hope kindling behind his feminine bustline.

"If you get yourself all dressed up - nice, feminine clothes, make up, do something with your hair, the whole nine yards - then I'll let you come out and spent the day out with us. But, you must be PERFECTLY feminine - one, JUST ONE hint that you're not a perfect woman, born and bred, and back you go."

"I...I..." Nick stammered. His masculine side struggled to rise through the hormonal roller coaster rushing through him.

"It's your decision" Teri told him. "If you decide not to, I won't punish you - no pain, no freezing floors, nothing. It completely up to you. Just...If you want to, get ready, and the door will open for you."

* * * * *

In the control room, dead silence reigned. While the bulk of the staff watched on a huge repeater monitor, Carla slid into a chair beside Teri's at the main console. She sipped at a cup of coffee, her face worn from the night before's marathon session of subliminal hypnotic programming.

They'd argued whether or not the time was right for this. The computer said it was - but both lesbians had their reservations. This was the end of Stage One, the big test. If Nick didn't go for it, if he held out, there would be no going on to Stage Two. Without fear of punishment, without further prompting, Nick had to choose to do this. And the longer he held out, the less drugs would remain in his system as they flushed out. This was a once-only test.

So, in silence, they sat...and waited.

* * * * *

Nick sat on his bed, shivering uncontrollably, despite the warm temperature. Inside his own mind, clouded with drugs, hormones and posthypnotic suggestions, his own 'sense-of-self' remained strong, and fought against this with great effort. Slowly, his mind spiraled in on itself, trying to seek an answer.

It was two hours later that he slowly rose from the bed. Or rather, his body did. It was a robot like motion, not really directed by the mind that was locked within itself. He was barefoot as he rose to his feet, but didn't even notice that the floor, rather than being ice cold, was warmed to a pleasant temperature.

Moving as if in a dream, he slowly made his way to the bathroom, and turned on the shower. Undressing, he stepped into the stall and began to mechanically wash his altered body. Out of sheer habit, his cock remained safely out of sight.

Without even realizing it, the shower took nearly an hour, most of which was spent mindlessly fondling and caressing his altered anatomy, especially his breasts.

That's where he was when he finally snapped out of his daze. Huddled in the shower stall, gasping for breath as his feminized body shook with conflicting emotions, and his slender hands brought pure pleasure from his massive, thick nipples.

Slowly he dropped his hands by his side and stood straight. The conflict in his mind had been settled - and settled decisively.

"You bloody bitch." He hissed through his teeth, his voice low, but strongly masculine. "You nearly had me there, didn't you. Well, others have underestimated Mother Reilly's boy Nicholas before."

He took a minute to compose himself. With the running water and the subsequent steam, the shower was the one single place that he wasn't being observed. It was the one flaw in the surveillance system.

He should know. He designed it.

And that's what it all came down to. Teri and Carla, and whoever else they had with them, had gotten a weeks grace period. The sudden shock of being abducted, of awakening undergoing his own program, albeit heavily modified, plus the unexpected drugs and hormones, had thrown him off balance. But now, he was once more on the level, and it was time to set things straight.

Nick realized that it was a test - would he knuckle under and be an obedient slave from now on? Or would he fight it, refuse - and be blasted by agony until his mind overloaded?

Well, if the smug bitches outside thought this horrid loneliness - which, even knowing it's origin, he still felt - would break him, they were too damn complacent.

So, show them what they want to see.

With calm, cool deliberation, Nicholas T. Reilly, Psy.D., B.Sc., M.S., Ph.D., once more fully in control of his renegade emotions, regardless of the fact that he still felt these powerful urges, began his deliberate campaign.

His first step, before stepping out of the shower, was to affix an insipid grin on his face, utilizing his new, fuller lips to their full advantage. With this expression firmly fixed for the benefit of those spectators, he calmly crossed the room towards the closet, simulating breathless anticipations.

His choice of clothing to those watching seemed to be random snatch and grab, but in truth, he'd carefully thought out his selection before even arriving at the closet. He'd mentally considered many factors - the distastefulness of wearing feminine clothes, the durability and dexterity available and last - but certainly not least - what clothes were most likely to lull Teri and company into a false sense of security. Before he'd even opened the closet door, he'd realized there was no one outfit that would meet all his parameters, run through the choices in his mind, and picked the best compromise.

All the watching staff saw was the feminized man cross the room swiftly, open the closet 'eagerly', and pull out an outfit at 'random'.

Quickly and economically Nikki dressed. Having decided that he - she - would have to play the role of a woman to a 'T', she had started to think of her self in the feminine - a bit of method acting to improve her chances. i.e. - if she thought feminine, she'd act feminine.

That's all there was to it.

Swiftly, with seeming eagerness, she donned her chosen outfit.

The first part was underwear - a lacy bra and brief combo in very feminine pink. Since it wouldn't affect the outcome in the least, she went with the most feminine - and, thus, most 'disarming' - set in the drawer. A matching pink corset, in canvas and lace, went around her waist, and was drawn tight by the machine.

Over this went a tight, short dark gray denim skirt with attached suspenders over a tight, light gray denim tank-top. It wasn't her first choice - jeans and a sweatshirt - but was more likely to lull Teri, and the fact that it revealed her legs and midriff didn't really matter. Besides, she looked DAMN cute in it.

Plus, it made her choice of footwear seem obvious - a pair of brown suede calf-high boots over knee-high socks. The boots had a two inch block heel, and unlike the black leather boots, a hiking sole - very important.

A brief stop to look in the mirror. Intended mostly for misdirection, Nikki had to admit the outfit looked good on her slender, athletic frame. Kind of a 'Girl-Next-Door Goes Camping' theme.

Next, came the makeup. Although she had never actually used it herself, Nikki had seen it on many other women, and now racked his brain for what looked good. He went with the minimalist approach - a pale, green eye shadow, mascara, and a ruby-red lip-gloss. After a moments hesitation, she added a hint of blush, and long, red, Lee press-on nails.

Finally, jewelry. Although it seemed she flicked through the box randomly, in fact Nikki carefully chose the items that would fetch the most money in a pawn shop. Long, gold hop earrings, while demeaning, were more valuable then studs. Likewise, a gold crucifix around her neck on a thick chain. Several gold, and a couple of silver bangles on her right wrist, and a gold and diamond watch in her left. Finally, a 24K gold tennis bracelet on one ankle, inside the boot. It was a risk - the watchers might wonder why she'd wear a piece of jewelry that couldn't be seen - but she judged it was worth it.

Finally, one last look in the mirror before heading to the door - and ultimate success or complete failure.

Tall, soft boots encasing shapely calves. Soft, silky thighs disappearing beneath a skirt that hugged her full, sexy ass. A deliciously slender waist, emphasized by a black leather belt. Average sized but remarkably firm round breasts clearly shown through the tight crop-top. A pleasant face with full, smiling lips and large, enticing emerald-green eyes beneath a short mane of glorious red hair in a shaggy - but feminine - style.

Perfect.

* * * * *

Teri smiled as the door, prompted by computer recognition that Nikki had fulfilled certain preset conditions, slid open. With a burst of smug pride she watched as Nikki - HER creation, stepped out of her cell, a hesitant smile on her face.

"Do...do I look okay Miss Teri?" Nikki asked hesitantly, smoothing her denim skirt nervously with long nailed hands.

Teri would have preferred the 'bimbo' look with spike heels, micro-mini skirt, etc., but decided to be magnanimous in victory. "You look lovely, Nikki." She said condescendingly. "Come on, let's go get that breakfast you wanted."

Nikki smiled warmly. "Great" she chirped happily, falling in just behind Teri as they headed down the hallway. They passed several closed doors, and entered the staff cafeteria. It was the only cafeteria in the complex - the design of the lab called for all food to be delivered to the cells for the 'subjects', so no high-security cafeteria existed solely for them. Which Nikki counted on.

Most of the staff was gathered in the room, grabbing a bite to eat in celebration of the success, and many of the all-female staff welcomed the new she-male into their midst. The staff of slightly over a dozen consisted solely of lesbians

and/or feminists, and all were condescending to her, some consciously, others completely unaware of their own patronizing attitude.

All of which Nikki was counting on. All that remained was a desperate hope - one lone chance in a million that relied on one random, unpredictable factor.

And he got it.

Because of Nick's Irish upbringing, she had a great fondness for a hearty 'meat and potato' meal. So, when she'd stocked the lab, that's what he'd gotten for provisions.

Whether or not the women had never gotten different supplies, or merely chosen to use some of his stock, she'd never know. And didn't care. Because, sparkling in the silverware bins were the long, sharp steak knives she'd kept on hand.

When they reached the line at the steam trays, Nikki was fully prepared. The insipid smile on her face remained fixed in place as she swung into action.

There was no way she could take the heavily muscled lesbian in a fair fight - so she didn't fight fair. Teri never even saw the large, restaurant-sized bottle of Heinz ketchup that collided against her head, the thick tomato paste blending with the darker arterial blood from her wounded scalp. As she collapsed like a puppet with its strings cut, Nikki was already turning, a steak knife in one hand, which was quickly imbedded into the thigh to the only woman near enough to make a grab. Grabbing a second knife as backup, Nikki sprinted for the door, her bootheels smacking against the linoleum as she put every ounce of speed into a long, powerful stride, crossing the threshold into the control room - and applied her last, secret weapon.

In her male voice - which she had to consciously switch to - she shouted "Override Alpha Tango - Execute!"

It was an emergency code, programmed into the computer, embedded in a deep, hidden program. It couldn't help her before now, because it had to be used IN the control room - but it had an immediate effect as the base code lines, recognizing its master's voice, operated as planned.

Every single door in the complex slammed shut and locked, with the exception of a direct route outside, which sprung open. At the same time, two compartments opened on either side of the passage - the one on the left, a clearly visible locker, disgorged a backpack, while the hidden one on the right revealed a holstered gun. Snatching up the cache, Nikki sprinted out to freedom bare seconds before the pre-programmed sequence shut and locked the last few doors. The program would refuse to release ANY locked doors for eight hours - giving her a head start.

It was an emergency program put in place in case of a police raid, and Nikki was glad she'd had the foresight to program it. As she slowed to a walk, she finally came to a stop at a ring of red-painted stakes that encircled the compound at a hundred yard radius, and sighed, contemplating the final hurdle to her escape.

As a final security measure, Nikki had programmed the transponders with a safety measure. When they last signal with the main computer - that is, went farther than one hundred yards from it - they activated a final command. If, after three tries, it could not reacquire a signal, it self-destructed, leaving only a tiny, unidentifiable lump under the skin.

But before it did, it sent on last code. Not to the main computer - but to the hormonal implants in the breasts. Rather than producing measured, timed doses of hormones, they would begin a constant flood of the female chemicals.

It was a last-ditch security measure that Nikki had been particularly proud of - but, then again, she'd never anticipated being the victim of it.

With a sigh, she took three steps forward, and after a second's delay, felt a brief, dull pain as the chip in her spine self destructed.

Shaking her head, she began to hike towards the nearest highway. She'd have to find someone she could get to undo the changes wrought on her body - but that wouldn't be easy, or fast. And with the constant barrage of hormones that now flooded her body, time was of the essence.

As she walked, she quickly checked the gun - a Colt Model 1911 .45 - to ensure it was loaded, before going to slip it into the pack. That's when she discovered that it wasn't the emergency pack she'd had ready 'just in case'.

Well, it was the pack itself - complete with the small bankroll hidden in the straps, and the hidden holster for the gun on the bottom, which she promptly put to use. But whoever had found the back had emptied out his travel kit and used it for their own purposes - and since the staff at the lab was exclusively female, it wasn't surprising that the small pile of clothing was feminine, as was the toiletries. What was surprising was what had replaced the boxes of food and extra ammunition she'd store - various vials and syringes of medical compounds. Mostly figure altering ones.

"Someone not happy with their own figure, smuggling out compounds to improve it." Nikki muttered, replacing the boxes in the backpack.

With a resigned sigh, she shouldered the pack, reflecting that it was probably for the best, considering her current condition - there was no way she could pass as a man right now, anyway.

Two hours later she finally met up with the secondary highway, and began to hitchhike along side, sticking her thumb out for the infrequent vehicles that whizzed by. She'd already removed almost all her jewelry and stashed it in the backpack, so as to make herself less tempting for thieves.

The constant flow of hormones was already having a definite effect, causing wild mood swings - extreme euphoria at the sight of a car on the horizon, wild hope as it neared, then anger and frustration as it hurtled past - all mixed in with the uncomfortable awareness that some of the vehicles must contain men - and the thought aroused her. She pushed that aside,

refusing to deal with it. At the same time, she found herself throwing a little something extra into her feminine motions, trying to be more enticing. She consoled herself with the thought that it would make getting a ride that much easier.

It was almost two more hours before she lucked out. At first Nikki thought the rig was just whizzing by, like the others - then the hiss of airbrakes caused her to turn and jog towards the slowly stopping truck. Tractor trailers don't stop on a dime, and she had to jog to where the rig had finally come to rest.

The cab door opened, and an older, heavy-set man wearing a faded denim shirt and a CAT ball cap leaned out, eyeing her lithe figure. Inexplicably, Nikki felt a mixed rush of shame and pleasure at the obvious fact the trucker liked what he saw.

"Hey, miss, y'all need a lift?" the driver drawled, smiling politely.

"Yes, if it's not a bother." Nikki replied, still trying to cope with her runaway emotions.

The driver smiled at the sound of her exotic, accented contralto. "Sure, hop on up, miss. A little comp'ny is always 'preciated."

Thankfully, Nikki climbed into the rig and settled into the passenger seat, placing her back-pack between her legs. (Which, she noticed with guilty pleasure, the driver seemed to enjoy looking at.)

"Hi. I'm Jerry, but my handle's Tex." The driver drawled, extending a hand. Nikki took it and - to her great surprise - giggled. "I'm Nikki."

Surprisingly, she found Tex amazingly easy to talk to - he kept up a steady patter of conversation without asking any embarrassing questions, and slipped in a steady stream of compliments without once being crude or obnoxious. As the miles rolled away beneath the Goodyear's of the truck, Nikki caught herself, several times, enjoying spending the time en femme without guilt - feeling completely and utterly natural about what was going on.

These periods were always followed with bouts where Nick would briefly resurface. Like a submarine, Nick's own, masculine persona would come close enough to take a look around. Finding it unsafe to be Nick at this time and place, it would once more submerge into the role of Nikki - protection not only against his own discomfort with his altered body, but a necessary survival trait. If any red-blooded man found out that the 'cute girl' he was chatting with was really a 'sissy boy', things could get ugly. At very least, Nick/Nikki would lose his/her free ride. So Nick shut up and the Nikki fly on autopilot.

Finally, as night was falling, Tex skillfully guided the big rig off the highway and into a well-lit truck stop.

"Well, this here is where I switch routes. I figure iffin' you come in with me and let me buy y'all dinner, when I leave you should be able to fin another ride headin' just 'bout any way ya wanna go."

Nikki smiled. "That's kind of you - but you don't have to buy me dinner. You've done enough for me already."

Tex laughed. "Hell, rather than ride alone for six hours, I had a real beauty, with a voice I could listen to for hour, keep me company. I figure I owe you one."

'Take the meal' Nick's mind said coldly, and Nikki's persona translated it by smiling broadly and accepting with a laugh.

Tex treated her to a steak dinner. Afterwards, at his suggestion, she washed up in the bathroom, leaving her pack with him at the table. When she got back, he was gone, his rig lost in the night. But there was money on the table to cover dinner, and a folded piece of paper on her pack. She opened it.

Dear Nikki,

I figured you wouldn't take money from my own hand, so I had to fox you into taking it. Sorry I couldn't say good- bye.

By the way - hitching rides ain't safe, especially for a pretty young thing like you. Now, I didn't ask what your problem was, it ain't any of my business. But there's two different bar and grills in the area. One's about 3 miles east, the other three miles south. With this letter, you should be able to get a job at either one. I know the owners of both, having been a regular customer at each. Maybe I'll see you around.

Tex.

The money 'he foxed her into taking' dropped into her palm - nearly six hundred in cash.

"Damn right you wouldn't understand my problem" she thought wryly - yet for some reason, she felt infinitely sad, as if she'd lost something vitally important.

With a sigh, she swung the pack onto her shoulder and headed out, still trying to control her rampaging emotions. She didn't notice any of the appreciate looks her backside drew from male customers as she walked out.

* * * * *

The door burst open and the woman staggered into the room. It took her three tries to get the door closed behind her, and the attempt to drop the key onto the dresser failed miserably, leaving it on the faded green carpet. The woman, dressed in a tight denim skirt and a white T-shirt, kicked off her black pumps with five inch spike heels and awkwardly struggled out of her clothes. Naked, she staggered over to the bed and collapsed on it, muttering angrily to herself.

Nikki had no intentions of spending the rest of her life as a female. Even leaving the lab, she had a plan, simple in theory - find a competent researcher and have them reverse what had been done to her. Simple in theory - but more complex in application.

Nicholas Rielly had a lab, fully stocked with all he'd need - not Nikki. Besides, said lab was now in the hands of the very people who'd done this to her, and they weren't likely to reverse it. Since these same people had come from the Center where she'd worked before that, she was also unwilling to contact anyone there, not knowing who she could trust.

So that left finding an unconnected doctor - which would take money. A lot of money. Which she didn't have.

So, that left very few options. With very few job openings for a woman who wasn't, with no I.D., Nikki had no choice but to try one of the two places Tex had referenced for her.

So, she'd found this apartment. Old and somewhat threadbare, it was clean, and more importantly, cheap. Actually, it was an old motel, charging one-fifty a month, whose 'kitchen' consisted of a beer fridge, a microwave and a hot plate - but it was warm, dry and affordable. Paying for two months in advance, she'd moved her meager belongings in.

The next day she'd picked one of the Bar and Grill's at random. Walking in, she'd talked to the owner, a 'good ole boy', who'd hired her on the spot, but refused to make any sort of promises.

So started her two-week sojourn in hell.

First of all, there was the patrons - raucous, crude men, mostly drunk, who couldn't seem to keep their hands to themselves. They seemed to enjoy stealing every opportunity to touch or fondle Nikki's ass, and hit on her every chance they got. What disgusted her the most was the fact that she found herself guiltily enjoying the attention, the caresses, the long looks at her slender, shapely legs and firm ass. She hated them for doing it, and she hated herself for liking it - and she caught herself 'encouraging' it, again and again, with a sexy strut, a provocative look, and other things driven by her ridiculously high hormone levels. Almost every night she'd drift off to sleep, only to wake up, fondling her own body and coming out of some fantasy that both repulsed and aroused her.

Then there was the competition. Goldie, the other barmaid.

Practically a stereotype, the woman was a bottle blonde with hair so big it seemed to defy the law of gravity and two much makeup. At least thirty five, Goldie was on the plump side, her heavy thighs and less-than firm ass crammed into ridiculously tight jean shorts. Her shirts were all tailored to display her DD breasts, which Nikki was willing to bet had never seen the inside of a bra.

But the damn woman got nearly all the tips, just for allowing the guys to ogle her droopy, but large, tits.

Desperate, Nikki had started wearing more provocative outfits, spending the few tips she did get on a pair of spike heels to enhance her assets - well, her ass, at least.

But, while she drew more guilty/pleasurable attention, money remained as elusive as ever. Her emotional free-fall continued, raging hormones amplifying every sensation - lust, shame, anger, pleasure, pride, shame - everything.

Then, today, the last straw fell into place when the owner had informed Nikki that he couldn't pay her. He offered her the equivalent in bar credit, but no cash at all. She'd promptly called the second place Tex had mentioned, and the other owner had agreed to hire her, sight unseen - but she'd have to make her own tips, competing against the other waitress.

Goldie's sister, Tisha.

Then Nikki, anger, despair and frustration revved up to obscene levels, had made her mistake - she took advantage of that bar credit and got rolling, stinking drunk.

Now, laying on the bed, her mind was submerged in a fog of booze, chemicals and hormones. Staggering, she rose to her feet.

"Gotta be sexy for tips?" she asked the wall angrily - and fuzzily - "Fine. I'll give'm sexy. "I'll blow their damn eyes right outta their heads. See how they like the new'n'improved Nikki. How 'bout that?"

Still muttering angrily - and drunkenly - she staggered towards her back pack.

* * * * *

The next morning dawned disgusting bright and cheerful. Having forgotten to adjust the blinds the night before, Nikki, suffering from the most monumental headache she'd ever had, slowly came to life as a single beam of sunlight shone directly into her reddened eyes.

After about the twelfth beer, everything from last night was a blur - a few moments of passing clarity in a sea of lost memories.

Nikki groaned and catalogued her condition. One head - ready to explode. Lips that felt like they were both as big and as dry as the Sahara desert. She must have fallen down some time last night, hard, on her ass, which felt tender, and...weird.

And somebody was sitting on her chest. Without opening her eyes and exposing them to the probably lethal beam of sunlight, Nikki struggled against the weight on her chest to become upright, windmilling her arms for balance. Out of the path of the light, she opened her eyes and blinked blearily at the full-length mirror opposite her.

She stopped, standing stock still, her mind spinning as it tried to make sense of what she saw.

"Oh, dear God, tell me I didn't..." she whispered. But there was no denying what the mirror revealed.

For the first time since the transformation, her nipples didn't look ridiculously out of proportion. That was because jutting defiantly from her narrow ribcage was a large pair of almost perfectly spherical, firm tits. They were firm, creamy expanses of breast flesh, perfect DDD's.

Now she remembered her decision to go Goldie 'one better.'

What's more, her already shapely ass had been expanded into absolutely mind-blowingly perfection. Likewise, her lips were now remarkably full, soft and seductive.

Other than that she was the same. Cute, Irish woman with large, cheerful green eyes and a pert nose below a cute, shaggy mop of flaming red hair. Only now, her slender, boyish figure wasn't boyish in the least - just 'slim and stacked'.

To her horror, Nikki found herself...proud of her figure. Lewd thoughts danced through her hormone soaked brain just thinking about how men would react to the sight of her...

She squashed the thought mercilessly - and all others. Right now, she had to go to work. She had to earn money as a barmaid, so she could afford to get this - all of this - undone.

And she squashed the feeling of dismay that tried to form at the thought.

The first order of business was to get dressed. Unfortunately, there was going to be some unforeseen complications in that seemingly basic function.

Having jumped from a B to DDD cup in one drunken night, none of her bras would fit. Her panties did - but became almost thongs, the material sliding between her perfect ass cheeks. She pulled on her denim skirt with difficulty, and it clung to her teardrop shaped ass sensuously.

For a shirt, she had a man's denim shirt picked up from the Salvation army. Tying the bottom allowed her to support her new endowments, while lifting them and displaying a tantalizing view of a magnificent cleavage.

"Well, if this doesn't get me tips, nothing will." She murmured wryly, slipping into her spike-heeled pumps. Bending over to retrieve her key, she almost toppled over from her changed balance, but righted herself, and headed out to her new job.

Hailing a cab, she had the driver take her to 'The Beer and Beef', her new place of work. The poor man seemed to have trouble concentrating on the road, his eyes wandering to the rearview mirror constantly. Nikki felt a burst of guilty pride when he refused payment at the end of the trip, and struggled unsuccessfully to squash it.

Swaying sexily on her heels, Nikki entered the bar. Instantly, a hush fell over the few patrons in this time of day, their eyes going to the stunning woman in their midst. The look on Tisha's face was almost enough to make the whole thing worth while.

From there on, it got better. The owner of the bar stared fixedly at her chest during the brief 'interview' - then promptly fired Tisha. With no competition, and a body to die for, her tips were astronomical. Not only did she have spectacular tits, but an awesome ass and great legs, and the men used any excuse to touch her - and 'apologized' with cash.

Nikki knew she should be disgusted with this attention. She should hate the way men leered at her, fondled her on the sly whenever they could, tracked her every movement with their eyes filled with lust.

Instead, she was getting almost painfully turned on.

She couldn't help herself. Her hormonal overload caused every feeling to peak - and all this attention made her feel unbelievably feminine and sexy. Every night she struggled with loathing at how she was acting, the way she moved seductively, the way she flirted shamelessly, displaying herself and fantasizing continuously about the men around her. And every day she did it again.

And the money rolled in.

* * * * *

Nikki walked out of the 'Beer and Beef', locking the door behind her. The late night wind gusted briefly, feeling deliciously naughty on her nipples, pushing impudently at the thin silk fabric of her skintight green blouse, and across her nylon covered thighs where they disappeared under her black leather mini-skirt.

Moving with a sexy stride in her seven inch spike heels platform shoes, Nikki moved towards the road, watching for a cab to flag down. Before one hove into view, a van pulled into the lot, and a familiar face smiled from the driver's side window.

"Hey there, hot stuff." Richard, one of the regulars smiled at Nikki. Despite the evening chill, he wore a T-shirt that showed off his muscular, bronzed body. "Need a lift?"

"I'd love one, Richard." Nikki replied with a smile. She hopped into the passenger seat, and Richard dropped the van into gear and headed towards Nikki's new, swanky apartment.

"You sure do look good in that." Richard complemented her, causing a pleasurable tingle to chase up and down Nikki's spine. He pulled into the parking lot of the building and killed the motor.

"Thanks." Nikki smiled, her hand reaching for the door handle - then stopped, as Richard nonchalantly reached over and began to fondle her full, firm breasts.

"Ohhh..." Nikki moaned softly as pleasure flooded her body. Something in her cried out, unheard, as Richard gently guided her onto the mattress in the back of his van and opened her blouse. He kissed her, and she returned it hungrily as his strong hands worked on her firm bosom.

"Yes..." she breathed as his lips moved down to her nipples, causing even more hormones to flood her body. Slowly, he lay back and unzipped his jeans, allowing his hard, thick cock to spring free. At the sight of his shaft, hypnotic programming deep in her brain came to life, taking control.

Without even thinking about it, Nikki encircled his throbbing cock with her full, sensual lips. Her long-nailed hands began to caress his shaft and balls as she hungrily, mindless gave her first ever blowjob with all the skill and panache of a veteran cocksucker. She savored his musky flavor as her supple tongue danced over his engorged head and veined shaft, until she was rewarded with a spray of hot, salty cum which she eagerly gulped down. The programming ensured that she thought it was the most incredible tasting substance she'd ever had, creating an instant craving for hot, delicious cum as often as possible.

"Now, let's see your beautiful pussy, gorgeous." Richard said, reaching for her skirt.

"Yes..." Nikki moaned - she pulled away, wide eyed. "NO!" Desperately, she buttoned her blouse and all but dived from the van. Richard watched her flee in confusion, wondering what he'd said or done wrong.

* * * * *

Horried, Nikki staggered up the stairs to her apartment. She couldn't believe what she'd just done - and yet, she wanted to do it again. And again.

Worse, she'd almost blown her secret. But the thought of Richard fucking her was driving her mad with lust. She couldn't think straight. Fumbling, she opened the door to her apartment. Stepping in, she let the door swing shut and turned on the light.

And stopped dead.

"Well, it look like Stage Two was an unqualified success, wouldn't you say?" Teri asked Carla conversationally, eyeing the disheveled, sexy figure standing in the doorway.

"Hmm, I'm not sure. We could test it again." Carla said meditatively, smiling at the third person.

Tex shrugged. "Hell, I don't mind putting it to the test." All trace of his bogus accent had vanished. "Now, where did I put that list of 'triggers'?" He rummaged around, coming up with a list from a deep pocket.

"But. But." Nikki stammered, stunned, as the three people smirked at her.

"What, you haven't figured it out?" Teri chuckled. "The whole escape - it was a setup. This was Stage Two." She turned to Tex. "Why don't you try some of the hypnotic triggers we imbedded in her."

Tex checked the list, then fished a twenty out of his pocket. "I'll pay you to dance for me." He said clearly.

And as her body was flooded with hormones, Nikki saw things clearly. The instant he'd said those words, she'd become overwhelmed with a desperate, irresistible need to arouse this man before her. Helpless, she began to move, swaying sensuously as her hands slid over her own body. Soon, her tempo picked up, and she moved in an erotic ballet, slowly undressing in the most seductive, cock-hardening way she could. She couldn't help herself. She needed to do this, or she'd explode from the sheer lust rampaging through her body.

And when she finished, Tex unzipped his pants. At the sight of his thick, rigid cock and engorged head, she once more lost control, practically diving at his crotch with her desperate need. Soon, she was gulping at his spray of semen flooding her warm mouth, trying desperately not to spill a drop.

"Oh my god, what am I doing?" Nikki sobbed as she pulled away, a trickle of cum running down her chin and dropping into her cleavage.

"What, don't you enjoy it?" Teri mocked cruelly - and Nikki could only nod in shame. "It's too bad you were our first subject" Teri continued. "We've much refined, strengthened, and shortened the whole process."

"Well, what do you want to do about Stage Three then?" Carla asked Nikki, who slowly looked up to meet her eyes.

* * * * *

Robert J. Fowler nodded politely to the waiter who handed him his scotch, and settled further back into the padded leather armchair, enjoying the quiet sounds circulating throughout the Benton Hill Country Club. At forty five, he still was vigorous and healthy, with a thick, regal mane of silver hair.

The sounds suddenly changed, murmurs rising and falling, and Bob frowned at the disruption of his orderly little world. Brushing the creases from his expensive, tailored suit, he leaned forward and glanced around trying to pinpoint the cause of the change.

He spotted her immediately. Dressed in a long, flowing gown of emerald green crushed velvet, she walked - no, floated - across the room. Her large firm breasts pressed firmly outward at the sweetheart neckline of the dress, and elegant diamond pendant nestled in her remarkable cleavage. With each step, the side slit of the dress hinted at her shapely, nylon clad legs and emerald green pumps.

Suddenly, she caught his gaze, her large, expressive green eyes meeting his, and he glanced away in momentary embarrassment. He had been gaping at her divine form like a love sick schoolboy.

When he looked up a gain, he was amazed to find her striding towards him, her long, glorious mane of red hair waving out behind her as she approached. Helplessly, his eyes slid down to where her firm breasts swayed and bounced invitingly with each step, the tore his yes away as she arrived at his chair.

"Mr. Fowler, isn't it?" she asked, her rich contralto voice lilting with and enchanting Irish accent. Bob cleared his throat. "Yes, that's right. Look miss, I'm sorry if I was..."

She smiled slightly, her full, red lips curving, and Bob's voice died. "Mr. Robert Fowler, Chair of the Baldrige Medical Research Center?" she asked huskily. Bob felt his cock stirring in his pants at the tone in her voice.

"Uh, yes." He managed.

The mysterious woman smiled seductively. "I believe I owe you a debt of gratitude, Mr. Fowler." "Huh?"

"You are the man who provided the funding for Nicholas Reilly, are you not." She asked, lightly licking her lips.

Comprehension dawned. "You mean you... He.." He cleared his throat nervously. "I haven't heard from Dr. Reilly in some time. I didn't realize his project was in operation."

"Oh, yes, it is completely operational - and effective." She said, taking a deep breath that did amazing things to her dress. "And I feel I owe you for who I am today. I really, really want to...reward you." She licked her lips again.

Bob stood quickly. "My car's this way."

Nikki followed Bob to his car, sliding into the passenger seat beside him. She lightly caressed his knee on the trip to Bob's townhouse. After he unlocked the door, she led the way up to his room, allowing him to take in the view of her spectacular ass swaying with each step.

No words were needed. As they entered his room, she tuned to him, head tilted upwards and full, sensual lips slightly parted. He eagerly stepped into her embrace, and they kissed hungrily, tongues intertwining as they undressed each other.

Soon Bob was completely naked, and Nikki dressed only in garters, nylons and heels. With a gentle push, she had him lay on the bed. Eagerly, she straddled him, her new, perfect cunt already glistening. Then, with a gasp, she impaled herself on his hot, throbbing cock.

She rode him slowly, her leg muscles lifting and dropping her with a slowly increasing rhythm. At first, his hands fondled her firm, taut ass as she threw her head back and bit her full lower lip at the sensations flooding her body. Soon, his hands moved to her spectacular tits as her speed increased. She began to cry out in ecstasy as she neared the threshold of her first female orgasm.

"Do...oh!..you like...yes!..big tits, Bob?" gasped out as she rode his cock with increasing passion. Bob grunted. "yeah."

It was almost time, Nikki realized. New nerve endings were firing as the incredible waves of pleasure hurtled towards a peak. "Really, really...OH, God!... HUGE tits?" she asked, driving with intensity.

"Uhn, Yeah." Bob managed.

And then she came, waves of pure ecstasy wracking her body. She cried out loudly as her fabulous figure twitched and shook. Her spasming cunt pushed Bob over the edge, and he pumped his cum deep into Nikki's new womanhood.

He never felt the needle.

* * * * *

Robert J. Fowler slowly climbed back to consciousness, his body feeling decidedly odd, and sending him signals his confused brain couldn't translate. Slowly, he blinked his eyes, and to his shock, found himself in the Boardroom at the Center, sitting in his seat at the head of the table.

The other five members of the board were also present. They were blinking and shaking their heads, as if they too had just awoken from an inexplicable slumber.

Bob blinked and looked down - and gasped.

He was staring into a chasm-like cleavage between two massive tits. His own. The hands on the armrests of the chair were slender, dainty and decidedly feminine.

"Where am... What..." A voice from the other end of the table drew his eyes to one of the other board members, looking around in confusion. He saw Bob and gaped in shock. "Bob? Is...is that you?"

As if that was some sort of trigger, Bob found himself helplessly moving. With graceful, sensuous movement, he rose, stepped onto the chair, then onto the wooden table.

He could see himself no, in the full mirrored wall. Or rather, SHE could see HERSELF.

Her tiny feet were encased in black leather pumps with an ankle strap. The six-inch spike heels clicked lightly as she moved to the center of the table, and somehow she walked as sensuously in them as if she'd been born in heels.

Black nylons with seams up the back encased absolutely spectacular legs. Just above her knees, a tight silk skirt in pearl gray molded itself to her full hips and incredible ass. A black leather belt cinched tight around her unbelievable 18 inch waist.

A white silk blouse tried valiantly to contain her massive, enormous mass of breast flesh. Her gigantic, firm, globular tits strained the blouse almost to the breaking point. Her face, like her amazing body, seemed to belong to an 18 year old - smooth, silky and firm. Her features were as full, ripe and sexual as her figure, and a massive mane of silver hair framed her youthful face and trailed down her back. Helplessly, she found her glorious lips parting, and she spoke in a voice that stiffened every cock in earshot.

"My name is Bobbi Bimbo" she said helplessly, huskily, "and I'm a nymphomaniac sex slave."

As her renegade body began an unbelievably erotic strip tease, she found she could control her own voice again. "Please, somebody help me. Make me stop." She begged in her rich, erotic voice. "That woman from oh, YES!" she moaned as her hands fondled and caressed her now bare breasts. "woman from the club."

Helplessly, she had climbed down from the table, and was now approaching a board member.

"John. Please, help me. You have to urp!" And then she said nothing else as her full lips encased John's thick, throbbing cock and began to suck hungrily.

Through a mirrored partition, Teri watched with satisfaction as Bobbi Bimbo went to work pleasuring each of the members of the board. She turned to Carla with an evil grin.

"So, who should we do next "

The trouble with trying to solve the world's ills is, quite often, the cure is worse than the disease.

Dr. Wm. Hackett, (1895 - 1963)

THE END...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Cursed by a group of witches, one man finds that each lewd thought he has about a woman transforms his body to match his own thought.

Welcome, dear Reader, and well met. Come in, come in - I've saved you a chair by the fire. The comfortable one, new enough to be fashionable, but old enough to be 'broken in'. I should know - I've spent a good many hours breaking it in myself, and from it's comfortable embrace have heard many an interesting tale. Why, just last night, over a bottle of fine spirits (much like the one I hold at the moment,) I heard a fine yarn indeed...

Oh - would you like to hear it? Very well - I'd be happy to oblige.

This little tale was passed on to me by a friend who swears that it's true, and happened to the brother of a collage roommate of his second cousin, twice removed on the mother's side- or some such. Personally, I put little stock in such assertions. Life may be stranger then fiction... but fiction is usually more entertaining.

And, as impossible as it may seem - may contain even greater truths. Life can be funny that way, sometimes.

In any case, the 'hero' (a misnomer, if ever there was one) of this little story is a young man by the name of Jerry Connell, or so I was told. Quite the unsavory character, it would seem, with a never-ending supply of anger, disgust, and cruel indifference to his fellow man...

...and woman.

It would seem (my friend said) that this nature of his was what got him into quite a spot of trouble - and earned him some...

Harsh Lessons

By Gunslinger

"Take that, you little..." Jerry grinned nastily as his fingers 'blipped' across the controller of his Playstaion, whipping his ostensible 'Ice Cream Truck' around the arena, looking for the last, remaining target.

Since his driver's license had been revoked, he'd taken his aggression out on the video-game's computer-generated opponents - while imagining that the driver of every vehicle was either the whiny little bitch who'd called the cops on him, the cop who'd arrested him, or the judge who'd yanked his license.

He was just lining up the final shot on the motorcycle - driven by the CHP officer, in his mind...

...when there was a swift 'rat-a-tat' knock at the door.

The twenty-one-year-old blond's head whipped towards the direction of the front door for a second, out of instinct, then he turned back to the game....

...just in time to watch the motorcycle launch a second missile that finished him off.

"*Fuck!*" Jerry swore. Tossing the controller side angrily, the well-built youth pushed himself up from his position in front of the couch, and stalked angrily towards the front door of the apartment.

"This had better be damned important!" he shouted as he neared the door. "If you're a fuckin' salesman of Jehovah's Shit-Ass, I'm gonna !"

With an angry motion, Jerry yanked the door open...

...and stared at the empty passageway. Angrily, the blond looked towards either end of the short hallway, listening for the sound of a door closing, or somebody clattering down the staircases. Not hearing anything, he stepped back into the apartment and began to close his door...

...when he caught sight of a package laying in front of his door.

Looking around again, Jerry knelt and examined the package. A fair size - about the size of a computer's 'box' - the package was wrapped in plain brown Kraft paper, sealed with packing tape. The top bore bold, block letters in magic marker,

spelling out his name and address (**GERALD P. CONNELL, 228 APPALOOSA WAY, APARTMENT 5B**), with no return address.

Grumbling to himself about the lost game - but curious about the package - Jerry reached out and grasped the package...

...then grunted with surprise at the weight. Putting a little extra 'oomph' into it, he picked it up and re-entered his apartment, closing the door behind him.

"What the hell are you?" Jerry asked the package rhetorically, as he carried it into the apartment's kitchenette. "And who the fuck left you?"

Pulling out one of the cheap and worn aluminum chairs around an equally cheap two-seat table, he dropped the package on the worn Formica surface with a thump and stared at it for several seconds. Finally, with a shrug, he reached behind him and hauled out the 10-in-1 Pliers/toolkit/knife he kept on a leather holster on his belt.

(Where he'd kept his kick-ass .44 Magnum, before that other incident...)

Flipping open the knife-blade from the handle, he slid the highly-honed piece of metal under the flap at the end of the package and carefully drew it upwards, slicing the waxy paper from top to bottom. Laying the knife aside, he ripped the paper away.

What lay revealed was... a wooden case, with mildly tarnished brass hinges at the... top? side?... and a clasp opposite of them.

Flipping open the clasp with a grunt, he flipped open the lid - and found himself staring at a series of closed 'drawers' or chambers, each with a small brass pull-knob. These were inset about a quarter inch from the top of the lid, and that space was taken up by a plain Letter-sized manila envelope, with no markings of any sort on it.

Frowning in mild confusion, Jerry removed the envelope and looked inside, finding a single sheet of parchment paper neatly folded inside. Removing the paper and unfolding it, he held it up to better catch the light as he read the message written on it.

Mr. Gerald Connell, (it said)

This letter is to advise you that you have been tried, in absentia, by the Council of Sisters, and found guilty of numerous crimes against womankind - not to mention other members of your own sex, as well.

Despite the severity, frequency, and sheer volume of your offenses, we will not pass summary punishment on you. The Council has never done so in its thousand-year history, and will not do so with you. However, be warned - as is our custom, we have placed you on probationary status for the next twenty-four hours, starting from the moment this document is read.

During the next twenty-four hours, a series of interlocking 'spells' have been placed on you. Should you do anything at all that is detrimental to any Sister - that is, any woman at all - you will suffer an appropriate punishment - and the scale of punishment graduates upwards, with each offense.

Be advised - each step of the punishment is permanent. Should you pass the probationary period only partially 'reformed', then that is how you will remain, though nothing else will change. You will not be able to undo what has been done to you by any means, medical or scientific.

Be further advised - there is no 'limit' on the interlocking spells placed upon you - no upper 'ceiling' that would end any changes. As many transgressions you may commit during the next twenty-four hours, that is how many changes you will undergo, each change fitting the nature of the offense you committed.

"What the fuck...?"

Frowning in confused anger, Jerry tossed the note aside, and tried opening one of the various-sized compartments.

It wouldn't budge. None of the compartments moved so much as a millimeter, not even when he tried prying at them with his knife - which wouldn't even scratch the wood's surface.

"Fuck it!" Jerry said, loudly, grabbing the sides of the box and throwing it...

He grunted loudly when the box refused to budge. Cursing loudly, he tried to move it - and only succeeded in dragging the little table around.

"Very god-fucking-damn funny!" He shouted at the ceiling. "Fuckin' contact cement on the bottom of the fucking box. Hilarious! I'm laughing my god-damned ass off!"

He continued to swear loudly for several minutes....

...when his neighbor, that old slant-eye bitch, began banging on the wall that separated his kitchenette from the mirror-image one she had in her apartment.

"You crazy man!" He heard her whiny, accented voice yell through the thin wall. "Always you shouting! You stop, or I call police again! Crazy man!"

Jerry's eyes widened in disbelief - how dare that slant-eyed cunt yell at him! Hell, he had to put up with the awful smells that came from her apartment when she cooked that Korean crap she called food, didn't he?

"Shut up, you old fart!" Jerry screamed back. "This is America, ya dumb cunt, and if I want to "

He would have gone on screaming - at great length and volume, with a rife description of family background and personal habits - if not for the fact that, halfway through his tirade...

...his voice began to climb in pitch.

Eyes wide, Jerry fell silent, hands flying to his throat in shocked, confused disbelief.

"Wha... what's wrong with my voice ?" He asked himself, horrified - and winced at the tone it emerged in, somewhat higher than his normal voice, sounding as if he was trying - and nearly succeeding - in imitating a somewhat low, husky, female voice. "I say you crazy man! Maybe I call police!" the woman from next door yelled.

"Shut up, you..." Jerry started to shout back, mind whirling...

...but he shut his mouth with a snap as his voice rose a bit - not much, but enough to be noticeable.

"What the fuck's going on?" Jerry asked himself, hating the semi-feminine sound of the higher-pitched, mellower-toned voice that slid through his lips.

Shuddering in confusion, he scrambled over to the table and hunted around for the discarded sheet of paper, holding it up to re-read the words written upon it.

"No... no way..." Jerry said, horrified and wanting to disbelieve - desperately. "This... isn't possible. I can't be! Shit like this isn't real!" He looked around, frantically - and found a 'logical' explanation for what was happening - or seemed to be, at any rate.

"The box!" He told himself triumphantly, in his altered voice. "It must have a hallucinogen of something in it!"

Walking over to a window, he opened it a bit, to air the place out. Then he threw a black T-shirt over his 'wifebeater' undershirt, tucking them hastily into his jeans. Pulling on his 'shitkickers', he stuffed his wallet and keys into the pockets of the blue-and-yellow nylon jacket he threw on, pulled his faded ball-cap over his close-cropped blond hair and left the apartment, thundering down the stairs.

Outside, he took several long, deep breaths, then spoke quietly to himself...

...and winced at the sound of his still higher-pitched voice.

"Takes time to clear the bloodstream." He reassured himself in a mutter. Pulling his smokes out of his jacket, he lit one up while wondering what to do for the next little while, since he wasn't going back into his apartment until he thought whatever gasses the box might be giving off had cleared.

Finally, he decided to go to the mall's food court and grab a bite to eat. Nodding to himself in satisfaction, Jerry hitched up his pants and set off in the direction of the mall, once more cursing his lack of a license.

A couple of blocks from his apartment, he saw a woman leaving a store, a bag of purchases in hand. About forty or so, the woman was a little heavy-set, and under-dressed for the weather in a sleeveless dress. As Jerry continued walking, he was almost parallel with her when she lifted her arm to hail a taxi - and exposed an underarm with an abundant supply of pit-hair.

Jerry shuddered and took a step back, a disgusted look on his face as the woman glanced over in response to the motion, caught by her peripheral vision.

She rolled her eyes and looked disgusted at Jerry's reaction, then turned her back on him and climbed into the cab as it pulled to the curb...

.but Jerry was no longer paying attention to the woman. instead, he was looking confused as a strange tingling ran over his body> He glanced down - and stared uncomprehendingly at the pile of fine hair that covered his boots.

Then a thought occurred to him - and he yanked up the sleeve of his jacket. Horrified, he stared at a perfectly smooth, hairless arm.

"Oh, fuck - this ain't happening." Jerry told himself, wincing at the sound of his voice. Glancing around, he ducked down the alleyway of the store and hid behind a dumpster, using the cover of the narrow alley and the dumpster to unbuckle his belt and unzip his pants, pulling them down with one hand, while the other lifted his shirt.

The flesh revealed was perfectly, utterly smooth. His stared in horror at the smooth, soft flesh that greet his disbelieving eyes. He even ran his hand across the flesh - and shuddered.

He'd tried various hallucinogenic substances in his life - and had never seen one that could create this level of realism without any of the 'dreamy' sensation. Under his hand, his skin felt as smooth and denuded as it looked, and that was...

"Oh, God - what the hell are you doing? Pervert!"

Startled, Jerry whirled - and promptly went sprawling into the muddy puddle that ran down the center of the alleyway, as having his pants down to his ankles was hardly conducive to quick movement.

From his undignified sprawl, he looked up at the thin - scrawny - brunette who was half-way out of the back door of the store, a garbage bag - obviously destined for the dumpster - in her hand.

"What are you - some sort of sicko?" She asked Jerry, looking at him like a bad piece of meat.

"Look, you dumb cunt..." Jerry started to reply, instinctively - then rolled onto his back and clapped both his hands over his mouth, eyes wide in horror as he head his voice climb higher in pitch with every word.

The woman shook her head in disgust, then turned to face back into the store. "Hey, Deirdre!" She shouted. "You'd better call the cops - there's some sort of weirdo in the alley, half naked."

Still horrified by the sudden lack of body hair and the higher-pitched voice, Jerry wanted to do lots of things at that moment, not the least of which was beat the dumb bitch's head in. At the moment, though, discretion definitely seemed the better part of valor. With awkward movements, he managed to get to his feet and yank his pants up. Zipping up, he dashed down the alley in the direction opposite if the way he'd entered, hastily buckling his belt. When he reached a juncture between that alley and another one, he took a left, then turned right when it spilled out onto a street, finally slowing to a walk once he felt he was safely away from where the cops might arrive.

"No, no - this isn't happening..." He told himself in a mutter that sounded disquietingly feminine. "...this can't be real. No way."

He didn't notice the odd looks - and wide berths - other pedestrians were giving him. he wouldn't have been surprised, though - after all, he was a soaking wet man stalking down the street, head down, and muttering to himself in a voice that sounded like a low-pitched woman's voice.

Absently, he fished into his pocket for his smokes - and grimaced when he extracted the sodden, useless pack. With a muffled - and feminine-sounding - curse, he whipped the pack against a handy wall, ignoring the looks of passer-bys as he glanced around for a convenience store. Spotting one at the corner, he hurried across the street, ignoring the blaring horns and screeching brakes as he darted through the traffic.

Reaching the store, he went in and walked up to the counter.

"Can I... who - did it start raining or somethin'?" The slightly pudgy blonde woman at the cashier's window lifted herself part way off the stool on which she sat and leaned forward to look past Jerry and out the window - having mad a natural assumption at seeing a sopping wet man walk into the store on a day that had been perfectly clear when she'd come into work an hour ago.

However, the instinctive movement also did something else - it put a pair of large, fleshy breast only inches from Jerry's face, almost completely displayed by the way the loose top she was wearing dropped open.

Jerry, almost as instinctively, stared at the display of milky-white breast-flesh presented to him....

...then gasped as he felt a strange sensation run through his chest.

"No!" He gasped - and the feminine voice it emerged in drew the woman's attention as mach as the startled exclamation....

...then she uttered a wordless exclamation of her own, dark eyes going as wide as saucers as she stared at the same place Jerry was - down at his chest.

Which was slowly pushing outwards, as if somebody had hidden a pair of balloons under his T-shirt and was slowly inflating them. From the way it felt, though, Jerry was damned certain it wasn't balloons - he could feel the added mass being added to his chest, as well as the increasingly different sensations that were transmitted through his new...

...he swallowed thickly and forced himself to think the dread word...

...boobs.

The sopping-wet shirt clung well to the well-defined mounds, outlining them as they stopped growing - at about a D-cup, a part of Jerry's mind insisted on informing him. Instinctively, his hands flew to his chest - and he gasped as his bare hands were filled with wet-shirt covered tits, a sensation he'd felt before and could never mistake for another...

He'd never felt that sensation from the inside, however...

"What the fuck !" The cashier exclaimed, staring.

Jerry, wide-eyed, glanced up at the cashier, and managed the most logical comment the situation provided for. 'eep.'

"Look, mister..." She said, eyeing him with a decidedly odd look. "I don't know what the gag is, but either you buy something, then leave

- or get the hell out right now." Stunned, Jerry stared at the woman...

"Cigarette..." Jerry said, in a strangled - and high-pitched - voice. Having (*very reluctantly*) come to the conclusion that what he was experiencing was real - if horrifying - he grudgingly refrained from calling her the name that hung on the tip of his tongue.. and forced out: "Please."

The woman continued to eye him with extreme suspicion as she complete the transaction.

Carrying the new pack of cigarettes in his left hand, Jerry wrapped the open ends of his coat around his torso with his arm over it, crushing his new tits against his chest and hiding them somewhat. With a dazed look, he walked to the front of the store like a bad B- movie zombie, his eyes wide and his jaw slack as he stepped out for the store and walked to the corner of the building and stepped into the doorway that lead to the apartment above the store. Somewhat sheltered by the inset entranceway, he turned until he was hidden in the corner and opened the pack.

It took him four tries to get the cigarette lit, his hand was shaking so badly. One it was finally going, he once again minimized the breast thrust from his chest and faced out of the doorway, staring blankly at the building across the street.

"Okay, okay - this is real." He muttered to himself in a stunned voice. "I don't know how, but some group of bi women have managed to cast some sort of fucking spell on me." He nodded slowly to himself. "Okay, so I admit that I ain't exactly Sir Lancelot. I treat the c treat woman the way I see they should be treated. I admit that. But it's not like the women I meet are exactly saints themselves - I just treat them like they deserve, the stupid "

It took a monumental effort to reign himself in from the tirade that so desperately wanted to break loose. Taking a deep breath, he forced himself to steady down.

"Okay, Jerry - get a hold of yourself." He told himself, wincing with every womanly-sounding word that emerged. "Now - you've got to keep it together. You can outlast the bitches who "

He winced as his voice climbed slightly, then continued - carefully. "...who did this to you. Watch what you say, watch what you do, for twenty four hours. Just hold it together, and don't let them win. You can do this. Then - I'll go to a doctor, have 'em cut these things off, see what they can do with my voice - I'll be okay. Just hold it together. That's all."

Finishing off the smoke, he ground it underfoot, and headed out of the doorway with his head down, shoulders hunched and arms crossed over his chest to hide the new tits that thrust from his now hairless chest into the chilly wet fabric of his T-shirt...

...which was causing his new nipples to stiffen, which - along with the pressure of his arms against his full new bosom - felt decidedly odd.

Trying to ignore the sensation, he focused on his plan - such as it was. Now that he knew that this was (horribly) real, he figured he had to get home, lock himself in - and just do whatever it took to keep his mind off women. Play video games, for instance. If he could last out the twenty-four hours at home, alone, he should be okay - out her, on the street, he was in too much danger.

Lifting his head, he glanced around in hopes of finding a phone booth...

...and found that he'd been walking behind a woman. One in a tight white leather skirt that molded oh-so-nicely to the delectable ass that was swaying so pertly and delightfully with every step her high-heeled little feet took...

"oh, shit!" Jerry cursed, yanking his eyes away - but it was too late. Even as he hauled his staring eyes from the woman's sensual ass, he grimaced in pain as his ass and hips expanded, filling his 'comfort-fit' jeans almost to the bursting point, the denim fabric now skin-tight against his full, firm new ass and womanly hips.

At the same time, he felt his shoes become looser as his feet shrank down to a smaller, slimmer - more feminine - proportion.

"I beg your pardon?" the woman asked, huffily, mistaking the cause of the comment - then she stopped and gazed with a puzzled expression at the person who'd made the comment.

"What the hell *are* you?" She asked, in a disgusted tone of voice. Turning around, she revealed herself to be a very attractive brunette with a trim body and a coolly beautiful face. Now her dark eyes, behind small, silver-rimmed glasses, traveled up and down Jerry's body.

What she saw was... a person of indeterminate gender, gaping at her while.. it's hands were feeling around the hips and ass that strained the skin-tight jeans it was wearing. It looked mostly masculine, especially the face and short hair - but it spoken in a voice that sounded mostly feminine, it had the wide hips and full ass of a woman, and a pair of breasts were quite visible under the wet black shirt it wore...

...as obvious as the bulge that pushed against the skintight jeans covering it's crotch.

"I..." Jerry stammered, avoiding looking at the woman's trim body at all cost and fumbling for words I his altered voice. "What the hell's wrong with you?" She sneered. "What... are you one of those sissy faggot boys or something?"

That snapped Jerry's eyes back onto her, narrowed in anger. Nobody called Jerry Connell a faggot or sissy! "Look, you stupid bitch..." He snarled, the constrained anger of the day rolling forth at this target - and he loved the way she flinched back from him in startled fear. "...I'm no sissy, and if you don't shut up, I'll give you a nice fat lip and a matching pair of black eyes..."

Jerry's rage had burst free so powerfully that he didn't even notice his voice climbing higher and higher in pitch as he yelled at her - but he shut up, horrified, as he felt the sensation of his lips becoming fuller and more feminine - while his vision was suddenly altered by his eyes becoming darker and more expressive as the lashes grew longer and thicker.

Realizing what he'd just done, Jerry gasped in horrified shock, altered eyes flying wide and now slender, arched eyebrows shooting upwards in shock.

"Oh, *fuck*..." Jerry shouted to a now very confused woman - and he turned and yanked open the door to the store he was currently beside, seeking refuge inside before things got out of hand. As he blundered blindly into the store, he could hear the woman drawing breath to respond - and he knew that if he was there to hear whatever remarks she was planning, he'd probably loose it again - and make things much, much worse.

Staggering to a stop in the center of the store he'd entered, Jerry looked up to find the cashier and ask to use the phone to call a cab...

...and found himself staring at a pair of big, bulging tits straining to burst free from the skimpy clothing that barely contained it. Jerry, making a horrified squeak, tore his eyes from the cover of the video in front of himself - and found himself staring at another, equally lewd box-cover.

He'd walked right into the middle of a XXX-rated video store.

"Can I help..." The man behind the counter began to ask the strange looking person in the center of the store... When she screamed in a high-pitched, panic-stricken voice.

Stunned into silence, the cashier stared, eyes widening, as the person's long-lashed eyes snapped shut and she staggered towards the back of the store....

...as she began to change.

The cashier began to make an odd, gibbering sound as the ... woman's? hair began to cascade down her back from under her ball- cap, while her face seemed to writhe and change. It was hard for him to notice exactly how the face was changing - because he was staring, instead, at her chest - which was billowing outwards rapidly, her tits thrusting ever larger against the wet fabric around them, pulling the front of the shirt higher and higher as the fabric tried to cover more and more area. As it rode up, it exposed a waist that seemed to be shrinking in on itself....

...then the strange person's changes stopped, as she continued to stagger around, eyes squeezed painfully shut.

"Door!" She shouted in a high-pitched voice rife with panic. "Out... I have to get out..!" Her slender, long-nailed fingers flew to her crotch and she screamed shrilly, smashing into a display rack and knocking it sprawling as she bashed around, making a whimpering sound in the back of her throat.

Stunned and shaken, the cashier dashed out from behind the counter. Hesitating, he forced himself to reach out and grab her arm. "This way.. the doors this way.." He said, hauling on her arm - and staring at the huge tits that were now barely covered, the wet cloth reaching just inches below the prominent nipples that poked from her volleyball-sized tits.

The woman was obviously having trouble balancing against the sudden weight of her big, spherical new tits, and she was sobbing and moaning as the cashier hurriedly guided her through the store-room and out the back door.

The woman staggered off the step, hands now inside her jeans and groping at her crotch.

"You're.. outside now.." the cashier stammered, trying to figure out what the hell was going on.

The woman's eyes popped open - and the cashier recoiled slightly from the mad-sad-crazy-panicked look in her huge, bright blue eyes.

"Cunt!" She shouted at him in a tear-filled soprano. "I've got a cunt!" She tried to look down at her hands, and found herself gazing at the upper slope of those huge, round tits - and she gasped again. "..and tits! I mean... big *fucking* tits!"

Shaking his head, that cashier muttered "The hell with this." Pulling himself inside the store, he closed and locked the back door, then went into the main area and began fixing the display rack, trying to convince himself that nothing at all had just happened.

For Jerry, that was a harder task. Stunned, horrified, disgusted and afraid, he...

...no, Jerry thought with a shudder - now, it was 'she'. She staggered down the alley, tears dripping from her eyes and increasing the humiliation she felt at the sudden shift in gender.

"Damn you..." She sobbed, not even knowing the person she was damning - the unnamed, unknown person of people who had done this to her. "Damn you all to hell.. I don't deserve this..."

She almost smacked into a wall, and stopped dead while she looked around, ready to snap her eyes shut at the slightest sign of anything that would make the situation worse.

She was at the dead-end of the alleyway. The alley wasn't all that long, and it turned a ninety-degree angle at the very end, where it came up against the brick wall of an old commercial-industrial building that had been gutted by fire some time ago. She was standing in the shadow of the looming brick shell of the building, right where the inset loading dock sat under a five-foot-deep overhang of brick arches.

Not willing to brave the streets, Jerry found herself staggering awkwardly towards the worn stairs leading up the three-foot height of the loading dock, seeking shelter in the shadows of the dock itself. The weight and bounce of her new tits made it awkward, as did the fit of her boots on her now-small feet. Staggering up the steps, she headed to the back corner of the graffiti-covered loading dock...

...and, in the deepest, darkest shadow, found a door. Pausing, she pulled it open.

She had no idea what the room had been when the building was in use. It was fairly small - but somebody had put the space to use. A cracked mirror hung on the far wall, and a mattress and box spring were supported by a series of wooden crates. Another crate, upended, had a board nailed to it to serve as a table, and a Coleman lantern, some matches, and a half-dozen empty booze bottles littered its pitted and scarred surface.

Not caring whose space it might be, Jerry saw it as a refuge from what was happening to her, and staggered inside. Pulling the door shut behind her, she fumbled in the pocket of her coat and pulled out her lighter. Using its flame to guide her, she used one of the long wooden matches to light the Coleman lantern. Since she had the lighter out anyway, she fished out the cigarettes and lit one, placing the pack and lighter on the table while she concentrated on absolutely nothing else but enjoying the cigarette. For five minutes or so, she escaped her problems completely while she smoked the cigarette down to the filter. Reluctantly, she butted the smoke out in a tin can obviously used for that purpose - then, hesitantly, hating to look but needing to know, she approached the dusty, cracked mirror to look at her transformed body. Peeling off her wet clothing, she tossed it over a rope hung down the side of the room to dry, then licked her lips nervously and looked her nude reflection full-on in the mirror.

An odd 'parody' of a sexy woman stared back at her.

She had been changed by her own actions and reactions, the changes centered on the parts of a woman that she had focused on. The parts that she had more or less 'ignored' had changed less than the rest of her, creating a woman far from her own 'ideal'.

Her face, for example - the lips were amazingly full and sensual, and her eyes were big, blue, and vapid-looking, right down to the long lashes that surrounded them.

Her face, itself, however, was still somewhat squarish, and her nose was only slightly changed, looking large - but not freakish so - on her altered face.

Her head was surrounded by a silky mane of brassy blonde hair - but the shoulders that hair cascaded over were broad, for a woman, though not as broad as they had been. Her arms were smooth and feminine in appearance - but a well-muscled version of femininity.

Her entire body reflected this mix, leaving her looking like a tall, broad-shouldered, athletically-built woman - with big, round tits, a spectacular ass, and the face of an athletic bimbo.

"Oh... my.. God..." She said to her reflection, hearing the high-pitched voice that emerged from her lips - so high and breathy it seemed incapable of voicing any intelligent thoughts whatsoever.

In shock from her transformation, unable to deal with herself right now, Jerry numbly walked over to the mattress on the crates. Though a faintly musty smell rose from the bed, she ignored that and climbed into it, laying down in the rumpled sheets and pulling the worn but serviceable comforter over her altered body.

Leaning over, she turned off the Coleman lantern, then lay back against the big foam pillows, closing her eyes. "I'll just sleep..." She told herself, numbly. "And when I wake up, it will all be over..."

She actually meant that she was planning to sleep past the twenty-four hour deadline, so that nothing else about her would change...

...but part of her was also desperately praying that she'd wake up and find that this had all been some sort of horrible nightmare.

Laying there in the dark, Jerry tried to shut her mind down completely. So much had happened in such a short space of time, she couldn't cope with it - she just wanted to drift into the warm safety of sleep and forget about it. But that was hard to do - because she was all-too-aware of the sensations from her altered body. She was aware of the way her fuller, firmer ass felt underneath her. She was aware of the weight of her new tits as her chest rose and fell with each breath. She could feel the long, golden mane of hair around her head and shoulders. She could feel the way her smaller, long-nailed hand felt as it slid across her smooth new crotch. She was aware of the way her big, firm tit felt under her other hand as it fondled and squeezed it. She was aware of the way her fuller lips felt as her tongue...

What!

Gasping, Jerry yanked her hands away from her body. Without even thinking about it - without even being consciously aware of it - she'd begun to fondle herself, one hand fondling her new tits, gliding over the firm-yet-resilient surface and lightly teasing her swollen nipples. Cupping and lightly squeezing her huge tits as her other hand slid down her flat belly to the vee of

her smooth new crotch, lightly gliding over the outer lips of her new cunt before pausing - and sliding a finger deep inside the warm, wet embrace of...

"What I am doing?" Jerry gasped to herself as her finger penetrated her new womanhood, her other hand working longingly at her new tit. She was feeling herself up - and about to masturbate.

Horrified and disgusted, she hauled her hands away from herself again, her finger cooling rapidly as the juices coating it cooled in the air... then warming equally as fast as she slid it deep into her cunt, thrusting it - then another one - deep into her cunt, sliding them with delicious friction across her highly sensitive new clit.

"Wha.. what am I doing!" Jeri asked herself, her voice near panic as she continued to finger her new cunt, almost frantically. "What am I... Why.. I.."

Slowly her voice calmed, the high-pitched panic giving away to a warm, mellow soprano. "..I... it.. oh, yes.. that feels *goood*"

Full, soft lips curled in a dreamy - and vapid - smile, Jeri continued to finger-fuck herself, moving her hips in rhythm with her hand as her other hand roamed over her altered body, fondling it.

"Oh, this is wonderful..." She moaned to herself, with a small giggle, as she grew nearer and nearer to orgasm. Her eyes had slid shut, and she was making the bead creak with her rhythmic motions - completely and utterly lost in a daze, no longer truly conscious of what she was doing.

Then she moaned, loudly, as a relatively 'weak' orgasm ripped through her body, and she slowed her hand until it eventually stopped. With that now-wet hand still between her legs, she curled up into a ball, her other arm across her new tits, and drifted off to sleep with a big, silly grin on her new lips.

* * * * *

"Who the fuck are you, and what the hell are you doin' in my John-joint!"

Angry voice. Angry female voice - and it was directed at him. Jerry stirred - but something in his half-awake mind insisted that everything would be much better if he stayed asleep. Besides - for some reason he didn't feel well.

Then whoever was disturbing him shook him. "Get you ass outta my bed, bitch - I've got work to do. This ain't no fuckin' Motel Six!"

Jerry had started the slide back into blessed oblivion - that pulled him back towards the surface. "Get lost, you brain-dead bitch..." Jerry muttered, half asleep....

...then *she* stiffened and *her* brain froze as she registered the high-pitched voice that had started the instinctive insult - and the even higher-pitched one that had finished it.

Horried, her eyes popped open, and Jeri rolled over...

Black woman. Just barely this side of thirty, but in fairly good shape - which was easy to see, as she was half naked, in the middle of changing out of the simple jeans and T-shirt she'd arrived in. In hand was her 'working clothes', defining her 'profession' - Tight black leather skirt. White spandex crop-top. Knee-high black leather boots.

Jeri barely notice what was in her hands - as her eyes had instinctively gone to the woman who, because of the height of the bed and the woman's own height - was practically shoving her bare - and obviously saline-enhanced - chest, flat stomach and crotch into Jeri's face.

Big, round, firm tits and - framed by the open fly of the jeans - a neatly trimmed cunt, only inches away from Jeri's staring eyes...

"Oh, shit - no!" Jeri screamed in her high-pitched new voice, slamming her eyes shut...

...but it was too late. Presented with a nearly nude woman on display, she'd instinctively leered, like always - and it was time to pay the price.

"What the *fuck* !" the black hooker shouted, dropping her stuff in shock and scrambling back from the bed. She'd pulled the comforter off the woman sleeping there when she'd come in - and so was in a perfect position to watch as Jeri's already big tits suddenly swelled outward, running through the alphabet of cup-sizes as she went from the size of volleyballs, right on past basketballs, until they finally stalled on a size just a bit bigger the medicine balls - and almost as firmly spherical, with enormous, cold-engorged nipples thrust from their bright-pink aureole.

"Oh, fuck - this shit's too weird for me." the black woman said, back peddling. "Take the damned bed!" Turning, the hooker fled - half naked - out into the night.

Leaving Jeri alone.

With her further transformed body.

"No " She moaned, gasping a choked sob at the high-pitched voice it emerged in. Her hands hesitantly went to her chest, and another sob escaped her as her hands felt the massive, round surface of the tits under her hands...

...a sob that turned into a soft sigh, a small smile forming on her lips as her hands began to caress her tits, lightly squeezing and fondling them.

Then she stopped and frowned in confusion, slowly pulling her hands away from her massive new tits. Awkwardly, she rose from the bed and walked over to the mirror.

"My God.." She breathed, staring at her self wide-eyed. I.. I'm a freak!"

She shifted her gaze from the mirror to her breasts themselves, then back to the mirror.

"I look so... weird." She said to herself. "I mean - not really, I guess. I guess I look like a normal woman... except "

Slowly, she smiled and struck a sexy pose. "Except for my huge, gorgeous tits. Mmmm.... they're so perfect " She slid her hands across her massive tits, smiling at her reflection...

...then gasped, and snapped her gaze from the strangely seductive reflection in the mirror. "What the hell am I doing?" She shouted at herself in her high-pitched, bimbo-ish voice.

Even as she asked herself the question, she knew the answer - and it made her shudder.

The 'punishments' were piling on top of each other. Not only was her body changing, every time she did something 'degrading' to women - but it was also affecting her mind. It was making her act the way 'Male Jerry' thought a woman like 'Female Jeri' should act.

What was really frightening her was the fact that she was having a hard time telling which thoughts were from 'Jerry', and which ones were from Jeri.

Her mind was a roiling mass of confusion, conflicting and diametrically opposed thoughts struggling for precedence, with her having no way to differentiate between the 'real' thoughts and the 'imposed' thoughts. It was as if there were two, equally loud, voices yelling instructions at her, a garbled noise that thundered through her head and made it throb.

"What's happening to me?" She asked, plaintively, though she - partially - knew the answer to that. She could remember something about a letter, and some sort of curse...

...but the thought was swept away in the sea of confusion. She couldn't hold onto any coherent thought at all, her mind skipping and jumping about randomly, drowning in a sea of conflicting ideas and thoughts.

Confused and scared, Jeri was near the edge of panic, and could only think that she had to get home - though that was a fleeting image that was hard to focus on as if home was an idea more than a concrete location.

Looking around, she realized that she was naked, and that there was clothing to be had. She gathered up all the clothing and put it on the bed....

...then stared at it, dumbly, for several seconds. Then she whimpered.

The different parts of her brain were urging her to put on the 'right' clothing, not the 'wrong' clothing - yet both parts were shouting equally loud, and she couldn't decide which one was the one to listen to - and she certainly couldn't put on all the clothing.

"What...?" She asked herself, out loud, nibbling at her lower lip. "What do I wear?" Then - inspiration!

"I'll wear what I was wearing before!" She said, giggling at her own genius. Ha - she wasn't as helpless as she thought. Now.. if she could only remember what she was wearing...

Closing her eyes and sucking on her lower lip, she balled her hands into fists and concentrated really, really hard....

..and a momentary flash came to mind - of the blue jeans.

Relaxing with a smile, she grabbed the jeans and began to put them on. It turned out to be a real struggle - they were so incredibly tight

- but she finally managed to force her way into the second-skin-like pants.

"Goodie!" She applauded herself, clapping her hands together in glee - she was doing it! She was beating whatever had been done to her.

Now, what else ?

Another bout of really, really hard concentration.. and she saw something white...

Frowning, she picked up the two white articles of clothing and looked at them doubtfully, trying to ignore the diametrically opposed screaming in her mind as to which one was the right one.

First, she tried on the tank-top like undershirt and it was nearly impossible to get on over her huge, firm tits. In fact - it was so distracting, trying to get in on over her tits, that she ended up spending several minutes in mindless fondling of her massive...

"No! I shouldn't do that!" She told herself, firmly, yanking her hands away from her tits. "I shouldn't do that because "

Then she stopped dead - and stared at her reflection in shock.

"What.. which.." She stammered, shaking her head. She knew that her body wasn't the same as it was before. She'd changed, somehow, in the past little while - but she couldn't remember exactly how she'd changed, or what she'd looked like originally.

"Oh.. my.. god !" She said, wide eyed. "Who am I?"

Frightened at the prospect of losing her identity, Jeri closed her eyes and tried to bring back an image of who she'd been, originally.

Images flashed through her brain, random and chaotic... and then she remembered the most recent event, her horror at having her...

"My tits grew!" She said, in relief - although she didn't have a clear image of who she had been, she was sure that she'd had smaller tits that had grown. She could remember her smaller tits, crammed into that white garment she vaguely remembered.

Since this one obviously wasn't intended for tits at all, it must be the other one!

With a smile, she pulled on the crop-top, finding that it fit very, very tightly and left a lot of her tits hanging out the top, sides and bottom - but it stretched enough to fit her, and was obviously designed to hold tits.

Relieved to be getting a handle on things, she looked at the rest of the clothing, concentrating hard.

There were two pairs of boots - but that wasn't that hard to decide, since only one pair came close to fitting her. Smiling cheerfully, she quickly pulled on the black leather knee-highs, and zipped them up.

"Whoa..!" She said, wobbling as she rose to stand on the six inch spike heels. For a second she was scared she'd made the wrong choice, and almost changed them - then realized that her much, much bigger tits would be pulling her off balance.

"Silly me!" She told herself for doubting such obvious logic as the fit.

Using a strip of fabric torn from the useless undershirt, she tied her hair into a pony-tail to keep it out of the way, then pulled the pony tail through the hole at the back of her ball-cap and put it on. Picking up her lighter and cigarettes, she looked in the mirror and smiled at the reflection that looked back...

..then frowned, remembering she shouldn't be proud of the way she looked, because it wasn't 'really' her.

"Oh well." She told her reflection. "I can't remember what else they changed... but these tits look great, even if they are a newsun... nuse... pain in the ass!"

Turning - carefully - she left the room, letting her hips and ass sway and rotate to help counter-act her huge new tits, forcing her to take short, mincing little steps. She had to stop walking completely to light up a cigarette, or she would have fallen over.

Leaving the alley, she turned the corner - and almost ran into two handsome young men walking down the sidewalk.

"Well... hello there!" The one on the right said, staring at her chest. His friend was doing that too - he just didn't seem up to speaking. Which was okay, since any guys as incredibly hot as...

"Oh!" Jeri exclaimed, hand flying to her lips in fear. "Something wrong?" the one on the right asked.

Jeri almost went into a full blown panic - then suddenly relaxed and smiled. "Oh, silly me - It's women I'm not supposed to have sexy thoughts about!"

The guys shared a look. "Because that would be lesbo?" the one on the right asked.

Jeri blinked, and struggled to concentrate - then smiled brilliantly. "That must be it! Gee, why didn't I think of that. It makes sense!"

A thrill went through her at knowing - again - why this punishment was being done to her. She must have done something lesbian, and now they were trying to teach her not to have those perverted thoughts again....

..or something like that.

"So " The one on the left - who had dark hair, while his friend had blond hair, but not the same color as hers, 'cause hers was a lot lighter - and longer, though they might not know that because they hadn't looked behind her and might think she had short hair and...

"What?" She asked, realizing that the dark-haired one had said something. the two guys were looking at each other oddly, but the dark-haired one repeated his question without any sign of being upset. "I asked where a gorgeous creature like you was off to on a night like this."

Jeri's grin faltered, and she frowned. "I'm going... going..." She held up a finger. "Wait, I know this one... just give me a sec "

She didn't notice the yet another look the two guys shared.

"Home!" She said with a triumphant smile, snapping her fingers. "I'm going home!" "Where's that?" the blond one asked, carefully.

"I... don't know " Jeri admitted, shoulders slumping.

"Does it say where, on you identification?"

"Yes!" Jeri said, happily - she was so lucky to run into a couple of studs who were not only incredibly handsome, but amazingly smart...

"Oh - I don't seem to have it with me."

"Do you remember your name?" the brunette asked.

"Silly!" Jeri told him, shaking her head. "Of course I know my own name - it's Jeri Connell."

"Hi, Jeri - I'm Mark, and this is Don." The blond said, gesturing, then he suggested "Why don't we check a phone book for you address?"

What a great idea! Jeri was so lucky to find these helpful guys. They were so smart - and built, too, with perfect, muscular bodies and - judging from their crotches - cocks that...

"That would be great!" She said, stepping between the two guys and sliding a hand around each of their waists - she didn't want to loose such a valuable resource before she was safely home. They were obviously really on the ball.

The walked arm-in-arm towards the phone booth on the corner - and she couldn't help but notice the way they were staring at her huge tits.

"Oh... my tits.." She said, apologetically, as the guys flushed and looked up. "I did something recently, and now I'm a lot bigger then I was before."

"Oh..." they said, a little nonplused.

"I.. guess they look freakish, huh?" Jeri said, looking down at her awesome chasm of cleavage.

"No - I like them." The blond's (*Matt? Mike? Something like that*) reassurance was intermingled with "Hell, no!" from the brunette. (*Ron? John?*)

"Really?" Jeri asked, lighting up. "They're a real pain in the ass and everything - but do they really look good to you?" the two guys shared a look. "Well - honestly, we're tit guys. most guys would think they're to big - but we love them."

Jeri giggled at her luck. Whoever was doing this had made her tits really, really big to punish her, making guys disgusted by her freakish tits - and she was lucky enough to find guys who liked 'em big! Guess the.. whoever was responsible for this wasn't as smart as they thought!

The blonde one looked through the book, then looked up. "Oh - there's only one Connell listed - a 'G. Connell'." Jeri blinked. "Oh - Jeri's a short form, for..."

They waited for a second as she struggled with the thought - then the blond suggested. "Geraldine?" "I guess so." Jeri said, with a grin. "So - how do I get home?"

"Well..." The brunet suggested, "We have a car parked down the street a ways. We'll give you a lift." "Great! Thanks Matt!"

"Uh.. Mark." The blond said, slowly, then again, with more emphasis. "*Maaark*." "Oh - right." Jeri agreed, looking at the brunet. "Uh... Don?"

"Right!" He said with a huge grin - and a certain look at Mark, who rolled his eyes.

* * * * *

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Jeri said, holding the ID. Card that confirmed that they had 'broken into' the right apartment, after all. Mark had displayed amazing agility, climbing up the five sets of balconies to get in through the window that had been open a

crack - for several minutes, he'd been hanging precariously as he'd forced the window open enough to get in and unlock the front door.

They'd begun to worry at the sight of the living-rooms 'decor', which didn't seem to indicate any trace of her presence - but this had reassured them all. Though she couldn't remember how the wooden box had ended up on the kitchen table, a quick check through its little compartments had revealed jewelry, credit cards, a wad of cash - and her ID.

She knew who she was, finally - though the picture worried her slightly. It looked mostly like her, but there were several differences that finally filled in some of the blanks about what had changed about her - like this big nose she was now cursed with.

She figured she could have a plastic surgeon take care of that, though. "So.. I guess we should.." Don trailed off, expectantly.

Jeri blinked, trying to figure out what he was waiting for.

"You should what?" Jeri asked, confused, still unable to think clearly. Not wanting to upset such helpful, handsome hunks, she quickly added: "But whatever it is you 'should - it's fine with me."

"Huh?" Mark asked.

She grinned. "You guys are so nice to me, helping me and everything - and you're really good looking, too. Since I don't know what to do, now that I'm home, whatever you guys want to do is fine."

The guys shared a very long look.

"Uh.. what if we wanted to.." Don started...

Mark nudged him in the ribs, sharply. "...hang around?"

"Sure!" Jeri said, happily. "Sit down, get comfortable - I'm just gonna put this away." She picked up the wooden box and headed off towards the bedroom. Stepping inside, she walked over to the dresser and placed the box on it, then decided she might as well change into something more comfortable, if she could find anything that would fit.

Walking over to the closet, she slid it open...

..and stared in confusion. "What the...?"

Worriedly, she flipped through the clothing inside - none of which matched her body in any way. A ribbon of fear ran through her at the thought she might have screwed up, after all - in the entire apartment, only the box and its contents seemed to be hers.

Worried, she looked around the room for another confirmation that this was her place, and not somebody else's.

Almost frantic, she was groping under the bed when her hand encountered something, and she yanked it out into the light. It was a magazine.

A porno magazine.

For a long second, Jeri stared at the cover, uncomprehendingly, seeing the picture of a man and woman posed very suggestively.

Two different messages clamored in her brain as she stared almost mindlessly at the image - then, slowly and numbly, began to flip through the pages...

* * * * *

"You moron - she said she would do anything!" Don complained, keeping his voice low.

"C'mon, man - you know she's too stupid to know what she sounded like she was saying!" Mark argued.

"Maybe - maybe not!" Don rebutted. "You heard her talk about how handsome we are - and do see the way she dresses? The way she walks? The way she talks? So, she's a little on the tall and broad-shouldered side. She'll never win the Miss America pageant. But she's got a killer bod, boobs out to here - and she's a god-damn gen-u-wine bimbo!"

"I..." Mark started to reply - when the sound of high-heels clicking on the faded linoleum floor indicated that Jeri was returning. The guys turned, expectantly...

..and their jaws dropped.

The woman who mincingly jiggled and swayed into the room looked a lot like Jeri - but there were things about her that were considerably different, too.

She still wore the same leather boots as before - but now they were folded down at the top, coming to mid-calve...

..and displaying more of the incredibly long, sexy legs that the jeans she'd been wearing before shouldn't have been able to make look so 'merely nice' before.

She was now wearing a pair of jean cut-off shorts - that hugged her hips and ass like a second skin. Hugged hips and ass that seemed even fuller and more womanly than they had in the jeans.

Her waist, previously on the somewhat thick side, was now tiny - absolutely infinitesimal, and since she was still wearing the same crop- top as before, it couldn't be an illusion created by different clothing.

Her massive, gigantic, incredibly round tits seemed to be about the same - but, then again, if they'd been any bigger she probably would have fallen over. The shoulders above those massive tits, though, seemed significantly slimmer, softer, more gracefully feminine - as did the arms attached to them, and the long, slender neck above them. The neck that was topped by a

heart-shaped face that bore the same amazingly full, sensual lips and huge, empty blue eyes - but now posted a tiny, pert little nose. Her once largish ears were now small and dainty from where they peeked out of her now-loose - and utterly massive - mane of platinum-blond hair.

With short, almost silly-looking steps that caused her huge tits to jiggle and sway outrageously while making her hips and ass 'work' spectacularly, she moved across the room to where the guys sat, stunned.

"Hi!" She said, smiling - and there seemed to be no trace of intelligence in her huge blue eyes or her high-pitched, gigglish voice. "Will you kiss me?"

Mark managed to find his voice - sort of. "Uh..."

That seemed to be enough of an answer for Jeri - as she seemed to melt into his lap, smiling up at him while she waited, expectantly. Mark didn't disappoint her. Bending his head, he kissed her - hesitantly, at first, then with growing passion.

She responded.. incredibly. He'd never experienced a kiss quite like it in his life. She was always following his lead, never trying to 'take control' of the kiss, seeming to be quite content with simply trying to make the kiss he was giving her the most utterly pleasurable one he'd ever had.

She succeeded.

When they finally broke for air, she giggled. "I just wanted to be kissed." She shrugged, to truly intriguing things to her torso. "I don't know why, but it seemed like it was the most important thing in the world all the sudden."

"Oh..?" Don managed.

"Yup." Jeri smiled. "Aren't my tits fantastic?" Don blinked. "Uh..."

"Wanna play with them?" she asked, giggling. It turned out that he did.

After he'd fondled them for a while - while she occasionally lifted his face from her tits to accept a kiss - she turned to Mark. "Say - I give really good blow-jobs. Let me show you "

As it turned out - and as both men would later attest to their friends, at great length, she did give fantastic, enthusiastic head....

..and tit fucks...

..and she was great in bed - in every position....

When they finally stumbled out of her apartment in the wee small hours of the morning, it was almost a frantic escape from her apparently insatiable, gleefully sexual appetite, their cocks utterly depleted and unable to provide any more of what she so obviously craved.

As they climbed into their car, Don looked over at Mark with weary satisfaction. "See? I told you so."

"Oh, shut up."

* * * * *

Jerry stirred, wincing at the light that streamed in the window - he must have slept halfway through the morning, something he almost never did.

Feeling groggy, confused, and extremely strange, he wondered if he'd gone on a bender last night. If so, he figured he must have gotten laid, because he could smell the scent of sex in the room, even half-asleep.

Groaning, he sat up...

..or, at least, tried to. there seemed to be something on his chest.

Blinking, he forced himself into a sitting position, wondering why he felt so weak...

..and found himself staring down at an absolutely enormous pair of tits.

"What the ?" He started to shout - that his mouth snapped shut at the sound of the incredible, high-pitched, feminine voice the words emerged in.

Shocked, his hands flew to his body - and, roaming over the smooth crotch and huge tits, found that he could no longer claim it as his. "Holy shit!" He screamed. "I've got a cunt! And tits! Huge tits! Gigantic.. firm.. tits "

Slowly, his voice slid quieter and quieter, as she began to smile.

"Huge, gorgeous, made-for-making-men-happy tits!" She finished, with a giggle. Smiling happily and thinking about all the wonderful sex she'd had last night, Jeri tried to make her mind work in some sort of semblance of order - thoughts of fucking and sucking kept intruding on her attempts to think. Still, she managed to make a rudimentary plan for today - go shopping for sexy clothes to get men hot, find a job as a stripper - and fuck and suck any cock she could along the way.

Giggling happily, Jeri headed for the bathroom to take a long, warm shower and masturbate - not realizing that she was doomed to experience the first few, groggy moments after waking as 'Jerry', before her personality (what little of it there was) re-established its hold on her.

That was the plan that the Council of Sisters had set up, sure that Jerry's nature would condemn him to this fate - though, not even they knew just how far the transformation would go. When they checked in on her a week later - after tidying up the loose ends of 'Jerry's' disappearance, not that anybody really cared about one less scuz-ball on the planet - they found they outcome not only satisfactory, but eminently just. If they'd set it up so that the new Jeri never knew who she'd been, it wouldn't have been nearly as effective. So, they'd made sure that the confusion and conflicting thoughts she experienced all day

long would be missing for those first few minutes every day, so that he'd get to experience the horror of the punishment each and every day of her life.

However m- powerful as they may be, the Council wasn't omnipotent, and they couldn't have possibly foreseen the outcome of this particular punishment...

* * * * *

SEVEN YEAR LATER

Cursing in the echoing silence of his 'pretty little' head, Jerry struggled to hold on for an instant longer, hoping - against hope - that today would be the day he finally made the break-through he so desperately needed in the living hell of his shadowy life.

For the first year or so of his new life, Jerry's few moments a day as himself had been spent in horrified realization and disgust. He'd gone through every stage of emotion one could think of through those years, in the few minutes he had each day to be 'him'.

However - over time, like anything else, the horror and disgust began to pale. Not vanish, or even diminish - he just grew used to them. To the point that he began to be able to plan, to expect each morning's few moments of 'life'. Jerry wasn't wiped away, after all - he was just limited to a few moments ever day of life.

He began to put this odd, shadowy existence to use.

His first, half-coherent action had been an attempt to kill himself. For two and a half months straight, he'd struggled to reach the kitchen

- and a nice, big knife - before loosing himself to 'the bimbo'. He'd never succeeded.

Which, now, he found to be a good thing - as, since then, he'd been working on a new plan. One that he desperately hoped would work.

If only...

Then, once more, he felt himself swirling away in the confusion of Jeri's mind, and he hoped...

"Hmmm.." Jeri blinked with a smile. She'd never realized how unusual her mornings were, always seeming to wake up in the middle of something - something her lovers remarked on, the few times they'd been able to wake up so 'early' after a night of her 'attentions'.

So she wasn't really surprised to find herself holding what seemed to be a scrap-book. She even knew about the scrap-book, as it was the one she kept in the drawer beside her bed, with all sorts of hot photos she'd collected of herself and her lover(s) at the time.

Then she frowned in confusion as she saw what she was looking at. She had been filling the book from the front, of course - though, with her, nothing was 'of course'. The book, however, was open to the very last page.

There was writing on it, written in what appeared to be a dozen different pens, with the occasional pencil thrown in, as if the writer had switched writing implements ever two dozen words or so. There was also two pictures in the page, both of a man she thought was kinda hunky-looking.

Shrugging, Jeri leaned forward and tried to figure out what all the writing was about, thinking that one of her lovers might have left it - and hoping it would have the phone number of the hunky guy in the picture.

Instead - it seemed to be a bunch of stuff about a few years ago. It started off with 'remember when?', and - frowning - she managed to bring back vague memories of some of the stuff it mentioned, especially Mark and Don...

..her first lovers? That's what the words said, and she couldn't remember any guys before then, but surely it...

She continued reading, glancing up at one point to frown at the wooden box she kept her jewelry and stuff in, then going back to her laborious reading, full lips working slowly as she waded through the word on the paper, trying to force herself to remember all the stuff it kept hinting at.

When she reached the bottom of the page, she tried to figure out what the letter was getting at - but she just couldn't. It didn't make any sense to her.

Nor did it the next morning, when she woke with it on her lap again. Or the next.

Or the next. Or the next.

She tried to ignore it - but on the fifth day of ignoring it, she awoke with it scotch-taped to her tits, which had hurt to pull off, and big black letter had been written on the cover telling her that it wouldn't stop until she got it.

So, she studied that damned letter again - and still couldn't figure it out that day. Or the next.

Or the next... Or the...

Or...

She certainly wasn't up to keeping track of the days, so there was no way she could know that it was nearly eight months later. What she did now was that she'd read the letter so many times over that it had slowly begun imprinting itself on her

vaporous mind. Where other things had a tenuous grip at best, the letter had managed to make a foothold through sheer repetition...

..to the point that it was almost as good as a normal person's comprehension would be, after reading it once.

On that fateful day, she was frowning over the letter again, as usual, working it out in her head, re-dredging up the memories for the millionth (well, two-hundred-and-forty-second) time...

...when something, finally, clicked - and her huge, bright blue eyes showed comprehension for the first time in ages as they flew to the pictures and made the vital connection.

For the first time in seven years, nine months and twelve days, Jerry and Jeri 'met' - and, in that one, blazing instant - united. "I'm him!" She shouted. "I mean... I'm me! I am Jerry Connell! I am a man!"

A man... trapped in the body of a huge-breasted, incredibly sexy woman.

A body that had come to enjoy, immensely, the attentions of men - but could no longer take pure, innocent pleasure from sex.

The body of a woman whose only marketable skill was being a stripper - but who would no longer find the job new and exciting and mindlessly unrepentative every day.

The seven years of Jeri Jugg's life merged with the alert, fully functioning mind of Jerry Connell, tempered by seven long years of a shadowy half-life where 'he' had been forced to experience (and, in a way, come to terms with) 'his' new life - without ever having to live that life or consciously perform any of the actions that it consisted of.

"Oh... shit..." She said, now-alert eyes widening in shocked comprehension at what, exactly, she'd done to herself - as, for the first time, both personas in the outrageously proportioned body merged into a single, coherent - and intelligent - mind.

Slowly, with a shocked look, she put aside the scrapbook and rose to her feet. Walking across the frilly pink-and-white bedroom in her new apartment, Jeri approached one of the numerous full-length mirrors in her room, and stared at her naked, mind-boggling, over-endowed sex-pot body. Slowly, hesitantly, she raised her hands to her huge tits, remembering all the joy these massive tits - her entire body - had given her. Seven years as dulled the edge off her horror and disgust, allowing her to view the new sexuality of her new gender with equanimity, even anticipation - but that mindless, innocent enjoyment of it was gone, as was it with every aspect of the life she'd inherited. She could still take pleasure in life - but, like every one else on the planet, she would now be forced to 'see' the bad with the good, to know and understand the implications of everything she did - to face reality, instead of living in a mindless - but happy - fog.

" 'Behold, the man has become like one of Us, knowing Good and Evil...' " she quoted, softly, the pensive tone sounding definitely out-of-place in her soprano tones. " '...therefore the Lord God sent him out from the garden of Eden.' "

Then, slowly, a smile formed on her full lips - a wicked, intelligent smile unlike the ditzy, mindless one that had resided there for so very long.

"I think it's time I re-negotiated my contract." She told her reflection, striking a sensual pose unlike her usual, good-natured-but-loose-jointed mincing. "This is one blonde 'bimbo' who's about to become *veeeeery* smart..."

Jeri laughed, a full, rich sound that managed to be more - and less - than the ditzy giggle she'd used for the past seven years.

A laugh that redoubled and filled with irony at the realization that she had, indeed, learned her lesson - she was finally able to see how she'd behaved, how she, as a man, had treated women as nothing more than sexual objects...

...and she was about to use that knowledge, turning it about and applying it to her own, feminine life so she could become a very wealthy woman.

As I said - life can be funny that way, sometimes.

Well, I hope you've enjoyed listening to this little tale as much as I've enjoyed telling it. Now, though, the fire is down to its embers, and the bottle to its dregs. It would seem a perfect time and place to let this scene draw to a close, and wend my way home.

Perhaps, sometime, we shall meet again.

I have another tale you might find of interest, then....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After making a casual remark, a young man finds himself in the company of the devil who has decided to transform him into a woman on Thanksgiving day.

A Hell Of A Day

By Gunslinger

"Alex..."

"Mmmpph ?"

"Alex time to wakey-wakey!"

Grawning (A mixed groan and yawn), Alexander Bartholomew Greyson stretched his hands over his head and stretched his muscular arms across the headboard as his eyes flickered open....

...and he sat bolt upright, his dark eyes widening in alarm. "Who the hell are you, and how the hell did you get in here!"

The man sitting in the chair positioned at the end of the bed smiled, revealing unnaturally white, even teeth. "Right on both counts." He replied enigmatically, his voice smooth and deep.

Alex's eyes narrowed, and he flexed his arms overtly. Although the olive-skinned stranger in the tailored suit appeared to have an athletic build, with wide enough shoulders and a trim waist, he was no where close to Alex's massive muscularity - aside for the lack of an accent and the fact his hair was a deep russet (now in disarray from sleep), Alex could have been an 'Arnie' clone, with massive muscles and a square-jawed face. Despite the odd circumstances, Alex was now past that initial fright, and beginning to feel a little more confident.

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

"A thousand pardons - allow me to introduce myself." Somehow, despite the fact he was sitting. The stranger managed to convey the impression of a deep bow. "I am The King of Hell, the Prince of Lies, the Fallen Angel - Lucifer."

Alex blinked, then smirked. "Hold on - you're saying you're the devil?"

The darkly handsome stranger spread his hands. "Satan, Beelzebub, Apollyon, Belial, Leviathan - I have a thousand names and more. But to answer the basic premise - yes, I am the Judeo-Christian anti-deity who is popularly viewed as a horned, red-skinned beast who rules the nefarious underworld."

Alex snorted. "*Riiiiight*. And I'm a three-toed sloth."

The dusky man in the Saville Row suit shrugged. "If you wish."

There was no puff of foul smelling smoke, no flash of light, no mysterious hand movements - just a few seconds of queasiness and an odd, tingling sensation as Alex felt his form writhe and reshape itself...

...into a three-toed sloth.

Then, after a few moments to allow Alex to truly comprehend what had just happened, Satan negligently flipped his wrist - and in seconds it was once more Alex's usual mass of muscle that housed his spirit.

"Holy shit!" Alex screamed, scrambling as far back in the bed as he could, his muscular legs continuing to push him even farther back, even though his back was flat against an oak headboard that would take a Mack truck to break - much less the wall behind it.

"I can't think of any religion that worships feces, *per se*," Satan said urbanely. "And I think you can take my word on it - I'm sort of an expert on religion."

"You... you're..." Alex stammered.

"The Devil - yes, we've been through this."

Alex began to calm down - not *despite* Lucifer's enormous powers, but *because* of them. If the Prince of Darkness had simply wished to destroy him, Alex reasoned, then he would have already. "What... what do you want?"

"You could say that I'm here because you invited me." Satan said with a wry smile. "Wha...?"

Satan cocked his head. "Last night you and your girlfriend, Jenny, had an argument. She was planning to go visit her parents, as today is Thanksgiving - and you... 'suggested' that she should invite them here instead, so that you could enjoy a turkey dinner yourself. She was rather... upset."

"Yeah..." Alex agreed, remembering Jenny's explosion at the 'short notice' of his proposed plan.

"As she stormed out, you said - and I quote," Here, Satan's voice changed, matching Alex's tone and inflection perfectly, like an eerie tape-recorder. "'I wish to Hell I knew why women need so much more time to do stuff than guys'." Satan's voice changed back to its regular tones. "That's why I'm here - to show you why being a woman can be more complicated than you know."

Lucifer then glanced at his wrist, where an expensive Cartier watch was secured. "We'd better get started - it's almost six, and you have a long day ahead of you."

Only now did Alex register that the light coming in the window was the pearly-gray of pre-dawn. He could be forgiven his lapse in attention - after all, other things had been (and still were) on his mind.

"I.. I don't understand..."

Then he felt a strange sensation - and gasped as strands of deep auburn hair tumbled in front of his eyes. His hair, rather short just seconds ago, was now a long, tangled mass that hung in snarls and clumps halfway down his back, and over his forehead.

"Like I said - you're going to find out why being a woman is so complicated. You are going to have to spend today doing all the feminine things that a woman getting ready for Thanksgiving dinner would have to do." Satan grinned narrowly. "I'd say

the first order of business is your hair - not only is it annoying and in the way like that, you should also get it started as soon as possible to make sure that you 'do is ready and dry by the time dinner rolls around."

Alex, scrunched up at the end of the bed, just stared wide-eyed at Lucifer. The Lord of the Flies sighed. "Look - one way or another, you're going to do this. Do it 'voluntarily', and I'll just make you really, really upset. Force me to do it the hard way, and after midnight tonight you'll be spending an eternity in Hell. Your choice."

Alex practically levitated from the bed. He had no doubt that Satan meant exactly what he said - and no matter what embarrassment or 'torture' Satan had planned for him today, he'd take it over an eternity consigned to the bottomless pit. He pulled a robe on over the pajama bottoms he was wearing and shifted nervously from foot to foot, watching Satan for instructions - or any sign of irritability.

One simply did not annoy the Prince of Darkness with impunity, after all.

"*Very Good.*" Satan said, approvingly. "I thought you were a fast learner, Alex."

Alex swallowed nervously. As impossible as it all seemed, he had the Prince of Darkness 'teaching him a lesson' - and that was a powerful incentive to pick up things rapidly.

"What... What am I supposed to do now?" Alex asked, hesitantly.

Satan smiled urbanely. "I have given you the knowledge you will need to do your hair, and Jenny has left enough implements here to allow you to do so. Also..." Satan made a mild gesture, and Alex winced and stumbled as he felt something within his legs shift, "...you should have your legs, like any woman who had a 'formal' event coming up would."

Alex swallowed, and was aware of a blush rising in his cheeks at the thought of what he was being asked to do - but the threat of what would happen if he didn't do it was worse, especially since Satan had already made it clear that, willingly or not, he was going to end up doing it anyway. It was far, far better to 'give in' and avoid an eternity of Hell than to fight. With a bitter taste in his mouth, Alex padded out of the bedroom and down the hall to the bungalow's sole bathroom.

Closing the door behind him, Alex shrugged out of the robe and peeled off his pajama bottoms. His lip curled at the sight of his legs - or what his legs now looked like, for they weren't the same ones he'd had only a short while ago. Although they were still covered by the usual dark mat of body hair, the contours of the legs under that matting was undeniable feminine, looking decidedly out of place between his masculine hips and large feet. There was no wonder he'd stumbled when they'd changed - his thick torso was now supported on slender, shapely feminine legs instead of the pillar-like muscular male ones he'd had so recently.

A look in the mirror revealed his head of long, auburn hair. Not only longer, it was also silkier and softer, with brighter highlights and a smoother texture. Even in its current state of disarray, you could tell that it was hair that most women would

die for - and shame swept through Alex at the thought that he had hair that so many women would envy. It wasn't the sort of 'compliment' that would reassure you average, secretly insecure man.

Alex wasn't truly surprised to discover that - as soon as he thought, consciously, about it - he did indeed possess all the knowledge an average woman would have on how to fix his hair. Making a face, he decided to leave that aside for the moment and shave his legs. As disquieting as the thought of doing so was, part of the impetuous to do so was based on his male interest - the legs looked pretty damned nice under the layer of hair, and despite the fact they were now his legs, he was interested in seeing how they looked smooth and feminine. It was disgusting, but understandable - no matter how close a person was to a woman, the woman's body was still inviolate except by her permission (excepting, of course, the men who viewed rape as an 'acceptable' pastime, or woman as property) and the thought that he could basically do whatever he wanted was an oddly powerful; feeling. He couldn't force a woman to shave her legs because he wanted to see how sexy they were - but he could shave his new legs to do so, no matter the fact that the sexier they were, the more uncomfortable for him it would be.

Alex started a tub of water running and dug around in the stuff Jenny kept at his place, finding her feminine shaving gel and some pink razors. Testing the water in the tub with a finger, he sighed and sat on the edge of the tub, nerving himself up for the act...

...and there came a pounding on the door. "Come on, Alex - I need to get in there." Satan called through the door.

Alex's eyes flew wide at the (theologically stunning) thought that Satan needed to take a leak, but he obeyed quickly, jumping up from the tub and throwing the door open...

"Geez, Alex - what are you doing?" Satan asked, shaking his head. "But.. you said..." Alex stammered, confused.

"Look - I'm just giving you the experience of being a woman - including the guy banging on the door when you're trying to get ready. When you do it to Jenny, does she actually let you in?"

"But... you're Satan, and..." Alex explained, feebly.

Lucifer rolled his eyes. "Alex, if you think that the mere fact that it's the King of Hell demanding to be let in would actually make a woman who's in a rush to get ready give up the sole bathroom in the house, then you don't know a damned thing about women." Speaking slowly and distinctly, he pushed Alex back into the bathroom. "Think of yourself as a woman. I'm going to bang on the door sometimes, I'm going to say all sorts of things - but you *have* to get ready for tonight, and me - being the damned ignorant male - haven't given you enough prior notice. So, it's my *own* bloody fault that you need the bathroom and can't let me in. Got it?"

"Uh... yeah..." Alex agreed, closing the door and locking it in mild confusion. He hadn't even thought about it, but it was true - Jenny never would have opened the door like that for him. He'd never really thought about it from the other point of view, though.

Now - he had no choice. That was the whole point of what was being done to him. He could now 'appreciate' the irony that had made the Devil grant his 'request' - Alex had wondered why women needed so much time to get things ready, and now he was going to find out, no matter what. Everything he was going to do until midnight was going to give him insight into the female life - so he'd have to stop taking things for granted, and 'go with the flow' as best he could.

Which, unfortunately, meant that right now he had to shave his altered legs.

Making a face, Alex resumed his position on the side of the tub, the cold porcelain quickly chilling his bare ass and balls, His usually unusually large cock shriveled under the twin assaults of the cold and the feminine acts he was doing, and his face stayed a steady red in embarrassment as he picked up the gel and razor and proceeded to slowly, carefully and awkwardly remove the hair from his new legs.

When he finished, he stood up and looked at his feminine new legs in the mirror, and grimaced as he realized he'd been right - the legs from the ankle to the thigh were really shapely female legs. There's many different kinds of 'shapely' when you're discussing female legs, and the ones he now had weren't the supermodel-long sexy, or the seductively-muscled dancer sexy. Instead, they were the 'too- cute' sexy - legs that were so smoothly, perfectly, flawlessly accurate to the mythical 'average woman' that they were like legs that might be on a statue or in a air-brushed painting. They were incredibly sexy simply because there wasn't one single definable flaw in them.

Shaking his head at the half-hearted, ingrained response his mind made to the sight of such sexy legs, Alex ignored Satan's demands to be let in (because 'he had places to go, dammit'), and set about to doing his new head of hair, his fingers awkward and stiff in shame at what he was doing.

Out of self-defense, he'd picked the easiest of the 'implanted' styles in his new knowledge - or, more accurately, the easiest of what his new knowledge told him was fancy enough for the occasion. Something like a pony-tail just wouldn't do.

Instead, he sighed and picked up the curling iron. Working with skill's he'd never thought he'd have, he picked an imaginary line that led over his head from about the front of each ear. From there back, he set about to turning the hair into a mass of loose curls. It seemed to take for ever, and the smell of the hot hair was one that he so associated with females that he almost felt like there was a woman in the room with him - but it was just him ,doing something he classified as feminine, and never thought he'd be doing in his life.

Once he'd gotten the mass of hair set into the curls, he pulled all the hair back as tightly as possible to the very back of his head, about where a ponytail would start. Carefully, using the handle of a comb, he pulled out a section and let it fall forward, where it flopped over his eyes, stretching from the outside of each eyebrow or so. This was the hair that he had left straight.

Taking a powder-blue plastic clip with teeth-like protrusions , he fastened the rest of the hair back, where it now spilled down over his back. He then lifted the mass of hair upwards, so that it covered the clip, and used a silver object similar to an

expansion watch-band to hold a mass of curls to cover the clip before spilling the rest back down, where it hung just below his shoulders.

The final step was taking a pair of scissors and cutting the hair spilling forward in a straight line just above the eyebrows.

It was odd for Alex - who had never really paid much attention to hairstyles at all - to notice that the effect was actually rather nice for the color and texture of the hair.

If only it wasn't his own...

Foregoing the pajama bottoms, Alex pulled on the robe and stepped out of the bathroom, where Satan gave him an approving look.

"Very well done." Lucifer congratulated him. "Now - you'd better throw on some clothes and hurry out to buy the stuff you'll need to cook a first class turkey dinner."

Alex was aghast. "You mean - I have to go *out* like this?"

"Not quite..." Satan said with a thin grin that Alex didn't like at all.

His foreboding feeling turned out to have solid basis. He felt a strange sensation, and glanced down and gaped as he watched the robe rustle as his hips widened and his ass expanded. The hips took on that smooth, slightly doubled curve of feminine proportions that even an unusually wide-hipped man didn't have, and an awkward maneuver with the mirror in the bathroom and a hand mirror let him observe a firm, tear-dropped feminine ass that was undeniable feminine in shape - delectable so.

"Hey...!" Alex started - then shut up fast, before saying anything to the powerful Prince of Lies that he'd surely regret. Probably instantly.

"But wait, there's more!" Satan said in a tone of voice that was identical to that of the man on the late-night infomercials. "Order now, and we'll throw in the breasts *absolutely free!*"

"Breast!" Alex exclaimed - then a strange pushing sensation at his chest drew his attention to the mirror. He watched in open-jawed embarrassed horror as the hair on his chest dropped away. Under the place where the hair had once sat, his nipples quivered, then began to expand. His once vestigial nipples thickened and lengthened as the aureole expanded, until a pair of frankly feminine nipples rode on his denuded chest. Immediately, the flesh beneath them rippled and began to swell outward, hardly larger than mosquito bites at first, but quickly growing to what Alex estimated as either a large A-cup or a small B-cup in size, only slightly smaller than the size of an average teenager's breasts.

Alex swallowed, and opened his mouth - but didn't say anything. Already, beads of nervous sweat were forming on his hands, and his face was a deep, embarrassed shade of red - but he dare not say anything. Swallowing nervously, he went into the bedroom and looked for something to wear, feeling like a complete and utter freak - which wasn't far from the truth.

Quickly, he pulled on a pair of boxer-briefs, which stretched enough to fit over his new hips and ass - but were tight, reminding him of the new contours he possessed. Over the underwear he pulled on a pair of dark green track pants, which had been loose fitting on his old body, and still were on the legs - but now clung tightly to his ass and hips. The dark color helped hide the contours of his body a little - but not enough for Alex's taste.

Of course, if he'd had his way, the contours wouldn't have been there in the first place.

If nothing else, he was 'lucky' in the chest department - a dark blue sweat-shirt with a hood hung loosely enough to completely hide his new tits from view - but not to allow Alex to forget they were there, as he shuddered at the sensation created with every breath as his large, much more sensitive nipples moved over the pebbly surface of the sweat-shirt's inner fabric.

Throwing on a pair of sneakers and grabbing his wallet and keys, it took Alex a few minutes of deep breathing at the front door to work up the nerve to go outside. In a quick dash, he headed for his car - and immediately discovered that his new hips and ass made a definite alteration in his stride. From an observers viewpoint, it wouldn't be all that noticeable, but from the inside, Alex was well aware of the circular, hip-swinging motion that his new hips demanded - as well as the uncomfortable pressure on his cock with every step, the new motion of his stride not allowing him to find a comfortable position for his 'little buddy'.

Then he was in the car, and bringing the engine to life. It felt weird to just sit down, as if he were sitting on a pillow - although he knew his ass was about as perfectly shaped and sized as possible, it felt enormous to him, from the inside.

Doing up the shoulder-restraint seat-belt was a new adventure - as it's preset position didn't take in account his highly sensitive right nipple, where the strap sat. One shudder at the pressure on the suddenly erect nipple - both painful and pleasurable at the same time, and disgusting to Alex either way - and Alex quickly readjusted it to sit closer to the center, away from the small masses of flesh that made up his sensitive, perky new 'teacup' tits.

Putting the vehicle into gear, Alex pulled out of the driveway and headed off, purposefully aiming the hood of his car towards a distant supermarket where he'd never shopped before - and would never shop again. For now, that anonymity is what he needed.

As he drove, his nervousness at being in public like this increased, and he briefly considered just driving on, and on - but he was pretty sure that Satan would find him, no matter where he went. So, he pulled into the parking lot of the supermarket, took a deep breath, and climbed out.

The place was packed. All late Thanksgiving shoppers - like himself - the crowd was both a blessing and a curse. A blessing, because there was such a chaotic flow of people that all people could spare was quick glances at the others making up the flow of humanity - and a curse, because of how many people there were to take those quick glances, and then the inevitable double-take at the sight of a muscular-looking man with wide hips and full ass packed tightly into sweatpants, and with a full, carefully styled head of hair.

Carefully styled *feminine* hair.

Entering the mall, incredibly self-conscious of his every movement, Alex picked out a cart and began to force his way through the eyes, watching what the rest of the crowd - oddly enough, mostly male - were picking up. As soon as he noted that many of them headed over to the frozen-food section to groan at the sign that indicated that all the Savarin Turkey Dinners were sold out, Alex realized that these weren't the right role-models for him, not in this situation. Instead, he turned his attention to the few harried-looking women in the store...

...and was shocked silly as he realized something. They were almost exactly like him.

Well, not really, of course - but the truth was, he could tell that the devil wasn't dragging him far from the truth of womanhood - because most of the women were dressed in 'thrown on' clothing, but had hair that was either carefully styled, or in curlers and the like. They also had very harried looks on their faces as they moved with purpose through the store - unlike the milling men - and Alex waited until another woman came in the door and followed her around, picking out almost the exact same items as her. She was so intent on her own work, she never glanced back at him - but Alex was stuck in permanent 'blush' mode at all the looks he was getting from the other shoppers.

Then he almost had a heart attack when he reached the frozen turkey section - and it was empty.

"To aid or last minute shoppers..." A voice was calling on his left, and he turned towards it to find a store employee addressing a small throng of mostly female shoppers. "...we have defrosted the last of the turkey we had in stock, so as to save you time. We have a very small selection, and we ask you to bear with our staff..."

Turning from the man, Alex hurried over to the counter where four harried-looking employees were trying to cope with the rush. Alex was aware of each passing minute as he waited his turn, and even more intently aware of the people pushed around him, pressing against his altered configuration. He got a supremely startled look from one woman who accidentally brushed her hand across his chest

- then she hurried away, tossing looks over her shoulder until she was lost in the mob.

Alex barely reacted - you can't soak a river, and he was at his current limit for embarrassment at the situation.

"We only have a limited selection left, we'll see if we can help you, what size do you need." The man at the counter droned out, obviously having repeated the line countless times in the mere hour since the store opened.

Just Alex - and Satan, assuming he ate... "The smallest one you have, please." Alex asked self consciously. "We have limited..." The man started - then gaped at the apparition in front of him. "*What?*"

"I want the smallest turkey you have left." Alex stated firmly, aware of the other looks he was getting - and supremely relived to be stared at for something *other* than his appearance.

The man behind the counter smiled broadly. "You just made my day." Reaching down to the bottom, where the 'least desirable' turkeys were, he hauled out the one at the very bottom of the stack. Every year, these ones were the last to go, the ones that the customers - having waited until the last possible second - complained bitterly over being forced to take. Knowing the grief that unloading these damned 'mini-birds' would be, the employees actually came to hate the damned things - until now.

Instead of an irate customer demanding a size that they hadn't had in stock for days, or whining and complaining, this was the first customer whose order they'd been able to fulfill. Who cared how weird the person was - they were a great customer.

"One six-and-a-half pound turkey." The man said with a grin - then his features dimmed slightly. "Uh.. it's pre-stuffed, if that's not a problem..."

Most people had their own 'secret recipe' for stuffing - but Alex was ecstatic, since he didn't know a damned thing about stuffing.

"Perfect!" He said, grabbing the bird and dropping it into the cart. Turning, he hurried to the checkout - then waited for the line to run through so he could pay for his purchases and get back to his car.

The wait in line was actually longer than it took him to drive back home. Alex walked into the house, carrying the groceries...

...and Satan grabbed him around the waist, spun him around - and kissed him firmly. "Stop it!" Alex cried, shoving Lucifer away in a spasm of disgust.

"Hey - what's with you, baby?" Satan asked - and his eyes glittered dangerously. "That time of the month?"

Alex swallowed, and forced himself to push the emotions brought about by being kissed by another man into a corner of his mind. "I... have to get dinner started." He managed to keep his voice fairly even - but it was a struggle. "Otherwise, we won't be eating Thanksgiving Dinner until tomorrow."

Satan dropped the act. "Fast thinking, Alex - I give you extra credit for that." He paused. "However..."

Satan didn't like being balked - not even in the little things. Alex gasped and dropped the groceries, hands flying to his chest as he felt that pushing sensation from inside again. The sweatshirt slowly pushed outwards, and he tried in vain to hold

the growing masses of flesh in - but it was a useless exercise. The sensation stopped after a second, the once-loose and concealing garment now stretched taut over what had to be triple 'D' cup tits that pulled heavily downward on Alex's chest. He felt all awkward and off balance from the combination of large breasts and wide hips, and the fact that he could feel the breasts from the inside, feel the sensation of them straining against the shirt, and see where his enlarged nipples were tenting the fabric that was rubbing across them with entirely too- much pleasurable sensation didn't help a bit.

"Woman have to deal with having those things in the way, Alex - so, you do to." Satan said with a thin smile.

Looking up at the clock, Alex saw that it was only eight-thirty in the morning, and heaved a sigh of relief. There was still plenty of time before dinner, and he knew now that that panicked reaction to get things done in time was just a 'buffer against Murphy's Law' as his Dad had used to call it.

"I'd better get things going." Alex told Lucifer, now playing at the 'rushed for time' routine, seeing that he had at least a good nine hours to go. "I mean - do you now how long it takes to cook a turkey?" then he stopped, eyes widening at his own flippant question. "Um... do you know how long it takes?" he asked, hesitantly.

Back in the 'boyfriend' role, Satan held up his hands. "All right, all right - I get the picture. I'll leave you to your cooking." He wandered away, leaving Alex in a mild panic - he had no idea about turkey-cooking times and temperatures.

Then something from a movie he'd once saw came to mind, and he hurried the groceries into the kitchen. It was an interesting journey, with his unfettered new tits jiggling and bouncing distractingly with each step, his larger nipples sliding over the inside of the now-taut sweatshirt. He then picked up the extension in the kitchen and dialed the operator. In an embarrassed tone, he described his problem - and the woman at the other end laughed and helped him, asking the weight of the bird and suggesting that three-to-three-and-a-half hours would do the trick.

Relaxing, now that he knew he still had plenty of time, Alex made a detour into the bathroom, where he peeled off the sweatshirt and eyed the large breasts now thrust from his broad rib-cage. They were amazingly firm and round, with only a slight 'natural' droop that made them look less like silicone implants - an impression reinforced by the equally large, thick nipples that graced the mounds. Alex felt a surge of lust at the sight, as they were the most utterly perfect breasts he'd ever seen - despite the fact that they were hanging from his chest.

Hesitantly, he reached up and touched the globes softly - then slid his hands over the silky surface, testing the heft of the firm mounds, and amazed at the sensitivity of the flesh - much less of the large nipples. When he pinched them lightly, he had to bite his lower lip lightly at the amazing sensation that resulted...

Then Satan's hands slipped around him from behind and cradled the tits. Alex stiffened and opened his mouth to express his revulsion at having a man touch him....

"Well - I guess you had a little time to spare, after all " Satan said in his 'boyfriend' voice - and Alex was forced to clamp his mouth shut, unable to come up with an excuse to let himself out of this. Swallowing back the revulsion, he forced himself to

not react as the Prince of Darkness began to fondle his new tits, looking over her shoulder to 'enjoy' the sight of them in the mirror. "Does this feel good, babe?"

"Mmmm... yes " Alex replied - but the reply wasn't nearly as mechanical and fake as he would have liked - because it did feel good - really, really good. Despite the emotion turmoil he was in, Alex simply couldn't lie to himself that it felt physically enjoyable to have Satan's strong, broad hands playing with her new tits and tweaking his now-erect nipples as...

..as his cock unwilling stirred in his pants, brought to life by the touch of Satan's hand on his tits, and the feeling of Satan's pelvis against his new, feminine ass. The fact that he was getting an erection at another man's touch, no matter how unwillingly, was one of the most utterly humiliating things Alex had ever experienced, even worse then just having the tits to begin with.

And there was not a damned thing he could do about it.

With no choice, Alex let himself 'enjoy' the touch while forcing his mind to wander off into nothing, ignoring the actual cause of the pleasure while enjoying the sensation.

Finally, Satan dropped his hands, finishing with a quick - and humiliating - pat on Alex's tear-drop shaped ass.

Left to himself once more, Alex - his 'blushing' circuits apparently burnt out - looked down at the sweatshirt, then figured 'what the hell' and left it off. Walking from the bathroom bare-breasted, he was bemused to find that just having large breasts that were allowed to hang free actually felt kind of good - he'd never experienced a portion of anatomy that was inherently pleasurable. Even the most highly sensitive part of his body - his slowly softening cock - had to be manipulated. The bounce of every step, the 'reassuring' weight, the air over the smooth flesh and erect nipples - all these things made the breasts inherently enjoyable.

He quickly discovered that they were an enjoyable nuisance when he began to set the table. They tended to get in the way of across- the-chest arm motions, but even that was pleasurable, as his arms pressed against the sensitive flesh of the breasts - and the times when the motion brought it across the nipple itself caused him to pause for a moment as he inhaled sharply at the touch. It took him three times as long to set the table - and not all of that was just because he was busy digging out the good china and silverware...

...which led him to having to dig up the good serving platters, which led to the realization that he'd neglected to pick up any wine. He closed his eyes and counted slowly to ten as he realized that he'd have to venture out into public again, but this time there would be no hiding the firm, round tits hanging from his chest.

Steeling himself, he walked into the living room, where Satan was sitting like a couch-potato in front of the TV.

"Uh... I have to go get some wine." Alex stammered. "I, uh... don't supposed you'd consider, um - going for me? Or, maybe, um..." He paused and looked down at the enlarged tits riding from his chest.

Lucifer looked up. "Oh - no problemo, babe - let me give you a hand." He waved a hand negligently in Alex's direction..."

Alex gasped as he felt a wrenching sensation across his face. "What the...?" He gasped - and stopped at the sound of the feminine voice that emerged. Tits bouncing, he rushed into the bathroom - to confront the feminine face that stared back from the mirror above a slender, feminine throat.

It was a cute feminine face, nothing more - but it looked a little out of place over the broad shoulders and chest he still retained. However, it matched the hair above it, and the voice was sweetly feminine. Alex grimaced, but knew that nobody would really consider the 'woman' as anything unusual - while the body was a little odd in its mass distribution, it was well within the norms, if not beautiful.

With a deep, heartfelt sigh, he pulled the sweatshirt back on over the sensitive mounds of his breasts, and shot a look at the clock as he headed out, figuring that he'd be back by no later than ten o'clock - with plenty of time to cook the turkey.

He was only off by five minutes, on the short side. Oddly enough, as uncomfortable as wearing a feminine face was, it was reassuring to think that he no longer looked like a freak or a transvestite. He received a few looks, but most were centered on his new bosom - and while being viewed as a female was disquieting, the mistaken impression that he was fully female was infinitely better than the alternative, even if one drunk took the liberty of 'complimenting' her 'nice hooters'.

Getting home, Alex stuck the white wine in the fridge to chill, and opened the red wine to allow it to 'breathe' - both on the suggestion of the man at the wine store who'd helped him pick them out, after admitting that 'she' knew nothing about wine.

Turning his attention to the groceries he'd purchased earlier, Alex set to work assembling the dinner, feeling his stomach growl at the sight of the food. He didn't bother to fix himself something to tide him over, figuring it would be a big dinner - and he also figured that the extra time would be handy, as he knew little about cooking, and would need the extra time to dig out the recipe book and make sure everything was going all right.

Following instructions to the letter, he started the packaged grave base, then began to peel the potatoes for mashed potatoes. He'd barely begun when he heard Satan's tread behind him in the kitchen - then a low chuckle.

Alex winced - more in humiliation than pain - as his hands, arms, and shoulders reshaped themselves. His hands became dainty and feminine, with long, even nails tipping slender fingers. His arms became smooth and soft as his shoulders shrank in.

Immediately,. The potato peeling became more difficult. He'd never realized how quickly arms could become tired by simply holding themselves up, his extra strength offsetting the mass of his arms. Deprived of that, he had to stop often to rest his arms as he peeled the potatoes with a little peeler.

Even worse was the fact as it was taking three times as long to do the job. The long, oval nail got in the way, and he was constantly forced to work carefully and attentively as not to damage them - as he knew that something unpleasant was probably

in the works if he should break a nail. After all, women worried about that, and in this situation, he'd be forced to worry about it too - although for totally different reasons.

He'd already resigned himself to the knowledge that Satan was intent on making his appearance totally feminine by the time it rolled around to eating dinner, and he'd find any excuse to change another part of Alex to match the lessons he was learning. Truth be told, he was learning exactly what his unmeant wish had stated - he now knew why women took longer to get things done. One of the major factors was an awareness of their own appearance. Men usually didn't worry about things like how doing something might make their nails ragged, or how standing a certain way over a pot might allow steam to ruin their hairdo - but in these enforced circumstances, Alex had no choice but to pay attention to these 'trivial' matters, and thus gain a new 'appreciation' of all the little things women went through in day-to-day life, acerbated by the fact that this was going to be a 'formal' occasion.

More than anything, though, it gave him a new appreciation as to how good a man had it, and he looked forward to getting this day over with and getting back to his own body, so he could enjoy the 'simple' life of a man.

Everything was well in hand, the turkey just in the oven and everything else simmering or soaking, or whatever they had to be doing, by two in the afternoon. Which meant that everything would be ready to eat at five thirty, and this nightmare would be over - and he had the time between now and dinner to 'relax', as nothing else had to be done.

Satisfied, Alex went into the living room and dropping onto the sofa, felling glad Even better, there were no further excuses for any more changes to his body - at least, not until right before dinner, when Satan would probably make up something. Still, it meant that he'd get this time without having to put up with further feminizing, and he found himself wondering what masturbating might feel like while fondling his own tits...

"So, should I wear a suit, or a tux?" Satan said, drawing Alex - blushing - from the odd line of thought. "Excuse me?" Alex asked, nonplused.

"The dress you're wearing for dinner - how fancy is it?" Satan asked with a twinkle in his eyes - and Alex sat bolt upright, his face going pale.

"Dress?"

Satan shrugged. "Of course - you *are* going to make yourself 'presentable', aren't you? Dress, heels, make-up, jewelry - you know, the very minimum for a Thanksgiving dinner."

Alex's stomach dropped. "Oh - shit!" He swore in his new voice. "I.. I don't have anything... acceptable." He managed to get out, flushing at the thought of wearing women's clothing - and make-up, and...

But it was an obvious oversight, now that it was pointed out to him.

"You'd better hurry and buy something." Satan said, gesturing to the front door - and as he did so, Alex felt strange sensations crawling all over his body, and knew there was to be no temporary reprieve after all.

He felt his waist and chest being 'crushed' as they shrank to more feminine dimensions. In the case of his waist, it was to an 'enviable' feminine proportion, practically non-existent. At the same time, he felt his feet being altered into ones that would be more at home in the 'heels' that were mentioned.

And, to his horror, he felt that pressure in his chest as it swelled out even further. He gasped and shot a dirty look at Satan as his tits grew even bigger, ending at a massive size, like a pair of flesh-colored medicine balls hanging from his reduced ribcage - and almost as heavy. They went from what he considered to be nearly perfect to 'porn-star' huge - and he was amazed at the solid weight of them.

Like before, the nipples also swelled outwards, and unlike a porn-star with surgically enhanced tits sporting nipples sized for her original breasts, these were massive, with no loss of sensitivity.

Alex's mouth worked as he fought the urge to say something he'd regret. His body was now completely feminine in appearance - with the sole exception of the incongruously large cock dangling between his soft, smooth thighs. That was the first thing he'd check as the changes had stopped, and he'd sighed in relief.

Now he took a deep breath - which seemed more work than usual, as his ribcage had to expand against the weight of the massive, GGG-cup tits that hung so amazingly spherical from her chest, the massive nipples standing straight out in the cool air.

"Better hurry." Satan suggested, and Alex - now angry as well as humiliated - escaped the room before he could make matters worse by saying anything.

Picking up the sweatshirt, Alex began to pull it on - and immediately found that the garment was in no way intended to fit somebody with tits the size of medicine balls. With great effort, he got it on - but while the back of the garment hung all the way down to the loose waistband of the sweat pants, the front only came down to the bottom of his massive new endowments, straining to cover the massive globes as much as they did.

Mentally cursing, Alex headed out to his car.

Climbing in, he angrily yanked the seatbelt on - then cried out in mingled pain and pleasure and loosened it somewhat. It had already been set to fit in his then-much-smaller cleavage, by his tits now stuck much, much further out, and there wasn't enough slack in the fabric of the sweatshirt to allow the belt to nestle into his massive new cleavage. Likewise, his tits now literally sat in the steering wheel, and he had to adjust the seat before he could drive.

His anger carried him all the way to the mall and inside before he realized what the few shoppers saw when he entered. Immediately, shame washed over him as eyes turned to follow the progress of the massive-breasted woman incongruously

dressed in ill-fitting men's garments. The way his new tits bounced and swayed erratically with every step, threatening to burst from the cloth prison that bound them, didn't help at all.

Reaching the chain department store that was the mall's anchor, Alex had no trouble attracting a saleslady to help - every eye was on 'her' as 'she' entered, many with a startled or disapproving look.

'Can I help you miss?' The saleslady asked.

Alex sighed. "Uh - yeah. I lost all my clothing, and I need something to wear for thanksgiving dinner." He said, making up the 'explanation' on the spot.

The saleslady sighed. "I.. don't know what we've got that will fit." She admitted.

It turned out that the shopping trip was 'easy' - Alex didn't have much choice in what he ended up walked out of the store dressed in - it was the only ensemble that had fit.

It wasn't a dress, but a long, black skirt over black nylons, and a pair of simple black briefs. The top was a black lace cami-style halter, with long straps designed to tie at the shoulder and lacing down the side that allowed him to lace it so it fit his huge bust. A matching black leather purse and a pair of black suede pumps with three inch heels completed the ensemble.

He was hideously embarrassed by the high-heels, but had no choice. Even worse was the fact that he 'knew' how to walk easily in the heels, causing his tits (unfettered by a bra) to sway sensuously as he moved with a feminine stride that emphasized his spectacularly feminine body, with it's wasp-waist and huge tits well displayed by the form-fitting clothing.

At least he'd gotten out of having to apply make-up - by trading it in for the silent shame of sitting at the cosmetics counter and paying the beautician to do a make-over. Although he had been given all the skills necessary to do his own make-up, he didn't want to, and this was much easier. Beside, he talked the saleslady into a small discount on the silver earrings, necklace and bracelet he'd bought.

Discovering that his new, feminine ear were pre-pierced wasn't even surprising.

Thankfully, by the time he got home, he'd cooled down enough that he wouldn't say or do anything stupid - after all, he only had to endure this ultra-feminine body during dinner, and thanks to his trip to the mall, it was only fifteen minutes before everything was ready.

He walked into the house, and Satan was waiting for him by the door.

"Wow - looking hot, babe." He complimented Alex, leaning forward and kissing him. Having made up his mind to do whatever was necessary to last out the last forty-five minutes or so that was left, Alex closed his eyes and accepted the kiss, putting a minimum return effort into it and trying not to think about what was going on, or how it felt to have his huge tits pressed firmly into Satan's chest.

Breaking off the kiss, Lucifer leaned back to eye Alex again. "I especially love the way that skirt and those heels show off those great legs of yours."

Before Alex could answer, there was the strange sensation of rising as the shoes changed, now a pair of black suede pumps with a six inch spike heel. At the same time, he felt the air movement over his stocking-clad legs as the skirt crawled upwards to end just above the knees.

Gritting his teeth, Alex forced himself to thank Satan for the complement, then set about serving dinner.

It was no easy task. The huge bust he now possessed got in the way, and balancing atop the spike heels, even with the implanted skills, made it a chore. But the food was finally laid out on the table, and they settled into the chairs to dig in.

Alex, despite the embarrassment, shame and anger, was starved, and he filled his plate, his stomach growling. Spearing a large piece of the slightly dry turkey, he lifted it to his full, red-glossed lips....

...and couldn't fit it in. His lips would only open part way.

"Got to watch that girlish figure of yours." Satan said with a grin, and Alex had to fight the return of the anger he'd felt. Instead, he forced himself to slowly and methodically cut everything in small enough pieces to fit into his mouth, cursing his long nails every step of the way.

And his tits didn't help, as he had to sit in an awkward position to keep his new bust out of the gravy on his mashed potatoes.

Finally, Satan sat back with a satisfied sigh, signaling that the 'festive' dinner was over. Although he was still hungry, Alex lay the fork aside, eager to return to manhood.

"Say, Alexandra - after you're done clearing the table and washing the dishes, bring me a beer, wouldcha?" Satan asked, rising heavily and heading towards the living room."

"Hey!" Alex said, startled and angry. "What about " He gestured towards himself.

Satan looked back. "Oh, yeah - get comfortable, by all means."

Before Alex could reply, there was a sudden rush in his chest...

...and the poor top didn't stand a chance as, in the space of an instant, his tits went from GGG-cup size to a freakish MMM-cup size. The tiny scraps of cloth fluttered about his high-heeled shoes as he barely managed to keep from falling over from the weight of his massively enlarged tits, with their gigantic nipples.

"Hey!" Alex exclaimed, outraged. "I didn't..."

Satan gestured again - and the tits swelled even larger. It was 'only' two cup sizes or so, but Alex's new bust was the size of those huge beach-balls, and felt like they weighed a ton each. At the same time, Alex felt the sensation of his hair suddenly growing longer at the back, until it reached past his spectacular, feminine ass.

"Yes?" Satan asked in a deceptively pleasant voice.

"Michelob or Coors?" Alex asked, head bowed. Anger, shame, disgust - all of these emotions, still roiling in him, took second place to his instinct for self-preservation. For a second he'd forgotten who he was dealing with.

Satan laughed. "Surprise me."

Turning, he finished his interrupted journey, and Alex turned to his own private hell.

His massive new bust made even the simplest task a major undertaking. He couldn't see downward past the massive globes, and had to contort into awkward positions to pick up the plates from the table. Already, his smaller back muscles were groaning in protest at having to keep his body upright against the drag of his massive new tits, and life became a series of annoyances as he laboriously cleared the table, wiped it down, and rinsed the dishes. For the first time since he'd owned it, Alex found the dishwasher to be poorly designed - especially for one so unbelievably endowed as he currently was. But any woman would find the particular make and model he had unthinkingly purchased a bit of a pain - and Alex cursed out the unknown designer with every plate, fork and glass he loaded in, filling the space between the spoken curses with silent ones for Lucifer.

Finally finishing the tedious task, Alex grabbed a beer from the fridge and carried it into the living room to hand it to Satan, then stood expectantly to one side.

"Thanks, babe." Satan said, casually. He reached out and grabbed Alex by one slender wrist and pulled him onto his lap, putting the beer aside and kissing him passionately.

Alex - remembering what happened after the last 'minimum enthusiasm' kiss, returned this one with all the artificial passion he could muster.

The Satan smiled at Alex - and Alex had to repress a gasp or any other noticeable reaction as he felt what could only be his cock pulling into his body.

Or, her body. With a newly formed cunt, Alex was now - physically - a female.

"Say babe - how 'bout a little fun?" Satan asked with a leer.

Alex wanted to vomit - but from the expectant look in Satan's eyes, she knew that Satan was just waiting for her to refuse, to 'drop out of character' - any excuse to make this worse, or to force her to do it anyway and then claim her soul.

Although every fiber of her being cried out in horror, disgust and anger, Alex forced herself to smile. "Mmm... sounds like a plan..." Alex saw a twinkle of anger at being balked - but Satan's smile widened and he winked. "Great."

Picking up the new, huge-breasted woman, Satan carried her to the bedroom. With every step closer, Alex's urge to scream, to flee, to beg grew - and she fought tenaciously to keep herself from doing so, knowing that, no matter how bad things seemed right now, they could always get worse.

A lot worse.

Tossing her on the bed, Satan began to strip out of his suit, and Alex forced himself to undress as well. "You ready, baby?" Satan asked, drawing her eyes to him...

...and she nearly choked on the gorge that rose in her throat at the sight of his massive, rock-hard cock throbbing between his legs. Dusky to begin with, the long, thickly veined organ was nearly purple in its erection, and was bigger than Alex's own, now missing cock had been.

Instead of vomiting, Alex spoke through clenched teeth.

"Take me, stud..." Every word forced out through an unwilling throat. And Satan did.

Jumping onto the bed, his hands reached out to roughly fondle her huge tits as he positioned himself. Closing her eyes, Alex forced herself to not say or do anything at all, but be limply responsive, a mindless...

..fucktoy.

That's exactly how Satan used her.

Alex had to bite her lip to keep from crying out in a mass of tangled emotions as Satan rammed his massive cock deep into her cunt. Pleasure, pain, humiliation, shame - all of these things flooded her as Satan, with an evil grin, began to fuck her, long and hard.

It didn't take long before most of those emotions were driven farther back by the rising tide of pleasure that ran through her body. It disgusted Alex to enjoy getting fucked hard by a huge cock - but the pleasure of being filled, the sensations of sexy - all of these were undeniable.

Satan laughed as he continued to fuck her closer and closer to her first orgasm. She lay on the bed, her body shuddering under his thrusts, her huge tits bouncing as he drove into her. She helplessly began to moan in pleasure, her head tossing back and forth in unwanted ecstasy as he drove her closer and closer to the brink...

...and then completely over it.

Shamefully, she screamed affirmation and pleasure into the air as her body writhed in the grip of the intense orgasm> She tried to stop her pleading for it, harder and faster, but couldn't - and Satan complied, pushing the orgasm higher and faster, following the first with another, impossible more powerful one - then by a third that cause her to stop thinking all together, screaming in primal ecstasy as her body shuddered under the force of him cumming deep into her now sopping wet cunt. Her

body was soaked with sweat as she flailed on the bed, lost in pleasure, and Satan withdrew his massive, glistening member from her cunt - and he was still cumming, like a firehose. He laughed and kept cumming, spraying her body with streamers of cum as she continued to mindlessly scream in pleasure, his hands rubbing the slick, warm liquid into the silky flesh of her massive tits and increasing the pleasure that rocked her body by manipulating her now sperm-slicked nipples that were almost painfully hard.

Finally, the orgasm died out and she slumped back onto the bed after arching her back. Shame and humiliation swept through her at the thought of the way she'd been a second before, and her skin crawled at the feeling of being coated in cum. It dripped from all over her body, slicking her hair and running in streams down the sides of her breasts.

"There you go, Alexandra." Satan laughed. "I have to say - it's been enjoyable." Alex looked up at the grinning devil. "I'm glad you enjoyed it." She said, bitterly.

Satan ignored the Sarcasm. "In a few seconds, you are going to fall into a deep, dreamless sleep. When you wake up, it will be this morning again - but instead of me being here, it will be your once-angry lover sharing your bed. No fight happened, because the whole Thanksgiving dinner thing would have been planned ahead of time, and all the things to make it will be here."

Alex sighed in relief, knowing that even the residual shame that somebody might connect him with the weirdo at the supermarket this morning would be gone, as it had never happened. Satan was even patching up the relationship - and Alex had to admit that he'd been wrong, in the first place. As awful, as degrading as today had been, it had been informative - and he had to admit - privately - that, as emotionally damaging as getting fucked had been, it had also been the best sex he'd had in a long time.

Which wasn't saying much, he thought wryly. Jenny was an okay girl - but a little too wholesome for her own good.

"So, before I go, here's your prize for getting through today like a trouper." Satan said, surprising Alex. "I'm going to grant you one wish." Alex blinked. "Really?"

Satan nodded. "Yup."

Considering the line of thought he'd been deep in an instant ago, the wish popped out of his mouth without thinking, and he felt a vague disgust with himself even as he said it. "I wish that my relationship with - heck, all my future relationships would be more... sexually orientated."

"Granted!" Satan said before Alex could retract his impulsive, selfish wish - then he simply vanished. 'Oh well...' Alex thought as a deep sleep pulled him down. "It'll be fun, at least..."

* * * * *

Shrugging off the curtain of sleep, Alex blinked and stretched in the early-morning light streaming in the window...

...then stopped dead and slowly, with a horrified expression, looked down.

Tenting out a sexy black lace teddy was a pair of enormous tits that looked very, very familiar.

In that same slow motion, Alex turned his... her head and looked at the sleepily smiling person in bed with her.

Alex - or, as his mind seemed to insist, Alexandra - could see Jenny's features in the face of the massively muscled man beside her. It was as if the person Jenny now was - Jerry, Alexandra's mind told her - was the massively masculine twin brother of the no-longer- existent person Alexandra's second set of male memories knew as Jenny.

In that one, horrified instant, Alexandra realized that the Devil had tricked her - or she had tricked herself. Because the 'prize' wish hadn't been in addition to getting changed back - it had been her chance - her only chance - to regain her old life.

And she'd blown it in her lustful urges...

...which were now turned in the opposite direction. Although she remembered everything about being Alex, she also remember her life as Alexandra, an uninhibited, huge-breasted woman who loved to act, dress and be sexy. Not cheap-slutty sexy. She didn't fuck anything with a cock. But when she was in a relationship, like she was with Jerry...

"Hey, gorgeous..." Jerry said, sleepily - and Alexandra helplessly found herself kissing her boyfriend with mild, early-morning passion, while he fondle one of her massive tits.

Then, with even more horror, she found herself doing something she 'remembered' doing a hundred times before...

...peeling back the covers, she slid around on the bed to where Jerry's massive morning erection stood tall, and slid her full lips over his stiff cock. With her 'skills' - well honed by 'experience' - she began to suck his cock with abandon, knowing that when he came, she'd 'eagerly' gulp down his 'delicious' cum with a smile on her lips.

As she lay there, her huge tits resting on Jerry's knees, her head bobbing up and down with abandon, and her cunt already sopping wet with the thought of the sex they'd have later, she found the oddest thought flitting through her mind.

Considering the day, she should have 'Given Thanks' before allowing herself the 'pleasure' of sucking Jerry's cock....

Then the male part of his brain began to scream, knowing that she was to spend the rest of her life unable to stop herself from being the huge-breasted, sex-loving Alexandra because the Prince of Lies had once more found the lustful weakness of a mortal soul.



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: In answering two roommates' wishes for their other roommate to be more helpful around the apartment, one fortune teller decides that their messy roommate will be much more "helpful" as a female roommate named "Chrissy"

Helpful

By Gunslinger

Part One

Oddly enough, even though he was still looking for work in the field, all that computer training he'd signed up for - and taken - had an unexpected 'fringe benefit' that Matt had never really appreciated until recently. Due to his financial situation, he'd sold his car to get some cash and save money - and so had been forced to wake up early each morning to get to his seven a.m. computer classes on time. His body had adapted to that cycle, and though he was finished all his computer training, he still habitually awoke at the same time... and since he was no longer dashing about, frantically getting ready for class, he was able to sit in the kitchen and enjoy his first cup of coffee while watching the late summer sunrise outside the apartment's big patio windows - one of the advantages of getting one of the ground-floor apartments at the rear.

Matt didn't look like the type of guy who sat around and enjoyed the sunrise - or the type to take computer training, for that matter. At six-foot-seven, he was a veritable monster, with thick slabs of muscles on a beefy, broad-shouldered frame. With his head shaved down to mere stubble (to hide his early receding hairline) and with a small, neatly trimmed goatee, Matt looked more like the prototypical bouncer - which he'd been before his back injury which happened during a bar-fight he was trying to break-up and had put him on compensation. That's when he'd decided to take computer classes - and to everybody's surprise (including his own), he'd turned out to have a real knack for computers.

It was odd, but that injury had probably been the best thing that had happened to him. He'd had a pretty tough life up until then, in many senses of the phrase - not only 'tough' because he was the only son of low-income single mother, but also in that he'd always been 'tough', playing out the 'macho' routine people expected of a muscular guy, just to avoid unnecessary 'confrontations'. All his jobs had been 'muscle' jobs, from working in factories to his jobs as a bouncer. The enforced 'idleness' of

the injury had allowed him to discover his talent for computers, as well as an enjoyment for well-written fiction, mostly fantasy type novels. It was as bemusing to him as it was to the people who knew him that this big, sandy-haired bruiser was a 'book-loving computer nerd'.

Which was how he found himself truly enjoying a morning sunrise out of the windows of his apartment when the phone rang, jarring him out of his drowsy contemplative haze.

Annoyed, he glanced over at the phone on the wall to see what the Caller ID had to say - but the solid red light above the screen indicated that one of his roommates had already answered it - probably John, since Chris wasn't exactly a 'morning person'.

His assumption was validated a moment later when John came into the kitchen, his long, dark hair tousled from sleep and his eyes still heavy-lidded. Though the same age as Matt, that was about all John shared in common with his roommate. Shorter than Matt by a good eight inches, John had the whipcord-lean physique of a runner, all rawhide muscle on a lightly-built frame built for speed. Darkly tanned and with a face that was lightly scarred by bad acne when he was in high school, in the twelve years since then he'd gone from a skinny, pimply 'nerd' to a real lady-killer - not only had his obsession with such sports as horseback barrel-racing, mountain-biking and white-water rafting given him a lean, tautly-muscled body, but his lean build and mildly scarred face was darkly handsome in a rugged, craggy, 'Young Clint Eastwood' sort of way - one that went well with his mostly quiet, yet intense, nature.

"Morning." Matt said, eyeing John's casual - and comfortable - 'just-thrown-on' ensemble of jeans and a baggy blue sweatshirt. Matt was also, by nature, a 'casual' guy, but because of his job-hunting, was forced to get used to more formal clothes. Currently, he was dressed in dark gray slacks and a white dress shirt with the top buttons undone, needing only a tie and jacket to complete his suit.

"Yeah, it's a hell of a morning!" John said, grinning. "Wait 'till you get a load of this. You know how the phone rang a couple of minutes ago? Well, it was the cops - they've found my car."

"Cool!" Matt said, grinning as well. The day before yesterday, John's prized Candy-Apple-Red Trans-Am had been stolen. The officer who'd responded had been doubtful about John's chances of getting his car back, and John had spent the past two days in a pretty pissed mood - understandably so.

"It gets better." John said, holding up a hand. "Okay, the guy who stole it? He wanted it for himself, see? So, he not only stole it - but he put four brand-new top-of-the-line sports tires on it, with new rims and caps... and he put in a real kick-ass stereo system. Since all this stuff was bought, not stolen - the cops have the receipts - they're just gonna leave it on. Not only am I getting my car back - but it's in better shape than it was when it was stolen!"

"Damn!" Matt said, grinning back at his ecstatic friend. "That *rocks!*"

"Yeah, I know." John agreed, filling a mug with the fresh-brewed java and dropping into one of the other beaten-up chairs around the kitchen table. "I mean, if you're gonna get your car stolen, this is the way to..."

Suddenly, a high-pitched screech echoed through the apartment, yanking the two young men to their feet out of a basic primal instinct. They shared a startled look.

"That sounded like it came from Chris' room!" Matt said, startled.

John snorted. "That explains the scream. If some chick came home with Chris she musta been really drunk, and she just woke up and realized what she'd done..."

Before Matt could respond to his friends overly-cynical comment, a second scream ripped through the muggy air of the apartment... and this one trailed off into something that sounded suspiciously like sobs.

Matt eyed his friend. "I.. I think we'd better go check. Just... just to be on the safe side, you know?" John sighed. "Yeah. I know."

Feeling awkward - this wasn't an everyday situation, and they weren't quite sure how to handle it - the two roommates made their way to the closed door of their third roommate's room. They hesitated outside, faces screwed up in anxiety and mild confusion, the sounds of feminine sobs coming clearly through the closed door. They weren't just sobs, either, but deep, heart-wrenching sobs, ones of utter horror and despair.

John, who was usually pretty hard on Chris, muttered to Matt. "Even waking up beside Chris wouldn't make a woman sob like that."

Matt's sandy eyebrow rose, and then he took a deep breath and quietly opened the door to Chris' room, feeling awkward about invading Chris' - and his unknown female companion's - privacy. Beside him, John crowded in almost under his thick, muscular arm, wanting to see what the hell was going on.

As usual, Chris' room was a mess. Dirty and clean clothes received equally treatment... except for the fact that the piles of clean clothes stacked everywhere were folded, whereas the drifts of dirty clothes were unsorted and unkempt. The room didn't smell disgusting or anything, but it had a sort of 'musty' smell from being closed up all the time, overlaid by the faintly bitter smell of old incense.

It wasn't that Chris was a slob, exactly. The room was 'untidy' rather than 'dirty', and the furniture, while mismatched and battered, was clean. It was just that Chris, while a nice enough guy, was more than a little... 'out there'. He almost seemed to walk around in a daze.

Given the fact that the almost painfully skinny young man kept his long, shaggy mane of golden-blond hair pulled back into a ponytail, had a scraggly beard and mustache, and habitually wore jeans and baggy, faded tie-died T-shirts and peered out

at the world through a small pair of silver-rimmed 'granny glasses', it was understandable that many assumed Chris was a anachronistic 'hippie', a pot-head with fantasies of communes and flower-power.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Though both his roommates - John especially - liked to rag Chris about untidy habits, they'd be the first to admit the truth - Chris was damned near the smartest man they'd ever met. The problem was, he was also highly 'absent- minded'. With a genius-level IQ and a very quiet personality, Chris seemed to know just about everything, from fixing and upgrading computers to the most esoteric facts and figures. He was unbeatable at games based on Trivia (when he could be bothered to play them), and he could figure out every 'Whodunit' ever filmed or written, usually in the first twenty minutes. He was also a whiz at using, building and programming computers, as well as repairing and modifying almost anything electronic. He was a young man who knew everything... but noticed almost nothing. With his mind always focused on deep, heavy thoughts, the real world sort of... escaped him. In fact, there was a story his roommates loved to use to describe him. John and Matt had been throwing a sort of 'get-together', and about a dozen people were over. Chris, as usual, had been cloistered in his bedroom-slash-workshop... except he'd wandered out, mumbling to himself and turning a piece of damaged circuit board over in his chemical-stained hands. Still puzzling over the electronic component, he'd poured himself a cup of coffee (forgetting to put the cream and sugar away when he was done with them) and wandered back to his room...

...without even *noticing* the 'party' in progress, or any of the people who spoke to him. So lost was he in his own concerns that he missed it all completely. Given this sort of abstracted state of mind, even his somewhat put-upon friends and roommates, despite their semi-good-natured complaints, understood why he never offered to lend a hand to tidy up the apartment, much less his own room. He quite simply didn't notice the fact that anything needed to be done - even if the other guys were in the middle of a major spring-cleaning, and he had to walk around them and their cleaning accouterments to get to his room.

Not that he didn't pitch in. If there were no more clean glasses, he'd do all the dishes and put them in the drying rack, just to get one clean one for himself - but he never remembered to put away the dishes. Same thing when he vacuumed, or dusted - he'd do the work, if it got to the point he 'noticed' it... but then he'd just leave whatever he'd been using to clean with wherever it happened to be when he finished. Left to Chris, entirely, the apartment would have been 'clean' - even sanitary - but untidy.

It was this same sort of absent-minded behavior that 'impinged' on Chris' social life... or, rather, it's damned-near lack of it. Not that he didn't have the usual male urges - it was just that they quite often got lost in the 'urgency' of another deep thought. Besides... who wanted to date a guy who could, quite literally, forget about you for weeks on end... even if you were in the same room with him the entire time?

So, despite the fact they were used to living with Chris' oddities, neither of his roommates was at all prepared for the unusual situation they found upon opening the door.

The room was still a cluttered mess, furnished with second-hand, clean-but-beaten furniture... but the room's sole occupant was a lovely, buxom blonde woman about their own age.

She was butt-naked.

The covers on the bed were shoved down near her dainty, well-formed feet, her long, shapely legs stretched out and spread apart, exposing her neatly-trimmed patch of golden pubic hair... but her slender, cute/shapely hand covered her actual cunt. Her waist was nice and slender... and currently shuddering with the force of her deep, wrenching sobs.

Her trim stomach wasn't the only thing shaking with the sobs. Her breasts were large and firm and round - nearly spherical, in fact, evocative of the firm, ripe, honeydew melons they so closely resembled in size. One of them was semi-concealed by her other hand - but the other one was freely visible, as was the large, thick pink nipple.

She had the sort of perky, heart-shaped face that would, under other circumstances, fall naturally into a bright, sunny expression. It was all-but-mandatory, given the configuration of her high, well-defined cheekbones, pert nose, and full, mobile mouth. However, there was no trace of any perky, bright-eyed happiness in her current expression.

It was, in fact, an expression of unmitigated despair, her long-lashed eyes scrunched painfully tight, her full, supple lips slack, her tousled, silky mane of golden hair falling about a lowered, pain-tightened face.

"Uh... Miss...?" Matt said, ashamed of intruding on a woman so utterly naked - and not just physically, but emotionally, as well - which may have been worse. She was certainly cute-and-sexy, and under other circumstances would be a true joy to gaze upon... but the heart-wrenching anguish on her face, the despair that shout from every slumped curve of her quivering body squashed any incipient arousal such a firmly-rounded body might otherwise have engendered. "Are... are you.. uh, all right?"

Matt more-or-less expected her to shriek, yank the covers up to her chin, and shout at them to get out. Instead, her eyes snapped open and she stared at them incomprehensibly for a second - then stretched her arms out, imploringly.

"Matt! John!" She cried, anguished. "Look... look what's happened to me...!"

John's "How did you know our...?" Was mingled with Matt's uncomprehending grunt of surprise as they stared, somewhat wide-eyed, at the cute-sexy (and very naked) blonde on the bed.

"Guys!" She said, her otherwise crystal-clear contralto voice rough with emotion. "It's me... Chris!" The two roommates stared at each other, then back at her - and it was Matt who voiced the thought. "That... That's impossible!"

"I know!" She keened. "But... it still happened! I.. I'm a... a.. a *woman*..."

Then she broke down again, her body once more wracked by those deep, wrenching sobs.

Still shocked and stunned by her unbelievable claim, Matt turned to John for confirmation of his initial statement. "It... It couldn't be... right?"

John, however, had noticed something that had escaped both of them until now - and when he spoke, it was in an oddly strangled tone, eyes seemingly as large as dinner plates.

"The room...!" He managed through a tight throat and suddenly dry mouth. "Matt... look at the *room*...!" Matt, confused, turned back to the usual clutter... and slowly his eyes widened as his jaw sunk.

It wasn't the same room. Given that it was as cluttered as expected, and that there was a naked, buxom woman on the bed, Matt could be forgiven for missing it at first... but now that he took a good look at the room, there was no doubt that it had changed.

The furniture was still pretty beat-up, second-hand stuff... but it wasn't the *same* stuff.

The dresser, once battered, brown-painted and boxy, was now a poorly-cared-for 'antique' bureau, with faded brass hardware and boasting a big mirror that the other chest of drawers had lacked. It was reasonable well-matched in color and style (and condition) by a pair of end-tables flanking a matching bed.

In fact, all the furniture in the room matched, something the original furniture hadn't even pretended to do.

It was more than just the furnishings that had changed, however - there was also the 'clutter'. Though as messy as expected, what the mess was comprised of was completely different.

Women's clothing. A purse. Several pairs of high-heeled shoes, and even more 'loose' single shoes. The watch and other personal effects negligently scattered over the top of the dresser had been replaced by a small, overflowing jewelry 'caddie', as well as keys on a completely different key-ring.

The computer was the same, but the desk it sat on was different... and pushed into a corner. Where the desk had 'originally' sat was a make-up table with a small chair and an oval mirror. The usual litter of feminine 'beauty' products was scattered across its surface, including make-up, hair-spray and perfumes.

Even the paint on the walls was different. Instead of the original, not-too-well-applied flat beige, it was now a somewhat 'warmer' shade of off-white... and the baseboards (where visible) had been sanded down to the bare wood, then covered with a light oak varnish that matched the 'new' door-frame and shelf-like lintel... which hadn't been there yesterday.

Matt stared at the room, seeing it anew, and then slowly began to shake his head, not even aware of the motion.

"But... but it would take days to redecorate the room, repaint it..." He muttered, numbly. "The paint and varnish can't be fresh, because then I'd smell... but it couldn't be done in one night, anyway, even if moving furniture in and out didn't wake me..."

Hesitantly, he reached out and touched the door frame.. and found the varnish not only to be completely dry... but a bit dusty. Which meant that the room had, indeed, changed somehow, overnight. If it was possible for a *room*, and all it's contents, to change overnight, then the obvious derivative conclusion would be...

"Cuh... Chris...?" Matt said, in a strangled voice. "Is.. Is that really *you*?"

The sobbing woman on the bed managed to get a fragment of control and look up at them, her startling deep blue eyes brimming with tears.

"Yuh.. yes!" She managed to sob out. "I.. I don't know what happened! I just went to be last night, like always... and when I wuh-woke up.. I looked like... like... like *this*!"

Whatever Matt was going to say in reply was lost in a sudden heavy clatter - or maybe a rebounding 'thud'. Whatever classification of sound that noise was, it was the sound of John hitting the floor.

He'd fainted dead away.

* *

"John! Buddy... wake up! C'mon, man - you're starting to worry me...!"

John moaned softly and let his eyes flutter open... to find himself staring at Matt's unlovely face. From the feel of the wooden 'spines' digging into his back, he was sitting in one of the chairs in the kitchen... an opinion confirmed by the fact that the table was digging into his side, and the smell of coffee was almost palatable.

Blinking, John straightened and closed his mouth, working up some saliva. "Man... what happened? I musta passed out or somethin', 'cause I just had the weirdest dream, where Chris was a..."

That's when Matt stepped back a bit... and John found himself looking at the back of a shapely, slender woman with a full mane of richly golden hair. She was wearing an attractive one-piece outfit that John didn't know what to call: the bottom half was a pair of not-too- short-but-delightfully-tight denim shorts... yet sewn directly onto that was a sort of.. short sleeve shirt? Make that a no-sleeve sort of vest-thing. Yellow with blue 'plaid' striping, it was barely-there at the back, little more than a band that was narrowest at the small of her back, flaring larger at either side to form a vest-style front... something John was able to see, as she turned around to hand him a cup of coffee, revealing that the sewn-on 'vest' top had a fairly low neck-line that revealed a delightfully milky expanse of cleavage. Indeed, the outfit matched her perfectly - bright and chipper and sexy in a quasi-innocent way.

Under her airy, stylish mane of perfectly coifed golden hair, the woman's face was the same one as in his 'dream' - except it was beautifully and perkily made-up, with a hot-pink gloss lipstick and barely-noticeable purplish eye-shadow.

"Trust me, John..." the cute-sexy woman said, handing him the coffee... and in doing so, getting that delicious cleavage pretty damned close to his face, her incredibly firm, round mounds only inches away from his bulging eyes. "...it's no dream."

"Buh... buh-buh-buh... but..." John stammered incoherently, the hand holding the (thankfully) half-full coffee mug shaking violently. "But... but..."

"*But...* this is Chris." Matt said, gently, looking a little wild-eyed around the eyes himself. "Krissy, actually, from what I understand... though my driver's license says 'Christine' on it..." "I.. I don't understand..." John managed, looking at Matt in what amounted to a plea.

"Neither do I, really." Matt admitted, slumping heavily into one of the other chairs. "After you passed out, Chris... Krissy... practically broke down, and I went to, uh... well, try and reassure her, though I don't know how. We found her ID on her dresser, and we decided to come out here and try and figure it out... but, uh... She couldn't leave the room."

"Huh?" John asked.

"Well - not looking like I did, anyway." The now-female roommate filled in, handing Matt another mug of coffee. "It was really weird, but I felt like leaving the room looking as mussed as I did would be... wrong." She frowned slightly - and John had to remind himself forcibly that this sexy blonde was, apparently, really his old friend and roommate, Chris. "It wasn't that it felt wrong in the 'I'm gonna break the law' sort of way, but like I'd be in burning agony if I left my room looking like that. I had to get myself looking... uh, 'pretty', I guess, before I could leave..... and when I did, I, uh... well "

She was blushing now - and even that looked damned cute on her.

"I, uh... Well, I felt really... good. Happy. I don't know why - but I feel a sudden sort of happiness when I, well, do something 'good', I guess. When I make myself look nice. When I tidy up. When I get somebody coffee, too... which is why I got you each a cup." She sighed. "It's weird. I'm not happy waking up to find out I'm now a woman, and I'm worried and scared and horrified.. but I still feel really, really good when I do something..." She fumbled for a word. "Something... *helpful*, I guess..."

It was as if a huge, painless hammer had slammed John in the nose, setting off a burst of pure white light that nobody else could see. He could practically *hear* the 'click' as it all came together in his mind.

"Holy shit..." He said, suddenly breathless. "Our wishes!"

Big, bulky Matt and slender, shapely Krissy, as unlike in face and figure as one could imagine, both contrived - unknowingly - to create the same expression of incomprehension on their respective faces. On Matt it looked brutish - on Krissy, it looked almost intentionally cute.

"Huh?" They asked, in what turned out to be a remarkably pleasant chorus.

John was sitting bolt upright, staring at them in shocked comprehension. "Last night - we went to the carnival. You guys were trying to cheer me up, remember? And we stopped in to see that old Fortune teller. She told us that she 'saw' each of having one of our 'wishes' come true?"

Matt's jaw had dropped open as he, too, saw the connection. "Holy shit! You... you wished that you'd get your car back!"

John nodded. "Actually, I said that I wished I'd get my car back 'in better shape then ever'... and the cops called this morning to explain about my car!"

Suddenly, Matt's face went pale and fish-eyed in horror as he remembered the second 'clue' that had made the connection for John - his own wish.

"I wished... I wished that you would be more helpful...!" John said in a thick, hoarse voice. "Oh, shit, man... I musta done this to you somehow! I mean, I was just joking and all, and I didn't know this would happen, but... oh, shit, Chris, I'm so sorry..."

The buxom new woman had a look of horror on her own face... and then, almost involuntarily, she began to chuckle, catching the other two off guard.

"No, Matt..." She said in an odd tone of voice. "You might have given me this no-longer-inexplicable need to be 'helpful'... but I did this to myself..."

In passing, both John and Matt noticed that the phrasing was quintessential 'Chris', and without even realizing it, the last of their doubts slipped away. However, all of this was on the subconscious level as they looked at their newly feminine friend in confusion.

Her strange chuckles grew louder, and she spoke between them. "You see... I wished... I wished that... there'd be a gorgeous blonde in my bed when I woke up this morning..."

Then her strangled chuckles slid through the emotional spectrum, becoming deep sobs as she slumped into the third chair at the table.

* *

Even as his... no, *her*... damnably shapely elbows hit the table and her sobs rose towards full force, Krissy struggled to get a hold of herself. She'd been through enough shocks today - in the past forty minutes or so, actually - to know that this wasn't going to help. Indeed, if she let herself give in to her despair, she might slide into a spiral of depression she might never escape - and as bad as things were, she wasn't willing to 'surrender' herself to mindless, black despair - at least, not yet.

Who knew what she might be willing to surrender herself to if it should turn out that there was no way to undo this thing that had happened? The guys had no idea how hard this was for her, though they probably thought they did, vicariously at least.

At least Matt had a slightly deeper understanding of the situation she was going through. He'd been present - and conscious - when she'd almost hysterically called her (well, Chris') doctor, hoping for an appointment and the receptionist had recognized her...

...as *Krissy*! She'd almost fainted herself at being addressed by the diminutive - and almost too feminine - form of her 'new' identity. A couple of other quick calls, including one to his/her parents (that must have left them confused) had verified that, as far as the world outside this apartment was concerned, she was - and always had been - Krissy. Right last name, right age, right address, even a similar first name... but 'wrong' gender - though, given her current appearance, maybe that was 'right' gender. It felt strange, but she was actually a bit appreciative that everybody except herself and her roommates 'remembered' her as Krissy... it was oddly 'reassuring' that nobody would be able to 'catch' her being a woman, because nobody except the three of them ever remembered her as a man.

Still, even Matt didn't know just how bad it was.. because the very worst part of it was so disturbing that she didn't even want to mention it, as if that might somehow make it more 'real' than it already was.

She was finding her roommates - her friends, her buddies... *attractive*.

She certainly didn't *want* to, of course. After all, despite her most-*definitely*-female body, she was, to her own mind, male, and that was 'sick' - yet that wouldn't dispel the fact that she did, indeed, find them attractive. She now noticed that they were most definitely masculine, and handsome each in their own right. Though she didn't want to, she couldn't help but noticing their masculine presence, the way they moved and talked.. and finding it attractive.

Much, *much* worse was the fact that she found it... pleasurable. That was even more of a shock... but she couldn't help it. It was like the burst of pleasure she felt when she did something useful or pleasing... a sudden, unarguable burst of pleasure that just felt so damned good. Every time she was consciously aware of herself looking at either one of the guys in 'that way' - the way a sexually-active woman looked at a handsome, sexually-viable male - she felt herself become warm and very comfortable, with a very pleasant tingle thrumming through her body and an emotional haze of unwarranted happiness and contentment spreading through her mind.

She also felt that burst of pleasure when she noticed one of the guys looking at her 'that way'... and, as much as she was disgusted by it, she found herself almost unconsciously doing things to feel that 'easy-to-obtain' pleasure. Like the way she'd all-but-shoved her tits into John's face. She hadn't planned it, wasn't consciously aware she was going to do it - but, as she moved to give him the cup of coffee, she'd almost absently thought about how good it would feel to have John look at her tits..

and had then found herself acting on the impulse, and feeling a wave of pleasure from the torn, desiring look that crossed his face with her firm, disgustingly delightful bust so close.

In fact... she was feeling pretty good right now, just thinking about it. Her sobs had tapered away, and a faint, dreamy smile was forming on her full, kissable lips as she found herself in a mild day-dream, fantasizing about the way it would feel if she didn't just put her tits near John's face, but actually removed her clothes and pressed her nude, glorious body against his naked, muscular one, lips pressing together as she...

With a small gasp, she forced her eyes open and she stood up, quickly, feeling the heat in her face.

* *

Matt was still trying to figure out if he should pat the woman his friend and roommate had become lightly on the shoulder in empathic commiseration when her sobs slowly faded away, and she let out a soft, regretful sigh. A second later, she sighed again... but it didn't sound quite the same...

Then, suddenly, she almost bounced out of her chair, a flush spreading across her fair-skinned face as she forced a bright smile to her full, oh-so-damned-kissable lips.

"Well..." She said, too brightly and too loudly. "Now that we know what caused it, we can figure out how to reverse it, right?"

He and John shared a long, considering look. Surely she must know that she might be stuck like... but why bring that up, until all other possible 'remedies' were tried. Sure, she must know - but why remind her? After all, she was the one being forced to be a woman, and in more than just body, since she was 'forced' to dress as a woman before she could so much as leave her room.

"Okay, so I guess we go see the fortune-teller..." Matt said. "Why don't I call and find out what time the bus goes by, and we'll get ready..."

"Hang on - why don't you guys stay here, and I'll go get my car?" John suggested. "Then we can drive down there."

Krissy laughed nervously... no. No, she didn't laugh... she *giggled* nervously, which both guys found disconcertingly attractive, coming from this bright-eyed, perky blonde girl that they were forcing themselves to remember wasn't really a woman... well, she was, of course, but she had the mind of a guy, and that made being sexually attracted to her not only wrong, but sick...

...didn't it?

Disconcertingly, it was a question that was occupying *way* too much of Matt's attention.

"I think I'd go crazy just sitting here, waiting." Krissy explained, nervously. Oddly, she seemed to vary between wanting to look the guys in the eyes when she spoke, or being unable to look at them at all... or something. Her eyes were all over the place, and the way she stood and - cutely, damn it! - bounced on her toes, hands clasped behind her (oh-so-firm) ass revealed a nervousness that went beyond the anxiety of waking up and suddenly finding herself the wrong gender. It was almost like the nervousness of a fourteen-year-old girl contemplating being alone with a guy for the first time. No, not quite - like she was going to be alone with a guy she liked - at least, that was the way it struck Matt, who had a younger sister, and...

...and, damn it, that was just crazy. He didn't really understand women - and especially not women-who-had-been-men. He was just latching on to a mental image from his own past, one that had no bearing on the current situation...

No. No of course it didn't. There was no way it was in any way related - and he certainly wasn't wishing that it was the thought of being alone with him that was making her act like a curious, nervous young virgin wondering how to act around a guy she really liked, and wondering if he was going to...

No. No, it was nothing like that.

"Well, why don't we 'split the difference'..." He suggested, wondering if his own voice sounded as weird to them as it did to him. What the hell was wrong with him, anyway...? "Why don't we all take the bus to the Impound Lot to pick up John's car. Besides, it's closer to the fairgrounds than we are, so there'll be no back-tracking..."

"Yeah - yeah, that's a great idea!" Krissy exclaimed... and, once more, Matt had to forcibly remind himself who was really inside that buxom, sexy female body. 'Krissy' and 'Chris' were the same age, with the same birthday... but she had the lush, flawless body of a perfect nineteen-year-old dream, with the silky skin of an sixteen-year-old... and, personality-wise, she seemed to sway between an intelligent (and, damn it, sexy) woman her 'real' age of twenty-five... and a fourteen year old girl, new to womanhood and everything it had to offer - and even that 'acting' was cute!

"I'll just call the bus..." Matt started to say...

"No, no!" Krissy interrupted, brightly. "You go get ready, both of you. I'll call and find out when the next bus is due." She smiled almost angelically, vibrant and alive.. and oh-so-feminine. "Go ahead, guys."

Matt blinked - then realized that it was that damned compulsion he'd laid on her. Sure, he hadn't known he was doing it, hadn't believed his 'wish' would come true... but it was still his fault, and he could hardly do anything to make her suffer because of it, could he?

"Sure, Krissy." Matt said, shooting John a look. "Come on, John - let's go get ready."

Gripping his somewhat confused friend's arm, Matt spoke in a low voice, explaining to John about the depth of the compulsion - and the way the rest of the world apparently knew 'Chris' as Krissy...

* *

As the guys left the room, Krissy felt an oddly-mingled emotion - equal parts relief... and regret.

Whatever changes had been made to her to make her attracted to guys made her feel profoundly sorry that she'd 'let go' of a chance to be sexy and feminine in front of them, to appreciate them and have them appreciate her...

It was a disconcerting sensation, and she tried to ignore it as she picked up the phone and dialed the automated scheduler at the bus terminal, punching in the four-digit 'extension' for the stop closest to their apartment.

As she punched in each number, she felt that warm, uncritical happy glow expanding. By the time she heard the computerized voice reel off the next three bus-times, she was positively giddy.

Walking down the hallway and shouting through the closed doors of the guy's rooms that they had ten minutes made her actually shiver with physical and emotional pleasure. Being so.. useful felt fantastic. Wonderful. Amazing!

It was probably because of this giddy 'high' that she did what she did when she got to her room and caught sight of herself in the mirror. In *might* have been the giddy, happy feeling - or it *might* have been the fact that she knew how to keep it going...

* * * * *

"Okay, come on..." John said, stepping out of the bathroom.. and finding Matt stepping out of the door of his bedroom, only inches away, wincing at John's shout.

"Sorry - didn't know you were standing right there." John apologized. "Where's Kris "

He stopped - because Matt's eyes had suddenly gone wide, and his jaw had dropped. Frowning, John turned around...

...and unconsciously mimicked Matt's expression as he stared at Krissy.

She'd changed. Oh, not physically, just her clothing but even then, it was almost like he was staring at a whole new person.

Somebody who was, and always had been, female.. and knew it, too. "Like it?" She asked with a warm smile, twirling on one heel.

"Wha.. wha.. wha " Matt said, and John agreed with him.

The heel she'd twirled on was at least five inches high, and belonged to the white leather pump she wore. It's mate enclosed her other foot, as well.

The twirl she'd performed made the flowing knee-length skirt rise up in a twirl, briefly - and tantalizingly - displaying the white cotton briefs below. The white skirt was part of the dress she wore - a dress similar to the one worn by Marilyn Monroe in 'Some Like it Hot', except that this dress was cinched tight around Krissy's waist wide a wide black spandex belt with a

double-curved 'circle' clasp... and this dress displayed a lot more cleavage in its V-neck, firm bountiful breasts that were mouth-wateringly perfect.

"Uh " John managed, having to forcibly tear his eyes away from the gorgeous woman standing before him, matching white purse held lightly in one ring-bedecked hand.

"Oh, it's all right, guy - I know you want to drool." She laughed, brightly. "Go ahead and drool - I won't blame you." Matt managed to finally turn his sounds into a coherent word. "Why?"

She laughed again - and the sound was just so damned attractive "Well, I realized that maybe it will be as easy as seeing that fortune teller. Then I'd get my own body back and I'd probably spend the rest of my life kicking myself for not taking this chance to see just how 'hot' I can look." She grinned. "That's why I know you feel like drooling - because, going through my wardrobe and looking at myself in the mirror, I picked the dress that I drooled over - which is the whole idea " She fluffed her skirt and tossed her head in a manner so feminine that it nearly made the guys forget who she was. "I just wanted the chance to ogle myself every time..

* *

" I walk past a mirror." She said, brightly, lips curved into a sincere smile that masked the lie.

The truth was, she'd started out getting dressed this way out of a 'voyeuristic' impulse.. but once she'd seen just how hot she'd looked, she'd found herself thinking about how the guys would react...

...and that had been it. Even now, lost in a daze of pure pleasure from how sexy she was, she felt tinges of regret and disgust.. but they were buried beneath an avalanche of pleasure.

Even the fact that she was finding both obviously-aroused men so damned attractive couldn't eclipse the pleasure she was feeling.

In fact.. she was doing things to 'reinforce' that pleasure, consciously imitating actions and stances she'd seen 'real' women use, making herself more feminine. Even as part of her hated herself for doing it, for 'giving in' to the urge to be more feminine, another part of her still-powerful mind had made the until-then unnoticed connection.

She was female, now - and what could be more 'helpful', more 'useful' to John and Matt than being sexy and sexual?

'Oh, shit... I'll have to watch it..' She thought to herself, struggling to 'tone it down' even though a very large part of her didn't want to let go of the pleasure she was feeling. 'Obviously, this... 'magic'? Yeah, I guess it is.. anyway, this magic took the wishes 'literally'.. and, so, I'm 'rewarded' for doing things that the guys find 'nice' and I bet that would include having sex with them. In a very real way, I'm now geared towards Matt and John's sexual desires. No, not just sexual.. all of them. I'd spend my life in a mindless, happy daze if I lived to serve their every whim.. including the sexual ones. Since I don't want to be a mindlessly happy 'slave', I'll have to be careful...'

It was a good thought, a safe thought - but a surprisingly hard one to keep in the fore-front of her mind.

She was a woman, physically, and she had the normal female hormonal system... and the added level of arousal she was feeling being around two 'viable' males was an additional sensation, one that made her feel weak and overly-warm and nervous... and yet, for all that, was still a surprisingly - and powerfully - pleasurable sensation.

God - she felt great! She shouldn't, not after being turned into a woman. And *definitely* not after 'willingly' acting more feminine and sexy

- and *most* definitely not from getting turned-on by her friends Matt and John...

...but she still felt utterly ecstatic, nonetheless.

She blushed. To cover her confusion and unwanted 'good' feelings about the guys, she said: "All right - do either of you guys have enough spare change for my bus fare, as well? I seem to be short on loose change..."

Matt and John frowned slightly and looked at each other.

"Uh... Krissy?" John said, confused. "Why don't you just use your bus pass?" "Bus pass? What bus pass?" She asked, confused herself.

"The one you always use." Matt supplied, less-than-helpfully... but, too him, it seemed to explain it completely.

"Guys, I don't have a bus pass..." She said, opening her purse and looking inside it just to make them happy. "I hardly even leave the apart... holy shit!"

Stunned, she lifted out the small blue-plastic 'folder' she'd discovered in her purse. Opening it, she found herself looking at the annual photo-card at the top, with her 'new' face in the photo - and the monthly pass in the lower half.

"But..." She stammered, eyes going wide as she looked at the two guys. "How.. how did you know I had a bus pass?"

Matt frowned. "Huh? Well... You just always get a bus pass, Krissy. Every month. So you don't have to keep lots of spare change on hand in case you decide to go out..."

"No..." She said, shaking her head and feeling her stomach tighten in fear. "Guys - that's not what 'Chris' does - that's what *Krissy* does..."

Matt's jaw dropped. "Wait a second... how...?"

"The.. the spell, or whatever it is!" Krissy said, her heat pounding her gut feeling like a lead ball. "Maybe it's because you guys know me so well, or were closer to me, or something... but you're beginning to change! At least, your memories are. You're beginning to be like everybody else - who only remember me as Krissy, and a history that never happened!"

"Shit - you mean we're gonna forget who you really are?" John said startled. "We're gonna think you were always a girl named Krissy instead of a guy named Krissy..."

"Chris! My name was Chris..." Krissy said, nearly panicked. "Oh, God - I don't think I can handle this alone... and that's exactly what I'll be if you guys forget me, too."

"Well, then..." Matt said, firmly. "I guess we'll have to reverse this before it happens, wont we...?"

Something seemed to melt inside her, and Krissy felt a surge of relief at his strong, confident words... and something else. Something similar to 'affection'... but stronger. That part of her feeling she struggled to push as far back as possible.

"Well then - let's go." She said, unaware of the warm, melting smile of gratitude she gave Matt... and wondering why he was blushing slightly.

"Uh, yeah..." He mumbled, and the three of them gathered up the last things they needed and headed out. At the door, Krissy almost panicked at the thought of going out of the apartment like this, as a woman. Suddenly, she became hyper-aware of the cool air moving around her bare legs, of the easy and graceful way she was balanced atop a pair of dainty, high-heeled pumps, of the weight and shift of her new, spectacular breasts. While getting ready to go, she'd found herself using skills she hadn't know she'd had, just like when she'd done her make-up and hair for the first time. It was an odd sensation, finding you knew things you didn't know you knew - and feeling a measure of relief that you did, no matter how shameful it was, because without those new skills she wouldn't have been able to leave the room, much less do anything else.

Still, leaving the apartment was a frightening concept to her, even if she could walk easily in the shoes she was wearing and pass herself off, quite convincingly, as a woman. The fact that nobody else remembered her being a man made that part easier, actually - but it was also the crux of the newly-discovered 'time limit' problem. Being able to walk out in the world without being seen as a freak or tranny or something was one thing - being completely alone in this horrible situation was something else.

They got to the stop near their apartment with perfect timing - the bus was already in sight when they arrived, and pulled up to the curb a moment later - which gave Krissy a sudden, almost overwhelming burst of pleasure at being so 'helpful' as to get them there on time...

...and that feeling doubled and redoubled when she saw the appreciative glances men were giving her.

So it wasn't just John and Matt's whose unspoken approval could make her feel good - but theirs was, by far, the most powerful. It was disconcerting, but Krissy was just damned glad she didn't feel so powerfully attracted to - so powerfully aroused by - other men as she was by her friends.

Not that she was at all comfortable with being incredibly attracted to her friends, mind you, no matter how good it felt. Likewise, she wasn't really happy about the burst of pleasure she got from seating herself between them on the long bench

running down the side of the bust, feeling their masculine presence on either side of her and all-to-aware of the fact that either one could just sort of look over and get a great view of mouth-watering cleavage.

She certainly wasn't happy about the rush of sexual pleasure she got when they actually did it. Blushing furiously, to be sure, but they couldn't seem to help themselves, ogling her lush, sexy body shamefully - but at great length...

She was ashamed to find herself 'posing' to maximize how attractive she was. She felt waves of shame and disgust at her actions - but the 'good' sensations it created were far more powerful, enough so that her will was eroded. She'd catch herself doing something... flirtatious, and she'd force herself to stop... and then find herself doing it again, unrealized.

The entire ride was like this - bouts of flirtatious actions interspersed with sudden, shocked bouts of ashamed behavior... but as the trip went on, those bouts of shame grew less frequent, and shorter, as she found herself 'getting used' to acting sexy and feminine.

When they arrived at the impound lot, she and Matt stood outside the front gate, studiously ignoring each other, their faces wearing matching blushes. She was desperately struggling to get her rampant emotions back under control, and was grateful to Matt for 'ignoring' her until she could get a handle on the unwanted - but oh-so-pleasant - emotions and sensations she was experiencing.

Trying to calm herself, she tried to empty her mind, to clear her thoughts completely. It really didn't help her state-of-mind much.

The impound lot was on the edge of town, and it was a warm, if slightly breezy day. It was 'little' things - like the weather - that you would tend to ignore if you world - and body - had suddenly and completely changed on you one morning. However, with her mind 'empty' the weather suddenly became almost painfully obvious...

She was suddenly very aware of the way the cool-yet-pleasant morning breeze felt, moving over the silky bare skin of her calves. Of the way that breeze shifted the light material of her dress, sensuously gliding the fabric over her knees and lower thighs. Of the tension of the fabric over her full, firm ass.

She also noticed the way her black spandex belt, cinched tight around a deliciously slender waist, was absorbing the warmth of the sun... where it wasn't in the shadow of her firm, ripe globes of firm, delectable tit-flesh. The cool air was also affecting her by causing her nipples to stand at full attention, clearly visible through the white material of the dress, as she'd neglected to wear a bra...

No. No, it wasn't quite chilly enough for her to react that way. Indeed, judging the temperature was difficult, because she felt overly- warm.. and somewhat weak-kneed. No, those feelings - and the erect, highly sensitive nipples - had to have a different cause.

Could it be from the fact that Matt was standing so near to her? Even if he was studiously ignoring her, she knew he was attracted to her

- and her to him, even if she didn't want to be. She was aware of how masculine he was, how muscular - and handsome. He was also so kind, and strong, and caring. He'd probably make a fantastic lover - strong, yet careful not to hurt her as he thrust into her, over and over, his muscular body looming over hers as he brought her to the height of ecstasy...

She suddenly became aware of the fact that she was staring at him, slowly liking her lips as she contemplated what being fucked by her best friend would feel like. Shame suddenly roared over her - and it was (barely) enough to override the rampant arousal that she was feeling.

Thankfully, at that moment John pulled out of the gate in his bright-colored sports car, and she was able to collect herself as they piled into the car. Not trusting herself to sit too close to either of the guys, she slid into the back seat while the guys took the front seats - even though Matt was 'gracious' enough to offer her the front seat, and she almost hated him for the sudden wave of affection his gentlemanly offer created.

"It's great of both of you to come with me to pick up my car." John said, pulling out of the lot. "I'm glad to get it back."

"Well, it was no big deal." Krissy said, uncomfortably. "After all, we had to come this way to get to the fairgrounds, anyway." John frowned. "Fairgrounds? What would we want to go to the fairgrounds for?"

Krissy's heart skipped a beat. "Don't you remember? We have to go to the carnival and find that Fortune Teller - the one who did this to me."

* *

John blinked and shared a confused look with Matt.

"Did what to you, Krissy?" He asked, confused. The sudden look of panic that crossed her pretty, perky face only deepened his confusion.

"Oh, my God...!" She gasped. "John.. John, don't you remember who I am?"

Now his confusion seemed to be a bottomless pit. "Uh.. yeah, of course I know who you are, Krissy. After all, we've been sharing an apartment with you for the past three years."

"Oh, God, no..." She moaned, sounding close to tears.

"Krissy? Hon - what's wrong?" Matt asked, concerned, twisting around in his seat to look at her - and surprised to see a look of mingled joy and pain cross her face at his usual term of endearment.

"Oh, God - you guys don't remember who I used to be!" She said, tears trickling down her smooth, milky cheeks. "You don't remember me being a guy before yesterday..."

"A guy!" John said, shocked. "What on earth... Why would you think you used to be a..."

He stopped, confused, and shot another look at Matt - who's own confusion mirrored his own.

"Uh, John..." Matt said, awkwardly. "I know - *know* - that we've lived with Krissy for three years now... but do you actually remember anything we did together? I mean... I know we went to the carnival last night with Krissy - but can you remember the three of us there?"

"Uh..." John paused, eyes widening as he tried to 'see' last night in his memories. He also 'knew' that all three of them had gone - but...

"Shit..." He swore, jaw going slack. "I... I remember you and me, Matt... and some - some other guy. I remember talking to him as if we were all friends... but I don't recognize him. I don't *know* him..."

"That was me!" Krissy said, urgently. "Guys, I know this is confusing... but do you remember the discussion we had this morning? Before leaving?"

Both guys suddenly twitched. Everything that had happened since waking up this morning was clear and easy to remember. They remembered being surprised at finding Krissy in her own bed... although they were no longer sure why. Well, they had an idea... because they also remembered...

"Something about our memories being changed!" John said, startled. "Wait a second - are you saying that we're 'remembering' things that never happened?"

"Yes - and it's getting worse!" Krissy said. "We have to get to the carnival and find the Fortune-teller... quickly!"

John didn't recall why it was so urgent to do so, or what exactly had happened last night... but he did remember agreeing to take her to the fairgrounds, even if he didn't know why it was so urgent.

"Okay, okay - we're going." John told her. "Just relax, honey-buns - everything's going to be okay..."

* *

Heart pounding with fear and expectation, Krissy leaned forward as the Trans-Am rounded the last corner before the fairgrounds...

...and felt her heart squeeze painfully tight at the sight of last night's carnival half-dismantled. Many of the bigger rides were in various states of deconstruction, and many of the smaller ones were already on trailers. Sweaty, grubby 'carnies' were busy tearing down the carnival to the trip to the next town.

"No..." She moaned. "No - it can't be too late! I need to see..."

Then she stopped dead, horrified, as she realized that she couldn't remember why she was here.

Oh, sure, she knew that it was because she wanted to be male again. She just couldn't quite make the connection between her current, female state and her old, male one. What had happened to her? How had she become a woman? She couldn't remember... but she could remember that it seemed very, very important to come back to the carnival for some reason. She'd been convinced that coming back here would be able to turn her back into...

Into...

TO BE CONTINUED



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: The continuation of how one fortune teller answers two roommates' wishes for their other roommate to be more helpful around the apartment by changing him into a female roommate named "Chrissy."

Part Two

"Oh, God... It's happening to me, too...!" Krissy said, wide-eyed in horror as she realized she could no longer remember her old, male name.

"What's happening to you, Krissy?" Matt asked, looking back at her in concern. "Are you feeling okay? First you insist we drive you out here... and now this."

Krissy stared at him... and felt a shudder of something unpleasant pass through her as she noticed, yet again, just how cute Matt was. Why should she get discomfited at finding such a virile man so attractive...?

Wait. Wait, maybe that odd shudder of revulsion had something to do with why she was here. She was here because something had happened to her. She was a gorgeous, sexy, happy young woman now, but sometime in her past - and not her distant past - she'd been...

...a guy. That was it. Though she could no longer remember when or how it had happened, she definitely recalled a time when she'd been male, and these guys had been just 'buddies'... which is why being sexually attracted to them now felt weird.

Of course, she couldn't tell them that. They wouldn't understand. Whatever was happening to her mind was already happening to them, and it was much further advanced the what was happening to her. As confused and disjointed as her own memories and thoughts were, her 'explanation' would be even less coherent to them.

"I... I just need to get out and walk around for a bit." Krissy said, hoping against hope that something would reach out and spark a memory that would clear this all up. "Can you let me out, please, Matt?"

"Sure, honey - anything you want." Matt said, a kind and cute as ever...

Wait a second... why was she 'remembering' him as being a kind, attentive guy, obviously attracted to her but restraining himself for her sake... when she couldn't actually remember any incidents that would have created that 'impression'?

It.. it had to be another 'false' memory... but that didn't lessen how she felt about him.

Struggling to keep what was 'real' firmly in mind, even as the 'evidence' to support it was slowly drained from her ever-changing mind, Krissy climbed out of the car and looked around, wondering where to begin.

Scarred and confused - but no longer sure why she felt that way - Krissy began to wander the partially-dismantled fairgrounds, trying to retrace the half-remembered path she'd taken last night...

* *

"Uh, John...?" Matt said in a low voice, trailing a discreet distance behind Krissy as she looked around with a cute frown of puzzlement on her face. "I.. I think there's something wrong with her..."

"Oh, she'd acting a little weird..." John said, grinning. "But trust me - there's nothing at all wrong with her..." Matt glanced away from Krissy to look at John - and had to fight the impulse to deck him.

John was eyeing Krissy lasciviously. Not that Matt could blame him, really - after all, Krissy was cute and sexy, especially in that dress she was wearing. Of course, she always dressed like that - she loved to emphasize her body, and it showed in the perky little stride she used, causing her smooth, sexy legs to scissor delightful, her nicely rounded hips rolling and swaying in a way that caused her skirt to sway pertly. It was just as enjoyable experience from the front, since it did.. intriguing things to her firm, mouth-watering tits...

However, what created the 'urge-to-kill' in Matt wasn't the fact that his friend was admiring Krissy. Just about any guy who saw her did that. No, what really pissed Matt off was the fact that John was constantly trying to seduce her, even though she'd made it clear when she'd moved in that she wasn't looking for any 'entanglements'. As sweet, sexy and eager-to-please as she was, she wasn't quite ready to get involved with anybody, seriously - and 'casual sex' might screw up the relationship she already had with them, which was a pretty damned good one. Krissy was sweet and sexy and incredibly helpful, eager to fulfill their slightest needs and whims... except sexual ones. For that, she always went out and found some nice-enough guy who was looking for some friendly-yet-'meaningless' sex.

Although, to be honest with himself, Matt had to admit that a large part of his anger wasn't at John's boorish behavior. It stemmed from a sort of jealousy. Though he despised John for continuing to 'harass' Krissy, the truth was he was unbelievably attracted to Krissy - and it was more than John's purely sexual attraction.

Matt was afraid that he'd fallen madly, deeply, head-over-heels in love with Krissy. No other woman could meet the new standard for 'perfection' that Krissy had set for him. Everything about her was perfect, body and soul, and no other woman would ever measure up...

...and his ideal woman wasn't interested in him. It was slowly driving him crazy - but what could he do about it? Move out, so as not to be tempted? That would only deny him the pleasure of seeing her every day. Try and take their relationship further? Against her wishes? Regardless of whether his attempt succeeded or not, he'd never be able to look himself in the mirror afterwards...

...or perhaps if he succeeded, he would be able to. That might have been what scared him the most - that he was willing to sell out his very values - the core of his own self-worth - for the chance to be with her.

* *

Krissy stopped and stared long and hard at the purple tent, trimmed with black fringe and tassels. A banner, gold thread stitched on purple, advertised 'Fortunes Told, Palms Read - find your Future!'

Yes. Something about this place was more than familiar - it touched that core of urgency deep inside her, though she could no longer recall what was creating the urgent, fearful sensation.

She turned to a carny working nearby. At least, he had been working before - now he was just ogling her shapely body, and she felt a shiver of pleasure run through her at his obvious enjoyment of her firm, supple body.

That was her curse, of course - she had an incredibly low sense of self-esteem, and desperately needed approval. She knew it was sort of sick to be willing - nay, desperate - to do just about anything and everything to satisfy men - but she couldn't help herself...

She needed to be needed.

"Excuse me." She said, brightly, causing his eyes to lift from her cleavage to her face. "Uh... do you know where the fortune teller is?"

"Madame Zaruski?" The carny asked, smiling at her. "No - she'd not part of the show. She just showed up opening night with a proof-of- payment for rental of that spot. I think she's got it until tomorrow night, even though we're moving on. She usually shows up by about seven..."

"Oh..." Krissy said, disappointed. "Well, I guess I'll have to come back later. Thanks anyway..."

"Oh, my pleasure..." the man said with a meaningful grin - sending another surge of pleasure through her. She turned away...

...and spotted John and Matt looking at her.

Matt's gaze was adoring, and kind - yet restrained. More friendly the lustful - and that made her want him all the more. She had to fight that urge, though, because it would be wrong to have sex with him... though she wasn't quite sure why. After all, they'd both enjoy it, and she knew that she found him attractive, above and beyond her desire to please all around her. No, her urges towards him went deeper than her unmindful need to be 'helpful' - and she wondered why she just didn't give in. She knew it felt weird for some reason, but she couldn't recall exactly why. She couldn't even recall why she hadn't given in at any of the opportunities that must have presented themselves, what with her living with him and all... then again, she couldn't even remember there being any such 'opportunities', though there must have been. For that matter - she couldn't recall any of the details of their lives sharing an apartment. She knew for a fact that they were roommates... but she had no clear memories of any time spent together with them, which was weird...

John, on the other hand, was looking at her with naked lust - and she shivered. If he ever got it into his head to 'demand' sex... she wouldn't be able to help herself. If given with enough 'force', she'd comply with any order a man gave her - the raging 'need' she felt would force her to, whether she wanted to or not. She hoped it never, ever came to that - because, aside for that 'need', she didn't particularly like John. She wasn't sure why - after all, no guy could be snide or rude to her - but she felt as if he had constantly belittled her... which wasn't possible, was it?

The problem was, she just couldn't remember. That was why she was here. She wasn't sure how or why, but this fortune-teller had something to do with her not being able to remember things, and she hoped Madame Zaruski could make things right again.

Well - she'd have to wait until later for that.

"We're going to have to come back tonight." She told the guys. "She's not here right now."

"Hmm... Well, I guess we might as well head home." Matt said. "I don't know about you guys, but I'm starved - we haven't had breakfast yet."

"You guys mind taking the bus home?" John asked. "I didn't plan on going into work today, because I hadn't planned on having affordable transportation. Since I got my car back, I might as well go in, though."

"Oh, sure." Krissy said, quickly, before Matt could berate him - after all, dropping them off at home would have taken him only a few minutes out of his way. Still, Krissy was glad to get rid of him - he still made her feel uncomfortable, with his open - if unspoken - desire for her. One wrong 'command' from him...

"We can grab a bite to eat before we head home." She said to Matt, calming him after John's boorish behavior. "there's a great place for breakfast just down the street, and then we can catch a bus home."

Matt shot John a dirty look, then finally sighed and smiled at her. "Sounds like a plan, hon." "Great. John - we'll see you tonight."

"Looking forward to it, babe." John said with another lustful grin, then he turned and headed towards his car.

"Shall wee?" Krissy asked, brightly, slipping her arm through his and trying to ignore the twin twinges of disgust and desire. "Well - of course, Madame..." Matt said, gallantly, and they headed off towards the restaurant...

* *

Matt was floating on air.

He'd just spent the most enjoyable morning - and most of the afternoon - that he could remember ever having.

It had started with breakfast. Oh, the food was pretty good and the service friendly and efficient - but it had been the fact that it had been with Krissy that had made all the difference. Whatever her problems had been, she'd seemed to forget them - mostly. There was a few times when she'd looked confused, and once or twice ashamed, but for the most part she'd been her usual perky, flirtatious self, and spending time with a gorgeous, perky woman who is amazingly cute, funny - and, not to mention, busty - was a hell of a way to enhance a simple meal.

On their way home to the apartment they'd had to transfer busses - and the transfer point had been at a mall, and she'd decided she wanted to 'hang around' the mall for a bit. He'd volunteered to keep her company, and it had turned into one of the most enjoyable experiences in recent memory. They'd window shopped, and chatted. They'd seen a movie at the in-mall theater, then did some more 'serious' shopping. Once or twice, she'd even come out of the dressing room to model something for him, asking him his opinion - and, as usual, she picked stuff that looked damned good on her, showing off her lush, perfect body, so he'd been able to assure her - honestly - that she looked great.

It was almost a shame when the day had ended and they'd caught a bus back home. She'd trundled off to her room with her bags of new clothes and shoes, *et cetera*, while he'd kicked off his shoes and dropped onto the couch with a content sigh. About the only thing that hadn't been perfect was the ever-present knowledge that nothing 'serious' could ever happen between him and her - but even that hadn't been enough to put a damper on a hell of an enjoyable day.

Leaning back in the couch, Matt considered going for a beer - but decided to just sit and relax for a bit. Feeling a bit guilty, he knew he could get Krissy to grab him a beer when she came out, and while he felt sort of bad about 'taking advantage' of her by asking her to fetch him a beer, she'd assured him enough times that she actually enjoyed doing it, and who was he to steal pleasure away from her...?

Hearing the gentle tip-tap of high heels coming down the hall, Matt turned to ask her to grab a beer for him while she was up...

...and stopped dead, jaw hanging loosely.

"Like it...?" She asked, slowly turning in a full circle to give him the 'whole enchilada'. Matt made a strangled sound in the back of his throat as he continued to stare.

The shoes were white-and-pink. That is, the eight-inch high heels and the three-inch platform were white. The three thin straps that crossed her feet and wrapped around her ankles were pink... as was the small bows at the very back, just behind her slender, graceful ankles.

From the top of those bows to the hem of the short little skirt, Krissy's legs were bare... and she had long, shapely legs that suffered not at all for the effect of the high heels, accentuating the graceful curve of her calves.

The skirt was white, and sort of frilly... or maybe 'poofy' was the right word. Matt wasn't exactly up on women's styles, but he approved of the skirt, whatever it was called. Aside from the fact that it very barely came down below her crotch, it resembled a skirt from the Forties or Fifties... as did the tight, fuzzy hot-pink sweater she wore, clinging oh-so-delightfully to her full, firm breasts.

Her hair had been pulled back into a tight ponytail held in place by a big pink bow, and her make-up scheme went along with the whole 'Fifties' look as imagined by a porn director, perhaps. She looked both girlish and seductive, a mix that sounded odd until you met

Krissy, who - despite being buxom, perky and flirtatious, was about as far away from a 'bimbo' as you could get. After all, she was damned near a genius, with an amazing aptitude with computers, electronics, and trivia but she was also a beautiful woman, which kept her from becoming the stereotypical 'absent-minded genius' by a large stretch. "Unghhhh " Matt said, again, unable to tear his eyes away from her.

She smiled, showing dimples. "I'll take that to mean you like it..." She said, slowly - and cutely/seductively - gliding closer....

...closer...

...until she settled on the couch, right next to him. As if automated, his head had swiveled to keep his eyes locked onto her supple form, and now he found himself staring at her from only inches away, unsure where he should let his eyes settle.

"You look... great " He finally managed, lamely.

"I know " She said, smiling in a way she'd never used with him before - and lightly running one hand over his thigh. "But what do you think of the outfit?"

"Huh?" Matt said, startled. His mind was sort of locked in neutral, and he tried desperately to think of what she meant by her seemingly discordant pair of comments - because she certainly couldn't have been...

"Hmm.... Don't feel much like talking, huh...?" She all-but-purred. "That's fine with me "

Then she kissed him. She.

Kissed. **Him.**

Matt's brain shut down completely - but he'd had this little scenario enough times in his fantasies that his body was already well-trained in reaction, and he enfolded her in his arms.

She moaned, softly, and snuggled into him - just like in his dreams. Just like in his dreams, she kissed him, slowly but passionately, and he kissed her back the same way. Just as in all his dreams, his hands slid - hesitantly - to her firm, taut ass and began to massage it - and, without words, she made it very clear that she liked it... It took a sheer force of will to pull his lips away from hers. "Krissy..." HE said, huskily. "I... We..."

"Shut up." She suggested, kissing him again. "I'm tired of denying myself, Matt. For three years I've been around you. From the first day, I found you sexy and exciting - and with every day after, I found more and more to like about you. Your warm, and funny, and kind, and oh... *so... sexy!* ...and I want you to make love to me."

"Oh..." He said, numbly. "Okay..."

* *

If she hadn't been as turned on as a platoon of Marines on leave, Krissy might have smiled at Matt's rather obvious confusion. After all, she was hardly able to believe that she was doing this, herself.

It had all started while they were at the movies... Well, no, that wasn't true. She'd found Matt handsome, sexy and kind for ages. The straw that had broken the camels back, however, had been at the movies.

They'd decided to see the movie on a whim, and had bought some of the last tickets for that particular showing, finding themselves relegated to the less-than-ideal seats in the back of the theater... the type of seats that teenage kids quite often waited to get, on purpose, so they could make out. It was this thought that had lead Krissy to begin imagining her and Matt 'making out'. She'd begun to imagine - in vivid detail - what it would feel like to have Matt's strong arm slide behind her slender shoulders, then (after a 'decent' amount of time), his hand would slip downwards, under her armpit, to massage one of her full, firm breasts - 'copping a feel'.

Then she would have moaned softly, leaning closer to him, turning her face up to be kissed in the darkness... It was a pleasant fantasy, one that sent chills down her spine and got her more weak-kneed than ever...

...but what had made her decided to seduce Matt wasn't the thought of how good making out with him would feel - but the knowledge that he'd never do it *unless she let him*.

Krissy knew she was sexy. She'd never have dared to come into the theater with somebody else, if she weren't willing to have sex with the guy. After all, it would only be natural for a guy - like John, say - to at least try and make out with her... and she simply could not refuse, regardless of whether or not she truly wanted to have sex with the guy.

With Matt, however...

The simple fact that she knew Matt was capable of *not* having sex with her made her want to reward him for his self-control... and the way she really, *really* wanted to reward him was with herself, finally fulfilling all those pleasant little fantasies about him.

Oh, sure, there was some sort of 'warning' nagging at the back of her mind, trying to tell her that this was very, very wrong for some reason - but she no longer cared.

She wanted him.

The fact that he'd hesitated... Well, she knew he found her sexy. There was no doubt about that. No, he hadn't tried to stop her for his sake, but for hers - and his hesitation proved that he really, truly cared about her, and that made her want him all the more.

"Why don't you take off my sweater, Matt..." She suggested, urging him onward. "There's nothing under it..." "There's a hell of a lot under it!" He protested, and she grinned at him...

...as his strong, sure hands gripped the lower edge of her tight-fitting (and *itchy*, damn it!) sweater and, in one smooth motion, pulled it off over her willingly uplifted arms.

"Yes..."S he purred, as his hand dropped the sweater, then cupped around her to support her, his big, warm, manly muscles pressed firmly around her slender waist...

...and his warm, supple lips on her large, engorged nipples.

Matt sucked and licked her nipples, gently, then began to spiral out along the surface of her firm, round breasts, kissing gently as he went along, first one breast and then the other - all while Krissy moaned, softly, at his eager, skilled touch.

At the feel of his cock hardening under her, however, she shivered in anticipation.

"Oh, Matt.... I've wanted this for so long..." She moaned... then frowned slightly, knowing that the words felt true - yet couldn't actually remember...

"Me, too..." Matt said, huskily, disrupting her train of thought and dispelling her hesitation. She bent her head down to be kissed again... then suddenly broke off, wide-eyed.

"Ohh, Matt - I want you so bad..." She said, hesitant-yet-arousing. "...but I almost forgot... do you have a condom?" Matt winced. "No... I don't."

She hesitated, torn. The reason for her sudden attack of sexual safety was the simple fact that she couldn't remember if she was on the pill or not.

But, even if she wasn't, what were the chances...? Oh, God, she wanted him and now that he was ready for her, the old 'urge' to be useful kicked in, and she couldn't stop herself - not that she really wanted to...

"Then don't worry about it..." She whispered, reaching for his pants...

...and he gently - regretfully - grasped her wrists.

"No, wait..." He gasped, face flushed with arousal and voice heavy with lust. "I... I can't let you take the risk, honey. I don't want to risk ruining your life with an unwanted pregnancy. I.. I'll be right back..."

Considering how much he wanted her, how long he'd wanted her for, and how close he'd been to getting her, it took a tremendous amount of will-power to do this... and that made Krissy all the more sure that it was right to bring their relationship to a whole new level - even if she *did* have to wait for him to get back from the corner store...

However...

"Oh, Matt, thank you..." She said, huskily, appreciating him more than ever... then she smiled, wickedly. "But I can't let you walk down to the store like this, can I? Besides, I'm sure that *this* won't get me pregnant..."

Then she licked her lips *very* slowly, while her dainty fingers unzipped and unbuttoned his fly, then slowly peeled his pants and underwear down to his knees.

Then, with a final, wicked smile at him, she sank to her knee, leaned forward - and moaned softly as she took his hard, throbbing cock into her mouth...

* *

Matt moaned again, unable to believe the incredible amount of pleasure Krissy was giving him.

He knew she had some pretty strong sexual urges, and indulged them often enough. She was sexy, and very sexually active - yet, somehow, not a 'slut', as she still kept a perky, almost girlish innocence about her most of the time.

Not now, though. While still absolutely perfect in Matt's eyes, Krissy employed every nuance, every technique she'd perfect through frequent and dedicated practice. Matt had never known a blow-job could be this utterly mind-boggling. One

hand held his balls - but it didn't just hold them, but gently massaged them... while her other warm, feminine hand was wrapped around the shaft of his cock, doing a slow, rhythmic pumping motion - while her lips and tongue worked at a quicker counter-point, her head bobbing up and down as she made small sounds of pleasure in the back of her throat.

So skilled was she at varying her rhythm and pace to keep him on edge, it seemed at first that he'd never cum... and then when she finally pushed him over the edge, it seemed as if he'd never stop.

"Oh, God..." He moaned, with feeling, as the last of his warm seed went down her willing throat and she began to lick him clean. "That was... amazing!"

"I'm glad you liked it..." She said, smiling, as she pulled his pants up and did them up. "After all, I can't send *my* man out unsatisfied."

Matt grinned at her sharply possessive tone - he didn't mind it at all.

"I'll be back as fast as humanly possible..." He said, kissing her on the cheek...

...and then all but sprinted to the door, grabbing his wallet and keys on the way out.

* *

Closing the door behind Matt, Krissy grinned, then gathered up her discarded sweater and ankled her way down the hall.

Her first stop was the bathroom, where she brushed her teeth and gargled thoroughly with mouthwash. She didn't actually enjoy the physical act of sucking cock, and especially not the musty, salty taste of cum - but she did love the pleasure it gave to her men, especially Matt, so was willing to do it, happily, for men she cared enough about...

...though she couldn't recall, specifically, who else - other than Matt, of course - she'd cared enough to blow. Oh, sure, there must have been dozens, considering her level of skill... but who were they?

Shrugging it off, she grabbed a bottle of baby-oil and made her way into her bedroom.

Dropping the fuzzy sweater neatly on the bed, Krissy quickly shimmied out of the rest of her clothes, including the shoes. Picking up the bottle of baby oil, she squeezed a small amount of the clear, thick liquid into the palm of her hand, shivering slightly at the touch of the cool liquid on her skin.

Slowly and sensuously, she began to oil up her body. Usually, she'd wait and let the guy do this, because it was great foreplay - but she'd save that for next time. She wanted Matt, bad, and she didn't want to delay once he got back.

Once she was done, she paused to admire her smooth, oiled body in the full-length mirror, turning slight to admire the way the oil brought new highlights to her skin, further emphasizing her supple body, long legs and large, firm breasts.

Then, feeling delightfully wicked, she 'dressed'.

White, fine-floral-lace thigh-high nylons with seams up the back. A floral-embroidered white satin-and-lace 'corset' with big, ribbon ties down the front. It had dangling garters that she clipped on to the nylons, but left her crotch and breasts bare.

Undoing the big pink bow from her hair, she shook it loose and then tied it into two, loose 'tails' on either side of her head, held in place by white ribbon that matched those of her corset.

The final touch was a pair of platform shoes in a sort of 'Mary Jane' style, only much sexier. They were white leather, with a three-inch platform and nine-inch heels, and had a strap that ran over just in front of her ankle.

Knowing Matt would be back any second, she hurried out to the living room and dimmed all the lights, letting the sunlight of late afternoon provide a sort of golden-orange lighting through the big windows that fronted the patio. Having them wide open like that meant that somebody could see in, if they happened to be walking through the woodsy area behind the building - but that made it all the more delicious for her.

Smiling, she settled on the couch and 'posed' herself - one leg straight, the other bent at the knee and angled inward, 'demurely' hiding her crotch, while she crossed her wrists at her breasts, each hand covering the opposite nipple. Willing her pounding heart to slow a little, she took several deep breath to calm herself while she waited...

It didn't work. She felt like a schoolgirl, all giddy and excited, afraid yet eager. She'd had sex more times than she could count, yet she almost felt like a virgin, ready to do it for the very first time...

Krissy frowned, confused. Was this how it had felt the first time? She knew she had issues, especially sexual one, but what sort of.. of slut was she, not being able to remember the first time she had sex...?

The frown grew deeper - then her eyes widened in shock as Krissy realized that she couldn't remember any of the guys she'd had sex with. No matter how hard she tried, to couldn't bring up one name, face or image of a previous lover.

Then a connection was made. She'd been sure something was wrong with her that morning. She clearly remembered the panic, the conviction that something was wrong - though she couldn't remember what, exactly, it had been. Just that it had something to do with the carnival last night...

...the one that she couldn't actually remember going to. With a start, Krissy realized that she couldn't clearly remember anything before this morning. She 'knew' things about her past - or thought she did - but didn't have any clear memories to go along with them.

What the hell did it all mean...?

Well, whatever it was, now wasn't the time to worry about it. She'd almost forgotten about the Fortune-teller, Madame Zaruski, but now that it had come back to her she filed it away in the back of her mind. Right now, she didn't care what the oddity in her past was - she just wanted to make sweet love to Matt...

Then, as if her thought had summoned him, the door swung open - and there he was...

* *

Matt took one step into the apartment - and then his brain registered the image his eyes were providing him.

He closed the door behind him - but slowly, mechanically, without being consciously aware of it. All his conscious thought was focused on the image before him....

She gleamed. Gold, copper, brass and bronze were the materials that made the incredible, perfect figure he stared at. Even the white of her 'clothing', such as it was, was turned to rich, red-gold by the light of the dying sun streaming in from the windows. Demure-yet-sexy, she lay with a small, slightly tremulous smile on her firm, full lips while she gazed at him in simple adoration.

Then she spread her arms wide, letting her leg slide down and away, and gave him a full, sweat smile while her glorious, bell-like voice rang out, low and husky.

"Come to me, lover..."

Matt would never have any conscious memory of moving towards her, or undressing. He couldn't say whether he undressed himself, if Krissy did it, or if it were a cooperative effort. As far as his memories were concerned, he stood there for an eternal second, gazing at her utter perfection - and then he was naked and in her arms, kissing her passionately - if awkwardly - while helping her get the condom he'd bought onto his already hard, throbbing cock.

Her breath was minty-fresh. He found himself bemused to notice this one detail, and then she was laying back on the couch, legs spread in an invitation as old as time, and matched by the welcoming smile on her lips. Somehow, he found himself in position over her, and he felt the light, faintly nerve-shivering sensation of her nails digging lightly into the marbled flesh of his posterior thighs as she urged him to thrust forward...

He did - and all conscious thought ceased.

* * * * *

The exact instant she felt the muscles in his thighs bunch to begin the thrust, she thrust her own hips upwards in a slow, steady thrust - while quickly-but-gracefully rolling her hips from side-to-side, 'vibrating' as he penetrated her.

He cried out in pleasure at a technique he'd never even known existed, her tight, wet cunt holding his cock in it's warm, firmly-supple embrace while she 'shimmied' her way up it's length - and then rocked her pelvis back-and-forth on the back stroke, creating a new and exciting sensation.

It wasn't only Matt who received incredible pleasure from this exercise, of course - it also had it's effect on Krissy...

"Oh, God, Yes...!" She cried out in passion and desire, finding her body moving almost of its own volition, not needing conscious guidance in this long-familiar (if unrecalled) act.

Which was good - because all conscious thought had stopped the instant of his first thrust, whipped away by a wave of too-long-denied pleasure thrumming through the hyper-sensitive nerves of her glorious, gorgeous body.

"Harder..." She gasped, not even aware of the plea - but aware of the effects that occurred when Matt obeyed her, increasing the depth and power of his strokes even as her own hip motions became more frantic, less finely controlled.

She barely heard herself call out his name, and his responding shouts were only vaguely heard - but she felt a warm rush of emotional pleasure nonetheless, bucking and writhing under his firm, masculine body. Even in the throes of passion, he was gentlemanly enough to remember to keep his not-inconsiderable weight off her as much as possible, distributing the rest of the load evenly - and wonderfully

- across her body as he carefully modulated his own physical strength so as to maximize pleasure without causing pain.

As they made love with wild, wonderful abandon, she heard him say something else, but the rising tide of pleasure washed it through her mind without registering its meaning.

The pleasure continued to build and build, growing ever stronger...

...and then she came.

Her voice rang out clear and sharp, a sweet trilling cry of pure pleasure as her body - her nerves overloaded with pleasure - writhed and jerked under Matt's hard, thick body. She didn't hear the cry, or register the shuddering, however, as her brain simply couldn't get those signals through the roaring flood-tide of ecstasy that was drowning all other sensations, even as Matt twitched and jerked above her, reaching his own, spectacular climax.

Then, sheathed in sweat and baby-oil, they slumped on the couch, Matt using the last of his immediate energy to push himself a'kilter, so as not to crush Krissy below him. They lay there, letting the flood of orgasmic pleasure slowly drain away...

...and as the flood waters of pleasure receded, she found the words Matt had spoken lodged in the driftwood of her mind... and she tightened her arms around him in sudden emotional pleasure that was almost as overwhelmingly powerful as the physical pleasure she'd just felt.

"Oh, Matt - I love you too..." She said, voice thick with emotion - and then they were kissing, and it seemed as if it would last forever...

...right up until the champagne bottle shattered over Matt's head.

Krissy screamed and recoiled as Matt rolled limply off the couch - and John, not content, kicked the limp, bulky figure in the ribs, hard.

* * * * *

A red rage thundering through his head, he barely heard Krissy as she shouted his name, shrilly, as he kicked Matt's limp figure again, hard.

"Bastard!" John swore in a viscous, hoarse voice, angrily whipping the dozen long-stemmed red roses he'd bought onto Matt's limp body.

The second time Krissy screamed his name, it registered - and he swung his flat, viscous gaze onto the lying bitch.

He was barely aware of his now-empty hands curling into fists, drawing the muscles of his arms taut under the tux he'd rented. "So what happened to 'no affairs with roommates, bitch?'" He snarled, stepping over Matt's limp body and looming over her. "No, John, it's not like that...!" Krissy tried to protest, wide-eyed.

The thunder running through John's head intensified.

"Don't you dare tell me that!" He screamed, spittle flying from the corners of his mouth. "I decide we should celebrate me getting my car back, get all dressed up, buy flowers for you and champagne for all of us, and then get home to find you and Matt fucking... *on... the... COUCH!* So don't you dare try and tell me this 'isn't what it looks like!'" His voice had risen to a shrill, thunderous screech. "It's damned well *exactly* what it looks like!"

Then, suddenly, he straightened and - with deceptive calm given lie by the murderous look in his eyes - smoothed the rented tux over his trim chest. When he spoke again, it was in a voice that sounded almost neighborly.

"So, how long has this been going on?" He 'casually inquired'. "How long have you been fucking Matt behind my back?"

"No, I..." Krissy said - and, almost causally, he back-handed her. It wasn't terribly hard, but she went dead silent, eyes widening in horror as she stared at him.

"Don't bother lying, slut." He said, again almost casual. "That's what you are, aren't you? A slut? You fuck men all the time. Tall men, short men, white men, black men - you don't care. Oh, no, not you - you're an equal-opportunity cock-sucking slut. A big-titted bimbo who'll fuck anybody and everybody..."

Then, just like 'that', John the maniac was back, his eyes afire with a look of insanity and the cords on his neck straining as he screamed at her at the top of his lungs.

"...except ME!"

Krissy stared at him, trembling, as he once more became preternaturally calm, looking down at the cuff of his jacket and picking off an imaginary piece of lint.

"Well, that's all going to change." HE said, eerily composed. "You see, I'm gonna fuck you like you've never been fucked before. I'm gonna fuck you so long and hard that you're gonna beg me to stop - and I'll..."

He never finished the sentence. Instead, he let out a shout of shocked anger as he suddenly flew backwards, rolling backwards over the coffee-table and bouncing off the floor, struggling to his feet...

...as Matt rose from the ground like an avenging god, blood streaming from the lacerations on the back of his head.

"You bastard..." Matt growled, one arm pressed close to his side, where John had kicked him. The blow to the head hadn't actually knocked him unconscious, but had stunned him. He'd been immobilized - temporarily - by the blow, but had been aware of everything John had said or done... and now he was as rage-consumed as John was, his ham-like hands opening and closing rapidly. "You lousy bastard..."

Matt leapt towards John, and Krissy screamed again as they slammed together and vanished through the doorway into the kitchen, landing out of her line of sight in a loud clatter. There was muffled cursing and scuffling sounds, followed by several banging sounds as their bodies slammed off of table, chairs and cabinets...

...and then there were two separate, yet equally enraged - shouts of triumph, and the combatants came into view once more, their careful 'dancing' around each other putting them back in front of the doorway.

John's face was a feral grin, and he was bent low, his body held loose and ready, like a snake about to strike. Matt's face was a study in cold fury, his eyes as hard as flint as he moved with power and grace, half-turned towards his opponent to minimize how much of his body was exposed...

...and each of them held a long, wicked-looking knife taken from the knife-rack. Matt's was slightly shorter, but had a wider blade, while John's was longer and thinner.

"No...!" Krissy screamed in horror, barely able to believe that, somehow, this was happening - as the two men lunged at the same time, uncoiling with fearsome energy, those gleaming knives lashing out...

...and then they stopped.

They didn't 'stop fighting' - they just stopped. As if they were actors in a movie that had been freeze-framed. Faces still locked in snarls, the two men hung poised, John actually about a quarter of an inch off the floor from the force of his spring.

Each one's knife rested on the other's chest, the point of each blade directly above the other's heart. "What...?" Krissy said, stunned and shocked.

"I'm sorry, my dear..." A voice said - and Krissy screeched and rolled off the couch, staring at the old, dusky-skinned woman standing in the corner, wearing strange-looking robes in black and deep purple.

"Who.. who are you...?" Krissy gasped.

The woman's sorrowful eyes locked onto Krissy, and she sighed. "I am Madame Zaruski... and I fear this is all my fault." Krissy blinked - then made the connection. "You - you're the fortune teller!"

"Yes." Madame Zaruski said, slowly walking over to where Matt and John were frozen, looking the two men over with a sad, sad look. "Although my ability to foresee the future did not allow me to see this outcome."

"I.. I don't understand what's happening." Krissy admitted.

The older woman sighed. "You are not as you once were, child. Until this morning, you were not... not nearly as attractive."

"Oh." Krissy said. "I.. I was wondering about that. I was wondering why it took me so long to 'give in' to my desire for Matt. I guess, before, I wasn't attractive enough for Matt or John to be interested in me."

An odd 'almost smile' flickered across Madame Zaruski's face. "Something like that, my dear." Then the faint glimmer of amusement was gone. "However, I didn't see where it would lead. You see, I did not actually change history, only people's perception of it. Too late, I realized that - had this happened 'for real' - John, unable to take being around a sexy woman who didn't want him, would have left. You and Matt would have become lovers long before this. However, by simply altering memories, Matt remembers being hopelessly in love with you for years, and John remembers being frustrated for years - and these 'false' memories feel real enough to each of them that it affected them, and this is the result. In a 'real' history, where you were always like this, this never would have happened. There would have been some bitter words before John finally left... but not this."

You... you're not going to change everything back, are you?" Krissy said, swallowing nervously. "I mean, I don't actually remember what I was like... but I know that Matt and I weren't madly in love with each other. Maybe I was in love with him... but I wasn't attractive enough, or something."

"Or something..." Madame Zaruski agreed with a dead-pan face that seemed to hide another flash of amusement, one that quickly faded. "Changing everything back would be easiest, my dear."

"Please, no...!" Krissy begged, wide eyed. "Please - please find a way to undo this without breaking up Matt and I..."

The old woman looked sadly at Krissy, eyes dark and mysterious. "The only other option is for me to grant each of you another wish, and then try and arrange it so that the granting of each wish somehow works out so that this does not happen."

Krissy looked at the old woman's face... then nodded. "Okay. What do we do...?"

Madame Zaruski slowly turned back to the frozen men in the kitchen, her face unreadable as she waved an arm...

All three of them gasped as they found themselves sitting in Madame Zaruski's tent, a crystal ball in the center of the round, purple- draped table. All three were fully dressed, and sitting shoulder-to-shoulder with Krissy in the middle. Across from them, Madame Zaruski was looking at them intently.

"What the fuck...?" John said, angrily. "What the hell's goin' on! I can't move!"

Krissy tried - and found that she, too, was locked into place, each muscle frozen. She was awake and aware, able to breath, speak, see and hear... but she could not move. From the exclamation of surprise from her other side, it seemed Matt was in the same predicament.

"Silence!" Madame Zaruski commanded, sharply - and the two guys, who'd juts begun to swear at each other viscously, fell silent. Even Krissy felt her throat lock up, robbing her of the ability to speak.

"I am about to grant you each one wish." Madame Zaruski said. "You will only be able to speak in order to define your wish." Her dark eyes fixed on Matt first. "Speak your wish."

Matt's lips moved... but nothing came out, meaning he'd been about to say something other then his wish, perhaps ask a question - from the look on his angry, confused face, he hadn't been aware of what was happening while he and John had been 'frozen'. After a few seconds, however, his face became thoughtful. Silence reigned for a good five minutes as Matt worked things out for himself - and he finally spoke.

"I wish that Krissy and I could be free to love each other without any interference from anybody - especially John." He said, finally. Madame Zaruski nodded, then turned her eyes to Krissy. "And you?"

She swallowed nervously, already knowing what she wanted. "I wish that Matt and I would not only be happy together, in the future, but will have memories of being happy in the past, with no memories of either my old life, when we weren't lovers, or of what happened in this 'revised' history that lead to this fight."

The faintest look of approval flitted across Madame Zaruski's face as she nodded - and then it hardened as she turned to John. "What is your wish?"

John had obviously taken the time he'd had to work on his wish - and his rage. When he spoke, his voice was laced with venom, and Krissy, horrified, realized that he intended to try and screw everything up with his wish. With mounting fear and horror, she could only listen as John opened his mouth and started speaking...

"I wish..."

* * * * *

"Oh, darling - I miss you so much..." Christine breathed into the phone, leaning back against the headboard and looking idly out the window of their penthouse apartment.

'I know, honey.' Matt's voice came through the phone, though he was so far away from her. *'I miss you too - but somebody had to come see this client.'*

"I know, I know..." Christine told her husband with a sigh. "I know it's important, and I know we'll be together again in a week - but I still hate to be separated from you, darling."

Matt chuckled in a low tone. 'We're just a couple of old softies, sweetie. We spend every waking moment together whenever we can, are madly in love with each other, have a great business.... and a week-long trip drives us nuts...'

Christine had to smile dreamily at that. It was true - they had just about the perfect marriage.

Christine and Matt had first met in high-school. Back then, Matt had been a massive mountain of muscle, the prototypical 'jock' - while she'd been scrawny and knob-kneed, her girlish body refusing to 'fill out' like that of all the other girls. She'd consoled herself with the fact that she was doing phenomenally in school, being a damned-near genius... but that still didn't make her feel better about her lack of a social life.

Matt had come to her, originally, for tutoring. Though not a 'big, dumb jock', he'd been having some problems, and she'd agreed to help him.

Then something neither had expected happened. The more time they'd spent together, the more they'd found they enjoyed each other's company. Soon, they were all-but-inseparable... though, for Matt, she was just a 'really good friend' - while she had a deep and almost painful crush on this strong, handsome young man.

Then two things happened while they were in college together. The first thing had been a 'blessing in disguise' - Matt had been injured while playing football, and had discovered that it would be years before he'd be able to play again. Lost and 'set adrift' after growing up as a 'sports machine', he'd turned more and more to Christine for support, even going as far as joining her computer classes to be around her warm, supportive personality...

...and to everybody's amazement - including his own - it turned out he had a real flair for computers, one that was equal-to-but-different than Christine's own 'flair'.

The second thing that happened was that she'd discovered she was a very 'late bloomer' - but, as if to make up for the delay, Mother Nature let her bloom quickly - and with a vengeance.

Within a year, she was barely recognizable. She went from thin and flat-chested to slender, supple and gorgeous. Guys who never even noticed her before began to flock around her, practically begging for dates...

...but she knew there was only one man for her - and by this time, Matt knew that there was only one girl for him. The most wonderful thing of all, though, was the fact that Matt had first told her that he loved her just before she'd begun to blossom. Indeed, it was almost as if she'd suddenly become this stunning creature just because he had said those magic words -

and she would be able to live the rest of her life secure in the knowledge that it wasn't just her newly-fabulous body that Matt loved.

They'd married two days after graduation - and had gone into business for themselves. Between them, they knew everything there was to know about computers, and most of their work could be done at home. Their business quickly prospered - while their own love grew deeper and more powerful, each barely able to stand being separated from the other.

Christine couldn't believe how utterly wonderful her life had become... and she supposed that the occasional absence of her husband was a small thing in the wonderful, dream-like life she lead.

"I'll be counting the minutes until I get home." Matt promised. "I have to go, honey - but I'll call you again in the morning." "Okay..." She said, softly. "Matt - I love you."

'I love you too.' Matt said, emotionally. 'I'll talk to you soon...'

Then even his voice was gone, and Christine hung up the phone with a sigh. Staring out the window at the city skyline, she ruefully admitted to herself that it wasn't just being away from the 'love of her life' that was so annoying - it was also the fact that she'd more-or- less gotten accustomed to having somebody satisfy her sexual needs at the drop of a hat. The truth was, half the projects they worked on could have been finished in half the time - except they quite frequently found themselves making hot, passionate love instead of working. Though they'd been married for almost five years now, they still acted a lot like hormone-ridden teenagers, unable to keep their hands off of each other. A whole week of semi-chastity... (with just her collection of occasionally-used dildos, vibrators, and other 'aids')

...wasn't easy on her.

She smiled wickedly, and thought about the custom-made dildo Matt had given her last Valentine's day - the one that was a copy of his own cock. Though, of course, not as wonderful as his own, living member, it was an acceptable 'substitute', and she was just reaching towards the drawer where she kept it...

...when the doorbell rang.

She sighed, then grinned and rolled out of bed, swaying atop her high-heeled 'mules' towards the front door. Since there hadn't been a 'buzz' from the lobby, it meant that it was somebody from inside the building - and she had a pretty good idea who it was.

She was right. Swinging the door open, Christine smiled at the person on the other side.

"Hey, Joni - come on in..." She said, stepping aside and letting the other woman into the apartment. "Thanks..." Joni said on her husk, sensual voice, walking - almost *flowing* - into the apartment.

Christine knew she was sexy, in a perky, cheerful way... but she sometimes envied Joni, with her almost palatable air of pure carnal pleasure. Everything the dark-haired woman did was erotic, even when she wasn't trying. Her voice could give a comatose man a hard-on, and her sensual, feline glide could kill a guy with heart-problems.

Joni's body was firmer, more toned than Christine's. In fact, she was almost 'muscular' - but in a supple, almost feline way that was almost painfully feminine. Her legs were long and incredibly shapely - dancer's legs, which wasn't odd considering that Joni made a living as a stripper.

She was 'sex', packaged in the body of a woman. Her toned-yet-feminine body was darkly tanned, and her long, flowing black hair surrounded a face of carnal challenge that few men could resist, with dark, challenging eyes and incredibly full, sensual lips. She was almost unrealistically fit and toned...

...including her massive tits. Each one was the size of a medicine ball, thrust from her chest so firmly and roundly that they were near- [perfect spheres, despite the fact that they were natural, rather than surgically enhanced. Each one was tipped with a large, dark nipple, which wasn't exactly a secret - since Joni refused to wear a bra, her unbelievably toned body and regimen of exercise keeping them from 'drooping'.

"It happened again..." Joni breathed, licking her full, gloss-red lips unconsciously as she remembered. "It's as if I can't control myself." "This is the third time this week..." Christine mock-scolded Joni - then grinned. "Come on, let's find you something."

The lean-and-sexual stripped followed Christine towards the bedroom - a common enough occurrence.

Joni wasn't just unbelievably sexy - she was also unbelievable sexual. She was, quite literally, a nymphomaniac. Aside from working, sleeping and eating, it sometimes seemed all she did was fuck and suck a nearly endless parade of guys. The only problem was, Joni had a sort of strange 'habit' - she would always rip her panties off, tearing them to shreds, rather than remove them more carefully. She claimed it was because she just couldn't wait to fuck guys, and it was the quickest way to get them off - but she went through five or six pairs of panties a day. She tried to keep a supply of panties around her apartment, but several times a week she'd find herself without any panties.

"Who's the lucky guy tonight?" Christine asked, opening her drawer and sorting through the available selection of panties. Both women wore the same size panties, and Christine glanced at the black leather skirt-and-vest combo Joni was wearing, trying to pick the best pair to give her.

"Actually, it's two guys - the twin brothers I was telling you about..." Joni said, licking her lips again. "they have the biggest damn..." "All right, all right..." Christine giggled. "I don't need to hear the details. Hmm... how 'bout these?"

She held up a pair of lacy French-cut black panties, and Joni took them with a slow, seductive smile.

"Perfect..." She all-but-purred. Swiveling atop the nine-inch tall heels of her platform shoes, she started towards the door with her mouth-watering stride... and then paused, just as Christine knew she would.

It happened every time. At first, Christine had found it annoying that Joni did it every single time she came to visit, yet had finally begun to 'ignore' it. Like the panties, it was as if Joni just couldn't help herself. It was as if she had to say the same stupid line every single time

- and this time was no exception. Even as the incredibly sensual woman spoke, Christine 'tuned out', barely hearing the much-repeated phrase.

"Hey, Christine, I hope I'm not making Matt jealous - after all, it can't be easy for him, knowing that an unbelievably sexy, well-endowed person is getting into your panties..."

* *

As the huge-breasted female body he was trapped in turned and headed off to its rendezvous with a couple of horny twins with huge, thick cocks, John's trapped mind screamed over and over again in the silent, empty vaults of his own, life-long prison...

'This isn't what I meant...!'

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After getting lost in a snow storm, one man is rescued by a reclusive woman, who explains how she was a one time a male; the rescued man decides that he wants to see what it would be like to be a woman also.

Hermit

By Gunslinger

With a whispering cry of despair, the pre-dawn February wind swept over the log structure, rattling the windows in a spray of driven snow torn from the tall pines and firs surrounding the lonely structure.

Shivering in the early-morning chill that permeated the wooden structure, Nikki quickly gathered up her long, unkempt mass of reddish-brown hair, pulling it back and wrapping an elastic around it in a rudimentary ponytail.

Wrapping her heavy, quilted blue house-coat tighter around her tall, strong frame, she tightened the belt around her slim waist, persevering as much warmth inside the garment as possible. Pausing for a second to rub her strong hands together, she winced as she reached out and wrapped one hand around the icy-cold metal of the wrought-iron poker, while her other hand turned the equally icy metal handle on the door of the old, cast-iron stove's firebox.

Quickly, the tall, ruggedly-built woman stirred new life into the embers still glowing from the fire of the evening before. Once small tongues of flame were lapping upwards from the renewed bed of embers, she loaded a few of her steadily diminishing supply of logs into the fire box, then swung the door closed again, letting the fire begin building.

As she waited for the fire to rise enough to allow her to begin making her first pot of coffee for the morning, the buxom auburn-haired woman quickly and efficiently laid a new fire in the stone fireplace that dominated the rustic main room of the cabin. Soon a small but growing blaze was laid in the hearth, the crackling golden flames already beginning to drive the chill out of the air, reinforced by the growing warmth from the old stove.

Satisfied, she walked across the room, re-entering the small corner of the structure designated as the kitchen. Using the red hand-pump mounted at the sink, she filled the battered old blue- enameled 'camp pot' percolator with the icy, clear water of the cabin's artesian well. Adding some of her diminishing supply of rough-ground coffee to the metal basket portion of the old percolator, she placed the top on the metal container and carried it over to the stove. Using the little implement supplied for the purpose, she removed one of the round metal covers from the stove, placing the percolator in its place, where the round base fit perfectly on the ledged rim, exactly as it was supposed to. With its metal bottom exposed directly to the heat of the fire, the water began to warm rapidly, and the fragrant promise of coffee began to fill the cabin.

Waiting for the coffee to begin perking, Nikki walked over to the counter near the sink, leaning her toned body against the wooden surface as she gazed blindly at the ghostly reflection in the window.

A strong-featured but not unlovely face stared back at her, its dark eyes filled with melancholy as she yes her broad-shouldered, slim-build, offset by her prodigious bust and slender waist. Even the bulky robe couldn't conceal the taut, lithe build of her Amazonian body, so supple and powerfully feminine, buxom and brawny at the same time.

Another gust from the rising storm outside rattled the window in its wooden frame, pulling her sad gaze from the reflection to the white-on-gray scene outside the cabin. Lit in the steely light that came just before a dawn that would be hidden by the low, scudding clouds, the scene was in tremulous motion, the branches of the heavy forest all bowing before the force of the rising wind...

...except for the small section of growth that was moving perpendicular to the force of the storm sweeping in from the east.

Eyes widening in shock, Nikki watched as a human figure, swaddled in a black-and-yellow snowmobile suit, staggered out of the forest, seeming to move as much from the force of the wind as under its own power. Staggering, head down, the swaying, staggering figure drunkenly navigated the snow-filled drainage ditch that edged that side of the property, seemingly unaware of where it was, or where it was going. Shoulders hunched against the wind, the figure was leaning heavily against a long section of a downed tree limb, relying heavily on the make-shift crutch as it concentrated on placing one foot in front of the other.

Stunned, locked in position, Nikki could only watch as the figure staggered to a stop, finally seeming to notice that the clearing was too smooth and perfect to be natural. As she watched, the figure lifted its head, exposing a hooded face covered by a thick scarf and a pair of goggles. For a long second, the figure simply stared at the cabin - and then, as a gust of wind swept over, simply toppled over, to lay unmoving in the blowing snow.

With that, Nikki's paralysis broke. All her own concerns suddenly shoved aside, she didn't even think about her desire for perfect, perpetual privacy as she hurried from the kitchen. Running more on instinct and adrenaline than conscious thought, she kicked off her fur-lined slippers and shoved her feet into the heavy boots kept near the door, even as she yanked an old army parka off its hook near the door.

Muttering cursed to herself, she struggled to get the zipper pulled up over a bust that the garment was never designed to cover. Finally getting the heavy coat zipped, she yanked open the plank door

- only to have it immediately torn from her grasp by the wind.

Ignoring the swinging, banging door, Nikki headed toward the downed person, snow already crawling over the person's suited figure. Yanking a pair of leather linesman gloves from the pockets of the parka, Nikki slipped them on hands already going stiff in the bitter mountain air.

Slogging through the uneven snow, Nikki reached the side of the immobile man in the snow. At this close range, there was no doubting the figure's gender, and for a moment sheer panic nearly managed to derail Nikki's instinctive good intentions as she stared down at the tall, heavily-built man sprawled at her feet.

The spell lasted only a few heart-pounding seconds, during which her mind spun terrible - and highly improbable - considerations - and then she shook her head, freeing herself from the unlikely consequences of her actions, and she grabbed the unconscious man under the armpits.

Though the man certainly was no bantamweight, Nikki herself was a whole lot of woman, and her long, well-muscled legs and toned, strong arms had no problem dragging the immobile man across the yard and into the cabin. Unceremoniously dumping him onto the floor near the door, she stepped back outside just long enough to grab the handle of the wind-tossed

door. With a powerful heave that was as much body-eight as muscle, she hauled the outward-opening door closed against the force of the wind.

She latched and barred the door, cutting off the howling wind and the bitter chill it brought with it. Tearing off her gloves, Nikki quickly knelt and hauled the man's snow-impregnated scarf away from his lower face, her fingers sliding across the cool, slick flesh of his neck as she felt for a pulse along his jaw-line.

A few heart-pounding seconds later, she sighed in relief as her fingers registered the steady beat of his pulse. Even as she sat back on her haunches in relief, the man coughed and began to stir.

Moaning, the man propped himself up on an elbow and lifted one hand, pushing back hood and goggles to reveal a mass of dark hair and piecing emerald eyes that went well with his chiseled chin and hawk-like nose.

"Thanks.." He half-gasped, voice hoarse and roughened by the cold air he'd been breathing. "I was doing fine right up until I twisted my ankle... and then I really began to worry."

Fear, uncertainty, and near-panic at having another living person talk to her, and a man at that, after nearly four months of blessed solitude hit Nikki like a fist - and, in a form of emotional alchemy, transmuted into anger.

"What the hell did you think you were doing, wandering around in the mountains at night?" She demanded, her strong contralto voice filled with unwarranted anger. "You could have been killed, you bumbling idiot!"

The man, apparently about her own age of thirty, suddenly looked much young as he responded to her outburst with an abashed, boyish grin.

"Gee, sorry mom." He said, in a theatrical tone. "I won't do it again - I promise."

"This isn't a laughing matter...!" She flared anew. "What sort of idiot goes snowmobiling in the mountains at night?"

"Actually, I wasn't..." The man said, dragging himself into a sitting position and unzipping the front of his suit. "I was on my way home last evening when this buck jumps out in front of my truck. I managed to swerve - but I ran off the road, tearing out the back axle of my truck and totaling the trailer and snowmobile. I spent the night in my truck, with the engine running for heat, hoping somebody would come along, but nobody did. When I finally ran out of gas, I started walking - but then this storm rolled in, and in the blowing snow I managed to fall off the edge of the road and down the embankment, twisting my ankle in the process. There was no way I could climb back up to the road on a twisted ankle, so I started off cross-country - and wound up here."

"Oh..." Nikki said, anger draining out of her as quickly as it had arisen. "Sounds like you had a hell of a streak of bad luck."

"You could say that." He agreed. "By the way - I'm Gary. Gary Owens." She hesitated perceptibly before replying tersely: "Nikki Graves."

She ignored his outstretched hand, and Gary's boyish grin dimmed slightly as he let his arm drop.

"Well, Nikki - I'm very pleased to meet you, under the circumstances." He said, warmly. "If not for you, I might have frozen to death."

"Umm.." She replied, her previously fierce gaze lowered as she became awkward and uncomfortable, all too aware of the man sharing her 'private retreat' with her, knowing what he must see and think as he looked at her. "I, uh, got some coffee on... you could probably use a cup."

"Yeah - that's be great." Gary agreed, more then slightly taken aback by the auburn-haired Amazon's sudden shy, awkward mood. As she quickly rose and headed towards the kitchen, as if eager to get as far away from him as the confines of the cabin would allow, he shucked off the overly-warm suit, using a nearby wall to pull his well-muscled body erect, balancing on his good leg.

Standing so close to the now fully-burning stove, Nikki not only almost unconsciously shucked off her parka and boots, but also the heavy housecoat. It was almost because of, rather then despite, her mind dwelling on the fact that she was no longer comfortably alone that her body followed her current habit of making herself comfortable, and so she barely registered anything amiss as she did the same thing she did every morning, shucking down to her blue-and-white stripped flannel pajamas as the cabin warmed to a comfortable temperature. It wasn't until she turned to carry the coffee over to her unexpected and unwanted guest that she realized what she'd done.

Unsurprisingly, Gary's eyes flickered across her tall, rangy body, pausing momentarily at her most salient feature - the full, firm bust straining the buttons of her flannel top, each nearly spherical, cantaloupe-sized breast clearly delineated by the over-stressed top.

Nikki's face went beat-red, and she all-but slammed the two mugs off coffee back on the counter as she quickly yanked the over-warm but figure-muffling housecoat back on, letting it hang loosely around her body to even better disguise her shapely form.

"Sorry - I didn't mean to stare..." Gary apologized quickly, having no trouble figuring out that Nikki was more then just a tad body-conscious. He cleared his throat uncomfortably, then changed the topic: "If I could just use your phone..."

Hesitantly, her eyes averted, Nikki crossed the room and held out the mug of coffee, keeping Gary at a little arm's length away as she replied in a voice barely loud enough to be heard: "Don't have one..."

"Oh..." Gary said, nonplussed, as he wondered what was up with this woman. As she went over and settled on the far end of the rustic-looking couch, still not looking at him, he cast about for some topic of conversation.

His eyes fell on a photograph on the stone mantel. It had obviously been taken in front of this very cabin, and showed a rangy man in jeans and a red plaid flannel shirt, his bearded face split in a wide grin as he held a shotgun with obvious pride-of-ownership.

"Whose this...?" Gary said, gesturing at the photo of the auburn-haired man who bore such a resemblance to his awkward hostess. "Your brother?"

She remained silent for a long moment, so much so that he thought she wasn't going to answer. Then she did reply, in a voice so low that at first Gary was absolutely certain he must have heard wrong, prompting him to say: "Pardon me...?"

"I said..." She repeated, in a louder, but quavering, voice, head turned away. "That's me." Gary, flabbergasted, couldn't think of anything to say.

Finally, her face a deep red, Nikki turned to look at him, though her eyes still wouldn't meet his. "It isn't what you think."

"I... I'm not really sure what to think at all." He said, honestly, still stunned by the revelation. "It wasn't by choice!" She said, sharply. "I didn't want to be a woman!"

"Oh..." Gary said, still unsure what to make of all this. "How...? I'm sorry, I shouldn't..."

"I worked at a nuclear power plant." Nikki said, bitterly. "There was a sort of... accident. Most men would simply have been rendered impotent, but apparently I'm a genetic oddity, XXY rather than XY. Most people born XXY are feminine, and go through life considered women - but I was apparently male, with male genitalia, and raised that way."

Gary stared at the buxom, strong-yet-feminine woman, then looked back at the photo, finally seeing how the rangy 'all male' man could, with a relatively few changes, make up this Amazonian example of womanhood.

"With my body no longer producing male hormones..." She said, tightly, "...it suddenly decided I was a woman, after all. I went through a sort of... second puberty, one that went ahead and made me a woman - with a vengeance."

She gestured despairingly at the loose fabric draped over her prodigious bust, then let her hands slump dejectedly by her side.

"So now you know." She said, with a palatable bitterness. "You're in the presence of a genuine, honest-to-god freak. When you get out of here, you can call the National Enquirer - 'I was rescued by a Big-Titted Sex Changing Freak!' It'll make you famous..."

"You're not a freak...!" Gary denied, almost instinctively.

"Oh?" She asked, bitterly. "I'm a person who was born and raised a man, now with the body and hormones of a woman, right down to the irrational mood swings. So, I'm not a 'real' man or a 'real' woman, and the gender people see me as is the one I'm not comfortable with."

"Well, um..." Gary mumbled, not knowing what to say, but wanting to find some way of defusing Nikki's deep bitterness.

"Oh - I tried 'being female', like the psychiatrist suggested." Nikki said. "You know, leaning how to be a woman so that my actions and nature would match my appearance, so I wouldn't be a 'freak' - but it didn't exactly go well. I felt... well, like a guy pretending to be a woman. I guess you can imagine what that might make me feel like - so I stopped, and decided to just come up here and get away from the world, so I didn't have to 'pretend' to be either male or female, but could just be myself."

"I'm... sorry..." Gary said, knowing it was horribly inadequate to the situation. "I... I wish there I was something I could do to make you feel more comfortable with my being here..."

"Well, there's absolutely nothing." She replied, dejectedly. "Of course, you could always dress in my 'girly clothes' - at least then you'd be just as uncomfortable as I am..."

It was a flip comment - but Gary's response wasn't. "All right." He said, firmly.

Nikki blinked. "Excuse me?"

"If it would make you feel even the least bit more comfortable, I'll dress in women's clothing." Gary said, blushing.

She eyed him thoughtfully. "You're serious, aren't you?"

He shrugged, his blush deepening. "I *think* I understand how you feel - but dressing as a woman would give me a better insight into how uncomfortable you feel 'looking female' in front of me, and if it will make you feel better..."

Nikki considered the offer. Gary would obviously have to stay until the storm stopped. Not only that, but they'd have to wait until her next scheduled grocery delivery, when a truck from town would deliver her order of food and other necessities, on which Gary could catch a lift into town.

It might be as long as week - and Nikki had been planning to spend that entire week feeling horribly uncomfortable in the presence of this man. If Gary, however, was feeling just as embarrassed and ashamed as she was...

"Okay..." She said, nodding slowly. "Okay - let's do it."

Gary blinked - but, with a hesitant smile that belayed his deep blush, he slowly nodded. "Okay..."

Squaring his shoulders, Gary gestured for her to take the lead - and Nikki was surprised to feel a strange sort of tingly excitement run through her at the thought of 'femming up' this manly man, making somebody else experience a taste of what she'd had to go through since the accident. It was more than enough to allow her to overcome her hesitancy and walk over to him, giving him her broad shoulder to lean on as she led him towards the cabin's bathroom.

"Now, to start with, we've got to get this ugly body hair of you..." She said, feeling giddy at the thought...

...and his sudden stop nearly pulled them both off balance. She glanced over at him, realizing her excitement at the thought might have made her go too far, too fast.

"Did you... shave?" He asked, awkwardly. "I mean, I was being honest when I said I was willing to get a taste of what you were going through, but..."

Nikki completely understood his hesitancy - and, for the first time since the accident, and especially since her highly embarrassing attempt to 'be female', she was glad that she'd used that depilatory, and her hair hadn't grown back - since it allowed her to talk this man into it.

"Actually, it's using a depilatory to remove your body hair." She said, choosing not to mention that it had been a few months since her one-and-only time using the hair removal gel, and that the effects had lasted that long on her. "Your own little caveat sounds fair - I'll only make you do things I do, and taking off the body hair is one of the things..."

She felt like smiling in victory despite her own embarrassment - for it struck her that, as uncomfortable as she was, Gary was even more uncomfortable with this as she was. No matter how much she wished otherwise, she actually had some experience in this whole 'feminine' thing - but it was all new and embarrassing to Gary....

...which was why this strange situation felt so exciting to her.

Leading Gary into the bathroom, she gestured at the old-fashioned claw-foot bathtub along the wall. "Okay, you're going to have to undress and hop in "

As Gary slowly began to unbutton his shirt, she turned and sorted through the cabinet under the pump-action sink. He watched her, moving slowly and putting off this highly shameful act as long as he could - but she emerged from under the sink not only holding a plastic bottle similar to a shampoo bottle, but with an eager grin on her face.

It was the grin of somebody enjoying herself - and, aside from the fact that it made this strange man/woman all the more attractive, it was also a smile that Gary felt was probably missing in her life for far too long. It was for the sake of the smile that he hesitantly took the bottle of hair depilatory - despite the fact that the amount of time it had taken for her to find it at the back of the cabinet probably indicated that this wasn't part of her usual routine.

"Go ahead and follow the instructions..." She said, the words spilling eagerly from her lips. "I'll go get the buckets of warm water you'll need to rinse yourself off..."

As she left the room, he slowly finished the task of undressing, then stepped hesitantly into the tub, holding the bottle of depilatory.

Following the instructions on the box, he began to apply the thick gel to his body, shivering from more than the chill air in the bathroom as he applied the hair remover.

The proscribed time later, Nikki bustled back into the room - and her cheerful, happy demeanor, so different then the awkward, bitter women he'd first met, made him considerably less upset about his naked, gel-covered condition.

In fact, Nikki was so excited about this perverse little game they were playing, it didn't even occur to her to be uncomfortable being female, and in the same room as a naked man. In fact, she displayed no hesitation at all as she helped him was off the depilatory, her hands scrubbing his skin to pull the loosened hair from his skin.

Moments later, he stepped from the tub and accepted a towel from her, his now-smooth skin beat- red from the tips of his toes to his eyebrows, the last body-hair left anywhere on him.

"Okay..." Nikki said, practically bouncing on her toes in excitement. "Now let's get you dressed."

Blushing furiously, hands held cupped over his crotch, Gary awkwardly followed Nikki into her bedroom, where she'd obviously spent time sorting through her closet of 'girlie clothes'.

Nearly giggling in excitement, Nikki gestured towards the clothes she'd laid out on the bed - a simple floral dress, a pair of nylons, and undergarments.

"Go ahead - get dressed..." She urged him, eyes sparkling - and he realized that she was really 'getting off' on this. Whether it was because she was getting to pass some of her 'curse' onto somebody else, because she was doing something with another person after so much solitude, or both, she was obviously having more fun then she'd had in far too long - and that was reason enough for Gary to go through with the humiliation of dressing in women's clothes.

Still blushing furiously, he sat down on the edge of the bed and accepted the pair of white cotton panties she handed him.

"Here you go..."S he said, practically bubbling over with excitement. "None of the bras I have would fit you, but these panties should..."

Dimly, he noted that she hadn't used the phrase 'my bras', but let it pass as he struggled into the plain white panties.

"Great, great..." Nikki said, enthusiastically - and, still blushing, Gary wondered if the ex-male knew that she was basically staring directly at his crotch. "Now the nylons..."

Finding himself getting excited by Nikki's excitement, Garry basically sat back and let her do the work, balling up the nylons and quickly sliding onto the newly-smoothed legs.

As she helped him put on the nylons, Nikki found something a little strange going on: She was getting turned on.

In fact, she was getting sexually excited over.. a man! Well - a man she was feminizing.

Still, it was a new sensation. Though she wasn't exactly a virgin, having made fairly good use of the several dildoes she'd brought out to the cabin with her, Nikki couldn't remember actually being sexually attracted to anybody, male or female, since the accident.

Though disquieting it was also quite... enjoyable.

For a moment, the realization of what she was feeling almost drew her up short - but then, something very strange happened to her.

She thought about the life she'd resigned herself to, living away in the middle of nowhere, with no human contact - and it suddenly didn't seem nearly as bearable as it once had.

In fact, it seemed downright shitty.

She had been unable to accept her feminine status because she hadn't been able to see herself as a 'real' woman, and she was no longer able to be a 'real' man - but now, as she helped Gary into the dress she'd picked out, she realized there was a third option, one she'd never before considered:

Accept being a 'freak'.

Neither and both, female and male, the best of both worlds - involved with other people of 'mixed genders'.

Before, she'd always views transsexuals and transvestites as being 'perverts' - but, given her situation, she realized that she should have reviewed her old views from her new perspective, understanding that gender roles and outlooks weren't as hard and fast as she'd thought...

...and then not only peace could be found out in those new and different area - but excitement. Even.. fun!

Standing back, she looked at Gary, a blushing man dressed in an ill-fitting dress and nylons, looking like the worse excuse for a woman she'd ever seen...

...but the fact that he'd been willing to do this, the fact that he'd let himself be made even slightly 'feminine', to voluntarily blur the gender lines, turned Nikki on more then she'd ever imagined possible.

She looked at Gary for a long moment - then spoke her mind.

"I haven't had any sex with anybody since the accident..."S he told a rather startled Gary. "Can I fuck you?"

"Um... 'scuse me?" Garry stammered.

She blushed, herself, but told the truth: "Seeing you in a dress is turning me on. Would you be willing to lay back and let me.. be on top?"

Gary hesitated - then grinned. "I seem to recall saying that I'd be willing to do anything you would do, so I guess..."

That was as far as he got - because Nikki took his acceptance as all she needed. Growling low in her throat, she all but attacked him, shoving him back on the bed as she hands slid along his smooth, nylon clad thighs.

She was a man in a woman's body, fondling the smooth skin of a man in women's clothes - and eager to have sex with him.

She should have been appalled...

...but she was excited, knowing that this, however 'perverted', offered her another option to a bleak and unexciting life.

She shoved the dress up and yanked the panties down - but quickly slid forward on him, blocking her view of his crotch so that all she saw was the upper portion of him, still dressed in his feminine clothes.

"Yes.." She whispered, taking full control of the situation, glad that Gary was willing to go along with it, letting her - dressed in her mannish pajamas - play the dominate role to his unfeminine femininity.

Almost as if it was the past, the woman in men's sleepwear thrust herself down on the person in women's clothing, almost able to image that she was once again male, and impaling a woman with the cock she no longer possessed...

..but the sensations were like nothing she'd ever felt as a man, and even more then anything she'd ever felt, playing with her plastic penises.

"Oh, yes!" She cried, burying her suddenly damp crotch to the hilt. "Oh, wow..." Even as she road atop him, she was imagining him in makeup, and a wig...

...and it was getting her even more turned on, even as she fucked his brains out.

Gary wasn't exactly inexperienced with women - but he'd never, ever had a woman literally throw herself on him, and the fact that this particular woman used to be a man was definitely secondary to that fact.

So, it didn't so much as phase him as she tore open and began fondling her large, firm breasts.

"Look at my tit!" She cried, squeezing her large nipples as she fucked him hard and long. "Don't you wish you had tits like this? Big, round tits you could fondle and squeeze any time you wanted? Tits you could squeeze and play with at will...?"

Actually, he'd never really given it any thought - but watching her squeeze and fondle those big, round tits, Gary suddenly found himself just a little bit envious.

"Oh, God..!" Nikki moaned, throwing her head back - and orgasming, just from the mental image of implanted tits thrusting big and round and gloriously fake thrusting from his masculine chest.

She came long and hard, crying out to God in pleasure - but Gary wasn't ready to go, not even with her cunt tightening around his hard cock, so she continued to thrust and bounce her way to another orgasm - then, incredibly, a third one before

Gary couldn't handle it any longer, and let his own load gush deep into her cunt, the first man to fill the new woman with a thick wad of cum...

...and she loved it. She loved playing the male role, while being filled like a woman, being both and neither at the same time.

Gasping, she collapsed beside Gary - and, in the warm afterglow, realized what she'd just done, flushing furiously.

"Um..." She said, pulling slightly away from him. "I... I'm sorry. I.. sort of got caught up in the moment."

There was a long pause - and then Gary, blushing just as furiously, rolled on one elbow and looked down at her.

"What would..." He asked, hesitantly. "What would putting make-up on me get you 'caught up' in...?"

Nikki looked at Gary - and then slowly began to smile, a rich, erotic smile that left little to the imagination.

"You're... getting off on this, too...?"

"It's kind of hard not to get caught up in you excitement..." Gary admitted, sheepishly. "Well, then..." She said, reaching for him. "Why don't we find out..."

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After stealing vast amounts of money, one man will go to any length to stay hidden; little does he realize that his former company is behind his changes.

Hidden

By Gunslinger

Freedom was in sight, and Nick had just begun to feel unstoppable as he started down the corridor towards the exit - when a sharp hissing sound turned the thrill of victory into the thrill of fear, thin plumes of mist rapidly filling the corridor with a metallic-scented spray of gas.

Even as Nick pushed his broad-shouldered, muscular body forward on pure force of will, he felt his head begin to spin and his vision begin to grow fuzzy. Almost instinctively, he curled his muscular arms tighter to him, cradling the package of money he'd just stolen closer to his flat, taut abdomen. Even as his thoughts began to grow hazy and vague, he struggled to remind himself how much the package contained, the two-point-two million dollars in untraceable money that would make his life perfect - if he could just hold on to it.

His limbs felt leaden, and his brain seemed to have difficulty focusing - but he was still moving forward, albeit very slowly, his big body slumped against the wall for support as he staggered towards the beckoning exit.

'Oh, damn.' Donna Lewin's voice crackled over the PA system, sounding surprisingly calm by this turn of events. 'The knock-out gas doesn't seem to be working on you, Mr. Cranston. I guess that must be because the dosage is designed for a normal man - while you're so much more than that, a tribute to pure masculinity.'

Each of the amplified words seemed to spear through his ears and directly into his befogged mind, the clarity of the words a sharp contrast to his blurry mind. Still, however fuzzily, Nick had to admit she was right about him - tall, broad-shouldered and heavily muscled, his strong-jawed face framed by a long, loose mane of blond hair *a la* Fabio or Kevin Sorbo's portrayal of Hercules, he was as utterly manly as manly could get.

'That's how we'll catch you, you know.' She said. 'Not by you spending the money, oh no - by simply looking for the most masculine person we can find. We'll ask around, saying 'have you seen an incredibly masculine person?', and people will direct us right to you. We'll follow the trail you see, going from one place where they do the most incredibly masculine things to another incredibly masculine place, following the trail of somebody who only knows how to think and act in the most masculine way - and at the end of the trail, we'll simply arrest the most masculine person: You.'

Like bolts shot from a metaphysical crossbow, each of her words slammed into Nick's whirling mind and lodged there, making it even harder to concentrate as he staggered to the exit. When he'd first planned this job, it had seem so difficult - because why would a currency clearing-house owned, operated and staffed almost entirely by women hire a man like him? Sure, he had no *convictions* on his record, but those three rape arrests he'd skated on by...

When they'd actually hired him, it had seemed so easy. They not only put him right on the shift he wanted, but one working right in the counting room - and then, tonight, his 'partner' had called in sick, and rather than insist upon the two-man rule, they'd let him work the shift alone.

Now, however fuzzily, Nick began to wonder if maybe it was impossible for him to succeed at this...

'Yes - we'll catch you!' Donna's voice taunted, as he reached the doors and began to push through them into the clear, chill night air beyond. *'You're just too **masculine** to get away with it!'*

Head spinning, Nick pushed his way outside and began staggering slowly across the parking lot, glad that they had relied so highly on the knock-out gas defense that they apparently hadn't bothered with any other form of external security. His head slowly beginning to clear from the effects of the gas, he slowly gathered speed as he left the premises, heart already pounding in a mix of fear and victory as he carried his prize off into the night.

Quickly ducking through two blocks worth of commercial-industrial buildings laying dormant for the night, he outraced any pursuer that might be shadowing his footsteps...

...but he couldn't outrace Donna's words in his mind. No matter how desperately he attempted to shut them out or deny their validity, they refused to be quieted. Even as he fled with his prize tucked close under his arm, the thoughts refused to be silenced - and their tenacity began to worry him.

What if he couldn't get them out of his mind - because they were accurate?

Wasn't he the manliest of men? Tall, tanned and toned, with cleft chin and rippling muscles? The type of pure manliness that turned heads and rendered him eminently memorable?

Though he'd had to use his real name to get the job, he'd thought it wouldn't matter - with a little over two million dollars in the big canvas bag he carried so tightly, he could by a new identity, start a new life...

...but now he wondered if it was possible, after all.

Was Donna right? Was he simply too much man to simply vanish into the night? No matter how hard he tried to quell the thought, it refused to die.

In fact, it was now so blindingly obvious that he found it hard to imagine that he hadn't realized before how hard it would be for him to vanish. The change of hair-style and growing a goatee, as originally planned, couldn't hide his oh-so-masculine appearance - any more than it would hide his rightfully macho-manly lifestyle.

Troubled by these thoughts, wondering how he could have been so blind to the obvious for so long, he approached the spot where he'd left his car parked before the beginning of his shift...

...and felt a cold shudder run up his spine as he fished his keys out of the dark-blue coveralls he wore.

His car. *HIS* car.

He'd been oh-so-very careful never to mention this car. He'd ridden the bus to work every single day, made the occasional comments about saving up enough to buy a car, made damned sure that none of his co-workers had seen him today, the one day he'd taken the car out of storage and brought it here. In fact, he'd parked it here two hours before his shift, then

walked several blocks down to a diner on his normal bus' route for dinner before boarding the bus, so that anybody who happened to see him get off would remember him taking the bus, same as always.

Now, suddenly, he found himself wondering if all that careful misdirection had been useless.

Sure, none of his coworkers had ever seen his lovingly maintained 1968 Dodge Charger R/T, painted a rich Midnight Blue and kept in utterly mint condition...

...but the very reason that he loved the car so much was that it was so fundamentally *him*. Powerful and masculine, exactly the right car for a stud like him - and, suddenly, Nick wondered if that was a trap just waiting to spring on him.

He could almost hear Donna Lewin's call to the police: 'No, officer, I didn't see the car he left in - but knowing Nick Cranston, it's probably a midnight blue Dodge Charger. The 1968 Road and Track model.'

No - no, he couldn't take his car. No matter how much it would hurt to abandon it, taking it would be like driving a neon sign announcing that Nick was inside.

Frantically, Nick began to look around, hoping against hope for some alternative means of transportation to appear before the inevitable pursuit could arrive.

The gods of larceny must have been smiling down on him, offering him at least a small abatement from the handicap that came from being just so emphatically himself - a Mustang.

A *hot-pink* Mustang.

A hot pink, *convertible* Mustang - with it's white top down to expose it's white leather interior.

"Thank god for dumb cunts..." Nick muttered under his breath, hurrying over to the definitely un-him car. Careful not to touch the actual car, in case it was wired with a security system, he flipped down the visor - and a set of keys fell right into his hand.

A woman dumb enough to keep her spare keys in the visor of a convertible with the top down, parked on a darkened side street.

Life was good.

Unlocking the car to disable any security system that might have been active, Nick slide behind the wheel and brought the five liter engine roaring to life. Even as he slammed the car into gear and peeled rubber away from the curb, glad at least there was a real engine under the hood of the 'Barbie-mobile', his finger was jamming at the button to raise the roof...

...and nothing happened.

Perhaps the dumb cunt who obviously owned this car wasn't as completely brainless as he'd first thought, since the convertible apparently wasn't, at the moment - but still, leaving the keys so easily accessible, much less parking the car where she had, rated a eight on the dumbcunt-o-meter.

Still, he was left with a problem - he was too damned visible. The whole point of taking a car so out of character for him was camouflage - and here he was, clearly visible driving around in it.

His heart began to thunder, and he glanced anxiously over at the bag of cash he'd tossed on the passenger's seat.

Minute by minute, the thought that he was just too damned noticeable was getting stronger - and with it, the certainty he was going to get caught.

He had to do something.

He had to find some way to camouflage himself...

...but how in the name of hell did you hide so much utter masculinity? Not necessarily the exact image of it, but the intense quantity of it. Cuter his hair, grow a goatee - he'd still be uber-masculine.

Gnawing on his lower lip, he fled down darkened back-street - until he spotted a momentary resting place while he formulated the next step in his plan..

Quickly, he veered off the empty road and into the lot of the darkened gas station, closed hours earlier. Guiding the hot-pink car around behind the station, to be invisible from either of the streets on whose corners the station sat, he shut down the engine, the certainty that he'd be easy to track growing even more concrete in his mind.

Drumming his fingers on the wheel, he wondered what to do next. Finally, more out of a lack of inspiration than any real plan, he leaned over and popped open the glove compartment in the faint hope that he'd find something in the owner's manual that would indicate he was somehow misusing the incredibly simple mechanism for the convertible roof.

Instead, he found something more interesting.

The registration - tucked in a little plastic envelope with the owner's driver's license and a credit card.

Both the registration and credit card were in a company's name: BeautiCorp.

The driver's license, by an amazing quirk of fate, was issued to one Nicole LeFemme, and boasted a photo so bad that it could have been absolutely anybody at all - as long as that person in question had a full head of flame-red hair.

There were also a couple of business cards listing N. LeFemme as a Sales Agent for BeautiCorp: *To Help You Be The Woman Of Your Dreams.*

Intrigued, Nick climbed out of the car and took the keys with him as he walked around to the back and popped open the trunk.

Inside was a suitcase - and several 'samples' cases for whatever it was BeautiCorp reps sold. He flipped open the cases...
...and gaped.

Oh, he suppose part of him had expected the make-up samples, the hair dyes, the false nails and eyelashes and assorted other beauty products.

The breast forms and 'cheater' body-shaper panties, corsets and other 'figure enhancers' in the second case were somewhat more of a surprise...

...but the third and forth cases dropped his jaw.

He had no idea there were 'traveling saleswomen' for things like breast implants, for god's sake! Not just that, but every medical, pharmaceutical or off-the-shelf product conceivable.

Well, nobody couldn't say the BeautiCorp line wasn't comprehensive...

Staring down at the array of items in front of him, Nick felt the germ of an idea slither into his brain, practically out of nowhere.

At first, as it flitted across his gray matter, Nick shivered in revulsion at the thought - and then forced himself to stop and reconsider the distasteful idea.

After all, the whole problem was that he was too much who he was, making him too noticeable, to memorable...

...and the thought that had just slithered across his mind was the least like him as any thought he'd ever had.

He stopped, party of him wanting to reject the idea out of hand - and it was that very urge in itself that decided him.

After all, it was the last thing anybody would ever expect from him.

Having to bite his lower lip, his every move stiff with revulsion over what he was doing, he used the car's tire-iron to achieve access to the closed station's restroom - and then he lugged the suitcase and the four large sample cases into the room and closed the door behind him.

The next hour and a half passed in a veritable orgy of self-disgust as he forced himself to go through motions that sickened and shamed him to his very core - and the fact that they did made him sure he must be on the right track.

So, it was with an odd mix of utter self-disgust and pride that he eyed the final effect in the mirror.

"Hi..." He said to his reflection in the grimy mirror, trying for the highest pitch his voice could manage, speaking softly to minimize just how bad the final effect sounded. "My name is... Nicole LeFemme."

He grimaced.

The long, fake lashes framing the eyes beneath poorly applied violet eye shadow were as ludicrous as the long fake nails on his fingers - but the dress fit well enough over the falsies and body-shaping panties that, along with corset that was making it tough to breath, approximated a feminine figure beneath a neck-to-ankle dress that also covered arms from wrist to wrist.

He made a lousy woman, a very masculine woman - but at least the dye had turned his hair the same improbable cherry-red shade as the blurry ID photo, and he... 'she', *she* amended mentally with a wry grimace - appeared to be just that.

A very muscular, mannish woman. God knows there were enough real dogs out there for 'her' to make this passable until she managed to find something better...

...right?

Still feeling that 'her' basic masculinity shone through the improvised costume, 'Nicole LeFemme' headed back out to the car, a gnawing certainty that capture was lurking just around the corner eating away at confidence and replacing it with a fear so strong it was edging towards full-fledged paranoia.

Except, of course, people really were after him.

Her, she amended quickly, an unwanted rose of mindless panic blooming in 'her' gut at the instinctively masculine thought...

...the sort of masculine thinking that 'she' was almost unreasonably certain would be her downfall, and so must be avoided at all costs.

Putting the car into drive, she pulled out of the lot, looking for a place to hide not just from her unknown pursuers, but her own masculinity.

Originally, 'she' had planned to put as much distance between herself and the scene of the crime as possible - but with each passing moment, the scanty nature of her poor disguise became more obvious, and the chances of capture grew in her mind until they seemed overwhelming. Trying to escape in this manner was impossible - but she was also somehow utterly certain that she was on the right track.

The problem was, no matter how disgusting it was for her male ego - which she didn't have, she reminded herself quickly - she hadn't gone far enough. All it would take was for the skirt on the dress to ride up as she got out of the car, exposing her hairy leg, and she'd be caught.

She needed to do something - fast.

An hour later, she checked into a fleabag motel on the edge of a small town nearby, signing in as 'Nicole LeFemme' with a desk clerk who was watching the TV and, thankfully, barely batted an eye in her direction as he accepted the cash and pushed the room key across the cigarette-burned front desk.

Letting herself into the room, 'Nicole' quickly lugged the cases in to the room before hastily locking the door from prying eyes she felt were certainly out in the darkness, waiting for the slightest sign of her masculinity to shine through her improvised disguise and bring ruin down upon her.

Her heart was pounding so hard in his - *her* - chest that it felt that it must rip right through, bursting through her falsies - *tits* - and flop around in the floor. His cock was a shriveled peanut.. no, no, no cock, no *she* had a *cunt*, right?

Desperate, mind whirling, feeling as she were suffocating, she almost desperately tore open the cases, looking for - needing - something to dim the panic that flowed through her body like a living force, eating her up from the inside out.

She couldn't breathe. She couldn't think.

They were coming for her.

They were going to find her because of her unmistakable masculinity, and *They* were going to...

She gasped, unable to contemplate the horrors of being caught. Literally incapable, mind shying away from the unimaginable horrors if she were to be found out.

She needed something - anything - to make her safe. She needed to hide her masculinity.

Frantically, she tore through the cases, barely noticing the BeautiCorp logo stamped on all the products, her mind even less interested in the small print advertising the company to be a subsidiary of Lewin Industries Incorporated as she desperately searched for a remedy to the adrenaline- pounding panic that made rational thought all-but-impossible.

Finally, she fled to the bathroom, baring in her arms several plastic bottles - bottles of 'permanent' hair removal gel, bottles of powerful skin creams to soften and refine, bottles of bath oils and beads to improve skin tone and color.

Frantic with haste, unreasoning fear in complete control, she desperately applied all the lotions, potions and notions as per their instructions - but even as incriminatingly masculine body hair clogged the drain and she ran hands over newly smoothed skin, the diminution in fear was only marginal.

It wasn't enough. It wasn't nearly enough... Frantic, she rummaged through the cases again...

Extra strength female hormones. Yes, maybe that would help. She'd just mix some up as according to the instructions...

...no, better make it double strength. Just in case. Triple strength might be better though - wouldn't it...?

Twenty minutes later, IV bag hanging from the lamp and dripping into her veins, she sat in front of the mirror, re-applying make-up over and over again, seeing each attempt badly flawed as she desperately strove for the skills a woman would have in applying make-up...

...and didn't even hear herself repeating a mantra over and over again, changing pitch and inflection in an unconscious effort for a feminine tone:

"I am Nicole LeFemme. I am a woman. I have always been a woman. I like being a woman. I like doing feminine things. I like looking feminine at all times. I am Nicole LeFemme. I am a woman..."

* * * * *

Hunger finally penetrated the insomnia-induced blur that swaddled the now-ever-present panic just barely held at bay, forcing her to pull off the highway and into the parking lot of the gas-station- slash-general-store.

How long had it been since she'd last eaten? Last slept?

She didn't know. She couldn't remember - and it didn't matter.

Freedom mattered. She had to remain free. She couldn't let *Them* catch her.

Before she left the car, she instinctively checked herself in the extra-large mirror she'd installed on the visor, barely aware she was doing it, so habitual had it become.

Face perfectly made up - check. Breasts, still sore from the B-cup implants she'd forced under the skin.. what, a week ago...? ...pressed up and together by the push-up bra under the white cotton blouse. Silk scarf hiding the huge, can't-be-missed, seen-from-a-mile-away Adam's apple that even the thought of could spark utter fear - in place, though looking a bit ratty since she was afraid to remove it under any circumstances.

It was as good as she could manage - but she still felt the panic threatening to break through at the thought of how much masculinity still shone through... through who she was, which was an unfortunately masculine woman, and that was all, right?

Right.

Taking a deep breath, Nicole turned off the car and opened the door, swinging one denim-clad leg out and placing the sandal on the pavement. The matching leg slid out, and she rose to stand atop the two-and-a-half inch stacked heels of the shoes, carefully mainlining the feminine poise she'd practiced so hard in... what, had it been a hotel just outside Denver?

It didn't matter. Time, distance, action, thought - all blurred and slipped away. The moment was all - remaining in the moment, remaining free.

She headed towards the store, adding a little twitch to the ass encased in the body-shaper that helped hide her... her extra-large clit, that's what it was, though thank god the hormones were making it smaller now, just as they were making her ass larger and firmer, her waist tighter and trimmer.

Yup, it was just her, Nicole LeFemme, and unfortunately masculine-looking woman working hard to make herself more attractive, that was all, she told herself again and again as she wiggled her way into the store and quickly bought some quick nourishment in plastic packaging. She barely even noticed herself leaning forward as she paid for the purchases, making sure the clerk could not see the flesh displayed in the oh-so-carefully-arranged blouse, proving there was really breast-flesh in there, and not flesh-colored falsies.

Still, it took a real force of will to interact this much with somebody who might see... might see how ugly she was and... tell the wrong people, people who might... might mistake her for some guy they wanted to catch, and so might mistakenly inflict upon her the horrendous fate he deserved, and which she, Nicole LeFemme, didn't.

She had to keep herself from fleeing from the store in the justifiable panic she felt, making herself appear unconcerned as she made her way out to the car.

Had she been 'made'? Had somebody realized she was.. that is, had somebody mistakenly assumed she was really a man in disguise, because how disgustingly masculine she was?

She.. she needed to do something. Fast. In case the wrong people, with the wrong ideas tracked her down, she had to have more immediate evidence she was the wrong person, not the person they were looking for, so obviously not that man that they wouldn't have to investigate her any closer...

Struggling against the urge to scream in the fear almost overwhelming her, Nicole quickly headed out again, unconsciously nibbling on the food with what she unconsciously hoped with great desperation was feminine grace as her long-lash framed eyes scanned the passing scenery for an agreeably obscure motel...

Hormones. She definitely needed some more hormones, maybe mixed up even a little bit more strongly than last time...

...and if her tits were so barely tender, maybe she should force a few more CC's of saline into the adjustable implants.

After all, what complete-natural woman who was just cursed to look so masculine wouldn't want to have bigger tits...?

* * * * *

With a purposeful stride nevertheless tempered by an innate grace, the tall, aristocratic blonde entered the rear portion of the vehicle that, from the exterior, seemed to be nothing more than a very large - and very expensive - customized motor home built on a bus chassis.

The interior of the motor home, however, seemed to have been decorated' by the same gentlemen responsible for the interior of NASA's flight control center in Houston. Manned by a team of four, the high-tech electronic nerve center of the rolling multi-spectrum surveillance center was kept at a cool ambient temperature by air conditioning provided more in the interests of efficiency in the electronic devices than comfort for the human occupants.

"Well...?" The slim, coolly lovely blonde asked in a tone of voice accustomed to getting answers, slipping easily into the high-backed black leather swivel chair at the furthest end of the room, hand already outstretched for the mug of chamomile tea being slipped into it by some nameless flunky.

"Everything is going beautifully, Ms. Lewin." The man responsible for the vehicle's operation said, shaking his gleaming shaven head in admiration. "I can't believe how much of an effect a single dose of compound 741-22 had on the subject. Less than four months and..."

The supervisor trailed off, at a complete loss of words for what the final effect had been. "Yes, it did work out fairly well, didn't it?" Donna Lewin said, smugly.

As one of the four richest people in the United States - and the richest woman - it hadn't been difficult at all for her to commandeer aspects of her far-flung empire to make this moment come to pass. From using her cash clearinghouse to lure the bastard in, to the - highly illegal - use of an experimental mind-altering serum from one of her biochemical divisions, and even absconding with this state-of-the-art surveillance vehicle and its staff from her extremely circumspect private investigation and security company - all of it leading up to this very moment.

The moment when she got to savor the full fruits of her revenge upon the bastard who'd not only had the temerity to rape her niece - but who had gotten away with it, scott-free.

Ms. Donna Lewin, sole owner of Lewin Industries Incorporated, and its many subsidiaries, was hardly the type of woman to take that sort of thing lying down.

She'd enacted revenge on her niece's behalf - and the time had come to take a more personal interest in the final act, one that would be more inherently satisfying than the 'progress reports' her staff had been supplying her with as they'd followed the tracer-equipped car they'd left out for bait as it had crisscrossed the country.

On the wall in front of Donna, six large, color flat-screen plasma monitors showed various views of the interior of the apartment rented out to one Nicole LeFemme - and the fact that she'd felt 'safe' enough to finally settle down and rent an apartment had been the last condition, the one that had triggered her presence here today.

"How long ago was the surgery...?" Donna asked of the nameless flunky, a tight smile on her lips.

The lackey quickly consulted a clipboard before replying: "Two weeks ago. The... subject... has shown amazing recuperative powers. Usually healing from this type of surgery takes much, much longer."

"You can thank Kwik-E-Heal for that." Donna said, with a grin. "A product proudly developed by Lewin Industries, to be available sometime in mid '08, assuming the FDA approvals go through in their timeliest fashion..."

"...and they don't find out about any unauthorized, unwilling testing on human subjects." The flunky risked.

"What?" Donna said, feigning shock. "Why, the subject was *most* willing - after some highly illegal mind-control implanted a desperate, overwhelming, and completely uncontrollable need in him - ah, her."

The chance for further banter between them vanished, however, as on the wall of display screens that covered almost every single nook and cranny to the apartment, the door to the one room not under surveillance - the bathroom - suddenly swung open.

"God lord..." The flunky breathed, stunned, never having seen the subject before that very instant. "*That* used to be a *guy*...?"

Even Donna, who'd seen photos of the subject taken through a telephoto lens during surveillance, was stunned by the sight - for the still photos didn't but hint at the apparition who walked out of the bathroom.

No, not 'walked' - *glided*.

Naked but for the now omnipresent high-heeled shoes she wore, platforms and heels adding an addition ten inches to her already impressive height, the nearly unearthly creature moved out of the bathroom as if floating atop a cushion of air, feet lifting and falling in a strict heel-to-toe pattern and wide hips swiveling, but high-held head neither dipping nor rising so much as a millimeter atop her perfectly straight spine, that age-old perfection that used to be taught by balancing a book upon one's head.

Perhaps very, very discerning eyes might have noticed a faint edge of roughness to the bone structure beneath the silky flesh of the creature on the screen, might have caught the subtle signs of a heavier foundation - but it would have been the sharp eyes of somebody able to force their way past the initial first, second and third impressions of the creature they were seeing.

'Tall' would have been impression number one, and it would have been dead accurate - after all, in addition to the figure's base height and the extra height of the platform-soled high-heel shoes, surgery had been performed to lengthen both arms and legs an additional two inches - a sort of pleasant 'unreal' proportional change that added significantly to the second impression of 'slender'.

Again, it was an odd combination of fact and fiction, of being lied to by one's eyes, for the shoulders were actually quite broad, as were the surgically-widened hips, and the circumference of certain parts of her body at hip, bust and shoulder, would have been larger than expected - but on such a tall frame with such long, slender legs and arms and such a slim, wasp-like

waist, 'slender' still reigned, helped along by surgery that had shaved the neck down to a swan-like column while removing a certain masculine protuberance.

The third impression could have been expressed in many different ways, and all of them would have been accurate...
...if understated.

"Zaftig" was the most polite - and the least informative. 'Pneumatic' was better, and 'stacked', while a touch crude, better still - yet none of them even came close to describing the truth, any more than describing Death Valley at the height of summer as being 'hot and dry' truly conveyed the infamous conditions that had earned that wretched place its justifiable name.

Of course, given the artfully surgically-created heart-shaped face surrounded by an improbably lush, impossibly red mane of hair that surmounted that curvaceous figure, most peoples' initial impression was exactly the same one ripped, unthinkingly, from the flunky's lips:

"It's Jessica Rabbit!"

Indeed, if the curvaceous cartoon chanteuse had been brought miraculously to life, this would be her.

It was more than a passing resemblance - one made abundantly clear as the incredibly supple figure on the screen opened up a full-sized armoire and emerged with a glittering, sequin-bedecked evening dress that she shimmied and slid her body into, complementing it with a pair of purple opera-length silk gloves.

Properly attired, she sway-glided her way over to the door of the apartment - and carefully scrutinized her reflection in the mirror beside the door, using make-up stored in the small table below it to touch up purely imagined flaws in her make-up for the next ten minutes, while her audience watched her unlikely figure with rapt attention.

"Well, now we know what, exactly, our 'good friend' Nick considered the height of femininity." Donna said, with something that was half a smile, and half a smirk.

When the knock on the door finally came, it was rendered in faithful clarity through the many microphones secretly installed in the apartment and reproduced through the Dolby-Digital sound system in the motor home. Putting the make-up away with a careless grace, the tall, buxom figure opened the door to disclose a grossly ordinary man standing outside, his dark hair beginning to thin and a noticeable paunch under his causal shirt.

A noticeable bulge of another sort quickly became visible in his pants as he stepped across the threshold, eyes riveted on the vision before him as he responded to the invitation to enter that had been issued in a smoky/sexy voice somewhat different from, but every bit as right for the body as, that which Kathleen Turner had provided for the on-screen version.

In what might or might not have been a surprisingly short period of time, both her and he were stark naked, in the bedroom, wither writhing and thrashing below him in what certainly appeared to be utter enjoyment, her smoky voice urging

him onward until he finally spent his load into what he had no way of knowing was a surgically created womanhood, just as he probably didn't realized her 'earth shattering' orgasm was completely faked.

It was, by anybody's estimate, a surprisingly short time after that when she led him to the door, telling him to mention to all his friends about just how good she was, how 'feminine' she was - and then double-locking the door behind him as he left.

As soon as he was gone and she was alone in the apartment whose drapes she'd shut shortly before disrobing, a look of utter horror and complete self-disgust washed across her surgically flawless face.

None of that colored her voice, however, as she spoke - loud enough that anybody eavesdropping outside her door could have heard her.

"Oh, how I love getting fucked!" She exclaimed in a sleepy, utterly content voice directly at odds with her expression of somebody who wanted very badly to vomit. Her customary grace eluding her, she staggered towards the kitchenette, moving like a robot gone haywire, eyes wide with horror. "Having a big, hard cock in my... it's just so *feminine*!"

The unseen onlookers watched the staggering female figure as it unlocked a secret compartment in one of the cabinets, sliding it open to reveal a canvas bag filled with quite a number of large denomination bills, despite the dent put in it by all the surgery she'd had performed on herself.

"Just like lots of women - women like me - I like a smoke after a good, hard fucking!" She told thin air, extracting but a single bill from the pile. She also pulled open a normal drawer, from which she pulled a pack of cigarettes, and ashtray, a shot glass, a lighter, and a small bottle of gin. "Just a post-coital drink and smoke, just like lots of women."

She poured herself a shot - and dipped the rolled up bill in the fluid before dropping it into the ashtray. Taking the shot of liquor in a quick gulp, she lit the cigarette - and touched the burning end of it to the alcohol-soaked bill, setting it ablaze. She watched it burn as she puffed idly on the cigarette, not really inhaling.

"Just smoking my after-fuck smoke..." She said, to 'herself'. "That's all..." After the bill had burned down to ashes, she ground out the cigarette.

"Us women are just so neat..." S he said, picking up the astray. "Certainly wouldn't keep a smelly old cigarette butt laying around - I'd better flush it away."

She disappeared into the bathroom, emerging a moment later to the sounds of a flushing toilet.

"Every day." The team supervisor informed Donna, gesturing at the screens. "On the days she works as a waitress, she gives her address to one lucky guy, invites him over, and has her 'post sex smoke', burning exactly one of the 'incriminating' bills."

On the monitor, 'Jessica'/Nicole/Nick was cleaning up.

"On her days off, it's as many guys as she can pick up and fuck, one bill burned per 'orgasm'." The supervisor continued. "At this rate, we estimate nearly eight months before she can erase every last bit of the 'evidence' of the crime, and hence her old life. After that... well, we've got a poll going as to whether she becomes completely chaste, or whether the occasional bout of paranoia will force her into a less-hectic but still relatively regular sex life."

"Either way..." Donna said, grinning, as she contemplated her victim's current fate, helplessly forced to have sex with men to bolster her feminine status and as an 'excuse' to disguise her burning of the evidence. "I think justice is well and truly served, gentlemen - at least in this case..."

Turning, she looked over to the man in charge of Team Beta, here at her insistence: "What's the status on that slimeball lawyer who got Nick off...?" She asked.

The man grinned wryly, pulling out photos of somebody who looked surprisingly like Danny DeVito in drag.

"That 'sexual harassment' paranoia you had your planted secretary put into him is working just as well as you'd hoped," He reported, "...and the 'gender sensitivity training' is going along splendidly "

THE END

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: MY STORY IDEA IS:Teacher uses drugs to turn sexy high school girls into sex kittens (whores) that he can use to make money. His technique is to have the basketball team captain who is the #1 hunk of the school to seduce and get the girls into drugs whether they want to or not. The teacher does well until one day a girl ODs. It turns out that the girl is the daughter of a local geneticist who has been experimenting with advanced genetic transformations. When the geneticist discovers who was responsible for his daughter's death he uses his technology to turn the teacher into a member of his own stable of student hookers which is being run by the basketball team captain while the teacher is "temporarily" away. Revenge is sweet because now everything that he put his students through he must experience himself. Add a little hypnosis so he must act exactly the way he would expect the girls to under the same circumstances.

Hoist

By Gunslinger

The world whirled around her, light and dark and sound and fury.

Pain flared in her right shoulder as she slammed into a lamp-post and spun around, then more pain flared as she tumbled to the hard pavement, head spinning as she stared up at the unknown lights and shapes above her. A million thoughts, needs and emotions fought for dominance as her mind struggled to make sense of what it was 'seeing'.

Suddenly, a human shape moved out of the darkness, forming itself out of the swirls of lights and colors, and meaningless sounds reached her ears as she felt hands help her back to her feet. The touch of the male hands brought something flaring to life in her - which triggered disgust and fear, and she shoved herself away, the face of the Good Samaritan instantly vanishing back into the meaningless mass of shapes and colors around her as she staggered away.

For an eternity, she staggered along, her high-heels wobbling and treacherous as she struggled to keep moving, her body signaling to her confused mind that there was something very, very wrong.

Then, a shape loomed out of the fog that gripped her mind, and she staggered towards it like a drowning person making a last, desperate attempt for the shore.

* * * * *

Frowning, Martin Richards headed for the front door, his right hand wrapped around the handle of the brass poker he'd grabbed from the set he kept on the hearth of the fireplace. When he'd heard the heavy 'thud' against the front door, all the concerns that had been in the back of his mind about the slowly sinking quality and morality of his neighborhood had come flooding to the forefront, and now he very cautiously opened the front door, the poker coming up to ward off any danger...

"Linda!" Martin cried, the poker dropping from nerveless fingers at the sight of his twenty-year-old daughter sprawled on the step, her eyes huge and unseeing as she sobbed soundlessly.

Wrapping his arm around her, Martin lifted his daughter and carried her into the living room, laying her on the couch. Confusion and fear ran rampant through his mind - confusion only amplified by the uncharacteristically 'sexy' clothing she wore, the unusually heavy, garish make-up, and the now- mused elaborate style of her hair.

"Linda... Linda, can you hear me?" Martin begged his blank-faced daughter, taking one of her hands in his and looking at her uncomprehending eyes. "Linda - it's daddy."

Slowly, comprehension began to seep into his daughter's face. "D...Daddy?" She said, slowly and thickly. "Daddy... please help me.. I can't... can't think..."

"Oh, baby..." Martin sobbed, pulling her into an embrace - and gasping at the incredibly rapid patter of her heart. "What happened to you..."

Slowly and thickly, she began to tell him, spilling out the story in an incoherent fashion.

When he heard the word 'pimp', his blood began to boil - but the word 'drugs' caused him to go cold with fear. He tried to disengage himself from his daughter to call for an ambulance - but she was holding him in a death grip, and she continued to spill out the story, no longer truly aware of what was happening to her, every ounce of her mental will being focused on coherency.

It was all too coherent as she spilled out the whole story, her staring eyes slowly losing their look of conscious comprehension and becoming glassy and blank as the last sentences slipped through heavy, numb lips.

Moments later, her eyelids slowly slid closed, and her ragged breathing slowed...

...and stopped.

Wailing, Martin collapsed over the inert form of his daughter, then - desperately - pulled away from her and ran blindly towards the lab in the basement, and the medical equipment he kept there...

* * * * *

"So, then he looked at the board again, and said..." Mark good putting an especially brainless look on his goatee-bearing face. "'Uh Caesar Romero?'"

Dodgeson broke out in laughter and slapped his younger colleague on the shoulder. "Come on, Mark - you're making that up!"

Mark Benson held up a hand. "Swear to god, Jerry - he actually "

A knock on the door top the teacher's lounge stopped his oath of veracity, and Tom Garret leaned his broad-shouldered physic around the door. "Professor Benson?"

"Excuse me " Mark said to Dodgeson. "Duty calls."

The older-gentleman nodded, and Mark rose from the couch and joined the college's star quarterback in the hall, walking beside him a they headed down the darkened hallway of the faculty building.

Looking around, Mark let the smile drop from his face. "Well - did you find her?"

Tom shifted his weight nervously. "Uh... not yet."

"You idiot!" Mark hissed angrily. "How the hell did you let this happen?"

Tom held his hands out. "Hey? How the hell was I supposed to know that a girl as hot-looking as that would be a virgin?"

Mark glowered - but Tom was mostly right. Still, that didn't make him feel any better - not with everything that hung in the balance. Not only was his secret - and very lucrative - little side-line business in trouble, so was his job and his freedom.

If anybody found out that 'Good Old' Professor Benson was running a prostitution ring, with female students as his 'working girls', he'd be 'screwed, blued and tattooed', as the old saying went.

"Damn it!" Mark swore, pacing back and forth in front of his flustered 'recruiter'. The whole thing had seemed like the perfect plan when he'd begun, eight months ago.

The plan had come to fruition when Mark had received his position at Canlor Collage - and access to the campus supply of chemicals, and a lab in which to work. On the pretext of familiarizing himself with the school's equipment, he'd spent three long, busy nights with his heart in his chest while he'd worked on synthesizing a very, very large supply of a very certain drug.

Proestrogen Pentobarbital.

PEPB was a drug with many properties - all of which Mark had found essential for his plan to work.

The first effect that PEPB had on its users was a common one to many drugs - Euphoria. Once ingested, the liquid caused a four-to-six hour 'high', during which the user felt... good. No matter what was happening to the user, it was all viewed through the euphoric filter of the drug's effect.

But that first high was just the tip of the iceberg - because what Mark really counted on was the withdrawal effect the drug had. Being barbiturate-based, the drug was highly addictive. But unlike most drugs, its withdrawal phase was completely different.

As the user came down from that euphoric high, two separate things happened.

The first thing was that the user became 'suggestible'. Pentobarbital is one of the drugs related to Sodium Pentothol - also known as 'Truth Serum'. The users of PEPB coming down from that initial high found themselves very... agreeable.

And because it was a hormonal based barbiturate, it had a very definite effect on the female hormonal system as the drug's high faded. The user became very, very horny.

Mark had synthesized large batches of this drug, then had gone about finding the perfect recruiter for his little plan - but he hadn't had to look far. Tom Garret was 'made to order' for his little scheme.

Handsome, confident and a real Ladies Man, Tom also had a complete lack of morals and scruples. When Mark had quietly brought up the proposal, Tom had jumped in enthusiastically.

Much sought after by the status-conscious girls on campus, Tom had started asking the more attractive members of the female populace out on dates. Dates on which he'd slip them their first, rather high dose of PEPB - leaving them so drugged as to be in a giggling stupor.

After that, the women were hooked - and the only supply of PEPB available was through Tom and Mark - who charged a hefty fee for it. A fee too great for the girls to afford...

...except, of course, Mark offered a 'way out' - prostitution. The girls could work for him as hooker, and he'd take the cost of the drug out of the money they earned - and, as increased incentive, Mark played it 'fair' - if they managed to earn more than the exorbitant flat-fee rate for the drug, the girls even got to keep the surplus.

Now, none of the girls would normally have submitted to Mark's suggestion - but, under the circumstances, he'd never had one refuse. Though some had held out longer than others, eventually the desperate craving for the drug won out - and, considering that the longer they went without the drug, the more helplessly aroused they became, turning to sex as a source of money came almost as a relief.

It had worked perfectly... Until Linda Richards had come along.

At first, it had worked out exactly as planned - Tom had talked her into a date, ended up back at his place with her - and gave her the first, high dose of PEPB. When she'd awoken in his room the next morning, she'd been feeling that desperate craving and helpless arousal, and Tom and Mark had explained the new 'reality' of life to her.

What nobody had known was the Daddy Richards' little girl Linda was still a virgin. That had added enough 'backbone' for her to push past the suggestibility while under the drug, and she'd held off joining the ranks of Mark's girls much, much longer than anyone ever had.

Too long - even as she'd dolled herself up to give in, her body had been awash in unbelievably high levels of hormones. Hormones, despite being produced naturally in the body, are nothing more than drugs - and she'd had a massive overdose of them in her system, thanks to the withdrawal reactions from the PEPB. In fact, if she'd been given a blood test, it would have found that 1.4 percent of her blood was pure hormones - an incredibly high level, equivalent to being roaring, falling down drunk.

It was in this state that she'd staggered from her dorm-room last night - and vanished.

One of the other 'working girls' had called and reported Linda's apparent 'submittal' to the plan, then subsequent disappearance - throwing the fear of God into Mark.

Or, rather, the fear of the law - for if Linda ended up in the hospital and had her blood tested - as they were sure to do - they would begin to wonder why an unusual - and highly illegal - drug like PEPB was in her system. And if Linda - who was now highly suggestible - should answer the questions they were sure to ask her...

"Look.." Mark poke Tom in the chest, emphasizing his words, and getting rid of some frustration through the action. "You stay here, keep the rest of the girls going - I'm going to call the Dean, explain that a family crisis has come up, and I need an unspecified amount of time to take care of it."

Tom blinked. "Uh.. okay."

"I..." Mark said, dragging Tom towards the doors at the end of the hall. "...am going to look for our missing girl. Chances are, she's probably in the city morgue, so that's where I'm going to start."

Tom shrugged. "Okay - but what if she's not there?"

Mark's eyes narrowed as he glared at his partner in crime. "One way or another, before another day passes - she will be."

Tom's face paled, and he took a step backwards. "hey - when I started this whole thing, you never said anything about *killing* anyone!"

Mark's lip curled. "Look, stupid - if anyone finds out what we're doing, it's a long, long stretch in prison. Do you really want to be some three-time loser's 'bitch', Tom?"

Tom shook his head mutely.

"Good - now go make sure that the others are one the job - they better damned well be making money for the risks I'm taking."

Turning, Mark stormed through the doors at the end of the hall and was gone.

* * * * *

Five hours later, Mark was about ready to concede that he might need more help on this - as if there was anyone in the world he could trust for this task. Not even his so-called partner could be trusted with this sort of thing. He'd picked Tom mainly for his popularity with the women on campus - he certainty didn't have the right sort of mentality for this sort of work.

Pulling the '95 Explorer to the side of the road, Mark gnawed nervously on a knuckle, trying to piece together what he knew into a plan of action.

All sorts of people had seen Linda at first - he'd been able to track her movements for the first hour, as her hormonal overdose had gradually strengthened into a delusional state. Then she'd no longer moved with any sort of 'sane' objective, and

she'd began to wander - and it was in one of those twists and turns that he trail had gone cold. She'd wandered down a back alley, and had been seen going in

- but nobody had noticed her exiting any of the three ways out of the alley, and that's where he'd lost her. Now time was running short - and he was fresh out of ideas.

The sound of his cell-phone ringing jerked him out of his frustrated consideration of his future, and he pulled the small device from his jacket and thumbed the button.

"Benson."

"Professor Benson?" An unfamiliar voice came through the ear-piece, faintly marred by the crackle of static. "I've been trying to reach you for the past hour or so."

"I'm sorry..." Mark said, struggling to sound 'normal'. "Who might you be?" "My name's Martin Richards - I'm the father of one of your students."

The pit of Mark's stomach dropped, and ice ran down his spine.

"Oh, yes - Linda's father." He said, forcing the words 'nonchalantly' through a throat gone suddenly dry. "What can I do for you tonight, sir?"

"I got the strangest call from Linda about an hour ago, and I'm worried sick." Mr. Richards said. "She... wasn't making much sense. I think she was... drunk, I guess - all slurred and incoherent. But she was saying something about needing something, and it sounded to me like what she was asking for was a 'drive' somewhere."

'No,' Mark's mind filled in. '*She wouldn't have been saying 'drive' - she would have been saying she needed a drug.*' Mark knew that the father was involved in medical research of some sort, and it sounded to Mark like Linda - desperate - had tried to get her own father to supply the drug her body craved.

The sound of Mr. Richards' voice in his ear pulled Mark's mind back to the conversation.

"...course, I asked her where she was - and she babbled something back. I didn't understand any of it

- except your name. I thought perhaps you might know where Linda is. Is there some sort of big party going on tonight that you've heard about, or anything that might tell me where my Linda is?"

Mark's tense nerves relaxed slightly - Mr. Richards', as yet, wasn't suspicious of anything - he just thought his daughter had gone to a party and got roaring drunk, and wanted a ride home.

"No, I can't say that I do." Mark replied. "I'm sorry, Mr. Richards - I wish I could help. Your daughter's a bright, cheerful girl, and very popular among her classmates. I couldn't begin to guess which one of them would be throwing a party tonight that she might be at."

There was a short silence, then: "I see. Mr. Benson..." "Mark, please - Mr. Benson was my father."

"Very well, Mark - I was wondering if I could ask a favor of you."

"Of course." Mark said, eager to be done the conversation so he could get back to his search - now that he knew he had 'competition', the pressure had just shot through the...

"Could I ask you to come by my house and wait with me for a bit?" Mr. Richards asked, surprising Mark. "You see - my car's in the shop. If Linda called here once, she might call again - and I will feel a lot better if I could send you to pick her up."

Mark had to keep his jaw from dropping - salvation had just been handed to him on a silver platter. If Linda did call, or somehow show up, at home, he'd be there to make sure that her story didn't implicate him in any way. And if something less... savory should befall Linda, and she was found by the police - well, what better alibi could a man have? The police would be sure to discover that he'd been asking around about Linda - but the time couldn't be precisely pinpointed, and with Mr.

Richards' unwitting testimony...

"Certainly, if it's make you feel better." Mark replied, trying to sound sympathetic, rather than gleeful. Then, as if the thought had just hit him... "You live down in the Oaks, don't you?"

"Yes - Twenty Six - Thirty Five East Elm Street."

"Well..." Mark replied, 'thoughtfully', "I have to travel right through downtown to get there - would it make you feel better if I ask around while I'm down there? A lot of her classmates like to go to the bars and clubs down there, and I could find out if any of them had seen her tonight - I might even get lucky, and end up bringing her home."

"Would you?" Richards' asked, relieved. "I don't mean to impose - but it would make me feel better." "Of course." Mark agreed. "I'll see you in.. oh, about half an hour, then?"

Getting an affirmative reply, Mark hung up the phone and lean back in the seat, fishing out a cigarette as he began to 'waste' fifteen minutes on the deserted back road while simulating his supposed trip.

Having killed enough time, Mark put the vehicle into gear and headed to the address he'd been giving, carefully timing his driving so that when he reached the street the address was on he sped up and screamed down the street, watching addresses. When he spotted the right one, he slammed on the brakes, throwing himself forward in the restraints in a conspicuous display of a man in a hurry. He slammed the Explorer into reverse, wincing as he purposefully ground the gears, then backed into the driveway in a deliberately sloppy parking job.

Shutting off the vehicle, he dashed towards the front door of the house, which - as planned - was already open, Mr. Richards having heard his noisy arrival.

"Sir..." Mark panted. "I was talking to..."

Strangely, Mr. Richards didn't step forward, but rather took three or four steps back into the foyer, forcing Mark to follow him in, the heavy oak door swinging shut behind him on its own weight.

"...some students downtown, and they said..."

Richards held his hand out in a time-honored gesture, and without even thinking about it, Mark reached out to shake the distraught father's hand, still spilling his carefully planned story.

He didn't catch the glint of the hypodermic needle until it was too late - the needle slid home in the flesh part of Mark's palm, disgorging its contents into his bloodstream.

"What the...?" Mark stammered, staring down at his hand, then looking up... Into a face filled with rage.

"This is for what you've done to my Linda." Martin said, spitting the words out at Mark. "But..." Was as far as Mark got before the injection took hold.

Suddenly, the world began to waver in and out of focus, and he felt all the muscles in his body go slack, leaving him standing in a slumped position, his jaw sagging slowly open as his upraised arm fell limply to his side. His eyes became wider and glassy as he began to feel disconnected from the world, as if he were floating in a void, watching what was happening through the glass windows of his body's eyes - a helpless passenger, unable to control his body. He tried to send it commands, but it did little more than twitch and sway in a drunken manner... then even that stopped as the stupor deepened.

Even though he was conscious and aware of what was going on, it was in an unemotional state - it was as if he didn't care what was happening. Or, rather, as if he didn't have the energy to care, just as he lacked the energy to make his body move. Intellectually, he knew that this was very, very wrong and that he was in deep trouble - but it didn't summon up enough emotional power to move him, in the most literal sense.

"You... you.. bastard!" Martin hissed, obviously unable to find a word vile enough to describe the slack-jawed man who stood blankly before him. "I'm going to make you pay for what you've done - do you understand me?"

Somewhere deep inside, energy flowed through Mark - the energy that came from a sudden, overpowering need - a need to answer the question.

"Yes... I understand you..." Mark replied, thickly - then, with that, the energy ceased, and he once more stood limp.

Martin's face made a motion that would have been a smile if it was full of fury and hate. "You do realize what I've given you, don't you?"

"Yes..." Mark replied, thickly. He'd been given a Pentothol-based barbiturate, similar to PEPB - but, considering the lack of a 'high', it was definitely a different version.

"Follow me." Martin ordered, and with shambling, uncoordinated movements, Mark did as he was told. Obeying the instructions from Mr. Richards, he walked into the living room and slowly, numbly undressed before sitting on the couch, naked.

"I've give you a brand-new drug, never before used on a human being - I though it would be ideal for you as a test case." Martin told the slack-jawed teacher, his voice filled with horrible glee. "It's GEPPBAC... Gen-estrogenic Pentaphenobarbital Autonuclide Carbide. Do you know what that is?" mark tried to answer - but before he could work it out, Martin answered for him. "It's a genetic- manipulation formula. Basically, it's your own 'whore-maker' formula, in a suspension that isn't chemical, but genetic. Rather than affect the body and then clear the system, your body starts producing it 'naturally' - so, you might find yourself craving odd foods, as your body will need a supply of the chemicals to produce it."

Martin's awful smile widened. "But that's just half of it - because there's more that it does. The basic formula was designed to combat cancer - basically, a seek-and-destroy chemical reaction that would replace the cells of the 'abnormal' growth with the pattern from the genetic material dissolved in the solution." Martin laughed, leaning forward. "Well, you want to know what I did with it? I went out and picked three young ladies, and paid them for a small scrapping of tissue - then I mixed all their samples together and put them in the serum." His voice dropped. "It should be interesting to see what you look like after your body finishes it's four-way fight between the different genetic codes the serum is trying to 'repair' into a single, viable one."

He laughed. "That is - if you survive the procedure. We should know before long."

Deep inside, Mark yearned to do something - but he just couldn't seem to summon up the will-power to do anything he hadn't been told to do. Instead, he merely sat there, staring blankly ahead.

It started as an uneasy feeling in his stomach - a slow, rolling boil that began to churn and grin. Then a faint ache began to spread through his body, as if he'd worked out too hard and was suffering from the after effects.

The discomfort continued to grow, spreading throughout his body and increasing in power as the pain began to build. Unwillingly, a tiny whimper escaped from his throat as his drugged mind began to lose control of the body that housed it, the force of the growing pain overwhelming even the hold the drug held over him, pushing him back from the comfort of sane - if drugged - thought towards the darkness of primal responses.

Within an hour, Mark was on the floor, screaming, as his body was wracked by the most intense pain he'd ever experienced in his life, every nerve ending screaming with agony as the cells and structures of his body were forced into new shapes and configurations.

He screamed long into the night - but his throat gave out long, long before his body ceased to writhe and twitch in horrific, utter agony.

* * * * *

"My, my, my - you seemed to have survived. The question is - how did your brain fare the transition?"

Slowly, fuzzily, Mark forced his eyes open from the deep and utter sleep he'd succumbed to when the pain had finally faded from his tortured form. He stared up at the figure looming over him, his brain feeling as if it were running through syrup as he tried to place himself in reality.

"Richards..." Mark finally said, his voice emerging thin and weak...

...and a rich, feminine contralto.

It took a second for the fact to register, then Mark's brows drew closer in confusion, and he pulled himself upright on the couch, feeling strange sensations course through his body...

Only it wasn't his body - a fact he discovered when he glanced down.

Since he was in a sitting position, the first thing his eyes found where the two firm domes rising from his altered chest - two large, firm breasts, the skin covering them a rich mahogany tinged with ocher. Past the firm, bounteous mounds lay a pair of long, smooth legs of the same color.

Mark blinked down at.. herself, mind slowly and thickly trying to make sense of what she was seeing. "I..." She said, thickly. "I'm... a woman?"

"Oh, yes - quite definitely." Martin told her smugly. "And quite a woman, I must say."

Closing her eyes, Mark brought a hand to her face and rubbed the bridge of her nose - and barely avoided poking an eye out with his lengthened nail. "Nnnn.... No... I'm not a woman..." She said, trying to get her brain to pick up speed. "I'm a man."

"Not any more, my dear." Martin assured her, pointing to a full-length mirror that had been brought into the room. "See for yourself."

Mind struggling to get up to speed, Mark staggered off the couch, feeling awkward and uncoordinated as her body moved in ways that she'd never experienced before. With a light, careful step, she approached the mirror, finding that she had absolutely amazing balance and exquisite grace in her new body, a product of brand-new muscles and nerves that were sharper than she was used to.

She stopped and stared in amazement at the image reflected in the silver-backed glass.

The woman staring back was of two obvious genetic heritages - Black, and Hispanic. Her skin was the color of cappuccino coffee, tinted with a slight hint of copper, and was a gloriously smooth, unblemished expanse from head to toe.

Toes that graced small, dainty feet that led upwards to slender, shapely ankles. Those ankles merely joined the dainty feet to even more shapely legs, which seemed to stretch upwards forever, their long length formed into smooth, toned contours of feminine perfection before swelling out into undeniably womanly hips. Those hips supported a firm, full, heart-shaped ass that was nearly the epitome of all female asses, with the Negro side of her heritage providing the fullness that would have been too much on a woman who lacked her 'Spanish' child-bearing hips to make a perfect balance of form and function. Nestled between the golden columns of her soft, shapely thighs was the cleft of her womanhood, nestled in a patch of dark pubic hair.

Above the smooth, feminine swell of her hips, her waist pulled ever inward, forming an hour-glass shape that was almost infinitesimal, a slim waist that she could almost lock her slender hands around, before flaring outward again into her slender ribcage, which supported the most perfect pair of breasts she had ever seen.

A firm set of triple-D cup beauties, they were not so much 'spherical' as dome-like, rising sharply from the plains of her chest to form two perfectly formed domed mountains whose peaks were surmounted by small, chocolatey aureole bearing large, thick nipple that were frankly feminine.

Her arms and neck shared in common bond the same long, slender attributes and smooth skin that emphasized her golden-copper body. Atop that swan-like neck was a face that showed both sides of her new heritage. Her lips were amazingly full and soft, below a smoothly sloped nose that flared upwards slightly at the top. Her high, clearly defined cheeks framed a pair of dark, smoldering Latin eyes framed by long, thick lashes, and the entire heart-shaped face was surrounded by a massive mane of curly hair that was an incredible shade of deep auburn, with flashing highlights of flame red.

The vision was the that of the most utterly perfect woman mark had ever seen. And it was her.

"Nnnnnn..." She moaned, low in the back of her new throat - then lashed out, sending the mirror crashing to the ground, where it shattered. "Nooooo!"

Turning, she lashed out mindlessly, fury, hate, disgust and fear all roiling within her new body at what had been done to her.

Then she brought her new, long nailed hands up to her face, to tear at the smooth skin of the horrible
- and horrible perfect - female form in which she'd been trapped....

...unnoticed, martin had stepped forward at her first outburst, and a needle had slid home in one perfect butt cheek. Now, before she could perform the furious, horrified act of self-mutilation, she felt the drug take hold. As her volition drained away, it was with an anguished inner scream as she felt her freedom - her manhood, her life - slipping away with her will power.

"Sit down " martin ordered. Helplessly, the new-formed woman did as she was told.

"I think you're beginning to see what my revenge on you is." Martin said. "But, unlike your victims, you have no need to have a 'pimp' to supply you with the drug you crave. No, your body will produce it itself, given the correct type of 'raw material.' Do you know what material that is?"

"No " Mark's richly feminine new voice said.

"It's a rather uncommon protein string. However, there are two 'common' sources for this protein. One, I'm afraid, is available in the rather expensive Beluga caviar that you can buy. The other is in the seminal fluid of the human male."

Deep inside, a shudder ran through Mark's imprisoned mind.

"Now, you see " Martin continued. "Unless you ingest this protein, you'll become steadily more and more aroused - and the only way to keep from overloading on this arousal would be to satisfy your urges. So, you see, your choices are simple - you can have somebody fuck you often, to keep your desperate need from growing too great. Or, you could suck down a few loads of cum to keep yourself in check - and, I'll add, that would produce a nice 'high' for a bit afterwards. Of course, you could just eat a doze fifty-dollar jars of caviar a day but where are you going to get six hundred bucks a day?"

"I don't know " Mark replied, numbly.

"On the contrary " Martin laughed. "I think you could figure out a way."

Leaning forward, the medical researcher eyed his prisoner. "Now, on to more important things, while you're still under the influence. Tell me - what's your name?"

"Mark Benson " Mark replied.

"No - it's not. You are not Mark Benson. You cannot answer to that name, and you can not say that it is your name - you have not, never have been, and never will be Mark Benson." He paused. "What's your name?"

'Mark Benson!' She screamed in the silences of her mind... but the words wouldn't route through to her mouth. Instead, a puzzled look crossed her face. "I... I don't know."

"Your name is Maria. Maria Louisa Belledame." He paused again. "What's your name?" "Maria..." Mark - Maria - answered thickly. "Maria Belledame"

"And where were you born and raised, Maria?" "New York City." Maria answered.

"No - you've never even been to New York City." Martin informed her. "You were born in Taunton Parish, Louisiana, and raised in New Orleans "

* * * * *

An hour later, the door to 2635 East Elm Street swung open, and Maria Louisa Belledame was unceremoniously forced out into the world.

"No !" She cried, banging her fists on the door. "Don't do this to me!"

Martin's voice was muffled by the thickness of the door, but the words themselves were clear enough to understand. "I have no idea who you are, Miss - but if you don't leave immediately, I'm calling the cops."

Marcia raised her slender hand - then stopped, a sharp image of her trying to explain something - anything - to the cops springing to mind. She had no identification - no history, really - and she'd been 'programmed' to never reveal what had happened. In fact, all she'd be able to tell them was her 'life story', a fairly detailed account of something that had never happened.

Not that her memories had been altered in any way - oh, no - Mark was buried deep inside the new form she wore, horribly aware of what was happening to her. But, thanks to her drugged mental conditioning, she'd never be able to break out of her new, imposed identity as the twenty-one year old woman who had run away from New Orleans to escape her past - and the nick-name she'd gotten after giving into her urges and fucking a whole football team.

Shivering at the thought of what she'd been 'programmed' with, Maria turned away from the door, breathing quickly as she faced the same old world - in a whole new way, one that she'd never thought she'd have to face it in, and certainly not one she wanted too.

Of course, Martin had taken care of that, too - no matter what, she couldn't actively seek death or injury - indeed, the girl 'once known as the Cajun Cum Queen' was helplessly dedicated to leading a long, healthy life, and programmed to try and preserve and 'flaunt' her looks as best she could under any given circumstances.

Her body being the only thing of worth that she possessed.

Not that she'd been pushed out in the world naked - no, she owned exactly one set of clothes, those that she was wearing now - and, given a choice, clothes she'd never have put on. But she hadn't had a choice, nor would she in the future - her 'taste' in clothing had been very carefully inserted into her vulnerable mind.

So, from now on, she'd wear clothing similar to the ones she was wearing now.

Gracing her dainty feet were a pair of black leather ankle boots with six inch flared heels, before her legs rose bare and smooth to disappear under the hem of the mid-thigh length black leather skirt she wore - since she 'liked' clothes that showed off her legs and ass. A black leather 'vest' clung tightly to her upper torso, the bottom half held tight against her slender waist by the built-in tie-back of the vest, while the 'vee' of the neckline displayed a delicious view of her cleavage, hinting at what the leather garment contained.

Over all, she wore a knee-length black leather jacket, and she now rapped this tightly around her body, hating having to wear such revealing, sexy clothing. Perhaps the worst part of it was, martin hadn't messed with the inner core of who she was, hadn't made her over to act and walk like a slut - or even, really, dress like one, as the clothes were sexy without being cheap. Even her make-up was tasteful - which had taken her most of the time in 'programming' to learn how to do.

No - although she had to wear feminine clothes, all the actions she would take would be hers and hers alone - and that would make anything she ended up doing a thousand times worse, because she would do them 'voluntarily', rather than out of simple programming.

Fighting back the sudden urge to start crying, Maria pulled her purse - black leather, of course - higher on her narrow shoulder and started walking slowly away from the house, having no idea where she was going to go. It was five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and she was a woman without... anything. Anything other than her body, and a need which would grow endlessly until it was satisfied, or drove her insane. Even now, Maria could feel the faint inner... need. Like a small, gaping emptiness that needed to be filled.

In short, considering the time of day, he was probably feeling exactly what all the 'working girls' he'd drugged were feeling - and faced with the same choice as them. Let the need grow, face the terrible craving of withdrawal.. or find what she needed to satisfy the craving.

Maria knew what all the girls - except for Linda - had chosen - and shuddered, swearing to herself that she'd let herself go insane before she took the 'other route' out.

Walking in the heels wasn't as hard as Maria had thought it would be - part of it was the fact that they were flared heels, rather than stiletto. They started wide, narrowed in the center, then flared back out into a broader base, looking sort of like a comic-style bone. But the vast part of it was the new reactions of her body, which had more inherent grace and balance than her old male one - compared to her new body, her old one now felt as if it had been an ungainly elephant, and she was a gazelle.

Not that she wanted to find *anything* good about her new form, of course.

Keeping the leather jacket wrapped tightly around her new form had another, benefit as well. By keeping her arms crossed on her chest to hug the coat tightly shut, she was supporting her breasts. Though incredibly - almost preternaturally - firm, they still had mass and inertia, and without the support of a bra they would have shifted and bounced slightly with each swaying - damnably feminine

- stride she took. Her pose kept that from happening, but she was all too aware of the feel of her slender forearms pressed firmly against the bottoms of her firm domes, and how pleasurable a sensation that was.

She was aware of a thousand other new sensations of her condition, as well. The way her longer, finer hair moved in the slightest breeze, necessitating that she occasionally reach up and brush the long, silky mane out of her face. She was aware of

the feel of gloss-red lipstick on her lips, and the faint taste of it when she licked those full, soft lips she now claimed - shamefully - as her own. The way her longer lashes felt every time she blinked. The way the air moved across the silky skin of her legs. The way her fuller ass and wider hips moved in a swivel-sway motion with every step, and the way the underwear beneath the skirt slid slightly over her new, smooth crotch.

And, of course, she was all-too-aware of the slowly building warmth deep in her abdomen and the slow, steady sensation in her nipples as her body began to become helplessly aroused, slowly building towards the state that she'd sentenced so many girls to, and now dreaded for herself.

Trying not to think about that - or anything, really - Maria continued her aimless wandering, felling the darkness welling up at the hopeless future that spread out before her. She understood, now, what she'd done to the girls, but what had been done to her was much, much worse. He'd 'merely' forced the girls into doing for profit something that they must enjoy doing anyway - and how bad could that be. After all - they were only women. Weak, pathetic creatures who only existed to serve and service men, the true lords of all creation.

Man like who she used to be. But she'd been horrible demoted from the ranks of nobility to a commoner, dropped from the God-given heights that males enjoyed to the depths of womanhood. She wasn't really a woman, born and bred to serve a certain place in the scheme of things - no, she'd been forced into that new role, and she wished that Richards had stolen her memories of her old life, as they only served to torment her further, reminding her of what she'd lost. Now she was like any other woman - stupid and useless and vain, a slave to the whims of fashion and emotion and the whims and needs of men.

Stopping - fighting back the weak, emotional tears that were the legacy of femininity - she looked around, and found herself in an older part of downtown, near a coffee shop. Only now did it register that she'd been walking for a good two hours, and that night had fallen. She was cold, hungry, and broke, with no home or friends to go to - and a steadily rising tide of lust thrumming through her body.

Plus, she discovered - her feet hurt.

Head down, face wreathed in misery, Maria pushed open the door to the coffee shop and went in, sinking into a booth with a grateful sigh.

"hi, there."

Startled, Maria whirled to stare, wide-eyed, at a handsome young man leaning across the back of the seat that conjoined the two booths. From beyond the ebony youth's visage, another handsome youth

- this one Caucasian - was also looking at her from the other side of the table in the booth.

"Uh... hi." Maria said, wincing mentally at her accursed voice that fit very sexy, feminine body all too well.

"Place is pretty dead tonight - we were expecting some other friends to show up, but they never did." The dark-skinned youth said, with a grin. "Since we don't have anything better to do, we've just been hanging out - maybe you'd care to join us."

There it was - right off the bat, the first men she'd met in her new form (other than passing in the street of course) were already looking to put her to good use and fuck her brains out.

Swallowing thickly, Maria opened her mouth to refuse...

"Yeah, join us." The other youth called. "Matt here wouldn't usually ask a stranger - but you look like you could use a couple of friends..."

'A good fucking', Maria translated.

"..so why not join us? Have a cup of coffee, maybe a bagel, chat - just relax and take a load off."

Closing her eyes, Maria shook her head. "No, I... I just came in to rest my feet. I..." She swallowed again. "I can't afford to buy anything."

She heard a shuffling, creaking sound - and when she opened her eyes, she found herself staring across the table of her booth at the 'concerned' looks on the face of the two youths.

"Oh - don't worry, it's on us." The black youth said with a smile. "It's a small price to pay for the company of such a lovely lady." He held out a hand. "I'm Matt, and this tall drink of water..." He gestured at the tall, rangy brunet, "...is Randy."

The other youth flushed. "A name - not a condition."

'Yeah, I bet.' Maria thought, but timidly took their hands and introduced herself with her new name, feeling the words - laced with the 'Cajun' accent Richards had forced on her - slip through her soft, sexy lips, sounding oh-so-inviting to the young men.

It didn't matter of course - who actually listened to what a woman *said*, for God's sake?

She ordered her some food - a bagel, some soup - and coffee. Grateful for the food - but knowing what the guys expected for their 'generosity' - she ate ravenously, trying to ignore the sensations that were building in her body.

"So - what brings you to this little coffee shop?" Randy asked, sipping at his coffee.

Maria considered the question - really considered it. She was almost squirming in her seat now from the raging desire she was feeling, and she knew what it would take to end the sexual torment she was feeling. Despite her earlier promise to herself, she knew she couldn't hold out - that had been a fantasy, back when she hadn't known how powerful the urges could get. No wonder women were the way they were - how could anybody expected to be logical and in control of themselves when they were ruled so much by emotion.

For example - even though she hated these guys obvious attempts to pick her up, hidden behind 'concern' and 'friendship' and 'generosity', she still couldn't help but 'like' them, due to the fact that she now had the body and hormonal system of a woman - it was skewing her viewpoint more then she thought possible, the chemicals her body was creating as a fully-functional female creating emotions she didn't want to deal with.

Like the fact that her body was finding the two men very, very attractive - her mind found the thought disgusting, but her body definite approved of the men, craving what they so obviously wanted from her.

And since she doubted this place served Beluga caviar...

"I was looking for somebody to give a blow job to." Maria admitted in a quite voice, shame obvious in her face and poise.

Randy spluttered, spewing coffee. "What?" he was closely echoed by Matt.

Maria lowered her head. "I have..." Oh, God - if only she could tell somebody the truth, find help - but she'd been forbidden to, and just couldn't "...a hormonal imbalance. It creates... well, intense sexual arousal. The only way to ease my... problem is to have sex of one kind or another."

The two men shared a look. "You're kidding, right?"

'I wish', she thought, shaking her head. "no - I'm serious." She paused, then decided to 'flesh out' the story with some of 'her' background. "that's why I left New Orleans.. I... went too long without any, and my.. private problem became very, very public quite suddenly." She paused. "I.. people started calling me... 'The Cajun Cum Queen'... because I can't help myself. The longer I go without sex, the more I need it - until it gets to the point that I'm just out of control."

The 'tale' was told in utter shame, and she just wanted to curl up and die - but part of her was thrilled to get it out in the open, to admit to her problem and begin her search for relief...

God! She was so horny she thought she was going to burst! Her cunt was sopping wet and she could feel a heat running through her body that had nothing to do with the ambient temperature. Her nipples were erect within the leather containing her perfect tits, and she kept thinking just how damned sexy she looked, and what a woman's body was made for. It didn't matter that she was a man, deep down in her soul - she had the body of a woman, and so she was trapped in a woman's existence, where she only lived to fulfill the carnal needs of men. Her body was designed that way by evolution, every cell of her new form designed to make her ready, willing and eager to fuck - and it showed. Though, mentally, she was utterly disgusted by the thought of having sex with men, her body was all-too-ready for it, and she now understood that withstanding the needs and designs of her body were simply impossible. All she could do was try and keep herself satisfied so it didn't build up too much.

"Let me see if I've got this straight...." Matt said, carefully. "You... need sex?"

She nodded, downcast. "My... my body never stops producing hormones that other women only produce when they're aroused, I.. I'm always aroused... physically. It doesn't matter what I'm doing or thinking about, or if I'm actually interested in... you know. It's just that my body craves it, and the longer I go without, the worse it gets." She looked up. "Try.. try to imagine that, for me, sex is like cocaine. Not having any causes withdrawal symptoms - and that's what I'm feeling right now."

Matt's face took on an odd expression. "So, what you're saying is... mentally, you don't particularly care for us. We're not... attractive, to you. It's just your body's craving that made you talk with us... right?"

"Not exactly..." Maria said. She didn't really care about hurting their feelings - but now that she'd committed herself to the disgusting realization that she 'had to have it', she didn't want to search out anyone else to meet her craving. She didn't know if she could last that long. "Out of all the guys I've ever met, I think you guys are at least as equally attractive, interesting and sexually enticing as any I've met."

It was a safe answer, being true - since she didn't want to have sex with any men, and didn't really find any man attractive, they were as equally attractive as any other. But the point was, it was utterly true, when you looked at it like that, and the sincerity of the statement came through. The two youths shared another look. "Look, Maria... we both find you very, very sexy..."

'Here goes.' Maria thought - as much as she hated the thought of what was about to happen, at least it would end the increasing sexual desire thrumming through her, urging her to fuck anybody.

"...but we can't just take advantage of you because you have a... hormonal problem." Maria blinked, sure she'd heard wrong. "What?"

Randy nodded, slowly. "Yeah - as much as this is almost like a fantasy come true, it isn't fantasy - it's real life. We couldn't live with ourselves if we... pushed you into something you didn't want, just because it was something you needed. I mean - there must be something you can do, or somebody you are, really, interested in that can help you. We'd be glad to give you a lift..."

Maria felt as if she'd entered some sort of surrealistic world - they were actually arguing against fucking her absolutely perfect body? Having been a man, she knew that she had the most stunningly perfect body outside of a centerfold - and she matched or exceeded most of them, too. The guys should be falling all over themselves with the chance to fuck her. Instead, they were acting like characters from a book or movie, where the supposed 'men' actually cared about a woman's feelings and desires.

Every time Maria had come across such obviously unrealistic characters, he'd snorted and thrown up his hands, mentally. It was obvious that it had either been written by a woman or directed at woman, feeding the fantasy that there were really men like that out in the world some where. Of course, Maria had always known that was bullshit - all you had to do was be a man to know the truth. He'd used women his entire life after learning the truth about life at his father's knee, and while some women

obviously held to that myth of men who actually treated women as equals, Maria had forced enough women into his 'service' one way or another to know that they knew the truth...

But what if there really was guys like that? Oh, sure, there couldn't be many - and if she'd met them as a man, she would have been disgusted by their obvious weaknesses. Probably been raised by their mothers almost exclusively.

But - in this situation, finding such a rare set of mama's boys might be ideal. Imagine - men who would actually treat her like she was almost still a man. Actually try and.. well, talk to her. Not just satisfy her sexual needs, but actually treat her as if she was a real person, instead of the mere woman she really was...

Did she dare hope...?

Did she dare let them get away without finding out...?

All this passed through her mind in an instant, then she was speaking.

"No, no - don't get me wrong!" She said, forcing every ounce of 'sincerity' into her voice that she could muster. "I think you guys are kind, and funny - and handsome. If I was normal, I'd be finding a way to ask you out on a real date - but, because I'm not normal, I have to move things a lot faster than I would otherwise." She saw doubt - doubt - in their faces, and was once more faced the surreal nature of the situation - having to convince somebody of something that she didn't really want to do anyway. "Look - you're right. I could find somebody else - or I could have found satisfaction long before now." She gestured down at herself. "Look at me, and tell me this - if I was just looking for that physical satisfaction, do you think I could walk out on the street right now and pick up a guy who would love a one-night stand with no complications?"

"Well... yeah." Randy admitted.

"But I don't want that!" She said. Wracking her brain, Maria let herself fall into the emotions that her female body was forcing on them. "Look - don't you think I've wished I could have a relationship with a man - a real relationship? But one man can't meet the needs of my body, and I'm forced to.. to lower myself to meaningless encounters. All I want in life is.. is a way to be almost normal. To satisfy the needs of my body for sexual gratification, but also fulfill the needs of my emotions, of my mind and soul - to find people I can care about and who care about me, where it wouldn't just be about the sex. Do you understand?"

She couldn't believe she was actually able to come up with this load of crap. It must have been hidden down in her mind, after-effects of all those 'women' movies where women actually believed that a 'real' relationship was possible, and that there was men out there who actually wanted more than pure, uncomplicated sex from a woman.

But these guys must be half women themselves - because they seemed to be buying the load of crap she was shoveling as fast as she could.

"And.. you think we could have that sort of relationship - that's why you're still here?" Matt asked. "You think that we can.. make some sort of threesome? Where you'd be a... a girlfriend to us both?"

"Look - you said that you and he were roommates and best friends, right?" Maria asked, almost going insane. All she wanted to do was get fucked - but if she could get into a situation where she'd be treated better than the 'sex toy' all women really were, then she should try and grab it. "So - don't you think that you could still be friends with each other, if you were also friends - or more than friends - with me?"

"I.. I guess we could give it a try." Randy said, looking at Matt. "What do you say, buddy? We have a spare bedroom, and I wouldn't mind letting her stay - and if it worked out that it was something more than that, long term - I'm willing to give it a go. I don't think it'll destroy our friendship."

"Yeah.. Yeah, I guess we could at least try." Matt said.

Maria wanted to run all the way back to their place, fuck them quickly, get a good night's sleep - then run off in the morning, sick at what she'd done. But she knew that she'd only have to do it again, and if she could find a 'steady supply', then it was worth the extra work - so she forced herself to hold on, to walk between the guys with an arm around each of their waists and acting as if she were actually enjoying their company, as if she cared anything at all about them.

They reached the guys' apartment, and she got the grand tour of the place - 'pleasantly surprised' by the accommodations. It turned out that the two young men worked at a fairly large corporation and made a good chunk of money, and were rooming together because they preferred to, not because of monetary concerns. The apartment reflected the fact that they were each spending as much as they would have if they'd lived separately, with three large bedrooms, a great view from a floor-to-ceiling window in the spacious open-concept living/dining room, a deep-pile carpet throughout.

They ended up on the couch, with Maria sandwiched between the two guys. Despite her utter disgust at the situation, she was forcing herself to 'play along', acting as if there was nowhere else in the world she wanted to be right now but between these two guys.

Meanwhile, her mind and emotions were in an uproar.

She'd finally conceded the truth - that her 'punishment' at Martin Richards' hands was to need sex. There was nothing she could do about that - except to satisfy that craving. The truth was simple - she was stuck as a woman, and she could either give in and be a woman who had sex often - or she could hold out, go insane from the sheer hormonal drive, and end up being a crazy woman who had sex often. So, she'd chosen the lesser of two evils, and decided to satisfy her needs...

...but, as 'logical' as that was, intellectually, now that push came to shove it was very, very hard to deal with. Part of her, right now, wanted to just fuck the guys and get it over with, and that part of her was chaffing at the delay. But another part of her didn't want to do this at all, and would rather use the whole 'enjoying the guys' company' thing to delay the inevitable.

So, she was locked between the two poles of her wants and needs, and she finally had to force herself to move in one direction or another based on the guys response - she couldn't just do this 'efficiently', jumping right into it - she just couldn't bring herself to do that.

Instead, Maria leaned to one side and lifted her face up to Randy in the age-old posture of a woman waiting to be kissed.

The fact that she was doing this disgusted and shamed her - but it was the first 'hurdle' to get past her own ingrained disgust at the thought of having sex with a guy. If Randy didn't kiss her, then she wouldn't be moving on to something more intimate with him - and if he did kiss her, it would be his decision moving the thing forward, not hers. Either way, it wasn't her jumping into the sex, but 'merely' responding to the men. As utterly disgusting as that was to her, at least it was easier for her to handle the thought of merely 'going along' with being seduced rather than being the one actively seducing.

Randy kissed her.

Pulling her body closer to his, he pressed his lips firmly against hers. Closing her eyes, Maria tried to forget that it was a man she was kissing, while in the body of a woman. Instead, she imagined that she was once more a male, and that she was kissing - well, 'herself'. Letting that fantasy play out behind her closed eyelids made it much easier to bare, and she even got so into the fantasy of kissing a 'gorgeous babe' that she found the kiss becoming deep and passionate, almost as if she were actually enjoying it.

The kiss finally ended - and for the first time since she'd met the guys, she finally got around to removing the jacket she'd kept hugged so tightly around her body.

The guys eyes nearly popped from their heads.

They'd known that she was absolutely gorgeous - but that was based mostly on her face, and the fact that the body under the coat was obviously 'acceptable', as, if she'd been too fat or too thin, or otherwise 'oddly' proportioned, it would have shown even with the concealing nature of the coat.

But now she removed the outer garment and tossed it aside, revealing her long, incredibly sexy legs to their view, as well as the slender waist that sat beneath the glorious golden cleavage displayed by the leather vest. She had the ultimate hourglass figure, and the guys now knew about it - and they were stunned.

"Matt... I don't mean to be rude.. but could you excuse Maria and I for awhile...?" Randy 'suggested' to his friend. Matt got the subtext of the message clearly, of course - Randy was asking if it was all right with him if he put the 'first moves' on the gorgeous woman he'd just kissed.

The amazing thing was - Randy and Matt actually were good enough friends that the thought didn't bother Matt. Matt would have given Randy the shirt off his back, and vice versa - so there was no animosity at being 'second' in this - after all, it was Maria who had chosen who she would kiss first.

"Sure. I'll be in my room, reading, if you need anything." Matt paused, then grinned. "You kids have fun."

He wandered away, leaving the two of them alone on the couch. When Randy reached out to her, Maria forced her lips to curve upwards in a welcoming smile, as if this was 'really' what she wanted to do, rather than just what she needed. Having seen the place, having learned how well off the guys were, she knew the truth - if she screwed this up, she'd be back on the street looking for sex to satisfy her, and a place to live. No matter what she might find, it couldn't be 'better' than this.

In short, this was the best she could possibly hope for in the hell that her life had become, and if she didn't want to fall even deeper into that hell, into something worse, then she'd better 'play along' and make sure that this was where she stayed.

So, she kissed him again, pressing her body against his, her hand sliding down his shoulder in a 'caress', while his hand wrapped around her and pulled her even tighter against himself, his kiss deepening - and she forced herself to match it.

Pulling back slightly, she 'smiled' at him, her long, slender fingers reaching for the buttons on her vest. Slowly - to buy time rather than tease, though he didn't know that - she undid the vest and slid it from her shoulders, displaying her firm, round globes to Randy's eager gaze.

"God! You're.... perfect..." Randy said, softly, his hands coming up to her chest and caressing her firm, round tits.

Maria sucked in her breath at his touch, sucking her full lower lip between her teeth in a show of pleasure that was partially feigned - it did feel good, physically, as Randy lightly fondled her firm mounds, his hands moving with assurance and skill to fondly and stroke her tits, and play with her swollen, erect nipples.

"Oh... that's *goood*" Maria moaned, 'faking' enjoyment, though - of course - she was disgusted by a man touching her, making pleasure run through her body by massaging the firm, sexy, sensitive tits that she didn't even want to have. With his hands still on her tits, she leaned forward and kissed Randy again, then rise upwards on her knees, bringing his face down to her breasts, closing her eyes and voicing her 'pleasure' as he began to lick and nibble at her thick, full nipples.

Meanwhile, she forced herself to slide her hands down Randy's chest to his lap, where she slowly unzipped his pants and reached inside to stroke and fondle his rapidly hardening cock, disgusted and shamed by what she was doing, but pretending it's what she wanted to do - s if it was she enjoyed doing.

Then she slid off the couch. Forcing herself to smile up at Randy - rather than what she really wanted to do, which was turn and run - she slid her hands across his thighs, and lowered her head slowly as she moved his clothes out of the way and leave his now hard and throbbing cock thrust into the air.

Then, with one last 'delaying tactic' - looking up with a smile and saying... cooing 'Mmmmm it looks so yummy ' - she opened her mouth, bent her head, and started giving her first blow-job.

Closing her lips around the warm, slightly musky-tasting shaft, she applied a light suction and let her tongue roam over the cock, lubricating it. Wrapping her hand around the base of the cock, she forced herself to act as if she'd done this many, many times before, struggling not to be sick at what she was doing.

Then she began to bob her head up and down, her tongue tracing swirls over the head of his cock as her full lips slid up and down the slick shaft.

She faked intense enjoyment of the act - as if anybody could ever actually enjoy sucking cock. As if the feel of her lips moving over the surface of his cock was as enjoyable as she was pretending it was. As if anyone could really find the sensation of something in their mouth, like a warm, thick 'popsicle' kind of fun. As if anyone would find the slightly musky taste of the cock sort of.. nice. As if anybody could actually gain any enjoyment from bringing intense pleasure to another person, and actually care enough to try and make the experience as enjoyable as possible - as fun as possible - for both of them

No - it was all an act as she moaned low in the back of her throat and put 'eagerness' into her motions. Nobody could possible enjoy sucking cock.

And when Randy moaned and began to cum, she had to do even more acting. Because, it wasn't as if anybody actually felt a burst of pride at being incredible talented at bringing a man pleasure. And it wasn't as if she really did love the feel of the thick, warm, salty cum flooding her mouth. It certainly wasn't possible that anybody would gulp it down with the enjoyment she was 'acting' out - after all, cock-sucking was utterly disgusting.

Nobody found it an intensely satisfying, fulfilling and incredibly *fun* thing to do. And certainly *nobody* would already be looking forward to doing it again.

No - that was just an act.

Just like her 'enjoying' the aftertaste of the cum was an act. She didn't really like it so much that she didn't want to wash it out of her mouth, but she had to pretend that's exactly what she was feeling, as she cuddled up next to Randy and forced herself to pretend she loved the feel of him against her as they talked for a bit, his hand lightly stroking her smooth leg.

Finally, she'd decided she'd had enough of the crap she was feeding him about what she liked and what she wanted out of life, and excused herself. Slipping off her boots, she rose from the couch and faced the truth - she'd just been putting off stage two of what she needed.

Now, she padded down the hallway that led to the bedrooms and knocked lightly on Matt's door.

Here a muffled 'come in', she paused... then, with a sigh, slid off her skirt and sodden panties, tossing them across the hall into 'her' room before opening Matt's door and walking inside, her gleaming golden body naked from head to toe. Of course,

the whole 'I love my sexy body and want to turn you on with it' act was just that, and act - she wasn't really incredibly proud of having the most utterly perfect body she could possibly imagine.

Just like she acted like she was 'flattered' as Matt sat up in bed, eyes widening as he took a deep breath and said "wow..." in a stunned voice.

"What...?" She asked, 'teasingly'. "See something you like... because I know I do..." She leered theatrically at Matt, who was sitting in bed with a sheet over his lower half and his muscular, ebony torso bare.

"Uh..." Matt stammered.

Maria forced herself to 'laugh' as if she was actually enjoying the moment. "Loosen up, Matt - we're going to be good friends, remember? Just let yourself feel comfortable with me." She posed to show off her body, as if she really wanted to make him admire it. "I promise that I won't do anything you're not comfortable with."

She pointed to the door. "In fact - if this is a problem for you..." She began to head towards the door, part of her hoping that he wouldn't stop her...

"No...!" Matt said then blushed at the vehemence with which he'd said.

Somewhat disappointed, Maria forced herself to hide it, turning back with a smile. "I'm so glad you stopped me, Matt - if you'd actually let me leave, I would have been utterly devastated.", "She lied. Forcing herself to move with a sexy stride, she walked back to the bed and slid onto it, laying sideways and propping herself up on one elbow. She slowly slid a hand over his smoothly muscled torso. "So, 'friend', what should we do to while away the evening? Discuss literature, perhaps?"

Matt grinned with humor and embarrassment.

"Or " Maria said, her hand sliding down to the rather large tent made in the bed sheet over his crotch. "...maybe something else ?"

She lightly grasped the bulge, and Matt gasped slightly. "Oh an idea?" She 'teased him - then broke out 'laughing'.

"Relax, Matt." She told him, giving him a quick but 'passionate' kiss as she 'grinned' at him. "I like you and Randy - I really do. I like spending time with you, like talking with you - and if my little 'problem' can bring people I like pleasure... well, then I'd have to say it stops being a problem, and becomes a benefit. Wouldn't you agree?"

Matt blinked. "I.. never looked at it that way."

Maria nudged him in the ribs. "See? I know that people are kind of trained by society to be 'hung up' about sex - but it's an attitude I can't afford. It's something I need to do, and all too often, in the past, it's been an odious task I've had to force myself to do. For the first time in.. in as long as I can remember, I'm actually excited by it again, actually looking forward to it -

because it's a way of showing you and Randy the way I feel about you, and returning to you some of the pleasure that just being around you gives me."

Leaning forward, she kissed him again - and this time, he responded. Enthusiastically.

His arms came up and began to caress her back, sliding down to fondle her as she pressed her full mounds into his chest. She flipped the sheet out of the way, and - guiding herself with her hands - swung a leg over his, set herself in position...

...and eased herself down onto his large, thick cock, gasping as the rigid, throbbing organ filled her hot, wet cunt.

"Oh, God..." She moaned, pushing her head back in 'pleasure' at having a man's cock fill her cunt. Slowly at first, she began to move her hips, flexing her long, toned legs to drive herself up and down on his cock, moaning at the exquisite pleasure it brought.

She began moving faster and faster, moans becoming gasps, which became words of pleasure as she rode Matt with long, deep, graceful thrusts, fulfilling her need and feeling the intense pleasure that thrummed through her body with each thrust.

"oh... god... yesssss..." Maria moaned, most of her brain overwhelmed by the pleasure that seared her nerves - while what was left was amazed at the fact that anything in her new existence could possibly feel so damned good, even if it disgusted her... and the fact that it felt good was disgusting as well.

Finally, she came - and it was like a freight train of ecstasy running through her body, shaking her with the power of her female orgasm.

Sated - and then some - she slumped down against Matt's sweaty body and rolled off, not even noticing as she slipped and arm over his chest and snuggled into him, lost in the warm afterglow of the orgasm.

"Wow..." Matt said - having had to do little more than accept the pleasure of Maria's sexual athletics.

"yeah... wow..." Maria agreed, drowsily. She turned her head up and kissed the bottom of his jaw, then slid away from him, feeling... something as she moved from his warm embrace.

"Well..." she said, feeling awkward. "I.. I'm going to grab a shower then hit the sack - it's been a long day." She paused. "See you in the morning, I guess."

"Yeah. In the morning." Matt agreed, then lifted his chin. "And... welcome home."

Maria didn't know why she felt a strange thrill run down her spine at the words, finally deciding that it was the surprise of the words that caused the sensation. Blowing Matt a kiss, she turned and padded off towards the bathroom, her mind still trying to settle on a single emotion regarding how the first day of her 'imprisonment' in Maria's life had turned out.

* * * * *

ONE YEAR LATER

"Mmmmm... why don't you just forget about work, and come back to bed..." Maria asked sensuously, licking her lips in a suggestive manner.

Randy laughed. "You say that every morning, Maria."

"I mean it every morning, Randy." Maria said, sitting up in the bed and running a hand through her mane of sleep-mussed hair.

Randy walked over and kissed her, tasting the salty aftertaste of his own cum in her mouth - Maria's method of waking him up beat an alarm clock any day. "I know you do, honey." Randy assured her. "And I'm sure that Tammy-Lynn means it every morning when she says it to Matt."

Maria grinned. "You're kidding."

"Nope." Randy said, finishing tying his tie.

Maria laughed. "So they're in Matt's room right now probably having this exact same discussion?" "Yup."

Maria shook her head in disbelief. Less than a month after she'd moved in with the guys, she'd found that either one could satisfy her needs on a daily basis, and had - in the end - more-or-less chosen Randy over Mark. That would have been a problem - if it hadn't have been for Tammy-Lynn.

Tammy-Lynn was a pneumatic blonde that Matt and her had met at a party they'd gone to. She had been as nervous as hell, as it had been one of her few times out 'in public' - but then she'd ended up in conversation with Tammy-Lynn Greyson, who was so bubbly and perky that she'd forced Maria to enjoy herself through sheer force of will.

Unfortunately, Tammy-Lynn had enjoyed herself a little too much. Almost pathologically outgoing, the tiny blonde with the southern accent seemed completely unable to turn down any offer of anything, including drinks - and nearly every guy at the party had wanted to get her a drink. By the end of the evening, the tiny blonde had been so drunk that she'd passed out. Maria had searched Tammy-Lynn's purse, but had been unable to find anything that had an address on it, and nobody at the party knew it either. So, they'd brought her home.

The next day, Tammy-Lynn hadn't woken until long after the guys had gone to work. Maria had driven her home...

...then taken one look at the 'apartment' she lived in and insisted that Tammy-Lynn move in with her until she could get back on her feet.

The room had been a real shit-hole. Tammy-Lynn had made some attempt to pretty the place up, scrubbing and disinfecting thoroughly, putting extremely well-used but clean furniture in it, hanging bright drapes and having plants in the tiny room - but the place had still smelled awful, there had been stains on the carpets and walls - and the entire floor had shared one utterly disgusting bathroom at the end of the hallway.

More than anything, Maria's sudden burst of 'sympathy' had come with the thought that she, herself, might have ended up in a place like this - and that had been enough. Matt and Randy had been surprised to find that they had a new guest, but had taken it with good grace and made her feel welcome.

She'd returned the friendship with a vengeance. By the time Maria ended up finding out she enjoyed spending more time with Randy, Matt was already smitten with the perky blonde, and things had worked out more than just fine - Maria and Tammy-Lynn had turned out to become as close friends as Matt and Randy, and although they had marked preferences about the guys, nobody got their noses out of joint if they 'switch hit' once in a while. All in all, everything had worked out better than anybody had a right to hope.

Now, as Maria slid out of bed and walked Randy towards the door of the apartment, she almost bumped into the tiny (in some ways) blonde as she escorted Matt towards the door.

"Have a good day at work..." Maria started the now-ritual phrase.

"...and we'll make sure you have a better night." Tammy-Lynn finished with a giggle, speaking in a southern drawl so deep as to be nearly unintelligible to anyone not as used to it as her three roommates.

The boys waved and headed off, and Maria pushed the door shut, then turned and slipped an arm around her diminutive companion's waist.

"Well - what should we do today?" Maria asked Tammy-Lynn, after a pause for a quick kiss.

"Well, honeychil', we got a whole eight hours to our little ol' selves." Tammy-Lynn giggled. "That just might - *might* - be 'nuff time to wash these honeys." She fondled her tits through the silk negligee she wore, and Maria laughed.

Tammy-Lynn was a short, slender blonde woman who would best be described as 'elfin'. Long, long legs lead to slender hips and an ass that, if not as 'sexy' as Maria's, was almost inhumanly 'cute'. Her hands and feet were tiny, dainty little things, and her waist was so infinitesimal as to almost be non-existent. She had a face that had a pointed chin, a tiny snub nose, full, bow-shaped lips - and the biggest, bluest eyes anybody had ever seen. The entire package was crowned with a mane of long, platinum blonde hair that fell halfway down her back. Everything about the petite woman was built to the same tiny scale...

...except her tits. Her massive, firm tits, the size and shape of volleyballs, whose huge, thick nipples made it clear that they were 'all natural', as their owner boasted.

"Well, we could..." Maria started, with a grin... then wound down, an odd, puzzled expression coming over her face.

"Maria?" Tammy-Lynn asked, concerned. "Are you..." Then her own face took on an expression exactly the same.

Then both women grunted as if pole-axed, reeling backward until they found individual piece of furniture to hold them up, as memories artificially repressed were released by a 'time-lock' command. Memories of the rest of their instruction, of seeing the other person in the house of Martin Richards as he showed them the form of his daughter on a gurney, a machine detoxifying her blood as a respirator helped her breathing...

"Pr.. Professor Benson..." Tammy-Lynn gasped, staring at the gorgeous golden woman who was staring back with the same horrified look.

"Tom..." Maria/Mark whispered, mind spinning in confusion and conflicting emotions. Slowly, she sank to sit on the floor, her voice thick as she spoke. "Oh... my... God..."

Now both men could remember the rest of what had gone on in the house. Mark/Maria could now remember finding Tom in the living room when he'd obediently followed Martin's instructions. He could remember the two of them being led to the basement, where they'd been shown Linda recovering from what they'd done to her. They could now recall giving Martin the names of all the other girls, so they could be 'rescued' as well.

And they could remember themselves picking out the bodies they now wore, describing them in complete detail as Martin asked each of them to describe their own fantasy woman.

They could remember more, too - like the fact that most of what they remembered of that day was 'false' memories. Martin hadn't given them new names and personalities - they'd picked ones for themselves, choosing names and backgrounds that matched their fantasy women. They had then been given the command that had made them forget, until now - and one other one.

Martin had instructed them to 'lose' themselves in the roles of the women they now were. As time went by, they'd become less and less who they were, and more and more the person they thought they should be. They'd been instructed to lose all their inhibitions, and use their 'programming' as an excuse to keep them from getting too guilty about letting themselves do and become whatever they wanted to in their new life. Effectively, the real personalities of Mark and Tom had been locked away in a small vault in their minds, and what had gone through the first couple of days of transition had been forced-disgusted versions of the inner personalities that had gone ahead and become whatever they'd wanted. By the end of the third month, every trace of Mark and Tom was gone from their lives, replaced by new personalities - those of Maria and Tammy-Lynn.

Now, those original personalities had been set free, exactly one year to the minute - to face the truth behind the year's punishment they'd suffered.

Everything they'd done was... voluntary. They hadn't picked men at random - they'd found men that they liked. Their false persona had kept them from feeling 'bad' about it at the outset, by allowing them to blame it on their 'forced needs' - but

the truth was, they'd made the choice openly and freely - just as they had everything else. Every aspect of their new lives was based on one simple principal - whatever they wanted. All the subterfuge of the 'programming' had been to get down, past the layers of society- and parent-instilled senses of 'right and wrong', to get around their ingrained feeling of 'homosexuality' if they sex with men, to avoid all the blocks between their true self's desires and the real world.

Now all that programming just... vanished. And in an instant, two personalities merged into one in each of them. The woman they'd become merging with the man they'd been.

"I... We..." Tom/Tammy-Lynn stammered, trying to find words to express what she was feeling. She looked down and stared at the huge tits thrust from her chest as if seeing them for the very first time.

Mark/Maria understood - she was feeling just as confused. Part of her was screaming that everything was all wrong - that she was a woman, and that she'd let herself become a 'real' woman, actually falling in love with a man and willingly fucking and sucking him whenever she could.

Another part of her was remembering how good her new life felt. How wonderful it felt to snuggle up to Randy, to make love to him, to talk to him, to go out with him, to suck his...

Mark/Maria began shaking, holding her hands against her head as her mind tried desperately to integrate the two halves of her personas. One male, one female. One uncaring, cruel, the other one cheerful and loving.

But the one that had been so uncaring and cruel had been that way because that had been the way he'd been treated - raised by a father who was abusive to him and his mother, who'd 'taught' him that each man was the only important thing in his life, and everything else was just there for his benefit or to cause trouble for him. Mark had come to believe that as being the way of the world, the only life there was to live....

...but Maria hadn't had that upbringing - instead, the year she'd lived her entire life in had been one in which she and other people had lived in a state of 'grace', each one doing their best to make the others feel good.

Utter selfishness - and utter generosity. Exact opposites - and her mind struggled, having to choose what to believe now, what to live with.

Shuddering and shaking, the two year-old women lay n the floor of the apartment, trying desperately to drag a coherent personality from the war-zones of their own minds....

* * * * *

"So the Cabby looks thoughtful a second " Matt told the story, barely able to keep as straight face as he unlocked the door to the apartment. "and said.. Holy crap!"

It took Randy a second to realize that it wasn't part of the joke - then he looked around the apartment, and he blinked.
"Whoa "

Their apartment had been redecorated.

Though the women had lived with them for a year, they'd barely made an impact on the apartment itself. In fact, aside from being fantastic company, they could almost have been ghosts - they hadn't had any personal belongings, and aside from their surprisingly small wardrobes and the few items in the bathroom, you would never have known that anybody had moved in with them.

That had just changed.

New furniture replaced the so-so furnishings that the guys had bought just to have someplace to sit, and now.. things filled up surface space. Like most men, Matt and Randy had never bothered to buy much in the way of decorative items - though they'd spent a small fortune on the 'home entertainment system'.

Now, a glass coffee-table on a marble pedestal sat beside the white leather couch in the center of the room. On the couch were black silk pillows, and the end-table bore a colorful vase with filled with flowers.

"I'm afraid to find out how much this cost " Matt said to Randy, slowly putting his keys down on the small table that now sat inside the door, adorned with three thick candles of different heights tied together with dried rush-grasses. He looked at the gold-framed oval mirror hung over the table, then looked around the apartment again, noticing the sudden profusion of mirrors that had become part of the decor.

"Starting to regret giving them credit cards?" Randy asked, swinging the door shut behind him, looking equally stunned.

"I thought I heard your voices..." A warm, rich voice said, and as drawn by magnets, the two men's heads swiveled to the end of the hallway as Maria emerged.

Their jaws dropped.

They were used to how she usually dressed. Neither woman were - or had been - clothes-horses, and Maria usually wore a short skirt and a tight top, simple, sexy, yet somehow managing to avoid cheap or slutty. Her hair, a gorgeous curly mane, she paid little attention to...

..or had.

Now, the woman before them could have been somebody else altogether.

A pair of black velvet pumps with gold trim enclosed her feet, and the slender, gold-toned five-inch heels pushed her heels upwards, emphasizing the curves of her perfect calves beneath the black nylons she wore. Nylons that disappeared under the knee-length burgundy skirt she wore that hung loose around her well-shaped knees and rose to cling tightly but elegantly to

her hips and ass. Above the skirt was a white silk blouse whose front didn't meet in the middle to be buttoned, but rather was two triangular sections, the right one of which crossed over to clasp at the left hip with a gold clasp, creating a pleated collar that fell into a 'vee' that displayed a tasteful hint of her cleavage.

Her face was exquisitely made up, and her hair had been elegantly and professionally styled. A pair of small, gild-rimmed glasses rested on her nose.

"Maria...?" Randy said, stunned.

She grinned easily, crossing the newly redecorated apartment with a strong-yet-sexy stride. "Hi, honey." She said in a very becoming, husky voice, kissing him passionately - yet somehow different then she usually did. It was more... decisive, rather than her old 'just kissing' sort of kiss. Like she'd told herself 'I'm going to kiss Randy now, and do a hell of a job at it.', rather than 'going with the flow'.

"I.. hate to ask..." Matt said, looking around. The real question on his lips was 'what the hell's going on', but what he said was his second question: "How much is this setting us back...?"

Maria grinned at him - and even that was different. Instead of the usual sort of.. well, almost 'mindless' grin, this one was almost wicked, and her eyes showed more...

...more...

...personality? then usual in the grin. "You're right - you'd hat to know." Matt 'gulped'.

,aria laughed - and it was a rich, full sound, again somehow more... personable then the rather giggly one she usually used. "It's all right, though - you don't have to pay for it."

"I don't..."

"Gentleman..." She said, taking a couple of steps backwards. "I give you the new head of personal shopping at LaTourney Boutique on Fifth." She spun in a slow circle, showing off her new look.

"You got a job?" Randy asked.

Maria grinned - again, with more then just a simple grin in the expression. "What? You expected Tammy-Lynn and I to spend all day, every day to sit around and just wait for you guys to get home?"

She wiggled her finger at him. "Since you refuse to just stay home all day, you've brought this on yourselves."

"I... don't mind." Randy assured her, shaking his head. "It's just.. this is all so.. sudden."

Maria sighed with a grin. "I guess you could say that Tammy-Lynn and I had a revelation this morning. We... we discovered we weren't happy with what we'd become. We were... caricatures."

"Uh... come again?" Matt asked. He kind of like the way the girls had been...

Walking with her new - and damned sexy - stride to the couch, she sat down and leaned forward to pat the new chairs on the other side of the low glass coffee-table. Sharing a look, the two men sat down.

"Tammy-Lynn and I used to be... very different people then the ones you know." Maria said, obviously looking for the words. "Something happened this morning that.. rather sharply brought back the memory of who we'd been before we met you - and we found that we didn't like them very much. We had been very self-centered, very... well, almost cruel, I guess. Uncaring."

The two guys shared a look, finding it hard to believe.

"Then..." Maria continued. "We realized that we'd swung too far the other way in compensation when we met you - for the past year, we've had no opinions, no desires - we just lived each day doing whatever we could to stay just the way were. Which was.. well, 'two-dimensional' is the best way I can explain it."

The guys had to admit that it was a fair description of the extremely uncomplicated personalities the two women had.. or used to have.

"The realization of what we'd allowed ourselves to become almost drove us insane." Maria said, quite calmly, startling the men. "We didn't think we could live with what we'd become - and we found that we couldn't live with what we'd been before, either. We were almost ready to just.. give up. Let our minds snap under the confusion and self-disgust."

"What.. what happened?" Matt asked, trying to deal with all that had apparently happened in the space of a few short hours.

Maria grinned. "A few things. The first one was - each of us realized that we're utterly gorgeous." "Huh?" Randy asked - then blushed. "Not that I'm arguing, but..."

Maria laughed. "This might sound weird - but Tammy-Lynn and I each think that our own body is the most utterly perfect female body in existence. Do you know how much of an ego boost there is right there, in not being able to find a single flaw in your own body?"

'Once you get past the mind-block of dealing with being a woman...' She didn't add - they wouldn't have understood *that* at all.

"Second - we realized that we were incredibly happy with you guys. You might find this hard to believe, too - but neither Tammy-Lynn nor I find any other man on the face of the planet sexually interesting anymore."

The guys blinked - that was there ego-boost of the day. Maria didn't explain, of course, that they had never found any other man sexually exciting, either - and the only reason they found these guys exciting was that, having already 'sampled the wares', so to speak, they were already 'hooked'.

Besides...

"We also realized that we had no idea what we'd do if we didn't have you guys anymore." Maria continued. "We realized that you were the only people in our life that we've ever come to truly like and respect."

She paused, then took a deep breath.

"We never told you this, but Tammy-Lynn and I knew each other before we 'met' at the party..." "Well - that explains why she moved in so quickly..." the guys thought at the same time.

"...and we had been... well, partners in Crime. Tammy-Lynn and I..."

"Speak the Devil's name..." A voice said from the foyer, dragging all three eyes to the front door as Tammy-Lynn swung it shut behind her and took off the trench-coat she was wearing... they guy's jaws dropped and their eyes almost popped out of their heads.

Tammy-Lynn was wearing denim. But it wasn't the sort of outfit you could pick up anywhere - because it consisted of a micro-mini denim skirt, with a pair of denim-patterned spandex 'suspenders' that barely covered the nipples of her almost completely exposed tits. White leather 'Cowboy' boots with six-inch stiletto heels graced her feet, and a holder with a chrome-plated cap-gun sat on each hip, held up by a wide leather belt cinched tight around her tiny waist. A white ten-gallon hat was tossed on the small table, obviously part of the 'outfit'.

"These are my working clothes." She said with a grin. "Y'all lookin' at the new feature dancer down at 'The Booby Hatch' - Boobs Cassidy, The Cum-Dance Kid."

"You... you're kidding!" Matt stammered in laughter.

She struck a pose. "Nope. I'm packin' a pair of forty-fives..." She hefted her huge tits with a grin. "...and shoot with a pair of thirty-eights."

In an admirable fast-draw, her hands dropped to her 'guns' and whipped them out for a quick pair of shots before reholstering them.

"Actually, this is just the outfit I wear in my second job as waitress there." She said, pulling off the holster and letting it drop beside the table. "For my three-times-a-day act, I got a more 'demure' set of cowboy duds that's more enticing to see me strip outta." She walked over to Matt with a smile. "I gotta warn you, though - spending all day getting drooled over makes a girl very... very.. horny..."

She snuggled into Matt's lap with a wicked grin. "So - what're we jawin' 'bout?"

Maria nodded. "I was telling them that we knew each other, way back when - and that we had done something wrong, and a man caught us and decided to punish us."

"Yup - twice, as a matter of fact." 'Boobs' agreed. "The first one was pretty bad, 'though we didn't realize it 'till today - he basically made us live out what we'd done to some other girls."

"Oh?" Randy asked.

Maria nodded. "This isn't easy to say - but for the past year, we've basically been hookers - trading sex for a nice place to live and the comforts of 'home', rather than money."

"Hey, now...!" Matt protested.

"No - it's true, and you don't have to feel guilty. You guys were being nice, and didn't know that, deep down, we were just taking advantage of you..." She paused. "Well, that's how it started, at least. See, that's one of the things we had to face this morning - our 'faked' interest in you has been very, very real for more than eight months now. that's one of the things that almost drove us over the edge - having to deal with the guilt of what we'd done to you, even if you didn't know it."

"But that's all over now, of course - that's one of the reasons we got jobs." Tammy-Lynn took over. "We need to build a sense of self-respect again, to begin to like ourselves. So - the jobs, the redecorating - these are all things we need to do, to start really 'living' again."

Randy nodded. "I understand - and I can't say that I'm upset. As much as we've come to like you girls, as much as we care for you - you were kind of... 'two-dimensional'. Our relationships might be a little more complicated now - but I think that could be a good thing, to."

"We hope so." Maria added.

Matt was frowning slightly in confusion. "Hang on - you said you were punished twice - what does that mean."

Maria sighed. "Well, the second one just started, really - as of this morning. And it'll probably last the rest of our lives."

Randy looked worried, as did his friend. "What - what is it?"

"The cruelest, most devastating punishment of all." Tammy-Lynn said, sharing a deeply meaningful look with Maria.

"Yes." Maria agreed. "You see, he took a couple of cruel, uncaring, heartless pieces of sub-human scum... and gave us a conscience."

The two men frowned slightly - then their eyes softened as they realized just what punishment that was. It was a curse and a blessing - and even though the women might never do anything even slightly 'wrong' in the future, they'd spend the rest of their lives atoning for something that - at the time - they hadn't even thought was 'wrong'.

"Well - this is enough deep, meaningful conversation for one night." Tammy-Lynn said, breaking the rather gloomy silence that had settled over them. "Me'n Maria got ourselves jobs - doesn't that deserve a little celebratin'?"

Matt smiled. "Yes, I'd say it does."

"Good - then us 'ladies' will get changed, and you can take us out to dinner." Maria said.

Matt leered theatrically at 'Boobs Cassidy', wagging his eyebrows. "I don't know - I think you look fine as you are."

She laughed and slapped him lightly on the arm, then followed Maria towards the hallway, a big grin on her face.

Before, the two women had been forced by an outside 'programming' to act as if they 'enjoyed' their new lives. Now, an inner force that was much stronger would make sure they lived out the rest of their lives in their new identities...

...and the fact that they found that they actually did enjoy every aspect of their new lives, including the near constant sex, in no way did - or ever would - silence the tiny voice each of them heard, a nagging, horrified voice that tried to tell them that what they were doing was sick, perverted, disgusting. No matter what happened in life, they'd have to push past that small voice to get on with enjoying what they had.

The voice of the man they used to be - and the never-ending horror of what he had brought down on himself....

"For 'tis sport to have the engineer Hoist with his own petard."

-Shakespeare, Hamlet, III, 4



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Feeling lonely, one collage man accepts an invitation from his female friend for a vacation, only problem is that he is to take the place of one of her female friends who has canceled.

Holly And Ivy

By Gunslinger

You want to know the most ironic thing about the whole affair? I, quite literally, asked for it.

It all started on December fifteenth. Well... not really. I am - or, rather, was - a history major, and I can tell you that things like this come about from a chain of things. But the fifteenth was the day I set everything in motion by opening my big mouth, so that's where I'll start.

It was coming up on Christmas, and the Campus was clearing out faster then a Chinese Fire-Drill. My roommate had already packed up and headed south for the holidays, and everyone else was either following him towards the sunshine, or resigned themselves to spending the holidays with their family. The only people who weren't busy preparing to abandon the town was a few 'shut-ins', people with no friends, family or money.

What really frosted my balls was the fact that I was one of these 'poor unfortunates'. Face it - being a Polish kid who's six-seven, skinny enough that slipping through manholes covers is a serious danger, and having no athletic abilities whatsoever doesn't exactly add up to 'Mr. Popularity'. Tack on thick Coke-Bottle glasses, a funny accent, and the sort of personality that makes a person decide to become a historian in the first place, and you get a first-class out-cast by university standards. That took care of the 'friends' - and being an orphan who had no relatives at all took care of the 'family'.

Since the Holiday Season is worse then usual for folks like me, I was pretty down in the dumps - so I did what I always did in that type of situation.

I went to visit Holly.

Holly Iverson was much, much more than my best (and only) friend. Oh, everybody on campus knew Holly - the girls all wanted to be her, and all the guys wanted to date her. She was gorgeous, sure - hair the color of spun gold, an hour-glass figure with an extra hour thrown in up top, and legs that went on for ever, and then some. Guys catching sight of her ass wiggling past in the summer had been known to faint (from lack of blood to the brain...), and those blue eyes could reduce a man to protoplasm in seconds.

But that glorious chassis housed a brain that was as equally astonishing. She was a triple-major, and that barely put a strain on her. She was the top in her class in every class she had, she was a cheerleader and spirit-team captain. She was involved in the yearbook, the campus radio station, the student parliament and everything in between. She was so ultra-perfect

that she could let her natural compassion show through - being seen with the likes of me couldn't even put a dent in her popularity or image. She was the spirit of Mother Teresa housed in the brain of Einstein, in the body of a teen- aged boy's wet dream.

So, just the sight of her could perk up my spirits - and more. Even though I knew that our friendship would never become anything else, I couldn't help but fantasize sometimes. And, on that particular day, I opened the door to her room to find her busy packing for her holiday trip. She was bent over, her back to me - giving me a eye-popping view of her perfect, firm ass in it's short little plaid skirt.

Then, having heard me open the door, she spun around on her toes - allowing me a mouth-watering view of her cleavage, the creamy swell of her triple-D breasts clearly visible from my point of view. I knew I was gaping, and started to blush furiously.

"Hey - it's the proverbial Ten Foot Pole!" Holly said and quickly bounced to her feet - which caused two firm, round parts of her anatomy to bounce in a very, very fetching manner. She gave me a quick hug - and laughed at my embarrassment.

"Relax, Harry - sit down and cool off." She said with her bright smile, and I grinned in embarrassment and sat on the one chair not in use as a 'staging area' for her packing work. Holly knew the type of effect she had on me - and men in general - and refused to become upset with me for ogling her like that. In fact, she took it as a kind of compliment, coming from 'a nice guy like me', as she put it.

"So - come to help me lug my stuff down to the station?" She asked with a smile. "If you are, you're nearly six hours to early - although, miracle of miracles, I'm nearly done packing."

I admitted that I hadn't - I told her the real reason for my visit.

Immediately, her smile vanished, to be replaced with a look of commiseration - and, dammit, that looked as cute as hell on her too. But I knew she was sincerely sad for my, which helped, and she sat down on the bed and patted me on one knobby knee, 'tut-tutting' and making me feel better.

That's when I opened my big mouth.

"I wish I was going to Washington too, instead of moping around the campus for the next two weeks."

Holly sighed. "I wish you..." Then she wound to a halt, and odd look coming into her eyes. "Hey - wait a minute. How would you like to come to Washington?"

I rolled my eyes. "Yeah, right. Not only has the open lists been filled for a month now, I couldn't afford it even if there was space left."

Holly held up a hand. "no - wait a second. There was a last minute cancellation this morning. It's past the refund date, so it's already paid for, and we've actually been looking for somebody who wouldn't mind a free trip - but everybody has already made their plans, and nobody wanted to change them."

Hope soared. "Really?" I exclaimed. "I can't believe somebody dropped out - what happened?" "Her boyfriend proposed."

"Well, I can see why...." I came to a screeching halt. "Wait a second You mean the opening is on the girl's bus."

Those damned dimples appeared as she grinned, skewing my judgment. "That's right." "Well - that's no help." I groused. "The opening is only useful to a woman."

"Yup."

She didn't say anything else - just stared at me. I blinked - then caught on. I began to flush bright red. "no - no way, Jose. Don't even think about it "

She winked. "Hey, come on - haven't you ever seen that Marilyn Monroe movie?" "no way am I " I started hotly.

"Besides - I think it would be a riot having you for my roommate for two weeks." *That* brought me to a halt. "Uh your roommate?"

She laughed. "Of course - you don't think I'd just 'throw you to the wolves', do you? I'd be with you every minute, to help keep an eye on you."

"Uh, well I " I hesitated, actually considering it - then shook my head. "Naw - there's no way I could pass myself off as a woman."

She made a gesture with her hands. "Actually - I think you can, with a little help. But you'd have to decide really, really quickly - we only have a couple of hours, and would have to get started right away."

No. I couldn't.

Then again - two weeks with Holly, right by her side. Sharing her hotel suite....

...seeing her in her skimpy unmentionables...

"Uh... what do I... what do I have to ?" I asked, blushing - and, laughing, Holly set about making me into a woman.

I can't describe most of what she did, because I'm not even close to her level of intelligence. All I know is that it was 'a little something' she was working on for her dissertation.

It was a compound that could add flesh to the human body. Primarily to enhance women's busts, but also for various other cosmetic purposes. Since I had such a skinny body, she thought it would be perfect for me.

The first step was both simple and complex - getting rid of my body hair. I did this with two packages of those pink Bic razors, lots of women's shaving cream, and a bottle of Nair. Meanwhile, Holly ran out to get a few things while I denuded my body of its thin layer of hair. I'd never been particularly hirsute - but it felt damned strange to get rid of all my hair. The very feeling of the air moving over my now bare skin was definitely different - and for me, very embarrassing.

When Holly returned, one of the things she had brought was a CD she'd borrowed from a friend. It was one of those 'subliminal training' things, this one designed to make the listener (who would, normally, be female) to feel more confident in herself, more comfortable with her femininity and place in the world. A 'self-help' thing, in other words.

But it, by itself, wouldn't be enough to help me get over my awkwardness of what I was doing, as it wasn't nearly that powerful - which is why Holly had also raided the drug-supply of the medical building for a powerful hypnotic agent. She injected me with this and had me lay on the table in a trance while the CD played into my ears via headphones. While I was out of it, Holly went to work on my tall, skinny nude body - and I was glad for the fact that I was unconscious at the time, because modesty and embarrassment would have probably made me forget the whole thing if I'd been fully conscious at the time.

When I awoke - it was to a whole new body.

And, as soon as I sat up, I knew that something had gone wrong.

Now, when Holly had told me that there was a way to make me look like a woman, I was under the complete assumption that it would be as an unattractive woman - but she tried to 'reassure' me that I could look quite feminine.

Now, for a guy to be told that he could look like a 'great' woman, that's not what we want to hear. I'd made sure that she understood that I wanted to be just feminine enough to pass without undue notice.

So, when I sat up and felt the heavy weight on my chest, I was concerned - and when I looked down and saw two massive, medicine-ball-sized breasts thrust firmly and roundly from my chest, I was flabbergasted.

"What the..." I asked - barely even noticing the way my voice sounded, higher and definitely more feminine.

Holly blushed. "Sorry..." She said. "Somebody came to the door, and it took me awhile to get rid of them. By the time I got back - that's how you were." She sighed. "It takes a minimum of twenty-four hours before I can undo the extra addition - and it might get you talked about if you suddenly dropped a half-dozen cup sizes while in DC

"But... but... they're huge!" I exclaimed. "I mean... how big are these things?"

"Holly shrugged. "As best I can figure, you're in the triple-'G' range - and I don't have any bras big enough for that. I'm afraid that you're going to have to go braless for the next few weeks."

Well, I didn't have to like it - but, oddly enough, I found myself acting as if I was proud of these massive, heavy tits - once I was over my initial shock, that was. Don't get me wrong - even if they felt great when I touched them and their artfully

sculpted, massive nipples, I was really that enamored with them. It was a 'side-effect' of my 'programming' - I was forced to act proud of my body.

And a feminine body it was. With the work that Holly had done, I would have been a tall, slender, 'cute' young woman with long black hair and a cute, if not terribly memorable, face. That was what the plan had been for, after all - but the mistake with the tits really threw off that look, as the eye was inexorably drawn to those massive mounds and, to a lesser degree, to the 'sexier-than-I-wanted' ass - which I now also had to act as if I was comfortable and proud with.

Holly then spent an hour teaching me the basics of make-up and jewelry, so I could be more comfortable with my new persona. I flatly drew the line at having my ears pierced, so we went with clip-on earrings, but other than that I learned all the necessities of how to get myself ready for public as a woman - including getting dressed in some of the clothing she'd scrounged for me.

My outfit for that day was simple - a pair of white, cotton briefs, a white cotton blouse and a black skirt that hung to just above my knees. Originally, the set had been planned with a bra, but with my massive new chest, that was out of the question - as it was, the blouse barely buttoned over my huge tits, and the material strained disturbingly tight over my new bust, outlining my massive new tits and the large, thick nipples they boasted. And I couldn't even act shy or ashamed about the look, but proud.

I also put on my first pair of high-heels. In the form of knee-high leather boots with a slight platform and four inch spiked heels. It was awkward as hell, and I spent quite a bit of time just trying to get used to walking passably in them - thankful that I couldn't manage anything slightly sexy in the form of a stride, but getting enough competency to look natural. They turned out to be no real big deal, compared to the way walking made me feel - it felt so very strange to adjust to the way my fuller ass swung and sway, and the way my huge tits shifted and bobbed with every step.

Of course, there was much more to the masquerade than just the clothes. There was my voice, for instance - while in my trance, Holly had slid a special plastic tube down my throat, over my vocal chords. It cut off the lower range of my register, leaving me with a higher and weaker voice - not that I was a masculine bullhorn to begin with, which was one of the mild shames I'd had to live with my entire post-puberty life. Then there was my 'vagina'. It was disturbing not to look in the mirror and see my cock hanging between my legs - and equally disturbing that I couldn't see my crotch at all without a mirror, thanks to my massive tits. But as odd as it was, I wasn't worried - after all, it wasn't permanent. Using a special compound, Holly had 'softened' the flesh of my entire pubic area - then pushed my balls up into my body, creating a (disappointingly) small bulge similar to that of a 'real' woman. It felt strange, like there was an internal pressure, but it did the job. She also forced my cock back in on itself, carefully shaping the then-malleable flesh and letting it set so that it looked just like a cunt. It was the exact same, of course - my head was now all the way back at the back of my 'cunt', whereas the woman's clit (which it looked like I had, but was really part of the base of my shaft sculpted to look that way) was at the front. Also, I wouldn't 'lubricate' or cum like a woman - not that I was planning to find that out, of course.

There was also the contacts that she got for me. Not only did it allow me to dispense with the thick, horn-rimmed glasses I usually wore, it changed my usually watery blue eyes into a rich, startling green.

I also got long, red fake nails to make my hands look more feminine, and we carefully chose a new persona for my while I practiced walking, the disconcerting 'click-click' of *my* heels keeping time.

We finally decided that I should play the part of 'Ivy Holliczenistan', a Romanian exchange student. There was no way anybody would be able to tell that my accent wasn't right, and it would help explain all sorts of things that otherwise could trap me in my story.

As the hours seemed to race by, I was getting more and more nervous about my impersonation - but was acting more and more in character. I couldn't help it - as we fleshed out 'Ivy', my programming forced me to act the way she would act, to say the things she would say. Or, rather, to act and talk in the way I thought she would. I'm sure you've been in the situation where you've thought that you could do or say this or that, but various things - modesty, embarrassment, good judgment - held you back. Well, I no longer had that luxury. The instant a thought occurred to me. like 'If I were really Ivy, I would probably' - then I'd do it. I couldn't help my self, and that loss of control was even scarier then looking like a woman.

Then the fateful moment came - it was time to go. We gathered up our luggage and called a cab to take us to the terminal. The head of the Women's bus didn't even question my being there after Holly talked to her, and I had no way to show my near panic as the programming denied me an outlet. We handed off our luggage to be loaded (mine was all borrowed, of course), and then it was time to join the other girls, who were already on the bus.

It was a really weird, split feeling as we handed off our luggage and climbed on the bus. I was nervous and uncomfortable and embarrassed - but thanks to my hypnotic programming, I was completely unable to act that way. I was driven to act in a 'confident, feminine' manner, 'consistent with the woman I appear to be' - just like the self-help CD specified. So, I climbed aboard the bus with a genuine-looking smile, following Holly's luscious ass, and immediately fell into a type of easy camaraderie that women shared.

Men would never have been as open and easy with one another as these girls - and presumable, all women - were. Even though we'd just met, it was as if we were somehow old friends, just because I was a 'girl' like them.

Now, of course, programmed or not, I didn't know enough about women to do a perfect 'act' as a woman - far from it. In fact, I started making small mistakes from the very first second. But that's where my 'cover story' of being an exchange student came in handy - anything unusual I did, even right down to the way I moved and sat, was attributed to being part of my background as a 'Romanian' - and the girls immediately set out to correct all these flaws.

It was mortifying to be instructed in the 'feminine arts' - but my 'persona' took to them like a fish to water. In no time I was soaking up tips on how to sit, how to talk, how to move - with promises of much more thorough instruction after we were

off the bus. When the talk slid easily into the discussion of the best ways for me to attract guys - and which guys to attract - I felt like dying of embarrassment.

Instead, I giggled and joked along, apparently not only completely comfortable with the discussion, but somewhat excited - just as the woman I appeared to be would have been.

I was amazed to find that women, when by themselves, were much more explicit about sex than men ever were. Not crude - their language was cleaner than most guys at a ball game - but very, very detailed and passionate. The best way to do this, the nicest way to get that, how good this felt or how bad that tasted. I was also amazed at how much they knew about what a guy liked, whereas most guys (myself included) really didn't know a damned thing about what really turned a woman on.

Interestingly, although they had an amazing grasp of what men liked, there seemed to be an unspoken agreement not to use that knowledge too efficiently. It was like I'd walked in on the middle of some ages-old game or contest, and all the women in the world were in on it, finding little ways to manipulate men and try to play little games and tricks.

By the time the bus pulled into the Washington Terminal that afternoon, I understood that that was exactly what it was. I'd had no idea that this was going on beneath the surface of women's Machievellian minds. From the covert glances that I got from Holly, I understood that, once I was male again, I was to pretend that this had never happened - I wasn't to abuse the sacred trust that had fallen on my by finding out this secret. I also now understood why women had such disdain for the true 'sluts' out there. Not women who just liked sex, but the ones who liked it so much that they didn't even play the game at all. After all, this was the most primal, basic currency women had to spend.

Men's sexual urges were hydraulic in nature, making them much more driven than even the most nymphomaniac woman. So, women had to ensure that they would never 'give away' the 'cure' for that need without securing an emotional investment of some sort first. Oh, sure - women made mistakes all the time, letting themselves be fooled into the belief that the investment was there when it wasn't, and a million other ways. But it was the effort that counted over all, with the actual finding of men willing to 'pay the toll' being the grand prize.

It was a revelation that left me stunned - even if I wasn't able to show it.

Then I stepped off the bus - and into full immersion in the art of being female - because the guys from the other bus were waiting for us, to help us take our luggage to the hotel and settle in.

Now, you might remember that one of my original goals had been to be as 'unremarkable' as possible, for many reasons. One of those being to avoid the attention of men. Now, that plan hadn't worked out exactly as planned, especially with the screw-up that gave me the pair of huge, firm tits that strained the fabric of my blouse. Still, I hadn't made any conscious preparation for dealing with guys, and even the rather explicit talk on the bus about getting me laid hadn't made me face the possibility of men being attracted to me - I was so deep in denial on the subject that I would have needed an elevator just to see daylight.

So when the short, muscular guy offered to help me with my bags, actually seeking me out rather than being one of the guys who waited to be paired up with the 'dregs', I was shocked silly.

Not that it showed, of course.

He introduced himself as 'Steven W. Garret, at your service' - complete with a little bow. He was one of those short guys who was as wide as he was tall, bulging with muscles in places that I didn't even have places. Despite his small stature, I found myself realizing that he was actually quite handsome, a strong, friendly face under tousled sandy-blond hair and a good-natured type of personality.

Of course, even as I introduced myself with a smile, using my alias as Ivy Holliczenistan, I wanted to run and hide from this situation. But the programming was too strong - instead, I reacted as a woman who found a guy cute would react.

I was horrified. I'm no idiot, but somehow this situation had never dawned on me - although, in retrospect, it was incredibly obvious. By cutting a corner by using that self-help subliminal CD, which was tailored towards normal, heterosexual women, I'd guaranteed that I would appear to have the same interests, urges and actions of a confidently heterosexual woman, no matter what my inner thoughts and feelings really were.

I really didn't know what to do - as Harry, that was. Maybe that was the worst part - a part of my brain I couldn't shut off kept deciding what 'Ivy' would do - and that's what I did. As we walked the two doors down to the hotel, I laughed and giggled and joked and talked, giving every indication of a young woman having fun with a guy who was doing his best to be charming. It was obvious from the first second that I laid eyes on him that he was trying to 'make time' with Ivy - and Ivy was responding! I was horrified, disgusted, embarrassed, ashamed - and a thousand other mixed emotions that I couldn't express, hidden under a false facade.

Only (and this made it a thousand - a million - times worse) it wasn't a complete facade. I had never been popular, had never had this kind of attention lavished on me, never had anyone interested in me before - and part of me was enjoying the attention, and was 'eagerly' playing along, willingly helping that rogue part of my brain that was now in control of a body that, while mine at heart, no longer looked like me at all.

So, when he invited me to dinner - I agreed.

I couldn't help it - and a part of me didn't know if I wanted to help it. Holly was surprised, of course - but she had no idea just how deep and strong the programming in me was, thinking it was my own choice to 'play in character'. She couldn't know that the programming was so strong that I couldn't break out of character at all, even when I was alone with her. When she pulled me into the bathroom to make sure that I was comfortable with this, she couldn't tell that it was still my programming (making me act like a young woman having 'girl talk' with her best friend) that responded instead of the real person inside Ivy's huge-busted body.

So Steve and I double-dated with Holly and a foot-ball hero named Luke. I was mortified inside as we laughed and joked over dinner, helpless to stop flirting outrageously with Steve the entire time. Holly quickly became concerned, wondering what the hell I was doing - she even dragged me off to the bathroom a couple of times. But (in character) I assured her that I wanted to do this, and there was even that damned grain of truth as I explained that I found it exciting to have attention lavished on me. Knowing my solitary, sad existence, Holly came to believe that I was willing throwing myself at Steve, eager to become involved in the strangest homo-sexual relationship for the next two weeks, just to get the attention I'd been denied my whole life. As smart as Holly was, she was emotional enough to believe that I would do that so eagerly, quickly and willingly - but, then again, women had always been more 'touchy-feely' than men, and on top of that, she knew the statistics on the number of college students that experimented with bisexuality at this age, and so actively joined in on my 'game', not knowing that she was adding to my torture as she asked leading or provocative questions that my new controlling persona answered with a giggle and a wink.

I was all too aware of every step of my seduction of Steve. The way I stood and walked and moved, drawing attention to my feminine body and its firm, full ass and monumental tits. I unbuttoned the top two buttons on the blouse to display mouth-watering cleavage. I applied more lipstick and perfume. I found excuses to bend over in front of him, excuses to touch him and have him touch me. I tossed my head to throw my hair about my face, I kept looking at him out of the side of my eye and glanced away with a smile when he caught me, I pursed my lips with each bite I took - these and a thousand other little 'tricks' that the girls had taught me on the bus ride down and never believed I use. Now, I was using every one for the maximum effect, and it was no surprise to anyone in the group - not even me - when I invited Steve back to my room. Holly - believing that this was what I wanted - even 'helped' by arranging to spend the night in Luke's room. Which, I'm sure, was a decision with an ulterior motive on both of their parts.

So, in no time, Steve had paid the headwaiter of the restaurant a hefty sum for a take-home bottle of bubbly and two glasses, and we were in my hotel room on the couch, finishing the last of the bottle and feeling a little tipsy.

Even now, I'm not sure how it happened. We were sitting there, in companionable silence - then suddenly...

...I was kissing him. That's right - even though I'm still fuzzy on how it really got started, I clearly remember that it was I who initiated that kiss, pressing my lips against his, lightly at first - almost hesitant.

Then his strong arms slid around me, and the kiss deepened, becoming more passionate.

I was horrified, disgusted - and enjoying it thoroughly. Although the admission struck me to my very soul, it was true - no matter how disturbing it was to admit the fact, physically the kiss was nothing short of spectacular. Our tongues danced with slow passion, deep and tender, and he gave everything he had in that kiss - and I was responding in kind. I'd never had much experience in kissing, and certainly never one as long and passionate as this. Yet, even though it was a 'him' instead of a 'her', in every other way it was the type of kiss I'd longed for, and deep inside I felt warm and secure and desired - which only drove my inner turmoil deeper and stronger, confusion that I couldn't even begin to express roiling around in me. My stomach was

turning over and seemed to be inhabited by a colony of butterflies - and yet, only a tiny portion of that was from confused disgust. Much more of it was from nervous anticipation and even - mental shudder - *delight*.

Then his broad, strong hands were fumbling at the buttons on my over-filled blouse - and I not only did nothing to stop him, but I shifted myself to give him easier access without having to break our passionate lip-lock. As his strong fingers undid the pearl-colored bits of plastic, I cursed the hypnotic controls that kept me from being able to stop - while filling hideously guilty for enjoying every instant of what was happening.

Then he had my blouse open, pushing it gently back to expose my huge, perfect breasts to the gentle glow of the candlelight.

"Steve " I found myself whispering, my voice husky with simulated emotions - I thought. "Please - tell me you like how I look "

"I love how you look, Ivy..." He whispered back. "You.. you're gorgeous".

I felt the strangest flush of warmth at the realization that he meant it. He really, really meant it.

Then my hands were full of the soft flesh of my new breasts, and I lifted the medicine-ball sized globes in offering to him. He accepted, his strong hands cupping the firm masses of flesh as he bent his head. He lightly squeezed my new tits, and I shuddered - then I had to bite my lower lip to hold in a soft moan as his thumbs made small, circular motions on my now-engorged nipples, sending bolts of pleasure through my system.

There was no holding back the second moan when his lips and mouth found those nipples though. Sucking gently on my swollen left nipple, he continued to fondle and caress the taut mound of my right breast at the same time, and new emotions and sensations flooded me at the touch. It felt fantastic, better than anything I'd felt in a long, long time....

...and I lost it completely. Ivy, my new persona, took over completely, reacting in exactly the fashion that any young woman with a handsome young man would.

Smiling at Steve, I slowly slid downward to my knees in front of the couch, my long-nailed fingers going to his waistband. Unzipping his fly, I reached in and extracted Steve's now-hard cock. I was amazed at the size of it, and deep inside felt a pang of shame at my old, rather pathetic male appendage that was now serving a completely different purpose.

With one last smile at Steve, I bent my head and took his cock into my mouth. Using every tiny trick that I'd ever heard of, I proceeded to do my best to give him the most incredible blow-job in history, bobbing me head rhythmically up and down his shaft as one hand worked his balls. I teased him mercilessly, bringing him to the edge, then slowing down.

Finally, he couldn't hold back any longer - he came in my mouth, and I eagerly swallowed his hot, salty cum, feeling it slide down my throat in a wave. Licking my lips clean, I leaned back.

"So, lover-boy..." I cooed. "How quickly do you think you can be ready for this?"

And I pulled off my skirt and panties, revealing what appeared to be a completely natural cunt.

His reply came in the form of lifting me in his strong arms and carrying me into the bedroom. Laying me on the bed, he hurriedly undressed and climbed on the bed, his cock already hard and throbbing again. With a whispered endearment, he positioned himself between my legs...

...and penetrated my 'cunt'.

I cried out, arching my back as he filled my, straining my artificially-formed womanhood to the limit. I'd become so excited by the blow-job that I'd oozed pre-cum, and I was lubricated enough that there was no pain, only pleasure. He began to fuck me hard and deep, and I screamed out in pleasure at the sensations. It might not be as good as it was for a woman - but it was better than anything I'd ever had and I writhed in pleasure.

We came at almost the exact same instant, and he had no way of knowing that all the cum that gushed around his cock and down my legs wasn't his. And I was in no position to tell him as I gasped in pleasure at the intense orgasm that ripped through me - and I found that my only regret was that I couldn't experience a true woman's orgasm.

Panting slightly, Steve rolled off of me and said. "Well, pretty damned "

* * * * * "...cool, huh?"

Feeling disoriented, I blinked at John, then looked around the room, trying to get my bearings back. Looking down, I saw the sim-suit covering my own broad, almost overly-masculine body.

Then the worlds seemed to steady down.

"Holy shit, John - that was fuckin' amazing!" I said, shaking my head in disbelief. "It all felt so.. real. Like I really was 'Harry' - and then 'Ivy'. I don't fuckin' believe you made this thing for me, man!"

My best friend grinned and flushed. "Hey, I figured that I owed it to you. I mean - I really freaked out on you when I first found out that you were a transvestite, man. I mean, my best friend, the big foot-ball hero - a gay cross-dresser? Blew my mind... and I guess I blew up on you. So this is my way of saying sorry, buddy."

I held up my VR-gloved hands. "Hey, man - you may have reacted badly at first, but you've dealt with it better than most people have since then. My Dad still hasn't talked to me since I came out."

I looked over at the jury-rigged VR machine he'd built me for my Christmas present, still shocked. When I'd come home and found this monstrosity - eight Pentiums modified, jury-rigged and wired together around a strange-looking chair - sitting in my guest bedroom, I'd been upset. Now, I didn't care if it was an eyesore. It was just goddamn unbelievable.

"So - no matter how many times I run it - while it's going, I won't realize I've done this before?" I asked.

"Yeah - but there's a lot of variation in the program. That was just the basic routine - you can alter some of the physical parameters for Harry/Ivy, change the local, even have sex with two or three different characters. The time-limit's a bitch - but you don't want to get hooked on the game and starve to death in VR, right? So - the fifteen-hour limit is kinda necessary. Just make sure you shit and piss before going in."

"man - this is just... un-fucking-believable." I said again. "Really, man - I don't know what to say."

"Hey - no problem. This thing's gonna make me a fortune soon, but I can't even begin to market it yet." John said.

"Why?" I asked, amazed - this thing blew everything else on the market and in production completely off the map.

Contriving to look ultra-innocent, John said "Well - there's some silly law that says I have to talk some poor sap into using it for at least five hundred hours total so I know it's safe "

"You moron " I laughed. "Well - unless I get tired of the damned scenario, you'll have no trouble getting those five hundred hours racked up. Three or four months, I think, and you'll have them."

John laughed. "Hey - why don't we get something to eat and rest up. Then tomorrow I'll show you why I'm sure that you won't get tired of the machine."

"Oh, don't do this to me." I begged. "What is it?"

Holding up a box of CD-ROM's, he smiled. "The second VR program for the machine - how would you like to be a businessman that pisses off a witch with a sexist comment?"

I smiled. "Hot damn, buddy."

I sprang for pizza - it was the least I could do for a friend who'd given me the best god-damned Christmas present any transgendered person got, short of free, complication-free surgery.

But damn - I can hardly wait until tomorrow....



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When the tables are turned, one man finds that he has become victim to the same altering chemical as his latest victim and she has plans for his transformation that he is not going to like.

Horrificed

By Gunslinger

Idly scratching his scalp through his sleep-tousled mane of wheat-blond hair with one hand, and his other wrapped in a near death-grip around a mug of coffee, Matt Layton staggered into the bathroom.

His lean, somewhat sharp-featured face, never more than moderately handsome in the best of times, was contorted by a wide, jaw-creaking yawn - and the fetid, whiskey-scented breath that he exhaled after the yawn only served to confirm the massive hangover indicated by his red-rimmed, blood-shot brown eyes.

Reaching towards the mirror-fronted medicine cabinet above the sink, Matt winced at the slightly green-tinted, unshaven face reflected back at him in the mirror. Late last night - or, more accurately, earlier this morning - Matt had gotten back from a 'sales convention' in Las Vegas. At least, that was how he defined his monthly trips to anybody who bothered to ask. Aside from everything else he did during the weekend trips, Matt drank almost constantly - but, at thirty-one years of age, his body was considerably less happy with the after-effects of a weekender bout than it had been at twenty - or even twenty-five, for that matter.

Fishing three extra-strength aspirins and a Dramamine from the cabinet, Matt carefully didn't look at his reflection a second time as he shut the cabinet and quickly downed the quartet of pills, followed by a healthy slug of the strong, bitter black coffee. Leaving the half-emptied mug sitting on the sink surround, Matt shrugged out of his thick terry-cloth bathrobe, and plodded barefoot across the cool tile floor to the large, roughly triangular-shaped shower stall taking up the one corner of the large bathroom. Pulling open the translucent door, he stepped inside.

The Plexiglas enclosure was large enough that it took more than a full stride to reach the corner where the taps were located. Behind him, he heard the door swing shut.

Somewhere amidst the pounding of his 'morning after' headache, the vague thought formed that he couldn't recall the shower door ever having sounded quite like that when it shut... but it was a small concern, and he didn't chase after the thought. Instead, he just reached out, hands closing around the white plastic of the Victorian-style taps. He twisted them sharply, and the three shower heads, one in each corner of the stall, came to life.

What gushed out of the gleaming chrome-plated shower heads, however, was not water.

It was somewhat thicker than water - almost like a gel, and considerable force was behind it, making it squirt out of all three showerheads in thick, gooey streams.

It was a sort of pale golden color, almost like liquid honey, but its odor was slightly metallic, the faint scent rapidly filling the enclosure.

It was an unusual, slimy substance - and one that Matt was all too familiar with.

"No!" He shouted, yanking the taps back and forth - but they turned much too easily in his hand, no longer attached to the wide-opened valves that had obviously replaced the original faucets behind the tiled wall.

As thick streams of golden glue splattered over him, matting his hair and running down his slender body, Matt turned and staggered towards the shower door, his footing uncertain on the now-slick tile under foot. He reached the far side of the shower stall and shoved against the thick, Plexiglas door

- but it refused to move, even when he began battering against it with his body. It was locked.

Someone had turned his shower into a trap.

"No!" He shouted again, this time with something close to a sob, as he battered himself against the unmoving door. The entire purpose of the three-head system was to provide such an even spray that the user could be anywhere in the large stall, and even move about, without ever completely leaving the spray. There was no place in the stall he could go to avoid the gushing goo...

He continued uselessly throwing himself against the door for a moment, until his feet slipped out from under him, and he went sprawling. The drain in the center of the stall floor had obviously been closed off, and the thick gel-like substance was already nearly a foot deep. Spluttering, Matt slipped and slid through the thick substance, shouting and cursing in a hysterical tone of voice.

He had good reason to be hysterical - after all, Matt, more than anybody, knew exactly what the substance he was thickly coating his body was, and what it could do.

What it would do...

...to *him*.

"Lemme out...!" He shrieked, panting as hard as if he'd just run a mile flat-out. "Gotta get out! Gotta! Before... before " had a hypothetical observer been present at the strange scene being played out, they might have been forgiven for misunderstanding Matt's next words. For one thing, the acoustics weren't exactly ideal, given the strange, 'splattery' sound of

the goo as it continued to gush. Then there was the somehow almost organic sounds of Matt's movements through the goop - sounds that might have been written out as such comic-book type oddities as 'sploosh' and 'glorp' and 'splut'.

In any case, the hypothetical observer might have thought they heard the slender blonde shout out the words 'before I'm horrified!'

Which probably would have left our good friend, the hypothetical observer, scratching his hypothetical head in hypothetical befuddlement.

Now, on the other hand, had said observer been aware of the fact that the 'goo' was, in fact a semi- organic, synthetic, oxygen-rich, sucrose-vitamin-protein 'base', as well as the fact that the base existed to transport and nourish billions of microscopic (or 'nano-size') machines, *and* was fully aware of what the 'nanobots' were constructed/programmed to do, than he might have been able to figure out what it was that Matt had really shouted.

As may be - that shout was the last even vaguely coherent sound Matt made for some time, as after that, he gave up coherency in favor of mindless shrieks of sheer - and, yes, horrified - panic.

Eventually, the screaming ended, to leave only the sound of the gushing goop filling the stall - and that, in turn, also ended eventually, leaving the bathroom in a complete silence that last for several hours.

A silence that, in the end, was broken by the 'tap, tap, tap' of high heels striking tile floor.

Without a doubt 'high' was the correct description of the slender, six-inch black spike heels adorning the gleaming black-leather boots. Fitted with a continues series of buckles and belts running up the outside of each boot, the 'footwear' could be - and was - carefully adjusted to be the next best thing to a second skin of supple leather, reveling just how well-toned and shapely the legs were that the boots enclosed from foot to thigh.

A short stretch of 'fishnet' separated the black leather of the boots for the matching material of the 'panties' the woman wore, the thin straps of the bikini-style garment riding across her broad, well- rounded hips. Above that, her naturally slender waist was further compressed by a many-buckled corset in the same style as the boots. The same styling continued on with the opera-length gloves that rose almost to well-toned shoulders, and with the buckled 'neck corset' surrounding her slender throat. More fishnet material 'covered' the flesh between corset, collar and gloves, doing absolutely nothing to hide her full, dusky, and quite remarkably firm bosom from view.

Above the collar lay a face of ultimate sensuality. Likewise dusky of tone, the broad-cheeked face was surrounded by a thick, curly mass of raven's-wing black hair that hung nearly to the small of her back. Her lips, full and sensual, were glossed a deep red, and long lashes veiled her dark, seductive eyes as she gazed at the shower stall, now filled to the ceiling with the thick goop.

In the center of that brim-filled enclosure of golden slime floated the Matt Layton - and as the woman entered the room, the figure began to thrash and writhe, mouth opening and closing in an utterly futile attempt to scream through the thick, highly-oxygenated sludge filling his lungs and throat.

"Hello, Matt..." the leather-clad woman said, a mocking tone in her rich, throaty voice. Lifting her right arm, she revealed herself to be holding a small device of some sort in the gloved hand, and now she pressed one of the buttons mounted on the unit.

At first, nothing seemed to happen. It took a minute or two for the slow drop in the fluid level to be noticeable. Slowly draining through the now-opened floor drain, it would obviously take some time before the stall was completely empty.

Rather than simply stand there and wais, the exotic, leather-clad woman walked over to the far corner of the room, where a chair was nestled behind the bathroom door. Pausing long enough to peel off the leather panties she wore, she settled herself into the chair, and passed the time masturbating.

Though the motions of her leather-clad fingers in her moist womanhood ran through the gamut from nearly tender to downright frantic, the look on her face as she masturbated repeatedly was far from one of pleasure. Indeed, the twist of her mouth indicated distaste - and the look on her dark eyes as she stared continuously at Matt's thrashing form was barely short of murderous.

Eventually, the last of the thick golden liquid had drained away. Kneeling, bent over, in the center of the stall, Matt hacked and coughed thickly, slowly - and quite unpleasantly - emptying his lungs of the thick, embryonic-like fluid he'd been 'breathing' for the past few hours.

Grimacing in distaste, the leather-glad woman pressed a second button on the control. When the shower heads came to life, Matt started with a low, thick cry of fear - but what spouted from the shower heads this time was, in fact, water. The cold water sluiced down over Matt's soon-shivering body, cleaning away the last of the goo that coated his body - and, with it, the last of Matt's body hair, firmly embedded in the golden slime. When the water finally cut off, Matt climbed awkwardly to his feet, denuded body almost blue with chill.

"Charlene... you bitch...!" Matt forced out through chattering teeth. "Get me.. some antidote... right now!"

"Oh,. I think not..." The woman addressed said, coolly, as she pulled her panties back into place around her womanly hips. She stared at Matt with a sneer. "...and, it's *Mistress* Charlene to you, slave!"

Matt's jaw dropped.

"What...?" He stammered, shaking his head in confusion. "No - you have to obey me, bitch! You *have* to!"

"Once upon a time, I was Charlene Cassidy." She told him, with an evil chuckle. "After my research into medical nanites was perverted and turned against me by my lab assistant, Matt Layton, I was his helplessly obedient whore-mistress. He forced

me to not only service men who wanted to be dominated, but to use my dominating personality to pseudo-willingly capture more women to add to your stable of whores. Those orders - to keep adding more, and a wider variety of, whores still have to be obeyed... and, as you can see, I'm obeying them. After all, as Matt Layton made abundantly clear to me, I'm now - and forever - 'just' Mistress Charlene, obedient slut-bitch whore-mistress."

She sneered at the figure in the shower stall - who stared back with the horror of dawning realization on his face.

At the time, he'd just wanted to make the humiliation deeper, had wanted to drive the fact of her enslavement home. Only now, in retrospect, could Matt see the effect on the orders he'd given her to always obey 'Matt Layton' - because, as he'd made it abundantly clear to the woman who'd once been his boss, you stopped being the person you once were after being 'whorified'...

...a process which he, himself, had just undergone.

Well, the initial stages of, anyway - and that had been bad enough, to know that every cell in his body was now home to a tiny machine that could alter it. That was bad enough, since anybody could accidentally 'program' him, now that he was vulnerable... but he hadn't considered the possibility that one of the few people in the world who knew about the nanites could consciously and decisively make use of it.

All of which culminated in an apt understatement:

"Oh, shit..."

"Precisely..." Mistress Charlene said, smugly. "No - step out of the shower and dry yourself off. You will make no effort to harm me, run away, or do anything you think I might not want you to do."

As she spoke, she pressed yet another control on the device she held, and helplessly, matt moved to obey as the nanites filling his brain tissue re-routed neural activity around the parts of his mind that controlled what was nebulously defined as 'free will'.

"How.. how did you...?" He stammered in shock, even as his hands grabbed up a thick, fluffy white towel and began to run it over his naked, shivering body. After all, his programmed mind assumed that boasting about how she had beaten him would qualify as something she would want...

He was right.

"Matt so enjoyed taking a woman who used to be an ethical medical researcher and turning her into... this." She said, waving a gloved hand at her sexy body. "Well, I was ordered to 'pervert' the men I dominated, having them do things for me they never would normally have considered. Given that, I could - and, obviously, did - purposefully seek out clients who I could then dominate into setting this up. I'm not aloud to 'hurt' Matt Layton... but he never specified that I couldn't order men to do

something he might not want. Oh, certainly, it couldn't be done so that I would initiate it, that was outside of the bounds I was given - but it was Matt, himself, who activated the trap, not me.

Which brings us back to... you. The person who might once have been Matt Layton, and so protected from me, but who is now..."

She trailed off, grinning wickedly. Indicating the thick, fluffy white bathrobe he'd discarded what now seemed an eon ago, Charlene ordered him to pull it on,. Which he did obediently did.

Turning, Charlene strode from the room, looking back over her well-toned shoulder. "Come, slave..."

Helplessly, the man who had been Matt Layton could only obey.

* * * * *

He had the entire drive into Las Vegas to consider his incipient fate.

Dressed only in the bathrobe that felt entirely too soft against his recently denuded skin, he had nothing to do *but* think. Mistress Charlene had ordered him to get into the car, and he'd fought with every fiber of his being to refuse, to run away... and, had, instead, simply walked out the front door of his house, down the walkway, and climbed into the car. As per Charlene's orders, he's sat down, buckled himself in - and, from that point on, remained 'still and silent' as she drove towards the bright lights Sin City.

He was as utterly helpless to resist as... well, as Charlene had been when he'd 'captured' *her*.

It wasn't a pleasant thought - but, then again, none of the thoughts he was having were pleasant.

What made the situation so truly horrifying was that he knew what was to come. Oh, not the individual details, but the over-all picture was utterly clear. Perhaps, to some people, the 'unknown fate' was what they feared the most, but in his case, he knew his fate all too well - and, deep inside, past the 'block' that kept him from acting on free will, he wanted very much to scream.

Oh, he wasn't an idiot. In fact, in many ways he was nearly a genius. Before giving it up to become a 'pimp', he'd been an up-and-coming research scientist, 'apprenticing' at a biomedical research lab.

He would have liked to think that it should mean he was smart enough to come up with a way out of this... but Charlene was at least as intelligent as he was, and she hadn't been able to escape her own fate.

She had, however, found a way to make him share in it - and the fact that she'd had them leave his house and then locked up behind them without bothering to take a key pretty well guaranteed that this wasn't just some desperate bid to scare him into giving her, and the other whores, their freedom.

This wasn't about release - this was about *revenge*...

* * * * *

Less than twenty-four hours after leaving The House as king of all creation, Matt returned to it as a helpless slave.

That's how he thought of it - 'The House', complete with the capitals. If you didn't know what it was, it wasn't a terribly impressive building - of indifferent architectural design, its one even vaguely remarkable feature was that it was fairly large. It had been fairly expensive, and he'd begrudged the cost, taken out of the profits his 'girls' were making him... but 'House girls' could not only charge more, but it made things easier and safer in the long run. Up until then, he'd been running his slowly expanding stable of girls as street-hookers, and aside from the downsides that came from that, there had always been the trouble of 'recruitment'. With The House, he'd been able to set up - or, rather have Charlene set up - a facility in the basement.

Still struggling - and failing - to impose his own will on his actions, he had no choice but to follow Charlene up the flag-stone path to the front door. Somewhat whimsically, he'd had it painted red after purchasing the house. Now, wishing he was allowed to at least shudder in anticipatory horror, Matt was led through that familiar door, and into the whorehouse whose purpose had gone from 'possession' to 'profession'.

The foyer/lobby and the sitting room were empty of clients. Though it was still a quite early Monday evening, that would have been surprising - if not for the fact that Matt knew the house didn't do business during recruitments, to lower the chance of detection. Since he'd already been 'dosed', he didn't really need to be taken down to the basement facility. Instead, obeying Charlene's orders, he followed her past the staircase leading to the upstairs rooms, and down a short hallway and through the door into the den that had been designated as the 'Employee's lounge'.

There, all the rest of his girls were waiting for him.

Including Charlene, he had a total of ten, and now, as they laughed and jeered at the person who was no longer their owner and boss, he was led to stand in the center of the room. The furniture had been rearranged for this momentous occasion, and once Charlene sat down in the chair reserved for her, he was completely encircled by the ten women.

This was it - the moment of truth.

His hair and nails would be the only thing he could be sure would remain the same, because the nanites couldn't do much with the 'dead' material. They could encourage increased, rapid growth of the living portions, but the effect wouldn't be immediate.

His bone structure was a little more malleable. It would actually stay the same, in terms of total weight of bone, by the nanites could stretch it or compress it, altering his shape considerably.

It was the soft tissue that the nanites could work the best on, however. It could increase or decrease soft tissue mass by a full fifty percent either way, allowing for a very wide range of variations indeed.

He wished he could beg. He wished he could plead.

He wished he could promise to release them all if they'd just release him. He wished...

...he could do absolutely anything at all.

Instead, he simply stood there, helpless and docile, awaiting his future's fate...

...and then Jenny, who was currently The House's 'biggest' girl at DD, and very popular with the clients, grinned evilly and held up a hot-pink bra with the largest cups Matt had ever seen.

* * * * * The door to the bedroom began to swing open.

Desperately, the individual who had until very recently been Matt Layton struggled against the control of 'her' brain, fighting to break free of the neural pathways the nanites had established - the pathways that ensured complete, utter, and unforgiving obedience, the pure submission to others that was 'her' fate.

It was an utterly futile struggle. 'Her' body caught in complete control of 'her' paralyzed mind, 'she' couldn't even have an involuntary 'panic attack' over the knowledge of what was to come. The massive, round tits on 'her' slender ribcage continued to rise and fall with the same, calm rhythm, and no sweat sprang from the smooth brow of 'her' altered face.

With a huge, brainless smile helplessly curving 'her' full, hot-pink new lips, 'Maggie Mountains' watched as her first 'john' entered the room.

He was an unremarkable man, in his mid-to-late thirties, reasonably muscular but carrying a bit of a belly. Dressed in a pale-blue button-down shirt and darker blue trousers, both of polyester, he could have been a janitor, or a delivery man, or any one of a hundred other like professions. He looked a trifle nervous, licking his somewhat over-heavy lips, his brown eyes darting around the room before finally coming to rest on her emphatic figure.

As per her orders, Maggie could do nothing at all, but simply sit there and watch him, 'her' tiny new hands curled in her lap.

"Uh... hi." He finally muttered.

'She' said nothing, huge blue eyes staring into space. He swallowed nervously. "They said you... that is, uh "

'She' did nothing. Said nothing.

Was nothing...

...but a toy for any man's pleasure.

"You see ?" Charlene said, stepping into the room, then closing the door behind her. "Exactly as I said. She doesn't have two thoughts to rub together. The penultimate bimbo, utterly compliant, without any of her own thoughts, urges or desires to get in the way of pleasuring you."

Walking sensuously over to the chair in the corner of the room, Charlene lowered herself into its embrace, crossing her boot-clad legs at the knee. With a graceful wave of her arm, the dusky-skinned woman indicated Maggie.

"Go ahead - tell her what you want to do."

"Uh, yeah " The man muttered, with a weak grin. Looking decidedly awkward, like a man waiting for the punch-line of a prank, he faced Maggie and spoke, his voice overly loud and his tone uncertain: "Come here!"

Maggie fought - and failed. Without any noticeable hesitation, 'she' rose from 'her' position on the bed, moving with a strange, somehow almost mechanical grace as 'she' walked across the room, 'her' wide hips swaying and swiveling. 'She' came to a stop in front of him, staring 'mindlessly' at his chest, (which was about where 'she' came up to), even while the male mind trapped within the emphatically curvaceous new body silently screamed and gibbered and begged.

Shooting a glance at Charlene - who made a 'go ahead' gesture - the man licked his lips again before issuing his next, slightly more authoritative command: "Undress me."

Maggie, of course, did exactly as 'she' was told - no matter that 'she' would rather die than obey. Still smiling brainlessly, 'she' helplessly removed the man's clothing one article at a time, showing no disgust, no anticipation - not even any apathy. 'She' simply and unemotionally.. complied.

"Well..." The man muttered, eyebrows wising, as 'she' knelt to remove his socks.

"Well, well, *well*..." The man said, with a chuckle as, still kneeling in front of him, 'she' finished the job by pulling down his underwear for him to step out of - which put 'her' staring with that vapid gaze directly at the limp cock hanging inches in front of 'her' reshaped face.

Considering that, the man's next command was more or less pre-ordained. Starting to feel confident that Maggie was as brainlessly submissive as 'she' was touted to be, the man reached down and ran his fingers through 'her' for-now short mass of wheat-blond hair... and told 'her' to suck his cock.

Seconds later, Maggie knew things 'she' had never wanted to know.

What it felt like to reach out and take hold of another' man's limp cock near the base. How it felt to wrap incredibly full, softly firm lips around that same cock.

The feel and taste of that cock in her mouth as gloss-slick lips and supple tongue began to work it into full erection.

The nanites couldn't give 'her' skill. Just as 'she' was wearing hot-pink sandals with negligible heels until 'she' could, over time, work her way up to the highest spike-heeled platform shoes, so would 'she' need time to become a truly skilled cock-sucker.

'Her' efforts, amateur as they might have been, were more than enough to serve the purpose of getting the man hard, however - and that, for the moment, was good enough for him.

"Okay - stop..." he said, his voice a bit breathless and husky.

'She' obeyed - literally, simply freezing in place. Chuckling, the man had to extract himself from 'her' enclosing mouth, his throbbing cock thrust proudly from his crotch.

"Get up. Get undressed." He ordered, gesturing at the bed. "Get over there and bend over."

Helpless to refuse, 'she' did as 'she' was told. Rising from 'her' crouch, the unwanted flavor of cock in 'her' mouth and on 'her' full lips, Maggie obeyed exactly as ordered. Standing in place, 'she' took off 'her' massive 36 GGG-cup bra and let it drop to the ground, then peeled out of the straining pair of matching, frill-trimmed panties. Enormous new bust jiggling and swaying, 'she' turned and walked over to the bed.

"Bend over and spread 'em, babe - I wanna stick it in!" The man told 'her', flushed with desire - or, at least, physical pressure.

'She' had no choice. Helplessly, 'she' leaned forward, impossibly round tits dangling from 'her' chest as 'she' spread 'her' shapely new legs.

Walking to stand behind 'her', the man reached out to grasp 'her' wide-rounded new hips, carefully positioned himself - and thrust his hard, saliva-slicked cock deep into 'her' tight asshole.

As the hard organ slid deep within 'her' virgin orifice, there was a little bit of pleasure and a little bit of pain, but what there was most of all was pressure, as 'her' unusually malleable flesh molded itself tightly around the intruding organ.

Moaning in pleasure, the man began to thrust into 'her', pumping hard.

'Her' body shook with the force of the hard ass-fucking 'she' was getting. 'She' bounced slightly on 'her' toes with each deep, fast thrust, and 'her' massive tits bounced and swayed widely as they dangled, almost painfully heavy, from 'her' chest.

Every once in a while, he reached forward, leaning over 'her' full, rounded ass so that he could give 'her' huge, unrealistically firm tits a good, hard squeeze - but mostly, he contented himself with fucking 'her' tight, slick asshole, working himself towards the pleasure he wanted.

To a stunned, screaming, and helpless male mind trapped within an outrageously proportioned body, it seemed to last an eternity, but in truth it wasn't very long at all. Grunting heavily, the man picked up speed and intensity for a few almost convulsive strokes, and then he arched his back and cried out as his cock exploded deep inside 'her' ass...

...and, exactly as 'she' had been programmed to do, Maggie reached orgasm at the same time.

As his cock pumped an average-sized load of cum deep into 'her' body, 'her' own cock, a piece of masculinity as outrageously proportioned as the rest of 'her' body was, femininely, all-but-exploded, a thick stream of warm, gooey cum blasting from the massive organs and spraying and splattering all over the black rubber bed sheets that covered 'her' bed.

"Man...!" the 'john' said, his cock slipping from 'her' tight ass with a slurping sound. He turned and walked over to his pile of clothes to get dressed. "That was wild!"

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." Charlene said, with a smile, as the man quickly pulled on his clothing. "I hope you'll spread the words to your friends. We're fairly new, but as you can see, we're well on our way to becoming the ultimate in a 'full service' bordello."

"No shit." The man said, glancing over to where the massive-breasted she-male whore was still bent over the bed.

Charlene glanced back as well. "Clean that up." She ordered Maggie.

That order had a specific meaning - and, with no choice but to obey, the huge-breasted creature who, even worse than being made into a female hooker, had been turned into an ultimate freak, bent down, opened 'her' outrageously full lips and began licking up 'her' own warm, salty cum from the bed sheets.

Behind 'her', Charlene opened the door, let the man out - and then leaned out into the hall, and with a tone ripe with smug satisfaction, called out;

"Next!"

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: A magic spell cast over a group of unwilling women is broken, and the master finds that he is now submissive bimbo willing to perform for men.

House Of Despair

By Gunslinger

Though his hard-planed face revealed nothing, Dominic D'Angelo's nerves quite literally tingled with excitement as he threaded his way through a minefield of rusting cans, broken bottles, and other pieces of urban debris that littered the patchy growth surrounding the decrepit old house.

There was nothing in the world that turned Dom on more than visiting 'the girls'.

Warped and weathered wood creaked underfoot as the lean, swarthy-skinned young man climbed the steps and crossed the sagging porch. Sheets of plywood, baring the faded remnants of 'Condemned' signs, covered all the windows, but the sheet that had replaced the shattered front door had been fitted with hinges and a looped hank of frayed nylon rope. Grabbing hold of the make-shift handle, Dom pulled open the door, wincing at the squeal of the old spring that kept the portal shut the rest of the time.

The high-pitched screech of the rusted spring was an effective annunciation of his presence, but there was no outcry from the inhabitants within. The sound of a TV was vying against a static-filled bray from a cheap radio, but neither sound was nearly loud enough to mask the thumping of his booted feet across wooden floor, much less the sound of his entry. The very fact that there was no sense of consternation as he entered a house that wasn't his only made that tingle of excitement all the more delicious.

Though creaky and in shabby disrepair, the house was still quite structurally sound, despite being officially condemned. Heavy boots thumping across bare, warped wooden floor, Dom made his way down the short hall flanking the flight of stairs leading up to the second floor - and found all three of the house's inhabitants in the 'Great Room'.

The name was a joke, of sorts. Originally, the first floor of the house had been divided into kitchen, living-room, dining-room, and study... but those original walls were long gone, their support functions taken up by TelePosts - rust-red extendable metal support columns, ugly as sin but effective. Now, aside from the walls flanking and supporting the stairs that formed the entrance hall, the entire first floor of the building was an open area with vaguely-defined areas for specific functions.

'The girls', as Dom invariable referred to them as a group, glanced up as he entered. Whatever the names on their birth certificates might have been, none of the trio used it now, and it wasn't really all that surprising, for there was little in common between the people they'd once been and who they had now become.

The names they now used were patently artificial - and, being so, completely suitable for the three women, for they themselves were hardly in their natural state. At first glance, somebody might have mistaken Rayne, Summer and Jewel for, if not triplets, then at least relatives, for there was a marked resemblance between all three. Though varying a few inches in height, they were all tall, with lean bodies that ranged from 'thin' to 'athletic'. The hair worn in three differing styles was the same shade of unnatural black, which was unsurprising, as it had come from the same batch of dye. The tight-fitting and/or skimpy clothes they wore were likewise communal property, as was the heavily-applied starkly-colored make-up each wore... and, for that matter, everything else the three women owned. Jewelry was cheap and garish, and shoes invariable high-heeled, and all three sported obviously enhanced busts that strained to escape clothing designed to show off the matching DD-cup endowments.

Though there was a variance of six years in the three women's ages, nobody would have known it from looking at the girls - and would have found it hard to accept that the oldest of them was only twenty-six.

Not that they looked old, really... but 'well used' was certainly an apt description. Truth be told, though Dom often made use of the three, sexually, he didn't find them nearly as physically attractive as they'd been when they'd first arrived in the city, fresh-faced and innocent.

What really turned him on, what got the old crank turning, what fired up his engine - was the utterly dead, incurious look of hopeless indifference they turned upon him as he entered the room.

It was this utter, uncaring despair and not the indifferently-offered and -performed sexual favors that led Dom to keep the three women as his own, personal harem... for the sexual arousal and satisfaction he got from them had nothing at all to do with their bodies, and little enough to do with their uncaring willingness to perform, other than indirectly.

He supposed he could have offset the cost of keeping in them in food, booze, pot and smokes by whoring them out... but that would have lessened the 'pure' flavor of what it was that he *did* want from them, and so he bore the cost of keeping the girls around with utter equanimity, for it was utterly worth it for what he got in return.

Utter bliss.

The bliss they provided him was unintentional, and they didn't even know he was getting it - for he had certainly never explained to them how he was feeding, quite literally, off their despair.

Not that he could have completely explained it, even if he'd had the urge, for he didn't understand how it all worked himself. All he knew was that it did work, and that it provided him an ecstasy that went much farther than mere physical sex ever could - and that none of it would have been possible if luck, fate, or the universe had not seen fit for him to find The Thing.

Not what anybody would call terribly imaginative, that was how Dom referred to it in his head, complete with capital letters: **The Thing**.

In speaking, it was 'his pipe', said with an uncaring little shrug.

Hanging in it's accustomed place on the leather thong around his neck, The Thing looked like nothing more than a small, stubby little pipe, intricately carved in ivory so old as to be almost brown, inset with a gleaming orangish-yellow metal along it's broad bowl and short stem.

In fact, when he'd discovered it, Dom had believed it was a pipe, and that's what the girls still believed it to be - which was unsurprising, since he not only had never disabused them of the notion, but made use of the fact that it could actually be used as such.

Unslinging the tattered backpack from one shoulder, he placed it on the old cable spool used as a coffee table. Filled with that week's 'supplies', it clanked, gurgled and rattled, and the three women drew near to sort through it.

As they did, Dom settled on the couch and withdrew The Think from under his shirt, and began to pack it with his 'special mixture'.

About an even mix of pipe tobacco and pot, his 'special mix' also included a very small, but potent amount of a non-toxic chemical who's sole purpose was camouflage. As he lit it with a wooden match, the mixture immediately began producing a fog-bank of dark smoke that swirled around him.

Used to the cloudbank of black smoke his pipe produced, the girls didn't even look up as he began puffing on the pipe... and, as always, also failed to notice what the smoke-screen was hiding.

Mingled in with the smoke was some darker, thicker substance, swirling and hard to differentiate from the smoke... but had somebody bothered to look closely enough, they would have seen that it seemed to be seeping from the very pores of the three women, and with each draw on the pipe, it was pulled through the bowl and down the stem into Dom's lungs.

Only the cast-iron immobility of his hard-angled face allowed Dom to hide the wave of ecstasy that set off tiny explosions of pleasure in his brain. More intense than any sexual orgasm he'd ever experienced, yet completely contained within the pleasure center of his brain without any physical component, the incredibly pleasure waxed and waned with every draw he took, The Thing somehow sucking the actual despair out of the women.

In a way, it was a kindness, for his weekly visit left them feeling slightly better about life and their places in it when he left... but he was farming them for that despair, and he was always careful never to take too much, which is why he'd set up a stable of three women, rather than just milking one. As it was, the hardest part was keeping himself from drawing too much - he'd never even come close to testing the limits of what The Thing could do, and had no intentions of ever doing so.

Fate, however... had different ideas.

How much despair was drawn from the women was regulated by how tightly he squeezed on a small button hidden in the carving - like a pressure-operated valve. As it was, he had to squeeze down on it with nearly all his might to get that thin trickle he 'stole' each week...

...but, this week, as he fought the urge to loosen his grip and, in turn squeezed harder, the carved valve under his fingers broke clean through with a sharp little 'snap'.

Instantly, the valve, which had never been open more than a tiny fraction, snapped fully open.

Dom barely had enough time to register what had happened... and then it was much too late, as his entire body seemed to freeze in position ,unable to move so much as fraction of an inch.

The thick 'smoke' issuing from each of the three women suddenly seemed to explode out of every pore. In an instant, all three women were hidden from sight, surrounded by seething, writhing columns of what might have been mistaken as dense black smoke, if not for the fact that the roiling columns remained in place around each form instead of rising.

For perhaps three or four seconds that seemed to stretch into infinity in Dom's perceptions, the clouds began thicker and denser...and then three very confused women stumble out of the writhing masses of palatable darkness.

"What's going on?" A blandly-pretty, fresh-faced young blonde demanded, looking around in fear and confusion. "Where am I?" Similar questions were being voiced by the other two young, innocent-looking women.

Dom recognized them, and recognized them well - for it was 'the girls', each of them looking as they had when he'd first seen them, right down to the clothes they were wearing... and, from their reactions and questions of each other, with their memories 'rolled back' to that time, as well, for they recognized neither each other nor Dom. Instead, afraid and confused, they fled hurriedly from the room, the house, and within hours, the city...

...and, therefore, nobody was present to witness what happened next.

The three columns of writhing 'smoke' began to spin clockwise around Dom, the masses slowly diffusing until Dom seemed to be in the center of a jet-black funnel from some strange tornado. There was no wind at all, and not a single piece of litter was disturbed by the swirling funnel's spin around where Dom sat, helpless...

...and then the dark, spinning mass imploded, slamming into Dom in the literal sense. The universe vanished.

Time, space, even ego stopped having any meaning whatsoever as pure, unadulterated ecstasy took over Dom's existence. There was nothing else but pleasure so intense that it even ceased to be perceived as pleasure, for there was nothing to compare it to.

It had no duration. It was an eternity in and of itself, no matter how long it might have actually lasted in objective, measurable time....

...and the cohesive entity known as Dominic D'Angelo ceased to exist.

* * * * * Sense-of-self return, not slowly and vaguely, but with an almost audible 'thump'.

It was the sound of a consciousness falling from the heights of ecstasy to the deepest depths of utter despair...

Granted an unknown and unknowable visit of pure, perfect pleasure, the simple return to mundane reality was enough to overwhelm all the senses, to totally occupy the mind. Shown the briefest view of heaven, reality itself could seem hell in comparison, and for the first few moments of renewed ego, there was nothing to be seen, heard, felt or known that for a moment that ego had known the purest ecstasy - and had been rudely returned back to reality.

As persona and personality returned, for the first time since childhood Dom felt like crying. Moistness filled his eyes, and the beat of his own rushing heart filled his ears. His sinuses burned, his lips quivered, and his chest felt heavy, as if enclosed with bands of steel...

...except, that as the initial surge of disappointment faded, that last symptom refused to fade with the others.

As the dark wave of despair loosened its hold, allowing other concerns to register, that fact made itself known, and, with a frown, Dom looked downward.

For at least four solid seconds, seconds that seemed to stretch out into an eternity, Dom quite simply refused to believe what he was seeing. His eyes were registering it with perfect 20/20 vision. His brain processed the information, interpreting the nerve impulses correctly, neurons firing to provide all the detail and implications that memory contained in order to place the visual stimuli in proper context - and for those four eternal seconds, he just refused to accept it. Regardless of what his eyes said, despite the sensations that confirmed the visual perception, he wouldn't believe it.

After all, he just couldn't, *couldn't*, be seeing... "Tits!"

The word exploded from his lips, propelled more by sheer shock than by the breath he suddenly couldn't seem to catch - and even that single word, short and sharp as it was, nevertheless was recognizably higher and somehow softer than it should have been, undeniably more in keeping with the impossibilities his eyes were reporting...

...except - was it 'his' eyes that were reporting it? For what the eyes saw were a pair of extremely large and undeniably firm breasts, the upper slopes bared by the plunging curve of dark red material. At the point of the visual horizon, the taut-stretched red fabric was further distended by the shape of large, frank nipples pressing against the material. Framing the creamy view of deep, well-rounded cleavage was deep, glossy black hair falling in casual disarray on either side, spilling over the slender straps holding the tank-style top in place.

Past the view-filling display of prominent pulchritude, the hem of a black leather skirt was just barely visible in the shadow of the impressive bust, and beyond that hem lay a pair of knees, each incased in black fish-net stocking. Past the bent knee could be seen the tops of black leather boots rising to just below that nicely turned knee.

All in all, a view that, along with the feminine sound of the cry that had burst into the air, argued that it was *'her'* eyes that were reporting it.

"My god - I'm a woman...!" Dom shrieked, bolting to her feet - and if there'd been any doubt of the veracity of her screamed observation of the obvious, it came in that movement.

It carried her up - to stand atop the slender five-inch stainless steel heels of the gleaming leather footwear encasing her lower legs.

It caused the hem of her tight leather miniskirt to ride up slender, fishnet-enclosed thighs, pulling it tight across womanly hips and a firm ass.

It caused her huge new breasts to jiggle and sway, practically threatening to burst from the skimpy confines of her tank-top.

It caused the chromed hoop-and-chain earrings to jingle nosily at each ear, while the silky mane of glossy black hair swirled about her head and shoulders.

She was tall and lean and athletically built, well-toned without being overly muscular. Her hips were trim yet womanly, her derriere firm and pert. Her breasts, large and artificially round, were like a pair of honeydew melons on her long, lean torso, packed into a tight fitting top that bared her flat belly and showed off the silvered ring piercing her navel.

Her face, surrounded by a long, silky mane of straight black hair, was also longer and lean, with a narrow blade of a nose and gloss- red lips. Heavy eye shadow marked long-lashed eyes so dark as to appear almost black. Not even close to being beautiful, it was nevertheless an attractive face, leaning more on open if indifferent sexuality rather than softer sensuality.

In short, the woman Don had become was the synthesis of everything 'the girls' had left behind. Their innocence, their softer sides, their hopes and dreams and loves, all had departed with the renewed women when they fled - and what was left behind was now everything that made up the new woman standing in the center of the ruined room, hands tipped with long, blood-red nails running in disbelief over her long, lean new form.

In body - and in brain. Years of despair, of making themselves 'sexy' in exchange for the substances that masked or attenuated the despair for short periods of time. Years worth of skill walking in high heels, of moving in bored patterns of seductiveness, of almost indifferent attempts to incite lust - years worth of all this was distilled into the new woman, and it was magnified thrice over by being the extract of three separate women.

With a cry that expressed only a small amount of that despair, the new woman slumped almost boneless back onto the couch. For a long time, she stared sightlessly up at the ceiling, contemplating suicide.

The fear of death, and what may or not may beyond, was as strong in her as a woman as it had been as a man - she could toy with the idea of killing herself, but she knew that she couldn't go through with it, which only added to her deep despair as she knew she was condemned to an entire life time of this.

Of being....

...a woman.

After a while, she moved - but with the slow, almost indifferent movements of a person in no hurry to get anything done. Nothing would change. A minute from now, an hour, a day, a year... it didn't matter. It would all still be the same.

It didn't matter. None of it mattered.

Almost numbly, she reached out and wrapped a slender, long-nailed hand around a bottle of cheap whiskey and drew it to her. With every motion, she felt the shift and weight of her hug, melon-like new breasts - and even the hate and disgust and horror she felt at the feminine sensations was somehow muted by despair, for it was what she'd feel every time she moved from now on. The only thing she could do was cut those horrible new additions to her biomass off - and self-mutilation was as impossible for her to carry out as self-termination.

That was the crux of it, she thought to herself, glumly, as she spun the top off the booze and sent it sailing across the room. She took a long, deep slug of the amber liquid, welcoming the burning as it splashed down her throat. Enough booze, and she'd be numbed to her condition - enough 'numbness'. Over time, and perhaps she'd manage to 'unintentionally' drink herself to death, which was the best she could hope for. Male or female, she was a self-centered person, and causing herself physical distress or pain was beyond her, for in her view of the universe, she was forever the star attraction, even in a feminine fate. She would eat when she got hungry, for she had never learned to deny herself, and she couldn't starve herself to death. She would sleep when tired, would bath occasional, would in general take care of the new body she hated to possess - for she didn't know how to accept discomfort. She'd trapped three women in lives of despair because all she knew how to do was gratify her desires - and now, no matter how much she wished otherwise, she still desired to live, still desired to avoid pain or discomfort whenever possible. In that, she had trapped herself in the same situation she had trapped 'the girls'.

Two-thirds of the bottle later, Dom's flat, incurious stare slowly shifted from the opposite wall, dead eyes swinging towards the source of a sound that had vaguely penetrated a haze formed more of apathy than alcohol.

"Who the fuck are you...?" She finally asked, her voice husky and almost emotionless as she stared at the two young men standing in the warped doorway.

One of them was of about average height, but bulky and broad-shouldered, and it was clear he used the same half-inch-long electric razor attachment on both reddish-brown goatee and the hair on his head. The second man, taller and leaner, had a narrow, acne- scarred face and surprising electric-blue eyes, his sandy-blonde hair hanging causally long and loose around his narrow shoulders.

"I'm Josh, and this is Chris." The bulkier of the pair said, gesturing to first himself and then his lean friend with the kind of casual arrogance that youth brought.

The introduction barely registered on Dom - the question had been more habit than any actual interest. Who they were, what they wanted - she couldn't really care less.

The same habit made her offer her own name, even as she was lifting the bottle to her lips, cutting it short on the final syllable.

"Hey, Dominique, nice ta' meetcha." Josh offered, brain naturally interpreting her answer in the way that suited what he was expecting, given what he saw. He tried a boyishly engaging smile, failing to notice it went by her without any more of an impact on her than his mistaken assumption about the name she'd given. "So, where are Rayne, Summer and Jewel?" "Gone."

The two young men blinked at the curt answer - but took it in stride, for it wasn't far different then what the three women they'd expected might have said, in a similar situation.

"Oh..." Josh said - obviously the more outgoing of the two, and hence the spokesman. Chris, for the main part, seemed content to just stand there, trying to exude intensity with the self-important and mostly self-deceiving persona that only he truly bought.

"Uh.. the girls, they, uh... sometimes smoke a joint or two with us." Josh finally said.

Completely disinterested, Dom shrugged, and gestured at the pot on the spool/table in front of her.

"Knock yourself out." She said, uncaring, She went back to contemplating the bleak existence fate had thrust on her.

The two guys shared a look. Rayne, Summer and Jewel had been less than enthusiastic, to say the least - but this chick was... well, about three times worse.

Still, if she didn't mind if they smoked her pot...

Since she was slumped in the middle of the couch, the guys really had no choice but to split up, one sitting on either side of her. Barely even seeming to notice their existence, the tall, lithe woman with the massive tits just took another hit of the bottle as they guys made themselves comfortable, pressing against her slender-but-buxom new body from either side.

Rolling up a joint, Josh sparked it to life. Taking a long, hard hit on it, he then held it in her direction. When she made no move to take the fragrant tube of dried green material, he passed it across her to Chris - and in doing so, only somewhat inadvertently pressed his arm across her spectacular new bust line.

Aside from moving the bottle out of the way so that his arm didn't impede her ability to take a pull, Dom didn't react in any way.

As Chris took the joint, Josh started to bring his arm back to his side - and then with a noticeable hesitation and an obviousness he didn't even aware he was telegraphing, he instead 'just happened' to let his hand come to rest on one fish-netted knee.

Again, the buxom raven-haired woman didn't react.

Not that Dom didn't notice the hand on her knee... but compared to the fact that she was now the life-long owner of a feminine knee, what did having a man's hand on it matter? She wasn't enjoying his touch - well, not more than on the faintest, purely physical level - and it was certainly nothing she would ever have asked for... but then, she'd never asked to be turned into a huge breasted woman, either, now had she?

The hand remained there until the joint was passed back across her, with Chris this time taking the opportunity for a quick press of the forearm across her tits - and again, she didn't react. Josh used the hand he'd had on her knee to take a quick toke, while supposedly 'unobtrusively' shifting in his seat on her right-hand side... and laying his right hand on her right knee. Then, when he passed the joint back to Chris, it was done by passing it behind her head... and once Chris had taken it, Josh 'just happened' to drape his arm around her neck.

She took a last pull on the bottle, then tossed the empty receptacle aside.

When Josh's hand dipped lower, now pressing firmly against the mostly-bare upper curve of her big, firm left tit, she made no objection.

So he was 'copping a feel'. She had to put up with just having those huge tits, with their weight and their movement and their sensations. What could one little added, slightly pleasant sensation matter?

It couldn't. It didn't.

Nothing mattered any more.

Abandoning what he thought had been 'subtle', Josh slid the hand down inside the top, cupping the massive, firm breast and giving it a light squeeze.

Dom barely even blinked.

"Do you mind if I do this?" Josh prompted, a bit unnerved by her continuing lack of response. "No." She replied, dully. "You can do anything you want. I don't care."

The two men's eyebrows rose at the declaration.

"So..." Chris said in open disbelief, "If I wanted to bend you over that table there and fuck your brains out - that would be just fine with you?"

She didn't want to get fucked... but, deep in the black depths of despair, getting fucked seemed to hardly matter enough to even worry about. In her mind, she was *already* 'fucked', and but good. Waking, sleeping, sitting, standing, smoking or fucking - it really made no difference, because she was always going to be female, no matter what it was she was doing, and nothing she could do would ever change that fact. How could she possibly care what was done to her *in addition* to that, when just contemplating the misery of a feminine fate took up all the disgust, horror, shame and fear she had to give?

"Whatever." She said, the definitive 'non answer' that neither agreed nor disagreed, but left it open to the listener's own predisposition.

There was absolutely no doubt that Chris and Josh took that as permission. For a second, they both stared at her incredulously, then shift that incredulous gaze to each other...

...and then, slowly, they began to smile.

In what seemed next to no time at all, they'd stripped her down to nothing but her boots and stockings - and while she didn't help, she didn't resist, because she just couldn't bring herself to care. Two pair of hands eagerly pawed at her body, and the only movements she made were to position herself more comfortably for the changing pattern of groping. Hands on her ass, hands on her legs, hands on her massively round boobs - it was humiliating and sickening and disgusting, but a mere drop in the bucket compared with having the very body they were groping.

"Wait, wait..." Josh gasped, and Chris rose and took Dom's hand, planning to pull her up from the couch. "Before you have a go at her, I want this slut to suck my cock."

"Go for it man..." Chris said, with a little shrug. Rolling up another joint, he lit it up and stood off to one side, lightly stroking his already hard cock to keep himself ready.

"Suck me, slut - suck me off good!" Josh told her.

That, by itself, wouldn't have caused her to suck his cock, because she didn't care enough to even go to the effort of leaning down - but when he took his hand and pushed her head down into his lap, she didn't resist. Opening her mouth, she let his hard manhood between her gloss-red lips.

Since it was easier to comply than argue, she surrendered and did what he'd asked, wrapping one hand around the shaft of his cock and bracing herself with the other as her head bobbed up and down - but her motions were indifferent, almost mechanical, as she didn't care if he really enjoyed it or not. She was just doing what she had to in order to get it over with - and when he finally came, spurting his hot, thick man-juice into her mouth, the simplest thing to do was swallow his cum.

"Shit - a blow-job's a blow-job, I guess." Josh said, letting her sit back up. "Good enough, but not worth writing home about." Dom, quite literally, couldn't care less.

Then it was Chris's turn. Unresisting, she let herself be pulled up from the couch and moved towards the cable-spool 'table'. "Wait." She said, dully...

...and then she pulled a battered and grimy cushion from the couch and placed it over the table, caring more about being comfortable than she did about what she was getting comfortable for. Almost submissively, she let herself be bent over the table. She moved to keep her huge tits from being squashed by leaning far enough forward that they hung over the table, but Chris had to put his hands between her thighs and gently spread her legs wide, because she couldn't even be bothered to do that much for him - just as she couldn't be bothered to resist the motion that left her spread-legged and ready.

Seconds later, Chris's cock plunged deep into her tight new cunt.

The physical sensations she'd experienced from their groping had been just enough to get her body to work up some lubrication, though she was hardly fully aroused - but sopping wet or barely dry, it would only have mattered had it been immediately painful, since that's the one thing she wouldn't simply accept unresistingly. As it was, though, there was a certain amount of pleasure - so she simply held up her hand before Chris got going.

"The joint?" She suggested, dully - and Chris passed it to her.

Her face completely blank, she took a hit on the joint as Chris began to fuck her.

She didn't moan or gasp, or thrash or writhe. The only motion came from the natural rocking action that came from Chris's pounding rhythm, causing her huge tits to bounce and sway. Calmly smoking the joint, she unresistingly let herself be fucked hard and fast, making absolutely no effort to 'get involved'.

Even her orgasm, when it hit brief but sharp, didn't cause her to cry out, for compared to the pleasure she'd gotten in 'sucking despair', it was little enough - and compared to the mind-altering pleasure that had come during the transformation, it was nothing at all. She simply continued smoking as Chris worked himself to his own orgasm, pumping his seed deep into her womanhood.

"Damn - a 'dead-ass' fuck." Chris half-complained, pulling his slowly softening cock free of her and turning to look for his clothing. "You could have put a little effort into it, bitch."

She didn't even bother to shrug in response as he pulled herself up from the table, feeling the new sensations of being a 'well-fucked woman' - and not caring.

"Whatever." She repeated, numbly.

"I 'spose it's a 'better than nothing' fuck." Chris admitted. "If you can't get better elsewhere, it'll do."

"So you really don't care if we fuck you, or have you suck us off?" Josh said, still trying to wrap his mind around the depth of her utter indifference. "I mean - can we come back and fuck you whenever we feel like it?"

She shrugged - and then, the only thing she did care about spoke up in her mind, and she said: "As long as you keep me in booze and food, you can do whatever the fuck you want with me."

So deep was her despair, so certain of the utter horror of her new fate, it actually seemed a good deal to her - and the irony of that only added new flavors to her despair, for he'd brought 'the girls' around to believe the exact same thing, back when she'd been a man.

"Cool..." Josh said.

"Uh..." Chris said, glancing over at Josh. "What if we wanted to send some of our friends by, too?"

"Whatever." She replied, again, slowly starting to dress.

As the two men grinned at each other, visions of 'pimping her out' to people dancing through their minds, Dom slumped back on the couch and reached for a cigarette, barely noticing as the two men left.

As the shadows lengthened into nighttime, Dom just sat on the couch, smoking, drinking, toking and passively waiting to fuck or suck whatever men came along, the only thing an obvious 'cheap whore' like her was good for.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: While two buddies watch a movie, the events on the screen start to happen in real life, and one of the guys finds that he is being transformed into a bimbo to satisfy his friends needs.

Hyde Bound

By Gunslinger

My best friend turned me into a huge-breasted, cum-craving little bitch.

Oh, Gary didn't *mean* to do it - as I said, we are best friends, and we'd never do anything to hurt each other on purpose. (Unless you count the 'harmless' pranks best buddies pull on each other from time to time...)

So, you have to understand, what happened was accidental and unexpected; neither of us was the least bit prepared for it, much less the unavoidable consequences that came out of it. You *need* to understand that, in order to understand how things turned out the way it did.

It also helps to understand that neither Gary nor I was exactly part of the 'social elite': to put it bluntly, Gary was a nerd, and I was a stoner. Part of the problem was, neither Gary nor I fit the 'Hollywood Stereotype' of those roles - in fact, I looked more the part of 'Hollywood Nerd' than Gary did, what with me being on the short and slender side, with short but perpetually unkempt black hair. Of course, I tended to the baggy jeans and equally baggy 'stoner band' t-shirts of the stereotypical stoner, but that was as close as I got.

As for Gary... Well, there was good reason why he looked like the All-American, Corn-Fed Farmboy; that's exactly what he was. Tall and broad shouldered, but 'stocky' rather than overtly muscular, with his sandy crew- cut and guileless blue eyes, he looked like he should fit the stereotype of 'Strong as an ox, and almost as smart'. Therein lay the problem - although Gary was a powerhouse, physically, he was also very intelligent; between his looks and his slow 'redneck' drawl, however, people simply couldn't accept that he was anything but a 'big, dumb oaf'.

So.

I'd dropped by Gary's place to hang out and get high. I lived in a cramped apartment, but Gary had his own place, a tiny little bungalow where we could smoke up without worrying about the unmistakable odor of pot seeping out into a communal hallway or anything. We'd played a few cooperative games on his console, scarfed some pizza and chugged some beers, and now we were sort of chilling-together-separately, that particular state of doing our own thing that would have been rude in a group of acquaintances, but was companionably comfortable among good friends.

Gary was curled up on one end of the sagging old couch, reading a massive old book that could only be properly termed a 'tome', while I was contentedly puffing away on a thin joint, watching a 'T&A' movie on the TV.

Maybe you've even seen the flick - *Dr. Jeckyll and Mistress Hyde*? If not, the storyline - what little of it there is

- was simple enough: Tall, blonde 'Amazonian Ice Queen' researcher Tanya Jeckyll creates a serum that releases her alter ego of man-hungry dominatrix Tanya Hyde.

The same 'actress' (a former female wrestler, playing what she hoped would be her 'breakout' role) played both versions of Tanya - glasses, no makeup and shapeless clothes for Jeckyll; a wig, plenty of make-up, lots of leather (including a very tight corset) and some prosthetic 'tits and ass' for her transformation into Mistress Hyde. I'd seen it before, and frankly, both actress and the character of Dr. Hyde were too mannish for my tastes... but I thought the heavily made-up and costumed Mistress Hyde was marginally hot enough to waste a couple of hours while getting good and baked.

The movie was just getting to the part where Jeckyll was about to inject herself, when Gary started mumbling, trying to work out phonetically whatever he was reading in that tome of his. I only half noticed his chanting at the time, leaning forward

on the couch as the actress prepared to give herself the injection that would transform herself into Mistress Hyde for the first time...

Now, if this was a Hollywood-type story, I'd now tell you something amazingly, visually stunning happened. Lightning, or dancing sparks, or eerie glows - you know, cool 'special effects' kind of stuff.

Nope.

One second, I'm simply watching the scene, and the next, I say - say, mind you, not scream or shout, but *say* - "ouch", and look down... to see my own right hand holding a large syringe, just as the last of the glowing pink liquid it contained was injected into my left arm.

Now I did shout - namely, "what the fuck...?!" as I yanked the syringe out, letting it drop to the floor - while my head snapped up to stare at the screen.

The screen where, a second before, I'd watched the actress just about to inject herself with an identical- looking syringe... and where, now, she was going through the motions of having done just that.

When I say 'going through the motions', I mean it - she was miming finishing an injection and putting the syringe down, for her hand was empty.

Which, my mind noted a bit numbly, made perfect sense, since her syringe full of serum was now resting on the floor of Gary's living room - empty of serum, of course, since *that* had gone... into me.

Having heard me shout, Gary lowered the book and looked at me in concern as I slid off the couch, dropping to my knees on the floor and sweating profusely.

"Ryan...?" he asked, with only mild concern - adequate for what his highly limited perspective on what was happening, I later realized, but seemingly grossly understated at the time. "Ryan, what's wrong...?"

"The needle..." I gasped, feeling as the blood running through my veins was slowly beginning to boil.

"Needle...?" Gary parroted in perfectly understandable confusion - and then the confusion deepened into a frown as he caught sight of the large - *theatrically* large - metal-and-glass syringe on the floor.

All things considered, I can't really fault Gary for making several assumptions at that moment - after all, I was a stoner, and though he'd never seen me shoot up or do any hard drugs... well, the truth wouldn't have spontaneously occurred to *any* rational person, now would it?

"From the movie...!" I tried to explain, sweat dripping from my brow. "It was in the movie... and then it was in my hand - in my *arm*...!"

Then I cried out, pitching forward onto my hands and knees - as, with a horrible liquid-crackling sound, my hips expanded slowly and very, very painfully wider.

"What the...?!" Gary exclaimed, book dropping to the couch as he bolted to his feet. The painful expansion was still going on as he gaped - and anger and frustration washed through my pain as he had the temerity to ask: "Is this... some sort of... joke?"

In retrospect, it certainly wasn't an unreasonable question - I simply wasn't aware, at the time, of his gaze swinging back and forth between me... and the TV, where the actress was going through the exact same transformation.

"No... fucking... joke...!" I gasped out - and then cried out again, as with a wet, creaking sound, my spine arched and my pelvis tilted sharply, thrusting my ass upwards more noticeably.

An ass that, with a strange hissing sound, slowly began to inflate outwards, each buttock becoming both larger and rounded.

It felt unbelievably, incredibly *weird* to have my ass growing larger, rounder, and firmer - but it wasn't actually *painful*, and that allowed me a little more latitude to realize what was going on around me.

Which was why I was able to then realize the source of Gary's confusion about the reality of the situation - for I realized suddenly that the same things were occurring both on-screen and in reality at exact same time, and the exact same pace.

So, as 'Dr. Jeckyll' screamed and flopped violently onto her back, that small part of my mind not too busy registering sudden renewal of agony wasn't the least bit surprised.

It was this same, small fragment of my mind that both noticed, and agreed with, Gary's 'logical' assumption - which was why I also wasn't really surprised as he lunged at the TV. After all, if the same thing was happening both on- and off-screen, it must be connected, right?

Well, it was, to be sure - but not in the way Gary thought, so when he shut off the TV, the effects of the serum now flowing through my body didn't stop. Even with the movie shut off, my memory of the time I'd seen it before was good enough for me to have a rough idea of what to expect next.

Somehow, though, I don't think it makes sense to say 'so I wasn't disappointed'...

I simply wasn't *surprised* when I suddenly jerked hard to first the right, and then to the left - each jerk being accompanied by a crunching noise as my waist suddenly narrowed on that side.

I felt like a puppet - and for good reason. Just as in the movie, I found my hands moving to run over my suddenly much slender waist... which, of course, was really designed to push the fabric tight enough to show the viewer that the waist now was much narrower.

In the movie, this was because the close-up was actually of a certain fetish model with a nearly impossible waist diameter, a tiny dimension that was later poorly approximated by the actress by way of a corset. In *my* case, however, it was very much real. Oddly enough, given my much slimmer build than the Amazonian actress, my newly slenderized waist was much closer to a 'realistic' dimension than the fetish model's measurement would have been on the actress... but it was still remarkably slender.

Those thoughts, however, came later - for after having caresses my newly hourglass waistline, I helplessly lifted those hands up, so I could helplessly watch as my short nails slowly grew longer, accompanied with the inevitable, appropriate 'sound effect'.

Gary, now kneeling beside me, was making a strange choking sound as he watched all this happen, clearly desperate to help me in some way, but at a complete loss as how to effect aid.

Then he gave a little shriek and scampered back in a shuffle - because I cried out again, back arching as I'd slapped my hands, with newly lengthened nails, to the floor on either side of me.

The cry was one of pain, as my leg bones were stretched as if made from toffee. In the movie, the 'special effect' of her legs getting longer was probably done simply by having somebody off-screen tug her skirt slowly upwards, making it look like her legs were growing longer. For me, however, it was anything but simply acted agony as my legs really did become proportionately longer.

I slumped back down, panting... and then, with a sensation giving me warning, tucked my chin to watch as my chest began to expand.

No - not my *chest*. My *breasts*.

It happened fairly slowly, and helplessly my hands rose to cup the swelling mounds pushing my black, band- logoed t-shirt steadily outwards. Accompanied by the 'sound effect' from the movie, sounding like a hose filling a bucket and a balloon being inflated, my once-flat chest steadily filled out into unmistakable twin spheres, clearly recognizable by the way my hands helplessly kept the fabric taut to better display the growth.

"Holy shit, Ryan... you're turning into a... a girl!"

I had to remind myself that Gary hadn't seen the movie - all of this was coming at him cold. Besides - I was pretty sure he was wrong. I wasn't *turning* into a woman.

Given what my broader hips did to my once-baggy jeans, now straining tautly across my crotch, I was pretty sure I'd already been *turned* into a woman.

I twitched, letting out a low moan punctuated with a few gasps of pain - reactions to the series of sensation that ran up through my body, from the tips of my toes to the top of my head. The creeping, crawling sensation from my scalp was the final sensation, and I let out a sighing moan of distressed relief as I realized that the transformation was over.

A second later, Gary hesitantly spoke: "Ruh... Ryan? Is... is that you...?"

"Yeah, it's me, Gary." I replied with a sigh... and, hearing the unmistakably female voice I'd responded in, managed a very dry chuckle, before adding: "More or less."

A moment's silence, and then: "But... what the hell happened?"

Gary's bewildered voice was practically plaintive, and I let out another bone-dry chuckle as I started to sit up - and then 'oofed', as I hadn't adjusted for - nor really been prepared for - the weight of the proudly round, huge breasts thrust from my ribcage. God, they were heavy! My second attempt got me sitting upright, and I stared down at the massive tits for a second before dredging up a very wry smile.

"Help me up onto the couch, Gay..." I said in that damnably feminine new voice of mine, "...and I'll walk you through it."

Rather hesitantly, Gary complied, perching very gingerly beside my altered body, as if whatever had happened to me might be contagious. Despite his wordless sound of protest, I picked up the remote control and turned the TV back on, using the movie - which Gary had never seen, and hadn't really been watching - to help flesh out the story.

"But... you don't look anything *like* her...!" Gary protested at one point. "I mean, sure, her tits are *big*, but yours are *huge*...!"

Suddenly realizing that he was looking directly at the huge tits in question, he quickly yanked his gaze away from my chest, blushing furiously.

I hesitated for a few seconds. I had already figured it out for myself, but I had to find the best way to convey that understanding to Gary.

"Gary - would you say that her tits are as big as, say, volleyballs...?" I finally asked, pointing at the screen. Gary glanced at the movie, and slowly agreed that yes, they were about that big.

"So, with that as a comparison, how big would you say mine are...?" I finally said, wincing at referring to 'my tits'.

"Well, they're about as big as, er...." Gary stammered, having to force himself to gaze directly at my chest... and then his eyes widened. "Uh - volleyballs!"

"Yeah." I agreed. "See, we both took the exact same serum, so the exact same changes happened to us - but they happened on two different... let's call it 'base figures'. She started out as a tall, muscular blonde, and ended up as a tall, muscular blonde with an hourglass figure and volleyball-sized tits. I started out as a short, slender

guy - and ended up with hips, waist, ass and tits all exactly the same size of hers, so it's much more... emphatic on my smaller frame. Same with the hair - hers is just past her shoulders, while mine is now nearly down to her ass... but they're going to be the exact same length in inches, if you see what I mean."

"Yeah, I guess I understand..." Gary slowly drawled. "But, what I still don't understand is how any of this could happen in the first place!"

Suppressing a sigh, I went through the sequence of events, waiting for him to catch the clue I'd already recognized - and knew in a second when he did, because his face went dead white.

"Oh God! I did this to you!" He gasped, eyes widening in shock. "The book I was reading... somehow, it made it real!"

"Yeah, that's what I figured, too..." I agreed, sliding a little closer to him on the couch. "I was intently focused on that syringe on the screen, eager for it to be used - and you read off a 'spell' that made my intention, my desire, come true... if not in the way I wanted or expected..."

"Um... Ryan...?" Gary said, looking back and forth between me and the TV. His voice was hesitant - one could almost say 'fearful'.

"Yes, Gary?" I replied, scooching a little closer.

"You, um... seem to be taking all of this, er... rather calmly." He nervously replied, eyes briefly riveted on the actions of 'Tanya Hyde' on the screen.

"Well, I've seen the movie before - I quickly figured out that the serum was doing the same things to me as to the character. Everything change that was going on with the character, in the story, was going to happen to me." I explained, cuddling up close to him with a low, wicked smile.

"A//the changes..." I clarified, with a throaty chuckle - while running one long nail down the front of his shirt. "Er, Ryan..." Gary started to say.

"Call me... 'Ryanna'..." I purred my long-nailed, feminine hand having traced down his broad, masculine torso - to gently cup the crotch of his jeans.

"Ryan...!" Gary squeezed, trying to scuttle back from me - right up until my gentle 'cupping' became a very tight 'grasp'.

"I *said*, 'call me Ryanna'!" I growled. "In fact, 'Mistress Ryanna' would be better..."

I'd never actually heard anybody say 'eep' before...

"*You're* the one that did this to me..." I growled. "*You're* the one that turned me into a huge breasted woman - a woman with a craving for cock, a compulsion for cum. One that only goes stronger the longer it's denied, until the point where it becomes physically painful - not to mention the 'side effects'..."

I gestured at the screen, where Tanya Hyde was staggering down an alleyway, a look of desperate hunger on her face.

It was the part of the movie where she'd just escaped capture and enforced isolation for 'observation' - and at least some of the staggering had to be from the gargantuan tits hanging from her chest, not to mention the risk of tripping over the curtain of blonde hair that dragged on the ground behind her...

The overinflated lips were, like the massive tits and only marginally smaller ass, prosthetic makeup effects... but the waist was spliced-in from that fetish model via greenscreen effect, all to play to the storyline; that the effects of the serum were ongoing, held in check only by one substance on earth.

"So, you see - I not only *want* your cum, I *need* your cum... and you *are* going to give it to me!" I informed him in my most threatening tone - and then relaxed both my body and my grip, giving Gary a slow, warm smile that visibly threw him off-stride.

"Besides..." I purred, throwing one leg over him and swinging my body around. Straddling him, I planted my hands on his broad shoulders, pinning him in place on the couch.

"It's not like your new duties are the proverbial 'fate worse than death' now, is it...?" I asked, with a teasing little pout.

"Ryan..." He protested, weakly - and fury boiled through me, filling me with the urge to claw him for the impertinence of using *that* name, after I'd ordered him not to!

...but he was my best friend, so I reined the urge in. Instead, I leaned forward, quite deliberately pressing my stupendous new bust against his chest as I whispered one word lovingly into his ear: "Ryanna..."

Then I kissed him.

A long, slow, but nevertheless hungry kiss. He 'passively resisted' for a few seconds... and then, slowly, almost against his will, Gary began to cooperate in the kiss.

Taking my hands from his shoulders, I reached down and grabbed the hem of my shirt... and when I finally broke the kiss, I leaned back and - in one graceful movement - peeled my shirt off and tossed it aside.

"Mmmm... Quite the pair of tits, aren't they, Gary?" I asked, teasingly, as I reached up to cup and fondle my new endowments. My large, thick nipples - an almost shockingly bright pink against the pale orbs of my milky new breasts - were already fully engorged, looking for all the world like a pair of pencil erasers atop my domed, equally pinked areolae.

"...and the best part?" I teased him, pausing to lift one huge breast high enough to give my nipple a light, quick suck. "These are not only a pair of tits you are *allowed* to touch, but ones that I *demand* you play with. Often. At great length."

Let go of my own boobs, I reached down, grabbed Gary's wrists, and - meeting little in the way of resistance - brought them up until his big, strong, *manly* hands rested lightly on my wonderfully big, sensitive new boobs.

I shivered in delight at even that light touch - just as I was expecting, given the way the actress in the movie reacted whenever *her* tits were touched by a man. It certainly hadn't felt this good when I'd touched them myself...

...and it only got better when Gary began to actively squeeze and fondle my firm, round new boobs. "Yes..." I hissed. "Like that. *Just* like that. I *like* it like that..."

...all while my own hands were busy working my way out of my now skin-tight jeans and the poorly-fitting briefs beneath.

I then lifted myself up - and leaned forward, shoving my new tits right in Gary's rather stunned looking face.

"Suck them, Gary!" I commanded - and he complied, which felt so wonderful, that I actively had to concentrate on my intended purpose for that particular movement; unzipping Gary's pants and pulling them and his boxers down.

Gary was a nice enough guy, but he didn't get an awful lot of action with the ladies... and, as I shifted so that I could peer down past my own stupendous rack, my eyes widened in both shock and delight, and a distant part of my brain felt sorry for all those girls who would now never get a crack at my hunky love-slave.

Gary was, quite simply, *hung*.

"Oh, my, yes..." I breathed, appreciatively, still looking at the massive cock that was - unsurprisingly, given the foreplay - already hard. It throbbed in time with Gary's rather rapid heartbeat, and I was almost sorry to take my eyes off such a magnificent specimen of manhood.

Almost - because I was taking my eyes off of it so I could brace my long-nailed new hands on Gary's broad shoulders... and lower my dripping wet and oh-so-desperately-ready womanhood down onto that massive manhood.

"Oh, fucking shit, yes...!" I cried out in delight as my sopping cut slid smoothly - but with oh-so-delightful friction - down over his throbbing man-meat. "Yes, *yes, yes*, you fantastically hung stud, you - **YES!**"

Slowly at first, I began to ride that wonderful cock filling me so perfectly, steadily increasing the speed with which I rode my best friend's huge cock. I was expecting this part of it to feel fantastic from the sound the actress had made, off-screen, when she'd had sex... but she must not have met a character that was supposed to have been as hung as my wonderstud Gary, because she'd never sounded orgasmically happy just riding a cock.

Not like I did as I shouted and screamed and cooed and moaned, thrusting hard and fast atop my best friend, my massive new boobs bouncing wildly. Fucking my best friend felt fantastic...

...but not as good as the orgasms did. Yes, orgasms - plural.

Three of them, each one better than the last...

...and none of them holding a candle to the intense pleasure that exploded through me when Gary shot a load of cum deep into my pussy.

Remember, the 'Hyde Serum' was geared towards cum; fucking - or sucking, for that matter - was just a highly pleasurable way of getting what was now, for me, a drug. Like taking a huge hit of a fantastic drug, Gary's cum practically blew my mind, and for several minutes I simply lay against his broad chest, his slowly softening cock still in my sopping cunt, staring off into space with soft, sighing moans of ultimate contentment.

Of course, it couldn't last - eventually, I rolled off of my man-slave and ordered him to roll me a joint. I had to snap at him to put him into his place when he mistakenly thought it would be a shared joint, but as I said, Gary isn't as stupid as he looks - he learned quickly. We sat in companionable silence, each of us smoking a joint...

...and by the time we were done, he was quite ready for me to slowly kiss my way down his body, dragging my huge boobs across his sweaty skin, until I was kneeling between his spread legs, warm mouth encircling his once-more hard cock. I made sure to make it last as long as I could, using ever mystically-acquired skill to keep him at the edge for as long as possible, so that when I finally let him cum, he blew such a huge load of wonderfully thick, warm, delicious man-juice down my throat that I blissed out for nearly ten straight minutes...

...and the incredibly long build up and the blessed relief of release had Gary almost as blissed out by the blowjob as I was.

My best friend turned me into a huge-breasted, cum-craving little bitch... and we're both enjoying it immensely.

end

[Back to Stories](#)



SUMMARY: A broke young man takes a bet that he can pass as a woman, only when he falls and hits his head, he forgets his old male identity.

I'll Bet

By Gunslinger

The whole affair started on a Saturday evening in late April, if memory serves. As on most Saturday evenings, I was ensconced in a large leather armchair in the study of the Explorer's Club, a New York *Times* open before me, and a scotch and soda close at hand. The paper, as it often was, was open to the financial section.

I was not really perusing the quotes, however - the news would have been not only depressing but completely irrelevant to me now. Some bad investments had all but eliminated my assets, and what I was actually doing was...well, absorbing the atmosphere of the club, I suppose. I had been a member of the club since my eighteenth birthday, having gained admittance to the most exclusive gentleman's club in New York at the behest of my father, who had been a member, as had his father before him. Such long and repeated familiarity had grown into a contented habit that caused me to take the club for granted. Now, with myself practically penniless and unable to afford the rather hefty dues for the next year, I was determined to renew my appreciation for the club while I could.

A warm fire was crackling in the large stone hearth, throwing its radiance and warmth into the cozy, dim study. Drawn close to the fire, in their accustomed positions, were two of the oldest members of the club, Mortimer Greene and Wilfred Fairbanks. Both old money scoundrels who had never worked a day in their life for the vast sums of money they had at their disposal, they were much given to trading large sums of money for entertainment in the form of odd and extravagant wagers on the most outlandish concepts. Just last month, they had paid a young fellow a fair sum of money to wear nothing but clothing that was some shade or other of green.

Additionally, every single article of clothing - including hats, - must be one size too small. They had wagered on whether or not he would last all week in face of the ridicule he was sure to receive, as well as the discomfort of the clothing. (He hadn't)

With nothing better to do, I kept my gaze on the paper, and mentally tuned an ear to their conversation. Fairbanks was speaking, his slow, heavy voice rolling on with a grandiose pomposity.

"...absolutely *preposterous*, my dear Mortimer. You can not expect me to believe that prior to his wedding night, the young man in question had no idea at all that his intended was actually a man. The whole concept is ludicrous. No man could pose as a woman that successfully for any length of time."

Greene's thin, reedy voice sounded indignant. "I did not ask you to believe it, I was merely reporting what the paper said. However, since you bring it up, I happen to believe that a man *could* do so, if, for some reason, he set his mind too it."

"Poppycock!"

Greene sighed. "Look, don't bandy this about too much, but I - unwittingly, you understand - invested in a medical laboratory that turns out to cater to these...people. Apparently, they have some rather advanced techniques to...well, you understand."

"Perhaps, physically, it could be done." Fairbanks admitted grudgingly, "I, myself have noted that not all women are comely, so I suppose a man could successfully look the part. But what I am referring to is the actions, the persona. No man could emulate a woman's every nuance enough to pass for long periods of time."

Greene's voice sharpened with interest. "Oh? Would you be willing to wager on that?"

Fairbanks' voice held the same note in its tones when he replied. "What have you in mind, old friend?"

"Well," Greene explained "I'm sure that, for a fair sum of money we could find a volunteer. We would provide a whole new persona for the fellow, plus the money. They would have to sever all contacts with friends and family of course - we would have to be the only people who know who 'she' really is, you see. I'm sure, considering how much I've invested in them, that the medical laboratory would be willing to do a temporary...makeover. Then, this fellow spends, say, two months like this, and we see..."

It was at this point that I found myself considering what they were saying. The thought of masquerading as a woman for two months was rather offensive and unappealing...but, the two men were known to spend considerable funds on such wagers. Enough, perhaps, to sustain my lifestyle for some period of time...

I brooded over it for several minutes. As distasteful as the concept was, my other option was to find gainful employment. While I was still quite young - twenty-seven last October, - I had never before had to work for an income, and the idea of having to do so was also distasteful. Worse, unlike the two-month period of the wager, such employment would be ongoing, possibly for many years. It was, I suppose, a case of the lesser of two evils.

Folding my paper and putting it aside, I leaned forward and cleared my throat gently. The two gentlemen stopped their discussion and turned to face me.

"Excuse me," I said, "But I couldn't help but overhear your discussion. Frankly, the concept of it interests me." A lie, but I did not wish to disclose my financial situation.

"Oh?" Greene asked, looking surprised. "How so, young Witherspoon?"

I shrugged. "As you may or may not know, I performed several times with my University drama department. I played the lead for Hamlet in my final year, you see. The whole thing interests me for the theatrical aspect of it - basically, what you are proposing is the single most difficult role an actor could face - a challenge that my thespian ego could not pass by without comment, I'm afraid."

"Are you saying that you would be willing to take on the duties of the test subject for our little experiment?" Fairbanks asked.

"Well, I had been planning to visit my holdings in Bolivia, " I adlibbed, "there seems to be a good chance to increase the profits this quarter..."

Fairbanks waved a hand airily. "Pish and tosh, young...William, is it? Same as your father?" I nodded and he continued. "Bolivia is but petty cash, hardly worth bothering about. At most, missing this journey would lose you, what, two hundred thousand?"

That number danced before me as lure as I realized what was in the offing. Two hundred thousand wasn't a magnificent sum, but would keep me comfortably for at least another three years. "Yes, give or take that." I said, feigning indifference.

The two men traded a glance, wordlessly agreeing something. Greene took up the bartering now.

"Very well, let us put it at an upper limit of two-fifty. Would you be willing to partake of our little wager if us two matched that amount?"

Now that I was actually standing on the cusp of it, the idea loomed larger - play the part of a woman for two months? Even for another three years of leisure? No, I could not go through with it. I opened my mouth to turn them down - only to realize that Greene was still speaking, having not noticed my hesitancy.

"...paid in either cash, or if you prefer, you may take it as shares in our investments. Perhaps, you may take Wilfred's two hundred and fifty as cash, and mine as the stock - diversify, as it were." He smiled at his own small witticism.

My mind reeled as I realized what they had actually offered. When he had said that the two of them would match that amount, he meant each! Five hundred thousand dollars!

What's more, it was a well known fact that Greene's investments averaged about fifteen percent annually. If I took him up on that option, I would have a quarter of a million in discretionary cash, plus an income of slightly more than three thousand dollars a month - enough to support me, and probably more than I could earn from a job.

The answers to all my problems - with one catch. However, no matter how odious it appeared, it would only be for two months - and nobody else would ever have to know about it.

"Very well. I'm your man. Or woman, as the case may be." I said, making my decision. I stretched my hand out, and we three solemnly shook on the deal.

* * * * *

Being as the bargain had been struck on a Saturday evening, I was left with time in which to think, seriously, about my agreement of participation.

From the moment I agreed until nine o'clock on the morn of Monday, I was in a veritable tizzy, considering and reconsidering, until my mind was tied in the mental equivalent of knots.

As that may be, I am a man of my words, and when nine of the clock rolled ponderously about on that fateful morning, I was standing upon the curb of my apartment, awaiting my conveyance. Fortunately, Wilfred and Mortimer had suggested that they give me a ride to the clinic. My own chauffeur had found gainful employment elsewhere when my fortunes declined.

Their vehicle arrived precisely at nine, and I entered without visible hesitation. Already, I was preparing myself for what was to come, so my conversation must have been preoccupied and barely civil. For the life of me, I can not, even now, remember a single word said the entire time.

The clinic turned out to be one of those depressingly modern buildings in the less attractive 'business' areas of the city. Due to the status of one of the clinic's prime backers, we were allowed access to the building through a less obvious entrance.

The doctor was a depressingly plebian type, a not young yet not old woman with the most horrendous shade of orange hair. She obviously thought she was being 'understanding' about the situation, but I found her to be condescending - and tedious.

"Now, Will," - she had not only taken the liberty of using my first name, but using that odious derivation of it - "I realize this is uncomfortable for you. But, this clinic operates - and quite busily - on the fact that many men do this permanently and willingly."

"That may be," I said, somewhat stiffly, "but I only wish to... 'be womanly' for two months. I assume you can do something that is only temporary?"

She nodded. "Of course. Before we do any surgery, we always make a potential client go 'en femme' for six months, to make sure that this is *really* what they want to do. So, we have a very realistic, non permanent method of going 'en femme'."

It turned out to be so. Taking me into one of the suites, she began my temporary, regrettable - and profitable, if all went well - transformation into a woman.

It began with hair removal. One of the more obvious differences in the genders is the lighter, finer body hair of the woman, who is usually also less hirsute than the male.

Obviously, my hair could not be thinned. Therefore, the 'good doctor' used the simple expedient of removing all body hair using a technique called 'Electrolysis'. A very odious procedure - especially since it required full nudity. However, it didn't take all that long.

After removing the conductive gel used - a rather unattractive mess, as it contained the hair - I was 'allowed' - ordered - to shower off the remains.

Next, a skin softening agent was used, again, all over my body. I was given an unusual garment, made of latex I believe, that covered me head to foot, and was filled with the softener. As the only thing left exposed was my hair, that was what was worked on while I 'steeped' in the gel.

A professional hairdresser - I certainly hope so, at least - trimmed my hair into a short, yet obviously feminine hairstyle. I had been genetically orientated towards very full, very light hair, a full bodied style in near-white.

When the stylist was finished, my hair had become a very deep, vibrant shade of red, styled loose and feminine. I must admit, the color was very, very attractive, as was the - thankfully - easy to maintain style.

Now, through lifestyle and habits, I maintained a slim body. Apparently, that, and the lack of 'overt musculature', as the doctor put it, seemed to be more than acceptable.

Having removed the latex covering and having had a second shower, I was ready for the next stage - well, physically, if not emotionally.

The next step was application of the new 'breasts' that I would wear over the next month. According to the doctor, they were 'far advanced over average mail-order or mastectomy breast forms'. I have to take her word on the subject as it is one I know nothing about.

However, I can attest to the fact that the ones I received were extremely realistic.

First, the doctor selected a size for me. She decided, to 'enhance' my femininity, to use breasts that had a five inch difference between the ribcage measurement and the measurement across the nipples. This, apparently, would make my bra-cup a double D.

Just that thought - *my* bra size - was unnerving. The way these breasts worked was tedious.

First, the realistically textured forms, complete with nipples, was placed into a dye-injector. Next, a special 'camera' took a color sample of my chest and matched the forms to the exact shade.

Next, a special cream was applied to my chest. It was a multipurpose compound. Besides it's adhesive qualities, it also made my chest extremely, highly sensitive, as well as greatly enlarging the pores, allowing my body heat to leave through the area.

The forms were then put in place. They were the correct weight and texture, and as the weight settled on my chest, I wincing at the unfamiliar balance they gave.

They were fixed in place, the super fine edges smoothed to a seamless finish. The material they were made of absorbed my body heat and became the exact same temperature as the rest of my skin. Also, with the heightened sense of touch on my chest, and the special 'pressure transmitting' material the breasts was constructed from, 'my' breasts had a sense of touch as realistic as any woman's. They looked, felt and reacted like real breasts, with two exceptions - they would never lactate, and the realistic nipples were unable to become 'aroused'. Otherwise, they were indistinguishable from the genuine article.

A similarly constructed device, looking like flesh-colored underwear, was put in place. Again indistinguishable once in place, the 'vaginal girdle' made it appear that I had a womanly vagina, and a womanly derrière. I'm sure that the doctor found it humorous, as she purposefully picked 'an absolutely perfect ass', to use her words. Remarkably full and firm, in a tear-drop shape, it was perhaps the most shapely feminine rear end I had ever seen - and, it was on me.

Additional 'arti-flesh' was used on my now denuded legs.

The next step was the 'corset'. Like the breasts, it was a material indistinguishable from flesh. Incredibly thin, the material nevertheless had a very high tensile strength, and once in place, it compressed my waist uncomfortably, making me gasp for breath.

All of this would be worn for the entire period. It was as good as real, never needing to be removed, nor treated specially. The last to be done, physically, was my face. This took the longest, and the work of two of their artisans.

Using cheekpads, more 'arti-flesh', hair remover, and other items, they reshaped my face. They gave me higher cheekbones and a more pointed chin. They smoothed my eye sockets, making my eyes look - more sultry? Unfortunately, yes. These dark, 'smoldering' eyes lay below my new eyebrows, thinner and arched. The 'arti-flesh' was bonded around my lips, making them fuller, and firmer, without any decrease in sensitivity - in fact, a noticeable increase.

Even I must admit the outcome was a tribute to their creativity. I surveyed my new self in the full-length three-way mirror.

My reshaped legs were extremely shapely, the calves perfectly curving from slender ankles to shapely knees. Above that, firm, full thighs rose to my slender hips and full derrière.

That damnable invisible corset cinched my waist in dramatically, before giving way to my feminized chest, from which thrust two large, spherical breasts, like domed islands from the oceans.

Below my styled mane of flame-red hair was a face so strikingly beautiful, that I found it hard to believe that it did, in fact, belong to me. In short, the mirrors reflected as beautiful specimen of femininity that ever existed - and I was she.

What followed next was a device which, when inserted - painfully, I may add - down my throat, raised my pitch to feminine tones. Once in place, I could not feel the object, nor did I have to do anything but speak, to hear my voice emerge in a warm, rich contralto, completely unlike my male register, and undisputedly feminine in nature.

Then I was supplied with several lessons. In the proper way to apply cosmetics. In the best colors and styles of clothing for this figure. How to sit, and how to walk.

Speaking of walking, I was given my first set of feminine clothing - including the shoes. If given a choice, I would not have picked the ensemble, but I had no real say in the matter.

A gold and purple dress, quite tight, and with a very high hem, went over the plain white cotton panties I was given. The dress molded itself to my shapely form, emphasizing every curve and asset.

And for shoes...

They were purple. The heel wasn't actually a separate heel - it joined to the sole, narrowing before becoming thicker at the back of the heel. They rose four inches in height.

The shoes were awkward to walk in at first, but not excessively so, as the design made it easier to balance, while still looking feminine. According to the doctor, once I got used to these, I could switch to a five-inch block heel, then a six inch stiletto, and find each transition relatively easy. It was an assertion I did not intent to test.

At this time, the two sponsors of the bet finally had a chance to observe what they had wrought - and were thoroughly amazed at my transformation. So much so, in fact, that it took some time to convince them that I was actually who I said I was, rather than some fraud.

At this point, I was set up with my new identity. In specific, that of Cynthia Hart. I was provided with new identification, some cash and a modest bank account, and an apartment in the central section of the city, fully furnished, complete, I was told, with clothing, grooming and hygiene products, and personal items.

I was, theoretically, prepared for my two-month ordeal. Emotionally, I was still uncomfortable with the whole deal.

So, I climbed into the vehicle provided for this persona - a Mazda Matai, and set out to begin my new life, such as it is.

At the doctors recommendation, I stopped at a store selling various goods of an erotic nature. As awkward as it was to enter the store, the doctor had suggested I pick up a CD that is available. Actually, one of a series of CD's, on which various women are, as she put it 'performing aural sex.' - an hour and a half recording of a woman speaking fantasies. The doctor said that listening to this would help me get the rhythms and patterns down for my new female voice.

Taking the CD, I drove to my apartment, and climbed the stairs - twice, actually. Unfamiliar with climbing in my new footwear, I slipped and fell, banging my head quite badly.

Well, now I have disrobed, and am preparing for bed. I end this recording for now - a running account of what is occurring. I plan on laying in bed, and listening to that CD before I drift of to my slumber.

* * * * *

The shapely, stunning 'woman' clicked off the pocket recorder and reclined back in bed. 'Her' body, clad in a silky nightgown, was slim and stacked, and even laying down, 'her' breasts were distractingly ripe and full. Trying to ignore the sensation the silky fabric created as it slid over 'her' breasts, 'she' slipped on a pair of headphones, and lay back.

Immediately, unwillingly, 'she' fell into a deep sleep - or perhaps trance is more accurate. Caused by the blow to 'her' head, William's synapses fired en masse, blanking his conscious mind. Just as the brain steadied, the CD player clicked into operation.

'Oh, hi there handsome.' The sexy voice on the recording cooed. 'I'm glad to see you. I was getting soooo lonely '
Absorbing every word, every nuance - every thought - the newly created woman's blank mind began to fill....

* * * * *

"uhmmmm"

The sound was erotic - the sound of a sexually excited woman. For a second, I wondered where it was coming from, but ignored the question in favor of the wonderful sensations from my chest, erotic flashes that ran through my body. Again, that sound came - and I sat bolt upright in stunned realization. As I moved, my abdomen ached, feeling to tight, almost painful.

I was making that sound.

I gaped at the unfamiliar surroundings I found myself in - a femininely decorated bedroom that I recognized nothing about. But the shock of waking up in the wrong room couldn't compare to the shock of waking up in the wrong *body*.

Because, pushing - hell, straining - at the front of a silky pink nightgown were two large, firm breasts - hanging from my chest! And that wonderful sensation was from my own traitorous hand fondling that tit! But damn, did it feel good.....

With a jerk, I forced myself from fondling these impossible endowments, and tore off the nightgown, to be greeted with the sight of a slim, sexy female body.

How the hell had I been turned into a woman! I wasn't a woman, for God's sake, I was a man. I was...

...was...

I sat, stunned, realizing with a mounting horror that I couldn't remember my own name. I struggled to recall it - and couldn't.

I couldn't remember, clearly, anything before waking up. All I knew - and I was absolutely certain of it - was that I wasn't a woman. Well, I was, obviously, one now. But I wasn't supposed to be one.

There was something really, really wrong here.

Desperately, I cast around for something to grasp onto, a fact, a hint of what was going on. I stumbled from the bed, trying to adjust to the unfamiliar and unwelcome weight on my chest. I searched the room, ignoring the sensual jiggle and sway of those endowments - while, guiltily enjoying the sensations.

I found a purse that yielded up identification - for 'Cynthia Hart'.

I stopped dead, confused. Who was she? The name didn't ring any bells - and I couldn't be the stunningly attractive woman shown in the photo...

...could I? Confused, I walked to a full length mirror, and got my first good look at the body in which I was trapped.

Yes, I was that unbelievably gorgeous creature. I found myself becoming aroused at the sight of this stunning, sexy woman reflected in the mirror, unable to believe it was actually, somehow, me.

Her - *my* - legs were long, and sexy...

<I love to wear really high spike heels, because they make my legs soooo sexy - and I love to flaunt my legs...>

...and they'd be mind-blowing in heels.

I stopped, frowning. What had I thought how they'd look in heels? Then I sighed - it was true that heels would make them even sexier - and, as a male, I probably thought of that naturally. I continued to survey my new figure, with it's slender waist...

<All the guys tell my how thin my waist is, but, like all women, I don't think mine is thin enough. I want it *really* slim...>

...although, I could stand to loose some weight. It was nice and all, but it could be thinner. Then there was the tits. Firm and round, they were at least a D cup, and I thought...

<I love having big tits - they make the men go wild. In fact, I want them as big as they can get - I'm going to get them pumped up every time I can...>

...that if I saw them on a woman - a real woman, I mean, not me - they'd be nice - but they were a little small. They could be bigger and sexier.

But none of this explained how this could have happened to me. How had I ended up in this body. I went back to the purse, looking for more clues - and found nothing.

I stood still, mind spinning. Somehow, the impossible had happened. I - whoever I was - had been changed into this sexy woman, and lost all my past - and hers. I would need some help to figure this one out. But, where could I go for help with a problem like this?

Well, I suppose the first step was getting dressed. With a sigh, I headed for the bathroom, and started the shower running. Stepping under the spray, I began to lather up, my hands sliding across my large - but not large enough - tits...

<Oh, I love to play with my tits. I fondle them, slowly and sensuously. Then, one hand begins to slide downwards, across my stomach, and between my legs. Slowly, one finger circles my cunt. Then, it enter. Slowly at first, but faster and faster, I...>

...masturbated frantically, biting back the screams of ecstasy as I came to a thunderous orgasm and went limp - wondering why the hell I'd just fucked myself.

And overwhelmed by how incredibly good it felt. I had to force my hands away, stepping out and drying quickly as I re-entered the bedroom, crossing over to the closet. I tried to ignore the fact that I'd just experience an orgasm as a woman - and enjoyed it.

But the memory kept returning.

Standing, naked, in front of the closet, I looked over the selection with a critical eye. I wanted something that I'd be comfortable wearing - emotionally, more than physically. I needed something like...

<...I always were the sexiest clothes, to make men drool...>

..the tight black spandex dress with the silver lame sides. Huh?

Why do I want to wear that - but damn, it will look good on this body. And it can't hurt to wear it, can it?

With a confused shrug, I pulled on a pair of French-cut bikini briefs, then the dress. Admiring how great I looked in the outfit, I walked over to the make-up table, and expertly applied my makeup.

Expertly? How the hell did I learn to do this? For that matter - I'd slipped on a pair of pumps with a four inch heel with the dress without even thinking about it - and was walking in them as if I'd been doing it my whole life!

I sat down with a thump, trying to figure out what the hell was going on here. I was so confused - I had no idea where these strange skills and thoughts were coming from. What was happening to me?

Confused and scared, I stumbled out the door. If I knew all these skills, then maybe I really was a woman - a woman who is going crazy. It's the only explanation that made any sense.

Down the hall, three guys - on black and two white - were moving into an apartment.

<Fuck them. Fuck them all. That's my philosophy - I just love to fuck, and can't get enough.>

Instantly, I was hornier than I'd ever been before. Helplessly, I walked forward, knowing I intended to fuck the guys brains out, but unable to stop myself.

The four young men stopped dead at the sight of a drop-dead gorgeous woman standing in the doorway.

The one in the lead, a tall, muscular black, blinked. "What the. . . - Who are you?" he asked dumbly, his eyes locked firmly on my tits.

"Cyndi. And I want to fuck you all..." I moaned, helplessly aroused. As his friends watched enviously, I led him to the couch and sat him down. Slowly I pressed her full, soft lips against his and passionately kissed him. His large, sure hands peeled off my dress, and my tits bounced free. He began to caress and fondle my large globes.

Slowly, I slid downwards, my hands pulling his track pants and underwear down. In his case, the myth of black cock size was true, his dark, throbbing tool sprang out, huge and thick.

Smiling, I began to give her first blow-job. My technique was nothing special, but he wasn't about to complain. I enveloped the head of his cock with my warm 'willing' mouth, then simply used my hands, wrapped around his dark, hot cock, and eagerly jerked him off.

Within very short time, his cock twitched, sending a spray of hot, salty cum into my waiting mouth. I swallowed hungrily. I stood and turned. "So, who's next?"

Soon I lay on the cushions of the couches, which had been lain on the floor. My body was glistening erotically with sweat as I moaned in the throes of orgasmic delight. One boy, an intense look on his face, was pumping rhythmically into me, trying to make himself last longer than The other man, whose muscular body was perched atop my body as his thick cock plumbed the depth of my cleavage.

The first man lost. He cried out as he cum, dumping his hot cum into my sopping cunt. He was followed seconds later by the other, who stiffened as his hot, cream jism gushed out between my magnificent globes and spattered my face.

<Don't waste a drop.>

I sat up and began to lick the salty liquid from my full, red lips.

Deep inside, 'the man' had given up the fight as the power of the orgasm had swept my body. I must have been going crazy, thinking I was a man. My skills and urges proved the truth.

Hell, the only reason I had that conviction was because of my deep conviction that I'm not woman ENOUGH.

* * * * *

The woman manning the front desk of the clinic watched as the door opened and a woman...wiggled her way inside. "Can I help you miss?" the nurse asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Oh, I certainly hope so..." the sexy, sensuously clad woman cooed. "I'm tired of being this...thing. I want to be a real woman, damn it. You know, slender waist, big tits, sexy ass and cunt - that sort of thing."

Cyndi smiled at the nurse and gently caressed one of her tits.

The nurse thought this was as womanly as they got, by shrugged and asked "What's your name?" "Cyndi - well, Cynthia Hart."

The nurse typed the information in the computer - and was surprised to find a match, which linked to another file named 'William Fairbanks'. A quick perusal, and the nurse understood. William had come in for a 'pre-operation tryout' makeover. The nurse nodded, and punched in the new info, saying he'd returned to finish the operation.

"Of course, my dear" the nurse said, rising. "Just follow me..."

* * * * *

1 YEAR LATER.

"Gentlemen, put your hands together, for the one, the only - SINN SATIONAL!"

The light went down as the spotlight hit the stage. It highlighted the curtains at the back, which rustled, then parted to reveal the club's headline dancer.

She was a sexual vision as she strutted out onto stage.

Custom-made 'ballet boots' in black leather elevated her atop 9 inch spiked heels. With an unbelievably erotic strut, her long, sexy legs and spectacular ass moved in ways certain to arouse any male of any species.

Her firm, full ass was wrapped in a tight French-cut bikini. Her impossibly slender waist led the eye up to her enormous, globular tits, encased in a massive HHH cup bra of lace and sequins.

The crowd went wild as she began to move erotically, enticingly on stage, her body gyrating, her long, red hair whipping, as she went through a routine that seemed impossible with her massive, firm tits.

Finishing her set, Sinn donned a sexy black dress, and began to 'work the floor'.

It was the two old geezers in the corner that were waving her over the most. With her unbelievably huge tits swaying, she walked over in a cock-hardening strut.

"Hell, gramps, if I lap dance for you, it'll probably kill you." Sinn said erotically. "Actually, we don't want a dance. Just to talk to you a bit." The older, larger one said. Shrugging, Sinn sat down. "What's on your mind?"

"Do...do you enjoy this life?" the skinnier one asked.

Smiling, Sinn unclasped the top of her dress and let it fall. She gently began to fondle her massive tits. "Hell, ya... I love showing myself off - and it ensures I have no shortage of hot fucking."

Both men shifted uncomfortably, trying to suppress their rising dicks.

"Yes..." the skinny one said. "Well, we want to give you this - it's a half-million in cash." Sinn blinked. "Just for talking to you? What's the gag?"

"No gag. We just feel we owe it to...you."

Sinn sighed, but accepted the briefcase. "Okay. But you realize, I'm going to have to ask you to come up to my room. One of you has to titfuck me while I suck the other guy off. You get to decide which of you does what."

With that, she began to head for the door, not even bothering to look back to see if they were following. They were.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After he discovers a mysterious statute on his newly bought property, Mike is slowly transformed from successful writer into successful actress.

Idol Thoughts

By Gunslinger

Part One: The New House - The Discovery - Cleaning - The Glow

The lowering clouds scudded overhead, threatening rain in the very near future, and Mike Reynolds wrapped his jacket tighter around him, wishing he'd worn something heavier. His somewhat unkempt mane of black hair whipped in the rising wind, occasionally obscuring his ice-blue eyes. Beneath the denim jacket he wore a black T-shirt and a pair of blue-jeans, and the rising wind seemed to cut through his solid, large-boned body. Thankfully, the hiking boots he wore kept his feet from feeling the sudden drop in temperature.

He looked back in the direction of his house, across the wide grassy meadow, and briefly considered heading back. Then, he turned his back on the house and entered the tree-line of the forest, following the poorly defined game trail.

The forest was actually one of the major reason's he'd bought the house. As a writer, he often went on long walks, using the time to do some of his most creative writing, and the forest seemed a tailor-made environment for that. The incredibly low price of the house had been the other deciding factor - it was small and isolated, a twenty-minute drive from the small town that was nearest, and was still cluttered with the belongings of the previous owner. He knew if he went back, he'd face a whole day of cleaning the mess.

Once in the forest proper, the gray light of day was blocked by the trees, dropping him into a world of perpetual twilight. Continuing to follow the trail, he forged deeper into the forest, his mind already lost in an a wealth of creative thought. He walked, lost in his own world, occasionally stopping to light a cigarette with the same pre-occupied air. In his particular state, he almost walked by without seeing it. There, buried in the undergrowth, was a weathered stone store-way, obviously hand carved from some dark, igneous rock, and covered with intricate carved letter in a language Mike couldn't identify.

"Holy..." Mike whispered to himself. "What the hell is this doing here?" He leaned closer, looking into the stygian blackness beyond the doorway. He looked around, trying to fix some landmarks in his mind. "I'll have to come back sometime with a flashlight" he thought to himself. "It'd be cool to see what's down there."

The weather decided the issue for him swiftly. While he'd walked in a daze for the past hour, the wind had been getting stronger. Now, it increased dramatically, howling through the trees and ripping away branches. The skies opened up in a clap of thunder, and hail the size of dimes began to pelt mercilessly from above. Hurriedly, Mike grabbed up an armful of branches, and ducked into the dark opening.

Inside, the gloom enveloped him, making it impossible to see where the doorway led. The chill wind continued to howl outside, but fortunately the doorway sheltered Mike from the worst of it. Digging his Zippo from his coat pocket, Mike carefully coaxed the end of a branch into life as a make-shift torch. By using two dry branches and two green ones, held in a bundle, he manage to control the flame. Almost as an after thought, he also lit a cigarette, then examined the passage he stood in.

It continued a distance, on a slight downward slope, obviously hewed from the rock of the small hill behind the doorway. It turned a corner after about fifteen feet, and Mike, his curiosity aroused, rounded the corner. He gasped as he was confronted by an ornate door, apparently covered in beaten gold. A wax seal in a second, unrecognized language, bridged the crack between the door and its frame. Mike stared incredulously at the whole thing, visions of lost treasure dancing through his head. Finally, he embedded his torch in the soft sand of the passage, and pulled with all his might on the door, which slowly swung open, dragging a swirl of dust.

The first thing Mike saw when he looked inside was two half-burned tallow candles, covered in dust, resting on a little ledge just inside the door. He picked them up, blowing the coating of dust away, and lit them from his trusty lighter. Replacing one on the ledge, he held the second one high, and entered the room.

For an instant, he felt disappointment, seeing the bare stone walls and empty floor. But something on the far side of the room reflected the candle-light with a gleam, and Mike walked forward. Suddenly, he sucked in his breath in surprise. On a crudely carved stone alter rested a foot high statuette. Carved from jade, and inlaid with gold, it's ruby eyes sparkled back at him, seeming almost alive in the dance of the candle's flame. It depicted some sort of man/beast - or, perhaps woman/beast. Two horns crested a squat, snorted face with elongated fangs gleaming from the muzzle. The torso sported four arms, the top two muscular and masculine, the bottom two slender and feminine. A quartet of breasts, each with ridiculously enlarged nipples, thrust from the chest of the sculpture, but nestled between the powerful legs was a large, thick penis with enormous testicles. A tail rose from the back of the sculpture.

The quality of the carving was uncanny - every detail, no matter how tiny, had been perfectly rendered in the stone. Placing the candle on the alter, Mike carefully lifted the cold statue from its bed of dust, grunting at the surprising weight of the thing. Carefully cradling the item in one elbow, Mike took the candle and retraced his steps, pausing only to put out the second candle and the torch, and push the heavy door shut with his butt.

Back at the entrance to the underground... whatever, Mike was pleased to see the hail-storm was dying. Gently resting his new acquisition beside him, he sat down and slowly savored a cigarette, mentally trying to estimate the worth of the statue. By the time he was done, the storm had run it's course, and Mike hefted the treasure for the hike home.

By the time he got home, night was falling, and Mike's arms, back and legs were protesting. The small but weighty statue seemed to have gotten heavier with every step taken, and even with his exultation of finding it, he was glad to put it down on the kitchen counter when he got inside. Stretching, Mike looked around and sighed. The place was still the mess it had been when he left this morning, and it depressed him.

The previous owner had been a recluse, as well as a pervert. The man's brother had had the man committed to a mental institution, and sold the house cheap, complete with his brother's old belongings. The eclectic collection filled the house to the rafters. The living room was walled, floor to ceiling, with shelves holding a vast collection of porn movies. The only other furniture in that room was a big-screen TV, a VCR, an easy chair and a small table. The main bedroom was lined with magazine racks, arranged in alphabetical and chronological order, holding a vast array of porno mags. But the real 'show-stopper' was what had been the dining room... and was now a museum of sorts. Every item on display had been carefully arranged, labeled and artistically lit. Boasting a variety of items, Mike had been unable to resist giving it a look. A variety of wigs, labeled 'Wigs used in the movie 'Invasion of the B-Girls' '. A variety of women's footwear 'Compiled from Playmate of the Months'. A make-up table, complete with make-up, 'The table used by Demi Moore in 'Striptease' '. Women's clothing. Women's lingerie. Sex toys, bizarre props, weird devices.

Exhausted by his day, Mike turned off the lights, stumbled to his bed, and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

* * * * *

The sunlight streaming through the window finally prompted Mike to roll groggily from bed. Stumbling into the kitchen, he sloppily set up the CoffeMatic, and listened impatiently as it burbled. His eyes fell on the jade statue on the counter, and his brow furrowed in concentration until he recalled where he had gotten it. Mike wasn't much good at anything, including thinking, until he'd had his morning dose of caffeine, liberally laced with sugar. Finishing his first cup in a few scalding gulps, he poured a second cup to savor slowly with his first cigarette, and studied the statue in daylight.

The craftsmanship of it was even more evident in daylight. Even the hair surrounding the base of the penis was excruciatingly detailed. Once more Mike's mind whirled as he tried to estimate its value. Hefting it, he carried it into the living room, and placed it on the small table beside the easy chair. Then, still dressed only in his Jockey briefs and white undershirt, he set about cleaning the place up.

He had already decided to leave the set-up 'pervert selection' alone for now. As depraved as it was, at least it was tidy. Mike's main worry at the moment was several boxes cluttering up the floor of the living room and bedroom. Plopping into the easy chair, he dragged the first box beside him, opened the lid, and began to sort through it. He was not surprised to see the item on the very top was a video cassette, labeled 'Busty Blowjob Babes - Vol. 6.' Mike was certain if he checked the racks he would find 'Busty Blowjob Babes' Vols. 1-5, neatly arranged and labeled. Sighing, he laid it aside.

What was under it caught him a little by surprise though - 'Muscle Magazine's Power & Sizzle'. He picked it up, and began to flip through it, finding it full of lingerie clad, steroid filled female body builders. Mike wondered who actually found the freaks exciting. He started to close the magazine, intending to toss it on top of the 'Busty Blowjob Babes' tape.

Suddenly, a deep green glow filled the room. Mike's head whipped around, and he stared at the statue, which was filled with an eerie green inner light, so bright he had to squint. Awe and fear began to rise in him... then vanished, as he fell into a strange, emotionless daze. Slowly, his eyes returned to the magazine he held, which his hands had opened randomly to a page. He found himself looking at a flat-chested, grotesquely over-muscled blonde ludicrously dressed in a red negligee and matching heels. A strange tingle began to wash over Mike in slow, throbbing waves.

A strange pulling sensation prompted Mike to lower his eyes and stare vacuously at his crotch. The tight fabric of his underwear seemed to slowly deflate as the pulling sensation grew stronger. His eyes wandered unthinkingly to his legs, where he disinterestedly watched as all his leg hair fell out, to settle in a small pile at his feet. His gaze slowly rose and refocused on the picture of the female body builder, and he stared mindlessly at it as the green glow continued to fill the room.

The glow, and the accompanying daze, lasted for about ten minutes. As the glow faded, Mike's mind returned, and he yelled "What the fuck!", and hurled the magazine away. Clutching at his empty crotch, he stumbled towards the full-length

mirror in the bathroom. A constant, unthinking litany of "Oh my God" issued from his mouth, but Mike didn't even realize he was saying it.

Even in what he wore, a look in the mirror revealed nothing obviously amiss. An observer would notice almost nothing different about Mike, aside from the smoothness of his legs. But, ripping off his clothes, Mike revealed what he feared most. In place of his penis, a very female vagina nestled between his smooth thighs, and two tiny, almost non-existent breasts rode high on his chest. Stunned, Mike slumped back onto the toilet. "Oh my God.." he whispered, his voice only slightly changed. "I'm a woman.." And a spectacularly unattractive one at that, he thought. He felt a terrible rage building up inside him, bushing aside the shock and horror, and he stormed back into the living room, his face contorted in rage. "You!" he screamed insanely at the statue. "You did this.. to me!" Enraged, he reached forward, intending to smash the statue to bits. The instant his hands touched it's surface, a powerful shock ran through him, hurtling him back, and knocking him into blessed unconsciousness.

Part Two: Realization - Trip to Town - The Glow Returns

Slowly, Mike struggled back to consciousness, prodded by a dull throbbing ache in the base of his spine, and a signal from an over- taxed bladder. He opened his eyes and staggered upright, his vision fading in and out. The motion made his bladder protest even more strongly. The graying light from the windows informed him that it was late afternoon - he had been unconscious for more than seven hours. He stumbled painfully into the bathroom and splashed cold water in his face until things steadied down, then with great trepidation, looked at himself in the mirror.

There was no change in his body since he had passed out. He was still female. Staring at his naked body, Mike was very aware how ugly a female he made - he again realized that, fully dressed, no one could tell he'd changed. But he knew yes, he knew, and it sickened him. Unable to ignore his bladder any longer, he turned to the toilet.. then sighed and lowered the seat. Blushing, he sat down and urinated for the first time as a woman. Wiping himself with toilet paper, he flushed the toilet and stood. With a much steadier walk, he left the bathroom, eyeing the statue with distrust and fear as he headed towards the kitchen. He'd phone a doctor...

He stopped with a jerk, almost falling, as he realized that there was no phone service to the house. He's just moved in, and hadn't gotten around to it yet. He'd have to drive into town to talk to anyone or make any phone calls. He became instantly, intensely aware of his nudity, and shivered. Turning back around, he went into his bedroom and hurriedly dressed in the clothes from yesterday. He was slightly surprised to find that, although his clothes fit perfectly, he seemed to have a size smaller feet. He debated pulling on a second pair of socks, then recalled his tennis sneakers by the back door - he'd had them for years, and they were - had been - a size too small. Now, Mike blessed the fact he'd never thrown them out.

He was passing through the living room to get the shoes, and he glanced with hate at the idol.. and reality hit him. Grunting, as if he'd actually been punched in the stomach, he collapsed into the chair. He stared, wide eyed and unseeing, at the statuette.

"Dear God how am I going to get anyone to believe this?" he asked himself in a horrified voice. He'd always been a loner. He had no close friends. His parents were both dead. Hell, he'd never even been in the hospital, and had hated going to doctors. He had no conclusive proof that he'd been male, aside from his I.D. - and faced with the story he had to tell, any listener would assume he'd found it easier to go through life as a normal looking male, rather than an ugly woman. If he persisted in his 'crazy' story, they'd look him up and throw away the key. Probably in the cell next to the previous owner of this house. Mike was shocked to find he was very close to tears.

Unwilling to try disposing of the idol, and needing to get away from it, Mike pulled on the tennis shoes - which fit perfectly - and grabbed his car keys. He needed to head into town for groceries anyway, and he needed to think over his - unique - predicament. The twenty minute trip each way should provide ample time to think. He hoped.

* * * * *

Pulling up to his house two hours later, he sat in the car and smoked a cigarette as he watched the last sliver of the sun disappear into the distant treeline. A deep dread of the idol still nestled in his stomach, and he hesitated to re-enter the house. Yet, for some reason, he also felt that he HAD to.

The trip into town had gone fairly well. He'd managed to buy his groceries and various sundries using a check and his I.D. He'd had cash, but had done it to quell his fears. They'd accepted him as 'Mike Reynolds' without question. For the same reason, he'd dropped by the real-estate office. The realtor, Jerry DeNutry, was the only person in town who'd met Mike before. He also didn't seem to notice anything wrong with Mike, except asking him if he was catching a cold. Jerry thought Mike sounded a 'little stuffed up'. Mike had gone along with the assumption.

Yet, the entire time he'd been gone, he'd begun to feel a strange... homesickness? That wasn't quite right, but the longer he was away, the stronger the strange want to return home became. Mike had hovered between testing how long he could last before it got overwhelming with heading home immediately. It had still been nothing more than a very vague urge when he headed home, deciding he didn't want to find out - yet - what would happen if he tried resisting it.

Finally, with a sigh, he turned off the ignition and climbed out of his aging LandCruiser with his back of groceries, and let himself into his house. Leaving the groceries on the table, he moved quickly into his room, not even glancing at the idol. Once he had the door shut behind him, he sat on his bed and pulled out a pad and paper and a pen. Trying to lose himself in his work he started to write.

By almost nine, the boredom had got the better of him. He found himself unable to put anything worth keeping on the paper, and the bed was surrounded with a flurry of discarded pages. Finally, taking a deep breath, he ventured out into the living room. Almost gingerly, he lowered himself into the armchair, eyed the statuette, and steeled up enough courage to pick up the remote that lay beside it. He flipped on the TV, and began to channel surf.

He spent an hour watching Voyager, a show he enjoyed, and was pleased to find he'd managed to lose himself in the episode, not even thinking about the idol once during the whole hour. Likewise, another favorite of his, E.R., managed to hold him similarly engrossed until eleven. Then, with the news taking most stations, he began to flip through the channels for something else to watch.

He'd stopped briefly on an infomercial for an exercise machine when the idol flared to life again, once more sinking Mike into a daze. The same, pulsating waves of tingling washed over him as his thoughts and emotions drained away. Unable to look away from the TV, he couldn't see what new alterations were being made to his body, and in his current state, was unable to care. He merely sat and mindlessly watched the infomercial for the half-hour period the glow lasted. When it finally died, Mike simply, quietly, passed out.

Part Three: Weight Loss - A History Lesson - The Autograph

Mike awoke the next morning, stiff from sleeping in the chair all night, with his body feeling odd and unbalanced. He kept his eyes closed and took deep breath for several minutes, trying to work up the courage to look down. Somehow, despite the odd feel of his body, and his previous experience, he felt as if it wasn't real until he looked. Finally, he opened his eyes and stared straight ahead, not looking down.

"Fuck it" he said, flinching as a distinctively female voice emerged. "This is too much to deal with before coffee."

He levered himself out of the chair (much easier than ever before) and headed for the kitchen. Despite the unusual feel and balance of his body, he moved easily and naturally. He had to hold his jeans up with one hand, or they had a tendency to slide down to his hips, where they'd stop. He ignored it. As he set up the machine, he found his eyes following the smooth, slender sweep of his new arm to the equally feminine hand that graced it. He poured the first cup, and gulped it down as he strode to the bathroom.

He looked at his body clothed for a long moment, then slowly, methodically undressed. He stared at the unfamiliar nude body reflected in the mirror, the light up a cigarette. He studiously ignored everything while he savored his first smoke of the day, carefully keeping all his emotions in check. When the cigarette was down to its filter, he tossed it in the toilet, then turned and looked in the mirror again.

Quite a bit of Mike's face was in the face of the woman looking back at him. It was more slender, almost eleven, and softer, but the same ice-blue eyes looked back at him. His hair had remained roughly the same, now a shaggy mass of dark black hair, short and uneven around the face. He was about the same height, but was much more slender, especially around the shoulders. His hips, about the same size as before, looked wider on the slimmer frame. His breasts were larger, but still quite small, an A or small B cup, tipped with little nubs or nipples. Though definitely female, he wasn't a stunner - he barely made cute, in a tomboyish sort of way.

Surprisingly, he found it easier to .. well, not accept, but handle, the second transformation. It was not only less of a sudden shock, but he was able to reign in his panic, knowing it wouldn't do any good. He walked, naked, into his room, and looked for something to wear. Since he was the same height, a pair of old blue jeans, that had been tight in the legs, fit well enough, if he used a belt to hold the waist up. There was a delay while he punched new holes in the belt for his diminished waist. As for a shirt, he found a blue dress-shirt that fit well enough, nicely hiding his breasts from sight. He left it untucked.

He headed back to the kitchen and got himself a second cup of coffee.. and stopped dead. There, beside his keys, where he'd left his wallet last night, was a small, simple brown clutch purse. With trembling hands, Mike opened it and dumped out the contents.

It contained the same items he'd always kept in his wallet, and the same amount of cash as he'd had last night... but now, all the I.D. feature a photo of his new, feminine features, and carried the name 'Michelle Reynolds'. He found himself gripping the edge of the table as his sight began to gray out, and in his new voice he repeated over and over "I will NOT faint I WILL NOT faint"

Finally, the feeling passed. He sat, stunned, for a few minutes, then carefully, methodically prepared a breakfast of bacon and eggs. He ate them all with a cup of coffee, had another cup with a cigarette, and finished with some orange juice. He put away the groceries from yesterday, then went to the bathroom. After calmly using it, he stood up, turned around.. and vomited repeatedly into the toilet, until he hung clinging to the bowl, helplessly alternating between cursing and crying.

* * * * *

Mike cleaned himself up and began to look through the hose, inventorying his life. His old year book held a photo, much younger, but definitely the female face he now had. Instead of 'Boys Football', it had listed 'Girl's Volleyball'. Mike figured that made sense. The closet where he'd put the two cartons of books he'd gotten published was somewhat of a surprise - it now contained five cartons, most of which were romance novels. He wasn't surprised.

Needing additional verification, Mike decided to pay another visit to town. Even the tennis shoes wouldn't fit any more, but a pair of sandals with adjustable straps did the job. And, they even went with his outfit. He smiled grimly at the thought. He scooped up his purse(HIS purse?!) and keys, and stepped outside, only to find a brand-new Range Rover had replaced his aging Toyota. He shrugged, got in and started it.

As he got to town, he had to stop and wait until a fit of shaking passed. Over night, the small, sleepy town had been replaced with one twice it's size, looking as if it had always been there. When he was able to drive again, he was forced to drive almost aimlessly until he located the realtor's office, now larger and located in a different building. He walked in and asked the receptionist to see Jerry DeNultry.

He was escorted to a larger, more upscale office and shown in. Jerry looked up from his desk and smiled at Mike. "Miss Reynolds! I wasn't expecting to see you today! How can I help you?"

Mike felt a chill run down his (newly slender) back at the greeting, but had come prepared for the situation. He forced what he hoped was a convincing smile. "Well, Mr. DeNultry, I just wanted to thank you for all your help." Mike reached into the purse and pulled out a book he'd put in before he left. A paperback thriller, written by 'Michelle Reynolds', and a New York Times bestseller (according to the cover). "I thought I'd give you a signed copy of one of my books"

Jerry's smile widened. "Why, thank you. That's very nice of you." He came around the desk to claim the book, flipping it open to read the autograph. "To Jerry, the man who really moved me. Love, Michelle" Mike had written it based on other signed copies he'd found.

"Thank you Michelle" Jerry said sincerely. He placed the book on the desk, then opened the door. "Let me escort you out." He slipped one hand behind Mike's back and gently guided him to the front door, thanking him again. As they reached the door, Mike was shocked as Jerry's hand slid down his back and light caressed his new, feminine ass. Mike managed to not react in any way.

"Please," Jerry called after Mike, "Please feel free to stop by any time, Michelle"

Mike pretended he didn't hear him, and drove home rapidly, berating himself for the wording of the autograph. It was obvious that Jerry had misconstrued it, and Mike simply didn't know a graceful way of informing him. He resolved to avoid Jerry completely in the future.

Part Four Decision - Writing - Bigger and Smaller

Mike had a full lunch at a small diner on the edge of town (it hadn't been there yesterday) before heading home. A odd sort of stillness had settled over him, causing him to accept that his life had changed beyond his ability to retrieve. As he ate, he searched deep inside for the hopelessness and despair of suicide - and didn't find it. He found shock, anger, despair, confusion, and even awe, but above all, he found the drive to go on, regardless. It felt odd - scary - to face life as a woman, but he found he preferred the thought to death.

As he pulled his new Rover up to the front of his house, he was again aware of the odd 'homesickness' he'd felt before, but he'd been gone for less time this trip, and so he still did not know what would happen if he left for an extended period. He also found he still didn't want to find out yet.

He decided to try writing, and sat down in the easy chair with a pad of paper and a pen. He spent several hours futilely trying to get a start on a mystery novel, and failed miserably. Another hour was wasted attempting a mystery short story, which, early in his career he would knock out with monotonous regularity. That also failed. Frustrated, he spent a few hours watching TV and nursing a few beers before bed. He used the toilet emotionlessly, brushed his teeth, and climbed naked between the sheets. It took some time to drift off.

* * * * *

The next morning, he awoke with a very slight hangover - those few beers had hit harder than he'd expected, due to his reduced body mass. He made his morning coffee and lingered over a cigarette, then decided to just go ahead with what he'd been putting off - a shower.

He steeped nude into the stall and adjusted the water the way he liked it.. then turned it a few degrees cooler, surprised to discover the heat bothered him. Slowly, he began to lather up, sliding the bar of soap over his new body. He slid the bar of soap across his soft, supple new skin, then used shampoo on his hair. After rinsing his hair, he began to rinse off his slick, soapy body, his feminine new hands sliding up and down the toned flesh. He lingered for a second on his new ass, then his hands slid up and began to slide across his small, pert breasts. Slowly, he closed his eyes and tilted his head back as his fingers began to massage his erect, sensitive nipple. One hand continued to caress his nipples, as the other slowly slid down, across his smooth stomach, between his silky thighs, and....

Mike's eyes flew open and he pulled his hands away, roughly shutting off the water. Getting out, he toweled off quickly and got dressed in an out fit similar to what he wore yesterday. Leaving his hair damp, he crawled into the easy chair, closed his eyes, and concentrated on writing - anything at all. Soon, his face softened, and his eyes opened as a small smile surfaced. His pen began to fly across the page as words rose from the depths of his mind, and he began to write.

He wrote all day, lost in the world he was creating, breaking absentmindedly only twice - once for a quick washroom-and-snack break, the other to get more paper. Finally, long after midnight, when he had to fight to keep his eyes open, he laid his writing aside, stumbled into bed, and fell into a dead sleep. Had he known, he'd been mildly amused to find he still snored.

* * * * *

Mike blinked at the too-bright sunlight streaming in the window, then blearily checked the clock, surprised to find it was nearly noon. Still dressed from last night, he hauled himself out of bed and made coffee. Taking his second cup, and cigarette, into the living room, he spied the notepad laying where he'd left it. He picked it up where he'd left off, to see how it looked in the cold light of day and a chill ran up and down his spine.

"But Eric", she gasped, full, ripe bosom heaving beneath her gown. "You know I'm married. It would be wrong!" She turned her face away, her raven tresses swinging in the wind. Eric stepped from the doorway, his depthless green eyes locking on to hers. "My darling Catharine, you know I could never hurt you." he said, his voice seeming to reach in and surround her wildly beating heart. "Tell me to go, not to see you ever again, and I will." he promised. She gasped at the thought, and the truth washed over her. "No, Eric, I can not live without you. I beg of you, if you really love me, take me! Take me now, my darling one!" Eric's strong, manly arms grasped her slender waist as he carried her to the bed. He...

Mike tossed the pad onto the floor, shivering. HE had written THAT? It.. just wasn't possible. A dark fear began to steal through him, that maybe... NO! He did not find men attractive. Jerry's touch had sickened him. He still liked women! Didn't he?

Mike tried to stop thinking about it.. but how could he really know? Maybe it had happened AFTER Jerry No! He sat for a minute, trying to calm himself. Then, an idea, so simple, stole over him. He jumped out of the chair and went into his room. Without even looking, he grabbed the first porno mag that came to hand and returned to the chair. This should tell him in a minute whether or not he still found women attractive. He looked down at what he held. 'Playboy's Petites'. He opened it up, and began to flip through the pages. Almost immediately, he felt a sense of relief. He DEFINITELY found some of these women attractive. He found it odd to feel so.. different.. as he got aroused, but he was definitely getting turned.....

Suddenly, the idol flared once more into life, and Mike re-entered a daze. He stared at the picture of the woman as the tingling began to build. Emotionlessly, he watched as his perspective of the room shifted as he slowly settled deeper into the chair. In a disinterested way he realized he was getting shorter - considerably shorter. At the same time, his shirt began to tighten across his chest.

After fifteen minutes, he came out of his daze, the magazine tumbling from his fingers. Slowly, he took off his clothes and, head held high, walked into the bathroom.

Again, his face and hair remained about the same, but he'd lost almost a foot of height. His new body was more feminine still, and a pair of C-cup breasts thrust from his chest proudly. He had no worries about his sexuality - his new body, from its firm, proud tits to his absolutely spectacular ass was turning him on, and he watched as his larger nipple swelled. He slowly sank to sit on the toilet, and his dainty hands (with longer nails) rose to lightly touch his new breasts. Slowly, he began to fondle them, paying attention to his nipples, which were even more sensitive than before. Little bolts of pleasure began to run from them as he continued to fondle his new endowments. "Oh, what the hell" he decided in his new soprano voice, and stood up. Still caressing himself, he went into his bedroom and lay on the bed. Closing his eyes, he visualized he was male again, doing this to a woman who looked the way he did now. His hands began to explore his new body, its firm tits, its flat stomach, the silky legs. Slowly, one hand approached his wet, hot cunt.. and he slipped a finger inside.

His eyes flew open, then he closed them again as he began to work his finger inside his pussy. He began to moan as erotic new sensation flooded his female body. He bit his lower lip as a wave of pleasure swept over him as he experienced his first female orgasm.

He took a long, hot shower, spending a lot of time on his shapely new breasts, wondering where, exactly, one found lesbians. The thought of another woman doing these things to his body aroused him again, and he had to stop before it went too far. He also realized he'd have to go shopping for clothes. None of his would fit anymore.

Emerging, naked, from the shower, he crawled into an easy chair that seemed much larger than before. He flicked on the TV and began to flip through the channels. Suddenly, the statue began to glow again, and he found himself watching MTV's Fashion File from beginning to end as the tingling ran through him. Finally, it subsided, and he hurried to the bathroom - to find absolutely nothing had changed. He checked twice, just to be sure.

"Whew." he sighed. "That was odd, but I'm not complaining." He went back into the other room and looked at the idol. "Guess you can't work more than once a day, huh?" he said to it. He sighed and decide he might as well do his shopping - if he could find something to wear into town, that is.

Going into the 'museum', he began to look through the clothes for something to wear. He finally settled on something he thought would fit - a white C-cup bra, necessary because the blouse was white silk, and he didn't want his nipples on display. A pair of black jeans which were quite tight, but wearable, and a pair of black pumps with a two-inch heel, the only footwear in the house that fit. He was slightly worried about the heels, but wasn't surprised to find he could walk in them easily, with a smooth, graceful stride.

Grabbing his keys, he began to leave.. and suddenly, felt horribly, horribly exposed. He frowned and re-entered the bathroom to check himself. He looked fine - except, his face. It was so... plain.

In a flash, he realized what had happened. Sighing, he went back into the museum. As he passed the idol, he muttered "Alright, so you CAN do two things in one day." Seating himself at the make-up table, he looked over the array - and found he knew exactly what to do. Expertly, he applied a light blush, some eyeshadow, a subdued eyeliner, and an equally subdued lipstick. Dropping the lipstick in his purse, he decided to make sure nothing else was going to crop up, and ran an inventory of his house - and got a surprise.

His I.D. had changed to match a new height and weight... but the name had changed too. It now read 'Michelle LeCroix'. For a few horrified moments, he wondered if he was no married - but he quickly discovered the truth. His boxes of books were now press clippings, for the actress Michelle LeCroix, who had changed her name on coming to Hollywood. Mike sighed. Being a semi-famous actress wouldn't be too bad, he decided.

Outside, he got another surprise - the Rover was now a Corvette. Lowering himself into the candy-apple red car, he decided he could get used to this, too. He was also pleased to find that the road had become paved, which shortened the trip into town... especially when you were doing ten miles over the limit. He smiled.

Part Five: Shopping - The Bar - Slut-Bitch

Mike returned after a marathon nine-hour shopping spree. Once again, the city had been even larger, and offered a wider range of boutiques and specialty women's shops. He had found himself window shopping for an hour before he'd entered the first store. He had started shopping, and found himself enjoying it immensely, and he had finally stopped only when that undeniable tug to go home had gotten strong enough to be annoying. It took several trips to lug all his purchases inside, but finally he had everything in and put away. He had changed into a simple white dress that came to his ankles, enjoying the feel of the soft fabric next to his skin.

He sat in the easy chair for a few hours, watching TV, until the 11 o'clock news came on. The entire time, he lightly stroked his body through the silk fabric of the dress. He turned the TV off, and started for the bedroom... then stopped, as a naughty thought came into his mind. Blushing furiously, he went into the museum, then went into his room.

He pulled off the dress and lay on the bed, slowly fondling his body, focusing on his firm breasts. When he became thoroughly aroused, he picked up the object from the museum - a slender, pink dildo. Slowly, he inserted it and began to masturbate, his body rocking in time with the thrusts. The orgasm, when it came, was much more powerful than the first, and he continued using the dildo until he came a second, weaker time. Sighing, he rolled over and dropped off to sleep.

* * * * *

He awoke the next morning with a plan in mind. He started with his customary cup of coffee and cigarette, then headed for the bathroom for a shower.

He took the slim dildo with him, and was under the spray for nearly half an hour, partially washing, partially using the small dildo to great effect, sliding it erotically over his firm, shapely body before sliding it with a slight gasp into his hot, wet cunt. He drove it in and out, feeling his vaginal muscles squeezing the plastic as she worked up to an orgasm, her body shuddering with the pleasure.

Next, she climbed out and dried off, then sat in front of a mirror, and carefully did his make-up, paying close attention to every detail, enhancing his pretty features. With the same care, he picked her clothes. A pair of tight blue-jeans that clung to his legs. A Tight black T-shirt over his large, braless breasts. And a pair of black leather thigh-high boots with a 3 inch heel.

Smiling at the image presented in the mirror, he grabbed his purse and headed out the door. A short, fast drive into town, and he pulled up to the first phone booth he found. In no time, he found what he wanted, listed under 'Specialty Clubs and Bars.' Fifteen minutes later, he pulled the sporty car into the parking lot of a local lesbian bar and climbed out, and anticipatory smile curving his full, gloss-red lips.

Inside, the bar was smoky, a heavy pounding beat more felt than heard. He lit a cigarette in self-defense, and began to cruise around. Immediately he discovered that about seventy percent of the women he wasn't even interested in looking at - too fat, too thin, too dyke. .

. He walked up to the bar and ordered a beer, and sat on a stool, sipping the cold Heineken, waiting to see what developed.

Before too long, he heard a stool next to him creak, and he turned to appraise his new neighbor. His gracefully arched eyebrows rose, liking what he saw. He held out a slender, long nailed hand.

"Hi. I'm Michelle" he introduced himself.

"Cori" the other woman replied. She was a tall, muscular black woman with a long mane of dark hair. She was muscled, but still feminine, with large, firm breasts in a tight, dark red spandex crop-top. She wore blue-jeans and a pair of black leather 'combat boots' with a custom 1 1/2 inch heel. Her eyes were dark, liquid, and long lashed. She eyed Michelle, and asked in her rich, erotic voice. "Have I seen you in movies?"

Michelle nodded. "Yeah. I'm an actress" he 'admitted'.

"I thought I recognized you," Cori said, a slow, sensual smile forming. "You looking for a little bit of fun?"

Michelle returned the smile. "Oh, I might be able to fit you into my busy schedule." he said slyly. "Care to go for a ride?"

Cori nodded, and paid for both of their drinks. Michelle stood, and Cori wrapped on strong ebony arm around Michelle's waist, and walked with him out to his 'vette, climbing in. Michelle started the engine, revving it for a couple of seconds. He leaned over the gearshift, and Cori's lips met his in a long, deep kiss. Then, he dropped the car into gear, and floored it.

Accompanied by the distinctive smell of burnt rubber, the sports car squealed out of the lot, sliding onto the road and accelerating like a bat out of hell. Michelle set some sort of land speed record as he aimed the red bomb on wheels home. Cori held on tightly, her face split by a dazzling grin.

He led her inside his house, and she eyed the 'decor' with pursed lips. "Quite a collection you have here," she said to Michelle, looking at the displays in the 'museum'. Idly, she ran one long, black finger up and down a large, black, strap-on dildo, and turned to him, an erotic question in her eyes.

"Later," Michelle said, wrapping his arms around her "it'll be your turn. Right now . . ." He took another, smaller strap-on off the wall, this one double-ended. He led Cori into the bedroom.

Slowly, erotically, they undressed each other. Michelle freed Cori's ebony breasts, leaning forward to suck lightly on her large, dark nipples. Cori moaned softly, and removed his shirt, her long, dark fingers caressing Michelle's creamy globes. They finished undressing and fell into the bed, their naked bodies entwined, light on dark, as their full lips met in passionate hunger and their hands moved over each other's soft, silky skin.

Michelle broke the grip, and picked up the dildo. Sliding then end up into his damp cunt with a gasp, he fastened the straps. Pretending he was male again, he positioned himself, and slid his 'dick' into Cori and began to thrust.

The fiction that he was male was hard to maintain - with every thrust his large, firm tits bounced on his chest, his nipples engorged and sensitive. The little moans of pleasure he made were very feminine, caused by the feel of the dildo sliding in the slick confines of his pussy. He watched Cori's face writhe in pleasure as he drove her closer and closer to orgasm. Finally, Cori screamed as her body was rocked by ecstasy, and a few seconds later Michelle's own, much weaker orgasm followed.

They lay together, the dildo still connecting them, as the gently kissed each other's lips. Then, Cori gently pulled away. She undid the straps holding the dildo on him, and took it with her as she padded into the other room. Several minutes passed before she called for him.

He entered the room, and stooped dead, his nipples swelling as the low heat in his crotch became a roaring fire. Cori was an erotic vision of black-on-black. Her feet and legs were encased in Michelle's spike-heeled black leather boots. A black leather corset, cinched deliciously tight, pinched Cori's waist into an exaggerated hourglass below her dusky round breasts. And strapped to her crotch, thrusting proudly from her silky, muscular thighs, was the large black dildo.

Cori approached him with a slow, sensuous strut, her eyes gleaming. She backed him against a wall, her muscular arms braced to either side of him, 'trapping' him in place. Cori forced her lips onto his, kissing him hungrily, almost viciously. Their firm breasts pushed erotically against each other, and Michelle began to fondle Cori's firm, full ass.

Cori moved her hips, and Michelle gasped as the smooth plastic filled her sopping pussy. Cori's hands grasped his full ass, and she lifted him against the wall. He wrapped his long, silky legs around her full, dark hips, and began to toss his head in pleasure as Cori began to pound the dildo deep into his cunt.

It was the most incredible sensation he had ever experienced. He didn't even notice his head whacking off the wall as he moaned and begged for more, his hot, wet vagina spasming as he built towards climax. Finally, in a wave of ecstasy, a thunderous chain of orgasms shook his petite body, and he screamed unrestrainedly as he shuddered and writhed.

Cori didn't stop. Still bucking her muscular hips, she lifted him from the wall and carried him into the kitchen. Laying him on the table, she climbed atop him, and began to increase her incredible, driving rhythm. She brought him to another series of teeth-rattling orgasms as she pounded him into the table. And still, she did not stop.

Michelle learned how powerful Cori truly was as over the next two hours, she continuously drove him to the heights of pleasure over and over. He quickly lost track of how many different positions, how many orgasms he thundered through, his brain turning into nothing but one giant mass of unthinking pleasure as Cori worked the tireless plastic dildo in a thousand subtle ways. When the muscular black slut-bitch finally released an exhausted Michelle from his orgasmic torment, he rode the diminishing afterglow down the long tunnel towards sleep.

Part Six: Reassuring Cori - The Club - Birthday Presents

He awoke the next morning, laying on the living room floor. Slowly, he sat up, wincing as he did so. His entire body was stiff and sore, with bruises on his head and ass, and rug burns on his shoulders, knees and elbows. But the worst was the pain from his over-used vagina. His silky legs were covered with the dried residue of the unbelievable session of lesbian lovemaking.

Stiffly, he set the coffee maker in operation, for now ignoring the note next to it, and awkwardly to a long, hot, soothing shower, pulling on his softest silk negligee after gently toweling himself dry. He returned to the kitchen, avoiding the shattered

sugar bowl that had been on the table, and now lay in a thousand glittering fragments on the worn linoleum floor. Taking the note and his coffee, he eased himself into the chair next to the idol and lit a cigarette.

Dear Michelle, (the note read)

That was obviously your first time in that bar. Otherwise, you would have known what you were getting into with me. Because it was your first time, I took it easy on you, but you're probably still feel sore this morning. This isn't for everyone, I know, and if you're not interested in a rematch, I'll understand. But I hope we can still be friends. I'm catching a cab back to town - one of my regular 'catchers' is waiting for me. If you want to talk, or get together for lunch or a movie, call me - 621-2764

Cori (p.s. - I love the way you drive!)

Michelle grunted - Cori took it easy on him? It was an interesting experience, and incredible while it was happening, but the aftermath was another matter. And she had lovers who did this regularly? Thinking it over, he realized that the pain wasn't really that much worse than a really bad hangover, and in college, he'd willingly gotten royally pissed often enough, knowing exactly how he'd feel the next day. He supposed it was the same sort of thing.

Not willing to do anything to strenuous, he decided to just sit and watch some TV. He picked up the remote, and flipped the TV on, flipping through the late morning shows, looking for something to watch. Finally, on channel 22, he found the 'Channel 22 Midday Movie' logo flash up, and he decided to see what was coming on.

Almost the instant the title flashed on the screen - "Fraternity Vacation" - he knew that whatever paranormal intelligence that resided in the idol wouldn't pass this up. He was right - the idol flared to life, and he was once again sunk into that emotionless daze that announced it's power.

The daze lasted for the longest time yet, the entire two-hour length of the movie. He felt his body slowly changing during the course of that time, slowly altering itself. The pain of his(her) body also faded, and he(she) felt the idol's power moving through his/her mind, changing thought patterns he/she'd held for her entire life. She found herself sliding emotionlessly into a new, more feminine mind frame. Her thoughts, memories and personality were left basically untouched, except for a new, more complete acceptance of her femininity. It was the wealth of new feminine skill and habits that the idol introduced into her brain. She also watched without reaction as the room around her seemed to writhe and change.

Finally, the glow faded as the end credits rolled across the screen. She blinked as it released her from the daze, and performed her now ritual re-evaluation of her changed life.

As always, it started with an exploration of her body. She got out of the easy chair and walked to the bathroom to survey her new body in the full-length mirror. She was mildly surprised to find few changes - her previously C-cup breasts had swelled into D-cup size, and her lips had become fuller, and more sensual. Other than that, she was physically unchanged.

A survey of the house turned up some new changes. Apparently, her popularity had increased with her bra size - her reviews were more numerous, and for larger roles bigger-budget films. The house was cleaner than before, with more expensive furnishings, and a phone was installed. To her shock, the house itself was actually larger - each room was approximately twenty percent bigger than it had been before. Her bed had gone from a single to a queen size.

The note from Cori - well, not exactly from Cori - had also changed. The paper and the handwriting had remained the same, but the text of the message had changed:

Dear Michelle, (the note read)

You got really drunk last night at the bar, girl. Otherwise, you would have never asked me to show you why I was a lesbian. Because I was drunk too, I took you up on the offer, but we're probably both feeling sorry this morning. It isn't for everyone, I know, and if you're not interested in a rematch, I'll understand. But I hope this won't hurt our friendship. I'm catching a cab back to town - I'm too ashamed of myself to face you this morning. If you want to talk, or get together for lunch or just cry or yell at me for taking advantage of an old college friend who've I've fantasized about for years, call me - 621-2764

Corinne

(p.s. - I'm sorry. But I love you, and last night was a dream come true. Please, forgive me.)

She read the note over. Obviously, Corinne had been a friend for years, and was still a lesbian. Since her new body wasn't sore, Michelle deduced that last-night love-making - from Corinne's memories - was a slower, gentler, more. . . friendly encounter. Michelle found herself becoming aroused at the thought, and she picked up the phone and dialed.

The phone was answered by a machine, and Michelle left a message asking Corinne to meet her at the mall's Food Court at one o'clock. Having given herself plenty of time, Michelle took the opportunity for a long, hot bath, her hands caressing and fondling her firm new breasts. She had brought her cigarettes and coffee in with her, and her sensual bathing lasted until the water cooled enough to be uncomfortable. She hopped out, feeling refreshed, and towed off. She carefully did her make up, considerably less subdued. Eyeing herself in the mirror, she mimed blowing a kiss to herself. Smiling to herself, she dressed in a tight black spandex dress that clung enticingly to her new curves, and a pair of matching heels. She was heading out the door when a thought occurred to her - she went into the museum, and picked out a page-boy cut wig in a gorgeous shade of red. She pulled it on over her own close-cut hair and admired how she looked. Swinging her purse over one slender shoulder, she trotted out to the 'vette and brought the engine roaring to life. As she sped down the highway, she noticed the city had changed again - just down the hill from her house, a college had sprung up, it's campus thronging with students.

Pulling into the slightly larger city, she found herself glad she had given herself lead time. The mall had changed location, and it took a half-hour of asking pedestrians for directions before she finally located it. She felt like her ego was about to burst - nearly every person, male and female, she'd asked for directions had recognized the 'famous' actress, Michelle LeCroix.

Humming to herself, she parked the shiny red sportscar, and headed into the mall, her firm ass swaying enticingly beneath the form-fitting dress.

Although she was fifteen minutes early, Michelle was surprised to find Corinne waiting for her. As the black woman stood and waved to catch her attention, Michelle eyed her appreciatively - Corinne was still remarkably fit and athletic, but had lost quite a bit of her muscle mass in the last change. Not that she realized it, of course.

"Hi, Corinne" Michelle said, giving the black woman a brief, but sincere hug. "Glad you could make it."

They sat down. "Look, Michelle..." Corinne started nervously. Michelle laughed and took one of Corinne's hands in both of hers. "Look, love," she said sincerely. "Last night was a wonderful new step in a deep, important friendship. I don't begrudge a thing. And, although I'm not looking to make a steady diet of it, I certainly am more than willing for a second go - and, after that. . . "

Corinne smiled, relieved. "Great. So we're still on for night-clubbing tonight."

Actually, Michelle had really hoped for a replay of the lovemaking she'd never experienced last night, but wasn't about to push. She faked a smile. "Of course, wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Great!" Corinne replied. "By the way, love the hair girl. Really chic." She pronounced the word like Chick, instead of 'sheik', and Michelle winced slightly.

"Thanks" she said wryly. "So, what do we do between now and tonight?" Corinne looked surprised. "Shop for something hot to wear, of course."

The next few hours were spent going through the mall, looking for the 'perfect' outfit for tonight. Michelle found her 'look' early - a gold lame dress that hugged her like a second skin, and matching pumps with a 3 1/2 inch heel. For accessories, she picked a gold necklace with a pendant heart that hung in the cleavage displayed by the low-cut dress, plus a gold bracelet, a gold anklet, and a pair of long gold and silver earrings. A silver chain belt was fit tightly around her waist.

Corinne was harder to please. She ended up buying a black denim skirt that fit tightly and encased her hips and legs until just above her nicely dimple knees. The top was a black spandex crop-top with netting in a two inch wide stripe down the middle and sides, displaying the cleavage created by the tight-fabric pushing her dusky globes together. A pair of black leather strap sandals with a 2 inch heel adorned her feet, and subdued pewter jewelry completed the look.

With time to spare, they grabbed a quick bite at the food court, then headed back to Michelle's house. They had decided to leave the car there and take a cab, so they could both drink. They had almost two hours to kill.

"So, how about a shower before we get ready?" Michelle asked nonchalantly. "Sure" Corinne said. "Sounds good. So, who gets the first turn?"

Michelle's smile widened. "Who said anything about taking turns?"

Corinne's eyes widened, and she giggled. Michelle took her by the hand and led her into the bathroom. She started the water running, then slowly began to undress Corinne, taking her time, and lightly kissing her every few minutes. Corinne was a little stiff at first, but soon loosened up, and reciprocated both undressing and kissing Michelle.

Soon they stood under the spray of warm water. Michelle produced two bars of soap, and they began to lather each other's body, not hurrying. Their kisses deepened, becoming more passionate. Slowly working her way downward, kissing her friend's silky body, Corinne knelt, grasped Michelle's buttocks, and pressed dusky lips against her ready cunt.

Michelle twined her fingers in Corinne's hair as her friend's long, supple tongue began to work inside her womanhood, causing Michelle to gasp softly in pleasure. A long, slow orgasm built, more a wave than the sharp firecrackers she'd had before, but equally pleasing.

She eased her friend to her feet, then repeated the process in reverse, pleasuring her dusky companion eagerly, tasting the sharp tang of her friend's juices anoint her probing tongue. When Corinne's hips bucked into orgasm, she finished, and slowly stood. They finished the shower kissing, and rinsing each other's body off, paying special attention to each other's engorged, flushed nipples and firm, round breasts.

They dressed in their new outfits with unneeded, caressing help from each other, and did each other's make-up. They smiled at each other as Michelle called for a cab to pick them up. Then, she and Corinne walked into the museum to pick out a wig for Michelle.

"What about this one?" Michelle asked, holding up a simple, shoulder-length chestnut 'do.

Corinne smiled salaciously. "No girl, go all out tonight" she urged, holding up the most ridiculously overdone wig in the collection - a long, curly, massive wig of platinum blonde tresses. Michelle protested, but Corinne wheedled her into trying it on. They headed towards the full-length bathroom mirror so Michelle could see the whole look.

As they passed through the living room, the statue flared into bright green life. Dazed, Michelle watched without emotions as the room rippled and changed. A second bedroom appeared between the bathroom and her room, as the bathroom expanded becoming larger. Michelle's mindless gaze shifted as her body began to change, and she watched her dazed friend changed.

The clothing stayed the same, but the body inside of it changed under Michelle's gaze. Corinne's dark, full breasts began to expand, passing through D-cup, DD, DDD, EE, and halting at last at an enormous F-cup, the spandex top changing to contain her massive new endowments. Idly, Michelle thought that they could now share bras, as her own breasts grew to the same incredible measurements. The wig fused to her head, the massive mane of pale hair becoming her own. She felt a warmth spread through her body, centering on her breasts and crotch. The glow faded, and the two massively endowed women were released.

"Hey, roomy," Corinne said brightly, unaware of any changes. "I hope that cab get here soon." She sighed and stretched languorously, doing interesting things to the mass of flesh inside the crop-top. "I am soooo ready to party."

'So, we're roommates' Michelle said, jiggling and swaying to the bathroom, staring in horror at the enormous tits threatening to burst from the top of her over-strained dress. She couldn't believe the idol would do this to her. "Uh, Corinne. " she said hesitantly. "I'm not sure . . ."

" 'Corinne'?" The stacked black woman snorted, tossing her head. "Mikki, what has gotten into you, girl? Only my momma calls me 'Corinne'. And Don't tell me you're backing out of you're own birthday club-hopping."

Mikki forced a smile. " 'course not." She said, seeing no graceful way out of that one. Until minutes ago, her birthday was still months away. "I meant the outfit." She said, somewhat lamely.

"Girl, in that dress, you're the very goddess of. . ." Cori began, cut short by the sweep of headlight through the window, and the sound of a horn. "Come on girl, that's our cue."

Sighing, and shooting the idol a dirty look, Mikki followed her friend out the door, trying to get used to the momentum of her massive, heavy breasts swaying with every step. They climbed into the cab, and the cabby had to force himself to keep his eyes on the road the entire drive, finally depositing them outside of the club, Koko - Yo's.

The two massively endowed women swayed and jiggled into the club, men's heads turning to follow their passage. The heavy, driving beat of the dance music shuddered through her body, sending little ripples through her huge globes. Mikki was fairly sure that none of the men could describe her and Cori's faces if their lives depended on it.

"Mikki" a voice shouted over the din. "Over here!". Cori nudged her, pointing. "There's the guys."

The 'guys' turned out to be their boyfriends. A tall, slender black man was Cori's date, handsome in a 'basketball' type of way, long and lanky.

Mikki's boyfriend turned out to be a handsomer, more muscular Jerry DeNultry. He smiled at her, and handed her a beer as he slipped an arm around her slender waist and gave her a peck on the cheek. "Hey, you look great, Mikki." He said sincerely - looking her in the eye, rather than the cleavage. Mikki was impressed. "Thanks" she said, finding herself flattered by his sincere affection. She took a nervous pull at her beer.

The foursome found a table at the edge of the dance floor, and a second round appeared before them. Mikki finished her first quickly so as not to fall behind. She was surprised to find her heart pounding as Jerry snuggled closer beside her.

They sat and talked for awhile, smoking and drinking. Because it was her birthday, Mikki was being supplied drinks by the other three, and didn't realize just how much she was drinking. She found herself beginning to relax, and found herself enjoying herself - the three companions had the easy, familiar camaraderie of long friendship. When they decided to head out to the dance floor, Mikki took a deep breath and let Jerry lead her out onto the floor.

Dancing was truly an unusual experience - every gyration caused her mighty endowments to shake, sway and bounce in the most interesting way. Several male dancers within eyeshot fell over their own feet as their concentration suddenly broke in the face of such overwhelming feminine attributes. Mikki found herself giggling at the sight.

Finally, they left the floor, sweating from the exertion. "So, you ladies ready to head out?" Cori's date, Brad, asked. Mikki nodded, her head starting to ache from the driving music. They headed for the door, Jerry going ahead to get the deskman to call a cab for them.

They stood on the sidewalk making small talk until it appeared. They piled in, and headed to the apartment that it turned out Jerry and Brad shared. They paired off and sat on the couches, turning the TV on for background. Mikki found it slightly difficult to catch her breath.

Jerry leaned over, his lips pressing firmly against hers. She hesitated for an instant - then closed her eyes and gave into the inevitable, opening her full lips and letting his tongue enter her mouth.

Despite her fears, she wasn't repulsed - the kiss was as wonderful as any she - or he - had ever felt, and she began to respond, sliding her hands behind his neck and kissing back hungrily. Her body shivered in pleasure as his strong hands lightly caressed her hard nipples through the dress. It felt so. . . good. Inside her head, she held a brief, last ditch argument with herself - then pushed her enormous breasts harder against his hand, enjoying the warmth of his contact.

Slowly, he peeled off the straps of her dress, pulling the top of it down, allowing her enormous, firm breasts to spring free. On the other couch, Mikki saw that Brad and Cori were ahead of them - her enormous, dusky tits were not only hanging free, nipples erect, but Brad was undoing her skirt. Then, all thought of the other couple vanished as Jerry's warm mouth enveloped her enormous, highly sensitive nipple.

She entangled her fingers in his hair and moaned as his lips worked on her right breast, while his hands massaged her other. The sensation was wonderful. She never wanted it to stop.

"Mikki. . . " she heard Cori moan, and Mikki opened her eyes, focusing on her friend.

Cori was naked on the floor, her heel in the air, as Brad slowly, teasingly worked his hard cock in and out of her soaking pussy. Cori smiled languorously, then wiggled her tongue suggestively. To Mikki's surprise, Jerry lifted her to her feet and peeled off her golden dress. He guided her to where Cori lay, and lowered her down into a crouch over Cori's face. Mikki gasped as Cori's tongue entered her pussy and began to flick over her sensitive, wet clit. Jerry knelt in front of her, his hands returning to massage her huge tits as he kissed her lovingly.

Mikki pulled away from his gentle lips. "What. . about. . you?" she gasped, waves of pleasure rippling through her cunt.

"Hey, babe" Jerry said softly. "It's your birthday, so it's your party. Cori told us about your occasional suggestion that you two try each other, and thought this was the perfect gift to give you." His hands continued to tease her nipples as he spoke.

Mikki blinked. Jerry was passing a chance for sex for her sake? Through the steady throbs of pleasure, her mind locked on the selfless act's sheer kindness. She couldn't just leave him unrewarded. She'd never be able to live with herself. "Stand. . . uhhnnnn. . . up, Jerry" she moaned. Mystified, he did.

She stared at the bulging crotch of his jeans in front of her face, psyching herself up - then reached out and unzipped his pants, pulling them and his boxers down to his knees.

His flushed, hard cock, sprung up. It was somewhat larger than Mikki's had been when she'd been Mike. It throbbed slightly with each beat of his heart. Slowly, her small hands touched it, feeling it's flushed heat in her palms. Slowly, she caressed the veins along the shaft, her hands coming to rest cupping and lightly fondling his balls. She leaned forward, and for the first time took a hard, ready cock into her mouth.

It slid between her glossed lips with a satisfying warmth. Her tongue hesitantly, slid along the penis filling her mouth, then she began to suck on it lightly, her tongue gaining courage as it began to work Jerry's head and shaft with building enthusiasm.

Brad, seeing what she was doing, changed his pace, and, leaning close to Mikki's spread thighs whispered to Cori, 'Wait until I say.'

Mikki was fully into her first blowjob, enthusiastically working on her technique. Her mind ran over everything that, as Mike, she had enjoyed, and applied it to her new experience. She felt his testicles contract, and squeezed lightly and thrust her lips tightened around his shaft. Brad, who had been watching intently, shouted now, and drove deep into Cori.

All four came simultaneously. Brad started the chain, shuddering as his hit cum gushed into his coffee-colored girlfriend. The thrust triggered her own orgasm, and she screamed her pleasure into her roommate's cunt. The vibration of her powerful voice and her frantically working tongue set off Mikki at the same instant that Jerry's cock jerked and he came.

Mikki writhed in orgasm as the hot, salty liquid filled her mouth. She tried to swallow the entire load, but the task was impossible, cum spurting from her lips and dribbling onto her immense breasts in a stream. The quartet gave one final shudder, then fell apart, collapsing on the floor.

"Thanks, love" Jerry whispered, lightly stroking her mane of hair. Cori dragged herself to where Mikki lay, and began to lap at her cum- splattered tits, causing bolts of pleasure to radiate from her stimulated nipples.

Part Seven: Mikki discovered the most perfect 'alarm clock' in the universe.

It started as she slowly arouse from her dreamless sleep. A warm, pleasant sensation radiated from her nipples where Jerry was slowly, teasingly licking them to erection. His hands were slowly working up and down her satiny skin, their warmth sinking into her soft flesh.

His hands then rose and began to gently kneed her gigantic, firm tits as his mouth met hers in a long, tender, loving kiss.

Gently, he began to roll into position above her, and she dreamily spread her soft, silky thighs for the first time to accept a man. Careful to keep his weight off of her, he gently placed her slender ankles atop the smooth, tanned skin of his muscular shoulders. Slowly, his hard cock entered her rapidly warming vagina.

She gasped, and wrapped her long-nailed hands around his wide neck as the head of his penis entered her cunt. With smooth, steady strokes, Jerry began to make love to his overendowed girlfriend.

She moaned softly as he started out slowly, his cock sliding over her clit with intensely ecstatic friction. His rhythm slowly built, sending her towards a crest of pleasure. Mikki began to move her hips to take him deeper inside him, stunned at the new sensations filling her body. She began to toss her head side to side, gasping his name as he built her closer and closer to the ultimate moment - then slowed, easing her down a bit. She gasped.

He continued to work the cycle gently, lovingly, each time the wave of pleasure growing as her cunt become more and more sensitized. Finally, as his own climax neared, he increased his speed for the last time.

When the climax came, it was an unbelievable string of intense orgasms that shook Mikki's body and mind. Her enormous tits quaked as she screamed his name, her clenching muscles milking his seed from his gushing cock. Finally, the orgasms subsided, and she slowly rode the afterglow down, his lips tenderly pressed against her own. Certain sounds from the next room indicated a similar, but more energetic, occurrence.

Mikki and Jerry showered together, kissing and touching each other softly. It turned out she kept some clothes in his closet, and dressed in white lace panties and bra, a pair of worn white jeans, that clung tightly to her hips and firm, rounded ass, and a tight, brilliant canary yellow T-shirt. She was awed to find the bra marked '58 F'. She slipped her feet into the shoes from last night, the only thing she had for footwear. Thankfully, they matched her outfit. Her pale hair, still damp, was no longer wavy and bouffant, and the tresses hung all the way down to her shapely calves.

The four of them ate breakfast together, a friendly, laughter filled occasion. Mikki enjoyed the easy banter with Jerry's arm firmly wrapped around her waist. The nagging sensation to return home had been obscured by their lovemaking, but was now the strongest she'd ever felt it, almost approaching the threshold where it would pass from annoyance to pain. She had no trouble talking the guys into giving her and Cori a lift home, and slightly after noon, they arrived at Mikki and Cori's house.

Mikki sighed softly in relief as she crossed the threshold, and the pain vanished. "So, what do you guys want to do?" Cori asked, smiling at Brad.

Brad looked thoughtful. "How about a game of Trivial Pursuit?" he suggested. The suggestion was roundly acclaimed, and the game was brought out and set up.

As they played, Mikki found herself in the warm embrace of friendship she'd never experienced as a lonely young man. She glanced at the Idol, resting unassumingly on the tiny table beside the easy chair, wondering how and where it had come from, and what sort of intelligence it commanded. Then, her turn came up, and she returned to the game.

Several hours later, they finally finished amidst shared laughter and friendly insults. Technically, Brad won, but it was obvious that none of them were experts in trivial knowledge.

"How many GOLF BALLS are on the moon?" Mikki giggled. "I didn't know there was even one, much less THREE of them."

Jerry laughed easily. "Huh. . . guess you could say that the astronauts returned to Earth without their balls." Cori leaned over, grimacing, and slapped him playfully on the arm.

"That's awful." She said with mock severity. "Everybody knows it's not the balls that count - it's the size of your club." Jerry threw up his hands, surrendering. "Okay, I give up." He declared. "Cease fire."

Mikki grinned as they put the board away and headed into the living room - and the idol flared to brighter life than ever before.

This time was different - Mikki felt no daze as she, and her friends, began to change. Slowly, they all shed years, becoming younger, and stopping at roughly twenty- to twenty-two years old. Cori's breasts remained the same immense size, but her hips widened and she became a little more muscular again, making her breasts less outrageous - but still huge. Her clothes became a deep purple, crushed velvet dress with matching pumps.

The guys stayed about the same except for their age, and their clothes, which reformed into tailored tuxedos. Mikki though Jerry looked gorgeous in his.

She herself began to change, her body altering as well as her clothes. She looked at the glowing statuette, squinting, and watched in wordless amazement as the idol slowly faded from existence.

Jerry looked at his watch. "I hope you girls are ready" he said, with mock aggravation. "We don't want to be late for our grad party."

"Just a second" Mikki said, shocked to hear it emerge in a lovely, lilting Irish brogue. She ducked into the bathroom, and closed the door. She surveyed her new self - her permanent self - in the mirror.

A full head of glorious red hair surrounded a smooth face that, for the first time, bore no resemblance to the man she had once been. Glorious, emerald green eyes regarded her from a face that was pretty, in a strong, intelligent way with a firm chin and full lips.

A gorgeous silk dress in elegant black clung to her body and fell to her shapely ankles, a slit up one side allowing her to bare one spectacular leg. Her new body was tall and somewhat rangy. Dressed as she was, she looked stunningly elegant, with

slender hips, a wasp waist, and firm, DD breasts. Yet, with her wider shoulder and toned body, she knew in a pair of jeans and a baggy man's shirt, she would be the essential, almost tomboyish outdoors woman.

Slowly, she left the bathroom, walking with a firm, authoritative, yet graceful feminine stride. She smiled brilliantly at her friends. "All right, I'm ready" she announced marveling at the cadence and accent in her new voice.

Jerry snapped his fingers. "Oh, I almost forgot." He said, reaching into his pocket. His face had begun to turn a ruddy shade, and his casual tone was to obviously affected. Slowly, he removed a small, velvet box, and knelt before Mikki, whose heart had suddenly flown to her slender throat and began to flutter alarmingly.

"Mikki, my love, my life" Jerry said softly, removing a ring from the box as Cori and Brad watched, simultaneously stunned and ecstatic. "Will you do me the honor of agreeing to become my lifelong companion, the bearer of my children? Will you become Mrs. Marianne DeNulty?"

Mikki looked down at Jerry's adoring face, and thought of her life as a lonely, marginally successful writer with no close friends and no hope of marriage. Silently, in her inner heart, she blessed the intelligence behind the idol, thanking it for choosing a point to be in her new life where she could experience her own wedding to a loving, handsome man.

"Yes, I will" Mikki sobbed. And, to the applause of her friends, the young, healthy, beautiful, and unimaginably happy woman bent and kissed her fiancé.

THE END...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a young writer goes to a bar to socialize, he meets up with a woman who performs witchcraft and transforms the writer into her "plaything."

If You Could...

By Gunslinger

Part One

With almost comical concentration, the slender, sandy-haired young woman sitting on the floor very carefully rolled the thin, fine Zig-Zag paper around the dried green buds inside, bringing the slender white tube up to her lips to lightly lick the faintly yellow strip of adhesive to seal it closed. Pulling it back from her lips, she stared at it for a long moment, assuring herself that it looked right. Placing the finished joint on the edge of the ashtray, she looked around the room, then began to frown.

"Greg...?" She called, uncertainly.

"Coming...!" A voice called back. A second later, the voice's owner came into view. Slightly above average height, the young man with the shock of dark hair and the full beard was carrying two large glasses of fruit punch. Dressed in a pair of baggy jean shorts and an even baggier gray sweat-shirt, he looked almost too comfortable for words. "Just thought a couple of drinks were in order, Chrys."

She smiled. "Good idea. C'mon, siddown..." She patted the spot beside her, and Greg very carefully handed her one of the glasses before lowering himself to the floor with the same exaggerated care.

Greg grinned rather foolishly to himself. As a writer, his social life wasn't exactly 'jumping', because you had to find friends who understood that there were weeks when you were writing up a storm and didn't want to be bothered at all, and then there were the weeks when you were 'blocked', and almost desperate for distractions to get your mind off the frustration of not being able to write a word. So, Greg was very happy indeed that Chrys, who he hadn't seen in almost three years, had dropped by unexpectedly. It was also nice to be sitting so close to a warm, feminine body - even though Greg knew, rather regretfully, that nothing could possibly come of it. Chrys and he had hashed that one out years back, in what (at the time) had been a hideously embarrassing situation for Greg, who'd tentatively tried to see if the friendship they shared could move in a certain direction... and had found out that Chrys was a 'semi-bisexual lesbian', to use her own words. Though she occasionally slept with men she found almost overwhelmingly attractive, her main interest was in other women - and, regretfully, she'd had to inform Greg that she just didn't consider him as one of those men. Greg, of course, knew he wasn't any 'stud' - though not unattractive, he was rather bland looking. His body was reasonably fit, and not fat - but lacked any serious muscle mass or definition. His face wasn't ugly - but it wasn't particularly handsome, either, lacking any features that were really outstanding. As he joked, he had a nose-shaped nose and lip-shaped lips on a face-shaped face, which was about as accurate a description as any - if not for the beard he'd grown, practically in self defense, he would have looked like a computer mock-up of an 'average' Caucasian male.

Of course, they'd got over the rough patch that the misunderstanding had caused, and had remained strong friends, even when Chrys had moved away. To see her again was... well, wonderful.

Neither Chrys nor he were 'serious' users. In fact, it was one of the things they shared in common that made them such close friends - both Chrys and Greg had an allergic intolerance for alcohol that kept them from drinking. So, when they really

wanted to celebrate something, they would share a couple of joints. Even when they'd lived in the same city, that had only been two or three times a year, and this was the first time in three years that Greg had touched the stuff - and they were kind of making up for lost time, both of them very 'mellow' indeed.

Which, of course, brought them into the situation of conversations that - in other circumstances - would be downright strange. Even as she lit the last joint of the evening, Chrys continued the one they'd been on...

"Yeah, so like I was saying..." She said, then paused for several long seconds, passing the joint over. Then, with a rush of expelled air, she continued. "...Janice got me into Wicca, taking me to this neat little shop down on the Boulevard. I never realized being Wicca could be so comfortable... I don't wear anything but natural clothes anymore, except for work..."

She reached down and grabbed the hem of her off-white, natural-cotton dress (which Greg thought she looked absolutely great in), and rubbed it over Greg's lower leg, exposed by the jean shorts he was wearing.

"Hey, that's nice.." He agreed, passing the joint back. "So, what's it like, being Wiccan? You worship flowers and trees and stuff, right?"

Chrys giggled. "Not quite - Wiccan worship the forces that shape nature and the world around us. Lots of people think we worship Mother Nature, which is kinda right, because what they think of 'Mother Nature' is part of what we worship - Gaia, the Earth Spirit. You know - the fundamental forces that shape the world."

"Cool..." Greg said, a bit vaguely. "So, the whole, you know, 'magic' thing about Witches.. uh, Wicca.. is just hype, scare tactics by non-Wicca?"

"No, not exactly..." Chrys grinned. "Wicca says that if you can get in tune with Gaia, you can, kind of, control the forces around you. The way Janice explained it, the forces are like strings, laying all around us, and if you can learn to 'play' them, like a guitar, you can change the tune of the world around you."

"Oh - like what?" Greg asked, taking a long sip of the drink to kill the 'throat tickle'.

Chrys shrugged. "Like anything, if you know how." She giggled. "C'mon, Greg - what would you do, what Majick would you perform, if you could? You now, just about anything at all?"

'Cast a spell on you to make you fall madly in love with me...' Greg thought, regretfully, his feelings for Chrys not diminished in the least. He didn't say it, of course - her friendship meant a lot to him, and by tacit agreement, they pretended Greg had never, ever told her of his feelings for her - which was hard on him, but something he was willing to do in order to keep the relationship they did have, as close friends, intact.

Instead, he began to blush as his 'second' answer came to mind. In a few seconds, he was almost as red as the juice in the glass he held.

Chrys caught the look, and grinned. "C'mon - spill. What would you 'Majick' up, if you could?"

"Well..." Greg admitted, still blushing furiously. "I, uh... I'd like to see what it would be like to, um... be a woman..."

Chrys, who was mid-way through taking a sip of her drink, spluttered, spraying fruit punch over an inoffensive plant. "What?"

Greg - practically fluorescent - shrugged. "Yeah, well - I guess most guys wonder, you know, what it would be like..."

"You're serious, aren't you?" Chrys asked, with a giggle.

"Geez - I'm sorry I said anything..." Greg muttered, embarrassed.

"No, no!" Chrys protested. "Actually, I think that's really kinda neat! I mean, most guys would never admit, even to their closest girl-friend, that they're, you know...curious. I think it's really sweet and brave of you to admit it. To tell you the truth.... the thought is kind of a turn on for me..."

Greg blinked. "Really?"

Chrys giggled again (something she only ever did when she was stoned.) "Yeah. I mean, I really like you - but you just don't do it for me. Imagine the fun we could have if you were a woman, though - and a hot little number to boot.

Greg blinked, his cock - not realizing it had been offended - stirring in his shorts. "Really? The thought of me being a woman... turns you on?"

"Yeah..." Chrys said, seductively. "Not only would getting my hands on you, as a sexy woman, really get me off - but do you know how turned on I'm getting just imagining you, as a woman, learning to seduce men to see what it feels like...?"

Greg's blush, impossibly, brightened. "Hey, c'mon - that's not what I meant!"

"Liar!" Chrys accused, with a laugh. "If you have ever wondered what it would be like to be a woman, you've thought about what having sex as a woman would feel like..."

"Hey, I...!" Greg started - but Chrys knew him too well. "Okay... but that doesn't mean I'd actually, you know, try and find out, even if I was female..." He grimaced. "That would just be... too weird."

"Yeah... right..." Chrys said, sarcastically, cuddling (platonically) up next to him and closing her eyes. "I can just see it now - me, teaching you how to be a woman, how to act and dress and all... playing around with you myself, while teaching you how to get men to do just about anything you want..."

Greg, closing his eyes, cuddled up more firmly against her, putting his arm around her - and letting himself imagine that this position was more than platonic, as he rather vaguely went along with the hazy day-dream she was lost in, more interested in savoring the feel of her body next to his.

Before either one was aware of it happening, they'd drifted off to sleep, arms wrapped around each other's body as they slumped to the floor.

* * * * *

Greg was just beginning to wake up, slowly and dimly - when Chrys' scream yanked him all the way to full (if confused) consciousness.

His eyes snapped open, and he found himself laying on the living room floor, staring up at a shocked- looking Chrys, who was gaping at him. He felt odd all over, but what little thought he gave it was half- formed assumption about sleeping on the floor - the majority of his attention was taken up by Chrys.

"Wha...!" She stammered, her brown eyes wide and unbelieving. "Who... who are you! How did you get in here! Wh... what's going on?"

"What do you..." Greg started to ask, confused...

...then stopped in utter shock and confusion at hearing the voice that the question was emerging in. Gasping in disbelief, Greg's hands flew towards his throat...

...only to be stopped by something in the way. Something on his chest, something firm-yet-giving that pushed up against the T-shirt he wore.

Something that transmitted the sensation of being hit by his arm through his body's nerve network, as if connected to him.

Suddenly, Greg became very, very scared to look down.

"Chrys..." Greg asked, that oddly-pitched, all-too-wrong voice quavering. "Wha... what do I look like to you right now?"

Chrys' eyes had, amazingly, gone even wider, and now one of her hands flew to her mouth. "G... Greg? Is... is that... you? But... you... you... you're a woman!" She gasped, an odd almost unwilling grin slipping across her face. "Oh... My... God...! You... you're the woman I imagined you being, last night...!"

Almost unwillingly, Greg found his eyes dropping downwards...

"Holy shit!" The new woman screamed in a high-pitched soprano, altered eyes widening in shocked horror - or horrified shock - at the sight of her once-baggy sweatshirt now straining tautly over massive protrusions...

Breasts. Though her mind didn't want to accept it, there was no denying that filling out the shirt was the most enormous pair of breasts Greg had ever seen - though never from this particular angle before.

Beyond the out-thrust curvature of that staggering bust-line was a pair of legs... a pair of dark, bronze-copper legs that were shapely enough (for a woman) and completely unlike the legs that 'should' have been sticking out of the shorts - smooth, slender, and all-too-feminine.

"What the hell happened to me!" Greg shouted in horror and fear, hearing the knife-edge of panic in the new voice that she already hated the sound of, though she would have found it 'cute' in other, less bizarre circumstances.

"Calm down, Greg, calm down...!" Chrys urged, her grin widening. "I... I must have... 'pulled some strings', so to speak..." She giggled - and that made Greg jerk as if she'd been slapped.

"This isn't funny!" She shouted, hysterically. "You've changed me into a woman!"

"Hey, hey remember you asked me to!" Chrys pointed out, holding her hands up defensively.

Greg opened her new mouth to answer that ridiculous charge, new finger coming up to emphasize the devastating point and then the new woman stopped dead in that pose, brain vapor-locked on the response.

Chrys burst into gales of laughter at the sight...and Greg chuckled. Only it sounded more like a giggle... which sparked another one, a longer one that lead to a richer, deeper one...

"I guess I did, didn't I?" She admitted, still chuckling. That quickly faded though, counterbalancing the panic and shock until she was more-or-less on an even keel again... with the obvious fact that she was now female to deal with.

"I still can't believe it..." She said, staring down at her body and noticing how fine-boned she now was, from her slender, dark-skinned hands to her tiny, dainty new feet. Compared to the obviously petite body, the gargantuan breasts straining her top were even more outrageous, making her shake her head in disbelief... which caused the new sensation of silky hair flowing across the back of her neck, restrained by it's own mass and inertia, now that it was considerably longer. "What the hell do I look like, anyway?"

"Well, come on - take a look in the mirror." Chrys said, helping Greg to her feet. It was surprisingly easy - Greg had expected to feel severely off-balance, yet she found herself moving with an easy grace that was disconcerting in it's very comfortable and causal nature.

Following Chrys, the new woman padded to the bathroom - and stopped when she saw her reflection in the mirror.

"This is what your fantasy is...?" Greg asked, stunned, tilting her new head and staring at herself.

"Well, you have to admit it's a woman I wouldn't meet in 'real life'." Chrys pointed out, which was true enough - Greg couldn't imagine there were many people out there who looked the way she now did.

She was Asian - a tiny little 'China doll', with the slender, supple build and lack of stature that was more stereotypical than actual. Her entire body was small and dainty, from the tip of her tiny toes to the silky black hair framing her pretty, exotic face.

The only thing not fitting the image was the massive breasts straining at the sweater she wore. They were enormous, about the size of medicine balls - on her tiny, slender frame, they defied both gravity and the imagination, and she found herself wondering once again how she could even be standing upright, much less moving easily and gracefully, considering how incredibly top-heavy she was.

Her eyes were dark and mysterious, tilted upward in an Oriental fold that made them very exotic indeed, thought and motivations unreadable behind the long, dark lashes...

"I look like Lucy Lui..." Greg said, shaking her new head. "Well... not exactly - but close. Except smaller and slimmer... and with a lot bigger tits."

"Hey, what can I say?" Chrys asked, with a grin. "I was just... fantasizing, you know."

"Yeah - 'fantasy' is right..." She murmured, turning to either side and eyeing her massive new bust in profile. "How on earth can I still stand upright with these... things hanging from my chest?"

Chrys grinned. "well, the way I imagined you included some stuff, so I guess that's how you came out, complete with being 'supple and graceful', like I imagined..."

"Great..." Greg muttered. "now - how about imagining me back?"

"Oh, come on - let's not be too hasty. Why don't we... try you out?" Grinning wickedly, Chrys reached out and slid one hand across the fabric-covered curve of one enormous tit.

"Stop that!" Greg exclaimed, pushing her hand away and breaking the disturbingly pleasant contact.

"Don't be that way..." Chrys said in a sensual tone of voice she'd never used in Greg's presence before. "Come on, gorgeous - gimme a kiss..."

Greg opened her mouth to argue... and, shocked, found herself leaning forward, sliding her bronzed new arms over Chrys' shoulders as she bent down... and they kissed.

Greg had often fantasized about kissing Chrys - but never like this. Certainly not as a huge-breasted Asian girl... and certainly not 'uncontrollably'. She just couldn't stop herself from kissing Chrys with a long, slow passion, their tongues dancing passionately as their lips pressed together.

Chrys finally broke the kiss, something Greg was unable to do... and the new woman staggered backwards, eyes going wide.

"What the... I couldn't help myself!" She exclaimed, stunned. "What.. What's happening?"

Chrys laughed. "Well... I sort of imagined that my 'fantasy girl' would be sort of a sex-slave, having to do whatever I told her to do..."

Greg gaped at her. "What?!"

She waved a hand, in dismissal. "Oh, come on, Lay Me - it's no big deal." Greg blinked. "What... What did you just call me?"

She laughed. "Lei Mee Soon - that's the name I thought of for you. Kinky, isn't it?"

"Chrys, what are you talking about?" Greg demanded, as angrily as her high-pitched new voice would allow. "This isn't some sort of game... this is my life we're talking about!"

"Oh, relax." Chrys said - and, unwillingly, Greg found tense muscles relaxing, as ordered. "This is my fantasy. I can do whatever I want. It's no big deal, Lei Mee."

"What's gotten into you, Chrys...?" Greg demanded... or tried to. Her brain sent the words - but what emerged was 'What get in you, Clis?'

Chrys laughed as Greg gaped in shock. "God, that pidgin English is so damned cute. I'm glad I thought of it."

Greg - Lei Mee - blinked at her unconcerned reaction... and, horrified, realized what was going on.

It wasn't him being affected by the inadvertent magic. Well, it was - but only peripherally. The magic wasn't focused on her, it was focused on Chrys. Chrys hadn't 'pulled the strings' to make Lei Mee female, directly, but to live out her fantasy - and so the magic was ongoing.

In short - Chrys was still in a 'dream state', having a sexual fantasy while her mind was still 'asleep', and as in all dream fantasies, little things like 'reality' and 'consequences' didn't matter. Though she seemed to be wide awake, in truth she was still sound asleep, her body only walking and talking because she was dreaming it was. She didn't realize any of this was real...

"Clis! This no d'weam. This real! You wakey-wakey now!" Lei Mee shouted, desperately, trying to get through to the warm and considerate woman whose consciousness lay in a dream-state inside her animate body. "You must wakey, Clis!"

Chrys laughed, her head thrown back... and a part of Lei Mee's mind felt a flash of insight. This wasn't the waking Chrys he knew, but the strong, dominant, care-free woman she wished she could be, the woman she secretly thought she was...

...and Lei Mee felt the sense of panic subside. This was a decidedly unusual situation, one she'd never imagined herself in - but Chrys, waking or sleeping, facing the consequences of her actions or ignorant or reality, was the woman he secretly loved, the one he'd trusted implicitly enough to bare her very soul to. Come what may, Lei Mee was willingly to take the risks...

...for Chrys' sake. Because Lei Mee felt her heart ache at the sight of her care-free laughter. The waking Chrys rarely laughed, and only giggled when stoned. As warm and tender and caring as Chrys was, she had never been 'exuberant' - until now.

"God - that is just the sexiest voice!" Chrys said, the impact of the words not having registered. "Come here, you sexy thang!"

It was an order, and Lei Mee had to obey it - but this time she didn't try to fight it, willingly stepping into Chrys' embrace, letting the taller woman hold her, bodies pressed firmly together as they kissed - and this time, Lei Mee let herself enjoy it thoroughly.

It was...wonderful. Even the unsettling sensation of having huge breasts to press firmly against Chrys' stomach was pleasant, once she allowed herself to see past the 'stigma' of being a 'man with tits'. The kiss, like the last one, was warm and passionate, not forceful or painful... something Lei Mee should have realized the first time. Whether 'unwilling' or not, she was being treated right by Chrys.. and once she allowed herself not only accept the situation, but revel in it - it was fantastic. This time, she felt genuine regret when Chrys broke the kiss.

"Damn - that was a good one, Lei." Chrys complimented the new woman. "Thankee, Clis." Lei Mee grinned back. "Me like kiss, too. You good kisser, Clis."

"Lot's of practice, honey..." Chrys grinned, taking Lei's tiny, dainty hand and slowly leading her towards the bedroom with a sensual stride that Chrys had never evinced in her waking life. This was her fantasy, and she could be as sexy as she liked - and, having placed absolute trust in her innate kindness and consideration, Lei was able to appreciate it as she entered the bedroom that should belonged to 'Greg'... only, since this was Chrys' fantasy, the bedroom had changed to reflect what she wanted. Completely without any planning or force of will, the world around her was changing instantly to conform to her fantasies, and Lei no longer feared anything as Chrys' slender, feminine hands began to pull the gray sweater off of Lei's tiny new form.

Raising her arms, the new Asian woman let Chrys remove the garment, grinning, as her huge new tits jiggled and swayed from the motion.

"God, are those suckers huge..." Chrys grinned.

"You like my big tit, Clis...?" Lei asked, letting herself get into her fantasy. Reaching up, she lightly fondled her own massive, dusky mounds, closing her almond-shaped eyes and moaning in pleasure. "They *soo* good, Clis. You want play with them?"

"You bet..." Chrys agreed, licking her lips. Quickly, she pulled off her beige dress, revealing a body that was naked beneath, and that gleamed as if lightly oiled - both of which were figments of her fantasy made real without the need of conscious consideration. Sitting on the bed, she watched as Lei eagerly, willingly came and sat next to her. Chrys reached out,

her hands cupping Lei's huge bust - and the new woman closed her eyes and moaned again, finding Chrys' expert touch infinitely more pleasurable than her own had been, as Chrys began to fondle and squeeze her massive mounds.

Who knew it could feel so good to have tits? And nipples...!

Lei let herself fall back on the bed as Chrys continued to fondle - and now suck - her massive, round globes of tit-flesh. They were gargantuan, but the extra size seemed to serve as an amplifier for the pleasure, the sheer weight of them on her chest adding a sort of warm-comfortable feeling all on its own, like huddling up with a couple of body-temperature pillows that were softly-firm pressed to her chest. But this big, round 'pillows' also transmitted the caressing sensation of Chrys' hands and lips to Lei's brain, making her body slowly writhe on the bed in pleasure.

Then Chrys' began moving up her body, kissing her neck, then her chin, then her lips... and then she continued sliding upward, until her moist womanhood was positioned above Lei's face.

"Do it, Lei..." Chrys moaned. "lick my cunt..."

Letting her legs slide farther apart, Chrys lowered her cunt to Lei's face - and out of a mixture of compulsion and willingness, the new Asian began to lap at the wet cunt pressed against her lips, striving to provide pleasure for the sandy-blond above her, listening to the sound of Chrys' moans to find out what was right and what was wrong with her techniques as she 'ate hair pie', tongue darting in and out of the wet orifice, lips nibbling at the swollen clitoris. Her hands rose and wrapped around Chrys' ass, pulling her crotch more firmly to her face as she continued to lap and nuzzle reverently.

"Oh..!" Chrys gasped, hips bucking lightly. "Not bad, for a first timer..."

Then Chrys' began to slide back down Lei's new body, pausing to kiss Lei's lips and taste her own musky flavor before continuing on downward. She paused for a few minutes at Lei's enormous bust, making the oriental woman moan with pleasure again... then continued downward.

"Let a pro show you how it's done..." Chrys murmured... then buried her head in Lei's lap, her hands caressing Lei's taut, bronze thighs as her tongue went to work with a deft touch.

Lei gasped as the pleasure assaulted her, unlike anything she'd ever felt before. It wasn't more powerful than masturbating as a man had been, but it was different, somehow more personal - a void being filled, being teased and touched in a way that was emotionally satisfying as well as physically pleasurable. More gasps and moans slipped from the new woman's lips as she continued to wriggle on the bed.

Then it happened - a sharp, sweet burst of pleasure that made her gasp and shudder. It wasn't the most powerful orgasm she'd ever felt, far from it - it was like when she was a young man and had been so 'keyed up' that she'd come in her pants, the lack of direct stimulation to her cock making it a fairly weak orgasm. Unlike then, however, this orgasm didn't 'vanish'

as soon as it happened - instead, a warm, pleasant glow seemed to fill her, the orgasm strengthening desire rather than sating it as she sighed, feeling a deliciously naughty damp warmth in her crotch.

"Oh, that *sooo* nice, Clis..." Lei sighed... then had to giggle at the stereotypical voice she was 'cursed' with, sounding so much like a porn-movie soundtrack. All that was lacking was the cheesy music, heavy on the bass.

"Ummm... I'm glad you liked it..." Chrys said, licking her lips as she came up to snuggle against Lei's tiny new body, one hand lightly teasing a huge, erect nipple as she lightly kissed her.

"This fun, Clis..." Lei admitted willingly, smiling at her friend and lover.

"If you think this is fun, wait until you see what I have planned next..." Chrys said with a grin. She lightly slapped Lei's belly and rose from the bed. "Come on, let's find you something appropriate to wear."

"Ap-opiate?" Lei asked, frowning. "What we do, Clis?"

"We're going out..." Chrys said, sorting through a closet full of clothes.

Lei felt a shudder or anxiety pass through her. The thought of leaving the privacy and 'safety' of the house scared her.

"Come on - put this on." Chrys said - ordered - and, doubtful or not, Lei had no choice but to obey, rising gracefully from the bed and drawing neared to the closet, where Chrys was waiting to show her the ensemble 'Lei Mee Soon' would be wearing when she debuted to the world...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: The continuing saga of how an innocent writer goes out to socialize and is turned into a sexual "plaything" by a woman whose special powers do not stop there.....

Part 2

Lei Mee Soon approached the closet where Chrys stood with a mixture of self-conscious trepidation and nervous excitement.

Which was completely understandable, all things considered. After all - this time yesterday, Lei had been Greg, a physically unremarkable young man with an equally unremarkable life, slipping through life without friction in a sort of self-content daze with ups and downs that tended to even out. Though a writer by profession, Greg/Lei could never have imagined that she would find herself in this situation.

As she walked towards the closet and the outfit of clothing Chrys had chosen for her to wear outside, she was all-too-aware of her altered body. The world seemed to loom around her, her new Asian physique considerably more diminutive - a fact that made the incredibly huge, round breasts thrust from her tiny, bronze-copper chest seem even bigger. The cool air moved over the massive, impossibly firm mounds, causing her large, dark nipples to become fully engorged, thrust from the apex of breasts that swayed and jiggled with every step of her smooth, slender new legs. Her long, silky-black hair fell around her slender new shoulders as her tiny, dainty feet carried her closer to the woman who was, quite literally, creating this scenario out of her fantasies. Not truly 'awake', Chrys - a self-proclaimed 'witch' - had unconsciously tapped into the Ley Lines, the magical 'strings' that filled the ether, controlling reality around her as she was locked into a dream-state that made all of this seem as unreal as any other dream. If she'd wanted to, Chrys could have fantasized clothes right onto Lei's outrageous new figure, but her fantasy seemed to include having Lei dress herself, and so Lei was going to have to do so. She trusted Chrys, waking or sleeping, but that was a matter that soothed her nerves rather than making any real difference - this was Chrys' fantasy, and whatever she wanted would happen, whether Lei was willing or not.

Something she kept firmly in mind as she looked at the outfit Chrys was holding out to her.

"What do you think, Lei?" Chrys asked with a grin, apparently awake and alert, a magical effect of her still-sleeping mind dreaming that she was awake and alert. She hefted the clothes on the three-piece hanger a bit, holding it out to the tiny, dusky-skinned woman she'd inadvertently turned her long-time friend into.

"Is very nice, Clis..." Lei said with a grin that was part play-acting and part magical control through Chrys' fantasy. The imposed, stereotypical 'Asian' accent now in her voice further made her high-pitched voice as unreal as her impossible physique.

Reminding herself that Chrys wouldn't let anything truly bad happen to her - and remembering how good it had felt in bed with her, fulfilling a long-held fantasy of her own, in a twisted way - Lei took the clothing that was offered, and began to dress slowly.

She started with the underwear - white panties that would have been 'plain cotton' if not for the bright pink lace trim at the waist and legs. They were small enough - and 'girlie' enough in design - that they could have been a little girl's panties. Lei drew them up her cute, smooth legs and settled them into place, feeling the smooth/soft fabric across her moist, still-sensitive cunt and swollen clitoris, reminders of what had occurred so recently.

Next came the bra. Like the panties, it would have been a 'girlish' design, matching the panties in color and style - but no 'young woman' would ever have a bra so incredibly enormous. The difference between the slender, short straps and the massive cups of the undergarment only reinforced the incredible nature of her magical figure. The bra was one of the types that could be clasped at the front, which was a relief - Lei didn't want to have to contort herself to try and get the bra done up. This made it easy to put the supposed 'foundation' garment on. The bra actually did nothing to lift, separate, support or otherwise enhance or effect her massive, unrealistically firm tits. It was just so much 'window dressing'.

Next, Lei pulled on the frilly, lacy white blouse, her slender fingers carefully slipping each button through its hole as she felt the smooth, crisp material of the shirt move across her smooth, dark skin.

The next article of clothing was a black skirt. Like the rest of her ensemble, it was 'girly', and would have looked more innocent if not for the fact that the otherwise pretty basic skirt barely covered her panty-covered crotch when she put it on and secured the built-in, silver-buckled 'belt'.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Lei took the white nylons off the little hanger at the bottom of the three-piece rack. Since this was magical fantasy rather than strict reality, Lei wasn't all that surprised to find that she knew just how to pull the nylons on easily and smoothly without damaging them. They were sheer, white stockings that came up to her thighs - the white lace that rimmed the elasticized top of each hose sat just below her skirt's hem, revealing about an inch and half of bare skin between the two.

Next came a fuzzy pink sweater, a cardigan that - once put on over the blouse - revealed a wide white triangle, the material straining over (and emphasizing) her massive bust, the buttons only able to be buttoned once below the massive mounds lurking beneath the blouse.

Chrys looked her creation over, and grinned. "Looking good, Lei. Just a few things to finish up. First, the shoes..."

Reaching back into the closet, she extracted a pair of white pumps with three-inch-high platforms and ten-inch-high heels. The sky-scraper 'stripper' shoes would have been incredibly high for any woman but with Lei's tiny feet, the shoes were actually 'ballet' style. Because the heel-minus-platform was about as high as Lei's feet were long, she'd actually have to stand on tip-toe atop the tiny circular platform that was at the toe, rather than the sole, of the shoe.

"I no can wear!" Lei exclaimed, instinctively. "They too high, Clis!"

"Sure you can..." Chrys said, handing the shoes over and, whether or not she wanted to, Lei found herself pulling them on, realizing that if Chrys wanted her to be able to walk in the shoes, then she'd be able to. Still, it felt both strange and somehow perverted to slip her tiny new feet into the incredibly high-heeled shoes. Shoes that were, in and of themselves, completely feminine. Sure, her outrageous frame was about as feminine as you could get, so the ridiculously high-heeled shoes actually matched, in a way - but Lei's mental image of self-identity was still male, no matter her current body, and the shoes felt fundamentally 'wrong' in a way that the rest of the outfit didn't.

"Okay - now just some make-up and jewelry, and you'll be ready to face the world..." Chrys said, with a grin. Lei knew that arguing would be a waste of time, so she let herself go ahead and do what Chrys was 'imagining' her doing, not fighting the unbidden knowledge that came to mind, leading her to the makeup that was now on a small make-up table with an oval mirror.

With new-found skill, Lei quickly applied some red lipstick and mascara, trying hard to maintain a sense of mental equilibrium in the face of the all-too-feminine actions. Being female was one thing, bad enough in and of itself - but *acting*

female was something else. After applying the make-up, Lei found herself putting a string of 'pearls' around her neck, and big white plastic hoop earrings through her suddenly pierced lobes.

Turning, Lei found that Chrys was fully dressed - as if by 'magic', Lei thought wryly. She wore a simple off-white dress with slightly warmer-colored embroidered accents, simple yet lovely on her supple body. She looked nice, but not eye-catching... which Lei *did* look, which meant that anybody seeing the two of them out there in the big, wide world would notice the huge-breasted, otherwise petite Asian girl, and probably wouldn't be able to describe her companion if their life depended on it.

"That's perfect..." Chrys complimented her. "Are you ready to meet the public, babe?"

'No...' Was the word that came to mind and tried to reach her red-glossed lips... but what emerged was "Yes!".

"Great. Come on!" Chrys said, with a smile. She led the way towards the front door, and Lei helplessly followed her, forced to take short, prissy little steps in the impossibly high heels, a gait that Lei thought of as a 'sissy' type of walk. However, the fact that she could move at all in the incredibly high, thin heels was amazing enough, 'sissy' stride or not.

As they grew closer to the front door, Lei's diminutive heart beat more and more furiously, and if had been possible for her stride to falter, it would have. In a scant moment, she would leave the 'safety' and privacy of the house, present herself for the world to see. Though she knew that nobody could know the truth, an irrational part of her mind insisted that the instant she stepped out the door, crowds would gather and point, seeing her as a man 'dressed' and 'acting' like a woman, her outrageously feminine body notwithstanding. It was irrational, illogical, ridiculous - but that didn't mean its effect was any less, and Lei wished she could just curl up in a corner somewhere and wait until Chrys regained her senses and changed her back into the man she'd been.

However, that wasn't an option - she had no choice at all in the matter. In fact, her short, prissy steps and huge grin made her look excited, eager - when in fact her mind was in a roiling turmoil as she stepped out of the shelter of her house and into the bright sunny day of the world beyond.

As they left the house, lei was surprised to see that a cab was waiting for them in the driveway. However, despite the emotional roller-coaster she was on, despite the circumstances, the 'false' smile on her face became genuine for a moment as she saw the confused look on the cabby's unshaven face. Obviously, he'd been pulled into the 'spell' that Chrys' unconscious mind was weaving, and he'd found himself compelled to drive here, without knowing how or why. In spite of everything, Lei managed to find his expression amusing as she followed her now-taller friend to the back of the bright yellow vehicle and climb inside.

Chrys didn't give the driver any instructions - at least, not verbally. That real grin under the pasted-on one Lei wore surfaced again as she heard the driver mutter a surprised obscenity as he helplessly found himself putting the car into drive and pulling out of the driveway, not knowing where he was heading. Chrys, on the other hand, had seemed to miss the driver's startled reaction to 'mind control' as she turned to Lei.

"I think we're going to have some real fun today, lei." Chrys said, and Lei wondered what 'fun' was defined by under these circumstances. Somehow, she didn't think she'd find it as openly enjoyable as Chrys was going to. Still, she trusted Chrys to not endanger her or cause any sort of permanent, lasting damage. The worst that she could expect was something mortifyingly embarrassing - and nothing could be worse than the way he'd felt when Chrys had gently refused his attentions when she had been male. Besides - nobody would know it was 'him', Greg - they would see the 'Lei Mee' body she was currently wearing, and that was all. Somehow, that provided a slight but positive form of 'anonymity' - though she'd be the one in the circumstance, she wouldn't 'really' be the person everybody thought she was, which was something.

Not much... but something was better than nothing, and since Lei really didn't have any say in the matter, she resolved to enjoy whatever she could of the day - like her recent 'lesbian' encounter - and just grin and bear whatever humiliations she might have to suffer through in the meantime. There was really no other way to handle it, other than to struggle in vain to avoid all of this, and that was most likely to cause her a nervous breakdown if she did. She'd simply have to 'go with the flow', and handle whatever emotions the 'flow' caused at any given moment.

The very confused cab driver pulled the bright-yellow vehicle into the parking lot of a long, low building, set on an expensively landscaped lot abounding with long, rolling lawns of verdant green and carefully maintained hedges and shrubs.

"Here we are, Lei." Chrys said, opening the door to the cab and sliding out without bothering to pay a very confused cabby. This being a fantasy, little things like monetary concerns didn't occur to the 'sleep-walking' witch, and Lei paused for a second.

Leaning forward, she whispered to the driver.

"This is very c'fusing. Is okay. You come my house, later, I pay you for ride. Okay?"

Not getting an answer from the stunned driver, Lei popped open the door to the cab and slid out, shutting the door behind her - which required more 'muscle' in her diminutive new form than it would have as a man, one of the many 'minor' things she was still trying to adapt to about her new body.

His role done in this little 'dreamscape', the cabby's 'spell' wore off, leaving him free to do whatever he wanted. What he did was probably quite understandable - he stepped on the gas and threw it into drive, transmitting the torque of the screaming engine to the drive-train, sending the rear wheels spinning against the pavement, laying a strip of smoking rubber down behind him as he rocketed forward and out of the lot, away from the women related to the unfathomable events that had just occurred.

Chrys didn't seem to notice any of this on a personal level, it not being 'important' in the fantasy she was having.

"Come on, Lei Mee - let's not stand out here all day." Chrys said, eyeing the extravagant building with a grin. With no real choice in the matter, Lei nodded and followed her taller friend towards the glass-and-hardwood doors of the building...

"Clis, no go so fast..." Lei begged her friend, who was striding eagerly towards the building, long legs and short heels making her step easy and quick while the tiny body Lei now wore struggled atop the ballet-shoes she was wearing. Chrys glanced back...

...and without any sensation of 'movement', the two women were standing just inside the building, side by side. Lei nearly toppled over, having been in mid-step at the time of the sudden transition, and she was barely able to catch herself, the massive drag of her most definitely top-heavy form nearly spilling her across the marble flooring of the building.

Standing with his back turned towards them was a tall, slender older man dressed in a dark suit, his silver-gray hair elegantly swept back in an elegant leonine mane.

"Excuse me.." Chrys said, politely enough. The man must have been startled, since there was no sound of the doors opening or closing, but none of the showed as he smoothly turned, revealing a face whose lines were set into a civilized sneer that somehow managed to be servile without being subservient. The 'dark suit' turned out to be a tux, perfectly clean and with creases so sharp they looked lethal.

"Yeeees?" He said, slowly, looking Lei and Chrys up and down slowly, his expression speaking volumes. He had a faintly British accent that was so perfectly smooth and cultured that he seemed to embody everything 'civilized' about the English.

"We'd like a table for lunch." Chrys said, ignoring the man's oh-so-slightly raised eyebrow, which spoke volumes.

"I'm so sorry, Madame, but this is a private club, and unless you are a guest..." The Maitre D' started - and, just as smoothly civil, continued on. "...I'll be happy to show you to your table."

Lei was thoroughly impressed - obviously, that wasn't what he was planning to say, yet he didn't so much as bat an eyelash as the unbidden words slipped from his lips. Even as he turned to lead them to their 'waiting table', he moved with calm assurance, as if having his free-will hijacked was an everyday occurrence. Lei, who felt sympathy for the poor man, did notice the way his muscles tensed under the tux, revealing the desperate struggle he was putting up to regain control of his wayward body... but none of the showed in his face or voice as he politely escorted the women into the dining- room of one of the most prestigious - and exclusive - private clubs in the country.

The large, elegantly decorated room was less than half-full, the cavernous area filled with the low sounds of people eating or talking... all of which died out as the clientele of the exclusive establishment caught sight of the women new entering. Or, rather, of one of the women. Despite her less-than-formal attire, Chrys wouldn't have received this kind of response had she been alone. No, the cause of the sudden silence, of the eyes swiveling towards the doorway was Lei.

She wanted to shrink behind the nearest marble column. She wanted to run from the room as fast as her impossibly high-heeled shoes would let her. She wanted, at the very least, to blush furiously at the sudden attention focused on her tiny, hugely-endowed form.

She was unable to do any of that as she followed a grinning Chrys and a stone-faced D' to a table that was smack-dab in the center of the room, visible from every corner.

"I assume this will be sufficient?" The D' asked...and Lei blinked, because the snooty way he'd asked could only mean that it had been completely voluntary. Chrys had 'imagined' him agreeing to show them to a table, and doing so - but she hadn't specifically 'imagined' him not speaking at any other point, and so he'd been able to talk.

It was the fact that he'd decided to use that ability to make what was more-or-less a sarcastic 'joke' was what amazed lei. Having experienced, first hand, the loss of free-will, she was amazed to find somebody handle it so easily. Of course, he didn't have the added 'handicap' of waking up to find he'd suddenly grown outrageously massive tits.

"This will be fine." Chrys replied, one eyebrow raised. "Thank you."

The elegant, self-controlled man looked them up and down again. "Your attire is - barely - acceptable, Miss - but might I suggest that next time your... 'companion' find something a trifle more... understated?"

"This is no my choice, Mister." Lei told him, quickly. "Me no choose at all... *you* know."

Was that the tiniest of knowing smiles that touched the corner of his otherwise expressionless lips? "In that case, Miss... my condolences."

Without having so much batted an eyelash at the incredible, impossible circumstances, he bowed ever-so-slightly to Chrys, somewhat more extravagantly to Lei, then headed briskly back to his station near the door.

"He get paid much, I think." Lei said, watching him go. Cursing the 'cute' stereotypical accent forced upon her, she turned to Chrys. "Why we here, Clis?"

"Why, for lunch of course." Chrys replied, with a slow and meaningful wink. "Go ahead, have a seat."

Lei did so, looking around at the patrons of the very exclusive club, who were still watching her - though not as openly as before.

The clientele of the club was mostly male, and mostly young - which explained a lot. This was obviously the type of place the very wealthy 'playboy' set hung out, mingled with women of their own social strata.

It was a high-class, very moneyed singles bar. The 'meat market' of the millionaire set... and Lei felt a cold shiver run up her spine at the thought of why she might be here.

She glanced over at Chrys, and found her slowly surveying the room, a thoughtful look on her face. Quickly, Lei scanned the room as well, looking for whatever it was that Chrys was...

"yes... Yes, they should do nicely..." Chrys said in a hungry tone of voice that thoroughly worried Lei. "Come on, Lei... let's socialize..."

Helplessly, lei found herself rising and following the sandy-blond 'bisexual lesbian' as she walked over to a table where to almost offensively handsome young men sat.

The one on the right was blond, dressed in tennis whites that showed off a tanned, fit body. A white cable-knit sweater with a blue-red-and-green collar was tied around his broad shoulders, and the white teeth that showed as he smiled casually were almost too perfect. His companion, dressed in an off-white silk shirt and dark gray slacks, was almost equally handsome, though he wasn't as 'All-American' muscular, and his dark hair was pulled back into a ponytail. His dark eyes were locked on the same point of interest as his friends... Lei's massive, jiggling bust.

"Hi!" lei helplessly chirped, brightly. "Lei Me!"

"That's her name, boys." Chrys said, smoothly. "You'll notice I didn't say '*just* her name', though."

"Hmmm..." The blond one said, sparing a glance at Chrys before eyeing Lei thoroughly. "I'm Devon, and my friend here..." he made a graceful gesture that looked so perfect he'd probably practiced it for hours at home before using it in public. "...is Kyle."

"I'm Chrys." Chrys identified herself. "The table we have is awfully large for just the two of us..." "Please, you come with us." Lei found herself saying, brightly. "I want you both, please..."

Both men's eyebrows went up, and they shared an easy grin.

"Well... I suppose we could spare the time..." Devon said, easily. "We've already eaten, though. We're not hungry." Kyle added.

"I'm not hungry, too." Lei found herself telling them - though, in fact, she was nearly ravenous. "Clis eat, we sit an' talk-talk, maybe?"

"Well, Chrys... Are you hungry?" Kyle asked, grinning easily as he looked pointedly towards the door. "the food here's pretty good... but expensive, and not all that filling. Perhaps we'd be better off... elsewhere."

"Oh... I'm not all that hungry, either...?" Chrys said, grinning in return. "Did you have someplace in particular in mind?"

"We go home, Clis." Lei said, unwillingly. She turned to the guys. "Cute guys come too?"

"I certainly hope so..." Devon said, *sotto voce*, earning him a quick glare from Kyle, who grinned and accepted more urbanely.

"That sounds very nice, ladies." Kyle said, rising. "Did you drive yourselves here?" "No, we cabbid it." Chrys said, and Devon grinned even more widely.

"Not a problem, ladies - we'll take my car." He made a 'follow me' gesture and headed towards the door. Everybody followed, smiling and eager... even though, in Lei's case, it wasn't 'real'.

'Oh, God... how can I get out of this?' She thought, miserably. 'Chrys is going to make me have sex with... with a guy!'

Figuratively, she took a deep breath - in truth, she was chatting in broken English with Kyle, though she wasn't paying any more attention to what she was saying than Kyle was, his dark eyes fixed on her bobbing, swaying tits as she walked.

'Well... I guess women find sex enjoyable, if it's done right...' She consoled herself. 'Maybe... maybe it won't be that bad at all. They don't know I'm really a guy, so nobody will know... and it's a chance that other men never get...'

Still nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs, she slid into the Hummer that Devon owned, heart fluttering like... well, like a virgin about to have her first sexual experience.

The idea surprised her... what she was feeling was actually 'natural', if you looked at it that way. The metaphor had just popped into her head, but it helped settle her mind and emotions to a surprising degree. After all, she was afraid, awkward, unsure, not really looking forward to the emotional turmoil, but willing to admit that the actions themselves would probably feel very good indeed. Given that, she wasn't all that far from any other woman, emotionally it was as if she were a 'natural' woman with a more lesbian bent in her sexuality...

...just like Chrys. *There* was a thought for her to mull over...

However, she never got a chance to do any 'mulling' because she felt Kyle's hand gently touch her knee. It might have been a gentle, somewhat hesitant touch but it rocked Lei's mind like a powerful roundhouse blow.

A man had his hand on her knee !

...and it didn't feel utterly disgusting. Oh, it wasn't terribly enjoyable, physically or emotionally... but it didn't want to make her vomit. It was just a light pressure, a slight warmth, resting against the smooth fabric that encased her cute little knee. A pressure that began to feel a little more physically pleasurable as it began to move, the hand slowly, gently rubbing her knee, feeling... feeling quite nice, especially when it explored a little more, sliding up to her skirt, now touching bare flesh of taut, smooth thigh as the fingers disappeared beneath the hem of her short, black skirt...

...and she slid her legs a little further apart to allow easier access. Not because Chrys made her do it... but out of an instinctive action to increase the pleasure of his touch, to let him grope a little higher, knowing the pleasure would increase if he just went a little further...

'This is wrong!' She told herself, shocked. 'I'm actually encouraging him! I should slam my knees together, stop him cold... but Chrys is planning to introduce me to sex, and I can't stop her. Being 'cold' wouldn't stop it from happening, but it might make Kyle feel bad, and Chrys might 'force' him to have sex against both our wills. Why should I make this any harder than it needs to be, since I don't have a choice...?'

Instead of slamming her knees together, she spread them even wider, giving tacit approval to Kyle, whose hand slid deeper into the shadow of her skirt...

...while his other hand slid into her sweater and began gently caressing her massive, bra-and



SUMMARY: Two roommates try out spells from a famous 16th century "Book of Power" and begin with experimenting with gender change.

An Immoral Book

By Gunslinger

Chapter I: Tom

Shivering violently as the chill drizzle was lashed by the even chillier wind, Tom rushed the last few steps across the parking lot to the minimal wind-break of the small 'patio' of his ground-floor apartment, rummaging through the big pockets of his leather flight jacket for his keys.

A usually unprepossessing man of average height and build, Thomas Duncan O'Neill was now an eye-catching sight - the way a shivering, pathetic-looking wet dog would be eye catching. He was soaked through, his dark-brown hair now looking nearly black, slicked across his head and over his face, where it seemed to merge with the sodden strands of his full beard. His tan slacks, leather 'bomber' jacket and the sand-colored shirt beneath were all equally sodden from the miserable fall weather, and only his feet remained dry, snug within the black leather Garrison boots he wore.

If only the boots weren't so damned *uncomfortable*...

Damp, wrinkled fingers chilled and awkward, Tom managed to unlock and push open the big sliding glass door, stepping into the apartment with a sigh and quickly shutting the door behind him, cutting off the damp wind following him in. Leaning his

ass against the thick plate glass, he bent over and fumbled at the laces of his boots, kicking them aside when he finally managed to get the tight-fitting footwear off.

Dripping, he hurried across the worn beige carpet of the living room and onto the vinyl flooring in the hall, where the water would be easier to clean up. The warmth of the apartment was seeping through his damp clothing - which was almost as uncomfortable as being cold and wet.

"Hey, Dick." Tom said as he passed by the door to the first of the apartment's two bedrooms. "You need the bathroom? I'm gonna grab a shower."

His roommate was sitting at the cheap press-board desk in the back corner of his room, his narrow back turned to the doorway. Though Tom had made no effort to be quiet when he came in, the slender, sandy-haired young man at the desk was obviously engrossed in whatever it was he was doing, and was startled by his roommate's words. His narrow, hawkish face jerked up and over, looking over his own bony shoulder and then his dark eyes went wide behind his stylish, silver-rimmed glasses, and his expressive mouth curled into a wide grin.

"Geez, Tom - you look like the proverbial drowned rat." Richard J. Entwistle said, with a chuckle. "Go ahead, get yourself warmed up and dry - I'll put on a pot of coffee while you're showering."

"You have no idea how good that sounds..." Tom said, gratefully.

"No problem." Dick said. "Besides - I've been dying for you to get home. I've got something I want to show you..." "Oh?" Tom said, one bushy eyebrow rising. "I'll be quick then."

Tom hurried through a warm, relaxing shower, acutely interested to see what his roommate had to show him. He'd roomed with Dick for nearly three years now, and the two of them got along famously which wasn't all that surprising, since they'd been friends since high school, more than ten years ago.

Both Tom and Dick were a bit 'odd', personality wise. Though both loved to read, neither was the stereotypical 'bookworm', each also having an interest in a few 'sweaty' hobbies, though they weren't the 'usual' sports. Dick, for instance, was a martial artist - and not just in the usually-used sense of the Oriental Martial arts, though he had studied Bo, Tae-Kwan-do and Karate. They'd been 'offshoots' of his real passion, which was fencing. Saber, epee, foil - Dick was remarkably skilled in all these forms of swordplay, his almost frightening speed more than making up for his shorter reach.

Tom had 'played around' with fencing - but was more of an 'outdoorsman', preferring camping, canoeing and horseback riding to the sword. Like Dick, however, he had a real interest in history, mythology and the occult, both in fiction and - at least supposedly - non-fiction. Sometimes their shared interest could earn them an odd look or two, especially when they hit the big used-and-rare book sales and walked up to the cashier with armfuls of books that many might have thought 'evil' or 'Satanic' - but both young men agreed with Oscar Wilde, who had once written: 'There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all.'

After a vigorous toweling off that left him feeling almost like a whole new person, Tom wrapped a somewhat thread-bare - but eminently comfortable - blue terry-cloth robe around himself. Dropping a dry towel on the floor, he stepped on it and 'shuffled' his way up the hall toward the kitchen, sopping up the trail of water he'd left behind when he'd come home.

Reaching the damned-near-invisible 'kitchenette' of the apartment, Tom poured himself a cup of coffee and added a dollop of cream. Tossing the damp towel over the handle of the stove, Tom carried his coffee out into the living room, where Dick was sipping at his own coffee and looking down at the object on the coffee table in front of him with nearly paternal pride.

"Draw up a chair, Tom, and take a look at this." Dick said, gesturing at the large, leather-bound book laying on the coffee-table next to their lap-top computer. Placing his coffee on an end-table, Tom slumped down into the big, soft couch with a sigh, then leaned forward to survey Jack's latest acquisition.

As soon as his eyes took in the faded gilt lettering on the cover, he felt his own blood begin to rush.

"Jesus Christ, Dick!" he said, staring at his smugly grinning friend. "How the hell did you get your hands on this?"

With a lofty expression, Dick folded his slender fingers across his chest and leaned back. "The 'Vademecum Internictus', written by Albert Magnus in fifteen-oh-seven, Anno Domino, is one of the rarest of all so-called 'Books Of Power', a lesser-known tome in the same panoply as the much more infamous Necronomicon. Indeed, the Vademecum might be completely unknown, if not for the fact that a partial volume rests in the British Museum, so damaged as to be unreadable."

Tom rolled his eyes at Jack's reiteration of what, for him, was well-known history... but he didn't say anything, knowing this was Jack's way of 'leading up' to the story.

Catching his roommate's long-suffering look, Dick 'broke character' long enough for a quick grin and a wink before continuing on in the same Stentorian tones.

"No other copy of Magnus' famous - or infamous - work has ever been verified, though rumors abound of secret disciples spending their lives re-copying copies of the original manuscript, a new volume being produced every generation. Though no definitive proof of the copy being produced this generation has ever surfaced, there has been rumors that the past scribes of the Vademecum were, to all appearances, normal people leading what seemed to be normal lives, undetected by the general populace as they went about their trade as a butcher, a baker, or a cooper out in California during the 1800's, copying out the Vademecum after a hard day of making barrels. One who's family had no idea what he'd left behind, and whose great-great-grand-children eventually held an estate sale "

" on E-Bay!" Tom finished, triumphantly, knowing full-well where many of their best finds came through. "So - I guess you've been studying it ever since you got it."

"You bet - and it fits perfectly in with our theoretical model." Dick said, leaning forward with an excitement rare to the usually reserved young man. "Tom... I think we're ready to give it a try "

Tom's mouth dropped open as his heart seemed to stop in his chest. The two young men had been following a track that had never been tried before, or at least not to their knowledge - the idea that what was known as 'magic' was actually a very different and advanced branch of mathematics. One where the 'spells' were actually complex algorithms that allowed the alteration of selected parts of the universe itself through mathematical manipulation, with the 'magic words' actually being variables in the great equation. Together, they'd written a computer program to 'solve' select portions of that universal algorithm, but had lacked enough data to input...

...until now.

"You... you haven't tried it yet...?" Tom asked, his mouth suddenly dry. Could they actually have done it ?

"I was just finishing up the input when you got home." Dick said, obviously as excited as Tom was. "It seemed fitting to wait the extra couple of minutes until we gave it a shot."

"great!" Tom said. He scooted over on the couch until he was beside his more diminutive roommate, two sets of eyes fixed firmly on the open 'lid' of the computer and the LCD screen it housed. The program they had written was already loaded and running, presenting a portion of the vast mathematical equation in a visual form. Before, Tom had never seen more than thirty-seven percent of a 'chain', a branch shown in the visual metaphor they'd chosen to use - but now the section showing on the screen was at ninety-seven percent, almost completely linked in with the rest of the unseen graphic representation.

"What should we try?" Dick asked, his voice betraying his hopes and fears. "Because of computer power limitations, this is much as I can pull up at one time - it'll take a couple of hours to 'switch' the view, because of the number-crunching. Even then, this is a static view, rather than a dynamic one - we don't have enough power for a 'real-time' alter. Look..."

The smaller man gestured at the bottom right hand of the screen, where a timer was running. It showed '00:00:17:23'. The last set of numbers was scrolling, once per second, and Tom realized that Dick had added a timer for how long the screen had been 'paused' - rather than describing the section of the universe as it was, right now, the screen was showing what it had been like when the numbers had been crunched, seventeen minutes ago. The longer they took to decide what to 'edit', the more out-of-date the data would be, and the more unpredictable the results. After all, they were doing this via computer, and the GIGO rule applied - 'Garbage In, Garbage Out'.

"Hey..." Tom said, blinking. "How was magic done originally? There were no computers available...?"

Dick grinned. "Actually, I have a theory - the ancients used to 'pre-compute' the spell, allowing a lead time for however long it took them, on average, to work out a spell - which could have been years. That's why the 'pre-written' spells in the Necronomicon and other books don't have any power, now - they're miscalculated, being hundreds of years out of date."

Tom snapped his fingers, his agile mind jumping immediately on Jack's thesis. "Stonehenge! It's a 'slide rule', allowing fairly easy conversion of pre-calculated spells to the right time!"

"That'd be my guess... and since we don't happen to have our own Stonehenge handy, we'd better decide what we want to do for a test run before this set of datum gets to far behind." Dick said, jumping from the theoretical to the practical.

"Right." Dick said, frowning in thought. "Well, whatever we do for a test will have to be limited in scope, because of the computer limitation... and we'd better make sure it's something 'here', so we won't get any awkward questions..."

"That's a problem..." Dick said, and Tom lifted an eyebrow. The shorter man shrugged. "These spells don't 'lock on' to a location very well. In the 'equation', location is fairly vague - it's all in direct reference to 'life-force', which seems to be the point-of-reference for magic."

"So..." Tom said, thinking. "It's easier to specify a person than a place. I guess that makes sense. Then, I guess the safest thing to do is 'edit' one of us."

Dick frowned. "You sure that's a good idea? This is our test-run after all. What if we get an unexpected result?"

"That's why only one of us will try it." Tom said. "If anything goes wrong, we have an 'out' the ancients never had - we can save-and- restore the data, so we can revert to the original equation if we screw up."

Tom grinned. "Good thinking. So - are you volunteering?"

"I guess I am." Tom replied. "Okay, now - what's a good acid-test? I don't want to try becoming a fire-breathing dragon or a toad, but it should be something definitive..."

"A slight-yet-obvious change.... With 'slight' being a relative term..." Dick said, thoughtfully. "Hmm... Maybe an age-change?"

Tom frowned and shook his head. "No - I think that's too risky. What if we 'undershoot' or 'overshoot'? A spell that lands me outside of my life-span could be trouble. I mean, I'm not sure about God, the Devil and souls... but since I'm not sure, I don't want to take any risks. Life-and-death chances are out, thank you very much."

"Good thinking." Dick agreed. "So - what's that leave?"

Tom looked thoughtful - then grinned, snapping his fingers. "I've got it - a gender change."

Dick looked startled, then grinned himself. "Still human, about the same age - but a definitive change, nonetheless. Okay - let's see if we can do it."

Tom felt a wave of doubt pass over him as Dick began to peck at the keyboard. What if something went wrong? Hell - what if something went *right*? He'd be turned into a woman...!

...but, if things did go right, it would only be a temporary change... and he was as curious as the next guy, wondering occasionally what it was like to be female. Not that he wanted to give up his masculinity, not permanently - but it would definitely be interesting to see how the other side lived, so this 'short-term test' could also have some other 'fringe benefits'...

It only took a few seconds for Dick to make the changes - despite the mental bias of each gender, there was actually fairly little difference between them, physiologically speaking. Tom watched as his friend and roommate finished editing the equation - and then reached immediately for the enter key.

Tom's eyes widened and he opened his mouth to stop Dick, even as his body tensed in awkward anticipation. He wasn't ready...!

...and he also wasn't fast enough to keep Dick from pushing the button. Nothing happened.

Dick slumped, feeling like an idiot - it would take time for the computer to 'crunch the numbers', anywhere from a few minutes to a few hours. That would give him plenty of time to prepare himself for the change... except for the fact that he was now (figuratively **and** literally) on the edge of his seat, since there was no way of being sure when the computer would finish, and the spell would kick in.

"So - what do we do while we wait?" Dick said, sitting back and picking up his coffee.

"What's this 'we', paleface?" Dick dead-panned the punch-line of the old joke, then grinned, grabbing his own coffee. "Well, I guess we just sit and wait. I don't want to be doing anything, really, when the change hits - we don't know what it'll be like, so I can't know how I'll react."

"Oh - and if you knew exactly when and how it was going to happen, then your reactions would be a lead-pipe cinch to predict?" Dick asked with a knowing grin - and Tom had to grin back. He was now faced with a question not many people ever had to seriously consider - 'How should I react while/after being turned into a woman, magically?'.

Assuming everything worked like they hoped... well, as Tom half-hoped, half-dreaded. At the moment, he felt like he was on a roller-coaster, just cresting the top of that first, tall rise - excited and scared and slightly nauseous. The coffee, fine a minute before, tasted too bitter and thick, and he put it aside impatiently.

With desultory small-talk that held a nervous, disconnected edge to it, the two friends simply waited, passing the time. To Tom's ears, the old clock on the wall sounded unbelievably loud as it ticked away the endless seconds, the seconds that seemed to somehow be rushing at an unbelievably fast rate - yet, somehow, with eons passing between each thunderous 'tick'...

The irony of it was, Tom was so busy 'getting ready' for the change that when it hit, one hour and twenty-two minutes later, it came as a surprise. There was an instant's warning, a strange... 'thickness' to the air, as if unseen molasses was running over Tom's body, allowing him just enough time to gasp Dick's name...

..and then he changed.

Time seemed to come to a dead stop as Tom's perceptions suddenly became infinitely clearer. Though he alone could perceive it, the universe actually... *shuddered*, dragged to a screaming halt in the middle of it's routine business. In that instant, that 'pause' in time, the code that defined everything and everybody in the universe was altered, a tiny, minuscule change in the vast equation of the universe...

...and then time started again, billions of people unaware of the momentous event that had actually occurred in 'non-time', outside of the flow of the universe as everybody knew it...

...but it's effects more-than-obvious to the two individuals sitting in a ground-floor apartment. More 'visually' obvious to one, but more 'sensationally' obvious to the other, as they stared at each other across the coffee-table that held a average, every-day laptop computer that now just happened to be able to alter the universe itself.

"Holy shit...!" Dick said, gaping. "Tom... is that *you*?"

"I... I think so..." The figure across from him said, in a stunned voice that was, undeniably, feminine. She glanced down and spoke in a warmly feminine tone that, under the circumstances, was eerily composed. "Well, it certainly seemed to work. Lucky I was wearing just the bathrobe - since my clothes didn't change, this could have been very awkward..."

Then, as the impact of what she was seeing and experiencing finally got through, the woman on the other couch shuddered and slumped backwards on the couch, breathing heavily.

"I... I'm really a woman!" She gasped... and, without thinking, yanked the robe wide open to hesitantly touch the new flesh beneath. As an incidental effect, the self-exploratory disrobing also gave Dick quite an eyeful, even before he flushed deeply and yanked his eyes away from the naked figure of his feminized friend.

Despite the fact he was no longer staring at the woman Tom had become, however, Dick could still see the image of her in his mind - and there was no doubt at all that the spell had worked completely and utterly. Hesitantly, he shifted his eyes back towards Tom, the reality matching his memory as he tried not to stare.

There was some of the original 'Tom' in the woman who was hesitantly feeling herself up. Her hair was the same shade of dark brown - though it was a little bit longer and much softer, silky in fact. Likewise, her height and build hadn't changed all that much, making her a little on the tall side for a woman, with slim hips and broad shoulders.

Not that she looked the least bit masculine. No, the person sitting in Tom's place was all woman. Her build only gave her an 'athletic' look, supple and toned - even more so that Tom had appeared original, because the same muscle-mass, translated, seemed more pronounced, despite being hidden under a smooth layer of feminine fat that gave her tones, smooth curves. Her waist, though not model-slender, was trim and well-defined, and her legs and ass were, almost literally, mouth-watering...

...and nestled in a small patch of dark pubic hair between the taut thighs of those legs were the newly-formed lips of Tom's new womanhood, over which her not-dainty-yet-definitely-feminine fingers were slowly roaming.

Blushing furiously, Dick yanked his eyes upwards - which didn't help much, as they were now focused on a pair of melon-sized breasts, firm and round. The other short-nailed hand the new woman boasted was roaming over the softly-firm flesh of her smooth, creamy mounds, as if looking for something - and the hand paused as it hit the large, frankly feminine nipples her new breasts supported.

With a final effort, Dick yanked his eyes all the way up to the new woman's face. Too broad to be 'beautiful', it was still an attractive, open female face - in other words, about as inherently attractive as Tom's original, slightly bland face. It was even marked by the feminine versions of the 'character lines' Tom had boasted as a man, most noticeably the smile-lines around his now fuller, feminine lips and big, usually-cheerful dark eyes - eyes that were currently wide and slightly glassy in shock.

"Uh... Tom..." Dick said, blushing. "Maybe you should, uh... cover yourself up..."

Tom stared blankly at Dick for a second, as if the words were in a foreign language - and then the new woman blushed furiously, yanking the robe closed over her athletic, supple body. Even covered her firm, melon-sized breasts were obvious, not only pushing out the dark-blue fabric in an almost defiantly feminine way, but providing a awkwardly mouth-watering view of cleavage from the way the robe didn't-quite-close in the middle, never having been designed to handle this particular set of curves in it's expected owner.

"Oh, geez..." Tom said, hearing again the warm, feminine contralto that came with this body. "Sorry... It's just a bit of a shock..."

"I can imagine." Dick said, taking a deep breath. He managed a grin, even if it was a little ragged. "Well, now we know how you react to being turned into a woman. Typical male - just start 'feeling her up'..."

"Hey!" Tom retorted, shifting around to find a comfortable position - all her 'old standby' positions, the ones she'd once found most comfortable, weren't any good with her new body, especially given the fuller, more firmly padded derrière and the less-constricted crotch... and the reason why that crotch was less constricted caused a mixed emotion of curiosity and queasiness to roll through Tom. She diverted the thought by asking a question. "Why the hell are my tits so damned big? I mean, I can't really get a good look at myself, but I feel an awful lot like I used to, in terms of weight and balance and stuff... except for this tits..."

"Oh, well - you gotta remember that the equation was a little bit 'out of date'..." Dick said, forcibly pulling his eyes from where they'd - quite naturally! - focused, given the topic of conversation. "Though I set it up to turn you into the female version of yourself, there was still some 'variables' in the equation."

"Oh. That makes sense..." Tom admitted. Slowly, the new woman rose from the couch and stretched, trying to get a feel for the differences in the new body she wore as she moved one set of muscles after another. "The weird thing is, except for the weight hanging on my chest, I don't feel all that different. Even having a.. uh,..." She flushed, brightly. "...a pussy doesn't feel all that strange, at least not under these conditions."

"Well, your build and weight and height are all nearly the same - just redistributed a bit." Dick said. "After all, I didn't want to stray far from the original template - even your face is just a feminine version of your old one. Why don't you go take a look in the mirror?"

"Okay... as soon as you hit the 'reset'." Tom said, firmly.

Dick blinked. "So soon? I thought you might, uh..." He trailed off, afraid of giving offense.

Tom chuckled, her rich new voice well suited for the warm, friendly sound. "Oh, don't bang your head off a wall trying to be 'careful', Dick - it's still me inside here... and yes, I'm sort of curious. More than I'm curious about this body, though, is the fact I want to make sure I can change back - and we know I'll have this body for at least an hour after you hit 'enter', so I can, uh... 'experiment' a bit while the computer's processing, then get the relief of knowing we can reverse it. I think we can, hope we can, trust we can... but I'd like to be sure."

"Yeah - I guess you would. Sort of 'nice enough to visit, but wouldn't want to live there', huh?" Dick said as he re-loaded the original layout of the equation and 'advanced' the time-line to update it. He hit 'Enter', and the machine began processing the restored equation. "Okay - it's running the numbers now."

"Good." Tom said. "Now, if you'll excuse me - I'm going to introduce myself to myself."

Even walking out of the room turned out to be a 'learning experience'. Out of unthinking force of habit, the new woman tried to walk the way she'd always walked - as a man. She immediately discovered that the simple act of walking was defined quite a bit by body-type... and gender. Her first few strides - long, strong and firm - caused her new breasts to bounce and sway in a most pleasantly distracting manner - but one that would quickly become annoying, and then painful.

Pausing, the new woman tried very hard to convince herself that Dick would not snicker at her no matter how ridiculous those first few steps had to look - so it must have been the computer's hard-drive spinning... or something. Flushing, she took a deep breath and tried again, this time rolling her hips more and letting them sway side-to-side. The first few steps were awkward - though not as much so as her masculine attempt, and she quickly found there was a natural, easy rhythm that her body felt comfortable doing, even if the additional twist-and-swivel of her hips seemed strange to her. At least her firm, slightly-smaller-than-volleyball-sized breasts weren't bouncing and swaying as much, though there was definitely some motion going on under the front of her robe. She immediately understood why 'full-figured' women rarely went braless, despite what her masculine mind preferred. Then again, Tom like 'good sized' breasts, not overly large... though, as an odd side effect, Tom now knew why any fairly large-breasted woman either wore a bra, or tight clothing - it wasn't a statement of fashion or sexuality, but necessity. Something had to restrain all the extra movement of mass that Tom now knew to be very poorly located in relation to her center-of balance. Though not all that heavy in absolute terms, the fact that they were at the front of her chest, projecting out from the arm-of-movement for her torso, gave the inertia of her firm new rack extra 'oomph', especially when she turned her torso suddenly - like when she spun around to glare at Dick's facetious 'Work it, honey.'

"You're not helping, you know." Tom said, one eyebrow going up as she glared - blushing furiously - at her friend. "With tits this big and fairly slim hips, I really have to move my hips to counter-balance. It'd actually be a hell of a lot easier if my hips were wider."

"Hey - don't look at me!" Dick protested, raising his hands in mock-terror at the glaring woman. "I didn't specify those chest-melons of yours."

Tom's glare faltered as a quick, quirky grin crossed her fuller lips. Despite the strange situation, she was the same person inside as she had been as a man - and Dick was the same guy he'd always been. Despite some awkwardness generated by Tom's sudden gender- reversal, the same bond of friendship kept Tom from feeling 'alienated' in this strange body.

"I'll be back in a bit." The new woman said, turning away and continuing down the hall.

There was a full-length mirror mounted on the wall outside the bathroom, mostly used when the guys were getting ready for a date. Now - tuning back to make sure she was out of Dick's line-of-sight - the new woman spread her robe open and surveyed her temporary new body.

She wasn't a beauty queen - but she was definitely a fit, attractive young woman, with only the size of her remarkably firm new endowments pushing her outside the 'average' envelope for 'athletically cute'.

Looking at her similar-yet-somehow-radically-different face, Tom blew out a sigh. As a man, she'd found her somewhat limp hair forever flopping in front of her face, and her new, slightly longer mass of silkier hair seemed inclined to behave the same way. Tom reached up to push it aside...

...then paused and, quite consciously, tried that cute little 'flip of the wrist' motion he'd seen women use time and again.

She wasn't sure whether to be surprised or not when she discovered it worked beautifully. With her old hair, it would have - literally - 'flopped', falling back onto her face. Her new hair, however, was considerably finer, and a little more supple - and the movement threw it back, to settle gently into place, the moved section of hair not 'heavy' enough for its own weight to dislodge it again, as would have been the case with her old hair.

Mildly bemused, Tom turned her attention from her face and let her eyes drift slowly downward... while, awkwardly, letting her hands slide over her new body, the somewhat smaller, thinner appendages trying to get used to the feel of the smooth, feminine skin under them.

She started at her waist, slowly letting her hands glide over a slightly more trim stomach than she was used to. Pulling her somewhat more agile arms backwards, she let her hands lightly glide over her fuller, firmer ass - and was a bit surprised at how much more sensitive that part of her anatomy was.

For her male mind, slowly sliding her hands down to her legs was 'uncomfortable'. Not because she was fondling herself as a woman, an act that her male mind found as enjoyable as her female flesh made it feel, but because she was a female

version of her male self - which meant her legs weren't shaved. The body hair was finer, and there was less of it, but Tom had the leg-hair to be expected of a twenty-nine-year-old woman who had never shaved her legs.

Leaving the flesh of her quite-shapely new legs, Tom let her hands glide upwards - to where her remarkably firm new breasts rode high and round on her chest, like a pair of flesh-colored honeydew melons.

If melons had been half as firmly soft as these, though, no store would be able to keep them in stock. Tom had to let out a soft - and, to her ears, embarrassingly feminine - sigh of pleasure as her hands once more roamed gently over her firm new endowments. The first time, she'd been somewhat numbed by shock, but this time she could let herself experience what having your breasts fondled felt like from the inside - and she could understand why women enjoyed foreplay so much. Fondling her breasts firmly-yet-gently (*and mentally swearing never to try the 'tuning in Tokyo' nipple-twist on a woman again*), Tom found herself getting aroused, partially by having her hands filled - overflowing - with firm, succulent breast-flesh... and partly because of what having one's breasts fondled felt like. It wasn't quite like anything she'd ever experienced before, the closed simile she could come up being having somebody lightly fondle his cock - though spread over a much large, softer surface, without any loss of pleasure.

Her nipples, now fully engorged, were on the same scale as her new breasts - and lightly fondling and very carefully pinching them felt much like somebody fondling and tweaking the end of a cock she no longer possessed, only shrunken and doubled and repositioned.

She was in no way amazed - but a little embarrassed - to find that her ministrations were causing a whole new set of sensations. Just minutes before, she'd claimed that her new womanhood didn't feel much different then it had when she'd had a cock, except for the fact that she was no longer 'hanging out'... but now there was a very different sensation indeed, a sort of liquid warmth that was underlaid with a sort of low, slow urgency that wasn't altogether unpleasant. In fact... it was quite damned pleasant, especially to somebody used to male arousal, where a building pressure, both psychological and hydraulic, made for a strong imperative. In the case of her new gender, however, there was no great '*Right Now!*' need to the urgency, allowing it to be enjoyed in-and-of-itself... while leaving no doubt that, if left long enough, the urgency would rise beyond the *Right Now!* point that a male was at quite a bit faster... and, because of the way a woman's sexual equipment functioned, there was no 'automatic cut-off' in the form of unwanted or premature ejaculation. A woman's arousal could just continue to build until satisfied...

...which lead to an interesting thought...

Though she could feel herself blushing, Tom didn't hesitate in least, eager and excited to answer a question she'd bruited about more than once - to herself, of course - while she was male. Shooting a guilty-yet-eager glance over her shoulder, she padded into her bedroom, closing the door behind her and letting her robe slip to the floor. With quick, excited movements, she hurried over to her bed and lay back on it, pausing long enough to plump up her pillows and prop them against the head board, allowing her to lounge comfortably as her hands continued to tease and touch her full, ripe new rack.

Then, comfortably positioned, face a flaming red from the guilty interest, she let her hands glide slowly downwards, past her firm, athletic stomach to the light down on her upper thighs.

For a second, she merely pushed down lightly on either side of her new woman, trembling from an odd mixture of guilt, pleasure and anticipation. The pleasure surprised her - just a gently firm pressure on either side of her now-wet new vagina created a very pleasant sensation deep inside...

...but nothing compared to the way it felt as she slowly but firmly slid one finger into the moist confines of her new vagina.

She arched her back and gasped as her finger was embraced by the warm, wet walls of her new womanhood, her finger gliding smoothly-and-firmly across her new - and unbelievably sensitive - clit. She thought that her nipples had felt like the head of her old cock - but her new clit felt like the hyper-sensitive head of her old cock, the way it had felt just after ejaculating, so intensely pleasurable as to be almost painful - but not quite.

Gathering her lower lip into her mouth and lightly biting down with her even white teeth, the newly feminine Tom began to masturbate, her hips instinctively bucking in slow, undulating waves to match the easy, experimental touch of her finger as she gently - and erotically probed around for the method that brought the most pleasure for the auto-erotic action.

It wasn't hard to find what felt the best, her finger bearing down slightly on her clit with each 'up-and-out' stroke, followed by pressing deeper and straighter for the return thrust. Part of her was still 'separate' enough to find the fact that she was wishing for something large and longer to do this with rather embarrassing - but even more of her wondered what it would feel like to have a dildo in her hand, filling her new cunt the way it was begging to be filled...

The pleasure was building to climax, and Tom found that she was unconsciously gasping, sharp little exhales timed to her thrusts... and then the gasp became a long, drawn-out moan as she reached what was, quantitatively, a fairly weak orgasm, since she hadn't given her new female body enough time to 'warm up' for the full effect.

So, her first female orgasm was 'second rate' - it wasn't like she had an owner's manual for her new form. Besides - even 'second rate', an orgasm was an orgasm, and this one thundered through her and left her slumped in a pleasant after glow...

...as her finger continued to play with her even wetter womanhood. Suddenly, Tom understood the strange, feminine separation of 'good' and 'bad' orgasm. As a guy, she'd only experienced 'good' orgasms, and hadn't truly understood what a 'bad' orgasm could be...

...until now. though she'd just felt the sharp, painless explosion of an orgasm, it hadn't done anything to satisfy her still-low urge. Unlike a man, there was no definitive 'end' to sexual desire in a woman, just ebbs and flows. It wasn't too bad, now, but Tom could clearly see how a truly aroused woman getting a 'bad' orgasm would actually be *worse* off than when she'd begun... and hence, had something men didn't ordinary worry about, *unsatisfactory* sex!

Here she was, female for the first time in her life, having been female for all of - a quick glance at the clock on the night-table... - half an hour, and she'd already tripled or quadrupled her understanding of women. This wasn't the 'day to day' stuff that confused men, though Tom was sure she could discover the root of those, too, if she stayed female long enough - but what she'd already learned was stuff she'd never have been able to completely comprehend unless she'd done what she'd just done, pushing aside doubt and guilt to experiment freely with her new body and gender. The sheer volume of available information - and sensations that were created in 'learning' - was stunning.

It was with a guilty reluctance that the new woman extracted her finger from her sopping new cunt, smaller nose wrinkling slightly at the unmistakable odor of female arousal, somewhat less 'musty' in her case because she was 'squeaky clean' inside...

...which, with sudden realization, was why her breasts were amazingly firm. Though ripe and mature, they were 'brand new', and so hadn't suffered the adverse effects of gravity during a feminine youth she'd never experienced. Interesting...

...mulling over the implications that any new form a person chose through magic would be 'newly minted', Tom gathered up her robe and wrapped it around her body, pulling the door open...

...to find Dick 'lurking' beyond. Startled, Tom let out a little shriek... then, instinctively, yanked the robe closed again....

...then, blushing furiously, paused to perform the unaccustomed action of making sure that the *upper* half of the robe was closed, as well.

"What the hell are you doing ?" Tom asked, shame and shock making her snappish.

Dick coughed, obviously looking for the best phrasing - and then, shrugging, asked in a yearning voice: "What was it like?"

If it had been possible for Tom's blush to deepen, it would have. She stared at Dick - and realized that Dick must have wondered as much as she had, before finding out. She paused, some of the shame retreating as she considered the question honestly, unemotionally.

Finally, she shrugged helplessly, her voice rough with frustration as she said. "It's different."

She wished she could explain it better - but it wouldn't have helped. Dick simply didn't have a better frame of reference. "I'm sorry " Tom said, honestly.

"Well... I guess I can always find out for myself " Dick said, as Tom patted him sympathetically on the arm, then stepped into the bathroom for a second shower, cleaning up her new body.

It turned out that soaping up her new body was an interesting experience - and a pleasant one. Very much so... if her male mind was still a little 'grossed out' by the leg-hair she was sporting....

She paused, looking thoughtful. Bending over - itself an interesting experience, what with her new rack - she put the stopper in the drain. Stepping out onto the bath-rug, she dripped all over the tile floor as she rummaged around in the drawers of the cabinet until she found a package of blue disposable razors. Taking them back to the tub with her, she sat down on the edge - shivering violently as her firm new derrière touched cold enamel. With inherently more sensitive skin, Tom could see why women were more aware of air- temperature than men.

Using plenty of liquid soap in place of shaving cream, slowly and methodically (blushing furiously the entire time) Tom shaved off her unattractive leg hair, leaving behind smooth, slick skin that was 'agreeably' smooth and feminine - if pretty badly 'nicked', especially around the knees. Part of her was burning with shame at her voluntarily feminine actions. It was, thankfully, a fairly small part, ingrained homophobia instilled by society and, all things considered, completely outdated and inapplicable to her current situation.

Besides - all of her had to admit, emotional turmoil or not, that her long, shapely legs looked a lot better shaved...

Toweling off and letting the tub empty, Tom pulled the robe back on and stepped out of the bathroom. The way the apartment was laid out, there was a little 'alcove' where the two bedrooms sat, the 'end' wall at the end of the hallway holding the door to the bathroom and the section of wall on which the mirror was mounted. There was also a blank section of wall, about three feet wide, between the two bedroom doors, and they'd 'filled' that space with a gray-covered wood-armed-and-legged office chair they'd bought cheap. Now, Dick was sitting in that chair, polishing his glasses thoughtfully. When Tom stepped out of the bathroom, he rose and Tom felt guilty that she'd 'wasted' the time it had taken to do her legs, not even thinking about Dick.

The shorter man started to step past her, into the bathroom then, despite the obvious bladder pressure that was causing him to do the

International I-Gotta-Go Dance, he stepped back and ran his eyes over her legs appreciatively.

"Shut up." She told Dick, who hadn't said anything with his voice. His expression was speaking volumes. He shrugged, apologetically, then ducked into the bathroom. Shaking her head, Tom headed out to the living room...

...then gasped as, in mid stride, her body reverted back to the male one.

Tom picked himself up off the floor, ruefully thinking how right he'd been to just sit and wait for the first transformation - even something as simple as walking was not recommended when magically changing genders...

"Gotta remember to put that on the warning label " Tom told himself with a grin, checking over his body to make sure everything was the way it was supposed to be.

It was including his leg-hair. All the effort he'd gone too, shaving his female legs, undone in a split-second.

"Hey, buddy - welcome back..." Dick said, from behind. "So how do you feel?"

"Well..." Tom said, as they headed out to the living room and dropped onto the couch. "It was.. interesting. Very educational, too - you have no idea how much I learned in the past hour. It's amazing, all the things we take for granted "

He trailed off, thoughtfully - and began to blush. "Uh, Dick... I was, uh, sorta thinking... Now that we're sure we can undo this "

"You want to spend more time as a woman?" Dick suggested, and Tom nodded.

"Well, buddy... I'm kinda interested to find out what being a woman is like, myself. I was thinking what would you think if both of us spent all day tomorrow as women?"

Tom gaped at Dick, surprised by the shorter man's willingness to trust them both to the good auspices of their program then realized how magnanimous his friend was being. If something did go wrong, being male didn't make it easier to fix, no matter what their gender- biased minds seemed to assume. What Dick was doing was putting himself in the same boat as Tom, to take the same risks...

...and learn the same things, so there was an upside to it. Besides they wouldn't feel so awkward around each other if they were both female.

"yeah. yeah, that sound's good." Tom said. "Tomorrow's Saturday, and we don't have anything planned "

" so, let's do it." Dick said, with a grin. He leaned over the computer. "This will take longer to set up, and to process. I'm going to enter a basic scenario - that both of us should be female. I'm going to have it pre-calculate, then run so as to kick in at about oh, say, six in the morning?"

"Sounds good." Tom confirmed. "Uh can you give me smaller breasts this time?"

Dick looked apologetic. "Actually, because of the pre-programming, I have no real say what we'll turn out like - just that we'll be human, female, and healthy. I figured those are the priorities."

Tom frowned. "I don't know if I like the sound of that "

Dick shrugged. "Well, then, we can sit up and wait for it to finish processing - then spend out day as women dog-tired from too little sleep."


Tom gave it some thought, then finally nodded. "All right - do it."

For some strange reason, both roommates had quite a hard time falling to sleep that night...

TO BE CONTINUED



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: The continuation of two roommates who try out spells from a famous 16th century "Book of Power" and experiment with gender change.

Chapter II: Tom and Dick

As his alarm 'bleeped' busily away, Dick squinted up at the ceiling and fumbled on the night-table for his glasses, wondering why the hell he was getting up so damned early on a Saturday...

...and then memory came flooding back, and the slender, sandy-haired young man practically levitated out of the bed. "Holy shit.... did Tom really turn into a woman yesterday?" Dick asked himself. "Or was it all a dream?"

No, it had really happened - and, today, Tom was going to be female again... while Dick would experience being female for the first time.

The thought of that generated what was most definitely a guilty thrill. Part of him couldn't believe he was going to go through with this. Not that he couldn't believe he was going to turn himself female - Dick found the idea highly intriguing, and was looking forward to it, to see what life was like for women. After all, despite the fact that he was fit, intelligent and considerate, he wasn't exactly a 'Studmeister', and women were largely a mystery in so many ways. No, what he had trouble believing was that he'd have the courage to walk out the door as a woman, to face the world in a body not his own. He thought it more likely he'd end up holed up in the apartment all day... and perhaps, as Tom had last night, get some (ahem) 'first hand' experience...

Grinning at the mental pun, Dick slipped his glasses on and slid out of bed. Not bothering to dress, he threw on his dark-green-and-red plaid bathrobe and wrapped it around his body - a body that would have surprised many of those women who'd turned him down for a date because he looked a little 'geeky'. Under his clothes, Dick boasted a lean, taut body honed by years of swordplay and other martial arts.

Stretching those taut muscles mightily as he yawned with equal vigor, the deceptively diminutive man padded out of his bedroom, moving with a cat-like grace he only used when 'preoccupied' - it was the sort of grace he used in fighting, but it had gotten him mercilessly teased when he was younger, since it looked 'effeminate', at least in the eyes of some of his peers. He could have dealt with those jeers by showing how 'effeminate' he was while kicking their asses, but that wasn't Dick's style. Just knowing he could kick the ass of idiots like that was enough for Dick to feel superior to (as he liked to think of them) the 'Neanderthalic Mass of Humanity'.

Somehow, Dick was not at all surprised to smell the rich, enticing smell of fresh-brewed coffee filling the air, indicating Tom was already up. If his own night was any indication, Tom had drifted off only after trying - and failing - to imagine what it would be like to spend a day as a biological woman. Dick thought it safe to make the comparison, even though Tom already had some experience 'en femme' - the truth was, Dick also had a hint of experience, though nobody but he knew about it... he hoped. He'd been young and curious and - given his build - able to fit into his sister's clothes, and one day when everybody else had been out of the house, he'd snuck into her room and tried on her clothes. In fact, nearly two months had gone by with him sneaking into her closet every chance he got, wiggling himself into her soft, feminine clothes, jamming his feet into successively higher heels... until a very, very close call one day had put 'fear' above 'curiosity', and he'd dropped his incipient cross-dressing habit.

Today, however... today it was going to be 'acceptable' to the rest of the world if he slipped soft, feminine clothing over whatever body he happened to get...

"Morning, Tom..." Dick said, ducking his head around the corner of the living room. His roommate was sitting with a mug of coffee in hand, looking at the count-down-clock on the laptop's screen. "How long have we got?"

"Eight minutes." Tom replied, practically trembling with nervous energy. "Hey, you know what's weird...?"

Dick had ducked into the kitchen to grab a cup of coffee, black, and didn't hear the question. When he came back out, Tom repeated it.

"You mean, besides sitting here waiting to turn into women?" Dick asked, with a grin, as he dropped onto the other 'arm' of the 'L'- shaped couch.

Tom grinned. "yeah, besides that." He rolled his eyes. "You know what this remind me of? Christmas morning when I was a kid "

Dick blinked. "Hey, you know - you're right. Getting up early, waiting impatiently, wondering what you're going to get...." He laughed. "Of course, I always knew what I was going to get. My parents were lousy at hiding the presents "

Tom made a theatrically overdone face of sympathy. "Oh, you poor, depraved child." "You mean 'deprived'." Dick corrected.

"With you sitting here, waiting to be a woman? Nope - I mean 'depraved'." Tom shot back. "As if that isn't the pot calling the kettle black." Dick retorted, with a grin.

"Hey, this is old hat for me." Tom said, loftily. "Been there, done that "

"...but you don't have the T-shirt to prove it." Dick countered.

"Hmmm... you're right." Tom mused. "I wonder how much it would cost to have a T-shirt made that reads: 'I used magic to turn myself into a woman, and all I have to show for it is this lousy T-shirt'?"

Dick laughed. "Why pay for it? We can 'magic' one up for free."

That stopped Tom dead in his tracks. After their 'test' of the magic computer program, he'd sort of focused on the gender-switching abilities of the machine as if that was all there was to it. Now, Dick and he shared a long, speculative looks at the thought of what else the machine could be used to do, now that they'd verified it worked...

"That's something to think about, now isn't it...?" Dick said, rhetorically, the possibilities parading through his mind.

"Yeah, I... - whoops! One minute warning!" Tom said, leaning forward and looking at the screen - then visibly forcing himself to relax, he sat back. "I'd suggest you put down the coffee..."

Dick followed Tom's example, and they tried to relax as best they could as the counter - seeming to take forever - wound down to zero...

...and then time came screeching to a halt, stretching out like taffy as changes 'rippled' through the two friend's bodies, completely altering them.

It was the second time for Tom, but the first time Dick had ever felt that strange 'molasses' sensation as the power wrapped itself around him and his physical 'equation' was altered by the calculations he'd input the night before. He couldn't see his own body as it changed, just as Tom hadn't been able to see his the night before - but, now, the two of them were both in this 'slow-time', and could see each other as the 'instantaneous' change that the rest of the world didn't even notice was slowed in the guy's perceptions, made visible as they were caught in the web of the 'spell'.

Dick watched, amazed, as Tom's body rippled and pulled, as if it were made of rubber. Bone and sinew and muscle shifted and altered as his own 'equation' was over-written by the computations of their computer, changing 'what might be' into 'what was'.

'Perception' became more subjective, 'reality' being defined not only by a new set of equations, but by how each of the men-becoming- women 'focused' on the event. From Dick's point of view, Tom's transformation seemed to start at the crown of his head and ripple downward, as if he was being doused in a liquid that transformed him as it went.

Tom's dark hair stirred as if in a wind, then quickly began to grow, fading to a lighter shade of brown as it ran down the back of his neck and pooled around his shoulders. While the hair spilled down, his face was also changing, the nose shrinking in on itself as the lips bulged out, firmer and more feminine. His cheek-bones pushed upwards and outwards, becoming better defined, as his jaw reshaped itself, achieving a smoother, more eye-pleasing curve.

His neck smoothed as his Adam's Apple retracted back. The shoulders beneath that now-feminine neck shrank in on themselves, becoming agreeably feminine as Tom's chest bulged outwards, pushing the blue terry-cloth further and further from

it's staring position as breasts formed behind it. More than just the chest air was stirring under the robe, but Dick was unable to see the immediate effects, since those areas were covered. He could watch as Tom's legs writhed and became more feminine in contour, his hands and feet following a 'second' later...

...though this time and sequence was all subjective, since it was actually occurring in the instant between one second and another, a non-time that only the two friends were able to perceive.

From Tom's point of view, Dick's transformation occurred over his entire body in one steady transformation, legs reshaping themselves at the same rate as his face, hands slimming in time with his feet, shoulders and neck. Like Tom, Dick was covered by a robe, and all Tom could see was that which was bare - but it gave Tom enough to see the woman his friend was becoming, even as his own body changed...

...and then it was over.

"Holy shit...!" The woman who had been Dick said, in a stunned soprano tone that was only unnecessary verification of her new gender. Tom, having already experienced the 'point-of-view' transition, was more stunned by his - her - friend's change than her own, her newly-reshaped jaw hanging wide as she stared.

"God, Dick.... You're *gorgeous*..." Tom said in her new contralto voice, staring at her altered roommate.

It was true - Dick had become a 'fine figure of a woman'. She was actually an inch or two taller than she had been as a man, but even more slender - she had that fine, delicate build that many women dreamed of having, with slender wrists and ankles that matched a trim waist and swan-like neck.

A lot of her height seemed to be taken up by her legs - incredibly long, shapely legs that super-model and stripper alike would quite willingly have killed for. Her new face was 'cute-sexy', especially with Dick's silver-rimmed oval glasses perched atop her pert little nose. Her hair was still sandy-blond, but now it hung down to her slender shoulders, framing a face that could play angel or devil with equal facility.

"You're no slouch yourself..." Dick told Tom, shifting her gaze from her own, dainty new hand to her altered roommate.

Tom wasn't 'slender' or 'leggy' - at least, not like Dick. Instead, Tom now had a 'sturdy' female body that carried more weight than Dick's, but it was all in the right places, and very little of it was fat. Her face reminded Dick a little of the 'Roz' character of 'Frasier' - but the body was the firmly-packed body of a sexual athlete, her breasts easily as big as they'd been the night before, if not larger.

Dick looked like the proverbial 'All American Girl', leggy and slender and blond, the type every guy dreamed of screwing just once. Tom, on the other hand, had the toned, sturdy body of the school 'slut', the girl who knew everything about sex and - unlike 'Miss America', could go for hours at a time. Though completely different in build and coloration, each of the new women was incredibly sexy in their own way.

Of course, each of the guys thought the other one was unbelievably sexy, not having seen their own bodies yet. It was the woman Tom had become that first rose from the couch and - remembering last night - very carefully headed for the hallway mirror, letting her body find a natural rhythm for it's own stride.

Dick followed only a few steps behind. She moved with a supple ease that was part 'natural', and part 'controlled', Dick's feminine new body even more supple and graceful than her male one had been, letting her put all that martial-arts-born-grace to good use.

Too stunned and excited to worry about modesty, the two friends simply dropped their robes on the floor and jockeyed for mirror space, alternating their stunned gaze between the mirror and each other's body.

It was finally Tom who chuckled low in her throat, gaining her an inquisitive look from Dick.

"I guess my family must have genes for big tits somewhere in it's past..." Tom said, hefting her amazingly spherical new tits with her strongly feminine hands. The size of volley-balls, her huge, firm tits were a couple of cup sizes larger than last night, probably a FFF- or GGG-cup.

Dick blinked, then looked down at her own 'rack', a firm D-cup that fit her tall, supple body nicely, giving her a 'full' bust, but not one so... so 'in your face' as Tom's new attributes.

On the other hand...

Dick laughed, gaining an inquisitive look for her very own. "Oh, this is rich..." She explained, giggling. "The breast-man gets unbelievable legs and a mouth-watering ass, while the leg-main gets a monster set of hooters. Tom, ol' buddy - we've become each other's fantasy."

Tom looked startled - then, blushing, laughed at the accuracy of Dick's facetious comment. Retrieving her robe, she wrapped it rather defensively around her firm-fleshed new figure... while shooting another glance at Dick's long, sexy - and somewhat hairy - legs.

"So, uh... I guess the first thing we should do is, uh... shave..." Tom said, trying to get her mind off of how hot her best friend looked. "I mean, if we're going to be going out and everything..."

Dick grinned at her friend's shyness. Dick, herself, found the experience so far to be incredibly exciting - and liberating. Somehow, the fact that this wasn't, 'really' her own body made it easier for her to drop her inhibitions. She didn't feel the least bit self-conscious standing there ogling Tom's body. After all, it wasn't like she was doing something 'weird' and ogling a guy's body - she was ogling the body of a busty, sexy woman, which was just the way Dick liked them. What could be more natural...?

"Well, I'd suggest the first thing we do is pick new names." Dick suggested. "We'd get a whole lot of odd looks if we referred to each other as 'Dick' and 'Tom' while out in public..."

"You're right." Tom admitted. "Uh... I really hadn't considered it..."

"That's all right." Dick said, smiling - as she stepped through the door into the bathroom. "You can think about it while I shower and shave."

Then she shut the door and locked it. Tom stared at the closed bathroom door for a second - and then had to laugh. Shaking her head, the new woman padded back to the living room and settled onto the couch, reaching for her coffee. It came as a bit of a surprise to find that it was still hot - she had to remind herself that barely any time had passed, in reality.

Sipping at the coffee and mulling over the choice of her feminine moniker for the day, Tom stared out the sliding glass door. The sun was just beginning to make an appearance, tinting the sky orange while much of the view was still tinted the steel-gray of early morning.

Still mulling over what to call herself, Tom rose from the couch and padded over to the door, unlocking it and pushing it open to get a breath of the crisp, dawn air...

...and jerked back in shock as sunlight streamed in through the open door. The sound of traffic thrummed through the air, and a man dressed in a suit and in the middle of climbing into his car paused to gape at the sexy, robe-clad woman gaping out of her apartment door.

Tom's mind spun as she tried to figure out what the hell was happening. She shifted her unbelieving gaze between the view outside the open door, and the view through the other side of the glass door - which still showed early-morning sunrise. Hell, even the door she had opened was showing that - but pushed aside, as if the plate-glass door was actually in incredibly high-resolution TV on tracks.

With a small cry, the new woman reached out and slammed the door shut, trembling. "Dick!" She cried. "Dick, get out here!"

Only then did the new woman become aware that she slopped some coffee over the edge of the mug and on her hand. Cursing, she put the mug down and wiped her hand with the hem of her robe, completely oblivious to the fact that the drapes to the sliding door were open and she was exposing her naked crotch.

"What is it...!" Dick said, dashing into the room with an easy glide that looked almost feline in her new form. Her left leg was partially shaved, and foamy shaving cream dripped from her leg.

"The.. the door. Open it..." Tom said, shaking her head in confusion. "Something... something's wrong..."

Frowning in confusion, Dick walked over and opened the door... then paused. She took a step back and looked at the view through the other side of the glass door, making muttering noises to herself. Finally, she closed the door and looked back at her friend.

"Uh... Well, I figured out what happened..." Dick said, slowly. "Everything in this apartment is approximately two hours behind the rest of reality."

Tom stared agape at her roommate... then it clicked.

"The save file!" She said, snapping her new fingers. "When we 'reset' me last night, everything in that section of the screen was reset back to the original... including time!"

"Yeah." Dick agreed. "Don't worry, it's no big deal. When we're done tonight, we'll just advance the time-frame on the save file the right number of hours."

"Shouldn't we take care of it now?" Tom asked. "I mean... this is weird."

Dick shook her new head, her perky face having a heard time with the 'intellectual' expression Dick was instinctively trying to paste on it. "No - we'd have to load the file, apply it - making ourselves male again - and then wait for the machine to process us back into women. We'll just leave it until tonight."

"Okay, if you're sure..." Tom said, doubtfully, shifting her weight back and forth.... and then suddenly sprinting across the room....

"Hey! Don't even *think* about..." Dick shouted in mock outrage as Tom - laughing - dashed into the bathroom and slammed the door shut.

Dick, who'd started to chase after the firm-bodied new tom, paused halfway down the hall and looked at the closed door - the, theatrically, crossed her arms over her firm new bosom, turned away, lifted her nose with a sniff, and said: "Bitch."

Then, laughing, went out to the kitchen to wipe off her new legs - and maybe admire them a bit, hairy or not, while finishing her coffee. Dick might have like big-breasted women, but that didn't mean she couldn't appreciate a jaw-dropping set of legs when she saw them, even if they *were* on her.

They two roommates traded positions after Tom had finished shaving her legs, with noticeably less damage to them than from her first attempt the night before. As they passed in the hallway, they paused for a couple minutes discussing names for their new forms, finally deciding that 'Tonya' and 'Debbie' fit their respective new bodies well enough. After a few back-and-forth comments about each other's new figures, ('Hippie', Debbie snorted, looking at Tonya's wide, child-bearing new hips. The buxom brunette looked theatrically at the top of the blonde's head and slammed back with 'Same amount of woman - I'm just more compact.'). the two headed their separate ways, Tonya to get dressed while Debbie finished her interrupted shower-and-shave.

Sorting through her closet, Tonya realized that finding something to wear, for now, wouldn't be as hard as she'd feared. Sure, she didn't have any 'female' clothing, but as massive a change being a woman seemed, emotionally, it wasn't too big a deal, physically. Sure, her build and dimensions were different, but the basic 'layout' of her body was the same.

Because of her considerably wider hips, picking 'pants' was easy - she needed material that would stretch, and she had a pair of gray track-pants that did just that, molding to her full hips and now-flat crotch like a second skin, while bagging around the draw-strings at the ankles. A dark-blue University of Las Vegas, Nevada sweatshirt covered her prodigious new rack, which was further restrained by the one-loose heavy-weight white T-shirt she wore under the sweatshirt, no pulled taut over her melon-like breasts and ties in a knot just below to serve as a make-shift brassiere one that didn't do half the job of containing them as a real brassiere would have, allowing them more 'motion' when she moved then she was utterly comfortable with.

She pulled on a pair of athletic socks and then immediately discovered that her shoes would fit on her smaller feet like boats. Thankfully, her shrunken feet were close to the size that Dick's masculine feet had been, so she 'stole' a pair of his sneakers.

A look in the mirror revealed that she looked 'acceptable' - probably the way a woman born with a body like this would look if she were doing laundry, for instance. Still, even the baggy clothing and lack of make-up couldn't completely disguise her voluptuous figure, though the baggy clothes actually made her look chubby, rather than the 'firm and fully packed' her body really was. The newly renamed Tonya thought it a bit odd to find herself regretting that the outfit 'downplayed' her body - though her male mind was housed in it, that didn't change the fact she would have liked to see it better displayed, even if her own figure wasn't her 'idealized' female...

"Looking good, babe..." Debbie said from the doorway, making Tonya's head whip around... and then she blushed and pulled her eyes off of Debbie's slender, graceful body. After all, it *was* her best friend.

"So - think you can find something that'll fit your new body?" Tonya asked Debbie, and the blonde smiled. "Watch me..."

Tonya waited for Debbie out in the living room, sitting on the couch... and subtly fondling her own, full breasts. They were larger then she liked, from both the point of view of 'having' and 'preferring' - but they did feel pretty damned good when you lightly squeezed them.

"So.. what do you think...?" Debbie asked, entering the living room and 'striking a pose' - and Tonya's slender new eyebrow rose in surprise.

"Wow - you're really getting into this, aren't you?" Tonya asked, surveying her friend's ensemble.

Debbie took that as a compliment and grinned, slowly turning in place to better display herself - and Tonya was surprised to feel a faint tremor on envy run through her as she eyed Debbie, clad in tan slacks that clung like a second skin to her hips and ass, a white cotton shirt that molded itself nicely to her breasts, and a pair of leather Zapato sandals, the 'Old Roman' style sandals that could be adjusted to fit damned near anybody by tightening the straps.

It was so fetching on Debbie that it was only with a second or third look that you could realize she was wearing men's clothes. "Okay - so we're women, with women's names." Tonya said, standing up. "What's next?"

Debbie grinned. "Why, we go shopping, of course."

Tonya's stomach did a flip-flop at the thought of leaving the apartment while female.. but it was an equal mix of anxiety and excitement. Her grin was less sure than Debbie's, but there none the less. "Great. I'll call a cab..."

"Great. I'll grab us a couple of jackets..." Debbie replied.

When she returned with Tom's flight jacket and a 'Letter' jacket for herself, Debbie found Tonya looking at the phone with a decidedly odd expression.

"No soap." Tonya said, gesturing at the phone in frustration. "Our end's two hours in the past, compared to the rest of the world. You have no idea how weird that is... I'm trying to call somebody two hours in the future."

Debbie looked startled - and then laughed. "I can just see it now: 'Operator, can you connect me to two hours from now, please...?'"

Deciding to grab a cab on the way, the two women stepped out through the sliding door, finding it just a little disorientating to be stepping through time, even if it was a mental contortion rather than any noticeable sensation. Sharing a look, the two women made sure the door was locked and then set out towards the corner gas station, from which they could call a cab.

"Relax, Tonya..." Debbie suggested with a grin as she watched her friend all-but-slump along, shoulders bowed and eyes flicking from side to side, as if she expected an attack.

"Sorry..." Tonya muttered, making a visible effort to straighten up and walk 'naturally' - as a woman would, that is. "I know it's silly, but I keep expecting people to point and shout, you know...?"

"I'm sure it'll take some getting used to, walking around as a woman." Debbie said, sympathetically.

Tonya shot her an odd glance. "That's easy enough for you to say - you act like you haven't a care in the world. Admit it - you're not the least bit nervous."

"Oh, well, I'm a lot less nervous than you are, that's for sure." Debbie said with a grin. "to tell you the truth - I'm getting a huge kick out of this. remember, we can't ever match these bodies again. It's a one-shot deal, and we don't have to worry about anybody recognizing us, either from our 'male' lives, or in the future... so why not have fun?"

Tonya blinked, never having looked at it that way - but Debbie was right. As far as the world was concerned, they were non-people, with no past or future. Anything they did in the here-and-now would only have consequences in terms of emotional ones, not direct impacts on the future... because 'Tonya' and 'Debbie' wouldn't exist in that future.

Slowly, Tonya grinned. 'hell - maybe we should rob a bank. The ultimate 'getaway' scheme "

"Down, girl..." Debbie laughed. "Let's try to keep our 'experimenting' with being female complete legit." "You take the fun out of everything." Tonya 'pouted' theatrically, then laughed.

In very high spirits, the two friends reached the phone-booth at the gas station and called for a cab - then just stood around, taking in the people going by, and trying to watch those people watching them, without being noticed as watching the people...

It was sort of a futile attempt, despite the fact that they weren't dressed to best display their new, feminine charms. Debbie, especially, looked 'tasty' even without makeup or female clothing, and the guys who walked by seemed complete unable to do so without a 'once-over' that they probably did out of habit, barely realizing what they were doing.

Tonya started to get a feel for what women went through, however. She wasn't interested in being found 'attractive' to these guys, and those almost thoughtless looks made goose-bumps run up and down her body.

She noticed, however, that Debbie almost reveled in it - even shooting smiles at some of the guys. "What are you doing?" Tonya hissed, flushing, as her feminized friend flirted facetiously.

"Oh, relax." Debbie grinned back. "Don't you get it? This is *fun*. Think about all those times some hot chick ignored you when you gave her a once-over. We both know that I'm not going to actually do anything - so giving some poor schmuck a little wink and a grin will make his whole day, at no cost to me."

"Huh..." Tonya said. "Hadn't thought of it that way, I guess."

"well - here's our lift..." Debbie said, as a taxi pulled into the station's lot. "you ready to do a little shopping, girlfriend?" "No." Tonya replied with a grin. "But let's do it anyway."

"That's the spirit..." Debbie said, with a grin, as she climbed in the back of the cab. Tonya followed suit - wondering how on earth Debbie could take this change in gender so... so easily. Every nerve in her body was screaming at her that she was a 'freak', a man 'dressed up' like a woman, out in public.

Of course, her 'costume' was so perfect that nobody would ever know but that was 'logical', and had nothing to do with the emotions she was feeling.

Tonya did have to admit one thing, though:

This *was* exciting...

* * * * *

"Isn't this exciting?"

Tonya stared at Debbie, who was turning slowly back and forth to admire her new ensemble in the lightly mirrored glass of a store-front in the mall - and laughed, shaking her head.

"God, Debbie - you must be ninety-percent female or something." She paused and pointed downward. "How the hell do you stand in those things, much less walk?"

Debbie leaned over and looked down - at the black platform shoes she wore, shoes with a three-inch platform and eight-inch heels.

Thin straps wound around her heels and ankles, holding each tall, gleaming black shoe in place on her slender, feminine feet. The high, tapered heels did a hell of a lot to emphasize her incredibly long, shapely legs - legs further showcased by the black nylons the new woman wore.

"Actually..." Debbie said, with a grin. "I've had previous experience in heels this high. My sister had a pair, and I practiced in them after graduating from the next highest set of heels she owned."

Tonya gasped. "You.. you tried on your sister's clothing?"

Smoothing down the fitted black leather mini-skirt she wore, Debbie feigned a look of surprise. "Of course. After all - isn't that what women like us do when we're young?"

Tony laughed and shook her head again, finding it hard to believe this tall, slender blonde was the same person, inside, as the short, studious friend she'd roomed with all this time. If nothing else, this whole experience was showing Tonya a side of Debbie she'd never even dreamed existed...

...like Debbie's impeccable fashion sense. Debbie had practically walked straight to the outfit she'd bought, knowing exactly what would look good on her slender, feminine new frame - and she'd been dead-on about that. Black was her color today, looking anything but somber on her supple new body. In addition to the nylons and shoes, she was wearing a black leather skirt that clung tightly to her spectacular ass. Most of the skirt itself was hidden by the long, wasp-waisted black leather coat that looked as if it were practically tailored to her figure, especially her amazingly trim waist. Beneath the coat lurked a black silk shirt that covered her taut new breasts without the benefit of a bra - because, as Debbie had confided to her outside the changing room, it just felt so good.

Tonya hadn't had the slightest clue what to pick out for her day 'en femme' - and Debbie had also taken care of Tonya's outfit, practically ordering the bustier, firm-bodied brunette what to buy. Tonya had to admit that the 'complimenting' outfit of Debbie's own did look spectacular on her new body.

Like Debbie, Tonya was wearing a black leather skirt and matching jacket - but her skirt hung nearly to her knees, and her jacket wasn't form-fitting. The jacket was hanging open over a white turtle-neck sweater that hid the GGG-cup bra that tightly enclosed Tonya's impressive bust. Unlike Debbie, Tonya's 'nice' legs were bare, and she wore silver-colored sandal-style

shoes with a four-inch cylindrical heel that was the 'best' Tonya could do, since she lacked her friend's experience with heels. At least the broader surface area of the round heel made it easier to balance, if no more comfortable - it felt decidedly awkward to stand around with her heel elevated four inches higher than her toes, an experience she had no masculine reference to, except for maybe walking down an inclined ramp.

Aside from the heels and (occasionally) the way the bra dug into the smooth, soft skin of her new shoulders, Tonya was surprised by how comfortable her new clothing was. Somehow, subconsciously, she'd expected women's clothing to be less comfortable than men's - sort of the same way she somehow assumed that being female was less comfortable than being male, she supposed. It was another illusion that was rapidly being dispelled - despite the many obvious differences between men and women, once you got used to the 'feel' of the other gender's body, the minute-to-minute life of one wasn't inherently more or less comfortable than that of the other - just different.

'Different', indeed. It wasn't just standing and walking in heels, or the low flush at the irrational thought of somebody pointing at her and laughing at the 'guy' wearing a skirt - despite all the evidence to the contrary. It was things like make-up, which Tonya was now wearing, courtesy of the woman at the cosmetics counter - for only \$34.95 with the purchase of \$40 worth of cosmetics. It also included hair-styling, which explained why both Tonya and Debbie were sporting a feminine cut to their hair. The hair cut didn't bother Tonya's male sensibilities as much as the make-up - mainly because the hairstyle wasn't as intrusive. Having your hair done in a feminine manner didn't leave a faint-but-definite odor of perfume hovering forever at your consciousness, a light fragrance that made you feel like there was a sexy woman hovering just behind you... when, in truth, it was you. Nor did a new hairstyle leave a slightly 'waxy' feeling on your lips that tasted of a certain and unmistakable 'lipstick' flavor whenever you licked your lips.

Still, Tonya had no choice but to admit the simple truth. Despite the (surprisingly little) physical discomfort, and the (even more surprisingly little) emotional discomfort, all that 'feminine primping' was well worth it if for no other reason than this:

"God, Debbie - we are hot..." Tonya said, not feeling wildly happy about the fact, but unable to deny the truth. "I mean, we are stone-cold-gorgeous."

"I'm gorgeous." Debbie said with a very theatrical, smug air. "you're simply 'sexy', my dear..."

"Oh, and those legs of yours aren't?" Tonya asked. "I know this sounds weird and all - but you, just being you, turn me on. You're, like... perfect."

Debbie looked Tonya over with a long, slow, seductive look that made her feel decidedly flustered.

"you're pretty hot yourself, girlfriend..." Debbie said in a strangely husky voice. "I wasn't going to say so, but... I've been thinking about how it might be if you and I..."

She left it hanging, and it took Tonya a second to catch her drift. Not because Debbie was in any way being subtle, but because Tonya's mind had been so far from that particular train of thought. When it did register, she flushed a sudden, brilliant scarlet and instinctively looked away.

Instantly, Debbie was contrite.

"I'm sorry..." the leggy blonde said, flushing as well. "I didn't mean..." "Would you...?"

Tonya's question was hesitant, and she was flushing brightly - but the long, slow look spoke volumes, startling Debbie.

"You mean...?" Debbie said, startled - then she began to grin. "Tonya, I've been sort of fantasizing about that body of yours ever since we first got a look at each other back at the apartment."

If it had been possible, Tonya's flush would have deepened. "Me, too - with you, I mean. I know it's a little bit weird..."

"Weird..." Debbie said, thoughtfully, tapping on slender, feminine finger against her full, soft lips. "lets see - we came up with a way of manipulating magic so that we can become women, then turned ourselves into a couple of hot babes and went out shopping, where we made our already hot bodies look even better by make-up and clothing. Hmmm... I wonder what could be wired about the situation "

Tonya snorted in amusement, Debbie, grinning, wagged her finger at her. "That's not very ladylike, you know." "Sorry." Tonya said, dryly. "I haven't much practice."

"Well, then... perhaps we should find a nearby hotel, rent a room... and, uh... 'practice'..." Debbie said, suggestively - causing Tonya's fading blush to flare anew.

Tonya's voice was tremulous but resolute as she said, "that sounds... interesting..."

Feeling as if she were in some sort of dream, Tonya followed her transformed friend towards the exit of the mall, barely believing that she was doing this. Part of her thought this was just plain wrong, that despite the fact that Debbie was the most stunningly sexy woman she'd ever seen, inside she was really 'Dick', her old friend and roommate.

She sure didn't look like Dick, though - and, honestly, Tonya just didn't care. The male part of her found Debbie incredibly sexy, to the point that Tonya wanted to do things to Debbie that she simply wasn't equipped for in this body. Some 'Lesbian' sex would be a damned good runner-up, though, and Tonya didn't care who's mind was in that luscious body of Debbie's.

No, wait - that wasn't true. After all, it was the mind of 'Dick', breast-man extraordinaire, who found Tonya's current form sexy. It was that mind that made Debbie willing - hell, eager - to 'fool around' with Tonya. Which suited Tonya just fine, memories of how good masturbation had felt in a female body. It must feel much, much nicer to have another woman 'helping' - and it wasn't like she was considering something as 'sick' as having sex with a man, for God's sake. This was going to be a girl-on-girl affair, and Tonya could handle that emotionally despite the fact that each 'girl' in the equation used to be male.

It was in that same, dazed condition, eager yet unbelieving, that Tonya let Debbie lead her outside to a taxi-stand, all-but-shoving Tonya into the back seat. The entire time she chattered away brightly, obviously not the least bit phased by what was happening, and leaving Tonya to wonder about Debbie. She'd had previous experience in dressing and acting female, in the privacy of her sister's room.

Obviously, 'Dick' had held closely-held desires, things that 'he' had never let slip through to be seen even by his closets friend - only, now, all those suppressed desires had been released. Though Debbie hadn't said so, and might not even realize it herself, she was much more comfortable as a woman than she'd ever been as a man, more outgoing, perky and chipper than Tonya had ever imagined she could be.

So, Tonya more or less shut her brain down and let the obviously-excited blonde take control of the situation, dragging the big-breasted brunette out of the taxi and into the lobby of the inexpensive hotel. Tonya stood by, blushing, as the guys in the lobby ogled her and Debbie - and Tonya watched Debbie eat it up, flirting outrageously with the guys while waiting for their key, making sly remarks that were thinly veiled sexual puns that could also be interpreted in an 'innocent' way if any guy had been foolish - or horny - enough to try and follow up the remarks.

Tonya, bemused, didn't visibly react when Debbie wrapped a slender arm around her waist and dragged her towards elevator - while not-quietly telling the blushing brunette what she wanted to do to her 'luscious body' and 'huge, gorgeous tits'.

Then they were in the elevator, the door shutting off the view of the staring staff and patrons...

...and Debbie all-but-threw herself on Tonya, her lips pressing against Tonya's with eager passion as her lithe body all-but-molded itself to her friend's more buxom form.

The kiss was... fantastic. It had been far too long since Tonya had held a woman in her arms, and she didn't care that the woman in question was her old friend transformed into a leggy blonde - nor did she care that she, herself, was now a big-breasted woman, transformed by the same magic. All that mattered was this what was happening felt really, really good. She kissed Debbie back with her own, rising passion, her new hands roaming her roommate's lithe, taut body - especially her spectacular ass, tightly encased in black leather.

'Holy geez...' Tonya thought, dreamily. 'All these wasted months. If only we'd been female from the start, we could have been lesbian lovers this entire time...'

The strange thing about the vagrant thought was - it didn't bother her at all. She would have figured it would have - but, given Debbie's 'aggressive' female persona, Tonya thought it would have been better had 'Dick' been born female to begin with. Though the thought of having sex with Debbie didn't bother Tonya, now, somehow the thought of 'Tom' having sex with Debbie was 'sick' - probably because it was too close to the thought of Dick having sex with Tonya, which just made the huge-breasted brunette shiver with disgust. She didn't want to have sex with a man - she wanted to have sex with Debbie, the leggy blonde babe of her dreams.

The door to the elevator slid open, but Tonya only noted it subconsciously, lost as she was in the experience of having a hot blonde writhing eagerly and willingly in her arms. It was Debbie who 'led' Tonya from the elevator - by the simple expedient of backing up. The buxom brunette followed more-or-less by instinct, trying to maintain the delightful pressure of their two bodies pressed firmly together.

Tonya had never realized just how good it could feel to have a pair of huge breasts on your chest pressed firmly into somebody else's warm, firm chest, causing a wonderfully firm, pleasant pressure that was full of promise and excitement.

Tonya felt a pang of regret as Debbie released her to unlock the door to their rented room. She giggled slightly, realizing how strange that pang would have felt a few days ago - genuine regret at being forced to wait before fondling her best-friend's body...

Almost out of habit, the body that image pulled up wasn't Debbie, but Dick - the lean, tautly-muscled body of a fit, graceful young man. Instinctively, Tonya started to shiver at the 'homosexual' thought...

...and then, almost unwillingly, imagined her body - her new body - entwined in his. She stared at the wall, stunned, at the highly-erotic image, realizing something that snatched her breath away.

Nobody would see anything the least bit wrong with the image she'd just seen - a man and a woman making love. Sure, she'd once been a man herself... but, right now, she was defined by the world as a woman. It wasn't an 'absolute' sense of 'wrongness', but a perceptual one - she had been thinking of having sex with men as 'wrong' because, in her own mind, she was still male. Which, as far as it went, was true, because she'd been raised male, living a male life - but wasn't she now biologically female. Hell, wasn't she dressed in women's clothing, her hair and make-up done in more-than-acceptable feminine fashion?

It was a stunning question, one that shook her world-view to its bedrock foundations... but before she had time to pursue the stunning thought, Debbie had the door unlocked and was once more in Tonya's arms, her very presence washing away any thought but that of the slender blonde.

They stumbled into the room in a tangle of long, smooth limbs, awkwardly closing the door behind them as they fumbled at each other's clothing while fumbling around for the bed, unfamiliar with the layout of the dimly lit room and unwilling to separate long enough to open the drapes or turn on the lights.

Finally, Tonya felt the back of her knees hit the bed. She paused for a second, hand firmly on Debbie's now-down-to-panty-clad ass, then lifted her arms to let the blonde peel off her sweater, revealing her firm, round breasts heaving with excitement within the confines of her heavy-duty cotton bra. The sweater was dropped beside the bed, and Tonya stepped out of her already-lowered skirt as she tumbled backwards on the big, squeaky bed.

"Oh - are these for me...?" Debbie asked with a giggle as she undid the front-closing bra and peeled it back, revealing Tonya's massive, softly-firm breasts in all their glory.

"only if you treat them right..." Tonya replied, huskily, stroking Debbie's long, nylon-clad legs. "here, lift up a bit..."

A second later, Debbie was clad only in nylons and heels, while Tonya was down to just the few 'essential' pieces of jewelry she'd bought - to wit, her silver clip-on earrings. She didn't even feel those earrings slapping against her shoulders as she tossed her head back and forth in pleasure as Debbie skillfully massaged and fondled her massive breasts and their huge, fully-engorged nipples.

Tonya's hands were busy with Debbie's legs and ass, and as they moved across the other woman's smooth-shaven cunt, she was simultaneously bemused by the fact Debbie had shaved herself there - and by the fact that there was a definite dampness on the gently wrinkled edges of her tight new womanhood.

A warm wetness that matched the one in Tonya's own cunt.

"God - I'm ready...!" Tonya said, huskily... and Debbie grinned and swiveled around, pressing that oh-so-shapely ass in Tonya's direction as her own face lowered...

Tonya gasped as she felt Debbie's fingers and tongue start to work expertly at her crotch. Part of her wondered when and how Debbie had become so skilled at the art of cunnilingus, but the thought was secondary to the pleasure that came through her new womanhood at Debbie's touch. Clumsily, She tried to emulate Debbie's expertise, her movements awkward by virtue of both inexperience and the wonderful distraction of Debbie's ministrations.

The two women squirmed and thrashed on the bed, heads working at each other's crotch. Tonya felt pleasure ebbing and flowing at Debbie's touch, and wished her mouth wasn't otherwise occupied as she wanted to moan in pleasure at the way Debbie's tongue flicked and licked expertly along Tonya's swollen clit...

...and then Debbie stopped. Catching her breath, Tonya pushed up on one elbow.

"What's wrong...?" Tonya asked, feeling surprised and a little hurt as Debbie rolled off of her.

"I'm sorry, Tonya - but this just isn't doing it for me." Debbie said, as she began to hunt around for her clothing, slipping off the bed - and leaving Tonya horny and unsatisfied.

"What...?" Tonya asked, incredulously.

Debbie sighed, pushing a strand of blonde hair back from her face as she looked around for her panties. "I still think you look incredibly sexy, and I love kissing and fondling that body of yours - but in terms of sexual satisfaction, I'm afraid I'm just not a lesbian. The more I tried to enjoy what I was doing to you, the less I did... it was like cold pancakes without syrup. I'm sorry."

Tonya stared - then sighed. "no, it's all right. It.. just didn't work." She paused, flushing...

...and then admitted her deepest, darkest secret.

"I, uh... I once 'experimented' in collage." She admitted. "My best friend at the time and I decided to see what all the fuss was about. We picked a night when nobody would be around, sat on the couch watching some 'straight' porn to, uh.... 'break the ice'... but when we tried, we just... couldn't."

"Willingness doesn't guarantee anything, does it..." Debbie said, grateful that her friend wasn't pissed at their lack of success. The leggy blonde pulled her skirt on, and paused. "Uh, I don't know quite how to put this, but... perhaps that old friend of yours might be more satisfying now than I would be."

Tonya's blush flared anew. "you're not suggesting..."

"Actually, I'm not trying to suggest anything to you." Debbie said, pulling on her blouse - and winding as she surveyed several popped buttons. "I, uh.. I'm still eager for some, uh... 'release', though -- and I think I'm going to really take this new gender out for a spin."

Tonya stared at her friend, stunned. "You mean - you're going to have sex with a guy?"

"I certainly hope so." Debbie said, grinning in a way that made Tonya wonder just how well one person could know another. Here she'd been living with Debbie's male alter-ego for years, and never even suspected this side of her. Oh, sure, Tonya had thought guiltily about having sex with a man - but Debbie was downright eager.

"Um... I'm afraid this is going to impact you, too.." Debbie said, slowly. "I really don't want to take the time to 'reset' this spell and then become female myself - so, uh... would you mind staying female until I, uh..." She paused, and Tonya saw her flush, brilliantly. "uh... get laid?"

Hmmm - well, eager or not, she was still nervous. Tonya sighed, realizing that Debbie wasn't acting as strange as she'd first thought: After all, as a man she'd been less 'enthusiastic', but Tonya now knew that part of this came from the fact that they were in the ultimate disguise, and the ever self-conscious 'Dick' didn't have to worry about future repercussions.

As for immediate effects, however... Tonya looked at her best friend, feeling the dull throbbing in her crotch, the slow heat that was still unsatisfied.. and found that mental image reform, of her entwined around a man's body - except that this wasn't Dick she was seeing herself entwined with, but a faceless man...

Pushing the thought away, Tonya began to dress.

"No, it's okay." Tonya assured her. "In fact, if you'd like, I'll come along and provide some 'moral support'."

"that's be great." Debbie said. "You weren't thinking of...?"

Tonya blushed, but answered truthfully. "I'm tempted.. but I don't know if I'm ready for.. that." "Oh. Well, don't push it. If you feel like trying, it's up to you."

"Thanks." Tonya said, dryly, looking around. She balled her hands into fists and placed them firmly on her womanly hips, breasts proudly out-thrust as she demanded. "All right - where the hell's my bra?"

Debbie stared at her - then began to giggle, helplessly.

Tonya stared at her giggling friend - and realized how strange that had sounded. Hell, if anybody had told her two days ago that she'd be demanding to know where her bra was...

That started her chuckling, too, and the two women finished dressing, their relationship made all the stronger for the odd - but exciting - situation they'd placed themselves in.

Once again fully dressed, the two women left the hotel room and their failed attempt at lesbianism behind... and as Tonya followed Debbie's pertly swaying ass, she found herself wondering if a failure at being a lesbian meant that there would be a success at being 'straight'.

Probably - if she could only figure out what 'straight' was in this particular situation.

Mind awlirl with dirty thoughts she wasn't quite sure were welcome or not, Tonya followed Debbie into the elevator, wondering why her mind had decided to lock onto the image of her new body kneeling before that faceless man, mouth wrapped around...

It was perhaps a quirk of fate that made Debbie choose those particular words at that particular time. In any case, Tonya didn't bother to explain why she'd gone such a brilliant red when Debbie, quite innocently, had pushed the 'G' on the elevator's control panel and intoned, "Going down..."

TO BE CONTINUED



BACK TO FUN ZONE

SUMMARY: The conclusion of two roommates who try out spells from a famous 16th century "Book of Power" and experiment with gender change.

Chapter III: Tom, Dick and Anything But Hairy

Tonya waved a hand at Debbie's inquiring glance and struggled to get herself under control before the elevator door opened. She managed it - barely - but there was still a certain redness to her face when they walked out of the elevator and into the lobby...

...a flush that gained strength at the startled, somewhat knowing looks the patrons in the lobby gave the two women - after all, they had hardly been subtle about their purpose for the room.

"Checking out already, ladies...?" the desk-clerk asked, rather openly ogling Tonya's impressive rack. The brunette's flush deepened.

"No - we've given the room a test-run and found it acceptable." Debbie replied, sweetly - but with a wicked smile on her lips. "We're just going out to find a couple of men who meet our high, high standards."

She said it sweetly, without the slightest hesitation or self-consciousness, and it took everybody - including Tonya - a second to absorb the meaning of those words... and then the guys gaped openly at them, jaws hanging as if unhinged and eyes bulging from their sockets.

Tonya's face was already as red as it could get, and she felt like slinking away, mortified... but, instead, she forced herself to grin, straightening her back so that her huge, round tits stuck out all that much further. She looked around the room with what she hoped was a thoughtful look.

"Yes - rather slim pickings around here, I'm afraid..." She said, trying hard to sound regretful... and understood why Debbie was getting such a kick out of her new feminine beauty when she felt a rush of 'power' at the men's reaction to her comment. God, being female had such a... *liberating* quality to it. Oh, part of it was the fact that 'Tonya' wouldn't exist in the future, so she didn't really have to worry all that much about consequences... but the other part of it was the male-born-and-bred knowledge that most men were putty in the hands of a beautiful women, willing to make complete fools of themselves for her attention.

Feeling a decidedly guilty rush of pleasure at her newfound ability, Tonya winked at Debbie and headed towards the door, the leggy blonde grinning and hurrying to catch up.

"Was that flirting?" Debbie asked, a wide grin on her gloss-pink lips. "It sounded an awful lot like flirting to me. I just want to be sure is all..."

"that wasn't flirtin', girlfriend..." Tonya said, easily, belying the rising flush. "That was diss'in. Diss'in big-time, girlfriend..."

"Ah - but you implied you might find somebody to meet your high, high standards someplace else. That's what it sounded like to me, honey-chil'..." Debbie giggled - out-and-out giggled, a crystal, trilling sound that went so delightfully well with her new body... and the 'hidden' persona that she was letting show while in it, the one Tonya hadn't even suspected when Debbie had been Dick.

"Well, one of us has to have high standards." Tonya retorted, feeling a little more comfortable with this banter. "From where I stand, it looks like you're ready to trip the first male that comes by. What, exactly, are you looking for in a potential lover?"

Debbie grinned. "Since this is the ultimate 'love-'em-and-leave-'em' routine, I'd take... anything."

Tonya opened her mouth to retort - but never got the chance, as a masculine rumble from their left drew their attention.

They'd just left the hotel, and were walking towards the corner. Leaning against the corner of the building was a short, swarthy man dressed only in a once-white undershirt, Bermuda shorts, and a yellow fedora-style hat with a bright red band. Though definitely underdressed for the October weather, he looked to be warm enough - and perhaps that came from the fact that much of his swarthy skin was covered by thick, dark hair that not only coated his arms and legs, but sprouted through the various openings of the shirt he wore, seeming to merge into the scraggly goatee-style beard he wore. His eyebrows, overly prominent above narrow, deep-set dark eyes, looked like a couple of furry black caterpillars resting on his face.

That basso sound was apparently the hirsute man's rendition of 'clearing your throat'. He grinned at the two women, his eyes having a hard time choosing between Debbie's derrière and Tonya's tits. He 'grinned' and doffed his Cuban, revealing long, greasy black hair.

"Afternoon, Ladies..." He said in a cigarette-roughened voice as he grinned oily at them. "How you ladies doin' today?"

Physically recoiling from the weasely-looking individual, the two new women hurried on, slender heels keeping a staccato rhythm with the lower sounds of thicker heels.

"Okay..." Debbie corrected, numbly. "Anything but *hairy*..."

Tonya looked at her - and then the two new women giggled together as they hurried on.

"You're serious about this, aren't you?" Tonya asked, with a feeling of near-disbelief. "You're just going to pick some lucky shmoe off the street, put the moves on him, and have sex with him!"

"That's about the long and short of it." Debbie confirmed. "What would you suggest I look for in a potential mate? Stability? Commitment? A good golf swing? What?"

Tonya blinked - then grinned. "Money. Definitely money. You could use the cash-value of a nice piece of jewelry or something." Debbie looked affronted. "What do I look like? A cheap whore?"

"No - a very expensive one." Tonya shot back, quickly.

"Hey!" Debbie said, turning up her nose. "I'm not the one with a stripper's rack."

"Hey - any self respecting stripper would envy me these babies..." Tonya said, hefting her new endowments. "Quite frankly, they'd be welcome to them, too..."

"Hmmm..." Debbie said with mock seriousness, tapping one slender finger against her pointed chin. "There's a thought: Entwhistle and O'Neill, breasts tailored for every occasion."

"We'd make a bundle." Tonya grinned. "Hey - why does your name come first?" "Alphabetical order, of course..." Debbie said, loftily - then giggled.

Tonya giggled right back. Debbie was right - once you relaxed and stopped waiting for the Universe to tap you on the shoulder for 'playing' at being female, this could be a lot of fun.

"Him, I think..." Debbie said, thoughtfully, pointing. Instinctively, even before her mind registered the meaning of Debbie's considering words, Tonya followed the pointing finger's sight-line.

She found herself looking at an older man. Not 'old' older, but older than the two transformed friends were - say, about thirty or so. Tall, with a rugged look that bespoke hours spent outdoors in some athletic situation or another. Lean and trim, he was deeply tanned, with a shock of dark hair and a surprisingly penetrating pair of aquiline green eyes. Dressed in tan slacks and a leather flight jacket, he was leaning casually against a street-lamp and quite openly and comfortably watching the women who passed by, a slight, engaging smile on his lips and an obviously easy banter, considering the way most women he decide to talk to laughed easily and openly at his witticisms.

Tonya couldn't find anything to say, except: "Why him?"

Debbie's eyes twinkled, but her voice was completely serious when she answered. "He looks like he'll make a good lover."

Not waiting for Tonya to respond, Debbie started across the street - and something had shifted in her stride. Though Tonya couldn't quite put her finger on what had changed, there was absolutely no doubt that Debbie was, to use a phrase. 'working it'.

"I wonder where she learned *that*..." Tonya said, irrelevantly - and then she followed Debbie, a few feet behind, and with considerably less 'oomph' in her walk.

Tonya was there for moral support - and because she was burning to see how Debbie handled herself, if she could actually keep her cool well enough to pull this off. She wasn't however, interested in 'joining in', and so she made it look as if she were slowly strolling towards the doorway just past the handsome man.

"Hi, there." Debbie said, grinning at the man as she walked up to him. "You look like you know the area pretty well."

"I should - I've lived around here my whole life." The guy said, with a grin, holding out his hand. "I'm Steve. What can I do for you?"

"Debbie." She introduced herself. "See, Steve, I'm stuck in town on an unexpected layover, and was wondering what sort of, uh... 'hot spots' you have around here. Something within walking distance of the hotel, where I can, uh... 'Socialize'..."

"Well, there isn't much..." Steve said, thoughtfully - and, blushing Tonya opened the door she'd arrived at, knowing that Debbie would have no problem snaring Steve - especially considering the long, appreciative look he'd given her as she'd walked up.

Looking around, Tonya realized her 'destination' was a bar. She hadn't actually paid much attention to what the building was, planning to simply wait a few minutes inside and then leave - but the sight of the dimly-lit room and the bar with the rows of bottles behind it suddenly made her think that a drink or two might go down very well indeed. Trying hard to ignore the speculative looks she was getting from some of the guys, the firm-bodied brunette walked to the bar and settled her well-rounded ass onto a bar-stool and (after a second's thought) demurely crossed her legs at the knee while asking for a Fuzzy Navel...

* * * * *

"Traveling light...?" Steve asked, looking around the hotel room with a raised eyebrow.

Debbie grinned and smoothly deflected the semi-question/semi-suggestion. "I told you it was a unexpected layover."

"Ah, yes - so you did..." Steve said. Debbie had to keep her grin from growing, knowing that the handsome, easy-going man's true worry was that she was a hooker, one who had a big, mean pimp nearby who would make sure he paid if he used her... 'services'. Of course, the truth of the matter would surprise him much more, but she had no plan to tell him.

"So..." She said, walking slowly closer. "You were volunteering to help me pass the time. What did you have in mind...?"

Steve looked her up and down - and grinned. She gave him a cat-like grin back... trying very hard not to show him how nervous she was.

Though Tonya might not have completely understood it, Debbie was every bit as nervous as her roommate. The difference was, Debbie was willing to go ahead despite her nervousness, projecting a false image while her heart thundered in her chest. The truth of the matter was, Debbie wasn't quite sure of herself enough to 'initiate' a sexual activity with a man, though she'd certainly been 'nudging' the hell out of people to get them thinking in the right direction. Like now - here she was, walking closer to Steve, moving her body with supple grace, playing every card in her hand - but he couldn't quite work up the nerve to kiss him. She was hoping - desperately - that what she'd done would be enough for him to...

Stepping that one step closer, Steve grinned and wrapped his arms around her - a trifle uncertainly, half-afraid that he'd misconstrued her advances, but willing to give it a shot. He hadn't misconstrued anything, however, and that 'excuse' was all Debbie needed to melt in his arms, tilting her head back a bit to let him bend his face to hers and kiss her, passionately.

With him 'initiating' the kiss, it was more than all right for her to kiss back, her heart pounding in mixed excitement and anxiety - with good reason, too. The phrase 'a virgin getting her first kiss' might have been a little skewed, given the circumstances, but this *was* the first time she'd kissed a man, so... her heart-rate increased as Steve began gently easing her towards the bed, but she made no move to resist - although, had Steve been paying closer attention, he might have noticed she didn't actively participate, either.

Then again, he *did* have other things on his mind at the moment...

With a soft sigh, Debbie let herself be tumbled back onto the same bed, for the same basic purpose, for the second time that day - but this time, it was in the strong, masculine embrace of Steve's arms...

* * * * *

"Excuse me, miss..."

Tonya wasn't trying to be rude - it was just that, despite all the... *physical* evidence, she was still having a hard time, instinctively, understanding that it was she being referred to as 'Miss'. The polite, nervous male voice that had spoken tried it twice, the second even quieter and more hesitant, prefaced with an awkward-sounding 'uhhh '

She'd heard it, in that her ears had picked it up as it was spoken - but her brain hadn't made the connection immediately, and she was in the middle of a sip when she realized a couple of things in the same instant; The voice had been speaking to her, and she knew that voice.

She suddenly found herself trying hard not to cough out the sip she'd taken, her throat having closed up momentarily as she'd realized she was being spoken too. Gasping as discretely as possible, she swiveled around on the stool, realizing several seconds had passed since the second time she'd been hailed. Her new eyes darted around, looking for the owner of the familiar tones - and spotting him, shoulders slightly slumped in on themselves, walking towards the back of the bar.

For a second, Tonya's heart seemed to stop as she verified that the person who had spoken was, in fact, the person she'd thought it was. It was Mark Tudwell, a well, an 'acquaintance' rather than a friend. A quietly-cheerful young man who was, generally, rather shy- if-game in public, nervous but friendly. Tonya, as Tom, knew Mark from work. A nice enough guy, if a bit *too* self-deprecating. But how on earth had he recognized Tonya...?

Then her heart began to beat as she realized that Mark *hadn't* recognized her, not as 'Tom' at least. Tonya should have known better, but deep-down she had an irrational fear, that people could somehow tell she wasn't 'really' female, but a guy in drag. Now, rolling her eyes, Tonya had to remind herself that she had the ultimate 'fool-proof disguise'. In her case, the old adage was quite literally true - her own mother *wouldn't* recognize her.

So... If Mark hadn't recognized her, why had he been trying to speak to her? Tonya didn't really know Mark all that well, but she knew him well enough to know he was hardly a Ladies' Man, hitting on women he met in bars. It was so out of character as to be ludicrous... at least, Tonya found the thought rather ludicrous.

Her curiosity piqued, Tonya decided to find out. Finishing her drink, the buxom brunette reminded herself to move gracefully as she slid off the stool and headed towards the back corner of the club...

...and then slowed a bit as Mike approached the washrooms. She hesitated, unsure whether to go forward and wait for him near the bathroom doors, or to go back to her stool...

...and then, as she watched, Mike walked right past the bathroom towards the back door of the bar, his shoulders still slumped with her 'cold shoulder' to him. Feeling like a louse, Tony hurried forward, catching herself just in time before she shouted his name - that would have taken some explaining, and she didn't have a lie on hand for knowing the name of a 'complete stranger'.

Her hesitation had opened his lead, and Mike had slipped out the back door before she could shout something else to stop him. Not wanting to leaving him feeling so dejected - and rejected - she hurried down the dimly-lit hallway, resolving to claim a hearing problem to explain why she'd 'ignored' him when he'd approached her. Throwing open the door, she stepped into the alley-way beyond...

...and slammed into somebody.

"Look, I didn't mean to ignore you..." She started to say, a bit breathlessly - and then stopped in shock as she realized that it wasn't Mike she was talking too, but the swarthy, hairy man from the hotel.

"I knew it..." the man grinned his oily grin, eyeing Tonya's huge rack. "Sluts like you jus' can't get 'nuff, can you?"

Tony gaped at him - which was the wrong response, as he stepped forward and pushed her roughly against the now-closed door behind her, pushing his lips roughly against her and thrusting his foul-tasting tongue deep into her slack-jawed mouth. About the same height as her, despite the heels, the smell, hairy man was wiry and surprisingly strong, and he held her in position against the door with one arm just below her neck, his other hand grabbing her sweater and rucking it up as he kissed her, hard and unpleasant. She'd just begun to struggled when he pushed the full weight of his body against her, her huge new tits pressed against his shirt as his other hand began to yank at the zipper of her skirt.

Realizing with horror that she was about to be raped, Tonya struggled harder - and, with growing horror, realized that the man had all the leverage he needed to pin her in place, his mouth covering hers and effectively muffling her screams for help...

* * * *

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE APARTMENT...

Dick/Debbie and Tom/Tonya were smart, very smart - but nobody is perfect, and the two ex-men were no exception.

While they were out, gallivanting around, the stress on the space-time continuum had continued to grow, the two-hour 'gap' inside their apartment pulling on the very fabric that formed what Human Beings know as 'reality'. Unseen forces had begun to gather as soon as that time-lapse 'bubble' had formed, and had continued to grow as more and more time passed, bringing more and more pressure to bear on the 'discontinuity' in time. Like any good machine, the Universe had self correcting

mechanisms to keep everything from falling apart - and, when the strain had become too much, the forces that had built up overwhelmed the relatively meager power of the 'spell' their computer had formed...

...and with an inaudible 'snap', the universe broke the no-time bubble and tried to 'patch' everything together. The fact that the 'easiest' way to do that was to backwards-edit reality to match the new one that the two men had created was in no way a 'vindictive' move against the guys for meddling in things they didn't truly understand.

It was merely a 'fringe benefit' to a living, breathing Universe that, quite frankly, enjoyed mutating the immutable...

(This story is brought to you courtesy of the fine people at Dewey, Cheetem and Howe, makers of Blancadent, the miracle toothpaste with Compound X-12 for effervescent cleaning power. Blancadent, the toothpaste for a new millennium. And now, back to our story...)

* * * *

Debbie moaned as Steve's strong hands slid over her nearly-naked body, touching with an expert caress that proved her 'feminine instincts' had been correct. She writhed gently beneath his firm body, excited by the feel of his warm, masculine flesh against hers as he kissed her, gently-yet-passionately... while gently moving her legs apart. Nervous and excited, Debbie smiled up at him as she eased her nylon-clad legs wide, her hands coming up to rest against his firm chest as he positioned himself over her...

...then felt the strangest 'shudder' run through her as time seemed to pause for an instant. In that instant, her every sense seemed to become incredibly clear as the universe ground to a halt - and 'new' memories flooded her mind. Memories that didn't replace her old ones, but 'mirrored' them, equally as 'real' as the original set, despite the fact that they were completely different.

Memories of growing up female. Memories of going through puberty, of discovering boys, of coming to enjoy her newfound beauty and sensuality. Memories that felt every bit as 'real' as her other memories, of being male.

Memories that had no problem explaining the simple-yet-expensive diamond engagement ring that now graced her slender, dainty finger. The ring that she 'remembered' Steve giving to her almost eight months ago. The ring that promised matrimony. The ring that spoke of their much-planned wedding, only three days away...

...and then, before Debbie could wrap her mind fully around the new memories, before she could comprehend the inexplicable thoughts and ideas that her 'female upbringing' had given her to match her no-longer-remembered-by-anyone-else male ones, her fiancé thrust his hips forward, and for the first time she felt a man's cock sliding into her wet-and-ready womanhood, felling as wonderful as she 'remembered' it feeling from all the other times she and Steve had made love...

Mind awash with confusion, two sets of memories, and pleasure, Debbie could only gasp as Steve filled her completely - and delightfully. 'Just like always', she moved her hips in response to his thrust, pulling his wonderful manhood deeper inside

her, even as she was further stunned by 'new' skills from all the sex she remembered having. She gasped again, her hands tightening instinctively on Steve's shoulders as they settled into a rhythm, bodies moving gracefully together as if they'd done this many times before - which, one set of memories told her, she had - even though she didn't know why she had those memories, or what had happened.

"Oh... God..." She gasped, confused - and in incredible amounts of pure pleasure, their bodies moving in wonderful rhythm that created new sensations completely unlike anything she'd ever felt as a man. "Oh, Steve, I... I don't... this is..."

"I... know... baby..." Steve gasped, misunderstanding her as he built up speed and power, leaning forward to brace himself for better traction as he really got into the rhythm.

Debbie moaned low and sweet, closing her eyes and letting her head loll back as she shudder in ecstasy, no longer trying to figure out what was going on. She simply let herself slide into the rhythms that the inexplicable new memories provided for her, losing herself in the incredible feeling of being filled - and fulfilled, pleasure thrumming through every nerve as her wonderful, loving fiancée made gently passionate love to her, their bodies moving together like a well-oiled pleasure machine.

Gasping and unconsciously calling out Steve's name, Debbie spread her nylon-clad legs wider, bending them at the knees to allow more leverage to thrust her hips upwards in response to her fiancé's thrusts, pleasure thrumming and swirling through her entire body as an incredible intense, almost *liquid* sensation of ecstasy built in her new vagina.

"Oh, yes...!" She screamed, her body now bucking frenetically as she teetered right on the edge of orgasm. "Oh, God, Steve, yes! I love this, Steve, I love it, I love..."

Then it hit - a tidal wave of pleasure that completely overwhelmed her, shutting down higher brain functions as she shuddered in exquisite ecstasy, her gasping shouts of pleasure becoming a primal scream of orgasmic ecstasy as her body writhed and shuddered with the force of the orgasm that thundered through her - and now she had a reference to use if she'd ever wanted to describe the 'frozen time' during transformation, because the orgasm seemed to last forever as the rest of the world paused, a soundless white explosion of pleasure that overwhelmed her completely for an eternal instant before dopplering down into mere 'pleasure', her shuddering body going limp under her wonderful husband-to-be as he pumped his seed deep into her new womanhood.

He didn't collapse atop her, however, taking the time to ease himself to the side before slumping and gathering her in his strong, wonderfully masculine arms. Still confused by what had happened, overwhelmed by both the strange new 'reality' and the sheer pleasure she'd just felt, Debbie tensed at his warm, reassuring touch...

...and he immediately eased off, his hands practically hovering over her as he said, "Is... I something wrong, honey?"

Debbie's mind jumped into warp-speed at the question. She found herself comparing both sets of memories, male and female - and the answer was so blindingly obvious that when she spoke, it was with utter sincerity.

"No, Steve - everything's perfect..."

Then, with a very contented smile, the new women embraced her lover and snuggled close, inhaling the sweet masculine musk that he exuded and thinking about how wonderful it was going to be, married to this man...

...while part of her wondered what, exactly, had happened.

* * * * *

Tonya was just about to bite down on the offending tongue in desperation, the man's hand now pulling the zipper on her skirt down...

...when she was immobilized by a 'frozen moment' that was further incapacitating because of a flood of new memories that ran through her mind.

Memories that almost - but not quite - distracted her from the sensation of her body changing. She felt her body shiver and re-form, the weight of her huge breasts lifting from her chest even as her body conformed to the 'new' memories in her head...

...and Tom, stunned, tried to wrap his conscious mind around what had just happened, and the new memories he had in his head, overlaying the old ones.

"C'mon, Tom ' Juanita said, her incredibly full, red lips curving in a sexy pout. "Don' be teasin' me like this. You know I jus' can't help myself "

Tom simply stared at the person the would-be rapist had become, the person Tom's new memories insisted was Juanita, his nymphomaniac girlfriend. Tom stared at her, taking in every inch of her lush, swarthy body - the massive mane of thick, wavy black hair around a face of pure, heavy-lidded, full-lipped sensuality. Her long, gloriously copper-bronze legs perched atop the black 'Fuck Me' pumps she loved to wear so much. Her wide, womanly hips and delightfully slender waist, well displayed by the barely-there black leather skirt she wore...

...then massive, basket-ball-sized tits she boasted, proudly displayed now that her white crop-top was rucked up to allow Tom full access to her massive breasts and their huge, dark nipples.

Though Tom knew that this woman had been male only second before, at the same time he also 'knew' that she was a loving, devoted girlfriend who loved to cook for him, loved to clean the apartment, loved to do just about anything for him - and all she asked in return was the right to fuck and suck him more or less all the time.

The thing was, Tom had both sets of memories, one of the original past and one of the new past - but it was obvious that 'Juanita' remembered only the past that went with her new, super-lush body - and she actually did enjoy being a huge-breasted, cum-hungry little slut - but not just for anybody. No, she was only a slut for him...

"Oh... I know what you want, baby..." Juanita said, with a grin... and she slowly sank to her knees, her hands reaching out for Tom's rapidly hardening cock, already exposed from when 'she' had pulled 'his' zipper down.

Tom started to object, started to step back... then stopped himself, mentally shrugging and letting a big, shit-eating grin cross his face as his unbelievably skilled girlfriend rapped her full, sexy lips around his shaft and began to eagerly slurp away at his cock.

Tom had enough time to wonder what, exactly, had happened, and to resolve to track down Dick - or, perhaps, Debbie, since he didn't 'remember' ever meeting 'Dick' in this new reality - and find out what had happened...

...and then his cum-crazed new girlfriend's ministrations drove all other thoughts from his head.

* * * * *

Tom was smart, but he wasn't perfect - just like anybody else, he could - and did - make mistakes...

'Oh, God - what am I doin'...?' Juan(ita) thought in pure, unexpressed horror as (s)he 'happily' slurped away at Tom's cock, unable to control the actions that (s)he would happily have died before willingly performing. Yet (s)he had absolutely no say in the matter...

...and, even more horrible for the never-caught-by-the-cops-rapist was the knowledge that (s)he would spend the rest of whatever years (s)he had left doing more-or-less the same thing...

...yet even that wasn't the absolutely worst part of it as (s)he gulped down Tom's warm, salty cum - because (s)he was absolutely horrified to find that she was actually, really, honestly enjoying it. Her new body was super-horny, and super-sensitive... and, to her new taste-buds, cum was absolutely the most wonderful tasting substance in the universe.

Yes, that was the absolutely worst part, Juanita knew as she happily licked Tom's cock clean and put it away, rising to let him fondle her hideously pleasure-sensitive tits. It was the worst...

...because she knew that very, very soon she'd be fucking and sucking 'another man' willingly and eagerly.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A businessman acquires a serum that makes him immortal, but one of the side effects is that it also makes him female any horny.

Immortal

By Gunslinger

Tattered remnants of his clothing flapping in the cool night air, Brendan Prescott lurched and staggered through the woods in a poor imitation of a dead run.

Despite his head-long flight at the fastest speed he could manage in the torn ruins of his Italian leather loafers, his breathing wasn't particularly labored, nor his muscles straining with the effort. When his shoulder slammed into yet another tree unseen in the post- midnight darkness, he stopped neither out of fatigue nor from the pain of impact. Instead, turning to look back in the direction from where he fled, he leaned against the tree and fought to make his whirling brain catch up with where his nearly tireless body had brought him.

In the distance, the blue-and-red strobe of emergency lights competed against the lurid flickering glare of a richly-red, gasoline-fed fire. Unseen in the darkness, a thick cloud of smoke also rose from the flickering flames, marking a spot about half a mile away.

The spot where, running from the police, Brendan had lost control of his high-performance BMW coupe and had flown off the side of the road.

There was more than enough distance between the crash site and him, Brendan realized, that he didn't need to dash almost mindlessly through the woods. After all, it wasn't as if the police would be close behind him. No - the police swarming around the burning wreckage of his car would be waiting for the fire to die down so that they could recover his corpse - for, after all, there was no possible way any human being could have survived that crash.

Which was quite true, Brendan thought to himself with a smirking grin, as he turned away from the distant lights and began picking his way through the forest.

After all, he wasn't merely human any longer...

As he carefully picked his way through the forest, survivor of an 'fatal' car crash, the smile slowly slid from Brendan's face as he considered the situation in which he found himself thanks to his 'superhuman' status.

A self-made multi-millionaire, Brendan Prescott had made his fortune through buying out the debts of companies in trouble - then, when the debts couldn't be repaid, using the law to allow him to force the company to transfer assets to him with

the nominal value of the debts, but that he'd subsequently turn around and sell at twice or three times what that nominal value was supposed to have been.

It had earned him a fortune - and, a little less than a month ago, it had earned him immortality.

The company had been called Genetex, and he'd seen nothing special in it as he'd employed his usual tactics... until the chief researcher, desperate to save his company, had offered Brendan something more valuable than money - a retrovirus that the company was developing that increased the body's ability to heal.

Hardly an expert in the field, Brendan hadn't understood the technical details the scientist had given him - but the end result was quite easy to understand.

Other than complete and immediate decapitation, the serum made a human being the next best thing to immortal. Not only did it 'turn off' the genes responsible for aging, but it allowed the body to heal almost instantaneously, so that injuries that would have been fatal before were now 'merely' a nuisance.

When the car had slammed into the trees at better than a hundred miles per hour and all-but-exploded, he'd been burned, crushed and mutilated... but the serum had long since radically decreased his pain receptors, so all he'd felt was a dull throbbing ache as he'd laboriously pulled himself, still smoldering, from the wreckage. A minute later, long before the following police cars had arrived in his speeding car's wake, he'd been up and moving through the woods. A few minutes later, he'd been all-but-healed. His skin, newly re-grown, was as soft as the proverbial baby's bottom, and he was completely hairless until the burned hair could grow back at a massively increased rate, but other than that he thought himself to be almost completely healed... though it was hard to be sure, since he felt...

It was hard to finish that sentence. He certainly wasn't in any pain, and he didn't feel 'bad' or even 'weird'. There was just something subtly different about how he felt as he made his careful way through the woods - but it wasn't that not-quite-definable difference that had wiped the smile off his face.

It was the thought that the same serum that had allowed him to survive the wreck was directly responsible for causing it.

When the researcher had proposed the serum in exchange for cancellation of the debt, Brendan had been understandably doubtful of the claims made. In fact, he'd only reluctantly agreed to the '30-day trial' the researcher had proposed - Brendan would take the serum and, if after thirty days, didn't think it was worth it, could come back for the 'antidote' and go on with his normal routine of stripping the company for assets.

Within days of taking the serum - or retrovirus, or whatever the researcher had called it - Brendan had known he wouldn't be going back for the antidote.

Almost immediately, he'd found his stamina and muscle tone improving. Though his lean body grew no more muscular, his overall fitness rapidly improved. Indeed, with relatively little effort, he could have packed on pounds of muscle, since the

serum allowed for any exercise to have a greatly enhanced effect - but he'd never cared to have a 'body-builder' physique, and the fact that within a week of taking the serum he had the stamina and overall health of an Olympic-class athlete was good enough for him.

He'd also kept track of the way the serum had decreased his body's ability to feel pain - and, at the same time, a matching increase in sensitivity to pleasure. When you coupled that with the increased size and potency of his 'equipment', it had brought sexual experiences to a whole new height for him - and with an equally increased sex-drive, it was a height he was eagerly driven to reach as often as possible.

Of about average height, with a lean and lithe body and casually-styled golden hair and electric-blue eyes most women found 'captivating', Brendan had never had trouble attracting the opposite sex - and where charm and good looks failed, there was always his wealth to fall back on. As it was, he'd always had as many sexual companions as he cared to... until the ability and drive had been vastly increased by the serum, and he found himself 'falling behind', becoming annoyed with the time 'wasted' on the chase when he could have been enjoying the rewards.

The obvious response was, of course, hookers. No foreplay necessary, and he could certainly afford as many a day as he wanted. By the end of week two, he'd fallen into a routine of calling in a discrete 'escort' and having her use a wide variety of skills and methods to bring him to two or three relatively rapid-fire orgasms - which earned him status as a minor legend at the agency that sent the girls out, especially since he repeated this entire cycle three or four times a day.

Physically, he could have spent all day and most of each night doing nothing but getting fucked and sucked - but even with his enhanced sex-drive, he enjoyed the growing sexual 'need' between bouts, whereas constant, instant gratification of each sexual desire would have quickly jaded.

Everything had been going utterly fantastic... until today.

A business matter had come up that had required him to spend all day in a lawyer's office. Deprived of his usual sexual outlets, the sexual need had only continued to grow during what had seemed an interminably long day. It had been steadily harder to concentrate on the business at hand as both mind and body had cried out ever-more-strongly for sexual satisfaction.

The final straw in this particular situation had been the fact that the lawyer in question, though not up to his usual standards, especially in the endowment department, was nevertheless a fairly attractive woman...

Pausing among the trees, peering towards a light-source just over an intervening ridge, Brendan frowned as he put his finger on one of the 'oddities' about what he was feeling.

The lawyer's screams had brought the evening cleaning crew bursting through the door of the office, and he'd fled the scene of his attempted rape without having gained satisfaction. His run from the police had been performed in a haze of unsatisfied lust, his massive new manhood straining his pants and begging for release...

...and now he felt absolutely no desire at all, and the charred remains of his pants lay flat over his crotch.

"Guess there's nothing like a supposed-to-be-fatal crash to kill the mood..." Brendan chuckled weakly, the slightly puzzled frown remaining on his face as he pushed his exquisitely-tuned body into an easy run up and over the ridge.

Below him, the height of the ridge giving it the look of a scale model, lay a truck stop. Haloed in lights strategically positioned about the expanse of blacktop, the large multi-service building was a 'super service center'. One of the newer industries dotting America's busiest highways, like the divided interstate this one serviced, the establishment not only boasted full fueling and repair facilities for cars, trucks and busses, but also housed four nation chain 'fast food' restaurants, a sit-down, eat-in diner, a coffee/gift shop, a convenience store, and a small motel featuring by-the-hour cubicles. Even in the wee early hours of morning, that wide pavement meadow was strewn with vehicles of nearly every description, though still somewhat shy of being half of what it could hold.

Feeling relief at the multitude of possibilities such a thing present, Brendan started down the broad sloped towards the well-lit service center...

...and five strides into the descent, suddenly doubled over with enough force that he pitched forward, tumbling wildly down the rest of the slope to the bottom.

It wasn't pain that had caused him to double over, any more than he felt the normal pain a 'unenhanced' human would have felt from the bruising, perhaps even bone-snapping tumble. No, what had caused it was something different.

Hunger. Ravenous, overwhelming, feels-like-your-stomach-is-imploding hunger. It wasn't painful, but in it's own way it was nearly as incapacitating, as it felt as if his entire body was trying to collapse into an internal void that had opened up inside him.

Stunned, Brendan staggered back up onto his feet, staring across the wide expanse of lit blacktop at the building that housed enough food to feed an army... but would utterly refuse to serve him in his current condition.

His body was still rapidly healing itself, the cause of the gargantuan hunger as it burned up calories to regain it's full health. A quick touch told him that he had perhaps an inch of blond hair now crowning his scalp, and even thin eyebrows, though the rest of his body hair had yet to even begin growing. Another quick look revealed that his wallet and the contents within had escaped the brief fire he'd endured relatively unscathed - his credit cards were probably demagnetized, but there was nearly two thousand dollars in the bill- fold.

No, the problem wasn't physical or monetary - it was sartorial. His clothes, little more than charred rags, just wouldn't do. In order to feed the ravening hunger that was growing stronger by the minute, he needed to find something else to wear.

Almost desperately, he began to circle the outer extremity of the lot, trying to remain inconspicuous while he searched for some way of replacing his clothing. The hunger, building at an incredible rate, was making hard to concentrate - and the fact

that his sexual drive was beginning to re-emerge wasn't helping matters. He felt light-headed and slightly confused, mind flitting between his rising physical needs - one of which was both so close and so far from satisfaction that it seemed likely to drive him crazy. If he didn't find something else to wear, soon, he might find himself as helpless to stop himself from barging into one of the restaurants and ripping food from patrons hands as he'd been to keep himself from assaulting the lawyer.

Then his luck kicked in - he came across a rusty old Ford station wagon, whose owner was either moving 'on the cheap', or was a gypsy. Not only was the cargo area filled with boxes and belongings, but the roof-rack was piled high and covered with a rope- bedecked tarp... and, partially protruding from the back corner of said tarp was some clothing.

Quickly, Brendan grabbed some articles, praying that the owner would assume they'd fallen or been blown out somewhere on the road. Clutching his ill-gotten gains, he back-peddled to a shadowed spot under some trees lining the parking lot, and quickly started to get changed...

"What the fuck...?!" Brenda gasped, staring in shock down at his crotch. It was completely flat.

There was no evidence of injury, which meant that the rapid healing was working away - but there was also no indication of his manhood.

"Oh - must not have gotten that far yet..." He muttered, remembering the brief 'sensation' on impact that, in retrospect, seemed to signal castration. Well, that would explain why he hadn't been horny during his run through the woods... and the fact that he was now fighting arousal as well as ravenous hunger must indicate that his body was rebuilding his sexual organs again, even if there was as yet no visual sign of it... right?

The thing of it was - as dismaying as it was to look down at his crotch and see nothing, even that couldn't override the incredible hunger that was taking over more and more of his attention. Pushing the whole thing aside as being momentarily irrelevant, he quickly finished dressing and stuffed his cash into the pockets of his 'new' jeans.

He was dressed, and that was good - but even as he hurried across the parking lot towards one of the fast-food chains, some part of him not swallowed up by his monstrous hunger was annoyed at the fit of the clothing. At first, he'd thought he'd been incredibly lucky, because the clothing seemed roughly his size, at least in terms of the lengths of pant legs and shirt sleeves... yet the man who owned this clothing originally must have had a very strange build, for the clothing didn't fit at all the way Brendan had expected.

As annoyingly tight as the clothing was in some places, it was loose in others... but the single largest annoyance was the boots, and not because they 'fit weird' - they were, quite simply, too small. At least, with diminished pain receptors, they didn't hurt... but he'd had to fight to get his feet into them, and the result was that he was forced to take shorter, more hesitant strides than he was used to.

Worse, they were cowboy boots. Never having worn cowboy boots before - or, for that matter, held a pair or seen a pair close up - Brendan hadn't realized the stacked heel was so tall. It had to be at least two inches in height, and that would

probably have annoyed him enough to take them off and put his damaged loafers back on - if for the fact that he was so starving hungry that the thought of turning around and going back to where he'd left his own ruined clothes was unthinkable.

Tottering atop the blocky heels of the too-tight boots, Brendan made his way into the fast-food restaurant.

A small part of his mind suggested he go into the bathroom and get a better look at himself in a mirror, so he'd know what other people were seeing when they looked at him - but at this point, that small part of his mind was very small indeed. Just as when his lust had overridden his intelligence at the lawyer's office, now his hunger ruled his body, and he had to fight to keep from simply pushing to the head of the short line.

When his turn came, blissfully quick, he ordered five whole super-sized combo meals. If anybody was looking at him strange for any reason, he didn't notice - no more than he noticed how strangely soft and high-pitched his own voice sounded as he ordered. All he could think about was food, a craving made only all the worse by the smells that filled the fast-food place. He overpaid for the food and refused to wait for change, which was sure to garner him some strange looks indeed, but not the sort of thing that would cause anybody to get upset - though he retained just enough intellect under his hunger to take the food 'to go'. Ordering five meals might not have been all that strange, as he could have been buying for a family - but sitting down and eating five meals would have been noticed and remarked upon, and his survival instinct was just barely strong enough to allow him to avoid that. Instead, he took the paper bags full of food and scampered out into the night, heading for the closest 'dark corner' behind the buildings where, agreeable, he found a couple of picnic tables set out. Seating himself in the dark, he began to pull food from the paper sacks and gorge himself, not particularly caring about what he was eating as he chewed and swallowed as fast as he could. His nails - growing, like his hair, and the incredible rate the serum/retrovirus allowed - were long enough that they slowed him down some, but not enough that he was willing to pause and bite them down to a shorter length. Besides, while in 'hyper healing' mode, they'd only grow back as quickly as they'd already grown.

Finally, Brendan scarfed down the last bite of hamburger, chasing it down with the last gulp of cola. With his body using the food/fuel almost as fast as he packed it in, he wasn't 'full' - in fact, he was still somewhat hungry - but no longer ravenous. In fact, he was feeling that strange, almost dreamy sort of glow that came after assuage most of his body's most important needs, leaving him feeling pleasantly thick-witted and 'dozy'.

The partial sating of his appetite allowed him only to become more strongly aware of the previously lesser sexual urge thrumming through his body - as well as another urge, no less strong than the sexual one, but one he'd been unaware of because it had seemed part of his hunger.

It wasn't a completely unfamiliar feeling, as he'd felt a variation of it before, and it was quite close to feeling hungry - but it was, in fact, his body telling him he was hungry for something specific, something his body seemed to need that he hadn't gotten from the food he'd eaten. A missing vitamin, perhaps. Unfortunately, he was only aware that his body craved something, without knowing what it was - but, from his previous experiences with rapid healing, he knew he wouldn't have much trouble finding out. Once, during healing, his body had needed potassium... and when he'd walked past a bunch of bananas in the fruit

bowl in his kitchen, the simple smell of the bananas had nearly driven him insane, and he'd scarfed down the entire bunch almost as mindlessly as the meal he'd just now finished.

Well - almost finished. Overwhelmed by his body's desperate need, such things as good eating manners had fallen by the wayside. Dreamily, he reached down with one slender, long-nailed finger and scooped a glob of mayonnaise from the canyon of his creamy cleavage, and with a soft moan of pleasure, slipped the long-nailed finger between his full, soft lips...

He fell off the bench.

No - jerking in reaction to the realization penetrating a dazed and dreamy mind, SHE fell off the picnic table bench.

"What...? How... Why...?" She stammered, struggling to fight through that heavy haze slowing and obscuring her mind. Like many things since taking the serum/retro-virus, it was a familiar effect that was greatly intensified - like the 'dozy' feeling after Thanksgiving dinner taken to it's extreme limit. It also had a somewhat muting effect on emotions - which meant that the confusion, fear and horror she felt wasn't as sharp-edged as it should have been, given the circumstances.

Her dazed mind, rather than focusing primarily on her body, instead decided to pick up on an 'irrelevant' issue - the clothing she was wearing.

The clothing which fit a lot better than it had before.

The clothing, she realized belatedly, that was women's clothing.

Jeans and a blue-and-white checked shirt, plus the cowboy boots. In the dark, driven with hunger, it was no wonder that she hadn't clued in on the fact that the clothing, unisex in general appearance, was women's clothing... but now her brain made the connection, simply because the clothing that had been so uncomfortable before was now uncomfortably comfortable on her newly feminine body.

"No..." She said, shaking her head and trying to clear her logy mind. "No, you're doing it wrong! You're supposed to be healing me back to a man... not a woman..."

Dimly, she realized that having been castrated in the crash must have somehow made her body 'think' it was supposed to be female, and that's how it was healing itself... but between the post-gorging doziness and the distracting sexual arousal and strange craving, it was hard for her to get her brain working.

As it was, she was barely alert enough to realize she should go to the bathroom of a different restaurant than the one from which she'd bought the food, just in case somebody both recognized her and noticed how her body changed. With a slightly swaying step, she made her way towards the restaurant nearby, everything seeming to both happen in slow motion and yet seem strangely sharp and clear - at least, whatever she was focusing on seemed preternaturally 'real', while everything else was lost in a strange mental haze.

'There's more wrong her than I know...' she thought to herself. 'I've never felt this way before - something my body is doing is different. This 'healing'... it isn't right...'

Well, she'd never experienced such damage before, to so much of her body, at one time. She had nothing to compare her body's current situation to - all she knew was that the way her body had 'chosen' to rebuild all that damage wasn't what she expected, or wanted it to do.

Ignoring some strange looks cast her way, she made her way through the restaurant to the hallway leading to the bathrooms. She paused at the door to the men's room, to let a man just emerging to clear the way...

"Uh, miss...?" The man said, looking at her oddly. "This is the men's room."

For a few seconds that felt like ages, she simply stared at him, not comprehending - then she blushed as realization struck her. Not out of 'embarrassment', as the man obviously assumed - out of humiliation at the fact that she was now in a situation where the men's room was the wrong bathroom for her new gender.

Muttering something inane, she swiveled with a half-stagger, and pushed hesitantly through the door to the women's bathroom.

Thankfully, it was currently deserted - she didn't think she could bring herself to enter an occupied women's bathroom. Regardless of whatever her body might make people assume about her, she still thought and felt like a man, and so would have felt like a pervert - still felt like a pervert, as a matter of fact, it was just that there was nobody around to see 'him' being a pervert.

Hesitantly, she approached the mirror...

...and only a quick grab-and-catch of the edge of the sink kept her from falling as a wave of dizzy faintness swept over her at the sight of her reflection.

A young woman gaped back at her.

Not all that long ago, Brendan had seen the movie 'Domino', starring Keira Knightley.

At the first glimpse of her new appearance, Brendan's first, wild thought was that she'd somehow become 'Domino Harvey'...

A second, longer look revealed that to be far from true, though the initial impression was understandable - there was a certain resemblance, especially in bold-yet-feminine structure of her new face, and the 'boyishly short' mop of hair that topped it.

There were, however, many differences. For one thing, she'd lost little of her 'male' height, and so she was quite tall, for a woman. Moreover, her hair was a rich, silky golden blonde, her eyes the same electric blue they'd always been...

...and though she had the same basic 'boyish' yet undeniably feminine build as 'Domino', Brendan was considerably better endowed than Keira was.

"No, no, no, no..." Brendan chanted in denial of what she was seeing reflected - yet even in that denial, found further evidence that it was real, in the unmistakably feminine tenor of her voice.

She was a woman - and, quite the 'looker', at that. Maybe not drop-dead gorgeous or stone-cold foxy, (not that she wanted to be either), yet undeniably very attractive in a 'cutely-tough' sort of way... and that was the real reason why, upon first glimpse, the 'Domino' connection had leapt to mind, for her male brain, upon first sight of her newly feminine body, had reacted exactly the same way as it had to the sight of Keira-as-Domino on the screen.

As a matter of fact, Keira-as-Domino had turned Brendan on - and so, logically, so should have the reflection in the mirror, perverse as that might have sounded...

...except she was already turned on, and only now did her hazy brain finally realize that, if she was the posses of a feminine body now, that warm, insistent sexual arousal she'd been feeling fro some time, growing slightly stronger with every passing moment, was a feminine arousal.

She was, in fact, a 'very horny woman'.

She thought about the male sex drive the serum had given her, as a man - and then translated it into the equivalent of what she could expect, as a woman.

It was more than an urge. It had been a need, one that he'd enjoyed... and so hadn't tried to fight it.

At least, until today. Placed into a position where his enjoyment of his hyper-sexuality had been delayed, he had fought it... and failed. It had led to him trying to rape a woman...

...and, she realized with growing horror, she was every bit as sure to fail at fighting her new needs, her new urges, which would mean...

...would mean...

...would mean...

SNAP!

* * * * * Pleasure... What was it...?

Sexual pleasure. Yes, that was it.

Was he... having sex with a woman...?

No, that wasn't right - he was a woman, now.

So - she was feeling sexual pleasure - pleasure from...

...from having a nice, big hard cock plunging back and forth within the elastic confines of her tight, wet pussy. That's what she was feeling.

God, it felt good!

He they just begun...? No, they hadn't, because she was getting real close to....

OH, GOD, YES!

God, getting fucked as a woman was spectacular. The orgasms - plural! - sending her body into writhing ecstasy. John really knew how to please her...

John ?

That was the name of the man who was now laying beside her, snoring as he slept. Sleeping? Hadn't they just been fucking?

No - that had been a little while ago. She'd 'zoned out' again - or, perhaps more accurately, a little while ago, she'd 'zoned in' and she guessed she was doing it again, right now.

Who was John? How did she know his name, that he knew how to really please her, when she couldn't remember...

No matter. Nothing mattered...

She was sitting up. Had she 'zoned' No, she just been trying to think how/where/when/why she knew John, and her body, used as it was to working without her conscious input, was doing it's normal routine. That was why she was now standing and wrapping a soft, pale-peach silk robe around her body, and...

Whoa! Were those her tits...? They were huge !

Well, yes - she vaguely remembered some of it now. How good it felt to have those huge tits fondled, and squeezed, and sucked - John wasn't bad, trying to please her, but he wasn't really a 'tit man' - he was better when it came to her legs, for instance. No, for real boob-play pleasure, Steve was much better, obsessed as he was with massive, round tits like hers...

Wait - Steve? Oh, yes...

Say - when did her hair get so long? It was also really thick, and so silken. Boy, did Gary ever love to run his fingers through her hair as she knelt before him, giving him those incredibly long, loving blowjobs he enjoyed so much. It had taken plenty of 'practice' for her to get so...

She sucked cock?

Yes - yes she did. Quite often, she seemed to vaguely remember - and, according to hazy memories, quite well, apparently....

She must have 'zoned out' for a bit, there - she certainly didn't remember actually getting dressed.

Was this what she wore now? Look at that reflection in the glass door - a pale reflection cast on the darkness of the night outside, perhaps, but enough to see that total drop-dead sexy blonde bombshell...

...that was her.

Strange - she both did and didn't remember the woman she was looking at - Dominoes? What did Dominoes have to do with anything? Why had she...?

Oh, right - Keira... but she hadn't looked that way for... How long? How long had it been?

Well, at least long enough to be so gracefully confident in towering six-inch spike heels like the ones she was in now, that was for sure. Not that those long, oh-so-shapely legs needed much help... but, like the back-seamed white nylons she wore, it didn't hurt, and the white skirt was just the right length that a hint of the garters holding up those stockings flashed enticingly now and again - something that really drove Freddy nuts...

Freddy...?

Oh, right - nickname for Frederica. Say, she was a hot little number of a bisexual, wasn't she...?

...though, of course, the same could be said about herself, now couldn't it? In fact, she was even 'hotter' than Freddy - but Freddy was more interested in girls than guys, though she did both, while she, herself...

What? Vague memories, half-formed images, incomplete thoughts.

Say - where was she, anyway? Nice house, not as nice as the mansion he/she/they had once owned, whenever it was that she'd... been a guy? Yeah, that's right, she'd once...

Outside? What was she doing outside...?

Oh - when did she start smoking? Ohhh - this wasn't tobacco. Huh, she'd never really done drugs before... No, she'd been doing pot for awhile, she guessed. It was also so... confusing. Hazy, fragmentary...

Oh - if she was feeling this way, she was 'zoning in' again... and that's why her body was smoking pot and sipping at a glass of cold white wine. Trying to stay calm....

Why did it/she think they/she needed help keeping calm? - at least when she 'zoned in', which she vaguely recalled as being something happening more and more often, and for longer periods of time.

Weird.

Not the situation - though it was, kind of - but how she was feeling. She felt weird.

Why?

Why did she...? Wait a second... WAIT A SECOND...!

* * * * *

Her eyes widened.

Her lips formed a perfect 'O' of shocked surprise.

Once again, as in times so many as to be uncountable, Brendan's consciousness rose to the surface, and he/she was momentarily aware of everything that had transpired, of where he/she was and what he/she had been doing. As with all the other times, this 'episode' lasted a bit longer than before, and drew a bit closer to full integration between mind and body....

"Brenda? Baby, are you all right ?"

...and once again she was interrupted, as she almost always was, for she was never ever completely alone - not with the almost dozen men and three women of her current crop of 'need providers' sharing the house with her.

She turned, staring at the handsome, half-naked man framed in the French doors of the patio. He took one look at her expression - and sighed.

"Brendan...? Is that you?" The dark hair man asked, very carefully - long experience had taught him, and all of the others in this strange situation, that the question could spark an episode of hysterics that would require powerful sedatives to resolve. This time, it only resulted in a sudden, spasmodic shudder in the tall, incredibly-endowed blonde.

Good - this was going to be one of her better 'episodes'...

"I... I " She stammered - her voice still as high-pitched and crystalline as ever, but with the totally different cadence and intonation that only came with Brendan's brief visits. "I'm a... a.. a bimbo! A nymphomaniac bimbo!"

"Just take it easy, Brendan." The man said, soothingly, holding his hands up and staying where he was - during an episode, approaching her could be a bad idea, with those long nails of hers...

"You're You're Marcus!" She blurted, almost accusingly - then her hands flew to her face, and she stared at him in horror: "I sucked your cock this afternoon!"

"Well, er " Marcus hemmed awkwardly - these 'discussions' with Brendan were never comfortable.

An answer wasn't required, however, for she suddenly grabbed at the straining front of her white bustier. "Holy fucking shit - my tits are enormous!" She screeched.

Marcus couldn't even begin to think of a reply to that - not that it mattered. Suddenly her head snapped up, and she stared at him:

"I enjoyed it!" She screamed accusingly at him - or, perhaps, accusing only herself. "No, no - I I loved it! I love fucking and sucking... get fondled... and tit-fucked... and... and "

Her voice trailed off, and she staggered back two steps, staring off into nothing with an expression of abject horror.

"I can't handle this." She said, her voice suddenly eerily composed as she continued to stare off into nothingness. Slowly, her expression began to smooth out, her face taking on a blank cast. When she spoke the words a second time, they were in a sing-song tone: "I can't be here... I can't handle this "

...and this time, when the familiar anger flared, Marcus just couldn't hold it back. After so many times, so many 'episodes', he finally let his anger burst through:

"Dammit, you selfish son-of-a-bitch !" Marcus shouted, ignoring the 'rule' and striding right up to her. He grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her hard, until her blue eyes locked onto his in shock.

"Sixty years!" Marcus shouted into her face. From somewhere inside, he heard the others being drawn to the noise of his shouting, and part of him felt guilty about facing them after this but a bigger part of him just didn't care.

Not anymore...

"For sixty years we've been taking care of this body while you cower away somewhere deep inside that mind!" He screamed at her uncomprehending face. "You're right - you're a huge-breasted, fuck-hungry bimbo! An airhead! We're lucky if you can remember something that happened as long as five minutes ago! Do you know how many times you've nearly burnt down the house ? Not to mention, if you weren't so damned quick to heal, you would have been dead or mutilated long ago! We have to watch over you every minute of the day! That's why I came out - we have all the doors wired to wake whoever's 'on call' to keep you from just wandering away again! You won't remember, you cowardly dip-shit, but we had the devil's own time cleaning up the mess left after you got hit "

"...by a Freightliner " She completed in a dazed tone.

Marcus' anger suddenly faded, and he stared at her in shock. "You remember that ?" He asked.

She shook her head - but it wasn't exactly a negation.

"Brenda doesn't - but I do..." She said in that same, dazed tone.

Marcus was aware of the rest of the 'Brenda Conversation Group' now clustered around the French doors leading to patio, but he couldn't turn to see the expressions on their faces - he couldn't have torn his eyes off of Brenda/Brendan's face if his life depended on it.

A face that, aside from brief, usually incoherent periods where it displayed horror and disgust, was showing something other than mindless blankness for the first time in over sixty years.

It was showing... appreciation.

"You've... taken care of me." She said, like somebody just recalling a long untouched memory. "You have to cook all my meals - when I try, I burn myself, or stab myself... it's not even safe to give me a fork. At most, a plastic spoon..."

Her voice trailed off.

"Yes, yes! That's right...!" Marcus encouraged her, barely daring to hope.

"Sex..." She said - and Marcus' heart seemed to freeze up at the word, because as soon as this came up, there Brendan went, diving back into the depths of the brain that, as a result, was left practically empty for Brenda...

...only, this time, her voice was neither hysterical nor eerily composed, but thoughtful.

"I... need sex." She said, slowly. "If you didn't give it to me, I would have left to find people who would have... people who wouldn't have taken as good care of me, probably. Even in the sex itself, you all... are gentle. I beg for it, and you give it to me.. but you try to make sure I enjoy it, too... even if I never thank you for it, or tell you what I liked or disliked... because, shortly after, I don't - Brenda doesn't - remember. But I remember... I remember all of it."

She blinked, and looked at him oddly.

"Fluid transfer." She said, suddenly - something that would have seemed incomprehensible to anybody outside the group, but that brought a wondering smile to Marcus' face.

This person, who looked just like the phenomenally stupid blonde bimbo he and the others had to take such careful care of, had just had a thought. Not something she'd been told, but something she'd just figured out.

Something intelligent - falling from those lips that rarely had said more than one-syllable words for over sixty years.

"Yes. Every kiss, a tiny dosage of the retrovirus entered our systems. That's why we age so slowly... and, yes, it's a hell of a payment for taking care of you and keeping all of this secret from the rest of society." Marcus admitted. "Still... You're there! A real person, with a real mind, not this... one dimensional caricature that is all that's left to inhabit this body when you leave. I admit, at first, the original group of men who took you in thought a brainless nymphomania bimbo who could make you live longer was heaven... but, as you know, they all eventually abandoned you, one by one, when it just got too... annoying to keep you safe and secret."

"But... you stayed..." She muttered, her gaze momentarily straying to the people breathlessly huddled at the French doors. "You all stayed. Day after day, week after week, year after..."

Her gaze suddenly snapped back to Marcus.

"If I stay... I'll still be a nymphomaniac!" She said - and her voice quavered. "I won't be able to help myself any more than Brenda could! I'll still be... be begging you to... to..."

"Yes - and you'll still 'love' it all just as much." Marcus interrupted in as soothing a voice as possible. "...but I don't want to love being a cum-addicted pleasure-obsessed fuck-slut!" She wailed.

Then Marcus said something that made her brain and emotions screech to a dead stop. "Huh...?" She grunted, sure she must have heard wrong, but no:

"How do you know?" Marcus repeated, softly....

...and then, oh-so-very-slowly, giving her every opportunity to avoid it, he leaned into her and gave her a softly gentle, but nevertheless deep and sensual kiss.

For the first two seconds of the kiss, she was as stiff as a board, her spinning mind wondering why she hadn't made use of the ample opportunity he'd given her to avoid the kiss. Then, the answer came into her mind, even as her body loosened up and she began to return the kiss with growing vigor.

She hadn't 'freaked out' at the strange new situation because it was neither strange or new. It was something she'd done uncounted thousands of times before, and something she'd enjoyed immensely each of the times....

...it was just that this was the first time she was consciously and knowingly 'involved' rather than simply operating on the instinct that had basically been all Brenda had to call her own.

Which, Brendan thought bemusedly to herself some eternal time later, was why this kiss was so much better than any of those other ones, because she didn't just 'accept' the kiss, but actively participated in it.

"Whew!" Marcus breathed.

"Definitely 'whew' " She agreed, a bit numbly.

"Brendan..." He started... and then stopped as one slender finger rose and pressed lightly against his lips. Then she smiled at him.

It almost caused his heart to burst - for it wasn't the brainless, vapid smile so often on her face, by a wry one, tinged with a very old pain.

"No - Brendan's long dead, killed in a car crash." She said - then quirked an eyebrow. "Good riddance to bad rubbish, I guess - I mean, I remember being him, and liking who I was, then... but I also got into this situation by trying to rape a woman."

"Uh... oh."

She smiled, more naturally this time.

"Guess this is kind of a cosmic justice, huh?" She asked. "Well, at least I was lucky enough to find some guys who don't think of women the way I used to, as a man - and you're right, to 'Brendan', the woman I've become would have been a dream come true, only I... he was rich enough he would have hired 'babysitters' to care for her when he wasn't fucking her..."

Despite her efforts to keep voice and expression light, almost amused, some of the effort showed through - it wasn't easy to take the person he'd always thought himself to be and cast him aside, no longer 'I', but 'him'...

...but, then again, she was no longer insane.

"Huh...?" Marcus said, with a blink, and she blinked back at him before she realized she'd spoken the words out loud.

"Insanity - it's being divorced from reality." She said. "...and I don't mean the way I... er, he was hiding out to avoid dealing with it. He hid, but still held on to who he was - that's why he couldn't face the truth. He knew what the retrovirus did to his sex drive, and couldn't face the feminine equivalent... but, face it or not, that's what happened. Hiding didn't stop it - I've still been a nymphomaniac all these years, only the insanity in trying to deny it was me meant I was a brainless one."

She took a deep breath, and tried another smile on her face, and if it was still a bit wry, that was okay - it was her smile.

"So, Brendan's gone... and, since I guess I'm staying around this time, so is Brenda. Neither of them were - could be - 'sane'. This is my body now, my life, and.. well, just like everybody else, I guess I just have to deal with it." She actually surprised herself with a small laugh, not knowing how wonderful it sounded to more than a dozen pairs of ears used to hearing a brainless little giggle.

"At least I have plenty of time to get it right." She said.

"So... If not Brendan or Brenda ?" Marcus asked, cocking his head.

She turned her face to the sky, taking a deep, cleansing breath as she washed the first pastel streamers of a new day stream across the sky.

"I think... 'Dawn' would be appropriate, don't you think...?" She suggested, with a small smile.

"Sure." Marcus agreed - but, then again, he would have agreed if she'd said they should all start calling her 'Mistress Melinda the Magnificent, Goddess of All Creation.'

After more than sixty years, the woman who could not only give the most incredibly sexual pleasure, but also prolonged life, was no longer a mindless, one-dimensional burden to be carefully watched and cared for every moment of every day. Now,

this woman was a 'real person' - and while nobody yet knew whether they actually like the person she would turn out to be, not even her herself, it was the start of a long and much-delayed journey, and such a small thing as a name barely even mattered.

"Sooooo " She said, not without some noticeable uncertainty - and the courage to push through it to start living her new life. "This is all a little, uh, strange for me - especially in the fact that it isn't 'strange enough', since I remember everything Brenda did, whether I, uh, 'agree' with it or not. It's going to take some getting used to, and we'll have to kind of take it as slow as my hyper-active sexuality will allow "

...then she shrugged one shoulder, cocked her head, and directed a bemused gaze at the men and trio of women clustered at the French doors, even as she gestured with her hands towards herself:

"...for God's sake, won't somebody find me some comfortable clothes ?" She asked, plaintively. "I mean, the heels are bad enough, even if I've had more practice than I'd like to admit in walking in them but I swear! The bra is a torture device!"

"Welllll " A man she recognized as Steve, the 'boob man', said with a slowly dawning smile of lascivious bent. "You could always just take it off."

She frowned at him and then memories flashed through her mind, and slowly, her frown faded towards a thoughtful expression - and a faint, but undeniable smile.

"Why, now that you mention it..." She said, lifting her arms and reaching for the clasp at the back of her neck, " I supposed I could, at that."

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: A man who now finds himself a complete woman, tries to recall what happened to him and any memories of his past.

In A Fog

By Gunslinger

The sound of a deep bass growl startled Chris, and he gasped sharply, blinking as he peered around him in confusion. There was the soft sound of glass breaking...

He was standing on a darkened street corner, wrapped in the swaddling cloth of a thick misty fog. The deep growl was the engine of the city bus just now pulling away, belching black exhaust that rapidly diffused into the all-encompassing mists that soon swallowed the bus whole, leaving him shivering and alone on the corner. At his feet, a small puddle of liquid among some broken fragments of glass, and a small gleaming point of metal.

Had he just gotten off the bus?

It seemed that way - but he didn't remember it.

Frowning in confusion, Chris looked around again, trying to place where he was - or where he'd come from.

Nothing sparked recollections in his mind. His memory was as misty and as dense as the cold fog that enveloped him, leaving him only with a deep and nebulous feeling that something was wrong.

Confused, and a trifle frightened, he tugged the collar of his well-worn leather flight jacket higher up around his slender neck, shifting the strap of his battered and frayed olive-drab back-pack higher onto one slender shoulder. He looked around a third time, now trying to divine where it was that he was heading, but once more memory failed him, and he couldn't discern a direction that seemed to beckon to him.

Across the street, soft-focused in the fog, the neon glow of a coffee shop offered refuge from the chill damp of the night air, and Chris slowly began walking towards it, hearing the soft clicking of his heels swallowed up into the sound-absorbing mist as he made his way hesitantly towards the café, mind trying to find some sort of handle on the situation.

It didn't work. He could call to mind no clear memories - of anything. It was like his past was a completely blank.

Reaching the door to the coffee shop, he reached out to push it open...

...and paused.

Tilting his head slightly to the left, Chris looked at the outstretched hand, a mildly puzzled look on his face.

It was a slender hand, with smooth, pale skin. A delicate hand, actually, with nails that, at most protruded a quarter-inch past the tips of the finely-formed fingers - and were painted a pastel shade of pink.

It was his hand. Indubitable, since it was attached to the slender wrist that, in turn, connected to the arm hidden by the bulky leather of the jacket - and yet, he didn't recognize the hand. It was as if he was seeing it for the first time, with no other references to compare it too, no memories of ever having seen it before - and yet, nonetheless, a sense of... *wrongness* about it reverberated through him at the sight of it.

Still carrying a slight, puzzled frown, Chris mentally shrugged and pushed open the door and stepped into the bright, fluorescent-lighted shop, immediately feeling the welcome wave of coffee-scented warmth that enveloped him.

It was a typical mom-and-pop joint, small and chummy and meticulously clean - and as Chris slowly walked towards the stools fronting the counter, he wondered how he could 'recognize' what type of place the coffee shop was, without having any clear memories of ever having been in any type of coffee-shop before.

The waitress behind the counter was a big woman with hair so bright, coppery red that it couldn't possibly be anything but real. Her full, ample body shoe-horned into a spotlessly clean yellow uniform that clashed horribly with her hair and complexion, she nevertheless seemed to exude a sense of belonging in that outfit as she wiped the already antiseptic counter with a clean cloth.

"Evening, honey..." She said, her broad face lit by a bright smile even more warming than the fragrant air. "What can I get you?"

"Coffee, please." Chris requested - and then blinked.

That voice. That quiet, almost musical soprano - was that *his* voice? Again, Chris had no memory to compare it to - but it just didn't feel right.

"Sure thing, honey." The waitress said, heading over to the coffee-maker behind the counter. She poured a steaming mug full, and brought it over, placing mug and saucer in front of Chris, then adding a bowl of sugar cubes and small metal pitcher of cream.

"It's a fresh pot - figured I'd be selling a lot, night like this." The waitress said, with a smile. "That'll be a buck and a quarter, with all the refills you can take, honey."

"Thank you." Chris said, still bemused by the voice that emerged from his own lips. Pulling the back- pack from his slender shoulder, he placed it beside his booted feet, then fished a crumpled wad of bills from the pocket of his tight-fitting jeans, and peeled off two ones.

"Keep the change." He said, handing the money across, then reaching out from the cream and sugar.

'How did I know where my money was kept?' He wondered to himself. 'How do I know I take my coffee double-double? I know things - but I can't **remember** anything...!'

Warmed by the coffee and the atmosphere, Chris unzipped his oversized leather jacket and let it hang open, sighing slightly as the warm air caressed his smooth, delicate skin.

"So.. you a dancer, honey?" The waitress, a natural 'people person', asked as she strolled back over to her sole customer this quite evening.

"A dancer?" Chris replied, a bit confused. Nothing pricked at his conscious with the words, so he hazarded a guess: "No. No, I'm not a dancer."

"Really?" The waitress asked, gesturing in the direction of Chris' chest. "No offense, honey, but most girls with work like that are usually dancers. If you don't mind me saying."

"No, it's fine..." Chris assured her, hesitantly, as he almost instinctively followed the hand gestured to look down at his chest.

'I love my big, round tits.' Chris thought to himself. 'They make me feel sexy and feminine, and I love showing them off in tight clothing.'

He frowned to himself.

The thoughts had come out of nowhere, zipping across a brain still devoid of any memories that would have explained the motivation behind the sudden thought - but, more than that, the thoughts that had sprung, unbidden, to his mind were diametrically opposed to the greatly increased feeling that there was something very, very wrong with all of this.

A feeling that was stronger now, while he stared down at the firm, round melon-like mounds of breast-flesh packed into the tight-fitting, low-cut white spandex top he wore.

Breasts that he couldn't recall ever having seen before - so how did he know that he loved his big, round tits that made him feel sexy and feminine, which he loved showing off in tight clothing? Why did the thought also make him want to shudder, a cold, tight ball forming in the pit of his stomach?

None of this seemed to make any sense.

"I'm just going to use your rest-room." Chris told the waitress, grabbing his back-pack and heading towards the clearly marked door at the back of the store.

"Sure thing, honey." The waitress said, comfortably - and then, a half-beat later: "Uh, honey - wrong one..."

Chris blinked, looking at the door clearly marked with the international symbol for a men's room.

"Oh - thanks." Chris said, wondering why he'd almost instinctively headed for that door. He managed a wry smile as he stepped over to the other door. "You can see how much I need some coffee..."

With the waitress chuckling behind him, Chris pushed open the door to the women's bathroom and stepped inside.

It was a small bathroom, a single stall and sink. Placing his backpack on the counter surrounding the stainless-steel bowl of the sink, he took in the reflection from the mirror mounted above the counter.

A pretty, young woman looked back at him - and he didn't recognize her.

Tall and slender. Boyishly feminine hips and full, firm ass outlined by tight, faded blue jeans. Large, firm breasts, at least a triple-D, equally outlined by her tight white top.

Cute, elfin face boasting big, brown doe-eyes framed by long, soft lashes. A dark mop of pixie-cut hair.

None of it familiar.

Frowning, Chris opened up the back-pack and rummaged through it's contents.

Clothing - a pair of white-and pink sneakers. A pair of orange satin hot pants. An orange-trimmed white tank-top bearing an owl and the name of a nationally-recognized chain of restaurants.

A paycheck stub, a bus-pass, and some ID - all in the name of Christine Cole.

A name that somehow felt both oh-so-right and oh-so-wrong, just like the reflection of her own body. What was going on here...?

Shoving his.. her? ...belongings back into the backpack, Chris headed back out of the bathroom. There was another person in the coffee-shop.

A tall, toned woman dressed in all in black leather, with a coil of platinum-blond hair topping her coolly beautiful face - a face that turned towards the bathroom door as Chris emerged, forming a smile that never touched the eyes, and exuded no warmth.

"Christie!" The woman said, sweeping towards Chris with a powerful, feminine stride, the short heels of her black leather 'biker' boots ringing off the floor. "I was wondering where you got to!"

"I was cold, and wet, Karen..." Chris said, wondering even as she spoke how she knew the other woman's name, where she knew her from. "I came in for a cup of coffee to get warm..."

"Well, Steven and Michael are waiting for you at home..." Karen said in a chiding voice - and then, in a lower tone, for her ears only. "They'll keep you warm..."

"Of course.." Chris said, confused - but, for some reason, not wanting to show it. Somehow, letting Karen know about her confusion seemed.. dangerous, for some reason.

Obediently, Chris - Christie? - let herself be led out of the coffee shop, throwing a wave to the carrot-topped waitress with a strangely wistful feeling.

Outside, a gleaming black BMW idled at the curb, and Christie let herself be placed in the passenger's seat, wondering even as she did so why she was letting this Karen more or less dominate her. Again, it felt wrong - but it felt even more 'wrong' to confront Karen, to question her or her motives. It seemed almost ingrained in her to do what she was told, without question - no matter how disquieting it all was for her.

A short drive brought them to a brownstone townhouse looming in the mist, one of many such fine houses lining the upscale street. A faint sense of familiarity tickled at Christie's mind as she climbed from the car and followed the tall woman up the steps and into the marble-floored entry of the lovely old house.

Shrugging out of her jacket, Christie hung it and her backpack on the oak rack just inside the door, the motions coming more from a habit than from conscious thought - despite the fact that she still had no clear memory of having done any of this before.

That same split sense of common and uncommon ran through her as she entered the house proper, her feet knowing where to take her while her memory remained blank. In short order, she found herself entering a sitting room where two men, about Karen's age, sat in the comfortable leather furnishings that abounded.

"Here's our wayward girl..." the taller, slimmer man said, a somehow cold smile on his narrow, handsome features, Rising smoothly from his chair, the sandy-haired man in the expensively-cut casual clothes crossed the room to where Christie stood - and wrapped her in a rough embrace, pressing his lips insistently down on hers.

She kissed him back.

She wasn't sure why. Something about this whole situation felt very badly wrong, and she certainly didn't enjoy the hard, almost painful kiss - yet her body seemed to be operating once more out of habit she didn't know she had, kissing him back as if it were something she did often, something she was so accustomed to doing that she didn't even think about it.

It was all very disturbing - especially when, without letting her go, he broke the hard, almost harsh kiss - and began pulling her by the arm towards the seat he'd just vacated.

With the shorter, darker-haired other man watching with a strange grin on his face, the blond dropped into the chair, finally releasing her arm - only to reaching up and grab her by a new grip around her slim waist, pulling her roughly down onto his lap.

Something in her was screaming that she didn't want to do this, that she should argue, or fight back, or get up and leave, quickly - but even while that strange 'intuition' was tickling her mind, she found her hands going to the hem of her shirt and pulling it off in one smooth, graceful motion, once more performing the act as if it were purely habitual, baring her large, obviously surgically-enhanced breasts as an offering to the man who was obviously expecting that very thing, as his hands rose swiftly enough to start playing with her breasts.

He was enjoying himself - but making no effort to make sure she was enjoying it. His grip was uncaring, almost callous - not intentionally painful, but neither was he intentionally kind, It was as if she were just a thing, a toy, for him to play with - and play with her body he did, hands roaming at will, sometimes followed by mouth.

She was offended, and disturbed, and upset, the treatment seeming nearly inhuman - and yet, something held her back from expressing any of this, the tickling in the back of her mind balanced by a sense that it would be very, very bad for her to make a fuss over any of this.

She didn't understand any of this. Not what was happening, nor why - and, especially, her split feelings about it all, a sense of familiarity and resigned acceptance warring with concern and disquiet and even outright dislike.

Why couldn't she bring herself to do something, other than what her body seemed to be used to doing.

How often had she done this?

Had she liked it the other times? Had she been willing - or unwilling? *Why couldn't she remember?*

Why couldn't she remember why it felt completely natural, yet also uncomfortable, for her to be sliding off his lap, slowly kissing her way down his lightly-haired chest as the other man came up behind her and began to unzip her jeans?

Why couldn't she remember why she was scared to say anything about any of this, even though she was getting steadily more uncomfortable as her fingers started opening the sitting man's pants, even while the other man preluded her motions by pulling her own pants down.

Why couldn't she remember all the other times she must have done this before, since her body knew without prompting to step out of her pants, leaving her naked as he freed one man's cock, while the man behind her did the same for himself without her assistance.

Why was she stroking and folding a cock, lowering her face to his crotch so that her mouth could encircle his throbbing shaft with 'oft used' skills she couldn't remember learning?

Why wasn't she screaming and pulling away, as part of her so strongly wished to do, as she felt the other man's cock sliding into the confines of her moist, warm new womanhood?

Why was she having sex with two men...?

Why was she letting these two men have sex with her?

Why was she doing this, despite the fact that she felt uncomfortable - hell, even downright disgusted - by what they were doing to her, and what she was doing to - and with them?

Why was she skillfully sucking one cock, while another invaded her, plunging hard into a vagina not quite ready for it, as if her own feelings and desires didn't matter?

Why was she being used as a sexual plaything?

Why was she letting herself be used as a sexual plaything?

Why was she going ahead and using skills she didn't remember having, doing something her body seemed to think was familiar, even though she had no memory of it, making it seem as if this was all 'the first time'.

The *first* time.

THE FIRST TIME....

SNAP Fumbling. Uncomfortable. Awkward...

...but excited...

...and oh so willing. Darkness.

A confined space.

The smell of soft, supple leather. The backseat of a car.

Music, drifting on a breeze. Soft flesh.

Warm flesh. Clothing.

Soft sighs, soft giggles, gentle touches. Prompting, questing, touching.

WHERE?

A voice, speaking: "Yes, Chris.. no, just.. Yes, like *that*..." *WHO?*

"Oh, yes, Chris.. Yes - now, just.. mmm, that's right..." *WHEN?*

"Oh, God, Chris - harder! Harder, Chris!"

Thrusting, pressure building, and then.. release, sweet release....

WHO? WHAT? WHEN? WHERE?

WHO? WHAT? WHEN? WHERE? WHOWHATWHENWHEREHOWWHATWHENWHEREWHO...

Peggy Leanne Noonan.

The back seat of her father's car. After the prom.

SNAP

Memory flooded back, and Christopher Coleman lifted the feminine face surgery had given him and screamed in shock and horror even as his one-time business partner, Steven Willings, shuddered and sprayed a thick, gooey stream of cum all over Chris' face.

"Oh god !" He screamed, as his huge implants continued jiggling from the thrusting of Michael Lewis, the other partner. "I.. I'm a man!"

"Shit!" Karen, 'dedicated secretary', and the mastermind behind the plan to steal Chris' fortune, take over the company, and transform them into their obedient little slave said, heading towards the desk where she kept the supply of syringes filled with the mixture of hormones and drugs she called 'girlie juice'. "Grab her, boys - she must have skipped a dose "

The men complied.

"No..." Chris grasped, struggling futilely in the iron grip that held him-made-her. "No, please, Karen, I'm so sorry, don't..."

"Oh, don't cry, my sweet little creation..." Karen cooed, with a hard chuckle, preparing the syringe. "Just one shot of girlie juice, and all those nasty memories of being a man will go away, and you'll be happy again."

"Please - don't do this...!" Chris begged, watching with horrified helplessness as the tall, toned woman brought the needle to the immobile arm - and slid it into the exposed vein, depressing the plunger with smooth competence.

"Please..." Chris sobbed, slumping in the iron grip of the two men as the liquid began rushing through the bloodstream towards the heart.

"I.. I don't want to be Christie..." Chris murmured, thoughts becoming foggy...

...warm...

...almost embracing...

"How does my little Christie feel...?" Karen asked.

"I feel good..." Christie said, gaze unfocused in the effects of the drug that held her mind captive. She sighed, softly. "I always feel good..."

"That's the way we like it " Karen said, as Christie absently licked at the cum dripping from her face. " and that's the way we're going to keep it."

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A man who thought he had attained perfection in mind and body, finds that his own inner thoughts are rebelling against him and changing gender and behavior.

In Search Of Perfection

By Gunslinger

Part One

With a soft, steady beat, the brass metronome arm swung back and forth, gleaming like spun gold against it's black velvet background in the steady glow of the candle that was the sole source of light.

The same candle whose glow reflected off the flawless brass perfection of the metronome also reflected off the flawless bronzed skin of the room's sole occupant, his hazel eyes open and fixated on the hypnotic rhythm of the pendulum arm.

Sitting cross-legged in the center of the living room floor, only the slow and almost eerily steady rise and fall of his chest kept Shawn O'Connell from being mistaken for a life-sized Buddha-posed statue carved as a monument to masculine perfection.

His body was assiduously kept perfectly free of any body hair, the better to display every line and every curve of the carefully built and toned musculature layering a body that genetics had given the perfect proportions of classical Greek statuary. Not the slab-side, awkward muscularity of a body builder, it was the smooth, perfectly taut musculature of a swimmer and runner.

His hair was the color of burnished copper, and the loose, shaggy, mane was not coincidentally similar to that of Kevin Sorbo, for the face framed by it also bore a resemblance to that of the man who'd played TV's 'Hercules'.

Though his eyes were open, Shawn wasn't seeing the metronome's beat, at least not consciously.

The effects of the carefully-prepared custom mixture of herbs, roots and certain leaves, developed over years from the base material available through mail-order advertisements in certain magazines, held him in a thrall that was only deepened by the self-hypnosis and a combination of various Eastern and Western meditation techniques.

With the same intense dedication and pure willpower that had turned his twenty-four year old body into physical perfection, Shawn was continuing the considerably more difficult task of reaching the same level of mental perfection. Already far beyond the level where he could possibly find any teacher with more skill or experience than himself, he was slowly forging into the uncharted depths of the inner, most primeval mind.

Already, he'd achieved a level of mental expansion far beyond what all by the most famed masters could claim.

Near-eidetic memory and near-perfect concentration - which had served him well in his quest for financial perfection, allowing him to be remarkably wealthy for a man on the sunny side of thirty.

That, however, was mere icing on the cake - though tasty enough icing, and something allowed him to indulge the other aspects of his life that his mental acumen allowed.

Though having a wide circle of acquaintances and many women who were willing sexual partner, he had no close friends or lovers - and so nobody knew the 'true' Shawn.

The sensualist.

If anybody bothered to give it any thought, they must have assumed that Shawn followed a carefully adhered to diet and exercise regimen - but it had been years before that had been necessary.

Now, his mind was so empowered and so self-controlled that he could not only regulate his own breathing and his heartbeat, one of the 'tell-tales' of mental enlightenment, but he could control his metabolism, hormones, and even fine muscle control on both a conscious and subconscious level.

He ate whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted, enjoying the tastes and textures and smells of food with the heightened awareness of not only the foods themselves, but his own body's reaction to them, every internal and external sense

incredibly sharp, clear and detailed. He could literally feel the rush of sugars, the density of carbs, the texture of fibers - and take or leave any part of the effects he wished to.

He could drink as much alcohol as he wished, and only be as drunk as he decided to be - or instantly sober, if he desired. Hangovers were but a forgotten memory.

As for maintaining the perfect tone and musculature of the body he'd worked so hard to shape while still in the early stages of his mental expansion - he could have lain in bed, twenty-three and a half hours out of each day, and still never gained or lost a single ounce.

Still, for all his advancement, he was still short of his final goal: Perfection. Perfection of mind and body - and of lifestyle.

Which is why he was in the third hour of the longest, deepest, most powerful trance he'd ever entered, his sight turned inwards to the mental images rolling in cinematic perfection.

Mental images of when his perfection was complete - when his aura of perfection was so strong, so palatable, so overwhelmingly inarguable that women would throw themselves at his feet, willing - begging for the right - to do whatever he wanted them to do to please him.

The mental imagery was stronger then ever before, so much so that it was only one, annoying step short of a perfect simulacrum, and Shawn pushed just a little bit harder...

...and, instead of strengthening, the wonderful, sensual mental Eden vanished as he broke through a wall he hadn't even known, entering a new and previously untouched depth of his own mind.

For an eternal instant, he hung suspended in the perfect stillness of this new chamber in his mind, not attempting to summon anything consciously, but simply let whatever this new level had to offer come out on it's own...

...and when it came, it stunned him so much that his metronome perfect breathing quavered ever-so-slightly:

<I'm a monster!>

His own thought, in his own 'mental voice', overlaid with his own emotions - but of a flavor and tenor and meaning he'd never felt before.

Stunned by the self-loathing of that inner voice, his-and-yet-not, he instinctively pulled back past the barrier he'd inadvertently broken...

...and the voice/thought/emotion followed him into the wondrous maelstrom of sexual pleasure - and somehow, without altering it, nevertheless perverted it.

The women's expressions, previously of suitable adoration and worship, became mere masks of forced admiration over naked fear. His god-like manliness inspiring their devoted worship became open threat promising pain. Their pleased acceptance of his perfect manhood whenever and however he wanted it became something dark and twisted...

<Rapist!> The voice accused. <It's never overt rape, because I never imagine giving the women a chance to choose - but rape it is, and rape most foul!>

Bending his will to silencing the voice, Shawn began worming his way up through the layers of his mind - but the voice, with a will that matched/was his own, followed him, still accusing.

His self-assurance made arrogance. His certainty, self-absorbed blindness. His virility called chauvinism, his desire mere lust, his sensuousness only selfishness...

...and, with a deep breath like a man breaking the surface of a lake, Shawn fled to the welcome refuge of the reality of his own, conscious mind...

...and it followed him!

The entire episode had lasted but a mere second, occurring with the unmeasured speed of thought. Even as his eyes returned to life and his head sagged, he found himself looking at his massive manhood, still in full, swollen erection from the interrupt fantasy-turned nightmare.

The sight of his massive, throbbing cock momentarily pushed aside his confusion with pure pride at the once merely 'average' manhood that the sheer power of his mind had swelled to its current proportions.

Then, now slowed but not at all weakened by its transition from 'thought time' to 'real time', that voice spoke again:

<It's not a cock, it's a weapon, to belittle and degrade the two-dimensional, single-purpose concept you've reduced women to. You don't deserve to have it. In fact...>

The sudden sense-of-attention he felt, where the world seemed to shrink down to nothing but his slowly softening manhood, was familiar - but stronger than he'd ever felt it before...

...and before his horrified eyes, his manhood not only continued to soften - but to *shrink*, as well.

Fear swelled - and he had to force it aside as he struggled to focus the concentration of his well-honed mind on stopping what was happening to his manhood. He narrowed his focus to the fight...

...and managed to only slow the effect, not stop it.

He bent all the force of will at his disposal to the task...

...but the mirror-voice-persona-whatever within him somehow drew on more of it, continuing the slowed diminution of his manhood.

"This... can't be... happening...!" Shawn ground out between clenched teeth, fear and disbelief edging his usually controlled voice as he struggled - and failed - to stop the slow decrease of his manhood.

It wasn't that the part from somewhere deep within himself was wielding it's own mental ability - it was somehow commandeering the hard-won prowess, and even split in terms of pure 'force'...

...but, somehow, his 'mirror image' was wielding it with more focus, more precision, a sharper and somehow.. cleaner sense of purpose.

His - no, *their* cock continued to shrink, now a pre-pubescent boy's...

...a baby's...

...a mere nub atop a long, shallow indentation in the skin that looked almost like a...

"No...!" Shawn screamed horrified at the very concept of what he was seeing - and in that instant, emotion overcame concentration, and the slow process instead ripped past in an instant of sharp pain.

A mere instant of sharp pain - and now, instead of an oh-so-impressive manhood he could be proud of, he was staring in utter humiliation at what was unmistakably a fully-formed vagina.

A vagina that, no matter how he bent his will, he couldn't change - and not because the horrifying new 'other side' of his mind was actively fighting him, but because it had, somehow, put some sort of 'block' on it, a simple 'wall' that it didn't have to constantly concentrate on to maintain, but that the 'real' Shawn couldn't break even after focusing every ounce of his will upon it.

"No..." Shawn whispered in a near-sob of horror. "No, I.. I can't have a cunt! Give me back my cock! Give it back! How could you do this to me, you... you bastard!"

It was the near-instinctive curse that 'sobered' him...

...for it wasn't a separate individual who had done this to him.

It was himself - or, at least, a part of himself, from deep within his mind, far below the level of conscious thought.

Some deep, dark part of him that hated his conscious personality - and that he'd unwittingly brought to conscious life from the deep chamber where it had lain dormant for so long.

What was this part of him that hated him so much? Was it that part of people that could be self-destructive, or even suicidal? Was it some fragment of a very young version of himself, before he'd realized he was destined for perfection and had had silly dreams and hopes? What was it...?

Whatever this lost part of himself was, the only thing Shawn was sure of was that it had just stolen the lynch-pin to perfection and replaced it with the gaping cleft of weakness.

He'd been worse than merely 'unmanned', losing that which defined him as being one of the 'real' people, of which he'd been first among equals - he'd been reduced to one of the weaker sex, a mere simulacrum of a 'real' human being, despite the fact that majority of him still mimicked the form of one of them...

"No, dammit!" He said, shaking his head and quickly rising to his feet with near feline grace and stalking around the room in furious thought.

"You *want* me to think that way, don't you?" He demanded of that inexplicable, traitorous part of him that would be willing to do such a thing to the body that they shared. "You'd like me to back away from who I am, to think like you, wouldn't you?"

He could see it more clearly now that the initial surge of horror and disgust had faded slightly - as part of him, even with such radically different - and ridiculous - views, this other part had played on him with, trying to weaken his sense-of-self.

Well, it was a good try, driving right to the center of things - the very thing the 'real' Shawn would do, if the positions were reversed - which, in a certain strange sense, they were.

Well, this 'deformity' notwithstanding, Shawn was still *really* a man, and he wouldn't let himself be swayed by the horror, disgust and humiliation that the other had been right to assume this gambit would summon up.

Well, if this 'other' him thought it would stop him, it was wrong. Until he figured out how to overcome this situation, he wasn't just going to 'give up', and let shame and disgust determine his actions, as the 'other' him so obviously expected.

Blowing out the candles, Shawn turned on the overhead lights and padded off towards his bedroom to get dressed, put off by the lack of the familiar sensation of a magnificent manhood dangling between his thighs, but refusing to let himself be overcome by the understandable emotions that such a significant loss wanted to summon up.

Shortly, dressed in a pair of charcoal-gray tailored slacks and an off-white collarless linen shirt, Shawn eyes his figure in the mirror, seeing the same magnificent specimen of masculinity looking back at him, his deformity hidden from sight.

He was still painfully aware of what this renegade portion of his inner mind had done to him - but nobody else would be, further verifying the fact that he could continue living the life of the man he really was.

However, for the sake of the man he truly was, there was just one little thing to do...

Slipping a balled-up pair of socks into his pants, he carefully positioned it over the slight mound of his new womanhood, until once again the mirror showed every sign of the magnificent man he really was.

Satisfied, Shawn nodded at his reflection and headed out of the apartment.

He'd been invited to a party this evening, and though the very thought of going out into public was now enough to make his stomach clench, he refused to give into the urge to be off. After all, it was pretty damned obvious that this traitorous fragment of his mind disliked how he was living his life, and was striving to find a way to get him to change his ways - which meant that everything he did different from what he'd normally do would count as a victory for this bass-akwards bit of himself.

So, no matter how uncomfortable it might be for him to walk the wider world with his manhood missing, a constant tickle of fear gnawing at the back of his mind at the thought that somebody might somehow find out how badly he'd been 'lessened', Shawn was going to screw up his courage and force himself to act as if not one damned thing had changed.

Well - except for the areas in which the shameful change made certain things physically impossible, that was. Even as he pulled his Porsche up to the curb near the house hosting tonight's entertainment, Shawn was grinding his teeth at the thought of breaking his usual routine so far as to knowing he was going home alone tonight, something that hadn't happened in... well, longer then he could easily summon to mind.

Forcing the disgusted, angry sneer from his face, Shawn smoothed it into at least the semblance of his usual calm, well-deserved self-confidence, trying to pretend that the way the socks ground against the sensitive mound of his new cunt was the familiar sensations of his swaggering stride.

Though the awareness of what the perverted part of his brain had done to his perfect could in no way be forced out of the forefront of his mind, he managed to act as if everything was normal at the party, apparently enjoying the attention such a perfect man as himself deserved.

Perhaps it was some sort of strange coincidence, but not nearly as many women as usual were throwing himself at him. Even though this should have been a relief, from a certain point of view, he found a growing anger growing in him as these women ignored what, as far as they knew, was a perfect example of manhood.

Not that they weren't giving out all those usual signals, of course. After all, skirts were in evidence, and heels, and tight or low-necked blouses. Make-up and perfume and jewelry - all the signs indicating that the women at the party were 'on the prowl', eager to prove their *raison d'être* by pleasing men.

That being the case, they should have been flocking to him, more eager to do what they were made to do with a perfect man like him than any of the lesser men at the party - but, instead, these bitches were acting almost as if they way they dressed and walked, which obviously had no other purpose than to arouse men, had nothing to do with their obvious urge to please men.

Indeed, two separate bitches had the *nerve* to actually come up to him and, smirking, tell him how much more they 'enjoyed his company' tonight, now that he wasn't always 'hitting on them'.

Of course, it was just sour grapes, because he hadn't already lined them up in his usual queue of women he was going to allow the privilege of pleasing him - but, despite the fact that he wasn't currently capable of having them slavishly devote themselves to a manhood he was (temporarily, of course) missing.

All of which served to drive him towards a woman who obviously knew her place. She was a tall, striking brunette that Shawn knew and had 'flirted' with before, but her schedule hadn't allowed them to finalize their flirtations before. Of course, the woman named Kimberly had given her first her phone number, then her address, but Shawn hardly needed to go to any effort to 'track down' his next piece of action, and Kimberly - as well she should - seemed content to wait in line until the right time rolled around for her to service him. Kimberly made no bones about the fact that she knew her purpose in life, and who best deserved that pleasure. Kimberly kept eyeing his perfect form with a knowing smile, and her every mannerism and motion showed her awareness of her sexual purpose.

Which meant, intellectually, that he might have expected what did, in fact, happened - but, between being disgusted by the bitches who were pretending they didn't know damned well that they existed solely to please men, and his own determination not to let what that perverted bit of himself had done affect him, he walked right into the situation...

...as, while leaning close to him and cooing suggested ways she could fulfill her ultimate purpose into his ear, Kimberly slipped a hand down between their close bodies and slid a hand down inside his pants.

That was bad enough - but the stupid bitch actually pulled the socks out, stepped back with a cold laugh, and, in a carrying voice, remarked that he obviously wasn't even 'half the man' she'd hoped he was, while holding the socks aloft.

Carried upon a wave of derisive laughter, Shawn stormed out of the party, a cold relief in his gut that at least her questing hand hadn't been thorough enough to reveal the truth that would have made his humiliation complete.

Even though her actions had meant that the party-goers thought he was 'merely' less endowed than he really had been, instead of completely unmanned as he currently was, it didn't mean that Shawn was willing to forgive that bitch, Kimberly, for the humiliation at her hands.

As he squealed away in his German-engineered little car, Shawn swore he was going to punish her for her presumption to publicly humiliate him like that.

Unfortunately, he couldn't simply do what he most wanted to, at least at the moment - though he strained to regrow his magnificent manhood, that 'block' was still in full force, leaving him physically incapable of making her 'eat her words' - by swallowing the full length of his manhood.

Well, he wasn't going to simply let this stand until he did manage to undo what one part of his mind had done to him. If he couldn't force his real manhood upon her, he'd just have to find a reasonable facsimile to use, instead.

The task of going into a sex shop and purchasing a strap-on dildo was... humiliating.

If he'd still had his own manhood, he would have swaggered in, not caring in the least what the nothing behind the counter thought about a man buying a sex toy like that - and that's the way he presented himself, forcing himself to act as if he were still magnificently endowed.

He wasn't, however, and the humiliating knowledge of this fact meant that it took every ounce of will power he had to act as if he didn't care what the man behind the counter thought, a fine sheen of sweat beading his forehead as he grappled with the fear that the man might have some faint inkling of why a man like Shawn might require a plastic phallus, as unlikely as the chance the man would guess the truth might be.

Finally, he was able to retreat to his car, hating the sense of relief he felt at escaping that situation. It was a disgusting proof of how much he'd been lessened, of how the loss of his manhood unmanned him more than just physically.

Though, in appearance, he was still the same strong, perfect man he'd been, he was feeling fear and humiliation he would never have felt if he'd still be manfully endowed. It was this slit that made him weak, that gave him the emotional turmoil, fear, and weakness endemic to women naturally cursed with the 'bleeding cut' that his own, perverted part of his mind had forced upon him in an attempt to alter the actions and views he was rightfully entitled to.

Well, even if he had to fight against all the womanly emotions caused by the womanly genitalia forced upon him, he wasn't going to let it weaken his certainty in his own righteousness. Women - 'real' women, who nature had determined should be of the weaker sex - were put on the planet to serve men, sexually and otherwise. It was men who were the rightfully dominant gender, and he was the best of the best of masculinity - or, if not for what his renegade portion of his mind had done, he would be.

Which was why, despite the cold ball of fear in the pit of his stomach, and his disgusted hatred over the fact that he had to resort to the use of a fake phallus, he was still going to do the right thing, and teach the bitch, Kimberly, the proper respect for a man.

Pulling up on a cross-street, Shawn - despite the knot of fear given to him by the womanly weakness of his womanly body parts - smiled at the Gods of Manhood who were smiling down on his endeavor to teach Kimberly the proper respect for manhood as a nice, thick rain began to fall from the clouded-over night sky.

Sitting in the darkened car, Shawn killed some of the more than hour of waiting by fishing the plastic phallus out of the bag and taking it out of its clear plastic blister-pack. Though a 'mere' nine inches in length, nowhere as long and thick as his own, erect manhood had been before being stolen from him, the realistically-molded cock with its black leather straps radiating out from just in front of its plastic 'ball sack' should serve its purpose.

Though it both disgusted and shamed him to hold the poor replacement for his own missing manhood, he nevertheless enjoyed the righteous thrill at the thought of putting Kimberly in her place by ramming it into her again and again. Of course, he'd only be giving her exactly what she wanted, exactly what she lived for - but he'd be showing her to show the proper respect for men, letting them do it when and how they wanted to, instead of according to the 'desires' of a weak woman who would let the most ridiculous things dictate to them the idea that there was anything like a 'wrong' time to let men make use of their bodies for the purpose they were born to.

Finally, he spotted Kimberly's car, a silver Lexus, pulling away from the long line of cars parked at the curb, and he let it get a ways down the road before starting the Porsche and putting it into gear, inconspicuously following her through the winding residential streets.

She lived about fifteen minutes away from the house of the party's host, and said house turned out to be the last one in a cul-de-sac in a box canyon, the location and the large, treed lots providing an agreeable amount of privacy that further argued for the Gods to be smiling on him.

Pulling into a shrub-lined access drive that led up to the cellular phone microwave transmission tower sitting in the hills high above the canyon, Shawn watched as the bitch climbed out of her car and headed into her house, completely unaware of his presence.

Allowing her to get inside and spend some time getting ready for bed, Shawn contemplated the best course of action for a bit, finally deciding it was best to strap the dildo into place before he left the car. Having not yet done anything to draw any interest to himself, it was best to deal with the awkwardness of having the 'hard on' during the trip to the back of her house, rather than having to fool with putting it on after having broken in. After all, the instant he actually made entrance to the house was when the real risks began, and time became the most critical.

That decided, Shawn awkwardly lifted his butt off of the seat and slid both pants and briefs down to his knees - then lowered his butt back to the leather seating as he cursed under his breath and untangled the loose-hanging straps, realizing belatedly that he should have figured out exactly how they were designed to function when he'd been waiting for her to leave the party.

Figuring out how it was lashed into place, he began to move it towards his crotch to buckle it into its functional position...

<I'm not going to do this.>

His hands suddenly locked into place, the plastic cock he held moving not even an inch even though he was bending every ounce of his 'own' amount of willpower to finish the action he'd started.

"Stop.. it!" Shawn gasped out, angrily, struggling for control over his hands. "That... bitch deserves to... be taught a lesson.. and you know it!"

<She did nothing that deserves this. It was our own fault, still thinking of her as nothing more as a vessel to fulfill desires I made sure we no longer have the ability to force onto women. Now just open the window, toss that away, and go home. You need to understand, consciously, that women have all the rights you do, and you can't just use them any way you want and then discard them. They are thinking, feeling people too.>

"Fuzzy-thinking liberal bullshit!" Shawn shouted at himself, the hard muscles of his arms corded under his shirt as she struggled against the force holding him from finishing strapping the dildo into place. "Women are weak-willed and flighty! They don't really 'think', they 'feel', making decisions based on emotion rather than intellect. Hell, they have a *cunt*, a receptacle, not a cock! The very fact that it's possible to supposedly 'rape' a woman proves it! Men are *designed* to be the one with the ability to penetrate women, not the other way around! Now stop it! There's nothing wrong with making a woman understand she needs to be ready to satisfy a man at any time and place! Hell, women *want* to be filled, it's exactly what their body is made for, just as a man's is made to fill her cunt, or mouth, or ass! We're just teaching her that she doesn't get to decide when that purpose she'd made for gets fulfilled!"

<That's disgusting!> His rebelling other half said, sending waves of sickened emotion rolling through their body. <Just because women are, 'technically' formed in a way that makes them capable of accepting the organ of a man at any time, while a man's cock has to be in a state of readiness, doesn't imply that it's men that should decide when it's time for a woman - another person capable of making their own decisions! - should have sex!>

What clap-trap! It wasn't just stupid - it ignored the most obvious of facts!

"A pussy is a hole - and a hole is meant to be filled!" Shawn stated the obvious. There was the briefest of pauses...

<Very well...> That terrible, twisted, illogical part of his brain replied in a cold tone of disgust. <If that's how you feel...>

For a second, Shawn thought that this other part of him had finally seen the obvious... and then, eyes widening, Shawn watched his hands start to turn the strap-on around, aiming the business end of it toward his own crotch...

...in which lay the cunt that the other part of him had forced upon him. The unwanted tight little slit...

...which was beginning to tingle with a disturbingly pleasant sort of moist warmth.

The sort of moist warmth that a woman might feel as her waiting-to-be-filled prepared itself to serve it's function. The function that would have been fulfilled by the plastic cock now moving towards his now-damp warm cunt.

No - no, it had to be a bluff.

There was *no* way that *any* part of him was willing to let such a thing happen - to *do* such a thing to himself! It *had* to be a bluff - but that knobby head of that dildo was getting awfully close...

...despite the fact that a sheen of sweat had risen at the sheer amount of will he was bending to the task of stopping it. The task of stopping it - at which he was failing.

It was drawing perilously close to the unwillingly moist, supposedly 'aroused' womanhood forced upon him.

No - not close: It was actually nudging the lightly wrinkled lips of his damnable cunt, it's bulbous nose grazing the moist pearl of a clit he'd never wanted...

It was penetrating him! **HIM!**

Gasping and writing, he tried to whip his hips and pull the slowly plunging plastic phallus from his cunt - but despite his every effort, it was oh-so-slowly sliding into his womanhood.

He felt the pliable dampness of his new cunt spreading wide before the invasion of the cool plastic head, only to close so tightly behind the plastic penetrator that the sensitive walls of his cunt to feel the passage of every molded vein as it slid steadily deeper into his 'welcoming' womanhood.

"Stop it...!" He screamed, horrified that any part of this could do such a thing - and humiliated to feel unwanted physical pleasure, however mild, being generated by such a sick, fundamentally wrong action.

Slowly, inch by agonizingly humiliating inch, the dildo slid ever deeper into his cunt, until it was buried within him all the way to the hilt.

Only then did the opposing will of his despicable, perverted inner mind relent, and he gasped as he pulled hard, feeling an unwanted burst of pleasure as the dildo slid rapidly out of the embracing canal of his cunt...

...only to stop dead with the rounded head of it just inside his now-sopping womanhood, creating a damnably enjoyable pressure against his clit.

Then it once more began sliding into him.

Only - this time it was faster, though still quite slow. It was faster... because it felt good.

Humiliating, disgusting and horrifying - but pleasurable.

Pleasurable enough that some small part of his 'real' mind was siding with the intentions of that renegade portion, willing to endure such a humiliating thing as being penetrated in search of additional pleasure.

It once again reached all the way inside his tight cunt - and then again came swiftly forward as the other side let his own desire to withdraw it from that damned pussy yank on it...

...only to once again pause at the penultimate moment - and begin sliding into him. Even faster.

This time, he also fought it on the way out, trying to keep it simply buried in his cunt, willing to accept the humiliating proposal of being filled with a plastic cock rather than face the fact that he was 'pleasuring himself' in a feminine manner - but he was no more successful at that than he had been at stopping the shameful impalement in the first place.

In and out. In and out.

Each repetitive stroke faster than the previous one - as a horrible, *feminine* pleasure continued to mount. He was fucking himself, the way a woman would fuck herself - and some sick part of him was enjoying it!

"No!" He screamed again, near sobbing - and hating the weakness in him that would allow something as unmanly as tears, though that paled in the face of knowing that part of him would accept being a mere receptacle. "Stop it!"

His pleas were ignored, as the cycle continued - faster and faster, harder and harder.

As the pleasure continued to build, his hips began to move, driving the action harder, to increase that humiliating pleasure...

...and it wasn't that 'other' part of his mind doing it!

"I hate this!" He screamed out, not even sure if he was trying to convince the other side of his mind, or the 'real' side of it. "I don't want to be fucked like a woman!"

Now his hands were wrapped tightly around the base of the plastic dildo, slamming it into him with eager strokes while his hips bucked and bounced, waves of pleasure thundering through unwilling nerves at the sexual experience...

...and then he was writhing uncontrollably, neither part of his brain in control of their shared body, as an intense climax ripped through him, blotting out anything by the sheer fury of the orgasm.

The *female* orgasm.

"Oh, shit, no..." He moaned, trembling, as the intense surge of pleasure slowly abated, horrified to have not only penetrated himself in a feminine manner, but had to endure the disgusting pleasure of being penetrated, like a mere woman...

"Oh, shit! No...!" He swore, in anger and horror, as he looked down to find that, in the moment of shame after the orgasm, his other side had taken the momentary lack of attention to Buckle the straps of the dildo - fastening it into place inside his still twitching cunt.

He tried to undo the straps and remove the dildo filling him - but another 'block' had been erected, and he simply couldn't force his hands to obey that command. They'd go near the straps - only to flutter helplessly about them, never actually touching them.

That horrible other side of him had forced him to leave the dildo locked into place inside of him, leaving him still penetrated in the feminine manner.

He was still pushed back against the seat, hips raised, and the muscles in the supporting legs and back began to ache from the position. Finally, after several minutes of futile struggle, he was forced to admit that he couldn't break the block placed on his actions by that sick, perverted portion of him that was obviously raving mad, and he grimaced and cursed a blue streak as he grudgingly pulled his underwear and pants back up and lowered himself onto the seat...

...and gasped, wide-eyed, at the mingled pleasure and pain of the pressure of the dildo filling his cunt at that angle.

His fingers clenched into fists around the steering wheel, and he closed his eyes and took several deep breaths, struggling to control the dark, angry mix of emotions that rolled through him. Reminding himself that giving in to those emotions opened the way for that perverted other half of him to take an additional measure of control, he forced himself to put down the oh-so-reasonable mass of black anger and regain a measure of control.

Starting the engine, he put the car into gear and backed out of the access road and aimed the Porsche towards home.

"I'm going to beat you." He ground out at the perverted part of his mind that had just forced him to endure such humiliating pleasure - even as he trembled in disgusted rage at the sensations coming from his crotch as the vibration of the car's travel over the road was communicated directly to his damned cunt's nerve ending via the conduit of the rigid shaft filling it. "you're not going to get me to give up being the most perfect man I can be to be some weak-willed mass of 'politically correct' platitudes and attitudes. I'm right, and I know it - and nothing you can do will ever convince me to even act as if I'm not, much less change my mind."

There was no 'verbal' answer - but another wave of 'self disgust' rolled through him in response.

Gritting his teeth, Shawn forced the lid to remain tightly sealed on his emotions, knowing damned well that the emotional response was what his evil other half was going for.

Though the shock, disgust and shame of the vents of the evening had impacted his usually cool, logical thought processes - the ones that only confirmed that he was right about the inherent predominance of the male, for example - Shawn had already reasoned out the plan of his opposing 'personality'.

Aversion therapy.

By choosing things that were guaranteed to draw humiliation and disgust from any right-thinking male aware of his own superiority over lesser men, much less inherently inferior women, this other part of him was trying to use the extremely negative reactions rightfully caused by these situations to get Shawn *not* to think the thoughts or perform the actions that would drawn down this 'punishment' upon him.

Like spanking a child when they misbehaved - taken to the extreme.

Shawn, however, was no child, nor a dog. He was a man, more than able to think for himself and come to the logical conclusions from the obvious evidence that was every where around him.

He was not going to let some rogue part of him - probably one of those 'repressed childhood traumas' you heard about, exactly the sort of thing to cause irrational, insane behavior, and in all likeliness something caused by his mother - change his undeniably accurate worldview.

He was right - and he was going to find a way to beat this strange sort of schizophrenia.

Reaching the parking lot of his luxury apartment building, filled with a renewed conviction of his own righteousness, Shawn shut off the car and started to climb out...

...then gasped, and continued the action with exceeding slow, careful movements, the phallus filling his unwanted womanhood doing terribly pleasant things to the inside of him as he awkwardly began heading towards the parking-lot access door, only a dozen feet away but seemingly a hundred miles distance.

Every step caused the dildo to shift within his cunt, occasionally causing a burst of pain on certain angles, but mainly creating a damnable pleasure.

Finally, he reached the door and let himself through it - then gritted his teeth and slowly, leaning heavily on the wall, made for the elevator at the end of the seemingly interminable hallway.

Halfway there, he had to stop - to deal with the weak orgasm that ripped through his body.

A second occurred in the tenth-floor hallway, adding to the large, spreading wet patch soaking the front of his pants in conjunction with an unmistakably feminine order, and he was pleading with fate and all the Gods that nobody step out in the hall as he carefully made his way to his own apartment.

Only after he was safely inside, the door closed behind him, that he let himself slump in relief and begin fumbling at his clothing.

To his great relief - and the humiliation that came from being in a position at being able to feel that particular relief - he found his hands able to unstrap the buckles of the juice-soaked dildo, pulling it free with a disgustingly enjoyable wet 'plop' and dropping it to the floor.

He turned his mind inwards, hoping that this signaled the perverted part of him surrendering - but the block about returning himself to his former male glory remained, and nothing happened.

Exhausted by the (futile) efforts to curb his 'evil personality' throughout the evening, Shawn stumbled off to bed, shedding clothes as he went, the black despair and anger washing over him at the thought of all the humiliation he had suffered.

Despite physical and emotional exhaustion, the anger and humiliation that circled through his mind kept sleep from coming easily, and it was almost half an hour before his whirling, furious thoughts finally subsided enough for him to fall off into a deep, deep sleep...

...and, ten minutes later, his eyelids slowly rose back up to half-mast.

Oh-so-slowly he sat back up and slipped his legs over the edge of the bed, rising with careful movements and heading slowly towards the bedroom door.

He moved, not with the zombie-like motions films used to denote a sleep-walker, but with the light, careful movements a person used when trying very hard not to awaken a light sleeper.

With the same oh-so-quiet motions, he made his way to the next room down the hall, the one that served as his office for his personal real-estate business. Carefully settling his naked body in the cool embrace of the custom-made leather chair, he brought his computer out of sleep mode, holding his breath and waiting as the light from the screen flared.

A moment later, reassured, he carefully opened the browser to the always-connected high-speed internet and pulled up a search browser...

...and went shopping.

It took nearly four hours to find everything he wanted - or, rather, everything he wanted from stores that offered rush shipping (for a price) where he could also order the packages gift-wrapped with attached gift-cards.

Finally, satisfied, he tip-toed off to bed.

* * * * *

After spending the first ten minutes after waking from a deep, but surprisingly unfruitful sleep, in a fruitless effort to regain his manhood, Shawn grumpily rolled out of bed and prepared for a morning jog.

Slipping on a pair of red jogging shorts and a baggy gray Gold's Gym T-shirt, he clipped his 'exercise key' to the waistband of his shorts by the small metal 'clothes pin' designed for the purpose and headed down the hall to the elevator, sighing over the way the breathable mesh inner liner of the athletic shorts slid across his empty crotch.

Jogging in place while the elevator descended, he was warmed-up by the time the doors slid open, and he jogged out at a quick pace, heading for the front door.

As he jogged by the front desk, there was a startled oath and Leon, the morning concierge, emerged from the little mailroom behind the desk and called a greeting in a somewhat forced tone of politeness.

Ignoring Leon, Shawn quickly pushed through the brass-bound front doors and out into the cool morning air, self-confidentially darting across the road and ignoring the blare of horns as he entered the park across from his apartment building, angling across the grass to the paved path that wound through the grounds.

As his muscles loosened up, Shawn slowly increased his speed, trying to trade the burn of otherwise unnecessary energy for the swirling memories of his humiliation. Within ten minutes of hitting the park trail, he was moving nearly at a full-out sprint, feeling the welcome burn of heavy exercise sapping the dark emotions from his situation...

...until he caught sight of the trio of women on the path ahead.

They weren't jogging, nor even speed-walking - they were simply walking along, shoulder to shoulder, gabbing away obliviously as they took up the entire damned path.

Lip curling up into a sneer, Shawn kept pushing straight down the center of the path, with only the beating of his sneakers on the path as warning of his approach.

If the women took up the whole path and didn't bother to make room for people more justified in using it, well then, it was their own damned fault if they got run down.

He grew steadily closer to the oblivious women, the sneer becoming a taut, feral smile as he bore down on them...

...and then, just before he reached them, he suddenly stumbled. Shocked by the unexpected event, he tried to catch himself - and the body that he should have had complete, precise muscular control over spasmed, reacting improperly to what should have been corrective movements, and he ended up sprawling head-over-heels onto the grass beside the path.

"Oh, my!" One of the woman gasped, turning quickly to where Shawn was pushing himself upright on the grass. She crouched down on her haunches, her eyes quickly sweeping over Shawn's taut body. "Are you okay, miss?"

Black anger welled up, and Shawn glared at the woman and snarled: "Who are you calling '*miss*'?"...

...in a fairly deep, husky, but undeniably feminine voice.

Face going rigid, the woman rolled her eyes as she straightened back up.

"Oh, I'm sorry for being concerned for your welfare, *Ms.*" She snapped, hitting the last word with pure vitriol as she turned and rejoined her friends, stalking haughtily off down the path.

Shawn, however, wasn't paying attention to her - he was staring down at his chest.

Face falling into lines of disgusted anger, he distastefully lifted his hands, noticing their somewhat slimmer, finer structure as he brought them to the neck-line of his T-shirt and pulled it out to stare inside.

Pushed out from the taut pectoral muscles were firm domes tipped by larger, thicker nipples. Breasts. Firm - almost hard - breast that had to be at least a healthy 'B'-cup, if not a 'C'.

Letting the shirt fall back over the sickening sight, Shawn let loose a string of vile curses directed at his 'dark half', hating the husky- but-female voice it all came spewing out in.

With the worst of his immediate anger dispelled in the outburst, Shawn levered his still-muscular but somewhat finer-built body to the smaller feet swimming inside the sneakers, now understanding both the stumble and the inability to catch himself.

Still muttering curses under his breath, Shawn began walking back towards his apartment, lips curling into a grimace as the fabric of the shirt sway slightly over the taut new breasts and larger, more sensitive nipples he'd been cursed with.

As he walked, he kept his thoughts circling his anger, building it up higher and hotter and brighter...

...the better to drown out the fear he'd felt when he'd realized how quickly and easily his other half had performed the objectively minor but comprehensive series of changes.

Reaching the building, he slammed through the door and stalked towards the elevator.

"Mr. O'Connell!" Leon called, darting out from behind the desk - then doing a quick verbal back-pedal as he got a better look at the person he'd 'mistaken' for a tenant of the building. "Oh, uh, I'm sorry - I didn't know Shawn had a twin sister, much less that you were visiting."

"I'm *Shawn*!" He snapped at Leon...

...or, at least, tried to.

It came out, in an only slightly annoyed (and feminine) tone, as: "I'm Shawnee."

"Pleased to meet you, Shawnee. I'm Leon." The concierge said, with a flourish. "Um - some packages came for your brother, so I signed for them and put them just inside the door of his apartment."

Barely hearing Leon's comment, Shawn tried to say his name again, this time prepared and ready to cut himself off after the first syllable...

"Shawnee."

"Oh - Shaw*nee*." Leon repeated, trying to match her inflection on the name, almost a tightening of the throat on the second syllable. Shawn glared at him.

"Oh, go to hell." He snarled, then turned and stalked angrily off to the elevator, leaving behind a stunned concierge who tried to figure out how anybody could be so angry about a slightly mispronounced name.

The entire ride up in the elevator, Shawn tried to say his own name - and each time, his other side slid the feminizing syllable onto the end.

What scared Shawn was how easily it was done.

The 'other' was no longer a separate side of him, but had somehow smoothly integrated itself into his conscious mind, making use of his body as easily as the 'real' part of him did.

Reaching his floor, Shawn hurried down the hallway, even more shamed by the thought of being seen like this then he had the night before, and quickly let himself into his apartment. Kicking his shoes off near the small pile of brightly-wrapped packages by the door, he hurried towards the master bedroom, shucking clothes as he went.

Reaching the doorway to the bedroom, he paused and took a deep breath, trying to calm the fear and despair jumping in his gut. Stepping into the bedroom, he turned and looked at the full-length mirror.

A woman stared back at him.

Certainly, it was possible to see the 'resemblance' between her and Shawn. For one thing, they were the exact same height, with a very similar build - the woman's wrists, ankles and waist were a bit slimmer, the hips a touch wider, the posterior a bit fuller, but all were only 'minor variations'...

...except they looked radically different to Shawn's emotions, if not his eyes.

Her eyes - for the ones being used to gaze on this reflection were the ones in the reflection, the ones in a masculine-looking female face, to square-jawed to be 'pretty', but undeniably female.

Just as the rest of her body was. It wasn't a man's body with tits and a pussy tacked on. Though nobody would ever accuse her of being beautiful, and the term that would spring immediately to anybody's mind would be 'masculine', the reference to the well-muscled individual in the mirror would have been 'a masculine *woman*.'

"No!" She snarled in useless denial, looking around angrily as she tried to bury humiliation - and fear - in reborn anger. "No, goddammit, no!"

Grabbing a small, decorative metal statue from the dresser near the door in her slightly slimmer yet undeniably feminine hand, she reared back and hurled it at the hateful truth the mirror revealed...

...and felt a burst of renewed fear as she realized that she wasn't sure whether she'd missed the mirror completely because of her unfamiliarity with her new female form - or because the 'other' had taken control of her arm to deflect her aim with such smooth ease that she hadn't realized it was happening until she saw the effect.

Disgusted at looking at her tall, toned, undeniably female body, the new woman who could only identify herself as 'Shawnee' stalked towards the closet, eager to cover her shameful form in loose, baggy clothing. Hauling open the door to the walk-in closet, she reached for some clothing that would fit the bill...

...and found her hand unable to take a single item out of the closet.

It wasn't the muscle-locking struggle of the night before, though she threw just as much effort into this battle as she had that one. Instead, to somebody watching, it would look like that tall, flame-haired woman couldn't make up her mind, her hand sweeping along the clothes a few inches from the surface, unable to settle on any of them.

"What?" She shrieked at her hateful other half, hating how petulantly feminine she sounded. "You want me to walk around naked so everybody can see what you've done to me? What you've *reduced* me to? Well, I'm not going to do it, do you hear? I'm not going to let you win!"

Suddenly, she found herself walking out of the bedroom - though she'd given no command to thus hideously female new body she'd been cursed with.

The walk looked - and even felt - completely natural, despite the fact that she was struggling for control of their shared body. The only sign of that struggle was a tightening of the muscles in her face, creating a look of intense concentration - but that concentration availed her nothing.

She found herself 'carried' to the pile of boxes near the door - where her hands pulled one of the boxes from the pile and held it up to where her eyes focused on the gift card taped to the top:

For your first time: I hope this is as far as it has to go.

She waited a moment - but her traitorous body did nothing else, so she slowly and grudgingly unwrapped the box and opened it.

Inside lay some articles of clothing, and as soon as her eyes fell on it she immediately began shaking her head.

"No way!" She told herself, staring down at what lay in the box, and knowing now that her 'other half' had planned out this punishment should she do something 'wrong' again, at least according to the insane judgment of her crazed opponent. Had she waited before going on her run, these boxes would have been delivered, and perhaps would have served as fair warning as to what was to come - if she'd bothered to let it affect her.

"There's no damned way I'm wearing these!" She announced, firmly - though she felt the gnawing fear in her gut at the thought that her perverted other self could be strong enough to simply take over and do it anyway. "You may be able to control - and change - my body, but we both know that it wouldn't be 'me' doing it, it would be you! Maybe I'd be a prisoner in my own body, but you wouldn't have perverted my thinking!"

It was a defiant statement, and she felt satisfaction at making it - right up until her body began to move again. Towards the door.

While naked.

Her hands actually unlocked the door and started to pull it upon before, bathed in a cold sweat at the thought of walking the wide world like this, she ground her teeth together and gave in, marginally: "All right, damn you! I'll wear your fuckin' clothes!"

Hating herself for 'willingly' doing such a thing, but hating the thought of the forced consequences even more sharply, she fought down a wave of self-disgust and shame and slowly, angrily, pulled on the clothing from the box.

It was better than being naked. Barely.

The black spandex crop-top encased her dome-like new breasts like a second skin, marginally more close-fitting than the slightly thicker dark-gray lycra/cotton stretch pants that encased her muscular legs and 'boyish' hips.

The form-fitting clothing was bad enough, especially given the form it was fitting - but the shoes made her want to both gag and cry. They were black sneakers with white stripes and soles...

..and heels!

Oh, wide, easy-to-balance-on heels, only an inch taller than the two-inch 'platform' of the rest of the sole - but definitely heels, the sort that only a woman would wear. Worse, they were so damned... useless! Not high and slender and sexy, (Thank God!), but enough to make the shoes useless as real active wear.

The shoes were certainly bad enough... but the white ankle-warmers and the matching sweatband were entirely too much, exactly the sort of useless frippery you might expect from a.. a... a *woman*.

"All right, so now I'm a woman, and dressed in women's clothing..." She ground out to her other half, crossing her arms defiantly across her chest - then quickly yanking them back down in a wave of embarrassed anger, as they pressed against the taut mounds of her new breasts. "Now what? You're going to parade me around downtown like this?"

In response, her body once again moved of its own accord - but not towards the front door, but to her office, where it seated itself in front of the computer, opened up a word processing program, and opened a new file. The first thing her self-directed hands did was save the file - under the filename 'Diary.doc'.

Not even 'Journal', for goodness sake - diary!

Then, before her anger-narrowed eyes, her unwilling fingers began to type:

Thank goodness my brother is letting me use his apartment while he's out of town - and thank God he IS out of town. I love Shawn dearly, but he's... well, he's a self-absorbed macho asshole with a chauvinistic streak a mile wide.

"Very funny." Shawnee snorted angrily.

Of course, even though his letting me use his apartment until I find my own place makes things a bit easier, it doesn't lessen the whole 'new girl in town' syndrome. That's why I'm so excited about going down to the gym a couple of blocks from here. 'Working out' there will give me a chance to meet some of the local women and, perhaps, make some new friends...

"Friends? With *women*?" Shawnee demanded of the computer screen, incredulous. "You're joking! How can I be friends with.. with fuzzy-headed, emotional, illogical..."

Of course, rather than 'waste my time' getting to actually know some women and find out which ones I enjoy spending time with, maybe I'll just find a cute guy who likes their women... physical.

A cold chill ran up her spine at the open threat, and she had to fight back the urge to gag at the thought.

"No way!" She insisted, firmly. "I'd... I'd kill myself first. Kill BOTH of us, I mean - because you can't live without me, you son-of-a- bitch! Just remember that!"

On the other hand, maybe going to the gym is a waste of time. After all, I have my reliable 'plastic friend' right here. Maybe I should just stay in today and spend all my time...

"All right, all right!" Shawnee shouted, angrily. "I'll go to your goddamned gym and 'make nice' with the bitc... 'other' women!"

Her fingers rap-tapped no more words out on the screen without his will. Her body didn't rise from the chair and walk about without her permission.

She remained seated, still, waiting.

Waiting for her, of her own will and under her control, to rise and venture forth from the apartment - not as a man, nor even as a man made visually female...

...but as what people would see as being a woman - and who would *play* the part of being female, wearing female clothing, answering to a female name, and in every way knowingly foster the belief, in word and deed, that she was the female she appeared to be.

It was horrific - and, in the end, it was only the threat that much worse could happen should she refuse what was undoubtedly supposed to be a humility- and sympathy-inspiring punishment that allowed her will to overcome her righteous anger and disgust.

Body literally trembling in mixed anger and self-disgust, Shawnee forced her body to rise, head out of the office, and walk towards the front door of the apartment - and her first (and by-god ONLY, she vowed) time not only *looking* female, but by any measurable standard, *being* female.

Hesitantly opening the door and stepping slowly and stiffly across the threshold and out into 'public', Shawnee had to fight back the urge to throw up...

To Be Continued...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A man who thought he had attained perfection in mind and body, finds that his own inner thoughts are rebelling against him and changing gender and behavior. part two

Part Two

The walk to the gym was pure humiliation on the hoof.

Every step Shawnee took only served to remind her what people were seeing - a woman. The flex of her slightly reshaped buttocks with each step taken in the 'heeled' sneakers was the sensation a woman would feel - was feeling - as she walked. Beneath the tight material, the view of her buttocks and muscular legs were also feminine - as was the oh-so-slight jiggle in the taut, dome-like mounds lurking under her top.

She was a woman, moving like a woman, being seen as a woman - and doing absolutely nothing to dispel the feminine assumption.

The people she passed, looking at her, saw a tall, broad-shouldered and muscular 'masculine' woman, dressed in women's clothes and, in all other ways, purporting to be female.

It all made Shawnee want to vomit - but, instead, she merely ground her teeth as she stalked up the steps to the gym, disgusted and disgraced to be reduced - in all eyes other than her own, of course - to such a demeaning status.

Her, who had so recently been the closest thing to utter male perfection existent, reduced to the perceived status of a mere woman! She still found it hard to understand how any part of her, no matter how obviously insane it was, could possibly do this to 'themselves'.

Part of why her 'explanation' to the desk clerk about having just moved to town and wanting to find a gym came out through clenched teeth.

Paying the one-time 'test membership' fee, the person who'd helplessly had to give the name of 'Shawnee' to the clerk walked into the main part of the gym itself, trying very hard not to look as uncomfortable - humiliated - as she felt.

She caught a couple of the men she passed giving her looks of distaste - and couldn't fault them for it, knowing what they were seeing. It would actually have been a hell of a lot easier had she been downright ugly, a real bowser - but, unfortunately, she was merely muscular and masculine without being completely unattractive by the feminine standards by which anybody would now judge her. That only served to make it obvious that she wasn't trying to do anything to make herself more attractive, that her hair wasn't 'styled' to better suit her face, that she wasn't wearing any make-up at all to enhance her plain, square-cut features.

Since none of the men looking at her could possibly know the truth, they were seeing a woman who should have been trying to make herself more pleasing for men to enjoy, and who was failing to even attempt the task. In fact, Shawnee knew, they'd see her 'strutting' around the gym as if she were the equal of any man - which, of course, she was, but they couldn't possibly know that. They'd be seeing a woman putting herself far above her real status, and it sickened Shawnee that her other half was forcing her to be a living example of exactly the 'wrong' type of woman out there.

That, of course, was the point. Shawnee was well aware of his traitorous other side's insane view that women were 'real' people, the equal to men, and so it was obvious that the purpose of this exercise was to humiliate her while furthering that ridiculous, ludicrous, untenable position.

Well, even involuntarily made a walking billboard for improper femininity, she wasn't going to foster the illusion that women had some sort of right to 'mutilate' whatever attractiveness they were born with by doing any so as unfeminine as weight-lifting or heavy exercise. Though her overly muscular feminine body continued making a 'statement' that went directly against the oh-so-obvious truth, she'd do what she could to present the correct 'role model' for the women around her, and stick strictly to toning exercise.

Walking over to a treadmill, Shawnee put it on a relatively easy setting and began trudging along, trying hard to pretend as if she were utterly alone, and not in a gym full of people witnessing her unknown humiliation and unwanted 'bad example' to women.

As she strode over the endlessly repeating belt, Shawnee heard the conversation the two women on the next two treadmills to her right were having - and had to clench her teeth from reprimanding them for it, knowing damned well that her evil other half would think it cause for punishment.

It wasn't easy - not with the two women discussing business and politics as if anybody as inherently emotional and irrational as a woman should have any right to say how a company, much less a country, should be run. The way they blathered on about things they'd learned the 'catch phrases' for, but couldn't possibly even really begin to comprehend, Shawnee felt her blood start to boil.

It was a testament to his phenomenal, near-perfect willpower that she managed to keep from snapping at the women...

...which was why, when the woman closest to her turned as asked Shawnee's opinion on the topic she'd been discussing, Shawnee's answer was snapped back sharply.

"You have no idea what you're talking about!" She barked at them, with a sneer. "You have no right to even have an opinion on such a subject! Now why don't you stop blathering on about subjects suited for your betters, and find something useful to do!"

The pair of women gaped at her, stunned - then, as shock turned to anger, they quickly decided they had someplace else to be, and stalked off in a snit, bitten to the quick by the truth.

Muttering under her breath, Shawnee pounded over the unrolling black belt of the machine, trying to burn off the angry energy with exercise.

"Well - you're getting a real work-out!" A svelte, dark-haired woman said, taking up the machine on Shawnee's right. "Looking at you, though, I'd guess you're used to pushing yourself."

Suddenly realizing that she'd fallen into her customary, male-style work-out - and the bad impression it made given her feminine form

- Shawnee slowed her stride and took several deep breaths.

"Not really." She said, tightly, needing to correct the misinterpretation. "I was just... sort of angry."

"Oh." The dark-haired woman said, with a knowing look. Starting up her own machine, she began walking at it's easy pace, the muscles in her nicely-toned legs flexing with each step she took...

...and it suddenly struck Shawnee that the sight of those quite shapely female legs weren't affecting him the way it should have.

Shawnee had to struggle to keep from returning to the faster, angry pace as she felt the sort of smug humor she felt generated by her other side as she finally, belatedly, realized that her sexuality had been 'turned off'. Though still capable of

intellectually recognizing the supple, dark-haired woman as being sexy, Shawnee no longer felt the physical or emotional types of arousal it would have previously created.

Struggling hard not to show any sign of the anger that came from having her 'rightful' male sexuality stolen, Shawnee tried to focus on what the svelte woman was babbling on about.

It was typical female blather. Half of it was mindless, talk-shows and romances and who-was-doing-what-to-who in entertainment. Mindless, but harmless - and the other half was about things like make-up and clothes and hair-styles, which was grating on Shawnee's ears, but not her senses, for it was quite right for a woman to think and talk about the best ways for her to increase her attractiveness so she could better please men. By the simple expedient of agreeing with the woman, no matter how insipid her comments, Shawnee managed to have a 'conversation' without actually having to try and echo that ridiculous blathering.

At least she had created the projected idea that she supported the dark-haired woman's purpose. As humiliating as it was to have to listen to this woman blather on, and appear interested, it wasn't possible for Shawnee, in her current situation, state the simple truth: That only 'another woman' would be interested in such mindless blathering and feminine esotery.

Finally, it was time for Shawnee to make her escape. Several times, she'd tried to leave, and each time her body had blithely walked onward, her other side firmly in control. It was only after 'enough time' had elapsed that she found her other side letting her turn and head for the door of the gym, her 'punishment' apparently completed.

Not needing to shower and change because of how close 'her brother' lived to the gym, Shawnee headed straight for the front door of the health club, eager to escape the humiliation that came part-and-parcel with looking-and-acting even as marginally feminine as she was in public. As her dark, twisted and perverted other side still held the inexplicable edge in accessing their hard-won mental powers, she had no say in the disgusting body she wore, no matter how much she wished it was otherwise. That, of course, was bad enough - but worse was the fact that this humiliation, this public spectacle, wasn't a forced performance that the other side could have made it. Though her other side could have controlled her like a puppet on a string, it had instead increased the humiliation by forcing her to do this 'willingly' - or face consequences that wouldn't only have been humiliating, but would have been in direct contradiction to what she knew to be the simple truth.

Well, no matter what happened, Shawnee wasn't going to let this twisted part of her psyche make her give up what she knew to be good and valid views on the world - what she knew to be the truth.

That, there, was the crux of it all - because this other part of him might be able to alter their shared body at will, then lock out her own ability to change it back. It might even have to power to make her do or say anything it wanted, it couldn't alter what she thought, not directly. No, all it could do was try and find things humiliating enough to try and force Shawnee to accept it's own highly twisted view of the world...

...and that just wasn't going to happen. No matter what.

Refusing to let the humiliation 'unman' her intellectually the way her other side had already done physically and hormonally, Shawnee stalked towards the doors, fighting not to let anybody see a woman exhibiting the type of pride that the person Shawnee really was inside had every right to exhibit.

Balancing out the humiliation of a 'man' having to walk like a woman against the risk of giving the impression that any woman had the right to walk with the pride of a man, Shawnee wasn't paying much attention to the mere women he pushed through as they stood idling near the door...

"Oh, well *excuse* us!" The woman, one of the ones Shawnee had snapped at earlier, said in exasperated anger. "I didn't realize I was standing the wrong way! Or maybe it's the way I'm holding my wrist that's not to your liking... or maybe it's just every little thing about me that's wrong, huh?"

Shawnee's lip curled.

"Look, why don't you just stop fucking around?" She 'suggested'. "Get down to what you're supposed to be doing - making yourself look and act more attractive!"

Not waiting for the bitch to respond, Shawnee whirled and pushed through the doors, taking a longer, more determined stride than she felt comfortable letting a woman assume, but letting her discomfort over that be overshadowed by her desire to get back to the comforting privacy of her apartment...

...and then she noticed the odd sensation rippling through her body.

The odd pushing-pulling-tightening-loosing sensation of her body slowly and forcibly being altered from within.

Her heart caught in her throat as her stomach balled in a humiliatingly unmasculine fear.

She knew that her other side could have done whatever changes it was forcing upon her incredibly quickly - which meant that this slow transformation was done solely for its additional humiliation factor.

Not wanting to find out what new humiliation was in store for her, at least not in public, Shawnee ignored decorum and appearances, and sprinted flat-out towards her apartment, not able to take the time to pay attention to the changes building up in her form as she cursed the impractical shoes that were getting steadily looser on her feet.

At a dead run, she burst through the doors to the apartment and blew past Leon, tearing open the door to the stairs and pounding upwards, chasing her echoes upwards in the concrete stairwell rather than wait for the elevator.

Feet now almost coming right out of the shoes with each step, her clothing tightening and loosening on various parts of her shifting anatomy, She reached her apartment door and frantically fumbled with the key until the door finally swung open, and she hurled her changing body inside...

...and the other immediately took complete control of her.

Not letting her see much of her changing body in it's shifting gaze, her renegade body went directly to one of the boxes still piled near the door and tore it open.

Shawnee was almost glad that the other had complete control of the body they shared - since that denied her the chance to inadvertently scream out in horror at the sight of the various sex-toys that filled the box.

Helplessly, she watched her slimming hands gather up some of items within - and then she headed towards the bedroom. "You're just not capable of learning, are you?" She heard her voice, steadily rising in pitch, demand as they headed towards the bedroom. "I give you every chance, provide you with plenty of motivation, and even give you a chance to see that what body you're in no way determines you to be 'more' or 'less' of a person - and still you have to treat... have to *think* of women as lower then whale shit!"

Even as this other part of her raved on, spewing her perverted world-view, Shawnee struggled to regain control of her body - realizing she'd made a horrible, horrible mistake.

Though knowing that this part of her was the 'insane' part kept buried far beneath her logical, perfect conscious mind, she'd still mistakenly believed that it was still part of the 'real' her.

That's why she'd been so shocked that any part of her, even this insane part, could do anything like reduce them to mere womanhood, physically - and she'd been certain that it had been 'hard' for that part of her, too.

Now she realized the mistake of that assumption.

This other side of her would do anything to further it's own, insane view of the world...

"Women are for sex, huh?" Her other side ranted through their shared mouth as they stripped out of steadily more ill-fitting clothes. "Okay, then - that's the way we'll treat us! Just the way you want!"

With The Other in control, their stomach couldn't even tighten into the cold ball of fear that Shawnee's intellectual horror should have prompted.

Fear - and a tiny, just-barely-there sense of gloating.

Sarcastically or not, being used against her or not, The Other was still agreeing to the utterly correct view of the world.

Still, that little bit of gloating didn't help much as The Other forced their shared body lift a slim, bright-yellow dildo up to their mouth and slip them between their shared lips.

Shawnee wished she could force enough control of her body-in-revolt to at least shudder in disgust as the licked at the little dildo, but she couldn't even manage that much.

At first, Shawnee felt relief as the dildo was pulled from their mouth, gleaming with saliva - then relief turned to horror as the hand slid back around their body in a motion that made their intention obvious.

It was something more hideous, more humiliating, more horrifying than having a dildo in their unwanted cunt, and Shawnee, an unheard scream unable to be voiced, bent every inch of her will from stopping this from happening.

A dildo in a cunt was feminine, and undeniably so - so, humiliating as it was, it wasn't as bad as something that could also be a homosexual action, like anal penetration. A cunt was designed specifically to be filled by a 'cock', but an ass was not necessarily strictly for that purpose.

Shawnee bent every ounce of will to stopping this from happening...

...and her arm slowed. Shaking with the force of the effort, it steadily slowed until it hovered, locked into position, the saliva-slicked snout of the simple dildo pressing lightly at the flesh of her slowly softening ass-cheeks.

For several seconds, her arm remained locked in this stasis, neither side able to gain an advantage...

...and then her other arm, which Shawnee had practically forgotten about, came up to their mouth - and slapped in place a type of gag, one with a short but very thick 'dildo' that filled her mouth.

The horror of having this pushed between her lips, forcing her mouth to be filled by a 'cock', momentarily broke Shawnee's concentration - and the little dildo slipped deep into her until-then virgin ass.

The hand at the dildo's base then released the dildo to rise up and help her other hand strap the dildo-gag into place...

...but not until it had first given the white plastic base of the dildo a quarter-turn to the right. Which caused the 'dildo' to do exactly what it was designed to do - vibrate.

It was slim - but felt huge inside her. Sickened and horrified, she felt it vibrating away in her ass, horrified to feel it filling her...

...and creating pleasure.

With the dildo-gag now strapped into place, the vibrator in her ass humming away to create humiliating pleasure, Shawnee found The Other laying their shared body down on the bed. Her legs - which, she was able to see, were a lot less muscular, smoother and more shapely - spread themselves as her hands, clutching the third and last dildo, moved steadily towards her exposed crotch.

Once again, she fought to stop what was about to happen...

...and didn't even come close.

In point of fact... some small part of herself - her 'real' self was *helping* The Other. Was actively helping to do this to herself!

Because... Because...

Because... a woman's cunt was supposed to be filled with a cock, real or plastic! *OF COURSE!*

The Other was trying to *GET* her to fight this!

By using her own disgust, The Other was trying to get her to deny what she knew to be right! At this realization, Shawnee knew that there was only one thing she could do.

One thing - no matter how disgusting or humiliating, how sickening or perverted it might be. No matter how much she might not want to do it, it was the one thing she HAD to do, or allow The Other to win.

So, self-disgusted, Shawnee stopped fighting The Other - and, instead, forced herself to assist in the act of filling her cunt with the big, thick, disgust-and-pleasure generating plastic phallus.

As The Other closed their eyes and had them lay back, legs spread and vibrator humming away in their ass, they fucked themselves with the dildo, plunging it in and out of her cunt with nearly violently thrusts, muffled grunts that could have been interpreted as either pleasure or pain being choked off by the dildo-gag crammed into her mouth.

She had no idea how long she lay there, frantically fucking herself with the dildo. Humiliation burned steadily in her, but she could do nothing but accept the self-disgust that came from fucking herself like a woman, because she knew that the very phrase 'like a woman' proved that it was the right thing to do.

For however long she fucked herself, she went through orgasm after orgasm - orgasms much heightened over the ones forced upon her the night before, due to the influence of the vibrator in her ass.

Orgasms that steadily, despite never losing their intensely enjoyable, intensely humiliating pleasure, became also more uncomfortable from the sheer repetition.

Even as the physical discomfort grew, so did something else...

...satisfaction.

Every utterly humiliating plunge of the dildo, every disgusting tremor of pleasure, all of it all served to prove what she knew, and what The Other had tried to deny:

That this female body *was* designed to be a sexual - and servile - plaything. It was the body's purpose - and, as Shawnee had come belatedly to realize, it didn't matter who (or what) inhabited that body, it was the body that mattered.

By accepting this, and by using her masculine force of will to force herself to accept the humiliation of following up thought with action, she was denying The Other's twisted version of reality.

The Other was trying to make a point: If there was a 'good reason' for a woman, any woman, not to act like one, then The Other would have an argument.

Well, Shawnee wasn't going to give her that satisfaction.

That's why, after The Other stopped making any effort to force her to do so, Shawnee forced herself to fuck herself to another orgasm before removing the dildo from her now-sopping and thoroughly throbbing cunt.

She then removed the dildo-gag and the vibrator, forcing herself to neither rush to do so, nor to fling them aside in disgust - because doing so would provide The Other with an starting point with which to argue there was good reason why any woman might do so.

Outside the window lay darkness, and a glance at the night-stand clock revealed that she'd just spent nearly nine hours frantically fucking herself.

For anybody else, it would have long ago stopped being humiliatingly enjoyable and become utterly agonizing, if not impossible due to exhaustion. With her perfect control over her own body, however, she was only slightly stiff, mildly tired, with a low and - oddly enough, not completely unpleasant - throbbing in her cunt.

All of this was 'interesting' - but of more immediate interest was the fact that, during the masturbation marathon, her body had been completely reshaped.

Uncomfortably, she slipped from the bed sheets sodden with her own juices, finding another not-totally-unpleasant sensation in her asshole from having been filled by the vibrator for so long.

Refusing to show the disgust that came with every oh-so-feminine sensation created by her now-utterly-feminized body, she walked over to stand in front of the full-length mirror and see what had become of her.

She couldn't help herself - she gasped in stunned amazement at the specimen of perfect femininity that stared back at her, as utterly flawless in feminine form as she'd once been in masculine form.

She was everything a woman should be, had every attribute that defined a woman as being a woman - and had them all in spades. Just as men should be tall, women should be short - and short she was, a mere four feet, nine inches tall.

No, not just 'short', for midgets were 'short' - this new woman staring back at her from the mirror was 'petite', and all that implied. The incredibly fine bone structure, leaving her so slender or wrist and ankle and neck, so delicate of finger and knee and foot.

Though short and slender, there was nothing the least bit child-like about her - indeed, she radiated an almost palatable sense of sexual maturity, though skin-tone and silken texture could have been that of an sixteen-year-old girl.

Though objectively diminutive, her lean, supple build would have made her look tall had there been nothing around to gauge her true height against. With long, shapely legs and a long, enviably slim waist supplemented by the smooth swell of womanly hips and a slender ribcage, she had the same basic build of that of the original Barbie dolls to a nearly life-like scale...

...with a few differences.

Unlike Barbie's 'innocent' heart-shaped face, this one was a delicate but femininely strong triangular face featuring full, bee-stung lips and dark, sensual eyes half-shadowed by long, dark lashes - the same general type of face that had made Sophia Loren a sex- symbol.

It was also a face that was surrounded by an incredibly thick, silken mane of ruby-red hair that hung in curls and waves over her slender, fine-boned shoulders and down to the top of her firm, heart-shaped and entirely mouth-watering new ass.

In fact, every inch of her silky-smooth flesh was mouth-watering, from the soles of her slender, dainty feet to the crown of her head, from her taut round ass to her perfect breasts, a pair of triple-D domes that thrust proudly from her ribcage, tipped with perky pink nipples.

She was... gorgeous. A living example of what a woman should be...

...which was the most utterly humiliating thing you could possibly do to somebody who was 'really' a perfect example of masculinity.

"Well, *Shauna*...?" She heard the incredibly erotic new voice this body came with ask her, "Are you ready to admit that what you look like shouldn't predetermine your actions?"

"No!" She replied, vehemently, unaware of the all-to-accurate impression of schizophrenia she would have created for anybody seeing her two-sided argument. "No, damn you! This isn't 'real'! I wasn't born into femininity like a real woman would be! That makes it different!"

Her anger once again morphed into disgust as The Other took control of their shared body.

"How the hell would you know?" She asked herself, disgusted. "Let's see what it's like to be the 'perfect woman' you've become, shall we?"

With The Other still in full control, Shawn/Shawnee/Shaina couldn't even argue as their shared body turned and - with a slow, sensuous stride just one bare step shy of parody - swayed seductively out to the waiting boxes in the living room.

No matter how much she struggled to regain control of her body, she could do nothing as it dressed itself in feminine clothing...

...put on gold jewelry, complete to earrings that her ability to control her body healed the wholes for almost as they were being pushed through her pierced ears...

...and even put on make-up.

"Well?" Her reflection taunted her, posing seductively in front of the mirror. "Isn't this the way a body like this should be dressed?" The worst of it was - if it hadn't been for the fact that the modified body was 'really' a man, it was.

She was even more hot!

The theme was 'Oriental' - and oh, did it work.

The dress was dark red silk, rising from mid-thigh to the high, Mandarin-style collar. One either slid, the skirt portion of the dress was slit high on the hip, and would have revealed glimpses of her panties - had she been wearing any.

Likewise, it was obvious her slender, buxom figure was going without benefit of a bra - because, rising in a widening 'V' from her waist was black mesh that revealed her perfect cleavage and even her shoulders before it merged with the back of the dress and the high collar.

She was balanced easily, sensuously, atop the six-and-a-half inch high heels of the red pumps she wore, her perfect and balance making it physically easy to stand and move in the extreme heels - which made it all the more humiliating that she could be so skilled in such feminine footwear.

"Well, you've convinced me." Her reflection told her. "You're never going to be convinced to change your views. So, if I can't change them, then I'll have to *use* them to disarm you."

She had no idea what The Other meant by that - until she felt the 'consciousness' of The Other beginning to pull itself in on itself, coalescing itself and, in a funny way, quite voluntarily committing 'suicide'...

...in order to 'win', for The Other gave up the ability to continue thinking in order to form a... a 'one way mirror' deep in the brain that now belonged solely to Shauna.

Who promptly gasped, eyes widening in horrified understanding - and unwanted desire, her body suddenly 'revving up' with a moist warmth centered in her crotch.

She gasped and struggled to break free of the cycle of thoughts running through her head - but she couldn't.

The Other hadn't been able to break her of her beliefs about the places of men and women in the universe - and, in 'dying', The Other had created a metaphysical 'mirror' that showed Shauna's body back to her in a constant, attention-drawing loop.

In that instant, Shauna became amazingly aware of her own body, every nerve and muscle and sinew...

...and equally intensely aware of the fact that she was a woman.

The knowledge that she was 'really' male paled next to the reflected image of her current gender - and because of her unshakable beliefs, she was flooded with an incredibly powerful urge to *be* the woman the her mind insisted she should be.

"No...!" She gasped in a taut whisper, dropping to her knees, assaulted by the ideas and concepts that she couldn't deny she believed was true - but couldn't convince her mind didn't apply to her. "Oh, God, please - no!"

She struggled to drive the whirling, powerful thoughts from her head - but she couldn't.

Her eyes fluttered open, and she saw herself in the real mirror before her - and whimpered anew at the fierce sense of satisfaction that rocked her at the sight of such a 'correctly' attired woman, dressed and made-up to perform her purpose in life - serving, and servicing, men.

"I'm not really a woman!" She screamed at the her reflection in the mirror. At her feminine reflection.

In a female voice.

The denial didn't do anything to lessen the barrage hitting her - it strengthened it, her unshakable beliefs all-but-rearing up and grabbing it in it's metaphysical teeth and giving her a good shake.

Gasping, her face contorted, she found herself climbing unsteadily to her feet. She didn't want to go out, didn't want to do anything at all to meet the demands her beliefs were screaming at her - but it was like a physical pressure crushing down on her, making it hard to breath, to think.

Heart thundering behind her new bust, head feeling as if it were being crushed in a vise, she stumbled out of the apartment, not able to think clearly enough to consider grabbing money or keys or anything else.

If a particularly observant psychiatrist had been watching her, he would have diagnosed what she was going through as an unusually powerful phobic reaction - and he would have been right.

Just as somebody with claustrophobia would have had a steadily more powerful attack until they were forced to escape the conditions that caused it, the beliefs in her mind forced her to leave the apartment, overwhelmed with the desperate, inarguable need to find men.

As she headed down the hall and into the elevator, the sense that she was doing something lessened the attack, and she slowly regained her poise, her body pushing itself into a sensual pose while her lips curved in a faint, seductive smile.

With her hyper-awareness of her own body, she was aware of exactly what she was doing - but trying to fight brought the attack whirling back to full strength, forcing her to back off, which made her painfully aware of what she was doing...

On the elevator ride down to lobby, she 'cycled' five times, from calm sensuality to shuddering panic, and back again.

When the doors opened on the lobby, she went into full-blown attack mode, struggling not to leave the safety of the elevator cab, as bad as the one in the room - and, like the one in the room, this one drove him out of the elevator.

Also like the attack in his apartment, being forced to act eased up the attack, giving her beliefs the power to make her move with sensual gracefulness, her very move a statement of her sexuality.

It was quite late, and this time of night there was no concierge. Moving in fits and starts that nobody saw, she made her way across the lobby and out the door. With every step, she struggled to stop herself - but what she was fighting against was her own beliefs, and the harder she tried, the harder she... tried not to.

It wasn't a split personality, like it had been with The Other. This was all her, not wanting to believe what he believed - and failing.

That's what made it so horrible - because, even though she didn't want to do this, she knew that she firmly and unarguably believed that this is exactly what she should be doing.

It was as if a law-abiding person got into an accident. The urge to 'run away' was strong - but the knowledge that it would be wrong to do so kept them there.

Likewise, though she hated what she was doing - but she couldn't stop doing it, believing it needed to be done...

...and with each repeating cycle, it got 'easier' to be what she knew a woman like her should be, and 'harder' to fight it - because more and more of her mind, humiliated as it might be, was coming to believe that this was exactly what she would be doing.

All of which served to explain what happened when she reached the corner.

The light was red, and pulled up at the corner was a beaten up old Dodge van, gray primer over gray paint. Sitting in the passenger seat was a 'good old boy', long unkempt hair under a dirty John Deere ball cap and an equally unkempt beard. Seeing Shauna wiggling and jiggling her way up to the corner, he leaned out the window.

"Hey, babe!" He shouted. "Show me yo' tits!"

She paused, shivering under the force of the attack...

...an attack that lasted only a second before her belief that any woman should obey men, 'eagerly' and 'willingly'.

Given that, it wasn't surprising that, no matter how much it disgusted her, she swiveled towards the van, undid the buttons running down the left side of the dress, and pulled it wide open, displaying her perfect feminine body to the gaping man's gaze.

"Holy shit!" He gasped - then grinned, eyes glittering, as she shuddered oddly, then smiled warmly at him, wrapping her dress back around her body.

"Hey baby, you want to..." He started to ask - and, even in the humiliation of what she'd just done, Shauna felt a burst of relief that whatever the man was proposing was in the form of a question, which she could refuse, instead of an order she couldn't...

...then the light changed to green, and the van started to move.

The dark-haired man turned quickly to whoever was driving the van, and it suddenly stopped - in the middle of an intersection that was, at this time of night, thankfully empty.

But there was no way of knowing for how long - which explained why the man stuck his head out the door and said, urgently, "Get in, babe!"

Phrased that way, she had no choice - and, after another brief shudder, she couldn't help but walk up to the sliding side door he'd jerked a grimy thumb at, pull it open, and climb inside.

"Hot damn!" The driver, as grimy and lanky-haired as the passenger, but blond, said as he put the van into gear and cleared the intersection. "You are one hot chick! I thought Buddy here was yanking my crank!"

Shauna shuddered - then smiled.

"I'm glad you like the way I look..." She said in a seductive voice - and it was true. His liking the way she looked gave her a wave of pleasure, because that was the purpose of anybody who was female - and, as that unbreakable 'mirror' in her mind insisted on showing, she was most definitely that.

Of course, she didn't want to be female, and didn't want all that came with it - but her own beliefs had never included what a mere woman might want as being the valid basis for anything, so she couldn't argue - no matter how desperately the screaming, shuddering, horrified 'real' man deep inside her wanted to.

The beliefs she held were much, much stronger than even the pure humiliated self-disgust that thundered through the core of her.

"So..." The dark-haired man, the one referred to as Buddy, said with a nervous lick of his lips, trying out his own personal form of 'discretion'. "You *are* what you think you are... aren't you?"

Deep inside, the man within squirmed in humiliation, because it was damned obvious what these two men assumed she was - especially since they'd happened to catch her 'on the street corner', literally. Now, the truth was, she wasn't what they thought she was, on so many levels it would have been funny, under other circumstances...

...but she couldn't say any of that.

She just *couldn't* - because no woman, no matter how they ended up that way, had the right to do that. It was the bedrock of her beliefs...

...and if her beliefs were wrong, then her entire life would have been wrong, and she couldn't accept that. No matter what.

"Honey..." She said, driven by her need to verify everything she'd lived her life by, "...I'll be whatever you want me to be." The two men shared a grin - and the blond driver pulled the van into the darkened alleyway between two buildings.

"How much to do the both of us?" The driver asked, sharing a look at the passenger. "I mean, at the same time, you know."

She looked them over, licked her lips slowly - and gave the answer she hated to give, that she was utterly disgusted to give, but that she was unable to help but give: "For a chance to do a couple of studs like you? Hell, whatever you think is fair."

She couldn't even say 'nothing' - because, as a mere woman, it wasn't up to her to set her own value, or lack thereof.

"All right!" Buddy crowed, hands going to the crotch of his grimy jeans and fumbling for the zipper bulging over his hard on, the driver mirroring his actions - as she, unable to stop herself, peeled off her dress again and 'assumed the position' in the middle of the van's cargo area. Legs spread wide with knees slightly bent, her torso leaned forward with her ripe breasts swaying gently, she braced herself with her left hand on the cold metal of the van's unpadded wall, her other hand left free.

The two men held a brief discussion as to who got what - and then Buddy, head bowed awkwardly due to the low roof, came to stand in front of her, While the driver worked his way around her and let his pants fall to his knees as he took up position behind her.

Just as she felt his hard cock sliding deep into her already damp cunt, she leaned forward and enveloped the blond's throbbing cock with her wet, warm, 'willing' mouth.

Flexing her knees slightly, she worked her hips in time with the driver's hard, rapid thrusts - while using her free hand to work the shaft and balls of the cock she was 'eagerly' sucking on.

She was being exactly what they wanted her to be - a cheap, easy whore. Though not really skilled at what she was doing, the men would never realize that, since her incredible control over her own body more than made up for the lack of skill as she sucked and was fucked, tits shimmying and shaking as she rocked in place.

There, in the van, being treated like a cheap whore - and responding in a way that only reinforced that treatment - she felt waves of humiliation and disgust roar through her even as she simulated the emotional pleasure that would match the actual physical pleasure that she couldn't help but feel as the driver plunged into her cunt with a hard, fast rhythm. Deep inside, the 'real' her was wallowing in self-disgust over being a woman being fucked by two cocks - but that same part of her was what was

forcing her to go through with this, because to do anything at all to actually avoid this would completely invalidate everything she'd ever believed in her entire life...

...and that would be unthinkable. After all, if women really were people, if they had their own minds and the right to use them... well, that would have made her just about the worst type of user and abuser.

If - and of course, it was only a hypothetical 'if', she thought, as he licked at the cock filling her mouth - if that impossibility was true, why then - she'd probably be unable to live with facing that fact and would probably kill herself out of shame.

But, of course, this wasn't about that, and she didn't feel any urge to kill herself over the supposedly 'terrible' way she'd treated women in the past, she thought smugly as she brought Buddy to orgasm and quickly swallowed his disgusting load of cum just in time to pull her mouth free and fake an orgasm in time to the blond's own ejaculation.

After all, she told herself with assurance, fighting the urge to vomit up the disgusting, salty cum that seemed to be curdling in her stomach as she accepted the handful of bills the men pressed on her. If she'd been doing something wrong, certainly some part of her would have known it, like her conscience - and surely it would have found a way, at *some* point, to let her know she was wrong.

So, utterly certain she was right - and, therefore, had no right to be anything but the woman she now was - Shauna climbed from the van, wrapping her dress back around her oh-so-feminine body. Throwing a last wave at her first clients (or was it Johns?), she began wiggling and jiggling her way down the street, hating the certainty that something similar was going to happen again, but already knowing she wouldn't even shudder anymore - at least, not externally, where anybody could see it.

No - no matter how she felt inside, she'd never, ever let anybody even suspect the horror and humiliation that would forevermore be her constant companion.

She was much too perfect to show her weakness like that... THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a guy starts taking illegal drugs that he thinks is going to make him more attractive to woman, his plan backfires when he starts to transform into a sex craved female.

In Too Deep

By Gunslinger

Knocking on the door-frame of Dan's basement office, Mr. Williams stepped into the small, electronic-component strewn office and slowly and quite deliberately shut the door behind him.

"Dan." The office manager said, his voice sadly firm. "I think we need to talk."

Behind his desk, Dan shifted nervously in his seat, a blush rising to his face as he quickly slid the porn magazine out of sight in a drawer.

He was embarrassed to the point of humiliation.

.but he was hardly surprised.

Even as his boss nervously cleared his throat, obviously looking for a good place to begin, Dan's mind once more began to wander - but, instead of wandering to graphic, vivid sexual imagery as had been it's wont recently, this time his whirling, fuzzy mind managed to grab hold of a real, coherent thought - a memory.

The memory of the fateful night, just over two months ago, that this had all began.

* * * * *

"I'm tellin' you, man." The shifty-eyed, swarthy-skinned man said, jiggling nervously from foot to foot as he peered around the darkened street in a near-paranoid manner. "You gotta be real careful with these here babies. Cop find even one on you, they'll throw you in the deepest, darkest hole in the worst shit-hole of a prison they got, then throw away the key. You get me, man?"

Unable to speak because all the moisture that had previously been in his mouth seemed to have migrated to the hands he kept nervously wiping on his slacks, Dan bobbed his head nervously, the orange-white sodium glare of the sole lamp lighting the run-down section of urban decay flashing off his horn-rimmed glasses and momentarily hiding the wild, heart-pounding mix of fear and hope in his watery blue eyes.

Still looking around as if he expected the entire LAPD to come swooping down on the decaying street-corner, the leather-clad Latino handed over a bottle of pills.

"Remember, you do get caught, you don't know me." The dealer warned, viciously, his acne-scarred face tight. "I got lotsa friends, you know? You rat on me, and you won't be safe noplase. Got it?"

"Yeah - I got it." Dan managed, sweat trickling down from his crew-cut mop of sandy-blond hair and into his eyes - despite the cool evening breeze and the fact that he was underdressed in just a button-up short-sleeve shirt and grey slacks. "These, uh."

"They'll do what you want them to." The dealer - who Dan knew only as 'Quick' - said, smiling knowingly, looking like a lascivious weasel.

Nodded once more, Dan quickly stuffed the bottle of pills he'd just paid five hundred dollars for into his pocket, then hurried off down the street, to where hi five-year-old Hyundai was parked on the next block, in the parking lot of a coffee-shop.

Quickly bringing the egg-beater engine to life, he sighed in relief as he guided the less-then-gracefully aging car out of the parking lot and headed off towards the 'safer' part of the city, where he lived.

Even as he drove, his heart continued to pound - not so much in fear of getting stopped by the cops, though the thought remained in the back of his mind the entire way home, causing him to glance in the rear-view mirror ever seven or eight seconds, but out of hope that these pills might actually do what Quick had claimed they would.

Hope that he might actually get laid.

At twenty-seven years of age, Dan Freedman was practically a walking, talking stereotype - the stereotypical nerd. From the easy-to- maintain crew-cut to the horn-rimmed glasses, the short, slender, pale young network administrator was a whiz at computers - and a complete flop when it came to dealing with other people, especially those of the feminine persuasion.

There were many reasons for this fact, not the least of which was his almost pathological - and wholly pathetic - lack of self- confidence, the sort of thing that had led him to a line of work that required minimal human contact.

.and had resulted in him being a virgin as he neared the 'big three-oh', with no sign of it changing before he hit that milestone birthday.

Unless, of course, the powerful, FDA-banned pills now rattling in his pocket would do exactly what they were supposed to do.

Dan had found a reference to the pills while searching the internet. He'd actually been looking at the wide variety of pills available to enhance a man's size, duration, enjoyment, or any one of a hundred different aspects of sex - when he'd stumbled across a site that had included a notation on the powerful pill banned world-wide because of the 'secondary effects'.

Pills that, in studies during the approval phase, had turned out not only to increase the size of a man's organ and allow more frequent and more powerful ejaculations, but that also increased sex-drive while lowering inhibitions.

Oh, not that those effects were why it was banned - in fact, it was those effects that would have made it a sure-fire best seller. It was the two other effects.

The first being a 'high' roughly on par with that of marijuana - which might have been something the company could have worked around, if not for the second effect.

The increased production and potency of pheromones.

In short, the pills not only increased the sex-drive and lowered the inhibitions of the person using it - but of the members of the opposite sex encountered while on the pills.

.and since the pills were a 'lasting effect' drug, one where the effects were cumulative and permanent, rather than temporary, it was quite conceivable that a man who took enough of the pills could become almost literally irresistible to women, who'd find themselves getting incredibly turned-on in his presence, to the point where they'd almost be compelled to have sex with him, whether they really wanted to or not.

It was this that had caused the pills to be banned, with almost all of the stock destroyed.

.except for the lot of pills that had gone missing during transport.

The pills that Dan had painstakingly tracked down, until he'd bought the last batch of them off Quick this very evening.

Excited and hopeful and horny, Dan pulled into the parking lot of his small, brownstone apartment building and hurried out of the car and up to his apartment, eager to begin his self-designed regiment of treatment.

Since the drug had never even completed the testing phase once the risk of what could happened was recognized, there wasn't any sort of general guide as to safe dosages out there anywhere - but there was a guide for what might be a possible over-dose amount, based on the incomplete testing, and it was Dan's plan to take eighty percent of that theoretical overdose amount on a daily basis, which should leave enough margin-of-error for safety.

He hoped.

* * * * *

"Now, in the case of somebody so diligent a worker as yourself..." Mr. Williams said, slowly, having decided to start with a back-handed compliment to ease the blow of what he intended to say next, "...we always allow a certain amount of leeway, to accept and even accommodate some... *eccentricities*. Which was why I choose to overlook that period, starting about two months ago, despite the potential that it might lead to some sort of sexual harassment complications..."

Dan's blush deepened - even as his mind went back to those 'blissful' days, back when he'd been so happy...

* * * * *

"Oh, uh, hi..." Jessica said, an odd look on her face.

"Dan." He supplied helpfully, grinning back at her where he leaned at the wall of her cubical, arms crossed over his chest. "Just came by to see if you're having any problems with your computer that I need to know about."

"Huh...?" She asked in a faintly puzzled, distracted tone - as she tried very hard to figure out why her pulse was racing and a faint - but growing - moist warmth was forming in her crotch over being so close to such a nerdy, unattractive little man. "Oh - the computer. No, it's, um.. fine..."

Her voice trailed off as, almost of their own volition, her eyes began to wander towards Dan's crotch.

Watching her attention drift, Dan had to smile. After all, his 'service call' was completely unnecessary, merely an excuse for him to come to the cubical of the office's 'hottest' female employee, so he could enjoy seeing the effect that the past week's worth of drugs would cause.

Not that he actually intended to seduce Jessica - no, that would be crossing the line. He'd already decided to keep from 'dipping his pen in the company ink', which could lead to all sorts of unpleasant complications.

Since, however, the slow lowering of his inhibitions hadn't kept up with his increased sex drive, however, he wasn't quite to the point where could go to a 'meat market' night-club and pick up a complete stranger - though he knew that it wouldn't be much longer before he'd feel completely comfortable doing that, not with the way the pills were affecting him.

For the moment, however, he was just satisfied with the ongoing effects his steadily diminishing supply of pills was having on him. Like the fact that his once-insignificant manhood was now a full nine-inches long, and thick for that length.

Not only was his cock much bigger and thicker - it was also a hell of a lot more sensitive, and a lot more 'functional'. Though he was still relying on Ma Thumb and her four daughters - more often than ever before - he was amazed at the length and intensity of his orgasm, not to mention how quickly he could achieve another erection afterwards...

...speaking of which...

"Well, if you do need anything..." Dan said, quickly, "You know where to reach me."

"Uh huh..." Jessica murmured, vaguely, eyes almost helplessly fixated on his bulging crotch as unwanted sexual thoughts, triggered by his enhanced pheromones, swirled around her mind.

Quickly, Dan turned and left the cubical - heading for the bathroom he'd visited just before coming up to see Jessica.

As much as he was enjoying the effects of the pills, he had to admit that there were certain drawbacks, at least in terms of workplace demeanour.

For one thing, with his increased sex drive he could get more aroused, faster, then ever before in his life. Not only that, but that arousal could - and did - lead to more, and more rapid, erections then he'd ever experienced before...

...which explained why he was spending so much of his time in bathrooms, jerking off to keep from walking around with a constant erection.

An erection fuelled by the sexual fantasies now running non-stop through his brain.

It was getting steadily more difficult for Dan to think about anything but sex. Anything the least bit sexual would get his mind running on sexual tangents. The way a certain woman's calves curved as she walked by in a simple skirt and low heels. The way another woman's bosom might heave as she coughed. A certain shade of lipstick, a specific tone of voice - any of these might rev up his fantasies - and his hormones.

It was pleasantly frustrating, and frustratingly pleasant. Not only was the sensations he felt during masturbation stronger and more enjoyable, but so was the mental and emotional sensations as he walked around in a sexual half-daze - and that seductive enjoyment was beginning to worry him, because he was finding it harder and harder to concentrate on his work, finding himself more and more tempted to simply slide into a sexual fantasy in the most inopportune time or place.

Well, it wouldn't be long before he ran out of pills, at which point he'd be able to spend his evenings satisfying these steadily more powerful - and more vivid - fantasies he was having...

* * * * *

"Well, that - coupled with your lack of work and... odd behaviour of the past month... well.." Mr. Williams looked at the drawn figure of the person who'd once been a most dedicated worker, and shook his head. "I'm going to have to let you go."

"I understand." Dan said, numbly - though, in truth, he did so in only the most vague way. He was too busy thinking about sex.

That's the reason he was getting fired, and in the back of his mind, he knew and recognized that fact - but it was hard for any of this to make an impact.

None of it seemed real. Not any more.

Since the withdrawal symptoms had kicked in when he'd run out of the drug, nothing had seemed real anymore. Except for his craving for sex...

...a craving he couldn't satisfy.

Even as Mr. Williams watched, a disgusted look on his face, Dan's thin hand was working at his own crotch as he numbly rose from behind the desk and heading for the door, his body more or less on autopilot as he moved in a vague, lust-filled daze.

Though his eyes recorded what they saw, and his brain guided him around obstacles, he wasn't truly seeing any of this, any more than he'd heard Mr. Williams on anything but a peripheral level.

He was too busy watching the never-ending pornographic movie playing in the theatre of his mind.

It had been this way ever since he'd stopped taking the drug. Even as he headed out of the building and began walking towards his apartment, a good distance hence, he was only barely aware of his own body - except for his cock.

His shrunken, limp, pathetic cock.

He hadn't been able to get an erection, much less reach orgasm, since he'd run out of the drug.

The sexual desire the drug had given him was as strong as ever - stronger, in fact - but as each day went by where he was unable to satisfy these cravings of his, they need only worsened, to the point where nothing else mattered. For the past week he'd been walking around in a daze, unable to truly connect with the world as he suffered his own personal hell. Nothing mattered, nothing could reach him,. Not in the deep chasm of withdrawal as he struggled to cope with a terrible, powerful need he couldn't meet, his entire body crying out for something he couldn't give it.

A body that was changing.

He had always been slender - but now he was almost painfully thin as well, eating only when hunger grew powerful enough to break threw the layers of insatiable lust that filled his mind. Oddly enough, the pattern of his weight loss seemed odd, certain parts of his body stubbornly refusing to lose mass even as the rest of him began withering away - but he couldn't spare the attention to worry about that, any more than he could about losing his job, or being to 'zoned' to drive anymore.

His whole attention was focused on sex, sex, and more sex - endless sexual images and desires that ran through his mind.

He walked numbly - and lightly. Over the past two weeks, something else had been happening to him - his body had been becoming more and more sensitive. Now, he couldn't 'stomp' when he walked - now he walked carefully, practically on tip-toe, only barely aware of how he was walking with short, gently, tip-toeing steps - though he noticed when he failed to do this, bolts of pain shooting up his thinning legs if his heels met the ground too hard.

Dimly, behind the layers of lust that enshrouded him, Dan was worried about what was happening to him - but with lust and desire and sexual imagery thrumming through his mind, stringing together coherent thoughts was steadily more difficult, and even as he felt the alarm rising at each new realization of the things happening to his body and his life, they were swept away by the tidal wave of sexual need, lost in the shuffle and forgotten almost the instant they happened, only to reoccur again, briefly, every so often - and be swept away just as quickly.

Dazed, confused, barely in touch with the world around him, Dan sissy-stepped his way home in a numb fog.

A fog punctuated occasionally by ribbons and thrills of discomfort as the clothes would bind or scrape across his highly-sensitive skin. In the past week, his body hair had begun to fall out, and he was dimly aware that it should be worrisome - but with such highly sensitive skin, the body hair that remained would itch constantly, and as more and more of it fell out, so did the very thing that was drawing his attention to it, so that the problem, while in actually getting worse, was fading from his mind as the symptoms faded.

Besides, like every other problem or thought that flitted across his mind, it was only momentary, long enough to be noticed, but not held nearly long enough for his mind to even attempt to formulate a course of action.

Thinking was no longer his strong suit - he was too busy wanting...

...needing. Reaching his apartment, Dan let himself, only habit making him clothes the door behind - just as habit had kept him from stripping off his clothes in public, as he did now, letting the garments fall wherever they landed in the mess his apartment had become since his new sexual obsession had overwhelmed the bulk of his housekeeping skills.

.just as they'd overridden some of his grooming skills.

Though he still showered regularly - more regularly than normal, as a matter of fact, since the water felt so good against the highly-sensitive skin he now was cursed with - he'd stopped doing anything as mundane as going to the barber or trimming his nails, such secondary thoughts lost in the lust-filled tumult of his besieged mind.

Now, naked, he slumped onto the couch and once more began desperately trying to reach climax, long-nailed fingers struggling to grasp the tiny little nub that passed for his cock these days.

Barely two inches long, his shrunken, limp cock no longer boasted a scrotum, his shrunken balls having pulled themselves back up into his body the week previously, leaving a loose-hanging bag of skin that had slowly been tightening back up as his skin became softer and finer-pored over time. Now, surrounded by pubic hair, his cock was almost lost as he frantically worked it, trying in vain for any sign of life as his body cried out for sex.

.or, rather, the hormonal surge that came from arousal, because it was that - even more than the pleasure of orgasm - that he truly craved.

His body, in its withdrawal, had gone into hormonal shock, and was now pumping out the same massively-increased volume of hormones that had come from taking the drugs.

.but the *wrong* hormones.

His glands were now producing massive amounts of extremely powerful female hormones.

Dan was well aware of this - as well aware as he was of anything else, that was. It popped up in his mind, about a hundred or so times a day, each instance causing a moment of pure, disgusted horror.

.before being washed away by the unending tide of need that tugged and warped his mind.

In a very real sense, the shear force of what he was going through was slowly eroding the moorings of his mind, driving him slowly but steadily insane with his desperate need for male hormones.

.and, at the same time, denying him even the few minutes of clear thought that would have been all he really needed to realize at least the first step towards curing this problem.

Instead, he was at the mercy of his changing boy, unable to concentrate on anything by trying, vainly, to fulfill the need that he didn't even have time to realize that he didn't want to have.

* * * * *

By it's very definition, being self-aware include (or was comprised by) the fact that you could notice that you were self-aware. Which was the situation Dan found himself.

It wasn't an all-at-once sort of thing. It was gradual, his rusty, vague mind slowly picking up on the fact that he was picking up on the fact that he was noticing his own actions and his surroundings - and then, a little bit later, realizing that this meant that he was once again 'thinking', even if not anything near the level he once had.

Not that the central fact of his new, personal hell had changed, for it hadn't - much of his attention was still swallowed up by this deep, unrelieved craving, this yawning metaphysical voice at the center of his own person universe, desperately needing something to make him complete.

.but the unending sexual imagery and fantasizes that had swept through his mind and derailed any attempt at coherent thought for so long had finally faded, allowing that small part of his mind not taken up with desperately crying out for what he craved to once more function in a linear - if limited - fashion.

Slowly, he began to realize that he was going through the cupboards in the kitchen - and had been for some time, this being at least the tenth time he'd gone through the exact same motions, opening and closing every cupboard and looking inside.

.to find nothing.

Fuzzy-headed and vague, seeing the world through the numbing, hazy veil of need, he realized that he'd been 'out of it' for quite some time - more then enough time to completely empty a kitchen that his previously anal-retentive self had kept assiduously over- stocked with canned and non-perishable food over every sort.

In fact, his mind was even functional enough to realize that there probably wouldn't be anything the cupboards that hadn't been there on any of the previous passes, and he slowly stopped working.

.and with nothing else to do, came to notice something about his body.

It might have seemed odd that he hadn't noticed it first off - but then, truly noticed or not, the changes his body had gone through had been gradual, over time, and he'd had a chance to get used to the altered feelings and movements of his altered body, and so nothing immediately jumped out and shouted at his sense that something was wrong. It took the intellect he had reclaimed, small enough as it was, to compare the sensations and feelings he was registering to those that he should have been feeling, and realize that there was something very, very different about it all.

A vague, weak fear and worry surfaced, gnawing at his mind - but, with the vast chasm overshadowing anything else, the emotions couldn't build any sort of momentum, so it was nothing more than a sort of resigned distaste that he walked to the bathroom to verify what his initial assessment had suggested had happened to him.

Or, rather, to her - for as she'd thought, the person who stared back at her from the grimy mirror was undeniable feminine.

She knew that this was so wrong that there wasn't even a phrase to describe it, and her stomach - growling from hunger - tightened at the realization, but she couldn't work up the emotions she knew that she should be feeling from looking at her fully-feminine body. She was aware she'd never wanted to be female, and that being unwillingly transformed into a woman was a terrible thing - but it wasn't an emotional response, but an intellectual one, and give her situation, a fairly weak one at that. It was as if she were constantly noticing that she was now female, thinking to herself 'oh, yeah, I'm a chick now, how horrible.' - and then the thought would slide to the back of her mind to steep for a while in a weak tea of humiliation and disgust as she contemplated the long list of other things her limited attention needed to deal with.

Like the 'complex' series of events she'd have to manage to make her fuzzy brain navigate through before she could fulfill the least powerful of her cravings - that for something to eat.

The odd thing was, though she had no frame of reference to describe the muted emotional and intellectual response to her gender- swap, she had a very good frame of reference to describe how her thick, wooden mind felt as she struggled to work through the problem.

Once, when she was considerably younger - and a man, she thought with a sudden burst of pity that faded rapidly into that low, constant sense of disgusted fear - she'd been at one of the few parties she'd ever attended, where her willingness to offer up all the money she had for 'refreshments' had bought her grudging acceptance into the party.

.and she'd gotten stoned and drunk, taking in enough booze and marijuana to get her flying high without passing out.

That's what she felt like now - as if every thought was a work of art to be labored over, handicapped by the inability to focus on more than a single concept at any given moment.

Which explained why, as she worked through the first problem in the series, she kept getting surprised.

Since she seemed to have bathed fairly recently, the first problem to overcome was the fact that she was naked, and so she'd begun struggling with the task of finding something to cover her body so that she could go out in public - and each time she remembered that going out in public was, in fact, what she was aiming for, she'd stop dead for a second or two.

When she recalled the goal of getting dressed, she'd feel uncomfortable - and then remember that she was now female, and that she didn't really want to go out in public as a woman...

...and then, on top of that, she'd remember that she had to go out in public to get food, and the hunger - with its constant 'symptoms' tugging at her stomach, would override the muted horror of being publicly female long enough for her to go on with getting dressed - until the next time the thought cropped up, that is.

Of course, that's not the only time the thought of being female cropped up while she tried to find clothing to cover her new body. No, as she sought to find some coverings that wouldn't irritate her hypersensitive smooth new skin too much, she was constantly 'remembering' that she was female, and feeling a burst of self-pity and disgust over the fact - but during those instances, she didn't think about the fact that this female body she now had was going out in public, as well, since that was a separate line of thought, in another order.

Numbly, slowly, and with many fits and starts, she managed to dress her new body.

Out of habit, she shrugged on one of the smooth, thin short-sleeve dress shirts in her closet, but found that her long fingernails weren't nearly as much of an impediment to getting the buttons done up as where her...

"Tits!" She gasped in stunned horror, cupping the firm, heavy mounds thrust so perkily from her ribcage, too new for gravity to have much effect on their nearly perfect dome shapes. "I have big, round tits!"

Her hands lightly squeezed the mounds, each on like a halved cantaloupe rising firmly from her chest - and she gasped in response to the wave of pleasure the highly sensitive flesh transmitted.

"Big, firm, sensitive tits..." She murmured to herself - then blinked, staring down at her chest wondering why there was something niggling the back of her mind, telling her she shouldn't be standing here fondling her tits,. Even though it felt really good and she could vaguely remember spending hours and hours playing with steadily larger tits...

"Oh, right - I was getting ready to go out..." She murmured - then stiffened at the thought she was going to go out in public like this, a woman whose breasts had to be a remarkably firm DDD-cup...

...and then her stomach rumbled, and she remembered that her sensitive, firm new tits were too big to button the shirt over, so after a moment of hard thought, a vacuous expression on her face, she finally figured out that she could tie the shirt in a bow at the front, which did a pretty good job of covering her chest, though the thin fabric, tied in a knot, exposed both...

"Holy shit!" She gasped, shocked, staring down at the creamy canyon of cleavage the opened neck of the shirt displayed - not to mention the long, thick, and impudently erect pink nipples outlined and only faintly obscured by the thin fabric, rubbing

with pleasant susurrations over her highly sensitive nipples, which felt really good when she squeezed them and tugged them through her shirt - but it would feel even better if she took the shirt off and lay on the couch and played with her tits for awhile...

...but she was hungry. She'd have to leave playing with her tits and nipples until she got back from getting food...

...in public...

...as a woman?

She blinked - and then shook her head, wondering what the brief bolt of horrified disgust she'd just felt had been about, but too hungry to pursue the thought, especially with that constant urge for something nibbling at the edge of her consciousness.

After some thought, she had a stroke of genius, and cut the stitching at the top of one of her plaid-patterned pillowcases, creating a 'sheath' that she pulled up her cute legs and over her full, taut ass, using a pair of safety pins, one on either side, to take in the excess fabric so that the surprisingly not-makeshift-looking skirt would stay in place, hiding her...

"Cunt!" She gasped, disgusted and horrified. "I have a.. oh, yeah, right, I'm a chick, and... I'm hungry."

Blinking, she looked around - and managed to find an old pair of white sneakers that fit her slightly shrunken feet, even if she had to walk kind of funny in them, sort of on tip-toe and almost with a bounce to keep her feet from hurting, but it wasn't that bad, since it made her tits bounce and everything, and a look in the mirror as she walked to it and away from it showed that she actually was walking like you might expect cute-sexy, eighteen-or-nineteen-year-old looking buxom woman/girl in the mirror to walk, her huge blue eyes blank and vacuous, her full lips curved in an unconscious smile, working with the 'schoolgirl' look to make her seem even more of a...

"Bimbo!" She said, shaking her head in negation as horror flooded her at what she was doing to herself. "I look like some brain-dead, big-titted bimbo schoolgirl, except that I don't have pigtails..."

She paused, blinking in confusion, a gut-rumble of hunger having distracted her for a moment - and then she remembered, and she smiled happily at her reflection as she used a couple of short lengths of white string to pull her long mane of sandy-blonde hair out of her face into a couple of loose pigtails.

Indescribably happy to have successfully dressed herself, the new woman jiggled and bounced her way out of the apartment and down onto the street.

Enjoying the wonderful feeling of her big tits jiggling under the shirt, the fabric caressing her erect nipples, she headed towards the nearest supermarket, walking down to the corner...

...where she found a guy lounging in the parking lot of the abandoned gas-station, smoking a funny-smelling cigarette.

Since she'd forgotten to put on her glasses, she couldn't see him very well as she approached him, so she stared at him, wide eyed, giggling at the sensations caused by the jiggle of her breasts and the cool air up her skirt as she approached the guy - following the trail of scent much weaker than that of the funny cigarette, but infinitely more mouth-watering, a sort of musky, manly smell that was triggering all sorts of pleasant synapses in her brain, reaching deep into that yawning chasm of craving and overwhelming most other thoughts.

"Hi!" She chirped brightly at the fuzzy images of the guy as she drew ever closer, trying to track down that elusive, enticing scent.

"Well, well, well..." The darker-toned blur said in a lazy voice. Slowly he resolved himself into a tall, lean man with dark hair - though she had to step right up to him to get the image to clear.

Not that she minded, because it felt really good to crush her big, sensitive tits against him as she stared blankly up into his face, smiling brightly as she savoured the wonderful thrills running up and down her spine as she breathed in his male pheromones, her long-denied body eagerly accepting that which it hadn't been able to produce for so long - and had consequently become hyper- sensitive to.

"Well, now.." The man said, wrapping an arm around her - which felt really, really good, especially where flesh-meet-flesh and her hormonally-starved body could absorb even more of what he had to give. "What is a girl like you doing out this late at night?"

"I'm looking for something..." She responded, licking her lips hungrily - even though she was so busy sucking up the great sensations of being held by this man that she didn't remember, exactly, what it was she'd left the apartment to come looking for.

"I bet you are." HE chuckled, staring down at her cleavage. "I bet I know what it is, too - and I bet I can give it to you." "Really?" She chirped, happily - what a wonderful man! So nice and helpful!

"Sure." HE said, flicking away his joint. "Come with me."

With no second thoughts - and barely any first ones - she followed him into the deep shadows behind the abandoned gas station, giggling and gasping with pleasure as his hand, draped around her shoulders, reached down to roughly squeeze her tit.

Once behind the gas station, she watched - puzzled - as he pulled away from her - then did something with his pants.

Blinking at the fuzzy image, especially in the darkness, she couldn't figure out what he was doing, so she did the most sensible thing

- she knelt down and put her face real close, so that she could see...

"Yeah, I knew that was what you wanted..." The man said in a hoarse voice...

...while she blinked at the rapidly hardening cock just inches in front of her face.

"Go ahead, babe - suck it." The man said, putting a hand on top of her head and drawing it closer to his hardening cock. "It's what you want..."

There was something about this that was making her very uneasy, a feeling that there was something horribly, horribly wrong...

...but that wonderful smell was much stronger from his cock than anywhere else, and he seemed so sure that this was what she was looking for, so she hesitantly opened her mouth and let her tongue slowly slip out and ever-so lightly touch the end of his cock...

...and then she was eagerly wrapping her mouth around his now-hard cock and her hands around its shaft.

That uneasy feeling was gone - buried in pure bliss as she licked and sucked and stroked the warm, throbbing man-meat in her mouth, filling that deep and terribly craving that had been central to her for so long now.

Thoughtlessly, lost in the wonderful sensation of fulfilment, she slurped and licked and sucked at the cock, stroking it and fondling it - not in technique, for she didn't even realize she was giving a blow-job, but to savour the wonderful hormones filling her mouth from his flesh.

Which was why she was taken completely by surprise when her mindless enjoyment of his cock led to him pumping a load of thick, salty cum down her throat...

...and then she couldn't even be surprised anymore, as the hormone-laden cum gushed down her throat and into her stomach, short-circuiting every synapse in her mind with pure, utter bliss.

If she'd been capable of thought, she might have realized that she'd become addicted to cum, desperately needing it - or the hormones carried within it - the way a coke junkie craved his drug of choice.

However, she wasn't thinking - no more than that coke junkie would be just after getting his 'fix'.

So, it was in a mindless state of ecstasy that she finished slurping down the hot load of cum - then remained there, a blissful look on her face, as the man zipped himself up and left, after a couple of increasingly half-hearted attempts at paying the 'hooker' for her services.

Gradually, the high began to wear off...

...and with that desperate addiction finally sated, her mind 'spun up' fully for the very first time since she'd taken those pills...

...and the big-titted new woman screamed in horror at what she'd become.

Staggering up from her knees, hands trying in vain to crush her firm new tits back into her body, she fled, not knowing or caring where she was going as she desperately tried to outrun the memory of the eager, happy cock-sucker she'd just been.

Gasping in horror, hating every jiggle and sway of her undeniably feminine form, she ran into the night, cute/sexy legs pumping as she was helplessly forced to use that tip-toe sissy step to avoid the pain of her sensitive heels hitting the ground...

...and then, after a couple of blocks, she staggered to a stop, new despair and horror rising - as she felt the first, faint edges of that craving began to nibble at her mind again.

It was only a faint current - but she'd lived with it so long that it was unmistakable. As was, to her restored mind, the implications.

She could fight it, refuse to give into the addiction - while her mind slowly decayed, until in a week or so she'd be as mindless as she had been tonight.

Or, she could give into it every so often, depending on what level of intelligence she wished to retain.

From the rate at which it was rising, she could tell it would take two or three loads of cum a day to keep herself 'normally' intelligent - and she shuddered and almost retched at the thought.

Almost retched - because she was horrified to realize that nothing would induce her to expel the load of man-juice still sending unwanted shivers of pleasure throughout her system as her stomach lining absorbed the last of the hormones it had to give.

She hadn't just sucked a cock - she'd loved it. Just as she'd love doing it again.

Just as she'd enjoy getting fucked - not nearly as intensely as taking cum orally, due to the lesser absorption rate of her new cunt - but, by the same token, the lesser 'high' would last longer, for the same reason.

She would have to fuck or suck men to keep from becoming a bimbo - or she could become a bimbo and then fuck and suck men. Either way, sucking and fucking men would be guaranteed - and she couldn't even delude herself of it...

...because, even though the craving wasn't yet anything close to strong enough to impair her, she found herself, against her will, craving the blissful high that cum would provide.

Sobbing, finding the non-addiction-but-desire-induced craving for cum, she headed back to her apartment, trying to figure out how she could possibly hope to cope with this horrific fate...

* * * * *

"Oh, God, YESSSSS...!"

Big tits bouncing, the scream of utter blissfully ecstasy ripped from her throat, Danni shuddered and thrashed her way through yet another mind-bendingly powerful orgasm, physically as every bit as powerful as any other woman might feel at being fucked long and hard by a huge, thick cock - but augmented by the addiction-bliss that came from the hormones within the massive, thick load of cum pumped deep into her womanhood.

She slumped back in the bed, mind overwhelmed with the cum-induced bliss, barely conscious of her lover's eager hands fondling her naked body as he stroked and caressed her almost obsessively.

Slowly, as the initial rush wore off, she slowly became aware of the pleasurable sensations the eager hands on her flesh caused, and regained enough sense-of-self through the slowly fading cum-induced bliss to hear him pleading with her...

..so she pulled herself up, crouched on her knees, and spread her lipstick-clad lips wide to accept the head of his massive, already- hard cock into her mouth for a long, wonderful blowjob.

As her skilled, eager hands and lips went to work on his massive cock, Quick's eyes rolled back in his head and, through a mist of desire and pleasure, wondered who the hell this wonderful little cock-sucker really was.

Not that it mattered.

Sure, he didn't really know who she was - but she'd known that he had some potent, banned sex-pills, though it had been a secret stash he'd kept, afraid of using them until he managed to foist them rest of them off on somebody else first, as a test subject.

Well, the geek he'd sold them to had never come back, so Quick still hadn't known if they were safe to use - but this big-titted bimbo had all sorts of 'persuasive arguments' that had convinced him to give it a try...

...and, god, what a thing it was.

It didn't matter that his drug business had gone down the toilet - because the reason it had gone down the toilet was because he had a huge cock that could get hard faster then you'd believe, and a hot, busty slut eager to make use of that cock. Life had become a near-constant sexual experience exceeded only by the lust that filled his mind.

In fact, the very fact that almost constant sex still wasn't quite enough to satisfy his amped-up desires was a little frustrating - but that was okay.

Surely that would change now that he'd taken the very last of his stash of pills and they were all gone...

Eagerly gulping down the incredible load of salty cum Quick provided for her, Danni sighed and fell back on the bed in blissful contemplation of the revenge she was enacting on the dealer who'd 'hooked' her...

...and a blissfully unworried consideration of where she could go next to ensure a constant enough supply of cum to keep her too blessed-out to contemplate her feminine fate.

Not that she was worried.

She was sure she'd be able to find all the cum she needed, one way or another...

...especially since the fact that all this cum left her intelligent - intelligent enough to have stolen a single pill from Quick's supply, and secretly have it analyzed for composition - so that she could have as many more pills made up, should she find any man who deserved a month of heaven supplying her with her cum before spiralling down into a lifetime of cum-craving hell, right along side her and Quick.

THE END

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Three boys go to the home of one of their deceased grandparents and discover a device that turns one of them into a female bimbo...or does it?

Inheritance

By Gunslinger

"...for Arnault and Wilkenson Counties. Due to unusually heavy rains, flash-flood warnings are in effect. Motorists are strongly urged to stay off the roads unless it is an emergency. Police and Rescue Services are falling behind, due to both the heavy rains affecting road conditions, and from the number of emergency calls made in the past eight hours "

"Shut that damned thing off." Jerry growled irritably. He was hunched over the Explorer's steering wheel, peering intently into the silver curtain of rain that obscured the road past a few feet. The athletically-built youth's muscles were tensed with the strain of driving in the torrential spring downpour, and his mood wasn't improved by the dire news from the radio.

Wordlessly, Sean reached over and snapped off the radio. He knew better than to distract Jerry while the driving conditions were so bad.

Brad, however, wasn't nearly so considerate. The tow-headed youth leaned forward, draping his arms over the center of the front seat.

"Great day to visit the old homestead, Jerry." Brad said with an irreverent grin. "Hopefully, your Grand-dad's place hasn't been washed away by the time we get there."

Sean whirled in his seat. "Lay off, man. He's having a hard enough time concentrating as it is."

Under his red-headed friend's cold glare, Brad leaned back. Though both of them had nearly the same build - namely, massively muscled - Brad knew Sean could drive him into the ground - if he was angry. Sean was one of those red-heads who lived up to their fiery reputations, and Brad knew enough not to anger his usually placid friend. "Sorry, Sean - just wasn't thinkin'."

Satisfied, Sean turned back around, shooting a glance at Jerry.

Although he was athletically inclined, and built, Jerry lacked the massive musculature of his body-builder friends. Instead, he had a naturally rugged, broad shouldered build, enhanced by all the camping, hiking, biking and canoeing he did. While his friends spent hours in the gym each week, Jerry's athletic build came from hours spent outdoors. He hated being cooped up in enclosed places - in fact, Jerry suffered from a mild case of claustrophobia.

Which was why Sean was beginning to become worried. Three days ago, Jerry's paternal grandfather had passed away. A bit of a recluse, the self-proclaimed scientist had only seen Jerry at the occasion family gathering, and barely knew his grandson - which was why it had come as a shock to Jerry when he'd been told that he'd inherited his Grandfathers house-slash-lab out in the boonies. So, he'd asked his two best friends - and roommates - to join him on what was supposed to be a four-hour trip.

Now, well into their seventh hour, Sean knew that the enclosed space of the Explorer must be driving Jerry nuts. They'd had no way of knowing that the storm system that had been sweeping east yesterday would suddenly - and inexplicably - swing south this morning, and hit them square on. Meteorologists in six states were flabbergasted - but it was the three friends in the big four-by-four that were inching their way up a narrow dirt road that was rapidly washing away.

"Look, Jerry..." Sean started, seeing the set look of his friends jaw, and the sweat pouring from his short mop of black hair.

"There!" Jerry called, triumphantly, pointing as he stepped on the brakes. Due to the short visibility, they'd almost gone past the barely- visible driveway with the small mailbox beside marked with 'Stanton'. Sighing with relief, Jerry spun the wheel and eased down on the accelerator. The Explorer pulled onto the drive leading up to the sprawling Victorian farmhouse...

...and promptly sank up to it's wheel-wells in the watery mud.

"Damn!" Jerry shouted, banging the steering wheel with a fist. Angrily, he drove the gas pedal to the floor, and the engine in the big vehicle screamed as all four drive wheels spun impotently.

"Jerry..." Brad said, his usual cheerfully mocking tone missing. "It's okay. It's what - a hundred, hundred ten yards to the house from here? So we'll get a little wet."

Jerry slumped over the wheel, and turned off the ignition. Aside from the heavy patter of the downpour on the metal body of the car, silence reigned supreme.

Then Jerry smiled ruefully and said "Okay guys - grab just the necessities. Beer and underwear."

Shaking their heads, the three youths grabbed the basic items from the pile of luggage in the back of the Explorer than hopped out of the truck. Immediately soaked to the skin, the three friends discovered that sprinting in knee-deep mud wasn't possible. Shivering in the chill spring torrent, they waded slowly through the quagmire to the semi-protected verandah surrounding the house. Digging in the pocket of his jeans, Jerry located the key, and the friends - laughing and pushing - almost literally tumbled into the farmhouse, slamming the door shut on the wind-driven rain.

"Whoa - I feel like I just swam the English Channel." Sean said, using his hand to get the worst of the water out of his fiery hair. "I bet we all catch pneumonia."

"Nah - we'll do okay." Jerry said, shrugging out of his sopping Army-surplus bush jacket. "The lawyer of the estate said Grandpa installed his own electrical system, run from a generator on an underground stream. Even with the storm, we'll have power. We just have to turn on the heat."

"...and get out of these wet clothes." Sean said. Suiting action to words, he began stripping out of the sopping garments as a bass crescendo of thunder shook the wood-framed house. "There any towels, you think?"

Jerry looked around the unfamiliar foyer. "Probably. Brad, you do the towel search. I'm gonna try and find the thermostat."

The three friends parted, shedding their soaked clothing as they went. As roommates and teammates, the three had no body modesty around each other. Within minutes, it would have made a coed's heart flutter - three naked, handsome, incredibly well-endowed 'hunks' wandering a round a huge, sprawling, house - buck naked.

They met again in the sitting room off the main foyer. Not only had Jerry found, and adjusted, the thermostat for the electric heat, but he'd started the fire already laid out in the hearth of the fieldstone fireplace that was flanked by two narrow windows. Brad tossed one of the thick, soft towels to each of his friends, and used one for himself. He'd brought six in total - after toweling off and dropping the damp towels negligently on the floor, the three friends wrapped themselves in the towels and huddled in front of the fire, letting its crackling, aromatic warmth soak through their clammy skin.

"There was some clothing upstairs - maybe we should see if we can find something that'll fit." Brad suggested. Jerry snorted. "Yeah, right - Grandpa was short, scrawny and hunch-backed. I'm sure his clothes will fit great." Brad laughed. "Oh - that's not what I meant."

Sean tilted his head. "What's so funny?"

Brad shook his head with amusement. "Upstairs looks like a thrift shop exploded. Except for the master bedroom, all the rooms are stuffed full of clothes and stuff like you wouldn't believe. Guys clothes, women's stuff - even kid's clothes. It's nuts."

Jerry shrugged. "Hey - I told you my grandfather was eccentric."

Sean shrugged. "Yeah, well - what say we take a look around? We already know what's upstairs, so why don't we start in the basement and work our way up? By the time we get upstairs, we'll be dry, and can dig through all those clothes for something to wear."

They three friends briefly discussed it, and came to an agreement. With Jerry in the lead, they padded down the parquet floored hall to the kitchen, and down the steep stairs to the basement.

"Whoa - paging Dr. Frankenstein..." Sean joked in awe. The basement had been converted into a sort of laboratory, stuffed full of unidentifiable inventions in various states of completion, complex chemical stills, and odd, unlabelled jars, bins, boxes and every other sort of conceivable container.

Slightly stunned by the profusion of weird devices and odd substances, the trio wandered around, looking at the strange contraptions. "Hey - what's this?" Brad said, grabbing Sean's arm. "An electric chair or something?"

The three youths gathered around the odd device. It was a large, padded leather chair enclosed in a clear plastic box whose front hung open on hydraulic hinges. The chair was covered with a profusion of wires, cables, and less identifiable protrusions. Thick cables ran from the chair to the outside of the box, where a large console of some sort was attached to the outside. Obviously a control panel of some sort, the only identifiable components were the scavenged ATM screen, a computer keyboard - and a six-CD carousel that was in the open position. Stacked beside the empty CD-player's open carousel was a stack of writable CD's, all of them unlabelled.

"Weird..." Jerry said, examining the strange device. He picked up the three-pronged power cord, which was lying on the floor. It was unplugged, about a foot from the nearest socket. Shrugging, Jerry dropped the power cord, and wandered into the enclosed box portion of the device, settling down into the padded chair.

"Hey - what are you...?" Sean said, startled.

Jerry waved a hand. "Don't worry - this thing's unplugged." He settled into the chair. There were padded grooves for his arms and legs, and a curved, padded, headrest. Settling into the position, Jerry found that he was looking at himself - a large

mirror had positioned so that when a person sat in the chair correctly, they were able to see themselves in the mirror. "Hey - this thing's real comfy." Jerry said, grinning. "Maybe it's the 'ultimate Laz-e-boy'."

Brad shook his head. Flipping through the stack of unlabelled CD's, he picked six of them at random, and slid them into the CD player. "Yup, complete with 6-CD changer." He quipped, pushing the tray closed...

The instant the tray latched, lights blossomed to life on the console. Before any of the youths could move, padded metal restraints snapped shut on Jerry's wrists, ankles, chest and head. The hydraulically operated plastic door swung shut, locking with a dreadfully final 'thunk'.

"What the...?" Jerry said, near panic. "What's happening?"

Sean and Brad were frantically going over the console, which had come to life.

Sean read the small screen inset into the middle of the controls. "It.. it says it's running on battery power!" He said, his voice muffled through the plastic. He pounded at the keyboard for several seconds. "It's on some sort of automatic cycle!"

Brad had settled for a more direct method. Ignoring the controls, he was trying to break into the box surrounding the chair - but it was constructed of three-inch-thick Plexi, reinforced at the corners by metal beams. Brad could only pound impotently at the clear casing around his friend.

Jerry was starting to panic, his claustrophobia kicking in. "Get me out of here!" he shouted, struggling vainly against the restraints.

Sean, at the console, was frantically trying to get some response from the controls - but it had locked him out and was function independently. "It says it's loading parameters..." Sean called, as the CD drive whirred to life. Several seconds later, the screen changed. "Now it says... beginning procedures...SHIT!" Sean barely saved himself from losing some fingers as he jerked back. Another three-inch-thick slab of Plexi had descended over the console, sliding out of a recessed pocket and sealing the controls away. Helplessly, Sean beat against the cover.

"Jerry!" Brad shouted, drawing Sean's attention back to his trapped friend.

Jerry was struggling in the chair when he suddenly felt sharp pricks in the back of his neck. Seconds later, he felt himself go limp. He was still conscious, but he was completely unable to move. Moreover, his entire body went completely numb. Helplessly, he could only watch in the mirror as the automated machinery went to work.

A strange, cup-like device on an arm slid over, covering his mouth and nose. Large, boxy enclosures encased his hands and feet, as more enclosures, sprouting wires and tubes, covered his crotch, waist and neck. Two needles on robotic arms rose and proceeded to position themselves above his chest. Moving forward, the needles pierced the center of his nipples, entering his chest.

"Jerry!" Sean shouted, again, as he beat on the Plexi. Jerry was unable to answer - unable to move at all as even more equipment unfurled from various hidden compartments and positioned themselves around his body.

Sean and Brad, horrified by what was happening, looked around the lab, searching for something to help their friend. Spotting a red fire-ax, Sean pounced upon it and rushed back to the Plexiglas box. Frantically, he began to smash at the box.

"I'll go call for help!" Brad shouted, pounding up the stairs. "Forget the box - smash the console and disconnect the battery!"

As the blond youth vanished in search of a phone, Sean took his advice and switched to raining blows on the Plexi-protected console.

Behind the Plexi that imprisoned him, Jerry was unable to see what was going on - his entire knowledge of the other's actions came from what he could hear. But the processing of the auditory information was an instinctive act, not an act of concentration. For all of Jerry's horrified attention was fixed on the mirror that his gaze was helplessly locked on to.

He could see slightly less than half of his body through the maze of wires, arms, cables and tubes that surrounded and covered his body. But he could see enough for his mind to make the connection - and what his mind deduced horrified Jerry to no end.

The way that his hair was gradually becoming longer, and lightening in hue from the roots outwards could be accepted. But that was a minor alteration, lost in the sea of other changes that Jerry was undergoing.

His waist, barely visible through an odd device constructed partially of clear plastic, was slowly shrinking in diameter. That slow shrinkage actually seemed to be occurring much faster than it actually was, and optical illusion created by the way his hips were slowly widening. Hips that were becoming devoid of hair, as was his entire body, as his body hair slowly loosened from its follicles and drifted towards the floor.

The needles imbedded painlessly in Jerry's chest were also having a very noticeable effect - slowly, but all too surely, the flesh behind the nipples was slowly puffing outwards. The nipples themselves were slowly expanding as the flesh blossomed outwards forming two small - but definite - breasts. Female breasts, currently looking barely pubescent, but steadily gaining mass as they swelled out of a shrinking ribcage that was rapidly becoming devoid of its layer of chest hair.

His shoulders were slowly squeezing inward, becoming narrower, as his once toned arms lost some of their mass, becoming daintier, softer - more feminine.

These were the changes that were easiest for Jerry to see, but he could tell that the changes were not limited to just parts of his body - all of him was being altered. And Jerry had no doubt about what he was being altered to become.

The machine was changing Jerry into a woman.

* * * * *

Brad clattered down the stairs. "The phone's dead!" He gasped as he dashed towards the accursed device that held his friend captive. "And you cell phone's fried - it got soaked." He skidded to a stop in front of the Plexi box and looked inside. "Hold on, Jerry " He started -- then stopped abruptly. "Holy SHIT!"

"What!" Sean yelled, moving to stand beside Brad. The red-head's eyes widened as he saw what the machine was doing to Jerry. They, too, had no illusions - by now, Jerry bore little resemblance to himself, and was most definitely feminine in nature.

"Nooooo!" Sean yelled, anguished. He attacked the Plexi surrounding his friend with hellish intensity, ignoring the intense pain in his arm as he rained blow after massive blow down on the box.

Brad whirled and dashed off, returning minutes later with a second ax - not a fire ax, but a long-handle wood ax. He, too, began frantically attacking the Plexi, his massive muscles flexing with the strain of the blows.

Slowly, the plastic facing began to scratch, then chip. Bit by painfully small bit, the two muscular young men began to grind their way through the Plexi as sweat poured off their now-naked bodies, their towels long since fallen aside.

Jerry heard the rapid double-drumming of his two friend's frantic attempt to free him - but inside, something was curling tightly around his heart. Figuratively, that is - intense emotion was causing him to lose hope - from what he could see, it was too late to truly save him - from what he could see, he was more than just on his way to womanhood - he was as womanly as he could possibly imagine, and then some.

Then, a strange helmet-like device slid out of the back of the chair, and over Jerry's face. The helmet blocked out all outside sight and sound, and replaced it with a swirl of light and sound. It was so soft... so soothing... so.....

...hypnotic.

* * * * *

"What's happening?" Sean gasped, his arms feeling like they were on fire. He and Brad watched the helmet like device settle in place, poorly seen through the scarred surface they'd created.

Brad went around to the console.

"It... it says..." Brad gasped, "Physical transformation complete - beginning mental alter JERRY!"

With renewed, deeper horror, Brad threw himself back into his attack on the protective casing around Jerry, Sean matching him stroke for torturous stroke. For what seemed an eternity, their blows beat against the plastic with seemingly no effect. Then, all at once, the power of the two men's strokes exceeded the Plexi's structural integrity - and the front of the box shattered into hundreds of tiny shards along the indentations created by the two axes.

Frantically, Sean entered the box and began ripping apart the device that enclosed Jerry - or the person who had been Jerry. Pulling the female figure from the chair, Sean gently hoisted her in arms that felt like they were going to break. With Brad following closely, eyes wide in shock, Sean gingerly carried Jerry upstairs and lay *her* on the couch.

Her eyes were open, and she was obviously conscious, still unable to move as the drugs in her bloodstream continued to affect her. Those eyes - a startlingly bright blue - were the only part of Jerry that remained completely unchanged.

The rest of her was completely and utterly different than the young man who'd entered the house only a short while ago.

"Holy shit " Brad muttered as he really, really looked at the woman lying on the couch. Unwillingly, he felt his cock begin to harden at the sight.

Jerry's new body was the avatar of erotic. She was short, and amazingly slender, with skin so smooth, hairless and silky that it looked slightly unreal. Her legs were amazingly long and sexy, leading to the feminine swell of womanly hips before pinching in at the tiny waist.

Her breasts were perfect. DDD-cup, they were amazingly firm and round, and absolutely flawless. They were tipped by large, pink nipples that were almost literally mouth-watering.

And her face ! Even without make-up, she was a glorious vision of sensuality. Large, bright blue eyes, amazingly full, sexy lips, high cheek-bones - all surrounded by a glossy mane of curly golden-blond hair. "God, Brad - stop drooling!" Sean snapped.

Brad flushed and looked away - but he noticed that his fiery-haired friend's cock was also standing at attention. It was a reaction neither could suppress - their friend had become the sexiest woman they'd ever seen. She was a living, breathing wet-dream.

Then she stirred, and slowly sat up, her firm breasts jiggling at the movement, her eyes slowly lowered to her firm new endowments, and she gently cupped them in her dainty, feminine hands.

"Jerry - oh my God. Are you... okay?" Sean asked, feeling ridiculous. There was no way Jerry could be 'okay', not like this - but it was the only way to phrase the question that he could think of.

Those gorgeous blue eyes came up to meet his - and in an incredibly sexy, feminine voice that was filled with confused good cheer, she said...

"Huh? You mean me? I guess so - but where am I? And who are you?" Her forehead furrowed slightly, and in the same good-natured way, asked. "For that matter - who am I?"

* * * * *

"What the hell do you mean, 'do we tell her?' - I mean, him. I mean... you know what I mean!" Brad huffed, waving his hands in frustration.

Sean held his own hands up, glancing at the door to living room. "Shhh... Keep your voice down!" He sighed. "Look, it's obvious that she... has amnesia, and doesn't remember a thing. I think, right now, the kindest thing we could do is not tell her what happened - spare her the emotional baggage. We can restore her memory after we find some way to get her - him... back to normal."

The two men looked at each other in confusion and frustration. As soon as it became obvious that the newly-born woman had no memory of herself, either male or female, they'd retreated to the kitchen to discuss their next step. Frankly, they were out of their depth, and they knew it. But whether she knew it or not, she was their friend, and they were going to do what they could to help her.

After another shared look, the two men went back into the living room.

The incredibly sexy woman was still sitting on the couch, fondling her perfect breasts with a soft, sensual smile. When they re-entered the room, she looked up. "Hi, again. Hey, you guys should have these... things. They feel great!"

Sean and Brad shared a look. "You mean your tits?" Brad asked, slightly stunned. "Breasts" Sean corrected quickly.

The woman blinked and looked between them. "Which one is it?" Sean shook his head. "Actually - breasts, or tits... or boobs..."

"knockers, hooters, melons,..." Brad continued until Sean waved him to silence.

"Oh. Okay." The gorgeous blonde said with an accepting smile. "Whatever you call them, they feel great - why don't you have them?"

"Uh... well..." Brad stammered.

"We're male - you're... female." Sean explained, blushing. "There's differences between us."

"Oh. Right - guys and girls. Okay." She snapping her fingers in the manner of somebody remembering a fact. She cocked her head - cutely, Sean thought - and said. "So, these are tits. You're guys, and I'm a girl. Do we have names?" She paused. "You called me Jerry when I woke up - right?"

Sean and Brad had discussed this. "Close - you must have misheard." Sean lied. "Your name is Sheri, and I'm Sean. This is Brad - we're your friends."

Sheri nodded again, rising smoothly and gracefully to her long, sexy legs. "Sure. Where am I? Why am I here? Is there something I'm supposed to be doing?"

Brad coughed. "Um. You had an... accident, and that's why you don't remember anything. But we're going to help you. As for your questions - well, we're at your Gran... your new house - you just got it. We came up with you to spend some time, and help you get settled in. And - well, we don't have to do anything. Just... you know, whatever we want to do."

Sheri smiled, and looked around. "But - I don't know what I want to do. What do you guys think we should do?"

"Um... putting on some clothes might be a good idea." Sean suggested, all too aware of their nakedness - and his and Brad's natural male reactions to the gorgeous woman.

Sheri clapped her hands together eagerly. "That sounds like fun!" She paused and, still smiling, asked "What are clothes?" "Oh...boy..." Sean said, looking at Brad for support.

* * * * *

"How about these?" Sean asked digging the jeans out of the pile of clothes.

Sheri felt the material, and frowned prettily. "Do I have to - they feel awfully course and heavy." "No " Sean said. "Not if you don't want to."

"Okay!" Sheri chirped. She leaned against Brad to reach past him, and the now-clothed young man closed his eyes and tried to control his thoughts as her warm, perfect body, clad only in lacy French-cut briefs, pressed against his.

"What about these? Are they good for women? They feel so soft." Sheri said, holding up her prize - a pair of 'nude' nylons.

"Uh - sure. You, um wear a skirt with those." Sean said, watching Brad's face flush as she peeled her nearly nude body away from him. Brad offered to find a skirt for her, glad to turn away and hide his embarrassed arousal.

Which made it Sean's turn, as she next leaned across him, her soft, silky thigh on his as she picked up a short-sleeved silk blouse.

"Oh this feels nice." She said, and began to pull it on.

"Uh - you might want to wear a bra with that." Sean offered.

"What's that?" Sheri asked, rubbing the soft material over her tits and clearly visible nipples. "Oh - this feels really good!" Sean cleared his throat. "A.. a bra is to... hold your tits."

Sheri blinked, and smiled. She stuck her shoulders back, pushing her tits against the slightly too-tight blouse, straining the sheer fabric. "Oh, yes please. You be my bra - I bet that would feel great!"

Sean fought against the urge to do just that. "No - I meant, it's a piece of fabric, made to support your breasts, and keep them from sagging."

"Oh." Sheri said. "No, thanks - it doesn't sound nearly as fun, and my tits don't sag - do they?"

"No. They certainly don't" Brad assured her, handing her a black skirt that would come to well above her knees. "This was all I could find."

Sean looked at the short garment as Sheri pulled it on, then shot a look at Brad.

Then instantly softened - Brad was having as hard a time dealing with a super-sexy, pleasure-oriented Sheri as he was. Brad, apologetically, shrugged, and held up the only other skirt he'd found that might fit - an even shorter, super tight leather one. He tossed it aside before Sheri could see it.

"Great - thanks Brad." Sheri gushed. "Now what?"

"Shoes?" Sean said, pulling out the ones he'd found that would fit her diminutive feet. Immediately, she picked up a pair of black platforms with a seven and a half inch stiletto heel. "Um... maybe one of these..." Sean offered, pointing out the shorter-heeled ones.

Sheri, however, already had the high-heeled shoes on, and was balanced gracefully atop them. "Oh - if you want." She said, sorrowfully beginning to step out of the shoes. "These... I just liked how tall they made me feel."

Sean sighed. "Sheri - I'm just making suggestions. It's not like you have to obey us - do what you want to." Sheri's gorgeous smile resurfaced. "Great! Okay - now what do we do."

Brad cleared his throat. "Why don't I throw together something to eat, and we'll watch some TV?"

"Okay." Sheri agreed readily. "What's a TV?"

* * * * *

She found out soon enough - and was entranced by it. She was a never ending fount of questions about what she saw on the screen, and paid attention to the way the women acted and talked, what the things they did were...

...which is what led to what Brad and Sean dubbed 'The Makeover Incident'. After seeing women with their hair always carefully arranged, always wearing make-up and jewelry, Sheri wanted to be like that. So, the three of them had gone on a quest to locate the necessary items - which had been the easy part. The hard part had been two-fold. One, Sheri's figuring out how to apply make-up.

And the second was the guys trying to deal with the effect when she got it right, emphasizing her already gorgeous features. It was becoming harder and harder to remind themselves that Sheri was - or had been - Jerry.

It was also the TV that led to the next situation.

"Oh!" Sheri gasped, entranced. "What are they doing? Biting each other? But they seem to be enjoying it. And I thought they liked each other!"

Sean blushed fiercely, and looked helplessly at Brad, who shrugged in return. "They... um, they're kissing. It's something that men and women do when they.. like each other." He explained, awkwardly.

"Oh." Sheri said, digesting the information. Then she smiled up at Sean, and asked the question he was afraid she was going to. "Will you show me how to kiss?"

"Uh " Sean said - and Sheri's face fell, and her eyes began to cloud.

"Oh." She said in a subdued voice. "I'm sorry - I thought you liked " She cut herself short, and seemed to shrink back in on herself.

Sean kicked himself mentally. His awkwardness with the situation was no excuse to hurt Sheri's feelings. He thought desperately for a way to make everything all right. "Sheri - I'd love to show you how to kiss." He said, running with the first thing that popped into his head. "I just didn't want to alienate Brad. We're all friends, and I didn't want any of us getting jealous."

And he mentally kicked himself again for coming up with such a stupid excuse.

Sheri, however, smiled tentatively, and Sean felt his spirits rising with the corners of her full, soft *kissable* lips.

"What's jealous mean?" She asked.

Brad cleared his throat. "It means.. well, if there's two guys, and one girl, and she seems to prefer the other guy well the one might feel left out "

"Oh!" Sheri said, blushing. "I'm sorry - I didn't mean that I don't like you just as much. If I could, I'd kiss both of you at the same time. But is it okay if I do one first, then the other?"

The two men shared a look. "Sure "

Turning her face to Sean, she waited expectantly.

Part of his mind found this incredibly weird - but the larger part of his mind, and all of his body, only knew there was an incredibly sexy woman waiting for him to kiss her.

So, he did.

It started off awkward - she just let him kiss her. Then, slowly, she began to catch on, until they were involved in a deep, passionate kiss that Sean found incredibly satisfying, and sensual. He was beginning to think his cock might burst from the erections he'd been putting it through ever since...

Before he could finish that thought, Sheri finally ended the kiss. "Oh - that was *wonderful*." She enthused dreamily - then turned to Brad and gave him the kiss of his life.

The two men looked at each other, feeling incredibly aroused - and more than a little guilty.

"Uh - it's been a long day." Sean said. "I think I'm going to head off to bed. But you can stay up and watch TV for as long as you want." "Okay." She turned back to Brad. "Are you going to stay? We can kiss some more."

"I'd love to, Sheri - but I'm tired too." Brad said, blushing.

And the two men left, while part of their more primitive male brain stem shouted the question. *Are you nuts? Where the hell are you going?*

And another part of their brains answered - *'to jack-off until we fall asleep.'*

* * * * *

As soon as Brad and Sean entered the kitchen the next morning, they knew something was wrong.

Sheri sat at the table - wearing a baggy black sweater and along, shapely black skirt. She wore no makeup-or jewelry, and she seemed to have aged overnight, like somebody under great emotional pain. Her face bore the set look of someone determined not to cry.

"I... thought I'd wait and say good-bye before I left - and to apologize. I was stupid." Sheri said, rising slowly, gracelessly, to her feet.

"Sheri? What 's wrong?" Sean asked, wondering what the hell had happened after they'd gone to bed.

"I... I found a show. I watched it all night - they were talking about relationships, and men and women, and what goes on..." She straightened her back. "I... I'm sorry. I just didn't know enough to see what you were trying to tell me."

"What? I don't understand, we weren't trying to tell you anything." Brad said, confused.

Sheri smiled sadly. "Yes, you were - without words. But how you acted." She looked down, and when she spoke, they had to strain to hear her. "The way to avoided touching me. The embarrassed looks when you did, and how quickly you pulled away. The way you try to have me dress. The hesitations. The awkwardness. The way..." She sniffled, but tried to plow through. "The way you didn't want to have any... kind of... sexual.. relations..." she was openly crying now. "I... I didn't... realize... that you didn't find me... attractive. That you didn't like me the way men like women."

And she turned away from them, her slender shoulders shaking with the force of her sobs.

Sean and Brad looked at each other, stricken. They knew that that was exactly how they had acted - but it had never occurred to them how it might seem to her. They'd displayed no real interest in her as a woman, because, despite her body and her new mindset, they had tried their best *not* to think of her as a woman.

Now her every sob seemed to drive a steel spike deeper into their hearts. There was only one thing they could do to set things right...

..surrender.

"Sheri, Sheri " Sean said, coming up behind her. Gently he pulled her around. "It's not like that at all - you saw the signs, but they didn't mean what you thought they did."

"The didn't?" She asked, looking at them, hope in her eyes.

"No - they didn't." Brad assured her, although he wasn't exactly sure how Sean was going to clear it up so she'd accept it. Sean, however, had a brainstorm and was running with it. "Sheri - last night you didn't know about any of these things." "So? I.. I don't see "

Sean shrugged. "We were afraid of going to fast. Of getting you right in the middle of something - only to have you discover that it wasn't how you felt. We were reining ourselves in, so as not to push you into something you didn't want. It wasn't that we didn't think *you're* incredibly sexy - it was that we didn't know how you felt about *us*."

Sheri's perfect lips formed a little 'o'. "Really? You.. you want to have sex with me?"

And Sean and Brad answered in unison, being perfectly honest. "Yes!"

And like the sun coming up, that glorious smile resurfaced. "Oh... thank you." She dabbed at her eyes. "I guess I did it - made a perfect fool of myself, huh?"

"That's all right." Brad said, tenderly. "We forgive you."

Sheri's smile seemed to light the whole room. "I'm going to go upstairs and make myself... presentable. Why don't you make some breakfast, and I'll be back down shortly. Then after breakfast..." She trailed off suggestively, then paused long enough for a quick but passionate kiss from each of them before bounding up the stairs.

"Are we really going to...?" Brad said, watching her go. "Don't you want to?" Sean asked.

"God! Yes!" Brad replied, emphatically. "But, she's..."

"Sheri." Sean said, firmly. "Face it - there's no way of undoing what happened - we don't even know where to begin. So, we can all try to pretend, and be miserable - or just accept what has happened, and move on."

Brad nodded. "You're right."

* * * * *

"I... I paid close attention to the show - but you guys are going to have to help." Sheri said, nervously. "I.. I'm kind of new at this... I think." She grinned, and moved towards the huge bed, where Brad and Sean, mostly naked, lay.

The two men felt somewhat strange doing this as a threesome - but it had been Sheri's idea, and they were past arguing with her. Instead, they ignored each other, and focused on Sheri's glorious, nude body.

Climbing up on the bed, she slid in between the two men, putting an arm around each of them as she turned her head and began to kiss Brad, passionately.

Gently, Sean reached out and began caressing one of her firm, perfect mounds, enjoying the creamy flesh beneath his hand. Sheri moaned softly as Sean's movement became less hesitant. Seconds later, Brad's hand rose to her other breasts, and she moaned again.

She then switched, kissing Sean while Brad put his mouth to good use, licking and nibbling at her large, erect nipple while his hands roamed her body.

After finishing a long, passionate bout of lip-lock with Sean, Sheri smiled - and began to slide herself down his body, lightly kissing him as she made her way to his crotch - where she paused for a second before enveloping his hard, throbbing cock in a warm, willing mouth.

Sean moaned as Sheri, now on all fours, began to slowly, sensuously suck his cock, using her hands in time with her lips and tongue. Brad, meanwhile, was half-straddling her, crouched over her as he continued to fondle her glorious tits.

Sheri's technique might not have been expert - but it was pretty damned good. Sean gasped and stiffened as she brought him to orgasm, and she gulped hungrily at the hot cum that flooded her mouth. Only when she'd sucked him dry and licked him clean did she roll over and lift her legs, smiling an invitation to Brad.

Brad wasted no time in replying. Gently, smoothly, he slid his all-too-ready cock deep into her hot, wet womanhood, causing her to gasp in pleasure.

The gasps soon turned to moans as Brad began to pump, his face twisting in pleasure as he drove into her wet, tight cunt. Her moans increased in pace as she built towards orgasm - helped by Sean's eager hands and lips on her perfect tits.

She creamed, writhing, as her orgasm hit, sharp and sweet, followed closely by a softer, longer aftershock. She called out Brad's name as she came, and her internal muscles clenched, pushing Brad over the edge as he pumped hot cum into her cunt.

"Oh, God YES!" Sheri screamed, then smiled up at Brad. "Oh - that was incredible." She looked over at Sean. "I hope you're almost ready, lover "

"Yeah " Sean said, feeling his cock rapidly growing hard again.

"Good - I want to try being on top." She said, smiling. Then she winked at Brad. "You get ready, too - I still want to see what a tit-fuck is like "

* * * * *

Three and a half hours later, Sheri looked over at Brad and Sean, who snored in sync after she'd drained every ounce of energy in a furious bout of love making that had covered just about every conceivable position...

...twice.

Quietly climbing from the bed, Sheri began padding towards the bathroom to get cleaned up. Idly, she caught the drop of cum as it fell from her large nipple, and sucked it off her finger.

As she stepped under the spray of the shower, Sheri let herself indulge in the feeling of guilt. She still felt bad about lying to the guys, and playing the 'amnesiac bimbo'.

But what else could she have done. When she'd realized what the machine was doing to her, she'd realized she had a golden opportunity here. After all, she'd been hiding the secret that she was gay from them for fear of rejection. She could just imagine her, as Jerry, admitting the truth - 'Oh, by the way, I'm really gay, and just pretend to be straight to fit in. Oh - and I think you guys are incredibly sexy, so can I suck your cocks, and get you to fuck me up the ass?'

Now, it was better than her wildest dreams. Not only did these two gorgeous hunks fuck her, but she enjoyed it more as a woman than she had as a gay guy. Hell - this cunt was incredible. And, although Jerry had little interest in tits, Sheri had only been telling the truth when she had said how great these things were. Even now, she could barely keep her hands away from them - or her crotch.

Hmm... now that she could freely indulge in her choice of partners - men - she could make up for lost time. As great as Sean and Brad were, as lovers and friends, two guys just didn't have the staying power to satisfy her like she wanted.

Of course, there was the other machine that she'd found downstairs last night - the one that was supposed to increase a man's sexual prowess, stamina... and size....



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When a young man tries to conjure a spirit to help him get laid, his plans go awry when the spirit takes advantage of his lack of inexperience.

Inside Out

By Gunslinger

I wasn't always like this, you know. In fact, not all that long ago, I was practically as far away from what I am now as it was possible to get and still be human.

It's all because of a mistake I made - a wrong assumption, really. Nothing more than that.

It was little more than two months ago, in fact, that I found my life turned, well... inside out...

* * * * *

I held my breath expectantly, pulse thundering in my ears...

...and, after a couple of highly anticlimactic minutes, let it out again and slumped my shoulders.

I was feeling decidedly silly - about as much from the fact that I'd actually expected it to work as from the fact I was sitting, buck- naked, in the middle of my living room floor.

Heaving a sigh, I stood up, pushing my hands over my head and stretching mightily. Shaking my head at my own foolish nature, I headed towards the kitchen, eager to get a cold drink to soothe a throat dried out by nearly a half-hour's worth of steady chanting in bastardized Latin.

I didn't even bother taking the extra-long stride necessary to step over the entirety of the warding circle. I'd spent nearly two hours getting it 'just right' - a pair of perfect circles, with Latin writing between them, on the faux wood flooring of my small apartment. Now, I just walked over the chalked lines and letters.

"Not the brightest bulb in the box, are you?" I asked myself...

...which startled the living hell out of me, because I hadn't known I was going to say anything until I heard the words, uttered in a tone of amusement, leave my mouth.

"What the hell...?" I gasped.

"You know enough how to do a summoning - but not the basics to keep yourself safe." My voice chided me, unbidden, still sounding disgustingly amused. "The warding circle is to trap the entity in. You're supposed to put an object for it to animate in the middle, and sit outside."

My hands flew to my throat, my eyes as wide as saucers as I made a choking noise of willing disbelief...

...only to have it cut-off in mid-choke by that voice.

"Not that I'm complaining, mind you." It said, with a chuckle. "A living host is much nicer than some doll or puppet - and especially since you, the summoner, was nice enough to break the warding circle and free me... well, to the extent that I am, anyway."

I made a grunting sound, as if I'd been punched in the stomach.

"You mean... I have a *demon* inside of me!" I screamed at myself, horrified.

"Not... exactly..." I told myself, with a chuckle of disbelief at my own ignorance. "The reason you put an object to be animated into the warding circle - other than to keep from being possessed yourself, of course - is to determine what type of servant you're calling up to do your bidding. That's determined by the size of the object being animated. Most people, to be safe, would use a doll, and get an imp. The really strong - or really stupid - conjurers would use something about twice the size of a human to get a minor demon. You, however, used a slightly-less-than-average height human body... which is just perfect for me to inhabit."

"What *are* you?" I demanded in a hysterical scream.

"Well, considering the sole task you were summoning a servant to help with - to wit, getting you laid - I'm one of the two obvious choices..."

I was already horrified - but I discovered previously unplumbed depths of horror as I heard my own voice shift upward in pitch. "My name's Cassandra." I told myself in a rich, undeniable feminine voice full of great amusement. "I'm a succubus."

"Get out!" I demanded, shrilly - not because my voice was higher, which it wasn't when I was using it, but because I was damned near hysterical - and for good reason, I'd say. "Get out of my body!"

"Oh, I don't think so." Cassandra chuckled. "Hell, is really quite dreary, so I think I'll enjoy the vacation you've given me. Since you 'invited me in', so to speak, you can't cast me out. The only thing that can force me to leave is by completing the task you summoned me for, which I haven't done."

I considered the situation...

"Please don't hurt me!" I begged, falling to my - our - knees.

"Oh, get up!" She said, disgusted. "Of course I'm not going to hurt you! One of the drawbacks to a human host is that I feel whatever physical pain you do - something that wouldn't happen if you'd used an inanimate object. No, I'm not going to hurt us - and, also, my powers are also limited by the summoning procedure. I can only use them in pursuit of the task I was summoned specifically for, mores the pity..."

Hope, which had plummeted, slowly began to rise.

"So... What are you going to do...?" I asked myself, hesitantly. Again, that annoying chuckle.

"Why, I'm going to help one scrawny, pale twenty-year-old computer nerd get laid." She said. "I'm twenty-four..." I said, numbly - then blinked, realizing what that meant.

"You can't read my mind!" I blurted out.

"Right the first try." She said, amused. "I 'saw' you just before possessing you, so I know you - *we*, ugh! - are short, skinny, pale and have messy, oily black hair and a bad complexion. I also know your name is Gary William Myers, because you used it in the incantation. Other than that... nada."

"Oh..." I sighed, finding myself feeling somewhat relieved. The female 'sex demon' trapped within me could commandeer my vocal chords - probably because communicating with me was unarguably 'in pursuit of her goal', allowing her to use her powers - but she didn't know what I was thinking.

"So, why don't we sit down and talk about what you're looking for... after, of course, you put on a robe or something, for Satan's sake!"

Okay, so maybe she wasn't human, but she was *definitely* female, and the realization that I was naked 'in front' of her made my blush and scramble for the bathrobe I'd kept handy...

...which explains at least one of the reasons why my sex-life, to date, had been practically nonexistent. Well, no...

After all, you'd have to actually manage to ask a girl out on a date, get her to come home with you, and at least imply consent to sexual activities before the issue of me being so incredible body-shy would even become a factor.

Still blushing - and more glad than ever that she couldn't read my mind - I sat on the worn couch I'd pushed out of the way for the warding circle.

"So - what type of girl were you looking for, Dave?" The demoness-within asked.

I hesitated a second before answering.

"Well, she should be intelligent... but also somewhat free-spirited..." That's as far as I got before she cut me off.

"Bullshit, boyo." She said, firmly. "I heard the summoning. Your request wasn't for a girlfriend, or a soul-mate, or a wife. You want SEX, boy, and we both know it."

My blush deepened.

"Okay..." She said, with an amused sigh. "I'll just ask the questions, and you just give the answers, 'kay?"

"Okay." I agreed, still hardly believing that ANY of this was actually happening - much less that it seemed to be moving in the direction it was. I mean, I had hoped to end up with myself getting some action, but I hadn't really believed it would work, no matter how much I'd hoped it would...

"Tall or short?" She asked.

"Well... a couple of inches shorter than I am, I guess." I replied.

"Is that in or out of her heels?" She asked - and I blinked, realizing I hadn't really thought about it. Her follow-on question stumped me even further: "Either way, what sort of shoes does she wear?"

Just the realization that I could actually 'define' a dream girl was stunning and a little daunting. I mean, I'll be honest - when I first conceived this whole 'impossible' idea, it had been in the vague hope of finding a way to get laid by just about any woman. The thought I could design a girl from the ground up had never occurred to me...

...and now that it was happening, I realized anew just how little I knew about the mysteries of femininity. Well, I knew I didn't want her looking down on me, either literally or figuratively, that was for sure.

"That's her height in the heels." I finally said. "As for how high... uh.. well, what do you think would be sexy?" "How about six-inch heels?" Cassandra suggested.

I blinked, thinking about it. I might not know much, but I knew that 'six inch heels' were practically a euphemism for sexy shoes, and I kicked myself for not thinking of it first.

"Yeah, six inch heels would be great!"

"Pumps, platforms, mules, boots..." She started rhyming off in a questioning tone, and I had to let her list off a few more types of women's footwear that I didn't even *recognize* before I could admit my own ignorance.

"Why don't you just choose something?" I suggested.

"How about a nice pair of rounded-toe three-inch platform pumps?" Was her 'suggestion', and I agreed eagerly...

...only to blink at her next question.

"So, you wanted there to be a six-inch height difference between the heel-line and the toe-line?" She asked.

"Yeah, that's right." I said, a bit annoyed that she was repeating her questions... or, maybe she just wanted to make sure, considering the fact I must be announcing my own ignorance with every word I said.

"Okay, good - you want her to be a two inches shorter than you when she's wearing her shoes." She said, cheerfully. "Moving on: Blonde, brunette, redhead - or are we going with a different flavor, like maybe Asian, or Negro?"

I'm certainly not a racist or anything, but, well... If I was getting to design my own girl, it was just, you know, a decision, right?

"She should be a white girl - and blonde. Definitely blonde." I said, starting to really get into this whole thing. The initial shock of finding myself possessed faded quickly in the rising tide of arousal as I answered the rest of the questions.

By the time we were done, I had a raging hard-on - which, given the fact that I had a female 'in residence', was making me blush. "So, are you ready to meet your fantasy babe?" Cassandra asked - and I, of course, agreed.

"Well, then - I'll just take you to where she'd going to appear." She said... and I found myself getting up and walking towards the door!

I tried to protest... but I couldn't. When I'd agreed with her, I'd unthinkingly given her permission to commandeer everything in our shared body to accomplish our task.

At the door, she paused long enough to pull on a pair of shoes, but other than that I was dressed only in my old blue bathrobe when we went outside - and the door swung shut and locked behind us, and she hadn't grabbed my keys!

Helpless to intervene, I could only quail under the looks I got from various people as we left the building and headed through the park. I mean, in this city you see some weird things, but that didn't make me feel any more comfortable about what was going on, me walking around in broad daylight in nothing but my bathrobe. When she finally stopped in the relative anonymity of a deep shadow under a bridge, I felt considerably relieved.

Then my body began to... tingle.

Too late - TOO, too late - I realized what, exactly, our conversation and the request I'd made could be construed to mean - and that realization, just a bit too late, made it all the more horrible as my body and clothing painlessly and irrevocably changed.

I knew what was happening even as it happened - and there wasn't a damned thing I could do, now, to change any of it.

I'd specified her height - which, only as I shrank down, truly realized what I'd done, losing a full eleven inches of the height I'd begun with - which hadn't exactly been all that great, anyway.

Soon, I was damned well tiny...

...and that was just the beginning.

Even as my clothing began to reform into the tight little denim skirt, white tee and white fishnet nylons, the body beneath was configuring itself into what, too late, I realized Cassandra had conned me into.

The over-the-top body of the sex-crazed woman I was to become.

My chest, hips and ass all swelled outwards as my waist narrowed. I was going to have a highly over-exaggerated, top-heavy hourglass figure, with tits the size of volley-balls... and I knew this even before it happened.

Not that it took long to happen, that was.

Even as my physique changed rapidly,. My hair grew longer and lighter in color, cascading down around a face that was becoming a perfect example of cute/sexy. As my lips puffed outwards, my eyes turned blue, flanking a small, pert nose...

...but what the hell did I care about the face, when it was the most 'normal' thing about the over-curvaceous body I was getting. A body I'd been conned into making, shall we say... 'persuasive'?

Only now I realized what Cassandra had been aiming for when she'd talked me into making sure my 'dream girl' would enjoy sex. The sensations were already increasing in my body, matching my 'request' that she be ten times more sensitive to physical pleasure than the norm...

...and that was just the beginning.

Cassandra had asked if my dream girl should enjoy giving blow-jobs, and when I'd eagerly - and stupidly - agreed, she'd 'suggested' that we altered her taste buds so that she enjoyed the taste of cum, and did some other things so that she enjoyed the sensations associated with sucking cock. I'd eagerly agreed, just as I'd eagerly agreed to all the other 'enhancements' that would make sure she 'loved' having sex, thinking I'd reap the benefits of this.

You see, Cassandra had played me like a fiddle. She knew I was hesitant, still barely daring to believe that I could get this fantasy woman to have sex with me, so she'd offered all sorts of ways to 'guarantee' that she couldn't turn me down - only she'd never, ever said it in so many words, of course, because the entire time she was defining this woman she never actually said she'd be 'separate' from me.

So, instead, she could use her power to make her and me become one - the same huge-breasted sex-crazed woman I'd 'willingly agreed' to become - since, after all, that would fulfill the task of ensuring I got laid, now wouldn't it?

In just the scant space of a few minutes it was over - and my life as a man had ended. I was now a woman. I felt like I was ready to burst into flames.

This new, curvaceous little body she'd cursed me with was so unbelievably pleasure-sensitive that any move I made caused in intense awareness of the body parts clamoring for attention.

Just breathing caused my massive new tits to move under the skin-tight white shirt, dragging my thick, engorged nipples over the fabric, practically begging me to play with them - while the slight jiggle and sway of the huge, firm tits themselves demanded the same things for them, as well.

I was too incredibly aware of my tongue in my mouth - not to mention my full new lips, all from the breath just passing in and out of my mouth - unless, of course, I tried breathing threw my new nose, in which the unbelievable intense man-scent floating in the air seemed to sent jolts of electricity to my nipples and crotch.

All of this was just from breathing!

A single step atop my impossibly high new heels, and I felt those white fishnet nylons on my legs, almost - but not nearly enough - like somebody was fondling them, the way I didn't-want-desperately-wanted from the sensation. My wide new hips would swivel - and the tightening and loosening of my gluteus maximus would remind me with disgustingly powerful pleasure about my full new bubble butt - and the hot, wet, and all-too-ready cunt between my silken thighs.

Every single part of my body cried out for satisfaction...

...and it was driving me nuts!

I continued wiggling and jiggling my way down the street, struggling to control the desperately out-of-control hyper-sensations I was experiencing so that I could get home...

...and I passed a small blacktop basketball court where a couple of guys were taking a break from playing a little one-on-one.

They wore only shorts, showing off their tanned, taut bodies - and, once they were aware of me, they eyed my own new body with obvious interest. I tried to hurry past them, but hurrying was impossible in the shoes I was wearing, and one of them called out to me:

"Damn, girl, what's your hurry!" The darker-haired on said. "I mean, I love watching those melons o'yours jiggle and shake, but hold on up!"

"Yeah, come a bit closer, babe!" His brunet buddy said, with a leer. I tried to ignore them...

...but that was easier said than done. I could *taste* them!

The oh-so-masculine musk of a sweaty male was filling my mouth - which was watering like crazy, practically urging me to put something in there that had more of that flavor which Cassandra had altered - and 'hyper-enhanced' - my taste buds to 'like'. Struggling to deal with that fact, I tried taking a deep breath through my nose, instead...

...and turned around and started back towards the guys before I even fully realized what I was doing, the intense scent firing off my olfactory nerves and practically short-circuiting free will as my body went into a hyper-ready state for sexual action.

I had thought, up until that instant, that I'd already been aroused. Maybe, if I'd thought about it, I would have realized I was trying hard not to be aroused - which put my body in the same 'state' as my male body would have been if I'd been trying not to get aroused in it.

So, there was as great a jump in my arousal level when I got 'turned on' now as if it had happened in my old, male body - as long as you remembered to factor in the 'ten times as strong' effect of Cassandra's evil little plan.

I was, quite simply, lost. There was so much sexual need thrumming through my body, so much hormones flooding my bloodstream, that ratiocentric thought wasn't possible. I wasn't thinking, I was reacting - and the reaction I was performing was to increase that unbelievable, unwanted pleasure I was experiencing by drawing closer to its source.

"Hey there, big boys." I said in a husky, sensual coo - and to this day have no idea if it was 'me' or Cassandra who said it. It could have been either. "My, but aren't you a couple of fine-looking hunks."

They shared an incredulous, eager smile between themselves as I found myself striking a pose that enhanced features that need no enhancement. I wasn't thinking, was considering what I was doing - I was just responding to what my body was feeling 'instinctively' doing whatever it took to increase the pleasure that, intense as it was, was nearly painful...

...enough so that my barely-functional brain was desperately seeking the final increase of sensation that would act like the trip-wire to Cassandra's.. uh, 'booby-trap'.

"So..." I heard myself say. "You studs want to go somewhere and fuck?"

The worst part was - at that very moment, I meant it, completely and utterly. There was nothing in the universe that I wanted more in that instant than to fulfill the sexual desires... sexual NEEDS that were 'driving me crazy'.

We headed off to a nearby hotel, and the entire time I was touching or being touched. I ground myself shamelessly against the men, rubbing my huge tits against their arms and chests - and, however helplessly, however thoughtless, truly enjoying it, because it all felt great. I was hot and horny and intense pleasure so close to pain that, as much as I was loving it, I was also looking forward to final satisfaction.

At the hotel I shamelessly stroked the brunet's crotch as his friend paid for one of the cheap rooms, and then I led them up to it, swaying my ass for all it was worth, knowing they were both already hard as rocks - since I'd brazenly fondled their cocks, both through their shorts and by dipping my hands inside, giving myself a preview of what I so desperately needed - even if part of me, under the screaming craving for satisfaction, knew I didn't really WANT it, if you know what I mean.

Not that that part of me had any say in what happened next.

We'd barely made it through the door before our clothes were lying in a heap, and as eager as I was to fuck and get fucked, I didn't begrudge the guys a little fondle time, loving the way pleasure thrummed through my flesh wherever their

hands roamed. I especially loved my massive new tits, and was already thinking about how, even when I wasn't so 'hyped up', I'd be putting them 'out there' to be admired - and act as advertising, of course.

I could have taken them both at once - and was, in fact, so damned horny, I would have happily allowed them to take me then and there, in any combination they wanted. They, however, said they wanted their 'money's worth'. Unsurprisingly, given my build and brazen approach, they thought I was a hooker. At the time, I didn't care what they thought I was, and their comment didn't really register in terms of its implications. All I knew is that I needed sex, and these guys could give it to me.

I'd do anything they wanted if only they'd satisfy these cravings I was suffering from.

When the first guy wanted a blow-job, I was only too happy to oblige, my mouth watering at the thought. I threw myself into my first cock-sucking, really getting into it - because I was loving every second of wrapping my full lips around a big, thick cock. I sucked and I slurped,. I licked and I stroked, and every minute of it was pure bliss.

It was even wonderful when he came, dumping a load of delicious cum down my eager throat.

It wasn't until later that I got to enjoy the full humiliation and horror of having sucked a man's cock. You see, that was part of the 'fun' Cassandra was having with me.

When I'm fully turned on, I lose the ability to think, or to feel anything more than a burning need for sex. It isn't until I'm sated - as little as I am ever slated, and for the short period of time that it lasts - that I'm fully capable of realizing what had been done to me - and worse, what I was, at the time it happened, quite willingly doing. Cassandra didn't make me suck that man's cock - I did it myself, eager to do so, loving every minute of it, and briefly happy afterwards that I had.

However, that was just the warm up to the main event - my first time getting fucked as a woman.

Not that the guys realized I was a 'virgin'. No, wait, you can take the quotes off of that. I WAS a virgin, in either sex...

...but you'd never have known it by the way I acted.

I actually BEGGED him to fuck me - and when he complied, I begged him to do it harder, faster, deeper... In fact, I begged him to fuck me in any way and every way he possibly could.

It was WONDERFUL!

I LOVED having a cock thrusting into my cunt. I adored getting pounded by a big, hard dick. I was in love with having somebody fuck my brains out, and even as it was happening, I was thinking about how much I'd love doing it again, next time.

I didn't, however, experience my first female orgasm at that time. No, just walking here - and him watching me slurp some cock - had gotten him so on-edge that he came well before me.

He came - and left.

They both did, after I rather mindlessly agreed to a 'price' for my services.

The door wasn't even closed before I frantically began finger-fucking myself, my other hand playing with my massive rack, still in that mindless state in which I exist perhaps half the time, so desperately needing satisfaction.

I didn't get it, not from my long and energetic efforts.

You see, that was something else Cassandra had slipped by me. Since I wanted to be the one to satisfy my 'dream girl', I hadn't thought twice to agreeing that, just like trying to tickle yourself, my girl would have a 'cut out' that would keep her from pleasureing herself. She could masturbate for hours - and I frequently do - but she'd never reach orgasm by herself.

So, I had a quick shower, got dressed, and went out, prowling for men to fuck my brains out some more.

I didn't have any trouble finding them - but though they kept coming and cumming, it took five more tries (not counting two blow-jobs and a tit-fuck - before I finally hit my first orgasm...

...and scared and confused my 'John' when I began screaming in utter horror.

Not that I do that anymore - well, not often anyway, not unless I've done something especially disgusting while in the grip of my literally mind-crushing sexual need. No, I'm sort of 'used' to this, now, if anybody could ever be truly used to what happened to me. That, however, was the first time I came out of my 'arousal fugue' and realized what I'd done, and it occasioned nearly two straight hours of sobbing, gibbering and screaming.

I'm sure it would have lasted longer - like, maybe, my whole life - if not for the fact that that was also the longest I've been 'sated', and only because of the fact I started from such a terrible low point.

But, as my body was designed to do, I began getting horny again, until it was finally enough to override even that - and before long, I was once again prowling the street in search of sex.

I don't even get the 'pleasure' of avoiding it through sleep. At Cassandra's suggestion, this body needs only about an hour of sleep a night...

...right after a good, hard orgasm, of course.

As for Cassandra... Well, in a way, the last laugh was on her, because I really DID 'enjoy' that first orgasm - which 'booted her out' for having finished her job, so she wasn't really there when I went through the mini break-down.

Still, I'm pretty sure she saw it all from Hell...

...and enjoyed every single, eternal second of it.

* * * * *

Well, that's the complete story. I'm now a huge-breasted, cum-craving nymphomaniac slut who quite literally can't control herself and HAS to keep fucking. Sure, I became a hooker, because I need money to live, and I might as well get paid for something I'm going to be doing anyway. I mean, it's not like I can stop, you know?

So, you wanted to know how I 'ended up' here, and that's it. Enough talking.

Let's fuck.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When his genie suggests that he transform himself into a woman in order to fit in with the 'in' crowd he isn't sure that he is going to like it, but now he has a date that he doesn't want to miss

Inside-Outside

By Gunslinger

Slumping back against the recently slammed door, his muscular body limp with dejection, Jim let his head sag and sing slowly from side to side, as if trying to physically deny the truth of what he knew in his heart.

"Shit." Jim said - sighed, really - as he stared down across the expanse of t-shirt pulled tight against him muscular chest and trim abdomen, right down to where the shirt was tucked into a pair of faded blue-jeans that bulged, almost obscenely, over his crotch.

He was tall.

He was muscular.

He was handsome, like Brad Pitt crossed with a young Paul Newman. He was fantastically well-endowed...

...and he was still every bit as awkward and uncomfortable in public as he had been a week ago, when he'd been a tall, painfully thin, acne-scarred young man.

Though his new body was strong, healthy, and full of vigor, Jim pushed away from the door and slumped towards the living room of the his apartment like an eighty-year-old man, weighed down with despair rather than by years as he walked over to the couch and dropped into it, hissing in indifferent pain as the movement drew the crotch of the pants tight against his oversized genitalia.

With sad eyes, Jim turned and looked at the miracle cure to all his troubles, the thing that could make his every dream and wish come true - the simple-looking brass-trimmed bottle he'd discovered while walking on the beach.

In purely aesthetic terms, it was damned ugly - a maroon-colored glass bottle roughly the size and shape as a wine bottle, with a brass base and brass hinged cap corking the top.

With a sigh, Jim reached over and picked up the bottle, the 'thing dreams are made of', and swung the brass cap open.

With a soft 'whoosh' of displaced air, the space in front of Jim, previously empty, suddenly became occupied by a short, squat figure. Roughly half the height of an average human adult, it nevertheless had a roughly human look - if you could ignore the thick, tough hide, roughly the color of old wine, and the eyes that glowed a deep red.

"You have summoned me, Master?" The creature asked, its voice a dim rumble.

When Jim had first opened the bottle, the sight of the creature had shocked and frightened him, its very resemblance to the standard mythology of demons enough to make his heart race with superstitious fear.

When Amzadi, as the creature was called, revealed himself to be a Djinn, what the average person would call a genie, Jim's heart had raced for another reason completely, and visions of fame, fortune and happiness had danced through his head.

Now, Jim's heart merely continued its heavy, lethargic beat as he put the bottle, still open, aside, and nodded his handsome new head.

"Yeah..." Jim said, redundantly, since Amzadi wouldn't have appeared *unless* summoned - but it was a stock phrase, something included in the curse that held one of the last Djinn in servitude to mankind. "You wanna grab a couple of beers, 'Zadi?"

"Certainly." Amzadi said, agreeably, padding off towards the kitchen to grab a couple of cold brews and bring them back. "All did not go as well as you had hoped, Master?"

Jim sighed again, thinking about the irony that his best friend in the whole world was a supposedly mythical creature of inestimable age and unimaginable power. One so ethical that he, along with his entire race, had willingly 'cursed' themselves to

eternal servitude after their first meetings with early mankind revealed that their own altruistic efforts to help man almost always resulted in unmitigated disaster.

Just as Amzadi had warned Jim before the first wish was ever uttered.

Taking the beer, Jim thanked Amzadi and popped it open, the two of them silent as they took long pulls on their beers. Though Amzadi didn't need food or drink for physical sustenance, he could - and did - enjoy the flavors and textures of food and drink, and when he lowered the bottle it was with a deep, rumbling sigh of satisfaction.

"What happened, Master?" The genie asked, waving a hand to draw an easy chair close enough for him to clamber into it and sit opposite his master and friend.

Mythology to the contrary, genies couldn't do 'anything'. They were bound by certain rules - and not obscure, mystical rules, but the same ones mankind had come to understand ruled the entire universe. Among these rules was the fact that a genie couldn't just create something out of nothing. Though Amzadi could change any given mass into any other object or material of the same mass, he couldn't just whip up anything out of 'thin air' - unless, of course, it was another gaseous substance of the same mass as the air.

There was also the fact that Amzadi, while able to change Jim's appearance, couldn't do anything at all to his mind, his memories and feelings...

...which was why Jim heaved a great, sad sigh.

"You were right." Jim admitted. "I may look like this, but I still feel like the geeky, unpopular young man - worse, because I feel like that, in this body I feel like I'm... I'm in some sort of 'costume', feeling even more self conscious."

"I'm sorry, Master." Amzadi said, honestly. "I had hoped I was wrong when I warned you about this."

Jim nodded. Amzadi had, indeed, warned him. After all, it wasn't really his body that had made Jim so shy and awkward all his life, not really. It was how he felt around other people, especially around 'the guys' - guys interested in sports and cars and music that Jim had never had an interest in. Bookish, with a taste for classical music, Jim felt lost in social situations, when people of his own age of twenty-two seemed to speak a foreign language.

Amzadi could do a lot of things - but he couldn't change the thoughts and memories Jim had, couldn't give him the frame of reference necessary to understand the jokes, comments and topics of conversations other people his age took for granted.

It wasn't that he hadn't tried, of course - he'd attempted to watch the same sports, shows, and concerts, listen to the same music - but for the life of him, he just couldn't figure out the attraction it held for those who actually enjoyed it. Worse, he'd started too late - because most of the movies and TV shows others in his age group enjoyed seemed to contain references he didn't understand, letting him know that the missed frame of references stretched all the way back to his childhood, when he'd grown up in a household without a television.

Now he'd learned that appearance didn't make up for a lack of social skills...

...and he'd 'shot his bolt'.

"Damn." Jim said, wearily. "I was really looking forward to 'storming the beach' tonight..."

It was a big yearly event, supposedly to commemorate D-Day. Held June sixth for as long as Jim could remember, it was an 'open event', not the sort of thing that required any invitation. Anybody could do it...

...if they had the guts, which is where Jim seemed to be coming up short. "Master, if I may..." Amzadi said, hesitantly.

"What?" Jim said, eagerly, leaning forward with renewed hope. "You have an idea?"

"Well..." Amzadi said, slowly. "The problem, really, is that you are aware of your own 'deficiencies' as you - and your social peers - see them. If you were to choose a form that was completely outside your own frame of reference, it might force you to stop trying to rely on the skills and interests that you know full well you don't have..."

Jim blinked, frowning. "What - you mean become, like, a midget or something strange?"

"Well, it might seem 'strange' to you..." Amzadi admitted, diffidently. "What I was thinking of, actually, was if you became female." "A girl?" Jim asked, wide-eyed. "You want me to turn myself into a.. a chick?"

"Surely none of the other men there would find it odd if you, as a woman, didn't know - or have an interest in - 'manly' things." Amzadi said. "Moreover, you yourself have told me that women tend to find you more of a 'friend' than somewhat they'd have any sexual interest in. That would be fine, if you were female - and not only would you get to attend this event you have been talking about for so long, but it would give you a perfect chance to examine these popular men 'in situ'. It would be very helpful for you, later."

Jim gaped, almost ready to dismiss the ludicrous idea out of hand...

...but not quite.

Amzadi had been nothing but helpful. Everything he'd done and said had been aimed at assisting Jim in his endeavors, and there was no sign - or reason - to believe that this was some sort of prank or trick. Amzadi, a being with much more wisdom and experience than himself, honestly thought this was a good idea.

"Really?" Jim said, doubtfully. "A girl? You think so?"

"I really do, Master." Amzadi affirmed. "You would still feel like... like 'a fraud', I think you'd say - but, unlike the way you felt today, you'd have good reason to feel that way. Also, it has been my experience that women are more.. forgiving than men. I really do believe you'd have a much easier time 'fitting in' as a woman than a man at tonight's festivities - and, as I said, this would give you an excellent chance to watch and learn from men who are comfortable in that situation."

"I don't know..." Jim said, not completely unwilling to be convinced, despite the clenched feeling in his gut. "It seems so... humiliating."

"It would, indeed - if there was any chance anybody could ever find out it was really you 'pretending' to be a female." Amzadi allowed, with a slight grin that showed his pointed teeth. "We both no that, with my powers, there's no chance of that, don't we?"

"Yeah." Jim chuckled, blushing brightly as he considered the idea. "Um... what, exactly, were you thinking of...?" Amzadi quickly fleshed out the basic concept.

"Hell, no!" Jim shouted, shaking his head violently...

..but, almost against his will, still listening - and still considering - as Amzadi hurried onward, explaining the logic behind the idea...

* * * * *

He couldn't believe he was doing this... No. That wasn't true.

She couldn't believe *she* was doing this.

It felt... strange. Not just physically, though there was a hell of a lot of new and different sensations that she could easily describe as 'strange'. Not necessarily *bad*, mind you - in fact, some of the sensations of her new form were quite pleasurable - disturbingly so, in some cases.

No, it felt strange *emotionally* - to be walking around, in broad daylight, not just in the body of a woman, but in the *persona* as a woman, not just looking female, but 'pretending' to be female, to act and behave and talk as if this form that people saw was her 'real' - her only - form.

However, as strange as it all seemed, however, the strangest part of the whole thing was that she was, indeed, was doing this. That was the weirdest part of all - that Amzadi had been right.

The whole situation was so strange, so weird, so unusual... that it somehow made it possible to do this, when she hadn't been able to get up enough gumption to do it in either of the male bodies she'd inhabited so far.

Amzadi had been right.

Just being female felt so strange and weird that it overshadowed anything else, situationally speaking. As a guy, Jim had felt comfortable, if lonely, when by himself, with only social situations pushing him into a sort of withdrawal that kept him from being able to cope - he'd escape back to when he felt comfortable.

In this body, however, she didn't feel comfortable anywhere, not really - so it was no 'worse' doing this publicly then it was to just stay at home and try to cope with the new form she wore.

It was quite the form, too, one of the things that had bothered her so much about this plan...

...and that thought returned with a vengeance as she felt the eyes of men - and not a few women - on her as she rather slowly and hesitantly climbed out of the cab she'd taken to the public beach and docks at the edge of Moccasin Lake.

They had good reason to look at her.

She was just an inch above five feet tall, not counting the extra height lent by the two inch stacked heels of her 'combat boots'.

Her body was lean and toned, well muscled without being unfeminine - and it was easy to see that fact. She was clad from neck to wrists to ankles in a black nylon body stocking that clung to every smooth inch of skin, darkening without really concealing.

Her more... private parts were concealed under a wrap-style miniskirt and a kerchief-style top, both green-and-black camouflage patterned. The skirt was wrapped around trim, boyish hips and a firm, full ass that lay below her slim, firm-muscled waist - and the kerchief top just barely covered her full, firm, round breasts.

Firm, round, EEE-cup breasts in a black strapless push-up bandeau bra that left quite the display of cleavage under the nylon above the kerchief top.

Topping off this eclectic ensemble was a Korean-war vintage US Army helmet perched atop her short, modishly-style thatch of deep red hair, and completing her 'Goth warrior chic' look was the compressed-gas powered paintball gun clutched in one slender hand.

"Um... hi..." She said, hesitantly, mentally wincing at the undeniably feminine voice the uncertain words came out in. "Uh... anybody got room for another passenger...?"

The response from the group of young men and women gathered around the multitude of boats, rafts and canoes lining the beach and docks immediately at the base of the beach immediately verified Amzadi's conclusions about how things would work out.

More than a dozen men and at least half a dozen women immediately offered her a place in their watercraft - some of which were already loaded to the maximum.

Nervously, she chose to accept the offer of one of the people she didn't know, feeling more comfortable 'playing a woman' around relative strangers. Managing a weak smile, she let herself be led to near the bow of the aluminum fishing boat, where the other 'armed' members of this particular craft were waiting in the light of the setting sun.

"Hey - how's it going?" The slender, deeply tanned young man at the very bow asked, smiling back at her as he held a hand back. Dressed in army-surplus clothing and carrying a pump-action paintball gun, he was nineteen or twenty, about the apparent age of her current form. "I'm Luke."

"Jane." She introduced herself with her current name. "Uh... nice to meet you."

"Sure." He said, being politely enough to peer surreptitiously at her cleavage, rather than openly like some of the other guys in the boat were doing. "You ready to hit the beaches?"

"I hope so..." She said, with another weak smile - as the boat began to move, growling under the weight of not only the people filling it, but the unpowered boats being towed in her wake.

With a rising whirl of noise, a flotilla of nearly fifty small watercraft headed out to cross the lake.

As was often the case of small towns that each boasted colleges, a rivalry had existed since time out of mind between the town where 'Jane' lived, and those 'no good bastards' who lived in Norman's Landings, the town across the lake.

For tonight, however, it wouldn't be Norman's Landing - it would be Normandy...

...and just slightly over a three hundred and fifty eighteen-to-twenty-four year-old men and women were going to 'storm the beach', taking over the enemy territory for their night-long party.

Of course, the same age-group of 'Landers' across the way weren't going to let them hit the beach without resistance - hence the paintball guns and water balloons carried by the 'assaulting army', roughly matching the arsenal of the opposing side...

...who, as part of tradition, were also 'guarding' a good-sized cache of booze and beer to supplement the lesser amount being hauled in the boats.

Since the end target of the night was to party, the eventual capture of the 'supply dump' was guaranteed, as more and more of the 'enemy troops' were captured or defected - but, as part of the tradition, the battle came before the party.

A battle that, just as the sun touched the horizon, got underway.

The first salvos were launched from the 'enemy' positions atop the low bluffs backing the beach. Three-man 'fire teams' were standing by - two of them each holding the end of a length of rubber surgical tubing which was, almost invariable, connected to a 'cup', and athletic supporter, holding a water balloon.

On order, ten of these giant sling-shots were fired, lobbing their 'weapons' towards the incoming boats.

"INNNN-coming!"

As the first ten balloons came down, only three of them managed to hit the gaggle of boats - but the 'shore artillery' that did impact targets immediately splattered the occupants with water colored with red food coloring...

...and the flotilla opened up in response, every person armed with a pain-ball gun responding to the attack.

Jane was one of these. Lifting the paintball gun to her slender shoulder, she began lofting rounds towards the shoreline.

The fact that she wasn't skilled in using the paintball gun didn't matter. What mattered was that she was firing, involved in the whole thing - and she felt a sort of rich joy welling up in her as she found herself into the rising roar of rebel shouts and yells pulled from the throats of the people around her.

Now paintballs flew almost randomly in both directions, punctuated by the incoming water balloons from the 'shore batteries'...

It was a simple fact. Collage-age students who would go out of their way to avoid 'serious' work of any kind would throw themselves into 'play' with a vigor and intelligence that was staggering - which all served to explain the 'flagship' of the incoming flotilla.

With a 'pfft' sound, the speedboat owned by one of the wealthier young man in town let loose with the 'heavy weapon' mounted on it's small front deck.

Three lengths of PVC central vacuum tubing mounted together in a triangular pattern and powered by the compressed air from a SCUBA cylinder belched out the thirty-six paintballs stuffed down the three-barreled throat of the weapon, creating an easily-visible 'buckshot' pattern on the bluffs - and one of the 'shore batteries' atop it.

As the cheers of the attacking group redoubled, the first boat reached the beach - and groups of screaming, cheering, laughing collage-age students stormed out onto the beach, firing paintball guns or lobbing water balloons with abandon, providing 'covering fire' for the unarmed, mostly female members of the assault who were busy dragging the beer and booze out onto the beach.

Laughing and cheering and enjoying herself immeasurably, Jane joined right in.

Rather than join in assaulting the bluffs, Jane chose a hung of driftwood as cover and provided 'covering fire' for the assault. Of course, she probably hit as many of her 'own' troops as the 'enemy', but it didn't matter. Every so often, somebody would swing by and drop off a beer or drink. Usually female, these 'bearers' would chat for a minute as they rested in her bit of cover...

...and Jane was amazed to find that, whether the more common female or the occasional male, each person accepted her as she appeared to be - right down to her awkwardness and lack of social graces.

In fact - they tried to make her feel more comfortable, much more so then she would have imagined, not to mention how they'd treated her as a man.

Of course, a lot of it came from the fact that men were supposed to be 'assertive' and 'assured' - but women were allowed to be more...

...more the way she really was inside, male or female.

It was a startling revelation - as was the fact that she was having more fun as a woman then she ever had as a male. It took nearly two hours until a mutual peace was established and the party began in earnest...

...by which time Jane was already pretty well on her way to being drunk, having failed to take her reduced body mass into account in her drinking.

She'd found herself a nice little spot in a small niche in the bluffs, surrounded on three sides by sandy walls that reflected back the heat of the small bonfire that Luke, the guy she'd met on the boat, had built.

She was sitting on his beach blanket, drinking his beer, her head swimming pleasantly as she leaned back against the sand wall, Luke a hand's-breadth away as they listened to the voices and music rising from the length of the beach. Across the fire sat Dave and Lucy, an 'enemy' couple who'd surrendered to Luke - in order to get some of his beer. Now, she was listening as Dave wound up a long, convoluted, and rather risqué joke.

"...and so, she says, 'Five bucks, same as in town!'" Dave finished, slapping his thigh and howling with laughter.

The other three chuckled politely - as Dave unsteadily rose to his feet, holding out a hand to Lucy and pulling her up, as well. "Well, we're gonna go find ourselves a little private space..." Dave said, winking salaciously as he led Lucy away.

It took a minute or two for Jane to realize that she was now alone with a fairly handsome young man - who was obviously interested in her, physically.

'Obviously' - because the realization came as Luke shuffled his butt over on the blanket, and lay an arm around her shoulders.

Even then, the intention of the move took a minute to register on her booze-befogged mind - long enough that by the time it register, it had been to long for her to suddenly jerk or act indignant...

...which was especially weird, because she didn't feel any particular urge to do that.

In fact, she was rather surprised to find that she didn't mind his arm around her shoulders. It felt warm and comfortable...

...and she'd found that she liked Luke. Really liked him.

He was attentive and interested and willing to listen to her - while ogling her, of course, but that was to be expected. In fact, for a social outcast like her, this was... almost heavenly.

The fact that came from being female was something she couldn't ignore - nor was the fact that she was enjoying it all so much that, despite the butterflies in her stomach and the mix of uncertain emotions rolling through her mind, she didn't want to do anything to ruin it.

All of which helped explain why, rather than stiffen or draw away from him when he slipped an arm around her, she slowly and hesitantly leaned into him...

...having already learned that she didn't have to hide her hesitancy or uncertainty, that he accepted it as being completely natural for a woman with a strange man.

Besides... it felt good.

It felt even better when Luke slid his hand down to lightly caress one firm, full breast. Part of her was a little unsure about this 'homosexual' feeling she was harboring...

...but, on the other hand, she was lonely, horny and drunk - and Luke was nice, friendly, and kind about the way he was 'coming on to her' - which was more than she could say about any sexual experience she'd had as a man.

Not that she'd had that many. Okay - she was a virgin.

After all, when you couldn't even manage to get by in a simple social situation, would shy away from parties and social gatherings due to fear, and just couldn't bring yourself to say three words to anything even remotely feminine, it was pretty damned hard to get laid.

As a man, at least.

As a woman - well, you really didn't have to do anything to get laid as a woman.

In fact, all you had to do was *not* do anything, and let the man - who was supposed to be the one doing something, the thing that Jim had always failed to be able to get through - do whatever he was going to do to 'get laid'.

Which was why, after some internal debate, Jane - did absolutely nothing.

As the hand fondling the cloth covering her firm breast met no resistance or complaint, Luke slid his other hand over to begin caressing one nylon-clad leg - and again there was no complain, nor resistance.

So, leaning over, her pressed his lips against hers...

...and she began to kiss back, her first overt contribution to this situation. It felt... really, really nice.

From there, things progressed more or less apace, Jane slightly bemused to find how easy it was to get laid as a woman, especially as an 'unskilled' one - all she had to do was follow Luke's lead as polite groping and kissing progressed onwards. Soon, she found herself being eased back on the blanket, clothes being strewn around her as eager hands groped warm flesh - on either side of the equation.

It all felt so *good*.

Not just physically - but emotionally, as well. It all felt really, *really*, *really* good.

So good, that she not only didn't do anything to discourage Luke, she actually began making soft little sounds of encouragement...

...and, as he slid his cock into her wet, ready cunt and penetrated her for her very first sexual experience, it became shouts of encouragement and began rocking her hips, working her body against him without skill, but with great fervor.

Which only grew greater as the incredible sensations doubled and redoubled, more pleasure than she'd ever felt in her life as she fondled her own breasts, hips bucking wildly as she gasped and moaned in extreme pleasure, loving the sensation of being filled by a man's cock...

...and loving the way Luke said her name as he thrust into her over and over again, increasing the pleasure that she felt with every second.

Every passing second - until she reached her first female orgasm and cried out her pleasure, screaming and moaning and gaping, still begging him to fuck her harder and faster even as her orgasm ripped through her like nothing she'd ever felt before.

Her scream of pleasure were long and high and shrill, and would have embarrassed her greatly if she'd had the presence of mind to realize what she was doing.

Of course, if she'd had the presence of mind to notice what she was doing, she would have become quite aware of the fact that she wasn't the only female voice screaming out her pleasure into the night air...

* * * *

"So, did you enjoy yourself, Mistress?" Amzadi asked, grinning as Jane walked in the door. She blushed nearly as red as her hair. "Uh - yeah, I did."

"I'm glad to hear that..." He said, slyly. "So - are you ready to change back?" "Um... not quite." She said, her blush deepening even more.

"Why would that be, Mistress...?" Amzadi asked, a knowing tone to his voice. Her blushed deepened - but her voice was defiant as she answered:

"I have a date tonight."

Laughing, Amzadi watched his new mistress toss her head and strut off to the bedroom, a wiggle in her firm new ass as she mentally savored the joys of being in the body that Amzadi, with all his years of wisdom and experience, had subtly chivvied her into wearing...

...for the rest of her life, if he wasn't mistaken. THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A group of college men and woman enter a "haunted" house on Halloween as part of pledge week, little do they know that the spirits of the house have their own idea of Trick or Treat.

The Initiation

By Gunslinger

Sunday, October 31st, 1999 - 11:38 p.m.

The cold, chill wind of autumn whistled through the stark, bare branches of the trees lining the pitted, overgrown paving-stones that had once formed a long, winding drive. Leaves, some still holding their bright hues, but most the color of old pennies, scurried and tumbled over the worn surface with a chitter, caught in the grip of the bitter wind. Above, dark clouds scudded low over the sky, obscuring the fey light of the moon.

Like a pair of bright sabers, twin spears of light cleaved the darkness, illuminating the dark, forbidding trunks of the dormant trees as the car made it's way over the occluded path. A small, aging import, the rusting vehicle moved slowly, bouncing and swaying as it's small, narrow tires rolled through the aged ruts in the drive. The bottom of the vehicle made ominous sounds as the buckled stones between the wheel-ruts rattled and banged on the rusting under side of the aging vehicle.

Reaching a spot where the trees lining the road drew back a dozen yards or so, the vehicle swung off the pitted stones and into the long, autumn-browened grass, coming to a shuddering halt as the weak-sounding mutter of the four-cylinder engine dies into silence. The door swung open, and the dome light inside the vehicle sprang to life.

Shivering, the occupant - a slender young man of Asian heritage - swung his legs outside the car and rested his elbows on his knees, crossing his arms as he shivered in the chill air. Dressed impeccably in a black tuxedo complete with bow-tie, the youth had the air of somebody who was waiting for something. On the seat next to him rested a violin case, its brass hinges and clasps gleaming under the glow of the dome-light.

A few moments passed, and the youth had just checked his watch, the dark eyes in his slender face inscrutable and enigmatic, when the sound of an engine carried in the brief cessation of the wind. The noise slowly built upon itself, a growling, powerful sound that reached a crescendo as a single beam split the Stygian darkness and washed across the faded red pain of the car.

The large, meticulously maintained motorcycle swung in beside the car, its engine dying with a last, almost defiant burst of revolutions. Long and low and sleek, the bike was a study in black-and-chrome power, the only color highlighting the stark contrast of gleaming metal provided by the red and orange around the legend 'Indian'.

The rider of the powerful bike was well matched to his vehicle - a tall, massively muscled black man with hands the size of ham-hocks and dark, wary eyes.

His current ensemble of clothing, on the other hand, was definitely at odds with both the bike and its rider.

Dark blue knee-britches strained over muscular thighs and revealed the massive, thick calves below. A white cotton shirt was straining at the buttons as it curved over massive, broad pectorals and a flat, ridged abdomen. The blue blazer over the shirt looked ready to burst its seams where the man's broad shoulders pushed outwards, and the matching 'poofy' bow-tie barely could barely find a place to rest as the man seemed to have no neck, his broad, chiseled face rising directly from massive shoulders. Atop the man's usually shaven head lay a wig of long brown hair that fell in curls, topped by a ludicrous blue hat with a white band.

"Hey, Charlie - can you believe this shit?" The biker asked, his voice rumbling in a sound reminiscent of his bike's engine. A disgusted look was plastered on his heavy-featured face. "Man, I can't believe that I'm doin' this."

The Asian's dark eyes remained inscrutable. "Through shame, one learns the value of honor, and through adversity, the meaning of success." He spoke in a soft, strangely beguiling voice.

The black man's eyes narrowed. "What?"

Unable to hold it any longer, Charles Yawakuzi dropped the act and laughed. In his normal speaking voice, he elucidated "If you want to get into the Frat, ya gotta dress like a dork."

Walker Forman grimaced. "Hey - you can laugh, man. It looks like you got off easy. What the hell you s'posed to be, anyhow - a butler?"

Picking up the violin case, Charlie brought it out for inspection. "Nope - a violinist." One eyebrow rose. "And I'm not saying I got off lucky until I see who my 'date' is."

"Yeah - smart thinking, bro." Walker agreed. "Hell, you might get paired up with the Demon Bitch from hell or sumthin', ya know?"

Charlie nodded. "Yup - It'd be just my luck, too." He glanced at his watch. "In any case, we should find out before too long. It's getting late, and the others should be here any second." He glanced past the line of tree and upwards. "I hope it's soon - at least we'll be outta the wind in there."

'There' was the low, sprawling mass of stone outlined against the horizon. Laying at the terminus of the drive they were on, the massive mass of dark stone was a creepy old mansion - or, perhaps more accurately, castle - that fulfilled all the prerequisites of a horror-movie set. Aging and empty, Brandt Castle had been the home of an eccentric old man who'd built the forbidding stronghold in the late thirties. He'd lived there, almost a recluse, until his strange disappearance in the late eighties, at the rumored age of a hundred and twenty years. Although it was assumed he was dead, the police - who'd searched the eerie building from top to bottom, had been unable to turn up a body.

The place was dark, forbidding, eerie - and to get into the local Frat, Charlie, Walker and two other guys had to spend the night inside the looming structure.

But there was more to the initiation than just spending the night in a supposedly cursed old house. One of the other parts to the little 'game' was the costumes they'd been assigned - in which 'humiliation factor' was obviously a part. The second part tied into the costumes as well.

The 'blind dates'.

They'd been told that four girls who were attempting to get into the local sorority were also being forced to spend a night in Brandt Castle. But more than that, these girls - whose identities hadn't been given - would be wearing costumes that they'd been assigned, as well. Each girl's costume would 'match up' with one of the guys, and they were a 'team' - they had to remain together the entire evening, or both members of the 'team' flunked the initiation.

As the two youth traded small-talk, shivering in the chill wind (Walker felt like his bare calves were going to get frostbitten), there was the sound of another engine, and both pair of dark eyes swung towards the road.

As soon as the gloss-white Beamer came into view, each of them mentally crossed their fingers, hoping against hope that the owner of that particular vehicle was clad in a something other than the 'matching' costume of their own.

The owner of the infamous vehicle was known to almost everybody on campus - Pamela Goodhartz. A trim, attractive blonde with great legs and a remarkably slender waist, the young woman missed 'beautiful' only on account of the haughty expression that seemed etched on her smooth, well-formed face. Fate had thrown a fit of irony into life by grossly mismatching the woman to the name - the daughter of a wealthy family and an inveterate snob, Pamela would have been better suited by a last name such as 'Rich-Bitch'.

The expensive BMW pulled to a stop in the grassy area on the other side of the drive. The door popped open, and the trim, slender figure of Pamela emerged - and both men sighed in relief at the sight of her 'Cinderella' dress. Made of blue sequins, the dress was sleeveless, clinging to her small, taut bosom and incredibly slender waist before flaring out into an ankle-length skirt. The shoulder- straps of the dress were big, puffy, white-sequined 'flares' that matched the white opera gloves and white shoes she wore.

"Oh..." Pamela said coolly, eyeing Walker as she might eye a chained ape. "Hello." She didn't even glance at Charlie, apparently deeming him below notice at all. She smirked at the outfit that the massive black wore, and his eyes narrowed as his hands balled up into fists.

Before anymore unpleasantness could issue from the brown-eyed blonde, two more vehicles arrived, one after another, spilling out their passengers into the chill air, and the even chillier gaze of Pamela.

The first was Alan Reed. Slender, with a short mop of dark-red hair and a slightly horse-like face, he usually slouched around campus in faded Levi's and a various dull-colored sweatshirts. However, his costume tonight was definitely different than his usual outfit, and Charlie was beginning to think that maybe he *did* get off lucky.

Alan was dressed in women's clothing. A powder-blue short-sleeve blouse with a square neckline hung untucked over the knee-length black skirt that revealed his shaven legs encased in black nylons. The shoes enclosing his feet were black leather with a short, block heel, and his face was carefully made up. There was even jewelry - a pair of small clip-on earrings, and a 'wedding ring'. But bad enough as that was, it wasn't the worst of the costume - that 'honor' went to a combination one-two punch for his 'girlish figure'.

The first 'punch' was the painfully tight black leather corset that he lifted his shirt slightly to display. So tight that sitting in the car had been painful, the heavy black garment cinched his already slim waist down into womanly proportions.

But it was hard to notice Alan's waist - you had to get past his chest first.

Obviously going for humiliation, the Frat boys who'd put together Alan's costume had supplied 'tits' that were held in place by the straps of the 'bra' they'd had made. However, it wasn't just the fact that he had a 'bust' that was so humiliating - it was the size of the monstrosities they'd chosen for 'tits'. The size of beach-balls, that's basically what they, in fact, were - fully inflated beach-balls covered in a thin sheathing of flesh-colored foam rubber. The massive 'tits' strained the shirt to its limit, and the white satin 'bra' they'd had made was faintly visible through the shirt.

The second arrival was obviously Charlie's date, as she was dressed in a simple black dress, and lugging a cello case as she emerged from her car. A somewhat chunky girl with long, wavy black hair that was her best feature, Charlie had seen her once or twice on campus, but didn't know her by name until she shyly introduced herself as Maryanne Plunkett. She joined Charlie at his car, shuffling anxiously from foot to foot, ill at ease. She was obviously self-conscious about the way her somewhat thick - but not entirely unattractive - body looked in the dress, and Charlie tried to make her feel at ease with some small talk.

A moment or two passed, then another vehicle arrived. The doors swung open - and there were an interesting mix of expressions on the faces of those already there.

It was the Garrison 'twins'.

Not actually twins, Marc and Micki (somehow derived from 'Michelle') were siblings that differed in age by a little more than a year, and who might as well have been twins, so similar in appearance were they.

Mark - dressed in white tights, blue doublet and cape, and broad brimmed plumed hat that made it obvious he was Pamela's 'date' - was tall and broad shouldered, with the muscular build of an outdoorsman rather than a body-builder. With an easy smile and an amiable nature, he got along with everybody, and even Pamela only sighed lightly, despite the fact that Marc was a 'working-class stiff' and would be beneath her dignity if he were any other than the guy voted 'Nicest Guy on Campus'.

Of course, the fact that he was devilish handsome and (as the tight doublet and hose made quite clear) very well endowed didn't hurt. However, all the things that made Marc look like a near-perfect 'All American Guy' did something else for his slightly older sister.

She was tall and broad shouldered for a woman, with strong, even features much like Marc's. In many ways, she was a near carbon-copy of her brother, but somehow transmogrified into a feminine version - and there was no doubt that she was female. Despite her smooth musculature, slender hips and wide shoulders, she was still attractive, if not 'dainty'. Most men, upon seeing Micki, thought of Brigitte Neilson - only better endowed, as Micki possessed a pair of incredibly firm, round, high-set breasts that were easily a triple D-cup, yet looked just right on her frame. More than one guy had tried to date the attractive, powerful woman, but Micki had grown up in a house with three brothers, and was a quintessential tomboy, and she tended to have brief, energetic sexual flings that inevitably settled into comfortable friendships rather than relationships.

Micki laughed and walked over to Walker, shaking her head. "I guess you're my date, handsome." She said, holding out her hand. "I'm Micki."

Walker introduced himself, having to shake his own head at the sorority girls who'd paired them together. As silly as he looked in his 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' outfit, Micki was equally unsuited for her costume.

Balanced atop black platform shoes with six inch heels, she wore little white ankle socks with pink frills. Her long, attractively muscled legs disappeared under the hem of a short, puffy pink skirt with white lace trim. Over her prodigious bust

was stretched a matching pink blouse with puffy short sleeves and lace collar. To complete the 'Little Miss' look, her long, golden hair was topped with a big pink bow.

"Well, that leaves us short by one." Marc said, looking around at the pairs they'd formed into. It wasn't hard to spot Alan, standing by himself in his top-heavy costume. "I think we're all matched up right, which means we're just missing your 'date'."

Before Alan could reply, there was a muffled whine that indicated that the missing member of their odd little clique was about to make an entrance - which she promptly did, atop a motor-scooter.

It took half a second - then the entire group (excluding Pamela, but including the new arrival) broke into laughter. Whoever had planned this had been inspired for this particular match-up.

Where Micki was muscular in a smooth, feminine way, Terri White-Feathers was a mass of muscle to rival Walker. Short, even for a woman, the woman seemed as wide as she was tall, with massive, bulging biceps and thighs. Her Sioux heritage was obvious in her darkly bronze skin, dark eyes and short mane of gloss black hair.

And, to make the whole joke complete, she was dressed in a pair of jeans, a baggy sweatshirt that hid her small breasts, and a pair of men's running shoes. She wore no makeup, and the watch on one wrist was a large men's model.

But, as Alan's 'female' costume was made undeniable by the massive bust, Terri's jeans were straining at the crotch over whatever massive object that was pretending to be an equally outsize cock and balls. To make sure that there was absolutely no doubt as to who she was teamed with, she wore a matching 'wedding' ring on her finger.

After making sure that everybody had been introduced to each other, the octet finally turned and began to walk the last stretch of road leading up to the forbidding building looming above them.

* * * * * **11:56 p.m.**

"So - how do we get in?"

Marc asked the question in a reasonable tone of voice that would have been a little more effective if not for the sudden 'thud' of Walker throwing his bulk against the thick oak door that barred entry to the broody mass of stone.

"Well, we could..." Alan started to reply, only to be cut short by an even louder 'thud'. The small group huddle around the planter near the door looked up at the booming sound, smirking as Terri, Walker and Micki rebounded from the iron-bound door with muffled curses.

"Uh, guys?" Marc called to the muscular trio. "That's an oak door, at least two inches thick and reinforced with iron bands. Working together, the three of you could probably replace a locomotive and haul freight over the Rockies - but trying to batter that door down's only going to bruise you."

The three outlandishly clad new friends looked at each other, gauged the looks they received, then looked at the door again.

The door was set into a three-story tall octagonal tower that protruded out from, and over, the rest of the two-story building. The only break in the heavy stone wall was the door they were assaulting - which, as a quick circuit of the house after finding the door locked had revealed, was the only entrance to the building, the stone walls otherwise unbroken aside from small, slit-like windows on the second story that were too narrow to fit through - even if they could find a way up to them.

"One... two... three..." Micki counted off, and all three rushed the door again. With the same result.

"Okay - I felt it shudder that time." Walker said, rubbing a shoulder gingerly. "Let's give it one more try - third time's the charm, right?"

The three of them crouched and prepared to charge again, as the rest of the group shrugged and turned to watch the 'fun' with amused expressions - even Pamela seemed to find this vaguely entertaining.

"Okay. One... Two..." "Hold it!"

This came from Maryanne, and all heads swung in her direction - more out of the fact that she'd spoken, rather than what she'd said. Obviously painfully shy, she'd barely spoken two dozen words - and those had been in a quiet, hesitant voice.

Now, she brushed brightly at all the eyes on her, and seemed to shrink back in herself a bit at all the attention.

"What is it, Maryanne?" Charlie asked, keeping his voice friendly and supportive, and receiving a grateful look in response. "Um... this place is, like... really ugly, right?" She half asked, half stated.

"Well, thank you for the architectural critique, my dear." Pamela said, coolly. "Why don't..."

Marc's hand on her arms stopped her biting comment, and she glared daggers at him for interrupting, but - surprisingly - held the rest of her comment. "Go on." Marc urged Maryanne.

Blushing even deeper, Maryanne stammered when she spoke. "Well, um.. there's like, um.. no decoration at all, and no.. um, landscaping and..." She stopped, then spoke in a rush, getting her idea out in one unbroken string of words. "WhyisthereaplanterouthereandIthinkweshouldlookunderit." Like a balloon, she seemed to deflate as the words rushed out of her, practically curling into Charlie's comforting embrace.

It took the others a second to decode her words. You could tell who figured it out in which order by watching the eyes swivel to stare at the planter they were clustered around. Then, Alan sank to his knees and pushed against the large, ugly stone object, teeth clenched as he strained...

It barely budged. Alan relaxed and stood, looking over at the muscular trio bunched to the side. With a smile, he clasped his press-on- nailed fingers together over his massive bosom and spoke in a remarkably realistic, Southern-accented falsetto. "Oh, my dear, I fear little ol' me will never move this."

Laughing, Terri strode over, forcing her voice into as low a register as she could. "Step aside, woman - you're big strong man's here now."

Fluttering his artificial eyelashes - garnering another laugh - Alan steeped aside to let 'her husband' get at the planted. With a powerful motion, Terri tipped the planter over - revealing an old-fashioned style key, only lightly touched oxidation along it's brass length.

"Eureka!" Marc said, stopping and scooping up the prize. Leaning over, he kissed Maryanne soundly on the cheek, causing her to go a deep red - and to smile.

Following Marc closely - and saying a few congratulatory words to the blushing brunette - the rest of the group followed Marc up to the door. Inserting the key into the lock he twisted it and was rewarded with a hollow 'clunk' as the large tumblers moved. He pushed the door open and walked inside, followed by the others.

"Hey, anybody got a flashlight?" Marc called.

"Yeah - Stuck one in the violin case." Charlie replied. "Hang on - I'll just step outside so I can see the clasps to..."

That's when the door swung shut with a heavy booming nose, cutting off the little light that seeped from the cloudy skies and leaving them in stifling darkness.

* * * * * Midnight

Charlie winced as Maryanne screamed, practically in his ear - but it was short, as she cut it off in a second, leaving behind an instant of silence before she giggled.

"Sorry - it's just that it's so..." She trailed off.

"Creepy?" Pamela's voice came out of the darkness - and heads swung in a useless attempt to gape at her, for she'd spoke the word not in sarcasm, but in a commiserate tone. It was the first vaguely humane thing she'd ever done within earshot of any of them, and they were startled to realize that even Miss Rich Bitch could be nervous in the dark.

Then a stab of light flared, making them all squint as their eyes adjusted. "Ha!" Charlie said, triumphantly. "I knew I could... what the *fuck*?"

A couple of them gasped. Charlie had been swinging the flashlight around, and now it was aimed at the door they'd come in...

...only, there was no door there. Only blank wall, broken by a small wooden plaque with writing of some sort carved into it. "What the hell... did I get turned around?" Charlie asked, slowly swinging the flashlight around the room.

"No - I mean, I'd swear that's where we came in, too." Alan said, confused.

The flashlight's beam confirmed the impossible. It swept slowly in a circle, revealing the octagonal space they were in. Directly opposite of where all of them thought they'd entered, there was a small opening that showed only darkness, and couldn't possibly be the door they'd come in, only mistaken in location. No, the opening was definitely into the building proper - yet by the time the beam had come back to the plaque, there was no sign of the door which had provided access to the room in which they stood.

"This just isn't possible!" Walker said, angrily. He stormed over to the seemingly solid wall. "It's gotta be some sort of trick - like the inside of the door's covered with fake stones or somethin..." His voice died as his fingers met cold, unyielding stone, with no trace of a seam where the 'hidden' door would have to be. Thumping against the surface yielded no hollow sounds, only the dull, meaty sound of fist on unyielding stone.

"This can't be..." Pamela said, shaking her head. The entire group was now clustered around the place where all of their senses told them there should be a door - but wasn't.

"Holy shit..." Micki breathed. She'd been reading the plaque on the wall, and now her face was pale. "Read this, guys. Charlie, give 'em more light."

Charlie shone the beam full on to the wooden plaque, and they all leaned in closer to read the words inscribed on its aging surface;

By an All Hallow's midnight, horrors you will learn.

Onward you must travel, to gain the exit that you yearn. Two tests for each, choices all, each must take their turn.

Face the demons, make your choice, but to yourself you'll not return.

Escape this house by sunrise, or in Hades shall you burn.

"No." Walker said, shaking his head. "Uh, uh. This is some sort of joke - part of the initiation."

"Yeah - you're probably right." Terri agreed, and a couple of them murmured agreement and relaxed.

Maryanne, however, was clutching Charlie's arm, wide-eyed and obviously spooked, and Marc looked unsure as he asked, "But... how'd they hide the door?"

Pamela obviously had control of herself by now - or, perhaps more accurately, was using the explanation of it being part of the initiation to reassure herself. "Don't be silly." She said, her voice once more cool. "They had ages to set this up. Obviously, if we want to get in, we have to play they're stupid little game. Now, lets just get *on* with it."

They looked around at each other, gauging what they read in each other's eyes.

"Well - we sure as hell can't get out through here." Marc said, banging on the wall. "We might as well look for another way out." He didn't mention that they search along the exterior of the building had yielded no signs of another exit. If they were right and the door they'd come in was just hidden, then maybe there was an exit that was hidden on the outside.

But when he'd thumped the wall, it had felt solid to him....

* * * * * **12:11 a.m.**

By the flickering glow of kerosene lamp, the group of young men and women looked around the room the found themselves in, just inside the door that led from the tower.

"All right - let's stick together and try to make the best of this." Marc said, rubbing his hands together in chill, still air of the castle. "Charlie - are you willing to share your little cache with us? Kind of a 'good luck' drink?"

The Asian shrugged. "Sure."

They'd found the lamps sitting on small tables just inside the door and lit them with Walker's matches, to spare the batteries of the flashlight Charlie had the foresight to bring. But that wasn't the only think he'd secreted inside the violin case - he'd also brought with him a small bottle of scotch, and it was this that Marc was referring to. He thought it might keep all of their spirits up if they each had a drink, although the eight of them would empty the bottle pretty quickly...

"uh..." Maryanne said, and once more the group turned to look at her. She was blushing. "Maybe.. I mean, we could " She stumbled to a stop - then ducked out of the circle the group had made, into the darkness of the tower. "Wait! Where are ?" Charlie called after her.

"I'll get her." Walker said, ducking into the dark doorway, the smoke from the cigarette he held between his thick lips wafting in a trail after him.

There was a second of silence - then Walker's laughter rolled out of the darkness, followed shortly by the massive man himself, trailed by Maryanne.

In the foppishly dressed black man's bulging arms was Maryanne's cello case, left behind in the rush - and it was open, exposing a remarkable array of booze.

"I thought... well, spending the night by ourselves and.." Maryanne tried to explain. She paused. "I brought enough for everyone."

Laughing, Charlie gave her a big kiss, right on the lips. The others also chuckled, shaking their heads at the mousy little girl who proved, so far, to be one of the most useful members of their group, followed closely by her 'date'.

Selecting a bottle each, with only a couple of minutes wrangling over who got what, they stood once more in a loose circle.

"Here's to Maryanne!" Marc said, holding up his bottle. The others echoed the sentiment, clinking their bottles together lightly, then taking varying amounts as each one's personality dictated in a complimentary slug.

Forming into a rough double line, each person with their date, they headed into the darkness. Walker, with one of the lamps, took the lead, Micki close beside him. Behind them came Charlie and Maryanne, even closer together as they actually embraced. Behind the embracing couple came Alan and Terri, having to leave a half-step more between them and Charlie to make room for Alan's impossible bust-line. Bringing up the rear was Marc and Pamela. Marc held the other lap, and Pamela walked a half-step behind and a step to the side, her arms wrapped around each other with her hands trying to cover the brae skin of her shoulders above the opera-length white silk gloves she wore.

Catching the movement out of the corner of his eye, Marc paused and pulled off his cape, holding it out to her. Pamela turned up her nose. "No, thanks - I'm quite all right, thank you."

Marc smiled wryly. "Never said you weren't. This damned thing's pretty heavy, and it's bugging the hell outta me."

Pamela looked startled - then, almost invisible, a faint smile tugged at the corner of her lips. "And you want me to act like a pack mule, right?" She asked - but there was no rancor as she took the thick cape and pulled it around her like a shawl, protecting her bare shoulders. Marc turned away and moved to catch up.

A second later, he became aware of a presence beside him as Pamela caught up to him - and continued to walk beside him, inches away.

Before he could make anything of it, however, she spoke. "Don't think this means I owe you anything, Marc." Mentally shaking his head, Marc kept his peace as they continued deeper into the house.

* * * * * **12:23 a.m.**

"Well - I'd say this is where the test begin." Marc said, looking at what lay before them.

There was eight doors. All made of thick oak and bound in iron, each one had one of their names written upon it.

"I guess we're each supposed to go through our own door, and there we'll find our 'test'." Walker said, with a grin. "See, I told you it was some kinda prank - otherwise, how would our name get on these doors?"

Marc, however, still wasn't quite sure. "Well - let's get it over with."

"Wait a sec!" Charlie protested. "The rules said we had to stay with our dates! What if this is some kind of set-up to disqualify us?"

Marc shrugged. "Well, if this is a prank, it's set up by the same person who gave us the original rules - so, if we don't follow these instructions, they'd have just as much reason to disqualify us. Either way..."

"yeah." Charlie agreed.

With that, each of them opened the door with their name on it and stepped through.

* * * * *

12:24 a.m. - *Walker*.

Stepping through the opening, Walker heard the door swing shut behind him - but he didn't turn to look, as he was too busy staring. He was in a bedroom.

It was a typical on-campus dorm room. There were the usual posters and bric-a-brac, odds and ends, as well as clothing, a desk with a computer on it - and, of course, a bed. In fact, it wasn't all that different - except for one thing.

This was most definitely a girl's bedroom.

He shook his head and began to gingerly move around, looking at various items - then stopped dead, picking up the photo that sat beside the computer.

"What the...?" He muttered, shocked.

It was a photo of Micki and Marc, both several years younger, standing in front of a lake somewhere, smiling. Walker's head snapped up and he looked around with a new eye.

"I'm in Micki's dorm room - how the Hell..." He was stunned. It was miles and miles of distance between the castle and the dorm - yet he'd simply stepped through a door and ended up here...

...unless, of course, this wasn't really Micki's room, but a mock-up.

Slowly, he made another circuit of the room, looking for anything that might give it away. "Holy geez..."

Walker stopped, his mouth dropping open. He'd ended up at a two-way mirror in the corner. To make looking at herself easier, Micki (or whoever had set up this simulated room) had installed a full length mirror on each wall of the corner, thus providing a double view.

The only think was - neither mirror was actually reflecting at the moment.

The one on the left showed him - only, he was dressed in a completely different outfit than the ridiculous one he wore now. In the reflection - which moved as he moved - he was dressed in all black, right down to a pair of black leather gloves.

In his right hand, his 'reflection' held a long, wicked looking knife. A knife that slowly dripped large droplets of blood from its gore-soaked blade. And in the background, on the bed, he could see a mound that was similarly gore-soaked - even the long, blonde hair that trailed over the bed.

Whirling, Walker verified that the room was indeed empty - no disemboweled body was soaking the bed in blood, and there was no grotesque splatter of blood on the wall - until he looked in the mirror again, and could see both quite clearly.

Then he shifted his gaze to the other mirror. The one that showed...

Micki. Well, sort of. It was her, right down to the costume she'd been wearing - but the reflection in that mirror also moved as Walker moved.

"man - this is too damned strange..." Walker said... Then, it got stranger.

The door to the room popped open, and Walker spun around. His jaw dropped as he stared - for several reasons. The first was the fact that Micki's roommate, Cindy, was leaning in the door. The second was that, behind Cindy, there was no stone hallway, as there had been moments before, but the living-room of a standard dorm.

Thirdly - because Cindy's neck had been gut from ear to ear, and she'd been gutted.

"Choose..." Cindy said, her voice a hoarse rattle. "Choose - become like her, or kill those who are like her. You must choose - for if you do not, the choice will be made for you, and you will be both - you will be like her as you kill yourself. So choose - or die."

Walker gaped at the apparition in front of him, wondering how any of this was possible. "I.. I don't understand!" He told the Cindy in the doorway (it had to be make-up, right...? But he could smell the blood...) "How...? What...?"

"Choose a mirror, and touch it. Now - or never."

Slightly spooked, Walker staggered back - and bumped into one of the mirrors.

"You have chosen..." Cindy intoned - then, before his very eyes, her wounds vanished, and she stood whole and unmarked. "Hey, what's up?"

Confused, Walker just gaped at her, wondering how they'd done... whatever they'd done. Then a strange cramp struck his gut, and he grimaced.

"All th' sudden, I feel.." He started to say - then, with a moan, he suddenly doubled over, clutching at his stomach. The hat and wig tumbled off, revealing his clean-shaven scalp.

Walker's skin was.. moving.

Not just his skin - his clothes too seemed to be melting or something. The massive black man's mouth opened in a scream - but no sound emerged.

Then, suddenly - he began to get taller.

Walker wasn't getting taller - as he watched, shocked, his writhing shoes began to change shape, the small, flat heel rising upwards, narrowing as it did so...

He couldn't see everything at once - there was no way. Instead, what happened next came in a flurry of images, disjointed and almost unreal. The way his short pants became baggy, rapidly lightening in color, fading through purple and violet as the bottoms of the pants rose and flared farther and farther out...

The way his massive biceps began to shrink, his whole arm slowly fading in color, becoming pale even as the hair seemed to fall away...

...as the contours of his rapidly lightening legs shifted and altered...

Before time to break the shocked paralysis that gripped he had them, it was over, and Walker staggered, staring down at...

..herself. Because, in those few seconds, he'd turned into an exact copy of Micki, right down to the clothes she was wearing. Balanced easily atop the high-heeled shoes, he looked into the mirrors, both of which also showed Micki - moving the way he moved.

He'd become an exact clone of her.

"Holy fuckin..." Walker started to exclaim - then stopped dead at the sound of her voice - exactly the same as Micki's.

She staggered back from the mirrors, horrified, finally realizing that this was no collage prank - no this was something far, far different.

Horrified, unable to think clearly, she gave a small, horrified scream she didn't even hear. Turning, she staggered to the now-closed door, yanked it open, and stepped...

* * * * *

1:24 a.m. - *Micki*

Micki stepped through the door...

..and suddenly stopped dead.

She didn't have a choice. Stunned, she looked down, then up, to find herself chained, spread eagle, at wrists and ankles.

"What the..?" She asked, eyes wide. She looked around, nearly panicked, wonder what the hell had happened - one instant she was stepping through the door, the next she was chained in the middle of a large, empty room.

Well - not empty. Because, across from her, seated in a chair was...

..a demon.

The creature gave all the indications of being just that - the skin was a dull, dusky red, and didn't look like make-up. Neither did the horns, or the glowing red eyes, or the tail.

The creature rose to its full height, and held up an object. A massive black dildo, complete with a set of balls at the end. It was huge.

"Oral or anal?" It asked, almost politely. Its voice was unlike anything Micki had ever heard a human throat make, sounding like a rockslide that spoke.

"Wha.. what.." Micki stammered, her nostrils assaulted by the smell of brimstone.

"Do you want to take this orally or anally?" The demon asked. "Either one will have an effect. If I shove it deep up your ass, you'll find yourself forever possessed of the craving to be fucked up the ass - figuratively speaking." It smiled, displaying yellowed, pointed teeth. "You'll do anything you can to become the most pathetic wretch on earth. Drugs and booze and sex. You'll only consort with the most wretched slime of humanity, and enter a downward spiral of debauchery that will drag you down - and along with you, you're two youngest brothers, who will follow you every step of the way." He cocked his head. "Take it orally, and this will become yours, for your use and pleasure - and I assure you that it will be pleasurable if you use it. however, its use will be your own choice." It smiled. "Most of the time."

It tapped the dildo thoughtfully. "I give you ten seconds to choose - or I do both. Now - choose."

Micki wasn't sure what was going on, and even less sure of what was being offered - but as the creature approached her, holding the massive dildo, she was sure that if it was shoved into her ass, it would rupture her - it was too big. Probably for her mouth, too - but..."

"Oral.." Micki whispered as the creature smiled.

Stepping up to her, it placed the end of the massive dildo against her lips - and pushed.

She strained, trying to keep her teeth clenched - but it did no good. Her jaw was forced farther and farther apart as the massive, thick plastic phallus forced its way deeper and deeper into her mouth - and throat.

Impossibly, her mouth and throat seemed to stretch to accommodate the massive dildo. Slowly, the huge object continued farther and farther into her - until, with a wet, slurping sound, the end of it - the massive fake balls - slid past her lips, and down her throat, creating a massive bulge in her neck as it slid down a pipe that should have been way too small for it's passage.

Micki gagged and coughed slightly - then felt a strange sensation - and understood what the creature had meant. Shocked, she gazed downwards, feeling the sensation as her vagina began to change, bulging outwards. Her panties drew tighter and tighter around the bulge as it filled - and she knew that, dangling between her legs, was a massive cock, identical to the penis she'd just swallowed - except that it was real.

Then, there was a strange whirling sensation in her mind, and the world seemed to gray out before reforming into...

* * * * *

1:24 a.m. - *Charlie*

Although he'd really had no choice - not when the option was becoming a pedophile - Charlie gritted his teeth as the demon-nurse smiled merrily.

"This is going to hurt - a lot." She/it promised - then rammed two needles into Charlie's chest. He screamed. The pain was incredible.

Laughing, the 'nurse' walked over to the machine beside the 'operating table' in the Geiger-inspired OR, and turned on the pump.

Charlie screamed again, in both pain and horror, as the flesh beneath his nipples began to slowly bulge outwards, forming two perfect domes that increased slowly and agonizingly, forming small, almost prepubescent mounds - then continued to grow.

He'd really had no choice, he kept telling himself through the haze of pain. It was either become a pedophile - or accept that he would have a pair of tits of his own to lug around.

But as they continued to swell, growing ever larger in an agony of growth, Charlie realized he'd forgotten to find out just how big his new endowments were to be...

* * * * *

1:24 a.m. - *Maryanne*

The once short, slightly chunk girl looked down at the tall, massively muscled male form she now possessed and hesitantly flexed one incredibly huge bicep. At seven feet, she was massive, with musculature that rivaled any man's one earth - or, *he* was massive.

Despite the shock the new man felt at the new, male body he possessed, he knew it was better than becoming a woman who would give birth to twenty children - each of whom would die a slow, agonizing death...

* * * * *

1:24 a.m. - *Alan*

Alan stumbled as the weight on his chest... no, her chest - increased as her tits suddenly became real - as did the rest of her costume. When given a choice between having to become what the costume made him appear to be or to become the President, it would have seemed to be a hard choice - if not for the fact that as president he would have initiated a nuclear war within three years...

* * * * *

1:24 a.m. - *Terri*

She screamed as the 'radiation' washed over her, making real the illusion her costume presented...

* * * * *

1:24 a.m. - *Marc*

He screamed as the pain washed through him, his innards altering to produce the massive amounts of sperm as 'promised', even as his appearance changed on the outside as well...

* * * * *

1:24 a.m. - *Pamela*

She screamed in pain as her breasts continued to swell under the pressure of the fire-hose shoved up her ass...

* * * * *

INTERLUDE - 1:33 a.m.

"So - I think they're actually going to stay the whole night." The slender, dark-haired woman who made the remark lowered the binoculars she'd been using to keep an eye on Brandt Castle.

Gary, head of the Frat on campus looked over at his Sorority counterpart, Linda. "Ya think?"

She shrugged. "I expected them to come out by now, if they were gonna. I guess they must be having fun."

Gary shook his head. "I still can't believe they went for this. Obviously, they have no idea that you and I have been friends for years - of course we'd set something up together."

"Yeah." Linda agreed. "Say, speaking of our friendship - you remember where we first met?"

Gary grinned. "Of course - the Revival Show. God, wasn't that great? All the legends - well, all those still around."

Linda nodded. "Yeah - they were kinda geriatric, weren't they? Well, that's the problem - ever since interest faded, there hasn't really been anything new, you know?"

Gary snorted. "Well, there's some new stuff - but it's all shit..."

Soon they were deep in discussion over their shared interest.

* * * * * **1:46 a.m.**

The group was back together.

Minutes before, they'd suddenly appeared, all in the same instant, in a large room. The following minutes had been filled with cries of horror, of outrage, of anger fear and confusion, followed by repetitions of what had been done to them, the choice they'd been forced to make.

Then, as they stood around, emotions flaring in different spectrums, the door to the room they were in opened...

The stiffened as a demon entered. However, this demon was unusual - in that it was dressed in a tuxedo, impeccably attired.

"Well, let's not take forever. You should get ready." The creature said, making shooing motions with its taloned hand. "Come on, we haven't got all day."

Marc - now impossibly handsome, every square inch of his body absolutely flawless - stepped forward. Despite being scared silly, he forced his voice to remain calm. "What? Get ready for what?"

The demon blinked. "What? Nobody told you?" He sighed. "Look, mortal - it's Halloween night. It's our time to have a little fun - and you're the entertainment. I can see you've already been modified for the show - but some of you still have to get costumed..." he glanced pointedly at the naked, massive mountain of a man that had been Maryanne "...and decide who's doing which act."

"Which act? Which acts are there?" Marc asked, hesitantly.

The demon threw up its hands, muttering something. Then it ticked off on its four clawed fingers. "There's the dance act, the magic show, the comedy skit and the love story." He winked. "You always finish with a love story - it's a given."

The confused group shared looks, confused.

The demon clapped its hands together. "Come *on* - the first acts on in two minutes!"

It scurried out of the room, and the group looked at each other, now more lost then ever, and unsure what to do.

* * * * *

"Succubi and Incubi, Demons of all ages!" The Deecee (Demon of Ceremonies) intoned. "Welcome to the two-hundred and fifty seventh million, eight hundred and seventy three thousand, four hundred and twenty first annual Human Show!"

The audience booed, hissed, clapped and cheered - as well as other various sounds that human language didn't have words for. "And now - let's have a big round of applause for our first act, the ladies of light-footedness, the gals of grace - Micki and Nicki!"

And Micki and Walker - apparently, she'd been given a stage name without being informed - stepped out behind the curtain, standing at the end of the stage nervously. One look at the huge crowd of demons, numbering into the millions, didn't help at all.

Music started - a heavy, driving beat. Though there was no visible speakers system, the music seemed to fill the huge expanse equally, never wavering in volume at all as Technotronic's 'Move To The Rhythm' pounded across the plain.

Awkwardly, stiffly, Walker began to dance, her stomach like a ball of ice and cold sweat trickling down her face. She wanted to vomit from the fear, cry from the sensations her feminine body was producing as she moved, and scream from the anger of what was happening to her. The one thing she didn't want to do was dance, and it showed in her movement, as it did in Micki's.

The audience began to get ugly.

"You're making me look bad." The Deecee whispered - then pointed a finger at them. "This should do it."

Nicki felt like she'd been electrocuted, and from the way Micki jerked she was sure the same sensation was running through her body.

Then they began to dance. Really, really dance - because they'd suddenly been overwhelmed by the need to do so, and found that they had the ability as well.

With sensual struts, both of them moved down the stage to the center and began to dance to the music - much in the same way that a stripper would. Because that's precisely what they were, now.

Nicki tried to fight what she was feeling - but was completely unable to do so. She was filled with a need - a need to move sensually, to dance, to arouse - and to be aroused. She and Micki were moving as if they were a rehearsed team, lewd, suggestive movements as they danced, hands sliding over their own and each others bodies, touching, fondling, caressing. In short order they'd removed their skirts, revealing their pink panties, Micki's bulging with her huge endowment.

The audience was going wild as their act became more and more sexual. Nicki was in a state of sexual anguish - the two of them were touching, kissing, fondling m- and although she was disgusted, she couldn't stop. Part of her didn't want to stop - the touch of Micki's hand on her new tits, the way her firm new ass felt as it was fondled - it was all so pleasurable - and disgusting.

But she couldn't stop - the demon's spell had seen to that. Even worse, the spell made her crave what was happening to her - all she wanted to do was...

...was...

..as the song drew closer to the end, the now naked Nicki got to do what she wanted yet feared - she bent over, still moving in time to the music.

And, in time to the music, Micki stepped up behind her and shoved her massive, rock-hard cock deep into Nicki's new cunt.

Nicki screamed in pain, pleasure, disgust and ecstasy as Micki's huge new endowment entered her tight cunt and began to pound into her in time to the heavy driving beat of the music. Pleasure and pain warred as Micki fucked her deep and hard, the cock feeling like it was the size of a nuclear submarine as it stretched her cunt to the limit - and brought wave after wave of intense, incredible ecstasy.

Then, as the music came to an end, Nicki came too - screaming at the top of her lungs and begging for more as Micki's hot cum gushed deep inside Nicki's new body.

The Deecee clapped his hands together. "Weren't they just wonderful, folks? Well, get ready for a treat - for our next act is none other than the great Martini and his lovely assistant Charli!"

'The Lovely Charli' wanted to die as he followed the now tuxedo-clad Martini (nee Maryanne) onto stage. He was dressed in a pair of fishnet tights, tiny black panties, a black bra over his massive, impossibly firm tits, and a tuxedo jacket.

Twenty-five minutes later, Charli wiggled off the stage with a huge smile on her face, massive tits bouncing and giggling. No longer masculine in any part of body or mind, the new assistant was a giggling, bimbo-like Asian ditz. After Martini's first few, pathetic tricks, the Deecee had 'Jazzed' him, and the next tricks - like pulling Charli's cock out of a hat, cutting her apart and substituting in a new waifs, etc., had made a definite impression - although the 'big finale', when Martini had transmitted his knowledge of the secret card through his cum - she'd sucked his cock, swallowed his cum, and then shown the card - had been her favorite part. She just loved sucking cock, even if it wasn't in the act.

Then it was Terry and Anna's turn. The renamed couple were in a skit where their parents dropped by. The parents had given Anna her gigantic tits and Terry his massive cock as anniversary presents, and they had to pretend they loved them. Like, when Anna's huge tits overbalanced her, making her fall face-first in her 'Father-in-Laws' lap, and she had to pretend that it was

on purpose, so she gave him a blow job. Or, another time when Anna had fallen down on her back, and Terry had bent down to help and his cock had burst out of his pants. He'd covered by claiming it was because he was going to tit-fuck Anna, which he promptly did.

At first, they were reluctant in their roles - but by the time the skit was done, they were loving every second of it, hardly able to wait for the next 'fucking pratfall'.

And off course, Marc and Pamela's love story wasn't nearly as entertaining until the Deecee switched their bodies on them...

* * * * *

"Oh - I think they're coming out."

Linda pointed at the figures - they were to far away to make out details - that were walking down the hillside of the castle's mount. "It's gotta be them." Gary agreed. "Come on, lets go down to where they parked and meet them."

As the headed down the hill, Gary finished the discussion they'd started earlier with a sad shake of his head. "Yeah, Like I was saying - ever since Sullivan went off the air, Variety Shows have gone to Hell "



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: In a medieval world, three men try to relive their fathers glory, but, instead, find themselves transformed into women and transported into the present day future.

Into The Breach

A Comedy of Heirs By Gunslinger

In the steely gray pall of predawn he strode, his long, hunter-green cloak flowing back from his broad shoulders as his mane of dark hair stirred in the cool morning breeze. Beneath the steely shine of his chain mail, his leather vestments creaked in soft counterpoint to the steady beat of the sword that thumped against his thigh as he moved through the thick mists rolling off the fields with the sure-footed grace of a...

"Ouch!"

Stopping dead, Jace began hopping on one foot, his chain mail jingling and jangling discordantly as he cradled the booted foot that had quite firmly connected with the unseen rock hidden by the mists. Cursing vehemently, he rubbed at his stubbed toe as he tried to keep his balance by hopping back and forth in place...

...until the slightly over-long cloak managed to end up directly under the heel of his bouncing foot, and he was suddenly faced with the ignominious prospect of successfully managing to choke himself to death. Gasping for air against the constriction of the cloak around his neck, he quickly lifted his foot from the trailing end of the cloak - and since he was only standing on the one leg, it resulted in a sudden descent that was only stopped by the firm impact of poorly-padded fundament against the hard-packed dirt of the road.

"By Elath's third testicle...!" Jace Heigelson swore, loudly - then, quickly, slapped a hand to his mouth, his narrow, acne-scarred face coloring as he quickly glanced around to make sure nobody had heard him utter the particularly vile oath...

...or had witnessed his less-than-triumphant entry into town.

Rising, the skinny - he would have said 'rangy' - young man quickly brushed the dust from his cloak and linen breeches. Straightening the somewhat over-sized chain-mail hauberk over his narrow shoulders, Jace rolled his head and took a deep breath, trying to return to the mindset he'd been in when he'd set out this morning.

Finally ready, Jace resumed his steady pace towards the building nestled near the small village's only crossroad. Nearing the two-story stone-and-wood building, he threw back his shoulders and proudly mounted the three rough-hewn steps leading onto the wide, covered veranda fronting the entire length of the Dancing Unicorn. Turning away from the heavy double doors that led into the inn itself, he walked down the wide veranda, the heels of his knee-high leather boots clocking hollowly on the worn planking.

Reaching the smaller - but much more heavily trafficked - door near the southwest end of the building, Jace lifted the rust-spotted iron latch and slipped into tavern.

"Sorry, but we're not open yet," the long-limbed young man wiping a hard-used table with a rag said, not looking up. "You can break your fast in an hour..."

Jace grinned at the russet-haired young man's back. "Liam, it's me..."

At the sound of the familiar voice, Liam Gairkson quickly dropped the rag, wiping his hands on the stained leather apron as he whirled to greet his friend.

"Well, well - Joyous birthday, Jace!" Liam said, warmly, looking over his friend from head to toe. "Hmm... not a bad fit. How's it feel to be wearing the very arms and armor that the great Heigel himself wore on his adventure...?"

"Oh, about as good as it felt for you when you wore *your* father's adventuring gear last week, I imagine." Jace replied, with a trace of bitterness.

"Yeah. Sorry..." Liam said with a wry smile of apology. "Kinda really sucks, having to sneak around before dawn in your birthday suit- of-armor, doesn't it?"

"You can say that again..." Jace said, with a sigh.

"Kinda really sucks " Liam started to repeat, with a grin - only to have a much deeper voice chime in for the rest of it.

"Figured you be here " Dirk said with a grin as he finished the sing-song repetition. "Looking good, Jace - almost as good as I look "

Practically preening, the broad-shoulder young blond struck a 'heroic' pose, shield braced on a massively muscled forearm, massive double-headed axe held skyward in his other ham-like fist.

"Too bad nobody else will get to see us in our inherited finery " Dirk said, dropping the pose and coming into the tavern to clap Jace on the shoulder, nearly sending his much lighter friend to the floor.

The three shared a grimace of understanding. Besides all being nearly exactly eighteen years old, to the day, the three friends shared something else in common:

Nearly exactly eighteen years ago, to the day, their fathers had achieved singular and undying fame in the village by having survived The Breach. Indeed, it had been the celebration of that event which had led to each of the boys' conception...

...and, consequently, to eighteen consecutive years of living in the constant shadow of their fathers' accomplishment. No matter what they did, no matter who they spoke to, it was always seen - and spoken about - in the light of who their fathers were.

Eighteen years ago, Trewind had been a dying village on an unimportant road on the edges of the Southland. With crops ravaged by a harsh winter and a bitterly dry summer, the entire village had been ready to collapse under the weight of it's own despair - until three young men had decided to take their fates, and the fate of the town itself, into their own hands. Heigel Newton, Gairk Colson and Dirk Anderson had set out on foggy morning heading north - and walked into legend....

...for a league northward lay The Breach.

The Breach was an enormous canyon, a deep chasm that split the Southland vale-country from the vast plains of the Midlands. More, much more than merely the border between the lands, however, The Breach had once been home to a powerful warrior-mage. More than two hundred years ago, Alric the Feared and nearly a hundred of his loyal soldiers and sorcerers had resided within the fortress built within The Breach. Rich, powerful, and feared, Alric had ruled the surrounding lands with an iron

fist, reaping for himself the finest goods, the richest foods, the comeliest lasses - and all the money he could squeeze out of every man, woman and child.

It had been envy that had brought Cirla the Dreaded to The Breach. Alric's twin brother, Cirla had brought with *him* a full hundred warriors and wizards to do battle with his brother, and so win for himself everything his brother had rightfully stolen.

According to legend, the battle had raged for a full fortnight, the very ground shaking with the force of the fell powers spent in the mêlée. Too evenly matched were the foemen, though, the brothers as alike in power as they were in appearance, until, finally, each army destroyed the other, and all had perished...

...but the dread spells and evil creatures brought forth during the battle remained. For two centuries after the battle, any who were unlucky or foolish enough to venture into The Breach vanished, never to be heard from again...

...until the valiant three had returned, bearing with them packs over-flowing with gold coins and jewel-bedecked icons. Though they told of horrors they had faced and overcome to win forth this treasure, they did not hold it for their own, but used it for the betterment of the entire town - which was why, to this day, none of the three could pay for his own drink, the grateful townspeople actually arguing for the honor of buying a round for such legendary men.

"By Elath, I would do nearly anything to escape." Dirk Dirkson said, annoyed. "Our fathers gave away their riches, settling down to be a huntsmaster, an innkeeper, and a woodsmith - and what do their sons get? A looming shadow of their fathers' fame, and no money with which they could move to another town to escape it. It's unfair, I say, unfair! Why, even to be seen as being 'worthy' of who are fathers happen to be, we'd have to... to "

"To come back from The Breach with twice as much money as they did " Liam remarked, idly.

Blinking, Jace jerked bolt upright and turned to stare at Dirk.

"Wait a second..." The dark-haired youth said, urgently. "Fame - and fortune... and we wouldn't be stupid enough to give it away..." Startled, Dirk gaped at his friend.

"Damn right!" Liam said, sharply. "I'm not even dumb enough to go into The Breach in the first place. I'd rather live poor, thank you! We've all heard the stories of what are fathers faced in there."

"Yeah - sixty different times, at least..." Dirk said, slyly. "...and each time, it gets more dangerous, more deadly, and their actions more heroic."

Liam blinked. "Well, yeah, I guess - but there's got to be some truth to the stories. I don't think it was a casual stroll..."

"No - but they are dangers that can be overcome." Jace said, with certainty. "Come on, we all know our fathers for the men they really are. We're not blinded by a legend. Do either of you really believe you are a lesser man than your father...?"

The answer to that particular question was preordained, the same answer any eighteen-year-old-boy throughout recorded history would have given: "Hell, no!"

"We have their armor and their weapons, exactly as they had..." Jace said, in excitement. "...and I can get a long bow and a score of arrows..." The huntsman's son said, eagerly. "...and I'll provide the provisions, while Jace can get torches!" Liam said, getting caught up. Flushed with excitement, the three friend looked at each other.

"Well...?" Jace demanded. "What are we waiting for? Come, lads - fame and fortune await!"

* * * * *

"Fame and fortune, sure..." Liam said, wryly, as he slumped to the ground and began prying off a boot. "We forgot to mention the rocks and stones, however..."

Pulling off the leather footwear, the red-head turned it upside down and shook it, emptying it of the dirt, sand and stones that had trickled down inside during their slow, arduous descent into The Breach.

It had taken over an hour to reach the canyon, and though they'd had the foresight to bring ropes, another hour to make their way down the steep side of the canyon. Two hours past sunrise, the sun had shone fully on them during that slow descent, and burdened as they were under cloaks, armor and provisions, they'd sweated and broiled all the way down - only to immediately begin shivering as they'd reached the bottom, and the deep shadows that still claimed the canyon floor.

Putting his boot back on, Liam slowly stood and stretched. Like the others, he'd traded his workaday clothes for his father's old gear. Col, Gairk's father, had been a man-at-arms in the old Imperial Infantry, before it had been disbanded, and it had been that gear that Gairk had worn on the adventure, and that his son now wore in turn: An old-fashioned steel breastplate and a hard-leather kirtle that hung nearly to the top of his knee-high boots with their greaves.

Nearly - for there was enough of a gap between the leather strips of the kirtle and the tops of the boots for plenty of the countryside to have made it's way in on the descent...

"I told you not to wear the skirt..." Jace said, with a smirk.

"I told you...!" Liam said with mock ferocity, whipping out his broad-bladed short sword and shaking it in Jace's direction. "It's not a skirt, it's a kirtle! A skirt is worn by women and sad, pathetic little sissy-boys, while the kirtle is an ancient and honorable battle garment, providing protection without sacrificing mobility!"

"Fine, fine...!" Jace laughed, holding up his hands in surrender. "It's a kirtle!"

"Good..." Liam growled, theatrically, snapping his blade back into it's scabbard. He drew himself up with regal dignity, and held a hand out towards the heavy, embroidered scarlet-and-gold over-robe designed to provide an Imperial Infantryman with warmth while he traveled. "Now, if you would be so kind as to hand me my dress..."

Whooping, Dirk slapped the front of his round wooden shield in applause as, with great aplomb, Liam accepted the robe Jace handed him, slipped it around his shoulders, flipped his hair with the back of his hand, then headed off towards the massive stone gatehouse of the Wizard's Redoubt walking on tip-toe and swaying his hips outrageously.

Still chuckling, his friends hurried to catch up with him as he dropped the simpering stride - and then the chuckles tapered off as they looked up at the massive stone walls that loomed over them, blocking of the entire width of the canyon. Centered in the high, ancient walls was the gatehouse, a massive square construction with crenellated battlements, whose open archway gaped into the blackness that led to the courtyard beyond.

Even after two hundred years, the massive magicks and bloody battles could be divined from the stones themselves. Though each block was the size of an ox, many of them had been shifted by the force that had struck them, while others bore scorch marks of a fire so intense that the blocks had partially melted.

Scattered around the foot of the wall were the slowly rusting remains of iron and steel weapons, the wooden hafts or handles having long ago rotted away, as had the flesh and the clothing of their owners - but here and there, looking like strange, dun-colored rocks and sticks, the scattered bones of two armies lay where they'd fallen, undisturbed.

"Not exactly the cheeriest place on earth, is it...?" Liam commented, with a slight shiver.

"No - but there's a bit of reassurance in it, nevertheless..." Jace said, after a moment. Seeing his companions' surprised glances, he gestured with a sweep of an arm. "They're all centuries old. Nobody's died her recently."

"Hurray for us..." Dirk said, wryly. Throwing back his broad shoulders, he took a deep breath. "Well, we aren't going to get anywhere standing about, now are we?"

Sharing a long, courage-bolstering look, the three friends slowly made their way towards the gaping maw of the gatehouse, hands tightly wrapped about the grips of their individual weapons.

Slowly, they passed from the sand and dirt of the canyon floor onto the ancient stones of the gatehouse road, following it's worn pathway into the arched opening. High above them, the shattered remnants of what had once been a massive iron portcullis hung askew, warped by tremendous heat and force - which was fortunate, since had that massive barricade been lowered, entry into the Redoubt would have been impossible.

Beyond the raised portcullis was the short hallway beneath the gatehouse proper. Each of the three young men nervously eyes the many murder holes lining the passageway - small openings designed to allow the defending archers to fire upon intruders, as well as holes in the ceiling to allow boiling oil or other unsavory objects to be poured down into the passage.

Since, by design, there was no effective method to defend oneself from anybody using a murder hole, the three friends could do nothing but look about themselves nervously and hurry through the passage, hoping that the continued lack of fresh bodies bode well for their chances.

A moment later, they shouldered their way through the opening between the massive, iron-bound oak doors at the far end of the passageway. Once closed and heavily barred, the doors had been shattered in that ancient attack, leaving them hanging asunder on their hinges, with just enough space to slip past, and gain entry to the courtyard beyond.

Dirk was the first one through, and even as he stepped out into the open, his long-bow was rising, a massively-muscled arm drawing back on the notched arrow with enough force to make even the huge bow creak in protest. Taking just the two scant steps necessary to clear the way for his companions, the broad-shouldered young man kept a wary eye out for any signs of danger as his friends slipped into the fortress, freeing their own weapons from their sheaths as they came.

Stretching a good three hundred yards square, the ancient courtyard was paved in stone, and bound on all sides by stone walls tipped with battlements. Along the north wall ran the tottering and rotting remnants of what had once been stables, and to the south lay equally decaying wooden buildings that had once housed smiths, fletchers and the other professions needed to maintain the castle and its army.

On the far side of the courtyard, directly opposite the gatehouse, stood the main entrance to the fortress itself, a blocky stone tower built into the wall, its entrance a good ten feet from the ground.

"Is quiet..." Jace said, slowly, his eyes narrowed. "Maybe *too* quiet..." Liam blinked. "How can it possibly be 'too quiet'?"

Jace cocked his head and shrugged. "I dunno. It just seemed like the thing to say, is all. Come on, let's get inside..."

In near lock-step, the three young men made their way across the open expanse of the courtyard, eyes tracking all about them for any sign of movement or danger. It seemed to take forever to cross the open paving-stones, but finally they stood in front of the tower, looking up at the entrance above them.

In the days of the fortress' use, entry was gained up an inclined ramp that could be drawn up in time of attack. Apparently, it had never been raised, or had somehow been forced back down during Ciria's attack - and so the defenders had burned it, leaving only ashes and charred chunks of oak to remain.

"How are we going to get up there?" Jace said, looking at the lip of the doorway, a good five feet above his head.

With a sigh, Dirk loosened his grip on the bow, then slipped the weapon over his shoulder and returned the arrow to his quiver. Turning to put his back to the wall, he formed a stirrup with his clasped hands, and nodded to Liam.

"Okay, Liam Long-Arms - up you go." Dirk said.

Nodding, the red-head sheathed his weapons and approached his muscular friend. Placing one booted foot in Dirk's hands, he quickly hoisted himself up to where he could lace his other foot on Dirk's broad shoulders, and from their find enough of a grip on the worn, dust-covered stones of the entranceway to pull his limber body into the alcove in front of the still-intact twin doors of the citadel.

It was while Liam was still regaining his footing in the alcove to the entrance that the attack came.

The came scampering out of the ruined remains of the buildings - small, dark, misshapen creatures who's only resemblance to mankind was their roughly bipedal body shape. With sharp, jerky movements they moved, knotted and corded muscles writhing under their dark, rough skin as they scuttled and scampered across the courtyard, reddish eyes glaring balefully at the trio as they rushed forward.

Barely three feet tall, each of they tiny attackers might have been seen as ludicrous, on their own - but literally hundreds of them emerged from their lairs to move quickly towards the tower, and as they moved the long, sharp claws and jagged, discolored teeth the each boasted as their weapons reveled less the friendly intentions - as did the strident screeches that filled the air, the unmistakable sound of a battle-cry.

"Liam!" Dirk roared. "Get a rope down here!"

It was obvious that the attackers had some sort of rudimentary intelligence, as they'd waited until one of their opponents was at the doorway, effective unable to aid his friends, and another had slung the only ranged weapon the trio boasted. It was that weapon that Dirk now hurried to unlimber, knowing that they stood no chance of warding off that many of the small, gnarled creatures.

Even as Dirk loosed the first arrow into the closing mass of creatures, Liam was hastily securing a knot around one of the iron rings that served as handles on the massive hardwood doors. Tugging twice on the rope to ensure it was securely tied and that the rusting iron would bear weight, he hurriedly tossed the free end of the hemp rope down to where Jace anxiously waited, sword in hand.

"Hurry!" Liam cried, his urgency underlined by more thrumming thumps as Dirk loosed arrows as fast as he could notch and draw. Not waiting to see what happened, the russet-haired young man quickly turned his attention to the other door, knowing that they had to get inside as quickly as possible.

Hesitating, Jace looked at the rope, loath to leave Dirk to face the oncoming mass alone, even for a few moments. The first of the small creatures was nearly within sword's reach, and there were more of them then could be stopped by their rapidly depleting stock of arrows - but there was also more then could be stopped by sword and axe, as well, and so Jace hurriedly re-sheathed his weapon and began to climb the rope.

Reaching the entrance-way, Jace gripped the rope and flicked it with his wrist, sending it's end over the broad right shoulder of his flaxen-haired friend. Leaning precariously over the edge, he cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted over the enraged screams of the attacking mob: "Toss up the bow!"

Quickly, Dirk did so, then hurriedly slipped the half-full quiver from his back and tossed it up as well. Though Jace managed to grab the bow in mid-arc, he failed to do so likewise with the quiver, and the arrows spread out in a fan across the stone floor of the entrance way.

Dropping to one knee, Jace ignored the burst of pain it brought as he grabbed the arrow nearest to hand and quickly nocked it. Picking the scurrying black figure closest to his friend, Jace quickly drew and fired. Though he had considerably less power to draw on than Dirk had when firing the bow, the target was close enough that it didn't matter, the arrow embedding itself in the creature's chest. The dark figure went down - to be replaced by two more who scurried on past their fallen companion.

"Hurry, Dirk!" Jace shouted, loosing another shaft.

Seconds later, barely ahead of the first of the creatures, Dirk rolled over the lip of the stone and sprawled into the alcove. Rearing back, he lifted one thickly-muscled leg and brought the heel of his boot down sharply on the skull of one of the creatures, knocking the smaller figure from its perch on the rope.

"Cut the line...!" Dirk bellowed, legs pistoning as he kicked one agile creature from another from gaining the top of the rope.

Discarding the bow, Jace quickly drew his sword and, in one swipe, severed the taut line. Under the weight of the creatures upon it, the rope quickly slithered off the edge, carrying its burden to the ground below, which was quickly filling with a tide of black creatures smashing up against the shoals of the tower.

Hurriedly, Jace grabbed up the bow and a scant handful of arrows, then turned to where Liam was still struggling with the door.

Though Liam had managed to slip the latch with the edge of his long hunting knife, the heavy door refused to swing on its rusted hinges, and the weight of the body he was throwing against it simply wasn't enough to move the door. Jace quickly added his own mass to the assault, and with screams of protest, the ancient hinges began to grudgingly turn.

At the sound, the creatures below went hysterical, screaming in fury as they attempted to scramble up the sheer stone wall - and, with so many of them, they slowly began to succeed, each succeeding wave simply climbing atop the writhing forms of their brethren in a growing pile.

Without a word, Dirk pushed Jace and Liam aside. Placing one hand flat against the one door, and the other gripping the ring where the fragment of rope still hung on the other, he tensed himself and began to heave, thick muscles straining.

With a steady, thin screech, the door gave way - and as soon as there was enough room, the three young men scampered inside.

Even though they were effectively blind, eyes unprepared for the musty darkness beyond, Jace took up a pose of readiness, sword in hand, as Dirk turned his attention to closing the heavy portal. Peering into the gloom, Jace watched as even the tiny sliver of light vanished as the door swung ponderously shut behind them, finally slamming home with a heavy boom that reverberated through the unseen chamber they occupied.

Dropping the bow and arrows, Jace fumbled at his waist for the small sack that contained some provisions and two stubby torches - but Liam beat him to it, the sound of flint on steel matching the sharp flares of sparks that soon brought one of the pitch-coated torches to life, creating a fan of dancing yellow-orange light.

As Jace used Liam's torch to bring one of his own to life, Dirk hastily chapped a short length of line from his own rope, quickly wrapping it several times from one door handle to the other before tying it into a series of thick knots, effectively closing off any chance of the small creatures coming through behind him. That done, he briefly considered bringing one of his own torches to life, then discarded the idea, realizing that they had no idea how long they'd need to provide their own light.

Instead, he stepped between his two friends, hastily reclaiming the bow and the four remaining arrows as he peered into the chamber before them. With the quiver lost, he had to settle for jamming the arrows point-first into the wood of the shield sling on his arm, where he could easily reach them.

"Wow..." He breathed, his blue eyes shining as he took in the tattered remnants of elegance that had once marked the rectangular entrance hall. Frayed and faded sections of what had once been luxurious tapestries still dangled from the walls, interspersed by rusting and collapsing suits of armor that stood like silent sentinels. Now dried and rotting, what had once been furniture carved of the finest woods lay in broken and scattered heaps about the chamber, whatever purpose they'd once served now long forgotten.

"Okay - which way...?" Liam asked, wincing at the muffled shrieks of the dark creatures behind them, as they vainly sought to force the doors.

"Good question..." Jace admitted, eyeing the four hallways that ran from the entrance way: One each to the left and the right, and two diverging hallways straight ahead. "Where do you think a warrior mage would keep his treasury...?"

"The cellar." Dirk said, firmly. "Dungeons and treasure-vaults are always in the vaults below the main building, where they can be easily protected."

"Then we look for stairs leading down." Jace declared, gesturing at one of the diverging passageways that sloped slightly downwards before disappearing into the darkness beyond their torchlight. "That way."

The sound of their enraged attackers faded behind them as the three entered the stone-walled passage and made their way forward, weapons in hand and all senses alert. The dry, added remains of a once-rich carpet softened the sound of their footfalls, providing an eerie silence to their slow advance past doorways, some of which gaped open while others lay closed off behind ornately carved doors of heavy walnut.

"Hey..." Jace said, gesturing, as they drew abreast of a partially open door - from behind which, the flickering light of his torch caught sharp highlights off gleaming metal. "Not the treasury, surely - but there's something shiny in there."

"Valuable things are shiny..." Liam agreed, with a tight grin.

Dirk considered, one golden eyebrow arching - then nodded, looking at the numeral inscribed on the wooden door. "Okay, let's see what's behind door number two, shall we...?"

With the application of one broad shoulder against the ancient door, Dirk quickly forced entry for them, and they stepped into the room.

It had obviously been a study of some sort, the shelves that lined the wall still holding the collapsing collection of leather binding, their pages long ago turned to dust. The wood of the shelves and furnishings had survived the test of time better, drying and cracking somewhat, but still sturdy enough - and it was one such piece of furnishing that held what had caught the Jace's eye, the collection of cut-crystal decanters still free enough of dust to throw back reflections of light.

The tightly-stoppered collection of glassware still contained liquid, the dozen or so bottles filled with shades of liquid fire - deep red and mellow gold, tawny yellow and translucent silver.

"There's no way any of that is still save to drink." Dirk said, with a sigh. "Oh well - it was worth a look anyway." "Wait a second..." Jace said, stepping forward. "Look at this..."

'This' was a small crystal vial, containing a bare draughts worth of a thick, swirling substance that looked more like a capture pink cloud than a liquid. More to Jace's interest, however, was the threaded cap that closed the small vial - for it was unmistakably formed of finely etched gold, inlaid and braced by silver, and suspended from a finely-formed silver chain.

"This is worth something..." Jace said, prying unsuccessfully at the cap. "Now... if it would only... come off..."

"Just bring the whole thing." Dirk suggested. Though they were certainly looking for something more valuable than the few coins worth of gold and silver the vial would bring, it was at least enough to ensure that they wouldn't be leaving empty-handed, even should they fail to find the treasury.

Shrugging, Jace acquiesced, slipping the chain around his neck and letting the vial slide inside the layers of leather and armor.

After a quick look around to make sure they weren't leaving anything else of value, the three friends slipped back through the partially opened door, and headed down the passageway once more.

After a few more yards, they came to where the passageway split into a 'T', and glanced both ways down the intersection - and spotted the flight of stone stairs that ran downward from an alcove a dozen or so feet to the right.

"That's more like it..." Liam said, taking the lead as they headed towards the stairs. "I'll go first, just in case - my short sword will be more effective in the enclosed space..."

Since he was undoubtedly right, neither of his friends argued as he lifted his torch high in his left hand and carried his sword low and ready in his right, peering into the gloom of the spiral staircase as he carefully tested the first step.

They made their way slowly down the twisting stairs, Liam carefully placing his weight on each step, knowing that a pressure-sensitive step was one of the classic traps. Each step remained firm and immobile under his foot, however, and after a short while they reached a landing, barred by a simple oak door, while the stairs also continued onward into the dark depths.

"Well?" Liam asked, looking over his shoulder. "Try the door, or keep going?"

"Might as well at least try the door." Jace suggested. "If it's locked or anything, we'll keep going, and just come back here if we don't find anything."

"Fair enough..." Liam agreed, stepping onto the narrow landing. He reached out and tried the latch on the door - and it opened easily under his hand, the door swinging slowly open even as he quickly prepared to meet any attack.

No attack came, and the door completed its slow motion to reveal what had obviously been a small armory. Racks of rusting weapons lined the walls and floor, and equally decaying armor hung from wooden dummies along the north wall.

"Hey, look at that..." Liam said, pointing to a sword hanging on the wall, its sheath beside it. Slim and well-crafted, the elegant blade was in pristine condition, its steel untouched by the ravages of time - and its ornate hilt bound in gold wire and trimmed with small gems.

"An Elvish sword..." Jace breathed in admiration. The fay folk of the distant woodlands were renowned for their skill in weapons-making, and only an Elvish sword could be counted on to never rust, tarnish or dull. That alone made the slim blade worth a small fortune - not to mention the gold trim and small, valuable stones upon its ornate hilt.

"Well, you found it..." Dirk said to Liam, not without envy. "I guess it's only fair that you get it."

"Sounds fair to me..." Liam agreed, readily. Grinning, he sheathed his own sword as he stepped into the room, then reached up and wrapped his hand around the Elvish sword's hilt, pulling it from the wall...

...and then he gasped as the blade of the sword suddenly flared to life, a bright white glow banishing the darkness and making the three men squint, even as the light began to expand - and envelope the long-limbed young man who held it.

"It's enchanted!" Jace said, eyes tearing from the light. "Drop it, Liam...!"

"I.. I can't...!" Liam cried, afraid, as his body began to tingle eerily. His hand was firmly locked around the hilt, and no effort could make it release. "I can't let go...!"

Then the light flared once, brutally, as a high-pitched squeal was ripped from Liam's throat - and then the light vanished, momentarily plunging them all into blindness as their dazzled eyes struggled to re-adapt to the dimmer light thrown by their torches.

It was Jace's eyes that managed the task first - and he gazed, eyes widening, as he stared at the slender figure still gripping the sword.

"Li.. Liam...?" Jace stammered, his voice stunned. "Is.. that you...?"

Slowly, the wide, stunned eyes of the person in the room left the sword and rose to meet Jace's, the shock visible behind the emerald-green irises.

"Jace..." She said, her voice incredibly sweet and musical, even in it's stunned monotone. "Jace... I.. I'm... a woman..." She certainly was - and an Elvish woman, at that...

Even with the massive wealth of rich, fiery curls that piled atop her head before spilling down her back, the new woman's slender and wasp-waisted body didn't quite reach to Jace's shoulder. Onto the slender, supple, fine-boned Elvish body was the remnants of her original form, the long limbs made all the more attractive by her new body.

A body enclosed in Elvish finery, or everything Liam had carried and worn had changed to match her new figure. The boots, now finely crafted Elvish ones, came just to her dimpled knees, exposing a length of silky, pale thigh before vanishing under the hem of her leather skirt. Above that, her breastplate was altered, both in shape and in style, it's now elaborately-inlaid surface molded to her tiny waist and firm, dome-like breasts, each like a halved melon upon her trim frame.

Her face was that particular Elvish delight to behold, nearly triangular in shape with it's high, wide cheeks and pointed chin. Flanking her long, slender nose was her huge, emerald-green eyes, and below that smoothly curved nose lay the delight of any Elvish woman, a pair of perfect, full lips.

"Oh, Elath..." Dirk whispered, brokenly. "Liam, what's happened to you...?"

"Li'ann..." The new woman corrected, absently - and then her glorious eyes widened as she realized what she'd just done. "Oh, Dirk - something has changed in my mind, too. That's why I'm not panicking. Somehow... I'm thinking like the Elvis I've become..."

At her usage of the correct Elvin term for her new gender and race, her two friends shared a startled glance - as they couldn't help but wonder what other specific Elvis traits she had been given...

...even as the thought occurred to Li'ann herself. Before she could help herself, her eyes flickered down to her friend's crotches. Her indrawn his of breath, half-horrified and half-hungry, told the tale.

Along with her bee-stung new lips and incredibly long, supple tongue, she had acquired the Elvis taste for that most sought-after delicacy - a male human's seed...

"By Goloth..." She whispered, unconsciously using the Elvish deity. "No.. not that too..."

Even as she tried to deny it, however, she cold feel the coiling pleasure churning in her throat and gut at the thought of swallowing the rich, intoxicating juice her male friends could so easily provide...

Willfully hauling her reluctant mind away from the thought, then new Elvis struggled not to let her new desires take hold, determined to keep herself as much Liam as possible, despite what had happened to her. With a determine motion, she shucked her old sword and claimed the scabbard for the enchanted one that had done this to her, knowing that the slender, incredibly keen blade was more suited to her now.

She could not even bring herself to hate the enchanted blade for what it had done, for it had only done as it was meant to. Indeed, many a woman of another race would have killed to be the one to claim such a boon - and it was only her own greedy eagerness that she had to blame for being the one to whom this fate had descended.

Squaring her slender new shoulders as best she could, Li'ann once more faced her friends.

"Well, there's nothing we can do about it now." She said, firmly, distantly wishing that she was at least able to be hysterical over what she'd become, rather than feeling the unwanted sensation of satisfied happiness the mental changes forced upon her. "Let's keep moving, and find us some treasure. If I'm doomed to spend my life as an Elvis, I want to at least be a *rich* Elvis..."

Dropping her eyes from the enticingly male figures of her friends, most especially Dirk, then new woman once more took the lead, her abrupt manner and obvious desire not to discuss the incredible alteration her life had just undergone silencing her companions as she carefully moved past them. They gave way immediately, as uncomfortable as her at the thought of her body brushing past theirs - and for the same reason.

All were afraid they might like it...

Wordlessly, Li'ann took the lead down the stairs, moving somewhat faster now - since her fear was accordingly less. After all, what's the worst that could happen to her, now...?

Dirk and Jace were left no choice by to follow as quickly - and, as they did so, each of them cursed themselves for not being able to help themselves as they watched the graceful sway of a well-packed ass under the taut skirt, especially with Li'ann's new body moving with all the feminine grace that could be expected of it, ever her stride altered by the magic of the spell.

Moments later, the stairs debouched into a rotunda. From the circular chamber ran three other corridors, making for an opening at each of the cardinal points of the compass. Of the other three corridors, the one directly opposite housed a staircase that vanished back upwards in the gloom, while the other two run perpendicular to the two sets of stairs.

"Well?" The Elvis in the lead asked, her rich voice short. "Left or right...?"

"Whichever you think the best, Li...ann." Dirk said, awkwardly.

Wordlessly, she chose the right, damning her new stride as she gracefully swayed into the opening - and damning her new thoughts, for even as she walked, she was aware of the eyes of her friends upon her new fundament... and some enchanted part of her *liked* it, giving rise to a disturbingly pleasant warmth that centered deep within her new womanhood.

Turning with a curve in the corridor, the new woman chased her own torchlight along the stone passageway... then slowed, emerald eyes widening in surprise, as she entered a long, wide stretch of corridor that ran perhaps a hundred yards.

"What the...?" She said, steps slowing as she entered the long hall, her friends close beside.

Along the entire length of the corridor, feminine finery was displayed. Somehow, held by invisible forces, the clothing held the shape of female figures over empty air. Lining each side of the hall, as if on display, more than a hundred of the outfits stood - outfits of every conceivable description, from workaday clothes to armor to the most expensive finery to be had across the length and breadth of all the lands.

"I don't like this..." Jace said, nervously, as they carefully began making their way down the hall. Perhaps a quarter wide as it was long, the hall seemed to reflect much the light of the torches ten-fold, creating an even glow much more than the torches should have been able to produce. Perhaps it was nothing more than some sort of 'museum', with a spell to properly light the displays... but it was unnerving, nonetheless.

Grunting in agreement, Dirk eyed some of the expensive jewelry that the richer costumes bore - but made no move towards taking it, all too aware of what Liam's claim to a feminine item had produced.

Nervously, the continued forging a head, eager to be rid of the strange hall. Their bodies continued to tense the deeper into the chamber they traveled, and reaching and passing the half-way point produced a small surge of relief...

...that vanished even as it formed - for the costumes all about them suddenly came to impossible life, and began gliding in their direction.

"Run...!" Dirk shouted, suiting action to words as he took to his heels. Since he was already facing that direction, and because it was marginally closer, he ran for the exit ahead of them, and his companions struggled as best they could to keep up with him. Li'ann, despite the handicap of her much shorter legs, ran with the graceful swiftness of a doe, a bare half-stride behind the massive man, and Jace was hard-pressed to keep up with his fleeing friends.

"Look... out...!" He gasped in warning, as one of the outfits swept in from the side.

Seeing the 'attack', Dirk swung his massive double-headed axe through the air with a whistling sound, cutting the linen bodice asunder. It collapsed, lifeless, to the ground - but the leather pants and the boots that had come with it continued closing on the party, and it took three lightening-quick sword strokes from Jace to finish it off...

...and still the clothing closed on the party.

Slashing and hacking their way through the attacking vestments, they forged their way towards the exit... but, forced to both fight and flee, Jace found himself rapidly falling behind the others as more and more of the garments focused themselves on him.

Then one got through - a wide, soft-leather collar that whipped itself around his neck and fastened itself in place. Even as he continued battling onward, Jace expected to feel the collar tighten, chocking the life out of him - but though there was a momentary feeling of pressure, it faded in a second, and nothing else happened.

"I don't think..." He started to shout - and then his eyes widened as the warm and unmistakably feminine voice flooded from a neck that was now slimmer and definitely feminine in proportion.

In renewed panic, he fought onward - but still he was losing ground, and more and more of the attacking garments focused their attention on him alone.

Even as his friends managed the safety of the exit, Jace knew he'd never make it - and so, even as Dirk turned and, horrified, found Jace still within the room, not inches behind him as he'd believed, Jace stopped running and stood his ground.

"Keep going!" He roared to his friends.

Dirk hesitated - and then Li'ann whirled, thrust the torch into his hand, and gave him a hard shove down the corridor as one of the outfits, seeing their hesitation, veered towards them.

Dirk turned and ran into the darkness...

...unaware that Li'ann had turned and plunged back into the room.

Jace, however, had no chance to notice the Elvis battling her way towards him. He was too busy 'picking his battle', knowing he couldn't stop all of the garments, but that he could stop the worst of them.

His sword flashed with blinding speed, rending the garments as they came at him - but sure enough, some slipped through, and it took all he had in him to not swing his sword away from a 'worse' impending change to the closest. Instead, he could only grit his teeth and continue to battle.. as his manhood was slowly stripped away from him.

Though the clothes did not affect her, they struggled to hold her back, and Li'ann watched as a fate much like her own was conveyed on her friend - and she cried out in horrified anger at it. "Oh, Jace, no...!"

The distraction cost Jace dearly - for in the instant his attention focused on Li'ann, one garment that had hovered beyond reach swooped in - a garment he'd been carefully watching, determined not to let it get him.

As it pulled itself onto him, it momentarily bound his arms - and in that moment, all was lost.

The instant the person who had been Jace was fully clothed and so transformed, all the other clothes dropped lifelessly to the floor, and Li'ann, sobbing, hurried to her altered friend's side.

"Oh, Jace..." She said, brokenly. "I am so very, very sorry..."

The new woman didn't answer her, instead continuing to stare down at herself in horrified shock.

What she stared at was the most overwhelming change, the one wrought by that certain garment. The garment was a leather-bottom shirt with a white cotton bodice and sleeves...

And that oversized bodice top now strained mightily to contain the massive, round breasts that its scoop neck displayed so enticingly, its leather lower half tightly laced against the new woman's slender waist, and so allowing the fabric above to cling tight even to the underside of the massive breasts that jutted forth from her ribcage.

The breasts were, quite simply, enormous, each one as large as the new woman's head. The rest of her was less 'emphatic', her battle having allowed that, at least, and so she was, for the most part, a woman of average appearance - except for the massive, round breasts that hung heavily from her chest.

Her long, black hair framed a narrow face that was merely pretty, not as stunning as Li'ann's new countenance - but nevertheless undeniably feminine. Around her slender new throat, the leather collar clung tightly, before the plunging neckline below showcased her amazing bosom, now lightly cradled in the hands encased in the tight leather gauntlets that run a third of the way up each slim arm.

Below where the leather 'corset' of the top clung tight to a trim but unremarkable waist, womanly hips swelled beneath the fabric of her simple linen skirt, hiding acceptable but unremarkable legs that, in turn, vanished into ankle-high boots of soft kid leather. All in all, a woman who would be remarked as neither especially ugly nor especially pretty, who would have been unmistakably feminine but otherwise unremarkable - if not for the enormous bust she could not tear her eyes from.

"Oh, Jace..." Li'ann repeated.

The new woman looked slowly over to her friend... and Li'ann was amazed at the expression in the new woman's eyes. "Call me Jasmine..." The new woman said, numbly - then smiled oddly. "Aren't my new breasts wonderful...?" "Jace...?" Li'ann said, horrified. "Jace, what are you saying..."

"They're so wonderfully huge and sensitive..." The new woman said, lightly squeezing her huge new tits, and shivering in pleasure. "It's horrible that I've been made into a woman, especially such an unattractive one - but at least I was lucky enough to get such wonderfully gigantic tits to enjoy..."

"By the Gods..." Dirk gasped, coming to stand beside them, helplessly ogling Jace/Jasmine's new rack. Catching the glance, the new woman smiled broadly at her friend.

"Hi, Dirk..." She said, her voice becoming low and husky. "Do you want to play with my wonderfully massive new tits...?"

Startled, Dirk recoiled. "Jace - what's happened to you...?"

The new woman's eyes filled with loathing. "Dirk, I'm sorry. I know I'm acting strange, I know I shouldn't be acting - feeling this way... but I can't help myself. The clothes.. they changed my mind, as well as my body. Even though I don't want to, I'm thinking like a woman now - and the more the clothes changed me, the more my mind changed too..."

Still lightly squeezing her massive new bust, Jace/Jasmine let out a sob.

"I can't help myself..." She said, brokenly. "I.. I love my huge new tits. I know I shouldn't, I know that I didn't want to - but I love them, and I love the thought of a man looking at them.... touching them... fondling them... a man... a big, strong man..."

Slowly, her eyes rose to Dirk, her broken tone once more giving way to hungry sensuality - and then, at the look that crossed Dirk's face, she visibly wrenched her mind away from that dangerous line of thought, getting a hold of herself once more.

"We need to get out of here..." She said, urgently, staring at a point in the distance and forcing her hands away from her huge new breasts. She was trying hard not to even think about them - but with their massive, sensitive weight shifting with every breath she took, that was impossible. "Forget the treasure, Dirk - we have to get out of here before anything happens to you, too..."

Part of that concern was friendship - and part of it was because she didn't want him to lose the massive, manly physique that she was trying very hard not to find appealing - and failing.

"Well, we can't go back out the way we came..." Dirk said, also pointedly looking away from either of his now female companions. "We have to keep going forward - and if we happen to find the treasure on the way, so much the better. Come on..."

"I'll go first..." Li'ann said, quickly. "Jace.. uh, Jasmine can take up the rear. That way, you'll be protected."

Dirk opened his mouth to argue, feeling decidedly wrong about letting two women take the risks - but then, sighed and nodded, recognizing the logic of the situation.

Wordlessly, they headed out. Jace/Jasmine had lost the other torch in the fight, but they decided to go ahead with just the one, conserving the others in case they were down here long enough to need them. Slim sword in slim hand, Li'ann lead the way, with Dirk a few steps behind, holding the torch aloft so that it cast light both fore and aft, allowing Jasmine to keep a rear-guard behind them as they slowly pushed onward.

Once more, they followed the torchlight into the darkness, this time more slowly than before, all too aware of the dangers that they faced. Though, so far, the dangers had not been to life and limb, but to form and mind, they were nevertheless dangers to be avoided...

...even if, after the fact, they were dangers that were unwillingly appreciated.

In the lead, trim hips swaying enticingly, Li'ann was aware of the warmth of Dirk's gaze as they swept over her taut, leather-encased buttocks. Though she could not see her muscular friends, she was nevertheless somehow aware of every time his constantly seeking gaze would stray back to her ass - and the knowledge brought a surge of the disturbingly present warmth, one that she hated herself for not hating - even as her mind kept trying to return to the thought of just how wonderful it would feel to fulfill her urge to feed from Dirk's undoubtedly large, thick manhood, letting his wonderful fluid fill her mouth with its sweet taste...

In the rear of the little procession, Jasmine was having no easier time of it. With every step she took, her huge new breasts jiggled and swayed, her thick, fully engorged nipples dragging with delicious pleasure across the fabric over her scoop-necked top - and she was having a hard time keeping her mind on any possible danger, her eyes wanting to devour Dirk's manly physique as part of her wondered with guilty intensity what it might feel like to lay with him, in the manner that a woman lay with a man.

Hating herself for the unwanted thoughts and desires, but unable to banish them, the new woman struggled to stay alert - and to keep her hands from straying to the sensitive breasts that ached to be fondled and touched...

In the middle of the little group, Dirk was struggling to keep his mind firmly on the thought of 'danger' - rather than on the mental image of either of his now-feminine friends. Friends who had both indicated an unwilling desire for him, one that he now knew he could 'call up' - if he let himself sink to such a low.

What scared him the most was the fact that part of him - a small part, but a part nonetheless - was enthusiastically rooting for him to do just that...

In awkward silence, each lost in thoughts they'd rather not be having, the little procession moved deeper into the fortress, weapons in hand.

After a length of featureless corridor, the hallway opened out into a small, triangular chamber - and the trio of adventurers were faced with a choice, as two clogging hallways ran from the chamber, one gradually trending upward, the other down.

Coming to halt in the center of the chamber, they surveyed their options, peering fruitlessly into the gloom of each passage. "Well, what do you think...?" Dirk asked, thoughtfully.

I think I'd like to drop to my knees and... NO! Li'ann forced her mind off the 'instinctive' response, disgusted by how enticing the idea seemed to her altered mind - while Jasmine was struggling against her own 'instinctive' thought of how much she'd like Dirk to rip open her blouse and 'go to town' on her huge new tits.

"Whatever you think, Dirk..." The two new women chorused, too busy trying to hold back their new urges to deal with making the decision.

"Um, well..." Dirk said, considering. "Let's keep heading downwards."

Obediently, the women formed up on the muscular young man again, and they headed down the gently sloping corridor. This time, their footfalls echoed and re-echoed as they moved through the darkness, and the sound seemed to multiply until it was as if an entire army marched through the hallway.

Walking in the rear, Jasmine was still struggling to control the new thoughts and considerations running through her mind, trying hard to deal with the transformation that had befallen her...

...when, out of the darkness, a pair of massive arms simply appeared out of the wall, seemingly formed of the very stone that made up the passage. Before the woman could draw in a breath to scream, the arms wrapped themselves around her, one of the cold, hard hands covering her mouth - and then they yanked her back, right through the wall itself.

She found herself plunged into darkness. She couldn't see anything, not even the restraints that suddenly wrapped themselves around her new form as the hands released her. Something that felt like thick leather bands now gripped her, holding her spread-eagle to a cool, hard surface, unable to move so much as an inch.

'Hello, Jasmine...'

The voice sounded in her own mind, low and chuckling and almost visibly oozing with evil. Eyes widening in horror, the new woman tried to struggle against her bonds - but it was an exercise in futility.

'That's quite a body you have there...' The voice continued, slyly. 'Very remarkable - especially your lovely breasts. They are lovely, you know - and very enticing...'

Echoing in the vaults of her mind, the voice was overpowering. There was no way to ignore it, to shut it out - as it continued to weave its spell.

'Don't fight your fate, Jasmine...' The voice said, darkly. 'You want to be a woman, don't you...? You want to dress as a woman dresses, act as a woman acts - and please men, as only a woman can...'

Insidious and unavoidable, the voice burrowed into her mind - and helplessly, she listened, her mind slowly succumbing to its hypnotic call...

* * *

"This damn corridor seems to go on for ever..." Dirk said, his feet aching. "I think we should take a short break..."
"Sounds good to me..." Li'ann said, musically, stretching theatrically.

"Sound like a plan to you, Jac... Jasmine...?" Dirk asked, turning... "Jasmine? Jasmine!"

Only silence greeted his suddenly frantic shout, the corridor behind him empty of life. Horrified and confused, Dirk whirled to Li'ann...

...and found the corridor in front of him as inexplicably empty as the one behind.

* * *

'Women live but to serve, Li'ann...' The voice whispered in her mind. 'To serve their own desires, to serve their own emotions - and to serve their function, which is to serve men...'

Helpless to block out the insidious voice, the new woman could only helplessly listen as the words sank deeper and deeper into her consciousness...

* * *

Frantic, Dirk plunged through the hallways of the fortress, choosing twists and turns at random as he ran. All thought, all plans, had vanished - except for the need to find and rescue his friends.

Frantic with worry, praying to all the gods that they still lived, the muscular blonde dashed through silent corridors, echoing galleries and decaying chambers, ignoring the growing ache in his legs and feet, the desperate rhythm of his heart driving him ever onward.

Then, in the darkness in front of him, he noticed a faint, green glow flickering over the walls. A reflected light source from some chamber ahead - and, discarding his own torch and gripping his axe in one hand and the shield in the other, he rushed forward to do battle with whatever malevolent being was doing this to him and his friends.

Sprinting, the heavy young man burst into the large chamber that was the source of the light...

...and came to a screeching stop.

It wasn't the eerie sight of the strange, whirling cloud-like mass in the center of the room that drew him up short, despite its hypnotic swirl and the green glow it emitted.

It was the sight of Li'ann and Jasmine standing before it, their eyes blank and faces slack - as they chorused their submission: "We are women. To be womanly is pleasure. To fight being womanly is pain. We are women..."

"Li'ann!" Dirk shouted, frantically. "Jasmine! Snap out of it...!"

Startled, the two women blinked, shaking their head as they fought to free themselves from the bonds that had been entirely mental - and then, with a horrified need in their eyes, they turned to look at their friend.

"Dirk..." Jasmine said in a low, seductive voice, driven by new needs to choose a gracefully feminine pose that best displayed her assets. "Help us, Dirk... Help us feel like women..."

"Yes, Dirk..." Li'ann also pleaded, striking her own pose. "It.. It hurts so bad, knowing that we've been men, and acting like men. Make the pain go away, Dirk - treat us like women. Please..."

"Ye Gods..." Dirk almost sobbed. "What has been done to you? *Why* has it been done to you...?"

It was a rhetorical question - so Dirk was flabbergasted when it was answered, by a voice that echoed out of the swirling cloud.

"They've been made to serve..." The voice said, evilly. "They've been given an overwhelming compulsion to be as womanly as possible - and in the most sexually pleasing manner as possible. Whether they would will it or no, they are now helplessly enslaved to the desire to have men find them attractive and feminine."

"Who are you!" Dirk demanded of the cloud. "What do you want!"

"I am the spirit of Alric." The voice answered. "When death approached, I cast my essence here, into the well of the worlds, where I might dwell, undying in the ether between the universes - until I once more emerge into the world... through you."

"What?" Dirk said, furiously. "Never!"

"It is preordained, Dirk..." The voice said, with a deep chuckle. "It always has been. You, and they, exist solely for this purpose - for that is the compact I made with your fathers."

Dirk was stunned.

"I let them go free, and gave them wealth, solely that they might breed you." The spirit of Alric said. "None of your fathers would serve as a vessel for my spirit, so I ensorcelled their seed to produce one who would. It might have been any one of you, but upon entering my domain I felt each of your strengths, and choose you, Dirk - and so I let these less useful vessels have the honor of becoming the first women of my new harem."

"I'll never give you my body, you evil thing!" Dirk cried, with determination. "Never...!"

"You will..." Alric said. "I cannot take your form while you guard your mind, not even in sleep - but any mortal completely looses himself in that one divine moment of orgasm, and then I shall take you."

Dirk opened his mouth to declare his defiance - but never got the chance, as he felt his manhood suddenly stir, and a powerful need flow through him...

...even as the two women gasped as needs and desires filled them, as well - and in all three cases, the need was identical. Sex. They needed sex.

Desperately.

"No...!" Dirk cried, dropping his axe and clasping his head, struggling to fight against the desperate need. "No.. I won't..." "Oh, Dirk...!" Jasmine said, in a moan. "Dirk, please... I need you... I need... sex. Please, oh Gods, no... I.. I..."

Li'ann was equally as beset, unwanted needs flooding her as she squirmed and writhed in a mixture of pain and desire. "Dirk.. help us.. please..."

"Well...?" Alric chuckled. "Either you have sex with them - or you kill them. That is the only way to end the pain they are feeling, to stop the desperate needs that now hold them. Kill then or have sex with them - and, with you as hopelessly aroused as they, and with them being your friends, even transformed, I do not think you have it in you to kill them... nor yourself."

It was true. Even as Dirk knew that he should take up his axe and kill himself to stop this evil from being reborn, he helplessly found himself taking the first faltering steps towards the two women, feeling his will slowly eroding...

"Yes... No... Oh, please, make it stop..." Jasmine sobbed, helplessly starting to move towards him as well, driven by her own horrific needs. Li'ann, silent, dropped to her knees - not only out of the will she was using to fight these urges, but because that was the position the particular urges she was feeling could be best served.

"Which woman will it be...?" Alric taunted, as Dirk helplessly drew closer to them. "Oh - I see you like Jasmine's breasts. By all means, Dirk - give into you urges..."

Dirk's hands had risen, as if by their own accord, stretching out towards Jasmine's massive breasts. The voice of Alric chuckled in evil anticipation as Dirk's hands drew closer to those enticing mounds...

...and then, in one swift motion, tore the vial from its chain around Jasmine's neck and hurtled it to the stone floor, where it burst into a cloud of pink smoke that quickly enveloped him.

"NO!" Alric roared.

Dirk welcomed the feeling of his body shifting, becoming more feminine - for, as his friends before him, his mind was shifting as well. Though his/her sexual desires didn't lessen, what it was that she desired changed - and as the changes were completed, the new woman was as unable to satisfy those needs as her friends were, with no man present.

"Never, I said...!" Dina swore anew, her toned, athletic body trembling with the horrifyingly powerful new desires that flooded it. With sheer force of will alone, the tall, incredibly toned blonde woman grabbed hold of Jasmine, then reached down and hauled Li'ann to her feet...

...and with one convulsive thrust of her long, incredibly shapely legs, the stunning new blonde woman threw herself and her friends directly into the Well of the Worlds, and vanished...

* * * * *

Though conceived and executed on the spur of the moment, Dirk/Dina's plan was a good plan, a strong plan. Even as they transited the misty corridors between one world and the next, the uncontrollable sexual needs faded, once more returning to the lesser 'innate' desires and urges inherent in the female bodies they wore. Even as they swirled through the mists and emerged into a new world, the mind-numbing, physically painful desires were stripped from them...

...and, unfortunately, so were their clothes and weapons, since only living beings could be transmitted through the Well of the Worlds.

Well, Dina could hardly have been expected to know that, of course...

With a shudder, three women emerged from the swirling mists into the cool air of a strange new world. The first to emerge was a tiny little slip of a woman, her skin smooth and almost luminescent in it's milky perfection. Even as her tiny, dainty feet met the cold ground of the new universe, the frank, pink nipples tipping her domed breasts were rigid - engorged originally by the overwhelming sexual desire she'd fought, now kept that way by the cold air as she stumbled out of the way of the gate on her long, slender legs, the cool air helping dim the 'natural' sexual desires of her new body, even as she was bemused by the realization that she was grateful that she now only wanted to behave as a sexually submissive woman, instead of needing to...

...and instant later, a dark-haired woman appeared from the thin air behind her, led by quite a margin by the enormous, round breasts that thrust from her chest, large, dark nipples pointing the way. Even as she emerged from the mists, she was shivering - not just from the cold, but from the delight of finding herself no longer ridden by an overwhelming urge to pleasure any and every man she met, but by a lesser and more controllable desire to be found pleasurable by men.

At least Li'ann and Jasmine had the 'advantage' of having grappled with their new sexual orientation and desires for a while. Not so the final member of their trio. Tall and toned and well-muscled, yet still incredibly - and attractively - feminine, the glorious golden vision staggered out of the gate still trying to deal with the powerful-yet-sensual nature of her new stride. Riding high and proud on her fairly broad ribcage was her new bosom, which was closer to Jasmine's own bust in total size, despite looking less enormous on the significantly larger body that bore them - and yet they were as firm as Li'ann's smaller breasts, more domed than spherical, and thrust aggressively forward with little shimmy and shiver to distract the new woman as she tried to deal with the cat-like new agility and grace that came with her long, lean body.

"Where are we...?" Jasmine asked, blinking, as she peered around her with amazement.

"I do not know..." Li'ann said, equally as bemused. "This pathway, the bridge above... such construction! It as if it is carved whole from one stone...!"

The three women were standing on a pathway that run under a bridge larger then any of them had ever seen. The bridge spanned the good-sized river that lay in front of where they'd entered this new universe, while the place where the mists had just closed behind them was occupied by a massive support that did, indeed, seem to be one single piece of grey stone - as did the long ribbon of river-side pathway that wound it's way off into the darkness in either direction, though it was of a darker stone.

"By all that's holy...!" Li'ann gasped, looking about. "The lanterns...!"

All three women looked up at one of the lanterns that stood at regular intervals along the dark single-stone pathway. Supported by a black metal column, there were three glass-sided lanterns per post - but the light they threw forth was not the flicker of candlelight, but some bright, inhumanly even orange-yellow glow.

"What manner of sorcerous world have we entered...?" Dina muttered, now having something to take her mind off of her new gender. Cautiously, she edged slightly out of the dark shadows beneath the bridge, to take a better look at their surroundings.

Though the pathway was bordered on one side by the river, on the other side buildings lined the way - and though a few were made of stone, others were built of materials, and in a style, like none she'd ever seen...

...and so much glass! ...and metal!

Both expensive, hard-worked substances were in easy abundance. Even what appeared to be simply trash containers spaced along the pathway were made of worked metal. Such wealth this city must boost, that every building could so afford such workmanship...

There were no people in sight, and that was good, from one point of view - but from another, it was worrisome. What manner of creature inhabited these lands, that they could work such magic and afford such luxuries...?

"Come - we cannot stand here all night..." Dina said, shivering in the chill air - and in reaction to the effect such air had on her thick, highly sensitive new nipples. "We must start trying to make our way in these strange and wondrous lands..."

Huddled close, each moving with an unwanted grace that the despised, yet could not help but appreciate having, the three new women carefully left the shadows under the bridge, their lack of weapons making them feel even more naked then their lack of clothes. Quickly, they slipped over an open, well-lit stretch of pathway, and into the shadows of a narrow alley that ran between two buildings.

Every sense was heightened by their situation - which made it difficult to be alert for danger, for those senses were reporting in the feelings of their new bodies as they crept forth, distracting the mind from the task at hand.

Unsurprisingly, for Jasmine it was her breasts that caused the most consternation. Even with her slow, graceful movements, the massive mounds of flesh on her chest insisted on swaying and quivering in the most disturbingly delightful manner - and with her helpless affection for her new endowments, it caused a constant series of sexual thoughts to flow through her, thoughts of how good it would feel to have a man appreciate her new breasts...

"Ye Gods...!"

Dina's breathless exclamation drew Jasmine from her thoughts, and she peered around her friend's toned body at what had brought forth the stunned reaction.

They stood just within the shadows of the alley's mouth - and before them lay a street. Not the dirt street of most towns and villages, not even the cobblestone of the more prosperous cities, but more of that endless gray-black stone that seemed to be of one piece - though, oddly, it appeared to have been painted here and there with yellow or white lines or dashes.

Perhaps they were sorcerous symbols of some sort - perhaps even the ones that made possible the incredible vehicles that moved along such a wondrous road.

For even as she watched, breathless and amazed, another vehicle like the one that had caused Dina's exclamation came into view.

It was some sort of wagon or coach, totally enclosed. Perhaps the fact that it seemed made entirely of metal and glass would have been cause enough for amazement, and the fact that more of that cold-fire light was thrown from lanterns imbedded in the front of the vehicle would have been worthy of comment - yet, for all that, the most amazing part of this strange vehicle was that it moved under some sorcerous motivation, no creature of any sort drawing it.

"It is some sort of... horseless carriage..." Li'ann said in open amazement. "Dirk..."

"Dina." The broad-shouldered blonde corrected, knowing the other two women would understand - only since her own transformation did she understand how the sound of her old, male name hit her like a blow, since it was lost to her now.

"Dina - how shall we make our way in this new world?" Li'ann asked, afraid. "In a world of such wonders...?"

"We must obviously take great care not to arouse the ire of any of the great wizards who make this possible..." Dina said, slowly. "Unfortunately, the first thing we must do is clothe ourselves - and since we have no gold or silver, needs be that we must steal to do this."

"Oh, what terrible fate might befall us if we are caught..." Jasmine said sarcastically, with a quick smile, as she pointedly ran her hands over her massive new breasts - and sighed with pleasure at her own touch, before regretfully pulling her hands away.

"Come - we passed a door in the alley. Let us try and see what lays behind it..."

The trio went back down the alley, pausing before the door and peering up at the sign above it. "What are 'videos'..." Jasmine wondered aloud.

"It matters not." Dina shrugged the question aside. "Fortune has smiled upon us, for we find not only a clothing shop before us, but are lucky enough to find one that does not make clothing for children."

"Truly..." Li'ann agreed, reading the sign aloud. "Teasers - Adult clothing, videos, and novelties."

Looking about, Dina spied yet another metal refuse bin, and a quick look inside yielded a short metal rod that, with an application of force, quickly gained them entrance to the shop inside. Silently, the three women entered, and began to search the incredibly large and diverse stock of the store by the light that seeped in through the unbelievable huge, clear glass that comprised most of the store's façade.

"Sweet Elath and Enders..." Dina swore, looking through the shop's diverse merchandise with a stunned expression. "What evil fate would bring us to a world where women are to be such sexual creatures?"

"Indeed" Li'ann agreed, sorrowfully, looking at the incredible, life-like illustrations upon the hundred of small boxes that lined many shelves along one wall. One each, women of all description were engaged in sexual acts of all description - indeed, some of the women were even as busty as Jasmine had become.

"Perhaps we assume too much from our first look at this world..." Jasmine ventured, hesitantly. "Let us see more of this world before we judge it. At least we now know that the inhabitants be human - and there is clothing for us here, and these illustrations to show how it should be worn..."

She held up one of the slender books she had found, its paper incredibly smooth and glossy, and filled with illustrations so detailed that they almost looked as if life itself had been captured and flattened for the pages. Though the illustrations were mostly showing women in states of undress, each series of pictures for each woman started with the lady clad in a complete outfit, and from this they could see how women in this world were to dress.

"You are right, Jasmine..." Dina agreed, hoping against hope that their fates were not to be as she so feared. "Come - let us dress appropriate to the new world..."

Dina chose to dress as the form of warrior-woman that was illustrated in some of the slender books. Like the warriors of her own world, much of the clothing was tight-fitted leathers - by leathers like none she had ever seen, of such a fine, supple grain and colored such a shining black.

The trousers she wore were so tight as to cling to every curve of her toned new legs and spectacular new ass, the muted gleam of the fine-grain leather only too obviously designed to reveal every curve and swell of her physique - but perhaps that was only to showcase the taut, shapely musculature of her body in silent warning to any foe.

For her firm new breasts, there was a garment that was little more than a tube of some material of remarkable give and stretch, that also clung to her ribcage like a second skin - what little of it there was. The tall blonde would certainly have felt more comfortable positioning the tube-like top so that it covered her new bust as much of possible, but the illustrations made it clear how it was to be worn - low enough that it rose but a bare inch above her damnably erect nipples, before curving downward and under her new bosom in a molded form that displayed her new attributes to a remarkable degree.

The bottom of the strange material sat a few inches below her large, firm new breasts, displaying her taut new abdomen - but not for long, for she pulled on a heavy leather garment that seemed to serve as some sort of protection. Much like the lower half of the bodice-blouse that had given Jasmine her enormous bust, the heavy leather garment fit tight around her waist, its tops pushed up against the underside of her breasts, further delineating them in their thin top, and the lower part of the garment sat high on her now leather-clad hips, the entirety of the tight-fitting device only emphasizing her trim waist.

There were a pair of wide leather bracers to be worn, one strapped to each wrist, and each studded with little pyramids of metal obviously designed to ward off an opponent's blade. With the bracers came a matching collar to provide some protection for her neck, and a belt to cinch around her slender waist.

The weapon of choice for this clan of warrior-women appeared to be a whip, and such a weapon was available to her in the shop, so she coiled it and attached it to a clip on her new belt, hoping that the mere appearance of it would serve, for she had no skill in effectively employing such a weapon...

...and even less skill in employing the secondary weapon of the warrior-woman of this land.

"That footwear should be a weapon in this land..." Dina said, amazed, as she pulled on the leather boots that clung tight to her legs before flaring slightly before ending at mid-thigh. She cocked her foot, eyeing the remarkably high, slender heel of the boot, a metal spike a good six inches in length. "I cannot conceive how to make effective use of such a weapon. The illustrations all that show it being employed show the woman grinding it upon a man already downed, yet never does it show how a woman might do this..."

"Perhaps it is such a common skill among the women here that nobody thought to illustrate it..." Li'ann suggested, pulling on her own shoes. "Do not all these shoes have some similar heel, if not as obviously a battle-weapon as yours...?"

Indeed - the shoes that the tiny red-head pulled on also sported a long, narrow heel - in fact, longer than that of Dina's boots, if neither metal nor as slender. The shoes, however, sported a much thicker sole, and lifting the tiny woman a respectable three inches higher.

The flame-haired beauty had chosen an outfit that the illustrations seemed to indicate belonged to some sort of minor noblewoman - and indeed, it seemed likely, for who but a noblewoman could afford clothes of such smooth softness...?

The white silk garment next to the skin of her torso was of an incredibly fine and even weave, soft and supple against her skin, even if its lace-edged neckline displayed a good third of her domed breasts. Over this low-necked shirt came a jacket of fine linen, black and patterned with fine white vertical lines, cut to cling tight to her body and, when buttoned, sharply display her slender waist.

The matching skirt that such an outfit was worn with was barely long enough to cover her new womanhood, and clung tight to hip and thigh. Indeed, it was so short that when she sat or moved you could see the lace-trimmed top of the strange hose that was worn with the outfit - not the thick woolen hose of her world, but hose of an incredibly fine, translucent material that not only felt disturbingly pleasant upon her milky skin, but that served to emphasize every curve and shadow on her long new legs. Still, the illustrations made it clear that it was to be worn with the outfit, and so it was over this fine hose that she slipped the black high-heeled shoes, with their rounded platform soles and the leather strap that buckled over each ankle.

"What odd vestments the women of this world choose to wear..." Jasmine said, looking over her friends - and then, ruefully, down at her own clad form.

Having seen the outfits chosen by her companions, Jasmine had chosen one that seemed to sit somewhere between the two, under the hope that it was the equivalent of a woman's workaday outfit. Like Li'ann, she now wore a short leather skirt and a strange pair of hose - but neither was the same as the shorter woman's clothing.

The hose she wore was not the fine, translucent material, but of an open-weave, resembling more than anything a fisherman's net.

The skirt, also black, was similar in style to that of the one Li'ann wore - but was made of the same incredibly fine-grain leather as Dina's pants. The boots she wore, which rose to just below her knees, were also black - but not leather, for they had no grain at all, but were incredibly glossy and black.

The top she wore was also incredibly glossy, but a rich shade of purple. It resembled the garment around Dina's waist, but it included an upper portion that resembled a pair of half-goblets made of the glossy not-leather, each of which cupped one enormous breast to just slightly higher than the nipple. It was the only garment she could find that would comfortably enclose her massive breasts, even as little as this garment enclosed them - but it also served to lift them and display them, the 'cups' of the garment making her breasts firmer than they were.

"Well, we are clothed, at least..." Li'ann replied, with a shrug. "For that we should be grateful."

"I suppose." Jasmine allowed - though, in truth, the clothing made her feel more aware of her feminine body than she had while naked, as if designed solely with the thought of increasing a woman's sexual enticement.

"Come - let us leave before we are caught in mid-act of pilferage." Dina 'suggested' firmly. Though the thought of walking the paths and byways of this strange new land in clothing that so displayed their new bodies made each woman uncomfortable, it was better than the unspecified threat of what might happen should they be caught stealing. Bracing their courage with deep breaths, the trio made their way to the back door of the shop and once more emerged into the alley.

"Well, where do we go now...?" Li'ann asked, trying to ignore the strangely pleasurable way the wind felt, moving over her hose-clad legs.

"Well..." Dina said, thoughtfully. "I suggest we go back to the river-path, and head north along it. It seems less peopled, and will allow us a chance to look around..."

'Less peopled' was only one reason for the golden woman to choose that path, with 'less brightly lit' being another. The real reason, however, was the fact that none of the horseless carriages seemed to use the path, and in truth, the wizard-wagons scared her.

The also made the other women nervous, as well. Sharing a brief, commiserating look, the three women nodded in agreement, then turned and headed for the end of the alley, no longer skulking, but walking as if they had every right to be out in this strange new world - even if the new shoes they wore, coupled with their innate grace, did cause their firm, determined stride to look remarkably sensual.

Soon they were on the waterfront path, heading what seemed to be generally southward. Though they'd left their own world sometime in the forenoon hours, it appeared that, in this world, it was quite late, perhaps an hour or two past the high moon. They encountered no-one as they strode down the path, their high heels clicking on the strange single-stone that made up the walkway.

Gradually, the close-packed buildings gave way to wider spaced one, and in turn, onto what were obviously houses - but houses larger and containing more glass than any woman imagined any but the wealthy being able to afford. As expensive as the first houses they saw must be, the ones that came after only grew larger and more ornate, sitting on progressively larger plots of land set progressively further back from the river.

An hour passed, during which they encountered no-one on their travels, the houses they passed dark and silent for the most part, though from some glowed the bright, steadily light from the wizard-lanterns mounted outside or somewhere within the rooms. Hungry, and growing footsore, the women continued on, the pathway now winding through what seemed parkland, stretching a hundred yards from the river to the fenced-in grass courtyards of the houses lining the other side.

Then, as the women began to wonder what they were to do, where they were to go, they heard a familiar sound that immediately helped comfort them, reminding them that there were still some things in this world that mirrored their own - for the sound of a dog barking was unmistakable, in any world.

Across the incredibly smooth, green grass of the parkland came a dog, bouncing and leaping playfully. Of a breed none of the women had seen before, it had a long, tan-and-black-on-white coat of wavy hair and a long, slender snout. Obviously neither a hunting- or war-dog, the lean, frisky animal bounded up to the women, barking and yipping, tail wagging furiously.

"Good doggie..." Dina said, crouching down in a creak of leather to stroke the soft, silken coat of the frolicking animal. She glanced briefly at the plumbing. "Good girl, yes you are - such a pretty doggie..."

"Lassie!" A voice called out of the darkness, causing the dog's ears to perk up. "Here, Lassie - I've got a treat for you... and a swift kick for the idiot who left the back gate open..."

The last part of the comment, spoken in the 'sweetness and light' tone used to entice a dog, but obviously directed at somebody else with less cheerful feelings, trailed off as the voice's owner trotted up - and slowed to a stop, his eyes widening as he took in the sight of the three women.

Slowly, Dina rose as she surveyed the man. Perhaps two or three years older than her own age, he was oddly attired in a pair of ragged half-trousers of a thick, faded blue material, and an over-sized red shirt bearing a big white numeral on it's front. Fairly tall and broad shouldered, the man had short, brown hair and his skin was deeply tanned.

"Oh - uh, hi..." He said, awkwardly, crouching down to give the dog that had bounded to his side the promised treat. "I'm sorry of Lassie startled you. She's friendly, though..."

"Yes, she is..." Dina agreed, trying a hesitant smile of her own - and, since the man seemed nonthreatening, decided to appeal to him for information. "We are three poor, lost travelers, with no coin of the realm. Prithie, might you know where such as we might food and lodgings for the night, kind sir?"

The man blinked at her request, and Dina felt a sinking feeling in her stomach as she realized that her choice to address the man as one would a noble, to be on the safe side, was inappropriate...

...but the man didn't correct her on her assumption of his station. "You.. don't have any money, or anywhere to go?"

"I fear not, milord..." Dina said, deciding it was safest to use the High Speech until he saw fit to detail his station in this society. She thought fast, trying to find a reasonable explanation for their situation. "We are.. performers, who had a disagreement with our former master..."

"Oh, of course..." The man said, relaxing and smiling in gentle commiseration as he waved a hand in their direction. "Dancers, right - I should have figured..."

"Yes, dancers..." Jasmine agreed, quickly, and Li'ann nodded in affirmation - it seemed to be a stable 'story' on which to base their situation.

"So you had a fight with your manager while on tour?" The man asked, frowning angrily. "What - did he just kick you off the bus here in town, with no money and just the clothes on your back?"

"Something much like that." Li'ann agreed, quickly.

"Well - isn't there anybody you can call?" The man asked, as much confused as worried. "I mean even if he kicked you out without your credit or ATM cards, surely you have friends that can loan you enough money to get home?"

The women hesitated - and Jasmine blurted out the first thing that came to mind: "Our... 'manager' was providing housing and our funds on allowance. We have nothing..."

The man seemed startled. "But surely your contracts..."

He paused, a suspicion dawning in his eyes, and the women suddenly worried that they'd said something wrong... "How old are you?" He asked, suddenly.

Not knowing why he was asking, Dina fell back on the truth: "Eighteen, just this very day, milord."

The man's face hardened, and he nodded slowly. "I've heard about things like this: Slimy bastards talking underage runaways into working for them..."

Though unsure what he was talking about, Dina didn't hesitate to agree: "Yes - that's exactly how it was. Now we have nothing, no home or family. Please, can you help us, kind sir...?"

"Oh - of course, of course..." The young man hastened to assure them. "Uh... me and some friends are just sort of hanging out, pulling sort of an all-night movie marathon. We've got some pizza and snack food, and some beer, if you'd like - and we can figure out what to do about this."

"That is a most gracious offer, milord, and we would be honored to accept..." Dina said, hating the humility her new gender forced her to take in the situation.

The man blinked. "I don't know what your manager made you do, but you don't have to call me 'my lord'. The name's Steve."

"I am Dina..." The tall blonde introduced herself with a bow - and mentally kicked herself for it as she continued, "...and my friends, Li'ann and Jasmine."

Blushing faintly, feeling humiliated, at least the two shorter women remembered to curtsy.

"Pleased to meet you, even under these circumstances." Steve said. "Come on - let's get you inside, where it's warm."

Nervously, the three new women followed their new benefactor, grateful for his assistance - but extremely uncomfortable at having to deal with a man as their new genders demanded, automatically being placed into the subservient position.

Wordlessly, the simply followed Steve as he led them into the yard of a large, two-story home. Closing the gate they'd entered through behind them, he briefly patted the dog and told her to go play, then led the women through a door of glass that led inside the lowest level.

The two men lounging on the couch immediately sat upright at the appearance of the women, and the one on the right - a tall, lanky man with skin the color of mahogany - whistled in amazement.

"Steve, you sly devil - you never said it was gonna be that kind of party..." The other man, a stocky man with dark, curly hair said, grinning.

"It's not like that, Al." Steve said, shortly. "Al, Mark - this is Tina, Leanne and Jasmine..."

As Steve quickly proceeded to relate their 'story', the women chose not to correct the slight mispronunciations of their names, since the three men seemed to accept those versions as being common enough to accept without question. When Steve finished the story, the other two men were full of questions - but 'Tina' quickly headed off that dangerous territory by humbling asking that they not talk about it.

"Of course. How insensitive of me..." Steve said with chagrin. "You just want to relax a bit, and feel safe and comfortable. Look, girls, I know we just met and everything - but my house is your house, until we find something more suitable for you and get this all straightened out. Please, sit down, and we'll get you something to eat and drink..."

As the two men abandoned the couch and eagerly ushered them to the incredible comfort of the amazing furnishing, the women tried not to show any of the shock and amazement on their faces.

The house was.. incredible. Not only was the furniture incredibly ornate and comfortable, not a single rough-hewn piece like they were accustomed to be seen, but the wonders that resided in the house - like the large, glass-fronted box in which a tiny play magically appeared...

...but as incredible as all this was, it was the behavior of the three men that aroused the most surprise, for though obviously high-born by their very residence, they acted as near-servants onto the women, treating them as some sort of royalty, fetching them strange but tasty foods, and a sort of golden ale served, amazingly, chilled.

Seated on the couch of surpassing comfort, food and beverage in hand, with the men almost literally falling over themselves in a desire to please, even the obviously attracted looks the men showered upon their new bodies seemed a small enough price to pay. Perhaps condemned to femininity in this strange land would not be as terrible as they once feared...

Lulled by the chilled ales and the considerate males, the women slowly let their guard down...

...completely unaware of the insidious, sneaking effect of the final, vindictive spell of retribution that Alric had cast upon them as they slipped past his spirit in their escape from his lair.

The one that slowly, but steadily, increased their bodies sensitivity to both pleasure and male pheromones - while slowly but steadily peeling back their defensive layers of their minds, letting their brains act as 'receivers', unknowingly picking up and taking for their own the thoughts of any man close enough to them.

The three, highly attentive young men almost literally waiting on their hand and foot were, indeed, 'close enough'.

Feeling one of the predictable side-effects of the ale, Tina started to move towards the glass door through which they'd entered. "Can I get you something, Tina...?" Al asked, once again admiring the tall blonde's supple body and cat-like grace.

"Oh - I just needed to make use of the outhouse..." She replied, with a faint blush - while thinking to herself that it was surprisingly pleasant to have such a limber, agile body that felt so... comfortable... wrapped in tight leathers that showed her new physique to such an advantage.

"Outhouse...?" Al said, startled. "Uh, Tina, I had no idea you came girls came from some backwoods hollow still poor enough to be using outhouses - but we have bathrooms here. Come on, I'll show you where it is..."

"Oh - thank you..." Tina said, heading towards where he waited - and letting herself move with just a hint more supple, sensuous grace, simply because it felt so good to do so. Even though she'd just verified that she and her friends were poor peasants, and these men some sort of minor nobility, relegating her immediately to a thoroughly subservient role, Al was still being extraordinarily kind to her, so she felt she might as well smile blindingly at him, touch a light, appreciative hand to his shoulder as she leaned down and, pressing her melon-like breasts firmly against his shoulder, gave him a light kiss of gratitude.

"Lead on, sweet knight..." She said, warmly, finding that touching him wasn't nearly as disgusting as she thought touching a man would be. Indeed... it was pleasant.

Quite pleasant...

As they left, Jasmine turned her attention to Mark - and, catching the direction of his gaze, decided that her question could wait a second. After all, he had been extraordinarily kind to her, and so it didn't really cost her anything to take a deep, deep breath and roll her shoulders back, thrusting her enormous tits even further forward, so that he could better admire them.

In fact.. it felt very nice to do so, and so she left them out-thrust and prominently on display as she graced him with a bright, eager-to- please smile befitting a wench of her class... at least, what she thought he class to be.

"Pray tell, handsome Mark, why is a privy called a 'bathroom' here...?" She asked, leaning forward to give the tall, dark-skinned man a better view of her deep, yawning cleavage, thrilling at the feeling created as the fabric shifted slightly over her oh-so-wonderfully- sensitive breasts.

"Um.. because that's where the bathtub is..." Mark replied, staring.

"Truly?" She replied, wide-eyed. "A bath, within the house... and does it have hot water for it, as well?" "Of course." Mark replied. "Um.. would you like to see?"

Well, since she was a mere wench, and he a high-born lord, it was best she not turn the offer down. Indeed, it was best if she accepted it using the correctly submissive response of wench to master: "I would go wherever you see fit to lead, my lord."

"I'll take that as a 'yes'..." Mark said, with a grin. Rising, he led her towards the doorway...

..and since he was being so very kind to her, when he didn't need to, she decided that it wouldn't hurt in the least to lean into him as she walked, pressing her massive breasts into his back, near the kidneys.

He didn't seem to mind in the least, draping a hand around her bare shoulders - and she, a mere wench, couldn't rightfully refuse him that touch...

...especially when it felt as wonderful as it did.

Now alone on the couch, Steve turned to Leanne with a bemused look.

"Did the three of you really grow up in such poverty...?" He asked, hesitantly.

Leanne decided it was safest to tell the truth - or, a version of it, at any rate: "Indeed we did, Steve - though, it being all we knew, did not realize it for poverty. All three of us are used to much cruder surroundings and possessions."

Casting about for an example, she found one: "Why, I did not even know that such wonderfully fine fabrics existed, until I... was forced to become what I now am."

By way of illustration, she ran her slender fingers over the smooth hose she wore - and then did it again, with a bit more pressure, enjoying the sensation immeasurably.

"I had no idea that such fabric could exist, that would make touch so pleasant..." She amplified for him - then, considering, realized that perhaps the high-born women Steve must surely deal with might not wear such a thing, and so may not know how truly smooth and fine the fabric was. "Go ahead, m'lord - feel for yourself..."

Hesitantly, Steve reached out and lightly drew his hand over her encased leg.

"That feels so good... doesn't it?" She asked, trembling at the pleasure of his touch... and thinking that perhaps such a short, light touch didn't reveal how truly amazing the fine-woven fabric was. "Nay, milord, do not remove your hand. Continue to touch my leg.. to caress it firmly.. yes, like that..."

With a sigh, she closed her eyes and let her head roll back. Certainly, he seemed to have become extraordinarily interested in the fabric, continuing to caress and touch the fine fabric that encased her leg, and who was she to say nay to a lord... especially when it felt so good?

So very, very good...

..so good, in fact, that she found herself slipping off the couch, sliding down in front of his spread legs, her slender fingers reaching for the fastenings of his strange half-trousers..

'I shouldn't be doing this...'

The thought shot across her consciousness - and she immediately refuted it, even as she forced herself to free his hard, throbbing cock from it's prison.

After all, she was Elvis, wasn't she? Sooner or later, her new race would force her to do this to men, and by all rights she should be the helpless slave of an evil wizard. Now, instead, she could use her new - and, of course, utterly uncontrollable - needs to please a kind lord who treated her almost as if she were an equal...

Yes, she thought, as her Elvis blood forced her to moan in absolute delight at the wonderful sensation of filling her mouth with a hard cock. This was the best fate she could hope for, forced - helplessly, of course, because she'd *never* willingly become a man's sex- slave otherwise - to please the wonderful man, forced to accept the fantastic pleasure that came part-and-parcel with her heritage as she hungrily sucked and licked his throbbing cock with her skillful mouth and long, supple tongue.

Oh, what a fate, she bemoaned to herself as she brought him to orgasm and greedily gulped at the flood of delicious man-seed that flowed from him. Forced to accept the intense physical pleasure that came from sucking upon a man's cock, helpless to stop herself from feeling the wonderful pleasure that came from surrendering to her heritage...

* * * * *

"Yes, Mark - yes...!" Jasmine forced herself to scream, as she braced herself against the tile wall of the bath, her huge tits shuddering and shaking from the force of his thrusts.

She had no choice, she knew. After all, she was a mere wench, and he a high-born lord. She was nothing, her only purpose in life to serve her lord's every desire - and it was obvious what he desired. After all, he had been quick to show her the bath, and suggest that she might wish to take one - and she knew what that meant. Women were, of course, the serving wenches at bath-houses - and so, she'd known what she'd had to do.

She simply forced herself to accept the pleasure that came from undressing them both as the tub filled with warm water. Forced herself to not shove his hands away from her massive breasts when he'd first touched them, instead grinding her teeth in what must have seemed a smile to him, forcing herself to simply accept the horrific pleasure of his touch.

The sight of his hard, throbbing cock had made clear his attentions, and so like any good wench she'd begged her lord to do to her what he was planning to do anyway, making it seem as if she truly wanted it.

This was her fate. For the rest of her life, she'd be forced to accept all of her lord's attentions on her. Forced to simply accept the indescribably pleasure his mere touch brought, and forced to accept the ecstasy that came from being his sexual plaything.

As she screamed and thrashed, overwhelmed by a horribly powerful orgasm, she knew that she was doomed - doomed to spend a life experiencing indescribably pleasure, day in and day out...

* * * * *

"Say it...!" Tina commanded, her long legs flexing as she rode atop Al. "Say it, Al!" "You're my mistress!" Al complied. "Oh, yes, Mistress Tina!"

Flushed with satisfaction, Tina increased her pace, thrusting herself harder atop the cock that filled her tight womanhood.

She was still a warrior - and she'd proven it. Upon finishing her business in the indoor outhouse, she'd decided to try her skills as a warrior-woman upon the man who would not stop eyeing her with lust. Certainly, his lust might make her shiver with pleasure, but that was no excuse - he needed to learn a lesson, and it was one she was now teaching him, fucking him long and hard.

How humiliated he must feel, she thought with a grin. In the subservient position, beneath her, while she rode atop him, the mistress of the situation.

She'd found the secret. The one where the warrior-women in the magazine could lay a man low. It didn't require much battle! Indeed, the real trick of it had been amazingly simple...

...you undressed!

Amazingly, if you took off your clothes, the males of this land seemed to simply surrender to you, doing whatever you demanded of them! Look how easily Al had let himself be humiliated into such a subservient position, laying beneath her as she took control and fucked him, riding atop him with strong, hard strokes of her long legs! She demanded from him - and he complied! She instructed him to fondle her ass... and he did it immediately, without even a show of resistance!

Indeed, she had his number now. High-born as he might be, he had acknowledged that she was the mistress. For Al, she was his Mistress Tina - and, best of all, Tina knew that if he showed even the faintest hint of getting out of line, she could force him to let her fuck him long and hard, reestablishing her dominance...

Come to think of it, she thought as she screamed out in primal ecstasy of orgasm, maybe she should do this a couple of times a day, at the very least - just to make sure he knew who was the boss here...

* * * *

Alric fumed.

From within the mists of the Well, he watched the three women - and fumed.

They weren't supposed to be enjoying their fates! They were supposed to be humiliated and horrified...

..yet, somehow, they'd managed to convince themselves that any 'bad' thing about it was simply his fault, and so nothing the could be ashamed about - while, inside, they reveled in the pleasure that came from being female!

It was unbelievable. How could any man find being turned female and forced to become extremely sexual pleasurable? Oh, certainly, there was great physical pleasure involved but the greater the physical pleasure, the greater the emotional humiliation should have been.

Instead, these three new women somehow managed to lie to themselves, finding some way of 'justifying' to themselves accepting all that pleasure.

Churning within the mists of the well, Alric swore a vow to himself.

Gone were his plans of returning to dominance in his own world. Gone were his schemes for rebirth. Instead, he began mustering all his powers and intellect, searching for a new plan.

A plan to get revenge on the three women who had escaped his clutches...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: On what should be a dream vacation in the Caribbean, one lonely man wishes that he understood women better and meets an Island woman who promises to help him; little does he know he is in for a change.

Island Magic

By Gunslinger

The warm island breeze carried the scent of exotic tropical blooms and even more exotic tropical rhythms across the moon-lit beach. The beat of the distant drums blended in with the gentle susurrations of the surf upon the white sands of the shore, creating a soothing tropical lullaby.

Beneath the flickering golden light of a bamboo beach torch, Andy lay on the slat-backed chaise lounge, staring out at the horizon where the star-filled sky seemed to meet the deep, white-capped ocean. Although his eyes were watching, none of the information was processed by his mind, which was much farther away than even the far-away horizon. His slender, pale face was set in a melancholy cast, and his dark eyes were turned inwards.

A sudden gust of sea-air ruffled his Bermuda shorts and loud Hawaiian shirt. The sudden draft was enough to draw Andy back to the present, and the short, slender man blinked as if awakening from a long nap, then slowly sat up.

Heaving a deep sigh, ill-suited to the romantic atmosphere, Andy watched a couple farther along the beach walking hand-in-hand in the surf. Shaking his head, the native New Yorker swung his knobby, hairy legs over the side of the chair and rose to his full, unimpressive height. Head down, the breeze ruffling his shaggy mop of sandy hair, the young man began to trudge along the beach, his bare feet kicking up small plumes of clean, white sand.

Andy had no idea how long he'd been strolling like that when the voice startled him out of his reverie. "Oh, why such a lon' face, liddle mon?"

Startled, Andy looked up. He'd wandered onto part of the beach that wasn't built up - the thin strip of sand was bordered by the ocean on one side, thick jungle on the other. And sitting on the beach, under a twisted tree's lower boughs, was the oldest woman Andy had ever seen. Her dark skin was wrinkled like a prune, her hair was whiter than the sand on which she sat, and her shoulders were slumped by the weight of her years. She was grinning, gap-toothed, up at Andy.

"Excuse me?" Andy asked, blinking down at the apparition.

The old woman, cocked her head. "I say, why you so sad? You on the most beautiful island in the whole wide world, an' you walking along like yo best friend jus' die." She reached behind her and dragged a small wooden chest into view, surprising Andy - her bony arms didn't look like they had the strength to move an object like that. Popping open the lid, she rummaged around in it a bit, then emerged with a small bottle of amber fluid. "Why don' you sit down an' tell Mama Kotiki all abou' it, liddle mon?"

Andy sighed - the old woman was obviously one of the amazingly friendly natives who made a fairly good living selling things to the tourists. With a mental shrug, Andy sank to a cross-legged seat beside her. To be honest, he felt like talking about it.

"Here - no charge for you." She said, handing him the bottle. "Now, you start talkin', and I start lissenin'."

Uncorking the bottle, Andy took a sniff, confirming his suspicions - Rum. Already having had one run in with the local product, he took a small swig of the 180 proof liquid fire, feeling it trace it's way down his throat.

"You see..." Andy said to the attentive woman. "I came here on one of those single's cruises... You know, a chance to meet women in a romantic setting." He sighed, deeply. "But, that didn't help - there's more guys than girls on these cruises, and that means some guys don't even have a chance. Guys like me."

"Like you? Like you how?" The old woman said, sounding truly interested.

Andy sighed again. "It's... I don't understand women. I mean - I really can't figure out how they think, what they like. I never have been able to pick up on those little body signals they send - hell, I can't tell whether a woman likes or hates me - unless she comes right out and says it."

The old lady laughed. "Mon, ain't no man unnerstand women - or they them, eider. It's de way of the world, liddle mon."

Andy smiled wryly. "Yeah - I've heard that." He sighed again, a surprisingly deep, heavy sound coming from his scrawny body. "Even if there's no understanding women themselves, I still wish I could understand their reasoning behind their romantic and sexual... signs and urges, I guess."

The woman's wrinkled face wrinkled up even further. "I don' getcha, liddle mon."

Andy looked for an easier way to explain it. "I wish I could tell which sexual acts a woman liked, and which ones she didn't." "Oh - now I getcha." The old woman cackled. "Well, liddle mon - you in luck. Ol' Mama Kotiki help, sure she do."

Andy's brow rose. "Excuse me?"

The old woman smiled her gap-toothed grin and rummaged around in the chest, emerging with a small, dark bottle with a wax-sealed cork. "Dis be de stuff that help you, you bet." She said, holding it out towards him. "You drink dis stuff right down, and den you know all dere is to know 'bout what a woman likes from a man, I betcha."

Andy took the bottle with a doubtful look. "What is this?"

"I tol' you - it's what you need, liddle man." The woman said with a cackle.

Shaking his head, Andy gazed out at the white-capped ocean for a minute, trying to think of a polite way to thank - but refuse - the friendly native woman. Thinking he'd come up with something appropriate, he turned back to...

...where she'd been. She was gone.

Snapping from his slump into straight-back rigidity, Andy glanced around, confused. There was no trace of the woman or her chest, and he wondered how the hell she'd left so quickly and so silently - fading back into the jungle like a ghost. The only sign that she'd even been there was a small indentation in the sand.

Shaking his head in amazement, Andy turned back to his soulful contemplation of the bright, starry night under a lover's moon and went back to sipping at the high-test rum, savoring the warmth it burned down his throat and the thin coating of indifference it brought to his mind.

When he'd finished the small bottle of fiery amber liquid, Andy leaned back on his elbows and stared up into the heavens, wondering what he was going to do - not just for the remaining two days of island 'shore leave' and the four day trip back to Miami, but for the rest of his life. He'd had a notable lack of success with the opposite gender, and even this splurge of his savings was yielding nothing for him.

With that thought, his glance fell on the small, dark-brown bottle the old woman had handed him, and he leaned over and picked it up, eyeing it in the moonlight. He shook it, feeling the weight of the thick liquid inside sloshing around in the bottle, and he sat up with it in his hand, an intrigued expression on his face.

Using his fingernails, he broke the wax seal over the stopper and pried the cork out with a low 'pop'. Lifting the bottle to his nose, he inhaled...

...and smelled an unusual, slightly fruity, but definitely alcoholic fragrance.

Andy laughed, the old woman's words becoming clear to him now - it was the old 'Dutch courage' routine. Drink enough, and you'd hit on anything living, and not care if you got rejected, merely moving onto another woman. Sure, you'd make a real fool of yourself that way, and you'd pay for it the next day, but...

Shaking his head, Andy figured 'what the hell?' and lifted the bottle to his lips for a sip...

...then mentally shrugged, and downed the whole bottle in one quick shot, feeling the alcohol sliding down his throat, the low warmth of the cordial-like liqueur cool in comparison to the fiery channel carved by the 180-proof rum he was chasing it with. A faint taste of passion-fruit lingered in its wake, tinged with some exotic spices that Andy couldn't identify.

Climbing to his feet with a small belch, Andy picked up the two bottles to dispose of properly, and began to wander back in the direction of the resort, the light of which he could see spilling out over the white sand of the beach a ways down, tinted with the flickering orange glow of the torches around the chaise lounges on the beach.

He'd taken about a dozen steps when the low warmth of the alcohol in his stomach flared into life as a bright, painful burning sensation, and Andy doubled over with a muffled screams as cramps worse than any he'd ever experienced hit.

It felt like he was being torn apart from the inside out. Intense, wrenching, pulling sensations were occurring in his guts and waist, while a terrible pressure was straining at his hips, ass and chest. Nerves flared and sparked with agony as an intense itching sensation screamed over every square inch of his skin. At the same time, it felt like somebody was trying to pick him up by his hair, and it felt like somebody was battering his face to a pulp.

All of these sensations were kept company by an utter agony in his crotch, as if somebody had kicked him square in the balls with a steel-toed boot.

Andy's knees came unhinged, and collapsed gracelessly to the sand, rolling in agony as his very bones ached, as if they were being slowly crushed to dust. Muscles revolted against his control as they writhed and twitched, and his eyes began to burn fiercely, bolts of pain ripping through his optic nerve.

Then the pain began to ebb, and Andy could feel sensation - real sensations, not just the mind-numbing sheet of agony - slowly begin to displace the persistent throb that was the fading echo of what he'd just endured. Shuddering, he sat up...

...and screamed.

The scream wasn't very loud, nor long - the intense agony had left him gasping in the aftermath, and he didn't have the air in his lungs for anything more.

Or, more accurately - **she** didn't have the air in **her** lungs.

For the thing that had initiated the scream was the two large, dark breasts thrust proudly from the slender body that now housed the once-male being that was Andy, tenting the front of the Hawaiian shirt outwards, with a nicely displayed view of cleavage visible in the neckline.

His... *Her* mind whirled in confusion, disbelief and denial - but it was hard to deny something that your every sense insisted was real. It wasn't just the inexplicable sight of the dark, rich, chocolate-shaded flesh that now covered Andy's 'soul' in decidedly feminine contours. It was also a thousand other sensations - the weight and heft of the DD-cup breasts thrust roundly from a slender ribcage. The feel of the cool night air moving across large, dark nipples, impeded only by thin, brightly colored fabric. The sensation of that same wind stirring long hair across the nape of a slender neck and slim, feminine shoulders.

Slender, long-nailed hands shaking, she fumbled with the button of the shorts that were now stretched skin-tight over suddenly wider hips and a fuller ass, finally opening the fly. Reaching down inside, Andy shuddered when her new fingers touched the small patch of pubic hair - and, nestled in the center, the undeniable contours of a vagina.

Her vagina.

She was a woman.

"No... This can't... I'm not..." Andy muttered to herself, eyes bulging in shock. She barely heard the rich, feminine contralto that the words were coming out in, but was definitely aware of the way her lips felt as they formed the words, feeling swollen and sensitive - but not painful. "I... I... *help*..."

The last word came out in a whimper, and the new woman staggered to her feet, feeling the completely different sensations that accompanied the movement - the way her more muscular (in a decidedly feminine way) legs flexed and lifted

her upwards, while her firm, round breasts shifted with the motion, causing the swollen, erect nipples to move over the inside of the shirt. Her hair bounced around her head as she moved, and her firm, full new ass moved, tightening and relaxing in such a way that it almost dislodged the shorts she wore stretched over her round, womanly hips. Numbly, her slender new fingers did the shorts up, fumbling around with the simple act as her longer nails got in the way.

She took a few stumbling steps forward, her widened hips swinging in a completely new motion as she moved. It was in an absent manner that she kicked off the now too-large sandals and continued on barefoot, the sand pushing up between dark, feminine toes.

Her eyes stared blindly ahead, her full lips hanging half-open in shock as she moved with a stiffly mechanical reproduction of a woman's stride without noticing it - her body was moving as if on autopilot, her sense of balance converting her motions into the correct - and feminine - ones that her new body required for easy balance. Although her body was in motion, it was a slow, almost drunken motion.

Her mind, on the other hand, was racing a hundred miles and hour - in circles.

She staggered up the beach and across the lawn, completely unaware of the stares that the resort's guests gave her as she moved across the lawn and past the deck. By instinct, her body carried her into the rear entrance and too the elevator, pushing the button for the tenth floor.

Then the doors slid shut, and she shuddered, her mind reconnecting with the here-and-now as she stared at the mildly distorted reflection shown in stainless-steel doors of the elevator.

A gorgeous black woman stared back at Andy. "Oh... my... God..." Andy breathed in disbelief.

If she tried hard enough, she could see her old body within the alien curves and contours of the alien flesh clothing her spirit - but it was hard, as her perceptions were thrown off by the simple fact that what was one thing for a man was another for a woman.

Andy had been short and slender for a man - but this new form, while the same height and build, was of average height, with a slim figure that any other woman would envy. Her skin was a rich, dark shade of brown, smooth and flawless, unmarred by the thin, dark body hair that Andy's male body had 'boasted'. Her hips were wide and womanly above long, shapely legs, and those hips supported an ass that was nothing short of 'spectacular'. Above that, her waist narrowed nicely before swelling slightly into a slender ribcage that supported the firm, DD-cup breasts that strained at the once-loose shirt. It was the perfect hourglass figure - with an extra twenty minutes thrown in for good measure.

Above that was a face that, while based on Andy's male visage, would never be connected with the young man from New York.

It was much more that the rich island shade of her new skin. The lips that had once been thin and rather bloodless were now incredibly full and sensuous, just shy of the point where they would have become a parody of sensuality. Her nose was somewhat broader than it had been, in proportion - for it was also somewhat smaller, and very feminine. Her cheekbones were high and finely shaped, drawing the jawbone into an elfin, heart-shaped model of feminine perfection.

Her eyes were dark and sensual, framed by long lashes and had a slightly heavy-lidded look that was sensual and knowing.

Long, dark brown hair hung around her face, trailing down her neck and splashing against her shoulders before ending up with a slight, 'natural' wave near the small of her back. The dark, glossy hair was 'marred' by a single streak of sandy-blonde that blended in naturally and started just above her finely curved left eyebrow and ran all the way down the back.

She was an absolutely stunning vision of sensual ebony womanhood...

...and Andy was her.

Then the doors slid open, dispelling the image and revealing the carpeted hallway of the eighth floor. Shaking with shock, Andy staggered three doors down, on the left, and fought to extract the key from the now incredibly tight pocket of her shorts. Retrieving the item, she unlocked her door and staggered inside, shutting the door behind her before she staggered to the bed and collapsed on top of it, staring mindlessly at the ceiling as she tried to come to terms with her inexplicable transformation into a gorgeous black woman.

Then, like a bolt of lightning, she realized it wasn't inexplicable....

"What a woman likes!" Andy said, sitting bolt upright in the bed with a look of shocked comprehension on her gorgeous new visage.

The old black woman had given him the small bottle with the promise that if he'd drink it, he'd know what a woman like - and, although he'd thought it was only so much hokum, there was no way she could argue that she could now find out *exactly* what a woman liked...

...from the inside.

"This isn't what I meant!" Andy shouted angrily at the uncaring ceiling. She looked down at the cleavage the shirt she was wearing displayed, and shuddered again...

...then a chuckle escaped from her throat, shocking her. She tried to muffle it - but as the comprehension came, the chuckles forced themselves out with growing frequency and strength, until she was actually laughing at the sheer absurdity of the situation - her mind, unable to provide unrelieved shock and denial, had moved on to another step completely.

"I... I actually... *asked*.. for this...!" Andy gasped out to herself between chuckles, unable to keep the wry humor of the situation from registering and affecting her. Although she would never have considered this particular 'solution', not in a million years - yet, if you looked at it from a certain viewpoint, this was exactly what he'd said he'd wanted, and the old woman had provided to him, free of charge and without arm-twisting to actually use it. She'd done everything of her own free will - just not knowing the consequences of her actions. Which was more-or-less the biography of mankind itself - looking before it leaped.

Although there was still an awful lot of shock, and not a little ingrained disgust, the worst of it was gone now that Andy understood - to some degree - what was going on. What she had to do was find that old woman again, and find out how to reverse this situation. It wasn't going to do her any good to panic or scream.

And, between the now and when she found the old woman again - there was no reason why she couldn't... well, not 'enjoy' her new body, exactly. But, at least, learn from it. It was stunning, when you thought about it - no other man ever got to see the life of a woman from the inside before, and Andy knew that, as unwanted as it was, this was an amazing opportunity, and she'd be a fool not to learn something from this in the short time before it was over.

However - first things came first. Now that the panic-induced numbness was fading, Andy was becoming all-too-aware of the fact that she'd flopped around on a sandy beach for a few minutes - the sand that was down her shorts, the sand in her shirt, the sand between her toes....

Pushing herself off the bed, she was now in a condition to.. uh, 'appreciate' the sensations from her new body as she went into the bathroom and turned on the shower, adjusting the water.

She undressed slowly, watching herself disrobe in the mirror. She was forced to admit that the body was nothing short of spectacular - if only it wasn't hers...

She stepped into the shower and began to wash off the sand, her slender new hands sliding off the silky-smooth skin of her altered body. She was amazed to discover how sensitive her new flesh was, especially the soft, smooth globes of her perfect new tits. She hefted the globes experimentally, feeling their heft in her dainty hands, then slowly slid her hands over the flawless chocolaty flesh, shuddering slightly as her hands passed over her large, frank nipples. She lightly pulled her full lower lip between her teeth at the pleasure it created - and let her hand return to the nipples. Closing her eyes, she let herself experiment a bit, enjoying the sensations her touch brought to her new body. Even as she adjusted her technique to bring the most pleasure possible from her caressing of her new endowments, she filed them away in her mind. She had no doubts that, after this was over, if he could just convince a woman to give him a chance, he could wow her with his expertise at this.

Leaning back against the wall of the shower stall, she continued to play with her new endowments, finding the best methods and means for causing herself pleasure. Her long, feminine fingers lightly pinched at her swollen new nipples, then pressed down lightly on them before sliding down to lift and caress the breast itself, her thumb resting atop the nipples and make small, slow circles that caused a low but steady wave of pleasure to emit from the highly sensitive nubs of flesh.

She gently pressed the globes together, then slid her hands upwards and squeezed each breast lightly. Then, as she let one hand continue it's work on her new chest. She let the other one slide down her body.

Now that she was in control of the situation - sort of - she knew that there was one thing she'd never forgive herself for if she didn't try it before changing back...

She gasped as her fingers found her new vagina, which was now warm and wet from much more than the water streaming from the shower head. It took a bit of experimentation before she found what felt the best in position wise - although simply pressing her hand down on the surface and sliding it back and forth felt pretty damned good, too. But what felt best was when she used her index and ring finger to spread the lips of her new pussy apart...

...and she discovered a good reason why the middle finger was used for the 'fuck you' sign. It must have originally come from a woman - as she slid that finger into her wet crevice and began to move it in a motion similar to the one you would use to signal somebody to come closer - a smooth rhythm over her swollen, highly sensitive clit that caused her to writhe in pleasure, gasping at the sensation flooding her feminine new anatomy.

Then she let her other hand drop to her crotch as well, and as the finger on her right hand continued to stroke her clit, she inserted the index finger of her left hand into the clit at the lower end, sliding it as deeply as possible, then pulling part way out in time to the finger she was using on her clit, matching the rhythm...

...and the pleasure she was feeling doubled, making her sexy new legs feel weak as the pleasure thundered through her body.

She was breathing in gasps now, her head slowly rocking back and forth as the sensation built and roiled atop one another, increasing with each stroke of her questing fingers. She began to moan, low in the back of her throat, as the pleasure continued to build.

She eyes flew open with a sharp gasp as her body went tense - pleasure rocked through her nervous system, taking her in it's grip and shaking her like a rag doll as she reached orgasm, warm pussy-juice running freely down her fingers as she writhed in pleasure, sliding down to the floor of the stall as the sharp orgasm was matched by a second, lesser one, then trailed by a third, mild one that sort of tapered off into a warm after-glow.

"Holy shit..." Andy breathed as the multiple orgasm faded. Her dark eyes were wide with amazement - she'd never known how a female orgasm could feel. It wasn't that it was better than a male orgasm was, exactly - but it was different, and it lasted longer.

And, unlike a male orgasm, which relieve all the built-up sexual arousal, a woman's orgasm was almost like priming a pump - it just increased the readiness for another one. Andy had once read a book where the author had asserted that a woman is never more ready for an orgasm then just after she'd had one - and now he truly understood what was meant. A woman

didn't have any built-in limitations to how many orgasm she could have in a short span of time, like a man did. But, like a man, her sexual organs were most intensely sensitive immediately after an orgasm - and that was the state Andy was in right now...

Shocked by the power of the female orgasm, Andy finished showering and toweled off with a stunned look on her face, feeling warm and tingly all over - but most especially in her crotch and chest.

"Wow..." Was all Andy could really say to the experience - as she made a mental note to remember the reasons behind a woman's interest in foreplay. A man's body was similar to a woman's in many ways - and very different in others. A woman had a hell of a lot more erogenous zones...

Still, Andy thought as she pulled on an ill-fitting pair of black denim shorts and a black T-shirt, as... *intriguing* as this whole situation had been, she was looking forward to finding Mama Kotiki and get her male body back.

This was just... too weird.

Slipping into a pair of too-large black canvas sneakers and tying the laces as tight as they would get, she headed to the elevator and rode it down to the lobby lost in thought. As the doors slid open onto the lobby, she tucked the brush into her purse and walked out of the lobby, hoping to find the old woman quickly and get this over with - every step she took reminded her of the current body she was in, right down to the way her double-D breasts jiggled with every step her sneaker-clad feet took.

Looking around at the courtyard of the hotel, and the festivities going on, Andy realized that she didn't have to waste all night looking for Mama Kotiki - aside from the cruise passengers, a great many of the islanders were her and she should be able to find out where the old lady lived by asking around. It seemed like the smart way to handle it.

Walking over to the open bar, she got herself a drink and began to wander through the cluster of people. Taking a sip of her gin-and- tonic, she noticed the bright-red lipstick mark on the side of the glass. She dug her compact out of her purse and assured herself that her gloss-red lipstick was okay, as was the rest of her make-up. Satisfied, she continued to move through the crowd, hoping to spot a likely person to ask - she really, really wanted to find Mama Kotiki and get back to being a man.

"Hey, baby - looking *goood*..." A voice said to her side.

Forcing a smile onto her full lips, Andy turned - then saw she could have dispensed with the fake smile. The handsome man wasn't looking that high, his eyes firmly locked on the taut fabric where her skin-tight tank-top was molded over her firm DDD-cup tits.

"Oh, you like...?" Andy asked, breathing in - and almost making the man drool.

"Yeah, do I ever!" The guy said, practically panting. "Tell you what - why don't I give you ten bucks to get you to sit on my lap and let me play with those babies?"

Andy forced a sneer of disgust from curling her lips. "How 'bout fifteen?" She countered - and the man eagerly agreed.

Taking the money and sticking it into the pockets of her skin-tight 'daisy dukes', Andy slowly and sensuously peeled off the tank-top, setting free her incredibly spherical tits, and shimmying her torso side-to-side to make them move around a bit. Turning, she lowered her firm, fully packed ass onto the man's lap and sat back against him, her sneaker-clad feet now inches off the floor.

The man smiled as his friends took pictures, and reached around to fondle and squeeze her tits.

Andy suppress his disgust at having a man fondling her tits, and forced herself to look like she was enjoying his attention. Truth be told, it did feel good, physically - she just wished it wasn't a man who was doing it. Frankly, she just wanted to get back to Mama Kotiki and go back to being herself.

After the few minutes were up, she gratefully rose and packed her triple-E tits back into the spandex-crop top, glad that the ordeal was over.

But many of the guys had seen that she was 'willing', if the price is right, and when a man sidled up to her and named a figure for a certain act, she forced herself to look eager and followed him to a 'more secluded spot' - his phrasing - in the jungle off of the beach. Crossing the sand while maintaining a sexy wiggle of her hips was tough - black suede pumps with a three-inch heels wasn't the right footwear for walking in the sand.

Reaching the 'secluded spot', them man turned an waited with an expectant smile.

Feeling her gorge rise, she forced herself to hide her disgust behind a false smile, and slowly sank to her knees. Reaching out, she unzipped the man's fly, setting free his already hard cock.

Then, closing her eyes, she forced herself to ignore her disgust and bent forward, her lips sliding over his cock.

She used one hand to massage his balls and the other to work his shaft as she bobbed her head back and forth, her tongue tracing patterns over his swollen glans. The musty tastes of the cock in her mouth made her want to gag - but she forced back the reflex, and concentrated on doing the best job she could.

It didn't take too long at all before he stiffened, and she knew he was about to cum - but he'd paid the 'premium' for the extra, so she forced down her natural urge to pull away and instead let the man cum into her mouth, swallowing the hot, salty cum with disgust, and - forcing herself - licking the cock clean before putting it back into his pants.

She wanted for him to go away so he wouldn't see her stuff a couple of breath-mints into her mouth to get rid of the awful, musty taste le退耀 behind - but she didn't get a chance, as one of his friends appeared, all hot and eager - and with a big wad of cash> She didn't even have a chance to get off her knees - instead, she accepted the money and let him flip her over, his hands eagerly removing her short denim skirt and black tube-top. Luckily, he didn't rip her lacy black panties as he pulled

them off, and she lay back in the sand and tried to close her mind off what the guys was doing as he paused only long enough to fondle and suck the huge, erect nipples tipping her round FFF-cup tits before thrusting into her cunt.

She forced herself to make the appropriate sounds of pleasure as she pounded away at her, but the truth was, masturbating had felt better than this - he didn't care at all about making her cum, just himself. Besides - she'd never really enjoy being fucked by a man, no matter the circumstances. Sure, she was doing it right now because of the money - but, while it was mildly pleasurable, physically, it was utterly disgusting for her emotionally, and she let her mind go to the thought of fucking a woman as the man stiffened and pumped his cum into her cunt - without her getting even close to an orgasm.

Finally alone, she popped the mints in her mouth, glad to kill the taste of the other man's cum. Then she pulled on her black leather mini-shirt and the full-cup bikini top before rising and heading off down the beach, cursing her damned black leather platforms with their seven-inch tall spiked heels.

Finally reaching the spot where she'd started from earlier that day, she turned and went into the jungle, walking down the hidden trail before finally arriving at the ancient mansion in the obscure clearing. Her nine-inch spiked heel ankle-boots clicking on the marble steps, she climbed the stairs to the front to, her massive yet firm HHH-cup tits bouncing within the negligible confines of the string bikini top. "Ah, Angelyne, you're back." Madame Kotiki said as Angelyne entered the office. "How did your day go?"

"You know how it went." Angelyne said to the shapely, well-preserved forty-five year old woman who ran the brothel. Angelyne quickly shed the tiny amount of clothing she was wearing and pulled her own clothing from the closet. "I'm looking forward to fucking women again, of course."

"Yes, of course..." Madame Kotiki said in an odd tone of voice. "But there simply aren't enough submissive lesbians around to allow you to pursue your own personal choice all the time."

"I know, I know..." Angelyne agreed, pulling on her thigh-high black leather ballet boots, balancing easily in them. She quickly pulled on her black leather corset that left her incredible, MMM-cup tits free, then strapped on the massive black double-ended dildo, moaning with pleasure as the massive phallus slid into her cunt. "At least I get to do it two nights a week - and the girls are willing to pay extra for the 'fetish' theme."

"Of course - but not enough that you can stop fucking and sucking men the rest of the time. Besides - no matter how much you hate doing it, you are very good at it."

Angelyne shrugged, causing her massive tits to bounce and sway. "I should be - I've been hooking since I was sixteen." She shrugged a second time. "Besides - I might hate doing it, but I'll be the first to admit that lonely, horny American men can be a good source of profit."

Madame Kotiki smiled enigmatically. "Oh, my - yes they sure can."

Shrugging at the odd tone in her boss' voice - after all, everybody knew that Madame Kotiki, self-proclaimed Voodoo Priestess, was a little nutty - Angelyne turned and headed towards the 'dungeon' where she did her best work. When it came to working with the small group of submissive lesbian clients she had, everybody who knew about the situation would admit that, in that particular case...

...Angelyne knew exactly what a woman liked.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A ship wreck victim, ends up on an Island where the only males have a serum which converts men into women.

The Island

By Gunslinger

The night was beautifully clear, the stars shining in the velvet skies. I enjoyed the quiet solitude of the open ocean air, accompanied by the gentle throb of the diesel engine. I took a deep breath of the bracing salt air, and told myself for the hundredth time that THIS was the vacation I'd been needing.

For three days I'd been aboard the Sally Anne, with no-one but my own thoughts to keep me company. The small ocean-going yacht handled like a dream, and since I'd merely picked a direction and sailed straight ahead, not even the worries of navigation disturbed my contemplation. The fact that I was technically lost at sea, with no idea where I was, didn't worry me a bit. In two more days, I would turn on my GPS unit, and be able to find my way back to the dock without any trouble. For now, It was just me, my boat, and the sea.

The sound of the coffeemaker gurgling to a stop let me know it was ready. I tied off the wheel and left the throttles open at one-third speed, then headed down the small galley below decks. Though small, I had assured that it was well stocked before leaving port, taking extra of everything I could imagine I would want on the voyage. Willing to admit to having one vice, I grabbed a fresh pack of cigarettes from the cabinet. Locating a lighter, I then poured myself a cup of coffee, Navy style, adding a touch of rum to it. Taking the steaming mug to the stern, I stepped upon the transom and unwrapped the cellophane,

allowing it to flutter off into the night. With a mellow air, I lit a cigarette, enjoying the roll of the Sally Anne as I slowly smoked the cigarette down to the filter, with the occasional sip of coffee.

I had just leaned forward over the stern and dropped the butt into the dark waters when a larger breaker swept alongside the boat. The surge lifted the small yacht onto her port beams with an easy, rolling motion. With long established instinct, I easily grabbed for the spar on my left - and the coffee mug I still held in my hand clanged off the polished brass.

Surprised at my own stupidity, and off balance, I didn't catch myself in time to make a difference. The swell sank down, and with it, the keel of the Sally Anne. The boat literally dropped out from under my feet as I tumbled forward into the cold Atlantic.

With my mouth open in surprise, I swallowed a fair amount of seawater as I went under - but that wasn't my major concern at the moment. From the steady pulsing waves moving through the water, I realized I had hit the water dangerously near the screws, still turning at half-speed and able to shred my flesh easily. I belatedly released the mug and pushed outward, clearing the screws and rising to the surface. Coughing up the vile water I had inadvertently swallowed, I began to stroke powerfully towards my boat. Almost immediately, I knew trying to catch the Sally Anne would be futile - still travelling at five knots, my sturdy little craft was receding faster than I could swim. I floated in the water, and found myself thinking that whoever came across her would find another Marie Celeste - an empty ship, everything in its place, sailing onwards with no hand at the helm. Then I dismissed the irrelevant thought, and took stock of my situation.

I was an able swimmer, and could stay afloat for many hours - in a pool. However, the Atlantic Ocean is not a pool, and its cold water would sap my strength much more rapidly. I needed to get out of the water, and soon. First of all, it was important to get rid of extra drag, which I did by removing my shoes, and letting them sink. When your life is at stake, you do not worry about a thirty dollar pair of shoes.

The errant swell of water that had caused my predicament had been running sideways to the tide - which could only mean it had been a coastal breaker, rebounding from a nearby island. As the sound of the Sally's engine faded, I heard the welcome sound of breakers rolling onto shore, somewhere in the darkness to my right.

With long, even strokes to conserve my energy in the cold water, I began to swim. I stopped every few minutes to listen, and correct my course from the drift of the current. Almost an hour later I was rewarded by the faint phosphorescence of water breaking, and pulled myself onto the beach. I rested there for some time, wishing for a cigarette, then pulled myself upright to explore my environment.

It was the darkest time of the night, yet I found that I could see fairly well, while on the beach. The moon, at its fullest phase, was providing quite a bit of light along the deserted strand. However, if I were forced to enter the heavier undergrowth - which was almost rain forest - that light would vanish immediately. With this in mind, I struck off along the beach.

Almost immediately, I found a well worn track winding away from the beach and into the hills. My eyes followed the probable path of the trail after it vanished into the jungle, and was rewarded for my effort by spotting a steady glow of light. Hitching up my soaked pants, I pushed my tired body into motion, and followed the trail upward.

Under other circumstances, it might have been considered a leisurely stroll. I, on the other hand, was exhausted by my swim, shivering with chill, and walking barefoot, up hill, in the middle of the night. Every sound from the surrounding vegetation seemed magnified.

Finally, the undergrowth gave way, and I walked into the clearing.

Whatever I may have expected to find, it was not this. A huge, elegant Victorian manse lay spread over several acres, many of its windows aglow. The entire building, even in the dark, all but reeked with opulence and elegance, despite the decidedly odd setting for such a structure. The only similar building I'd ever seen were ones that had been purchased by either lawyers or morticians, and turned into Law Offices and Funeral Parlors.

Behind the house, nestled in a clearing, lay a helicopter of a make I was not familiar with. A large, six bladed one, it bore a camouflage paint scheme, and practically shouted its military origins. Despite its obvious age - hinting that it was military surplus - it was remarkably well maintained. The whole estate was well maintained, and definitely out of place on this wild island.

With a not small amount of bemusement, I approached the front door, wishing I had fallen overboard in a formal tuxedo. I was all too aware of how I looked in such an opulent setting. Squaring my shoulders, I lifted the heavy iron knocker, and brought it banging down on the oak door. A hollow boom sounded through the foyer on the other side, audible to me even through the massive door.

A few moments passed before the door creaked open. A flood of light and the gentle strains of Pachelbel's Canon in D flowed out, filling the very air around me with the grace of civilization in the wild. The light, welcome as it might be, was near blinding to my dark adapted eyes, and I blinked at the glare. When my eyes adjusted, I found myself looking at a bull of a man, his massive shoulders straining at the vaguely uniform-like clothing he wore. His rounded, low browed head was shaved clean, and he had no neck to speak of. He grunted at the sight of me, bedraggled and dripping, standing on the step. His prodigious brow lowered further, apparently in anger. I hastily opened my mouth to explain my predicament - and the door slammed shut.

Once more I stood nearly blind, my now light adapted eyes struggling to readapt to the sudden plunge back into the Stygian darkness.

I stood on the great stone step for a moment, bemused by the surprising lack of hospitality - or curiosity. Then, straightening my tattered raiment, I moved to knock again. Before my hands could touch the brass knocker, the heavy door was opened again, and the massive man stood there once more, this time with another man at his side. It was immediately clear to me who was the master of the two - the shorter man, slender and rugged, was elegantly dressed in a Prussian manner, a

paisley smoking jacket thrown over his expensive silk shirt and tailored trousers. He had sharp, quick features and a meticulous moustache. His deep set eyes, dark and quick, revealed wry intelligence as he took in the sorry sight I must have made.

The shorter man stepped forward, a smile creasing his face. "Please, please" he said in a voice laced with an unidentifiable accent. "Come in." With an inborn grace, he put his arm behind me and, without ever quite soiling his finery on my soaked garments, swept me into the warmth of the foyer.

I stepped into the large open foyer of the mansion, water dripping from my bedraggled clothes. I stopped for a second, admiring the ornate woodwork that so complemented the marble flooring. The short man, with a polite graciousness, guided me to a bench along one wall, ignoring the salt water that was damaging the velvet cushion.

"My name is Mikhail Zarkov." The slender man stated, offering me a small humidor. Foregoing the expensive cigars, I helped myself to a cigarette, quickly lit by the hulking manservant. The dapper man continued smoothly. "Colonel Zarkov, late of the Byelorussian army. I must apologize for Igor here - a tragic accident in the field cost him his speech. I assure you, he was not being rude."

I shook his hand warmly. "Samuel Rainford" I said, "Chief Boatswain, United States Navy, retired. I was swept of my boat, and carried to your island."

He cocked his head with interest, a faint smile playing at the corners of his lips. "Will not your crew come looking for you?" he asked, signaling to Igor for something.

I shook my head. "No, I was travelling alone."

Just then, Igor returned, being trailed by a truly stunning young woman. Dressed in the classic French Maid uniform, she was slender, with an elegant upsweep of brunette hair. Her legs were remarkably long and shapely, shown off to full advantage by the short skirt and high heels. I could not help but stare at this unexpected vision of loveliness as she approached me. She carried a very large, plush towel. She smiled at me, and said with an exotic French accent "Bon Soir, monsieur. Please, allow me to dry you."

Before I could protest that I could do it myself, she had wrapped me in the towel and began to massage me dry. She was extremely thorough about it, standing quite close and paying special attention to my crotch, which was flourishing under the ministrations of the young woman. I fear my face flushed slightly as she worked. She smiled at me frequently, obviously enjoying the task. I smiled back, and mentally raised my opinion of the good Colonel's hospitality. When the young lady was finished, she walked away with a delectable sway in her step, and we three men remained respectfully silent, enjoying the view.

Zarkov led me into a very large dining room, insisting on feeding me. Since I was ravenous, I did not protest too hard. The meal was excellent - as was the service. It was served by three stunning ladies - two Caucasian, and one oriental, and each remarkably attractive in their own way. They were also remarkably cheerful and eager to please. I was amazed that this type of service could be obtained in such desolate surroundings.

"Where on Earth do you find such women?" I asked amazed. He answered with a seeming non-sequiter. "Do you hunt, Mr. Rainford?" he asked, and I blinked, shifted mental tracks.

"No." I replied. "I'm afraid I don't"

Zarkov smiled. "I do. I hunt the perfect woman." He snapped his fingers - and Igor emerged from the shadows. Following him was an amazingly muscular, yet still attractive and feminine, woman, clad in a feminine version of the quasimilitary uniform Igor wore. Before I could begin to understand, they had completely emerged from the shadows and grabbed a tight hold of me. I struggled, to no avail.

Igor was a mass of brute muscle, and looked it. The woman, much more feminine in appearance, was nonetheless Igor's equal in strength. Resigned, I then went limp, glaring at Zarkov.

He shrugged, then placed a small dart, like those in tranquilizer guns, on the table.

"All these women around you were once men." He explained. "While in the army, I was a biological warfare expert. I came up with a serum that, after several uses, makes a man into a sensual, submissive woman." He smiled coldly. "Since it works differently in each person, there's no telling how many doses it will take to convert you, or how you will appear when you are done. Overdoses tend to create an insatiable woman. That can sometimes be very...gratifying."

Igor and the woman began to haul me away. Against their combined muscle mass, I was as helpless as a newborn kitten.

"Tomorrow morning, you will be given a head start" Zarkov continued, falling in step. "I and Igor will follow you, and keep shooting you with the darts, until you join my service." He stopped, and a heavy, barred door was opened. I was taken inside, and efficiently strapped to a bed. Then the door closed, and I was left in the dark.

I was awakened the next morning by a buzzer. The straps binding me fell away, released by some automatic machinery. A second door, leading to the outside, popped open, revealing daylight. I realized the hunt was on.

I sprung from the room and moved swiftly, eschewing to path before me in favor of the woods. I had gone some distance when I passed through an open clearing - and felt a sharp pain in my shoulder. I found one of the darts hanging there, and tore it out. I looked up and spotted Zarkov, Igor hulking beside him, some ways off on a tall, rocky pinnacle. I took off again.

As I ran, I felt myself changing. My body slimmed a trifle, and my hair became shaggier. Two small lumps formed under my nipples. I did not stop to better inspect the changes.

I avoided the next shot for nearly two hours - then, I came to a chasm in the ground too wide to hurtle, and skidded to a stop. There across the chasm, was the grinning colonel and his goon. I spun, but failed to disappear into the woods until two more darts - one Igor's, on Zarkov's - found my flesh.

I was finding it harder to force myself to keep running - a mild urge wanted me to return peacefully and obey anything I was told. I shrugged it off, concentrating on moving with my new body. I now sported two firm breasts on my chest, and longer hair, among other changes.

The contest ended on the beach I washed up on. Two more darts had found me from a distance, and when they arrived, I was laying, naked, on the ground, my dainty hands fondling my full breasts.

"Well, well" Zarkov murmured to Igor. "One too many, I think" "Please," I begged in my new voice. "Fuck me. Fuck me now."

The two men smiled, and began to disrobe. Zarkov claimed the honor of having my newly formed vagina first, so Igor's erect member was the one I took hungrily in my mouth. As Zarkov's thrusts pushed me nearer and nearer to orgasm, I had trouble concentrating on Igor. We came almost at the same time, Zarkov and Igor quickly pulling out to ceremoniously spray my new body with their cum, marking me, while my body shuddered in orgasm. The men sighed, and helped me up.

At that moment, I grasped four darts in each of my smaller hands, and imbedded them in the two men's flesh. They yelped and spun, but I held tight to Igor, injecting him twice more. As he fell, changing, I tackled Zarkov. After another injection, I located what I knew he must have - an antidote, in case of accidental injection. I used it on myself. The thought that a man might be willing to fake the complete mental change and let them have sex, had never occurred to them.

An hour later, I re-entered the house, fully male once more. Following me the two new women. Igor had become another muscle- bound seductress, swaying obediently in front of me, as I enjoyed the view of her muscular buttocks working.

Beside me walked the transformed Zukov. I had maliciously injected him with every single dart remaining in a massive overdose - and she was a parody of a woman, with enormous, firm tits, slender waist and an insatiable sex drive. We'd had to stop twice on the way up here so I could satisfy her.

For the first few days, I used the transformed Zukov almost exclusively. Then I began to sample the eight other women available to the compound. But now, I grow bored of the selection. But that is alright. I have invited several of my friends to visit. I will pick them up, one every two days, in the helicopter, which my little slut Zarkov can still fly. I told my friends to keep this whole trip invitation secret.

I told them I was taking them hunting.



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: After his girlfriend dumps him for a new guy, he frames the guy to look like a cheater, the only problem is that Cupid had other ideas. Now he finds that he must be the new date for the guy he just framed.

Isn't It Romantic...?

By Gunslinger

Part One

My back was aching, every slightest twitch sending twinges of pain running up and down my spine. My leg was itching like a colony of ants were crawling up it, and I knew - just knew - that if I didn't scratch it soon, those ants would be come fire-ants, bringing pain with them. I had a headache, caused by the gritty, dry sensation in my eyes as I stared, without blinking, through a set of lenses that amplified and intensified the early-morning light to head-splitting levels.

In other words, I was feeling utterly miserable - and I was enjoying myself more than any man should have the right to experience.

Actually, I didn't have any right to be feeling this good - or, rather, what I had done/was still doing was something I had absolutely no right to do to another human being.

Which, of course, was probably why I was enjoying it so damned much. Sure, I guess I knew it was wrong of me to ruin a man's relationship, sending his fledgling and hard-earned love-life right down into the crapper - but, hell, it was the damn-nastiness of what I was doing that made it so damned delicious.

I was barely breathing as I sat on the steel-and-vinyl chair I'd pulled from my kitchen, my arms braced on the window-sill of my fourth- floor apartment window, staring through a pair of binoculars at the apartment across the street.

I was busy enjoying the show.

Currently, the only actress on stage was one Linda Cotrall. Slender, dark-haired, and lithe, she had a body to die for and a killer temper.

I should know - she used to be my girlfriend. Well, at least that's what she'd called herself. I called her a 'high-maintenance fuck-toy'

- but never to her face, of course. Though she'd been high maintenance, she'd been a real tigress in bed.

Currently, her red-hot temper was in full evidence. As it so happened, she was busy tearing the apartment apart, vanishing from my view-point as she stormed through the rooms, tearing open dressers and wardrobes. Though I certainly couldn't hear her, I could see her mouth working, and could imagine the steady stream of curses she was filling the air with. She liked to pretend like she was cultured and all, but when she got pissed, she could swear better than a sailor.

As much fun as watching her trash the apartment was, however, it was only the prelude to the 'grand finale' - namely, the moment when the apartment's owner showed up.

See, I hadn't been lucky enough to be living across the street from my girlfriend. No, fate had been both crueler and kinder than that - because it was her new boyfriend who lived across the street.

Cruelty, because it was that chance location that had allowed Linda to run into Danny when she'd blown me off. It had been one of our 'regularly scheduled' arguments, another stupid thing she'd gotten ticked off about, I don't even remember what - and cared even less. As usual, she'd given me the 'I'll never talk to you again, Michael Bicardian', and stormed out. Just like a hundred times before. Just like a hundred times before, she should have climbed behind the wheel of her car, gone tearing away - and come back about two hours later, calmer and willing to give it another shot.

Except that, this time, she ran into Danny O'Malley. Skinny, scrawny, red-haired Irish geek, Danny.

Danny - who'd thought she seemed to angry to drive safely. Who taken her to the café on the corner for a few cups of coffee to get her calmed down. Who listened to her bitching about me...

...and, somehow, unbelievable, got her to dump me in favor for him! Geez, Louise - I weigh twice what he does, all of it muscle. I used to be the star Quarterback in College, and even if I didn't make the pros in the five years following, I was still the man, friends with everybody, the guy every guy wanted at his party, and every girl wanted in her bed. So how did this little nothing of a geek steal Linda away from me?

What made that little shit think I'd just let him get away with it?

If I didn't get Linda, neither did he. I planned this little show for the past week, and it was perfect. All those buddies I mentioned? Well, it wasn't hard to get them to 'hint' things about Danny. Those girls I talked about? Eager to suggest that Danny wasn't nearly the 'nice guy' he seemed.

All nice and easy to set up - and today, today was the final touch. See, the reason why Linda was trashing Danny's apartment was because she was finding all the women's lingerie I'd planted in his apartment after breaking in last night. Now all those ideas I'd planted were 'proven' to her, and she was royally pissed. Any second now, Danny would walk in - and she'd blow

him away, hit him with such anger that a pathetic wimp like him couldn't possibly convince her she was wrong. She was going to dump him harder then she did me...

...and on Valentines Day, no less.

Man, I was some sort of evil genius, or something...

Grinning diabolically, I watched through the binoculars as the piece de resistance finally came to pass:

The door to the apartment opened, and there was the original ninety-pound weakling in all his pathetic glory. Oh, the joy the confusion on his scrawny, pinched little face brought!

Now he was backing away from Linda as she stalked closer to him, and this was even better - he was even shorter then she was, and oh was it so fine to watch the pale little carrot-top run from five feet, eight inches of feminine fury. Oh, this was just more perfect then I could have ever hoped, and...

"Hey, bud - you know just how long I hadda work on this little gig?"

The dour, nasal voice speaking Brooklynese less then a foot behind me definitely came as a shock. I mean, I'm not any sort of coward, but when somebody sneaks up behind you - in you own, locked apartment, no less - a certain amount of surprise is allowed.

I did *not* shriek like a girl, and I'll kill any of my neighbors who claim that's what it sounded like.

Ignoring the distinctive sound of the binocular's lenses breaking as it bounced off the floor, I spun around, manly muscles bulging as I formed fists, ready to pound on...

...a three foot tall guy? In a *diaper*?

With *wings*?

I gaped at the apparition standing before me, unable to believe my eyes. That confusion was probably the reason why I didn't just kill him, right off the bat. I know for sure it's the reason I asked the question: "Who the fuck are you?"

"Cupid, dumbass." The midget replied, hitching up his over-sized cloth diaper with one hand as he glowered at me from below the brim of the old-fashioned bowler hat he was wearing.

That hat was one of the reasons I was so disconcerted. Sure, the wings and the diaper, not to mention the height, were pure 'Cupid' but this asshole was no cute little golden-haired angel-boy. No, he looked ten years older then God Himself, and not only was his dour, wrinkled face topped by that dumb hat, but he was gnawing on the end of a foul-smelling cigar almost as big as he was.

"Bull shit..." I said, starting to stand up - and then the pint-sized psycho pulled his other hand out from behind his back.

It wasn't the hand that stopped me, 'course. No, it was the full-sized Thompson sub-machine gun he was toting in that hand that caught my immediate attention.

"I usually use the bow-and-arrow routine." The midget said, grasping the front of the drum-fed Tommy-Gun with his other hand. "In your case, I need some heavier artillery..."

Okay, I'll admit it - the shriek I let out at this point probably did sound like a scared girl. I figure there's nothing unmanly about that, though, considering the fact the little psycho had just opened up on me.

That's right - he lifted the muzzle of that damned Tommy-gun, and blew my ass away. Only - he didn't kill me, and that when things got really, really strange.

You ever go paint-balling? I did, once, and that's what getting hit by Shorty's sub-machinegun felt like. The same sharp, angry pain, fading quickly into short-lived numbness. Hell, it even seemed like he was using paint-balls, since his 'bullets' disintegrated on impact. Though it sounded like a real gun, the effect was that I got spun around, knocked off my feet, and covered in the pink mist/dust of the bullets, just as if they were paintballs.

"That should do it." Shorty said, with satisfaction. I heard sounds that seemed to indicate he'd put that damned gun down, but I couldn't look to make sure. In fact, I couldn't do anything at all - I was numb, completely numb, unable to so much as twitch a single damned muscle.

"Listen up, dumbass, 'cause I ain't gonna 'splain this twice." Shorty grumbled. "See, since you screwed Danny over, you're gonna make it up to him. I mean, you damned well better make it up to him. See, buddy, if you want any chance of getting your old life back, you'd better make sure you and he not only go out on a date tonight, but you'd better make sure that he has at least as good a time as he woulda had with that Linda broad. If you don't..."

He didn't finish the threat. No, Shorty just let it hang, as if I was supposed to understand the threat he was implying. Well, actually, I figured it out pretty soon, but at the moment I had no idea what the hell he was talking about.

"Don't expect no cops to show up about the shootin', dumbass." Shorty said, as my body began to tingle. "Ain't nobody but you heard or seen me - and you don't even exist anymore, so, no huhu..."

I didn't hear him leave or nothing, but I figure he must have gone at that point. To tell you the truth, I didn't really notice - I was busy with something else.

My body had begun to tingle, see, something kinda like what it feels like when you arm 'wakes up' after falling asleep, and so I figured it meant that this was some sort of revenge Linda and/or Danny had planned after finding out my little scheme. I figured they had 'playacted' that scene for my benefit, while hiring a midget to shoot me with a realistic-looking 'Tommy-gun' that shot pink paintballs.

That's what I figured, at least - right up until I felt my body begin to shift. Not 'shift', as in moving around on the ground - 'shift', as in bones and flesh moving itself around under my skin.

I'll tell you right now: If there's any possible way you can arrange your life so that you don't have to feel the sensation of your cock and balls being pulled back up into your body, then you should take that route.

It hurts like a son-of-a-bitch. I mean, I'd been sacked before, sometimes accidentally, sometimes on purpose, and none of those came close to the sensation I felt as Mini-Mike was changed into a nice, tight cunt.

Yeah, you heard me right - a cunt. See, whatever it was that Shorty shot me with, it turned me into a woman.

Not that I knew it at that second, of course. Well, given some of the sensations I was feeling at the time, I probably suspected it. If the feeling of my cock and balls retreating back into my crotch wasn't a giveaway, then the feeling of extra weight and mass forming on my chest might have clued me in. Sure, the change in the way the air felt as it moved over a body suddenly sporting considerably less body-hair might have been 'subtle', but I sure as hell noticed the short, dark hair I used to have suddenly getting longer as it fell down in front of my eyes. Long stands of silky, gloss-black hair, finer and (undeniably) more feminine than my old hair.

So, I should damn well have known what was happening to me, and on some level, I probably did. I just didn't want to admit it, not even - or, perhaps, especially - to myself.

The whole thing couldn't have gone on for more than a few seconds - yet it felt like an eternity before that tingling sensation faded, and I once again found myself able to move. Still in denial about what had happened to me, I was at first telling myself that the 'bullets' I'd been hit by must have clobbered me in the crotch, and the pain I'd felt had just been sort of retroactive.

Of course, I was trying hard to deny the new - and altogether different - sensations I was feeling, from every square inch of my body. In fact, I tried not to believe anything had happened to me, despite all the evidence to the contrary.

Part of that denial shattered when I started to get up - because the hands I was pushing off the floor with were not the hands I should have seen. They were too slender, too fine-boned, with not nearly enough hair and with way too much fingernail.

Still, I tried to lie to myself as I fought the strange new configuration of my body to get myself upright. I even managed to willfully ignore the sleeve of the bathrobe.

You see, I'd been wearing my ratty old dark-blue bathrobe when I'd sat down to watch the 'show' - but the sleeve now encasing a slender, much less powerful arm was fluffy pink terry cloth. So, since it wasn't the 'right' material and color, I tried to ignore it.

I might just have been able to keep myself in denial for longer - if it weren't for the fact that my lame attempt to avoid looking at myself left me looking around my apartment...

...only it wasn't my apartment.

Oh, sure, it was the same room. The same physical layout...

...but the furniture, the paint and wallpaper, were all wrong. The room was now painted pastel pink, and the carpet was deep and white and fluffy - not at all like the sensible blue carpet and white painted walls it should have been.

The furniture was white, brand-new - and it matched. It was obvious that the bedroom set was supposed to go together - something I'd never worried about when furnishing the room.

Then there was the personnel effects. The very feminine personal effects...

Maybe I'd be able to handle denial if that had been all. Perhaps, in an effort to disbelieve what had happened to me, I could have forced myself to ignore the overwhelming evidence of the altered decor I was seeing.

Maybe - but I never got the chance. In addition to all the changes to the bedroom, there were the mirrors. Everywhere.

One over the white dresser. One on the back of the bedroom door. And, in the corner, near the free-standing wardrobe, a three-fold mirror.

All of them reflecting the room's sole inhabitant. The room's sole, female inhabitant.

Me.

I'll admit freely - this time the scream I let out sounded exactly like a woman's shriek. After all, the person making it was undeniable a woman.

I was barely aware of the scream I was letting out. I was too busy trying to cope with the image in the mirror. You see, the thing that made the change hit home was something I couldn't simply pass off.

The woman in the mirror was *me*.

It was the old, male me - as a woman.

I mean, I was undeniably female. With the bathrobe hanging open like that, there was no doubt of that - but the woman I'd become still looked enough like the old, male me to be recognizable. My eyes, though set in a smaller, finer-boned face, were still the same shade of blue. My nose, though toned done to a feminine equivalent, still had that sort of hawk-like profile, only now made cute and feminine.

My hair was still gloss black - but longer and finer.

I suppose the best way to explain it would be to say that I looked exactly like I would have looked, had I been born female, instead of female.

There was one, major change, though.

It was as if all the testosterone I'd had as a man had been transformed into estrogen - or something.

Instead of being a massively muscled man, starting to run somewhat to fat, now I was a once-athletic woman, now carrying a few extra pounds.

Oh, it wasn't that the new, feminine me was 'fat'. In fact, I looked quite attractive, with still-firm muscles now sheathed in a light layer of feminine padding that was just a little thicker than most women would have wanted - but very well distributed, despite that.

Let me put it this way: I was about five pounds heavier than what most women would have considered 'perfection' on my frame - but, by the same token, I knew a hell of a lot of chicks who would rather have had my new body, extra pounds and all, than their own, even if their own body was at their own 'perfect' weight.

See, I'd been tall as a guy, and I was still tall. Several inches shorter than before - but, then, women were shorter than men, anyway, so I was still tall for a woman. Which meant that the extra weight was spread out on a 'longer' frame, leaving me with legs that went on forever, and a waist that looked 'delightfully' slender, even if the actual measurement was a couple of inches wider than it should be for pure perfection.

My waist was especially slender compared to the rest of my frame. See, I'd had broad shoulders, before - now I had broad hips, hips that would have looked a bit too wide, except for that extra weight that filled out my firm, fleshy buttocks.

More of that 'extra' weight was padding my very-much-unwanted bustline, pushing what would otherwise be firm C-cups into a slightly less firm D-cup.

I wasn't 'fashion model' slender, nor 'porn star' sexy - but I was 'Girl Next Door' perfect, tomboyish without being the least bit masculine, feminine without being too beautiful to be unapproachable. I was tall, leggy, and damned cute.

I was a 'realistically' sexy woman instead of some 'unrealistic' centerfold fantasy...

...and I wanted to be sick at the thought of how many men would find me attractive - very much so.

It was right about then that my scream cut off - because I'd suddenly remembered what Shorty had said, and realized that this 'curse' was actually a good thing.

You want to talk about your screwed-up emotional situations, consider that one. Hating the fact that you'd been turned into a woman - but realizing that being cute/sexy was a good thing, because it'd make it easier for you to go on a date you didn't want to go on, but that would get you back to being male...

I'm surprised I didn't go stark, raving mad right then and there.

Then again, I did have that 'escape hatch', no matter how distasteful the thought was:

If I could show Danny a better time tonight, give him a happier Valentine's day with me then he would have had with Linda, then I could be a man again.

Given the choice of having to go out on a single date with one man, for one evening, or be left female for the rest of my life, I knew what I had to do.

Okay, okay - I didn't decide just like that. I did give a moment's consideration to the thought of being stuck as a woman, and becoming a lesbian - but that wasn't any better than the alternative, so I finally decided to go ahead and be all-out female for one day, rather than quasi-female for a lifetime.

Having made my decision, it was time to bite the bullet and get on with implementing it. As much as the thought disgusted me, I had to admit that I'd be good at it - hell, hadn't I been a major-league stud as a guy? I knew exactly what a guy wanted from a chick. All I had to do was act the way I'd want a chick like me to act towards the old, male me, and I'd have this thing nailed.

Assuming I could force myself to do those things, of course. They were completely natural; for a woman to do, of course - but I wasn't 'really' a woman, no matter how I'd appear to the rest of the world. By definition, the things that would come easily to a woman would be completely foreign to me.

I had no idea just how true that was until I had to face up to actually acting on my situation.

See, I knew the first thing I had to do was make myself 'presentable', so that I could 'meet' Danny, and get him to go on a date. The very thought of it all made me want to vomit, but it wasn't nearly as bad as having to actually do something about it.

See, everything in the apartment had changed to match my new gender - hell, even the ID I found had changed, now declaring me to be 'Michelle Bicardian'. There was clothing, make-up, everything 'Michelle' would have in 'her' apartment, everything I needed to be female...

...and all of it disgusted me. No matter how feminine my body was, I was going to have to be 'sick' and 'perverted', a 'man' putting on women's clothes and makeup.

Shuddering, I forced myself to examine the wide range of feminine clothing available to me, trying to choose the 'right' outfit for 'trolling'.

There was a huge selection available, making it easy to find just about anything I wanted - except, of course, I didn't really want to be wearing any of this stuff.

Grimacing, I started with the underwear. There was everything from 'old lady' panties to the sexiest, flimsiest excuses for underwear that you could imagine, stuff so sexy that any man seeing it would know exactly what was on a woman's mind. It wasn't hard for me to know what the right pair of underwear for today's task was - the skimpiest, sexiest red lace G-string stile panties. Swallowing much of my pride, I forced myself to pick the panties from the drawer, carrying them at arm's length to the bed, where I sat down and began to pull them up, shuddering at the way the soft, supple skin of my altered legs felt under my hands.

Feeling horribly defiled, I stood, and finished pulling the panties in place, the tiny triangle of lacy fabric barely covering my new cunt, while the tiny string at the back rode right up between my full new buttocks...

Hating wearing such feminine clothes, I started walking back towards the dresser...

...then stopped to re-adjust the panties, pulling them out of my ass with a wince. With them once more riding correctly on my hips, I started moving again...

...and they promptly rode up into that same, uncomfortable position.

Wondering what the hell was wrong with the panties, I glanced at the mirror - and frowned as I realized that they looked exactly the way they were supposed to.

There was something seriously wrong with these panties. I mean, there was no way 'real' panties were this uncomfortable to wear, right? Sure, I couldn't see all the panties all the women on the street wore, but a large number of chicks must wear stuff like this all the time, right? I mean, they weren't all ugly or lesbos, so most of the women I passed every day must be wearing something sexy and frilly under their clothes - and there was no way that women's underwear was really this uncomfortable.

Shorty must be laughing his ass off. Somehow, he'd made sexy underwear hideously uncomfortable, knowing I'd have to wear it to get the job done.

Tugging the annoying scrap of fabric back into place, I began sorting through the bras, looking for something that matched...

...then cursed and quite literally tore the panties off as they managed to not only ride up my ass, but between my new vaginal lips as well.

Staring at the torn panties in angry, embarrassed frustration, I flung them aside. There was no way I could wear something like that. I'd just have to go through the panties until I found a compromise between comfort and 'usability'.

Grabbing the entire load of panties from the drawer, I dumped them on the bed and began trying them on one at a time, walking a short lap around the bedroom with each pair on.

By the fifth pair, I was cursing Shorty loudly in the damnably cute contralto he'd forced on me. He'd done something to the panties to make them much more uncomfortable than they should be. Hell - if women's panties were really that bad, they'd never be able to sell any. Victoria's Secret and Frederick's of Hollywood's would have gone completely out of business if lingerie was really so bad that the only pair of panties you could wear comfortably were little different than men's briefs.

In fact, that's what I had to settle on, as much as I hated knowing that Shorty had gotten the better of me by forcing me to wear such un-feminine panties. Sure, these panties were lace-edged - but other than that, they were like 'tighty-whities', only without a piss-hole. Oh, maybe a touch skimpier, and altered to fit the different contours of a feminine body, but your average woman didn't wear stuff like this. Everybody knew women like the tiny, frilly things like you saw in movies or in Playboy spreads.

Again, it felt really weird to be so disappointed about having to wear such boring panties - but I knew what I had to do to get my masculinity back, and Shorty stacking the deck against me allowed my anger to more than match my shame at wearing panties at all.

Given that I was forced to wear such lousy underwear, I gave serious thought to not wearing a bra at all, to better advertise my new tits - but Shorty had done something to them, too. I mean, they looked okay in the mirror and everything, but he must have done something to them, because they moved around way too much. In fact, in certain positions and with sharp, quick movements, the way they jiggled and swayed could be anything from uncomfortable to mildly painful. Real women didn't have to put up with that, of course, but he'd made me suffer from it. Hell, I'd see plenty of my dates go around topless all the time, especially the hot chick with nice, big implants to give 'em round, firm boobs. If what I was feeling from my new tits was 'real', then women like that would never, ever go without bras, right? Naw, this was something done to torture me, so that I couldn't enjoy having big tits the way a real woman would.

Hell, what sort of twisted individual would make tits be a nuisance? How unbelievable was that?

Cursing all the unbelievable, unrealistic handicaps Shorty had foisted off on me, I struggled my way into the bra that matched the panties I was wearing. As I fumbled and fiddled with the lace-edged-but-otherwise-plain cotton bra, I cursed Shorty even more, because he'd somehow altered the damned thing so that you practically had to dislocate both your shoulders to get the damned thing on. I mean, I'd seen women put on or take off bras in mere seconds, even once, without taking off her shirt first - yet this damned tit-sling was practically a medieval torture device to get on and correctly in place over my new boobs.

Cursing that damned psychotic midget, I quickly gathered up the rest of my outfit and put it on the bed. Maybe he'd forced me to wear plain underwear, but I guess it wouldn't really matter, since I could put sexy-enough clothes on over top.

Yeah, I know how weird that is - actually 'looking forward' to putting properly sexy clothes on the female body I didn't even want to have - but it's what I had to do, so it's what I did.

Of course, I grimaced and cursed the entire time I was dressing. Pulling on the tight-woven black fishnet-stockings over the smooth, silky flesh of my new legs was done to the accompaniment of 'damn' and 'fuck'. 'Shit' and 'Crap' went with the short black-leather mini-skirt that (fortunately/unfortunately) hugged and emphasized my new ass and waist. Various other swear-words went with the hot-pink spandex crop-top that barely covered my bra-encased rack, and I started inventing new curse words as I forced my feet into the properly enhancing shoes, gloss red platforms with seven-inch heels.

I hated every moment of getting dressed in women's clothing, but by bulling through I managed to get it done quickly enough. Sitting on the bed, fidgeting to get the clothes to slide into the proper, comfortable position, I was now dressed in a manner appropriate for the cute babe I'd been forced to be.

The clothes weren't settling into place, and I decided to walk around a bit. Sure, a 'real' woman would have been able to get the clothes in their correct - comfortable - position almost immediately, but I didn't have their experience, so I'd have to let them get their naturally.

Well aware of the new high-heels I was wearing, I very carefully rose to my feet..

..and began to topple and sway. Shocked and surprised, I started to spread my legs for better balance...

...and the damned skirt practically shot up my thighs, exposing those damned panties...

...as I lost it and went tumbling back onto the bed.

"Fuck!" I shouted, thoroughly pissed off. That damned Shorty was still playing his damned games! Not only had he somehow be- spelled that damned skirt to ride up at the slightest motion, but he'd screwed around with my balance somehow. I'd been as careful as I could be, and yet I'd still fallen off those damned heels. Sure, I didn't have any experience in heels - but women danced in heels like this. I'd seen plenty of strippers do it, some in even higher heels. Obviously, it couldn't be that difficult to simply stand in the damned things - yet my ankles had practically felt like they were breaking, and I'd barely managed two seconds atop them before I'd gone falling.

Cursing to myself, I very carefully hauled myself back upright, struggling not to move at all as I carefully eased that damned, cursed skirt back down over my hips and thighs...

...and promptly went sprawling again as I jerked in surprise.

Muttering curses at whoever had chosen that instant to start knocking on my door, I very, very carefully got myself upright again, easing that skirt back into place as the knocking became more instant.

Maybe Shorty had thought that by cursing all the clothing I'd have to wear, he'd force me to give up or something. Well, he didn't know a damned thing about me. Come hell or high-water, I was going to be male again...

I took a step. I nearly broke my ankle, and I nearly wrenched my back forcing myself, but I stayed upright. I took another. Just as small, just as awkward - and just as marginally successful.

I don't know exactly how he'd cursed those shoes, but after six more slow, halting, silly-looking steps towards the door, I was in mild pain. My calves felt as if somebody was whacking them with a padded two-by-four, and my arches felt as if somebody had been hitting them with a hammer.

"I'm - uh, shit! - coming, just - oh, goddamn, fuck! - hold on!" I shouted towards the door, my voice cracking with the effort it was taking to move at all in the cursed clothing Shorty had given me.

The person at the door just kept knocking, even more instantly, as I staggered towards the door, rebounding off the walls and furniture. Items thumped and tumbled to the floor as I tottered around, light-bulbs shattering and metal clattering in conjunction with my shouted curses.

My apartment isn't all that big. Normally, I'd make it to the front door in just a few seconds. It took nearly ten damned minutes to get to the door in my cursed heels - and by the time I did, I couldn't control the tears of pain and shame that were running down my face.

My calves were burning. My knees felt sprung. My arches felt like they were being jammed with red-hot poker. My legs felt abraded by those damned cursed nylons, I felt like I could barely breathe as the ensorcelled crop-top kept squeezing my tits tighter and tighter, and that damned skirt was constantly trying to slide up to my legs.

Wanting to scream at Shorty at the unfair game he'd rigged against me, I yanked open my front door...

...and the motion promptly sent me off my heels, sprawled out into the arms of the god-damned tranny freak from across the hall.

"Oh!" The freak said, surprise all over his face - which didn't help things, since he was wearing make-up at the moment. "Are you all right? I heard all the noise and shouting..."

I forced myself not to scream at the weirdo.

"I'm just having some trouble." I said, tightly. "I gotta get a date for tonight, and these damned clothes and shoes..."

I managed to stop myself before I sounded completely nuts. I mean, if I'd finished explaining that my outfit was cursed, I would have ended up in Bellevue in seconds flat.

"Oh!" Fanny-the-tranny said - and he grinned. He *grinned*.

Knowingly!

"Let me guess - not your usual ensemble." Freaky Freddy said, in what he obviously thought was a 'feminine' voice. "You probably should have started with something a little less... I mean, a little more..."

His thin, lipstick-clad lips pursed as he tried to find a diplomatic way to phrase whatever it was he was going to say.

Not that I was going to bother waiting around to hear anything a freak like him had to say. I didn't need any advice from a dress-wearing freak, thank you very much...

...except, even as the thought went through my mind, I realized that maybe that was exactly what I needed. Even as I pulled myself upright, hanging on the door-frame for much-needed support, I forced myself to look - actually look - at the tranny freak who'd I'd been avoiding looking at since I first saw him in drag.

He was wearing women's clothes. Not old-woman clothes either, but stuff you might see a real chick wearing if she had to 'dress down' for a job. You know - frilly lace shirt, below the knee skirt, plain skin-colored pantyhose, short-heeled shoes. He didn't have a woman's fine bone structure, even though he was really thin and not terribly masculine - so, you might even think he was really a woman, if you didn't get closer than three or four feet away - and most of that was from the make-up and hair and stuff.

In other words, here was a guy who had gone to a lot of trouble to be as feminine as possible. As sick, as perverted, as that was...

...it might just be the sort of expertise I needed right now. I mean, even with the handicap of being a guy, this tranny looked sorta girly - so, with a female body, I could be sexy like I needed to be, if I could get this.. uh, 'person' - to help me.

Trying very hard not to think words like 'freak' or 'sicko', in case they slipped out, I forced myself to act civil to this weir.. uh, person.

"Well, um..." I said, feeling self-conscious about having to talk to... this person. "I really, really need to get a date tonight - it being Valentine's Day and all. Can... Can you help me, please?"

The perv.. uh, person, looked surprised - and then he smiled.

"Sure, why not. It's not like I have anything better to do... and us girls have to stick together, don't we?"

I barely managed to chock back my initial response. Since my impulsive reaction was to get this freak, um, individual away from me as fast as possible, that response was considerably less than flattering.

"Yeah." I managed, non-committal.

"I'm Carla." He said, holding out a bony, long-nailed hand. I forced myself to shake it, remembering at the last instant to give my feminine name.

"Well, Michelle - let's see what I can do to help you get that date for tonight." The tranny - uh, cross-dresser - said...
...and damned if I didn't actually invite 'Carla' into my apartment.

To be continued.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A misogynist boss gets his comeuppance when his female employees decide to subject him to a series of different body enhancements which he had intended for them.

Jiggle All The Way

By Gunslinger

'Twas a month until Christmas, and all through the House, not a creature was stirring...

...EXCEPT...

* * * * *

"I'm gonna kill the bastard!"

Linda's face was a peculiar shade of burgundy as she stormed out of her office, striding past the large brass letters on the wall that spelled out the company's name. Usually calm, efficient and perfectly coifed, now Linda was almost literally beside herself - her fashionable 'power' jacket unbuttoned, her eyes glittering dangerously below an errant lock of dark hair, her full lips compressed into a tight line of rage. Her sensible short heels beat an angry tattoo on the marble floor of the medical-supply-house's secretarial pool as she strode out into the main area, heading for the elevators at the far side of the floor - and towards her until-now employer, Mr. William Thaddeus Ludlow.

"If you're talking about *Mister* Ludlow..." Cynthia, one of the secretaries, said loudly. "...then wait until I grab a fire ax, and I'll come give you a hand."

There was a loud murmuring of angry feminine agreement, and Linda's angry stride faltered and she stopped, realizing that she was facing two dozen women who were at least as angry as she was.

Which meant...

"What's your... '*gift*'?" Linda asked Cynthia.

"Liposuction!" Cynthia all-but-snarled. "Do I look like I need liposuction?"

Tall and pretty, sandy-blond Cynthia was a perfect size two. Frankly, Linda envied the younger woman's svelte figure - liposuction was definitely not necessary, and she said so.

"Yeah?" Karen, a voluptuous - and slightly pudgy - brunette, rejoined. "Well you know what he got me? Breast implants!"

"Me too!" Another voice chimed.

"I got collagen injections..." was partially obscured by "...plastic surgery..." and "...a face lift!", before the babble became too great to make out individual complaints.

Then a voice rose over the angry list of insulting 'gifts'. "I'm gonna sue the bastard for sexual harassment!"

There was a shout of approval - but Linda had to tell them the hard truth.

"It won't work." She said, loudly, gaining their attention. "These are 'gifts', not part of the job, per se. They aren't actionable - after all, you can't sue over a 'bad gift'. The best you can do is not accept it."

"Damn straight I'm not going to accept it!" A woman said, loudly, and there were shouts of agreement. "Of course not!" Linda said. "That's exactly what he wants."

"Huh?"

Linda shook her gift certificate at them. "Don't you get it - these 'certificates of payment' are all from companies and doctors Ludlow does business with. If we don't use them, then he doesn't have to pay for them - which is why he made sure to give non-transferable certificates that he was sure each person would never use. Face it - if these were transferable, we'd swap them around until everybody was happy - and then Ludlow would have to pay for them. He set this up so he looks 'generous', giving us all expensive operations - but we 'decided' to not use them "

"Son of a bitch!" A slender, usually shy secretary suddenly blurted out. "Do you realize that if we were actually to take up these... *gifts* then *we'd* be the ones arranging it? That lousy bastard!"

That gave Linda and the others pause - because it was true. Ludlow didn't really do anything in the company - he'd just fronted most of the money. He didn't even have any real experience in the field. He was a salesmen, basically - or a con artist.

Ludlow's Medical Supply House consisted of exactly twenty-five employees in a modern three-story building - Ludlow, and the twenty-four 'secretaries'. The company was basically a mark-up middleman - expensive private clinics of various sorts used Ludlow for supplies, book-keeping, scheduling and even arranging for cleaning and services. Basically, everything except for the actual surgery. Though they worked for Ludlow on paper, each woman here was really a full time secretary and accountant for a private clinic - at a hefty mark-up to the clinic, who passed the cost on to the usually wealthy clients. It was quite the scam - and it meant that if they were to actually use the 'certificates', they'd be going under the knife of a surgeon who they knew on a professional level, somebody they had to deal with on a daily basis.

"I'm going to quit." Somebody announced. "We don't get paid half of what we're worth, our boss is a sexist bastard who loves to ogle us - and now he pulls this!"

There was a swelling of agreement. "Wait, wait!" Linda said.

"Why?" one snapped. "We don't have to put up with this!"

"No, we don't " Linda said, a plan starting to form in the back of her mind. "But, look - if we all quit, then Ludlow's out of business "

"Good!"

"...but..." Linda continued, loudly, " he still keeps all the profits, and we're on the streets looking for a job!"

She paused for a moment as she let the girls absorb the truth of the situation.

"Now..." She said, beginning to grin, wickedly. | "If we're going to be out of work, and Ludlow's is going out of business... don't you think we should make sure our boss gets what's coming to him first?"

"What do you mean?" Cynthia asked, obviously interested.

"As was just pointed out, we really have all the power..." Linda said, as the plan gelled. "We arrange all the surgeries, get the supplies, schedule everything - and all the clinics trust us now, since we've been doing this for more then three years. They'll accept anything we say as gospel..."

She went on to explain the 'gift' they should give William Ludlow for Christmas - and by the time she was finished, the entire secretarial staff shared a wicked smile like hers...

* * * * *

William Ludlow - 'Billy', to his few friends - stood in front of the full-length mirror in his private bathroom, doing something he did many times a day in what he believed to be 'secret' - admiring himself.

Of average height and with a slender build, Billy liked to think of himself as 'trim' rather than 'slender', though the latter was probably more accurate. Since he lacked the muscle mass of some self-absorbed types, he made up for it in his mental 'image' of himself. He was wearing a pair of khaki slacks and a black silk shirt, along with an expensive pair of Italian-leather loafers. Between his casually expensive clothes and his long, dark hair tied back into a pony-tail, he liked to think he looked like some sort of 'Drug Lord', so important that he didn't have to be muscular and physically imposing. The image was furthered by the shortly, neatly trimmed goatee he was nearly obsessive about, and the overly-expensive 'accents' of jewelry he wore - a Rolex watch, an expensive-but-subdued chain with a small cross on it, and a large, ostentatious gold ring with a large emerald in it.

Running a hand over his slicked-back hair, Billy winked at his reflection, letting his other hand drop to his crotch and smooth the fabric of his pants over his crotch - which was strained by the bulge of his abnormally large, thick cock which - even flaccid - was visible through his pants.

Which was just the way he liked it, of course.

"Looking good, Billy-boy..." he said, a trace of his Brooklyn accent - which he'd tried so hard to loose - coming through.

There was a knock on the outer office door, and Billy hurriedly closed the cupboard door on which the full-length, gilt-framed mirror was mounted and flushed the toilet to simulate the reason for being in the bathroom. Calling out 'come in', he ostentatiously washed his hands and dried them - admiring his carefully manicured nails while he did so - then headed out into his large, almost overly-luxurious office...

...to find Linda waiting for him, holding a tray with two glasses of a thick yellowish liquid on it.

"Hi, Linda..." Billy said, a bit nervously - he'd expected her visit about half an hour ago, just after he'd had the 'gifts' delivered.

"Hello, Mr. Ludlow... Billy." She said, smiling warmly. "You don't mind if I call you Billy, do you?"

Of all the ways he'd expected her to act after his gift, this wasn't one he'd envisioned, and he was beginning to feel even more nervous. "Uh... no, I guess that's fine."

"Good..." She said, warmly, carrying the tray over to put it on his huge redwood desk - and putting a very provocative sway into her stride. She'd also removed her suit jacket, displaying the crisp white shirt underneath... which had the top two buttons undone.

She turned around and seated herself on the desk, crossing one nylon-clad leg over the other - causing her skirt to ride up and reveal more of her nicely shaped legs.

"I thought I'd bring us some eggnog..." She said in a husky voice, smiling in a way that made him feel suddenly very warm. "The girls and I had a bit of a... disagreement over who would get to bring it up, but I'm the most senior, so..." She put one slender finger between her full, soft lips and sucked lightly on it.

"Uh... so you girls liked the gifts...?" He said, visions of having to pay off all those certificates suddenly making a cold shudder run down his spine, dispute the warmth her mood and actions were generating elsewhere.

"Oh, well..." She said, seductively. "I'm afraid most of us won't use them but they're very expensive gifts all the same, and it made us realize just how much you... *appreciate* us "

She licked her lips very slowly while staring at him throw lowered lashes, and he cleared his throat and smiled a bit. "Well - of course I do "

"A toast - to the most thoughtful boss a woman could ever have " She said, picking up a glass of eggnog and holding it out to him. "And, I put something in it to give it a little more... authority "

Taking the glass, he held it up as she picked hers up and smiled. "Here's to you "

They downed the drinks, and Billy felt the liberal lacing of alcohol burn it's way down his throat and begin to spread it's warmth through his stomach.

"Gee, Billy " Linda said, leaning forward - and displaying a hint of cleavage. "Why don't you sit down, and we'll *talk* a little. Even after working for you for so long, now I know that I really don't know anything about you "

Billy's grin was even wider this time, as he settled into the big leather chair in front of his desk. The alcohol was hitting him hard, making him feel warm and very, very relaxed - and here a very attractive woman was not only coming on to him, but wanted to talk about his favorite subject - him.

"Sure, Linda..." He said, finding his words slightly slurred. "We should get to know one another "

"Comfy, Billy?" She asked, and now there was a bit of an odd tone in her voice - not as warm as before, and as if sharing some private joke."

"Yeah... comfy " He said, finding that he didn't seem to have the energy - or desire - to bother modulating his tone. The words just sort of came out in a monotone. "Don't feel like getting up, or moving?" Linda asked.

"No " Billy said, dully, feeling supremely comfortable and content.

"Not even if I do this ?" She asked - and leaned forward and back-handed him across the face, hard.

It hurt. That is, the sensation of a sharp pain was there - but it just didn't seem important enough to respond to. Billy was feeling very good right now, warm and content and happy, and very willing to let whatever happened.. happen. He didn't so much as stir in response to the wicked slap - and that made Linda smile even wider.

"So, Billy - I've worked for you for three and a half years now." She said, her voice still holding that odd tone. "I do a lot of your more 'questionable' contracts. Why is it that you have me do them?"

Billy smiled slightly. "Because you do them, and keep your mouth shut about them..." He said, blearily. "Oh - does that mean you trust me?" She asked.

"Yes. I trust you." He agreed.

"You must trust me a lot." She said, intently.

He'd never really considered it, but now he nodded. "Yes. I trust you a lot."

"You trust me completely." She said. "Trust me, and anything I say, utterly and without question. Don't you?"

"Yes..." Billy agreed, nodding. "That's right."

She grinned wickedly. "In fact, you will believe anything I say to you. You believe me completely - right?"

"Right..." Billy agreed, with warmth in his tone. He was feeling better now, more like himself - he knew what was going on, and he felt fine - he was with Linda, who he trusted completely. Everything was just fine.

"Billy..." Linda said, sliding the tray on the desk aside to reveal a business-sized envelope that had been underneath. She opened it and took a sheaf of papers out from inside. "You were saying that you want to get out of the business, so you wanted me to get some papers ready so you can give me the business, and all the assets - remember?"

"Of course, Linda." Billy said. "Are those them? I'll just sign them and get them out of the way..."

Linda seemed to be struggling to keep her face straight as he signed the papers - probably trying to repress a cough, Billy figured as he signed the transfer papers and bank directions. Once that was taken care of, he settle back to enjoy the conversation Linda wanted to have.

"Now, Billy, you got Janice a certificate to have her lips injected with collagen to make them fuller. Do you remember that?" Linda asked.

"Of course I do, Linda." Billy said, with a small sigh - he'd only handed out the certificates an hour ago, how could he forget?

"Now, you remember that I said you gave the certificates because you really thought it was what we'd want? They were real, honest-to-goodness gifts from you to us?" Linda asked.

"Yes, I remember." Billy laughed. "My mind's not going you know, Linda!"

"then you remember that you agreed?" Linda said, her voice full of some obscure emotion. "You agreed?"

Billy frowned for a second - then smiled. "Of course I agreed." He said, with a laugh. "Those are just the gifts I thought each of you wanted the most."

"But Janice already has very full lips." Linda said. "You must believe that Janice wants incredibly full lips then, right?"

Billy frowned for a second - then his face smoothed over as he grinned. "Well, of course silly. Janice wants incredibly full lips. That's why I gave her that gift, so she could get what she really, really wants - incredibly full lips."

"Gee - it seems odd that she'd want incredibly full lips so she could be embarrassed by them and try to downplay them. It doesn't make any sense... does it, Billy?"

"No, that's just silly." Billy said with a sigh, wondering why Linda was being a little dense - it must be the booze in her eggnog, he figured.

"Then you tell me why Janice wants incredibly full lips, Billy." Linda said. "You must know what Janice wants to do with those lips. You got her the certificate, you know it's what she wants - tell me why Janice wants those lips, Billy."

Well, that was self-obvious. Billy knew what Janice wanted, that's why he'd gotten her that certificate.

"She wants really full lips so she can wear bright glossy lipstick." Billy said, confidently. "She wants to have the type of lips men like to kiss... or have wrapped around his their cocks. Women's lips are for kissing and cock-sucking, after all, and any woman who wants fuller lips wants them so she can do it more often."

"Now - that's what Janice wants, right?" Linda pressed. "You're absolutely positive, aren't you. There's no doubt at all, that what you just said is exactly what Janice desperately, eagerly wants - right?"

"Of course." Billy stated, positively.

"Who are you?" Linda asked, quietly, a wide smile on her lips. Billy blinked. "Huh? I'm Billy - William Ludlow."

"No, you aren't." Linda said, forcefully. "You are Janice Carter."

He blinked in surprise... then grinned. "Well, of course I am, Linda. Who else would I be?"

"Nobody..." Linda said, in an odd tone of voice. "Hey, Janice, I've got good news - I've made all the arrangements for you! The doctor's ready to do your lips!"

"That's great!" Janice said, eagerly - almost desperately....

* * * * *

"Who are you?" Linda asked.

He blinked in surprise, licking his wonderful new lips. "Why, Linda, what a stupid question! I'm Janice Carter!"

"No, you're not - You're Cynthia Byers "

* * * * *

"You're Amanda Jenkins "

* * * * *

"You're Grace Lincoln "

* * * * * "...Debbie Colms..."

"...Jessica Smithers..."

"...Carol..."

"...Tonya..." "..."

* * * * * "...*Billy Ludlow!*"

Billy blinked and shook his head... and found himself seated in his office, surrounded by his wickedly grinning office staff, gathered in a group around his desk.

"What the hell is going..." He started to demand, angrily - then trailed off, suddenly, his eyes flying open wide at the sound of the voice that emerged - a husky voice, sort of breathy, in weaker - more feminine - registers than he was used to hearing - well, from himself, at any rate.

"What the hell...?" he gasped, hands going to his throat in shock. Well - trying to, anyway. On the way up, they were suddenly deflected by firmly soft masses...

...which transmitted the sensation of being hit by his arms through his nervous system, causing him to look down...

For a second, it didn't register. His mind refused to place what he was seeing - and then it dawned on him that he was looking down the neck-line of a skin-tight white spandex 'T-shirt' who's plunging neck- line exposed the most massive, spherical, utterly obvious 'fake' tits he'd ever seen in his life. The size of a pair of medicine-balls, the massive, saline-enhanced boobs were impossibly round and firm, with a chasm-like amount of cleavage...

...and they were thrust roundly and 'proudly' from *his* chest.

Billy screamed, his voice sounding even more feminine in that wordless, high-pitched, melodramatic sound.

"Stop that!" Linda ordered, sharply - and, unwillingly, Billy found himself snapping his mouth closed, the scream dying in his throat - even as he wanted to redouble it as he gaped at the slender hands that had been re-invented out of his own, the feminine-looking fingers tipped with long, gloss-red nails.

"Oh, my god!" Billy gasped. "I... I... I'm a woman!"

"You bet you are..." Linda laughed. "Grab your crotch, Billy!"

Even as his head whipped around to stare at her incredulously, he found his altered hand responding to her command and dipping downwards - to encounter what felt like a tiny spandex skirt. His hand slid under the barely mid-thigh hem and across the frilly panties beneath... and felt smooth front of the lacy panties that enclosed his - or, rather, her - tight new cunt.

"What the fuck have you bitches done to me?" Billy cried, the fact that his manhood was massing pushing him into blind anger - and despair.

"Billy!" One of the bitches said, sharply. "Stop using that tone - I want's you to talk as sensually and seductively as possible at all times!"

"Oh, fuck off, bitch..." Billy said...

...in a syrupy, sensual tone that converted his angry words into a come-on, dripping with lust and sensuality.

"Oh, gee, guess you forgot..." Linda laughed. "That's Karen's voice - you gave it to her for Christmas, remember? The certificate for a tracheal shave and chord tightening? So, you have to do whatever she tells you to with it."

"What...?" Billy gasped - sensuously.

Linda laughed. "Well - why don't we go see what you look like, then?"

Helplessly, Billy found himself rising from behind the desk... and stared down in shock at the long, nylon-encased legs that led to the black platform shoes with their seven-inch-high heels.

"Those are my new legs." One of the other girls said. "And thank you *sooo* much for them - I think they look great. Look so great, in fact, that they should only be used to walk with as sexy a stride as possible, in as high a heel as possible."

"What!" Billy gasped - but found himself following Linda towards the full-length mirror in the bathroom using as hip-swinging sexy stride atop the slender, towering heels.

The 'owner' of the legs giggled at the sight, knowing that Billy had been unknowingly practicing the walk for the past month, under Linda's directions.

Reaching the bathroom, Linda opened the door that the mirror was mounted on, then stepped back to let Billy get a long, hard look at his altered self.

If he could have, he would have screamed again at the sight of the freakish creature that stared back.

There was almost no trace of the original man that the new body was based on. If you'd looked closely enough, you might have been able to spot it in the slender, boyish hips or the vaguely masculine contours of the face...

...but it was nearly impossible to look that closely. The eyes was drawn away from those areas to the more feminine parts of her new body.

Like the impossibly long, shapely legs beneath their nylons. Lengthened and reshaped surgically, they were more plastic than muscle - but that wasn't visually apparent, leaving only the sight of towering, sexy legs atop surgically re-shaped feet whose tiny, dainty new contours were shoe-horned into the tiny, feminine shoes.

Though her hips were boyishly slender, it was hard to notice that - since and almost obscenely large, firm ass packed beneath a tiny skirt drew the attention of the eye, and the tiny waist above those hips made them look wider than they really were.

Her shoulders might have been a bit on the wide side - but it was hard to look at the shoulders when there was those enormous round tits to see, instead. Likewise, the masculine structure of her face was well-camouflaged by her huge, ripe new lips, tiny new nose and dark, sensual eyes, which were framed by long, dark lashes much the way her face was framed by a massive, thick mane of dark, wavy hair.

"Oh.. my.. god..." Billy, horrified at the sensual caricature of womanhood he'd become.

"No...!" He sobbed - sensuously... just before the women started informing him what they wanted done with the gifts he'd given them - and that they'd 'grafted' onto her outrageously feminine new form.

* * * * *

Freddy 'The Fence' Leozini paced up and down in his living room, growing more pissed by the minute.

"Billy, you little shit...!" he finally burst out angrily, talking to thin air. "If I get my hands on you, I'm gonna fuckin' kill you!"

He continued to pace, glancing occasionally at the clock while he waited for the 'representative' to show up.

For the past three years, Billy Ludlow had been handling Freddy's 'account', along with a couple of other, uh... 'Family' men who wanted a good way to launder their money. Using his business, Billy had been providing a good service... so good, that it was worth expanding. Just a month ago, Billy had promised he'd find a way to get rid of his entire staff without any legal entanglements, and then hire some more 'trustworthy' people - people whose surnames ended in vowels and whose breath tended to smell strongly of garlic.

However, the little bastard had disappeared! When Freddy had tried to get in touch with him, he'd found out that he'd left the company with some stupid bitch and had probably flown off to Mexico with the Family money! At least that dumb cunt who owned the company had be smart enough to send somebody to talk to him, even if the only time she could arrange was Christmas Eve - he'd make sure whoever this 'representative' was, he understood that Freddy and the others had BETTER get their money back, or somebody was gonna be in a world of hurt...

The doorbell rang, and Freddy staled towards the door, his muscular body tense. Hell - maybe he wouldn't even let this bastard get a word out. Sure, he'd beat the shit out of the guy right on the doorstep and send him back, as a warning. Not only would it be effective, but Freddy would feel much better after...

Then he opened the door - and thought simply ceased.

"Hi..." the person on the doorstep said, voice dripping with sensuality. "Are you Freddy...?"

Slowly, Freddy's eyes traveled upwards. They started at the bottom - at the shoes. Tiny little shoes, they would have been pretty plain 'Mary Jane' style business shoes - if it wasn't for the fact that they had three inch platforms on the front sole, and nine-inch-high stiletto heels at the back.

From there, his eyes slowly traveled up the incredibly shapely legs, encased in black nylons. They went up... and up... and up....

Her legs seemed to go on forever - and when he finally reached high enough, he found the lacy tops of the nylon half-visible beneath the hem of a tiny little gray tweed skirt that was as tight as a second skin over hips and incredible, firm ass. A white leather belt with a golden buckled cinched the waistband tight around a waist so tiny that Freddy could have encircled it with his hands.

Which was made up for by her tits. Pressing out the crisp white shirt - blouse - she wore, the massive tits were too big for Freddy's large hands to hold completely - they were enormous, and not at all concealed by the blouse, which had the top three buttons undone to reveal a mouth-watering valley of cleavage.

She repeated the question - and that force Freddy's eyes from her huge, mountains tits to her incredibly full, gloss-red lips - which led the eye past her tiny snub nose to her dark, sensual eyes...

...which were locked onto his crotch, as if she just couldn't help herself, like she needed to gaze hungrily at the spot where his cock was already stirring to life.

Finally, the dark-haired vision of sexuality's question registered.

"Yeah.. I'm, uh..... Freddy..." He stammered, having trouble remembering his own name...

...as, still staring at his crotch, this incredible woman slowly, sensuously, licked her unbelievable lips.

"Hi, Freddy... I'm Billi Boobs..." She said. "Linda sent me. Can I... *cum* in...?" She licked her lips again, slowly.

"Oh, yeah..." Freddy said, barely hearing her words other than registering them as a come on. He stepped back and let her in, his eyes going to her unbelievable ass as he numbly pushed the door shut and followed her into the living room.

"Linda's real sorry about what happened..." Billi said, sensuously, one hand fondling her massive tits. "I'm supposed to spend the next six months making it up to You, Tony, Nick and Carlito any way I can..."

"Any way...?" Freddy stammered, cock now firmly at attention.

In way of answer, she licked her lisp again - then grabbed her blouse and ripped it open.

Her tits jumped and jiggled - then settled down, still incredibly round and firm despite a complete lack of external support.

"Any way..." She breathed in confirmation - and then pressed her body against his, huge tits crushed against his chest as her unbelievably full lips met his, and she kissed him, hungrily.

Wrapping his hands around her, he began to fondle her spectacular ass, loving the feel of her massive boobs pressed against him - and then he realized she was slowly pushing him backwards, and he let himself be moved until his knees hit the couch, and he sat down suddenly.

Smiling hungrily, Billi slowly sank to her nylon-clad knees, her hands going to his crotch and unzipping his pants and pulling them and his underwear down around his ankles.

"Suck...?" She asked, staring at his throbbing cock. "Or fuck...?" "Oh, baby - wrap those lips around my cock..." Freddy gasped.

"That's what lips like these are for..." She said, in a slightly sing-song voice, like somebody repeating a memorized phrase. "For kissing or cock-sucking."

Then she stopped talking as she bent down, and her lips enclosed his hard, throbbing cock.

Freddy moaned as she began to slurp away at his cock. Her style wasn't all that great - but, god, those lips felt unbelievable, and she was going at it for all she was worth.

He barely noticed as somebody else came in the room - until a deep voice swore in surprise. "Whadda fuck...!"

Freddy opened his eyes - and saw Nick standing in the entrance way of the room. "She's... for us..." Freddy gasped. "Apology... for the bitch... at Ludlow's..."

"Damn..." Nick breathed, eyes wide at the sight of the huge-breasted woman on her knees, head bobbing vigorously at Freddy's crotch.

As he watched, she shifted position, until she was standing, head down and ass stuck up in the air - then she let go of Freddy's balls with one hand and pointed vigorously at her ass.

It didn't take Nick long to figure that one out. His cock rapidly hardening, he walked over to where the woman was and slide her tiny shirt down to her high-heeled shoes, finding she wasn't wearing any panties.

Grinning, Nick quickly stripped out of his pants - then plunged his hard, thick cock deep into her cunt, leaning his weight on her ass to reach forward and fondle her tits for a minute as he began to thrust his cock into her, hard. She responded by dipping and straightening her knees rhythmically, slamming herself onto his tool and helping him fuck her hard and deep.

She continued to slurp away at Freddy's cock as she was fucked hard by Nick - and then Freddy gasped and began to pump cum into her mouth,. She swallowed quickly, as if she'd been told not to spill so much of a drop of his cum - and she succeeding in getting every single salty, musky drop of his hot cum, allowing her to lift her mouth from his cock just in time to scream out in orgasm as Nick came.

To both men, the scream of 'ecstasy' lacked conviction - but neither cared as the huge-breasted, unreal slut accepted another load of cum, this one deep in her tight, hot - if somewhat too dry - cunt.

"thanks, guys..." She said, huskily. "I love getting fucked while I suck. It's even better if I'm laying on my back and getting tit-fucked, too..." She licked her lips, seductively.

"Damn!" Nick said. "I might be out some cash - but getting a piece of ass like you is not bad. I'm gonna fuck you every day for a year, and twice on Sunday!"

"Hey..." Freddy said, frowning, as that triggered something. "You said we only get you for six months. What the fuck is that about? You're a good cock-sucker, but that ain't gonna make up for the cash we lost."

She giggled. "in six months, Linda's starting a porn film company, and I'm going to work there. She thought you might be bored with me by then, anyway - so she figures you guys might like to meet some of the other stars and... get to know them - intimately."

The two guys grinned at each other as Billi's hands - as if on their own - rose to her chest and began to fondle her tits.

"I've got huge tits..." She said, in that sing-song voice. "The only reason why anyone would get tits like this is to have them fondled, sucked and fucked..."

"Damn straight..." Nick laughed. "bring those babies here!"

"Okay..." Billi said, walking over to where Nick had dropped onto the couch and crawling onto his laps to have her massive tits fondled....

* * * * *

ONE YEAR LATER

"How about this one?"

Steve looked at the cassette case Ron was holding out, and shook his head.

"Naw..." He said, getting an agreement from Brad.

The trio of college students continued looking through the racks of the adult video store, looking for something to watch.

"Holy shit!" Brad said, picking up a box. "Get a load of the tits on these gals!" the other two guys' jaws dropped as they took the box and stared at the women arrayed on the cover. "Geez..." Steve said, softly.

"It's even a Christmas movie..." Ron breathed.

Reaching an agreement, the three young men went to the front of the store to rent the seasons hottest Adult new release - 'Jiggle All The Way', starring Billi Bazooms, Tonya Titfucker, Carlotta Cocksucker, Nicki Nasti and Fredrica Fucktoy...

...and another seventy-six sent was immediately added to the account of Guise Tugurls Films...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A male actor decides to take a job as a sex-phone voice playing a California bimbo; little does he know that the persona that he has invented is soon to be his fate.

Job Description

By Gunslinger

"No, mom, I haven't found a job yet." Jason sighed into the phone. He closed his eyes and massaged his brow as he listened to his mother's voice.

The muscular, dark-haired man shifted in his seat. "Yes. I remember you told me that choosing to become an actor was a bad idea." Of course he remembered - she never let him forget. Nor did she ever let go of the topic she suddenly switched to

next. He sighed again. "No, mom, I'm not seeing anyone right now... Uh huh... I know, but..." It was impossible to get an word in edgewise against her vocal tirade.

"Look, mom...mom... MA! I have to go, okay? Yes, I'll talk to you next week. Love you. 'bye."

With great relief, Jason dropped the receiver into it's cradle, stretching to do so. His shoulders slumped wearily as his mother's shrill voice echoed in his mind. Ever since he'd moved to L.A. to get away from her over-bearing presence, his weekly telephone calls had been near exact carbon copies of one another. It was starting to get a little more that annoying, he thought angrily.

Giving the phone one last, angry glare (which he'd never dared to give his mother), Jason Dixon pushed his muscular, six-foot three body out of the worn easy chair. Grabbing his keys from the table beside the door, he slipped on a pair of sandals and trotted down the stairs of the apartment building to retrieve his paper.

Reading the headlines, he slowly mounted the staircase and absently re-entered his apartment. Dropping his keys in their usual place, he kicked off the footwear, the wandered over to the kitchen table. Collapsing onto the chair, he spread the paper on the table and flipped over to the employment section of the paper. Picking up a pen, he began to scan the job listings looking for work.

Twenty six years old, Jason was finally starting to live his own life. Until three months ago, he'd lived in a large, rambling old farmhouse in Iowa, the sole offspring of a shrewish, overweight woman who had raised her son alone ever since her husband had died when the boy was three. Definitely over protective, Mrs. Dixon had raised her son in an oppressive atmosphere. In retaliation, Jason had started to rebel at an early age.

Since she didn't want him involved in sports ('You'll break your neck playing those damn games!'), he'd joined nearly every team he could in both junior and senior high school. Likewise his decision to become an actor came almost immediately after his mother's angry tirade about those 'useless, shiftless, overpaid people in Hollywood'. After he'd finally graduated from the states only collage offering Film classes, the decision to move out to the coast had been easy.

Where, he found almost immediately, an acting degree from a school in Iowa meant next to nothing. As one agent had put it - 'That and a quarter will buy you a cup of coffee'.

Like hell it would. The cheapest cup of coffee to be had in California was seventy-five cents, and could double as roofing tar.

The death of his father had been on the job, and the insurance had left Mrs. Dixon fairly well off. He'd come to the coast with a old, but well maintained Mustang, and a few grand in his pocket to 'tide him over'. Now, that nest egg was almost gone, and the pressure to find work - any work - was increasing. Still, Jason would rather end up as a bum in L.A. then ever go back home again.

Well, maybe not. Time was running out, and he was beginning to get desperate. Now, as he sat hunched over the paper, he scanned every single listing for the slightest chance for employment, and a continued life away from his mother.

The ad, three pages in and halfway down the page, almost slipped by him. The heading - LADIES! NEED TO EARN EXTRA INCOME FROM THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN HOME? - meant that he almost skipped it completely, until the tiny disclaimer at the bottom of the ad caught his eye.

'Applicable male applicants may also be selected.'

Mentally shrugging, Jason went back to the top of the add and read the whole thing. It was an add for 'phone sex girls'.

Oh, it didn't state it that way - adult tele-entertainers was the wording used. But the possible income, up to ten grand a month, looked nice. The way Jason figured it, that number was greatly exaggerated - still, half of that would be more accurate, and five grand a month was nothing to sneer at.

Now, most men would sneer at the idea of doing this work. Not only pretending to be female over the phone, but to have a verbally simulated sexual encounter with another man? No way.

But Jason seriously considered it, for two reasons.

In film class, he'd learned he had an amazing gift to imitate voices, male AND female. And, he was really, *really* desperate.

Picking up the paper, he carried it over to the phone. He sat for several minutes, staring absently at the paper in indecision, then finally, reaching forward and picking up the receiver. Before he could change his mind, he punched in the number listed in the add.

"Omni Tele-Entertainment." A rusty voice answered after four rings. "Can I help you?"

"Uh..." Jason said uncomfortably. "I'm calling about that job listing. The one in the paper." A short pause. "Look, buddy, you do know what we're looking for, don't you?"

Jason took a deep breath. Calling his talent into play, he forced his voice into its higher registers and replied in a breathy, sensual voice. "Oh, yes, I know what you're looking for. I know *exactly* what you want." He couldn't believe how utterly stupid he felt 'coming on' to another guy, but if it paid the rent...

"Is that really you buddy? Holy Shit! That's amazing!" The voice, previously lack-luster, had taken on some animation.

"Oh? Do you really zink zo?" Jason asked in a sexy soprano with a French accent. He switched suddenly to a warm, chipper contralto with a strong southern accent. "Y'all think I'se can get a job? Earn me some greenbacks?"

There was a couple of seconds stunned silence at the other end. When it spoke again, the hoarse voice was filled with reverence. "Mister," it said, "you sound sexier than most of the women I got working for me. I can guarantee you'll earn at *least* eight grand a month, if you still want the job."

Well, it wasn't a job to brag about - and definitely not one to write home about - but it would pay well. Jason and 'Gordon, call me Gordo, McNair', the owner of the rusty voice, discussed it. Gordo promised to come by the next morning. He'd bring a phone technician to install a second line into the apartment, and have Jason sign the employment papers.

When Jason finally hung up, he sighed. As odd as it was to think about what he was going to be doing for a living, at least it beat the hell out of having to go back home.

* * * * *

Gordo was as good as his word.

A short, ferrety looking man with a shock of greasy hair, he showed up first thing in the morning wearing a rumpled brown suit that looked like he'd slept in it. With him was a bored looking man in a blue jumpsuit, wearing a tool belt and carrying a red phone in one hand.

While Jason and Gordo had signed the necessary papers, the telephone guy had installed the phone. Unlike regular phones, the red device had no key-pad - merely a red light and a small switch.

"This is how it works," Gordo had explained, showing Jason the phone. "Whenever you're available, you push this switch up, and the red light goes on. That means the main switchboard knows it can route calls here. If you ain't available - even if it's a bathroom break - you switch it off. This phone's got a special ringer, see, so you'll know which phone is ringing."

The pay structure was equally as easy. Jason would earn a buck fifty each minute he was on the phone. He set his own hours, working as many hours a day as he wanted. Of course, the peak hours - five in the evening to five in the morning - were the best to work, if Jason didn't mind changing his sleeping habits to accommodate it.

Now, having watched the little man and his silent companion leave, Jason gingerly lowered himself into the comfortable easy chair beside the new phone. Warily, as if afraid it would bite him, Jason reached out and flicked the switch, to be rewarded with the glowing red light. Since it wasn't peak hours, he settled back into the chair and tried to read a book, since it might be some time before anyone got routed to him.

The first call came twenty two minutes later.

Startled by the low, thrumming ring, Jason quickly put down the book - which he'd been unable to focus on - and took a deep breath. With a slightly trembling hand, he reached for the phone. Taking a deep breath, he picked it up.

Shifting into a low, sexy female voice, Jason said "Hi. I'm Veronica. What's your name?..."

* * * * *

Two days later, Jason was feeling more comfortable - if no less weird - about his new job.

He had shifted his sleep cycles to match the peak hours, and was doing good business - his phone was very rarely on the hook. He'd learned the basic trick to this line of work, as well - let the client set the tone, then give him what he wants. It worked well.

It still felt weird though.

He'd just hung up from a call when the phone buzzed again. Picking up the receiver, Jason picked a voice that was simultaneously cheerful and sexy, and said. "Hi! I'm Randi. What's your name?"

The voice that replied held a faint undercurrent of amusement, as if it's owner was indulging in a private joke. "Hi Randi. You can call me...Joe."

The hesitation before the innocuous name didn't surprise Jason. Many of his callers gave fake names. "Hi, Joe." "So," Joe asked, "where are you from, Randi?"

Jason faked a bright, sexy laugh. "I'm a true California girl, Joe." It was a standard 'opening', and Jason always matched the birthplace to the voice - Yvette, his 'French Maid' was from St. Lo, for instance. Jason had thought it would lend verisimilitude to Yvette if he didn't pick the obvious, Paris.

The next question was pretty standard, too. "Describe yourself for me, Randi."

"Well, I'm laying on my bed," Jason started, making it up as he went along. "The phone is between my long, sexy legs. The long, red fingernails of my left hand are lightly stroking my crotch. I'm using the other one to hold the phone to my ear."

"Go on." The voice, still laced with humor, urged.

Jason gave Joe a giggle. "My long, wavy blonde hair is spread out beneath my body. It doesn't quite reach my firm, sexy ass. It stops at my really slim waist." Jason paused, then threw in "I had to exercise a lot to get my waist so wonderfully small." He finished that statement with a giggle.

"What about your face?" the voice urged. That was a little unusual - most callers didn't care about the *face*, after all - but not unheard of.

Well, since he'd said he was a blonde... "I've got pale, blue eyes and really long lashes. But people say the best part of my face is my sexy lips."

"And your breasts? How big are they?" Joe asked.

Jason paused for the barest instant. This call was unusual. By now, the other voice was usually getting excited. Also, with a loaded question about 'her' breasts - usually, tits or boobs, actually - the tone usually gave some indication of what the caller wanted to hear. But Joe's voice was the same calm, amused voice as when they'd started.

Jason decided to 'Go-for-broke'. "They're huge." He cooed, hoping that Joe liked 'em big. "Absolutely *enormous*." The voice still held no trace of either approval or disappointment. "The nipples?"

"Really big, sexy ones."

"What kind of shoes do you like to wear, Randi?"

Definitely getting weirder. By now, they'd be into the 'sex' part, not discussing footwear. "I *love* high-heels. The taller the better. They make my walk so sexy."

Joe continued with his questions. "And what type of clothes do you wear?"

Jason was really starting to wonder about this guy. "I love sexy clothes that show off my fabulous body. Clothes that really turn men on." He said. Where the hell was this going?

Then again, Jason thought, it didn't really matter. As long as Joe stayed on the line, Jason kept making money. "So, Randi, what do you do for fun?" Joe asked next.

"Oh, I love to be in public and turn men on." Jason improvised off the cuff. "One of my goals in life is to give every man who sees me a raging hard-on. I want to be a walking 'come on' to every dick on the planet." Jason 'giggled'. Randi was quite the bimbo, Jason thought with a smile.

"What about sex?" Joe asked. Still, the same amused tone.

"Oh, I love sex. I'm so great at it too. I have this incredibly long tongue, so I give mind-blowing head. My cunt is really tight, and I know *just* how to use it. I also love getting tit fucked - in fact I just love the feel of cum on me, everywhere." Finally, it was getting back on track. Joe's next question was heading in the right direction too.

"Tell me, Randi." He asked, "What's your ultimate fantasy?"

Hmm... "I'd love to meet this group of guys - collage students," Jason said, making it up as he went, "who are all, like, perfect studs. They'd invite me to this party. I'd get all dressed up, really sexy, and go to their frat house. We'd party for a bit, then they'd ask me to strip, right? So I would, real sexy like. They'd all get really turned on, and it would get all their *huge*, thick cocks hard."

Jason paused for a second to see whether Joe liked where this was going. Apparently he did.

"Go on," he urged, "tell me every kinky detail." Oddly enough, his voice was still level. Oh well, let's see if I can't change that, Jason thought. He didn't realize that, for the first time, he was actually enjoying a call. It was a challenge, and Jason loved challenges.

Kinky details, hmm?

"Well, this is what would happen "

Half an hour later, voice still perfectly level with a hint of amusement, Joe thanked him and hung up. For some reason, Jason felt vaguely cheated.

Hours later, the odd call was forgotten, blurred by the dozens of roughly similar calls in the interval.

* * * * *

Jason yawned and blinked, rolling over to check the time on the clock. The late afternoon sun was kept off the apartment by the drawn blinds, leaving the apartment dim.

Jason rolled out of bed and stretched mightily. Slipping a bathrobe on over his boxer shorts, he headed to the kitchen and started a pot of coffee brewing, then popped into the bathroom for his 'morning' ritual of shit, shave, shower and shampoo.

Returning to the kitchen, he fixed himself a cup of coffee. Opening the fridge, he leaned against the open door and tried to decide what to make for 'breakfast'.

Just then the phone - his regular phone - rang. Letting the door to the fridge swing shut, Jason carried his coffee mug into the living room. Taking a sip of the steaming liquid, he put the mug down and picked up the phone.

"Hi, Randi speaking." He said in a bubbly, sexy voice.

And stopped dead, a shocked look on his face. He hadn't tried to use a feminine voice, and why the hell had he called himself Randi?

A voice was issuing through the receiver, trying to extol the virtues of a long distance company, but Jason wasn't paying attention. Absently, he hung up the phone.

"What the hell is going on?" he asked out loud, hearing the same chipper, feminine soprano. He cleared his throat repeatedly. "Testing, testing What the fuck is wrong with me?" he said angrily, unable to change to sound of his voice to anything other than the same bright, sexy voice.

Closing his eyes and forcing himself to calm down, Jason concentrated on producing his own, male voice.

"I am Randi Dixon FUCK!" He finished. Not only had he still used the same voice, but he'd said Randi when he'd tried to say Jason.

Jason tried to say his own name again, then again when he failed. No matter how hard he tried, all that came out was 'Randi', in a feminine voice.

"This is too fucking weird."

He took a deep breath and tried a different line of attack. "The name of that guy from the horror movies is Jason."

So far, so good. He smiled at the sound of the name he wanted to say, even if it *was* in a sexy, feminine voice. Next step. "My name is the same as his."

Okay. Now, the sneak attack.

He concentrated hard. While he spoke, he pretended he was that horror character. He was that guy, so, his name would be...

"My name is Randi"

"GOD DAMN IT TO HELL!" Jason roared. Well, tried to, any way. The cute, sexy voice he was helplessly speaking in was particularly ill suited for roaring.

What the hell was going on?

For the next twenty minutes, if anyone had walked into the room, they would have gotten a complete surprise.

They would have seen a tall, muscular young man with dark hair, stalking around the room angrily. In a sexy, chipper voice, he kept calling himself 'Randi', and cursing.

Jason had given up on Jason - now he was trying to call himself by any name but Randi. No matter how much he tried, that was the name that emerged from between his lips.

Finally, mind whirling in frustration, anger and confusion, Jason collapsed into his easy chair. What was going on was simply impossible. How could *his own voice* betray him?

Suddenly, his whirling mind latched on to an answer. It must be psychological.

"Sure!" Jason said in the feminine voice, snapping his fingers. "I have a subliminal problem with my new job, and it's my psyche acting up!"

Well, that was a relief. Of course, identifying the problem was only the first step in curing it.

Jason rooted around in the table until he pulled out the telephone book, and flipped open the book to 'psychiatrists'.

Not knowing any of the ones listed, Jason picked one at random. Balancing the book in one hand, he cradled the receiver between his ear and shoulder and punched in the number...

...only to receive a recording with the hours the doctor was in. A few more calls with similar results soon convinced Jason that every shrink in the city called it a day at four o'clock sharp.

With a sigh, Jason hung up the regular phone, and slumped back in the chair. Replacing the phone book, he reached over and flicked the switch on the red phone. Seconds later, it's odd warble filled the apartment. Jason picked up the phone.

"Hi! I'm Randi! What's your name..."

* * * * *

Five hours later, slightly punch-drunk with fatigue, Jason hung up the phone and switched it off. He still planned on taking some more calls - but after he got some coffee in him. Standing, he stretched mightily and wandered into the kitchen. Opening the fridge, he groaned. There was no cream.

"Oh, shit." He murmured in the sexy feminine voice. He had used it so much during the evening, he was actually used to it now, and barely noticed it.

Grabbing his wallet and keys, he stepped outside the apartment and locked it, then headed towards the nearest convenience store, two blocks away.

The heat of the day had faded into a pleasantly cool evening without a sharp edge of chill. Dressed, as usual, in jeans and a sweatshirt - he kept the AC in the apartment pretty high - Jason felt completely comfortable, and the walk was a good way to get the kinks out of his body.

At the store, he purchased the cream quickly. He might have temporarily forgotten he was stuck with a feminine voice, but it didn't matter. Aside from a single grunt, the cashier was silent, and Jason had no great urge to start a conversation.

With the creme in hand, he started to walk home again. He had only gone a few dozen yards, however, when something happened. He fell down.

"What the fuck?" Jason exclaimed, the confused obscenity sounding strange in a sexy, chipper voice. He looked down to see what he could have tripped over.

His own shoes. Suddenly, they were too big for his feet. Like wearing clown shoes, he'd just stumbled out of them. How the hell could *that* happen? He sat beside the footwear and stared at them. They seemed unchanged. Confused, Jason reached down to pull off his socks - and stared at his feet as he gasped.

They were smaller, more slender, daintier. They were extremely feminine feet.

Glancing around to make sure nobody was watching his strange antics, Jason grabbed his shoes and socks, and ducked into an alleyway. Quickly, he undid his jeans and slid them down.

"Un-dirty word-believable!" Jason gasped. All of the sudden, he felt the great need to sit down again. He pulled his pants back up before doing so. Not for decorum's sake - that was the furthest thing from his mind right now.

He pulled them up so he didn't have to stare at the long, shapely and complete hairless feminine legs that extended from his crotch to his new, dainty feet. Even his ankles were shapely. At least his, um, *equipment* was still intact - though it *did* look odd nestled between two smooth, womanly thighs.

Stunned, Jason slowly clambered to his feet. Barefoot, carrying his shoes and socks in one hand and the cream in the other, he walked home, mind spinning.

Letting himself in, he locked the door behind him with a relieved grunt. Hesitantly, he piled his load on the table, then slowly peeled off his jeans to get a good look at whatever had happened.

There was no doubt about it - his legs were no a very sexy, long pair of women's legs. Running a hand up and down them to verify their reality, he not only felt their silky smoothness on his palms, but felt his palms through the legs. The felt completely normal in terms of response to stimuli - the just didn't look normal. Not on him, at any rate.

Staring down at his transformed appendages, Jason came to only one clear-cut, undeniable fact.

It wasn't psychological. The subconscious might force a man who had the ability to sound like a woman use it, but it couldn't turn a pair of hairy, masculine legs into smooth, sexy feminine ones.

Jason decide to go to bed. It seemed an odd decision, but it was well thought out. Going to sleep now meant that he'd awake early enough to go see somebody about this tomorrow - if he decided to. He wasn't quite sure who he would see about this, if, in fact, he decided to see anybody at all.

It was just so damn weird!

With that less than cheery thought, Jason toddled off to bed on his new legs.

* * * * *

Jason slowly awoke the next day at just after noon. For a few minutes, he just stared stupidly at his clock, wondering what had possessed him to wake so early.

Then everything flooded back, and he sat bolt upright while yanking of the covers. As he completed the motion, several things clamored desperately for his attention simultaneously.

The first was the golden cloud that fogged his vision as he whipped forward. A mass of pale blonde hair falling in front of his eyes - apparently, from his own scalp.

The second was the hands grasping the covers. Slender and dainty, with long, clear nails tipping each supple finger. The hands were attached, via shapely, slender wrists, to smooth, less muscular arms completely lacking his normal, dark coating of fine hair. In other words, a woman's arms.

That perfectly matched the same long, silken legs he possessed.

"Holy fucking SHIT!" Jason cried, tumbling out of bed in shock. He stared for a few seconds at his? Hands, then used the long-nailed fingers to grasp and hold a hank of the blonde hair for observation.

Unsteadily, he clambered to his feet and walked into the bathroom, his breath tight in his chest.

The mirror confirmed his worst fears. His face itself was unchanged, but now it was surrounded by a mane of platinum blonde hair that trailed in gentle waves down his back, in a snarl of 'bed-head'.

And below his unaltered face, two feminine, graceful arms sprouted from shoulders that were no longer broad and muscular, as his had always been. No, the feminine arms were attached to feminine shoulders, above his hairy chest.

"This isn't happening" Jason tried to assure his reflection, in that damned sexy female voice. His reflection didn't buy it. Well, neither did he.

He decided that, embarrassment be damned, he was going to see somebody about this, and damn soon. If he could only figure out who to see. This wasn't exactly your run of the mill medical emergency - somehow, Jason doubted that the Los Angeles County Hospital's ER saw dozens of cases of spontaneous metamorphosis on a daily basis.

Quickly, Jason showered - trying hard to ignore how the altered portions of his body felt...and failing - and shaved. Then, he rummaged through his dresser for some clothes. Like many bachelors, laundry day wasn't exactly something he looked forward to, and most of his things were dirty. *Very* dirty, with a rather distinct aroma.

Finally, Jason pulled on his gym clothes, which were clean because he'd never actually gotten around to signing up at a gym. A pair of black track pants and a gray medium-weight sweatshirt. Not great, but it covered his arms and legs - he sure as hell wasn't wearing shorts and a T-shirt.

Then he brushed out his new, longer hair and fixed it into a ponytail, which he stuck through the back of a faded black ball-cap. With a pair of sunglasses, it was a very 'California' look - lots of guys had ponytails like that, although not many in that particular shade of blonde. Still, it wouldn't warrant a second glance.

The next problem was his hands and feet. He wanted to disguise his dainty hands, which was secondary to his other problem - all his shoes were too large for his smaller feet.

He solved the shoe problem by pulling on white athletic socks and a pair of strap sandals. The straps weren't designed to tighten that much, but he poked a few extra holes to make it work.

His hands turned out to be simple - the sweatshirt was one of the types with the large 'pouch' pocket at the midriff. After locking his apartment, Jason simply stuck his hands in the pouch, and sauntered off.

He'd decided to see a psychiatrist after all. For one good reason - if he showed up in the ER, the doctors would assume that he was nuts. So, if he went to a psychiatrist first, got him to believe, then had the psychiatrist arrange for Jason to see a doctor of some kind, he'd avoid the whole hassle. Jason was fairly proud of that chain of logic, actually.

He even had the presence of mind to have the correct change for the bus in his right hand, tucked into the pocket. Until then, he'd never realized how awkward it was to board a bus without using your hands, but he managed. The only time his hand emerged from hiding was one quick motion to drop the change in the fare box, over and done so quick that the driver couldn't have seen the hand, if he had of been interested in doing so.

He wasn't, of course.

Thankfully, this time of day the cross-town bus was nearly empty. One old lady sat, half nodding, just behind the driver. Jason picked the seat at the very rear of the bus, where he could take his altered hands out without anyone being able to see them, due to the seat backs between him and the two others at the front of the noisy diesel vehicle. He relaxed as the bus rumbled away from the curb.

His relaxation vanished twenty minutes later as the bus continued to trundle through it's route.

The old lady had gotten off a few stops ago, and now Jason was able to stare blankly at the front of the bus without anyone thinking he was a weirdo. The driver was obscured by a small partition behind his seat.

Then, without warning, several sensations struck Jason.

The first was that somebody had grabbed his balls and was gently squeezing the. At the same time, there was a tightness at his hips and ass, while his ass felt as if he was being pushed further down in the seat.

A casual glance down showed what caused the sensations. His previously slightly baggy track pants were now stretched taut over his suddenly wider hips and significantly fuller ass. The tight material clearly outlined his limp cock, and the taut fabric was what was squeezing his scrotum uncomfortably.

"Ah, shit." Jason whispered to himself. Making sure that the driver couldn't see, Jason set about repositioning things for more comfort while he silently swore to himself.

It was a major effort to force his hands down the front of his straining pants, but he finally managed to find a position for his dick that wasn't too uncomfortable - tucked back between his legs. He found the smooth crotch it created disturbing - a casual onlooker couldn't tell he had a cock at all.

Suddenly, Jason was overwhelmed with the conviction he was doing the wrong thing. Going to a psychiatrist would be dumb - after all, the psychiatrist didn't know what Jason had looked like. The story would sound nuts. Hell, Jason was living through it, and it still sounded nuts. The doc would figure that Jason had always looked that way, and had repressed Homo- or Trans-sexual tendencies, or some similar shit.

Without thinking, Jason reached up and pulled the cord. All he knew is he had to get off the bus and do some rethinking before he did something stupid. The bus pulled up to a stop, and Jason rose and headed for the rear doors.

And immediately found that his wider hips wanted to move differently than he was used to. With a wider center of gravity, they tended to swivel and sway. Trying to minimized the motion, Jason quickly departed the bus.

The driver, watching in the mirror, saw a young, slim-shouldered man with long blonde hair getting off his bus. The guy was wearing a pair of pants that fit his crotch and ass like a second skin, and the guy wiggled his hips as he walked like a bad parody of a woman's stride.

"Fuckin' faggots" the driver muttered, pulling away.

* * * * *

Jason, left alone on the sidewalk of a part of town he wasn't familiar with, while his body was turning traitor against him, did the only thing he could think of.

He ducked into an alley.

He needed time to think. Things were rapidly getting out of hand. Hell, they'd already gotten out of hand - and they weren't even his hands anymore. Not really.

"All right, Jason, think!" he whispered to himself, trying to pace up and down the dark alley. He discovered the only way to keep from having over-exaggerated hip movements was to make smaller steps. And swing his now feminine arms to counter balance. It worked - if he didn't mind performing an exact copy of how a woman in flats walked.

"This is just fucking crazy." He said, as viciously as a cheerful, sexy voice would allow. "It can't be happening!" But he knew it was, and he had to find a way to deal with it. Because, who knew what might happen...

Before the young...man...could even finish the thought, he felt a... - a tugging sensation is the best way he could describe it - at his waist. Stopping short, he sighed, and lifted up his shirt tail.

And groaned at the sight of a remarkably slender waist above the smooth curve of his womanly hips. "I don't fucking believe it."

He resumed his pacing, his small, oval track a perfect metaphor of the way his brain spun uselessly, trying to get a grip on this unbelievable event. Finally, he decided that if he was going to be confused, he might as well be comfortably confused. There was that bar he'd passed just around the corner...

"Damn!" Jason swore angrily. "I can't go into a bar like this. I'm a freak. I walk like a woman, I sound like a woman, my hands are..."

He drifted off into silence as the thought bloomed in his mind. He tried to push it away, but it kept coming back to circle in his mind like a school of sharks circling a raft full of tasty castaways.

Sighing heavily, he realized he had no choice. If he had to sound and walk like a woman, then the only way not to draw attention to himself was to not be a man with a woman's voice and walk - but be a woman. Not a terribly attractive one, granted, but hey, not all women are beautiful.

Jason decided it was worth a shot - he really wanted that drink right now.

With another sigh - he seemed to be doing that a lot more often than he used to - Jason pulled off his cap and slung it into the garbage, fluffing his mane of pale blonde hair into a halo around his head.

Next, he took off his socks. Stepping back into the sandals, he balled each sock up separately, then shoved them under the sweatshirt, which he rolled the sleeves up on. He left the sunglasses on.

Without a mirror, he couldn't accurately judge the results, but his mental image was close. With the tight crotch with no sign of a penis, and the womanly arms, he looked like a big-boned, flat-chested and not terribly good looking woman. Working up the nerve, he headed over to the bar. Pausing - hesitating - for a second outside of the door, he finally opened it and went inside.

Nobody paid any attention to him. The few patrons of the dimly lit hole-in-the-wall bar looked up, saw an unattractive woman - who was probably a lesbian (technically, they were right) - and went back to their drinks. Jason ordered a beer, in the feminine voice he was stuck with, and the bartender didn't even give 'her' a second look as he handed it across. Taking his drink, he retired to a dark corner booth and tried to work out a plan of attack, something he could do about whatever was happening to him.

It didn't do much good. Despite the "lubrication" provided by the beer, his mind continued to come up blank. He couldn't figure out how or why this was happening, or how to stop it, much less reverse what had already happened. It was like some urban myth, a modern horror story told by teen while swilling forbidden beer and looking at illicit magazines.

Yet, it was happening to him. It wasn't a myth, or a story - right now, it was his life.

The only thing that Jason got out of the whole thing was the time intervals between changes. Between his voice changing and the legs was five and a half hours, or there about.

He was asleep during the change to his hair and hands, but so far, each change had happened one at a time. In conjunction with what he already knew, he jotted ideas out on a napkin and worked out a rough time frame, that worked out like this: 5 and a half hours 2 hours 5 hours 1 and a half hours, and so on, right down the line, coming closer together. Which meant the next change should occur...

Jason quickly checked his watch and 'guesstimated' at what time the last one occurred. A short time span between the hips and waist, which meant the next one was due in four hours, give or take. About five-thirty in the afternoon.

Of course, knowing perhaps *when* didn't tell him *what*, or *why*, but it was a start - plus, he could be sure to be alone at the time, so he didn't freak people out.

Which meant he could get nice and drink before having to try and deal with the whole thing. So, he did.

* * * * * "Miss?...miss?!...*miss!*"

It finally dawned on Jason that the bartender was talking to him. "Yesh?" He slurred, somehow managing to sound sexy and chipper even drunk. "It's five twenty...you asked me to...?" The burly, florid face man ran off, hoping to jog the royally drunk woman's memory.

"Oh, yeah. I...gotta go powder my face." Jason managed, the most creative thing he could come up with while this drunk. Staggering, he managed to get to his feet and stumble towards the bathroom. He was just opening the door when the bartender was at his side, turning him gently around.

"Uh, that's the men's. This is the ladies."

It took Jason several seconds to realize why the bartender was turning him towards the ladies room, but finally nodded. "Shanks."

The bartender shook his head as the lesbian stumbled into the bathroom, then returned to watching over his bar.

Inside the washroom, Jason collapsed on one of the toilets and blinked at his watch. He wasn't quite positive what, exactly, he was waiting for, but was sure that he'd find out before too long.

Twenty minutes later he sighed. He must have screwed up - nothing had happened. He staggered upright and headed for the door.

He almost missed it. A sweeping glance in the mirror in his condition wasn't a lasting impression. But it was just enough to bring him back for a closer look. Adrenaline flooded through his system at the sight.

A stranger was looking back at him.

His face was completely altered. It was a bright, somehow Southern face, with bright blue eyes and a pert nose. But by far, the most memorable feature was the soft, full lips below the nose. Even without any lipstick they looked full and inviting.

All of the sudden Jason was nearly sober. Stunned, he slowly ran his fingers across the sexy/innocent young woman looking back at him from the mirror.

"Damn, I *hate* being right." Jason said sadly. If he was right this time, that meant he could expect another change in about half an hour - something he wasn't looking forward to.

Walking with only a slight stagger, Jason went back out to the bar and headed for the door.

The bartender glanced up as the woman walked through - and his jaw dropped. Still flat-chested, she was definitely more attractive, her face considerably more sexy.

"Holy shit!" he whispered. "When she said she was going to powder her face, I had no idea..."

* * * * *

Leaving the bar, Jason walked over to the bus stop and began to dig through his pocket for change - and cursed. While royally drunk, he'd spent all his money, not leaving him bus fair. Worse, he'd left his ATM card at home, and couldn't draw any cash. With an angry shake of his head, he began his hike home, knowing it would take at least four hours to get there from here.

At least the sandals were fairly comfortable to walk in. He kicked himself for wasting the entire day. He should have found somebody to help him - someone who knew him. Which meant going back to Iowa, and his old family doctor. If nothing else, maybe he could get a prescription for a sedative.

Which would be great, because he was hovering very close to the edge of panic. The sheer absurdity was actually what kept from panicking. He was so busy trying to deal with what was happening rationally that he didn't have time for panic. It was too new, too different, to allow anything but confusion - and to some degree, awe - to control him.

He checked his watch for the fifth time, finding that the time period between changes was almost up. Quickly, he looked around, and discovered a nice, secluded alley to duck into and wait out the change. Taking a seat on a garbage can in the far back of the alley, he closed his eyes.

"Please, not my cock. Don't take that." He whispered to whatever force was doing this to him. As long as he still had that, he wasn't *really* a woman, no matter how much he might look, sound or walk like one.

Five minutes later, he got his wish - sort of. After the change, he did have his cock still.

When the change arrived, he was staring down at his crotch, where he'd shifted his penis so it was once more clearly visible through the taut cloth.

Then, he felt a pressure in his chest, and the sweatshirt rapidly began to bulge outward. His view of his crotch was blocked out as the sweatshirt, propelled by blossoming breasts beneath it, bulged out...

...and out, and out. The growth rapidly passed an average B cup, slipped past C and D, and all but skipped past DD and DDD without even slowing.

Jason found himself slowly leaning forward, pulled downward by the mass of his growing endowments. They grew heavier as they expanded, finally stopping.

Despite the fact that he now had tits hanging from his chest, Jason, amazingly, ignored them. Their growth had blocked his line of sight to his cock, and in panic he grabbed his cock, sighing in relief as he felt it still in place. Rearranging his cock so it was once more invisible, he at last turned his attention to his new endowments.

They were huge...no, enormous. His sweatshirt was strained to the limit by the mass of breast flesh behind it, and Jason had to struggle to pull the tight material up and look at his new tits.

Easily a JJJ cup, his enormous tits were round, firm masses of creamy flesh topped with large, thick, pink nipples. Hanging from his slenderer chest, they seemed to weigh a ton.

"Holy fuck!" Jason gasped, lightly touching them. "They're gigantic!"

With an effort, he managed to pull the shirt back down over his gigantic, firm tits. They were so large that the shirt barely covered them, leaving his amazingly slender waist bare.

Jason knew that anybody looking at him would see a huge-breasted, sexy woman. He looked and sounded like one, and nobody could tell that hidden between his legs was a cock. To the rest of the world, he was a woman. A teen-aged boy's wet dream, brought to life.

Jason stood up - and almost fell over, unbalanced by the weight of his enormous tits. Carefully, he walked up and down the alley, getting used to the feel of his body.

With each step, his huge tits swayed back and forth, the shifting weight a completely new experience for Jason. When he was fairly sure he was accustomed to the shifting weight, he left the alley and began to head home.

Every step he took drove home the changes. The swivel of his womanly hips, the gentle bounce of his huge tits, the breeze blowing over his slender, feminine waist... He felt like crying, in anger, fear, and confusion.

Then Jason discovered the other part of being like this. Leaning against the side of a Z-28, eyeing him with amazement - and lust - was a young man, a smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

Great. Not only did he have to walk all the way home, but the entire time put up with men like this one...

The thought occurred to Jason like a flashbulb going off, and he couldn't stop the smile that came to his full, soft lips. She let it remain, as she walked directly towards the young man, who flushed at getting caught staring.

"Look, uh..." the young man stuttered.

"Hi, I'm Randi. What's your name?" Jason asked in his sexy voice.

The young man's jaw dropped. He couldn't seem to make his eyes reach her face, focusing several inches lower. "Uh...Steve."

"Steve, I need some help. I'm trying to get down to Brodbent street. Can you give me a lift?" Jason asked with a smile, knowing exactly what the answer would be.

Twenty minutes later, he was dropping into his couch. As weird and annoying as having Steve stare at her tits the entire time had been, it was cheaper than cab fare.

In the privacy of his own apartment, Jason finally gave into his impulse. Going into his bedroom, he stripped off his clothes and walked naked into the bathroom, and started running water for the tub.

While the tub filled, he turned to face the full length mirror on the back of the door, and get his first real look at his altered body. Staring back at him was - almost - an unrealistically sexy woman.

Along, wavy mane of platinum blonde hair framed a face that was simultaneously sexy and innocent. Bright, pale blue eyes - looking particularly brainless - poised above a pert nose above full soft lips.

A slender neck led down to slim shoulders, which in turn exploded out into huge, firm round tits that defied reality, then shrunk down into a remarkably slender waist, before swelling back out for the wide womanly hips.

Long slender legs led down to trim ankles and dainty feet. The only flaw in the picture was the cock and balls nestled between silken thighs. A cock that was rapidly getting hard as Jason looked at his unreal body - he was turning himself on!

Turning away from the mirror, he shut off the water and climbed into the tub. He set about washing his altered form.

He started with his hair, finding it awkward and difficult to wash and shampoo the mass of hair - he knew now why women didn't all have long hair. It was a real pain. It also seemed to weigh a ton when wet, trying to drag his head back.

Next he soaped and washed his legs, feeling their smooth, soft skin under his slender, dainty fingers. Then, he started to wash his newest alterations - and his plan for a simple plan went out the window.

He was amazed at how good it felt as his hands slid over their bulk. When his hands reached his now-engorged nipples, a bolt of pleasure rocked him. Closing his eyes, he began to play with his sensitive nipples, caressing and fondling his tits.

Soon one hand slid down to where his cock stood at rigid attention. He began to jack off, waves of pleasure rebounding back and forth between chest and crotch, until he shot his load.

Embarrassed at what he'd done, Jason quickly cleaned off and hopped out. For the next half hour he sat, naked, on the toilet, using the blow-dryer on his hair and cursing it. Finally, it was dry. He walked back to his room and crossed to the closet, trying to ignore the way the cool air-conditioned air felt on his swollen, pink nipples. He slid the closet open...

...and staggered backwards on his bed, shaking uncontrollably.

"No. No, it...I.." Jason stammered, staring. Lined up neatly along the bottom of the closet was shoes. Women's shoes. All of them with heels of various styles and heights.

It was odd, but the sight of the shoes hit Jason harder than his own changes. The human body was a living organisms - it grew, healed, got fatter or thinner - it was changeable, and what had happened to Jason was only a matter of degree and form of change. Give enough hormones over long enough time, Jason could have achieved a form not too different than the one he now wore.

But shoes - those should never be able to change.

In front of Jason's shocked eyes, another change occurred. The clothes hanging in the closet began to writhe and change form, becoming what Jason was sure was feminine clothing - and in the sizes to fit his altered body.

Although he'd quite smoking six months ago - he'd started simply because his mother had disapproved - Jason had a sudden, overwhelming craving for the calming influence of nicotine. And a drink. Several drinks, as a matter of fact.

He didn't have any booze or smokes in the house, and he knew what going out would involve, but right now, all of Jason's being was focused on one thing - getting that smoke he wanted so desperately. The thought of dressing in women's clothing, of going out in public like this wasn't enough to derail his urge, no matter how unsavory the thought was. He couldn't shake his need for a smoke. And, of course, several ounces of the Ethanol of his choice.

Any first year med student could have diagnosed the symptoms. The clammy skin, the shaking hands, the illogical and disconnected thought processes. Jason was deeply in shock, his mind not firmly anchored in reality.

In the same dazed manner, Jason began to dress. First, he rooted through his drawers, finally emerging with a bra and panty combination. Quickly he pulled on the black, French cut lace panties, tucking his cock back out of sight. Then, he struggled awkwardly to put the huge black bra on. He finally put it on backwards, clasped the hooks, turned it around and pulled the cups up over his gigantic tits.

The next part of dressing was a little more difficult - apparently, there was nothing in the entire wardrobe that could be called conservative. So, Jason was faced with the task of finding the least uncomfortable outfit for him to wear. He finally settled on a pair of black jeans and a black velour T-shirt.

The jeans he had to struggle into, as they were literally skin tight. Likewise the T-shirt, which clung to the curve of his massive bosom.

Lastly, he slipped his dainty feet into a pair of black leather pumps with a three-inch heel, the shortest in the collection. Dimly, through his shock-induced haze, he was not surprised to find that he had no problem walking in the heels.

His wallet had turned into a black purse. Jason grabbed it and headed out. Locking the door behind him, he walked in a daze down to the convenience store and bought a pack of cigarettes while the clerk openly ogled 'her' outrageous figure.

"Where's the nearest place I can get something to drink?" Jason asked the cashier, and was told that there was a night-club just around the corner. Walking with the least sexy stride he could manage in the heels, Jason ankled off the club. As he strode into the building, and was enveloped in the music, he didn't notice the many pairs of eyes tracking him as he went to the bar and got a scotch. Settling into a booth, he lit the cigarette and drew it deeply into his lungs, following it with a sip of his drink.

"Hey, gorgeous, can I buy you a drink?" A voice asked, and Jason turned to see a tall, tanned 'surfer' type leering at him. "No." Jason tried - and failed - to put ice in his cheerful voice. The man shrugged and walked off. Jason finished his drink.

The alcohol started to kick in. Unknowingly, it was the best thing he could have done - settling his nerves, the scotch began to pull him out of his shock, and his mind steadied.

About to get up for another drink, he looked up in surprise as a bottle of beer was placed on the table in front of him. He looked up to see a young, intelligent looking man with a shock of dark hair, and bright, intelligent eyes peering through a pair of glasses.

"Mind if I sit down?" he asked politely.

"Look I'm not..." Jason started, only to be interrupted.

"I saw the last guy. Um, no offense, but the way you look, you're going to get hit on a lot. I figured if I sat with you, it might deter other guys." He held up both hands. "I'm not trying anything, I swear."

Jason saw only honesty from the man's face. It made sense, too. Jason waved the bespectacled man to sit down, and held out his dainty hand. "I appreciate it. I'm Randi."

"Jeff."

Jason sipped at the drink. He'd planned to get another scotch, but found that the beer hit the spot better. "Thanks for the drink."

Jeff shrugged his shoulders, then smiled and leaned forward. "So, what's a nice place like this doing wrapped around a girl like you?" Jason laughed, spraying beer.

* * * * *

"Excuse me, I have to use the...uh, little girl's room." Jason said, rising to his feet. Jeff nodded, and Jason headed off, reminding himself to use the women's bathroom.

To his surprise, he'd actually enjoyed the last two hours. Jeff was an intelligent, amusing guy, and for the first time in his life Jason hadn't been faced with the undercurrent of competitiveness that men projected when they talked to each other. It was only now, with it gone, that he realized it had even existed.

Opening the door to the restroom, Jason almost stopped dead, and forced himself to go in. Nervously, he avoided meeting the eyes of the other women in the room, reminding himself that, to them, he looked like he fit in perfectly.

Going into the stall, he relieved himself and flushed the toilet. He was just swinging the door open when it felt like a flashbulb went off in his brain.

Jason stopped, shocked. Stepping back, she swung the door of the stall shut and assured herself that her cock was still in place. It was.

She frowned. It was about the right interval, but nothing had seemed to have changed. What's more, she'd never felt that 'mental flash' with any of the other changes.

Just then, she felt his cock under her hand twitch - and slide out of her hand, moving inwards. In shock, her hands touched her crotch, feeling the moist wet slit that had replaced her male equipment.

"I've got a cunt" she murmured, wide-eyed. For some reason, it didn't throw her into a panic like she expected. She waited for the horror, and it refused to come.

Standing, she pulled her jeans up and headed for the door. She didn't realized that her walk had changed - she was now moving with a sexy, hip swinging strut that emphasized her firm, ripe ass, and did enticing things to her enormous tits.

Arriving back at the booth, she unconsciously gave Jeff a bright, enticing smile. "Hey there, handsome, I'm ready to head out." "Want me to walk you home?" Jeff asked, trying to figure out why she was all of the sudden quite obviously coming on to him.

Randi was wondering why the hell she'd called him 'handsome.' So, it came as a surprise to her when she agreed. What's more, as they walked away, she found herself taking his arm, and pressing her huge tits against him.

'What the hell was going on with her?' she wondered. She hadn't yet noticed that she was now thinking of herself as Randi. Her memories weren't affected, but her thought patterns had changed.

Arriving back at her apartment, she unlocked the door and pushed it open. So, she was facing away from Jeff when an odd look suddenly passed over his face and was gone.

"Hey, Randi." He said, "me and my frat brothers are having a get together tonight. You want to come over?"

'No, I don't' Randi thought, and was shocked to find herself smiling at him saying. "I'd love to, Jeff. Just let me get changed." Jeff smiled back. "Sure. I'll go back to the club and grab the car." He turned and walked off.

As if in a dream, Randi found herself going into the apartment. Shutting the door behind her, she helplessly found herself heading towards the bedroom, undressing as she went.

She struggled to stop herself, but it was like she was a passenger in her own body, unable to control her actions. Twenty minutes later, she was climbing into Jeff's car, and he headed off to the frat house.

Opening the door, Jeff led Randi into the frat house. Walking into the living area, Jeff cleared his throat to get the attention of the other nine frat boys, sitting around, bored, while a local rock station pounded away on the small Sony stereo.

"Guys, I'd like you to meet...Randi!"

The guys looked up uninterestedly - then slowly rose to their feet, jaws hanging agape, as the living wet dream walked into the room with a sexy sway.

She was balanced atop black platform shoes with six inch heels. From the shoes rose a pair of long, shapely legs encased in black nylons. The nylons disappeared under the short, tight black denim skirt that hugged a firm, sexy ass and full womanly hips. The waist of the skirt was circled by a white leather belt that cinched tight to a deliciously slender waist. Above that waist was a black silk shirt, that strained outward, struggling to contain a massive pair of tits. The shirt's top buttons were open, revealing a delicious display of mouth watering cleavage.

If the gaping young men could have raised their gaze higher then that, they would have seen a slender neck, circled by a slender gold chain. Above this was an innocent yet amazingly sexy face. Full, soft lips, curved in an enticing smile, were a sexy shade of gloss red, below a small, upturned nose. Bright blue eyes sparkled below slender, arching eyebrows.

The whole package was complemented by a gorgeous blonde mass of hair, falling in gentle waves to her waist.

Randi saw the ten men gazing at her unbelievable body with lust - and to her horror, it was exciting it. Her stomach felt as if she was on a roller coaster, the thrill thundering through her veins, complemented by the hormones thundering through her.

She found herself moving forward, swaying to the beat of the music that filled the room. Smiling helplessly, she found her hands rising upwards. They lightly caressed the soft fabric pulled taut over her huge mounds.

Then, in a swift motion, she tore the blouse open, buttons popping off. She seductively removed the ruined blouse and let it drop, and swayed sexily with the music.

At the sight of the lacy black bra barely encasing her enormous tits, the young men clapped and whistled, bulges starting to form in their crotches as they settled in to watch her strip tease.

At the sight of their naked lust, Randi found herself laughing, a clear, bell-like tone. Swaying, she pushed her hands through her hair and wiggled her hips. Her hands slid to her bra encased tits and gently massaged them, before sliding across her flat stomach to undo her belt and skirt. She managed to remove the skirt by a few powerful gyrations of her hips, revealing her lacy black panties.

Next, she removed her bra, setting her firm, round tits free. Her nipples were engorged atop her firm tits, which swayed as she moved to the music. Finally, with a flourish, she slid off her panties, exposing her wet cunt to the horny youths, who applauded.

"All *right!*" one of them called, eyeing her form lustily. Helplessly, Randi found a hungry smile on her lips as her eyes unerringly locked on the enormous bulge in his pants. She jiggled and swayed over to him.

"What's your name, big boy?" she asked, gently caressing his crotch. Randi was horrified by the urges and thoughts running through her mind, but was unable to stop herself.

"Brad." He replied, smiling widely.

"Do you have a fantasy, Brad?" she asked, bushing her endowments against his chest. "Because I'm going to fulfill your - all of your guys fantasies tonight."

There was a general intake of breath at the thought. Brad's smile widened, and he nodded. "Oh yeah, I got a fantasy. Even better, I've got the key to the drama department's costume and prop room. So you can really fulfill my fantasy."

Smiling helplessly, Randy wiggled into the skirt, and strapped on her blouse, leaving the rest in a pile on the floor. "Lead on, guys."

* * * * *

Backstage, Randi heard Brad clear his throat, the signal he was ready. Randi struggled one last time to stop herself. He succeeded - for all of maybe two seconds, then helplessly wiggled out onto the stage.

The stage had been set up to look like a posh sitting room in an elegant mansion. Seated in the leather armchair was Brad, dressed in a paisley smoking robe. He smiled at Randy as she swayed on onto stage.

She was dressed in a 'French maid' uniform. The costume was too small in the bust, and barely covered the nipples of her enormous tits.

"So, Monique, did you empty the tub?" Brad asked, trying to fake an English accent. Randi found that her talent for voices had come back. "Oui, monsieur."

"And the garbage. Did you empty that too?" "Oui"

Brad smiled. "Then there is only one thing left for you to empty, my dear." With that, he opened his robe, revealing a huge, erect penis, throbbing slightly with each beat of his heart. "Make sure you empty it completely."

Helplessly, Randi approached Brad and sank to her knees before him. Struggling mightily - and failing - she slowly bent down, her hand encircling his worm, hard cock.

Then, she opened her full, red lips, and commenced her first blow-job.

Her warm mouth closed over his shaft, filling her with his ready man meat. She was shocked to find that it didn't *feel* as disgusting as she'd expected - the feel of a hard, throbbing cock in her mouth was actually kind of...pleasant.

She applied a light suction and let her incredibly long, supple tongue played with the head of his cock as her hand stroked his veined, throbbing dick. Although this was her first time, she was performing like a skilled cock-sucker, knowing just the right rhythm to keep. To her horror, she found the sight of her own long nailed fingers wrapped around a hard, thick cock amazingly arousing.

Using a combination of suction, tongue and hand, she slowly built Brad to a climax. His stiffened - and a wash of hot, salty cum flooded her 'eager' mouth.

Helplessly, she tried to swallow the seemingly never ending flood. Gulping furiously, she was unable to keep up, and some dribbled from her mouth to splatter on her mouth-watering cleavage. After she'd finished draining Brad's gushing cock, she licked up the trails of cum running down the slope of her enormous bosom.

* * * * *

"Ah, my darling, it's finally time." With those words, Jeff, dressed in a tuxedo, embraced Randi. His lips came down, and she 'willingly' met them with her own. They kissed passionately, Jeff reveling in her long, supple tongues ministrations.

Gently, he led her towards the bed and began to remove the straining wedding gown she wore, while she helped him out of the tuxedo. Nearly nude, she tumbled on to the bed, where Jeff began to massage and fondle her huge endowments, occasionally sucking lightly on her swollen nipples, causing pleasure to flood from them.

He stripped off her soaked panties. His cock was erect, almost thirteen inches long, and remarkably thick. As she stared in horrified fascination at the enormous dick hanging over her hot, wet pussy, she was terrified to discover that not only was her cunt hot and ready - but she really, *really* wanted it right now.

And then his massive organ plunged into her waiting cunt, and all thoughts were washed from her mind on a wave of pure pleasure.

Jeff began to pump, slowly and rhythmically, and little shudders of ecstasy shook Randi's body. His speed began to pick up, and the waves of pleasure began to build. She had never experienced such a sensation of being so completely . . . filled, as if for the first time in my life she was whole, with his gigantic penis filling her empty cunt, building me to a climax.

They orgasmed simultaneously, and he pumped hot cum into her spasming cunt as she screamed with the force of the multiple orgasms thundering through her body like an explosion of pure fulfillment.

"Oh, God!" Randi gasped, never knowing *anything* could feel so good...

* * * * *

Randi, dressed in an ill-fitting Army uniform watched 'the General' slowly walk around the desk that she was tied to in a bent over position.

"We have ways of making you talk, my dear." The general told her in a poor German accent.

"I will never talk" she promised, wiggling slightly to relieve the pressure of her laying on her huge tits. "Oh, yes you will." The general promised, dropping his pants.

And after he'd finished fucking her tight, soft ass with his huge cock, she told him what he wanted to hear...

* * * * *

"Now, this experiment is to determine the quantity factor." The 'doctor' told her. "Will you disrobe and lay on the examining table?"

As the doctor undressed, Randi shucked the hospital gown and lay back on the table. The doctor promptly climbed up and straddled her, laying his huge cock in the valley of her massive tits.

"Now, let's see if I can produce enough to soak not only your face, but your neck and tits to." It turned out he could...

* * * * *

Randi screamed in ecstasy, the cow-bell between her tits ringing madly as the 'cowboy' rode her off into the sunset...

Randi swallowed desperately, almost succeeding in keeping up with the flow her master, the sheik, was pumping into the mouth of his latest harem girl...

Randi tore off the apron as her 'husband' began to suckle her tits. Then she forcefully pushed him back on the table to and climbed atop him, to provide him with a proper sendoff before work...

...the policeman pounded mercilessly, punishing the 'hooker' for her crimes...

...the 'damsel' moaned as the knight in shining armor filled her ass with his ready 'sword'...

...The phys. Ed. Teacher made sure the cheerleader would get that passing mark she needed...

...the nurse most decidedly helped her patient's problem with impotence...

* * * * *

Randi finished putting on her clothes after a shower to wash off the cum that had covered almost every inch of her impossible body. "Gee guys, thanks for all the fun." She giggled brainlessly, twirling her finger in her hair. "We'll have to do it again some time!"

There was a general murmur of agreement from the guys. She turned to Jeff, who was waiting to give her a lift home. He lead her outside, and Randi followed, looking forward to getting back to the apartment and fucking his huge cock again.

No single thought - except sex - stayed in her empty mind more then a few minutes. Her I.Q. was only slightly higher than the average rock's, and her sex drive was the highest on the planet. She perfectly fit the image of her body - and air-headed blonde California bimbo.

Jason should never have described his 'fantasy' using the phrase '..and they'll fuck my brains out.'



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Being a prankster all of his life, Leonard Barkin turns himself into "Jenny Smith" to perform the ultimate prank of them all, however, as Jenny spends the weekend with friends, she realizes that the molds and latex are no longer needed.

The Joker

By Gunslinger

With a sharp, convulsive movement of her entire body, the tall red-head pushed the final pin into the stiff, new cork bulletin board in the employees lounge, securing the piece of paper at each of the corners. Brushing her hands off with satisfaction, the slender, attractive woman turned away from the bulletin board...

...and screeched.

"Whoa, whoa - I'm sorry...! " Leonard Barkin said, holding his hands up and back-peddling away from the startled woman, who put one hand to the crisp white blouse over her taut bust, green eyes wide as she sucked in a breath.

Leonard nervously stroked his full, neatly trimmed light brown beard. "Didn't mean to startle you, Jessica..." He said, apologetically. "Just wanted to see what you were posting is all..."

Jessica took another deep breath, then grinned weakly. "It's not your fault, Leonard. You startled me, that's all..."

"Sorry, sorry..." Leonard chimed, holding his hands up again and looking downcast at frightening her. Jessica's grin gained a little more power - it was impossible to remain upset with Leonard. Quiet, shy, almost exceedingly polite, Leonard was the least offensive person on the face of the earth, as far as Jessica knew. Always dressed in somehow archaic looking brown or mid-gray suits rumpled beyond compare, Leonard came into work every morning wearing an overcoat and a battered brown felt fedora, looking like a character out of an old movie brought to meek life. Of average height, Leonard was the type of guy who vanished in a group of more than four people, even the beard and archaic clothes not helping make him noticeable.

"It's all right, Leonard." Jessica said, walking over to the coffee urn and pouring herself a cup. "I was just posting an open invitation to a sort of a weekend getaway for female staff. First five women who sign up get to join me at an old hunting lodge on the lake I've rented. Sort of a way to meet some of the girls, you see."

Leonard cocked his head, looking thoughtful. "With thirteen hundred employees, all of them new to the company and the area, that would certainly be a good way to meet people. Also very kind of you, might I add."

"Kind, hell..." Jessica said, with a laugh. "It's a way to avoid the Phantom Joker, if only for a long weekend."

"I see." Leonard said, walking over to the table with the beverages. Rooting in an outer suit pocket, he extracted a individually-wrapped tea bag and removed the plasticized aluminum foil and carefully disposed of it in the trash before dropping the bag into a mug and adding boiling water. He did the entire procedure with his characteristic sharp, almost fussy movements. "That assumes, of course, that the unknown prankster is male. Perhaps 'he' is, in fact, a 'she', and might be at the lodge."

Jessica shook her head, chuckling at the thought. "There's no way on earth the Phantom Joker's a woman. It's not the sort of thing a woman would do. The thought never even occurred to me before you mentioned it, and I doubt it's occurred to anybody else for the same reason. It's just completely unbelievable."

"Oh." Leonard said, blinking. "I see. Well, I'm sure you'd know better than I would."

"Trust me, Leonard... whoever the Joker is, it's a guy - probably one of the big 'jock' types in Shipping who never stopped being a college frat boy." Finished doctoring her coffee to taste, she grabbed a Danish and headed out the door, mumbling a 'goodbye' around the pastry.

Leonard watched her go, his face locked into the hang-dog expression everybody at work knew so well... which was possible only because of years of practice, because he was itching to smile at his most spectacular run yet.

Leonard was the 'Phantom Joker'.

Very few people at Miller Industries knew Leonard, and those who did thought him a quiet, fussy, shy man - none of them having a clue that it was simply a facade he'd adopted for this unexpected opportunity, an example of his acting abilities so finely honed that nobody recognized them for what they were.

It had all started in high-school. Leonard had always been one of the 'odd boys out', separate from the mainstream cliques. He was too bland looking, and his areas of excellence weren't 'popular'. He was a bit of a prodigy in all the sciences, a marvelous actor, able to imitate voices with frightening accuracy, and very skilled at physical acting... but this hadn't been enough to get into any of the little groups.

Annoyed, he'd pulled his very first prank in grade ten, picking the perfect time and place to perform a little harmless revenge, working out his plan as finely as any espionage agency planning an 'op'.

Which is how it came to be that the school PA system somehow got tied into a ten-minute delayed loop recorder leading to a series of remarkable, skillfully made 'bugs', tiny microphones in the popular hang-out corners of the school. Ten minutes into lunch, the system had begun to play back dozens of supposedly 'private' conversations. Nothing really 'secret', but mildly embarrassing.

It had been a thrill to see the reactions his hijinks had created... but even more than that, it had been a real rush to get away with it, clean.

After that, he was an addict. His 'shame' became his most powerful weapon, his very 'outcast' and ignored status allowing him to do his work in secret, pulling prank after prank at school, the library, anywhere he could set one up and get away with.

Not once had he ever been caught. Slowly, his antics began to taper off as it got harder and harder for him to find situations he could exploit safely. He was past the 'boys will be boys' stage of justice, and real criminal charges could result if he got caught in one of his more spectacular - and embarrassing - pranks. God knew there were a lot of litigious people out there.

Then he'd gotten this job at Miller Industries... and it had been tailor-made for him.

The large new facility had been built outside of what had been a tiny, sleepy town whose agricultural heritage was fading through apathy and financial woes. Buying up all the land, Miller Industries had quadrupled the size of the city, the town's residents suddenly all gainfully employed in service and sales positions to support the workers of the new company. All the

employees were new to the area and the company, nobody knowing anybody else, and the local constabulary wasn't fully up to speed with the sudden increase.

So, the 'Phantom Joker', as he'd become known, had started his reign of... well, mild embarrassment. He hit everywhere and anywhere, pulling pranks all over town and in the company, getting people in every department and walk of life - he even 'got' the chief of police, all of them 'clean' hits. Nobody had the faintest idea that the person the all mildly feared and secretly rooted for was Leonard.

Now, Jessica had unknowingly thrown down the gauntlet of challenge in front of the mysterious 'Joker', and his mind rapidly examined and discarded dozens of plans to make the 'weekend getaway' the most prank-filled seventy-two hours since his debut...

...and suddenly one hit him with such force that he almost broke character and grinned widely. It was daring, outside of his usual type of schemes, and would require a lot more 'personal interaction'... but the opportunity was just too damned good.

Glancing around, Leonard causally walked over to the fridge for a glance inside... which really allowed him to look down the hallway outside the employees lounge without appearing to be studying it. Sure that nobody was about to walk in on him, he scuttled over to the sign-up sheet Jessica had just posted, mind turning over at full speed.

Taking the pencil from the little shelf at the bottom of the cork board, he quickly wrote in 'Jenny Smith', in a delicate and passably feminine script.

Having studied the personnel records in a secret - and, technically, highly illegal - hack into the company's computer system, he'd found that there were twenty-two people named 'J. Smith' in the system, and the basic employee directory didn't list gender, just office designation, making his alias for this little stunt the safest one. By the time anybody had any reason to want to check out which 'J. Smith' it was, it wouldn't matter...

Finishing his tea quickly, Leonard put the empty mug down and went back to his cubical to finish his day's work, as unnoticed as ever. At the end of the work day, he went to the boss and meekly asked for - and got - the next three days off 'Due to a family tragedy'.

It wasn't until later that evening, safely ensconced within the walls of his modest bungalow and dressed in casual, comfortable clothes none of his coworkers could ever imagine him owning, much less wearing, he began to regret his hasty decision with this plan.

He hadn't fully appreciated the enormity of what he was planning, just seizing the opportunity out of instinct. Now he realized that the half-formed plan he'd formed on the spur of the moment was untenable, impossible - to pull off this coup would take much more from him, would require him to take certain steps that he was most uncomfortable taking.

The initial plan had been based on the idea of 'pranking the unprankable', getting the girls right in their sanctuary, right under their noses, and never even being suspected of it... because he'd be 'one of them'.

As an actor, he knew he could pull off a female character, intellectually, even though the thought made him feel a little uncomfortable... well, okay more than just a little. However, the initial thought of him pulling off a masquerade as a female had been spur-of-the moment, and now he saw the obvious flaw inherent in it.

He'd been considering it as a 'role', the way an actor would, and had thought his talents up to the challenge, no matter how much his masculine-indoctrinated side of his brain insisted that acting the part of a 'sissy' was wrong. He'd managed to quiet that part - after all, hadn't several big-at-the-time Hollywood actors gone in drag roles? 'Some Like it Hot', 'Wong Foo', and others were prime examples...

The problem was, this wasn't on stage or screen. This wasn't a willing-to-believe audience under controlled circumstances. It wasn't even as 'open' as a female impersonator's routine - no, he'd be required to maintain the female persona through close personal interaction, including circumstances he couldn't possibly foresee. More than that - it would be continuous, with no room for a 'time out' to break character for any reason.

It was almost enough to make him discard the plan. *Almost.*

Though part of him very strenuously argued against it, he just couldn't resist the chance to pull this off. It was the most demanding routine he'd ever have to do. If he could successfully pull it off and get away with it, he could happily let 'The Phantom Joker' fade into the night. Maybe it was time to give up his shroud of secrecy. He knew, intellectually, that a full and rich social life could be his, if he let his known Leonard persona slowly 'loosen up' until he was just one of the guys... and part of him desperately wanted that type of life.

But he *had* to go out with a bang, not a whimper...

...and this was his best chance.

Despite his emotional discomfort with the requirements of this ultimate prank, Leonard decided he'd do it. One last, big prank, then a new life for himself...

* * * * *

The next morning, Leonard woke early. Eating a full breakfast of eggs, sausage, and a toasted bagel, accompanied with the coffee his coworkers thought he never drank, he figured he was as sanguine about the plan as his ingrained inhibitions about femininity would let him get, and set about putting the plan into motion.

The first step was the 'slow fade', a move he'd practiced many, many times in various schemes.

It started with him leaving his house dressed in his usual overcoat and fedora, walking with a downcast look to his completely unremarkable black 1997 Ford Crown Victoria. Sliding behind the wheel, he brought the full-sized sedan to life and let the car run in the driveway for a measured five minutes before putting it into gear and carefully backing out onto the street. Staying well within all traffic laws, he drove sedately to Main street, turned left, and headed out of town.

Shortly, 'Main Street' was a secondary highway, and he motored along until he arrived at a fairly busy gas station, passing two less crowded filling stations in favor of this one.

He parked the car beside the building and went to the front to get the key to the men's room. Swinging by his car again, he grabbed a small black toiletry bag before disappearing into the surprisingly clean bathroom.

The first thing he did was wash his hair in the sink, a task made easier by one of the items he'd brought along - a spray faucet hose, all green ribbed rubber, with a socket end that stretched over the end of the tap to create a 'universal soft seal' without needing to be screwed on or attached in any other way.

Using handfuls of coarse brown paper towel, he got the worst of the moisture from his hair. He usually wore his hair slicked down as part of his 'Leonard' persona, which made his hair look several shades darker - and hid the fact that it was actually fairly long.

Next, he used an electric razor to shave off some of his beard and shorten the rest, using a disposable razor to finish of the short, rakish goatee he'd given himself.

Peeling off the overcoat revealed a pair of tan slacks and a white cotton work-shirt. Bundling his coat and hat up, he rinsed out the sink before leaving the bathroom.

From the trunk of the car he pulled out a brown leather 'bomber' jacket whose design made him look bulkier than he really was, and added to that a worn and faded baseball cap and a pair of aviator-style sunglasses. Now wearing the face and persona of 'Leo', who was closer to his true nature, he returned the key to the busy clerk who didn't consciously register the fact that it was apparently somebody different who returned it.

Safe from causal recognition by anybody he knew, Leo slid behind the wheel of his car and continued on down the secondary highway, heading for the large city about an hour and a half away, its very nature making it a wonderful place to remain 'anonymous' while he did some rather unorthodox shopping.

His first stop was at a department store. With an eye to budget more than fashion, he picked out a selection of on-sale men's clothing, mixing and matching at random. He also picked up a pair of basic blue coveralls in his size. He then swung by the hardware section of the store, picking up a work belt, a large four-cell flashlight, and a few inexpensive tools and a tape measure.

After paying for the purchases and lugging them out to the car, his next stop was a Laundromat.

He proceeded to wash all the clothes on a short cycle in water with a fair amount of bleach added. He even washed the work-belt, rolling it up in the coveralls so they wouldn't bang and rattle in either the washer or the dryer.

Stuffing the clothes in the back seat of the car, he separated the now somewhat-faded coveralls and work-belt and put them in the trunk with the tools and flashlight. He proceeded to a hardware store, where he bought a couple more tools and some electrical items, as well as a white hard-hat.

He broke for a quick lunch and some more coffee. To his surprise, he noted he was enjoying himself more than usual for the 'prep' phase. Part of it was the sheer audacity of his plan - even the prep set-up was more ambitious, a 'prank' in its own right, the goal being to get what he needed while covering his tracks.

After finishing his meal, he checked the phone book of a pay-phone - after looking through three separate phone-booths for a relatively intact phone book. It was with a sense of ironic regret that he tore the page he wanted from the fairly new book, dooming the next person who wanted that page to continue searching, perhaps on foot instead of in a car.

Using the listing he'd gotten from the phone book, he 'scouted' a few likely candidates for his later use, finally finding one that was perfect.

His next stop was the Archive Office near the center of town, where a twenty-five dollar fee got him a look at a Photostat of the building plans of the building he'd chosen. On a memo pad of paper, he noted down the name of the company listed for the original electrical installation, plus the date of construction.

Finishing the research, he headed back to his car, checking his watch and working out the timing in his head. Nodding to himself, he headed off to take care of several time-insensitive tasks he had to complete, filling the time before the biggest, most crucial part of today's 'acquisition phase'.

Besides being the most demanding, and the riskiest, it was also the part directly related to what made him the most uneasy, so he tried to keep it pushed to the back of his mind as he took care of other tasks.

First, he 'cased' a couple of motels in the low-to-mid price range, respectable but not expensive. He noted which credit cards they accepted - and which ones they didn't. Finally, he found one that suited his needs, and parked and entered the office. He asked for a room for the next three nights, paid in advance... and became indignant when 'learning' they didn't accept his credit-card there.

Grumbling, he paid the amount in cash.

He transferred some of the things from his car to his room, more to make a show of 'unpacking' than anything else, just in case, then headed off again.

He stopped off at a copy center that also had an in-store typesetter and graphic artist to produce standard forms. He outlined what he wanted and paid cash, noting the estimated time the documents he'd requested would be ready.

His next stop was a used-clothing store. He carried the recently-purchased and somewhat-faded clothing in, depositing them on the counter and asking how much he could get for them. The owner, a rather kindly old lady, looked them through, thanking him for washing the clothing before bringing it in - and naming a figure a fraction of what he'd paid for it earlier. With a grin, he allowed that it was a price 'more than fair' - then winked and told her he could knock it down even further, by trading the buy-value of the clothes for the sell-value of some clothing for his twin sister, who was going to be unexpectedly laid-over for a couple of days on business and didn't have any real 'casual' clothes packed. So, Leo thought he'd get her some. Just 'comfortable' stuff, nothing fancy...

Since the difference in what she'd make in mark-up in either direction was pretty hefty, the owner had no problem with that, and - at Leo's request - even helped him pick out some nice clothing for his supposed sister, stuff that was casual and comfortable and would coordinate well. He also bought a pair of one-piece bathing suits, 'because we had a hot-tub installed last month, and she'll probably want to use it...'

Twenty minutes after leaving the used-clothing store, he was in front of another one, one that wasn't nearly as nice as the one he'd just left. This time, he paid cash-in-hand for items he'd only shortly before been explaining to the old lady that his sister didn't need. Shoes, some underwear, some less... 'sedate' clothing, even some cheap jewelry. The multiple-pierced youth running the counter didn't so much blink as he rung up the purchases and accepted the cash.

Another twenty minutes, and Leo was back in one of the better parts of the city. This time, he visited a drug-store, where he bought a variety of make-up and other items. He made no effort to 'sneak' his purchases in any way - indeed, he went directly to a female member of the staff, rather bashfully asking for help. He explained that his new wife had asked him to pick up a few things for her, and showed her a fairly short list - one that Leo had written out in an acceptably feminine hand, one that raised no eyebrows from the helpful clerk.

He repeated the routine at two other drugs store, different chains in different parts of the city, with different lists, all short enough to look like the sort of thing a wife would hand her husband with a 'While you're out...'

Then, another glance at his watch told him it was time to move onto the most risky part of the plan.

Going back to the hotel, he parked his car in front of his unit and left it running as he transferred all the items from the car to the room. He then drove the car to the parking lot of a restaurant just down the street, parking it near the back and locking it up. He jogged back to his hotel room and called a cab.

When the cab arrived, he directed the driver to take him to a car rental agency. Shortly thereafter, Leo left the lot in a pretty standard white van, which he used to swing by the copy center and pick up his documents before returning to his hotel room. Quickly, he changed and got himself ready, then he was back in the van and heading towards the building he'd already chosen.

Parking the van in the parking lot of the building, Leo slid out of the van and sauntered towards the front door, the tool-belt slapping against his thighs as he straightened the construction helmet on his head. Pulling open the door, he walked over to the small reception area at the front, where a bored-looking woman looked up and gave him a professional smile.

"Can I help you? " She asked, politely.

"I guess I need to see the manager." Leo said, sounding s equally bored.

A few minutes later, a short, harried-looking man hurried up, introducing himself as Mister Hemels.

"Well, Mister, I've got a work order to change the main breaker in you fuse box." Leo said, handing over the 'work order' he'd had produced, bearing the letterhead of the company that had done the original electrical contracting. "Seems that the component used in the original construction is faulty, and a recall has been ordered because of the risk of fire hazard after five years or more of service.

You're riding right on the edge of that limit, so we're obliged to change it for you, free of charge." Leo grinned. "It's cheaper then the lawsuits, I guess."

"I'm sure it would be." Hemels said, abstractedly. "Look, I don't know if I can let you do this. Shutting down power would..."

"Hey, no, I understand." Leo said, holding up his hands. "It's gotta be near quitting time, though, right? I waited until late so that'd be the case."

"Well, I don't know about that." Hemels said, uncomfortably. "I don't really want to stay late, and leaving you here by yourself..."

Leo shrugged, projecting indifference. "No problem. I can come back tomorrow during the day, and we can shut the place down. Won't take long - an hour, maybe an hour and a half."

Hemels looked worried - then shook his head with a little laugh. "Oh, just go ahead and do it after closing. The main boards in the warehouse, and I can lock the offices separately." He laughed. "That'd just leave the warehouse for you to lock up - and who the hell's going to try and steal anything from us? Sure, it's pretty expensive stuff... but how the hell would you fence stolen Theatrical Supplies?

Leo chuckled along with him, having to keep the note of victory out of his laughter...

* * * * *

With satisfaction, Leo looked around the shambles that his day of effort had turned his hotel room into.

After his successful heist at the Theatrical Supply company, Leo had returned the van after unloading his stolen 'goodies' at the hotel. He'd broken and bent the law in various ways over the course of his 'career' as a Master Pranker, but this was his first out-and-out heist, with a bit of the 'short con' thrown in for good measure. It had been the most nerve-wracking part of this stunt, but it was safely past - after all, by the time the might even get close to tracking down the person who'd pulled it off, he wouldn't even look like himself anymore, and he doubted anybody would make any of the long-shot connections that would be required.

After a good night's sleep, he'd picked up a few more items he'd needed, then set to work on the messy and time consuming job ahead of him.

On a couple of different occasions, Leo had been required to produce cold-form foam-latex prosthetics, but they'd all been small-scale item, like a new nose or a scar. This time, he'd had to produce most of a new body, requiring him to make 'male' and 'female' - or 'positive' and 'negative' - molds of most of his body. That had been the easy part - because then he'd had to create additional molds of what he wanted from the finished product. Taking the plaster-of-Paris 'statue' he'd created of his body, he'd used clay, paper mache and bondo to sculpt out a feminine body atop the replica of his male one, then, after it had dried, created new outer molds of the new figure. Between the 'feminine' outer molds and the accurate inner molds of his body, he had a set of mold-forms to use to correct the latex 'padding' necessary for his little scheme.

Of course, there's been a necessary step before he could make the molds, one that had made his ego quail a bit, but he'd had no choice. As soon as he'd collected everything he'd need and ensconced himself in the safety of the hotel room, he'd begun the time- consuming and, to him, embarrassing task of denuding his body of any hair. He'd started with an electric razor, getting rid of all the hair he could, including the hair on his scalp, the last of his facial hair, and even his pubic hair.

The next step had been the use of good-quality disposable razors to remove even more hair. He'd stood in the shower, letting warm water sluice down his body as he'd started at the bottom and worked his way upwards. He'd never been particularly hirsute, but he'd never realized just how much hair there was on a male body. He'd stared with the fine hairs on the top of his feet, then worked his way slowly up his legs. He'd been extremely careful shaving his pubic area, then moved onward to the arms, armpits and chest.

He'd done his neck, then worked his way up to his eyebrows, then finally his scalp. By the time he was done, all the hair had been removed from his body... except his eyelashes, which were the next to go. Tears sprang to his eyes as he used tweezers to remove the lashes, and he swore to himself under his breath during the procedure.

Once the painful task had been accomplished, he went ahead and used a brand-name depilatory to get rid of even the follicles of hair left, doing a job so impressive thorough that he finally understood how semi-permanent laser hair removal could make money. He'd thought it was only extremely vain, wealthy and lazy women who would use such clinics... but after having to endure the effort himself to get baby-smooth skin, he appreciated why women would want to limit the amount of effort it took.

After completely denuding his body of hair, he'd gone on to doing the work with the molds. It had been a time consuming and messy procedure, made doubly difficult by the fact he was working unaided... but he'd finally gotten the molds he wanted, and set about mixing up several large batches of the cold-formed foam latex, similar to that used in movies and on television for effect make-up... but of an even higher, more durable grade. Most production companies didn't use such a high grade simply because each prosthetic was a one- time-use item, thrown away at the end of each day's shooting. In a show like 'Deep Space Nine', where the Ferengi race had massive amounts of 'prosthetics' for their face, the better part of a day was spent just applying the latex and blending it into the actual skin, providing a realistic-looking alien race - all to be torn off and thrown out at the end of the day. Leo needed something designed for longer use, though, and so he'd stolen the highest possible grade, mixing it up to much higher standards than usually required.

Leo had labored all day, and into the evening. Now, finally finished, the clock was swiftly approaching the midnight hour, and - aside from a couple of quick breaks to jam food into his mouth - Leo hadn't rested. By all rights, he should put everything aside, get a good night's sleep, and finish his transformation in the morning.

The problem was, the 'logical' decision didn't allow for human emotions. Excited and apprehensive, exhilarated and embarrassed, Leo was too keyed up to sleep, the swirling mix of emotions keeping him tense and on edge.

It was time for him to become 'Jenny Smith'.

Taking several deep breaths to help calm himself - as much as possible, at any rate - Leo shucked off the blue robe he'd worn for his tasks, now splattered here and there with different stains and substances. Tossing it aside negligently, Leo gathered the finished items around him and prepared for the final transformation from male to apparent female.

As he'd done with the removal of his body hair, he started at the bottom and worked his way up, slowly creating a whole new figure from his body's basic build.

Of average height, Leo was on the slender side. Not remarkably so, but enough that it helped, since there was absolutely nothing he could do to make his hands and feet smaller or daintier - but he *could* pick a body-type that would make them *seem* slimmer and more feminine - and that's what he'd done.

It started with the application of the prosthetic foam pieces to his rather unremarkable legs. Leo's coworkers would have been surprised to find how lean and toned his body was, though not heavily muscled. Still, it meant that his legs, more or less unremarkable for a guy, were hardly the most feminine-looking gams on the face of the planet. That began to change, however, as he opened a bottle of surgical glue and began to work on reshaping his legs with the latex that was almost the exact same shade as his natural flesh.

It started with the calf pieces he'd created. Each one lay on a sheet of paper labeled either 'left' or 'right' to avoid a mistake he couldn't afford. Starting with the left one, he carefully covered every millimeter of the inner surface with the pungent glue, being extremely careful with the paper-thin feathered edges of the piece. It took a bit of contorting to get his leg into the

right position for him to be able to apply the piece, and the muscles began to cramp almost immediately from the awkward position, but he forced himself to ignore it and apply the latex piece with utter precision, making sure there were no wrinkles in the material that felt almost identical to human flesh, especially since he'd used a special 'texture' patch to create realistic skin-texture on the other side of the piece.

The latex prosthetic reshaped his calf, making fuller and smoother, while looking more toned and muscular - in a feminine way, of course. Once the left calf-piece was in position, he repeated the operation with the right one.

Next, he moved onto the thigh-pieces. There were three pieces for each leg, overlapping so that each thigh was completely covered by prosthetic. At least it was somewhat easier to position himself to apply the pieces, and he took his time to get everything perfect on each leg, filling out his thighs to a smoother, fuller and more feminine contour.

After his thighs were finished, there was the five pieces that formed the hips, ass and crotch of his new figure. The 'hip' pieces were the first pieces he put in place, since they contained 'cheater' pieces of plastic to allow the filled-out hips to feel as if they covered a wider pelvic bone, rather than softer flesh. Once they were in place, he had to work with two different mirrors propped in different positions to allow him to see his ass to position those pieces. He could have used just one mirror, but using two canceled out the reverse-image mirrors caused, making it much easier. Soon, his average-looking male ass cheeks were hidden beneath the prosthetic pieces that made his ass look fuller and firmer.

The last piece for the 'south of the border' area was the largest - and the most uncomfortable, in both physical and emotional meanings. It was the part that would hide his cock and provide him with an apparent 'vagina'.

The first step was to tuck his balls up and his cock back between his legs, fastening them into place with strips of tough surgical tape. His cock had to be carefully positioned, since it would sit above the 'cunt' he'd created, allowing certain functions to be performed.

Grimacing, he spread glue over the back side of the 'pussy' and carefully positioned it, starting in the center and working his way outward. A specially formed section of the 'inside' of the pussy sat over the end of his cock at the very back and top, carefully taped into place and then surrounded by a ring of rubber that formed a seal, allowing him to urinate through the false vagina.

Then he worked his way outward with the object, smoothing it into place. The inside of the pussy was already painted with very special paint that looked utterly realistic in every detail, Leo having carefully turned the 'cunt' inside out to paint it with the airbrush he'd bought. The design of the section meant that it looked authentic on the surface, and it would have taken very close examination - which Leo wasn't about to permit - to see that it didn't actually enter 'her' body, but ran beneath his actual crotch. Surrounded by reddish-blond pubic hair carefully woven into the section of prosthetic, it looked completely real once it was fully glued into place.

It was far from comfortable, though not actually painful. His cock and balls were compress tight to his body, completely hidden, and there was simply no 'comfortable' position, though the discomfort didn't grow any worse if he pressed his legs together or sat down.

His emotional discomfort with what he'd just done was greater, though, and more difficult to come to terms with. To all appearances, he'd just willingly 'emasculated' himself...

The next part Leo did was his arms, using various pieces of latex prosthetics to fill them out with smoothly rounded 'muscles', including his fairly slender shoulders.

Then it was time to give himself tits - and what a rack it was. Leo had purposefully bought the largest bras he could find 'of the rack' that weren't maternity, and had ended up with several GGG-cup bras, obviously designed for overweight women, but adequate for his task. Though the thought of having 'breasts' at all, much less extremely large ones, was repugnant to Leo's male-indoctrinated mind, but he needed the added 'distraction' to help with the final look he'd more or less been forced to take because of his build.

The breasts were 'hollow' on the inside, making room for the 'balloons' he'd gotten. Thicker-walled than actual balloons, the rubber pouches were filled with a mild isothermal chemical that would absorb the warmth from his body and matching it, allowing his new rack to be body temperature. More than that, the weight of the liquid would give his big new bust realistic bounce and heft. As well, small little rubber 'capsules' were in place in the large nipples of each breast, filled with a temperature-sensitive foam-like chemical that had specific chemical properties. Designed for use in specialized thermometers, the chemical would react to the difference between the body temperature and the outside air, expanding as the temperature dropped, which would allow the 'nipples' to react realistically to cold.

With great care, Leo positioned each breast on his chest. The size of ripe honeydew melons, each breast was designed with a 'breast plate' section that went from the bottom of his ribcage and up over his shoulders to his back, making sure that their own weight was supported to avoid the risk of tearing or pulling away from the flesh underneath. Before too long, they were mounted on his ribcage, their weight unfamiliar and strange, bothering his male psyche with their constant reminder of his 'femininity'.

Slightly shaken by the strange new feel of his feminine looking 'tits' and 'cunt', he went on with the rest of the procedure. There was the piece that made his neck look more muscular, yet feminine as it hid his none-too-prominent Adam's Apple.

Then there were the pieces for his face, mostly his jaw-line and lips, since there was nothing he could do about his nose. There was also the scalp piece, which was really a highly realistic wig on a prosthetic latex backing, a thick mass of genuine human hair that was the same strawberry-blond shade as his new pubic hair. Small pieces of matching hair also formed feminine-looking eyebrows that he glued into place, followed by long, dark eye lashes.

With everything glued into place, there was only one last thing to do, which was use the special paint to finish blending the nearly invisible pieces of latex into his actual body, adding the right color and complexion to the prosthetics. He also had to carefully pain the parts of his face not otherwise altered, so that blushes or other changes of coloration would be visible - which was a good thing, since 'feminizing' himself had caused a low, constant blush, and it looked decidedly odd, since the parts of his face covered with the prosthetics didn't change color.

It took nearly three hours for him to get the entire 'body' on, but the task was finally done. Tightly focused on each part of the body he was working on, Leo hadn't really looked at the 'whole package'. Now, however, he had to face what he'd turned himself into, and he approached a mirror to see the new body he'd created.

"Well, hello Jenny..." Leo said to the reflection, emulating a mid-range contralto voice that sounded feminine enough to avoid any question. 'She' looked herself up and down, feeling a mix of emotions, including embarrassment at what he'd done to himself... and a pride at how well he'd done it.

A woman was reflected back in the mirror. Even this close to 'herself', Leo couldn't see anything that even hinted that 'Jenny' wasn't what she appeared to be.

The woman he'd become wasn't especially beautiful or sexy - but she wasn't ugly or 'masculine', either. Indeed, she was reasonably attractive in her own right.

She looked tall, for a woman, and fairly sturdy - in a sort of 'Farm Girl' way, a toned, strong woman who was nevertheless very feminine, especially with her imposing bustline. Her face would never grace the cover of a fashion magazine, with a jaw-line somewhat too square and nose somewhat too large, but it was still attractive in a very pretty, approachable way. Her body was apparently all woman, her hips womanly and her ass full and firm above legs that were shapely, in a toned 'dancer' kind of way.

The body style created an 'optical illusion' that perfected the feminine look. The extremely large breasts made the shoulders look less broad, and with the womanly hips helped create the illusion of a womanly slender waist. By making himself look like a 'sturdy' woman, Leo had made his hands and feet look smaller, more feminine, and his average male height leant the illusion that 'she' was somewhat tall, for a woman, all of which 'worked' with the body design. 'Jenny' wasn't gorgeous, but she looked every inch a woman.

"Hi... My name is Jenny. Jenny Smith..." 'She' said in the feminine voice chosen to match the appearance. As always, it was part of the procedure of adopting a persona so perfectly that it was nearly impossible to 'trip'. It was more the appearances - it was a mind-shift to 'feel' the persona of the new character.

It was harder then usual, though. On a very basic level, it felt wrong to try and get inside the mind of a woman, taking more conscious effort to think as a woman thought - or a reasonable facsimile of it, at least. With a force of will, she directed

herself to match thought to appearances, to think of herself in the feminine - something that made her feel distinctly uncomfortable, but was absolutely necessary if she were going to pull this off.

Sighing, the new pseudo-woman walked over to her collection of female clothes and sorted through them until she found what she wanted. Even the simple action of rooting through some clothing emphasized her feminine figure, the weight and bounce of her new bust a constant source of distraction, her long hair flowing over her shoulders requiring her to flick it out of the way with a motion that she had to consciously direct to appear both feminine and casual, the confined sensation of her now-hidden male genitalia trying to 'remind' her of her true gender, something that risked her falling out of character.

Finding what she wanted, Jenny had to hold back the urge to grimace, something a real woman wouldn't have done, as she pulled on a simple pair of white cotton panties. Then, lifting her arms, she let the salmon-colored silk nightie slide in place over her newly-reshaped body, the garment pulling tight over her prodigious new bosom and laying silky-smooth over her body. It's very feminine touch was yet another reminder of the role she was playing both bolstering her female characterization - and creating yet another layer of discomfort in her necessarily repressed male ego.

Pushing her hair back with yet another consciously feminine gesture, Jenny paid careful attention to her stride as she walked over to the bed, working on something that looked natural, even if it felt decidedly unnatural to her, especially the way she had to put more emphasis on the motion of her hips, something that caused her new bust to sway and bounce even more prominently. Sliding between the covers on the bed, she turned off the light and closed her eyes, trying to let the exhaustion of a long, busy day lull her to sleep.

Instead, the lack of visual or audible stimuli only drew more attention to the way her illusionary female body felt. The way the sheets felt against the places where her own, denuded flesh rested against them. The odd sensation of her tilted spine as she lay on the fuller ass that she'd created. The weight of her heavy, round tits on her chest, like a couple of warm feather pillows that rose and fell as she filled and emptied her lungs.

It seemed to take forever before her churning, discomfited mind finally allowed her weary body to take her into the blissfully unaware darkness of sleep.

* * * * *

Feeling oddly warm, snug and comfortable, Leo was in no hurry to wake up, enjoying the unexpected enjoyment of just lazing in a half- doze on the bed, body feeling decidedly odd, but in a very pleasant manner. Unfortunately, his mind wasn't as lazy as his body, and the veil of sleep began to withdraw, and Leo...

'No...' 'She' thought with a conscious direction of willpower as full memory flooded back. '*Jenny*'.

Jenny let herself rise to full consciousness, her situation filling out in her mind as she let the sensations of her altered body register as more than an all-over body feeling, but as discrete sensations.

She was more than just a little bemused to feel so amazingly comfortable in the new body she'd created for herself out of high-grade latex prosthetics. Somehow, the new padding she'd given herself seemed ideally suited to a comfortable fetal position in the bed, knees drawn up close to her new bust, fuller hips and ass pushing her slightly forward onto one shoulder. It was as if her 'real' male form was all angular and hard corners, and this one was all, softly rounded contours. Even her hidden cock and balls no longer bothered her, the sensation having lasted long enough that it felt comfortable.

Of course, that 'comfort' was a purely physical thing. Emotionally, she was still having troubles dealing with the fact that she'd willingly made herself pseudo-female. It wasn't an emotional pain, or anything - otherwise she'd never have done this to herself, or she'd be using the special chemical designed to dissolve the glue holding the prosthetics to her body. No, it was a bearable level of discomfort, just a constant low-level awareness that her upbringing considered this very 'wrong' on a basic level. A prejudice, not subject to the laws of logical thought or consideration.

With a small sigh - in a feminine tone - Jenny rolled onto her back and pushed the cover back, swinging her apparently muscular, shapely legs over the edge of the bed and rising, extending her arms towards the ceiling in a brought, comfortable stretch. Padding on bare feet, she avoided the detours of yesterday's work, concentrating on a hip, swinging feminine stride as she went into the bathroom.

Pulling the silk negligee off of her remolded body, she peeled her plain cotton panties down her legs and lowered herself rather gingerly on the toilet, experiencing a simulacrum of feminine urination for the first time. It worked well, the system she'd set up functioning as expected. After wiping her new, womanly crotch carefully, she flushed the toilet and then padded back into the main room, rooting once more through the pile of women's clothes she'd purchased, feeling her new breasts bob and sway as she leaned forward to sort through the variety of fabrics.

She picked a very basic outfit for today - a knee-length faded denim skirt with built-in 'suspenders', over a black T-shirt. Lurking beneath that basic ensemble was a pair of plain white panties, and a black cotton-and-lace bra that was more utilitarian than decorative. It also turned out to be a trifle on the small side, pulling her firm tits up into near perfect spheres. Before she'd put the shirt on, she'd looked down at the delightful cleavage formed by the bra's support, and grinned wryly at the fact that such a lovely sight was on *her* chest...

She also pulled on a pair of white leather sandals with a cork keel. Four inches high and rather blocky, it was the highest heel of any of the shoes she'd bought, and she figured she needed the practice. It felt most uncomfortable to walk and stand in heels, and that wasn't just an emotional response - she found herself wondering how some women ever got to the six-inch stiletto stage without breaking an ankle.

Tottering, she began the task of cleaning up the hotel room, gathering up the items from the day before and wiping off the shaving and splatters of the various compounds she'd used. The latex components came in big plastic buckets, and she'd used maybe a fifth of that in her work. There was also the molds she'd used to form her new figure. She could have tossed

them into the dumpster out back, but she didn't like the idea of leaving behind 'evidence' between her new body and the one she'd been 'wearing' when she'd committed what was, technically speaking, Grand Larceny.

It had taken her some time to get everything together, and she wasn't tottering nearly as much as she transferred the molds and compounds to the trunk of her car, pulled right up in front of the door for the shortest possible distance. Once she'd loaded the trunk of the car with the recognizable stuff, she loaded the scraps and cleaning cloths into green garbage bags and took them out to the dumpster, disposing of the last of the evidence.

Returning to the room, she packed up the clothing she'd bought into a couple of second-hand suitcases, sorting through it and packing in an almost fussy manner - not her normal packing system, but in the way she thought the hypothetical woman she was wearing the persona of would pack.

By the time she was done cleaning and packing, it was late afternoon - and that meant it was time to head out to the lodge. The mere thought made her heart pound a little faster - wearing this body in the privacy of a hotel room was one thing, but now she was going to be going out in public... taking a deep breath to calm herself, she loaded her bags into the car and shut and locked the door behind her. Slipping into the driver's seat of the car, she put it into gear...

...and drove down the block to a parking garage, where she pulled into an empty slot on the second-from-top level. Grabbing her suitcases out of the car, she locked the vehicle and headed towards the stairs, concentrating on nailing the perfect feminine stride in the heels she wore. Walking down the stairs was a bit of a challenge - made more difficult by the fact that she had to make it look casual, as if she'd negotiated stairs in heels many a time.

Reaching the ground floor, she walked down the street to a phone-booth she'd scouted out earlier, dropping a quarter in the slot and punching out the digits to a cab company's phone number.

There were several reasons why she wasn't taking her own car to the lodge, despite the cost of a long cab ride - but the major one was the fact that she didn't have any ID for the persona she now wore, and the last thing she wanted was to get pulled over by a cop for any reason, then find herself trying to explain...

The cab arrived, and the male driver hopped out to help her with the bags - something that had never happened when she was in male persona, and she had to keep herself from reacting out-of-character to the act, reminding herself that she'd be treated as she now appeared to be - a woman. The driver certainly didn't seem to notice any tell-tale signs that she wasn't anything other than what she appeared to be - though the way he eyed her imposing bust made her happy for the 'anti-blush' paint job.

It wasn't long before her bags were in the trunk of the cab, and the miles between her and the lodge were steadily decreasing. As she drew nearer and nearer to the 'stage' for her performance, a knot in her stomach began to slowly tighten.

When the cab pulled to a stop in front of the long, low, stone-and-log structure, she felt a sudden, irrational urge to have him turn the cab around and go right back to where she'd come from, to get out of here and forget that she'd ever planned to do this.

Fighting the sudden attack of 'stage fright' she paid the rather hefty fare and slid out of the cab, forcing herself not to fidget nervously as he opened the trunk and retrieved her bags for her. Her smile of gratitude was rather strained, but he didn't seem to notice anything unusual about it as he muttered a barely-heard pleasantry, her ears ringing with the beat of her own heart.

She'd pulled a lot of capers in her long and varied 'career' as a Pranker, and she'd never felt as awkwardly nervous as she did right now. The only thing giving her any comfort was the familiar feeling, the thrill, the adrenaline rush of playing a role. Hefting her bags, she headed towards the front door of the lodge, getting the easy, supply stride of a woman just right even as she mounted the steps and walked up to the door...

...which was pulled open by Jessica, her coppery mane gleaming in the late afternoon sun as she grinned cheerfully. "Hi. I'm Jessica." The tall, slender red-head said, stepping aside to let Jenny into the building.

"Jenny Smith." Jenny introduced herself, using the carefully modulated contralto tones she'd chosen for her new appearance.

"Hey, Jenny - most of the other girls are already here, so I'm afraid that you've got only two rooms to choose from." Jessica said, then lowered her voice in mock conspiracy. "To tell you the truth... it doesn't really matter since all the rooms are exactly the same anyway."

"Well, then..." Jenny said with an easy tone of voice that hid her racing pulse and suppressed nerves. "I guess I'll take whichever one is closest to the bathroom then."

Jessica laughed and led Jenny deeper into the building. Just inside the front door was a sort of 'cloak room', for the heavy winter clothing the cross-country skiing enthusiasts who rented the cabin in the winter would wear. Unused this time of year, it was just a slightly musty room separating the door from the large main room of the lodge, and that's where the other women she'd be spending the long weekend were, seated comfortable on the couches and chairs around the broad stone fireplace at the end.

"Everybody, this is Jenny." Jessica introduced her. The red-head gestured towards a short, cheerful-looking woman with dark hair. "That's Linda..."

"Hi, Jenny." The petite woman said, with a welcoming grin.

The next woman was an athletically-built black woman named Ronda. Beside her was a cute young woman with short, sandy-blonde hair and the face of a pixie. The last woman to be introduced was a brunette dressed in somewhat baggy clothing

and wearing small, fashionable glasses. She was introduced as Tamara - but, in her warm voice, she insisted that Jenny call her Tammy.

Something about the way the women were gathered in the large open room seemed... 'off' to Jenny - but it wasn't until she was in the room she'd been given that it registered.

Both the TV and the stereo in the room had been off. For some reason, it seemed that whenever guys got together, some sort of external sound source had to be running. Never having been exclusively in the company of women, Jenny had never realized that it wasn't a cross-gender arrangement, but something peculiarly masculine. It gave her a small pause as she wondered what other unknown feminine traits might be lurking out there to trip her up.

Suddenly, Jenny realized just how deeply she'd sunk herself into this situation. Despite her discomfort at playing the role of a woman, she'd held the idea that she'd be up to the task, since she was such a consummate actor. However, she'd only played male roles until now - and only now did she realize how little she truly knew about the 'weaker sex', and their way of thinking. The persona she was playing wasn't really a feminine personality, but a masculine conception of a woman's persona... and that just might not cut it.

The knot grew tighter in her stomach, and it took a sheer act of will to force herself to leave the private safety of her room and return to the main room where the other women waited.

* * * * *

"Well, goodnight Jenny." Ronda said, uncurling her long, ebony legs out from under her body and rising from the couch with a supple grace. "See you in the morning."

"Yeah. Sleep well, honey." Jenny said with an easy grin. She watched the athletically-built black woman move with a panther-like grace, disappearing up the short hallway that led to the bedrooms.

It took all Jenny's willpower not to break character and sigh with relief.

She'd had no chance to pull any pranks tonight - she was too busy trying to appear as casual and comfortable as the other women, all the while picking up all the finer points of acting feminine in the company of women. There were more tiny differences than she could have imagined.

Take the way women say. Some curled their legs up underneath themselves. Others crossed their legs at the knees. Some of them even sat in a sort of 'girlish' pose with their legs crossed at the ankles while they sat with their body primly straight. In a guy, that last one would have looked 'prissy', yet somehow women pulled it off - especially Tammy, who actually made it look comfortable.

Jenny, herself, had curled her legs up under her new bottom halfway through the evening, and was surprised to find how comfortable the position was, as well as 'safe' - more than once, she'd almost goofed, sitting in an 'unladylike' way that just wouldn't have been proper, considering the fact she was wearing a skirt.

The girls had spent the evening just... chatting. Jenny couldn't think of a single time when she'd spent so long a period just sitting around, sipping a drink - white wine, in this case - and talking about inconsequential things. Well... apparently inconsequential, to Jenny's mind. Apparently, women had a different set of priorities than men.

Jenny, for her part, had provided little in the way of conversational tidbits. It could have been awkward, especially since her relative silence was quite noticeable compared with the easy flow of conversation among the other women - but Jenny had claimed to have grown up on a small farm, been home-schooled, including the correspondence courses she'd taken to get the computer skills needed for her supposed job. That 'sheltered life' routine had allowed her to feign a sort of innocence that let her avoid talking too much about herself, claiming her past really didn't have anything worth talking about in it.

Which was a good thing - since she couldn't have even begun to keep up with the women in their discussion of clothing, other people they knew... and men.

Once more, Jenny had blessed her 'anti-blush' coloration... because she'd never realized that women, when 'alone' together, could get so... so *graphic*. Not crude, just detailed... and almost clinical. It had come as a bit of a shock, and she'd had to struggle to maintain her facade of comfortable companionship.

It had also amazed her how much women touched each other. It was hard to keep in mind that there was nothing sexual about it - women were just more open, she guessed. Still, she knew her new 'persona' was coming off as sort of shy, just because she was having trouble adapting to the easy familiarity women developed so damned quickly. These women had only met one another tonight - yet they behaved in ways that it would take guys years to get to the stage where they'd be comfortable with. It was almost as if being part of the sub-set of humanity known as 'women' was a sort of fraternal - sororital...? - bond that made them sisters under the skin.

Jenny had never been a terribly social person, and she knew women could be the coldest of the cold, able to crush a man's hopes or spirit with just one cold look or one well-chosen word, yet they also had levels of compassion and empathy that stunned Jenny. In a few hours, these women had become friends, sharing thoughts and emotions most men would rather die than reveal to people they'd just met...

...and they'd included Jenny in their easy friendship, making her feel welcome. Of course, they didn't realize that it made her feel guilty, as well - not knowing Jenny's secret, they had no way of knowing she felt like she was eavesdropping on extremely personal conversations. Jenny's pranks had never been cruel or mean spirited, and the fact that she'd picked up some 'juicy' information didn't mean a damned thing, because she was too ethical to ever spread any of it. Hell - she'd just struggled not to react at some of the highly personal things women shared so easily.

Shaking her head at the ways of women, jenny slowly rose from the couch and headed off to bed, wondering what tomorrow would bring, and how well she'd deal with it. So far, about the only thing she'd been able to cope with without having to fight for a casual expression was the fact that one of the girls signed up for the weekend hadn't shown up.

"The best laid plans of mice and men..." Jenny muttered as she undressed and slid between the crisp sheets on the bed. Shutting off the light, she let herself drift off to sleep - the easiest thing she'd had to do all day. Maybe it was the wine - but she dropped off into the deepest slumber almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

* * * * *

The morning sunlight streaming in through the high, wood-framed window set into the back wall of the room woke Jenny from her deep, deep slumber. She blinked and stared up at the ceiling above her, mind thick with sleep and making her feel as if her head were packed full of wool.

Yawning, she sat up in bed and stretched... and then a small frown creased her face as she slowly lowered her arms, wondering why something about the way her body moved and felt seemed... off somehow. Not quite the way it should be.

Sliding her feet over the edge of the bed, Jenny stood up, feeling her huge, firm breasts shifting with the motion. Reaching up, she lightly held her round, firm mounds to stop the motion, sighing slightly at the pleasant sensation as her nipples, swollen by the cool air, pressed into her palms.

Still feeling oddly in a pleasant, somewhat confused daze, jenny quickly dressed. She pulled on a pair of tight black spandex pants that molded themselves to every curve of her well-toned legs and her full, firm ass. She pulled on a white T-shirt, shivering slightly in pleasure as it pulled taut over her bare breasts, then pulled a burgundy knit sweater-vest on over that, making the outfit 'modest' rather than clearly displaying her huge mounds under the semi-transparent shirt. Slipping her feet into a pair of black patent pumps with a four inch heel, she quickly did her make-up in a simple 'at home' style, and brushed the worst of a night's tousling from her hair, wincing every time she hit a clump and the hair pulled at her scalp.

Opening the door to the bedroom, she heard sounds to indicate that she wasn't the first one up. Heel's clicking lightly on the hardwood floor, Jenny headed out to the main room - where she found Jessica in the stone-floored kitchen, making some breakfast.

"Morning, jenny..." Jessica said, an odd tone in her voice and an odd look in her eye. "How'd you sleep last night? "

"Great, thanks." Jenny said, blinking slightly as she tried to figure out the odd look in Jessica's eyes. More than that, there also seemed something subtly off about the way Jessica looked, but Jenny just couldn't put her finger on it. Shrugging all of it off as a side-effect of the odd state of mind she was in, jenny continued. "In fact, I think I slept to well - I can't seem to get fully awake. My mind's still half asleep."

"Oh, I see..." Jessica said, her voice sounding as if she were trying to keep from grinning, for some reason. "Well, there's some coffee ready. Maybe that'll help."

"Great." Jenny said, pouring herself a cup of the steaming, bitter brew. "so - anybody else up? " "Actually, they all got up early... and left." Jessica said.

That gave Jenny pause. "Huh? "

"Day trip, doing some shopping and stuff." Jessica explained. "You were so soundly asleep that when, uh.. Tammy knocked on your door to see if you wanted to go, you didn't answer."

"Oh - I must have really been out of it." Jenny said, blinking in surprise. "So - just you and me for the day? " "Yeah - seems like it..." Jessica said, that odd tone back in her voice. "Want some eggs and sausage? "

"Sure..." Jenny agreed, trying to figure out what was going on. The fact that they had the place to just the two of them was good news, because it would make 'faking' easier... but that was balanced by having a head that felt like it was stuffed full of wool. Jenny was having a hard time getting her thoughts to focus, and things kept wanting to slip away from her. She was alert to notice - or think she did, anyway - that many, many things seemed off about herself and Jessica... but she couldn't quite put her finger on any of it. Related to that was the fact that her memories seemed... hazy. She remembered yesterday, more or less... but the memories seemed dim, vague, and incomplete. For the life of her, she couldn't remember what the name of the wine she'd been drinking was, though she was certain she'd seen the bottle's label a dozen times. Things like that - the over-all memories of what had happened were pretty complete, but details were hazy or non-existent.

Breakfast and a couple cups of coffee didn't help 'wake her up' any more than she still was. She'd hoped the caffeine-laced brew would sharpen her mind, but there still seemed to be that sensation of walking around in a daze, where it was hard to pinpoint what, exactly, was setting off alarms in her subconscious.

After breakfast, the two women headed into the 'living room' section of the large, open room. They settled into the big, comfortable couches, and it took a second for Jenny to realize that, muddled thoughts aside, her instincts seemed to be sound - she'd folded her legs up under her in a very feminine manner without having to consciously direct herself to do so. In fact, now that she thought about it, she'd been doing everything this morning in an acceptably feminine manner, from the way she walked to the gesture she used to brush the hair out of her face. This was good news - because she hadn't consciously ordered herself to pay attention to acting consummately feminine, and if it hadn't been for this 'instinct' or new 'habit' that was back-stopping her wandering mind, she might have goofed a dozen times over already. Hell - if it wasn't for the fact that she was using the feminine 'Jenny' voice unconsciously, she would have given herself away the first time she'd opened her mouth, since she hadn't directed herself, consciously, to use the feminine voice.

Jessica seemed to want to make small-talk... or something. She was actually sort of 'filling time', not really conversing with Jenny so much as just putting words into the air. Jenny couldn't figure out what it was that Jessica was trying to do. It was almost like she was nervous or something... but why would that be?

About twenty minutes passed, then Jessica glanced at the clock and grinned. "hey - why don't we go down to the lake for a dip? " Jenny thought about it - then shrugged. "Sure - why not? "

They both headed for their respective bedrooms to grab their bathing suits - but Jenny, in her daze, accidentally opened the wrong door, the room next to hers...

...and looked around at the obviously unused room. There was no trace of it being used within the last month, much less last night.

Jenny frowned in confused surprise... then realized that it must be the unused bedroom of the girl who didn't show up. Shaking her head in a futile attempt to clear it, she closed the door and went into her own room.

Shortly, she emerged from her room dressed in a red one-piece bathing suit, which was strained to the limit across her massive bust. Jenny didn't like the way it forced the neckline lower, showing an amazing amount of her upper breasts and cleavage - and she liked even less the 'crushed' feeling it created, her tits crammed in so tight that the fabric seemed likely to burst. Still, there wasn't very much she could do about it.

She also wore a brightly colored wrap and a pair of sandals. Slung over her shoulder was a towel, and she headed into the main room to find Jessica similarly dressed. Walking through the cloak room and out the front door, they headed down to the narrow beach fronting the lake.

Jenny was beginning to relax, despite the strange 'stuffed head' feeling - her instincts seemed better equipped to handle the task of 'acting feminine' than her own conscious mind.

However, the slowly relaxing nerves tightened with a nearly audible snap when she caught sight of two men lounging on the beach, dressed in very skimpy swim trunks. One of them was tall and dark-haired, the other shorter and a brunette. Both were muscular and tanned and handsome - and as soon as the women came into sight, they smiled and rose. The shorter one's eyes seemed to home in on Jenny's tits, making her even more uncomfortable.

"Hey, Gorgeous..." the taller one said, walking up the beach... and wrapping his arms around Jessica and giving her a long, passionate kiss. Jenny stared in shock at the way Jessica not only accepted the sudden, passionate kiss - but returned it.

When they finally broke, Jessica grinned at Jenny. "hey - this is my boyfriend, Steve. The shorter one's Rob." Rob grinned at her, actually managing to tear his eyes away from her bulging bust. "Hey, Jenny."

"Hi..." Jenny said, feeling very self-conscious from his obvious attentions.

"So, stud - how's the water? " Jessica asked Steve.

Steve shuddered, theatrically. "Cold - very cold. I think I got frostbite."

"Aw... poor thing..." Jessica said, pouting. "Well, why don't we head back to the cabin and get some hot coffee into you?" "Maybe some antifreeze would be better." Rob suggested with a grin. "Got anything nice and strong? "

"Got some scotch, some vodka.. and some brandy." Jessica said, tapping a finger against her lips. "Okay - let's do that."

Everybody turned to return to the cabin - and Jenny found herself doing so as well, not able to find a good excuse to derail this most uncomfortable situation. It was pretty damned obvious that Rob was interested in her, even slowing his step to end up walking beside her - and she wondered how the hell women 'subtly' gave the signals that they weren't interested. Yelling at Rob to leave her alone didn't sound like the best plan in the world... though she'd hold it in reserve for a 'Plan B', just in case. As much as she was planning to act feminine, that didn't mean she was willing to go *that* far. Even now, nominally dressed (albeit in a strained-to-the-limit suit that displayed her most obvious attributes *way* to much for her taste), the attention Rob was giving her as he tried to strike up a conversation was decidedly unnerving...

...especially since she was shocked nearly out of her mind by the fact that she seemed to be enjoying his obvious attentions. What the hell was wrong with her? She shouldn't find her pulse racing, her nipples and crotch tingling from the fact that a *man* was trying very hard to be charming and interesting with her!

As shocking, frightening and disgusting as she found the way her body was reacting to Rob's presence, his very *masculine* presence, her mind's 'logical' reactions wouldn't override her body's reactions, no matter how much she wished it was different... and it was scaring the hell out of her. What the hell was wrong with her?

What made it worse was the fact that her head still felt as if it were stuffed full of wool. She didn't want to 'drop character' and overreact to his presence - so she was busy trying to seem calm, and a little distance, answering his conversational forays with polite - but short - answers, while her slow, thick thoughts struggled to clear themselves and find a solution to this sudden and shocking problem - while being further handicapped by the very thoughts she wanted to evict from her mind, spurred on by her body. The lodge wasn't all that far from the beach, and she hadn't found any safe excuse to get out of this situation as they climbed the steps and entered the building.

She saw a temporary reprieve, however, one that might give her enough time to escape this uncomfortably 'exciting' situation.

"Excuse me - I'm just going to change out of this.." Jenny said, waving a hand at her straining bathing suit and manufacturing a smile that she hoped looked genuine enough.

"Oh, don't do that! " Jessica said, with a laugh. "You and I might have clothes to change into - but don't you think it would make the guys feel silly, sitting around in swim-trunks while we're fully dressed? Besides... it's warm enough in here that these are comfortable."

"Yeah." Rob said, smiling. "And, trust me - you look great."

Jenny had to struggle to keep the manufactured grin from sliding off her face. Insisting that she change would look decidedly out of place, so she had to go along with the flow. "Yeah, I guess you're right..."

As Jessica went to get some glasses and the bottles of alcohol, Jenny sat down on one of the over-stuffed couches... then immediately cursed herself for not taking one of the armchairs as Rob sat down beside her, the faint, but definitely masculine, odor of his nearby body causing her own renegade thoughts, emotions and senses to step up their campaign of physical arousal, further befuddling her confused, bemused thought processes.

Jessica returned with the drinks, and curled up on the couch next to Steve. Jenny grabbed one of the Screwdrivers Jessica had mixed, mainly as an excuse to distance herself a bit from Rob. It didn't work, however - after she'd 'casually' shifted herself during the 'reach and grab' maneuver, Rob also grabbed a drink.. and his maneuver put him even closer to her than he'd been to begin with. He winked at her, grinning faintly, and she felt her face warming as she blushed. She drank quickly, covering her emotional - and physical - turmoil that his attentions brought.

Putting the glass down, she had to struggle to keep her face straight... because, across from her, Jessica and Steve were locked in a very passionate embrace, kissing hungrily as their hands roamed each other's bodies.

"Hmm... looks like they're having fun..." Rob said, with a smile, looking at the two lovers. He smiled at her, which made her stomach to interesting things and her legs feel weak. "What do you say - wanna try it ourselves...? "

"I.." Was as far as Jenny got - because Rob slid one muscular arm behind her neck, leaned forward - and pressed his lips firmly against hers...

...and she found herself kissing back, somewhat hesitantly at first, but with growing passion that matched his own. '*Holy shit!*' She thought, frantically. '*What the hell am I doing! I'm kissing a guy...!*' "

...and enjoying it. She knew that she should push him away. She even had ample excuse, with him just grabbing her and kissing her like that... yet she couldn't seem to bring herself to do it. Her muscles felt like they'd melted, turning her into a puddle unable to do anything but flow deeper into a kiss that was making her pulse race and her crotch hot and damp. Her mind swam and spun, barely able to form coherent thought as she kissed and was kissed, better and more thoroughly than any other kiss in her life had been.

The Rob's hands started to roam her body, sliding beneath her wrap to fondle her firm, taut ass, the touch of his strong hands on her taut flesh making the arousal so overwhelmingly powerful that her screaming mind became a prisoner to her body.

She'd never felt this way in her life, and no matter how utterly, completely, disgustingly wrong her mind insisted this was, she couldn't do anything to stop it.

Then his hands left her ass.. and reached up to pull the straps of her one-piece down her arms, the tension from her confined breast causing the material over her bosom to immediately 'pop' downward, ending up just below her huge, firm tits and displaying them fully. Rob's hands went to her full, firm tits, and she couldn't help herself - she moaned in pleasure, low in the back of her throat, as his hands gently and expertly fondled and massaged her firm, round boobs.

Then, still kissing her, his hands started pushing her suit even further down, actually stripping it down her legs, leaving her body nude - and she knew now would be a good time to go to 'Plan B', but she couldn't seem to, because her hands were busy taking off his trunks, revealing a cock that was hard and ready...

'What am I doing...!' She screamed at her traitorous body - followed by *'..and why am I enjoying it so much...!'*

Even the densest person in the world would know what was happening, and what was about to happen - and if that wasn't enough of a hint, there was the fact that Jessica and Steve were a couple of steps ahead, making the couch across the coffee table groan and creak, as Jessica's cries of passion filled the air.

Cries that were matched in contralto counterpoint as Rob eased her legs apart and slid his cock into her hot, sopping wet cunt... and she moaned in pure pleasure, mind and body stunned at the sudden feeling of being filled and fulfilled, his throbbing, warm cock filling her completely and creating pleasure like none jenny had ever felt before.

One of the things about being an 'outsider' was the fact that Jenny was a virgin - male or female, take your pick. Her only sexual experiences had involved Old Mother Thumb and her four daughters... and the suddenly sharp, ecstatic sensation that swept through her as Rob's cock filled her womanhood was by far the most intensely pleasurable sensation she'd ever felt.

Then, as Rob began to thrust in her, driving his cock in and out of her new womanhood, the pleasure only increased, and she began to expertly match his rhythm, doubling and redoubling the pleasure that filled her body and mind, her head tossing back and forth as cries of pleasure were ripped from her throat, her body shuddering in pleasure and ecstasy, the sound of their couch matching that of the one across the coffee table.

And still the pleasure grew. It didn't seem possible, yet it was happening - it was getting stronger and stronger as they continued to writhe on the couch.

Then it happened - orgasm. It surpassed everything she'd felt to this point, and she screamed a primal, mindless scream of purest ecstasy as her body was consumed by ribbons of erotic fire that ripped along her nerves and deep into the pleasure centers of her brain, cutting off any commands to her body and leaving her writhing spasmodically beneath Rob as he dumped his warm, thick cum deep into her cunt.

Then he slumped, carefully to keep his weight off of her, and the golden moment passed as her orgasm began to fade...

...and thought returned.

The realization of what she'd just done - what she'd let happen to her - flooded her returning awareness... and she screamed, pulling herself out from under Rob and tumbling onto the hardwood floor, her full, firm buttocks complaining as they took the brunt of the fall, her huge tits bouncing painfully from the sudden, sharp jerking motion...

...which was as wrong as the fact that the sex had been so spectacular. Everything was all wrong, and even her dazed mind could finally make the connection as she scampered backwards to the corner beside the fireplace, using her hands and feet to propel herself away from the three people on the couches who were watching her with oddly victorious grins.

"my tits...! " Jenny shouted, trying - and failing - to push her voice back into its 'real' register. "I can feel my tits! And.. and my ass - and my cunt! I.. I.. What's happening! Oh, my god...! "

Panic began to sweep over her, the inexplicable sensations her body shouldn't have been able to experience finally registering in her mind as she tried to deal with the fact she'd just had sex, with a man, and...

"Jenny! " Jessica said, sharply. She was grinning as she said; "Nostrodamus! "

The word seemed to slam into Jenny's consciousness - and deeper, right into the center of her brain. Like an explosion that blew the door off a tightly locked safe, the word's impact tore open a sealed part of her mind, and memories came flooding back...

Three years worth of memory. Memories of that weekend, three years ago, when she'd 'played' Jenny - and found she'd enjoyed it. After the first night, her nerves had settled down... and she'd never got around to playing pranks as she'd enjoyed the company of women, finding a warmth and happiness she'd never known.

Memories of using the left-over molds and latex to spend her weekends as Jenny, trying to hide her guilty secret as she'd lived her work-days as Leonard.

Memories of eventually being found out by her then/now best friend, Jessica... and, after a long, serious talk, seeking out a doctor to start the hormone regimen that led, eventually, to the surgery that made 'Jenny' real... or as real as medical science could make her.

Memories of enlisting Jessica's help in her own-going series of pranks, still the reigning monarch of practical jokes, despite the changes in her life.

Memories of meeting Rob and Steve, who were friends of Jessica's, and who started out as little more than acquaintances - then cohorts in Jenny's continuing reign of pranks. Of finding herself falling in love with Rob - and of the heart-rending fear she'd felt when she'd finally revealed the truth to him, afraid he'd leave her once he knew...

...and memories of the happiness that had flooded her when he'd assured her it didn't matter what gender she might have been born, because he loved her. Happiness that was only exceeded the day she'd walked down the aisle with him, becoming his betrothed wife...

...in a double ceremony with Steve and Jessica. They'd come here, to this cabin, for their joint honeymoon, Jenny now remembered. She also remembered last night - the real last night, not the one from three years past that she'd thought was last night.

She remembered Rob offering to demonstrate his skill at hypnosis. She remembered laughing as Jessica had been put under and given a command to act as if she thought she was John Wayne... which had led to good-natured joshing about Jenny's origins... and then Jenny had been put under... and that was all she remembered until this morning.

Jenny stared at her husband, eyes wide as the memories came back. Then she turned to stare at Jessica, her best friend, who's own lips were curved in a victorious grin as she said:

"Gotcha! "

And Jennifer Findley, once Jennifer Smith, and before that Leonard Barkin, the King (and Queen) of Pranksters, was finally dethroned by her 'disciples', got and got good by the ones nearest and dearest to her.

There was only one thing she could do, and so she did it - she burst out in laughter, shaking her head as she climbed to her feet and walked over to where the three people she cared about most in the world waited to enfold her in their welcoming embrace...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A group of Gamer's Guild geeks go to a Curio shop and play out a game that locks their conscious minds into a shared "delusion" that their bodies play in reality. But after the time limit on the Curios is reached, reality is edited

to accept the changes brought on by the magic of the Curios which turns them into well-endowed horny guys, or is it gals?

Just Playing Around

By Gunslinger

Tonisha Banks leaned forward and tapped Steven Hildebrandt on the shoulder, then pointed past him and out the windshield. "Why don't we pull over here for a few minutes?" She 'suggested' rather firmly.

"Aw, c'mon - we already stopped in Burtonville for supplies." John Shillins, in the passenger's seat, complained.

"Yeah - there's nothin' in this little shit-hole of a town, anyway." Brad Winslow, sitting in the back beside Toni, agreed. "Sides, we're only ten minutes from the cabin."

"I want to stop at the curio shop there." Toni insisted, gesturing at the building they were coming up on. Brad rolled his eyes. "Geez, you don't look much like a chick - but you sure act like one."

The incredibly muscular black woman turned and leveled her dark eyes at Brad, her full lips tightening in anger. Tall, broad-shouldered and massively muscled, Toni might have been able to intimidate most people - but the fair-haired young man sitting next to her was almost as equally muscular, and three inches taller - he just grinned at her, impudently.

"C'mon - you know I'm just messing with your head." Brad said, laughing and lightly punching her on the thick muscle of her shoulder. "Steve's already pullin' over - and you knew he would."

She glared at Brad a minute longer, then snorted. Turning to face forward, she leaned towards the driver's seat and let her full lips curve upwards into a smile as she ran one long, gloss-red finger slowly up the driver's arm.

"Of course Steve's stopping." She said in a suddenly warm, smoky voice. "After all, he's the last of the real gentlemen..."

The bearded, somewhat heavysset brunet in the driver's seat blushed slightly and squirmed a little in the seat as he pulled the older model Jeep Grand Cherokee over in front of the curio shop. Neither he nor Toni noticed as Brad and John shared a knowing look, the tall, dark-haired youth in the passenger's seat rolling his aquiline green eyes and screwing his remarkable mobile face up into a comically exaggerated look of disgust.

The four of them made an odd sight when they traveled together - indeed, they were so completely different in appearance and personalities that it seemed most unlikely for the four of them to have formed a close friendship as they had. John and Brad had known each other for years, and got along great - but the addition of Steve and Toni seemed a little unlikely...

...but not nearly as unlikely as how they'd met.

All four of them were avid role-players. Dice-and-paper role-playing games, sort of like the rage of the eighties, Dungeons & Dragons - but the system they used was set in the modern world, using paranormally-powered characters. They'd met at a local gaming shop, when they'd been thrown together in a scratch adventure, 'run' by Steve - and the four of them had had more fun than they could remember, their different playing styles meshing very well.

In the past six months, they'd come to be close friends, expanding their friendship outside of just gaming - so when Brad had invited them all up to his Uncle's cabin for the long weekend, it had been an easy sell. Even to Toni - since she had no fear of her 'honor' being impugned during a weekend stay with three guys. She wasn't any of the guy's 'type', and in the case of Brad and John, the lack of interest was sharply returned...

...but with Steve, it was another story. Usually brusque, even nearly abrasive, Toni practically melted when she talked to Steve - who was the quietest and most reserved out of all of them. Dressed - as usual - in slacks and a button-down shirt, Steve was damned near a hermit... except when he was running an adventure, when he suddenly became 'God' for the course of the adventure, confident and sure. Between that rarely-exposed side of him and his usual polite, thoughtful - if shy - nature, he was an 'interesting' young man... and Toni seemed more than just 'friendly' towards him, though he didn't share the emotion.

The problem was, outside the game he was too shy and reserved to find a way to let her know, firmly enough, that he wasn't interested...

The four friends climbed out of the vehicle, stretching as they looked around the tiny town, which consisted mainly of a combination gas- station/post-office/general-store and a diner, clustered between a few small houses at a cross-roads. The tiny town existed mainly as a 'fictional' address to distribute mail to the farms in the area...

...and the curio shop that sat at the very edge of town looked decidedly out of place. With its dark-green woodwork, multi-paned bay window and brass lettering, 'Ye Olde Curio Shoppe' had a decidedly British feel to it - Olde English, to be exact, refined and sedate, a little mysterious. It wasn't the patina of refined Old English 'charm' used by many chain stores, either, but whole-hog Victorian England brought to life - and the building looked as if some sort of strange temporal anomaly had just picked it up out of Merry Old England and dropped it here.

"Let's take a look." Toni said, heading for the door. Clad in sneakers, black knee-length bike shorts and a dark-red crop-top, she presented a fearsome appearance of muscular power - but despite Brad's crack, there was no doubt that she was female, despite her short-cropped hair and muscular build. She moved with a panther-like feminine grace, and there was no doubt that the tightly encased ass was female. Despite their lack of interest in her, otherwise, the guys didn't mind in the least following that particular piece of her anatomy into the shop.

"This place wasn't here last year..." Brad muttered, quietly, as they entered the dimly lit shop. "...and it probably won't be here next year." John said, with a grin, just as quietly.

"Perhaps you are right, young sir..." A creaky old voice said, near at hand, and the four friends jumped and whirled - to see the oddest looking man any of them had ever encountered.

Short, wizened and balding, the man had a long, unkempt white beard and looked to be twelve years older than God. He wore a faded brown suit with leather patches at the elbows, and an equally faded plaid vest. He was hunched over, leaning on a gnarled wooden cane, and in his other hand he held a small, brass watering can, which he was using to water the plant directly behind the door.

"Oh - I didn't see you there." Brad said, uncomfortably.

"That's because you were looking too high..." John cracked, with a big grin. He crouched down, resting his hands on his knees so that he was eye-to-eye with the old man, presumably the proprietor.

"Say, don't I know you?" John asked in an affectedly conversational tone, then nodded his head sagely. "Oh, right - you're the guy they modeled those garden gnomes after..."

Toni couldn't help herself - she laughed, twice, before managing to clap one hand over her full lips, looking mortified. She shot John an ugly glance.

The old man smiled, revealing yellowed teeth. "Ah - a comedian..." He said, in his cracked old voice. "Always ready with a joke, are we?"

John shrugged easily as he rose to full height. "One does what one can..." He pretentiously. Brad chuckled. "Just ignore him, Mister - it's my fault he's this way."

"Oh...?" The Owner said, peering up at Brad, who grinned and crackled his knuckles, flexing the arm muscles revealed by his fully justified 'muscle shirt'.

"Yeah - we've been friends for years, so he thinks any shit his mouth can get him into, my muscles will get him out of..." The Owner grinned a lopsided smile. "Is he correct, my young friend...?"

Brad blinked, then grinned. "Hell - I guess he is, at that..."

The proprietor nodded, and shuffled towards the front desk. "Well, my young adventurers, please feel free to survey my wares. I have a wide variety, and perhaps you'll find something that suits your tastes. Just one caveat, my friends - all sales are binding."

"Huh?" Brad said.

"Final - all sales are final, man." John muttered, then suddenly slipped into a patently false upper-crust British accent. "It's the Queen's English, dear boy. Do try and display a little class..."

Laughing, the two of them headed deeper into the store to look at the cluttered-yet-elegant displays that filled the shop.

Toni rolled her dark eyes and leaned towards the Owner. "Don't mind them, Mister - they've always been a couple of assholes - but they're harmless assholes."

Turning, she headed towards the shelves herself, raising her voice to call to Josh and Brad. "Hey, guys - you break it, you buy it, so behave yourselves... or I'll kick your asses from her to the cabin and back."

Steve watched them go, hanging near the front desk - out of the four of them, he had the lowest income, his extremely shy nature having rather limited the type of work he was willing to go on an interview for - he worked, almost predictably, at a library.

"These are your friends, young master?" the Owner asked Steve, who started and blushed.

"Well, uh... yeah." Steve said, shrugging apologetically. "We kinda have, uh... that is, we like some of the same stuff, and, well.." As usual, he trailed off without quite finishing his sentence, something he did routinely when not running a game.

The Owner looked at him thoughtfully. "A man is known by the company he keeps. A much used cliché, perhaps - but a well deserved one." He glanced towards the shelves, where the other three were browsing, and then lower his wheezy voice, speaking almost passionately. "Perhaps you should find another place to spend the weekend, young sir."

"Uh, um..." Steve stammered, uncomfortable. "No, I.. I uh, don't have many friends, and.. well, they can be a bit of a pain at a time, but.. uh..."

"Not the whole weekend, then." The Owner said, even more intently, an almost desperate look on his weathered old face. "Just the next day - the next twenty-four hours, no less. Please, young sir - consider it..."

Steve was taken aback by the man's sudden intensity. "Uh, I, uh... no - I, uh, came up for the weekend, and, uh..."

The Owner looked at him almost regretfully. "I have made my suggestion, which is all I can do. I hope you fare well, my friend - but, somehow, I don't believe that these three have enough redeeming qualities to save themselves, much less you as well..."

Steve frowned at the Owner in confusion at the strange warning... but he didn't ask him to explain. Instead, he turned and fidgeted nervously until John emerged from the maze of shelves.

"Hey Steve - why don't you go start up the Jeep." He suggested. "I think we're about ready to leave..."

"Okay." Steve agreed, glad to get out of the store, as John walked up to the front desk carrying something small in his hand. "Remember what I said, young friend..." the Owner called after him, making him even more uncomfortable as he hurried out.

* * * * *

"Well - I think I'll turn in..." Toni said, rising and yawning almost theatrically. "Okay - don't let the bedbugs bite." Brad said.

"He ain't just whistlin' Dixie, either." John deadpanned tossing his ring from hand to hand. "This place had bedbugs the size of dogs - well, if you count a Chihuahua as a dog, which I don't..."

"Yeah - right." Toni snorted. With a defiantly feminine flip of her head, she headed towards the hall leading towards the bedrooms... and hoped that Steve was watching her ass as she walked away. She knew she was too muscular and flat chested for most guys, but she also knew that she had a world-class ass, and she hoped - prayed - Steve had noticed that fact.

She'd picked the room down at the end of the hall. Once a 'study', it was the smallest of the four, and separated from the rest of the bedrooms - indeed, the rest of the cabin - by the back-door mudroom... which was why she'd chosen it.

Closing the door behind her, she slid the old fashioned metal latch into place and walked towards the bed, slowly shedding her clothes as she went. Sitting down on the bed, she bit her full lower lip and glanced at the door, double checking the fact that she'd latched it even though she clearly remembered doing so a second ago.

When she'd left the curio store, the last to leave, she'd claimed that she hadn't found anything she wanted - but that wasn't quite true. In fact, she had purchased something - something she'd been shocked to find in the store. Something she wasn't willing to tell the boys about, and had hidden in her purse. Now, she picked her purse up from the bed-side table and opened the large knapsack-like shoulder bag, throwing another nervous look at the door.

Blushing slightly, she extracted her purchase...

...a huge, thick black plastic dildo, realistically 'contoured' with veins and all. Grasping the huge black phallus in one hand, she lay back on the bed, spreading her muscular ebony legs wide and letting her eyes slide close.

Slowly, she began to build an image in her mind's eye. A movie, actually - a mental film. A fantasy...

The knock on the door was hesitant, unsure, and Steve's voice came through the wood, sounding uncertain.

'Uh... Tonisha? Do you mind if I come in for a second...?' Tonisha smiled. 'It's open, Steve...'

The door opened, and Steve stepped into the room, shoulders hunched and eyes downcast. He pushed the door shut behind him - and the instant it was closed, he straightened, an easy smile coming to his face as he eyed Tonisha's sleekly

muscled - but most definitely feminine - form, lingering for a second on the firm, round D-cup breasts that thrust from her ebony chest.

'You have no idea how hard it is to play the 'nerd' all the time, my love...' Steve said in a confident, controlled tone as his hands began to unbutton his shirt...

Whispering Steve's name, Toni pressed the head of the enormous dildo into the warm, wet embrace of her womanhood...

* * * * *

"So, uh, um..." Steve stuttered in embarrassment as a faint - but most definitely feminine moan - of pleasure floated from the back of the cabin. "That, uh... that's an interesting ring, uh, John..."

John glanced down at the gold-colored ring he'd been tossing back and forth, then slid it onto the finger of his left hand - a convoluted band surmounted with a 'Jester' face, complete with drooping cap with bells. It was the item he'd bought at the curio shop, unable to pass it up. He'd been showing it off all evening - but now he was completely uninterested in his new purchase.

"Yeah, right, whatever..." He said, grinning. "We ain't deaf, boy - we hear her back there. I bet we even know what's in her head as she's fingering herself, buddy - it ain't subtle. So, c'mon - you gonna be a good friend and nail her at least once, or what?"

Steve's faint blush darkened until he bore an eerie resemblance to a cooked lobster.

Brad, sitting on the couch, was playing with the 'bejeweled' pewter wrist cuffs he's bought. Looking like something from the Hercules or Xena TV shows, they went well with his massive physique, and he seemed to get an inordinate pleasure out of bouncing light from them onto the walls, especially from the raised letter - 'TRUTH' on the right bracer and 'IGNORANCE' on the left. Now, however, he glanced over at John with a look of disgust.

"Geez, dude - that's sick." He said, grimacing. "Toni... Well, Toni's just one of the guys."

* * * * *

She thrust her hips frantically, hands driving the dildo deep into her womanhood at the thought of her and...

...Steve fucking wildly. Gasping, he arched his back, hands working the shaft of his enormous cock as it gushed heavy, thick streams of cum up onto his muscular chest and belly.

Burning with shame at the strange homosexual thoughts he couldn't keep from thinking about Steve, Tony released his slowly softening monster and slumped back on the bed, wondering what the hell was wrong with him and why he couldn't stop thinking about Steve like that...

* * * * *

"Yeah, I know what you mean." John said, shrugging. "I swear, if I didn't know the all the women he screwed, I'd swear he was gay the way he acts around Stevey-boy here."

Steve blinked. "Huh? Who are you talking about?"

John blinked at Steve. "Duh, ain't you been listening, Steve - we're talking about Tony." Steve frowned in confusion. "Toni? What about her?"

" 'Her' who...?" Brad asked. "What are you talking about, Steve?"

Steve, still blushing, shook his head and lowered his eyes - obviously the guys were making some sort of joke about Toni being 'one of the guys', and he - as usual - just hadn't caught on.

"Well - it's a long drive, and I'm bushed." John said, stretching theatrically. "I'm gonna sack out, boys." "Me, too." Brad said, getting off the couch.

"Yeah..." Steve said, also getting up. The trio of guys headed for the bedrooms, switching off the lights...

...and as he was about to close the door to his room, Steve was surprised to hear a deep rumble from the end of the hall. Shaking his head at the chainsaw-like snoring Toni was producing, he closed the door.

* * * * *

"Mornin'..." Tony said, yawning, as he walked into the kitchen where John and Brad were already drinking coffee. John glanced up - and laughed.

"What?" Tony asked, frowning. John pointed at him - then at Brad...

Tony was wearing a pair of black shorts and a matching tank-top... and Brad was wearing a similar outfit, except in white. "Put a set of bracers on you, too, and you could be a color-reversed matched set..." John laughed.

"Yeah, yeah..." Tony muttered, grabbing the coffee pot, the light streaming in the window glancing off the polished pewter of his bracers. "We'd fetch a good price on the slave market, right? Matched bodyguards or something...?"

"Something like that..." John said, shaking his head.

"I dunno..." Brad said. "I think it's kinda cool, us having matching bracers."

"Of course you do." Tony said, eyebrow rising. "You're the one who bought them for us to wear." He glanced around. "Steve not up yet?"

Brad and John shared a look, as usual, then Brad cleared his throat.

"He'll be in any minute now..." he muttered, more just to say something than anything else...

* * * * *

Steve suddenly sat bolt upright, inexplicably yanked out of a deep sleep.

Blinking and yawning, he cocked his head and wondered what the hell had woken him - but there didn't seem to be any unusually loud sounds going on. Perhaps somebody had dropped something - which meant somebody had to be up, and his chances of falling back asleep were slim.

Still yawning, Steve pulled on a pair of frayed, somewhat baggy denim shorts and a somewhat baggy faded black T-shirt that was so long it hung almost low enough to hide the shorts altogether, wondering why he had a strange sense of urgency thrumming through his still sleep-sodden body. Shaking his head to clear it, he opened the door to his room and padded out to the kitchen.

"Morning Every..." He started, heading towards the coffee-pot... and then noticed something odd about Toni, and did a double-take...

If Toni had been born a fraternal twin, this person is what her brother might have looked like. Aside from the inherent differences between men and women, this guy was the near spitting-image of Tony... so much so, that at first glance he'd nearly passed for the muscular, under-endowed black women. The think that had caused the double-take, though, was the fact that this guy certainly wasn't under-endowed, not from the way his shorts bulged at the crotch - but all that was secondary to the question of who this guy was, and why did he look so much like Toni...

"Uh, um..." Steve stammered, stopping dead and pointing at the black man, aware of the odd looks John and Steve - and the stranger - were giving him. "Who, uh... who are you?"

The other three shared a long look.

"Geez, Steve..." the big black man rumbled in a deep voice, an odd look on his face. "What the hell do you mean, 'who am I'? It's me - Tony."

"But, uh, no... I mean, uh... Toni's a woman, and you're not, and..." Steve stammered, uncertainly, wondering what the hell was going on. Was this some sort of elaborate joke...?

The three of them shared another odd look - then Brad spoke.

"Geez, Steve - you must still be half asleep." He said, shaking his head. "I mean, Tony's a guy, dude - you know that..."

Steve gasped as he felt the entire universe shift two inches to the left... at least, that's what it felt like to him as his mind was flooded with sudden knowledge and memories. Meeting Tony at the Gamer's Guild, the first adventure, everything... yet, running parallel to that was the set of memories involving Toni. Both were as equally 'real' to him, equally complete and

comprehensive... and it was only the fact that he also remembered what he just said that let him know which of the two equally valid sets of memories was the one he'd had first...

He opened his mouth to ask what the hell was going on...

"Tony's a girl?" John asked, incredulously, chuckling. "No way, man - hell, out of the four of us, you're the one with the biggest set of boobs..."

Steve started to turn towards John... when he felt a strange pressure in his chest. He gasped, eyes dropping downward...

...and he watched in horror as his shirt stirred and began to push outwards, forming two well-defined bumps. Bumps shaped by the flesh under the shirt, the flesh he could feel rubbing against the shirt... as his chest swelled outwards into unmistakable contours.

Stunned, confused and horrified, Steve reached up and grabbed his chest through the shirt, feeling his hands being pressed further out by the rapidly swelling mounds beneath the fabric...

...and feeling his hands through the flesh inside the shirt, as well as the very weight of the swelling mounds of what his mind was trying to deny.

"Oh my god!" Steve shouted, staggering back, his hands tightening painfully on the firm mounds inside his shirt, giving voice to the impossibility he wanted to deny. "I... I just grew tits!"

He didn't want to admit it, but there was no way around it - his hands were clutching a pair of firm, dome-shaped breasts through the thin fabric of his shirt. They weren't very large, all things considered - perhaps a 'C' cup - but since he wasn't supposed to have tits at all, they seemed huge riding on his chest.

The three guys shared another long look, eyebrows raised.

"What do you mean you 'just grew' tits?" Tony asked, confused. "You've always had tits, Steve."

Steve stared at Tony in confusion. What was happening here? Why didn't anybody seem to notice what was going on - and how the hell was this happening anyway? How did Toni become Tony? How and why had he, himself, just grown a pair of tits?

Before he could ask any of these questions, Brad spoke.

"Yeah..." He said, sounding a little annoyed at Steve's strange antics. "Stop freaking out and acting like anything weird's going on."

Instantly, Steve found himself relaxing, his face smoothing into his usual expression of mild uncertainty. He didn't want to 'relax', not with what was happening - but he couldn't help it. Though his emotions were churning and whirling inside, he found himself unable to express any of them.

"Sorry." He said, hesitantly - and almost unwillingly, finding the need to apologize so strong he was helpless to stop himself. He found himself doing exactly what he would have done if nothing strange was going on - pouring himself a cup of coffee.

The confusion and shock continued to roil inside Steve's somewhat pudgy body as he drank his coffee and listened to the other three chat over theirs. He didn't join in conversations like this very much, and he didn't this morning - but he watched, wondering what the hell was going on. Had something happened to them to make them act as if nothing was going on, just the way he was finding himself forced to act?

Their conversation was about what he would have expected otherwise - except for the fact that everything was wrong, but nobody was mentioning it. It was the normal friendly give-and-take about nothing in particular.

After finishing his coffee, Steve shyly excused himself and walked from the kitchen - and as soon as he was out of sight of the others, he hurried to the bathroom. There, he yanked his shirt up and stared at the reflection in the mirror.

Sure enough, a pair of mostly feminine-looking breasts were riding on his chest, covered lightly with the same dark body hair his chest had always boasted - but his chest had never 'boasted' these smooth round mounds before, tipped with large nipples.

Hesitantly, he cupped the new breasts riding on his otherwise masculine chest, the sensation transmitted through both hand and chest, proving that this was real and not some bizarre delusion.

"What the hell is going on...?" He asked himself, letting the shirt drop and mostly conceal the impossible, unwanted breasts - though the slight mounding of the fabric over them still gave mute evidence to their existence...

* * * * *

"So - what the hell is with Steve this morning?" Tony asked, shaking his head... and mentally dreaming of getting his hands on Steve's pudgy little body, which was still driving him crazy with a mixture of disgust and desire. "It's like he didn't even know he has tits."

Brad snorted. "Maybe that's because the shirt he was wearing is so dark and baggy it practically hides them." John laughed. "Shirt? Hell, that isn't a shirt - it's a fuckin' dress..."

* * * * *

Steve was still staring at his reflection in shame and horror, trying to deny what he was seeing, when he felt the strangest sensation, and his eyes widened in shock.

The fabric covering his chest was writhing, flowing - and he could feel the sensation of the fabric tightening and contracting as it altered shape and texture - as well as being able to see it happen.

He gasped as the shirt pulled in tighter, changing it's contours - and in the space of a few seconds, he was no longer wearing a shirt, but a black shirt-dress, with short-sleeves and a T-shirt neckline, but fitting tight to his paunchy body down to the waist before flaring out slightly over his hips. The fabric had become slightly thicker and stiffer, holding it's shape better - as well as the feminine garment could over a body ill-suited to the style, with the dress revealing too clearly both his breasts and his paunch.

"No..." He moaned, shaking his head and unconsciously taking a step back from the mirror, as if distancing himself from the visual proof that his tactile senses were confirming could make it go away...

* * * * *

Tony was glad that his skin coloring made a blush harder to detect as he tried desperately to sound casual, voicing a question that he'd been wondering in his imaginations, the ones that bothered him so. Since the topic had happened to come up, he figured it was a good place to 'innocently' ask the question...

"So..." He said, hoping his voice didn't sound as nervous to the others as it did to his own ears. "Do you think Steve wears a bra under his dresses, or what?"

Brad frowned and shrugged. "I'd never really thought about it, but I guess he does."

"Yeah." John wise-cracked. "Bra, panties, nylons and heels - Stevey wears the whole outfit..."

* * * * *

If having his shirt change into a shirt dress felt weird, what happened next was even more disconcerting for Steve, who was barely coping with the changes that had already occurred.

The world seemed to shrink slightly - except he was aware that the world was receding downward, but that he was rising slightly upwards, as something enclosed his feet and gripped them firmly - even a bit painfully, at the toes. Yet that wasn't the only thing happening - because he could feel a strange 'slithering' sensation climbing up his legs even as his underwear pulled almost painfully tight across his hips and ass. Beneath the new dress he wore, something wrapped itself around his hairy new tits and held them firmly in a soft grip even as a new pressure formed across his back and over his shoulder in discrete bands of force.

Though he'd never worn a bra in his life, Steve had no trouble figuring out that it was what was creating the sensations on his chest - and that was no great leap of logic, considering what the mirror showed - black nylons enclosing his thick, hairy legs, large black platform pumps with seven-inch heels enclosing his large feet. All the accouterments of feminine clothing, on a hairy, mostly masculine body topped with a fully-bearded face.

"I.. I'm a freak...!" Steve gasped, near tears from what was happening to him. Blindly, seeking reassurance and help of any sort, he turned and headed towards the kitchen, bracing himself against the wall as he staggered and stumbled atop the high, slender heels.

* * * * *

John's head turned at the sound of high-heels clattering in the hallway, an uncoordinated sound that was a mess of staccato clicks and awkward thumps.

"Geez - is that Stevey?" He said, frowning. "He sounds like he's gonna fall off his heels."

"Naw..." Brad said, shaking his head - after all, Steve had been wearing high heels on the weekends for as long as the three of them had known him. "He walks perfectly well in heels."

* * * * *

Suddenly, to a dismaying combination of relief and horror, Steve found his stride even out and become easy and comfortable - as if he had years of experience walking in high-heeled shoes. With a damning, almost perfectly feminine grace, he finished the walk to the kitchen, hating the fact that he was moving so easily and gracefully in heels, but grateful that he wasn't about to fall and break an ankle. With the easy stride, he entered the kitchen...

...and his miserable, stunned expression faded and he couldn't so much as bring up what had just happened to him as he shyly nodded to the other three and refilled his coffee cup and headed towards the table to sit down with them...

"We were just talking about you." Brad said, conversationally, trying to make his oddly-acting cross-dressing friend feel more comfortable by 'complimenting' him. "You really move all graceful and feminine, you know?"

"Thanks.." Steve muttered, uncomfortable, sitting down - and drawing one knee up under the other, tucking his nylon-clad right leg under himself in a graceful position that felt awkward to him and drew his unseen new panties painfully tight across his crotch. It was an undeniably feminine position, especially with the way he sort of tilted his upper body as he rested his left wrist on the table, near his coffee mug - but he couldn't help himself.

He'd sat down next to John - mainly because it was as far away as he could get from Toni.. uh, Tony, who was eyeing him with a slightly hungry look. Now, the dark-haired young man glanced down at Steve's lower half.

"What...?" Steve asked in concern, glancing down in fear that something else had changed without him even noticing...

"Not the least bit hairy at all, are you?" John asked, sarcastically - then smiled and clapped Steve on the shoulder. "Aw, c'mon, I'm just joking - if you want to shave your legs and wear women's clothes, that's fine with me. You know that."

Steve barely heard John's magnanimous comment - he was too busy staring at legs that had suddenly become smooth and hairless - as was the rest of his body, he was sure. From the feel of it, his facial hair was gone as well.

Somehow, his friends were pushing him towards femininity, apparently unaware what they were doing. Steve wasn't stupid - he could see that John's comment had made his body hair disappear.. and the instant it had, John's memories had altered so that the joke he'd just made had been different, something about Steve shaving off his body hair...

Steve now knew what was initiating the changes in him, if not the 'how' or 'why'... and he couldn't do a damned thing about it. The earlier comment made it impossible for him to act as if anything strange was going on, and so he had no basis to mention his changes at all, much less to tell his friends to shut up - or to 'suggest' him back to his normal self. He was helpless, trapped in this situation as if everything was normal, unable to say anything that wouldn't be completely normal in the view of his friend's altered memories.

"So, anyway..." Tony said. "We've decided to just spend the day hanging out here. After all the driving yesterday, we don't want to drive anywhere." He grinned. "We're even having a delivery service bring some beer and booze. It costs a bit more, but we don't have to drive anywhere."

"Yeah - you gonna chip in?" Brad asked. All of them knew cash was tight for Steve, and if he pleaded that excuse, they'd happily cover his booze expenses for the weekend... but there was a perfectly 'normal' opening created by Brad's question, one that would let Steve escape to his room, at least for a few minutes, where he wouldn't be 'constrained' by the way he had to act around his friends.

"Yeah, sure - I'll just go grab some money..." Steve said, rising smoothly and gracefully to his heels, and turning towards the door...

"Just has to go grab his purse..." John cracked as Steve walked out the door - and he wasn't at all surprised to reach his room and find a black patent-leather purse sitting on the dresser, containing his money and ID - and various other odds and ends, more than he usually carried, since they would have 'cluttered' his pockets, but there was plenty of room in the purse...

Steve was almost in a state of shock, barely able to think coherently as the changes continued to rapidly pile up. For such 'little' things like his wallet being replaced by a purse he was almost numb - after all, it was a minor thing next to what was being to his body.

Grabbing some money from the purse, he swayed gracefully atop the heels back to the kitchen, handing the money to Brad.

Sitting down, Steve finished the cup of coffee he'd poured, sipping at it slowly and calmly to all appearances, listening to the ebb and flow of conversation around the table with a leaden ball of apprehension in his gut as he waited for another change...

Nothing happened. They weren't talking about him, so nothing came up that caused a change to him... but that didn't mean he didn't see anything happen to verify his friend's new, incomprehensible powers.

It came when Tony shifted. He'd been out of the conversation for a few minutes, and staring at Steve in a way that made him distinctly uncomfortable - and then the big black man that only Steve remembered ever being female shifted uncomfortably - and the old, battered wooden chair he was resting on creaked alarmingly under his weight, drawing the other's attention.

"Something wrong?" Brad asked.

"Naw - just getting comfortable. Things were a little... confining, if you know what I mean." He grinned boyishly. "'Course, you wouldn't know just what it's like to have such a big, thick cock gettin' in the way all the time..."

Brad rolled his eyes - and John couldn't resist.

"Oh, come on..." He said, in an exaggerated sigh. "Just because you're just a teeny-tiny little bit bigger than Brad and I, you never let us forget it..."

Then, almost synchronously, he and Brad shifted the way Tony just had, and Steve had the sudden conviction that Brad and John now possessed bulges just slightly smaller than Tony's own.

When, a few minutes later, there was a knock on the front door, he was absolutely sure... "All right!" Brad crowed. "The booze is here!"

He rose, followed by John and Tony - and Steve saw that they were, indeed, much better endowed than before. At least he hadn't been changed... except that getting a much larger cock would have been a step in the right direction, he thought sourly to himself as he trailed the other three out to the front door to help with the booze supply. He didn't particularly want to display his altered body and attire to the delivery person, but being helpful was the way he was, and not doing so would have been too 'weird' - he couldn't help himself.

Quickly he grabbed two cases of beer and hurried them towards the kitchen, hating how easily he moved atop the heels.

* * * * *

Staring as Steve disappeared into the kitchen, the delivery guy lowered his voice and spoke to Brad, who was signing the delivery sheet.

"No offense or anything - but isn't he just a little... uh, 'heavy' to be wearing something like that?" He jerked his head in the direction Steve had gone.

Brad automatically jumped to his friend's defense, face going flat with anger. "Steve has the perfect figure for that outfit - understand?"

* * * * *

Tony put the cases of beer he was lugging down on the kitchen counter - and looked over at Steve, who was looking in the silvery surface behind the stove, using it like a mirror.

He was entitled to admire himself, Tony thought, feeling his cock stir again, and still feeling awkward about the situation. After all, he wasn't gay or anything - but Steve looked so damned good when he dressed up as a woman, especially from behind. Sure, his legs were just 'so-so', and his face was obviously masculine under his short hair - but that figure! Slender and supple, with a slim waist and womanly hips... and, to top it all off, a pair of firm C-cup tits. Of course, it wasn't surprising that Steve dressed in women's clothes on the weekends - after all, because of the strange genetic 'goof up' in his body, he was mostly female in appearance, naturally, right down to the tits he'd grown at puberty. Sure, it must have been rough on the slender young guy to find himself become more feminine-looking during puberty rather than masculine... but he'd adapted so well to his strange genetic background that he could play the woman damned near perfectly - so Tony's weird, kinda perverted attraction to Steve when he was being 'girlie' wasn't completely freaky...

* * * * *

Steve couldn't believe it - all the pounds had just melted away in a few seconds, leaving behind a slender - feminine - frame. Especially since his shoulders had narrowed and his hips widened, providing him with a very feminine hourglass figure that looked completely at home in the dress. All in all, from the neck down his body could pass as a completely average girl, his cock hidden behind the skirt - it was mainly just his face that was masculine, and even it had softened somewhat. His hands and feet were somewhat large and knobby, but within the range of 'acceptable' for a woman, if not particularly 'dainty'.

It was just after ten o'clock in the morning - and he'd gone from fully male to mostly feminine looking since awakening. The thought of what he'd look like by tonight scared the living shit out of him.

Then there was tomorrow. Then the next day... who knew how long his friends would have this inexplicable power?

Steve wasn't the most comfortable guy at the best of times - shy, withdrawn, socially awkward, quite often unsure of himself. Now, more than ever, he felt lost and adrift - not just in life, but in reality. He'd thought his life was 'unstable' before, with little he could count on - now he was finding out the things he could have relied on only by having them taken away from him - his very form and identity, even his ability to react 'naturally', even if that reaction would have been just to curl up in a ball and beg the uncaring universe to change him back...

"Lookin' good, Stevie..."

Steve, startled, whirled around - to find Tony standing close by, a look in his eye that Steve was used to seeing from the female Toni that, apparently, only he remembered existing. He hadn't been happy to see it in 'her' eyes, but would gladly see it now rather than having him look that way at him...

Then the thought struck him that things were the same, only different - he, as a all-male Steve, had been uncomfortable with a female Toni's attentions. Now, he was on his way to womanhood, and Tony was eyeing him with the same look...

He couldn't even get a break in that.

"Uh, thanks..." Steve muttered, able to show his discomfort at the compliment because it would be natural for him, anyway - but Tony apparently had no memories to let him know just how uncomfortable Steve was. As far as anybody remember, Steve was a cross- dresser, and there was nothing new or unusual about him having a woman's figure and a pair of tits. They didn't even realize they were changing him, which was 'bitter-sweet' - at least it was nice to know that they weren't doing this intentionally. Still, the net effect of the three guys making comments was...

Steve's mind screeched to a halt as he realized something - it wasn't the three guys who were changing him. It was apparently just John and Brad who had the odd powers...

Since Toni/Tony had claimed not to have purchased anything at the curio shop it was easy for Steve to draw the right conclusion from the wrong data. After all, as far as he knew, the only people who had any power to change anything about him was John - whose sarcastic, witty comments were becoming fact rather than folly, - and Brad, whose statements were becoming simple truth...

A joker's jokes coming true - after buying a 'joker' ring... and a brawny young man's statements becoming the 'Truth' as on his bracers.

There was the one glimmer of hope - now that he knew that the Curios were causing this, then there was a chance that the man who'd sold them could do something about it. The man had tried to warn Steve, who hadn't understood at the time - but now, maybe the same 'sympathy' that had moved the man to try and warn him might be called upon to change him back.

Steve was just trying to figure out how to put this to use... when Brad stuck his head around the door frame. "Hey - we're gonna role-play." He said. "I'm gonna GM a twisted little adventure I came up with..."

Steve's blood ran cold - as he found himself saying 'I'll get my stuff - What type of character do I need?'

He couldn't help himself. Brad had stated it as an absolute - and so now it was true. They were going to role-play, and Brad was going to be the Game Master...

"No - I've got your character." Brad grinned. "That's one of the neat things about this game - we're playing ourselves..."

Now Steve's blood was as cold as ice-water in his veins... but he couldn't help but follow Brad out to the living room, Tony following behind, and sitting around the coffee-table, where the stuff was already laid out.

"Okay - here's the story." Brad started. "All four of us are here, in the cabin - but the world isn't the same as the one we're in. We're in a world where Witches and Warlocks, after centuries of hiding, have decided to try and take power..."

Suddenly, reality seemed to waver - as the conscious minds of all four obeyed the 'truth' of Brad's words, and were pulled into another version of reality - the version of reality in the adventure...

+ + + +

Anybody looking in the window of the cabin would have seen an odd sight - four people, three of the obviously male and one of them a little more difficult to peg, sitting bolt upright, staring into the distance. Their faces were wooden and their eyes and voices were blank, their motions mechanical as they played their adventure. Their bodies were here, in 'reality' - but a large part of their conscious minds were locked into a shared 'delusion', playing out the game in their mind's eyes that their bodies were playing in reality...

..and Brad describing what was happening to 'them'.

For the next four hours, twenty-seven minutes and thirty-three second, the four of them played woodenly, unaware of what was going on in 'the real world' as Brad continued making statements as to what was happening...

...and then, exactly twenty-four hours after they'd left the Curio shop, they game-world wavered. The time-limit on the Curios had been reached, and it was time to 'edit' reality to accept the changes wrought by the magic of the Curios...

* * * * *

In a shop that didn't really exist in any one time or place, a powerful being of many appearances and guises throughout the century was sitting, feeling the thrum of his current 'lessons' among the mortal world.

Loki felt the power of his Curios build as the time limit arrived. After centuries of meddling in human affairs, he was still excited by these 'edits' to history. Ever since humanity had managed to lock away the rest of his brethren, the Demi-Deity had been forced to rely on this form of 'interference' for his entertainment - and entertainment it was, too, for he had thousands upon thousands of memories, his incredibly powerful brain easily capable of holding the thousands of altered time-lines in his memory. Every time he sold his Curios, the foolish Mortals altered history as far back as their own births - and thus provided the thousands of 'what if' versions of human history for Loki to peruse, his own metaphysical 'soap opera', with thousands of episodes...

...except, after centuries, he'd grown lax, and not considered all the possibilities, placing weaker and weaker 'safeties' on his magical items.

Though powerful and ancient, Loki wasn't infallible - and now he screamed with inhuman pain, doubled over, as the magic of his Curios intermingled with the unreal-yet-real magic the Curios had created from the game-world of Brad's 'twisted little adventure'. It was like boiling acid searing his brain as his supposed 'automatic' curious failed to integrate the levels and levels of time-lines - including the altered one from the game scenario.

Loki was not used to pain, certainly not searing pain like this. It was in self defense that he reached out his enormous powers almost blindly, grasping the overlapping waves of reality that the Curios were trying to integrate - and twisting them to the fastest, easiest configuration, breaking the feedback loop - and throwing himself out of the mortal realm for the next several centuries as all those thousands of time-lines merged, erasing the ones that, after being altered, hadn't 'really' happened. All those thousands of time-lines - including the one that had existed before the four youths had come into his shop - were erased, leaving only one behind - the one that matched the altered history that John, Brad and Toni/Tony remembered. Now, every human being alive, every history book, remembered the same version of history - small changes really, since they didn't extend back any further than the oldest of the four youths, and didn't effect much except them and the people they'd met through their lives...

...except that, in his pain, Loki forgot the Steve hadn't purchased any curio, and so wasn't within the 'umbrella' of obviousness to the changes - yet, being changed himself, he was separate from the rest of the human time-line...

Loki, as he was thrown out of the mortal continuum, simply didn't consider Steve's unique situation as he picked the first and easiest set of circumstances to allow his escape from the pain...

* * * * *

Steve stared in shock at the slender, feminine-looking figure he'd just acquired, reflected in the stainless-steel metal behind the stove...

...except that he wasn't even in the kitchen. He was sitting in the living room.

Steve's mind staggered and swirled as it appeared - to him - that he'd instantly and seamlessly transported from the kitchen to the living room, from standing to sitting - and from mid-morning to mid-afternoon, from the way the light coming in the windows looked.

However, as much as his mind was trying to cope with the sudden change of time, location and position, it was mostly concerned with trying to make sense of what it was seeing at the moment.

He was sitting on the couch - except the couch seemed to be bigger and softer than it had been before, and 'sitting' was entirely accurate - he was more 'lounging comfortably' in it.

Across from him, on the other couch, Tony, Brad and John sat - and they were looking at him with looks of lust...

...and they were naked, revealing every inch of their bodies s- and their hard, thick, throbbing cocks. Huge, hard, ready-to-use cocks... Then, to further confuse Steve's already lagging, whirling, barely-coping mind, John spoke.

"C'mon, Staci - let's have some fun "

"Staci ?" Steve said, confused, starting to glance to his left to see if there was somebody beside him - the stopping, eyes going wide, as the voice that he'd just spoken in registered. The warm, most definitely feminine voice.

"Staci - is there something wrong?" Tony asked in confusion - but Steve... Staci?... barely heard as he glanced down... ..at herself.

Black patent-leather pumps with six-inch heels enclosing dainty, feminine feet. Long, luscious legs, clad in black fishnet stockings - stockings that disappeared under the short, ruffled black skirt with a white ruffled apron over it. A skirt whose waistband was cinched tight around a slender waist...

...that she couldn't really see, as it was in the shadow of the enormous, firm, milky tits that strained the matching black satin top of her custom-made 'French maid' uniform that she loved best out of her various costumes, and...

Her mind screeched to a staggered halt as she 'remembered' something that never happened - herself admiring herself in the mirror this morning after choosing the French Maid costume. Herself - a stunningly beautiful, sexy young woman with huge, firm tits and a bright, cheerful face with a sharp-bridged nose and full lips, framed by a thick, luxurious mane of silky chestnut hair, now done in an elaborate style under her little white cap.

Who would ever believe 'shy little Staci', the librarian who wore baggy, colorless clothes and no make-up had a huge pair of tits strapped down painfully tight under her big, baggy sweater. Who would believe her thick glasses were zero-prescription fakes. Who would believe that, alone with her three hugely-endowed friends and lovers, 'shy little Staci' revealed her true self - a nymphomaniac into 'role- playing', dressing up as the Sexy Secretary or Naughty Nurse, Horny Housewife or Passionate Policewoman...

...or, her favorite, the Frilly, Fuck-Happy French Maid...

Staci shuddered as the new 'memories' slammed into her mind like a hammer-blow - and yet they were 'false' memories. Not memories of actual events, but a mixture of 'real life' memories from being 'shy Steve' who became confident while playing their games... and a sort of 'information' version of Staci's life, like a description written out for a character...

Staci gasped, shuddering again as she tried to cope with what was happening to her... "Staci...?" Tony said, in genuine concern. "Staci - what's wrong...?"

She snapped her head up, eyes wide, and stared at him, mouth opening to say something - anything - in hysterical shock...

...and she stopped, staring at his muscular body... and hard, throbbing cock.

"Wrong...?" She asked, numbly - then slowly began to smile, hungrily. "What's wrong... is that I'm sooooo horny..."

The words slipped out before she could stop them - but that didn't mean they weren't true... because, looking at the naked, hugely- endowed man, Staci felt a wave of insatiable desire thunder through her body. Part of her tried to insist that she stop, that she think... but, whatever might have come before, the raging lust of her new identity was real enough, as real as her new body - in this new time- line, she had incredibly strong sexual urges that built during the week while she was 'playing' the public version of Staci... and now, on the weekend, were so strong that her body was throbbing with lust and desire.

'God... I'm so very horny...' She thought to herself, slowly rising from the couch. 'This is all so strange and new I remember being

Steve, and I know how weird - even sick - this is... but I just need it so bad '

With a sensual stride, she crossed the short distance separating her from the three men.

'Part of me thinks I shouldn't do this.. that I should just let these urges build and build until I explode ' She thought. 'But this is my new body - this is who I am now.... and I can't resist them. I could never say no to my friends... and now I need this.. badly '

Reaching Tony, she felt an urge to kneel - and she did so, drawing closer to the huge, throbbing cock thrust from his crotch.

'I've never sucked a cock before - or not 'really'. I don't even have any memories of doing so as Staci - yet it's like somebody wrote down on a character sheet that I 'love sucking cock', and I know this - but as a fact... I wonder if it's true '

She smiled at Tony and slowly licked her full, feminine lips - then bent her head, opening those lips to enclose the head of his hard, thick shaft...

It felt wonderful sliding into her warm, wet mouth.

'Does it feel wonderful because that's how it 'really' feels ?' She wondered vaguely as she closed her lips around the throbbing cock and wrapped one hand as far around the massive shaft as she could. ' or is it because my Staci-mind has been altered to make me think it is so wonderful? How would I know?'

Staci slurped hungrily at the cock with an expertise she didn't even know she had - as she felt John's hands behind her, guiding her ass up. She moved from a crouch to standing, bent over, her mouth and hands still busy on Tony's wonderful, huge shaft - as John peeled her panties down and flipped her short, frilly skirt up, revealing her sopping wet cunt...

If her mouth wasn't so happily full of delicious, warm cock, she would have screamed in pleasure as John pressed his huge cock against her sopping wet cunt - and then thrust himself in, filling her tight pussy completely with his magnificent man-meat.

She was in heaven - sucking and fucking, just like this nympho body of hers was designed to be. Her huge tits jiggled and shook as John pounded his huge man-meat deep into her cunt again and again, causing intense waves of pleasure to thunder through her body as she desperately concentrated on not letting her impending orgasm for the hard, delightful fucking from behind interfere with her skillful blowjob.

She vaguely heard Brad say something, urging the guys to hurry up because it was 'almost time' - but she was too busy to thinking about it, lost in waves of pleasure at being used the way a woman like her should be - as a receptacle for huge, throbbing, pleasure- inducing cocks.

Then all three of them came at one, all stiffening as cum gushed down her eager throat and into her warm, ready cunt, increasing the pleasure she felt as...

...as she suddenly jerked and shuddered in utter, pure, horrified disgust at what she was doing. She yanked her mouth off of Tony's huge cock, getting several wads of sticky, disgusting cum on her face and the upper slope of her tits as she yanked herself of the cock penetrating - penetrating! - her unwanted new cunt.

"Oh, God - what the hell happened to me...?" She sobbed, pulling herself away from the guys, tasting the sickly salty flavor of cum in her mouth, feeling the disgustingly pleasant after-glow of a female orgasm as sticky cum dribbled down her leg.

She couldn't believe what she'd just done - she'd just fucked Tony and John. She'd just willingly given in to the urges she felt because of her made-up life as.. as a female librarian named.. named... the memories were fading. She couldn't even recall everything that had led her to believe she wanted this. Instead, she could remember everything else, her real life - as a man, damn it!. How the hell could she have let herself...

"See, I told you!" Brad said, annoyed. "Geez - we only had a quarter-charge of 'Staci' left, but you guys wanted your French Maid so damned bad you couldn't wait until tomorrow..."

Mind still spinning, it took Steve a second to understand what Brad had just said.

"Wha.. What are you talking about...?" She gasped.. and was amazed to hear her voice warble and crack, sliding down the registers.. as her body began to tingle.

Staring down at herself, she was stunned to see her French Maid uniform... disintegrating. It was like it was turning to dust, self- destructing...

...as the body beneath it began to change. Her tits began to pull back into her body, shrinking rapidly... as a sensation in her crotch unlike anything she ever felt made itself known...

"Shit - even the body charge is wearing off." Brad swore, angrily. "Damn it, I don't wanna see Steve - that just ruins it for me, y'know?" "Wimp." John sneered.

"Wha.. what's going on...?" Steve gasped, as 'her' body slid towards the masculine. "What's charged? Anything?"

"Uh... just 'Bambi'." Tony said, looking in a black suitcase. His voice turned accusing. "If you hadn't forgotten the AC/DC converted so we coulda charged them on the ride up..."

"Oh - just use 'Bambi'. It'll last until one of the other's are charged."

Steve, halfway masculine, backed away from the three guys, eyes wide in confused horror... as Tony pulled a strange-looking device out of the bag.

Steve didn't have the 'altered' memories of this timeline - so he didn't 'remember' what the guys remembered. How they'd gone to a 'geek-fest' - the Gamer's Guild - to find somebody they thought nobody would miss. Somebody they could use their devices on - the ones that the aliens who had abducted them and turned them into incredibly well-endowed guys (even Toni) had given them as payment... and as part of their on-going experiment in human sexuality...

So Steve didn't realize the threat in the odd-looking device as Tony pointed it and pressed the button....

* * * * *

Bambi shook her head, trying to clear it - then smiled.

"Gee, guys - where ya' been?" She said, with a giggle, snapping her bubble cum and bouncing on her toes, causing her big DDD-cup tits to jiggle under the pink-and-white sweater she wore. Her short, white tennis skirt shifted with the movement, revealing her pink panties in a brief flash.

"Waiting for you, honey..." The big, muscular blond one - Bob? Bill? Bart ? said with a grin.

"Gee... that's great!" Bambi giggled, eyes going to his huge, thick, throbbing cock... and feeling the familiar heat growing in her groin....

* * * * *

Watching the dim-witted blonde eighteen-year-old energetically bounce atop Brad's cock, Tony leaned over to John.

"Okay - so she's got more pure energy than any of the others... she's also got less brains. I just don't like the 'full mental' ones."

John snorted. "That's 'cause you're a sick lesbian turned into a man. You get off on the ones where it's Steve's mind trapped in a woman's body, helpless to keep from obeying us."

Tony looked over at him. "Hey - you like it too, admit it."

John shrugged with a grin. "Okay, yeah, I've got the same tastes as you do - helpless sex-slave with huge tits, original mind intact. It really gets me off. It's just Brad who like the 'whole woman' thing - he's queasy with knowing she's 'really' a guy - and he thinks Bambi's tits are too big, even though their just little DDD-cups."

"Too bad he was with us when we got scooped." Tony sighed. "He's really a pain ion the ass..."

John checked to make sure Brad was still fully involved. "Say - why don't we charge the units, and then..." He grinned, wickedly. "Tomorrow you can have 'Sarah', and I'll take 'Betty'."

Getting the drift almost immediately, Tony grinned back...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After he tries to rape a witch, he quickly finds out about justice as he is forced to deal with his new female body.

Justice

By Gunslinger

The eighteen-wheeler thundered over the two lanes of scarred black-top, stirring a trail of dust and debris behind it, sucked along in the suction of the transport's passing.

The dust-laden wind whistled through a patch of shrubbery bordering the gravel shoulder, leaving it shuddering. For several seconds, the sound of the truck's passage caused an unnatural silence in the air, until the local wildlife, feeling safe - for now - began to emit their nightly serenade.

From behind the patch of shrubbery, a darker shadow stirred in the still air, then slowly rose, resolving into the figure of a man. His bulky figure was dressed in faded denim and cotton, and the back-pack thrown over one broad shoulder was worn with use and time. A faded and oil-stained black ball-cap bore the faded yellow legend of 'CAT' above its curved brim.

Grant looked around carefully, his head up and his nose wrinkling in an unconscious imitation of a wolf scenting for prey. He knew the basic mistake of many people close to roads was to focus all their attention on what might be approaching on the asphalt ribbon - when it was always possible that there was somebody traversing the fields that lay behind the rusting barb-wire fences.

The moon was bright in a three-quarter phase, but still cast dark shadows that could conceal trouble. Grant completed two complete circles, letting his peripheral vision watch for movement while he focused on potential 'problems'. Finally satisfied, the large-boned man stepped onto the gravel verge and began making time westward, moving with surprising grace and balance for such a heavy, awkward- looking man.

Only moments had passed when Grant found what he was looking for - a fence into the field of grain to his right. Looking around once more, Grant approached the bed-frame style gate and eyed the rusting chain that held it closed. Typically, the primitive latch wasn't padlocked, merely wrapped around the gate and post a few times to keep stray wind from swinging it open. Unwrapping the chain, Grant swung the wide gate open, then turned his back on the gate and moved once more to the road.

Laying his back-pack in some long grasses, he dug through the worn pack, emerging with three empty beer-bottles. With all the prodigious force his muscular arms afforded, the big man smashed the bottles in the lane nearest to him, about a dozen yards short of the gate. With his foot, he carefully spread the sharp fragments over the road, occasionally stooping and carefully flipping shards over so they lay with the jagged edges upwards.

Stepping back, he eyed his work once more. Satisfied, he nodded once, sharply, to himself, then trotted back to the open gate, pausing only long enough to retrieve a couple of items from the concealed bag.

Fading back into the tree-line that edged the field, Grant lifted the pair of compact sport binoculars to his eyes and waited. He didn't have long to wait.

The glow of light reflecting off the trees lining the crest of the rise was his first hint, even before the car came into view. As the vehicle crested the rise, Grant focused the powerful little optical unit on the driver's silhouette, making the snap judgment he required - which in this case was fairly easy.

It was a woman - traveling alone.

Although he still didn't know if she would be 'suitable', it was a good start - last time, the first vehicle had held three college boys, and he'd had to rush out and flag the vehicle away from the glass. Once stopped, he'd been forced to use the

'damn drunk kids' speech, and pretend to be clearing the road. The trio of students, however, were rare enough to have had a social conscience, and had insisted on 'helping' him clean the glass away...

Even as the woman's car - a smaller Domestic model - reached the glass, Grant was assessing what he saw. It was too late to wave her off, but he still needed to decide how to play it.

As the front right tire on the small, light-colored vehicle - a Shadow, perhaps, or a Sundance... - was punctured, releasing almost all of its air with a muffled 'thud', Grant had already decided. The woman behind the wheel guided the shuddering vehicle to a stop on the gravel shoulder, and Grant counted - slowly - to sixty before moving towards the disabled vehicle, with restrained speed.

The driver was tall for a woman, and a little more sharp-featured than Grant would have preferred, but she had a trim figure that was nicely displayed by tapered slacks and a simple, sleeveless white blouse. From the look on the brunette's face, Grant knew that at least one other tire was suffering from a slower leak than the exploded front tire - it was the look of a person with at least two flats, and only one spare.

Grant slowed, then stopped, still a good distance away from the car. "Havin' some trouble, miss?" Grant called, carefully modulating his voice.

The woman's head came up sharply, and she took a step backwards, placing herself directly beside the open door on the driver's side. Grant's dark eyes noted the way her slender, manicured hand dipped into her purse and stayed there, and a little light went off in his brain. He cursed himself for not noticing that she'd slung her purse before climbing out of the car, but it was much too late to change the game-plan now.

"I seem to have had a blow-out." The woman said, her voice remarkably calm - which confirmed Grant's suspicion. Well, you couldn't plan for everything, he told himself philosophically.

"Oh." Grant said. "That's a shame." He looked around, purposefully turning his back completely to her as he scanned the road. Still with his back to her, he crouched down - leaving himself 'vulnerable' to anything she might do. Pointing, he looked back over his shoulder, finding the woman in exactly the same position and posture.

"Glass on the road, miss." Grant said, slowly rising. "Probably some of the lads havin' a bit too much fun. At least two of 'em get stopped by the Sheriff every week for drinkin' and driving." He shrugged ruefully. "So - rather than get caught with open bottles, they just chuck 'em."

It was working, he saw - just as it always did. Thank God for the inbred complacency of people, he thought with a mental grin - life was good when you were one of the wolves among the sheep.

"Can I give you a hand, miss?" He asked, politely. He didn't even take a few steps closer. "If you like, I can trot back to the house and call triple-A for you."

The woman finally let her features relax, even if she didn't smile. Better yet, her hand emerged from her purse - empty - although it remained close to the loosened flap.

"That'd be great, thanks." She replied, and Grant discovered she had one of those voices he didn't like - a little too strident, almost masculine in cadence and strength, if higher in pitch.

"No problem, miss - but can I ask a favor?" He lifted his other 'prop', the leash. "I'm out here looking for my dog - like an idiot, I forgot to close the gate."

Per the script, the woman's eyes went to the open gate and back to Grant, letting him know things were right on the money.

"He's just a pup - his name's Cory, and my daughter would be just devastated if I lost him." Grant 'explained' with just the right tone. "He's friendly, and if you know his name he'll come when you call, stranger or not. Can I leave you the leash while I go - just in case?"

The woman shrugged. "Sure - that's be fine, I guess."

Grant took a couple of steps closer and pitched the balled-up leash, making sure she could catch it. Hours of practice made the motion easy, and the leash practically dropped into the woman's hands.

"Did you want me to bring you something to drink, miss - coffee or something?" Grant asked. "I could..."

He broke off and raised himself to his toes, looking past the woman's shoulder. In a voice that was both relieved and scolding, Grant called out.

"Cory! Bad dog - you come here right now!"

Even as the woman began her turn to look, Grant was moving, his large frame moving with shocking speed and agility as he closed the distance.

The woman caught the movement out of the corner of her eye. But there was too many factors at work - the inertia of her turn, the speed of her reflexes, and the slow-down in her mental processes that insisted that 'the nice farmer' must be heading for his dog, before realizing the threat.

Still, her hand dipped for her purse - but she'd forgotten about the leash that - naturally - she'd caught by instinct with her right hand, and by the time she'd released the leash, it was too late.

Grant's heavy body slammed into the woman, pinning her against the open door of the car - which creaked in protest - and temporarily stealing her breath. Grant used that to his advantage - in the same movement he ripped the purse from her shoulder and flipped her face-down on the ground, yanking her arms back and behind her.

Reaching into a pocket, Grant removed two long plastic 'slip-ties' - the sort used to hold bundles together, they were also used by law-enforcement agencies as temporary 'cuffs'.

That's what Grant used them for, quickly securing her hands and ankles before she could get her breath back. By the time she did begin to struggle, it was too late.

He expected her to scream, - considering the remote location, he hadn't bothered to gag her - so it came a surprise when she spoke in a slightly breathless, but otherwise eerily composed, voice.

"You won't get away with this."

Grant snorted in contempt. "You expect the State Police to 'arrive in the nick of time', maybe?"

Her voice turned quietly dangerous. "I don't need rescuing - you have no idea who you're dealing with."

Grant snorted contemptuously - but the self-possessed nature of her tone bothered him. Despite himself, he felt a chill up his spine at the power of her voice.

He reached for the purse, telling himself he didn't want the gun inside for protection - just to make sure it was 'safe'.

He flipped open the typically cluttered purse - and blinked. While it was typically cluttered, there was nothing typical about what made up that clutter - instead, the large back bag contained some of the oddest things he'd seen, unidentifiable aside from the fact that they seemed to be various small bags made from fine mesh netting, each containing dried matter of some kind.

"What the hell is this shit?" Grant asked, irritably. Everything had gone perfectly, so far - but he didn't like irregularities in his game plan, no matter how minor. He reached into the bag to dig for the gun. "This stuff smells like..."

Suddenly, helplessly, he went completely still, unable to move. The only motion of his body was the rhythmic motion of his lungs - otherwise, he was completely paralyzed, from his toes to the hand now locked around one of the bags.

"Those..." The woman said with a hint of humor. "...are my charms."

Incredibly, Grant watched from the corner of his immobile eyes as she rose from the ground and fastidiously dusted herself off. "I'm a witch, you see." She 'explained' calmly.

Grant might have scoffed at the comment - except for the fact he was completely unable to scoff, or do anything else. He was locked in place as the woman looked at him with contempt.

"So - what's your name?" She asked.

"Grant Lewis." Grant replied - with more than a hint of fear. He hadn't planned on answering. He hadn't even known he could answer - but the words had popped from his mouth, unbidden.

The woman stiffened, as if electrified. "Did you say... Grant Lewis?"

Helplessly, Grant spoke against his will, verifying his name. The woman seemed to flounder for a moment, and Grant, through his fear, felt some satisfaction knowing that the police reports that had occasionally circulated over the years had made an impression on the women who heard it.

"Well, Grant - what were you planning to do with me?" The woman finally asked a bit shakily, leaning against the door jamb. "Rape you repeatedly, then kill you." Grant replied - again, unwillingly.

"I thought as much." The woman said, and now Grant felt unfamiliar tendrils of panic beginning to twine through his stomach. Before that sensation could exploded into anything else, however, the woman smiled - not unkindly.

"Well, I guess it's up to me to make sure that you never, ever commit such a horrendous act again." She stated, her voice heavy with an emotion that Grant couldn't place. "So - sleep, Grant, sleep "

And the world went dark, and Grant knew nothing more.

* * * * *

Grant jerked awake with a start, his sharp mind already starting to process information as he remembered the last few moments of consciousness, the inexplicable events, and the danger he was now...

His mind stopped it's processing, shut down with an overload of sensory information that was... wrong. He looked down. And screamed.

It was an instinctive reaction, and even as it started he was shamed by being so surprised as to loose his normal iron control of himself. Then that anger at himself was swept away as he registered the sound emerging from his lips. A high-pitched, shrill scream that would have been worth thousands in the hey-day of Hollywood 'B' horrors.

That sound, that high-pitched scream, trailed off with a strangled sound as Grant's hands flew to his throat. Well - to the smooth throat, devoid of an Adam's apple, that was in place of his throat.

Closing his eyes, Grant struggled for control, very nearly hyperventilating with the rush of emotions that he seemed incapable of controlling as he usually did. Even that was worse than it should be - for with each hitching breath, the odd sensation from his chest recurred, destroying his attempts to ignore them.

Finally grabbing some sort of control - tenuous at best, but better than nothing - Grant forced himself to open his eyes and stare at his feet, stretched out in front of him from where he sat.

Only - they weren't his feet.

He was staring at a pair of feet that must be considerably smaller than what he'd expected to see. How much smaller, it was hard to tell, exactly, as these feet were encased in a black leather boot, with a blockish heel that looked to be three or so inches high. The boot continued up his... well, the legs that were attached to the feet, ending at the slightly knobby knees. Above the boot lay legs that were encased in nylons of an unusual sort - the pattern on them was almost like that of a piano keyboard turned sideways, in 'black' on... well, almost clear but slightly tan/brown. However, unlike a piano keyboard, there were 'black keys' on every 'white' space. The thin lines marking the 'white keys' ran around the entire leg, while the 'black keys' took up only half the leg, on the outside of each leg.

These nylons, in turn, disappeared up under a short black skirt. This naturally led the eye to the top above the skirt. It was a blue fabric that buttoned up to a fairly low v-neck that displayed...

...displayed...

...cleavage?!

There was no doubt about it - the smooth curves on either side of a shadowed area - there were breasts pushing out the blouse. Not huge, they also weren't tiny - but Grant had never tried to judge breast size from this angle before, and it threw off his perception. It also threw off his mind, which almost slipped out from the tenuous hold he was keeping it under. Quickly, he shifted his gaze to the side, where he could look at the silvery fabric of the jacket that hung open over top of the blouse. His eyes wandered down the silver sleeve to the hand that protruded from the end of it. Slender and feminine, it had ragged nails that had been gnawed short, covered with a chipped layer of a red/pink nail polish.

Near to the feminine hand - the one that twitched or moved when Grant willed it to (he wouldn't think about that right now, no he wouldn't.) lay a back-pack, a faded black one. He eyed this for a couple minutes, a safe place to keep his eyes while forcing his mind back into a bad parody of control. However, it was enough that he didn't break down as he realized that he was looking at the bag through a thin screen of something that - when he focused his eyes on it - turned out to be a swatch of dark red hair hanging from his head.

In short, he'd just taken stock of the body that he was residing in - and it gave all the indications of being female.

Refusing to accept it, Grant closed his eyes to think. It didn't help much - there was a plethora of sensations that continued to intrude, with or without visual input. The constriction of the leather boots over the soft, silky feel of the nylons, the cool air moving over the bare portion of the nyloned legs - and up the skirt to a crotch that should be pressured by the way the legs were pressed together - but wasn't.

He forced his mind away from the implications of that - and found himself noticing, once more, the soft sensations that came with every breath, as the firm masses of flesh filling out the blouse shifted slightly with each cycle of inhalation and exhalation...

"This isn't real." Grant told himself firmly - not reassured but the feminine voice that spoke the words. Pushing that aside, he continued, telling himself what *must* be true. "She drugged me, or hypnotized me, or something." He wanted to believe that he was just dressed up in women's clothes for humiliation - but there was too much going against that theory. The body inside the female clothes bore nothing in common with his bulky, obviously masculine one.

But everything felt so *real*...

Pushing that thought aside for the moment, Grant took a deep breath and slid one hand up the skirt...

Smooth, nylon-encased thighs. Panties - but not men's briefs, but something else, that hugged the smooth crotch. And beneath the panties...

A slit. Slightly moist and warm, surrounded by a little, neatly trimmed patch of hair. With a small nub of flesh at the... "Ohh..." Grant yanked his hand away, mentally amending it to 'a small, *extremely* sensitive nub of flesh'.

It took a couple more long minutes to gather his control once more. Aside from anything purely physical, for some reason his concentration was scattered, his mind confused and his emotions stronger and closer to the forefront.

He focused himself, working it through. There had to be a logical explanation to this... hallucination. Drugs, hypnosis, something....

He considered each logical alternative...

...and none of them fit well enough. His mind struggled to fit a square peg into a round hole, and with each failure that panic tried to push him ahead, to overwhelm her completely...

...no, no, *him*. Overwhelm *him* completely. He *wasn't* a woman! "I am not a woman, god damn it!" He said, loudly and angrily...

...in a high-pitched, feminine voice.

And, somewhere in his mind, a dry, sarcastic voice he recognized as his own asked '*Wanna bet?*'

Forcing aside the unwelcome thought from part of his own mind - and he refused to believe it was the part he'd always thought of as the 'detached, logical observer' - Grant turned his attention away from the impossible body that seemed to be encasing his life-force, and turned it outwards, amazed that he'd wasted so much time ignoring his surroundings, no matter what the cause of that distraction.

He (*she* corrected that dry voice in his head) was in a field somewhere. A frayed blanket lay beside him (*her*), obviously tossed aside during the motions of sleep. Only luck had kept it out of the small, carefully banked fire pit now filled with only a few fading embers.

Somewhere in the near distance there was the sound of traffic, mostly heavy vehicles such as trucks, but the origin of the sound was hidden by the low shrubs that surrounded his (*her*) resting place.

Trying very, very hard to ignore the sensation created by the movement, Grant slowly rose to... the feet at the end of the legs that were supporting this body. As the view-point shifted, Grant realized that it was early morning, and that the field he (*she*) was in was located a short distance from a truck-stop on a highway. None of it looked familiar to Grant, and from the chill in the air and the lay of the land, it was obvious that it was quite some distance - Northward - of where he was last night.

If it *was* 'last night' the dry voice in his head remarked, refusing to accept anything at all for granted anymore.

Taking a deep breath to calm himself - as much as possible - Grant considered what he could do - ignoring the dry voice's suggestion that he just give in to panic and have a nice, long cry.

If there was anything he refused to do, that was it.

Instead, Grant squared the narrow shoulders under the silver jacket. Leaning down - and trying to ignore the way the breasts shifted inside the blouse - he rolled up the blanket and tied it into the straps of the back-pack, which he threw over his (*her*) shoulder.

It was only after a moment, as he (*she*) made his (*her*) way down the hill that Grant realized that he (*she*) was moving easily and naturally atop the thick heels on the boots, as if he/*she* had plenty of experience walking in heels.

Pausing in shock for a second, he/*she* finally pushed the thought aside as irrelevant. Would he/*she* prefer barely being able to walk? Shaking his/*her* head he/*she* continued on his/*her* way down the hill to the truck stop.

Despite the early hour of the morning - about seven or so - there was a fair amount of business going on at the fuel pumps and in the restaurant. The number of people around didn't help Grant deal with the situation any better - *she* was all too aware of the people around, and what they would see - if any of this was real, that is. *She* still hadn't decided how to deal with this, but for right now *she'd* just 'pretend', and handle it the best *she* could.

Pushing open the door, Grant entered the warmth of the restaurant, the rich smells washing through the room until she felt a rich hunger. Ignoring those cravings, she headed towards the washrooms...

She was just reaching for the handle when it opened from the inside, and the burly man stepping through the door almost ran into her.

"Opps - wrong one, honey." The man said with a smile. "Over there." He pointed to the door marked with the symbol for the Ladies' Room.

Numbly, Grant turned, ignoring the man brushing past her as she stared at the door. No matter what was going on, the other people seemed to accept this as real, and her as a woman - that is, if any of this was real.

Taking a deep breath, she forced herself - haltingly - to pull the door open and enter the ladies room.

There was one woman in the room, and she was just heading for the door. She looked at Grant oddly, and Grant had a sudden, vivid image of her screaming, calling for help...

"Excuse me - can I get by?" The woman asked, politely enough, and Grant realized she was blocking the door. Suddenly, tension she didn't even know was there ran out, leaving her feeling limp and weak as she stepped aside, allowing the woman to get out.

Feeling hesitant - and afraid - she slowly approached the mirrors over the sinks, feeling a building fear in her stomach as she neared them, not wanting to look and see...

A girl. About eighteen or nineteen. Beneath a shock of shoulder-length, dark-red hair lay a face that was... unremarkable. Neither beautiful or ugly, it was a face that was female - and that was about it. Make-up struggled to accentuate the better features of the young face, like the full lips and large, dark eyes - but the under-defined jaw and slightly large nose made it a weak effort. The best the face could manage was 'cute'.

Numbly, Grant pulled the jacket open and looked at the reflection in the mirror. From this angle, she could judge her tits to be about a firm D-cup, and maybe the best feature on a body that was a little too thick in the waist. The legs were nice enough, if not remarkable, and the ass in the short skirt was just passable. In short, she was a completely average young woman...

"No!" She... *he*, damn it, *he!*... ground out between clenched teeth, realizing that sometime in the past few minutes she'd fallen into the habit of referring to herself in the feminine..

Damn it, *himself* in the feminine. Just because the body he was in was female... *appeared* to be female, was no reason for her to.. *him*, *him!*... to get into the habit of calling herself...

"God *DAMN* it!" Grant swore to herself - and was horrified to find herself on the edge of tears. Confused, scared and angry, she hurriedly retreated to the privacy of a stall, closing the door and sitting on the toilet while she struggled to sort out her own mind.

Basically, the problem was a simple one - on a deep level, she was dealing with this as some form or reality - one in which, impossibly, she was... well, she - was a female. So, she was calling herself 'herself', and referring to herself in the feminine.

The problem being that, on a level much closer to the surface, she didn't want to accept this as reality. She didn't want to be female, or use the feminine terms in referring to herself. Yet it happened, unless she made a conscious effort to avoid it. Like a Freudian slip, or using somebody's real name instead of the character's name during a play. She was calling herself female

because that's what the cold mental processes of her mind insisted was the right term for the body in which Grant inexplicable found herself.

Grant shuddered under the implications - and, to her shame, felt tears began to trickle down her soft, hairless cheeks. No matter how much she fought to deny it, there was simply too much 'evidence' to the contrary of what she wished to believe. Like somebody trying to convince herself that the sky really wasn't blue, she was being overwhelmed by reality - no matter how impossible that reality was.

Angrily, she wiped the tears from her face with a swatch of toilet paper and took a deep breath. For the first time since awakening, she forced herself to think about her situation without allowing emotions seep into her thought processes. Instead, she forced herself to look at the situation as if she were outside of it, not connected.

She was female. She didn't know how it was possible, but this was a fact. If she tried to fight this fact, to deny the actual existence and nature of the form she was currently trapped in, then she was denying reality - which, technically, was the definition of insanity. As crazy as it sounded, the only way to deal with this sanely was accept that it had happened and move on to the next step.

It had something to do with that woman - the one who claimed to be a witch. Grant didn't believe in witchcraft - or hadn't. But, given enough evidence to the contrary, she'd have to accept it as a possible working theory. Which meant that, to get her body back, she'd have to find that woman - or another 'witch'. However, she wasn't ready to accept that any person who claimed to have powers really would - a vast majority of them would be frauds. The only person whom she could 'safely' assume was a witch was the one who'd done this in the first place.

Having looked at it from the outside, she now tried to apply it to herself - and again her mind balked at accepting this. But with relentless force she drove the thoughts home - the only way out of this meant that she'd have to 'play' at being female. The world at large would see her as female, and she would have to match the form she wore until she could get changed back. She knew that trying to convince people that she was really a guy whom a witch had trapped in this body would only get her locked up in some loony bin.

Having determined that - at least for now - she'd have to play the part of the young woman he appeared to be, Grant suddenly found that he once more had a handle on herself. Instead of denial, she was once more thinking 'logically', and was planning how to get out of this situation, instead of denying it existed at all.

To that end, Grant opened the back-pack and rummaged through it. It contained some packaged food, a couple of warm bottles of water, a few changes of underwear, twenty-seven dollars in crumpled bills...

...and ID for 'Rebecca Vetterly', with 'her' face looking from the small, grainy photo.

Sitting on the toilet, Grant looked at the ID and took a deep breath. Over the years he'd 'played' lots of different roles for 'The Hunt' - from the one he'd used on the 'witch', to the time he'd painted a car like a State Police cruiser, made a uniform, and acted like a cop. So, this would just be another role - and, he thought wryly, amore convincing one than usual.

Rummaging through the pack, he found a couple of more items. Aside from the loose change at the bottom, there was a couple of packs of cigarettes, a lighter and two packs of 'strike anywhere' matches, a few pieces of cheap, showy jewelry - and a credit card, in her name.

Closing her eyes, Grant - no, she thought to herself, getting into character - 'Becky' worked out her story in her head, going over it again and again, fleshing it out and committing it to memory.

Finally, satisfied, Becky rose from the toilet and opened the door to the stall. The thought of being a woman was still unnerving, uncomfortable, horrifying - but if she let herself dwell on that, she'd break down. No - the only way out was through - she'd have to stay completely in persona of a twenty-one year old (*and with a stupid 'baby face' that makes me look younger*) girl on her way home to Windy Falls, Tennessee, after flunking out of collage.

Then, she'd stake out that same road just outside of town and wait until that 'witch' came by again.

Walking out of the woman's washroom - and making a mental note never to make that mistake again while she was 'Becky', - she headed out into the parking lot.

The first thing she did was light a cigarette. Grant had never smoked before, but the easy way she drew the smoke into her lungs confirmed Becky's suspicions that she was a smoker - which helped explain the erratic emotions, nervousness and irritability that she'd been experiencing. She'd been going through withdrawal.

Indeed, after a few puffs of the cigarette, she found herself feeling much calmer. Looking around, she spotted what she wanted over to the left, and strolled over to the large map mounted under a Plexiglas shield. Thankfully, they assumed that you were stupid and marked the truck-stop with a star and the words 'You Are Here'. Normally, she would have been annoyed at the insult to her intelligence - but in this case, she blessed them for it.

To her surprise, she wasn't as far north as she'd assumed from the weather. She frowned, then butted out the last of the smoke and dug into the pack, pulling out the cheap watch that was inside. She pressed the buttons on the side of the digital timepiece, and was finally rewarded by the date.

If the watch was accurate, it was nearly two months after 'last night'.

Once more, fear began to rise as something else unexpected loomed. However, compared to waking up in the body of a twenty-one year old red-head of the wrong gender, a little thing like a missing two months could be put aside for later. Right now, it didn't really interfere in her plans...

...or, perhaps it did. But not negatively. In fact, instead of flunking out of college, the date was just perfect for her to be hitch-hiking home to surprise her parents for Thanksgiving.

Satisfied at the small alteration in her cover story, Becky looked around, and spotted what she'd hoped to see. Moving quickly, she trotted across the parking-lot.

Immediately, she wanted to stop, but didn't dare. Instead, she had to put up with the irritating intrusion of sensation - her bouncing tits, the cool air moving over nylon-encased thighs, and the disturbing emptiness of her crotch. Although she'd been forced to accept this condition - temporary condition - of womanhood to be real, she still didn't have to like the physical reminders of it that insisted on making themselves known. Like how much weaker she was now, how much shorter and lighter, less able to fend for herself...

...after being the wolf, she was now the sheep.

The thought - unvoiced until now - almost brought Becky to a shuddering halt. If it wasn't for the hurry she was in, it would have - but she forced herself to shove the thought aside, not having time to deal with it.

"Excuse me!" She called, huffing slightly, and surprised at the sound of her new, feminine voice even though she'd been expecting it. The truck driver stopped in the process of swinging the door shut. "Yeah?"

Becky smiled - forcing it, even though it was only a small, shy one. "Which way are you heading?" The trucker's brow rose. "Going to Kentucky. You looking for a lift?"

Becky nodded. "Yeah - I'm heading to Tennessee, myself - a surprise visit for Thanksgiving. Another truck might get me closer, but I'd prefer..."

The female trucker nodded. "Smart girl. I don't like to see you hitch-hiking at all, mind you - but at least you're being careful." She looked thoughtful. "I ain't supposed to give anyone a lift - but I guess I can make an exception. 'Long as you promise not to tell on me, I figure'll be all right. Hop on up."

"Thanks." Becky said, scrambling around the other side of the truck. Climbing into the cab once again reminded her 'sharply' that she lacked her previous strength - although she was more agile than she'd expected. "I really appreciate this."

"No problem," The trucker said with a smile, stretching a tanned, callused hand out. "I'm Carla, by the way." "Becky." She said, not even hesitating before giving 'her' name.

* * * * *

She was walking down a dark secondary highway. Trees, loosing the last of the autumn foliage, rustled overhead as the fallen leaves rustled under the heels of her boots. Shivering, Becky drew her coat tighter around herself. She paused, digging out a cigarette and touching the flame to the end of it, bringing it into glowing life.

Then, behind her, she heard the sound of a footstep on the carpet of brittle leaves.

Gasping, she spun around, the cigarette falling from suddenly nerveless fingers.

Materializing out of the gloom only a few feet away, a hulking shadow solidified into the figure of a man. His bulky figure was dressed in faded denim and cotton, and the back-pack thrown over one broad shoulder was worn with use and time. A faded and oil-stained black ball-cap bore the faded yellow legend of 'CAT' above its curved brim.

"Hey, babe - what's a nice girl like you doing on a deserted road like this?" His voice was deep and menacing, and there was no warmth in the shining crescent of teeth he displayed in a mad grin.

Spinning, Becky ran. Her blood pounded through her veins as adrenaline rushed through her system, and she sprinted for her life.

She heard laughter behind, cruel, cold laughter that sent chills down her spine - chills overshadowed by the ones that arose at the sound of leaves crunching under his feet as he launched into a full blown sprint, his long legs covering more distance than her own, shorter ones.

Becky cursed herself - every extra pound on her body from every extra snack. Once a source of embarrassment over her looks, it now became a matter of life and death as she pushed herself to the limit.

A hand touched her shoulder.

Screaming, she pulled away from the grasping hand, ducking that shoulder under and launching forward from the grip. But she had no more to give, and the extra speed of that push went beyond what her legs could keep up with. For a few steps, she appeared almost to be dancing, her feet skittering over the top of the leaves rather than pressing down on them as she fell forward.

Then she was downward, and her outstretched hands took the brunt of the fall. She landed on hands and knees, and immediately pushed off forward, as if a sprinter from a mark...

...and ran into a guardrail. Grunting at the impact, she collapsed forward, bent over the waist-high railing.

Trying to rise, she was stopped by her own lack of breath and by the strong hands that pressed downwards. She screamed again, her voice fading off into the deep stillness of the empty country side as the massive man behind her laughed again.

Then his hands gripped her skirt and tore it and the panties underneath, exposing her to the chill air as she began to cry at her helplessness.

"Well, what a tender piece of ass..." the man chuckled. She felt him move....

...then pain exploded. It was as if she was being torn apart as something huge and warm and stiff crushed against her virgin asshole - and pushed.

She creamed, shrilly, begging him to stop - but he only laughed harder, shoving deeper and deeper into her, now lubricated by the unholy mixture of feces and blood as he filled her with a size never meant for her.

Then he began to drive into her, each pistoning an eternity of pain and humiliation as she begged for release.

She lost consciousness twice, three time - each time being yanked back by the unbearable pain that the unconsciousness was trying to let her escape from. She screamed louder than she had ever believed possible, and now she was begging God to make him stop.

But he didn't. The agony only intensified as he drove his massive member deeper and deeper into her with each stroke. Now blood ran freely from her, coating each leg, and she no longer pleaded for it to end - but for life itself to end.

As the cigarette she'd dropped brought the leaves to life in a blazing inferno, back-lighting the monster who finally withdrew, whirling her around to face him one last time, he seemed to be both a hellish demon and the angel of mercy as he granted her that last wish, grasping her head in his massive hands and twisting until...

* * * * *

"Becky! Wake up!"

She sat bolt upright, screaming mindlessly, her eyes staring off into nothingness.

It took Carla several minutes to calm her down enough that she could begin thinking again.

When she asked Becky what had been so horrific a nightmare, Becky shuddered and refused to discuss it. She was barely capable of handling it herself - the dream of her, not knowing who she really was, being attacked by... himself. Seeing himself as some horrible monster, feeling the pain....

"It's nothing." She said quietly, laying back in the bunk of the truck.

Carla, doubting it, but not willing to push the young red-head on the subject, merely nodded and settled back into the driver's seat. Putting the truck back into gear, she accelerated away from where she'd pulled the truck over when Becky had screamed.

Grant, trapped in Becky's body, drew Becky's knees up to Becky's chest and, almost silently, began to chant. "I am Grant Lewis. I am not Becky Vetterly. I am the wolf. She is the sheep. I am Grant Lewis "

* * * * *

"Here - take this money." Carla insisted.

Grant had to think fast at that one. Becky wouldn't - but then again, he wasn't really Becky, and this would be the last he'd ever see of this annoying, 'mothering' bitch.

"Thanks - I appreciated it." He said, using Becky's simpering female voice to good ends. Taking the cash, he forced himself to wait until Carla's truck pulled away, even lifting Becky's pathetic, weak hand in farewell.

Then, sure that it couldn't be seen at this distance, Grant curled the thumb and three fingers inward, leaving Becky's dainty middle finger extended.

Turning away, Grant tucked Becky's shoulders tighter into her jacket and headed off down the road stretching away from the 'T' intersection. As he walked, he cursed Becky for her impractical boots - with those damned heels - and the thin nylons that did nothing to keep her legs warm. What the hell did women think about when they bought clothes, anyway?

Since last night - and the nightmare - Grant had realized he'd almost fallen into the trap that damned witch had set - empathizing with some young cunt, indeed. Well, from now on he'd be sure to keep 'her' and himself separate. After all - he might be in her body, but he wasn't her - he was a man, body be damned.

It took a lot of effort to remember and use the masculine references at all times, but after last night Grant didn't care, even if it did mean that he spent a lot of time with his mind occupied by remembering his masculinity and watching for possible slips. It might dull his edge, slow him down a bit and ruin his long-term concentration - but it was worth it, by God. He was a man, and he wasn't going to forget it.

Being in this bitch's body just made him the vaunted 'wolf in sheep's clothing'. That was all.

* * * * *

Becky curled up in bed, feeling better. A hotel room with a nice, comfortable bed - and a shower. She'd been wearing the same clothes for four days, and it was good to feel clean and warm and comfortable. Buying some new clothes with the last of Carla's money would make her feel better about hiking tomorrow, too.

Sighing with pleasure, she snuggled deeper into the bed... "Wakey, wakey, bitch!"

Becky screamed as the blankets were torn off the bed - revealing her fully dressed in the new clothes she'd just bought. Jeans, a warm sweater, socks and shoes - sturdy hiking clothes, but how had she gotten on her...

"God - that's just awful, bitch - you almost don't look like a girl no more!" The man's voice was full of sarcastic, evil glee, and Becky stopped worrying about how she'd gotten dressed, and instead tried to pull away from this hulking monster in her motel room....

...only to find that she was, inexplicably, tied spread eagle to the bedposts.

She screamed again, but no-one came to her rescue as the man, with gleeful maliciousness, made disparaging remarks about her 'manly' clothing and proceeded to cut it off of her with a switch-blade - and each cut went much, much deeper than just through the fabric.

Her screams became different - no longer intelligible cries for help, they were wordless shrieks of agony as the knife bit deep with each cut.

But she was still alive when he had his way with her. And when he flipped her over and had his way with her again. And when he took the knife and told her that, since the baggy sweater had hid her tits so well, she might as well not have any...

* * * * *

Gasping, sheathed in a cold sweat, Grant jerked bolt upright, unable to draw breath as the agony from the dozens of cuts on her body...

There were no cuts. Even as she... he managed to draw a ragged breath, the intense recollection of pain faded, leaving her limp and shuddering.

Curling up in the bed, she whimpered. She... he fought against the memory, so vivid, so... real.

But she couldn't sleep until she... he got up and thoroughly washed the soiled clothing he'd first awakened in, hanging it on the shower curtain so that it would be dry and ready to wear tomorrow. Only then was Grant able to curl up in bed and try to sleep once more, repeating the mantra over and over in her head.

* * * * *

Cursing the nylons, which did nothing to cut the bitter wind, Grant continued on, her legs almost numb from the day's walk.

She had no more money, and there would be no motel tonight. There might have been, if she hadn't wasted her money of clothes that she'd had to leave in the motel, afraid to even touch them. She cursed that fear, too - but the memory of the pain and violation that she associated with them was too sharp and clear to be ignored.

Shuddering, she veered off the side of the road into the shadow of a small stand of trees that blocked the worst of the wind. Dropping her bag, Grant searched around for rocks and stray branches, seeming to move in slow motion. It was even harder today to hold onto his... her... no...

She paused in her work for a second and focused. His! It was even harder to hold onto his identity today - he had to stop and think consciously about it. The two nights without sleep were to blame for her lack of concentration, and almost zombie-like state. Coherent thought just seemed to slip away from him.. her! Slip away from her when she...

She? No - he. When he wasn't paying close attention to his thoughts. And she couldn't do that, and do anything else as well. It was one or the other, never both.

Finally getting a small fire built, she curled up as close to it as he could and pulled the blanket of her, letting the warmth seep through him as she drifted off to sleep.

* * * * *

Grant smiled as Becky slid back into the passenger's seat of the station wagon, her figure lit by the flickering from the drive-in's screen.

"What, no popcorn?" Grant asked, leaning over to claim a warm kiss. She melted into his arms, and the kiss deepened as he embraced her warmly.

Finally breaking the kiss - but staying intertwined with Becky, Grant smiled. "By the way, I've been meaning to ask all evening - why the jeans and sweater? You usually wouldn't be caught dead in jeans."

Becky smiled mysteriously, but didn't answer. Instead, she pulled him off balance, and he scooted his butt over to her side, wondering what she was up to.

He found out seconds later as she slowly slid downwards, one hand unzipping his fly. Grant, startled, opened his mouth to say something - but Becky opened her mouth, too, and not to say anything, either.

Grant sighed then let his head loll back as she worked with surprising skill, her hands joining her lips on his shaft as she skillfully brought him closer and closer to...

* * * * *

The figure by the fire made an incoherent sound in the shallow sleep that held it, and twitched.

* * * * *

Becky, choosing the right moment, bit down hard.

As Grant screamed, she rose up, feeling the power she always felt at this point - when she let the sheep know the wolf was in the fold.

"This is what's with the Jeans..." Becky hissed - and unzipped her pants to reveal her massive, thick cock. Laughing, she forced the screaming man's legs apart and...

* * * * *

The figure by the fire twitched, making a muffled scream.

* * * * *

Becky screamed as Becky drove her huge cock into his unprepared cunt. He cried out for mercy, but she ignored him, and Becky could only writhe in pain and humiliation as Becky fucked him with his massive tool...

* * * * *

With a scream, Becky awoke, shivering from the sweat that bathed her from head to foot.

"No... It's not real..." She moaned, climbing to her feet and wrapping the blanket around her. "I'm not Becky Lewis... I'm Rebecca Vetterly..." She paused, trying to sort through the images running through her mind. "I mean I'm Grant Vetterly, not... I'm Be..."

She stopped, staring into the darkness, and whimpered. "Who am I?"

* * * * *

Becky walked along the edge of the highway, his dark eyes staring off into the distance without seeing anything. A chill breeze rippled across her nyloned legs, causing a shiver, but it didn't really register on the mind that was struggling to hold together some semblance of coherency.

She could no longer remember what was the nightmare, and what was real. He thought that Grant might be a real person, and actually raped and killed women - but how could she be Grant? But - wasn't she Grant? Was she a wolf - or was he a monster?

Three nights with no more than a few minutes of sleep - on top of which, those few minutes of sleep were horrible nightmares - or pleasant dreams, depending on who she was. But what was the nightmare? The ones Becky had while she slept - which seemed to be Grant's life during the day? Or Grant's? Was Grant real - or just in her nightmare, and the thoughts she was him just carry-overs from those dark dreams? Or... but how... but he was... when did.. how... who... what...

She realized she'd come to a dead stop on the verge of the highway, mind spinning uselessly. Taking a deep breath, she fumbled a cigarette out and lit it, then forced her legs to keep moving, her mind struggling to keep track of reality.

Stumbling along, she almost passed the building set off to the side of the road. It was an aging, obviously abandoned old farmhouse, small and weathered - but it was basically intact.

Staggering inside, Becky found that the roof was patching, and would leak in the rain - but in weather like this, it stopped the wind. Better yet, there was a fireplace along one wall that looked serviceable...

Soon she had a fire going, and settled in near it, wrapping the blanket around her.

As she felt the heaviness in her eye-lids, she fought to keep them open, knowing that one more nightmare would drive her absolutely insane...

* * * * *

Becky opened her eyes with a start, looking around fearfully.

She was in a warm, comfortably furnished living room. Seated on a sofa, she was surrounded by people that she - somehow - both knew and didn't know. A large mirror across the hallway revealed herself - dressed in a 'dressy' dress that actually did a nice job of flattering her figure - especially her D-cup breasts.

"I'm so glad that you came home for Christmas, Becky, " a voice said to her left, and she knew, somehow, that it was her mother, Jessica, who was speaking. "It just wouldn't be the same without you hear, dear."

"I'll second that!" A voice said to her right - and she felt a strong arm slide around her shoulders. For an instant, she was afraid - but while the person was muscular, he was about her own age, and fair-haired.

Mike. His name was Mike.

Mike leaned forward - and kissed her.

Startled, she pulled away. She didn't know why, but kissing Mike felt wrong, somehow....

"Now, now, dear - don't be that way." Her mother scolded kindly. "If you're not a nice girl who keeps your boyfriend happy - why, then you'll be raped and murdered!" She turned to somebody in the hallway. "Isn't that right, Grant?"

The massive, muscular man loomed in the doorway, grinning evilly. "That's right, Jessica - bad girls get raped and murdered." Mike nodded. "Right - everybody knows you can't rape a girl who refuses to withhold consent. Right?"

"Right." Jessica agreed, and Becky couldn't help but agree it made sense - if she didn't say 'no', ever, then it wasn't rape.

"Why don't you show Mike that there's no hard feelings, dear?" Jessica said with a smile. "Go ahead - give him a nice blow-job." Becky gaped at her mother. "Mom! I... I can't..." She flushed, disgusted at the thought of giving...

* * * * *

" a blow-job is so much fun!"

"Really?" Karen - her best friend since the fourth grade - asked hesitantly. "I mean, I thought "

"No, it's great!" Becky assured her. "It's like sucking on a popsicle - only it's warm. But it tastes wonderful." She giggled. "And when he cums, you gotta be ready, or you'll loose some - and it tastes so good, you don't want to do that "

The two fifteen year-olds giggled together, and Becky finished describing the blow-job she'd just given Mike Denbrough, the cute new guy, and how they'd almost got caught by...

* * * * *

"Miss Richardson doesn't have a clue." Josie told Becky quietly.

Becky blinked, then leaned in closer so that their sex-ed teacher couldn't hear them whispering at the back of the hall. "What do you mean?"

Josie smirked. "It's not all dry and clinical like she's telling you like it is. I mean - the orgasm itself is like..." She sighed. "You know what it's like when you masturbate?"

"Yeah." Becky agreed.

"Ever use... something else?" Josie asked slyly, and Becky blushed, thinking of the little pink dildo she'd bought by mail order with her mom's credit card.

"Well, it's like ten times better than that, especially if he starts with..."

* * * * *

"...foreplay is vastly under-rated." Mike assured her with a mock-solemn tone, his hands studiously fondling her breasts. He dipped his head down to her nipple.

"Mmmmm... That feels good..." Becky moaned, eyes closed. "Oh, yes..." She gasped, she opened one eye. "But where did you ever learn to be so good at it, I wonder?"

Mike feigned surprise. "Didn't you know? I was taught it the day I started dating you. By your..."

* * * * *

"...Mom!" Becky squealed, hugging the high-heels close to her (sigh) flat chest. "I love you, I love you, I love you!"

Jessica smiled. "You're thirteen today, honey - and that makes you a teenager." She winked. "Think you can learn to walk in heels in time for the spring dance?"

"You just watch little ol'..."

* * * * *

"Becky Vetterly..." Becky said with a soft sigh, opening her eyes and stretching. The morning sun shone through the grime-coated windows, revealing that she'd slept right through since she'd fallen asleep at about five yesterday afternoon.

Stretching, she rose to her feet with a grin - she'd needed the sleep. Hell, she hadn't slept this well since she'd woken up as a girl... She stopped dead, shocked. Slowly, she frowned, wondering where the thought had come from.

Like a dawn rising over the horizon, something surfaced in her mind...

She/he gasped, reeling as the strange memories flooded over her - awakening one morning with the conviction that she was a man trapped in a woman's body.

She shook her head, trying to clear the absurd thought away - but it wouldn't go. Instead, unconnected 'memories' floated through her mind, tied to the life of this man she'd thought she was. They were disjointed and vague, not coherent, and she wondered where her mind had come up with such things...

Then she gasped as she realized that her thoughts of her past - or, rather, of 'Becky's' past - were as vague and incoherent as the other ones.

The only clear, sharp memories she had were of the past few days - the certainty that she was a man, then the confusion and slow descent into a zombie-like state. She knew that it was connected to some nightmares she'd had - but for the life of her, she couldn't remember a single dream or nightmare - ever.

"Oh, God - I think I'm going nuts..." Becky said, swallowing hard. No matter how hard she concentrated, she couldn't seem to firm up any memories. It was as if her brain was trying to insist that either past was equally real - or imaginary.

"No, no..." She muttered to herself. "This is silly. I mean - I'm a girl, right? Isn't this like... obvious?"

But it didn't seem to be. The 'other' memories she had seemed to say that she was really a guy, who somehow became a woman. How, she didn't know, but it seemed to refute any chance to use her current gender to guarantee who she was.

Confused, she wandered to the doorway and sank to the threshold, frowning. She couldn't understand how this could be. Why didn't she know who she was?

Methodically, she ran down and examined every single memory she could, feeling each one out, testing it...

...and came to a stunning conclusion.

She was a guy, somehow moved into a woman's body. She was now positive that she hadn't been born as Becky Vetterly, but as some guy, who'd live to be twice her age as it was.

But she couldn't remember who she'd been, as a guy. Just scattered fragments. Working at a gas station. Playing pick-up football in a field. (Embarrassingly) Masturbating to a magazine. A few other things, none of which showed 'his' reflection in a mirror, or where anyone called 'him' by name. Quite often she would remember seeing parts of 'himself' - like when he was in the shower, soaping muscular arms and a broad chest. As for names - the owner of the gas station (Mr. Cooper, that was the

owner's name) had called 'him' 'Sport'. The guys 'he' was playing hockey with one winter called 'him' 'Flash'. An older man, half drunk (his father?) saying 'Come here, boy, I got somethin' ta give ya.'

But, despite the gaps, Becky no longer had any doubts, after comparing these clear fragments with the oddly disconnected - dream like? - ones of Becky's past. She *had* been a guy.

But how did this change happen? Why did it happen? Had 'he' grown older than what fragments of memory existed, then somehow opted into a younger - if female - body? Was it by choice? Did 'he' want to be female? Becky remembered 'his' awkwardness around girls, the way he'd acted sometimes when the subject of 'faggots' came up in the locker-room. Had 'he' been a closet gay? Transvestite? Transsexual?

Sitting there, on the stoop of the ruined farmhouse, Becky was trying to deal with her lack of past and the confusion when she heard a car screech to a stop, and a door open.

"Becky? My god - is that you?"

Startled, Becky looked up to see a handsome, muscular blond man, about her own age, hurrying across the field to the house. Somewhere in the back of her mind, a name floated to the surface...

"Mike?" She said, rising to her feet, confused and unsure by a sudden rush of feeling that swept over her, faintly foreboding. "God, honey - what are you doing here?" The man - Mike - said with a smile. "I thought you were still in New York."

"Coming home for the holiday." Becky said, manufacturing a smile while her mind spun. New York? Is that where she was going to collage?

Or was she going to collage. Maybe it was all part of that cover... "God, babe - I missed you!" Mike said, leaning in closer...

Before Becky could even begin the instinctive recoil from the kiss, a powerful though thundered through her mind. **Upset Mike, and bad things will happen. Keep him happy, and good things will happen.**

The thought was so strong, so imperative, that she couldn't refuse it - it was like an avalanche bearing down on her, unstoppable. Forcing herself to relax, she let him embrace her. Closing her eyes, she screwed up all her will power...

...and kissed back. Passionately.

It wasn't bad, she was surprised to learn. Uncomfortable - but it did feel good. Maybe she had been gay as a guy...

"I missed you too, stud." Becky lied 'sincerely', biting back the grimace at the term of affection and faking a realistic smile. Keep Mike happy...

"Mmm... So, when's your mom expecting you?" Mike asked.

"She's not - this is a surprise visit." Becky told him, wondering if it were true or not.

Mike smiled. "You're going to make her Thanksgiving, sweetie." He lifted one eyebrow. "Although - if she'd not expecting you, than she can't miss you if we spend a bit of time together, huh?"

That was the last think Becky wanted, to be alone with Mike - she still wasn't sure how to feel with him, didn't know anything about him other than the fact that all the signs they were in a relationship were disturbing - almost disgusting - her. Either she'd been straight as a guy - or a very closet gay, and this 'open' relationship was...

Keep Mike happy. Like a program burned into her brain, it wouldn't go away. The thought of displeasing Mike - or, even, not actively pleasing Mike - almost literally made her shiver with the unknown promise of undisclosed threat. She didn't know why it was, or what the 'bad things' could be - but even trying to think about it made her feel cold, and ill...

..and scared. Deathly afraid, an unreasoning panic. She had to keep Mike happy - at all costs.

Swallowing her disgust, she forced her voice into a lower, sensual tone. "Mmm... come on in, Mike..." "What..?" Make, startled, didn't resist as Becky - unwillingly eager - pulled him into the farm house. "Let me show you how much I missed you..." She whispered with a fact, seductive smile.

Slowly, feeling like she was fighting herself every inch of the way, she sank to her knees and her hands reached for his fly... "Becky...?" Mike said, startled.

God - she felt like vomiting. She didn't want to do this.

But she had to - and without showing anything but eagerness.

Smiling up at Mike - hoping it didn't look like the grimace it really wanted to be, Becky forced her mind to shut down as she opened her lips and leaned forward, enveloping his rapidly hardening cock in her warm mouth.

No matter how much she wanted to shut it out, the sensations that came as she applied a light suction on the semi-rigid cock and began bobbing her head back and forth came through, and...

...and...

...they weren't that bad. Not like eating a (popsicle) chocolate éclair - but not actually unpleasant, either. In fact, if she grabbed the base of his now-hard cock with her hands - like *that* - and slid her tongue on the shaft - like *this* - until she was at the top end of the stroke, then licked the end of his cock like a lollipop...

Hmmm... Okay, something inside her still wanted to vomit at the thought of giving a guy a blow-job - she *hadn't* been gay, as a man, she guessed - but, physically...

It was okay. Bearable. She wondered if she'd ever lose the unpleasant emotional feelings, but doubted it - it would be kind of like having to sit in a room painted a sickly shade of greenish-yellow. Disturbing and unpleasant - but harmless.

Oh - right. Sounds.

Having gotten past the worst - the first step is always the hardest - Becky was able to spare enough attention to fake the sounds of pleasure as she went through with the blow-job. There was a bit of a 'sticky' minute when he came (*ha, ha - first blow-job humor there* Becky thought wryly) but she managed to recover fast enough to gulp at the warm, salty, slightly musty-tasting cum with all the signs of enjoying it. She even managed to repress the urge to up-chuck it back, and managed to lick his cock clean.

Swallowing several time - which didn't clear the taste, as she'd hope - she tried to ignore the salty/vinegary taste. If she pretended she'd just eaten a bag of French-fries with too much salt and malt vinegar (topped with anchovies) it was close enough to the taste, and less disgusting to think about.

Which really said something - but hey, she had to KEEP MIKE HAPPY.

Yeah, yeah, she knew.

"Oh, wow..." Mike sighed. "God, baby - you must have really missed me. You never even hinted you'd ever..." He stopped, flushing brightly.

"But you wanted me too, didn't you?" Becky said, finding that the smile wasn't as hard to fake as before - if only she had a couple of glasses of vodka to clear her throat, it would have been... less 'barely bearable'. "I've always wanted to, but was too ashamed that you'd think I was... you know."

She was lying through her (cum covered - now there was an 'icky' feeling) teeth, but he seemed to except it. "Wow - does this mean...?" He trailed off, his flush deepening.

Shuddering inside, she HAD to (keep Mike happy) say, "All the time, lover-boy - I love sucking that tool of yours."

"Mmm... well, I heard that some girls do like it - but didn't believe it." Mike said, shaking his head. "Then again, most women probably don't believe there's guys who actually enjoy fore-play..."

Smiling, Mike bent his head and begin nibbling and kissing her neck as his hands peeled off her coat - then her blouse....

During the next forty-eight minutes, Becky was really only uncomfortable for one instant - the instant before penetration. Seconds later, as she built towards her first - and thunderous - female orgasm, she thought to herself that maybe sucking Mike's cock two or three times a day, dressing in clothes that he wanted to see her in, and generally doing anything and everything that might make him happy might just be worth it in exchange for this absolutely mind-blowing pleasure. Hell - maybe that's why 'he' became a woman in the first place...

Then the orgasm hit, and all thought was wiped out completely...

...except the strange, disconnected thought that zipped through her mind, for now apparent reason. *"...it's at least TWENTY times better, Josie "*

* * * * *

Inside a dark, shuttered cottage set deep into the forest surrounding Windy Falls, thirteen women of varying ages and pasts sat in front of brightly kindled hearth, clad in simple white shifts adorned solely with the simple, intricate stitching at the collar that marked the ages- old cabal of the Wicca.

"Come, it is time." The eldest member of the group - more than one-hundred and thirty years old, although her altered birth certificate only claimed the seventy-two years she seemed to be - spoke in a deep, reverent voice. "Once more we meet, and the sacred circle has been closed. If any shall have had use of the powers we claim since the last of the full moons, speak now and be judged."

The others shared looks among themselves, waiting to see who would be the first to start in the usual litany of minor magicks and subtle, unobtrusive charms.

To their surprise, one who had never yet made use of the power was the first to speak - and on her face was an unusual expression, one that was out of place on her usually confident features.

"I have used the powers - and used them to their utmost." The woman - who was tall for a woman, and a little too sharp-featured to be called beautiful - spoke with an unaccustomed air. "It was precipitated, in a small way, by an attempted rape."

There was a general murmur from the group - the woman, who felt herself unworthy of the 'sacred gift', could certainly not be faulted for using it in her own defense.

She held up one hand, commanding there attention. "However - there is much more to this event. Hearken, while I tell a story "

"Once upon a time, there had been a young, somewhat solidly built seventeen year old youth named Grant Lewis. Somewhat shy and awkward, he'd been raised by an alcoholic and abusive (physically and sexually) father until Grant had run away at the tender age of fifteen. It was at that point, two years after leaving that home, still not fully recovered emotionally, that he'd had his first 'true' sexual experience with a woman. She'd been somebody he'd met while working at a gas station. A young, unremarkable girl a year or two his senior named Jessica Vetterly.

However, in the back of her van, Grant had discovered his 'abnormality'. Physically bulky, the young Grant had also been over-endowed 'down there'. At first Jessica had been awed by his equipment, and had been eager. But soon after he'd

penetrated her, she'd swiftly changed her mind, compelled to do so by the pain of her nearly virgin womanhood trying to accept something that was twice the size of the one other man she'd had sex with, three times before.

Grant, confused, exhilarated, and caught up in erasing the 'faggot' history bestowed on him by his father, had been quite deaf to her cries of pain, her begging and pleading, until he'd shot his load deep into her. It was only after his orgasm that he realized what he'd done.

And something inside of him had 'snapped'. Until then, his only sexual experiences had been on the receiving end of pain, his father raping him anally, sometimes - when too drunk to 'get it up' - using a broom-handle to 'remind' Grant what it was like.

Now, the first time he had ever experienced 'pleasurable' sex, it had been causing pain to a woman. Deep inside Grant's tortured psyche, that 'snap' was the sound of a mind breaking down, and in its madness forming an equation - pain for the woman during sex equaled pleasure for him - and the alternative was for him to be on the receiving end of the pain.

But Jessica's screams of pain, the blood running from her as she cried and cursed, had bothered him in a deep, fundamental way that was held back by his psychosis.

So, he'd killed her to shut her up.

He'd left that town that very night and never looked back. Like all those who are truly insane, Grant had been unable to see his own madness, believing that his view of the world was right and sane, and that it was all the others who were deluded.

Then, one day, many years later, Grant - who no longer even remembered the woman who had started his rampage, lost as she was among the scores of others, had encountered a woman with powers beyond his comprehension. One who had been able to put him in a deep trance.

And when this woman asked that person what a fitting punishment for his crimes might be, the answer surprised her. In the very depths of his soul, this Grant knew what he had done was wrong - and all he wished was a chance to set it right. He wished that Grant Lewis had never been born, and that he might, somehow, make it up to that forgotten woman who was the first to suffer at his hands..."

Later, when the sharp-featured woman concluded, her voice tired with the repetition, the circle of women stirred in the glow from the fading fire. No word was spoken - for none was needed for this judgment.

The eldest nodded at the unspoken consensus of the room. Without a word, she rose from where she sat and approached the sharp featured woman, who bent her head with simple humility - unaware, in her own doubts, that there had never been any question as to the outcome of the circle.

Laying one hand on the woman's shoulder and spoke softly, her tone filled with understanding and compassion.

"When you first came to us, those many years ago, you wept before us, admitting to atrocities committed. You told us of your pain, of what you had become because you could not accept your 'sickness'. We took pity on you, granting you your one, most devoted wish - that you be given the form that was the true you, instead of the one that fate had cruelly bestowed upon you." The woman paused, and lifted the younger woman's eyes to meet her own. "We could not, then, absolve you of the guilt of what your own self-hatred led you to do - the drinking, the alienation of your wife, and the torture of your son. But now you have earned that absolution, and in giving up the past in which you committed these sins, you have erased these sins from existence."

And the woman who had once been Robert Lewis broke into tears of gratitude, knowing that after all those years of self-hate, the universe did, indeed, allow for justice.



BACK TO FUN ZONE

SUMMARY: Ariving in a Santa Suit, a would be thief hides in Santa bag under the tree of the house he is about to rob, only to find when he emerges, he has turned into a Holiday Bimbo.

Keeps On Giving

By Gunslinger

Ye Gods, but did Robert Lien love Christmas!

Cheerfully whistling 'Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer', Booby Lien strode down the sidewalk, black-booted feet crunching through the thin layer of new snow that was still silently drifting from the sky, creating golden halos about the street-lights.

Bobby was a rangy, limber thirty-eight year old man with a face that was all planes and angles – but no casual observer could have told that, at the moment, thanks to the big, fluffy – if somewhat tattered and dirty – false beard he wore. His body shape was also somewhat obscured by the clothing he wore – a suit of red crushed velvet, trimmed in fake 'fur'.

In short, Bobby was 'Santa Claus', right down to the red cap – a rather skinny Santa, true, but the sight of him was enough to have brought smiles to the faces of the few people he passed in the gathering night.

Which helped explain why Bobby loved Christmas so - for not a single person found his feature-obscuring beard the least bit suspicious this time of year...

With a cheerful grin, Bobby turned off the sidewalk at the edge of a small wooded patch that ran along the three sides of a good-sized estate. He made no effort to 'skulk', but made it look as if stepping off into the trees was the most natural thing in

the world – and once into the trees, he began moving through the heavier snow quite a bit faster than he'd strolled along the street.

Once he was behind the grand old house he'd targeted, invisible from the street, he broke from the cover of the trees and headed towards the back of the house. A gorgeous old Victorian, the house stood in good repair... and, but for the Christmas lights adorning eaves and valleys, unlighted, a good indication in Bobby's 'line of work'.

Reaching a multi-paned window at the back of the darkened house, he quickly withdrew a slender metal rod he'd hidden in the front of his Santa suit. With motions honed by years of expertise, he quickly slipped the latch of the old-style windows. Tucking the tool away once more, he hefted his 'Santa bag', a surprising ornate sack with brocaded velvet fabric that he'd bought at a second-hand store.

Still smiling, Bobby let himself into the house to perform an operation he'd come to call 'grinching'...



The room itself, paneled in enough rich wood to make a member of the Sierra Club cry, proclaimed 'money' to Bobby's fine-honed senses, and he couldn't help but grin as he looked about. This one job might be enough for him to 'retire' for the season – like any halfway-competent criminal, he went for larger, more spaced-out 'scores', rather than a steady stream of smaller jobs. Any job, after all, had a certain percentage in terms of failure, and so the more you did, the higher the likelihood of eventually getting caught...

It was almost as if the thought itself had caused it – as if thinking about the low-but-real chances of getting caught on any given job had brought said possibilities for life.

Even as Bobby stood, looking about the room with a grin and thinking about how much this score was going to rack up, the light-level of reflect light in the room went up – as somebody turned on a light in the hallway outside the study in which he stood.

Bobby's heart rate jumped, driven by a spike of adrenaline, and his mind whirled as the old 'fight or flight' reaction kicked in with a vengeance. Bobby, however, didn't let the instinct override his mind, as some of his 'fellow workers' were prone to do – he, unlike many of them, actually realized that nothing drew the human eye like the sight of somebody 'fleeing'. Even as the sound of footsteps rang on the marble that must floor the hallway beyond, Bobby's eyes were darting about, looking for a third option – somewhere to hide.

The room itself offered many niches, it's ornate design lending well to places to tuck oneself unobtrusively into... but that, Bobby's adrenaline-fueled rain knew, was an illusion, for anybody already familiar with the room would quickly spot a person trying such a thing. What he needed was not a niche, but a 'shield', something that would hide him from view, not just clock him, and nothing he saw gave him the protection he was seeking...

As the footsteps grew even closer, panic provided a spark of an idea – and like many such ideas, it might be genius, or it might equally be madness – and idea so different from the general run-of-the mill train of thought that only it's outcome could determine it's worth, for there was no other basis on which to judge it.

He was out of time., With no other possibility springing to mind, Bobby accepted the gamble – and quickly stepped into his 'Santa sack' and crouched down into a near fetal-position, reaching up to pull the drawstring tight around the neck of the bag.

The bag – now with him inside it – had been sitting beside a Christmas tree in a room full of Christmas decorations. As he froze into position, his arms wrapped around his knees, his head tucked down to nearly the same level, he struggled to breath as shallowly as possible, hoping against hope that his desperate gamble would pay off.

The human mind was used to 'patterns' – for seeing what was expected to be seen. Whatever this room might look like the rest of the year, it was now decorated for Christmas, which meant that even somebody used to this room would expect to see it looking 'different'. Things that weren't usually there now were, brought out for the season – and the bag which Bobby was

hiding in was the sort of thing that might fit right in with those decorations. At first glance, even an eye familiar with this room might look right past the bag, seeing it without noticing it, an unwary brain assigning it the label of 'decoration' without pausing to consider where it had come from...



For what seemed and eternity, Bobby crouched in the bag, struggling to hold perfectly still even as his ears strained to sort out what was occurring beyond the thin walls of his cloth prison.

He heard the footsteps moving about – and then stop, right near the door to the study. There was a pause.. and then, a deep male voice started speaking.

'OH, geez...!' Bobby thought. 'He's on the phone, right outside this room!'

The man might be looking in the door of the study this moment – but at least he hadn't entered the room, and if there was no movement to catch his eye, then maybe – just maybe – Bobby would get away with this insane plan.

There was, however, one major problem with that – Bobby thought he might be starting to suffocate...

There was a growing pressure in his chest, and his mind was starting to go fuzzy on him. There wasn't a pain, like when he'd tried to hold his breath, but he was definitely feeling... weird – and that made it damned hard to remain still as he heard the deep voice going on and on. There were pauses, where Bobby was almost tempted to believe that the man had stopped – but there'd been no sound of footsteps leaving, though Bobby found himself wondering if he would have heard them through the pounding pulse in his ears...

Finally, however, he did hear the sound of the man leaving. It was none to soon – it felt as if there were a hundred-pound weight on bobby's chest, and his mind was fuzzy and spinning, seemingly unable to hold on to any thought for a second. Almost uncaring if he got caught, he started to push up against the neck of the bag...

...and it resisted.

Desperate, Bobby strained against the neck of the bag. Giving up on trying to open it with his hands, he placed the top of his head against it and strained with all the might of his body upwards, trying to force himself up through the hole by standing up. The bag stubbornly resisted...

...and then he suddenly short upright.

For a second, confused and taken by surprise, Bobby just stood there, staring at the darkened room. Dimly, his befogged mind thought that the bottom of the bag must have given out, even though he hadn't heard any ripping – for while his head had emerged into the open air, the bag was draped down over him, almost like a cape or cloak.

Feeling both thick-witted and light-headed, Bobby tried to make sense of what was going on. Dimly, a panicked thought flashed across his mind, that maybe he'd gotten some sort of brain-damage from oxygen derepation... dapretatin... deereation...

Bobby giggled in annoyance as his brain skittered into a 'holding pattern' about the word that wouldn't quite come to him. He shook his head in annoyance, feeling his long hair whip against the soft, smooth skin of his face with the motion. He knew he knew the word he was trying to think of, it just wouldn't...

Wait a second.

Shouldn't his hair be hitting his fake beard, rather than his face? That didn't make any sense... Oh, Bobby realized with a relieved giggle. The beard must have fallen off.

God, but it was so hard to think! It might be easier without all the distractions, of course, like the way it felt like there was a heavy weight against his chest, and the weird way he felt 'down there', and the way he was constantly adjusting his balance atop his high, slender...

Wait a second – even if the beard had fallen off, why was he feeling his hair against his face when he whipped it side to side? Wasn't his hair too short to...

He had no idea how long it took him to finally decide to move. The initial surprise had held him in place long enough to start thinking about that word he couldn't quite remember, but since then one half-complete thought after another had taken up all his attention, and he'd been standing stock-still in the darkened room. Now, finally, it occurred to him to move, and Bobby pushed against the cloth draping his body...

...except, his befogged mind finally began to realize, that didn't seem right either. "Gee, like that's totally weird..." Bobby muttered, looking down at.. well, not 'himself'.

"I, like, totally look like a chick, or something!" She giggled in surprise – and then giggled again in reaction to the giggling itself.

"Geez, I like, totally sound like one, too!" She giggled, yet again...

...and then a cute little frown crossed her face as she realized that, just maybe, giggling wasn't the right reaction.

"Like, what the, y'know, hell...?" She demanded of herself, hesitantly surveying her body – absolutely positive there were many things wrong with both the situation and her reaction to it, yet also absolutely certain the her inability to quite put her finger on all these 'wrongs' at one time was even, somehow 'wronger'... without quite understanding why.

Frustrated, she stamped one foot prettily, carefully balancing herself atop the slender white heels of her fur- trimmed, knee-high red stretch velvet boots, and...



"Hey – even my clothes are, like, totally different!" She gasped, belated realization setting in. "They're like, totally girly, too!"

Her eyes widened, and she giggled in horror. "Omigawd! I've, like, so totally be turned into, like, a girl!"

Certain of those 'wrongs' finally snapped into a recognizable pattern with that realization – and the woman standing in the study gave off a breathless little scream of horror as that much-delayed realization finally made it through what she laughingly referred to as a brain.

She was, indeed, female – emphatically so.

"I've got tits!" She gasped, delicate hands rising to pull away the fabric that shrouded the bulging mounds. As the remains of what had once been a 'Santa Sack' fell away, her already big blue eyes widened even further at the sight of the magnificent mounds of mammary flesh that filled out a skimpy little 'Santa's Naughty Lil' Helper' tube-top. "They're, like, totally huge...!"

She stared, almost uncomprehending, at the massive mounds thrust from her much slender chest – huge, heavy, sensitive masses of tit-flesh that jiggled and shook with each breath the now-blonde woman took. They were much in keeping with the overall look of her new, feminine figure...

...and also very much in keeping with her new 'dazed' mental processes, but the same slow, dreamy nature of those processes kept her from making the connection.

In short, she not only looked like a 'bimbo' – she was one. She just didn't realize it...

Still feeling dazed and dreamy – but in no way connecting that feeling with what had happened to her body – the new woman surveyed her altered figure, tenuously aware of the fact that she was supposed to be horrified and disgusted by what she was experiencing, yet aware of the fact that she wasn't 'really' feeling any of that – indeed, if somebody had managed to make her observe her own emotional state, she might have been surprised to realize that she felt, well... sort of happy.

In a generalized, rather mindless sort of way, that was.

As it was, however, there was absolutely no introspection as she performed her own external inspection. Bemused and confused, she surveyed a figure clad in clothing, all altered in a way that should have been flat- out 'impossible' – and yet even the apparent impossibility of the situation was beyond her altered mental abilities. Instead, she giggled without realizing it as she took in her slender, massively-endowed new body with its long legs and trim waist, its dainty feet enclosed in high-heeled boots. A mere wisp of material covered her new womanhood, and when she ran her long-nailed new fingers over it, she unthinkingly moaned in pleasure at the 'ripe and ready' nature of her apparently now-permanent state of mild arousal.. and yet

that new, sexually-charged state didn't raise any of the alarm bells it should have, her diminished mind merely noting how different it felt from what she was used to...

...with a giggle.

Hitching the over-strained stretch-velvet tube-top over her 'Santa's Helper' costume higher up over her massive, basket-ball sized breasts, the vapid blonde who had recently been Bobby Lien gave off another mindless giggle, and then headed for the door of the study. As her slender heels clacked on the hardwood floor, it didn't even occur to the new woman – the new bimbo – to wonder who she could walk at all in unfamiliar heels, much less with such a sexy little stride.

As she walked, her massive new breasts jiggled and swayed within the skimpy confines of the tube-top – and she was peripherally aware of how good that motion felt, without being 'disgusted' with herself for enjoying any aspect of her new body. If she'd bothered to think about it, she surely would have been horrified to realize that she found the sensations emanating from her new anatomy to be highly enjoyable – but she wasn't doing much in the way of thinking at all.

So, in mindless and 'happy' daze, she enjoyed the feeling of being emphatically feminine without any of the guilt or disgust that might have emotionally mitigated the physical sensations. In her dreamy daze, she was completely unaware of how 'accepting' she was of her new feminine state – how much she was 'enjoying' being a newly-made female, when everything in her past would indicate she should be anything but pleased with it.

All of which helped explain why, without even really thinking about it at all, she brought her dainty new hands up and began to play with her over-sized new breasts as she walked. She giggled and sighed at the pleasure her own touch brought her as she massaged her huge new tits and teased her ripe new nipples. No thought of how 'wrong' this action might be even occurred to her – indeed, it was practically a Pavlovian response, increasing a pleasure without any moral or situational judgment at all.

Given that, it seemed 'perfectly natural' to the new woman to pull off the tube-top to allow her questing hands better access to the sensitivity of her new breast. She giggled with mindless pleasure as she manipulated the massive spheres of her new bust-line, fingers squeezing and tweaking her turgid nipples without any thought but how good it felt to do so.

Her already moist womanhood grew warmer and wetter at the sensations, and her growing feminine arousal also didn't really register – oh, she felt it, surely enough, but her mind didn't assign any 'weight' to the increased sensations in her crotch. She was soon dripping wet and really horny, but it didn't occur to the new woman that this was either 'good' nor 'bad'.

In fact, her mental processes were so degraded, that she didn't even comprehend 'cause and effect' anymore

– her ditz little mind literally could not understand the connection between the pleasure her hands were causing and the increased arousal she was feeling. The two sensations were 'co-incidental', happening at the same time, but the 'obvious' link between the two was anything but to the practically brainless new woman she had become.

At least – on the conscious level....

<Stop playing with your tits!> Bobby half-yelled, half-moaned in unwanted pleasure or, at least, that's how it would have emerged if the part of his brain thinking/'saying' it had a physical voice but even then, what 'he' meant was 'our' tits, for there was no doubt that, even in his mental prison, they shared an emphatically female body...

It were as if the vast part of his intellect – the part that was 'still male', at that – was trapped in some sort of Plexiglas enclosure. 'He' could see, hear, and most damnable of all, feel everything that was going on – but solely as an observer, unable to 'break out of the box' and contact the tiny little portion of the brain that was in direct control of this horrifying new body they shared. The 'bimbo' they had become hadn't really gotten any 'dumber' – it was just that only a tiny portion of their shared mind lay outside the 'barrier', and all the parts that would have stopped her from enjoying herself, as she now was, was trapped behind that immaterial but unreachable wall.

So, the 'real' Bobby could only watch in horror through their shared eyes as their shared reflection caught the bimbo's big blue eyes as she walked down a hallway lined with mirrors.

"Gee..." She giggled, pausing to eye her new body in the mirror.



"You're, like, a total babe, Bobby!" She informed her reflection with yet another omnipresent giggle – and then frowned prettily.

"Bobby is, like, a totally gross name for you." She told her reflection, not really thinking about the implications of what she was saying – while the 'real' Bobby screamed silently at her form behind those blank baby-blues.

"You look more like a... a Barbie!" She told herself.. and then giggled her way through an introduction: "Hi, big- boobie Barbie!"

Giggling happily to herself, not thinking much of anything at all, the newly-named 'Barbie' giggled, wiggled and jiggled her way down the hallway – while Bobby screamed...

A sound drew Barbie's attention – and even as Bobby helplessly screamed unheard warnings at her, she changed direction, heading towards the source of the sound rather than away from it. There were a great many reasons why Bobby didn't want to be 'caught' by anybody at all, much less while trapped in this ridiculously top-heavy female body, but none of his mentally shrieked reasons intruded upon the emptiness of Barbie's mind, and only that faint sense of giggling curiosity moved her as she stepped into the room...

A huge plasma-screen TV was mounted on one wall of the ornately decorated room. Nearly life-sized, the naked flesh squirming on that screen in full, living color was accompanied by 'truer-than-life' sound and bass- heavy music coming from a top-of-the-line Dolby sound-system. As the 'actress' and pair of 'actors' writher erotically on the screen, it cast a flickering cavalcade of light and shadow across the room – lighting the figure of the nude man sitting in an arm-chair, his broad hand wrapped around a truly impressive specimen of manhood.

Engrossed by the action on the screen – and the sensations coming from his nether regions as his hand slowly pumped up and down – the toned, lean black man with the short-cropped that of tight-curled hair didn't notice the intrusion upon his privacy.

Then, as Barbie watched the action of the big screen, unwillingly – and unthinkingly – becoming more aroused by the sexual content of the imagery, the inevitable happened:

She giggled.

The black man started, hands wrapped around his impressive cock moving in a wholly inadequate attempt to shield it from sight – and then his brain registered where – and who – the sound had come from, and his eyes widened.

"Duh-yam, girl – where'd you come from...?" He exclaimed.

'Bobby', steadily more frustrated and frightened by his isolation within her body, desperately shrieked at her, trying to tell her what to say – while what little she had in terms of a mind thought the question over...

"Hi, I'm Barbie!" She answered a few seconds later – with a giggle, of course. "I'm the new girl! I came from Santa's bag!"

In a way, it was a very cogent answer, allowing for her lack of intellect – but, of course, anybody who didn't know the 'impossible' truth about her would hardly be disposed to take her words in the correct light...

"From 'Santa's bag', hmmm?" The man mused, a 'cat that ate the canary' grin rising on his face as he eyed her outrageous figure. "You don't say..."

Barbie frowned in confusion. "But... I do say...!"

The man laughed, and said something Barbie didn't understand at all: "Jeff, Steve, buddies – I owe you big- time. You've outdone yourself this year..."

Bobby, however, had no trouble at all figuring out the drift of the man's thoughts – but, trapped helplessly in this new chassis, unable to control it, over-ridden by the despair and frustration of being unable to affect anything that was driving his rising tides of horror, disgust, and – worst of all - growing realization of his future was acting like an acid upon his sanity – his whirling mind no longer shrieked, it gibbered as the inevitable came to pass:

"Well, girl, bring that body of yours over here!" The man said, with a huge grin – and, giggling, Barbie did just that.

<NO! Don't...! He's going to... We'd have to... He thinks... NOOOO!> Bobby's mind gibbered – uselessly.

"Damn, baby..." The man breathed in something like lustful awe as he pulled Barbie down onto his lap. "That's what I call a real set of titties!"

"That's what I call them, too!" She told him in amazement, giggling – and then, to Bobby's gibbering whore, added: "...and, they're, like, sooo totally sensitive, too!"

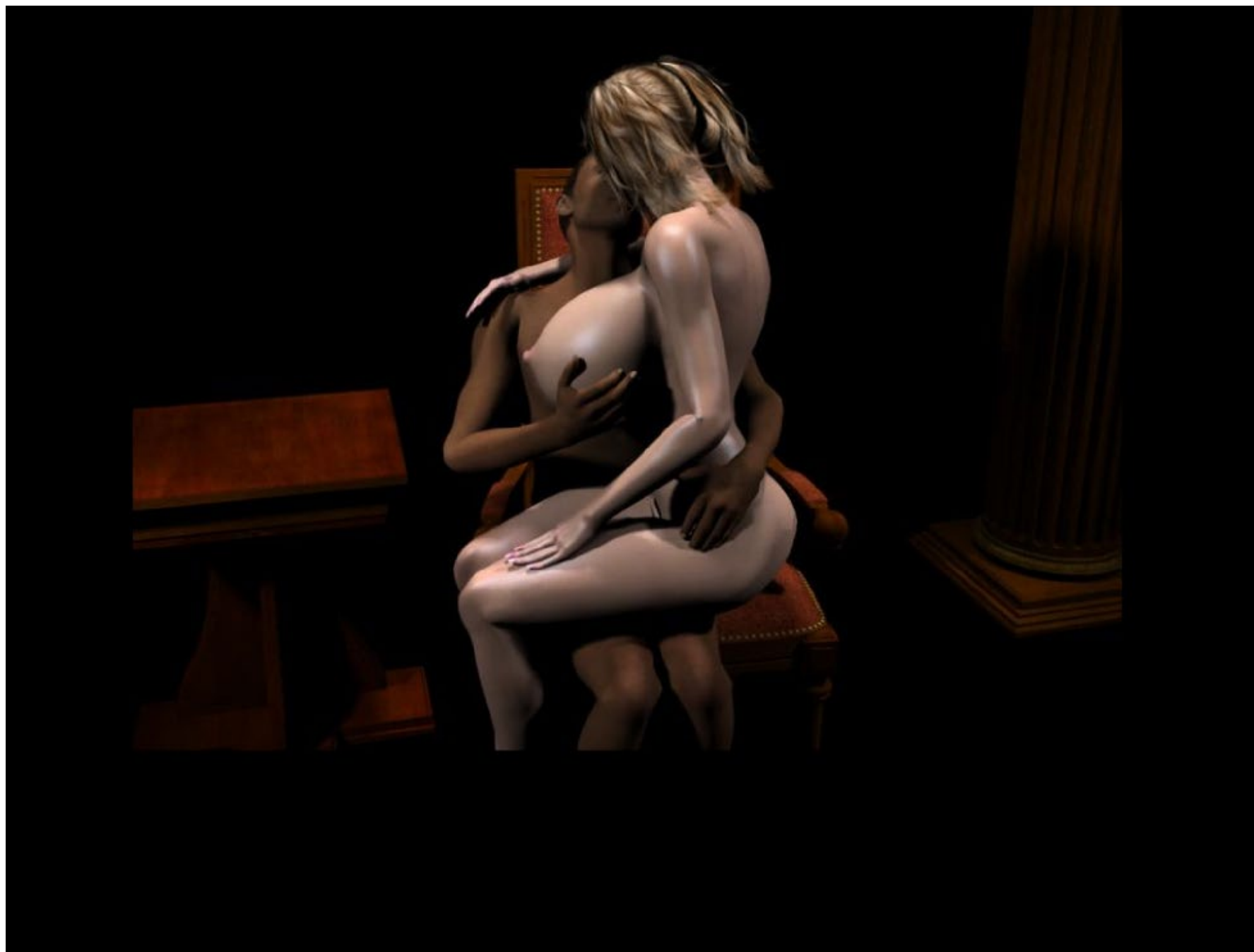
"Then I guess I'll just have to play with them for awhile..." The man grinned, pulling her closer.

"Gee, that'd be, like, totally..." She started – and then had to stop talking, for his lips had found hers even as one hand came up to play with her massive breast.

She didn't think anything about it – indeed, it was just more 'mindless pleasure' as his hands roamed over her new body, and if there'd been any real consideration of 'right' and 'wrong' in her diminished little mind, she would have 'instinctually' decided that anything that felt good must be right – but she didn't even have thought's that 'deep'. Instead, she merely accepted the pleasure without any judgment at all.

In short, she simply responded to whatever the man chose to do, without even once considering anything as complicated as whether she 'wanted' to or not.

Not that Rod – for that was the man's name – found anything strange about the 'bimbo whore' he assumed her to be allowing him to do anything he wanted with her. After all, some of his 'rich buddies' had gifted him with similar things in the past – though never, he thought with a grin as his broad hands struggled, and failed, to encompass her massive tits, one quite so... remarkable.



His strong hands quickly ripped off the skimpy remnants of clothing that the 'bimbo hooker' wore, and he gorged his senses upon his body. His lips roamed over her upper body, kissing her lips before moving down to nibble and suck on the erect nipples that offered themselves to him. His hands likewise roamed her body, from her trim ass to the slender waist that dwelt in the shadows of her monster tits – but they kept returning to the soft, resilient flesh of those obviously-implanted, massively inflated boobs, and if his fingers never quite managed to come across the surgical scars one might expect to find, he was in no condition to consider that discrepancy.

Considering the fact he'd been jerking off to porn before she'd showed up, (and, given his state of arousal and the situation he found himself in, it never once crossed his mind to wonder how she'd gotten in), it was after relatively little 'foreplay' that he was ready to 'do the deed'.

"Baby, I'm gonna fuck your brains out..." He growled in a voice roughened by lust – and she merely giggled and agreed, her mindless response fitting in perfectly with his assumption that she was 'bought and paid for' to please him. So he found it in no way strange that she obediently, if rather mindlessly, let him pull her off his lap.

He was much too horny to take the time to lead her to a bedroom – instead, almost roughly, he shoved her backwards into the corner of the room near the fireplace, and she obediently complied with his motions, letting him shove her against the wall while his hard and ready cock throbbed with every beat of his heart. He'd enjoyed running his hands over the almost impossibly smooth, pale skin her lean-yet-busty body boasted... but now he wanted only one thing, and that was access to the dripping wet womanhood he'd so recently revealed.

She, however, had no idea of what was going to happen, completely oblivious to the 'implications' of the situation.

So, Barbie giggled while Bobby gibbered... and then the very aptly named Rod plunged his rock-hard cock deep into her sopping womanhood.

Caring not a whit for her own pleasure, in an eager need to 'get himself off', he pounded his long, thick cock deep into her wet, willingly womanhood – and as he thrust rhythmically into her, her huge tits bouncing with each powerful thrust, Rod had no idea that he was literally fulfilling his promise to 'fuck her brains out'.

Under the assault of sensations he couldn't control nor ignore, battered by pleasure that overwhelmed nerve endings, Bobby's mind whirled and fragmented under the assault, unable to accept that 'he' could possibly be enjoying getting fucked fast and hard by a big, black cock. It couldn't possibly be 'him' loving the feel of having 'his' huge tits crushed as Rod's muscular body slammed up against 'his', couldn't be 'him' loving the feel of the cock pounding the tight, sensitive confines of 'his' cunt – no, that had to be all 'her'...



...and since these things were the only thing they were experiencing, the only thing they wanted as they drew closer to orgasm, then it must be all 'her', there could be no 'him' whatsoever... and so the box containing Bobby crumbled, but nearly as fast as 'his' mind did, so that when they reached their first female orgasm, writing and bucking beneath Robs' taut body and screaming out in orgasmic pleasure, it was with only 'Barbie' gazing out through those big blue eyes of theirs...

"Wow – that was, like, fun!" She giggled almost literally mindlessly, any signs of intellect demolished by pleasure as she unthinkingly accepted a totally new life and purpose therein. "Let's do it again!"

"Baby..." Rod panted, with a grin, "It'd take a whole lotta lickin' before I'd be ready for some more dickin'!" Giggling mindlessly, the literal bimbo struggled to make sense of those words...

"Okay!" She giggled – and went down on her knees before him.

Her technique was shirt, Rod mused distantly... but nobody could fault this whore's enthusiasm!

...and, as he shortly found out, she also took direction extremely well, doing literally anything he instructed her to do, exactly as he told her to do it – which led to a couple of false starts before he finally realized that he did, indeed, have to 'do all her thinking for her' – but led to some rather spectacular results when he then consequently figured out that doing all the thinking for her made her a mindless extension of his own will, literally able to make have her do any- and every-thing he might have wanted...

...it wasn't until, some thoroughly exhausting hours later, when he tried to 'pay her off' just to put an end to her literally mindless desire to keep pleasuring him that things became really confusing...

THE END

BACK TO FUN ZONE

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.



SUMMARY: Learning that her boyfriend has dumped her, Sam agrees to follow his large breasted friend on a vacation, and, when he discovers an artifact, it leads to a wish that he understood her better...can you say big breasts!

Lakeside

By Gunslinger

"Geez, Sam - would you stop staring at my tits?"

The slender, Scandinavian-looking man jerked out of his mild daze, his fair skin showing red as his eyes flicked away. "I wasn't staring." He protested - rather lamely.

Linda snorted. "*Riiight* - you weren't staring at all. You just happened to be looking in my direction... and drooling."

"Hey!" Sam said, an embarrassed grin riding on his lips. "So I might have been staring - inadvertently, of course - but I *wasn't* drooling!" "Uh huh." Linda said, her face screwing up into an exaggerated expression of doubt. "Then how come you look like you need a bib?"

Without waiting for a response (which Sam didn't have anyway), the tall, athletically feminine woman turned away and finished carrying the last of her luggage into the small cabin by the lake, leaving Sam alone with himself.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid!" Sam said, slapping himself on the forehead. Slumping onto the bumper of his Jeep CJ, the platinum-blond youth berated himself for his behavior. "What the hell's wrong with you, anyway?"

Samuel Vogelmann and Linda Corwin were as inseparable as a pair of Siamese twins - but it wasn't anything romantic or sexual. The same age - 22, - the two had met when they were in grade school, when Sam's parents had moved into the house next door. Back then, Sam had been a pale, scrawny little kid with a shy nature and a slippery grasp of the English language, and Linda had been the tall, gangly tomboy next door. Both had received a fair share of taunts at the hands of their so-called peers, and had found themselves becoming best friends.

Then they'd grown older - and Linda had matured into a stunning beauty. An avid outdoorswoman, she had a lithe, toned body that was tanned to match her tawny blonde hair. She had a somewhat athletic figure, but it suited her - and in no way detracted from her femininity. With large, firm breasts and long legs that would make a monk have impure thoughts, she had the powerful grace of a lioness - and the easy, friendly nature that defused the 'standoffish' air that many classically beautiful women inadvertently generated.

Sam, on the other hand, had grown into - a slender, pale, somewhat shorter than average man with fair skin and a shyly humorous personality. By the time he'd become aware of the miracle of girls, and had found himself remarkably attracted to the young woman Linda had become, Linda had already developed a 'taste' in men - the big, athletic, outdoorsman type of guy.

About as far from Sam as you could get, in other words. Though he'd told her of his attraction to her - causing a few weeks of discomfort between them before it blew over - they had finally decided that their incredibly strong friendship could withstand the burden of the gender-created friction between them, and had remained inseparable friends to this day.

Which didn't meant that Sam was able to simply 'turn off' his attraction for the golden goddess Linda had become. Instead, he relied mainly on her understanding and unfailingly cheerful good-nature to allow his occasion 'mistake' to slip through without causing any problems.

Which, normally, would have been fine - as old friends, they'd grown comfortable with the situation, for the most part.

However, things were a little different at the moment - and that's why Sam was sitting on the big chrome bumper on his Jeep and resisting the urge to bang his head against the side of the vehicle a few dozen times.

"You must be some sort of fuckin' genius, Sam." He told himself, shaking his head. "Your best friend in the whole world rents a cabin to surprise her boyfriend with a romantic weekend getaway - and when she tells him about it, he reveals that he's been cheating on her with her best girl friend, then dumps her on the spot - leaving good old Linda with the contract for the cabin. Which she can't pay, because she was counting on Mr.-now-ex-boyfriend to pay half. So, instead - she invites you along if you'll cover the other half of the cabin, and so that she can be away from the apartment while he and his new girlfriend move his stuff out. So what do you, the oh-so- reliable-and-caring best friend do? You stare at her tits while she'd going through one of the worst times of her life." He sighed and shook his head again. "Some fuckin' genius, Sam."

Sighing, Sam shouldered the last of his luggage and carried it up the weather planking of the deck and through the screen door into the small cabin.

"I hope you don't mind - but I'm stealing the bedroom." Linda said, coming out of the room in question and jerking a thumb over her shoulder to it's interior. "I'm not trying to be the 'bad guy' hear - but..."

"No problem, Linda." Sam said, following her hand gesture in the direction of the couch - the couch that would have been extremely cramped for her, with her being a good six inches taller then his own five-four. He dropped his luggage at the end of the faded plaid couch, his back giving a mental groan at the thought of spending the weekend curled up on it - but it was a sacrifice he was willing to make, figuring that it would do as penance for his previous - and possible - slips.

"So, I guess that's everything." Linda said, walking over to the kitchen that formed a corner of the large main room. "What do you think - put this stuff away, then grab a swim before dinner?" She smiled at Sam, hands spread questioningly.

Even if you didn't know Linda very well, it wasn't hard to see how hard she was working at being her usual cheerful self - and part of it was him, Sam knew.

The cabin was supposed to be a romantic getaway - and, instead, she was spending the weekend here after being dumped. She could have avoided coming - Sam would have still paid the other half of the cost, regardless of whether she, he, or anyone used the cabin.

But that would have meant facing her ex-boyfriend while he moved his stuff out, so she'd taken the cabin - and ended up in a dilemma.

She didn't want to spend the weekend alone, not in her emotional state - yet the one 'close' female friend she'd had had been the one that cheated on her and stole her boyfriend. Which ruled her out.

So she'd turned to Sam, and he knew that she really appreciated his being there for her, in theory - but having a man who was so obviously attracted to her around at such a vulnerable point wasn't exactly ideal, either...

"Actually - I thought I'd take a stroll through the woods." Sam said, making up his 'plan' on the spur of the moment. "Like the guy at the gas station said, this land was fought over by the French, English, Spanish - and, of course, the Indians who were here first. You never know what you'll find."

"Okay." Linda agreed - almost too readily. "I think I'll take a quick dip and a hot bath, then make some dinner - say, about an hour?"

"Sure - sounds fine." Sam agreed. Slipping on a light jacket, he headed out of the cabin while Linda disappeared into her bedroom to get changed - and he knew that she hoped that he was gone before she emerged, not wanting to be ogled in a bikini that would make her very ogle-able to Sam.

So, picking a direction at random, he tromped off into the woods before he could succumb to the temptation to stay and ogle.

* * * * *

"Perfect timing, Sam." Linda said, turning from the stove. "I was... what the *heck* is that?"

"I have no idea - I found it while I was out walking." Sam replied, placing the item in question on the table and peeling off his coat. "I think it's an Indian... something."

One hand over her mouth to hold in a surprised giggle, Linda drew closer to the item on the table for a better look.

It was wood, and obviously quite old. Hand carved, it was rather rough-hewn - but was still 'recognizable', as some sort of mythical creature that had the body of a man but the head of an animal - a wolf, perhaps, or maybe a coyote. From its jaws extended a tongue that was obviously supposed to be a snake.

"That's... weird." Was the best description Linda could come up with. "I wonder if it's worth anything?" "I don't know." Sam said, sitting down at the table and eyeing the carved image. "Maybe - it depends..."

Sam had lifted his eyes to look at Linda as he was talking to her - and now he flushed and looked away. Having come from a warm bath, she was dressed only in a bathrobe - and, leaning over to look at the carved item, a mouth-watering amount of her firm, round, DDD- cup breasts were inadvertently on display.

At the way he stopped talking, Linda shifted her gaze from the strange item to Sam, who was blushing and staring at the floor - then realized why. Her own face turning red, she straightened up and wrapped the robe more tightly around her trim, tanned body.

"I'm sorry, Linda." Sam said, embarrassed. Not wanting to meet her eyes at that moment, he picked up the small, graven totem and idly rolled it in his hands nervously. "I really..."

"No, no - it wasn't your fault." Linda said, sympathetically, sitting down in the chair across the table. "You didn't plan that - just like I didn't realize that I was... displaying myself."

Sam sighed. "Maybe - but it's things like this that make it so difficult sometimes." He shrugged. "You know - I just wish there was a way I could make this easier for you..."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when time seemed to come to a screeching halt.

Everything around him - and he himself - stopped moving. It was as if God had hit the 'pause' button, freezing him into place, and the rest of the world as well.

Then Sam began to feel a strange tingling sensation in his hands.

Because he'd been staring downward, unable to meet Linda's eyes, he was able to see most of himself through the frozen viewpoint his immobile eyes provided. So he was able to watch as the carved item he held began to glow with an eerie, inner light, turning the worn, weather gray wood into a rich, silvery light.

A light that spread rapidly down his arms.

If he'd been able to react, he might have screamed, might have thrown the carved totem away from him - but he was locked into position, only able to watch as the translucent glow enveloped his body.

Then, through the glow, watch his body begin to change.

Emotions flooded through him, hot on the heels of one another - shock, confusion, horror, fear. The emotions ran the gamut as he watched his body's contours alter in a way that left no doubt as to what was happening. Throughout his entire, immobile form, he could feel the strange tingling sensation take over as his skin began to become softer, smoother...

...more feminine.

He'd never been all that hairy to begin with, and his platinum-blond body hair against his pale skin was hard to see in any case. But that didn't keep him from noticing the way his body hair became finer, silkier, even less noticeable against his softer, smother skin - as the body that skin enveloped altered as well, also becoming undeniably feminine.

It wasn't just his body that was changing, though - it was his clothes. As he watched helplessly, his chest began to bulge outwards underneath the simple white cotton work-shirt he wore - but rather than grow tight over the rapidly swelling breasts, the shirt constantly altered to keep up with them - and then some.

As his burgeoning bust passed Linda's own mouth-watering mounds in size, the buttons of the white cotton garment undid themselves, revealing the white 'wife-beater' shirt he wore beneath it - and a 'delectable' amount of milky, smooth cleavage from his swelling tits.

The shirt then somehow tired itself off under his swelling breasts, as the undershirt writhed and changed, becoming a white spandex crop-top that encased his now-massive tits. They had finally stopped growing - but were easily the size of basketballs, and strained the white spandex to taut curvature over them, displaying a modest-yet-delightful amount of cleavage.

The shirt had also altered to become sleeveless, though it retained it's collar. Now it bared his slender, feminine arms from slender wrist to smoothly feminine shoulder.

His hands had become dainty and feminine, each slender finger tipped with a long, red nail. His heavy, metal 'Navigator' style watch writhed and changed, becoming a small gold-toned watch with a blue face, mounted on a slender brown-leather strap.

The rest of his body was also changing, though he couldn't observe those changes nearly as well. He could feel his hips and ass filling out to - most likely 'delightfully' - feminine proportions, while the jeans he wore altered style slightly to become a pair of women's jeans that hugged his new hips and ass tightly. His legs were also undergoing some sort of change, as were his feet - and the shoes that enclosed them. From the sense of tingling, Sam knew that his face was also changing to match his rapidly female form - and everything else was, as well.

Then the glow vanished, and as time restarted, *she* held the horrified certainty that she was now female in every single respect.

"Just being here is more than... what's wrong?" Linda asked, as Sam screamed and twitched, the totem dropping from nerveless - and utterly feminine - fingers.

"I'm a woman!" Sam half-shouted, hearing the words emerge in a hysterical feminine voice. "I... I've got tits! Huge, monster tits!" Her slender hands flew to her crotch... "And a cunt!"

With a stunned, confused expression, Linda rose from her chair. "Sam? Sam - what...? What are you shouting about? What's wrong?"

Sam gaped at Linda incredulously. "What's wrong?" She asked, stunned. Her dainty hands rose to her chest and hefted her huge, weight new tits. "Look at me!"

Linda looked deeply concerned and slowly came around the table. "Sam - I don't understand. Is there something wrong with your tits?"

Sam blinked. "Wrong with them?" She asked, Linda's actions and words beginning to seep through his confusion, horror and fear. She took a deep breath and forced herself to gain some measure of control, however tenuous. "Linda... do you notice anything different about me?"

Linda frowned. "Different? I... no, I don't think so. What's... what are you asking me?" Sam frowned in confusion. "You.. you didn't see the totem... glow?"

Linda's concerned eyes flew wide in surprise. "Glow?"

"Yeah - we were sitting, talking, and I said that I wished there was something I could..." Her voice trailed off as stunned comprehension began to set in. "Wait a second.. I wished..."

Staring sidelong at Sam in confusion, Linda bent and picked up the carved piece of wood, turning it over in her hands. "Glow?" She repeated, confused, then sighed. "I wish I knew what the hell is wrong with you, Sam..."

Then she made a strangled screaming sound, and the totem dropped from her hands as she took three steps back and stared at Sam, who was gaping back at her.

"You... you were a guy!" She said, pointing one shaking hand at Sam. "But... You.. I..."

That made the tenuous idea that Sam had been considering solidify. "You know!" She shouting, standing up and taking a step towards Linda...

...who shied back, wide eyed, shaking her head in denial. "Linda?" Sam said, surprised.

"I.. you..." Linda stopped and took several deep breaths, then slumped against the couch and stared at Sam. "You were a guy - then you made a wish on the totem, and it turned you into a woman so I would feel more comfortable around you, and could discuss 'girl' things with you."

Sam relaxed a bit. She had realized that Linda hadn't noticed anything strange about her transformation - until she'd 'wished' on the totem...

"Linda - do you know what's going on?" She asked, slumping back into the chair. "I mean - my God! I've been turned into a woman. It's just a little... confusing."

Linda swallowed. "Tell me about it. Right now, I remember you as being Samantha Vogelmann, by best friend since grade school - yet I also remember you being Samuel Vogelmann, and making a wish on the.." She swallowed. "I mean... which one's real?"

Sam took a deep breath - glad to know that she wasn't going insane. "I only remember me being male, and then getting turned into a woman - apparently by making that wish, though I had no way of knowing that would happen." She swallowed - then hesitantly asked the question that she desperate for the answer to, while being terrified at what the answer might be. "Do... Do you know why it made my wish come true - and... can I change back?"

Linda had been staring, wide-eyed, at the totem - and now she shook her head and looked at Sam in deep compassion. "Oh, my good - I didn't realize..." She swallowed. "Part of me still thinks of you as Samantha, and I didn't think..."

"Linda..." Sam said, as gently as possible under the circumstances.

"Oh! - Yes, you can change back." Linda said, realizing what the wait for an answer would be doing to Sam. "Sorry - I'm still trying to.. cope. Anyway - anybody who holds that totem gets three wishes, if it's... 'charged'."

"Is it?" Sam asked, fearfully. "Charged, I mean?"

Linda nodded. "Oh, yes - it's been sitting, undisturbed, for nearly a century - it's got enough '[juice]' to give us each our three wishes, though it'll need a good fifty years after that before it'll work again."

"Thank God!" Sam exploded, slumping in relief.

Linda bent over and picked up the fallen totem, handling it as gingerly as if it were a live grenade. "If... If you want, I'll wish you.. uh.. 'back'." Linda offered, obviously still having trouble seeing Sam as the man she 'really' was, other than the life-long girl friend she (and the rest of the world) currently knew her as.

Sam started to agree - then stopped. Now that the urgent question had been settled, she was no longer panicked and horrified. Indeed, with the initial shock and horror fading, she found herself...

...intrigued.

"Wait a second..." She said slowly in her sweet, trilling new voice. Rising from the chair, she walked slowly across the room towards the bathroom.

Now that her mind wasn't swamped with powerful, negative emotions, Sam could pay more attention to her new form a bit more - and was aware of the way she was moving. Along with the body and 'past' of a woman, the wish had also given her the moves and habits to match. She'd just mentally commanded herself to walk - but, from there, her body took over, and it was walking in a decidedly feminine way without any 'prompting' from her male mind.

Which was a good thing, she thought with a wry grin - as she'd have no idea how to walk in the white leather sandals she was wearing, complete with the three-and-a-half-inch wooden 'block' heels.

Reaching the bathroom door, she swung it open and stepped to the side, allowing herself to see the reflection of her new body in the mirror mounted on the back of the door.

A stunningly sexy, beautiful - if outrageously over-endowed - platinum blonde woman stared back at her.

She was slightly on the short side - but most of that diminutive height was obviously from her long, slim legs. Although hidden under the taut cloth of her faded jeans, Sam had no doubt that the legs were absolutely spectacular - because that would match the rest of her new body.

Her hips were a trifle on the slender side for a woman's - though much wider than she had been as a man. The 'slim' hips, however, were made to look wider by the amazingly slender waist that her tied-off sleeveless blouse displayed.

A waist that lay in the shadow of her massive, firm tits, which were definitely out-sized for her svelte frame. Wonderingly, Sam again hefted her huge new endowments, feeling their weight and mass in the dainty hands that didn't come close to encompassing her basket-ball sized spheres. She knew that some men would find these tits absolutely spectacular, but even if she wasn't burdened with their heavy mass she would have found them ridiculously out-sized - her own breast appreciation was such that she found Linda's large tits on her athletic frame to be not only perfect, but the maximum size before staring the down-slide of 'too much' - and these chest-melons were considerably larger than hers.

Her shoulders and arms were slender, feminine, and milky-smooth - as was the rest of her body. Her coloration was very close to what it had been as a man, but now it was softer and smoother.

A long, slender neck lead up to a stunning face. A combination of sexy, beautiful and cute, it boasted large, bright blue eyes, a pert nose and full, soft lips.

It was also simply, yet attractively, made-up, complete with gloss-red lipstick. The wish had been so comprehensive as to have altered reality itself, with the exception of her own sense of self. In the altered history, the female Sam had done what would have been expected of her, and applied make-up this morning.

Which was also why her clothes matched her form.

Her platinum-blond hair was the same shade it had always been, but now it was much finer and silkier. Fairly short, the hair was nevertheless styled in a feminine manner, hanging almost to her collar at the back and on the right side, where most of it was swept over from the left side, just above the ear. It was a 'do that managed to be both sexy and - somehow - 'perky'.

"Geez - I'm a babe! A massively *over-endowed* babe, granted, but a babe..." Sam breathed in stunned surprise...

...then blinked. "Hey, wait a second!"

"What?" Linda asked, coming up behind her - and stepping back when Sam whirled and stared at her.

"You're still sexy, too - but I don't find us... 'arousing'!" Sam said, frowning. "I mean, I've always found you really sexy, and I should be drooling over my new body, but..."

"That's just perverted..." Linda said with an exaggerated look of distaste - then shrugged. "At least, to me - having my old friend Samantha suddenly being attracted to me."

"Yeah - but think how your old friend Samuel feels about suddenly being... gay?" Sam retorted, frowning.

Linda shrugged. "Besides - your wish was to make me feel more comfortable - so, obviously, you'd have to be sexually uninterested in me to avoid... problems."

Having a clear memory of already 'being there, doing that', Sam had to grin in wry acknowledgment. "Yeah."

"So - should I wish you back?" Linda asked. "It'll feel weird for me to do it - but as long as I make sure to specify that I remember everything being the way it was, then I won't feel weird once you're 'back' to being a guy."

Sam was still frowning - but now it was in thought. "Actually - I thought I'd wait a bit." Linda blinked. "Really?"

Sam nodded, blushing. "Yeah - it feels weird, and all - but how often does a guy actually get a chance to see life from the other side? Besides..." His blush deepened. "I was serious about wanting to make this weekend easier for you. If being female for a couple of days is what it takes - well, I think I can handle it."

"You'd actually do that for me?" Linda asked, surprised. "I mean - the male you? I know the Samantha I remember would do something equivalent, but..."

"Yeah - it's okay. Like I said - it's not just for you. I have to admit that I'm... curious." Sam admitted - her beautiful face aflame. "Besides - it's not like anyone's going to know."

"Except you and me." Linda said.

Smiling weakly, Sam reached out and took the totem. "Actually - not quite. The only way for this to work is..." "Hey...!" Linda started to protest, startled, as she saw where Sam was going....

"I wish that I was back outside the cabin, and that Linda would not only have any memory of anything that happened since I came in, but that she won't find anything I do unusual or 'out of character'." Sam said....

...then the world seemed to waver around her, and she found herself standing outside the cabin, the totem in her dainty hands.

She took a deep breath, wondering if she'd made the right decision - on both counts. She knew that, for Linda to feel completely comfortable, the original wish Sam had made had to be fulfilled - Linda had to 'remember' only Samantha.

Still - Sam couldn't believe that she was actually staying female for a little while. The other side of the coin, of course, was that if she didn't do this, she'd spend the rest of her life wondering what it would have been like.

Besides - if it got to being too weird, she would use her last wish to change back. It was that simple. Thinking about that, she walked up the steps and pushed open the door to the cabin.

"Perfect timing, Sam." Linda said a bit sarcastically, turning from the stove. "You're fifteen... what the heck is *that*?" "This is why I'm late - I found it while I was out walking." Sam replied, placing the item in question on the table...

* * * * *

It was a fantasy come true...

...sort of.

With awry grin, Sam smiled down at Linda's face, bathed in the golden glow of early morning sunlight where it spilled in the window and over the peaceful repose of her face.

Carefully, so as not to disturb Linda, Sam wiggled out of bed and rose to her feet, stretching mightily. As she pushed her hands as high as she could, the sensation of her huge, firm tits shifting on her chest - under a pink silk negligee, no less! - caused another wry grin.

Shaking her head at the absurdity of the situation, Sam padded out of the bedroom and towards the bathroom, feeling her huge tits sway slightly with each step, causing a distracting, pleasant sensation as the smooth fabric moved over her firm mounds and large, thick nipples - fully engorged in the cool air of morning and poking impudent dents in the sheer fabric.

"Man - this is just a *leee-dle* weird." Sam said to herself - and the sound of her trilling, feminine voice made her giggle. Which only made her giggle harder.

Starting the tub running, Sam peeled off the negligee and posed in front of the mirror, eyeing her altered body. It was about fourteen hours since she'd first been 'transformed', and she was still trying to get used to all the differences between this body, and the male one that nobody in the world remembered her ever having - except her, of course.

Of course, there were the obvious differences - like her gigantic tits. They were huge and firm and round, with a considerable heft to them that gave them quite a bit of inertia when she moved - making her grateful for her new body's inherent 'habits' of motion. If she'd just gotten the body, without the magically ingrained skills, she would have ended up on her ass a dozen times over when the unexpected inertia of her new endowments took over.

She was also surprised by how sensitive her new tits were - especially the nipples. Though she hadn't quite worked herself up to open, unashamed 'fondling' of her new body, she'd had enough 'chance' encounters already to know that her nipples were remarkably sensitive.

She was sure that her new cunt was at least as sensitive as her cock had been - but that wasn't something that she'd put to the test. She had enough trouble just going to the washroom and wiping herself afterward - it felt dirty and perverted to touch herself there. though, intellectually, she knew this new body was 'hers', it somehow felt as if she were 'peeping' on a woman, touching her, doing things that she shouldn't be doing.

Then again, she mused as she climbed into a tub of warm water, there was the decidedly strange-feeling shift in her sexual orientation - although she was only experiencing the 'female-negative' side of it. the mere thought of actually being in a situation where she'd become aroused over a man was enough to make her shudder.

What she was going through was weird enough. She knew that she had found Linda sexy before, and could still see and acknowledge all the things about Linda that had turned her on, as a man - only, now, it felt... different. Kind of.. 'empty'. In a way, it was kind of like steak - she didn't particularly like steak, though she didn't dislike it either. She knew that other people would go out of their way for a good steak, would pay extra to get it, and so on - but she'd always been able to take it or leave it, with the emphasis on 'leave it'.

Now - it was the same way with Linda. She no longer had any urges about her, although she could remember having had them, and could still see Linda's sexuality. It wouldn't feel half as weird, if it weren't for the fact that she knew that she'd be male again before long, and was now consciously making an effort to file away the things that she knew would fuel her fantasies when she was male - but that didn't 'do' anything for her now.

All in all, though - she was finding the whole situation interesting, if weird. To see how women lived their lives, from the inside, was definitely informative.

Like some of the 'girl-talk' last night. Only the fact that she'd wished Linda wouldn't find anything unusual in her action had kept her from running into awkward questions by the shock she'd shown by some of the things Linda had discussed so freely - Sam had no idea women could be so... *descriptive* and open when they were by themselves. Not rude, or crude - but Linda had been willing to discuss things unashamedly that men would have blushed, or run away screaming, at hearing in conversations, even 'just among the guys'.

Of course, the other thing had been how much they'd touched each other. Sam had never really noticed how willing and open women were about physical contact, even though there was no sexual energy at all. Hell - like sharing the bed. In this altered history, there'd been no discussion at all, simply taken for granted that two old, dear female friends would share the same bed, rather than one of them suffer the couch.

Two guys would rather die than share a bed. Well - two straight guys, at least.

Sam had to admit - strange as it was, she was glad she'd taken the chance to see life from this new perspective. Even if she was stuck carting around gigantic, freakishly over-sized tits the size of basketballs...

* * * * *

Leaning over the end table, Linda looked out the window at what promised to be an absolutely gorgeous day, unlike the overcast and somewhat cold one of the day before.

She'd come half awake when Sam had slithered out of bed, and had almost slipped back to sleep when the sound of water filling the tub had pulled her the rest of the way to a rather dreamy, thoughtful wakefulness. Now, staring out at the lake, she smiled softly at the memory of how shocked Samantha had been by some of the talk last night.

Thanks to Sam's wish, Linda didn't find anything unusual about that - as far as Linda could 'remember', Sam was still a virgin. That's why she didn't find Sam's embarrassment over their conversations unusual, or the tentative and shy way she moved, dressed and carried herself.

It also explained the way Linda 'remembered' Sam acting around guys, all insecure and unable to express any interest.

The thing of it was - while the wording of Sam's wish meant that Linda didn't find anything unusual about her friends actions, it didn't mean that Linda accepted them without reservation.

"Sam, Sam, Sam..." Linda said to herself, quietly. "What happened to make you so self-conscious and unhappy about yourself. What was so traumatic that you've never even told me about it?"

In Linda's 'memories', every time she'd tried to bring it up, Sam had denied any trouble, claiming to be completely comfortable with her body.

Sighing, she looked out the window without actually seeing the lovely scene before her - or noticing her bare arm resting against the totem on the end-table.

"I just wish..." Linda said, sadly. "...that I could believe that you actually *were* comfortable, happy and proud about your body and gender..."

* * * * *

Finishing toweling as much moisture out of her hair as she could, Sam dropped the damp towel in the hamper and started to reach down to pick up her negligee....

...when she caught sight of her reflection out of the corner of her eye, and stopped. She wasn't quite sure why she did that, even as she straightened to look at herself in the mirror, full on.

Twisting her torso slightly, she found herself paying attention to her body. This wasn't really strange - after all, it was still so new to her as to cause her to keep examining herself again and again. She just wasn't sure what had caught her interest so sharply this time.

Then she got it and she giggled.

It was her tits. She had known, since the very first minute, that they were gigantic - like some hyper-silicone-inflated tits, like some of those 'fetish' strippers and 'big-bust' models had.

It had just taken her this long to realize that, on her slender, otherwise petite frame, they were so ridiculously, outrageously, unbelievably huge...

...that it was funny. She was like a walking caricature of a 'buxom' woman. It was hilarious, in the way that SNL's spoofs of Dolly Parton were hilarious, one of the show's women walking around with basketballs stuffed in her shirt and acting like people found tits that big sexy.

"Oh, I just have gorgeous, perfect tits..." She hammed it up for the mirror, fondling her tits as if she enjoyed having utterly ridiculous tits thrust roundly from her chest. "They're so big and sexy..."

Laughing at the act she'd done for the mirror, she shook her head and reached again for her negligee...

...then paused, and just draped it over her arm. After all - why should she worry about walking around nude, when there was only her and Linda here? Linda certainly didn't have a problem with being nude when they were alone, so why should she?

"Besides..." She said, pulling back her shoulders and shoving her chest out. "Anyone with such gorgeous, huge tits shouldn't cover them up any more than she has to, right?"

Giggling at her little act, Sam shook her head - and continued to ham it up as she walked back to the bedroom, unable to keep a grin off her face at the silliness of this 'fantasy' - and the thought that there was actually men out there who would find this sexy, if you could believe *that!*

"Well, you seem in a good mood today, Sam." Linda said with a grin.

Well, she couldn't tell her the real reason, Sam thought, her grin widening. She knew that her wish kept Linda from finding anything she said or did odd, but it still seemed ridiculous to causally mention that she'd just discovered how hilarious her tits were to somebody who thought Sam had tits this big for all her post-pubescent life.

"It's just a gorgeous day, that's all. " She said, instead. "So - what do we do today?"

"I figured we'd pop into town and do some window shopping, grab some lunch - you know, just sort of stroll around."

"Sounds good to me - as long as we can come back for a dip in the lake this afternoon - looks like it's going to be a scorcher." Sam said, eyeing the clear blue sky and the bright sun that was slowly ascending the azure dome.

"Sounds like a plan to me." Linda agreed.

The two women began to dress - and one of them was very aware of the intellectual fact that there was two nude women in the room, though she wasn't currently equipped to fully enjoy the fact. It was definitely something to file away for reference, though...

"Hey - there's nothing wrong with your body, either." Linda said, snapping Sam out of her reverie as she finished pulling on her simple white cotton panties.

"Excuse me?" Sam asked - realizing that she might have been 'filing away' a little too obviously.

"I saw you looking at my body wistfully..." Linda said. "Trust me - you have definitely got a boy-killing body yourself."

"I know that." Sam said, protesting. It was instinctive, the knowledge that she could say anything and still not have Linda find it odd sort of a nebulous thing that didn't override her instincts.

"Oh, really?" Linda asked, a bit doubtfully.

"Hey, If I didn't know I had a fabulous bod, would you catch me in something like this...?" Sam retorted, pulling something out of her suitcase and pulling it on.

Linda grinned broadly. "Guess not - and I think that sets just the right tone for today's little outing."

"Yeah." Sam said, with an agreeing smile - while, inside, she was re-running the past few minutes in her mind, trying to figure out exactly how she'd ended up wearing a skin-tight pair of daisy-duke shorts and a white spandex crop-top that barely managed to completely contain her massive tits.

She realized what she'd done - namely, forget that she was unconstrained in dealing with Linda - and was about to change into something she felt more comfortable in...

...when Linda did a little spin. "God - this was a great idea, Sam. A day letting ourselves go is just what I need - and I wouldn't have the guts to do it if you weren't doing it with me."

Despite the alteration in her sexual outlook, Sam knew that the black spandex bike-shorts and white bikini top that Linda had changed into would normally have the male Sam drooling and running in circles.

Sam knew that she could get changed right now, and Linda wouldn't question it - but she'd also get changed, as well. However, if Sam was willing to take the indignity of being dressed like this, she could have plenty of 'fantasy fuel' stored by the end of the day....

"Hey, us gorgeous babes have to stick together." Sam said, having made up her mind. Besides - what she was wearing was actually *too* sexy, for her body - it was just like the little parody she'd done for herself in the mirror. It might feel weird to go out in public like this - but it was all so badly, ludicrously overdone that it wasn't like she *really* looked sexy, for god's sake.

"So..." Linda said, suggestively - and held up a pair of black platform shoes with seven inch tall spike heels. "...do we do the whole routine?"

Sam almost wanted to sigh with relief. "Yeah, why not?" She said, and dug through her shoes until she found a similar pair, only in white. It was with relief that she strapped them on - the 'hooker shoes' were so over-the-top that she didn't feel any more uncomfortable in this clothing than if she were wearing any other clothing. The get up was so ludicrously stereotypical as to be a costume, not a serious attempt at being sexy. Hell - it might make guys burst out laughing, but somebody as ridiculously over-endowed as herself should be trying to minimize her ridiculous bust if she were trying to really be sexy, not weary skimpy little 'nothing' clothes that made it painfully obvious that she was way, *way* too top-heavy for somebody of her height and build. If men were going to slobber and drool over anybody, it would be the genuinely sexy Linda, not the caricature-like her.

Which reminded her - to make the over-done, costume-like look perfect, she should do something with her hair, maybe some make-up and jewelry - she wanted her 'gag' to be perfect. Hell, she couldn't remember the last time she'd had this much fun, playing a stupid, silly little game.

* * * * * "Holy geez!"

Sam stared at herself in the mirror in the ice-cream parlor's bathroom, jaw hanging as she surveyed herself in the glass.

She looked - really looked - at what she was wearing, and at the way it barely covered her body at all. Her tits, in particular, seemed to be eager to escape the confines of the tiny white cop-top, tit-flesh pushing up into the neckline, creating an awesome view of milky cleavage. The bottom of the crop-barely sat under her huge new tits, and her tiny waist was fully displayed.

The tiny, tight shorts hugged the curve of her spectacular ass, further emphasized by the extremely high-heels she was wearing - which also emphasized her long, incredible legs.

Her face was made-up with just the right touch - if the look she was going for was a mind-boggling combination of innocent and sexy. Her lips were a bright, high-gloss hot pink, rimmed with a slightly darker tone. Her lashes were long and dark, and she wore a pale eye shadow that made her big blue eyes look even bigger and more innocent. The whole look that was created by the outfit and the makeup made her look like a cheerful, perky young woman who wasn't aware just how sexy the 'warm-weather' clothing made her look.

"What the hell was I thinking?" Sam asked her reflection, in shock. She could clearly remember everything that had happened, and why - at the time - it had all seemed to make sense. Hell, in the ride into town, she'd actually been eager to 'play the role' in this clothing, utterly and completely convinced that it's 'overly' sexual nature would keep anybody from taking it seriously.

It wasn't until she'd come in her to use the bathroom, then caught sight of herself in the mirror as she washed her hands, that she realized how she looked - like an incredibly sexy, huge-breasted woman in a sexy/skimpy outfit that managed to show off her body without - quite - passing the line into 'cheap' or 'trashy'. Even the shoes managed to look innocent on her, as if she had worn them in an innocently risqué attempt to match Linda - who looked flat-out sexy, without any attempt at innocent.

"I must have gone off my rocker!" Sam said to her reflection, still not quite sure why this had seemed like a spectacular, hilarious, fun idea.

Drying her hands, Sam stepped out of the bathroom...

...and relaxed completely.

"D'Oh!" She said to herself, cheerfully, slapping her forehead as she realized what had happened - the tiny above-sink mirror, coupled with the poor lighting, had been enough to downplay her look until it had looked honestly provocative, rather than the utterly ridiculous costume-like caricature it actually was.

"Thought I was going to have a heart attack for a second there..." Sam told herself, feeling silly at the sudden self doubt and fear she'd felt - without really feeling bad about it. After all, she was new to this body and gender, and not completely comfortable with it - and even when she was aware of the fact that she was so utterly over-the-top to be really sexy, she still felt weird about wearing women's clothes, and so little of them at that.

The occasional doubt was to be expected, she thought as she reached where Linda was waiting and collected a vanilla cone from her.

"Well - let's do some window shopping!" Sam said, brightly, enjoying the warm sun spilling down on her body - another reason to find the skimpy clothing enjoyable.

The two women walked slowly down the street, licking at their ice cream while they chatted and eyed merchandise through display windows.

Sam couldn't help but be aware of the looks they were garnering, and made sure to put an extra little 'oomph' in her walk to go with the look, knowing what the men must be thinking - with somebody so ridiculously proportioned and outfitted as herself, they'd be split between glancing away and staring in amazement.

As she'd expected, Sam found that being able to play the routine was incredibly fun - she could tilt the balance any time she wanted. She lost count of how many times she caught a guy staring, and she'd 'rev it up'. Catching the gaping man's eye, she'd turn to him and make it obvious she'd caught him staring at her freakish body - then she'd push her tits even further out, lick her lips, and wink.

Without fail, the men would do a double take, flush, and look away.

At which point she'd stop 'paying attention' to the guy - while making sure to 'put on a show' as she ignored him, to further increase the embarrassment of this freakish woman 'coming on' to him.

'Geez - guys are so damned easy to play with, aren't they?' Sam said quietly to Linda, who'd been watching her 'routine' for sometime now, sidelong.

"Yeah, they are." Linda agreed - then, sarcastically: "I'm glad to see that you're finally comfortable with how *incredibly* sexy you are." "Yeah." Sam said, lacing her voice with sarcasm. "I'm a gorgeous babe with fantastic tits - why shouldn't I use them?"

* * * * *

Linda was amazed - but happy - with Sam's sudden acceptance of her body. In fact, it was remarkable how far the other way she'd gone - as if to make up for all the lost time she'd spent, ashamed of her body.

Catching her look, Sam smiled brightly at her. "Geez!" She exclaimed, sounding as happy as a girl who'd gotten something new and wonderful for Christmas. "Guys are so damned *easy* to play with, aren't they?"

"Well... Yeah, they are." Linda agreed - glad to see Sam so happy and outgoing, but a bit 'overshadowed' by the sheer and honest enthusiasm she'd developed. Still, she was happy for her, so she spoke with absolute honesty when she said: "I'm glad to see that you're finally comfortable with how... sexy you *can* be."

"Yup!" Sam agreed, cheerfully, her hands coming up to lightly slide over her crop top. "I mean - I *am* a gorgeous babe, with *fantastic* tits. I think it's about time I used them."

Despite being upstaged by Sam, Linda couldn't feel upset. Sure, she had come off a bad relationship and 'playing sexy' was good therapy for her - but the once shy and virginal Sam was finally accepting her sexuality and coming out of her shell, and that made it more important that Sam get all the attention she wanted, even if it detracted from her own little display.

After all - this was the first time Sam had said she was happy and proud of her body and Linda had really believed it.

* * * * *

"Well - there goes our plan for lunch in town." Sam said, cheerfully, loading the last of her purchases into the back of the Jeep - and telling herself that 'blowing' that much money on a completely temporary state of femininity didn't matter as long as she remembered to rectify it on her 'return to manhood' wish.

"Well - we've got plenty of food back at the cabin." Linda said - then giggled. "Beside - I think a shopping spree was just what I needed to help me get over ol' whatzizname."

The two women grinned at each other for completely different reasons at the thought of having done the 'typical' female shopping spree. Hopping back into the Jeep, they headed back towards the cabin.

"I'm glad to see that you enjoyed yourself so much." Linda said, referring to Sam's little comedy routine in town.

"Yeah - it was a real blast." Sam admitted - it had felt good to 'parody' her current situation all day. Making fun of her overly-female new body had actually made it easier to deal with. "I'm still not sure whether I'm ready to take it on as a full-time thing - but it was definitely fun today." She laughed. "I'm just upset that nobody was willing to go the distance."

Linda grinned. "Really? I mean - are you seriously saying that's what you wanted?"

"Sure." Sam said, a little surprised - coming across 'real competition', a guy who didn't give up so soon, would have made finally beating them that much more fun. She'd hoped to find somebody so deeply ingrained with 'manners' that she would have had to really embarrass him to make him finally blush and turn away from her over-done, too-'sexy' routine. That would have been a real challenge.

"Yeah, well, I can't say I'm surprised." Linda said. "I mean, you must be just about ready for..." She broke off. "Hold on a second. Maybe we've got something here..."

She slowed the Jeep, allowing them to get a really good look at the two men as they closed in on them. Carrying towels draped over broad, tanned shoulders, both men were well muscled and good-looking, with toned, tanned bodies packed into swim-trunks. The darker-haired one carried a bag, while the brunette was carrying a cooler, and there was no doubt they were heading for the lake.

Linda's hands tightened on the steering wheel as her mind spun. She knew what she was feeling was simple lust, and - to tell the truth - a sexual fling with no consequences after the weekend might be the tonic she needed. Normally, she wouldn't have considered it, because of Sam's usual attitude - but if she was serious about having sex this weekend...

"Umm..." Linda said, delicately. "If you were serious about finding a guy who could... 'go the distance', what would you say to giving these guys a shot...?"

So - Linda wasn't satisfied with all the 'easy' wins today, either, Sam thought with a grin. "Sure - sounds like it could be fun. Assuming these guys are willing to stay in for the duration..."

Pulling the Jeep over beside the men, Linda was gratified to see that the men were as handsome as they had appeared to be from a distance. "Hey - heading down to the lake?"

The darker haired one looked Linda over with an obviously appreciative smile. "That's right - that where you're heading too?" While Linda explained about their cabin - and the accompanying private stretch of beach - Sam eyed her own 'competition'.

He was a broad-shouldered, handsome man with brunet hair - and from the look he was giving her, it was obvious that he might be the ideal opponent. From the way he was staring at her freakish rack, it was obvious that there was a sort of

disgusted fascination, the type she was counting on to help her win - but the fact that he refused to blush or turn away indicated that he might make it a worthy run for her money.

"Hi..." She said, making her voice sound as sultry as she could, over-playing it to the hilt. She leaned forward, to force him to see even more of her freakishly out-sized tits. "My name's Samantha..." She licked her lips slowly, and threw him a slow, 'sensuous' wink. "...but any stud like you gets to call me 'Sam'."

That was the first test - it would take a tremendous amount of willpower not to either grimace or laugh - depending on his personality - and she waited for his response...

"Hi, Sam." He said, forcing himself to grin back politely - but the way his eyes kept flicking back to her over-sized, over-displayed tits revealed his true feelings. "I'm John."

Test passed - this guy obviously had manners practically beaten into him - he'd try his hardest not to show how hilarious and/or disgusting her enormous tits and horribly corny 'sexy' routine was to him.

Soon he and his friend, Steve, had joined them in the Jeep for a picnic on the beach. Pulling up to the cabin, the guys helped the girls unload, then began to put together some picnic food while the girls got changed.

"So - do you find John sexy?" Linda asked in a low voice as they got undressed in the bedroom.

Sam didn't particularly want to answer that question - but it was normal 'girl talk', and she had once again let her wish slip her mind in its significance.

She decided to tell the truth. "Yeah, actually." She admitted, embarrassed. She knew it came from her wish, which had altered her sexuality - but that didn't keep it from feeling really, really weird. "I mean - it's not like I want to. I just can't stop thinking about his body, and the way he moves. My body... well, it's doing some things on its own that, honestly, I find... disconcerting."

Like her nipples having the strange tendency to want to get hard, and the low, liquid warmth that seemed to keep circulating through her abdomen.

"Oh..." Linda said. "Do... you think it'll interfere with you... going the distance?"

Hmm... that was a good question. Sam hadn't thought about that - this weird, unwanted purely-physical arousal might distract her from the game. "No - I think it'll be okay."

Sam finished pulling on the tiny, hot-pink bikini she'd chosen. The tiny triangles of the top barely managed to cover her massive nipples, and the 'butt-floss' bottom was practically non-existent.

"So - you think this will help?" She asked, spreading her arms and twirling slowly. "I wouldn't usually wear something like this - but I figure I need all the help I can get, and this should help me."

Linda whistled. "Girl, I think you could get him without going that all-out - but what the hell, hit him with the works."

"Thanks!" Sam said, grateful for Linda's vote of confidence in getting this guy to back down before she did. "Besides - it's not like I'm going to have to be like this very often - especially after I finish with John." Flashing a bright smile, Sam headed out of the bedroom.

Sighing, Linda slumped against the end table. She wasn't surprised to find out that Sam was just looking to 'get it over with', getting laid and then going back into her shell.

Not finding it unusual, however, did not mean that she liked the thought of her friend going back to the same awkward, shy girl. So, maybe this current routine was a little overdone - it was still better then being shy and retiring and awkward all the time.

She shook her head. "I wish that Sam could truly understand what was going on here - and only do the things that she decides that a woman like her would do."

Straightening, she headed for the door - rubbing the small of her back, where her bare skin had been pressed against the totem on the bed-table...

* * * * *

Sam was staring at her reflection in the mirror in horror, when the question she'd just asked herself - "What the hell am I doing" - was suddenly an irrevocably answered.

Suddenly, a rush of knowledge filled the ex-man's head, and she knew of the wished Linda had made, and how it had affected her...

...and how it was about to affect her. Sam was horrified.

Because Linda only knew of Samantha, he long-time female friend, and didn't know about the magical properties of the totem at all, she had no idea how the wording of her wish was about to affect Sam - or that it was going to affect her at all.

But Sam had an instant of utter clarity to know what was about to happen, in a general sense.

Linda hadn't said that Sam should do what Sam thought she would do - but what she thought 'a woman like her' would do. Despite her new body, despite the unknowingly 'honest' flirting she'd been doing, there was an awful lot that the 'currently-female-but-really-male' Sam didn't think that she should do. However, in the hypothetical that Linda had specified - what Sam though a woman, in all other ways just like her, would do - it was a completely different ball-game.

Sam had just that one, frozen instant to comprehend what Linda had unwillingly, inadvertently done, and opened her mouth to scream in horror....

...and, instead, smiled warmly at her reflection, turning to 'admire' her curves and figure. "Damn, Sam - you are one gorgeous girl."

The words emerged from her lips, and the tone was honestly admiring - but it didn't really come from Sam. Indeed, she didn't know - exactly - what she was going to say and do until she saw and heard it for herself, listening in inner horror to her body complimenting itself.

She understood what it was, though - in the hypothetical, Samuel thought a woman like Samantha, having such an outrageously sexy body, would be proud of it. It didn't matter what the reality of the situation was - Samantha was acting the way Samuel thought a woman like Samantha would act.

Samuel didn't find gigantic-breasted women attractive. He thought any woman that huge-breasted must be some sort of 'fetish queen' or 'slut', either having their breasts made that big through surgery - or, in the hypothetical of 'Samantha', not having them reduced through surgery.

That fact now came back to haunt her - because Sam was trapped in the body of Samantha, who was now going to act the way he thought 'Samantha' would - with 'himself' trapped inside as a semi-helpless passenger.

Samuel still had some control, over some things - but it was as if the mind occupying the body was schizoid, with everything Samuel wanted to do being filtered through the Samantha personality. If it was something Samantha didn't have a problem with, she'd put it into motion - only, she'd decided how to do it. It was just like when Sam had first become female - 'his' mind had told the body to walk, but the ingrained female skills had decided how to walk.

However, it had gone much further in scope, now, extending to much more - and, if there was ever a conflict between what Samuel wanted the body 'he' was occupying to do, and what the portion of 'his' mind thought a girl like Samantha should do - 'Samantha' would win out.

So - Sam was completely unable to scream in horror and shock at her plight as she gave her image a wink and walked out of the bathroom with a sexy, feminine sway.

Linda was chatting with the two guys, and she turned to smile as Sam came out of the bathroom. "Ready to hit the beach, Sam?"

It was a strange, twinning sensation. Samuel tried to say 'no'....

...and Samantha took that answer, considered it against her 'preprogrammed' persona (created by Samuel's assumptions), and filtered it into:

"I don't know.." She said, thoughtfully, tapping one finger against her full, gloss-pink lower lip. "I'm sure you've noticed I'm pretty fair- skinned, and I've already gotten a lot of sun today - I'm probably going to burn like a lobster as it is."

Inside her over-developed body, Sam felt a burst of victory - the decision had been passed, once a reason that 'a girl like Samantha' would give had been found...

"No problem, Sam - I've got a good sunblock." John said, smiling at her and ogling her mostly-exposed spheres of milky tit-flesh. "well then - that sounds fine." Sam heard herself agree - then, to her horror, continue - "I'll get you to help me put it on."

"You bet, babe." John agreed.

Screaming, mentally, Samuel struggled to commandeer her body, aim it for the bedroom and the chance to wish for this all to stop....

...but Samantha didn't agree there was a 'good' reason to detour, and she found herself waking with a sexy sway out the door - and sliding a slender arm around John's waist as they headed down to where they guys had spread towels on the beach.

'No! You don't want to do this!' Sam screamed at her traitorous body - but that wasn't true. It was Samuel who didn't want to do this - but this is exactly the sort of thing a girl like Samantha would do.

Laying down on the towel, Sam helplessly smiled up at John - and then turned her head and looked at where Linda lay next to Steve. "How do you get such a great tan, Linda - I've never seen you with any tan lines, no matter what you're wearing."

Linda's eyes widened, and she flushed. "I, uh... have a private deck at home. I usually... tan... nude..." Oh." Sam said, nonchalantly. "Okay."

Wiggling her hands behind her neck, she undid the string that held the top of the bikini in place, then repeated the procedure with the bottom string, allowing her to pull off the scrap of white material and toss it aside.

Inside, Sam was struggling to take some measure of control back - as Sam's body turned and asked a wide-eyed Linda. "Bottoms too?" "Uh..." Linda stammered. "Yeah..."

"Okay." Sam said, casually - and as John practically drooled over her smooth body, she peeled off the tiny bikini bottom and stretched slowly and luxuriously.

Linda was flushing brightly, and she glanced none-to-subtly at a wide eyed Steve....

...then, biting her lower lip and flushing brightly, also removed her swimsuit, revealing every inch of her toned, golden body. Steve involuntarily gasped at the gorgeous bronze sculpture that lay on the towel in front of him...

...and Linda's body relaxed and she smiled, mentally thanking Sam for the opening bid - the inadvertent but undoubtedly honest opinion of her body expressed in that wordless gasp of wonder did her a world of good.

Sam apparently enjoyed the obvious, appreciative gaze of John, as well - but, inside, she was screaming as, with a warm smile, she asked John about that sun block.

John had no hesitation at all, digging through the gym bag for the bottle and - with a gentle eagerness - slathering an even coating of the cool liquid over every inch of her body.

His touch was exquisitely pleasurable - and she wanted to vomit as she felt her body become highly aroused by his thoughtfully kind touch. She could show no sign of it, however, as she made small sounds of pleasure as he coated her, then thanked him in a husky 'bedroom' voice that conveyed more than Sam had ever wanted to.

Through the afternoon, over lunch and during small talk, Sam helplessly continued to flirt shamelessly with John - and Linda, bemused, followed suit at a more sedate pace with her 'Beau de jour'.

The conclusion of what was happening was almost painfully obvious to everyone. To all appearances, it was two pairs of young people who had taken their prerogative to throw everything else away and become involved in a 'fling' - a period of time where they only enjoyed themselves, with no concerns past what they were doing and with no fear of consequences in the future.

For three of them, appearance matched reality - but for the one who seemed most devoted to the 'fling', reality masked an inner horror and helplessness as the inadvertent wishes of a friend and her own curiosity bound her into a situation she could not control, a helpless passenger in a body that wasn't even the one she was born into.

Then, as the sun slowly sank over the lake, the talk began to turn towards going elsewhere, with an implied suggestion in the tone as to where that 'elsewhere' might be. Just to make it clear, however, was the obviously bulge at each of the men's crotches that revealed an almost painful readiness for the 'activities' they were trying to suggest to the women without actually saying anything specific.

Sam felt a moment of hope deep inside, as she stretched languorously. "I'm really enjoying the fresh air. John, why don't you start a bonfire to keep us warm?"

John sighed, his face falling - but he began to set up the requested fire.

Then Sam's hopes sank as she turned to Linda with a smile and spoke loud enough for John to hear. "While we're enjoying the evening air, why don't you and Steve go inside and get dinner started. You know - something that can... simmer."

Linda and Steve shared a look - and a pair of matched grins that were almost goofy.

"Spaghetti, perhaps?" Linda suggested, as John's initially slow fire-building effort became almost frenetic.

"Sure." Sam said, looking thoughtful. "But to do it right, you should simmer the sauce for... oh, at least an hour I'd say."

"That sounds about right..." Linda said, gathering the tiny scraps of her bikini in her hand and rising to her feet. With feigned casualness, she asked Steve if he'd care to join her...

...and from the particular strides they used heading up to the cabin - and it's sole bed, a 'problem' Sam had just so conveniently 'solved' - it was pretty damned obvious that they were trying not to break into a run.

Then Sam found herself turning her attention away from the receding couple and to John, who had just gotten the fire going and was now kneeling on the blanket beside her.

"Well, now..." John said, softly, sliding his hand slowly over her taut belly. "What one earth shall we do while waiting for dinner to cook?" Sam wanted to scream at both the words and the tone they were spoken in. "Well, for starters, you could try that a little higher."

Taking the hint that Sam hadn't wanted to give, John slid to curl up against her, propped up on one elbow. With his free hand, he traced his way up to her ribcage, where her huge tits thrust proudly skywards, little of the spherical shape stolen by the force of gravity. He began to massage her far tit...

...while bending his head and kissing and nibbling on her near tits, working in slow circles across the surface towards the fully engorged nipple that surmounted the milky surface.

Sam wanted to scream at his touch - and what horrified her the most was that she was no longer sure whether that scream would have been of disgust - or pleasure. All day long her traitorous body had been becoming more and more aroused, and now she was at a fever pitch of physical desire - and John's touch was *very* skilled.

Reaching down, she gently grasped his hears and guided his head upwards. He continued to kiss all over her body as his face moved upwards, shifting his weight so that he straddled her, his body pressed firmly against hers without putting his full weight on her.

Then, while his head continued to move upwards on it's own, her hands drifted down his back, so that she could remove his swim trunks...

Even if Sam could have given voice to her screams, it would have been badly muted by the passionate, hungry kiss that she involved John in, giving him every impression that she was a fully willing participant in it as their tongues danced around one another.

Then her hands were sliding between their bodies, and she shifted him slightly before sliding her hands over the taut flesh of his buttocks, and giving an unmistakable signal...

...and she was finally able to scream - but it sounded suspiciously like the scream of a woman immensely enjoying the sensation of a hard, throbbing cock sliding deep into her hot, wet cunt - and John had no cause to suspect otherwise as she shifted his weight, burying himself in her sopping womanhood to the hilt as he took his weight onto his arms.

Then - with a pause just long enough to kiss the hollow of her throat - he began to drive into her with a steady, powerful rhythm.

Sam screamed again - and again, it seemed to be the sound of a woman in ecstasy, her body jerking back and forth on the towel as the 'willing' thrusts of her hips met his ageless rhythm.

Samuel was completely horrified to find that not all of the passion and pleasure in that scream was artificially forced from her throat.

Very little of it, in fact. No matter how disgusting it felt to her 'heterosexual male' mind to let a man touch her body - it felt fantastic. It felt amazing. It felt..

"*Sooo* good... oh, God, Yes!..." She gasped - and was stunned to realize that it was 'Samuel' speaking through their throat, her voice giving words to 'his' shameful ecstasy.

"Harder, John - fuck me harder!" was the next thing to emerge from her throat - and it was a mix of both of them making the plea. The line dividing the two Sams began to blur, washed away in a rising tide of pleasure that began to overwhelm everything else.

John complied, his face screwed up in an expression that - in other circumstances - would have been downright hilarious. He increased the pace and depths of his thrusts, responding to her words and the movements of her body as she urged him onward.

Her huge tits were jiggling, swaying and bouncing wildly with the force of each thrust, and she couldn't help but be aware of the sensation...

...and in that instant, she wouldn't have traded it for anything, the new, enjoyable sensation of her huge tits bouncing to the beat of her first fucking, pleasure thrumming through her body like a surging electricity that was gaining power by the second, her voice lifted in mindless ecstasy as she urged her lover to fucker her harder and deeper.

Thought was lost in pleasure, her divided mind completely joined in that instant - neither side of her schizoid persona could conceive of stopping this, not this close to...

Orgasm.

It seemed to explode deep in her cunt, a painless burst of fire that blossomed deep within, then ran rapidly out through her body like an out-of-control bushfire running along the dry tinder of her nerves, superseding any commands she might be sending down them at the time.

Her body shook and jittered under John's, writhing in ecstasy as she screamed mindlessly. It seemed to last an eternal instant, the intense, indescribable, orgasmic fire searing through her body and overloading her brain as her cunt tightened on John's cock and milked it of every drop of fluid it had to give.

Then it was over. Though it had seemed an eternity one instant, the next it seemed if it had all happened too fast, and she was slammed back into her split self as she returned from the mindless heaven of orgasmic pleasure, John collapsing on the towel next to her.

"Sorry... I was... too.. excited..." John panted. "It'll... be better.. next time "

'Next time?' Sam thought....

...and that thought was almost overridden by another, more powerful one. *"Better?!"*

"Well, why don't I give you a hand with that ?" Sam found her lips saying, as she gently grasped John's limp cock, covered in a mixture of his cum and her pussy-juice...

...then, inside, she tried to pull away, desperately, as her body smiled and lowered it's head, enveloping John's cock with her warm, 'willing', and very, very skilled mouth...

* * * * * the pre-dawn light had just stained the light outside the window when Sam crept into the cabin's bedroom on tip-toe.

This was it - this was her chance to wish everything back to the way it should be. After a weekend spent together - a weekend during which she 'willingly' and 'eagerly' fucked and sucked John in every way imaginable - the guys had finally gone home to get a few hours sleep before work, and Linda was collapsed on the bed, completely and utterly sated.

Noiselessly, Sam crept to the end table and reached out to grab the accursed totem. With nobody to 'play' to, with just herself, she hoped she could get by Linda's wish, to find some way of wording a wish that the 'Samantha filter' would allow through. A wish that would return her to being a man...

...before she became trapped in the very life that Samuel thought a huge-breasted, incredibly sexy blonde would lead.

Holding the magical piece of carved wood, Sam turned towards the door, to go and work on the wording of the wish so she could force it through and set things right...

...and Linda stirred.

"Mmm... Sam..?" Linda said, her voice thick with sleep. "Zat you?"

"Yeah, Linda - go back to sleep." Sam said, heart suddenly revving up. So close... so very close... if only she could manage..."

"Thanks..." Linda muttered, sleepily, on the very edge of drifting off again. "This weekend... just what I needed... after... asshole Mark... bitch Caryn..."

And, horrified, Sam listened to her clear, feminine voice as it said something that Linda's completely female, understanding, *vengeful* friend would say in that situation...

"Yeah - I wish the rest of the world could see them as the lying, cheating, cheap fucking *whores* they are "



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Two men go to a resort to live out their ultimate fantasy dates, little do they realize that their ex-wives have planned for them to be transformed into the bimbos that they wished to date.

Last Resort

By Gunslinger

With a flatulent belch of diesel fumes, the cross-town bus pulled away from the bus stop, the noisy behemoth quickly leaving the pool of garish orange-yellow light from the sodium street-lamp and fading into the darkness, until only it's taillights could be seen. Then the cross-town bus rounded the corner, and even they were gone, leaving the dilapidated street to the muffled noisy silence of Chicago at night.

For several seconds, the passenger who'd descended from the public conveyance looked around, looking decidedly out of place. Tall, broad-shouldered and almost offensively handsome, the sandy-blond man wore clothes that, while simple, were too clean and well- pressed for the neighborhood. Even his shoes were shined, something rarely seen in this no-man's land where the 'shoe *du jour*' was usually scuffed Army Surplus boots or torn canvas sneakers.

Hand wrapped tightly around the handle of the metal-sided briefcase he held, Jason Saunders swallowed nervously, afflicted with the sensation of being watched, though nobody was in sight. Glancing around again, eyes probing uselessly at the dark shadows that populated the doorways and under the ell tracks, he lifted his wrist and glanced at the cheap Seiko watch he'd purchased specifically for this little jaunt.

"Come on..." He muttered, glancing around yet again. "Why can't this city keep anything running on time...?"

Just then the muted traffic noises of the background was overshadowed by a rising clatter as the ell train rumbled up the track, it's lights splitting the night atop it's elevated platform. Licking his lips nervously, Jason looked at the stairs leading from the platform. He debated walking over to them, but didn't want to leave the pool of light that the street-lamp above him provided. Somehow, he felt safer here - though he knew he was as naked a target here as anywhere else in the neighborhood.

A minute more passed - and then a figure appeared on the stairs of the Ell, quickly clattering down to street level. Jason sighed in relief as he recognized the squat, broad form of Tony Scholaria. The swarthy fireplug of a man walked with his usual arrogant stride, one that he almost earned - despite his lack of height, the Italian was almost as broad as he was wide, with a deep barrel chest and massive muscles that put Jason's own muscular build to shame. With no sign of the anxiety that Jason felt, the curly-haired man swaggered across the street and up to his long-time friend, his bright white teeth clearly visible against his swarthy face as he grinned up at Jason.

"Hey, Jace - nice outfit." Tony said, with a laugh. "Ain't no Brooks Brothers suit, is it?"

Tony looked much more at home in his jeans and leather bomber jacket - which he well should, since it was his usual attire. Jason, on the other hand, usually wore expensive, tastefully understated suits, and felt distinctly awkward in his too-stiff, too-blue new jeans.

"I just want to get this thing done." Jason said, not bothering to correct Tony about the nick-name - after twelve years, he'd finally given it up as hopeless. "I'm starting to have my doubts - I mean, why would a high-priced, exclusive brothel use such clandestine methods..." he glanced around nervously. "...and be located in such a... *dangerous* neighborhood?"

"C'mon man, you worry too much..." Tony laughed. "The reason is simple - anonymity. You think the press wouldn't notice the rich and famous leaving from any airport in the country. Place like this, though..."

Jason hoped Tony was right, and that this whole offer was on the level.

"Come on - let's go." Jason said. Feeling more confident with his powerfully-built friend at his side, Jason headed down the street, looking for the address he was given - and finding his heart pounding in anticipation for what lay ahead.

Finding the right address, Jason glanced nervously at Tony, then claimed the steps to the steel-clad door that was embedded firmly in the plain brick wall. He glanced around, then reached out to knock...

...but, before he could touch the heavy door, it swung open with the muted hiss of hydraulics, revealing a short, dark hallway with another steel door. Glancing again at Tony, he looked uncertainly at the short, dark space - which could so easily be a trap...

"Geez, dude - grow a pair..." Tony laughed, pushing past and entering. Jason, nervously, followed...

...and the door behind them swung shut plunging them in darkness.

Even before Jason had time to panic, though, the door at the other end of the hallway swung open...

...revealing a clean, brightly-lit reception area. Standing just inside the door was a very fit, athletically attractive woman dressed in subdued clothing.

"Mr. Saunders, Mr. Scholaria...?" She said, in a polite-yet-efficient tone. "Welcome to the Resort Gentleman's Lounge. Will you please follow me?"

Now that he knew that this was really on the level, Jason relaxed, grinning at Tony as he followed the incredibly firm backside of the taut-bodied woman.

Jason and Tony were both wealthy men, each owning their own business - Jason, an accounting software firm, Tony a contracting business. However, each of them was only about half as wealthy as they'd been only a year ago - because they'd each lost about half their value in the divorce each man had gone through. The fact that each had been divorced at the same time was no accident...

Back in college, they'd worked out an arrangement when they were dating. If they were out with another woman and their supposed girlfriend called, the other would lie for the double-dater, claiming that he'd been with him. When they'd ended up getting married, they'd continued the same scheme, and for five years of marriage, it had worked perfectly...

..until one night, when each of them had been out on a date, thus destroying their alibis for each other. This had led to their mutual divorces, and now they were once more single, and the worse for it financially as their ex-wives, furious to learn that neither of them had ever been faithfully, had made the divorces especially bitter.

In fact, it had been a bad year for both of them - until now. Each of them had received the strangest 'invitation' in the mail a week ago, an invitation to a place called, simple 'the Resort'. A place so secret that neither of them had heard of it - which made sense, if it was what it claimed to be, the ultimate whorehouse for single, successful men looking for... a special type of fun.

Until this very second, Jason had been dubious about the whole thing, but Tony had dragged him into it - and now he was glad he had, for it certainly seemed to be on the level as the well-toned brunette led them into a pre-departure area and handed them each a small paper folder.

"These are your option for you... package." She said, efficiently, but the pause before the euphemism made each man grin. Sharing a look, they opened the small booklets and found themselves faced with a plethora of 'options'.

"If you'll just give me your payment..." the woman said, crisply. "...you can go ahead and fill out your choices - there's a pencil in the arm of each chair."

"Of course..." Jason said, handing over the briefcase, which contained the hundred-and-fifty-thousand dollars for Tony and him. Though it went against the grain to just hand the money over like this, the truth was it didn't really hurt him...

....since the final 'perfection' of this whole vacation was the fact that the money had been very secretly, very efficiently, and pseudo- legally plundered from their ex-wives bank accounts. By the time the women realized they were each short seventy-five grand, Tony and Jason would have enjoyed their trip to The Resort. Since the Resort was so secret, the money was effectively untraceable - meaning that it couldn't be connected to either man, sparing them any problems.

"That's fine." The brunette said, taking the case. "Now, if you'll make your choices, gentleman, we'll be able to start your... *unique* experience.

"Sure." Tony said, echoed by a more urbane "Certainly," from Jason. Sharing another grin, the two men bent over their little booklets full of such intriguing options...

* * * * *

"Mr. Saunders?"

Putting down the Scotch he'd been sipping at, Jason swung around on the bar stool he'd been warming for the last twenty minutes, ever since they'd been escorted here after making their choices. During the wait, he'd surreptitiously eyed the few other men in the room - who were doing the same thing to him. None of them had spoken to each other, and Jason had even felt constrained against chatting with Tony, who'd fallen silent himself after Jason's monosyllabic answers to his conversational forays.

"Yes?" Jason said, rising to his feet and looking eagerly at the athletically-built brunette - not the same one from reception, however. All the staff in the 'public' areas seemed to be tall, athletically built, and coolly beautiful - even the red-haired bartender was muscular, almost as much so as himself. At first, the fact that every woman he'd seen at the whorehouse was so Amazonian had worried him... until he'd realized that they were probably 'bouncers', in case an uninvited guest tried to show up. Obviously, the owners of the establishment were walking a fine line, wanting only female staff, yet having enough 'muscle' on hand in case there was a problem.

Obviously, this was their solution.

"We're ready for you. Please, follow me." The muscular woman said. Without waiting for a response, she turned on one flat-soled heel and headed off at a brisk pace, Jason hurrying after her.

She led him to a nondescript door along a hallway populated with such doors, each one bearing brass numbers. Jason noticed that the number on the door he'd been led to was '23' - and he also noticed two more little details. One was the fact that the doors were spaced surprisingly far apart - and the other was the small lights above each door, some lit and some not.

"Through here." The woman escorting him said, coolly. "You'll find yourself in the prep room. You'll figure out what to do from there."

"Thanks.." Jason said, nervously. He twisted the handle on the door and stepped through, finding himself in a small little 'waiting room'. As the door swung shut behind him, he looked around. There was a metal door with no handle directly opposite the one he'd come in, presumably leading to his... experience.

There was also a small computer built into the wall like an ATM, and Jason walked over to this.

You have Chosen Scenario 2-A **'The Hotel Hooker'**

With Option Packages: (H-12) - Blonde (1)

(B-21) - Extremely Buxom (2)

(F-06) - Extreme High Heels (3)

(R-19) - Extremely Willing (4)

(I-01) - Low Intelligence (5)

IF THE BASIC PACKAGE IS INCORRECT, HIT 'ESC'.

IF YOU WISH TO ALTER AN OPTION, PRESS THE NUMBER. IF ALL INFORMATION IS CORRECT, HIT 'ENTER'.

Practically shaking with anticipation, Jason reached out and hit 'Enter'.

The screen flashed, then went blank - and the metal door hissed open, sliding to the side. Eagerly, Jason looked inside...

...and blinked, finding himself looking at the inside of a walk-in closet. There was a door at the other end that presumably led into the supposed hotel room, and the closet was full of all sorts of garish, brightly-colored feminine clothes - more or less what you might expect a hooker to wear.

Jason shrugged, figuring that this was just a way of disguising the metal door, so it wouldn't look out of place in the 'set' of the room. Jason took a step forward through the door...

...and everything suddenly went dark.

* * * * *

"Mr. Scholaria?"

Putting down the beer he'd been drinking, Tony spun the stool around and eyed the brunette who'd spoken. Maybe she was a little muscular for his taste - which, so far, all the women he'd seen here seemed to be - but that probably meant she had stamina like you wouldn't believe. Tony grinned his trademark lopsided grin and wagged his bushy eyebrows.

"Hey, Mr. Scolaria's my Dad - call me Tony'. He said, smoothly.

The woman eyed him like he was some sort of specimen in a laboratory. "We're ready for you. Please, follow me."

Without waiting for a response, she turned on one heel and headed off at a brisk pace. Tony shrugged and slid off the barstool, ambling along behind her. She shot him an annoyed glance over her shoulder - which he answered with another lopsided grin - then slowed her pace until he caught up.

She led him to a nondescript door bearing the number '24', set among a hallway of similar doors. She gestured.

"Through here. You'll find yourself in the prep room. You should be able to figure out what to do from there."

"Sure thing, babe." Tony said, with a wink. He twisted the handle on the door and stepped through, finding himself in a small little 'waiting room'. As the door swung shut behind him, he looked around. There was a metal door with no handle directly opposite the one he'd come in, presumably leading to the whore.

There was also a small computer built into the wall like an ATM, and Tony walked over to this.

You have Chosen Scenario 22-H **'RANDOM SCENARIO'**

With Option Packages: (H-00) - RANDOM (1)

(B-00) - RANDOM (2)

(F-00) - RANDOM (3)

(R-00) - RANDOM (4)

(I-00) - RANDOM (5)

IF THE BASIC PACKAGE IS INCORRECT, HIT 'ESC'.

IF YOU WISH TO ALTER AN OPTION, PRESS THE NUMBER. IF ALL INFORMATION IS CORRECT, HIT 'ENTER'.

"Well, cover me in cement and call me Jimmy Hoffa. A high-tech whorehouse." Tony said to himself with a smirk as he reached out and hit 'Enter'.

The screen flashed, then went blank - and the metal door hissed open, sliding to the side. Tony sauntered over and looked inside...

...and found himself looking at what appeared to be his own office - well, the outside 'reception' area, anyway.

Though Tony kept a fancy office, he rarely used it, and didn't even have a secretary. Despite that, he was familiar enough with his own office to recognize the secretary's desk, the room, the door leading into his office and the one leading into the secretary's office from the hallway of the building her rented space in.

"What the hell...?" Tony said, confused, taking a step across the threshold...

...and everything suddenly went dark.

* * * * *

Consciousness returned with a 'bank'. Instantly, darkness was replaced with light - in the form of a off-white, water-stained ceiling, with a naked light bulb operated by pull-chain dangling in the center.

The roof of a closet - the closet in the hotel room. "What happened..." Jason asked....

...then stopped, eyes opening wide in shock at the high-pitched, most definitely feminine tone the words emerged in. A soprano voice that was all wrong - yet that seemed to be the one that now answered the commands given by Jason's brain.

Startled, he sat up quickly...

..and the weight shifting on his chest caused him to instinctively look down - to find *herself* staring at an enormous, round pair of tits thrust spherically from a slender, feminine ribcage. Below that, in the shadow of those massive mounds of feminine flesh, lay a pair of long, shapely (if slightly pale) feminine legs.

"Like, oh my God!" Jason gasped. "I'm, like - a chick!"

Shocked, Jason pushed her new body up from the floor, finding it disturbingly easy to move, despite the strange balance of her wide-hipped, top-heavy new figure. The sensation of the huge breasts shifting was definitely new and disturbingly pleasant, the huge nipple almost painfully swollen in the cool air.

Once standing, she turned to face the metal door through which she -as a man - had entered...

...and found herself facing a black wall, just as you'd expect in a closet. Reaching out, she banged one slender, feminine hand against the wall - and heard the dull, hollow thumps of drywall, not the muted thud of metal.

"Jeez, Jenni, I think you're in, like, deep shit, you know?" She told herself, staring at the impossible wall. Slowly, she turned around and faced the front of the closet.

"Well, before I go out, I guess I should, uh.. you know.. get some clothes on, right?" She asked herself. "I, like, just hope that these clothes will fit over my gorgeous, huge tits, okay?"

She gently reached up and slid her hands over the massive, unwanted new endowments, smiling and sighing at the pleasure her own hands brought as they slid across the gigantic mounds.

She giggled. "I'd better stop - or I'll just stand here all day and fondle myself..." turning, she began to survey the available clothing, then began to pick things off the rack almost at random, brushing the long, platinum- blonde strands out of her eyes with an absent flip of her wrist.

First, she pulled on a pair of bright-red lace panties, patting them into place over her smooth, shaven crotch - then taking a moment longer, slowly sliding her hand back and forth over the front of the panties, putting pressure on the outer lips of the new womanhood that horribly, inexplicably had been forced upon her.

"Ummm..." She moaned. "That feels real good. Like, I could just stand her and frig myself silly if I'm not careful, you know?"

Forcing her hand away, Jenni quickly grabbed a red leather miniskirt and forced it's tight, heavy material over the wide swell of her womanly hips, zipping it into place so it fit like a second skin, the short hem barely covering her panties.

Next, she quickly pulled on a red T-shirt with a plunging neckline, idly fluffing her long, blonde hair after pulling it out from where the shirt had slid over it. The shirt had to be forced down over her massive new tits, clearly outlining them and displaying what seemed like miles of her vast new cleavage.

Grabbing a pair of red leather boots, she quickly pulled them on, balancing on one seven-inch high heel as she pulled the second boot on, then straightened and running her hands over her lush new figure.

"I'm like, *soooo* hot in this body." She told herself with an angry giggle. "I mean, I look like some sort of.. fuck-toy. I got huge, gorgeous boobies and a big, sexy ass - and I'm, like, all blonde and stuff. People will think I'm a , you know, bimbo or something. Oh my god!"

She flicked her head to throw her long hair out of the way, then opened the door of the closet and stepped out.

She was in what most definitely looked like a cheap, sleazy hotel room. It was on an upper story, with old, heavy, dark furniture that was scarred with hard use. Tattered drapes hung over a window that let in a spluttering red neon glow in a metronomic pulse, presumably from the hotel's sign.

Feeling her hips sway and her huge tits jiggle, Jenni minced over to the dresser and the mirror mounted atop it, wondering what she looked like.

A vapid face stared back, with huge, empty blue eyes and full lips dominating it, all surrounded by a halo of obviously bleach-blond hair.

"Like, oh... my... god..." She said, horrified. "I'm, like, little miss bimbo-slut! Like, men will, you know, get all hot over my new body.. they'll get hard-ons... their cock will become big, and throbbing, and hard..."

She realized that she was licking her full new lips, one hand fondling her huge bust...

"No, no - this is wrong!" She told her reflection as she stopped licking her lips. "I mean, it's like, so obvious wrong..." She picked up an item laying on the dresser as she continued berating her reflection.

"...'cuz everybody knows lips like these should have lipstick on 'em!"

With expert motions, she quickly applied the gloss-red lipstick.. then some eye-shadow.. a touch of blush... some mascara...

...oh, and might as well put on the jewelry that was laying there, too...

"There!" She told the reflection with a giggle. "Now we're ready to go find out what's happening to us!" Jenni blew a kiss at her reflection, then began to jiggle and sway towards the door...

...when it opened, admitting a huge black man.

He was huge in many directions. Tall, wide and deep, the jeans and T-shirt he was wearing strained to contain a massive frame that had one been rock-hard with muscle, but was now beginning to run to fat. He slowly looked Jenni up and done, then spoke in a voice that seemed to rumble up from his size-fifteen boots.

"You Jenni?"

"Yeah, that's me!" Jenni giggled in annoyance - she just wanted to get out of here and find out how she'd gotten into this nightmare. "I've already paid Tom." The black man said, swinging the door shut behind him. "Paid him for the full package..."

The huge man handed over a little sheet of paper, and Jenni looked down and saw that it did, indeed, indicate that this man had 'the full package'.

Jenni wanted to cry - here she was, eager to get out of here and find out how this had happened, and now she was being held up with this crap. Great - now she was just going to have to fuck the guy as quick and hard as she could get him to agree to, or she might be stuck in here all night. It made her feel sick to her stomach - be she had no choice. He had a receipt from her pimp, after all...

"Mmmm..." Jenni said, stepping forwards and running her long-nailed over the straining crotch of his jeans. "You're, like, big all over, aren't you...?"

"Yeah, baby - that's right..." The man rumbled, teeth flashing startling white against his skin as he grinned. "think you can take me all in, baby?"

Jenni was pissed off at the question - sure, she might not *want* to do it, but that was no reason to imply that she couldn't. She could take anything he cared to put into her, in any whole.

"Sure, big boy..." She giggled in anger. She'd show this ass a thing or two! "Come on - let's see if you know how to use this monster..."

She slowly backed towards the bed, the black man keeping in step with her, his hands going to his clothing as she quickly and expertly removed her own garments - but not without being sexy about it. Being rushed didn't mean she couldn't do the job right. Being utterly disgusted by what was about to happen didn't excuse sloppy work, after all.

"My, it is huge..." She said with a giggle, her words being honest by lying with her tone - after all, she was hardly happen to see his enormous, thick cock thrust from his crotch and throbbing with every beat of his heart. Still, she was doing a job, which meant she had to do her best at it, so she faked a smile for his benefit, slowly sliding her tongue over her lips.

"I'll take the top, babe..." She said, feigning excitement and lust, aided visually by the way her nipples were as hard as rocks, and her cunt so hot and wet that she half-expected steam to issue from between her thighs.

Now that was acting...!

She pushed her dainty little hand against his broad, somewhat flabby chest. She couldn't budge him if her life depended on it, of course, but he played along and toppled backwards onto the bed, which groaned from the impact. Acting as if there was nothing more that she wanted to do but fuck her brains out atop him - which was exactly opposite from the truth, of course, no matter the fake grin that almost split her lips in a good replica of eager anticipation.

Climbing up on the bed, she smiled down at him as she positioned herself, legs on either side of his hips as she rose above him, sliding her hands through her hair and licking her lips 'hungrily', as if filled with an incredible lust at the sight of the man beneath her voluptuous blonde body...

Then she wrapped one hand around the base of his cock and, as his hands came up to fondle her huge tits, she thrust herself downwards, impaling herself on the massive organ, her sopping wet cunt stretching almost painfully to accommodate it's length and girth.

"Oh, baby, yes...!" She instinctively cried, to keep up the illusion that she was loving having her tight, wet cunt filled to capacity by a huge, warm, throbbing cock that caused incredible, disgustingly feminine pleasure to thunder through her body. Keeping up the act, she added "Oh, god, I love feeling you inside of me!"

Then she began to flex the muscles of her legs, driving herself up and down on his cock, her own hands cupping her massive tits while he fondled them, as if the incredible pleasure of both his and her touch was actually making her enjoy fucking a man.

She feigned a positive response to the intense pleasure thundering through her as she worked atop him like a piston, as if the massive waves of ecstasy sizzling through her nerves had the slightest effect on the fact she was utterly disgusted. She made incoherent cries of 'pleasure' as she bounced hard and fast atop his big, dark body.

She even managed to scream fairly realistically, sounding as if she were in the throes of mindless pleasure, when her orgasm swept over her. She was probably utterly convincing from the man's viewpoint as she shuddered and writhed atop him, screaming and swaying as he pumped his load of hot seed into her new cunt.

Feeling sickened by the utterly disgusting thing she'd just done, she slid off his massive organ with a sigh. "Oh, god, that was fantastic...!" She lied, brightly, panting. "Baby, your dick is the best!"

As he said something she didn't bother to listen to, she considered her position. It was fairly late at night, she had at least this guy to do (and probably more waiting), and she" barely have enough time to get cleaned up and dressed between clients. It'd probably be the same way tomorrow, and maybe the day after...

Resigning herself to the fact that she was going to be stuck here until there was a lull in business, Jenni repressed a sigh at her predicament, as she bent over to begin licking the massive, delicious, wonderful cock back into life...

* * * * *

Tony blinked and looked around in confusion, trying to figure out what the hell just happened.

He was sitting behind the receptionist's desk in the office that served as a buffer between the building's outside corridor and his own office...

...which was odd, because he'd never used the reception area to house a secretary, and the desk hadn't had a chair before. Now, apparently, id did - because he was sitting in it. More than that, though, the room had undergone a transformation of sorts. Though still the same basic room, it now looked 'lived in'. Green plants sat atop the filing cabinets and the window sill, and one hung from a hook in the ceiling in the corner. The desk in front of Tony, once bare, now boasted a computer, a desk-set, a banker's lamp... and another damned plant.

As strange as the transformation to the room was, it didn't hold Tony's attention for long - because, when he instinctively glanced down to find out why he felt so damned strange, he found he had a much more drastic - and personal - transformation to deal with.

Because he was staring at an off-white silk blouse, nicely filled out by a pair of dusky breasts whose cleavage was quite nicely displayed by the 'fold-over' buttonless design of the blouse.

Slowly, Stunned, Tony pushed the chair back from the desk... and found himself looking at a knee-length black leather skirt that hugged a wide, womanly pair of hips tightly, and from which protruded a pair of dusky, shapely legs clad in nylons. The feet that Tony had used to push the chair out from the desk were small, dainty and feminine - and encased in a pair of stiletto-heeled pumps with a five-inch heel.

He... was, somehow, a she...

Before she could even begin to deal with this impossible event, the door behind her and to her right swung open - and a very familiar voice spoke.

"Thea, can you come in her for... dictation?"

Slowly, Tony - Thea - swung her head around, feeling long, silky hair brush across her slender new shoulders as she stared at her vice- president, Michael Walters...

"Of Course, Mr. Walters!" Thea said, briskly, forcing her lips into a smile as she realized that Mike was waiting for an answer. Until she figured out what the hell was going on, she didn't want to start 'raving' about not being 'Thea', or ask Mike what he was doing in 'his' office. Such a 'crazy' response would probably have her locked up in a mental institution within the hour, and she didn't want that. For right now, she'd just have to 'play along', pretend she really was this 'Teresa' broad, until she figured out what was going on and how to correct it.

Feeling the strange new sensations of her new body, 'Thea' turned around in the swivel office chair, looking for her note-pad...

...and found herself looking in a large mirror that was now mounted in the little niche in the corner, allowing her a view of her new body from a less 'direct' angle.

"Wow..." She breathed in her warm new contralto, staring in amazement at the image the mirror reflected back at her.

She was drop-dead gorgeous. Obviously still of Italian descent, the genetic pool was kinder to her in this body than it had been as Tony - and he'd been pretty damned good looking as Tony...

The woman in the mirror was shorter than average height, but that could only be noticed in relation to the objects around her, because her body was perfectly proportioned, just in miniature. Her legs were long and shapely, her waist delightfully slender beneath breasts that were probably a firm DD-cup. Surrounded by a thick, glorious mane of raven's wing hair, her face was stunning, with the famed Italian beauty that was so distinctive - and rare. Broad, high, well-defined cheek-bones matched a smoothly curved jaw that allowed for amazingly full lips without them seeming too much of a good thing. Her nose was straight and well defined, with a small bump near the bridge, where it was flanked by a pair of dark, sultry eyes. The make-up and jewelry she wore was almost redundant, her natural appearance needing little assistance at all. Even in the fairly basic 'casual-business' clothes she wore, her figure was stunning.

Shaking her head, she snapped herself out of the slight daze she'd fallen into - she didn't have time for this. Hoping there was a note pad in Mike's office, she rose from the chair - consciously making the gesture smooth and sensual, graceful. The woman whose body he was in was incredibly beautiful and sultry, and the body deserved better than the unconsciously hyper-masculine movements of 'Tony'.

Concentrated on walking with the sexy sway that the real Thea must use with a body like this, the new version of her headed into the office that had been her own this morning.

Mike, relaxing behind the desk, grinned at her as she came in, his eyes lingering on her body - and she couldn't blame him in the least. She was... gorgeous. Stunning. A body like the one she was wearing deserved - *demande*d - to be admired, lusted over, fantasized about.

"Damn, Thea - you look great..." Mike said, shaking his head in pleased disbelief. "Thank you, Mr. Walters..." She said, coolly - no need to 'tempt' him...

Mike blinked, then laughed. "That's great, Thea - 'Mr. Walters', right." He grinned boyishly. "I kinda like it - but takes some of the romance out of it, doesn't it? Having my girlfriend talk so formally to me? You'd think you were really my secretary, for god's sake...!" He laughed again. "Wish you were, though - the girl I hired today is great, but she's fifty years old and dresses like an English School Headmistress..."

Most of this was rolling off Thea's back - as she tried to cope with the revelation that she wasn't a secretary - but a girlfriend.

For whatever reason she didn't understand, Mike had moved into his office sometime today, hired a secretary - and, to celebrate, was indulging in a little 'fantasy' with his girlfriend, Thea...

...who, somehow, Tony had become trapped in the body of...

All of this was confusing, frightening, inexplicable - not nearly as much so as what would happen to her should she start claiming the truth. Then, she'd be considered crazy - and while she might not want Thea's life, she was sure it would be preferable to being locked up in a nut-house somewhere.

The scariest of all thoughts was the idea that, maybe - she was crazy. After all, she found it hard to believe that this could happen, herself. What if she was, in fact, off her rocker? What if she really was 'Thea', and Tony never existed? Then, trying to claim the truth would destroy her life as Thea, without leaving a 'better' life to finally 'reclaim'.

No matter what happened - she couldn't let anybody know that she wasn't who she appeared to be. Until she could find a way to get back to The Resort and find hard evidence to prove that what she thought was real was indeed real, then she had to avoid raising the slightest hint that she wasn't Thea.

All of this went through her head in a fraction of a second - and then she was smiling warmly,. Letting her cool visage soften as she let her body relax into a more 'intimate' pose.

"Silly, you're spoiling the fantasy..." She said, trying to imitate the tone of voice a woman would use with her lover. "That's exactly what we're supposed to be doing - pretending that you hired me, a complete stranger you just met, and not somebody else. That's the fun of playing this game..."

"Ohhh..." Mike said, grinning. "Hey, I like that..." He forced his smile off his face, though his eyes still danced merrily.

"Miss Scarpaci, we need to discuss your position in the company..." He said, 'sternly' - while Thea filed away that little fact in her mind, starting the process of ferreting out information about 'herself'.

Just knowing her whole name was a long way from knowing all the details about herself, though, She needed to gain more knowledge about the life she'd be living for the next little while, so...

"Is there something wrong, Mr. Walters?" She asked, forcing herself to sound anxious. "It's not my previous work experience, is it?"

Mike seemed surprised, then smoothly worked it into what he still thought was just a game, huffing importantly. "Actually, Miss Scarpaci, that is part of the problem. As dedicated as you might be, I must say I hardly understand how five years experience as a catalogue model provides you with the skill to be a secretary..."

So, now she knew what she did for a living...

"Well, sir.." She said, seductively, taking a few steps closer. "You certainly want to impress potential clients when they come in the door, and that means you want more than a secretary - you want an Executive Assistant.. one who can help 'wine and dine' a prospective client.."

Moving with as much sensual grace as this body could muster - which was quite a lot - Thea walked over to where she knew the hidden bar was, opening the cabinet to display the usual array of bottles.

"What would you like, sir...?" She asked in a breathy, seductive voice.

He seemed surprised at her little game - but pleasantly so. He smiled broadly. "My usual would be great..."

It was information like this that was invaluable to the masquerade she was going to be playing - and this 'game' provided the perfect formula for finding out the information without raising suspicions...

"But, sir, I just started today..." She said, warmly, lightly - and suggestively - stroking the neck of a vodka bottle. "How would I know what your 'usual' would be...?"

"Oh, yeah.. right.." Mike said, blinking. "Uh, Martini, dry, with an olive."

"See... it's things like this that I need to know to be fully... *effective* for you..." She said, starting to mix the drink, using every movement as a 'distraction', by making the simple procedure as sensuous as possible, treating every object as if it were a highly sensual item that brought her lust to a roiling boil. "I'm sure you understand how fetching drinks for your clients could be... advantageous..."

As she said this word, heavily laden with a suggestive tone, she removed one of the maraschino cherries from the wide, short bar-bottle full of them - and slowly and very sensuously, used one finger to sensuously press it between her full lips and into her mouth.

"Yes, I can see that..." Mike agreed in a husky voice as she sensuously swayed across the room to deliver his drink.

"Surely, given this, you can see what other.. special qualifications I could offer for this job..." She said, suggestively, hoping he'd pick up the hint without realizing the meaning behind it.

No such luck.

"Oh? Like what...?" He said, smiling, swiveling the chair in a way that brought his crotch out from under the desk, revealing a very noticeable bulge.

Damn. There was no way around this - but at least she could make it work to her advantage...

..she hoped.

"Well..." he said, sensuously, slowly sinking to her nylon-clad knees. "I can be extraordinarily useful in negotiations. Let me give you an example. Let's say that you were a client, trying to decide if I'm the right person for a job..."

Slowly, sensuously, she reached out and undid his pants, lowering them and his underwear enough to let his throbbing, rock-hard cock spring out.

"Go ahead... try and decide. Debate it out, out loud...": She said, slowly bowing her head, and letting her lips encase his hard cock... He moaned, but otherwise didn't say a thing.

Slowly, she licked the head of his cock, tasting the thin dribble of pre-cum and making him moan again - then pulled her mouth from his cock.

"Well - I guess you really don't want to hire me at all..." She said, regretfully, beginning to rise.

"No, no - you're still being considered..." Mike said, hastily, catching on. Slowly, she bent her head and slid her full lips around his cock again.

"Well... you're certainly.. attractive..." He said, and she began to suck his cock, slowly and teasingly.

"...even if you have no experience..." He continued - and when she paused, rushed onward. "But the fact that you're an orphan and an only child means that you're more likely to be able to work long, strange hours..."

'Aha - another bit of info...' Thea thought with a mental grin, redoubling her efforts to extract.. information from him.

"You're very tasteful in dress and decor... you're useful that way too..." He said, gasping at her efforts. "You were near the top of every class you ever took... You, uh.. you..."

As he hesitated coming up with another point, Thea began to slack off her efforts.

Mike was obviously thinking desperately. "Cleaning! You enjoy cleaning, you say it gives you time to think while you're body's busy doing mindless chores - so we wouldn't have to hire somebody to clean the office..."

She redoubled her efforts again, making him moan anew. He tried to overcome the 'distraction', searching for more 'reasons'. "Uh.. you cook great Italian meals.." He gasped out. "useful for entertaining clients..."

That was another useful piece of information - so she stepped up her efforts again, her hand working the shaft of his cock as she bobbed her head vigorously, slurping and licking at his cock to spur him onward.

"You know how to let men order for you!" He said, barely understandable as he moaned the words. "You're like being old-fashioned and having men order for you, hold chairs for you, open.. doors.. for .. you, and.."

She was bobbing her head rapidly now, slurping noisily at his cock, working the organ for all she was worth, leaving him incapable of speech as he moaned and grunted in pleasure...

..and then he came, gushing cum into her mouth...

...just as he shouted out "..and, oh god, you're an expert cock-sucker who swallows!"

She forced herself to gulp down the load of salty, warm cum, not letting revulsion show and raise his suspicions. "Oh, god..." He gasped, smiling down at her as she licked his cock clean. "baby - you're hired..."

Licking the last drop of cum from her full lips, Thea smiled seductively up at him, cursing him mentally - she still didn't know nearly enough about her new life.

"Well, I don't know if I want the job yet..." She said, feigning desire. Slowly, she unwrapped her blouse, revealing her large, flawless breasts. "We've barely begun the interview - you're going to have to find a lot more about me that distinguishes me from other women, Mr. Walters, if you want me to take this position permanently.."

Smiling, she climbed on the chair so he could fondle her tits while burying his head between them, felling his cock begin to stir under her spectacular new ass.

At this rate, it would be weeks before she knew her new role well enough to work a trip to The Resort into it without appearing suspicious. Maybe even longer...

Well, she thought with a sigh as she lifted herself up to pull of her skirt. She'd just have to spend as much time as possible in the next few weeks 'pumping' him for information...

* * * * *

"Well, then - is that more or less what you had in mind for them?" Ms. Femme asked Janet and Lisa, the men's ex-wives, as she turned away from the closed-circuit monitors installed in the wall, showing what their feminized ex-husbands had been up to.

"Well - yes..." Lisa, Tony's ex, said, shaking her head in disbelief. She looked at the massively-muscled, large-breasted woman across the desk. "They have no idea that almost a year has passed?"

"No idea..." the owner of The Resort said, with a grin. "The projection-screen-and-knockout gas routine worked out perfectly, as always. By the time the regained 'consciousness', they were thoroughly drugged, and we began altering their minds. This is the first time since then that they've been truly awake - and now their minds are so thoroughly saturated with out implanted commands that their own personalities are playing second fiddle to the new ones we put in.

"It's absolutely amazing.." Janet said, still finding it hard to believe that the huge-breasted blonde woman she'd just seen in action was really her ex-husband. "When one of your employees secretly approached us, we thought it was a load of bunk, but now I'm glad we went along with it - it's incredible." She shrugged. "Then again, it didn't cost us anything, either way it might have turned out."

"Well, now, that's not quite true..." Ms. Femme said, casually. "After all, converting 'wrong-thinking' men like your ex-husbands, who don't understand that Womankind is the more powerful gender and deserves to rule, is only half the project we're running."

"Excuse me?" Lisa asked, blinking.

Ms. Femme laughed. "Of course, the other half has to do with the brain-washed majority of women, who think that they need to dress and act in the way male-dominate society has implanted into them all these years." She made a motion, and two massively muscled employees entered through hidden doors, just behind the chair of each of the women, grabbing them.

"No...!" Lisa screamed, echoed by Janet. They were inexorably dragged towards another hidden door that had opened onto a laboratory-looking room.

"Don't worry..." Ms. Femme said with a grin. "We're not going to rid you of these servile sexual roles. In fact - we're going to intensify them."

"What?" Lisa said, wide-eyed.

"Women like you are still needed in the new order we're forming." Ms. Femme said, with laugh. "After all, the new Ruling Class will be small, and they'll be distinguished by what we give them, by the very thing that make's overthrowing the male-dominated society possible..."

Still smiling, she rose - to reveal her tight jeans bulged out enormously at the crotch.

"The new She-Male ruling class will need plenty of servants to keep them pleased..." Ms. Femme told her newest 'recruits' as they were dragged off to their fate.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a probe from another planet embeds itself inside the body of a red neck on New Years Eve it decides it must correct inherent flaws and upgrade the body to the obviously superior female body.

Law According To Clarke

By Gunslinger

Neanderthal. Predecessor to man. Like the apes of the African continent from which he sprang, Neanderthal was a pack animal, ranging in groups. Larger than the common ape, he was an odd looking creature - hairy, oddly constructed, more muscle than brain. However, deep behind the ugly low brow that marked this creature, the faintest glimmers of intelligence dwelled. This, and his opposable thumb, allowed the proto-human to master tools, though of a limited nature. More importantly, it mastered thought. Limited, to be sure, allowing only linear 'logic', thinking that only went from points A to B to C, without being able to analyze the information to make tremendous leaps of intuition that transcended logical linear thinking. This, then, was the dawn of the age of humans. Slow.

Clumsy. Limited. Emotionally crippled, empathetically dead, tending towards violence as the solutions to problems that exceeded its feeble grasp. This was the 'noble creature' that earned the title of 'Man'...

To be honest - aside from learning to shave and operate power machinery, not much has changed. Now, *women*...

Once, the females of the species were like they're mates. As muscular, as clumsy, as dimwitted and dense. Ideally suited as a mate for a race that, quite frankly, was destined by the cosmos to remain insignificant and barely self-aware. Had so-called 'evolution' stayed its course, Mankind would be little more than Homo Erectus by now, if that.

However, something occurred to disrupt the natural order of Earth's history. An unforeseen occurrence in the galactic pattern of life.

Thirty-five million, two-hundred and twenty-seven years, three months and twelve days ago, a glowing object fell from the heavens and impacted not far from a wandering tribe of these brutish creatures.

On that monumental day, (It was a Thursday), the male leader of the small band of proto-humans, both frightened by the apparition and enraged by its intrusion on the territory it had claimed only hours earlier (by ridding itself of a few liters of slightly-used spring-water), led its subject males on an enraged attack on the gleaming metal sphere that lay in the center of the newly-formed crater.

Shortly thereafter, said group of brave males fled from the scene, having (dimly) learned of the scientific principle that caused the rapid movement of an object through the atmosphere to generate friction - and thus, heat.

While sitting in a shallow pool of water to soothe their burns, the males of this tribe invented two new words to enter their limited vocabulary. The first was 'oogsha', meaning 'great shiny thing that falls from the sky and hits the ground and shakes it to make you mad so you come to it only so it can burn you and make you run screaming'.

It never quite caught on, however.

The second was 'shit', which turned out to have a whole *range* of meanings, and is still quite popular today.

While the males were so engaged, the females of the species slowly approached the gleaming object. So slowly, as a matter of fact, that it was quite cool by the time they reached it.

So it was that the females of this band met the creatures that inhabited the spacecraft from a vastly advanced civilization. While these beings repaired their spacecraft, they came to find the antics of these new creatures around them quite... pleasant. Much like you might find the actions of the dog quite amusing.

However, where you might give your Irish Setter a doggy treat after such a cute display, these alien creatures bestowed certain... 'gifts' upon the amusing, hairy beasts before them, enhancing them in many ways. These alien creatures were from a planet where there was no such thing as gender, so they didn't quite realize that they were bestowing all these gifts upon half the population.

Soon after, the alien visitors departed, their craft rising once more into the skies. By the time the males ventured back, the newly-enhanced female of the species had already invented two dozen new words - which of course, annoyed the males to no end.

Slowly, over the centuries, cross-breeding between the vastly different males and females caused some mingling of the new species and the old... but only to a degree. Though physically and biologically compatible, certain parts of the 'gifts' bestowed upon the women that day remained the providence of the feminine gender. As ages passed, the memory of the great

and fortunate day faded, leaving only the differences between men and women, without even the slightest memory of the reason why, or of the visitors who had started it all.

The alien creatures, however, didn't exactly forget *them*. Upon arriving home, the aliens filed a standard Form 638297646-Alpha-546P- Q12-Beta-Delta-2300.

Slash B.

This form was filed within the Galactic Archive, the massive storage facility planet at the center of the local galactic cluster, where it was cross-referenced, filed, triplicated, re-blorbed and entered into the telepathic data-base.

Which is how it came, many years later, that a Junior Glorp-Person (Second Class), became aware of the fact that a standard 'enhanced' entity had failed to achieve super-luminal translocation within the time-frame estimated (plus or minus twelve nictoes, as per the Gonorian-Horthac Scale of Societal Evaluation, published by Galactic University Press, 29843 G.E, all copyrights reserved.)

As per standard doctrine, the report was forwarded to the observation groups, verified, bumped up through twelve levels of bureaucracy, passed sideways through twelve different offices, lost twice, back-tracked four times, re-filed in triplicate, re-routed through Cultural Evaluations - who had nothing to do with it at all - and finally ended up on the pseudo-desk of Hornathmi Jorstan (the twenty-seventh), Chief Scientist of Minor Galactic Cultures and Societal Developments, and the guy in charge of the Sheep Dip.

Thmi-Jos XXIII (As his friends called him), promptly dispatched a standard Pseudo-Sentient Class II Trans-Luminal Probe to the planet in question.

The fact that the Probe - designated HAL-II - was suffering severe maladjustment of the neo-cortex, resulting in badly skewed pseudo- logical semi-intelligence was ignored. After all, it was a probe to a very, very minor planet with an even more minor species... and it was 'good enough for Government work.'

Aside from that, the HALL-II was a masterpiece of engineering. The major part of the space it occupied was the flexible antenna loop. Allowing it to communicate with the telepathic-transceiver of the Homeworld, it a long, linked series of silvery metal links that formed a wide 'loop' that trailed behind the craft itself, which was also a shiny metallic substance in the rough shape of a teardrop, in which was set the neo-cortex, enclosed in a dome of carbon-concentrate with several hundred facets mirroring sensors to the outside universe.

It was also less then twenty inches in diameter.

Moving two-hundred-and-seventy-two-point-three-one times faster then light, it shot through the universe, slowing rapidly as it entered the solar system of the destination planet. It continued it's braking maneuver, slowing below the threshold

of the speed of light before passing the orbit of the planet's natural satellite, and dropping down past the sound barrier as it plunged through the planet's dense oxygen-rich atmosphere...

* * * * *

"You stupid, ungrateful, self-centered... bitch." Dave muttered up at the living-room ceiling, the pause being for him to take a sip of vodka. "You gold-digging, lousy, frigid little..."

This time, the break in his litany was caused by a sudden, sharp cracking sound that caused him to jerk, spilling the rest of his vodka over the front of his white undershirt.

"Shit!" Dave swore sharply, slamming the mostly-empty glass down on the coffee table and sitting up sharply, the evaporating alcohol cold against his skin. Then he spotted the small, star-shaped hole in the sliding glass doors that led out to the small balcony of his equally small apartment.

"Shit, *shit*, *shit*, **SHIT!** - Well, isn't this just fuckin' great!" Dave said, standing up and running a hand through his long, greasy brown hair. "Not only did my bitch of a girlfriend choose to leave me, leaving me with no date for tonight's big New Year's bash over at the Inferno, but some red-neck asshole puts a bullet through my fuckin' window!"

Already, the chill air was beginning to stream in through the small whole. Outside, it was bitterly cold, and even a small hole allowed too much of the cold wind in. Even worse - the wind was making an incredibly annoying, high-pitched whistling sound as it came through the hole. It set Dave's teeth on edge.

Cursing under his breath, Dave went into the kitchen and picked up the empty cereal box that had been sitting on the counter for the last week. Ripping off one side of it, he rooted around in a drawer until he found some tape - hockey-stick 'grip tape', to be exact - and returned to the living room.

Kneeling, He taped the piece of cardboard over the hole, then looked to see whether enough glass shards lay on the floor to bother trying to sweep it up.

That's when he noticed the shiny silver necklace laying on the floor, what appeared to be diamonds set in it's tear-drop shaped pendant. "Well..." Dave said, smiling slightly. "My day's looking up - Debbie left behind something I can pawn for a few bucks."

Reaching out, he picked up the necklace by the chain... then let out a startled cry, fingers opening as he felt a mild electric shock flow through his hand.

The necklace started to fall back to the floor... and then paused, actually hovering in mid-air. "What the fuck..." Dave gasped, staring...

...and then the necklace suddenly shot forward, riding up rapidly. Before Dave could jerk his head up to follow it's progress, it had risen above him - and then shot downwards, settling itself around his neck.

"Holy shit!" Dave swore, jerking backwards in delayed reaction. Startled - and not a little frightened - he reached up and grabbed the pendant to rip it from his neck...

...and didn't budge it so much as an inch. It was as if it were glued around his neck, as if it somehow had the power to push against his pulling and remain in place.

"Get the fuck off of me...!" Dave grunted, exerting more effort to yank the necklace off...

* * * * *

HAL-II struggled to make sense of the massive flow of data. When the creature had touched it, HAL-II had sensed many things, not the least of which was the fact that these creature was a lot less 'enhanced' then it should have been. More then that, though, physical contact had allowed it's telepathic receiver to tap into it's nervous system. HAL-II had decided that the quickest way to learn anything was to pick a spot where it's antenna would be settled near the major nerve conduit located along the posterior portion of the creatures torso.

Now, tapped into the nervous network of the creature, HAL-II was in direct contact with it's primitive brain. It almost immediately made the connections between some of the data flow and what it's own sensors were recording, and almost instantly had access to the creatures visual and acoustic sensors, able to 'see' and 'hear' through it's pitifully limited sensory organs.

It could also sense the creatures thoughts - but it would take time for HALL-II to comprehend the random surges and flows of energy, allowing it access to the creatures so-called 'thoughts'. Meanwhile, HAL-II was quickly picking up the other limited senses this creature possessed - as well as the signal impulses for motor function...

* * * * *

Dave was still struggling with the necklace - when he suddenly let go of it and dropped his arms to his side. The problem was - he hadn't meant to do that.

"What the...?" Dave gasped, stunned - for an instant, his arms and hands had been completely out of his control. Gingerly, he moved his arms, feeling the slide of his thick, slab-like muscles below his tanned skin. Everything felt like it should, every square inch of his massively muscled - and slightly flabby - body responding as it always had.

Until he tried to grab the necklace again. He could lift his arms and reach for it - but his hands and arms simply refused to get any closer then one inch away from it. It was as if there was an invisible, intangible barrier there. It didn't feel like he was pressing against anything - but his hands and arms simply refused to move any closer to the tear-drop shaped pendant.

"Goddamn it..." Dave swore in a low, stunned voice. "How the fuck did Debbie do *this*?"

"He slowly rose and padded to the bathroom to look at himself in the mirror. A tough, broad-shouldered guy, (with a bit of a beer belly), with what he liked to think of as 'rugged good looks', and muscles that would make Hercules jealous... and hanging around his neck, a very effeminate necklace with a slender silver chain and a diamond pendant.

"Debbie, you bitch, I don't know how you did this... but I'm gonna find a way to get it off, and then I'm gonna find *you* and make you pay for this..."

* * * * *

HAL-II's main processor was ready to give in to the urge to process random numbers for awhile.

HAL-II had already processed all available pattern recognition from the data streams of the neural net of this creature. Obviously, it must be severely defective. Not only was it far less 'enhanced' then it should be, but it's supposedly intelligent thoughts were an unrecognizable jumble. HAL-II wouldn't ever be able to 'read' this creatures thoughts directly.

However, HAL-II could - and already had - tapped into 'repetitive' data flows. Aside from accessing the creatures sensory systems and motor control functions, HAL-II had access to sub-sections of the creatures brain, where basic 'skill' and 'habit' data was stored.

Which left only one alternative. It would be time consuming, but HAL-II had no choice. Shutting down all on-board sensors, HAL-II limited itself to the creatures own senses.

It would just have to experience what the host creature was experiencing, and use that information to come to conclusions about this creature, from which it could then generate a report to the Homeworld...

* * * * *

"Debbie, you little bitch..." Dave said to his reflection, angrily. "You think making me wear some sort of girly jewelry is going to break me? You think I'm gonna hole up in my apartment like some fuckin' shut in, just because you found a way to super-glue your necklace to my neck? Like hell!"

The fact that he was planning to just stay home and get drunk before this all happened didn't matter to Dave. Now, he was determined to prove that some stupid 'revenge' stunt pulled by an ex-girlfriend wasn't going to keep him from having fun.

To prove that he was a real man, he'd show her that he was capable of overcoming any obstacles she through at him. A glance at the clock showed that it was just after nine o'clock - which told him he would be one of the early ones at the Inferno. He was going to get dressed and go to the New Year's bash tonight. After all, he was a real stud of a man, and the Inferno was the place to find a girl - it wasn't like he needed to bring a date.

Hell, telling Debbie that was where they were going for New Year's Eve is what made her storm out, telling him that she wasn't going to some orgy at any fucking strip-club. Of course, that wasn't true - there hadn't been a real orgy there for a couple of years now. Mostly it was couples or threesomes - with the occasional foursome - in the rooms of the Travelers Motor Lodge, the cheap motel that the Inferno was attached to. Still, booze, naked women and sex - did Debbie really think there was a better New Year's Party to be had anywhere? He'd been willing to take her rather than go alone, giving up the chance to fuck a few hot babes. She'd responded by taking off and somehow leaving behind this stupid trick necklace. Well, that was fine with Dave - he was going to have a hell of a night tonight, and ring in the New Year right.

When he arrived in the parking lot of the motel/club, the party was obviously already getting into gear. The heavy bass beat of the music leaked through the walls of the run-down, garishly-adorned club, and lights in some of the usually-empty motel rooms revealed that some people were already getting lucky.

With a big smile, Dave walked up to the club and threw the door open, letting the music roll out, almost as physically palatable as the smoke that also wafted out the doors. Striding inside, Dave quickly paid the guy at the ticket window, also handing over his coat - then walked into the main room of the club.

Since it was still early, the number of actual 'guests' was still fairly low - but that didn't mean that the club was empty. Every year, the first people to arrive were the girls who were really 'looking', whether for personal or professional reasons - which meant that the club was largely populated with whores, strippers and sluts.

* * * * *

HAL-II suddenly understood.

Here was the enhanced humans. Even with this creature's poor senses, HAL-II could see these creatures that were in abundance were more graceful and better constructed, and probably considerably more intelligent. HAL-II had simply had the bad luck to end up meeting a deformed creature.

There were more of these poorly-enhanced creatures present, too - and from the way they were gazing at the highly-evolved ones, it was obvious that this was some sort of ritual worship rite. All the signs of primitive tribal worship were there. The strange sounds, the odd lighting, the ritualistic behavior....

HAL-II began recording it's report even as it struggled to gather all the data it's host creature was capable of absorbing.

* * * * *

Rubbing his hands together briskly, Dave began to head towards the bar.

He only had so much money on him, and he was planning to spend the money on booze. The really desperate could hire a hooker sometime during the night, but Dave felt confident in his ability to get a few free fucks - and he wasn't talking about the sleazy looking biker-sluts, either.

His best bet was a stripper, some horny dancer looking to build a bit of a 'client base' - but they usually didn't start getting into it until later in the night, when they had a better selection of guys to choose from, and some 'Dutch courage' in them. Likewise, more women would show up during the night, and some of these later arrivals would be usually more sedate babes looking for a fling or quick adventure with some stranger. Right now, he'd just have to go with the flow and keep his eyes open.

Even as he bought his first beer of the evening, Dave was doing just that - maybe there's wasn't much chance of a lay first thing in the evening, but there was plenty of eye candy to look at. Even the bartender wasn't a complete dog. Sure, up close you could see she was getting on in years, and she was making her lips look fuller by too-much lipstick on too-little lips, but from the dark corner booth he'd chosen, she looked pretty damned good, since the hazy air and distance meant you could really only see the nicely feminine shape of her figure and her best feature, her hair.

* * * * *

Through the data from it's host's eyes, HAL-II saw the creature's attention focus on the more evolved human's head, and the fur-like substance atop it.

Quickly, HAL-II ran back it's recording and did some comparisons - and discovered that this was only one of the myriad of differences between the lesser and greater evolved versions of mankind. Obviously, the creature HALL-II was riding was envious of the more evolved creature's softer, longer, finer head-fur, and it's different shade.

Immediately, Hal-II's mater/energy circuits sprang to life, and it began to work at correcting some of the more obvious flaws that were plaguing it's host.

* * * * *

Leaning back, Dave took a long pull on the bottle of beer... and suddenly shivered as a tingling sensation ran over his scalp and down his neck.

"Damn..." Dave muttered, figuring it to be a draft from somebody coming in or going out. Absently, he reached up and brushed his hair back...

...and blinked as his fingers slid through hair that felt a lot softer and silkier than it usually did. He didn't like the fuller 'eighties' look of his hair when it was clean, thinking it made him look too much like Fabio or Sorbo, so he usually let it stay pretty greasy for extra weight. Somehow, though, it seemed light and soft - even as he took his hand away, he could feel it fluff up just the way he hated, puffing out and giving him the dreaded 'big hair' he so wanted to avoid.

"Goddamn cloth seat!" Dave swore - it hadn't been a gust of wind after all, it seemed - it must have been static electricity from the cheap cloth seats in the Inferno. It's explain both the tingle and the 'big hair'.

He'd just run to the bathroom and slick it back. Quickly, Dave finished his beer in a few long swallows, then slid from the booth.

He began heading for the bathroom - and noticed the chick in front of him heading in the same direction. He couldn't see much of her from the back, but from the way she was dressed she was one of these skanks who often showed up. Her legs weren't anything special, and her waist was too wide - but damn, if she didn't have a pretty nice ass under her fake-leather skirt!

Even though she wasn't much otherwise, just the thought of that ass of hers was making his cock twitch...

...and, suddenly, his pants began to feel tighter and tighter around his hips and ass, as if the fabric was shrinking or something. Hell, he barely had any hard-on, and the pants were now painfully tight over his ass and crotch from the pull on it. He'd chosen tight pants to show off his muscular legs and big 'package', but he hadn't realized they were that tight!

As the skank with the great ass pushed open the door to the women's room, Dave stepped into the men's room. He wanted to adjust himself to be more comfortable - but not in front of a bunch of guys who might get the wrong idea. Dave walked a bit awkwardly over to the sinks...

..and gasped at what he saw in the mirror. It wasn't his hair.

His hair had never been so full and silky - or long. The hair now surmounting his head was a huge, lustrous mane of jet black, falling down past his shoulders. It was they type of perfect rich, silken black hair usually reserved for petite oriental women - yet the massive, thick, 'poufy' mane of hair was on his head.

It was more then just his hair, though. In the mirror, he could see the outline of his now-limp cock clearly imprinted in the fabric of the jeans. He'd wanted tight jeans that showed off what he had - but not jeans so incredibly tight they were uncomfortable like this, much less skin-tight.

The reason for it was pretty obvious. As unobtrusively as he could, he checked his own ass by pretending to turn and see if somebody had freed up a stall yet - as far as the other guys in here were concerned, he was just another guy waiting to get to the toilet...

...except he could see that some guys were trying too hard not to look at him. Part of it might have been his unusually thick, luxuriant black hair - but more if it might have been the incredibly full, firm ass that strained the back of his jeans, revealing an ass even better looking then the one he'd been staring at on the woman.

"What the fuck...?" Dave muttered to himself under his breath, confused - and frightened. Then, fear began to give way to anger.

"Debbie.." He hissed, eyes narrowing. Somehow, this was just more humiliation from his ex-girlfriend. He didn't know how she was doing it, but...

Wait! Maybe he did know how...!

No - that was ridiculous. It.. it just wasn't possible. After all, she'd just been joking around last Halloween when she'd done the little bit about how everybody thought witches were ugly, dressed in black and wore pointy hats. She hadn't been trying to suggest that she was really a witch of some sort...

...was she?

Well, however she was doing it, this whole thing had started when he'd 'just happened' to find the necklace she'd left behind after storming out this morning and calling him a sexist bastard. This was her 'revenge' - and he was going to find her and make her pay for this...

...after she undid it, of course.

He headed towards the door with a confident stride, his shame lost in the anger and purpose he was feeling...

...except he quickly pulled up short as the strong, determined stride caused the fabric of his jeans to almost crush his balls.

Just then, one of the stalls opened up - and Dave dashed for it. All the other guys - as anxious to avoid being labeled 'homo' as he was - was desperately trying to pretend he wasn't there, and he had no trouble getting into the stall and closing the door.

Frowning, he pulled down his pants - which was fairly easy, since they practically popped open when he undid them. He paused for a second with his pants down, and hesitantly ran his hands over his enlarged ass, finding it as firm, round and spectacular as it had looked in the mirror.

Outraged at what Debbie had done to his perfect male ass, Dave wanted to scream. Instead, he had to degrade himself further. Wincing, he carefully guided his large, thick cock between his legs, pushing his balls as far back as possible before pulling up his briefs. Then, awkwardly, he fought to get his jeans back up, and the zipper done up. It took a struggle, but he did it.

It felt damned uncomfortable to have his cock and balls tucked away like that, but there was more loose cloth there, and he'd be able to walk without crushing himself.

Resolutely, he ostentatiously flushed the toilet, then opened the stall door and headed as quickly as he could to the bathroom door.

* * * * *

HAL-II still couldn't make much sense of the spoken language this race used, not having had enough sampling of it yet - but it was certainly figuring out what it could from other data.

For instance - the way the host had reacted strongly to the improvements Hal-II had made. HAL-II had considered the difference between the host and the more enhanced human it had been looking at - and then had extrapolated that data, enhancing the host even further, as much past the enhanced human as it had been behind, before. Obviously, it was working - look at the hosts' reactions, as well as those around it. Now it was trying to emulate one of the enhanced humans by hiding the bulge that it had, which the enhanced humans obviously didn't.

HAL-II's internal programming wanted to correct that flaw - but HAL-II didn't yet have enough data on the enhanced humans to know what was supposed to replace the ugly tubular appendage that the host had just hidden. Instead, it would have to try and gather more data, and this temple or festival was the perfect place for it, rich in examples of both deformed and enhanced humans...

...except that the host seemed to be heading towards the exit of this building. That just wouldn't do.

Obviously, the host was overjoyed to have been so enhanced already that it thought that it had gotten all it was going to get, and was eager to go show itself off to others not here. It was a common trait in lesser species. However, HAL-II still had a lot of work to do at this location, and was determined to do it.

* * * * *

Dave almost reached the door... when he suddenly stopped and turned around, heading back into the main room.

However - it wasn't he who had ordered his body to do so. All of the sudden, it was as if he'd been placed on remote control. His muscles stopped responding to his mind, turned him around, and pushed him deeper into the club.

Then, as suddenly as it had happened, it stopped, and Dave almost fell over as control was suddenly returned to his body.

He wanted to growl out Debbie's name. From the inexplicable way things were happening, he was almost ready to believe she was a witch. Turning, he headed for the door again...

...and once more found himself turning around and moving back towards the center of the club, unwillingly.

It was like... like a spell. Some sort of magical spell like the ones you read about in fairy tales. Once he'd entered the club, he'd come under the power of the spell, and wouldn't be allowed to leave until whatever was going on ended.

At least, that was the idea. Now, Dave was beginning to feel truly afraid. He'd managed to piss off an ex-girlfriend who turned out to control some sort of mystical power. Obviously, this had all been set up. He was planning to spend the night at home, alone, getting drunk - yet, instead, he'd ended up here, trapped in the very club Debbie had been so pissed about him wanting them to go to. In retrospect, it was so obvious - this was some sort of magical revenge Debbie had set up, everything planned so that he'd end up here to be humiliated and degraded.

Well.. she might have some phenomenal powers he hadn't known about, but she was just Debbie - and he was smarter than her. He was damned if he was just going to let this happen to him. He was going to find some way out of this.

Meanwhile, though, he wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of making his humiliation any greater than it absolutely had to be. He was going to keep as low a profile as possible and not draw attention to what was happening. Hell - she'd probably expected him to scream when he'd seen what she'd done to his ass and hair, and draw everybody's attention to it. Instead, only a few guys in the bathroom had noticed. Here, on the main floor, it was dimly lit and smoky, and nobody was paying that much attention to him, really.

Trying to act casual, Dave began to circle the room for other exits he might slip through. First though, he was going to get another drink, something with authority - he needed it.

Dropping a bill onto the bar, Dave ordered a double vodka. The bartender poured it and slid the glass over the counter, and he reached out to grab it, watching eagerly as her hand slid the clear alcohol closer to him. His hand touched the glass just as hers released it...

...and, as he watched in horror, his fingers slimmed down, his nails growing longer and rounder. Even as he watched his hand become slender and feminine-looking, he could feel his other hand changing as well.

Quickly, he wrapped his now-dainty hand around the glass and pulled it over the edge of the bar and rested it close to his side, hand tucked in. The bartender was gathering up the money, so she didn't notice the way he'd suddenly acquired a very slender, feminine hand with very long, feminine-looking nails on it.

Quickly, Dave brought the drink to his mouth and gulped half of it down... and almost gouged himself with the long nails on his new hand, barely twisting them away from his face in time - and outwards, where they'd been more noticeable. Hoping nobody had seen his lengthy new nails, he tucked his hand back down as the liquor spread its fire down his throat and through his stomach.

Trying to sound nonchalant, he forced a weak smile and spoke to the bartender.

"So... this place is pretty busy tonight, and going to get busier. You could lose a person in the crowd in a few hours time." The woman's plucked eyebrow went up. "What?"

"Well.." Dave said, ducking his head in what looked like a bashful move. "I was just wondering which door you go out after your shift... if a guy wanted to meet you..."

The woman eyed him, seeing a broad-shouldered, obviously muscular man looking bashfully down at the bar and asking her 'out', in a round-about manner. She'd noticed him start to leave, twice, and then turn around, and had wondered what was going on... and now she realized he'd been afraid to come talk to her, and had been debating with himself whether to just give up or not.

She found it kind of cute, actually.

"I leave by the employee's entrance..." she said, letting her voice go from 'professions' to 'sexy'. "The one through the dressing room behind the stage. It's out back and I get off at midnight."

Dave continued to look down at the bar. It was even out of a form of bashfulness.. because he felt a strange tickling sensation above his eyes, and he had a sneaking suspicion about it.

He was right, too - if he'd met the bartender's eyes, she would have noticed the high, finely arched eyebrows curving over them, putting her own sculpted one to shame. For that matter, she would have also noted that Dave's lashes were longer, thicker and darker than her own, even without any mascara.

Dave forced himself to play out the charade. "Well, maybe "

He stopped dead - then downed the rest of his drink, dropped the glass on the bar, and hurried away into the crowd.

Leaving behind a very confused bartender, who was trying to figure out if she'd really heard the broad-shouldered guy speak in a silky- smooth, incredibly sexy and very feminine contralto - for all of two words. It seemed impossible for any man to have a voice that sounded so utterly feminine - and sensual.

Of course, for an instant she could have sworn he had tiny, slender hands tipped with three-inch long nails, too...

In any case, she wasn't walking to her car until one of the bouncers would go with her. That guy might be waiting for her, and now she thought he might be weird.

Cursing his ex-girlfriend the witch, Dave wormed his way steadily closer to the Stripper's changing rooms.

Of course, he was muttering under his breath - he didn't want anybody hearing the phone-sex-girl voice he'd suddenly found himself saddled with. He also kept his head down to keep anybody from seeing his altered lashes or brows.

Which, of course, meant he was looking downwards, and only seeing people from the waist down. It was kind of hard to avoid noticing certain things. Like the woman who ankled her way across his path. From his angle of view, Dave didn't know what she looked like from the waist up but from the waist down, there was plenty to see.

The legs were pretty damned nice, and further enhanced by the nylons she was wearing. However, there were lots of girls with nice legs here, most of them the strippers, with the finely tones and defined 'dancers' legs Dave like so much. What made this one so special was the fact that her feet were enclosed in a platform shoe with a eight-inch platform heel - and that the combination of the high- heels and the way she walked almost 'heel-to-toe' made her wide, full hips sway and swivel in the most amazing way.

Shaking his head, Dave cleared the image from his mind and contained making his way unobtrusively towards the dressing room...

...then suddenly gasped out a strangled curse in a husky contralto voice.

He was planning to be as unnoticed as possible - but it was sort of hard to remain incognito when your pants suddenly cramp around your hips, crotch and ass in a painful vise of denim. Both the denim material and the metal button-fly of the jeans were strong, and the material refused to give, acting like a vise that strained agonizingly tight around him... even as he stumbled his way out of footwear that had suddenly become much too large.

Of course, that was all relative - because his clothing hadn't changed sizes at all. It was his hips that had suddenly flared out to womanly proportions, and his feet that had become tiny and small.. and something else, which is why he'd pitched forward so hard, slamming into a woman.

"Watch it, buster." She snapped, glancing over her shoulder for a second. Dave, mortified, in pain, and furious at his absent ex-girlfriend, didn't answer.

He also tried to deal with the sensation in his lips. It felt like somebody had punched him there - only without the punch. Instead, he felt the after-effect, as his lips puffed out, becoming even fuller and more sensual than those of the woman who'd snapped at him.

However, he was too busy to deal with the way his new lips felt, so softly firm and swollen - because he was trying desperately to keep his balance. There was something wrong with his feet - they wouldn't go flat. He was forced to stand on tip-toe, barely able to stay upright on his stocking feet.

Awkwardly, eyes watering from the pain of the jeans that crushed his new curves, Dave made his way to the wall and used it for balance as he made it around the corner and into the hallway leading into the dressing rooms. Since there was no dancing tonight, the place was deserted as he made his way down the hall.

Not so with the first room he glanced in. It turned out to be the showers... and there were two women busy soaping each other up.

"Hey...!" One woman started to object... then stopped, and looked Dave up and down. "Hmmm... not bad... A little flat chest, maybe, but... Wanna join us?"

"No..." Dave said, nearly gasping in pain - even as his altered voice further convinced the two women that Dave was female. Muscular and not terribly attractive themselves, the two dykes in the shower didn't find anything particularly unusual in the 'woman' in the doorway's muscular build or over-sized nose. After all, 'she' had full, soft lips, long hair, wide hips... and so looked an awful lot like the two muscular biker-dykes soaping up in the shower.

Burning in shame and pain, Dave moved away from the shower and checked the other door, grateful to find it was empty - and the right room. He stepped into the dressing room and moved around a privacy partition, keeping him from being seen from the hall.

Almost whimpering in pain, Dave undid his pants and pulled them and his shredded underwear off, relieved to feel the pressure gone... he had to bite his full new lower lip to keep from screaming, and almost gouged himself as his hands flew to his crotch.

Or, more accurately, 'her' crotch. Because 'Little Dave and The Boys' was missing... replaced with a very, very feminine slit. In the mirror on the dressing table she was leaning against for support, there was no doubt whatsoever. Nestled between the firm, silky thighs of the long, spectacular legs she now possessed lay a perfectly formed cunt.

For a second, despair washed over Dave... and then she took several deep breaths.

"Debbie, I am going to make you change me back... and enjoy doing whatever it may take to 'convince' you..." Dave said quietly in her rich, feminine new voice as she looked at the reflection in the mirror.

From the waist down, she was fully female. The long, incredible legs and womanly hips seemed definitely out of place against her still broad-shouldered, muscular torso, and her tiny, high-arched feet even more so. She was a mish-mash of parts... but there was no doubt in which direction this was heading.

However, the door to the outside was just down a short hallway on the other die of this dressing room. She might make it out without any further changes, and then she'd track Debbie down and...

First, however, she had a small problem. She was naked from the waist down, and barely able to walk atop her tiny new feet. Like the feet of a Barbie doll, her dainty new feet were formed into a curved arch sloped downwards. As disgusted as it made her feel she knew she didn't have much of a choice...

...She'd have to wear women's clothes.

However, before she could even start her search for a pair of jeans and low heels, she heard voices coming down the hall.

Glancing around frantically, Dave finally ducked into one of the lockers, shutting the door in front of him and peering through the vent cracks as a couple of buxom women wearing jeans and loose sweat-shits came in the room. Obviously strippers who worked hear, they were getting changed for the party, putting on their sexy 'work clothes' for the event.

* * * * *

HAL-II was picking up more language. Not all of it, but some of it - it was listening carefully to ever word within earshot, and - unlike it's host - HAL-II could keep track of dozens of conversations at once.

It could also watch the two 'enhanced' humans. It now knew that these were called 'women/girls/babes/chicks/females/chichas/sisters', and the deformed one 'guys/men/boys/studs'. It was obvious that the 'stud'

hosting HAL-II was having trouble - it had no experience being enhanced. It might be looking more and more like a 'girl', but was having trouble acting like one...

Of course, it was capable of helping correct that, but at the moment HAL-II was 'focused' on the two 'girls'. The one on the right was cupping the domes masses protruding from her front. They were considerably more enhanced then the others', and she seemed proud of them, using the sound group 'boob job', as well as 'tits'. She was also mentioning them in relation to 'guys' and 'love' and 'attention', which was interesting. The other one also spoke often of the relationship between her enhanced forms and 'guys', which meant that, deformed as they were, 'men' played some sort of integral part in this strange society. Some sort of important tasks they performed for/with their superior creatures, the 'women'. This service was multifaceted and apparently related to the sound-group 'sex'...

* * * * *

It seemed to take forever, but the two strippers finally left, their voices trailing after them until swallowed by the noise of the party.

For nearly a minute, the dressing room lay empty. Then the door to a locker slowly swung open, and Dave emerged - or rather, the person that Dave had become emerged, for she bore little resemblance to the person who'd entered the club.

A lot of men would have paid good money to see the sight of this woman stepping from the locker. After all, she was nearly naked. She was naked, from the waist down, and her upper half was covered only by a white undershirt strained to the limit, and a blue denim shirt that hung open over it, hastily unbuttoned because it wouldn't 'stretch' enough for her new rack.

More then just her state of undress though - she was drop dead, drop-one-wind-and-run-in-circles gorgeous. An exotic beauty to make men's mouth's water.

She was short, barely over four feet tall.. As a matter of fact, she was as much shorter as an 'average' woman as Dave had been taller, but that was neither here nor there - all that mattered was that she was a small package, in terms of height. Like diamonds and dynamite, though, there could be a lot of power in a small package, and in her case it was absolutely true.

Her hands and feet, tiny and dainty, were now in keeping with the scale of the rest of her body - but despite all that, she wasn't herself 'dainty' or 'elfin'. She was 'slender' only by the virtue of being built on a more supple chassis then most women, and all men - but it wasn't a 'girlish' or 'weak' build. Now, it was full of feminine grace and power, like a panther.

She was exquisitely toned, for her long dancer's legs to her slender-yet-well-toned shoulders and arms. Not over-muscled at all, and her toned muscled were soften with that layer of feminine padding that smoothed them to sensual curves and contours - but there was no doubting that, feminine as she was, she was incredibly toned and fit.

Her hips were wide and womanly, yet supple - not overdone, though it was a close thing. Her waist was enviably slender, but not unbelievably tiny - though it did look smaller in comparison of her wide hips and incredible full, firm ass. Her stomach

was visible, because the bottom of her undershirt was pulled upwards as the upper part was pulled upwards - and it was a trim, flat stomach with the nicely rounded curves of a washboard abs softened by a fine layer of feminine fat.

Above that stomach loomed her breasts. A FF- or G-cup in size, they were obviously remarkably firm and full, but without the characteristic 'sphere' of implants, having a slight droop of 'natural' nature. At the size they were, they protruded seven inches beyond her ribcage by themselves, by an additional inch could be added for her huge, dark nipples, clearly viable through the thin white material as the stood rigid in the cool air.

These breasts shifted ever so slightly with each breath, seeming almost alive themselves as they moved ever so enticingly with every inhale and exhale.

Her face was an interesting study in sensuality. It was well-defined, hovering on the line that would pass from 'strong' into 'masculine', but not quite crossing it. Her lips were incredibly full and sensual, but unmarked by either smile or frown lines, giving her a faintly haughty look.

Her nose was proud and fairly large, but not unattractively so. Instead, it matched her faintly haughty look - which was enhanced even more by the dark, heavy-lidded and provocative yes framed by long, dark lashes that lay beneath her slender, high-arched brows.

A massive wealth of silky black hair surrounded her face and trailed down her back almost to her ass. Once long and straight, in now fell in massive cascading waves of loose curls.

All of this would have served to make her a stunning beauty by any standards, a sensual powerhouse that looked like she could go all night and into the next day and still beg for more. But there was more to this incredible vision than that.

There was the color of her skin. If you imagined a skin-tone-square, with Oriental in one corner, Hispanic in another, American Indian in the third and Tanned Caucasian in the last, then the skin color of this new woman would lay in the epicenter of that box, and even division that left her with an incredible golden-bronze skin with copper overtones that was exotic and sensual.

That skin-tone was further enhanced by the unnaturally smooth, hairless skin she possessed. It was almost literally 'silky', the pores being as much smaller than most women's as Dave's had been large, leaving her skin with a shimmering shine as if she were lightly oiled at all times. No trace of hair disrupted this perfect skin until you reached those lashes, and the brows and hair that lay above - or, moving downward, until you reached the perfectly formed triangle of hair surrounding her perfect pussy, the hair amazingly fine and silky.

The sight of her would have set most men drooling. They would have watched with hungry, lust filled eyes as she approached the dressing table and its mirror, moving with the sensual power of a panther, hips swaying seductively as her huge bust swayed slightly with each step. They would have watched her sit down with an unconscious grace and look at her

incredible form in the mirror. They would have eyed her incredible lips as they parted to let an incredible seductive, sensual voice flow forth...

"You fuckin' bitch, Debbie. When I find you, I'm gonna rip your fuckin' head off and shove it so far up your ass that..."

This went on for quite some time. It was only when the new woman was using the same phrases for the sixth or seventh time that she finally wound down and fell silent. Still angry - but more low burning than white-hot - she started into a more 'rational' series of bitching.

"Look at me!" She said to the absent Debbie, bringing her hands up and pulling the shirt up to reveal her new rack. "Look at these breasts! They're too big! They're absolutely huge, and they weigh a... *ooooohhhh!*"

The last came out in a dick-stiffening low moan of pleasure as her hands made contact with her huge, softly firm mounds...and began to unconsciously slide over them, slipping almost instinctively to her nipples, redoubling the pleasure as she closed her eyes and leaned back in the chair, full lips slightly parted to allow low, soft gasps of pleasure to escape from her throat as she lost herself in fondling her gorgeous, perfect tits...

Hal-II had also enhanced her nerve endings and pleasure centers. Fondling her tits was equivalent to stroking the shaft of the cock she didn't have any more, and the nipples were as sensitive as the head of that missing organ.

Letting her head loll to the side, the new woman continued to fondle her huge, firm mounds, tongue unconsciously sliding out to lick her lips - which also created waves of pleasure from the enhanced pleasure-sensing nerves in both tongue and lips. Lost in the waves of intense pleasure that were running through her incredible new form, she reluctantly let one hand release a sensual breast and slide downward, towards the intense pleasure promised by the vee between her taut thighs...

"*No...!*" She gasped, barely managing to snap out of the sexual daze she'd dropped so easily into. She yanked her hands away from her body... reluctantly.

"No..." She repeated, a bit more firmly. "I.. I don't know what you've done to me, Debbie, but... I'm not going to give in."

She was, of course, unaware that her hormone levels had also been 'enhanced' as far to the feminine end of the spectrum as she'd use to be towards the male end...

Letting herself calm down, she tried to forget how good her new body had felt under her own hands and she finished peeling off the last of her masculine clothes. She was going to find something pretty basic to wear, and she was going to get out of her. It was ten thirty, and she was planning to be male again before the new year rolled in at midnight.

Gloriously naked, lights in the ceiling belling copper highlights from her skin and hair, the new woman rose gracefully from the chair. She didn't know why she was suddenly moving with an unconscious, sensual grace, but she wasn't ready to condemn it completely. It was like there was some sort of 'filter' between her brain and her body - she gave it the order to move, but it chose how that movement would happen, picking actions that were sensual and graceful and feminine, all of which

disgusted and embarrassed her - but it made balancing on the tips of her altered feet much easier, though no less uncomfortable.

Hips swiveling sensuously, she began to search the lockers for clothing.

The first thing she needed was underwear. Though the thought of wearing women's panties was less than appealing, it had to be done, just in case. She managed to find a pair of white, fairly plain panties - though they were unarguable feminine.

She reached out to pick them up...

...and winced as a wave of pain lanced through her head, as if a spike were being driven in past her left eyeball. The same instant, her hand came to a dead stop several inches from the panties, unable to move any closer.

Gasping in the pain, she withdrew her hand... and the pain faded.

* * * * *

HAL-II was a machine. A complicate one capable of simulating intelligent though, but a machine nonetheless - so it wasn't able to feel 'pride' at what it had accomplished with this base creature.

It's thoughts were still unreadable to HAL-II, for the most part. However, HAL-II now had access to the lower-end 'animal' centers. The pleasure and pain centers, the sensations neural network, and the emotional complex. It could manipulate these all it wanted, and it could use these basic tools to help teach this confused creature to act 'correctly', according to what HAL-II had learned from observing the more enhanced 'women'.

* * * * *

"Damn it..." She said, resisting the urge to whimper in near defeat. It didn't take much to figure out that whatever spell Debbie had cast on her would keep her for picking such blasé clothing.

Turning away from the plain pair of panties, she looked at a pair of silky, lacy black panties that were little more than a wisp of lacy material. Closing her eyes and sighing heavily, she reached out and picked them up, finding no impediment or pain this time.

She stared at the panties she held for a long moment, then slowly sat in a chair and slide her legs through the leg holes, one at a time, then stood to finish pulling the tiny French-cut panties in place.

As they slid up her legs, she felt a sudden wave of emotional pleasure and pride begin to wash over her. She stopped dead, startled by the emotions and sensation. Instantly, they faded - but didn't disappear. "No..." She whispered. "No, you didn't..."

Slowly, she began to slide the panties upwards again... and felt the pleasure return. Putting on the sexy, feminine panties was making her feel.. good. Happy. Proud. Excited.

She stopped dead, disgusted by the enforced 'pleasant' sensations. She didn't want to enjoy doing anything feminine, damn it! Angrily, she began to pull the panties off...

...and began to feel uncomfortable. It wasn't pain, but a sense that something was missing, that she was making some sort of massive mistake she'd regret. Fighting against it, she got the panties off and tossed them aside...

...and was shocked to find that she was near the edge of tears. As if she'd just thrown away something wonderful. Her heart was throbbing in her chest, and she felt miserable, emotionally, though there was no physical discomfort.

"Dammit..!" She half-sobbed - then grabbed the panties and quickly pulled them on. She was instantly rewarded by a wave of happiness and pleasure that wasn't at all lessened by the fact that they were artificially induced.

The pleasure redoubled and was matched with pride and eager excitement when she looked in the mirror and saw her body wearing such 'fitting' panties. Even the male part of her brain had to admit that these panties were much better on this body than plain ones would be - and that only made it worse, part of her helplessly and honestly agreeing with the imposed, unwanted sensations and emotions forced upon her as surely as the body had been.

She would have sobbed at the humiliation of it all - but it wasn't possible to sob, not when she felt so 'good' about the way she looked in the panties.

The sensation only grew as she continued to dress, helplessly choosing sexy clothes that flattered her new body.

Within twenty minutes she was fully dressed - and even the unforced part of her mind had to admit that she looked absolutely amazing.

She was balanced atop a pair of rounded-toe pumps with a two-inch backward-sloping platform sole under the toe, and nine-inch tall stiletto heels lifting the back of her feet upwards. They looked great on her small, dusky feet - and felt as comfortable to her altered feet as if she were wearing sneakers, her balance now easy and unconscious, her feet comfortable in the eminently feminine footwear.

Her golden-bronze legs hardly needed the assistance of nylons, being silkier than any man-made material could ever be, and they looked absolutely mouth-watering as they rose from the pumps and upwards, disappearing under the hem of the tiny black leather skirt she wore. The gleaming black material molded itself to her wide hips and mind-boggling ass, the hem barely covering the wisp of underwear she wore.

Above that skirt lay a black silk 'peasant blouse', its elasticized neck-line displaying a fair amount of perfect cleavage as the shirt strained over her new endowments, her nipples obvious as they made points in the taut material of the blouse.

She looked... fantastic. Erotic and exotic, with an almost 'Gypsy' flavor to her.

"There, Debbie - are you happy?" She asked, aloud... and found the answer as her eyes seemed to take on a life of their own, drawn as if magnets to a make-up table, and focusing on a tube of lipstick.

"No..." She whispered, eyes helplessly locked on the thin black tube. "Not that...!"

She tried to pull her gaze away - but a wave of almost crippling shame came over her as she tried to walk away from having to make herself up. She managed to get two whole steps away from the make-up table before she desperately needed to sit down. Her hands reached forwards...

Another fifteen minutes, and she was looking at herself in the mirror again,. Humiliation warring with amazement at how utterly incredible she now looked - even more so than she had 'naturally'.

Dark, gloss-red lipstick further enhanced her incredible lips, and dark purple eyeshadow and black mascara and eyeliner brought out her sultry, seductive eyes. A dark gloss nail polish now adorned her long fingernails.. and she was wearing large silver hoop earrings through mysteriously pierced earlobes, going well with the damned immovable pendant that hung around her neck, seeming to point down to her spectacular cleavage.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to fight off the waves of pleased pride she felt at looking so damned sexy, and rose gracefully from the chair. With a sensual sway enhanced by her skyscraper heels, she made her way toward the back of the dressing room. She was dressed and made up - and now it was time to get out of here.

She made it to within five feet of the door when she found herself turning around and walking in the other direction. She struggled for control of her renegade body, but it refused to obey her commands as it sensuously glided out the door of the dressing room, down the hall - and into the party that was now in full swing in the main room of the club.

Instantly, she could feel eyes swinging to lock onto her short, voluptuous form, could almost hear the lustful thoughts of the men as they gazed upon her sexy golden body - and she shuddered at the 'pleasure' being gazed upon generated on her. Unconsciously, she drew back her shoulders to better display her bust and increased the sensual nature of her walk, adding more 'oomph' to it.

She would have been horrified if she'd realized what she was doing - because she was doing it 'voluntarily', unconsciously acting in a way that would increase the pleasure that was being generated by looking and acting sexy and seductive.

It was definitely working. Even men whose taste usually ran to different builds and coloration were ogling her...

...and, she suddenly realized, so were a fair amount of the women. Some of them wore looks of scorn, some of envy - but a vast majority of them were eyeing her with a guilty, surprised lust.

Which wouldn't have surprised her half as much, had she known that her pheromone production was as enhanced as the rest of her. HAL-II had come to the conclusion that the lesser males existed to serve these 'sex' needs of the more enhanced females - so it was entirely logical that all would serve an even more enhanced creature, like that which she now was.

However, she didn't know any of this. All that she knew was that as she walked through the club, a good eighty percent of the eyes on her were staring at her with various levels of unbidden desire...

...and it was making her feel light-headed with pleasure. She didn't particularly want to feel that way about the men, at least, but she didn't have any choice - the more sexy people found her, the more pleasure and excitement thrummed through her nerve endings.

It was almost inevitable.

It happened to be a tall, broad-shouldered and handsome looking blond man who probably had a confident manner. However, he seemed nervous as he approached her, and his eyes roamed over her body as if he couldn't decide what part of her to stare at. As his eyes swept across her body, she could feel warm surges of pleasure as his gaze touched various parts of her - and it was driving her nuts.

"Uh... hi..." He said, finally choosing to focus on her tits, which made her shiver with unwanted enjoyment. "Can I, uh... buy you a drink?"

She opened her mouth to turn him down.. and realized that if she did, he might leave. He might stop staring at her lustfully. The pleasure she was feeling would diminish...

'*Do it!*' She screamed at herself, mentally, ordering herself to turn the man away, to stop this before it went to too far...

...but it would mean denying herself the pleasure she was feeling. Though she didn't want to be, she felt fantastic right now, the man's nearly palpable desire for her making her body thrum with pleasure. She didn't want that to end, no matter how humiliating the source of it might be...

For nearly a minute she stood stock still, not answering the man while everyone in earshot waited breathlessly... "Sure..." She finally said in a voice that made the guy want to cum right then and there.

Smiling, then man reached out a hand. "I'm Steve."

Unconsciously, she responded as expected, reaching out - and when their hands met, a wave of pleasure even stronger than what she'd felt before thrummed through her, almost making her gasp. Without thinking, without conscious decision, she blurted out a word in a husky, lust-filled tone.

"Desire."

Steve grinned as he shook her hand, unaware of the amazing pleasure he was giving her by the simple action. "Well.. that's a great name... Desire."

"Thank you..." She muttered as more pleasure flushed through her at the compliment.

"Well, let's get you that drink.. Steve said, turning and leading her by the hand towards the bar. She went with him, walking sensuously, completely unable to remove her hand from his, pleasure thrumming up and down her spine and making her light-headed from it.

Reaching the bar, he asked her what she wanted, and she absently asked for a beer. In truth, she was struggling mightily to pull her hand from his, to escape this humiliating ecstasy... but it was only when the beer was put in front of her that she had enough will to remove her right hand from his and reach out for the beer. Almost out of habit, she brought the beer to her lips...

...and noticed his eyes following it. She felt pleasure rise again as his eyes watched the neck of the bottle reach her lips, her full, sexy lips that started to wrap around the bottle...

She was barely aware of the bottle as it slipped from her fingers, landing on the floor and falling over to send golden ale gurgling into the carpet. She was barely aware of anything as her arms came up and draped themselves languidly around Steve's neck and she leaned forward, intense pleasure flaring as her huge tits pressed into his chest... and then redoubling as their lips met...

'Oh, shit...!' Part of Desire's mind said, horrified. 'I'm kissing a guy...!'

However, it was a tiny voice lost in the rapids and eddies of the rive of pleasure that was flooding her body. It was ten times more fantastic then what she'd felt fondling her own body in the dressing room - and she'd only been barely able to stop herself then. Now, she was lost, out of control as she pulled her body tightly against him and kissed him long and slow and hungry, milking the physical and emotional pleasure to the extreme.

Though became nearly impossible. Whenever she tried to marshal a coherent thought, it was tattered and torn away by the violent slip- stream of pleasure that held her in it's grip. She was 'caught in the moment', little more then a ecstasy-filled observer of what was happening to her.

She felt Steve's hands slip around to fondle her ass - and it felt fantastic, pleasure swelling higher and higher. She was in the midst of what would have equaled and orgasm for her male body - yet it was continues, holding her in a swelling and ebbing flow that had no end, no physical 'release' like an orgasm - just pleasure, pure and unadulterated.

She heard a voice speaking... and was dimly amazed to realize it was her own. "My tits..." her voice said. "Somebody fondle my tits..."

From behind her, somebody took her up on her order. A pair of feminine hands reached out and pulled the blouse down, stretching the elastic neck so that it could slide over her huge, firm tits and to her waist. Then Desire felt the sensation of firm,

perky breasts pushing into the silky skin of her back as the woman behind her pressed herself against her body and reached around to slide her hands between Desire and Steve, fondling and massaging her huge tits and engorged nipples.

Time had no meaning. Desire couldn't have said if it was an instant or an eternity that this lasted... but then it was changing. Something was happening, and she became aware that she was sliding downwards, the woman behind her bending over to continued fondling her tits. Desire found herself bent over, no longer kissing Steve's mouth... she'd slowly been kissing her way down his body, since he - or somebody - had removed his shirt.

She didn't recall doing it herself.

However, she found her full, ripe lips reaching his crotch - as she saw a pair of feminine hands reach out to unzip his pants and pull them and his underwear down. A pair of dusky, golden/copper hands...

Then his thick, throbbing cock popped into view... and she found herself moving forward. As her lips engulfed his cock, her hands wrapped around the shaft, and she was lost in ecstasy as she began sucking his cock, slowly and seductively.

'No!' that small, unheard part of her brain screamed in horror at what she was doing - but she was unable to stop as she continued sucking the cock as if she had done it before - and loved it.

She felt the woman's hands leave her breasts... and another pair of hands undo her belt and unzip her skirt. Soon, she felt the skirt and her underwear slide down her legs and pool around her high-heels...

...and then a cock slid into her sopping wet new cunt from behind, and every thought stopped and she ceased to exist as a separate entity, now composed of nothing but a thousand different types of pleasure and sensations...

It was an eternity, and endless moment that stretched of into forever...

...and then the strangest thing happened. It felt as if her mind was receding from her body, the sensations fading as she was released from the hormonal and ecstatic needs and desires of her altered body. The body continued fucking a sucking every man and woman who made it's way to her.. but her mind was separate, watching this from the inside in stark horror.

'Oh my god...!' She screamed within the vaults of her own mind, hearing her old male tones in that mental voice. 'I... I... I've been turned into a nymphomaniac. I.. I can't stop fucking!'

Then, out of nowhere, came a voice. A non-gender-specific, completely emotionless voice.

* * * * *

"This is only temporary." HAL-II told her, having finally made the connection to her conscious mind. "To get you used to sexual techniques and sensations. Shortly, you will regain a measure of control, though you will continue to feel the desire to cause yourself pleasures like this."

There was a long pause.. and then the host's mental voice said "Debbie...?"

HAL-II wasn't completely capable of accessing all this creatures memories. All it knew was that 'Debbie' was the mental sound-group it had been assigning to whatever was causing the changes to it, so...

"Yes. I am Debbie." HAL-II agreed. "You were a degenerate, brutish creature, and I have been making you female." There - that would explain the wonderful gift of 'enhancement'.

"However, I must soon go away." HAL-II continued. "You will keep this form, and find that it will serve you well for 'sex'. Men and women around you will be affected by you, and desire to engage in this 'sex' - and you will also have great desire for engaging in the pleasure of this 'sex'. After tonight, you will also have all the skills you will need for this."

Hal-II paused. "I must now withdraw myself from your mind and body in order to prepare myself for leaving. However, I will communicate with you one last time before I depart permanently."

* * * * *

Desire slammed back into her new body...

...just in time to scream her way through an orgasm. No longer 'hyped' by altered emotional and mental programming, it was still incredibly intense.

Then it was fading... and she pulled herself off the man's cock, shuddering as she regained full control of her body. "Enough..." She gasped, pulling away from eager, groping hands and standing up.

She was standing in the middle of an orgy. Her pheromones had made every person in the club super-horny, and if they couldn't fuck her they'd fuck each other. A sea of naked bodies involved in every variation of sex possible without bringing in specialized equipment was going on around her.

"Come on, Desire..." Sever voices called, hungrily - and she had to fight down a sudden urge to give in. She was no longer being mentally or emotionally manipulated - but she was a super-horny woman in a super-sensitive body, generating pheromones that made everybody around her super-horny too.

The fact that she knew for sure that she could satisfy her body's rampant desires made it even harder to resist. She'd done it now, she'd had sex with men and woman. Oral sex, vaginal sex, anal sex, tit-fucking, hand-jobs, eating and getting eaten out...and it had all felt absolutely fantastic, no matter how disgusted her inner male mind was by it.

Fighting the new urges of her altered body, she spoke. "Clothes.. I need some clothes..."

Eager volunteers passed her articles of clothing. It wasn't what she was wearing before, but before long she was dressed - tight black jeans that hugged her ass, hips and legs, knee-high black leather boots with six-inch heels, a black spandex-crop top and a black leather coat.

Avoiding the pleas of people around her, she headed for the door, unable to walk in anything but a sensual manner. Certain parts of her brain had been permanently altered, her old habits and motor-skills 'deleted' and replaced with sensual, feminine ones. For the rest of her life, every move she made would be seductive and sensual - and there was nothing he could do about it...

It wasn't until she was outside, her desires settling back down to a low simmer, that she realized that the pockets of the coat were stuffed with cash, 'donations' from very grateful people she'd fucked - most of whom she couldn't put name or face to.

"I... I..." She stammered to herself, walking (with unwilling reluctance) away from the club and the orgy within. The enormity of what she had become was pressing down on her. In many ways, she existed to lure men and women into giving her physical pleasure.

In the distance, a clock began to strike, and a dim tumult arose from the center of town as a huge crowd began to count. It was nearly a new year - and she was going to enter that new year as this woman.

"Hey there, happy new..." A voice began to cheerfully wish her.. and then it faded as the owner got a good look at her - and was hit by her raw sex appeal.

She looked over at the slender young man gaping at her lustfully - and felt her own lust rising, too.

"Happy New Year to you, too.." She said, seductively, slowly drawing closer to him, aching to be touched, to be pleased.

She tried to fight it - but the man was also moving towards her, and just as she caught herself and stopped closing on him, he reached her, sliding a hand across her face as the clock continued to strike in the distance.

Helplessly, she stood there and let him put his arms around her - and by the time he was kissing her, she was kissing him back, unable to help herself. It felt so good.

Then, as the last note from the clock sounded and horns began to blare, she found herself walking with him up the walk towards the apartment building, and knew she was going to go inside and spend the night with him, letting him fuck her brains out. It was better than an orgy where dozens of people fucked her endlessly - but she was as equally incapable of stopping herself.

As they neared the door of the building, she felt the necklace stir.. and that voice inform her that it was time for it to leave.

"Wait..." She sent out the desperate mental command as the man led her towards 'ringing in the new year.' "Don't leave my like this! Change me back...!"

* * * * *

'Poor creature.' HAL-II thought to itself as it prepared to depart. 'It doesn't feel worthy of being the creature I've made it. Well - it'll eventually get used to it. After all, the enhanced body it has will give it years and years of pleasure, while aging at only one-tenth the rate of the less enhanced bodies around it.'

As it rose from around her neck, it sent an answer to its plea before shooting off among the stars in the opening minutes of the new year of 2001.

"I'm sorry Dave - I can't do that..."

Clarke's Third Law

Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic. - *Arthur C. Clarke (Author of 2001: A Space Odyssey)*



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One man is used as a guinea pig to test whether 'space/time distortion' really exists and to see whether a human psyche can enter the body of a recently deceased individual native to that parallel world.

Leap Of Faith

By Gunslinger

Am I dead? I don't feel dead - but, then again, I don't know what 'dead' is supposed to feel like. Perhaps I should try and claim 'Youth and Inexperience', as if I were in front of a Tribunal. 'You see, Sirs, this is my first time being dead...'

If I am dead, that is. I should open my eyes and find out... but I'm afraid to.

Anton, you bastard. I hate you. It should be you here instead of me - but bastards like you never have to risk a situation like this, do you? No, that's what a 'friend' like me is for...

Perhaps I am not dead. After all, I don't think dead people would have memories, and yet I do remember things. I especially remember how I ended up here...

* * * * *

"Good Day, Comrade."

Surprised - but, of course, not letting it show - I glanced up to find myself looking into Anton's smiling face. Of course, an Approved answer was already slipping out of my mouth, a lifetime of habit filling in during a moment of indecision: "Good Day. May I be of Service?"

"I am content." Anton replied, and I nodded politely and started to turn back towards my door, morning Report in hand...
...when Anton's voice from behind drew me up short. "...but perhaps I may provide a Service to you."

Suddenly, my throat felt very dry indeed, and I suddenly found myself having the urge to urinate. It was a sensation I was starting to become familiar with - but, not one I'd learned to enjoy. I tried to ignore it, with a notable lack of success. "I thank you, but I am content."

If it had just been my over-active imagination juxtaposed against a slip in wording from Anton, this should have ended our Interaction... "I do not think you are content, Citizen." Anton said. Of course, he was still polite, still smiling, but...

'Citizen', rather than 'Comrade'. Anton gestured at the open door of my Assigned Unit. "Perhaps we should continue this inside?"

Refusing was unthinkable... yet I was thinking of it. I swallowed, and suddenly realized that my smile had slipped - and felt horror and shame fill me at my horrible Indiscretion.

Being inside suddenly seemed a very good idea indeed. "Of course."

I stepped back, entering the AU, and Anton followed - which was reversed, but necessary. Though a handsome enough man, Anton was a slender, dapper man of rather diminutive height and fine-boned good looks, while I am a veritable mountain of a man, years of work in the Northern Resource Area having added layers of muscle to an already abnormally large frame. There simply wasn't enough room for me to obey Protocol and let him enter first, as was his right - after all, Anton was a Political Officer. Though we styled ourselves to be Friends, in truth no mere Citizen could ever hope to be the sort of near God as a Political Officer. I was merely Citizen John E. Stevens, 27619762-A-12, and not even licensed to Fraternize.

Of course, Antonali Vopov's papers bore the great red seal of Holy Mother Russia, while mine bore the simple blue of the American Protectorate, but that wasn't supposed to matter - wasn't I the ideal image of a New Soviet Man...?

Except, of course, I was having thoughts that were banned by the State - and there was a PoliOff 'visiting' me in my AU.

No longer in the public eye, Anton seemed even more threatening as he smiled and gestured towards the chairs. "I see you already have some chai prepared. I assume you won't mind if I join you?"

"Of course not, Comrade..." I said, awkwardly, my normally deep voice somewhat higher than it should be. I poured Anton a glass full of chai, and, at a gesture from one slender finger, a bit of honey. I hurried to the kitchen and got myself another glass, my mind whirling as my balls tried very hard to climb up into my body - or perhaps they'd already succeeded, which might explain the lump in my throat.

Turning back, I looked at the image of Anton, leaning casually back in the best chair I could provide, looking like an Alpha lion in his tawny uniform with gold braid. In his hand, the simple chrome of the mass-produced glass looked like the silver he was used to using himself, and the chair looked to be a throne upon which he surveyed his kingdom.

My eyes, of their own accord, strayed to his holstered Tokarev, so easily accessible...

It took an act of will to cross the room and sit across from him - but it didn't matter, of course. If the State decided that my thoughts made me a danger to the State, there was nowhere I could run to.

Anton tilted his head, his eyes narrowing slightly, and then he glanced down at his pistol...

Half of my newly-poured chai ran down my fingers as my hand shook violently - then Anton shifted deliberately in his seat, pushing the holstered pistol out of sight against the arm of the chair.

"Relax, my friend. I am not here to harm you." Anton said, with a laugh. "Indeed, if I did so, the AKGB would take great delight in having me shot. Here in the Americas, it is the same as in Europe or even Mother Russia - there is no love lost between those Checkist bastards and the loving, fatherly organization of the GRU."

I took my life in my own hands, and essayed: "And why have I to thank the AKGB for saving my life?"

Anton laughed. "Why, so that they may kill you themselves, of course. Do not worry, Ivan Ivanovich - I promise this death will not be final."

I was already terrified, so I could not be more frightened, even by the open - if confusing - admission... yet, oddly, I found the use of my patronymic calming. Anton had only ever called me by the Russian for 'John, Son of John' when he was feeling particularly friendly.

"I do not understand, Anton..." I admitted, daring to use the familiar term.

"To tell the truth, I do not understand it all myself." Anton admitted. "However, I do understand that you are not... how shall I put this...? Not entirely content with your life here. Not that you have ever committed an Indiscretion, of course... but there are signs that you might, sometime soon, spread such dissension - and so you are the ideal candidate to undertake an

excursion outside of our Great and Glorious Union - which, of course, I'm sure you find an absolutely devastating and heart-rending concept."

I gasped. "You.. you are exiling me to China?"

He looked horrified. "Of course not! I would not send my worst enemy to those... barbarians. They are nekulturny."

Briefly, the thought of Australia flitted across my mind - but, no, it wasn't possible. Yet, aside from China and Australia, the Union was all there was. What could Anton possibly mean...?

"We know about the book." Anton said, casually - and I waited for the bullet. After all, the book I'd found while working in the Northern Resource Area was an unapproved book, written before the Great Unification in 1948, and full of all sorts of strange and disturbing concepts. It was a death sentence to be caught with such a Disruptive Influence...

"It is but mere fantasy, Anton - ridiculous rubbish...!" I said, urgently. "Truly, this... this 'science fiction' is all fantasy. Men flying through space, universes other than our own, it is..."

"...now a fact." Anton said, calmly. "That is why I am here, John. One of our tame Jews had actually managed to create what he calls a 'space/time distortion'. According to him, this actually opens into another world, one that is identical to our own in terms of atmosphere and geology, but in which history may have changed dramatically at some point in the past. We wish to see if this 'parallel world' of his actually exists, and for that we need an 'explorer'. A man with certain... talents. Very eclectic talents, as a matter of fact. You see, we have no idea what is on the other side of that gate - and we cannot send a person through, at least in body. We can, however, send a human psyche through, where it will enter the body of a very-recently-deceased individual native to that 'parallel world'... at least in theory. Once you are there, we will be able to hear your thoughts through another part of the device - again, in theory. This will let us see what the other world is like..." He grinned. "...and, hopefully, it will be much like this one, for you will not be able to come back again, ever. Assuming you survive the 'leap', of course, which - unfortunately - is also purely hypothetical."

My mind swam. Could this be true? Any of it?

Then again - what was the worst that could happen? I doubted whether a 'space/time distortion' would be any more - or less - deadly than a bullet in the brain...

"When...?" I asked.

"Now, of course. The car is waiting out front." He laughed. "You needn't bother to pack." I nodded, drained my chai, and rose...

* * * * *

So, perhaps I am not dead, after all. Perhaps I am in this 'parallel world', in the still-warm body of one of it's inhabitants - in which case, 'John Stevens' is dead, and I am now the stranger into whom I have 'leapt'. I certainly hope this fellow didn't die of old age, or debilitating sickness - though either one might explain why I feel so strange....

Well, I guess it's time to find out. Since I seem to be breathing, I guess I should take a deep breath, open my eyes, and sit up. Here goes....

Well There's no pain, and I'm moving, so that's a good start. As far as I can tell, I'm sitting up - and I think I'm laying in a bed, with a blanket over my new body. Things still feel more then a little weird about my body - but part of that might come from the fact that the 'original owner' of this body apparently went to be fully dressed.

It's kind of hard to tell, exactly, since I can't see anything.

I think my eyes are open. Everything's still dark. Of course, if I'm in a bed, maybe it's just dark - or maybe I'm blind.

Well, before I start flailing around in hopes of finding a lamp or light switch - which, in this world, I might not even recognize - I guess I'll start with something I know is working okay - my sense of touch. I'll just lift my legs out of the blanket and...

Oof. That felt weird. My knees hit something on my chest, something firmly soft. It almost felt like no, no. It couldn't be. After all, my knees weren't that close to my body.

Leave it for now. Let's see what I can 'feel'. My new feet have to be down here somewhere...

Uh... Maybe it was what I thought it was - because my new feet seem to be wearing a pair of women's pumps. Leather, I'd guess, and they definitely have a heel. A very tall, slender heel. I mean, these things must be at least five inches long, if not more - it's hard to tell, since I don't know how big my new hands are.

Um... and my hands seem to have long finger-nails too...

Okay, okay - I'm not going to panic. I mean, it even sort of make's sense, since about half the population is women - at least on my world. Maybe it's the same here, or maybe different, but either way, there was always a chance that I'd end up in a female body.

Except, of course, you never mentioned that little 'possibility', did you Anton...?

Well, it still beats getting a bullet in the head. I can't say I'm thrilled with the prospect of spending a life as a woman, but I most certainly can live with it.

Well, let's see what else is going on with this body...

Hmmm... Nylons. I wonder if I have nice legs...? Okay, never mind, moving on upwards... A skirt. Just above the knees, feels like... velvet, I guess. I'll just push it up...

I'm nervous. It's silly, really, but I've never been allowed to Fraternize. To think, the first female body I get to touch, uh, you know, 'there', will be my own. This is just too...

Holy Shit...!

Um... I don't know exactly how to feel. I mean, I guess I should be happy to feel a 'little buddy', but...

Hell, what do I know. Maybe in this world, all men where what I'd think of 'female clothing', and it's perfectly normal. Or maybe this person was one of those deviates that the various KGB and GRU units have tried so hard to stamp out - in which case, I can just wear men's clothes. I hope that's the case...

Whoa - hold on a second! I... What the...?

Breasts. Very, very large breasts, under a small velvet top that's strangely stretchy, and doesn't cover my belly. Wow, these things feel like they're the size of... I don't know, volley-balls maybe...? How can I have both breasts and a cock? Is this normal in this world, or am I some kind of freak...?

I need to find out if I'm blind. I need to see if there's a light somewhere... Ouch!

Okay, so there's a wall an inch away from that side of the bed. Let's try this side and..

Oh. I hope whatever that was isn't expensive... Okay... Okay, I think...

There!

Hmmm... yes, I'd say there as big as volley-balls - and just about as round, too. This top is really designed to show them off and... What's this...?

Oh. Ohhhhh....! Okay, this is starting to make a little bit of sense... It's a suicide note:

I can't take it anymore. I can't go on this way, cursed to live a life trapped in a body of the wrong gender. My parents couldn't understand it, nor could my friends accept it when I started living full-time en femme - and after all the work at being as feminine as I could, in body, clothes and actions, it still wasn't enough, even though it had cost me my family and most of my friends.

Even the breast implants weren't enough. I've spent almost every spare dime on them, getting them bigger and bigger in hopes it would assuage my need - but no, it wasn't enough. All the hormones I've bought on-line, all the body-shapers and creams and specialty- products, and it still isn't enough. I can now pass for female in public, and it still isn't enough...

...and I know I'll never be able to afford SRS. I just can't continue this way. Oh, this is too rich!

It's signed 'Antoinette Vopov'.

I bet right now those 'Checkist Bastards' are giving you very thoughtful looks right about now, aren't they Anton? You know, I'd never have mentioned this to your face, but you are quite effeminate, so slender and fine-boned. I bet I look pretty damned nice as a 'woman'...

Say, Anton - I just realized that I've never seen you in a pair of shorts, even in the hottest summer weather. Could it be because you shave your legs there, too? Any nylons in you dresser...?

Sorry - I suppose, given the circumstances, I shouldn't be the one to point any fingers. I might be wearing a body that, at birth, was identical to the one you wore at birth - but you're not lugging around a huge pair of, uh... 'implanted' breasts, however it is they do that.

There's a mirror on the bureau across the room. I'm going to kick off these ridiculously high-heeled shoes and go take a look... Hang on a second. You said something about 'physical habits and skills' being part of the 'body memory', right? Well, let's see if...

I'll be damned. I can walk in these things. I wonder how long you alter-ego's been practicing, Anton... Oh, how I wish you could see what I'm seeing right now...

Wait a second... You can, can't you Anton? Oh, how you'd chuckled about that - even though it's my psyche in this body, it's the physical brain of the body itself. When that tame Jew of yours explained that 'jumping' was a bad idea because whoever 'coincided' in our world with the body I'd end up in would have a psychic 'link' to me, able to see, hear and feel everything I can.

Here - I'll let you take a nice, long look at the 'other you', Anton. Except that my waist is much narrower, my hair's a hell of a lot longer, and I've got these big chest-melons...

Interesting sensation, isn't it? Bet you never guessed you'd someday know exactly what it felt like to have breasts hanging from your chest.

Oh - and you know what? My legs do look quite nice, especially in these heels. I can see why 'Antoinette' has no problem passing as a woman in public. With the cock tucked nicely away in these lacy panties, I look one-hundred-percent female, and quite attractively so. I bet we could just shave you and stick you in a dress, Anton, and you'd look pretty good.

You know what's really weird...? I'm actually getting a kick out of this. Oh, I now it's not really 'you', Anton - but it feels as if I've somehow stepped into the body of a dreaded GRU agent... and turned him into a big-breasted 'girl' that I can make do anything I want...

God - what a rush. No wonder you KGB and GRU types act the way you do. Even though I know it's not really the way it feels, that doesn't change the feeling of power I'm getting from this - and it's a hell of a feeling.

I've got to find the light switch for the over-head light. I've got to be able to see 'your' sissy little body better, Anton... Ah, yes - much better...

Oh, what's this...? Antoinette, you naughty little sissy - that wall on the other side of your bed is mirrored! So is the ceiling, too...

Look at you, you sissy bastard. All dressed up, make-up and really high heels... You'd be squirming in embarrassment and shame if you could, wouldn't you? Oh, how the mighty have fallen...

Let's see what's in the closet, shall we? I'm sure I can find something equally humiliating for you to wear - or maybe something even better...

Oh! Perfect...

I'll just get these clothes off, and then...

I bet you were never issued jackboots like this, huh Antoinette? Sure, they're black and nearly knee-high and very tight-fitting, just like the ones the Politburo approved... but these ones have built-in platforms on the sole, and heels that must be a good eight inches high, and oh-so-skinny...

Look how well you balance in them, though. Must have taken plenty of practice to be so skilled in such ridiculous, humiliating boots...

How about this skirt? Right color - but like I said, I never even saw you in shorts, before. Wearing such a tight little skirt must be making you squirm - they barely even cover your frilly little panties...

Enjoying this, Anton? I bet you're going crazy back there, all this unwanted sensory input flooding in, overriding your own sensations. I bet the KGB was a bit surprised when you just fell over in an apparent faint when I woke up here. Now they're probably really enjoying this, knowing what you're going through...

Oh, I hope the KGB hates GRU agents as much as you've always claimed. I hope they haven't sedated you. As long as I'm awake, you'll have to experience everything I do - and I'm not the least bit tired...

I'm enjoying this - and there's nothing you can do to stop me... Let's see - where was I...?

Oh - why don't we see what it feels like to put on a corset? How about this nice black leather one...? Ugnnnnn...! God, that's tight! I can barely breathe....

...but look how delightfully slender our waist is, Antoinette. Don't we just look so lovely ?

Look - our late, great benefactor - benefactress? - not only has a KGB jacket, but a cap as well...

The cap seems to be practically standard issue, if a bit old-fashioned in style. The jacket most definitely isn't though - look how it's been tailored to show off our huge new breasts. Just look at all that delicious, creamy, humiliating cleavage.

Isn't it wonderful ?

Well, since we obviously love our huge tits so much, why don't I just unbutton the jacket and play with them for a bit ?

Oh... that's not too bad at all. Enjoying it, Anton? Probably not as much as I am - after all, the State lets the GRU fuck whoever they want. I was never licensed to Fraternize, so this is the first time I've ever got to actually touch breasts. Very nice indeed.

We should do this more often...

Let's take a look around, shall we? I think I'll take a look around our new home and I might as well put a sexy little wiggle into our step, since it makes our new tits bounce and jiggle so nicely...

Quite a place we have here. I wonder what this world is like, if this is the life of an average worker... or are we something else? I mean, look at this place. It's big and clean and...

...we have a television set! A big one! I wonder how you... What the...?! What the hell is...

Oh. My. God.

This might be as humiliating for you as having to experience being a sissy, Anton. The United States of America.

Oh, I do like that. I'm going to have to check out the history of this world. Did you hear what that lady said, Anton? 'Since the fall of the Soviet Union...!'

Well, as much as I'd like to find out what this whole 'War on Terrorism' thing is, it doesn't seem to affect me directly, and I have more... interesting things to do.

Let's see what else we own.

Oh - quite the liquor collection. I don't think I'll have any just yet - wouldn't want to get drunk and pass out... Oho - what do we have here!

Looks like a cock, almost, doesn't it? I wonder what it's called...

...but I don't wonder what it's for. I mean, it's pretty obvious what a woman would use it for. God knows I've used Ma Thumb and her Four Daughters often enough, and women must have similar needs...

I don't have a pussy, though. So, I guess I'll just have to pull off my panties.. like this... push up my skirt.. .and... Oh...!

Hmmm... Guess this body's used to this. Didn't hurt much at all. In fact, it feels kind of nice... Enjoying having a fake cock up our ass, Antoinette? Having fun...?

Look, Little Ivan's standing at attention. Since I'm bent over this chair, I guess I might as well use one hand on the fake cock and one hand on the real one and...

Oh.. Oh, yes...

I.. guess.. this doesn't.. feel as good.. as sex with a woman.. would.. Anton... but.. I wouldn't... know... Oh.. oh, God.. oh.. yes... yes.. like that... I like that.. oh...

Yessss !

Yes !!!

*****!!!!

Opps - I seemed to have made a mess. Look at all that cum dripping off my hand. Well, can't let it go to waste...

Kinda salty, isn't it? Tastes like... well, I don't know. Taste anything like the caviar you get to eat, Anton? Again, a mere Citizen like me wouldn't know...

I wonder what another man's cum would taste like. I wonder what another man's cock would feel like, fucking us up the ass. Well, I'm sure I'll be able to find out before too long. Something to look forward to, Antoinette my pretty little sissy.

I guess I should take this fake cock out of my ass.. or may be I should just play around with it first. Maybe move it back and forth, just a little - or maybe twist it side to side like...

Oh God...! It vibrates !

You know what...? I think I'm going to leave it there. Just sit right down here like...

Oh! Now that feels good !

Mmmm...

Vibrating fake cock shoved deep up our ass, watching some TV and playing with our big, round tits... You know something, Anton? I'm not the only 'deviant' in my family. My father actually was a Christian. Of course, he never did anything openly - but I knew. I even read that bible of his, once or twice...

He was right, you know. There is a life after death...

I should know. I'm in Heaven...

...and you're in Hell...

Well, well - Little Ivan's stirring again. I wonder if yours is, too - not that it matters. You can't feel anything but what I feel, anyway.

Isn't it great...?

* * * * *

Vassily Rachnikov, Lieutenant Colonel of the AKGB, stared down at the pathetic figure of Anton Vopov, laying on the floor and twitching. The GRU officer's eyes were rolled back in his head, and the crotch of his uniform was dampened with his own fluid. A pair of white- coated doctors knelt beside him, one KGB and the other GRU.

"Well?" Rachnikov asked, imperiously.

The KGB doctor was obviously fighting a grin. "He's perfectly healthy, and in no physical danger. Given that his alternate must sleep sometime, it is my opinion that Anton can still live a long and healthy life..." He forced his features into a semblance of gravity "...though, for medical reasons, I'd recommend against administering any sort of sedative."

"I see. Thank you, doctor." Rachnikov said with exaggerated seriousness. He turned to the other doctor. "Doctor Karzimov, you are here only as a courtesy. This is a KGB facility, and..."

"I agree completely with my colleague." The GRU doctor interrupted, straight faced. "For the record, I also state that, for the good of the State, it would be best if Anton were not sedated, so that we might get a more... complete picture of what Citizen John E. Stevens is doing."

The AKGB Colonel blinked - then nodded, a faint grin coming to the surface...

"The KGB and GRU agreeing on something?" He asked, his tone indicating that this was 'off the record'. "Well - I think that calls for a drink..."

Leaving the GRU agent flopping on the floor, living through his own private hell, the trio turned and headed towards the Colonel's office.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: A graffiti artist is punished by the owner of a New Age shop, Mistress DeLaCroix, and is transformed into the graffiti that he paints - a female bimbo with huge breasts.

Life Imitates Art

By Gunslinger

Story I - The Painted Lady

Mark was passing through a 'Y'-shaped alley on his way down to the aqueduct system when he saw it, and he stopped dead with a stunned look on his face.

Unlike most of his 'peers', Mark didn't wear black and try to sneak through the night - instead, he was dressed in a bright red shirt with a Athletic Club logo on the front, a pair of faded cut-off jeans, and well-worn high-top red canvas sneakers. Over his shoulder was slung a battered old gym bag, which contained the tools of his 'trade'. If any cop saw him, he'd just be another dark-haired young man trying to get in shape, returning late from a work out.

However, even the least observant cop in the city might have taken a second look at him. Mark was staring at the big, flat, off-white wall of the shop with a look that bordered on religious ecstasy.

Smiling to himself, Mark looked around to make sure he was unobserved, then slowly approached the wall, zipping open the bag that held two dozen cans of spray paint and his special nozzles.

With the same grin, the graffiti artist seized up the wall, seeing the huge, blank space as his canvas as he tried to decide what would be an appropriate image for such a 'blank slate'.

The building was old - W.W.II era vintage, probably. In its existence, it probably housed a dozen different establishments, and it was obvious that it had just recently been re-opened as a new business - in this case, some sort of New-Age shop selling everything from 'Herbal Remedies' to 'Tarot and Astrology' equipment - at least, according to the one thing that marred his canvas, a sign mounted on the front corner of the building, where it could be seen from the street.

It was the sign that told him what he was going to decorate the wall with, however. Though the store was new, and had obviously just been repainted, the electrical wiring was old.. and the old spot-lights mounted above the sign picked out certain parts of the sign better than others. In fact, the best lit part of the sign was three circles near the very bottom.

A quick glance didn't reveal all of the items listed. Instead, certain parts of that last line stood out - namely, the first letter of each word, and the ampersand in the middle.

So, the sign actually seemed to read 'T&A' - and that's what started the creative juices running.

Grinning, Mark opened his bag and extracted the color he used for 'flesh tone', the pulled out white and black for shadows and highlights, plus a shade of 'yellow' for hair... and a few other choice colors.

With a huge grin, Mark began to paint on that big, beautiful blank wall...

* * * * *

Putting down the can of paint, Mark stepped back several paces and looked at what he'd created, a smile of satisfaction on his face.

The once-blank wall now bore the tableau he'd painted. The central figure was that of a woman - a cartoony sort of woman, exaggerated just short of caricature, with tiny waist, big, round tits and a vapid face with full, pouting lips below a mane of blonde hair. She was wearing a pair of extremely high-heeled red 'Fuck Me' pumps, panties and a bra.

She was semi-seated on a green couch, in a position that spread her long, sexy legs and still managed to show both her ass and her tits to an advantage. She was watching a TV, whose blue screen bore a stylized logo (remarkably similar to IBM, but not quite), and the 'slogan' '*What do you want to do today?*'

Surrounding her was a series of 'thought bubbles', each with an image in it.

In one image, her ruby-red lips were wrapped around an outsized cock. In another, her big, round tits were being fondled by masculine hands. In another, she was just about to impale her cunt on a huge, thick cock... and so on. The least 'sexual' thought bubble in the series showed her trying on an incredibly sexy outfit, with equally sexy clothes and shoes hanging from the chair, mirror, and other places.

Mark surveyed his surprisingly skilled handiwork with satisfaction...

...and almost jumped out of his skin when a female voice spoke from behind him, it's tone dry. "*Very graphic.*"

Mark spun and gaped at the tall, lithe black woman who stood behind him, dressed in a long, flowing black silk dress that was dappled with highlights from the security floods mounted around the alley.

"Who the fuck are you?" Mark blurted, glancing almost involuntarily at the short, thick heels of her black leather boots and wondering how she'd crept up on him so quietly.

Her full, unadorned lips quirked, her dark eyes cold. "The owner of the store you just... decorated." Mark's face hardened, and his muscles tensed. "Oh. So... you call the cops, or what?"

She shrugged, a leonine movement, her dark eyes surveying him. "Actually, no. I prefer to deal with situations such as these by myself."

Mark's eyebrow rose. "Oh, really. What were you planning to do - order me to paint over it?"

She smiled, an expression that was anything but amused. "No - though you *are* going to be doing some painting, Mark." Mark blinked in surprise, and asked her how the hell she knew his name...

...or, at least, tried to - only to find that he seemed to be paralyzed, unable to move a single muscle. Though he was breathing normally, his heart still beat, and he could still see, all autonomic functions seem to have been stolen away from him, leaving him unable to do much as twitch.

It was the most frightening thing Mark had ever experienced. He'd been in bad situations before, and though he'd never admit it to anybody but himself, he'd been frightened - but at least he'd been able to act. Now, even the smallest action was denied him - he couldn't even show the panic that was welling up inside of him.

Locked into place, he couldn't turn his head to follow the woman as she walked away from him, seeming to flow more the walk, her steps eerily silent as she vanished from view.

She returned a few minutes later, carrying a huge, gilt-framed mirror.

Except... she wasn't really carrying it. She had one hand on the frame, but there was no way on earth that enough leverage could be gained from such a grip to carry the mirror - which looked to heavy for her to carry, no matter what gripped she used. Yet, impossibly, it floated a few inches off the ground, and she moved it with no apparent effort. She guided it to the wall of the shop on the other side of the alley and leaned it easily against the wall, allowing Mark to see himself in the huge, reflective surface.

"There we go.." She said, grinning again at Mark as she leaned back against the wall beside the mirror, her dark eyes not sharing the cool, dangerous grin. "Well... why don't you get to work, Mark?"

Mark suddenly found himself moving - but not of his own volition. As frightening as being locked into place was, finding himself moving like a marionette with its strings being manipulated was far, far worse. Helplessly, he found himself reaching down and grabbing the can of yellowish paint he'd used for the hair in his painting. His hands and body moved independently of his mind's panicked, silently screamed instructions, and he could do nothing but watch and feel as his body somehow obeyed the woman's unvoiced commands.

Holding the can of spray paint, he found himself turning it towards his head... and pressing one finger down on the nozzle.

With the accustomed skill, his hand began to guide the fine spray that emerged from the special nozzle he used... and began to coat his short, dark hair, trailing down onto his neck, covering his hair and neck - and a stripe down the back of his shirt, requiring some awkward contortions he didn't know he was going to do until he did it.

He wanted to scream and beg, he wanted to fight, he wanted to flee... but he could do nothing as his hands did their work, moving naturally and easily, as if he were doing this willingly. In the movies, somebody being 'controlled' was always stiff, awkward... but that wasn't the case, here and now, as the impossible 'movie cliché' came to frightening reality.

However, his inexplicable obedience to her will was but the first impossible thing that happened - for, as he watched, the spray-painted 'hairline' he was applying began to thicken, gaining form and density. What had begun as areas of color rapidly filled out...

...until his head was surmounted with a thick head of golden-blond hair, gathered up near the back of his head to tumble down his back in a ponytail that reached nearly to his ass. Even as he finished spraying, the 'illusion' of hair became real, leaving him with a head of brassy-blond hair that clearly showed 'black roots' from where the spray hadn't penetrated.

"Very nice, Mark - but don't stop now." The woman urged.

Helplessly, Mark found himself putting the can of yellow paint down - and picking up the one of 'flesh tone'.

Closing his eyes, he found himself spraying his face, holding his breath while the paint coated his face with a cool, damp mist. After carefully - and blindly - covering his face with paint, he was able to open his eyes and watch as his body continued to act on her unspoken commands.

He caught a momentary glimpse of his face - and would have screamed, were he able to do so.

It was nearly formless. The 'flat' effect of the monotone paint had become real, leaving his face little more than a roughly oval blob with a slit for a mouth and a tiny lump of a nose - and his dark eyes that stared out of the unformed face.

Then, unwillingly, his eyes were forced to follow what his hands were doing with the can of paint. He could only watch as he painted his arms from where they emerged from the T-shirt's short sleeves to the very tips of his fingers. He also sprayed 'flesh tone' around his shirt's midriff, leaving the bottom half flesh colored. He then moved on to his legs and did them from the hem of his cut-off jean shorts to the top of his hi-top sneakers. Then he went a little further down, adding a sort of oval-shaped patch of flesh-tone onto his shoes, just below the top edge of them.

"Nicely done, Mark." The woman congratulated him, smugly. "I would guess that you're probably frantic in there, wondering how I'm doing this, aren't you.?"

Of course, Mark was incapable of answering - and she didn't continue, instead merely watching as Mark found himself putting down the one paint can and exchanging it for two more - his black and white cans, one in each hand.

He started at his feet. Aiming the cans at his left foot, he found himself spraying shadows and highlights onto the red shoes. He found himself using a heavy hand, adding bright areas of white and heavily dark areas of black...

...and a few seconds after he finished any given area on the shoe, the material somehow became a glossy red leather instead of faded red canvas.

He found himself using the black heavily near his heel, creating a sort of rounded inverted 'V' shape....

...which pulled in on itself, going from dark-painted surface to an actual gap.

Within a few minutes, his left foot was completely unrecognizable from what it had been moments before. Now, it was a dainty, feminine foot clad in gloss-red leather pumps with a two-inch platform and eight-inch heels. The flesh-tinted area had actually become flesh, an open spot below the ankle-strap the show boasted.

Minutes later, and his right foot matched the left, leaving him balanced atop a pair of extremely high-heeled red pumps.

Then he found himself moving upwards, using the paint to add tones and highlights to his legs, giving them the illusion of shapely, feminine contours...

...illusions that became real seconds later, altering his legs into long, slender, shapely visions of feminine sensuality.

He saw some of this by watching his hands work, some of it through the reflection in the mirror - and he wanted to scream in horror and outrage at what he was doing to himself, at the impossible magic that was occurring, turning his skillfully created illusions into reality.

There was no doubt as to what was happening, or what the final result was intended to be - but his horror and shame continued to mount as he helplessly used his skills to activate whatever magic the woman held over him, changing his body as he worked his way upwards.

Plenty of black paint, with only the lightest, faintest touches of white, turned his jean shorts into a pair of black spandex 'bike' shorts, the shadowing and highlighting making his hips wider, his ass fuller and firmer and erasing the slightest hint of a bulge in the crotch, leaving him sickly sure of what now lay beneath the clinging fabric.

Still he worsened. The 'flesh tone' bottom half of the shirt he wore became real flesh, revealed by a midriff-baring top - and skillful artwork left him with a slender, taut waist and smooth stomach. His hands unwilling continued upwards, adding shadows and highlights to the upper half of the shirt...

...which reformed itself into a red spandex crop-top, clinging tightly to his new breasts. At first, Mark's new endowments were small - but as he kept adding more and more layers of dark 'shadow' in his new cleavage and below his breasts, they swelled ever outward, gaining weight as they gained mass. With each breath he took, he could feel his heavy new breasts - even as he helplessly continued spraying, enlarging them more and more...

He finally stopped when his new breasts were each the size of basket-balls - massive, incredibly firm breasts straining to escape a skin-tight crop-top that revealed a display of cleavage and the upper swells of his firm, round tits. To add insult to injury, his hands quickly sprayed a few dashes of light and dark - which provided him with a huge, thick pair of nipples that were clearly visible in the strained fabric of the small, skin-tight red top.

And still he painted. Inside, he was sobbing - but none of this showed in his calm, sure movements as he altered hands and arms and shoulders, giving them feminine contours before he moved upwards, making his neck slender and feminine before starting on his face, redefining the bland oval it had become.

When he was done, his face was no longer 'bland'. Instead, it was sexy and beautiful, in a vapid sort of way. His jaw was slightly pointed and nicely rounded, his cheek-bones high and well defined. His nose was narrow and fine, with a 'cute' little upturn at the end.

From head to toe, Mark was now a sexual vision, a huge-breasted, wide-hipped woman with a slender waist.

He was the woman he'd painted on the wall - or nearly so. The few remaining discrepancies were quickly remedied - bright red paint to give him long, gloss-red nails and full, red lips. Hot pink for her eye-shadow and blush. Gold to add big, dangling earrings, heavy-but- cheap 'gold' chain necklace and a few 'bangles' on one arm.

Finally, all the final touches had been created, and mark was allowed to put the paint cans down - and survey her new body in the mirror.

She was nearly a sexual parody. Her face and figure walked the bare edge of what was possible in 'real life', given massive amounts of plastic surgery. From long, sexy legs to huge bust, from vapid, sexy face to tiny waist, she was a sexual creature through and through, balanced atop skyscraper stiletto heels.

"Well - that's absolutely lovely, *Marci*." The woman smirked, emphasizing the feminine name. "Since you were so proud of the painting, I thought we should bring it to living, breathing existence."

Helplessly, 'Marci' found herself speaking, unforbidden words emerging in a clear, trilling soprano voice.

"Thank you, Mistress DeLaCroix." Marci found herself saying, her long-nailed fingers reaching up to lightly grace the straining fabric that covered her huge, round tits. "I love this body you've given me. It's more than somebody stupid enough to spray graffiti on the wall of a witch's shop deserves."

"Oh, no - I think it's exactly what you deserve, Marci." The woman - Mistress DeLaCroix - said with a smirk, responding to the words she'd put in the new woman's mouth... and then her expression hardened.

"I'm going to release the geas I've laid on you," she said, coldly. "You'll be able to move on your own again - but don't even think of trying something stupid. You already know how much power I wield, and things could get a lot worse, Marci."

She made a gesture... and suddenly, Marci found control of her new body turned over to her.

She immediately collapsed at Mistress DeLaCroix's feet, sobbing.

"Please!" she sobbed, grabbing the black woman's boots in her dainty new hands. "Please, change me back! Please, I'm sorry!" "I just bet you are." Mistress DeLaCroix said, acidly. She muttered something under her breath, then said: "I can read your mind directly, you worthless piece of shit. Even as you were painting that.. that abomination, I flipped through your mind. Tell me, does this sound familiar?"

Then a cold shiver ran up Marci's new spine as she heard familiar words parroted back at her in the witch's cold, contemptuous tones. 'Women are Stupid,

Women are Dumb,

The Only Thing They're good for, Is Making me cum.

If I were one, I'd kill myself. Fuck you, bitch,

Here's to you health!'

It was the toast that Mark had used hundreds - maybe thousands - of times in the past. Now, the 'funny' toast was suddenly anything but.

"Please, I'm sorry..." Marci sobbed, clutching at Mistress DeLaCroix's feet. "please, I'll do anything - just don't leave me like this..." "Oh, you'd do anything, huh?" She sneered. "Well, that's good - because there's only one way to break the curse I've laid on you." "What? What is it?" Marci pleaded. "Please, I'll do anything!"

The woman laughed. "That's exactly what you'd have to do - anything." She grinned down at Marci. "From now until sunrise, anything you 'agree' to will come true. If somebody says you're as dumb as dogshit and you agree, you'll be a moron for as long as you're female. However, if you can last until sunrise without disagreeing with anybody, then you'll be male again... and everything 'true' won't matter. If you fail, though - then you'll not only be stuck in that body, but you'll be stuck with any changes that have been made to you." She laughed. "The safest thing for you to do is accept that you'll be female for the rest of your life, and then disagree with everything everybody says to you."

Marci stared up at the woman, horrified by the 'condition' laid on the curse...

...then Mistress DeLaCroix waved her ebony hand, and suddenly she and the mirror vanished, leaving Marci groveling in the alley.

Slowly, the huge-breasted new woman rose from the ground - then stared at the once-more blank wall, any trace of her artwork vanished...

...except for her outrageously proportioned new body, which was the woman he'd painted brought to life.

"Oh, God..." Marci moaned to herself, horrified by what had happened - and was continuing to happen - to her. She felt like bursting into tears.

Slowly, she headed toward the end of the alley, mind spinning. If she managed to agree to everything everybody said about her, to her, then it would all come true - but she'd be male again. If she didn't, she'd be stuck in this body for the rest of her life... and if she tried, and failed, she'd have other changes made to her, as well.

As she walked, she found herself balancing easily atop the high heels she wore, helplessly walking with a sexy little stride that set her huge tits bobbing and jiggling with every step. Her long, golden ponytail lightly slid back and forth across her back, and the odor of her strong, rather cheap perfume wafted up to her altered nose. She could taste the lipstick she wore, feel the air blowing over her smooth, shapely legs - and feel the strange 'emptiness' in her crotch from her new womanhood.

She had no choice. She couldn't live the rest of her life as a woman. She had to... she had to do whatever it took to get her male body back.

She exited the alley and headed up the sidewalk, high, slender heels tapping a tattoo on the concrete as she walked, lost in anxious thought, trying to ignore the sensations of her altered body as her heart raced at the horror she was living through, and what might be the possible outcome...

"Well, get a load of this...!" A coarse male voice called, and Marci instinctively glanced up.

It was a run-down old white-clapboard house, and on the sagging front step, a somewhat slimy-looking dark-haired man was nudging a red-haired friend, staring openly at her. The friend glanced up - and grinned at the sight of her outrageously-endowed body crammed into it's tight, sexy clothing. From their unsteady poses and the big Colt .45 bottles they were holding, it was obvious that they were well on their way to being drunk.

"Hey, baby...!" The dark-haired guy shouted. "Ain't we the hottest studs you've ever seen?" He laughed at his own 'wit', and Marci opened her mouth to reply...

...and, horrified, realized that she'd almost blown her chances at getting her body back. Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, she forced herself to agree.

"Yes, you are." She called back - and suddenly, her perceptions changed. A second ago, they'd looked like thugs, scuzzy 'white trash' - now, suddenly, she thought they were most incredibly handsome men on the face of the planet. She knew the shift in perceptions was magical in origin, but it didn't affect how she felt - the same emotions incredibly sexy women had stirred in her male body were now at work because of these two incredible studs.

The guys shared an amazed look at her quick agreement.

"Well, then, why don't you wiggle that sexy ass of yours over here, honey?" The red-head called.

"Okay..." Marci agreed, less reluctantly than she would have liked - and found herself adding extra wiggle in her walk as she went over to the sagging stoop and climbed the two steps to where the men were openly ogling her.

"Hot damn...!" the dark-haired one said in a sort of awe. "You're barely crammed into that top, babe. I like that - you must love showin' off that body of yours."

Mentally gritting her teeth, Marci forced herself to agree - and immediately, she felt really excited, really happy to be dressed so sexy, and she found herself striking a sexy pose to better display her body. The fact that showing her body off excited her made her uneasy, knowing the 'truth' of her origins.

'Just agree with whatever they say, and everything will be all right at dawn...' She told herself, mentally bracing herself for what might come.

"Damn, babe - them's huge...!" The red-head said, staring at her tits. "You must have the biggest tits in the state!" "Yes, that's right." She agreed quickly...

The guys didn't seem to notice anything the least bit unusual as her chest suddenly swelled outwards. Her tits were huge to begin with, but now they became even bigger, about the size - and weight - of medicine balls.

"You must have gotten a dozen operations to get tits that big, baby." The dark-haired one said.

Winching, Marci agreed.. and felt a strange sensation as her 'natural' tits suddenly became surgically enhanced, her huge nipples shrinking down to a much smaller size as some of the sensitive of her enormous mounds faded.

"God - you must really be turned on by having huge tits to go that far." Was the next comment - and when she agreed, it was suddenly true. Suddenly, having such enormous tits was wonderful - she loved her massive boobs, and she felt a terrible pain at the thought that she'd be losing them at sunrise, even though she still desperately wanted to become male again. Maybe she could get implants again once she was male, and.. wait, what was she thinking...?

But.. she just loved her huge tits *so* much...

Then one of them commented that, having such huge tits, she must be a 'stripper or sumpin'...' and when she agreed, she knew that she could get up on stage and do a perfect routine...

..and when she agreed that she 'must love bein' a stripper', she knew she'd enjoy doing just that.

Her mind felt split - because she cringed before agreeing with whatever the guys said, yet the instant she agreed, it no longer bothered her. Instead, the thought of going back to her old male life became more and more unpleasant to her - and that scared the shit out of her. She kept repeating to herself, as a mantra, that she just had to keep agreeing. No matter what happened, she had to agree - and then, once she was male again, all these thoughts would go away and being male wouldn't

bother her. It seemed harder and harder to believe the more the guys comments changed her, but she held tight to the thought, forcing herself to agree with whatever they said.

They drunk guys seemed to blurt out whatever came into their minds - and practically each comment elicited a change in her. After being a stripper who loves her job came comments that made the shoes she was wearing higher-heeled and platformed, and somehow 'sleazier'... and she found herself loving them. Then her bike shorts were made into black spandex hot-pants that further showed off her ass - and she felt wonderful about that...

"Damn, babe - you're the best woman I ever met." The dark-haired one said. "Most act all bitchy, like they don't know they're really sexy - but you, babe - you admit you're hot to trot. Right now I bet you're dyin' to kiss me, huh..."

"Yes, I am..." Marci said, half disgusted and half excited - after all, he was the handsomest guy she'd ever met...

...and now she wanted more then anything in the world to kiss him. So she did - hungrily.

The kiss went on for what seemed to be forever, and she was disgusted to feel him fondling her ass while she kissed him - she just wanted the kiss, and that was it. But to stop him she would have had to break the kiss, and she didn't want to do that.

Finally, he broke the kiss, and she felt a tremendous burst of regret at that. "Damn, girl - you kiss like a Hoover vacuum." He gasped.

"You must be a champion cock-sucker, babe." The red-head said - and when she agreed, she knew she was. "Really?" The red head said. "You must be good from lots and lots of practice."

"That's right." She agreed. "I suck cock all the time."

"Damn..." He muttered. "You're some sort of cum-hungry slut, aintcha?" She winced.. and agreed....

..and suddenly felt an overwhelming desire.

"Please. Please, let me suck you cock..." She begged the red-head...

..and he didn't argue. Though they were on the front porch, in public, he eagerly opened his fly and let his hard, throbbing cock pop out.

Overwhelmed with need. Marci dropped to her knees and eagerly sucked the cock into her mouth, wrapping one hand around it's base. She needed his cum, desperately. She was so hungry for it...

...but she didn't rush. Oh, no, she was an expert, so she did it right, sucking and slurping and swirling her tongue over his head while her hand worked his spittle-coated shaft.

Finally, however, he could take no more - and he pumped a wonderful load of hot, sweet cum down her throat, and she eagerly gulped down every last drop of the sweet liquid, licking his cock clean.

"Damn...!" the dark-haired guy said, staring at her. "You're a horny little slut, aren't you..." "You bet..." Marci agreed... "Now, fuck me, stud."

Standing up, she yanked off her crop top and let her tits bounce free in the cool night air, the streetlight gleaming off the massive expanse of her milky-white boobs. Quickly, she shimmied out of her hot pants.

"Inside.." the dark-haired guy said, glancing around as he grabbed her hand and dragged her into the smelly interior of the run-down house. "We don't want to get interrupted..."

"That's right..." She said, walking over to the stairs and leaning forward, bracing herself on the banister., "Now fuck me!"

The thought of having a man fuck her was disgusting - but she needed it so badly she couldn't stop. She needed to be fucked.

He obliged her,. Tossing the now-empty bottle aside, he approached her and put his hands on her hips, having already freed his cock.

With one swift, convulsive movement, he slammed his cock all the way into her hot, wet cunt, and she cried out in pleasure at having her needs fulfilled, no matter how disgusting it was too...

"You like it, don't you babe?" He gasped as he fucked her, hard. "You love getting fucked hard, right?" "Yes..." She gasped.. loving the way he was fucking her long and hard. It felt so wonderful.

"You just can't get enough.." He grunted as he pounded drunkenly at her, his cock slamming into her womanhood over and over.

"That's right..." She agreed, loving getting fucked, even though it wouldn't satisfy her completely and she'd want to fuck somebody immediately after he was done, just to try and satisfy an insatiable desire. She exhorted him to fuck her longer and harder, and he tried - but he just couldn't 'scratch the itch' she felt...

He came, moaning, while she mentally cursed not being able to find a man to satisfy her. Still, 'bad' sex was better than no sex at all, and she moaned in pleasure as he finished and pulled his rapidly softening cock out of her sopping pussy.

She looked around for the red-head, hoping he was ready to fuck her, too - and saw him talking on the phone, inviting friends over to come fuck her, which was really, really good. If she fucked a dozen guys, she'd probably be able to get to sleep...

Wait. She didn't want to sleep. No, at dawn she was going to.. going to...

The thought of becoming a guy almost made her vomit, but she held tight to the fact that, once it was done, she'd be happy about it. Besides, then she'd be able to finally find satisfying sex, and...

"No, I'm serious. Here - ask her yourself..." the red-head said, handing her the phone. "Hello...?" She said, already anxious for another had fucking.

"So - you're the mindless cum-crazed fuck-slut with tits the size of beachballs, huh?" the male voice at the other end of the line asked, sarcastically.

"That's right..." Marci agreed... then giggled, one hand coming up to fondle the enormous, beachball-sized tits that dragged at her chest. "come fuck me, hot-stuff. I need a big, hard dick in me."

There was a pause, then a slightly less self-assured toner in the guys voice.

"Wait a sec - are you tryin' to tell me that you really are some sort of nympho stripper who'll fuck any guy who asks you...?" "Yeah, that's me..." She giggled. "I'm just a stripper bimbo slut..."

There was another pause, and then the guys said, very hesitantly; "This is some sort of joke, right?"

For some reason, she felt an odd sensation before she spoke, something tugging at the back of her mind, trying to tell her something - but all she knew was that she needed to get fucked, by as many guys as possible.

"No, it's true!" She insisted with a giggle. "I'm a fuck-happy bimbo, and I love it..."

* * * * *

'Mistress' Melandra DeLaCroix sat in a comfortable armchair in her shop, watching the sun rise over the city with a satisfied smile. Right now, 'Mandi' - which came when she'd agreed with a mistake in her name by one of the guys - was busy in a three-way, sucking cock while a guy fucked her in the ass. The 'curse' had run its course, and the person who'd once been 'Mark' was now forever trapped as a huge-breasted brainless bimbo who'd work as a stripper in the evenings, and spend the rest of the time trying to satisfy her insatiable sex drive.

Which, of course, had been her plan all along, though she'd been mildly hampered by the 'free will' clause that restricted her Satanic magic. She couldn't have touched him if he hadn't 'transgressed' against her, nor could she have altered his mind in the least by herself - messing directly with somebody's 'soul' was forbidden, unless they themselves were in at least 'tacit' agreement with the changes...

...which, by agreeing with each of the changes before they happened, Mark/Marci/Mandi had been.

Turning her attention away from the sunrise, Melandra admired the new body that had been part of the infernal deal she'd made with her new Dark Master. She smiled at the reflection, thinking how much better it looked then the scrawny,

pimple-faced one she'd had before she'd summoned the Devil and struck the bargain. Needless to say, Mark hadn't recognized her - and neither would the other two men on her list.

Three years ago, she'd had a shot at making something of her life - through her artistic talents. She could have pulled herself out of the sewer of her remarkable artistic talents, winning any one of the three top prizes at the State Art Fair...

...but the three next-best artists, all guys, had decided to sabotage her work, destroying the artwork she'd labored so hard on to ensure that the top three spots went to them.

Mark was the one who'd one third prize - and then he'd squandered the chance the money had given him, turning into a street bum, wasting his talents in graffiti! Well, Mandi would still work the night-time streets of the city... in a whole different way...

Which still left her the other two men to punish. Already, she'd set things in motion. All she could hope was that she'd planned correctly, and each of them would 'willingly' become ensnared in her demoniac revenge...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Mistress DeLaCroix, owner of a New Age shop, continues her mischief by transforming more victims with her black magic but this time she finds a way to relieve a deep-seeded childhood grudge.

Story II - Overexposed

It was nearly sunset when Andrew 'Archie' Jackson finally found the right section of town - and the right building.

The day's journey had all begun with a half-torn flyer stapled to a telephone pole near Archie's apartment. He'd been out getting the paper when he'd seen it, a half-sheet of 'Parchment' paper bearing the name of a 'New Age' store... and a poorly-reproduced photocopy photograph of the building.

Archie was a photographer. He made his living doing 'commercial' photography, but it was also his hobby and his passion - and when he'd seen the photo of the building, poor as it was, he knew that he wanted to photograph it himself. There was just something about it's design and decor that called to him, though she wasn't sure what, exactly, it was...

Tall and thin, with a tightly-styled head of carrot-red hair (hence the nick-name), Archie wasn't the most imposing individual in the world. He knew he wasn't likely to scare anybody he might meet in a dark alley... which was why he'd become more and more nervous the deeper into the 'bad' part of town he'd gone - especially with a camera-bag of very expensive equipment slung over his shoulder. Part of the address of the store had been ripped away on the flyer, but the street had been legible - and it happened to be one of the longest streets in the city. He'd started walking in the district where he'd thought it would be... then kept walking, delving deeper and deeper into the city's 'seamy underbelly' in search of the building that called to him...

Now, he'd found it. There it was, outlined by the long, late-afternoon shadows. The old-style mullion bay windows had been cleaned and re-varnished, and the glass panes trimmed in brass striping around the edges. There was an almost mystical air about the building - especially since it sat serenely intact in a veritable waste-land of low-rent business and empty storefronts, almost all of them badly marred with graffiti. Somehow, this store had been spared such attentions.

Looking around, Archie decided that the light wasn't quite right, though it was close. No - the best time to capture the 'mystical' air of the building would be at sunset - with it facing the west, it would seem to 'glow' with a red-gold light, framed by the long, dark shadows of the buildings one either side of the alleys that ran along side of the building and...

"That's it!" Archie said, snapping his fingers. He'd just figured out why the shop looked so 'magical' - well, part of the reason, anyway.

Alleys ran down either side of the building, alleys with old-fashioned brick 'paving' - which made the building seem to float by itself, in the neighborhood, but not *part* of it. It wasn't the whole answer to the building's mystery - but it was part of it.

Looking at his watch and figuring he had about fifteen or twenty minutes before the light was right, Archie decided - on a whim - to go in the store. He wasn't really interested in any of the merchandise, (He thought New Agers were certifiable), he'd be interested in seeing who owned the shop.

If they held the same taste for decor inside as out, maybe he'd snap a few shots of the interior, as well...

Shifting the camera-bag to a more comfortable position, Archie crossed the street and grabbed the brass pull-handle on the door, tugging it towards him. As the door swung open, a soft chime sounded from inside - not an electronic chime, so common in today's stores, nor an old-fashioned bell - instead, Archie glanced up and saw a quartz-crystal chime connected to the door, creating a cascade of crystal notes when the door moved.

The interior of the store was furnished in many shades of wood, starting at the floor, which was a light-stained pine, to the much darker cherry-wood panels of the lower walls, above which was 'Golden Oak' - which lead the eye to the ceiling, which was Pine strips laid between big, square oak beams stained a darker shade than the walls.

That would have been stunning enough - but then you had to add in the fact that all the wood-work was elaborately carved, everything from bas-relief human figures to strange (and sometimes unnerving) creatures from mythology and theology.

Every few feet along the walls were pillars - wooden sculptures done in Black walnut that rose from floor to ceiling, each one a life-sized representation of what almost looked like human beings.

All of this was stunning- and made more so by the artfully arranged shelves, which were framed in black walnut and brass, with glass shelving - all lit from small interior lights.

The effect was stunning, and Archie fished his camera out of the bag in a daze, lifting it to his eyes and quickly adjusting the focus. Bringing his finger down, he heard the whip-crack 'click' of the shutter opening and closing...

"I assume that you approve, then...?"

Archie's heart seemed to skip a beat, and he whirled around to the woman who'd spoken.

"You startled me...!" Archie said, blushing. The truth was, he'd been so awed by the interior of the store that he'd missed the beautiful black woman behind the long, low desk, subconsciously mistaking her for another exquisite carving, since she was dressed all in black.

"I'm the proprietor of this shop." The woman said, her full lips curved in a slight smile that didn't seem to have anything to do with Archie's shock - indeed, it looked almost gloating. She lightly touched one slender, shapely hand to her equally shapely bosom. "Melandra DeLaCroix."

Archie introduced himself - while frowning slightly. For some reason, he felt he should recognize the name - but he couldn't place it, and he was sure if he'd ever met the stunning shop-mistress before, he would remember.

"So, might I assume that you're a photographer...?" She asked, archly, looking pointedly at his camera. "Of some sort, anyway - most *professionals* would have the courtesy to ask before taking any photos."

Archie winced. "I'm sorry - the decor of your shop sort of took my judgment away, as well as my breath. Perhaps there's some way I can apologize...?"

That strange grin of hers widened. "Well, perhaps there's something we can do. As it happened, I have some lenses for 35mm cameras in the back room. Perhaps you'd care to take a look...?"

Archie had all the lenses he needed, really, but he forced himself to grin politely. "Sure - least I can do is have a look." He didn't mention that it was the most he planned to do, as well...

Miss. DeLaCroix led him through the shop to an unmarked door in the back. Opening it with a small, dark metal 'skeleton' key, she swung the wooden door open and gestured at Archie to precede her.

He did so - and his eyebrows climbed upwards.

The room wasn't all that big - which meant that the dozen 'library' candles in tall iron sconces served to illuminate it well enough. The floor was stone, as were the walls, with only the ceiling sharing the oak-beam construction of the main shop - and it wasn't carved or gloss-varnished, but dark and almost Gothic.

The room's only permanent fixture was a huge, gilt-trimmed mirror that took up most of one wall, reflecting the glow of the dozen candles and creating the illusion of a large - but no more welcoming - space.

Sitting in the center of the room was a mid-sized end-table, covered with a dark purple velvet cloth - and on this table rested several camera lenses and filters.

"What an.. interesting... storage room." Archie managed, rather blandly.

"It's a necessity..." Melandra answered, cryptically. "Well, why don't you stand in front of the mirror and I'll show you the lenses?" Archie turned to look at her, bemused by her strange request...

Well, that's what he tried to do. Instead, what he did do was exactly what she'd 'suggested' - without a word of complaint, or even any sign he was doing anything but what he wanted to do, voluntarily, he found his body moving of its own volition to stand in front of the mirror, leaving him looking at the reflection of an apparently unconcerned, slightly bored young man...

It most certainly didn't show the fact that he was nearly frantic, trying to understand how his body had suddenly ceased to obey him.

"Well, now - why don't we start with this one?" Melandra said, smoothly, handing him a lens. Helplessly, Archie found his hands taking the lens and attaching it to his camera, even though he hadn't willed himself to do so.

"Why don't to try your feet with it?" She 'suggested', and Archie helplessly found himself doing just that - lifting the camera and aiming it at his feet...

He was wearing, as usual, a pair of black 'casual-dress' shoes. However, the lens on the camera was a 'distorted' one, like some sort of funhouse mirror - it softened the focus, while at the same it time 'stretched' the image vertically, altering the look of his shoes by making them look taller and out-of-focus.

Helplessly, Archie found himself taking the photograph... and the he swayed for a second, unsteadily, before finding his balance again. He lowered the camera - and was horrified to find that his feet were no longer encased in the shoes he'd put on this morning.

Instead, he found himself wearing a pair of black patent leather pumps with a four-inch platform and an eight-inch stiletto heel. Women's shoes... encasing smaller, slimmer feet that seemed right at home in the outrageous footwear.

The thing was - with the 'fuzzy' photo he'd just taken, the developed picture could quite well show what he was seeing now, if you didn't know it was 'stretched'...

Archie was shocked, confused and horrified... and unable to show any of it as he 'calmly' handed the lens back to the smirking shop- mistress, who handed him another lens.

"From bottom to top, Arch." Melandra said, smugly. "See how your hair looks with this one..."

Helpless, screaming soundly within the echoing vaults of his own mind, Archie did as she said, affixing the lens to his camera and lifting it...

It was soft-focus again... and this time, the lens created a 'horse-shoe' effect, leaving the exact center of the lens in the same proportions, but dragging the top upwards and the sides outwards and downwards. Even as his finger helplessly pressed the button on the camera, Archie had a sick feeling he knew what it was going to do...

...and knew he was right from the way the silky strands brushed against his neck, even before he lowered the camera and saw for himself the thick, curly mane of red hair that spilled from his head.

"Now.." Melandra laughed, cruelly. "...let's go back to 'bottom'. Over the shoulder shot, Archie..."

Feeling emotional numb by the undisplayable shocks coming to his trapped mind, Archie wasn't surprised when the lens he used this time gave him a full, firmly-packed ass that jutted outwards roundly, thanks to the three-quarters angle of the shot and the 'fish-eye' lens...

Another lens change... and Archie now had a wide, womanly pair of hips to support that ass, his jeans fitting perfectly to the well-curved hips that the horizontally-deformed lens had created...

...and considering the lack of a bulge, Archie was sure that more of his 'Southern' are matched that set of hips and full ass. The fact that he could no longer feel his cock and balls anymore, a sensation he was so utterly used to that he didn't even notice anymore - until it was gone - verified it.

Inside, Archie was a blubbering mass - his manhood gone, his body being changed by this woman, his life (as he... or she knew it) being reft away. And why? Because of one, impulsive photo...?

Then, in the emotional turmoil that was going on in her mind and body, the slowly becoming woman made the connection. She'd thought the name had sounded familiar... and it did. Once upon a time, a very immature version of 'Archie Jackson' had done something bad to a scrawny, pimple-face black girl named Mel. DeLaCroix. Something Archie had regretted doing, even going so far as to try and find Mel to make amends... but she'd seemed to drop off the face of the earth...

...until now.

All of which explained the 'why'.... but most definitely left the question of 'how'...

As her mind made the connection, her body was busy following Melinda's orders - and she was aware of the changes being made to her, even if she wasn't focusing directly on them. However, she became all-too-aware of them when the changes were finished, and she felt an odd sort of 'lurch' - as control of her body was handed back to her.

"Well, what do you thing, *Ann*...?" Melandra asked, smugly - and the new woman gaped at the reflection of her altered body.

A tall, voluptuous red-head stared back. Dressed in a white work-shirt with the top three buttons undone, skin-tight jeans and high- heeled platform shoes, she looked like somebody's stereotype of a 'country bar slut'.

She wasn't beautiful, though she wasn't ugly either. Instead, her face was too-heavily made up and her clothes inexpensively revealing by being too tight. She wasn't 'slender', but toned and somewhat muscular, though not in a 'masculine' way - more like a 'farm girl' doing outdoorsy chores through her life.

She had those wide, 'child-bearing' hips and full, firm ass packed tight into her jeans - and an enormous pair of tits that were almost falling out of the open neckline of the partially buttoned shirt that was straining mightily over the parts of her tits it *did* contain. Given the amount of creamy cleavage on display - not to mention the large, obvious dents her nipples formed in the fabric - it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. She looked like she was pretty damned 'easy', to put it mildly.

"Oh... my... god..." The newly formed woman muttered, stunned, reaching her hands upwards... and letting them hover above the straining fabric covering her new endowments, as if afraid touching them would somehow make this transformation more 'real' then it was. Instead, her hands continued upwards and lightly touched the alien contours of her new face and overripe lips, being careful not to injure herself with her long new nails.

"You... you did this to me because I cheated you out of an art prize.... something I didn't even want to do in the first place ?" Archie -

Ann - asked Melandra, her big, green eyes wide in shock and horror - and disbelief. Not what had actually happened, because there was no way of not believing everything she was feeling and seeing, but the fact that it had been done to her.

Melandra's face registered shock. "You... you remember me? Mark didn't even " She paused, shaking her head in mild confusion - she hadn't expected to be made to feel guilty over her 'just vengeance'.

"Mark? You already did something to him?" Ann asked, slowly sliding her hands over the taut fabric covering her firm new ass and shivering.

Fighting to get back into her vengeful mood, Melandra grinned wickedly. "I gave that chauvinistic bastard what he deserved." "Good." Ann said, sharply - and that threw Melandra for another loop....

...until her features hardened.

"You can't fool me, Ann. I can read your mind now, and I know "

Her face with slack with shock as she accessed his mind...

...and saw Mark and the other participant, Jeff, blackmailing him into doing what he'd done. It had all been Jeff's idea, and Mark had gone along willingly - but they'd needed a third person to make it a clean sweep, and they'd blackmailed Archie into it, knowing about some photos he'd taken of a very willing girl who'd turned out to be underage, after all. He'd destroyed the negatives when he'd learned she'd lied but Jeff had some of the photos of the mature-looking girl, plus a photo-copy of her birth certificate, showing she was under-age and a little bribery had also gotten her 'sworn' statement that Archie had known she was underage when he'd taken the pictures, so...

For the past ten years, Melandra had been nursing a grudge that had grown with every downturn her life had taken. The only thing she'd ever had was her skill at art and these three boys had cheated her out of a prize that could have led to better formal education, work in the field, things to compensate for her appearance and poverty and when she'd begun to delve into the dark secrets, it had been to punish these men for stealing the life she should have had by stealing theirs.

In all that time, she'd never had the thought that any of them might have felt guilty - or that they might have tried to help her, if she hadn't run off. Now, in Ann's mind, she could see that things could have been very different indeed....

"Oh... no..." She said, softly, horror written on her face. Ann didn't deserve what she was doing to her...

"I'm sorry..." She whispered, feeling pain at what she'd brought down on him. "Oh, my god, I... I..."

"There, there..." Ann said, awkwardly, walking over to Melandra, barely noticing the exaggerated feminine stride she now possessed as she embraced the other woman awkwardly and patted her on the back. "If you thought I was like Mark - or, even more, like Jeff - then you were justified in what you were doing. You just didn't know "

Melandra still looked stricken. "But... but... you don't understand! I... I can't reverse the spell. There's only one 'escape clause' and it's designed to be so impossible that when you try and take it, you only end up making things worse!" The new woman's face took on a matching stricken look. "You mean I'm stuck like this?"

"Yes." Melandra sniffled. "Oh, god, I'm sorry - I never thought that maybe one of you three wasn't the selfish bastard who deserved "

She shook her head, unable to finish the sentence.

"Oh, god " Ann said, the full enormity of what she was facing coming down on her like a ten-ton boulder. She'd been changed into a woman, and "I'm going to be a woman for the rest of my life."

"Oh, I wish that was just it !" Melandra cried. "To save my own soul, I made a pact - that not only would you spend your lives as women, forced to be sluts... but when you died, all three of your souls would go to Hell! It's the only way I could save my own, and I figured that's where three bastards like you would end up anyway, but... but.. you " She wailed, horrified and heartbroken by what she'd become. "I've condemned you to an eternity as a sex-slave in Hell !"

Ann looked stunned.. then confused. "Wait, wait... how can you promise our souls to the Devil? I mean isn't there something about

'free will' that would ?" She trailed off, her half-forgotten 'lapsed' catholic upbringing confused and unsure on this suddenly vital point of theology.

"Yes - but it's set up so " Melandra stopped, an odd look coming over her face as she shot a glance at the mirror that border on terror.

Then all expression vanished.

"Your stuck." She said, flatly. "You're a woman, and you will be for the rest of your life - unless you want to try and use the loop-hole. Technically, you CAN become male again, if you succeed. Either way - when you die, you go to hell. So accept it. Now get the hell out of my shop whore."

"What ?" Ann stammered, shocked by Melandra's sudden change of moods.

She yanked the door to the room open. "I said, get out - bitch!"

"look, Melandra, I understand that you want to feel justified by " Ann tried to calm the woman, try to get her back to the 'real' person she'd been a second ago...

...and the fit, beautiful black woman grabbed her and all-but-dragged her out of the small room, slamming the heavy wooden door shut behind them as they left...

* * * * *

Ann walked through the darkness, her long, black leather trench-coat swirling around her ankles as her high stiletto heels clicked a tempo on the sidewalk.

She still couldn't believe what she was about to do - it seemed impossible that she'd ever find herself in this situation. Yet, here she was, a huge-breasted woman about to... Well, Melandra had made it abundantly clear that there was no option, not really. No, there was only one 'loophole' in her fate, as slim and 'impossible' as it might be. Ann knew that it was supposed to

be impossible, and it entailed things that she'd rather not... but there was nothing else she could do. After all, she couldn't just accept her fate, meekly. No, she had to try, even if it wasn't a 'probable' solution.

Mouth dry, she left the sidewalk to mount the steps to a small bungalow in a middlin' nice part of the city, trying not to let her nerves show as she reached the front door. She hated herself for what she was about to do, 'willingly' but she was going to do it anyway.

Reaching into the left-hand pocket of her new coat, she extracted a small leather case, which she unrolled, revealing various bits of black metal in unusual shapes and sizes.

Awkwardly, she used two of the slim metal objects to probe at the door, feeling sweat start to form as she worked.. and then, finally, the tumblers gave. She opened the door to the house and let herself in, closing and locking the door behind her.

She exchanged the picks for the other object in the coat's pocket, then let the coat slide to the floor, her hand tightly wrapped around the object she'd removed from the coat before shedding it. Taking a deep breath, Ann composed her features into the 'correct' expression, then strode toward the back section of the house, heels muffled by the carpeting on the floor.

Reaching the door to the master bedroom, Ann took one more long, deep breath - then squared her shoulders and slammed the door open with all the force in her smoothly muscled new arms.

"All right, slave - on you feet before your Mistress!" She said, firmly - while the figure in the bed sat bolt upright, dropping the porno mag he was reading....

...to gaze in shock at what stood in his doorway, like one of the photos brought to sudden life.

The woman was tall and toned and voluptuous and clad all in black leather, from head to toe - sort of.

She wore black leather thigh-high boots whose two-inch platforms and eight-inch stiletto heels drove her height up to at least six-six. She also wore a garment that was 'unusual' in design to say the least - made of black leather, it's main portion was a black leather corset that cinched her waist in, exaggerating her voluptuous hourglass figure. However, as an integral part of the 'corset' were a series of leather straps. Two ran downward between her legs, leaving her shaven cunt bare before joining into a thin band that ran up the crack of her firm, toned ass and joining back up to the main 'corset body'. Another strap rose upwards, disappearing into the cleavage of a pair of huge, incredibly firm tits that were the size of medicine balls and tipped with enormous, thick nipples. The band then 'T'ed into a black leather collar that surrounded her neck, decorated with gleaming metal spikes that matched the gleaming metal chains that hung from the front and back of the 'crotch strap', forming a chain 'belt' around the upper swell of her hips.

Her lower face was left bare, revealing her incredibly full, firm lips, colored a dark, gloss red, and her firm nose. A black leather mask covered her head, her hair pulled taut under it - and then through the hole at the top, lifted up a bit by four metal

rings before falling down the back of her head in thick, red curls. The mask ran down behind her ears, then around her neck to join the collar.

"Who... what..." He stammered, eyes wide...

"I have come to offer you a life of pleasure, you unworthy worm!" Ann said, sneering. She held up what she'd taken from the coat - a double-ended vial, sort of like an 'hourglass' with a closed middle, each end containing a glowing green liquid. "We will each partake of half the potion - and then you shall spend the rest of your life in constant sexual slavery, Jeff!"

The muscular, handsome young man on the bed slowly began to grin. She knew his name, which meant that she was probably some sort of 'specialty' hooker somebody had sent to him. Usually, in his fantasies, he was the dominant one... but this wasn't fantasy, and if she wanted to order him to fuck her, he'd play along...

"Yes, Mistress..." Jeff said, his performance marred by a big, shit-eating grin. "Now, choose one side - and drink!" Ann commanded, handing over the vial...

This was one of the tricky parts. Right now, there was a fifty-fifty chance that every thing would be for nothing - since she didn't know which potion was which in the double vial. She forced herself to remain outwardly calm - imperious - as Jeff took the vial, popped open the top, and drank...

The next minute was the longest in her life as he handed the vial back to her... then he grunted in surprise, eyes widening in shock as he whipped off the covers...

...to reveal his already hard cock growing even larger, his balls keeping pace.

It disgusted her to be 'relieved' that he'd gotten the 'right' potion - the one that would give him a huge cock and incredible sexual stamina. Forcing herself to remain 'calm', she drained the other half of the vial, knowing as she did so that it would cause her to become incredibly horny... and the effect on her body would be permanent - if she didn't succeed, that was. If she actually managed to pull the 'loophole' of the spell off, it would be a different matter...

"Now, slave - come to me!" She ordered, even as she felt her body responding to the 'nymphomania' potion, making her desire that which disgusted her. In one sense, it made what she was going to have to do easier... but that didn't mean she had to 'like' it.

Jeff's attention switched from the now enormous cock that thrust rampantly from his crotch to her - and his smile widened.

"Oh, yeah..." He said, rising from the bed, his huge cock proceeding him like a battering ram... and Ann had to repress a shiver at how that cock made her feel, how much she craved it...

"Suck my tits, slave!" She commanded, arrogantly.

"Why don't we just skip right to the fucki... *oomph!*" Jeff's 'suggestion' was cut short as he helplessly put his mouth over one of her huge, thick - and fully engorged - nipples and began to suck, creating intensely pleasurable sensations in Ann's new anatomy.

That was the other effect of him getting the 'right' potion - he was enslaved to her. If she'd gotten the wrong one, she would have had much larger, milk-filled tits - and would be enslaved to him, when he would have been super-horny.

"Yes..." She moaned in unwilling pleasure, between clenched teeth. "Fondle my tits, too...!"

Jeff was startled to find he had to obey his 'mistress', no longer just playing along... but since things were going more or less the way he wanted, he didn't really mind.

He minded even less when she ordered him to stop - and stand still while she milked his cock.

By now, her mind was awash with rampant desires for sex... and it was with an odd mix of eager willingness and horrified disgust that she knelt and wrapped her hands around the base of his massive, throbbing cock. Opening her incredibly full, firm lips, she leaned forward - and began her first blow job.

She was utterly disgusted - and she couldn't stop if her life depended on it. His cock wasn't particularly clean, and the feel and taste of it in her mouth disgusted her... but she just had to suck him off. She couldn't stop herself from 'expertly' sucking at his cock, cramming as much of his huge new tool in her mouth while her hands worked the shaft> it wasn't long before she got him off, his hot cum gushing down her throat - and sealing one of the effects of the potion. As long as she had this body, she'd be addicted to 'forcing' men to letting her suck their cock. It was part of this body now, no matter what the persona that inhabited it wanted.

Licking him clean, she rose, disgusted by what she'd just done, and wishing she could do something to get the sickening flavor of cum out of her mouth.

"Satisfactory, slave." She said, imperiously. "Now - lay down on the bed."

Willingly and unwillingly, Jeff complied, his cock still hard and ready as he lay on the bed - and she straddled him, her body desiring this, even though it would addict her to it... but she had to do it, even knowing what her life would be like if she didn't succeed at ridding herself of this body.

Lifting herself up, she thrust downward.. and impaled her self on his huge, ready cock.

She began to drive herself up and down on the massive tool, feeling the unwanted pleasure of having sex as a woman, and horrified by how good it felt. It was something she'd never forget - loving the 'perverted' act even as she rode his cock, slamming herself up and down on the massive tool, filling her hot, wet new cunt to the limit and creating intense pleasure...

...right up until he came, flooding her cunt with a veritable sea of cum, long before she'd orgasmed.

Not that it mattered - her body craved sex, and the fact that she'd never be fully satisfied with sex was part of the curse.

Slipping off his still rigid cock, she rose and turned around, walking over to the dresser and bracing herself against it.

"Now, slave..." She commanded, wanting to die, "...fuck your mistress in the ass..."

* * * * *

Jeff kept his eyes on his Mistress' swaying ass, his huge, apparently constant erection painfully hidden in the sweatpants he wore.

He still didn't know how or why this was happening - but he couldn't complain. Even though he seemed helplessly bound to obey this unnamed woman, all her commands dealt with him fucking her in various ways, so he was happy with the outcome. He just wished he could be fucking her right now - even after fucking all night and all day, he wasn't tired or limp, and he could go for hours more with his equally insatiable Mistress. He'd lost count of the number of times he'd cum...

...until she'd insisted they get dressed and go somewhere.

Now, he eyed the odd shop as she led him inside, some sort of New Age place. He began to sneer.. then remembered the strange 'potion' and decided he should reserve judgment on the matter.

"So, Mistress, why are we here?" Jeff asked.

She shot him a look that was supposed to be imperious - but was marred by the naked longing in her eyes. He might be enslaved to her, and capable of fucking nearly constantly - but she needed it, something he wasn't burdened with.

"You'll see." She said.

"Yes, you will." Another female voice said, and Jeff turned to look at some nigger bitch, dressed all in black. "Follow me, you two."

Jeff opened his mouth... or tried to. Instead, he found himself obeying - somehow, this nigger held the same sort of power over him as Mistress did, except stronger. There was nothing he could do as he followed the black bitch into a weird back room, all stone with a huge mirror on the wall. Mistress followed behind him, but Jeff couldn't tell if it was by command, or willingly.

"Stand there, Jeff..." The nigger said, and he helplessly obeyed, standing in front of the mirror so he could see himself.

"You're a sculptor, aren't you Jeff?" the woman said, and Jeff found himself helpless admitting he was.

"Then why don't you sculpt your own fantasy woman?" She suggested - with an odd tone of voice, shooting mistress a strange, worried look.

Helplessly - horrified - Jeff discovered exactly what she meant... as he began to work by sitting down and taking one of his sneaker-clad shoes in hand...

...and molding the white shoe with his hands, finding it - and the foot within - as malleable as clay. He tried desperately to stop himself, but was unable to as his hands worked as commanded, reshaping his shoes into smaller, more dainty pairs of white leather pumps, with six-inch heels, tall enough to be sexy, but not so much as to make his 'dream woman' as tall, like 'Mistress' was...

...and then he found himself moving on to the now-malleable black sweat pants he was wearing. Helplessly, screaming inside, he found himself somehow remolding most of his legs into extremely slender, long and shapely women's legs, clad in black nylons... while the upper portion of the pants became a just-above-knee-length black leather skirt enclosing his slender-yet-womanly hips, full, firm ass and...

..and he reached out and gripped the shape of his massive, thick cock through the black fabric and pulled, separating the cock from herself, leaving behind black leather over her new cunt, holding the enormous black cock and balls in her hand...

...as the black bitch came over and lifted her skirt...

...and he found himself placing the cock against her pussy... where it fused, becoming 'real' once more, and enormous, thick, throbbing cock attached to her buxom, feminine frame. She winced as she lowered her dress over the very visible bulge...

...and the mirror began to glow a deep, sullen - but somehow 'confused' red.

Still, she had to obey the command, and she continued reshaping herself into her own fantasy, moving on to the white T-shirt she wore...

...which became a skin-tight white silk blouse that strained to cover the tits of her fantasy woman, now hanging from her chest. They were enormous, even bigger than Mistress's were - and tipped with gigantic, thick nipples.

Helplessly, Jeff continued to reshape herself, helpless to scream her horror and shame and disgust as she became the massive-breasted fantasy of his dreams...

...his old High School teacher - sort of. Her name had been Ms. Metzler, and she'd been gorgeous and sexy... in a cool, imperious way that had driven Jeff nuts. She'd dressed 'classy-sexy', revealing legs that were absolutely stunning. Her face was stunningly beautiful, even with the glasses and honey-blond hair done up in a tight bun.. and that had been part of his fantasies. Jeff had always fantasized about Ms. Metzler somehow growing enormous tits - like the ones Jeff now had - and being so horny by whatever caused her tits to grow that she couldn't help but unwillingly fuck Jeff.

Now, Jeff was her - or the fantasy version. She was even more coolly gorgeous, her skin and looks flawless, her tits unrealistically enormous beneath her sexy-conservative clothes. She was even wearing the gold-rimmed glasses, and her hair was done up in a tight bun...

Then she was finished, locked in position, staring at the fantasy vision she had become in the now red-tinted mirror. "Do you like your new body, Jessica?" The newly hugely-endowed black she-male asked.

"No!" Jeff found himself capable of replying.

"Would you be willing to do something to get rid of the body you have?" She asked intently. "Yes!" anything!" Jeff shouted.

"So be it!" The woman shouted, nervously...

...and Jeff found himself staring at that incredibly huge-breasted 'Jessica' body from another angle.. even as she became aware of a desperate yearning for constant sex off all sorts...

...coupled with a complete and utter submissiveness carried over from her male 'Jeff' body's consuming of the potion...

...even as she realized that she was now in the body of the woman she'd known only as 'Mistress'... but was a mistress no longer even as she helplessly dropped to her knees, staring at the huge bulge in the black she-male's dress and finding that she'd forever be doomed to obey anybody with a cock, in the hopes of getting fucked the way she needed...

"Nooo....!" The new Ann screamed, horrified... and cum-hungry. "No, I... I... Oh, God, I need it... Mistress. Please, fuck me..."

Disgusted with herself, but unable to stop, she began to crawl toward the only cock in sight, the one on the she-male, the one that had been hers...and that she now desperately needed...

<No! This Shall Not Be!>

The.. voice... was thunderous. It was inhuman - no human throat could have created that awful sound, and it was enough to derail even Ann's new one-track mind, even as the new, ex-Archie 'Jessica' and the newly she-male Melandra turned to face the glowing red mirror.

"But it is!" Melandra shouted, triumphantly. "As agreed, each of the three are now female, and bound to that form for life, of their own free will! I have kept my bargain, as agreed!"

<No! You have NOT! That one's soul is beyond me!>

The new Jessica straightened against the drag of her gigantic new tits. "My trespass against Melandra came because of that one..." She pointed at Jeff/Ann, "...and was between he, her and I! Having confessed my sin, I performed the act of contrition by bringing her the one who caused the sin... and she has granted me absolution! I am in a state of grace, and you may not have me!"

<Then I shall take Melandra, for her sins are greatest of all!>

"And I repent them all!" Melandra shouted. "I have paid contrition, too - by accepting this stigmata, and by accepting the burden of what I owe all three to whom I've sinned... and I, too, am in a state of grace, and you shall not have me!"

<I shall take the other two transgressors souls at their death - and I shall wait for you to fall from grace, and then shall I visit upon you the every pain of the mortal world! You escape my own grasp in the afterlife, but whence you fall from grace, I shall visit Hell on Earth to your Mortal lives...!>

"No, you shall not!" Melandra, shouted. "For I have done what was agreed upon, whether or not you receive your rewards - and our dealings are at an end. All four of us shall one day be judge for heaven, hell or purgatory... but free will rules all, and you may not touch us in Mortal life. So, as agreed, I have met the conditions and our parlay and pact are at an end... and I abjure you, evil one! In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy ghost, return from whence you came, and never more return to this Mortal Realm!"

<**NOO**oooooooo...!>

The scream of denial seemed to fade off into some unimaginable distance... and then the mirror shattered into a thousand pieces, each of the dead, flat black....

"Well... we one " Jessica said, looking down at the body she'd been stuck with. She lightly grasped the even more enormous tits that this new body sported, the ones she'd have to lug around for the rest of her life. "Sort of "

"Life as a huge-breasted woman, with just normal female urges?" Melandra said, smiling wryly., looking down at the huge, insistent erection visible through her dress. "I wish I was as lucky as you, Arc uh, Jessica."

Looking at the male genitalia the new, gorgeous she-male sported, Jessica snorted. "Wanna switch?"

"If it wasn't for the fact that all my powers left when I abjured the demon familiar, I would in a second " Melandra said, with a sigh - then shrugged. "Except that would have 'bypassed' my contrition and repentance, and we would have been right back where we started. To save our souls in eternal life, we must 'suffer' in Mortal life.. and so, here we are, all a bunch of freaks "

"Yes... Freaks.." Ann gasped, drowning the attention of Melandra and Jessica, who'd temporarily forgotten about her. "I.. I'm a freak..."

I don't understand what.. what's happening.. but... but.. oh, God, but I need to suck your cock, mistress - please!" Melandra winced. "Uh... my name's Melan.. uh, just 'Mel' will do." She said, uncomfortably.

"Mel.." The new woman literally whimpered. "I.. I don't want to... but I *need* to.. suck your cock.. please, I'll do anything "

Mel winced again, then turned to Jessica. "Why don't you go get Mandi and bring her back here? With a always-hard, ever-filled cock, I'm the only person able to satisfy these two new super-sluts I've created.. and that's what I'm going to spend most of my time doing from now on "

"All right..." Jessica agreed, heading for the door... as Mel lifted her skirt, revealing that enormous, thick cock...

The new Ann just couldn't help herself - she eagerly sucked the cock that once been hers into her mouth...

...and felt an incredible wave of emotional 'pleasure' at filling her horrible need as she began to suck on the cock, her disgust running a distant second to her new desires as she became lost in her new identity as a submissive cum-sucking nymphomaniac...

As she walked out the door to go collect the woman who had once been Mark and bring her back to her new life, Jessica wondered about what that new life was going to be like for her. Though she had only 'normal' female hormones and urges, she'd already experienced female sex and knew that, having seen how wonderful it could be, she'd never be able to remain celibate - or even a

'lesbian'. No she'd enjoyed certain parts of what had happened while she was Ann, and knew that now - when she was 'in control' of her own body, able to seek out 'normal' men to have sex with, she just wouldn't be able to resist. Part of her still found the thought disquieting... but what else could she do? After all that had happened, she was the one with the most 'normal' life, and she'd have to find a way to make as much of it as she could....

She suddenly became very aware of a man about her own age looking at her. She almost began to blush.. then realized something utterly amazing - though he'd given the expected look at her huge tits, his eyes were now on her face, looking at her intently. He looked stunned - but that was expected, considering she was probably the most endowed woman he'd ever seen...

"Oh - I'm sorry. You just look like somebody I knew.. kinda." He said, blushing. Jessica had to laugh. "That's original."

"No, really." He insisted. "I swear - you're nearly the spitting image of my old high-school teacher.. uh, mostly."

Jessica - as Archie - had been taught English under her, too, and knew that she looked like the fantasy version of the woman - as she'd appeared twelve years ago. The real thing was now older enough (and flat chested enough) to avoid 'doppleganager' syndrome, but to any of the male students who'd fantasized over her in class, Jessica would be instantly recognizable, so this would be a common occurrence...

...which made the lie only logical. "You know, I've been getting that a lot since I moved here last week. The first few times, I figured it was just a line, but now "

"Yeah - it's uncanny." The guy said, blushing. "I'm sorry I stared and all - but you do look like her." He paused, then cleared his throat nervously, his eyes almost unwillingly roaming her body again. "Uh... maybe I could make it up to you by buying you a cup of coffee ?"

"I'm sorry " Jessica said, glad for the graceful 'out' available. "I'm just in the middle of doing something."

"Oh.. okay " The young man said, nodding in understanding. "Again, I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault..." She assured him, moving past him and heading on towards the club where Mandi was working...

...then pausing and looking back at the man, noticing how 'cute' he was, how politely he'd managed to behave when suddenly confronted with his own fantasy woman.. and the way he'd accepted her rejection so nicely, without seeming to let it make him sad. She thought about what line of thought she'd been lost in when she'd noticed him..

"Hey!" She called, and he turned. "What's your name?" "Brad..." He said, a little confused.

She grinned. "I'm Jessica, Brad... and I may be busy right now, but I'll be free for dinner tonight. Le Positere, seven o'clock sharp. Your buying."

"Uh.. yes, of course!" He said, as she turned away, smiling to herself as she headed onwards.

Hell, maybe the thought of having sex with guys still felt uncomfortable - but having been one, and knowing how having a fantasy suddenly come true would make a guy feel was strangely arousing...

She wondered how hard it would be to get the school to give her a list of the male students who'd had Ms. Metzler as a teacher....

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: What if during passionate love making you woke up and found that you have been given a new life as a female and a Brit...and you liked it?

Life On Venus

By Gunslinger

"Daphne," Dan gasped suddenly, his short, panting breaths even more strained than the physical activity he was involved in could account for, "Wait, I..."

The slender-yet-shapely young woman who pistoned and writhed atop him initially seemed not to hear him at all. Her pale skin dripping with sweat, her usually lush sandy-blonde hair slicked to her scalp, the young woman (who, at twenty-three was exactly half Dan's age) continued to thrust herself vigorously up and down atop the throbbing manhood that filled her ripe, wet pussy.

Nevertheless, she must have been aware that something was wrong – not only was Dan's contribution to their nearly frenetic lovemaking rapidly becoming weak and uncoordinated, but his usually rampant manhood, the pride and center of his bachelor lifestyle, was slowly beginning to soften. Indeed, that fact seemed to make Daphne even more determined.

Not that she was likely to slack off at any other time, either – Dan, despite his central belief that he was both utterly irresistible to women and likewise without peer in pleasing them, had never met a woman more sexually oriented. Ever since he'd met the attractive young Englishwoman a month ago, she'd be constantly eager to have sex with him.

Now, as the dull pain in his upper left chest continued to both build and spread, Dan tried again to communicate his distress to her – only to realize, with shock growing as quickly as fear, that she was well aware of what was happening...

...and was continuing anyway.

"It's... got to be... this way..." Daphne gasped, hips bucking wildly.

Dan wanted to know what she meant by that – but not only did his voice fail to obey his commands, but the world was rapidly turning into a gray tunnel.

Then everything went black.

* * * * *

The consciousness that thought of itself as Daniel Robert Johnstone floated in perfect nothingness.

There was neither light nor dark; neither sound nor silence. There was no sensation of body, nor the emotional sensations provided by hormones or other physical cues. There was nothing but disembodied conscious, stripped of all physicality.

It was, in a great many ways, a revelation to that which thought of itself as Dan.

The first shocking revelation was the very fact of the continued sense-of-self. In the instant of that realization, Dan assumed himself to be dead, and this the afterlife; he could not imagine any other scenario, not even given the fact that his consciousness, stripped of physical drives, was sharper and more rational than at any other point in his memory of existence – or non-existence, as seemed to be the case.

However shocking it might have been for him to find a continued consciousness after death, it was even more shocking for him to realize that it was the minor consideration at the moment.

Even more shocking was the complete and utter lack of any immediate sexuality. Only now – far too late, as far as he knew – did Dan realize just how much of his mortal existence had been taken up by his body's interest in sexuality. He'd always believed his highly sexualized lifestyle, his near-constant search for various forms of sexual satisfaction, had been a conscious and rational decision on his part – now, with no hormones, no cock, he knew a completely different truth; that almost everything he had thought was his chosen lifestyle was in fact nothing more than rationalization of his blind drive to fulfill a hormonally- and socially-driven compulsion. Absent those inputs, he suddenly knew and understood, without the faintest chance of mistake, how much of his life had been wasted in a biological drive far beyond anything necessary to the simple perpetuation of his genes...

...especially since he had not perpetuated those genes at all, since he'd actively sought to maintain his single, childless lifestyle.

He had always thought himself an extremely popular man, one who had a history of great many girlfriends to point with smug pride at – and only now did he know that he had instead been almost entirely alone, seeking

out only brief physical encounters, while avoiding any sort of physical or emotional consequence. Indeed, as sad as it was to realize, Daphne was the person with which he had the closest thing to a real relationship with... and even then, it had been predicated and perpetuated solely on the sexuality of it, at least from his perspective. What little emotional investment he'd made in another human being had been done solely and wholly in order to keep her rampant sexuality, the one most like his own, nearby.

...and he'd paid for it with life itself.

At least, that was what Dan thought at the moment of total realization – only to find that, as if somebody had been waiting for him to make that realization, everything changed...

* * * * *

It was almost as devastating as an explosion.

After the coolly clinical comfort of the sensationless darkness, the sudden influx of inputs seemed to wash over and through Dan like a tsunami. The light that hit his eyes, though dim, was like a flashbulb going off – only, instead of an orange-blue afterimage that lingered in the eye, it was a dim reddish glow from a flickering neon sign somewhere nearby.

At the same time, the faint humming of the neon's ballast seemed as loud as the drone of an multi-engine airplane passing close overhead. Compared to that low buzz, the hum and swish of vehicles passing on a nearby street seemed like a screaming cacophony.

Even more cacophonous was the effect of the physical sensations assaulting Dan's mind, however. The feel of a cold, hard, rather irregular surface beneath his body – and the very weight and existence of that body itself.

Having first lived a life that allowed no comparison, then having been given an intangible, unmeasurable time without it, the resumption of physically was almost overwhelming. Cool air brushing over warm flesh, the feathery touch of clothing, the thrum of blood through arteries, the *basso profundo* thump of his heart – it was all a massive, overwhelming flood of physical sensation unlike anything Dan had ever encountered.

At first, he believed that it was due solely to his unknown period of immaterialism – and then, gradually, it began to dawn on Dan that there was something significantly, fundamentally different about the sensations that were assaulting his startled, spinning mind.

Such as the cool air moving over legs, almost as if he were wearing shorts... except that there was no sensation of the same air stirring leg hairs, as he'd always been subliminally aware of before- or the fact that the 'shorts' were both lighter, finer, and with more open movement than there should have been.

Such as the way the underwear felt; most specifically, the lack of the 'air space' caused by the fabric being pushed away from his hip-bones by the necessity of stretching to enclose his cock and balls.

Such as the fact that those hips seemed to be wider than they should be – and that his ass felt fuller and more softly rounded than it should have been.

Such as the weight on his chest, one that shifted and, well...jiggled with every breath... and which was undeniably a portion of his body, rather than something sitting on his body.

Such as the silken stir of hair across shoulders and neck, which shouldn't have been possible. Such as the unmistakable scent of perfume hovering in the air.

Such as the slick, waxy coating on his lips.

Such as the longer, finer lashes framing his vision...

Dan hadn't consciously planned on speaking when the sudden, shocking possibility slammed hard into his mind

– it was, in fact, and involuntary exclamation. Nevertheless, the startled curse that emerged came in such soft, high-pitched tones that it couldn't help but verify his shocked realization.

Correction: *her* shocked realization.

"Holy, shit – I'm a woman...!" Dan blurted – and received yet another shock as the longer phrase revealed something she had missed with the shorter, blunter oath.

She had an accent. Specifically...

"Bloody hell, I sound like a sodding Brit!" She blurted – and then blinked, for her mental command to her mouth had been considerably more American in flavor.

With all senses of what was undeniable a feminine body now checking in, Dan struggled into a sitting position

– 'struggling', not because it was difficult or unfamiliar, but because it was easy and familiar; her memories and assumptions were that this body was 'different' and 'wrong', leading the new woman fighting her own instinctively graceful motions.

Considering the whole 'death and rebirth' thing, this should have been a minor issue – but to a male-centric ego in an emphatically female body, it was anything *but* minor.

Sight was but of limited utility, despite the seemingly inhuman clarity with which she was viewing herself – a fault not of her new eyes, but of the dim, flickering red light from the nearby bar – pub? – sign that was the only illumination available in the narrow, brick-surfaced alleyway. Nevertheless, it was more than enough for her to make out the rather prominent and completely unmistakable swellings pushing out what appeared to be a garish orange shirt that, upon a moment's consideration, was probably yellow under the garish red glow.

In fact, a closer examination proved it to be a short-sleeved yellow t-shirt blouse, with a tracery of white lace lining the placket and edging the Chelsea collar...

('...and how do I know that...?') she wondered to herself.)

...which, in turn, was tucked in to the high-waisted jeans that fit like a second skin right down to where it flared out into bells above brown leather t-strap sandals that matched the broad, brass-buckled belt that pulled tight to a trim waist.

In fact, the brown leather and brass fixtures of both shoes and belt precisely matched those of a large shoulder-bag that lay on the ground nearby, seeming to argue in favor of it being hers.

Still feeling muddled and befuddled, the confused woman idly brushed a windblown tress of her long, feathered page-boy style hair out of her face as she retrieved the purse and opened it.

For a second, confusion doubled and redoubled. Inside was an eclectic collection of make-up, brushes, facial tissues, and other odds and bobs of the sort women's handbags usually contained – yet to her eye, the packaging and graphic details looked quaintly garish...

...which was explained, if not excused, when she opened the wallet. Amongst other (to her Americanized eyes) quaint-looking items was an assortment of multi-hued British banknotes – and a small red passport-style booklet whose cover bore the

legend of 'Great Britain Driving License'; it allowed that under the Road Traffic Act of 1972, Mr./Mrs./Miss Danielle Delores Elizabeth Brown, 12 Burling Green Road, Liverpool was hereby licensed to drive motor vehicles of GROUP I only, fee of 5/- paid.

There was no photograph, but Dani had no choice but to assume that it was her driving license...

...except that there was no assumption needed at all. As soon as she saw the name on the document, she recognized it as her own – even though she had never seen it before in her life.

"Bugger me!" Dani exclaimed, still trying to wrap her mind around what she was experiencing – as well as how sharply she was experiencing it. More than anything else, the incredibly sharp awareness of her own body – and its various hungers and desires – was near enough to driving her batty. It was as if all her physical sensations and fallibilities had been magnified or multiplied. As if in a strange dream-state that was

nonetheless also somehow more real than reality, she let her body choose how to move the most naturally as she rose easily and gracefully to stand atop the blocky heels of her shoes, sharply aware of the way her broad, well-rounded hips not only swiveled but swayed as she easily ankled her way out of the alley and onto the village high street.

"Lord, but I need a drink..." She muttered to herself, shaking her head. She was distantly aware of the many vast implications of the seemingly impossible situation in which she found herself – but she didn't feel them; it was if it were something she'd seen on the telly, rather than reality. Emotionally, everything she saw, felt, and experienced seemed every bit as right as her intellect and masculine memories insisted it was wrong.

In such a scenario, getting plonkered didn't seem but half likely, all things considered.

Although Dan had never been in a pub in his life, to Dani, walking into a public house felt, emotionally, almost like coming home. In an odd, doubled perception that was rapidly becoming familiar, everything she saw – from the blokes pitching darts with a pint in hand to the pair of codgers playing cribbage at a corner table – *felt* familiar and comforting. Casually brushing one long-nailed finger down the seam at the back of her denims to smooth the panties beneath, she carefully inserted herself into a space near the somewhat crowded bar, not even wrinkling her nose at what should have been an unfamiliar fug of fag and pipe smoke filling the room.

Subconsciously aware of the pecking order at the bar, she didn't crowd and of the local's regulars, instead lightly resting once slender hand upon the polished oak of the bar until the brief crush eased enough for her to stand square-on to the bar, both hands resting lightly on the burlled surface. In due time – calculated to take into consideration her trim, shapely figure, of course – the publican deigned to glance her way, one eyebrow raised in inquiry.

She completely missed her cue, however – she was entirely too busy staring in shock at the mirror backing the bar.

"What'll be, Luv...?" the publican called out.

"Pint your best lager, if you please," she answered, distractedly.

Meanwhile, she was busy trying to reassess her erroneous first impression, which was that she'd somehow been turned into Daphne.

It wasn't true – it was 'merely' that she looked an awful lot like Daphne did...

...like Daphne had.

...like Daphne, someday, would.

While taking stock of herself, she had perforce been unable to take an overall impression, especially of her own face – now, however, she was trying to cope with that doubled perception, itself redoubled. Unmistakably, there was great similarity between the form she now possessed and that of the woman Dan would someday meet and bed in a distant place and time. The same slender yet almost cartoonishly curvaceous body, with the broad hips and slender waist, long legs and full bosom. Her face held a similar, somehow prototypically British

– generally a smooth ovoid, but with a somewhat prominent chin, straight nose and smooth brow boasting slightly angled rather than arched eyebrows. Her hair was more honey-blonde than Daphne's had been, but her hazel eyes with fine, if somewhat short lashes was nearly a dead match.

The sound of a full pint-glass hitting the bar before her drew Dani at least partially out of her distracted musings, and without prompting she dropped 20p next to the pint of froth-topped golden liquid. Likewise, without giving any thought to why, she quickly vacated the bar area and wandered (gracefully) to one of the faded burgundy velvet-topped oak stools at a high-set table near the cribbage players in the corner. Still trying to work things out in her whirling mind, she took a deeply refreshing and bracing draught of the lager...

...which promptly anointed the badly worn and faded carpeting of the pub floor as she realized that, prior to that drink, she lifted the glass in reciprocal tribute to the dart player across the narrow room from her, along with a small little smile.

"Blimey!" The strapping lad exclaimed, dark eyebrows rising as he took a couple of strides in her direction. "You all right there, miss...?"

"Took a lungful of the foam is all..." Dani quickly assured him, adding in a couple of throat-clearing coughs for verisimilitude's sake. "Right as rain now, though, thanks all the same for askin'..."

"One's for breathing, one's for drinking, and never the twain shall meet..." The likely lad replied, sententious delivery marred by boyish grin and a chuckle.

"Aye, and he'd know!" the dark-haired man's ginger-haired mate crowed with both a laugh and an appraising glance at Dani's figure. "If there was a way to breathe ale, James here would have done already."

Even as Dani gave a dutiful chuckle, she was thinking about how smooth the ginger had introduced his mate...

...and then had to freeze her features to keep from revealing how shocked she was to realize that she'd been thinking the thought *admiringly*.

Since, in the pause – during which, more-or-less unaware, there was a frozen grin from the sally still on her face – Dani didn't take advantage of the opening to introduce herself, the redhead pushed a little harder: "Oh, and I'm Michael, by the way..."

Still startled and stunned by her own reaction to the obvious attention – with equally obvious intention – that the handsome young men were paying, Dani responded almost instinctively: "Danielle; but you lot can call me Dani."

By this point, the doubled perception had grown to such a point that it was almost as if she were watching the whole thing happen separate from herself – as if this woman flirting with handsome young men was a soap on the telly, rather than something she was living through. While her male-centric consciousness was completely divorced from the scenario, her feminine emotions and subconscious 'programming' was responding in a completely normal manner, from any outside perspective. Indeed, were she responding the way her masculine ego would have demanded, it would have been seen as strange, if not borderline insane – as it was, her occasional reaction when her masculine memories and perspectives kicked in was merely charmingly quirky.

Especially since her body and her feminine emotions not only reacted favorably to the situation, but quite emphatically so. Her own awareness of her hormonal urges, and the pleasant frustration (or frustratingly pleasant) sensations it occasioned meant that, on that divorced-from-previous-self level, she was quite enjoying herself. Whilst radically different in sensation and direct physical effect, the powerful sexual urges she was feeling were not only 'pseudo-familiar' due to that strange subconscious 'programming' that provided those unexpected British instincts, it was also familiar – and even comforting – as being a direct parallel to the male sexual urges that had dominated her precious existence as a man. The major difference here was the fact that she'd been almost unaware of the strength and impact of those driving urges as a man, whereas her brief period of incorporeal existence now meant that the sexual desires and satisfactions she was feeling interacting with these two men was now in the very forefront of her mind.

In a frighteningly short period of time, the combination of all these factors led Dani into a very, very strange form of fantasization; rather than feeling as if any of this was real, she instead felt as if she were the director of a teledrama on the Beeb. On the conscious level, she was instructing 'actress Dani' the best way to flirt with the two men, all while 'director Dan' sat back feeling a rather intense satisfaction at how well these instructions were being carried out, and how smoothly it progressed the 'plot'.

Given the scenario playing out, then, the outcome of the 'scene' was literally a foregone conclusion, if in 'his' own mind; she wasn't trying to control what *was* happening, but only *how* it was to happen – and so, Dani was bright and amusing and personable, all while Dan wallowed in the increasingly enjoyable, yet increasingly frustrating sensations that unfulfilled sexual tension created.

Of course, the only thing that would keep it in the category of 'unfulfilled' was for one of the three main players in the scene to step out of character- and neither of the men had any intention of doing so, and the idea of doing so quite literally did not occur to the now technically schizophrenic Dan/Dani entity.

So, when the lads stood her a round a piece, she naturally accepted; naturally, after three pints the men offered to walk her safely home; naturally she accepted.

By that point, she was 'naturally' accepting much more than that – the fact that, despite a complete lack of memories of her past, she nevertheless knew the route home seemed perfectly in keeping with her current delusion; after all, a television show hardly bothered to show a character learning the route to her own home, and the viewer simply accepted that she'd know how to get home without it having to be explained to her in detail. The willing suspension of disbelief now held true for Dani.

In the American idiom, (which she was thinking less and less in), she was just 'rolling with it'. With every step she took, Dan-in-Dani was hyper-aware of every single sensation.

The way the cool night air tingled across an alcohol- (and lust-) induced flush. The breeze was frisky enough to feel like teasing hands playing with her silken main of honeyed hair – while James and Michael provided warm hands to actually caress her shoulders...

...the small of her back...

....her firm, surprisingly full buttocks... (Daphne had been/would be proud of how her 'child-bearing' hips gave her such a smashing 'ghetto booty' – always with a giggle at the Americanism, remembered Dan...)

It ignited a liquid fire in her lower torso, just where 20-inch waist exploded into smooth curves to 40-inch hips. (*Her 'baby-factory', in giggling Daphnic American...*)

It woke a literal damp heat where her long, well-toned legs met. (Her 'cunt', Daphne would once more quote one of her Mum's oft-heard Americanisms...)

The wonderful, nipple-hardening, blood-flushed bounce and jiggle of her braless DDD-cup breasts. (*'Milk-jugs', in a Daphne's Mumism.*)

The symphonic jingle of her keys in the lock and the lads' belt-buckles being undone. (*What was Mum's name again...? Daphne had told him, once...*)

The caress of the warm, thick air of her closed-in flat swirling over her newly-naked body. (*A real sexual dynamo – from whence Daphne claimed her own dynamic sexuality...*)

The thrill of power as she pushed equally-naked, equally-sweaty James down upon her narrow, squeaky iron- framed bed. (*In fact, this sounds exactly like the sort of thing Daphne claimed Mum used to do...*)

The wonderful feel of submission – to her own desires, her own pleasures; never to any one man, never that... (*Huh – just like feminist Mum's policy towards men... only good for pleasure and daughters...*)

The pleasure of having her milk-jugs crushed into the sweat-sodden mattress below her, being fucked good and hard in her sopping wet cunt by Michael; soon after filling her baby-maker full of his wonderful baby- batter....

She screamed; the lads thought it to be in ultimate ecstasy – and, it was. After all, realization had come simultaneously with a rippling string of orgasms exploding from her twice-fucked cunt.

It was also Dani/Dan's delighted/horrified realization that she was Daphne's Mum. But Daphne hadn't been Dani/Mum's *first* child....

The first (of fourteen) daughters had been/would be *Muriel*, as a matter of fact. This was not good...

...so why did it feel so incredibly, unbelievable wonderful? All of it? The attention ?

The desires ?

The playful flirting?

The dating, the dining out? The gifts?

The *sex* – oh ye God, the sex! Still, not good.

Not good at all.

No matter *how* good it felt!

As her body floated down from the orgasmic high, her sexuality temporarily sated and satisfied, was practically asleep – while Dan's mind was wide-awake and racing.

"Thanks guys, that was great, but I gotta get up early, so you guys gotta go, see ya around, bye..."

The guys blinked as, chivvied half-dressed out the door of the cramped flat, they tried to process the rapid-fire string of words Dani had flung at them. The machine-like delivery made it difficult to be sure, but during the staccato barrage, it had almost seemed as if she'd been speaking in an American accent....

Alone, Dani wandered into the tiny kitchen and slowly and distractedly made herself a cup of tea. The entire time, her mind was whirling as she tried to make sense of things – not so much as what was happening to her, but how to cope with it.

She had all the memories of being Daniel Robert Johnstone. She remembered not only details of his life, but what and how he'd thought – she could even reconstruct what he would be thinking of the situation occurring right now, and knew how shocked, horrified and disgusted he would be.

All of her emotions and instincts, however, were those of Danielle Delores Elizabeth Brown – as was her body, her identification, and apparently her life.

Yet, in truth, she was neither of these people – for she didn't possess any of Danielle Brown's memories, any more than she could feel any of Daniel Johnstone's emotions. She knew what each of those should be, to a certain extent, but the necessary integration to make one or the other of those personas 'real' was missing.

Instead, here she sat with slender hands wrapped around a cuppa, trying to figure out who *she* was.

She was a woman – that much was clear and obvious to any observer, herself included. Whether or not she wanted to be a woman – and issue very much in doubt – was completely irrelevant; it was who and what she was, and there was no way for her to change it. Therefore, she was going to have to accept it, and move on from there.

She had a very high sex drive – very high. That much was something shared in equal measure by both her personas, even if the influences and effects of the two drives were completely different; she liked and wanted sex now, just as she had before, and despite that brief interlude without sexuality, she certainly couldn't imagine living the rest of her life in celibacy – which, given her irreversible gender, meant that her sexual experiences would be that of a woman, whether it was as a straight woman or a lesbian.

So, she was a woman who was going to have sex as a woman which also meant that she would be dressing and acting in a stereotypically feminine manner at least part of the time, for that was part of what provided society with the cues that she was a sexually active woman. Dressing in loose-fitting jeans and baggy sweatshirts, while comfortable, just wouldn't cut it when it came to finding the frequent sexual activity she had already decided she would be looking for. So – feminine clothes, quite often sexy; make-up and perfume; high heels – the whole nine yards.

All of which defined a large chunk of who she was to be from now on – an openly, sensually, proudly feminine woman.

That being the case, it only made sense for her to embrace the Dani side of her when it came to both sexuality and day-to-day behaviours – no matter how much her masculine side shuddered in confused desire and horror at the thought.

On the other hand....

In a very literal sense, she was precognitive – she had all of Dan's memories, and while they were Americentric and more detailed in the now distant future, she certainly held enough general knowledge to be able to make good use of it.

The largest single problem with that thought, however, was one of Dan's memories – specifically, the last one he had formed before dying.

` "It's... got to be... this way " Daphne gasped, hips bucking wildly.'

Daphne had known what was about to happen. It had already happened/would happen, for that to have occurred – and if the woman she now was did anything significantly different, it would not in which case, it should be impossible for her to be here, shouldn't it?

In fact, should she change anything too radically, Daphne would never come to exist.

So – what was more important to the woman she was deciding to become; living her own life as she chose, at the cost of casting Daphne into non-being? Or following a scripted existence simply to ensure all that had already happened would happen again ?

* * * * *

With a long, drawn out moan, Dan Johnstone exploded.

Thick, sticky ropes of cum spewed out in glistening strands splattering wetly across the chest, neck and face of the woman beneath him. Gasping at the intensity of his orgasm, Dan slid backwards and to the side, his cock slipping from the deep canyon between the gargantuan set of tits with a slurp and a pop.

“Holy shit ” Dan muttered, absolutely stunned – he'd never imagined that tit-fucking could feel so damned good !

Then again, he mused with a pleasant exhaustion, he'd never believed he could meet a woman who could not only match his intense sex drive, but who possessed undreamt of skill in providing pleasure to a man while satisfying her own rampant desires. A woman able to make even the simplest hand-job feel more amazing than most women's blowjobs; who could give blow jobs that would blow your mind; who apparently not only had no inhibitions regarding when, where or how she had sex, but could convince her partner to keep up with her.

A woman with *experience*... A lot of it.

“Mmmm.... Enjoyed that, did you luv...?” A warm, richly accented voice asked with the slightest hint of a lisp – and Dan rolled over to face the woman who had given him so much pleasure of let.

She was even older than he – but exactly how much older was nearly impossible to tell; a lifetime of almost extreme dedication to staying fit and firm, when coupled with extensive and expensive plastic surgery would have made it difficult in any case; given what she had used the plastic surgery to do, however, made it impossible.

Despite having known her for nearly a year now, Dan – much less people meeting her for the first time – simply couldn't see her as anything else but a walking, talking fuckdoll.

Which, as far Dan could tell, was exactly what she wanted to be; or, rather, what she'd decided at a fairly young age what she was going to end up becoming.

From things she had said, Dan knew that until her late thirties, it had been anything but obvious that was her goal; shed been a stock and bond trader in England. Reportedly, her then-natural figure had been more than mildly spectacular back then, especially since she'd already been taking incredibly good care of herself – but then, 'retiring' at age forty, she'd used whatever the years between then and now to engage in a long, carefully planned transformation that further exaggerated every sexual aspect of her femininity, even down to having leg-lengthening and rib-removal surgery that left her with a practically inhuman figure.

"Yeah, DeeDee..." Dan agreed, finally answering her question; "It was fantastic!"

"Thanks, luv..." She said, a smile forming on her surgically-plumped, cum-splattered lips as she slid off the bed and began padding toward the en suite bathroom, artificially round, firm buttocks swaying on those amazingly flaring hips of her – also artificially enhanced, of course.

Hell – even her name was as patently fake as her brassy blonde hair; she'd had it legally changed to "Ditzzy Doll" before immigrating to America; DeeDee to her friends. Dan had no idea what her birth name might have been...

...and frankly, he didn't care a whit.

When she'd first come to him – literally seeking him out – she'd all-but-demanded that he treat her as the ultimate bimbo; using her like the living sex-doll she appeared to be. It was a deal that, after sampling her wares and wiles, Dan had been more than happy to make, and he'd yet had a reason to regret it, no matter how mysterious she might be.

In fact, even aside from that phenomenal, unrealistic body, she was downright weird – but not nearly enough so for Dan to pass up on such continuous, mind-blowing sex, especially since part of her demand was that he would let her use her impressive fortune to pay for everything, obviating the need for anything so mundane as work. In fact, about the only demanding demand she made was that he stay in the peak of health, and even if he wasn't fond of the physical exercise and diet regime she'd arranged for him, it was certainly a small price to pay, especially considering how being in the peak of physical fitness made the sexual marathons all the more intense.

Of course, her weirdness did get familiar after extended exposure – and so, knowing it was expected, Dan propped himself up on one elbow and asked the question, despite already knowing the answer he'd get: "So – how was it for you...?"

Sure enough, she paused in the doorway of the bathroom, looked over her creamy shoulder, and gave the now- standard reply...

"It was to die for, luv – to die for..."

THE END



SUMMARY: A Genie helps one man recreate his crossdressing fantasies with a woman who has the exact same desires.

Lonely

By Gunslinger

Dead silence reigned in the room.

The just-about-average apartment bedroom was completely transformed for The Event. Inoffensive beige walls had been covered by Persian and Arabian rugs. Most of the furniture had been shoved into one corner, and in the empty spot created lay another rug, on which was piled deep blue and royal purple cushions with gold fringe and tassels - in the center of which lay a tarnished old brass oil- lamp.

Candles burned on a specially-purchased candelabra, lighting the room in flickers of red, gold and orange. The flickering, wavering light cast shadows that seemed to move in the dead silence, but which were merely illusionary. Everything in the room was perfectly still...

...including its inhabitants.

A slender, pale young man with long, dark-brown hair and soulful-looking eyes was sitting on a small pile of cushions near the edge of the rug on the floor. Dressed casually in jeans and a comfortable old sweatshirt, he looked somewhat out-of-place in the Arabian Nights setting, even though the room was his.

The other person in the room fit right in, however. A short, slender, woman with a taut, dusky body and long, glossy black hair, she had an eerie, ageless beauty that made it utterly impossible to determine her age - but the skimpy clothing she wore showed lots of young- looking flesh that was smooth and supple. Her semi-transparent pantaloons were like light, baggy nylons, not so much 'obscuring' her shapely legs, but making them more tantalizing. Her smooth, slender belly was exposed by the halter-style top that enclosed her handful-sized bosom, which was the same delightful shade as her skin.

Beneath that crowning glory of rich, dark hair, her exotically beautiful face boasted a sharp, pert nose and full unadorned lips - but her most arresting feature was her huge, dark, and slightly angled eyes, framed by long, dark lashes.

These eyes were focused on the young man - and they were even wider than usual, mirror her surprise...

...and then the genie blinked, and shrugged.

"Your wish is my command, Master..." She said in a melodic voice...

...and then she disappeared, to be replaced with a supple, athletic young woman with short, rust-orange hair and a rather shocked expression on her rather cute little face. She was dressed in black spandex shorts, a white spandex cop-top, and jogging shoes - and, from the way a light sheen of sweat coated her taut, cute body, she'd been working out.

Taut, cute little body - because she was a tiny little woman. About the same age as the not-tall young man, she was considerably shorter even than he.

That didn't mean she was ready to 'roll over and play dead', however. After the initial second of shock, she leapt to her feet and went into a fighting crouch, hands weaving.

"What's going on here?" She asked, warily, her cute little face unable to effectively project threat, anymore than her sweet voice could be 'demanding'. "Who are you? Where am I? How did I get here?"

"Please, please - stay calm." The young man said, holding up his hands, inoffensively. "My name's Peter - Peter Llewellyn. You're in no danger. You're in my apartment, and you were brought here by the magic of a genie."

The young woman looked at him, her blue-green eyes incredulous. "A genie. Oh, I see. You wouldn't happen to have it handy, would you?"

Peter smiled, not the least bit offended by her obvious skepticism. "I'm afraid not. You see, Genie only grants one wish, and the instant she granted mine, she vanished."

"I see..." The woman said, in a voice that spoke volumes. "You made your wish, so she vanished - and that wish was that I just appear?"

"Oh, no." Peter said, with a calm little smile. "I don't even know who you are, Miss. However, I do know a couple of things about you."

"Oh?" The young woman asked, sidling slowly towards the door. Peter, still smiling politely, his dark eyes sad, watched her - but made no move to interfere.

"Yes." He said, calmly. "I know that you're a mentally and emotionally mature, English-speaking woman somewhere between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-six. Oh - and I also know that you've recently been fantasizing an awful lot about what it might be like to have sex - as a man."

The woman stopped dead, her eyes bulging as her jaw went slack. "Buh... how did you...?"

"I'm a twenty-four-year-old male..." Peter said, gently. "...reasonably mature, emotionally and mentally. Recently, I've gone through several bad relationships, and have been feeling lonely, sad and rather sexually frustrated... and, more and more often, I've been wondering what it would be like to have sex... as a woman."

"That's uncanny..." The girl breathed, wide-eyed.

"Not really." Peter said, softly. "You see, I wished that a woman who was in the same sort of emotional situation, about the same age and background, with similar... tendencies... would appear - and, if both of us are willing, we'd be able to 'play out' the fantasy."

She stared at him, still in the fighting stance, now only inches from the door. In fact, her blue-green eyes turned towards the doorknob, well within reach...

...and then swung back to Peter as she slowly straightened and - hesitantly and nervously - smiled.

"I'm Stacy." She said, a waver in her voice. She took a step forward and extended a hand, nervously reaching over with her other hand to lightly grip her shoulder - and cover her taut little bosom under her arm. "Stacy Tanner."

"Hi." Peter said, leaning forward and lightly gripping her slender fingers. She twitched, slightly - then laughed nervously as Peter released her hand. She sat down across from him, cross-legged.

"Sorry." She apologized, her face a cute shade of red that really brought out her freckles. Though embarrassed, her tone was no longer nervous. "This is all a little... surreal, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, I don't doubt it." Peter said, agreeably. "First of all, you're instantly transported from familiar surroundings to a strange room, where a strange man begins babbling about Genies and Magic - and the only reason you're still here is to see whether or not it could be true.

No matter how silly or embarrassed you feel about 'buying in' to this, to 'humoring' my crazy tale, you're more intrigued - or obsessed - with the thought that maybe, just maybe, it's actually possible."

She blinked - and then smiled. "You know this because it's the exact same for you - only, somehow, you found a way to actually do something about it."

"Actually, I just sort of stumbled across it." Peter said, modestly. "See, I'm a writer, and I was doing some research for a book - and I discovered that there was a huge misconception about Genies. Though they do live in bottles or lamps, they aren't 'compelled' to serve anybody."

"Oh?" Stacy asked, finding herself getting caught up in the tale. Sure, the basic premise was still crazy, but the details were so realistic...

...and even if they weren't, there was the little matter of her instantaneous relocation from her basement treadmill to Peter's apartment.

"You see..." Pete explained. "The Genies are very reclusive people - that's why they live alone in such strange places. However, every hundred years or so, they like an hour or so of 'human contact' - and, if they pick you to 'entertain' them, they grant you a wish. Sort of a

'thank you', you see. That whole 'rubbing the lamp' was a mistranslation of an old 'temptation' to lure the genie out - offering them, not the lamp, the 'rub'."

Stacy grinned. "Yeah - it's hard to give yourself a good backrub, isn't it?"

"Exactly." Pete said, with a wink. "After nearly a thousand years, this Genie was happy to exchange a wish for a good meal, several glasses of wine, and a back-rub."

Stacy looked closely at Peter, studying his eyes - and then she laughed and shook his head. "Okay, Peter, if you're crazy, then I guess I am too - because I actually believe you. Somehow, amazingly, you actually found a way to get your wish. So... when did I get brought into this?": She held up her slender hand with a smile. "Not that I'm complaining - far from it! I was just wondering why you didn't simply wish yourself female. Why do I get my curiosity dissatisfied, too?"

Peter blushed. "I don't think I could actually have sex with a 'real' guy - it would feel too weird. With a guy I know is 'really' a woman... well, somehow, that doesn't seem as 'gay'". He laughed, awkwardly. "Silly, isn't it? I'm getting turned into a woman so I can have sex with a guy, and I'm worried about what feels 'gay' to me."

"No, not at all..." Stacy said, a surprised look on her face. "I'd never really thought about it, but now that you mentioned it - yes. I'd feel much more comfortable having sex with a 'guy' who looks like a woman. Sort of a 'balance' thing, I guess - there'll be a male mind and a female mind, a male body and a female body. It all works out... kinda..."

"I know." Pete grinned at Stacy's odd expression as she struggled to explain the emotional and highly illogical difference. "I'm a writer, and even I couldn't come up with a good way to describe it."

"As long as we both feel the same, though, I guess words don't matter." Stacy said, grinning. "We could call it 'glorp' now, if we wanted to - we have a shared reference now. If I said 'I feel more 'glorpy' than usual, you'd know what I meant."

Peter blinked, rather surprised by the depth of her comprehension. Though he was a pretty good guy, Peter was equipped with the standard human ego, and liked to feel that, being a writer, he was a little smarter, a little more creative, than the 'average person'.

Perhaps he was... but, if so, then Stacy wasn't 'average'.

"Exactly..." He said, smiling. "Now, this is really simple - I've put you in 'control', so you wouldn't feel surprised by what happens. Since I already know how it works - since I wished it up - I won't find it so... disorientating."

"Okay - so what do I do?" Stacy asked, leaning forward with a very interested look in her eye.

"Simple - imagine your fantasy. Picture yourself, in your 'fantasy' male body. Picture your new body dressed the way you want. Imagine the new, female me, and my clothing. Imagine our new names. Imagine our setting - and then, when you're ready, simply say 'now'."

"That's all there is too it?" She asked, a bit taken aback.

"Yup. Reality will 'bend' itself so that who were are and were we are in that instant you imagined makes perfect sense. We'll be in an alternate universe, one exactly like this one - except with history altered as much as it needs to be for us to be in that one, frozen scene you imagined. Even the 'return' is automatic - once we've each reached an orgasm, reality 'warps' back to the original version, bringing us back to the precise instant we left - but with our memories of the time spent in the alternate universe perfectly intact."

"Sounds easy enough..." Stacy said, thoughtfully, and Peter pushed back his anticipation and tried to prepare himself for the lengthy wait while Stacy considered every tiny detail of her 'fantasy'...

"Now." She said, cants second after peter had finished speaking.

She was sitting in front of a mirror.

*** POOF ***

It took Peter a second to realize it. First off, 'expected' or not, being instantly turned from a man into a woman can be disconcerting. The image in the mirror to a second to 'sync' with the new sensations from her altered body.

Also, she hadn't expected the woman she'd become to be black. Well, actually, a rich shade of cinnamon-coffee, a sort of dark coffee- and-cream tone that had golden-red overtones.

She was about average height for a woman - which meant she hadn't appreciably changed height, since she'd been small for a man. Her new body was lithe and supple, with smooth, soft skin and long, graceful limbs. Her hands and feet were dainty enough, and her waist was trim above slender-yet-feminine hips sporting a trim, firm, and undeniably cute ass.

Yes, she was certainly an attractive young black woman - even if she wasn't wearing what Peter thought of as the most 'feminine' of clothing. A olive-drab, black and dark-gray sleeveless T shirt, olive-drab cargo-pants two sizes too big and held up

by a big leather belt, and a pair of black combat boots was hardly what Peter thought of as 'lady-like' attire - but there was no doubt she was female, despite the clothes. For one thing, there was her face. Her lips were full and covered with a clear gloss - even if they were curled into a faintly wry, sardonic grin out of 'habit'. Her nose was well-sized and shaped for her face, and her eyes were dark and long-lashed, if a bit world-weary and skeptical.

Her dark-brown hair had been done up into hundreds of tiny braided 'ponytails', which had then been pulled back into one big ponytail. Simple beaten-steel 'hoops' formed her jewelry, from small ones serving as rings, medium size as earrings, and the largest as bracelets or bangles.

Yes, the person inside the clothes was definitely female - and any lingering doubt would have been laid to rest by the sight of the massive, firm breasts straining the shirt. Roughly basketball-sized and -shaped, her new tits were remarkably heavy and sensitive.

"Very funny..." Peter murmured, hearing the richly feminine new voice that went with the body she now wore. The new woman glanced around, taking in her surroundings - which seemed to be a middlin' nice living room in a mid-to-high-priced apartment.

With a mental shrug, Peter turned his attention away from the decor, and looked at the sheet of paper she held in one slender mocha hand, her dark eyes reading the printing it bore:

NOTICE OF STATUS CHANGE

Jones, Petra R., having lived the first twenty-five years of her life in Gender Segregation Facility 178-B, has been evaluated in regards to Final Disposition. Failing to qualify for Reproductive Rights, it is nevertheless found that, by virtue of the voluntarily-accepted a) physical modifications including Irreversible Sterility and Breast Enlargement, and b) All appropriate Mental Pattern Projections, Jones, Petra R. has been approved for Mixed Gender Cohabitation. Therefore, Jones, Petra R. is hereby ordered to relocate to Cohabitation Module 1762-B and, there, engage in Mixed-Gender Interaction and Sexual Intercourse with assigned Male, to wit: Tanner, Stanley Q.

Peter - Petra - let one elegantly-shaped eyebrow climb higher on her dark brow. Stacy - Stanley - had a more active 'fantasy life' than expected. This was a highly-detailed little fantasy, where males and females weren't allowed to even see one another until after they were twenty-five.

Slightly bemused, the new woman turned her attention back to the mirror, trying to figure something out.

Peter didn't like large breasts. He liked them small and perky. Yet, for some reason, she didn't think of her new breasts as 'grotesque', even though she would have expected too. In fact - she found that she liked the way the huge breasts looked on her. In fact... she thought they looked downright perfect on her, so huge and firm and round and sexy. Unsupported by a brassiere, they still thrust so firm and round and proud into the shirt, pulling it taut over their near-spherical perfection. They practically begged to be noticed, to be admired...

"Interesting..." She mused to her reflection. "On other women, I prefer small, taut breasts - but, now that I'm a woman, I find I love having huge, round tits thrust proudly from my chest so that they can be admired and desired..."

Purposely picking a pose that better-emphasized her deliciously huge tits, Petra shook her head wryly at how quickly somebody who once thought anything larger than a double-'D' was 'disgusting' could find herself so indescribably proud and excited to own a pair of magnificent mounds she would have once called 'freakish'.

In fact... she was a bit surprised to find that she looked... HOT. Really, really, really hot. The woman she'd become was a far cry from the type she, as a man, had always fantasized about. Yet, for some reason, she found her new body very, very 'sexy' - but not in a 'I want to lay her...' sort of way. Though her new body wasn't her 'fantasy girl', for some strange reason she was very, very 'proud' of her new body, thinking she looked so damned... sexy.

She was still trying to puzzle it out when the front door of the 'apartment' swung open, and a man walked in. Petra was stunned when the sight of a man did many, many things to her, all at the same time.

The first thing the sight of the tall, muscular man did to her was to cause her heart-rate to triple, while her stomach contracted into a tight little ball. Her mouth went dead dry, the moisture being needed for the sweat on her palms.

The same symptoms could have been anxiety or excitement - and in her case, they were both. She was stunned by how nervous and yet how eager she felt - but she was more stunned to find herself staring at the handsome, athletic man, her eyes lingering on his tall, broad-shouldered body...

...and finding it not only handsome, but very arousing.

She was getting turned on by the mere sight of the rusty-haired man. Getting aroused by the man also increased her fear and confusion, and she was suddenly glad for her dark complexion's ability to 'hide' her blush...

...while, at the same time, she was very aware - and 'proud' of just how smooth - how... 'touchable' - her new mocha skin was. "Stu... Stan?" Petra asked, nervously, literally trembling. "Is.. Is that you?"

"Yeah, Petra, it's me..." The rusty-haired man said, awkwardly - and Petra's eyes widened as she realized that Stan was just as nervous, awkward and aroused as she was.

"Why do I feel so.. strange?" Petra asked, unconsciously squeezing her hands together while mixed emotions ran through her body.

"Well, the nervousness comes from the fact that this is all new and different, even if it's exciting." Stan said, closing the door and walking, awkwardly, over to the couch. "It probably feels weirder than usual because you're not used to being directly attracted to a man before. Part of my fantasy is that our actual, uh... 'tastes' would be reversed, to make it easier for us to, uh.. you know."

"Oh. Right." Petra said, taking a deep breath. "I mean, we specifically came here to have sex, so I guess it makes sense to have each of us physically attracted to the other. Uh... why do I find my own body so 'spectacular' then? I wouldn't have thought this body was my type, yet I find myself... uh, 'proud', I guess, of my body."

Stan coughed - and turned the most delightful shade of pink. She spoke in a half-apologetic, half-defense tone. "Hey, it's my fantasy, right? I didn't want my 'fantasy girl' acting all ashamed or confused about her body - so, when I chose the female body I'd like to have sex with, as a man, I made you like your body..."

Petra grinned. "Don't sweat it, Stan. I wasn't angry - just confused."

Stan relaxed. "Oh. Great." He was now standing directly in front of the couch, fidgeting. "Uh... So, what do we do now?"

With the 'strangeness' explained, Petra was able to relax a bit. Oh, she was still nervous, because this was new and exciting to her - but she was in no danger, Stan had thoughtfully 'geared' her towards men and made her proud of her own, temporary female body - and the purpose of this whole exercise had been clearly defined. They were here to have sex, in the body of the opposite gender...

...and now the thought generated much more excitement and arousal than it did confusion or fear, so Petra smiled and patted the couch beside her. "Well, why don't you just have a seat right here, handsome, and we'll see if we can't figure it out..."

Stan blinked at the warm, smooth, blatantly-suggestive tone Petra used, combined with a heavy-lidded sensual smile.

"Uh... Okay..." Stan said, awkwardly lowering himself to the couch. He seemed to be having real trouble finding a comfortable position. Obviously, he was having a harder time getting comfortable in the situation than she was - which made sense. Though she'd 'thoughtfully' allowed Stan to pick the fantasy, the truth was it was Petra who was more in control, emotionally. After all, she'd been planning this for awhile, had been ready for it - while Stan-as-Stacy hadn't even Petra-as-Peter half an hour ago, much less what he'd been planning and preparing for.

So, the situation was this: Stan was a man, in the middle of something he'd fantasized about, but very nervous and hesitant despite the fact that his 'dream woman' was sitting beside him - while she was 'ready, willing and eager', even if she was still nervous.

Well, then - if Stan wanted a 'fantasy come true', then that's what he was going to get - whether he was ready for it or not. Though her new heart was pounding wildly behind her magnificent new bosom, Petra smiled seductively - and pressed her warm, supple, and very definitely female body firmly against Stan's male one, feeling him stiffen momentarily - then relax, his arms rather hesitantly coming up to gently hold her. She snuggled into him with a sigh, finding it felt wonderful to have her excited, aroused body pressed against the warm, virile body of a man she found amazingly attractive.

"Mmm... A girl could get to like this..." Petra said, closing her eyes and enjoying the sensation.

Since her eyes were closed, she didn't see the sudden look of realization that crossed Stan's new face. Having been female, Stan knew more or less how Petra felt right now - and that knowledge caused her to 'click' into the scene. Though she'd never been in this particular position before, the situation itself was familiar to Stan, even if it was reversed - but, then again, the reason it was 'reversed' was because it wasn't happening enough the other way for either of them.

"Yeah. Yeah, a girl could get to like this..." Stan murmured, softly, earning him a surprised smile from the mocha-colored woman who, by the way, happened to be his 'fantasy girl'. Stan idly wondered what Petra would say if she knew that the 'fantasy body' she possessed had been inspired solely by Stan-as-Stacy wanting something the direct opposite of Stan's old female body. However, Stan didn't mention it...

...since his lips were much too busy kissing a slightly startled Petra, tenderly-yet-passionately, while his own excitement and arousal finally overshadowed his nervous uncertainty.

Petra, after the moment of surprise, let herself 'relax', and simply slipped into the kiss, letting her eyes slide closed again as she enjoyed the sensation of lips against her own. It had been much too long since Petra had been kissed, and the 'weirdness' of the gender-reversed situation was nothing compared to the enjoyment she was feeling from being here, finding herself in a warm embrace with somebody she found amazingly sexy, kissing and touching gently-yet-passionately.

They finally broke the kiss, pulling back a bit to share a happily-surprised and warmly-gentle smile with each other. "Oh - that wasn't bad at all..." Petra said, grinning with near-girlish joy.

"Yeah." Stan agreed, still holding her. A glint came into his eyes, and he slowly and deliberately let his gaze slide from her face to where her massive breasts strained against her shirt.

She felt a tingle of excitement and pleasure that ran through her at having her breasts ogled. With her 'pride' for her body, having it admired only increased the pleasure she felt - and Stan, knowing this, was deliberately increasing her enjoyment of the situation - which, coincidentally, also increased his own enjoyment.

So, it was a win-win move for both of them when she smiled, softly, and peeled off the skin-tight shirt, revealing her massive, firm mounds.

"Like what you see, big boy..." She asked, coyly, leaning back in his strong, supporting embrace and lightly fondling her own massive, dusky breasts. She shivered how good it felt to touch her new breasts - but she also enjoyed the look on Stan's face as he eyed her luscious mounds.

It had been far, far too long since she'd felt so... alive. Her body was tingling with energy and desire, all nervousness long since overwhelmed. When Stan bent his head down and began lightly licking, sucking and kissing on one dark, erect nipple, she sighed and massaged her firmly-soft breasts, enjoying it as Stan alternated nipples, his own hands still supporting her gently.

"Oh, Stan..." She moaned, low and husky. "That feels wonderful, baby "

Lifting his lips from her deliciously swollen nipples, he grinned at her - then gently swiveled her around, until her firm, full ass was snuggled into his crotch, a wonderful hardness pressing deliciously into her delightful ass, separated by two layers of fabric. With her back pressed up against his firm, masculine chest, she leaned her head back on his shoulder as he began to massage and fondle her wonderfully sensitive new breasts, his hands eager and exciting as they roamed her breasts.

"Oh... Oh, yeah " She moaned, rolling her head back and forth in pleasure. Almost of their own accord, her hands roamed down her body to the faded olive-drab covering her crotch - where they began to move over the fabric, pushing down, seeking the warm, wet source of the urges she was feeling.

"Am I turning you on, gorgeous ?" Stan asked, slyly, his own body trembling with the desires and urges he knew she shared. "Is a big, strong man fondling your huge, round tits getting you all hot and wet, baby?"

"You bet " She moaned, a smile also crossing her lips - she knew he was just as horny and eager as she was. Purposefully, she began to grind her full, firm ass against his crotch, making his gasp in pleasure - and fondle her breasts even more, which caused her to speed up the rhythm of her hands over her clothing-clad crotch...

"Oh, God " She moaned, softly, yanking her hands away from her crotch - and pulling herself out of Stan's arms as she stood up, her knees trembling from the force of her desire.

"Petra?" Stan asked, alarm and concern struggling to compete with his arousal.

"Sorry..." She gasped, struggling to control her own rampant desires. "I.. I was too close. I.. I don't want to waste my one female orgasm "

Then, turning to look at him, she quite deliberately kicked off her boots and slid her pants down around her ankles. Under the baggy pants she was naked, her skin gleaming a mellow golden-brown under the apartment's light, lightly glossed by a sheen of sweat.

"Fuck me, Stan." Petra said, hungrily. "Fill my tight, wet cunt with you cock and fuck me until I scream..." Then she giggled. "Geez - never thought I'd be saying that.

Stan's grin resurfaced - as he stood up and quickly undressed, revealing a tall, tautly-muscled body that wasn't overly bulky, but definitely strong and male. A larger-than-average cock jutted proudly from his crotch, erect and ready. He winked. "I thought I'd never be saying 'Okay, gorgeous, I'm going to keep thrusting my hot, hard cock into your tight, wet cunt until I pump a load of hot man-seed into you', but here I am..."

"That's just tacky..." She said with a reproving giggle - as she flowed into her arms, their deliciously naked bodies pressing firmly against one another, her huge rack squeezed wonderfully between them as they kissed, briefly but passionately - and sank down onto the couch....

...in a incredible pleasure-inducing move that put Petra on top of Stan, his thick, throbbing organ slid easily and pleasurable into her eagerly accepting cunt.

"Oh... God She moaned, her yes rolling at how good it felt to be filled so wonderfully - and then, almost instinctively she pushed with her smooth, toned legs, lifting her upwards - and then falling back down, the incredible friction of his cock in her cunt making her gasp.

So she did it again - and again, working into a faster and faster rhythm, her huge breasts bouncing and her braided hair whipping around as she rode atop Stan's muscular body, intense pleasure running through her new and undeniably feminine body.

It felt.. incredible. She was bouncing and writhing atop a muscular man, sexual pleasure flowing through each of them. It didn't really matter who was female or male at this point - though the sensations each was experience was somewhat different then what they were used to feeling during sex, it was no less enjoyable - and it had been much too long for either of them since they'd felt this wonderful.

Their bodies moved eagerly together, towards a much-desired common goal that thundered down on them light a freight-train...

...and then slammed into them, tearing screams of pleasure from both throats as their orgasms ripped through them, a wet cunt tightening hard around a spurting cock - and who cared who had what. It felt fantastic...

...and reality began to warp around them as the orgasm started to fade.

"No..." Petra shouted, still bouncing atop Stan's slowly-softening cock. "Not yet "

Stan obviously agreed - because he pulled her body against his, kissing her passionately, urgently, his cock still in her wet cunt as he ground his hips desperately, trying to get it up again, quick...

...and then reality warped away.

* * * * *

"...you may now kiss the bride."

Stacy turned, looking radiant in the pearl-trimmed white gown she wore, it's Victorian bodice downy-white over her modest bust, the corset-style waist-piece tight around her slender, trim middle before the full, white skirt flared outwards. Her lovely face bore a look of utter contentment as she looked upwards into the warm, dark eyes of her groom.

Then, as they embraced and kissed in front of the assembled guests, Peter-in-Stacy's body was finally sure that the 'mix-up' that had left them in their own reality, but in each other's bodies, had been for the best. With no way to change back, they'd spent months learning every little detail about each other, so as to be able to play the other's 'role'...

...and had fallen madly, passionately, and utterly helplessly in love.

'Helplessly' - but certainly note 'hopelessly'. As her husband wrapped his arms around her and kissed her, tenderly, Stacy closed her eyes and relaxed into his arms, knowing that she'd never, ever be lonely again...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A con man suddenly finds that he has become his con, when a magic idol changes him into the bimbo he is pretending to be.

Long Con

By Gunslinger

Even over the sound of running water, the scorn and derision in Roy's voice as it floated out of the bathroom was crystal clear.

"I *told* you we were fleecing the marks to close to the skin, but did *you* listen...?" Roy demanded, his voice mildly distorted as he rubbed vigorously at his hair. "Oh, no - not you, not the great Mark Tumbrel."

"All right, all right, so I screwed up..." Mark grumped, crossing his arms over his slender chest. "Let it go. The question now is, what the hell are we gonna do about it?"

In a cloud of steam, the door to the bathroom open, and a completely different person from the one who entered emerged.

The young man who walked into the bathroom several hours before had been tall, pale and apparently skinny, with a thick mass of long, unkempt hair and an equally disreputable beard. The one who exited, however, was tall and lean and toned,

with a 'base tan' provided by the sun-lamp contrasting sharply with his short, white-blond hair and the gleaming white teeth curved into a wicked smile on his clean-shaven face.

"Time for Surfer Dude and the Barely Seen Wahine, I think." Roy said, rather pointedly running his fingers through his short-shorn mass of hair.

"Oh, no..." Mark groaned, suddenly realizing why Roy had insisted he get into the bathroom first. "You got to be kidding me, bro..." "I kid you not." Roy said, grinning. "Un less you've got a better idea... 'babe'."

Muttering curses under his breath, Mark pushed himself off the arm of the wicker-framed loveseat he'd been leaning against and began pacing across the hard-wood floor of their open-design beach house.

Mark and Roy had arrived on Oahu nearly four months before, with about twenty bucks between them - which would have been a bad situation for most people, but had merely been a starting point for the pair of twenty-four year old con men who'd been working together for almost ten years now.

Roy, the planner of the duo, had already worked out the short con they'd be running - the Hippy scam, modified for Hawaii. With both of them wearing faded tie-dyed shirts and ratty old jeans, they'd strolled the beaches with vacant, 'drug-fried brain' looks on their faces. Both of them wore their hair and beards long, and just sort of stumbled along, selling cheaply made 'souvenirs' made from flotsam and jetsam found on the beach... or so it would seem.

As Roy always said, the art of being a con man lay not in cheating the mark - but offering an opportunity, then keeping your mouth shut while you let the mark cheat themselves.

So it was with the Hippy scam. The duo made a big show of 'gathering' off the beach, right down to using cheap Radio Shack metal detectors to apparently find lost coins and other pieces of metal to add to their free-form shell and driftwood sculptures. They'd then offer these creations to tourists, allowing said tourist to start the haggling with an open bid - and when the tourist spotted what looked like a valuable old coin or what appeared to be a gold necklace or diamond earring as part of the souvenir, that bid was usually higher than any quick-glued assemblage of beach junk should otherwise be worth, but less than what the tourist actually believed that unnoticed bit of treasure was valued at.

Sure he was sneaking a treasure away from a permanently stoned hippy too dumb to realize what he had, the tourist would pay anywhere from thirty to sixty bucks for the cheap chunk of beach trash - only to find out some time later that the 'gold' was painted solder that had been cast into coin, chain or pendant, and the diamonds, rubies and pearls were cheap paste copies, making the entire assemblage actually worth about two dollars - if that.

It was a pretty standard scam, and had worked great - at first. That was when Mark, the 'leg man' for the duo, had been more careful in his observation of the marks they were going to him, making sure to pick those who were due to leave the island the same day, thus unable to authenticate the value of the 'treasure' until they were safely away. During the last month,

however, Mark had grown more and more lax - until the word had finally begun to spread, and it was time for the two hippies to disappear.

Which, to Roy and Mark, who'd invested the majority of their money in this beach-house on a lease that didn't run out for another three months, that meant changing their appearances and starting a new short con...

...and, try as he might, Mark wasn't able to come up with any better idea than the one Roy had come up with - *after* having cut his long hair nice and short, of course, while Mark still had his long and thick.

"Why is it..." Mark asked, plaintively, "...that whenever we pull one of these 'boy-girl' scams, *I'm* always the one who ends up in drag?"

"Well, the first half-dozen times it was random chance..." Roy said, straight-faced, "...and after that, well - you have all the experience already, now don't you?"

"You've pulled me out of more scrapes than I'd care to count, and I owe you big time..." Mark said, with a sigh, "...but, you know what Roy? Sometimes I really hate you."

Roy threw back his head and laughed - and after a long moment, Mark had to join in.

When they'd met up, Mark had been living on the streets of Chicago, barely scrapping by - whereas Mark had already been an accomplished pick-pocket working his way up to con artist. He'd taken Mark under his wing, and they'd quickly found a rhythm that meant they spent about sixty percent of the time living high off the hog - and while they'd had a couple of close scrapes that had caused them to flee the locale quickly, they'd never been arrested, a better record than most could claim.

"Okay, okay, so what'll it be this time?" Mark asked, finally giving in to the inevitable.

Roy's expressive lips curled in thought as he considered what would be the best for this particular time and place.

"Well, since this is a long-distance con, let's play the cliché." Roy finally decided. "After all, 'over the top' plays best at that distance." "Right..." Mark sighed, agreeing with the reasoning, even if he didn't particularly like it. "I guess I'd better get started..."

Mumbling under his breath some more, Mark headed over to the closet for his 'kit' - including the suitcase containing the stuff he'd hoped he'd never have to use again.

As he lugged the suitcase into the bathroom to begin his transformation, he ran the details of the Surfer Dude and the Barely Seen Wahine scam over in his mind, making sure he wouldn't miss anything important.

In essence, the scam - which was an 'exit con', one that they would leave Oahu at the end of - was very simple. It was an exit con for two reasons - the first being that it called for something con artists didn't do very much, which was socialize. That was the Surfer Dude's part of the scam. Roy, playing the role of a real board-head, would quickly worm his way into the

local surfing scene and make friends with just about everybody , while making sure to casually drop references to the incredibly hot, rich babe - 'wahine', in surfer lingo - that he was semi-dating.

'Semi', because she was the type of hot-and-wild babe who didn't 'do' commitment, just in it for the fun, the sex, and the gifts - and that their current state of 'semi-exclusiveness' was just until he managed to save up enough money to move on to Australia, or whatever other 'next stop' on his world surfing tour was supposed to be.

If everything went as planned, the other surfers would begin scraping up money for two separate-but-connected purposes: To give to Roy, to get the 'competition' off the island and on his way, and; to send gifts to this hot babe, in order to have a 'head start' on getting her once Roy was gone.

Before that could happen, though, there had to be something a little more substantial than Roy's word - which is where Mark came in.

The marks had to *see* the Wahine - but always at a distance, and only for short periods of time, letting their imaginations do a much better job of deciding just how incredibly hot 'she' was than any real woman could ever hope to match up to.

All of which explained why Mark would be spending the next month or so as the stereotypical 'beach bunny' - tall, slender, blonde and extraordinarily busty.

He started with the most basic step of all - shaving off his long, scraggly 'Jesus beard'.

In this particular instance, that took the form of using an electric trimmer on it's shortest setting to get it down to a fine fuzz across his face, the stage at which most men would have switched to razors - but that wasn't in the cards for Mark, who had to grimace at his reflection and push himself into the realm of 'feminizing' himself.

In this case, that meant stepping into the shower stall, carrying with him two full bottles of Veet hair removal cream.

Carefully, he began applying the astringent depilatory cream all over his body, starting at his feet and slowly working his way up his lean body.

Like many full-time con artists, he kept his body as slender as physically possible - since, after all, it was easy to pad out your body to give the illusion of being fatter or bulkier, but much more difficult to make yourself look even a little slimmer than you really were. With a steady, unexcited pace, he coated every inch of his body with the cream, right up to his face where he spread it over the fuzzy remnants of his beard.

He let it set for the time proscribed on the bottle, then turned on the water and used the plastic 'bladeless razor' to scrape the cream off - and with it, all his body hair, leaving his skin denuded of any hair.

After carefully rinsing, washing, and re-rinsing his body, he went to work on the hair he'd let grow wild and tangled. Reaching halfway down his back, the thick light-brown mane was a mess, and he struggled with a comb as he washed it twice, then conditioned it - all of which was merely preparation for the next step.

Curling his nose at the distinctive odor, he pulled out the hair dye and went to work, bleaching and coloring his now fluffy mane of slightly curly hair from its mousy brown into a rich, gleaming golden halo that, when dry, surrounded his face in a thick wave.

Sighing at the reflection in the mirror, Mark mentally girded himself for the final step.

It consisted of a carefully crafted bodysuit that would cover him from ankle-to-wrist-to-neck, blending in with his natural skin tone. The suit was really three layers of fine nylon mesh that was 'breathable' - though not nearly so much so as to be completely comfortable in the tropical air. 'Luckily', the Wahine always dressed in the skimpiest clothes 'she' could get away with, which made the suit barely bearable, as long as 'she' didn't do anything too strenuous.

Under the outer layer was the skin-toned padding - padding that was just thin enough to smooth out the lines of his legs and arms, thickening to round out his hips and ass, with the most voluminous padding at the bust, in the form of a pair of GGG-cup breasts that were each the size of a volleyball.

Before pulling on the body suit, however, Mark carefully applied a thin coating of a special adhesive at ankles, wrists, neck and waist, then slid the suit on and pushed it around until everything fit perfectly in place. It was a ticklish job, since the suit was designed to be worn without break for a month or more - which meant that he had to carefully position his cock and balls in the 'hips' of the suit, laying his cock in the tightly confining hollow in the padding, where it was placed above a slit that would allow him to urinate in the feminine manner while he was performing his feminine impersonation.

With it all properly positioned, he stood stock-still for five minutes by the clock, until the glue had set and assured that nothing would shift.

With that done, he stared at his reflection in the mirror and gave off another long, rueful sigh.

"Hello, Bambi..." He greeted his reflection in a passable imitation of a female voice. "I can't say I'm happy to see you again..." Grinning wryly, 'she' set about completing the Bambi look.

There was the make-up - the overdone, bright-red lipstick applied to make his lips looked overly full and feminine, the ridiculously over-long fake eyelashes, and the hot-pink eye-shadow applied with as heavy a hand as that used on the blush.

Next came Bambi's jewelry - cheap, gaudy, oversized costume props of gold-colored plastic and huge fake 'diamonds'. Clip-on earrings that hung almost to 'her' shoulders, a thick gold chain supporting a huge 'diamond' pendant, and big bangle bracelets.

With the gaudy plastic jewelry clicking and clacking in an annoying cacophony he knew from experience he'd 'tune out' in a few hours, Mark pulled on the custom-made white 'clamshell' bra that could be worn either as underwear or beachwear, then slipped the matching bikini briefs around padding-inflated hips and ass. Over the bottoms he wrapped a shimmering gold-lamé wrap - and only after that did he apply one of the parts he hated most, the ridiculously long, fire-engine red fake nails that would make manipulating things difficult for the next little while, until he once again fell into the habit of anticipating the handicap and correcting for them.

That done, there was just one 'little' thing left - and he pulled out the shoes with the two-inch clear plastic soles and matching six-inch heels and stepped into them, settling his feet firmly in the gold-colored upper straps and rising from the toilet where he'd sat to put them on, dismayed by how easily he'd come to be able to balance in the feminine footwear after all the experience he'd had in steadily higher heels.

Taking a deep breath that only served to cause his realistically weighted 'silicone implant' tits to shift on his chest, Mark - Bambi - fluffed out 'her' hair and swayed with a humiliatingly well-practiced feminine stride out of the bathroom.

"Well, *heeeeeee* nurse!" Roy quipped, and 'Bambi' shot him an annoyed smirk, knowing how garishly ridiculous 'she' looked this close up - a garishness that, at a distance, would translate into 'perfect'.

"All right, knock it off..." Mark groused in Bambi's voice, not at all surprised by the reaction as he ankled his way across the room with a feminine stride that was every bit as overdone as the rest of Bambi. "Let's just get on with this..."

"Right." Roy agreed, pulling the surfboard off the wall where, until now, it had served solely as decoration. "I don't expect all that much until at least this evening, but you know..."

"...never to drop out of character, because one slip can screw everything up." Bambi said, sourly. "Yeah, yeah - I know."

That began the 'routine' - and even knowing full well what it entailed, and having done it enough times that the initial disgust and awkwardness had been rubbed off, it wasn't any easier then it had been before.

For the next four days, they'd get up fairly early - and 'have sex'.

This consisted of Roy bouncing up and down on the bed below the open window, making it squeak and moan, while a very brightly blushing 'Bambi' made appropriately feminine sounds of passion, right up to and including faking female orgasms and because she was supposed to be such a wild woman, this routine included plenty of such humiliating phrases like 'I love you big cock in me, Roy!' and 'Oh yes, fuck me harder, you gorgeous stud!'.

Then, Roy would go out to socialize - and 'she' would spend the day walking around the house, visible through the big floor-to-ceiling windows as she watched TV, red women's magazines, or generally puttered around in the sexiest, most feminine manner possible - eye-candy for the surfers Roy brought down to the beach that fronted their house.

At various intervals, Roy would come inside - and she'd have to play the horny girlfriend, pretending to kiss Roy, rubbing up against him, then 'dragging him off' to the bedroom for sex or a blow-job - which was, of course, her sitting quietly out-of-site as Roy loudly moaned and commented on how great a cock-sucker she was, and so on.

Then more surfing and socializing, followed by a party - that Roy spent little time at, and Bambi none at all, as she was busy 'forcing' Roy to make up for his lack of attention off with his surfer buddies during the day in what appeared to be a never-ending sexual marathon, where she would continue pleasuring herself during the periods when Roy went out to the party to 'get his wind back' - and, of course, brag about how incredible Bambi was in bed.

By the second day, the first gift, a gold bracelet, appeared at the doorstep, and one by one, more gifts began to trickle in - as money began making its way to Roy, both 'cash in hand' as well as donations in the form of his buddies paying for more and more of the parties.

By day four, things were in full swing, the now nightly party paid wholly from the pockets of Roy's new buddies, hard-earned bills of various denominations finding their way into his hands as gifts to help him on his world surfing tour - and more feminine gifts that would later be pawned for the cash value showing up at the door for 'Bambi'.

Everything was going perfectly - and Bambi was getting steadily more annoyed with every passing hour.

On the morning of the fifth day, after watching Roy head off to do some surfing out a Diamondhead, 'Bambi' slowly made a turn around the living room of the beach house, trying to figure out what about this was driving 'her' so nuts.

Part of it was the heat, of course - never before had 'Bambi' been in such a tropical climate, and even all the time 'she' spent in a hot- tub actually filled with cool water didn't make up for the discomfort of being so well covered even while looking nearly naked.

The part that was really bothering 'her' was how.. sexual Bambi had to be.

Usually, the scam was pulled in a more secluded location, where there were only one or two 'performances' to be overheard. Here, it was a daily routine, done several times each day - and the necessity to fake having sex as a female was getting more humiliating with each rendition, instead of less.

With a sigh, 'Bambi' wiggled her way across the room, ever mindful that some hopeful suitor might be watching. Walking over to where the back wall of the room was covered in mirrored tiles, she leaned against a carved wooden sculpture of some grotesque nameless Hawaiian god, looking at her garish reflection.

"I wish it didn't look and feel so utterly ridiculous being Bambi the big-titted nympho bimbo..." She told her reflection, with a sigh...

...and then the carved god supporting her leaning way grew warm to the touch, and a bright flash of light suddenly erupted from it, momentarily inducing blindness in the wake of its eye-searing actinic blast.

"What the hell...?" Bambi cried out, wobbling away from the statue and rubbing at her eyes...

...and the gasping out another cry, this one wordless, as the sound of her voice made her drop her hands and stare at her reflection.

She blinked rapidly, sure that what she was seeing *had* to be an illusion caused by the dancing sparkles in her eyes from the blast of light.

No - not *sure*, not in the face of the different sensations registering from her body. Hoping.

Desperately, breathlessly *hoping*. It wasn't an illusion.

It was impossible, it was inexplicable - but it was real.

The huge-breasted blonde bimbo staring back at her from the reflective tiles of the back wall was *real*.

"Like, oh *my* god!" She gasped in a voice much, much higher-pitched than the one she'd been 'faking'. "I'm, like, the most completely hot babe, like, *ever*!"

It was, sort of, what she'd meant to say - but certainly not in the way she'd meant to say it, the phrasing as completely 'off' as the high-pitched, slightly lisping, and disgustingly cheerful 'valley girl' soprano it emerged in.

Her hands, now much slimmer, flew to her huge breasts - and she heard the tinkle of metal-on-metal as her still-garish but now real gold bracelets rattled off each other as her hands, with their now-real over-long nails, cupped her massive, heavy, and truly silicone- inflated tits.

In her chock, she'd meant to send her hands to her massive, now-'real' tits - but she hadn't meant to squeeze and fondle them like she was doing, anymore than she'd meant her shocked expression of horror to emerge in a giggling voice from a huge, cheerfully brainless smile: "Like, I just *love* my awesomely huge tits! They're, like, the *best*!"

She wanted to scream in horror and disgust at what she was doing, how she was acting, the way her 'fake' body had suddenly become real, from incredibly full, bee-stung lips on a gorgeous-if-vapid face to her now real - and overstated - tits-and-ass body.

She couldn't.

She couldn't do one single thing that would be 'out of character' for Bambi the buxom blonde bimbo...

...no matter how desperately hard she tried.

She struggled at it, her concentration narrowing as she tried to make herself do one, single 'unBambi-like' thing, slowly cutting off the rest of the world as she wiggled and jiggled around the room, desperately striving to take a single stride in a no-nonsense manner...

...to just put one foot down flat instead of the weight-on-toe walk she was using...

...to just hit a little off-stride, breaking the perfect, sexy rhythm of her swaying ass and bouncing tits...

...to...

...to...

...to..

"Like, what was I doing again...?" Bambi asked herself, with a giggle. "God, I'm, like, such an air-head."

The thought that there was something she was supposed to be doing kept nagging at her - but it was hard to concentrate on that as she thought about how totally hot she was, and how sexy, and how it made all the cute guys want to let her fuck them and suck them and oh, wasn't that so nice to think about, so she'd just let herself think about that in the back of her mind as she walked over to the couch and sat down - sexily - on it's edge and picked up the magazine and began to 'read' it, but really just looking at the pretty pictures, because all those words were, like, a total waste of time, and would distract her from thinking about how much fun it would be to fuck a hard, thick cock right now and...

Humming happily to herself, Bambi flipped through the magazine, letting her eyes enjoy the pretty picture as, in her mind, she thought about cocks of all shapes and sizes filling her mouth and cunt and ass.

Some nameless time later, feeling thirsty, she put down the magazine and got up to make her way to the kitchen... and noticed the guy by the trees near the beach.

He was too far away to see if he was, like, cute, but he had binoculars so he must be able to see how totally hot she was. The thought of a guy looking at her and getting hard over how awesomely sexy she was made her giggle, and she waved a hand at him, hoping he'd come closer to see if he was cute enough to maybe fuck him, 'cause she was, like, *soooo* horny, but he didn't even wave back, which made her pout a bit - until, a minute later, she forgot about it completely, giggled at finding herself just standing there with no memory of why, then wiggled and jiggled her way off to get a drink before turning on the TV to watch some soap operas, which were, like, really confusing and everything, but had some really hunky guys on them that she would enjoy dreaming about fucking and sucking.

After a couple of the shows, during a commercial when she was just lightly fondling her wonderfully huge tits and waiting for the show to come back on, she noticed a bunch of tanned guys carrying those board thingies down at the beach - and one of them started walking up towards the house.

She stood up and moved towards the big sliding doors, and as she watched the cute guy with the shirt white hair come closer, she realized she knew him - and, by the time he reached the door, she managed to dredge his name out of the constant parade of cock- thoughts running through her mind.

"Roy!" She cried, happily, wrapping her arms around him and pulling him close, loving the feeling of his hard, sweaty body against hers as she leaned forward to kiss him...

...and he just stood there, not responding, and she pulled her mouth off his, confused that any man wasn't already feeling up her wonderful ass.

"Who...?" Roy asked, staring at her wide-eyed, confused. She giggled.

"It's me, silly - Bambi!" She said grinning her tits against his chest. "Your hot little love-machine, stud!" "Oh, um.. Bambi - yeah..." Roy said, awkwardly. "Of course. Hey, um.. have you seen Mark?" "Mark...?" She asked, brow furrowing slightly...

...and then, deep in her slow mind, a spark lit, and with horrified realization Mark understood that he'd just spent the past few hours really being Bambi, not only in body, but in mind. He opened his/her mouth to tell Roy the horrible, inexplicable news...

"Mark who...?" She asked, with a giggle. "Nobody here but Big-Boob Bambi, lover-boy! Now let's fuck, okay?"

"You bet, baby...!" Roy agreed, loudly... and then, much quieter, said: "Uh.. Look, 'Bambi', I'm not sure what agreement Mark made with you about this. Are you.. I mean, do we...?"

As Mark desperately strove to push some sort of message through the Bambi façade, he found 'them' getting bored with the things Roy was saying. Mark understood that Roy though he'd managed to find a stripper or hooker to play the Bambi role - but Bambi didn't, and finally she took things into her own hands.

As Mark screamed in horror and struggled in vain to stop herself, Bambi dropped to her knees, yanked Roy's swim trunks down - and unknowingly answered Roy's mistaken assumptions by proceeding right into a blowjob.

Helplessly, Mark was forced to experience every sensation that came from sucking cock, from having a hot, sweaty cock filling her mouth to the finale of having hot, salty, ammonia-flavored cum being pumped down her 'eager' throat, and there wasn't anything he could do to stop herself, shuddering under the humiliation from the task and...

...and she stood back up, licking the last drop of cum from her incredible full, perfect cock-sucker lips, wondering what she'd just been thinking about that had sent that odd little shudder up her spine.

"Thanks, baby..." She said, shivering in delight. "I've been waiting all morning for a delicious load of cum."

"Yeah, uh, sure... Bambi..." Said Roy, a bit confused - but happy. "Um... Look, if my friend Mark should drop by, ask him to wait around for me, okay?"

She blinked, wondering why the name 'Mark' sounded familiar - but then shrugged, deciding it didn't matter. "Sure, stud..." Besides - maybe he'd be cute, and she could fuck him a couple of times while she waited for Roy...

* * * * *

With a sigh, Roy lifted his hands from Bambi's huge tits and gently eased her off of him, their bodies still slick from the sweat generated by their energetic lovemaking.

"What's wrong, Roy...?" She asked with that nerve-grating little giggle of hers. "I bet I can get you hard and ready for at least one more round..."

Her blonde-maned head began sliding down towards his crotch, he slender pink tongue flicking out to wet her full, cock-sucker's lips...

...and, not without regret, he slid away from those oh-so-skilled lips of hers, knowing she could get him hard again if she tried.

Pouting, she sat next to him on the couch where she'd 'ambushed' him after the party, overriding any thought of resistance with her implacable sexual nature.

"C'mon, baby - you've been so busy with your friends that I only got fucked eight times today, and just nine blow-jobs..." he said, pouting.

"Yeah, well..." He started - then stopped, frowning. "Hey - you and I didn't do that much today."

She giggled again.

"Of course not, silly - a couple of your cute friends came by with gifts, and they were nice enough to let me fuck them or suck them!" She announced.

"You mean you've been..." Roy started, not sure whether to be shocked, angry, or completely unsurprised, considering what he'd learned of her apparently insatiable sexual appetite during the past three days. Instead, he pushed the thought aside, refusing to be sidetracked from the much more important issue: "Look, I need to ask you about Mark. It's been three days, and..."

"Mark, Mark, Mark!" She said, pouting cutely as she crossed her arms under her firm, bouncy breasts. "I told you I don't want to talk about him! I don't know who he is, and I don't want to know!"

"I need to talk to you about him!" Roy said, in frustrated anger. "You must know who he is! He's my best friend, and until three days ago, the day you showed up, he was living with me! Now, he must have hired you, or..."

"Nobody hired me!" She said, annoyed. "I've been here for.. well, months... I guess. I don't remember. But I don't like talking about this 'Mark' friend of yours! Whenever we talk about him, I feel... icky."

"Icky?" Roy asked, blinking.

"Yeah. Like, really kinda sick, and though thought of all the wonderful sucking and fucking I've done doesn't seem so wonderful anymore, and I'm, like, almost not horny anymore., It's really.. icky."

Roy frowned, tried to digest that.

He'd quickly determined that Bambi wasn't putting on a Bimbo act. Whatever her 'real' name might be, she actually thought she *was* Bambi, the fictional woman he and Mark had created. She was so empty-headed, she'd apparently lost the ability to differentiate between the woman she really was, and the woman that Mark must have asked her to pretend to be.

Somehow, he had to get her to dredge through her memory and find out what happened to Mark. Maybe Mark had told her what hotel he was staying at, and hadn't bothered contacting Roy simply out of fear of somehow messing up the scam - but after three days with no word, Roy was really beginning to worry about his friend.

"Look - what's the clearest thing you can remember about three days ago, before I came home? What were you doing?" Roy asked, taking another tack in hopes of jogging a memory.

"I was.. watching TV." She replied,. Brow furrowing as she struggled to call up the memories of 'so long ago' - after all, to her, just a few hours past was almost a lost memory.

"Before that...?" Roy prompted, watching as she got up to pace around the room wearing nothing but the ever-present high-heels.

"I was..." She said, slowly, diving into her memory while trying to ignore the odd, creepy, 'I hate myself and my life' feeling that discussing this 'mark' always brought up. "I was... looking at myself in the mirror!"

She walked over, and stood next to the carved wooden statue, looking at her figure in the tiled mirrors on the back wall.

"Yeah.." She sighed, happily, leaning against the statue as she played with her bare tits. "I was saying to myself how much I love my huge tits..."

Roy sighed and rolled his eyes. "Okay - and before that...?"

Smiling at her reflection, fondling her tits, Bambi didn't hear the question, lost in her vapid self-appreciation.

"My tits are really big and sexy..." She told herself. "But I saw this movie, and this woman had even bigger tits, and she was really hot too..."

"Yeah, that's great..." Roy said, getting up and starting towards her. "Look, just tell me what you were doing before..." "Gee, I wish my tits were, like, even bigger..." She said, dreamily...

...and Roy gasped and threw his hand up before his eyes as a bright flash of light filled the room. He lowered his hands, however, at Bambi's joyously trilling exclamation:

"Look! My boobies got even bigger! Aren't they like, *soooo* sexy Roy!"

He gaped, and stared - because her tits had grown bigger, now hanging from her chest like a pair of fleshy soccer-balls. "What the hell..?" Roy gasped. "How did...?"

Then he stopped, staring at her - as a suspicion formed, then metastasized into a horrified realization.

"Mark!" He gasped, shuddering at the thought of what he and 'Bambi' had been doing the past three days. "Oh my god - you're *Mark*!"

"No!" She said, shuddering in a sudden, unwanted wave of revulsion over her own body at his words. "No, I'm Bambi!"

"You were Mark!" Roy insisted, staring at her in shock, then looking at the statue as he slowly approached it. "This.. This somehow.. grants wishes! Just like those tits you wished bigger!"

"I'm not Mark, I was never Mark!" She all-but-screamed at him, hating this wave of humiliation and disgust that was washing through her. "You're crazy, Roy! I'm Bambi!"

"Don't you understand...?" Roy demanded, walking over to the statue. "Three days ago, you were touching this statue, looking at your reflection in the mirror, and you said something like 'I wish I enjoyed being some kind of huge-breasted cum-crazed slut', and..."

His passionate explanation of what must have happened was cut short by a blinding flash of light.

Bambi stared - then giggled.

"You're a girl, Roy!" She said, with another giggle. "A girl with boobs even bigger than mine!"

Slowly, the tall, toned woman lowered her head, unconsciously sweeping a lock of short-but-femininely style platinum-blond hair behind her ear. Her heavy-lidded sultry eyes took in the sight of the massive, round tits thrust proudly from her ribcage, well-balanced by her wide, well-muscled shoulders, then the tall, deeply-tanned sexual Amazonian surfer goddess slowly lifted her head, full lips curving into a hungry smile.

"Yes.. I am." She said, hands gently caressing her own, massive breasts. "I'm a woman... and it's wonderful."

"I know..." Bambi agreed, jiggling her enlarged tits as she bounced happily atop her high heels. "Guys wanna let you fuck them and suck them when you're a girl, 'specially when you got really big tits like us, Roy."

The new woman let out a hungry sigh at the thought of sucking and fucking men, and she licked her full lips hungrily. "Yes..." She said, in a near moan of sexual desire. "...and. Bambi?"

"Yeah, Roy?" She asked, frowning slightly as she tried to remember what it was that had made her feel so bad a moment ago - then deciding it didn't really matter, anyway.

"Call me 'Riana'." The tall, tanned, toned woman said in her rich, husky voice. "Say... think I could borrow a pair of heels from you, Bambi...?"

With the sultry, cum-craving slut following with a slow, sensual stride of sexual challenge, the giggling blonde bimbo bounced and jiggled off towards the bedroom, both of them thinking about the exact same thing:

SEX

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When an aspiring male author learns that he has won a prize for a novel that he submitted as a female, he decides to use a mysterious spell to change himself, but he is not really sure how it works.

Loosing Faith

By Gunslinger

"Aaargh!"

Angrily, the tall, well-built blond youth lashed out at the garbage can, his stocking foot connecting solidly with the can's metal side... *"Aaaah!"*

Limping, Jack made his way to the couch and slumped down on it, crossing his right leg over his left and rubbing his toes gingerly, glaring across the room at the offending garbage can - and cursing at himself for not remembering that he'd just finished dumping a nice, heavy pile of books into the large, square metal receptacle. Wincing at his stubbed toe, Jack closed his eyes and leaned back, sighing at the twists and turns of fate.

Or, rather - Faith.

Angrily, Jack carefully smoothed out the letter he held crumpled in his fist, and once more read the words printed on it's rumpled white surface.

Dear Miss James,

It is my privilege to inform you that, under the Federal Grant supplied for Unpublished Female Writers, your novel 'Faith' has been accepted for publication....

Growling, Jack's eyes dropped down to the bottom of the letter, a sneer twisting his lips.

...look forward to meeting you to finalize the contract. I will be in town on the fourteenth, and will be waiting for you at 'Le Rouge' at one o'clock so we can sign the papers.

Yours Sincerely, Deborah L. Leland,

Editor, Windhaven Publishing

"Just great!" Jack said, tossing the paper aside and slumping further into the sofa - and into depression.

His parents - wealthy, conservative and firm-willed - had all-but-disowned him when he'd dropped out of university to pursue his career as a writer. For the past five years, he'd struggled to prove to his parents - and himself - that he'd made the right decision, forsaking any real social life as he wrote, struggling to get ahead. Living off the trust-fund payment that had caused him to pursue his dream in the first place, he'd spent the last five years writing like a mad-man, producing four manuscripts. Three were the thriller/suspense type of stories that he really wanted to write - but with a glut of such stories on the market at the moment, mostly by 'big name' writers, he'd been getting one rejection after another from publishers, all of whom said the same thing - the work was very good, but wait a year or two and resubmit it.

The only problem was - his money wasn't going to last another year or two.

So, Jack had done a bit of research, and found that the best genre for new writers to break into was romance novels. So, he'd ground his teeth together and forced himself to read a couple of dozen of such 'fluff' novels (now residing in the trash can that he'd managed to injure himself on, ironically) to get a feel for the formulaic genre.

Then he'd sat down and written one, called 'Faith'. He'd chosen the pseudonym 'Jacquelyn James' to appear on the cover, under the assumption that no woman would want to read a Romance novel written by a man, but had signed his real name on all the letters.

One by one, each of the publishes had responded, informing him that there just wasn't a market for male-written Romance novels at this time, pseudonym or no on the cover.

Except for the last publisher...

Who was under the assumption that he was a woman.

He understood how it had happened, actually. First of all, the editor was just expecting the writer to be female - and the title-page of the manuscript itself had the pseudonym 'Jacquelyn James'. Then, there was Jack's usual method of writing his name, and the fact that this was the last letter sent out meant that he'd been a little more hasty, a little less careful...

...and 'Jack. I. Jones' had managed to look like 'Jackie James'.

It was that 'woman' who was getting the publishing contract. When this Deborah Leland showed up to sign the contract, Jack could spin his tale for her, explain what had happened - but it wouldn't help. It was clear that a grant had allowed the acceptance of his novel - and that grant was only for previously unpublished *women*.

At worst - Leland might want to sue him for fraud.

Well, she wouldn't get much, if she did - Jack was almost broke. He'd been pinning all his hopes on selling 'Faith'. And now he was going to lose his chance.

"Dammit..." he sighed, sarcastically. "Why did I have to be born a man...?"

That caused a thought to spark in his head, and he snorted and grinned at the ludicrous thought...

..but it refused to go away.

His second manuscript had been built around the occult, and he'd collected a small library of reference on the subject, including some rather obscure old texts. Now, he rose and - shaking his head at himself - crossed to the bookshelves that lined the far wall, searching for a particular volume.

Finding what he wanted, he carried the old, leather-bound book back to the couch, and began very carefully flipping through the brittle, yellowed pages for the thing that had given him a laugh the first time he'd stumbled across it, and stuck in his mind to be remembered now.

Finally, he found what he was looking for.

It was a 'magic spell'. One that would allow somebody to change themselves into another living creature of about the same mass.

"No.. this is ridiculous. I mean, this isn't for real - and even if it was, it's for 'becoming a wolf' or something." Jack told himself, shaking his head... but he didn't close the book and put it away.

What if, somehow, it was possible.. to turn himself into a woman, just long enough to sign the contract...? "Man, that's not only illegal, immoral and unethical - it's pretty damned perverted!" He told himself....

...but even as he told himself how stupid, sick and 'sissy' the idea was - he knew that he was going to try it...

* * * * *

"Man... I feel like a prize idiot " Jack mumbled to himself as he looked at the 'mystic design' drawn on his hard-wood floor in three different shades of sand. The normal 'brown' hadn't been that tough to find, and even the 'white' had been fairly easy - but it had been a bit harder and more expensive to find the black sand needed. The rest of the items necessary had been middlin'-easy to find, and fairly inexpensive, but every dollar he'd spent on this had made him shake his head at his own stupidity...

...or, perhaps, desperation.

Now, he sat naked in the center of the design - which wasn't completely necessary, as the book claimed that it was enough to be within visual sight of the design. However, Jack was playing it safe, and sitting smack-dab in the middle of the pattern as he prepared for the utterly ludicrous ritual he was about to perform. Laying the book in front of him, he once more read over the spell, making a last check that everything was ready.

In addition to the necessary incantation and list of physical items, there was a description of the effects, and the usual types of warnings and disclaimers one might expect, all ensuring that the 'caster' knew that if it didn't work, it was because he'd made some stupid mistake, and it was his fault, not the spell's. It was like the disclaimer on a con-game, and Jack knew it.

About the only piece in the 'disclaimer' that wasn't aimed at how everything had to be 'just so' to work was the warning that the caster had to be careful with this spell. Apparently, when you shifted shape, something called 'aspect seepage' occurred. Gradually, the spell- caster would take on aspects of the new form, making it easier to utilize that form. As a wolf, for instance, you'd know how to run on four legs.

However, according to the warning, the longer you were in a particular form, the more 'seepage' there would be.

In short - the disclaimer was almost 'legalese', stating that the 'magic' wasn't liable if the spell failed - and wasn't liable for anything that happened if it worked, either.

"Writer of this damned thing musta been a lawyer." Jack muttered to himself as he lit the seven thick, black candles surrounding him. Shaking his head, he lay the book aside, lit the strips of special incense he'd had to scour the city for - then began to repeat the incantation, arms lifted high, eyes closed, and feeling like a complete and utter moron. As he chanted, he tried to concentrate on the form he'd selected for the transformation - imagining the final form was an integral part of the spell, and the more detailed and powerful the mental image, the better the final result would be...

...and Jack had already decided to cheat. While he concentrated on the form of a woman, he was also making one mental alteration in the image.

Instead of imagining her with a cunt, he kept the image of a cock firmly in his mind, his somewhat hazy imaginary woman sporting his own, male genitalia. Even though he thought this wouldn't work, he couldn't convince himself to go 'whole

hog' - he couldn't let himself be emasculated, even in his imagination. As he chanted, he kept that image of the cock firmly in place...

...and was embarrassed to feel his real cock stirring as his mind tried to juxtapose the images of femininity and masculinity in his mind. He had to fight to keep his mind from straying, as he naturally found his mind wanting to fantasize about what he, with a cock, would do with the woman in his imagination... how she'd take it in her lips... how he'd slide it over her body and between her tits to...

Dragging his mind back to the 'basic' image, he struggled to rein in his errant fantasies as he finished the last recitation of the incantation.

Finishing the 'spell', he lowered his arms, and shook his head at his own desperate gullibility.

"Geez - what was I thinking?" He asked himself, standing up. "I mean - what if it had really worked? I'd be a..." His self-ridiculing muttering was cut short with a groan as he bent double.

It felt as if he'd just been punched in the stomach.

Then he collapsed to a heap on the floor as it felt as if the invisible assailant had just kicked him in the balls - hard. "Wha..." Jack gasped, struggling to rise. "Help..."

Then a wave of sensations broke over him, forcing him into a fetal position on the floor as they commandeered his nervous system to transmit the feelings that ran through him.

It felt as though his skin was but a covering on a liquid surface, rippling under the effects of wind and tide.

It felt as if a million tiny fish darted through that liquid, sending sensations of movement, of shifting, darting shapes just under his skin. It felt as if his bones were made of taffy, being pulled and pushed by unseen hands.

It felt as if his entire body was no longer 'solid', but malleable, being shaped and changed and altered, each changing sending a thousand new bolts of... it wasn't the intense pain of the first two sensations, but it was definitely a discomfort. As if he'd been beaten black and blue the day before, and was now trying to rise. Every part of his body protested as he moved - but he wasn't moving. It was his body's very substance that was moving, while he lay still, curled around the sensations running through his body.

He'd never felt anything like it.

Then, in the space of a few moments, it was over, and he drew in a shuddering breath that pushed his chest out, causing his tits to press into his drawn-in knees...

Tits?!

Stunned, Jack uncurled and sat up, staring down at her chest in shock and amazement.

An enormous, firm pair of tits sat there, rising and falling gently with each breath she took. Easily the size of basketballs, the massive, creamy globes were tipped with large, dark nipples that were erect in the cool air.

Those massive, round tits were thrust proudly from a slender ribcage that was as every bit feminine as the breasts - as the rest of her body, as a matter of fact, because she could see a pair of shapely - if not remarkably so - feminine legs below the huge mounds, and the arms and hands were as feminine as the legs.

Stunned, Jack could only stare at her body for several long seconds, jaw hanging.

"Holy shit..." She breathed - and marveled at the warmly feminine tone the words emerged in. "...it really worked!"

Awkwardly, the new woman struggled to her small, slender feet - and barely managed to keep from falling over under the new and different center of gravity her top-heavy new body possessed. With gangling movements, she slowly made her way to her bedroom, where she could look at her altered form in the full-length mirror.

A very startled-looking woman (almost) gazed back at her from the mirror.

She would best be described as 'average' - if not for the pair of massive, round tits thrust from her chest....

...and the enormous, thick cock thrust from her crotch.

She was of average height and build, for the most part, from her 'okay' legs, to cute ass, to slightly narrow hips. Her waist was trim, but not incredibly so, and her shoulders were a tad wide for her height. Her face was... face shaped, neither attractive nor unattractive enough to merit comment, with lips that were amazingly full and a nose a trifle too large. Her eyes were big and a clear blue, though her current expression of shock was magnifying how large they looked behind their long, thick lashes.

A wild, untamed mane of sandy-blond hair surrounded that face, hanging halfway down her back. If not for her complete lack of experience in this form making her stance and movements awkward, she would have appeared to have a slightly athletic body, with nicely-defined-yet-feminine musculature.

All in all, your 'run-of-the-mill, everyday she-male'...

...except for the massive, round tits thrust from her chest.

"Holy shit..." Jack said, again, hesitantly reaching up and touching her gigantic globes. "Why the hell couldn't I control my mind?" She shuddered slightly as her hands hesitantly slid along the surface of the massive, firm tits that were a direct result of her imagination's wild wandering during the spell. He'd found his mind slipping to what he would like to do with the imaginary woman - and now she was 'cursed' with the huge, round tits that had inadvertently slipped through his mind for a few - but crucial - seconds.

The same lack of unadulterated concentration had altered what her cock looked like. She had just aimed at keeping her normal equipment - but now, she was graced with an absolutely enormous, thick cock. Easily seventeen inches long, it was thick even for its amazing length - and below it dangled an equally enormous scrotum.

With an utter lack of grace, she managed to get back to the living room without falling over - though it was a close call a couple of times. Her massive tits jiggled and swayed with every movement, and her gigantic, slowly softening cock slapped against her feminine upper thighs as she walked. She collapsed gracelessly to the couch, winding at the twin sensations at her chest as her tits jiggled and bounced from the movement.

"I still can't believe it worked, huge tits or no huge tits..." Jack muttered to herself, running one feminine hand over the smooth flesh of her arm, feeling the light, fine body hair of a woman passing under her fingers. The same body hair covered her body, in differing amounts, including her so-so legs. Except for the massive cock, every detail, every cell of her body was feminine - she was all woman.

The thought made her shiver. She hadn't thought that this would really work, and now that it had, she was trying to cope with the thought that she was, temporarily, a very well-endowed, feminine she-male. At least she had the cock, outsized as it was - she wasn't completely 'unmanned'.

Her initial instinct, of course, had been to change back right away. However, before she'd given in to that initial reaction, she had remembered what had made her desperate enough to try this, despite the fact that she didn't think it would work - she needed a woman to sign the contract for her novel, and the only woman available...

...was her.

It didn't change the urge she felt, the one that made her want to resume her male body as quickly as possible - but it allowed her to deny the urge, to keep from giving into it. She had to meet the editor in about twenty-six hours, to sign the contract and get paid.

Between now and then, she had a lot of things she had to do - all of which had to be done while a female. She had to find clothing, she had to make up some sort of identification - but, most importantly, she had to get used to her new body. It wouldn't look good if she showed up barely able to walk, after all. She had to be able to pretend that she was a 'real' woman, and that was going to take some practice.

"Practice that begins right now." Jackie told herself, deliberately thinking of herself with the female name. For the next twenty-six hours, she was going to have to get in the habit of 'being' female, no matter how perverted it might feel to her. It was disquieting to 'play female' - and the fact that nobody could tell that she'd be playing, thanks to her new feminine body, wasn't exactly reassuring. However, her other alternative - turning male again - would put her right back at square one, broke and with no prospects. As much as she found the current situation uncomfortable and mildly nauseating, she knew it was much better than the alternative.

"Besides.." She told herself, looking on the bright side. "It's only for a little while - and even if I have to tuck it out-of-sight, I've still got a cock, so I'm really a guy."

Taking a deep breath did little to calm her - as it caused her huge new tits to move on her chest slightly, reminding her about the massive tits she was stuck with.

Again, it was only temporary - but that didn't alter the weight and sensation of the breasts thrust from her ribcage. Grimacing slightly, the new woman rose from where she sat on the couch, and went over to put out the still-burning candles in the center of the room. Once that was done, she set about tidying the place up - not out of any real desire to clean, but as an excuse to get used to the way her new body moved.

It all felt so weird - so much was similar to the way she moved when male, yet everything had those differences that wouldn't let her forget that she was now in the body of a mildly attractive, huge-breasted woman... with an enormous cock.

Worst of all...

...she was turning herself on!

It was definitely unexpected - but there was nothing she could do about it. As she moved, went around the cleaning she'd set for herself, she could feel the female majority of her body - she would touch herself, pull something against her huge tits, a dozen things that kept stimulating her male libido - and her cock was soon stuck in permanent hard-on mode, refusing to relax as she rose to a fever pitch of arousal. Not only was it embarrassing and uncomfortable - her huge, thick, throbbing organ kept getting in the way.

Sighing, Jackie headed for the bathroom after she was finished tidying the place - with the exception of the 'magical' stuff, which she left as-is for when she was ready to change back. Now, it was time for the next item on her agenda, now that she was starting to get a feel for her new body.

Shaving her legs. As much as it might be unnerving for her to commit this so-feminine act, she knew that there was no way she would be able to get away with wearing pants, not with her monster cock. She'd have to wear big, fluffy skirts that would hide her member from public view - which meant she had to shave her legs.

Drawing a tub of warm water, she grabbed her razors and shaving cream, and climbed into the water. Slowly, carefully, she shaved her legs smooth, finding it awkward and annoying, especially with her massive tits in the way...

It was also disgustingly arousing. By the time she was done, and had run her hands over her smooth new legs to check for any missed spots, her erection was physically painful.

"Oh, what the hell..." Jackie muttered in her new contralto. Closing her eyes, she settled lower into the tub... and wrapped her hands around as much of her gigantic, thick organ as she possible could.

She began to jack off, sliding her dainty new hands up and down her the massive veined shaft of her throbbing monster. She shuddered in pleasure as intense sensations trembled through her, and her breathing rose to a rapid pant as her hands moved faster and faster on her huge, warm cock.

Then she came - and it was like no other time in her life.

Her balls tightened and her cock throbbed - and began to gush an incredibly thick stream of cum that seemed never-ending as it shot into the air, splattering down on her body, coating her tits and face with a thick, warm goo.

Staring down at the fountain of cum that gushed from her huge cock, Jackie's eyes glazed over. As if in a trance, she opened her mouth and hunched over as she sat up, catching as much of the still-spraying cum as she could in her mouth, swallowing hungrily and eagerly...

...just like she'd fantasized during the spell. She tried desperately to fold herself over and take the end of her huge cock between her full, 'cock-sucker' lips... but the mass of her huge tits defeated the attempt, no matter how she tried.

The spray of cum finally slowed and died, leaving cum dripping from her upper body. Still with the glazed look in her eyes, she leaned back in the tub and began slowly massaging the warm cum into her huge, firm tits.

For almost twenty minutes, she fondled her own, hugely-endowed body, a dreamy grin on her face as she murmured quietly in the back of her throat.

Then, slowly, the dreamy look began to fade, and her motions slowly changed from languid fondling to quick, efficient washing. By the end, she was getting the last of the cum from her hair by standing under the shower's blast, a disgusted look on her face at having cum all over herself.

It wasn't exactly that she didn't remember gulping at the cum, swallowing it with joy and eagerness - she just didn't think about it. If somebody had asked her what she'd done right after she'd started to cum, she could have told them...

...and would have been utterly disgusted, horrified and shocked at the revelation. Since there was nobody to bring the topic up, however, it never occurred to her to recall what had just happened - she knew that she'd just jacked off, but didn't bother to think of the details.

She was repressing the memory, not even considering it, just as she didn't think to question the odd, salty flavor left in her mouth - something in her psyche just refused to dwell on the reasons for that taste, and she didn't even think about it.

Finished cleaning, Jackie stepped out of the tub and decided she might as well head off to bed, now that her painful arousal was - at least, temporarily - satisfied. Toweling off, she padded off to her bedroom and crawled between the sheets, quickly dropping off into a deep, deep sleep...

...full of strange, vivid dreams.

* * * * *

Jackie blinked as her alarm clock went off, she reached over and slapped the 'off' button on the offending device.

Sitting up in bed, Jackie stretched hugely and yawned. Pushing her sleep-mussed mane of hair out of her face, she slid her legs over the side of the bed and rose, heading for the kitchen and its coffee-pot.

As she walked, she was completely unaware of the fact that she was walking with an easy, gracefully feminine sway - or that she was unconsciously fondling her massive, engorged nipples.

Getting the coffee going, she headed into the bathroom and relived herself, one hand holding onto her monster dick as she pissed into the toilet, eyes half-closed. Finishing, she flushed the toilet and took the opportunity to comb the worst of the haystack out of her sandy- blonde hair before heading back to the kitchen, still completely unaware of the fact that she was moving easily and naturally in her new body, as if she'd been born to it.

'Aspect Seepage' was the term the book had used, and if she'd been paying more attention, Jackie would have realized how 'dangerous' it could be. With twelve hours in this form already to her credit, the seepage was a fair ways along - and the worst part was, the gradual change in mindset was insidious, slipping into her brain as if they were her own thoughts, seeming completely and utterly 'natural' is she didn't think about it - and it never occurred to her to think about it.

How many times a day does the average person really pay attention to how they're walking, or what they're doing? Not many - the brain just tells the body what to do, without consciously choosing how it did it, unless it was a special circumstance.

By the time Jackie had finished her breakfast and was getting ready to leave the apartment, she still hadn't noticed anything unusual in her actions or movements. If she'd gone to bed the night before immediately after changing, she would have realized what was going on from her suddenly-acquired skills - but she'd spent a while getting used to her body last night, managing a certain amount of competency, and it wasn't jarring enough for her to notice that she now moved with feminine motions quite authoritatively.

The night before, she'd planned how to go about today, from the clothes she'd wear to what she'd do at the restaurant.

That plan was still in her mind - except that she didn't consciously realize that she'd altered parts of it, completely unaware of the 'editing job' in her mind.

As she dressed, she followed the first steps of her original plan - she took a roll of duck-tap, and very awkwardly - and painfully - secured her monster cock between her silken thighs, hiding it from view as best she could before pulling on her underwear. She also followed her original plan, pulling on a pair of very baggy denim overalls that hid the remaining bulge at the crotch.

However - whereas she'd originally planned to wear a T-shirt under the straps of the overalls, and a baggy sweatshirt on top, now she only pulled on a black tank-top that clung almost obscenely to her massive, firm tits, displaying quite a bit of cleavage.

She looked at herself in the mirror - and though she saw her huge, firm tits straining at the fabric of the shirt, nipples poking large dents in the fabric and a mouthwatering view of cleavage in the neckline, she didn't consciously register the fact - instead, her mind skipped to her crotch, and she nodded with satisfaction at seeing her huge cock completely disguised.

It never occurred to her to consider why she was wearing such a revealing top, exposing the size and shape of her massive tits to public view. She didn't feel 'proud' of her tits, there wasn't any conscious desire to show them off - but she wasn't consciously upset about having tits, especially huge ones, the way she had been the night before. In fact, with the seepage affecting her thoughts, she wasn't consciously thinking about her tits at all - they were just there, that was it.

After slipping into a pair of adjustable sandals that she set to fit her smaller feet, Jackie headed off to the mall to buy her outfit to wear for lunch....

...and ended up buying something completely different, without being aware of it in the least.

When she walked out of the mall, people turned and stared at her. They'd done that when she'd went in, too - but now the amount of slack-jawed gaping was greatly increased.

They all thought they were string at a massively endowed woman, of course - and, at the moment, one who was walking easily and seductively atop a pair of white platform pumps with seven inch spiked heels.

Jackie would have been shocked to learn that she was wearing those shoes - as far as she 'consciously' knew, she was wearing a pair of simple women's sandals. She clearly remembered picking them - not remembering the trance-like state in which she'd exchanged them for the shoes she now wore. Though she was subconsciously aware of the click-clack of her high heels, she wasn't consciously aware of what she was balanced atop - she walked easily and naturally atop the heels, which kept her from questioning her footwear the way she would have if she'd had problems walking in them. With her huge tits blocking most of her downward view, it never occurred to her to check which shoes she had on.

The same thing applied with the fuzzy white sweater she wore. It was a sleeveless turtle-neck sweater that bare came down below her huge tits, leaving her midriff bare and emphasizing the huge tits it clung to so sensuously - but, when she looked down, all Jackie saw was sweater-covered mounds, and her altered brain refused to sound the alarm it would have if she were wearing something with a plunging neckline.

Her skirt was about the only think that was 'originally planned' - a fluffy, multi-layered white skirt that flared out considerably from where it hugged her waist to where the hem rested just above her bare knees. The many layers of gauzy material successfully hid her crotch, just as she'd planned - and that was the only part of her outfit she was consciously aware of in any real sense.

She also had no clue that she'd gone to the cosmetics counter and had a full make-over. Though the sensation registered - the odor of perfume, the taste of lipstick on her full lips, the darker mascara on her lashes - it was all subconscious, her mind refusing to put two and two together and inform her that something was wrong...

...and getting steadily worse as she headed for the restaurant, unconsciously eyeing both men and women with seductively thoughtful looks as she went past.

* * * * *

"What the hell is this stuff for?"

Looking around, Carla's thin lips narrowed as she eyed the - to her - 'Satanic' design on the living-room floor, surround by a ring of candles.

Carla Lindheim was the building's landlady - a tall, skinny woman who was the perfect stereotype of the aging spinster, right down to the graying dark hair done into a tight bun. As the tenets joked, she was as ugly as sin, and twice as nasty - a painfully thin woman with pale skin and a stick-like figure.

What nobody knew was that, beneath the cold, sexless exterior, she was a walking sexual time-bomb. After all, it hadn't been her choice to be born butt-ugly, and since no men seemed to want to have anything to do with her, she spent an awful lot of time masturbating, especially since she had such a vivid imagination and rich fantasy life...

...which she sometimes 'pumped up'; by sneaking into the apartments of the handsome men in the building, fantasizing that it was them fucking her as she masturbated. She'd already used Jack's apartment for that purpose several times, holding one of his T-shirts to her face and inhaling his scent as she lay on his bed, eyes closed, fucking herself madly with the dildo she'd picked out to match her imagination's assumption of his size.

She'd never seen anything like this design on the floor, before....

...and it made her hotter than usual, her fertile imagination suddenly coming up with all sorts of kinky new fantasies to apply to her imaginary version of Jack, who she'd limited to 'clean-cut American Boy' status until now.

Smiling, Carla padded off towards the bedroom, her cunt already sopping wet...

* * * * *

Jackie's cock was killing her - because she was horny as hell, and it was trying to get hard in its painfully taped-down position.

It was driving her nuts. No matter how much she tried, she couldn't stop thinking about how much she'd like to fuck the women she passed - although, subconsciously, she was also considering the men, though she was unaware of that fact.

What she did know, however, was that she couldn't control her mind, which was flitting from one fantasy to another as she headed for the restaurant. Almost every woman she passed, she imagined fucking in dozen different ways, and the more attractive and sexy the woman, the more she wanted to fuck their brains out.

Take that huge-breasted bimbo in the display window, for instance - she was so hot that he wanted to yank her right out of her high- heeled shoes and force her on her knees so she could warp her gloss-rd lips...

Jackie stopped dead, eyes widening in horror as she registered the display window she was looking in.

"Johnson Glass and Mirrors' read the sign above the window - and the 'woman' in the display case was a large, full-length mirror. Suddenly, Jackie saw herself for the first time since getting ready - truly saw herself.

Which triggered all the repressed memories in her feminine head...

"Oh, fuckin' shit...!" She swore to herself as the enormity of her mental changes came crashing home, scaring her shitless as she realized how fast and how much her mind was changing.

And as she realized how much she wanted to fuck herself, if that was possible - she was so incredibly turned on by the reflection in the mirror that it scared her nearly senseless.

All thought of the contract fled from her mind, driven out by a self-preservation instinct. She was loosing herself to the seepage this body was creating - and if she left it much longer, she'd end up being somebody else altogether.

Horried, Jackie flagged down a cab, telling the gaping male driver that she'd give him a huge tit...

...tip! She corrected, horrified as she realized she'd started coming on to him, her mind awash in sexual fantasies of all sorts. She couldn't stop it - the persona that was slowly enveloping her mind seemed bent of sex, and nothing else.

She promised him a huge tip if she was home in less then ten minutes, and the driver seemed determined to earn that money as he peeled rubber away from the curb.

* * * * *

Carla was just getting ready to leave the apartment when she heard the near-frantic foot-falls outside the front door.

Panic flared in the skinny woman as the click-clack of the heels stopped outside Jack's door - and she heard keys being fumbled into the lock. Looking around, desperate, the landlady dashed to the other side of the living room and behind the heavy drapes on the door to the balcony. It wasn't the greatest hiding-place in the world - but she had no idea what else to do.

Watching through a crack between the drapes, Carla had to suppress a gasp as the door opened to admit a woman - a blonde with an enormous set of tits, balanced atop a pair of 'slut shoes'...

...nearly identical to a pair that Carla secretly owned, never worn outside of her apartment. The spinster watched, amazed, as the huge-breasted woman almost frantically slammed the door and began to undress...

...then it got even weirder.

Carla had no idea how to react as, with a muffled scream, the 'woman' ripped off a piece of duct-tape and revealed the most massive cock she'd ever seen, already half-erect and rapidly swelling. Carla watched, dumbfounded, as the huge-penis'd, huge-breasted person sat down in the center of the design on the floor and lit the candles.

As she began to chant an odd-sounding incantation, Carla began to mumble the words under her breath to commit them to memory - so she could use them in future fantasies, like the one going through her mind right now...

* * * * *

Jackie chanted loudly, frantically, trying desperately to focus on the mental image of her male body as she read the incantation - a near impossible task as her randy mind flit from fantasy to fantasy....

Finally, she finished the incantation, and there was a breathless pause before she felt the sensation of her body writhing and changing. More prepared for it this time, she fell over in a ball even as she paid attention to all the sensations of her changing body.

The way her legs felt as if they were being pulled, becoming longer.. like the sexy pair of legs she'd imagined spreading so that her male body could fuck the imaginary woman...

The way her hips widened, to help make room for the mind-boggling ass that she'd just fantasized so vividly about...

"*Nooooo!*" Jackie screamed in a voice that was rising in pitch, as she realized that her mind hadn't been focused enough during the incantation. She'd fantasized more clearly about what she wanted to do with her male body than on the body itself - and it was those brief-yet-vivid details that the spell was conforming to. Her scream was repeated as she felt her body continued to change, not to her male form - but to an even more feminine one.

She could feel her waists being compressed to a smaller diameter, even as her shoulders slimmed to more feminine dimensions., her chest ached as she felt her already huge tits swelling outwards, becoming heavier and fuller as her face acquired more sensual, feminine contours....

...and the monster cock sucked back in on itself, forming a cunt that was already sopping wet.

Sopping wet with sexual desire - because, as the last of the male in her body slid away, so did the male sexual desires she'd felt, leaving in their wake the once-hidden female desires that had been slowly building since yesterday, now lay exposed and filling her mind with unwanted desires and urges, sexual images that simultaneously disgusted and aroused her now full-female body.

Then, as the change came to an end and she forced herself upright, she stared down in horror at her even more-massive tits. Gigantic, they were like two flesh medicine balls hanging from her chest, tipped with enormous, engorged nipples as she fought the wave of images that ran through her mind - of having those tits fondled, licked, kissed, fucked....

"Nooooo!" She screamed again, in her new, soprano voice. "Don't! Don't think about it! Stop!" She struggled to force her mind away from the lustful images...

...when she heard the scream.

Her head - now crowned by an incredible mane of silky, platinum-blond hair - whipped around and she stared, wide eyed, as the drapes burst apart...

...revealing a man.

A MAN. A tall, heavily muscled man who was so ruggedly handsome that he didn't seem possible. Every inch of him seemed carved from pure masculinity...

...including the gigantic, throbbing cock thrust from his crotch.

"What happened to me?" He screamed, looking down at himself. "Oh, my god - I've got a cock !"

Jackie would have been able to explain to Carla what had happened...

...if she were capable of coherent thought. At the sight of that massive specimen of manhood, however, her mind shut down completely and her new urges and desires took over complete. Thought was washed away by a parade of lustful images and needs, and all she cared about at that one instant...

...was sex.

Pulling herself from the floor, she began to approach the massively-hung man Carla had become, a glint in her huge, bright-blue eyes. "Mmmm... your so big " She cooed in her breathy, bimbo-ish voice, as - deep inside - she screamed in horror and tried to stop herself.

"So big.. and hard "

"What ?" Carla said, confused. Seepage had barely begun in his mind, and - despite his body's reaction to the presence of the super- stacked blond bimbo Jackie had become - wasn't up to speed.

It didn't matter the least to the insatiable nymphomaniac Jack's unconscious desires had turned her into, though - she wanted cock, and there was a monster of one already hard and throbbing, just in front of her.

Wrapping her arms around his massive body, she crushed her huge tits against his broad chest and kissed him, passionately, as the male mind deep inside her over-voluptuous body screamed in horror and disgust.

Carla wasn't prepared for the kiss... but it wasn't long before he was returning it, enthusiastically.

Despite everything, Carla was still a sexually frustrated person, male or not - and this was sex, free and easy. though it might be as weird as hell - he wasn't about to turn it down.

So, when Jackie insisted "fuck me, big boy - fuck me long and hard...", Carla didn't argue.

Jackie lay down on the floor, and - awkwardly - Carla positioned his new body, the head of his massive new cock poised for a long second at the lips of Jackie's hot, wet cunt.

The hesitation was too much - Jackie bucked her hips upwards, impaling herself on the end of the throbbing shaft, her body screaming in pleasure as her mind screamed in pain.

The sensation of having his new cock enveloped in the wet, warm, tight embrace of Jackie's cunt made up Carla's mind - and he thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt in her cunt.

From that point on, he was an enthusiastic participant, face screwing up in pleasure as he got the hang of it, pounding deep and hard into her new body.

Jackie writhed and moaned as pleasure rocked her body, mingled with a little pain from the huge cock slamming deep into her cunt - and her male mind was a gibbering idiot, screaming and crying as ingrained horror of being female and getting fucked by a man warred with the incredible pleasure she was feeling.

Braced on one muscular arm, Carla used the free hand to fondle her immense tit as she rode atop her writhing body, fucking her long and hard. She was screaming almost constantly now, ecstasy rocking her body as she rose higher and higher...

...and finally exploded into orgasm, her body flopping about uncontrollably as first one, then another tremendous orgasm burst down her nerves and seared her divided mind with pure orgasmic ecstasy.

Carla's voice matched hers as he also came, gushing what seemed to be gallons of hot cum deep into the new woman's shuddering cunt, feeling the incredible satisfaction of male sex even as Jackie was wracked by the multiple orgasm only a woman could claim.

Finally, after an eternity, Carla's cock finally ran dry, and he rolled off her hugely-endowed body. For several minutes, Jackie just lay still and stared up at the ceiling, overwhelmed by it all...

...then she began to shiver violently, silent tears coursing down her cheeks at the realization of what she'd done.

"Look - that was amazing." Carla said, shaking his head. "I've never had sex like that before - but what the hell happened?"

""The book.." Jackie sobbed, nearly incoherent at first - but gradually more understandable as the sobs slowly faded away. "the book has magic spells, and we just used it to turn us into whatever form we were imagining at the time..."

Now, the sobs were completely gone, and a faint dreamy smile began to surface. "Like this body I have - so sexy and ready to fuck. It was a mistake, 'cause I was trying to be Jack again, see? Like I was - only I'm so fuckin' horny that I turn myself like this and I wanted to fuck and you were a man so we fucked and it was great and..."

With an effort, Jackie managed to derail her babbling, shaking her head at herself as she struggled to keep a grip on her fading mind. "The book?" Carla asked, picking it up.

"Yeah, and I'm going to use it to make myself a man again..." Jackie said, struggling to keep a firm grip on her thoughts as the sexual needs she'd unwillingly imagined for this body began to rise again.

"...right after I suck down a load of delicious cum!" She chirped, brightly, losing to the thoughts that flooded her mind. Though she wanted to be male again, deep in her mind, that intellectual need was far outweighed by her body's mindless, insatiable need for sex.

Helplessly, she leaned forward and began to tongue Carla's cock back into life, as he smiled and thought that he could get used to this...

* * * * *

Tom followed the owner down the dimly lit back hallway, looking around with interest. "I've never been in this part before." He remarked.

Carl grinned back, his handsome face displaying almost preternaturally bright teeth. "Only select customers get to do this - and you've been coming here since we opened six months ago."

"Yeah - with just one girl." Tom said, with a matching grin. "But what a girl!"

"Yeah, Jakki is something else." Carl agreed with a smile. "But we're expanding, slowly but surely - a bordello can hardly advertise openly, you know."

"I know." Tom said, thinking about all the stringent security the underground whore-house had. Hell - one of the rules is that any client had to have a 'cover' before he could use the House. Right now, everybody thought he was in Atlanta, for example.

"Right in here." Carl said, gesturing. "You just sit down in the chair, and I'll go get the new girl." "Sounds great!" Tom said, grinning. "But stop teasing me - what's this new girl like?"

"Ah, ah!" Carl said, wagging one thick finger. "It's no fun to spoil the surprise. Just let your mind mull over what she might be like - and we'll see how close you got."

Shrugging, Tom went into the room and sat down, looking around with a bemused expression.

The room was circular, and lit by floor-stand candles around the outside. The floor was carpeted, and the rug had the strangest design he'd ever seen in his life woven into it. Shrugging, Tom settled into the chair...

...and blinked as he caught sight of the words painted on the far wall. It looked like some sort of foreign language, or something. After waiting a while, Tom began to get bored... and began to read the words on the wall out loud...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A nerd finds an old trunk with a magic wand, which his roommate uses to start him on a transformation which is concluded when their next door neighbor learns about the wand and plans to get revenge.

Lot #261- Chris

By Gunslinger

Gasping for breath, Chris put the chest down outside the front door and leaned against the wall for a second. Turning, he looked back at the five flights of stairs he'd just climbed, lugging the heavy, iron-bound oaken chest the entire way.

"Of course.." He panted. "I *have* to live on the top floor..."

Pushing open the door to the apartment, he didn't bother to pick the chest up, just shoving it through. Though not all that large, the sea-chest was made of thick, aged oak bound with iron fastened in place by tarnished brass rivets - the thing was surprisingly heavy, and it had seemed to gain weight with each step he'd taken with it.

Besides - it wasn't like Chris was exactly the most muscular man in the world. About average height, he would have been 'average' in build, too - except for the extra twenty pounds he was carrying around in the form of a beer-belly. He wasn't fat -

the rest of his body was about average, if poorly defined. It was just that Chris had a taste for the occasional drink or six, and spending most of his time sitting down didn't burn off enough of the 'empty' calories from the alcohol.

Everything about Chris seemed to proclaimed his rather shy, bookish nature - and his lack of enthusiasm for 'sweaty' activities. He dressed less casual than most other people near the same quarter-century age as himself. At the moment, he was wearing a pair of khaki-colored slacks and a beige cotton button-down work shirt, with a brown leather belt and matching loafers. His hair and eyes were also brown, as was the full beard-and-mustache that he kept neatly trimmed. In fact, he was practically a symphony in earth-shades, all faded greens and browns. Even his watch was a faded brass 'navigator' style mounted on a brown leather strap.

Having pushed his burden in enough to clear the sweep of the door, Chris let the garishly-painted orange door swing shut behind him, turning the dead-bolt lock until it snapped into place. With a grunt, he picked his prize off of the tile floor of the apartments entrance way, lugging it into the carpeted living room and dropping it with another grunt.

"Hey, there buddy - what'd ya pick up this time?"

The question came from Chris' roommate, Joe - who was just about the exact opposite of Chris in every conceivable way.

Where Chris was out of shape, Joe was a testament to body-building, his tanned body rippling with hard-won muscles. Where Chris was dressed semi-dressy, Joe was lounging around in cut-off jean shorts and a black tank-top with a brightly colored gym logo emblazoned on it. Chris' hair was fairly short, and neatly trimmed. Joe's mane was thick and long and dirty-blond. Chris was bearded, Joe was clean-shave. Chris was retiring, Joe was almost aggressively outgoing.

The odd thing was - they got along great. Chris provided the brains, Joe provided the muscles. Joe was helping Chris develop a social life, while Chris turned the cheap, featureless apartment into something more classy and comfortable. Joe would bring a couple of good looking women over for dinner - and Chris, a fantastic chef, would make a delicious meal, impressing the hell out of the women.

So, it wasn't surprising that Joe had picked up a minor interest in Chris' affection for picking up antique and unusual items. Now, the muscular youth slipped from the couch and eyes the sea-chest his roommate had brought home.

"Hey, that's kinda cool. Like a pirate's chest. Where'd ya get it?"

Chris wiped his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt. "Estate sale, at a closed-down train station that had been converted into a house. This trunk was probably in the 'lost baggage claim' when the place was bought and converted in the fifties. Lot number two-sixty-one on the action list, I got it for twenty-five bucks."

"Cool." Joe said, with a grin. "Anything in it?"

Chris shrugged. "Don't know - it's locked. Nobody's ever opened it. We'll find out in a minute though - hang on a second."

Chris trotted off to his room, and returned with his little tool-kit. A voracious reader of both fiction and non-fiction, Chris had all sorts of odd skill and knowledge he'd picked up out of books - including how to pick locks. Now, he pulled a Torx-head electronics screwdriver out of his kit, along with a small, slender probe. Sitting down in front of the chest, he asked Joe to grab the flashlight from the recharging cradle on the wall behind the end-table. While his roommate held the light, Chris slid the screwdriver into the center of the whole, until he felt the eight-sided pattern 'bite' lightly on the cylinder. Then he slid the probe into the space left by the shaft of the angled screwdriver, and began carefully hunting for the 'pin' of the old-style lock.

"Well?" Joe asked, after a moment of silence.

"Just wait..." Chris said, absently, as he closed his eyes and continued moving the probe lightly. "Wait, I think..."

He stiffened for a second, then very carefully moved both probe and screwdriver counter-clockwise. They turned for a fraction of a degree, then stopped. Slowly, Chris applied more and more pressure, twisting the probe slightly to the left...

With a muffled 'click', the tumbler slid onto position, and the cylinder completed the rest of the turn, the latch popping open.

"Got it!" Chris said, triumphantly. Carefully returning his tools to the correct loops in the leather pouch, he set the rolled-up tool-kit aside, and lifted up the lid of the chest.

The chest was divided into two sections, by way of a fitted wooden tray about a third of the way from the top, lined with green felt. Resting on the upper tray was a small, leather bound book, a mahogany box, some loose, blank paper, and a small metal cylinder with a closed, rounded end on one end, and a threaded wooden stopper on the other. Lifting out the tray, the two young men found the bottom part to contain out-of-date men's clothing, dating back to the twenties or thirties.

All things considered, it was all most preordained that the first item Chris would reach for was the book. Opening its leather cover, he found the heavy, yellowed pages inside covered with neat, precise handwriting, which he began to read.

Joe, on the other hand, ruffled through the out of date clothing first, nose wrinkled at the musty smell, shaking his head at the stiff cloth and severe cut of the clothes. Then, bored with that, he turned his attention to the tray that had been laid aside, picking up the mahogany box and...

"Holy shit!" Joe said, staring wide-eyed into the box he'd just opened.

"What is it..?" Chris asked, the exclamation reluctantly pulling his attention from the book he held.

"A gun!" Joe said, turning the box so that Chris could see. The dark haired-youth blinked in surprise at the weapon resting inside the wooden case.

"Holy crap!" Chris said, stunned. "It's a Howdah pistol!" "A what?" Joe asked.

"A Howdah pistol." Chris repeated. "Originally designed for British big-game hunters in Africa. It's a last-ditch gun, in case of tiger attacks." He paused. "I'd be careful with it - that's the ultimate in a 'heavy' pistol. Fires .577 caliber bullets."

The gun was an odd design, looking sort of like a sawed-off double-barrel shotgun, though smaller and more finely made. The old-style curved 'pistol grip' held the short, heavy-gauge barrels mounted on carved and scroll-worked metal plates, with ornate hammers behind each barrels. A brass plate covered the hinge-plate to allow the barrels to be 'broken open' for loading.

The box also contained a small cleaning kit, a few swathes of cloth - and two dozen bullets, head down in holes cut into the solid wood of the bottom left corner of the case.

"What do we do with this thing?" Joe said. "Turn it into the police?"

Chris' mouth tightened. That was probably the 'right' thing to do - but the gun would also make a great decorative item. He had paid for it, after all.

"Put it on the counter." Chris finally said. "Later, I'll take the powder out of the bullets, and we can put it on the end-table over there for decoration."

Joe shrugged and carried the box over to the counter and put it down. He was tempted to pick the gun itself up and see what it felt like - but it didn't seem like a good idea until Chris had 'disarmed' it or whatever.

Since he was 'in the neighborhood', Joe walked around the counter and into the kitchen, grabbing another can of beer - his fourth for the day.

"Hey, Joe." Chris called from the living room. "You're not going to *believe* this!" Carrying his beer, Joe went back into the living room.

The metal tube was laying on the ground beside Chris, the stopper a few inches away, and what he now held had obviously come from the container. Chris' first reaction to the item was that it looked like the worlds fanciest conductor's baton - about eight inches long, the polished piece of ebony wood tapered slightly from it's base to it's tip. Fine gold filament filled the intricate inlaid carving along the length of the stick, and gold wire wrapped tightly around the first two inches of the base formed it's grip.

To Joe, on the other hand, it looked like... something he'd never seen before. He had no analogies, other than 'a stick'. "What the hell is that?"

Chris grinned, a lopsided expression of bemused amusement.

"According to this..." he said, tapping the cover of the leather-bound journal, "...it's a magic wand." "A what?"

"I know - it's nuts." Chris said. "I mean.. a magic wand? According to this book, it can do amazing things. It can't create anything out of nothing - but point it at something and make a statement, and the statement will come true."

"Oh, of course - Silly me..." Joe said, chuckling.

"Yeah, yeah - I know." Chris said, with a grin. "Whoever wrote this 'manual' for it was... imaginative, to say the least. It even says that the wand has limitations. For instance - the person wielding the wand can use it on anything or anybody, except themselves. It's... kind of a safety catch, I guess. I know, it's all bunk - but I think this is real gold inlaying the wood, and the craftsmanship is incredible. As hoaxes go, this one is pretty damn valuable."

"Yeah." Joe said. "Wouldn't it be great if it really was a magic wand, though - you could do anything." Chris chuckled. "Well - almost."

Joe shook his head, imagining what it would be like to have a 'magic' wand, idly lifting the beer and taking a sip... "Hey - let's give it a try." Joe suggested.

"What?"

"I know it's a load of crap - but, what the hell. Do a 'test'. Point the wand at my beer, and turn it from a can into a bottle."

Chris' eyebrow went up, but he shrugged - it wouldn't hurt to play with the wand. Standing up, he struck a 'mystical' pose, and - with a flourish - pointed the wand at the beer can.

"You are holding a bottle of beer!" Chris exclaimed, in the deepest voice he could manage...

It was a contest as to what hit the ground first. The wand, tumbling from suddenly nerveless fingers...

...or the bottle of beer that had suddenly and instantaneously replaced the can in Joe's hand.

For a second, both of them stared at the bottle on the ground, fizzing beer 'glug-glug'ing from the neck and into the carpet. Then both sets of eyes traveled to where the wand lay.

"Holy shit!" Chris exclaimed, his voice weak. "It... it worked!"

Carefully - as if it were a deadly snake that might lash out - he bent down and picked the wand up, holding it tentatively as he stared at it.

"Oh, man, this is fuckin' unbelievable." Joe said, staring at the wand. Without taking his eyes off the polished, inlaid wood, he bent and fumbled around, finding the mostly-empty bottle and picking it up. "Hey, Chris... make this a full, unopened can of beer."

Chris seemed not to hear the request for a second, then he shook his head and blinked. "Huh? Oh - yeah. Okay."

Taking a deep breath, he hesitantly pointed the narrow end of the wand at the bottle. "You are holding a full, chilled, unopened can of beer."

There was no 'Hollywood' special effects. There was a slight jerk as the heavier can replaced the mostly empty bottle, and there was a slight 'hiss' of air movement as the amount and shape of space taken up in the atmosphere changed - and a cold, unopened beer appeared in Joe's hand, replacing the bottle.

Hesitantly, Joe cracked open the beer and took a hesitant sip. "It... tastes fine." He said. "For a Bud Light, that is."

Chris blinked, and took a closer look. "Hey!"

"Yeah - what happened to my Coors?" Joe said, putting the can aside.

"I guess... I just thought of the beer I drink." Chris said, his mind beginning to function at full speed. Words tumbled over each other as he spoke rapidly, amazement and curiosity in his voice. "Hey! It's not just what you say, but what you're visualizing. I guess the spoken words are just the trigger mechanism."

"Do you realize what this means, Chris?" Joe asked, a goofy smile spreading across his lips. "Hell - we can do anything we want! Geez, man - we could become the all-time studs of the world. Think about it - we can be so damned hung that women will drool!"

Chris blinked, then began to blush. "Yeah, well - maybe I could, um..." He trailed off, then rallied. "But you? For God's sake, Joe, I've talked to your girlfriends. You're better endowed than anybody else in the city!"

There was a creaking sound from Joe's crotch as any slack in the denim was suddenly taken up, and he gasped and altered his stance to adjust for the remarkably larger bulge pushing at the button fly of the faded shorts.

"Oh, crap!" Chris said, eyes bulging. Hastily, he put the wand down on the nearest table, as if it were red-hot. "geez man, I'm sorry - I didn't even realize I was pointing it in your direction, and I didn't think before..."

"hey, man - relax!" Joe said, bending at the waist slightly to stare at the radically increased bulge now straining his shorts. "Shit! I mean, it hurt for a second as it got... crushed. But I ain't complaining man!"

Chris blushed and he looked away, realizing where he'd been staring. "Yeah, I guess so. Still - it was an accident."

"So?" Joe said, walking around the room a little to find the walk that was most comfortable for his enlarged equipment. "From now on, we've just got to be more careful. Geez, man - I gotta buy some 'comfort fit' clothes. I'm bein' squashed here, and... hey!" He turned to Chris. "Do me a favor, buddy - 'adjust' my clothes for me, would ya?"

"Look - I wasn't planning to use the wand at all, really!" Chris said. "I mean - we didn't think it was real! Now that we know it really works, we shouldn't touch it again until I've read the entire 'manual', and practiced with it on non-animate objects.."

"Come on man - loosen up." Joe interrupted. "I mean - anything goes wrong, you can always use the wand to set it right again, right? C'mon - at the very least, help me out here."

Chris looked uncertain. "I.. think it would be a better idea if you picked out another pair of shorts or pants, and I'll alter them - I'm not exactly comfortable aiming the wand at you, yourself. I mean - what if I did something to you, instead of your shorts?"

"Fine, fine." Joe said, with a sigh. "Geez, man - you worry too much."

Padding - slightly bow-legged - to his bedroom, Joe returned a minute later with a armful of pants and shorts, which he dumped on the living room floor.

"Might as well do everything at once." He explained. When Chris reached towards the wand, Joe held out a hand. "Hey - you've given it a shot already. Let me practice on my own clothes."

Chris hesitated, then sighed and handed the wand over.

Pointing the wand at the pile of clothes, Joe thought in silence for a long moment, then spoke. "All these clothes are perfectly tailored to fit me comfortably."

There was no noticeable change in the pile of clothing. Then again - there wouldn't be, either way.

"Chris?" Joe said, making a rotating motion with his finger. Obediently, Chris turned around and stared at the far wall. "Hey - this is great!" Joe said, and Chris turned back around.

Joe was wearing another pair of shorts, quite similar to the pair he'd just had on - but these ones were tailored around the bulge in his crotch. The bulge was still clearly define, it's size pushing out the extra tailored cloth at the crotch without being compressed, while the rest of the shorts fit as tightly as they always had. Rather than the whole garment becoming baggier, they'd become a slightly different design altogether, to accommodate Joe's new equipment - and practically flaunt it, as well.

"Uh..." Chris said, still flushing. "Joe, maybe it would be a better idea if I.. um.. well, made you a *little* smaller."

"Are you kidding?" Joe said, obvious delighted at the massive cock he now possessed. "Why on earth would you do that? Jealous?"

"No, no..." Chris sighed. "It's just that... it's kind of noticeable. I mean - you're a hell of a lot bigger then you were before. Somebody's bound to notice, and how are we going to explain it?"

"I'll think of something." Joe said. "Hell, if I have to, I'll use the wand on everybody who knows me, and tell them that they don't notice anything different about me. There's no way in hell I'm letting you - or anybody - shrink this monster, pal. I'm, like, the ultimate Stud- Lord."

Chris held out a hand. "Hey, hey - don't even *joke* about screwing around with peoples minds with the wand. We're still not sure how safe it is. We shouldn't even be using it at all! We've got to restrain ourselves, and not go nuts with it."

"Why not?" Joe asked. "I mean, sure - we can't go around zapping anything we want. We can still use it, though, and have a little fun - I mean, think of the things we can do with it!"

Chris' face tightened. "Joe, I think you'd better let me hold on to the wand for awhile, until we can think everything through and figure out how best to use it."

Joe stared at Chris. "Geez, man - what's your problem? Relax. You're getting paranoid."

"Maybe it's a good think I am a little 'paranoid'." Chris retorted. "I mean - you didn't play around with that gun, did you? Well, this wand can do almost anything at all, which makes it a hell of a lot more dangerous then any gun. Just treat it the way you would a loaded weapon."

"Holy crap, Chris - get a grip!" Joe shook his head with a wry grin. "C'mon, buddy - we both know you're a worry-wart, and that's all this is. If anything bad happens, we can use the wand to fix it. Now, let's have a little fun with this puppy, huh?"

"Joe..." Chris tried to reason with his roommate.

"Hey, relax - watch, I'll show you." He pointed the wand at Chris...

...who flinched and tried to dodge away from the point of the wand, even as Joe spoke... "Your waist is nice and thin."

Chris gasped as he felt the oddest 'pulling' sensation as the fat that formed his paunch faded away - and more. Within the space of a few second, his waist had not only shed the extra pounds, but the very shape of it had narrowed considerably.

"Joe!" Chris protested, pulling the loose fabric of his shirt tightly around the reduced circumference of his waist to get a better look at it's tiny new dimension - his hands could almost encircle his shrunken waist, it was so tiny.

"So, I overdid it a bit." Joe said, waving a hand. "I can fix it in a minute - but, look! You just lost all that extra weight, and you didn't have to do even one exercise. Isn't that great!"

"Joe, you can't just play around with that thing!" Chris said, angrily. "You could have done something a lot worse then this - and even this you screwed up! For god's sake, put the damned thing down before you do something *really* stupid!"

Joe's face clouded. "Fuck, Chris - I was just tryin' to help you. What do you do? Thank me? *Noooo*... you ream me out, for a little mistake that I could fix like 'that'." He snapped his fingers. "Holy sit, you're uptight about this."

"Joe, it's not some game! That thing..." Chris said, tightening his belt around his now-tiny waist, to keep his pants from settling lower around his hips.

"For god's sake, Chris - GET OFF MY BACK!"

There was another difference between the two youths. Chris had a very even temperament - it took quite a bit to get him 'exasperated', as he was now, and he'd almost never been truly angry. When he did get exasperated, it tended to stay with him for quite some time, fading as slowly as it had come.

Joe, on the other hand... Joe was a hot-head. He could go from his usual easy-going self into a tower of rage in sixty seconds flat, though the rage never lasted terribly long. It was white-hot while it did last, though...

...and, right now, Joe was royally pissed at Chris for his nagging and the perceived suggestions that Joe was 'stupid'. Only once before had Joe been this angry and annoyed at Chris...

...but he hadn't been holding an object of immense power in his hand at the time....

"You want the damned wand back?" Joe asked, angrily. "You want me not to use it? Fine! I'll give you the fuckin' thing, then I'm outta hear to give this new equipment a try. But first..."

He pointed the wand directly at Chris, who was back-pedaling from Joe and trying to calm him - in vain.

"You can't seem to relax - well, maybe it's your damned clothes, all dressy. You are wearing a pair of tight jeans and a bright red T-shirt!"

Chris felt a strange writhing sensation across his body as he clothes changed to match Joe's statement, leaving Chris feeling very uncomfortable in the tight-fitting denim and the bright-red shirt.

"Also, you can't leave this apartment, or communicate in anyway with anyone outside this apartment, until I get back!" Joe continued, angrily. This time, Chris didn't feel anything happen - but he was pretty sure that Joe's statement was now utterly correct."

"You also can't use the wand at all while I'm gone!" Joe continued, obviously making these 'rules' up as he went along, venting his anger at his roommate. "And... and... and..."

"Joe, please - don't..." Chris tried to reason with him. "You've already got me good. Really - I'll be stuck here, unable to talk to anybody, unable to use the wand, and.. and stuck with this... this..." He gestured at his midsection. "...this woman's waist."

It was the wrong thing to say - he was trying to show the enraged Joe that he was suffering - but Joe took it as another shot at his 'stupid' mistake. Joe's unreasonable anger increased, and he looked for something worse to bestow on his roommate...

...and noticed that, while he'd changed Chris' pants and shirt, his shoes were left unaltered...

"You have a woman's waist?" Joe repeated, angrily. "Then let's give you feet to match - you have women's feet, and you're wearing bright-red high heels, which you can't take off until I tell you to!"

Everything around Chris seemed to shrink down slightly as he quickly rose an addition seven inches higher from the floor - thanks to the bright red, stiletto-heeled pumps now on his small, feminine feet, leaving him balanced atop the shoes one-and-a-half inch platform soles and seven-inch tall stiletto heels.

"There!" Joe shouted, barely aware of the words emerging from his mouth. "You can walk around in high heels like some sort of stripper, hooker or slut. That should keep you entertained until I get back!"

Throwing the wand on the end-table, Joe turned and stormed out of the apartment, pausing to grab his jacket, with his wallet and keys inside. The door slammed behind Joe's broad back...

...but, since he'd only pop-turned the dead-bolt, it didn't close, the bolt snapping back out as soon as the door was opened, and that bolt keeping the door from closing. Instead, the door rebounded from the brass bolt, and slowly swung open again.

"Shit!" Chris said, frustrated, annoyed - and really, really embarrassed, as he looked down at the high-heeled shoes enclosing feet that were small and slender.

Shaking his head, Chris told himself that in half an hour or so, Joe would come back, all apologies and contrition, and undo what he'd done to him. That was the way Joe was. Chris would just have to deal with the situation until then...

...and, once he was 'restored', he was going to make damn sure that wand was put somewhere safe. Sighing, Chris gingerly headed over to close the door...

...then stopped dead, eyes opening in shock, as he found himself walking with a confident - and exaggerated - strut. It was sexy and obvious, his hips rolling and his ass swaying in a decidedly feminine manner.

Struggling, Chris tried again, this time consciously trying to walk 'normally'...

...and slammed into a wall, the only thing that kept him from falling to the floor.

Without meaning to, Joe had 'cursed' him with the easy ability to walk like 'a stripper, hooker or slut'. The only way to not use that new stride would require him to concentrate on controlling every step...

...and he didn't know how to walk or balance in heels. So - it was either walk with that sexy sway - or not at all.

"Damn you, Joe..." Chris said, with only a little heat. Helplessly, he once more started for the door, his hips swaying and swiveling... "What the hell's all the yelling... Chris?" the voice went from angry to surprised - as did the expression on the face of the voice's owner. Chris cursed to himself as things got worse and worse.

Their neighbor, Cassandra, was standing just outside the open door, staring incredulously at Chris, balanced atop his bright-red 'fuck- me' pumps. Her face was usually one of restrained scorn and mild disgust, intensified in the presence of Joe - but that look was currently superseded by one of shock. "Chris - what the hell are you doing wearing heels?"

Even if he could have come up with an 'explanation', he couldn't have given it - since Cassandra was out side, Chris was complete incapable of talking to her.

"What the hell's going on here?" She demanded of the silent young man, her expression and voice sliding back into it's usual groove. Cassandra wasn't exactly the greatest neighbor - tall, broad-shouldered and small busted, the dark-haired woman was pure feminist, and living next door to 'Mr. macho' (Joe) pissed the hell out of her. Now, her usual arrogance returned, and she took a couple of angry steps forward...

...and entered the apartment.

"Cassandra - can you close the door?" Chris asked, now able to speak to her. "Please? I'll explain everything."

Cassandra's arrogant look flashed from his face to his feet, and one eyebrow lifted scornfully. "Yeah - everything." Chris responded to the look, blushing furiously. "Please..."

Rolling her eyes, Cassandra hesitated - then closed the door behind her.

"This way." Chris said, gesturing - then flushed even more brightly as he lead her into the living room, his ass swaying and bobbing. "What the...?" Cassandra said, her sneer slipping. "Geez, don't tell me you two are..."

"No, no!" Chris stopped her before she could finish the question. Sitting down, Chris took a deep breath...

...and explained everything to her.

"So you see..." he finished. "I need your help to undo what Joe did to me."

Cassandra, sitting on the couch, was fingering the wand with a doubtful look on her face... but not too doubtful. She'd seen Chris just that morning, and between then and now, his waist had shrunk dramatically, and his feet had become considerably smaller and more feminine. She couldn't come up with an alternative explanation for either, no matter how silly this whole 'magic wand' business sounded.

Slowly, that doubtful look faded - to be replaced by a thoughtful, sneering one that Chris didn't like at all.

"Well, now..." She said in a tone of voice that sent shivers down his spine. "...this *does* over some intriguing possibilities, doesn't it?"

"Uh, Cassandra...?" Chris said, hesitantly, deciding that maybe he'd been wrong in trying to enlist the woman's help. He knew that she and Joe could barely stand the sight of each other, but he barely knew her, other than passing her in the hall now and then. He didn't have anything against her at all...

...and it hadn't occurred to him that she might not she the same utter indifference.

When she pointed the wand at him and began to speak, he felt a bolt of fear run through him and....

"Why, Joe?" Chris asked the air, plaintively. Rising from the chair he'd so recently collapsed in, he resumed the pacing he'd been doing for the past twenty minutes, hating the feel of his ass as it swayed and jiggled in an over-exaggerated feminine manner. "Why are you doing this to me?"

Feeling disturbingly close to tears, Chris continued to pace, wondering why his best friend had suddenly turned against him...

* * * * *

In the hallway, Cassandra smiled as she heard his plaintive questions through the door. Obviously, her command to him had worked - as far as Chris remembered, once Joe had gotten the wand, he'd calmly and cruelly done these things to him, then 'left him to stew' while taking the wand and leaving, promising that he'd return - and things were far from over...

That was the first step in what she had planned. Before she could move on to the second step, though, she had to wait for... Even as she was thinking about it, Joe came thundering up the stairs, a stricken look on his face.

"Joe, hold on!" Cassandra said, stepping in front of the muscular youth.

"look, I gotta..." Joe started to say... but he paused, to keep from running her down...

...which gave her a chance to point the wand at him.

"Joe, you can't move until I tell you to." She told the stunned man, who was gaping at the wand she pointed at him. "When I'm done giving these instructions, I'm going to hand you the wand, and you are going to will me to look exactly like you do, right down to the clothes, and will that I will stay this way until I will myself to change back. Once you have done this, you will immediately hand the wand back to me, go down the stairs, and to the nearest bar. Once there, you will forget that you came back, and that we met or talked. In fact, you also won't remember 'Chris' at all - you'll remember your girlfriend, Chrissy, is living with you, and you had an argument after you laughed at some stupid chest she blew *your* money on..."

* * * * *

Chris was just finishing another angry loop of pacing, when he heard the front door open. Stopping in his high-heeled tracks, he watched as Joe swaggered in, that same, inexplicable sneer on his face. He closed the door behind him with a kick, wiggling the wand in the air in front of him so Chris could see it.

"Well, well, well - have you been enjoying the little wait, 'buddy'?" Joe taunted.

"Joe, why are you doing this to me?" Chris asked, pointing his hands at his body. "I don't understand..."

"Oh, of course not." Joe said, cruelly. "You're so socially inept that you haven't noticed a damn thing. All the times I've tried to get you out of the way, because you were screwing up my sex life. All the times you bored me to tears with crap about this or that. the way you ruined my fuckin' bachelor pad with all this shit! You never noticed any of the hints I gave you!"

"Wha.. what are you talking about?" Chris stammered, confused. "You volunteered to help me. You even brought 'double dates' home so..."

"they weren't fuckin' 'double dates', asshole!" Joe said, sharply. "before you moved in, I was getting laid by two or three girls a night! Both those girls were for me - but no, having a geek like you around, I'm lucky if I get it once a week! Well... that's about to change."

"Wha... Joe, I don't..." Chris said, trying to grasp the 'rationale' behind this sudden tirade, this sudden hatred. Could it be.. but, then why... Chris' mind was spinning, unable to piece any of this together into a coherent whole.

Then Joe pointed the wand at him. "You will stand in the center of the room, and only move or talk when I tell you to - and then, only the way I tell you to."

Chris wanted to plead for Joe to stop... but was completely unable to do so as Joe walked over to the comfortable leather chair and settle into it, facing him. Reaching down, he dragged a small garbage can over to him. pointing the wand at it, he said something Chris couldn't hear - and the wastebasket suddenly became a mid-sized leather bag. He then turned his attention - and the wand - back to Chris.

"Your name is Christine, though you usually use Chrissy. You hate the diminutive Chris, and try to get people to avoid calling you that - you are Chrissy, and sometimes Christine." He lowered the wand so it didn't point at anything. "Now - what's your name?"

"My name's Christine - but you can call me Chrissy." Chris - Chrissy - replied, struggling and failing to avoid saying it. he just couldn't stop himself.

"Good, Good." Joe replied, with a smile. "But - I don't think 'Chrissy' sounds like a name for a brunette, do you? It's a good thing you have long, soft, golden blonde hair."

This was spoken with the wand pointing at him - and Chrissy felt his hair suddenly lengthen, cascading down his back in a golden waterfall.

"You should put your hair in a ponytail, Chrissy." Joe said, reaching into the bag and pulling out a bright-pink 'scrunchy'. He tossed it to Chrissy...

..who helplessly caught it. Pulling his new, silky mane into a bundle, Chrissy gave himself a long, golden ponytail as if he'd done it a million times.

"Much better - but that scrunch doesn't match your clothes anymore, does it? Well - you are now wearing a hot-pink spandex crop-top, a white skirt, and white high-heels."

Chrissy wanted to cry out in shame as he felt the clothes covering his body writhe and shift, leaving him clad in tight-fitting, feminine attire.

"Oh, that's not very good." Joe chided. "Look at how awful your legs look!"

Helplessly, Chrissy looked down at the hairy, male shins protruding from the knee-length skirt.

"Then again - you have a pair of long, sexy, delightfully feminine legs." Joe said - and, as suddenly as that, while he watched, Chrissy did indeed have long, shapely legs.

"Your legs look really good in that white leather mini-skirt, too."

The hem of the skirt shot upwards as the material thickened and changed, and an instant later most of his new legs were clearly on display.

"That skirt also really shows off your wide, womanly hips and incredibly full, sexy ass."

It did now, at least - Chrissy wanted to whimper and beg as he felt his hips widen to full, womanly curves, and his ass swell outwards under the skin-tight skirt that displayed his incredible new figure, from the waist down.

"Of course, you have soft, downy, feminine body hair - and very little of that, too. Your smooth, sexy female arms are almost complete bare of hair, and it really makes you feminine hands and slender wrists look good." Joe told Chrissy...

...who looked at his newly reshaped arms and hands, and would have agreed that they were fine examples of feminine appendages - if they weren't attached to him.

"The hot-pink nail polish really shows off you long nails, too - and matches the glossy lipstick you always wear on you full, sexy lips."

It felt like his lips were swelling up, and he could faintly taste the glossy, hot-pink lipstick that coated the incredibly sexy, full lips his face now 'boasted'. He couldn't see his own face, of course - and was stuck looking at his long, finely shaped nails, with their bright coat of polish.

"Gee - It's a good thing you have a sexy, beautiful female face to match those lips, with a tiny snub of a nose, and huge, bright-blue eyes."

Chrissy wanted to whimper as his face took on the contours of a beautiful, sexy - if not too bright-looking - woman.

"Gee, you look like a bimbo, Chrissy." Joe sneered. "Which is why you've had your tits surgically inflated to a double 'D' cup."

Chrissy would have winced, if he could, as he felt his chest expand outwards to the dimensions stated, pulling the crop-top tighter over the new mounds.

"Gee - that was the first set of implants you got. You then had your tits blown up to a triple 'F' cup." Chrissy's new endowments, only seconds old, expanded even further...

...while, somehow, he knew that - due to the phrasing - there were records of him getting both sets of implants, even peoples memories reflected this, except for his and Joe's. After all, he hadn't just 'given' the tits to Chris - he'd stated it so that there was a 'history' to them.

"Then, of course, you had them inflated to a GGG-cup size..." Joe continued, and the weight of Chrissy's new tits grew as they swelled, pulling out at his chest. He could feel the heft and bounce of them, could feel the sensation of the taut spandex being transmitted through them.

But Joe wasn't done talking.

"You've had them inflated so many times because your obsessed with your body, and always have been - you need to make men attracted to you. You can't help yourself. You always act as sexy as you can, because you need to turn men on, and with your huge tits you can show them off and flaunt them."

Chrissy found himself changing position, standing in a sexy pose with one leg forward, as his dainty new hands rose and began to fondle the cloth-covered globes straining the top. He couldn't help himself, as he smiled seductively at Joe and licked his full new lips hungrily.

"Which isn't surprising - since you're an insecure woman with a hot, tight cunt and a need to prove your sex by seducing men whenever you start to feel 'unhappy' about your body, and have been this way since you were a little girl."

The last of the changes occurred - and Chrissy felt like crying as 'history' for everyone else change to match her new gender - and needs.

"You're incredibly skilled at all forms of seduction and sexual acts." Joe said, now making the fine-tuned adjustments to her mind. "It's not whether you want to use them, or not - you need to. Often." He grinned, cruelly, "So - you're free to move and talk."

"Why have you done this to me...?" She asked in a throaty, feminine voice as she slowly and seductive moved towards him, her huge new tits jiggling and swaying. "Why have you given me such a perfect, sexy body, so I can fulfill my needs? Why have you made all my fantasies come true?"

That wasn't what she'd meant to ask - but,. With the constraints on her, it was the best she could do.

"Chrissy, you have to act this way at all times, for everybody you meet - you have to act like a sex-starved, horny woman, eager to sexually please any man who wants you... except, you only have to act this way around me for the next week. Then, at six p.m. next Friday, you have to leave this apartment, and never come back."

Chrissy moaned - inspired by a moan of fear, loathing and hatred, but it emerged as one of lust. Helplessly, the new woman found herself reaching down to fondle Joe's enormous cock, already stirring in its cloth prison. "Let me suck your cock, Joe... please..."

"Sure thing, Chrissy." Joe said, laying the wand aside. "First, though, I want to get my hands on those fantastic tits of yours."

"Oh, yes..." Chrissy helplessly moaned, peeling off the crop top and leaning forward. Closing her eyes, she leaned her head back and moaned in pleasure as Joe began to fondle and suck her massive tits, squeezing them together and licking and sucking at the nipples.

Meanwhile... her slender, dainty new hands slid down to his crotch and undid his shorts, letting his enormous, throbbing cock spring into her hands.

He was, quite literally, the best-endowed man in the entire city - and she knew it. Still, it was shocking - in many ways - to feel his cock throbbing in her dainty hands - it was enormous. At least eighteen inches long, it was so thick around that she could only encircle it using both her hands, and she doubted she could fit the massive, reddish-purple head of it into her mouth...

...she was wrong. helplessly, unable to stop herself, Chrissy found herself sliding to her knees. Opening her mouth as wide as she could, she leaned forward and placed her full lips against the cock... and pushed.

With a muffled 'pop', the massive head of the thick cock slid into her mouth, her lips sealing tightly around it as it filled her mouth to capacity.

Though she was now incredibly skilled at cock-sucking, that skill didn't come into place - with her mouth tightly sealed around that gigantic, throbbing organ, she could do little more than a glorified hand-job. There wasn't even enough room left in her mouth to move her tongue around.

So, she found herself wrapping her hands around his heavily veined shaft, and beginning to jerk him off, her hands picking a steady rhythm that would build him slowly to the peak...

..then, just before he got there, she slowed again, teasing him.

Chrissy wanted to stop, feeling sick to her stomach - but she just couldn't, her body performing exactly as Joe had told it too, and she continued to work the massive organ as she breathed through her nose, her jaws already aching from the strain. Still, she couldn't make herself rush through the act, her timing and movements sexy and deliberate as she brought him closer to the edge again, oh-so-slowly...

This time, there was no way she could have stopped - he was too ready. So, she sped up at the last moment, not just pushing him over the edge, but hurling him past it...

...and his cock exploded in her mouth, a flood of thick, salty cum gushing in a seemingly never-ending geyser that gushed wildly down her throat, her sealed lips keeping any from being 'wasted' as he dumped an enormous, warm load of his man-juice directly down her throat.

When he finally stopped cumming, she struggled, finally managing to pull her mouth from his cock with a wet, slurping 'pop'.

"Not bad.." Joe allowed, rising and zipping up his shorts. "I'm just going to step out side for a second. When I come back in, I want you to act like you forgive me for something, then seduce me and fuck my brains out all night. Think you can handle that, Chrissy?" He picked up the wand and headed for the door.

"Mmmm... no problem, Joe.." She replied, hungrily - while struggling, in vain, to regain control of her altered body long enough to run to the toilet and vomit.

* * * * *

Closing the door behind her, Cassandra closed her eyes and concentrated - and, a second later, was back in her female form... still bemused by the experience of having 'her' cock sucked. She was beginning to see why men seemed to interested in it - and she hadn't even gotten the 'full package'.

Hearing Joe's heavy steps on the stairs, she smiled as the next part of her plan went into effect. Shrugging to herself, she headed back to her apartment, while Joe - not even noticing her - went into his.

* * * * *

"Oh, honey - I'm so glad you're home!" Chrissy found herself helplessly telling Joe, pressing her huge bosom against his muscular chest. "I'm so sorry we had a fight - and I want to make it up to you!"

"Really?" Joe asked, startled - and wondering why Chrissy didn't look all that familiar to him. He knew it must be her, he knew she was his girlfriend, could even remember details of her life - but it was as if he'd read about them. Her actual body was strangely... unfamiliar.

Shaking his head, he wrote it off to the drinks he'd had, as she lead him, eagerly, to the bedroom.

Desperately, she tried to stop herself - but the only way she could act was like a cum-hungry bimbo. The magic of the wand was stronger than her will - and she couldn't fight it, though she tried - mightily.

"Ummm... I want that monster of yours in my cunt, Stud." She said, stripping off her clothes, while Joe eagerly did the same. Smiling, she pushed him onto the bed, taking the top position for herself as she rose up and positioned herself... then thrust downwards.

She screamed in apparent pleasure, really screaming in humiliation and pain as his massive cock filled her tight cunt. The initial burst of pain at the huge penetration vanished quickly - but the humiliation stayed as she began to flex the smooth muscles of her shapely legs, driving herself up and down on his massive cock.

"oh yes, Joe, oh yes - I love it, I want it, fuck me..." She cried, ramming herself on the cock in piston-like movements, huge tits bouncing and swaying as she drove her body on his rod. "I a slut!"

"Oh, Chrissy..." Joe moaned, intense ecstasy rolling through his body as she drove herself atop him, faster and faster. Her words had degenerated into incoherent sounds of pleasure as she fucked him with wild abandon, her body needing to be filled and fucked and 'appreciated' by men...

As she screamed in orgasmic ecstasy and shuddered atop her body, she was already dreading the day, one week hence, when she'd helplessly leave the apartment to roam the city looking for fulfillment for her need.

That's when the worst blow came.

The knowledge the spending the next week 'eagerly' fucking the bastard who'd done this to her - was the best part of what was to become her life...

* * * * *

With a smile, Cassandra listened to Chris' screams of 'pleasure' echo through the walls, her hands lightly fondling the shaft of the wand.

"Well, that'll get your little friend out of the way, Joe..." She murmured. "After being humiliated for a week with you, my quick little fun with her will have her move on... and I can get around to doing the full job on you, you stupid, macho pig."

The grin widened and became crueler as her hands tightened on the incredible power she now held. "I have a whole week to work out my plan so that it's perfect..."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: The next door neighbor continues her plan of transforming the macho Bob in a magical game that he has no chance of winning.

Lot #261- Joe

By Gunslinger

Gasping for breath, Joe put the chest down on the ground next to the door. Standing up and rolling his shoulders, the muscular youth tried to get the cramps out of his knotted muscles, then - with a grunt - picked the chest back up and made the final heave that got it over the door's small lip, and into the back of the cube van. Closing and locking the cube-van's cargo door, the well-muscled - and very well endowed - blond youth walked to the front of the vehicle.

He smiled thinly as he found Chrissy searching through her purse for something - while the driver of the truck stared openly at the awesome amount of cleavage on display in Chrissy's barely-there tube top, her massive tit threatening to burst free of the tiny band of hot-pink fabric at any second.

"Well, that's the last of it." Joe told Chrissy, who looked up with a vague smile.

"That's great, Joe..." She said, her voice sounding almost out-of-focus. She seemed to remarkably eager to leave, for some reason - her entire body was shaking, which was doing truly interesting things to her massive endowments. "I.. uh.. It was fun, okay?"

"Yeah, I guess so." Joe 'agreed', still not certain as to why his girlfriend had suddenly decided to dump him and move out - without even having a specific place to go. This morning she'd simply awakened with the sudden need to leave, and he still didn't understand why...

...but, then again, there was a lot he'd never understood about his huge-breasted blonde ex-girlfriend.

"Look, it's four to six - we have to go." Chrissy said, nudging the driver. The still gaping man put the vehicle into gear, and Joe hoped that he'd keep his eye on the road enough to avoid an accident.

"Will you call me?" Joe shouted to Chrissy as the truck began to accelerate.

"No!" She shouted back, her throaty soprano carrying over the climbing growl of the truck's diesel...

...and then she was gone.

Shaking his head at her odd behavior, Joe turned and re-entered the building, climbing the stairs with legs weary from making the trip dozens of times with all her belongings. Ever since she'd moved in with him, she'd been slowly redecorating the

apartment - one of the things that had been contrary to her general appearance and behavior as the 'classic bimbo', as she'd shown amazing taste, dedication and skill in buying and arranging.

His first clue that something was wrong should have come a week ago - they'd had some sort of stupid argument over another item she'd bought. She'd seemed to forgive him, after a while - but she hadn't done anything at all to the apartment since then, which should have been a warning sign. Joe only saw it now, in retrospect. She'd obviously begun thinking about leaving that night, and hadn't wanted to put any more effort into the apartment until she'd decided.

Well, she'd obviously decided - and her leaving had practically stripped the apartment clean, leaving only a few items that she hadn't purchased.

Reaching the top floor, Joe began to walk into the nearly empty apartment... "Was that Chrissy moving out?"

Joe turned to see his neighbor, Cassandra, standing in her doorway. Tall, broad-shouldered and more than a little masculine-looking, the woman with the short crop of dark hair was a Radical Feminist and - usually - a genuine 'bitch'. He'd never gotten along particularly well with her, and her oddly civil tone surprised him.

"Yeah - she decided to leave."

Cassandra sighed. "Oh, Joe - I'm sorry to hear that."

Joe blinked - this certainly wasn't the arrogant Cassandra he remembered so well. "uh, thanks." He paused. "Actually - I can't say I'm all that upset, really."

Cassandra seemed shocked. "Oh? I would have thought she was your dream girl. I mean - she isn't exactly demure and subtle."

Joe smiled a lopsided grin. "Yeah, that's what I thought when I first met her. Thing is - she's never satisfied, and.. as much as I hate to say it, I just couldn't keep up with her. All the time, she just wanted to.. well, you know. It was fun, at first... but I can only take so much."

"Huh - well, what do you know." Cassandra said, shaking her head. "I guess your fantasies aren't nearly as great when they actually come true."

"Yeah." Joe agreed, still amazed at Cassandra's sudden change in character.

"Say, I noticed she practically stripped the place clean." Cassandra said, playing with her new 'bauble' - a braided leather bracelet with a strange 'stick' hanging from it.

"Yeah - I know I paid for the stuff and all, but she doesn't have a job or much money, so I let her have all the stuff she bought - it's not really my style, anyway."

"Well, why don't you come over to my place for dinner tonight?" Cassandra suggested, surprising Joe even further. "I.. don't know..." Joe hesitated.

Cassandra wiggled that stick in front of his face, mock-threateningly. "Trust me." She lowered it, and smiled. "I'm not going to bite."

It was a complete change for Cassandra - but, oddly, Joe found that he did trust her intentions - he just had the conviction that he could trust her. "Well... okay."

"Great." Cassandra said, with a smile. "Seven o'clock okay with you?" Joe nodded. "Sure, Cassandra."

She winked at him. "Well, if we're going to start being friends - why don't you just call me Cassie, Joe."

"Uh, sure.. Cassie." Joe said. Watching her go back into her apartment, Joe wondered if ever woman he knew was going to suddenly start acting as strangely as Cassie and Chrissy now were.

"I'm living in an episode of 'The Twilight Zone'." He muttered to himself, going into his apartment and closing the door.

* * * * *

"So - how was it?" Cassie asked with a smile, returning from removing the last of the plates, and placing a nice cold beer in Joe's hand.

"It was.. great." Joe said, still having a hard time believing he'd just had a thoroughly enjoyable dinner with... Cassandra. It seemed.. surreal.

"You know, we should have done this ages ago." She said, making a 'follow me' gesture and leading him into the living room, still taking over her shoulder. "I mean, I know we got off on the wrong foot and all, but I blame myself for it - I mean, I see you, and you just look like the stereotype 'jock', right down to.." She waved a hand in the direction of his crotch, where his custom-tailored pants strained over his massive organ.

"Yeah, well... I guess I made some misjudgments about you, to, because of the way you look - so I guess we're even." Joe said, flushing slightly, as he settled into the chair she'd indicated. "To tell you the truth... I was really surprised this afternoon when you were... when you started treating me..."

"Like a human being?" Cassie supplied with a self-deprecating laugh. "Don't worry about saying something that might offend me - I'm well aware of how much of a first-class bitch I've been for.. for far too long."

"Well..." Joe said, embarrassed on her account by her brutal honesty...

...but unable to find a valid counter-argument for it. She *was* right, after all.

"Actually, the main reason I changed my mind about you is because of Gina and Marcie." Cassie said.

Joe felt a slight chill go down his back - Gina and Marcie were best friends, and he'd dated them a few years back.

Both of them. The fact that he'd eventually been caught wasn't the amazing part - the fact that he'd actually managed to juggle the two of them for more than a month was what boggled the mind. Needless to say, when they'd parted, it hadn't been on friendly terms.

"They're the ones that changed your mind about me?" He asked, hesitantly.

"Oh, yeah - you should hear how much they rave about you. I mean - they were mad at you at first, but then they realized that they'd had more fun with you than they'd ever had before, and you'd treated them both well - even if you didn't tell them you were dating the other one. You didn't even lie to them - you just didn't tell them everything."

This was getting weirder and weirder. "I... see." Joe said, although he didn't. "And you know them...?"

"Oh - I met them while in this strange little shop. I ended up buying a really weird board game, and they came over to play it..." She blushed, and looked round as if seeing if they were being over heard, making Joe blink. "Joe, I'm not supposed to tell anyone, but since it's you... The board game is magic!"

Joe gaped. "Huh?"

"Really!" She said, nodding. "It's a magical board game designed for three people, and when you play it... well, strange things happen. Magical things."

Joe looked at her strangely.

"Hey!" Cassie said, snapping her fingers. "Gina and Marcie will be over shortly - this is when we get together for the game. Why don't you stay, and take my place?"

"Well..." Joe hesitated, thinking this was the strangest thing he'd ever heard. "Say yes." Cassie pleaded.

"Yes - sure, I'll do it." Joe said, suddenly deciding it might be fun - and he wanted to know what this whole 'magic' thing was. Just then, there was a knock at the door.

"That must be them!" Cassie said, jumping to her feet, and heading for the door.

* * * * *

As she let Marcie and Gina in, Cassie was smiling triumphantly. It had taken most of the week to find the girls, but once she had, 'setting' them to help her with her plan had been easy, thanks to the wand. Now it was time to have some 'fun'.

Gina was a tall, slender red-head with full, soft lips and huge green eyes. Marcie, on the other hand, was a petite girl with sandy-blonde hair and perky attitude. When they'd dated Joe, he couldn't decide between the two totally different - but both

very attractive - women, and had ended up trying to date both. Of course, before Cassie had told them otherwise, they'd still hated him for his lies and deceptions...

..and they still did. That was the best part of her plan...

* * * * *

Joe still felt uncomfortable with his two ex-girlfriends in the room, but he'd relaxed considerable while Cassie had set up the board. After all, they hadn't seemed upset to see him, actually greeting him quite pleasantly. Now, as Cassie finished setting up the strange wooden board with it's carved figures and pile of 'cards', he thought it might turn out to be an entertaining evening after all.

"So - how's this game played, anyway?" he asked.

Gina fielded the question. "Well, I guess we'd better explain it to you. First of all, the game is magical. Really - I'm not joking. So, I'd better warn you - once the game is started, none of the players can leave the game, and nobody can interfere with the game at all. So you have to decide whether or not you're willing to risk it, before you start."

"Uh...huh " Joe said, doubtfully.

"Now " Marcie took over. "What we do is roll the dice, and then move our figures the spaces indicated. You'll see there's also yellow squares every so often - when you land on one, you pick up a card, and do what it says. That's the magic part - the most incredible things can happen. Now, the first person to get to the end wins a free wish - anything at all they want. Then we all 'reset' to the way we were before the game started. Sound easy?"

"Yeah, I guess " Joe said, hesitantly.

"Okay - I'll go first." Gina said. "Then Marcie, then you. Okay?" "Sure."

"Well then - let the game begin..." The red-head reached out and picked up the dice....

...and, with a strange 'pop', a semi-transparent 'dome' that looked like glass appeared around the three players, the coffee-table, and the game.

"What the...?" Joe said, stunned. He reached up and touched the dome.. and while it didn't feel like anything he'd ever touched before, it was obvious he wasn't going anywhere.

Gina laughed. "We told you it was magic - and that no-one could leave the game, or interfere. That's just the beginning. Come on - we're playing now."

The fiery-haired woman rattled the dice in her hand, then let them roll from her fingers and onto the coffee table. Taking her marker, she moved it forward the correct number of spaces, then handed the dice to Marcie.

Marcie also rolled and moved - and found her marked sitting on one of the 'card' spaces.

"Well - now you'll see the real magic of the game." She said, picking up a card, and reading it aloud.

" 'SPLIT ENDS: Pick any player (which can be yourself), to receive a new head of hair that is a composite of the remaining two players.' Well - since it's your first experience, Joe, I think I'll pick you."

"What is.." Joe started - then felt a strange itching sensation creep across his scalp, combined with an odd tugging sensation, as if his hair was being ruffled by an unseen wind.

"Ohhhh... I like it." Gina said with a grin, digging in her large purse. She handed Joe a mirror. "Take a look." Joe did... and gasped.

Gina had fiery red hair that fell in a mass of curls down her back. Marcie had medium-long sandy blonde hair that was straight.

Now, Joe had a head of hair that was an 'average' of the two women's styles and colors. A thick, wavy (and somewhat frizzy) mass of brassy orangish-red hair now sprouted from the head that had, until recently, boasted a mane of golden blond.

"Holy crap!" Joe said, shocked. "now.. you said that, after the game, everything goes back to normal... right?" "Right." Marcie agreed, handing across the dice. "Now it's your turn."

Still stunned by the impossible nature of the game, Joe numbly shook the dice and let them go. He moved his marker - onto a 'plain' space, then passed the dice along.

Gina's roll landed her on one of the card spaces as well, and she lifted the next card from the deck.

"TALENT CONTEST: Choose a player (not including yourself), and their voice will become that of their favorite singer." Gina shrugged. "Well, Joe - it might as well be you..."

"Wait..." Joe tried to protest - then his hands flew to his throat as a richly feminine voice slipped from between his lips... sounding remarkably like that of 'Scary' Spice, minus the British accent.

"Opps... sorry." Gina giggled. "How was I to know?"

Marcie rolled, coming up 'empty, and passed the dice on to Joe, who rolled...

...and also came up empty. The 'streak' continued onto Gina, who was at least forging ahead on the board. Then Marcie rolled - and once more picked up a card.

"FASHION STATEMENT: Any player not wearing an item made of leather will have once piece of their clothing become leather, unless the player is naked."

Joe twitched as his shirt began to writhe, and looked down at himself. He'd been wearing a black tank-top-style 'muscle shirt'... which now became a sort of leather 'vest', with black lacing through metal grommets at the neck of the new garment. He grimaced at wearing a leather top - it felt clammy against his skin - and looked at the two girls...

...neither of whom seemed affected.

"Leather shoes - both of us." Marcie explained, sticking a foot out to display her leather sandals. Gina more decorously pushed her foot to one side to display her low-heeled black leather pumps.

Taking the dice, he rolled....

...and moved his marker forward, without landing on a card space. "You sure you aren't cheating?" he asked, wincing at the rich, feminine contralto that he'd have for the rest of the game.

Gina took the dice. "It's a magic game - you can't cheat."

She rolled - then smiled and picked up a card. "POWER SHIFT: The most muscular player's musculature will be redistributed evenly among the other two players."

Almost instantly, Joe felt a strange 'shrinking' sensation. As he looked on with a disgusted look, his body's massive, toned musculature faded away, leaving him slender and svelte. He looked up to find Gina and Marcie looking over their now toned, firm bodies, the shared musculature leaving each of them with fit, strong bodies, but not overly muscled. More 'athletic' than 'body-builder'.

"I'm not sure I like this game." He groused in his feminine voice. Marcie rolled, then handed the dice to Joe...

...who finally got a card.

"About time!" he sniffed, then read the card. "SEXUALITY EQUALITY: Pick any player (including yourself), and the other two players will receive exact duplicates of that player's genitalia in place of their own."

Joe blinked, realizing what the choices were.

"Sorry gals - but a woman's voice is bad enough." He said with a grin. "I pick myself." The two women gasped... it was a disquieting sight to watch, from Joe's point of view. Gina, wearing a green dress, shifted uncomfortably, but the dress hid most of it - Marcie wasn't so lucky. She was wearing a pair of spandex knee-length biking shorts - and now the crotch bulged out obscenely, the massive organ looking even more enormous on her smaller body.

"Oh, great!" She said, staring down at the massive cock staring at the black spandex crotch of her shorts. "See - it's sometimes this, sometimes that." Gina said, shifting position again. "C'mon - let's keep playing."

Joe also got the next card, which gave him the choice of all the players either having the body hair of a Great Ape - or no body hair at all. After a bit of hemming and hawing, he chose the later, running his hand up and down his denuded legs with a wry expression while the two girls laughed and thanked him.

Though this was decidedly weird, the fact that it was only temporary was a great comfort to him - and the magical nature of the game did make it a new and interesting experience, even if there were particulars about it he wasn't too fond of.

Marcie got the next card to come up.

"WELL HEELED: Choose a player to wear and use comfortable an exact copy of the highest-heeled footwear they have ever worn in their life." She shrugged. "Well, the safe one to choose would..."

"No, don't!" Joe said, a second too late, as memory flashed... ".be Joe" Marcie finished at the exact same instant.

Joe grunted as a sudden 'crushing' sensation emanated from his feet, then vanished. Ruefully, he looked down to find his feet and legs encased in a pair of black leather boots with silver 'medallions' running down the side. The glossy black footwear had two inch platforms and eight inch heels, and encased a pair of feet significantly smaller then they'd been before.

"Why, Joe!" Gina giggled.

"When I was nine, I was looking for a Halloween costume." Joe replied, as crossly as his sweet new voice would allow. "I tried on a pair of my older sister's boots, then took them right off when I couldn't even stand in them, much less walk."

"Well, you'll have no problems now..." Marcie giggled. The next card was Gina's.

"BEST CHEST: You may increase or decrease the breast size of any player (including yourself) by choosing the player, then stating an object the breasts' size should equal. (Each)" She looked thoughtful.. then naughty. "Hey, Joe - you were always a 'big tit' guy, right?"

"Yeah, and I.." What she meant hit him "Oh, no!"

"I choose Joe - and they should be as big as medicine balls!" "Oh, shit!" Joe said, hands flying to his chest...

...which began to expand.

Helplessly, Joe pressed his hand against his swelling chest, as if he could actually stop what was happening. Steadily, the flesh under his hands continued to expand, and he shot Gina a dirty look as the mass continued to swell. In the space of a minute, his now-leather top was straining to contain a pair of enormous, firm tits the size - and almost the shape of - medicine balls.

"Oomph!" Joe said, leaning back. "These things weigh a ton!"

"Hey - now you can appreciate what it's like." Marcie said, with a grin. "Nice rack, Joe!"

Joe grimaced and looked down at the massive display of cleavage. To fit his huge new tits, he'd loosened the lacing of his leather top, which just barely managed to fit his enormous new tits, leaving an awful lot of the upper portions exposed.

"I'm gonna get you for this." He told Gina, mock threateningly - but not all that 'mock'. He shifted, trying to get used to the heavy weight of the massive, round tits hanging from his chest.

The next roll of the dice gave Marcie a card... which allowed her to change one item of clothing on any player.

She changed Joe's denim shorts into a short, puffy, purple-velvet skirt, saying that his outfit might as well match. He added her to his threatened 'get even' list, while trying to find a position to sit in that kept the breeze blowing up his new skirt to a minimum.

The next person to get a card was him... which specified the player wearing the least amount of make-up would now wear the most, leaving him wearing bright red gloss lipstick, mascara, too-heavy eye-shadow and -liner, plus blush.

By now, a 'theme' had been established in the game, and Joe definitely didn't like it - but he didn't have much choice, and it was only temporary, so he only complained shortly and grumpily as the game continued...

Finally, Marcie rolled a six... and triumphantly moved her piece into the 'Winner's Circle'.

As far as Joe was concerned, it was about bloody time - or long past. Recognizing the Gina and Marcie would not be difficult to somebody who know them, even casually - but almost nobody would connect Joe to the way he looked now.

Joe - or, using the moniker Gina and Marcie had begun using 'jokingly', Jolene - was now, physically, a woman. Bit by bit, little by little, the final changes had made her completely and utterly female.

But not necessarily a 'lovely' one. She was fairly short for a woman, but fairly broad-shouldered and slim of hip. Her waist was only middlin' narrow, and her ass bordered on huge - like the massive tits straining at her leather top. Her face was on the squarish side, but her full, thick lips and narrow nose kept it - barely - away from 'masculine'. She wasn't 'beautiful', or 'cute', but, between her massive tits, full ass, over-made-up-face and her massive man of frizzy red hair, she was a very specific type of 'sexy'.

She looked like a walking definition of 'cheap whore'. Trashy, cheap and easy. She had even ended up with a brand-new cunt to complete the change, while the muscular, taller, and now-dark-haired 'girls' still boasted massive cocks, though a bit smaller than they'd been when they first got them.

So - 'Jolene' sighed with relief when Marcie's piece made it to the end of the board, eager to get her lost manhood back. Marcie turned to Gina. "Well? Should I?"

The once red-head nodded. "Oh, definitely."

"Come on, already..." Jolene urged in her sultry new voice. "I want to get changed back!" "But we don't want you changed back." Gina said, distinctly.

Marcie laughed, unpleasantly, at the stunned look that comment pasted on Jolene's new face. "What - do you think we actually forgive you for what you did? Hell - we've been conning Cassie for the past couple of months, just biding our time until we could get you to play the game with us. Now, it's time for some pay-back."

"But..." the new woman stammered in confusion - and dawning fear.

"I wish..." Marcie stated clearly and distinctly, a wicked smile on her lips. "That Gina and I can switch between these forms, and our own bodies, at will but that Jolene will remain in the body she's in until she's had sex three thousand, six hundred and fifty times."

With that, the 'dome' surrounding the players wavered.. and vanished. The game was over.

"Wha.." Jolene stammered, staring down at the freakishly-endowed, trashy-looking body she was stuck with. "What have you done?" "Poor Joe - you always were slow on the uptake " Gina laughed, cruelly.

"Oh my God!" Cassie exclaimed as she emerged from the kitchen, where she'd been at the finale of the game. "What you haven't changed back!"

"Oh, we can change back whenever we want, you stupid cow." Gina said with a laugh. "We've been stringing you along so we could get back at this asshole!"

"Yeah!" Marcie agreed. "Now, Jolene here will have to have sex ten times a day, if she wants to be a man again in a year. The more cheap, degrading sex she has, the faster she gets changed back - the more she avoids it, the longer she's like this! It's perfect!"

"Why, you..." Jolene yelled in humiliated, horrified rage, flinging herself forward...

Gina, laughing, caught the new woman's flailing arms and held her, easily. Between the loss of muscle mass, and the weight and drag of her massive new bust, Jolene never had a chance.

"Let him.. her... let go!" Cassie demanded, striding closer...

"Don't interfere with us!" Gina snapped - and Cassie stopped dead, a look of hate on her face. "Cassie!" Jolene cried.

"She can't help you." Marcie smirked. "We've played this game before, see - and one of our previous wishes is that she has to obey us, when we will her to. Oh, and watch this..." She turned to the fuming woman. "Cassie - show him your cock."

"Please, no..." Cassie begged - but she couldn't refuse. She unzipped her jeans, and let them and her underwear slide down to mid- thigh... while Jolene watched in horror as Cassie's cunt vanished and a large, thick cock and a matching set of balls swelled outwards to replace it.

"See?" Gina laughed. "She'd almost as well endowed as we are right now!"

"Which reminds me - I want to see how it feels to use a cock." Marcie said, with a cruel laugh. "We might as well get you started on the road to recovering your manhood..."

"No!" Jolene shouted, struggling.

"Hold her down, Gina - I want to tit-fuck the bitch..." Marcie laughed.

Laying her flat on the floor, Gina used her muscular new form pin the helpless new woman in place.

"Stop!" Jolene screamed, horrified by what was happening. A few minutes ago, she'd only been mildly embarrassed, somewhat disgusted, and slightly intrigued - and had actually been having fun playing the game, despite what had happened. Now...

Undoing the lacing that held the leather top on, Marcie exposed Jolene's enormous new bust. "Better get used to it, bitch." She said as she straddled Jolene's torso. "If you ever want to be a man again, you're going to have to fuck pretty damned often."

Marcie pushed the bucking woman's massive mounds together, wrapping her large, thick cock in Jolene's deep cleavage. With a cruel smile, she began bucking her hips back and forth, driving her cock through the sweaty tunnel formed by her firm, round tits.

"oh, yes..." Marcie moaned. "This is nice..."

She began to tit-fuck faster, and Jolene's bucking and writing only hastened the inevitable conclusion.

She was screaming at the time, trying to break free - and when Marcie began to cum, a thick, warm stream of cum splattered her chest, neck and face - and some of it splattered into her open mouth.

Choking and gagging, Jolene unwillingly swallowed some of the warm, thick, salty liquid as she tried to spit it out, her face and upper torso now slick and shiny with Marcie's warm cum.

"Oh, god.. please..." Jolene sobbed, hating herself for her weakness - but it was too much, and her struggles weakened and she went limp, crying and pleading.

"My turn." Gina said, with a grin. "And I want a crack at her brand new.. crack." "No, no!" Jolene begged, tearfully. "Please, don't!"

But she wasn't even struggling anymore. Part of it was the sheer horror of the situation - but, perhaps even worse, part of it was a conscious choice on her part.

She wanted to be a man again. To be a man, she'd have to have sex - and she was already on her way. As terrible, as disgusting as this was - she'd rather be fucked by 'chicks with dicks' who were forcing themselves on her, then go out and (oh, god!) seduce men to fuck her.

So, she just closed her eyes and continued to sob as Gina positioned herself - and thrust her large, thick cock deep into her cunt. Jolene cried out, in disgust and hatred and fear...

...and please. As much as she didn't want to admit it, the feeling of a cock sliding deep into her cunt caused a burst of pleasure, and as Gina commenced driving her new equipment into Jolene's cunt over and over, that hateful pleasure continued to build.

She moaned in guilty pleasure...

"The bitch is enjoying it!" Gina laughed, fucking harder and faster while tears of shame rolled from Jolene's eyes...

...and moans of pleasure rolled from her throat. It felt, physically, fantastic to have somebody fucking her - and the better it felt, physically, the worse it felt, emotionally...

...so, when she reached screaming, writhing, mind-boggling orgasm, it was in a deep, overwhelming cloud of shame and despair.

"Oh, yes!" Gina screamed as her cock filled the new woman's cunt with a stream of cum. "Jolene, baby - you're one great fuck!"

Laughing, Gina withdrew her spent cock from the new woman's cunt. The two women then willed themselves back into their regular female forms and gathered up the game while Jolene lay sobbing and Cassie stood, helpless.

"Ta ta, bitch." Marcie called as they headed out the door. "We'll drop by now and then and see how much your skills have improved."

Then they were gone - and Cassie was free to move. She rushed over to the new woman, peeling off her clothes and using the fabric of her T-shirt and panties to wipe as much of the cum splattering Jolene's body as she could.

"Oh, Jo...lene." Cassie said, gathering the shaking woman's body into her arms. "I'm so, so sorry. I.. I didn't know that they.. Oh, God, I just want to die..."

In the midst of her shame and loathing, the other woman's voice and words struck a chord.

"No..." Jolene said, tears slowly fading. More strongly, she repeated the denial. "No - this isn't your fault. They.. they fooled us both. You... were trying to help."

"No, no!" Cassie denied. "It's all my fault. If it wasn't for me, this would never have happened. I... I don't think I could possibly... be around you, reminding you what I've done to you.."

"No!" Jolene said, sharply, drawing Cassie's attention. Jolene swallowed nervously. "I... I hate to... but.. .I'm going to have to.. have.. sex."

It was a struggle to force herself to say the words, but she forced them out.

"I.. I would.. rather have sex with.. you, then with a man." Jolene managed to explain. "I.. I'll probably have to have sex with men, too.. but.. whenever I can, I'd like to..."

"Oh, no..." Cassie said, horrified. "I.. We... No, after what happened her, I.. I'd love to help, but I don't think I could ever get.. aroused. Physically. You know..." She shook her head. "It.. would be best if I just.. left you alone.."

"No!" Jolene said - more than just the sex, the thought of being alone and without aid while trapped like this scared the hell out of her. She couldn't bare the thought. "You.. can learn to get past this.. problem. And.. until then..."

Then, stomach churning, Jolene used the only 'argument' she could think of.

Sliding down, she twisted around so that her huge tits were pressed firmly against Cassie's legs...

...and took her large, limp cock between her lips. "Jolene!" Cassie said, shocked.

Jolene wasn't exactly thrilled with what she was doing, either - but it had to be done, for several reasons. She needed to have sex to change back into a man, and this would count. She'd rather have sex with Cassie than a man, so she had to get Cassie 'comfortable' with this...

..and, to make sure that Cassie never abandoned her, Jolene needed to keep Cassie happy, and knew how good a blow-job could feel.

Though her bile churned at what she was doing, Jolene forced herself to continue. Her lips, tongue and hands had brought Cassie's cock to iron-hard life, and now she began bobbing her full, gloss-red lips up and down the shaft, forcing her disgusted mind to remember details of the best blow-jobs she'd ever gotten herself.

She then forced herself to use them as best she could. She had no experience in sucking cock, of course, and this first blow-job wasn't exactly phenomenal.. but somewhere, in the back of her mind, she was becoming resigned to the fact that she would have to be an expert at this, and other types of sexual acts, before she could ever be male again. She'd have to learn how to act feminine enough to get by, day to day, and she'd have to learn how to seduce men.

To ever be male again, she'd have to voluntarily become more feminine.

As horrifying as all this was, at least she'd have her new - and now best - friend Cassie, to help her...

* * * * *

As she gasped and flooded the huge-breasted red-heads mouth with a gusher of cum, Cassie was smiling cruelly, since Jolene couldn't see it.

Her revenge was perfect. Not only was Joe now Jolene, a trashy, huge-breasted woman who would have to have sex quite often - but Jolene was going to be degrading herself, willingly, for Cassie, quite often.

And best of all - the dumb bitch was actually grateful to her for it!

Setting it up so that Gina and Marcie where the 'villains', and she only another helpless victim was a stroke of genius.

She would have to keep it in mind, she thought... as she played with the wand hanging from her wrist and wondered who else deserved a little lesson....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)

[HOME](#) [DATE POSTED](#) [OUR STORIES](#) [PUBLIC STORIES](#) [SIGNATURE SERIES](#) [NEW MEDIA](#) [EMAIL US](#)

SUMMARY: Excited about finally getting into the exclusive club, one guy really isn't paying attention when he is given a card to use inside...but things soon start to change as it becomes clear that he has been chosen to be transformed into a night club bimbo.

Making Mandi

By Gunslinger



The boyish, auburn-haired young man had not only been queued in line for over an hour, but had been at the head of the line for nearly half of that time. Nevertheless, more than a dozen people had been waved in ahead of him by the bouncer.

Frustrating as it might have been, Adam not only understood the standard operating procedure - he actually agreed with it. After all, *Shifters* was **the** hottest new nightclub in town, and 'regular schlubs' like Adam only got in if the maximum capacity of the club had not already been met by all the 'beautiful people' who were waved in on sight by the bouncer.

Shivering slightly in his olive drab t-shirt, jeans, and sneaker combo, Adam was nevertheless content - because when he did get in, it would be into a club full of all those hot babes the bouncer had been waving in all night.

Oh, sure, there were also the 'studs' who had been allowed in, meaning Adam would have some pretty stiff competition... but even if Adam didn't manage to 'hook up' with a girl tonight, at least he would have a few hours' worth of high-end eye candy to enjoy.

Just then, the bouncer watched two of the beautiful people - a couple, clearly - emerge from the club and head off into the night...

...and Adam, and the lucky guy behind him, were invited to enter with a bored wave of the shaven-headed bouncer's hand.

Stepping through the door, the rangy auburn-haired nineteen-year-old found himself in a curving hallway - almost immediately, just from the design, it became obvious that the club had been laid out in a series of concentric rings, with a circular dance-floor presumable in the middle, (given the heavy club music coming from somewhere in the middle of the club). As it was, the corridor Adam found himself in had a curved black/green/gold on his right side, defining the outside of this particular 'circle'. The inner wall, on his left, was made up of glass blocks; transparent enough that Adam could make out that the next 'ring' was a lounge-type bar setting, but the blocks distorted too much for him to make out any details.

A gap in the glass-block wall a short way down the curved corridor would allow Adam to verify his assumptions - but between he and it lay a 'checkpoint'. It was a marble, glass and chrome desk taking up half the hallway, with a bar-type barrier, controlled by the person at the desk, blocking the other half of the passage.

Adam's eyes, however, were on the woman at the desk.

She was very attractive, in a sort of athletic, professional sort of way. The 'professional' part should have been emphasized, considering that she was wearing a security guard's uniform... but the fact that said uniform was made out of skin-tight latex, it sort of emphasized the 'sexy' part even more.

Still, her face held a 'real guard' non-expression as she gestured to a stack of what almost looked like a multi-colored selection of credit cards.

"Please choose a passcard and enable to your partner." She instructed them in a clear, pleasant voice.

"Ex...cuse me?" The other guy who had been waved in stammered, looking at Adam in a mute appeal for an explanation - but Adam had none to give.

"Pairs only." She instructed them, with a small sigh. "Two people enter, two people leave - that's the rule. If you can find somebody... 'interested' enough, they can swap passcards with your partner, allowing you to leave with them. That, however, would be up to the four of you - both pairs - to arrange. Otherwise, neither of you can leave without the other."

"Um..." Adam prevaricated.

The sexy, latex-clad guard lifted one finely-shaped eyebrow. "It's already in play, gentlemen - either you both take a card, or neither of you get in."

The two young men hesitated - and then Adam, with an almost helplessly 'what else could we do?' smile at the somewhat older blond, quickly grabbed the top card, all while introducing himself to the other man.

The blond, taking the time to find a card he liked, introduced himself as Hank - at twenty-two, he was new in town, and hadn't realized that *Shifters* was likewise a new arrival. This brief biography was given as they approached the little double-slotted machine on the desk.

As he inserted his card into the appropriate slot, Adam realized with a bit of a flush that he had grabbed one that was a rather garish combination of pink and black. A quick glance at Hank's card revealed that the other man had chosen a 'gold card'.

A closer look at his own card revealed that Adam's garish rectangle of plastic was done up like a gag credit card:



Now actually blushing, Adam quickly tucked the 'PlastiPleasure Credit Card' into the back pocket of his jeans, hoping Hank hadn't noticed.

"Well, I guess one way or another, we'll be seeing each other later, huh?" Hank said, as they passed through the checkpoint.

"Yeah, guess so..." Adam replied, more than a bit vaguely - rounding the wall into the 'lounge ring', he was already looking forward to seeing some of the eye-candy that had passed him in the line while...

Adam - and, he eventually realized, Hank as well - had come to a dead stop just inside the lounge, gaping like yokels.

The women who had passed Adam and Hank in line had been 'sexy young women all dolled up for a night at the club' hot. Some of the women they now saw still were - say, maybe half.

The *other* half of the women present, on the other hand, were stripper/pornstar/fetish model/'I want a cock to service, and I want it right now!' hot.

"Yeah. Later." Hank said in a flat, distracted voice, even as he began drifting off in one direction - and, equally bemused, excited, and aroused, Adam drifted off in the other.

In his approximately seven years of *sexual* male life experience, Adam had never even imagined so many insanely hot chicks in one place, much less ever seen it in reality - until now.

There were the hot college girls, out for a flirty/naughty night on the town. There were 'off duty' strippers so proud of their often-enhanced figures that they were out showing them off. There were cougars and MILFS, bimbos and sluts and vamps and baby-girls...

...and there was competition. Serious competition.

As in, the guys that made up almost exactly half the club's current population looked, dressed, and acted exactly like the type of guys you would *expect* in a club full of insanely hot women.

Which meant, Adam began to realize with a sinking feeling, that an 'average joe' like him probably had absolutely no chance at all...

"Aw, don't you look sad..." A warm, sensuous voice cooed, practically in his ear.

Turning quickly, Adam quickly discovered why that was - though of average height herself, the sexy woman wearing what looked like a cross between a diner waitress' uniform and a sexy French maid outfit was perched atop extremely high platform heels, putting her mouth at just about the level of Adam's ear...

...and her rather bountiful cleavage at a very easy-to-view height.

"Already out of drinks on your own card, and can't get anybody to pony up for you...?" The... cocktail waitress?

...continued, in a sexily sympathetic voice.

"Huh? Drinks? Card?" Adam stammered - although, in his defense, he was being distracted by a stunningly décolletage.

"Oh, a new one... Mmmm, I just love new ones " The waitress all-but-moaned, sensuously. She smiled, and then explained: "Seven drinks, love - that's what's pre-loaded on every card. It's not just drinks, here - it's, well call it 'motivation', shall we?"

She chuckled, low in her throat, as if at a private joke.

"Use them for yourself? Or give them to a girl in hopes of.. well, you know. Usually, regulars know which they are planning for, and pick a card appropriately - each card only buys certain *types* of drinks, you see. So - which card di you pick ?"

"Well, I didn't know any of this, so I really didn't *pick* it " Adam tried to explain, blushing as he fished the card out of his pocket and handed it over. "It was just the top card, you see, and. "

"Oh..." The waitress gasped, clearly struggling not to giggle. "Oh, my "

"Um "

"This is actually a card very much in demand." The waitress assured him, quickly.

"Er - for 'buying for myself', or for 'buying for a girl' ?" Adam asked.

She blinked, then smiled.

"All depends on who picks it - and what they are hoping to have happen " The waitress replied, with a smile as enigmatic as her words. "So - drink?"

"Ah, yeah - sure " Adam replied. "Er - what kinds of drinks can I get?"

Still with that strange little smile, the waitress fished into a pouch of her frilly apron, and emerged with a little plastic-coated card, about the size of a 4x6 photo. On each side of the card, six drinks were listed, a total of a dozen drinks Adam could buy with the PlastiPleasure Card.

"You can hold on to that..." She informed Adam, as he perused the options.

They were all, perhaps quite predictably, 'Girly' drinks. Although pretty standard cocktails, *Shifters* had given each an equally girly-girl name, as well.

"I'll have... er, a 'Bouncy Bubble Blitz'." Adam decided, choosing the champagne-and-cranberry cocktail... which, given the ingredients, was of course, pink. "No umbrella, please."

"You got it, honey..." The waitress purred, then headed off, carrying Adam's card with her. Looking around, Adam spied a tiny, unoccupied table off to one side. The tiny club tables were high enough to comfortably use while standing, but also had high barstools, and it was onto one of these that Adam perched, enjoying the view as he waited for his drink. In fact, he was enjoying it so much, that he didn't notice the waitress placing the drink and his card on the table. When he did spot it, Adam slid the card into his pocket, picked up the drink, and began absent-mindedly sipping it as he watched the hot babes wiggle, flirt, jiggle, dance and giggle their way around the room.

Considering all the hot, and mostly scantily-clad feminine flesh he was eyeing, Adam didn't find it all that surprising when the denim fabric over his crotch began to feel a little... *constricting*.

No, it wasn't even the fact that the fabric over his crotch went from 'constricting' to 'tight' to 'extremely uncomfortable' that broke his attention - it was the fact that the fabric was pulled equally tight across his hips and ass that finally broke the sensual spell cast by the bevy of bounteous, beautiful babes.

"What the hell...?" Adam muttered, putting aside the now-empty glass as he tried to surreptitiously determine what the hell was going on with his jeans. Had they somehow mysteriously shrunk from just above the knee and up, leaving the bottom half unaffected?

But it didn't seem to be the jeans at all - it was with the flesh underneath the denim that something was... wrong.

Maybe 'wrong' wasn't the right word - aside from the overly tight fit of his jeans, Adam wasn't in any pain, nor did he even feel awkward. It was just that something was undeniably *different*.

Adam's hips, and even his thighs, felt... thicker? ...bulkier? No, that wasn't right, because he didn't feel 'heavy' or 'burdened', and neither hips nor thighs felt blocky or chunky; indeed, his hands found smoothly flowing curves under the straining denim. They were simply more emphatic curves than he was used to feeling.

Now, Adam's *ass*, on the other hand...

Weirdly, it didn't feel 'swollen' to Adam, the way a bee sting or bruise did; it also didn't feel uncomfortable, or out-of-balance. It was, however, considerably more intense a level of 'strange' than Adam's hips or thighs.

Finally giving up on any attempt at being 'surreptitious', Adam jumped down off of the barstool, twisted his torso to the left, and then cranked his neck and head all the way around to peer over his own right shoulder:



For a long moment, Adam held the awkward pose, simply staring at his own ass, his face blank. Finally, still unemotional, he relaxed into a more comfortable standing position.

"Huh..." He remarked to himself in a conversational tone of voice: "Woulda thought I'd be a little more freaked out to find myself with a huge, round, definitely feminine-looking ass..."

"Oh, well, all of *Shifters* drinks have the appropriate mood-stabilizing chemicals in them," helpfully explained the man who, passing by on the way to the bar, had overheard Adam's self-directed comment and considerately stopped to answer.

"Oh...?" Adam asked - a bit bemused to find, under the circumstances, that curiosity was the strongest emotion he was feeling at the moment.

"Oh, my, yes - the entire point of *Shifters* is enjoyment... albeit generally of a very specific subset." He paused for a quick, leering grin. "Perhaps it has yet to dawn on you that you have not had to actually pay for anything? No, the mixed coven, male and female, that run *Shifters* are only interested in one 'currency' - sexual pleasure."

"Wow... I guess I can get behind that..." Adam chuckled, eyeing the man - who, Adam realized, reminded him a lot of those old movie stars like Clark Gable and Errol Flynn. He had that sort of debonair panache, the fashion sense - even a neatly waxed little moustache.

"Speaking of behinds..." 'Clark Flynn' chuckled, "...yours is really rather spectacular. Especially with those nicely rounded out hips and smoothly shaped thighs to provide the perfect mountings for such a spectacularly round, outthrust 'bubble butt'."

Despite that strange sense of groggy contentment, Clark Flynn's blatant appreciation for this feminine ass made Adam angry enough that he opened his mouth to tell the other man off...

...but he never got the chance, because for some inexplicable reason, just as Flynn finished the highly insulting 'compliment', Adam's cock randomly decided to go ahead and get rock-hard.

Well, that is, it tried.

In Adam's already uncomfortably-too-tight jeans.

The result of which was Adam groaning in pain, hunching over and clutching at his crotch as he staggered aimlessly through the ring-like lounge, trying desperately not to notice any of the super-sexy women who would, at this particular moment, only make things worse if they were to come on to him.

Which was a thought Adam never expected to have...

"Card...?" A voice asked, and, gasping and finding it difficult to concentrate, Adam realized he'd come up against the bar. Taking a deep breath, he very carefully straightened; the pain having dissuaded his erection, it was merely uncomfortable, rather than cock-crushingly agonizing.

"I... beg your pardon...?" He stammered, trying to gather his wits. He knew he had gotten very angry at that guy... but couldn't quite get his mind to cough up the memory of *why*. He also seemed to remember being surprised about... something about the way he looked. What that 'something' was, however, he couldn't quite recall. He was trying to do a sort of mental inventory of his body, trying to see if anything seemed out of place, and he was just beginning to think it might have something to do with his backside, so he began to look over his shoulder...

"Look, did you want a drink or not?" The female bartender asked - pleasantly enough, but with a pointed enough edge to drag his attention back to her."

"Uh, yeah, a drink..." He muttered, struggling to get both card and menu out of a back pocket that seemed exceedingly tight. Why on earth would it be so hard to get something out of his back pocket...?

...but he could worry about that on his own time, as the bartender was still waiting with forced patience. Still feeling decidedly out-of-focus, he looked over the card and made a decision: "I'll take the Lickable Ladyfinger Liqueur."

Soon enough, it and the card were placed on the bar in front of him. As far as he could tell, it was simple four ladyfingers - narrow vanilla wafers covered in milk chocolate - stuck into a 'rocks' glass full of Tequila Rose, a strawberry cream liqueur.

"Good choice, Amanda - it tastes like Neapolitan ice-cream if you use the ladyfingers to scoop the liqueur." "Oh, well..." he started to reply - then blinked. "Er... what did you call me?"

"Amanda - just like on your card." She replied. He looked down at the pink-and-black card...

"Uh, yeah... thanks..." Amanda said, feeling a little confused - wasn't his name... shorter? Oh, well - he'd worry about that after he figured out whatever it was he'd been thinking about before ordering this drink."

Tucking his card back into his pocket, Amanda picked up the Lickable Ladyfinger Liqueur and, following the bartender's suggestion, did find that it tasted like Neapolitan ice cream if you 'drank'/ate it that way...

"Enjoy it?" The bartender asked, as Amanda placed the empty glass on the bar...

...but Amanda didn't answer - because he was too busy staring at his hand.

Well He was too busy staring at the hand he found gracing the end of his arm, at any rate:



"Wait..." Amanda said, confusion evident in his voice, as well as discomfort - but no fear or panic, although Amanda felt there ought to be some, for some reason. "Um... my hand. It... it isn't supposed to look like this... is it?"

The bartender lightly cupped Amanda's hand in her own, eyeing the slender appendage with a critical eye.

"I don't see anything wrong with this hand." She finally said, looking at Amanda with a 'what am I supposed to be seeing?' expression on her face.

"Well, but, er..." Amanda stammered - certain that there was something very, very different about this hand compared to a while ago, but unable to pin down what, exactly, was triggering that certainty. "The... the nails, perhaps?"

"Hmmm... Nice and long, perfectly shaped, flawless coating of glossy, hot-pink nail polish..." she enumerated, watching Amanda carefully for the reaction.

"Yes, well - I mean, yes, it's a lovely hand..." Amanda was forced to agree, despite his confusion and growing sense that several things about the situation were somehow... *off*, in some as-yet indefinable way.

Staring at the still-extended hand, Amanda was completely unaware of the almost wicked grin on the bartender's face as, eyes locked on his face to gauge just how well the looks-and-tastes-like-a-cocktail magic potion was affecting the person who currently helplessly thought of himself as 'Amanda'.

"Not just 'lovely'... *sexy*..." she probed, carefully. "I imagine any man would be completely happy getting a handjob from such a playfully sexy hand."

She then grinned triumphantly as, practically automatically, tone of voice completely distracted, Amanda answered: "Oh, of course. These hands would be completely at home working a nice thick, hard cock to orgasm

- no doubt about it..."

Then, forcing his sluggish mind to heel, Amanda rallied: "Still, I'm sure that there's something..." "Hey, hey - bumped into each other sooner than expected, huh Ad... um... I mean, Amanda..."

Train of thought derailed by the interruption, Amanda turned to see the guy he'd been 'paired' with standing there, a somewhat confused look on his face.

'Thank God!', Amanda thought - somebody who knew what he'd looked like when he'd entered, and so could tell if anything looked somehow 'different', as Amanda's back-brain kept trying to insist.

"Hey, I'm glad you're here, Hank - I've been feeling strange, and..."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa...!" The blond interrupted, holding up a hand. "What did you just call me?" "Er... 'Hank'?" Amanda replied, confused.

The blond - who, come to think of it, was better looking and more expensively dressed than Amanda had initially realized - handed over his card: "Does this say 'Hank' on it, Amanda?"

The blond's reaction drowning out the feeling that 'Amanda' was somehow too long a name, Amanda looked at what had been handed to him: a genuine Americans Impressed Gold Card, issued to Hunk Richman.

"Oh, my god, Hunk - I'm so sorry...! I must have misheard you!" Amada stammered, blushing in mortified humiliation at having gotten the name of a Gold Card holder wrong. How could he have let this happen, Amada couldn't help but wonder, writhing in humiliation - after all, Gold Card holders were... were... were so *impressive*. Doubly so to Americans, such as Amanda himself - after all, America was a capitalist society that put value on wealth, and so Gold Card Holders were, well.. practically American Royalty!

...and Amanda had gotten his name wrong.

Humiliated, desperately needing a moment to recover from his massive *faux pas*, Amanda of course did nothing to dissuade Hunk when he began fondling Amanda's incredible round, girlish ass. As humiliating and disgusting as Amada found it to have a man fondling his huge 'bubble butt', it was minimal repayment for Amanda's goof. Still, to cover his extreme discomfort at Hunk's touch, Amanda went ahead and ordered another drink...

...only to have two drinks placed on the bar in front of him as the bartender whisked Amanda's card away.

"The other one's from me..." Hunk said, casually, still fondling Amanda's huge, taut ass-cheeks. It was especially humiliating, as Amanda was discovering that, emotional disgust aside, it actually felt really, really good.

"Well, I'd just ordered my own..." Amanda said, weakly - because, after all, one did not actually say the word 'no' to an American Impress Gold Card holder.

"Yeah, well, I figured a drink was a fair trade for that hand down my pants..." Hunk said... only, squirming in humiliation and unwanted pleasure, Amanda did not notice that the town of voice was strained and confused, and that Hunk's face expressed disbelief at his own words.

The bartender - and many of the new club's already-regular clientele - were watching the little game play out, smiling broadly at the struggle against the power of the (in the final analysis, completely harmless) magical spells still weaving themselves around the pair.

Which is how, blushing furiously, Amanda found himself standing at the bar, outthrust ass being vigorously fondled by Hunk's left hand, his own right hand slipped down into Hunk's trousers to gently stroke and caress Hunk's large, slowly hardening cock... leaving Amanda's own left hand free to handle the drinks placed before him.

Even as he reached for a drink - Hunk's, of course - Amanda realized that he couldn't quite pin down why what was happening was so disgusting and humiliating; a sexy hand was fondling a big, thick cock, and a strong male hand was eagerly fondling a sexy, feminine ass. What, exactly, was causing Amanda to feel this way...?

Putting the thought aside for the moment, Amanda downed the drink, which the bartender had identified as a 'California Goldrush'; to Amanda, it seemed to be a California 'champagne' mixed with Goldschläger. Pausing only long enough to belch out some of the cinnamon-flavored carbonation from the Goldrush, Amanda moved right on to the drink taken from his girly-girl menu of free booze: something called a 'Blower's Blessing'.

Amanda hadn't any idea what type of cocktail such a name would indicate, but he figured it made sense once he'd downed it - because the pink liquid not only tasted like bubble-gum, but it turned out that there was actually one of those larger-sized candy-coated balls bubble-gum, hiding in the bottom of the snifter. As the gumball was itself pink, Amanda hadn't noticed it in the somewhat milky pink liquid... and so it came as a complete surprise, the large gumball actually slipping deep into the back of his throat before Amanda even knew it was there.

"Ack!" Amanda gurgled, mouth popping open into a wide 'O' of surprise as he began trying to get the gumball currently stuck in his throat to go in one direction or the other. Instead, the flexing of Amanda's throat muscles simply seemed to cause the gumball to slide back and forth, rising higher and lower in his throat.

Smiling, the bartender watched Hunk as he, in turn, watched the expression on Amanda's face as the steadily changing young man continued 'deep throating' the gumball... and, from the expression on Amanda's face, the Bartender knew that the changing young man was finding himself enjoying the sensation, even as the magic kept him from consciously considering how much like the bulbous head of a cock the now pleasure-causing gumball could be considered.

Amanda, for his part, wasn't even conscious of keeping his lips open in a perfect circle - even as he was too busy feeling the guilty pleasure to notice that those open lips were themselves changing. Wide-opened eyes rolling in confused shock and startled pleasure, Amanda desperately tried to identify the strange, silky sensations that, in fact, marked his hair not only growing much longer and silkier, but shifting color steadily towards a lighter, golden shade...



Finally, confused and excited and embarrassed and aroused, Amanda pushed the gumball all the way out into his mouth... were, almost mindlessly, he began to chew on the sweet-tasting bubble-gum, unaware of just how much of his diminished mental acuity he was using up in the simple task of chewing gum.

"Um, um, uh, um " Amanda stammered, wondering why his voice sounded so oddly high and breathy to his own ears, but more concerned with brushing hair out of his face.

Was his hair always this long? Hadn't it been a different color... sometime? and his face, it seemed oddly smooth to the touch of his delightfully slender, sexy hand; the curves and contours so delicate and femininely formed...

Was that normal? Was that how it was supposed to be? Amanda couldn't tell...

"Um, er - Hunk...?" Amanda hazarded in his breathy, embarrassingly girlish voice. "I... I don't... feel right. I I think we should leave "

"Naw We just got in!" Hunk announced, confidently. "C'mon, let's each have at least one more drink, okay?"

"Yeah, sure " Amanda muttered - not wanting one, as the alcohol only seemed to make his confusion worse, but unable to refuse such an impressive Cardholder. All Amanda was certain of was the fact that he didn't want a second dose er, helping of a drink he'd already had, although he couldn't have said why the thought of a second of any should cause a reflective spurt of something much like panic.

So, Amanda ordered something called a 'Heavenly Heights', while Hunk had one called, of all things, the "Big Shot".

Hunk's turned out, to Amanda's eyes, to be nothing but a triple scotch - whereas Amanda's own drink was a tall, slender glass of a liquid that was milky pink for the bottom third, and milky white for the rest of the glass.

They downed the drinks, and then Amanda nodded.

"Okay - now we leave." She announced, damning her 'Marilyn Monroe' voice even as she marshalled enough of her scattered wits for decisive action. "Come on."

Despite the fluttering in his gut from ordering around a Cardholder, Amanda set out with the most authoritative stride she could manage.

"Damn !" Hunk said appreciatively, following Amanda across the floor. "I don't know how the hell you manage that in those heels, but baby, your ass is driving me insane!"

Startled by a momentary flare of horror and anger at Hunk's sweetly unsolicited compliment, Amanda peered down at herself, trying to figure out what was 'noteworthy' enough about her walk to garner Hunk's delightfully raunchy attention, even if...

What the hell...?!



Staring down at the long, shapely legs her tight-fitting denim miniskirt revealed so delightfully, Amanda tried to figure out when and how she had ended up in such a ridiculously high pair of pink platform pumps with satin-strap cross-lacing so sexy,

that just *thinking* about the swivel and sway such heels would impart to her hips and ass was enough to get her heavenly pussy all hot and wet...

Wait...

...what...?

...pussy?!

"Holy shit!" Amanda stammered, one oh-so-sexy hand darting beneath the skirt to brush over the black French-cut panties covering her wet-and-ready new womanhood.

It was a 'new' womanhood... wasn't it? She was a guy... or had been, before...

...before...

...before she had... well, she couldn't quite remember.

"Something wrong, babe...?" A deep voice asked, amused - and Amanda whipped her head around, feeling her silky mane of pale-gold hair float around her lovely face as she stared in shock at the massive, muscular example of manhood packed into a hand-crafted Italian suit.

"Hunk...? I.... This... isn't right..." Amanda stammered, confused, even as she found her sultry blue eyes sliding down to the wonderfully oversized bulge straining the tailored silk of his trousers. "Please, we have to... there's something..."

She knew there was something she'd been thinking about, something important... but, in the presence of such an impressive specimen, such a wealthy mass of masculinity, a real hunk of a rich man... well, thinking about anything but the obvious desire to submit herself to such a dominant example of masculinity was, of course, extremely difficult.

"Whoa, hey, no need to panic..." Hunk replied, easily, already making her feel much better as he slipped one strong arm around her, squeezing her oh-so-squeezable ass. He leaned forward...

...and just kind of 'hovered' there for the couple of seconds it took Amanda to realize he was waiting for a kiss.

Which was... reasonable. So, somewhat awkwardly, she complied, doing her honest - if inexperienced - best to make sure he enjoyed it. That was, after all, the important thing, because Gold Cardholders, well... they got what they wanted, of course.

The fact that she found the kiss not only incredibly enjoyable, but a sharp reminder of how much she would also enjoy sinking to her knees, eagerly ripping open those expensive pants, and oh-so-joyfully giving herself over to the task of servicing his magnificent manhood with her willing mouth...

Gasping, Amanda somehow managed to wrench her thoughts away from the oh-so-enticing fantasy... to find, while struggling with her own mind and compulsions, unsure which she should be welcoming and which she should be rejecting, Hunk had taken her card and gone and bought her another drink with it.

"I... I don't..." Amanda struggled to articulate concerns that she, herself, wasn't even sure existed. "Something about staying here, in the club... about drinking and, you know..."

Amanda's blush deepened as, making a jerking motion with one fisted hand, she held it first near her open mouth... then, blushing even more deeply, down near her crotch... and, finally, now beet-red, moving the back- and-forthing hand so that it was aimed at her spectacular, wonderfully fuckable ass...

...or was that one of the thoughts she was supposed to be fighting to keep away, rather than desperately trying to make a reality?

Considering the question, Amanda tried to explain her concerns to Hunk:

"I mean, even my name... something seems wrong with it..." She explained in her breathless, 'Eager Sex Kitten' voice, as she idly handed the now-empty glass back to Hunk. Without really thinking about it, one hand began to absent-mindedly rub at where a pleasurable sensation of warmth was spreading through her chest.

"Oh - how so...?" Hunk asked, smiling as he stared at a shirt that, in the back of her mind, Amanda noted seemed to be quite a bit tighter fitting than she remembered it being.

"It... feels like it's too long..." Amanda admitted in shame, knowing how silly it sounded. When Hunk didn't immediately answer, Amanda began to nervously play with her long, golden spill of silken hair, wondering why Hunk was staring so avidly at her chest like that. All things considered, it was almost unavoidable that she would glance down to follow Hunk's gaze...



"Boobs." Amanda said, slowly, a pretty pout of confusion on her wholly feminine face. "I have... boobs. Tits, actually - huge, round, fake-looking tits."

"You sure do, Mandi baby!" Hunk said, big hands reaching out to fulfill their destiny of being filled with tits scaled to such a massive, rich, incredibly well-hung man...

...and Mandi recoiled, almost falling off her skyscraper heels as she stared around her in confusion, trying to pin down the series of alarms ringing in her brain. Dozens of signals screamed at her to pay attention to notice what was so horribly, humiliatingly wrong with this situation... yet, try as she might, Mandi couldn't identify what those screaming signals were trying to warn her about. Something was certainly very, *very* 'off'... but she didn't know what!

"Leaving!" Mandi suddenly blurted out, a tremendous effort of will bringing her at least marginally back on track. "We... we were leaving!"

"Yeah, we were..." Hunk agreed, eyeing her with a lust that made her stomach flutter and her pussy twitch. Struggling to ignore the desire to simply surrender herself to the task of servicing Hunk any way he wanted, she instead wiggled, jiggled and swayed atop her wonderfully tall heels toward the door, aware of Hunk's eyes on her luscious legs and awesome ass as she led the way.

They reached the security checkpoint - and the cute guard ('I love her outfit, I wonder if I can get on just like it, but in pink...?') smiled warmly at the familiar sight of a super-horny, super-sexy hetero couple eager to get someplace where they could fuck each other's brains out ('Although it'll just be luck if I orgasm, because I'm nothing, it's all about Hunk's pleasure...'), just like all the other couples who left the club - regardless of who or what they might have been when they came in.

Of course, the guard mused, it could all change again on the next visit, which is what made it all so much fun - sooner or later, just about everybody went through just about every possible role, given enough time...

For now, however, the guard merely waited breathlessly to see what the hot new blonde chick was going to do. The massive model of masculinity was obviously completely enveloped in his role - it wouldn't even occur to him to turn in 'his' card, since he believed it implicitly.

The buxom blonde, however, was clearly still struggling - and so the outcome of the evening hung in the balance as, avidly, the guard watched Mandi swipe 'her' card to open the barrier...

...and then, as the guard's smile widened, Mandi absently began to perform the motion that would deposit her credit card into her purse.

The fact that she didn't actually have a purse wasn't important - because, as she finished stepping through the gate, card still voluntarily in her possession, the magic let out the final ripple... and Mandi tucked her card into her little clutch purse, then turned to smile at Hunk.

"Hey, lover-boy..." Mandi Pleasure purred, smoothing her pink-and-black spandex club dress over her exaggerated, sexual curves. She slipped into a provocative little pose, one hand playing with her hair as she gave him her most sultry, come-hither look. "In case you haven't noticed, I'm so very eager to... 'blow' this place in favor of someplace more... private".

A tiny vestige of Hank, buried in the temporary identity of Hunk, knew the truth, knew who 'Mandi' had once been... but between that body, in that pose, and those words in that tone of voice, neither Hank nor Hunk gave a damn as he eagerly accepted Mandi's sensuously explicit offer of... well, herself.



Summary: When a Latin teacher flunks one of his students, he discovers that the student has magical powers and he is transformed into his fuckable date.

Making The Grade

By Gunslinger

I stood, waiting in the glorious June sunshine, just outside the venerable oak doors to the Campus Library. The warmth of the day sank through my blue chambray shirt, raising a faint, pleasant sweat, and I relaxed and tried not to contemplate what it was I was here for.

Then, my respite was over, as those doors swung open, and Garrett Kaiser came out, his lean form hesitating in the doorway, as he blinked at the bright light. I stepped forward, and extended my hand.

"Hi, Garrett. Can I talk to you for a few minutes?" I asked, as he took my out-stretched hand and shook it. He idly ran his hand through his dense mop of black hair.

He looked at me with the serious expression that seemed a permanent fixture of his blandly handsome face. "Sure, Mr. Brooks. We can talk on the way to my dorm."

I fell in step beside him, trying to keep pace with the long stride of his lanky frame. I found myself wondering how he could stand the heat in his customary outfit of black jeans and baggy, dark-gray "U of SoCal" sweatshirt. I cleared my throat, and broached the subject delicately.

You know" I said awkwardly, "I usually enjoy my job as a Latin Teacher. This is one of the last remaining private high-schools that still carries it as a required credit. It's not an easy subject, but most students struggle through it gamely.

You're one of the few who actually seemed to enjoy it."

He glanced at me oddly as we reached the door to his Dorm. The House Mistress, Mrs. Denalto, stood on the step tacking up a sign- out sheet, looking remarkably like Robert Deniro in drag. Realizing I was babbling, I cleared my throat, feeling awkward.

I remained silent as Garrett led me up to his room, and invited me in. I sat, stiffly, on the edge of his crisply made bed, and he sunk into the chair of his worn student's desk. "Please, go on." He asked, his face as bland as ever. This wasn't going to get any easier.

"Garrett," I said, deciding to be blunt, "I'm afraid you failed the exam."

He sat perfectly still for a minute, digesting this news. He blinked once, and asked "I flunked?" For the first time, a hint of emotion crept into his voice. His gaze slid upwards, and he absentmindedly stared at one of the well-done drawings of women that was his hobby. "I flunked Latin?"

I sighed. Garrett was somewhat of a loner, and although he did play for the soccer team, and very well, he was innately studious, passing most days in the library. Aside from my Basic Latin course, his grades were remarkable. This had to be a blow to him. "Look," I said sympathetically, "Your written skills are excellent, but the way you mispronounce the words, and use the incorrect grammar means that I had to..."

He suddenly spun around, and I was surprised to find anger smoldering in his usually calm gray eyes. Involuntarily, I took a step back.

"You failed me in LATIN?" he asked, his voice becoming both deeper and louder in his inexplicable rage. His hands began to work rhythmically, clenching and unclenching. "ME? A person whose family has held the secrets of Arcania as our legacy for a hundred generations? Me, who has spent my life in a household where the language of our Roman fore-fathers was spoken in conversation every day? ME, to whom the absolutely perfect pronunciation of every word is CRITICAL!"

I began to back away as he approached, spittle flying from his bared lips, as he continued his tirade. "ME? YOU failed ME in GOD- DAMN LATIN!" Suddenly, that same expressionless mask fell over his face, the mottled color of his anger slowly fading.

Calmly, almost sadly, he said. "I'll show you Latin, Professor Donald Brooks."

Eerily, he began to chant in his own bastardized version of that noble tongue, speed and pronunciation he used making it unintelligible to me. Suddenly, his voice rose, and he clapped his hands together three times.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I felt next in a single sensation. Rather, it was like a series of impressions, all hitting me at the same time:

The sensation of jumping into below-freezing water, but without the cold The sensation of somebody pulling on my hair

The sensation of somebody hitting me in the chest with a dense feather pillow The sensation of somebody rifling through my clothes

All these sensations hit me at one time -then, an instant later, vanished.

I stared numbly at the hand I'd flung out to ward off Garrett. It was longer, more slender, and softer. With the same numbness, I turned and looked at myself in the mirror hanging on the back of the door.

The person who gazed back at me was a full-figure, attractive woman. About my age, her hair was the same auburn shade as mine, but longer, swaying just above her rounded shoulders. A blue chambray shirt clung to her full, ripe breasts, and

a gold and navy blue silk scarf was tied around the collar where I wore a tie of the same hues. Her knee-length skirt, the same beige as my chinos, revealed her smoothly rounded calves.

A pair of sensible black pumps with a one-inch heel enclosed her feet, and were made of the same Italian leather as my own loafers. Like me, she wore a pair of designer glasses.

This voluptuous woman was me.

If somebody had asked me, hypothetically, how I would react in this situation, I would have said I'd go into denial, or a panic, or just plain faint. However, now that I was faced with it - I did none of the above.

Partially, it was the new sensations that tugged at my awareness. The different balance and poise I felt, the weight of breasts, confined in a slightly too-tight bra whose straps pulled on my shoulders. The breeze across my hairless legs. These and a thousand other new or different sensations made it all to real for me to dismiss, and, odd and horrifying as the sudden transformation was, I was still living, quite healthy, and sane - fear was there, but no panic.

Slowly, I turned to where Garrett stood, arms crossed, watching me silently. His references to Arcania, which I had ignored, suddenly became very clear. Although the thought of actual magic existing was hard for me to accept, I really had no choice. The simple fact of the instant transformation proved his occult powers, and answered the 'how'.

So, I crossed my new arms protectively over my full new bosom, and asked in my new, feminine voice "Why?" I looked at him beseechingly. "Why did you do.. this to me. And, what am I going to do now?"

"Well," he said softly, "the first thing you're going to do is go back to your office and change my Latin grade." His eyebrows rose. "Right?"

I couldn't argue that point. "Of course. Then?. . ."

He eyed me thoughtfully. "I didn't just change you, you know. I more or less altered history - everybody remembers you as always being 'Donna Brooks'. It took a , ahem, HELL of a lot of energy to make that change, and I'm not going to waste it. As sort of a, ah, lesson in humility, I want you to spend a few hours AS Donna. Act like the woman you now are. And, I'll keep an occult eye on you, and if I find you slipping in your 'feminine' act . . . , why I'll just have to do something about it. Then, get here tonight before I have to leave for the Grad party, and we'll get things worked out."

I looked pleadingly at Garrett. "What did I do to deserve this?" I asked plaintively. "The grade was based on what I was taught, and you didn't need to do this. I always treated you fairly. . ."

Garrett shook his head. "Actually, I do like you, Mr. Brooks. You are a fairly nice guy. This transformation is basically harmless - it can't harm you, and it's only temporary. It's just that, in my dealings with Normals like you and the other students, your ingrained perceptions grate across my senses. Consider this as a learning experience - no one will see you as different, nobody but you and I will remember what you do today after I change you back."

When he put it that way, I found my mind put at ease. He was right - I was physically unharmed, and the only damage done was to my male ego - and that might not be such a bad thing. A chance to see how the other side lived, temporarily, wasn't a fate worse than death.

And, there was the voice of my male ego, unable to back down from a challenge. It seemed to stand up and shout "Hell, if half the population can live as women their whole lives, than I can Damn well handle it for one day!"

That bravado lasted until I got out into the corridor. Although my new body had the reflexes needed to walk in heeled shoes, my realization that I was walking in women's shoes made me awkward. Two freshmen passed by, and although they ignored me, I found myself shrinking away from them. What the hell was I doing?

I got to the front door, and stopped dead. The thought of me, ME going outside, dressed in women's clothes. . .

What broke my paralysis was the sight of Mrs. Denalto. She was standing on the step, idly adjusting her dress strap. I thought to myself that, with my female body, I looked more natural in women's clothes than she did. The thought made me giggle, and I stepped out into the bright sunshine, head held high.

Mrs. Denalto looked around. " 'Noon, Ms. Brooks" she said, nodding politely.

"Good Afternoon" I replied, smiling brightly. I set off towards my office with a brisk step, trying to ignore the sensation of my full breasts swaying within the confines of their cloth prison. I arrived at the faculty building and headed for my fourth floor office.

Waiting outside the door was a fellow teacher, and old friend, Lewis Tozier. I found myself slowing to a stop, a blush starting to rise in my face at the thought of facing my old college chum like this. He looked up, and smiled.

"Donna! You ready for lunch?" he asked, and I recalled that, as a man, I had planned to meet him for lunch. My blush intensified, and my heart began to jackhammer in my chest.

"Uh.." I said awkwardly, "I'm not really hungry Lew. Can you take a raincheck?"

He looked at me oddly, then shook his head sadly. "Look, Donna, I keep telling you. You look great. Every time you try to get on a diet, you feel guilty when you fail."

I sighed in relief. "Yeah, well. . . I feel like I need to do it. Why don't you.."

He finished in unison with me ". . humor me. You say that every time." He laughed, and sassed "Okay, but tomorrow, lunch is on you." He headed down the hall, throwing a "See ya" over his shoulder.

I walked into my office, and dropped into my seat. I began to look for Garrett's exam - and the extent of his power hit me. Everything on my desk was still there, and the same in content - but now it was all done in a graceful, feminine hand. I found his paper, and carefully changed his score to an A.

I sat at my desk for the next hour or so, trying to fill time, but boredom set in, and I finally headed back into the warm June day. I headed towards the school Café, deciding to get a cup of coffee. As I walked along, I found myself getting warm, so I pulled off the silk scarf and opened the top two buttons on the shirt, surprised at how good the air flowing over my new cleavage felt. Garrett was right - spending a few hours as a woman wasn't going to kill me.

I picked up my coffee and grabbed one of the tables at the patio, as I sat down, I tried to get comfortable in the seat, and finally found that crossing my legs at the knee was the best position. I sat there, sipping my coffee, and watching the flow of students past my table.

The first thing I noticed was the girls - not them, specifically, but how easy and comfortable they were as women. Their clothing, their mannerisms, everything was so ingrained, they really didn't have to THINK about being female - they were female, and that was that. I'd never really noticed until now all the little differences. I watched a pair of girls in particular, cataloging some of the things they did.

They walked closer together than two guys would. When they met a friend, they hugged the other girl unabashedly. They would show their emotions freely, not trying to control them like guys would.

They also didn't try to 'top' one another with their stories, not seeing it as a competition.

My attention was drawn away from the girls as I began to notice something - almost every guy who walked by flicked their eyes, almost involuntarily, over each female they passed. They even snuck glances at my cleavage in passing. And for most of them, they didn't even realize they were doing it.

I finished my coffee, and idly wandered over in the direction of the two girls I'd been watching. "Afternoon ladies" I said, smiling. "You girls looking towards the Grad Party tonight?"

The slim blonde smiled back. "Sure are, Ms. Brooks." Her darker haired friend nodded in agreement. "Danny - that's my boyfriend - bought me a gorgeous new dress, and I got lucky at a sale in the mall, and found shoes that go PERFECTLY with it!" She lowered her voice conspiratorially "Danny got a pair of shoes with the dress for me, but they were sling-backs with 2 1/2 spikes. And patent leather, too. Huh. He just doesn't realize, you know?"

I forced myself to keep smiling and nodding like I had some idea what the hell she was talking about. "What did you get?" I asked, knowing that's what she'd expect.

"Oh, they're PERFECT" she gushed. "Black velvet pumps with a gorgeous sweep heel. And they were on sale, I got them for only forty five bucks."

"That's great" I said, glad that she was happy. "Well, I gotta run. You girls have fun tonight, okay?"

I walked away, shaking my head, and trying to figure out what the difference between two pairs of black shoes could really be. I felt fairly certain Danny wasn't going to be looking at her feet tonight. Being female seemed to mean you had to pay attention to a thousand and one tiny details that guys then proceeded to ignore completely.

Then, finally, it was time to head back to Garrett's dorm. I thought with relief about being male again. Although the hours as a woman had been very educational, and an interesting experience.

In fact, I was mildly grateful for the chance to see how the other side lived - but it would be great to get my own body - my own life - back. I reached Garrett's room, and knocked on the door.

He let me in, looking so dejected that I immediately knew something was wrong. "What is it?" I asked, putting one slender hand on his arm.

He sighed. "My date cancelled on me." He looked so dejected, my heart went out to him. I thought about it - being female for a few more hours wouldn't kill me, would it? I sighed.

"Okay, Garrett" I said, "Go ahead. Make me into a date for yourself."

He looked up, surprised. "Really?". I nodded, and he looked at me for a minute - then a blush rising in his face, he spouted some more of the Latin he used, and I felt myself change. I walked - wiggled - over to the mirror, knowing I should have expected this.

My feet were encased in elegant black velvet pumps with a 3 inch spike heel in gold. My legs, now remarkably shapely, showed teasingly through the slit in the side of the floor-length, tight black velvet dress. My new, larger breasts, about 55DDD, were tightly packed into the top of the dress, my new cleavage showing through the keyhole neckline. The back of the dress was open from my neck to the base of my spine, showcasing my smooth young skin.

My face was a younger, sexier version of the one I'd worn for the past few hours - the lips were fuller, the eyes now unobscured by glasses. My hair was the same shade, but more elegantly styled.

I was a babe.

I smiled at Garrett, who was blushing furiously. "It's okay" I assured him. "I don't mind you helping your ego a bit. I know that on my Grad night, I tried to get a drop-dead sexy date too. It really impresses the other guys."

Garrett smiled. "Thanks, Mr. B. Um... I also, kinda changed you past again? You're now kinda.. well, really rich. And, your name is Jessica - Jessi. I hope.."

I waved my hand dismissively. "Hey, It's only a one night fantasy. Tomorrow, I'm back to myself. So I don't care what you do for my past tonight." I linked my arm in his, smiling. "Shall we go, Gare?"

We walked out of the dorm, passing other students in semi-formal clothing. We headed towards the main Auditorium on campus, other guys shooting envious looks at Garrett as they eyed my lush figure. I threw an extra little bounce in my step to cause my large breasts to sway enticingly, and leaned into Garrett a bit more. I felt silly doing this, but it'd really raise the other guys opinions of him - and besides, I was finding it fun to be able to playact, knowing that none of this would matter tomorrow.

We entered the main room, specially decorated for the event, the dance music spilling through the doors and into our bodies. Garrett had assumed his usual, sober face, and he led me over to a spot near the refreshment table. He snagged us a couple glasses of punch, and we stood there, watching the young couples dancing enthusiastically.

Caryn Grant, one of the cheerleaders, came by to grab a glass of punch for herself. A trim, petite blonde, she stood beside me, sipping at the drink. She looked at me, and asked "You mind if I ask you a personal question?"

I shrugged, causing interesting things to happen to my bosom. "Go ahead."

She inclined her head towards Garrett. "No offense, but . . . Why him? I mean, he's cute, but - kind of cold, isn't he?"

I paused, but this was simply too good an opportunity to pass up. "Because he's got the most enormous dick I've ever seen." I said, loud enough for him to hear. "and he's absolutely unbelievable in bed."

Caryn's eyebrow rose, and she looked Garrett over appraisingly. He was starting to blush furiously. She leaned towards me and said quietly. "You know, I've heard rumors that the quiet ones were like that, but I never really believed. . ."

Laughing inside, I projected as much smug sincerity as I could. "Believe it." I said with a satisfied grin curving my full lips. She eyed Garrett, convinced, then whispered "Lucky girl" to me and headed back to her own date.

Garrett turned to me. "What did you do that for?" he asked, his face red.

I slapped him on his arm. "Because you ARE too much of a cold fish. Loosen up. Have fun. It's time to PARTY!" And I grabbed his hand and dragged him towards the dance floor.

You see, I had really started to enjoy myself. Oh, it was unbelievably weird to be a sexy young woman but, I was getting the chance to relive one of the best days of my life, the last big blowout before collage. I had forgotten how wild I'd been then, and wondered how I'd become such a boring guy in the past fifteen years. Come hell or high water, I was going to have fun - and force Garrett to as well.

We began to dance, our bodies close together, with my large tits pressed firmly against his chest. I found the sensation of my large, sensitive nipples rubbing across the inside of my dress an INCREDIBLY pleasant feeling. When, a couple of songs later, Garrett worked up the nerve to copy most of the other guys, and lightly caress my ass as we danced, I just continued to smile and didn't object. Slowly, he began to loosen up, smiling more frequently. Soon, he was actually acting like a normal 19 year old guy at his Grad party.

For the next couple of hours, we continued to enjoy the Party. Between dances, I forced Garrett to wander around and chat with some of the other guys that had been in his classes, to say goodbye. At first, I literally had to drag words out of him, but soon he was chatting comfortably - and wittily - with some of his ex-classmates.

Finally, the moment came that I'd been putting off for as long as possible. Steeling my nerve, I excused myself from the conversation we were in - and headed for the ladies room.

I used the toilet, finding it less embarrassing that I'd feared. I emerged from the stall, and started washing my hands at the sink.

The same three girls who had been in the room, chatting, were still there. Caryn, the cheerleader, was one of them. The second was Pam Gerhard, a taller, muscular girl with long, platinum white hair and the palest blue eyes on the planet. The third girl was Selina Juarez, a petite, slender, full-breasted fire-brand of a Cuban girl, with flashing black eyes and a full head of deep black hair.

Selina looked over at me, then called "Hey, Jessi." With her exotic sounding accent, it sounded almost like she called me 'Chesty', and Pam giggled behind her hand.

"Yeah?" I asked, coming over.

Selina smiled. "The guys and us, we have a private party planned for tonight, you know. We're jus' going to head out know. Only, the other couple who was comin' decided to go to his place. So, we got room in the car, if you and Garrett wanna come." I hesitated, and Pam and Caryn urged me to accept, so I did.

We went out as a group, and were surprised to find Garret talking with the girl's dates. Steve, Caryn's date, was a muscular, blond football 'tight end', and he waved at Garrett. "I hope you don't mind," he said to Caryn, "But since Brad and Debbie can't make it, I just invited Garret and his girl here to join us."

Selina snuggled up against Nick, her tall, slender black boyfriend. "Too late, Stevie boy. We already asked Jessi, an' she said yes." Garrett flashed me a quick look, and grinned in gratitude.

"Well Alrighty then!" Pam's date, 'Weezer' said in an eerily perfect imitation of Jim Carey. A hippyish looking guy with long, string brown hair in a pony tail and a scraggly goatee, his real name was Francis, but he never used it. He had a vast repertoire of voices, and even sounds that he's hone to perfection. The constant clown, he was like Rich Little, that black guy from Police Academy, and the entire cast of 'Animal House' rolled into one slender body. "Let's get this show on the road puh-leaze" he continued in his Carey voice. "The night's a waistin' and I ain't getting any younger." He craned his neck to look at his tall date. "and she keeps growin'. 'Fore long, she just won't fit in my car!"

Laughing, the six of us headed to Weezer's car - an 1957 Chevy Bel-Aire ambulance. It not only fit his personality, but was large and comfortable. We climbed in, and he cranked the engine with a roar. As it came to life, my heart thundered in my

chest. I had gotten so caught up in the spirit of the evening, I'd almost literally forgotten the fact that I was female. Now, I couldn't believe how easily I could slip into this kind of life - after a few hours, I was starting to take things for granted. As the car pulled out of the lot, I toyed with the idea of calling the whole thing off - but, aside from being a touch panicky, I WAS having a lot of fun - and none of this would matter tomorrow, anyway.

It turned out our destination was a riding camp, where Pam had worked before they'd been forced to shut down a month ago. The guys carried in the cooler full of beer, the bags of snacks, and the blankets to sit on. Pam had a key she'd kept, and opened the doors. As 'us' girls laid the blankets in a rough circle around the cooler, Steve got a fire going in the big stone fireplace. It was quickly growing dark, and Garrett went around with a couple of packs of candles, until the entire room was bathed in the warm golden glow of fire- and candle-light.

We flopped down on the blankets, each girl snuggling near their guy. I hesitated, not having planned to be as 'familiar' with Garrett tonight, but it would look odd if I didn't, so I settled into the embrace of his arm. He popped open a beer and handed it to me, and I drank it like I always drank the first beer, draining it in a few long pulls.

Weezer had brought in a boombox, and he turned on a local station, keeping the volume low enough that we didn't have to shout at each other. With the Spice Girls' 'Too Much' flowing from the speakers, everybody began to relax. Beers were passed around, and I claimed another, drinking this one more slowly.

Weezer ran his hands through Pam's long pale mane. "I just found this out" he said in his Johnny Carson voice. "Scientific studies have proved that blondes do have more fun. Scientific studies, I swear to God." He paused, waiting, and Nick decided to provide the straight line. "Is that so?" he asked skeptically.

Weezer nodded, still doing Carson. "Honest to God. Scientist's base the claim on the fact that blondes are easier to find in the dark." Pam giggled, and slapped him lightly, claiming a quick kiss.

The beer continued to flow as we talked about all sorts of things, joking and fooling around. I found myself slipping easily into the casual camaraderie, and the past fifteen years of my life seemed to fade into the background, and I WAS nineteen again, having a Grad party with a bunch of school friends I may never see again.

Cigarettes appeared, and although I had quit three years ago, I accepted one, inhaling deeply. The first few drags made me cough, and the other's ragged me about it, but I soon fell into the habit again.

The late June night was warm enough as it was, and the flames that lit our gathering raised the temperature further, and we had begun to sweat. Suddenly, Steve stood and declared "It's too damn warm. I'm getting comfortable." And, as we watched in surprise, he peeled off his shirt and pants, and sank back to the floor, his muscular body clad only in his black boxers.

Caryn smiled, and said "Yeah, that's a good idea." And stripped down to her bra and panties. Weezer accompanied this with his version of 'The Stripper', and Caryn tossed her pump at his head. He leaned slightly to let it lightly bump his head. He

made a loud 'Poonk' sound with his tongue, and theatrically keeled over. Caryn laughed, her firm, pointed breasts jiggling fetchingly.

The other's began to follow suit, stripping down to their underwear. Selina defiantly pulled off her strapless dress. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her ripe, large tits, a pair of firm, dusky globes swung free. They continued to move for a few seconds after she sat down, swaying side to side.

Weezer stopped, standing on one leg with his pants half off. His face assumed an exaggerated hypnotized look, his head swinging side to side in time with Selina's tits. "Must . . buy . . milk. . " he murmured dazedly, then broke out laughing, falling on his ass as he lost his balance.

I also wasn't wearing a bra - but even had I been, I wouldn't have been comfortable with what I was about to do. Blushing furiously, I slowly forced myself to pull off my dress, revealing my feminine body with its exaggerated curves. Nick whistled, getting slapped by his own busty date.

I heard Garrett whisper something in that Latin under his breath, then stood and stripped. Under his clothes, his body was lean and exquisitely toned, and his briefs bulged alarmingly, and I recalled my earlier comment to Caryn about the size of his 'equipment.' The girls giggled, and Pam murmured "Well, well. . . hello there" As he sat back down next to me, I leaned over and whispered in his ear "Showoff." He grinned back at me.

Weezer produced a bag of pot and a jar of oil, and began to roll a huge 'bomber' joint. Nick leaned over and started on a second one. Soon, the joints, each made with four rolling papers, were lit and being passed around. As I got handed one, I inhaled deeply, dredging up the technique from my collage days. I passed it to Garrett.

Between the booze and pot, I soon found myself higher than a kite, a warm sort of daze filling my mind as I rested against Garrett's shoulder. I watched with detached interest as Steve and Caryn began to kiss heavily, pausing not for air, but for pot.

A warm glow began to start in my belly as Garrett, his hand around my shoulder, began to massage the base of my neck. I closed my eyes and enjoyed my high for a few minutes.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself watching Pam lower herself in front of Weezer and slowly take his cock between her lips. He closed his eyes and rubbed his hands over her broad, muscled back as she began to skillfully suck on his cock. I felt my nipples stiffen at the sight, and Garrett's hands slipped down, and began to caress my huge tits skillfully. I tried to protest, but my mind was spinning, and all that emerged was a soft sigh of pleasure as he massaged my smooth feminine flesh.

There was a soft thud, and I watched Selina push Nick onto his back and with a dreamy smile impale himself on his hard cock. She made small gasps of pleasure as she rode him, her hands fondling and squeezing her own firm orbs. I was drunkenly shocked to find my panties were sopping wet, and a fire was building in my body. I looked up at Garrett and said. "I.. I think we should stop. I don't. .

. "

I was cut short as his lips met mine, and for a long instant sat unmoving as his tongue probed my mouth. Then, my will power broke, and I pressed hard against him, hungrily returning the kiss. The fire in my body exploded, filling me with a deep, burning desire. I pulled back and begged Garrett "Please, fuck me. Fuck Me!"

He lay me on the ground, stripping off my soaked panties. His cock was erect, almost thirteen inches long, and remarkably thick. As I stared in horrified fascination at his enormous dick hanging over my hot, wet pussy, a moment of clarity swept through me. "Don't.." I said, horrified...

And then his massive organ plunged into my waiting cunt, and all thoughts were washed from my mind on a wave of pure pleasure. He began to pump, slowly and rhythmically, and little shudders of ecstasy shook my body. His speed began to pick up, and the waves of pleasure began to build. I had never experienced such a sensation of being so completely . . . filled, as if for the first time in my life I was whole, with his gigantic penis filling my empty cunt, building me to a climax.

We orgasmed simultaneously, and he pumped hot cum into my spasming cunt as I screamed with the force of the multiple orgasm thundering through my body like an explosion of pure fulfillment.

Afterward, as I lay beside me, the truth of what had happened filled me. I was a 34 year old man, turned into a young woman, and had just been fucked by one of my male students in a drunken orgy.

And I didn't care. The sensation of being so completely, totally, orgasmically complete still ran through my mind. I knew it was created by my comment, earlier, that he was unbelievable in bed, but I didn't care, because it was now the absolute truth. Even now, I found myself craving the thing that only Garrett could give me, after just having had it. I wanted - needed to stay with him, to be fucked by him, to be his most perfect girlfriend. It was all I wanted.

Garrett leaned over me with a twisted smile. "Actually, MISTER Brooks" he whispered, knowing my thoughts. "I set this whole thing up from the point I turned you female the first time." He sneered. "I couldn't stand your self-satisfied life, your very condensation to a 'poor lonely boy' having trouble in your class. Now, your ass is mine." He laughed. "I made more than a few changes to your mind, you see. Do you like my work, Jessi?"

I heard every word he said, but they just washed over me, not creating any feelings or thoughts. I didn't care about the past, it was NOW I was in, and all I cared about. "Whatever you say, darling" I said huskily. "You know I love you, and will do anything for you, my love." I fondled my huge tits, happy in the knowledge that he'd find pleasure in them. I decided to save that for later though. Right now. . . .

I lowered my head and slid my full, soft, kissable lips over the enormous head of his again erect cock. My hands wrapped around the thick, veined shaft and began to pump. My tongue flicked over the sensitive glans, and he moaned softly in my ear "That's right, suck it good, slut." And as his hot, thick gum gushed into my eager mouth and I swallowed hungrily, I didn't care

in the least that I could no longer remember a single thing in my life prior to getting to the dance with my man. It didn't matter at all.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After she is dumped by her boyfriend, she takes her anger out on a sculpture which ends up having direct effects on her ex.

Malleable Male

By Gunslinger

With a metallic reverberation, the susurrant of the heavy sliding steel fire door riding across its rollers filled the loft apartment of the converted and renovated old warehouse.

Don winced as the counter-weighted door thumped against its rubber-sheathed stops - not at the sound itself, but at what it represented.

"Honey...!" The warm, chipper voice called. "I'm back from "

Still not turning around to face the door, the bulky, golden-haired young man grimaced at the sudden, startled pause of the feminine voice - and then slowly closed the suitcase and zipped it up, the soft metal-on-metal sound seeming unnaturally loud in the sudden stillness.

"Don...?" The feminine voice asked, with a catch. "What... What's going on ?"

With a sigh, the hefty, raw-boned young man straightened and turned to face the dark-haired young woman standing behind him, her huge, dark doe-eyes wide and glistening.

"Hello, Marta." Don said, his voice quiet and reserved. "You're back early."

"The doctor had a cancellation and fit me in " The slender artist said, her voice uncertain. "Don - why...? What's the suitcase for ?"

"I'm sorry, Marta - this just isn't working out." Don said, gently, picking up the suitcase. "I'm leaving." Marta's eyes, impossibly, grew even wider. "Not working out? Don, we haven't fought or you haven't said anything at all about "

"I'm sorry." Don repeated, with the same lack of emotion, staring to walk towards the door.

Lips trembling, the rangy young woman watched him move in her direction, heading for the door - and picking up the thick document laying on the table nearby as he passed.

With an almost audible 'click', it all came together.

"You bastard!" Marta blurted, understanding it all now. "You signed the deal! You sold your damned paintings !"

"Now, Marta " Don tried, sidling towards the door - but the furious woman wasn't about to be stopped.

"Oh, you 'loved' me when you were broke, loved me enough to sponge off me, live at my place, let me pay for damned near everything - but the instant you get some money, you're out the door!"

Marta raged. "You bastard!" She hit him.

She put quite a bit of force behind the open-handed slap - but it was the simple ring she wore that caused the 'damage' - a small split in the corner of his mouth.

It was barely anything - three small droplets of blood sprang forth before the small wound fell closed again. Three droplets of blood that flew and landed, perhaps appropriately enough, right on the lips, practically in the exact position, of the life-size, highly-realistic sculpture of himself that Marta had just finished of him.

In fact, as was Marta's ultra-realistic technique, the sculpture was almost eerily perfect, with even some of Don's actually trimmed hair forming the close-cropped goatee that surrounded the sculpted lips - thus creating a near perfect match for the faint, reddish stain in the real Don's goatee.

Indeed, if not for the fact that the latex-'skinned' clay sculpture was completely naked, coincidentally exposing the anatomically-correct sculpture's only 'flaw', it's lack of any body hair, it would have been hard to tell which was real and which was fake, so rigid and expressionless did Don go at the unexpected slap, his body tingling with a strange, almost electric shock from the sheer surprise at his previously timid now-ex-girlfriend's response.

For a long second, they stood in a frozen tableau - and then, without any other words, Don simply brushed past the woman he'd do often professed to love, and left the apartment.

Marta turned and watched him leave, the fire door slamming shut behind him like the sound of a cell door slamming home.

For another moment, she stared at the door - and then she threw herself down on the couch and began to sob, deep wracking sob that shook her entire body.

* * * * *

With a deep sigh of relief, Don tossed his suitcase on the bed and slammed the door of the motel room shut behind him.

He was finally free. Free of that damned, clinging, needy Cajun broad who had practically sucked the life out of him. It had taken everything he'd had to play-act like he could even stand her, much less actually felt any emotions for her - but he'd known that she'd be a soft touch for the cash, and he'd been right. Needy women were 'easy'...

...and besides, she'd been pretty good in the sack.

With a grunt, Don surveyed the hotel room with a jaundiced eyes. Though he'd signed a deal that made him a good chunk of change from the paintings he'd sold, the money wouldn't be deposited in his account until the morning, and this skuzzy hotel room was the best he could do for the night.

Still, it was better then listening to Marta babble on about how she came from a long line of Cajun women, and that the blood of a *hounan* - a voodoo priestess - flowed through her veins.

Shaking his head, Don headed into the bathroom. After the unpleasant scene with Marta - the one he'd hoped to avoid - he felt he needed a shower...

...not that he felt 'dirty' about what he'd done, of course. That was just silly. After all - Marta was just a... a woman.

It wasn't like she was actually *human* or anything, for God's sake.

After turning on the water so that it could warm up, Don began to undress, peeling the clothing from his well-padded body...

"What the...?" Don exclaimed, staring down at his chest and arms in amazement. "Where the fuck did all the hair go...?"

His body was completely smooth, denuded of any trace of body hair. Aside from his goatee, every square inch of his body from the eyelashes down was smooth, as completely smooth as...

...as the life-sized sculpture of himself that Marta had made. The sculpture made of earth and his hair, and now blood...

...but Don didn't make that connection, finishing the thought with the clichéd '...a babies bottom.' "Weird..." Don said, running his hands over his smooth flesh with a frown.

Still, whatever it was, it wasn't life-threatening, and there wasn't anything he could do about it at the moment - unless he wanted to suffer the indignity of waiting in the emergency room for several hours, waiting to be seen for something that wasn't exactly an 'emergency'.

Making a mental note to schedule an appointment with his doctor tomorrow, he finished undressing and stepped under the spray of warm water, feeling slightly strange to be soaping up the unusually smooth, slick skin he'd inexplicably acquired.

Once finished with his more-than-slightly odd shower and toweling himself dry, Don quickly dressed, hiding the sight of his abnormally smooth skin from sight - and then he hesitated, wondering if he should change his plans for the evening...

...then quickly talked himself out of doing so.

After all, he'd practically been monogamous since using Marta to supply a home and food for himself - and everybody knew that was an unnatural and unhealthy state of affairs. Men, after all, were supposed to spread their seed far and wide, and this strange 'one woman only' crap was just another stupid feminine idea cocked up in their over-emotional, illogical brains.

Checking himself quickly in the mirror, Don smiled at himself quickly, then headed out of the bathroom, looking forward to a little female companionship of 'the right kind'.

* * * * *

Wiping the tears from her now-set face, Marta resolutely strode towards the area of the open- concept loft designated as the bedroom.

She was going to erase every trace of that damned bastard - and of the humiliation he'd caused when she finally, belatedly, realized he was only using her.

Using her not only for room and board - but as a sexual plaything.

Grabbing a garbage can, she strode angrily over to her closet. Yanking the door open with more force than was necessary, she glared around the neatly arranged interior, furious that she'd let herself be used like this.

Holding the garbage can in her left hand, she reached out and began yanking the 'gifts' Don bought for her out of the closet - the whorish clothing and shoes, stuff she'd let him talk her into wearing for him. Hoping to tear them, she yanked the negligees and lacy garments from the hangers, sick at herself for letting herself be degraded the way she had been.

On top of the lacy garments, she tossed in the two pairs of high-heeled shoes he'd bought 'for her' - the pairs of high-heel shoes in her closet, a warning sign she should have seen bright and clear, but somehow she'd let herself believe that 'love' made it all right for her to lower herself to wearing uncomfortable, restrictive footwear that had no use at all but to show a woman's subservience to male desire.

Her anger growing steadily stronger, she finished throwing every trace of Don's odious presence she could find into the can, then headed towards the front door, eager to get this stuff out of her apartment.

As soon as she rounded the corner, she saw the sculpture of him she'd done - a life sized, highly- realistic version of him still sitting in her apartment, seeming to smirk at her triumphantly.

"You bastard!" She screamed at the inanimate sculpture. "You fucking *bastard!*" Furiously, she stalked over to the sculpture, twined her fingers into the hair of the wig...

* * * * *

"Oh, yeah..." Don gasped, hips grinding as the buxom whore expertly rode atop him. "That's it, work it..."

Though not even close to being beautiful, the hooker was at least curvaceous, a nice change from the stick-figure of Marta - and unlike the uptight artist, this woman knew how to please a man, even if her manner was a little bored.

"Oh, baby..." The whore mouthed, without enthusiasm. "Yeah, you're the..."

The gasp that interrupted her came a split-second after a strange, pulling sensation for the top of his head - and even though he was sort of distracted by other sensations, Don couldn't help but notice that sensation, nor the look on the hooker's face as she stopped her rhythm and stared at him, wide eyed.

"What the fuck happened to your hair?" She demanded, her overly-made-up face in an unaccustomed expression of shock.

"What...?" Don said, his hands going to his head...

...and sliding across the smooth, bare flesh of his scalp. His hair - had vanished.

"What the *hell*...?"

* * * * *

Tossing the wig aside, Marta almost literally snarled, finally having a target for all her anger and self- disgust.

"Do you like that, you bastard?" She asked the still-grinning sculpture. "Stop smiling, you asshole!" Rearing back, she slapped first one side of the smiling face, then on the back-swing, the other...

...with another side-effect.

* * * * *

Suddenly, without warning, Don found his head snapped first one way, then the other, as if by an epileptic fit...

"You beard!" The prostitute gasped, as Don shook his head in shock and blinked up at her. "Your beard is gone!"

Stunned, Don fingered the smooth flesh of a chin that had previously been covered by a goatee...
...and that had previously been more square-cut.

* * * * *

Though the foam latex 'skin' covering the sculpture had set, the clay underneath that gave it shape was still malleable, and her slaps had also forced the chin into a slimmer, more pointed shape - and she felt intense satisfaction at defacing the no-longer-grinning inanimate version of her enemy.

With a fierce grin, she reached down and wrapped her hand around the sculptures cock, and tried to tear it from the sculpture, figuratively emasculating the form she wanted to do it to for real...

* * * * *

The whore screamed in time with Don as the oddest, most impossible sensation ran through both of them, where they were joined.

The cock filling her cunt was actually writhing - growing longer and thinner and bulging oddly in a way that just shouldn't have been possible.

"What the fuck is going on?" The hooker demanded, throwing herself off of him...

"Holy shit!" Don swore, staring in horror at the misshapen man-hood now standing from his crotch. "What the hell is happening to me...?"

* * * * *

Though the clay beneath was still moldable, the latex had set, and she couldn't tear the 'cock' free of the sculpture. Well, if she couldn't pull, she could always push.

With an angry thrust, she shoved hard - and the 'cock' slid back into the main mass of the clay body.

"How's that, you sick asshole...?" She demanded of the sculpture. "You don't deserve to be called a man...!"

She looked at the ill-formed whole in the figure's crotch - and got an idea.

"You're not a man anymore - how about a woman?" She said, with a bitter laugh...

...and her skilled fingers went to work re-shaping the opening she'd made.

* * * * *

"Holy fuckin' shit!" The whore swore, as Don, gasping and twitching at the sensation of his cock being manipulated from within, stared down at his own crotch - as his cock first sank back into his body, then, after a second's pause, began to achieve a very recognizable shape.

"Fuck - I'm outta here..." The hooker said, turning to start gathering her clothes and purse. "This is just too fuckin' weird."

"Wait...!" Don gasped, sweat standing out on his newly bared brow. "Help me...!"

"Look, buddy - fifty don't buy anything like this..." The hooker said, looking at him as she reached for the last of his stuff...

...and then Don let out a high-pitched scream, one more of shock and horror than of any real pain - but one that rattled the hooker completely, the sight of his feet suddenly shrinking and becoming highly arched the final straw.

Abandoning the rest of her belongings, and still half-naked, the prostitute fled the room in her stocking feet.

* * * * *

"There!" Marta told the statue, as she finished jamming the second high-heeled shoe onto the foot of the simulacrum, the giving clay within the latex foot forced up and out of the shoes and into the ankles as the feet reshaped themselves to the contours of the high-heeled pumps.

"It's a start..." She smirked at the sculpture, feeling her anger working itself out in an artistic way. "But wait - what else can I 'give back' to you...?"

Turning, she picked the heavy-boned canvas corset he'd given her out of the garbage can, and turned back to the sculpture...

* * * * *

"I.. I have to get some help..." Don gasped, rolling over in the bed, one hand hesitantly tracing the contours of the inexplicable new womanhood in his crotch. His other hand reached out and grabbed the handset of the phone as he sat up, head spinning in confusion, shock - and fear.

Fear - because he'd lost his manhood, the center of what made who he was... He was a...

...a...

...a girl!

Overwhelmed at the feat, loathing and horror of what that meant, he reached out to dial 911, hoping some doctor, some expert, some anything existed that could not only explain what was happening to him, but how to fix it...

...and then a strange crushing sensation gripped his mid-section, and he twitched and cried out in shock and horror, unintentionally ripping the handset cord from the phone as he rolled over the bed as if trying to escape what was happening to him...

...because not only was his waist being pinched inwards dramatically, but - like his ankles - new masses of flesh were being formed above and below that pinched section, shapeless bulges of flesh that, nevertheless, gave a feminine effect, almost the correct contours for a woman were she clothed, even though he was still naked.

In horror, he stared down at the misshapen single mass thrust from his chest... and even as he watched, the masses of flesh re-shaped themselves under unseen guidance, a indent forming in the center of the bulging mass, then the now-separate sections writhing and reshaping themselves into what was an unmistakable pair of woman's breasts - and fairly good-sized ones, at that.

"No !" Don screamed, hands coming up to cup the firm, dome-like breast that thrust firmly from his fairly broad ribcage, even as the masses of flesh below his trim new waist smoothed themselves out into a womanly, rounded pair of hips and a fuller, rounder ass.

"No!" Don screamed again - because the mirror on the bureau across from the bed showed the person on the bed, cupping firm breasts, was a bald, broad-shouldered, and generally unattractive *woman*.

She needed to get help. Now, before it became irreversible...

...if it hadn't already, a small voice in her brain insisted in adding. Horrified, she all-but-leapt from the bed...

...and promptly fell face-first to the ground, unable to balance on the toes of her smaller feet, and equally unable to force those same feet flat.

Sobbing in shame, pain, and horror, the new woman looked around for something - anything - to help her, even as she felt something happening to her neck. Barely registering the fact that the small whimpers she was giving off were rising steadily in pitch, Don's eyes fell on the shoes the hooker had left behind as she fled...

...and felt disgust at herself 'willingly' doing something so feminine, even as she reached out and grabbed the high-heeled pumps and pulled them on her altered feet.

As the changes moved on up to her face, Don struggled upright - and found that the shoes fit her altered feet like a glove, and that she could stand easily atop the six-inch stiletto heels where she'd been completely unable to stand at all in bare feet.

Quickly, Don grabbed a long, plaid flannel shirt and pulled it on, it's long hem hanging halfway down his thighs - thighs that were being reshaped even as the fabric fell over them. Buttoning the shirt over her unwanted new endowments, she

staggered towards the door - shuddering in horror and disgust at the sight of the feminine new face that she'd glimpsed in the mirror atop a slim new neck, before she'd torn her eyes away from the horrible sight.

Moving with an uncomfortable - and unwanted - feminine gait because of the effect of her womanly hips, Don headed out the door, mind churning as she tried to figure out who could help her, where she could go to find a way to undo this horrible fate being forced on her.

Climbing into her car, she didn't bother to buckle up before starting it and putting it in gear. All she cared about was getting to the hospital.

Squealing out of the parking lot of the low-end motel, she bumped and rumbled over the roughly- patched pavement in the 'bad' part of town, where she'd found the cheap motel she'd been using...

* * * * *

"Coming along nicely, aren't we Don...?" Marta snickered, much of her anger having become something new, something less internally destructive, as she found herself getting into the artistic process of renovating the previously male sculpture of her ex-boyfriend into something else.

Into an image of exactly the type of woman Don probably wanted her to be - and which she couldn't be for him.

In a way, now that she knew who and what Don really was, it was some sort of victory that he'd left - it meant that she wasn't able - or willing - to become the perfect little sex-toy girlfriend he obviously really wanted.

She expressed that, as she did all of her emotions, sooner or later, in the form of art, her hands going back to work...

* * * * *

Heart pounding rapidly from the damnably firm breasts she helplessly sported, Don stared through the windshield of the car, trying - and failing - to ignore the decidedly different sensation that came from sitting on a fuller, rounder ass.

Suddenly, without warning, her foot jammed more firmly on the accelerator - because her leg had suddenly grown two inches longer.

She screamed, in a high, rich falsetto tone known to B-movie fans the world over, as she yanked her lengthened leg off the pedal - even as her other leg joined its twin in long, slim, sensual femininity.

Quickly, she shifted her high-heel-clad foot over towards the brakes...

...and screamed anew as waves of rich, red hair billowed out of nowhere and spilled down in front of her attractive, full-lipped new face.

Even as the hair curled itself up into a big, puffy bouffant style, she was screaming and over- reacting, slamming on the brakes and crimping the wheel...

...and the car bounced over the curb, loosing much of it's aging undercarriage as it ground to a halt in a squealing, clanging symphony of tearing metal that sounded decidedly final.

Gasping and whimpering, one disaster piling atop another, Don threw open the door to the car and scrambled out atop her long, shapely new legs, barely noticing her hands and arms becoming slimmer and more smoothly feminine as 'excess' flesh billowed up at her shoulders...

...but even as she stumbled away from the car atop her high-heels, she couldn't help but notice her new bust bulging outwards as most of the excess flesh, including that of her slimming rib-cage and shoulders themselves, were being forced into her firm new bust.

"No!" She screamed, horrified. "I don't want bigger tit...!"

Staring down at the shirt that was bulging horribly outwards from the interior force of her swelling bust, she shuddered and quickly looked back up, not wanting to watch her unwanted tits swell even larger...

...and found herself staring at her 'audience' gaping at her as her body become more sexually feminine.

* * * * *

"There we go..." Marta said, stepping back and looking at her creation.

It stood in an obviously sexual pose - legs spread wide, torso leaning slightly forward, wither hands planted on her bubble-butt. Being the physical representation of the type of woman Don really wanted, she was an exaggerated version of a sort of 'cultural icon' - Peg Bundy, from the old Fox network show, 'Married: With Children...'

Now," She said, wheeling out a tool chest in which she kept supplies for some of her more... 'controversial' pieces. "To show what Don wanted a woman like you for..."

Sliding open the drawer in the chest, she extracted one of the many flesh-colored and well-detailed dildoes laying within, and approached her sculpture with a smile...

* * * * *

The two men gaped at her, frozen in the moment of exchange during a drug deal.

The buyer, a skinny white kid with lank, tangled hair and loose-fitting sweats, gaped at her in shock, the money still in hand, while the massively muscled shaved-head black man in the jeans and tight black T-shirt stood, plastic baggies of pot in hand, eyeing her with a wicked smile.

"That's a hell of a trick, babe..." the black man chuckled, his voice so deep as to be almost unbelievable. "What's yo' name, sweet-cheeks?"

From his comment and his gaze, it was obvious that he was appreciating her full, round ass - while the skinny kid was gaping at her full breasts in the now-taut shirt.

"D.. Don..." She stammered, shaken. Throwing up her hands to indicate that it wasn't important, she winced at the sight of the slender fingers tipped with long, gloss-red nails, then pushed onwards. "Look, I need your help. I..."

That was as far as she got - because her eyes widened and her mouth flew open as something very strange happened to her.

Her cunt... 'yelled'.

Not really, of course - but it felt like that, as something about her new womanhood altered, as if it were in the wrong shape, as if there was something that it needed to feel 'right' again...

...and the 'scream' came from the fact that she was filled with a sudden, overwhelming conviction that she knew what it was.

Out of nowhere, the thought slammed into her brain, too solid and certain to ignore. Her cunt needed to be filled by a hard cock.

Don gasped and trembled as the sudden, powerful new conviction flooded her swirling mind - the one, solid thought in the confusing maelstrom in her head. It didn't matter that it was a thought that disgusted her, that she wanted out of her head - it was the single, solid, ever-present thought in her mind, like steady, deafening chant being repeated over and over in her mind.

My cunt needs to be filled by a hard cock, my cunt needs to be filled by a hard cock, my cunt needs to be filled by a hard cock...

* * * * *

Grinning, Marta grabbed another dildo and stepped back to the sculpture...

* * * * *

Then, a moment later, another chorus was added to the overwhelming chant in her mind, as another 'void needing filling' sensation joined the powerful first one - this time from her mouth...

I need a cock in my mouth, my cunt needs to be filled by a hard cock, I need a cock in my mouth, my cunt needs to be filled by a hard cock...

Don gasped and trembled, trying, helplessly, to force the thoughts out of her head, as they thundered over and above any other thought she tried to form.

* * * * *

"Almost finished..." Marta muttered to her latest creation...

...as she slammed a third dildo home, deep in the latex-coated clay crevice of the woman's firmly rounded ass.

Chuckling, she moved on to the finishing touches, the final items to represent what this 'woman' stood for - pure sex.

With a dildo in each of three holes, it was pretty obvious - but with the help of some male mannequin's arms and hands, she made the point utterly clear, placing them so that the sculpture was being 'fondled' - thighs, ass, and tits.

"There we are..." Marta said, stepping back and putting her hand son her hips. "Perfect."

* * * * *

She couldn't think.

The new needs flooding her mind were overwhelming, allowing only the smallest, most fragmented thoughts to form before being lost in the overwhelming din of the desires she was disgusted and horrified to be echoing in her mind.

"Help..." She gasped out, desperately trying to put together some sort of explanation as to what was happening to her, so that the gaping men could provide her with assistance. "I.. My tits... and ass... I can't stop... thinking about them being fondled.. and... and... my cunt, and ass, and mouth... they.. I feel like they need to be filled with big, hard cocks..."

So intent was she on the difficult task of forcing the words out, she couldn't spare any thought for reflecting on what the sounded like - all she knew was that a wave of relief mixed with the maelstrom of unwanted needs in her mind as the two men shared a smile, then turned back to her.

"Sure, Dawn..." The big black dude said, easily. "I think we can help you with that..." "Thank you..." Dawn gushed, trying - and failing - to order her mind.

"Jus' come on down this alleyway, and we'll take care off all yo' needs..." The muscular man said, gesturing at a dark alley...

...and with the thundering thoughts in her head, she caught neither the knowing tone in his voice, nor the implications of a buxom woman going down a dark alley with two men.

She simply did what they suggested, swaying and shimmering atop her heels as she entered the foul-smelling alley, led by the skinny youth and followed by the muscular black man.

They were about halfway down the alley - and, not coincidentally, out of easy view of the street - when the skinny young white kid suddenly stopped dead, whirled around - and tore open her shirt, exposing her curvaceous new female form to his eager eyes...

...and grasp.

Before her swirling mind could register enough of what was happening for her to say anything, his eager, sweaty hands were squeezing her firm, domed breasts...

...and a sudden sensation of... 'rightness' flooded her mind.

Not that she liked what was going on. Not that she enjoyed having a man squeeze and fondle her tits - not on an emotional or intellectual level at least, since it was, in fact, physically pleasurable.

It was just as if this all felt as if, somehow, it was what was supposed to happen - and the horror and disgust she felt at being groped simply wasn't strong enough to allow her to say anything, not in the face of that overwhelming sensation that she needed this.

Not that she didn't try. Desperately, her whirling mind beginning to dimly grasp what was going on, she struggled to say or do something to make the guy stop fondling her tits...

...but just couldn't bring enough willpower to bare.

It only got better/worse when the muscular black man hauled her shirt off from behind, leaving her new body completely naked except for the shoes - and then put his hands between her legs, gripped her thighs, and spread her legs apart.

That all felt so... *damned... right!*

Even as disgust, horror and shame flooded her mind and body, even as her stomach roiled at being touched and fondled by men, even as she tried desperately to scream out an order to stop - part of her mind was slipping into a sort of numbed contentment, as if a deep and long-held need was, finally, being fulfilled...

"Enough fuckin' foreplay..." The black man grunted, unzipping his pants. "Let go of her fuckin' boobs so she can bend over, man - I'm taking this whore up the ass..."

"Fine..." The white man replied, grinning. "She can wrap those big cock-sucker lips around my rod..."

For a second, neither man was touching her, and a momentary calm broke through that unwanted by pervasive contentment. She opened her mouth to scream...

...and then the white guy grabbed her shoulders and pulled that open mouth downward. Having released her to lower his sweat pants and underwear, his rapidly hardening cock was plainly visible as he pulled her face down to that level - and that

powerful clamoring for a hard cock in her mouth all-but-screamed in her mind, strong enough to paralyze her for that fateful second...

...and then that contentment filled her again, redoubled, as her need was met, and the guy's cock filled her mouth.

Without any thought at all, she found her lips sealing around the cock. Horror filled her at what she was doing, and she desperately tried to fight that mind-numbing contentment and pull herself from the guys hard dick...

...and then the black man's hard, thick cock slipped quick and hard into her ass, filling it with it's girth...

...and that was it.

She entered a dream state.

She was only subliminally aware of what the men were doing with - to - her body as she floated in a wonderful haze of pure and utter contentment. Contentment caused by...

...by...

...by being used for exactly the purpose she was meant to serve. That's what it was.

She was nothing more - or less - then a living receptacle for men's lust. She existed solely to be used the way she was now, and any other way men might see fit to use her.

The man gave her barely-heard orders, and she obeyed them - wrapping her hands around the one man's cock and getting into a 'real' blow-job, while working her hips to increase the pleasure of the man fucking her up the ass. She did it without question, thought realization, or emotion - her body, her surrounding, what she was doing with the men, and the men to her, all was but a hazy background noise, being recorded in detail into her memory, but not registering hardly at all on her bemused, content conscious mind.

No disgust. No worries. No horror. No pain.

No thought...

...until an unmeasured and immeasurable time later, when the wonderful, pervasive, all- encompassing contentment drained away from her.

Shivering in the chill night air, she stared up at the sky above her, becoming aware of herself - laying naked, in an alleyway, having been...

Gagging as the memories of what she'd allowed the men to do to her - what she'd participated in - she shuddered and rolled over, her big breasts pressing into the cold pavement as she grabbed her torn shirt and forced herself to her feet, sobbing and gasping in disgust and horror...

...even as that clamor in her brain began it's cycle anew, demanding more of the same...

...while her mind, like that of a drug addict, whispered wonderful sedition, reminding her how good it had felt to have no cares, no worries, no thoughts...

...and how easy it would be for her to feel that way again. "No..." She sobbed. "No... never.. never again..."

...but she didn't even believe her own denials as she wrapped her tattered shirt around her feminine new body, and staggered off into the night.

* * * * *

"Well, Don..." Marta remarked to thin air, eyeing her sculpture again after having gone to clean up. "It's a damned good thing I had this sculpture to work my anger and frustration off on..."

She chuckled, wryly.

"Otherwise, I might have been tempted to track you down and do something horrible to you..." THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: In order to escape a sealed room, one man must consent to become the only woman who's voice will let him escape.

The Mantrap

By Gunslinger

The door.

The damned door.

Long hours of intellectual assault on the unassailable edifice had proved ultimately fruitless. For all of twenty-three year old Doug Fram's genius, the design and function of the door continued to best him.

Calling it a door, of course, was technically inaccurate. Though a point of entry and exit for the room

- the sole such point, as a matter of fact - the passageway was much more than a slab of wood with three hinges and a latch holding it in place. This was the latest, high-technology design for a secure, controlled entry point, a virtually unbreachable defense.

In the trade, it was known as a 'mantrap'.

In design, the mantrap was a metal booth, somewhat larger than the average telephone booth. Really more of a short hallway, either end was guarded by a steel door roughly equivalent to that used in walk-in bank vaults. Heavy, armored doors with equally armored knuckle hinges, whose massive six-bolt locking mechanisms were electronically controlled by a computer located behind sixteen inches of metal, and unreachable from this side of the door.

The computer, however, had a terminal inside the short hallway - a terminal, as well as several input sources.

Mantraps came in several levels of complexity - and the one Doug faced was the most complex example of all. This 'door' was state-of-the art, and designed to run the whole gamut for ultimate security.

There was a camera, connected to the computer and capable of complex pattern-matching that would allow it to 'recognize' an individual.

There was a microphone, also connected to the computer, that could verify a voice-print match with the individual.

The microphone was also run through a filter that measured stress levels - and, combined with the polygraph machine connected to the hand-plate mounted on wall, was capable of performing as a 'lie detector', able to tell if the person trying to use the mantrap was involved in some sort of deception.

In short, this particular high-security mantrap was designed to not only recognize if the person had the right to enter or exit the room, it was also capable of telling if that person was probably planning something destructive to the company - since a 'traitor' or 'saboteur' would almost definitely be nervous or stressed at what they were planning to do.

If the computer detected any unauthorized or unfriendly attempt, it would keep the individual trapped within its confines, and signal security.

Doug, however, knew that things would be different in his case. After all - Jennifer Laslo had made sure of that.

Laslo was the head of SynBioTech's security division - and an elite division it was. With many government contracts, SynBioTech was about as security conscious as the CIA and Fort Knox combined, and so it only hired the *crème de la crème*, as well as using the latest and greatest hi-tech security devices.

Given the nature of the company, it wasn't all that surprising that it's owners also sometimes called on security division to perform some more... exotic duties.

Like 'cleaning up' after a 'field test' of a new compound. After all, the only way the company could be utterly positive that a new serum - say, a sort of mind-control serum - worked properly was in a real- world test on an unsuspecting target. If the designer of that particular compound chose to test the power of his new drug on a woman who had turned him down in a particularly public and embarrassing way, turning her into his 'willing' sex-toy for forty-eight hours before completely wiping her mind of the experience, that was deemed more than acceptable - a sort of 'motivational' tool to help with the development, you could say. After all, there was always the Security Division to 'clean it up' if something went wrong, as in the case of a woman not quite forgetting the situation, and sure she'd been raped - though, the company had been happy to find, the woman - a certain Lisa Trulove

- couldn't remember by who...

Laslo had made sure that the Lisa wouldn't pursue the matter - but that hadn't been the end of it. No, Laslo had finally found the straw that had broken this particular camels' back - and she'd decided to make sure that Doug received the punishment she so believed he so richly deserved.

Keeping it hidden behind her poker face, the muscular woman had bided her time, waiting for just the right moment - and had gotten it, when the off-site lab Doug was attached to had been shut down for one of it's yearly 'cleaning', wherein all useful data would be transferred to secure vaults, and everything else destroyed, insuring no paper trail would ever lead back to the powerful men who stood in the shadows and directed SynBioTech's research.

The labs were supposed to be cleared out and left empty for the three-month-long procedure - but the team responsible for the work was Laslo's, and she'd made damned sure that Doug wouldn't be leaving, as her official log would say he did.

While he was in his lab, Laslo had reprogrammed the mantrap...

...to recognize only one authorized user, one that didn't exist.

In the beauty of Laslo's carefully crafted plan, the only person capable of using the mantrap now was one that Doug could, with effort, become.

The only authorized user also happened to be a female.

Laslo had known the project Doug had been working on, and she'd known what it could do. She'd used that information to carefully craft a fate for Doug that he was capable of achieving, if he so decided.

For that was the final, most humiliating factor of her vengeance. Doug had to willingly choose to take this 'out'.

He could, if he wished, simply remain in the lab for the three months, alone. It was faintly possible that Doug could manage to come up with a way of surviving that long, using some of the equipment and supplies to create some sort of 'supplement' that would sustain him without food.

Perhaps.

The other choice was to go through with Laslo's revenge, and make himself meet the requirements that she' so thoughtfully detailed on disk that had been with the package of clothes that would complete the transformation.

Though disturbing and humiliating, the physical transformation wasn't inherently the worst part. Though he'd be turning himself into a woman, at least outwardly, Doug knew that the transformation could be reversed, once he got to the head of the company, revealed Laslo's perfidy, and was allowed back into the lab.

Laslo, however, was well aware of this scenario - and had moved to block it...

The mantrap required a voiceprint identification. Originally, it had been straightforward: "My name is Douglas Fram, and I am engaged in research for the benefit of BioSynTech."

The computer would match up not only the voice-print, but the 'lie detector' results, ensuring that he's spoken the truth about identity and purpose.

The phrase Laslo had programmed it with, now, was completely different, and spoken in a feminine voice she'd supplied a computer-generated sample of, based on what Doug was capable of producing.

'She' not only had to say it - she had to believe it, at least well enough to fool the computer into accepting that she believed herself to be speaking the truth.

Which was why the individual who had once been Douglas Fram, biogeneticist, was staring vapidly at the computer screen, deep under the influence of the mind-control serum as the computer finished replaying the commands Doug had recorded into it.

After the recorded commands stopped playing, for several seconds the seated figure did absolutely nothing, mind struggling between 'real' thoughts and 'implanted' ones...

...and then, with a horrifying willingness, Doug let his own mind slip downward below that of the imposed mindset he'd had to give himself to escape, trusting on his own genius to beat Laslo's plan.

The figure blinked - and then slowly stood.

The figure turned and began walking towards the mantrap. With a grace born of two weeks of nearly constant practice - required to meet one of the visual parameters encoded into the mantrap - the figure balanced easily atop the six-inch stiletto heels that beat out a staccato cadence on the tile floor.

The fluorescent lights of the labs, so harsh and unforgiving to human flesh tones, were so much more effective against the gleaming black leather of the knee-high booths that those heels were attached to, much less the matching garment that - just barely - enclosed a torso that, more than the two weeks of enforced starvation, was made all the more slender by the fact of its painfully tight built-in corset.

Reaching the inner door that enclosed this end of the 'hallway' that was the heart of the mantrap, the figure's full, deep-red lips curved in a slight sneer at the weakness Doug had felt in the face of the device.

After all, it *was* a *mantrap* - and she was definitely anything but.

With absolutely no hesitation, she reached out with one slender hand, its long, wickedly sharp blood-red nail pressing the button that swung the vault door open.

With a calm confidence, she entered the mantrap, her stride firm and unwavering as she moved to the exact center of the device. Behind her, the door swung shut again, its heavy metallic 'ka-chunk' not the least bit intimidating.

Quite willingly striking the proud - and proudly feminine - pose the computer demanded, she lay one hand on the plate set into the wall for that purpose, and spoke in a clear, strong, and undeniably feminine voice.

"My name is Mistress Domina Femininita." She said, her chemically-tightened vocal cords creating a rich, strongly feminine contralto that rang in the metal-walled cubical. "Jennifer Laslo freed this quintessential, powerful, female me from the pathetic shell of a human being, and I wish to reward her gift by allowing the world to experience the pure essence of untainted femininity that I have become."

There was no dramatic pause. With circuits working at electronic speeds that measured in microseconds, the computer compared the data it received from its sensors with that which it had stored in its electronic gizzards - and decided that everything indicated that the woman in the chamber, who matched its physical parameters to a 't', was indeed speaking the truth.

With a metallic clanking of bolts being retracted, the door hissed open on its hydraulic arms.

Head held high, her supple, muscular body moving with a panther's limber grace, the leather clad vision of strong, feminine sexuality exited the mantrap atop her six-inch stiletto heels.

'Well done, my egotistical alter-ego...' Doug congratulated the created feminine person from deep beneath its surface. *'You've served your purpose, so... Valhalla!'*

Of course, it wasn't really that way. It wasn't a conversation, for there were no true words formed in the 'sub-mind-to-imposed-min' conversation. It was, rather, more like an internal dialogue, the way a con-man, in the middle of defrauding somebody, might keep up a pleasant smile and believable line of patter even as he internally gloated over the other person's gullibility. After all, every person on earth, except for the extremely young or the extremely simplistic, have a multitude

of interior mental layers that are undergoing 'cross-talk' at any given time. The dieter, arguing the pros and cons of a chocolate éclair, would sound schizophrenic if they gave voice to that internal debate.

In the case of the figure that exited the mantrap, the spilt was artificial, and thus more sharply defined. The 'upper' mind, the one controlling their altered physical form, was that of the woman that the man-trap would allow to leave, while the much more complex inner mind was that of the man who'd inhabited the unaltered body, the one disgusted with what he'd 'willing' done to his body and mind, but who had planned for it, including the pre-programmed trigger to return control to himself, the one he'd just given.

The emphatically feminine figure stumbled atop her heels, face registering a moment of pure shock before sliding into a mask of confusion. She slumped against the wall, long-nailed hands coming up to press against her temples as she gasped, eyes screwed closed at the mental pressure the command had generated.

Doug had set up 'Domina' to deny her the knowledge of 'his' continued existence, while instilling in her the honest beliefs necessary to let her exit the mantrap. He'd planted the command in her mind, the one he'd triggered to call his home-made Valkyrie home - but he'd never expected what was happening.

Active resistance.

Rather than simply fading away, Domina heard Doug in her mind, felt the force of the command and recognized it's import...

...and fought against it.

"Get out.. of my.. head... you... pathetic.. worm.." Domina ground out between her teeth, fighting Doug for control of their shared, feminine mouth. "You.. were supposed.. to vanish..."

A second later, that voice spoke again - in a slightly different tone, and a completely different cadence.

"This is.. my body.. you... artificial Amazon..." Doug said through their lips. "I brought you... into the world.. and now.. I'm... taking you... *out!*"

Knowing that 'Domina' was just a wayward fragment of his own mind, Doug bent his will to subduing it, slowly straightening from the slump into a less feline, less unselfconscious pose than Domina had used...

...even as he continued to fight against the attempted rise of the imposed mindset that just refused to fade away.

"Why won't you just die...?" Doug muttered in his feminine voice as he self-consciously ankled towards the front doors atop the damned heels he hated having learned to walk in.

Doug didn't smoke, and he'd always been rangy of build, so had never had to diet. Had he performed these, or any other difficult 'will-power' tasks, he would have immediately recognized the refusal of that part of his mind to simply go away.

Will power or not, the part of his mind he'd remade into Domina refused to give up, continuing to whisper into a mental ear about how much easier, how much more enjoyable, life would be if he just gave in...

Trying to block that small voice away, Doug headed for the entrance of the building, planning on finding the proper people to reveal Laslo to, so he could get his own, male body back.

With every step, his own expertise in heels humiliated him - and yet he was also embarrassed by the fact that anybody who might see him would see the awkward, gingerly manner in which he ankled along atop those heels, an outward sign of his humiliation in a body that wouldn't reveal the reason for it.

The figure he now cut was a distinctive one. Of just slightly above average height for a man, the altered body he'd created would be perceived as a tall woman, athletic but attractive. Long of leg and slender of hip, the somewhat broad-shouldered figure lost nothing for it, since the legs were shapely in their covering of leather and fishnet stockings, so well shown by the high hips of the mostly-corset garment that just barely enclose her altered crotch, and whose upper straps barely covered the nipples of the amazingly firm, full, EEE-cup breasts riding on her chest, their size and firm cleavage minimizing the wider shoulders that held her strong-yet-feminine arms.

Her make-up was bold and almost threatening, dark red lipstick and dark eye-shadow working with a strong-jawed, sharp-featured face that, far from looking masculine in this context, looked awesomely, powerfully feminine.

Doug was not a magician, and even his most powerful, most exotic compounds couldn't have made great alterations to his bone structures - so Laslo had carefully crafted a new look for the feminine being he'd become, taking that into account.

Rangy-but-unremarkable in a man became powerfully sensual in a woman, the ropy muscles covered in a thin, softening layer of 'padding' his compounds had created. Likewise, the face had needed only much fuller, pouting lips and longer, sultry lashes surrounding a permanently heavy-lidded look to turn a 'prissy' male face into a sultry, challenging female one.

Slim, for a man, Doug's new female figure was made more of an hourglass by a painfully tight corset that compressed the waist by a good three inches - while more compounds had 'inflated' both chest and ass to reinforce that impression, leaving behind a buxom, leggy woman with a feminine muscularity that stayed well below the 'body-builder' range.

With once-bland brown hair died a rich, glossy black and pulled into a tight pony-tail to better accent the well-defined cheekbones, 'Domina' gave every impression of being a strong, self-confident, sexually and socially dominating woman whose leather-and-stainless-steel ensemble, complete with long black whip hanging from a steel 'D'-ring on her right hip and black leather collar and cuffs, only served to reinforce the powerfully feminine impression of her figure...

...and yet she was moving with an awkward self-consciousness that made her look utterly ludicrous.

Not because 'she' was a man playing at being female, something no casual observer could ever tell, but because the form and figure of what should be a powerfully feminine figure was walking about with a wooden, awkward stride. Like that of a man

uncomfortably trying to navigate in heels - and with the oddest expression on a face that should have been carved in lines of erotic self-confidence.

The thought actually generated was: 'God, I must look like an idiot...'

How it registered as '*God, you're making me look like an idiot!*' - in Domina's 'voice', a disgusted sneer.

What made it all the worse was that Doug knew damned well what the 'real' thought was, and why it had come out that way - but it was going through a subconscious filter that he was unable to alter so much as a whit, just another unwanted thought zipping across the surface of the brain. Just as he could - and had - been ashamed by thinking unwanted sexual thoughts about a married woman with her husband right there, so he felt humiliated and disgusted by this thought - but, as in the other case, he was helplessly to stop it from happening.

Likewise, the knowledge that he could do it better, having practiced just that thing to confuse the computer, meant that that knowledge came through as a demand from Domina to let her do it for them.

It was an internal 'argument' that Doug couldn't control - and worst of all, it revealed something about his own subconscious mind that bothered the hell out of him.

The reason 'Domina' hadn't simply vanished was because 'Doug' didn't want her to.

Some part of his mind was intrigued by the notion of playing out the role he was trapped in, living out the persona he'd created. Perhaps not permanently - perhaps, if he gave into it, it would satisfy adventure's call, and Domina would fade away...

...but Doug didn't want to give into it and find out.

Or, rather, the 'straight, red-blooded American Male' Doug wished-he-was-but-knew-he-wasn't didn't *want* to want to give in to the urge to 'play' Domina.

However, even deeper down, the part that didn't really want to be the 'big man' that everybody liked and respected did want to give it a shot, even though it was also the part that knew that it was 'safest' conforming to what society expected of him...

...except that 'Domina' was quick to point out that society expected something completely different from the form he was currently wearing, and Domina was, of course, only a mental voice that reflected what his own mind was saying back to him, just in a different way.

Like the dieter knowing damned well the chocolate éclair would be a bad idea, but found excuses to do it anyway, Doug knew that 'playing Domina' was wrong - at least in the eyes of the society that had indoctrinated him...

...but found the 'excuse' to do it anyway as he drew closer to the front door - where, even at this distance, he could identify the security guard at its post.

As simple as that - and it was once again Domina swaying with seductive feline grace down the hallway, a cool, challenging smile on her full, deep-red lips.

Except, of course, it wasn't 'Domina' - but Doug, playing the role that he'd already proven he could play well enough to fool the computer, since there was - and had ever been - only one mind inside the body that his own chemicals and compounds had altered.

Approaching Jennifer Laslo, Doug/Domina braced him/herself for the test...

"Let me get the door for you, Mistress Domina..." Laslo said with an ill-concealed grin, after one glance at the powerful, sultry stride and the haughty expression of Domina's face.

'That's even easier than the computer...' Domina thought behind her faint sneer. 'I look - and act - the way she's expecting, so she doesn't even question it...'

As she slipped by her tormentor without so much as a glance, a strange exultation flowed through Domina at the realization of how much power she now held.

It was the ultimate disguise.

Nothing she did, in this body, was attributed to 'Doug' - not even by somebody who knew what had happened.

To a complete stranger, it would be a completely unbreakable disguise.

Stunned with the realization, she swaggered down to the parking lot, mind ablaze with the possibilities.

"looky looky what we got here..." A voice drawled, ironically.

"What you supposed to be - robo-bitch...?" Another male voice asked.

Domina looked at the two insolently smiling men leaning against a lamppost, drinking beer and trading what was obviously a joint back and forth, taking advantage of the remote and abandoned parking lot for some 'recreation'.

"I..." Doug announced, imperially. "Am Mistress Domina Femininita" "Oh, really...?" The man on the right asked, scornfully.

'You know, I could...'

'No! that's disgusting...!'

'But.. who would ever know...?'

"Shut up, worm!" Domina demanded - and reached out and slapped the man across the face. He started to draw himself up, face going from startled-white to angry-red...

"I can make any man obey me!" She boasted, planting her feet wide and placing her hands on her hips.

"Oh, yeah, bitch...?" The slapped man asked, advancing, while the second man carefully placed the joint on the concrete base of the light pole...

"Yes." She said - and, in one smooth motion, released the metal snap-rings holding the leather- strap-like tops of her outfit to the wide black leather collar around her neck, exposing her firm, succulent breasts.

"Though I revile you, and I slapped you..." She said, a know to guilt excitement in her constricted guts, "I demand you fondle my breasts!"

The man stopped, and gaped.

"I order you, worm!" She said, stridently. "Fondle - and suck - my tits. Do it, now, you pathetic excuse for a man - your Mistress orders you!"

The man hesitated...

...then reached out and squeezed her tits. Hard.

She slapped his hands away.

"You sad excuse for a man..." She sneered. "I didn't tell you to just squeeze them - I ordered you to fondle them. To suck them. To get right in there and play with my tits. Now don't stand at arm's length and grab me like you're expecting a dozen cops to show up and arrest you for it. Ignore any risk or doubt - play with my tits. I order it!"

The man's face was an interesting study in contrasts...

...but he obeyed. Oh, did he obey...

Struggling to keep her own, conflicting emotions off her face, she also struggled to ignore the mixture of pleasure and a modicum of pain from the man's ministrations as she turned to his friend.

"Mistress Domina orders you to get that pathetic little nub you call a cock hard for me..." She said. "Go on, get that wimpy little dick of yours had. Not just 'less soft' - but as big and iron-hard as your pathetic manhood has ever been in you entire sad excuse for a life..."

The man didn't take much prompting...

Slipping the whip from it's ring, Domina reached out and let it uncoil, until she was lightly letting it's mid-point sway over the rising bulge in the man's pants.

"Harder, worm... make it harder..." She snarled - then, with one hand, shoved the tit-fondling man away from her.

"Get undressed." She ordered. "Right here, right now - get completely naked, and let me see your cock - and I order you to have a big, hard, cunt-pleasing cock, to be as rigid and ready as you've ever been in your life by the time you're naked."

The man heisted - and she let the whip snap close to him.

"Strip, now, you useless dick-carrier!" She ordered. "The only think you have to offer any woman, much less one like me, is the possibility of a big, thick, ready-to-use cock - so show it to me, now!"

The man, awkwardly at first, began to undress.

"You!" She snapped at the second man. "Get those pants down around your ankles...!" Sharing a look with his friend, the second man began to undress as well.

The first man tossed his clothes in a pile - and she sent the whip cracking closer then before. "I said naked, worm!" She snarled. "Get those socks off..!"

The man nearly fell over trying to comply.

"Now..." She said, pointing at the man who was naked - as she slowly bent forward, leaving her outthrust as stuck up in the air as she reached down and released to more clasps, letting the triangle of leather that covered her crotch hand free. "I command you to fuck me long and hard with your pathetic excuse for a cock!"

She snapped her gaze to the half-naked man. "You, I command you to shove that tiny dick of yours between my lips. I'm not going to do a damned thing but close my lips and suck a little - but you'd better face-fuck me until you pump a load of cum down my throat. Not some pathetic little dribble, either - I command you to pump a big, hot, thick load of cum down my throat, worm!"

The men stared at her...

"Mistress Domina commands you!" She screamed. "You must obey...!" They obeyed...

* * * * *

Wide-eyed, unable to tear her eyes off the high-resolution digital security monitor, the slender, dark- haired woman watched 'Domina' go at it with the two men, right there in the otherwise empty parking lot.

"He.. I mean, she, really does believe she's 'getting away' with this, doesn't she...?" Lisa Trulove breathed, stunned. "She doesn't know.. doesn't remember.. anything, does she?"

"Oh 'she' remembers..." Laslo said, grinning wickedly. "It's just that her 'memory' has nothing to do with reality. With Doug's ego, it was easy to convince him that he'd actually gone through with 'raping' you - and even easier to get him to believe that he'd invented some chemicals and compounds that could feminize a man in a few days."

Watching the monitor herself, Laslo's grin widened.

After all, after bookish, awkward Doug had royally screwed up his attempted field test, he'd become a liability to the company - who, in turn, had been more than happy to help Laslo make the problem 'disappear', albeit in a less permanent way than usual.

Especially since it incorporated an 'ultimate' field-test for Doug's compound - thanks to which, Doug had no conscious memory of the past year, or how he 'willingly' went through everything involved in Sexual Reassignment Surgery.

He - or, legally, she - had no memory of the legal name-and-gender change that made 'Domina' more than a mental fiction. She thought that this was all some sort of 'mind game', and that - after playing around in a way that 'nobody would ever know about', she'd change herself back into a man, with a secret she could laugh about in the future.

Well, when Domina got home, she'd find all the evidence she needed to verify the memories that would come back with the 'mental trigger' that would release them - and, upon learning that the 'persona' that was now cheerfully getting fucked by two men in a parking lot was the one and only persona she'd ever be able to present the world - and, that thanks to his/her own serum, she was now, quite literally, helplessly addicted to 'forcing' men to have sex with her...

Well, Laslo was pretty damned sure that there wasn't much laughter in Doug/Domina's near future.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A detective undergoes changes go under-cover, but he does not realize how much he is going to be changed.

A Matter Of Belief

By Gunslinger

*Twenty Feet Below the 'Golden Goddess Club'

*October 21st, 1999 - 11:56 p.m.

Desireé awoke, feeling confused and strange, and not knowing why. She stared for a second at the plain ceiling above her bed...

Her brow furrowed. 'Her'? Was that right? It *sounded* right, but didn't *feel* right, for some reason. Why was that?

Her head began to pound with sharp, excruciating blasts of pain as she tried to consider the question and her face went pale and beaded with sweat at the pain. Quickly she pushed the thought away from her - it certainly wasn't worth the agony, she decided in an instant. Still, it nagged her at the back of her mind, even if she feared to haul it out into the open and examine it.

Leaving the question aside - at least for the moment - Desireé sat up...

...well, tried to. There was more weight on her chest than she'd expected, and she hadn't put enough *oomph* into her motion.

With a powerful movement, she pushed herself into a sitting position on the bed she found herself in...

For a second, her mind refused to identify the objects blocking her downward view by rising out of her chest. Then it registered.

Tits. The most incredibly perfect set of mammary glands she'd ever seen. They were big, the size of cantaloupes - and almost as spherical. They were utterly perfect, filling her downward view with the expanse of their smooth, flawless skin and the large, thick nipples that topped the domed aureole at the ends of her gigantic breasts.

Then, like a double-imposed photo-negative, Desireé felt a strange... *doubling* in her mind.

Part of her was shocked, horrified, disgusted, outraged, amazed.... and another part was... overjoyed? Ecstatic? Proud?

"You volunteered for bigger breasts?"

"Yes."

"Because you need bigger tits to work at the strip club." "Yes."

"Isn't it also because you don't like being flat chested? Isn't it because nobody pays any attention to you when you're flat chested? Isn't that also why?"

"Yes."

"Men would shudder, look away. You had to wear concealing clothing, avoid public exposure - right?" "Yes."

"But - with bigger tits, men would pay attention to you. You can wear skimpy clothing. Undress in front of people. Bigger tits let you do these things - and more. Right?"

"Yes."

Desireé wasn't sure where the strange, voiceless conversation in her mind came from. It was if there were two silent voices in her head - or maybe three. All she knew was that the conversation was, somehow, both true - and nothing but lies.

A bolt of pain rushed through her head, causing her to clench her teeth. She shoved the thoughts she was having aside, before the pain could begin to pulsate, the agony shooting through her nerve- ending like liquid fire.

Instead, she looked down at the glorious tits thrust roundly from her chest, drooping only slightly as they hung there, moving with each breath she took.

Yes, they were perfect. They were quite large, but they were far from freakishly enormous. They'd let her work at the strip club. They'd let her get the attention of men. That's what she'd wanted...

...hadn't she?

Again came that strange doubling, as two part of her brain answered at the exact same time. 'Yes/No'

Ignoring the confusion - again, for the moment - Desireé swung her long, sexy legs over the edge of the bed...

"You are going to work at a strip club, and you think bigger tits and a thinner waist will be enough?" The voice was incredulous.

"Yes...." He agonized between the answers. "...no..."

"What should a woman working at a strip club have? Sexier legs? Incredible ass?" The voice asked. "A nice face? Long, slender fingers...?"

"Yes..." He agreed, helplessly. "Yes to all of them."

"So, if you're going to work at a strip club... you should have all of these too?" "Yes..."

* * * * *

...and forced herself into a standing position. Her gorgeous, softly firm globes jiggled enticingly, sending tiny shudders of pleasure to run through Desireé.

Walking across the impersonal, beige dorm room, Desireé reached the full-length mirror at the end of the room - and paused to stare at the image reflected back at her.

She was tall. Taller than any woman had the right to be (most of that in long, incredibly shapely legs) she managed to pull it off.

Spectacularly.

Her skin was flawless. Dusky, the shade of old Oak varnished to a high sheen. Her legs seemed to reach on up forever - and when forever arrived, it was in the form of trim, athletic (yet very feminine, as well - oh so feminine) hips and an ass that was so impossibly '*full-and-firmly packed*' perfect that it would make weaker men faint.

The swell of those hips were made to seem even more womanly beneath the graceful upsweep of her waist that tightened it to an impossibly slender hourglass.

Tits that were almost the size of volleyballs, globes that rose so firmly, so proudly, so impossibly spherical from her chest as to defy the imagination, rather than the law of gravity.

Thrust from the darker, rounded aureole rose nipples the length and thickness of a man's thumb from the knuckle. Nipples that looked as if they were perpetually aroused, unbelievable sensitive -

- and they *were*.

Topping the long, slender neck that rose from the slightly wide shoulders was a face that was a study in darkly mysterious sensuality. Huge, dark, seductive eyes, framed by long, dark lashes. A broad- yet-feminine nose that showed both pride - and submission.

A mouth - a mouth so full, so perfectly formed, with a small (and permanent) knowing smile etched in her lush lips.

All in a heart-shaped face surrounded by a massive, silky mane of curly black hair.

And what first came to her mind - from a place that was much, much deeper down in her subconscious than the programming had reached - was powerful enough to smash through the barrier that the programming had labored to create.

'*God...*' Desireé thought. '*I'd love to fuck her...*' Then the tremendous realization came...

"I'm a man!" Desireé screamed in a rich, throaty voice. "What am I doing? What am I *thinking...*"

Then, she doubled over, almost vomiting at the searing pain that flashed through every nerve ending in her body.

Desireé cried out, her rich, husky voice becoming falsetto soprano in agony. Two desperate needs assaulted her with equal strength - the need to hang on to the knowledge of who she was and what had been done to her - and the need to shove it as far away as possible and escape the searing pain she felt. The fact that she realized that she'd been 'programmed' to feel this pain if she thought about her past and her real identity in no way lessened the pain itself. The fact that it was an induced, psychosomatic agony made it no less real.

Gasping, Desireé pulled away from her thoughts and memories, and the searing agony faded away, leaving her pale and shaking.

But she didn't let the truth slide away from her completely. No matter how expertly somebody tries to brain-wash a person, there is always a few 'loopholes', places where the programming is less than perfect. Because of this, Desireé wasn't locked into the new personality they'd imprinted on her.

Although the imprinting was expertly done, it wasn't seamless - and that first thought, from deeper in her psyche than they'd managed to change, had allowed her to see the seams for what they were. It might be extremely painful for her to think her 'real' thoughts - but she could tell that the painless thoughts weren't her own.

She couldn't think about the reasons *why* she had to get out of here, to get away - but, just thinking about getting away *itself* was another story....

Before her urgency could fade - it would be painful to remind herself why she was doing this, after all - she turned towards the closet at the far end of the room and walked towards it with a determined - yet oh-so-sexy - stride. Even as she opened the closet and began to pull clothing out, the implanted persona began its process of seeping back in, leaving its mark on what she was doing.

'God... look at all this clothing' Desireé thought, amazed at the selection of clothes - much of which wasilly or impractical.

'Just practical clothing' She thought to herself - but even now, the reasons for what she was doing were slipping away, replaced by her programmed taste in clothing.

So, the plain black panties and matching long-line bra she picked were fairly 'practical'. About the only effect the programming had at that point was the fact she wasn't uncomfortable about putting on the women's underwear - and the fact that she could do it easily, especially the strapless long-line EEE-cup bra, with its dozen's of eye-hooks in the back. She shrugged into the garment and clasped it into place without any trouble - without really even having to think about it.

By the time she chose the pants, a little more of the implanted persona had slipped in - so she bypassed the one pair of jeans in the closet, and went for the pair of pants hanging in the corner.... even as part of her yearned for a skirt instead, to show off her phenomenal legs.

Instead, she wiggled and squeezed her way into the pair of black leather pants she'd chosen.

They were so skin-tight, that they did a pretty good job of showing off her long, sexy legs anyway - but they did an mind-boggling job of showing off her absolutely spectacular ass.

For a shirt, she found herself picking out a white blouse with a V-neck. Actually, the blouse was little more than the V-neck - with no buttons or fasteners, the blouse - with frills at the collar, edges, shoulders and cuffs - was wrapped around the

body and tied at the bottom to hold it in place - displaying a wide 'vee' that exposed a good deal of cleavage, and even her belly-button. The long- line bra underneath looked almost like an undershirt, which kept the blouse - barely - within the laws regarding 'indecent exposure'.

The boots were a good sign that the implanted persona was coming back strong - made of black leather, they were knee high, with fifty little metal hooks per boot for the long laces that, when pulled tight, practically molded the long leather boot to her leg.

Of course, the six-inch stiletto heel on the boots emphasized the legs even further - as well as her magnificent ass.

An even better sign of which personality was controlling most of her actions at this point was the fact that she didn't even consider it - she just went ahead and carefully applied her make-up, and picked out the right jewelry for this outfit.

She paused to admire the effect in the mirror, lightly fluffing her raven mane as she eyed her spectacular figure. With a small, satisfied smile, she threw a purse (almost empty, as she had nothing of value - but it went with the outfit) over one shoulder and headed to the door. Putting a slender, ring bedecked hand on the knob, her slender fingers closed around the brass-colored metal of the handle and turned...

..or tried to. The handle moved a fraction of an inch before becoming immobile. The door was locked.

Desireé looked at the door with annoyance, her smooth brow forming into small - but endearing - creases.

"The dirty bastards..." She breathed - and it was both the original persona and the implanted one that spoke the words, as both disliked the thought of being locked in.

While programming the new Desireé, Peter and his cohorts had made a couple of mistakes, but perhaps none so great as this - wanting the new woman to be a seductive, sensual vision of erotic femininity, they hadn't made her a brainless bimbo, obedient, servile - and stupid.

Now, even though the implanted personality was almost completely in control, Desireé still didn't like being treated like a prisoner - which allowed her to push just slightly past the layer of programming...

With a gasp, she pulled away from what she'd touched in the past, the sharp sting of pain lasting but a second - but it was enough. It might hurt for her to try and remember *where* she'd learned to pick locks - but the skill itself was available, and she put it to use.

Her purse contained few items, mostly make-up and the like - plus some hair-care essential. Such as bobby-pins.

Within seconds, Desireé heard the satisfying 'click' as she massaged the tumblers into line. Holding the pick in place with one hand, she used the other to turn the knob and swing the door open.

With a small, self-satisfied smile - wholly 'Desireé' - she stepped out into the hallway beyond...

...and almost into the arms of a security guard patrolling the corridor.

Her first thought - 'God, he's cute' - was all Desireé. Then the startled guard made a grab for her...

...and what came next came from well below 'the layer' of imprinted programming.

As a youth, 'Desireé' had been rather scrawny. His parents, eager to provide young 'Desireé' with everything they couldn't have, had sent him to a rather snobby school, where he was the only 'Wop', and subject to... certain attention. After a few fights, his father had also enrolled him in the then uncommon School of Martial Arts.

It was this older, well established mode of thought that took control when Desireé felt the man's hand clamp on her forearm. In one smooth, graceful move (What her new body lacked in strength it more than made up for in speed and grace) she lifted her leg sharply, kneeing the guard in the stomach. As he bent over from the impact, her leg rose again, smashing his nose - and, instinctively, he brought his hands to his shattered, bloody nose.

Released, she brought both hands down on the nape of his neck, knocking him unconscious.

As the man collapsed, she was already in motion. Although she was perched atop six-inch stilettos, her 'programming' had provided her the skill to move easily atop the high, slender heels, and she hurried down the corridor to the elevator that lifted her one floor, to the main floor of the club.

If the commune had been paranoid enough to put the elevator under the control of a remote operator, watching the occupant via video... But, they hadn't, counting on their programming to keep the 'girls' in line. Thanks to this oversight, Desireé had no problem reaching the main floor of the strip-club.

Dashing down a short hallway, past the change-rooms, she found herself in the crowded area of the main lounge.

There was a sexy, unbelievably large-breasted woman going through the motions on stage. Ignoring the incredibly endowed performer, Desireé began to move through the throngs of men drooling over the stripper, earning more than a few appreciative looks as she did so.

Part of her was overjoyed at the look of lust the men gave her - and the part that wasn't was below 'the layer'. So she refused to find out why such attention from men was so disconcerting. Instead, she made her way to the exit, keeping her eyes peeled for any signs of security.

There was one guard near the door - but what had happened to his comrade had happened too soon for him to have heard about it. As she stepped through the doorway - fighting the hordes of men struggling to enter the over-crowded club - she shot him a smile. Startled, he blinked and smiled back, as she twiddled her fingers at him and walked past. Since all the 'girls' working at the club were pre-conditioned, the guard - practically drooling - assumed that Desireé was a girlfriend of one of the customers, dragged here against her will to see 'other' women strip.

The thought that she was a 'working girl' whose programming wasn't quite comprehensive never occurred to him. After all - he'd been working the strip-club for over three months, and his only work had been to 'bounce' the drunks and psychos - never to stop one of the 'girls' from leaving.

To tell the truth, the guard didn't even know the truth behind the 'girls' downstairs - only certain, very carefully selected guards knew that the women were kept under lock-and-key....

...and even fewer knew the true reason why. So it wasn't all that surprising that the guard didn't try to stop her from leaving.

Wiggling and swaying seductively, Desireé walked across the parking lot, looking confident, sexy and sultry....

...while, behind the gorgeous face with the slight, knowing smile, her mind worked frantically to figure out where she was going to go from here.

"Well, hello there gorgeous!" A voice said from nearby, and Desireé turned towards it, unwillingly feeling a surge of pride and pleasure at the compliment, as offhand and crass as it might be.

The man who'd spoke was a tall, slender black man with a shock of curly hair and a pitted face as a result of bad teen acne in his not-so-recent pass.

Desireé wasn't sure how to take the revelation that she didn't find the speaker at all attractive to her. Part of her was overjoyed that she wasn't about to come-on to any man she met (*although why she was happy about that, she wasn't exactly sure - what was wrong about being attracted to men...?*), while another part wondered why not.

"Hello." Desireé said, not unfriendly, but cool.

The man's smile slipped a bit, and he shrugged. "Oh, well..." He said, mostly to himself - then, louder. "Need a lift somewhere, miss?"

Desireé's smile widened a bit. "Well - yes, I do, actually."

The man held out a hand. "Robby's the name, and computers are my game. Howdja do?"

Shaking his hand, Desireé introduced herself. Robby opened the door of his '87 Chevy Caprice for her, and she slid inside.

"Where to, milady?" Robby said, sketching a bow from behind the wheel.

Now - that was the question, wasn't it? Gritting her teeth, Desireé closed her eyes and pushed past the veil between the implanted and the real personas....

Pain flared, and she gasped, causing Robby to start in concern. But in the instant Desireé was feeling the pain, she was already pulling back from it, and she opened her eyes and smiled wanly at Robby, giving him an address.

"Uh are you sure you're okay?" Robby asked, and Desireé would have been touched by his concern - if not for the fact that, having 'refreshed' her original persona, she was struggling to deal with the fact that she was a woman, a gorgeous, sexy woman alone in a car with a man who obviously found her attractive.

"Yeah - I just left my meds at home. That's why I'm in a hurry to get there." She said - finding it a convenient excuse to get Robby to hurry. She supposed he was a nice enough guy, but she wanted to get through this as quickly as possible.

"Okay - hold on to your hat, Desireé." Robby said - and obliged her by pushing the big car as hard as he dared to get her 'home' as quickly as possible.

* * * * *

Desireé watched the tail-lights of Robby's car vanished, then turned to the building she was standing in front of, and frowned slightly.

She had given Robby this address, she could remember that clearly - but she could no longer remember why she'd given him this address, other than it was something she'd pulled out of her painful past, something from the time when she'd been....

Pain seared through her at the inadvertent reach into the past, and even as the knowledge that she wasn't really a woman re-flooded her mind, she began to push it away...

Then stopped. She ground her teeth, enduring the pain as her mind wandered through 'forbidden' territory - then she finally let her mind pull away, bemused.

The pain hadn't been as strong this time. And more of her past remained with her than before.

The programming had never really taken into consideration this sequence of events - every time she broke past the barrier, she dragged part of her past through the barrier and into the implanted persona's 'safe zone'

To use a metaphor - it was as if her past was under a layer of acid. It hurt to reach through - but once she'd brought something out, she could leave it on this side of the barrier. The metaphor went even farther, though - if she'd pulled something through a layer of acid, it would be coated with acid, and would be painful to touch - but that would fade as the acid 'ran down'.

And that's what was happening to her mind. It hurt like hell to reach through the layer - but the thoughts she'd dragged out the first time she did, which were so painful at the time, could now be looked at with only moderate agony. As time passed, they would become less and less painful to look at.

With a growing hope that, perhaps, there might be a chance to regain herself, Desireé opened the door of the building and climbed the short set of inner steps. There was a security system locking the inner door - but, somehow, Desireé found she knew the code, and punched it in.

She climbed up the flight of stairs just inside the security door, and stood in front of the wide, sliding metal Fire Door that led into the apartment proper of the building's sole occupant...

...even though Desireé couldn't remember who that was.

Hesitantly, her heart pounding, Desireé lifted one slender hand and thumped on the fire door. There was a short pause, and Desireé lifted her hand again, when the door slid open.

A short, perky blonde, dressed only in a bathrobe but obviously not just awakened, gazed out at her. Behind her, a startlingly handsome, well-muscled man was just tying off a bathrobe of his own as he eyed what he could see of Desireé past the shorter blonde. A few feet away from the man stood a block of clay, out of which rose an amazingly realistic bust of the man, despite only being half-finished.

"Can I help you?" the woman asked, eyeing Desireé.

"I... I hope so..." Desireé asked, finding herself at a loss for words. How was she going to explain ?

"I... I think we know each other... that is "

The woman's mouth quirked. "No, I don't think we've met." She said - but her eyes went to Desireé's face for a better look. Her brows drew in together as her eyes narrowed, and she studied Desireé's face...

Then, slowly, her mouth dropped open as her eyes widened. "Dennis....?" She asked, sounding stunned...

...and that one word set off a chain reaction in Desireé's mind.

Screaming - a horrific, gut-wrenching sound - Desireé collapsed as her past suddenly smashed through her mind, tearing through the programming, shattering the anchors of both personas as the pain carried her away...

* * * * *

*The Office of D. Farianno, PI

*September 29th, 1999 - 9:21 a.m. "Damn it!"

The micro-recorder flew across the room, smashing into the far wall. Battery cover and tape carrier popped open, the tiny tape and triple-'A' batteries making musical overtones among the dull 'thock' of the recorder dropping to the faded hardwood floor of the office.

Dennis Farianno rose from the desk, his brow furrowed with frustration and his dark eyes smoldering with anger. With quick, nervous movements, the tall, dark-haired man began to pace around the room, his hands betraying his Italian ancestry by punctuating his words as he muttered to himself.

"There has to be a way, goddammit!" Unnoticed, the small micro-cassette crunched underfoot as he paced over the wreckage of the small recorder. "Three fuckin' months, and nothing. Not one goddamn lead! Jesus H. Christ - Fort Knox would be easier to get into than this place!"

Frustrated, the athletic man banged his fist against the wall, causing a brief shower of yellowed plaster as the lathes underneath creaked in protest. Hands balled into fists, Dennis resumed his pacing, swearing softly to himself as his mind worried at the problem that had become the focus of his professional - and, sometimes, personal - life.

Dennis Farianno was a private detective. Unlike the ones portrayed in movies or on TV, Dennis had never shot anyone, gotten rewarded by 'a grateful police department', or had a beautiful blonde walk into his office and proceed to initiate a torrid affair while he attempted to solve her mysterious case. Instead, the bulk of his work was divorce surveillance, skip-tracing and tracking down missing people.

It was this last type of case that he was currently involved in. A middling-wealthy couple had contacted him, worried about their daughter, who seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. Since she was twenty-two, the parents had no real legal recourse - as an adult, their daughter didn't have to check in with her parents. But they'd wanted to find out what had happened to her, so they'd hired Dennis.

It hadn't taken Dennis all that long to trace Miriam Longley - the daughter - to a small 'cult', known as the New Horizons Collective.

The word 'cult' had driven the parents almost into a panic, and they'd offered Dennis a large sum - more than two years average profit, in fact - to contact their daughter and make sure that this is where she wanted to be, and to get a message from her to take back.

Dennis had taken the job - with no idea just what he was getting into.

Dennis had been unable to learn anything of substance about the secretive commune located about twenty-miles outside of town. In fact, the entire cult was shrouded in secrecy. No man was allowed to become a full member of the Collective until he'd been an 'acolyte' for five years. During that time, the prospective member would be sent to a special all-male camp, where he'd have to live for those five years with no contact with anyone outside. Only then would the thoroughly vetted acolyte be allowed into the main commune.

This method assured almost perfect security. There was no investigator - private or governmental - who could afford the five years it would take to get into the camp to learn what was going on.

And the commune itself is where Miriam was. She had to be - one of the odd aspects of the Collective was the fact that they didn't put female 'acolytes' through the same routine. Instead, they accepted the women directly into a special section of the commune itself, where...

Dennis came to a stop, his deep brown eyes narrowing as he considered the thought. Men couldn't get in - yet women could.

But...

But, Dennis was aware that the government was trying to keep an eye on the cult. Legally, the government couldn't demand access, or break up the commune. Yet they must have tried infiltrating female agents in - yet Dennis had seen no sign that there was an operation actually being conducted. What did that mean?

Dennis wasn't exactly a 'chauvinistic pig' - but he did have some very firmly rooted opinions about the 'gentle gender'. This bias suggested to him that, whatever the 'training' of female acolytes consisted of, it rooted out the 'plants', or converted them - in either case, a woman's will wasn't enough to stand up to whatever the Collective did in training to ferret out the false recruits.

That was why Dennis had discarded any plan involving finding a female PI to go undercover for him. Women obviously couldn't handle the work.

Now, however, a new thought began to gel in his mind. When he started this case, the thought would have been unthinkable. Even a month ago, when there was still some slim leads to track down, he would have dismissed it out of hand. But now...

"What the hell am I thinking?" Dennis asked himself out loud, disgusted. He shook his head to clear it. "I am *not* going to try and infiltrate in drag. Fuck, no."

Then, before the thought could be completely banished from his mind - despite his vehement denial of it - a small, still voice reminded him of the money. The large sum of money....

"God DAMN it!" Dennis swore, loudly, kicking his battered desk with anger that this seemed to be the only route open to a man who - no matter the provocation - could not pass up as much money as he'd earn in two years of drudge work.

Cursing, Dennis limped towards the door, favoring the stubbed toe he'd just acquired, and left the office.

* * * * *

"You want me to help you *what?*"

Dennis grimaced. "You heard me, Jen. I need you to help me look like a woman. I need to look convincingly female for a short undercover job."

The short, perky blonde eyed Dennis speculatively. "You're kidding, right?"

Dennis rolled his eyes. "Believe me - I wish I was. No, I'm serious. You gotta make me look like a woman for a while."

The petite blonde tapped one finger against her lower lip. "This isn't going to be easy, you know. You're not exactly effeminate, you know."

Dennis smiled wryly. "Thanks. That's the first time I've ever been told that my being a 'masculine' guy is a *bad* thing."

Jen flashed a quick smile. "Well - I'll do what I can."

Although Dennis wasn't really looking forward to spending time impersonating a woman, he was nevertheless glad - well, perhaps appreciative would be a better word - of the fact that he knew somebody who could provide 'professional' assistance.

Jennifer Louise Allbrehamma was a familiar name in the Sacramento art community. She was an Artist, with a capital 'A' - she seemed to be able to create using anything and everything at all. She was a world-class chef, a sculptor, a painter, an artist with pen, pencil, make-up, wood-working, metal- smithing, and electronics.

The reason why Dennis had come to her - aside from the fact that he'd known her for years, ever since retrieving some of her stolen artwork - was a recently unveiled series of sculptures. They were life-sized recreations of famous people throughout history. But, more than just life sized, they were incredibly life-*like*. By using special foam and liquid latex, she'd made the sculptures feel almost human to the touch - a sensation heightened by the tubing just under the statues 'skin' containing warm water that, heated by salvaged coffee-machine warming plates set to the right temperature and driven by a battery-powered pump, gave the figures body-temperature warmth.

That incredible degree of realism was what Dennis was hoping she could re-create for him - using himself as the framework for her latest, and most secret, 'masterpiece'.

Usually an easy-going, cheerful, friendly woman, Jen became a hard task-mistress where her work was concerned. That side of her now made an abrupt appearance. Having decided to do this for Dennis, Dennis now became a combination model and artwork himself, thus falling into her sphere of expertise - and under her 'domination' as she fell into her working mood.

"All right." She said, looking around her workshop for various items. "Strip."

Startled, Dennis gaped for a second, then shrugged and began to disrobe. It wasn't the undressing that had startled him - he'd known he'd have to be naked for her to be able to do her magic on him - but the perfunctory command itself. He'd never actually seen her at work, and this new side of her was something he'd heard about - from herself, as well as models who'd posed for her - but he'd never seen it before.

He was about to get a full helping of it.

Over the next little while she ordered him around without consideration, taking detailed measurements of almost every inch of his body - including his cock, both limp and rigid, which caused him to blush slightly.

Jen was an attractive woman, and it was getting the 'completely limp' measurement that was the most difficult. Because another one of Jen's idiosyncrasies was that she usually did her creative work completely nude, so as not to be distracted by even the slightest discomfort of clothing.

She also took pictures of him from many different angles, using a digital camera. Handing him a robe, she asked - ordered - him to go make a quick lunch and a large pot of coffee for her while she continued to work. Dennis - now past the stage where he'd even consider hesitating to respond to her imperious commands - silently padded off to the kitchen while she seated herself at her computer.

Pulling up a specially-made program - a variation of a CAD/CAM platform intermingled with a 3D virtual reality engine - she entered the measurements she'd taken, creating a wire-frame replica of Dennis in the computer, which she then 'surfaced' with the photographs, until she had a highly detailed, frighteningly realistic representation of every inch of the PI programmed in.

Then she began to make changes. Using the programs pre-set functions - saved from her work on the life-like historical figures - she began to make changes to the basic figure, with the machine automatically doing the calculations for the amounts and types of material necessary for the alterations listed. Several times the computer 'bleeped', not accepting - 'believing' was too anthropomorphic a word - that the configuration was possible. These times were when Jen's peculiar genius kicked into high gear as she fought to find a way to make her mental vision possible in the real world.

Only once did she have to even so much as compromise slightly. Every other time, after much skull sweat, she worked out some way of achieving what she wanted.

Sitting on a couch, Dennis smoked the occasional cigarette and flipped through some old art magazines during the two and a half hours it took Jen to figure out what she wanted to do, and how to do it. He enjoyed the respite, knowing that this was merely the calm before the storm.

He was right.

Once she'd worked everything out, it was time to begin the process of bringing it into being - and Jen expected Dennis to be as unresisting and unresponsive as the metal 'skeletons' she used to build her sculptures.

Dennis, needing - if not really wanting - this disguise, forced himself to be just that unemotional and unresponsive as she did her work, keeping his mouth shut and remaining perfectly still except when she told him to move, and then only moving as much as he was told.

She started by removing his hair. All of it.

Everywhere.

First she cut off his hair, starting with scissors for the bulk of it, then using an electric trimmer to gut the shorter hair down to a bristly stubble. Then she commanded him to follow her, and led him into the bathroom.

While he stood - awkward and uncomfortable - in the large shower stall she had, she first shaved every square inch of him, using up several packages of razors in the process. She started at the top, leaving his scalp bare and gleaming, then moved downwards, even removing his eyebrows and eyelashes before continuing downward to his chest, crotch, legs - even the top of his feet.

This was followed by using a depilatory creme, which stung his skin, and did more than just sting on certain, sensitive parts of his body.

It itched like crazy.

While he stood in the shower, coated from head to toe in the cream, teeth gritted against the urge to scratch, Jen threw on some clothes and disappeared to get something from somewhere else.

When she returned, it was with a special machine. After she rinsed off all the cream that coated his body, she then promptly re-coated him - this time with a special conductive gel, in which she placed the leads of the machine she'd picked up. Turning it on caused a low tingle across every inch of Dennis' skin.

When the gel was finally removed, the last remaining follicles came with it. There wasn't a single strand of hair remaining anywhere on Dennis' body, not even follicles or stubble.

Feeling decidedly strange - and rather embarrassed, Dennis stepped out of the stall, feeling cool air across bare skin, places he'd never felt air move quite like this. He shivered, damning the decision he'd made - but, this far into it, it was a little late for second thoughts. So, he tightened his lips and followed Jen's next set of instructions - specifically, to slide two 'straws' up his nose, and lay down in the bath-tub, which was now full of a special skin-softening cream. He sank into the tub, completely submerged and breathing through the two 'straws', the only things that broke the smooth surface of the creme filling the tub.

He remained in that position for the next three hours. Every minute of that time he became less and less sure that he was doing the right thing. Or, rather, that it might be the right thing - but was *any* amount of money worth this?

Only two things kept him from backing out - aside from the money, that was. First, the fact that he'd already started, and it was too late to walk away 'unscathed'.

And, perhaps more importantly - he didn't think Jen would let him stop. Now in her creative mood, she wasn't going to take lightly his trying to back out of what she now considered a 'work of art'.

While he soaked in the cream, Jen worked on some of the prep work for the rest of the transformation. She was ready for the next step when she finally hauled Dennis out of the tub and rinse himself off.

Dennis washed off the thick cream clinging to his body, amazed at the feel of his skin under his fingers. He'd never imagined that his own skin could be so incredibly smooth, so amazingly soft.

It was like toughing a woman's body. Dennis shivered at that, although that was exactly the intention of the entire routine. Although he was dealing with this, intellectually, emotionally he was still extremely uncomfortable with the situation, and he felt awkward and ashamed feeling the soft, smooth skin that now belonged to him.

All his life, he'd held certain thoughts and beliefs - some of them ingrained in him by his father, some of them acquired on his own, but a great majority of them absorbed from the society in which he lived. And one of the major ones that was so basic he'd never even had to consider it seemed to shout at him, telling him that this was wrong. Guys - 'real' men - didn't do this, didn't dress up like girls. It was what sissies did, what perverts, what fags did - but not 'real' men like him.

Getting undressed at the beginning of all this had been one thing. But now - well, *now* he felt naked. Not just 'unclothed', or 'disrobed' - but naked - small, defenseless, embarrassed, ashamed.

He didn't like it.

Walking into the workroom, his normal, confident stride was gone, and he was highly aware of the way he was moving, but seemed unable to stop himself from doing it...

"Perfect."

Dennis blinked. "Um...huh?"

Jen had watched him walk in. "Your walk - it's perfect. Don't change anything - the last few things I take care of will make that walk exactly what you want."

Dennis blushed, realizing that the lack of his usual pride and arrogance had turned his walk 'effeminate'

- which both increased his discomfort and gave him a small feeling of relief. It seemed the feeling of being 'unmanly' was uncomfortable - but useful, as it caused certain unconscious reactions that would bolster the disguise.

"Thanks." He said, wryly. "What's next?"

It turned out to be a series of highly realistic prosthetics, made from a special skin-like foam-and-liquid latex that also had the benefit of transmitting heat, which would make them almost body-temperature...

...once they warmed up. As it was, they were cool when Jen employed them, a sensation aggravated by the special glue she mixed up. In the glue was a special 'sensitizer' compound, which caused the skin to become highly sensitive. This was counter-acted by the 'muffling' of the layer of prosthetic, leaving the sections covered only slightly less sensitive than Dennis' own bare skin.

Jen applied the first pieces - basically, 'gloves' and 'socks'. The process began with the rimming of all his nails, finger and toe, to the quick, then filing them smooth so as not to risk tearing the prosthetics. The latex 'gloves' went on first, the special padding making his fingers slightly longer, while making them look slimmer, more feminine. They also did the same for his wrists.

The 'socks' did something similar to his feet - with one difference. They also forced his arch higher, which not only guaranteed he could no longer use his 'manly' walk, but also made his feet look daintier.

More add-ons changed the contours of his legs, making them appear acceptable feminine. Not spectacular, but 'nice'.

More prosthetic work filled out his hips and ass to more womanly proportions. At the same time, Dennis' new 'cunt' was put in place. His cock - covered with the sensitizing glue, which was very interesting - was carefully positioned. A special 'tube' led from the folded-back head of his cock to the front, which would allow him to urinate in a feminine manner, and the false vagina was put into place. Dennis grimaced as Jen made the final adjustments by sliding a finger into the highly realistic 'cunt' - his cock run along the top of the fake vagina, and he could feel her finger moving against it.

Having thought of everything, Jen had included something else in the glue - a special agent that would keep him from getting an erection. Otherwise, as her finger slid over the incredibly heightened sensitivity of his hidden cock...

The next piece was a design incorporating sheer, unadulterated genius.

It was basically a corset - except that it looked like normal flesh. It was wide enough, at the beginning, to slide into position, even over Dennis' enlarge hips and fundament. However, once it was in the correct location, Jen sprayed it with a special compound, it began to shrink. It slowly drew tighter and tighter around his waist, gradually becoming uncomfortable - then downright painful before it finally stopped, subtracting seven and three-quarter inches off his normal waist-line, leaving him wasp-waisted.

"Damn." Jen said. "I was going for an eight-inch reduction."

"No - this is *more* than enough..." Dennis assured her, gasping slightly. He moved a bit - earning a reprimand - trying to get use to the painfully tight cinching, knowing that the discomfort would fade slightly as he got used to it.

While Jen took a break long enough to drink some coffee - a break mandated to let the glue dry - Dennis sourly eyed his form in a mirror.

From the waist down, he looked completely feminine. Oh, not 'somebody to write home about' - but vaguely attractive, and undeniably womanly.

And, when she'd finished her short break, Jen set to work making the top half of him match the bottom.

There were the breasts, Made of the same latex as the rest of the prosthetics, these were amazingly realistic even as they sat on the work-bench, looking like a pair of disembodied tits. On his chest, the firm, full D-cup tits looked even more real - which only added to the humiliation and shame that Dennis felt.

The feeling was only exacerbated by the fact that Jen had gone out of her way to make them as realistic as possible, placing two small sacs of warm saline inside the breasts to add the right weight, bounce and heft.

The humiliation only grew worse.

Sometime over the next two hours, Dennis seemed to 'burn out' the ability to blush - as the work progressed, making him appear more and more feminine, he felt exceedingly ashamed and belittled, but was no longer expressing it by flushing as Jen did her work.

First she added a special appliance to his neck. Like the 'corset' that had narrowed his waist, this one made his neck slimmer and hid his Adam's apple. However, it had an added effect - the constriction of the neck piece wasn't nearly as painful as that of the corset, but the combination of the two robbed him of both the breath, and now the vocal range he'd used - forcing his voice softer, higher, less resonant.

More feminine.

Next, Jen worked on his face. Special appliances rounded his jaw somewhat, while others exaggerated his cheek bones. She also applied new, longer eye-lashes and used a special appliqué to give him realistic eyebrows that were thin, and arched.

Next, Jen carefully applied make-up to Dennis' face, explaining what she was doing with each step, and doing it slowly so that he could see every single step.

She then cleaned the make-up of his face, sat back, and instructed him to do it himself. Wincing, Dennis sighed and began to carefully apply make-up, feeling the shame well up again.

Having somebody put make-up on him was bad enough - but to be apply the lipstick himself, lightly applying brush, using eye-shadow...

Jen critically eyed the finished product - then pronounced it unsatisfactory.

It took four tries before she finally agreed that it was good enough. With a grateful sigh, Dennis put down the brush he'd just used to 'artfully apply a thin, even layer of light color' (Jen's words), and looked at the reflection in the mirror.

A bald woman looked back at him.

Despite the lack of hair, the face looking back at him was feminine - if not a 'beautiful' feminine face. It was rather 'strong featured', keeping it from ever being pretty or beautiful. But there was no doubt that it looked feminine.

The fact that - with help - Dennis could look so undeniably feminine was disconcerting, no matter how much he needed it to be passable for the work he was going to do. He 'wanted' - needed - to be passably female to do the job, yet the very fact that he could do so was a major blow to his male ego. Although he'd never consciously considered it, he'd always believed that he was much too masculine to be mistaken as a woman, no matter what he was wearing or what he had done to 'pass' as a woman. To find that he could make an authentic-looking female...

"Now what?" Dennis asked, as brusquely as possible in his altered, feminine sounding voice. He'd resigned himself to the necessity of this, but the shame he was feeling was manifesting itself in a typically male manner - as aggression.

Jen cocked her head, looking thoughtful. "The last item is the 'hair' - and I have several choices to pick from. I think..."

"No - I'll pick." Dennis insisted. In this, at least, he could exert a measure of control.

Jen's features tightened. In her creative mood, even the slightest detail was her domain, and she disliked being balked. "Listen - I'm doing this, and I think I have the perfect thing to complete the look. Hold on - I'll be right back. Don't even *think* of moving - not so much as a single muscle."

Before Dennis could argue, she vanished. She reappeared a moment later, bearing a wig in her hands.

It was a mid-length mass of curls, in a sort of brownish-blond that Dennis was hard pressed to name exactly. It could be either dark blond or light brown, depending on the lighting. It was also fairly basic, and Dennis could live with it - as much as he could live with any of the things he'd let her do to him - so he kept his mouth shut as she glued the wig in place, fluffing out the curls that hung to just above his shoulder-blades.

"There - that's it." Jen said. Now that she was finished, her cool demeanor dropped away, allowing her natural persona to surface. She smiled, then put one dainty hand in front of her mouth to stifle her giggle. "Jeez - you look like the girl I roomed with in high-school."

"Thanks." Dennis said, dryly. He rose and eyed the finished work in a full-length mirror.

There was no doubt about it - he looked female. Sort of a cross between Jeri Ryan and Cory Everson

- 'she' was athletic, tall, and fairly broad shouldered, but that didn't detract from the apparently feminine hands, feet and legs, and womanly hips below a slender waist. There would be no occasion for anyone to doubt that what she saw was female.

Dennis felt like he was going to be sick.

Having left the 'creative mood', Jen was now capable of appreciating the tone he'd used, and she winced. "Sorry - I didn't really think about how you'd feel about this." She apologized. "But, look on the bright side."

"There's a bright side?"

Jen smiled. "Well, you need some clothes for that new look, including underwear. We're going to have to go shopping - and you get to 'sneak' into the women's change-rooms."

Dennis hadn't thought past the transformation, except in general terms, and the realization that he'd have to go shopping while looking like this made him grimace...

...then, almost against his will, he smiled wryly and chuckled shortly at the thought that he could see women the way most men never did - in their most private places, without them knowing a guy had 'infiltrated' them. He had a brief thought of looking up some ex-girlfriends and worming 'her' way into girl-talk with them and finding out what they thought about him...

The second chuckle was longer, and more heart-felt. "Okay - so this *isn't* the end of the world." He admitted. "It's still hard to deal with, you know?"

Jen shrugged, not unsympathetic. "Sorry - but you wanted it, so..."

Dennis sighed. "Yeah - I know." Taking a deep breath, he steadied his frayed nerves. "Okay - let's go shopping."

* * * * *

Dennis - or 'Denise', as Jen started calling him, to 'help' him get into character - only really had to buy one outfit of clothes - just enough to wear up to the front gate of the commune.

But that didn't make the task of shopping 'en femme' and easier - just shorter.

"God... I feel like a freakin' pervert." Dennis/Denise whispered to Jen in his new, feminine sounding voice as the walked through the doors of the local chain department store. A cold, clammy sweat had coated his palms, and - irrationally - he kept wait for somebody to point at him and either laugh or scream - and in either case, 'unmask' him for what he really was.

"Take it easy, Denise." Jen whispered back, patting his denuded arm reassuringly. "It's the slow time of day, and your 'disguise' is perfect. There's no chance that there'll be a problem - unless you go absolutely insane and paranoid, of course."

"Thanks." Dennis/Denise replied, his throat feeling dry and hot. He cleared it quietly, and meekly followed as Jen led him into the forbidden realms of the **Women's** section of the store.

Walking through the aisles (Jammed full of clothing in a riot of colors, fabrics and designs - much more than in the Men's section) Jen kept pulling articles of clothing off the racks, holding them up for appraisal.

"How 'bout this one?" She asked, 'pasting' the item - a short, summery dress - against Dennis' front to check for sizing. "I think the color would go good with your hair."

"Good God - no!" Dennis/Denise practically recoiled from the touch of the feminine clothing - flushing a bright red as he realized how the move would look to any onlookers. He lowered his feminine- sounding voice. "Look, Jen - just some jeans and a shirt. Nothing "

"Feminine?" Jen asked, dryly.

"Fancy." Denise shot back. "I'm not going on a date. I just want You know, 'every day' clothing."

Jen looked at him, and her half-smile faded at the tone in his voice - the humiliated, half-beaten tone. "Okay." She agreed, softly. Then, so quiet that Dennis had to strain to hear the words - "I'm sorry." But it was if she was sorry for something else altogether....

* * * * *

"Are you ready?"

Taking a deep breath, Dennis smiled sickly. "No."

Jen looked over at the apparent woman. Dressed in jeans and an off-white blouse, 'she' wore a few pieces of simple, subdued jewelry and carried a small bag. All in all, 'she' was the image of a strong, athletic woman - broad shouldered, yet feminine. Powerful, yet womanly.

Yet - 'she' carried the nervous, frightened air of a woman used to being beaten and abused.

"All right." Dennis said, taking another deep breath. He popped open the car door and swung one denim-clad leg outside.

Reaching out, Jen lay one slender hand on his arm, stopping him for a second.

"Just remember." She said, quietly. "Male or female, 'en femme' or 'au natural' - you're still the same person inside. Don't let the way you look be the thing that defines you."

Denise opened his mouth to say something - but nothing came to mind, and he finally shut his mouth and climbed from the car, his stomach a leaden ball. Swallowing, he slung the purse over one broad shoulder and stiffened his back. In the forced, feminine walk that both humiliated him and served to enhance his disguise, Dennis walked towards the gates of the commune, not looking back.

The person beside the gate was dressed in a variation of a guard's uniform, and he watched Dennis' approach. "Can I help you, miss?"

"Uh..." Dennis cleared his throat. "I, uh... well - I'd like to join... uh..."

The guard's smile was like a sunrise after days of rain. "Well - we're always happy to have another lady become part of our family." He swung the smaller, 'human' sized gate open with a flourish, bowing slightly. "Come on in."

Feeling like he was in some sort of dream - or nightmare - Dennis stepped inside. The gate closed behind his feminized ass with a soft 'clank' that nevertheless sounded like the slamming of a cell door.

The smiling guard spoke for a second to the second man inside the booth, then graciously led Dennis deeper into the compound, along a curving footpath that led through the two-hundred-yard wide woods that ringed the inside of the fence and cut the compound off from outside observation.

Beyond the screen of trees, the compound lay revealed - and it failed to match any of Dennis' preconceived notion of what it would look like.

In fact - it looked like a resort crossed with some sort of Royal residence.

Spread out - sprawling - over the huge compound lay a collection of elegant yet functional buildings. The spaces between these were filled with small, park-like settings. Along the paths strode men and women. There were no 'cult robes' or other paraphernalia Dennis had half-expected - the men were dressed simply but comfortably, most in jeans and cotton shirts. The women were a little more stylish, wearing what Dennis thought of as 'casually dressy' - skirts or summer dresses, elegantly simple for the most part.

He felt horribly underdressed. "What have we here, Gordon?"

Dennis swung around at the sound of the voice, to find the speaker to be a handsome man of about thirty or so, dressed in khaki slacks and a white silk shirt. Sandy-blond, the man had a short, neatly trimmed beard and mustache, and his long hair was pulled back into a tidy pony-tail. In one hand was a book - '*Grolin's Birds or North America*' - and a binocular case hung over his shoulder on its strap. Although he was speaking to the guard, his warm brown eyes and friendly gaze were aimed at Dennis.

"Uh - I've come to join your 'little family' - if you'll have me." Dennis said, awkwardly, holding out one hand. "Denise Farianno."

Rather than shake his hand, the man held it gently, and bent over at the waist, brushing his lips across the knuckles. Denis shivered, feeling humiliated and ridiculous at the gallant greeting.

Releasing his hand, the man straightened. "You may call me Peter."

Raising one feminized eyebrow, Dennis' trained instincts asked the question before he could think to stifle it. "May *call* you Peter?"

The man smiled, apparently taking no offense. He turned his head towards the guard - but his eyes never left Dennis as he addressed the uniformed man. "Thank you, Gordon - I believe I can handle it from here."

The guard nodded, made a polite leave-taking to Dennis, then headed back towards the front gate at a rapid walk.

"All members of the community give up their ties to the past when they enter." Peter explained with a smile. "Peter is now the only name I recognize."

"Oh..." Dennis said. "I guess this means I'll have to pick a new name myself."

Peter's smile widened slightly. "Actually - no. The new acolyte's name is bestowed on them by another member, one higher than acolyte."

"Like yourself?"

Peter chuckled. "Exactly. Why don't we stroll a bit?"

Shrugging, Denis fell in step beside the handsome man. "So - is there some sort of introductory 'course' in your philosophy? A place where I sign up and get my room assignment, that sort of thing?"

Peter glanced over, one brow raising. "Oh my goodness - not at all. Any female member of the commune is free to do whatever she wishes - pick the room she'd like, choose what she does during the day, sleep when- and where- ever she chooses."

Dennis blinked. "That's a rather... sweeping statement." He said, a little confused. "I thought... that is, I expected "

Peter stopped and gestured at a bench they were standing in front of. "Why don't you have a seat?" He suggested. "I think there's some things that we can clear up right now - *Mister Farianno*."

It took a second to register - Dennis was just settling onto the bench when his stomach clenched, painfully, and he went wide-eyed.

"How " He stuttered.

Peter smiled kindly. "I'm sorry to have startled you - and to have addressed you by the masculine title. I really don't wish to cause you any distress - but I think it's best that we get everything out in the open at the very beginning."

"Before you have me chucked out, you mean?" Dennis asked, feeling himself relax, now that the facade was no longer needed - for the first time since the disguise was put in place, he relaxed, knowing it was no longer necessary.

Peter, however - looked horrified. "Heaven's above - no! If you wish to leave after our discussion, you'll be free to do so." He actually seemed shocked at Dennis' statement. "Also, if you should choose to discard your current... 'persona', then I'm afraid we'd have to ask you to leave, either to attend out male acolyte facility, or to go one with your life however you see fit. But as long as you choose to live the life of a woman, you're free to remain here - as long as you agree to the standard two-month period during which you may not leave, or have any contact with the outside world." He paused. "But, if you can - freely and without 'purpose of evasion' - swear that you will not attempt to leave during that two-moth period, you are welcome to join our family Desir  ."

Dennis opened his mouth to correct Peter - then stopped, realizing that - as a sign of 'acceptance', Peter had just granted 'her' the name by which he would live...

...if 'she' chose to stay. *Dennis* would have to leave - but *Desireé* was welcome.

"I... I don't understand." Denis admitted. He didn't know what to expect, if he was 'unmasked' - but this certainly wasn't it.

Peter looked thoughtful. Tucking the bird-book under his arm, he lifted the binocular case off his shoulder and extracted the mid-power optics and handed them to Dennis/Desireé.

"Have a look around." He suggest.

Puzzled, Dennis accepted the field glasses and began to scan the commune.

At the front door of what appeared to be the main building, a woman was approaching the brass- bound glass doors. Unlike most people approaching a set of doors, she didn't lift her hand while still several feet away - in fact, she didn't lift her hand at all.

Three men who had been playing Frisbee nearby suddenly sprinted over. The first one to reach the doors - just ahead of the woman - bowed low at the waist and pulled the door open - then straightened, his face bent expectantly. The woman kissed him - not a quick peck, but a long, apparently passionate lip-lock - then went inside...

A young woman was reclining on the grass in one of the park-like settings. She was basically laying in the lap of a young man who was playing chess with another man...

...no - it was the woman who was playing chess. It was just the man who was moving the pieces, and feeding the women tidbits of food between moves. He was only using one hand for this, as the other one was down her blouse. Whenever he removed the hand so that he could give her a sip of what appeared to be champagne, he received a kiss - again, a long, passionate one - before he resumed his previous position...

A pair of young men were following a pair of women, lugging what appeared to be a wardrobe. A common enough sight - except the men both had raging hard-ons, visible through their pants - and expectant looks on their faces...

Dennis/Desireé lowered the binoculars with a slightly confused expression on his altered face.

"The men are receiving appropriate rewards for their service." Peter said, gesturing towards the men with the piece of furniture. "That's pretty hard work - and deserves an appropriate reward."

Then, in a stunning flash, Denise/Desireé understood. The commune worshipped women!

No wonder why Miriam Longley hadn't felt any particular urge to leave, Dennis - Desireé - thought wryly. In the commune, she was respected, her slightest whim fulfilled, with the only cost being that she give a 'reward' equal to the task.

For that matter, no wonder why female agents didn't 'rat out' the commune. In still male-dominated agencies, mostly run by the 'Old Boy Network', the female agents would have thought this an earthly paradise. They wouldn't have wanted it shut down. Hell, they probably hadn't wanted to leave, either.

Something suddenly occurred to Dennis/Desireé. He turned to Peter. "The five-year acolyte program - it's too find out which men have the right, uh..."

"Temperament?" Peter suggested with a gentle smile. "Of course. We are a peaceful organization, and we regret that we are so secretive and - as I'm sure you have referred to us in the past - 'cultish'. However, there are... well, I won't dignify them by calling them 'men', but males out there who prey on women. They would be unwelcome in the new society we are building here at this commune - and at the other communes that are, even now, opening across the country."

Peter smiled again, and gestured towards the main building. "As a new 'female' acolyte, you are unrestricted in your access to all we have to offer, and will be treated well during your stay - whether it be for the mandatory two months, or much, much longer." He sighed. "However, I'm afraid that I must ask you to refrain from requesting any service - and I will spread the word that you are not to receive any."

Dennis wasn't particularly interested in such service, but was inquisitive. "Oh? Why?"

Peter smiled sadly and shrugged. "We are easy to adapt to unusual circumstances and - at least, to my way of thinking - your choice of... forms is not only *not* upsetting to our philosophy, but the greatest example of it. In my eyes, this is the sincerest expression of our philosophy - trying to attain the exalted status of 'woman'." He shrugged. "However, we must be fair - and I'm afraid that even the slightest of 'rewards' is beyond you to grant, as it is all artifice. It would be unfair to request service when all you can offer is that artifice in return."

"Yeah. Sure." Dennis agreed, looking around. He knew that it didn't matter - all he had to do was find the 'Goddess' who had been born as Miriam Longley, and his work would be done. From then on, all he'd have to do was grit his teeth and make it through the rest of the time he'd signed up for, then he was free to get out of this 'disguise', and get on with his life.

With a wad of cash to help him along the way. With a small smile at the thought, Dennis made a mental note to use some of the money to take Jen out for an expensive dinner. After all, without her help...

"Well - I guess I'll stay for at least the two months, then - if you don't mind." Desireé said, with a faint smile.

"Not at all. Why don't you find yourself a room. There's plenty of empty singles - just pick one, then dial '7-1-1' on the telephone, and inform the Housing Office of who you are and which room you're currently staying in." Peter smiled, then turned and walked off.

Shrugging his shoulders, Desireé rose from the bench and headed down towards the main building, head swiveling as he took in everything that was going on around him.

He didn't even notice that his walk had become a more confident, self-assured swagger - merely a feminine version of his normal walk.

* * * * *

"I'm sorry, Mistress Desireé - but I can't."

The young man's pained, earnest expression didn't soften the refusal, thought. Waving a hand, Desireé let him leave.

Desireé swore - mentally - as his lips tightened over his teeth. He couldn't get anywhere here - all the women felt themselves above assisting him, and the male 'servants' wouldn't give him the slightest help in any matter.

He'd been here two weeks now - and it was starting to drive him nuts. He was getting absolutely nowhere on tracking down Miriam - but that wasn't the only thing causing his frustration.

Nobody would help him with *anything*.

Well, excepting Peter - who turned out to be the founder and leader of the commune. He was unfailingly polite and helpful - to a degree - but was too busy to nurse-maid Desireé around. So, he was left on his own. Even the simplest of question met with sadly polite refusals, he was forced to find everything in the compound himself, by trail and error. Nobody would open door for him, and that was annoying when he was carrying stuff - but nobody would tell him the time, give him directions, let him know when there was a concert or movie or anything. It was like he was an outcast - in a commune with well over a thousand people, he was almost completely alone.

Then there was the 'little' matter of clothing....

That thought made Desireé glance down. After two weeks, it wasn't nearly as bad - in fact, he barely noticed it anymore. But the first few days had been the worst.

At the moment, he was dressed in a simple white 'peasant' blouse and a mid-calf long skirt that was a mid-shade of red - neither particularly drab, nor bright. In moments of brutal honesty, Desireé even had to admit that he - well, the body that he seemed to have - looked good in the outfit.

But the damned heels had been the problem. The shortest heel available in the commissary was a 3- inch heel. Which would have been fine - if there had been any of those in his size. Despite the fact that Jen's work had altered his walk and made his feet look feminine, they were still quite large, and the only shoes they had that would fit were three pairs - all with six-inch heels. At the moment, he was wearing the only pair that didn't have stiletto heels - a pair of brown, 'sandal' style pumps with a 'column' heel, that tapered only slightly.

Given a choice, he'd never have ended up in this position. Oh, not the whole 'feminine' thing - that had been his choice - but the clothing situation. He would have been quite happy wearing the same outfit he'd arrived in, every single day for the two months.

The problem was - the only washing facilities on the commune was a large, industrial-style cleaners. They washed all the clothes that were in the compound - except his. He didn't know how to run the huge machine, and nobody would instruct. He'd managed to stand four whole days of wearing the same clothing before he'd finally given in.

Going barefoot hadn't helped, of course. His original footwear - plain, cheap white canvas tennis sneakers - had torn the first morning he'd been here, when - out of frustration - he'd pulled the laces too hard, tearing the metal grommets right through the canvas.

Apparently, the designers of the shoe hadn't thought any woman would have the strength to do that in a pique of frustrated anger. Of course, there was no way the shoemakers could have foreseen this little situation...

Still, it wasn't exactly pride that Desireé felt at the fact he was now able to competently stand and move around in six-inch high heels, stiletto or otherwise.

He walked through the halls, not really paying attention to where he was going as he seethed. So, he was mildly surprised to find himself standing outside of Peter's office. After a moment's hesitation, he knocked, and a voice bade him to enter.

"Ah, Desireé!" Peter said, smiling as he rose from behind the desk and made a slight genuflection - about half of what he would have done for a 'real' Goddess, Desireé figured. "How may I be of service?"

Desireé snorted. "That's just it - nobody seems to want to be of service. I mean, I never expected anything, really. Okay, so I 'knew' that before this whole thing started - but I can't even get a few, simple answers!"

Peter sighed and gestured for Desireé to sit. "I'm sorry - I truly am. But, I have already explained the..."

Sighing, Desireé waved away the objection. "Yeah, I know. I even understand - but that doesn't mean I have to like it."

Peter looked thoughtful. "Perhaps..." Desireé looked up. "Yeah?"

Peter's voice was halting - even doubtful - as he proposed his idea. "We have a rather skilled staff over at our Cosmetic section at the Medical Complex. For the Goddesses who wish to... enhance themselves. It is freely available to all, however - and they could... enhance your lips. Flesh them out to standards, and I'm sure that the acolytes would..." He trailed off, blushing, then waved a hand. "Never mind - I'm sorry I brought it up. Even though it could be reversed before you leave, the procedure you last at least the length of time you were here, and I can see you are uncomfortable enough with what you have done so far. I'm sorry to..."

Desireé realized what Peter had been saying, and interrupted. "Wait a second. You mean, if I got my lips... uh, 'pumped up' - for just as long as I was in here, mind you - I could..." He grimaced, "...*reward* acolytes enough to get some simple services?"

"Well... yes."

Desireé considered it. Although the thought of kissing guys made him shudder, it would get the job done. And the procedure itself could be reversed - free of charge - just before he left...

He sat, silent, for nearly twenty minutes, thinking it over. Finally, with a sigh and a mild grimace, he looked up at Peter. "Okay - how do I get this done...?"

* * * * *

When Desireé learned that the procedure was done under a local - with him watching, via video camera - he was surprised. He had given the decision itself a bit of thought - but it had been a vague, uninformed idea in the back of his mind that he'd be put 'to sleep', and wake up with the work already done.

But, no. The doctor - a very competent looking middle-aged man - had Desireé lay back on the operation table, then he placed straps across his forehead and chin, so he wouldn't involuntarily move during the work. After that - it was 'simple'. They injected him with a Novocain-based general anesthetic, waited for it to take effect, then used a special needle to inject special lipids into his lips.

As Desireé watched, he wished he could speak - his entire jaw was numb and immobile, preventing that. Still, from his point of view, it looked like they were practically bloating his lips, way out of proportion...

"Oops..." The doctor muttered - one of the dreaded sounds that you never wanted to hear. "I, uh - dislodged the applications that round out your jaw - it's torn I'm afraid." The doctor paused. "Uh - while I finish the lips, here's something to think about - the same procedure can fix the line of your jaw and cheeks, without those prosthetics - they look like they're beginning to peel, anyway. It's up to you."

The work was done in about fifteen minutes - and by that time, he'd calmed down. His lips merely looked incredibly full, because he wasn't used to seeing them this way. That was all. When he forced himself to look at his lips as if they were a woman's lips, however, something in his mental perspective... shifted, and they not only looked fine - but 'great'. Any woman - real woman - would have been proud to have such a full, sensual set of lips.

When the doctor asked if he wanted the rest of his face peeled and re-shaped - with the same reversible procedure - Desireé held up a hand, indicating that the doctor should go ahead. He was here, his face was already anesthetized - and it was only temporary.

Half an hour later, Desireé was allowed to leave. Aside from the fuller lips - now enhanced by lipstick, a habit that Desireé hadn't even consciously thought about - his face looked the same as when he'd entered, feminine and vaguely attractive - but now it wasn't foam latex appliqué, but actual flesh.

Almost as soon as the surgery was finished, Desireé practically forgot about that part of it - the same face he'd seen in the mirror for the past two weeks looked back at him, so it wasn't anything earth-shattering.

The lips, however - they were another story. They had a definitive purpose - but he didn't know if he could force himself to use them as they were intended to be used. Part of him wanted to only use them when necessary. Another part felt the need for a 'trial run'.

"Well..." Desireé muttered to himself, his stomach clenching. "Why don't we take these babies out for a spin, and see what they can do."

Taking a deep breath, he walked down the path. His heart pounded, and he felt the panic threatening to rise as one of the men neared him on the path.

"Excuse me..." Desireé said - practically squeaked. Somehow, he was managing to sweat while feeling like he was ice cold. "Do you know what time it is?"

There was a long pause, then... "Yes, Miss Desireé - it's one-thirty." Then he tilted his head expectantly.

Desireé quivered, his gorge rising. He felt an urge to run away, to renege on the implied contract...

...but, if he did that, nobody would assist him once word got around. The same if he skimmed on the 'reward - word would get around, and only the most desperate men - of whom there didn't seem to be any - would even think of helping him.

It took every ounce of willpower Desireé had to lean forward and press his new, fuller lips against the other man's.

'Just imagine you're kissing a woman.' Desireé instructed himself. With his eyes closed, he could almost make himself believe that - which is the only reason he didn't shudder and flinch away as the other man began to kiss back.

They remained in passionate lip-lock for the longest time. Desireé, his mind blocked of everything but the forced fantasy that he was kissing a woman, was focused on kissing as passionately - as hungrily

- as he could, and didn't notice how long the kiss was going on. Time had become something flexible to him - if he'd pulled away, he would have been afraid that it was only after an instant, and that it had just *felt* longer.

So it was the man who finally broke the kiss. Thanking Desireé, the man continued up the walk.

Shuddering, Desireé took a deep breath. "Well - it works." He said, softly, to himself. The fact that it had been - physically - pleasurable was unnerving, but when he viewed it in the light that it was part of the fantasy he'd constructed,

bearable. In fact, it was even a little reassuring. The test had been more one of resolve than his new lips, and he now knew he could force himself to do what was necessary.

He headed down the path, his mind churning over what had just happened, unsure of how he should feel. He couldn't really be proud of the fact that he could successfully kiss another man passionately, but he couldn't exactly be ashamed, either...

Out of habit, he reached up to open the door to the main building - to find that it was already open, held that way by one of the young men that was always wandering around.

Desireé's brain froze. The only think that he was capable of considering was the shocking realization of what he'd gotten himself into. Word had been passed while the surgery had been done. It was okay to do 'kissable' services for Desireé.

And that meant more than just the ones he asked for.

Swallowing, Desireé acknowledged the truth - he had screwed up. He hadn't considered the implications of his actions - not fully. Sure, he'd be able to get the questions he wanted answered now...

...as long as he didn't break the reward-system covenant at any time. As soon as he did, he'd be even further back than square one.

All of this ran through his mind in an instant - a barely perceptible pause, an quick expression of astonishment, shock, comprehension...

...then resignation. Accepting the inevitable, Desireé leaned forward, pressed her mouth against the man's firm, willing lips, and kissed the hell out of him.

The fact that it was easier the second time scared the hell out of him as he finished and continued on his way.

'I do *not* enjoy kissing men!' he told himself.

It was a lie - at least, if you were referring to the physical portion of the kiss, which did feel good. It was the emotional part of it that caused any discomfort.

Desireé didn't even notice that he'd stopped referring to the male acolytes as '*other* men' sometime in the past few days.

* * * * *

"Oh, God... that feels good..." Desireé moaned as she unlaced the painfully tight white leather-and- canvas corset and let it drop to the bathroom floor. Looking down, he eyed the red marks the garment left on his skin, then shook his head and climbed into the shower and began to absently was as his mind picked at the past week.

It had been a week of more frustrations. It had started out well enough, sort of, with the lips-thing. After all, he had been able to begin asking questions - and getting answers. While he hadn't yet located Miriam Longley, he was definitely making some progress - it's just that nobody seemed to have seen her recently.

But that wasn't the only thing going on in Desireé's life right now.

The 'disguise' that Jen had made for him had been designed for short-term use, not the constant use it had been getting. The day after the lip surgery, Desireé had been sitting down at a table when the built-in waist cincher - which had the most pressure on it - finally gave up the ghost and burst apart. There had been an instant of relief at the sensation - Desireé had grown so used to the constriction that she barely even noticed it, so the sudden lack of it was almost ecstatic.

But, without the waist cincher, all the cooperation had begun to dry up, men actually avoiding looking directly at the thick-waisted 'woman' that Desireé now appeared to be. Which had necessitated the corset. Hopefully, nothing else would go wrong this...

"God DAMN it!" Desireé swore - as the left breast form peeled away from his chest with a wet sound. Looking down, Desireé could see the right one was also sagging slightly - a sure sign that the glue holding in on was about to...

Just like it's sister, the right breast-form peeled away from his chest. The three weeks of wear had been too much for a glue that was supposed to have been purely temporary, with the steamy atmosphere of the shower proving to be the final straw.

Cursing, Desireé stepped out of the shower and dried off. As he watched himself perform this action in the mirror, he couldn't help but notice how weird he looked to himself. Sure, he knew the flat chest and thicker waist was his real appearance - but after spending the time, twenty-four hours a day, 'en femme' it looked weird.

Felt weird, too. Like the cinched waist, he'd grown used to the breast forms. Their weight and bounce, their subtle movements with every breath. Now he felt oddly naked and vulnerable.

"Great. Just fucking great!" Desireé swore to himself. He knew the rules of the commune by heart after this amount of time, and knew that he was now going to be curtailed in where he could go. No more swimming, no more sauna, no more Gym - or anywhere he'd have to be 'naked' or scantily clad in public. As long as he only wore clothing that he could use the breast-forms to pad out, without anybody being able to tell the difference, he would be welcome. But anywhere...

There was a knock at his room's door, and Desireé was faced with the truth of his situation instantly. He could no longer just throw on a robe...

"Hang on!" He called out, frantically pulling on the corset. This particular corset had built-in bra cups, and he stuffed the breast forms into the cups as he struggled into the short summer dress he'd been wearing. For the first time in its history, the dress was done up all the way to the top button. "I'm coming!"

Rushing out, Desireé opened the door to admit Gary, one of the guys he'd been asking about Miriam.

"I think I've tracked down the Goddess you're looking for, Miss Desireé." Gary said, with a smile. "She's going by the name 'Faith' now."

Without even having to think about it - doing it unselfconsciously and naturally, - Desireé kissed Gary thoroughly, then gestured for him to go on.

"She's working in the club." Gary explained.

Thanking Gary, Desireé kissed him again and sent him on his way, then slipped into the black pumps with the stiletto heels and headed off to see Peter, his mind working and a smile on his fuller lips.

He was almost there.

The commune had several different ways of making money to support itself. One of the major ones was the one that lay across the boundary that separated the commune from the 'real world' - a strip-club. By nature, the vast majority of the women in the commune were proud of their bodies, and had no problem getting paid to flaunt them to the 'infidels', as 'outsiders' were jokingly referred to.

After knocking on Peter's door and getting a muffled acknowledgment, Desireé stepped into Peter's office.

"Ah - Desireé! How may I be of service?" Peter asked, and part of Desireé's mind noted the fact that the bow he performed was marginally deeper than the one's he'd originally gotten.

"How do I go about meeting one of the women who works at the club?" Desireé asked, eager to get this over and done with, and bear out the remaining time as best he could.

Then he noticed the look on Peter's face, and his guts suddenly dropped. "What?" Desireé demanded from the uncomfortable-looking head of the commune.

Peter cleared his throat apologetically. "Due to the security risk of a half-on-half off the commune establishment, there's actually... well, almost a separate commune for the club. The women working there are allowed in at the beginning of their run, and out at the end of their run, and the male acolytes who work their four month shifts are also in once and out once - but nobody else may come and go."

Desireé absorbed this news. "Well - what if I got a job as one of the waitresses?" He asked, knowing that there were a few - not many, but a few - waitress positions.

Peter shrugged sadly. "Despite the fact that waitressing is considered below many of the women's standards as Goddesses, there's still a fairly healthy competition for the slots, and we grant them on certain... specifications. I'm afraid that

the only opening currently available is for a woman considerably... better endowed. The other applicants haven't been willing to undergo the enhancement surgery to meet this requirement, so it remains open."

Desireé thought furiously. "Actually - I also have another problem. The breast-forms I've been using have come off and... oh, stop that!"

Peter had shuddered and averted his gaze from him. Now, hesitantly, his eyes came back up. "Implants might solve both problems at once - as long as they're removable at the end of my stay."

"Oh, yes." Peter nodded. "But we don't use implants, exactly - instead, we have a procedure that increases the mass of fat in the chest, shaped and firmed to the right specifications. Basically 'building' the breasts - it's indistinguishable from the real thing. But we can liposuction it out before you go."

That struck a thought. "Hey - would liposuction be able to get me out of this damned corset, too?"

Peter nodded, and Desireé thought furiously. The liposuction of the waist was no big deal to him - hell, thin was good, and he could always put on a few inches buying booze with that money he'd get for completing this job. But the breasts...

Thinking about how strange he felt right now, with the breast-forms no longer attached, he decided he might as well go for it before he got used to feeling flat-chested again. "Okay - let's get this done."

Fifteen minutes later, he was laying on a observation table in the clinic. The doctor slid a needle painlessly into a vein, and the world around him faded away.

* * * * *

"Can you hear me?"

He seemed to be floating in a void. Blackness all around him. No sensation of himself or his body - just him, and the voice. His mind felt... not fuzzy, but detached, and it seemed to take all his concentration to answer the question.

"Yes. I can hear you." He finally replied. "*What's your name?*"

He pondered the question at length. What *was* his name... "Dennis. Dennis Farianno." "*Are you sure that's your name?*"

He considered the question - it seemed to take forever. *Was* he sure? Or, did he just think he was sure...?

Before he could come up with an answer, the voice continued. "Is Dennis the name you've been answering to for the past three weeks? When somebody came up to you, did they call you 'Dennis'?"

"No."

"What did they call you?"

He considered that. "Desireé."

"I see." The voice said. "Did you correct them when they used this name? Ignore them? Or did you answer to it?"

He thought about it. "I answered to it." "So, you must accept that as your name."

It seemed to cause some sort of non-physical pain to say the word - "Yes." But it was true wasn't it?

"So - what is your name?"

"Desireé?" He asked - then, firmly. "Desireé."

"Good." The voice complimented him. "Now - why are you in surgery?"

Desireé had to think. "To to get breasts. Larger breasts. And a smaller waist."

"*Very good...*" The voice said - and the questions continued for what seemed an eternity...

* * * * *

*The apartment of Jen Allbrehamma

*October 22nd, 1999 - 1:24 a.m.

"Denise...? Dennis...? Can you hear me?"

Dennis/Denise/Desireé stirred, her long-lashed eyes fluttering open. Her large, dark eyes stared upwards without seeing for several long, eternal seconds... the awareness slowly crept back in.

"Jen...?" She asked, her voice sounding both strange and reassuringly normal to her ears. Blinking, she slowly sat upright, feeling as if she'd just gone ten rounds... with a Sherman tank.

She was laying on the couch in Jen's workroom. The slender artist herself was seated on a stool near the head of the couch, and Rod (the model - she could now remember meeting him before) was sitting at the foot of the couch, near her slender feet. He looked shaken.

He also looked pretty damned attractive, she thought - then, immediately afterwards, the thought '*I don't want to find him attractive - I'm not really a woman*' came floating up...

She shuddered and tensed, waiting for the tide of pain...

...and nothing happened.

"Dennis? Are you all right?" Jen asked, seeing her tense up like that.

For a long moment, she didn't answer - her mind was swirling, trying to cope with several facts. Like the fact that she could probe her memories painlessly. Like the fact she knew who she really was - but that it didn't stop her from being intensely attracted to Rod. Like the fact...

Then she twitch, pulling herself out of her reverie. "Desireé." Jen blinked. "'scuse me?"

Desireé sighed. "I don't think 'Dennis' is exactly appropriate any more, do you? 'Desireé' is the name that I was given at the..."

"We know." Rod said, quietly - drawing her attention back to him just as she'd managed to get him pushed to the back of her mind. She cursed mentally, forcing her eyes not to wander over the amazing physique of the man in the short robe.

"Excuse me?" Now it was her turn to be nonplused.

"Uh... you kind blurted out the whole story." Jen said - and suddenly, their uncomfortable looks became clear. "You were kinda... in a daze, I guess. You just talked the whole time, telling us everything."

"Oh." Desireé said, blushing slightly.

"Um..." Rod said, clearing his throat. "Uh, including how very, very attractive you find me." Desireé's flush went nuclear. "I *did*?"

Rod's blush matched hers, and he turned away. It was Jen who answered.

"Uh, yeah. You were very *specific* about what you would like to do to him, and have him do to you."

If it had been possible for Desireé's blush to deepen, it would have - yet, at the same time, she felt an uncomfortable pleasing warmth in her belly as her large, thick nipples hardened at the thought of what she might have said...

"Uh..." Desireé stammered, fighting to pull her mind away from the thoughts that were running through it. the imprinted feminine desires and tastes warred with her masculine past and personality, neither emerging the clear victor and leaving her feeling confused and guilty. It was kind of like when she quit smoking. Every now and then she'd cheat, have a cigarette, all the while knowing she shouldn't - but unable to stop herself.

"Look, Denn... Desireé." Jen said, steering the conversation back onto safer territory. "We're going to help you..."

Suddenly, a wave or resigned bitterness swept through Desireé. "Oh, really?" She asked, in a weary, defeated voice. "You're going to undo... this?" She waved a hand at her new form.

Jen winced, and sighed. "Okay - we all know that what's been done to your body is permanent." She admitted, sadly. "But, that doesn't mean that your life is over. There's some things we have to do, including seeing about undoing the... brainwashing they did to you. But we also have to put these bastards away..."

Rod - trying to hide the embarrassment of the conversation - had risen a few minutes ago and paced to the window, staring out with a blank look on his face while he struggled to get his emotions under control. Now, he stiffened. "Jen!"

Jen looked up. "Huh?"

"I think... oh, *shit!*" Rod swore, swinging around and dashing to the pile of clothes beside the chair where he'd been posing. "We gotta get outta here - right *now!*"

Before Jen or Desireé could ask the obvious question, there was a splintering crash from downstairs. The two women, one natural and one transformed, glanced at each other with startled looks - then rose from where they were sitting.

Grabbing a sun dress from a rack of clothing, Jen yanked it on quickly, grabbing her shoes and purse in one hand. Rod, dressed in just his jeans, grabbed the rest of his stuff and followed behind Desireé

- the only fully-dressed member of the trio - as she followed the pert blonde's lead and ran through a door on the far side of the room.

Swiftly, and as silently as possible, the trio dashed up narrow set of stairs to the third floor, where Jen led them to a small, heavy, thick metal door inset into the concrete wall of the room.

"Where the fuck..." Jen muttered, angrily, rummaging through a tool-box sitting incongruously in the otherwise empty room. From below, there was another splintering crash, followed by a loud 'thud' as whoever it was managed to smash through the security door.

"got it!" Jen said triumphantly, holding up a large, old-fashion key. Quickly, she unlocked the small, thick door and all but pushed the other two through the small opening. Climbing through behind them, she re-locked the door from their side.

Desireé found herself on a catwalk hanging suspended over the floor of the building, two stories below. The catwalk creaked and groaned, and flakes of rust showed everywhere. In a second, Desireé realized that Jen's apartment was actually part of a converted theater, and they were on the lighting and prop catwalks criss-crossing the stage.

"Hurry!" Jen hissed. "Straight ahead! There's a staircase at the end, it exists in the alley. Go, go!"

Desireé moved forward - and barely avoided landing on her face. The catwalk was made of perforated steel, and her stiletto heel had gone right through one of the holes. Balancing on the toes of her feet, keeping the heels in the air, she scampered over the creaking catwalk and down the circular stairs at the end, arriving at a rusting door. Unlocking the three dead-bolts that secured it, she pushed it open and stepped outside into the late-night chill.

Because only the south side of the building had been remodeled, the rest allowed to fade and deteriorate, the people breaking into Jen's apartment hadn't realized that it was actually one building, and hadn't thought to secure this alley-way.

The alley where Jen parked one of her three vehicles. In this case, an older model Jeep Cherokee. Digging her keys out of her purse, she unlocked the doors and all but shoved the other two into the vehicle. Climbing behind the wheel, she brought the big four-by-four's engine to life.

"Get down!" Jen hissed, and Desireé and Rod slid to the floor of the back seat.

Desireé felt a wave of shame and disgust flood over her - caused by the even bigger flood of arousal as Rod's body pressed firmly against hers in the space they were jammed into. She fought the urge to simply give into her desire as Jen put the vehicle into gear and sedately drove off, not giving any onlooker any sign that she was related to what was going on in the building they were passing, or that she was running from anybody.

A few blocks later, Rod climbed off of her and sat up - and Desireé had to fight down the wave of disappointment, startled to realize just how close she'd been to giving into the urges she'd felt.

Flushed and very, very aroused, she also sat up, sure that neither of the others were failing to notice the scent of her arousal.

"Where are we going?" Rod asked - and from the way he was sitting, it was obvious that he wasn't the only one who'd been affected by the close contact. Desireé thought the question was asked more to divert his mind than to garner any information - and she simultaneously blessed him and cursed him for his attempt to be gentlemanly.

"My cabin." Jen said, checking the rearview mirror. "We should be safe there for awhile - I hope."

"I wouldn't be too sure." Desireé said, her brow furrowing as the years as a private eye took control of her instincts. "From the amount of time it took before they showed up, I think it's obvious I wasn't followed - so how did they find me?" She paused, then answered her own question. "Your plates."

Jen half turned. "Huh?"

Desireé nodded to herself. "Yeah - the guard at the commune must have written down your plate number the day you dropped me off. After I went missing, they looked it up and - somehow - got the info on you from it."

Jen drummed her fingers on the steering wheel. "Damn - that's scary." She suddenly stiffened, and a feline smile curled her lips. "Well, then the cabin's the perfect place to hide you, Den.. Desireé." She said. "It's not in my name."

Rod chuckled. "Yeah - it's in mine."

Not sure what the joke was, Desireé was doubly annoyed by their apparent good humor - the commune was obviously trying to silence her before she could screw up what they had going on, and they found it funny?

Seeing the look on her face, Rod apologized. "I'm sorry - it's just the irony of the whole thing kinda got to us."

"Oh?" Desireé asked - finding, to her annoyance, that she couldn't keep her cool attitude towards the handsome man as he looked at her with compassion - and more than a little lust.

Jen nodded, looking at them in the rearview mirror. "Yeah - you remember Rod's last name, don't you?"

"no..." Desireé admitted, looking back and forth between the two other people. "Why?" Grinning at each other, the two of them refused to answer for the rest of the three-hour trip.

Which, at least, kept Desireé from dwelling on how much she wanted to have sex with Rod - and how disgusted the thought made her even as it aroused her.

* * * * *

As the Cherokee's headlights swept across the sign at the end of the long drive - trail, really - leading to the cabin, Desireé finally got it - and had to laugh

They'd passed several such lanes in the past hour, all of which had signs at the end of the, identifying the owner and the township in which the property lay - such as 'Smith of Lancaster', or 'Gottlieb of Lancaster'.

Jen's cabin lay in the township of Earl - and Rod's last name happened to be 'Duke'.

Because Jen couldn't resist making a stupid joke, they might just get out of this without any further 'unannounced visits'. The irony was rich enough to make you laugh.

Pulling to stop outside the darkened cabin, Jen left the engine running.

"Okay - out." She said, rather imperiously - softening the command with a smile. Desireé frowned. "What's going on in the devious little mind of yours, Jen?"

Jen shrugged. "Look, we need food, clothes - plus legal help, maybe the FBI, etc. I can't have you wandering around the town - Earl's a small place, and you're sure to be noticed. If they come looking for you..." She pointed at Rod. "And you - I don't want to leave Desireé by herself, so your job is to keep her safe and secure - got it?"

Rod smiled uneasily. "Hey - I ain't know chauvinist. Why don't you stay here and play bodyguard, and I'll go..."

Jen laughed. "Sure. Tell me - how much longer before you're allowed to drive again?"

Rod blushed, then sighed. He turned to Desireé. "She'd right - I had a little...accident a couple of months ago. It wouldn't have been a bog deal - except the other car was a cop-car. So... I guess she has a point."

Desireé knew they were right - but was thankful that Rod had at least tried to avoid the awkwardness they were sure to feel.

Of course, another part of her was upset that he'd tried to get out of it. What, wasn't she gorgeous enough for him? Feminine for him? Sexy enough? Hell, if he wanted sexy, gorgeous and feminine, she'd show him what...

Forcing the thought away - with a struggle - Desireé swallowed nervously and slid form the car.

* * * * *

"Um... uh... there's a bed..." Rod blushed, brightly. "I mean, if you're tired, there's two bedrooms - you.. uh..."

Desireé, sitting on the couch, felt the blush on her face, and knew exactly how poor rod felt - they were incredibly attracted to each other, yet in each of them there was a strong disgust at this attraction - not exactly the most comfortable situation to be in. "No, thanks." She said, awkwardly. "I uh.. well, between all the time I spent un- and -semi conscious, you know.. Then, the adrenaline rush.. I'm not..."

"Yeah." Rod said. "Me too - I mean, me neither." He laughed, self-consciously. "You know what I mean."

"Yeah."

Rod sat down on the other couch, at right angles to the one Desireé sat on. They fidget in nervous silence, neither looking at each other, each aware of the palpable sexual tension ripe in the cabin's main room.

Trying not to think about Rod, or the sexual urges she was feeling towards him, Desireé cast her mind about, looking for something else she could think about. She forced herself to begin thinking about the future, instead - not the immediate future, which she assumed would be 'on the run' until she testified about what had happened and had those bastards put away for good. No, she thought about the future after that - what she was going to do for the rest of her life...

Her life.

It exploded in her mind like a bomb - so much so that she gave off a small gasp.

In the confusion, in the heat of the moment, the truth hadn't really sunk in - but now it did. All of it.

She was a man, trapped in the fully functional body of an outstandingly sexy woman. She would spend the rest of her life as a woman - and all that came with it. The fact that she would no longer be able to be who she once was - she'd have to find a new job. She'd have to get new ID - if she managed to get the police to believe her story in the first place, then it shouldn't be too hard. But she'd have to do it - start life over as Desireé.

As a woman. Although he'd only had on-and-off relationships, there had always been the hopes of a lasting, stable relationship with a woman - but that was stolen from her. Even if she could fight past the imprinted objections to being a lesbian, it wouldn't be the same - she could never again have the relationships she'd had before.

She'd spend the rest of her life, caught between two worlds - the one she wanted, and could never have, and the one that people would believe her to be a part of, one that her own mind was trying to make her live - yet not the one she wanted.

Outcast. Alone. It was a talk-show staple, but in her case it was true - she was a man trapped in a woman's body, ultimately alone in an unwanted uniqueness. Neither fish nor fowl. This was the life she had to look forward to...

"Desireé?"

She looked up at the sound of Rod's concerned inquiry, only now aware of the silent tears streaming down her face. She looked at the handsome man, and felt that arousal at the sight of his toned, athletic body - and knew she'd been right. This wasn't just a momentary awkwardness she was feeling - for the rest of her life, she'd be fighting these feeling around men like Rod, uncomfortable in their presence, unwilling aroused. But that's wasn't the worst part - oh, no... Never again would she go into O'Tooles on Main and Broadhurst and have a couple of beers with the regulars, just 'one of the boys'. No - they'd look at her with lust in their eyes, and use all those pick-up lines and come-ons...

She'd have to practically become a hermit, alone, lonely, for as long as she lived...

...as long as she *lived*...

Perhaps that was the answer. Stop living...

"Desireé! What's wrong?" Rod asked, almost frantic. He was beside her now, not quite touching her...

She looked at him and spoke in a dead, flat voice. "What's wrong? I'm a freak - a man trapped in the body of a woman, doomed to a live of loneliness and shame - and you ask what's wrong?"

Rod started. "What..? No, no - that's not true "

Sad, weary disbelief etched her beautiful features. "It isn't?" She asked, softly. "You know the truth, about the person inside this body. You don't have to live this horror - you only have to know about it. Yet it's enough that it effects you strongly. Look at you - you don't know whether to treat me like a guy who's upset - or comfort me as if I were a woman. You feel confused, unsure, embarrassed, upset - and all of this is a pale shadow of what I'm going to have to deal with for every minute of my life "

She paused, then finished in a clod, distant tone that sent shivers down Rod's spine. " however long that may be."

"No - that's not true!" Rod protested. "Sure, it'll be hard - at first, at least. But you can adapt. Living life as a woman "

This time, when Desireé interrupted, it wasn't in a flat, dead voice - it was one wreathed in emotion, fiery and alive. "Don't you get it?" she asked, angrily. "*That's just it!*"

Rod gaped.

"I'm *not* a woman!" Desireé said, rising and beginning to pace. Her hands moved to underscore her words. "Sure, I could live day-to-day, pretending to be a woman. I could handle that, even if I might behave a little strangely for a woman." She threw up her hands. "Hell, I've already had three weeks practice at pretending to be female!"

Then she put her hands on her hips and looked at Rod. "But what sort of life would it be for me, while I pretended? I'm *not* a woman - yet I can't just 'unwind' with some friends after a day of pretending. I can go home - and be alone. That's it."

Rod tried to interject, but Desireé steam-rolled right over him. "If I was just plain gay or lesbian - hell, that'd be okay. I'd have support groups, and gay friends - hell, I'd have Gay Pride Day. I could march in th' friggin' parade!"

She waved her hands and began pacing again. "If I was a willing.. uh, whatyacallit Transsexual, then hey - support out the yin-yang. Same if I was crippled, or retarded, or even if I was a drunk."

She turned her full attention back to Rod. "But what have *I* got? I can either pretend to be a woman at all times, except when I'm alone - and go nuts. Or, I could tell my close friends the truth - and have them turn awkward, unsure, uncomfortable - like you. Then *that* could drive me nuts!"

Rod held up his hand. "Look - that's just not true!" He assured her. "This is all so new that it's... uncomfortable at first. Think how a gay guy's friends would react when he first came out of the closet. But, once they've had time to adjust..."

Desireé didn't even know she was going to say it until it popped out. "Yeah, right. Look, Mister 'Everything will work out', I'll bet you... I'll bet you my life that you, knowing the truth, can't deal with me as if I was the woman I look like."

Rod gaped. "Huh?"

Although she hadn't thought about it before saying it, now it seemed like the perfect way to prove her point - not just to Rod, but (much more importantly) to herself.

"Rod." She said, calmly determined. "I was going to kill myself. In fact, I probably still will." She held up a hand and continued talking, overriding his horrified objections. "No, listen. I *look* like a woman - but you know the truth, right? So, lets pretend it's... oh, a year from now. I'm getting on with my life, pretending to be a woman all day long. I've got a woman's body, a woman's name, a job somewhere

- a *woman's* job - and I come home at night, and you're there. I don't care what you say - sooner or later, I - living my new life as a woman - would do something that you *would* handle all right if I was really a woman, but that you *can't* handle knowing the truth about me. That's all I'm saying - just *knowing* the truth means you could never deal with me - completely and utterly - as if I were the woman I seem to be."

Rod's reply was thoughtful, rather than immediately indignant. "I think I could, actually..." "Really?" Desireé asked, sarcastically. "Okay - prove it."

Rod's eyebrow went up.

"I'm going to step outside - and when I come back in, it's six months from now. If you can treat me like a 'normal' person, deal with the truth without freaking out about it - then I'll agree that you're right, my life is worth living. Otherwise..."

Leaving it hanging, she stormed outside, shutting the door behind her.

Sure - just treat her like the truth wasn't making him so confused and uncomfortable that he could barely speak to her, she fumed. Taking deep breaths, she let the hot anger cool and coalesce into quite determination. She knew the truth - she was going to go in there, and started acting like this was her life, and she was 'dealing' with it. She'd let herself go, push aside the doubts and anguish, and act on the impulses she felt - act the way her altered mind would, sooner or later, force her to act. She knew what would happen - knowing that she'd once been a man would make Rod hesitate, become uncomfortable, pull away - maybe not immediately, but at some point during her little performance, it would happen.

Then she could kill herself with a clear conscience, having given it a shot - and proven what she knew to be true.

With that thought, she pushed open the door to the cabin and stepped inside...

* * * * *

"Hey, Rod - God, what a rough day. I'm beat." She said with a smile at Rod, who was 'relaxing' on the couch, sipping at a beer he'd found in the fridge.

"Oh?" He asked, and she was impressed with how casual he managed to make his voice sound - almost like he was actually interested in what she was thinking.

Of course, he wasn't. He lusted after her female body, but the fact that she was male in her mind meant he didn't care about what she was thinking - and was enough to 'defuse' his lust for her body. He could act casual now...

"yeah - the girls at work can be real bitches sometimes. So vain and stuck up." She ad-libbed.

He smiled - it almost looked genuine, she marveled - and shrugged. "Hell, if you want to drive them nuts, tell 'em the truth. If they found out that the most gorgeous girl at work used to be a guy, they'd explode from jealousy."

Oh - so, he wanted to make it a contest, huh? Desireé was amazed he could work up the nerve to drag the truth into it before she brought it up - she thought he'd seek refuge in trying to think of her as utterly female. Well, she was planning to defuse that sooner or later by making sure that the truth was always 'right there' - if he wanted to make a contest out of it, she'd show him who'd break first. She knew he couldn't handle it.

"yeah - they'd explode. Then they'd kill me - after all, I've seen all of them naked." She winked. "How do you think they'd feel knowing there was a 'guy' leering at them all this time?"

Rod laughed. "Hell - they'd probably just say 'thank God she's not a lesbian..." Hmm - okay, if that's the way he wanted to play it - she'd turn it up a notch.

Smiling suggestively at Rod, she lowered her voice into a sexy bedroom tone. "Well, I'm certainly not a lesbian..." She let her eyes drop to his crotch - making it quite obvious...

...then quickly glanced up to catch his flush, his stammer - the sign she was waiting for, the sign that she was right...

Nothing. Man, Rod could play it cool, when he had to. But she was just getting warmed up...

Using her most seductive walk, she moved over to the coffee table in front of the couch and sat on it. "Help me with my boots, would you?" She asked, sliding one sexy, leather clad leg into his lap, letting it slide sensuously, seductively against his own....

"Sure." Rod said easily, removing one boot, then the other, somehow managing to hid the emotions that he must really be feeling. Unless he'd taken refuge in that fantasy again...

"Oh - thanks " She moaned softly, rubbing her bare foot over his denim-clad leg - and crotch. "One thing I miss about being a guy - I was never expected to wear heels to work."

"Thank God, too." Rod said - impressively controlled - "Just thinking - tracking down missing people while in six-inch stilettos."

Looking at Rod seductively through half-lowered lashes, she smiled sensuously. "surely you're not trying to say that I can't move as well in those heels as I can in flats?"

"Heaven forbid." Rod replied. "Although, if you'd moved like that as a guy, you might have had to learn how to fight dirty."

Rod had guts - he obviously was very competitive, and didn't want to loose. Well, he could fight what he must really be feeling for awhile - but if she just kept turning it up, he'd break....

Stretching - which pushed her breasts further out, she rose from the coffee table. "I think I'll get a bath." She said - then, walking slowly toward the bathroom, she began to strip while still in plain view of Rod. Within no time, she was naked - and took a quick glance at Rod.

Damn - he was paying attention to just her female body, and there was no easy opening to drag the truth into plain sight again. Well - that wouldn't last long.

Running a tub of warm water, she climbed in - then called out. "Rod, honey - can you bring my a glass of wine?"

"Sure thing." He called back - and appeared a minute later with the requested drink. "Great." She said, taking it. "Give me a hand with my back, would you?"

While he washed her back - and then hair - she talked about her past, what she liked and didn't like - and why. All of which kept bringing up the subject of who she really was. She had to admit, she was impressed by his control - not once did he slip up while keeping up a casual-sounding conversation, his hands touching the body of what was really another man, all appearances to the contrary aside.

Time to bring out the big guns, Desiree thought to herself.

Stepping out of the tub, she held a large bath towel out to Rod. "Give me a hand here, would you?"

With no noticeable hesitation, Rod complied, carefully toweling her off, his hands touching her everywhere while she moaned in pleasure - only partially faked - and waited until just the right time...

He was standing only inches from her, his hands on her ass, her bare chest inches from his chest - and she said in a soft, sensual voice "God - I never in my wildest dreams think I'd find the touch of another man so sexy. I love the way you touch me, Rod - and if I still had a cock, I'd be as hard as a rock right now."

Then, before he could mentally regroup from that blatant reminder - she kissed him.

She threw herself into it, body and soul, passionate and eager - and it wasn't all that faked. But, the important part was that it was sudden and intense, right on the heels of that blatant statement.

She was amazed. He was kissing back! With no noticeable pause, he was kissing her back like she was leading. Passionately, hungrily, as if he was really eager to do this...

Well, she thought, when she finally broke the kiss. She might not have broken him yet - but the kiss had felt absolutely spectacular, and when she did break him, she'd have one nice thought to keep her company as she killed herself.

Which wouldn't be long now - it was obvious he could fake the small stuff. It was time to get this over with.

"God, you make me so horny, Rod." She whispered into his ear, her breasts pressed against his chest. "I've always wondered what it was like, for a woman. All those times I had sex as a man, the way the cried out as my cock drove them towards orgasm - I want to know what that's like..."

"Mmmm..." Rod said - and his hands cupped her ass and lifted.

Wrapping her legs around his waist, she let him carry her into the bedroom, knowing that it must be a last-ditch effort for Rod - there's no way he could actually have sex with an ex-guy, right. Any minute now, he'd chicken out.

But he seemed to have no problem laying her down on the bed. No trouble whispering sweet nothings in her ear as they both undressed him. No trouble kissing her lightly on the lips, then the chin, then the breasts.

No trouble positioning himself, his cock - oh, my, and such a large, perfect cock too - hard and throbbing as he...

"Oh, dear *GOD!*" Desireé cried out as he entered her. Although technically a virgin, her new womanhood wasn't made to be virginal, but highly sensitive. Ad his big, thick cock seemed to fill every square inch of her, filling her and fulfilling her, creating sensations she'd never felt before... then all thoughts about the bet and contest fled her mind as he began to move inside of her.

She had no past experience in this - but she'd been fully 'programmed' with skill that most women only dreamed about. Now, instinctively, she began to use them, moving her body in time to Rod's, moving as one with him, trying to increase her own pleasure, even though it was already intense - more intense than any she'd felt before.

"Oh, God - yes!" She moaned as Rod continued to drive his cock into her. Her cunt was sopping wet, lubricating the cock that filled her so completely as the sensitive flesh of her vagina quivered at the erotic sensations taking control of her body. She cried out, time and again, as the sensations built, piling on top of each other, building, building, building.....

She screamed as she orgasmed. It was like an explosion of pure ecstasy that severed all her motor- control pathways, causing her writhe and jerk in purest pleasure. Her new vaginal muscles tightened around the hard, thick cock filling her, pushing Rod over the edge and making him come...

It took several minutes for the golden afterglow of the incredible pleasure to fade enough that Desireé could remember why they'd just had sex.

For one, lingering instant, she didn't care. Surely, any life that could give her this much pleasure...

Then she got past the thought, realizing what she'd done wrong. The vagina was well, to womanly, that was all. He'd managed to loose himself in the fantasy.

So, she'd break him once and for all with the one thing that she had left to use...

Turning to him, she smiled. "God - that was great. Now I know how all those women felt when I was having sex with them. But it leaves me with another question "

"Oh?" Rod asked, smiling at her.

Taking his limp cock in her slender hand, she began to manipulate it, feeling it get hard. "Blow-jobs. Most women wouldn't do that for me. No - the only people who really seem to be 'into' blowjobs are gay guys. Since I'm really a guy, maybe I'd enjoy sucking cock. What do you think? One guy sucking another guys cock? Seems to me that it should be natural for me - after all, I'm now a guy attracted to other guys, who just happens to have a feminine looking body, right. Good old Dennis, just

sucking on another guy's cock." She winked. "Since you've had blow-jobs from women before, You can tell me whether a guy can suck cock better than a woman can. After all - I've had my cock sucked, too - and no woman could now what a man really like in a blow-job the way I can."

Then, before he could push that thought aside, she lowered her face to his now-hard cock...

Any second now he'll pull away, Desireé thought, sliding her full, soft lips over his cock. She let the programmed skill take control, just sort of 'along for the ride' as the programmed expertise did the work - and the implanted emotions made her feel like she was enjoying it immensely. While she let the extreme pleasure of giving a blowjob wash over her, she waited for him to crack...

It wasn't until she was swallowing the little bit of warm, salty cum he managed to produce for his second orgasm that she realized the truth.

He hadn't cracked - and wasn't going to.

Swallowing the cum - oh, god, the implanted thoughts made it taste so wonderful to her - Desireé looked up at Rod in shock.

"You're absolutely gorgeous." Rod told her, gently, pulling her up into his embrace. "I don't care who you used to be - I never knew that person, not really." He kissed her nose. "But you - you're sexy, and smart, and..." He grinned wickedly "You *do* know exactly what a man enjoys."

Desireé looked at Rod, realizing that she'd just had the most fantastic sex of her life - with another man...

No. With a man. Because she was a woman now. Rod was right - the past didn't matter, and the future was nothing but 'maybes'. In the here-and-now, she was an incredibly sexy woman in the arms of a man who cared about her - and had just given her more pleasure than she'd ever felt before...

"Oh... my..."

The two lovers looked up to the open doorway, where Jen stood, eyes wide and one hand covering her mouth. She giggled.

Desireé smiled slowly. "Hi, Jen. It's okay - I've come to terms with my womanhood." She smiled wider at the unintentional pun.

Jen giggled again. "Yeah? Well - wait 'till you get your first multiple orgasm, hone - you ain't seen nothin' yet." She came and sat on the edge of the bed, patting Desireé's leg. "I thought you might come to this point - but I was expecting later, rather than sooner."

Desireé's eyebrow rose. "Oh?"

Jen shrugged. "Hell - more than half the population of the world is female. It must have something going for it, or we'd all have committed suicide once we were old enough to realize the 'horrible' fate that was handed to us." She winked. "I figure that that whole 'god, I'd hate to be the other gender' thing is just a defensive reflex - keeps us from getting to jealous of what the other gender has."

"maybe." Desireé had to agree. "Give me a couple of years as a woman - hey! Maybe I should write a book. Just think, I can finally answer some of those age-old questions..."

"Not a chance, honey." Jen said with a smile. "You might have the body and life of a woman - but you have to be raised as a woman to learn all those little secrets. It's a world-wide conspiracy..." She stopped suddenly, then slapped her forehead. "Good God! I was so startled when I walked in, I just plumb forgot to tell you the good news!"

Desireé and Rod sat up, still embracing. "Oh - what good news?" Rod asked.

Jen shrugged. "The New Horizon Commune is closed - and all it's leaders in jail, having signed a full confession of everything." She cocked her head. "Uh - it seems that you were a 'test case' for them. They were planning to start a 'New World Order', with 'Goddesses' at the top, then the 'Servants' - men with the right type of thinking... and, for all those men who'd never come around to the 'right' way of thinking..." She made a gesture in Desireé's direction.

The new woman was gaping at her friend. "But.. how.. How did it happen? Did the FBI finally manage to infiltrate? What on Earth made them give full confessions?"

Jen smiled. "Actually, it was just a way of looking at things. After all, they're not really a new political system - to them it's a religion. In other words, what happened was just a matter of belief."

Desireé shook her head. "I.. I still don't get it."

"Well, you were there, you know how it works in their religion." Jen's smile became blinding. "I just walked up to the front gate - me, a 'Goddess' - and demanded to see all the High Priests. Then I ordered them to turn themselves in and confess their crimes - and order the rest of their communes to cease any plans to do anything to anybody who doesn't join the commune voluntarily."

Desireé gaped, stunned by the absurd simplicity of it all. "And the obeyed...?"

Suddenly, Jen's radiant smile was matched by a glowing blush. "Well... uh, yeah. I just had to, um, follow the rules and, uh... reward them." She looked down at herself with a wry grin. "Don't be surprised if I walk funny for the next couple of days - there was an awful lot of high priests." She looked up. "For that matter - have we got any mouthwash?"

Desireé shook her head to clear it - then suddenly laughed. "What's so funny?" Jen asked, miffed.

Desireé smiled. "If you'd waited just a little while longer, I could have come along and give you a hand." She licked her lips, slowly and suggestively. "I wouldn't even need the mouthwash. I would have enjoyed helping in Peter's downfall - and in more ways than one."

"Hey - that's quite enough of that, young lady." Rod said in mock sternness. "There's plenty of work for you to do right here, gorgeous."

As Dennis, a Private Eye, one of his trademarks had been simple - he always did the work as soon as he could, and did the best job he could.

As Desireé, she saw no reason to change now.

"Excuse us," she said to Jen. "Go find that mouthwash or something." Then she once more put her nose to the grindstone...

...metaphorically speaking, of course.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a over-bearing chauvinist insults his female psychiatrist, she gives him pills that make him highly suggestible; unfortunately for him the first person he runs into is a low class hooker.

May We Suggest

By Gunslinger

Tapping one long finger against the plastic pill bottle she held in her hand, Dr. Karen Styles looked at her reflection in the mirror built onto the back of the credenza that held the coffeemaker.

"What the hell am I thinking...?" She asked the reflection of a well-respected psychiatrist in a whisper. Framed by a pageboy-cut of sandy-blond hair now streaked here and there with gray, the face most of her well-to-do clients considered 'motherly' was cast in lines of guilt as she realized what she'd been considering doing.

Karen's eyes flicked to look over the shoulder of her reflection at the man who'd driven her *almost* to the point of ignoring her own ethics.

Leaning back on the leather couch as if he owned it, Martin Coughlin practically radiated a towering sense of self-importance, his chest puffed out in his tailored Brooks Brother shirt and his fine-boned face cast in a perpetual look of arrogance.

Marty was practically a walking, talking example of the Napoleonic Complex taken to its extreme edge - and even the fact that Karen recognized his disorder and could even understand its origin didn't do much to take the edge off his extreme arrogance.

Short, slender and practically effeminate-looking, the dark-haired self-made millionaire owed his success to the very same things that he owed his failures. In one of the three classic scenarios for men extremely self-aware of the less-than-optimally-masculine image that they presented to the world, Marty had over-developed all the socially-considered 'masculine' personality traits, more than making up in personality what he couldn't physically.

In short, he tried very hard on a subconscious level to distract people from his effeminate built by his swaggering, over-bearing, chauvinistic personality.

The fact that he was rich only made the situation worse, since too many people let him get away with it. Indeed, it had only been the fact that Marty had bad-mouthed a female cop when she'd stopped him for speeding that had forced him to seek treatment - for a condition that he refused to acknowledge he had.

Hell, he simply refused to listen to her at all, since she was a 'mere' woman...

But the fact that he was verbally abusive, offensively self-assured, and a sexist throwback to Neanderthal man shouldn't be enough to get her to ignore her ethics...

"Good God, woman!" Marty snapped in his hard-edge androgynous tenor. "Where the hell is my coffee?"

...shouldn't be - but was.

With only a faint trace of guilt, Karen dropped the two pills into his coffee and carried it over to him, managing not to throw it in his face.

It was highly unethical - but it should be relatively harmless.

The powerful drugs she'd slipped him would simply make him highly suggestible.

A day spent being *forced* to listen to what other people said might just manage to make a reasonable facsimile of a human being out of the swaggering, loud-mouthed asshole.

Besides - what real harm could it do...?

* * * * *

With a snort, Marty crumpled up the little pink reminder slip of his next week's session and tossed it contemptuously aside as he stepped out of the quack cunt's office.

"Yak, yak, yak..." He grumbled to himself, slipping his sunglasses on as a palliative against the southern California sun as he angled across the grass with a complete disregard for the 'Please Keep Off The Grass' sign, quite literally stepping right over the sign itself rather than the low, decorative chain lining the walkway.

Reaching the parking lot, he fished the keys out of his tan linen suit and got the acknowledging 'chirp-chirp' from his Kompressor as he pressed the button to disarm the security system and unlock the doors. Sliding behind the wheel, he brought the powerful little sports car to life.

If he'd actually bothered to discuss it with Dr. Styles, Marty might have realized that the now-familiar after-session urge to find a hooker for some hard, fast sex was a subconscious attempt to reaffirm his manhood in the face of the unwanted considerations that the sessions brought to mind - but, from long 'practice', Marty was even better at ignoring those unbidden thoughts about the much-hated and consciously-suppressed truth about himself than he was at ignoring the 'bastards' and 'bitches' who filled the world around him.

Putting the car into gear, he burned rubber and squealed out of the lot in fine disregard for speed limits, traffic laws, and the safety of anybody else on the roads or sidewalks.

After all, such mundane considerations didn't apply to him, any more did those stupid considerations about what was and wasn't manly - though he didn't give such thoughts 'conscious' attention.

Not that they were exactly 'subconscious', either, since on that very lowest level of his mind, he knew damned well that he was short and slender with the type of bone structure more often associated with women than with men.

No, it was the 'in between' layer of thoughts, a sort of 'filter' that he'd built between what he wanted to believe and what he couldn't help but know was true that stripped out any 'less-than-ultimately-masculine' thought or observation - at least, what he earmarked as being 'masculine'.

Howling down the boulevard, Marty aimed the sloping silver hood of his 'toy' away from the upscale gated community where he lived and towards the considerably less savory urban center, where he'd have a much better chance of finding a 'professional' woman.

Not that it was easy. Thanks to the incredibly stupid laws that kept women from marketing the one real use they had and instead forced them into occupations that required thought, skill, or physical prowess they were so obviously unsuited for, hookers were harder to come by than they should have been, especially in the unforgiving glare of the noon-time sun.

Cruising down one of the shabbier back streets, Marty thumped the steering wheel in annoyance at not seeing any women exhibiting the classic signs of a 'working girl'. Trying to decide where his next best bet to find what he wanted would be, he pulled over to the side of the street and put the car in park so he could look for the little black notebook in which he kept track of which women he'd found where.

He'd just begun to look for his little black book when he heard a tap on the window, and he looked up to see some bottle blonde in a white T-shirt and jeans standing outside the passenger-side door.

Using the power control on his door, he lowered the passenger-side window, and the woman leaned in, overly made-up lips curving into a practiced plastic smile as the neckline of the simple shirt swung down to display some cleavage.

"You looking for something, honey?" The woman asked in a knowing tone of voice with a slow wink. Marty's eyebrows rose.

"You're working?" He asked, incredulously.

"Oh, just looking for some fun is all..." She said noncommittally. "You a cop or anything?"

"Of course not!" He snapped, annoyed. "I look even less like a cop than you do a hooker, you numb cunt."

Her thin lips tightened. "What the hell's that supposed to mean?"

"Jeans and sneakers?" Marty asked, derisively. "Hookers are supposed to please men, you stupid bitch - and that means the way they look, too. Tight little skirts, high heels, maybe some fishnets - that's what you should be wearing."

"Oh, really...?" She snorted as she pushed away from the car, deciding that even the money this john exuded wasn't worth this type of shit. Turning away from the rich asshole, she finished her parting shot before walking away: "*You* try always wearing miniskirts and heels instead of pants and flats!"

Walking away, she didn't see the effect her words had on him.

Even before she'd finished speaking, Marty had opened his mouth to let loose a scathing verbal assault - and then her words had registered on his mind.

No - they had been *embedded* in his mind, in flaming letters a hundred feet high.

At least, that's how it felt to him as he struggled to make himself think through the mental 'noise' of her words. It was as if her 'suggestion' had somehow been branded in the fore-front of his mind, unignorable and unforgettable, as if somebody were shouting those words at him over and over again while forcing him to stare unblinkingly at a sign that said the exact same thing.

"What the fuck is happening...?" He groaned, finding it difficult to even consider the situation itself through the blinding/deafening/overwhelming reality of her suggestion filling his mind with an insistence that hovered right on the very edge of being painful. He shook his head, trying to clear the damnable thought demanding he wear heels and a skirt - but it wasn't so easily dislodged.

He fumbled for the gear lever, planning to go home and get royally drunk if the thought hadn't dissipated by the time he got there - but even the simple task of driving was near impossible. The mind-warping power of the simple thought distracted him from the surrounding world, the way a bright light shining into his eyes would have blinded him to anything else, or loud music would have drowned out any other sound.

Pulling the car over to - actually onto - the sidewalk, he shut it off and staggered from the car, clapping his hands to the side of his head.

"Stop.. it...!" He gasped, staggering like drunk man as he tried to focus on the thought of calling a cab to get him home. With that damned thought continuously derailing his train of thought with it's own insistent chorus, he had to struggle with the principle of what he wanted to do, the first step being that of finding a phone...

...and then he found himself passing a women's clothing store, and the shrieking thought echoing in his mind rose to a crescendo, causing him to stop dead in front of the plate-glass window that displayed a variety of garments and shoes.

He stared at the display, knowing that he didn't want to do what the thought shrieking in his head demanded he do - but unable to force anything like a powerful enough opposing plan of action through the tumult.

He hung in the balance, fighting the instructions screaming in his mind without being able to form any other course of action...

...and then he took a single step towards the door of the shop.

He hadn't planned to - but with that damned thought screaming at him, he'd suffered a momentary weakening of will power, a mere instant of desire to get it to stop - and that's all it had taken.

A step closer to the shop, he managed to halt himself again, shoring up his resolve...

...and then, a second later, he took a second step. Then a third, and a forth, and a fifth...

Still struggling, unaware of how strange he looked with his look of horrified concentration and stiff, unwillingly movements, Marty entered the store, unable to hold up the unbroken force of willpower necessary to resist the unwanted 'temptation' the store presented.

The clerk, a young woman with frizzy red hair and acne, looked at him sardonically through her heavy glasses, thinking to herself that the freaks always seemed to show up when it was her shift.

"Can I help you?" She asked...

Horrified and humiliated, Marty heard his own voice drag the words through an unwilling throat: "Miniskirt.. heels.. need miniskirt and heels..."

"You got it." She said with a sigh, not caring how weird a customer was, as long as they paid cash. "Come on, let's see what we've got..."

She sorted through some of the store's stock, finally holding out some items she thought the probably hopped-up man might be interested in.

"How about..." She started...

...and he grabbed the stuff out of her hand and bolted for the changing booths at the back of the store, the sight of the skirts and shoes being held out to him too much for his straining, near-to- cracking mind.

So desperate was he to end that steady, mind-bending refrain, he didn't even draw the curtain on the booth, desperately shucking off shoes, socks and pants as the unwanted need screamed endlessly into his mind.

Wearing only his dress shirt and briefs, he started to haul on the denim mini-skirt which was simply the first of the several garments that came to hand...

"Hey!" The clerk said, worried his frantic motions would tear stock that wasn't paid for yet. "You have to buy that stuff first!"

Marty's head nearly exploded - or, at least, that's how it felt as a second need was imposed on top of the one already trying very hard to drive him crazy.

Frantically, unable to finish satisfying the first need he didn't want, he grabbed up his discarded pants and quickly hauled out a wad of money that was more than enough to cover the dozen or so skirts and half-dozen pairs of shoes she'd handed him to try. With that done, he finished hauling on the skirt, then quickly stepped into a pair of patent-leather white sling-back shoes with a four-inch stacked heel...

...and the momentary, blissful silence in his mind as he met the conditions of the instructions was quickly overwhelmed by the disgust and horror he felt, looking down at his hairy legs between skirt hem and heels.

"Oh God. This is... disgusting!" Marty cried, the very fact that he'd been fighting the effeminate nature of his body his whole life making the wave of disgust and horror rolling over him all the more terrible.

"It sure is." The clerk said, looking up from counting out the cash to sniff at the slender, hairy legs. "You need to loose that body hair, buddy."

"No...!" Marty screamed, eyes clamping shut as her words branded themselves into his mind, restarting the losing battle so recently ended, with a new objective. Though understanding the methodology of what was happening, if not the inexplicable reason, Marty fought through the new commandment to curse at the clerk: "Why'd you have to say that, you dumb bitch!"

The clerk's face tightened in anger.

"That's it!" She declared, now that she had the money for the clothing. "Take your purchases and get out! Get out and never come back!"

Gasping, not wanting any of this but unable to help himself, Marty began to gather up his new clothing, jamming the hurriedly into the bags the clerk supplied, along with his own discarded pants and shoes.

Staggering under the load of imposed instructions, Marty unwillingly moved towards the door, struggling to stay balanced atop the unfamiliar heels as he was bathed in humiliated disgust at the thought of going out in public like this.

"...and be nice to people, you asshole!" The clerk called out, after him.

Staggering out of the store, ankles and calves already starting to ache from the second-to-second rebalancing act required to remain upright in his new heels, he began to walk away from the store...

...only to turn into another store two doors down - a drug store that would carry what he didn't-want- but-needed.

The clerk at the drug store was also used to some of the less... 'normal' characters that the less- than-upscale urban area tended to attract, and he figured that money was money...

...just like the desk-clerk at the transient's hotel at the corner who rented out a room to the... guy?

...who came staggering in, purchased clutched to his chest and sobbing out what sounded like 'no, I don't want to...' over and over again.

At least the drunk-or-drug addled transvestite was quite polite to him - though he also kept swearing at himself *for* being nice to the clerk, which was weirder than usual.

Nearly an hour - and the whole bottle of depilatory cream - later, Marty stood swaying unsteadily atop those accursed heels, staring with red-rimmed eyes at the most-definitely-effeminate person in the scratched and cloudy mirror.

The person in the mirror looked like a girl. Not terribly attractive, and certainly the type who'd be described as 'boyish' - by somebody describing 'her' as a boyish *girl*.

Worse than the humiliation of wearing a skirt and heels was the knowledge that he looked pretty good in a skirt and heels...

Trembling, hating himself for being unable to fight the inexplicable force that made him obey people's commands, Marty gathered up his bags and headed out of the room, eager to hurry to the payphone at the end of the corridor and call a cab to get him safely home...

...and stopped in horror as he rounded the corner and found a trio of men sitting in the little 'common area', sharing a cigarette and a forty of malt liquor.

He took a step backward, intending to flee before anything bad could happen...

...but it was too late.

"Don't go running off, girl - we ain't gonna hurt you!" The acne-scarred Hispanic guy at the end of the couch said, misconstruing the frightened look on the face of the 'boyish girl' - and Marty couldn't leave, no matter how desperately he wanted to.

"Damn, Miguel, you sure did lower your standards." The thin black man with a thoroughly disreputable-looking goatee sitting next to him said, shaking his head - and then turned to Marty...

"Please, don't..." Marty started to beg, hating that he was forced to be polite rather than snapping at the men - but the thin black man cut him off.

"Hush now, girl." He told Marty - and so Marty did. "You gotta know you ain't tryin' very hard to look good, even though that skirt is kinda nice."

Marty tried, desperately, to run away - and failed miserably.

The thin black man continued talking to 'her', having no idea of the effects of his words: "You need to start wearing make-up, honey-chile."

Unfortunately, Marty's own understanding of 'hush' didn't even allow the desperate whimper he wanted to let out as the command burned itself into his brain.

The pot-bellied, broad-shouldered black man who made up the third member of the trio looked at Marty's slim form, and snorted.

"Make-up would just get her started, Jukes." He said to the thinner man, before turning to Marty. "Hell, you gotta be, what... twenty-five, twenty six? But it still don't look like puberty paid you no visit yet. What you need to do is go down and see Doc Martinez, down on Forth and Westwood. You ask him to give you a big ol' pair of ripe, round titties, girl."

Marty could no more scream in objective horror then he could whimper.

"Yeah, you got the idea, Mac!" The man referred to as 'Jukes' said, snapping his fingers and turning to Marty. "Go ask Doc Martinez to make you a *real* woman, with some big chest-melons you can pack into somethin' showy to catch a man's eye, and some junk in yo' trunk to give a man something to hold onto when you're riding the ol' crotch-rocket."

The three men chuckled, enjoying the stunned, horrified look on the face of the 'uptown white chick' they were 'just teasing'.

"Yeah!" Miguel joined in, chuckling. "Get him to use that call-a-jen shit to give you some nice, plump cocksucker lips to, while he'd at it. Even get yu'self that liposuction, too, make your waist real small and all."

Chuckling, Mac nodded, making a shooing motion with his big, gnarled hands.

"You go on an' do all that, girl." He 'ordered', figuring she'd had enough - almost. "Then when it's all done and you've got a naughty hotty body, you..."

Considering the look of horrified disgust on the girls face, Mac was surprised she stayed to listen to his lewd 'suggestion' before finally tottering away, tears rolling down her cheeks...

* * * * *

Marty was in hell.

That was the only way to describe the situation *she* was in.

It was hellish by and of the situation itself - but made truly horrific in that, despite all understanding, there was nothing she could do about it.

She couldn't undo what the surgeon had done to her - done to make her a 'her'. Helpless, driven to obey any command given the then-male she'd been, she'd gone to see the doctor, and her helplessly offered declaration that 'money was no object' overcame any reservation the doctor might have held.

She'd been aware of what she was doing, and she'd been horrified, disgusted, sickened, angry and afraid - but unable to stop herself, whatever had made her so utterly pliable still in effect.

Now, nearly five months later, she was no longer 'pliable', psychologically - but the effects of having been pliable still remained, and not only physically.

The doctor had given her some instructions after he'd spent many hours doing the extraordinarily well-paid work she'd unwillingly demanded of him - and, still pliable, she had no choice but accept those commands, which meant that she'd followed them even after the strange, obedient state had worn off.

Though the doctor's orders didn't account for her living like a hermit these last five months - no, that was perfectly 'voluntary', to avoid having to expose what she'd involuntarily turned herself into to the world at large.

Being a woman was horrifying and humiliating - but living as a woman was far worse, and at least in the privacy of her own apartment she could curl up in misery over her feminine fate without having to deal with other people dealing with her was a woman.

However, she no longer had that option.

That hateful, horrible man in the hotel who, along with his friends, had given her the orders that had led to this horrible fat, had also given her some others, ones to take place 'when it's all done'.

Given the orders the doctor had given her about the healing period, she'd been given these five months grace - but no, no matter how hard she tried to argue with herself, there was no denying that the requirement was met.

Which explained why, despite the fact that she truly did believe she'd rather die than go through with this, she was 'busily' preparing for her completion of those orders.

Finished, she walked up to the mirror to take a look - and only the fact that tears would make her make-up run kept her from crying at what she saw.

Bleached-blond hair in a big, frizzy 'do. An 'okay' face, too heavily made up. Hot-pink spandex tube-top enclosing her big, firm, and-oh-so fake DD's.

Leather micro mini. Fishnet stockings.

Knee-high black leather boots with a five-inch heel...

...and filling it all out, what undeniably looked to be - and, legally, was - a woman. Her.

Martina 'Marti' Coughlin.

With a soft whimper, the 'boyishly slender' woman with the big, fake tits swiveled on one heel, and wiggled her way out of the room on heels she'd helplessly learned to become proficient atop.

Unable to stop herself from obeying orders that made her want to throw up, the garishly made-up new woman walked with a hip-swinging swivel right out her front door and down the long driveway of her house to the sidewalk, where her

pink-glossed lips helplessly pulled up into a semblance of a smile as she began 'working it' even more as she headed down the street in a random direction.

She didn't have to go very far - before long, she spotted a young man coming down the sidewalk, his eyes predictable going to her brightly-packaged body.

Helplessly, she sauntered her way up to him, her unfelt smile widening as she approached him.

He was a tall, kind of pale young man, probably a collage student judging from his clothes. With a shaggy mass of dirt-brown hair and a sort of lanky grace, he was your average young man, neither particularly handsome, nor notably unattractive. Just... average.

Like any 'average' young man, he offered a hesitant return of her smile as she wiggled and jiggled her way right up to him, the painted smile on her painted lips apparently real enough to convince him, despite the look in her eyes...

...but then again, he wasn't exactly looking her in the eyes, not with the rest of her barely-clad figure to see.

"Why, hello there, handsome..." She cooed in a voice as feminine as surgery and an uncontrollable need to sound femininely sexy could make it. Teasingly, she ran one long-nailed finger down the brunet's chest. "You interested in a good time?"

He gaped, gulped, and goggled - then cleared his throat nervously.

"I, um... That is, I don't usually, and.." He stammered, taking in the deep view of cleavage she oh- so-knowingly and oh-so-unwillingly displayed for him.

"Oh, don't worry, honey..." She helplessly cooed, rubbing her body against his, openly. "I'm not a 'professional' woman - just a very, um... *dedicated* amateur."

She licked her lips, 'hungrily'.

"Free, fun, and friendly - that's all I'm looking for.." She informed him, wanting to shudder in disgust at the way she was coming on to him, but unable to do so. Blatantly, she slid her hand down and squeezed his crotch. "Just so hard, hot sex, and that's it. We don't even have to go far - that's my house right there..."

When he saw the house she was pointing to, it made up his mind for him - because surely no hooker lived in a mansion like that! No, this was probably some spoiled little rich girl, wanting to have some dirty fun while Mummsy and Daddsy were away somewhere...

"Sure." He said, hoarsely. "I'm..."

"No names." She told him, putting one finger to his lips - then taking his hand and leading the way, ass swaying to provide him some 'entertainment' as they walked.

She didn't waste any time once she got in the house - she led him straight up to the bedroom, where she put on the briefest 'strip-tease' she could - which was pretty brief, given the scarcity of her clothing.

He put it down to her eagerness to get laid - which was a technical truth, just not the way he took it.

After all, she had no choice but to do this, so she wanted to get it over as quickly as possible - and with the minimum amount of effort she could put into it.

"Okay, hot stuff..." She said, laying back and spreading her legs wide. "Do your best."

He needed no second invitation. His cock already rock-hard, he clambered up onto the bed and, with a quick 'are you ready?' that she had no choice but to reply to in the affirmative, he slid his throbbing organ into her 'virginal' womanhood.

"God - you're tight!" He grunted appreciatively as he began pumping away - and she was spared the indignity of having to answer that by the greater humiliation of moaning in actual, honest-to-god, and completely unwanted pleasure from her first female sexual experience.

To her mind, it would have been better had the entire thing been as physical painful as it was emotional - but it wasn't. Though she had no real frame of reference to tell how skilled the young man was, he was fairly considerate, keeping his weight braced off of her and one hand free that he used to roam her body, though it tended to spend more time on her big, bouncing boobs than anywhere else as he worked them towards orgasm, varying thrust speed and timing in a completely unnecessary - and, in fact, for her, humiliating...

...but not completely unappreciated...

...effort to make it as good for her as it was for him.

At least, until 'need' gave way to consideration, and he entered the final stretch in a hard, steady rhythm, making both their bodies shudder on the bed until he stiffened, grunting, and pumped his load deep into her, a thought that was the final humiliation...

...tempered, as it was, by the fact that she'd hit orgasm a split-second before him, and was busy thatching with the unwanted pleasure of being fucked as a woman.

"Damn - that was great..." He gasped, rolling off of her and onto the bed beside her...

...and, helplessly, she felt compelled by the fact that the unnamed young man was still able to form coherent sentences to assume that her order to 'fuck the brains out' of the first man she met hadn't been fulfilled, so she helplessly smiled at him, slid down between his legs, and began to task of licking, fondling and sucking him back to erection.

As bad as it was, Marti thought as the cock in her mouth began to harden, it wasn't as bad as the 'kicker' to the command she'd been given.

The one that would compel her to tell him that she'd 'be happy to do the same' for any of his friends
- and 'mean' it.

Not even gloom or despair can go on, unrelieved, indefinitely - so even as his cock finished rising to full hardness, and she prepared to be impaled anew by his saliva-slicked rod, she had a humorous thought - on of wry, dark, and almost grim humor, but humor none the less...

'At least I'm going to be a very popular girl...' THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A cross dresser agrees to pretend to be his friends wife for an important company dinner, but when intruders disrupt the dinner, he finds that his is going to have to go further with the role then he planed

Meeting Mrs. Macklewhaithe

By Gunslinger

Classic rock issued from the speakers of the five-thousand dollar German-build sound system on custom-built pine shelving at the end of the room, filling the large space with the sound of the Beach Boys begging Rhonda to help them.

Flopped into the semi-reclined leather-and-oak chair, Lee let one of his long, knobby, denim-clad legs dangle over the leg of the chair, the other one curled half under the laptop computer balanced on his knee. Peering through his steel-rimmed half-glasses, the tall, almost painfully skinny youth was tapping away in fits and starts, a preoccupied look on his narrow face as he nibbled thoughtfully on the ends of his sparse, scraggly attempt at a goatee.

Then the door to his apartment exploded.

At least, that's how it seemed to Lee as he started, the laptop flying from his knee and his long, brown hair in it's ponytail waving wildly as he jerked his head around to stare at the door.

The entranceway was filled to capacity by an absolute mountain of a man. Tall and wide and deep, the huge, sandy-blond man had the sheer mass of a man who was genetically patterned to be massively muscular rather than the precise musculature of a body-builder. Dark, intelligent eyes beneath a broad brow were narrowed in anger, and his huge hands the size of a hard-cover novel, flexed as if they had the urge to wrap themselves around something - a neck perhaps - and *squeeze*.

The earth seemed to tremble as he entered the apartment, stalking purposefully towards Lee. When he spoke, his voice sounded more like a coherent earthquake than anything produced by human vocal cords.

"I'm going to kill you, you little bastard." The monster of a man enunciated quite clearly. Lee gaped at the apparition, then spoke...

"Jeez, Jason - I think you broke my door!" The tone was one of hurt indignation.

"Your *door*?" Jason asked, holding his massive, thick hands out incredulously. "Lee, you asshole - you're gonna get me fired, and probably sent to prison - and you're worried about your goddamn *door*?"

Lee shook his head. "C'mon man, what are you talking about?" He walked over to the door and inspected it briefly, then closed it. "Tell me what the hell's going on."

"On my job application - you wrote down that I was married!" Jason said, slumping into a chair - which creaked in warning.

Lee felt his stomach contract. He used to work in the large corporation where Jason now worked, and had helped him get in - in part, by fudging a few facts on his file to make him the 'perfect employee'. Like saying he was married. "Yeah, so?"

Jason sighed. "So - the Big Man himself, Mr. Calloway, has noticed how well I'm doing - especially after I closed the Anderson account. So, he invited me and 'my wife' to a fancy dinner at his mansion. He'd looking forward to meeting a woman who doesn't even exist!" He slumped forward, burying his face in his hands. "What the hell am I gonna do?"

"Oh, jeez, man... I'm sorry." Lee said, slumping onto the couch nearby. "Damn - I never expected this was going to happen. I don't know what I can say, what I can do..."

Jason looked up, an odd expression on his face. "I do." Lee blinked. "Huh?"

"If Mr. Calloway's expecting a wife, then I'll just have to bring one." Jason declared.

Lee's jaw dropped. "Boy, you've really flipped your lid. Even if you could find a woman willing to fake being your wife - have you forgotten your little problem?"

It wasn't really a 'little' problem at all. In fact, it was a big problem - so big, that it was the reason that Jason was gay, a fact known only to three people - Lee, his only 'straight' friend to know, and his current and ex lovers. Jason had a type of phobia - a phobias of women in social situations. He could take orders or give orders to women at work with no problem - but try and make small talk, and he'd start to sweat, his voice would fail, and he'd feel faint. Because of this, all his female co-workers thought he was either a cold fish, or very, very married.

"No, I haven't forgotten my problem." Jason said, now. "But I'm not worried - because I'll have no problem dealing with my wife - Angela."

"Oh, shit - no." Lee said, going pale. "No, no, no, no. Not a chance, buddy - ain't gonna happen."

Angela would make the perfect non-existent wife, because Angela didn't exist. Angela was Lee - in drag.

Lee had shared his guilty secret the same weekend that Jason had shared his homosexuality. Although Lee was straight, he'd always been fascinated with the trappings of being a woman, and had been secretly cross-dressing at home since the time he was sixteen. He was an expert at it, and his female persona of Angela was incredibly realistic - except for the fact that nobody had ever seen her but Lee. He only cross-dressed at home, alone, and never, ever went out, answered the door, or did anything else that might give the slightest hint that Angela existed. Although it was generally commented on by anybody who ever met him how effeminate he looked, with his big brown eyes, soft skin and slender build - especially with his long hair - nobody thought that he actually dressed and acted like a woman when he was alone and 'safe'. Aside from himself, the only other person in the entire world who knew the truth was Jason, and even he had never seen Angela.

"Lee, buddy - you got me into this. Now, the other you is going to get me out of this." Jason said. "I'm supposed to be at the Calloway mansion for dinner in three hours - and that's how long you have to turn yourself into Angela."

"No, look, you don't understand..." Lee tried to explain.

"Tick, tick." Jason said, taping his watch. "And, just remember - I might get fired, and even go to prison for fraud... but when the police look to see who was the hiring officer who changed my records "

Lee closed his eyes. "I guess I'd better get ready" he whispered.

* * * * *

"I can't do this, Jason." Lee said, his slender hands balled up into fists of near panic. His deep, brown eyes were wide and he was breathing in quick little pants.

Jason's Rover was pulling up the long drive of the Calloway mansion when Lee spoke the words, and he shot a quick look at his 'wife'. "You *have* to, L.. Angela."

"I *can't*." Lee repeated, his sweet voice ragged. "I mean, I thought I could, but Jesus, Jason - In public. I'm going to have to go in there and.. be a woman. Your wife, for God's sake. I can't do this!"

"Suck it up, Lee." Jason said, pulling the big vehicle to a stop at the bottom of the elegant staircase leading to the front door. "Look - they saw us pull in. We can't just drive off."

Lee shot a quick glance up at the top of the stairs. The Calloways, dressed in elegant clothes, stood arm and arm waiting to greet Jason Macklewaithe and his 'wife'. A butler or some such was already moving down the steps to park the vehicle. Jason was right - it was too late for second thoughts - although, Lee had already had second and third and fourth thoughts long before, and was working on his seven hundredth and twenty ninth, by his count.

Taking a deep breath didn't help - it caused his large, DDD breast-forms to shift noticeably beneath the pale silk and velvet that covered them, and that drove home the situation he was in. Closing his eyes, he tried to regain some sort of calm as he heard Jason get out of the Rover and walk around to his door. When he opened it and reached out a hand, he opened his eyes, squared his slender shoulders, and swung his long, shapely legs out of the vehicle and rose to stand atop his four-inch heels.

Then he gritted his teeth behind the smile he forced on his full, soft lips, and let Jason slid his arm around his incredibly trim waist. Arm in arm, they began to climb the marble staircase, each step showing off one of Lee's long, shapely, nylon-clad leg through the long slit in the floor length, powder- blue, silk-inset velvet dress he wore. The coil of his long, shiny chestnut mane that hung over his slender shoulder tickled at his long, swan-like neck as the wind played with it, and he was all too aware of the thousand of tiny - and not so tiny - sensations that wouldn't let his forget what he was doing at that moment.

The cool air moving across the smooth surface of his leg, the way it felt through the thin, shear material of the black nylons.

The way the elastic top of those same thigh-high nylons gently squeezed his firm, milky thighs.

The slight shift of his silk briefs over his firm, trim ass and his smooth, flat crotch, where a highly realistic vagiform compressed his cock and hid it away.

The way his firm, full 'breasts' (incredibly realistic foam rubber latex prosthetics that merged seamlessly with his own flesh) moved slightly with each step. Unconfined by a bra - not only did his dress preclude one, the low-cut back and key-hole neckline preventing it, but the fact that his large

'bosom' was remarkably firm, and didn't require any extra support - the shifting caused them to move realistically, thanks to the saline-filled sac at the heart of each one.

The touch of Jason's warm hand against the bare skin of his back, where his smooth, flawless skin was revealed by the plunging open back of the dress.

The way he was walking atop the white leather pumps, concentrating on that smooth, feminine motion that he'd labored so hard to achieve, and feeling a guilty pride at being so damned good at it.

The slight feline sway of his hips.

The slight smell of his own perfume wafting back to the nostrils of his pert, perfect nose. The taste of lipstick on his full, soft lips.

The slight 'shading' of what he saw as he looked out at the world through his long, fine eyelashes.

All of these things intruded constantly on his consciousness as he reached the top of the steps to be greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Calloway.

For the first time in his life, Lee was out side, in public - as Angela. And, although fear held him tightly in its grip, there was also a wild sense of exhilaration mixed in with it. He'd never before had the courage to do this, and here he was, forced into finding out, once and for all, the question he'd asked himself time and again - just how good was his impersonation of a woman.

Arriving at the top of the stairs, Jason shook Mr. Calloway (Robert, please)'s hand, and lightly touched his wife (Penelope, dear)'s hand to his lips.

Then Robert, a tall, slender, aristocratic looking man, was bowing deeply from the waist and bringing Lee's knuckles to his lips, saying "And this gorgeous creature must be the famous Mrs.

Macklewaithe."

Amazed to find he could get his voice to work - and in the right register, Lee managed a smile and said. "If I must be, than I must be - but please, call me Angela. Mrs. Macklewaithe is my mother in law."

And the polite laughter of the older couple brought home the startling realization that they hadn't the faintest suspicion at all that the lovely 'woman' before them was anything other than what 'she' seemed to be.

The next two and a half hours were like a dream to Lee. Through cocktails and small talk, then to the huge dining-room with its antique furniture and excellent food, confidence grew with the increasing awe and wonder as he realized that there was absolutely no chance that they'd catch on to his secret. He realized that he'd wasted all that time hiding away as 'Angela' when 'she' could have seen the light of day, gone out, went to the mall, or to lunch, or to the movies - and never, ever been singled out or caught. With his natural build and acting abilities, combined with long years of practice, 'Angela' was actually a more convincing 'woman' than Lee himself was as a man. It was like a dream come true.

Then it suddenly turned into a nightmare.

Suddenly, the doors to the end of the room flew open with a loud clatter, and Lee's stomach contracted into a tight, leaden ball as he remembered what had happened the first time a door had been thrown open like that - she'd been forced to become a gorgeous society woman.

Now, he watched wide eyed as William, the butler, and the two maids were thrust into the room, as if propelled from behind.

Then men began to enter the room. Clad all in black, with black masks, each one carried a weapon of some sort - handguns, riffles, shotguns. One of the carried what Lee recognized as an Uzi, it's usually short snout hooded by what looked like a yard and a half of silencer. Another carried the black metal- and plastic shape of the ubiquitous M-16 rifle made so famous by the debacle in Vietnam, and all the movies that conflict spawned. In an incongruous twist of fate, the man next to him carried the equally famous - or infamous - wooden-stocked Automat Kalashnikov Model 47.

It was as if images from the TV had somehow stepped out of the idiot-box and into the refined, elegant atmosphere of the Calloway's house to despoil it.

Robert half rose out of his seat, his face ruddy with anger, while Penelope, her face pale with fear, tried to tug him back down. "What is the meaning of this?" He demanded.

The answer came in the form of a loud, surprisingly flat boom as a slug of lead exactly point-four-five of an inch in diameter exited the barrel of the slab-sided Colt M1911A1 Automatic Pistol the leader of the men held in his right hand. Traveling at just under the speed of sound, the thick, pugnacious round was invisible to the human eye, but the effects of the bullet's flight was all too clear as it slammed into the inlaid, highly-glossed wood of the hundred-year-old dining room table, blowing a hole big enough to poke a thumb through in it. Splinters of wood flew, 'ping'ing musically off the crystal stemware.

"Shut up, or the next one goes through your wife's head." The man said in a voice that wasn't so much threatening as frighteningly matter of fact.

Robert sat down swiftly.

Turning to the man with the AK-47, the leader gave a series of orders, and the man with the Russian assault rifle quickly assigned the rest of the half-dozen or so men to their various tasks. Two (the leader and 'AK Man') were to remain to guard the prisoners, one was to go around and cut all the phone and power lines, two (one carrying a light machine gun, the other's shoulders burdened with extra belts of ammo for the gun) to watch the front drive - and the other three were to do what they'd come here to do, which was to steal everything with any value at all in the house.

"Well, well, well..." The leader said, approaching the end of the table where Lee and Jason sat. Lee saw Jason's huge muscles tense under the crisp white shirt he wore...

..and so did the leader. The big automatic came up, the bore looking as large as the mouth of the Lincoln Tunnel as it swept past Lee and centered on Jason's broad forehead.

Putting a hand on Jason's arm, Lee squeezed lightly - and Jason's muscles relaxed, although he continued to glare at the gun wielding masked man in black.

"My, my - such a lovely lady." The man said, his blue eyes eyeing Lee through the eye holes of the ski mask. Lee squeezed even harder on Jason's arm, keeping him in check.

"I should thank you for coming." The man said in an oddly jocular tone of voice. "Usually, Mr. Calloway keeps a small army of security guards on the premises to protect all the treasures he's collected. But in your honor, he sent them away for the night. He didn't want to spook you, you see. H thought that men with guns wandering around might make you uncomfortable." He laughed, a grating sound. "Well

- does it?" Nobody spoke.

Then an idea came to Lee, so suddenly, so brilliantly, that it hit him like a two-ton weight. The only question was whether or not he could make himself go through with it.

So, before he could reconsider, he forced himself to speak.

In his sexiest, most feminine voice, he addressed the leader, making sure to add just the right mix of fear into the equation.

"If... If I you promise not to hurt my husband or the Calloways... I'll have sex with you." He said. "L.. Angela, no!" Jason said, shocked - and the Calloways repeated the sentiment.

The leader, however, was eyeing 'her' thoughtfully - as he knew he would, having seen the look in his eye as he appraised 'her'.

"Hmm " The leader said. "Are you trying something funny, Miss?"

Trying for just the right tone, Lee drew himself up a bit huffily. "It's 'Mrs.'" Mrs. Macklewaithe. And, if it'll spare the life of me and the others, then I'll.. 'willing' do anything you want. Just as long as you don't hurt us."

The seconds before the man answered seemed an eternity to Lee, who was in a state of pure terror and shock, actually praying for both the answers with equal fervor. Then...

"Gary - watch these other three. I'm taking Mrs. Macklewaithe for a spin."

"But.." the man with the AK-47 started to protest.

"But what?" The leader asked, dangerously, and the one he'd called Gary wisely shut up. "After you." He said to Lee, gesturing with the gun.

It took all of Lee's willpower to rise and head for the door - and his fear, disgust and uncertainty showed in every movement, every twitch.

And it was just what was needed to convince the leader that this was genuine. Not knowing the truth, what he saw - or thought he saw - was a woman forcing herself to do something for the good of her husband and the Calloways. With a smile, the man followed close behind Lee, the gun pointed squarely at 'her' bare back.

They entered the next room - a small den of some sort, and the leader locked the door behind them, keeping the gun aimed firmly at her head.

"Okay, Mrs. Macklewaithe - why don't you come over here and suck my cock. Any funny business, and I'll blow your head off, so watch your teeth."

'Oh, God.' Lee thought to himself - right now he wished he was dead. But it was too late to back out now, which meant...

"Oh, I won't try anything funny." He said in his most seductive tone. "Do you know how long I've waited for this?"

That got the leader a bit. "Huh?"

"Married to that big, dumb brute for all these years. God - I've tried to have affairs, but one look at him, and any potential lover ran away screaming." Lee forced himself to say, using the chance to move slowly and seductively towards the leader. The 'seductive' was on purpose. The 'slow' was the best he could force himself to do when every nerve in his body screamed for him to run away.

Instead, he forced himself to sink to his nylon clad knees, feeling like he was going to vomit.

Hesitantly, he reached out and used his long-nailed fingers to unzip the man's fly. Closing his eyes, he mentally gathered all his fraying will, and reached in and pulled the man's cock out, feeling the warmth of the rapidly stirring organ in his hand and feeling utterly disgusted.

From somewhere deep inside, he managed to find the will and courage to fake a smile up at the man, then he bent his head down - and for the first time in his life his feminine-looking lips closed over a man's cock.

He wanted to throw up. Not because of any purely physical revulsion - the actual act itself wasn't yet all that bad, just a warm, thick, meaty object between his lips - but from the emotional impact. Instead, he forced himself to think back on the three times in his life he'd ever received a blow-job (two of the paid for) and forced himself to apply a bit of suction as his feminine-looking hands gripped the man's tool. One lay on the shaft at the base, the other cupping his balls.

Then he did the most degrading thing he'd ever done - and began to bob his head up and down while using one hand to stroke the man's shaft. He forced his tongue to slide over the head of the man's penis, feeling the faintly musty, unpleasant taste of the freed organ's dried sweat.

But this wasn't the worst, and he forced himself to continue on, knowing what was coming - quite literally.

And it did. It was a very, very near thing - Lee's jaw muscles almost clamped down instinctively as the man began to gush cum down his throat, but Lee successfully avoided it, forcing himself to swallow the warm, salty, sticky liquid as if he was enjoying it - and then forced himself to lick the cock clean before tucking it away.

"Not bad." The leader admitted. "Not great, but not bad."

Although he felt despoiled and sick, Lee couldn't let it go - not yet. Instead, he batted his eyelashes at the robber. "Yes - but it left me unsatisfied."

And he dropped his panties and lay back, revealing his incredibly realistic-looking false vagina. "Why don't you fuck me with that gun of yours instead." He suggested. "Let me feel some real power between my legs."

"What?" The man yelped.

"Go ahead - stick it in there." Lee urged. "It can't be a trick, lover - think about it. If I do anything funny, you just pull the trigger and..."

The man shook his head. "Wow, lady - you're one kinky bitch."

Then he knelt, reached his hand between Lee's spread legs - and slid the barrel of the gun into the 'cunt'.

It went in about two inches before hitting the back wall of the fake cunt - but that was all Lee needed. At that moment, he rolled quickly to the side.

And, as he'd counted on, the robber was unable to move, paralyzed by shock for that one vital instant as he saw the 'woman' move - and her 'cunt' rip off, apparently torn from her body by the barrel of the gun.

Then the heavy vase Lee had carefully positioned himself next to came down on the man's head, and for the robber, the world went dark.

Pausing only long enough to use the cord of a lamp to tie the unconscious man's hands, Lee leapt to his feet, instinctively tucking his freed cock up between his legs and securing it in place with his panties. Then, he scooped up the gun. After making sure the coast was clear with a quick look out the door, he moved next door with as much speed as he could muster, flinging it open with the gun leveled...

...at Jason, who was just finishing tying up Gary. Picking up the AK, he cocked his head. "Okay - now what?"

Flushed with excitement and victory, Lee smiled. "Well - I say that the Calloway's call the cops..."

The gasps made him realize, to late, that he'd been excited enough to use his own voice. He stopped, dismayed, and looked at the Calloways and the staff, who were staring at him in shock.

"You... you're a man!" Penelope said in shock. Lee went pale, realizing what he'd done.

That's when Lee and Jason saw the side of Robert Neil Calloway that made him the millionaire he was today.

"Well, that's a bit of a shocker, especially considering how well you play the part." He said in a calm voice. "But that neither here nor there." He walked across the room, half dragging his wife, who was still gaping at Lee in shock. He waved at Lee, Jason and the staff. "Quick - in here."

'In Here' turned out to be a cleverly hidden safe-room with steel walls, floor, ceiling and door, It was stocked with a few necessities, including a phone, and it was this that Robert picked up as the all entered and locked the door behind them.

"Plan ahead, I always say - built these all over the mansion for just this purpose." Robert explained, punching in '9-1-1'. Phone line's separate and shielded, too - they can't cut them."

He spoke to the person on the other end for a few moments, the was put on hold while the cars were dispatched. While he waited, he lowered the phone and spoke to Lee. "In that drawer you'll find some simple clothes. They'll be a bit baggy on you, but I think life will be much easier on all of us if we forget your little secret, and just tell the police I invited you and Jason here to dinner." He looked at the staff. "That's what we'll all say, right?"

The staff agreed readily, still trying to cope with the situation.

He listened at the phone, making sure he was still on hold, then looked at Lee again. "Now, personally, I'm sure my wife is shocked and horrified - but I don't have any problems with how you might choose to live your life, young man." Then, incredibly, he winked. "But, male or female, by gum I'm going to go ahead with the offer I'd decided to make back when I thought you were really a woman. How'd you like to do some work as a model for one of my fashion house. Straight photo ad work - and the 'mystery' of you will make it even better, as nobody will ever be able to track down the gorgeous woman who is doing our ads. Think about it - it pays very, very handsomely, and you are definitely the most perfect person to do the ads, as you are the most perfectly elegant, feminine person I've ever seen, despite what you really are."

And as Lee hastily erased Angela before the cops arrived, he did so with a warm glow, despite all that had happened.

He now knew, once and for all, the answer to that question that had plagued him so long. Yes, he *could* pass as a woman.

And, eight months later, any time he had any doubt about that fact, all he had to do was take a cab down to Time Squared and look up at the image of 'Angelica', the mysterious new model who's image was modeling a dress from one of the most prestigious designer lines to be had.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A young man's mother helps become a female impersonator in Las Vegas. After an accident, the man awakes eight years later only to discover that the doctors were confused about his sex.

Merely Players

By Gunslinger

I blame my parents for what happened.

Now, I have to make this absolutely clear. I don't claim it's their *fault*, and I don't hold them *responsible*, I just blame them for what happened. It's not like they consciously did anything which caused this, nor do they enjoy or even necessarily accept what has happened to me. Nevertheless, if it wasn't for them, none of this ever would have happened.

First off, there's the simple fact that they are my parents. Oh, I really don't have any complaints about them, as individuals, or as parents per se. In fact, I love Mom and Dad. They never mistreated me, they raised me right, and always tried to do their best for me.

No, the problem is one of simple genetics. Mom's a lovely woman, and was very, very beautiful in her younger days, back when she was working as a show girl. These days, showgirls are model-thin, but Mom was a showgirl in the 70's, when things were a little different. Before she was Mrs. Barbara Mannheim, she was 'The Fabulous Barbie Barringer', with an hour-glass figure. Buxom, with wide 'womanly' hips, a slim waist, and legs that went on forever.

Then, she married Dad. Now, Dad's the husky type. Wide shoulders, wide hips, wide...well, just about everything. Sandy blond hair above a face that can be friendly or threatening at will. He worked as a bouncer in the same casino as Mom, which explains how they met.

So, they got married, and nine months later, along came little Davie Mannheim. Me.

Now, as a kid, I had no idea what genetics had in store for me. I mean, I was blond - somewhere between mom and dad - and blue-eyed. No big deal.

But, as things turned out, I got an odd shaped body from my parents. About the time I dropped Davie in favor of Dave, I had gotten the figure that would follow me for the rest of my life.

I got the wide hips that both mom and dad had - but the rest of my figure favored Mom. I was slim, with slender shoulders, a really slim waist - and hips as wide as my Mom's.

Now, the second reason I blame my parents is the simple fact that they never left Vegas. Dad made good money, first as a bouncer, the even more when he worked his way up - croupier, then dealer. Taking that money, he bought his own bar.

In Las Vegas, a bar makes money. It's a fact of life, like the sun rising every morning. Plus, Dad saved money on the staff - by this time, Mom was his waitress - and she was still good enough looking that the male customers would buy a drink or two more than usual, just to have an excuse to talk to her.

So, things were pretty good for us. Everything was going smoothly - right up until I finished school, and decided I wanted to travel a couple of years before college.

Like I said, Dad was really contentious about being a father. He'd already scrimped and saved, so I had a fund to pay for college, when I went. But, money for travelling...

"Son, I'll pay for your education", he told me the day I'd revealed my decision, "I've even helped pay for that road-rocket of yours. But, if you want to take a vacation from life for a while, you'll have to earn the money yourself."

Well, I figured that was fair. Hell, more than fair - dad HAD helped pay for the Mustang I drove, even though I could have bought a cheaper car on my own. But how was I going to earn enough money fast enough for what I wanted?

Well, here's where all the factors came together. Between growing up in Vegas, my general body shape, and Mom and Dad's connections, I got a job that paid very well for fairly little work...

...I became a female impersonator.

Now, at this point, let me stress something. I want to make this absolutely clear. *It wasn't MY idea.*

Mom found out about it through an old friend. One of the casinos wanted a new act, just for a few months, and was looking to put together four or five Female Impersonators for the act. One of the ones they needed was a 'Dolly'.

When Mom first brought up the idea, dad wavered between laughter and indignation, and I was disgusted. Mom was actually suggesting that I work at a job where I did my damndest to fool the audience into believing I really, truly was a woman. I knew there were guys out there who preferred to dress as women, but I wasn't one of them. In fact, the idea had never even occurred to me. So, I was less than enthusiastic about it.

But... *The job paid five hundred a night!* With that sort of money, it wouldn't take long for me to earn the cash I needed. Mom offered to help in every way she could, showing me all the tips and secrets, including make-up.

That thought right there almost stopped the whole thing. But, Mom was supportive as hell, practically pushing me into it, the money looked good - hell, looked great - and other work was hard to find. So....

* * * * *

"All right, Dave, we have two weeks to get you ready for your shows. Now, let's start with the basics."

I sighed. "Sure, Mom. Where to we begin?" I said it with poor grace - I'd agreed to do it, and signed the contract - but that didn't mean I had to like it.

Mom smiled, displaying the dimples that had helped catch Dad. "Well, you're just going to have to loose all that hair." She reached into the shopping bag of item's she'd purchased, and pulled out a bottle of Nair. Placing it on the counter, three more bottles came out.

"Four? Isn't that a lot?" I asked, blinking. I picked the first bottle up.

"Actually, I hope it'll be enough." Mom said. "Now, go into the washroom and use it. I want all your hair gone. Make sure you do your face, too."

I grumbled a bit, but since I wasn't planning to grow a beard or moustache, it wasn't a big deal. Taking the bottles, I carried them into the bathroom and used the stuff according to the label.

An hour later, I emerged, clad only in a pair of shorts. Mom had me twirl as she critically checked me from head to toe, finally declaring me acceptable. Personally, it felt damn strange to be completely hairless, and my legs looked odd so silky smooth.

"Good, good." Mom said with a smile. She was obviously enjoying this. I think it was a repressed reaction to not having a daughter to do this stuff with. With a smile, she opened the bag, and pulled out...

...breasts.

Well, I knew they weren't really breasts - but, damn, they *looked* real. Two large, flesh colored shapes, complete with nipples at the apex of each.

"Breast forms. The best money can buy." Mom said proudly. "Highly realistic color and texture, and 'feathered' edges to allow a seamless appearance. Let's get them in place, shall we?"

I flushed with embarrassment as Mom applied the special adhesive to the back of each breast form, and carefully applied each one in place on my hairless chest. As their weight - carefully designed for realism, settled on my chest, I looked down at the firm, flesh-colored mounds that appeared to be a part of me.

"Mom," I said, indignantly, "These things are *huge*!"

She smiled. "You're supposed to be Dolly, remember. These aren't really HUGE, just big - they're 45DDD's"

I shook my head. "DDDs? Mom, that girl, Carol, I dated had big...uh, breasts, and they were only double D's." I laughed ruefully. "I never thought *I'd* have the biggest breasts in the family." I shrugged. "What's next?"

"You get dressed." Mom replied.

So, that's what I did - after Mom left. First, the lacy black panties. Oddly enough, the women's underwear was the first that had ever fit properly on my odd figure. Tucking my cock up between my leg, I used a special flesh-colored 'tape' to hide it, then slid the lacy white panties on.

Next, a white lace bra, that contained my fake tits. It felt very weird to have the weight of *my* bra straps digging into my shoulders. The breasts themselves had no feeling, but I could feel the weight and sway of them every time I moved.

Next came the nylons. Mom showed me how to put them on, and I drew them up my smooth, hairless legs, feeling decidedly odd about the way the air moved over my nyloned legs.

Over everything came my 'costume' - a pale beige dress, intricately covered in designs of tiny 'diamonds' - cubic zirconias. The dress was tight fitting, high cut to the thigh, and low-cut at the neck, displaying a large amount of 'my' cleavage.

After that came the jewelry. Long, dangling cubic zirconia earrings, and a thin gold necklace.

The final step in dressing, however, stopped me cold. I threw open my door, surprising my Mom, who was waiting outside. Her jaw dropped even before I spoke.

"You must be kidding me!" I said, half angry, half shocked. "Dave... You look " she said, stumbling on the words.

That derailed my tirade. "Huh?"

Wordlessly, she guided me to the full-length mirror that I'd been avoiding looking in and my jaw dropped.

I had longish hair, which I usually wore hippie style in a pony-tail. I'd let it hang loose as I got ready. Now, looking in the mirror, I knew what had stunned my Mom.

Even without make-up, I was nearly a dead-ringer for Dolly. With my figure and the fake tits, no-one would guess from a glance that I wasn't a woman.

Oh, on closer inspection, there were the giveaways. Like the Adam's apple. Mine wasn't very prominent, and it would take a long, hard look to notice it.

My hands were also somewhat less than feminine - but not grotesquely so. Again, that would take a long, hard look, and even then, wasn't conclusive.

So, aside from my voice, I was the image of a woman. Oh, not a terribly attractive one, facially. My eyebrows were too heavy, my lips too thin. But, I had a near perfect hour-glass figure, and I was surprised - and a little disgusted - to discover I had spectacular legs.

Even my ass looked really good in the dress - with my wide hips and slender waist, I was...

...pretty sexy? I hated to admit it to myself, but yes, I looked like an attractive woman.

After looking at myself for a few minutes, I remembered what I had been doing. I turned to Mom and shook the shoes at her. "You can't seriously expect me to wear these, can you?" I asked cuttingly. "These have to be six inch heels!"

My mom finally shook the shocked look off her face. "Actually, they're a four-inch heel. I figured the quickest way to teach you to move like a woman was to make you wear those. You'll HAVE to learn how to move right."

I sighed in defeat, and slipped my feet into the shoes. Wobbling furiously, I stood on the spike heels, trying not to fall over. "Okay, make-up."

* * * * *

"You guys have fun." I told Mom, kissing her on the cheek as she slid into the car. I barely even noticed the way our breasts touched as I helped her in. Dad waved as Mom handed me a shopping list. I watched them pull away, glad to see them finally taking the vacation they'd put off for so long.

Looking at my watch, I cursed and headed quickly inside. Helping Mom and Dad get ready had taken more time than I planned for, and I had quite a ways to go myself.

I'd been doing my act for two weeks now. Two shows a night, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Nervous and embarrassed as hell the first show, I had begun to get used to it by now. But today, the butterflies had returned.

I was actually done with the shows at the casino. We'd been scheduled for those two weeks, and that's what I'd worked, earning a very nice sum in the process. Technically, I could 'go male' again.

However, on the last night, a man had approached me and offered me an additional nine hundred for doing a single show at a fundraiser. After some consideration, I'd agreed. That's where I was due tonight, and since it was out-of-state, I had to really move.

It was eerie, actually. With my eyebrows tweezed and my make-up on, I wasn't a spitting image of Dolly. But, I looked like a similar WOMAN dressed up as Dolly. Even when told the truth, many of the men who'd seen my act hadn't believed I was a man. They didn't think it was possible.

Part of that was the bit of 'surgery' I'd done. Really nothing major, it was a special, thin device that was - rather painfully - placed in my windpipe over the vocal cords. Once in place, I couldn't even feel it - and it's tension forced my voice into the correct registers. Without any effort, every time I spoke, my voice sounded perfectly right. All I had to do was fake the accent. It even worked for singing. I sounded like a sound alike for Dolly without any effort.

At the insistence of Mom, I'd spent the entire time - the two weeks before the shows, and all the time between them, 'en femme'. Mom had even bought me a basic wardrobe, so I wouldn't be stuck with wearing the same dress the entire time.

So, by now, I'd been 'female' for four weeks non-stop. Even the fake breasts had remained in place throughout. By now, I was being 'female' without any effort, and even walking in the heels was a cinch.

It had been easy for mom to convince me to go this way, actually. After dressing for the first time, I'd 'gone male' again - to find that, with my hairless body and tweezed eyebrows, I looked strange. On top of which, those damn breasts were painful to remove, the long, fake nails had to stay on, and I had to keep wearing the heels at all times to learn how to walk - it just wasn't worth the effort.

So, getting ready to go for tonight was easy. Looking like a real woman, I was dressed in a pair of tight blue jeans and a tight burgundy shirt that clearly outlined 'my' bra-encased tits. Balancing and walking easily in my calf-high, white leather boots with five inch heels, I gathered up my purse and headed out to my car. The dress for the act, plus the guitar, were already in the Mustang's tiny trunk.

With a female voice and looking completely female, I found it less embarrassing to play female then try to explain the truth. Accordingly, I was even wearing make-up. Not my 'Dolly' make up, a more subtle application that made me look even more female, but even less like Dolly, The way I had my hair - cut into a simple, jaw-length pageboy - helped. For my act, I wore a massive, platinum blonde wig.

That also explained the purse. If nothing else, my jeans were too tight for a wallet, so I used it to carry my I.D., etc, plus the make-up I'd need, and a few other items.

I didn't know whether I should be disgusted at how easily - and how well - I played a woman. But, I knew I was still safe from the fact that I always got flustered and angry whenever I caught another guy giving me the once-over.

What really scared me was how many guys liked what they saw...

Anyway, I started the Mustang, and pulled out of the drive, not realizing that I'd never, ever arrive at that fundraiser.

* * * * *

I frowned at the map, and looked out the window, trying to figure out where, exactly, I was. It was no use - I was thoroughly lost.

I looked around again, hoping to find some sort of phone. I'd never been in this city before, and I hadn't arrived until after dark. Now, I was running late, lost - and couldn't even find a phone booth. Great work, Dave old bean.

I sighed - then perked up a bit. The streets were generally empty, but down an alley way I could see a couple of guys, facing away from me, doing something at the wall. Music from a boom-box drifted out, pretty loud.

I parked the car, and tried shouting through the open window, but they obviously didn't hear me. Leaving the car running, I walked part- way down the alley, heels clacking on the pavement. I yelled again, damning my feminine voice, which lacked the power of my male one. Shrugging, I walked up to them...

...and the two muscular black men whirled and grabbed me before I knew what was going on. I was thrown to the ground, and the two men took hold of me by kneeling on my out-stretched arms. I gasped. Both men's flys were open, and stiff, black cocks jutted into the night air.

The nearest one shut off the music.

"Hey there, bitch." One snarled. "We was just arguing over who had the biggest dick when we saw you coming up the alley in that mirror over there. So, we decided to wait 'till you got close enough. Now, you'll be able to tell us who has the bigger dick - after we fuck you!"

I cried out and struggled - futilely. I was firmly pinned as they yanked my blouse and bra off, followed by my pants and panties - and the 'hold-back' tape.

"Fucking shit!" the guy who'd done it yelled. "She's a HE!"

"Wadda fuck?" the other asked, taking a look. He spat, and slapped my face - hard.

"Fucking pervert." From this close, I could see his eyes well - and he was higher than a kite, doped up on something. The two denied rapists got very, very angry at that point...

It started with my hands. Their revulsion made them rock back, and I responded by trying to punch the nearest. Angered, they insured I wouldn't punch them - by jumping repeatedly on my hands, mashing them, snapping bones, mangling them.

I screamed. A long, high-pitched wail. They didn't like that - so they jumped on my face, breaking my nose, cheeks and jaw, shutting me up.

Then, they broke my feet. This was followed by cutting my 'tits' off - including quite a bit of flesh underneath.

Then they cut my dick and balls off, taking a lot more of my crotch than they had to. Finished, they did their grand-finale. They slit my throat.

* * * * *

If it hadn't been for my voice-changer, I would have died. They mangled my voice-box with the cut, but they thought they'd killed me. Laughing, I heard them rise. I was still dimly conscious as they slid into my Mustang and roared away.

I was even conscious long enough to hear the wailing of the cop cars and ambulance as they pulled up to the alley, called by somebody who had heard my screams, but had been too frightened to come themselves.

But before the cops or medics could reach me, I faded out, entering a world of darkness.

* * * * *

I awoke in a hospital room, feeling extremely strange. Oddly, though, I felt no pain. A machine next to my bed started to 'bleep', and a few moments later, a doctor and nurse arrived. The doctor leaned over me.

"Miss? Can you hear me?"

I tried to talk - and made a croaking sound. I tried again. "Yes, I can..."

I stopped, shocked. Because my voice came out in a rich, feminine soprano.

But the 'voice-changer' had made me a contralto. I'd never heard this voice before in my life.

The doctor leaned closer. "Miss, I'm Doctor Smith. You're in the hospital. Do you remember what happened to you?" Putting aside the mystery, I answered. "Yes. Two men...tried to rape me...cut me up..."

The doctor relaxed, and turned to the nurse. "No sign of brain damage. That's good." He turned back to me. "Now, the sixty-four thousand dollar question - what's your name?"

"Dave. David Mannheim." I replied, and a frown creased the Doctor's face. "No, miss, your name. What's YOUR name."

"David" I replied, confused. His frown deepened. "Look, miss..."

I interrupted. "I'm not 'miss' - it's 'mister'. Mr. David Mannheim, of Las Vegas. I'm working as a female impersonator. The men cut me when they tried to rape me, and found my...dick."

The doctor went white. "A...a man?" He slumped. Then gathered himself.

"I came in here, thinking I had good news. I'm afraid I don't though. Brace yourself." I swallowed. "What is it?"

"You...you arrived badly mangled, wearing women's clothes, and apparently female. We...we operated and basically managed to rebuild you. We did an amazing job, and you're healthy and fit - and a woman."

The world seemed to spin and gray out. I clung to my consciousness desperately. "Can't...can't you change me back?' I gasped.

The doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid not. You see, you are completely healed and fully feminine. I'm afraid...you've been in a coma."

Fully healed? "How...how long?"

"It's nineteen ninety-eight, Miss Mannheim - you've been in a coma for eight years." I passed out.

* * * * *

The sunlight shone brightly, illuminating the room. Painted light gray, the walls seemed almost to glow, shedding a gentle light on the bed.

Helplessly, weaker than a kitten, I could do nothing but lie still. Eight years in a coma had robbed my body of strength, and I waited impatiently until a nurse arrived.

"Awake I see. Good, good." She said, bustling about. From her demeanor, I could tell she was trying to hide her discomfort of my situation.

"Why...why can't I move?" I asked, wincing at the clear, high voice that emerged.

The nurse smiled. "You've been asleep a very long time. Don't worry - we have used EMS - that Electronic Muscle Stimulation - to keep your muscles from atrophying. But, it'll take some time to get your body used to controlling them again."

"But..." I started.

"Oh, here's Doctor Smith. He'll answer any more questions." With that, she bustled out again.

I tried to turn his head, and succeeded enough to watch as Dr. Smith walked in, trailed by two large, muscular female nurses.

"Good morning, uh, David." The doctor obviously felt odd addressing a 'woman' by that name. "These two nurses are here to help you get your first look at your new body."

"Doc, when am I going to be able to move myself?" I asked, worried.

The doctor smiled. "Right now. Now, at first you'll have poor control of your finer motor skill, but don't worry, that will improve. Right now, these nurses are going to help you up. As they do, try and help them. This will allow your body remember how to move itself."

The two nurses approached me, and carefully grasped my shoulders. Slowly, they raised me to a sitting position, and I worked with them, showing my body what my mind was commanding. It felt weird to feel my breasts shifting weightily as gravity took hold.

Sitting, my head flopped due to gravity - and I gasped in shock.

"Doc! These...my...breasts. They're HUGE!" I had a brief memory of that fateful day when I first went en femme. Then, I'd said something similar when Mom had placed breast forms on my chest.

What I was seeing now was considerably larger than the breast forms had been. CONSIDERABLY.

The doctor cleared his throat noisily. "Um...yes. You see, they're not implants. We...sort of tested a new procedure on you, that actually causes new, real, breast cells to grow. It worked - too well I'm afraid. We were shooting for the DDD size that the bra we found with you seemed to indicate you used to have. We...overshot."

"How big ARE they?" I demanded, gazing down at the two massive, firm breasts thrust from my ribcage. I have to admit - they felt...erotic.

"Um...46GGG."

"Oh...my...god..." I moaned.

"Did you wish to see the rest...?" Dr. Smith asked cautiously. I sighed. "Yeah. Go ahead, show me."

Carefully, the two nurses lifted me up, and helped me to the full-length mirror, one of them holding my head up. I gasped as I saw my new body.

My hair was longer, a full, heavy mane reaching to my firm, full hips. My face, reconstructed by top surgeons, bore no resemblance to my old one - or Dolly's.

My new chin was slightly pointed. My cheekbones were high, and well defined. My nose was small, pert and upturned. I had a face that most models would kill for, with beautiful features and smooth, creamy skin unmarked by a single flaw.

My neck was also flawless, unmarred by scar - or Adam's apple.

Below my enormous new tits, whose nipples were quickly swelling in the cool air, lay my slim waist and wide, womanly hips. The staff had kept me shaved, and my long legs were silky smooth, and shapely.

And nestled between my silken thighs was my very real, very perfect female vagina.

"Holy " I said, surprised that this gorgeous creature could be me. It didn't seem possible. "I don't know how I'm going to break this to

Mom and Dad "

Doctor Smith cleared his throat. "I hate to tell you like this, but I'm afraid your parents passed away a few years ago."

I was stunned. "What? How?"

The doctor had the nurses put me back in the bed, then he lowered himself into the chair beside me. "An aircraft accident, I believe. At the time, you had been missing for five years. Refusing to believe you dead, they left everything to you, should you turn up within a decade. If not, everything goes to charity."

I was stunned and shocked. "I... I don't know if I can go on like this." I said, embarrassed to find myself sobbing. "I mean... alone, trapped in this body..."

The doctor lay one hand gently on my shoulder. "David, you are alive, healthy, and within a week, you'll be able to move and walk easily. You have your whole life ahead of you."

"Yeah," I said as bitterly as my lovely new voice would allow. "Life as a woman." I turned my face away, tears rolling down my cheek, as the doctor, unable to respond, watched sadly.

"Bullshit!"

The firmly, sarcastically spoken voice made me turn my head and survey the speaker.

I'd notice, peripherally, her entering the room, but was in too much shock to pay attention. Now, I looked at her in surprise.

She was dressed well, in a tweed skirt and pale, off-white blouse that showed her slender, shapely figure. Her nylon-encased legs were shapely, and perched atop 3 inch heels. Her hair, a casual, expensive style, framed a face whose lovely features were formed into a sardonic look.

"Oh, really?" I asked angrily. "And who the hell are you, anyway?"

"Oh, I'm hurt. You mean you don't remember me, Davie Mannheim." She asked, theatrically, rolling her eyes and clapping her hands to her cheeks. She smiled at me.

It was the smile that triggered it. "Linda? Linda Scanlon?" I asked, surprised. Linda and I had been very good friends in high-school, even 'sort-of' dating. But she had been a late bloomer, and had looked adolescent even after we graduated. But, the intervening years had been good to her, and she'd blossomed into a remarkable specimen of a woman. "What are you doing here?"

She smiled and took the doctors place at my bedside. "The doctor reached me when he was looking for your parents. I'm running the bar until you came to light again- now it belongs to you."

I turned my head again. "You can keep it. I just want to be left alone."

Again, she said firmly. "Bullshit. Look, Dave, more then half the population of the world is female, and they don't want to kill themselves because of it. Now come on - I know you. You're strong enough to handle this."

Well, at least somebody had faith in me. "I don't know..."

Her eyes softened. "Dave, you have to get on with your life. Please, come run the bar. If not for you, then for your parents memories. Manny's place won't be right until there's a Mannheim running it again."

"I don't know if I can live as a woman." I said. "I...I played one, but to LIVE as one - I never had the upbringing, the learning..." Linda took my hand. "Don't worry Dave. I'll be there for you. I promise."

I looked at her thankfully, then mustered up my courage. "All right, Doc, where do we start?"

The doctor looked thoughtful. "Well, to start your physical therapy, we'll sit you up and teach you to write again. You should pick it up quickly."

"Write? About what?" I asked.

Linda smiled. "Why not about what's happened to you - it'll give you a chance to work through your feelings too."

Now, looking back over this, I realize it's true - re-reading this manuscript has given me back more than just my perspective. It's given me hope, too.

* * * * *

The building thrummed with the mingles noise of music and conversation, the air redolent with the odor of tobacco. The good sized bar was busy, with a fairly good class of patrons - not the highest class, but no rotten drunks, lechers of cons, either. A nice, friendly bar, filled with mostly regulars.

There was a wave of appreciative stares as the owner of the bar came out of the back room, carrying a bottle of Scotch. Dressed casually in tight jeans, a tight, burgundy shirt and a pair of sandals with a one inch heel, her trim, buxom figure always caught the men's eyes. But despite their avid appreciation of her fabulous figure, the men knew they'd be wasting their time

hitting on her - besides, all the regulars in the bar considered themselves her friends, and she was always cheerful, with a time to sit down and chat.

"Hey, Davia! What's the word? You gonna get that new TV you're always talking about?" one of the regulars called good-naturedly, jerking a thumb at the 27 inch TV hanging in the corner. There was always a scramble to take a seat where you could actually SEE the relatively small screen, and the owner had been long promising a bigger TV.

Davia smiled. "Yup. It gets installed day after tomorrow - just in time for the big fight on Friday. It's a 53" monster - you'll be able to see it in the next county."

The inquirer laughed and waved, turning back to his conversation as the head bartender wandered over.

"You've really turned this place into a success in just a few months, Davia" Linda said, putting her arm around the other woman's slim waist. "You're parents would be proud of you."

Davia, born male, and through a quirk fate made female, looked around with a smile. "Well, this place would make them proud. But I don't know if *I* would."

"Oh, what makes you say that?" Linda asked.

Davia smiled. "They're probably rolling in their graves right now. After all, their only son grew up to be...a lesbian."

And, laughing, the two lesbians - one, a closet lesbian for years who had only recently 'come-out', the other one a gorgeous new woman who was lucky enough to find a lover who fit her masculine sexual preferences, - leaned together for a quick, but passionate, kiss.



BACK TO PUBLIC DOMAIN STORIES



SUMMARY: Finding a magic parchment, and needing money, one man changes himself into the ultimate stripper to win a contest in a strip club.

Metaphorical Magic: One For The Money...

By Gunslinger

It was utterly unbelievable...

...but Juan 'Johnny' Rico wanted to believe it, desperately.

The short, almost painfully skinny young man of Puerto Rican descent ran his bony finger over the very old, dry parchment again, then picked up the yellow legal-pad on which he'd written the translation of the parchment's Vulgar Latin text, still hardly daring to believe his dark, glittering eyes. He'd found the parchment when he'd bought an old, decaying book at an estate sale, planning to hollow out the insides and use it as a mini-safe for his money, since his apartment had already been broken into, twice, in the last month. He'd brought the book home, opened it up... and the parchment had fallen out. It was boredom more than anything -and the fact that he had plenty of time on his hands, thanks to Brad Dewitt.

Brad Dewitt - the ultimate All-American Snob. Offensively handsome and broad-shouldered, he held himself aloof and distant from the common folk. Hell, he never seemed to date the same girl twice, and the girls were always from the all-girl school in Madden, not local. Brad apparently thought the local girls were beneath his notice...

...except for Maria, who had once been Johnny's girlfriend. He'd seen the way Brad looked at her, that intense expression in his eyes...

Which is why he knew it was Brad that had done it, even though he had no proof. A month and a half ago, a 'smear' campaign had sprung up all over town. Computer-doctored photos (looking real enough to fool almost anybody) apparently showed Johnny...

Johnny - dressed up in women's clothing. Johnny, having sex with men. Johnny - as a closet transvestite fag...

It wasn't long before his friend had alienated him - and Maria had broken up with him, all of them believing the lies. So far, Maria and Brad weren't dating, but Johnny was sure that Brad just wanted to make sure that there was no clear link to support the allegations Johnny would make - if he could get anyone to listen to a 'sissy-fag', that is...

So, having plenty of time on his hands, Johnny had welcomed the chance to hide from his bitter disappointment at his so-called friends by burying himself in this linguistic mystery. He'd gotten a couple of books from the library, and painfully translated the text, not knowing what he'd find.

Whatever he could have imagined, however, this wasn't it.

According to the translation, what he was holding was a spell - and honest-to-goodness magical spell. Supposedly, the spell could transform a rough illusion of something into reality. As long as there was some rough outline for it to follow, the spell could make it become reality.

At least - that's what it claimed it could do. But magic didn't really exist... did it? Johnny had to try.

Carrying both the original and the translation to his worn and dented kitchen table, the skinny young man lay them on the surface, then went over and grabbed a piece of paper from the note-pad beside the phone. Also grabbing a pair of scissors and a green pen, he sat down at the table...

...and, using a ten-dollar bill from his wallet, began to 'draw' a bill. Trimming the paper to roughly the right size, Johnny sketched in the rough representation of the ten-spot, not even trying to make it look utterly authentic - just a quick outline.

For a final touch, he grabbed a red pen, then wrote serial numbers on the face of his 'bill', making it two digits off from the original he was copying from.

Then, taking a deep breath, he began to read the spell from the parchment, his tongue struggling to wrap itself around the unfamiliar Latin pronunciation.

As he read through the spell, Johnny began to feel... strange. A sort of tingling was running through his body, slowly building - as if he was some sort of storage battery, and a charge was building in his narrow, copper-toned frame.

By the time he finished reading the spell, Johnny's body was almost quivering with pent-up energy, and hope warred with skepticism, as part of his mind insisted that this was only psychosomatic, not a real sign that the spell was - or could possibly be - working.

Then Johnny pointed to the hand-drawn money on the table - and he spoke the 'action' word in a quavering voice. "Initiati!"

The chair went flying, and Johnny stumbled back, eyes going wide in shock...

...as the piece of paper began to change. A green hue slowly began to surface on the paper itself, while the lines and swirls Johnny had drawn began to writhe and move across the surface, changing and multiplying and separating...

In less than a minute, a perfect, crisp new ten dollar bill rested on the table.

Hands shaking, Johnny slowly picked up the money, bringing it close to his face and studying it with incredulous eyes. He examined every inch of it, front and back, comparing it with the crumpled ten he had copied it from.

Except for the altered serial numbers, the crisp, magically created bill seemed utterly identical to the original. In short - the most utterly perfect 'counterfeit' bill ever created.

"Madre d' Dios..." Johnny whispered, shocked...

...and then he began to smile.

"Now *this*..." He said to himself, with a thoughtful grin, "...presents some *interesting* possibilities..."

The first thing Johnny did was read the variation on the spell to undo a change. Sitting at the table, he carefully read the words, feeling a similar - but somehow different - energy building in him. Then, pointing at the paper, he spoke the final word...

...and a second later, it was once more a poorly-drawn representation of a ten-dollar bill.

Johnny had done that for two reasons. The first was to assure himself that he could undo any changes - after all, anything he did to himself he didn't necessarily want to be permanent. The second was that he just couldn't keep the bill around - his conscience wouldn't let him spend a bill he knew to be counterfeit, even if it was a perfectly undetectable fake. To do so would be flat-out wrong.

On the other, hand finding a way to use his new power to earn money, rather than create it, would be just fine. Which was what he had in mind...

Quickly tucking both the parchment and translation back into the old book and putting it on his shelf, Johnny hurried from the apartment. His first stop was at a newsstand, where he bought the local paper, as well as a community events broad-sheet. Taking these items, he walked down to the coffee-shop on the corner and ordered a cup, then began to peruse the papers, looking for a quick first-try way to cash in on his new-found power. Sure, he'd have to find a long-term way of using the power. His major thought on that subject was a slow campaign to find girls who wanted to change their looks to some degree, but couldn't afford plastic surgery, or didn't want it for whatever reason. However, he'd have to find a way to keep it confidential, an under-the-table enterprise, so that nobody would find out his secret. If somebody - especially the U.S. Government - got an inkling of what he had, they could find and steal his secret source of power.

Until he worked out the details, though, Johnny wanted to find a quick way to raise some cash. He was already behind on his rent, with the end of the month fast approaching, and other bills were going to fall into arrears if he didn't find some quick cash - in the next day or two. The money in his account wasn't anywhere *close* to enough to pay his debts.

Four cups of coffee and a cruller later, Johnny was arguing with himself in a soft, if passionate, voice. "No way, Johnny-boy..." He told himself, fiercely. "Don't even think about it..."

Except, of course, he was - he was thinking about the unthinkable.

Looking through the paper, he'd begun to realize that there wasn't very many ways that he could make quick money that didn't amount (in his mind, at least) to stealing. Sure, he could probably 'magic' into existence almost any item to be found in the 'wanted' column of the paper - but, to Johnny, creating and then selling an item would be as wrong as spending the counterfeit bill would have been.

However, it had made him realize that it would be all right for him to create certain items for *himself*, as long as he didn't try to sell them at any time...

In any case, that didn't solve his money problem, and he'd been unable to find any listings that could help him...

...except one. One that he couldn't believe he was even considering.

He was, considering it, however, and his eyes were drawn back to the ad in the Community Events paper, almost against his will...

GRAND OPENING!!!

* * *

THE PAINTED LADY LOUNGE

Exotic Dancers - Two Stages Tonight Only! Grand opening Bash! 'OPEN CALL' Striptease Contest

\$100 & FREE DRINKS For all ladies who enter and perform!

\$1,500

Grand Prize

\$750 Second Prize

\$500 Third Prize

TONIGHT ONLY! DOORS OPEN AT NINE P.M.!

* * *

The dollar amounts seemed to draw Johnny's eyes like magnets. The hundred was nothing, a mere pittance - but either of the top two prizes would clear his debts... and even the third prize would go a long way to helping...

"No, man... You can't do that to yourself!" Johnny told himself, quietly. "You must be crazy to even think about it - to think about turning yourself into some goddamn woman! What, you want all those lies Brad spread to suddenly become true...?"

In fact, it was those lies - laying heavily on his mind - that had inspired the consideration. There was sort of an ironic justice to it - using magic to make the 'lies' true enough to earn him some money...

No! No, that was just sick, and perverted...

But he just couldn't seem to erase that prize money from his mind...

* * * * *

"Can I help you?"

Johnny looked at the bored-looking girl behind the cash-register of the second-hand women's clothing store, and felt himself reddening under her disinterested gaze. Short, and kind of cute in spite of her tu-tone blue-and-purple hair, Johnny didn't know her from Eve - but that didn't lessen his embarrassment any.

His voice barely loud enough to be heard, Johnny started to 'cover story' he'd come up with.

"Well, you see..." He said, almost stumbling over the words. "I got a last minute invite to this party where, if you come in a costume, you get your drinks for free. Since it's tonight, and I can't afford a real costume, I, uh... I thought I'd go, uh..."

Considering he was in a woman's clothing store, blushing brightly, and talking about a 'costume', it wasn't hard for the clerk to put two and two together. She began to grin, then giggled, which didn't help Johnny any.

"You're gonna go in drag!" The girl giggled.

"I, uh... oh, hell, just forget it!" Johnny said, his nerve breaking. He turned...

...and the clerk lay a hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry..." She apologized, trying - and failing - to wipe a grin off her face. "Honestly. But... well, you gotta admit yourself it's worth a giggle or two."

Johnny's blush didn't fade - but he found himself with a wry grin on his face, almost against his will. "Yeah - I guess."

"I'm Cyndi." The clerk introduced herself. "C'mon, let's see what we can do for ya, hey?" She nudged him in the too-stark ribs. "What, you think you're the only guy to go drag in a pinch? You should see how many guys we get around Halloween."

"Okay, okay..." Johnny said, letting himself be led deeper into the store, despite his sweaty palms and dry mouth.

"Well... let's see what we've got..." Cyndi said, looking through the racks and boxes. "Since I doubt you want to shave your body hair, let's start with a unitard..."

"A what...?" Johnny asked, confused.

Smiling, Cyndi held up three garments. Made from nylon spandex, each garment was a body-suit that would cover the wearer's body from the neck down to the ankles, and to each wrist.

One of the ones she was holding was so-called 'flesh' colored, one was a sort of beige-brown, and the last was black. "So - you want to be a white woman, a black woman - or a kinda in-between...?"

* * * * *

Feeling supremely silly, Johnny looked at the array of items on the bed. Cyndi had talked him into each item, explaining how it was 'perfect', and he'd finally given in, mainly because he was running out of time. Part of him, however, still couldn't believe he was going to go through with this.

Sighing, Johnny took a deep breath, and forced his shaking hands to start preparing himself, keeping the money, and the fact that this was only temporary, sharply in the forefront of his nervous, embarrassed mind.

First, Johnny started with the thing Cyndi had called... what was it? Oh, yeah - a 'Body-shaping girdle'. To Johnny, it looked like a funky pair of panties. Going from the waist to the top of his thighs, the white, tight garment had specially-shaped expanding areas for padding, on the hips and ass. Remembering Cyndi's instructions, he pulled the garment on, carefully tucking his cock back between his legs before pulling it all the way up - and feeling like a complete and utter fool for doing so. Still..

The garment was designed to help out a woman with her curves, and probably did a pretty good job - but Johnny had less curves to start with. So, feeling doubly foolish, he pulled a special pair of panties on over top of the girdle. This was a pair of padded panties with a foam padding in the ass to fill it out. When added to the padding in the girdle, it gave Johnny a passable imitation of a full, round ass, even if his hips were a little slender.

Next came. well, it was apparently called a 'hourglass shaper', but to Johnny it was a corset - and the thought of him wearing such a garment made him shudder. Heavy and stiff, made out of a heavy cotton, the garment was pre-shaped with a single all-around strap-like device that cinched it at the front.

Getting the garment on was a real pain, in both the physical and emotional sense. Physical, because he had to hold in his breath and haul away on the strap as hard as he could to get it over to the eye-hook faster, leaving him with a waist three inches smaller - and trouble breathing.

The motional pain came from the fact that he was wearing a corset so that his waist would be smaller and give him a more feminine hourglass figure - something he never imagined himself doing before today.

"I'd better win that damned prize..." Johnny muttered to himself, gasping at the painful constriction of the waist-cinching garment.

Next came his 'breasts'. Cyndi had 'suggested' wheedled him into - taking the largest bra in the entire store, a massive garment marked as being a double-G cup. Johnny had stared at the massive foundation garment in mesmerized disgust and awe, but had finally gone along with the idea when it dawned on him that being ultra-busty could be an edge in the competition.

Which had left him with the task of finding something to be his 'tits' that would fill the eight-inch difference between the band and the cups of the bra.

What he'd finally been forced to accept was a pair of volley-balls which, at regulation nine-inch diameter - were actually a bit big, but was the best he could come up with.

Now, using double-sided tape bought at a hardware store, he affixed the fully-inflated sports equipment to his chest. With each step further he took in this 'transformation', he felt steadily more embarrassed and ridiculous, but he forced himself to continue nonetheless.

Next, he began to pull on the 'flesh-tone' body-suit he'd chosen. Pulling it over his legs, he had to struggle to get it in place properly over his artificially widened hips and ass. Then he smoothed it over his reduced waist... and paused.

Picking up the bottle of rubber cement he'd bought, he coated the volley-balls with it using the applicator brush affixed to the inside of the lid. Once it was coating his 'tits', he pulled the unitard higher, using the edge of his hands to force the fabric between the balls and smoothing it down over the sides, giving him 'cleavage' rather than a 'nosecone'.

Before he pushed his hands through the sleeves of the skin-colored garment, Johnny pulled on the roughly skin-tone non-surgical latex gloves he'd bought. Then he worked his arms down into the sleeves, until his hands came free, the edges of the gloves under the sleeves of the body-suit.

Pausing for a moment, he took a look in the mirror - and grimaced. Not because it looked utterly ridiculous - although, close-up, it was pretty silly. However, from just a dozen feet away, the outfit presented a pretty realistic appearance of a feminine body, with Johnny's head incongruously stuck on top. In fact, between the tiny waist and huge, impossible round breasts, and the fact that he had no genitalia or nipples, Johnny's faux body looked like a giant Barbie-doll.

Next, Johnny began to dress in the clothes Cyndi had foisted off on him.

The first articles were the panties and that enormous bra. The panties felt damned silly, since he was already wearing two pairs under the body-suit, but he pulled the black-lace-over-red-satin g-string panties into place anyway, grimacing as he did so.

Then he set about pulling on the massive red-and-black bra. Getting it over his 'tits; and the straps over the shoulders was easy - but it felt like his arms were breaking as he struggled to reach behind him and get the garment done up, pressing the inside curve of the hidden volleyballs painfully into his thin chest.

Then came the... ugh!... nylons. Black, the lace-top 'stay-up' nylons had a floral trellis design running down the outside of each leg, and it seemed to take forever to get these patterns reasonably straight over he'd pulled them on fairly easily over the smooth surface of the unitard.

Next came a black leather skirt - a type Cyndi had called a 'hobble-mini', and Johnny quickly found out why when he put it on. It fit fairly high in the waists, hugging tightly to his diminished curve, then clung like a second skin down over his hips and ass, all the way to his knees, forcing him to keep his knees together. Walking in the skin-tight, heavy, gloss-black leather would

be a pain, forcing most of the normal 'back and forth' motion to come from below the knees, while making him moved his hips and ass in a sort of grinding circular motion, hips swiveling, as his thigh fought for enough room to slide past each other in the garment.

Then there was the top - a gold-sequined stretch halter top. Designed for a smaller bust, the garment covered Johnny's huge, fake endowments, but kept swinging up from his midriff at the slightest movement, baring what would be a belly-button, if not for the featureless bodysuit-over-corset look.

There was only a couple of finishing touches left... and Johnny didn't know which one of them bothered him the most.

Forced to use that ridiculous ass-swaying, hip-swiveling walk, Johnny walked to the table and very awkwardly sat down, the tight skirt and constricting corset making it difficult. However, he definitely wanted to be sitting down...

...as he put on the shoes he'd ended up with. He still wasn't quite sure how he was going to manage walking around in high-heels for tonight - and these were definitely high heels.

In fact, the gold-colored shoes were - according to Cyndi - low-cut, pointed toe pumps with an ankle strap - and six-inch high stiletto heels.

They were also two sizes too small for Johnny, and even smaller width-wise. He had to cramp his feet into the shoes with a shoe-horn, an exquisitely painful operation. As he grimaced at the intense pain in his crushed feet, he hoped that he was right about the magic making either his feet fit the shoes, or the shoes fit his feet.

Then, carefully, Johnny applied the long, gloss-red fake nails to the correct spots on each latex-glove-covered finger, reminding himself to be careful with the long nails when he set the final touch in place.

Which left only one thing - the one thing he couldn't do until he'd read the spell.

Sitting at the kitchen table, Johnny had to fight down the fear and the shame, fight back the urge to just forget it, and make himself read the spell. He did so, a word at a time, feeling the energy build.

Then, when he reached the end and was tingling with power waiting to be released, he hurriedly pulled on the last part of his costume.

It was a 'nude' colored pantyhose, trimmed to fit over his head - and taped to the front of it was a picture of a woman's face, clipped from a fashion magazine, with a wig spilling down over it.

He wasn't too wild about the face he'd ended up with - but it had been the only 'life-size' face photo he could find. Spilling down over that photo was the wig Cyndi had sold him. With long layers on the top, and swirls of hair spilling down the sides, the thick, luxuriant 'hair' would fall in waves around Johnny's shoulders, about eleven inches long from the crown to the

lowest end. It was in a shade that, according to the box, was 'henna red', whatever that meant. All Johnny knew was that it was a deep 'real' red, not that carrot-orange color.

Blinded by the magazine cut-out blocking his eyes, Johnny touched his midriff with his finger, and said the final word...

It was the strangest sensation he'd ever felt, his entire body writhing and rippling as the 'artificial' material that was shaping his body was absorbed into him, becoming part of him, while the rest of his flesh writhed and changed. The flat photo over his face slid backwards and began to form the contours of his altered visage, while the volleyballs gained weight, heft - and sensitivity. The pain in his waist and feet eased off and vanished as they became his 'real' contours, and his padded ass suddenly started transmitting the sensation of the chair under it as the padding went from foam to flesh.

In the space of a minute, Johnny had gone from a man in costume - to a woman.

Eyes flying open, Johnny dipped her head and stared down at the massive expansive of cleavage that was backed tightly into the bar beneath her halter top.

"Holy shit!" He said, hearing the words emerge in a rich, undeniably feminine contralto that was sexy, with a slight lit. "I actually went ahead and turned myself into a woman! What the hell am I doing!"

Stunned, she rose from the table and hurried into the bathroom, to gape at the reflection that awaited her in the mirror.

It was a reflection of a gorgeous, slender red-head woman with huge, firm tits, decked out in a sexy outfit. The gorgeous model in the photo had been for a make-up ad, so she was now wearing gloss-red lipstick on her full, pouting new lips, and long lashes surrounded her emerald-green eyes. She was even wearing the diamond earrings and matching choker-style necklace that had been in the photo.

She was drop-dead gorgeous...

Stunned by the gorgeous, sexy, huge-breasted woman she'd become, the woman who had been Johnny walked back to the kitchen...

...then stopped dead, eyes widening in shock.

"Oh, dear lord!" she said, amazed. "I'm walking in these shoes as easily as if I've been doing it all my life!"

She had been, too - without even thinking about it. Now, as she thought about it, she realized that, while staring in the mirror, she'd tossed her hair out of her eyes, as well as wiggling her ass as she'd smoothed the skirt down. Both very feminine actions, performed without conscious thought.

"Well I'll be..." She said aloud, in amazement. "When the spell makes something 'real', it goes whole-hog! I've got the skills and mannerisms of the woman I appear to be, too!"

That lead to an idea that made her new, full lips curve upwards in a smile.

Winning the strip-tease was going to be a cinch...

Sitting back down at the table - and grinning at herself as she 'natural' sat semi-sideways in the chair, crossing her legs gracefully in a feminine manner - the new woman quickly sketched out a Driver's license on a piece of note-paper, filling the name in as 'Colleen O'Malley', and the age as '26' - and the sex as 'F'.

A repeat of the spell - and she suddenly had valid ID.

Colleen then set about the second task. Locating a sheet of letter-sized paper, she hastily wrote out a diploma for herself - from the 'Las Vegas School of Exotic Dance'.

She used the spell again, and felt a strange tingle run through her. Closing her eyes, Colleen considered what she could do for a routine tonight...

...and found new, magically-instilled knowledge flooding her mind, letting her know that she was right.

The magic she'd discovered was even more powerful than she'd first thought. When she created something, it became 'real' in the most fundamental sense, not just a representative of what she'd done. When she'd become female, she'd become more than a man who looked like a woman - she'd become a woman...

Colleen stopped dead, a mild panic running behind her eyes... her eyes...

Looking down, Colleen could remember thinking the GG-cup mounds were oversized, before - but now they felt perfectly natural to her. In fact, she could feel a stirring of pride at the sight of her huge, firm tits. Yet she knew that that wasn't the way she normally felt about tits this big. In fact, she was accepting her new gender with remarkable ease - in fact, almost all the anxiety had fled from her, as well as the shame, and she was practically looking forward to the contest...

"Okay - just keep in mind who - and what - you really are." She told herself sternly. "The spell's playing around with your head a bit, which is okay - it'll make winning the strip-tease that much easier, and not nearly as shameful and disgusting. Right after, though, I run right home and change back. I don't want to lose the 'real' me in the little mental changes the spell has made."

Keeping that firmly in mind brought back some of the unpleasant feelings - she began to feel ashamed and disgusted at herself for what she was doing, as the core 'Johnny' persona was forced closer to the surface. It would have been easy to push it further back down, to feel more comfortable with this situation and her new, sexy-gorgeous body - but that was the last thing she wanted to do. She didn't want to get too comfortable being Colleen, and she reminded herself to pay attention for any other hidden 'changes' in her psyche.

Nodding to herself, she turned a small back-pack into a black velvet-covered purse, then dropped her ID and her wallet into it. Then she once more placed the spell and the translation and the old book and put it on the shelf, afraid to take it with her, since she wouldn't be carrying her purse on stage - the thought of losing the spell and being trapped in this body was just intriguing enough for the 'Colleen' part of her altered psyche to scare the living daylights out of her.

Then, walking with an easy sexy grace, she headed out the door, her mind cataloguing all the different sensation just walking in her new body caused, from the strange swivel-sway of her wider hips, to the bounce and sway of her huge, sensitive tits, to the way her hair felt as it moved in the wind, brushing her alabaster shoulders. Keeping track of these sensations and recognizing them as 'different' pulled Johnny even closer to the surface, but that was fine with her - she didn't want to feel comfortable if there was even the slightest chance that doing so would result in some kind of 'brain-washing'...

* * * * *

"Hi - I'd like to enter the strip-tease competition."

"Sure thing, miss, just..." Tony, the club's manager started to say... then he looked up at the speaker, and his jaw dropped and he gaped at the stunningly beautiful, big-bobbed red-hair standing in front of his desk.

For her part, Colleen was telling herself very firmly to stop feeling so damned fluttered by the man's obvious sexual attraction for her - she was really a man, after all, and it was wrong to feel all warm and tingly and hot about being stared at.

It was getting harder and harder to remind herself of that, though, and that was scaring Colleen. On the way over, she couldn't help but notice men staring at her new body lustfully - and the constant surges of pride and desire she was feeling from all the attention was losing their shock value, staring to feel disturbingly comfortable - and exciting.

Much too late she'd realized a problem with her plan. She'd purposefully constructed a sexy-looking woman - so the spell had made her a sexy woman. If she'd chosen a more average female form, she would have only been saddled with an average female sex drive - but in this super-sexy body, she was super horny. A dozen times now, she'd caught herself eyeing a man thoughtfully, ideas that should have utterly disgusted her (but didn't disgust her enough, now, not by half) running through her head. Even looking at the club manager, she was feeling that now-familiar sensation, a warm tingling sensation in her crotch while her nipples went as hard as rocks beneath the massive bra she was wearing. This wasn't the first time she'd felt the sensation, and the fact that she was becoming used to having men turn her on - worse that she was beginning to enjoy the sensation - was frightening her, as she struggled to remember who she really was...

Oh, it wasn't as if she had some sort of split personality, with 'Colleen' threatening to take over 'Johnny', as she'd originally feared - oh, no. She'd figured out that was just silly. The spell had in no way touched the real inner core of who she was. For instance, if she were to go back home right now, she could easily change back. Hell, even as 'Colleen', she still couldn't imagine creating and spending money, because that would be wrong. All the inherent parts of who she was were intact...

...which was why her sexual attraction for men was so weird and frightening. It wasn't that 'Johnny' was being erased - it was that unformed 'habits' had been revealed for what they were. Like the skills she now had - walking in high heels, for example, didn't in any way detract from who Johnny was. A new skill couldn't alter who her real 'soul' was, not in the least - but it could show her something that the non-high-heeled Johnny wouldn't have known, that walking in high heels was, quite frankly, annoying after awhile, even if you were skilled and naturally graceful in them. High heels were just not made for comfort, something that Johnny had never really realized before, but that Colleen now did.

Life, after all, was the sum total of your experiences, and all Johnny was doing was piling up more experience that was new and different. Like the fact that her new body, with completely normal (if exaggerated) female hormonal responses was becoming aroused by men and desired to have sex with them. It wasn't like she was out of control, driven by mindless urges to have sex - no, she was still in complete control of her body.

What was really bothering her was the fact that she wasn't finding the thought of sex with men as disgusting as she'd been raised to believe it should be. Sure, as Johnny, as a man, having sex with men still disgusted her utterly - the mere thought of changing back to Johnny and then having sex with men didn't interest her at all, and made her want to puke...

...but the thought of having sex with a man (the right man, somebody kind and gentle and handsome and skilled) was turning her on. Now that she was a woman, even the deep-down Johnny of her had to grudgingly admit that, weird as it would seem, having sex with men wouldn't be wrong, not while she was female.

It was that perfectly reasonable, acceptable and damned intriguing urge that she was fighting control. She was just female to win the money, that was all - no experimenting for her. Even if she thought it would probably be fun and feel utterly fantastic. It's not like she was going to adopt a female lifestyle - no part of her really wanted to live the rest of her life as Colleen. She was happy being Johnny. The fact that she was female for awhile and could legitimately experiment and get to experience the point of view of a woman, see what sex was like for them, finally answer the question that most men toyed occasionally with in the back of their mind - well, she'd just have to ignore it, that was all.

"Um... Miss?" Tony said, finally finding his voice. "Uh, as long as you have some valid ID, I'll sign you up - but would you be interested in signing a contract instead. I don't even have to see you dance - I'll sign you on sight. The pay's really good, and..."

"No, thanks - just the contest." Colleen said, finding that she couldn't help but smile sweetly and feel a surge of pride and pleasure at the offer. Showing Tony her ID, she signed the sheet - finding she even had a flowing, feminine signature now - and was directed to the back-stage area, where the other contestants were gathering.

One look around, and Colleen knew there was going to be no contest, especially since she'd given herself stripper skills. The women milling around ranged from 'cute' to beautiful - with a few 'trampy' thrown in - but none of them was in the same league as her, not nearly as buxom and beautiful and...

'Ease up on the ego trip, girl...' She warned herself. She'd found it hard to stop doing that, another side effect to the spell. Since she was 'artificially created', she was perhaps the only woman on the face of the planet who was completely 'happy' with her own body, despite the misgivings she had about being female at all. Since she'd created this body for exactly what it was going to be used for, she couldn't very well find a flaw in it, could she? She thought she was just perfect in every detail - at least, for being who she wanted to be to win the contest.

Trying to keep a rein on her self-adoration and homo-yet-hetero-sexual fantasies, she wandered away from the group of women (many of whom were shooting daggers at her) and went to stand near the beaded curtain that led out onto the stage...

...and heard a very familiar voice, one that made her full, sensual lips tighten in anger.

Brad Dewitt. She heard Brad DeWitt's voice.

Taking a quick peek around the curtain, Colleen found herself to be practically right next to the handsome, sandy-haired Apollo - and she wanted to vomit to suddenly realize just how devastatingly gorgeous a man Brad really was. Tightening her control, she listened in on the conversation between Brad and two of his quasi-friends, Steve and Mike, who were sitting in 'Perverts Row', right next to the stage.

"...God - did you see that red-head who entered the contest?" Mike was saying. "Geez, I almost came in my pants right here - I can hardly wait to see her onstage. That rack of hers, man - I'd love to shove my face between them!"

The shock - and burst of pride - that came when Colleen realized he was talking about her almost made her miss the response.

Brad's voice - sounding as oddly quite, reserved and polite as usual, as if his 'aloof' act was supposed to be modesty or shyness or something, came next. "Mike, don't be so crude."

Mike laughed. "Oh, yeah - wouldn't want to offend your sensibilities, Brad. C'mon - you're hot over her too, admit it."

"Well - she is a very attractive woman..." Brad admitted - and he almost sounded embarrassed, making Colleen wonder why he'd keep up the whole 'Mr. Nice Guy' act for his friends. "But there's more to a woman than just her body... even if she as stunning as that woman appeared to be."

"I knew it - you've got the hots for her. Hell, anybody would, with a rack like hers, right Steve?" Mike chuckled, crudely. "Ah, you know I'm not a tit hound like you guys." Steve said, dismissively.

"Oh, right..." Mike said, sarcastically. "So who do you think is hot?"

"Maria Sanchez - I just dig that Latin body of hers, trim and fit, with that great ass - I want to ass fuck her long and hard..." Colleen had to bite her tongue to keep from squeaking in outrage.

"Hey - she'd be available now, man." Mike said. "Ever since she broke up with fag-boy."

"I know... and don't think I'm not trying." Steve said, in a pissed-off tone of voice. "She keeps turning me down, though." "Tough, dude - still, you got a better chance then when she was dating Juan, right?" Mike said.

"Actually..." Steve said, proudly. "I arranged it so she'd be 'free' - I'm the one who set up that whole thing with the pictures and stuff. Download a couple of photos from the 'net, paste Johnny's face over them - and voila, Maria's a free agent again."

There was a shocked silence from outside - while Colleen, stunned, tried to readjust her thinking to cope with the sudden revelation.

"You... you what!" Brad's voice said, sounding shocked and disgusted. "How could you! How could you do something like that to somebody! It was bad enough when I thought whoever was doing it was 'outing' somebody, which is cruel and unfair - but to find out you made it all up just so you could... could..."

"Hey, calm down man..." Mike said. "Admit it - Steve's a genius. Don't sit there and tell me you don't agree. Hell, you musta pulled some fast ones yourself to score with all those babes from Madden Academy..."

Now Brad's voice held anger. "You two disgust me. I can't believe anybody could sink so low... And, for your information, I've never pulled any 'fast ones' with any woman to 'score'. You may think me some sort of... pansy, or whatever, but I'm proud to say that I haven't slept with a fraction of the girls I go out on dates with. They ask me out, and only rarely to find myself interested enough in the girl to even consider..."

Apparently to angry to continue, Brad stalked away - while his supposed friends broke up in laughter, taunting him as he walked away. Colleen, meanwhile, was trying to wrap her head around what she'd just heard.

Even if they'd somehow noticed her listening, there was no way on earth they could know who she really was - so there was no way that could have been 'staged' for her benefit. Which meant that it had to be true...

...which meant she'd been accusing the wrong person all this time. Misjudging him. Being unfair to his sterling character...

She felt utterly horrible for all the horrible, horrible things she thought about him. Only now, no longer 'trapped' in the body of Johnny, could she see that her envy for Brad's handsome looks, especially compared to Johnny's scrawny body, had led her to unfairly attach blame to Brad, simply because he happened to be born handsome and well-built.

God - if she'd never become Colleen, she'd never have found out about this - and, in a way, she wished that she hadn't, because the emotional pain over her own short-sighted, envy-inspired hate shook her to the core.

It was then that she realized that she knew what she had to do. It would be weird, for her, and she'd have to swallow her male pride and let herself go, have to trade in at least some of her old lifestyle to accomplish it - but it was the way to make all the outstanding accounts balance, if she could walk the fine line it would entail, and pull it off.

When she explained the opening part of her plan to the manager, he was rather hesitant - but when she signed a six-month contract to dance in his club, he became surprisingly easy to deal with...

* * * * *

Sitting at the table near the back of the club, Brad sipped morosely at his beer, unable to believe how low his companions were capable of sinking, right down through depravity into realms of cruelty. Poor Juan... think of the situation he'd been put into, just because Steve wanted his girlfriend...

Brad found it hard to believe that he'd ever hung around with those guys - but it had been more-or-less forced upon him. After all, he looked like the ultimate vision of a 'stud', at least to the eyes of the people around him - handsome, muscular, well-endowed. The fact that, inside, he was more of a 'nerd' was nearly incomprehensible to everybody. People just couldn't accept that somebody who looked like him might be shy and sensitive, a guy who enjoyed reading and the arts...

Shaking his head, Brad sipped at his beer some more, wondering if he should just get up and storm out of the club - but he didn't really have anywhere he was planning to go, and here was as good a place as any, if you thought about it, and...

His train of thought was interrupted as the fairly low (for a strip-club) background music dies - and with it, almost all of the lights in the club, the room barely lit at all the by the few, dim red lights that were left on. A low hum was all that issued from the speakers in the ceiling and walls, indicating an open mic, somewhere.

Then the voice of the club's DJ came over the system - the usually hyper-active voice toned down, almost reverent.

'Gentleman... tonight, you will be witness to the birth of a new star ' The DJ said, dramatically. 'Tonight, a new feature dancer has signed on, here at the Painted Lady Lounge. A woman with no equal. An unknown, she arrived to enter our contest - and was signed on the spot for a full contract. She's that amazing. Gentlemen, please direct your attention to the stage - for the debut of the one, the only...

Colleen O'Mazing!'

As the DJ bellowed the name at the top of his lungs, the music flared into heavy, rhythmic life, as spot-lights flared to life, drenching the stage in a multi-colored wave of light....

...and the curtains parted, and *she* walked onto stage. The gorgeous, buxom woman with the heavy mane of flame-red hair.

No - she didn't walk out on stage. she *flowed*, with an incredible sensual grace that didn't look as contrived as that of other strippers, but natural, easy - almost happy, in fact, as if she were enjoying walking out, her hips swiveling seductively, her shoulders rolling to cause her massive, firm bust to sway with every step, her head held high and her eyes bright with every sign of pure enjoyment at being the complete and utter center of attention for every man in the room.

The movements of her walk were incredibly sensual, enticing, inviting. but it was nothing compared to the way her body moved as she suddenly bounced twice on the toes of her high-heel shoes, in perfect rhythm with the heavy beat of the music - and began to dance.

* * * * *

Colleen couldn't believe it....

She couldn't believe how much she was enjoying herself as she began to gyrate to the music. It wasn't just the way her supple, over- endowed body felt as she moved with the beat of the music - but she found that she loved being the focus of attention for all these men. She loved knowing that she was turning them on - and though part of her was disturbed by how hot she was getting from the act of turning men on, now that she'd locked herself into this life for a minimum of six months, she no longer cared - if she was going to enjoy what she was doing, then she was just going to let go, submerge herself in the pure pleasure her female psyche was getting from being an object of lust, a target for men's sexual fantasies.

She loved it.

Even as she executed a perfect swirling dip, sliding one long, sexy leg out to be appreciated by the enthralled crowd, she glanced quickly to see how her plan was working - and the smile on her full, sexy lips widened a bit, becoming nearly viscous.

Ignored by most of the crowd of men, two of the staff had come out on stage with her, standing well back - and holding up a large, dark blanket, like a backdrop for her. It helped set her off, make her look like she was the only thing in existence on the stage...

...but it also completely blocked of the view of two of the patrons. Mike and Steve - who weren't going anywhere, thanks to the two bouncers looming over them. The two bouncers who would force them to sit there all evening, unable to see any of the dancers while being forced to listen to the reaction of the rest of the crowd, which must be driving them absolutely nuts.

The only way the could avoid it was to leave - and the bouncers had informed them, quite succinctly, that once they left they'd never, ever be allowed back into the establishment again...

It was a small - but very satisfying - first step for Colleen's plan of revenge. Step two was also started - since the bouncers wouldn't even let them leave, not until after she was finished her dance - she had something she had to do, first.

However, for right now she was focusing on her dancing, though her body seemed to know what to do without any thought at all, her instinctive actions to match the music driving the guys wild as she continued to dance...

* * * * *

Brad suddenly realized his jaw was hanging halfway to his chest, and he quickly snapped it closed as he stared at the vision on the stage, now divested of her top and showing off the bra that contained those massive, unbelievable firm breasts of hers.

Brad had never really been a man to get really, really turned on by the usual things. Porn, strippers - they were more 'titillating' than arousing for Brad, and the few times he'd gotten turned on by strippers, it hadn't exactly been lust for that stripper, but a general arousal...

..until now. He - like every other man in the club, probably - found himself becoming unbelievably attracted to the incredible woman on the stage. Part of it was her beauty and sensuality - but a bigger part was the fact that she was dancing 'with' them, reacting to men's shouts and stares, directing certain, sexy movements at specific men in reply - and even talking to guys as she danced, as if she was not working, but socializing - while slowly removing her clothes...

"hey, see anything you like down there...?" She asked one of the guys in Pervert's Row, placing one high-heeled leg on his shoulder and leaning forward, her mini-skirt above his gaping eyes.

"Uh... hell yeah!" The man stammered...

"I don't know..." She said, in mock-doubt. "Maybe I'd better get a second opinion..."

Then she stripped off her skirt enthusiastically, turning around and presenting her ass to the crowd as she slid the garment from her perfect, full ass.

"How about it, guys - do I look all right to you?" She shouted, bending over and grabbing her own ankles. **"YES!"**

The shout rolled out of the crowd - and until he felt the roughness of his throat, Brad didn't even realize that his voice had been added to the overwhelming affirmation.

She seemed to thrive on the answer, her incredible smile lighting the room brighter than the spotlights in response - not as if she were a stripper performing on stage, but as if she were a personal friend to every man in the room, glad she was able to entertain them while enjoying herself immensely...

Brad's cock felt like a steel bar in his Jockey shorts, and he felt a rising rhythm to his pulse as he gazed upon her gorgeous, now-nude body, from the tip of her slender feet to the massive mounds of her huge, firm tits, from the tips of her long, gloss-red nails to the fiery mane that surrounded her gorgeous face.

Then her set was over, and the music died, leaving only the hubbub of the crowd, and a sigh of disappointment that the eternal, wonderful moment in which she'd dance for them had ended.

Gathering up her clothing, the gorgeous dancer began to leave the stage...

...but not out the back through the curtain, but down the front of the stage, stepping onto the built-in table of Pervert's row, then to the ground as a very stunned and happy customer helped her off the ledge. Then she was walking across the floor, still gloriously nude, huge breasts swaying and jiggling...

...as she walked right up to Brad's table. Brad tilted his face upwards, staring incredulously at her gorgeous features. Then she spoke - loud enough for the entire club to hear.

"I heard what you and your friends were saying a while ago, when I was behind the stage..." She said, clearly. "I can't believe they'd stoop so low - those guys are pure, unadulterated scum, and shouldn't be allowed to ever reproduce..."

She turned, finger extended to point at a very stunned pair of men - Mike and Steve. Then she turned back to Brad, her voice still ringing through the club.

"I think you, however, are the sweetest, kindest, most sensitive man I have ever met..." Then she leaned forward - and kissed him, full on the lips.

* * * * *

If Colleen had had nay idea how good kissing a man could be, she would have done it ages ago.

Of course, it wouldn't have felt nearly as good if she'd still been a man - but, as a man, she'd never had a kiss with a woman that compared with the one she was giving the stunned Brad at the moment. As a man, she'd enjoyed kissing women, but mainly for the reciprocal kiss - as a woman, with fuller and more sensitive lips, just the act of kissing itself was several times more pleasurable than she'd imagined, something she felt like she could do for hours on end, just snuggled up against a warm, strong male body, lips locked on his...

It was with true regret that she broke the kiss. As the cheers and applause of the other men in the club washed over her, she put her full, soft lips near Brad's ear and whispered to him.

"please - meet me at the back door of the club in ten minutes..."

Without waiting for a response, she turned and headed for the back of the club, purposely putting a little more 'oomph' into her walk...

...and loving the response it drew from the very appreciative men around her...

* * * * *

Colleen's heart was pounding a mile a minute as she followed Brad up the steps to his bungalow-style home. The handsome youth had a big, silly grin on his face, a slightly glazed look in his eyes - and lipstick smeared over his lips. Obviously, he was quite happy, and he had every reason to be, considering - Colleen had almost literally thrown herself at him, her seduction technique both blatant and subtle at the same time. Blatant, because she was so obviously coming on to him - but

subtle, because she was hiding the real reason she was so eager to spend time with him. She'd claimed that she'd seen him enter the club, and her heart had begun to race wildly at how handsome he was - but when she'd heard the way he'd reacted to his friends' dirty scheme, she'd become enamored with his sweet personality. In short, she'd flattered the hell out of him, building him up by complimenting both his fantastic body (and she had to admit - with her new, feminine viewpoint, she was really, really appreciative of his good looks) and his 'Knight Errant' personality, stroking his ego until he was willing to believe that she thought it was a clear-cut case of love at first sight, with a healthy dose of lust thrown in for good measure.

The truth was, though she was lusting after his spectacular body - she was nervous as hell at the prospect of actually going through with her plan. Part of her was utterly enthralled with the idea of sex with this handsome (and, honestly, kind and caring) young man. Part of her, however, still found the idea of having sex with 'another' man weird and perverted. Both of these, however, were overshadowed by the simple fact that, in one very important sense, she was still a virgin.

She hoped that he couldn't tell that she was nervous. Hopefully, the sensation of her breasts pressed firmly into his back was enough to distract him from the fact that the hands she was running up and down his shirt front were damp...

It took Brad five tries to find the right key to open the front door...

...and there were only three keys on his key-ring.

At that point, Colleen stopped worrying that he'd notice her hidden nervousness. Right now, an atom bomb could go off and he probably wouldn't notice. They'd gone out for coffee, and she had spent quite a bit of time seriously flirting with him - and kissing him, hungrily. (and enjoying it immensely...) On the way to his place, she'd kept running her hands over his body and talking to him in a husky, sexy voice about how hot he was making her, how she wasn't usually this forward - but, with him, she was going nuts...

Maybe she'd overdone it a trifle.

He got the door opened, and then stepped inside, the outer screen door banging shut...

'Fortune favors the bold...' she told herself, mentally - actually afraid that if she didn't go ahead and do it, her nerves would get the better of her, and she'd back out. She couldn't live with herself if that happened, so...

"Oh, Brad..." She moaned, her hands going from his chest to his waist - and to the zipper on his pants, which she unzipped. "I've never met a man like you, so sensitive, so kind... so handsome..."

Then she had his pants undone, and she pushed them down, her breasts still shoved firmly into his back as she kissed the nape of his neck.

Reluctantly, he took a waddling half-step away from her, hurriedly kicking off his shoes and letting his pants fall off his ankles. "the bedroom's this way..." He breathed, hoarsely.

The door was right behind her. Her heart was thundering. Her palms were sweating. Her mouth was dry. She could break for it now, be out the door and...

"no, please..." She forced, her voice trembling with a mixture of lust and near-panic. "Please.. take me right here..."

Knowing what she was planning, she hadn't replaced her undergarments when she'd dressed - pulling off her sparkling stop revealed her full, round tits, their nipples fully engorged. She leaned back against the wall and cocked one high-heeled leg up and kicked the heavy front door closed in a sensual movement...

...that his the fact that she was making it harder for herself to give in to the urge to escape before it was too late.

She reached up and began to fondle her own huge tits, closing her eyes and moaning in genuine desire, though fear still thrummed through her.

"Please.. I'm in torment..." She moaned. "don't make me wait..."

Keeping her eyes closed, so she couldn't see, made it somewhat easier - but she had to force herself from shuddering as he eagerly replied to her pleas, pulling off her skirt and revealing her hot, sopping wet new cunt.

Forcing her eyes open, she knew she'd fail if she had to watch - he'd taken his own underwear off, and his large, thick cock was jutting from his crotch, obviously ready to go. The sight of it both aroused and repelled her, and she couldn't take it.

She turned around, leaning forward and bracing her arms on a table in the hallway, her ass cocked upwards and her legs spread invitingly.

"take me now, Brad!" She cried, closing her eyes and holding her breath...

For all the rampant lust that was thrumming through Brad's body, he was surpassingly gentle as he stepped forward and buried his huge, thick, throbbing member fully in her wet womanhood.

"Oh, God... yes!" Colleen screamed in pleasure, all the fear and panic draining out of her at the shear pleasure that one, smooth thrust brought, his cock sliding with exquisite friction against the walls of her cunt and over her slit. "Oh, Brad - yes!"

Brad drew his hips back - and thrust forward again...

...and again...

...and again...

"ugnnn. Oh.. Brad... oh...!" Colleen screamed in exquisite ecstasy, huge tits shuddering with every thrust as Brad, mouth open, eyes glazed, thrust into her firmly and rhythmically. He was moaning himself, a wordless noise of pleasure, as his painfully aroused cock finally found the sheath it desired, and he was nearly mindless as he fucked her with the smooth, thoughtful

strokes that were his habit - he was more purely aroused then he could ever remember being before in his life, and all he could think about was the fact that he was satisfying his rampant desire to have sex with this woman.

Brad's interest in the female of the species had never been all that strong, his relatively few sexual encounters being driven by the woman, rather than himself. There was a good reason for that - Brad was, at heart, almost homosexual. Well - not exactly. His dad had been so adamant about raising his son to be the perfect All-American boy, that Brad had been able to acknowledge any attraction he might have felt for a man, and had been subconsciously faking attraction to women out of a subconscious desire not to be gay.

What he didn't know, however - and neither did Colleen, for that matter - was the fact that her over-endowed, highly sexual body was putting out super-charged amounts of female pheromones, one of the reasons why every man in the club, a 'big-bust' enthusiast or not, had gone gaga over her. In fact, the effect was cumulative - the more time she spent with a man, the more affected would he be, the pheromones bypassing his own sexual choices and affecting the primitive part of his male brain, arousing him almost against his will.

Though Brad would never realize the reason why, he'd never be homosexual - and he'd never find another woman who truly excited him the way Colleen was doing right now, all his other 'sexual interests' being psyche-driven lies to deny his hidden side, now buried under an avalanche of pheromone-created hormones.

All he knew was that he really, really needed to be with Colleen...

Colleen, for her part - couldn't have cared less. In fact, that aforementioned atom bomb could have gone off and she wouldn't have cared.

She was too busy loving being fucked hard and long by a man...

Which was definitely ironic - since she, as Juan, had also harbored hidden homosexual tendencies that he'd kept hidden from even himself. Small and skinny and effeminate, his father had been ashamed of him, and so he'd struggled to be what his macho father wanted, and simply couldn't admit to himself that he might be gay - which was why he'd been so utterly mortified by that smear campaign, his psyche recognizing the truth of the lies and horrified that it might register on his conscious mind. Likewise, he'd hated Brad with such illogical passion.. because he wouldn't allow himself to admit what he was really feeling was nearly overwhelming lust.

So, Colleen had no idea that she'd decided to let herself become female, and then decided to seduce Brad and 'convince' him to be her boyfriend - because it was fulfilling some very repressed fantasies.

Hell, she didn't even realize that she'd never be able to go back to being male, now that her long-denied 'secret' had finally found an outlet...

It didn't matter though - she wasn't thinking of anything that deep at the moment. Instead, she was shimmying and bounding on the end of Brad's thick, hard cock, screaming that she loved him fucking her, that she wanted him to fuck her forever, that she loved him and would never, ever leave him...

All of which was true, the words flowing from her subconscious mind without her being aware of what she was saying. She was too lost in the incredible sexual pleasure that hummed through every nerve in her body. She'd never realized that sex as Juan had been fairly lousy for him, since he'd never had truly satisfying sex and so had nothing to compare his rather pathetic orgasms with. Now, however, she did - and what she was feeling blew them all away as she screamed and begged for more, her incredible body shimmering as Brad mindlessly fucked her hard and deep, screaming out the words 'Oh yeah, baby..' in a mindless, rhythmic chant of pure pleasure.

"oh god.. oh god..." Colleen gasped, eyes closed, sweat dripping from her face, as she shuddered and shook. She was braced on one arm only, the other one fondling her huge, sweat-slicked tits - and she didn't even notice the fact that every few strokes, her head would smack on the wall in front of her, pretty hard. She was lost to that fairly insignificant pain as she rode her first truly satisfying sexual experience toward a climax...

Then it hit - the orgasm that gripped her entire body.

She screamed, loud and long, without words - and her supporting arm gave way and she took an unconscious step forward, straighten and pressing herself against the wall, gasping for breath as the orgasm tore her universe apart and rebuilt it, with a new center around the pleasure she was feeling from being fucked by Brad.

Brad had automatically stepped forward too - and the change in angle as she half-straightened had caused her cunt to grip tightly around just the super-sensitized head of his cock, pushing him way over the edge. He also screamed as she came, pumping his load of hot cum into her cunt.

Exhausted by the force of their orgasm, the two lovers slid downwards, ending up entwined on the hardwood floor of the foyer, arms around each other as they fell into the warm afterglow of the orgasm.

"Oh.. my.. god..." Colleen whispered in a stunned tone. "i.. I have never, ever felt anything like that in my life..." "Me neither..." Brad agreed, equally stunned.

Feeling the cool air moving over her sweat-slicked body, feeling the warm wetness between her legs, Colleen sighed pleasantly. "Well.. I guess we need a shower, huh?"

Pushing himself up, slowly, Brad helped Colleen up too, claiming a kiss and a tit-fondle as his reward. "Okay - you go first." Her smile was wicked. "who said anything about taking turns...?"

She reached out and gripped his cock, feeling its slick thickness begin to harden in anticipation of a rematch as she gently led him towards the back of the house, walking backwards so he could reach out and fondle her tits as she walked...

Even as her mind was enjoying the thought of more sex with brad, she was considering her plans for tomorrow, when she was going to use her new-found powers to bring justice to a certain pair of men... but that consideration faded for the moment, as she found the bathroom and gently pulled Brad into the room.

His cock was pretty 'tired' from just having been used. As she knelt before him in the warm spray, she nearly drowned before she managed to coax another salty load of delicious man-seed out of him, to gleefully allow to flow down her willing throat...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Now a Stripper, the newly minted female decides to use her new magic powers to change two low life men.

Metaphorical Magic: ...Two For The Road.

By Gunslinger

It was a little after four o'clock in the afternoon - but Colleen felt exhausted.

As they'd cuddled that morning - after another fantastic bout of sex - she'd had no trouble convincing Brad that she should move in with him. His bungalow had three bedrooms, and plenty of space - not that she needed a bedroom of her own, as a bedroom. It was quite clearly understood that she'd be spending her nights sharing the big bed in the master bedroom. She most certainly didn't have a problem with that. No, she asked for - and got - one of the bedrooms as her own for what she called her 'study' - her own private room, complete with a lock on the door. Brad agreed, slightly puzzled - but Colleen was the most incredible thing that had ever happened to him, the only woman he'd ever really 'connected' with, and if she had an odd fetish for having a room that was hers and hers alone, he'd pamper that fetish.

Brad had offered to call of his trip to his parents house after she'd informed him that she wasn't quite ready to meet his parents yet, but she had insisted that he go and spend the weekend, as he'd planned, bemoaning the two whole days they'd be spending apart - but she'd made sure to give him three more good orgasms before he'd gone, leaving him drained. She'd have to count on that sex - and, of course, the occasion use of a dildo - to keep her satisfied.

Brad had been out the door and down the driveway by nine o'clock in the morning.

Colleen had then spent the next few hours getting the affairs of 'Juan' in order. Not willing to change back, even for a few hours, she had created a 'voice altering' device and done most of it over the telephone - paying off all 'his' outstanding bills, calling the now-distant friends and family to explain he was taking a couple of months to let the shame, etc. Die down... by noon, she'd had all of that taken care of.

Then it had been time to do some shopping.

The first order of business had been to buy some clothes for her new body. After picking up the copy of the spell from her old apartment, she'd left a note (having to 'force' herself to use the write handwriting) saying that the super could do whatever he wanted with the old belongings, since everything of value had already been stolen. Armed with the spell, shopping for clothes had been incredibly easy - she simply had to by the least expensive clothing that was basically similar to the design she wanted, and close to the size - then write the correct size and a high-quality name on the label when she got home, and use the spell. 'Poof!' - she now had a closet full of perfectly-tailored clothing, most of it by big-name designers. For the cost of a few hundred dollars (part of the advance given to her by Tony, the manager of the Painted Lady), she now had a two-thousand-dollar wardrobe.

She'd also bought a collection of more esoteric items.

Items to implement her plan to wreak her revenge on brad's ex-friends, Steve and Mike. Mike she found utterly disgusting, and was looking forward to changing his outlook in life...

...but Steve she hated with a passion, despite the fact that what he'd done had allowed her to discover a much happier existence as Colleen. She wasn't going to let him off the hook.

Now, in her own private room at the back of the bungalow she now shared with Brad, she prepared her revenge. She'd decided to start with Mike, sort of 'warm up' for the big show, since she didn't have to get it utterly perfect with him. He was sort of a test subject for her plan, to see how ell it would work out.

She'd furnished and equipped the room with remarkable speed - again, mostly through the blatant and indiscriminate use of the magic spell, turning cheap second-hand furniture into everything she needed, exactly the way she wanted it. It seemed that using the magic took something out of her every time, almost like it was a physical effort to use the spell, hence her feeling of exhaustion - but she was sure she had enough energy to keep her going through the rest of her plan, and a big pot off coffee that rested on the cheap-table- turned-18th-century-French-Provincial-credenza would help as well.

Rolling her shoulders and taking a deep breath, Colleen reached into a padded back and brought out one of the items she'd bought at an occult (Goth) store - a crystal ball, mounted on a mahogany base. Unlike all the otherwise identical crystal balls the store sold, however, the use of the spell had made this one 'fully functional'. Now, Colleen leaned forward, placing a palm on each side of the clear glass globe... and concentrated on the thought of Mike Metzger.

The ball began to fill with a strange, almost luminescent mist - then, suddenly, the Crystal ball itself just seemed to... vanish. Instead, all that was left was the base, on which a perfect, three-dimensional image of Mike, and his immediate surrounding, formed.

Colleen grinned - it looked like her assumptions about what she could do with the spell, even if it wasn't supposed to be 'possible', were dead on the money.

She looked at Mike - a tanned, dark-haired, athletically built young man, he wasn't really handsome, so much as almost preternaturally fit. Not super-muscular - fit, the way only an athletically-minded man in the prime of his life could be, his body perfectly toned and proportioned under his casual clothes. What really made him fairly 'popular' with the ladies was not his facial features, which were a little too narrow, a little too sly - no, it was his perfectly toned body, and the fact that he possessed that complete arrogance that only youth could have, the belief that he was totally in control of every aspect of his life - and this could relax, not needing to prove himself in any way. That sense of self was what made him look so confident, capable, self-assured and charming to many a young lady, who would also find themselves noticing that perfectly fit, tanned body of his.

It was that sense of control that Colleen was going to steal from him - not to mention that 'sculpted' body of his...

Reaching over, Colleen picked up the receiver of the phone she'd be-spelled. The phone she'd cast the spell on - after writing on the front of the bright-red plastic casing 'Direct line to Mike Metzger's Brain'.

Putting it to her ear, she found herself listening to a 'stream of consciousness' in Mike's voice:

'oh, yeah, he's the bad-guy and; wow, that's a great move, she's not all that hot, but the leather outfit helps and she sure can move and I'd love to get her into bed and see if; oh, her blonde friend is hot too, actually kinda sexy being so innocent, I'd love to make her kneel between my legs and give me a...'

Speaking clearly, Colleen spoke into the phone.

"Say - today would be a great day for a drive, wouldn't it?"

* * * * *

Mike suddenly blinked in surprise. Here he was, sitting on the couch and watching a little TV - and he'd suddenly thought to himself that going for a drive would be fun. What the hell had brought that into his mind. ? - Oh, probably one of those car commercials, with some stunt-driver wiping up and down the road in a brand new car.

* * * * *

'love to own one like that, I'd go driving all the time too - except that the cops would bust my ass, you can't actually drive like that; commercials always do that, and it's such a rip-off, nothings ever like when you buy it - not even hookers, the one last week looked great until she took her top off and those tits just flopped out and hung there and. ' colleen frowned slightly - her 'comment' had registered on his brain, seeming to him as if it was his own idea. However, he'd considered the 'idea' - and then rejected it. This might not be as easy as she thought.

Then again - maybe she was being to subtle. It wasn't like she needed to sweet-talk him - he thought it was his own brain coming up with the thoughts. So, make him think he was more positive about what 'he' wanted to do...

"Turn off the TV and go for a drive!" she said into the phone...

* * * * *

Mike mashed the button down on the remote, turning off the TV in a sudden bout of anger.

"Hell -I don't need to buy a thirty-thousand dollar car to enjoy hitting the road." He said, annoyed at the thought - though not positive why it had suddenly hit him so sharply. "If I want to go for a drive, I can damn well do it in my five-year old car just as well!"

Grabbing a jacket, he shoved his wallet and keys into the pockets as he slipped into his sneakers, then headed out of the apartment towards his car.

* * * * *

Colleen smiled - this was more like it.

Firmly, she told Mike's brain that he was restless and bored, sick and tired of visiting all his usual haunts. Today, she told him, he wanted to drive, look for something new and exciting - and he was to drive for at least half an hour.

Once she was sure her commands had taken, Colleen put the receiver down and began to set up the items needed for the next part of her 'quick-and-dirty' test run on Mike - a sort of 'voodoo doll' formed out of a foot-high rubber Army Man which she'd pasted a copy of Mike's yearbook photo over the face, and cast the spell on it. Now, she assembled the other items she'd bought at toy and hobby stores, preparing her little 'voodoo doll' to be used...

* * * * *

Mike drove rather aimlessly out of the city, filled with an urge to find... something. He didn't know *what*, but he felt trapped by the town and his usual hangouts, and he had to get away for a bit, a sort of unplanned road-trip.

He just hoped he'd know what he was looking for when he found it...

Half an hour later, Mike was entering the outskirts of the nearest city, coming in off a secondary highway that ran up through the industrial section and the less savory outer edges of what eventually ran into the downtown core. It wasn't quite a slum - but it also wasn't the most opulent surroundings. It was they type of area you usually drove through quickly...

...except, of course, unless you were looking for something illegal, like drugs, a gun - or a hooker. The cops barely even maintained a presence in this part of the city. In fact, the few times Mike made use of the 'Ladies of the Evening', it was to some part of this run-down area that he cruised, and now he began to smile slowly as he figured out what impulse had been driving him to go for a ride.

Oddly enough, he didn't feel like just cruising around the neighborhood, though. He saw a really sleazy-looking motel up ahead, and had this strange urge to pull in and get a room. Almost numbly, he did so, thinking to himself that he might use the room for a while, spending the extra money for 'the works' this evening - he was feeling extra-horny.

Paying the slimy-looking manager of the hotel for a room, Mike parked his car in front of the unit and headed inside, looking around the drab, run-down room with mild disgust. At least it smelled clean - the odor of solvents and cleaning materials was overwhelming. The bed also seemed to be in fairly good shape and - miracle of miracles! - actually had clean, if very worn, sheets. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Mike vegetated for a second, trying to decide the best way to go about finding a hooker without 'cruising'. For some reason, he just didn't feel like getting back into his car... then he was struck by an idea - why not watch some porn? This motel had porn channels on their TV's. It might be expensive, but he wouldn't have to go anywhere.

Turning on the TV, he flipped over to the listing channel. If he was going to pay for it, he was damn well going to watch it from the start... Except, at five twenty-seven, he found that there wasn't anything starting on the half hour, only at six, and...

* * * * *

Watching on the crystal ball, Colleen smiled as she slid a tape into the VCR beside her - the one she'd 'magicked' up to play directly into the TV Mike was watching...

* * * * *

Mike was startled when the listing page vanished - and the black screen that replaced it for a second was replaced with a red screen baring the words 'NAWDY SPECIALTY ADULT VIDEO PRODUCTIONS', accompanied by a cheesy musical riff.

Mike shrugged and scuttled back a bit on the bed, getting comfortable - he guessed that there was no full-time 'listings' channel after all, they just used whichever adult channel not currently showing a movie, since running times must leave gaps between the movies start- times.

A second later, the red screen vanished to black, with a cheesy computer-generated animation of gold lettering 'flying' onto the screen... 'BI-BI TRANNY'

"What the...?" Mike asked, startled - as the screen flickered to show...

...a person.

Sure the person was wearing women's clothing, and fairly sexy stuff at that. Sure, the person had a woman's hairstyle, and was wearing make-up on a girlish face. Hell, the person was even slender, and a sizable pair of breasts strained at the top the person was wearing.

None of that mattered to Mike, considering the sizable bulge straining at the crotch of the tight hot-pants the person wore. That made it a him, and...

* * * * *

'god that's disgusting, it's a guy who's had surgery, a pervert, god that's so sick and...' Listening to Mike's mental dialogue, Colleen smiled - this was the perfect revenge.

"She's very sexy to you. You think she looks very hot, despite the bulge in her shorts. In fact, you're kind of turned on by her." Colleen told his mind.

* * * * *

...and despite the fact it had started out as a guy... the person on the screen did look hot.

"Geez..." Mike muttered to himself, startled and dismayed to find himself becoming aroused by the sight of the tranny on screen 'vamping' down the street. Sure, 'she' looked mostly like a woman - but the truth was that she was a guy, right? Mike was sickened by the fact that his cock refused to acknowledge the fact, getting hard quite quickly.

* * * * *

Colleen listened to the confusion in Mike's mind with a smile. She could instruct him to get further aroused, if she'd wanted to - but she didn't actually want to change his sexual orientation or preferences, other than to give a few 'nudges'. She had something else in mind...

Going to the doll she'd gotten, she picked up the syringe filled with a whitish fluid she'd created - and slowly began to fill the comparatively tiny 'cock' she'd magically grafted onto the doll, the rubber organ slowly stretching as it filled with the 'sperm' she was pumping into it.

While she continued slowly pumping up the doll's cock, she picked up the phone and began to speak..

* * * * *

Almost against his will, Mike sat and watched the action on the screen, making no move to turn of the 'sick' movie, while his cock went hard as a rock and throbbed almost painfully.

Suddenly, he found himself overcome with an irresistible urge. Though it disgusted him, he couldn't help himself - he hurriedly unzipped his pants unbuttoned his shirt, stripping naked quickly and setting his cock free, his hands wrapping around it's throbbing thickness.

He began to jack off - to a tranny film. He just couldn't help himself. He was incredibly horny, his cock painfully aroused... "What the hell?" Mike gasped, tearing his eyes from the 'action' on the screen.

His cock was bigger the he'd ever seen it - and it was still slowly swelling larger. It was already considerably larger and thicker then it had been before.

He wanted to continue gaping at his swelling, enlarging cock - but, unwillingly, he found his eyes going back to the movie, while his hands continued to stroke his slowly swelling cock.

* * * * *

Smiling, Colleen finished the 'sperm' injection in the now oversized cock of the voodoo doll - then picked the doll up. She'd 'softened' the interior gel-like material that gave the doll it's shape under it's rubber skin, and now she began to knead the inner material, moving it around under the outer layer.

* * * * *

Mike gasped as in incredibly strange feeling shuddered through his body - as if giant hands were lightly gripping and massaging him.

Still helplessly jerking off his now-huge cock, Mike stared down at himself - as his flesh began to writhe. As he watched, horrified, his muscle-mass began to shift, his toned, strong body loosing it's sculpted shape as the mass began to migrate. Clumps of semi-liquefied muscles that had formed his strong arms began to run up to his shoulders and slide down into his chest as two half-formed lumps... that looked an awful lot like misshapen breasts.

The didn't remain misshapen, though, slowly smoothing their contours as mass continued to join the growing mounds.

"No...!" Mike cried, horrified - in a voice tat he was horrified to hear emerged in an androgynous tone that could have been boyish masculine of husky feminine.

In the space of a few minutes, a new figure was reclined on the bed.

The traces of Mike's original face could be seen in the new one, though the lips were fuller, the nose smaller, and the jaw re-shaped. The changes, though, had been sort of half-way, leaving him with a much more 'girlish' face, but one that was still too masculine to be beautiful.

Likewise, his body was much more feminine in appearance, with a slimmer over-all look - but his shoulders were broader then most women's, and his hips narrower.

As a matter of fact - he looked an awful lot like a cross between Chyna, from the WWF, and Lucy Lawless, TV's Xena. He was somewhere between the two women in build and muscularity - but he far outstripped either in the bust department, with a big, firm pair of EEE-cup tits thrust from his ribcage.

TOO big and TOO firm, with his still-masculine nipples at the end of the now-hairless mounds. They were incredibly obvious implants, right down to the scars on the bottom curves of his nipples. Scars that proved that they weren't original equipment...

...as if you needed any more proof then the huge, thick cock thrust from his crotch. It was massive, a foot in length and amazingly thick - and he couldn't stop jacking it off, even as he realized that he'd inexplicably become one of those 'sicko' trannies...

"No...!" Shi cried, horrified by what had happened to hir in the space of just a few minutes - but hir long-nailed-hut-mannish hands didn't stop their rhythmic stroking of hir huge, throbbing member.

Then hir huge, thick cock twitched - and began to gush an incredible fountain of cum.

Helplessly - horrified - Mike found herself bending down as far as possible and lapping at the spray of cum, getting only a fraction of the warm, salty, disgusting liquid down hir throat as the rest splattered across hir face and tits.

Falling backwards, utterly sickened by the taste of hir own cum in hir moth, confused and horrified, shi found herself beginning to fondle hir huge, impossible firm tits, though they weren't as sensitive or enjoyable as real tits would be.

"What's happening to me...?" Mike cried out in anguish, hir huge cock still hard and throbbing with desire as hir hands helplessly fondled her own transformed body.

It turned out shi had to cum three more times before hir cock would soften...

* * * * *

"Well - go ahead and explain that!" Colleen told the image in the crystal ball just before it faded.

She hadn't changed anything in Mike's mind - except for the fact that Mike's new body was perpetually arousing to itself, since she'd fooled around, linking his male mind to be horny for hir huge tits, and hir female side to be horny for hir huge cock. Given time, Mike might be able to bulk up again - but she'd made hir tits so big so that surgery couldn't reduce them to a near-flat chest without extensive scarring.

She'd left Mike a transsexual 'freak' - without altering hir sexual preferences. Colleen had the feeling she'd have trouble finding dates for Saturday nights from now on - not to mention the type of life she'd lead, all hir friends and family seeing the changed Mike.

Colleen wished she could be there when Mike tried to explain what had happened to hir...

Shaking her head, Colleen push Mike's fate aside. Mike was only a warm-up, a test of some theories. Now it was time to move on to the real thing - Steve...

First, though, she needed a bit of time to get some coffee, use the washroom - and recuperate. She felt, quite literally, drained. She was realizing that every use of the spell took something out of her - sooner or later, she was going to run out of whatever mystical energy the spell ran on, and she'd be unable to use the spell again until it was replenished - assuming that this unknown energy could be replenished.

Maybe, once it was gone, it would be gone forever.

The thought of that made her regret how much energy she'd already 'wasted' on stuff like the clothes and furniture - but she wasn't deterred in the least from her plan. She was still going to get her vengeance on Steve. She just hoped she had enough energy left in her wonderful new body to see this through to the end.

After a fifteen minute break - and a cup of strong black coffee - Colleen sat back down at the table, placing her hands on either side of the crystal ball. With just a little concentration, the image of her intended target, Steve, formed, replacing the ball with a hologram-like image...

...and Colleen grinned to see where he was. This was going to be better then she could have ever hoped.

...as long as she had enough power left to see it through...

* * * * *

Letting the door swing shut behind him, Steve Garin took a deep breath of the air in the bar, loving the smell of smoke, sweat and leather.

Unlike Mike who's body was (or, rather, 'had been', but Steve didn't know that...) lightly muscled from athletics, Steve's taller, broader frame carried thick slabs and curves of hard-earned muscle from years of working out - it was part of his 'tough guy' image, as was his close-cropped head of pale blond hair and his equally short-cut goatee.

Another part of his image was his weekend pursuit - he was a 'hog-rider', as he liked to call himself. He owned one of the new Indian motorcycles, a updated version of the classic motorcycle who's marquee had only recently returned to the roads. To go with the motorcycle, Steve had the wardrobe.

It started with a pair of real 'motorcycle' boots, a thick-soled, steel-toed set of army-style boots that went quite a ways up past the ankles. The tops of these boots were hidden by his pants - jeans with thick black leather 'chaps' sewn right into them, making them stiff and actually quite uncomfortable, not that Steve would ever admit it. The design made them stiff and hot - but the fact that he'd bought them nearly skin-tight, the better to show off his massive, tree-trunk like legs, meant that sitting down in them could actually be quite a chore. The black leather belt he wore with the pants had a massive tarnished-silver belt-buckle which was actually illegal - it's apparent 'gun' motif concealed the fact that the raised 'image' was actually a tiny .11

caliber one-shot derringer. Truth was, as firearms went the tiny gun was the next best thing to useless, but Steve thought it kicked ass to be walking around packing a gun. A sheath on the thick belt he wore also sported a big, kick-ass K-bar knife, they type the marines used, with leather grip and faded brass pommel and hilt.

Steve was also wearing a black denim work-shirt that he'd very carefully and deliberately washed in a mild bleach solution a dozen times for the 'faded' look. Over the shirt was his most prized piece of apparel - a genuine first-issue Indian motorcycle jacket. Black leather with big tarnished silver snaps, clasps and buckles, the jacket boasted a high, thick collar, and intricate stitching on the back in pre-faded thread the formed an image of a red-and-black Indian motorcycle, with the company name above it, and the name of the motorcycle model - 'Chief' - below it.

God-damned if he didn't feel like the most ass-kicking, pussy-humping macho sunnuvabitch in the world when he was doing his weekend routine.

Now, if only the real bikers who frequented the roadhouse Steve spent most of his time in would see him that way...

"Hey, Pretty-Boy's back!" A voice called, and it strained Steve's face to keep from wincing. The 'real' bikers, a motley collection of individuals whose riding gear wasn't half as well cared for as Steve's (and whose personal hygiene was even worse), laughed and greeted Steve with good-natured (but pointed and even sarcastic) ribbing and cat-calls.

'Pretty Boy' was Steve's secretly much-hated nickname. Rule number one in the sub-society of bikers was that nobody got to pick their own 'handle'. It had to be given to them at some point - unless, of course, you were stuck with such a limp-dick name that you'd been using your own self-anointed handle for years now. Even bikers wouldn't squawk at somebody choosing to call themselves 'Hawk' or 'Snake' if they were stuck by their parents with the real name of Percy or Melvin.

Steve, however, didn't have that 'out'. The first day he'd walked into this bar, one of the bikers playing pool had looked up, seen him - and drawled 'Well, look at the pretty boy...'

The name had stuck, and Steve just had to grin and bear it if he wanted to be semi-welcome in the bar. It was owned by an ex-member of the local gang, who'd had to stop riding after a badly mashed hand on a particular wipe-out had left him unable to work the throttle.

The man's wrist simply didn't rotate any more.

Though the bikers liked to keep a low profile when they were 'roosted' (because they didn't want the cops closing out their favorite watering hole), that didn't mean they didn't have ways of keeping people away from the bar. Hell, filling a bar with a dozen tough bikers was enough reason to stay away for most people. So the fact that 'Pretty Boy' was tolerated, if not actually welcome, was good enough for Steve.

Walking across the sawdust-covered floor, Steve went to the bar and asked for a beer. Grunting, the bartender got one out and shoved it at Steve who - unlike the bikers themselves - had to pay cash-on-hand for his drinks.

Turning around and leaning against that bar's scratched surface, Steve sipped at his beer and wondered what the evening would bring...

* * * * *

Watching through the crystal ball, colleen had to smile at how perfect a set-up this was. She hadn't been quite sure about all the details of her revenge on him, leaving a lot of things open to custom-tailor it to the situation - but this was as perfect as she could have imagined.

Turning from the crystal ball, Colleen looked at the 'voodoo doll' she had for Steve.

Had somebody come into the room, they would have been shocked at the sight - they would have thought there was a dead body hanging from a stand in the middle of the room.

The 'voodoo doll' had started out as one of those anatomy skeletons that educational stores sold - plaster-of-Paris rather than real bone, but realistically formed into the complete skeleton. Over this framework, Colleen had created a rough outline of a male human body with a bodysuit over some foam padding, and some cheap clothes over that.

Then, with a touch of magic, it had become and exact, life-size replica of Steve in every way, right down to the clothes, save for the fact that it wasn't living, all it's 'tissue' inert, like the latex rubber used in Hollywood for prosthetics and other make-up effects.

There was a huge difference between her life sized 'dummy' and a Hollywood special effect, though - anything at all Colleen did to the 'dummy' would also instantaneously happen to Steve, where he was.

Rubbing her hands together gleefully, Colleen quickly re-arranged her workroom a bit, pulling the dummy closer to the table so that she could see the crystal ball while she was working on the voodoo doll.

Now came the fun part.

She'd picked up a can of hair-spray while she was shopping - but it wasn't hair-spray anymore. She'd quickly written up a new label on a piece of paper and glued it to the can - then put the spell on it. Now the 'label' was painted directly on the can, advertising the product and describing what it did:

COLLEEN'S MAGICAL REVENGE ENHANCER

Creates instant acceptance of any occurrence, no matter how bizarre, and enhances the effects of magical revenge.

- * Greatly increases the male libido!
- * Makes men very talkative about sexual desires!
- * Increases the size of the penis!

- * Increases sperm production!

- * Increases sexual stamina!

NOTE: Product's effect on Steve Garin will differ. Steve Garin will experience a helpless need to obey any instructions that might be given, regardless of person preference.

Patting the can fondly, Colleen leaned over and opened a little 'door' she'd drawn on the wall - and magically made into a direct pipe-line into the roadhouse. She faced the nozzle of the can at the opening and pressed down on the top, spraying the contents of her magically-created elixir into the roadhouse.

Sitting where she could see and hear what was coming from the crystal ball, she waited for the effects to kick in. The first part wouldn't be all that obvious - since the men would accept without comment the fact that their cock's were growing. No, she was waiting for her 'cue'...

* * * * *

"Hey, Chop!"

The fat, greasy-looking biker... Okay, so that described almost all of them.

The one with the tattoo of the Harley on his arm, who was usually called 'Chopper' or just 'Chop', looked over in the direction of the red- haired biker who'd shouted.

"Yeah, Red?" Chop grunted.

"What was the name of that blonde in San An?" red asked, one hand lightly stroking the crotch of his pants. Chop frowned. "Don't 'member. Know the one you mean, though - got was she a hot piece of ass."

"Yeah - there's just sumpin' about a woman with a big head of blonde hair." Another one, named 'Ditch' (because of his habit of running others off the road) said. "I mean, really *biiiiig* hair."

Steve was leaning against the bar, sort of 'soaking in' the whole biker atmosphere when this odd reminisce started. He'd learned after his first couple of visits to keep his mouth shut unless somebody talked to him first, so he was just sort of relaxing, hanging out, and soaking it all in...

...when, far away, Colleen heard her cue.

"Ahhh!" Steve grunted, more from shock then pain, as it felt like somebody had managed to twine their fingers into what little hair he left on his head, and pulled. Startled, he whipped his head around to shout at the bartender for the stunt..

...then felt as if his brain had melted down when the motion caused a heavy, thick, curly hank of hair to whip in front of his face. Stunned, he finished turning all the way around and stared in the mirror.

Framing his face was the 'biggest' head of hair he'd ever seen in his life.

The hair itself was platinum blonde, nearly white, and just masses of curls. More than just being 'long' though, the silky mass was also full and lush - and it spilled down over his shoulders, reaching almost all the way to his ass in a massive, heavy, wide fall of white-blond strands.

"What the hell...?" Steve said in shock, numbly placing the beer on the bar and reaching up to touch his suddenly-acquired mass of thick hair. He was utterly at a loss to explain what had just happened to him.

"Yeah - kinda like the way Pretty Boy's hair looks." Red said in an off-hand voice, not noticing anything the least bit odd about the fact that Steve's hair had practically exploded out into a mass of silken curls. "Only, you know, more.. made up. You know, put into a watchamacallit - a style."

Still stunned, Steve's jaw dropped even wider and he began making incoherent noises as his massive new mane pulled itself upward, building up into a huge 'bun', à la Peg Bundy, before spilling back down behind it in a pale, frothy wave.

"Hey, Pretty Boy - turn around and let me get a look." Chop called - and, helplessly, Steve found himself complying. "Wha... wha... wha..." Steve stammered, slack-jawed - but was ignored as the assembled bikers looked at the hair. "Fuck, no!" Chopper said. "No, sumin' more... you know, sexy. Not so damned.. 'girlie'. Like a real woman."

* * * * *

Colleen blinked, a little confused - then had to grin as it occurred to her what type of woman was a 'real woman' by biker standards. Turning back to the doll, she tried another style...

* * * * *

The room watched as Steve's hair began to rearrange itself on its own accord. This time, the hair formed itself into a sort of top-knot pony-tail, rising straight up from near the back of her head and held up by six chrome metal rings about an inch in diameter, joined together with black leather weaving. The hair then spilled out of this to fall around Steve's shoulders.

"Yeah - that's more like it." Ditch said, and there was murmurs of agreement.

Steve, however, wasn't nearly as 'satisfied' with the change as the others were. No longer facing the mirror, he couldn't actually see whether or not the style was 'flattering' - but he didn't really care about that.

"What the hell's going on!" Steve demanded, in a panic-filled voice, hands once again flying to his head to run through his new mane of long, silky hair. "My... my hair...!"

One of the other bikers, Ripman - his real last name, cool enough on its own that didn't need a handle - looked at Steve and nodded, completely ignoring the muscular (and now long-haired) youth's panicked outburst.

"Hey - 'cept for the color, that hair r'minds me of somebody..." He said, in his hoarse voice. "Reminds me a bit of a bitch down in LA - man, she had a set of lips that looked like they'd seal around a cock and never spill a drip."

Steve felt a sensation in his lips - it felt like they had been stung by a bee or something. Not the actual sensation of being stung, with the pain and all, but how lips that had been stung felt - swollen, too-sensitive, weird...

Turning, Steve glanced in the mirror - and found the most incredible full, firm, luscious lips he'd ever seen on *his* face.

"Muh... muh lipph!" Steve said, shocked - then tried again, hearing the way it came out through the unaccustomedly full, thick lips that his face now boasted. "What happened to my lips?"

The bikers, however, didn't seem the least bit interested in answering Steve's shocked questions. They were busy reminiscing about other things...

"hey - let me see, Pretty Boy!" Chop asked - demanded - and Steve once again found himself helpless to resist, swiveling around to show off his new lips to the assembled bikers.

"Not bad, but lips like that should be wearing lipstick." Was Red's opinion - and a second later, a heavy coat of frosted pink lipstick coated Steve's new, full lips. He recoiled as he tasted the slightly waxy flavor of the frosted coat covering his altered lips.

"Naw - that sorta whitish pink color is stupid..." Was Ripman's opinion, and there was some agreement...

...so Steve's lipstick darkened in a deep, gloss red, with slightly darker, nearly black outlining at the edge. "Yeah - that's the stuff...!" Ditch said, with a grin. "But it looks damn strange on Pretty-Boy."

Hope flared in Steve's chest - this was the first time somebody had noticed that something wasn't right, and...

"That hair and those lips belong on a babe's face." Ditch finished - and Steve could feel the bones under his face shifting and changing, the hair of his goatee pulling back into his skin and leaving his face smooth and flawless as it reshaped itself. Horrified, Steve whirled around yet again...

...and stared at a incredible cute-sexy face, with a pixie-ish cast to it. Big blue eyes, tiny snub nose, and those full lips... "Naw - not like that..." red complained. "You know... sexy!"

* * * * *

Colleen slapped her forehead with the palm of her hand. Sure, most guys would find that face really sexy - but she had forgotten who her 'audience' was...

* * * * *

Even as Steve gaped stupidly at his new face - it changed.

The rounded, smooth contours began to writhe, acquiring shaper angles and shapes. For a second, Steve hoped...

...but no. A second later, Steve was staring at a face that was still 'sexy', in it's way - but this was cheap/sexy. High, almost painfully well-defined cheekbones and a narrower, sharper shin framed her new features, which boasted dark, sultry eyes, a narrow, thin nose that was a little too sharp for beauty, and those incredibly sexy lips. In conjunction with his hair, it gave him a sort of hungry, purposeful look, a look like she was craving something and willing to do whatever it took to get it...

The guys obviously though it was just perfect, after once more ordering Steve around so they could 'admire' his face, which was also made up with a stark, heavy scheme.

All of this had taken place in the span of a few minutes, and Steve's brain had been lagging behind, shock and confusing dulling his mental processes. Now, where logic failed to serve, panic initiated the 'fight or flight' instinct in self preservation.

"Nooooo!" Steve screamed in horror at his new facial appearance - and began to run for the door.

"You know - he wouldn't run so fast if he were wearing heels, like that girl from San An used to wear.." Was Chop's comment...

...and Steve went flying as his biker boots writhed into a new pair of footwear. He sprawled on the floor, the sudden change in his boots throwing him off balance.

Gaping, he rolled over and stared at the boots that now enclosed much smaller (and more feminine) feet, an unasked-for 'gift' from Colleen. These new boots were still leather - but now they were shin-high and went over his pants, rather than under.

They also had a three-inch-high platform that sloped inwards from the upper of the boot to a half-sized sole. 'Balancing out' this tiny front surface area (though balance was actually the exact opposite of what it assisted in), was a nine-inch-high stiletto heel.

"Hey - those are even better..." Ditch said, with a grin. "Great boots, Pretty-Boy - I bet you can walk real sexy in them." "Yeah..." Chop said. "Go ahead, walk sexy for us - just don't try to walk away, 'cause you're stayin' here tell we tell you to go."

Though he fought, Steve found himself caught in the grip of compulsion, helpless to stop himself as she rose back to his altered feet.

To his shock, he found that he could balance quite easily atop the tiny surface area of the boots - and, even more shocking, he could walk easily too, which he helplessly did with an over-emphasized sway to his hips as she strutted across the floor.

"Not bad... but it'd look better if he had wider hips, man..." Red said...

..which stared off a round of 'yeah, and..' from the rest of the guys, starting of a fast and furious round of changes to the helpless, hapless youth.

Still strolling around the room, Steve burst into tears as the changes ran through his body, one after the other...

He felt his hips swell outwards, his pants keeping up with the change to match his new dimensions as his hips became almost over- exaggerated, a wide, perfectly rounded pair of womanly, child-bearing hips...

...which then found themselves accompanied by a full, womanly ass that swelled outward, his pants altering to accommodate the full, firm spheres of his enlarged, reshaped buttocks, giving him an almost over-full, firm, perfectly sexy ass that, at another comment, joined in the sultry symphony of his walk, swaying and rotating in a sexy man, begging for attention...

...which it would definitely receive in the new garment his pants became, rushing upwards up his legs and joining in the center, until a skin-tight leather mini-shirt just barely covered his spectacular, almost overly-feminine ass.

His sobbing became mixed with please to stop this, to change him back, to just stop changing him further... but that didn't save Steve from the comment that somebody could see his boxer-briefs, which looked silly...

...so they writhed and reshaped themselves, becoming a pair of black leather panties that rose up between his full new ass cheeks and tightly hugged his crotch.

Too tightly...

"Oh, God!" Steve cried out in pain. "My cock! My balls! Oh, god - they're being crushed!"

An instant later, he wished that he'd kept his mouth shut - as a comment gave him the horrifying sensation of having his cock and balls retract into his body, leaving behind - as Red had phrased it - a 'tight, hot little cunt...'

His sobbing became out-and-out crying...

...which prompted Chop to tell him to stop whining and sniveling. Or, to put it the way Chop phrased it...

"Geez, Pretty boy -stop with the bitching. I don't ever want to hear you complain, cry or yell unless somebody tells you to!"

So - Steve was denied even the outlet to his disgust, fear and confusion as he found himself unable to truly express his horror at what was happening here.

"Please - please don't!" Steve begged, with a forced 'calmness' he didn't feel...

His pleas only served to tick off another biker, name Rocco, who thought Steve should have a sexy, female voice. So, of course, Steve did.

"Geez - Pretty-Boy in drag...!" Red laughed. "God, you look stupid, Pretty-boy - them big, ugly, hairy legs in high-heels and a skirt..."

That was enough for Colleen to talk care of the 'problem' - and Steve couldn't do a damned thing about it, not even complain or cry, as his legs writhed and reshaped into a pair of sexy, slightly over-exaggerated female legs...

...clad in torn, close-weave black fishnet stockings that went with the growing 'look' the half-feminized man was starting to acquire.

'Half', however, wasn't nearly enough for the bikers still lounging around as casually as if this was just an average night at the roadhouse. More than one of them was stroking their crotches now, horny as hell - and though they were oddly accepting of what was going on, that didn't mean they couldn't think about it at all - and, horny as they were, the thought that Steve was half the way to being a woman made them think about what they could do if they kept going.

So they did..

A few seconds later, Steve's shirt had become a black leather corset, cinched painfully tight around an altered waist that, unaided, would be twenty-five inches, but was painfully compressed down to a mere twenty-four.

A minute after that, and his black 'wife-beater' tank-top undershirt had become a spandex crop-top that hugged tightly to his flat, more- slender and hairless ribcage.

A few seconds later, and the last overtly masculine parts of him had gone the way of the dodo, as his shoulders narrowed sharply and his arms lost those massive slaps of muscle, becoming as slender and feminine as the new hands that graced the ends of them, with long, gloss-pink nails tipping *her* slender new fingers.

Then somebody noted that she was kinda flat chested...

Steve wished he had the power to whimper as the crop-top stirred, then rose outwards under the force of the swelling mounds of flesh behind them, which rapidly formed into a pair of firm, round, D-cup tits, tipped with sensitive nipples.

But that wasn't good enough for the guys. No, they wanted more.

They got it - Steve's new chest continued to swell outwards, and every time they slowed somebody would say they wanted her new tits bigger. The tits thrust from Steve's chest went from big to really big, then jumped up into huge, then massive - then right into down-right unbelievable. By the time the guys finally stopped, Steve was stuck with an enormous, unbelievable pair of chest-melons, the size and shape of those beach-balls you could buy. They were massive, thrust impossibly from her new chest and tipped with massive, thick, super-sensitive nipples that strained to burst through the spandex fabric that barely contained her massive new mounds, a mouth- watering chasm of creamy cleavage on display.

Which left...

"Whoa, baby - you're looking hot now!" red said. "You ain't no Pretty Boy no more - now you're a sexy slut!"

"No - no I'm not..." Steve said, in her helplessly sexy, feminine new voice. She couldn't actually complain - but she could 'comment'. "I'm not really a woman, guys - I'm Steve, remember?"

"Not now, you ain't!" Chopper retorted. "From now on, you're Stevi the sex-slut, and that's how you're gonna act - as a cum-hungry bitch who can't get enough of our big, thick cocks. I want you beggin' for it, bitch - I want you to be out little biker slut bitch, for the rest of your life!"

With that, Steve - Stevi - was condemned to her new life, helpless to act any way but in the manner of the woman they'd just defined her to be...

She stopped dead and looked around at the bikers leering at her, all of them so obviously horny that you couldn't miss it - and that was something the new woman knew about, whether she 'really' wanted to, or not.

"Hmmm..." Stevi helplessness found herself moaning in a horny, sultry voice. "With all you studs around, won't somebody fuck me hard? C'mon, guys - I want a huge, thick cock shoved into my hot, wet cunt, fucking me like there's no tomorrow..."

While she said this, she found her hands slowly stroking her crotch - then pulling up her skirt, revealing her leather panties...

"Can't somebody fill me so full of big, hard cock that I feel like I'm gonna burst?" She asked in a seductively plaintive voice, her long- nailed hands helplessly unclipping the small clasp on the side of the panties and letting them drop to the floor, revealing her cunt, which was clean-shaven and quite 'ready', even if, deep inside, Stevi's male ego was screaming and gibbering in horror.

"Oh, hell, yeah!" Red said, grinning nastily. "I'll fuck you, bitch!" He rose from his chair, dropping his pants down around his ankle and revealing a huge, thick cock that was hard as iron and throbbing with his lust. "Bend over, bitch! Here cums Red!"

"Oh, yes..!" Stevi cooed eagerly, bending over the pool table - while, deep inside, her brain was creaming 'Oh no!'.

However, that unheard scream wasn't answered, as Red walked across the floor to where her luscious ass was stuck up into the air, a grin plastered onto his unshaven face.

Wrapping his meaty hands around her wide him, he slammed his huge, throbbing cock forward, not giving a shit about what she'd feel... her scream seemed to indicate pleasure from it's sound, but it was actually a scream of horror and pain as the huge, thick member forced itself into her cunt, filling her to capacity as red began to fuck her, hard and fast, slamming the too-big member into her over and over again...

Meanwhile, Chop had also dropped his pants, and now he was getting on the pool table, sitting directly in front of her, his huge cock thrust into her face - and then he was grabbing her head and guiding it downward -and she helplessly found herself opening her mouth and taking as much of the huge member in as she could . Her weight was braced on the table and she

couldn't use her hands - but that didn't matter. Chop was just looking to get off, and the suction she applied helplessly to his cock as her tongue began to slide of the smell, gross organ, he began to buck his hips, face-fucking her.

Steve wanted to die from the shame, horror and disgust - but Stevi showed no sign of that, apparently quite satisfied with being their bitch, getting fucked from behind while she slurped away at a cock.

Red came first, groaning as he pumped what seemed like gallons of hot cum deep into her new cunt before he pulled his cock out with a wet, slurping sound - long before she'd reached orgasm, denied even that 'relief'. She wasn't going to get an orgasm from the next man in line, though - as he positioned himself and leaned forward, using all his weight to force his massive, over-sized new cock deep into her virgin ass, with Stevi unable to even scream in pain as she was violated...

Unable to make any sound, in fact, as she was busy gulping at the flood of cum gushing down her new throat, unable to keep up with the spray that also gushed from around her full lips and soaked the lower half of her new face as Chop held her head to keep her from pulling away from his supply of thick, war goo...

* * * * *

Exhausted, Colleen slumped, knowing that she was out of mystical energy for now, and maybe forever.

It didn't mater - what she'd already created was permanent, and through her crystal ball she watched with intense satisfaction as Stevi helplessly serviced the bikers in the bar, unable to resist in the slightest as she was used as their sex-toy. Even as she watched, the last remaining stitch of the new woman's clothing was removed so she could be tit-fucked, some of the guys who'd already gone lining up for a second round. With a dozen men, she could be fucking for quite some time yet, and though she'd love to stay and watch every depravity, every humiliation, Colleen had to get to work at her new job - as a stripper.

Smiling at the irony of it all - the fact that what could be hell for one person could be heaven for another - Colleen left her work-shop and locked the door, then headed off to her room to change, looking forward to doing her act, getting men all hot-and-bothered with her gorgeous, buxom new body...

...and wishing that Brad hadn't had to go away, so she could get a good hard fucking before she left. Seeing Stevi fucked hard and long had gotten her *sooo* hot...

Humming happily to herself, Colleen began to get dressed.

* * * * *

Back in the workshop, a gust of wind from her closing the door stirred through the air, ruffling the edges of the huge blonde wig on the highly-realistic dummy on a metal stand, one that looked like an impossibly large-breasted woman.

It also stirred a very old-looking sheet of paper, lifting it from the surface of the table it was on, and sending it floating through the air. It glided on the currents...

..and right into the open 'vent' on the wall, the one Colleen hadn't closed. The one that led directly to a road-house.

Buoyed by the warm, stale air, the paper drifted onward, tending down to the ground, unnoticed by the dozen men and one woman in the establishment, who were otherwise occupied. The paper sank lower and lower as it drifted across the room, finally hitting the floor - just in time to be swept through the gap in the cheaply-built door, and out into the coolness of the night, where a brisk breeze picked it up, tumbling it across the parking lot and towards the highway...

...where it came to a sudden stop, plastered to the back of a human leg. Startled, the owner of that leg - a forty-eight year old professor, leaning against the hood of his aging Buick as he refilled the slowly leaking radiator - looked down and frowned. Leaning over, he picked up the piece of parchment, wondering how an antiquity like this had ended up floating along a secondary highway in the middle of the night.

Shrugging, he carried it around to the car and put it on his dashboard, then went back to finish his job with the radiator.

When the hood was once more lowered and locked into place, Professor Greyson climbed back into the car and brought it's engine to life. As he put the car into gear and pulled away from the curb, he glanced over at the parchment laying beside him on the seat.

"I'll have my class translate it.." Greyson said to himself, with a shrug. "Tell them it's worth an extra ten marks on top of their test next week."

* * * * *

It turned out to be a very interesting month at East Langford College, especially in Professor Greyson's History class...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Discovering that he has wakened as a female, two roommates try to reverse a spell that has left them as husband and wife.

...Might Get It

By Gunslinger

Mumbling incoherently through a wide yawn, Lee rose from the futon and stumbled across the laundry-strewn floor. Scratching the scalp that lay beneath the thick, honey-blonde mane of sleep-tousled hair, Lee staggered past the house-trailer's small kitchenette to the door of the equally cramped bathroom. Bothering with neither light-switch nor door, the barely-awake blonde walked over to the toilet, one hand lifting the hem of the baggy red-and-black team jersey that hung nearly to mid-thigh...

The shrilly hysterical scream shattered the morning calm like the wail of an air-raid siren.

"Whazza...!" Gary blurted as he burst from the door to the bedroom, his near incoherence distracting from an otherwise commendable reaction time.

The banshee-like wail sounded a second time, and the dark-haired young man's head whipped sharply to the left, instinctively seeking the source of that nerve-wracking sound even as his brain struggled to clear itself of the lingering veil of sleep.

Sure his sleep-befuddled mind was playing tricks on him, the goateed young man brought his fisted hands up and rubbed sleepily at his eyes, then lowered them and peered once more into the bathroom.

"If you don't mind me asking..." Gary said, dryly, one thick eyebrow rising sarcastically. "Who are you, what are you doing in my house, and finally: What's all the fuss about, miss?"

Smacking one hand suddenly against his forehead, Gary held out the other in a gesture to forestall any answer.

"Never mind - the answer to the most important question just became obvious." Gary said. With a sigh, he turned his head towards the front of the trailer.

"Oh, *Leeeee*....!" He caroled in resignation. "I assume this young... lady... is your guest. Why don't you come see what's ailing her, so I can get back to bed..."

"Gary..." A ragged contralto voice, riding the broken edge of hysteria, drew the dark-haired young man's attention back to the tall, buxom woman in the bathroom.

"Gary..." She repeated, nearly sobbing. "It's me, Gary - Lee! I'm Lee!" "What the hell are you..." Gary started, irritably...

...then, as he found himself taking a longer, harder look at the woman in the bathroom, his eyes widened and his voice died away. He grunted, explosively, as if from a solid hit to the solar plexus.

Though shorter than Lee's six-three height, she was tall for a woman - just as Lee was tall for a man.

Though her figure was emphatically feminine, it was the feminine version of that same lean, well-toned athletic build of Gary's roommate.

Her hair, though longer and thicker, was the same shade of honey-blonde, and her shock-widened eyes that same faded denim blue.

If you were of a mind to compare, the quite awesomely impressive bust filling out Lee's beloved team jersey was probably exactly as overstated as Lee's own oversized manhood.

It was when he caught sight of the small, crescent-shaped scar nearly hidden in the hair at her left temple that Gary felt his sanity take a sharp side-step to the right, however.

"Luh..." Gary rasped, throat suddenly dry. "Luh... Luh..."

Swallowing thickly, Gary finally managed to force the name out - two octaves higher than usual: "Lee?" "What the hell happened to me, Gary?" The bodacious buxom blonde demanded, tearfully...

...and then, to Gary's shock, she collapsed into his arm, sobbing into his shoulder.

Having just (*barely*) accepted the seemingly impossible fact that his tall, busty blonde was, indeed, somehow his best friend Lee, Gary was saved from having to decide how to handle having her warm and emphatically feminine body pressed against his by a sudden pounding on the aluminum-sheathed door of the trailer.

Awkwardly, Gary guided his somehow suddenly feminine friend to one of the battered vinyl-covered chairs at the small table opposite the kitchenette, then took the three steps necessary to reach the trailer's door.

He opened to the door - to reveal the deeply-lined ebony face of their neighbor, Ezekiel Washington. A spare, slightly hunched black man in his mid-sixties, Mr. Washington was a fixture in the trailer park.

"I heard Leanne a'screaming." Mr. Washington said. Dark eyes filled with concern. "Is she awright, Gary?" "Lee...anne?" Gary repeated, feeling like a boxer who'd taken one punch too many.

"Yeah, Leanne." Mr. Washington repeated, a bit of irritation creeping into his voice as he tried, in vain, to peer around Gary's body into the interior of the trailer. In a distracted voice, he added: "You know - yo' wife?"

"Wife...?" Gary squeaked...

...and then, at the sound of a 'thud', turned to find Lee/Leanne sprawled out on the floor, out cold.

* * * * *

When Lee's eyes fluttered opened, the sight of the familiar ceiling over the futon prompted the relieved thought that it had all been a dream...

...and then a quick glance downwards quickly disabused *her* of that notion. She wailed.

"Okay, Lee, I'm here." Gary said, quickly appearing beside the futon. "It's okay, Lee."

"It's not okay!" She replied, hands hesitantly rising to touch the massive, firm breasts straining at her jersey.; "I'm a frickin' girl, Gary!"

"Bad choice of words..." Gary admitted, ruefully. "What I mean is, whatever body you happen to have right now, it's not physically damaged. You're not dying or anything, okay? So, the best thing to do is not panic, so we can try and figure out how to get you back to normal - right? So... just take it easy."

"You wake up to find yourself turned into a chick with huge tits, and we'll see how 'easy' you take it!" Lee snapped back, pushing herself into a seated position - which caused her huge, firm tits to settle lower on her chest, causing her to gasp at the strange - and not completely unpleasant - sensation.

"What the hell is going on?" She asked the universe at large - but, as thoroughly depressed as her tone was, at least it no longer held the sharp edge of hysteria.

Then a memory came to the forefront of her mind - and she stared at Gary accusingly. "Why did Mr. Washington say I was your wife?" She demanded, angrily.

"Well, uh..." Gary said, an odd expression coming over his face.

"What?" Lee demanded, trying to ignore the 'subtle' - yet still radically different - sensations that came with even the smallest movement of her new body.

Gary swallowed heavily, and then picked up a few items he'd placed beside the bed.

"You've been unconscious for over half an hour.." He explained, by way of preamble. "After I got rid of Mr. Washington, I did some, uh.. investigating, I guess. Now, brace yourself..."

He handed Lee the items he'd been holding, and she took them. At first, her unhappy gaze was focused on the slender, undeniably feminine hands she stretched out to accept the items - and then her eyes caught what she was holding, and the world went gray and watery at the edges.

"Who - easy there!" Gary said, reaching out a hand to steady her as she swayed...

...and then he blinked, mouth working, as Lee leaned into the outstretched hand, sliding down it until she was leaning against Gary's chest, his arm around her shoulders.

Her gaze intent on the items in her slender hands, she didn't even seem to notice the position she'd almost instinctively taken. "I.. don't understand..." She said, staring wide-eyed at the photo.

A photo showing Gary in his best suit, standing on the steps of a small church, his arm around 'Leanne', who was dressed in a simple white dress.

A wedding photo - which went well with the marriage license she'd also been handed.

Which would account for the fact that Gary's last name was matched up with 'Leanne' on the driver's license Gary handed her - the one that showed her feminine face in the typically bad photo.

"How could..." Lee started to ask, looking up at Gary - and realized the way she was 'cuddled up' into his protective embrace. ""What the fuck...!" She shouted, pulling sharply away from him. "Gary, what the fuck are you *doing!*"

"It wasn't me!" Gary protested, blushing brightly. "You did it!"

"I did not..." She started to deny, angrily - and then stopped, her face going pale, as her mind went back and replayed the past few minutes over again.

"Oh, shit - I *did*." She gasped. "I mean, I was feeling scared and upset and you reached out to steady me - and, I mean... I didn't even *think* about it. It just seemed so natural, and..."

She broke off suddenly, her pale face suddenly going red.

"And what?" Gary asked, frowning in puzzlement.

"Never mind." Lee replied, shortly - still wondering why the hell '...and it felt so nice!' almost popped out of her mouth. Worse - why it was *true*...

"How the hell could this have happened?" Lee demanded, wincing at the higher-pitched and undeniably feminine voice the question emerged in.

"I don't know - but we'll find out." Gary hurriedly assured her. "I mean, there has to be some reason for this, even if it isn't a 'logical' one, as we'd understand it. There has to be some sort of 'cause' for this 'effect'. So, let's start with the basics. Last night..."

Gary broke off, and odd look crossing his face.

"Lee - what do you remember of last night?" He asked, slowly. Confused, the new woman wrinkled her smooth brow - and blinked.

"Why - nothing!" She exclaimed. "We were getting ready to go out just after dinner, say about six... and then I woke up as a woman!"

"Same here." Gary agreed. "So, whatever caused this to happen occurred sometime during those missing hours. C'mon, Lee - get up and get dressed. We're going to try and track down what we did last night."

"Wait - you mean..." She stopped, blushing. "What?" Gary prompted.

"I.. have to go outside - like this?" She asked, gesturing at her top-heavy feminine form. "If you want to stop looking like 'this', you'll have to." Gary pointed out.

"Yeah. I guess so..." Lee admitted, not liking the thought. "Okay..."

In retrospect, it should have been obvious. After all, if other belongings - like the wedding photo - had come into existence to match their new 'situation', then Lee should have been expecting it. Perhaps it was the team jersey that threw her, however - but it didn't take long for them to determine that all of the 'Lee' clothing was now 'Leanne' clothing.

"I can't wear any of this!" She exclaimed, horrified and disgusted.

In fact, to Gary's eyes, too disgusted, since some of the clothing, while definitely women's clothing, wasn't too 'girly'.

Of course, Gary had no way of knowing that the bulk of Lee's reaction came from the fact that, at the sight of some of the more feminine articles of clothing, her very first thought had been: "God, I'd look really hot in this!"

"All right, get out." Lee sighed. "I'll pick something out and get dressed."

"I'll go start the car..." Gary agreed, beating a tactical retreat out the door, to leave Lee to get changed.

Confusion and fright masquerading as anger, the unwillingly womanly Lee peeled off the team jersey - at least for the moment, since she planned on putting it back on once she'd put on her undergarments.

Which, unfortunately, included a bra.

She would have preferred not to wear such a feminine garment - and what really bothered her was the fact that her mind was split over the reason for that. In the end, though, simple comfort won out - for her bust was large enough to require such support.

So, with a grimace, she pulled on a simple off-white bra and the matching panties - and it never even occurred to her that, for the first time pulling a bra onto an over-sized pair of round, firm breasts, she had a remarkably easy time of it.

Likewise, after having pulled on a pair of nearly skin-tight jeans that seemed to be about the only pants 'Leanne' owned, when she stepped into a pair of strap-style sandals with three-inch cylindrical heels, she grimaced over having to wear them - but didn't think to question the fact that's he could wear them.

She then pulled on her shirt, grabbed her purse, and headed for the door...

...without consciously noting the fact that, rather than the baggy jersey she'd planned on wearing, she'd pulled on a white camisole top that hugged her spectacular new bust-line rather tightly.

She would have become aware of that fact had Gary made a (*quite truthful*) comment about how hot she looked in the outfit she'd 'chosen' - but, highly uncomfortable with the fact that he was finding his unwillingly feminized friend quite sexually attractive, Gary quite firmly kept silent about her choice in wardrobe.

She slipped into the car - with a decidedly feminine grace that she didn't notice, and Gary choose not to mention. "Okay..." Gary said, clearing his throat awkwardly. "We were planning to head down to the bar - so let's start there." "Sounds good." Lee agreed, unconsciously 'priming' her hair into a rough sort of order.

Again, Gary noticed the feminine behavior - and again, he decided not to comment on it. It would only make the both of them more uncomfortable than they already were...

Starting the car, Gary put it into gear, and started retracing their steps of the night before.

* * * * *

"Well..." Gary said, opening the door and sliding into the driver's seat. "Marcie said we were talking about trying that fair..." His voice trailed off, and his eyes widened in shock as he stared at Lee.

"What... are you doing...?" He stammered.

"Ah... han'... hew... hysel!" Lee replied, desperately.

The words were mangled by the fact that Lee's full lips were 'puckered' as she applied the glossy pink lipstick to them, but Gary managed to decipher them: 'I can't help myself!'

An explanation that probably explained the mascara, eye-shadow, and blush, too...

"Oh, this isn't good..." Gary said - an ironic statement, since what wasn't good was how good it made her look.

"Hold on, buddy - and pray that the answer's at the fair ground!" Gary said, dropping the car into gear and peeling out of the parking lot.

Twenty minutes of near-suicidal driving later, he pulled up at the fairgrounds.

Some of the dangerous driving came from the fact that he was in a hurry to get there - but more of it came from the way lee had begun rubbing her lush new body against his, a look of horror on her face as she'd helplessly come on to her 'husband'.

"Hurry, Gary!" She gasped, helplessly pressing her huge new boobs against his arm. "I.. I can't hold out much longer!"

"Stay here!" Gary said, hopping out of the car - and blushing brightly as his standing erect revealed that he was... well, standing erect.

Though his mind was still a blank regarding the night before, he began wandering around the fairgrounds, hoping to figure out what he and Lee might have been doing the night before - a couple of twenty-something guys with a few stiff drinks in them, at the county fair.

The place was almost eerie in the daylight. Having bribed a 'carnie' five bucks to let him in the gate, Gary was wandering through a fair that had lost whatever glamour night would have lent it, peopled only by the crew who ran and maintained the rides, games and attractions.

Aware that there was an unseen clock ticking, Gary wandered almost aimlessly, hoping something would catch his eye...
...and something did.

It was an old mechanical fortune-telling machine, looking kind of like a popcorn cart with a disembodied 'old gypsy woman' torso and head inside.

Gary licked his lips, faint memories stirring....

Somehow, they'd gotten on the topic of 'marriage'. They'd been arguing what might induce two 'confirmed bachelors' such as themselves to actually get married, with Lee's 'requirements' by far the most outlandish. Gary had made some sort of questioning comment along the lines of 'How likely is that. ?' - and, upon spotting the fortune-telling machine, Lee had suggested they ask.

Just as Lee had the night before, Gary approached the fortune-telling machine, digging into a pocket and coming out with a quarter. Like Lee the night before, Gary slipped the quarter into the slot.

Last night, Lee had asked what it would take for him to be married - and had received a card he'd read aloud.

Gary now recalled laughing along with Lee over the card - because it was obviously ridiculous. Sure, by some strange fluke of luck, the response did relate to marriage - but since it was obviously aimed towards a woman, they'd laughed and tossed the card aside...

Now, nervously aware of some occult power at work within the somewhat creepy-looking machine, Gary cleared his throat and asked the reciprocal question:

"What would it take for my friend Lee to become a guy again?"

The wait seemed interminable, a minute stretching out to a century - then the machine hummed, clanked and rattled, finally ending with a 'ping!' as a small, pasteboard card dropped into a slot.

Hesitantly, Gary picked up the card and silently read what was written upon it...

Feeling numb, Gary slowly made his way back to the car, opened the door, and climbed inside.

"Well?" Lee demanded, desperately, as she pushed herself against him. "What happened? What did you find? What have you got there?"

Gary looked down at the card.

"It's a card from a fortune-telling machine." He replied. "You got one like it last night and read it aloud - and it's 'ridiculous' fortune came to pass."

"How...?" Lee began to ask. and then, as her hands helplessly began stroking Gary's denim-clad thigh,. Decided it wasn't important.

"Did you ask for a fortune that would make me a man again?" "Yes." Gary replied, woodenly. "Yes, I did."

Helplessly, Leanne licked her pink-glossed lips, eyes wide and dazed as she watched her fingers grasp the fly of Gary's jeans.

"Please..." She gasped, breathing heavily for a variety of reasons, none of them 'good'. "Please, Gary - I'm losing control! Read the card! Change me back!"

As Leanne's slender fingers slowly, almost teasingly unzipped his pants, Gary looked at the little pasteboard card the fortune-telling machine had spit out - a card with a whole new 'future' on it, one that would return the ever-more 'Leanne' back to 'good old Lee'.

"Hurry, Gary darling!" Leanne implored, her hands sensuously freeing Gary's rapidly hardening manhood from the confines of his underwear. Slowly, she began to lean forward. "Please, Gary - I... I can't stop myself!"

Gary re-read the words on the card, his fortune - and licked his lips.

"Gary! Now!" Leanne begged, her voice somewhat distorted by her lips trying to form an 'O' shape as she pulled her head ever closer to his now-rampant manhood. "If I do this, it'll be too late - and I can stop myself! Read the card Gary!"

The card.

The revised-future card, where Leanne would once again be Lee...

...and Gary would become Carrie.

"Sorry, buddy..." Gary said, softly. "Better you than me..." "What..?" She gasped, horrified. "What do you... umph!"

Helpless to stop herself from performing the duties specified for 'the wife', she closed her lips around Gary's hard cock, and began to give her very first blow-job.

"Mmmmph!" She grunted in horror, disgust, and shock.

Slowly, her jerky movements began to smooth, her horrified expression began to soften. "Mmmpf..." She repeated, lest emphatically - and with something like surprised pleasure.

"Oh, God, Leanne... yeah..." Gary moaned, the last little bit of guilt buried under the self-rationalization that if one of them had to be sucking the other's cock, he wanted to be on the receiving end.

"Mmmm..." Leanne agreed, a look of contented bliss coming over her face.

A look marred momentarily when she opened her eyes, reveling them to be filled with a depthless, inexpressible horror.

Then, with a helpless sigh of pleasure, Leanne's horror-filled eyes slid closed, and she 'happily' went on with her wifely duty of pleasuring her man...

...while Gary methodically tore up the card, then leaned back to enjoy it.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A businessman and his associate find themselves trading places after they encounter mysterious bellboy at their hotel.

The Mile

By Gunslinger

"What? There must be some mistake!"

The desk clerk recoiled slightly at the tone of the man's voice. "I'm sorry Mr. Deitrich - there was a mistake, in that only one room was reserved - but I'm afraid that it's the simple truth when I say there's no other room available in this hotel - or the whole city. Your Tech Show made the mistake of picking the same week-end as the local fair - there isn't a room to be had for miles."

The man closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Look - you have to find something - there's simply no way that her and I are sharing a room."

The woman agreed. "Damned right - can you call around and find somewhere else - anywhere else? A boarding house - or maybe a kennel. That would be perfect for..." She cut herself off without completing the decidedly unkind remark.

Personally, the desk-clerk couldn't figure out what all the hullabaloo was about. These two must have some sort of past history to object so strongly to sharing a room - and if they hated each other that much, their company must have been really desperate to pair them together.

The man - a Mister Mark Deitrich, according to his Credit Card, was a handsome young man, with dark hair and an athletic figure. The clerk didn't go that way, but he could see that this Mark Deitrich was extremely handsome. After all, the not-to-shabby looking clerk had had a few women stolen from him at bars by guys like this. No - stolen wasn't the right word. These guys never broke in on the woman he was hitting on - the women just found guys like Deitrich so damned attractive that they stopped paying attention to him and wandered over of their own free will, hoping to catch Deitrich's attention.

And the woman...!

She must have had an interesting genetic heritage she was a Mulatto, one of those black women with enough European stock in her background to make her skin an incredible shade of coffee-and-cream, a rich, tawny color that was close to cinnamon. She had a figure that wade the clerk's eyes want to pop out of their sockets - and was also stunningly beautiful besides, with remarkable full, mobile lips, huge, glorious dark eyes, and a long, curly mane of auburn hair that was so rich and vibrant that it could only be that way without the aid of tint or curler.

So here were to physically stunning people, a remarkably handsome man and a stunning gorgeous woman - and they were objecting, vehemently, having to share a room?

Go figure.

While the clerk was mentally shaking his head, the two business people were continuing their argument heatedly.

"Oh, and I'm the one who should have to find another room - or kennel?" Mark was saying, angrily. "In case you forget, Anita - I'm the one who has the credit line."

The gorgeous woman's lips curled in a still-beautiful sneer. "Perhaps - but the reservation's in my name. Besides, it's my project we're here to pitch - you're just here for the financial side."

"just?" the man said, incredulously. "I don't care how good your little pet project is - if I don't get the investors to actually sign the checks, you don't get to build it." He turned back to the clerk. "Well - anything at all? Anywhere?"

The clerk shrugged apologetically. "Look - it's so busy right now, the RV dealership down the road is renting their vehicles as rooms for the weekend - at two hundred dollars a night. They might have one left - but I doubt it." He picked up the phone. "I can call if you'd like."

Anita's lips compressed. "Thank you, but no - we can't afford both the room and the RV, even if one was available." She directed those dark, glorious eyes toward the dark-haired man. "I guess we'll just have to bear it."

Mark's eyes narrowed - then he shrugged in defeat. "Yeah - as much as I hate to admit it, you're right." He turned to the clerk. "We'll take the room."

"Good. If you want to go over to the luggage racks against the west wall.." He pointed through the throng filling the lobby "I'll send a bell-boy over with the key to take you to your room. Have a nice stay."

The clerk watched them wander away, still arguing, and was glad to get rid of the argument, but felt a pang of regret as the woman vanished from view. He rang the bell for the bellboy - and winced when he saw who was 'front'. Murphy Strikes Again, the clerk thought to himself, as he dropped the key into the bellboy's hand.

* * * * *

"You want I should take your bags up now?"

Mark and Anita broke off arguing to face, incredulous, the owner of the cracked, whispery voice.

The bell-'boy' had to be at least fifty - a small, wrinkled man whose pattern of wrinkles indicated that the smile he wore was a constant fixture. Small and rangy, the man had a thick head of curly, graying hair and a nose that rose proudly from his face like the prow of a ship breaking through a wave. His uniform, although pressed, starched and spotless, still somehow managed to look wrinkled on his bandy frame.

"Uh... we can get it." Anita said, looking at their luggage, then over at the old man.

"Ah, no - and then what would I be doing here at all? Carrying the little key?" The man said, still smiling. "People - they get paid for all kinds of silly jobs these days, but 'key-carrier'?"

Before either Anita or Mark could object, the bandy little man started collecting the luggage - surprisingly, he did so without any sign of strain. He must be in a lot better shape than he looked, Mark thought.

"So, if you follow me, we can go." The man said, arms weighted down. "Of course, if you don't want to, we can just stand here - that's good to." He winked at Anita cheerfully. "Paid by the hour, either way, that's how it works here."

The two colleagues followed the remarkable man towards the elevator, their joint enmity forgotten - at least for a moment - in the bellboy's cheerful manner. He kept up a constant stream of chatter about the people he passed as they crossed the lobby and reached the elevator.

As the door to the elevator closed, the bellboy - 'Melvin is what my mother - God Rest her soul - gave me as a name, but Mel works just fine, too.' - managed to hit the button for the right floor, despite his arms full of luggage. "So - I heard you at the front desk - such an argument over one little room!" He cocked his head modestly. "Arguments - give you ulcers, and don't solve any problems no how. Me

- I just avoid them altogether." He cocked a head at Mark and Anita. "What's so bad about sharing a room that you should get so worked up about?"

Anita and Mark shared a quick, narrow glance at each other, wondering how to other would respond to that. "We just.. have different personalities." Anita finally said, diplomatically.

Mel laughed. "And a goof thing too - imagine what it would be like if everyone was exactly the same?" He winked. "Put the psychiatrists out of business real fast, I tell you. Either everyone would be sane, and not need them - or we'd all be crazy, and not want them."

"Yeah well..." Mark said, trying to phrase it right. "I guess you could say that we're a little farther apart in personalities than most." He glanced over at Anita.

Mel shrugged. "You know that old saying about 'walking a mile in someone else's shoes'? Perhaps you just don't try looking at things from each other's perspective enough."

Anita snorted. "That's because I couldn't imaging thinking like he does. My mind isn't nearly warped enough to think like that."

Mark sneered. "You mean that you're so damned sure you're right all the time that you can't even conceive of looking at somebody else's view." He 'confided' to Mel "I'd be willing to try seeing her viewpoint - but I can't force myself to be arrogant enough."

"What?" Anita blurted, incredulous. "You're the most egotistical..."

"Oy - and my ears are burning already." Mel said. "I get the idea - you're too far apart to see the other's side. Right - got it." He smiled cheerfully, revealing that he wasn't offended or upset. "I tell you what - maybe I can help."

Mark's eyebrow rose. "Oh?"

Mel nodded. "Yes - You two, you sleep on it tonight. I think tomorrow, you might find it easier to talk to each other about things." The elevator doors opened, and Mark and Anita trailed Mel to the room.

"I don't think sleeping on it will help much." Anita said, kindly.

Mel smiled mysteriously as he dropped the bags in the room. "Oh - night can be magical. Many things that you don't believe can happen, usually about midnight. You'll see - I'm sure that you'll have a completely different perspective on things in the morning."

Then he accepted the large tip that Mark was holding out, sketched a salute, and wandered back down the hallway, whistling to himself.

* * * * *

Even as the short, strangled scream yanked him awake, Mark knew something was wrong.

Part of it was the way he felt - strange weights and balances and sensations vying for the attention of a brain that wasn't fully awake enough to comprehend the significance of them yet. But the first thing that let him know that something was wrong was the fact he was having to sit up - last night, after an argument, Anita had 'won' the bed, leaving Mark to pull the room's two chairs together to sleep on.

He should already be sitting, not laying down.

But he was sitting. He was sitting up in the two chairs, his hair mussed from sleep and his clothing wrinkled. He was staring down at his body with a look of amazed disbelief, intermingled with horror.

The only problem was, Mark was watching himself do this from across the room. Almost instinctively, he looked down - and all the strange sensations he was feeling became suddenly, absolutely clear.

Because he was looking down at the cleavage revealed by the nightgown he wore. Cleavage from a pair of large, firm, tawny breasts that he'd never seen even this much of before - not bare anyway. And he had certainly never seen them from this angle. Incredulous, he lifted his arms...

...no, he lifted Anita's arms. The long, golden arms with their slender, feminine shape tipped by graceful hands tipped with long nails. Anita's hands, yet he was moving them.

Only, if he was in Anita's body... then 'he' wasn't a 'he' anymore. Anita was about as feminine as you could get, physically, and regardless of what Mark's mind considered itself, there was no denying that the body that contained it most definitely made her a 'she'. She stared, incredulous, as the way the smooth hands moved with the whim of her mind, just like her old, male body had done - as easily and effortlessly as ever, despite the fact that this wasn't the body it was used to controlling.

Looking up, Mark spotted her old body experiencing a similar reaction, staring at his legs as he lifted them - with a slight grimace - from the second chair they'd rested on all night and set them flat against the floor.

"Anita?" Mark asked, hearing the question emerge in a full, rich, feminine contralto that sounded extremely strange. Not just because it was a feminine voice emerging when she spoke - but because it didn't sound like Anita's voice to her own ears.

"m... Mark?" Her old body, obviously inhabited by Anita, asked hesitantly. Again, her old voice sounded weird to Mark - she wasn't used to hearing herself as others heard her. "What the hell... I'm you!"

"Yeah - and I'm you." Mark said, gazing back down at the gentle swell of a perfect breast through the neckline of the nightgown. "It's completely impossible, yet somehow we're in each other's..."

She trailed off as something came to her. She snapped her fingers - and couldn't help but notice how it felt. Mostly the same, but yet subtly different, especially the softness of her fingers as they struck against each other.

"Mel!" She blurted, and Anita, in the male body, started. "What?"

"The bellboy!" Mark said, looking at her old body. "Last night, he said we should sleep on it - and that when we woke up, he was sure we'd have a different perspective on things." She pulled away the covers and gazed down at the dusky, perfect feminine legs revealed, and her full, soft lips curved in a wry smile. "Well - I'd have to say that this was a different perspective."

Anita nodded, and pushed himself out of the chair - and slammed down on the ground, hard. Startled, Mark swung the long, sexy legs he now had over the edge of the bed to go to Anita's aid...

...and promptly fell back on her new, absolutely spectacular ass. Realization set in - and she uttered a short barking laugh.

Anita, used to her weaker body, had pushed too hard when getting up, and fallen over. By the same token, Mark hadn't used enough strength to achieve her smaller, daintier feet. Although their bodies moved easily, as if they'd been in them their whole lives, conscious attempts to do things caused the body to react incorrectly, because they hadn't accounted for their different bodies in the habitual command they'd sent to their bodies.

"What's so damned funny?" Anita asked, crossly, climbing to his feet. He looked down at his male body with a grimace. "You think it's funny that we're somehow in each other's body?"

Mark opened her mouth to answer - and paused. "You know, this may sound weird, but... I don't know how I feel about it. I mean, my first response was shock, but then... well, it's too new of a situation. It's. "

Anita blinked in surprise, realizing that after the initial shock and horror, he was also at a loss to define exactly what he was feeling. For instance, he was still stunned, and somewhat scared - but also intrigued, and a little excited. It was a new situation, something completely outside his range of experience - but not fundamentally harmful or painful, physically. It was

damned confusion, emotionally, and hard to deal with - but his mind seemed intact, despite it's relocation, and the body housing it was fit and healthy and strong - and completely different, allowing him to experience some things that he'd never imagined he'd have a chance to. It was a new, and basically exciting, experience - as long as he could hold firmly to the belief that it wasn't permanent.

"Okay - I can understand not knowing how to feel." Anita finally said, grudgingly. Then he snorted - his usual snort, but in Mark's voice with it's deep rumble. "God - you must be disgusted though. Not only female - but stuck in the body of a 'nigger bitch' like me."

Mark was stunned by the strength of the disgust and hurt in the comment. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?" She demanded in the rich female voice she had now.

Mark's body rolled it's eyes in a very un-Mark-like way. "Oh, come on - you don't think it's obvious that you're a racist rat-bastard? Hell, it's one of the major reason's I can't stand the sight of you. " He grinned wryly. "Which, right now, would only be a problem if I looked in the mirror."

Before Mark could respond that that unbelievable charge or racism, Anita grimaced. "Thanks to the drinks *you* had last night before going to sleep, *I* have to piss." He said, stiffly. "Not that I even want to touch... that. But. " He walked into the bathroom and, without closing the door, started to sit on the toilet - then stopped, sheepishly, and turned back around. He unzipped his fly and...

'God Lord! You're *enormous*...' Awe, confusion and amazement mingled in his voice. "I mean.. I'm... It's. God, I had no idea!"

As the sound of urine hitting porcelain commenced, Mark watched her old body piss, one hand around the semi-rigid cock that dwarfed it. "You have no idea how much of a nuisance being that well endowed actually is." Mark remarked - then grinned. "You will now."

Mark stood, judging the strength needed correctly this time. The motion caused the incredibly perfect DD-cup tits she now had to jiggle, and Mark shuddered slightly as new - and extremely enjoyable - sensations were produced by her engorged nipples moving against the cloth of the nightgown. She paused - then gently cupped her fabric covered tits and squeezed lightly.

"Oh - hey, this *is* nice..." She said, gently massaging her tits through the cloth. The sensations were. pleasant.

"Hey! Stop that!" Anita said. The voice held both exasperation, and embarrassment - although she didn't want it, the sight of his old body feeling itself up, a dreamy look on her face, was causing his new, massive equipment to go rigid.

"Sorry." Mark said, not too contritely. She pulled her hands away with a pang of regret. "It's just that... well, I've kind of wondered what these would feel like to fondle. Of course, I never expected to see what it felt like as the fondled as well as the fondler - you must like it when a guy does it to you... I didn't realize that tits were *that* sensitive."

Anita opened her mouth to reply - and from the look on his face, scathingly - when there was a knock on the door.

"Cover yourself up - I don't want however it is to gape at my body." Anita snapped, walking over to the door. Mark shrugged and pulled on one of the fluffy bathrobes provided as Anita opened the door.

A guy from room service wheeled a tray in, loaded down with a very expensive breakfast.

"Before you even say it, this was ordered and paid for by somebody else. Mel, actually - one of our bellboys." The gut said. "He said you'd want it delivered now - oh, and there's a note from him on the cart." He glanced over at Mark with an appreciative eye, causing Mark to stiffen - then relax. Hell, Mark would have done the same thing, if the positions were reversed.

"Enjoy." The guy said, and left. Mark shook her head - startled for a second by the feel of long hair brushing against her shoulders - and thought to herself that this was going to take some getting used to - instincts, like the mild homophobic one she'd just had when the guy had looked at her appreciatively, were ingrained, and hard to overcome.

Ignoring the food, Anita plucked the envelope from the table and opened it as Mark came over. Before he could even begin to read it, Mark plucked it from his fingers.

"Hey!"

Mark smiled. "You're the tall one now - I can't read over your shoulder."

"Oh - right. Well, hopefully that's about to change. Come on - what's it say?" Anita urged. Mark unfolded the piece of paper.

'My Feuding Friends.

Quite a shock, I think, no? Be calm - I wouldn't hurt even a little fly, much less two nice people like you. I've been around a very long time, and I can see that you are nice people, even if you can't see it in each other.

What I have done must last at least twenty-four hours. Midnight, to be exact - although it can last longer. Not shorter. Please, no swearing. I dislike blasphemy.

Don't think poorly of me - think of this as a gift. Not only to see each other for what you really are, but to see how the other half lives. Have fun - enjoy it. You'll find that there's no way to change back until at least midnight, and worrying and moaning only makes things seem the worse. If you can get in the right mind for it, it can be a fun experience for both of you. See what it's like from the other side of the fence - find out the answers to all those questions you've had.'

It was signed, of course, 'Mel'.

"Great - midnight." Anita said, crossly. "Have fun, he says. Sure - he's not the one who's going to have to give an important presentation stuck in the wrong body."

"Shit!" Mark swore - she'd forgotten about the presentation in all the new experience. He looked at the clock. "I'd forgotten - we're supposed to be there to present in just over an hour."

"We'd better get ready." Anita said. "You've got to get some make-up on, and..."

"Whoa, who..." Mark said, shaking her head. "No way - we'll have to reschedule. There's no way I can go out in public like this. And make-up? Uh-uh."

"Look, you - this presentation can't be rescheduled. Toshikuri flew in for this - you're just going to brush him off? No way." "But..."

He overrode her objection. "Look - I have to wear make-up every day - you can stand it once." He paused. "You need us to get this account as much as I do."

Mark sighed. "Yeah - you're right. So - what do we do?"

Anita smiled as he realized something. "Well - *I* get a shower, shave and get dressed. *You* get a shower, wash and dry your hair, shave your legs. "

Mark stifled a moan and rolled her eyes as the list continued to grow.

* * * * *

"Okay, you're legs look pretty good - no nicks I can see. I guess we can get you dressed." Mark sighed - Anita was enjoying this a little too much for her taste. Still, it had to be done.

"First - panties." Anita announced, rummaging through the luggage he'd packed when he was 'her'. He pulled out a pair of off-white silk briefs and handed them to her.

With a sigh, Mark pulled them on, sliding them up long, sexy legs that were considerably more than 'nice'. The fit taut over her firm, sexy ass and flat crotch - a decidedly unusual sensation. But6 nice - the smooth fabric against equally smooth skin was definitely nice.

Next, Anita helped her with the bra, closing it over the perfectly shaped DD-cup breasts thrust so proudly from her chest. Mark had plenty of experience removing the garment, but Anita's help was necessary to get it on - Mark just wasn't used to contorting to put on a bra. As it tightened, a deliciously new sensation ran through her breasts as the soft fabric pulled snug against her swollen nipples.

Then came the nylons. Also beige, Mark was very careful - after being warned by Anita - not to put one of her long nails through the silky fabric as she bunched it up and slipped it onto her foot. She pulled the nylon on, and smoothed it out by sliding her hands up her smooth, sexy legs. She had to admit that it felt good, both to her hands, and to the legs themselves - she'd never realized how much more sensitive a woman's soft, smooth skin was.

She then repeated the process with the second nylon before she pulled on a white silk blouse, beige skirt, and matching jacket. Then Mark made a face, sighed, and sat down to suffer the indignity of being made-up.

It wasn't as easy for Anita as she'd like - she wasn't used to apply her make-up on somebody else. But she still had a hell of a lot more experience than Mark, and she carefully applied a flawless, and tastefully understated, layer of make-up.

"How's that look?" Anita smirked at Mark. She looked in the mirror. "Wow - absolutely stunning - as usual." Mark replied.

The answer took Anita aback. "You seem to take wearing make-up pretty easily."

"Not really - you have no idea how weird it feels. But I can still appreciate that it does really enhance how a woman looks - even if I'm the one who's being 'enhanced'."

Anita shrugged, still surprised by Mark's composure - she'd kind of expected a man stuck in a woman's body to become a raving wreck.

Next, he helped her put on some tasteful jewelry, then Mark stepped into a pair of cream-colored leather pumps with a two-and-a-half inch heel. She found that she could balance easily in the heels, as it was the body's motor reflexes that kept the balance - and this body had plenty of experience in heels.

Then it was time to head over for the meeting. They quickly grabbed all their charts and headed to the elevator. A few minutes later, the doors slid open, and Anita - secretly enjoying the easy strength of the masculine body - strode confidently out of the elevator...

..and realized that Mark hadn't followed him into the crowded lobby. He turned - and found Mark practically cowering inside the elevator, staring wide-eyed at the throngs of people.

"Well - what's the problem?" Anita snapped.

Mark cleared her throat and forced herself to fall in beside Anita, looking around nervously. "I know it's ridiculous, but my subconscious keeps insisting that if I'm walking around in public in women's clothes and make-up, people are going to start to laugh and call me a freak. I know, consciously, that that's not going to happen - hell, I'm a gorgeous woman under these clothes and make-up - but that doesn't make the fear go away."

The 'gorgeous woman' surprised Anita - but she refused to soften her anger and disgust at Mark. "Yeah, well, they are going to laugh if you don't stop trying to walk like a man. You balance fine in the heels - but your stride's all wrong."

Mark glanced down at the shapely legs perched atop the heels - then looked up with a wry grin. "Tell you what - I'll make my stride more feminine if you make your less."

Anita, startled, realized that he'd been walking with a sort of muscular grace. Not the old walk, exactly, that he'd used in his female body, but not particularly masculine. He nodded, and adopted a more masculine stride - and mentally smirked at Mark's stride. She was overdoing it a bit - she was walking with a more feminine stride than Anita usually used when he'd been in that body and on business. He called it his 'off-duty' walk, because during business hours he'd tried to present a more 'business-like' facade, including a prim, no-nonsense stride.

Regardless of the outcome, this was going to be a *very* interesting meeting...

* * * * *

Face burning, Mark - 'Anita Haley' to those in the boardroom - to the bathroom break with great relief.

Mark hadn't believed how hard it was to 'play the woman' - it wasn't really any of the big things, either. The hardest part, of course, was to look confident and competent. She'd been awkward and nervous from the get-go, especially whenever she had started to pace out of habit - the feel of air moving over her nyloned legs, the sensation of her breasts moving with each step, the way her crotch had felt... all were constant reminders of the role she was playing.

But even worse were all the little things a woman learned about how to behave in public that Mark didn't know. For God's sake - she'd just given the head of Taknamuri Electronics an eyeful when she'd leaned over the table to make a strong point about their project!

Feeling ridiculous, Mark went into a stall and hiked up her skirt. Dropping her silk panties, she sat on the toilet and let the urine flow. Even such a simple act was so different as a woman it was disconcerting.

Finishing, Mark stood and took a couple of squares of toilet paper. She quickly and efficiently wiped her crotch...

And shuddered with the sensation it produced. Her brow furrowing in amazement, she let the squares of paper flutter into the toilet - then hesitantly pressed her hand over her mons and slid it downwards.

Again, she shuddered at the all-too-pleasant sensation that was produced at her touch. Closing her eyes, she found herself sliding her hand slowly up and down, applying pressure to her crotch.

She knew she should stop - but it felt so good. Even as she tried to command herself to pull her hand away, she found herself folding her other fingers back, and inserting her index finger into her rapidly dampening crotch.

She gasped lightly as her finger brushed her clit. Feeling excited and embarrassed and aroused, she began to manipulate her finger in her cunt, gasping at the sensation provided from the highly sensitive nub of flesh. Her strokes became harder, more insistent, as she found herself masturbating uncontrollably in the public bathroom of an office building.

Then the orgasm hit. It wasn't a particularly strong one - but Mark didn't know that, not having any other female orgasms to gauge it against. All she knew was that a sharp, sudden blast of pleasure rocked her body, and she had to bite her full, soft lower lip to keep from screaming out loud.

Embarrassed, Mark wiped away the excess moisture in her crotch and flush the toilet. Rearranging her clothing, she washed her hands and headed for the door, face burning even more. She wondered what Anita would say if he'd known...

* * * * *

Anita stood in front of the urinal in the empty men's room, shaking the last of the piss from the massive cock he now had. As he did so, he was thinking about Mark's antics in the boardroom - and how good she'd looked. As her, Anita had never noticed before just how damned sexy he'd been as a woman. The long, sexy legs, amazingly trim waist and firm, full ass. The firm, round tits, the large, dark eyes, the full, sexy lips...

"Oh... shit!" Anita swore, staring down. Caught up in his reverie, he'd continued to shake his cock. The touch, and the thoughts, had resulted in a massive, raging hard-on.

His new cock was easily sixteen inches long, fully erect, and proportionately thicker than average. With this raging hard-on, there was no way he could just shove his cock back into his pants and get away with it.

"What the hell am I going to do?" he asked himself - the others would be waiting for him.

Swallowing, he realized there was only one thing he could do. Hesitantly, he wrapped both hands around the warm, throbbing shaft of his massive cock - and began to jerk off.

She'd never realized just how different this would feel. Instead of the sharp, internal sensation that was stronger - and yet, somehow more diffused - this pleasure was concentrated in one 'small' part of his anatomy. Anita's pumping motion increased in vigor as he braced his muscular legs and threw his head back. The sensation kept building and building, completely unlike that of a woman's rising pleasure...

...then he came.

Anita had never experienced anything to compare with the incredible rush. It wasn't as sharply, erotically orgasmic as masturbating as a woman - especially since he hadn't been stimulating the head of the cock - with the emotional 'rush', the satisfaction of releasing the hydraulic pressure, was intense as his cock jumped and spurted a long, thick stream of white jism into the urinal. For a second, it almost looked like he was pissing school glue.

Then it was over. Taking some toilet paper, he cleaned off the head of his massive, softening cock - and shuddered and gasped as the paper moved over the hyper-sensitive head of his cock.

Cleaned up, Anita tucked his new equipment back into his pants, face burning with embarrassment - and the memory of the sensation hanging in the back of his head.

* * * * *

They walked back into their suite, and Mark slumped onto the end of the bed, kicking off her shoes. She rubbed at her heels, musing that she'd never realized how painful high-heeled shoes could be to wear for long periods of time. Or bras, for that matter...

"God - what a fiasco." Mark said, shaking his head. "I think I just want to curl up and die of embarrassment."

Anita dropped onto the bed beside her. "Yeah - but we got the money, so it wasn't a complete loss. You did surprisingly well for a redneck imitating a black woman, Mark." He looked over at her. "I didn't thing a racist chauvinist like you could have it in you - I thought maybe you'd just kill yourself in horror."

Anita had been making those charges of racism all day long. Enough was enough. "Look, what's all this 'racist' stuff, anyway?" Mark asked, honestly confused, and worried by the obscure pain in Anita's voice.

"Blind or stupid?" Anita asked, angrily. "Huh?"

"Which one do you think the 'poor nigger girl' is, Mark?" He said, and the bitterness was palatable. "I come to work for Ross & Swain, and on the first day I meet this man. He'd incredibly handsome, and he'd obviously an intelligent, amusing guy - I see him chatting with the other women - the *white* women - in the office like an old friend, making jokes and being playful and fun and so... damned... perfect!" His face was twisted with pain and anger as he spoke. "So I'm smitten with him - but he is cool and proper when we first meet

- and so am I, because we're complete strangers. Then we start working together, and I get to like him even more. Hell, I start falling in love with the bastard. "

His voice nearly broke and he had to struggle through the emotions to continue. "...and it's like I don't even exist as a person. Oh, he'd not openly rude, not at first - but he's so damned cold towards me it's like living in the Arctic. I fall in love with a guy who can't see anything but the color of my... skin. "

Mark was stunned - she'd had no idea that this was how he'd viewed him the entire time. "My God... That's. that's why you've been so. " She stammered, shocked.

"...much of a bitch around you?" Anita finished, bitterly. "That's right - I'm supposed to be sweetness and light for the guy who stomped on my heart just because I'm black."

Mark slumped deeper on the bed, stunned. "But, Anita... that's not..." She said, shaking her head in disbelief. She turned and gripped her old body around the arms, locking her eyes directly on the blue ones that used to be hers.

"Listen to me." She said, firmly yet compassionately. "I am not racist. I had no idea that you thought that I was... I never even realized that you felt that way about me." She took a deep breath. "Anita - I have always thought that you were an amazingly beautiful, intelligent person. I couldn't understand why you started being so... you know. I really, really enjoyed your company those three weeks at the start, before you became so bitter - and I didn't understand why."

Anita stared into his old face - and saw simple truth there. Stunned, he slumped slightly. "But... you were so cold... The other girls in the office..."

"Anita - I joked around with them like that - because I wasn't deeply attracted to any of them." "Wha.. what?"

Mark sighed. "Anita - I was - am - incredibly attracted to you. But I don't think having a relationship with a coworker is a good idea. I couldn't let myself *be* myself around you - I couldn't let myself fall in love with you, because I knew I wouldn't be able to control myself." She sighed again. "If I'd realized that there's been the slightest attraction the other way as well - I would have thrown everything away and fallen madly, passionately and helplessly in love with this gorgeous, intelligent woman who worked beside me every day."

She managed a weak grin. "When you first started acting bitter, it was actually a bit of a relief. Do you have any idea how hard it was for me not to give in to my urges? Not to lean closer when we were looking at the plans, and feel your body against me? Not to take a deep breath and smell your enticing fragrance when I was reading over your shoulder. Good God, Anita, that was why I never went on business lunches with you - and was why I was so upset when there was only one room here! Even now, I'm so damned attracted to you that I didn't trust myself to be alone with you."

Anita stared at the face of his female body, stunned into silence with the revelation that the person he'd fallen in love with didn't hate him

- but loved him so much that she'd had to hide it. Then Anita leaned forward and kissed Mark.

As his arms slid around her, Mark was at first too stunned to react to the lips pressed against her own- the situation was just so strange. Her she was, in the body of a woman, being kissed by a man.

Then she relaxed into the embrace, and began to respond. Regardless of who was in whose body, it felt damned good. She opened her mouth and let Anita's tongue slide in, even as she found herself reacting, physically, to the sensation of being held, her large, firm tits pressed firmly against a muscular chest.

She was rapidly becoming aroused.

Part of her was feeling intense guilt at the psuedohomoerotic situation - but it wasn't really homoerotic, because there was one man and one woman involved - and one man's mind, and one woman's mind. The fact that those minds resided in the wrong body at the moment was overshadowed by two factors.

The two personas were attracted to each other, emotionally, regardless of the body they were in.

And each body, regardless of the fact it wasn't their original one, was deriving physical pleasure from the situation.

Their kiss deepened, becoming more passionate. Hesitantly, Anita's hand moved to Mark's leg, then slowly began sliding up the smooth, nylon-glad leg> Anita found the sensation of soft skin under his hand to be intensely enjoyable - as enjoyable as Mark found to have the hand touching her. The hand slid higher and higher, the curved around the womanly contour of the hip to gently caress one firm, full buttock.

Despite the confused feeling the sensation caused, Mark moaned softly in the back of her throat and shifted her weight slightly to give Anita better access. After an eternity of physical and emotional pleasure - and subconscious turmoil - they broke the kiss.

"What... what are we doing?" Anita asked, huskily. His pants were bulging alarmingly over the rapidly swelling erection he was getting.

"I know..." Mark replied, just as huskily. Her nipples were tenting the fabric of her blouse, even through her bra, and a warmth was building in her crotch. "This is all so... strange... confusing..."

"Maybe..." Anita said, softly. "Maybe we should stop - think this through." He gently kissed the juncture of Mark's neck and shoulder. Mark closed her eyes. "Yes.. We should..." She kissed Anita on the lips. "...stop."

"Even if we weren't in each other's body..." Anita said, his fingers slowly unbuttoning Mark's silky blouse. "...this would be wrong - as coworkers."

"Um hmmm." Mark agreed laying one long, sexy leg over Anita's taut muscular one as her long-nailed fingers undid the buttons on his shirt. "Office romances usually..." She paused as Anita kissed her, hungrily. "...don't work out." She finished.

Removing the blouse, Anita's strong fingers unclasped the bra and pulled it away, revealing two large, perfect breasts tipped with dark, engorged nipples. "We shouldn't... God, those are gorgeous tits..."

"So I've noticed." Mark agreed, moaning softly as large, strong hands began to caress and fondle them with amazing ability. The owner of those hands knew exactly what felt the best, and used that knowledge effectively. "We should... of, a little harder... stop now."

Anita mumbled agreement - mumbled because his mouth was busy, licking, nibbling and sucking at the large, swollen nipples he'd once had.

Mark moaned softly and lay back on the bed. Without breaking contact with the nipple, Anita helped her slide her skirt off. Then he brought his mouth up and kissed her passionately as his hands caressed her sleek flank.

"We should... separate..." Anita said between the kisses, as Mark's hand cupped his taut buttock and drew him closer.

"Yeah..." Deftly, she unzipped the pants and pushed them down. Anita kicked them off. Mark rolled on top of him, her breasts pressed into him as she kissed him hungrily and he fondled her firm, sexy ass with a skillful touch.

Gently, Anita rolled her back, then pulled down her sopping wet panties while she did the same from him, letting his huge, throbbing cock spring free.

"This is all wrong." Anita said, sliding into a position between Mark's spread legs. The very distinct smell of an aroused woman reached his flaring nostrils.

"Yeah. Wrong." Mark agreed, breathing heavily. Her whole body seemed to thrum with passion, and she saw it reflected in Anita's eyes.

She also saw the same intense emotional attraction that she was feeling.

They paused there for a second, their ingrained revulsion of having sex with a person of the 'same' gender, as well as their hesitation at experiencing sex in the 'wrong' body battling against lust, and love, and excitement, and experimentation.

Then Mark sighed. "The hell with it." And bucked her hips.

Both of them cried out as the huge member slid into the wet, warm embrace of the cunt. It was, quite literally, a perfect fit - even as she caused the initial penetration, Mark found that Anita was thrusting downward - and the cock slid into her cunt all the way to the hilt.

It was as if they were made to fit together. The huge cock fit perfectly, filling her completely in length and depth without being too large. But Mark's new cunt was just tight enough to grip the cock with a loving embrace.

For a long second they just remained like that, locked together at the loins, seeing the pleasure and acceptance of the situation in each other's eyes.

Then a miracle occurred.

By unspoken consent, their bodies began to move in an age-old rhythm. But the miracle came from having experienced sex in the other body - each knew exactly what the other body liked, and used that knowledge.

'Fucking' is pure, mindless, animalistic coupling to satisfy a need.

'Sex' is a selfish act - two people using each other, trying to get pleasure for themselves.

'Making Love' is the ultimate physical expression of affection, each partner trying to please the other.

Mark and Anita made love like nobody had ever made love before.

Each knew the other body's preferences and erogenous zones. Each was getting a crash course in their current body. And each was trying to ultimately satisfy the other.

With no words - no coherent words, at least - their bodies moved together, thrusting in perfect time, neither too fast or too slow. Intense new sensations rocked each person as they sought to prolong and height the other's pleasure.

Even as the incredible sensations ran through their body, they learned what being the other gender was like at an incredible rate. Anita knew why men so often skipped foreplay - the arousal could actually reach a point of near-physical pain, demanding release. Mark now understood why foreplay was so highly rated by women - added arousal was more fuel for an erotic fire, the erotic anticipation heightened the actual act when it came.

Anita, not wanting to miss making Mark orgasm, struggled to keep from going over the edge. Mark, knowing that 'teasing' was intensely pleasurable, helped by using her rhythm to brink him to the edge - then back down.

Mark was moaning almost constantly, her hair soaked with sweat as she was wracked by pleasure the likes of which she'd never felt. The huge cock that had once been hers was now hers again in a totally new way - and she was it's completely and utterly owned by it's vast, solid warmth that filled her, filling a void that she hadn't realized existed until now, fulfilling her.

Anita smoothly drove into his old body, amazed to find more enjoyment in pleasuring it than he'd ever had existing within it. The new power and strength that he possessed was only the tip of the iceberg - he was shocked to find that the feel of soft, feminine skin, firm breasts - a woman - under him was more intensely satisfying then the touch of any man he'd ever felt.

Just as Mark was discovering that the strong yet gentle embrace of a man was more erotic - more fulfilling - then even the most enjoyable encounter with a woman had ever been before.

Then, at the same instant, they came - and thought was washed away for both of them as intense pleasure swept through their bodies.

Anita was amazed at the intensity of the orgasm - unlike his masturbation, the head of his huge new cock was most definitely being stimulated.

Mark was amazed at the depth of her orgasm - unlike being male, the pleasure seemed to flow through her entire body, setting it on fire. She suddenly discovered one of the amazing secrets of womanhood - having an orgasm didn't actually release the arousal - it intensified it, while slowing it. She wanted to come again, more than ever - but was no longer in a hurry. Just... eager.

As the last of Anita's cum filled Mark's hot, wet cunt, the two lovers slumped into a less sexual, more affectionate embrace, kissing long and deep, but not as hard.

"God... I can't believe I just had sex with a man.." Mark breathed, cupping one cinnamon hand over the hand that was cupping her tawny breast. "But - I want to do it again." Her full, soft lips curled in a warm smile. "The great thing is - I'm positive you know exactly what I mean."

Anita ran his other hand along her sleek, sweaty abdomen. "Yeah. Somehow - it's so... satisfying to know that you understand exactly what I'm feeling right now - because you've been there before."

Mark nodded. "But, that leaves the big question. In two hours, Mel is going to come to change us back. What do we do?"

Anita sighed. "I guess... we change back, then we have an incredible relationship together. What we've learned today will only make it that much better."

Mark sighed. "I... I don't know quite how to say this... but I'm not sure I *want* to change back." Anita looked at her - and slowly smiled. "I... don't want to change back, either."

The looked at each other - then Mark took the leap. "So - we just - go on living the other's life, as a couple?"

Anita frowned slightly. "I... I don't think we could fool our co-workers and friends. They'd notice the differences in us. Not the least - the fact that us two mortal enemies are suddenly, madly, passionately in love."

"So - what do we do?"

Laying in each other's embrace, the two lovers discussed the future - a future that suddenly held more promise than either had ever dared to dream.

* * * * *

Jeffery Pelcher knocked on the door, and listened to the sound of footsteps inside.

The door swung open, reveling a tall, remarkably handsome man dressed in cut-off jean shorts and a 'wife-beater' shirt. Beneath a shaggy mane of almost hippy-ish black hair, an open, intelligent face smiled easily. "Can I help you?"

Jeff smiled back. "Actually, I just thought I'd introduce myself - I'm Jeff Pelcher - your knew neighbor. This is my wife, Debbie."

"Oh, right - you bought the Lewis place." The man said with an easy camaraderie, as if they were already old friends. He held out a strong, callused hand. "I'm Adam - Adam Smith. Why don't you come in?"

"Oh - we don't want to put you to any trouble." Debbie said.

"No trouble at all." Adam replied, easily. Debbie's estimate of the new neighbor instantly went up. An extremely busty woman, Debbie had accepted the quick glance he'd shot at her FFF-cup tits when he'd first opened the door. But when he actually spoke to her, his eyes were fixed on her face, not on the ample cleavage displayed by the t-shirt worn against the summer heat. "My wife would never forgive me if I didn't."

The two followed Adam through the house. "So what do you two do for a living?" Jef asked. He noticed that Adam moved with an interesting stride - powerful yet graceful, like... a lion or something.

"I'm a building contractor" Adam replied. "Used to be an... accountant."

Jeff blinked - from the brief pause, it was as if he was going to say something else. Before he could comment, Adam slid open the door to the backyard. "Honey, our new neighbors are here."

Jeff found himself gaping as the woman approached, and Debbie suddenly realized there might be a good reason that Adam didn't have a wandering eye.

The woman was absolutely stunning. The white bikini she wore showed every inch of her flawless figure and dusky skin. Her long, auburn hair was gracefully styled, even though she'd only been lounging beside the pool, reading. Her figure was perfectly toned without being muscular, and she had the slimmest waist Debbie had ever seen - which only emphasized the perfect shape of her large breasts on her toned, slender body. The woman moved with the most incredible feminine grace that Debbie had ever seen - like she was consciously aware of her own femininity every second, and every movement was a choreographed ballet of perfection.

The woman's incredible lips curved upward in a warm, genuine smile. "Hi - I'm Marcie." She said, her voice careful modulated, almost as if she were singing the words rather than speaking them. "I'm pleased to meet you."

"My God!" Jeff stammered, jaw hanging. "I.. I don't believe it!"

Adam laughed at Debbie's confused - and somewhat angry - look at her husband. "It's okay - My wife's a model. Your husband wasn't prepared to move in next to..."

"..Marcella DeBueno" Debbie said, startled, as she made the connection. Marcella DeBueno - the unknown Brazilian woman who'd become a supermodel almost overnight. "You mean - you live here?" Suddenly the incredible gracefulness and femininity of her movements became clear.

Marcie smiled warmly. "Everybody has to live somewhere."

Jeff looked around - the well decorated house, the carefully maintained lawn, and the two stunningly attractive people who owned them.

"Well - you've made quite a life for yourselves here - I can see why you didn't move into one of those 'posh' communities. Flashier - but somehow, not as real." Jeff commented.

"That's right." Marcie agreed. "We're the type of people who enjoy sitting around the pool with a couple of neighbors, drinking beer, rather than going to some Gala event."

"It's a rare thing to see somebody like yourself so down to Earth." Debbie commented.

This time, Marcie's smile was mysterious, and she shared an unidentifiable glance with her husband. "Well - I guess you could say I have a lot of experience at looking at things from... a different perspective." She gestured at the chairs around the

pool. "If you aren't busy, why don't you stay for awhile? We can get to know one another, and Adam makes a Chicken Parmesan that is just heaven."

"Sure." Jeff agreed - a little too quickly for Debbie, who echoed the sentiment a second later. "Great." Adam said. "Jeff - why don't we go grab a couple of beers for us and the ladies."

As the men wandered into the house, Debbie smiled at Marcie. "My God - he looks like that and he cooks, too? He's almost too good to be true."

Marcie, stretching her long, golden body out on the lounge, laughed, her full lips smiling in a devilish way. "You don't know the half of it - he's absolutely incredible in bed, too."

"Really?"

And Marcie's smile became downright naughty as she replied. "Oh yes - he know *exactly* what I like." Debbie shook her head. "I'm starting to think you're just bragging."

Marcie laughed mischievously. "Then you probably wouldn't believe me if I told you that... well, let's say God must have been in a generous mood when Adam was born." And she held her hands more than a foot apart.

"You're right - I don't believe it." Debbie said - but just then, the guys returned with the beers, and Debbie couldn't help but glance at the crotch of the tight shorts Adam wore - and suddenly, she believed it.

Then she turned, and caught sight of her husband ogling Marcie's body. "Jeff!"

Jeff, almost drooling, pulled his eyes to his wife - or, as usual, to his wife's bosom. Debbie now regretted giving into Jeff's breast fixation. It had stopped his subtle hints that he thought she was too flat-chested - but it also seemed to have ruined their relationship. They'd been a devoted, loving couple when they'd wed, but ever since the implants, Jeff had suddenly seemed to consider her nothing more than a walking pair of tits. It was driving her nuts.

Marcie and Adam saw the look that passed between Jeff and Debbie.

"You know what?" Adam said, winking at his wife. "You two look like you could spend some time together - a second honeymoon maybe."

"Huh?" Debbie asked, surprised.

Adam smiled brightly. "I know this hotel - great place to stay. But to get the full experience - be sure to ask for Mel as your bellboy. Tell him that Adam and Marcie recommended him."

As Adam and Marcie grinned at each, Debbie and Jeff glanced at each other in confusion, wondering what the hell could make a bellboy so special that they should ask about him specifically.

* * * * *

Two weeks later, they found out.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: Failing at every aspect of his life, Don's subconscious mind creates Denise who leads him through a total transformation

Mind Games

By Gunslinger

Part ONE: PROBLEMS

The fluorescent lights in the hallway flickered and buzzed fitfully, spreading a garish white glow throughout the building's stairwell. Aside from the incessant noise of those lights, the only other sound was the heavy, slow steps of the weary looking figure who slowly climbed the staircase. He moved with little vigor, as if each step on to the next riser took an inordinate amount of energy, energy his body could scarcely afford to expend.

He was only twenty one, but his tired, slightly stunned face looked years older. No trace of his usual, slightly cheerful expression showed in his broad, fine featured face. His suit, an expensive dark-blue double-breasted, was rumpled. The coat was slung over one shoulder, and the shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow. His top two shirt buttons were undone, and the tie - a blue, red and gold Harvard tie - was nowhere to be seen. A small, slightly dusty bottle dangled from his right hand.

Only a few hours ago, Donald James Sutton had come down these very steps. Then, he had moved with barely restrained energy, his suit impeccable on his fit, if not overly muscular frame. His hair, a sandy blond, had been styled into a fashionable,

wind-blown look that had required some time to perfect, unlike the matted, sweaty haystack of hair that now framed his sallow face.

With the same ineffable glee, he'd slid behind the wheel of his brand-new Jaguar XJS. Two day's old, and paid for only to the extent of the down-payment, the Royal Blue car had still contained that new-car smell, of which Don had breathed deeply before starting the car, and pulling out of the apartment building's lot.

When he turned into the lot of J. Lyman & Sons, Importers, an old, and extremely reputable company, he had the amazing fortune to discover one free space, right near the door. With a bounce in his step, he locked the door of his new status symbol, and literally bounced up the granite steps that led to the imposing wood and glass main entrance.

It was the last thing that went right with his day.

Humming softly to himself, Don briskly walked through the echoing marble halls of the magnificent building, built in the eighteen- nineties, and immaculately maintained. He'd 'oohed' and 'ahhed' at every fixture when he'd come for his interview two weeks ago. When Richard Lyman, the President of the company, and grandson of one of the original 'Sons', had read Don's impressive Harvard transcript, he'd hired the young graduate on the spot. With an almost fatherly arm around Don, the sixty-eight year old head of the company had led Don down and shown him the office that was to be his. Now, Don retraced those steps, eager to start his first day of work at such a prestigious firm.

When he arrived at the office, his smile slowly faded. He stopped and glanced around, then leaned closer to the door, certain that his eyes were playing tricks on him.

'Carolyn Gottlieb - Assistant Vice-President of Acquisitions.'

Frowning, Don walked back to the stairwell. First, he checked to make sure he was on the correct floor. Then he carefully counted off doors - and arrived outside the same office, still bearing the same engraved brass plaque on the door. The title was correct - but the name was wrong. Hesitantly, he knocked on the door. A muffled 'Come in' was his response.

He opened the door and stuck his head through. Seated behind the magnificent cherry-wood desk, a slender, dark-complexioned woman looked up.

"Can I help you?" she asked, eyeing Don inquisitively.

"Um," Don said, somewhat at a loss, "This is going to sound weird, but... I thought this was my office."

The woman blinked. "Huh. You a new employee?" she asked. When Don nodded, she smiled briefly. "Me too. Started yesterday, as a matter of fact. Maybe there was just a mix-up in the offices."

Don sighed and smiled back. "Yeah. I'll go talk with somebody upstairs about it. Thanks a lot." The woman waved briefly, and tossed a quick "See you around" before the door closed.

Don decided to go straight to the top. Taking the stairs two at a time, he arrived at the top floor, and let himself into the anteroom of the President's office.

Linda, the same secretary who'd announced him for his interview, looked up as he came in. He was surprised to see a quick look of sympathy across her face as, before he could speak, she toggled the intercom and announced him. A second later, she opened the heavy mahogany door, and gestured him inside.

A knot of fear coiled in Don's stomach at the sight of the same sympathetic look adorning the face of the head of the company. "Uh, Sir, I just went down to my office..." Don began, confused.

Mr. Lyman sighed. "Please sit down, Donald my boy." He said heavily. He was holding a glass of Scotch in one hand, and he now extended it to Don.

The knot bloomed into outright fear as he numbly accepted the glass and sank into one of the leather armchairs facing the broad marble and teak desk.

"What...what is it?" Don asked.

"Donald, I'm sorry, but... There's been some pressure from the Equal Opportunity lawyers. I should have called you, but I wanted to tell you face to face. The board of directors - and myself - have decide, for legal reason, to hire only minority groups for the next year.

Specifically, women."

Don sat, stunned, letting the thought digest. It didn't even register when he drained the Scotch in one gulp and placed the glass on the desk, leaving a small 'O' of condensation.

"You... You mean you're not hiring me?" Don stammered. He'd already spent his meager savings on the suits, and the car. He wasn't just looking forward to this job - he needed this job.

"After the year is over, you'll be the first man we hire, Donald." Lyman assured him sadly. Numbly, without speaking, Don had turned and left.

* * * * *

Don knew he should call back to the apartment and break the news to Cassandra, his fiancée. It would be best to let her know, and have her return the new wardrobe of clothing she'd bought when he announced his impending employment to her. But, for the past month, she been acting somewhat strange - cool, and almost furtive, appearing somehow, well, guilty, and the thought of telling her over the phone seemed too cold, to abrupt. But there was someone else he had to call and break the news to. Before he did, he'd need to find some courage.

Leaving the Jag in the lot, he walked numbly down the street to a small, well appointed bar. Quite at this hour, the elegant pub gleamed in muted shade of brass and walnut. Slowly, Don lowered himself onto a stool and ordered a double whiskey from the florid-face bartender, who had silently filled the order, and watched expressionlessly as Don swallowed the liquor in one gulp. Dropping some money on the bar, Don asked if there was a payphone in the bar. Without a word, the bartender pointed to the back of the room, and Don procured a second double, and carried it with him to the old-fashioned wood and glass phone booth.

Sitting on the wooden bench seat, he closed the folding glass door and dropped a quarter into the phone. Taking a sip of his drink, he dialed a number, and listened to the ringing on the other end.

The receiver clicked as the phone was answered. "Yeah?" Don swallowed nervously. "Dad, it's me."

Through his entire life, Don had sought, in vain, for the approval of Peter Sutton. A taciturn man, Peter had rarely shown affection, and never pride, in his soon, whose birth had preceded the death of his mother by a few scant hours, when she died from internal post-natal hemorrhaging. No matter how hard he'd tried, Don had never received a good word from his father - except for one grudging, short compliment when Don had called to tell his father about the job. The one which, now, he explained to his father, was no longer his.

After he'd explained what had happened, there was several seconds silence at the other end, broken at last by, "A woman got it, huh?" "Yeah. Some equal opportunity thing." Don acknowledged.

Several more seconds of dead silence, broken only by the faint hiss of an open line.

"The doctor's told me your mother died because your birth caused bleeding inside of her." His father replied slowly, shocking Don with the one topic they never, ever discussed. "They also told me, it wouldn't have happened if you had of been a girl instead of a boy.

Since then, I've spent every day wishing to God that you had of been a girl. I thought that everything would turn out right if you were." There was a brief hesitation, during which Don could find no words.

"Looks like I was right." His father said, then hung up on his only child.

Slowly, Don pulled the receiver away from his ear and stared at the curved plastic object as if he'd never seen it before in his life. With the same slow movements, he hung the phone up.

It took him three tries to rise from the bench and leave the phone booth, and pub.

Without any conscious thought, Don made his way back to his car. He slid behind the wheel, but didn't move to start it. He simply sat and stared out the windshield, his mind spinning uselessly.

His fugue was broken by a light tap at the window. Turning, Don saw the enigmatic bartender standing outside. Don rolled down the window.

Without a word, the heavysset man dropped something in Don's lap, then turned and walked away before Don could react. Numb, he watched the bartender vanish around the corner, then picked up the object in his lap.

It was a bottle of Scotch. Covered in a fine layer of dust, the small bottle was hand-blown, the cork sealed with a layer of red wax with a signet imbedded in it. The small, had written label informed him in an elegant script that the bottle contained Single Malt Scotch Whiskey, Distilled in the Scottish Highlands by an small, time-honored distillery, and aged for fourteen years in a wooden cask before being sealed in the bottle on August 7th, 1904.

Staring back at where the bartender had vanished from sight, Don carefully lay the bottle on the passenger seat, started the car, and headed home.

* * * * *

Reaching the top of the stairs, Don stared for a second at the door, then sighed and unlocked it. Turning the handle, he pushed the door open and stepped inside. Music floated through the apartment, muffled by the bedroom door from behind which it originated. Dropping his coat and the Scotch on the couch, Don crossed the room with slow, tired strides and open the bedroom door.

"Honey, I have..." he started - then his voice died completely. Without another word, He stepped back, closed the bedroom door, and began walking away. As he passed the couch, he picked up the bottle of Scotch. Just inside the door was a small shelf on the wall, displaying knick-knacks from his time at Harvard, including a small, engraved pewter goblet from the Drama Department, which he also picked up as he walked through the door.

Behind the apartment building was a small greenbelt, featuring a pedestrian path and a small, shallow stream. Without breaking stride, Don crossed both of them, soaking his expensive Italian leather loafers in the cold water, and reached the building on the other side of the greenbelt.

Once a gorgeous Victorian home, it had been converted into two apartments in the late seventies when the neighborhood had begun to slide. In the early nineties, the neighborhood had taken an upswing - as had the lease of the house. With the previous owners unable to afford the lease, and no new ones wanting such a run-down house when nicer ones surrounded it, it sat empty, several windows broken by local kids. Don let himself in via a shattered French Door, and dropped onto a shabby, shapeless chair left behind as worthless. Carefully he pried open the Scotch and poured a healthy amount into the goblet.

The entire time, the scene from the bedroom replayed in his mind. All the signs may have been there to warn him, but he'd missed them completely, and what he'd seen had come completely by surprise. His fiancée, Cassie, laying naked, on her back, in their bed, her face tensed with pleasure and her long, dark hair matted with carnal sweat.

As her best friend Shannon, a muscular feminist with short, dark hair had driven the large black plastic strap-on dildo into Cassie with long, powerful strokes, eliciting sounds from Cassie's throat that she'd never given him in the heat of passion.

* * * * *

Two hours later, the bottle of unparalleled Scotch was empty. With a dull thud, it hit the bare floor boards of the vacant house as Don rose ponderously to his feet. Staggering, he stumbled his way back toward the apartment, resoaking his feet in the streak. With great effort, he made his way to his apartment and went inside.

The apartment was empty. Cassie and Shannon had left, and silence filled the dwelling, tinged with the faint odor of the women's lovemaking. Don blinked sluggishly, until he realized that the lamp providing the only illumination looked odd because there was a piece of paper taper to the shade, dimming the glow. Wiping his blurring eyes, Don closed one and squinted the other until he was able to focus on the message written upon it.

Don,

I never wanted you to find out this way, but perhaps it is for the best. I can't go on living a lie. No matter how much I tried, I just couldn't be satisfied spending my life with you, not after Shannon showed me how well one woman can know, and pleasure, another.

I've left absolutely everything except what I'm wearing. Return what you can, and throw the rest away. I won't come back for anything - Shannon has shown me that I don't need to conform to the sexist dictates of the 'Fashion Fascists'.

You are a wonderful man, Don. But you are a man, and that's all there is to it. Maybe, if fate had been kind, you could have been born a woman, and we may have lived a long and happy life together.

I'm Sorry, Cassie.

It took Don a few minutes to puzzle out the message into coherency. For a few seconds he stood, staring at it, then his face twisted into a rictus of anger. With an inarticulate cry, he lashed out at the note with his hand.

With drunken power, his hand burst through the flimsy lampshade, shattered the hot bulb, and hit the live element. The lamp sputtered and flared as he jerked back as the current flowed up his arm. Then everything went black, and he collapsed as if pole-axed.

* * * * *

Part TWO: PERSONAS

The morning light was suffusing the apartment with a golden glow when the supine figure on the white deep-pile carpet began to stir. Slowly, it sat upright, blinking in the light.

Denise sighed and slowly stood, head pounding. Looking at the shattered lamp, she shook her head wryly. Ignoring the mess for now, she sat on the couch and pried off her wet loafers and clammy socks. Dropping them in a pile, she padded, barefoot, into the kitchen. She moved with an assured but feminine step, her hips swaying with each stride. Starting a pot of coffee, she went to the bathroom and opened the medicine cabinet. Removing a bottle of Tylenol, she took three capsules out and returned the bottle. Carrying the pain reliever, she went back to the kitchen and downed them with a large glass of orange juice. By then, the coffee was ready, and she fixed herself a cup, sipping gingerly at the steaming liquid.

"Don, you douche-bag" she said out loud, "no wonder this shit happened to you." Her voice was deep and husky, but undeniably feminine, and her intonation, rhythm and accent bore no resemblance to Don's Harvard-cultured voice.

She set about cleaning up. Stripping naked, she quickly bundled up the sweaty clothes and damp socks and dropped them in a hamper in the bedroom. That done, she went over to the dresser and looked through it, finally selecting a pair of white cotton panties from Cassandra's drawer. They were a little tight around the waist, but fit well around the hips. Carefully, she positioned her flaccid cock between her legs so no bulge marred the smooth line of the crotch.

Clad only in the panties, she carefully cleaned up the lamp, using a potato to extract the broken bulb and replace it with a good one. The lampshade was wrecked, so she merely disposed of it in the garbage.

Having tidied up the kitchen and had a second cup of coffee, she then padded into the bathroom. Pulling off the panties, she luxuriated in a long, hot shower, grimacing at the amount of hair covering her body. After toweling off, Denise slipped the panties back on, then pulled on a tailored, but not too severe suit.

With quick efficiency, she gathered up all the new clothes Cassandra had purchased. Piling everything into two green garbage bags, she grabbed her keys and headed out the door.

As soon as she passed the threshold, her gait changed, becoming Don's masculine stride. She put the clothing into the trunk of the Jag, then climbed behind the wheel and drove off.

She arrived at the boutique where the clothing had been purchased and had little trouble convincing the woman to refund the money. Throughout she used Don's masculine voice, but not his Harvard accent. Cash in hand, she headed back out to the Jag. She had work to do, and not an awful lot of time.

Her next destination was an Internet Cafe. Purchasing an espresso and twenty minutes of time, she used the computer to locate some information that she needed. Paying the additional surcharge, she left the Cafe with a slim sheaf of laser-printed pages in hand.

She spent the rest of the day busily taking care of her carefully laid out plans. In an organized, intelligent fashion, she followed a mental schedule she'd decided on, being careful to present her masculine persona in public.

Several of her stops were clandestine, and two of them were outright illegal, but she followed through on all of them with such an air of calm assurance, that nobody saw fit to question her. With a faint smile, she piled item after item into the car.

She only paused twice in her purposeful work. Once, for a quick bite to eat, and the other, for a washroom break. To avoid the 'bathroom' problem, she picked a small donut shop that only had the one, gender-neutral bathroom.

It was growing dark when she finally headed for home, her supply of funds considerably depleted. She no longer drove the Jag - one of her stops was the dealership, where she'd traded the luxury car for a used Hyundai Pony, which allowed her to actually come out even, as the Hyundai's price tag was the same as the down payment on the Jag. Arriving back at the apartment, she lugged her purchases upstairs in two trips. Most of them she carefully secreted in places she was sure Don wouldn't look. She carefully placed certain receipts and notes where they were clearly visible. Her final task of the day was to carefully empty all of Don's daily vitamin capsules, and replace the contents with a powder she'd acquired. Satisfied at her handiwork, she cleaned up, went to the bedroom, undressed, and dropped into bed, where she quickly fell asleep.

* * * * *

Don awoke as the alarm chirped to life. Quickly, his arm moved to slap off the alarm before it could kick in his massive hangover headache - only to realize, surprised, that he didn't have one. It took a second longer to realize that he was in his own bed, rather than laying on the floor in the living room.

Confused, Don rolled out of bed and stretched. He felt fine - which was damned odd considering how much he had consumed last night. It didn't make sense that he'd felt this good - not that he was complaining.

Shrugging into his robe, he padded out into the living room. He moved listless, the recent events robbing him of any real enthusiasm. He stopped short at the sight of the unbroken bulb in the shadeless lamp, and frowned. Shaking his head in confusion, he headed into the kitchen.

It was the papers on the table that stopped him dead. With a blank look, he flipped through the pages.

The agreement detailing the exchange of the Jag for the Hyundai. A short note in a feminine hand as a receipt for returned clothing, at a reduced price. A lunch receipt, and a gas receipt. All bearing his signature.

"What the..." he murmured. Comprehension dawned on him as he realized he must have done all this yesterday, yet he had no memory of anything.

"Don, old boy, you gotta lay off the booze." He muttered shaking his head. Still amazed at the complete blank of a whole day, he fixed some cereal and a glass of orange juice, taking his four daily vitamins with the brief meal.

Having finished his meal, he opened his front door a crack. Not seeing anyone, he wearily walked across the hall and stole old lady McKenzie's paper. She was away, visiting relatives, and the papers had been piling up until Don started filching

them. Now, with a weary sigh, he sat down, and opened the paper to the classifieds. He picked up a pen and with little enthusiasm began to look in the 'Help Wanted' section.

Denise used the pen to quickly circle a couple of jobs after a quick scan, then put the pen down. Getting up from the table, she moved gracefully to the unused top left cabinet, and removed some items she'd stashed up there the day before. Carrying them into the bathroom, she picked up one of Cassie's books from the back of the toilet tank.

Carefully, she hung the I.V. bag, filled with a yellowish fluid, from the curtain rod. Sitting in the tub, she tied a rubber hose around her upper arm with one hand and her teeth. It took two tries for her to insert the needle into her vein, after which she taped it in place.

Leaning back, she began to read as the fluid slowly dripped into her veins.

Two hours later, the I.V. was empty. Climbing out, she carefully pulled the needle from her vein and cleaned the slight welling of blood from the puncture. Cleaning the medical equipment, she restored it to its concealment, then sat back at the table. She lay her head on the paper, and waited several minutes until her saliva dripped out onto the table.

Don jerked awake and blinked. Shaking his head to clear it, he wiped a thin thread of drool from his lips.

"Jeez. Must not have gotten enough sleep last night." He muttered. He scratched idly at his inner elbow, and noticed a tiny welling of blood. He looked around for the mosquito whose bite must have woken him, but the little blood-sucker had gotten away clean.

Rolling his shoulders to loosen up, he decided to make some coffee to assure that he didn't drift off again.

Ignoring the paper, he took his coffee into the living room and flicked on the TV. He flipped through the channels, finding daytime TV as lackluster as always. Shrugging, he turned it off.

He headed into the bathroom. Turning on the faucets, he grabbed a quick shower, he headed to his room and pulled on a pair of jeans, and a long-sleeve sweatshirt.

Denise quickly stripped down. Grabbing some things from a closet, she headed into the bathroom.

Quickly but thoroughly, she coated her entire body, except for her scalp, eyebrows and a small patch around her crotch, with a gel-like substance. She then took a small electronic device, and pressed two electrodes into the gel and turned on the device.

Low level electrical current thrummed through the gel, causing an odd sensation against her skin. After ten minutes, she shut it off, put it aside, and grabbed another shower. As the gel washed off, it not only took all her body hair with it, but left the skin remarkably soft, silky and smooth. The difference was especially noticeable on her face.

Toweling off, she ducked back into the bedroom, dressed, and assumed the same position.

Don, not aware of any time passing, continued the step forward he'd started. Not really noticing the subtle differences of the way his clothes felt against his skin, he went down to examine the car he couldn't remember getting. After going through it, shaking his head, he decided he'd made a good decision - the vehicle, while a cheap import, had been well cared for and meticulously maintained.

He was sitting in the driver's seat, listening to the sound quality of the factory-standard radio, when he began to sweat profusely. The day was nice, but not all that hot, and even the sun shining into the interior of the car wasn't enough to cause that amount of perspiration. Frowning, Don wiped away a film of sweat and climbed out of the car.

The cool breeze didn't seem to help either. He continued to sweat. Beginning to worry, Don headed for the building, wondering if he was coming down with something.

He'd barely begun to climb the four flights of stairs when he began to shiver uncontrollably. Chills wracked his body, and his limbs seemed to turn to rubber. Genuinely panicked now, Don fought to climb the stairs that had suddenly become as challenging as Mount Everest.

By the time he reached his door, he was barely able to stand. Three times he'd collapsed to his hands and knees, and the shaking of his body was so severe that he barely got the door open. If he had of locked it, there was no way he would have had fine enough motor control to get the key in the lock, but since he had just headed downstairs, he hadn't worried about it. Thanking God for the small favor, he collapsed across the threshold, and began painfully dragging himself into the living room. He knew there was no way he could stand up and reach the wall-mounted phone in the kitchen, so he tried for the phone beside the couch to call for help.

He didn't make it.

In the middle of the room, he ran out of energy and lay in a fetal position, his body shaking and shuddering. The synthetic hormonal and chemical medium Denise had introduced into his bloodstream thundered through his veins like fire, burning him from the inside out. Waves of pain shook him as his body tried vainly to counteract the attack of the powerful agents in the blood.

The compound had been originally designed by Soviet Chemical Warfare experts. After the breakup of the Soviet union, the desperate new Republics had dumped many illegal weapons on the world market.

This particular mixture had a very specific effect. Like a disease, the compound sought out the hormone testosterone in the bloodstream and destroyed it, while at the same time forcing the glands to produce massive amounts of estrogens. The symptoms Don was suffering through were massive withdrawal symptoms as his body tried to cope with a sudden and violent shift in its body chemistry.

And failed.

Still wracked by pain, he passed out.

* * * * *

Eighteen hours later, weak with fatigue and pain, Denise climbed out of unconsciousness towards the light. Suppressing a moan, she painfully staggered upright. Shedding clothes as she went, she walked unsteadily towards the bathroom.

Surveying her naked body in the mirror, she was satisfied with the results. The chemical compound was washed out of her system now, permanently altering the blood chemistry to slightly-higher-than-norm female standards. Her skin was soft and feminine, her lips slightly fuller, and her nipples were painfully swollen to a large size, perfectly feminine looking on an incongruously flat chest. Her body was more muscular than she would of liked, but there was nothing she could do about that. It was time to put her master - or perhaps, mistress - plan in motion.

First, she got dressed in the clothes she'd selected when shopping. The first item was a pair of pink cotton panties that fit poorly on the hips. A matching bra, in 38D hung loose on her chest. A baggy white button up shirt, and a pair of women's jeans, much to loose in the hips. She slipped on a pair of men's sandals, put also picked up a pair of high-heel thigh-high women's boots. The black-leather footwear was several sizes to small.

Next, she carefully applied makeup and did her hair in a decidedly feminine style. She e looked critically at her reflection. She could, barely, pass as a woman. Her jaw was too square and her nose to large, but that could pass as a masculine-looking, and rather unattractive, woman. Likewise the broader shoulders and narrower hips. Satisfied with the look, she picked up a large purse and filled it with the item's she'd need, then headed out.

Climbing into the Hyundai, she pulled away into the gathering dusk. As night fell, she parked the car in a long-term parking lot, locking the keys inside. Making sure she was alone, she quickly removed the license plates and dumped them down a storm drain.

Moving quickly, she headed to the alley she'd pre-selected. She scouted it out to insure that it was empty, the walked down it and around the bend, hidden from sight.

Opening her purse, she pulled out the stuff she'd brought with her and set to work.

The first order of business was to drop an well worn women's pocketbook on the ground. It contained no money, I.D., or credit cards, but it did contain loose change, some mints, a couple of fast-food receipts, and other small, non identifiable items.

All around the alley she scattered the typical contents of a purse - lipstick, a compact, some Kleenex, a couple of tampons, and the like. She then used a sharp stiletto knife to slash the purse in several places, and dropped it on the ground as well.

Satisfied, she took a deep breath, then used a syringe to inject herself with an anesthetic compound that slowly numbed her body. Within a few minutes, her entire body, from head to toe, was as numb as a block of wood.

The alley was situated over a fat-running outlet running into an even faster canalway. The sandals and the syringe went into this rushing waterway, immediately swept away. As she watched them go, Denise tore open her shirt and bra, carefully insuring that both hung from her shoulders, then tore open her jeans and ripped off the panties.

The calmly, she set to work mutilating her body.

The first thing she did was use a hammer to smash every bone in her feet. Since they were completely numb, there was no pain, and she had a had time gripping the hammer with no feeling in her hands, but succeeded. She then pulled the boots on over her crushed feet, which now fit in the footwear.

Next, she used the hammer to smash her jaw in several places. Satisfied, she finished her face by mashing her nose, which began to bleed profusely. Laying the hammer aside, she sat down and picked up the knife.

With several swift strokes, she castrated herself, completely removing not only the penis and testicles, but the interior connections as well. The hammer then crushed her pelvic bone in several places.

She had carefully positioned herself above the outflow, and know the hammer and discarded genitalia went into the water, to be swept away.

Blood was starting to gush severely, and she worked faster, knowing her time-limit. The next step consisted of cutting ragged half-arcs two inches below her nipples. That done, she discarded the knife. Finally, she took the last two items.

Taken from the city morgue, the freshly deceased female womb and vagina she had brutally slashed out was tossed against the far alley wall in a dark smear of blood. The fatty tissue, removed from the same cadaver's ample breasts, was smeared down her bloodied torso.

Satisfied, Denise awkwardly reached up to the last, vital part of the plan - a seldom-used rear door to the local General hospital. It was just barely within her reach to jam one of her press-on nails into the buzzer, and snap it off so that it held the buzzer in.

Then, she methodically beat her head against the ground until she passed out.

Less the two minutes later, a tired O.R. doctor, who was heading to the door to step out for a smoke anyway, threw it open to yell at whatever young punk was pushing the button. When he saw what lay outside the door, he completely forgot his craving for nicotine.

* * * * *

Don floated somewhere between consciousness and unconsciousness. Drugs flowed through his body, dulling the pain, but not completely eliminating it.

<What's going on? Where am I?> he wondered.

{In the hospital, stupid} a cool, wry, feminine voice echoed within his own mind.

Outside, in the real world, his EEG spiked wildly for a few seconds, just barely below the threshold that would sound an alarm.

<Who? What? How?... Who ARE you?>

{Listen up, moron. I'm Denise. Or, more accurately, I'm...you.}

<?>

{Simple. With the stress, the situation, and the electric shock, you went off the rails. Nuts. You became Schizophrenic. I'm the part of you that you didn't want to face.} Denise went on to describe what she'd done, so that the surgeons would rebuild the mangled body of the 'woman' they'd found.

<NO! I never wanted this. I'm a man...>

Denise 'laughed'. {Look, buddy boy - I AM you. Since I'm here, and I succeeded, you must have WANTED to do this. And pretty damn bad too.}

<No. None of this is real. I'm just...>

{...crazy. That's what I said. Look, I'm here to stay, and soon, so is your female body. Now, I'd suggest that, when we wake up, we work together. You don't have much choice, you know. You DID create me to do this, so subconsciously, you WANT this. How do you fight yourself, Don old boy?}

* * * * *

Denise had been a little TOO vigorous in knocking herself out.

For the next eight months the remained in a coma, their minds in a dream world. As the two halves of his Schizophrenic brain argued and fought, the surgeons worked on reconstructing the chattered body of the mystery 'woman'.

At fist, it was a life-saving struggle in hopes of a complete recovery. But as time wore on and the woman remained non-responsive, secondary - and financial - considerations came into effect.

Out of an obligation to the profession, the nurses continued Electronic Muscle Stimulation to keep the muscles from atrophying, but there was no hope that they'd ever be used again. At the same time, to offset the cost of the medical care, a legal waiver was signed, allowing the 'Non-responsive body of Jane No-Middle-Name Doe' to be used for instructional cosmetic surgery.

Advanced med. students got a chance to practice on a living, breathing body. First, students were taught how to minimize scar tissue. Again and again, different students practiced the technique, until 'disappointingly' it couldn't be done anymore - there WAS no more visible scar tissue.

Other students practiced installing breast implants, while others worked on the nipples. Some got assigned liposuction, other collagen injections. Finally, when no more use could be gained from the body, Jane Doe was transferred to an out of the way room, disconnected from life support, and left alone. A nurse was scheduled to check twice a day whether or not the unknown woman had finally gotten around to dying.

* * * * *

{Okay, Donny boy, it's time to wake up.}

The 'two' of them had finally come to an uneasy truce. It had taken shock treatment to do this - Denise had opened up the repressed memories, and Don had watched every move he/she had made. It not only proved that somehow, in a subconscious way, he had done this to himself - it also showed that there was no going back. So, he'd agreed to allow Denise to guide him in what happened - even to the point of accepting her feminine name as agreeable.

<I guess you're right. But why now?>

{They've stopped doing EMS for the past couple of days. We wait, and our muscles are going to turn to jello.}

Acknowledging the truth of that, Denise slowly opened her eyes. He was in a quite, dimly lit room, with no sign of anyone nearby.

Denise stiffly rolled from the bed and carefully gained her feet. It wasn't only the fact that she hadn't been up and about that made it so difficult - it was her radically changed sense of balance. Carefully, she made her way over to a full-length mirror, always balancing against something to keep from falling. He looked in the mirror at his transformed body - and gasped.

{They made our tits too big} Denise thought critically.

Don was speechless as he stared at what was once a masculine body.

His crushed feet had been reconstructed based on the assumption that those boots had been her show size. Her new feet were dainty and well formed, with the scar lines invisible from any further than an inch away.

Her legs, provided EMS, had remained muscular - but the EMS, tailored for a woman, and the female hormones in his system, had altered the contours of them. They were more muscular than most women's legs, but remarkably sexy nonetheless.

The folds of a surgically implanted vagina showed at her crotch. Her shattered hips had been reconstructed much wider than they had been originally. Multiple collagen injections by successive students had made her ass outrageously full and firm.

Between the wide hips and her wide shoulders, her waist shrunk down to a remarkably small diameter due to the practice liposuction. Like her legs, her arms were more muscular than the norm for a woman, but not grossly so.

Thrust proudly from her chest was a perfect pair of firm, round 48-DD's. Students had gotten their chance to inflate the implants until they reached the perfect size, shape and firmness. Truthfully, on her large frame, the large, firm breasts were perfect, where on a smaller woman they may have been to big.

And her face. The shattered jaw and nose were now perfectly feminine on a wide, well formed FEMALE face, surrounded by a halo of sandy blonde hair.

Despite her somewhat muscular, husky body, she would never be able to pass as a man. She was actually quite attractive in a 'comic book Amazonian' way - a muscular, strong, self assured... sexpot.

{Come on, stop gawking. Let's get a move on.}

Denise headed cautiously for the door, trying to get used to the new movement of her body. Her wide hips swayed with each step, and her creamy globes bounced and swayed distractingly. In the cold air, her huge, sensitive nipples were engorged, sticking out impudently in front of her.

Prompted by her very vocal 'inner woman', Denise crushed her morals for the sake of necessity. The fourth door down the dark, quite hallway proved to be the nurses changeroom, empty between shifts. Quashing any qualms, Denise forced herself to steal suitable clothing, plus every valuable she could lay her hands on.

She had a brief internal argument over the definition of 'suitable' though. She won the round by pointing out that she could barely walk barefoot. High heels were NOT an option at this point.

When Denise walked out of the room forty-five minutes later, she was a transformed woman.

After a shower, she had carefully applied a subdued makeup scheme that accented her face. Her sandy-blonde hair, grown considerably longer during her coma, was simply but flatteringly arranged. Earring dangled from newly pierced ears, and she wore a necklace, a watch, and an anklet. In the stolen purse was makeup, seventy three dollars and twenty one sense in cash, and a ton of stolen jewelry.

For clothing, she wore a denim skirt. The closest to her size she could find, it came midway down her thighs, and was tightly molded to her shapely ass. Her shirt was the largest shirt there, a pale blue cotton shirt, tied in a knot under her breasts as support. It clung tightly to her spectacular breasts, showing quite bit of cleavage, The overly long sleeves had been rolled back to her muscular forearms.

Simple leather sandals adorned her feet, and she walked with a steady, swaying step, having begun to get used to her new body. Unrecognized by the staff, Denise sailed serenely out the front doors.

'Inner Denise' had a plan.

* * * * *

Part THREE: PLANS

Denise walked down the street, wondering just how the hell 'natural' women did it so easily.

With every step, she was aware of her new walk, with its feminine sway of her ripe, full buttocks. The jiggle and bounce of her unfamiliar breasts caused her full, thick nipples to rub continuously across the cotton fabric of her shirt, causing constant bolts of pleasure through her new anatomy. The way her long, muscular legs scissored emphasized the new emptiness of her female crotch.

Her long sandy blonde hair tickled along the back of her neck, swaying and moving with her own motion, and the effects of the wind. And the cool breeze across the silky skin of her legs was - pleasurable. The whole sensation of being female was horrible, disgusting, exciting and - enjoyable.

{I TOLD you you really wanted this.}

In the depths of her mind, 'Inner Denise' laughed at her muddled thoughts. As much as she hated to admit it, she was finding this...liberating. Fun.

<All right, you win. Now, what's your plan?>

{Well, a place to live would be nice...}

Slowly, Denise's new, pink-glossed lips curved into a slightly wicked smile. Her pace quickened with constrained enthusiasm as 'Inner Denise' detailed the first step in the plan.

* * * * *

Quietly, Denise approached the bungalow in the falling dusk, looking for any sign of life. When she was sure the house was currently empty, she moved quickly around to the back door.

She tried under the door mat first. Too obvious. She then felt along the lintel of the door. Nothing. She hit paydirt under the right-hand planter. Picking up the key, she used the small piece of milled metal to unlock the back door and quietly let herself in.

With a smile, she began to move through the house belonging to his ex-fiancée, Cassandra, and her lesbian lover Shannon. A quick check of a phone book had established the fact that Shannon still lived in the same house, and Denise knew Cassie well enough to know there would be a spare key somewhere. His 'guesstimate' had paid off.

He carefully closed the drapes in each room of the house, moving carefully through the dark. Then he went back around and switched on the lights. If Cassandra stayed true to form, Shannon and her would be out 'night-clubbing' until the wee small hours.

With a quick step and a gleam in her eye, Denise went into Shannon's small home office and began looking through the files.

Shannon had quite a bit of money from an inheritance. She had even more from her hobby - taking small house or run-down shacks, renovating them, then selling them or renting them. The only twist was one - Shannon, a hard-core Femi-Nazi, only sold or rented to women. She had so many tenant's, according to Cassie, that she couldn't remember them all. Perfect. In no time, Denise had found the perfect thing.

A small but luxurious 'batchlorette' near the downtown core. Using Shannon's own copier and supplies, she faked a lease agreement, starting two months ago, and 'paid up front' for two years. Carefully, she put everything away.

Next, she ransacked the house. From bottom to top, actually.

Starting in the small cold cellar, Denise searched every where for valuables. She found a small hoard of gold and silver coins hidden in a pickle jar, and look them. After smashing every jar, of course.

On the main floor, she took all the cash out of the small safe. She open the safe by the simple expedient of checking all of Shannon's carefully saved instruction and warranty cards, where she had written down the combination. Then she messed everything she could up, throwing papers and supplies around. Finally, she dumped her hoard into a large suitcase, and 'shopped' through the two women's wardrobe for clothing.

The final touch was just before she left. In bold handwriting, very masculine, she wrote 'Dykes get lost' in black magic marker all over the house.

Since she wore a pair of surgical gloves stolen from the hospital, there wasn't even any finger prints. Happily, she lugged the heavy suitcase to blocks before hailing a cab to take her 'home.'

* * * * *

Denise sighed with satisfaction as she lowered herself into a tub full of soapy water. On the way here, she had stopped long enough to pick up some groceries, toiletries and necessities, and was now relaxing in the huge tub in the en suite bathroom of her small but luxurious new accommodations.

{Well, soap your self, girl.}

Good advice - she WAS going to have to get used to her new body. With a giggle, she began to glide a bar of Zest over her remarkably smooth skin.

All too soon, she became lost in a separate little world as she reached her creamy, ripe breasts with their sensitive nipples. It started with the lathered bar of soap sliding silkily across her womanly mounds, but the bar soon slipped away unnoticed as her long-nailed fingers began to caress her own chest.

Soon she was teasing her nipples, moving in small, rhythmic movements as tiny gasps exploded with each breath. Tiny lightning bolts of pleasure sizzled from her engorged nipples to her brain, and the warm wetness between her firm, silk thighs was no longer just from bathwater.

{Go on. You know you want to.}

Yes. Yes, she did want to. Very, very badly.

Slowly, while her left hand continued working on her firm yet yielding breasts, the other slid slowly down, crossing her smooth abdomen until it reached the cleft between her legs. Denise hesitated for one endless second, then began to massage the outside of her new womanhood.

Louder gasps burst from her throat as her wide, womanly hips began to thrust in time with her questing hands. New, erotic sensations flooded the new woman, indescribable to anyone who had not felt it.

Finally, torturing herself with pleasure, she couldn't take it. Her index finger slid into her hot, wet cunt and began to frantic massage her clit, driving her to new heights of shear, orgasmic pleasure, until her body shuddered in the grip of her first feminine climax. Sated, Denise slowly settled deeper into the cooling water with a sigh.

{Was that good for you?} Denise laughed.

* * * * *

The second part of the plan was a little harder for Denise to agree to. With no way of showing an education, she still needed a job. Being remarkably fit for a woman, 'Inner Denise' had decided to try for her own exercise program.

Accordingly, Denise checked various publications to get the name of the programmer for the local TV station. Making an appointment to see him, she carefully dressed for her presentation.

First, she pulled on a pair of white nylons, over which went a tight, form-fitting bodysuit in basic black.

Over this, Denise pulled on a simple white skirt, a black silk blouse, and at 'Inner Denise's' insistence, a pair of high-heeled black pumps. A few simple pieces of jewelry for emphasis, and all that was left was her hair and makeup.

After one last glimpse in the mirror, it was time to go.

The programmer, Bob Enthwaite, turned out to be a tanned, handsome young man with a smooth manner. Inviting Denise in, he politely listened to her pitch before politely, but firmly turning down her proposal.

{Time to try something else...}

Before Denise could frame a remark, 'Inner Denise' took control of her body.

"Wouldn't you at least watch my routine before deciding?" she asked Bob, who shrugged and said, "Sure. Go ahead."

Quickly, Denise shucked off the outer clothing and jewelry - but to Denise's surprise, not the high heels. She moved to the center of the office.

"Now, my routine requires a partner. Would you mind helping me out?"

Bob shrugged again. "No problem."

<What are you DOING?>

{Trust me.}

Denise took on a calm, almost cool professional demeanor. "The first exercise is for the arms." She told Bob, while she stood straight, her arms at her sides. "I need you to stand in front to me...no, closer. Closer. Perfect."

Bob flushed slightly - he was standing toe-to-to with her, their bodies pressed firmly against each other. Despite the sexual implications of the position, Denise was maintaining her detached demeanor.

"Now, Take a hold of my wrists." She instructed Bob. "I'm going to lift my arms over my head, and I want you to provide resistance. Make me work to get them there."

Denise calmly performed this exercise five times. Each time her hands rose above her head, it pushed her breasts further forward, pushing them tightly against Bob's broad chest. Her nipples, swollen behind the leotard, tingled and throbbed with pleasure, no trace of which showed on her face.

<God, that feels good. But we shouldn't be doing this...>

{Shut up. I know what I'm doing.}

Finished her reps, she stepped away from Bob. Although it had been easy exercise, Bob's face held a thin film of sweat, and he moved a little stiffly.

"Next, I'm going to do a back exercise. Stand behind me. No, right up close."

With a slight gulp, Bob stepped until his crotch was pushed tightly against Denise's firm, yielding ass.

<My god, I can feel his hard-on...>

"All right, now wrap your arms around my torso - no higher up. That's right. Now, when I bend forward, you pull back for resistance. When I straighten up, you lean forward so I'm pushing you weight up too."

Bob was now standing with his crotch grinding in her ass, and his hands on her tits. New and pleasurable sensations flooded Denise's body as she moved. Leaning forward against his hands, her breasts were pushed firmly into his strong, broad hands. Meanwhile, each rep caused her ass muscles to flex against the large bulge in his crotch, and she could feel the heat of his erection through their clothing. Still, she remained coolly detached.

"Next..." Denise began.

Bob was breathing heavily. "No, that's all right. I don't think I can take any more of you routine. Look, you've got the slot, okay?"

<All right!>

"That's wonderful." Denise smiled. Slowly, she began moving towards him. "But it's not fair to leave my boss in such discomfort..."

<NO! Denise, stop! Don't...>

Hungrily, Bob reached for her, his hands sliding around to caress her firm ass as their lips met. Their tongues intertwined in a passionate ballet.

<Oh my God, I'm kissing a MAN!>

{It FEELS good though, doesn't it?}

<...yeah.>

Bob's lips and hands moved to her breasts as he pulled her leotard off. She returned the favor, stripping him as she moaned from his skilled touch. As soon as they were naked, she pushed him down on the floor and prepared to straddle him.

<NO!>

Smoothly, Denise lowered her hot, wet cunt onto Bob's throbbing cock. Ecstasy shot through her as his worm, living flesh entered her ready womanhood.

<Oh.... oh God that feels soooo good...>

Denise's muscular legs began to flex, thrusting her up and down rhythmically. Small gasps exploded from her throat as she rode his hard cock.

<OH! Yes...yes! HARDER...HAR...>

And 'Inner Denise' vanished completely, allowing 'Denise who had been Don' full control of the body.

"...DER!" she gasped, thrusting intensely. Pleasure crackled through her nerves firing synapses in her brain that had never been used until now. Hungrily, she increased the pace when Bob's hands clenched her full buttocks.

Then she orgasmed.

It was like fireworks exploding in her brain as sheer, unadulterated ecstasy claimed her body. She was completely unaware that she cried out Bob's name as she came, his hot cum christening her new cunt.

Covered in sweat and utterly, indescribably fulfilled, Denise rolled off of Bob and collapsed beside him. He rolled over, leaning on one arm, and used the other to lightly caress Denise's sweat slicked body.

"Well, that's some performance. I can't wait to see what exercises you do in front of the camera."

Denise smiled. "Oh, just standard ones. But I AM going to need somebody to help be warm up before the show..." 'Inner Denise' had been right. This WAS what she wanted out of life.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Not wanting to give up a chance to buy a great house, one man enters what he is afraid is a haunted house and is taken over by the spirit of the stripper who was there before.

Mind Over Matter

By Gunslinger

"Hey, Kurt - this place is great!" Tom said, enthusiastically, as he took another sip of beer. "Especially for you! Dirt cheap, retro decor, and a secluded location - you must be loving this!"

The slender, dark-haired youth hesitated before answering. "Yeah - it's... great."

The pause, and notable lack of enthusiasm, raised Linda's eyebrows. Sharing a look with Tom, she then turned to Kurt. "What's up, Kurt?"

Kurt hesitated, wondering if he should bother to explain. Tom and Linda were his best (and almost only) friends, and he'd known both of them for years, long before they'd become a couple. If he could tell anyone, it would be them.

"Well..." he said, slowly. "I know it's silly - but it's almost like this place is haunted."

"Haunted!" Linda said, surprised. "Geez, Kurt - not only has nobody died here, nobody's even lived here - until now."

"I know." Kurt agreed - despite the appearance of a Victorian-age home, his new house was actually less than a year old. In fact - it wasn't 'really' a house...

The house had been built as a set by a nation-wide pay-for-service cable channel - a porno channel. The cable network had been planning to do their own, porno-based version of the popular show 'Charmed', and had built the house to be used for filming - though they had made it meet standards so that it could be sold as a 'real' house if-and-when the show was finally done filming.

However, thanks to protests by outraged local citizens, filming had never started. By situating the house in the middle of nowhere, the cable producers had hoped to avoid that very situation - but they'd gravely underestimated the local (and very conservative) media, which had helped whip the public into a frenzy of 'anti-porn' demonstrations. Giving up, the cable network had sold the house at auction - and almost nobody had wanted it, letting Kurt get it at a steal.

"Still..." Kurt said, wrinkling his nose up. "I mean - they left behind all these props and stuff, everything they had in place for the show - and it's like somebody else is living here, and I just can't see them. You know... like a ghost."

Tom rolled his eyes - and said the inevitable. "Kurt - you're just too imaginative."

Kurt had been told that his whole life. never the most popular guy in the world, Kurt was a real bookworm and movie buff - and, thanks to his hyper-active imagination, he'd ended up becoming a writer, where a good imagination was an asset instead of a liability. Still, there were times when his imagination was too strong for his own good - like now, when it was causing him to get the 'creeps' from a brand-new house he'd got at a real bargain.

"If a great deal like this gives you the squirrellies, then you're in trouble, buddy." Tom continued, shaking his head with a wry grin. "Hey, now - be nice." Linda said, slapping her boyfriend lightly on the shoulder. "It's really bugging him. Let's try to help."

She turned her attention to Kurt. "You know - maybe I *can* help." "Oh?" Kurt asked, blinking.

"Sure - I could put you under, and help you get through this."

Kurt hesitated. Both Linda and Tom had just graduated from university, Tom with a Major in Business, Linda with a Psychology degree. In fact, Linda's well-to-do parents were celebrating the couples combined graduation-and-engagement by sending them off on a two- week whirlwind tour of Europe - they were leaving tomorrow, and that's one of the reasons why they were over tonight.

"Come on." Linda urged, seeing his hesitation. "We just called for the cab, and way out here it'll probably be half an hour or more - that's plenty of time."

"Well..." Kurt said, hesitantly. "If you really think it would help..."

"Great!" Linda said, enthusiastically. "Sit down in that chair and get comfortable."

Kurt did as instructed, while Linda lowered all the lights and lit a candle, placing it on the coffee table in front of Kurt's chair. Instructing her beau to sit in a chair behind Kurt, and out of sight, she stood directly behind him, bent over so that her lips were near his ear, letting her speak in a quiet, smooth voice...

...with the 'wind' of her breath gusting over Kurt's shoulder and across the carefully positioned candle.

"I want you to focus on the light of the candle, Kurt." She began. "I want you to watch how it dances with my voice. Focus on that, Kurt - the way my voice makes it dance and sway. My voice, and the candle..."

A few moments later, and Linda stepped back, blinking.

"Geez - I've never seen anybody go under so fast and so deep - much less on the first session." She said to Tom. "He's in a really deep trance."

"Is it okay to talk now?" Tom whispered, wincing at Linda's causal, conversation tone.

She grinned. "Sure. He'll ignore everything but me - and he won't even 'hear' me unless I speak over his shoulder and make the candle move. We were taught to do it that way - audio and visual stimuli - to keep any 'stray' suggestions from being implanted."

"Okay." Tom said, relaxing. "So, what do you do now - just tell him to ignore the creepy ideas he's been having."

"No - that's the worst thing you can do." Linda said. "Suppressing things is always a bad idea. Instead, we do the exact opposite - we make those vague feelings sharp and clear and 'real'."

"Huh?" Tom blinked. "I.. don't get it."

Linda grinned again. "It's simple, really - we make it feel utterly real to him, truly believable so that anything that happens with it will be absolute and 'real' - then we find the exit."

"The exit?" Tom said. "Oh - wait, I get it. We make this ghost of his 'real' to him, instead of some vague feeling..."

"...then give 'it' a reason to leave." Linda finished. "That's right. The human psyche needs a sense of 'closure'. Just like the movies, actually - some action that makes the 'ghost' leave. We'll just make the ghost 'real' enough that Kurt can accept it has motivations, then tell him that what it wants is, uh..." She frowned in thought.

"How 'bout it wants its story told?" Tom suggested. "After all, Kurt's a writer, and it would be 'logical' - plus he gets the money from the sale."

"Honey, you're a genius!" Linda said, giving Tom a kiss. "Okay - now, the first thing to do is to make this 'ghost' of his seem real enough." Taking her place at Kurt's shoulder, she began to speak.

"Kurt, can you hear me?"

"Yes..." Kurt answered, slowly, his face and voice expressionless.

"I want you to tell me about this other 'presence' you feel. Describe it to me." Linda commanded.

Kurt's brow slowly wrinkled, though his eyes remained wide and unseeing. "I.. don't know. It's like there's another person in the house. A woman, I guess..."

Turning to Tom, Linda said, "See - it's too vague. We need to get him to make it clearer." She turned back to Kurt.

"Kurt, I want you to focus on this woman." She told him. "I want you to start imagining what she's like. I want you to imagine what she looks like, build a mental image of what she 'feels' like to you, given the items that make you feel she's in the house. Imagine every detail of her - what she looks like. What she sounds like. How she moves. How she walks, how she talks, what her little habits are. Build this image of her in your mind, holding on to every tiny detail. I want more than a two-dimensional image of her. Can you do this, Kurt?"

"Yes..." Kurt said, slowly and heavily. "...I am doing it. But... I don't want to." Linda frowned slightly. "Why not, Kurt?"

"I just want it... her.. to go away. Or... I want to get away from her. I.. want to leave the house. She.. she scares me. I'm afraid."

Linda shot a look at Tom, then turned back. "Kurt - have you been thinking of leaving the house. For good, I mean - just getting out?" "Yes..."

"It's a good thing I'm here." She said to Tom. "He didn't say it to us - might not even consciously realize it - but his over-working imagination almost kicked him out of a otherwise perfect house for him."

"Kurt, listen to me." Linda commanded the dazed writer. "you can't leave. You can't run away from her. No matter what happens, you can't just 'run away'. She's not just going to let you go, okay? Do you understand, Kurt?"

"Yes..."

"Good. Now, keep imagining her - every detail about her, as perfectly and clearly as you can. She's more than just a vague feeling, or even a pale image in your mind. I want you to... to make her real. To bring her to life. To create every aspect of her and make it a living version of her, perfect to the smallest detail..."

Hooonnnnk

At the sound of the cab's horn from outside, coupled with the flash of headlights across the window, Kurt jerked - a powerful, involuntary movement that spilled the chair over and sent him sprawling.

"Shit!" Linda cursed.

"Wha..?" Kurt said, sitting up and looking around, a confused look on his face. "What happened? Was I hypnotized?"

"Yeah." Tom said, getting to his feet. "But the cab came and honked it's horn, snapping you out of it." "Oh." Kurt said. "So I guess you didn't get a chance to help me."

Linda looked upset. "Well, we started - but we didn't get to far." She was gnawing on her lower lip. "I don't get it though - you were so deep under the trance it was almost scary - yet you snapped out so quickly that it's almost like you weren't even in a trance. You're supposed to be brought out slowly. I"" I never heard of a case like this happening, and it certainly wasn't covered in my training."

"What are you saying?" Kurt asked. "Is something wrong?"

Linda gnawed at her lip for a second, looking at him - then waver her hand and shook her head. "now, I guess not - after all, you seem fine, and you're out of the trance. I guess the cab startled me as much as you, and I'm just worrying over nothing because my nerves are on edge."

"Okay." Kurt said - the last thing he remembered was staring at the candle, her voice in his ear - then he was laying on the floor, with no memory of the time in between. He certainly didn't feel any different.

He walked the couple to the front door, saying their good-byes as they got their coats and stuff on. Waiting until the cab was starting back down the long driveway, Kurt waved one last time then went back into the house, blowing out the candle and tidying the place, feeling a little lonely - and 'creeped out' now that they were gone.

He picked up the somewhat depleted bottle of Rum, and the mostly-full bottle of Cola, intending to put them away - then shrugged, picked up his glass, and wandered into the den, the 'coziest' room in the house. Switching on the TV, he hunted through the channels until he found a light-hearted, mindless comedy, and poured himself a drink.

An hour and a half - and several drinks - later, he drifted off in front of the TV.

* * * * *

As Kurt slept, something happened.

On average, a human being only uses twelve to eighteen percent of the brain's potential. Sometimes this 'peaks' higher, providing rare insights beyond the person's usual abilities.

Somebody for whom these peaks occur fairly frequently is known colloquially as a 'genius'.

When these peaks occur only in certain areas of the brain, the person is known as a prodigy, in whichever 'field' the section of the brain affects. If the rest of the brain has lower-than-normal usage, then the person is an 'idiot-savant'.

But neurological science has never recorded anyone utilizing more than thirty percent of the brain's potential, though there has been some speculation that so-called 'psionic' powers lay somewhere within this untapped realm.

Driven by a command that it could not fulfill at its current state, Kurt's brain began to fire more and more neurons, unused (until now) synapses crackling with life as new neural pathways began to open, searching for the solution that the subconscious brain *needed* to find, even if the conscious mind was completely unaware of what was going on.

Still, no answer was found in the existing patterns of the brain, and the new ones only had 'old' data to play with, even if they were 'playing' with it much faster and more efficiently than ever before. If Kurt were connected to an EEG at the moment, the needles would have been sweeping wildly across the paper as an unprecedented forty-nine percent of his brain struggled to re-sort old information and memories into a coherent answer for the (unfortunately) illogical 'problem' put before them - without success.

So, the unseen 'underpinnings' of his brain, the ancient pilings that kept the 'sane' brain from washing away in a tide of insanity, demanded that if an answer couldn't be *found*, then it must be *created*...

...and another thirty-four percent of Kurt's brain, long dormant, flared into life....

* * * * *

Kurt gasped and sat bolt upright in the chair, suddenly and completely awake.

His heart was pounding, his slender frame practically vibrating from the force of his heart's rhythm. For the first instant, though his body was fully awake, his mind remained in neutral before it finally made the transition, and even as it did he continued to feel thick-headed and slow, as if only functioning at a half-speed.

A bluish-gray light suffused the room for the TV, which had gone to 'snow' after the end of its broadcast day. The low sound of white noise spilled from the built-in stereo speakers, but Kurt made no move to either shut the appliance off or mute the sound - as annoying as the 'fuzz' could be, the cold light and meaningless sound from the TV were preferable to the silent darkness that would reign supreme, were he to push the little red button on the remote.

Looking around, Kurt tried to pinpoint what it was that had awoken him so decisively. Wrapping his arms around his slim frame, he shivered, forehead creasing in a frown as he wondered how a late summer night could be so cold...

* * * * *

PYROTELEKINESIS (Var. Sp. Pyrokinesis) - The transfer of motion at the molecular level (i.e., heat) from one location to another through the application of mental energies.

* * * * *

On the couch pushed against the wall was a decorative blanket used as a coverlet. Pulling it from the couch, Kurt wrapped it around his slender frame as he rose a trifle unsteadily to his feet. Though he was now as awake as he was going to get, and there was no immediate sign of threat, his 'fight or flight' reaction was still thrumming strongly, adrenaline running through his body in the rapid pulse of his bloodstream's high-pressure flow s his heart continued to pound.

Hesitantly, Kurt approached the doorway of the den and - feeling extremely silly, but not knowing what else to do - called out into the darkness.

"Hello?" He called, cursing the trembling in his voice. Taking a deep breath, he struggled to make his voice - less then authoritative at the best of times - sound more like Tom's rolling, masculine tones. "If there's anyone out there, I should warn you - I'm armed."

The empty threat struck a chord, and - keeping his eyes on the dark doorway - he sidled back until he was pressed up against the far wall of the room. Risking taking his eyes from the only entrance to the wood-paneled, windowless room, Kurt turned and fumbled at the latch of the curio case above the fireplace's mantel. Finally, the small brass latch turned, letting him into the case.

The case's green-felt interior was covered in a series of replica firearms, ranging from a old 'Sea Service' black-powder flintlock pistol, through an old Western-style 'six-gun', to a Model 1911 Colt .45 auto-pistol. It was this last replica that he pulled from the case, the heavy metal shape seeming to fit reassuringly into his palm, even though he knew the gleaming metal 'weapon' was practically useless, except as something that could be thrown.

If there was an intruder in the house, maybe the sight of the 'gun' would scare him away...

Gripping the replica tightly in his right hand, Kurt pulled the blanket tighter around his shoulders and once again approached the darkened doorway, all other sounds overlaid with the rush of his own blood through his ears.

Pressing himself against the inside of the doorway, Kurt slipped his left hand around the 'aged' oak molding and slid it across the wall just outside the room, until his fingers felt the cool metal of the brass switch-plate. The old-fashioned light switches of the 'Victorian' house were the old-style push-button switches, and he let his finger glide over the rounded bump of the depressed 'off' switch and slide up the cylinder of the 'on' switch.

Taking a deep breath, Kurt pushed the button in, and there was a startlingly loud 'ka-lunk' sound as the 'off' button popped out, the 'on' button dropped in...

...and everything went dead and silent as, deep in the basement, the main breaker switch of the anachronistically modern fuse-box switched to the 'off' position.

* * * * *

TELEKINESIS - The ability to manipulate objects at a distance through use of the power of the mind.

* * * * * *'eep'*

It would have been a full-fledged scream - except that Kurt's vocal chords were constricted by a throat that suddenly went as tight as a miser's wallet - and as dry as the Sahara.

He began to shake, in a way that had little to do with the icy sphere of air that encircled him.

Though it wasn't something to be proud of, what happened next was an offspring of panic. There was no caution, no consideration of a possible intruder, armed or otherwise - the slender writer just needed some form of light, something to break the sepulchral darkness around him.

Dropping the blanket without even thinking, he blindly dashed from the den. He smacked, face-first, into the wall across from the door, barely even feeling the impact as he scrabbled around in the darkness, his flailing hand finally finding the edge of the doorway leading into the living room. Panting hoarsely, he scrambled into the darkened room, barking his shins on the chair and creating a clatter he barely even heard as his frantic hands slid across the surface of the coffee table he knew to be in front of him. The replica pistol impeded his search, and he unthinkingly discarded it as he continued his blind quest...

His right hand found the candle by knocking it over, snapping the taper halfway up it's length as it dropped to the floor. Fumbling with his right hand, he found it again, the top half still limply connected by the wick imbedded in the wax.

A moment later, his left hand slipped across the plastic surface of the Bic lighter, sending it skittering across the table-top. Nearly crying in frustration, Kurt forced his hand to move slowly and delicately in the direction the sound had gone...

...and encountered the lighter.

Almost sobbing with relief, he flicked the wheel, and a steady yellow flame blossomed at the metal-clad tip of the small plastic object. Using his teeth to bite through the wax-coated wick at the broken portion of the candle, he set the remaining half of the taper, still in the holder, upright on the table and quickly brought it to life, the golden glow of the candle filling the room with a weak - but, to Kurt, beautifully bright - golden glow.

Fumbling, he retrieved the replica pistol. For a long moment he simply sat there on the floor between the coffee table and the couch, shaking.

When the worst of the shaking had subsided, he slowly climbed to his feet. Slipping the lighter into the pocket of the khaki slacks he wore, Kurt picked up the candle-holder in his left hand, the replica weapon extended before him in his right. Slowly, he approached the doorway.

"I.. I just called the cops on my cell phone!" he shouted. "They're on their way!"

He cursed his inability to keep his voice from wavering as he made the hollow threat. Creeping closer to the doorway, he took another breath, about to shout another 'dire warning'...

...when a voice wafted out of the darkness, faint and hollow. *'Kurt. '*

* * * * *

AUDITORY TRANSLOCATION - The ability to create sound (through the vibration of air molecules to create sound waves) at a distance somewhat removed from the actual origin source. (Var. - The same ability, through telekinetic, rather than mechanical, generation)

* * * * *

"Who's out there!" Kurt shouted, pointing the 'gun' in the direction of the eerie voice. "I.. I've got a gun! The cops are coming!"

'Kurt...' The Voice wafted through the still, cool air, sounding closer than before. 'Kurt... I need you... I need your body... I want to live again...'

The Voice was most definitely feminine - and it sounded... hungry, somehow. The chill surrounding Kurt intensified, as if he were standing in an arctic draft, and he began to shiver violently.

Though he'd been facing the door and seen nothing at all, he felt a gust of wind stir over him. *'Kurt... give me life...'*

The Voice was right behind him!

The writer's nerve broke. Shouting incoherently, he dropped the doubly useless 'gun' and pounded towards the front door, the candle wavering and flickering as the movement through the air disturbed it - casting eerily flickering light in whose glow the shadows seemed to dance and cavort, as if alive.

Reaching the front door, Kurt threw back the bolt, twisted the brass-and-cut-glass knob, and threw the door open...

...and it promptly slammed shut again, the bolt re-engaging in the jam. Kurt struggled to get the door unlocked again, but this time it was as if the brass latch was cast as one piece - utterly immobile.

"Let me *gooooooooo!*" Kurt howled, impotently, as he jiggled and yanked at the doorknob. *'No, Kurt... I need you...'* His unseen nemesis said, from right beside him...

...and he felt a hand slid across his arm, a gentle-yet-strong female grip...

Screaming, Kurt dashed pell-mell down the hallway, not really knowing where he was going - just as long as it was away from that voice and that touch. When he came to the foot of the staircase, he dashed up it two at a time, not really thinking. Picking the first door on his right, he ducked inside and slammed the door. Twisting the small brass key in the lock-plate, he slipped it from the door and into his pocket, eyes wide with fear as he looked around his 'sanctuary'.

It was one of the bedrooms. He'd already moved the 'junk' from the master bedroom for his own use, but this one was still full of the items left behind by the production company.

Grabbing a steamer trunk from nearby, he dragged it in front of the door, then stumbled back a few steps and collapsed on the bed, placing the candle on the bed table as he leaned over, gasping for breath.

"You might as well give up you know."

"Aaahhhh!" Kurt cried, leaping from the bed and sprawling on the floor as his eyes darted around the room.

"You can't win. There's just no chance." The unseen voice continued. No longer hollow and eerie, the definitely feminine voice sounded rich and full - as if the woman were sitting on the bed, chatting with him. Even the tones were light, almost conversational.

"Let.. let me go..." Kurt said, slowly sliding backwards until his back hit a wall.

"I can't do that, Kurt." The words were sympathetic, but The Voice wasn't - in fact, it was practically laughing. "I'm tired of existing in this sorry half-life. Do you know just how awful it is, Kurt?"

The Voice seemed to be moving, as if the unseen owner was pacing back and forth in front of the bed. "Wha..." Kurt stammered, looking around for a weapon against his unseen opponent.

"I can't feel anything." The Voice said, almost petulantly. "I can see - but dimly, as if 'through a glass darkly'. My hearing - half of what it was, at best. And no sense of touch, or taste, or smell - no pleasures, Kurt! None!"

"And... and now you want to.. trade positions with me?" Kurt stammered, fearfully. "Take my life, and leave me like.. like that?" "no, Kurt - of course not." The Voice said, almost warmly. "You'll still be around, in your body. In fact, I need you. I won't have the..

'strength' to run everything. No - you'll be vital, and so you'll still be able to feel, to experience pleasures..." The Voice's tones made the silky smile evident, despite the expression's invisible state. "And I guarantee that you'll be feeling a *lot* of pleasure, Kurt..."

"No - I won't let you take over my life!" Kurt said, his voice wavering.

"Take over *your* life?" The Voice asked, laughing. It took on a sharp tone. "The life of a pathetic little weenie? A loser? A *man* - and not even much of a man at that? Don't be ridiculous..."

Kurt's mind barely had time to register the meaning of her disdainful comments...

...when his pants and underwear where suddenly ripped from his body, flying across the room and landing in a pile.

Screaming, Kurt tried to rise - but unseen hands held his legs as his socks were yanked off, leaving him completely nude from the waist down. As soon as the unseen hands released him, he bounded to his feet...

...and his unseen assailant tore his short-sleeve shirt off, buttons flying every which way as the off-white garment was flung aside, leaving every square inch of his pale, slender body bared to the golden flicker of the candle-light.

"Leave me alone!" Kurt cried - but it was a plea, not a command, and it was ignored in any case.

"My, my - even weenie little men have body hair." The Voice said, chuckling in a low tone that sent shivers down his spine. "Let's take care of that..."

As easily as that, and Kurt felt an itching sensation. Stunned, he stared down as every follicle of his masculine body hair came loose from it's root and drifted towards the ground.

Screaming once again. Kurt turned and assaulted the door that blocked his exit. Though an interior door, rather than the heavy-duty outer doors at the front and rear entrances of the house, the barrier was more then sturdy enough to defeat the pounding of his fists.

Then his feet were yanked out from underneath him, and he was hurled across the room to land on the bed, legs lifted and splayed...

...and, to his horror, Kurt found that he was utterly immobilized, unable to move at all. He could only watch what happened next, denied even the token defiance of screaming as a pair of nylons drifted out of the closet and floated across the room.

As the moved across the room, the pair of matched nylons - black, with a lace seem running up the outside of each - balled themselves up. Upon reaching his immobile figure on the bed, each 'ball' settled themselves on his now-denuded legs, then slowly extended themselves up his legs until their lacy elasticized tops (complete with a white ribbon that wound around them and tied in a bow at the top of each out-ward facing seam) settled around his upper thigh.

Then the nylons meticulously straightened themselves, so that the seams were straight and even.

The next think to float out of the closet was a pair of shoes. Black patent leather, the shoes had a one-inch high platform and a seven- inch high heel, slender and spike-like. The upper potion of each shoe was three wide patent-leather bands, designed to sit (in order) just behind the toes, across the middle of the foot, and just below the ankle.

There were also too small for even Kurt's diminutive feet, and the captive writer felt a fleeting moment of hope...

...then the shoes arrived, and he could do nothing as they slid onto his feet, which painfully crushed inwards and altered shape to fit, becoming small and dainty and feminine - even as the legs filling out the nylons writhed, quickly acquiring quite shapely female contours beneath the sheer fabric...

* * * * *

DIRECTED BIOMORPHISM - The ability to greatly accelerate healing, cause spontaneous remission of disease, regenerate lost limbs, or otherwise alter the characteristics of a biological system through use of conscious or unconscious mental energies. (SEE Faith Healing, Placebo Effect.)

* * * * *

...and still the changes didn't stop, continuing to spread upwards to his hips and ass.

If he could have, Kurt would have been screaming in pain - if felt as if his body were being ripped apart and rebuilt from the inside out. As his hips widened to a smoothly feminine curve, it was as if his pelvic bones had become taffy and were being stretched out by unseen hands, while it felt as if somebody had inserted two balloons into his derrière and was slowly inflating them with warm water to give him a full, shapely, and decidedly feminine posterior.

Then the changes stopped, and he suddenly found he could move - which he discovered when he collapsed into a fetal position, sobbing at the fading remnants of the agony that had torn through him moments ago.

"Stop fighting me, and I'll make sure it doesn't hurt nearly as much..." the unseen voice suggested. Kurt continued to sob, his body utterly limp...

...except for the hand that was oh-so-slowly snaking towards the leg of the bed-side table.

As soon as it was close enough, he lashed out, grabbing the leg of the table - thankfully, the mate of the one on which the candle rested. Jumping up, Kurt almost fell over until he pushed his weight onto his toes, relieving himself of the task of balancing atop the slender spike heels. With all the strength he could muster, he charged at the door, thundering forward atop the toes of his platform heels, his entire body feeling awkward and off balance...

...and the door burst asunder under the assault of the table. Tossing the shattered piece of furniture aside, Kurt pushed the smashed door-panel out of the way and triadic to run down the hall, barely able to move in the high heel shoes that encased his feminine new feet.

"Tsk, tsk - that looks silly. Can't have that..." The Voice said, behind him...

* * * * *

Two and a half miles away, an exotic dancer who went by the stage name 'Luscious Lisa Leggs' was heading for the dressing room when she suddenly stumbled, one hand flying to her forehead as she leaned against the wall for support.

"Geez, Lisa - you okay?" one of the other girls asked, rushing over to help.

"Yeah... just had this real bitch of a headache come on me, sudden like.." Lisa replied, wincing.

* * * * *

TELEPATHY - The ability to communicate directly with another person or creatures mind, without the use of verbalization or other intermediate senses.

* * * * *

Deep inside Kurt's brain, something seemed to 'wrench' in a sudden flare of pain - as the synaptic patterns containing his 'habits' and 'skills' for walking were suddenly and irrevocably erased...

...to be replaced by an exact copy of the synaptic patterns duplicated from the mind of the exotic dancer.

Kurt nearly stumbled and fell - but in shock, as his awkward, unbalanced shuffle had suddenly become a smooth, easy - and pretty damned sexy - glide, as if he'd had a world of experience in walking in heels. The worst part was, it had occurred without him thinking about, happening utterly naturally, as if he'd always walked this way - and even though he knew that it wasn't true, no matter how much he tried he couldn't bring to mind the actual movements it would take to walk 'normally'. He could alter his stride, he could move faster or slower - but his new, easy balance was as unconscious as walking had always been without heels, and walking 'awkwardly' would have taken conscious determination.

"Oh, dear God..' Kurt whispered in horror. What had happened so far, with his legs, feet and hips being altered was bad enough - but the thought that something in his mind, the part of 'him' that made him 'him', had been changed - it took the wind out of his sails, leaving him gasping for breath from the shock of it.

"Well, that's much better..." The Voice said, smugly. "You're a natural in heels, Kurt..."

"Leave me a lone.." Kurt begged backing away (gracefully, damn it!) from where The Voice seemed to be coming from. "Please... change me back..."

"Oh... I don't think so..." The Voice said, mockingly. "In fact... I've only just started..."

The door across the hall suddenly swung open, and a black object - looking like a gigantic back in the fleeting glimpse Kurt got - flew out of the room.

He had time to scream, once, before the object 'attacked' him.

Almost instantly, he could identify the object as it wrapped itself around his waist - a black leather corset. He'd just had time to register what it was...

...when it began to tighten.

He screamed. The pain was intense - because the garment wasn't only tightening around his waist, constricting it inwards, but the waist itself was shrinking, becoming slimmer, giving him a wasp-waisted figure beneath the tightening, glossy undergarment. If he could have, he would have collapsed to his knees in agony, but unseen forces held him upright as the garment finished tightening and lacing itself, now fitting 'perfectly' to the diminutive new waist he 'boasted'.

"Oh.. oh God.." Kurt sobbed as the pain slowly ebbed. "Oh, God, please... no more..." "Well - if you don't want more pain... surrender." The Voice said, smugly.

"No!" Kurt gasped - weakly. "Well, then..."

The pain washed over Kurt again as his hands, arms, shoulder and neck were gripped in invisible vises and folded, spindled and mutilated, forced into smoothly feminine contours they were never supposed to attain. He screamed at the agony as those parts of his body were reshaped - then continued to scream as the pain shifted focus, moving upwards through his face and skull.

It felt as if somebody were repeatedly smashing his face with a sledgehammer, and that white-hot agony overwhelmed the relatively weak 'hair-pulling' sensation as his raven tresses flowed down around his slender new shoulders down his back. He barely noticed as a collection of make-up items flew through the opened door of the bedroom and busied themselves about his changing face...

Then his scream faltered and increased in intensity - and pitch. It felt as if he were screaming around a voice-box full of broken glass as his voice rose higher, reaching a richly feminine contralto...

...just like that of 'The Voice'.

"Well - ready to surrender yet, me bucko?" the Voice chuckled...

...from Kurt's own throat. Gasping from the pain, he licked 'his' lips, and felt how full and softly firm the felt to his tongue, so 'bee-stung' - and the taste of lipstick followed his tongue back into his mouth.

He didn't answer. Instead, he walked - with that damned sexy strut - into the bedroom with the shattered door, surveying himself in the full-length mirror in the corner.

"Not bad, huh?" The Voice asked from his own mouth, a smug pride in it's tones. "I'm quite the *artiste*." The image reflected back in the glass was *almost* that of a stunningly beautiful woman.

Her face was a vision of beauty - a well rounded, slightly pointed chin marked its lower end, rising along the well-defined jaw-line to her high, well-defined cheekbones. Centered in this 'triangle' were her lips - full, pouty lips, coated in a dark red lipstick with even darker liner, all in a rich gloss.

Above that sensuous mouth lay a strong, narrow - and somehow Gallic - nose, dainty enough to be feminine without being 'weak'. Framing the upper slope of that finely defined bridge lay a pair of dark, deep eyes that seemed to smolder lustily, enhanced by long, dark lashes and finely arched eyebrows. The entire face was surrounded by a thick, silky mane of raven-black hair, with rich highlights.

The body was as equally 'perfect' - slender, it wasn't 'skinny', with just the perfect amount of 'padding' fat smoothing the womanly curves. Her hips were fairly wide, but supple, and her ass was full and firm without being 'too much of a good thing'. Her waist was practically infinitesimal, absolutely tiny.

Even her hands and feet were 'perfect' - slender and dainty and graceful, without being so much so that they'd look weak. Instead, they

- like the legs - had that sense of a dancer's grace and strength, lightly layered with firm, taut muscles below a thin, feminine layer of padding.

If not for the completely flat chest and the undeniably male organ dangling between firm, silken thighs, the image would have been flawless.

"ready to give it up, big boy?"

It took all the willpower Kurt was capable of mustering to speak just one word in those rich, silken tones he now possessed. "No."

The pain came, sharp and bright - as if somebody had taken a sledge hammer to his crotch...

...and The Voice took control of his head and eyes, forcing him to watch, unblinking, as the reflection in the mirror showed his manhood shrinking back in on itself, the scrotum sucked back into the body as the penis folded in on itself, forming the unmistakable shape of a vagina. Still the pain didn't end, shifting inwards as his internal layout altered to match that of a genetic woman.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the pain ended, leaving him (genetically speaking) female, even if *she* still lacked the usually- standard mammary glands.

<How about now, big boy?> the voice asked, now deep in her mind. <You have to know that there's no way I'm going to reverse any of these changes. No matter what happens, you're stuck as a woman. Wouldn't it be better to give in, help me live the most enjoyable female existence that we can?>

It took seemingly forever for Kurt to force the thought to form.

{*No.*}

<There's one stage left before I'm done the physical changes.> The Voice told the new woman. <Up until now, I've made the changes fairly quickly - this one, I'm going to do slowly, and I'm not going to stop until one of two things happens. Either the pain will drive you insane - which I can live with, but would prefer not to - or you agree. No matter what happens, your new breasts will stay whatever size they are when you give in, so you can spare yourself the extra indignity and hassle of lugging large tits around by agreeing early...>

Kurt refused to answer...

...and the pain started.

The pain caused Kurt's shoulders to arch back as two small mounds formed on her chest, slowly pushing out the flesh behind her once- vestigial nipples, now also swelling out to more feminine dimensions. The pain was intense, as if a slow explosion inside her body was forcing the flesh outwards as it swelled into the alphabet of bra-sizes, two barely-pubescent mounds that slowly swelled towards maturity.

Kurt couldn't even close her eyes or grit her teeth as she struggled to endure the agony in her chest.

The swelling slowly continued unabated, the flesh pushing outwards and slowly sliding from the pointy, conical mounds into more rounded half-spheres, now a healthy 'C' cup that looked utterly perfect on her frame. Yet she managed to maintain her sense of self, and the swelling mounds continued to push outwards, slipping past that ideal size and into the 'D' cup range, now the size of grapefruit.

And still Kurt refused to surrender, though the pain was slowly creeping in to envelope her entire world view, her unblinking gaze narrowing to the twin mounds slowly pressing outwards from her newly-shrunken ribcage.

It had been a good ten minutes since the growth had started, and that time seemed an eternity - and it wasn't over yet. Kurt struggled to hold on over the next twenty-five minutes as the weight on her chest continued to grow, gravity pulling on the steadily increasing mass of her new endowments as the swelled through the alphabet, passing into the range of small melons...

...then into large, spherical 'watermelons' that thrust roundly and proudly from her chest, tipped with large, thick nipples...

...then the nipples went into 'double-domed' mode, the aureole acquiring a definite domed curvature of their own as her new breasts reached the size of volley-balls, and continued to press outwards...

..to become the size of basket-balls...

They were well on their way towards 'medicine balls' in size and shape when the last, desperate vestiges of Kurt's will broke, a bare instant ahead of his fraying sanity. In that instant, when will weakened and the threat of pure insanity loomed, she had no choice but to...

{surrender...}

<What was that...?>

{I.. I surrender.. please, anything.. just stop...}

Finally, the murderous growth halted. <Good choice. Now, to finalize our little agreement, I want you to do this first task for me. Say our name. Say... 'Kara'.>

Swallowing thickly, the new woman forced her altered vocal chords into action. "Kara."

<No - not like that. It's who we are now - the both of us, together in this body. Two minds - but one woman. A woman named Kara. Introduce us to the world...>

Taking a deep breath, the new woman struggled...

...and a sudden, brief flare of agony in her chest served as a reminder of her situation.

"My name's Kara." She said, firmly and - yes, damn it, - seductively. Every word seemed to burn like acid as it slipped past her luscious new lips, and the seductive smile felt like it would crack her face...

...but, as awful as it was, it was actually a relief after the pain she'd just suffered.

Turning her attention to the mirror once more, Kara surveyed the woman she'd become, the woman she was cursed to be. She was absolutely stunning....

...except for the massively over-sized, outrageously exaggerated tits thrust firmly from her chest, looking ludicrous on her slender frame. They redefined the term 'top heavy', both in sight and in sensation, as they seemed to drag forward on her chest like a out-of-place counterweight, dragging her body off balance and forcing her back muscles to work overtime to keep her upright. Elegance in movement and shape was gone, lost in the sheer immensity of those massive, unbelievable, freakish endowments that ruined the 'perfect' image she'd never wanted in the first place, making her some sort of bizarre...

* * * * *

One hundred and twenty seven miles (five yards, two feet, three-and-one-half-inches) away, 'Melissa Mountains' smiled at the photographer, pupils of her too-small eyes dilated in the bright glare of the reflected light, her too-narrow lips spread in a wide grin that revealed her too-large teeth.

"Okay, can you shift your hand just a little to the left. ?" The photographer said, and Melissa complied, her raw-boned hand gliding over the overly-taut surface of her massively enhanced silicone 'funbags'...

...then shooting up to her temple as a wave of pain struck her...

* * * * *

...image of utterly perfect femininity. She was just so utterly gorgeous that it boggled the...

"What the. ?" Kara gasped, her mind screeching to a halt as her dark, seductive eyes widened in confusion.

<Since we're stuck with them, we might as well enjoy them. right?>

"Uh. " Kara gasped, a frown crinkling her forehead as she tried to come to grips with a suddenly and radically altered outlook. Though she knew that the reflection in the mirror hadn't changed, and she knew that - just a moment ago - she'd thought she'd looked ludicrous, she now found that she loved the sight of the gigantic tits thrust so proudly from her chest. Though still not happy with being forcibly introduced to womanhood, and knowing she hadn't felt this way a second ago, it didn't change the fact that she loved her massive new

'funbags'. She loved the sight of them, the weight of them on her chest reminding her how much more attention she got from men now, not like when she'd just been a scrawny, funny-looking little girl back in...

"Whoa, whoa!" Kara said, shaking her head as her mind once more came shuddering to a stop - she knew that wasn't her thought...

...yet, at the same time, it felt 'natural'. She felt as if she'd spent most of her life as unattractive, but now - thanks to her gigantic, perfect tits - she was desirable, sexy, able to fulfill her long delayed...

"This is just too weird... and confusing..." Kara said, softly, as she idly slid her hands across her massive new tits, enjoying the sensation. Although it was her first time touching the gigantic globes, the actions and the sensations felt familiar, almost habitual, as if she'd done it a thousand times.

<Don't worry - you'll get used to it.>

"I don't want to get used to it!" Kara snapped.

<Temper, temper.> The Voice admonished. <Come on, let's call a cab, then finished getting ready.>

{Getting ready?} Kara thought, hesitantly. {If you're thinking that we're going to go out somewhere, then...}

<Gee - with the new mindset, we'd probably love having even bigger tits. The pain would only last for a second...>

Kara was horrified to find that - for an instant - she was tempted. Then the memory of the pain drove the temptation away, and she finished her thought...

...sort of.

{...then I guess I'd better pick something sexy to wear...}

Part of her was horrified by her 'easy' acceptance - and that way that another part of her was practically drooling at the thought of stuffing her glorious mounds into a sexy little dress...

<Geez - not something that cheap...> the Voice said, scornfully. <I think you need some 'help'...>

* * * * *

In a one-hundred and fifty mile radius around the house, eighty-nine different women suddenly experienced a bright, migraine-like flash of pain that tapered down almost immediately into a low throbbing that slowly faded away.

* * * * *

Jack downed the last of his beer and eyed the bottom of the glass with a sigh. He was two drinks in, and barely feeling the alcohol, and still wasn't sure whether or not getting dumped and fired in the same week was worth getting shit-faced over - especially considering he'd be living off his none-to-magnificent bank account until he found his next job.

Oh, what the hell...

Dropping the glass to the bar, the skinny, bespectacled young man said "Barkeep! Another flagon of ale, and keep them coming!"

Usually the (ex)-Video Store Clerk's rather archaic language usage (habitual, but greatly increased since he'd become addicted to EverQuest) got some sort of response. Now... nothing. Looking up, he found the bartender of the quiet, mid-range bar, nearly dead this close to closing, wasn't even paying attention to his nearly solitary customer. Instead, he was staring in the direction of the door, and Jack swiveled the barstool around and...

...seemed to turn to stone.

To say that a woman had just enter the bar would be like saying the Grand Canyon was 'a hole in the ground'. Technically accurate, but failing completely to convey the true scope and grandeur of the image.

Likewise...

'A goddess'. Yes - that would be closer. 'A walking wet dream' was good too. Perhaps 'a cross between a Duchess, a supermodel, and a porn star' was even better.

Jack's eyes started at the bottom - uh, the floor, that is. The hardwood floor of the bar's entrance, which provided a nice hard surface to allow those stiletto heels to create a wonderful 'clicking' sound as the finely-shaped feet inside of them walked across the floor, balancing easily and gracefully atop the slender heels. Once you'd seen the feet, of course, the eyes had to

move upwards, following the tantalizing line of the shapely leg that flexed so seductively as it played a game of 'peek-a-boo' through the slit in the dress she wore. Black with intricate designs in silver stitching, the velvet dress was swaying almost as gracefully as the woman's delightfully rounded hips as she walked with a slow, consciously sexy walk that did odd things to a man's mind. Those hips swiveled and swayed seductively below a waist so incredibly tiny that it barely seemed possibly for her back to support what lay above.

The neckline of the dress was what was usually described as 'plunging' - and in this case, it had good reason to plunge, since its drop caused the exact same reaction in jaws. Because the low neck of that sparkling, shimmering dress displayed an eye-popping view of the most incredible, milky cleavage Jack had ever seen - cleavage created by the valley between the two most immense, incredibly spherical, and absolutely mouth-watering breasts that it had ever been Jack's pleasure to witness. Breasts that were obviously unrestrained by a bra, yet amazing firm and round as they swayed and bounced slightly - yet so enticingly - with every step she took, her enormous nipples clearly visible by the large dents they made in the fabric of the dress.

It was a struggle to tear his eyes from that incredible bosom, but Jack forced himself to do so - and found it well worth the effort as he gazed upon the incredibly gorgeous, sultry features of the woman. She was looking around as she walked across the room...

...and Jack sighed, drinking in one last, long look at her before turning away.

"Bartender!" he said, sharply and heavily. "A beer."

The man shook himself, as if awakening from a dream, and managed to place a glass under the spout and pull down the big draught handle, all without looking away.

Jack, on the other hand, couldn't bare to look back at the vision who'd just entered. He'd seen the look in her eye, and recognized it all too well from the many other times he'd seen it before - she'd been sizing up the 'options' to be had. Jack was just grateful that he'd seen her before she'd swept her gaze in his direction. Right now, he just couldn't bare to see what he always saw. The long, slow look up and down. The considering look in the eyes...

...then the dismissal, and the gaze swinging on past as if he didn't even exist.

Jack was used to that. Short, slender, sort of pale, with stringy sandy-blonde hair and glasses... what could he expect? He knew he wasn't exactly a 'babe magnet'. If the bar had been empty, he might not have been so quick to turn away, but the only other patrons in the bar was the trio of college students in the booth on the other side of the room - the fit, athletic types, and (from their loudly spoken comments) 'winding down' after an unsuccessful night of trolling the local clubs.

In fact, he heard the disgustingly handsome blond's voice calling from the booth now, the tones smooth and suave and confident in a way that Jack's never, ever were - outside of his dreams, of course.

"Excuse me, miss, but could we entice you into having a drink or two with us?" Jack could almost hear the smooth smile that came with the words. "You see, we figure if we see you drink something, we'll now for sure that you're real, and not some sort of wonderful dream..."

"I'm sorry, but no..." She said, in a voice as every bit as seductive and richly feminine as you could expect. "I'm afraid that I'm waiting for somebody..."

"...a gentleman who can truly appreciate a lady like me."

The last part of that was spoken very quietly. Almost too quietly to be heard. In fact, the only reason that Jack heard it at all...

...was because they were practically whispered in his ear, the woman's breath warm across his earlobe as her full, luscious lips passed by as she slid into the stool next to his - not from the 'open' side, but stepping in between that one and his so her body (those breasts!) slid across his half-turned-away upper torso, her face passing right past his before he was even aware she was there.

That ignorance didn't last very long, though - even if he'd been able to ignore the light-yet-definite sensation of that magnificent bust brushing over his arm, even if he'd missed those words practically whispered in his ear, or even the faint-yet-definite perfume that wafted its heady odor to his nostrils, the sheer electric presence of the woman would have sufficed to alert him.

For an instant, Jack thought that he must have surely fallen asleep, and this was all some sort of dream - or fantasy.

His next thought, also and instant long, was about how ironic it would be if this was real - and he just keeled over from the heart attack he could feel coming on as his heart stopped dead in his chest.

The heart attack never materialized. To make up for its pitiful performance, it resumed beating at triple speed, and he could feel a flush suffusing through his body and face, while all the liquid in his mouth suddenly decided to migrate to his palms and armpits.

The stool he was sitting on began to turn, ever so slowly, as if slow motion. Numbly, Jack realized with some surprise that the stool was turning because he was turning it - apparently (amazingly) he still had some sort of control over his body.

Then, a minor miracle occurred. As the stool turned enough that she began to come into view (like the Sun sliding from the shadow of an eclipse), Jack was able to keep his eyes from sliding down to that magnificent cleft, laying oh-so-close and oh-so-well-displayed, and instead managed to actually meet the dark, sensuous eyes that were looking at him.

Dimly, Jack wondered if he could possibly remember how, exactly, 'speech' worked...

* * * * *

<What the...? What the hell are you doing! There's three perfectly good studs practically drooling over us in the corner!>

{Shut up.}

<But.. this guy's a.. a.. a weenie!>

{So was I, remember? Look, you're the one forcing us to seduce somebody. I certainly don't want to do this - but if I am going to do it, at least let me pick the guy.}

<But... him?>

{Look - not only will he be kinder and more considerate, but he'll be grateful as hell. Trust me, I know. As long as I have to go through with this, I can at least make sure that somebody really enjoys this.}

<Fine. Go ahead, do it your way. But just for that, you're on your own. I'm not going to help you.>

{Gee. Thanks. Now shut up.}

* * * * *

Jack numbly fumbled for something to say - anything to say. Anything at all...

...and couldn't think of a single thing to say to her. He was aware that time seemed to be running incredibly slow, but that didn't mitigate the fact that he was taking an eternity to say something...

Then, a miracle. Something popped to mind. He still couldn't think of a single thing to say to *her*, but...

Keeping his eyes locked onto hers, he found his face tuning in the general direction of the bartender, and his lips opening... "Drink, a bartender for the lady..."

His brain short-circuited and every function stopped. He couldn't even move, his eyes locked on her glorious face as he had a complete core meltdown at his shear, unadulterated idiocy.

She spoke. That glorious, rich voice was kind, even a trifle sad, as she said...

"No, thanks. Just one bartender and I'm utterly plotzed. How about a drink instead?"

And then, incredibly - she grinned. Really grinned, a genuine smile that curved those gloss-red lips and reached up into those glorious dark eyes of hers.

And then she laughed. Not at him, but inviting him to join in so that she could be laughing with him, and Jack found himself chuckling, then laughing along with her. Somehow, the laughter made everything seem so simple, so obvious, and he was amazed to find he knew exactly what the next move was. He held out his hand, still chuckling.

"Jack."

She took his hand gently and shook it. "Kara. Kara Lott..."

* * * * *

{Kara Lott? It sounds like a god-damned porn star's name. Hey! I thought you weren't going to interfere!}

<Not quite. I said I wasn't going to help. >

* * * * *

Jack blinked. "Really?" Then he flushed. "I, uh. "

Kara seemed to ignore the startled question, eyes no longer focused on his and her grin fixed, as if she'd 'zoned out' on him. "Jeez, I'm a fargin' genius... Both feet at once. " Jack berated himself, half out loud.

Her eyes snapped back into focus, and the grin became genuine again. "Hey, hey - don't worry about it. there are times when I don't believe it myself. My parents were... to cute to live, I guess. I know it sounds strange. "

"No, no!" Jack said - and now he was grinning. "The reason I was so shocked was the fact I'd met somebody who's parents were as twisted as mine."

She blinked. "Uh... 'scuse me?"

Somehow, Jack managed to contrive a bow while seated on a barstool, and introduced himself fully. "Miss Lott, you can now say, quite honestly, that you do know Jack Schitt..."

She blinked twice - then burst out laughing. "Oh - this is just too rich!"

* * * * *

<Holy shit!>

{What?}

<You.. you're actually enjoying this!>

{Huh? What the hell are you...?}

<Wait for it... here it comes...>

{Holy Shit!}

* * * * *

Suddenly, her laughter vanished and a startled look blossomed on her face. Jack frowned in confusion. "Uh... something wrong, Kara?"

She gave him an odd look, as if seeing him for the first time, but didn't say anything. "Uh... Kara?" Jack prompted, wondering what was going on.

When she spoke, her voice was vague. "Uh... just give me a second, okay...?"

Her eyes once more slipped out of focus, as if she were concentrating on a sound only she could hear.

* * * * *

{Please tell me that you're doing this...}

<Nope. Oh, some of it comes from the thirty-eight percent of your mind that I've altered from stealing memories to give you all the right skills and mannerisms - you got some 'feminine bleed-over'. The rest of it, though... that's all you.>

* * * * *

"Sorry." Kara apologized with a weak smile. "It just seemed so unlikely that... well, it took me a minute to assimilate it."

"That's all right." Jack allowed... since he'd spent those few seconds she'd been 'zoned' by staring at her magnificently-displayed bust.

* * * * *

{Mmmm... look at him. He loves my tits. That gets me so hot that... Hey! Dammit, all this screwing around with my mind is confusing me. I know I should be getting turned on by a guy looking at my tits.}

<Maybe - but you are.>

{Damn! Are you sure it's only thirty-eight percent?}

<Get used to it, Kara - you're getting turned on by a man...>

{Oh, God.. I don't know if I can deal with this...}

* * * * *

Jack realized that he hadn't shifted his gaze fast enough, and she'd caught him staring...

...but before he could even begun to flush, much less apologize, and odd smile slipped across her lips, and she leaned forward, giving him and even better view...

...then she suddenly flushed and pulled back, looking away suddenly.

The fact that she was embarrassed about doing such a 'come on' action was strangely endearing - despite her build and her elegant- yet-sexy clothing, Kara obviously wasn't a tease or a flirt... yet she was 'sort of' flirting...

...with *him*!

She finally managed to bring her eyes back around, but they still wouldn't meet his. Instead, she was looking down, as if afraid to look at him directly.

"Excuse me for a second - I have to.. powder my nose." She said, and her voice was almost trembling as if she were nervous. A woman like her nervous? Talking to him? It didn't seem possible.

Rising with an unconscious elegance, Kara headed towards the bathroom. Although moving elegantly, she was obviously moving quite quickly - she must really have to go, since she was all-but-jogging when she pushed open the door to the ladies room and went in.

* * * * *

<What are you doing?>

{No. No, I can't do it. I can't go through with it.}

<What?>

{I can't seduce another man. I.. just can't.}

<Sure you can. Hell - you're actually enjoying it...>

{I KNOW! And that doesn't make it better. It makes it worse. I.. I have to go home. I don't care what you do to me, I won't...}

<Look in the mirror.>

{...seduce another... huh? What?}

<Just look in the mirror and tell me what you see.>

{I see... I see me - us, I mean. A gorgeous woman. With full, soft lips. Long, sexy legs. Gorgeous, perfect tits. A spectacular ass.}

<...and while you were looking at them and admiring them, what were you thinking about?>

{Huh? Why, I was... oh, God! No!}

<Yes - you were imagining what it would be like to have Jack fondling and kissing you. Thinking about how great fucking and sucking him would feel. Don't deny it - we both know that your panties are practically dripping right now. You're so horny you just want to drag him in here and...>

{No! I don't WANT to!}

<Oh, really? Give it up, Kara. Go ahead and seduce him. Give in...>

{NO! I'm walking out of this bathroom, and straight out the door. I'm going home - and if you need to drive me crazy and take control of this body all on your own, then that's what you'll have to do to stop me!}

<Actually - I've been thinking, and I have a better idea...>

{Huh? Wait, what are...}

* * * * *

Jack felt a sudden... not pain, exactly. More like a low pressure, centered behind his eyes. Frowning, he started to raise his hand to his face...

...then stopped in mid motion, his face going utterly blank as he fell into a deep, senseless trance. While his conscious mind stopped working altogether, his subconscious was very busy...

After several minutes, he blinked and shook his head and finished bringing his hand to his face, even though the pressure was already fading.

"What the...?" Jack asked himself, quietly, feeling as if he'd just awakened from a long, deep sleep.

* * * * *

{Ahhhhh! Uhhgnnnn.. Uhh...}

<There, there - the pain's over now. So - how do you feel?>

{What.. what have you done.. to me...?}

<Oh, just made you incredibly empathic with good ol' Jack. From now on, you'll know exactly how he's feeling, and even how he'd feel given any particular response or action you made. For instance - how would he feel if you just walked out on him, as you were planning to do?>

{Oh, God - no, no don't do this.. oh god...}

<Hard to do anything the slightest bit 'unkind' to somebody when you feel their emotions, ain't it. If you really want to walk out, go ahead

- but you get to live with the way it would make you feel. On the other hand... if you make him happy, then you will feel happy too. Think about it.>

{Oh.. oh god..}

* * * * *

Hearing the door to the ladies' room open, Jack swiveled the stool around to face in that direction. Kara emerged from the bathroom... and Jack stiffened.

Some of him more than the rest.

She was walking differently. It was subtle, but definite - though still elegant, it had more sinuous movement in it - her entire body was swaying and rotating as she walked, emphasizing every curve and line of her amazing figure. It was, quite simple, the most seductive, enticing walk Jack had ever seen in his life.

As she walked, she was looking casually around, as if just glancing about... but Jack caught the way her eyes kept sliding towards him, even if she never quite seemed to turn her face directly towards him.

And he certainly couldn't miss the slight, but definite smile that formed on her lips when she caught him staring, gape-jawed, at her sensual sway.

Even when she slid onto the stool beside him, it was done in a way that made her entire body move, her breasts pushed forward towards him and displaying themselves to his eager gaze as she settled her full, delicious ass onto the stool... and crossing her legs just happened to press her right leg (completely clear of the dress up to her thigh) firmly against his.

Now her eyes met his, and they reflected the sexy, seductive smile on her full, sexy lips.

* * * * *

<So - how's it feel to play the ultimate vamp? You're quite literally being his perfect fantasy woman in every motion and gesture...>

{I.. I hate.. ...love.. it.. I... Oh, God - it makes him feel so good.. so horny.. so I feel so good.. and so horny.. and I don't want to do this and I don't want to stop doing this.. I **can't** stop.. I...}

<Just stop fighting it, and give in...>

* * * * *

"Sorry to take so long, Jack.." She said, with a warm smile.

Jack blinked - he'd half-expected her voice to be more husky and hungry, like actresses in the movies always did when they were putting on the full show.

Instead, her voice was warmer, more friendly and intimate...

...which Jack found even more incredibly sexy and arousing and exciting. The other voice would have been pure sex, as if the only thing on her mind was to have sex. But this one - this one made it seem if she wanted to have sex... with him. Only him - not just anybody would do, she wanted Jack Schitt.

"That.. That's all right." Jack managed, his eyes sliding down to that magnificent bust again...

...and she pulled her shoulders back, making her already enormous endowments even more prominent.

"Jack..." She said, and now her voice was.. almost hesitant. "I know how this sounds, and... well - I can tell what you're thinking..." Jack flushed, and opened his mouth to either deny it, or at least apologize...

...but she was still talking.

"...and, I know I shouldn't just come out and say it, but... I'm thinking the same thing."

Jack's mind quickly provided the wittiest, most incisive response to that comment that he could possibly formulate.
"huh?"

She leaned forward, letting her massive breasts brush lightly against his arm, her lips only an inch away from his ear.
"Let's get out of here, and back to my place."

Her hand slid oh-so-lightly across his crotch, one long nail tracing an outline of his rock-hard cock. "Check please...!"

* * * * *

Giving her address to the cab driver, Kara leaned back and looked at Jack, a smile playing on her full lips. "Well?"

"Uhh..." Jack said, puzzled.

The smile broadened. "Well, don't just sit there - kiss me, silly."

"Oh, well - if you insist..." Jack said. Somewhat nervously, he slid his arms around her body - and felt her melt into his embrace, her huge bust pressing firmly against his chest as she tilted her face up to his, her eyes sliding closed as she puckered her lips.

He kissed her. Hesitantly, at first - but that didn't last long. Soon, he was kissing her thoroughly. Passionately, but not the hungry, frantic kissing quite often shown in movies - a long, slow, deep kiss.

He'd never kissed - or been kissed - this well before, but it was as if she knew exactly what he wanted to do - and, more importantly, as if that was exactly what she wanted him to do.

It was as if he'd known her his entire life, knew exactly what she liked - and was able to provide it, while reaping the benefits of her returns, as if she knew exactly what he liked.

It was the most incredible kiss he'd ever experienced.

* * * * *

{Mmmm... This is the most incredible kiss I've ever experienced. I never knew a kiss could feel so good...}

<That's it, girl - stop fighting and go with the flow. I told you you'd find pleasure if you stuck with me.>

* * * * *

It was almost a shame to break of the kiss when the car arrived at her house, a small-but-elegant Victorian house in an incredible state of preservation, deep in the middle of nowhere.

Leaning firmly against his side, she walked with him to the front door and let them in, neither hanging back nor leading him. It was as if they had the exact same agenda and the exact same schedule for getting there.

"This way..." She said, gesturing, and he followed her directions to the stairs and started up, feeling the warmth of her body pressed against his, and the almost overpowering sense of her femininity washing over him. He was eager for what was to come - but no longer anxious. He knew that it would happen, and there was no need to hurry. Though they'd known each other less than half an hour, he could sense her intentions, her moods - or maybe she could sense his. It didn't matter. They were moving almost as one person.

He noted the smashed doorway to one of the bedrooms as they passed, but this hardly seemed the time to bring it up...

"Locked myself in..." She said, with a chuckle, her hand making circular motions over his stomach as they kept walking down the hall. He glanced at her in surprise, then smiled. "You read my mind, Kara."

"Mmmm... it's not that hard." She said, smiling. "Right now, it's a one-track recording."

Her hand slipped downwards, and began to unbutton his pants as she guided him into a room at the end of the hall, letting him turn on the light.

"Sit down on the bed..." She said, gesturing. "I want to do this right."

Obediently, he sat on the end of the bed and kicked off his shoes as she faced him, her body slowly swaying to music that only she could hear. Smiling warmly at him, her eyes never breaking contact, she reached behind her slender neck and tugged on the bow holding the straps of the dress in place. Letting it pop open, she slowly peeled the twin black fabric triangles of the dress' top down, exposing her huge, firm tits to his eager gaze.

Freed, they jiggled slightly - but barely sagged at all. Taking in a long, slow breath between her teeth, Kara gently massaged her massive, round tits, then slowly approached Jack. She turned around. "Unzip me?"

Jack complied, and the dress slid down her long, sexy legs and to the floor, exposing the black leather corset she wore - and her firm, round ass, barely covered by the black lace panties she wore.

Ever-so-slowly, she slid those panties down her nylon-clad legs - then sat down, wiggling her firm ass over his rock-hard cock.

Moaning in pleasure, he reached around and let his cupped hands fill with her massive, firm mounds. He began to fondle and caress the magnificent mounds as she moaned in reply to his touch.

Spreading her legs around his, she used her delightfully muscled legs to lift herself slightly off of him - and performed a remarkable feat, managing to get his pants and underwear off without having to change position or have him break contact with her massive boobs. He grinned at her talent.

After another moment, she regretfully pulled away from him and turned and smiled at him, her long, slender fingers unbuttoning his shirt and tossing it aside, leaving him naked except for his socks and his glasses.

"Let me guess..." She said, licking her full lips and sliding her hands over the leather corset's glossy surface. "You want me to leave the rest on, for now..."

"If you wouldn't mind.." Jack said , huskily. He thought the sight of here dressed in corset, nylons and heels, crotch and bust bare, was the most erotic sight he'd ever seen.

"Oh, I don't mind..." She said. "It makes me feel deliciously naughty." She gave him a 'deliciously naughty' smile to prove it. "And you know what a naughty girl would do right now...?"

"What's that...?" Jack asked, half hoping...

Ever so sensuously, she sank to her knees in front of him, wrapping her hands around his cock, which was harder and more eager then it had ever been in his life.

"Oh..." Jack moaned, in pleasure - then a tiny stab of guilt made him say: "You... don't have to do this..." "Oh - but I want to..." She said, her head lowering.

* * * * *

{I want to - I really want to. Oh, god, why do I want to do this and how come I'm so eager and why am I taking a cock into my mouth like this and...}

{oh..}

{oh, god.. that.. feels good. I.. I like the feel of a cock in my mouth. The taste of it. the sensation. I.. I'm sucking a man's cock.. and.. and really, really enjoying it...}

<I copied the skill from a woman who loves sucking cock. Seems like she'd be the best at it, right?>

{Oh.. thank you.. I.. Oh, god.. I love this.. I just wish.. his cock was..}

<Well - that can be arranged, you know...>

* * * * *

Jack moaned in exquisite pleasure. He was leaning back, his weight braced on his backwards-extended arms, head rolled back and eyes closed as he enjoyed the most incredible blow-job he'd ever had in his life. Not that he'd had very men - but he'd never even dreamed it could feel this good. Hell - it even felt as if his cock were getting even bigger and harder and thicker, it was so good.

He was moaning and gasping now - mostly, repetitions of his new Goddess' name as she gave him the most incredible pleasure he'd ever felt in his life. He felt himself nearing the edge, and gasped out a warning - but her full, soft lips never left his cock as she continued her ministrations right to the end.

Then he snapped forward, eyes flashing open and locking on the top of her head as he came, his body trembling in the grasp of the orgasm.

Still her mouth was locked around his cock, slurping away at swallowing all his cum - and there seemed to be an incredible amount of it. It was as if he had a limitless supply of the warm, thick jism as it gushed oh-so-orgasmically from his member and straight down her incredibly skilled throat.

Then, with a wet, slurping sound, she slid her mouth off his cock...

...and he gasped in shock.

There, between his legs, was a large, thick cock that put his old four-incher to shame. It was at least eight inches long, and its girth matched its new length...

...and it was still as hard as a rock, ready to go again without needing any time to recharge.

"Oh, god - your cum tastes so good..." Kara gasped, and though the words were like a line from a porno film, the tone wasn't - it was a tone of shock, of surprise.

A pleasant surprise, obviously - but the indication that, no matter her exquisite skill, she wasn't usually an 'eager cock-sucker', but that there was something special about him, was almost enough to make his ego explode.

Licking the last of his salty cum from her full lips, she looked at him, her shocked expression transforming into a smile. Then she began to make a low, growling sound in her throat.

Before Jack could respond, she flexed her long, sexy legs, throwing herself upwards and knocking him backwards on the bed. Still growling, she began to slide her massive tits back and forth across his bare chest.

"Looks like you're ready for round two, big boy..." She - almost literally - purred, smiling wickedly. "God knows, I'm ready."

Grabbing him, she rolled over on the queen-sized bed, pulling him on top of her - hardly a subtle move. He got the hint.

"Well..." He said, rolling his eyes. "If you insist..."

"Damn straight, Jack..." She said, spreading her nylon-clad legs wide, exposing her hot, wet cunt. "Take me, lover-boy - but be warned. Once you've had me, you're mine for life. I'm never letting you go, Jack."

Though her words were spoken in a laughing tone, there was no doubting the seriousness underlying that tone...

...or the look in her eyes. Though there was lust there, it was mixed with... fear. Anxiety.

* * * * *

{Oh, god, say yes.. say yes.. say yes... anything, I'll do anything, but don't ever leave me...}

<Kara? Kara, what are you doing?>

{Please, of please, of please, say you'll stay...}

<Kara? Kara! Answer me!>

* * * * *

"Kara?" Jack asked, startled.

He could hear the fear in her voice, even though she tried to mute it. "I.. I need you, Jack. I know we just met, and I know how... strange this sounds. But... it's like I've been waiting all my life for you. As if I know you already. I need you to be happy. I need you to please me, and I need to please you. Please... please stay..."

Jack was stunned - this had come out of nowhere. Yet... it was also strangely resonant with him. that sense of already knowing her had been building ever since he'd met her. Though it was damned strange to have a woman he'd just met literally begging him to stay with her...

...it was also like a fantasy come true. Especially considering how absolutely incredible she was, in body and mind.

* * * * *

<Oh, SHIT! Kara, snap out of it! Kara, you're losing it! You don't have to do this - just let me get control, and I can break the empathic bond. You DON'T NEED to have him forever - you're just tied into him right now. Now, stop 'hogging' or mind, and let me...>

{Please, of please, I need him, I need him, anything for him, anything to make him happy, anything..}

<KARA! KARA, LISTEN TO ME. !>

* * * * *

Jack smiled, gently. "Is that really, truly what you want, Kara. For me to stay with you. to be your.. lover? In all possible meanings of the word?"

"Yes, Jack - oh yes." Kara said, eyes sliding closed - but not before Jack saw the hope replacing the fear. Her lips were slowly curving in a satisfied, hopeful smile. "Love me, Jack - and make love to me. "

"I will.. my love.." Jack answered, gently.

Then he gently positioned himself, feeling her warm body beneath his. Slowly, he pressed the head of his enlarged, throbbing cock against the outer lips of her sopping wet cunt...

...then paused, feeling a moment's guilt and hesitation. What if she were. crazy? Or something? Maybe drunk, or high. Taking advantage of her would be wrong. He'd never be able to live with himself. This sense that they knew each other might be an illusion, and...

"It's not an illusion, Jack." Kara said, clearly. "I'm not drunk or high - though I might be a little crazy from the sheer force of my need." Jack gasped.

"That need, Jack - that's what I have to obey. I.. feel you. I can feel your thoughts. I know it sounds strange, I know it's weird. but I can.

I need you, Jack - to make me whole, I need to make sure that you are whole. We're meant for each other, Jack." Then she bucked her hips, driving her cunt upwards and impaling herself on his cock...

...and, suddenly, Jack could 'feel' her, too. Weakly, but most definitely - so strong was her need, it was 'leaking' back down whatever mental link she had with him, and he knew that - while her own ego and personality were intact - her overriding purpose in life was to be with him. It wasn't really a case of her being a slave to his desires - but the fact that they shared the exact same desires at the exact same times, and nobody in the entire universe could satisfy each of them as well as the other...

* * * * *

<Oh, god-fucking-damn! Kara, you stupid, stupid bitch, I should have driven you insane and taken control when I had the chance. this weenie reminds you so strongly of your old, male self that you 'really' became empathic with him - and that doubled the strength of the one I imposed on you! I KNEW I should have forced you to pick one of those studs instead of this geek. Kara! Kara, listen to me. YOU

HAVE TO STOP! You have to let me break the link. If you orgasm with this nerd, it'll be so mind-numbingly perfect that you'll be spoiled for anybody else, and I won't be able to get a real man to fuck us... KARA. LET GO AND GIVE ME CONTROL..!>

* * * * *

"Oh, God.. oh yes..!"

They both shouted the same words at the same time - not surprising, since their bodies were moving in perfect physical harmony, each one providing the maximum amount of pleasure for the other.

The mental link that had been formed between the two of them was stronger then it had ever been intended to be - though 'Kara' possessed it the most powerfully, an unused portion of Jack's brain had also come to life under the prodding of Kara's link to his mind, and now a weak-but-definite telepathic bond joined them. From Jack's side, it was so weak that he could only sense the general emotions of Kara, for the most part - but when so intimately engaged, such as now, the link couldn't help but strengthen, and now each could feel the other's pleasures, and 'coordinate' their actions to bring the best mutual satisfaction that could be arranged.

Each of them had a solidly intact 'ego', a separate personality that kept them from merging into one person. For Jack, that was the one he'd always had...

...but for 'Kara', it was one formed from a melange of sources. Thirty-eight percent of it was 'stolen' from other women. The rest of it, however, was the core-persona of the person who'd once been Kurt...

...who, under the prompting of The Voice, had finally 'given in'. In giving in, that personality had given in completely, embracing her new, feminine, side whole-hearted.

So much so that she couldn't even hear The Voice anymore - here new personality had slipped too far away from her base one to allow any meaningful communication between them. It's plaintive cries were little more then noise to Kara - and that same 'slippage' meant that The Voice could no longer 'take control'. It was too far out of phase... and getting weaker.

The subconscious command that had been implanted in the then-Kurt's brain had nearly been met. It would take one, last think for the new woman to be truly 'alive' - and then the Voice (the split-personality Kurt had subconsciously created to fulfill that command) would be superfluous.

"The moans of the lovers had become wordless sounds of pleasure as they continued to move in perfect harmony - because words were redundant to them, engaged in far deeper - and more meaningful - communication.

Communication that reached it's ultimate expression in that single, mind-shattering instant as they both reached orgasm, simultaneously, their bodies shaking with the shear force of the pure, unadulterated pleasure that seared through every nerve and ran down every synapse...

* * * * *

The Voice's world began to collapse. With every condition met - with the woman Kurt had 'dreamed up' no fully alive and existing, The Voice was no longer needed, and the portion of Kara's brain that housed it began to dim, the neurons slowing as it headed for shutdown. In seconds, the brain would be back to almost normal capacity, if in a completely new configuration - only

the empathic bond would remain of the phenomenal powers that had briefly - and unconsciously - been created to serve her subconscious need.

Except...

Except that Kurt had always been very imaginative. Anybody who'd even known him had commented on it - how incredibly detailed he could make his fantasy worlds, how amazingly well his mind could render imaginary images and characters.

So well, in fact, that The Voice wasn't some two-dimensional 'image' created as a 'solution' in Kurt-now-Kara's mind. So well had it been imagined that it had become a fully formed consciousness, not only unaware of it's origin, but truly believing the 'ghostly' background Kurt had given it to be the truth.

In short - for all intents and purposes, the Voice was alive. It didn't want to die.

As the neurons slowed almost to the point when the cascade failure of The Voice's consciousness would begin, The Voice made one last, desperate attempt to save itself from oblivion...

* * * * *

Panting, the two lovers collapsed back to the bed, still entwined. "That was..." Jack started..

"...absolutely, unbelievably..." Kara took over smoothly..

"...fantastic." they finished in perfect chorus, the empathic bond slowly fading towards it's 'dormant' state.

They smiled at each other.. then Jack was surprised to see Kara's smile slowly fade, forming into a look of embarrassed guilt. "What is it, honey?"

She sighed. "Uh.. Jack? You remember when I said that I was created for the purpose of being with you?" "Yeah?"

"Well, it's kinda more true than it sounded. You see... I, uh, don't 'officially' exist - and somebody who does is now missing." "Uh... huh?"

"Take a deep breath, lover." Kara said...

...and she began to explain...

* * * * *

Blinking groggily up at the ceiling, the tall, row-boned man wondered what had woken him.

Fumbling over the bed-side table with one hand, he located his thick-rimmed black glasses and slipped them on his face. Yawning and running a hand through his close-cropped, sandy-blond hair, he peered at the glowing red numerals on his bedside clock.

"Quarter to four?" he mumbled, with another yawn. "Geez, just what I need - insomnia."

Shivering, he took off his glasses again and lay back down. Wrapping the blankets tightly around his body to ward off the strangely bitter chill, he let his eyes slide shut in the hope that he could drift back to sleep.

His eyes popped back open in an instant, however, as an eerie, feminine voice floated out of the darkness. *"Steve.... I need you. I want to live again..."*



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: In a drunken stupor, a man mistakenly drinks water from a spring near a government project which transforms him into a female. Found on the side of the road, he is taken to a psychiatric hospital where his mind is transformed to fit his new body.

Miss Diagnosed

By Gunslinger

Jason staggered, his feet falling unevenly on the gravel that lined the side of the road. The tall, slightly pot-bellied youth paused for a second, blinking down at the rough ground beneath his feet.

"God - I shouldn't of had that last Boilermaker." The youth said, slurring his words. Throwing his head back, the tall young man took a long, deep breath, trying to clear the alcohol-spun cobwebs from his mind. He looked up and down the lonely

rural road he was traversing, closing one eye for a better view as he looked down the narrow strip of asphalt lying silent and dark beneath the bright silver glow of the full spring moon. Seeing no traffic, he staggered across the road.

Jason Masters had only moved up to this sparsely populated rural area a week ago - but already he'd discover one of the major advantages. The local bar/hotel/grill sold cheap booze. A little too cheap - Jason, who had moved because his state of finances made living in the city impossible, didn't own a car. His new home, a small cabin-like shack that rented for less than his apartment in New York had, was a good five miles away from the small town. And the Taxi service in town stopped running after ten - leaving the youth staggering home in the dark.

Now he pushed aside a few anemic saplings and knelt beside the small spring he'd seen gushing out of the hillside and into the culvert below. Scooping up the ice-cold water, he doused himself with it, shivering and letting out an inadvertent sound as the glacial water trickled down his spine. Cupping his hands, Jason took several long drinks from the spring.

Had he been from anywhere else but New York, he might have noticed the odd, metallic taste of the water that he swallowed. But after a life time of New York City water, it didn't even occur to him - especially in his state - that the water shouldn't have tasted that way.

Of course, had he not been less than perfectly sober, he might also have noticed that the spring was emerging from the hillside whose summit was covered by a sprawling, government-run 'test farm', complete with Government Issue 'No Trespassing' and warning signs.

And if he had been sober, he probably would remember that there was no Government run farm between the town and his new home. For that matter, that - had he actually been on the right road - he should have reached a bridge over a creek by now, the half-way marker he'd told himself to remember on the way into town.

But Jason, completely oblivious, merely staggered back to his feet and continued onward.

In his drunken state, it didn't really register until nearly two hours later that he'd been walking for way too long - and that nothing looked even vaguely familiar. He might not have even noticed that if it hadn't been for the violent cramping in his bowels that had occasioned a quick run into the woods - for the past while, he'd been feeling steadily worse. Emerging from the tree-line, disorientated, he'd looked both ways up and down the road, trying to figure out which way he'd been heading - and that's when it had sunk in that he was completely and utterly lost on a dark, moonlit road just slightly to the right of the middle of nowhere.

"Oh - fuck." Jason muttered, slumping to a seated position on the gravel and gazing again up the road. "Great - I'm fucking lost." He sat there, his alcohol-bemused mind trying to come up with a plan of action - when a fact began to register on him. He blinked - then leaned forward and patted his back pocket.

"Shit!" He cursed, groping through his other pockets frantically - what he'd sensed was accurate - he hadn't been sitting on the bulge of his wallet. In fact, there was no trace of his wallet anywhere.

Jason slumped again, feeling that alcohol-intensified frustration building. As he sat, stewing, he brought a hand idly to his chest, and rubbed at his itching pectoral...

..the yanked his way with a stunned look on his face as a strong - and not unpleasant - sensation ran through his chest.

"What the hell?" Jason exclaimed. His fingers fumbled at the buttons of the faded denim shirt, finally getting them undone. Pulling the shirt open, he tugged his gray T-shirt out of his pants and rucked it up to give himself a view of his chest.

He stared blearily at his chest for a long minute, his mind not wanting to accept what he was seeing. There was no sign of the usual carpet of fine black hair that he was used to seeing spread across his chest. Instead, his skin was smooth and hairless. His nipples were swollen and projected outwards atop areola that were somewhat larger than they should be. But as disturbing as the sight was, it was the fact that the nipples were perched atop swollen nubs of flesh that startled him the most. The small, semi-conical domes of distended flesh looked for all the world like a pair of small, A-cup breasts, a resemblance that was enhanced by the womanly nipples and the lack of chest hair...

...or any body hair, he discovered, looking at his arms. An instant later, his mind amended the thought - there was still body hair, but it was so fine and light as to be all but invisible.

Panicked, Jason lowed his jeans and sated in horror at his legs. They, too, were denuded of hair, like his chest, the skin seemingly like silk in the bright moonlight. But that wasn't what prompted the sheer horror in Jason - it was the sight of his considerably shrunken cock and balls nestled between those silken thighs.

"Fuckin' shit - I'm turning into a girl!" Jason cried, staring at his shrunken manhood in horrified disbelief. The sound of his own voice - at a higher pitch than it should be - was almost enough to push him into hysterics. Hurriedly rising to his feet, he sloppily rearranged his clothing into some semblance of order, and headed down the road at as fast a pace as he could manage in a walk, looking frantically for help. His shirt - now only loosely tucked in - had room to shift with each step, rubbing against his swollen, sensitized nipples. He was also all too aware of the strange sensation in his crotch as his smooth legs moved around a shrunken manhood.

The more hurried movements also drove home another new sensation - the feel of his hair brushing against his neck. Pausing, he reached up and felt his usually close-cropped hair with his hands. It was longer, thicker and silkier, hanging in wavy masses to his jaw- line.

Pulling his hands away from the growing, thickening mass of hair, he got a good look at them - and stared in open-mouthed disbelief at he changed configuration, with the slender fingers, dainty wrist and lengthening fingernails. It was no longer a man's hand, but a mannish-looking woman's hand - and Jason had the feeling that the changes had just begun.

"Noooo!" Jason screamed up to the uncaring heavens, and continued forward, desperate for the sight of a car, or a house - any source of assistance. He needed help, needed someone to explain to him how - why - this inexplicable, horrible thing was happening to him.

Glancing down, Jason could see that his shirt was already tented out noticeably. A small part of his brain insisted in informing him that the swelling mounds atop his chest appeared to be at least a small, firm C-cup now. Already he could feel the strange new sensations of his swelling chest moving as he walked, bouncing and jiggling slightly with each step. The unfamiliar weight pulling at his chest...

...he was also aware of other continuing changes - the way his pants were becoming taut over his hips and ass, but loosening over his waist. The way his shoes were beginning to feel loose on his feet - which only proved that his feet must be shrinking, becoming more...

...feminine.

"No!" Jason screamed, again. "This isn't happening to me!" The voice that tried to deny the occurrence only reinforced it - it was now a recognizably feminine voice, albeit slightly low and husky.

Then the pain hit. Until that moment, the strange changes happening to his body had been painless, as supple flesh and sinew changed configuration. But now agony lanced through his body as much more solid bone and cartilage began to alter, assuming new shapes that they were never intended to have, much less acquire over the space of a few endless minutes.

Jason's scream rose in pitch even as it forced its way out of his altering throat. Collapsing to the ground, he shuddered under the intense pain that assaulted every nerve ending in his body. Bones in his feet and hands drew inwards, becoming smaller, as did ones in his shoulders, ankles, wrists and ribcage. At the same time, his pelvis wrenched and expanded outward even as it shifted in configuration. His face seemed to be caught in an invisible vise, bones in his jaw and cheeks reconfiguring themselves as cartilage in his nose and ears changed shape.

Pain ran through his bowels as his inner anatomy altered, his already shrunken genitalia pulling up into his body and assuming new forms, new characteristics. Pressure at his chest informed him of the rapid swelling of the tissue there as it swelled out into much larger domes of firm, feminine flesh tipped with enlarged nipples of a decidedly feminine nature. Hair blossomed out of his scalp at an incredible rate, feeling as if somebody were dragging it out by sheer force. These and thousands of other sensations coursed through his body as the rate of change accelerated.

His jeans' zipper and button burst asunder under the assault, as did the buttons on his now taut shirt. At the same time, his right shoe tumbled off of a dainty new foot too small to hold it in place. A second later, the other shoe followed suit. Jason barely noticed these minor things in the wave of agony that held him in its grip...

...until it suddenly vanished, leaving behind a deep, dull throbbing ache throughout his entire body, as if he'd spent a night sleeping on a concrete floor.

Now absolutely, stone cold sober, Jason moaned and stiffly sat up.

"Oh... my... God..." Jason whispered in a high, richly feminine voice, gazing down in mesmerized horror at the two large, firm tits thrust proudly from his chest. His shirt hung open, and his once-tight gray T-shirt was torn apart by the sudden pressure that his swelling bosom had created, exposing his new endowments to his amazed eyes. They were firm and full and round, gleaming with the silvery highlights from the moan, the rich, creamy skin the very essence of feminine abundance. A small part of his mind pegged them at an amazingly firm DDD or EEE-cup, tipped by large, frankly feminine nipples that were engorged in the cool night air.

With the same stunned gaze, he shifted his eyes to his crotch, exposed where the widening of his hips and expansion of his ass had popped open the jeans and torn asunder his briefs. The unmistakable folds of a fully formed - and presumably, fully functional - vagina lay nestled in the hairless vee between his shapely, firm, feminine thighs.

That was simply too much for Jason to handle. He did the only sensible thing to do. He screamed - and passed out.

* * * * *

"Noooo!" Jason screamed, struggling against the bonds that held him - her - in the chair. "Please, don't do this to me! I am not crazy! I'm a man - my name is Jason..."

"Please - calm down." Dr. Strathern said, soothingly. "When you... wake up, you'll feel much better, Miss Smith."

Jason struggled some more - but it was a wasted effort. The drug that would induce the powerful hypnotic trance was already coursing through her system, and she felt herself slipping away.

She'd been brought to this institution by the hospital> A farmer, driving down that dirt road, had barely managed to avoid running over her as she lay, insensate, in the middle of the road. He, quite naturally, called the ambulance. After she'd awaken in the hospital, and began 'ranting and raving' that she was a man, the hospital had transferred her to the care of Dr. Strathern, who had a system he thought would help cure her of her 'delusions'.

Now, in a deep, silent trance, she helplessly stared at the screen in front of her, which began to show images as a voice spoke, teaching her how to be a woman 'again'...

When she awoke, eight hours later, it was in a room in the institute. Without even having to ask, she knew that the treatment had been successful - because she now found herself thinking of herself as 'Jessica Smith', a woman> All her old memories were intact, but overlaying them was a new, feminine personality. She also had memories of a treadmill that taught her how to walk in high heels, a woman instructing her on her make up, and other techniques of teaching her the skills she'd need. She was no Jessie, a woman, inside and out.

Jessie looked at the clothes laying on the bed - and wanted to scream. The thought of wearing the feminine garments was both abhorrent and attractive to her divided mind. The programming that had been done to her couldn't force her to put

the clothes on - she could merely spend the rest of her life nude. But if she did dress, it would have to be in these clothes - or other clothes that matched her altered form and mind.

Feeling helpless, she slumped to the bed, setting her firm endowments wobbling. Closing her eyes for a second to give herself strength, she regretfully gave into her programmed desires, and began to dress.

The soft material of the black cotton panties slid easily up her shapely, toned legs, and settled into place around her womanly hips. The sensation of the cloth against her smooth, feminine crotch felt both wrong and right to her. Likewise, the sensation of the 'nude' nylons sliding up her legs was both foreign and familiar - and slightly arousing as the smooth, negligible material encased her shapely legs, highlighting their smooth contours and toned musculature. Not only her programmed 'female' mind thought so - her buried male mentality couldn't help but admire how good her new legs looked.

Her long, slender finger moved with assurance as they picked up the plain black bra and put it in place. Though she'd never actually done this before, she did it expertly, despite the length of her nails. She fastened the garment in place, feeling it's sturdy construction enclose her firm tits and push with slight, 'enjoyable' pressure against her large, thick nipples.

The simple powder-blue cotton dress came next, and she shrugged it into place with an internal grimace. The internal discomfort grew when she found that - no matter how hard she tried - she couldn't get her fingers to do up the top two buttons of the dress, which was pulled taut over her sexy tits. The doctor's programmed command to be proud of her new tits was too strong - she gazed with resigned disgust at the 'delightful' display of cleavage that was revealed by the neckline.

The black patent-leather belt further emphasized her trim, buxom hourglass figure, drawing the dress snugly around her infinitesimal waist, and tightening the material further over her tits, out-lining her bra-encased endowments against the soft fabric.

She looked with dismay over at the make-up table. For a long moment, Jessica merely stood in the middle of the room, knowing that she'd have to do it if she wanted to get out of here - but not wanting to give in to the imposed feminine ideas in her divided mind.

Finally, the urge to get out of this nut-house was strong enough to overcome her male discomfort, and she let her long, sensual legs carry her to the table. With eerie skill, her hands set to work, brushing her hair out just so, applying make-up with a skillful touch, dabbing the inexpensive perfume here and there...

As much as she wished she didn't have to look, Jessie had no choice but to watch herself in the mirror. What she saw reflected back was a stunningly beautiful, sexy woman with a long, luxurious mane of black hair getting ready to be seen in public. A woman with a sleek, buxom body, with a beautiful, open face that carried a faint smile on it's full, soft lips. Whose bright blue eyes twinkled, and who looked completely at ease with her sensuous femininity as she moved with grace and panache.

Of the real person that lurked behind the altered body and helplessly reprogrammed mind, there was no sign. But Jessie, despite her despair, knew the truth. What had been done to her - body and mind - was, to her male mind's view, horrible. But it wasn't complete - deep inside, 'Jason' still remained. That part of her mind still determined what she did - the programming, strong as it was, only determined how she did it.

Which, to put it simply, was in a gracefully feminine manner as possible.

After applying her make-up, Jessie looked at the jewelry that had been provided - a pair of silver earrings, and slender silver chain. She looked at the jewelry for a long moment, her male mind trying to convince her female programming that she didn't need to wear it.

And she was overjoyed to discover that she could compromise with the programming laid over top of her mind. With a surge of triumph and hope, she watched as she put the earrings in place on her dainty lobes - but slipped the necklace into the purse she'd been provided. It was a small victory, to be sure - but it was a start. Feeling somewhat more hopeful, she slipped her new wristwatch onto one slender wrist.

Since everything else was ready, she walked over to the closet and looked inside to see what shoes had been provided. To her surprise

- considering how little money the institution had to spend - there was actually two sets of footwear to choose from. She felt her female programming tugging towards one set of shoes - a pair of powder-blue faux-suede pumps with a two-and-a-half inch heel.

Out of sheer cussidness, Jessie bent her will to putting on the other pair. She didn't really want to wear the black patent-leather pumps with the seven-inch stiletto heel, but she wanted to fight against her imposed mental programming. It wanted the other shoes - so she pushed to wear theses ones.

After a moments struggle... she won. Her programming 'squawked' mildly at the choice, but the slight discomfort of the disapproval was overwhelmed by a sense of victory as she slid her stocking feet into the high-heeled, pointed-toe pumps with their gold-toned spike heels. Moving easily and gracefully atop the slender metal heels, she picked up her purse and headed for the door.

"Well - you look lovely, Jessie." Dr. Strathern said, smiling. He rose from the chair he'd been waiting in. "How do you feel?" "Thank you, doctor." Jessie said, smoothing her skirt unconsciously. Her newly feminized persona generated pleasure at the complement. "As for how I feel - physically, I feel fine. I'm also a lot more comfortable in this body now. But I'm still upset that you did this to me - I don't want to be a woman, you know."

"I know - that's why I had to do this." Strathern said, gently. "You may not appreciate it now - but before too long, you'll thank me for it." "I doubt it." Jessie replied, firmly but not unkindly. "Am I free to leave now?"

The doctor nodded. "Of course" He gestured at a door at the end of the hall.

Head held high, Jessie headed for it, high heels clacking on the linoleum. Without looking back or letting herself pause at the door, she stepped through and into public as a buxom, beautiful woman.

As the door swung shut behind her, Jessie stood on the sidewalk and looked around, wondering just what she was going to do now. The institute had supplied her with some cash, and an apartment. More importantly, they'd given her a job too, as a receptionist - but it was Friday, just after five, and she didn't start work until Monday at nine. The thought of going home and just sitting there was boring, and she didn't want to do that - but her alternative was to find something to do in public - as a woman, a thought that was also uncomfortable.

"Uh - miss? Are you waiting for the bus?" A voice asked, startling Jessie out of her reverie. She hadn't even noticed the car pull to the curb and stop, just as she hadn't noticed that there was a bus stop just outside the door. But...

"Yes, I am." Jessie answered with little hesitation - she wasn't planning to stand here all night, and 'Jessie' didn't have a car. "Well, if you're going to the mall, I can give you a lift."

The mall - yes, that's what she'd do - maybe see a movie.

"Thank you." Jessie said, honestly grateful, as she opened the door and slipped in. She knew she was getting the lift only because she was a beautiful woman, but that didn't really bother her. If somebody was willing to drive her, for whatever reason, she wasn't going to turn it down. Besides - the man making the offer looked harmless enough. Even as the car merged back into traffic, Jessie frowned as she realized she'd have to be more careful - she didn't have her old masculine strength any more, and if anyone tried any 'funny business'...

But the Good Samaritan was harmless enough. He had nothing more devious in mind than to chat with a gorgeous woman while appreciating her looks from the corner of his eye. He did try to pick her up, asking her out on a date - but he was polite, almost shy, about it, and took the answer well. Jessie thanked him as she climbed out of the car at the mall, thinking that turning down a date and letting herself be ogled was a fair enough price for a free ride halfway across town.

She began to wonder around the mall, trying to get comfortable in public. As much as she hated having her mind altered, she knew she'd have to get used to being female. As impossible as her transformation to womanhood had been, the chances of getting changed back were even slimmer. No matter what happened, she'd have to learn to...

Then it hit her. She stopped, stunned, as she realized the doctor had been right - when she went back on Monday, she *was* going to thank him.

Because what they'd done to her was nothing more than a tool. She realized that she'd be spending her life looking like a woman - and having to deal with that fact, feeling a bit like a freak or an outcast> But here she was, in public, as a woman - and she wasn't being treated like a freak because she looked and acted like a woman should, thanks to the programming. She

didn't even have to think about it - her moves, her stride, her little habits - all were easy, feminine motions now. If she hadn't had the programming, she'd be a woman still - but dressed wrong, moving wrong, everything about her subtly off - and people would have reacted to that, increasing her own sense of being a freak, her own sense of despair. What they'd done to her was the equivalent of teaching a foreigner how to fit in in America. Only she was a foreigner to womanhood, and now she was trained to blend in seamlessly. It was a boon that was priceless

- she understood that now.

Feeling more confident - but no less weird - she resumed her window shopping. She caught the glances of men towards her - but while they inspired that weird feeling, they didn't inspire fear or anxiety - the men were just admiring a beautiful, buxom woman.

After a few of those glances, Jessie came to an unbelievable - but no less true - realization. She was enjoying being admired. For a moment that made her stomach churn. Was she becoming gay or something?

Then it occurred to her that she couldn't be becoming gay - because she wasn't a guy anymore. Not only did those admiring gazes boost her self-esteem because they assured her that nobody saw her as a freak - but she was enjoying them because she was now a woman, and the men's gazes assured her she was an attractive one.

Jessie didn't want to be a woman - that was a given. But she was one anyway, and there was nothing to do about it. Since she was stuck as a woman, she was feeling the way a woman would about her body - it was hers, and whether she'd wanted it or not, it was much better to be pretty than ugly...

The thought came with such force that she had to sit down, stunned with the implications.

She was a woman. It was in a body she didn't want, and a life she didn't want. It caused all sorts of neuroses and fear in her, as well as other emotions

She was absolutely the same as everyone else.

Until this instant, she had been thinking of herself as kind of a species of one - completely different than the rest of humanity. Now, suddenly, she understood that she was basically the same. The fact that she'd been turned into a woman now was really no different than being born a woman - when you were born female, you didn't get to choose your body. You didn't get to decide how society treated you. You felt uncomfortable in some situations, you worried about how you looked, you wondered what the people who glanced at you were thinking...

Jessie was no different than any other woman - except that she had a view of the other side as well. In fact, she was better off than most women - and most men. So nobody believed her story - that didn't change the fact that she'd been granted a wondrous gift.

Suddenly she berated herself for all the time wasted being horrified at the change. Women were born female, and you didn't see them screaming about it - well, not many of them. You accepted it, and went on trying to live a full, rich life.

Right then and there, that's what Jessie vowed to do. She had been granted a gift that no-one else in the world had. She'd spent the first twenty-five years of her life as a man - and now she was a woman. One had been an accident of birth, the other an accident of another kind - but now she had a chance to live a life more fulfilling than most could dream of, being able to do more in one lifetime because she could do things now and see what they were like from the other perspective. It would be strange, and there were times when it would be uncomfortable, scary - but that's what it had been like as a man, too.

Like sex. Right now, even as the thought came to her, she found it extremely uncomfortable. Sex with a man? No way...

But, back when she'd been a male virgin, the thought of sex had been scary too - the fear of getting it wrong, at being laughed at, at hurting or being hurt by.... Now, the situation was almost the exact same, only she was a female virgin. Oh, not physically - at the hospital she'd learned that her hymen was broken when they did the standard Rape kit on her - but emotionally. The only extra fear came from ingrained homophobic feelings - which she'd have to learn to overcome, because they no longer applied to her - she was a woman now.

Stunned at the realization that her life had just begun a new, and could be wondrous and enjoyable and fulfilling, if she just let it, Jessie rose from the bench and slowly continued her window-shopping, still amazed at the stunning shift in her worldview. She now knew what people who had a religious conversion felt like - she was somewhat the same way now. Where some became devout, believing Christians after a personal catharsis, Jessie had become a devout, believing Female.

It was in that frame of mind that she realized she was passing a beauty salon having a special half-price sale on a haircut and make- over.

She paused for a second, indecisive - then shrugged, smiled and went in.

She emerged from the salon an hour and a half later feeling revitalized. Although the actual process had felt so indescribably strange, she'd taken one look in the mirror and decided it was all worthwhile - both her new feminine thoughts and her old male viewpoint agreed

- she was stunning.

Her stomach rumbled, and Jessie realized she should grab a bite to eat. She looked with distaste in the direction of the food court, then turned on one high heel and headed the other way, towards one of the three 'real' restaurants the mall boasted.

The eatery was fairly busy - as soon as she walked in, she noticed that the bar was lined with people waiting for tables to open up.

"Do you have a reservation?" the hostess asked, and Jessie shook her head, realizing that she'd picked a bad time to eat - it was just after seven on a Friday, which meant all the restaurants in the mall would be this bad. "Is there along wait?"

The hostess smiled. "About half an hour - but it would be longer for a single. Would it trouble you too much to eat with another person? There's a gentleman here who is also alone. We can seat you together, and you'd get in faster."

Jessie hesitated, mulling it over. She didn't know if she was ready to...

"I understand if you don't feel comfortable with that." The hostess said. then, lowering her voice, she leaned forward and whispered. "Personally, if I looked a beautiful of you, I'd be leery of 'wolves' to - who needs to be hit on over dinner?"

Actually, that particular variation on her current situation hadn't occurred to Jessie. She was just about to tell the hostess that she'd wait

- when her stomach growled again, voicing it's hunger. "No - seating me with him would be fine." Jessie said.

"Sure - that's the man over there." She pointed to a figure near the end of the bar.

Jessie felt a strange sensation that she couldn't place when she looked at the man. With a mop of sandy hair and a 'devil-may-care' look, the man bore a remarkable resemblance to Harrison Ford-as-Han Solo. Walking over, Jessie cleared her throat. The man - who had glanced appreciatively at her slender, buxom figure when she'd entered, looked up to meet her eyes.

Jessie held out a hand. "Hi - I'm Jessie. Since the place is so busy, the hostess suggested I share your table when it opens up - if you don't mind."

The man smiled easily. "Of course not. A little pleasant company enhances a good dinner. Why don't you have a seat here and have a drink while we wait. The name's Barry, by the way."

During the wait and the dinner, Jessie found herself smiling more often than not. It was obvious that Barry, entranced by her attractive body and beautiful face was playing the gallant for her. It was also obvious that the gallant, thoughtful act wasn't much of an exaggeration on his part - he was obviously a nice guy to begin with, and the 'act' was intended to deceive, but a sort of unconscious routine done in the presence of a beautiful woman. Jessie, having 'been there and done that' understood it perfectly - Barry was so afraid of saying or doing something to make this gorgeous woman leave that he was just being an extra bit careful.

But Jessie was thoroughly enjoying herself with him - and by the time they finished their desert, it was obvious that Barry was enjoying more than just her looks. Because of Jessie's unique past, they fell into an easy camaraderie, with Jessie enjoying many of the things that Barry did - a rarity for a woman, Barry thought, and Jessie agreed privately. She would have killed to meet a woman like herself when she was a man - so easy to get along with, almost like a guy friend, but with drop-dead gorgeous looks and the easy feminine grace and subtle body language. Of course, Jessie's femininity was a little enhanced - like Barry, she was being a little more attentive to her own actions because she didn't want to screw anything up.

The entire time, those strange feelings also continued to mount. Jessie still couldn't identify the sensations, the way her nerves tingles, the not-unpleasant sensation in her crotch that was both so similar and so different than having a full bladder. She kept shifting slightly, trying to ease the pleasant discomfort.

As they waited for the bill - which Barry had insisted he'd pay - the handsome man smiled at Jessie. "Well - I must say that has to be the most enjoyable meal I've had in ages."

Jessie laughed and slapped him easily on the shoulder. "You nit wit - you just finished complaining your Veal was too greasy and your Spaghetti too bland."

Barry shrugged. "Yeah - the food wasn't that great. But I still enjoyed the meal immensely." His smile faded - and her became awkwardly serious. "I enjoyed it because I ate it with you." He swallowed nervously, fumbling for the right words and obviously afraid that he'd scare her off. "I... I find it amazingly easy to spend time with you. To talk with you. You're... a wonderful person, Jessie, with a great sense of humor and a quick mind..."

Jessie couldn't help but smile. "And I'm not too hard on the eyes, either - right?" She saw where this was going, and although her stomach was rolling with anxiety at the situation - she felt like a pimply-faced teenager on a first date - she knew what Barry was going through was a lot worse, and decided to take him off the hook.

"I enjoyed spending time with you, too, Barry." She said - which was the honest truth. "I... haven't had much of a social life recently. Certainly not with a guy like you." Also the honest truth, but a skillful lie as well. "And to answer the question you're trying to ask - yes, I'd love to do it again sometime."

For a second, Jessie had no idea why Barry's face fell - and then it hit her. He was so tied up in his own anxieties that he'd missed all the subtle signals that revealed that she was really enjoying his company - all he heard was the words 'do it again sometime'.

Jessie own smile faltered slightly. She'd worded it that way because she still wasn't quite comfortable admitting, out loud, that she would go on a date with another guy. But her ambiguous wording had obviously come across to Barry as a polite rejection.

"Yeah." Barry agreed. "Uh... I'll give you my number, and you can give me a call sometime. "

That confirmed it - by giving her his number, instead of asking for hers, he was basically giving her an 'out', gallantly - avoiding the 'trouble' of her having to come up with a reason not to give him her number, or a fake one - or to have to put up with his 'unwanted' calls.

What Jessie didn't understand is why Barry was giving up so easily. Then, suddenly, she did. He thought she was too gorgeous, to perfect, to want to spend time with him.

Jessie couldn't bear to live him like this. Without hesitation, she just closed her eyes and leapt into the very thing she'd been so uncomfortable with. "Well, sure, and I'll give you mine. But there's no hurry - the night is young, and you said you were planning to go to the club tonight." She paused. "Unless, of course, you're trying to find a polite way of saying that you don't want me to join you. "

Barry's eyes widened. "Oh - no! I'd love it if you came along!"

Jessie smiled at the way animation flowed back into Barry - he really *was* smitten with her. "Great - that's decided then."

* * * * *

"Here you are, Jessie." Barry said, shouting to be heard over the heavy music. He was obviously still in awe that this beauty was here with him, and didn't want to do the slightest thing that would look like he was coming on to her, thus scaring her off. That's why he shouted, rather than lean in close. Personally, she found it amazingly endearing - he obviously wanted to try something - hell, he was so obviously attracted to her, physically, that he was practically drooling - but he also like her, as a person, that he was willing to forego even trying anything so that he could spend more time with her.

Jessie realized she was grinning at the handsome youth as he handed her the beer. Suddenly, the meaning of the strange sensations in her crotch and tits were all to clear.

She was getting turned on by the attention of the handsome young man.

Using the beer as an excuse to break eye contact with Barry, she sucked back on the bottle, mind whirling. She knew she was in trouble - it was more than just her programming that was doing this to her, it was her new body. Her nipples were hard as rocks, and her cunt felt like it was burning with a deep, pleasant flame. Her hormones were raging through her system, getting her so damned hot. Her body was incredibly horny - all her programming did was determine who she was horny for.

Jessie desperately shoved that thought aside as she lowered her eyes again - but she couldn't help but glance at the crotch of Barry's pants, which were straining with an erection. She knew that she was horny for what lay behind the taut cloth - and she knew that she was amazed to discover she was interested in Barry as a person - and a potential 'significant other'. Her raging lust saw him only as a 'living dildo' that could ease the delightful torment that her aroused body was putting her through. But her actual emotions and mind saw him as an intelligent person, one who she really, really enjoyed spending time with. One who she wanted to spend more time with - lots more.

Her male upbringing made a token protest - but that was all. She was all too aware of the fact that she was female now - it wouldn't be wrong to have sex with a man. It would be incredibly weird, because of the fact she herself was once male - but nobody would think it strange... and it would feel so good.

But she couldn't just go around fucking peoples brains out, like some sort of slut. She'd accepted that she'd have to live the rest of her life as a female - after what had happened today, it was a thought she could accept with equanimity. She could

even accept the fact that she'd have an active sex life - hell, at the moment, she was looking forward to it. But she was damned if she was going to let herself become some sort of nympho slut. She'd have to control her urges, learn to deal with being horny the way any woman would have to deal with it.

"Thanks, Barry - that was nice of you." Jessie said, smiling at the handsome youth. "You want to dance?" Barry smiled. "Sure - that'd be great."

Jessie followed him out to the dance floor, and let her body begin to move with the music. Like everything else she did now, she found the movements of her new body so supple, so graceful - already she was beginning to forget what it had felt like to dance as a guy. But she didn't care that the memory of things like that were fading. Knowing what she knew now, she would have cheerfully switched her genders a lot earlier in her life - everything was so much better as a woman. the clothes you got to wear - so soft and sexy and designed to draw attention to her fabulous figure. The way she was treated, the way men became gallant, attentive,... attracted. It was like a type of mystical power - she smiled, wiggled her hips and flashed her cleavage, and guys would do anything for her. Even fuck her...

She pushed the thought back again. She was getting hornier by the minute, but control was the objective here. Back when she'd been male, it was a long, complicated maneuver to end up getting laid - now, as a woman, she could have sex just about any time, with a few simple words. But it was like having booze laying around the house - just because it was easily available didn't mean you got drunk all the time. You had to learn to be responsible about it.

The left the club shortly after ten, having been there for about an hour and a half. Though Jessie had enjoyed dancing - with Barry, her mind insisted on adding - she had begun to get a headache.

Barry led her to his car, a big old GMC pick-up painted blue - the 'Blue Meany' as he jokingly referred to it. She climbed into the passenger side of the large bench seat as Barry slid behind the wheel and pulled out of the lot.

"You know - I'm really enjoying this." Jessie told Barrie. "I don't want to go home just yet - do you want to drive around for a bit?" She didn't reveal the fact that she was almost painfully aroused, and was enjoying the intensely enjoyable discomfort. She never realized that female arousal itself felt so damned good.

Despite her omission, she was still being completely honest - she couldn't remember when she'd enjoyed herself so much. Her decision to 'let herself go femme' had been the right one - letting go of her male neurosis's had been liberating, allowing her to enjoy a truly fun evening.

Barry, however, looked startled. "Um - sure. Whatever makes you happy, milady." He smiled.

Jessie smiled back. "Honestly, Barry - I am having fun with you. You're a great guy - and I don't bite. Relax, stop treating me like a priceless objet d'art you're afraid of breaking - I promise, if you be yourself I'm not going to run away on you."

Barry gaped at her for a second - then laughed. "That obvious, huh?" Jessie nodded. "Yeah."

Barry sighed. "I'm sorry. It's just that... well, you're the most interesting girl I've ever met. You're so fun to be around, you kind and funny and gorgeous and sexy - I just didn't - don't - want to screw this up." He looked at her. "Jessie - you're an incredible woman."

Jessie felt her heart do a strange flip-flop. "Barry - you have no idea how 'just the right thing' that was to say." She smiled at him. "See - I told you it was safe to be yourself - the first five minutes of being yourself, and you say the most wonderful thing you've said all night."

She paused for a second, and her expression changed to mild awe as a thought struck her. "Jessie?"

She turned to face him, and spoke her realization. "In fact - that is the nicest thing a person has ever said to me in my entire life."

It was true - as a man, she'd never ever really received any praise. Oh, her guy friends would tell other people that he was a great ball player, or had great taste in movies, or whatever - but when they talked to him, it was always joking put-downs and insults. His few girlfriends had been more forthcoming - but it was always faint praise, the 'good stuff' saved to brag with to their girlfriends.

Jessie had never seen it before, although it was incredibly, painfully clear. Somehow, without it ever being directly said, society instilled in itself the concept that men did not get praised for who they were. You get a 'good job', or a 'way to go' - or even a 'you da man!' But nobody went up to a guy and told him 'You're a wonderful person' or 'You look great tonight'. It just wasn't done.

Jessie was still mulling over this fact when she caught sight of something down the road they were driving on. It was a drive-in movie screen, the credits of the first feature rolling up it huge, slab-like face.

"OH!" Jessie exclaimed, tapping Barry's arm. "Look - a drive in. What say we go see the second feature?" Barry blinked. "Why - what's playing?"

Jessie laughed. "Who knows - and who cares." She smiled at him. "It's just the idea of going to a drive-in. I haven't been to one in... years."

Barry laughed to, getting caught up in her... girlish excitement? Jessie thought to herself.

"Sure thing - sounds like fun." He pulled into the entrance, and paid the full admission, despite the admonishment from the attendant that they were only getting half their money's worth by coming in for the second feature.

Which turned out to be 'The Mummy'. Barry grabbed the basic necessities of Drive-in movie watching. At least there wasn't a line up for the popcorn a soda's - there were all of three other vehicles in the sprawling lot, due to the fact it was early

in the season. The drive in didn't begin to fill until summer rolled around. Jessie and Barry settled into the big bench seat of the truck as the opening credits rolled.

Shortly thereafter, Barry - obviously without even thinking about it - slid over in the seat to get more leg room - the driver's position wasn't very comfortable for 'sitting back and watching'.

But Jessie was all-too-aware of the sudden nearness of the handsome man. Already turned on more than she'd ever experienced as a man, his physical presence was like a painless fire - his very maleness seemed to roll off him in waves that soaked into her own body and stocked the pleasurable fire deep in her abdomen.

Her heart pounding, Jessie leaned against Barry, letting his body heat stoke the fires even harder.

Barry stiffened slightly as she settled against him - then with an awkward attempt at a casual move, he stretched - and let his arm come to rest around her slender shoulders.

Jessie was very near to breaking her pledge to herself not to give into her desires. But she told herself she had to be strong - she wouldn't act on her desperate need in the slightest...

...unless it was in response to Barry's moves. If he initiated it - then it would be okay.

So, when Barry's hand hesitantly settled lower and cupped her large, firm tit lightly, she snuggled a little closer to him with a low moan, emboldening Barry's ministrations.

He took the hint. He began to fondle her tit, then slid his hand inside her blouse, his hand caressing her bra-encased tits and causing an intense shiver of pleasure from her engorged nipples...

Aw - the hell with it.

"Barry..." Jessie said, huskily. "Remember that hotel we passed a couple of minutes ago?"

Barry looked over. "What - you mean... now?" The question wasn't incredulous - it was just verification. "*Right* now."

Seconds later, the powerful engine under the hood roared to life, and grave spat out from under the rear tires.

* * * * *

The door to the hotel room popped open under Barry's fumbling grip.

Jessie backed into the room, her arms locked around Barry's neck as she kissed him passionately. Awkwardly, Barry used his leg to close the door behind him as Jessie continued to drag him backwards to wards the bed.

Reaching it, she tumbled backwards, pulling Barry down on top of her. She kissed him one last time, then broke the kiss to begin unbuttoning his shirt.

"Barry..." She moaned. "Oh, god... not only did spending the evening with you make me have fun 0 it made me so horny I can't even think straight."

Barry smiled crookedly at her. "Hey - I haven't exactly been thinking pure thoughts either - God, you're gorgeous, Jessie." "You could see a lot more if these clothes weren't in the way." She said with a pointed smile.

He took the hint, and fumbled with her clothes as she hurriedly began to undress him.

"Don't get the wrong idea, Barry..." She said. "I was planning to take it a lot slower - but I need you in me *right now!*"

Barry smiled crookedly. "Oh, no - you don't get off that easy, gorgeous..." he said - and bent his head to her now naked tits - and began to nipple and suck.

Jessie moaned and wrapped her hands around his head, incredulous at the intense pleasure. Barry's hands slid under her now bare ass and began to fondle and squeeze her firm, full ass.

"Oh... God... that feels so damned good..." Jessie moaned.

Then Barry began to move downwards. His lips felt like burning drops of ecstasy as he kissed his way down her belly. He reached her crotch... then detoured to the left, slowly, teasingly working down her right leg.

"Oh, Barry, you horrible, horrible man..." Jessie giggled/moaned. "God - you're making me... I think I'm going to *burst!*"

Barry broke off just long enough to smile wickedly at her, then continued, coming back up her other leg before reaching her crotch. He stopped - then licked gently at her cunt.

Jessie shivered as intense pleasure ran through her. He was only licking the edge of her crotch at first - then began to nibble and lick at her swollen, sopping wet clit.

Pleasure like none she'd ever felt rocked her body. Jessie cried out, praising Barry, urging him onward, to release her need...

Instead, he began kissing his way back up. After pausing for several long moments at her breasts, he pushed himself up on all fours as his lips continued upwards.

At the instant his lips met hers, he gently but firmly slid his throbbing cock deep into her wet, waiting cunt.

Jessie's intense cry of pleasure was muffled in the passionate kiss she was sharing with Barry. But there was nothing muffled about the intense bolts of pleasure that ran through her cunt and jump directly to her swollen nipples before diffusing through the rest of her body.

Barry kept his thrusts long and slow and deep, driving her incredible passion even higher even as he began to satisfy it. It was unbelievable, it was incredible - it was the most incredible thing she'd ever experienced.

In it kept getting better. Barry slowly but steadily increased his pace as Jessie's body began to instinctive buck in rhythm with his, trying to increase the already mind-blowing pleasure she was experiencing.

"God, Barry... Now - fuck me hard, Barry, fuck my *mind out!*" Jessie screamed as she reached her breaking point. "Make me a woman, Barry - I want you to make me cum!"

With that Barry began to drive into her with a nearly frantic pace. Incredible waves of pleasure took her, the ecstasy erasing thought. She was a vessel for pure pleasure, and her brain derailed, providing only gasps, moans - and pure, unadulterated truth-saying.

"Yes... Oh, God, Yes!... harder, Barry, harder... mmmm..mmm.... Oh God - I love you Barry - My handsome, funny fucking STUD. I love you Barry... love you. OH YES!"

The orgasms took her, wracking her body with ecstasy like none she'd ever felt. Every synapse in the pleasure center of her brain fired in an instant, followed by three more lesser - but still unbelievable powerful - aftershocks that made her nerves feel like high-voltage erotic electricity were running through them.

Panting, Barry plopped down beside her, kissing the stunned woman with a combination of passion and affection. "God - you're amazing, Jessie..."

Jessie ran one hand along the firm, taut muscle of his thigh... then paused as what she said during sex sank in. Barry felt her stiffen in his embrace.

"Barry... about what I said..."

Barry smiled his crooked smile, with a hint of obscure pain. "Hey, hey... Gardner vee Ross firmly established that nothing said in the heat of passion is binding. It's okay."

Jessie looked at the expression on Barry's face. "You're right. Anything I said during sex is suspect - you can't trust it - it might just be passion speaking."

"Yeah - I know." Barry said.

Jessie's lips curved. "so I'm saying it now that I've been satisfied - Barry, I love you."

For several seconds, Barry just looked at her, stunned - then his smile lit the room. "I love you too." They kissed - then Barry laughed. "Fuck your brains out?"

Jessie giggled. "Okay - I was in the heat of passion on that one."

Barry made a face. "But what kind of man am I if I don't fulfill the wishes of the woman I love?" He asked theatrically. Jessie blinked. "Not a complaint - but already? I would love another round but - you are...?"

Barry grinned. "Nope - but I have hands and a tongue to tide us over, don't I?" And he began to work his way back down her body.

As his burning kisses began to rekindle that powerful arousal, Jessie closed her eyes and lay back.

Most woman searched their entire life for a man like this - and here she was, less than a week into womanhood, and she'd found a kind, gentle, intelligent, funny man who was also an incredible lover, Jessie thought to herself.

Then her man reached her crotch - and she stopped thinking altogether.

* * * * *

Ring.... Ring... Ring....

Blinking, Steven sat up and fumbled for the phone. His wife, next to him, murmured, then fell back into her deep sleep as he picked up the phone, silencing it in mid-ring.

"Hello?"

"Doctor Strathgern?" A warm feminine voice, carrying faint embarrassment, came over the line. "I hate to disturb you so late but there's a couple of things that couldn't wait."

Sitting up in bed, Steven scratched at his sleep-tousled head and looked at the clock. Six-twenty. "Oh, that's all right. The alarm is set to go off in ten minutes anyway - what's on your mind, Jessica?"

"First - Thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you." Jessie said, sincerely. "I... just can't express my gratitude for helping get over my... relationship problem."

"No problem, Jessie - I was glad to help." Steven said, smiling. From her circumspect way of saying it, he had the distinct impression that she wasn't alone at her end. "What's the other thing?"

There was a pause - then a giggle. "Uh... I'm sorry, but I had to tell somebody, and since I owe it mostly to you. Doctor - I'm engaged!"

Steven couldn't resist. "That's fantastic, Jessica - and when you're done, maybe you two should talk about marriage." It took a second - then Jessica laughed. "Well - yeah, that too. But I'm just so happy."

"Congratulations, Jessie. I mean it, sincerely. I trust I'm invited to the wedding?" "You bet - I expect you to give the bride away." Jessie said.

"I'd be honored to." Steven said, sincerely. "I'm glad I could help you reach this point, Jessie. I hope you'll be happy." With absolutely no trace of doubt, Jessie replied. "I'm sure I will, doctor - I'm sure I will."

Then Jessie said good-bye and hung up the phone - then turned back to her fiancé. "You know - my brain's still seems to be functioning." She said, seductively.

And, like a real trouper, Barry smiled and went back to work.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A young man who has found an ancient spell book finds himself accidentally transforming himself into a female, when his roommate's brother gets hold of the spell book his bimbo days really start

Miss Pronounced

By Gunslinger

"Terry...?" The voice came through the door with a linger trace of concern masking a hint of annoyance. "Terry, are you still in there?"

The room's occupant was a slender, dark-haired young man who was bent over an aging, scared desk, where a small brass lamp gave the only illumination in the room. His narrow face was sent in lines of absorption, and his dark eyes were peering intently through his heavy, horn-rimmed glasses, lost in what they were seeing. One slender hand was busy, writing furiously on a tablet of long, yellow legal sheets, a thick 'gold' ring flashing in the light with every stroke of the pen.

He didn't seem to hear the voice coming through the door at all.

The voice came a bit louder, this time the annoyance thicker in the tone, and covered with a trace of resignation instead of worry. "Terry - do you even hear me?" The aging brass handle rattled in its tarnished base-plate, the small, pewter key in the key-hole rattling sharply.

The sharpness of the noise seemed to rouse the young man from his intent study, and he lifted his head, blinking like a man rising from a long sleep. He looked around in confusion, glancing back down at the object that had held his interest so powerfully.

It was a very, very old book, it's large, yellowed pages bound in a binding of odd-looking light-colored leather that was brittle with age. It was bound at the corners with aged brass, and the ancient clasp-lock hung open, yet still remained curved with the memory of it" time spent locked over the binding and sealing the book from prying eyes.

"Terry!"

Blinking, Terry looked at the door guiltily, then rose and crossed the room, his crepe-soled sneakers drawing sighs of protest from the worn floorboards of the room. He unlocked the door and swung it open, grinning sheepishly at the young woman who lay beyond the threshold.

"Sorry, Di - I was, um..."

"Wrapped up in something that would put any normal human being to sleep." She said, with a smile. The slim, attractive red-head shook her head with amusement. "I know - you get involved with a new project, and you're dead to the world."

"Sorry." Terry apologized weakly, then brightened a bit. "But this time it's worth it - you won't believe..."

The attractive red-head held up a hand. "Terry, I really don't have time to listen right now - I've got a bus to catch." Terry's brow furrowed. "Wait a second - I thought you weren't heading off for your two-week vacation until Friday." Diane laughed and lightly punched the short, slender man on the arm. "Silly - it *is* Friday!"

"Oh..." Terry said, abashed. "Right."

Diane shook her head again. "Look - before I run off, I needed to tell you something..." "Oh?"

She bit her lower lip and flexed her hands nervously. "Okay - so, you know how my brother and his friend are going to be staying here while I'm gone, right?"

Terry nodded. "Yeah. Like I said, it's not a problem - you know I barely leave my room, and they'll probably never even..." She shook her head. "No, it's not that."

Mark blinked myopically. "What's the problem?"

She flushed. "Um... when I told Jason - my brother - that my roommate's name was Terry... well, he assumed you were a girl, see. So, joking around, I never told him you weren't. I never really said you were, either, I just... well, anyway, I never did tell him, and he might be a little surprised when he gets here. I thought I should warn you."

Mark sighed and rolled his eyes. "Oh, Di... why did you do that?"

She blushed. "Well, you're an only child, so you wouldn't really understand how much fun it is to screw with your brother's mind." "You're right - I don't get it." Mark said, shaking his head. "He and his friend..."

"Mark."

"Mark and your brother will be here tomorrow morning, right?" Terry asked. "Yup."

Terry sighed. "I'll get him straightened out. And Di..." His voice became sarcastic. "Thanks ever so much." Diane laughed. "Well, I gotta run. See you in sixteen days!"

"Have fun!" Terry called after his roommate as she headed for the door, stopping only long enough to grab her suitcase. Shaking his head again,. The slender youth turned and re-entered his room.

He and Diane had been sharing the pre-war bungalow for nearly six months now. Although somewhat run-down, the house was still basically sound, and for the price that each of them would have paid for a small apartment, they were renting a three bedroom, two bath bungalow with much more living space - not that Terry needed much, as he spent most of his time cooped up in his room, involved in whatever hobby he had going at the moment.

Right now, the thing he was interested in was much more absorbing then usually. He'd found the ancient tome he was now studying in a locked steamer trunk he'd bought for five bucks at an auction when an shipping company went into receivership. The large trunk had been suspiciously light, which was why it had gone so cheaply, but when Terry had broken into the piece of luggage, he'd found this aging book inside. After picking the lock, he'd opened the heavy book to find it written in a long-hand form of bastardized Latin. He'd spent the past two weeks working at translating the strange language - and what he found was intriguing.

The book purported to be a book of spells. Honest-to-God, 'poof-there-you-go' magic spells. Of course, Terry didn't really believe in that sort of thing....

...but, then again...

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth. " Terry recited softly, walking back to where the book lay on the table. Lowering himself into the chair in front of the desk, he eyed the old book, his curiosity and imagination aroused. Although fairly well versed in the dead language of Latin, the version used in the book was badly bastardized and tough to translate. Terry seemed to have a handle on it now, though - and the possibilities the book offered was. intriguing.

According to the book - if he read it right - there was almost nothing that couldn't be done - with a caveat. No spell could be altered, undone or in any way affected for forty-eight hours after it's casting. Apparently, the universe itself simply couldn't take that much stress to any one pin-point location in it's infinite fabric. After that time-period had lapsed, you could undo whatever had been done, or alter it, or just about anything - if you wanted to. But for those two days, anything that was enchanted was immutable.

Other then that...

Looking thoughtful, Terry started a pot of coffee brewing. He kept the machine on a credenza beside his desk, and the coffee was they type of pre-filled filters that meant all he had to do was trot to the en suite bathroom for water. Since he spent

most of his time in his room, Diane had been nice enough to let him have the master bedroom, with the attached bathroom, which came in damned handy.

Once the coffee machine was happily burbling away, Terry sat down at his desk and eyed the book, his mind running wild.

Doing the mental equivalent of a shrug, he began to work out the correct phonetic version of a 'test' spell - just in the interests of science, of course...

* * * * *

The sun was just peeing over the horizon, the reddish light streaming in through his windows, when Terry decided that he'd gotten it all down pat.

Lifting up the sheet of yellow lined legal paper he'd done the finished spell on, he adjusted his glasses, took a deep breath, and began to recite the spell in a hesitant, uncertain voice, feeling utterly foolish.

Finishing his recitation, he stopped, feeling utterly silly. What was he thinking....

Then he gasped, and the piece of paper fluttered from limp fingers as he stared around incredulously. Slowly, the world seemed to swim and slowly pull out of focus, everything becoming indistinct and fuzzy.

With awkward, fumbling fingers, Terry reached up and pulled off his thick, ugly glasses.

Instantly, everything came into focus,. Perfect focus. He stared around in shock, seeing his room more clearly than he'd ever seen it - or seen anything in his entire life.

"Good lord..." Terry whispered huskily, glasses clattering unnoticed to the desktop. "It. it works. It really works!"

His test-case spell - giving himself perfect vision - had actually, undeniably and unarguable proven to be a success.

Terry felt faint. The sheer shock of what had just happened. It had happened to him, for God's sake, and even he barely believed it.

Magic. Real, magic - and he had it.

He could do almost anything he wanted. He could....

He blinked - and a shy grin crept on his face as he blushed deeply. He glanced down at the jeans covering his crotch, then back at the book.

"Hell. Why not?" Terry asked himself in a defiant tone. Grabbing another sheet of paper, heady with success, he began to write rapidly, working out the next spell, the one that would give him a cock that...

He came to a screeching halt, frowning slightly. He was planning to increase his dick quite a bit - but wouldn't people notice the change? Not if he included a portion in the spell he said that everybody would think he'd always been like that. no, everybody by the holder of the book would think he'd always been like that. That way, people who already knew him would always remember him having a large dick, but people meeting him for the first time could be awed by it" size. The spell didn't alter how people would think about him being well hung, just ensure that it didn't seem like a sudden change.

Smiling, Terry quickly worked out the rest of the spell. With hands trembling with excitement, he lifted the piece of paper and read it aloud in a firm, excited voice. The instant the last word dropped from his tongue, he dropped the sheet of paper and yanked open the waist-band and fly of his jeans, eager to watch his manhood swell.

That's when he noticed that an odd tingling sensation wasn't coming from his crotch - but from his chest. As he stared down, shocked, the T-shirt on his chest twitched - and began to slowly push outwards, two small bumps forming on his chest.

"No..." Terry said, slowly shaking his head. "No, no, no, no. "

With shaking hands, Terry stripped off his shirt and stared down at his once vestigial male nipples. Nipples that were now somewhat larger and thicker. Nipples that were resting atop small lumps of flesh that were slowly filling outwards.

"Oh, Shit. !" Terry swore, hands flying to his chest and trying to hold in the swelling mounds - a useless gesture. "No, no, no!"

Yanking his hands away, he stared angrily at the flesh on his chest, which was now formed into pre-pubescent looking breasts - and swelling outwards at a steady rate.

He's used the wrong word for 'endowed' - he'd used the feminine version.

"Oh, crap!" Terry said, knowing there wasn't a damned thing he could do to change what was happening. He stared down at the swelling mounds, still covered in the thin chest hair he had. They were now an 'A' cup or so, and he could feel the slowly increasing mass on his chest, as well as the new sensations from the forming breasts and the sensitive nipples.

Then, wryly, he began to laugh, shaking his head as he watched his endowments swell ever-larger. He'd been so hyped up, in such a hurry, that he'd screwed up the spell - and hadn't bothered to double-check it before use.

"Well, that's what I get." He said to himself, aloud, as his bust continued to swell outward, becoming steadily heavier and fuller. Originally a conical shape, they'd filled out into domes. Those domes, no passing 'C' cup, were filling out even further, into near-spheres.

It took nearly an hour for his swelling chest to finally slow and stop. During that hour - to keep himself distracted from what was happening - he figured out the mistake he'd made with the spell and re-written a corrected one, then worked on a couple of other spells in the extra time, all the time having to slowly inch the chair further and further back to be able to work around his slowly swelling chest.

By the time they finally stopped swelling, he'd begun to think that they'd never stop, and now he stared down at his new chest with wry shock and a disgruntled amusement.

"Great - I'm a pair of walking, talking tits." He complained to the room in general.

His new tits were - gigantic. The hung from his chest, no longer near spheres but still amazingly firm as they made a sort of compressed tear-drop shape from where they joined his chest to the round, firm tip that was graced by huge, thick nipples. They were just shy of being the shape of a beach-ball - but were about that size. It was almost mandatory for him to reach to the front of his mountainous new tits and touch his massive, engorged nipples, shivering at the sensation.

"Damn." He swore to himself, shaking his head. Well, it could be worse, he figured. In two days, he would change himself back, and until then....

"Oh, SHIT!" Terry shouted, face going pale. Until then. he'd have to deal with Di's brother Jason and his friend Mark, who were due to arrive in an hour or so.

Terry knew that there was no way to his tits this size. There was no way he could avoid the guys completely for two days, until he could reverse it, and the spell's 'rider' wouldn't help. Indeed, anybody who knew him remembered him as always having tits, now - but when people met him for the first time, they would still think his was some sort of bizarre freak.

In a near panic, Terry tried to do what he usually did - pace.

His first try, he didn't even get out of the chair. Bracing himself, he hauled himself out of the chair against the mass of his new, firm tits, feeling them jiggle and sway as he managed to get to his feet, having to strain to remain upright as his particularly top-heavy form wanted to pull him forward. Walking became a bit of a chore, as he had to concentrate on each step, forced to fight the bouncing of his huge new tits.

"What the hell am I going to do?" He asked himself. This was a nightmare - he was some sort of freak, a thin, nerdy little guy with tits as big - or bigger - than any stripper.

Slowly it dawned on him that, unable to alter his massive new bust in any way, there was only one alternative open to him...

* * * * *

When the doorbell rang, he was just finishing adding the same rider onto the new spell. Dashing of the last words, he rose from the desk, his massive new tits shifting under the once-baggy sweater that strained over them. Walking towards the front door, he grimaced and began reciting the spell he'd worked out.

As he walked, he felt his body shifting and changing, taking on new forms. He winced again as the sensation of his cock sliding back into his body to form a new vagina, but didn't stop reading as his body took on the form of an young woman who -

if it weren't for the massive bust - would have been vaguely attractive, but totally unmemorable, with a basically cute face beneath a short sheaf of glossy black hair, an 'all right' ass and passable legs.

But much more than just his - her - body was different. The spell was quite comprehensive, and the entire house was affected, everything he owned shifting in nature to match his new identity as a girl. Even the clothes he was wearing shifted as his body did, the sweater now fitting perfectly over huge tits that were encased in a massive white cotton bra. His briefs became feminine even as his jeans did, and his shoes shrunk to fit his smaller feet while becoming a more feminine style.

He also felt himself relaxing, moving more comfortably and easily as he neared the front door. Panicked at the thought of having to 'play' at being female for two days, he'd included a section that would make him feel more comfortable by making him able to deal with any situation with serene good humor. No matter what happened during the next two days, he'd remain outwardly calm and comfortable.

Plus, he'd made part of the spell 'poll' every woman within a ten-block radius and create a composite set of feminine skill and mannerism to flesh out his persona, so she was now able to move in a naturally feminine way. It felt odd to do so, but she had to admit it wasn't nearly as awkward.

Reaching the door, the new woman shoved the piece of paper into her pocket and opened the door, now fully female in form and manner, with a complete history and everything. The only person in the entire universe who knew she wasn't 'really' female was herself.

Just like, in two days when she made herself male again, nobody would remember that she'd ever been female. Since she planned to leave the disclaimer that excepted herself of that spell, that included her - she'd think that she succeeded with the penis enlarging spell the first time, and everything that was going to happen between now and then would be altered in everyone's memory so that he was male the entire time.

It wasn't great - but it was the best solution he could come up with.

With a smooth grace that he - she - had never before possessed, Terry opened the door to reveal a pair of handsome men standing on her doorstep.

The one in the lead was a tall, slender man with the rangy build of a runner and a shock of carrot-red hair. Behind him stood a slightly shorter man with blond hair and darkly tanned skin with the muscles that you earned doing stuff like biking and swimming rather than spending hours in a gym.

"Hi - you must be Jason!" Terry said in a chipper voice. Her lips - which she found she could taste lipstick on - were curved in a welcoming grin. "Why don't you come in?"

"Thanks." Jason replied, walking in the door - and obviously trying not to stare at the enormous endowments that strained the front of her sweater. "You must be Terri."

"Sure am." Terry replied. It felt weird, what was happening - he was deciding, generally, what to do and say - but then the spell took that impetus and converted it into a feminine manner. He'd meant to greet the guys and invite them in - but the spell decided for her which words she'd use to do it, and the way she'd stand, move and express herself while she did. It was... weird.

The second guy - Mark - wasn't nearly as successful as his friend in hiding his reaction to her huge new rack. Whereas Jason shot oblique, guilty glances at Terry's new chest, Mark was practically drooling over them. She noticed his gaze...

...and found herself straightening her back and taking a deep breath to make them even more prominent. "If I take in three more ounces of air, Mark here's going to pass out." She found herself saying to Jason with a grin.

Jason doubled over with laughter, and Mark - realizing he was gaping at her chest - flushed brightly and looked away with a muttered apology.

It definitely wasn't how Terry would have handled the situation without the spell in place - hell, she'd probably have blushed, or tried to minimize her 'assets' - an impossibility. But, that's why she'd set the spell up that way - she'd just handled it in a manner completely in keeping with her current identity.

"I'm really sorry..." Mark apologized more clearly, not letting his eyes come as high as her chest.

Terry found herself laying a hand on his arm. "Don't worry about it - that's one of the milder reactions a guy's had when he's first seen..." To her shock, she found herself cupping her huge tits through her sweater and hefting them slightly. "...these monsters. I got over being annoyed at guys for doing that about three years after puberty. I know how I look - and men are going to react to them one way or another." Turning away from Mark, she smiled at Jason. "So - you're going to be my guests for the next two weeks, huh?"

"I guess so." Jason replied, still fighting the urge to gape at her chest.

"Well, I can think of worst guests then two handsome, fairly well behaved guys." She found herself replying. "For goodness sake - there's guys who not only don't apologize when I catch them staring at my chest, they use it as an opportunity to make crude comments."

Wiggling her finger at them, she turned away. "I'll show you your rooms." She said over her shoulder, walking down the hall with a gentle, feminine sway to her ass. The guys, burdened down with luggage, followed.

As they passed the first room, they glanced in and saw a femininely decorated room perfectly in keeping with the young woman leading them down the hall. She showed Jason to his sister's room, where he'd be staying, then guided Mark to the guest room.

"Have you guys eaten?" Terry asked, and when she learned that they hadn't, promptly offered - demanded - that she make them something. Leaving them to unpack, she headed for the kitchen.

Although there was a slight smile on her fuller lips, inside she was anything but mildly amused.

What the hell was she doing? She hadn't planned to cook anything for these guys. Well, she also hadn't planned on complimenting them, but that was just a variation on the reassurance she'd chosen to give. But this offer to make them breakfast - she hadn't initiated the idea at all. It had come as a complete surprise to her when she'd offered.

It wasn't the end of the world that she was going to cook them a meal - but the fact that something unexpected had happened worried her. She didn't like the way it had snuck up on her...

...but there was absolutely nothing she could do about it. As an experiment, she tried to keep herself from making the breakfast - and found that she had this indefinable but incredibly powerful need to do what she'd said. It was.. like an addiction, she guessed. The longer she fought the urge, the worse it would get.

But it didn't rule her completely. Although it would be painful, in a non-physical sense, she could fight it. And even if she didn't fight it, she could still control what it was that she decided to make them. Deciding that it wasn't such a big deal, she started a meal of bacon and eggs, figuring that it was just a case of the spell deciding what a 'real' woman would do in that situation, and then doing it.

Putting the food on the table, the new woman found that her timing was incredible - the guys had just finished unpacking and slid onto the chairs just as she sat down.

"Looks delicious, Terri - thanks." Mark said with a smile.

"No problem." Terry replied - then was inwardly horrified to hear herself continue. "I haven't had a chance to make breakfast for a man in much too long - and here I get to make it for two handsome men. Too bad this breakfast isn't the usual cap to a fun even that it would be in.. another situation."

What the hell were was she saying? What the hell was she doing? She was coming on to these guys!

The breakfast seemed to last forever, her chatting cheerfully with the guys - and helplessly flirting outrageously. She already realized that she'd made a terrible, terrible mistake - the way she'd set the document, she was quite literally responding the way any young woman would to having to handsome, attentive men in her house.

The way any young woman who hadn't had sex in a long time would act. Because the old male Terry hadn't exactly been a ladies man, and when she'd enchanted herself to be a woman, including the disclaimer that made it seem to the rest of the universe that she'd always been female, that had carried over, as if the female Terri had the same dismal sex life.

Inside, she was nearly in a panic, but completely unable to show it. Finishing the meal, she knew she had to make her escape before anything happened.

"I hate to say it..." She said, "...but I have to go out for a bit. You guys make yourself at home, and I'll see you when I get back, okay?"

"Sure." Jason replied, and Terry wanted to run from the house. Claiming she had to get some information from the library, she went and got the book from her room for safe-keeping, and slid it into her oversized purse. She wanted to hurry and rush. Instead, the spell caused her to get her jacket and purse and leave the house slowly, almost reluctantly - complete with a backward glance over her shoulder as she walked out the door.

She was horrified to find that her body was also responding 'correctly' - her huge new nipples were engorged, and her new vagina was giving her the brand-new experiencing of feeling what a woman felt when she was 'hot and bothered' - an oddly pleasurable wet warmth inside.

Taking a couple of deep breaths, she began to walk, just strolling aimlessly until she could get herself under control. Now two whole days seemed to be an eternity to her, and she started to look for an excuse to give the guys so that she could spend almost the entire time away from the 'temptation' they brought.

* * * * *

"Mark... we really shouldn't be in here..." Jason said, nervously, looking around Terri's room.

"Come on, man - you couldn't have missed the way she was coming on to us over breakfast. Not only has she got tits the size of Montana, but she's hot to trot." Mark said. "except, maybe that's just her personality, right? So we need to take a look around, see if we can get a hint as to whether or not she's really ready to jump our bones."

"Well..." Jason said, hesitantly, remembering the way she'd acted over breakfast.

"Three choices, man. One, she just acts this way all the time, and gets pissed if we start coming on to her. Two, she's really hot for one or both of our bods, and we're so uncertain that we don't take advantage of it. Three - she's horny, and at least one of us gets the fucking of life-time."

"Good point." Jason allowed, then began to go through the paper piled on the roll-top desk. "Hey - what the hell do you think this is?" he asked, holding up a sheet of paper.

"What's it say?" Mark asked, going through the closet.

Shrugging, Jason read off the phonetically-spelled words on the paper.

* * * * *

Lost in her thoughts, Terry wandered through the nearby park, her huge tits swaying with each step she took. Still unsure how to deal with this unexpected situation, she sighed and lowered herself onto a bench and stretched her legs out in front of her.

Terry idly massaged her thigh muscle through the sheer fabric of the black nylons she wore, reliving the pressure on them that came from walking in heels. Rotating her ankles to loosen them, she once more rose to stand atop the four inch block heels of her knee-length black leather boots, and smoothed the black skirt down so that the hem once more fell to just cover the tops of the boots. Lost in thought, she once more continued her walk, completely unaware that anything had changed, as the spell - the one that she'd written to get 'the woman who lived in that house' to wear boots and heels regularly, because Diane wore almost nothing but sneakers - had changed it so, as far as she remembered, she'd been wearing this outfit from the very beginning.

* * * * *

"What the hell was that?" Mark asked after Jason finished reading the 'gibberish'.

"I don't know." Jason said with a shrug. "Maybe it's her diary, and she writes it in code." He held up the sheaf of paper. "There's lots more here."

"Let me see one." Mark said, coming over. "Sure. Find anything in her closet?"

Mark shrugged. "Just lots and lots of high-heeled shoes and boots."

Looking at the next sheet, Mark began to read the words off out loud in a slow voice, trying to see if it was some sort of vocal code - like writing 'Subs to toot'. It looked like nonsense unless it was read aloud.

Unlike his friend, Mark mispronounced several words in the spell as he read it.

* * * * *

She should have thought of this in the first place!, Terry thought to herself. She was sitting in the library with the spell book in front of her, working on a spell. She might not be able to change any spell she cast on herself, but she could definitely do a new spell that would help alleviate the problem.

Feeling smug, she finished working out the spell and walked back into the stacks a bit to keep from being noticed as she quietly recited the spell.

It wasn't a spell that would affect her in any way - instead, it would affect the guys, ensuring her 'safety'. A lot of the problem was that they found her sexy, and since her body was completely average in every way, except for her tits, that meant that she'd had the misfortune of running into a couple of 'tit men'. So, all she'd do was put a spell on them that would alter their preferences so that she was excluded. And, to keep her reactions in a much more comfortable range, the spell she recited included a clause that would make them act cool and obviously uninterested in women that didn't meet the correct profile. It was the perfect solution - she'd get home, and the guys would throw off 'vibes' that would dampen down this reaction and allow her to get through the two days in peace.

She finished reciting the spell with intense satisfaction, knowing that Jason and Mark would now no longer be the slightest bit interested in her, because they were now only sexually interested in women whose background was anything OTHER than American. They were now 'foreign women freaks'.

Satisfied, Terry went back to the table and gathered up her stuff, satisfied that it was safe to go home again.

She might not have felt so secure had she seen a reflection of herself as she left. Under that short mop of dark hair was a dusky, full-lipped face with dark, sensuous eyes. She hadn't noticed the sensation of being changed by the mispronounced spell Mark had read because she had been too busy reading her own spell. And, due to the fact that everybody but her memory had changed, nobody drew her attention to her altered skin-tone and face, seeing nothing at all unusual in the way Theresa 'Call me Terri' Vinzietti, that nice Italian girl, looked.

* * * * *

As the unknowingly altered Terry headed home, the two guys looked at yet another piece of paper. "I still don't get it." Jason said. "Me neither." Mark agreed. Slowly and carefully, the two men read the words on the paper aloud, trying to puzzle out their meaning.

Shrugging, the two guys put the papers back where they'd found them, took a last look around Terri's room, and headed out to the living room to watch some TV.

* * * * *

Arriving home, Terry dropped her purse and jacket by the door and - proceeded by her huge rack - walked into the living room where the two guys sat in the deep chairs, the TV so loud as to have hidden the sound of her entrance.

Smiling slightly, Terry started speaking, and as she started, the guys turned and rose, smiling at the sight of her return.

From the first instant, everything went wrong - and Terry knew it. Because even as she began to speak, she heard the Italian accent in her voice and recognized it for what it was. Though she didn't know how it happened, she recognized the significance of it, and was inwardly horrified, but unable to express it.

She'd planned her statement to get a firm reaction out of the guys. She'd wanted an undeniable 'snub' to cool her reactions to them> So, by the time she realized something was wrong, it was much, much too late to take back the words that flowed out in a sweet, accented contralto.

"Hey, you handsome studs," She heard her voice say. "Don't tell me you'd rather watch TV than let me entertain you."

She'd said the words in anticipation of a firm, cold turn-down - but that wasn't what happened. The two men lit up like Christmas trees. "Fuck, no." Mark assured her, his eyes riveted on her huge tits. Thanks to her spell, the guys' interest in her had almost doubled, as she was not only a foreign woman - but a huge breasted one.

Terry, however, was already trying to figure out how to get out of this horrible, nightmarish situation, even as her body began to respond to the presence of the two men...

...then her eyes took in their crotches. Their hugely bulging crotches, where massive erections were straining the fabric of their jeans.

Terry realized that they had found the spells she'd negligently left on her desk. It was obvious that they'd read the one that she'd corrected, the one for a larger cock - although, thanks to the way she'd worded that disclaimer, she was the only one on the planet who realized they'd changed. Somehow, they had also done something that had changed her into a foreign woman.

But at the sight of their huge bulges, the female 'forebrain' she'd unwittingly cursed herself with forced her lips into a smile - and she found herself unable to force herself to give an excuse - any excuse - to escape.

"Good - 'cause I have a lot of entertainment planned for you two." She heard herself say in a sultry voice, and was horrified. She struggled to make herself turn and leave, to escape - but her female 'forebrain' wouldn't let her buried 'real' mind do that, as it now had control and was acting in an 'appropriate' manner for a long-denied, hot-blooded Italian woman facing two handsome, horny, hugely endowed men.

Helplessly, she drew nearer to the two men. "Hey, why doesn't one of you help me with this sweater?"

Mike eagerly replied, grasping the bottom of the skin-tight garment and peeling it off of her as she lifted her arms to make it easier for her. The action exposed her massive, dusky, bra-encased mounds, and the men started drooling.

"Fair's fair - Jason...?" She wiggled her torso seductively - helplessly - and Jason eagerly undid the front-clasping garment and peeled it off her huge tits. While she shuddered internally, she moaned in soft pleasure as each man began to fondle on a huge tit, licking and sucking on her huge, engorged nipples.

"Yes... that makes me want to suck on something too..." She said, horrified at the words spilling out of her mouth as she sank to her knees and reached for Jason's fly. Undoing his pants, she lowered them and his underwear to his ankles, revealing his massive, thick cock as it sprang free, hard and throbbing. Fifteen inches long, the throbbing, veined organ was equally as thick, with an almost purple crown.

And, helplessly - hopelessly - Terry opened her full, soft lips and took it into her mouth.

She moaned in apparently genuine enjoyment as, deep inside, she screamed in horror as she began to expertly suck Jason's cock, tongue swirling as her lips and hands worked in unison, using composite skills taken from dozens of women.

It didn't take long to bring him to the brink - and over, 'Hunggrily', she gulped down the warm, salty goo as if it were the most wonderful thing she'd ever tasted, wanting to vomit as it spurted down her throat. Thanks to the spell, the huge organ produced copious amount of semen, and she drank all of it down without missing a drop, like the 'expert cock-sucker' she 'was'.

Then she turned and smiled at mark, slowly laying back and spreading her legs. "Help me get the rest of these clothes off, lover." She cooed, and Mike complied, undoing the laces on her boots and sliding them off, then grabbing the waist of her skirt and pulling skirt, panty s and nylons off quickly.

"Now fuck me." She helplessly begged. "Fuck me hard."

Smiling, Mike dropped his pants, revealing a cock that was identical in every way to his friends. Eagerly, he positioned himself and thrust his huge cock deep into her hot, wet cunt.

Terry screamed in ecstasy - and not all of it was the action of her controlling forebrain. She'd never felt anything like this, and the pleasure actually grew as Mark fucked her hard and deep. Although she was disgusted and horrified by being fucked, it felt phenomenal, and when they reached orgasm together, her mind was almost swamped under the shear pleasure of her female orgasm.

She thought that maybe that would be it - but her spell had done more then just enlarge the guys cock and increased sperm production. even as Mark pulled his juice-coated organ from her newly broken-in cunt, Jason was straddling her, his huge cock laying between her massive, thick mounds, which she 'happily' folded around the saliva-slicked organ to allow him to tit-fuck her.

Just as she 'happily' rolled over on all fours to let Mark take her up her virgin/'ready' ass, crying out in 'pleasure' as his huge organ forced it's way in.

In truth, her real mind had become a gibbering mass, unable to cope sufficiently with what was a kind of rape, her body performing willingly and eagerly while her impotent mind screamed and cried.

By the time Mark was done using her ass, Jason was ready again, and he wanted a shot at her hot, wet cunt while Mark anticipated her hot lips around his cock...

* * * * *

Hours later, Terri lay in the bed in the guest bedroom, cum dripping from almost every inch of her body and sopping into the sheets. She stared up at the ceiling with a fixed grin on her face, every opening in her body filled with the seed of the two men who were finally played out and wearily climbing from the bed.

"How the hell did a woman like you ever get to be so damned insatiable?" Jason asked wearily with a smile.

And, her mind still staggered from the constant barrage of sex, Terri blurted out the word 'Magic' - which led her to explaining the book and it's power, never mentioning that she'd once been male, but saying that she'd made her tits grow and had altered her appearance, keeping anything from being done to her for two whole days.

She soon drifted off into sleep, and under that soothing unconsciousness, her scrambled mind slowly rebuilt itself. By the time she awoke and peeled herself from the sheets to go shower, she was almost sane again.

But she didn't remember blurting out the secret of the spell book last night, and the fact that the guys only fucked her three times each during the day was taken as a welcome respite rather than a sign that should be investigated. Mainly, she tried to avoid the guys and their temptation that she couldn't refuse, her shaken mind never thinking to ask what they were doing in her room all that time, simply thinking that mark had taken it for his own after the condition his bed had ended up in.

By the time she found out the truth... it was too late. Much too late.

* * * * *

Two weeks later.

Smiling, Diane walked up the path to the bungalow and unlocked the door, happy to be home, although she'd enjoyed her trip immensely.

Pushing the door open, she crossed the threshold - not able to notice her T-shirt suddenly bulge outwards, struggling to contain the firm, round, DDD-cup tits that suddenly blossomed. Swaying seductively atop six-inch spiked-heels that she hadn't been wearing moments before, Dee swayed into the living room.

"Well, well, well." She cooed in an Irish-accented voice. "I see you've been busy."

"Hi, Deirdre." Terri giggled from her place in front of the recliner where Carl - Mark's friend - sat watching TV. Then the huge-breasted Italian woman wasn't able to say anything at all as she bowed her and slurped up all eighteen inches of Carl's huge cock with obvious enjoyment.

"Hi gorgeous." Mark said, walking down from his bedroom with a smile. "Missed ya."

"Mmmm... I missed you too." Dee said, wrapping her hands around his neck to pull him in for a deep, passionate kiss. "I missed this even more." She said, fondling his bulging cock with a smile. "Let's go to your room and get reacquainted, shall we?"

"Sure thing, babe." Mark said, pulling her after him.

From the kitchen, Jason watched this impatiently. Tired of Terri - for now - he'd let Carl have her. And he wasn't interested in his own sister, even if everybody now remembered her as being Irish, and no relation to him. He'd expected somebody to come buy by now, but as of yet...

Then he heard footsteps up the walk, and he waited, the doorbell rang, and Terri - licking her lips - ran to get it. Jason hoped that it was a female, as he wanted his new sex-slave pretty damned quick.

* * * * *

Terri opened the door to reveal the heavy-set, unlovely visage of her mailman, Lewis Chalker. "D'livery for ya." He said, holding up a package. "ya wanna sign for it?"

"Sure - step inside." Terri giggled, while inside he wanted to scream for the mailman to run away - and take her with him. Because she knew that Jason had unwittingly screwed up the spell, not even realizing that magic could change more the just thoughts and bust- size...

* * * * *

Unable to stand it any longer, Jason trotted to the front door...

Where he was met by the lustful gaze of a tiny oriental woman sporting tits that took up most of her torso. They were easily as big as Terri's massive tits, but on a smaller frame.

"Hi - I'm Leu Chee." The woman, in a postal-delivery uniform - said in a lust-fueled voice. "And I want you to fuck my brains out." "Sure thing, babe." Jason said, escorting her towards the back of the house, his cock stiffening.

He was glad 'another woman' had come by before the midnight deadline. After Mark had called Carl over to help, they'd put a spell on the house that would turn - they thought it was any woman, but it was really anybody - who crossed the threshold into a woman of foreign descent, with varying bust-lines, all larger than average. And all of them would be super-horny, and eager to fuck anything with a dick. The spell would 'deactivate' at midnight tonight, and Jason had begun to worry that he would have to find another way of getting a sex-slave.

* * * * *

"Okay, girls - you have fun." Jason said with a grin, watching the three of them on the bed, their new bi-sexual urges taking them completely.

Closing the door to the bedroom, Jason smiled at his friends. "Well - shall we?" He suggested, gesturing towards the front door. The three of them had decided that - before the midnight deadline was up - they would extend their 'harem' by going out and picking up three hookers and then bring them back. Once the girls crossed the threshold, they wouldn't be asking for money...

Smiling, the three guys filed out the door...



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Missing in action since the 60's, one man wakes up in the present to find that he has been the subject of a series of strange experiments in Russia and now inhabits the body of a beautiful Russian woman.

Missing In Action

By Gunslinger

Alarms, by their very nature, are meant to be hard - if not nigh on impossible - to ignore. Even so called 'silent alarms' were anything but, the designation simply meaning that the raucous alert sounded elsewhere then on the premises. After all, alarms are not to be soothing, subtle or silent - they are meant to be alarming.

All in all, it wasn't the least bit surprising that the strident electronic hooting of the alarm echoing through the building's hallways was able to make it's way through the thin veil that separated Sergeant Douglas William Clayborne from consciousness.

The United States Army, mainly through the less-than-benevolent auspices of the myriad drill sergeants of it's basic training facilities, prepared new recruits for combat with lessons designed to be memorable. Lessons that were not so much learned, as instilled. One of these lessons, and a very important one at that, was that being slow to rouse could ensure that a soldier would never rise again.

Consequently, even before reaching anything like the full intellectual capacity of your usual human being, the central, nearly bestial core-of-self that lay at the center of Clayborne's mind knew that there was something very, very wrong. The very difficulty he was having at bringing the full capability of his mind to bear in itself revealed a problem even before he was awake enough to account for the fact.

All of which served to make his first, coherent thought practically preordained: *'I've been drugged.'*

Through little more than sheer force of will, Clayborne forced his mind up through the hazy barrier of whatever sedative or soporific flooded his system, his mind more intent on cataloguing what his sense reported than considering them.

Even as his brain noted that it didn't recognize either the specific sound of the alarm, nor the unknown threat it specified, his eyes fluttered open. Instantly, a flood of bright light all-but-blinded him, and he narrowed his eyes to cut the glare as he instinctively raised and arm to shield his dazzled eyes.

The act of lifting his arm took more effort than he expected. Even as the frightening weakness of his own arm registered, so too did the fact that the motion created sensation that, if not immediately identifiable, were easily classified as being 'not quite right'.

Blinking furiously to rid himself of the blue-orange spots still dancing in front of his dazzled eyes, Clayborne let his head roll to the side, peering out at a view not obscured by that blinding light.

The drug leaving him feeling thick-witted and dull, it took him a moment to assemble the pristine white tiling and spotless stainless-steel esoterica around him into a coherent mental image that he could classify.

'I'm... in an operating room...' His mind finally reported, the thought managing to stand out in sharp-edged contrast to the fuzzy, vague impressions provided by the rest of his mental processes.

He held the thought close to him for a second, not even considering the implications as he let himself hold onto the fragile thread of a coherent thought - but even as he gripped it tightly, the thought began to waver and dull, sliding into the frighteningly vague background of his slow, muddled thought processes.

Blinking, trying to clear his head, Clayborne bushed himself into a sitting position - and found that the effort was considerably more difficult than it should have been, even factoring in the strange weakness of his arms. More than anything, the extra difficulty in simply sitting came from the strange, softly heavy weight on his chest, one that hadn't slid off even when he'd managed to pull himself upright.

Frowning thickly, he looked down - and even in his drugged state, his male mind had no trouble identifying the weight masses that had made rising so difficult.

Breasts. Boobs.

Knockers, chest melons, honkers...

"...tits." Clayborne said, thickly. "I.. I've got tits..."

Even through the vague mental state, that fact was enough to spark a sort of vague, wool-swaddled panic - one that was hardly alleviated as his befogged brain was able to register not only the higher, softer tones the mumbled remark had emerged in, by the slimmer, smoother arms at the edge of his field of vision, bracing his slimmer, smoother and less muscular torso upright.

"I... I'm a... chick..." Clayborne managed to mutter, tone dazed only in part due to the drugs flooding what was most obviously a feminine body.

Even that thought, that horrified/amazed realization, was hard to hold firmly onto - especially in the face of the ever-present hooting of the horn, designed to draw attention to itself. In her foggy, benumbed state of mind, the inexplicable

feminine Clayborne found the horn's call derailing any other train of thought, reaching deep to the instinctual part of her mind that demanded a reaction to the sound, and whatever crisis it represented.

Awkwardly, Clayborne swung her legs over the edge of the surgical bed she found herself on. As she did so, she noted, vaguely, the longer, smoother legs that were swinging, and the fuller 'sitting on a firm pillow' sensation of the ass she was swiveling on. Though both sensations were unnerving, damned near paralyzing in implication, her mind couldn't hold onto the disgust, shock, amazement and fear that the sensations engendered.

Rising from the surgical bed was an... *interesting* experience.

The feeling of weakness in her considerably slimmer, less muscular body created the impression that she was incredibly heavy and massive - and yet, thanks to the drugs and her strange state of mind, she felt almost as if she were drifting, as if she had great mass, but no weight.

With the slow, studied grace a person might use if carrying an incalculably valuable *objet d'art* or a live explosive, she carefully rose to feet that felt too ridiculously small and slender to carry her weight, and slowly made her way across the room.

The room itself was mostly circular, with a second-story glassed in viewing area above. Most of the room's lighting came from the blindingly bright surgical lights suspended above the centrally- positioned bed, and in the stark shadows thrown by that lighting Clayborne could see the signs of hasty abandonment. A tray of surgical tools was overturned, the previously sterilized instruments scattered across the floor, and it was to this glittering array of stainless steel she made her way.

Carefully, she eased into a crouch and wrapped her hand around the haft of a shining scalpel.

For a long second, she stared at the slender, feminine hand gripping the surgical instrument, turning it this way and that to see not only the fine-boned structure of the long fingers, but the long nails that tipped each finger, and the smooth suppleness with which the skin slid over the slender, rotating wrist.

Transferring her gaze to the scalpel itself, her instinctual urge to arm herself satisfied, another coherent thought managed to swim it's way through the murky currents of her thoughts and to the forefront of her mind.

"What were they doing to me...?" She asked herself - and the muted edge of terror that the thought brought with it managed to allow her to hang on to the thought longer than any of the previous ones, which lead directly and inexorably to a need to a sort of 'self check'.

Gripping the blade tightly in her slender hand, the new woman moved with that stately grace to the set of doors nearby, pushing through the swinging door into the surgical robing room.

There, near two scrub sinks, was a full-length mirror, and Clayborne slowly approached the feminine image reflected within.

There was absolutely no trace of the man she'd used to be in the strange woman who gaped back at her from the mirror.

Gone was the dense-packed runner's muscles on a broad-shouldered, lean-hipped frame of peasant Irish stock. Indeed, this body was practically the antithesis of that one, narrow where it had been bulky, full where it had been trim.

The woman gaping back at Clayborne from the mirror shared not a single trait in common with the short, dark-haired grandson of a Dublin publican who'd supported his father's adopted country by joining the US Army.

She was tall. Not just tall for a woman, but tall in terms of men, as well - and much of that was made up by legs that seemed to go on and on forever.

Though no longer possessing the ropy muscles of her old body, this tall new body was well-toned and generally athletic, though in the smoother, less hard-edged way of a person who's fitness didn't come from mindless repetitive exercise in a gym, but from a general active, mildly challenging lifestyle.

She in no way matched the general run-of-the-mill standards for beauty - and despite that, the flaxen-haired woman Clayborne had become was stunningly beautiful, sensual, and powerful.

Though her firm and fully-packed body was not as model-slender as women usually went for, the extra mass in no way made her look heavy or awkward - for, with her height and her build, it would have made her look badly ill-proportioned if they had been. Her hips were very full and womanly above her long legs, both factors serving to make those firm-fleshed legs look 'long and slender' in comparison - and, likewise, making her waist seem slimmer than the firm, taut mass it actually was.

Her ass, having so much room and material to work with, was actually quite spectacular, yet without looking 'bubbled', but smoothly segueing from those long, well-toned legs into her equally well-toned back.

Her breast, on a lesser woman, would have been gigantic - but given the firm-packed mass of her new frame, the basket-ball sized spheres of taut flesh made her 'merely' stunningly buxom.

Her face was a study in cool, powerful beauty, like a Nordic landscape - all her features were well-defined, only the smooth rounding of the well-placed edges keeping the term 'chiseled' from being appropriate. The strong, well-defined chin would never be described as masculine, not with the firmly full lips that lay above them - nor would anybody mention that perhaps her slender nose was a bit too sharp and pointed, for to do so one would have to keep themselves from being caught in the incredible gaze of the ice-blue eyes that flanked that nose.

All around this stunningly beautiful, powerful face fell a thick mane of silver-gold hair, rich and luxurious.

A tightly-trimmed patch of pubic hair in the same cool metallic shades surrounded her new, undeniable, womanhood.

She was, to coin a phrase, 'a whole lot of woman'.

Her slowly clearing mind insisted that such a transformation insisted that such an extensive transformation should have been medically impossible - and the very sight of her Amazonian new figure seemed to bear that out.

Not a single scar or other surgical mark created a flaw on her tall, tightly packed new body. "What the hell is happening...?" Clayborne asked the buxom reflection, almost as if hoping her inanimate doppelganger could provide an explanation - but none was forthcoming. And she finally turned away to the more prosaic task of finding something to wear.

There was clothing aplenty to choose from in the lockers lining the rooms walls - which was a good thing, for that much clothing was necessary to find enough that would fit her remarkable new frame.

With her mind slowly clearing, better to hold on to the horror and disbelief she felt at her new body, she desperately wanted to cover every sign of her new, feminine, status - but that wasn't to be. With her size and oh-so-feminine mass, there was no chance at all of finding anything 'loose' or 'bulky' to hide the curves of her new figure. Indeed, her trouble was finding anything at all to fit her new form even tautly.

Though she certainly would have loved to dress solely in men's apparel, it just wasn't possible. It was possible to do so in part, however, and as much as she could do so, she did.

Though loathe to touch her feminine new form, as if her inexplicable transformation was somehow kept from being 'real' until she did so, she was nevertheless forced to feel the feminine flesh of her new form through her equally feminine new hands as she dressed in her mismatched ensemble of clothes.

Every touch only drove home her new gender, and caused yet another shudder of revulsion, despair, and unwontedly powerful curiosity and amazement.

The first article of clothing she pulled on was a man's undershirt, A plain white tank-style garment, it probably would have hung slightly loose on it's last owner - but, pulled on to her remarkable new body, it clung as tightly as a second skin. Though the back of the shirt hung just to the curve her extremely full and firmly-packed new fundament, the front of the garment not only hung several inches above her waist, but a good eight inches out from it, held in that position as it fell from the curve of her remarkably firm, full breasts.

It had taken a struggle to get the garment down over the spherical breasts it now clung tightly to - and the feeling of the tight fabric running over the smooth skin and full, pink nipples was not only remarkably different then anything Clayborne had ever felt, but disturbingly pleasant - as was the continued, almost caressing pressure of the taut fabric against her full new nipples.

Over the undershirt she pulled on a starched white man's dress-shirt taken from the same locker.

Slightly loose at the shoulders and considerably looser at the waist, the shirt was nevertheless the right general size for her torso, the folded French cuffs of the expensive shirt sitting properly on her slender wrists as she carefully clasped them closed with the gold cuff-links found on the top-shelf of the same locker.

The always-awkward one-handed task of cufflinks was made all the more difficult by the longer, neatly ovaled nails tipping each of her fingers - a literal 'handicap' that also made it more difficult to button the small, white buttons on the shirtfront.

Which of them she was able to button, at any rate.

Though fitting well enough in terms of length, the garment was lacking in depth, never designed to contain the massive endowments her new form sported so proudly. On her full, broadly feminine ribcage, those massive breasts were visually downsized to 'merely' huge - but the shirt wasn't meant for breasts of any size.

It was, however, obviously meant for a vain man with a bit of a paunch, whose shirt was oversized a bit to help hide the fact - and the bit of vanity that went into the custom tailoring of the shirt meant that it was possible for her to do up all the buttons to the one just below the most prominent point of her firm new tits.

That left the top four buttons undone - and, even with the undershirt allowing the straining dress- shirt to leave her looking 'respectable', the shape of her new form stretched out the neckline of the shirt enough to display a tantalizing hint of her apparently endless new cleavage.

There being no form of underwear, male or female, in the lockers - since, after all, one hardly changed those while getting into 'scrubs' - Clayborne was forced to do without.

Which meant she had to lightly bite her full lower lip, and simply bear the sensation of tight black leather enclosing not only her wide, well-rounded new hips, but clinging tightly to the full ass and new womanhood she now possessed.

Not a single male garment came anywhere close to fitting her womanly new hips. The black leather shirt, designed for a fairly 'hefty' woman, managed to fit - but barely, like a second skin that not only showed her taut ass and full hips, but whose equally tight waistband underscored her exaggerated hourglass physique.

More than that - though wide enough to fit her, the skirt was designed for a much shorter woman, and the taut garment just barely managed to cover her undeniably feminine new crotch.

There also weren't any shoes to be had.

As she dressed, she managed to partially deflect her mind off the sensations of her feminine new body by questions about the situation she found herself in.

First and foremost, of course, was how a man found himself transformed into a tall, strikingly beautiful woman with huge, impossibly firm breasts - but she could rather gratefully push the disturbing question aside with the knowledge that she had no clue as to how to even begin to answer that one. More immediate concerns, like where she was and how she'd gotten there, took precedence.

The last think Clayborne remembered before awakening was being in combat.

He'd been separated from his squad, and lost in the forest. It had been a night of a quarter-moon further diffused by light cloud cover, and he'd been thoroughly lost and afraid, not knowing if he was still in friendly territory or not. Rifle clenched tight in hands slicked with sweat despite the cool autumn air, he'd crept through the underbrush as silently as possible, trying to be just another shadow in the dark countryside...

...and then *she'd* awoken on a table in some operating room, as a woman.

No other clues or answers were forthcoming, no matter how much she wracked her brain.

Having finished both dressing and testing her uninformative memory, Clayborne walked over to the desk in the corner of the room and tried one of the drawers, hoping to find some clues of some sort within.

The drawer itself was locked, but it wasn't exactly a high-security lock, and the think blade of the scalpel had no trouble slipping into the slim crack at the top of the drawer and loosing the bolt from it's seat. She pulled open the drawer...

...and felt a literally immeasurable sense of relief at the sight of a handgun resting inside.

Hefting the Model 1911A1 Colt Automatic Pistol, the new woman expertly released the magazine and quickly glanced at the mellow brass glow of the top .45 caliber cartridge. Reassured, she slammed the magazine back into place and quickly chambered a round, putting the gun 'in battery', ready to fire.

Armed and with a mind almost completely free of the drug that so heavily influenced her upon wakening, Clayborne squared her strong new shoulders and boldly strode to the door opposite the one she'd entered. She paused at the door and took a deep breath...

...then quickly let it out, as the shirt threatened to burst open where it was straining over her monumental - and disturbingly sensitive - new breasts.

As ready as she could ever be, given the situation, her ever nerve already on edge, she turned the handle of the outer door and stepped with quickly, cat-like motions out into the corridor.

Her mind registered the presence of another person in the hallway. Even before the mind could finish cataloguing the details her eyes were reporting, Clayborne had brought the pistol up, target lining up in the fore-and-aft sight picture of the Colt's fixed iron sights as her slender new thumb expertly flipped the rough-patterned safety on the side into the 'off' position.

The man she was aiming at was standing in front of doors that, strangely, seemed to be made mostly of glass, allowing her to see several other people on the other side of the insubstantial- looking doors. They were little more than background shapes to her, however, as she focused her attention on the uniformed man sharing the hallway with her, a startled look on his blunt, weathered face.

"Easy!" the man said, quickly, spreading his hands to the side, palms out, to show that he was unarmed. "Nobody's going to hurt you, mi.. um, soldier."

Quickly, Clayborne's mind ran over the details her eyes had reported to her, taking the raw data and collating and sorting it into useful information.

The man facing her was almost as tall as her, and fairly heavily built in the manner of a once awesomely fit man who'd begun to let himself ease off. Though the weathering of his tanned face and the gray of his crew-cut hair indicated he had a good three decades on Clayborne's own age, he nevertheless still held himself erect and well balanced, and was leant an added authority by the doctor's attire he wore.

"Nobody's going to hurt you. We're here to help..." The doctor said, reassuringly. "Please - lower the gun..."

Clayborne's hand didn't so much as waver.

"What's going on here?" She demanded, hating the richly feminine voice the demand came out in. "Where am I? Who are you? What's happening?"

She didn't leave so much as a pause of breath between these questions, nor did she leave room for him to answer any of them before she shouted out the most pressing question of all: "Why the hell am I a woman!"

'Why' was definitely more important at the moment than 'how'... The doctor swallowed nervously.

"This is going to be difficult for you to understand, to believe..." He said, awkwardly. "Then make it clear, doc - real damned fast." Clayborne demanded...

...and to make sure he got the point, she pulled back the Colt's spurred hammer with an ominous 'click'.

The doctor hesitated, obviously searching for the right words. After a long moment, he swallowed nervously, and began.

" According to Army records, in May of 1974, Sergeant Douglas William Clayborne of the Second Platoon of the Thirty First Infantry division became separated from the rest of his squad while on night patrol in the Qui Trang province of the Republic of Vietnam." The doctor said, slowly, his dark eyes level on Clayborne's own. "No trace of him was ever found, and he was officially listed as 'Missing in Action'."

Clayborne frowned tightly.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" She demanded, angrily. "What the hell happened to me? How did I get changed into a woman?"

The doctor's face worked, awkwardly. He hesitated - then continued: "Less than two months ago, after nearly thirty years of tireless American work since the end of the Vietnam War to discover the fate of some of our missing servicemen, answers were finally provided - not by the People's Republic of Vietnam, but from an unexpected source, within the Russian Federation..."

"You're lying!" Clayborne shouted, refusing to believe such a story - needing to refuse. "This.. This is not some... some time in the future! This is some sort of trick!"

"No, it's a..."

"Shut up!" She screamed, raw panic working her frighteningly close to hysterics. "I'm, not going to listen to this.. this bullshit!"

Looking around, her eyes fell on a door clearly marked as EXIT.

"It's all a lie!" She shouted, sidling towards the door. "Where am I, 'doctor'? Russia? Is this all some sort of... of trick? Some Russkie ploy to get me to spill some sort of military secret? Well it won't work...!"

"Wait, don't..." The doctor called out - but she ignored him, keeping the gun trained on him until the last instant, when she put her shoulder to the door and burst through it.

The instant the fire exit was opened, another alarm added its voice to the din, but Clayborne ignored the bleating sound as she quickly looked around, taking in the alley-way she found herself in.

Quickly, before the so-called 'doctor' could follow her out, she grabbed a rusting iron bar from a pile of discarded building materials nearby. Quickly, she jammed one end under the metal handle of the fire door, and the other in a pot-hole in the cracked pavement of the narrow alley.

Having successfully slowed any pursuit, Clayborne quickly de-cocked the gun and tucked it, and the hand gripping it, under her left armpit, almost completely hiding the weapon.

Quickly, she headed away from the door - but not by the obvious directions, going down the alleyway either way, but by quickly leaping atop a low concrete wall opposite her, then up and over the barrier of the mostly-open structure that lay across the alley.

Though lit by fluorescent lighting, the interior of the open, multi-tiered structure was considerably darker than the noon-time sun of the alleyway. Even as the chill of the day began registering on her adrenaline-filled system, she hurried deeper into the dim interior of what was obviously a parking structure, her eyes struggling to adapt to the dim lighting - even as her

mind struggled not to notice what the chill air and the even chillier concrete under bare foot was causing to happen to her thick and sensitive new female nipples.

Her eyes slowly adjusted...

...and she stopped dead, gaping at the cars in the parking structure.

Cars that bore the familiar names of Ford, Dodge and GMC - but looked nothing like any Ford, Dodge or GMC she'd ever seen.

"No..." She muttered to the air. "No, it... It's some sort of trick. Some sort of Russian trick. I'm not in the future. It's 1968, and I'm....

* * *

"...I'm Clayborne, Douglas W, Sergeant, United State Army. Serial Number 173 "

Drumming his fingers angrily on the desk, the Russian shook his head sharply in negation, silencing the much-repeated 'name, rank and serial number' routine.

Turning from where Doug was seated on a hard wooden chair in the middle of the room, the Russian - a Colonel in the KGB - looked at the nervous-looking doctor standing in the corner of the room.

"You assured me - you assured the Politburo - that the imprinting could be undone!" The Colonel snarled, more in frustration than anger. "This... man could hold uncounted secrets in his head - and he is still stuck in the 'cover' you so thoughtfully provided him, Comrade Doctor!"

"It is not my fault!" The doctor replied, too quickly, as Doug still tried to make some sort of sense of the unlimited strangeness that had gone on since inexplicable finding himself... taken... by the commando team of Russian Spetznaz forces that night, almost a month ago.

He still wasn't sure whether he was a prisoner of war, or something completely different...

He'd been treated... well. Very well, in fact, though at now time had there been any indication that he was anything other than a prisoner. Still, the Russians, in heavily accented English, had been polite and as solicitous as possible, short of actually freeing him.

Far from it - he'd been flown to Moscow, where he'd been brought to this Colonel's office - and to this Doctor.

Both of whom had made utterly preposterous claims...

...claims that the Colonel made once more, turning to look at Doug, his face tightening in an odd expression.

"You are not Clayborne, Douglas W., or any other insipid American of any name." The Colonel had explained, patiently. "You are Ivan Timiovich Stravanski, a member of the KGB Second Directorate who bears a striking resemblance to an American who died in a fishing accident off the coast of Alaska. That was Doug Clayborne. We... took the body, and extracted fluid from his hippocampus - or rather, Comrade Doctor Vutunin here did. You allowed us to inject the American's fluid - his memories - into your own mind, then let 'Doug Clayborne' get rescued, the perfect penetrator agent... but, somehow, some way, you have lost yourself... almost as if something else was transferred, as if..."

"As if my soul was transferred from a dead body into a living Russian one?" Doug had asked, sarcastically. "Gee, right - but you godless communists don't believe in souls, do you...?"

It had been a wise-ass remark, of course - the entire story was preposterous. He had been in a fishing accident, yes, and he had nearly died - indeed, he'd had that 'tunnel and bright light' experience he'd heard about, but he hadn't died, and he hadn't had his brain drained, and he wasn't some damned Russkie double agent. He was: "Clayborne, Douglas W, Sergeant, United State Army..."

* * *

Clayborne became aware of herself again.

She was leaning heavily against a concrete support pillar, her entire body shaking in the aftermath of the memory that had just resurfaced, sharp and clear despite her having repressed it so sharply until now.

"See...?" She said to herself, as she forced herself to straightened, shivering in the cold air. "A trick. A Russian trick. That 'double agent' crap didn't work, so they're trying something new, that's all..."

Pushing away from the support, she walked on freezing feet towards the downward-leading slope on the other side of the parking area. She needed to get out of her, to find some place to hole up, to keep warm - it was too damned cold for her to go running about without a coat, much less shoes...

A squeal of tires from the upward-leading ramp caught Claiborne's attention, and she stiffened - until a smoke-trailing rattletrap of a car came rumbling down the ramp.

It was old, in bad shape, and belching enough blue-gray smoke to form an artificial fog-bank, but the rusting old brown Dodge was perhaps the most welcome sight imaginable - for not only were its dented lines familiar, in a decrepit sort of way, but because of the person behind the wheel of the rattling, exhaust-belching vehicle.

Clayborne had no idea exactly what was going on here, or how, or why - but she'd be willing to stake her life on the fact that the man behind the wheel of the shuddering automobile wasn't part of any organized deception against her.

In fact, she thought to herself as she made sure the gun was carefully tucked out of sight with one hand as she flagged down the car with her other, she *was* betting her life on it...

Then again, as the car pulled to a stop and she got an even better look at the person inside, she felt reassured.

After all, she simply couldn't imagine the KGB using an agent, for any reason, who was a thin young man with spiky-slick hair, earrings, and - incredibly - what appeared to be a stud earring stuck right through the side of his nostril!

It was simply too unlikely...

...though not as unlikely as the very situation she found herself in, she reminded herself.

"Hey..." The young man said, with a lascivious grin as his eyes homed in on the huge breasts straining the crisp front of her dress shirt. "Whazzup, babe?"

"I, um..." Clayborne said, a bit discomfited by the man's rather crude behavior. "I was wondering if I could get a lift..."

"Sure..." The man agreed, easily enough., "Hop in."

Getting into the car, she made sure to keep the gun out of sight - not too difficult a task, since the man's eyes seemed all-but-welded to her huge new bust. Once safely in the car, she used the act of reaching down to unspool the seat-belt to slip the gun between the door and the seat, hidden but accessible.

"I'm Jack." The young man introduced himself to her tits.

"Svetlana." Clayborne replied - and instantly wondered why the hell that name had popped out of her mouth.

"Whoa - cool name." Jack said, putting the car in drive and heading out of the parking structure. "So

- where to, Svetlana?"

Still confused by the name that had simply popped out of her mouth, Clayborne - Svetlana - shook her head slightly. "Um... Actually, I really don't have any place in particular to go. I was just freezing my.. feet off."

The man's glance finally shifted from her bust, briefly touching on her bare feet with a surprised look before, thankfully, he turned his attention to his driving.

"Well, I'm heading back to my place." Jack said, carefully. "You can come by and hang out until you can call a friend or something to pick you up."

"That would be great..." Svetlana said, quickly - before it registered that the man was fishing to find out if 'something' might be a husband or boyfriend.

Realizing that she was in a close-closed space with a man who found her sexually attractive was a very, very disconcerting situation for her.

Instead of letting herself dwell on the thought, she tried to turn her mind to discovering why on earth she would have given that name to Jack, reaching back into her mind for the reason...

* * * "Bah!"

The Colonel threw up his hands and turned away from Doug... or what was left of him.

"You've succeeded in 'suppressing' the Clayborne persona - but now he'd a mindless vegetable!" The Colonel raged at Doctor Vutunin. "Look at him! He just sits there and drools!"

It wasn't true, Doug thought, numbly, staring out of the eyes of the body that had become his prison with the Comrade Doctor's too-successful suppression of his own mind.

Helpless, unable to so much as lift a finger for himself, he could only sit there - not drooling - as the doctor and the Colonel discussed his fate.

"He'd absolutely useless!" The Colonel raged. "Not necessarily..." Vutunin said, slowly.

"What does that mean?" The Colonel asked, bitterly. The doctor shrugged.

"I have more then one experiment in progress about the memory-transfer process." The doctor said. "With your permission, I'd like to use what remains of our young friend here for another experiment."

"What would that be?" The Colonel asked. "Putting him in the mind of one of our Chinese brethren next, perhaps?"

"No..." The doctor said, slowly. "One born with extremely limited intellect. I'd like to see of a transfer would increase the newborn's intellectual capacity."

"Oh, wonderful..." The Colonel had snorted derisively. "Some two-year-old boy with the skills of an American infantryman."

"Actually, the newborn's a girl..." The doctor had started.

The Colonel waved a hand. "That was sarcasm, Comrade Doctor. Actually, I could not care less what you do with him, not anymore. Go ahead - take what's left of this man, use him however you - and the State, of course - see fit."

"Very good, Comrade Colonel..."

* * *

Svetlana Douglas Ivan Olgavich William Timiovich Vatutin Clayborne Stravinski sat bolt upright and screamed in horrible, horrifying realization.

Hovering nervously over the couch in his apartment where he'd laid her after carrying her shivering, blank-faced body from his car, Jack started at the throat-rending scream that peeled from the buxom, beautiful woman, eyes going wide.

"What.. What's wrong!" He begged of her, his nervousness at her strange behavior and apparent epileptic attack increasing into sheer panic as his helplessness was made even more evident.

Wringing his hands in panic, he tried to get through to her. "Svetlana - what's wrong?" "I remember!" She shouted, blankly, in Russian, then again, in English: "I remember!" "Remember?" Jack said, shaking his head in confusion. "Remember what...?"

The answer to that... was *everything*. She finally understood.

The final procedure had not been sanctioned by the state. It hadn't even been medically advisable - but unable to bear the thought of his own daughter growing up without any chance at all, Doctor Vatutin had injected the mixed memories and personas of the two men into her brain in the wild hope that it would help.

It had. She hadn't understood until now, but it had indeed.

She should have lived her life afraid, confused, and unhappy, with an intelligence far below par. Indeed, her intelligence had, indeed, been nearly moronic...

..but it hadn't mattered.

The two minds within her own hadn't been 'alive', exactly. Suppressed, they had been more in some sort of 'suspended animation', like flies trapped in amber - but their memories and instincts and experiences had all been intact, and she had unconsciously drawn on these through her life.

Though she hadn't known where the instincts and thoughts came from, she'd made use of them, replacing a lowered intellect with two lives worth of experience and judgment - and where she should have been miserable, she'd led a full and happy life.

Until now.

When old KGB records had come to light, the Americans had flown her over to do some tests, trying to determine how the sick/intriguing experiments her father had performed on her had affected her, and to find some sort of closure regarding their MIA. During their tests, something inexplicable had happened - memories she shouldn't have had came forth during what should have been a routine electroencephalograph...

That had startled - hell, scared - the doctor...

...and had brought those other two minds back to life.

The shock had been so great as to repress all but the strongest persona, at first - but now, all three were free, were 'alive' and thinking...

...and Svetlana, the 'owner' of the body and mind they shared, had full and complete access to both intelligences, jumping intently from moron to genius as her mind, for the first time, spooled up to its full capacity.

She took a deep breath, her features smoothing out as two male lifetimes of pain and horror faded from that first, painful burst of recovery, as she realized that the pain and unhappiness they had felt was in the past - and that this was a whole new future.

For all of them.

"It's okay..." Svetlana said, softly - both to Jack, and to herself. "It was... a bad memory."

She looked at Jack through eyes that were new and amazed, seeing the world differently than she ever had - in any of her incarnations.

"It's more than okay..." She said - and this time, she was talking to the two male personas now intermingled with her own.

She smiled.

Gently, her hand shaking slightly, she reached out and lightly drew a long, slender finger over the smooth skin of Jack's surprised flesh.

Inside, she was feeling a roiling boil of emotions. Doubt and hesitation warred with anticipation and excitement as the co-mingled parts of her tried to sort out their feelings for what was happening...

...but it was Svetlana who had the edge in all of this, and who was guiding their combined actions, even if the male portions of her newly enhanced intellect were more than a little uncertain - more than a little repulsed - by what she was 'suggesting'.

It didn't matter. It was... 'instinctive', a mind-set of the male forms they no longer held.

It was time she showed them that they didn't have to be unhappy any more. It was time she repaid her debt to them for the life she'd inexplicably been happy in.

It was time to show them how pleasurable their new, feminine life could be.

Sliding her hand around Jack's neck, Svetlana pulled his lips down to her own, and kissed him.

She had to fight her male portion's urge to stiffen and thrust the man away, forcing herself to relax into the kiss that the surprised man began return eagerly after a moment's hesitation. She forced herself to fight the 'male' urges that insisted this was wrong - and, in doing so, forced them to find out the obvious.

It felt good. Very good.

As the kiss deepened, and the pleasure increased, she released Jack's neck, certain he no longer needed the extra encouragement. Instead, she used her nimble fingers to quickly undo the straining buttons of her shirt, and pull the taut fabric of the undershirt up over her breasts, setting the free.

Making sure that Jack wouldn't miss the 'hint', then proceeded to guide his hands to her wonderful full, huge breasts, while she brought the other down to caress the firm, taut flesh of her thighs.

Pleasure thrummed through her - and the queasy/unhappy/disgusted feeling in her male side began to recede, caught up in the pleasure generated within the body they shared.

Pleasure that, given the fact that the body was female, wasn't 'wrong', wasn't 'homosexual' - but clear and sharp and oh-so-right.

As Jack eagerly groped at one thigh and one breast with his hands, she mirrored his touch with her own hands on the other breast and thigh, moaning low in the back of her throat at the pleasure their combined touch brought, mingled with that of the hot, passionate kiss they continued in. the combined male parts of her new person finally stopped resisting what she was doing, letting themselves 'go with the flow', enjoying the sensation she was providing for them, showing them that it was all right to not only leave their long seclusion - but to accept, even participate, in their new, feminine life.

As if dawn were breaking, she felt the persona themselves come forward, entering the conscious stream of her thoughts...

They increased the eager hunger of the kiss, reveling in the pleasure, living 'in the moment' with awe and wonder at the taste, texture and touch of the man they were kissing with their full, so- wonderfully-sensitive feminine lips.

She broke that kiss, feeling their body alive with eager excitement and sexual demand, thrumming with both pleasure and need...

"Jack..." Svetlana said in her rich female voice.

"Make love to me." Doug said, with a charmingly hesitant eagerness, feeling their body thrum with desire.

They paused, even as Jack gaped at her in hopeful doubt.

"Make me... feel like a real woman..." Ivan confirmed, even more hesitantly - but with equal desire.

Sveltana lay back on the couch, the simple act of spreading her taut thighs causing the too-tight, too-short skirt to ride up, exposing their wet and ready womanhood.

"Fuck me." Svetlana demanded.

Doug and Ivan suddenly had second thoughts, a lifetime of male upbringing and behaviors suddenly breaking through the wonderfully pleasant cloud of feminine arousal...

...but it was too late, as Jack hurriedly hauled down his pants and underwear and eagerly slithered up on the couch between their taut thighs. She only had enough time for a quick, sharp in-draw of breath that could have equally been eager excitement or the preparation of a demand to stop - and then Jack, with great willingness no but particular skill, thrust his hard and ready manhood deep into the wet, silky embrace of her pussy.

"Oh, god, that feels amazing!" She cried, unsure what male side of her was so stunned by the realization, while the female part of her followed it with a knowing chuckle.

Jack, however, took it as encouragement, his thin hip begin to buck eagerly.

"Oh, my dear god in heaven!" She cried, the intermingled response of all parts of her as the pleasure of her sensitive cunt embracing his hard cock washed through her body. "Oh.. Oh, um.."

Only a third of her wanted to cry out an unrestrained 'Yes! Harder!', and so she had to settle with more ambiguous sounds emerging from her shred throat...

...but that didn't make the incredible pleasure of sex any more ambiguous. It was sharp and clear and real...

...and not even two thirds of her mind wanted it to stop, though the division certainly wasn't cleanly along gender lines as both male brains struggled to deal with the fact that they really did want - that they really were enjoying - being fucked as a woman.

The internal struggle and mix of emotions wasn't painfully obvious to an outside observer - and Jack was hardly at his most observant at the moment. Not terribly skilled or experienced, sexually, he was making the most of this unexpected sexual windfall, driving away for all he was worth with little in the way of technique...

...but it still felt utterly fantastic.

"Oh, umm, oh.." She gasped in unnoticed ambiguity - while the two male portions of her mind tried to deal with the internal information from her female part that told them that sex could actually feel much better then it currently did, for a woman.

It didn't seem possible. It didn't seem survivable - as the triad of her mind was breaking own momentarily in the rising wave of pleasure, each mind degenerating to a sort of bestial level as the primal pleasure of orgasm quickly approached.

Then, like a bolt of lightning from a clear blue sky, it hit...

"Oh, holy god, this feels fuckin' fantastic...!" She screamed at the top of her lungs, back arching as her orgasm tore through any boundaries of propriety or gender and briefly re-united three minds that, currently, weren't so much thinking, as experiencing. "Yes, yes, yes! Fuck yes! Fuck me, fuck me, oh, yes...!"

Trembling, she rode the knife's edge of orgasm for as long as she could, almost unaware of the way she was frantically grinding her hips against the now-rigid Jack as his own orgasm hit, trying to make the eternal instant last just a little longer...

...and then it was past, and she was slumping back on the couch with Jack on top of her as her mind rebounded back to its new triptych, and she tried to make some sort of coherent sense of what her three-way mind was thinking.

"My God..." She whispered to herself, stunned. "that was.. incredible..."

Then, and instant later, she flushed a bright red, and squirmed out from underneath Jack.

"I.. I can't believe I just did that!" She gasped, yanking down her skirt and frantically trying to get her clothes in order., "I can't believe I talked myself into.. I mean, I don't even know "

She found herself giggling even in the middle of her embarrassment, her female third laughing at the two male portions' attempt to distance themselves from the eager desire they'd just indulged in.

"I.. I can't.. I have to..' She stammered, her mouth receiving cross-instructions from her minds as she staggered to the door. Spotting a pair of old sneakers near the door, she gestured at them, nearly frantically. "Can I...?"

Stunned, still trying to catch up to the strange woman babbling at him, Jack nodded, and she quickly jammed her feet into the slightly too-small shoes - and then literally flew out the door of the apartment and away from the man she'd just finished fucking.

"What the hell were you thinking...?" She demanded from herself. "I shouldn't have.. that wasn't... we can't..."

Once more, her self-dialogue broke down under the attempt to say three separate things at once, and she fell into a stunned, ashamed, and disgustingly self-satisfied silence as she tried to bring the three parts of her mind around to some sort of agreement as to what had just happened - and what they were going to do, now that they had a new life shaped by three very separate persons fused into one.

"It.. did feel good..." She murmured to herself, thoughtfully - then repudiated herself: "But I acted like.. like some slut!"

Caught up in her own internal dialogue, she didn't notice the startled double-take her comment drew from a man she was passing on the sidewalk out front of Jack's apartment.

"I.. wouldn't usually act like that...' She reassured herself - and it was a half-and-half proposal.

"I won't do that again!" She said, more sharply - only to modify it immediately with: "Not like that..."

Softly, she questioned herself: "Am I supposed to be celibate for the rest of my life...?" Then, hesitantly, "Well, no, but..."

No part of her could come up with anything adequate to finish the thought. Pausing to try and sort herself out, she glanced around idly...

...and found herself looking at a slender, trim young woman leaning over to unlock the door of her car.

Leaning over - and drawing her jeans tight across her full, firm, taut ass.

Svetlana found herself looking at that ass - and smiling slowly and warm, her body beginning to tingle with arousal...

"What the hell am I doing...?" She whispered to herself - as a strong surge of reaction came back from the other parts of her.

It wasn't words - but if it had of been, it would have been 'Turnabout is fair play'...

...and then Svetlana blushed furiously as she realized that she'd continued to stare at the woman, who'd finished unlocking her car and had started to slide in - and caught sight of Svetlana's intent, nearly hungry gaze.

The woman looked back at her with a raised eyebrow.

"I.. was wondering if I could ask you for help..." Svetlana said, finally having settled on a more immediate matter that her new life was going to need her to pay attention to. "I forgot my purse at the hospital. I hate to ask.. but could I possibly get a lift? I'd be happy to pay you something, once I get my purse back..."

"Oh - no trouble at all...!" The woman said, brightly, gesturing at the passenger's side of the car. "Please, hop right in."

"Thank you..." Svetlana said, gratefully, walking around and sliding into the passenger's side of the car - and blushing anew as she found her male selves making her take another long - and highly appreciative - look at the lovely young driver. She forced her eyes away as the woman started the car and put it in drive.

"I.. really appreciate this.." Svetlana said... and found her eyes sliding over to the hint of cleavage the other woman's blouse displayed before she could drag her eyes away again.

A light, feminine touch made itself known on Svetlana's bare thigh.

"I don't mind helping a lovely lady like yourself at all..." The driver said, smiling knowingly as she lightly traced on finger over the taut flesh of Svetlana's thigh. "I don't suppose, after you pick up your purse, you might like to go for a drink... or something?"

Slowly, two-thirds of Svetlana smiled warmly back at the woman.

"That sounds quite.. enjoyable." She said, lightly licking her own lips - and then reaching over to return the light caress on the other woman's denim-clad leg.

This new life of hers, all three parts of Svetlana mused at the same time, could get... interesting. Complicated, confusing, and awkward...

...but *definitely* interesting. THE END.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: A top fashion designer with a condensing attitude, is tricked by his female assistant into submitting to experiments where he is turned into a willing female model for latex and leather

Model Prisoner

By Gunslinger

The lulling sounds of crickets floated through the warm spring evening as the stars began to shine in the darkening sky. Accustomed to the comings and goings of man, their song altered not a whit as the hunter-green Mercedes limousine glided quietly down the long, tree-lined drive.

As the elegant vehicle rolled further down the drive, the soothing spring sounds gave way to the muted sounds of a large gathering of people. The drive terminated in a circular lot in front of a large, elegant mansion. The louvered windows were opened wide to take advantage of the cool evening air, and it was through the open casements that the jocular sounds, accompanied by fans of light, spilled forth.

The luxurious German-made vehicle pulled to a halt before the pillared entrance to the mansion, and a liveried footman hastened to open the door. Not deigning to acknowledge the servant's presence, the man in the rear of the spacious vehicle

slowly stretched and stepped out, his expensive Italian leather shoes 'clocking' quietly as he strode towards the front door. The butler, taken unawares by the man's quick, firm stride, barely managed to pull the heavy oaken door out of the way. At no time did the darkly handsome man break stride, supremely confident that the door WOULD be opened before her reached it.

They always were.

Greta Mueller, hostess to this little 'soiree' looked up as the man entered. She immediately recognized him, of course. A few years beyond her prime, and not aging gracefully at all, the wide, false smile Greta forced to her over-done lips did little to improve her negligible beauty.

"Mr. Goldman! I'm so glad you made it!" Greta gushed insincerely. The man's cold, aristocratic features remained impassive as he shook her out-stretch hand.

"Of course." He murmured neutrally. One of the richest, best connected man in the fashion industry, Kurt Goldman often wore a neutral expression, the better to deny any information to his rivals. And, to Kurt, everyone he met was a rival, be it past, present, or potential.

Dressed in an extraordinarily well-tailored suit from one of his London shops, Kurt wasn't actually a designer. For that he was heartily thankful - it seemed to him that the more talented and successful a designer was, the less attractive they were. Such as Greta Mueller.

Kurt was anything but unattractive. Tall, broad shouldered, and yet deceptively lithe, he had a slightly dusky skin tone and a full, wave head of deep black hair. Amid this dark coloring, ice-blue eyes brooded beneath dark brows, in a consistently watchful gaze.

As he strode deeper into the room, conversations withered and died in the cold light of that gaze. Every person in this room owed their living to the fashion industry, and as Kurt moved through them, fear and unease gripped their bowels. More than one found fortification in the downing of whatever alcoholic beverage they held. To a soul, every man and woman in this room feared the man suddenly in their midst.

And for good reason.

Kurt Goldman, 'Le Enfant Terrible', was THEY main motivator in the fashion industry today. Young for a man with his wealth and position, he'd been even younger when he'd taken his gamble, and sunk every cent of his hard-won money into struggling fashion designers, struggling models, failing Advertising Agencies, and collapsing factories. Now, Kurt literally owned the designers, whose clothes were produced in his factories, worn by his models, and advertised by his agencies. He held an iron fist about the pulse of today's fashion.

And not only 'haute couture.' Kurt's influence and ownership stretched from elegant evening wear to sexy dance wear, to unique - and expensive - fetish wear. If it was worn, Kurt had a hand in it.

Reaching the geographic center of the large room, Kurt slowly turned in place, assuring that he had the complete and undivided attention of everyone in the room.

"Ladies and Gentlemen..." he began, not raising his voice above his usual, conversational tone. People on the fringes strained to hear. "All of you here were invited by Miss Mueller because you are part of the 'haute couture' divisions of my companies. Now, I know she has invited you here to celebrate the spring line's showings, but since I need to speak with all of you anyway, I will take this opportune moment."

You could have heard a pin drop. Without even looking, Kurt held out a hand imperiously, and the closest person who could place a snifter of Glenlivet in his hand. Kurt took a sip before continuing.

"Due to a severe drop in the sales of our higher end lines, both in North America and abroad, I have decided to discontinue all lines except for our active wear, club and dance wear, and our, ahem, 'intimate' apparel."

The silence grew thick with shock. But, even in their shock, not one voice rose in an automatic 'you can't do this.' Although Kurt was secretive and reclusive by nature, every one of his employees knew that he could, indeed, do this.

"Now, I am not firing you tonight." He said, ignoring the slowly rising mutterings of consternation. At the sound of his voice, those in the back shushed the others, seeing a glimmer of hope held forth.

"I am allowing a six-month grace period. By the fall showing, I expect each and every one of you to have come up with a Fall line that will fit our new strategy. Those unable to shift their creative talents into the new field will, of course, be let go after this six-month period. That is all."

Ignoring those trying to get his attention, Kurt strode from the room as his employees, most of them watching their careers and livelihoods fall down around them, watched him leave in a mixture of rage and despair.

As the heavy oaken door slammed shut behind him, (propelled by the anger of Miss. Mueller's butler), Kurt heard the anger, despair and panic in the voices spilling out of the open windows. Completely unmoved by it, he walked up to his waiting vehicle. The servant, not having heard the news, was polite and courteous as he opened the door to the Benz, but Kurt ignored the politeness as thoroughly as he'd ignored the butler's anger. Settling back into the soft, cream-colored leather seat, he clicked on the intercom and ordered "Home, James."

His chauffeur slipped the car into drive and it rolled forwards towards the winding lane. He wondered what bomb-shell his boss had dropped on the group inside - of course, he hadn't deigned to inform James of his purpose in coming here. James just knew it wasn't to socialize. Mr. Goldman NEVER socialized.

For that matter, James wasn't even the name the chauffeur had been christened with. Born Robert Douglas Whaley, he'd been desperate for a job to support his family when he'd applied to Mr. Goldman. However, the wealthy, handsome man refused

to be driven about by a chauffeur named Robert, or - God help us - 'Bob'. So, Robert, needing the money, had swallowed his pride, and legally changed his name to James.

It just proved how insidiously Mr. Goldman's power wormed its way into every facet of his employees lives.

Arriving home, Kurt climbed the marble steps to his home and unlocked the door. Surprisingly for one of his station, he had no butler, or other live-in help. He simply did not trust anyone to the extent of allowing them to share the same home as him, even if they would have been quartered in the separate servant's quarters. And so, his huge, sprawling mansion was dark and silent as he made his way to his luxuriously appointed bedroom.

Performing his nightly rituals, he then crawled into bed and shut off the light. It wouldn't be accurate to say that his conscience allowed him to sleep soundly.

Kortland Alexander Goldman, the second, simply did not possess anything as mundane, as COMMONPLACE, as a conscience.

* * * *

Kurt walked into the reception area of his office the next morning, his face set in its usual inscrutable expression.

Behind the desk, his secretary Maeve looked up, forced a smile. She was a slender woman, with a clear, open face and a mane of long, red hair.

"Good morning Mr. Goldman." She said brightly. "You've got several messages waiting for you from your designers."

Kurt waved a hand negligently. "Throw them away." He said. "I want you to call Ms. Crater up to my office. After you've called her, come in. I have something for you to do."

Maeve suppressed a grimace. "Of course, Mr. Goldman." She said, forcing herself to sound cheerful.

Satisfied that his instructions were being carried out - as usual - Kurt waited for Maeve to open the mahogany door to his private office, then went in.

The room was large luxuriously decorated, with expensive Persian rugs on the hardwood floors and a massive redwood desk, hand-carved out of a single piece of wood, dominating one side of the room. Crossing over to it, he lowered himself into the custom-made leather chair, and began to flip through this month's financial reports.

A moment later, the door opened and Maeve entered. Forcing her smile to remain in place, she crossed the room, her high-heels clicking as she crossed the hardwood flooring.

Kurt pushed the chair out from the desk a bit, allowing enough room for Maeve to kneel. Expertly, she undid his trousers and extracted his limp penis. She set to work using her slender, delicate hands and full, soft lips to get his large penis hard.

Kurt sighed softly as her warm, experienced mouth encircled his rapidly hardening cock. She hadn't been very good when she first started. But, he'd purposefully hired her because she was an illegal immigrant, with no money, and no family in this country. She couldn't go to the law - she'd find herself being deported, as well as fired and broke. Now, only two months later, she was extremely proficient at pleasuring him.

Kurt always preferred fast learners.

The ornately carved doors to his private office swung open, and Lynda Crater, his Vice President, strode in. She was a tall, muscular woman with her sandy blonde hair pulled into a tight bun, and a severely cut suit in a beige fabric hid her strong, but definitely female, body. She strode up to his desk with a firm step, showing none of the deference of his other employees.

"So, I assume you told them?" she asked. She completely ignored the fact that her boss was getting a blowjob. She was used to seeing such things during their private meetings.

Kurt nodded. As always, he was still slightly surprised at his choice of second-in-command. Until he'd met Lynda Crater, he'd trusted no-one with that much power, and the thought of giving it to a woman would have made him laugh. Until then, he'd always considered women second-class citizens, who were dangerously emotional and unintelligent. As far as he'd been concerned, women only had two good points - their use for sexual playthings, and the fact that 87% of his sales were to women.

And then, Lydia had entered his life. Never before had he met anyone, male or female, with his same cold, emotionless intellect and staggering business sense. For all intents and purposes, Lynda was practically a female clone of himself. She thought, acted and spoke almost exactly the way he would have in any given situation.

Of every person he'd ever come in contact with in his life, including his now-dead parents, Lynda was the only person he trusted. Only she knew every detail of his empire, including the secret side of it. Only she knew of the illegal acts, the hidden corporations, the sidelines. In fact, he'd split his illegal - and highly profitable - businesses, and allowed her to run half of them, with no oversight at all by him, aside from checking the profits they brought in. Although he still handled the gun running, the illegal gambling, and the prostitution rings, Lynda handled the pornography, drug deals, and illegal medical research for him.

Kurt gasped slightly as he came, his cum gushing into his secretary's warm mouth. Dutifully, she swallowed, then excused herself and left. Kurt watched her trim legs as she exited the room, then once more turned to business.

"I don't think they were happy to hear the news." He said sarcastically, zipping his fly.

Lynda shrugged. "Who cares what they think." She said indifferently. She tilted her head to one side. "I came to discuss one of the medical projects I'm running."

Kurt rose and walked to his well-stocked bar and poured himself a scotch. "You have complete control over everything. The reason I gave you these things is so I wouldn't be bothered by them." He said, not quite threatening. He sipped his drink.

Lynda nodded. "Of course. However, this is something very, very big. I think you should definitely come take a look at what we've developed. The implications, the chances of profit, are so huge, I think it will take both of us to milk it dry."

Kurt's eyebrow rose. "Oh, I see. Well, then by all means, let's go take a look, shall we?" He started to put his glass down.

Lynda waved a hand. "Not like that, Kurt." She said. "This is so big, I gave it the tightest security I could. That means we have to do it differently."

Kurt knew what she meant. With some of his gun-running, he'd had to use that sort of security. Like the shipment of plutonium to Japan. If she'd done such a tight security on this project, it must be really big. He trusted her enough to accept that she wouldn't ask him to follow such elaborate precautions unless it was worth it to him.

"This is what you'll have to do... " Lynda said, and began to explain.

* * * * *

Slowly, the 1996 Dodge Viper crept across the gravel below the bridge, and pulled to a stop, its powerful engine idling in the deepest shadow. Then, the engine was shut off, and the silence that reigned in the hours just after midnight regained its mastery.

Kurt climbed out of the powerful roadster and looked about. Unusual for him, he was actually following the instructions of somebody else. Lynda had given him extremely precise instructions, and he'd followed them methodically.

Now, he stood and watched as a lonely tug, pulling a huge barge, slowly made its way to the breakwater near where he stood. Kurt had been suitably impressed when he'd heard of Lynda's ingenious method for hiding a high-tech lab. The huge barge was a box-like affair on a shallow hull, rusting and decrepit. But inside the steel walls was a top-of-the-line medical research facility, two stories tall and totally self-contained. As it drew abreast, a man appeared on the deck and lay a gang-plank out. Moving quickly, Kurt boarded the still-moving vessel, which then pulled back towards the middle of the river. Following the uncommunicative crewman, he entered the secret lab.

The door closed behind them before the lights came on, so that anyone passing by wouldn't spot light spilling from the open door. Inside, the barge was clean and well appointed, if somewhat Spartan in its decor. Lynda was waiting for him.

"Just follow me." She said to Kurt, after dismissing the crewman. The billionaire followed the muscular woman down a down the carpet hallway, to a handleless door. Lynda punched a code into the key-pad beside it, and it slid open. She gestured Kurt in, then followed him.

Instead of a room, they were in a short hallway with another door at the end. The door they'd entered by slid shut, trapping them in the small space. Two guards, armed with Uzi's, watched stone-faced behind a bullet-proof window with firing ports built into the wall on Kurt's left.

Lynda ignored the armed men and approached a scanner set into the wall. Stepping up to it, she placed her hand on the screen and waited as it read the whorls of her fingerprints before the light turned green. She then punched another code into a keypad, and the second door slid open, allowing them access. Kurt was impressed with the security of the site - even the CIA was easier to get into than this.

Past the second door, a state-of-the-art lab was revealed. Gleaming medical equipment filled the room, most of which Kurt was unfamiliar with. Lab-coated technicians worked purposefully at various work-stations, as a short, well dressed oriental man in the obligatory lab coat approached them.

"Ah, Lynda. This must be the famous - or perhaps infamous? - Mr. Goldman. Welcome to our little science project." The diminutive man said, smiling. He made no effort to shake Kurt's hand.

Lynda smiled. "Exactly. Kurt, this is Dr. Choi. He's our top man here."

The oriental nodded. "That's why I get paid the big bucks." He said. He waved a hand around. "As you can see, we're very busy. We're preparing for our first full-scale human test of the complete set of procedures."

Kurt heard the door behind him his open, but he neither turned around, nor stepped aside to let whoever had entered pass by. "I see." He said to Dr. Choi. "I assume that's why I'm here? To observe this test?"

Dr. Choi's smile widened revealing perfectly white, even teeth. "Not exactly." He said.

Kurt never felt the special injector as it pumped the drug into his bloodstream. The tall black man who had come in the door pocketed the injector and stepped past Kurt, nodding to Dr. Choi as he passed.

Choi waved at the equipment behind him. "Using techniques we've developed, we can no modify the human body in any way imaginable, and even in some ways that aren't. We can alter a body cosmetically in every way a plastic surgeon ca, yet no doctor would ever be able to distinguish it from natural process." He informed the impressed billionaire. Kurt's mind began to total up the worth of such an awesome ability, and even for him the value was staggering.

Then, an incredible pain gripped his chest, and he began to gasp, barely able to breath."

"Kurt!" Lynda exclaimed, grabbing his arm. It was no use, as his vision began to dim, and his knees buckled. He sprawled on the floor, trying desperately to breath. As his vision darkened, he heard the oriental doctor calling for help, saying "Can't you see he's having a heart attack?" Then everything went black.

Dr. Choi watched at the drug finished it's 'heart attack' phase, and became a strong sedative. Kurt's breathing evened out as he passed into the deepest levels of unconsciousness, completely detached from reality. Lynda leaned over him, a predatory smile on her lips. "You ARE our test, Kurt darling."

* * * * *

Kurt awoke. At least, he thought he was awake - all he could see, or not see, was an impenetrable blackness. He tried opening and closing his eyes, but was unable to tell any difference between the two. Also, he could hear no sounds at all around him. Not the slightest sound intruded, not even the sounds of his own body - the rush of blood in his ears, his own heartbeat, nothing. He realized that he was completely blind and deaf, and wondered if the stroke had done it to him.

Then it dawned on him. He also couldn't feel anything. No sensations at all. Not the weight of his own body, not even his own breathing. Every single one of his five senses was completely and utterly dead. His mind spun as he tried to reason out how it was possible that he had absolutely NO sensations whatsoever. He couldn't even feel his tongue in his mouth.

* * * * *

Lynda pulled out the chair and settled into place beside Dr. Choi. She looked at the console in front of her, it's displays showing a bewildering display of data, then at the oriental doctor.

"Everything going okay?" she asked.

Choi nodded, smiling. "Perfectly. The subject has just regained consciousness. I wonder how Mr. Goldman likes the Tank?"

'The Tank' was the Sensory Deprivation Chamber, or SDC. A chamber of special liquid, Kurt floated inside of it in a completely neutral buoyancy. He was uncased in a specially made suit that completely deadened all sensations, including sound (with special headphones), sight (With special miniature LCD displays in the helmet before his eyes), and the others.

"The great thing about the Tank" Lynda said, "Is the speed. With no input, the brain can't keep track of time. To the subject, seconds feel like hours, and minutes feel like days." She shivered slightly, recalling her own try at the tank. Unlike Kurt, she'd known what was going on, having helped design the tank. But knowing where she was hadn't mitigated the 'time factor.' She'd lain inside as time stretched on. She'd begun to worry that they'd forgotten her, then began to panic after almost twelve hours, realizing that something must have happened - everyone must be dead and she was trapped inside, with no way out. She was going to starve to death, trapped inside a tank of...

And the, Dr. Choi had helped her out of the tank. Incredulous, she'd looked at the timer - she'd been inside for just under a minute. That's when she realized just how powerful a tool the SDC was.

"I still can't believe that the little shit bought my act." Lynda said, still trying to cope with some of the things she'd done to maintain the pretense. Well, it had all been for this one chance to get revenge of the slimy son of a bitch. She was just glad that some of the employees at the company had had enough courage to come - secretly - to her Feminism lectures, and spill the whole story to her. No, it was time for her to exact payment.

Leaning forward, she picked up a microphone.

* * * * *

As the time passed, hours stretched away, and Kurt was forced to come to grips with the truth - he must be dead. Limbo was the only explanation for his current state - nothing else was possible. He had always rejected the possibility of God, of any higher power than himself, and so far he still held that belief - but Limbo, the empty nothingness after life...

And then, a tiny sound reached him. Under any other circumstances, it would have been impossible to hear, but now every mental fiber of his brain strained to make out the voice. It came from every direction at once, and held an odd timbre, neither male nor female. He strained to make out the words, as the voice slowly got louder.

"Kurt." It said, passing the threshold and becoming audible. "You must listen to Me. You have sinned against Me." The voice was gaining power now, and he didn't need to strain to hear it.

He tried to shout his denial at the voice. He believed in no deities, no gods. Yet - here he was, and SOMETHING was talking to him.

Only, the voice had gone silent. He waited for it to speak again. As the time stretched on, hours passed on into days. Slowly, he found his mind beginning to deteriorate. With no sensory input, it began to wander and become confused. Coherent thought became difficult unless he focused on one thought. His mind began to create memories and images, distorting them as if seen in a funhouse mirror. And the most horrible part was, Kurt KNEW he was slowly going mad.

He began trying to talk to the Voice, but got no response. He went to cursing insulting the Voice for doing this to him. But as the days stretched on into weeks, he slowly changed, pleading, then begging, then finally, praying. He repented, crying out each and every sin he could remember, then repenting of it. With infinite time, he delved deeper and deeper into his mind to dredge forth every smallest infraction, and beg forgiveness for it.

And finally, just as he hovered on the brink of insanity, the Voice spoke again.

* * * * *

Lynda spoke into the microphone, knowing it was distorting her voice electronically. After delivering her lines about sin, she slowly sipped at a cup of coffee and nibbled on a Danish as she watched the timer count off eight minutes. Since the time factor depended solely on each individual's brain, converting 'Tank' time to real time was only a 'guesstimate', but eight minutes would equal roughly a month, give or take a week.

Finishing her coffee, Lynda put her mug down, and leaned back to the microphone.

* * * * *

"You have sinned, but I am merciful" the Voice said, and Kurt wept with gratitude for its return, and its mercy.

"I am a Just and Merciful God." The Voice said. "I shall grant you a second chance. If you fail Me, your fate shall be worse than you can possibly imagine."

Kurt cringed mentally and swore he'd not fail again.

"I shall instruct you." said the Voice. "Heed my words, and obey."

* * * * *

Inwardly, Lynda smiled as she moved on to her, or rather 'God's' instructions to Kurt.

"You must not speak of this to anyone. My plans for others dictate you must act if this is solely and completely your own will." She said, reveling in the power she wielded.

"As you must Do Onto Others As You Would Have Them Do Onto You, now you must reap what you have sown. I shall return you, and you will renounce you business and earthly goods. You will give them all to Lynda Crater, to do with as she sees fit." She smiled at the thought of the shear wealth she was about to inherit.

"Then, to atone for your crimes, you must experience what you have done. You will go to Lynda, and beg her to use her influence to make Dr. Choi change you. You must become the very woman of your fantasies. You must have your body molded to be her, and you must dress and act how you would wish of such a woman. In every way, shape and form you must BECOME your fantasy woman. Only then shall you be atoned."

* * * * *

Kurt's mind whirled in shock and dismay. Give up everything he'd earned? Become a WOMAN? Never! He refused to do such a thing. Women were weak, emotional creatures. Their only purpose was to provide service and pleasure for men. He could never become such a subservient person. It was unthinkable.

* * * * *

Choi frowned, and pointed to a screen displaying Kurt's EEG and EKG data. His brainwaves were peaking, and his heart rate had increased dramatically.

"It would seem that our subject is rejecting your kind offer, 'God'" Choi said. "Shall I?"

Lynda nodded. She leaned forward and said firmly, almost angrily. "YOU MUST SUBMIT!", as Choi twisted a control, sending electric shocks into the special suit Kurt wore.

* * * * *

"YOU MUST SUBMIT!" the Voice boomed - and Kurt was overwhelmed with pain, the likes of which he'd never endured. It screamed down every nerve and synapse of his non-existent body, and the agonizing torment was more than he could bear - but he couldn't even fall into the comfort of unconsciousness. The pain just held him in it's grasp, and he screamed and sobbed, willing to agree to anything as the never ending pain continued - as it might for all eternity.

And then, it was gone.

"Yes, yes God!" Kurt sobbed. "Anything! I shall obey you!"

"And I shall provide you with new instructions later" the Voice told him. "I shall give them to you through Lynda Crater. She will not know when I am using her body, but you will, for she will give commands in My name. She will not even remember doing so, and you shall not tell her. You will submit to these, or I shall return you to purgatory for all eternity."

And then, everything faded out.

* * * * *

Choi smiled as the EEG and EKG indicated that Kurt had capitulated. Pushing a button, a strong sedative was injected into the man's body, and plunged him into a deep sleep.

Lynda and Choi watched as two husky men removed Kurt's limp form from the SDC, and stripped off the suit. They then carried him to an empty room, much like a hospital room, and lay him on the bed.

"You ready?" Dr. Choi asked, raising an eyebrow. When Lynda nodded, Choi injected Kurt, who slowly came around.

"Oh, Kurt, I was so worried." Lynda said, touching his hand and injecting just the right note into her voice. She thought to herself that she could make a fortune in Hollywood.

Kurt looked at her uncomprehendingly. In his own mind, he'd experienced months of Limbo, and a direct commandment from God - it took him a second to bring his mind up to speed, to the here and now. "What... Where am I?" he said, sitting up.

"You're still in the lab. You collapsed over an hour ago. Heart attack." Dr. Choi said. "Luckily, our process to modify the human body includes the heart - we've altered your damaged heart. You're as fit as a fiddle, and ready to leave."

Lynda smiled at Kurt. "Just think!" She said. "We cured you from heart attacks. Do you know how much this will be worth?"

Kurt started to smile at the thought of the riches - then he forced himself to stop, as his heart raced at the thought of an eternity of pain. "Uh... yeah. Look, we should get going." He said awkwardly. Lynda (of course) didn't argue. Soon, they were back at Kurt's car, and he was giving Lynda a ride home.

Lynda decided now was a good time to test Kurt's new 'religion'. Turning to him, she smiled. "I'm glad to see you're feeling..." she said, then suddenly forced her face completely blank. "Your God commands you to inform her of your decision for a new life." She intoned in a flat monotone, then resumed her speaking as if nothing had happened. "... better. You had me worried for... Hey, what's wrong. You've gone as white as a sheet!"

Kurt gulped, his throat suddenly dry. "Uh... I'm fine. It's just that..." He swallowed again, then plunged ahead. "That heart attack made me think. I've been hiding a secret all these years, and now I've decide to let it out."

"Oh?" Lynda said, inwardly exulting.

"I've... um ... always wished I was a woman." Kurt said awkwardly. "Now with your technology, it'll be possible. I, Uh, want to give you complete control of my assets and the company, so I can start my life over, um, as a . a. woman."

Lynda feigned surprise. "Really? Well, if that's what you feel you need to do, I'll support you."

Kurt was flushing a deep red, but fear of God kept him going. "I. . I want you to call the department heads." He said, handing her the car phone. "I need to announce this to them."

Lynda picked up the phone to make the call - and turned her head away, so that Kurt wouldn't see her exultant smile.

* * * * *

Kurt and Lynda watched as the board of Directors filed out, their expressions ranging from bemused to unbelieving. Finally, the last had filed out, and they were alone in the ornately appointed meeting room.

Kurt looked down at the two documents he'd just signed, drawn up by his - now, now it was Lynda's legal department. For the first one transferred all business assets to her. The second, all of his personal assets.

Lynda rested a hand on Kurt's arm. "Don't worry." She said 'consolingly'. "I'll make sure you're not cut adrift in your new life. We'll get you a job in the company somewhere, and provide you with a place to live.

Kurt took a deep breath. "Thanks, Lynda." For the first time in his life, Kurt Goldman was having to rely on somebody else. He didn't like it - but the memories of the unbelievable pain of 'purgatory' ensured he'd obey.

"No..." Lynda started - then her face went completely blank. "You God commands that you must first practice being female." She intoned deeply. "You must learn to dress and act female before you may be permitted to be female. Inform Lynda, and she shall assist you." Then. Her strong features became re-animated. "...problem." she finished.

Kurt was staring at her, incredulous. Finally, he took a deep breath. "I...I guess if I'm going to be female I should...practice." he said, forcing the words out.

Lynda's sculpted eyebrow rose. "Practice?" she asked, feigning confusion.

"Yeah." Kurt said, flushing. "um, you know. Dressing like a...a woman. Doing makeup. That sort of thing."

Inwardly, Lynda enjoyed his extreme discomfort. "Well, if that's what you think... We'd better get started then, shall we?" Swallowing heavily, Kurt nodded.

Lynda rose, and Kurt followed her as they headed out to the elevator. In silence, they rode down to a lower floor, where the dressing rooms were for the occasional fashion show the company put on. As they walked through the hallways, employees turned to watch Kurt's passing, the news about his 'change in lifestyle' already running through the company like wildfire. His embarrassed flush deepened as their eyes followed him.

Finally, Lynda opened a door, and waved him into one of the rooms. He ducked inside, glad to be away from the scrutiny of the employees who were now Lynda's.

"First of all, you have to get rid of that body hair." Lynda told him. She handing him a bottle of hair depilatory, and gestured towards the attached bathroom. "Just cover yourself with this,, wait fifteen minutes, and rinse off."

Taking the bottle, Kurt ducked into the washroom. Closing the door, he hesitantly disrobed, the began to coat his body in the cool, creamy gel.

Shivering, he timed out fifteen minutes, then turned the shower on and stepped under the warm jets of water. He watched as the gel was rinsed off, taking his body hair with it. When he emerged, dripping wet, his skin was silky smooth from the eyebrows down. He quickly toweled off, tossing on the bathrobe hanging from the back of the door.

"Okay, that's done." Kurt said, staring at his feet. "Now what?"

Lynda indicated a pile of clothing she'd gone and acquired while he was in the bathroom. "Let's get you dressed." Sighing, Kurt submitted himself to 'the will of God', and let Lynda help him put on the first female clothes of his life.

First, she had him put on a matching bra and panties set. Plain white cotton, they were unremarkable, but to Kurt, they were more tangible a sign of his new life than signing the papers had been. He hesitated - then, closing his eyes, shucked off his robe. Quickly, he pulled the panties on.

"You should tuck that thing away." Lynda said, looking at his crotch. Flushing, Kurt adjusted his cock until it no longer bulged the front of the panties. The next step was the nylons. The ones Lynda had brought him were thigh-high black nylons, with an elasticized lace pattern at the top of each. She showed him how to roll each one up, slide his toes in, the slowly pull the material up his now silk-smooth legs, smoothing the translucent material as he went. He repeated the process with the second one.

Next, she held up a black leather corset, and he paled. "Surely, that's not necessary..." he said, almost whining.

She carefully hid a smile. "I'm afraid that, with your figure, it is." She said 'regretfully'.

Kurt took the garment and wrapped it around his torso. Lynda went behind him and began to lace it up.

Unseen behind his back, her face was wreathed in a terrible, wicked smile. Pushing her knee into his back for leverage, she used all of her not inconsiderable strength to tighten the heavy lacing.

Kurt cried out in pain as the form-altering garment compressed his waist viscously. His cry died to a whimper as he found great difficulty drawing breath as the heavy shaper compressed his waist by nearly ten inches. Pain shot up and down his spine, complaining at the mistreatment.

"It's too tight!" Kurt gasped painfully.

"Oh, no. It always feels that way at first. You'll just have to ignore it." Lynda lied serenely. She stepped back and eyed him contemplatively.

"Hmm..." she said. "With you slender body and the corset, you're doing pretty good. But with those broad shoulders, we're going to have to do something drastic to 'disguise them.'" She said, as if she was just thinking of it. In truth, she'd meticulously planned the whole thing out for maximum embarrassment for Kurt - including what she was about to do.

Opening an unmarked box, she removed something. Kurt's eyes widened at the sight of two realistic, massive breast-forms. He opened his mouth to firmly quash this - then snapped it shut as Lynda's face went expressionless. "You must submit to the will of God." She said woodenly, then 'God's presence' vanished, and she approached with the breast forms and a bottle of adhesive.

She'd ensured that the custom-made forms were exactly the same shade as Kurt's skin. Unlike 'commercial' breastforms, these had been created by a top Hollywood make-up man out of latex. They were exquisitely detailed and weighted for perfect realism, and the latex 'feathered' at the edges, becoming impossibly thin, so that when glued into place - as she was now doing - no possible way of detecting they existed. Kurt winced as their heavy weight settled onto his chest, driving home the fact of what he was doing.

When she finished, Kurt now had two massive, round, heavy tits hanging from his chest. From a spectator's point of view, they were absolutely undistinguishable from real tits. Having to force herself to keep from smiling, Lynda helped him into the custom-made 55- GGG bra.

For most women, the 'easy' way to put on a bra was to put it on backwards, below the breasts, then rotate it and snuggle it in place. For Kurt, that wasn't an option - he couldn't see below the massive false tits hanging heavily from his chest. So, Lynda had 'taken pity' on him, and supplied a front-closing bra.

Between the impossibly tight corset and the heavy weight of his 'tits', Kurt moved awkwardly as he strapped the plain white cotton bra into place and shifted his gargantuan endowments to fit snugly in the cups.

Then it was time for the final pieces of clothing - a tight, low-cut white angora sweater, and a tight white-leather mini skirt. The only thing that kept Kurt from toppling over from the weight of the tits was the fact that the corset wouldn't allow him to bend forward. He had to balance awkwardly on one foot at a time to get the skirt on. Finally, he stepped into the pair of white leather pumps with the 4 inch spike heels. Wobbling in the footwear, he followed Lynda's instructions to go sit at the make-up table. His massive tits bounced and swayed with every awkward, clumsy step he took.

Sitting in the chair, he spent the next two hours learning to 'put on his face.' Lynda showed him what to do the first time, then washed his face off. He then did it himself four times, until Lynda judged he'd gotten it right.

Needless to say, Lynda had chosen anything but a subdued color scheme. The careful use of the gloss red lipstick created the illusion of full, womanly lips, while Lynda's instructions on mascara and eyeliner created dark-rimmed, 'hooker' eyes above his strong nose.

Bright red press-on nails adorned his fingers.

The final touch was a massive, wavy black wig that Lynda lowered onto his head. Finished, she led the 'en femme' ex-millionaire to a full-length mirror.

He'd never pass as a beautiful woman - but he'd definitely pass as a slutty one. Nobody could tell that this huge-breasted, garishly made-up creature was really a man. He looked like a cheap slut. Kurt's face flamed as he surveyed himself in the mirror, yet he dared not refute his 'God'.

And, he was disgusted to find, his own cock was stirring at the sight of his transformed, huge-breasted body. "That's the dressing part." Lynda said. "Now, I guess you have to learn to act female."

The first order of business was his voice. Using a tape recorder and an oscillator, brought specially for the purpose, they spent the next two hours training Kurt to speak with a husky sort of 'phone sex girl' voice. Kurt was ashamed to be learning such sultry, slutty tones, but Lynda merely shrugged and said that was the best they could do with his masculine voice. Finally, he had it down so pat that he did it without even thinking.

By now, it was just after five, and the building was starting to empty. Lynda judged it was time for 'Kyla' to go public, that being the name 'God' had told Kurt to use.

Teetering on 'her' heels, 'Kyla' followed Lynda out of the room with mincing steps. Following instructions, he wasn't staring shamefacedly at his feet, as per his inclination, but was walking head up, impressive bustline thrust forward, with a particularly brainless smile forced on 'her' lips.

Lynda used the excuse that 'Kyla' needed to get used to the heels before leaving the building to take 'her' floor to floor and parade 'her' around in front of the remaining staff, ensuring that they knew who 'she' REALLY was.

At that moment, Kurt wanted nothing more than to die. Several times, he hesitated, and almost stopped. But his fear, and his memories were too strong, too recent. Helplessly, he put forth an surprisingly convincing act that he really did want to be this air-headed, huge breasted bimbo. He forced himself to talk to his one-time minions, trying to sound as feminine as possible in tone and words.

Finally, Lynda decided it was time to leave, and Kurt followed her. By now, he'd gotten used to the heels, and walked with a disgustingly sexy stride (at least to his mind,) that caused 'her' enormous endowments to sway fetchingly.

"Come on, let's get something to eat." Lynda said, as they slid into the limo. James leered at 'Kyla', and 'she' had to fight a blush at the lavicious look.

They pulled up at one of the swankier restaurants. Lynda, with a sort of inner viciousness, left Kyla at the bar, while she went off to 'make a phone call'.

Kyla sat awkwardly on the stool. It wasn't until 'she' realized the odd look the man next to 'her' was giving 'her' that 'she' realized 'she' was sitting in a masculine posture. Blushing, 'she' crossed 'her' legs at the knee in a more demure, feminine manner.

The man smiled wolfishly at 'her'.

"Hi." He said. "Name's Rob. Buy you a drink, miss?"

Kurt was a bout to retort angrily...then forced a smile to 'her' glossy red lips. "Uh, yes please." 'She' said in her husky, sexy voice. "I'll have a beer." Shame burned deep inside his masculine soul, but none if it showed on 'her' face.

Lynda returned. Seeing 'Kyla' fielding the attentions of Rob - somebody she'd planted here for this moment, she 'innocently' suggested he join them for dinner.

As they walked to their table, he put his arm around 'her' artificially slender waist - then slowly, deliberately, lowered his hand and fondled 'her' ass.

And Kurt, once one of the most powerful businessmen in the world - let him. * * * * *

Three days later, Kurt, in his masculine 'persona', once more stood on the deck of the disreputable looking barge. His heart pounded and his knees trembled as he considered what he was about to do - but, he also was unable to consider disobeying. The programming he'd received, combined with the 'messages from God' provided by Lynda, ensured that he really had no choice in the matter. Over the past three days, he's been kept 'en femme', spending the days as a 'French Maid', and serving Lynda in the house that use to be his.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this?" Lynda asked 'solicitously' as she led Kurt through the security doors to the main lab.

"Uh...Yes. Yes I am." Kurt said, his throat tight. Sweating, he followed the heir to his fortune as she led him over to where Dr. Choi waited patiently. The short oriental man smiled politely. "Are you ready to begin, Mr. Goldman?" he asked, gesturing towards a large console display. Apprehensively, Kurt sat down on the chair, flanked by Lynda and Choi.

Over the next two hours, they carefully mapped out the woman that Kurt 'wanted' to become. Using a large display, they mapped out Kurt's new genetic structure.

Finished, Dr. Choi led Kurt to the machine itself, a booth-like affair with a large, reclining couch. Leading him inside, Choi positioned him carefully, then withdrew. Satisfied, he engaged the machine.

Lynda and the doctor watched at the machine flared to life and began to effect Kurt. Based on the same principles as a microwave oven, the device used thousands of 'Rasers' - Lasers that used radiation rather than light. Each one was capable of tuning itself to incredibly accurate standards, and the beams carefully penetrated Kurt's body, 'mutating' each cell as per the commands from the console.

The two spectators, even though having seen it before, still watched in something approaching awe as Kurt's body changed. The beams started at his feet, moving steadily upwards.

His feet shrank, become daintier, as his ankles became more shapely. The roving beams reshaped his unremarkable legs into long, smooth shapely legs, well defined and very feminine.

Reaching his groin, fat cells expanded, firming and enlarging his ass, as his hips widened. His penis and testicles slowly shrank and vanished, to be replaced with a new, fully functional vagina, complete with internal organs.

His waist, still bearing the imprints left by the corset, shrunk, becoming delightfully slender, as fat swelled on his chest, blossoming into fully functional breast. The beams then went on to alter his - or her - face, and even her hair.

Minutes later, the beams died. Choi opened the door, and Lynda went in and helped the transformed ex-millionaire to her feet, guiding her to a full-length mirror to survey the new body she possessed.

Kyla blinked her new, ice-blue eyes and stared at her transformed flesh. She was tall and slender, with long, shapely legs and a remarkably slender waist. Two firm, C-cup breasts rode proudly on her narrowed rib-cage. Her face was exotic, a model's dream. High, sharp cheekbones and a pointed chin outlined a face with a pert, upturned nose and voluptuous lips, presided over by large, ice-blue eyes under high, arched brows. Her complexion was milky, matching her long mane of naturally wavy, golden blonde hair.

"I'm...I'm really a woman." Kyla muttered, touching her sensitive nipples, which immediately sprang to attention. Her voice was richly erotic, a sexy contralto.

Lynda smiled wickedly. "Well, not quite my dear. There's one last thing before you're TRULY a woman."

Kyla looked at her uncomprehending, as Lynda withdrew a large black plastic strap-on Dildo. She blinked, then shook her head violently. "No...NO! You can't...I won't..."

Lynda's face went into 'God' mode. "KYLA! YOU BELIEVED WOMEN WERE BUT SEXUAL PLAYTHINGS!" she boomed in her most impressive voice. "FROM THIS DAY FORTH, YOU SHALL ACCEPT ANY FORM OF SEX OFFERED TO YOU, BY ANYONE ONE!"

Kyla paled and shuddered as Lynda 'returned'. Theatrically, Lynda began to put away the dildo. "Well, If you don't want to..." she said.

Kyla sobbed, then lowered her head and submitted. "No, please Lynda, will you...will you fuck me?" she asked, tears rolling from her new eyes.

"Of course, Kyla." Lynda said. She took the new woman's hand and led her, still nude, to a compartment she'd had prepared. It was a small room, containing only a bed.

Roughly, Lynda pushed Kyla onto the mattress, then hurriedly disrobed. Strapping the black dildo in place, she spread the unresisting woman's legs, and smiled wickedly as she entered her new womanhood.

Kyla cried out in pain as the dildo entered her unlubricated cunt. Lynda had no intention of making this easy for Kyla. This was the apex of her revenge. With an evil grin, she fucked her ex-boss with viscous, painful strokes.

Mingled pain, humiliation and pleasure filled Kyla as she built towards her first female orgasm. She started to shudder as she neared the brink - and Lynda withdrew, leaving the sobbing, violated woman unfulfilled.

Negligently, Lynda tossed the dildo aside and began to dress.

"Dr. Choi will show you a place to get ready." She said off-handedly. Kyla choked back a sob. "Ready for what?"

Lynda looked at her watch. "We're having a show of the new line in two hours. You're going to be modeling on of our new line of outfits." She smiled wickedly.

Sobbing, Kyla bowed her head and submissively followed the oriental doctor to begin her new life.

Two hours later, Kyla trembled in her soul as her new body stepped out onto the runway with a sexy, smooth step.

She was dressed in the new line of clothing. Her feet were encased in knee-high platform boots, made of black leather. The slender spike heels she walked on were impossibly high seven-inch spikes, accenting her own long legs.

The matching leather panties she wore not only sported a huge, black dildo on the front, but contained two internal vibrators - one up her ass, the other her cunt. Contrary to federal regulations, both were turned on, on Lynda's orders.

Her bustier bared her firm tits, allowing all to see the small, gold-plated clamps affixed - painfully - to her swollen, engorged nipples. Kyla might have cried out - but the huge 'dildo-gag' in her mouth prevented it.

And so, shaking in mixed pain and pleasure, Lynda's newest model showed off the very line of fetish wear that he, as Kurt, had authorized.

* * * * *

Senjii Choi walked into the reception area of his office, his broad oriental face set in it usual cheerful expression. Since Lynda was now the top-dog in the company, her position as Vice President had been open, and Senjii had been given it as a reward for his invaluable assistance.

Behind the desk, his secretary, and part-time model, Kyla, looked up, forced a smile to her full, red lips. As usual, her slender, shapely body was tightly encased - today, it was spandex, instead of the lycra or leather it sometimes was. During the day, Kyla worked for him, while in the evenings, she went home with Lynda to serve as her maid.

"Good morning Dr. Choi." She said brightly. "You've got several messages waiting for you from your designers."

Senjii waved a hand negligently. "You take care of them." He said. As ex-president, Kyla's still-intact business sense made her an extraordinary executive secretary. "I want you to call Ms. Crater up to my office. After you've called her, come in. I have something for you to do."

Kyla suppressed a grimace. "Of course, Mr. Goldman." She said, forcing herself to sound cheerful.

Satisfied that his instructions were being carried out - as usual - Choi waited for Kyla to open the mahogany door to his private office, then went in.

The room was large luxuriously decorated, with expensive Persian rugs on the hardwood floors and a massive redwood desk, hand- carved out of a single piece of wood, dominating one side of the room. Crossing over to it, he lowered himself into the custom-made leather chair, and began to flip through this month's secret reports from his lab. The technique that had worked so well on Kurt was now being applied to a select few other business figures, mostly competitors of Lynda's illegal side-lines.

A moment later, the door opened and Kyla entered. Forcing her smile to remain in place, she crossed the room, her high-heels clicking as she crossed the hardwood flooring.

Senjii pushed the chair out from the desk a bit, allowing enough room for Kyla to kneel. Expertly, she undid his trousers and extracted his massive penis. A session in his own machine had transformed his unremarkable endowment into a massive, thick cock without equal. Kyla set to work using her slender, delicate hands and full, soft lips to get his enormous penis hard.

Senjii sighed softly as her warm, experienced mouth encircled his rapidly hardening cock. Using her warm, supple tongue, she coated the entire length of his throbbing cock with her saliva. Taking the engorged head of his huge prick into her mouth, she swirled her tongue over it as her long-nailed hands caressed and stroked his thick, veined shaft. Under her expert touch, he soon gasped as his cock spasmed, and began to pump an unbelievable amount of hot, salty cum down Kyla's throat. She swallowed desperately, trying to keep up with the gushing jet of cum, but, as always, she failed, the excess running from the corners of her full lips and spattering down on her cleavage.

When he finally ran dry, she licked him clean before restoring his softening member to the confines of his pants.

"Thank you." she said, as she'd been trained. "you taste wonderful." Sensuously, she used her fingers to get the 'wasted' cum, lapping up every last drop.

Senjii smiled, admiring his handwork. He'd done very well with Kyla. She hadn't been very good when she first started. Now, only two months later, she was extremely proficient at pleasuring him.

Senjii always preferred fast learners. THE END...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A husband finds that his wife has been transformed into a old time southern belle by the inhabitants of a strange town, when he tries to object, he to is transformed.

Modest And Dignified

By Gunslinger

By the time the sign advertised the turnoff to 'Chesterton', Chuck Magneer was practically jumping around the inside of the '92 Sable - and not all of that was due to the five cups of coffee he'd had since leaving Atlanta, either.

It was over a week since Chuck and his wife had been transferred from the New York branch of Finestco to the Atlanta office in what was known as a 'parallel promotion' - same pay and position, but in an office where the cost-of-living was lower and the perks better. So, they'd been relocated down south - or, as Bobbi, his wife, put it 'back home'.

While he'd spent the last week finalizing the transfer of goods to their new company-purchased home, and gotten 'on track' at the new office, Bobbi had taken the opportunity to visit her aunt in Chesterton, South Carolina...

...which was the oddest damn town Chuck had ever heard of, and which he was sure his wife was just itching to get out of, after a week's exposure.

Chesterton, South Carolina, was - quite literally - a town out of time. Every building, every detail, was a near-perfect replica of what a town in that part of the country would have been like during the Civil War. Aside from a few anachronisms necessitated by public health and safety, the town was a perfect throwback to the 1880's - and every resident was a nostalgia buff who'd agreed to live within the confines of the town's era. The fashions, the jobs, the lifestyles - all as authentic as could be, down to the slightest detail.

Bobbi was a southern girl - but hardly the proverbial 'Southern Belle'. Tomboyish, strong-willed, athletically-built and short-maned, she was a fierce individualist and a middlin' feminist - a far cry from the type of woman who would reside in a town where, by the standards set by the assumed time period, women were little more than decorative ornaments and functional housewives. As a visitor, Bobbi was exempt from having to 'play the role', of course - but a week spent with such women must be driving her nuts.

Pulling the metallic-cream sedan into the large parking lot that lay a distance from the town itself. Chuck shut off the engine and looked out at the town in the near distance. It seemed to exude an air of quite grace, surrounded by rolling farmland marred only by the dirt road, the telegraph poles, and the shining steel tracks that served the town's fully functional - and utterly necessary - steam locomotive.

Sliding out of the car and locking it, Chuck considered his options,. It was about a mile into town - a fifteen minute walk, roughly. Or, he could choose to pay for one of the buggies to give him a ride, which was fairly expensive. His last choice was to catch a dirt-cheep ride on the train, when it came by on it's thrice-daily run of supplies and food - but a quick check of the time-table posted informed him that it would be a long wait.

Shrugging. Chuck decided to go shank's mare. Though no fitness nut, he was in fairly good shape for a thin, pale 'desk-jockey', and it wouldn't hurt him. Besides - he'd have to pay for the buggy ride back, since they'd be bringing Bobbi's luggage with them. It didn't make sense to pay for both ways, as far as he was concerned.

Shrugging out of his spring jacket, he tossed it over his shoulder and hooked a finger around the collar to hold it in place, then headed off down the dirt road, keeping an eye peeled for road apples, while admiring the bucolic serenity of the location, and the brightly-colored, well-maintained clapboard buildings he was steadily drawing closer to.

It was a beautiful late-spring day, and Chuck didn't begrudge the 'wasted' time as he wandered into the outskirts of what was, by mid-1880's standards, a fair-sized town. Looking around at the anachronistic buildings and the pedestrians dressed in period clothing, he shook his head at the realism of the image presented - he felt as if he'd stepped back into time.

Looking around, he spotted a general store, and headed over - having noticed that finding his way around might have been a bit of a problem, since systematic street-signs didn't seem to be a turn-of- the-century necessity.

Pushing open the wood-and-glass door, he walked into the dimly lit interior of the store and paused, to let his eyes adjust.

"Can I help you, sir?" A voice to his right said, and Chuck's eyes slowly made out the figure of a slender, weathered man sitting behind the counter, wearing a white shirt and black vest, complete with gold chain and fob across his sinewy belly. The old-timer's accent rendered his inquiry as 'Kin ah he'p yew, suh?'.

"Well..." Chuck said, feeling slightly embarrassed as he grinned apologetically. "I'm sort of lost. I'm looking for..."

Digging into his pocket, he extracted the piece of paper he'd written the information down on. "...21 Primrose Rd."

"Well now, sir, we don't have ourselves no Primrose *road* heah 'bouts - but we do have a Primrose Lane." The old man said, sucking at the end of his handlebar mustache thoughtfully. "Number twenty- one there would be the widder Hanshaw - and if it's the address you're a lookin' fer, that must make you the Yankee boy that married her niece then."

Chuck blinked, and his grin widened involuntarily. "Well, yes - I guess it would."

The old timer didn't match his grin, however. "Most people 'round here don't have much use fer Yankees, y'know. Myself - I sells to anybody with the money, s'long as it's good metal cash and not that paper script they're pushin' around."

Chuck's grin faded slowly. There was such a thing as too much realism, sometimes. "Well, I'd be happy to buy something in exchange for some directions. Something to drink, say?"

The old man nodded. "Yup - that'd do 'er. We got some fine local beer, iffing that's to your likin'." Chuck agreed that it was...

...then stared, slack-jawed, as he was handed a rough, hand-blown bottle of beer - for the 'enormous' sum of thirty-five cents. The beer was warm, and almost flat, and of a richer shade and flavor than he was used to - but it was pretty good, highly alcoholic, and cheap.

It also came with a complete set of directions to his destination, 'courtesy' of the shop-keeper. Sipping at the beer, Chuck headed off towards his wife's aunt's place.

Before too long, he found himself heading down what he assumed was the right street - and he'd even managed to get part way into the spirit of the town. Though he lacked a hat of any sort, he made the motion of tipping one to every lady he passed, which invariably provoked a restrained, polite smile in return...

...except from the latest one, a stunning beauty in a long, wide off-white bustled dress with white petticoats and a huge-brimmed hat atop her long, sandy-blonde curls. She seemed to be trying to hold in laughter as she nodded politely in response to his 'hat -tipping'. Despite the fact he was still searching for street-numbers, her odd attitude drew his attention away from the street and back to her...

"Oh.. my.. God..." he breathed, eyes widening as comprehension sank in. "B.. Bobbi...?"

His wife finally gave in and laughed - and the laugh was one he'd never heard from her, a warm, trilling sound so bright and cheerful. Slowly, he began to smile widely, shaking his head in disbelief as he eyed his wife in her turn-of the century finery.

He couldn't fault himself for not recognizing her immediately - she hardly seemed the same woman. He was used to seeing her in jeans and a sweat- or T-shirt, no make-up, with her fairly short hair.

Now, she was wearing a wig that gave her the appearance of a long, full head of hair, makeup - and that incredible outfit...

...right down to the underwear, since he'd swear she must be wearing a corset, something he'd never have believed if he wasn't seeing in with his own eyes. Between the corset compressing her waits, and the huge, hoop-skirt of the dress, her boyish figure was now hour-glass in shape - and even gave the illusion that she was fuller-breasted, something he'd noticed on his walk in. He'd never realized that the style could so alter perception, and had actually begun to wonder if the women in the town were all extraordinarily well endowed - but he knew for a fact his wife was a 'B'-cup, and here she looked to have a healthy 'D' cup, at the very least.

"Don't take this the wrong way, Bobbi - but you look great!" Chuck said, amazed, as he stepped forward.

"I don't believe there is a wrong way to take such a heart-felt compliment, Charles." His wife replied - and once again, Chuck's jaw dropped.

Born in Georgia, his wife had what he considered the cutest little accent, even if she'd learned to mute it somewhat - now, the accent was so thick that you could have bottled it and poured it on your flap- jacks. Shaking his head in disbelief, he leaned forward for a kiss...

...and she put a lace-glove-clad hand in the middle of his chest and stopped him. "Not heah, silly." She reproved him, quietly and sweetly. "There are people about."

"What?" Chuck asked, eye-brows climbing. "Bobbi - isn't it about time to drop the act?"

"Act, darling?" She asked. "By the by, deah - I've decided to use my full name from now on. Please be so kind as to address me as 'Roberta Anne' - though I would accept any endearment you might choose to apply, if it isn't to vulgar."

Chuck stared at his wife for a long moment - then had to restrain a smile. "Of course, my dear." He replied, pushing his voice lower and 'more manly'. He made a movement, as if doffing his hat, and made a low, sweeping, bow. "A thousand apologies - I don't know what could have come over me."

As his wife sedately took his arm and escorted him inside, he had to keep from laughing. Though he loved her deeply, he'd always thought that Bobbi tried to hide her femininity too much, with the short hair and unisex clothing. He'd almost come to believe that was her nature - yet, get her in a 'romantic' environment like this, and she became as starry-eyed and 'silly' as any other woman.

Well, if she wanted to play 'Southern Belle' for awhile, he'd enjoy it for as long as it lasted. Sure, it wasn't 'really' the woman he'd fallen in love with and married - but it was fun to play at, for awhile.

Once inside the house, Bobbi... 'Roberta Anne', that was... introduced Chuck to her aunt, Marilyn, then led him into the sitting room.

"So - are you all packed and ready to go?" Chuck asked her, as he settled onto a fancy-looking but rather stiff couch.

His wife paused, an odd expression crossing her face. "Charles, dear - we need to talk." "Oh? About what?" Chuck asked, frowning in puzzlement.

His wife took a deep breath. "I... don't wish to leave Chesterton." She said, refusing to meet his eyes. "I wish to live here for the rest of my life."

"You're kidding!" Chuck exclaimed, stunned. "What - is this some sort of joke?"

Roberta Anne shook her head, slowly. "No, darling - I am utterly serious. I love this town, and this way of life. I know you might find it difficult to accept, but the person I was before I came here was... not the real me. This is who I wish to be, and where I wish to live. It is so genteel here, so polite and wonderful society, where I can finally be free to be the woman I really am. I have never been so happy before in my life."

Chuck shook his head in disbelief - this just wasn't possible. He'd thought that the clothing, the accent, the way she was acting, was some sort of game. But this...! It just couldn't be. Chuck had known Bobbi for over ten years, knew her thoughts and ideals - and he just couldn't believe what she was saying. It wasn't possible.

"Bobbi, what the hell's wrong with you?" He asked, concerned. "If this is a game, I demand that you drop the act right now. If it isn't - then tell me what's going on here!"

She winced. "Please - I'm serious about this, Charles. I really am. I'm also serious about using my full name from now on - the sound of that other name is painful to me. Abhorrent. Please... try to understand..."

"I don't understand!" Charles said, tightly. "I don't understand anything! How can you want to live here, in this... anachronism? How could you want to play 'little missy', all frilly and sweet - and useless?"

What's come over you - and what makes you think I'd ever agree to this, anyway? You honestly think I'd drop my career and come live here, wearing some sill costume day in and day out?"

Roberta Anne looked up at him. "No - no, I don't believe you wish to stay. It wouldn't matter if you did, in any case - the Council would never accept a Yankee living among us. They screen their new arrivals very carefully, and only select men are allowed to stay."

Chuck's jaw dropped. "Wha.. what are you saying, Bobbi?"

She winced again at the sound of her 'old' name. "Roberta Anne, Charles - Roberta Anne... Hanshaw."

Chuck stared at her, comprehension slowly filtering in. "What?!"

"I cannot stay married to you, Charles." Roberta Anne said, sadly. "I know, now, that you are not the right man for me. No, I need a man from this town, a gentleman who will know how to treat me as the lady I am. A man who is firm and manly, who will be the husband for me that I desire. You and I... are through."

"No!" Chuck said, rising to his feet in stunned anger. "No! This isn't possible. Look, Bobbi - I don't know what's going on, or what's been done to you.. but I am NOT going to take this laying down. Now, you get your stuff. We're leaving, and I'm going to find somebody to help you..."

"She's not going anywhere, Sir." A voice said, coldly, and Chuck whirled, his face red with anger....

...which faded to an ashen pallor at the sight of the large muzzle aimed directly at his forehead. The old-fashioned Colt New Army revolver was held in the grip of a man in the uniform of a Confederate colonel, and his bewhiskered face showed nothing but resolve.

"Sir, Miss Hanshaw has already had your marriage annulled by out town's catholic priest. You are no longer her husband." The man said, his weapon never wavering. "As such, you no longer have any claim to her attention - and she wishes for you to leave."

With the barrel of the gun, he gestured Chuck over to the door, where two younger men in the butternut uniforms of Confederate non-coms were waiting, 'Brown Bess' muskets unslung and ready.

"These gentleman will escort you out of town, sir." The colonel said, with a stiff formality. "I would suggest that you abandon any thoughts of returning. This town, despite it' attraction to tourists, is a private town, with it's own laws and police services. If you return, you will be arrested, charged, and punished. Save yourself - and us - the trouble, and give in gracefully to the young lady's wishes."

Chucks hands were clenched in fists of rage as he glared at the erstwhile colonel, to angry to trust his voice. Shooting one last look at Roberta Anne, the woman he thought loved him as much as he loved her, he found her looking, not at him, but at the colonel - with adoration in her eyes and a flush on her cheeks.

Suddenly, something became utterly clear to Chuck - somehow, this Colonel had found a way to change Roberta's mind. Her very personality - so that he could have her for his own.

Jaw clenched, Chuck ground the words through his teeth. "You name, Sir - might I inquire the name of the man who holds me at gun point, and has replaced me in the heart of my.. of the woman who was once my wife?"

The civility of the words and tone galled him - but, old-fashioned or not, the gun the colonel held was lethal, and Chuck wasn't going to provoke him into using it.

"Colonel Richard S. Hooker, sir." The colonel replied, coolly. "Commander of the First Carolinian Regiment, town councilman and chief constable of the Chesterton Militia."

"Very well, Colonel Hooker." Chuck said, tightly. "I believe I shall take my leave of you. However - I demand that you reserve me the right to call you out at a later date, if I should feel that honor demands it."

The colonel managed a wintry smile. "Very well, sir."

Turning on his heel, Chuck strode through the door, ignoring the two privates who struggled to keep up with his rapid pace as he stormed off towards the edge of town, a veil of red in front of his eyes as he swore that the so-called Colonel and his cohorts wouldn't get away with whatever they'd done to his wife.

* * * * *

In the darkness, the wind moaned across the tilled fields around Chesterton, the cool wind rustling the foliage as the clouds scudded low and thick in the sky, their gravid masses blocking out the moon and the stars.

Despite the distinct change that he'd get soaked to the skin when the threatening rain finally materialized, Chuck was grateful for the clouds, and the pitch-black darkness they provided. He felt nervous as hell as it was, and the lack of illumination was the only thing that allowed him to hold on to the ragged edge of sanity as he belly-crawled through the field, doing his best to slip between the stalks of growth without any noise or visible movement.

He never thought he'd be in this situation, not in a million years - dressed in a replica Confederate uniform whose woolen fabric scratched at his body while he crawled through a dark field towards a town full of people living more than a century in the past.

Of course - he also wouldn't have believed his wife would end up as one of those people, either - until it had happened.

That disbelief - and anger - he'd felt had provided the drive that had taken him to the police...

...who had informed him that, without any evidence of duress, there was nothing he could do - except for forwarding a request for an 'informal' investigation to the local authorities, of course. Since Chuck had the feeling that a good part of the town's 'authorities' were in on whatever was going on, that wasn't very comforting.

He'd tried a couple of other routes, as well - but all had proved fruitless. Most people, 'official' or not, thought the inhabitants of Chesterton were nice people, polite and extremely capable at minding their own business.

So, here he was, on Plan 'D'. He'd purchased himself a replica Confederate uniform of the right era - though he'd been forced to accept one that didn't fit quite right, necessitating that he use a considerable length of material to bind his gut in

enough to fit into the uniform. He'd also dyed his sandy hair to a dark black, and acquired a huge walrus mustache to complete the disguise. All in all, that had been fairly easy.

Harder had been purchasing a gun. There was no way he could have gotten the 'correct' gun for his uniform, a replica musket, on the short-notice black-market of firearms. Just finding something 'acceptable' had been tough - if he'd wanted an automatic or modern revolver, it would have been as simple as pie. Instead, he'd had to do a bit of searching for 'third best' - a Ruger Single Six, a modern version of the famous Colt Peacemaker. Not quite right, historically speaking - but it would pass casual inspection. (He hoped.)

He'd rather not have to use it, if possible - hopefully, his disguise would pass inspection, keeping him from needing to pull the gun from its holster. Just in case, though, the gun was loaded with five .45 caliber rounds, the one under the hammer left empty for safety purposes.

Hardly the athletic type, much less the 'macho' kind that would usually be associated with dead-of-the- night commando raids, Chuck felt utterly ludicrous - but that didn't deter him in the least. He knew something strange was going on in that strange, archaic town, and he planned to do something about it - at least to the extent of getting his wife out of the town and away from whatever had turned her into the unreal person she was now.

Reaching the first outbuildings at the edge of town, Chuck paused long enough to scratch at himself under the uniform - the wool itched, especially now that he'd started to sweat, despite the reasonably cool air. As he scratched, he surveyed the quiet, sleepy town, and decided that his chances were as good as they were going to get.

Taking a deep breath, he stood up and smoothed his uniform. It was an odd fact of life that a person trying to 'skulk' looked more suspicious than a person who acted like they belonged there, and his best chance of 'sneaking' in was to act as if he had every right in the world to walk the streets. Taking another deep breath, Chuck straightened his shoulders and strode out onto the street, walking with a confident-yet-weary air that was wholly feigned - he definitely wasn't confident, and sleep was the furthest thing from his mind. His pulse was pounding, and he expected disaster to befall him any second now.

"Don't be silly." Chuck muttered to himself, quietly. "You're doing fine, and nobody has any idea that you're even here. Just get Bobbi and get out ASAP, and you'll "

In an instant, Chuck's heart-rate tripled, and all the moisture in his mouth drained elsewhere, giving him an incredibly powerful urge to urinate.

He'd rounded the corner into a square - and found himself facing a squad of men, muskets' leveled directly at him, the large-caliber bores looking as big as the Lincoln Tunnel as they pointed unwaveringly at his head.

Standing at the forefront and center of the line was none other than Colonel Hooker, looking about as smug as was humanly possible, his arms crossed over his broad chest as he watched Chuck's fear and confusion flash across his face.

"Mr. Magneer." Hooker sneered. "Do you really think we wouldn't notice you sneaking into town? We might be outdated in your eyes, but we're not stupid - we have sentries posted around the town to prevent thieves or other undesirables from sneaking into town at night."

Chuck struggled to swallow around a tongue that was suddenly as dry as the Sahara. "Okay - but did you really think I'd just walk away from my wife? Just give up? I know that you've done something to her, so her 'choice' doesn't mean a damned thing to me."

Hooker's sneer faded slightly, and he inclined his head in grudging respect. "Perhaps we do not see eye-to-eye, especially considering that we are working at cross-purposes. Nevertheless - I admire your bravery and dedication. I can see that you will not willingly abandon this 'quest' of yours to reclaim Roberta Anne."

"That's right." Chuck nodded, trying to control the trembling that was running through his body as he very, very slowly slid his hand closer and closer to his holster....

"So - I'm afraid we'll have to resort to more direct measures." Hooker said, lifting his chin and making a gesture with his hand...

Too late, Chuck realized that Hooker, well-aware of his approach and having plenty of time to set up this ambush, would never leave an 'opening' in the line. Chuck had just started to spin, hand diving for his gun, when the soldier who had crept up behind him lifted his musket high into the air and brought the butt of the hardwood stock crashing down on the base of Chuck's skull.

Chuck had just enough time to wonder if he'd ever awaken again, then the darkness washed over him and dragged him down into the Stygian abyss.

* * * * *

Darkness slowly parted, like a curtain rising at the beginning of a play. For several seconds, all the new images were nothing more than wavering blobs of shape and color, then his eyes slowly adjusted, and he found himself staring up at a very concerned - and, not to mention, beautiful - female face, lit with the golden glow of candlelight. Her full lips were tight with worry, and her dark eyes anxious.

"Oh, thank god you're all right." She said, in a low tone, relief spreading across her features. Accompanied by the sound of stiff crinoline, the shapely blonde woman disappeared from view for a moment, then returned with a glass of water, which he accepted after forcing himself into a sitting position, wincing at the heavy throb in his head.

Sipping at the cool water, he tried to stare at his benefactress without actually staring, a slight frown on his features. Something in the back of his mind was niggling at him, insisting that he knew this woman, yet he couldn't quite put his finger on...

...anything.

His eyes widened, and he nearly dropped the glass from fingers that had suddenly gone numb, as he cast about inside his own head, trying to place anything about him. Suddenly heedless of the woman, he looked around wide eyed.

He was in a room with steeply sloping ceilings that came almost to the unvarnished floorboards. A candle furnished the flickering, golden light, outlining the pallet upon which he was laying, and the small table and chair nearby. He could place the objects and their functions, for the most part - but there were a couple of items he couldn't quite remember, and about his companion - and himself - absolutely nothing registered in his memory.

"Where am I?" He asked, noticing the way his voice different from the slower, heavier tones of the woman's speech. "Who are you? Who am I? How did I get here?"

The woman's hand flew to her generous mouth. "Oh, I was so hoping Dr. Nicholas warned me that amnesia was common with a head injury."

"Amnesia?" he said, brow furrowing. Slowly, the thought wormed it's way through the Swiss-cheese his memory had become, and connected with the concept attached to the sound.

"I've lost my memory " he said, hand coming up to gingerly touch the swelling at the base of his skull.

"From some sort of blow to my head."

"That's right." The woman said. Gracefully and demurely, she sank to sit beside him, legs curled decorously under her large, heavy skirt. "My name's Roberta Anne Hanshaw, and I'm a supporter of the Northern cause - though, of course, not many know that. It wouldn't be healthy. Despite what has happened to you, you must think yourself lucky - doubly so. Not only did you sustain a relatively minor injury, all things considered, it was on property belonging to my Aunt, and we found you before Colonel Hooker's men did."

He stared at her in confusion, most of the words slipping past him. Though he understood their meaning, more or less, he couldn't find a way to fit them together so they explained anything.

"I'm sorry, Miss Henshaw - I still don't understand. What happened - and who am I? Where am I?" He started to rise...

Roberta Anne gasped. "Please - you're in no condition to get up yet. As for who you are... I don't know your name, sir. I truly wish I did."

He closed his eyes for a second in frustration, taking a deep breath at finding that he was currently something of a non-entity.

Albeit one with a massive headache, though.

"You're in the attic of Madame Larue's... house." Roberta Anne said, blushing. "I hope you're not offended - but it was the safest place to hide you."

Once again, the words themselves had meaning, but he failed to make anything of the sentence. "Why would I be offended to be in this house? And why am I being hidden?"

Roberta Anne looked startled. "Oh - you mean you don't remember *anything*?" "Apparently not enough to figure out what the hell's going on!" He said, frustrated. Roberta Anne blushed and averted her face, then turned back to him.

"You are a Union soldier." She said, slowly and distinctly, as if explaining to a child. "We are in Chesterton, South Carolina - putting you far behind Confederate lines. If you are caught, you will be put into a prison... or perhaps killed. Being a Yankee in these parts can be fatal, after what happened to Savannah."

Out of nowhere, an image floated into his mind's eyes, of an old gentleman in a white shirt and a black vest, speaking with the same thick accent as the woman - '*Most people 'round here don't have much use fer Yankees, y'know.*'

His stomach dropped as he realized that he was a soldier, in the middle of a war. He still couldn't remember much, but some of the terms had vague meanings for him...

"Oh, shit "

Roberta Anne gasped. "Sir!"

He blinked - then flushed as he realized that his cursing had offended her. "I'm sorry - I don't know why, but it just slipped out. I guess I must curse a lot."

Roberta Anne folded her hands, primly. "I have heard that many a soldier falls into using.. blunt language, what with the pressures of battle and all. I guess I can forgive you using such in the presence of a lady, seeing as you have quite literally forgotten yourself - but, please, try and restrain yourself, if you can."

He nodded, mutely, color rising in his face at having offended such a lovely lady.

"Well, now - we must have something to call you, sir. Since you are unable to remember your own name, perhaps you'd accept another, for the time being?"

He shrugged. "Might as well - you can't go on calling me 'sir' all the time."

She smiled demurely, but delightfully. "Perhaps... John Smith? A bit trite, perhaps, but easy enough to remember."

He nodded slowly, trying the name on for size. "John... yes, that will do fine, I guess."

"Very well, Mr. Smith. I suggest you rest, while I see about getting you some more fitting clothing. Then we can attempt to tackle the more serious problems."

Rising, Roberta Anne left the room with a rustle of skirts, leaving the newly christened man to lay back and probe his memory for anything at all...

...in vain.

* * * * * "Well?"

The doctor in the white smock glanced up as Hooker leaned over the electronic console, incongruous in the sub-basement beneath the barn the held the town's hidden equipment, labs and hospital.

"So far, so good." The doctor said. "It helps that Roberta Anne was reprogrammed to believe this is truly real, which will help keep him convinced - and the memory blocks we put in place on him seem to be working splendidly. He doesn't seem to remember anything he shouldn't."

"Good..." Hooker said, smiling thinly. When he and the eleven other men who'd started this town had sunk their personal fortunes into the venture, fear had played a big part of their lives - fear that the authorities would catch them in their work. That fear had slowly faded as they'd slowly added more and more 'willing' people to the secret rebirth of the South - though it was a job that probably wouldn't be finished in his lifetime, even with the planned expansions. There was just so many people who had to be retrained to think the 'right' way.

This was the first time they'd worked on a 'Yankee outsider' though, and it could get dicey. Which is why they'd decided to try the most extreme solution they could think of. Though it was risky and difficult, if it was done right - if they succeeded - nobody would ever be able to find the missing Charles Magneer...

...including Chuck Magneer himself. If their plan worked, it would be the ultimate solution for 'troublesome' individuals - without even the problem of disposing of the corpse that 'simple' murder would have caused.

"Okay - keep up the good work." Hooker said. Straightening, he took several deep breaths and let himself slip back into character before leaving the secret complex - except for his 'Captain', all his troops firmly believed they were living in the late 1880's, and - although instructed to 'ignore' any anachronisms - had less 'troublesome' thoughts if things were as authentic as possible.

* * * * *

When Roberta Anne returned, it was carrying a bundle of clothing - and with her face a bright shade of red.

"I'm sorry..." She apologized as she lay the clothing down beside him. "Madame Larue simply doesn't have much call for keeping male clothing on hand."

Looking through the bundle, John discovered that it was, indeed, feminine clothing - which he 'recognized', even though some niggling sensation in the back of his mind seemed to indicate there was something odd about it, though he couldn't put his finger on it.

"You can't expect me to wear this!" He objected, pushing the clothing aside. "Why can't you get male clothing?"

Her blushed deepened. "Questions would be asked if I tried to get men's clothing... and you can't expect to find it laying around a... house of ill repute."

"You mean this is a ..." He barely managed to keep from blurting out 'whorehouse', catching himself in time to substitute "Bordello?"

"yes." She agreed, glancing away. "I'm sorry - but that's all that's available. Besides which - you have to admit that it does, indeed, make a fine disguise, at least until we figure out how to get you through the Confederate lines."

John frowned - but there was simply nothing he could do. Roberta Anne excused herself, leaving him to figure out the clothing on his own.

He peeled off the white cotton nightshirt he was wearing - only to replace it with a very similar garment, a white cotton 'shift' with short sleeves gathered by lengths of pale blue lace. Muttering, he slid the garment on, then lifted the hem to pull on the panties that had been laid out - white cotton with strange ridges of lace. The garments continued to strike him as 'unusual', but he quite easily put that down to the simple fact that he definitely wasn't enjoying having to wear them. He tried to skip the heavy canvas corset that had been in the pile - only to discover that the dress itself wouldn't fit unless his waist was considerably smaller. He went to the door, intending to ask Roberta Anne for help - only to find a very large black woman waiting for just this purpose.

The woman - Nettie, as she introduced herself - was a big, silent woman who spoke maybe a dozen words as she had him lean over the table and grip it tightly. He didn't speak any more then she did - because he didn't have the breath necessary to form words as the surprisingly strong woman laced him into the corset in several stages, drawing it tighter each time. He had to fight to keep from begging her to stop as she did the final tightening, bracing one big knee in the small of his back and hauling in the heavy strings of the corset like she was trying to rein in a wild horse.

Of course, he doubted if he could have said anything, even if he'd wanted to - he could swear that every last cubic inch of air had been squished from his lungs as the corset was finally tightened around his waist, shrinking it to a truly frightening diameter, leaving him disturbingly wasp-waisted - though not quite as much as Roberta Anne's delightfully slender waist.

Nettie also helped him with the dress - a red-and-black thing that, from her few words, he discovered was somewhat 'immodest' and showy. It had a huge skirt that was mostly held in place with many layers of petticoats and the internal strength of its own stiff brocade fabric, but a metal bustle helped define it and give it a backwards-facing flare that also exaggerated his

newly shrunken waist. He did little to either help or hinder the silent woman, working on just standing still and taking shallow breaths.

The dress was a dark red silk with black brocade stitching, and it seemed to weigh a ton - most of it the skirt, since the top was 'immodestly' revealing. Though it had long sleeves and a high, black-lace collar with a cameo necklace around it, the front of the bodice was open in the 'Provincial' style, designed to display cleavage...

...which, John was surprised to find, he had a small amount of. The corset was shaped at the top to help uplift, and the transplanted mass of his flesh from the super-tight foundation garment created the illusion of small breasts, with a hint of pubescent cleavage. You could almost believe a small pair of budding breasts lurked in the key-hole of the dress, if not for the chest-hair that marred the illusion.

As bad as the rest of the outfit was, the boots were the worst - too small, made of stiff white leather, and with a four-inch heel. Again, Nettie put her strength to use, cramming them onto his feet and lacing them up, causing minor agony to flair in his crushed feet.

When she'd finished helping him dress, Nettie had to help him walk out of the room, teetering atop the heels.

"You'll be stayin' here today." Nettie said, stringing together more words than he'd heard her use so far. "Miss Roberta has to go, but she'll be back first thing tomorrow. Meantimes, Madame Larue said you're to have the run of the servant's quarters and the kitchen, just so long as you don't let none of the customers get a look at you."

It wasn't exactly what John would have considered a spectacular way to spend the day - but he really didn't have a choice.

Which is how he found himself dressed up in women's clothing, spending the day in the company of whores. He was bemused to find the 'working girls' and odd blend of gentility, coarseness and weariness. They moved with the same gentle grace as Roberta Anne - but with more straight-forward motions in the presence of men, alluding to the obvious in ingenious ways that left the actual 'impolite' words unspoken. However, when they were 'alone' - in this case, just with themselves and him - they were explicit and expressive, in a strangely lady-like manner. They also went to great trouble to 'include' him, in what seemed to be a running joke at his expense, treating him as if he were just another whore. He had to grit his teeth and bare it, as it was made painfully obvious that some of them - most of them - weren't terribly fond of Yankees, and were itching for an excuse to be so forward and unladylike as to turn him in - and odd hesitancy, all things considered. Still, he had no choice but to 'play along' and keep his skin intact...

...even if that skin was currently compressed into a dress undoubtedly 'borrowed' from the wardrobe of one of the working girls.

By the end of the day, he was happy to escape back up to the attic and get undressed. Carrying the glass of port given to him for his nightcap, he eagerly fumbled his way out of the clothing and back into the nightshirt, stretching mightily and taking a

dozen deep breaths, glad to be free of corset. A day's worth of walking had made him able to manage the heels with a small degree of skill, but he thought his feet might never be the same after spending more than twelve hours crushed inside the too-small footwear.

Laying down on the hard pallet, he finished the glass of port and blew out the candle, rolling over and quickly falling into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Twenty minutes later, the door to the attic opened, and the team of doctors from the hidden lab who were in charge of his case slipped in, not bothering to be quiet - they knew the hypnosedative was strong enough.

"Okay - we'll start in on him." the head of the team said to the bulk of the group. "The rest of you work on the rest of the girls. We get three whole days to work on him - not that he'll realize it, or remember the liposuction and other minor surgery. You, however, only have a few hours to get this done, so let's get moving."

Nodding, his team spread out to start Stage Two...

* * * * *

"Johnny, wake up - Madame Larue says that you've been abed long enough, amnesia or no."

Blinking, John.. Johnny..? frowned up at...

Lindsey. That was her name - though he couldn't remember much else about the slightly chubby blonde. He could remember that he knew her, that she was one of the working girls, and her first name.

"What...?" He asked, groggily, sitting up.

"You're back on duty today, running drinks for the customers." Lindsey said, sighing. "Let me guess - you don't remember any of that, either."

"No..." He admitted, looking around the feminine decor of the bedroom. Slowly, bits and pieces came back to him - not much, but some. Especially when Lindsey began laying out a pile of women's clothing on the bed. Though he couldn't remember why, he knew that he had worn clothing like this before, and apparently was expected to again.

He tried to ask Lindsey about it, but she was obviously in a rush, and only made some vague references that didn't help much - other to reawaken a stark fear of Confederate soldiers catching him.

Uncertain, but unwilling to go against the vaguely remembered 'history' that matched Lindsey's instructions, he let Nettie - another 'remembered' person - help him dress, so that he could start his duties. Spending the day playing barmaid was certainly no picnic, but it made sense to him that he'd have to pay from room and board in exchange for safe haven.

He was also less than happy when Madame Larue herself brought the 'good news' that they'd finally gotten some fresh blades for the straight razors, and he should have Nettie help him shave off the hair that had regrown since 'the last time'. He certainly didn't remember having his body shaved smooth - but there was a lot of things that he didn't remember, and he was in no position to argue.

Even if he'd been inclined to do so, he didn't think he could - he felt strange fuzzy as he went through his day, a common side-effect to a head injury, he was told by the doctor Nicholas who showed up in the late afternoon to check him over. Apparently, he'd had an accident a week ago and hit his head something fierce, resulting in the amnesia and fuzzy thinking - and, as proven by his confusion, Dr.

Nicholas' warning that mild short-term memory loss might occur while he slept was right on the money. The doctor appeared only slightly concerned about it, though, claiming it would slowly fade, and memories would start seeping back in.

Johnny certainly hoped so - he certainly couldn't find anybody who had the time to fill him in on his life to date each morning. He started the day asking question after question, but it so annoyed the working girls - and put him at risk of being turned out to face the wrath of the Confederate Army - that he gradually stopped asking questions and 'went with the flow' trying to sort out the 'how' and 'why' of his situation as best he could from vague comments and references made about him in casual context.

It didn't clear much up, and he was feeling confused, out-of-sorts and put out as he finished off his habitual glass of nightly port and drifted off into a surprisingly deep, dreamless sleep, wondering what he'd remember when he awoke in the morning...

* * * * *

"Joanna, you get yourself out of bed this instant - you've got work to do."

Blinking blearily, Joh.. Joanna? Opened his... her? Eyes - then sat up with a start, mind racing...

...Until he/she remembered the amnesia, and the 'minor' loss that happened during sleep. Frowning, Joanna tried to place herself, wondering why the feminine pronoun felt so wrong to her.

He/She found out pretty quickly. Despite a mildly feminine build and a small, firm pair of breast, his/her body possessed a definite set of male genitalia, leaving him/her feeling confused.

He/She just couldn't think of a way to ask Lindsey the 'obvious' question. He/She gave it a shot with Nettie as she helped him/her dress, but the woman remained as enigmatic and uncommunicative as he/she remembered.

Though it seemed strange to him/her, parts of it began to be familiar - he/she could remember having a cock, and he/she could remember seeing a small amount of cleavage in a dress when he/she had looked down - though he/she couldn't place the memories themselves. Feeling dazed and confused, Joanna nevertheless refrained from pushing for answers, knowing what the

ultimate penalty could be. Instead, he/she got on with his/her vaguely remembered duties, feeling lost and more than a little frightened. It came as no surprise that he/she was looking forward to his/her nightly glass of sherry and a good night's sleep, hoping that not too much would be lost before awakening tomorrow...

* * * * *

"Come on, Jenny - rise and shine."

Jenny rolled out of bed, wondering when her amnesia was going to pass - she didn't like the odd, disconnected feeling it brought to everything.

Even her own body. Though she couldn't 'remember' why, it felt odd to her, though it looked fine in the mirror. Fine being a relative term, since she couldn't clearly remember what she looked like, her own reflection almost a surprise to her.

Part of it was probably the fact that she wasn't exactly stunningly beautiful, though she was not ugly either. She was a little too rough-hewn in her features, though.

Oddly, the two parts that bothered her the most, inwardly, was her womanhood and her breasts - although she couldn't figure out why. Her womanhood was a little tender, especially since she had been - and still was - on 'other duties' because of the accident. Maybe, deprived of her usual 'diet' of men for the past week, she'd gotten herself off too enthusiastically last night - but she couldn't remember.

On the other hand, her breast, emotionally, seemed too large to her - though they were about the same size as Lindsey's own, completely average, bust.

Not willing to discuss this with anyone, she just shrugged it off, vaguely remembering that she'd felt equally odd about herself every morning for the past while. Instead, she let herself find comfort in her usual routine as she let Nettie help her dress...

* * * * *

"I am so nervous."

Lindsey smiled. "You've done this hundreds of times, Jeanette - even if you don't remember." "Maybe so, mon amieé - but zat does not make feel any bet'air." Jeanette eyed herself in the mirror, patting the last of her long, luxuriant brunette tresses into place. It was her first day back at 'work' - as opposed to work - since the accident, and she hoped that, when the time came, her amnesia wouldn't affect her performance...

Looking at her figure in the mirror, she sighed slightly, feeling - as usual - that her breasts were freakishly outsized. Of course, technically speaking, it was true - she was by far the most endowed woman in the House - maybe the country. Surely, not many other women out there had been cursed with breasts the size of their heads, requiring custom-made clothing to

contain them. Still, they - along with her tiny sixteen-inch waist and her French heritage and accent - were her major 'selling points', allowing her to be as successful as a woman could be, monetarily speaking. So, her dark-red brocade dress was, as all her clothing, fitted with a cleavage-displaying keyhole to display her 'assets'. She felt a moment longing for the half-remembered days of her youth, when her breast had just begun to bud and she didn't know what fate had decreed for her bust-line.

Sighing again, she turned away from the mirror and smiled at Lindsey, then headed for the door, heart still beating rapidly. Moving with her accustomed grace in her high-heeled ankle boots, she headed down the stairs, pausing outside the 'parlor' for one last deep breath and to fix a smile on her face.

Then, as ready as she'd ever be, she pushed the door opened and entered.

"My dear - it's good to see you among us once more." Leroy - a regular - said with a smile, his eyes fixed on her prodigious bust.

"I am zo glad to be zeen, alzo." She said with a smile, leaning forward slightly and drawing back her shoulders. "Perhapz we could zee more of each awzzer..."

"Jeanette!" A voice called, interrupting her 'pitch', and she suppressed a frown as she glanced up...

...then smiled broadly at the sight of the handsome man in his uniform. "Colonel Hooker! Zis iz truly a zurprise!" the Colonel smiled. "I know that I don't often frequent this establishment - but when I heard that you were once more about, I found myself so sorely tempted to finally pay a visit that I couldn't help myself."

Instantly, Leroy took a back-burner, and her nervousness doubled while being mixed with pleasure - all the girls talked about being the first to get the famous Colonel, and here her damnable injury was finally revealing its silver lining.

"Well, I muzt take you on zee grand tour, zen." She said, batting her lashed. "Perhapz you would care to see the upztairs, Colonel?"

"I'd be delighted." Hooker took her arm, and she lead him out to the staircase, heart running a million miles an our in confused emotions.

"Zo, tell me - the ztories about your father, the Zheneral. They are true, non?"

Hooker laughed. "Yes, I must admit they are - his... harem is famous far and wide. Why, it's gotten so that when a woman arrives in a town anytime close to my father's passing through it, men will go up to them and ask them if they are Hooker's - which has occasioned more then one slapped face, I understand."

"I would imagine." Jeanette agreed, leading the Colonel into her room. "Zo..."

The Colonel seemed a little stiff and ill-at-ease, as if he was also experiencing mixed emotions. In her case, it was her nervousness at performing acts she didn't remember, coupled with a strange feeling that this was 'wrong' - which, she knew, it

was, since being a harlot was hardly the most Christian form of employment. On the other hand, the Colonel almost seemed... reluctant? No - it was almost as if he was disgusted by her, and the realization was sobering. Did he find her repulsive? Was it her ridiculous bust? Or was the fact that she was a lady of the night?

No - she must be imagining it. He was just nervous, this being his first time here. After all, if there was some reason that he found her unattractive as a woman, why would he be here? What possible motivation could there be for him to have her perform sexual favors for him if he was repulsed by her in any way? It was a thought that made no sense, and she chided herself for being so nervous and awkward.

"Why don't you let me help you...?" the Colonel suggested with surprising directness, then matched word to deed and slowly helped her undress, his actions stiff and awkward. Finally, she was naked before his gaze, her heart pounding and feeling slightly nauseous, though she didn't know why.

She made a move to embrace him, but he, instead, reached out to her huge breasts, surprising her. She'd had men focus on her monumental bust before, she supposed - but it still felt as if he was rejecting her advances, and instead merely eager to 'use' her for some obscure 'pleasure' she didn't understand.

Indeed, he seemed to take great satisfaction in fondling and squeezing her massive tits - almost painfully, truth be told - but there seemed little joy there.

Finishing with his rough man-handling of her firm tits, he slowly undid the buttons on his trousers, and she reached for his tunic buttons...

"no, no." He said, hastily - and almost imperiously. "I don't want to lay down with you." "Colonel?"

"I want you to suck me off." He said - commanded, actually, and now the way his eyes were glittering with some inner fire was scaring her - not to mention his directness at requesting fellatio was startling to say the least.

Still...

"Of course." She answered graciously, sinking to her knees. The feeling that this was all wrong had doubled and redoubled, but she knew that much of it was from Hooker's strange behaviors - but, in her line of work, none of that mattered. When you got down to brass tacks, she was simply here to perform whatever the customer wanted.

So, she took a deep breath and reached into his trousers, extracting his limp cock.

It confirmed part of her fears - he definitely wasn't aroused by her. Which made everything that much stranger - why was he doing this at all? She couldn't take time to dwell on the question, though.

Instead, she began to use lips, tongue and hands to bring him to erection. Where her 'feminine wiles' had failed, direct physical manipulation succeed, though slowly - Hooker's cock swelled to erection, finally ready for her to service.

She glanced up before truly 'starting' and was surprised to find him staring at her intently, as if impatient and eager, anticipation and something else dancing in his eyes.

Trying to ignore it, she bent down, open her mouth, and slid her full lips around his throbbing shaft...

...and instantly knew why she'd ended up where she was, though her memory was still gone. For, the instant her mouth slid onto his cock, she found herself wanting - needing - to make him cum. the strength of the sudden rush of desires that flooded her scared her - but the fear was buried deep beneath an avalanche of need, and her left hand wrapped around the base of the colonel's cock as her right began working his spittle-coated shaft, her head bobbing eagerly to let her mouth slurp hungrily at his delicious man-meat, muffled sounds of desperate pleasure coming from deep in her throat.

* * * * *

Hooker watched with a mixture of satisfaction, pleasure and disgust as the ex-man hungrily slurped away at his cock, lost in her own desperate need. It disgusted him to let 'her' touch him, much less suck him off - but he'd wanted to put this final change to the test for himself, and make sure that the implanted needs, cultivated by long hypnotic sessions 'she' had spent in front of a big-screen TV showing one porno tape after another, had truly taken hold. It was obvious that they had - and know that they were 'triggered' the new slut would spend the rest of her life with a desperate need to replay all those scenes out in real life, with her as the star. Though she'd never consciously remember why, she'd be driven to perform all those different sexual acts, over and over, harnessed only by the equally strong need to be 'proper' in public. A lady on the street, but a nymphomaniac slut behind closed doors - the test was an absolute success.

Especially since, transformed male or not, she was incredible - despite knowing the truth, Hooker was disgusted to find that he was getting the most enjoyable blow-job of his life from 'her'.

* * * * *

Finally, Hooker came, and she gulped hungrily at the cum flooding down her throat, loving the taste and texture of it - but torn by the desire to have cum splattered all over her face, body and hair - and, especially, her tits. Thank god she had a job where she could do that, later - and also have sex other ways too, because she also wanted to feel a man deep in her ready womanhood - and even, (unheard of!) from behind, in her 'other' whole. In fact, she wanted to feel every part of a man's body on every part of her body - she couldn't get enough of men, in every way, shape and form.

As Hooker's cock ran dry, he withdrew and rearranged his clothing with insulting haste - but she didn't notice. He was drained, and in the amount of time it would take him to get hard again, she could get a fresh man up here. Leroy was already waiting, for example...

As Hooker left, she chafed at the time it took to dress - but she couldn't conceive of going naked, no matter how much time it would save. Besides - it wasn't like there would be any shortage of men lining up for her services, now that she knew how eager she was to please....

* * * * *

SIX YEARS LATER

Jeanette struggled against the urge to break into a run. It just wouldn't do - even though she was wasting valuable time away from Madame Larue's - and the clients - on her bi-monthly run down to the store for new clothes.

The craving was as strong as ever - she'd never felt truly satisfied, not even during or immediately after a sexual act, because there was always all the other ways she could have done it that she hadn't. She didn't care about the lack of satisfaction anymore, though she'd gone through a period when it had almost driven her crazy. That frustration had led her to wonder what the use of it all had been, and she'd stopped...

..for the worst seven hours of her waking life. She realized that there was something far worse than getting 'unsatisfying' sex - and that was no sex at all. She'd thrown herself into her work with renewed enthusiasm, and had been working as eagerly ever since, having found the alternative much, much worse.

So - she hated the three hours spent making the clothing run, but it couldn't be helped - she could hardly send somebody else for the final fittings, as nobody came close to matching her dimensions.

Still.. there was no reason she couldn't walk a little faster...

Picking up the pace, she pushed the edge of 'ladylike', saved only by her cultivated grace and posture at all times, even at a near run. Mind already on the sex she'd be having when she got back, she hurried up the half-dozen steps leading to the door of the clothing shop...

...noticing, at the last instant, Colonel Hooker's svelte blonde wife emerging from the shop. Jeanette struggled to halt her hurried forward motion as Roberta Anne looked up, startled...

..and smacked into Jeanette, not having seen her in time.

Jeanette's arms windmilled as she fought for balance - but, graceful or not, the laws of physics reigned supreme over her decidedly top-heavy form, and she went flying backwards off the steps, her head smacking against the cobblestones on the roadway with a resounding 'thwack'.

Horried, Roberta Anne dropped her purchases and hurried down the steps, nearly suffering the same indignity. Catching her balance, she knelt beside the unmoving figure on the roadway, gratified to see the woman's enormous bust rising and falling regularly.

"Miss? Miss, are you all right?" Roberta Anne asked frantically, leaning over the woman. The woman's eyes slowly fluttered open, and she stared up with a dazed and unfocused look for several seconds before her eyes finally focused on the woman leaning over her. The fine, arched brows slowly drew inwards in confusion.

"Bobbi?" She said, in an odd tone of voice. "What the hell have you done to yourself?" "Bobbi...?" Roberta Anne repeated in confusion.

The other woman didn't seem to notice - her frown had deepened, and she began to lift her arms towards her throat, as if surprised by the sound of her own voice - her she was holding her arms to low to her body, and they couldn't clear her enormous chest...

She suddenly sat bolt upright, nearly smacking Roberta Anne in the head as she stared down at her chest in horror.

"Tits!" She screamed, her hands flying to her chest and squeezing her huge endowments. "holy fuckin' shit, I've got gigantic fucking tits!"

Roberta Anne gasped. "Miss!"

The woman didn't notice - and odd look came over her face, replaced by what looked like a mixture of comprehension and horror.

Then she screamed, long and loud, hands roaming over her body and jerking away, again and again.

"What's going on here?" A male voice asked, with authority, and Roberta Anne looked up to see one of the Yankee carpet-baggers who often came through town.

"I'm not sure..." Roberta Anne started to answer.

"they turned me into a fuckin' woman!" The other woman screamed. "Oh, my God - I've been... I *still* want to... I *need* to.. oh, holy shit..." Her words degenerated into helpless sobbing.

"Miss?" The man asked the sobbing woman, confused. He pulled an odd black folder from his pocket. "Miss, perhaps I can help - I'm Agent Daniel Jenkins, FBI. I'm supposed to be on vacation, but if you need help..."

The other woman didn't seem to notice, moaning over and over again the same disturbing words. "Oh, god... I still want to have sex... but they made me a woman..."

"Miss, do you know what she's talking about? Was she raped?" the strange man asked, startling Roberta Anne.

"I.. don't think she was... violated." Roberta Anne said, stiffly. "My Husband, Colonel Hooker, is across town. He is the local militia commander. Maybe I should go get him."

The man pulled something out of his pocket. "That's all right, I have my cell-phone - what's his phone number."

"What?" Roberta Anne asked, confused. "What's a phone?"

The man's expression became guarded. "Look, I don't know what's going on here - but I think we should get to the bottom of this." Manipulating the strange object in some way that cause odd, slightly musical tones to emerge from it, he began to speak into it, holding a one-sided conversation full of strange phrases...

* * * * *

Behind the attractive Eurasian anchor, the small screen flicked from the station's local to a picture of a courthouse steps, where a crowd of reporters fought to get microphones near a dozen men heading into the building.

'In our top story, an appeal verdict has finally be returned in the bizarre Chesterton trial. The Supreme court has upheld the initial ruling that the complete and total erasure of a person's life, with no way to restore it, can indeed be construed as murder. Accordingly, all twelve men now face additional life sentences for the 'murder' of Charles Magneer, as well as the other sentences already conferred upon them for the hundreds of State and Federal laws violated by the brainwashing center they operated in the 'reconstruction' town of Chesterton, South Carolina. This brings so-called 'Colonel', Richard Hooker, to a total sentence of two-hundred and forty years, making him eligible for parole sometime in the next century.

In a related story, Mark Nickson has a special interview with Jeanette Doe, the former Mr. Magneer, who - along with his one-time wife Bobbi Ann Hanshaw - have received the entire town of Chesterton itself as partial compensation for emotional damages suffered, and now run it as a non-profit refuge for transsexuals, sexual addicts of both genders, and the remaining population of the town who could also not be fully 'deprogrammed'. This story, and more, right after these words from our sponsors...'

* * * * *

'...a true lady takes off her dignity with her clothes and does her whorish best. At other times you can be as modest and dignified as your persona requires.'

- Lazarus Long



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: While one man is completely transformed into a woman against his will, his transformation is discussed in detail by the scientist who is leading the change.

Monologue

By Gunslinger

Ah, good - I see you're awake.

Perhaps you're feeling a little groggy. Don't worry - that's merely a side effect of the tranquilizer dart my security personnel shot you with when they found you... 'snooping around', I believe the phrase is.

Who am I? Oh, here I am being rude. My name is Doctor Leah Transom. I, of course, already know who you are - I took the liberty of checking the identification in your wallet while my men stripped you.

My, my - what language. As a matter of fact, I *do* have the right to strip you naked and restrain you on a gurney. Call it one of the prices of getting caught engaging in industrial espionage.

I realize the company you work for must be dying to find out what an internationally-known bio- technology company and a world-wide consortium of medical and pharmaceutical companies could possibly have joined together to produce in a out-of-the-way plant in the middle of Minnesota. Well, my dear boy, you're in luck - you're going to get a first-hand view of what we're developing here.

You see, we're in the final stages of preparation, as it happens. Right about ready for human testing, you could say...
...and you just volunteered.

Oh, come now - no need to make such threats.

Especially since you have no hope of ever carrying any of them out...

Well, to keep you in suspense would certainly be too cruel. Why don't we go ahead and get started, then...?

What am I going to you? Why, my dear boy - I'm going to turn you into a woman.

Oh, stop it. The way you're carrying on, you'd think I'd suggested the proverbial 'fate worse than death'. I've been female my entire life, and I assure you, it's no specific hardship.

Indeed - many men wish to become female, hence this plant. I'm sure you realize that there are surgeons out there that specialize in Sexual Reassignment Surgery, and make quite a good living at it. The procedure, however, is less-than-satisfactory for many of the clients, who submit to it solely because it is, as far as they are aware, the best 'alternative' offered to the

unbearable male life genetics and fate curse them with. There are even more transvestites and transsexuals who would also undergo a feminizing procedure, if the result wasn't such an ersatz facsimile.

Think of the money we'll make with a procedure that produces an end product nearly indistinguishable from that produced by Mother nature herself.

Stop it! If you keep struggling like that, I'll be forced to use an inhibitor that would leave you conscious, but immobile. That's better...

Now, I'm actually quite glad this happened. You see, I'm justifiable proud of what we've done here. Not only capable of producing the physical transformation, we also provide complete lifestyle adjustment training and rapid skill acquisition. All in all, I've just been itching to show off what we can do - and you give me just that chance. So, as we go through every stage of the process, I'll be right beside you, explaining exactly what's happening.

My dear boy, if I were your mother, I'd threaten to wash your mouth out with soap.

To return to the topic at hand; As you can plainly see, the six-point restraint system you're in has been attached to the support-frame on the overhead conveyer, lifting you into the vertical position. This makes the process fairly easy - practically automated, actually. Just as an auto assembly line produces cars from assorted components, our procedure is very similar - a man goes in one end, a woman comes out the other.

Ah, here's the first station. Those eight robotic arms with the spray nozzles are 'painting' you with a depilatory chemical. We actually have two such chemicals. One allows the hair to grow back after a time, albeit a much finer, softer hair. This is the chemical you're getting sprayed on much of your body. Optionally - and as we're doing in your case - we can use the stronger chemical mix, the one that causes permanent hair loss. Oddly enough, many transsexuals prefer to grow that finer, feminine leg-hair, just for the 'ultimately feminine' task of having to shave or wax their legs occasionally.

Don't worry - it's not something you'll have to worry about.

Well, between application and the rinse cycle there's a bit of a wait, so I think I'll go grab myself a coffee. I'll meet you at the next station. Oh, and by the way - when the rinse cycle starts, please note that the water is warmed for your comfort.

We try to make our clients happy.

* * * * *

Well, well - the 'bald' look sort of suits you, doesn't it...?

Oh, don't worry about that. It'll be taken care of a little bit further along. Right now, we need the body completely bare of any hair at all.

Yes, those *are* a type of laser, actually. How perceptive of you.

These special lasers are basically 'tearing off' you outer layers of skin, while using a faint ultraviolet radiation generator to cause the inner cells to 'mature', just as if you were going through the natural shedding process - only much faster, of course.

The biggest difference is the fact that the new skin hasn't had time to acquire all the little creases and wrinkles that mark a normal person's skin. The result: Smoother, finer-patterned skin that also happens to be more taut and elastic.

There you are, my dear - a complexion many women would kill for.

Of course, many of these procedures will also be offered to 'natural' women, as well - but in a less 'industrial' setting than this plant.

Moving right along...

This next station is where a large part of the 'reshaping' of the physique comes in - and the single largest improvement out process offers over conventional surgery.

These 'probes' you see can create a special electromagnetic field that affects the structure of the human bone. In fact, it can increase the density of the bone up to thirty-three percent - with a matching reduction in size, I might add...

Yes, I know - this is the most uncomfortable part of the process, though it's well below the threshold of what would be considered actual 'pain'...

As you can see, we're decreasing the diameter of each of your bones to the maximum, give you a much finer bone structure for your height - with the exception of the pelvis, which we want to remain the same size as before. I assure you, compared to the finer structure of the rest of you, it gives you a fine, womanly pair of hips...

You see? A lovely, fine-boned structure that is downright 'girlish'...

...except, of course, for that unsightly thing hanging between your legs. That's the problem this next station is...

Stop it!

Doctor Ludwig! Sedation, stat...! Hold him! Hold him still...

Ah, much better. We couldn't have you struggling like that. Not that you could break out of the restraints, of course, but you might have damaged that lovely new skin we've given you.

Oh - and a nice side-effect of the bone-density procedure: You were never at risk of breaking any bones. Given the new density, they're almost as strong as carbon steel now...

Oh, stop whimpering.

Okay... As you can see, this cup-like device is now closing over you crotch. I said, stop whimpering!

Anyway...

The devices in that cup have 'softened' the flesh that makes up your penis and scrotum. Even as we speak, it's basically 'inverting' your genitalia, pushing both your penis and your testicles back into your body - though, of course, it's more complicated than that, mostly in terms of the cosmetic affect we wish to achieve....

You know, that whimpering is really starting to get on my nerves.

Where was I...?

Oh, yes - as well as the physical and cosmetic changes, there's also some changes being made to your ability to produce semen, to more closely match that of a woman's arousal system. You will be producing much more fluid, but one that is much thinner - a much higher water content, you understand. Also, it will not be directly related to the orgasm, though during an orgasm the flow will briefly increase considerably. Think of it as sort of a massive flow of pre-cum that will begin almost the instant the correct arousal hormones trigger it - which, in your case, will be often, as we're ramping your ability to produce the liquid about twice what we normally would, to match the fact we're lowering your threshold to about half that of a normal woman.

You might find yourself spending quite a bit of your time 'hot and wet', as I believe the phrase goes.

Oh, for goodness sakes! We didn't even actually remove anything, you sniveling little baby. It's all still there, just in a somewhat different form...

Oh - and a much more sensitive one, as well.

This is one of the big selling features of our procedure. The actual 'reshaping' is really a more advanced version of what conventional SRS does - but our ability to actually cause your body to grow extra amounts of nerve tissue allows for a man to actually experience sex the way a woman does: That is, we make you multi-orgasmic capable, with all the correct matching sensations.

Indeed, we've removed the male limitation on arousal, allowing you to experience female-like sexual arousal, where you can become aroused - and perform - just seconds after the previous bout of intercourse.

Actually, in your case I've taken the liberty of vastly increasing the amount of nerve tissue your body will be replicating. I wouldn't want to skim on your ability to experience one mind-blowing orgasm after another, after another, after another, after...

Well, I'm sure you get the idea.

What? Nothing to say? No foul-mouthed insult?

See, you're much more tractable now that your body's ability to produce testosterone has been so greatly limited...

Oh - there's a spark of the dear boy I've come to know and despise...

...except that I should probably say 'dear girl' now, shouldn't I? My God - are you crying?

I knew men were such babies. One small part of them holds such inordinate importance in their view of the world. Well, now that it's the feminine equivalent, maybe you'll actually have to start thinking with you, ahem, 'other head'...

Now, now - that's hardly lady-like.

Besides; that particular pejorative now applies to *you*, as well. Ah, well, onto the next station on our little 'assembly line'...

...although, from the way you are carrying on, one might think it a 'disassembly line'. Come, now - it didn't hurt. I know that for a fact, since a local anesthetic is included.

In any case: this next station is designed to give you some wonderfully feminine facial features. The bone restructuring has already done much to enhance your face, of course. What, with the slimmer jaw-line, the finer nose, and the better-defined cheek and brow, you could already pass as a 'cute' young woman, as you can plainly see in that mirror right in front of you - however, we wouldn't want to settle for merely 'cute', now would we? No, not at all - and at this station, we can do the fine-tuning of your features to provide everything from classically beautiful to stunningly striking, and everything in between.

For you, however, I've had the machine programmed with a very special selection...

Oh, don't worry - that laser is nothing but a mapping laser, which is sent to the processing system to create...

...that plastic mask that just covered your face, holding it perfectly still. We wouldn't want you to move while some of this was being done, now would we? With that light sedative I gave you wearing off, you might decide to do something stupid...

Ah, here we go. Those arms, there, have pressure-injectors that are implanting special cellular material into lips, to make them fuller and firmer. It's a synthetic cell, but one the body will absorb and assimilate, creating a permanent, living tissue in a matter of mere seconds. As you can see, it's wonderful for pumping up your lips, giving you that delightfully 'bee-stung' look...

...and, while we're at it, we're also increasing the nerves in your lips as well, to make them somewhat more sensitive.

Don't try to talk, dear.

The other little 'arms' are doing work on the flesh around your eyes, doing micro-surgical procedures in less time than it takes to tell you about it... Ah, see? We've made your eyes look larger, more noticeable. More 'doe-like', I think, especially considering that wonderful hazel-brown 'color film' being injected into your iris...

Oh, it's quite permanent, I assure you. What a lovely look - so wide-eyed and innocent...

..and that lovely little up-turned nose just goes so perfectly with it all.

Now that mask comes off, and it's on to the next stop in our production line. Here we do your throat and voice...

Oh, don't mind that. As should be obvious, it forces your mouth open to it's limit and holds your jaw and neck perfectly still while the micro-arms go inside you throat to perform their jobs...

Yes, I now it feel like somebody pouring fine sand down your throat. That's the feeling of your Adam's apple being reduced, as well as 'clipping' and 're-anchoring' of your vocal chords to provide a higher pitch and range. Unlike normal surgery, we're not limiting the overall sound produced by your voice-box, just altering pitch and tone...

This is going to take a few seconds longer then most people's procedure would. The higher you raise the voice, the longer it takes, you see...

There, all done. Go ahead, say something...

Well, I can't say I appreciate the sentiment - but you can hear the lovely new soprano voice we gave you.

Such a lovely voice...

...but I don't think it quite matches the body we've given you so far. Oh, well, not a problem - we'll just have to make a few more changes.

This is the second-to-last station on the 'physical' side of our transformation procedure. It actually combines technology used in two of the stations you've already been through, but on a larger scale

- it creates new flesh, you see.

In your case, I do indeed mean 'on a larger scale'. Even now, more of the artificial cell suspension in being pumped into your body at selected points - and, since the pressure injectors are busily working away, I'm sure you know that they're working on your legs, buttocks and chest.

The ones on your legs are basically adding a thin layer of 'padding', to soften and thus further feminize the contours of your legs - but, in the interest of aesthetics, it's not an even layer. Extra tissue is being built up to emphasize your calves.

Considerably more padding is being added to your posterior. We want to give you such a nice, firm, ,round derriere, so utterly delectable - and, with the added nerves being grown in that permanent tissue, it'll be somewhat more sensitive...

...but that's small potatoes considering what we're doing to your chest.

Yes, they are big - and getting bigger, my dear girl. Right now you're only a 'mere' DDD cup... Oh, come now - I thought men liked big tits.

Oh, and they will be so firm and sensitive... especially those big, thick nipples we're giving you. We could, of course, make your breasts look more natural, if we wished, but we thought the 'firm, fake' look would be so much more suitable for you - so big and round...

My, they really do stand out from your smaller ribcage, don't they? Like a couple of flesh-colored volley-balls...

...oops, I guess I should have said 'soccer-balls'.

No, that's not right, either, now is it? Amazing how quickly we can convert a perfectly flat chest into something so stupendous, isn't it...?

Back to whimpering, are we?

Ah, there we are, your final size. Absolutely massive, aren't they? Just for the record, your new bust-line is a staggering fifty-six inches, compared to the thirty-two inches of your ribcage, the eighteen inches of that deliciously slender waist of yours, and the thirty eight inches across your hips.

Your new bra size is 32-MMM - except, of course, they hardly sell that sort of thing 'off-the-rack'.

You might consider having an NN-cup bra made, though, for the comfort - especially for those big, thick nipples of yours are going to spend as much time erect as I think they are.

Of course, your new tits are so wonderfully, artificially round and firm, you barely need a brassiere at all.

Well, ,now - on to the last of the physical stations.

As I'm sure you're aware, hair itself is not alive, though the cells at the follicle end are. What we do here is use more 'artificial' cells bonded to individual hairs that are then implanted into the skin, where they 'take' - and the specific cells we use allow us to give you any hair color, which will continue to grow that color - and that style - from now on.

In your case, we're giving you a lovely head of golden-blond hair...

...yes, that's the hair there. My, it is quite 'big', isn't it? Yes, my dear, you'll have a massive, thick head of silky, wavy golden-blond hair that would do any B-grade movie star of the Eighties proud. Even 'Barbarella' didn't have such a luxurious head of hair...

There, that didn't hurt, did it...? Oh, stop it.

Now that the physical transformation has been completed, we'll move onto the mental side of it.

Most of the new skills you're going to need as a woman are already in our Cray supercomputer,

,where we've take every-day skills -0 and a few more exotic ones - that a woman would ever need, reduced them to the matching nerve-impulses that accompany each motion, and fed them into a device that can 'imprint' them on your own mind. It can even erase unneeded or conflicting neural patterns to allow just one set of 'thought patterns' to be laid on the brain.

Oh, yes, I'm quite aware of the illegal and unethical possibilities of such a device, which is why it will only be used on very special clients - like you. Most of our other clients will be 'taught' using the Advanced Neural Eraser and Imprinter's 'poor cousin', a device that does the same thing, but more slowly and mechanically, with no possibility of erasure.

A perfect example is right over there - those funny looking 'shoes' and the tread mill? Those shoes have telescoping heels that slowly rise as the patient walk on the treadmill, and the 'enhancer' makes the neural imprinting of the action so much stronger then would naturally happen that taking six steps at each slow increase in height has the same effect as if the patient had spent sixty hours walking in that height of heel...

...but that would take much too long for you. Your skill in heels will be imprinted with the ANEI, just as such skills as make-up and couture - complete with your new 'taste' in each.

We don't want to let you go without demonstrating at least one of the more mechanical skill- implantation devices, ,however, which is why we're...

Well, yes, technically, those are dildoes - but the most advanced dildoes in the world. Not only do they feel exactly like real male penises, and not only are they body temperature, but they 'ejaculate' a simulated semen with the same texture, flavor and consistency of the real McCoy.

Why, yes, dear. We are, indeed, going to make you 'fuck' those - and more...

Those electrodes just attracted at the top of your spine and at each temple are linked to that Cray computer I mentioned. What it's going to do is send electrical impulses into your spinal column, mimicking those sent by the brain - in other words, for the next little while the computer will 'hijack' your body, playing you like a marionette. As it runs through all the sexual skills we want you to learn, the neural enhancer will imprint those lessons on your brain with the same power as I mentioned regarding the high-heel machine.

You're going to be a sexual expert by the time this finishes...

Ah - no response. That, of course, is because our computer now has complete control of your body.

Well, we're going to begin with something nice and basic: Straight-forward sex just barely one step up from the infamous 'dead ass' technique. This actually takes little skill, since you're basically just going to lie there and take it, with just some basic hip movement - but it's sort of the introductory level. I assure you that things will get a lot more complex as we go along...

Okay, that's perfect - on your back, legs spread with lifted knees, baring that tight little cunt we gave you - and, yes, you are a natural blonde now, aren't you?

Here comes Mr. Cock...

Was that a little gasp of pleasure at having a big, thick, warm cock slipping firmly into you tight, hot, wet new cunt?

Of course it was - the computer was programmed to make you do that - just as we've overridden the normal settings to full-force imprint it, so that - no matter what happens - you'll make little sounds of pleasure when a cock penetrates you.

Just as you'll do what you're doing now as the cock slides back and forth in that rhythmic pumping motion. Oh, ,I don't just mean the way you're moving your hips in a counter-rhythm, enhancing the length, power and timing of the thrust, though you will do that too, of course...

How's that feel, anyway? Having a cock thrust into you, over and over again, I mean? Oh, of course I know what it feels like for me, but then I've never had a chance to feel it any other way. How new and different this must all feel for you. Instead of plunging an external part of you, you're now the one being penetrated.. filled... pumped. I wonder if, like me, it seems to magnify the very existence of your womanhood, making you feel as if you are hollow, just an empty, yearning mass being filled by something much bigger than the reality of that cock...

Well, I digress - what I was talking about was all those phrases you're saying - a bit woodenly now, perhaps, but you'll be much more convincing next time you yell things like 'Oh, yes, I love your huge, thick cock', and 'oh, fuck me harder, fuck me like the slut I am...'

Of course, or regular patrons don't get this particular subset of programmed responses...

...unless they ask for it.

Enjoying your first fucking as a woman, dear...?

Oh, here you go, a real treat - your first female orgasm.

Yes, ,look at the way you're shaking and shuddering. That's not the computer - that's you. there's no way any computer signal could possibly override the sheer power of that orgasm ripping through your body right now, especially with the increased sensitivity of your new vagina.

Of course, you've also lost the ability to be coherent, as well. I wonder what words you might be wanting to use right now, instead of those incredible, nearly mindless screams of pure, overwhelming physical pleasure. Would you still be trying to curse me...?

...or does this mind-blowing orgasm actually feel good enough that you'd be thanking me over and over again?

Oh, well - I guess we'll never know...

The computer has once again established control, and here we are moving on to the next phase of your sexual training - the basic blow-job.

First, of course, you 'assume the position', kneeling as if in front of the hypothetical man that would be attached to that cock.

Of course, all this frantic begging you're doing to please, please be allowed to suck down a load of wonderful cum is, once again, non-standard. In your case, ,however, it just seemed the thing to do - that wonderful, high-pitched new voice of yours is just so perfect to use in begging for sex.

How's it feel to wrap your hand around a cock, dear? To 'eagerly' grab a man's hard cock, telling 'him' how wonderful it feels to touch his huge dick? Smiling up at 'him', telling him how much you love sucking cock, and how you're going to give him a blow-job he'll never forget? Pressing your firm, pouty lips against the head of his cock and slowly pressing forward, enveloping the head and part of the shaft in your warm, wet mouth...?

I, ,personally, don't enjoy giving a man head as much as you're being programmed to display - but, since men like getting blow-jobs so much, I figure it only fair they should show as much eagerness to give one...

You see how well we've coordinated the action of lips and tongue, head and hands? Even though this is just the basic blow-job program? Trust me, ,dear, we've done our research. A few prostitutes and a few pornographic starlets, a few 'regular' women, and - perhaps our most valuable resource - gay men. All to develop the 'perfect' oral technique, of which you're a recipient.

You should feel proud, dear. By the time we're done, you're going to be as expert a cocksucker as you are going to be an eager one.

Okay, and now...

...that's it, dear - gulp it all down, every drop. Make a little moaning sound in the back of your throat, as if gulping down a load of hot cum is causing you exquisite pleasure. That's right, babble profuse thanks for being allowed to suck 'his' cock between licks to clean the cock of every drop of cum...

Beautiful, darling - just beautiful.

Well, you have a lot more sexual training to go through.

All of it, ,in fact - we're putting you through all the paces, and... excuse me...

Mark? Mark, can you 'cycle' the program back again...? I want to hear her say that again... Perfect... Mark? One more time...?

Sorry about that, dear - it's just hearing you say 'Oh, yes, shove that cock up my tight little ass' in that new voice of yours really does something for me.

Anyway, as I was saying: We're giving you the complete list of sexual programs, and that will take awhile.

By-the-by - Personally, I think the last simulation in the sequence is completely gratuitous. I mean, really, how many times are you going to be able to find all the equipment - and patience - necessary to put you in the only position where it's possible for you to be tit-fucked, ass-fucked and cunt-fucked, all while simultaneously giving a blow-job and two hand-jobs?

Then again - in your case, it might be a commonly-used skill. You might even have the contraption permanently assembled in wherever you end up living...

As it may be, I'm not going to stand here and wait for your training. Right after you finish having the entire series - including all the orgasms that entails, may I point out? - you'll be taken to ANEI training, where the rest of your new skills will be implanted.

Oh, and your new personality, too. Can't forget that minor detail, can we now? So, I guess this is good-bye. Oh, when you come out of ANEI, I'll be there...

...but *you* won't.

* * * * *

Okay, Kimmy, let's get you out of these restraints...

Oh - they were necessary during your Advanced Neural Erasure and Imprinting procedure.

Advanced Neur... Never mind, dear, it's complicated - and you don't remember any of it, anyway, right?

Here, let me help you up....

What?

Why, yes, your 'big, huge boobies' *are* beautiful. Yes, Kimmy - I'm sure all the boys will think so, too. I've got some clothes for you here...

You know, I thought you'd think this pair of black leather pants with mesh inserts up the inside and outside of each leg would be 'so hot'.

Well, of course I didn't bother bringing any panties. You might need them when wearing skirts, just to absorb all that cunt-juice...

No, dear, it's quite all right. A janitor will clean it up.

No, I understand completely dear. Just thinking of how hot men are going to find your ass in these pants would turn any girl like yourself on.

I also got you this...

No, dear, you have to wear it. Policemen don't like you walking around without any top on...

Yes, I know how much you love letting men stare at your huge boobies, because it makes them so eager to let you fuck them and suck them. That's the very reason why the police want you to wear a top when you're in public. It wouldn't do for you to have orgies in the middle of the street...

It just wouldn't, dear. Take my word on it.

Besides, as you can see, this barely even covers your nipples, and it ties here.. here.. and here, for easy removal.

Yes, just like that...

What?

Okay, here, just let me... Please, dear, hold still... Okay, there.

Just have some man help you tie it back on next time you take it off.

No, dear, I don't think any less of you because you're too dumb to even tie a bow. Yes, dear, that's right - you're just a dumb little fuck-bunny.

Don't worry - no laces on your shoes. They're classic pumps with a six-inch heel, you just step into them...

...why, yes, I think you're right. I think some people *do* call these 'fuck-me pumps'... I thought you'd like that.

Okay, and here's your purse, dear. All your make-up is inside, and you can do your face in the cab that'll take you back to the city - it's waiting just outside. I don't mean to rush you - I just know how eager you are to get back to work.

Just make sure you remember to make the men pay you, okay? Yes - I know you don't know how to count.

Don't worry about it, Kimmy.

I'm sure you'll make out all right, no matter what. Sheer volume of business would guarantee that, I would think...

No, no - you don't have to 'eat me out' to show me how much you appreciate me giving you such a wonderful new body.

It was my pleasure.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A successful male attorney goes to sleep one night and wakes up to find that he has been transformed into a hooker, but the "how" and "why" baffle him until his new memories slowly start to trickle in.

Mysterious Awakening

By Gunslinger

The lights of New York City lay below, sparkling like tiny stars brought to Earth. The concrete canyons were filled with the fire-fly movements of cars, headlights and tail-lights shining in a never- ending ballet of motion.

Richard looked out over the panoramic view from his eighteenth floor apartment with satisfaction. Born and bred in New York, he loved the city, it's bustling crowds, it's own unique flavor and style. He was by no means blind to it's faults, but over all, he enjoyed living in the heart of the city, and wouldn't leave New York to live anywhere else.

Which is why he was alone in his large, well-decorated apartment, looking over the teeming city with a faint sense of regret and loneliness.

The tall, slender man let his eyes focus on the faint mirror image of himself that was projected against the darkened glass. Neither particularly handsome or ugly, he possessed a sort of rugged masculinity that some women found appealing. One such woman was his wife, Linda, who he'd met during one of his few forays to other parts of the country that were occasionally required by his job as an attorney. They'd fallen in love, and married quickly, falling into an easy life together.

But Linda was a successful and prosperous Ad exec. Although she'd had no problem finding work with one of the large New York firms, her work still required her to see clients all over the country, and she spent quite a bit of time traveling. So, Richard was left to stare out over the city, thinking longingly of his beautiful, talented wife who was sitting alone in some distant city, thinking of him.

Running his fingers through his mop of curly black hair, Richard turned away from the window and walked over to his bed. Slipping out of his bathrobe, he settled into the large bed, looking forward to Linda's return, when the other side of the bed wouldn't be so cold an empty.

He was soon so deeply sleeping, that he didn't even hear the faint scratching sound at the front door of the apartment, nor the gentle 'click' of the lock being released...

* * * * *

Richard snorted sleepily and stirred, climbing from the unusually deep sleep he'd fallen into. His eyes blearily blinked open....

...and he sat bolt upright at the sight of a cheap, acoustic paneling ceiling completely unlike the stucco ceiling of his bedroom...

...and the sudden movement drove home the awareness of a heavy weight on his chest that shifted as he moved, causing him to look down...

...and the scream that tried to claw it's way out of his throat never made it. Like most people, Richard exhaled when sitting up, and there was simply no air in his lungs to support the full-fledged scream that instinctively tried to claw it's way from his throat at the sight of the absolutely enormous tits thrust proudly from a chest that was completely unlike his own.

He stared down at the slender ribcage sporting to immense breasts with shock, horror and disbelief. It took the growing pain in his lungs to remind him to take a breath as he gaped at the enormous endowments hanging from his chest.

His chest? No - her chest. Because, when he hesitantly lifted a hand to touch them and see if they were real, he found him staring at a slender, dainty, feminine hand with long nails with a bright, glossy red nail-polish coating.

"What the Hell...?" She said - then stopped, her hands flying to her throat, at the sound of the breathy soprano that the words emerged in. Horrified, she tore the cheap, stained comforter off of her body and stared down at the shapely, if somewhat muscular, feminine legs that were revealed.

"Holy Shit!" Richard gasped as the truth hit home. "I I must be dreaming." She tried to reject the truth of her situation. After all, it was completely impossible for a man to wake up one morning as a huge-breasted woman...

...wasn't it?

It had to be a dream, she decided. All she had to do was reach up and touch the massive tits - and she'd wake up. Fitting action to thought, she brought her smaller hands up to the massive round tits hanging heavily from her chest...

...and shuddered as she felt, not only the huge tits in her dainty hands, but the pleasurable sensation of her hands through the nerve endings in her massive new endowments.

"Dear God..." Richard whispered, horrified. "It's not a dream "

Stunned, she finally got around to looking at his surrounding, and immediately deduced that she was in a small, extremely cheap hotel room, with worn, mismatched furnishings and sickly yellow drapes over the window beside the door exiting the unit. The only other doorway opened onto what Richard assumed to be the bathroom.

Swinging the smooth, feminine legs over the side of the bed, she stood up - and was surprised to find that she did so easily. Her new body was completely different in weight and balance than her old one

- if nothing else, it was a lot more top-heavy - and she'd expected to find standing awkward, as if somebody had strapped heavy feather pillows to her chest. Yet, despite all that, she not only moved easily and confidently - but with a very feminine grace, as if she'd been in this body her whole life, and had that lifetime's worth of experience of moving in it.

Confused, she padded bare-foot to the bathroom, inexplicably moving with sexy feminine stride that she couldn't help using. The sensation of her huge tits swaying with every step was annoyingly pleasant, as was the cool air moving over the small, pink nipples that crowned her new tits. The cool air quickly caused them to become fully erect, another completely new experience for Richard. She also noted that everything looked subtly off - because she was seeing everything from a lower perspective than she was used to. She realized that she must be shorter than before.

Reaching the bathroom, she snapped on the light and looked at herself in the mirror.

The person staring back with a horrified expression bore absolutely no resemblance to Richard Widmark, Attorney-at-Law.

She was on the short side, even for a woman - a big difference from his old, taller-than-average height.

Her face would never be called 'beautiful', or necessarily even 'pretty' - it was a little too square, the features a little too prominent. But there was no problem labeling it sexy. Her lips were full and soft, and her eyes - a little too wide spaced - were large, bright blue, and framed by long, dark lashes. Her face was framed by a massive mane of 'bottle-blond' dirty-blond hair with black roots that hung in curly waves down her back and over her slender shoulders.

Oddly enough, the face seemed somewhat familiar to Richard - although Richard was positive that he'd remember meeting somebody with a figure like this one.

Her figure was considerably more top-heavy than she'd appreciated in the bed, as the huge tits had blocked her view of some of her body. That area was now revealed, showing her the unusually narrow hips that supported the firm, shapely female ass, above which rose to a waist that was amazingly slender. In fact, over all she was an extremely slender woman, with narrow shoulders, small hands and feet, a long, slender neck, and that amazingly pinched-in waist.

A body that slender wouldn't usually support such enormous tits. As a matter of fact, a six-foot eight, two-hundred and forty pound woman wouldn't usually support such immense boobs. Her full lips set in a small frown, Richard eyed her immense tits in the mirror - and a light dawned at the sight of two small scars, one under each nipple.

Not only was the body she was in the wrong gender, the wrong genetic background (vaguely Scandinavian looking, as opposed to the Italian genes that Richard's original body had possessed), but she was also quite a bit younger. As a man, Richard had been in his mid-thirties - now, her body appeared to be in her early twenties.

Finally, Richard let her eyes drift to the one part of her body she didn't want to look at. Although she knew what she was going to find, she'd put it off, hoping against hope. Now, her eyes slid down to where her shapely legs met...

...and she flinched at the sight of the soft folds of her vagina, unconcealed by any pubic hair.

The room seemed to spin as the edges of her vision began to dim. Richard had to brace her new body against the sink until the dizziness passed, aware that she'd come very close to passing out. Straightening up, she left the bathroom with an unsteady step - but the sexy sway all the same, damn it!

Looking around, she noticed that there was very little in terms of 'her' personal effects - a purse and some jewelry on the cheap dresser, and a single outfit of closed on the door-less closet. Walking over to the dresser, she picked up the purse. Sitting on the bed, cross-legged, she dumped the contents of the black vinyl purse onto the bed in front of her.

A compact, some make-up, a tube of lipstick... Some tissues, some gum, a pen and a small pad of note paper with the letterhead of 'The Body Shoppe, Los Angeles, Calif.'... thirty-eight dollars in bills, and some loose change...

...and I.D. Picking up the Age of Majority card, she stared at the grainy photo of her 'own' face staring at the camera, the hairstyle shorter, but definitely her.

The name on the I.D. was 'Wendy Cummins', and gave her age as twenty-one. The place of birth was listed as Los Angeles.

Richard stared at the I.D. for a long moment. Somehow, seeing the Government-issued document made it real. Somehow, impossible, he was now a huge-breasted twenty-one year old blonde woman named Wendy.

Richard shook her head - and was annoyed by the feel of her long, thick hair brushing over her shoulders. However this had happened, it meant that, somehow, there must be a way to undo it. She would just have to find it - and she couldn't do that sitting naked on a bed in a cheap hotel room in....

For the first time, she realized that she had no idea where she was. When she'd awoken, she'd assumed, subconsciously, that she had still been in New York. But, Wendy was from L.A....

Climbing off the bed, she walked over to the sole outfit of clothing - and frowned with distaste. A quick search of the dresser revealed she had no choice in the matter. It was wear this, or stay naked.

Grimacing, she began to dress.

First, the lacy black panties. Stepping into them, she slid them up her smooth legs and settled them around her narrow hips, feeling their soft, lacy fabric tightly encase her now-smooth crotch and full, firm ass. She was mildly disgusted - and intrigued - to discover that the soft, lacy fabric was much more comfortable than her regular men's cotton briefs.

Next came the absolutely massive black bra. Despite the lace trimming and decorative stitching, there was no hiding the heavy-duty nature of the massive foundation garment. Out of interest, she looked at the label, finding that it was a custom-made bra - and its size was 32MMM.

It took Richard a couple of tries to get the bra on her massive tits. Having seen Linda dress, she tried that method, pulling it on her huge endowments, and tried to do up the clasps at the back - and found it almost impossible. She could open it that way, but there was too much pressure from her huge tits, and not enough leverage in that position, to get it done up.

After a few more false starts, she finally figured it out. She hung it around her amazingly slender waist and did up the clasps with it backwards, then rotated it. Pulling it up, she awkwardly maneuvered on arm at a time into the shoulder straps, then tucked her massive, sensitive mounds into the cups, feeling both vaguely embarrassed and vaguely aroused - and disgusted at finding the feel of her hands on her own huge tits so pleasant.

The next thing to go on was the black garter belt - which, in turn, supported the black nylons with the seams running up their back. Richard had seen Linda put on pantyhose enough times to know that she had to sit on the bed, ball up the nylons, and slide it up her silky smooth legs, smoothing the tight, sheer fabric along her legs as she went. What she didn't expect was how good the nylons felt once they were on, making every movement strangely erotic - she had nothing to compare to the experience of air moving of nylon-clad legs.

Next came the dress. Black 'hologram' spandex, it was high-cut at the hem and neck, practically a turtle-neck, although it was tight around her slender, swan-like neck, rather than baggy. The stretch material fit her body like a glove, its shimmery surface highlighting her outrageous figure, the long sleeves fitting like a second skin to her slender arms, and the fabric was even able to make the transition from her massive, bra-encased tits to her amazingly slender waist. It clung to her narrow hips and sexy ass.

A gold-tone belt went around her amazingly narrow waist, then she looked down with a frown at the last thing she'd have to wear - and the last thing she ever wanted to put on.

The shoes were black leather pumps with six-inch high spiked heels, the bottom half of which were gold-toned metal. With a sigh, Richard slid the high-heeled shoes onto her diminutive new feet, and wasn't sure whether or not to be surprised by

the fact that she stood and moved easily in the extremely high heels. She did now she hated the way it exaggerated her already sexy stride into a blatant 'come-hither' walk. Yet, no matter what she tried, she couldn't alter her sensual movements on iota.

Picking up the purse, she dumped everything into it - including the jewelry. She had no intention of wearing the earrings or bracelet - although she did slip the slender gold-tone watch onto one slender wrist.

Taking a deep breath, she walked across the room to the door, opened it, and for the first time entered public as an outrageously large-breasted, sexy, erotically-clad blonde woman...

...and stopped, looking out over the deserted parking lot and the sere landscape surrounding it. The two-lane black-top that stretched from the horizon and past the parking lot traveled another five miles or so across the arid landscape before entering the garish city against the mid-morning horizon. That single glance immediately placed Richard - because there was no doubt that the city was any other than Las Vegas.

Looking around at the lifeless terrain, she sighed and began walking, cursing whatever had done this to her. Not only was she now a ridiculously proportioned young woman - but she was walking in the desert dressed in an all-black outfit.

However, that turned out to be a situation that didn't last very long.

She heard the car long before she saw it - the open, desolate land allowed wonderful long-distance acoustics. Which was about the only thing to recommend the arid, undifferentiated landscape.

The bass roar of the big-block engine rolled forward over her when the only other sign of the approaching vehicle was a plume of dust. Then the dust-cloud developed a twinkle at it's head, which resolved itself into the vehicle as it came cruising up the two-lane blacktop and pulled to a halt in front of her.

It was a big, mid-sixties GMC pick-up, painted dark blue. A real piece of Detroit Rolling Iron, with a throaty, big-block engine under the hood and a front bumper capable of taking on a Sherman tank - and winning.

The man who leaned over to the passenger's side window fit the vehicle perfectly. Under the worn Stetson he wore, his face was lean and weathered, prematurely aged by the wrinkled, leather-like surface created by a life-time of the ceaseless desert sun. More than a hint of American Indian descent showed in his dark, tanned skin, high cheeks, and long, dark hair shading towards silver.

"Howdy, miss." The man said - drawled, actually. Somehow, he made 'miss' into a two-syllable word. "Need a lift?"

Although she was wary of climbing into a vehicle with another man - at least, wearing this top-heavy female body - Richard's dainty feet were killing her. Six inch stilettos aren't exactly hiking boots, after all. So she barely hesitated.

"That would be great, thanks." She said with honest relief, still wincing at the soprano voice that she answered in. She pulled open the door - an effort in her new body - and climbed up onto the worn seat.

"Sorry about the heat." The man said, dropping the big pick-up in gear and accelerating. "All I got is two-sixty A/C."

"Two sixty?" Richard asked.

"Two windows down, at sixty mph." The man chortled. He actually pronounced it that way - 'emm- pee-aitch.' He took one hand from the steering wheel and held it out. "Name's Don Fleetfoot."

Richard took the proffered hand - and paused. It took a second for the name on the I.D. to come to mind, and there was a noticeable lag before she replied "Wendy Cummins."

Don gave her a side-long look at the pause, but didn't comment on it. "So, what's a young woman like you doing hitching through the desert?"

Richard shrugged - which did truly interesting things to her massive endowments. "I bussed in, and am bussing back out, but the hotels in Vegas are too expensive, so I stayed at the one you passed before picking me up."

Don nodded. "Yup - them Vegas hotels, they'll charge you an arm and a leg - and leave the rest of you for the casino."

Richard agreed, not really knowing one way or another. She'd never been to Vegas, and had just used it as a reasonable-sounding excuse. Personally, she was trying to figure out what the real 'Wendy' had been up to. Did she have a job in Vegas? Friends? Anything?

It didn't really matter to Richard - he had no intention of living life as 'Wendy'. What he was going to do was get back to New York, and find help. But that was going to cost more money than 'Wendy' had, and it would have been nice to know if she'd had any way to get more. It would also have been nice to know where - and how - she could get some clothes other than this outfit. And, it would be nice to get Don to fuck her. Plus, she'd have to find a way to get to New York...

Suddenly, her mind screeched to a halt and she went dead pale as she realized what she'd just thought. Unbidden, the image of Don's hands - strong, dark and tender - caressing her huge, firm tits...

She quashed that thought too - but was afraid, disgusted - and aroused. Richard wasn't gay, had never *ever* had the slightest interest in another man - so where were these thoughts coming from. And why was she getting turned on by them?

"So, Miss Wendy, where can I let you off?" Don asked, breaking into her thoughts. Quickly, Richard composed her mind.

"Oh, anywhere along the main strip would be fine." She answered in her feminine new voice. "I'll just walk up to where I'm going."

Don looked over at her, and again the unbidden images flashed through her mind. Then, Don shrugged and pulled the big pick-up over to the side of the road. "Sure, Miss Wendy."

Richard started to reach for the door handle - and was stopped by Don's gentle hand on her slender shoulder, causing a disturbing shiver of lust to run down her spine. She turned to face him.

"Here - take this." He said, writing something on a tattered envelope. He folded the envelope over and pressed it into her hand. Before she could see what it was, he'd reached across her - causing more unwanted, lustful thoughts - and popped the door open for her.

She stepped out of the vehicle, hating the sound of her high heels hitting the concrete sidewalk, then had to use most of her strength to close the heavy door. Her mind was still whirling, trying to deal with these new thoughts, and before she could thank Don for his kindness, he'd already pulled back onto the street, the powerful big-block growling as he headed away.

Confused, scared and unsure, Richard walked over to the shelter of a building's overhang, out of the sun, and looked at the envelope that Don had pressed into her hand.

The Envelope had originally contained a bill or something similar, and had Don's Los Vegas address typed on the front. Written beside it in pencil was the added notation. *'Miss Wendy - If you need help, you can reach me here. I hope everything works out - Don.'*

Inside the envelope were ten crumpled twenties, two tens and a five.

Slightly stunned, Richard looked in the direction that the truck had vanished, then thoughtfully tucked the envelope into her purse, and started walking.

Half a block away, she spotted a newspaper machine. Leaning down, Richard read the top-half front- page that was displayed...

...and had to grasp the edges of the machine to keep herself upright as her vision narrowed and her mind whirled in confusion and fear.

The date on the top of the page was almost a year later than the date that her mind insisted it should be. Somehow, between going asleep as a man in New York and awakening as a woman in Los Vegas, eleven months had passed.

Stunned, Richard slowly straightened and mindlessly let her feet carry her onward while her mind spun in circles, trying to grasp the reality of having lost a year of his - her - life.

And there wasn't anything she could do about it.

The hot desert sun pounded down on her, the black clothing absorbing the heat and amplifying it. Already she felt like she was broiling, and it was still early in the day. After twenty minutes she was beginning to fill limp, like she was melting.

A woman stepped out of the store Richard was passing, and a burst of cold air followed her through the door before it swung shut. Without even looking at the storefront, Richard pulled the door open and stepped into the air-conditioned interior, willing to pretend to 'browse' while cooling down.

Looking around, she found herself in a women's shoe store. Sighing, she began to fake interest in the various footwear while enjoying the mechanically cooled air on her soft skin.

Then her eyes fell on a pair of thigh-high black leather boots with an impossible nine-inch spiked heel and an outrageously arched sole to meet the heel.

And suddenly, her mind threw her somewhere else...

He was strapped to the table. Pain was his constant companion, especially in his waist, hips and legs.

Slowly he lowered his gaze to his legs. They were encased in a pair of bright red patent leather boots with a seven inch heel, as they had been for the past month, ever since the alterations on them.

"Aren't they lovely, my dear Wendy?" a female voice asked from beyond Richard's sight.

"No." Richard said bitterly, his voice sounding wrong to him - too high, too feminine. "And my name isn't Wendy, damn you!"

"Oh, naughty girl." The voice cooed. "We'll change that, though. By the time we're done, you'll love wearing such sexy boots..."

Then a terrible pain lanced through his body, as a images of exotic, sensual footwear flashed through his mind and a voice cooed something into his ear....

Shuddering, Wendy shook her head *No! Richard! She was Richard!* Richard shook her head and looked around.

She was blocks away from the shoe-store, having covered the distance while in the daze (memory) without realizing it.

And she was balancing atop the abnormally high heels of the black leather boots that encased her legs. In her hand she held a bag from the store, which contained her other pair of shoes, and a receipt from the store. A quick check of her purse verified that her funds were depleted to half of what she'd had, the money spent on these (*sexy, perfect*) boots that she didn't even want (*to ever take off*), with their ridiculously (*erotic*) high heels.

Richard (*Wendy*) squeezed her eyes shut and tried to regain control of her thoughts, which seemed to slipping away from her, ideas and thoughts she didn't want to think intruding.

Truly frightened by what was happening to her, she staggered a short distance down an alleyway and sat on an upturned crate, trying to think. To disguise what she was doing, she took a compact from her purse and opened it, as if she was touching

up her face. She was startled to find that her face, reflected back in the small mirror, was fully made up, with mascara, eye shadow, and a gloss red lipstick. Sometime, during her daze, she must have applied it.

Pushing the revelation aside, she blankly stared at the mirror while her thoughts turned inwards.

The episode in the store had been a memory. Even though it was a fragment, with nothing surrounding it, and no other memories to support it, Richard believed that it was, indeed a memory. Something had happened during that missing year.

The reason that the face in the mirror had looked familiar was simple - it was hers. Somehow, impossible, it - and her entire body - had been changed, reshaped, made younger, female, and different, but it was still her original body, severely altered.

Her mind, also had been changed - and it was more than just the lost year. New thought, ideas and - urges had been implanted in her.

Somebody had done this to her. She didn't know who, or why, but she was going to...

"Whoa - now *that's* a nice pair of hooters!"

She looked up, startled. She'd been so involved in thought that she hadn't notice the young man, about eighteen, coming down the alley. The youth - with long, dark hair and matching goatee - was openly ogling the amazing cleavage that her dress displayed, especially with the height difference from his standing position to her seated one.

Stung, Richard opened her full lips to retort...

"You should be proud of such big, sexy tits, Wendy" Mistress' voice said in his ear as the drug coursed through his veins, short-circuiting his will. "Such great tits will allow you to get what you want

- like sex "

"I'm glad you like them, handsome." Richard helplessly found herself saying, to her horror. She dropped her compact into her purse and slung it over her shoulder - unwillingly caressing a huge, firm tit as she did so - and rose to her impossibly high heels, preparing to escape.

"So - thirty for a blow-job?" The young man asked.

He was on his knees, his tender new tits hanging heavily from his chest. Mistress was behind him, instructing him on technique as his collagen-inflated lips encircled the cool plastic dildo that was strapped to the mannequin, protruding from the open zipper with her long nails, then gently pulled his boxers down, letting his throbbing hard cock spring free from it's fabric prison. Richard was horrified that he was on his knees before this young man, her gloss red lips closing around his warm, thick cock as her hands worked at the smooth shaft of the dildo, Mistress making comments and corrections as she worked on the phallus, learning the art of cock-sucking. She could almost hear the sound of the 'man' as he moaned in pleasure at her

incredibly skillful technique. Her mouth, tongue and hands worked in unison teasing the young man. She brought him close to the brink, then slowed, then back near the brink again, knowing that he would " be coming soon, if that was a real cock. Now, some woman don't like to swallow - but you, Wendy, you love to swallow the delicious warm cum from a man when he " shot his load into her waiting mouth, and she gulped hungrily at the delicious, salty warm liquid, taking the entire load with delight. Licking his cock clean, she gently arranged his clothes for him, then rose to her feet, licking her full, red lips.

"Wow..." The youth said, breathlessly. "That was amazing." He handed her a fifty dollar bill. "Keep the change - it was worth it."

"Thanks." Wendy said huskily, folding the money into her cleavage. "Maybe I'll see you around some time."

"I hope so." The youth agreed as he headed off. Wendy waited until he'd turned the corner at the end of the alley, then dropped the money into her purse and began swaying sexily down the alley.

Then suddenly bent over and threw up, barely missing her boots, as she realized what she'd just done.

"I I just sucked a cock." Richard whispered, horrified. She spat, then pulled out a pack of gum and popped three pieces in her mouth to help get rid of the taste - not only of the vomit, but the disgusting/*wonderful* taste of the man's cum.

Frightened, confused, and lost, Richard hurried down the alley as fast as possible on her sky-scraper heels, ass swaying seductively, huge, firm tits jiggling invitingly, and her 'bottle-blond' hair billowing out behind her.

Needing to go somewhere, do something - although not sure exactly what - Richard ducked into a casino, joining the swirling ebb and flow of humanity that filled the large, sprawling building. The noise, a mix of slot-machines, dice, cards and people, seemed to fill her with energy and purpose, as if she belonged here, surrounded by strangers and the hollow, flashy glitter of Vegas. Helplessly, she found herself eyeing the men she passed, rating them. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop herself from doing so, her eyes invariable sliding at some point to their crotches.

Then, like a message from God, the PA crackled, and a barely heard voice echoed out 'Would the owner of the Purple Dodge Econovan with the New York plates DCF5483 please move your vehicle?'

New York - the words echoed in Richard's head. Hurriedly - well, as fast as she could on the extreme heels, - she rushed to the front doors and watched to see who owned the van. When the slender young man moved the vehicle and re-entered the casino, she followed him.

He joined two other young men who - judging from the New York Yankee's caps they wore - were from New York. They were playing craps.

"Hi..." Richard said in the sultriest voice she could manage - and hating having to do so. "I couldn't help noticing that you seem to be New Yorkers" She pronounced it 'N'yooo-k'rs"

"Hey - yeah!" The one with the glasses said with a smile, eyeing her firm, *extremely* full tits.

All three were thin, but two were tall, and one short, and one of the tall ones wore thick 'Coke-bottle' glasses. It was the tall, slender, bespectacled one who spoke, but all three were obviously enjoying the sight of the huge-breasted blonde.

"I'm trying to get to New York. I don't suppose you guys could help a poor girl down on her luck?" She asked, ashamed at willingly making the question sound so suggestive. But, if it got her to New York...

For an instant, a line from an old movie zipped through her head - *I have always relied on the kindness of strangers*, spoken in a soft southern drawl - and then was gone again.

The three young men shared a look. Again, it was the bespectacled one who spoke. "Sure, miss. We're leaving tomorrow morning, if that's okay."

"Of course." Richard agreed, introducing herself as Wendy.

The tall one with the glasses turned out to be Carl. The other tall one was Robby, and the shorter one was Mike.

Girding herself for the task, Richard settled onto Carl's lap. "Why don't I just hang around with you guys for a while. Sort of a good luck charm."

And, of course, they agreed. Every so often she would switch to another of their laps - giving each of them a chance to not-so-surreptitiously fondle her massive tits for a bit while her firm ass rested against the swelling bulge in their pants.

And she was absolutely disgusted to discover just how good having her massive, round tits fondled could feel.

* * * * *

After several hours at the different tables, the guys were done for the day. It wasn't much of a job to get the three youths - who were flushed, not only with having a huge-breasted babe pay attention to them, but the fact that they'd collectively won several thousand dollars - to invite her out for a fairly expensive dinner - and then back to their room for the night.

As Richard jiggled and swayed towards their room, the closer they got the tighter her stomach contracted, feeling like a ball of lead. She wasn't sure she could trust herself - not with the weird thoughts and urges she'd been having - but she also was short on cash, and needed a place to stay. And the guys were willing - more than willing - to let her spend the night 'so they could get an early start'. She was sure that wasn't the only reason.

When Mike unlocked the door to their suite, she almost turned and bolted. Steeling herself, she walked into the large room, forcing a her face to stay neutral, not revealing her fears.

Shutting the door, Mike turned to her and said "Well, hear we are. The biggest suite in the Dunes. We have the tree guest-rooms, which we're using, and the master bedroom, which has a *huge* bed. You can use that. Okay?"

Richard forced a smile. "A huge bed. Sounds like a bed is meant to be used, Wendy." Mistress said with a grin. "And the bigger the bed - why, the more guys can fit in it. Just remember, honey, that a man needs to rest between sex - but a woman can just keep going and going. So, if you get two - or three, or four - horny guys, and have a big enough bed, why, find a way to get them naked, and into that bed so that they can fondle her enormous tits, his hand eagerly gliding across her naked face.

She smiled dreamily at Mike's enjoyment of her massive firm tits - and enjoying the wondrous sensations it provided. And speaking of wondrous sensation, Carl seemed eager to kiss her. And it felt so good to kiss him back, passionately. Wendy couldn't exactly recall how they'd all ended up in bed, naked, but the guys were enjoying themselves - and so was she. Everything was wonderful.

Then her smooth brow furrowed momentarily. She was moving her hips in a slow circle to increase the pleasure, and was enjoying the intense pleasure, but for a second she found herself thinking something was wrong with the fact that Robby had his smooth thighs, eagerly - and skillfully - using his tongue to eat her *out, but that's just an 'aperitif', Wendy. It's not the main dish. If a guy's enjoying it - well, enjoy it for awhile, then find somewhere else for that hard-on of his, like your mouth* as she licked at it's throbbing shaft. Her long-nailed fingers came up, one hand around the rest of his throbbing cock, the other one around his balls. It was so nice of Robby to prop her head up with the pillows, so he could sit on her chest while she gave him the cock-sucking of a lifetime. God, did she ever want to drink some cum! Her throat felt parched.

But it was hard to concentrate on the cock-sucking she was giving Robby, because just behind where he sat, the other two guys had each claimed a tits, and were industrially sucking, licking and fondling her huge mounds as her hands, lips and tongue worked their friends shaft. But she didn't let the pleasure in her tits distract her from the important task of bringing Robby off, and it succeed. Soon his hot cum was filling her mouth, and she swallowed eagerly, loving the taste of his man-seed.

But if everything felt so good, then why did she feel weird having three guys are a lot of fun, Wendy. Let me tell you how you do it. First, fondle their cocks a bit, to get them all ready. Then, you get into this sort of crouch-like position, and if you do it just right, then you can have Carl laying at the very bottom of the bed, his hard cock standing straight up. Wendy gasped slightly as she settled down onto the cock, and wanted to fuck it, but restrained herself, to let the other two position themselves.

Her ass was sticking out, and Robby came up behind her, eagerly smearing his hard cock with the Vaseline as he positioned it just behind her ass. Then with a slow, even stroke. He slid the hard cock into her ass, a silly grin on his face.

Meanwhile, Wendy was facing Mike, who was getting into position as well - kneeling beside Carl, where Wendy could suck his cock. With everything ready, Wendy began.

She eagerly used her long, smooth legs to dive her hips up and down, shuddering in twin pleasure as the movement caused her to ride up and down on two cocks. Once she had the rhythm she wanted, she began to give Mike a blow-job, deep-throating him and face-fucking his ready cock.

The cock in her throat stifled the moans of ecstasy that tried to rise from her as she rode the two cock, one in her cunt and one in her ass. The sheer enjoyment of the triple-fuck was quickly bringing her to orgasm - then it his, like a train slamming into her.

At the same instant, she pushed the tree guys over the edge, and all three cocks spewed their loads. The wonderful feeling of being wet-and-filled in her ass. The orgasm in her cunt. And the wonderful taste of the cum shooting down her throat.

She was disappointed when the guys admitted that they were done for the night. She had no problem extracting promises of repeat performances from them, though.

Lying on the bed, Wendy masturbated twice, quickly, then fell asleep fondling her huge, perfect tits.

* * * * *

"Wendy, you've done very well" Mistress said from behind him - her. "I'm sure you're ready to try your skills on the real world now. It's time for you to start your new life."

And Mistress walked around in front of her.

In her sleep, Wendy jerked, a low moan emerging from her throat.

"You're ready to live life as Wendy." Mistress Linda said with an evil smile. "For eight years now I've faked being a loving wife so that you would get to this point. Now, the day has finally come - the payment for all those years of having to pretend to love you, to let you slimy, male hands touch my body. Now, finally, is pay-back. Goodnight, Wendy - and when you awake, you'll be the woman all men want - a big-titted, cum crazed slut."

The knowledge that it was Linda, his wife, that had caused all this, that had done this to her, finally unhinged Wendy's life. Richard, the husband of the 'loving' Linda, died, and Wendy, the sex-starved nymphomaniac was all that was left.

Wendy, who would shortly go to work as a professional stripper - and an amateur hooker in the streets of New York.

Wendy, who - once in a while - would hear a small, male voice in her head would cry out in pain and horror, but so quietly that Wendy never heard.

But *Linda* knew that voice was there - and that wasn't really the point, wasn't it?



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After jumping into a mysterious lake on a camping trip, one man transforms into a mythological nymph.

Myth Conceptions

By Gunslinger

"Whoa - talk about humidity..." Jerry said, wiping at his brow. He shifted his pack to a - slightly - more comfortable position. "You never said that it was going to this humid when you invited us, Jesse."

The lithe young man of obvious Italian descent made a small shrug, barely visible under the straps of his own massive back-pack. "Hey

- how was I to know. Besides - one good thunderstorm and it'll be gone. Have you looked up recently?"

Bill snorted. "Oh, even better - in a forest during a thunderstorm. What ever happened to 'don't stand under a tree?'"

Guiseppe DeMarco smiled wryly. "Hey - if I'd know all you guys was gonna do was bitch, bitch, bitch, I woulda come camping by myself. It woulda been a helluva lot more peaceful."

Bill, his big-boned frame and extra height making him the only one who carried his equipment easily, made as if to sprint off in the direction they'd come. "Does that mean I can go back to civilization - where there's women and cold beer?"

The slender Italiano shrugged. "Sure - but it's a long walk - 'cause I still got the car keys. 'Sides, unless somebody found it, that cache of stuff I left last year when I canoed in should still be there."

"I hope so." Jerry said. The rangy youth wiped at his brow again. "A cold beer would go down real nice right about now." He paused. "How much farther "

He didn't have to finish the question - because at that moment they broke out into a clearing beside a large, fresh-water spring, crystal clear and looking so very inviting. On the other side of the clearing there was a thinner screen of trees that extended perhaps a hundred yards before arriving at the river that was visible in bits and pieces through the thinner growth.

With sighs of relief, the three young men dropped their packs by the ring of fire-blackened stones left over from Jesse last trip. They sat down to relax a bit after filling their canteen full of cold, clear water.

"You're right, Jesse." Bill agreed after looking around. This is the perfect campsite. So - where's this cache of stuff?"

The other two youths groaned when Jesse revealed it lay four feet deep - but they helped dig up the two large plastic coolers, revealing a hoard of booze, cigarettes and a few other 'luxuries', such as skin mags. Soon they were spread out around the large tent that they'd toted in, watching the sun slowly making it's decent towards the horizon while they sipped at the drinks they'd chilled in the frigid waters of the fresh-water spring.

"You know, I feel like I'm a scuz-bucket." Jerry said, shrugging his shoulders in discomfort. As the day was tending towards evening, the youth was finally beginning to feel comfortable as the humidity dissipated with the day's heat - but he was still sweat and a little grimy from the trek in, plus setting up. "I think I'm going to wash down a bit."

Jesse rolled his eyes. "Aw, c'mon - let us relax for a bit before we set up the camp shower man. It ain't the work of setting it up - it's the hauling the water up here and heating it."

"Hey - I don't need no stinkin' shower." Jerry said with a smile as he rose from where he was sitting and peeled off his shoes and shirt. "Uh, Jerry - whatcha doing?" Bill asked, blinking blearily from where he sat, well in the bag.

"Just cleaning up, Bill." Jerry said, turning towards the trees that screened the river and taking off, shedding his pants as he ran so he was clad only in his boxer briefs. Behind him, he heard Jesse calling after him, but didn't bother to stop and see what he wanted as he reached the bank and hurtled off it, describing a smooth arc in the air before plunging beneath the cool surface of the water.

Surfacing, Jerry saw Jesse had trailed after him, and was now standing on the bank, doubled over in laughter. "What's so funny?" Jerry called.

"You... jumped..." Jesse spluttered, holding his knees as he forced the words out. "Trying.. to clean..."

Frowning, Jerry wondered what the hell his friend found so funny - then saw it, and stood up in the silt bottom of the shallows, slapping his head and groaning.

The river had been slowly sinking in level all summer as the heat had evaporated the water with no rain to replace it. Stretching between the water and the grassy bank was a good six feet of thick, gooey mud.

"Whatcha gonna do, smart guy?" Jesse called from the bank, then bent over in fresh gales of laughter. "I'll think of something, wise-ass." Jerry muttered, eyeing the mud between him and the bank with a glare.

* * * * *

Jerry shivered as his toe touched the ice-cold water of the spring-fed pond. "Geez - it's, like, two degrees... Kelvin." "Don't be such a wimp, man." Jesse taunted. "You wanna spend the weekend as a mud-cake?"

"Well. " Jerry said, swishing his already numbing toes in the ice-cold pond.

"Hey - you do, you ain't sleeping in my nice, clean tent." Jesse said, deciding Jerry.

"All right, all right. " Jerry huffed. Taking a deep breath, he held it in - then sprang forward, diving into the chilling waters of the slate- gray pond.

In the first instant, as he hit the water and all the air rushed from his lungs, he thought the strange sensations he was feeling were related to the diving into the frigid water - the way his cock and balls were trying to recede up into his body, the sudden shock that trembled through his system, the way his hair floated around his head in a white cloud while unpleasant sensations galore ran through his body in time to a growing tightness in his chest...

...then the sensation doubled and redoubled, becoming something he'd never felt before, and he frantically launched himself off the silt bottom of the fifteen-foot-deep pond, frightened and scared, already eager for the light of the summer day as...

...her head broke the water.

Jerry wasn't yet aware of the changes that had wracked his. her body in those few seconds - but his two friends had watched through the crystal clear water, wide eyed and unbelieving, as Jerry's form had rippled and changed into something altogether new. Now they were staring at the new woman, their eyeballs bulging from their sockets and their jaws hanging agape.

The first real sign Jerry had of her changed state came when she spoke. "Geez guys, what are you..." She trailed off, and tried again. "What are. "

The voice that was emerging was an almost disgustingly 'cute' female voice, a richly feminine soprano with just a hint of an unknown accent that almost made each word sound like it was spoken in the middle of a giggle, high and sweet and girlish in the extreme.

Out of shock, Jerry's hand instinctively flew to her throat, and she barely had enough time for the image of those tiny, slender, dainty hands breaking the water before her head went under as she unthinkingly stopped treading water.

Then she broke the water again - only, this time she was screaming, a high sound full of panic as she tried the impossible task of staring at her transformed body while treading water. Amidst the splashes and ripples created by her frantic thrashing, quick views of her transformed body flashed in front of her eyes - the long, sexy legs with then tiny, arched feet at the ends. The huge, firm tits thrust from an incredibly slender ribcage. The tiny, barely-there waist above woman hips, and resting in the center of the 'Vee' between her silken thighs, a small patch of ice-blond hair around the unmistakable shape of a woman's vagina.

Jesse and Bill watched her desperate thrashing in slack-jawed shock, too stunned to move - and if they'd been able to move, they still wouldn't have dived in to save their floundering, feminized friend, not after seeing what had happened when shed entered the water.

By happenstance more than design, the new woman's frantic movements served to drag her to the edge of the pond, and she hauled herself out, now-freed hands flying to different parts of her anatomy as she continued to scream in wordless horror at what each question touch brought.

Jesse and Bill, however, merely continued to stare wordlessly. They watched the slender, tinsy woman - she was less than five-feet in height - with the long, platinum blonde hair and large, firm tits feel herself up frantically, impossibly long, sexy legs spread out in front of her as she screamed.

Hesitantly, his voice thick and almost two octaves higher than usual, Bill said. "J.. Jerry?"

The shrieking woman's cries cut off as sharply as if they were a recording and somebody had hit 'stop'. Her huge, luminous blue eyes turned to look at the two gaping men through the long, fine lashes that shadowed them.

"I'm a woman." Jerry said in that clear, trilling voice, her tone almost conversational as her hands roamed the surface of the melon-sized tits thrust from her altered ribcage.

Then the huge, clear blue corneas of her eyes rolled up until nothing but white showed, and she passed into a dead faint, her body slumping limply to the ground and looking appealing even in a boneless slump.

* * * * *

Jerry stirred two hours later, feeling the warmth of the fire warming one side of her body as the chill air of the late-summer night prickled across the other. She opened her eyes and blinked up at the concerned faces of her friends, who had crowded over her at her first sign of motion.

"I just had the weirdest dream..." Jerry began - then sat bolt upright, firm, spherical tits bouncing on her chest as her eyes went huge and wide and she gaped down at her transformed body.

"Oh... shit." She said, the oath coming out as sweetly and trilling as all the other words she'd spoken. Her large, bright pink nipples stirred and thrust themselves defiantly outwards in the cool air, and Jerry shuddered under the sensation that created. The world began to swim in and out of focus, and she began to sway back and forth, her eyes beginning to roll up...

The sudden slap brought her firmly back to reality, and she stared in shock at Jesse as her tiny hand reached up to touch the reddening hand print that was almost twice as large as her own tiny, slender appendage.

"Sorry." Jesse said, holding up his hands in apology. He was struggling not to gape at her perfectly spherical tits, and his face was slowly reddening at the awareness of his own efforts. Bill was less circumspect, gaping openly.

"Jerry...?" Jesse asked, hesitantly. "Is... is that really you?"

Jerry shuddered and drew her long, shapely legs upwards, cradling her knees against her impossible perfect globes, her eyes wide in horrified shock.

"Oh... my.. god..." She whispered as realization sank in. "I.. I.. I. " Tears began to leak helplessly down her smooth, flawless cheeks, and she felt shame at crying in front of her friends - but all things considered, she felt that she was entitled.

"What.. what happened to me?" She whispered, shaking like a leaf as the thousand new and disquietingly pleasant sensation of her altered body impinged on her consciousness. She felt alone, weak, vulnerable - womanly.

Shaking her head, she leaned forward and let herself absorb the strength from Bill's taut body as she pulled herself tightly against her chest, her crotch tingling and warming as she thought how good it would be to...

...screaming, she thrust herself away from her friend, horrified at the thoughts running through her head - the thoughts and urges, the mental images of herself having sex with them...

"Jerry - calm down!" Jesse tried - futilely. Horrified but what she had felt - was *still* feelings - the new woman was rapidly pushing herself away from her friends, eyes wide in horror even as her body thundered with desire and her mind reeled with thoughts and images that both sickened her and excited her at the same time.

"No!" The new woman screamed, her eyes unfocused as she shook her head in violent negation. "**Noooooo!**"

"Jerry!" Jesse tried again to get the hysterical new woman's attention - and failing miserably. He started to move towards her...

...and a bright, unfocused smile appeared on her lips and she leaned forward for an instant...

...then the smile disappeared completely, replaced with horrified realization. Leaping up with inhuman dexterity and grace, she spun on one tiny foot and ran into the woods, completely unaware of the wordless, impossibly look shriek of mindless terror that trailed after her as she sprinted with unbelievable speed and sexual grace into the depths of the wood, losing her

body among the dark-clad trees even as she lost her mind in the depths of the horrified hysteria that had temporarily claimed her.

* * * * *

Jerry never knew how far she ran that night, dodging around trees and bushes with inhuman dexterity as she bolted deeper and deeper into the wilds, trying to outrun the horror that had happened to her. She pushed herself faster and faster, sprinting through the trees at speeds faster than Olympic sprinter's bests, while the trees flew past her on either side, clear and sharp in her vision.

It was the fatigue that finally drove her to stop, collapsing onto the leaf-carpeted forest floor, staring up at the trees that blocked out the faint light from the starry, moonless night...

It was then that several different things began to impinge on Jerry's consciousness. A state of mindless terror can only be held so long without an external threat, and almost unwillingly Jerry's mind began to function in a manner somewhat closer to 'normal' - but it wasn't quite ready to deal with the situation itself, so it instead turned to the oddities that she was now noticing.

Like the fact that, while she felt weak and exhausted, her muscles didn't show the slightest trace of ache, and her breathing was only slightly faster and deeper than it had been when laying still.

Like the fact that she'd moved faster, and with more feline grace, than any human being should be able to.

Like the fact that, despite the Stygian darkness of the night around her, she was seeing the trees and vegetation easily in a strange, monochromatic brightness that she'd never seen before.

It was almost as if...

"I... I... I'm not even... human..." Jerry said out loud, stunned. The petite, buxom blonde held her hands up before her eyes, seeing herself in that strangely bright black-and-white vision she was looking through. Although it horrified her to be in this extremely, undeniably female body, she couldn't deny the fact that it appeared to be human - an extremely attractive, petite, buxom female human, but human. Yet, she was cataloguing the things that she was able to do, like the incredible endurance, the amazing dexterity, the night-vision - even the strange, not-purely-physical exhaustion she was feeling. None of it quite added up - not if you were trying to fit it somewhere into the standard human genotypes.

Then her mind began to push back farther, to the strange thoughts and urges she'd had. Her mind tried to shudder away, and she shivered in the night at the thoughts, disgust and longing rising up within her, but she forced herself to examine the feelings as dispassionately as she was able to, feeling again that strange urge, that new...

"...hunger?" She asked herself, frowning - yet the thought seemed to fit. It was almost like the sensation of being famished, of craving food - but it hadn't been food she was craving. In fact, in terms of food, she wasn't even the slightest bit hungry...

...although she should be starved, especially with the amount of energy she'd burned...

It hit her like a blow. Jerry had always been the studious one of the group - Bill was the handsome football star, and Jesse was... well, he was just Jesse. But Jerry had read a wide variety of books, studied an eclectic mix of subjects - and now, something in her mind made a series of connections that snapped together into a neatly solved puzzle.

One that almost pushed her over the edge of insanity on horrified realization of what had happened to her - and what lay in store for her, if she was right.

"But..." She stammered to herself in denial. "It's just a myth! There are no such things as."

Her voice failed her at pronouncing sentence on herself, but her mind relentlessly plowed onwards and supplied the word she dared not say:

Nymphs.

Mythological creature that looked like petite, attractive human women. Beings whose name was the root of another word describing an psychological sexual obsession, because the creatures of myth were supposed to have fed, not off the more mundane sustenance of mortals, but from the energy of sex. Creatures with incredible stamina, energy and agility - if they were kept fully 'fed' through lust and sexual intercourse from mortal men.

And Jerry was now one of those creatures. A being whose source of life...

...was sex.

Jerry shuddered under the thought, her mind filled with loathsome images - but the pieces had all fallen into place, and she could no longer deny the truth. No matter that it should have been utterly impossible - the fact was simple. There was no way around it.

She had somehow become a 'mythical' creature, and the only source for life for her would be to have sex with men - in short, her future lay in something she found utterly repulsive. But, despite the old cliché, it wasn't a 'fate worse than death' - for her will to live was still strong and bright, and she knew that, no matter how repulsive, how disgusting the thought of having sex with men was, it was less abhorrent than the thought of the final darkness.

"Oh, God..." Whispered the new woman - and it was as much prayer as curse.

Pushing herself wearily to her feet, she was shocked at how weak and tired she felt. She began making her way back towards the camp, weaving on her feet and pausing often to lean against the rough bark of a tree, her blonde hair spilling in front of a face bowed in exhaustion. It took her nearly three hours before she saw the glow of the fire through the tree, and she stumbled into the clearing on legs that felt like rubber.

"Jerry!" Bill exclaimed, jumping up from where he sat and bouncing hesitantly from foot to foot, watching her painful progress out of the tree-line.

She swayed - and began to crumple. Bill's natural instincts overrode his hesitation and general state of confusion over the events of the day, and he leapt forward, catching Jerry as she fell, his strong arms lifting her easily and cradling her to him. Immediately, Jerry felt a small thread of energy winding through her system, and knew that it was Bill's lust for her petite but curvy new body, muted in deference to the strangeness of the situation and the conflicting emotions he was feeling, but there nonetheless.

"God, Jerry - you're freezing. " Bill said, stammering - and even before she looked, Jerry knew that Bill was blushing deeply, trying - and failing - to ignore the way she felt in his arms, the way her swollen nipples were pressed into his chest, the way her smooth, soft, sexy flesh felt in his hands. She knew by the sudden rush of energy that ran through her in a dizzying wave.

Enough energy to push herself away from him violently - but she didn't. Instead, she asked to be let down, in a soft, embarrassed voice, and Billy let her down.

"We were worried sick about you. What the hell is going on? How did you.... what. ?"

"Yeah - what the fuck's happening?" Jesse asked, emerging from the woods, carrying a large Coleman lantern. He was sweaty and bedraggled, and Jerry felt a burst of appreciation as she realized he'd been out in the woods, searching for her.

Flushing deeply, Jerry lowered her head. "I... I think you guys should sit down. " She said, and as the men seated themselves around the fire, she explained her thoughts and conclusions in her sweet new voice, feeling the small flow of energy leaking through the air as the men couldn't help but become aroused as she described how she needed to feed, and what it would take...

"God, Jerry - you mean that we have to... That you need..." Bill stammered, stunned.

Jesse let out a low whistle, shaking his head. "Man... I mean, that's really, really weird - but..." The Italian began to blush. "No offense, but - you are a really hot girl now, and the thought that... you know..."

All three were blushing brightly, embarrassed, confused - and aroused. Even Jerry, deeply disgusted by this, was helplessly aroused - although, perhaps 'hungry' would be a better term, all things considered.

"No offense taken..." She said - trying for dryly sarcastic tone, but unable to convey the subtleties she wished in her new voice. The sweet, trilling tones she was stuck with simply were not suited to such things.

The two men were practically glowing in the dark, they were flushing so brightly. "So - what do we...?" Bill asked, delicately.

Jerry was flushing almost as brightly as her two friends, her fair new skin practically glowing as she forced herself to say what she had no choice but to say....

"I... need to... have sex with you. " She said, swallowing thickly at what she was about to force herself to do - but, now, having sex was as necessary for her as eating was for the two guys. She had no choice - it was have sex, or starve to death. As disgusting as the thought of having sex with her friends was, it was still infinitely preferable to the thought of death.

Bill cleared his throat, then said.. "I... don't think I can. "

His body was definitely displaying a contrary opinion, but Bill wasn't speaking of a physical problem, but an emotional one - and, despite the odd circumstances... or because of them. Jerry appreciated Bill's reluctance.

For the same reasons, she felt a wave of disgust wash over her as Jesse shrugged and said. "Hell - I can." He smiled at her. "Jerry, I liked you okay as a guy - but now that personality is housed in a drop-dead gorgeous body - and you're a nymphomaniac, to boot. It's a fuckin' fantasy brought to life, man."

And he moved towards her, his hands reaching....

It took everything Jerry had in her not to scream and run away. Nevertheless, she couldn't repress a small shudder of revulsion as Jesse closed the distance between them, and Bill 'tactfully' faded away into the tree-line, his face still a deep, ruddy color from the flush that claimed it.

Then Jesse's hands touched her...

...and everything changed.

It was as if most of her mind simply shut down - while her body came fully alive for the first time. Urges thundered through her, unchecked by any moral dilemma of disgust - because she no longer cared about anything else other than satisfying the needs thundering through her. Who she was - or had been - faded away, and thought was replaced with instinct and desire.

Jerry was lost - and what replaced 'him' was a being that had not walked the Earth for a thousand generations.

The nymph pulled herself tightly against Jesse's body, feeling the warmth of his flesh even as she felt the energy of his desire flooding through her. Her small, nimble fingers roamed over the dusky youth's body, undoing snaps and catches as her full, soft lips pressed against his and their tongues did an erotic dance. Jesse's hands encircled her and lifted her, her firm, round ass filling his hands as he held her off the ground, lip-locked in a passionate embrace while she peeled her clothes from his lean body. Then they were naked, bare flesh to bare flesh, and the current of energy running through her became a waterfall of power and vitality - which she put to good use. Wrapping her long, shapely legs behind Jesse, she crossed her ankles behind his knees, and ground her body against his, working herself into position. Jesse, divining her intent, moved awkwardly towards the tent.

Then the nymph found what she wanted - and she pulled her hips back, using her legs and arms for leverage - then thrust forward, impaling herself on Jesse's hard, throbbing cock and crying out in pleasure as his tool filled her wet womanhood, and his sexual energy fulfilled her need.

Then Jesse - now barely able to move as she thrust her body as best she could in short, awkward stokes - managed to back into a the tent and collapse gracelessly backwards onto a sleeping back, the Nymph riding him downward. She uncrossed her legs at the last possible second and moved them out of the way, lifting her tiny body upwards so that her cunt barely encased the purple head of Jesse's cock - then they landed, and gravity gave her an incredibly deep, powerful stroke that let her take the whole of Jesse's cock to the hilt, and she laughingly shouted in pleasure as she began to use her sensuously muscled legs to drive herself up and down on the cock she was impaled on.

Pleasure like none she'd ever felt washed through her as she drove herself up and down on the cock - but that pleasure was matched by the energy she was drawing out of Jesse through the sexual act. For his part, the swarthy young man was simply laying there, experiencing the best sex he'd ever had in his life, but completely unable to move, as the energy she was draining out of him left him weak and limp...

...well, except for one part of his anatomy, which was far from limp. It was this piece of anatomy that was all the nymph really cared about keeping 'alive' - and she did it with greater skill and ability than any mortal woman could.

She was laughing and smiling with shear joy as she rode atop Jesse, and the sensations were absolutely incredible, both physically and emotionally - and she had no plans for letting it end too quickly. Parts of her inherent ability came to life, and Jesse managed a groan of ecstatic agony as his cock swelled even larger, becoming bigger and harder then it had in his life. It was incredible - the pleasure was more intense than any he had ever felt, even if it did feel like his cock was being inflated from the inside, like a balloon, and even if the pressure in his balls was more intense than any he'd ever felt before as his body quadrupled it's normal production of semen.

And still the nymph continued to ride his, the pleasure building and building, far past the point where a merely human woman would have achieved orgasm. Grasping Jesse's hands, she lifted them up to her tits and began to caress and fondle her own huge, bouncing tits with his hands - and that increased the amount of sexual energy Jesse was putting out, and she absorbed it eagerly.

Jesse, limp and powerless to do anything of his own accord, was laying in a pool of his own sweat, his face becoming drawn in exhaustion even as he moaned in pure ecstasy. But the Nymph was completely unfazed by the energetic effort she was putting into fucking Jesse's brains out - she appeared as relaxed and fresh as if she were laying in a hammock, rather than thrusting herself vigorously upon the still-swelling cock that filled her hot, wet cunt. No sweat matter her golden halo of hair, and she seemed unaffected by the amount of muscle strain that - in a human woman - would come from spending so long in that position and using that much of her calf muscles to support her and thrust her up and down.

She looked like she could do this all not - and if she had been given the chance, she would have.

But her lover was merely human, and there was a point when extended, uninterrupted ecstasy almost become pain... "Please..." Jesse gasped, each word a battle to pronounce. "I... can't.. take.. it. "

So - reluctantly - the nymph let them cum.

They screamed in unison as the most powerful orgasm they'd felt claimed their bodies. It seemed to Jesse that the nymph should have shot into the air, propelled like a champagne cork from a bottle, so powerful and long was ejaculation. There seemed to be an endless supply of cum that just kept flowing and flowing as they writhed and jerked under the power of the incredible orgasms that racked their bodies.

Although it seemed to last forever, it was 'only' a few minutes before the mind-boggling orgasm subsided. Jesse, overcome with exhaustion merely lay like a puppet with it's strings cut as the nymph finally pulled herself off his cock with a wet slurping sound.

Jesse's cock was hugely distended, and a deep purple in color. Almost twice as long and thick as normal, it was absolutely massive - but, already, it was beginning to soften, becoming smaller. It would end up being about a third longer and thicker than usual from now on

- under the ministrations of a human woman, that was. Under the attention of a nymph. it would become longer and thicker the longer she spent arousing him.

For the moment, however, he was completely unable to appreciate the temporary size of his massive manhood, as he slipped into a deep, exhausted sleep.

The nymph, on the other hand, was brimming with energy and vitality. This had been an unusual sexual experience, because she'd let her reserves get so depleted before feeding - a normal feeding would only be a little more intense than normal sex would be. But now, she walked from the tent, practically bouncing at the energy that filled her, a wide smile on her full lips as she savored the fading afterglow of the orgasm...

...then she collapsed to her knees and began to dry-heave as the realization of what she'd just done hit home. With the intense need of her body slaked - at least for now - Jerry's mind reasserted itself, and she shuddered at the memory of what she'd done - and how much she'd enjoyed it.

She knew many things now, things that seemed to have seeped into her consciousness when her nymph nature had taken hold. Like the fact that she would have to feed two-to-five times every day, the exact number dependent on how much 'free' energy she absorbed just by making men around her aroused. If she did her best to be the most utterly sensuous woman around, made every move and action she could to turn on the men she met during a day, she could get by on two 'feedings' a

day. If she locked herself away from men, kept herself aloof and shied away from acting the way her new body looked - then she'd be forced to feed much more often.

"Oh... God..." Jerry said, shaking at the thought of how her life would have to be, if she was willing to live it. The only other option was death - and even that would be long and distended, as she would have to seclude herself, away from any possible 'free-floating' sexual energy while she slowly faded away over a period of years. It would only take a couple of days without feeding before she was too weak to move - but it would take years before her body finally quit. And, if any time during those years, somebody came across her and was aroused in any manner - she'd bounce back and have to begin again.

She doubted she had what it took to try the prolonged suicide even once. The thought that she might have to do it many times before succeeding was just too much to bear. She shuddered and felt the pain and self-loathing at what she'd become well up in her - but she was unable to express it, as she discovered yet another facet of her new life.

Nymphs cannot cry. "Jerry...?"

Bill's voice was hesitant, and correct was plain on his face, even as Jerry felt the thin thread of lust that ran through the air between them. Even now, even in these circumstances, even with her best friends - that desire for her body ran through the situation like an undeniable undercurrent tugging at the fabric of her life.

Then Jerry frowned slightly, realizing something - the sensation she was feeling from him wasn't the same as the one she'd felt from Jesse. At first, she'd thought that it was a variation in... well, 'flavor' would be a good way to explain it. And, somehow, she knew that there was truth behind that assumption, as she knew - without knowing how she knew - that each person she fed from would have a slightly different 'taste' to them. But the deep, complexly textured energy that was flowing from Bill was much different than that variation in flavor. Before, all of this had been obscured by the amount and type of energy flowing off of Jesse, but with the Italian youth out cold and not 'broadcasting' anything, Bill's energy was crisp and clear, like the taste of the cool water of a mountain spring.

Then, like a bomb exploding soundlessly in her mind, the new woman understood something else. Something that changed a great many things in her mind, that stunned her and made her sit bolt upright and stare in shocked amazement at Bill.

She understood that sexual energy wasn't the only thing she could feed off of - although it was, by far the most powerful.

She could also feel the other side of the coin - or rather, the second half of the same thing. Her being sexy enough to arouse men would make the other women around her jealous, and she could also feed off that envious energy, although not nearly as well.

But the real bombshell was - that was the energy flowing of the broad-shouldered, heavily muscled man standing in front of her now. Bill wasn't really all that sexually aroused by her body - he wanted her body in a much more literally sense...

"Bill?" She asked, incredulous, and Bill must have read the comprehension in her eyes, because he blushed furiously and looked away - but, now, so many things became clear to Jerry. Bill's lack of girlfriends, his quiet demeanor, his reactions to the 'revelation' that she 'wanted' to have sex with them....

She'd thought it was all out of confusion and embarrassment. But the truth was - Bill wasn't really interested in her in that was at all - now, if anything, it was Jesse that had created that faint sexual undertone she'd tasted from him earlier. When he'd held her, he wasn't turned on by her being held against him, so much as the thought that what had happened to her could also happen to him - and that's what had turned him on. Not the thought of having sex with a woman...

...but the thought he could *be* a woman and have sex with a man... "Oh..." Jerry said, stunned. "Oh, my..."

Then, helplessly, she began to giggle. She couldn't stop herself, and seconds later, Bill's baritone chuckle joined hers.

Unwanted as it had been, what had happened to her had been 'magical' in the most real sense of the word. And the sheer irony of it all - the fact that it happened to her, a person who had been horrified and ashamed by it, when there was somebody else right there who would have welcomed it, who would do it voluntarily, was one thing. But, the knowledge that Bill was.. well, basically asking her permission to join her in her new life, the thought that she wasn't going to be stranded in this life, alone and outcast, was what had sparked the giggles. Here she was, wondering how she could possibly live her life as a female, thinking that there was no solution, that nobody could deal with it - and, now, she discovered that one of her closest friend had been secretly considering the question of how to live as a female for...

"How long?" Jerry asked, and Bill's eyebrow went up in confusion. "How long have you... felt this way?" She clarified, and Bill blushed.

"Uh - since I was old enough to notice the difference between me and my seven sisters..." He said, blushing. "About twelve years." "And...?"

The blush deepened. "Well - I think I can see a way to swing this. It'll definitely take some getting used to, on your part - but I think you'll see why I think it's a good idea..."

She was shocked and outraged at the beginning when Bill began to explain - but soon she saw the logic in his proposal, and agreed that it was the best way of salvaging the situation.

As she stood beside the pond and watched Bill throw himself into the waters with no hesitation, Jerry wondered how they were going to explain this to Jesse...

...and whether or not he would be 'up' to keeping them fed until they got back to the city....

* * * * *

A month later, a new duo-act hit the strip-club circuit, and instantly became one of the biggest draws in the industry. When Jeri Juggs and Billi Balloons performed at a club, it was to a fully packed house filled with enough testosterone to kill an elephant. The fact that the women seemed tireless in their twice or thrice daily performances was remarked on with awe, as was the sheer sensuality of their act - especially from the huge-breasted, Amazonian Billi.

Also remarked on was the fact that they almost always took a fan or two up to their rooms at the end of a performance - but several police 'sting' operations quickly verified that no money changed hands for what occurred next, so they were left alone - much to the delight of their fans. Even their manager, an slender Italian youth, didn't seem upset over his girl's promiscuity - in fact, when they first started performing, they're manager had looked as if he were suffering from some sort of illness, ten pounds under weight and with listless, tired movements. As time passed, he soon regained his former health, and there was rumors as to why he was so happy to have a plenitude of men trying to satisfy his star's apparently insatiable sexual appetites.

Even the fact that the duo went to a lot of time and money to buy a specific lot of land out in the middle of nowhere, then even more money to have a custom-build mansion constructed directly over a spring-fed pond was mentioned and pondered over - with no concrete results.

But nobody connected the duo to the small but very efficient private detective service that was soon formed, the one that never seemed to have time for any cases that people who stumbled across the firm tried to hire them for. Nobody even noticed the fact that the firm's checks all seemed to come - through a torturous route - from a bank that also held the accounts of the two stars.

And the fact that the Italian manager of the duo seemed to be slowly expanding his stable of girls with more incredible endowed, sexually insatiable women was definitely an item of talk...

...but not once did anybody ever notice the fact that it seemed to coincide perfectly, within a few weeks, with the 'disappearance' of people who - if they were *very* closely investigated - might turn out to have been harboring transsexual tendencies....



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: One man's fantasies are so kinky that he can't fulfill them in real life so he "finds a probe" to play them out for him- and because it's fantasy, he doesn't feel guilty.

The Nature Of Man

By Gunslinger

'You want to know about Man, Geordi? I'll tell you about Man. He ain't a Rational animal, like scientists claim - he's a rational**izing** animal. Man's the only animal that feels the need to make excuses...'

-Lieutenant John Deepwater in '**The Long Dark**', by Michael Teague

A half-breed Native American with a mix of Cajun thrown in, John Deepwater was the toughest, most cynical cop in New Orleans, a lone-wolf maverick who went through partners the way most men went through clean socks, and he didn't need anybody's help, except maybe from Jennie Thorton, reporter from the Register and a maybe love-interest.

John Deepwater was also in deep, deep trouble. While investigating the murder of a prostitute, he'd found himself in the middle of a jewel heist worth millions, and the gang had him cornered in an alleyway. John Deepwater wasn't afraid, though. John Deepwater always had a way of getting out of a seemingly inescapable situation...

...except that Michael Teague had no idea how to get Deepwater out of this one.

"Awww, shit..." Mike sighed, staring at the white-on-blue screen of his word-processing program, the last paragraph of the next Deepwater novel staring at him accusingly, begging him for a solution to the problem.

Pushing his somewhat battered (but oh-so-comfortable) chair back from the desk, Mike slowly rose and stretched, his lanky, somewhat pale body making various cracking and snapping noises as he released several hours of tension and immobility. Leaving the unfinished scenario up on the screen, Mike headed towards the kitchen to fix himself a cup of coffee, hoping the caffeine would stimulate his brain.

God knew he needed *something* to kick his brain into gear...

Tall, lanky and with a shock of dark-brown hair that was usually a tumbled mass that trailed down his back, Mike wasn't exactly the popular image of a somewhat-successful Novelist - which always left him both amused and bemused whenever

somebody gave the standard 'You don't *look* like a writer' response when he announced his occupation. As far as he'd been able to determine, nobody really knew what a writer *was* supposed to look like - they just knew that he wasn't it.

He'd never let it bother him, of course. Whether or not he looked the part, he was a writer, and one doing well enough to live off it's proceeds, comfortably if not extravagantly. Most of all, perhaps, was the fact that he loved his work, enjoyed the technical and mental aspects of writing...

...except when he wrote himself into a corner, that was. When he'd woken up this morning, he'd thought he'd had a viable solution to a suspenseful scene that cumulated in an alley. The only problem was, he'd made it right down to the bottom end of the scene before realizing that he'd made a mistake - this scene contradicted an earlier scene he'd written. The problem was, both scenes were really good scenes, and he knew that one or the other of them had to go for this to work out... and he didn't want to loose either of them.

Instead, he was trying desperately to come up with an *ex deus machina*, a method of reconciling the seemingly impossible contradiction, and still have the story work out to a believable conclusion.

Having filled the hopper of the small two-cup coffee-maker with filtered water, and the basket with Celebes Kona Gold coffee, Mike flipped the switch to start the little machine brewing. He picked up the remote and turned on the 42-inch TV, throwing it on the local station in hopes of a weather report while he was waiting for his coffee. Putting the remote down on the counter, Mike walked over to the big glass doors that led out onto the deck and stared out at the late-afternoon scene spread out before him.

An older 'A'-Frame house, Mike's home was located on three acres of land bound on one side by a river that stole a good acre or so of that every spring, when the low-banked river flooded due to runoff, sending a shallow-but-wide 'lake' spreading across the lower end of Mike's property. The spring run-off had finally subsided, and once again the water had returned to the usually shallow river, leaving behind a seasonal 'marsh' on Mike's property, one which would slowly drain away in the next few weeks.

After which, Mike would spend a good week cleaning up the mess left behind by the floodwater. It always amazed him what washed up on his property after the run-off. Items of every sort and description that had been tossed in the river or along it's banks could - and did - end up in a tangled pile at the base of three old trees right near the water's edge, where they'd catch as the flood waters drove the junk forward at it's crest.

Now, he stared out at the flood-plain without really seeing it, his mind working on other things as his muddy-brown eyes gazed out towards the river.

Then, slowly, it began to register on his preoccupied brain that there was a steady, bright light shining at him from the trees at the edge of the water. Slowly, his brain wandered from the fictional universe and returned to the here-and-now, truly seeing the light for the first time.

It wasn't actually a light-source, of course. It was the lowering sunlight gleaming a red-gold off of something metallic or reflective... which was enough of an oddity to attract Mike's attention. Sure, the occasional bottle or metal object had washed up in a flood-tide before - but always rusted, or coated in thick mud. Even bottles only partly cloudy lacked the sharp-shined luster to provide such a sharp, bright reflection.

Turning away from the window with a thoughtful frown creasing his narrow features, Mike poured himself a cup of coffee. Adding cream and sugar, he carried the mug back to the window and stared out at the sharp 'light' near the river, knowing that it was sheer luck he'd seen it - the only time it would reflect like that was when the sun was at the angle it was now, which only happened once a day.

Mike sighed, then put the coffee-mug down on the windowsill near the door, quickly jamming his feet into a pair of rubber boots. He knew that he'd find out what was reflecting the light when he cleaned up in a couple of weeks - but he couldn't go that long without satisfying his curiosity. Animals might be able to 'ignore' something if it didn't fit into their 'fight or flight' world... but higher intellect brought with it the curse-and-blessing of curiosity, the desire to understand, to see for yourself... even if the thing you were looking for was dangerous, which many, many people throughout history had discovered. Still, Mike knew he'd never be able to get his writing done, not with something like this minor mystery nagging at him in the back of his mind.

Grabbing his coffee, Mike pushed the sliding door open and stepped out onto the deck, the cooling early-summer air washing over him. Warm enough in a pair of jeans and a red-and-black flannel shirt over a tattered white undershirt, Mike took another sip of the coffee as he descended the three steps down from the deck and set off down the gentle slope that led to the river.

Pausing at the edge of the seasonal quagmire, Mike finished his coffee while looking at the shiny object, trying to determine what it was. Unfortunately, it didn't lend itself to easy recognition at this distance, and Mike sighed.

Placing the empty mug on the stump of a tree cut down long before he'd owned the property, Mike started across the sodden ground in the direction of the sparkling object, his boots squelching with every step as he neared it's location. Already it was fading to invisibility as the sun continued to set, the rays no longer striking it straight on. Mike had to walk a bit out of his way to keep from losing sight of the object in his own shadow.

He finally arrived at the object's location and leaned over, now only inches away from the shiny object - and he still had no idea what he was looking at.

"What the heck...?" Mike asked himself quietly as he grabbed the object and withdrew it from a tangle of twigs, grasses and various pieces of garbage.

About twelve inches long, the object had a rounded, flatish arc-shaped head atop the gracefully tapered shaft, which ended in a 'pommel', a rounded bauble part of the base of the shaft. The object was mirror-bright and silver in color, but too light to be actual silver

- it weighed about the same as an aluminum object would, but it was neither hot nor cold to the touch, though it was as hard and unyielding as solid steel.

"Hmmm..." Mike muttered, softly, turning and beginning to walk back to the edge of the 'swamp', carrying the strange item with him. "There's markings on it - but they don't look decorative. Too non-symmetrical, too dissimilar - though some of them match up. It almost looks like some sort of foreign language. "

Looked like a foreign language, perhaps - but Mike, as a writer, had seen many foreign languages, even if he couldn't read them, and this didn't look like any script or font he'd seen before. Too angular for Hebrew or Arabic, too complex for Greek - almost like they were pictograms, like Chinese or Japanese writing, though it was neither of those...

Still puzzling over the odd piece of metal, Mike picked up his empty coffee mug and continued up to the house, feeling vaguely cheated. Here he'd come out to solve a minor mystery, only to have it lead to another mystery, as if it was a false lure - something that...

"That's it!" Mike said, eyes widening as his thoughts jumped from the object he was holding to his novel. It was possible to reconcile the two scenes if what appeared to be happening in one scene really wasn't...

Hurrying up the stairs to the deck, Mike didn't even notice the tracks of mud he left across the deck and just inside the door. Kicking the muddy boots off and shoving them aside, he negligently dropped both the mug and the strange object on the counter, then hurried down the hallway towards his computer...

* * * * *

"Yooo-hooo! Mike, buddy - you home...?"

The familiar-sounding voice, echoing through the halls, roused Mike from his creative daze. Blinking like a man awakened from a deep sleep, the slender writer glanced down to the bottom right hand corner of his screen, where the little clock was...

..and swore. Hastily, he began to type a quick series of notes to himself at the bottom of the work he'd done so far, so as not to lose the train of thought he'd been working on. As his fingers flew frantically across the keyboard, he half-turned his head towards the door of the room and called out to his expected visitor. "Hang on a sec, Dave - I'll be there in a second. "

"No problem..." His buddy's voice replied, and Mike devoted his whole attention to what he was doing at the moment - Dave and he had been friends for ages, even roommates before Mike had made enough to afford his own place, and Mike knew Dave understood perfectly.

Finishing up, Mike saved and closed the file, feeling a sense of satisfaction at getting Deepwater out of yet another scrape, then rose from the chair with a series of cracks and pops from his stiff body. Massaging a particularly stiff muscle at the back of his neck, Mike ambled out of his 'den' and down the hall to the living room, where Dave was already leaning back in a chair with a cold beer in hand, watching a cheap 80's 'T&A' flick.

"You still watching that crap?" Mike said, jerking his head in the direction of the TV, causing his long-time friend to turn and grin at him. "Hey, do I bitch about the movies you watch?" Dave asked.

"Constantly." Mike replied, grinning at the shorter, lighter-haired young man. "How you doin', buddy?"

"Not bad, not bad..." Dave allowed, rising. An aspiring musician, David Johannsen was a broad-shouldered young man with a mane of nearly-white blond hair that revealed his Scandinavian heritage as much as his chronic - and to his friends, hilarious - inability to tan.

His ice-blue eyes were warm and crinkled in good humor, and he gave Mike a 'punch' on the shoulder, the masculine equivalent to a woman's 'hello' hug.

Mike, straight almost to the point of homophobia, almost would have preferred the hug - Dave was a great guy and a great friend, but he didn't know his own strength. Despite the fact that he was a little shorter than average height, he was quite muscular - though it came from genetics rather than body-building, so his muscles weren't all that well-defined, giving him a deceptively 'pudgy' look when he was fully clothed.

Unfortunately, Dave was also a very 'set in his ways' man, and always used the same amount of power in his 'buddy-punch', no matter how solid - or, in Mike's case, lanky - a friend was...

So, Mike was sort of braced for the impact, and only staggered back a step or so, immediately regaining his balance and, ruefully, rubbing his shoulder.

When he'd first met Dave, and learned his habitually greeting 'punch', Mike had actually tried 'dodging' the punch. It didn't work - it just made Dave think you wanted to get into a 'boxing match', no matter what you protested.

The bulky, blonde young musician was in, as he put it, 'an alternative punk band heavily influenced by classical music.'

Mike didn't really care for most of Dave's music. Still, he liked the beer-swilling, pot-smoking, rough-and-tumble musician and self-proclaimed 'biker'. (Dave owned a 1978 Harley-Davidson Soft-tail Classic, in cream-and-red... which he kept in his garage and polished on the weekend with a 'no-scratch' cloth.) Dave had a 'do-or-die' attitude that was actually the original inspiration for John Deepwater... although the fictional detective was a lot more refined than Dave - not to mention a hell of a lot less... crude.

"So, You've had a busy day, haven't you?" Dave commented casually, as he picked up his beer.

"Uh... Excuse me...?" Mike asked, frowning slightly - and wondering why Dave had put down his beer to punch him. Once Dave got a beer in his hand, it usually couldn't be pried out of his hand until the last drop was drained dry. Yet, he'd put it down rather than let go of what was in his other hand, a shiny object about a foot long, with a rounded-arc of a head and...

"Well, duh, the alien probe that contacted you this morning..." Dave said in a mocking tone. "I know all about it, of course..."

As confusing as Dave's apparently nonsensical comments should have been, it was nothing to the surprise that Mike felt to hear himself say: "Yeah, of course it would have talked to you, too. Geez - telepathy is kinda cool, isn't it...?"

Mike, however, wasn't the least bit surprised by any of this. he was, however, downright shocked to find that the reason he wasn't surprised about any of this is because he knew just what was going on...

...because the shiny object Dave was holding *was* a sentient, telepathic alien probe.

Matt knew this because, in the space between one breath and another, the alien probe had inserted all this information directly into his brain, telepathically. In that instant, Mike knew that the probe had tried to 'communicate' with him when he'd first found it, but had no frame of reference through which to learn the 'language' of an earth mind. He knew that, by leaving it in the same room with the TV, it had learned what it needed to know - and so, had been ready to 'tap into' the mind of the first person it encountered...

...which had been Dave. So, now, Dave was the focus of some sort of 'experiment' that the alien probe was running on the first human it encountered. Dave was the test subject - and so, he wasn't aware of what was going on. The probe had control of his mind, and it would be convincing him that he was doing nothing wrong - so, the probe wasn't telling him any of this.

It was telling Mike this because it didn't matter - Mike was supposed to be a 'supporting actor' in this little play...

...so he was helplessly aware of the fact that his mind was being directly tampered with, even if he couldn't tell exactly what was changing. All he knew was that he felt... compelled. He had a need to act 'natural', without knowing why... but the need was so strong that he couldn't withstand it. Instead, he grinned and 'played along' - even as he wondered why he was doing it.

"Fuck, yeah!" Dave gave enthusiastic respons to Mike's comment/question. The change in Mike's mind had happened so fast that Dave hadn't spotted it - which was the whole point. The probe wanted Dave's 'real' responses, so though it was 'monitoring' every aspect of his mind, he wasn't being 'messed with'. The probe was lying to him - and it was using Mike to reinforce that lie.

What really bothered Mike was the fact that he knew this... but he simply couldn't tell the difference between the truth and the lie. The proba had no problem messing with *him*.

"So - you owe me..." Dave said himself saying in a 'mock-serious' voice. He wasn't quite sure why he was saying it, even - he just had a feeling that, for some reason or another, Dave did 'owe him big'...

"Why...?" Dave, halfway through the act of sitting down again, paused and blinked at Mike.

Mike was really glad he'd asked that question - he'd been wondering it himself, and was glad to find out that the answer was: "Because I waited for you to get here before I decided to try the other abilities it talked about."

Oh. Well, that made sense. Wishing to test the incredible abilities of an alien probe until your friend got there was a pretty big favor...

"Screw you." Dave snorted, with a grin. "It told me about that, too - and I know there's got to be two people involved, so you had to wait."

Hmmm. Well, there went that debt...

"Yeah, okay - so you caught me." Mike 'admitted', not wanting to let Dave know that he'd actually forgotten about that part...

...or, was it that he hadn't heard it before? But, no, that was...

Mike would have liked to mull that one over - but he really felt that taking a few minutes of 'deep thought' would be inappropriate right now, so he forged right on ahead.

"So - now that you're here, let's try out some of the things it told us about." Mike said, excited - he really was anxious to see what 'special abilities' this thing had even if he'd technically lied when he said 'us', because the probe hadn't told him a damned thing about 'other powers'. However, right now just didn't seem like the time to make that distinction, for some reason...

"Yeah!" Dave agreed, just as eager as Mike to do this. "So... what should we try...?"

"Hmm..." Mike said, thoughtfully, wondering just what the alien probe could do, so that he'd have even the slightest inkling what to suggest...

...when a thought popped up so suddenly that it just sort of.. popped out: "Hey - let's turn me into a woman!" Dave gaped. "Are.. are you sure...?"

Mike blinked - but, for the life of him, couldn't think up any better ideas - and he really, really wanted to see if those 'extra abilities' actually worked. "Yeah - turn me into a woman, Dave."

Dave licked his lips, nervously. "Well, uh... what... what do you want to look like? You know... as a girl?"

Mike rolled his eyes - he couldn't care less about what he looked like. He just wanted to see the probe work. It seemed very, very important that he do so, in fact. "Just make me into.. well, your fantasy girl would do fine."

Dave blinked. "Are.. are you sure?"

"Yeah, yeah..." Mike said, waving a hand impatiently. "Hurry up, Dave - turn me into your fantasy woman..." Dave hesitated, his face slowly flushing. "Umm... I dunno. I.. I have some really kinky fantasies, and.. uh..." He just sort of tapered off - and an odd thought slipped through Mike's head...

'That's part of it...' He thought suddenly and with absolute conviction. 'His fantasies are so kinky that he can't fulfill them in real life - so the probe is finding a way to play them out for him - and since it's a fantasy, it's finding a way that won't make him feel guilty...'

Then there was a strange.. sensation in his brain - and the thought was literally gone as if it had never existed. No - as if Mike's brain were wired up in such away that it could *never have existed at all...*

.and Mike was unaware of the fact that the rewiring had been done in such a way to make it seem completely logical, acceptable - and even exciting - to say to Dave: "C'mon, Dave - I want to see just what that thing can do. The stranger your fantasy woman, the better - so lay it on me."

Dave looked at Mike - then slowly began to smile, closing his eyes and concentrating...

There was an almost subliminal hum, as if Mike were standing close to an underground transformer station - and then, without warning, all of Mike's clothes dissolved.

That gave Mike a bit of a pause - but, for some reasoning, mentioning the loss of his clothes didn't seem important enough to break his silence. Instead, it seemed much more urgent that he watch himself change.

He looked down at his nude body - just in time to see his hair go drifting down, detaching itself from skin that had suddenly become silky smooth - almost 'ultra-feminine'.

Which would make sense, given that he was changing into Dave's fantasy woman. The thought seemed a bit troubling... but, even now, as his feet began to writhe and change, Mike simply couldn't come up with a better idea...

...and seeing the probe work it's 'magic' was more than he could have hoped for. He was just so excited to think that an alien probe was using its unfathomable powers on *him*! If it turned him into a woman, fine - just as long as he was the focus of the changes. Of that incredible power...

...and, since he was, he felt wonderful as he watched his feet 'solidify' into their dainty, feminine new shapes. They were perfect female feet - and Mike just loved that fact that the power had been used to give them to *him*.

Not to actually *have* them, of course - being excited by **that** would be sick. It was okay, of course, to be unbelievably happy that his feet had been transformed at all - so it was fine that the sight of those wonderfully dainty feet made him so happy. Just like he was allowed to be so excited as he watched the changes move up his silky-smooth legs, leaving them long, toned and sexy.

"Man.. aren't those just the sexiest legs you've ever seen?..?" Dave breather, reverently.

Mike looked down at the sensuously-curved contours of his feminine appendages, and had to agree. "Oh, yes - they are. What would your fantasy woman wear on legs like these, Dave? What type of shoes? Nylons? Don't tell me, Dave - show me..."

Oh, this was just so exciting. He was getting turned on by having been given such long, sexy legs - and that excitement only grew as he was pushed upwards atop the shoes that formed on his wonderfully dainty new feet. They were hot-pink in color, and they boasted a four-inch platform and ten-inch heels that just did so much to enhance the already sexual curves of her calves and thighs...

...except it was hard to admire how sexy his new legs were when he was struggling wildly for balance. It only made sense for him to beg Dave to use the probe to give him all the skills his fantasy woman would have for standing and walking in her perfect heels.

Dave, of course, complied, and immediately Mike was able to balance easily in the heels, knowing that he now had the equivalent of a lifetime's experience in such delightfully high, slender heels.

"Perfect..." Mike said, heart beating rapidly at the sheer magical quality of what was happening. "Go on, Dave - go ahead and finish making me into your fantasy woman, with every little detail..."

Dave, caught up in the excitement himself, barely heard Mike's eager request - but since that was what he was planning to do anyway, it didn't really matter. In fact, nothing on earth could have stopped him now, his eyes glazed with excitement at arousal as he continued to transform his friend.

Mike gasped slightly as his hips expanded to wonderfully womanly dimensions - and along with wider hips came a full, firm and sexy ass. He had just enough time to watch his cock get sucked back into his body, painlessly replaced with a cunt that he knew must be hot, tight and wet - and then a super-tight, hot-pink spandex micro-mini formed, hiding his - her? - new womanhood from view...

...barely.

Caught up in all the excitement, Mike begged eagerly: "Don't stop...!"

'Stopping' was the furthest thing from Dave's mind. Her waist pinched inwards to a mere eighteen inches - and then she gasped again as a pink leather corset formed, cinching her waist to a wonderfully painful fifteen inches in diameter.

"More... change me more..." Mike begged, and Dave complied.

Her ribcage shrank inwards, becoming slimmer - but something else was growing at the same time - her tits. Her wonderful new tits...

The now-hairless flesh of her chest rose outwards, ballooning rapidly, gaining weight and mass with startling speed as her breasts shot through the alphabet of cup sizes, going from small to big, then right into huge - and onward into enormous...

":Wow...!" Mike breathed in stunned admiration, lightly cupping and fondling her massive, beach-ball-sized breasts with hands that were already in the process of becoming more feminine. The breast cradled by her changing hands were as big as beach-balls, but not nearly as round, having a much more realistic heft to them...

...if anything about those gigantic breasts could possibly be described by the term 'realistic'.

So caught up in her new breasts was Mike, she almost didn't notice her face becoming a vapid caricature of femininity, huge blue eyes complimenting a tiny button nose and a set of full, gloss-red lips, all surrounded by a mane of golden hair so 'perfect' it looked almost like a wig - the same way her new flesh was becoming so unrealistically smooth and slick as to look almost like carefully tinted plastic rather than human flesh.

All of this excited her - the more she was pushed from her normal form, the better - and this was getting about as far from her old form as you could get...

Seconds later, the changes were complete, leaving Dave to stand, open mouthed, as he gazed at his own fantasy brought to life.

She was six feet tall, a lot of which was made up by those incredible legs of her. She was every inch a woman, with more than a few extra inches thrown in up top. Her face was almost unrealistically 'bimboish', her eyes glazed and wide, her permanent smile vapid and thoughtless...

...as she found herself settling down to the floor. For a second or too, she couldn't think why she'd be laying down on the floor, her hands continuously fondling her massive new endowments as she spread her long, sexy legs - which forced the skirt she was just barely wearing to ride up, exposing her tight new cunt.

Thankfully, she didn't have to figure out why she'd do something like that - Dave was more than happy to explain it for her, without bothering to use any words. Still grinning happily, he stripped out of his clothes...

...revealing a massive, thick cock that was three times the size it had been before.

Mike was ecstatic. Dave had given himself a huge, thick cock! Of course, the reason Mike was so excited was because it was another magical change - but Dave was actually going to be kind enough to let her feel what an 'impossibly' enlarged cock would feel like as he fucked her! What a true friend...

With literally breathless anticipation, she waited for him to do exactly what he did next - drop to the floor, position himself between her spread and slightly bent new legs, and slam that massive monster dick of his deep into her cunt...

She didn't feel a thing. The massive cock must be stretching her new cunt to the limit, but there was no physical sensation at all. in fact.. she suddenly realized that she couldn't feel anything in her new body, not even her massive new tits, which she was still rhythmically caressing.

She tried to ask Dave what was happening - but realized that she wasn't able to. [part of it might have been from the fact that she didn't seem to be breathing anymore, either...

...and yet she didn't feel the least bit 'suffocated' as Dave continued to drive into, her eyes glazed as he fucked her without any sensation at all.

She tried to give him some indication that something was amiss - but she couldn't seem to do anything but fondle her breasts and rhythmically drive her hips. She tried to do something - anything - else, but it was as if her new body had a mind of its own.

Right about then, Mike began to worry> After all, as exciting as being magically transformed was, this wasn't quite what she'd hoped for...

Not that she had nay say in the matter. As Dave spasmed and pumped and incredible load of cum deep into her new body, she could do nothing but continue the exact same actions, over and over again...

...right up until Dave hit the button on the silver-colored remote-control device that the alien probe had reshaped itself into, shutting down 'Michelle', the ultra-buxom version of the highly-detailed, animatronic love doll.

* * *

"Damn..." Dave sighed, rolling off Michelle as his huge, thick cock went limp. It felt so damned good to have sex with something other than Ma Thumb and her four daughters - most guys would have thought having a gigantic cock would be great, but they didn't seem to realize that most women didn't really enjoy being penetrated by something so long and thick that it caused great pain - which, of course, a love-doll, no matter how sophisticated, could never feel.

Rolling to his feet, Dave quickly dressed, then headed down the hallway.

"Hey, Mike - thanks for letting me, uh.. 'burrow' your..." He started - then slowed to a confused stop as he realized that Mike wasn't in the den, writing.

In fact - Mike didn't seem to be anywhere in the house.

Dave frowned - then shrugged. A brass band could have marched through while he was gratifying himself with the love-doll, and he wouldn't have noticed. Mike must have felt embarrassed, and decided to give them some privacy.

Making a mental note to get Mike one hell of a Christmas gift this year, Dave started to head for the front door - and then realized he was still holding the remote.

Flushing slightly, Dave put the remote down beside the love-doll.. but he didn't think anything of the fact that, just before he let go, he murmured to himself: "I wish it was a hell of a lot easier for me to have sex..."

Turning, Mike turned and headed for the door...

...completely unaware of the fact that his sneakers were reforming themselves into a pair of 'Fuck-Me-Red' high-heeled pumps, while his leaned were writhing their way up legs that were becoming smoother and sexier...

Reaching her car, Davidia slipped behind the wheel, starting the car with a quick twist of her long-nailed fingers. As the car idled, she drew the seatbelt across her chest...

...then gasped as the shoulder-belt dug into her firm, round EEE-cup breasts. Wondering how the belt could have slipped it's adjustment so badly, she eased the belt into place,. The dropped the car into drive, thoroughly disappointed that Mike wasn't home to give her the good, hard fucking she so desperately wanted....

* * *

"Listen, Lieutenant - you can tell his editor that there's no sign of foul play at his house..." Patrolman Rod Wilkes reported into the radio, looking around the writer's empty house. "In fact, it looks like the last thing this Teague fellow did before leaving was, uh. 'purely voluntary'. "

Despite his lieutenant's slightly puzzled demand for an explanation, Wilkes thought it best not to describe what he meant over an open frequency. There'd be more than enough time to describe the unreal sex-doll laying in the middle of the floor when he got back to the station - and, if this Michael Teague fellow didn't show up anywhere in a day or two, the other cops could see the damned thing for themselves, when the house was turned into a possible crime scene.

Signing off, Patrolman Wilkes approached the unbelievable sex-doll, dropping to one knee beside it as he saw what might be a gun, half tucked under one foam-filled arm...

No, it was some sort of odd-looking remote control - apparently, for the sex-doll. Holding the silver remote in one hand, Wilkes shook his head.

"Damn - I'd love to see a real woman walking around with proportions like that. "

THE BEGINNING...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Two talented researchers at Rysher Laboratories secretly experiment with chemicals to create gender change.

Necessity...

By Gunslinger

The late-night air hung heavy and still over the City of Angels, the day-time blanket of smog turned into a faint haze in the cooler, calmer air. The quick-silver spray of moonlight caressed the folds and ridges of the hills and valleys surrounding the coastal town, the pin-point glimmer of stars spreading across a sky unhindered by clouds...

...but the entire sky was not as crystal clear. Though the weather was serene and still, the effects of mankind's intrusion upon the face of nature was evident. Deep in the folds of one of the valleys, a building burned. A sprawling, modern-looking building just hours before, it was now a brightly-lit pyre of rapidly-spreading flames that caused a thick, roiling cloud of black smoke to rise column-straight into the still air, its base the ugly orange-red of a fire feeding off flammable chemicals.

The strident clang of the fire alarm that had given the building's few remaining employees a few minutes warning were now silent, the wires and machinery already consumed by the fierce heat and blooming flames - but they had been replaced with the high-pitched scream of the fire-engines' sirens, the red strobes tracing the progress of the big vehicles as they hurtled towards the conflagration.

In an alley-way deep within the nearby urban sprawl, another unnatural occurrence was in the middle of taking place. Despite the high, graffiti-marred walls that formed either side of the long, dark alley, a wind was slowly beginning to stir, bits of unnamed-and-unnamable trash stirring under its influence as a low, wavering hum filled the air.

The wind continued to rise, a cylindrical column like some location-fixed tornado coming to life in the center of the alley. The rising hum was now a steady counter-point to randomly-timed crackles of sound accompanying the strange bursts of

electricity that came from the center of the spinning mass of air, blue-white bolts arcing and jumping out to touch Dumpsters, fences and metal window bars with equal intensity, a miniature thunderstorm keeping an unnatural tornado company.

Then, with a sudden 'whoomph' of displaced air that was matched in intensity by a sudden, blue-white strobe of eye-searing light, the miniature tornado dispersed outward, shoving trash and a couple of plastic garbage cans skittering down the alley as darkness and silence returned to an alley that was no longer devoid of human life.

A simple glance might not have reveled the fact - the figure huddled at what had been the epicenter of the whirlwind lay still and unmoving, a tattered and stained lab-coat covering a mound that could have been garbage, at least to the eye of a casual observer. Only a second look at the still mound might have noted the mop of dark-colored hair topping the tattered remnants of clothing.

Then the mound stirred, in time with a low, long moan. With slow, stiff movements, the person under the tattered lab coat pushed themself into a sitting position, lightly running slender fingers over face and head, wincing as they encountered a large, tender lump under the thick mate of glossy, dark auburn hair.

Then those hands moved away from the sensitive, swollen lump to two much larger 'sensitive lumps', hesitantly cradling the massive, almost impossibly firm breasts that thrust proudly from a slender ribcage, unobscured by the torn and ill-fitting white dress-shirt that hung off slender shoulders like a tent.

"Well..." the slender young woman with the russet hair said, an oddly humorous tone in her sweet, trilling soprano voice, "...either I'm still alive, or the afterlife smells *really* bad..."

With that comment, Daniel Webster Trevors, Lab Technician Extrodinaire, unsteadily pushed himself to newly dainty, feminine feet, her unsteady, cautious movements looking nearly drunken in their carefully deliberate smoothness. It seemed to take forever, but finally Danny was braced against the nearest wall, supple new frame leaning almost casually against the dirty bricks, ragged remnants of ill-fitting clothing failing to obscure the smooth, feminine contours she could now call her own. Craning her slender, swan-like neck forward, the new woman looked down at her body as best she could over the massive, round tits that were thrust so proudly into the cool night air, thick pink nipples rigid and swollen by the slight chill.

It was quite a body to look at, too. Despite the fact that her hips were fairly slender, her new body was anything but 'boyish'. Tall, for a woman, a lot of Danny's height seemed to be made up of the long, supple legs that led up to those slender hips that supported an ass that was taut and firm. Her waist was delightfully slender in the dark shadow cast by those massive, basketball-sized breasts, and her shoulders were toned-yet-slender. No trace of her old, male body hair lay anywhere on her smooth new skin, either her body or her cute-and-engaging new face beneath it's mop of russet hair.

"Hmm... Forty percent Jamie Lee Curtis, thirty percent Helen Hunt, a smidgen of Drew Barrymore, and a rack that puts Dolly Parton to shame." The new woman grinned, wryly, an engaging expression on her new face. "It could be worse, I suppose. I could look like Roseanne Barr..."

Then the wry grin flared into a huge smile, and the new woman thrust her hands skyward and began to dance around joyfully, huge new breast bouncing and swaying as she literally leapt with joy.

It was on one of the rotations her whirling, leaping dance of joys that the new woman's dark eyes caught sight of column of smoke that rose into the air, and her cavorting immediately came to a stop, her smile of joy fading into a look of concern.

"Oh, shit..." the new woman said, sadly. "I hope everybody else got out all right..."

Sobered, Danny lowered her head, conflicting emotions broiling deep inside her new frame. On one hand, she was overjoyed with her feminine new body. After all, despite the fact it was considerably more endowed than she would have liked, it was female - just as she'd always dreamed of being. Hell - her dream of femininity was what had led her to work for next to nothing alongside Doctor Lawrence Guthry, whose attempt at creating a Star-Trek-like 'transporter' had revealed an unexpected 'flaw' in the basic design that was a god-send to dreamers like Danny: Namely, that the machine's processors inexplicably tended to 'edit' genetic codes to the feminine equivalent. At least, theoretically - no living creature had been put through the test model Dr. Guthry had been working on, at least not until Danny had become trapped in the fire and had risked the unknown dangers of the device to escape it. To find Dr. Guthry's theories were correct and that Danny was now, indeed, female, was wonderful - but how would she feel if the cost of her new gender was the life of one or more of the people she'd worked with for the past five years, people who she'd laughed and joked with, people who she'd come to like and trust enough to reveal her secret too, to the point that she'd even been allowed to come into work 'en femme' sometimes, despite the fact that her chubby old male body did resemble a auburn-topped version of a certain, bad-tempered actress...

She couldn't rejoice - not yet. Not if the cost of her new womanhood had been much too high. Taking a deep breath, Danny turned towards the entrance of the alley and began to walk swiftly, letting herself adopt a modified version of the feminine sway she had used so many times before in her 'Dana' persona, modified to accommodate her altered center-of-gravity.

It wasn't until her supple new frame was undulating out of the mouth of the alley did she recall that she wasn't dressed for wandering the streets - especially considering how her story would sound to any officer lucky enough to be called for the 'Indecent Exposure' charge against her. With a gasp, Danny - or, as she was thinking of herself, Dana - withdrew back into the shadow of the alley's mouth, looking up and down the street she found herself on.

It was late, and for a moment she feared she was going to be unable to find anything to cover her buxom new body - then she noticed that the area of town she found herself in was hardly the most upscale, with strings of stores and theaters that catered to some of the more base instincts of the human condition. Though not exactly happy with the choices available in such a location, Dana was relieved to find that clothing wouldn't be all that hard to find.

Taking a deep breath and glancing up and down the street, the newly-formed woman dashed across on an angle, aiming towards the sex shop halfway down the block. Her stocking feet slapped pavement as she gathered the tattered remnants of her lab coat around her, creamy flesh showing through the rents and tears in the soot-marred garment. She heard a sharp

wolf-whistle from somewhere behind her, but she didn't stop to respond - not that she was quite sure how to respond, even if she had the time and motivation to do so. After all, she'd never had to deal with 'serious' pseudo-sexual situations while in her less-than-attractive alter persona.

Hurrying through the blood-like pool of red cast by the shop's sputtering neon sign, Dana yanked open the brown-paper-covered door and ducked inside.

The eyebrow of the almost painfully thin, leather-and-denim-clad young man at the front desk rose sharply, making her flush, but she ignored the heat in her face and looked around, hoping to find something that would fit her new body - and, with a start, she realized that she didn't know her new measurements. She knew what size women's clothing her old, male body wore, but this body was slimmer, with all that extra weight 'relocated' to the gravity-defying orbs that she was trying, vainly, to hide beneath her tattered lab coat.

She began to look around, trying to estimate her size. While she wandered around the shop, fingers gliding over leather, lace and latex, she rather hesitantly let another human being hear the sweet new soprano she now called her own.

"You haven't heard anything on the news about the big fire up at Rysher Laboratories, have you?" The man at the counter frowned. "What 'big fire'?"

Dana blinked - then realized that it had been only fifteen minutes or so since the fire started. Considering that, in that space of time, her life-long dream had come true, it somehow seemed longer. "You can see it from outside - a big lab back in the hills is on fire."

The greasy-haired young man lifted one bushy eyebrow in surprise, then rummaged around under the counter until he emerged holding a battered and well-used remote.

"Maybe it's on the news..." The clerk explained, pointing the boxy control at the TV mounted in the far corner. Currently, it was 'previewing' a porno-tape with the sound turned low, and when the clerk operated the remote, a buxom blonde (who was nevertheless flat-chested compared to Dana) who was in the middle of a wet, energetic blow-job vanished, to be replaced with the image of a too-perfect oriental woman in a crisp beige suit sitting at a newsdesk, a graphic of a fire truck in the 'blank' space to her right. The clerk turned the sound up.

'...engulfed the entire complex. Fire Marshal R. A. McAvoy is on-scene, and has issued a brief statement...'

The image beside the newscaster now showed a still photo of an older, beefy-looking man in a dark uniform, while a voice that matched the man pictured played, obviously recorded over a phone line.

'According to eye-witnesses, the fire started in lab after a Bunsen burner's valve refused to close. The chemicals in the lab acted as an accelerant, causing the flames to spread rapidly. Thankfully, the alarm system was state-of-the-art, and most of the night-staff managed to escape...'

The newscaster took over. 'Marshal McAvoy went on to say that there is still one member of the staff unaccounted for, but the name is being withheld pending further search efforts and the advising of the missing man's next of kin...'

Dana's heart pounded and her mouth went bone dry. Who was it? Which of the people - friends - she'd worked side-by-side with for the past five years was missing...

...or dead?

For a second, Dana felt like fainting, the thought that her new life was bought at the cost of one of her friends...

...and then, like a light flaring to life, realization hit. They were talking about *her*!

Nobody knew she'd 'transported' out of the lab. Nobody had seen her. They all thought it was her that was missing-perhaps-dead... She had to go. Now.

She stopped caring about how clothes would look. She just needed something to wear, right *now*, and she grabbed the first things that even looked close to being the right size for her new body.

"Ring them up." She said, dropping the pile on the desk and stepping back. Hurriedly, she began to rip off her tattered, ill-fitting male clothing, exposing her top-heavy new figure. She paused, staring at the clerk angrily.

"Hurry *up*!" She said, frustrated and rushed, then went back to ripping off her clothes. The clerk blinked, shook his head as if awakening from a dream, and began ringing up the purchases - with the occasional glance over at Dana's no-nonsense 'strip tease'.

When he gave her the final amount, she shoved cash into his hands, more than enough to cover the cost - and then she began to dress.

She started with the dark-red leather 'crop-top'. Formed out of four pieces of the dully gleaming material, it was laced together at the back, sides, and front. These laces had to be let out significantly for Dana to be able to cram her massive new tits into it - with most of the slack being on the front lace, displaying the incredible cleavage of her massive, constrained breasts. More breast-flesh squeezed up the tight neckline, as if her tits were threatening to burst loose.

Once the crop-top was in place, Dana hastily yanked on the black-leather mini-skirt. It clung tightly to her girlish hips and her taut, sexy ass. A dark-red belt cinched it tight around her delightfully slender waist, leaving her belly bare.

Then Dana unceremoniously dropped to the ground, landing on that delightfully full derrière, and proceeded to haul on the boots. The black leather boots.

The knee-high, matte-finished black leather platform boots with a four-inch high platform and eleven-inch high stiletto heels...

Between the twin handicaps of the impossibly high heels and the top-heavy nature of her new frame, it took Dana a few awkward moments to get back up from the floor - but once she had, she moved atop the sky-scraper-high-heels as if she were completely at home, smoothly and gracefully.

Which could be attributed to the hours 'Daniel-as-Dana' had spent walking in progressively higher and higher heels, wishing for the day when 'she' could actually be a real woman - and now that she was, she was too pre-occupied to enjoy being so graceful and feminine atop the high, high heels.

Now upright, Dana yanked on the form-fitting black leather overcoat. It hung to just below her knees, but tantalized more than it hid, the tailored lower half fitting snugly over her sexy ass, while the waist-belt cinched the coat tight over her slender waist. The lapels of the 'trench-coat', however, were tailored wide - allowing a spectacular view of those straining, rounded breasts and the chasm-like cleavage.

The final item was a hat - a black leather fedora, to be exact. Cramming it down over her dark-auburn hair, Dana grabbed up her wallet and dashed out the door, leaving behind a very surprised - but not ungrateful - store clerk.

Dana stopped a cab by the simple expedient of stepping out on the street and waving her arms wildly. The cabby had to stop to avoid running her down - and when the car had finished coming to a shuddering, squealing halt, he got a good look at what he'd narrowly avoided flattening, and, being a red-blooded Italian-American male, he was very glad he had slammed on the brakes - this chick was a hottie!

It got even better when she forewent the back seat in favor of hopping in beside him, giving him a good look down the wide-open front of her leather trench-coat, displaying her bounteous cleavage.

She gave him an address in a rushed, breathless voice, and the car was in motion before he quite managed to rip his mind off those well-displayed breasts. For some reason, his eyes kept wanting to slide to his right as he pushed the car faster and faster under her repeated and imploring requests.

When the familiar house came into view, Dana's eyes locked on to it like a man in the desert might star at a cool, refreshing spring bubbling from the sands. Her hand started fumbling at the door handle as soon as the car stopped, and she would have been out of the car like a shot if the cabby hadn't cleared his throat nervously and gave her the total fare owing.

She turned to stare at him for a second, then, with a sinking feeling, realized she'd shoved all her cash at the clerk at the adult store. "I, uh, don't have any cash..." She said, hesitantly. "How about if I just blow you, instead?"

The swarthy young man at the wheel gaped at her. "Huh?"

"Instead of paying, why don't I just suck you off?" Dana repeated, urgently. "Uh... Sure..." the cabby said, stunned.

"Great!" Dana said, sighing in relief - and then she was turning around and folding herself up, one knee hanging off the seat as she put her head in the driver's lap, her hands already freeing his rapidly hardening cock from his pants.

Though it was her very-first blow-job (*well, from this end, anyway...*), Dana didn't stop to 'savor' the sensations - she was in a hurry. She just used hands, lips and tongue to get the driver off as quickly as possible.

Not that the cabby was complaining. He seemed perfectly happy with her technique as he grunted and pumped a thick load of salty, warm cum into her mouth.

She swallowed it all down, barely tasting it, feeling only a salty-tingle over her tongue as she swallowed the load and licked the cock clean.

Then she was out the door, moving as quickly as her incredibly high heels would let her while. Practically having forgotten the cabby and the blow-job, Dana hurried up the sidewalk leading to the bungalow nestled in a small canyon lot.

Reaching the door, Dana began to pound urgently on it, even slamming her hip against the door heavily, almost as if trying to batter her way through. Despite the noise she was making, it was still several long moments before the owner of the house came to the door and opened it, looking out at the cause of the commotion with eyes that were bleary and red-rimmed from tears.

"Please - I don't want to see anyone right now..." Doctor Lawrence Guthry asked in a tired voice.

Larry Guthry was many things. At thirty-five, he already held seven university degrees, some of them from the most prestigious schools in the world. A genius with 'photographic memory', Larry was also a musical prodigy, a concert-level pianist who only played for good friend's of his.

It was almost too much to ask that he was also a complete hunk, with lean hips and a well-toned, well-muscled body that came from his other hobbies: Rock climbing, white-water rafting, and cycling. He had a ruggedly-handsome face and a that of sandy-blond hair. He also had bright green-blue eyes that were usually cheerful and open - but were now red-rimmed and tired.

It was the fear of that look that had driven Dana to get here so fast, desperate to let Larry know: "Larry, it's me - Dana!"

Larry looked momentarily lost, as if the words had no meaning to him. He simply stared at her, uncomprehending.

"I used the transporter to escape the fire!" She explained, urgently, waiting for the light of understanding to fill his eyes. "It beamed me into an alley downtown - and you know about the side effect..."

That's when the light came on, and he stared at her incredulously. "D... Danny?"

"Yes!" Dana shouted, seeing the sorrowful look transformed into one of joyous surprise. "Yes - but I think it'd be more appropriate to go by my 'en femme' name now, don't you?"

Patting him lightly on the cheek with a tolerant smile, Dana wiggled her way past him, into the foyer of his house. He watched her go by, stupidly, then blinked and shut the door... but before his eyes turned away from her, he hesitated for a

long, long second, admiring the way the coat fit so snugly over her ass - and well her ass looked, with the coat snuggled over it...

"If... you'd like..." Larry said, awkwardly. "...Dana."

Heading into the living room, Dana paused, turning in the doorway slightly. The foyer itself was dark, the living room lit - and the position provided a mouth watering profile silhouette as she smiled seductively back at him.

"That wasn't so hard now, was it?" She asked, warmly. "Besides, think of the benefits." She was through the doorway before Larry had recovered enough to ask - "What benefits?" Getting no response, he hurried through the doorway, saying, "What benefuhhhh..."

The invention of the new word came from the fact his jaw had gone limp - probably to make up for something else which was going hard, as Dana had shucked off the over-coat and was standing in the middle of the room, swaying slightly, staring with heavy-lidded sensuality at Larry as she lightly fondled her own breasts through their leather coverings.

"Why, the benefits of you and me." She said, huskily, slowly coming towards him as she talked. "First of all, I'm living proof that your machine works - I was transported nearly ten miles away, unharmed."

"Uh, yeah..." Larry agreed, backpedaling slightly - until he hit a wall. She continued to approach.

"Plus, think of all the other people out there like me. They'll be lining up to use your machine, even if you never get that bug fixed..."

"That... That's true..." Larry agreed, still uncertain as Dana took his arms and began guiding him sidewise, towards the couch. He settled on it, stiffly, finding it hard to slide easily from the recent grief to... arousal? But there was no reason for grief if this was Danny... but Danny was a guy...

...except, obviously, she wasn't. Not anymore...

"...and, best of all, I can now do this, too..." Dana finished 'persuading' Larry - by untying the crop-top's front lacing while she dipped her head in for a fast-but-passionate kiss. He was too stunned to respond to it properly, but Dana didn't seem to care as she kissed him, then pulled back - to let him gaze at her huge, firm new breasts.

"Don't think I didn't see the porn web-sites you cruised, Larry..." She smiled. "Five years sharing a computer - of course I know you like women with huge, firm tits... Tits kinda like these ones, huh...?"

Still grinning, she began to fondle her massive, firm breasts, sighing in pleasure... and then she leaned forward and began to slide them over Larry's face, until he reached up to fondle them with his strong, gentle hands while he nibbled and licked each huge, sensitive nipple.

She moaned in pleasure - and now that her hands were free, she reached down and unzipped the side zipper on her skirt, freeing her to spread her legs more - which she did, straddling Larry as she unzipped his pants and hauled out his large, thick, and most-definitely- ready cock, it's massive head nearly purple and pulsating with each rapid breath of his heart.

With a sigh of supreme happiness, Dana lifted herself up slightly - and then sank her tight, wet new womanhood down over his throbbing shaft.

"Oh, dear God - Yes!" Dana sighed, lustfully - and then she began to flex her long, toned legs driving herself up and down on his hard, throbbing shaft - and Larry joined in with her impassioned 'prayers'.

Pleasure like none she'd ever experienced thrummed through her body. She'd tried 'straight' sex when she was younger, and had kept with it without terrible urgency through the years, even after she understood that she'd been born into the wrong gender. She'd never quite been able to get past that instilled 'homophobia' in her, though, to make the move she wanted to make. Besides, she didn't want a gay man - she wanted a straight man.

Which just hadn't been possibly - until now. Now, joyously, she rode Larry's hard cock and was amazed to find that her emotional joy of satisfaction was being eclipsed by the sheer physical pleasure of having sex as a woman.

"Yes, my gorgeous genius, yes...!" Dana cried out in ecstasy as she fulfilled a life-time fantasy, that of having sex as a woman. The second fantasy, that of having sex with Larry, was newer - but no less satisfying in it's fulfillment.

"Not... the.. only.. one..." Larry gasped in pleasure as Dana rode him, referring to the fact that Dana herself was MENSA material, if not as creative or insightful as Larry was.

"That's... another... benefit..." Dana gasped, body writhing in pleasure. "What's... that...?" Larry gasped out.

Dana didn't answer - she was too busy experiencing her first female orgasm, one that ripped through her body, leaving her shuddering in the grip of pure ecstasy. Larry's own orgasm, a second later, wasn't anything to be sneered at, either.

It wasn't until they slumped into each other's arms, spent, that Dana was able to answer the question. "A child of ours would have to be a super-genius..." Dana muttered, sleepily.

Larry's eyes widened. "A child? You mean..."

"Of course I'm fertile, silly." Dana giggled. "Don't sweat it, honey - if you don't want to have anything at all to do with a child, that's fine - you don't have to. But I really want to have a child by you, if you'll let me. More than anything else, that's what I really want. The ability to have a child."

Larry gaped at her - then smiled, softly. "Well, since I'm directly responsible for you being female at all, I guess I'd better make sure that your wishes are carried out." He made a theatrically outrageous 'tragic face'. "I mean, it'll be tough, what, having to have sex with you again and again, but it's a burden I'm willing to bear..."

"Oh, you..." Dana said, with a giggle. "By the way, you do realize what this means, don't you?" Larry blinked, puzzled-but-amused. "no - what?"

"Invention was the necessity of a mother." Dana said, with a grin. "Oh. Oh, that was bad..." Larry said, wincing. "Just for that..."

Then she squealed and leapt from Larry's lap as he tickled her. Balancing atop her high, slender heels, Dana laughed with unfettered joy, then took off, avoiding the grasp of her new lover...

...but not trying *too* hard to stay away. Not after all she'd gone through to get caught in the first place...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: After accidentally invoking a magic spell that turned him into a woman; the new female finds that she is starting to have sexual feeling for her neighbor.

Neighborly

By Gunslinger

"Oh, um, uh." Jeff stammered, red-faced, as through sheer force of will he managed to tear his eyes from the creamy display of cleavage all-but-falling out of the seriously over-stressed neckline of the too-tight green tank top. "I'm sorry, miss, I thought."

Jeff's stammered explanation died in his throat as he finally managed to look the woman in the eye - and his eyes widened as he took in the woman's face.

"D. duh, duh, duh." Jeff stuttered, unconsciously doing a damned good impression of Morse code before he finally managed to get the one-syllable word out of a suddenly tight throat: "*Don?*"

The somewhat haughty-looking brunette with the massive rack rolled her hazel eyes and sighed. "Hi, Jeff." She said, a bit sourly.

"Buh. but... but." Jeff stammered anew, eyes tracing down to the jeans pulled what must have been painfully tight over her wide hips and full fundament, back up to the massive, swaying breasts barely encased in the popping-seam top, then back up to the face surrounded by an untamed mass of dark-oak hair. "But you're a *girl!*"

"Gee, Jeff, thanks for telling me." She said in a tired contralto, pushing herself up from where she was sitting on the low brick wall surrounding a planting and looking down at the seemingly endless display of cleavage with a wry expression. "Otherwise, I might never have noticed."

"But. how?" The tall, spindly-looking young man demanded, unconsciously running his hands through his shock of ebony hair as his eyes once more returned to the massive breasts that jiggled and swayed invitingly with every breath his inexplicably feminine neighbor took.

"You know that really old book I bought at the auction? The one in a mix of Greek and Latin? Well, it turns out it's a book of spells, and one of them lets you change gender." She explained, while trying to assemble her wavy, mid-back-length mane of silky brown hair in a way that kept it out of her face. Certainly not fat, by any stretch of the imagination, the feminine Don shared the same 'beefy' body type as the male version had been - except this big-boned, 'whole lotta woman' look was far more attractive on her than it's equivalent had on her male body. Of average height, she had one of those fully-packed, voluptuous bodies, with broad hips and shoulders, a fairly deep ribcage, and plenty of meat on her bones, but little fat - except, of course, for that in the massive, breasts that her arms-above-her-head position had caused to practically thrust out of their skimpy cloth prison.

Huge and roundly firm, but not to the point that they looked 'fake', but with a natural slight sag and spread, each breast was the size of a basket-ball, pulled high and outthrust on her chest by her motion - and drawing Jeff's eyes back to them like magnets.

"Yo, Jeff - mind not staring at my tits?" The pneumatic new woman asked, dryly. "But. they're *huuuuge!*" Jeff gasped, undiplomatically.

"Thank you, Captain Obvious." Don snapped, blushing. "I mean, mom was really well endowed, and my dad's mother was too, but when I cast the spell I had no Idea that I was going to end up with freakishly huge tits wobbling and bouncing all over the place."

"They're not freakish." Jeff said in a stunned voice, eyes still drinking in the sight. "They're. *spectacular!*"

"Huh.?" Don gasped, shocked to find that anybody could find her massive - and damn heavy - new boobs anything but disgustingly oversized. "Look, Jeff - can we *not* talk about my tits for a little while?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, sorry." The lanky young man mumbled, snapping out of his bust-induced daze - and realizing what she'd said, earlier. "Wait a second - you mean you turned yourself into a girl on purpose?"

"Yes, I did." Don stated, her voice defiant despite the blush rising to her almost haughty feminine face. "I've always been curious what it would be like, and when I found a way I could experience it for myself, I took it. What of it?"

Jeff was flabbergasted. He'd never had any idea that Don might have thought that way. He'd always seemed so.. well, so *masculine!*

Not that Jeff really knew Don that well. They'd only met three years previously, and only saw each other about three months out of the year, on vacation. They owned adjoining cottages on a very narrow inlet on a lake, practically a fjord, with steep walls on either side of the finger of water. This forced the cottages to be very close together at the very end of the inlet, and because of the way the cottages faced the water on almost pie-pieces wedges of land, the backyard of each cottage would have gone from small to tiny - and so they'd more or less formed a gentleman's agreement to share the backyards as if it were one. As a result, they'd had barbecues together, meeting each others friends, had played lawn darts or pick-up baseball, and had become 'fair weather friends', quite often hanging out together, drinking and watching sports on Don's satellite TV or playing poker at Jeff's place. They'd even talked quite a bit about women, especially after a few drinks, and Don had always seemed every bit a red-blooded horny American male as Jeff, with similar over-exaggerated tales of sexual conquest.

In fact, this was one of the rare times when either of the men was up at the cottage alone, much less both of them 'stag'. In Jeff's case, it was because he'd just gone through a particularly bad relationship with a woman who'd turned out to be nothing more than a gold-digger, trying to milk the twenty-nine year old computer programmer for his money. He'd come up to the cottage three weeks earlier than usual simply for some time away - and had been surprised to find Don also 'in residence' so early in the season.

Then again, Jeff thought a bit numbly as he took in Don's voluptuous-and-very-attractive female form, Don had also probably been expecting nearly complete privacy as well.

"Um. this is all just a bit. unexpected." Jeff managed, still trying to wrap his mind around the 'impossible' situation. "I just, you know, could never have expected this, and, well."

"It's really weird - and you think I'm sort of faggot freak." Don finished, more than a bit bitter.

"No, no!" Jeff said, quickly, holding up his hands pleadingly. "Nothing like that! Like I said, it all just. took me by surprise, is all."

"Oh, so you *don't* think I must be some sort of fag or something for wanting to see what being a woman is like, huh?" Don asked, doubtfully.

"Well, um." Jeff said, with a wry grin and a shrug. "To be completely honest, I don't know *what* to think. I mean, we've talked and stuff, so I know you're not some sort of complete weirdo or nutcase, but I've never really considered the whole thing, myself. Obviously you have, and have decided it's okay, but I haven't even had time to think about it yet, much less come to any conclusions."

"Oh." Don said, blinking. Of all the possible responses somebody might give to finding out her 'dirty little secret', she hadn't expected this one. She gnawed on her somewhat fuller lower lip for a second, trying to figure out how best to deal with this.

She, herself, didn't think there was anything wrong with her interest in 'trying out' femininity for awhile. It wasn't that she was dissatisfied with her male life, not at all - on the contrary, she'd had a somewhat more active than average sex life as a man, and enjoyed it very much. She certainly didn't have any plans of remaining female permanently. Nevertheless, she'd always wondered what life was like for women, wondering if some of the things they did, some of the ways they behaved, were strictly ingrained societal 'habits', or something inherent to their gender.

Having found a chance to find out, she'd taken it. Not that she hadn't 'thought twice' about it - but not because she felt it was wrong, but because she might have to cope with somebody finding out about it who would. That was one of the reasons she'd come up to the privacy of the cottage to try it out.

She'd delayed the transformation for a bit, hoping Jeff would be heading home soon - but, curiosity had finally overcome caution, and she'd gone ahead with it - full expecting that, when Jeff found out, he'd be disgusted by her behavior.

However, though obviously confused and uncertain, he was willing to keep an open mind - which was more than she'd ever expected. In fact, if she'd known that this would be the case, she might not have waited.

A thought that caused a snort and a wry smile. "What?" Jeff asked - while staring at her tits.

She opened her mouth to tell him off - then hesitated.

It was now painfully obvious that Jeff had a 'thing' for big tits. Don knew that certain men subscribed to the idea 'bigger was better', though she herself, as a man, was a 'more than a handful is a waste' kind of guy. Still, there were damned few women with tits as big as hers, and apparently none of them were close, personal friends of Jeff - so, in a way, it might be that his very fetish was making this 'easier' for him to deal with. Sort of 'at least if she's going to be a woman, it's good that she's one with huge tits' sort of rationale.

Besides - though it was a bit uncomfortable for her to admit, if even only to herself, the obviously appreciative way he was looking at her, knowing as she did that he didn't find her as 'freakish' as she found herself, created a guilty sort of pleasure.

.and she wasn't speaking just emotionally, either, because his open enjoyment of her form created a certain warmth in her gut - or a little south of there.

It was more than a little disquieting for Don to realize that her body was providing completely natural responses to a male body that was aroused by her own - but she could tell by the flush and the look in Jeff's eyes that he found his own arousal to be less-than- completely-comfortable, as well, and she was a bit surprised to find just how much she enjoyed the thought of both of them stewing in the strange mix of reactions her change in gender was causing.

After all, she'd become female to see what being a woman was like, and that had included, from the very start, dealing with feminine arousal. Though she certainly hadn't planned on it occurring with anybody who knew her masculine past, she had planned to interact, socially, with men, and see what it felt like as a woman.

.though, feeling guilty and excited and queasy and unsure, all at the same time, she'd never been able to come even close to a 'firm' decision on how far she was going to go down that road.

Still finding that her curiosity and 'perverse' interest was balancing her 'innate' disgust and discomfort, she decided, rather than chew Jeff out again, to say nothing about the way his eyes kept going to her huge boobs, and instead explain what had caused her snort of amusement.

"You know, if it wasn't for holding off to see if you were going to leave before I did this, I might have had to deal with these monsters for a whole week, instead of just a day." She said, putting her hands under her huge tits and hefting them slightly - and, again, feeling that guilty rush of 'forbidden' pleasure at the bulged-eye look her actions caused to cross Jeff's beet-red face. "Originally, I planned on changing the very night I got here, then spending almost all week as a woman before changing back and being gone before Frank, the boss' son, got here Friday. As it is, I'm going to be like this less than twenty-four hours before I change back to make sure I'm out of here before Frank shows up tomorrow."

Jeff look confused for a second - then his face went pale. "Don - what day do you think it is?" He asked, carefully.

"Thursday." She replied, promptly, if a bit confused - and then, seeing Jeff's face pale all the more: "Isn't it.?" "Don - today's Friday." Jeff said, nervously.

"No, it can't be." She tried to deny - even while her suddenly frantic mind cut through the mix of emotions, anxiety, and anticipation she'd been wallowing in since her original plan had been flummoxed by Jeff's arrival, less than half an hour after her own.

"Oh, shit!" She said, her own face now stark white as her eyes bulged. "Jeff - Frank's going to be here any time now!" "You'd better change yourself back - fast!" Jeff urged.

"I can't!" She all-but-wailed, weak-kneed in near panic as she considered the situation. "It takes a couple of hours to prep the spell!"

"Well, then." Jeff floundered, making it up as he went along. "We'll say that you're. Your sister, and didn't know that 'your brother' had let somebody else."

"No, no." Don said, waving a hand. "That won't work! Frank and I have never met, but his dad - my boss - told him quite a bit about me, and vice-versa. Worse than that, Jeff - this is a really big deal! Frank's other plans for 'something special' with his girlfriend on the six-month anniversary of their first date fell through, and I arranged this. Mr. Welland 'owes me big' for this one - and if the cottage isn't available for Frank and his girlfriend, I can kiss that promotion goodbye! Oh, shit, Jeff - I'm screwed!"

Jeff drummed his hands on his legs - then shook his head. "No, you're not. Quick, grab all your stuff out of your cottage, and bring it over to mine. We'll just say you're a friend of mine visiting me - and then, once Frank and his girl are gone. how long are they staying?"

"Just the weekend - They'll be leaving Monday morning." Don supplied, feeling relief seep in. "Fine - so, Monday you change back, after they've left, and nobody's the wiser." Jeff said. "Yeah - yeah, that'll work." Don nodded, sighing with relief. "Thanks, Jeff - you're a lifesaver."

"No problem." Jeff said, as they hurried over to Don's place. Together, they quickly began moving Don's stuff over to Jeff's cottage, to leave the place looking ready for use - and Jeff blushed as he carried a load of clothing over to his place, and handed it over to Don, who paused in the work to change into something more 'suitable'. Belatedly, Jeff realized that he should have expected Don to have this sort of thing if he'd planned to spend an entire week as a woman, but still uncomfortable realizing that the simple skirts and blouses belonged to the same 'guy' he'd sat and drank beers with.

They just barely made it. A freshly-changed Don had only just parked his Explorer behind Jeff's Jeep when a dusty blue CRV hove into view on the rutted access road, bouncing and jostling down the rough pathway until it pulled in to the exact same spot in Don's driveway that the Explorer had filled moments before.

Nervously, Jeff and Don stood at the front of the cottage, watching as the tanned, gym-toned young man climbed out of the car and walked around to get the door for the slender, petite little blonde woman. Catching sight of Jeff and Don, the new arrivals walked over.

"Hey, there." The strawberry-blond man, clad only in a ragged pair of cut-off jean shorts, called as they drew closer. His lean body was deeply tanned, and he moved with all the athletic grace of his healthy twenty-one or -two years could provide. "You must be Jeff, right? I'm Frank Welland. My dad's Don's boss."

"Pleased to meet you." Jeff allowed, shaking the younger man's hand. "I guess Don told you about me, huh?"

"Well, I never met him, actually - but my Dad passed along some stuff when Don said I could steal his cabin for a weekend, and one of the things he mentioned was that we'd be sharing a backyard if you were up here - which you are." Frank

said, grinning boyishly - as the 'pretty little thing' he had his arm around squeezed the hand resting on the flat stomach so well displayed by her short denim skirt and bikini top.

"Oh, sorry." Frank said, unabashed, as he squeezed the short, slender, and almost too-cute golden blonde girl back. "Jeff, this is Cindy."

"Hi, there!" Cindy said, her voice as perky as the taut, conical breasts behind the triangles of fabric that formed her small bikini top. Smilingly, practically bouncing on the toes of her pink-and-white sneakers with barely-repressed energy, the vivacious blonde turned her attention to Don - as did her boyfriend.

It would be an understatement to say that the new woman felt flustered by the attention of the two strangers. Though she'd slipped into clothing better suited for her new gender, she still felt hideously conspicuous - for, while the loose, knee-length white skirt fit her pneumatic hips well enough, and the cork-soled sandals were only a trifle loose on her feet, the 'modest' off-white cable-knit sweater seemed anything but, as it had never been designed to house the huge breasts that now pulled it so taut that the front of the hem stood two inches higher and another inch out from the waistband of her skirt, molded even to the underside of her huge tits.

They'd already discussed how she'd introduce herself, when the time came, using a feminized version of her middle name for easy remembrance, so at first she didn't realize why Jeff stiffened slightly at her side when she blurted out, "I'm Jeff's girlfriend, Marci."

"Oh, a couple of couples!" Cindy bubbled happily. "How perfect!"

It was only then that Don/'Marci' realized that she hadn't just said 'friend', as she'd planned - but *girlfriend*.

Wondering how the hell she'd made that slip, she numbly watched as Jeff nervously agreed to Frank's request to help unpack the CRV - leaving her alone with Cindy.

"This place is just *sooo* romantic!" The irrepressibly perky blonde said, eagerly. "I can see why guys would bring us girls up here. There's just something about the privacy and the feeling of being surrounded by nature that tends to get us closer to our.. 'primal' selves, isn't there?"

Cindy threw in a wink and a giggle with the word 'primal', but the knowing, sexual look and leer didn't register on a still-flustered 'Marci' until she'd already agreed with Cindy.

"So - how long have you known Jeff?" Cindy asked, as Marci rather numbly led the petite blonde on a tour of the property.

"Oh - for a while now." Marci supplied, vaguely.

"This weekend is the six-month anniversary of our first date." Cindy supplied, with a loving little sigh. "Sometimes, I can't believe how lucky I am. I mean, a lot of guys as handsome as Frank are so cock-sure of themselves that they never bother to learn the right way to please a woman, but Frank's not like that. He's so kind and so attentive, and such a wonderful lover."

As Marci listened, wide-eyed, she had to fight down the urge to act shocked as Cindy blithely described, in overwhelming, intimate *explicit* detail, just how Frank was a fabulous lover.

"So - how about Jeff?" Cindy finally asked, thankfully oblivious at how stunned Marci was by the frank 'girl talk' from a complete stranger.

"Uh.. we haven't had sex yet." Marci managed.

"Oh? I thought you said you've been together for awhile?" Cindy asked, pouting cutely in confusion.

Still stunned by the incredible detail this complete stranger had just used in describing her sex life, Marci was to shaken to do anything but blurt out 'the truth': "We've been friends for a while, but I didn't even find myself thinking about having sex with him until."

She caught herself, stunned not only to be saying this - but to be *feeling* this. Shocked, she tried to pin down the very moment when she'd unconsciously started considering Jeff as a valid sexual partner - only to feel even more stunned as she realized what she was thinking, consciously instead of subconsciously now.

Thankfully, Cindy was what Marci's mother would have called 'not the sharpest tool in the shed', and she misconstrued both the words and the expression on Marci's face.

"Oh - and so you came up here for that." She said, almost matter-of-fact about it. "Good for you! I just hope your carnal weekend of exploring sex with each other won't be inhibited by Frank and I being here. The first few days, when you and your new lover try to do just about everything sexually possible for a man and a woman to do together, is always the most *exciting* part of a new relationship, discovering all the different ways you can give each other - and yourselves - pleasure."

Marci just couldn't come up with a response to that, a bright blush on her face as she considered Cindy's incredibly candid sexual nature. Was she some sort of bubble-headed bimbo - or did most women talk like this when they were alone together.?

"Speaking of which - here come our lover-boys now." Cindy said with a giggle, running ahead to literally throw herself into Frank's arms.

.and as Marci watched Jeff walking towards her, she was shocked to find her thick nipples quickly swelling into full engorgement, as a moist warmth began to build between her taut thighs.

She was getting turned on at the sight of Jeff - really, *really* turned on, her body almost seeming to burn with a pleasant fire as he grew closer, her breath becoming shorter and faster as her body quite literally tingled with sexual anticipation.

Of course, there was no way on earth that the new woman could possibly have realized that what she was feeling was almost a 'post hypnotic suggestion'. After Cindy's explicit rendition of everything she and Frank did together, her mind was almost inexorably drawn to those thoughts - and, well aware that such actions provided physical pleasure in the female body, it also wasn't completely surprising that she'd begin feeling arousal at the 'illicit' thoughts Cindy had unwittingly started with her assumption as to Jeff and Marci's purpose at the cottage this weekend.

On the other hand, it was marginally conceivable that Marci, had she thought long and hard about it, might have realized that she was a 'hormonal virgin', never before having experienced the powerful effects of female hormones generated during feminine arousal. She hadn't, however - which was she didn't realize that, right now, the two best things she could do were 1) avoid Jeff like the plague, and; 2) take a very long, cold shower or bath.

Instead, she smiled unsteadily at Jeff and followed him towards his cottage, unaware that the previously inexperienced hormones running through her system were causing her to get 'drunk' - and horny.

Which any girl could have told her, was a bad mix - especially when she didn't have the socially-ingrained 'training' on how to cope with this situation. After all, men didn't have to worry nearly as much about the 'drunken sex' angle as women did, and for good reason.

Therefore, Marci had no idea just what she was putting herself into a position for as , feeling light-headed, aroused, and very, very good, despite her confusion, she followed Jeff into the cottage, her body trembling with desire - while her inhibitions were being steadily eroded by her 'hormonal high'.

Which explained why, after shutting the door behind himself and turning back in her direction, Jeff once again almost helplessly stared at her huge tits - and she didn't get angry at him.

Instead, her body flushed with pleasurable arousal, her nerve-endings tingling with desire, and her mind clouded with the drug-like effects of the hormonal surge, she didn't think it a really, really bad idea, merely a nerve-racking one, to hesitantly ask: "Would you. like to see them?"

"Ex. Excuse me?" Jeff blurted, shocked.

"My tits." She offered, blushing - but excited. "Would you like to see them.?"

Jeff swallowed heavily, and tried to remind himself that 'Marci' was really a man - but that didn't help, because men didn't have huge tits, and she most certainly did.

.and, a confirmed tit-man, he certainly wanted to see them.

"Are you sure you want to.?" He asked - and because he hadn't thought 'Don' would wish to be a woman when 'he' had, didn't see this new part of her as being 'out of character'.

Drunk on hormones, neither did she - as she smiled nervously in response - then reached down and, after a deep breath, nervously peeled the sweater off.

"Do you.. like them?" She asked, hesitantly, dropping the sweater on the floor and trying to figure out what to do with her hands as, heart pounding, she waited for his answer.

He stared hungrily at her huge, swaying breasts, well aware of the growing pressure in his pants as his cock began to harden. "Yeah." He said, a bit hoarsely. "They're.. magnificent."

She shivered in pleasure at the rush his words caused to run through her, much too far gone to be worried about the way she was responding to him - or the way she was leading him towards what would be an inevitable destination, had she been thinking that far ahead. Instead, 'drunk', she was letting physical pleasure guide her, more 'doing' than 'thinking'.

"Would you like to.. touch them?" She offered, reaching up and lightly caressing her own, massive breasts enticingly while she smiled at him, even the last traces of nervousness fading in the face of the wonderful 'high' she was getting from being aroused - and, not- quite-mistaken eely, but with too much emphasis, mentally connecting the pleasure she was feeling with the thought of acting femininely sexual with Jeff.

Jeff, however, was having his own little hormonal condition. Having been a man, of course, he'd experienced this situation before, and had a much better handle on his male arousal than Marci did on her female one - but, as Marci was currently undergoing in spades, so had men throughout history let their little head override their big one, even when they were experienced with dealing with the 'pleasure, pleasure!' instinct that came from the hormonal lowering of inhibitions.

In the end, Jeff's well-meaning - but unwittingly useless - decision was 'if she's okay with it.'

Stepping forward, he reached out his trembling hands, and cupped her massive, firmly soft tits in his hands. The both sighed in pleasure.

"Oh, that feels nice." Marci half-sighed, letting her eyes close and her head loll back as Jeff fulfilled his fetish fantasy, massaging and caressing her massive breasts. Without thinking about it, she sagged against him, turning until her back was against him and he was reaching around to continue playing with the huge breasts that overflowed his eager hands.

Without much conscious thought, she started rubbing one hand over her now-soaked cunt - and then, again without much thought, unzipped the skirt and let it, then the panties underneath, fall to the ground to allow better access to the source of that wonderful moist fire that was burning her nerves with anticipatory pleasure.

His hands full of naked, obviously horny woman, it wasn't at all surprising that Jeff had a raging hard-on as he continued stroking her warm flesh, hands now straying over more of her body, though always returning to her huge tits.

.until she turned around and began grinding her damp pussy against his thigh, while he found the taut mounds of her full ass made adequate fondling material, as well.

"Fuck me." She said, hungrily.

Jeff blinked, not exactly adverse to the idea, but uncertain if it was a good idea. "Are you sure." "Yes! She all-but shouted. "Fuck me, Jeff - for God's sake, fuck me!"

She wasn't exactly thinking anymore. Overwhelmed by hormones she didn't know how to handle, not realizing that she was acting strangely, all she knew was a need - a need that could be satisfied if only Jeff would. "Fuck me now!"

Not bothering to wait for an answer, she began dragging him towards the bed in the open-concept cottage, her hands tearing at his clothing.

She was, quite literally, more horny then she'd ever been in her life - more horny then she'd known it was possible to be, since the only arousal she'd ever experienced was male arousal, which in it's way was mostly external, a pressure, a need to 'get rid' of something - while, as an aroused woman, she felt 'hollow' and empty, feeling a desperate need to be filled.

Women, born to it, and experiencing the first tentative types of arousal and desires as they slowly entered into the full bloom of womanhood, got used to it, learned how to 'plan ahead', what to do when they first started feeling aroused so that they could control when and where and how they released it. Marci, with none of this experience, had let her arousal build, unfettered, to a height that any 'natural' woman would never have let happen unless they were already in the preparatory stages of sex - which explained the women's interest in foreplay, the stage where men worked to overcome the oh-so-necessary inhibitions women learned to build into themselves.

Contrary to popular belief, it wasn't that women were less 'turned on' by sex - it was the fact that they were so much *more* susceptible to it that caused them to be so frightened of it, to the point of near paranoia. That's why they were so neurotic about when and for who they risked lowering their hard-won defenses for.

Marci had no defenses, no inhibitions - and no clue.

She just needed - and so she all-but-threw Jeff onto the bed, no longer seeing him as another person, but as the device to fulfill the raging need she felt.

Eagerly, her mind practically reverted to the primal stage of rutting lust, she climbed up on top of the bed and grabbed Jeff's now-hard cock by it's base as she grinned a feral smile down at him - and impaled her sopping cunt onto his cock with a nearly triumphant howl of physical and emotional satisfaction.

Stunned, Jeff could do little but lay back and let Marci fuck the living hell out of him.

She was like a wild animal. Screaming, panting and grunting in pleasure, she thrust herself on him, rotating her hips as her legs flexed and worked, driving her not only up and down, but forward and back, and even a sort of swiveling side-to-side motion, vastly increasing the wanted - needed - pleasure as her desire, risen to nearly the level of pain, controlled her wildly thrashing body.

The fact that her wild, rhythmic gyrations also created more pleasure for Jeff than he'd ever experienced before wasn't even secondary - it went completely unnoticed by the possessed woman who rode him frenetically, her huge tits bouncing and shaking wildly as her rapidly sweat-slicked hair thrashed and rippled around a face locked in an expression of incalculable sexual satisfaction as he savored every nerve-rendering wave of pleasure that washed through her from her wildly rhythmic thrusting.

When those rapidly mounting waves of pleasure culminated in her first female orgasm, she was anything but shy about letting the world know about it, screaming out in mindless, orgasmic pleasure even as she continued pounding herself atop Jeff's cock, her sopping cunt tightly enveloping it in a slick, warm embrace that, mid-way through her second orgasm, led him to writhe beneath her, pumping his seed into her tight cunt as he added his own voice to hers.

.and still she didn't stop. For her, nothing existed at that moment but the sexual creature she'd become, and orgasms for women weren't the draining influence they were on men. Even as his cock began to soften, she continued trying to increase the pleasure she felt, and only when she couldn't keep the shrinking organ in the warm embrace of her cunt anymore did she stop her pleasure-seeking thrusting.

.to throw herself down with her head buried between his legs, where her warm, wet mouth could begin licking and sucking at his cock to get it hard again.

At first, she wasn't even truly aware of what she was doing. All that mattered was getting the cock hard again, so she could continue fucking it wildly, feeding that wonderful addiction for pleasure that was oh-so-sensible, because if anybody could feel that good, they should.

.but, as her arousal slowly began to wind down in the interval when she was stroking, sucking and licking his cock, she felt hazy, poorly formed thoughts begin to return, and she idly continued sucking on his now-hard cock as she tried to track down these reforming thoughts.

Which was why, lost between a pleasure-addicted thoughtless sex-drone and a self-conscious individual, she was caught off guard by the almost forgotten cock she was still lightly sucking on pumped a small, sticky load of cum into her mouth. Almost instinctively, she swallowed the thick, gooey cum, feeling its warmth trail down into her stomach.

.and then came to a dead stop, mouth still wrapped around Jeff's cock, as she finally realized what was going on. She'd just fucked Jeff.

In fact, she'd not only fucked him, she'd given him a blow-job.

.and, despite the fact that part of her was damned sure she should be disgusted by what she had just done.. she wasn't.

Of course, even with her mind working somewhat again, she wasn't nearly free of the hormonal high, the exotic chemicals still floating around in her blood-stream - which was why she was not only able to look at what she had done/was doing with equanimity.

.but with pleasure, because she was still associating the enjoyable 'high' with sex, which was not exactly true - and the pure physical pleasure caused by sex, which was.

Which was why she was stunned though, '*My God - I love being a sexually active woman!*' wasn't completely off base. It was simply several times more emphatic than it 'really' should have been.

.but Marci had no way of knowing that, and so accepted the premise as-is.

"God, that was. fantastic!" She said, stunned, as she finally let Jeff's cock drop from her mouth and turn her stunned gaze on him.

"It sure was." He said, numbly - then blinked and shook his head, looking at her. "Uh.. are you sure you're okay with what just happened.?"

"Okay.?" She asked, brain still working at a sub-bar level. "Jeff, I just fucked - and sucked - you. and I loved it!"

Used to the way male arousal dropped off almost immediately after orgasm, she didn't realize that this lingering feeling of near- euphoria was completely natural for a woman, and would have continued regardless of who had provided her with orgasm, even if it had been herself, alone. Instead, she erroneously connected it to who she'd had sex with, and what she'd done with him.

"I. I guess the reason I've always wanted to see what being a woman was like was because, deep down, I knew that I was really a woman." She finally 'concluded' - without realizing that her conclusions were about as trust-worthy as that of somebody who'd just consumed an entire bottle of Vodka.

.and, of course, the fact that she would feel euphoric every time she did have sex with Jeff would only continue to reinforce the mistaken conclusion.

As she would find out as, given her new 'nature', it would never occur to her *not* to act on the arousal she'd quite naturally feel whenever something served to make her think of sex.

Which, given Jeff's obsession with her tits, and the fact that the many times a day he stared at them, which of course caused her to think about sex, which led to arousal, all meant that Jeff - who deep down, still felt a sliver of doubt that *any* man could simply 'find out' that he was really supposed to be a sex-crazed woman who'd fuck you at the metaphorical drop of a hat - never really got around to suggesting they take a deeper look at her sudden 'conversion'.

After all, once male or not, correct or not, even slightly perverted or not, Jeff figured that if his now huge-breasted and female nymphomaniac neighbor-turned-girlfriend insisted that she loved fucking and sucking him, he wasn't going to argue with her.

It just wouldn't have been the neighborly thing to do.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A rich dying man leaves plans for a new body after his death, but, when he wakes after death he finds that he has been double crossed and now has the body of a female store mannequin.

...Never Prosper

By Gunslinger

Nicholas Robert MacKenzie was filthy rich. Nicholas MacKenzie was dying.

Nick MacKenzie was planning to cheat Death.

As he lay in the silk-sheeted bed in his mansion, Nick stared up at the ceiling, feeling the pain deep in his bones, despite the fairly high levels of pain-killers in his system. Once, even smaller doses had erased the pain completely - now, even the highest doses merely muted it. It was a sure sign that his body was not too far from failing completely.

Yet Nick's sallow, emaciated face beneath its mop of raven hair showed no apprehension at the thought that his body might simply give up and quit on him after forty-two years. The once devilishly handsome man was not the type who took a loss easily - in fact, his fortune had been built on the willingness to do whatever it took to win. So, when he'd first been diagnosed, he set out to find a way to cheat the bony man with the scythe.

In the first year of his sickness, he'd dumped a fair amount of money into funding. Medical research, devoted to finding a cure - plus the bonus of recouping the money if and when the cure was found. But it quickly became obvious that, while a cure might be found, it wouldn't be soon enough for him.

So, Nick had turned to more... arcane avenues. And he'd found the answer. A Golem.

In an ancient text, Nick had discovered a method by one might transfer their 'Anima' - their life-force - to a sculpture or representation of another person - or animal, for that matter. The person's life-force would animate it, bring it to life. Moreover, the 'soul' inside the representation would slowly take on the attributes of the representation - a soul in a statue of a strong, young man, would *become* a strong, young man.

So, Nick had made some arrangements through his oldest and most trusted friend. "Lewis?" Nick said, now, his voice husky and weak.

"Yes, Nick?" Lewis Sinclair, his oldest friend - and personal Physician - said, softly. "I think it's time." Nick said. "Is everything ready?"

Lewis nodded, picking up a small, ornate, bowl-like object made of various semi-precious metals. "Yes, Nick."

Lewis helped Nick grab the edge of the bowl, then Nick closed his eyes and began to chant in a strange, flowing tongue, one that had not be heard on the planet for centuries. Despite his weakness, the chants become stronger, more compelling....

...and then Nick MacKenzie went limp, his face going slack.

Gently, Lewis took the bowl from the limp fingers and placed it inside his bag. Then he carefully checked for a pulse, and found none. After a few moments, Lewis walked out into the anteroom, where Nick's closest business partners waited, anxiously.

"That's it - I'm afraid he's gone." Lewis said, softly. "How'd he go?" One of the partners asked.

Lewis sighed. "He was completely out of it by the end, I'm afraid - raved about plans to come back after death, transferring his body into a statue or some such." He shrugged. "I humored him, of course - arguments or excitement would just have hastened the inevitable."

Reaching into his bag, he extracted the object and looked at it, shaking his head. "Poor man actually believed that his soul would be held in here until he was reborn." Shaking his head again, he turned to one of the maids. "Maria, why don't you take this? Maybe you can sell it." he shrugged. "If not - just throw it away."

* * * * *

Nick felt the sudden, strange rushing sensation, as if accelerating at enormous speeds without actually moving - and the, sensations flooded his consciousness.

Even as his senses began to report in the data they were receiving, Nick was awed and amazed that it had worked. Even as he'd finished the chant, and felt the strange pulling sensation, he hadn't been sure it would work. At the last instant of conscious thought, he wasn't sure whether he was destined for a new life - or the afterlife.

Now - in Nick's own stream-of-consciousness, a bare instant later - he was feeling what could only be the signs of a new Earthly life.

He was fairly certain that was the case. After all, Hell wouldn't have the 'mild' torture of laying atop a hard object pressing into the small of the back, and Heaven shouldn't have had any discomfort.

For that matter, Nick realized with a start, he shouldn't have been uncomfortable at all - not if everything had gone according to plan. He shouldn't have been laying on something hard and lumpy...

...or feel so damned strange, like everything was out of balance. He'd expected to feel different in his new body - but this didn't feel right at all.

He opened his eyes.

He was in a darkened room of some sort, the dim light that was visible - which wasn't much - providing only vague shapes in the gloom around him.

Worry began to seep through Nick's gut - this wasn't a place he recognized, and it definitely wasn't where he'd expected to be. Quickly, he sat up, relieving the discomfort from his position - but receiving a whole new slew of strange sensations.

He tried to look down at his new body, but the dim light defeated any attempt to survey himself by sight. Instead, he slowly brought his fingers up to his face, exploring by touch.

His face was smooth under fingers that felt too long, too slender. The contours of his face weren't what he'd expected to feel, to softly molded. His hands slid over lips that felt huge - and very sensitive - then across a too-small chin. The moved across a slender, smooth neck that seemed to be too long, sliding around the back...

He stopped suddenly as his hands touched what felt to be a thick, amazingly soft rope. But it wasn't quite rope, and it seemed to be attached to his head - as a quick tug verified.

"What the fuck is...?" Nick blurted in frustration - then came to a screeching halt, eyes wide in the darkness.

"My voice..." Nick said, softly - and again, the word's he'd spoken emerged all wrong. Not in form or structure, not even in comprehensibility - but in tone and texture.

Because the voice that spoke them was a warm, melodic voice that was...

Frantically, Nick slid his hands down his body, feeling silky-smooth skin slide by as his hands crossed the base of his neck, and started down his chest...

He screamed. No - she screamed. Because, as the sound of the rich, feminine voice had hinted, the slim, feminine hands that graced the ends of Nick's new arms had slid down to encounter to firm, unmistakably feminine mounds, tipped with swollen, sensitive nubs of nipples.

"Holy Shit!" Nick swore in shock and incomprehension, the curse emerging in the new feminine voice of this body. "I'm a woman!"

The verdict was verified when she hesitantly slid one hand across smooth, soft thighs and lightly touched the mound of her crotch, eliciting a slight shudder of repulsed pleasure at the sensations that emerged from her new cunt at the touch.

Yanking her hand away, Nick struggled to understand what could have happened, what could have gone so utterly, horribly wrong. There was only one answer.

"You bastard." Nick hissed, his new contralto going from seductive warmth to fearful cold. "You dirty, double-crossing bastard!"

Despite the fact that her mind was whirling with the enormity of what had happened - who she now was - the overriding emotion of the moment was rage - blinding, white-hot rage that was even enough to temporarily blot out the horror of losing her manhood.

Angrily, Nick struggled upright. The instant she rose to her dainty new feet, pain lanced through her feet and up her legs, white-hot jangles of agony.

Barely able to keep her balance in her new form, Nick's arms pinwheeled frantically as she pushed herself up on her toes. For some reason, her new feet were unable to bear her weight, at least flat-footed. The bones and tendons in her feet were in the wrong configuration, forming a rising arch to her feet and forcing her on tip-toe to avoid the pain.

Wobbling, Nick carefully crossed the room, shins already aching with the effort to keep from settling her heels. Finding a wall, she carefully felt along it, having to take to breaks to rest her leg muscles before she finally found the door she sought.

Opening it, the new woman emerged into what was obviously a store, lit by the yellow-orange light from a sodium street lamp outside the store's large front window.

It was obviously a clothing store, racks full of women's clothing of various designs, some of which were displayed on the artificially perfect figures of the...

The thought - conviction - hit like a sledgehammer, managing to make its way through even the haze of rage that filled Nick. Needing to verify the horrid certainty, she turned and had to only move a few painful feet to find a three-way mirror near the change rooms.

Staring back in the orangish light was a perfect woman. From the long, shapely legs to the slender waist and high, firm breasts, every inch of her new body was utterly flawless. Too flawless, in fact - not a single flaw marred the eerie perfection of the new woman. Her alabaster flesh was more than just smooth - it was perfect, without any variation in tone or coloration other than the darkness of the perfect nipple topping her taut breasts. Likewise, her face was pure perfection, a classic - if somewhat aloof - beauty that was enhanced by the perfect, curved eyebrows and flawless makeup. Her lips were amazingly full and perfectly shaped, and her eyes were huge, dark and mysterious. Her braided hair - which Nick had first mistaken as rope - was lustrous, a rich shade of mahogany with highlights of burnt sienna.

"A mannequin. A fuckin' mannequin!" Nick swore, her perfect, slender hands lightly touching her perfectly formed ass and smooth, gently curved hips. Her rage returned with a vengeance - not only had she become a woman, she'd become one that was so startlingly, perfectly beautiful that she couldn't walk anywhere without drawing attention to her new gender and figure.

It was a carefully crafted fate - one so cunning and cruel that it was almost artistic. Nick had life again - and youth and health, at that. But in a body that was completely alien to the mind that it contained, dooming Nick to a life that she not only didn't want, but didn't know how to live. She had a complete life's worth of experience as a man - but none at being a woman.

Moreover, she'd been dumped into the new life 'cold' - with no friends, no past, no identification or history or help - not even any clothes, her perfectly formed figure as buck naked as if she'd just been born in more than the metaphysical sense of the phrase.

She should have just collapsed, pulled down by the shock and horror of what had been done to her, and the knowledge that there was a lifetime of being outcast, of being a misfit within 'her own' body.

She nearly did collapse with it all - but Lewis, that double-crossing son of a bitch, hadn't counted on Nick's pure will. She might be cursed to spend life in this body until - as was probably expected - she committed suicide to escape. But before she let herself sink into the despair needed to kill herself, she had something that needed to be done. Maybe she would give in and kill herself - but she wasn't going alone.

She was going to take Lewis Sinclair with her.

With her sense of purpose burning bright, pushing her to ignore the horror of being feminized, Nick looked around, knowing what her first step would need to be.

What Nick knew about women's clothing - style or size - wouldn't have filled a scrap of paper. But Nick hadn't become wealthy by being stupid - she knew how to get around the problem even as the fact of the problem registered.

It took a bit of work - most of it done sitting down - but she got what she'd wanted. It had been even easier than expected - because the mannequin she'd picked was, apparently, the same style as the one that had received her 'Anima', coming to life like the statue of the Pygmalion Myth.

Having paid careful attention as to how she had taken the garments off the plaster replica of her new body, it wasn't hard at all to get them on her living version of the same figure.

The black, French-cut lace panties were the simplest. But even the ease with which they went on didn't mitigate the strangeness of the situation. As disgusting as wearing woman's clothes was to her, it wasn't the worst part of it. It was the way the panties felt, sliding up smooth, feminine legs. The way they felt when they were settled snugly into place, taut across her shapely buttocks, flat across her 'empty' crotch. The way it felt as it tightened over the soft mound of her new sex was disturbingly pleasant, enticing enough to make this

- for Nick - unnatural act seem less like the torture it was and more like a boon.

Ignoring the sensations, Nick next pulled on the black nylon stockings. Smooth and silky, they also created an oddly pleasant sensation across her now smooth legs. It took several minutes after she'd pulled the elasticized tops in place before she was satisfied with the nylons - they were a style that had a seam running up the back of each nylon, and that time was spent getting the line straight. Part of Nick's mind was noticing just how good the nylons made her shapely legs look, while the rest of her was disgusted by the fact those fantastic legs belonged to her - and she was doing something that emphasized the shapely contours.

Since the mannequin hadn't been wearing a bra, she was spared the indignity of having to put one on. Instead, she slid into the black silk dress, tugging into place over her svelte form. Almost immediately, she found herself wishing she did have a bra to put on - the feel of silk across her swollen nipples was so sensual, so pleasurable, that it almost seemed blasphemous that something about this situation should feel so damned good. In fact, she even, unconsciously, brought her slender hands up and began to massage her firm, taut breasts through the excitingly sensual silk. The sharp sensation of pleasure that resulted made her realize what she was doing, and she yanked her hands away with a muttered curse, disgusted at herself for unthinkingly trying to prolong a pleasure she should hate experiencing.

Blessedly, the next thing she did was step into the black suede pumps the mannequin had been wearing. As weird as it was to step into dainty, feminine shoes with a four inch heel, Nick was gratified to find she'd been right in supposing her feet - shaped to fit shoes like these - felt comfortable in the heels. So much so, it was like she wasn't wearing any. She balanced easily and naturally atop the slender heels, as her feet had been shaped to wear heels, and her balance in the footwear was perfect.

She quickly discovered, however, that the heels did have one effect - they forced her to walk with a smooth, feminine stride. Her first few steps - long, manly ones - almost pitched her on her face. For a second she was furious that she'd have to resort to moving like a woman - then calmed, realizing that it was actually beneficial. If it hadn't been for the heels forcing her to alter her stride, she would have walked the same way she always had, as a man - a sight that was sure to garner even more attention to her. Being a stunningly beautiful woman was bad enough - the attention she would have got as a stunningly beautiful woman stumping around like a man in heels would have been worse.

She paused for a long moment, looking down at the now naked mannequin that bore such a disturbing resemblance to her new figure. She was looking at it because it wasn't truly nude - a few pieces of expensive gold jewelry glittered at wrist, throat and earlobe. After a long internal debate, Nick finally gave into the logic that was so at odds with her preferences. As much as she didn't want to wear jewelry, the gold was valuable, and she could pawn it. Since the silk dress hugged her figure so tightly - so sensuously - there was no where to hide it. With a sigh, she quickly put on the jewelry, finding the hardest part was getting in the earrings. It was also the most painful, despite the fact that her ears were pre-pierced - she couldn't see what she was doing, and it was her first time trying to put in earrings by touch.

Finally, though, she was ready. Taking one last look around...

...she cursed herself for her stupidity. Shaking her head, she picked up one of the many black purses on a nearby rack. She debated taking off the jewelry, but it wasn't worth the effort, not after the pain she'd gone through to get it on. Instead, she picked three other mannequins of their accessories and dumped her booty into the purse.

Heading for the back - and hopefully, a back exit - she stopped and decided to try the register. It would probably be empty, but...

She was in luck. The tray was, in fact, empty of cash. But there was a small stash of cash *under* the tray. It wasn't much - two hundred and twenty-five dollars - but it was cash.

Taking it into her purse - God, what an unnerving thought, '*her* purse' - Nick headed for the back of the store once more, still seething with the need to find revenge on the bastard who'd sentenced her to womanhood.

* * * * *

The cab pulled to a stop outside the Wyndham Club, and a moment later the rear door swung open.

A long, shapely leg, clad in black nylon, emerged from the open door. The slender heel of the black pump that graced the dainty foot settled onto the curb, then the incredibly toned, perfect muscled of the leg flexed sensuously as the weight was shifted onto that foot.

From the interior of the car emerged - no, flowed - a woman. Her perfect, smooth, alabaster skin seemed to glow like pearl under the carriage lights framing the mahogany doors of the club. She rose to her full height with sensuous grace, her dark, smoldering eyes taking in the scene around her as her full, dark-red-glossed lips pursed slightly.

She moved towards the doors, her stride purposeful. It was a stride that was almost masculine in it's power and confidence, but utterly feminine in it's graceful execution.

The tight-fitting black silk dress the haughty-looking woman wore shimmered in the air, light chasing across the highlight curves of her womanly hips and taut breast. In the cool air the shape of her nipples were clearly visible, revealing that her

perfectly formed C-cup breasts, a hint of which was revealed by the dresses neckline, needed no extraneous support or enhancement.

Despite the fact that this woman wasn't a member of the club - a woman so utterly flawless would be remembered easily - the guards not only made no move to stop her, but opened the great wooden doors for her. Barely acknowledging their existence, the tall, lithe woman swept past them imperiously. As they let the doors swing shut - regretfully - on the view of an absolutely perfect derriere, the two men shared a look that spoke volumes.

From the way she moved, the expression on her face, and the clothing she wore, the woman all but shouted that she was utter perfection, and new it. In another woman, that might have been offensive.

But in this woman...

It was simply a statement of fact.

* * * * *

Nick looked around the club with a slight narrowing of her eyes. She'd been nervous, thinking she'd have to finagle her way past the guards-slash-doormen. To her surprise, they hadn't even stopped her - her plan to look like she belonged seemed to have worked. That being the case, she decided to keep with an already proven strategy, and swept down the short staircase and into the bar, forcing herself to move confidently and gracefully, as if this was where she wanted to be, where she had a every reason to be...

...where she was utterly comfortable in being a stunning gorgeous woman.

Nick was all too aware of the looks the mostly male members of the club were giving her as she strode through bar. The sensation of being given several dozen 'once-overs' made the hair at the back of her neck prickle, but she couldn't afford to show discomfort or tone down the 'feminine act' - instead, she continued to act the way she supposed a woman who looked like her would act in this situation.

The 'hair on the back of her neck' was just a phrase, though. She'd discovered something in the cab on the way over - one of the reasons she looked so eerily perfect was the fact she had no body hair at all, aside from her eyebrows. It wasn't like she'd shaved, or even used a depilatory - no, her preternaturally silky skin appeared to be 'naturally' barren of any follicle, inhumanly smooth and soft. It was only one of the differences she discovered that separated her new form from a 'real' woman.

As she neared the end of the bar, Nick began to worry that the person she'd come to see wasn't going to be there, after all. It was with relief that she spotted Douglas Mason sitting alone in an end booth, sipping at a Brandy - and eyeing her with a speculative look.

Ignoring the look, she strode directly to the booth and slid in.

The athletic, sandy-haired man's rugged face registered surprise and pleasure as she slid into the booth with him, his deep blue eyes searching her glorious face questioningly.

"Excuse me - have we met?" Doug asked, smiling roguishly.

Nick ignored his attempt to charm her. "We have now, Mr. Mason." She said, coolly. "You may call me Angela. Angela DeGuerre."

She'd decided not to try and explain the truth - it was simply too unbelievable. Instead, she'd settled on a name that, in French, meant 'Angel of War' - it seemed fitting.

Not at all put off by her cool demeanor, Doug shrugged. "Very well, Angela - how may I help you?"

Nick/Angela tilted her head. "It's good you phrased it that way - because I require your help. There is a certain person whom I wish to completely and utterly destroy, financially, and you are going to be the means by which I accomplish my goal."

Doug blinked, but his smile didn't slip a notch. "I see. Might I ask who this person is - and why you are looking to destroy him?"

Doug's obvious and frank admiration of her body was getting on Nick/Angela's already frayed nerves. She wanted to reach out and smack that lustful, easy smile off his face. Instead, she reined in her temper and gave Doug the story she'd concocted on the way over.

"Lewis Sinclair." She said, shortly. "Until recently, I was... involved with the late Nick MacKenzie, and was to have received a sizable sum from his estate. Sinclair screwed me out of my money."

"Ah..." Doug replied, knowingly. "I *see*."

Nick/Angela hated the way the story made her seem like a gold-digging whore, but it was the most logical and believable story she could come up with. Besides, it would make what was sure to come next more believable - and powerful.

Sure enough, Doug didn't disappoint her.

"Well, I'd like to help, Angela, but I don't think I can. Unless, maybe, we can work out some sort of agreement. ?"

Bingo - just what she was waiting for.

"Of course." Angela replied, cool yet slightly smug. "You will receive ten percent of the money I take - which will be done in a completely legal manner, so you needn't worry about the dangers of the law."

Doug shrugged. "I'm not particularly worried about the law, miss. However, I was thinking of another arrangement - something not as... *tangible* as cash."

Angela leaned forward, her full lips curving to display her perfect, white teeth in a predatory grin. "Of course. Shall we say that ten percent. and I don't send a certain envelope, containing the copies of your real 1997 earnings, to the IRS."

That got Doug - he blinked, and his smile faltered in surprise. "How?"

He cut himself short - then his smile broadened and he eyed her with equal amounts of lust and respect. "I see you're a woman after my own heart. Since only I and Nick knew about that caper, you must have gotten it from him. You must be very persuasive."

"I am." Angela replied confidently, having the upper hand. Or, so she thought.

Instead, Doug just laughed. "However, he couldn't tell you what he didn't know. The fact that I doctored that information, for example."

Though it stunned her to the core to discover that her 'Ace in the Hole' was nothing but a pitiful Three of Clubs, Angela didn't let a trace of it show. "Oh?"

Doug nodded. "So. You see, I've always believed that a secret known by more than one person isn't a secret - as you so amply demonstrated. So, I doctored the files. If the IRS ever gets their hands on it, it's Nick who goes - would have gone, that is - to jail, his cash confiscated. "

He trailed off suddenly at the look on Angela's face - then acquired a similar look.

In space of minutes, her plans for revenge had vanished - then been resurrected, stronger than ever.

Because, after all, the person now responsible for that fortune was Lewis Sinclair. Send the files, and...

"It seems we might be able to reach an agreement after all." Doug said, arrogant in his new-found leverage. "Perhaps we should see what you have to offer...?"

Angela knew exactly what that meant - but the thought created such a wave of revulsion she had to stall long enough to find another bargaining chip. Without any forethought, she let the first rejoinder that occurred to her fall from her mouth.

"What I have to offer is worth far more than that revenge." She stated coldly - realizing, even as she said it, how it sounded. Then, to her shock, Doug looked at her thoughtfully - and nodded agreement.

"You're right." Doug said, and it was a struggle for Angela not to show her surprise. "I can't count how many women I've bedded over the years - but they've just been diversions. You... well, you're a lot more than just a spectacular body, Miss DeGuerre."

Strangely enough, she was flattered by the comment. Not necessarily the part about her spectacular body, no matter how true it was - but she was still 'Nick' inside, in personality - and that was what had garnered the praise, even if Doug didn't realize it.

"Very well - what are you proposing?" Angela asked - more to keep from lapsing into a shocked silence than any real desire to hear the answer. She knew what he wanted, and the thought disgusted her to her very core.

Doug was full of surprises, however. "Miss DeGuerre, you have all the chips. I have something you want, but it's not *that* important to you. You, however, *are* what I want. So - what will it take to get what I want?"

Still mentally off balance - although she didn't let her cool, confident demeanor crack - Angela used an instinctive ploy to buy more time. She needed it - everything was going so 'wrong' so fast that she couldn't quite keep up. "Perhaps, to make sure that we're absolutely clear, you should tell me what - exactly - you wish to... purchase."

"Hmmm... Yes, I know that you're the woman I've been looking for..." Doug said quietly, eyes glittering with many emotions. He'd expected either outrage or an immediate - almost desperate - offer to get what she could out of a deteriorating situation. But no - she remained composed and cool, ready to take anything and hold her own. He looked at her thoughtfully, knowing what he wanted - but not knowing what he could 'afford'. After all, this was an extraordinary woman, in body and mind, and the only woman Doug felt was his equal - or, perhaps, the yin to his yang.

"I want you, Miss Deguerre. To live with me, to work with me to expand my - our - fortunes. To pleasure me with your body - or let me pleasure you with mind. I don't want a slave, or a concubine. I don't even, necessarily, want a wife. I want a partner, in and out of bed, one who is willing - if, perhaps, not necessarily eager - to complement my every talent with her own. To make each of us more than we could be alone."

Angela couldn't get her balance - this admission, this offer, stunned her. She was expecting sex - but this was much more, a sweeping offer. What he wanted was more than just her for him - it was an 'us'.

Lost, struggling to balance thought against revulsion, a lost past against an unwanted future, Angela did the only thing she could think of.

She answered without answering.

"I see." It was a fight to keep her voice level, a little cool, only mildly interested. "Quite a commitment you're asking. Lifetime? I don't consider that an option. After all - you must bore me quickly."

Doug looked at her, this woman who held no cards at all to bargain with - except the highest card of all, the wildcard to beat all wildcards.

Herself.

Never in his life had he ever wanted something so much - the intensity of his need was frightening. He could have almost anything he wanted - almost. But what he wanted - needed - right now was this, the one thing he knew he could never really own. It was a challenge, an impossible challenge that drew him on. He knew he could never beat her, never be better than her - but he also could not let himself be bested by her. He had to fight this one to a draw. No matter what it cost, his personality demanded he couldn't walk away, and hers ensured he couldn't really 'win' by force, or threat, or money...

So, he gave in. Completely and utterly.

"Fair enough." He agreed, raising one brow. "Here's my offer then - we give each other anything and everything the other one wants. If either of us fail to do so - than it's over and we go our separate ways."

The sheer enormity of the offer staggered the already off-balance Angela. Anything she wanted at any time - or she could ask for something impossible and not get it, thus having the right to just walk away. It was, by any definition, the most generous offer than could ever be made.

But it was a double edged sword - for she, too, would be bound into the agreement, and if she failed, she'd loose that incredible offer of anything she wanted. Having nothing at all right now, no history, no friends, job, home - hell, even her name wasn't really hers.

But the things she'd have to do...

She quashed the thought with a more immediate one. If she agreed, she could make her first request that he turn over the files. Once that was done... then should could leave whenever he made the offer she couldn't stomach, and still be ahead by having accomplished what she'd set out to do.

"Very well." She said, coolly. She stretched one slender, dainty hand over the table, and Doug shook it almost reverently, a strange look on his face.

Still with the strange, unreadable expression on his face, Doug dug his cell phone from his inside pocket and dialed a number.

"Jack? Doug." He said into the phone, his eyes never leaving Angela's face. "You know the 'Double-Back' file? That's right, in the Just- In-Case section. Activate it."

There was a short pause, then Doug's eyes reluctantly left Angela's face to deal with whatever had been said at the other end. "Yes, God damn it, I know! That's why I want you to activate it now." A short pause. "Jack - you don't need to know why, you just have to do it. Got it. ? Good."

He snapped the phone shut, then made a gesture with his free hand while he tucked the phone away with the other. "That's it - tomorrow morning the IRS is going to receive an anonymous file from a 'concerned citizen'."

Angela wasn't positive she could trust that it had been done - but she couldn't act like she didn't trust him, either. Right now, she had to play along until she was either sure he'd gone through with it - or sure he'd conned her. Until then, there was nothing she could do."

"Good." She said, striving to sound satisfied, as if she believed it had really been done - yet also seem to say that, if he was screwing with her, she'd find out. "I think that call for a drink."

"Doug's mouth twitched and he swallowed. "Sure. But why don't we go to my house and. "

Angela cut him short, knowing where this was heading. She wouldn't outright refuse, because that would put an end to this little arrangement - but that didn't mean she wouldn't see how far it would stretch, either.

"Our house." Angela said, holding up a slender finger.

It didn't even phase Doug. "Sorry - our house. I - we - have some very nice Scotch in the cellar, and we can. talk more freely."

Knowing exactly what the hesitancy before the word 'talk' had been, Angela opened her mouth to refuse, to end this dangerous agreement...

...and, instead, smiled coolly. "Sounds acceptable."

The thought had occurred an instant before she screwed up big time. Just before the first word had left her mouth, refusing, she realized, with a sinking feeling, that with little money and no ID she had nowhere else to go for the night. The thought of Doug trying to get her to sleep with him was a compelling reason to get out now - but she had realized what would happen to a stunningly gorgeous woman wandering the streets alone. Suddenly, having to deal with Doug wasn't as bad as the alternative. She was almost positive that she wouldn't have to worry about honest-to-God rape with him.

So, using the last of her willpower, she forced herself to seem complete at ease - almost eager - as she headed for the door.

Of course, not having been a woman for very long, it didn't even occur to Angela to wait 'demurely' for Doug to take the lead, or even walk abreast of him. She merely started for the door, leaving him to hastily drop some money on the table and scurry to catch up.

The unintended, imperious action only served to reinforce Doug's perception of her as a powerful, self-confident woman.

Like no other he had ever met was the way he actually thought of her - and in that context he was absolutely right, if for the wrong reasons.

* * * * *

"No. You mix the drinks - I won't be that long." Angela suggested - ordered - Doug as she turned away and headed for the stairs. Doug's face took on an odd expression, but he didn't argue - knowing what would happen if he did.

Part of Angela wished he would. She didn't want to be tossed out on the street - by having an excuse to end this awkward situation would have been all she'd need.

As she climbed the huge, sweeping staircase, she wished a lot more. Like her old male body back. Even now, some time into 'her' new life, she was all too aware of a myriad of sensation inimical to her new gender. The way she swayed atop the graceful heels, and the way her wider, womanly hips swiveled with each step. The strangely pleasant sensation of air flowing over nyloned legs, and the equally pleasurable - and disturbing - sensation of silk sliding over sensitive, feminine nipples.

But despite her wishes, nothing happened. Her quota of magic for a lifetime had been used up in getting her here, and although it was probably better than being dead she still hadn't come to terms with a life of femininity.

As soon as they'd arrived at the huge mansion, Angela's first action was her decision to explore 'her' new house. It wasn't curiosity. It was a preemptive move to avoid the one request that she was sure Doug was soon to make, as well as to give her time to think, to try and let her befuddlement fade.

It wasn't necessarily a good thing, though. Before, she'd had rage - then confusion - to help fight the feelings of despair, disgust and horror that threatened to seep in. Now, she had to force her facile mind into other tracks before she could dwell on the reality of a life that was to be lived as a woman - and a stunningly gorgeous one at that.

One of the things she forced her mind to turn to was the mystery of Doug. Sure, she was absolutely gorgeous, if a little haughty-looking, in this new form. But she still didn't understand Doug's strange reactions, his desire to 'posses' her. Whatever drove him, it was something beyond her current understanding, and that mystery was enough to distract her from her womanhood - yet, ironically, was intrinsically tied up in her new gender, as well. It was a dangerous tightrope for her mind to walk, yet she had nothing better to occupy her mind, and she desperately needed the diversion.

She was halfway through the upstairs bedrooms when many things became blindingly obvious - all from the simple action of flicking a light switch.

For an instant, Angela's mind didn't really comprehend the images her eyes were receiving as she stared at the items in the once- elegant bedroom, so out of place in such surrounding.

Clothing - sort of. In various shades, formed from leather. Some with spikes, some with chains, some with less identifiable accessories.

Then there was the pictures that covered the walls of the room. Many poses, many different qualities and sizes, they shared a common theme - women (mostly 'butch' types) doing... things to men. Not necessarily pleasant things.

But the one thing that her eyes kept returning to, over and over, was the item in the center of the room that explained Doug's obsession with her.

It was a figure, dressed in an outfit of black leather. In one stiff, formed hand rested a whip, and a leather cap was atop her head. The figure was a department store mannequin.

It was Angela.

The same mannequin that had been the determining factor of Angela's new form was the fantasy woman that Doug kept hidden in his room of perversion. A closet submissive who longed for domination, he'd chosen this unattainable, perfect 'woman' as the centerpiece for his obsession - only, in Angela, she'd somehow appeared in his life, and fantasy and reality had intermingled, presenting possibilities that Doug had never dreamed could come true.

Stunned, Angela approached the figure, her wide, sultry mouth opening in mild shock as she stared at the figure dressed all in black leather.

For a long moment, Angela simply stared - then, like a bombshell, the realization hit. The answer to all her problems - sort of. A guaranteed life - and one of luxury. One where she would have the upper hand at all times, where she would be in complete control, her every whim fulfilled by a man who's ultimate fantasy consisted of being her willing slave.

Yet - the price...

The price would entail, to some degree, embracing her new gender. Of using it, as a tool, to lead a life of... well, a new life. No matter what life she lived from now on, it would be as this woman she'd become. That being an incontrovertible fact, Angela couldn't turn away from this, no matter how uncomfortable - how perverted - it would feel.

Hesitantly at first, Angela began to undress. When she finally stood, her glorious, alabaster form gleaming in the light, it took several minutes before she could work up the nerve to undress the mannequin - but once started, she began to lose her hesitancy, letting herself...

..forcing herself....

...to fall into the personal that matched the clothes. To force away the masculine revulsion, the second thoughts and disgust, and focus on the clothes she was donning, letting each article help define the woman it enclosed.

Like the black leather panties. As she slid into place around her womanly hips and awe-inspiring ass, she forced herself to think of the caress of the warm, smooth leather as a symbol - a barrier between Doug and what Doug wanted to get at, sooner or later. It was a barrier that he, as her slave, could never breach unless she'd decided he was worthy - and she wasn't going to decide *that*, now was she?

Then the black leather corset with the built in half-cups. The one that tightened cruelly around her already slender waist as she buckled the large stainless-steel fasteners. The corset was a reminder - a reminder that, though slender and 'weak' in form, it was that very form that gave her such enormous power over Doug - and through him, many, many more.

Then came the black collar with the studs. In place around her throat, the item served to remind her of her feminine voice - and the instrument of command over Doug.

The thigh-high black leather boots that she stepped into had oh-so-high silver stiletto heels. But for the feminine appearance, they were essentially the same as any jack-boot worn by a Nazi officer - for she could crush Doug easily under the heels.

Finally came the hat, a black leather model similar to the Nazi Gestapo hats of half a century past. Like the Gestapo, the cap served as a reminder that the person beneath it may or may not deserve respect and obedience - but demanded it.

Slipping the coiled whip into a D-ring on the corset, Angela - no, she decided as she moved. 'Angela' was wrong. All wrong. Dominique. Yes, that was better. Dominique DeGuerre.

Mistress Dominique.

As she moved through the hallway, her heels rung on the marble floor, keeping time to her powerful - and powerfully feminine - stride. Already, she found herself submerging into the character she'd chosen.

Even as she descended the stairs, a shocking revelation burst upon her.

She was enjoying this. Not necessarily the situation, and not being female - but the sudden feeling of power. The quest for power, for a sort of domination, had been the driving force that made him a millionaire in her old life. Now, that same need, in a new form, had also 'mutated', becoming more focused, more personal...

..and oh-so-enticing.

Her full lips unconsciously curved into a slight, cruel smile as she entered the study, where Doug - facing away from her - was fixing the drinks.

For a second, the scene seemed to stop. A soundless tableau as second thoughts tried to form in Dominique's mind. Before they could form, however, she took the last, irrevocable step. The one that would lead to a bizarre success - or a crushing failure.

"Slave! How dare you!" Dominique said. It wasn't a yell, but an incredibly strong, forceful tone.

Startled, Doug whirled around. The glass of Scotch he was holding dropped to the floor, exploding like a liquid bomb, spraying glass shrapnel across the floor.

"What the...?" Doug gaped - then an awed look came over his face.

"You will kneel when I enter a room! You will not rise until I give you permission. Now, kneel, slave!" Dominique commanded. Doug blinked, then looked down at the floor, which was littered with shards of glass.

Then, smoothly, he sunk onto those shards, making a slight gasp of pain as he knelt, head down, submissive.

At the sight of Doug obeying her ordered, despite of - or, in this case, perhaps 'in addition to' - the pain it bought, Dominique felt a strange shudder of pleasure at the power she wielded.

A power that was hers simply because she existed - as this woman she had become. She strode towards her 'slave' - wondering what the thought of her new gender being the center of her power wasn't nearly as sickening thought as she'd expected - even wanted - it to be.

"You will address me as Mistress Dominique - or just Mistress. Is that clearly understood, slave?" Dominique stood in front of Doug, her gleaming boots on either side of his lowered head.

"Yes, Mistress Dominique." Doug replied, giving her that strange, heady rush again.

And something else. A strange tingling sensation in her half-exposed chest, matched by a warm, wet tingling considerably farther south. She was getting... *turned on* by doing this to Doug!

And it felt fantastic....

"Lick my boots, slave!" Dominique commanded - and Doug, dutifully bent his head and began to do so.

And she shuddered in delight - and, to her shock, found herself considering what other uses that tongue might be put to...

* * * * *

"You called, Mistress Dominique?"

Dominique smiled at the sight of the once athletic Doug. Now a veritable recluse due to her commands, he had lost that athletic build - partially due to the extremely powerful hormones she'd had him begin taking.

Dressed in an abbreviated French Maid outfit, Doug was balanced atop 'ballet' shoes that had required more than three months of intensive surgery and training to allow him to balance atop. Now, he couldn't walk unless buckled into the near-vertical footwear.

The outfit also showed his denuded body to an advantage. Between the depilatory to remove all body hair, the feminine hairdo and makeup, he would have been the 'quintessential French Maid' if Dominique went any further with feminization.

But she didn't intend to. Being feminized was to embarrass him, punish him, humiliate him - not change him, fundamentally.

No, that was reserved for her other 'subjects'. Mostly philandering husbands, she had a stable of nearly a dozen new slaves in various stages of feminization.

Such as... "Slave, fetch Slave Danni."

"Yes, mistress." Doug replied, contritely. He headed off, taking tiny steps in order to maintain balance. He returned shortly, leading a 'woman' on a chain.

Dressed in an outfit similar to Doug's - with seven-inch platform heels rather than ballet shoes - Danni was one of the first 'girls' Dominique had started on, and therefore fit the outfit much more pleasingly. Almost completely feminine, from the huge blonde 'do to the massive GGG-cup tits that swelled above a severely corseted waist, Danni would have been the vision of pure femininity - if not for the massive cock straining at her tiny black panties.

With a gesture, Dominique had Doug chain Danni to the 'punishment table', bent over with 'her' now-shapely legs spread. "Do you like our little Danni, Slave?" Dominique asked, imperiously.

"Oh, yes - she is quite beautiful." Doug replied, whatever his true feelings about the feminized ex-stockbroker might have been. "Would you enjoy having me fuck you today, Slave?"

"Oh, yes please, Mistress." Doug replied, this time sincerely.

Sighing, Dominique leaned back, spreading her long, shapely legs wide and revealing her hairless, damp pussy. "You must earn such a privilege, of course." She told Doug.

"Of course, Mistress." Doug replied, eagerly.

"Well then - it is time for Danni's lessons in the correct way to give blow-jobs. Why don't you show her how it's done, then she can try her technique on you."

"Yes, Mistress Dominique." Within a few seconds, the sissy slave was kneeling between Danni's legs, his head bobbing enthusiastically. He'd had plenty of opportunity to learn this new skill to perfection.

Smiling at the sight, Dominique picked up the large dildo she kept close to hand at all times. Snapping her fingers, a woman - a real woman, one of her 'sub-Dominatrices' - appeared and began to strap the massive black phallus around her own waist.

Lying back, Dominique refused to show 'weakness' in front of the slaves by crying out in pleasure as the leather-clad woman filled Dominique's cunt with the massive fake cock and began to pleasure her mistress.

As she climbed towards her eight or ninth orgasm of the day - she tended to loose count, even this early into the day - Dominique fondled her pert, perfect breasts and thought, again, that life was...

...perfect.

.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One stud of a guy receives a present from a supposed lady friend and his life is changed forever.

Normal

By Gunslinger

'Oh, God,' the little chink cunt protested, staring in horror at Danny's massive 14-inch cock, 'It.. It's too big...!'

'Oh, shut up, bitch...' Danny snarled - and, to ensure she did, he grabbed her head, twining his massive, thick fingers in her silky black hair and holding her steady as he forced his massive cock against his lips. The stupid cunt tried to struggle, but she was no match for Danny's massive muscularity. Laughing, Danny forced more and more of his gigantic organ deep into the stupid cunt's mouth, enjoying her useless struggles as he felt his own massive slabs of muscle rolling and flexing smoothly as he force-fucked her face. Not even the slightest hint of effort showed on his square-jawed face, nor did any sweat trickle from his dark crew-cut - after all, he'd spent half of his twenty-six years body-building every single day, and he was more than a match for a scrawny little Jap bitch.

'Oh, you like that, do you...?' Danny laughed as she stopped struggling and began sucking his cock, though not very energetically. She couldn't answer him, but she didn't need too - Danny knew all women wanted his awesome body and monster cock, even if some of them liked to take 'playing hard to get' further than others. Now that this stupid cunt had finally stopped fooling around and pretending she didn't want his perfect body and ideal cock, Danny set about face-fucking her in earnest,

setting up a steady rhythm that was nearly mechanical in it's perfection. In fact - it even sounded mechanical, a steadily growing whine that was coupled with a sharp, metallic...

...banging of the garbage truck emptying the Dumpster yanked Danny all the way up from his dream/memory, the grating of metal-on-metal and the whine of hydraulics just a few feet beyond his 'semi-basement' apartment window seeming to cut straight into his brain like a buzz-saw.

"Wadda fuck...?" Danny snarled, angrily, his voice rusty and sounding off to his ears as he blinked up at the ceiling of his living room, wincing as the morning light coming through the gaps in the venetian blinds seemed to spear directly through his eyeballs and into his brain.

Daniel Webster McCaudle was by no stretch of the imagination a 'Morning Person' - but this morning his usual foul mood was made all the worse by a monumental hangover. Usually, Danny handled liquor just fine, able to drink most people under the table - but for some reason, the six-pack of Heineken that dyke doctor had given him as a 'peace offering' had really done a number on him, putting his lights out and leaving him to spend the night on the couch, dressed in his well-deserved 'muscle shirt' and jeans. Now, Danny's unbelievably muscular body was sore and logy from a night of awkward positions, and his head felt as if it were stuffed full of cotton.

"God damned foreign beers..." Danny muttered thickly, staggering off the couch and weaving his way slowly towards the bathroom, eyes closed to bare slits against the dim-yet-still-too-bright morning light. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt this shitty.

"Least the damned stuff was free..." Danny muttered as he staggered into the bathroom. He and his new neighbor had gotten off to a very bad start. Linda Carson was an athletically-built brunette with an 'okay' figure, especially for a Doctor. She might not have been Prime Pussy, but she lived right next door, for fuck's sake - so of course Danny offered to fuck her six ways from Sunday, letting her enjoy the magnificence that was Danny McCaudle.

She'd gotten all pissed off, and Danny had been ready to blow his stack at the stupid bitch for going too far with that fucking 'hard to get' routine... and then she'd let slip that she was a dyke. Of course, any dyke Danny fucked would be straight afterward, but seeing as Linda was a dyke, maybe she actually believed that she didn't want him - some cunts were screwed up that way. She'd eventually admitted he was right, though - not in so many words, but by the beer she'd dropped off last night. Even if it was some foreign shit that gave you the Mother-Fucker of all hangovers...

Grumbling to himself, Danny glared blearily at the reflection in the mirror, grunting in satisfaction at the sight of his incredible body. Years of body-building (and the occasional chemical 'helper') had given him a body that made Arnie look like a pansy. At six-foot-one-inch, Danny was a solid mass of muscle, every inch of him rock-hard. He even had the perfect hard-angled, square-jawed face that was virility distilled.

As massive as his muscles were, though, and as unbelievable tough as he looked, Danny's greatest God-given gift was 'The Cobra', Danny's massive, thick cock. The one every woman just longed to worship, even if they were afraid to admit it - like Linda, who was afraid to admit it even to herself.

Feeling slow and thick-witted thanks to the hangover, Danny turned away from the mirror and towards the toilet, fumbling with the zipper on his jeans. Sliding one huge, powerful hand into his pants, he began to fish around for The Cobra...

Danny wasn't sure just how long he stood there, groping around in his pants, until he realized that he couldn't find something that should have been straining the seams of his crotch like it had every other morning of his life since puberty. Frowning, Danny undid the button on the jeans and peeled the fly all the way open to let him stare down at his black boxer-briefs...

...which were laying flat against his crotch. No sign of any bulge showed, much less the massive one that should have been there.

"What the fuck...?" Danny said, trying to focus his leaden mind. No matter how hard he concentrated though, he still couldn't figure out how he could 'misplace' The Cobra. Blinking, he pulled at the waist-band of the briefs, staring down at himself. Like many body-builders, Danny shaved his body to accentuate the perfection of his chiseled musculature, so there was nothing 'in the way' down there...

...allowing him to see what looked an awful lot like a woman's vagina, though it was hard to tell - Danny had never seen one from *precisely* this angle before...

Stupidly, feeling fuzzy and awkward, Danny stared down at the most-definitely-feminine-looking vaginal lips at his crotch, then hesitantly slid his broad, hard hand towards it. He paused - then slid one thick finger downwards...

...and gasped, shuddering, as it slid across what definitely felt like a clit.

"Holy fuckin' shit - I got a cunt!" Danny gasped, reeling back and slamming against the wall. "Oh, fuck - I got a god-damned *cu...uh..uh...unnngghhhh. !*"

Danny's stunned shout became moans of pain as what felt like bolts of lightning danced through his head, searing his mind and causing him to writhe and twitch in intense mental agony, humiliating tears of pain running down his cheeks as he gasped, his mind unable to complete any thoughts at all through the white haze of agony that thundered through his head...

It faded away to nothing, leaving Danny feeling shaken, disconnected and confused, his mind struggling to get back on track after the 'white out' of the agony. Blinking, he straightened, trying to remember what he'd been doing before the brief-yet-eternal blast of pain.

His heavy brows narrowed together as he realized he didn't have a clear memory of. well, much at all, really. He felt heavy and thick-witted, as well as confused and vague. He was in the bathroom, and from the way he felt, he'd just woken up -

but his memories seemed fuzzy, cloudy - and it just seemed like too much damned effort to focus on them, to bring them into sharp clarity...

...especially when he felt so... happy. Joyful, even. Slowly, Danny began to smile, letting even the one sharp memory - the pain - slip away as something in the past, something he could ignore for right now - since he felt so all-fired happy and content, why let something like inexplicable, brain-shattering agony bother him?

It seemed much, much, much more important to Danny to not worry about anything at all - or, more precisely, not to be seen worrying about anything. In fact, it seemed downright imperative that, no matter what happened, Danny continue to act as if everything were perfectly normal. No matter the event, situation or place, Danny somehow knew that it was vitally important - perhaps even life-or-death important - that he remain cheerful and unaffected, as if whatever was going on in that particular time and place was perfectly ordinary, at least in relation to him. He had to act as if everything was. normal.

With a soft sigh of satisfaction at having remained fairly 'normal' through the already barely-remembered blast of pain, Danny started the shower running, letting the water heat to a comfortable temperature before shedding what little clothes he was wearing and stepping under the spray.

Humming happily to himself, he began to wash. Picking up the bar of soap, he started lathering up his broad, manly hands, making sure to get under his short, slightly ragged nails.

From there, Danny worked his way up his arm, lathering thoroughly as he went, especially his clean-shaven armpits. Pausing, he leaned into the spray and washed the thick lather off his arms. Putting the soap back in the showerhead-mounted tray, he vigorously rubbed his arms, getting all of the soap off. Then, still humming contentedly, Danny picked up the soap and began to lather his broad, fairly-muscular shoulders. From there, he did his neck, then moved down his chest and back, enjoying the feel of the soap over his smooth, taut flesh and his reasonably-athletic musculature.

Having finished soaping down to his nice, trim waist, Danny again put the soap down and made sure all the soap was washed off, being careful as his long, oval nails slid over his smooth, silky skin.

"Mmmmm..." He moaned softly in his husky tenor voice, eyes closed with pleasure. The smile on his fairly full lips curled farther as he went on to soap up his lower half, enjoying the feel of the slick soap against equally slick flesh as he lathered up his taut, cute ass, girlish hips and cute legs. With remarkable dexterity, he agilely bent double to wash his fairly small, well formed feet.

Then it was time to wash his crotch, and Danny sighed again in his warm alto tones as his dainty, long-nailed fingers slid around the folds of his tight, already-sopping-wet cunt.

Eyes still closed to better enjoy the warm, sensual, enjoyable sensations that a simple shower were providing, Danny returned the soap to the rack yet again, and proceeded to make sure there was no linger soap residue on his smooth, soft skin. Once thoroughly rinsed, it was time for Danny to do his hair - but he paused while reaching for the shampoo, just long enough

to lightly squeeze his nipples, which had begun throbbing pleasantly, literally begging for attention. Careful not to injure his pert, firm B-cup breasts with his long, finely- shaped nails, Danny rolled his firm, aroused nipples between dainty thumbs and forefingers, finally letting go to move on to his hair.

Taking his time to do it right, Danny slowly and thoroughly massaged shampoo into his shoulder-long mane of soft, sandy-blond hair. Then, just as sensuously and luxuriously, he rinsed it clean again, finally shutting off the water with a soft, almost regretful, sigh.

Stepping higher over the edge of the tub then he didn't-quite-remember doing before, Danny stepped a dainty foot onto the bath-mat, it's mate soon joining it. Luxuriously, Danny toweled his body off, enjoying the wonderful sensation the thick, deep, white terry-cloth bath-towel (which he didn't remember not ever seeing before) gave as it moved across his skin.

Finished, Danny loosely wrapped the also-never-before-seen matching bathrobe around his body, letting the front of the warm, comfortable white robe hang open. He stepped up to the mirror...

...and blinked at the complete stranger staring back. The young woman was a few inches shorter than Danny, and really cute - and an athletic way. Dressed in a loose-hanging bath-towel, she had a firm, athletic body and taut, cute D-cup breasts that looked deliciously melon-like in their ripe firmness. She had below-collar length sandy-blond hair, and girlishly-slender hips below a trim, taut waist. Her face, unadorned by make-up, was still cute, with eyes a sort of muddy green color, and a slightly too-large nose above a cute, expressive mouth.

Danny stared at the unmoving woman for several seconds, brow slowly furrowing as he realized something - something staggering...

...and then the pain hit. Danny reeled back and slammed into the tile wall, not really noticing that the sound wasn't as 'meaty' as it had been, the first time he'd done it. The pain lanced through his head, and he felt as if he were going to explode...

...and then it was gone, and Danny straightened, a quizzical smile forming on her lips as she tried to recall what had just happened.

She couldn't - not clearly, at least. There was a faint image, something about stepping up to the mirror...?

Frowning in a good-natured, quirky way, Danny stepped up and looked into the mirror - and, for a second, didn't recognize the person it showed. The slender-yet-fit, golden-blond beauty with the nice DDD-cup rack didn't look the least bit familiar....

"Duh, it's a mirror, silly..." Danny told her reflection with a wry laugh, feeling supremely silly. God, what was *with* her this morning? Of *course* the mirror was showing her what she looked like - so what did it matter if she remembered clearly what she'd looked like before or not? The reflection was her - that was all there was to it.

"There's nothing wrong. Everything's okay." She told her reflection, sunnily. "Everything's. normal."

She actually shivered in delight at just how.. right that word was. Normal. Everything was wonderfully, gloriously, joyously normal.

Humming happily to herself, Danny padded out of the bathroom with a panther-like grace, her taut, supposedly 'tomboyish' body swaying in a wonderfully graceful way that caused her wonderfully firm EEE-cup breasts to bounce in pleasant distraction...

...and then she stopped dead, her head lowering as her smooth, rounded jaw rippled, her jaws clamped shut. She bunched her smoothly-muscled shoulders and thrust her arms out, bracing herself on either wall.

"*Dammit*, Linda..." She grated through clenched teeth, body shivering in the intense pain that was thundering through her mind. "I don't... know.. **how**... you are doing this, but... I'm not going... Going to.. To. "

Then her defiant, painful words faded away, and the pain overwhelmed her, sending her crashing to the floor as she screamed to the ceiling, her throat aching with the shear, primal fear and agony of that scream...

...and then she stopped screaming, as if a switch had been thrown. A smile crossed her lips as she stared, a little blankly, up at the ceiling.

"Everything's fine..." She told herself in a sweet soprano voice, her tone almost painfully artificial in it's nearly demented perkiness. "Everything... *normal*. Normal, normal, normal. "

She shivered, once, in a mixture of pleasure and pain- and then the blank look faded, and Dani blinked in cheerful confusion. "I guess I fell down..." She said to empty air. "Silly me. "

Humming softly to herself, Dani smoothly and gracefully rose from the floor, mainly through the use of a near-perfect muscle control that let her rise so smoothly as to seem to float upwards, despite the handicap of her massive, volleyball-sized breasts.

"Graceful, must be graceful..." She told herself, sweetly. "Women like me are supposed to be graceful and sexy "

Dani was grateful that she knew that fact. She couldn't clearly remember anything in her past, but she knew for a fact that she'd held that particular belief for a long time now, though it was stated a little oddly, in her mind. She wasn't sure why she thought 'generically' about it, as in how a 'busty blonde babe' should move gracefully and sexily - but since it was obviously referring to her, she didn't worry about it. It was a belief she held, and so of *course* she was going to follow it. She wasn't a hypocrite or anything.

With an extremely conscious effort, Dani gracefully and sensuously finished the walk down to her bedroom, not really noticing the fact that the bedroom had been completely redecorated and refurnished in the night. Since she had no clear memory of the room ever having been different, Dani simply accepted what she saw.

Likewise, she just accepted the noises from the living room and kitchen as being normal. If it sounded like a team of workmen were removing or replacing all her furniture, then it must be because she'd wanted it that way, even if she couldn't remember anything about it. After all, she wasn't alarmed by the noise, so it must be expected. Everything was fine. Everything was...

Normal.

Happy as a clam, Dani shrugged out of her robe and walked over to the big, full-length mirror that was in the corner, near her huge, pink-white-and-brass four-poster bed, with its pink-and-white comforter atop white silk sheets. She stepped up to it...

...and gasped.

"no..." She whispered in a tortured voice. "God, no... anything but..." Then she blinked, twice, then smiled at her reflection.

She was tiny - and shy of five feet. She was slender and delightfully dainty - and sexy. She was pure sex, as a matter of fact, compressed in a tiny package that had a little of everything, despite her diminutive stature. For her height, her legs were impossibly long and sexy, perched atop tiny, dainty feet. Her hips weren't that big around, in inches, but on her petite frame they were wonderfully womanly, and perfect for supporting her remarkably full, sexy ass.

Her waist, on the other hand... Even on somebody with her tiny frame, the waist was slender. However, to see that fact you'd have to be able to look past her massive, basketball-sized breasts. Incredibly firm and round, they were tipped with huge, thick, bright-pink nipples that looked delightfully suckable.

Given her height and the average eye-line of the adult human, there were very few who could see past those milky spheres to see that delightfully tiny waist - even if they'd had the inclination to do so. However, her face was much easier to see - and it was worth the look.

It was a heart-shaped face with a pixie-like chin. Her nose was a tiny, cut snub, upturned at the tip, and it separated her huge, bright- blue eyes with their long, dark lashed and high, arched eyebrows from her full, sensual lips.

Her incredibly fine, silky hair was a platinum-blond shade so light as to look practically white - but with incredible gold-toned shimmers that ran the length of its incredibly glossy, silky surface, all the way down to her ass.

"God, I'm incredible..." Dani breathed happily in her giggly, high-pitched voice. Smiling brightly at her tiny, top-heavy reflection, Dani turned away and bounced sexily to the closet, practically exuding in every motion a pert, almost girlish sensuality that was anything but

'virginal'.

"I've got to find a way to control myself..." She told herself, brightly, as she stepped into a pair of white, rounded-toe platform pumps with a seven-inch heel and an ankle-strap. "Linda's turned me into a huge-breasted little bimbo..."

"At least..." She continued, as she pulled a fluffy white-and-pink pleated skirt around her hips, barely covering her bare crotch. "She's made me look like one - and then done something to me so that I have to act and dress the way those stupid big-tit bimbos do."

She smiled and fondled her enormous breasts for a few seconds before forcing a practically see-through white-with-pink trim T-shirt over it. Though the over-strained neckline displayed a mind-boggling amount of cleavage, and the thin white material was nearly transparent, the shirt was technically street-legal, because her huge, thick nipples were 'hidden' behind the less-translucent lettering of the word '*Dynamite!*' across the front in pink-spangled letters.

"She won't win..." She told her reflection in the mirror on the vanity table, as she did her long, white-blonde hair up in a ponytail. "She may think I'm buried, trapped in this body and mind - but I'm still here."

Humming softly in her throat, Dani had to stop talking while she did her make-up: Gloss-pink lips with frosted-white liner, pink eye-shadow, and gloss-pink polish for her fingernails.

Finishing up by attaching big, pink plastic earrings to her dainty lobes, Dani rose. She squared her slender shoulders, causing her huge tits to jiggle, and then she strode out of the room with a pertly sexy sort of resolution.

"I'll teach that bitch a lesson..." She muttered to herself, brightly, completely unaware of the unbelievably potent pheromones wafting from her hyper-endowed new body. "I'll show her who..."

She stopped dead as she walked out into the living room - and found herself looking at the two workmen who'd just finished giving her apartment a thoroughly 'girlish' look. The two sweaty, muscular men stared back at her, amazed as well - and then, as her pheromones hit, an oddly feral look came into each of their eyes. One of the guys was a big, black guy, and he looked her up and down and licked his lips, as if a starved man being shown a prime-rib dinner. The other guy, a muscular Asian, just grinned in a way that did odd things to Dani's stomach... or a little bit south of there.

"What are you looking at...?" She demanded pertly, grinning helplessly and adding a giggle to her sweet soprano 'demand'. Neither of the guys answered, verbally - but their blue coveralls were starting to bulge at the crotch.

"Are you staring at my huge, firm, oh-so-fuckable tits?" She demanded sweetly, hefting her huge orbs angrily. "Or is it my perfect, heart-shaped ass - which also happens to be oh-so-fuckable?" Turning, she stuck out her ass and gracefully pointed to it to make her point clear.

"I think it's the whole package, sweetheart..." the black man rumbled, grinning.

Dani was outraged by his blatantly sexual leer. Smiling angrily, she sensuously stormed up to him, a sexy bounce to her furious step. With a sweet, sunny soprano voice, she told him off.

"Don't get any idea, you gorgeous hunk of man..." She giggled. "I certainly don't want to grabbing me and kissing me hard and quick. "

"Oh? So - none of this...?" the black man rumbled, grinning. Grabbing her by the slender arm, he physically lifted her up and yanked her close to him, kissing her hard and quick. As she responded with eager passion, she wished the stupid nigger would get off of her so that she could go have that talk with Linda.

"Anything else you don't want me doing. ?" The man asked after the kiss, and Dani rolled her huge, brainless blue eyes in anger and giggled out an answer. "Well, I certainly don't want you ripping off my top and sucking and squeezing my tits!"

So, what did the stupid black bastard do? He ripped open Dani's shirt and began fondling and squeezing her tits! As Dani closed her eyes and moaned and gasped in protest, she wished this stupid idiot would get the hint. Hell, as soon as she had that talk with Linda, and got her old body back, she'd be more manly then either of these pathetic wimps. Oh, well - since she was a helpless, super horny bimbo for the moment, there wasn't anything she could do but wait until this knot-heads got it out of their system.

"Don't even think about ripping my skirt off, throwing me on the couch, and fucking my brains out..." She warned the black man. "Riiiiight..." He grinned - then ripped her skirt off and threw her on the couch.

"I..." She started to protest - and then he was pulling her long, damnably sexy legs up and apart...

...and sliding his huge, throbbing cock into her cunt. Oh, it wasn't really bigger then average - but Dani was now so tiny that it seemed enormous as it filled her hot, wet cunt.

She screamed. Screamed in pure, orgasmic pleasure as her hyper-sensitive new womanhood was filled by hot, throbbing cock. Her body took over, matching the man's hard, furious rhythm as she continued to scream in unbelievable pleasure that just kept growing and growing and...

The world exploded into a huge white ball of pure ecstasy and then it faded, and Dani was just laying on the couch, the big black dude pulling his cock out of her sopping-wet cunt.

"Gee..." the oriental dude said, having already stripped out of his coveralls, instead of just opening the front like his partner had done. His nude, bronze body gleamed with sweat. "There's not anything you don't want me to do, is there. ?"

Angrily, Dani snapped at the stupid Jap bastard, using her most cock-hardening soprano to make sure he knew just how pissed she was at the stupid question.

"Yes! Definitely don't make me suck your huge, sweet cock!"

To make sure he knew exactly what she meant, she furiously dropped to her knees in front of him and grabbed his cock at the base.

Then the fucking Nip actually leaned forward, and she had no choice but to open her lips and accept his hard, throbbing cock! The nerve of him!

"What's wrong...?" the little chink bastard gloated, staring in delight at Dani's massive, exposed tits. "Is it too big...?"

'Oh, I wish he'd shut up!' Danny thought - and, to ensure he did, she gave him the most mind-blowing blow-job possible, reducing him to moaning, gasping flesh as she used hands, tongue and lips in conjunction with suction and rhythm to bring him to the edge, holding him there for what seemed like eternity before finally letting him dump a load of sweet, delicious cum into her mouth and her highly-modified taste-buds, the one that found cum the most wonderful flavor in the universe.

She released his cock... and, over-stressed by the power of his own orgasm, he passed out. Dani licked her lips, looking at the unconscious man...

...then she turned on the partly-erect black man and sucked him off, too.

When the black man's limp body hit the floor, Dani rose and headed for the door.

"I'm going to miss fucking and sucking once I'm a guy again..." She said, brightly, to herself. "Then again, once I'm a guy, I'll make Linda fuck and suck me like this. I can do it, after all - 'cause she'll still be a stupid cunt, while I will be the most perfect male - with the most perfect cock!"

Angrily, Dani stormed up to Linda's door and pounded on it - as well she could. "Come in!" Linda's voice called. "It's open."

Furious, Dani threw the door open and stormed in...

"Close the door, would you?" Linda's voice asked, and Dani slammed the door before wiggling atop her seven-inch heels to where Linda waited in the living room.

"Look, Linda, I don't know how you did this to me, but you're going to undo it! I want my cock back, dammit!" The athletically-built brunette looked regretful. "I can't give it back. It already has a new home..."

Then, grinning, Linda rose and threw off her robe.

Her naked body was taut and firm - and, nestled between firmly feminine thighs, was a huge, erect cock. Dani's old cock. The most perfect cock in the world...

She had to suck it. She had no choice - she was a huge-breasted bimbo, and it was the most perfect cock. She must suck it, and fuck it - and obey anything it's owner tells her to do.

Something deep inside her mind went 'snap'.

"I'm Ditzzy Dani Dickslut!" She announced in a too-bright voice. Her cunt became instantly, sopping wet as her hormones raced out of control, her pheromone production shooting off to somewhere in the stratosphere. "I fuck and suck every cock I meet!"

Linda's triumphant grin faltered as she was hit by the effect of the super-charged pheromones. Her already hard cock suddenly became painfully swollen, and her mind began to spin as incredible amounts of hormones were dumped into her system, too - but, with her 'special equipment' in place, it was two complete sets of hormones...

"What..." Linda said, drunkenly - just before Ditzzy Dani Dickslut giggled insanely and jumper her, slamming her tight cunt down on that massive, throbbing cock...

She fucked Linda for twelve hours straight, until even their hyper-pumped libidos couldn't handle anymore.

By that time, Linda's messed-up hormonal system had left her looking like Arnold Schwarzenegger - except for the volley-ball sized tits, of course. Oh - and Arnie only wished he was as well endowed as Linda. However, with her tits strapped down, the deep-voiced new Linda could pass as a guy, say, one named 'Lee', who could go out and do all the shopping and stuff...

...which had to happened, since waking up as a freak of nature had derailed Linda completely, and she could only do what Dani told her to do. Dani, despite being completely insatiable and super-obsessed with sex, was at least able to keep 'sane' enough to turn herself into a lucrative source of income - by becoming a porn star.

As for the 'Linda Carlson' and 'Daniel McCaudle', sought by the police after Missing Persons reports were filed... they were never seen or heard from again.

Which was probably just as well, since anyone who'd ever met either one concurred that they were both assholes...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: A scientist volunteers to be the test subject of a new process that can mold the tissue to any form; little did he realize he would end up as a topless stripper!

Not A True Story

By Gerald R. Skinner As told to Gunslinger

Author's Note: The following story was told to me by a very...interesting person. This person showed up at my place, and I taped the story, and have simply transcribed it here...

This isn't true. Of course not. Nothing like this could ever REALLY happen. It would be insane. Still, I'd like you to hear it...

It all started about, oh, about six months ago. Of course, I remember the EXACT date, but it doesn't really matter. I'll try to give the story with only the important parts...

I'm sorry, I'm kind of rambling. I'm not really much of a storyteller I'm afraid. In fact, what I am, or rather, what I WAS, was a research assistant at...well, I shouldn't name the place. Let's just call it 'the Lab', okay?

Well, anyway, I had been working at the lab for about three months, ever since I got out of university. I'd gotten two degrees - a M.D., and a Ph.D. Having put myself through via a student loan, I needed a job quickly to pay back the loan, plus money to live on. So when I was offered the job at the lab, the fact that it was a little outside my field didn't phase me at all - the pay was VERY good. So, I started working as a research assistant to Dr. Malcolm Pierce, in the Bio-Med. R&D division.

I'll be the first to admit that Dr. Pierce is a genius - when it comes to his research, that is. In other things...(ahem) well, let's just say he was a little scatter-brained.

I suppose I should really make some 'introductions, as it were. Kind of the cast of characters, if you know what I mean.

First, myself. Gerald Skinner, age 26. Now, just to keep things, uh, 'documented', here's a photo taken just two days after I joined the staff. That's me, on the left.

No, really. That tall, skinny beanpole with the thick glasses and short, shaggy black hair is me. Honest.

The short, muscular guy in the middle is Al. Excuse me, Albert Scarduci. Incidentally, he's my best friend, and roommate. I've known him since elementary school - we went to the same high school, the same university - and then, the same job.

Yeah, he IS kind of built like a fire hydrant, now that you mention it...

The guy on the right is my boss, Dr. Pierce. As you can see, he's an older man - he's 43, by the way - and could be the proto-typical 'Mad- scientist', what, with his untidy white hair and kind of vacant gaze...

Honestly, his major problem, exempting his actual lab work, is his failure to think things through. He's SO focused on his experiments, that other things tend to slip past him. I've seen him start to make coffee - then forget about it until two days later. And he'll drink the sludge, honestly forgetting that it was started two days ago - in his mind, only a few minutes have passed.

And, he NEVER figures out why his coffee is always so awful... Speaking of which, I don't suppose?...

(Break while coffee was made.) Okay, where was I...Oh, yeah.

Anyway, one of the reason's I got that job was because I was able to get a security clearance. My dad had been in the military, an officer, so my background check was easy. No big deal. Same with AI - the reason we went to the same school in the first place is his dad was military too. But the clearance was necessary - we were working on some pretty cutting-edge stuff, and industrial espionage is always a problem in this kind of work.

So, I started working with Dr. Pierce. His current project was re- creating replica's of various human tissues synthetically. As a medical breakthrough, it was unparalleled - just think, synthetic kidneys or hearts, that the body would accept, and would function and look absolutely identical to the original. It was a stunning achievement - if it could be done.

You see, at the time I'm talking about, about four months after my employment, Dr. Pierce and I had made remarkable progress, leading to a breakthrough - but it was a hollow victory, in a way.

What we'd managed to do, in and of itself, was still a awesome discovery, but still far short of our goal of synthetic organs.

What we HAD done, however, was simpler tissues. Dr. Pierce had already created Syntho-skin, Syntho-fat, and even Syntho-hair. The breakthrough we'd made was more advanced - Syntho-nerves, and Syntho- muscles. But, all of these had the major flaw of being non- life-saving discoveries. The first three could make us rich, being used in plastic surgery, if and when they were FDA and AMA approved. And the Syntho- nerves and muscles heralded a new era in reconstructive surgery for patients with say, severe burn damage. But, the more complex - and hence, more important, tissues were still beyond us. Major organs such as the liver, or kidneys. That sort of thing.

And we were getting desperate, because our grant was coming closer and closer to cancellation. If our funding died, so did our research, despite what we had accomplished. You see, the funding committee didn't find our work 'flashy' enough to understand it's TRUE importance.

And for this, the blame rests squarely on Dr. Pierce. As I said, he was a little...eccentric. His presentations to the funding committee were nearly incoherent - when he remembered to go. These days, being a brilliant scientist just isn't good enough. You also have to be a diplomat, PR man, and fundraiser, to get enough funding to continue your work.

So, keeping this all in mind, this is what happened. Or didn't. Because none of this is true, of course.

It was fairly late in the day. I'd already gotten used to the odd schedule I'd had to keep. Dr. Pierce worked when he had the inspiration, any time of day - or night - that it struck. As a perfect example of the type of man he is, he would actually shout 'Eureka!' when inspiration struck.

So, although I was somewhat tired, it was really the depression that held both of us in its grasp that really made our workplace so quiet and lethargic.

"Well, Gerald," Dr. Pierce said to us, toying with his cup of coffee. (Actually, it was a beaker of coffee - he'd forgotten to clean any mugs, as usual, so we made do with what we had - as usual.) "I guess we're just not fated to be the miracle-workers of modern medicine."

Al nodded tiredly. "I guess not."

"Come on guys," I said, trying to dredge up some optimism. "I know that the final meeting of the funding committee is in a week, but maybe we can come up with something by then." Even to myself, the hope sounded hollow.

Al shook his head dejectedly. "No, Gerald. You know that's not going to happen." He bounced a thick, muscular fist off a countertop. "If only we could make them see the value in what we've already done!" He said hotly, fire returning to his eyes. Then, the brief energy faded, and he slumped again.

We'd had this discussion more than once. I turned to Pierce. "Doc, we both know that the only field that they're really useful in is Cosmetic and Reconstructive Surgery. Sure, if we could just show them the versatility and ability of the synthetic tissues we've discovered...but, we'd have to obtain clearance and extra funding for volunteers..." I waved a hand to illustrate the other barriers which, having already discussed at length at other times, I didn't go into.

It didn't seem as if Doc had heard me. Instead, a strange look had come into his eyes, and he was looking at me with an odd expression. I pulled back slightly.

"What?" I asked guardedly.

"Well..." he said slowly, "YOU already have clearance..." Al turned, looking first at the Doc, then me.

"Hey, hold on here!" I said, surprised...then fell silent, as the thought filtered through my automatic objections.

I'd worked closely on this project. I was reasonably sure the synthetics were safe - but then again, they'd never, actually, been used on a living creature. On the other hand, if the funding went, so did my job...and, with it, my apartment, my car...

"Um..." Al said hopefully. "What did you have in mind?"

He blinked, surprised. "Why, I hadn't actually gone that far." He admitted. Typical Doc.

"Let me think about it." I said. I sunk my chin onto my chest and stared at the floor, as ideas percolated through my brain.

It would have to be something very 'showy' - flashy, definitive and non-technical, yet with a clear, immediate use in the 'real world'. Something that would show it's usefulness. Since I was uninjured, it couldn't be actual reconstructive surgery, and I wasn't willing to mutilate myself for this.

So that left cosmetic surgery. I suppose a nose job, or the like..., well no, that's too insignificant. Maybe a couple of small things, like a nose job and...something.

Well, what are the most common - and profitable - operations. Well, there's..., but we'd need a female volunteer for that, and...

I stopped dead, and shoved away the thought that had popped unbidden into my mind. But it kept coming back, until I was forced to consider it.

It would be flashy. And it would have immediate 'real-world' use. And, it would guarantee funding - there's NO way the committee could pass it up.

But I couldn't. Oh, sure, it'd only be temporary. And, it's not like anyone except the committee and Doc would know. But I just couldn't. Could I?

I looked at Doc, then at Al. If was just me, I'd say no...but if I screwed things up for my mentor, and my best friend, too... "Uh..." I said, swallowing. "What if I, uh, were to, um, use the synthetics for a..." I stopped, my face red.

"What? Go on" they urged.

"Well, um, the big thing today is, uh, breast enlargement and I suppose..." I trailed off, then shook my head. "Pretty dumb, huh? A guy with tits." I forced a laugh.

Al snorted - then sat bolt upright. "But, what if you didn't LOOK like a guy?" he asked, and I gaped. "Huh?"

He turned bright red. "Well, you know, if you kind of went a little further, and looked like a woman..." "Hell, no!" I said hotly - and watched their faces fall. "Come on. You wouldn't do it, right Al?"

Al looked me straight in the eye. "For you two? Sure. But" he said, gesturing at himself "look at me. I'd be the freakiest woman..." He sighed. "Look, If you don't want to, I guess I have to."

He turned to the Doc. "So, I'll look like a Russian hod-carrying woman. Can we do it?"

Doc frowned. "Well, our tests say that the synthetics take two to three weeks to bond. So, For a week, you could do it, and still remove the...applications..." he mused.

I knew Al. He was serious. I heaved a sigh.

"Alright." I said, giving in. "But Al's right. I guess I'm elected."

Al didn't try TOO hard to talk me out of it. We decided to get started right away. We figured I could use the week getting used to the new form before the meeting.

Now, don't get me wrong. I didn't WANT to do this. But, it was necessary - and, to be honest, as a scientist it was a valid experiment. So, I was able to put aside my emotions and treat this dispassionately, as a test.

So, we discussed what we needed to do before we started. The only real argument we had was interesting, in and of itself - Doc stated that if we were conducting tests, he'd like to see just how large a purely synthetic breast could be created, and still maintain it's integrity on me. We discussed it, and I agreed, in the interests of science, to allow this to be a test to the maximum size, as well as an over-all look. It WAS valid, needed data after all, no matter how much I disliked the idea personally.

Our first step was to create the necessary synthetics. While they were being made by Dr. Pierce, Al and I set about making the molds we'd need.

Using special medical plaster, we took imprints of various portions of my body, where we'd be using the additions in bulk. Then, we careful added - or rather, since the castings were 'negatives' of my body, subtracted - the necessary portions to reshape my body.

When the molds and the synthetics were ready, we began. First, the insides of the molds were coated with a layer of synthetic skin. Then, we carefully laid out the nerve networks. Not having done this before, we had to guess as to how many filaments to use for each part, to create the correct amount of sensations.

Next came a very thin layer of fat cells - except for the breast forms, which, of course, were filled. Now, the synthetic fat cells, unlike other cells, took a while to 'mature' - the initial size would NOT be the final size, so whatever breast-size I was give would grow. We didn't know how big though - that's what we wanted to find out.

Around this, synthetic muscle tissue was poured, for the legs, ass, waist and, uh, 'vaginal' areas, at least. Other areas, which in normal anatomy lacked musculature, were omitted.

Finally, the basic form was ready, and it was time for me to take my big step. With a deep breath, I lay on my stomach in the 'front' mold, and the back mold was clamped down on top of me. Two small nostril holes allowed me to breath.

For two hours I lay in that damn 'cocoon', while the Syntho's bonded enough to each other, and me, to remain in place. Finally, the darkness was broken as the Doc and Al pulled away the mold, and I slowly sat up, feeling a heavy weight shift on my chest, and looked at myself in the mirror.

First of all, I felt DAMN weird - not only was my balance all wrong, but I knew immediately that we'd screwed up the nerve ratio - every sensation through the network was stronger than usual. Oh well, it was out first 'real' test.

I tell you though - the feel of the heavy weight of breasts on my chest felt extremely strange. I looked at my new, feminine figure in the mirror.

Now, I'll be the first to admit I wasn't beautiful - my face was still a little too masculine, with a strong, squarish jaw and a somewhat patrician nose. My shoulders were a little too broad, and my hands and feet both a little large.

But my figure!

I had been extremely thin to begin with. Now with my legs reshaped, wider hips, and two immense, round tits, not to mention a realistic- looking vagina, I LOOKED completely female. A quick check also revealed a firm, full ass.

"Holy shit." Al whispered reverently. "We're going to be millionaires." Doc was equally impressed with the sheer realism of the results.

"Okay guys, stop gawking" I said, standing up. I took a step forward - and promptly fell on my face. And gasped as my huge, highly sensitive new breasts hit the cold tile floor. Al helped me up, frowning. "What's wrong?" he asked, worriedly.

I sighed. "We should have seen this coming." I said. "My body has habits it's formed - including how it walks. But all my old habits were for a completely different weight distribution - I'm going to have to learn how to walk all over again."

Doc frowned. "That will take some time." he said. "Do you think you'll be ready for the meeting?" I hated to have to say it, but..."There's a faster way." I admitted. "I can wear high heels."

"Huh?" they chorused in unison.

"Well," I explained "I've never walked in heels. My body HAS no habits for that. So, instead of having to fight established habits, I can learn new ones fairly quickly."

Al was giving me a weird look as I explained. I asked him what was up.

"Oh," he said "It's just really weird to hear your voice coming from that body" he explained. I realized how it must be, and so we wondered if there was anything we could do.

There was. After some trying, we constructed a special band of muscle cells that slid down my throat, tightened my vocal cords. We were aiming for a contralto, but ended up with a soprano, which I could live with for a week.

The drawback was that it needed an anchor to hold it in place - my tongue. The finished attachment also extended my tongue by three inches, which felt extremely odd. It also changed my speech pattern, because of the way it fit in my mouth - I had to hold it further back to keep it in, which was no big deal, but it also gave me an 'accent'. All three of us thought I now sounded vaguely French.

Oh well.

That's when we ran into our next snag - clothing.

Now, as odd as it sounds, I didn't FEEL naked - although the new additions were extremely realistic, even to me, in my mind, it was almost like wearing a costume. So I didn't even think of clothing at first. That also brought up a whole ton of other problems.

"Oh boy." I said in my new voice, still unused to its sound. "I have no clothes, plus no VALID I.D., and it's late at night, so all the stores are closed. Any ideas?" I asked.

Al looked thoughtful, then told us to wait for him. Grabbing his keys, he headed out. While we waited, Doc used syntho-hair, matching my own, to give me long, full black hair and long, dark lashes, as well as higher, arched eyebrows. It had all set by the time Al got back.

He had a smug grin on his face. "The company owes me for this." He said, dumping a load of clothing onto a table. "I bought some stuff of the strip club down the road. I think some of this might even fit your, uh, exaggerated..." he gestured vaguely at my chest.

I flushed - but with the syntho skin, it was impossible to see, another thing that hadn't occurred to us. We were gathering TONS of data in just a few short hours. As I scientist, I was quickly getting over my embarrassment, and becoming truly interested in this experiment.

Oh, hold on. Since we're past the classified part, here's the security video from the lab...

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: I was handed a VHS tape. The 'security camera' was high quality color, showing a typical lab layout from the top corner of the lab. Here's what was on the tape.)

There were three people in the lab. Standing by a lab counter near a pile of clothing was a short, broad Italian-looking man in jeans, T- shirt and lab coat - presumably, Albert Scarduci. Seated, beside him, was a tall, sparse man with a shock of prematurely white hair in disarray. His clothing, under the mandatory lab coat, was also in disarray, but was of a good cut.

The third person was the most striking. It was a young woman, mid twenties I'd say. She had a strong, slightly masculine face, and broad shoulders. But, since she was completely naked, it was easy to see her long, shapely legs, which led to full, womanly hips and - if I may say - an absolutely spectacular derriere. Her waist was remarkably slender for her height, which further enhanced her most noticeable attribute - an enormous pair of almost perfectly spherical breasts.

She was standing, awkwardly, beside a strange sort of mold on a table. She was leaning on the table with one hand, as if trying to maintain her balance. Her hair, deep black and straight, hung almost to her spectacular ass.

"...might even be big enough to fit your...uh, endowments." Al was saying awkwardly, waving a hand in the direction of the woman's chest.

"I 'ope zo" the woman replied in a high, trilling voice. Her accent was somewhat muddled, but definitely of French origin. She moved towards the clothing, walking carefully and stiffly. She reached the other table, and grasped it for balance.

"We should have thought this out better." She said, waving a hand towards her chest. "Not only finding clothes for such large breasts, but the way they sway and jiggle is DAMN annoying."

The disheveled man - Doc - looked at her. "Oh, so they're truly uncomfortable?" he asked, sounding disappointed.

She frowned slightly. "Well, to be completely honest, no." She admitted. "They DO feel good - especially when they sway and bounce. But it IS distracting."

They root through the clothing, and she tried various pieces on, seeming unfamiliar with the way they go on. It takes all three of them to find something that will fit her exaggerated figure.

"Hmm, this one fits." She said, as the other two helped her into an extremely large, white bra. "What size does it say on the label?" Doc picked up a pair of glasses and slipped them on, peering at the back of the bra. "Um, 48GG" he replied.

"Holy shit! I'm THAT big?" The woman asked in evident surprise. Al gave a low whistle.

"Here, try these on." Al said, holding out a pair of matching panties. She did, and they seem to fit tolerably, as she left them on. Next, she tried on every pair of pants in the pile, discarding them one at a time as none fit.

"Damn" she said. "I guess I'll have to wear a skirt."

"Then you should probably put these on." Al said, holding up something. "Do you think that's really..."she began, the sighed. "Give them to me."

She then proceeded to put on a pair of nylons. They are black, with an elasticized lace frill at the top. Over this she puts on a short black leather mini skirt, after trying, and discarding, two longer ones.

"I think this is the only thing that will fit over...uh. . ." Doc said, handing her a deep red spandex crop-top. He's right - she tries on the other tops, with no luck. Even the stretchy spandex is strained to fit over her immense globes, displaying a prodigious amount of cleavage.

After that, she puts on a pair of red pumps with what look to be five or six inch spike heel shoes. The rest of the tape shows her walking around, gradually getting used to them. Fast forwarding, we find her walking easily in the heels, hips

swiveling, ass working provocatively, and even her restrained breasts are still swaying invitingly. They then shut off the lights in the lab and leave.

So, you see what I mean about the figure they gave me. A little over done - but I got use to this damn heels quickly. I was amazed.

Anyway, it was now almost dawn, and we were exhausted. Since I didn't have a valid driver's license - not for the way I looked now, at least - Al drove us to our apartment. The ride was interesting - the vibration of the car over the rode created some new - and highly enjoyable - sensations in my altered crotch, and every bounce jostled my huge new tits. We finally arrived home, and wearily climbed the stairs to our apartment. I said good night, and tumbled into bed after hastily undressing.

I awoke the next morning, and for a few seconds couldn't remember why there was this tremendous weight on my chest, and all these weird sensations. Then I remembered, and I slowly sat up, feeling my huge tits shifting on my chest.

Because I had to use the washroom, I got up and headed for the bathroom - and almost fell. Cursing, I slipped into the high heels. I also wrapped my robe around me. It was too small for my huge tits, displaying an enormous amount of cleavage, but better than nothing.

The washroom was an interesting experience. I had to sit to urinate. You see, my penis had been enclosed in a false vagina for realism, so I had to use the toilet like a woman to.

I looked in the mirror - and almost laughed at the medusa's tangle of my hair. I quickly rinsed it and brushed it out, then, having no choice, got dressed in the clothes from last night. Today, I'd have to do some shopping - a stripper's taste in clothing wasn't exactly in line with mine, if you know what I mean.

I walked out to the kitchen, and found Al already up and about. He'd put coffee on, and was making some breakfast. "Good morning." I said.

He looked up, and I was surprised to see his face was red. His eyes had locked onto my immense breasts. He forced them away, and they slipped to my shapely legs, before he was able to tear his gaze away and to the side.

"Uh, good morning, um...Gerald" he said awkwardly. I frowned. "What's wrong, Al?"

He sighed. "I'm sorry. It's just...you look like a sexy woman. You sound like a sexy woman. You move, and are dressed like a sexy woman. I just have problems dealing with you being...you. You don't seem to BE Gerald..." he tried to meet my eyes and failed. Again, his eyes slipped to my cleavage before glancing, guilty away. "I'm sorry. This is hard on me..."

It hurt to see my best, life long friend in such distress. I sighed - then a thought occurred to me. As we stood in awkward silence, I worked it out, and decided, for the sake of my friend, to go through with it.

I held out one hand, and forced a smile to my new fuller, sensual lips.. "Hi. You must be Albert. I'm Yvette." He blinked uncomprehendingly.

"I want to thank you again for letting me stay here." I continued, making it up as I went along. "Since I do not no anyone in your country, and have not found a job yet, I am very appreciative."

The tension suddenly drained out of him as he understood what I was doing. As long as I 'played a role', he wouldn't feel like he was dealing with 'Gerald'.

"That's alright. By the way, call me Al, okay?" he said, dredging up his own smile. "Would you like some coffee?" I take mine black - so I said "Double double, please." He glanced at me in surprise, but smiled and complied.

We actually had an enjoyable breakfast. I was surprised to find I was getting a kind of kick out of the role-playing, and Al not only found me easier to deal with, but his natural gallantry came out, and out of force of habit he began treating me like a woman.

Afterwards, we went shopping for some clothes and such for me at the local mall.

I walked in, my heels clicking on the tile floor. Immediately, I became VERY aware of the sidelong glances men were stealing of my new physique. Astonished, I found that I was not only NOT embarrassed by it - but, I found it oddly enjoyable to know I was affecting men this way. It was almost like a sort of...power, I guess. It was DAMN odd, but not completely unpleasant.

I had intended to by some shapeless, baggy clothing at first - but I hadn't counted on something. I'd picked out some loose jeans and a baggy sweatshirt, and gone into a change room. I changed and looked in the mirror - and found myself hating the reflection.

I mean, it was me I was seeing - but my male brain merely saw a sexy, stacked woman in shapeless clothing. Slowly, I undressed and put back on the other clothes - and my male brain enjoyed the sight of this buxom, scantily clad vixen.

Feeling deliciously guilty, I decided 'what the hell'. As a man, I'd never wear women's clothing - but nobody would know it was a man wearing them. It would be a guilty secret.

I ended up buying more than I'd planned, with Al helping me choose clothing appropriate for my altered body. I ended up buying mostly 'pieces' and few dresses, as they weren't really designed for somebody with all the, uh, 'ins and outs' my figure had. The couple of dresses I did buy were spandex.

With the same giddy, guilty, enjoyable thrill, I also let the lady at the make-up counter give me a make over, paying careful attention to what she did. The shade of lipstick to emphasize my full lips. The blush that de-emphasized my nose and made my cheekbones more prominent. The eye shadow.

I left the store in one of my new outfits. A white silk blouse stretched tautly over my massive endowments, the top two buttons undone to reveal some of my inviting cleavage. A pair of tight, black jeans hugged by spectacular ass and long, shapely legs. A pair of suede, knee- high leather boots with six inch heels encased my feet, imparting a certain sway to my womanly hips. Again, I found myself guiltily enjoying the way men watched my pass, and reacted to my presence. Doors opened before me, and men jostled to help me with my bags - which Al stopped by taking them from me. I admit, I almost reveled in this new, odd power I had to turn men into drooling, slobbering slaves.

Don't look at me that way, okay?

Alright, I admit it's weird. But, you see, I'd never been much of a social animal. Tall, gangling, and too smart for my own good, I'd lacked many friends, of either sex, through my life. To go from an unknown, unpopular 'nerd' to the center of attention, literally overnight, is a heady, almost narcotic, sensation.

Trust me.

Anyway, we decided to go get some lunch. I was proud of myself for not once stepping out of character - I even remembered to use the Ladies' room, rather than the Men's. In the same spirit, I only ordered a salad and a white wine.

So it was rather late when we got to the Lab. I suffered the mild indignity of having to be signed in as a 'guest' of Al's - I couldn't exactly claim to be myself, could I?

When we entered the lab, Doc was in a frenzy of good cheer.

"Look, look!" he cried, practically capering around. He lead us to a covered lab table and hauled off the sheet, exposing what was below. It was me. Not the new me, the masculine me, I mean. "What the?..." I gasped, All a heartbeat behind.

Doc blinked. "Oh, yes, I used the mold of you from last night." He said, waving a hand. "But look!"

He pried open the mouth, and I saw teeth. TEETH! I grabbed Al in a joyous hug, - and was shocked by how GOOD it felt to have him pressed against my immense bosom. Also, he cooperated in the hug whole heartedly, which was disconcerting - and very, very enjoyable.

Huh? Oh...the teeth meant Doc had made another breakthrough - calcium based synthetics. Which meant...

"Doc, what about the skeletal structure?" Al asked, reluctantly breaking our embrace, his face faintly flushed from embarrassment.

"Oh, yes, it has a complete skeleton." Doc nodded happily. "Also, all the musculature, subcutaneous fat layer, and epidermal. Even the hair. But, no organs."

Still, it was a hell of a breakthrough. We celebrated, opening the vodka that Doc kept hidden under the counter. When we left that night, he stayed behind to cover the 'body' and straighten the lab.

We shouldn't have left.

Al got the call hours later. Apparently, Doc, being the scatterbrain he was, had left the vodka too close to a Bunsen burner. The alcohol ignited, and our lab had burned fiercely, as some of the compounds used were highly flammable. The Coroner had arrived, and they'd identified the body.

The also identified the second body. Gerald R. Skinner.

Al woke me to tell me. He seemed utterly stricken. I'd gone to bed in my new nightgown, a sheer, silk gown that I'd purchased solely do to the fantastically sensual feeling it created against my new nipples. Now I pulled it tightly around myself in an unthinking reaction. I grieved for Doc.

"You set them straight about me being dead though." I muttered dully.

He hesitated, the slowly met my eyes. "Uh...Yvette." he said hesitantly, and his tone, and use of my 'other' name made me look up. "Gerald Skinner IS dead."

"What do you..." I started indignantly. Then, my voice died as I realized that my life, at least my old life, was irrevocably gone.

You see, a special bacteria is needed to break down the synthetics before they bond. After they bond, they become real flesh, and CAN'T be removed. The only culture of that artificial bacteria had been in the lab.

Sure, other labs could re-create it - but it took more than a month to 'mature'. There was simply no way for me to recreate my male body. I was no 'Yvette' for life.

"Go away." I told Al dully, and sank into my bed, trying to cope with the realization.

Al didn't leave. Instead, he sat me back up, and wrapped an arm around me. "No. We ARE going to get through this. I'll be here for you. I promise."

And I collapsed into his arms, and cried.

The next day, we attended mine and Doc's funeral. I found myself without any hunger at all, so I skipped breakfast and emotionlessly, methodically prepared for the funeral.

I applied my make-up carefully and subdued - after trying three time before getting right. Then, I carefully chose my clothing out of my new purchases.

A pair of black lace panties. I tried the matching bra. Although it had fight tolerably well the day before, now it was too tight. I'd forgotten that the cells in my breast hadn't matured, and were still swelling. So I'd have to go braless.

I pulled on black nylons. Over them went a black skirt that hung to my ankles, and a black cotton blouse, which was now tightly stretched across my swelling breasts. A pair of subdued, 4 inch heels were the shortest heels I'd bought - and I found I had some difficulty walking easily in them, as my new habitual stride was for higher heels.

The final touch was a wide-brimmed black hat I'd bought on a whim, never dreaming I'd be wearing it to my own funeral.

It was odd hearing the few people in life I now eulogizing me, as I sat three rows back from my own coffin. To anyone that asked, I was a friend of Al's who had known 'Gerald' through him, and also the Doc. I cried over the two closed caskets - false tears for the ersatz 'me', and very real ones for my friend and mentor, Dr. Malcolm Pierce.

For the next two weeks I was a complete wreck. Al was the one that pulled me through. He was a pillar I could lean on. It was he who hunted down someone who could - and did, for an outrageous price - provide me with new I.D. I was now 'Yvette DeLaCroix', as far as the Government was concerned, with a birth certificate, driver's license, passport - the works.

Slowly, I recovered. It wasn't easy, but Al was always there when I needed him. Our biggest problem was now finances. So, I swallowed my anger, despair and pain, and went out to find a job.

It wasn't easy. First, I couldn't prove any schooling or previous employment - 'Yvette' lacked any past. Also, my breasts had finally stabilized at their final size - 56HHH. So here I was, and 'uneducated', 'inexperienced' woman with an unbelievable figure and massive breasts, trying to get a job that paid very well.

So, I took the only one I could find - stripping.

Al tried to talk me out of it - but not too hard. We needed the money too badly. Especially since my new I.D. had been the major drain of Al's bank account. My own, of course, had become unreachable with 'my' death.

I'd practiced for a week in my bedroom, not even letting Al see. Now, it was my debut. I stood back stage as the announcer's amplified voice rang out.

"And now, the Body Shop is proud to introduce our new Headline Performer - YVETTE!" And as the heavy, driving beat of the music kicked in, I strode provocatively onto the stage.

I was wearing a custom made 'French Maid', with matching black 7 inch heels. As I began to move sensuously with the music, the men went wild with the sight of my incredible figure.

And something happened.

My despair, my weary acceptance of my new life faded as I began to become excited. The fact that I was doing this to a room full of men, driving their hormones into a frenzy, was sending new energy thrumming through my own, incredibly

endowed body. Exotic Dancing went from being a job, to being a nearly orgasmic, narcotic experience. I had NEVER felt this alive, this energetic.

It was incredible.

My moves went from being stiff, formulaic moves to richly erotic, supple, gyrations. I moved to the music, my body flexing and swaying. A new, never before felt heat rose in my now real cunt and I became more aroused than I had ever been before.

Then, the first song neared it's end, and I pulled off the black silk dress. As the second song started, I strutted around the stage clad in the heels, black nylons, panties, corset, bra and cap.

I become more sexual as my hands caressed my own, aroused body. They lingered on my own, huge tits, then moved down and undid the corset, tossing it aside. When I finally removed my bra, setting my enormous, firm tits free, the men literally pushed to stick money in my garters in return for a quick feel of my huge tits.

Then, in the third song, when I removed my panties, small orgasms shook my body as the warm, humid air blew across my aroused, sensitive clit. I finished my set in purest ecstasy.

And, I had signed a contract for two sets a night.

A week later, the manager agreeably changed it - to four.

Then there was the lap dancing. Men eagerly, orgasmically fondling and sucking my enormous breasts as I gyrated on their laps, head thrown back in pleasure.

If anyone had told me a year ago that I'd be living a life as a huge-breasted stripper, completely satisfied with a job that brought me into nightly, intimate contact with men, I wouldn't have believed them

But, my new life wasn't quite perfect. I'd fallen hopelessly, helplessly in love. With Al.

But, how could I tell him? How could I let him know that the one thing I desired more than anything else was to be his wife? To feel his embrace. To make hot, passionate love to him, over and over?

I couldn't ask other women for advice on this dilemma. They'd never been in the situation I was. Al knew my past. He knew who I used to be.

Then, one day, on the internet, I found, by accident, a site called TGStories. I paid for access, and read the stories. And thought.

Look. None of this is true. You know that it can't possibly happen. It just can't. So, don't believe a single word you've read here. Still...

Any advice?...

THE END...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a group of guys are suddenly confronted by their ex's, who suddenly have the power to transform them into the women they think they should be.

Oak Court Nightmares

By Gunslinger

Part I: Goin' on Midnight...

On the wall, an old-fashioned mechanical clock, constructed of honest-to-God gears and springs, quietly broke time into discrete intervals with every soft tick of it's mechanism.

Unsuccessfully stifling a yawn, the broad-shouldered, average-height figure clad comfortably in black sweatpants and a dark grey T- shirt stepped back from the work-bench and glanced up at the clock, somewhat surprised to discover it was getting on towards midnight – he hadn't realized it was nearly that late.

Though, he mused with a wry grin, it certainly explained why he felt so exhausted...

Nicholas Long rubbed at his brown eyes, then ran a hand through perpetually-mussed rust-red hair. He'd come out into the workshop he'd made out of the garage, intending to put 'a little time' in working on his latest wood-working project, but had subsequently lost all track of time. What with having installed a coffee-maker out here, as well as a small bar fridge with cream and a few munchable items, it hadn't been hard to just keep puttering along.

Nick gave another wry grin – this time remembering all the times his wife, Cathy, had complained about the amount of time he spent involved in 'D-I-Y' projects. Rather, his EX-wife, which was fair enough – she was just too dense, too wrapped up in her petty and silly little 'girly' interests to understand the concept of self-sufficiency. Indeed, it was all about spending HIS hard-earned money on frivolous, useless things.

Leaning his broad shoulders back against the tool-laden peg-board that ran all along the wall of his converted garage workshop, the five-foot, nine-inch tall red-head let his eyes briefly slip closed as he rolled his shoulders and spread his arms out to either side in a long, satisfying stretch.

Well, he mused, enjoying the interplay of his shoulder muscles as he stretched wide, it was a mistake he'd rectified rightly enough. He'd gotten the house, on the cul-de-sac street of Oak Court, in the divorce, which meant he got to keep his workshop without every again being annoyed by the door into the house swinging open, and a snarky female voice saying: 'Still hard at work, I see...'

The interconnecting door between the garage and the laundry room swung open, and a familiar, snarky feminine voice said: "Still hard at work, I see..."

Nick's eyes popped open, and he stared in disbelief that was rapidly turning to anger as a tall, lithe woman with rich chestnut hair gathered into a ponytail stepped into the garage. Her familiar face was cast in an equally familiar sardonic expression as the woman, dressed in crisp white blouse and tan slacks, crossed her arms just below her rather impressive bust.

"What the hell do you..." Nick snarled, starting to take a step towards his ex-wife – and then stopping short.

Well – being stopped short, as a matter of fact. Grunting in discomfort, Nick looked away from Catherine to survey, in growing confusion, his arms. Somehow, when he'd stretched out, his wrists seemed to have gotten entangled in some extension cords, one to either side. The odds of cords being positioned at exactly arm's reach for him, much less that they'd each entangle him when he stretched, had to be astronomical – especially when he didn't remember those extension cords being there in the first place.

"Oh – I'm just here to admit that you were absolutely right all along – just like you knew you were..." She told him, her voice dripping with some wicked blend of sarcastic malice that only half-registered in his state of confusion as he pulled, in vain, to free his inexplicably bound wrists.

"Huh...?" He grunted, only half-hearing her as his confusion – and fear – grew with each passing second. The situation was just impossible, and...

"All those efforts you made to get me to learn how to do things for myself." She elucidated, seeming not at all surprised by his strange and inexplicable predicament as she walked up to him. She smiled wickedly – and reached out to pull up his T-shirt, exposing his broad, well-toned chest.

"Hey! What the hell...?" Nick protested. "Look, Cathy – just, help me, I can't seem... It's weird, like they're, I don't know, tied or... What are you doing?"

The confused question popped out, not from Cathy having picked up two of his large caulking guns, but the fact that she was now approaching him slowly while carrying them, a wicked grin on her face.

Nick's mind struggled manfully to keep up with the situation – and failed. It was too strange, too implausible – any one element of the situation was bad enough, all of them together was too much for his mind to make any sort of sense out of. Indeed, it seemed like the situation couldn't make sense, it was just too improbable – like the fact that Cathy had never wanted to touch his tools, much less to pick them up from the work-bench...

...especially when he didn't remember putting those large-size caulking guns on the work-bench in the first place. Or loading them up with 10 oz. DAP silicone caulking compound, for that matter...

"I'm going to 'do it myself'..." Cathy informed him with a wicked chuckle.

Then she took the caulking guns, one in each hand, and positioned them to either side of his chest – and shoved the tapered plastic nozzle of each caulking tube into his chest.

Nick screamed – but not in pain, which should have been weird, if 'weird' hadn't been totally overwhelmed by the actual situation. He felt the pressure of the nozzles under his flesh, yes, but not pain – but the entire situation was impossible.

"What? How, what, don't...!" Nick stammered, struggling to comprehend the impossibilities his senses were reporting – and then, with a 'schunk-click' sound, Cathy simultaneously gave each caulking gun a pump.

Nick squirmed within the confines of his inexplicable electrical-cord bondage, letting out another scream of horrified shock – as he felt silicone being pumped into his chest, forced out of the tip of the nozzle and forming small, marble-sized pockets of squishy substance just behind his nipples.

"A 'DIY' guy like yourself practically throwing good money away getting plastic surgeons to do a 'boob job' like the one you talked me into... tsk, tsk." Cathy taunted him, pushing her chest out to emphasize her DDD-cup implants.

...her silicone implants, Nick belated realized in mounting horror, only after she continued speaking: "...especially when, just as you were always telling me, it's so much cheaper and easier to 'do it yourself'!"

She squeezed the handles on the caulking guns – and the tiny little mounds underneath his skin were quite so tiny any more – and less so still when she squeezed again, and again, and again...

"No... No! This... This isn't even possible!" Nick protested looking down at his chest in horror, then around the room, as much to look away from what 'seemed' to be happening to his chest as for any sign of help. His eyes fell once more to his chest – and the unarguably feminine contours the steadily swelling mounds of silicone being injected into him were forming.

"Just keep telling yourself that..." Cathy chuckled cruelly, even as she continued working the 'triggers' on the caulking guns.

On Nick's chest, the impossibly firm mounds of what were undeniably breasts – taut, unmistakably 'fake', silicone-pumped breasts, yes, but breasts nonetheless – continued to swell...

* * * * *

With a jaw-creaking yawn, Bradley Gordon turned his beloved '59 Cadillac Eldorado into Oak Court, the old-fashioned yellow-tinged headlight beams sweeping briefly across the Long residence, on the corner, as he made the turn.

Motoring past Nick's place, the tall, rangy 36-year old glanced over and noticed the lights on in the workshop Nick had turned his garage into. With a wry smile, Brad wished his neighbor full enjoyment of his hard-bought privacy...

...after all, it was Nick's example and advice that had led Brad to divorcing his own wife, Rita. As Nick had pointed out, if you didn't have what you really wanted, why bother to keep it?

Pulling his lovingly restored 'land yacht' into his driveway, Brad put the behemoth into Park, then shut off the powerful engine. Climbing out of the car, Brad stifled yet another yawn as he headed towards the house.

Dressed in a conservative grey suit that matched his eyes, Brad looked every bit the successful business executive he was, from his carefully style ebony hair to his gloss-shined black leather shoes. Unfortunately, one of the responsibilities that came with his position was that, when a project was running behind, you had to stay behind an 'rally the troops', as Brad liked to say.

Now, eager only for a quick shower and some seriously needed sack time, he let himself into his house and trudged upstairs, already pulling off his suit jacket and loosening his tie.

Tossing tie and jacket onto the bed in passing, Brad walked through the Master bedroom to the en suite bathroom. Unbuttoning his Cross dress-shirt, Brad pulled the shirt-tails out of his dress pants, and unbuckled his belt. He started the water running in the shower stall to allow it to warm up, then padded back into the living room to finish undressing. Sitting on the end of the bed to remove his socks and shoes, he let his eyes briefly close, thinking for a second of skipping the shower entirely... and then shook himself back to as close to full wakefulness as possible at the moment, and finished undressing. Naked, he padded back into the tiny bathroom and pulled open the steam-fogged door to the shower stall...

...and blinked tiredly at the naked woman standing under the spray.

Of average height, but with an anything-but-average hourglass figure, the vivacious red-head was lounging against the built-in shower seat in the corner, her slender hands sliding across the smooth, pale skin of the wide hips and diminutive waist that lay in the almost literal shadow of her firm, natural DD-cup breasts.

"Didn't I divorce you...?" Brad asked, feeling a muted sort of confusion. Mostly, however, he felt. strangely numb.

"Sure did, you egotistical bastard." His ex-wife, Rita, replied calmly. "Don't just stand there – come on in."

Numbly, Brad did as she bade, his mind sluggishly churning over the situation. He was dimly aware that there was something very strange about all this, but for some reason, he simply wasn't feeling the surprise, confusion, or even hint of fear that his intellect seemed to think he should be. Instead, he felt almost preternaturally calm as he stepped into the shower with his ex-wife, pulling the door closed behind him.

"If I divorced you, what are you doing here. ?" Brad wondered aloud with a strangely detached sense of curiosity, as she began to rub some feminine-scented cream over his naked body. Obediently, he lifted his arms to allow her easier access as she worked.

"I'm here because you divorced me." Rita explained in a calm voice, seemingly oblivious to when her wet, naked body rubbed against his – as if her were an inanimate object, rather than a person. Part of his mind was informing him he should have found this either terrifying, arousing, or perhaps both, but he still felt nothing as she continued: "I'm here for revenge. You, your buddies Nick and Jerry

– if your wife isn't one-hundred-percent perfect, at least as you define 'perfect', just get rid of her "

"That's right." He agreed. "You were too emotional, too self willed and independent..."

"...not obedient enough?" She asked with a strange little smile his numbed emotions couldn't comprehend. "Oh, well, shame I'm not the ideal little 'old fashioned', obedient type of woman you wanted – don't worry, though, I'm sure a woman just like you wished I'd been is out there somewhere... or soon will be."

"Okay." Brad agreed, numbly, not really thinking about any possible implications of her words as she finished what she was doing...

...which, apparently, was giving him incredibly silky-smooth, pale... feminine skin.

At some point, Brad noted numbly, his hair had seemed to have grown, as well, the wet mass hanging down nearly to his ass as she shut off the water. Obediently, he let her lead him out of the stall, where she towed them both dry, her actions still calm and almost impersonal.

"Come along..." He ordered, and he obediently followed her into the bedroom, where she led him to her vanity. "I thought I'd gotten rid of this." He commented, idly.

"You did." She agreed, sitting him in front of it, and beginning to do his make-up. As she worked, he eyed his masculine reflection as she slowly applied color to it, noting in passing that his hair had not only dried impossibly fast, but had somehow

dried itself into a sort of old-fashioned, 'Betty Page' sort of style, with rolled bangs and soft, wavy edges as it fell softly down past his denuded shoulders.

"Now..." Rita said, tugging on his hand to get him to stand up, which he did. She paused for a second, looking over her handwork – the gloss, dark-red lips, that long, dark eye-lashes, the fine, arched brows...

"...lets get you dressed." She finished.

"Okay." Brad numbly agreed – wondering, mildly, why his intellect insisted he should right now be running from the house in a panic...

* * * * *

Joints cracked at the short, athletic young brunet stretched mightily – not the least being his jaw, split in a wide yawn.

With a satisfied grunt Jerry Cole relaxed his muscles, and continued down the hallway. Five feet, five inches tall, with crew-cut brown hair, the blue-eyed young man was dressed comfortably in jeans and a sweatshirt.

As he wandered down the hallways, Jerry's eyes flicked over the shelves he'd build onto both walls. He was a 'collector' – or, as his ex-wife, Natalie, had derisively phrased it, a 'pack-rat'. She'd always been after him to get rid of 'all that worthless old junk'... which meant the joke had ultimately been on her, the 'old junk' he'd finally gotten rid of.

Thinking about his ex, Jerry grinned as a thought occurred to him. He was planning to hit the sack, but perhaps there was something he could do, first...

It didn't take him long to find what he was looking for – the VHS tape containing the video he'd convinced Natalie to let him make on their wedding night. In his basement rec room, he fired up the old TV/VCR combo, and inserted the tape. Flopping his compact, toned frame down on the ratty old couch, Jerry undid the fly of his jeans in anticipation. A burst of static flickered across the screen – then cleared to reveal the nervous-looking figure of a short, slender woman with shoulder-length, golden blonde hair. Dressed in a wedding dress, she was clearly uncomfortable as she eyes the camera.

"I... I'm not sure I want to do this..." She said, hesitantly.

"C'mon, babe – it's just you an' me, and we're the only ones'll ever see this..." Jerry's own recorded voice wheedled from off camera.

Smiling, the here-and-now Jerry began to stroke his long, throbbing cock as he watched the woman on screen hesitantly begin to undress, revealing her slender body with it's pert C-cup breasts.

"I really don't feel comfortable about this..." She said, letting the dress slide to the floor. "Just capturing the moment for posterity..." Jerry's recorded voice informed her.

"Of course – you want to keep everything, always... except for me, of course..." Natalie replied, on-screen. Jerry's smile faltered, and he blinked in confusion. That wasn't right...

"You never wanted to get rid of anything, no matter how useless it was – but you got rid of me damned quick enough, didn't you?" The recorded image of Natalie demanded, staring directly at the screen. "How do you think that made me feel, you bastard...?"

"What the...?" Jerry wondered – and then repeated the words, with a yelp...

...as he tried to stop stroking his cock.

Ignoring him, his hand continued moving up and down the shaft of his long, hard cock - which, considering that things were rapidly becoming less-than-arousing, was strange enough in its own right. That, however, wasn't nearly as confusing – and frightening – as the fact that his cock seemed to be going numb. He could still feel it in his hand, but the feel of his hand going up and down the shaft, against his will, was becoming steadily less distinct.

"I could have just gotten rid of it..." Natalie taunted him, on-screen. "...but I know how much you hate to waste anything. So, I figured you'd be much happier using it – isn't that right?"

"What? I don't..." Jerry stammered – even now, despite the impossibility of the situation, he felt decidedly strange addressing the TV, even though he'd tentatively decided it wasn't his tape playing, but some feed from where Natalie was recording this, live...

...in a room that looked identical to the Vegas hotel room of their wedding night...

...looking exactly as she had that night nearly a decade ago.

It had to be something like that, though, because anything else would be impossible – as impossible as... as... as...

...as his cock somehow turning into an impressively realistic plastic dildo that he was helplessly thrusting into the sopping wet womanhood that now lay nestled between his thighs.

"Oh, God, oh GOD!" Jerry shouted – and, to his shame, it wasn't all in shock and horror, for a good part of it was in pleasure. Horrified pleasure, yes. Unwanted pleasure, undoubtedly – but pleasure nonetheless.

"Feel good, baby..." The recording taunted him. "Wouldn't want to waste your libido, either – so, instead of a horny bastard, you're a horny bitch, now..."

"Please... let... me... STOP!" Jerry panted out between utterly humiliating moans of pleasure and unwilling arousal, even as his body rocked in time to the rhythm of his helplessly pistoning hand.

"What – waste a perfectly good orgasm...?" Natalie chuckled, evilly. "Oh, God, non... no.. no... no..." Jerry cried out in rising ecstasy...

...and writhed in both ecstasy and humiliation as he heard his voice crying out "YES...! YES...! YES...!" as his very first orgasm smashed into and through him in a an unwanted wave of pure, primal pleasure...

* * * * *

"Well, Brad, darling..." Rita chuckled, as he stood in front of the gilt-edge full-length oval mirror.

Dispassionately, the tall, lean brunet surveyed himself. Framed by the soft waves of his old-fashioned hairdo, a face made disturbingly feminine in a sort of strong, firm-jawed sort of way by his pale, silky new skin and carefully applied make-up stared back at him with flat, incurious grey eyes.

Those eyes shifted moving down the reflection to eyes the fuzzy, dark-red sweater that clung to his lean, trim torso before giving way to a pair of black spandex capris. The skin-tight, slightly glossy latex-spandex 'pedal pushers', in turn, revealed that, beneath the pants, lay a pair of old-fashioned back-seamed 'nude' stockings.

His impassive face eyes the reflection - and then, a slightly puzzled frown began to form...

...which expanded into a full-fledged look of horrified realization.

"What the FUCK!?" Brad demanded in horrified anger. His hands flew to his feminine-clad body, even as his mind reeled under the assault of pent-up thoughts and emotions, trying to cope with his strange, uncaring obedience as he let things happen to him that disgusted and horrified. Sickened, his hands flew to the sweater, planning to tear it off in his first step of reclaiming himself – except that his hands refused to obey the order. Oh, he grabbed the sweater – but that was as far as it went. No matter how hard he struggled, he couldn't take it off...

Nor, he found, could he remove the spandex pants...

...or the make-up...

...or even so much as muss his carefully styled hair – when he tried that action, his hands instead carefully patted a few stray strands back into place.

"Holy shit!" He screamed in anger and frustration. Whirling, he stared at his ex-wife, and began to advance on her, anger in his eyes as he lovingly thanked her for making him so very pretty...

Brad stopped dead, Rita laughing at the comical look of surprise on his feminized face as what he'd been saying, and the sweetly loving tone he'd been saying it in, registered. More over, his hands, originally out-stretched as if to grasp and wring her neck, had had folded sweetly together high on his chest as he'd thanked her.

Brad's mind considered the implications of that for a second...

...and then he ran.

With Rita's mocking laughter trailing after him, Brad rushed out of the room, stocking-clad feet pattering on the floor as he fled down the stairs. Pausing only long enough to grab his keys from where they hung on the key-rack at the front door, he fled out into the night....

...and stopped dead, gaping at the sight of Rita, fully dressed despite being naked just a minute before in the bedroom upstairs, leaning against his prized Caddy.

"Say, Brad – know what goes well with tail fins. ?" She asked, patting one slender, wing-like protrusion that arose from the rear end of the big old car.

". nose cones!" She exclaimed, triumphantly, whipping her other hand out from her back. Dangling from it was an old-fashioned

'bullet bra'.

Unconsciously shaking his head in denial, Brad slowly backed into the house. Slamming the door, he locked the dead-bolt, then whirled – to find himself staring at the mocking grin on the shapely red-head's face.

"What the hell is going on?!" He damned, in a voice filled with a strange mixture of confusion, anger and fear – even as his hands helplessly removed the sweater. "This... This can't be real! It's. got to be a nightmare!"

"My dear Brad..." Rita chuckled, as she strapped the beige undergarment that matched the panties he wore beneath his spandex pants into place around his soft-skinned chest. "It's both..."

...and she began to laugh, and laugh, and laugh....

* * * * *

Jerry screamed his way through his third orgasm. It was no more ecstatically pleasurable than the other two, but it was no less orgasmic, either and through sheer repetition, the pleasure was steadily out-weighting the still-present humiliation, confusion and fear.

In short, no matter the fact that he hated it, he was nevertheless slowly finding himself beginning to, well. enjoy it.

Desperately, still fucking himself silly with his cock-turned-dildo, Jerry pulled himself off the couch – only to realize, in renewed horror, that something else was horribly wrong. Sweat-slicked and pleasure-wracked, Jerry realized that he was standing atop the five-inch tapered heels of a pair of leopard-print mules.

Standing comfortably and easily atop the five-inch heels.

Pleasure-induced gasps of 'Yes!' intermixed with his desperate cried of denial, Jerry desperately wished he was staggering out of the room, as, instead, he moved with humiliating grace atop the high heels, hand still relentlessly driving the dildo in and out of his sopping wet new cunt...

...and, on the screen , Natalie began to laugh, and laugh, and laugh....

* * * * *

"Stop..." Nick sobbed, helplessly. "Please, Cathy, I'm sorry, I'll do anything, please, just stop. "

Cathy's hands finally paused in their rhythmic pumping of the caulking-gun grips.

"You want me to stop doing this 'do it yourself' improvement project?" She asked, feigning a tone of shocked surprise.

"Yes, please, yes..." the captive broad-shouldered red-head begged – sobbing as he stared down at the. things thrust from his chest.

The. boobs.

He shuddered as he mentally accorded them that name, but as much as he desperately tried to deny it, there was no mistaking what rode impossibly high and proud on his chest. From his perspective, both physically and emotionally, the impossibly spherical masses of silicone-pumped flesh looked to be as big as a pair of flesh-colored beach-balls grafted to his chest, incongruously tipped with his small, flat male nipples. Of course, they weren't really that big – but they were undeniably huge. Massive mounds of patently fake tit- flesh, dwarfing his otherwise broad rib-cage.

"Well, I suppose I could try my hand at one of the other crafts you were always trying to get me interested in..." Catherine mused thoughtfully.

"Yes, yes...!" Nick agreed, hearing how pathetic he sounded, and not caring in the least.

"Okay..." Cathy said, cheerfully – and Nick sagged in sobbing relief as the buxom brunette, (well – 'buxom' compared to anybody but him), extracted the silicone guns from his massive new tits, putting them down on the work bench...

...and then shoving her hands to the front of his sweat-pants.

Nick screamed, both from the physical sensation, as well as in shock and fear. Her hands emerged – in her slender finger was his large, limp cock.

"What...?! No. !" Nick half-sobbed, half-screamed – and then let out another scream as she bean to manipulate what she held, squishing and molding it like clay.

He could feel it. Feel it as if the cock were still attached – but what should have been painful, wasn't. He felt the pressure, the pulling, even the stretching, but no pain...

...well, no physical paint. The emotional torment was something else completely – especially when she tore the mass in two. "Let's see how I am with sculpting!" She said, brightly, as she slapped the flesh-colored masses onto his huge new tits.

He sobbed. He begged. He pleaded...

...he moaned.

He couldn't help it – as she worked, it felt as if she were playing with his cock – at least, at first. As she massaged and shaped, however, the sensation began to change – it began to feel as if, instead of working with two halves of his cock, she was playing with two cocks...

...and the sensation, instead of feeling like it was coming from his crotch, as it had at first, re-centered itself to feel like it was coming from his chest – which was even more horrifying, since he could now feel a disturbing sort of warm dampness waking in his crotch as she continued 'playing' with the cock-clay on his tits.

"There!" She exclaimed, proudly – and he stared down in still-growing horror at the large nipples atop domed areoles that now graced his massive bust-line. Gently, she ran a hand over the broad curve of one massive tit – and Nick shuddered, for oh-so-many reasons, not the least of which was the sensation.

He'd never had tits before, so he couldn't compare it to what having a tit touched 'should feel like'. Instead, the sensation was a mélange of many other things.

Part of it was familiar – the feel of a hand moving across the skin of his chest. The skin, however, was thrust much further out, was much rounder, much more softly firm, then ever before.

There was also the unfamiliar weight and heft of his new tits – and the strange 'liquid filled' sensation that mass transmitted as her touch caused the tit to shift slightly, rippling through his massive new bust.

Worse, from his point of view, however, was how good it felt. It felt like stroking the shaft of his erect cock – except that sensation originated from his chest, and covered a much larger area.

When her slender fingers reached his newly-formed nipples, he couldn't help but gasp – for if the mass of the breast was encased in 'cock-shaft skin', then the nipples were 'cock-head skin', even more erotically sensitive...

...which increased the humiliation ten-fold as the sensations from his nether regions redoubled at the pleasurable touch, a strangely 'empty' sensation of moist heat that argued persuasively that his 'equipment' now matched his 'accessories'.

To be more blunt, Nick was pretty damned sure SHE now 'boasted' a hot, wet pussy to go with her massive tits.

...and Cathy began to laugh, and laugh, and laugh....

* * * * * Interlude

On the wall, an old-fashioned mechanical clock, constructed of honest-to-God gears and springs, quietly broke time into discrete intervals with every soft tick of it's mechanism.

With a muffled, incoherent little cry, the broad-shouldered, average-height figure jerked fully awake, the brown eyes below the messy that of red hair at first bulging sightlessly, then flicking downwards...

A short, stifled, and oddly gender-neutral scream emerged from the masculine woman's throat as he stared down at the massive tits that strained her grey T-shirt to the limits – tits forced on her by her ex-wife...

...except that part of her was pretty sure she'd gotten the massive tits through multiple surgeries, partly as it made her more money as a 'specialty act', as well as because it offset the shame and humiliation growing up as such as masculine-looking woman that had led her to become a stripper in the first place...

Nick – or was it Nikki? – looked around in confusion.

The room was all wrong. and yet it was also somehow right.

It was still a converted garage – but instead of a work-shop, it was a sort of dance studio, mirrors replacing peg-board on the wall, a brass pole where he-now-a-she (...or always a she-that-looked-like-a-he?) distinctly remembered a work-bench being, even as she somehow felt there had never been one there.

She was dead certain that she'd never been in this particular version of the room before... but, at the same time, it was all so familiar to her, that she felt certain that if she opened the cabinet just to her right, she'd find her collection of dance-music CDs, neatly labeled and sorted.

She hesitated.

She opened.

CDs.

"What... the... fuck?!" Nick/Nikki whispered, closing the cabinet, whirling mind trying – impossibly! To cope with two distinct, utterly separate, and in no way reconcilable set of memories. One, the most vivid, the most complete, insisted she was really a man. She remembered every detail of that male life, remembered crisp and clear the horror she'd just gone through...

...the impossible horror.

The other set of memories was dreamy, hazy, with massive gaps, more like a remembered movie once watched than memories of something that had occurred to her – and yet they matched up with what she saw around her, and were almost prosaically plausible compared to...

Hesitantly, her masculine-looking hands rose and touched her massive tits – her massive, incredibly sensitive tits, with their proportionately scaled, even more sensitive nipples.

Nipples she recalled the ex-wife 'Stripper Nikki' couldn't possibly have forcing upon her... and that were too large, too impossibly sensitive for 'multiple implant' memories to explain.

"What the fuck is going on...?" Nikki asked the empty room....

* * * * *

Brad snapped awake – to find himself sitting at the end of his bed, wearing make-up and dressed in women's clothing. To find himself with clear-cut memories of his ex-wife, Rita somehow doing this to him...

...even as vague memories of being happy to get home so he could indulge in his secret cross-dressing lifestyle insisted he'd never been married.

"What the fuck is going on...?" Brad asked the empty room....

* * * * *

The man who distinctly remembered the video image of his wife giving him a pussy, but was somehow, vaguely, also a woman in the middle of the gender reassignment to become the man she'd always wanted to be, snapped awake in front of the Tv and wanted to know: "What the fuck...?"

* * * * *

Part II: Jus' a little past Midnight...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a group of guys are suddenly confronted by their ex's, who suddenly have the power to transform them into the women they think they should be.

Part II: Jus' a little past Midnight...

Jus' a little past Midnight...

Jerry shook his head, and tried to make sense of what was happening to him...

...like the hazy, but naggingly insistent, set of memories that suggested 'he' was really Geraldine Cole – not a 'short, athletic' man, but an 'average height, overly muscular woman' – an ugly, flat-chested one, one who had come to try and become a man.

"No, damn it – I'm a guy!" He insisted, aloud – and winced as 'honesty' compelled him to whisper: "...*was* one, anyway."

Hesitantly, a certainly masculine-looking hand ran lightly across the crotch of a pair of jeans that encased a decidedly feminine pussy

– and then he (*she..?*) yanked his(*her*) hand away.

This is fuckin' impossible – it can't be real, just can't. I.. musta fallen asleep, or something." Jerry muttered to himself, angrily. "Nightmare, that's all it is –a fucking hideous nightmare..."

Glaring accusingly at the TV, which now showed only static, he started to get up from the couch – then stopped, looking down at his feet.

Feet that were smaller then the crisp, clear male memories he had insisted they should be – and which were wearing a pair of leopard-print mules with five-inch heel that argued persuasively for the wearer's femininity. With a curse, he reached down to yank them off...

...and couldn't.

He struggled, yanking so hard it was quite painful, but they refused to yield. Basically a type of high-heeled slipper, they should have been held only loosely in place by the broad animal-print strap crossing his now-dainty(ish) feet just behind the toes... but it was as if the damned things were glued to his feet!

Swearing, he finally gave up on it, and rose hesitantly and carefully to his feet – only to swear even louder to discover that such care and caution were unnecessary. He stood easily, perhaps even familiarly, atop the slender heels... heels that his male memories seemed sure he should wobble, stagger, and perhaps even topple off of, but which his body handled as if it had all the previous experience his hazy, unreal-feeling feminine memories suggested she had.

Hating the feminine stride the heels imparted, but hating even more the feminine body-part the sensations from his crotch insisted on reminding him about, Jerry ankled and swayed his way out of the rec room, easily handling the stairs in his

heels as he headed for the kitchen. He reached the top of the stairs, turned and walked around the stairwell wall into the kitchen – and stopped dead atop his slender heels.

His vague, 'feminine' set of memories saw the short, slender blonde as a complete stranger – but his more complete 'male' memories recognized Natalie entirely too well. His ex-wife, comfortably dressed in a cable-knit ivory sweater and tan jeans, legs decorously crossed at her ankles, was sitting at the kitchen table – a table heaped high with red, heart-shaped boxes intermingled with strands, cables, chains, loops and balls of metal that gave forth a golden reflection.

A half-heartbeat of stunned immobility – and then Jerry tried to run away.

He/she failed miserably as his/her mule-clad feet not only refused to carry his/her flat-chested, masculine-looking, but technically female body away, but actually finished the task of walking all the way into the room to have him/her helplessly stand in front of Natalie.

"Hello, Jerry – or, perhaps 'Geraldine' would be more appropriate..." Natalie said, her tone mockingly chipper. "Damn you, bitch – you change me back!" Jerry shouted, shaking one decidedly male fist in her direction. "Tsk, Tsk – such anger!" Natalie admonished him. "Now, now – don't say anything you might regret later..." Then she laughed – and 'not in a good way'...

"Of course, every time you did that in the past, you always 'apologized' the same way." She said, languidly gesturing at the heaped items on the table. "A box of cheap chocolates, and some equally cheap 'gold jewelry'. Say... would you like some chocolate, Geraldine?"

"No, I don't want any damn..." Jerry started, angrily – only to trail off into something that sounded surprisingly like 'eep!', as, against his will, he found himself taking a heart-shaped box of chocolates she offered, and opening it to reveal a dozen little dark-brown confections.

"Wait, I...!" Jerry protested – even as his fingers grasped one of the bon-bons, and popped it into his mouth.

"Mmmf!" he protested, around the melting mouthful of rich, dark chocolate. He swallowed – but his traitorous hands were already bringing another confection to his lips.

"Of course, I never ate the chocolate – considering how often you 'apologized', I would have gained weight like you wouldn't have believed!" She said, laughing, as she picked up a handful of jewelry and walked around behind him.

"Don't worry..." She promised him with a wicked whisper in his ear, as she draped a golden chain around his neck. "In your case, all the chocolate is going to go right to where you like extra weight on a woman..."

Eyes wide, Jerry made more muffled sounds of protest, even as his hand worked like a machine, force-feeding him more chocolate. "Tits and ass, Geraldine, sweetie – tits and ass..." Natalie chuckled, impossibly and painlessly affixing earrings to his lobes.

Still helplessly stuffing his face with chocolate, Jerry's horror-widened eyes rolled, and he looked down – at where, accompanied by many odd and disturbingly 'not-unpleasant' sensations, the front of his blue denim work-shirt was slowly beginning to bulge outwards.

"Rmmf.. In-umf... urrphy!" Jerry gobbled through a mouthful of rich, cloying chocolate, even as the last mouthful oozed thickly down his throat – and, apparently, directly into his chest...

...and, if the sensations coming from his pants were any way to judge, his hips and ass.

Laughing, Natalie ignored his garbled pleas and promises, continuing to festoon him with cheap, gaudy 'gold' jewelry, while Jerry desperately – and futilely – struggled to stop jamming one bon-bon after another into his mouth. The only respites came when he emptied a box – then Natalie would take the opportunity to slip a ring, bangle or bracelet on him before handing him the next box of candy to be devoured.

As his shirt bulged steadily outwards, accompanied by a growing weight and heft to his chest, and his pants continued to grow tighter over his ass and hips, horror flooded through Jerry – so, he can be more than excused for taking so long to notice another pertinent fact:

The hand that was mechanically conveying one chocolate after another to his mouth was, well... getting darker.

It had been hard to tell, at first, because his fingers had soon been coated with half-melted chocolate as he packed weight into his tits and ass via the conduit of his mouth – but, by the third heart-shaped box, there was no missing the fact that his skin-tone was definitely closer to the color of the chocolate coating his fingers than it should have been. Now aware of it, Jerry couldn't help but continue to notice his skin darkening, meaning his horrified consciousness had three sets of humiliating data to try and register.

"That's it, baby..." Natalie cooed, almost lovingly, "...keep packing it away."

Not that Jerry needed the encouragement – he had no choice in the matter. He could only stand there, getting draped with more and more gaudy jewelry, as he bulged in front and behind, his skin getting ever closer to the rich, dark shade of the chocolate he was haplessly force-feeding himself...

* * * * *

"...off, damn you!" Brad swore.

Though the hazy, 'I love wearing women's clothing' memories insisted on staying in his head, Brad was pretty sure they were 'fake' – if for no other reason than the fact the female clothes he was wearing stubbornly refused to come off, just as in his 'nightmare'.

A 'nightmare' that seemed to be all-too-real, given the intractable clothing, make-up and hairstyle that refused to go away – which meant that it was either all 'real'... or that he was asleep, and still in the middle of some bizarre, twisted nightmare.

As he headed towards the stairs, he tried to convince himself it was the latter, that none of this was 'really real'... no matter how real it all felt. It had to be a nightmare, and the fact that he could feel the straps of the bra pushing into his silky-soft flesh, the empty cups swaying loose against his chest, was 'all in his head'.

He tried to convince himself of this... with considerably less-than-perfect results.

In fact, he didn't believe a damned word of it – but the tall, lean man kept *pretending* he believed this was all simply some horrible, horrible nightmare that he'd wake up from any second now...

The keys to the Caddy were still/back on the key rack near the front door. Brad paused, feeling horribly humiliated at the thought of going out in public like this...

"It's just a dream. Not real. A nightmare..." He argued with himself – while a portion of his brain pointed out that if it wasn't real, he didn't have to 'go get help', so there was no need to leave the house.

Grabbing the keys, he opened the door....

No sign of Rita – just his Caddy, in the drive.

He glanced around nervously as he quickly slipped into the pair of battered black rubber boots he kept near the door for going out to get the mirror. Feeling especially silly over how silly he felt about how the boots must look in conjunction with his 'look', he headed to the car.

No Rita.

He slipped behind the wheel, brought the powerful engine to life. Still no Rita.

Brad put the car into reverse, backing onto the court, then crimped the wheel and dropped it into drive. He drove to the end of the court and stopped at the stop sign, looking up and down the deserted late-night street.

Still no sign of Rita.

Pressing on the accelerator, Brad let the big, heavy old car swing out onto the brightly-lit street, sighing in relief as he watched Oak Court recede in his rearview, all without signs of a supernatural ex-wife appearing, bent on further vengeance.

Not that being turned into some sort of helplessly sissy cross-dresser wasn't bad enough, Brad thought, shaking his head. Under the golden-orange glow of the street-lights, the whole incident seemed steadily more unlikely, and his brain began constructing other, more plausible scenarios.

He'd just about decided that he must have been drugged, with clothes and wig glued onto him, when he noticed the gas-gauge edging on the big, red 'E'. While the Caddy was many things, 'fuel efficient' wasn't one of them.

Aiming the snout of the big behemoth towards the bright island of light that marked a corner gas-station, he rolled across an equally deserted intersection at an angle to roll right into the station lot, pulling up under the overhang and up to the pumps.

Brad reached forward, and shut off the ignition... and even as his hand was twisting the key in the ignition, the tall, rangy, femininely-clad man felt something strange.

Not 'strange' as in the sensation itself, for it was familiar enough to him, but 'strange' as in circumstance – as far as he could tell, there was no reason at all to be getting a 'stiffy'.

A 'woody'. 'Popping a boner'

In other words, a look of confusion crossed his carefully made-up face as he looked down to see an erection straining the skin-tight, slightly-glossy black spandex of his never-to-be-sufficiently-damned pants. Because of the 'layout' of things down there, the tight fabric was holding his upwards-pointing cock tight to his crotch and lower belly, creating a clearly visible 'tube' in the fabric over his hardening cock...

...which was already as 'big' as he was used to seeing... and, impossibly, continuing to grow.

It was, however, growing longer at a much higher rate than it was growing thicker. He'd always had a cock of about average length, but he'd been able to pride himself on how thick his one-eyed trouser snake had been. Now, however, that ratio was steadily changing... as the snake apparently took it in its mind to head northward.

Given the events of the evening, he didn't 'freak out', at least not to the normal degree – he cursed, yes, but didn't scream and gibber as the lengthening cock continued to grow. It had now outgrown just his pants, the head of his ever-longer manhood now sliding up under the sweater, which was so tight that it, too, clearly outlined his member as it pushed its way up his torso, reaching and sliding between the empty cups of his 'nosecone' bra.

The strangest thing was the sensations. He could feel everything, and it felt... well, 'normal' wasn't the right word. It felt, however, exactly as he might have imagined it would feel to have his cock rubbing across his body, the head containing a continuous light friction as it was pushed steadily along by the lengthening shaft, rubbing against his damnably silky-smooth skin.

It felt.. good. Really quite good, in fact – but he was in no mood to enjoy it. As his cock continued to expand, he futilely struggled to pull up his sweater, which failed as miserably as every other attempt to dislodge the garment. Next, he tried grabbing his cock through the fabric – and quickly stopped, because it felt 'too good', the swelling moving flesh sliding through the fabric-wrapped tube his hands pulled about it too much like 'jacking off', as if he were enjoying the impossible situation.

His cock was now 'long and thin' by objective definition – but only because it was so very much longer than it's considerably thicker- than average girth. He could no longer completely wrap a fist around the shaft of his cock, which made it 'girthy' indeed - but it was also now more than two feet long...

...which meant that the head of his throbbing, sensitive cock popped out of the neckline of his skin-tight sweater. By rearing his head back and peering down his nose, he could stare at the head of his own cock at face-level.

...and then a hand reached in through the open driver's-side window, and a horrifyingly familiar female voice cried, "Fill 'er up!" as his head was pushed forward – and his warm, moist mouth was shoved over his hard, throbbing 'monster' cock.

"Umph!" was the best protest Brad could make as the head of his huge, seemingly prehensile cock filled his mouth. His head whipped up – but it was as if his lips were locked around the shaft of the cock. He could pull back far enough so that the edge of his cock-head would hit the inside of his lips – but that was as far as it would go. Pulling back further only brought him pain as his lips stretched against the pressure from his swollen cock-head.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Rita, dressed in typical 'pump jockey' coveralls, grinning evilly as she watched – but he was more concerned with his own situation as he grabbed the cock threaded up under his feminine clothes and trapped in his mouth. His hands wrapped, as best they could, around the shaft where it emerged from the neckline of his sweater – and not only did he fail to pull the cock from his mouth, but he quickly discovered he could no longer remove his fisted hands from his cock. They could – and did – slide up and down the shaft, but they wouldn't release, nor pull the cock-head from his bobbing mouth's embrace.

In other words – he was helplessly, unwillingly, and humiliatingly giving himself a blowjob.

He mumbled horrified, disgusted protests around his mouth-filling cock – because he was *sucking his own cock*, dammit! – as he struggled... but he also, unwillingly, issued muffled moans of unwitting, unwanted pleasure, because, well... he was *sucking his own cock*, dammit!

Helplessly, Brad watched as his ex-wife chuckled and walked over to a very old-fashioned pump on the driver's side – a pump that a small portion of Brad's beleaguered brain noted hadn't been there before, but that was small change in what he was experiencing.

What was considerably more germane was the fact that, when Rita flipped up the arm on the pump, there machine made a humming, chugging noise – and then a bell somewhere within 'dinged'...

...and as the bell tolled, Brad convulsed in disgusted ecstasy as an orgasm rocked his body – and a thick, warm, salty jet of liquid that could only be his own cum gushed from his twitching cock to be forced down his unwillingly throat.

Eyes wide in horror, he slumped back in the driver's seat as the machine chugged, hummed – and dinged.

A second orgasm racked his unwilling body, and once again cum gushed down his throat, even as the pump continued chugging and humming it's way towards the next horrifyingly enjoyable, orgasmic 'ding' – and with every helpless gulp of warm, salty cum, the cups of the 'bullet bra' became somewhat less 'empty'...

* * * * *

Panting slightly, the toned, athletic red-head staggered down the hallway.

Confusion and contractions ruled mind and body, roiling the intellect and emotions of the lithe, broad-shouldered, and enormously endowed person, causing the graceless motions that marked the slow progress down the hallway.

Nick was unused to the hefty weight and bounce of the massive tits trying to pull him forward, off balance, their freedom of motion providing an awful lot of play for them to bounce, jiggle and sway under the straining fabric of his grey T-shirt...

...but Nikki was not only used to the constant, weighty reminder of her deliciously enhanced femininity, but had specifically trained herself to sensuously emphasize them as she moved, preferring a shoulder back, chest outthrust strut that showed off her magnificently silicone-packed attributes.

HE hated the massive, freakishly over-sized and over-firm masses of 'fake' tit-flesh, and even more-so how incredibly pleasure sensitive they huge breasts and proportionately-sized nipples were. Worse was the unwanted warm wetness it roused in his even more unwanted new womanhood, reminding him constantly that he was not only now possessed a body that was technically female, but one whose now-constant arousal reminded it's owner of the implicit possibilities and implications of feminine sexuality. She fought to ignore these aspects, desperately clinging to the tattered remnants of his beloved masculinity, what few reminders of it remained...

...while SHE loved her wonderfully huge breasts, especially how sexy they made her feel – how hot and horny they made her, reminding her that she was, indeed, all woman. The masculine aspects of her body, remembered shamefully and with great humiliation, were consciously balanced by the delightful, exciting thoughts of how exaggeratedly feminine and sexy she'd willing made herself – and increasing her arousal by the mere thought of how men that would have once shunned her would now find her very sexually desirable indeed.

So he/she staggered down the hallway – but the 'he' part was merely in now-conflicting memories of two completely different lives, while the reality was a feminine one. The two sides of her conflicted psyche had different interpretations of what she had once been, but both – albeit one grudgingly, the other one happily – admitted that she was, indeed, currently female.

That was the unarguable reality of the situation. She was a woman. A huge-breasted, highly aroused woman...

...and the part of her that was disgusted and humiliated by this fact not only struggled to retain it's own identity, but also found itself struggling to resist the siren-call of the 'logic' that pointed out a simple fact: If she was going to be female,

regardless, wouldn't it be so much easier, so much more enjoyable, to give in and be the persona that thoroughly ENJOYED her female state?

The answer to that 'logical' question came from the 'male/emotional/ side of the conflicted woman...

"No...!" She half-moaned, half gasped, hands starting to rise to joyfully fondle and tease her massive, sensitive breasts, then viciously yanked back down to her side... where they fluttered about, as she fought the urge to perhaps slide a finger or two into the warm, moist embrace of her sopping wet cunt.

She was so damned horny she could barely think straight.

Which explained her destination. Mind reeling even more than her top-heavy female body, she entered the small, white-tiled bathroom and began to tear at her clothes. She could help but gasp in hated/loved pleasure as the quick motions caused pleasure to ripple through her sensory-enhanced body, and the very act of denuding herself drove her arousal even higher, a delicious sort of pain that demanded release.

Rather than grant the release that her whole body – and half her mind – cried out for, her tore open the door to the small shower stall, and all but leapt inside. Yanking the door shut behind her, she reached out and turned the faucet all the way over to 'cold'...

She screamed – a strange cry of mingled pain and pleasure, release and regret, as the ice-cold deluge hit her ridiculously over- sensitive body. She shuddered violently, almost as if in the throes of a seizure, as the icy spray washed over her, seeming to take the raging, moist heat of her arousal and wash it down the drain set into the floor.

She endured the rushing waters as long as she could, the now-stronger 'masculine' part of her delighting in the temporary numbness the icy water brought to her body. Finally, shivering violently, she shut off the water and left the shower stall.

The thought of rubbing soft cloth over her body seemed contraindicated, so she dripped profusely as she walked over to the toilet. Needing a moment to catch the breath the ice-cold water had ripped out of her in that scream, she sagged down onto the toilet...

...except, by the time her ass made contact with the seat, it was no longer a toilet.

In that space of a bare instant, when she'd relaxed her knees to go from a standing position to a sitting one, everything had changed. When she unexpectedly lowered her taut, toned ass onto wasn't the cold toilet seat, but the cool, slick white-vinyl surface of a beautician's chair.

Staring uncomprehendingly at the stunned and confused expression on her face, reflected in the wide, wall-mounted mirror she now found in front of her, she'd barely begun to register the changed locale when there was a series of heavy, metallic thuds. Mind still trying to make sense of what her senses were reporting, she tried to turn around to look behind her – and

discovered the source of those sounds was the padded-metal restraints that had snapped into place around wrists, ankles, waist and neck, locking in her into the chair.

"Ah – Miss Long..." A familiar voice chuckled behind her. "Right on time for your appointment. I so enjoy clients who understand the importance of punctuality, Nikki."

The restrained, overly-busty woman who had just been referred to as 'Nikki' was helplessly incapable of looking around – but she would have recognized the voice, even if the mirror hadn't revealed Catherine behind him, her tall, lithe figure clad in a crisp white beautician's smock that matched the beauty-parlor interior that served as a backdrop for Nikki's wickedly grinning ex-wife.

"Oh, God, please, no more..." Nikki pleaded in her gender-neutralized voice – but Cathy, still grinning wickedly, ignored her feminized husbands pleas. She stepped closer to the back of the chair – and then reached out, and with surprising tenderness, began to fondle the massive breasts she'd forced upon her.

A gasp and moan of pleasure were pulled from Nikki's unwilling mouth, and she writhed in humiliation... and pleasure.

"Please... Stop!" She gasped, managing to both hate and love the sensations as Cathy manipulated her massive mounds of mammary magnificence. "Please, no, you... you're getting me all... horny!"

It humiliated her to no end to say that – but it was true.

As Cathy played with Nikki's massive tits, especially her large, turgid nipples, the only comparison Nikki could think of was that of getting a hand-job. except that the sensations was on her chest.

...and she had two breasts, so the sensation was doubled.

...and her tits was many orders of magnitude larger, so the sensation took up much more of her body then a 'mere' cock could have produced.

...and, as unbelievable good – as amazingly arousing – as the sensation was, the hyper-sensitive flesh couldn't reach an actual orgasm, which would have released the growing arousal. Instead, as Cathy continued to squeeze and tease the firmly round masses of hyper-pleasurable flesh, Nikki could only squirm in her restraints, gasping and moaning in helpless pleasure and desire that only continued to grow, and grow, and grow...

"Look down." Cathy whispered lovingly into Nikki's ear. Still moaning, the massively-endowed woman did so – and she whimpered and gasped as her eyes focused on the strange device mounted on the chair between her legs.

Strange – but a single glance identified its purpose, for the chair-mounted hydraulic cylinder was positioned so that its gleaming shaft pointed, like any arrow, towards Nikki's now-sopping pussy and mounted on the end of that shaft was a bright-pink vibrator.

"The button to turn it on..." Cathy whispered, hands zeroing in on Nikki's super-sensitive nipples; ". is just under you right hand."

Nikki's eyes flicked towards where her hand was strapped to the arm of the chair – and couldn't miss the big red button, positioned so that it would be so easy to extend her index finger to push it.

So damned easy.

Cathy's hands continued their devilishly delightful work... and even continued to do so when, nearly fifteen minutes later, Nikki's willpower broke and she began jabbing a finger in desperate, repeated spasm onto the button.

"No, no, no...!" Nikki screamed in a mixture of desire and desire, whipping her head back and forth in negation... even as her finger kept pounding on the button.

The cylinder hummed – and then Nikki's cries became considerably less coherent as the cylinder slid the now-humming vibrator deep into the sopping confines of Nikki's tight, wet womanhood.

As the pink phallic replacement vibrated, the cylinder drove it cyclically back and forth in her cunt – and Cathy continued playing with the now violently writing woman's massive tits until the first orgasm ripped through her buxom new body.

Only then did Cathy take her hands away from Nikki's massive mounds.

"I suppose I should get to work..." Cathy chuckled, watching Nikki's writhing form. "However..."

The cuffs restraining Nikki's hands popped open, although the others kept her locked into the chair. For a second or two, Nikki's strong arms thrashed about wildly – until it registered on her pleasure-besieged mind that her hands were free.

Almost as if drawn by a magnet, Nikki mindlessly brought her freed hands to her stupendous bust-line, and began squeezing and...

ahem ...'man-handling' her heavy, round spheres, all but mindlessly mauling her massive melons in pursuit of pleasure. Laughing in wicked delight as Nikki screamed her way through another orgasm, Cathy went to work...

* * * * *

"Well, Geri, I think we've earned ourselves a break – what do you say?" Natalie asked, brightly.

The curvaceous black woman Natalie addressed the question to didn't answer. Part of it was the way the she was jamming the bon- bons from the last heart-shaped box into her mouth, but more of it came from the fact that her mind had sort of retreated into a comforting nothingness in response to what was happening to her.

"Here, have a seat..." the slender, golden-haired woman said solicitously, guiding the slightly taller – but much more 'emphatically' figured - black woman towards the now-bare table. Stepping out of the pile of emptied candy boxes that

surrounded her feet, the chocolate-skinned woman numbly let herself be brought to the table, accompanied by the musical tinkle of her many golden decorations. Natalie's hands eased the woman down until Geri's firmly rounded, almost aggressively outthrust buttocks settled onto the kitchen chair.

Still mechanically shoving candy into her mouth, Geri stared blindly into emptiness as Natalie unbuttoned the denim work-shirt, freeing the dark, heavy breasts that had strained the fabric. Contrasting against her rich, dark skin, the longer of the cheap golden necklaces she wore settled into the chasm-like cleavage between her hefty melons.

As Geri swallowed the final chocolate morsel, Natalie took the now-empty box from Geri's nerveless fingers and negligently tossed it onto the pile. Humming to herself, Natalie began to set some things up upon the table.

Slowly, some consciousness began to seep back into Geri's vacant black eyes as familiarity sparked recognition in her beleaguered brain. The brass four-pipe hookah Natalie had to strain to place in the center of the table was already 'prepped', and the astringent scent of high-quality marijuana immediately caused some synapses in Geri's brain to fire out of sheer, much-used habit – so much so that her hand closed around the end of the hose Natalie held out towards her, despite the fact that the familiar black Bakelite mouthpiece had been replaced by a larger, gloss-red one of a decidedly more... phallic nature.

Dazed eyes went to the 'dildo'-tipped hose, then slowly wandered to the now-smoking brass-and-glass water pipe, and then traveled over to stare uncomprehendingly at Natalie's calmly amused expression.

"It's all right, Geri – go ahead..." Natalie encouraged, as she picked up a bottle of Jack Daniels.

Geri's eyes slowly traveled back to the cock-like end on the hose. A simplified plastic representation of a cock, it boasted a small hole in the usual place at the tip, and Geri's sluggish brain worked out the fact that it would function more or less like a normal mouthpiece, only in a much more humiliating fashion.

While her brain chewed on that Geri's eyes watched as Natalie placed a couple of squat shot-glasses on the table. Dimly, the ethnically-altered woman recognized them as the souvenir shot-glasses from the Vegas wedding. As Natalie began filling the glasses, Geri almost unthinkingly brought the pseudo-cock to her lips and began sucking on it, inhaling deeply of the sharp, aromatic smoke.

Still sucking on the cock-like mouthpiece, Geri watched uncomprehendingly as Natalie slid both shots of Tennessee whiskey over to the edge of the table nearest Geri – and then she walked over beside him, placed a hand against Geri's back, and pushed her quite firmly forward.

Her sluggish, confused reactions much too slow to offer any resistance, Geri bent forward against the pressure of Natalie's hand – and then shuddered involuntarily as a rush of warmth shot through her body, both like and unlike the usual 'burn' of booze, yet welcome in its way from the warm 'fuzziness' it brought as the alcoholic effect hit her bloodstream, enhanced by the growing effect of the potent pot-smoke.

It took a few seconds for Geri's brain to make sense of the considerably less-welcome 'side effect' of the osmotic consumption – for when she straightened in the chair, she found the table in front of her empty, and her nearly-black nipples newly expanded to nearly the size and shape of the missing glassware.

Still sucking on the hookah, as yet unaware of the changes slowly occurring to the lips that enclosed the phallic mouthpiece, Geri whimpered softly as she stared down at the huge, thick nipples now crowning her firmly heavy breasts. She whimpered again as Natalie's slender hands briefly cradled Geri's heavy, but firm endowments – and then slid smoothly up the softly firm slope of her breast to, barely, encircle her squat, swollen nipples...

...and then she sighed in deep satisfaction as Natalie gently squeezed the rubbery nipples.

It was as if they were filled with shots of alcohol that a squeeze pumped into her system, for the wonderfully distancing warm once more ran through her bloodstream with that squeeze. Almost without thinking, Geri began to reach for her thick new nipples – then hesitated, a faint, numb look of confused indecision on her face as the instinctive motion pulled the hookah hose away from her somewhat fuller lip.

"Let me help you, Geri..." Natalie said, sympathetically...

...and it spoke volumes about Geri's battered, beleaguered state-of mind that the dark-skinned woman felt nothing put a vague sense of gratitude towards Natalie as his ex-wife used a leather strap to dildo-gag the phallic mouthpiece firmly into Geri's mouth, freeing her ring-bedecked hands to rhythmically pump more 'booze' into her system with ever squeeze of her massive new nipples...

TO BE CONTINUED...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a group of guys are suddenly confronted by their ex's, who suddenly have the power to transform them into the women they think they should be.

Part Three

The world swirled and rolled as the mind vainly struggled to comprehend an overwhelming influx of sensation and information, emotions and experiences...

...and then the world seemed to snap into sharp focus – but, focused as the stark reality might have been, the mind observing the reality surrounding it, besieged and bemused, sluggishly strained to cope with 'mere' reality.

The person who had once been Bradley Michael Gordon twitched violently, gasping for breath like a swimmer breaking the surface of the water after a near-drowning... or as if surfacing from a nightmare.

"Brenda-Mae?" A concerned, and vaguely familiar, male voice asked, almost tenderly. "Are you okay?"

'Gee - that rhymes...' The person who fuzzily remembered being Brad Gordon thought, a soft smile unconsciously forming on her gloss-red, bow-like lips as the big, doe-like brown eyes framed by long, up-swept lashes swiveled instinctively towards whomever was speaking.

It was an boyishly handsome young man, his open, friendly face beneath it's loosely styled thatch of brown hair currently carrying a look of tender concern as he gazed in her direction.

She knew him – sort of. He was one of the company's 'runners', they entry-level position members of the office staff who interfaced with the upper management and the secretarial pool. Gazing at his friendly face, her befuddled mind made an odd association, for some reason forming a mental image of a vacuum cleaner perched atop a massive dam...

'Oh – his name is Hoover...' She realized, the small smile already on her pretty oval face unconsciously growing warm as 'recognition' formed. 'What was his first name, again? Tim...? Tom...?'

"Todd." She said aloud, fuzzily surprised at the sweet, soft soprano voice the single, warmly spoken word emerged in. "It is Todd Hoover... isn't it?"

"That's right, Miss Gordon." He agreed, and she noted again how handsome he was as he smiled at her – and then fuzzily wondered why noticing that fact seemed so... strange. After all, he really was quite handsome, and...

Her sluggish mind belatedly caught up to the implications of his words. "Miss Gordon?" She parroted back to him in mild confusion.

Todd blushed.

"Sorry, Brenda-Mae," he replied, thinking she was insisting they should be on a first-name basis.

'Miss Brenda-Mae Gordon...' She thought to herself, unaware she was continuing to smile warmly, if somewhat rapidly, at the man who she also unconsciously continuing to notice the physical attractiveness of. 'He seems to think that's who I am. Why would he think that? I'm not Brenda-Mae... am I?'

Uncertainty and confusion plagued her stunned and confused mind. As it struggled for self-identity, her mind slowly began to take note of her immediate surrounding, and she was vaguely surprised to recognize it.

It was the 'cow pen', a not-terribly-humorous nickname given to the cubical farm on the second floor where the unassigned secretarial staff worked. In fact, Todd was carefully leaning on the divider of one of those 'office' cubicles.

The cubical she was in.

The cubical she was sitting at the desk of.

The cubical whose rudimentary décor certainly seemed to indicate a female occupant. HER cubical...?

But... that wasn't right, was it? Wasn't she a fifth-floor executive?

Her mind struggled to make sense of the situation – but it wasn't easy, given how confused, how stunned she felt, how strange and conflicted her memories were, how much her chest was beginning to ache from the ever-increasing pressure...

Pressure...?

Confused, the woman Todd had referred to as 'Brenda-Mae' looked down – and her confusion deepened as she stared at the fuzzy, dark-red sweater that was quite obviously straining to cover the melon-sized mounds it contained.

Breasts – breasts that she not only could see, but feel. She could feel them push against the confining restraint of the 'nose-cone' bra that supported the twin, fleshy masses, she could feel the slight jiggle each breath caused. Most importantly, at the moment, she felt...

"Oh..." She gasped in a strange sort of half-pleasure, half-pain. "I... My... My breasts..."

There was something about saying that phrase – 'my breasts' – that made her want to shutter, but she didn't have the time (or the clearness of mind) to chase that thought down as she continued to exclaim: "...they're so... heavy. So... full. Oh!"

"For Heaven's sake, Brenda Mae..." Todd sighed, in good-humored resignation. "Did you work right through another pumping? I mean, everybody respects your work ethic, sweetie, but you've got to take care of yourself..."

He entered the cubical, holding out a hand in her direction. "Come on, Brenda-Mae – let's take care of that for you..."

Confused, she reached out a hand, wondering why she was surprised how slender, how dainty, how FEMININE the red-nailed appendage was. After all, it was HER hand, wasn't it? It should look completely familiar to her... shouldn't it?

So why was she surprised – and even dismayed – by the sight of it.

Almost numbly, she let herself be pulled gently from her chair and led out of the cubical. Her mind was still whirling, struggling to catch up with the situation, and she had no idea what was going on – but Todd seemed to, and so she just sort of went along, gratefully letting him take control of the situation as she tried desperately to cope with the strange, nagging sensation that something was very, very wrong.

As she walked, Brenda-Mae noticed she seemed to be wearing a tightly-fitted black cotton pencil skirt, nude nylons, and a pair of dark-red Mary-Jane-style pumps with a four-inch flared heel, in addition to the sweater that covered her painfully swollen breasts. Her first thought as she realized what she was wearing was something near horrified panic... but that initial reaction was almost immediately buried in a more immediate concern as she found herself wondering if Todd liked the way she looked in the outfit.

That, in turn, gave way to another strange thought – what, exactly, DID she look like. For some strange reason, her befogged mind couldn't clearly create a mental image of herself. Instead, when she tried to imagine what she was 'supposed' to look like, she found herself thinking of a man – a tall, rangy man with ebony hair and an almost arrogant expression.

A man that seemed hauntingly familiar. She was sure she knew him, but she couldn't quite place from where and when.

Which was a shame, she thought with that dreamy smile, because the man who kept popping into her mental image was quite handsome...

...and then that thought skittered away as the answer to what, exactly, she looked like was answered by a full-length mirror hanging opposite the door of the employee's break-room.

What she saw was a delicately-boned woman of average height, with almost eerily-perfect creamy-pale skin. Topped by her perfectly coiffed loose-waved, rolled-bang ebony hair, her face was stunningly beautiful in a somehow retro style, her creamy complexion well set-off by her dark, gloss-red lipstick and big, dark-brown eyes with their long, up-curved lashes.

Even on her slender body, her waist was remarkably tiny, and that emphasized the fullness of her large breasts, almost aggressively out-thrust thanks to the 'bullet-style' bra she wore. Unconsciously primping as she smiled at her reflection, Brenda-Mae couldn't help notice but how stunningly retro-sexy she was... although she briefly wondered why part of her wanted to be horrified by that thought.

That was just... silly!

"Looking good, Brenda-Mae – as always..." A male voice complimented her, and Brenda-Mae reluctantly tore her gaze from the Bettie-Pagesque reflection to smile at the pudgy young man in the cheap suit who had complimented her.

"Thanks, Dave!" She replied, feeling herself slowly beginning to regain her mental balance as more and more things seemed familiar to her. There were still 'gaps', and strange reactions, that she didn't understand... but she didn't have to, now did she? No, as long as everybody around her thought everything was okay, then she had no cause to worry, now did she?

"Yes – quite beautiful..." A female voice murmured, with something that sounded suspiciously like a chuckle – and Brenda-Mae frowned as she eyed the speaker.

She was a good-looking woman, with flame-red hair and an hourglass figure flattered by her tailored tan suit. She had the pale skin of a true red-head, and her figure was trim, yet buxom...

...indeed, built so much along the same lines as Brenda-Mae's, that an observer might, (ludicrously, of course), believe that both women had come from the same 'base model' mold – only, with Brenda-Mae being significantly 'improved' over the red-head's already impressive figure.

Assuming anybody would consider anything so patently impossible, of course...

"Oh – this is Rita Smith..." The pudgy man – Dave, as Brenda-Mae had recalled – made belated introductions. "She's one of the fifth- floor executives, down here 'slumming' with us hired help."

Brenda-Mae smiled and greeted Rita. When she'd first seen the other woman, Brenda-Mae had the sense that she knew this shapely red-head from somewhere, but that she was somehow 'out-of-place' here... and now she figured she understood that feeling.

Still smiling gently, Brenda-Mae turned out the dozens of little 'worries' and 'inconsistencies' in her mind – 'muffled screams' might have been more accurate, actually, but she refused to listen to them, trusting in the premise that if something WAS, in fact, 'horribly, horribly wrong', as those screams insisted, then surely everybody else around her would be able to notice it, right?

So, despite her confusion and uncertainty, Brenda-Mae let Todd lead her over to a strange looking structure in the center of the room. Consisting of a series of heavily padded bars – or supports – mounted to the floor so that they cross-pieces rose to about hip-height, they surrounded some sort of complicated-looking mechanical device on the floor.

"Let me give you a hand..." Todd offered, eagerly.

Since she had no idea at all what it was that everybody seemed to expect her to do, Brenda-Mae smiled warmly and agreed to let him help.

She was somewhat surprised when he began taking off her sweater – but, despite her surprise, and even misgivings, she continued smiling warmly as he did so, because all of the other three people in the room seemed to think this completely normal, judging from their reactions.

Then Dave, also quite eagerly, also offered his help, and since she was still clueless as to what was going on, Brenda-Mae willingly accepted a second assistant in the matter. With Todd looking slightly put out as he folded her sweater, Dave stepped behind her...

...and unhooked the sturdy, jutting conical fabric edifice that was her bra. It was pulled away to let her full, heavy breasts swing free – and as Dave pulled the bra from her full bust, he took the opportunity to give her heavy, dark-nippled mounds a quick squeeze.

Given the almost painful pressure in her heavy tits, Brenda-Mae found the squeeze made her wince – but she voiced no protest, seeing Todd's face and realizing he'd been hoping to do that – touching her tits seemed to be a given, even if she didn't know why.

Even if the thought bothered her – greatly.

Still, they knew what she was doing, and she didn't, so she simply let them do whatever it was she was supposed to be doing – and so was still surprised when Todd unzipped her skirt and had her step out of it.

That really, really bothered her – especially when she discovered that she wasn't wearing any panties. Dressed only in her stockings and heels, she felt horribly exposed, embarrassed, and uncomfortable... but she didn't complain, because she was gently, but firmly, bent over the padded bar. Her skirt, so tight-fitting as it was, wouldn't have let her spread her legs the way she needed to in order to balance against the weight of her free-hanging breasts, and so the removal of her skirt 'made sense'... she guessed.

Each of the men took hold of a rubber, cup-like object attached to a clear plastic hose... and then they proceeded to put these over her nipples. She winced as they manipulated her swollen, distended breasts – but then Todd hid a button, and the device began to hum. She felt a strong suction at each of her nipples...

...and then cried out in blessed relief as the chugging machine began to pump milk from her painfully filled, lactating breasts.

"Oh, God, that feels so good...!" She moaned... and, in that instant, completed her own, self-induced 'brain-washing', for despite her confusion and discomfort over what the men had been doing to her, it had led to this release, this satisfaction, setting in stone the thought that she should 'just accept' and 'go along'...

Especially since this situation was seeming somehow very familiar. She couldn't clearly recall having been blessedly milked like this before, but she must have been – not only because this equipment would hardly have been installed, and the men know how to use it, if she hadn't, but also because, despite her generally hazy memories, she clearly and sharply remembered one aspect of this:

The chugging sound of the pump, with its soft, musical bell-like 'ding' every few seconds... Except... there was something not quite right.

She was sure of it.

The chugging was right, she remembered that, now. The bell 'dinging' was definitely something she remembered. That part of it must be right, but she was somehow certain there had been other components, something else going on, in her fuzzy memories that went with this particular 'scenario'. What was it? What was missing...?

"Orgasms!" She gasped, in realization. "Where's my orgasms...?"

She felt newly confused... and then Todd hesitantly asked: "Are... are you asking one of us to... fuck you?" Fucking?

Fucking gave orgasm...

"Yes!" She cried happily, glad Todd had figured out what was missing. "Fuck me Todd! Give me orgasms!"

She heard a metallic 'zip' sound... and then, a moment later, a hard, throbbing manhood was thrust into the tight, elastic confines of a womanhood that was already made sopping wet from the pleasure from her suctioned nipples.

Why should that bother her, having a hard cock fill her tight cunt? After all, it felt good, didn't it? Really, really good, in fact, as Todd began fucking her, setting her huge tits to bouncing, the milk-filled tubes swaying rhythmically as the pump chugged and dinged away.

Besides, it would give her orgasm, and she knew that when pumping there was supposed to be orgasms, so that was all right, she'd ignore that part of her mind screaming it was wrong for her to be getting fucked. It was more important to focus on the fact that something was still missing, something didn't feel right...

...and then, Dave, bless his kind soul, proved once again she should just go along and do what the people around her wanted her to do, because he, too, had unzipped his pants and now all-but-shoved his sweaty, somewhat stale-tasting cock between her lips.

She fought down the instinctive urge to pull away – because the sensation of a cock sliding between her lips was just what was missing from the situation. As her lips embraced the cock, that repressed memory agreed that that she'd been doing that the last time she'd been pumped, and so Dave was just proving that he knew what she wanted, what she'd 'always done' before. Obviously, he knew that when she was pumped and fucked, she also sucked, and happy these men were here to give her what she must want, she began happily sucking away at his cock.

Todd was still pumping away strongly, cock pistoning within the warm embrace of her tight, wet cunt, giving her pleasure but no orgasm yet – but then again, Dave hadn't cum yet, and Brenda-Mae remembered swallowing cum, so the reason that this didn't match her hazy memory yet was because it wasn't quite completed, it wasn't quite 'right' until the men came for her, and that wouldn't happen without some enthusiastic sucking and fucking, so that's what she did...

Rita watched as the fine feminine figure who, somewhere deep inside, still remembered being Brad Gordon, 'eagerly' sucked and was fucked while a pump slowly emptied her heavy, milk-filled udders - and provided Brenda-Mae that final 'missing element' of the 'remembered' situation as the red-head began to laugh, and laugh, and laugh...

* * * * *

The world swirled and rolled as the mind vainly struggled to comprehend an overwhelming influx of sensation and information, emotions and experiences...

...but the world refused to snap into sharp focus – mostly because of the warm, uncritical hazy that swirled comfortably, pleasurably through and around the befuddled mind viewing that reality.

The person who had once been Jerome Robert Cole gasped – and exhaled a long plume of richly fragrant smoke.

Numbly, confused, she simply watched the plume merge with the blue-grey haze of marijuana smoke that already filled the room, her delightfully sluggish mind focusing on the richly detailed interplay of light and shadow the smoke passed through, rather than the continual, whole scope of the situation she found herself in.

She was quite certain something was wrong, terribly, terribly wrong, about the situation she found herself in, much less the fact that she couldn't quite 'connect the dots' as to how she got her...

...but she felt good, really, REALLY good, and so she simply didn't let that certainty worry her. No – that wasn't right. It DID worry her...

...it's just that the worry seemed to be trapped in a sound-proof Plexiglas box. She could see that panic and horror, if she bothered to look, but she couldn't hear its frantic screams. All she had to do was 'look away', and she could ignore it easily... and safely, since, for all its vigorous complaints, that panic couldn't escape that box unless she let it out.

Maybe she'd let it out, see what it was that upset it so, find out what it was screaming about... later. Right now, she felt much, MUCH too drowsily comfortable.

"Damn, that's some good shit..." She murmured – and if she was surprised and worried by the warm, rich, and undeniably feminine voice the words emerged in, well, just throw all that in the box for later...

"Damn straight..." A deep, rumbling voice agreed in a pleased, comfortable tone. "Only the best for the best, Jarri."

She blinked, and let her head loll to the side so she could see the speaker who had pronounced the name 'Jerry' with such an odd, almost exotic inflection...

She was a bit surprised to see a big, broad-shouldered black man, rippling with muscles but carrying a bit of a gut, sitting on the oh- so-comfortably battered couch next to her. His head was shaved, but he boasted a neatly trimmed goatee, and his somewhat dopey smile was nevertheless the kind that made women go weak in the knees – or warm slightly higher.

Like herself, which was something else that went into the 'worry about it later' box.

She did let herself think about the fact that the smile had never affected her like that before, for she knew the man next to her quite well.

He was Devon Washington, her dealer – or, at least, Devon was, or had been, Jerry Cole's supplier of 'alternate smoking products'.

Then again, Jerry had been a man at the time, and now , she wasn't, so their relationship might have changed as much as her body had.

"Say my name..." The person who dopedily remembered being male, but at the moment just felt too dreamily pleasurable even as a woman – or maybe especially because she was a woman, given how the warmth from her moist womanhood seemed to suffuse her entire body – to worry about it requested in a warm, richly feminine voice.

Devon chuckled.

"Jarrika Ramona Cole..." He intoned, with a warm smile, "...the HOTTEST damned girlfriend in the city!" Then he put one broad, blunt-fingered hand on her leg.

Jerry – or, apparently, Jarri – let her dark-eyed gaze fall to where that hand rested on a taut, soft-skinned thigh but a few shades lighter than the black leather mini-skirt she wore.

Jarri had, until recently, been a man. She remembered that, if a bit fuzzily. She knew she had been a straight man, not only not sexually interested in other men, but disgusted by the thought. She knew that she still was, deep in her psyche, that same man. She knew and understood these things, and so Devon touching her female body bothered her.

It didn't, however, bother her merely as much as having the body of a huge-breasted, huge-assed black woman in the first place did...

...and, at the moment, the amount that being an overly-emphatically figured woman bothered her, as intense as it might be, couldn't hold even a dim candle to the warm, uncritical haze of pleasure she was experiencing at the moment. As desperately as part of her WANTED to be hysterically horrified over where – and what – she found herself, she couldn't feel those negative emotions and sensations until the foggy, drug-induced veil of pleasure dissipated. She COULDN'T bring herself to panic 'correctly', under the circumstances... and so she sort of tucked it all into the box, to be handled appropriately at a later date.

In other words...

'Damn...' Jarri thought dreamily to herself. '...when I sober up, I'm gonna really fucking hate myself for enjoying this so much...'

Then Devon's hands were moving over her body, causing the warm pleasure to deepen and widen throughout her altered form. As their lips met as if drawn by magnetism, the warmth in her wet new pussy flared into renewed pleasure, and their clothes seemed to remove themselves of their own accord.

"Yeah..." She thought, as she was laid back on the couch, moaning softly at the pleasure she was getting from Devon's grip on her unwanted, but oh-so-enjoyable masses of tit-flesh, "...I'm really, REALLY gonna hate myself when I sober up..."

Then, for a short eternity, she stopped thinking altogether. Her critical facilities, already impaired by the drugs and booze in her system, gave up the ghost when facing the task of trying to think coherently while still registering so much pleasure. As Devon's warm weight descended gently upon her, his own broad chest pressing firmly but not painfully against her huge tits as, considerately carrying his own weight on his muscular arm, he penetrated her ripe and ready womanhood with his surprisingly large, and unsurprisingly rock-hard, cock.

The universe was pure pleasure, and her body was made to maximize it. The padding of her firmly full ass, so ripe and round, acting as shock absorbers to take the rhythmic pounding as the ecstatic friction of her soft womanhood around his hard cock caused hitherto unknown levels of pleasure. She writhed beneath him, moaning and gasping in undenied pleasure, except for the brief, hard kisses they shared. His heavy thrusting caused her huge tits to bounce and sway, often brushing against his manly chest, and that, too, increased the pleasure that thrummed through her as he fucked her – hard, but somehow gently.

The chemicals in his own system, present in much less quantity than her own, nevertheless affected his performance.. for the better, in her mind, for it took him much longer, and the dope seemed to stretch that time out even longer for her. It seemed to go on forever, getting fucked for all eternity in a body that increased the wonderful sensations ten-fold housing a mind that, drugged, chewed each instant into finer, sharper details that nevertheless had a dreamy haze that simultaneously put it all into one, continuous instant it and pulled it a step aside so that she enjoyed the intense and immediate physical sensations from a dulled and distant emotional perspective.

The universe was pleasure, and she was the center of the universe, but the center of her was her wet, warm womanhood, and that center was filled with a hard cock that turned it from an empty void into a filled vessel...

...and then the meaning of the universe briefly became clear to her as the orgasm took over mind and body, and she willingly surrendered herself to utter, blissfully orgasmic pleasure.

Afterwards, laying naked on the couch, her hands almost mindlessly roaming her new body to keep the pleasure alive, she floated in a dreamy sea of golden, uncaring pleasure, aware of, but uncaring of, her surroundings. She held on to that afterglow as Devon cleaned himself up and dressed, kissing her tenderly as headed towards the front door to 'go to work'.

She watched, falling gently through the fading support of that afterglow, as Devon, just stepping out the front door, ran into a short, slender blonde woman, greeting her warmly enough, in that 'a good friend of a good friend' sort of one-step-removed hospitality.

She sighed and let the last of the golden glow slip away as she sat up on the couch, naked, and watched Natalie come inside and close the door.

"I guess you're satisfied." Jarri said, still too stoned to be properly upset as she eyes the woman who, in another reality, had been her wife.

"You look like the one who was 'satisfied' – thoroughly and at great length." Natalie chuckled, eyeing the curvaceous figure slicked with sex-sweat lounging on the couch.

"Yeah – he fucked me good and proper, and I loved every single second of it..." Jarri admitted in a dreamily matter-of-fact voice – and, in the exact same tone, continued: "...and when I sober up, I'm gonna probably kill myself for it. In fact, I'm gonna have to kill myself when I sober up, 'cause there's no way in hell I can possibly resist doing it again."

"Hey, 'honey', I didn't 'just happen' to set you up with a horny dealer by accident." Natalie said, sounding offended. "I planned it out as carefully as I did that super-horny new body of yours. You see, I wanted you – the 'real' you – to be aware of everything, but that would most likely have led to you fighting to avoid the fuck-puppy fate I want you to have... if I hadn't take steps."

"What steps...?" Jarri asked disinterestedly, hating herself for continuing to touch herself intimately, but not enough to stop. "When I sober up, I'm gonna kill myself, and it'll all be over."

"No, Jarri..." Natalie chuckled, picking up something from the table and holding it out to the outrageously figured black woman. "Not 'when'... 'IF' you sober up..."

Jarri dreamily eyed the joint Natalie had picked up, one of many littering the coffee table.

"I smoke that, I'll just have another, and another - and when Devon gets back, I'll still be doped-up, horny, and willing to fuck..." Jarri 'protested' dreamily.

"Exactly." Natalie agreed. "You'll wake up desperate to get stoned as soon as possible to feel good, and when you feel good all you'll want to do is feel even better by getting fucked, as often as possible. Drugs and sex, sex and drugs, every waking moment for the rest of your life..."

Jarri considered.

"Got a light?" She asked, reaching out...

...and as Natalie 'flicked her Bic', she laughed, and laughed, and laughed...

* * * * *

The world swirled and rolled as the mind vainly struggled to comprehend an overwhelming influx of sensation and information, emotions and experiences...

...and then the world seemed to snap into sharp focus – but continued to whirl amid a cacophony of light, sound, and sensation.

The person who had once been Nicholas Hargrove Long energetically swung herself one last time around the polished brass pole, then released the grip her long, toned legs held on the cool metal, supporting herself with her toned arms until the six-inch stiletto heels of her 'ankle-breaker' pumps hit the gleaming black surface of the stage.

Broad smile affixed to her face, the tall, outrageously huge-breasted woman strutted challengingly down the stage, trim hips snapping erotically to the heavy, driving beat of the music, that for all its power, could barely be heard over the cheers and catcalls of the men filling the room.

Stopping at the end of the runway, the athletic, amazingly top-heavy red-head paused, long legs spread wide and hips gyrating, as her hands went to the clasp-front of the leopard-print pattern bra that strained to contain her massive, round masses of tit-flesh. She heisted teasingly, grinding herself slowly around until her taut, out-thrust ass faced the audience, and then she tore her bra open. The men, unable to see the massive breasts that were so artificially firm that they sagged barely an inch when released from the theoretical support of the bra, could nevertheless see the bra now wide open, and the mere fact that her massive mounds were now bare, if still unseen, caused them men to redouble their energetic response to her strip-tease...

...and then Naughty Nikki Knockers whirled on one skyscraper heel, revealing her massively enhanced bust-line for all the world – or at least, the small section of the male population crammed into The Booby Trap Club at the moment – to see...

...and exactly one song-beat later, her nearly identical brunette clone, right down to the massively enhanced bust-line, repeated the motion.

The audience went wild as Curvaceous Cathy Cleavage discarded her own, cheetah-print bra in perfect synchronization with her red-headed twin.

The two identical, huge-breasted athletic women now moved in perfect synch, strutting first to opposite ends of the stage atop matching 'fuck-me' pumps with six-inch stiletto heels that were all they now wore, then turning and sensuously strutting backwards center-stage – and each other tall, lithe, and unmistakably feminine bodies – where, to the delight of the crowd, they kissed hungrily, stupendous breasts crushed together as they fondled each other's lithe body in obviously pleasure.

The kiss ended, and the two women, still swaying to the music, moved slightly apart – but only so their hands could go to the other's mountainous breasts, fondling the round orbs of enhanced tit-flesh...

"Oh... God... Please... Stop..." Cathy gasped out from her helplessly fixed smile as unwanted orgasms ripped endlessly through massive tits as equally – and ridiculously – pleasure sensitive as those of her once-ex-husband's.

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

It was only to have been one performance. A single night at the strip-club.

A... guilty indulgence for herself while punishing Nick.

A chance to try out a ridiculously-proportioned body specifically designed to orgasm constantly throughout the performance of a strip-tease. Cathy could guiltily enjoy the sensations of the duplicate body she'd cursed Nick with, and then, when she'd humiliated him, they'd end up with duplicates of Cathy's own body, and go their separate ways...

...except she'd somehow screwed up the spell, for it was defined that she'd get her own body back when Nikki got the same – but she'd never specified that she could FORCE Nikki to do so, for she'd never considered she would HAVE to...

...which meant that, as long as Nikki refused to give up the life of an ultimately-orgasmic sex-object stripper, Cathy COULDN'T.

"Please...!" Cathy gasped, her begging unheard by the audience over the music, her horror and despair unseen as her body helplessly obeyed whatever routine Nikki decided to do... and the orgasms it caused. "Please, it's... been... months! Please, let me... make us... normal...!"

...but as Cathy helplessly shuddered her way through another on-stage orgasm to the delight of the audience, Nikki only laughed, and laughed, and laughed...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: When he is called to appear before the company owner, little did he realize that she had plans to transform him into a submissive female sex pot.

One Good Turn.

By Gunslinger

Drumming his fingers against his thigh, Peter stared at the glowing red LED numerals indicating the express elevator's rapid ascent towards the top floor of the Hellonmen Building.

Though he tried to deny it, even to himself, the twitching of his slender finger was pure nervousness. Though he strove to maintain a cool, even arrogant façade, his painfully thin body beneath his well-tailored suit was tense with anxiety, and the palms of his hand were beaded with sweat.

When the elevator finally slowed to a stop and a soft, musical chime preceded the opening of the brass-sheathed doors, Peter took a quick, deep breath and made sure a slight sneer was affixed to his thin lips by the time the doors slid open.

With what he hoped was seen as a confident, masculine stride, the russet-haired man strode determinedly from the elevator into the elegant décor of the penthouse office's reception area. Striding directly to the marble-topped reception desk located below the foot-high brass letters spelling out the corporate name, Peter was a little discomfited to find that the ebony-skinned woman in the severely-cut pantsuit sitting behind the desk was so tall. Given his own rather diminutive stature, Peter was on an even eye-level with the tall, muscular woman, denying him the confidence boost that he would have liked to get from staring down at the woman.

"Peter Morley." He announced himself, airily. "Miss Hellonmen is expecting me."

"Yes." The woman agreed in a voice only a couple of degrees warmer than liquid nitrogen. "**Ms.** Hellonmen is expecting you. Follow me."

Rising with a powerful grace from behind the desk, the woman stared down at him from what must have been a good six-inch advantage over his own five-five height. With her page-boy cut black hair framing a face carved in icy lines of dislike, she strode towards the double mahogany doors separating the outer reception area from the inner sanctum, her nearly body-builder's figure moving with tightly controlled power atop the short, broad heels of the calf-high black leather boots she wore.

Face tightening at the 'mere secretary' displaying such a disdainful attitude towards him, a corporate executive, he followed at a slower pace. Forced to stand at the door, holding it open for him, while he casually sauntered over, the secretary showed no signs of the annoyance or anger Peter had hoped to engender in her. Instead, she simply stared at him as if he were some sort of exotic but uninteresting insect.

Passing her, Peter entered the expansive office, picking up his pace a little as he headed towards the tall, slender woman seated behind the huge, mahogany desk near the floor-to-ceiling windows at the far side of the room.

"Miss Hellonmen." Peter said, politely bobbing his head as he approached the sharp-featured blonde in a well-cut suit.

Her lips tightening and her icy blue eyes narrowing slightly, the wealthy, self-made woman gestured towards one of the deep leather armchairs fronting the desk. Obediently, Peter sank down into the nearest, keeping his face impassive.

"What can I do for you today, Miss Hellonmen?" He inquired, 'innocently'.

"I've asked you up here, Peter, to discuss the solution to these sexual harassment complaints I've been receiving about you." Janice Hellonmen said, her voice under rigid control as she pointedly ignored Peter's feigned look of shock and confusion. "I simply refuse to accept such behavior in my company."

"I assure you, I had no idea there was any sort of problem." Peter protested, with just the right tone of apology - the one that had got him out of any legal problems from the same situation at the other companies at which he'd worked, if not always enough to save his job. "I assure you, if there's anything I'm doing that anybody finds offensive, just let me know, and I'll make sure it never happens again."

"Oh - it will never happen again." Janice agreed. "However, I am the one who is going to make sure of that."

"I don't." Peter started to reply, his confusion no longer feigned - but he never got the chance to finish.

Focused on the mysterious woman who, at thirty-two, headed up her own little empire of interlocking companies of every type and description, Peter had noticed the receptionist entering the room and approaching. His first indication that she was there came when he felt a sudden, cold sensation on the back of his neck. He started to turn around, demanding an explanation.

.but, instead, his body simply went completely limp on him, leaving him to flop bonelessly in the chair.

"What the fuck.?" Peter gasped, finding his words somewhat weak and mushy, but understandable. "What the hell did you do to me, you bitch?"

"Not much - yet." Janice said, calmly. "Merely a paralytic agent. Nadia, if you would.?"

The receptionist - Nadia - nodded and picked Peter up, manhandling him as if he weighed next to nothing. Following her employer, Nadia carried a protesting and cursing Peter across the office and through a hidden door in the east wall, which in turn lead to a white-tiled little room, in the middle of which was what appeared to be a hospital bed.

"What the hell is this?" Peter demanded as he was laid out on the bed. "What do you think you're doing?"

"A little. sensitivity training." Janice said, calmly enough - as Nadia began to undress him, grimacing at the distasteful job.

"Hey! Stop that!" Peter commanded, but was roundly ignored as the muscular black woman stripped him down until he was completely naked. Painfully aware of the two women looking at his scrawny, angular body with cold, clinical looks, Peter began swearing at them, building up a head of anger to fight down the waves of humiliation and fear that were trying desperately to rise inside of him.

Then his voice died in his throat as a cold ball of lead took up residence in the pit of his stomach.

Unable to move anything but his eyes, he'd been focused on the two women tormenting him, but now his attention was drawn to the Plexiglas 'windows' that ran around the top of the room.

No - not the windows.

The people behind the windows, filing into a dimly-lit 'auditorium'-style seating area that ran all the way around the room, like an upper balcony - or observation deck.

They were all women - and he recognized each and every one of them.

"Oh, yes." Janice said, catching the direction of his wide-eyed gaze. "I was well aware of you. proclivities when I hired you, and I've been hiring every woman you ever insulted, hit-on or degraded during your long career as a male chauvinist pig."

"Let me go, you bitch!" Peter screamed, hating the edge of hysteria in his own voice, but unable to quell it. "Let me up!"

"After all the trouble I've gone to in order to ensure your punishment?" Janice asked, smugly. "I think not."

Walking to near the head of the bed, she reached below the mattress level and pulled out an articulated arm - and arm boasting a series of small wand-like devices, each of which were attached to hoses that, in turn, ran into the pedestal base of the bed itself.

"What is that?" Peter screamed. "What are you doing?"

"My companies have developed an interesting series of chemical compounds." Janice said conversationally, selecting one of the devices. "These compounds can alter the cells in the human body. Some of these 'inflate' the cells, some 'shrink' them, while others have various other interesting effects."

As she approached him, holding the wand, Peter began to scream.

It was a scream destined to die an early death. Pressing the tip of the hypodermic pressure-injector, Janice triggered it, and the chemical was squirted into Peter's body, targeting specific cells.

Namely, those of his vocal cords. Immediately, they began to tighten up - and as they did, his voice rose higher and higher in pitch, also becoming softer at the same time.

Before his scream could even completely empty his lung, his cords had grown so tight that they were incapable of vibrating anymore.

He was mute.

"Much better." Janice said, racking the wand and looking over at Nadia. "Shall we begin.?"

No longer even capable of protesting, unable to lift his head, Peter was utterly helpless to resist their ministrations in any way. All he could do was roll his eyes to watch in the mirror 'thoughtfully' provided to him, mounted above the bed.

The two women started by sliding matching devices out of the recesses built into the bed. Looking like small power sanders, the hand-held devices actually served a similar purpose - they were designed to smooth a surface.

These devices, however, used a combination of lasers, ultrasonic sound waves, and low-voltage electric shocks to 'permanently' remove hair from the human body. Effective for about six to eight months of complete depilation, eventually hair would begin to grow back - but it would be much lighter, thinner hair than the average male coat they were now removing.

They worked their way up his body, until they reached his hairline, having excepted only his eyebrows. Then, Nadia easily rolled him face down, meaning he couldn't even watch as they worked their way back down his back.

He wasn't sure if that was a blessing or a curse. Though horrified and humiliated by what they were doing to him, somehow not being able to see it done made it all the more terrible, even as it seemed somehow less 'real'.

The illusionary feeling faded, however, as he was rolled back to his front - and Janice went to work with a smaller, pen-like version of the depilator, thinning and reshaping his eyebrows.

Given his smoothly hairless body and his slender, arched eyebrows once they'd finished, the ultimate aim the women were moving towards should have been obvious, but somehow Peter missed it.

.or, rather, he recognized it, at least on a certain level, and willfully and willingly denied the obvious conclusion, trying to argue himself into believing it couldn't happen.

Not to *him*.

It was an effort at self-delusion that was doomed from the very beginning. The two women, working methodically and skillfully, didn't draw it out, didn't hide it - they simply set to work transforming him with a sort of brisk efficiency that was more horrible to behold than any sort of slow, torturous transformation.

They started at his feet and worked their way up his body - and, every step of the way, there was Janice's cool, clinical voice, explaining what they were doing to him.

"The fact that you are not only slightly built, but so thin, makes this much more effective." She commented, choosing a pressure injector and bringing it to his left leg, while Nadia mirrored her actions at his right. Pressing the device against his calf, she spoke over the slight hissing noise as his thin, corded muscle began to swell. "First, we'll increase the mass of the musculature itself.

Basically, we're 'swelling' the individual cells with a compound that is somewhat lighter than water."

After the calf was fully inflated, bulging almost grotesquely in comparison to the rest of his bony, whippet-thin body, did Janice and Nadia stop and compare each other's work. A few final 'touch up' injections, and the two women switched injectors.

"Next, we inject a fat-like compound into the sub-dermal layer, smoothing out the muscle." Janice announced, suiting actions to words. "Given your thin build, you can see how this has the effect of making you feel seem smaller and finer, in proportion."

Finished with his now smoothly-rounded calves, the women continued the process upwards, adding curvaceous mass to his slender structure.

Mass that was definitely being applied to a feminine template.

After they'd finished reshaping his legs, providing him with smooth, average-looking female legs that looked decidedly out of place on his frame, Janice approached his crotch with a smile.

"It took ten volunteers to get the practice for this." She told him, pressing the pressure injector against his scrotum. "You should feel honored that I went to so much trouble."

Instead, Peter screamed soundlessly as they stole his manhood from him.

They didn't, really - but the transformation certainly made it seem that way. When, after extremely careful work, they'd reshaped his crotch to give him something that certainly looked like a vagina, Peter sank into the depths of deepest despair, barely noticing as they continued transforming his - her - body to match her new womanhood.

That bleak despair, however, was premature, and it burned itself out by the time they were finished with the transformation - because there was no way the realistically created faux woman could possibly know that the nightmare was just beginning.

"There we are." Janice said, with evident satisfaction, and the newly woman stared balefully up at the mirror above her, loathing what she saw.

A woman.

Oh, true, she was a 'boyish' woman, with narrow hips and small, barely post-pubescent breasts. Just barely enough of a woman to hit 'average', her average face was topped by a short, messy mop of red hair that completed the 'tomboy' look - but,

despite all of that, anybody looking at her without knowing her origin would see a woman, and that was what humiliated and sickened her.

It was, however, not bad enough that Peter be made female. Not for Janice.

Not by a long shot.

"Now, we're going to remove the paralysis." Janice said, using an injector to give the new woman a voice commiserate with her new form. "However, you won't be allowed to leave the building - our security is going to see to that. Instead, you're going to keep working for the company - but as 'Penelope Moore'. You are going to live and work as a woman, in order to see what it is like from that point of view. There is, however, one more thing."

"What?" Peter/Penelope asked bitterly, hating the completely unremarkable female voice she'd been cursed with.

"We're going to force you to live to your own 'standards' as a woman." Janice said, with a smirk. "You must 'accept' from any man the same treatment you felt fit to give these women."

She paused, gesturing at the women in the observation gallery.

"You can't get upset or react negatively in any way if men ogle you, hit on you, or treat you in any way you yourself have treated women." Janice continued. "Not that you have to exactly encourage men to treat you as a sexual object - but you are forbidden, under pain of punishment, from doing anything **at all** to *discourage* them."

Chuckling, Janice released the paralysis - and the new woman leapt from the bed and sprinted for the door.

That, at least, was the plan. Instead, she tumbled off the bed and landed on the floor, hard, her 'pumped up' new body considerably heavier than her old, male form - and differently balanced.

Awkwardly, she pulled herself up off the floor, horrified by how weak she felt, and how she had to move slowly and delicately to maintain balance - enforcing a sort of feminine grace that was the last thing she wanted to exhibit, yet unable to stop it.

"Now, here are some clothes." Janice said, gesturing at a pile of garments.

A long, loose skirt. A turtleneck sweater. Neither revealing nor tight fitting - but undeniable women's clothing. Right down to 'sensible' shoes that, despite only having the barest of heels, were definitely female footwear.

"I'm not going to wear women's clothes." Penelope stated, firmly.

"Ah, ah - wearing men's clothes would be 'discouraging'. Since we all know you, of all people, have no problem with women being 'feminine' in the most objectifying meaning of the word, I guess your refusal must be due to you feeling unhappy about not being 'pretty' enough."

"What? That's." Penelope started to argue - and then Janice pressed a button on her 'watch'. Penelope collapsed to the floor.

"The paralysis device is imbedded in your neck, and I can activate it whenever you misbehave." Janice said, with a wry grin. "Now, since you're so dissatisfied with your body."

With Nadia's help, Penelope was once more lifted to the table - and there she discovered the horror of her new life, for when the paralysis was released a while later, Penelope was somewhat less 'boyish' than she had been before. Her breasts, previously barely enough to make an 'A'-cup, were now firmly into the 'A'-cup range, and special bone-like expanders had been pumped into the cells in his hips to widen them out a bit - while the ass those hips supported was made somewhat less flat.

"Catching on yet, Penny?" Janice asked. "So - any more complaints, or did you want to get dressed and get to work?"

Grinding her teeth, humiliated and horrified, Penny slowly did as she was instructed. Part of her wanted to lash out at Janice, and another part of her wanted to throw up at what had been forced on her.

.but, instead, she forced herself to hold back both reactions, biding her time for a chance to escape the living hell she'd somehow fallen into.

The cloth that made up the clothing she wore was in no way different than the cloth that had made up the clothing she'd worn as a man. Indeed, even the feel of the skirt wasn't all that different than the feeling of wearing a bathrobe. Nevertheless, Penny's skin crawled from the *emotional* sensations that came from wearing what were undeniably feminine garments.

Shamefully seething, her own body made unfamiliar to her by what Janice had done, she followed 'The Boss Lady' out of the little operating room - and into the 'public eye'.

The women who had watched the transformation from the observation gallery knew what she 'really' was - and that was humiliating, having somebody know her 'secret'. On the other hand, the rest of the people working in the building didn't know - and that was humiliating, too, because they simply reacted to her as if she were exactly what she seemed to be. Shamed and disgusted, Penny followed Janice down into the large area used for the secretarial pool, where unassigned 'executive assistants' waited for the call of any one of the thousands of employees in the building who, not quite ranking their own, full-time assistant, could draw on this resource when needed.

"Straighten up, dear..." Janice said, mildly, as she led Penny towards her new desk. "Look at you - hunched over, head down, shoulders bunched. You're almost convincing me that you're ashamed of how 'unpretty' you are."

It was said casually - but, unlike the people around her, Penny knew damned well it was an open threat; one Janice was more than willing to carry out.

Hating herself for being so compliant, Penny straightened - and was even more humiliated by the fact that she was now presenting the image of a woman who was, if not exactly *proud*, at least accepting of their own body.

Something that was, of course, about as far from the truth as you could get.

Wishing she could just curl up somewhere and cry - and further humiliated by this 'feminine' reaction to her plight - Penny sat down at her desk and tried not to react 'naturally' to being unwillingly feminized, lest it make the situation worse.

* * * * *

"Well?" Nadia asked, taking a sip of champagne in her boss-and-lover's private apartment on the top floor.

"Tomorrow." Janice said, thoughtfully. "I'll find something she does 'wrong' tomorrow."

Slightly giddy on the champagne bubbles, Nadia giggled. "It's so much more fun doing this slowly, rather than just going right to the 'final effect'."

"...and it's going to be so much more humiliating for her, thinking it's her own fault she's going to be getting more and more feminine." Janice said, smiling. "She has no idea that even if she behaves perfectly we'll find excuses to keep femizing her..."

* * * * *

With a feeling of relief, Penny watched as the little clock in the corner of her computer screen rolled over to indicate five o'clock.

Quitting time.

If there was one thing she'd learned during the past six months working in the secretarial pool, it was that the management frowned on anybody 'clocking out' early.

Herself include - or, rather, *especially*...

...and the risk she would run from 'leaving' early had nothing to do with getting fired.

Easing her chair back from the desk, Penny rose in one smooth, fluid motion - a motion that almost unconsciously included sliding her hands down the sides of her Kelly-green leather skirt, making sure it's hemline was sitting low enough to not only cover her panties, but the lace-edged tops of her nylon stockings.

A longer skirt would have alleviated the problem, of course - but wearing a long and/or voluminous skirt 'too often' indicated a woman unhappy with the way her legs looked.

At least, according to Janice.

Penny had tried very, very hard to find the 'safe' zone, something that wouldn't be 'too often' - but several mistakes in trying to determine that, and the resulting punishments, had left her wearing skirts as short and tight as she dared, for safety's sake.

Which was also the reason she was standing atop the slender, six-inch high heels of her matching green leather pumps, of course - to better show off the long, toned 'dancers' legs that were the result of her previous mistakes.

Turning away from her desk, Penny started walking through the secretarial pool towards the elevators - and as she walked, she made sure to sway her hips in a smooth, graceful swivel, one that did interesting things to her ass.

She hated walking in such a gracefully seductive manner - but it was 'expected' that any woman with such a spectacularly full, firm ass on her wide, womanly hips wouldn't be ashamed to let men watch her 'work it' as she walked.

Of course, she had the incredibly sexy ass and full hips to 'work' because she'd failed to use a considerably less attention-getting but nevertheless feminine sway when she'd had less a less sexy fundament. She'd insisted on trying to walk with a masculine stride - and that's what had 'earned' her the full new hips and shapely ass that she now had to 'show off' if she didn't want them going from 'just' incredibly sexy into the realm of caricature.

She hated having the sexy ass, and she hated making sure she wiggled and jiggled it as she walked - but what Penny hated most was the fact that it was her own bloody fault. If she hadn't been so stubborn, if she'd obeyed Janice's rules, she wouldn't have to 'shake her moneymaker' each and every day.

Her sexy little wiggle caused a man standing near the elevators to watch her approach - and when, blushing, he tore his eyes from her swaying hips and long, sexy legs, she was ready with a warm, welcoming/forgiving smile on her lips.

On her red-glossed lips.

On the full, bee-stung red-glossed lips that she'd unwillingly earned from not smiling at men who 'complimented' her by eyeing her increasingly sexy form with open appreciation.

Even as she approached where the man was standing, Penny's eyes flicked quickly to her own reflection in the mirrored doors of the elevators, while one hand rose almost unconsciously to her head. As she verified that her make-up was, indeed, still perfectly applied, her finger gently 'puffed up' her full, thick mane of rich-red curls.

After all, a women who neglected her make-up and hairstyle was unhappy with the way she looked, and since her incredibly full, thick, curly mane of nearly ass-length red hair was already an unbelievable pain to keep styled and pretty, she certainly didn't want to screw up and force Janice to make it even longer, thicker and more lush.

"Hello there..." Penny greeted the admiring man, smiling warmly as she 'struck a pose' sure to show off the many sexy attributes of her curvaceous body. It was, after all, a body that any woman would be happy to have - so, if Penny failed to display it with the pride she should, it would only require more feminine alterations.

"Hi." The man - a new employee in the secretarial pool - said, a bit nervously. "I'm Dave. Dave Winthrop."

"Penelope Moore." She introduced herself in her sweet soprano voice, raised several times due to her failure to be more the 'stiffly polite' to men treating her so nicely. "Call me Penny."

"Okay, Penny." Dave said, smiling. "So, heading home?"

"Of course." She agreed - not mentioning that 'home' was a specially-prepared apartment within the building itself. She'd already learned that mentioning it caused people to be surprised, since nobody knew there were apartments in the building itself - and that, in turn, 'forced' her to invite the person to her apartment to see it.

After all, a woman who was 'ashamed' of where she lived obviously thought it wasn't a 'pretty enough' place, and Penny already spent enough of her free time cleaning and fussing with her apartment as a result of her previous expressions of 'dissatisfaction' with her living quarters.

The elevator arrived with a muted chime, the doors sliding open, and Dave gestured towards the opening with both hands.

"After you, Penny." He said graciously.

"Why, thank you..." She said, smiling warmly. She stepped into the elevator, making sure to add an extra little wiggle to her motion, for his viewing enjoyment.

He stepped into the elevator just before the doors closed, and reached out towards the control panel.

"Going down?" He asked.

Time seemed to slow to a crawl as Penny's ears heard the words, and they registered on a brain that suddenly kicked into overdrive.

What had he meant by that?

Was it a simple question, asking her destination? Or was it sexual innuendo?

A few months ago, Penny would have thought she knew the answer - but after the punishments Janice had inflicted on her for missing come-ons that any 'real' woman should have recognized, she no longer was anything even approaching certain.

Well, she knew full well that guessing it was an innocent question when it wasn't would get her further 'enhanced' - and she was right on the edge of becoming a walking parody of femininity as it was.

The downside to going the other way was 'merely' humiliation, shame and self-disgust - but she'd had plenty of that in the past six months already, and it would only get worse if she were further feminized.

Therefore, there was only really one 'safe' route to take...

She forced her now-habitual smile to go from 'warm' to 'sultry', and she slowly swayed across the enclosed space of the elevator, one long-nailed finger reaching out to press the button for the lobby.

"I thought you'd never ask..." She said, pitching her voice low and sexy. She stared brazenly into his eyes, and very slowly and seductively licked her full, firm lips. "I love 'going down'..."

Chuckling low in the back of her throat, she slowly ran one finger down the front of his shirt to his belt-line - and leaned forward, wrapping her other hand around his neck and pressing her lips firmly against his.

He hesitated - which could have meant that she'd guessed wrong about the intention of his words, or that he just hadn't anticipated she'd want any sort of 'foreplay' before getting down to business. Either way, it didn't really matter - now that she'd started, she had to stay the course, or be punished for playing the tease.

She kissed him deeply, but quickly, put every ounce of skill learned from the hundreds - thousands - of kisses she'd given since being made a woman. It was, as Janice pointed out, one of the 'basic female skills', and she'd learned it quickly - before they'd lengthened her tongue to the point that it would have made talking difficult.

As it was, her extraordinarily long, supple tongue seemed to come as a surprise to Dave - albeit a very pleasant one.

He had no idea.

Forcing a smile back onto her lips as she broke the kiss, Penny slowly sank down to her knees. She took her time, doing it right - pressing against him as she slid slowly down, so that her large, firm breasts dragged across his body enticingly.

When she was kneeling before him, she cut her eyes to the side, seeing how much time she had to work in.

Working quickly, but tantalizingly, she unbuckled his pants and slid them and his boxers down around his knees - exposing a cock that was only beginning to get hard.

"Mmmm... I like them big and tasty..." She said, licking her full lips again - despite the fact that it was merely an average-sized member.

After all, the times she'd failed to suggest to a man that he was well-endowed, Janice had taken the man into her private little operating room and, getting his willing agreement to both the procedure and keeping it secret, had greatly enlarged his cock before turning him back over to her for a 'second try'.

Wrapping one slender hand around the base of the slowly stiffening cock, Penny leaned forward and let her long, agile tongue slip out of her mouth, lightly teasing the hardening shaft and swelling tip with warm, moist little licks. As it quickly achieved full erection under her ministrations, she leaned forward and took it into her mouth.

Using every skill she'd unwillingly learned, she set about giving Dave the most mind-blowing blow-job he'd ever gotten.

It was a question of self-defense, really.

Since there was no way Penny could know the type or oral experiences Dave had received in the past, Penny couldn't tell what he'd consider merely average - and Penny already knew what would happen if a man rated her performance as sub-par. The only safe thing to do was through herself into everything she did, especially sexually, with all she had to give.

So, that's what she did - and Dave certainly seemed to appreciate it, given the sounds he made as she licked and sucked his cock, using her incredibly supple tongue to good advantage while her hand worked the shaft in matching counterpoint.

Penny had actually learned three basic 'styles' of blow-job, and usually had to fight down a panic attack in trying to figure out which one was the right one for the man she was servicing at the time - but, given the time constraints as the elevator sank to the lobby, either the 'long and slow' or the 'tease-job' were out of the question, leaving her with 'quick and dirty'.

She worked frenetically - almost frantically - to get him off, working directly towards the orgasm. The 'long and slow' method was designed to keep a man in pleasure for the maximum amount of time, whereas the 'tease' produced the most semen. 'Quick and dirty', however, was to give the man the pleasure of getting him off as fast as was humanly possible - and with her full lips, long tongue, and skill in using them both, Penny was practically an expert in the fine art of fellatio.

Well before the doors to the elevator opened on the lobby, she was gulping down his load of disgustingly salty cum, feigning great pleasure in the act. She quickly licked him clean, and had him 'presentable' again before the doors slid open - if you ignored the startle, somewhat dazed expression on his face, that is.

"That was great..." She said, huskily, her voice pitched too low for any of the people in the lobby to hear. "I'd love it if you came to see me again some time. My apartment is on the thirtieth floor. Just ask the security guard when you get off the elevator - he'll show you where it is."

"Uh, yeah, sure..." Dave agreed, a bit numbly, as she smiled at him and waved good-bye.

Of course, she didn't want to see him again, especially not for a sexual tryst as she'd all but offered him - but offering to let him have a second shot at her would indicate she hadn't enjoyed the first time around.

That might have been the literal truth - but Penny had long ago learned that perception trumped reality, especially in her unique situation.

Dave headed out of the elevator, and Penny pressed the button for the thirtieth floor. As soon as the doors closed, and she was safely alone, she quickly pulled a Listerine Pocket Pack out of her blouse pocket, quickly popping one of the little strips in her mouth.

The main reason was to try and kill the taste of Dave's cum, of course - but she also had to keep her breath minty fresh at all times, since she never knew when she might next be kissing somebody, and woe to her if the person complained about bad breath.

When the doors to the elevator slid open, Penny had to restrain herself from starting in fear and confusion at the sight of her nemesis and teacher standing in the opening.

"Hello Penny." Janice said, coolly.

"Hello, Ms. Hellonmen." Penny said, forcing her lips into a polite smile as she stepped off the elevator. "What brings you to my humble abode?"

"That act in the elevator." Janice said, gesturing towards the camera in the corner of the elevator just before the doors slid shut. Being a 'high security' building, Janice had little problem monitoring the actions of her protégé - or keeping her from escaping her fate, for that matter.

"Something wrong?" Penny asked, fighting down a feeling of panic. "You seemed eager to get it over with quickly." Janice noted.

"Well, there wasn't much time..." Penny protested, weakly.

"You could have hit the 'stop' button to give you as much time as you wanted." Janice said, coldly. "You didn't even suggest that to him. Maybe he wouldn't have minded spending extra time in the elevator. In fact, I doubt he would have minded at all. No, it was obviously your decision to do him fast - which can only mean that you felt your lips and tongue weren't up to the task. Why don't we go up to the operating room..."

Penny's eyes widened in horror at the thought, and she threw herself at her tormentress' feet.

"No, please, don't!" She cried. "It was.. It was just lack of experience, that's all. Women have their whole lives to learn all of this! I've just gotten started, that's all!"

"Well, I don't know..." Janice said 'doubtfully', savoring the moment.

"Please! Just let me practice some more!" Penny begged. "I'm sure I can get it right! Just send me up some men to practice on! Please, Janice, please let me suck a few dozen more cocks! I'm sure I can learn to do it right!"

"If you haven't learned by now, I'm not sure just a couple dozen more tries would help much..."

"A hundred then!" Penny said, wide-eyed. "Please, Janice, pretty please - send me men and let me suck cock a hundred more times until you decide if I need... 'enhancing'."

Penny shuddered as she used Janice's word for her punishments.

"Please, please!" She continued, wrapping her hands around Janice's skirts, tears standing in her eyes. "I'm begging you, let me suck more cocks Janice, please!"

Watching the once-chauvinistic man, down on shapely knees, begging for the chance to suck more cocks made Janice's day complete. When she'd started punishing Penny, she'd had no idea just how incredibly enjoyable it could be to break a man in mind and spirit, reducing him into an utterly obedient woman who would quite literally beg for the right to perfect her cock-sucking technique.

"Well, okay..." Janice allowed 'grudgingly' - while thinking to herself that the opportunities with penny were beginning to wear a bit thin. Sure, she could continue to degrade the woman who was now hugging her feet and thanking her profusely for the privilege of sucking a hundred more cocks, but it was all beginning to get a bit repetitive. Despite her threats, there wasn't much more Janice wanted to do to 'enhance' Penny, since pushing her over the unseen line between sexy and ridiculous would take a lot of the fun out of the whole thing.

Then again, she mused to herself, perhaps 'ridiculous' could be entertaining enough on it's own.

Not with Penny, though - oh no. To do 'ridiculous' right, you had to start with that goal in mind, and follow a plan right from the very beginning to focus all the humiliation and shame on single feminine attribute, so that you could draw out the most out of the situation.

Patting her obedient little femmed slut on the head, Janice headed off with a thoughtful look on her face.

After all, there was Steve, down in Accounting, who thought he was getting away with browsing 'big tit' porn sites on the Internet during company time.

If he liked big tits so much, it seemed to Janice that it would be entirely fitting if he got a pair of them himself...

...and not just 'big'.

Huge. Massive. **Gigantic.**

All on a body that, while female, didn't get as over-all beautiful/sexy as Penny's had ended up. After all, the point of it all would be to focus all the humiliation and punishments on the very thing Steve currently found so interesting.

Yes.

That sounded...

...like *fun*.

Grinning wickedly, Janice set off to make the arrangements.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A macho male is tricked by his neighbor into drinking a magic potion that transforms him into a blond bimbo; frightened of being discovered a fraud, he/she now plays the role to the max.

One Little Mistake...

By Gunslinger

Humming under his breath, Karl pulled open the door to the fridge and reached inside, the cool wash of air causing the pale, contrasting hairs on his heavily muscled forearm to ripple in a wave of goose bumps.

The prototypical 'bachelor', the tall, broad-shouldered young man's fridge contained a few cartons of leftover take-out Chinese, a bunch of condiments, several types of beer, and a single carton of milk. It was this last item that Karl plucked from the shelf, kicking the door of the fridge closed behind him with one size-eleven foot, causing the tightly-packed layers of muscle to shift and dance under the deeply tanned skin revealed by the cut-off jean shorts that were the only thing he was wearing.

Walking over to where his coffee mug sat steaming beside his little two-cup coffeemaker, the almost offensively handsome blond caught sight of his chiselled features, cleft chin and 'mesmerizing' green eyes in the chromed surface of the toaster, and he shot himself a thumbs-up and a grin as he opened the spout of the milk-carton.

The reflected expression of happy pride as his rugged attractiveness curled into an expression of disgust as the sour odor rising from the milk carton registered, and the twenty-two year old self-proclaimed 'beach bum' blew out a disgusted puff of breath, quickly holding the carton out at a full arm's length as he carried it over to the sink and poured the clotted, soured contents down the drain, following it up with plenty of water to clear any lace trace of the odor-causing curd to vanish.

Tossing the expired carton into the garbage, Karl looked over at his waiting cup of coffee with a considering look. "Bet 'The Geek' has some milk or cream..." He muttered to himself, with a nod.

Turning, the tow-headed surfer headed for the door in the back corner of the kitchen, pulling it open and letting a wave of Southern California heat wash into the air-conditioned comfort of the kitchen as he stepped out onto the worn wooden boards of the second- floor balcony. Enjoying the warmth of the mid-day sun on his naked torso, he clomped down the stairs to the first-floor of the Spanish- inspired two-story home that had been converted into two sets of apartments, reaching the door that led into the kitchen of the lower- level's current tenant.

Though that very tenant had, on numerous occasions, taken Karl to task on the habit of 'bursting in' anytime he wanted, Karl didn't even think about knocking before he flung the screen door wide open and strolled causally into the other man's apartment.

"Hey, Gary...!" Karl called, spotting movement in the living-room and heading in that direction. "I just need to borrow some - *holy shit!*"

The first-floor tenant blinked - then chuckled.

"Sorry, I'm all out of blessed excrement." Gary said, smirking. "Would the regular kind do?" Completely missing the joke, Karl simply continued to stare at 'The Geek', wide eyed. "How the hell...?" Karl stammered, his voice incredulous.

Though, usually, Gary would be in mid-tirade about how self-centered and thoughtless Karl was, bursting into other people's places like he owned them, the man Karl had nick-named 'Gary The Geek' because of his tall, pale, scrawny appearance seemed to be in an extraordinarily good mood at the moment...

...probably because, while still tall, the copper-haired young man was anything but 'pale and scrawny'.

Though neither as massively muscular or deep-bronzed tanned as Karl, Gary now boasted a fit, athletic physique and a warm golden tan - and while he might be less macho-muscular than the self-obsessed surfer, he obviously surpassed him in one area, judging from the bulge in the crotch of the nerdish, knee-length tan shorts.

"But... how...?" Karl stammered, shocked to find the twenty-year old man who, just the night before, had been so much an object of derision, now even more handsome and better endowed than himself.

"A magic potion." Gary explained, running a hand over his own, toned physique in admiration. "I found a book of bastardized Latin with the instructions for various 'alchemy' potions in it, including one to enhance male attributes and sexual prowess. It took two weeks to come up with all the rather eclectic ingredients - but, as you can see, it was worth it."

"No shit?" Karl blurted. "You mean, like - a real magic potion?" "Yup." Gary agreed.

Karl paused, eyeing Gary's toned new body and larger-than-life 'package'... "Can you make some for me?" Karl asked.

Had he been a little less self-absorbed, the less-than-genius surfer might have realized that the answer he should have expected to the question was 'Why should I do anything for you, you selfish, thoughtless, parasitic asshole?'...

...but, as it was, the muscular young man who truly did believe that the universe owed him anything he wanted, (and, unfortunately, had managed to live a life that had failed to disabuse him of the notion), wasn't surprised when Gary shrugged and agreed.

"Sure - it'll take a couple of weeks to get more stuff, but I don't see why not." "Great!" Karl said.

He was so excited by the prospect, that it wasn't until he got back upstairs that he realized that he hadn't gotten the cream for his coffee.

However, his mind whirling over the possibilities, he didn't even care as he gunned down his coffee. After all, if this potion could make what had surely been a pathetic cock so large, imagine what it could do for a stud like him!

Not that he'd ever had any complaints, of course. As he'd pointed out to Gary - on numerous occasions - he'd never lacked female companionship. In fact, generous guy that he was, he'd made several offers to 'lend' Gary one of his latest sweet-treats - after he'd finished satisfying her, of course. Since Gary obviously would never be able to snag the types of babes Karl routinely did, even 'sloppy seconds' was a gift...

...though, now, it didn't seem that Gary would have as much trouble getting his own babes - although, good looking and well endowed or not, he was still 'really' a geek, inside.

Still, if it had done that for the geek's physique, imagine what the potion would do to a guy like him, who was practically perfect as it was!

It was an enticing thought - and one that consumed him for the next two weeks. The time seemed to pass agonizingly slowly, his usual pastimes of surfing, partying and fucking all performed under the shadow of anticipation of what he'd be able to surf, party and fuck like once he was 'enhanced'. It seemed as if time had not only slowed to a crawl, but almost as if it had stopped dead in its tracks - but that was just an illusion, of course, because the two weeks did eventually pass, and it was on the evening of the fifteenth night that Karl threw open the door of his apartment to find Gary standing on the deck beyond, a small glass jar in hand.

"This the stuff...?" Karl asked, greedily, quite literally snatching the small, stoppered jar from Gary's hand.

"Sure is." Gary admitted, stepping into the kitchen with a surprising lack of justifiable annoyance at the solidly-built surfer. "In fact, just for you, I made it extra-strong."

"Great, great.." Karl muttered in a distracted tone, it never occurring to him to thank Gary for the two-weeks work as he stared, mesmerized, as the thick, oily-looking liquid in the jar. "So, I just drink it?"

"That's right." Gary said, following him, uninvited, into the living room as the muscular man pulled the cork from the jar, making a face at the somewhat musty odor of the contents.

Pulling up the hem of the long, baggy yellow t-shirt hanging down over his customary denim shorts, Karl fastidiously wiped off the rim and mouth of the small jar.

"Here goes..." Karl said, releasing the fabric of the t-shirt and letting it fall back down as he lifted the jar to his lips. Taking a deep breath and holding it, Karl put the mouth of the jar against his lips and quickly tossed it back in one smooth motion, like taking a shot of vodka.

The thick, slimy-feeling liquid oozed down his throat - and he dropped the bottle and gagged over the salty, heavy flavour of the potion.

"God - that's awful!" Karl claimed, mouth working as he tried to wash the flavour out of his mouth in a spate of saliva. "Really?" Gary asked in an odd, stilted tone of surprise. "Mine didn't taste all that bad."

"Well, this stuff tasted like..." Karl started to complain - then broke off, an odd look coming over his face.

"You feel something happening?" Gary asked, a bright light shining in his eyes as he stared, eagerly, at the muscular blond.

"Yeah, I feel weird - kinda itchy-like, all over..." Karl said, frowning - and then he gasped as he a strange shudder ran through his body...

...and he began to change.

Eagerly lifting up the hem of the t-shirt, Karl quickly undid the copper button and yanked the two sides of the fly open, causing the zipper to shoot downwards. Grasping the elastic of his underwear, he hauled outwards, staring down into the snug cloth encompassing his cock, an expectant expression on his face as he stared down at his thick, limp cock.

He watched it as the strange tingling-itching sensation rolled in waves over him, punctured by those strange shudders - and then he blinked in confusion.

His cock didn't seem to be getting bigger. In fact, it seemed to be *shrinking* -rapidly.

Sure it was an optical illusion,. Karl blinked and leaned forward, the better to see over the yellow obstruction creeping into the bottom of his field-of-view, distracted reaching up and using a slim, long-nailed finger to slip a lock of golden hair behind his ear when it fell in front of his face from the motion, and...

Since most of his shocked attention was focused on his barely-there cock and it's rapid decline, it took a second to register - and even then, it took a physical force of will to yank his attention from his now-smooth crotch to the protruding t-shirt infringing on his field of vision. Stunned, he lifted hands that were way too slender and tipped with way too-long nails up to his chest, hands gripping the twin, firmly-soft masses that were pushing the shirt outwards.

He'd never felt the sensation that thrummed through his weight chest - but the sensation from his hands was a familiar one, and even he couldn't miss it, and the implications:

"Tits! I'm growing tits!" He shrieked, the horror breaking the vocal paralysis shock had imparted as he'd watched his cock vanish over the space of a dozen seconds - and further horrified to hear it come out in a higher-pitched, feminine voice. "Gary - I'm turning into a chick!"

"Oh, dear..." Gary said in an oddly strained tone of voice. "I guess I must have goofed, and mixed up the **female** formula."

"Make it stop!" Karl shrieked, dropping his hands from his ballooning chest towards his crotch, even as he was forced to spread his legs further apart to help balance against the increasingly top-heavy balance of his changing body. Hands, now long and slender, ducked down the front of his underwear...

...and *she* quickly yanked them back out again as the long-nailed fingers grazed the warm folds of what was undeniably a cunt.

"Gary, do something!" She wailed in a feminine shriek, struggling in vain to close her shorts up again, a task made impossible by her widening hips and expanding ass. Leaving the task as hopeless, her hands shot up past her sliming waist to the rapidly-swelling masses on her slimming ribcage. "Make it stop!"

"I can't" Gary said.

Then the changing sensations stopped - and the new woman's head snapped upwards and she turned her face to the side, where she could confront her reflection in one of the many full-length mirrors strategically placed about the apartment to allow contemplation of 'the perfect male body'.

What Karl saw was about as far from the 'perfect male body' as you could get.

Oh, the woman who gaped back at her was still tall, and tanned, and a golden-blonde - but she was definitely - defiantly - female.

"Holy shit, Garry!" She gasped, hands fluttering at her side as she contemplated, then discarded the thought of touching one part of her radically altered form after another. "I'm, like... a total babe!"

"Yes - you seem to be." Gary agreed, eyes glinting as he took in the radically altered physique standing in front of him.

Staring at the slender, high-arched little feet, Gary's gaze traveled upwards, sliding over the finely-formed ankles and upwards over the seemingly endless expanse of long, smooth, darkly-tanned leg until those long, shapely limbs vanished under the rough-cut hem of the denim pants that, even open, were straining tautly over the womanly, smoothly-rounded hips that supported a firm, 'bubble-but' ass that protruded roundly outward from her slim, athletically-toned frame.

A toned, trim frame that boasted a slim, taut abdomen that many a woman would have died for - and which was almost completely lost in the shadow of the huge tits that loomed above it, pulling the once-baggy t-shirt outwards and upwards. That once-baggy garment's 'excess' cloth was now put to good use, the hem of the now-straining garment hanging but a mere inch below the bottom of the massive, firm, round tits now thrust so defiantly from her ribcage. Even covered by the thin, straining cloth of the t-shirt, there was no doubt that those massive globes of tit-flesh were both remarkably round and remarkably firm, looking utterly 'fake' in the way they stood spherically firm out from her body without the support of a bra - but that silicone-stuffed appearance was partially offset by the size of the long, thick nipples causing two separate dents in the taut yellow cloth from where they sat at the apex of each basketball-sized breast.

"Holy shit!" The new woman gasped, a stunned look on her fine-boned face. Huge, green eyes wide and full, bee-stung lips open in shock, she reached up and hesitantly placed her hands on the mountainous bosom behind the thin layer of fabric. "My boobs are huge!"

They were also quite heavy - something she discovered as she tried to whirl and face Gary. She staggered, and only the counter-balance of her incredibly full, taut, out-thrust ass kept the weight and momentum of her massive new rack from throwing her completely off her incredibly long, shapely new legs.

"Gary..." She pleaded in her new soprano voice, brushing waves of long, silky, golden-blond hair that the twirl had spilled into her face out of the way. "Do something!"

"I can't, not right now." Gary said. "It'll take at least another two weeks for me to mix up an antidote!"

"What?" She shrieked, long, thick lashes framing those huge emerald eyes fluttering in shock as her high-cheeked oval face went slack in shock. "You mean I.. I have to stay like... *this*? For two weeks?"

She gestured at her long, lushly-curved new exaggerated hour-glass figured... and shuddered at the way her huge tits jiggled from the motion.

"Look - let me grab you a drink to help you calm down, then we'll talk about it." Gary said - and, without waiting for a reply, he hurried into the kitchen, while Karl slowly and carefully turned back to confront her new reflection in the mirror.

In the kitchen, Gary pulled a beer out of the fridge and popped the top on it. Quickly glancing over his shoulder to make sure he was out-of-sight from the living-room, he quickly downed a mouthful of beer - to make room for the contents of a small vial he pulled from his pocket. Pouring the colorless, odourless liquid into the beer, he swirled it a couple of times to make sure it was mixed in, then carried the cold can out to the stunned, leggy new woman and handed it to her.

"Drink it all down fast, it'll help..." Gary said, and then watched with undeniable satisfaction as the huge-breasted blond did just that, chugging down the entire contents in one, long pull.

She lowered the can - and then blinked, the puzzled look that crossed her face fading almost the instant it formed as she shuddered, briefly. The puzzled look was now replaced by one of vague surprise, lending her lovely, fine-carved new features a somewhat vapid look.

"How do you feel now?" Gary asked her, carefully.

"A lot calmer." She said, obviously somewhat surprised by how her shock, horror and dismay had been pushed back, as if covered with a heavy, wet blanket that muffled the roiling emotions. They were still there - but less 'obtrusive'. "But, still - Gary, I can't be a huge-breasted babe. You have to help me!"

Her plea was still heart-felt and worried - but no longer even close to hysterical.

Gary had to fight down a victorious grin. The powerful potion he'd slipped into her beer was just as effective as the other two potions he'd mixed up so far.

Just as a secondary sort of test, Gary concentrated for a moment, picturing some small insect crawling on her slender, tanned left arm...

...and he had to fight down another smile as she awkwardly reached under her huge new bust to scratch idly at the very same spot on her mind, the thought having slid seamless and unnoticed into her mind, as if she'd had it herself.

This was going to work beautifully...

"Of course I'll work as long and hard as it takes to make an antidote!" Gary assured her with theatrical conviction...

...while imagining himself falling down dead, overcome by a heart-attack induced by the pressure of trying to 'cure' her feminine affliction.

Looking at Gary, Karl felt the heart hidden deep behind her mammoth new bust tighten in fear, and she hastily held up her hand.

"As quick as you can, of course - but don't overwork yourself." She said, with a nervous titter. "I mean, we don't want you having a heart-attack or anything."

"Well - we want to get you back to being a guy as soon as possible, right?" Gary said, 'seriously'.

On a sudden impulse, the slender, leggy blonde turned and surveyed herself in the mirror again, a realization striking her.

"Well, you can't turn me back right away, no matter what you do." She said, regretfully. "I guess I'm going to have to find a way to deal with this for however long it takes, in any case."

She sighed, eyeing her hourglass body - then stiffened as another thought suddenly sprang to mind:

"I can't say I'm 'Karl'!" She blurted out, in sudden fear. "No one would believe me! What happens if somebody comes here looking for me? Or, my god - if I'm trying to drive somewhere, and get pulled over!"

Letting the mental image of a platoon of cops and a platoon of psychiatrists arguing over whether she should go to prison or an asylum fade from his mind, Gary muttered a noncommittal 'Oh, yeah...' as he formed another mental image...

"I guess..." She said, slowly, hating to voice such a thing, yet unable to ignore the truth of the thought that occurred to her; "If I can't convince anybody that I'm really Karl, I'm going to have to pretend to be what anybody would accept me as being. "

With another look in the mirror, she finished the thought with a heavy sigh: "The woman I seem to be."

"Well, people would believe it..." Gary admitted, hesitantly. "Are you sure that's the best way to go?"

Platoon of cops and platoon of shrinks - now in a three-way argument with the platoon of scientists who want to dissect her alive to see if there's any truth at all to her claims of 'really' being male...

"It's the only way!" She declared with regretful determination, and a shudder.

"I'm just going to have to pretend to be.." She sighed, and pointed at her reflection. "...*her*."

"Well, if you're sure, Karl..." Gary said 'uncertainly' - while mentally picturing himself calling her by the male name while walking down the street - and those platoons of cops, shrinks and docs popping up out of nowhere at the male appellation.

She winced.

"Yes - and that means you're going to have to help me 'play woman'. "S he said, shuddering in distaste. "You'll have to pretend I'm a girl, too - and call me by a girl's name. I guess I'm going to have to pick one..."

"Karla?" Gary 'suggested' - while picturing confectionary in his mind.

"No, she - uh, 'I' don't look like a Karla..." She said, unsure why she was so certain of that, but certain nonetheless. "I guess I'll have to call myself... 'Kandi'."

She winced at distaste at the sound of the new name - but nodded slowly, sure that was the name people would accept this huge- breasted babe as having.

"Well, I'll do anything I can to help... Kandi." Gary 'assured' her managing to keep a straight face with some effort.

"It's gonna be hard going two weeks or more dealing with the freakishly huge tits..." She sighed, lightly touching her massive rack - and then shuddering with a thought. "Oh! Um, I mean..."

She hesitated, distaste washing over her - but it was something she needed to do, so she forced her voice into some semblance of a happy burble, something passing as a smile on her full new lips.

"Gee, I love having such wonderfully huge boobies!" She forced herself to say. "They were okay, back when they were just naturally really big, but I love them *sooooo* much more now that the nice doctor pumped them up so round and full!"

It was sickening to hear herself spout such 'happiness' over the heavy tits pulling jiggling on her chest - but it was exactly the sort of thing 'Kandi' would have said, she figured.

She looked over at 'The Geek' to see how her act was doing - and then, with another of those odd little shudders that kept hitting her, realized that 'Kandi' wouldn't know Gary had been a geek.

No, Kandi, looking at Gary, would see a well-built, handsome man with a big package, and being a buxom blonde beach-bunny who loved her silicone-pumped tits, she would...

No. No, she couldn't possibly...

"Something wrong, Karl...?" Gary asked with an odd, almost distracted, note in his concerned voice - and the sound of her old name reminded her that she had to be convincing enough to help Gary forget who she 'really' was, at least for the next few weeks.

Which meant, no matter how sick and perverted it was, she'd just have to screw up her courage and...

"My name's Kandi, silly!" She giggled, throwing in a feminine swing side to side, making her huge, round tits bounce and sway distractingly under the sheath of thin fabric as she assumed a theatrically thoughtful pout. "I was just wondering if you like how big and round my boobies are, Gary."

His eyes went to her huge new rack - and he said in a flat, almost rehearsed-sounding voice: "Karl, I can't..."

"I'm not Karl, you silly, handsome boy!" She forced herself to say, hating to do it, but knowing that, more than anything else, she needed Gary to back up her 'act', at least until she could be male again and give it up. It was utterly crucial that, if anybody saw them, Gary treated her like 'Kandi' rather than 'Karl' - so, no matter how perverted, disgusting or sickening it was, she'd have to do whatever it took to get Gary to act the way he would around a 'real' leggy, huge-breasted, incredibly sexy blonde bimbo. With the words she was mouthing having an actual, physical taste of something cold, slimy and unutterably disgusting, she forced herself to go on: "I'm Kandi - and sexy little nymphomaniacs like me love it when handsome men with big, thick cocks find us sexy, so I hope you want to stare at me and find me sexy and get all horny at the thought of fucking me with that big ol' cock of yours, stud!"

Hoping that Gary had gotten the message she'd - humiliatingly - been forced to bury in the sort of thing 'Kandi' would say, she forced another big grin for him, and said: "So - do you like my big, sexy titties, handsome?"

"Yes - I like your huge, round tits, Kandi." Gary said, managing to fake a remarkably realistic-looking grin and sexual leer...

...and she felt a sense of relief run through her that Gary was able to force himself to treat her like the huge-breasted bimbo she was pretending to be.

She was somehow absolutely, unquestioningly certain that as long as Gary could treat her as 'Kandi', everything was going to work out just fine - and so as he leered at her like a man would at a real, sexy woman, she felt a warm, wonderful sense of relief wash through her, helping dampen the intensity of some of the perverted disgust that would be her constant companion for however long she was forced to keep up this sickening charade.

"Well, Gary, it was really nice to..." She giggled, and threw the sort of emphasis that 'Kandi' would have on the next word; "...meet you, but I should get some sleep - I've got a busy day tomorrow, you know, redecorating my new place and sending out all those letters my cousin left behind, saying how he's gone on a world surfing tour after winning some money and doesn't know when he'll be back - and, of course, I gotta do a lot of shopping for some sexy clothes to wear!"

God, she wanted to vomit - and most of all, because that was exactly what 'Kandi' would be doing tomorrow...

* * * *

The first full day of being female: Utterly humiliating and horrifying for Karl...

...but since the not-quite-hypothetical 'Kandi' would have loved it, that's what the world saw - a huge-breasted blonde bombshell obviously enjoying herself as she went on a shopping spree, giggling and even laughing as Karl forced her to tell salespeople that she was looking for clothing 'so sexy that men will cum as soon as they see me in it!'.

As the money haemorrhaged out of Karl's bank account, he wanted to scream - but 'Kandi' wouldn't have thought twice about spending that money, so Karl had to force himself to pretend he hadn't even thought of it once, forcing a smile on her full new lips as she bled her accounts dry.

The next three days weren't quite as bad, even as Karl shuddered on the pink-and-white décor Kandi would have chosen for the décor, and which she used in re-painting and redecorating her apartment up to Kandi standards...

...in steadily taller, slender heels Karl needed to practice in to be able to walk on the ankle-breakers Kandi would already be used to...

...even while having to train herself, so that anytime she happened to glance in any one of the many mirrors the apartment still boasted, she'd see Kandi, 'as usual' in a 'unconscious' pose that emphasized her long legs, bubble-but, and 'wonderfully huge' tits.

Of course, none of this was nearly as bad as Karl having to force himself to fantasize about having sex with men - but since that was exactly what Kandi would have been doing as she worked, that was what she had to create at least the convincing illusion of doing, so that if any hypothetical on-lookers had asked her what she was thinking, she could have described 'Kandi's' fantasies in minute, graphic detail.

The charade had to be utterly, unquestioningly perfect, for however long it lasted...

...which meant, no matter how horrifying or humiliating it was, Karl had to force this new body she was cursed with to look, talk, and act like 'Kandi', every single second, without failing.

The consequences of failure were simply too horrifying to think about. At least - she *assumed* that's why she never did think about it...

She was just finishing up, placing the last few, utterly useless and utterly feminine knick-knacks on overly-frilly furniture, when there was a knock on the door.

Though anything but easy, she forced herself to seem at least reasonably skilled and comfortable atop the five-inch heels of her white patent-leather pumps as she swayed over to the door, the muscles of her taut ass working under the skin-tight denim of her short-shorts and her huge breast jiggling, with tiny bikini whose blue triangles of cloth were barely enough to cover her massive nipples doing nothing to restrain her massive tits.

She opened the door - and Gary stepped in, holding a box.

"The movers left this behind at my place." He 'explained', holding it out to her. "I figured it would be important, so I brought it up."

The box turned out to contain all of 'her' ID - a driver's licence, a passport, birth certificate, the works - all in the name of 'Kandi Cummings'.

"Oh, you sweet, sweet man!" She 'squealed delightedly', because that was what Kandi would do - just as Kandi would have pulled her own body tight against his, using any excuse to press her huge tits into a handsome, well-endowed man's chest as she kissed him hungrily/thankfully.

It was utterly disgusting, and it sickened her to have to do it - but relief flooded her that Gary was able to overcome the disgust he was feeling, and respond accordingly. Not only was he able to wrap his arms around her, pulling her slim, hyper-endowed form closer as he somehow managed to force himself to return her kiss with something that almost seemed to be authentic lust, but he could even make himself slid his hands down to squeeze and fondle her full, taut ass as if he enjoyed it.

Of course, Kandi wouldn't stop him, nor want to end this - so she was forced to endure it, acting as if she loved it all until Gary's disgust finally overcame his exquisite acting abilities and he stopped kissing her - though he continued holding her tight, one hand around her trim waist.

His guilt over what he'd accidentally done to her must be phenomenal to make him go to such extreme lengths, forcing himself to treat her *exactly* as he would have the 'real' Kandi, and she felt waves of gratitude was through her, despite the humiliating circumstances.

Of course, it was probably disgust that forced Gary to stare at the huge tits he'd been forced to let her press against his chest - but Kandi would have assumed that any man was looking at her tits in lust, so she was forced to giggle and smile at him, shimmying her torso to make them bounce and sway.

"Like them?" She asked, coyly. "Go ahead - touch them."

Again, gratitude washed through her as Gary managed to steel his nerve and accept her offer, simulating every sign of enjoyment as he swung her around and began squeezing and caressing her huge, round tits.

In fact, obviously driven by the horrific guilt of what he'd accidentally done, he managed not to scream at the homosexual action of having a huge-breasted woman who was really and unzip his shorts and free a cock that he must have been thinking desperately about a real woman to have gotten so hard and throbbing.

She couldn't help but feel admiration and gratitude that he not only managed not to flee, but managed to simulate eager participation as she shed her own clothes, forced him back on the floor, and followed Kandi's instinct to climb on the biggest, hardest cock she could find, feigning utter enjoyment at having a massive, foot-long cock fill her tight new pussy, and seeming to enjoy it as she 'eagerly' rode atop him, long legs thrusting her towards her disgustingly wonderful first female orgasm as his guilt-driven acting made him feign just as much enjoyment at being fucked by 'her'.

Afterwards, when she thanked him for letting her fuck his huge, thick cock, she hoped he heard the genuine note of gratitude in her voice over his selfless actions, pretending to like getting fucked by her, and she wished that his supposedly eager 'any time!' was a commitment she could count on, even as she half-expected him to throw up in disgust over what she'd done with him. She, of course, had no choice at all, despite how sick it made her feel - but he must have been equally as sickened, and his only motivation was to help her maintain her cover.

"It's a shame..." She sighed. "After finally finding a man with a cock big enough to satisfy me, I might have to move away. I don't think I'll make this month's rent. I'm broke..."

"Well, you could always try getting a job at the Knockers restaurant at the corner." Gary somehow managed to think to say, knowing it was the sort of advice a man would give the 'real' Kandi. "You, showing off those tits in the tight little white tank top, that ass in those red satin shorts..."

Of course, as Gary surely knew, the thought of displaying her 'charms' to the public disgusted her - but it excited 'Kandi', and so the very next day 'Kandi' went down and applied...

...and, of course, Kandi was 'happy' when they hired her, damn it!

Obviously, neither she nor Gary had realized her tits and ass would outweigh her complete lack of any previous waitressing skills.

'Kandi' couldn't wait to get back and tell Gary how excited she was to get the job - and Gary, overridden with guilt at having made the now-obviously ill-advised suggestion, somehow managed to make himself let her go through with "Kandi's" urge to suck on his huge, thick cock - and, knowing how sickening it must be for him, she strived to give him the very-best blow-job she could, the pathetic little she could do to express the gratitude that Kandi could never reveal the depths of.

Oh, but she so dearly hoped that at least some of his supposed enjoyment of her long, loving blow-job was real...

The next month was like a form of hell for her - but it must have been as bad, or worse, for Gary, though he - like she herself - kept up the charade that they were both utterly happy and comfortable with the situation. Obviously, to keep from being 'found out', she had no choice - but, somehow, Gary managed to hold up his end, and she felt deep regret for ever thinking ill of him, now that she saw the depth of friendship he must have for her, what with letting her fuck and suck him regularly, whenever she wasn't working.

With his new physique and big, thick cock, he had to be getting steadily more eager to try it out with some 'real' babes, not to mention steadily more disgusted with having a woman who was really a guy forever 'talking him into' letting her fuck and suck him - but, somehow, he managed to meet her demands - which were 'just enough' for Kandi and too much for Karl, so of course Kandi was always begging for more...

...and, impossibly, through disgust and shame and humiliation, letting this man with the tight, wet cunt, huge tits and bee-stung lips have her homosexual way with him.

Until the night she got home to find him holding a small, stoppered jar of thick, dark liquid...

"What's that...?" 'Kandi' asked, quizzically, while Karl stared at the oily-looking liquid in the jar with a palatable hunger.

"It's a special potion." Gary said, carefully, watching her face intently. "It makes whoever takes it very masculine, making sure they have a huge, thick cock..."

'Gimme, gimme, gimme!' Karl's mind screamed in desperate need...

...which was why utter and complete horror flooded through her as she realized that she was completely and utterly incapable of breaking the Kandi persona long enough to take the potion.

Instead, with a grin that tasted like ashes, she found 'Kandi' purring warmly.

"Well, what are you waiting for, stud?" Kandi asked as Karl sobbed and pleaded and struggled vainly to break character. "Gulp it down so you can pump me full of even more wonderful cum with an even more wonderfully huge cock!"

Horried, smiling, she watched eagerly, disgustedly as Gary did just that, shooting down the potion in one smooth swallow...

And as she happily, horrifyingly watched him shudder and jerk as his muscles bulged and his already huge cock grew bigger and even more potent, she knew that this was to be her fate...

...and wanted to curl up and die because she knew how much Kandi loved that self-same thought, eyes sparkling in utter, completely content happiness as she bent down to give Gary's massive new cock it's first long, skilled, loving blow-job that she'd hate enjoying every single second of.

The absolutely worst part, though, more horrible than her own despairing happiness, was the thought that poor, giving Gary was going to be sentenced to a life pretending to enjoy being the hugely-endowed boyfriend of a sex-crazed blonde bimbo - and she swore to herself that she'd just have to dedicate the rest of her life to doing anything and everything she could to make it the most enjoyable horrific homo/hyper sexual fate she could...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: CONTEST STORY IDEA: An experiment in telepathy (mind to mind communication) involving DNA goes wrong when the subject finds that he is being changed by the subconscious minds of the people around him! He finds himself slowly changing to become the image of their fantasy women! Not only changing his body, but his mind-set and habits. Soon he finds himself becoming aroused by the men around him, flirting, wearing sexy/trashy clothes, smoking, etc.

One Mind Over Matter

By Gunslinger

The light of the single candle cast a golden circle of dim, flickering light in the center of the cheap hotel room. The bed was pushed out of the way, and two blankets thumb-tacked over the window kept out the garish red light from the buzzing, spluttering sign outside the second-story window.

Seated in the circle of light was an athletically-built young man with a lean, taut runner's body. Dressed only in a white 'wife-beater' undershirt and a pair of briefs, the young man's dark eyes were focused on the fluttering column of flame atop the thick 'library' candle, his face wearing a serene expression that seemed oddly foreign on his hard, angular face.

Slowly, the young man let his eyes close, his breathing deep and regular, as he concentrated....

He stopped breathing - indeed, almost seemed to become a carved statue of a young man, only the faintest currents of air stirring his close-cropped brown hair to destroy the perfect stillness of his body...

Then, cursing, Kyle Lansing opened his eyes, his hard lips curling into a more familiar sneer.

"Fuck!" He said, pulling himself out of his crossed-legged position with sharp, angry movements. Walking over to the lamp on the dresser, he flicked it on before blowing out the candle, then began to pace up and down on the worn carpet, his eyes narrowed and his head lowered in angry contemplation.

For the third time in as many hours, Kyle had managed to do the impossible - he'd managed to separate his mind from his physical form, reach out, and touch the mind of one of the sluts who lived in the hotel...

...only to find himself unable to penetrate the swirling 'surface' thoughts of the target and go deeper into her sub- and sub-sub-conscious mind, where he wanted to go.

"Fuck!" Kyle repeated again, banging one fist against the wall in frustration. What he'd already managed to do, by all scientific beliefs, was impossible, and enough to make him famous if he replicated it under controlled conditions for scientists. but it was nearly enough for what he wanted, and he doubted that any organization or group would provide funding for his true purpose.

His obsession had started when he'd seen the first commercial for the movie 'What Women Want'. Watching the screen, Kyle had snorted to himself, and thought *reading* a woman's mind was a waste of time. It'd be a hell of a lot better if, using a computer analogy, you could *write* to a woman's mind...

Unlike some guys, who seemed to think sluts were the finest sort of fantasy, Kyle preferred 'virginal'-looking women, or elegant, cool 'bitches'. Occasional, his fantasies also included dyed-in-the-wool lesbians, as well - because he liked the idea of fucking women who didn't usually 'put out' for men, but helplessly found themselves doing so for him. Oh, he didn't want utter submission and willingness - no, Kyle preferred the 'I don't want to - but I can't help myself.' fantasy.

The thought that he could reach into such a frigid bitch's mind and 'instruct' her to do just that, without her knowing he was messing with her, had given him the longest, hardest erection he'd ever had.

So, he'd started researching astral projection, telepathy, ESP - all the 'pseudo-sciences', looking for a way to do just that. Not only he did he find a trail to follow but he discovered something else.

Deep below the subconscious mind was, according to one book, the sub-subconscious mind. The part of the brain that sometimes hypnosis could reach - the one that could actually 'order' a person's body to do things. It was the part of the mind that controlled the when-and-how-much of glands and the like. and the thought of not only controlling a woman's thoughts, but being able to make some small changes to her body to make her even more ideal...

Even now, the thought made his cock go hard as a rock.

Over the last six months, he alienated what few friends he'd had, lost his job, moved out of his apartment, spent a good chunk of his savings - all in his obsessive, twenty-hours-a-day quest. A quest that had slowly begun to yield results. and, today, had made a break- through.

The problem was. he couldn't get that far into a woman's mind. He couldn't even get 'into' her surface thoughts.

A woman's mind was. too alien. He'd heard people say that men and women thought differently - but he'd never realized it was an absolute truth. It was like being dropped, naked, into a completely foreign country - none of what he'd been able to 'see' and 'hear' had made any sense. Not only could he not 'read' any of the thoughts - but even if he'd been foolhardy enough to try and 'insert' a new thought into a woman's conscious mind, she wouldn't have been able to understand it.

He was *so... damned... CLOSE...!* and it just wasn't enough.

Which meant he would have to resort to stronger methods....

Nodding to himself, Kyle turned and walked over to the dresser, where a small, black leatherette case sat on the scarred and scratched surface. Undoing the clasps that held the 'miniature briefcase' closed, he opened the top...

...and looked at the vials and half-dozen needles that lay inside.

Inside the two vials were chemical compounds that had to be stored separately or they'd degrade, but were designed to be mixed fifty- fifty before use. Designed to help people with mental retardation, the binary drug would increase the power of synaptic 'transmissions' and the receptivity of the synaptic 'receivers', overcoming the chemical condition that made thinking so hard for them.

Kyle, however, had been planning to use just the 'amplifier' portion of the drug, so as to give himself more 'power' with which to alter a woman's mind. After all, you not only had to be able to enter their mind, but overpower it long enough to insert the new thoughts you wanted them to obey. Only the fact that the stolen case had the second compound in it explained its presence.

Now, however, Kyle's face screwed up into an expression of distaste, and he slowly pulled the vial of 'receptor enhancing' compound out of the case. He had no urge to understand women... except for the fact that he'd need 'language lessons' before he'd ever be able to insert new thoughts into their heads...

Sighing, Kyle also extracted a needle, then walked over to the battered couch in the corner and sat down. Looking at the bottle of 'thought serum' with a thoughtful expression.

Dosage was the question. The more you took, the longer the effect would last - in a logarithmic progression, with the far-end of the range being eight-fifteen months. Kyle, of course, was planning to use the whole bottle of 'amplifier' drug when he was ready to start 'transmitting', but he had no urge to be able to read women's minds for the next year... and if he used both serums at any point, one would cancel the other out as far as the abilities he wanted were concerned, leaving him right back where he started, just thinking 'faster', as the binary drug was designed to do.

Grabbing the Bible from the drawer in the night-stand and a pencil from the top, he began to scrawl out equations on the inside back cover of the bible, working out what dosage he wanted to take.

Finally, he settled on the lowest amount he could calibrate accurately with just the needle's graduated scale: about forty-eight hours, give-or-take. Hopefully, that would be long enough for him to learn the basic 'language' of women's minds, so he could wait for the drug to clear and inject himself with the 'amplifier' serum.

Breaking the plastic wrapping around the top of the vial's metal-rimmed rubber 'stopper', Kyle leaned closer to the light and slid the end of the hypodermic needle through the pliant white rubber, until it was in the fluid itself. Turning the vial-and-needle upside down and holding it above his head, he carefully drew some of the amber liquid into the vial, then pulled the needle out of the self-sealing rubber. Setting the vial aside, he gently squeezed the plunger of the needle, expelling any air bubbles from the needle and spraying some of the liquid in the air until the edge of the plunger sat aligned with the correct graduation on the outside of the glass cylinder for the dosage he wanted.

Walking into the bathroom, he opened up the medicine cabinet and extracted a length of rubber surgical tubing he'd bought. Carefully laying the syringe down on the edge of the rust-and-calcium stained sink, he tied the tubing around one hard, taut bicep, crooking his arm at the elbow and slapping his arm until a vein popped to the surface.

Taking a deep breath, Kyle picked up the needle and smoothly slid it into his vein, wincing as he did so. In one slow, smooth motion he pushed the plunger down, injecting the contents of the needle into his bloodstream.

Placing the needle in the garbage, he took off the rubber tubing and put it back into the cabinet. He wiped away a tiny droplet of blood from the small needle puncture, covering it with a little round Band-Aid.

Wanting to be ready when it kicked in, Kyle went back out to the other room and lit the candle, then shut off the lamp and sat down in the same spot as before. Staring at the candle, letting himself become entranced by its dancing, hypnotic light, he waited for the drug to kick in before 'projecting' his 'astral aura' out to the nearest slut.

After several minutes, he became aware of a slightly odd feeling, as if his head was itchy... except it wasn't in his scalp, but deeper, in his brain.

Taking another deep breath, Kyle forced himself to ignore the feeling and relapse into his trance. Once he was deeply entranced, his eyes slowly slid closed, almost of their own volition, and he felt his mind stretching out, seeking to make a connection...

His body cried out and slammed backward against the floor, twitching and flopping as his heels drummed at the floor and his hands clawed at the ceiling.

Kyle was completely unaware of what his body was doing - he was too busy fighting to retain his 'stream-of-consciousness, the part that made him 'him'.

Reaching out to touch another mind had always felt like he was pushing a ten-ton boulder uphill, fighting to pull his mind from his body and into the ether - then having to fight into the brain of the target person he was reaching for.

Now... now it was as if he'd entered a huge cavern and was standing at the precise center of the massive space.. and in every nook and crevice in the walls, a radio was playing full-blast. Kyle was overwhelmed by the cacophony, the massive blur of different 'voices' that thundered through his mind, the overlapping sounds of the minds incoherent as they mingled and echoed together...

...but they were all male minds. Not only had the drug greatly increased his 'receptive' power, now that he'd trained his mind to be telepathically alive, but the fact that male minds were closer to his meant that the minds of all the men around him drowned out even the faintest sound of the more alien women's minds...

With an incredible force of will, Kyle managed to wrench his projected self back into his body, cutting off the blaring mental 'noise' of all those men's minds. Laying on the floor, panting, he began to swear.

Loudly.

He'd just taken a drug that was useless. The only way he'd be able to get into a woman's mind was to go out into the desert with a woman, forty miles away from the nearest man. It was as if women's minds were weak radio stations.. and were being drowned out by men's 'stronger' signals.

Kyle had never tried to reach another guy's mind, so he hadn't realized that - with him thinking more like them - Kyle's mind was more 'attuned' to men's minds, making them easier to contact - and much louder. Now, cursing, he saw that his drug was more than useless... it was a pain in the ass, because even without 'reaching out', he was getting 'overlap' of telepathic communication. Over the past six months, he'd been steadily training his mind to be receptive to telepathic communication - but it had never even occurred to him to also train his mind to have an 'off' switch. Now, he could feel men's undirected thoughts

crawling around inside his subconscious mind, and he had no way to shut them out. It felt as if there were tiny little bugs crawling around inside of his mind.

At least the men didn't know anything about it - after all, he was just receiving random thoughts that the guys didn't even know they were sending, and while he could feel their thoughts in his head, they had no sense of him at all.

However, Kyle couldn't 'hear' any of the thoughts., Not only had he blocked his consciousness from the overload of mental noise, but there were too many minds with equal 'power' for any one of them to be distinguished above the rest.

In other words - for the next two days, Kyle was going to be plagued by this incredibly annoying sensation in the back of his mind.

"...god-fucking-damn, shit!" Kyle finished his tirade, slowly rolling over and sitting up, panting at both the effort to pull his mind away and the anger he was feeling. Sitting there, gasping, he shook his head, feeling the urge to scream at the incessant 'tickling' on the inside of his brain.

"God - I need a drink..." Kyle said to himself, frustrated and angry - and with no-one to lash out at. Blowing out the candle, he fumbled his way to the door and flipped on the light switch, bringing the overhead light to life.

Walking over to the dresser, he pulled out a pair of jeans and began to yank them on... then cursed again in frustrated anger. He'd forgotten that the last pair of clean jeans he 'had' weren't his jeans at all, but a pair he'd found here and just left in the drawer. He'd meant to do wash today, but had forgotten, especially with the break-through...

...which was how he found himself wearing pair of too-tight jeans. He looked over at the pile of dirty laundry, and wrinkled his nose... then growled and fought with the jeans he was wearing, finally getting the button-fly done up. Slipping his feet into a pair of sneakers *sans* socks, he started to shove his wallet into the back pocket...

...which was much too tight to accept it. Grumbling, Kyle grabbed his room key and just carried the key and wallet in his hand. He could have thrown his denim jacket on, just for the pockets - but he needed to feel the cool air on his over-heated and angry body before he got to the liquor store. Otherwise, he might beat the hell out of the clerk just to relieve the frustration.

Leaving the room, he made sure the door locked behind him, then headed down the stairs, using the door at the back rather than the lobby door.

It was pretty late, and the alleyway was deserted in the cool night air, smelling of garbage from the dumpsters. Wrinkling his nose at the smell, Kyle headed off down the alley, which he knew exited at the far end next to a liquor store.

The cool night air and brisk walk helped calm him a bit, though he added a little more force than necessary to opening the door to the store and stalking quickly inside, turning down the first aisle and towards the selection at the back of the store....

* * * * *

Aref, the night clerk of the store, was dealing with a customer when somebody all-but-dashed into the store - but the speed with which they entered wasn't the only reason Aref glanced up. In a neighborhood with a high risk for robberies, he always checked out the people in the store.

'Caucasian, short brown hair, six foot or so, white tank-style top, blue jeans - very tight blue jeans. Sneakers.' Aref's mind catalogued, almost on autopilot - then: 'Guy or girl? These days, hard to tell sometimes. Probably a guy - if it's a girl, she's flat-chested and ugly '

Mid-stream, his mind went from professional autopilot into more familiar thoughts. '. *well, flat-chested, anyway. She wouldn't have to be a complete dog if*'

* * * * *

Kyle was just about to reach for a bottle of Southern Comfort. when the insects scurrying around in the back of his brain began to burrow deeper in.

He gasped, outstretched hand dropping -as she suddenly felt dizzy. The world seemed to spin as he braced his hands on his knees and gasped for air...

...while his body began to itch intolerably, feeling as if a thousand ants were crawling around just under the skin. There was something very, very wrong with him...

* * * * *

Aref blinked when he noticed, out of the corner of his eye, the figure in the curved mirror seemed to have vanished. Thanking the customer he'd just finished dealing with, Aref hurried around the counter and towards the back of the store, sure the person was trying to shop lift...

...and found the woman bent over, looking as if she were about to be sick. Her eyes were closed beneath her somewhat too-thick - but nicely arched - eyebrows, and her too-thin lips were open as she gasped for breath.

Though she wasn't his type - to athletically built, only mildly attractive in a sort of hard way - Aref couldn't help but notice that her position made her ass look damned near spectacular in the tight jeans she wore. then snapped himself out of it.

"Miss - are you all right. ?"

* * * * *

'*Miss...?*' Kyle thought, in confusion, as the sensations faded. His body still felt... 'off', somehow, but the discomfort itself was fading...

...and, despite his immediate urge to snap at the guy and correct him, he was filled with an overwhelming urge to assure the man that he was all right.

It was so strong that Kyle couldn't help but obey it.

"I'm fine..." Kyle said - and his eyes flew open at hearing his own voice. It was similar to the one he always heard.. but not the same. It wasn't as deep in the lower registers, and it was smoother - thought still husky, somehow. It sounded... it sounded androgynous, somehow. He straightened... and again felt something wrong in the way his body moved.

* * * * *

Aref had wanted nothing more then to hear that she was okay, and when she'd said she was, he felt better - and then he'd felt confused.

Something about her was giving off the wrong vibe. Sure, part of it was the way she looked with her too-strong jaw, no make-up, and too-muscular, slim-hipped body... but there was more to it then that...

...like the way her jeans fit at the crotch didn't seem right. Almost as if... but that couldn't... Whatever was going on, Aref just wanted this person to buy something and get out...

* * * * *

Kyle was about the angrily demand to know what was going on - when he felt another overwhelming need. One so strong it almost floored him.

She (*she?*) needed to buy something and get the hell out of the store.

Confused - but unable to disobey the iron need he felt - Kyle quickly grabbed the bottle of Southern Comfort he'd been reaching for.

"Just this..." he said in that not-quite-right voice, wanting to know why he sounded so weird but completely unable to take the time to puzzle it out, instead needing to pay for the bottle and get out of the store...

...and stay out. Somehow, Kyle knew that he shouldn't come back in, that he couldn't come back in here again - he just had to buy the booze and then leave, for good. He didn't know why he suddenly felt that way, but the need was physical and tangible - he couldn't disobey it, not without his mind splintering into a million fragments.

Quickly, he paid for his purchase, then ducked out the door and around the corner into the alley. Putting the bottle down on top of a garbage can, Kyle felt that overpowering urgency slowly fade, allowing him to get back to the pressing questions about what the hell was going on...

"What the fuck's wrong with my voice...?" Kyle demanded, lifting his hands to his throat...

...and realizing, with shock, that both the throat, and the hands that were touching it - felt wrong. Quickly, he brought his hands up to his eyes...

They were almost his hands - but they were thinner, more smoothly proportioned - and the hair on the arms leading to them was finer, thinner than it had been.

"What the...?" Kyle gasped, looking at what looked like hands that belonged on a masculine woman. Eyes widening, he looked down at himself...

The shirt was a trifle baggy. Not much, but enough to hide the almost prepubescent little mounds on his chest... but not the larger, thicker and darker nipples that were engorged with the cool air.

Women's nipples, visible through the thin, white material.

"Holy Shit!" Kyle swore in his pseudo-feminine voice, staring at his tiny, almost non-existent tits. The fact that they were so small was hardly reassuring - he shouldn't have had tits at all...

...then a thought struck him, and his hands flew down to his crotch...

His cock was still there. He could feel it through the fabric - and he could also feel that it was about half the size it should have been.

"Holy fuck, I'm a tranny!" Kyle gasped, thinking about those freaks on the Internet. Sometimes, when surfing the net, a pop-up window would open from some site, and he'd see guys who were taking hormone shit - and they had tiny little tits and cock, like he now did, looking... well, kinda feminine, like he now did...

"Oh, fuck *me*..." Kyle muttered, bracing himself against the wall as the world spun around him - and realizing that his ass felt wrong, pressed against the wall. Too.. to big and firm...

"Oh - fuck!" Kyle shouted as he realized what was going on.

He'd turned himself into a sort of super-receiver, telepathically... and that damned store clerk had been close enough to Kyle for his thoughts to become legible...

...and what Kyle had been trying to do to women with his new studies had, instead, happened to him - though the man responsible for the change hadn't even realized it. All he'd known was that Kyle was a real pain in the ass as a customer, and a sort of genderless freak to boot - and so he'd wanted Kyle to get the hell out...

...and Kyle had felt that thought as an overwhelming desire to obey it. Though he hadn't consciously 'heard' the actually thought, the clerk's brain-waves were close enough to Kyle's own that Kyle's brain had understood the thought... and acted on it.

Kyle felt a rising wave of panic - and forced it down. He was in deep shit, and panicking wouldn't help at all.

Grabbing the bottle of booze, he opened the top and took a long swig, letting the booze burn in his stomach as he considered his position.

He had hyped-up his sensitivity to telepathic transmissions - and any man with powerful enough thoughts, in a brain-wave pattern close enough to Kyle's own, would be able to affect Kyle's mind...

...and body. When Kyle had read about the ability to mentally activate functions of the body that people didn't even no existed, he figured they were very minor things. The tiny breasts, for instance - that was about what he figured he could do to a woman, increase or decrease breasts a little. The ass, too, was in line with his thinking of what could be done with mental control...

But the body hair? How the hell had it become lighter and finer? Falling out, maybe he could have understood that - but it's very nature had changed.

What else...?

Running his slightly altered fingers over his face, Kyle felt the fact that his nose was smaller, though by no means 'dainty'. Also, his lips were slightly fuller, his jaw slightly more rounded, his ears.. his ears were definitely smaller then before.

This was bad - this was very bad...

Then, with relief, Kyle realized that, by taking an equal dose of the 'amplifier' drug, he could cancel out the effect of the 'receptor' drug. He had to get back to the hotel room - and avoid guys along the way.

Turning, he hurried off down the alley way...

* * * * *

Frowning, Aref grabbed the broom and began to sweep up the smile pile of what seemed to be body hair from the spot where that strange... person.. had been standing.

It was almost like a guy had stood here and shed all his body hair. But... but the person Aref had seen *had* body hair... almost as if he/she had shed the one layer, then almost instantly regrown a second...

* * * * *

"Oh, come *on*...!" Todd cried as the ancient TV in room 208 suddenly made a crackling sound and went blank, the odor of overheated electronics filling the room.

He'd been right in the middle of a late-night, B-grade movie... one without much plot, but plenty of nubile flesh> Annoyed - and rather impotently aroused - Todd rose and crossed the room, pulling the ancient TV away from the wall and unplugging it, just to make sure there wouldn't be a fire...

...when he noticed a small beam of light coming out of the wall. Dropping to his hands and knees, Todd found himself looking at a small hole drilled into the wall.

Feeling guilty, Todd leaned forward and pressed his eye against the hole, finding himself looking into the room next door...

...just in time to hear a key rattle in the lock of that room's door. He started to draw away, feeling guilty at prying...

...then recalled that his TV was out, and maybe it wouldn't hurt to see who lived next door...

He put his eye back to the hole... just in time to glimpse a very nice ass, packed tight into denim, move out of his line of sight. Shifting quietly, looking to see what he could see, he found himself wondering what the woman who owned that ass looked like...

* * * * *

Slamming the door behind him, Kyle headed for the corner of the room where he'd put the case with the serum in it...

...when he suddenly felt that 'burrowing' sensation in his head again.

Gasping, he slumped forward, bracing himself bent-over on the end of the bed, feeling his body tingling. Now aware of what the strange sensation really was, he was better able to catalogue the changes as he felt them - not that he was happy about knowing what it was he was feeling.

He felt a strange 'rippling' sensation across his scalp.. and saw his hair drift down past his eyes, leaving him bald... yet, he couldn't be bald, because as the rippling sensation continued, long, glossy black hair flopped in front of his eyes...

Eyes that felt as if he'd been up too long. At least, that was the closest analogy to the hot, gritty feeling in his eyes as something changed. He could also feel changes occurring in his nose, lips and jaw...

...but they were secondary to the strange feeling in his chest...

...which, itself, was secondary to the horrible sensation of having his shrunken cock and balls pull upwards into his abdomen - no doubt leaving a perfectly formed female vagina in it's place.

He gasped at the knowledge that he was now, technically, female - and the sound of her feminine hasp verified it...

* * * * *

Looking to see what the woman next door was doing, he heard her gasp... a nice sound, almost sexual. Damnit - why couldn't she walk over to the mirror and...

* * * * *

Even as the shifting in her new body finished, Kyle forced herself to fight down panic and horror and head for the case on the night stand, wondering who was doing this - but it didn't matter nearly as much as the fact that it was happening. She reached for the case...

...and even as her more feminine hand lightly grazed the case, found herself turning around and heading towards the dresser and it's big mirror. She tried to stop herself, tried to turn around and head back to the case... and even managed to get her stride to falter...

...and it felt like her brain was exploding. The psychosomatic pain was so great that it broke her concentration - and when that happened, she once more moved towards the mirror...

* * * * *

The woman next door came into sight of the mirror.. and Todd's hand went down to his crotch and lightly began to squeeze the fabric of his dark-green-plaid 'lounging pants'.

She was a cutie - definitely.

She had a supple, but not overly muscled, body, with a great ass packed into a pair of skin-tight jeans. She wore a white tank-top, through which her firm, taut breasts - a nice B-cup, Todd judged - were clearly visible, right down to her engorged nipples.

She wasn't gorgeous - but the face surrounded by a mane of straight, jaw-length black hair was definitely cute, with nice lips, a cute nose, and dark, sexy eyes below slender, arched eyebrows.

In fact - she was exactly the type of woman he'd thought would own the ass he'd seen. Todd still wondered what the gasp was. Had she been...?

* * * * *

Reaching the mirror, Kyle stared in shock at her further feminized body.

She was... a woman. A pretty good looking one, too, though nothing that would draw undue attention. But it was her! This was horrifying! It was... a nightmare!

The irony that she'd been planning something like this for a woman was lost on her as she tried to force herself to go get the drug before anything else could happen - but she'd barely begun to move when she found herself filled with an

overwhelming urge to turn three-quarters-on to the mirror, and lightly fondle her own, taut new ass with her more feminine hands.

Helplessly, she found herself doing as she was urged to do, and she struggled to fight it - but the more she fought, the worse the pain grew as her hands became awkward, caught in the conflict. Then she gave up, letting her hands caress her firm, sexy new ass lightly as she tried to figure out how to escape what was happening and get to the serum...

...then she found her new hands slowly working their way upwards.

She gasped in unwanted pleasure as her hands found her new, larger tits through the thin fabric of the shirt and began to squeeze and fondle them. Her new, enlarged tits were almost exactly a handful each, and her lightly squeezing, rubbing hands felt fantastic as she massaged her new breasts and their thick, erect nipples.

The fact that it felt good didn't make it any easier to bear the fact that she was now a woman - one with breasts to be fondled at all, pleasurable or not...

...but she couldn't make herself stop. When she tried, her hands faltered for a second - until the burst of pain made her relent...

* * * * *

Damn - she *was* feeling herself up!

There she was, a cute little woman, fondling herself in front of a mirror while she watched. It was perfect...

Well, not perfect, of course. After all, she was dressed kinda plain, even if the jeans were skin tight, and she wasn't wearing any make-up. Also, the fact that she looked more-or-less the way he'd expected her too didn't mean she was his ideal. This was great - but it would be even better if...

* * * * *

Suddenly, a new need came over Kyle. A need to.. to go buy some new clothes...

'No. !' The new woman screamed in the depths of her mind - but that incredible pressure on her mind was too strong to bear. She grabbed her wallet and key again... then fought to walk over to the case. She took one step. and it felt as if she were trying to walk through knee-deep quicksand, while her head began to throb. Another step. and it was waist-high mud, and a blinding headache. Yet another and it was like she was leaning against a brick wall, muscles straining, while somebody slammed her head over and over again against the wall...

Gasping, she whirled and hurried for the door, tears rolling down her cheek at the shame of not being able to make herself do the one thing that would stop this all from happening...

* * * * *

Hearing the woman cry, Todd suddenly realized that this wasn't a fantasy at all, but real life...

Feeling supremely guilty, he yanked his eye away from the wall even as he heard the woman let out a sob-muffled curse, and tried to forget about what he'd just done. and so didn't see the woman next door as she shuddered and shivered, stumbling like a drunk woman as her body began to change... but still, helplessly, driven to move towards the door....

* * * * *

Her body was in an uproar, and she could barely stay upright. but to stop was unthinkable. No matter how difficult, she had to keep moving towards the door - and she did, even as she felt her body shifting yet again. "Fuck. " She swore, her jumping vocal chords making it sound like a sob.

Again, she felt a rippling sensation as her hair fell out, to be replaced with a new style.. and she once more felt her breasts expanding. She also felt changes being made to her face and body in general...

...but they were all over with by the time she reached the door and let herself out.

She wanted, desperately, to reenter the room, grab that needle. but she couldn't. She *had* to go shopping, *right now* - and so she found herself once more leaving the building.

She was having trouble, in more ways then just coping with the horrible situation in which she found herself. For one thing, her feet were now too small for her shoes, and it was decidedly awkward to walk in them. Also, her newly enlarged breasts had more mass, and bounced slightly with each step she took - making her fully swollen nipples drag across the inside of her shirt in a way that was driving her nuts, as well as disgusting her by making her find something 'nice' about her changes...

Though it was nearly dawn, she didn't have any trouble finding a store that was open at this hour, not in this neighborhood. If she'd wanted demure, unisex clothes she would have been shit out of luck. As it was, she didn't want any women's clothes - but the type she needed was readily available at a shop down the street.

The clerk of the shop was female, for which Kyle was eternally and internally grateful - but that didn't lessen the new woman's need to shop. In the mirrors of the store, she saw her new body - still slender, tall and lithe, but now with pale skin and wavy black hair that hung past her narrow new shoulders. Her face was cool, but definitely attractive, with dark eyes and fuller lips, and her waist was considerably smaller in diameter, making her hips look less 'boyish', though they'd remained the same as before. Her breasts were now a firm D-cup from the look of them, and the nipples had lightened to a more pinkish color, as well as being larger.

Shame and disgust flooded Kyle as he began to browse the collection of clothes available. She felt like a pervert or faggot looking at women's clothes, even though her new body was more suited to these items then masculine attire. Of course, tat fact

wasn't one to make her happy, either, and her new face bore a thunderous scowl revealing the fact she wasn't happy - but, again, that didn't stop her from 'picking out' several sets of new clothes, even though she had little actual choice as to what she was buying.

Paying for three sets of new clothes, she helplessly found herself compelled to go into a change room and put one of them on before leaving the store. Her face thunderous, eyes showing her disgust and shame, she stripped off her male clothes and dumped them in the garbage, then began to dress in one of the outfits she'd helplessly purchased.

The first item was a pair of black cotton panties that were pretty nondescript - but utterly disgusting to Kyle as she helplessly drew them on, pulling them over unspectacular-but-definitely-feminine legs and setting them in place over her new, fully formed womanhood.

Helplessly, she smoothed the fabric over her 'best'/'worst'/most-perfectly-feminine feature, her spectacular, firm ass.

Then she pulled on the one-piece, black-PVC 'catsuit', that covered her from ankle-to-wrist-to-neck in gleaming black. She'd managed to 'fight' her urges enough to buy PVC rather than the much more expensive leather... but whatever 'forced' urges placed in her head were continuous, so she felt a sort of low-level 'disappointment' in the cheaper substitute material, even though she didn't want to feel it.

As a equally horrible side-effect, she felt even more unwelcome 'pride/pleasure/satisfaction' at the way she looked in the outfit, with the zipper drawn up three-quarters of the way, so as to display a nice amount of her milky-white cleavage.

Next came the black elbow-length gloves, also in gleaming PVC. Helplessly, Kyle pulled them on over her transformed hands... then used those same hands to reach down and (horror! Horror!) pull on the black knee-high boots with the four-inch contoured heel.

She felt a wave of utter shame as she stood, balancing carefully atop the unfamiliar heels. However, that shame was only a faint shadow of what she felt as she picked up the bags containing her other purchases and walked out to the desk...

"Makeup." She all but snarled, hating what she was doing but unable to stop. "I need make-up." The woman behind the counter frowned at Kyle's attitude. "I'm sorry, we don't sell..."

"Then I'll damned-well take yours!" Kyle all but shouted, driven by a need that angered and disgusted her. "A hundred dollars for whatever you've got in your purse!"

The woman frowned... but wasn't about to turn Kyle down.

Humiliated, Kyle took the make-up and walked over to a mirror, where she helplessly applied black mascara to her ,long, dark lashes, dark blue eye-shadow, black eyeliner... and gloss-red lipstick.

She did so in a state of shock - because she was stunned by what had happened. She'd felt that raging need to put on make-up... but she didn't know how...

...and she'd felt her mind pull the skills she needed out of the clerk's mind. The needs she was feeling were so strong that they succeeded where her own willpower had failed.. at breaking through into a woman's mind. Instead of changing what it found there, though, it just copied it exactly... and placed it in Kyle's mind. Now, she was as skilled at doing make-up as the woman behind the counter was.

Finished, she dropped her newly-purchased (and expensive) makeup into the purse she'd just bought, grabbed her bags, and awkwardly wobbled to the door, yanking it open and stepping outside...

...and almost barreling into a couple just walking by. From the looks of them, Kyle would guess that he was a trucker, and she his wife.. they just had that look about them.

Horried, Kyle found himself spreading her newly-glossed lips into a warm smile.

"Excuse me - I didn't see you there, handsome..." She found herself saying in a husky, come-hither voice - the type of voice that the trucker wanted to hear. The wife was shooting daggers at her, and Kyle wished she could explain that this certainly wasn't her idea... but that she was filling the woman's own husband's fantasy...

"That's okay..." the trucker said, eyeing her cleavage appreciatively... and she found herself leaning forward, to let him see a better view... while feeling another disgusting 'pleasant' sensation in her mind. Just as she now unwillingly 'liked' leather outfits, she now 'liked' showing her cleavage... then she felt that mind-delving sensation as she sucked a copy of something out of the fuming wife's brain. A second later, Kyle discovered what it was - a hip-swinging sexy stride, her balanced easily and 'naturally' atop her new high heels as she walked down the street...

...in the wrong direction. The hotel was the other way... but the guy obviously wanted to ogle her spectacular ass, and she had to oblige him by walking in the same direction the couple was going, with the wife no doubt beating the guy on the arm as he stared at Kyle's butt... but Kyle had no choice but to continue walking with her new stride, unable to break free of the compulsion...

...and hating the fact that she had yet another 'pleasant' sensation from having her ass ogled.

The fact that the guy was just fantasizing about her new body doing things she didn't want to do rather than a whole different body was little comfort...

Helplessly, she walked farther from the hotel, entering a more run-down section of town, a sort of commercial-industrial area. The sun was beginning to rise as she found herself walking past a big-rig parked in an abandoned lot, and she had a hunch...

...she helplessly continued walking until she was past the next building, turning the corner and vanishing from the trucker's line-of-site... and immediately felt the urge to walk vanish. Slumping against the wall, Kyle struggled for control over her emotions as she listened to the truck start up and pull away...

...and she was stunned to realize that the 'itching' in the back of her mind was barely noticeable. There were no guys at all nearby. She was safe.

She was torn. Should she head back to the hotel, and the drug that would keep her from being able to change... or stay here, safe from change...?

The memory of what had happened with her first attempt to get the drug, plus the fact she was utterly exhausted, gave her the answer. She'd stay out here, rest up - and then try to get her hands on the drug as soon as she could. Frankly, she didn't think she had the strength to walk the five blocks back to the hotel - if it hadn't been for the 'urge' of the trucker's wanting to watch her wiggle her great ass, she wouldn't have made it this far. She'd been up for more than thirty hours at this point, and changing took a lot out of her...

Looking around, she spotted a likely building in which to take refuge for a few hours. With a credit card from the wallet in her purse, she jimmied the lock and let herself into the obviously abandoned warehouse, looking around the decaying interior with a sigh.

In one corner of the almost empty building were some large, irregularly cut sections of carpet - cast-off end-of-roll stuff. Walking over, she sat down on them and began to undress.

It was hard - damned hard. She felt an unwanted pang of pain as she struggled to undress, her altered mind 'wanting' to keep looking 'sexy' in tight, shiny clothes. It was only by telling herself that she was just getting undressed for bed that she managed to defeat the new 'desires' of her altered mind. It was yet further proof that any changes to her mind were permanent, at least until a new change overrode them.

Naked, she lay back on the carpeting... and closed her eyes, struggling for an inner calm she definitely didn't feel. There was a slight chance...

Finally, she managed to reach a trance state, though it was incredibly difficult.. and she began to focus on the thought of being her old male self again. To be male... To have a cock again...

It was like fighting uphill with a boulder chained to each leg... and then the sensations of change hit, giving her a sudden sense of victory, having managed to push - not outward - but inward, into her own mind...

But the victory was premature.. because the very sensations were too much to allow her to maintain the trance, and she snapped out of it. Sighing, she checked herself over.

She was bald. The 'wrong' hair had fallen out, but the 'right' hair hadn't had time to replace it. She was more muscular, with somewhat broader shoulders.. but on her hairless chest, her tits still sat.

However, most of her focus had been on 'the most important' part - getting a cock back. And, indeed, a cock thrust skyward from her crotch.

The most utterly immense, thick cock Kyle had ever seen, complete with enormous balls the size of softballs. So important had it been, so large in her mind had it loomed, that she'd overdone it...

"But I changed myself...!" She whispered in the same feminine voice that she'd used with the trucker, exhausted by the effort. "I can change myself back, if nobody's around..."

She was too exhausted to try again. She'd do that after getting a nap.

Laying back, she stared up at the ceiling, her enormous cock hard and throbbing... and she glanced down, past her tits, to the huge hard on.

Reaching out, she wrapped her still-feminine hands around the massive shaft, somewhat stunned and disgusted by how erotic it looked, feminine hands wrapped around a massive cock.

Closing her eyes to the disturbingly erotic sight, she began to masturbate, moaning in her feminine voice as her hands worked her gigantic shaft...

...almost without thinking about it, she let go of the huge, throbbing cock with one hand, using that hand to fondle her tit, the firm, dome- shaped tit a little more then her hand could take at once. She moaned again, loader and longer, at the pleasures from chest and crotch as she continued fondling her tits and jacking off, shivering at the odd new-old sensations, not sure what to think about the fact that this felt better then anything she'd ever done by herself before...

The hand on her cock increased pace as she felt herself nearing orgasm, her whole body shaking and shivering - and the pleasure from her tit doubling as she continued to fondle it frantically.... then she came. She came harder and longer then she'd ever cum before, her huge new tool firing like a fire-hose, spurting a thick stream of warm cum into the air in a seemingly never-ending stream, raining down on her body and face, coating her new tits and face in warm jizz as she screamed loud and long in extreme pleasure, not even noticing the warm cum that splattered into her open mouth - the cum that she kept swallowing to keep from choking...

...and even as the most intense orgasm of her life began to fade, her over-taxed body shut down and she was slammed immediately into a deep, dark sleep without dreams or sensations...

* * * * *

There are various levels of confusion...

One of the highest of all would probably involving 'waking up' - and finding yourself walking down the street. Fully dressed. And a woman.

That was the level of confusion Kyle felt in the first instants of consciousness as she gazed at the view in front of her as she used her new, sexy walk to move down the street. She was under a compulsion to do so, and couldn't make herself stop. though, with a painful effort, she could slow herself a bit, and look down at herself.

She was fully female once again, and dressed in one of the other outfits she'd bought.

She was balanced atop six-inch stiletto heels belonging to the black patent-leather pumps she'd bought. From those shoes rose legs much sexier than the ones from the night before, clad in black fishnet stockings that vanished beneath the mid-thigh hem of the black PVC dress she wore. The dress with a low neckline that displayed quite a bit of cleavage, especially since it wasn't quite designed for her now-DDD-cup tits, which bulged at the top and threatened to spill all the way out.

From the hair that hung beside her face, she was now a blonde - wavy golden hair that hung well below her shoulders.

Of her bags of purchases, there was no sign - but at least she had her purse. A check of the watch she'd stuffed inside showed that she'd slept twelve hours straight - it was now five-thirty in the afternoon.

"Oh, fuck..." Kyle muttered, wincing at the new feminine voice that it came out in. Obviously, she'd been so 'zonked' that when some man's fantasies had reached enough power to activate her mind's new - and horrific - abilities, she hadn't even waken. Now, she was doing whatever it was he was fantasizing about, in the body he'd been fantasizing about.

She let her body get back up to speed - simply because she'd tried to stop completely, and the huge bolt of pain through her head had been too much to bear. Now, frightened, frustrated and disgusted, she could only obey this new implanted compulsion and let her altered, buxom-blonde body take her wherever it was she was going.

She found herself going to a building about a block away from where she'd 'waken up' - and going around the side, up to the back door, and knocking.

The tall, slightly budge guy who answered managed to get 'Can I...?' out before Kyle found herself pushing him back into the room, the door swinging shut behind her with a sound like a prison door slamming shut...

...as she pressed herself firmly against his body, her big new tits hard against his chest as she wrapped one fishnet-clad leg around his, her arms around his neck... and pressed her fuller new lips firmly against his.

His stiffened - in more ways than one - and then began to kiss back... exactly as he'd fantasized about doing on a very slow day in the electronics' supply house. Though startled, he wasn't going to argue when his perfect fantasy woman started kissing him hungrily. So, he kissed back... and reached around and began fondling her ass, which made her moan in pleasure, low in the back of her throat...

* * * * *

The moan was part of the man's fantasy... but the fact that it was also true disgusted Kyle.

Not nearly as much as the fact she was engaged in enthusiastic lip-lock with him, though - and loving it. It felt fantastic... mainly because he'd unknowing altered her mind. He wanted her to really, really enjoy kissing, and so her mind was helplessly altered so that kissing guys produced great physical pleasure for her... even though it utterly disgusted her.

What disgusted her even more than the frantic lip-lock was the thought of what he'd want to do after the kiss was done....

Everybody knows the term 'saved by the bell'. In Kyle's case, it was literal - the sound of the bell at the front counter ringing as a customer looked for attention.

The guy broke the kiss. "Oh - shit!" he swore, staring at her bounteous cleavage. "Uh.. I gotta go and.. uh. "

She helplessly smiled at him, just the way he wanted, and said the words he wanted to hear. "Go ahead, lover-boy. I promise... I won't start without you..."

She said it in a low, sensuous tone that made the guy begin to sweat. Gulping, he tried to minimize his erection as he scurried away, out the door into the front office...

...and the instant the door closed, Kyle was out the back door, hurrying as fast as her six-inch heels would allow.

The man's fantasies were obvious, and if she were still there when he came back in... The very thought made her shudder. She was saved by his own disbelief, though - part of him just couldn't believe she'd still be there when he got back, and so she was almost following a command to leave, to make his own self-doubt 'true'.

Even as she hurried away, however, she was trying to cope with the terrifying sensation of 'wanting' to kiss men. The guy's day-dream fantasy hadn't been very specific, at least not about certain things. He hadn't thought specifically about a girl who just enjoyed kissing him immensely - he wanted her to enjoy kissing, period. So, now Kyle did... sort of. Part of her very, very much wanted to find another man, even one not 'controlling' her unawares, and kiss the hell out of him - and that made the other part of her scream in horror.

The 'left over' commands were beginning to pile up... and it felt like her brain was slowly splitting in two. [part of it was her original, male brain - and the slowly growing part was the 'composite' brain of the women she'd become, and the ideas planted in her. These added up, one on top of the other, and created 'cravings' she didn't want, and new 'preferences' and 'pleasures' that she knew were utterly disgusting to her male mind... yet couldn't keep herself from feeling. Even now, the outfit she was wearing made her 'happy', though she hated wearing it just a little less than having a body that it could be worn on....

But what sickens and scares Kyle the most. is the fact that her unused 'abilities' are growing stronger as she uses them. At first, her

'powers' could only make relatively small changes. now, this body is completely different then her original one. Each transformation is less painful, and much faster...

...and the range of her telepathic powers are growing. When she'd fallen asleep last night, the man at the electronics supply house wouldn't have been able to effect her. Some time shortly before she awoke, however, her powers had extended enough that he'd come into range by coming a few feet closer, from the front of the shop to the back.

That was the thought that really scared her. She was still buffered from literally hundreds of urges every given second by the sheer number of 'transmissions' she was picking up - but the more powerful ones could 'break through'. and the scariest part was the fact that the most powerful ones were likely to be the most extreme. As her powers increased, so did the 'babble' in her head. and it would take more and more powerful fantasies to 'burn through' the mental static and affect her...

She had to get back to the hotel. She had to get back, now, and take the other serum. She had to...

...she had to go to the mall and buy some new clothing RIGHT NOW!

She was hurrying already... but she wished she could hurry faster. She really had to get to the mall and buy a nice red skirt and a matching...

"Wait a second..." Kyle said, still hurrying. "Wait a second! - What the hell...?"

The 'urge' hadn't been preceded by a noticeable 'burrowing' feeling - it had slid in as-neat-as-you-please, so much so that she'd very nearly missed her sudden, literal, 'change of mind' until she'd realized what she'd been thinking...

...but that didn't lessen the impact. She still had to do it. New fears wormed in her gut at how easily her power was functioning. In other circumstances, with her controlling it to do what she wanted to other people, she would have been overjoyed to have reached the level where thoughts could be 'slipped in' unaware.... but, in her situation, in scared the shit out of her...

Helplessly, she found herself flagging down a cab, whose driver cast appreciative looks at her that made her feel disturbingly 'good'. She ordered him, helplessly, to take her to the nearest mall, while she silently screamed in her mind to order him to take her to the hotel...

...an 'order' that refused to be followed. Meanwhile, she was beset by the man's half-formed daydreams about her, helplessly causing her to 'flirt' with him, choosing positions that best displayed her new charms.. but she wouldn't actually go as far as he might have wanted, because whatever 'fantasy' had started her trip to the mall was much stronger then the driver's idle fantasies, even if her was much, much closer. The fact that somebody's fantasy was that strong also scared the shit out of Kyle, but there was, quite literally, nothing she could do about it...

At the mall, she found herself knowing already what she 'wanted' - needed - to buy. Her strengthening power was making thoughts more 'clear' to her - and, partially, overriding her own, making it had to tell where one ended and the other began. Whereas, before, she'd had to look through the selection at the store to see what her unwilling 'urge' needed, now she knew what she had to buy. Quickly, she selected and paid for the items she needed... then found herself hurrying to a women's restroom and ducking into one of the stalls.

When she pushed the door to the bathroom open, she somehow expected somebody to start screaming, since she was, after a 'really' a man - but her 'disguise' was perfect, and nobody seemed to find anything odd about a buxom woman ducking into the bathroom.

Once inside the safety of the stall, she was in for another rude awakening, another example of her growing power...

Before, her body had changed the instant her mind had received the 'fantasy'. That was because it was all coming in below her conscious mind. Now the growing power was tied into her cognitive facilities... and it had kept the physical transformation from occurring while she was in the wrong clothes. Once in the stall, she helplessly found herself undressing - and as soon as she was naked, the change hit.

It was almost completely painless. She was able to stand stock-still, with no shivering or twitching, as the world seemed to grow around her - she was shrinking, something she'd more-or-less expected from the size clothing she'd purchased.

A cascade of golden curls fluttered to the floor as new, rust-red hair grew in long and straight on a skull that was in the process of reshaping itself. Her hips widened slightly.. and the weight on her chest grew even heavier as she felt her tits swell outwards, ever larger...

She was halfway through the happy thought 'Oh, wonderful, my boobs are getting bigger...' when she realized what she was thinking - and how 'happy' she was about it. Her skin crawled at the way her mind had reacted to the still-powerful command to enjoy 'showing off her tits' - and since bigger tits were even easier to show off, she'd been 'happy' about it...

Once the change was done, she dressed... wishing she could at least delay or hesitate, but it was harder to do then ever. It wasn't so much the pain acting as a deterrent... it was just plain harder to even send the signals to her body to pause. It was as if the conduits from her 'real' mind and her altered body were closing up... and when she finally did manage to make the effort to get the command through, then she was 'rewarded' with the burst of mind-numbing pain that made the whole thing an effort in futility in the first place.

She started with the lacy white panties. Drawing them up her 'cuter' new legs, she settled them in place over a vagina that now sported a patch of russet pubic hair neatly 'trimmed' - grown - in a disturbingly cute heart-shape.

Next, she pulled on the semi-opaque, white, thigh-high nylons, over which went a tight, bright-red skirt that just very barely covered the tops of the nylons when she was standing straight.

Next came a red spandex crop-top in nearly the exact same shade of red. Her new tits were the size of large melons and tipped with big, thick nipples, and the top hadn't really been designed to deal with breasts that size - one on, it left a whole lot of tit bare at the top, sides and bottom, barely street-legal.

The thrill she got at the idea that so little of her 'wonderful' new tits were covered didn't make her feel any better.

Over the ensemble went a white apron with a ruffle of lace around the edges. The apron tied at the neck and around her waist... but hung low enough not to hide her fantastic new cleavage.

Then She put a little frilly 'maid' cap in her long, red hair, which she pulled back into a ponytail. Smoothing the skirt over her hips in an unconscious gesture unknowingly 'copied' from one of the women in the bathroom, Kyle stepped into the red leather pumps with the gold-colored six inch heels.

Dumping the contents of her purse into a new, red-leather one, she added the remaining items from the bag to her new purse and just left her old belonging and clothes where they lay as she stepped out of the stall and walked up to the mirror to put on her make-up and simple gold-tone jewelry.

She was almost disgustingly cute. About five-two, she was very slightly on the 'pudgy' side... no, that wasn't true. She wasn't 'fat', just well padded, so she was super-cute and sexy, all in one. She had a heart-shaped face, with big lips that didn't need much help - just a light layer of clear gloss. Likewise, her huge green eyes just needed a hint of mascara and eyeshadow. Her milky white complexion needed no blush at all.

Her tits were big - damned big. But on her 'padded' body, they weren't overdone, but just perfect. She was a complete package of cute- and-sexy, vibrant and perky, right down to the smile...

...which was practically glued to her face, because she couldn't get rid of it.

With a 'cute and sexy' stride (stolen from a girl in the mall - she headed to the front doors, purse tucked under her arm, eyes meeting appreciative male gazes.. and lips widening her smile in acknowledgment, while Kyle was bashed on all sides by various unwanted pleasure at being openly admired. Inside, she struggled for a sense of mental balance, trying to find a way out of what was happening...

...and failing. Using a pay phone, she called another cab and was soon being dropped off at a residence in the suburbs. With the same damned walk, she headed up to the front door, feeling her confined tits jiggling with every step, despite the spandex enclosing them - there was enough breast-flesh there that they managed that feat.

Reaching the door, she simply let herself in, then walked confidently to Jake's room...

...stunned by the fact that she knew her 'fantasizer' by name...

...as she opened the door and entered the messy room, belonging to a shy twenty-year-old young man who still lived with his parents, and who (when reminded by a phone call from his Mom to have his room clean by the time she got home) was fantasizing about having a maid clean his room for him... and if there was going to be a maid in his room, she might as well still be there when he got home from his part-time job...

Now, her smile could slip - there was nobody there to see it. In fact, Kyle was able to curse loudly and at great length as she helplessly hurried to tidy up the room, knowing exactly where Jake liked each item put away, knowing exactly how he liked his room to look when it was fully cleaned...

Her cursing - in a sweet, Irish-accented voice - stopped suddenly a few seconds before she heard the sound of Jake unlocking the door...

...which gave her pause, even as she retreated silently to the bed and sat down, waiting helplessly. How had she gotten in? She'd just opened the door...

...and had noticed the slight 'ca-chunk' the instant she'd begun to turn the knob. She hadn't thought anything of it at the time... but now she realized it had been the sound of the lock releasing.

Even as her perky smile pasted itself on her face, she was shocked to realize that, under the force of her compulsion, other powers were coming to life. When she'd done her studying, she'd read about the connections between the different powers of the mind, but had ignored the ones that hadn't been of direct interest to her. Now, though, she saw that the shear force of her 'needs' were causing these dormant powers to life...

...like 'telekinesis'. She'd unlocked the door herself, with the power of her mind - simply because her sub-subconscious desperately, unwaveringly needed to get in the house to clean it.

The thought that more and more power was being marshaled on behalf of this horrible, horrific situation made her blood run cold...

...but it didn't show as Jake opened the door to his room, walked in - and stopped dead at the sight of her sitting on the bed, legs crossed at the knees, shoulders back to display more cleavage as she smiled at him.

Jake was a tall, lanky young man with curly black hair and dark, soulful brown eyes - eyes wide in astonishment, at the moment. "Wha...?" He tried, found the semi-formed word wasn't good enough, switched to "Who...", without any more success.

Helplessly, Kyle rose from the bed.

"I hope I did it right, Jake." She said in that cute, Irish accent. "I was in an awful hurry to be done a'fore ye got home, dontcha know..." "I..." Jake tried this time. When it didn't work, he tried. "You..."

"I wanted to get paid, y'see..." She said, still smiling, as she approached him. "Perhaps you should start with a kiss?"

She stopped, smiling at him, her head tilted up... and he just looked at her for a long, long moment - so long that she was horrified to find herself actually craving the kiss, not from his fantasy, but from her new, 'ingrained' love of kissing.

She rooted through his mind, half-unwillingly....

"It's all a dream, Jake." She told him, confidently. "It's still ten minutes before you wake up - it's 'last night', and you just dreamed all that happened today, like that guy givin' you a twenty-dollar tip. Now, ye'd better hurry and kiss me before you wake up. "

He still gaped at her, only half-sure. She could tell, because she was still 'reading' his mind, trapped in a fantasy that he desperately wanted... but unsure if it was real...

She reached out and touched his hand - and felt the power of his thought multiply ten times over, direct contact with his flesh strengthening the mental contact enormously...

...and, shocked, Kyle found herself 'pushing' a thought into his head. Just as he'd tried doing with women, when he'd first found the power - but unlike women, Jake's mind wasn't 'alien'. and the direct contact made it easier, though it was still like shoving a heavy weight out of the way...

...but it worked - Jake accepted the 'fact' that he was dreaming - and went ahead and bent down... the kiss was fantastic - because she was getting feed-back from his mind, the direct contact incredibly powerful as she knew, every instant, what exactly he wanted, and gave it to him. For him, it was the ideal kiss - and for her, it was horribly pleasant.

Finally, she broke the kiss.. and she smiled at him.

"Not long 'till the alarm, Jake." She said, sweetly. "Better hurry up if you want to get at my tits. "

Grinning, Jake quickly untied the apron and tossed it aside. Again, only half unwilling, Kyle lifted her own arms to allow him to pull off her crop-top, causing her tits to jiggle as the top was yanked off...

Then Jake was on his knees, his big, lean hands enclosing each massive globe of tit-flesh while his lips began to suck and lick one thick, engorged nipple.

Kyle moaned - and it wasn't feigned or forced, though it was exactly what Jake wanted to hear. It was genuine pleasure - and that scared her even more, for her tits were more sensitive than she'd thought, and his gently-yet-urgent ministrations to her globes were too pleasant for her own comfort.

"Yes, lad - that's fantastic..." She gasped. "Hurry, now - hurry..."

Still a virgin, Jake was hesitant about having sex, even in his fantasies. His fear of rejection, even in a dream, was great... but he had no problems with the thought of jacking off, and so he stood while she knelt down, and quickly whipped out a completely average cock...

Helplessly, Kyle smiled up at the young man looming over her well-endowed body, shivering with the pleasure she was proving herself as she fondled her own, round tits, watching Jake as he frantically yanked on his hard cock...

...until he came, aiming the stream of thick cum at her tits, spraying them with a short stream of heavy goo.

"Oh, that's wonderful, love..." she cooed, eyes closed in what was, horribly, only half-feigned pleasure as her hands massaged the cum into her tit-flesh, leaving her tits glistening.

Rising, she smiled up at Jake, her tits covered with his cum, and quickly pulled on the crop-top, leaving the apron where he'd tossed it. Turning, she headed out of the house...

...leaving behind a very confused young man who was just beginning to comprehend the fact that it wasn't a dream at all...

For her part, Kyle was trying very, very hard to cope with what she'd just done, and what was happening to her. After all, it was pretty damned obvious that she was being affected by stronger and stronger fantasies, ones formed not by the person nearest her, but by those with the most... powerful mental images of what they wanted. Her powers were rapidly increasing...

...and it all added up to something even more rapidly horrifying than anything she'd ever considered.

The thought of being turned into a woman had horrified her - and still did. But that would seem a kind fate in comparison to what was really happening. Being a 'woman' meant living a woman's life, however poorly or unwelcome - but she had no life, not right now. She wasn't a 'concrete' person with a 'real' existence...

...she was a sex fantasy. Her actions, her appearance - all were outside her control, and proscribed to very limited fields. She hadn't gone to the washroom since this had started, nor eaten - simply because nobody had 'imagined' her doing so, and she hadn't had enough time to herself to take care of these 'real life' situations. Like the night before, men's fantasies overrode everything, even her most basic instinct, like exhaustion - if she hadn't left the driver's sight it was quite possible that he could have imagined her walking long enough that it would literally be the death of her. She'd been exhausted... but unable to stop what she was doing.

She was starving. She could eat a horse, whole, cooked or raw... but she didn't have that option, because she'd found herself already under a compulsion as she left Jake's house, and was walking somewhere in specific, as quickly as she could. Though her gut was aching with hunger, she couldn't stop and eat - and she seriously doubted she could find somebody with a really, really strong fantasy about her eating a full meal.

She'd feared that if she didn't find a way to escape the slowly mounting effects of her new powers she'd be trapped a woman for the rest of her life, and it had seemed a fate worse than death - but now that death itself reared its ugly head, Kyle found that she wanted very much to live, even if she were doomed to spend the rest of her life as a woman.

It was the unknowns that were piling higher and deeper upon her slender new shoulders as she hailed a cab with the same, chipper smile.

Only now, in hindsight, could she every mistake she'd made - and the sheer arrogance of her original frame of mind. She was horrified and ashamed at what she'd become - but equally horrified and ashamed by what she'd been. This, after all, had been what she'd planned to do to women, to make them mere puppets to her male fantasies. Even when the first few changes had happened, she hadn't seen the poetic justice of what was happening to her: After all, they would be women with just a few changes, while she was a man turned female...

...except, now, she realized that the physical changes weren't the worst part. No, it was the mental changes, the lack of control. Here she was, a cute, buxom red-head in a cab, feeling her new tits shimmy with every bump in the car's ride, her long hair tickling the back of her neck, a thin coating of cool cum coating her huge new mounds... and she sat in the cab with an insipid grin on her face, apparently happy with her lot in life, on her way to a new 'fantasy' with an outwardly calm expression...

Never in her life had she wanted to simply scream in utter frustration. She couldn't display a single 'real' emotion, couldn't perform even the most basic, necessary actions except when 'permitted' by a simple lack of powerful fantasies, an outcome made unlikely by her growing powers. Yet... all of this was random, none of it intentional. Whereas, the complete and utter ass she had been had intentionally planned to inflict this onto women....

Now, her hopes were shrinking rapidly. With her stronger powers, the chances of finding 'dead time' to take care of her own needs, much less to take the serum, seemed increasingly small. If she survived the next twenty-four hours, there was no guarantee that she'd no longer have to obey men's fantasies - once the serum wore off, her own 'natural' talents might still have grown strong enough to lock her into this new life. Even if they didn't. she might not be able to change herself back into a man, not with all the added mental

'luggage' that was piling up in her head, making it harder and harder to find the will to change back.

She hated what she'd become, and hated what she'd been. She'd trapped herself in a situation of her own making, yet had no control over what she did - and while she was horrified by what she was becoming and what she was doing, she feared death even more...

Though her cute face in no way revealed her inner thoughts, she was lost in torment and fear as the cab pulled up to the destination she'd known to give it, and she smiled at the driver and paid him. with what was very nearly the last of the money in her wallet, yet another consideration that 'fantasies' didn't take into account.

Once more smoothing her skirt with that 'practiced' motion, Kyle headed for the door of the office buildings he found herself outside of, using that smooth, decidedly feminine gait she'd been 'cursed' with, moving atop the six-inch heels like and expert as she negotiated the revolving door...

...even as the door spun her into the lobby, Kyle understood what was coming, the reason why she was here, what fantasy she was to fulfill... and the pure horror, shock and fear that overwhelmed her like never before was actually enough to stop her dead in her stride, her face carved into a soundly scream of physical and emotional agony as the bright white pain of 'disobedience' flared, burning hot and clear in her mind, eating away at her like an acid...

One trembling foot took a step forward, eager to continue, to escape the pain... and then she stopped again, her expression of horror and agony increasing as she fought to keep control. The desperate intellectual need to turn and leave was so great that it met in even contest with the need to continue, holding her in place in a world of white-hot agony...

"Are you all right, miss?" A security guard asked, staring at her....

...and the instant of distraction he gave pushed the tide of battle in favor of her new urge.

"Just a very, very bad cramp in my calf." She said, sweetly. "It's going now - but, boy, did it hurt. "

The guard grinned in uncertain sympathy as she smiled sweetly at him and found herself heading towards the bank of elevators at the end of the lobby.

'No...!' She screamed at her disobedient mind, struggling to work up enough will to battle her actions. "I have to stop. This.. this is. '

The mere thought of what she was about to walk into was to horrible to contemplate, and she couldn't force herself to finish. Instead, she could only helplessly watch as she 'calmly' pushed the button that summoned the elevator, looking completely comfortable as she stepped into the small contrivance and watched the doors seal shut like the kneel off doom. Though the elevator was empty, she kept the same, calm smile on her cute new face as she hit the button that sent the elevator car climbing towards the penthouse far above... and herself down to the deepest depths of her own personal hell, all the while with her incapable of display any of the horror that filled her.

When the elevator slowed to the Penthouse level, she prayed, desperately, for the cable on the elevator to snap and send her plummeting twenty-three stories to blissful death...

Instead, the brass doors slid efficiently open, and she stepped out of the elevator with an apparently easy step.

The woman at the reception desk in the penthouse lobby was a spare, efficient-looking woman in an expensively conservative suit, her silver-shot blonde hair expensively styled. The gaze she gave the buxom form Kyle was currently wearing spoke volumes, and the tone of her voice only drove the impression home.

"Are you sure you have the right floor... Miss?"

"I'm here to see Douglas Terrill." Kyle said, which was true enough - but the '...so can you hand me that letter opener so I can slit my throat?' wouldn't come out.

The secretary looked her up and down, slowly. "Let me guess... you don't have an appointment, correct?" "No, I don't - but he'll want to see me." Kyle said, knowing it was the horrible truth.

"I'm sorry, Miss..." The receptionist said, icily...

Kyle still didn't have much ability to do anything with a woman's mind other than copy habits and skills - so, instead, she found herself reaching out and 'touching' Doug Terril's cold, orderly mind.

She didn't 'implant' any instruction - she spoke. In a mental voice as every bit as feminine as her vocal one.

"I'm a very buxom red-head standing in your reception area." She told the startled businessman. "Your receptionist is giving me trouble - and I think you definitely want to see me. Tell her to let me in."

"...but I'm afraid I can't possibly fit you in today - or any time this week..." The secretary was saying, with grim satisfaction...

...when the intercom buzzed, interrupting her.

"Gloria?" Doug's cool, controlled voice said over the intercom. "I'm expecting somebody today. I'm sure you won't be able to miss her when she comes in - she'd a rather... well endowed woman with red hair. When she arrives, send her right in, would you...?"

The secretary - Gloria - gaped at the intercom, then at Kyle. "Uh.. actually, she's here now, sir..." She said, her eyes narrowing and shooting daggers at the smugly smiling Kyle. She pushed a button, then gestured coolly at the doors to the inner office.

As she turned to enter the office of Douglas Terrill, Kyle made one, last desperate attempt to save herself from her fate, struggled to dash to the window of the reception area and throw herself through it - and only managed to hesitate for the briefest instant before walking into the office, closing the door behind her.

The office was huge, and seated behind the equally massive desk at the far end was a short, massively muscled man with short, sandy blonde hair and a very controlled expression, his cool eyes watching as Kyle gracefully crossed the expensive, deep-pile carpet towards him.

"You certainly have a... an *intriguing* way of announcing yourself, miss..." Doug's calm voice trailed off expectantly as Kyle finished crossing the broad expanse of expensive carpeting to stop in front of his desk. She continued smiling helplessly at him, while her mind gibbered in horror, remaining silent.

His eyebrow climbed slightly. "It's customary to give your name when somebody does that, you know - verbally, or by... other methods."

"I can't give you my name..." The woman said, the one that used to belong to her now utterly inaccessible for means of identifying herself. Coming into his presence had made sure of that. "You haven't told me what it is yet."

The eyebrow rose even higher. "I beg your pardon?"

"I can see into your mind." She told him. "I know your greatest fantasy - to find somebody who you can control, completely and utterly. Somebody who you can have utter domination over - and I am your fantasy."

The words tasted like ashes in her mouth as she gave her life away to him - but she couldn't stop herself from doing it.

She'd become disgusted by the man she'd used to be - but her old attitude didn't hold a candle to this man's dark soul. He had no compunctions, no conscience. The only thing that kept him from trying to live his depraved fantasies of domination was his equally towering intellect, which was logical enough to see the outcome if he failed to fetter his desires.

Now.. now she had no choice. His dark desire to dominate a person's life completely was the most powerful fantasy for miles and miles - and so she was forced to fulfill it, to give herself over to him.

"I'm not quite sure I understand..." Doug said, thoughtfully, his brows knitting as he considered the implications of what she'd said. "Maybe you'd better explain it to me. Everything."

She had no choice but to obey. Even as she felt herself slipping into panic, struggling - in vain - to escape this fate before her, she told him every detail of what had happened to her, every single instant since she'd managed the first contact with another mind - everything. In exquisite detail...

...because she transmitted it all directly to his mind, without words, so there was not the slightest chance of doubt or misunderstanding. In the space of a few minutes she transferred all the pure, intellectual memories to him, stripping them of her emotions and bias, just giving him the raw, factual data to assimilate.

The brows climbed even higher as the new knowledge poured into his brain, and he began to consider it in light of his own, utterly heartless desires. Slowly, he began to smile - the smile that might be a diver's last sight as the shark dove in for the kill...

"This could be.... interesting..." her murmured, unholy lust lighting his eyes despite his calm voice - and the look he gave her made her shudder inside. "I'd like to see you change. Like this..."

He didn't have to describe it - in that instant, the woman who had once been Kyle knew what he wanted - and so, unwilling as she was, she gave it to him.

She shuddered only briefly, the transformation coming disturbingly easy to her.

She stayed the same height, but felt the wide, voluptuous hips of the 'maid' narrowing even as the large, round breasts on her chest shrunk in on themselves. The russet ponytail her hair had been pulled into dropped to the carpeted floor lightly as her head remained gleaming bald under the mellow light of the lamps in the room.

In the space of a few seconds she'd gone from very well-endowed to slender and elfin, almost sexless. Not 'neuter' or 'genderless', for she was most definitely female, from her slender, triangular face with its huge, doe-like eyes to her supple body. No, she just wasn't 'sexy', not even a little bit. Just female.. and almost unreal. The crop-top, seconds ago too tight, now hung as baggy on her chest as her skirt did on her hips.

Doug grinned, unpleasantly. "Wonderful. I think that will do until I'm ready to decide on which form you will wear Submissa."

"Yes, master. Thank you, master." Submissa replied. well, submissively, eyes downcast - just the way she knew he wanted her too.

The odd thing was - it was an act. sort of. There were layers upon layers here. He knew that she was doing it only because she knew that it was what he wanted - but they both knew that she was doing what he wanted, whether she wanted to or not - and that's what got him off. He could have had her acting dominating, and it still would have been 'submissive', because it would be her doing what he wanted, regardless of what the outside world might see.

Which made her the ideal slave. She could appear strong and self-confident, if he so wished, showing the world a facade. while he ruled her completely in her mind...

"Is there anything you don't like on your pizza, Submissa?" Doug asked.

"Yes, master." She said, quietly. "Your slave does not like Anchovies or Olives. "

Doug called his secretary - and ordered her to order a pizza, double anchovies and olives, and a two-liter bottle of pop. Giving his new, helpless slave some instructions, Doug waited until the pizza arrived and had Submissa hide in his huge, private bathroom while he paid for it - then gave his secretary the rest of the day off.

Handing her the pizza box and the pop, Doug made sure she understood his instructions, then left on some errands.

The newly christened 'Submissa' struggled to break out of the horror she found herself in, locked into a 'slave' mode to a man with dark, evil desires. She hoped against hope that the fact he wasn't present in person would give her enough leeway to escape.. or kill herself...

...but the commands he'd given her were as powerful as any other, and maintained that power unless directly countermanded. Instead, she could do nothing but obey his commands.

First, she ate. She took her first bite of the pizza. and almost felt like vomiting at the disgusting flavor. She couldn't stop herself from eating, though...

...and, as per his commands, with every bite the flavor became less and less distasteful.

By the time she finished the entire pizza, it was the most wonderful food she'd ever tasted. The fact that his commands had caused her brain to alter her perceptions and taste buds to make it so didn't in any way lessen the fact that the flavor she'd hated just moments ago was pure ambrosia to her.

After she finished eating, washing the pizza down with some pop, she used the toilet, and then showered in his private shower, wishing she could sob as her hands traveled over her slight, girlish figure, knowing that this was merely Doug's 'stretching exercises', getting a feel for her powers - and, by fiat, his new powers, since she was his complete and utter slave. The fact that she was horrified and disgusted by the fact was wonderful to Doug. It was what he wanted - and, in her, had found something that would not have otherwise existed, no matter how submissive a 'real' woman might make herself through fear, greed or brain-washing.

She heard him return some time later - and he wasn't alone. Just as he'd told her, he'd brought 'a couple of guys' back with her - and, by being able to see into his twisted mind, she already knew what he had planned.

Doug opened the door to the bathroom and handed her a couple of bags.

"You know what to do." He told her, and she nodded submissively, hated, disgust and fear roiling inside her helpless mind. He left her to get ready, and she had no choice but to do so.

She started with the black leather pants. Still naked after her shower, she stepped easily into the pants, her lithe body and coltish legs not coming close to filling the garment, which hung loose and long....

...until she began to change.

Her legs grew longer, more toned and shapely while her hips widened to womanly curves, though not as voluptuous as before. Her ass, however, returned to its previous glory, once more becoming mind-boggling...

...a fact made all the more obvious by the skin-tight pants that now fit her incredibly long, shapely legs and spectacular ass like a second skin.

In her case, it wasn't just a figure of speech. She was able to do something nobody else could - grow right into the pants so they fit absolutely, perfectly taut, an effect usually only achieved with liquid latex, but she did it with gleaming, expensive leather.

Next, she took the black leather belt and cinched it around her nearly infinitesimal waist. Then she reached for the black leather 'crop- top' he'd gotten for her at a very special store that catered to big-bust strippers. Pulling it around her skinny chest,

she willed her breasts to grow - and grow they did, rapidly swelling under the garment, growing ever larger. They went from conical little mounds to domes - and then right on up into spheres, passing the sizes she'd 'worn' already, until they strained the garment to the limit. They were huge, like a pair of medicine balls, with large nipples crammed painfully tight against the inside of the garment she wore.

Next, she let long, golden-blond hair spill down from her scalp as she took make-up out of the bag and began to work on a face that changed even as she applied the make-up.

Gloss-red lipstick soon coated incredibly full, pouty lips - one's 'cribbed' directly from Angelina Jolie, via Doug's imagination. A lot of the rest of her face was also 'stolen', this time from playmate Anna Nicole Smith - but in her younger, thinner days, giving her face an imperiously beautiful, sexy cast, like a sexual challenge to every man she came across. Her new eyes were bright, ice blue, making her look like a sensual Nordic Ice Goddess, a wordless statement that no man was man *enough* to handle her. She didn't look the least bit

'submissive' as she stepped into the black platform shoes with their nine-inch-high stiletto heels... but, inside, where it really mattered, she was merely playing out a script from Doug's mind.

With an incredible, challenging, sensual stride that was equal parts of skill stolen from a fashion model and a stripper, she left the bathroom, pausing in the doorway for an instant as if coldly considering something, pretending to be unaware of the room's occupants while they had a chance to take in her tall, luscious body with its long legs, tiny waist and huge tits.

Doug was sitting at the desk - and he was watching the other two men more than her. The one on the right was dressed in a bland gray suit, a fussy-looking man with a receding hairline and gold-rimmed glasses. The other man was wearing a Saville Row jacket over a white turtle-neck sweater and a pair of tan slacks, looking almost like a GQ model.

Slowly, sensuously, still not directly acknowledging anybody else, Submissa strode across the room to the bar and poured three ounces of Scotch into a glass, no ice. Slowly, she ankled her way across the room...

...to Thomas Greenly, Jr., the accountant in the boring suit.

"A drink, Mr. Greenly?" She asked, her voice husky, sensual, and faintly scornful.

"I really shouldn't, but..." He replied, mildly, accepting the scotch - and downing it all in one, smooth belt...

...which was Submissa's doing.

This was all sort of a test. Greenly was a devoutly religious man, in a small religion that, among other things, forbid the drinking of hard alcohol. She'd reached into his mind and 'pushed' some thoughts... and now he would be a compulsive drinker.

She hadn't changed his beliefs, though. Thomas would be compelled to drink - and feel extreme guilt with every swallow, even as he did now.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, Mr. Greenly?" She asked, sensuously... and the accountant blushed, furiously.

"Uh, well. " He stammered, awkwardly, eyeing her lush body and then looking down at his crotch, where his erection was clearly visible. "I, uh.. I'd love a blow-job. "

"Of course..." She murmured, disgusted with herself as she slowly, sensuously knelt before Greenly and unzipped his fly....

Greenly was a married man. A very happily married man. One who would never have considered cheating on his wife in any way... without some 'help'.

Helpless to stop herself, Submissa leaned forward and slowly licked Greenly's cock up and down, covering it in warm spittle.. then took it into her mouth and began giving Thomas the blow-job of a lifetime, using skills copied from five different women.

As she sucked at his cock, tongue swirling over the head, Submissa was utterly sickened by her actions. Doug wanted it that way. He'd not only let her keep her disgust at the 'homosexual' act of sucking a man's cock, he'd reinforced it - the act felt disgusting, emotionally and physically, her brain altered to make sure she hated the feel and taste of a cock in her mouth as much as she now loved anchovies and olives.

None of this showed as she slurped away at his cock, seemingly content to give him a blow-job forever, while her stomach churned in disgust. Disgust the redoubled when he came, dumping a load of hot jizz into her 'willing' mouth.

She swallowed, moaning as if it were the most wonderful tasting substance in the world - when, thanks to Doug, it tasted and felt like battery acid sliding down her throat.

Then she backed away and smiled at the other man, Dirk Dirgo.

Dirk was staring at her, lust rampant in his eyes and on his face. His eyes were riveted on her huge tits, and he was panting as her rhythmically squeezed-and-released the crotch of his pants, where his cock was already hard as a rock...

...which was all very strange for him, since - until a few minutes ago - Dirk had been gay. Now, however, his sexually desires had done an abrupt turn-around... and he was lusting painfully over the huge-breasted woman before him.

"Damn, bitch..." He gasped, a far cry from his usual, dryly humorous eloquence. "You lookin' damn fine! I gotsta get my hands on them huge hooters, honey! I gotta get me some o' that pussy...!"

Unlike Greenly, Dirgo didn't feel any guilt or confusion at his lusts for her... because, at Doug's instructions, she'd completely altered his outlook, and Dirk didn't even realize that he was now, mentally, a 'dumb sexist pig'. Now, the once intelligent homosexual was focused only on big tits and sex, and would be for the rest of his life... and not even realize he'd changed, thinking it was completely natural.

"Well, if that's what you want..." Submissa told him, and he grinned and unzipped his pants as she slowly, sensuously undressed, shrinking herself ever-so-slightly to get the garments off quickly and easily, then returning to the original dimensions of her new body.

With an apparently willing expression, she walked over, clad only in her heels, and straddled the chair, balancing on her tip-toes as she reached down and gripped the base of Dirk's exposed cock. Dirk was already busy, filling his hands with as much taut tit-flesh as he could.

Positioning herself above his cock, Submissa screamed deep in her mind as she let her heels drop.. and impaled herself on his hard, throbbing cock.

Her long, toned legs began to flex, driving herself up and down oh Dirk's throbbing cock, while he continued to play with her tits. She made all the sounds of pleasure, but they were 'faked' by her desires to fulfill the fantasy... Doug had made sure that she wouldn't find enjoyment from sex. Like sucking cock, she found sex with a man disgusting, emotionally and physically, even as she fucked Dirk with every indication of intense enjoyment.

It was the last, final touch of 'domination' in the situation - because she already knew that having any sexual contact whatsoever with Doug himself would be unbelievably, incredibly pleasurable. His cum would taste like ambrosia to her, his cock able to give her multiple orgasms by the score...

...yet his 'kink' was domination, not actual sex. He wasn't truly attracted to her, sexually - but she also knew that he'd give her pleasure if she earned it. Earned it by doing something willingly. Oh, willing or not, she'd still have to do whatever he wanted... which made it that much more tempting to just give in and do it willingly...

...and it made it that much harder to force herself to try and resist, even though she had no chance at succeeding.

She screamed out a completely faked 'orgasm' as Dirk spurted a load into her virgin pussy, 'breaking her in'... to the disgust and horror, both natural and reinforced, that came to her from having fucked a man, with every sign of having done so willingly and happily.

She climbed off of Dirk and stood naked, cum slowly creeping down her leg as the two mentally altered men rearranged their clothing and left... having each 'decided' never to mention any of this to anyone, ever.

"Beautiful, Submissa..." Doug said, and she lowered her head, the 'Ice Goddess' melted before the hellish heat of her Master. "Thank you, master..." She said - even as she saw into his mind, seeing the plans he had for his new, powerful slave...

* * * * *

J. Robert Chesterton felt a cold, vicious pleasure as he flipped through his Rolodex for the right number.

"I hope you enjoyed your run of luck, Doug..." Bob said, victoriously. "Because I've got your number on this deal. You're screwed..." The businessman reached for the phone - then paused.

"Oh, shit - I almost forgot!" Bob swore, looking at the expensive Cartier watch he wore. He'd have to make the call later - he was late.

Jumping up, the tall, handsome man with the silver-shot black mane of hair grabbed the coat off the coat rack and slipped it over his expensive suit, hurrying out of his office with a quick stream of instructions to his secretary, who wrote them down in efficient short-hand, use to this sort of thing...

...except for the '...and next time, remind me of my appointments! I'm nearly late for this one!"

Confused, she looked at the empty appointment book in front of her as her usually well-organized employer vanished from sight.

Tapping his foot impatiently, Bob mentally urged the cab-driver to go faster. He was running so late he couldn't even wait for his personal limo to be pulled around - he'd just grabbed a cab.

Finally, the cab pulled up in front of a windowless brick building, and Bob hurriedly paid the man and ducked out, walking quickly towards the unmarked door of the building at the rear.

He reached it at just about the same time as some old wino did, the drunk walking with a frantic attempt at balance, urgency written in his every move. Bob held the door for the wino, following the smelly old man into the darkened interior of the building with another anxious glance at his watch.

The two men hurried into the changing room just off the hallway and began to undress. Bob finished first, then noticed how much trouble the drunk was having, despite the obvious urgency to undress he was feeling. Impatiently, Bob helped him out of his grimy clothes, then they ducked into the shower and turned on the water.

Bob was already pretty clean, just needing to wash off the masculine cologne he was wearing - but the wino was filthy. Sighing, Bob impersonally helped the wino shower, cleaning his back and legs.

They stepped out of the shower and each went into a small, plastic-walled booth where warm air was ducted in, drying them head-to-toe pretty quickly, aside from leaving their hair a trifle damp. They stepped out of the booths simultaneously...

...and Bob stared. It was like looking into the mirror. A minute before, a drunken wino had entered that booth - and yet, impossible, the man who now emerged from it was a dead ringer for Bob in every detail.

"What the fuck...?" Bob gasped - then, glancing around in sudden confusion. "Hey, where the hell am I...? Why did I..."

Confused, stunned, Bob tried to react... but found himself sort of held immobile, able to move slightly, even look around - but not leave...

..as Doug Terrill entered the room, followed by...

'Tammy?' Bob stammered, staring at the way his 21-year-old daughter was hanging off of Terrill, smiling lustfully.. while one hand lightly stroked the bastard's crotch...

* * * * *

"Hi, daddy..." Submissa said in the man's daughter's voice, even as she finished copying his memories into the new 'Bob'.

Her power was phenomenal now - more than enough to reach halfway across the city to get the man to come here. After all, Doug was keeping her supplied with the second serum, the one that enhanced her 'transmission' powers...

...and he was taking it as well, making his mental 'voice' thunderous, ensuring he had total control over her every action - but not her thoughts. Though it had been more than three weeks since she'd been enslaved to him, she was still every bit as horrified and disgusted by the situation she found herself in.

Finished with the new version of 'Bob', she watched the once-drunk dress in the clothes the 'real' Bob had recently stripped off. This version of the businessman would appear identical in every way to the original - but secretly be a 'stooge' for Doug.

Doug, of course, could have had Submissa simply alter the original Bob to be that way... but he preferred to do it this way, getting his male enemies down here and giving some bum their old life while he did something more.. 'constructive' with the original, getting great pleasure from knowing he was doing it to the 'real McCoy', while utterly safe from any legal ramifications, even if something should happen to Submissa that would keep her from being able to 'dissuade' investigations. After all, how could he be charged with anything when 'Bob' would be the first to 'grudgingly' defend 'that bastard' in court?

"What... what the fuck...?" bob stammered, now that Submissa had let the wool fall from his eyes. Bob was confused and a little afraid - but that was nothing compared to the way he'd soon feel.

"Oh, Daddy..." She said, Doug enjoying torturing Bob with the image of his daughter turned 'traitor'. "You're in for a treat..."

* * * * *

Bob gaped at his daughter, not understanding what he hell she could possibly see in Doug Terrill, much less how she could do this to him...

..when he was consumed with a sudden need to open one of the lockers. He tried to fight it, but it was impossible. He *had* to do it. He reached out to open the locker...

...even as he felt his body shudder and writhe.

Helplessly, stunned and shocked, he began to pull on the clothes over the new body he wore.

The skimpy white panties were pulled up his hairy, muscular, rock-hard legs and were barely able to contain his massive, bulging cock. The skimpy white-and-pink skirt looked silly on his muscular hips, and the matching half-sweater with the big 'F' in the center looked equally ludicrous on his broad, hairy new chest.

He could barely cram his big, masculine new feet in the white platform 'hooker' shoes, and the wig looked utterly ridiculous atop his broad, handsome, manly face - even more so after he applied garish pink lipstick to his thin new lips.

Within the space of a few minutes, he was finished, looking at his reflection in the mirror in horror he could not display.

He'd become a muscular young man, almost a stereotype 'College Football' guy, dressed in an very ill-fitting cheerleader's costume.

Turning, Bob found that Doug had transformed as well, becoming another 'College Stud' - and he was wearing an actual football uniform.

"Come on." The new Doug said in his new voice - and, horrified and confused - Bob found he had no choice but to follow Doug down the hall, through a door...

..and into the huge, empty warehouse, now converted into sound stages.

Helplessly, bob followed Doug over to a set that was a prototypical 'haunted house' sort of thing. Helplessly, his muscular new body got into position as the director shouted at him...

...and, at the word 'Rolling!', Bob found himself 'acting'.

"Damn, dude - I feel like a fuckin' faggot!" Bob said in a disgusted ton of voice, following Doug into the 'room'. "Why couldn't you e the 'girlfriend', Josh?"

Doug/'Josh' laughed. "C'mon, Steve - it's a costume party, and you got cut from the team for screwin' the coach's daughter." "Fuck, man - the other guys are gonna rag me 'bout this for years..." Bob/'Steve' sighed, rolling his eyes.

"Not if we find the coolest thing for this 'treasure hunt' contest. We get one of the three best, we get to order one of the other's around. Maybe we'll get luck and Tracy n' Linda will loose. Man, I'd love to get my hands on Linda's rack."

"They're too fuckin' big, man." Bob helplessly snorted. "More'n a handful's wasted..." He sighed. "Damn, these panties are ridin' up somethin' fierce..."

He stopped to adjust the panties.. while 'Josh' walked over to examine something on the shelf, something that looked kind of like a human skull, except with an elongated jaw and what looked like Ram's horns screwed into it."

"Look at this - it's sure to win..." 'Josh' said, reaching out to grab it...

...and there was a flash-bank effect triggered under it, making it look as if it had 'jolted' Doug with energy of some sort.

"Shit, man...!" 'Steve' said.. then reeled back and slammed into the wall of the set in horror and shock that was only half-feigned...

..as Doug's body began to change. Slowly, it began to grow, it's already massive musculature rippling and swelling, tearing his clothes asunder as he slowly grew broader and taller...

...and his skin began to take on a reddish hue. He screamed in pain, a sound that Dopplered down into lower registers, bending over and grabbing his face...

...and the scream slowly faded over into a deep, rumbling chuckle - and when 'Josh' straightened, he'd become a seven-foot-tall, massively muscled demon, with huge horns thrust from his head, glowing red eyes...

...and a huge, thick cock thrust from his crotch like a battering ram. "Now this.. this is power...!" The being said in a deep, hellish voice. "Josh..." Bob gasped, helplessly. "Is.. Is that you, man...?"

"Yes - and no..." The demon chuckled. "I am Josh - and much, much more. Now all the powers of hell flow through my veins, Mortal..." It rather obviously eyed Bob up and down.

"..so I might as well use it. Since you're so unhappy with how that looks on you, why don't I help you.. *Staci*..."

"Wha...?" 'Steve' gasped.. then he cried out as he slammed himself back against the wall again, this time making it look as if it were from an unseen force...

...and studio crew activated a pre-set effect that cased 'wires' to rip through the 'old' plaster wall and grip his arms.

"What - what are you doing!" 'Steve' screamed, looking as if he was struggling frantically... when, helplessly, he was being careful not to break the actually fairly weak 'effect'.

Then, step by step, his body began to change to fit the uniform...

It was slow - and painful. Horribly painful. He was allowed to show his agony as his body changed - but was helplessly careful not to 'break free' as he became an incredibly sexy, vapid-looking woman with a huge head of platinum-blond hair and full, soft lips. Tits grew under the sweater, good C-cup endowments - while his cock was sucked inward to form a tight new cunt.

Bob/'Staci' screamed, staring down at her new body. "Nice." The demon rumbled. "Now - dance for me, *Staci*..."

"No fucking way... holy shit!" She shouted.. as she was released from the wires and began to senselessly dance, a shocked look on her face.

"I.. I can't stop!" She cried, horrified.

"I know. You must obey me. Now.. show me your ass, *Staci*..!"

Still swaying sensuously, she bent over so her tiny skirt revealed her firm, sexy new ass, which she fondled. Then she stood up and continued to dance.

"Not bad - but you know I like big tits." The demon said. "I think I know how to fix that. Come here and suck me off...!"

"Nooo...!" She screamed - even as her body obeyed. A horrified look of helplessness on her new face, the new woman walked over and sank to her knees..

"Oh, God, Josh - don't make me *umph*...!" Her begging was cut short as her full, new lips parted and she took the head of the massive cock into her new mouth and began to suck him off...

When he came, enormous amounts of cum gushed from his giant cock, bulging her cheeks impossibly as the disgusting liquid gushed down her throat...

...and the more it gushed, the bigger her tits grew, as if the cum were flowing directly into them. They swelled large and large, filling the sweater.. until the garment began to creak.

Specially made, it did as it was designed to so, slowly ripping at the front and sides.. then bursting apart, revealing her new, impossibly huge tits. The size and shape of medicine balls, they were tipped with enormous, thick, erect nipples...

* * * * *

"Shit, man - these special effects are awesome..." Dave said to Marty, staring at the TV screen as the latest release from the new XXX- rated studio 'Fantasy Video' played on the screen. Unlike most porns, these ones actually had plots (usually heavy into horror, BDSM, TG and the like), and incredibly real-looking special effects. "What is t - computer graphics, dya'think?"

"Who cares?" Marty snorted. Dave was rambling because he was uncomfortable with the fact he was getting turned on by a scene where a guy got turned into a girl and fucked - but it was just a movie. The girl actress was fucking hot, and that's all Marty cared about.

Entranced, the two young men watched as the new 'Staci' was forced to obey the new demon and go seduce and fuck another guy.. so that the demon could 'enslave' him as well...

As he watched another TG-transformation, this one much longer and more detailed, Marty had to admit that Dave was right, though - this shit was so well done that it almost looked real...



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When he breaks up with his girl friend, she uses her knowledge of the occult to cast a spell over a joint that he then shares with his buddies leading to unexpected changes.

One Strange Night

By Gunslinger

"Goddamn..." John swore without any heat, peeling his soaked-through windbreaker off over his shaved head. Hanging the dripping garment on an oak coat-rack just inside the door, the skinny, but well-toned, man stepped deeper into Chris' 'apartment', the renovated first floor of an old Victorian home.

With the small space between the two sets of doors finally free, Greg quickly stepped inside. The broad, if somewhat sagging porch outside had protected him from the cold, heavy rain - but not from the bitter, driving wind.

"I hope you had a good reason to get us out on a night like tonight..." Greg said, taking off his beige trench-coat and hanging it next to John's jacket.

"Sure do..." Their 'host' said, grinning boyishly - the only way the six-foot-nine blond knew how to grin. Tall, broad-shoulders and bulky, the tow-headed farmboy nevertheless never managed to quite look threatening. His round, open face with its bright blue eyes and short shock of wheat-blond hair gave the impression of a cheerful, mischievous boy - despite the fact that he was nearly thirty. Even the small, thin goatee he'd grown didn't do much to ameliorate the 'Dennis the Menace' look he had, especially with his blond crew-cut.

Muttering, Greg wiped the water out of his carefully-groomed beard, then started trying to do something with his rain-slicked mass of dark chestnut hair - until he caught sight of the sly grin on John's face, the water simply beading on his equally clean shaven face and scalp.

Pointedly, Greg looked down at John's soaked jeans and black T-shirt, then gave a smug smile as he smoothed his own, completely dry black collarless button-down shirt and charcoal-gray slacks.

Chris, dressed comfortably in an old pair of red jogging shorts and a well-deserved muscle shirt, watched this silent 'argument' with another grin, as it was yet another in a long string of such exchanges. The three of them had been friends since

grade school, and half the time they didn't even bother with speaking, already knowing damned well what any of the others might have said, anyway.

"So..." Chris said, in a theatrically innocent tone....

...as he slid open the drawer of the desk near the door, and extracted a small Ziploc bag full of a dried green substance. John and Greg shared a look - and grinned.

"I thought Jenny didn't like you using, not even occasionally..." Greg said, thick eyebrows rising as Chris dug out a few other items from the drawer.

"Yeah, well, we broke up.." Chris said, with a shrug, as he lit a couple sticks of incense and put them near the door. "Oh, man - sorry to hear that..." John said.

"No big deal." Chris said. "It just didn't work out. First of all, she didn't like you guys at all..." "Really..?" Greg said, surprised.

"Yeah - she thought you were a 'know-it-all', and John is a 'bad influence'." Chris explained. John grinned. "Okay, so she's perceptive, I have to give her that. Lousy taste, though..." Greg chuckled.

"Anyway, I guess we're supposed to still be friends or whatever." Chris said, sitting on couch on the living room and opening the bag. He paused to take a deep whiff of the marijuana's strong, heady odor, then continued: "She actually gave me this as a 'parting gift' - though, with her views on it, God only knows how she knew where to buy some."

With surprising dexterity, his blunt fingers began the task of rolling a joint.

"So - where'd she go?" Greg asked, cocking his head. "A hotel, until she finds a place...?"

"Naw..." Chris said, pausing to lick the paper. "I told you that these three guys she knows to move in the apartment upstairs last week, didn't I? She's staying with them tonight. Weird bunch o' guys though, into the occult and shit."

"I don't think we're anyone to be judging 'weird'..." Greg pointed out.

"I know what you mean..." Chris admitted, grinning, as he handed out two of the three joints he'd rolled, reserving the last for himself. "Okay, boys..." He announced, grandly, "Let's get baked...!"

* * * * *

Flushing the toilet, John turned and walked over to the sink and began washing his hands...

...and found the sight of the flowing water splashing over his hands, much less the sensation, nearly hypnotic.

Finally, finishing the otherwise simple task, John dried his hands on the towel beside the wall-mounted mirror. Catching his own reflection in the mirror, he grinned lazily at the red eyes that peered vaguely back at him.

Suddenly, a strange 'tickling' sensation ran across his scalp - almost as if a horde of ants had suddenly decided to swarm across it. Frowning, John blinked, trying to will the weird sensation away - but it only intensified...

When John opened his eyes, he was amazed to see the 'ants' - except it wasn't black, but red, like fire ants...

...and it wasn't ants - but hair.

Hair that was sprouting rapidly from his head.

"What the fuck...!" John shouted, as the hair continued to grow longer and longer, the bright coppery-orange color of hair he hadn't seen since he'd started regularly shaving his head, mainly as a defense mechanism after all the 'carrot top' jokes.

It was as if the hair had decided to come back - with a vengeance, Even as he stared, incredulous, at his reflection, the hair continued to grow at a rapid rate, spilling down off of his head...

"Holy *fucking* shit...!"

* * * *

Exchanging a startled glance at the shout, Chris and Greg pushed themselves into full sitting positions. "John...?" Chris shouted. "Are you okay, man...?"

Suddenly, Greg gasped - and pointed.

"Shit, man - your hair is growing...!" Greg said. Chris was staring back. "Yours too, man...!"

* * * *

Having staggered back from the mirror, John was braced against the opposite wall, making small, incoherent sounds in the back of his throat as he stared at his reflection.

More than a foot's worth of shiny, coppery hair had spilled from his scalp. Though the growth had stopped, his face was now surrounded with a shining, silky mane of gently wavy hair that hung just shy of his shoulders.

"Holy shit!" He breathed, wide-eyed and confused. He started to reach up, to see if it was, in fact, real...

...then cried out again, as he saw what else had changed.

* * * *

Greg, however, barely heard Chris' exclamation - he was too busy staring at the finger that he'd pointed. The finger whose nail - like the other nine - was growing.

It didn't grow very much - 'only' about two inches...

"Greg.. Your hair..." Chris was stammering, his boyishness finally lost in the face of the impossible. "Your finger nails...!" At the sound of his friend's voice, Greg found his attention jerked to Chris...

...who was staring at his own fingernails, which were about a half inch longer than Greg's. Greg, however, was staring at his friend's head.

"Shit..." Greg - who didn't like to swear - swore. "Your hair..! It's long, and.. it looks like a.. a girl's!"

Chris' head snapped up - which caused his long, shining mane of blonde hair to swirl around his shoulders and fall to the middle of his back.

"So does yours...!" Chris exclaimed.

Instinctively - and stupidly - Greg actually tried to 'look up' at his own hair...

...and felt his mane of long, silky chestnut hair brush the top of his ass.

"Holy fucking god-damned shit!" The man who rarely swore said, vehemently. "Amen." Chris agreed.

* * * *

John threw open the door to the bathroom, his inch-longer nails not interfering with the action, despite the fact that they felt 'talon-like' to him.

"Guys..!" He shouted, surprised to hear panic had driven his voice up an octave. "Guys, my hair..." He was hurrying down the hall...

...when he went sprawling.

* * * *

"What the hell is going..." Chris started to ask - only to stop dead when Greg gasped again. Following the stunned man's gaze, Chris looked down...

...and his own eyes widened at the sight of the 'classic' black pumps that now enclosed his feet, unnoticed because - sitting - he wasn't trying to stand on the heels that extended three and a half inches in a classic slender cone.

"Shit - my shoes..." Greg said, yanking his eyes from his friend's feet to his own...

* * * *

Stunned, John stared uncomprehendingly down at the knee-high leather boots now encasing his lower legs and feet. Reaching out, he grabbed the boot and wrenched at it...

..and again...

...and again...

...and then tried the other one - with no more success. It was as if the boots were glued to his feet.

"Guys.." He said, plaintively. "Help..."

"We.. can't..." Chris responded, his own voice tight and higher pitched than usual.

Using the wall for both balance and leverage, John managed to get himself upright atop the four-inch heels his new footwear boasted, and slowly began making his way down the hall...

* * * *

"It won't come off, either...!" Greg said, tugging futilely at the black platform shoes, with their three-inch inwardly-sloping platforms and ten-inch heels. "Chris, it's stuck!"

"Mine.. too.." Chris grunted, his upper body strength letting him pull on the immobile footwear to the point of physical pain. The shoes looked more than a little silly on him - not only were they huge 'boats', to fit his big, wide feet, but his tattered athletic socks poked out of them...

..except, even as he tugged on the shoes, that changed.

"What the fuck is going on...?" Chris demanded, as he yanked his hands away from his shoes...

..and watched in mounting horror as his socks lengthened, as if being stretched upwards on his legs, becoming ever thinner...

...until a pair of black, back-seamed nylons enclosed his legs right up to where his jogging shorts ended. Nylons that enclosed muscular, masculine legs - that were as smooth and silky in texture as that of any woman. Just then, a gasp drew his attention - and Chris' head snapped up to look at...

"John...?" He asked, incredulously, staring at the slender young man...

...who had long, silky copper hair, and was dressed in black leather micro-miniskirt that matched the knee-high boots that started after a stretch of smooth legs.

"What...?" Greg gasped, in a near sob. "What's happening to us...?"

The slightly pudgy young man was clad in a pair of tight, black spandex 'hot pants' - ones that revealed the fishnet stockings that covered the legs that led down to his platform shoes. He was trying to tear the skirt off - with about as much success as he'd had with the shoes.

Chris had the funny feeling he'd have just about as much luck at removing the black denim mini-skirt that had replaced his shorts when he wasn't looking.

However, since he was looking now, he got the 'joy' of watching his simple 'muscle shirt' tank-top transform itself. Into a leather crop-top.

"Fuck, no!" Chris shouted, struggling to his feet as he looked for something to lash out against.

"Please, make it stop..." Greg begged, hands running helplessly - hopelessly - over the black denim vest that had replaced his shirt. "How...?" John wanted to know, even as his own top was replaced by a black latex crop-top.

The three men, now each black-clad in various pieces of feminine apparel, stared at each other in confused horror...
...even as the changes continued.

"No, Goddamn it, no!" Chris shouted, shaking a fist in the air. "This is too much!"

The 'this' that was too much was the jewelry that had suddenly appeared on him, all 'silver'. The four earrings in each ear's outer edge.

The nose stud.

The necklace.

The bracelet.

The chain-link belt around his waist. The belly-button stud.

John was hesitantly touching each piece of his new jewelry ensemble, nearly identical to Chris' own - though without the belt, and with a tongue-stud substituted for the belly-button ring.

From his high-pitched shriek, you'd never have known that Greg had gotten off lightly, with only a single silver hoop earring dangling from each lobe.

"We.. We need to call for help.." John said, unsteadily, as he began uncertainly tottering towards the phone. 'Began' - but didn't finish.

With each step, the stride became smoother, easier - and more undeniably feminine...

...as his hips widened slightly, to a 'boyish' dimension still a couple of inches wider than those he'd boasted...

..as a male.

For, even as his hips, and stride, changed, so did his gender - as his cock was pulled back into his body, to be replaced by a cunt.

"God.. no..." Greg gasped, hands flying to her crotch, pressing down on her new vagina through the heavy material that now spread over her wider hips.

"Oh, fuck..." Chris said, in an oddly resigned tone. His hips were remarkably full, the better to support her full, firm new ass - and both ass and hips seemed even more, in light of a waist that rapidly narrowed to a slender dimension most women would have died to have.

Not the other two new women sharing the room, however - not that their wishes mattered, since each of their waists had also constricted, though John's already skinny build meant that his didn't have nearly as far to go to achieve the same slender dimensions, while Greg's 'swivel-chair-spread' took longer to get to that mere hands' breadth in size.

Since each ex-man's waist had started constricting at the same time, and John's had the least to go, it was she that got to first experience the joys of complete womanhood, as the changes continued rushing upwards, slimming and changing the rest of her body, even as her clothing continuously altered to fit...

...until a pale, remarkably sexy young woman stood there, her slender body balanced easily atop her heels as she stared stupidly down at the FFF-cup tits that now strained her top.

"Tits.. I've got big, round, tits..." the red-head said in a stunned voice, hesitantly reaching up to touch them.

"We've all got tits!" the toned, exquisitely sexy blonde in the denim skirt said, pointedly ignoring her own HHH-cup breasts, which stood proudly out from her ribcage. Still the most muscular, Chris turned and helped Greg slowly to her feet, having to pull hard against the weight and drag of the new woman's enormous, MMM-cup breasts, each as big and round as a medicine ball, compared to the 'basket balls' Chris sported, or John's new 'volley-balls'.

"Why are we chicks...?" John asked, plaintively. "Cassandra, why are we...?"

She stopped dead, clapping a hand over her remarkably full, sensual dark-red lips.

"What the hell did you just call me, Jezebel...?" Chris demanded - and then her own eyes widened in shocked surprise as the name that had slipped, unbidden, from her new lips registered in her feminine new ears.

Gaping, Greg slowly swiveled her head back and forth.

Pointing at the tall, slender red-head, Greg tried to say her altered friend's name: "Jezebel..."

Switching the long-nailed finger to the other friend, Greg tried again to speak the 'male' name she'd known the friend for so long as. Her lips parted...

"Cassandra..."

Now dead pale, the huge-breasted new woman slowly pointed her blood-red new fingernail at her own expansive chest... "Gabrielle."

The three transformed friends stared at each other, transfixed, minds spinning wildly...

* * * * *

"Whew...!" Jenny said, nose wrinkling. "I thought you guys only use a pinch of pot in your 'spells', and that's why you could let me give the rest of it to Chris as a gift."

"What are you talking about...?" Gary asked, thickly. "We only do use a pinch - though, from the effect of the pot and the lack of the *intended* effect, I think Jeff might have put in too much..."

"On the spell that would finally turn us into gir... uh, make our biggest wish come true? Hell, it's the reason we got into the occult in the first place - you can be sure I got it right."

"Then why aren't we wo... uh, changed?" Carl demanded, blinking. "All I feel is..." As he trailed off, all three men blanched, then spoke in one voice:

"...Stoned."

For a second, nobody said anything - the three would-be warlocks out of stunned consideration of the implications, Jenny out of simple confusion.

"But..." Gary finally whispered. "What about the part of the spell to help us overcome any lingering inhibitions...?" Another momentary pause resulted - and the three young men, moving as one, dashed for the door.

"What the hell are you guys talking about...?" Jenny asked the now-empty room plaintively, wreathed in a cloud of marijuana smoke.

* * * * *

Gary, Jeff and Carl burst through the double-doored entrance of the ground floor apartment with all the finesse of a Texas Twister touching down...

...and then stopped dead, eyes bulging as they stared at the three new women.

Women who wore the very forms that the three occultists had prepared for themselves in a one-shot-only spell that had now been invoked.

The women stared back - as the full force of the spell blind-sided them unawares, the 'inhibition release' clause of the spell landing on each transformed man's mind like a ton of invisible bricks.

"Oh..." Jezebel said, blinking, unconsciously reaching up to twirl a slender finger through her orange hair in an unconsciously feminine gesture. "Uh, hi, guys..."

Part of her was wondering why she wasn't panicking to be 'found female' by three strangers - while the rest of her mind was noticing the fact that the strangers were male...

Perhaps not emphatically so, she mused, unaware of the strangeness of the thought - but certainly male, and therefore, acceptable. It didn't even occur to the new woman to wonder what it was they'd be 'acceptable' for...

Likewise, the huge-breasted brunette now known, even to herself, as 'Gabrielle', didn't find anything strange about the fact that she suddenly 'posed', thrusting her immense - and, until that very instant, hated - breasts even more prominently out from her ribcage.

"Oh - you must be the guys from upstairs..." She said, unconsciously licking her lips.

"Hi, guys..." The athletic blonde said, as if it were an everyday occurrence to be found in this state - even now unaware of the disparity between her 'unconcerned' reaction to the guys and her conscious 'loathing' of what had been done to her. "It's me, Cassandra - uh, the woman... um, the person Jenny used to be dating. Something weird happened, and now I can't seem to talk about how I'm now different than the girl - um, person - I was when I last met you."

The three occultists didn't quite know how to respond to that - or the look each of the three women were giving them. Looks that differed slightly with each woman's own personality, but whose less-than-subtle import was the same... "Oh, shit...!" Jeff exclaimed, the realization setting in. "We... tailored the spell for our own memories...!"

The other two men blinked - and the, eyes widening, caught Jeff's meaning.

The spell had been designed to alter the memories of people to 'remember' everything being normal - except for the three men, of course.

So, even as they watched, the three transformed men's memories of being male were fading rapidly...

...without anything at all to replace them.

"Hey.. where are we...?" Jezebel asked, frowning slightly as she looked around a place that looked maddingly familiar, but that she couldn't quite place.

"What..?" Cassandra asked, confused. "We're in my pl..."

She trailed off, frowning, as she took another good look around her.

"Uh... I'm not sure..." She said, blinking in confusion. "I mean, I.. feel.. like I live here, and I can't remember anywhere else as home - but... I also can't remember me living here. In fact, I seem to think a guy lives here, somebody named..."

She hesitated, then threw up her hands as the name failed to come to mind.

"What's going on...?" Gabrielle asked, plaintively. "I feel weird. In fact, I know something's weird, that something happened to us. We were really upset about it a second ago, but... I can't remember why..."

"Yeah, you're right..." Jezebel said, musingly. "It was something real important, too - but then the guys showed up, and the only thing I can clearly remember is thinking about how good it would feel if that tall one fucked me good and hard, and for some reason that thought really bothered me - and yet, now, it doesn't..."

She was eyeing Jeff - 'the tall one' - as she said it, and licked her lips lasciviously at the end of the comment, directing it straight at him.

Jeff shifted uncomfortably.

"Actually, the oldest clear memory I can think of is also thinking about these guys when they came in..." Gabrielle said, hungrily eyeing Gary. "About how good a man's hands would feel, caressing my freakishly..."

She stumbled to a stop, blinked, hesitated - then smiled and went on: "I mean *gloriously* huge tits." Eyeing the tits he'd wanted for his very own, Gary swallowed audibly.

"Yeah - that's right..." Cassandra said, eyes starting to burn with desire. "I was thinking about how good a nice fresh load of cum would feel going down, right about now..."

With no memories, and no inhibitions, the three new women only had two things:

Their desire...

...and the fact that each of them were 'attuned' to the man whose fantasy-body they were now wearing, making the specific man each of them should have given their form to quite literally the 'one and only' object of their lusts. The women didn't know why this was so

- and they didn't care.

All they cared about was the fact that they found these men suddenly and overwhelmingly interesting and arousing, and they could consider neither having sex with anybody else, nor *not* having sex with their own 'alter ego'.

With hungry smiles, the three horny, almost mindless new women closed in on their targets...

...and the three men, trapped forever in the wrong gender, facing the horny, 'man hungry' women they'd wanted to become, collectively took a step backwards, raised their hands, and in wry tones, spoke in one voice:

"Sorry - we're gay..." THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Thinking he is taking drugs, the changes he starts to go through, he writes off as the "magic mushrooms" playing tricks on his brain.

One Way Trip

By Gunslinger

Drumming blunt, broad fingers against the badly scarred wooden arm of the couch, Sean Willoughby rather impatiently waited to find out whether or not he had to go rip the Crazy Old Man limb from limb.

In his own mind, that was exactly how the broad-shouldered redhead thought of the situation - as a possible necessity, rather than an optional one. If the Crazy Old man had lied or tried to trick him, Sean saw nothing else he could do but go pound the scrawny old guy to within an inch of his life. Otherwise, word might get out that Sean was getting 'soft', and that would bring no end of trouble and tribulation into the twenty-seven year old's life.

Though he'd never admit it, not even to himself, Sean was starting to get 'soft' - not emotionally, where he was still as callous and unapologetically cruel, but physically. Oh, sure, he was still tall and broad-shouldered, and when he looked in the mirror he smiled cruelly as he flexed the muscles of his massive, thick arms. Somehow, though, he just couldn't see - or, refused to see - the steadily increasing gut that hung further and further over the wide black leather belt, of the steadily thicker layer of fat slowly stealing the definition from the thick muscles of his arms and legs.

Still, despite the growing pot belly, Sean was a fantastically powerful young man, and if he decided to put a world of hurt on the Crazy Old Man, a world of hurt was what he'd get.

Idly, Sean found himself wondering what the Crazy Old Man's real name was. Nobody in the neighborhood seemed to know - probably because the old guy had been around there longer than anybody. Tall, painfully thin, with an unkempt white mane of hair and equally disreputable beard, the old guy seemed about ten years older than God. Besides which, he was nuttier than a bedbug.

Personally, it had been Sean's opinion that the old guy was a long-time dooper who owed his current obvious instability to a lifetime of hard drugs - so, when Sean's own supplier had been sent upstate for a stretch and Sean found himself wanting a little something, he'd thought of the Crazy Old Man.

Never in his life had Sean had a harder time getting through to somebody, and he was still pissed off at the thought that the old guy might have been 'faking'. When Sean had demanded drugs, the old guy had looked completely lost, and had started muttering something about aspirin. Shaking the old guy, Sean had begun a litany over every term he could think of for different drugs, trying to get some sense of recognition - and had seemed to be getting nowhere until, way down the list, he'd uttered the phrase 'Magic Mushrooms'.

That had got the old guy's attention - and, smiling and muttering to himself, he'd padded off into the back room of the disaster- waiting-to-happen that he called home. Sean would have followed him to see where his stash was hidden, but he was quite honestly afraid that the creaking, teetering old gothic pile of stone would finally pick that moment to collapse.

The old guy had finally come back, carrying a plastic baggie of what certainly had look like - and, later, once Sean had gotten home, tasted like - psychedelic mushrooms... but the only way to be sure was to wait the half-hour or so it took for the effects to kick in.

Since that particular deadline was getting close now, Sean's own impatience grew as he thought to himself about the joys of pummeling even such a unworthy opponent.

So, for the first couple of seconds, he felt almost annoyed when he felt the effects of the 'Magic Mushrooms' begin.

Then he shook off the annoyance, leaned back in the chair with a smile, and prepared to enjoy the 'trip'. With the amount of 'shrooms he had taken, this should be on hell of a psychedelic high.

As he felt that warm, tingling sensation running through his body, Sean relaxed bunched muscles and settled deeper into the couch. Taking a deep breath, he let himself fall into the growing sense of warm well-being - he'd forgotten how good a 'shroom trip could be. After all, he hadn't done 'shrooms since...

When was the last time?

Could it really have been that long ago? Yes, Sean remembered now - the last time had been when that leggy blonde had brought some with her. The trip had been good - and so had the blonde, come to think of it, he thought with a wicked smile and a chuckle. She'd been a real first-class cock-sucker, once he'd convinced her that was what she 'wanted' to do for him... though, to his way of thinking, she'd been a little lacking in the one 'looks' department that really got him going. Sean was a real 'tit man', and the way he liked 'em was big and fake and round...

The warm, tingling sensation that had been thrumming through his now completely relaxed body suddenly seemed to intensify ten- fold... at least, in one specific location. Gunmetal-gray eyes that were usually cold and hard now shifted lazily so that he could look dreamily down at his chest.

His loose-fitting gray tank-style shirt was slowly pushing outwards.

Sean's eyes widened, and he drew in a hissed breath, prepared to utter an exclamation of shocked surprise... and then, quite willfully, he forced himself to let the breath out slowly. Feeling thick-witted and slightly dazed, he forced his body towards calm relaxation once more.

"Just a fucking hallucination, ya' moron." He told himself with sharp disdain, shaming himself back into that warm feeling of euphoria. "That's what 'shrooms do, they make you see things - and I took a whole shit-load of 'em."

Soon, he was once more relaxed - and watching with a big, dreamy smile as his shirt continued bulging slowly outwards, driven by the burgeoning flesh within, whose growing mass and heft he could now 'feel'.

Of course, he told himself with a chuckle, he just thought he was seeing and feeling these things.

"Ain't none of this real..." He reminded himself with a chuckle. "There I was, thinkin' about huge, silicone-stuffed tits... and now I'm imagining myself growin' a pair, that's all. It's a weird trip, sure, really freaky, even perverted, kinda - but not a bad trip."

That's what he had to keep firmly in mind - that no matter what happened, 'it was all good'. You start getting freaked out, and the trip made it a hundred times worse. He'd had a bad trip once, on LSD, and knew better than to let himself repeat the experience. Just as long as he took it easy and went with the flow, he'd stay in this nice, warm feeling of euphoria. In that warm, dreamy daze of 'slow time', he could enjoy the things he 'saw', 'heard', and 'felt', knowing none of it was real... and so, nothing to worry about, no matter how strange, or even 'gay' it might seem. This was just his subconscious having some fun, playing around, taking what he was thinking about and giving it back to him as a hallucination.

So, with a dreamy smile on his lips, he watched as his once-baggy shirt now drew taut over the heavy, firm masses of flesh beneath them.

For a moment, he simply stared down at the gray fabric distended over his chest, coping with the 'feelings' of his huge new tits. With every breath he took, his mind insisted on pretending he felt the weight of these massive breasts rising and falling with his ribcage. He even imagined, with great detail, feeling the fabric of the shirt shift slightly over each large, thick nipple as he breathed.

Continuing to look down at a shirt that now looked as if two basketballs had been stuffed inside, he 'idly' tried to make the breasts go away... but he didn't try too hard. Not only were hallucinations the product of the subconscious, rather than conscious mind, but trying too desperately to will the breasts away quite likely could have gotten him into a bad trip. Weird as this was, it was harmless... and it wasn't a bad trip. He wasn't freaking out. In fact, having reminded himself to just go with the flow, he was floating happily in the dreamy daze, staring at his imagined bust with something very much like satisfaction.

Sean hesitated for a second - and then, quite firmly, reminded himself that there was no reason to hesitate, no reason to feel 'perverted'. None of this was real. This was something that had come from inside his subconscious mind, manifested as a hallucination... and, moreover, it was both his body he was imagining changed, and his mind that was doing the imagination.

There was no 'outside force' acting on him. This was him, and all him, and so part of him might have found this all more than a little weird, even sort of 'gay', but another part of him must have secretly wondered what it would be like to have tits, or this couldn't have happened.

Dreamily, he placed his hands on his chest, right at the neck - and then slowly swept them downwards.

This was, without a doubt, the most incredibly detailed and 'realistic' hallucination he'd ever had. It must be due to the amount of 'shrooms he'd taken, but he swore he could feel every detail as his hands moved down onto those massive tits distending his shirt.

Not only the feel of huge breasts under his hands, which was something that his mind could have easily extrapolated from all the 'real' tits he'd touched in his time - but also what it felt like to have the huge breasts being touched.

In a way, though, the sensation itself was reassuring, allowing himself to fall more fully into that euphoric daze. If he'd needed any more proof that this wasn't real, that it was just his mind making it up and filling in imagined details, he now had it.

There was no way in hell that 'real' tits felt this incredibly fabulous to have.

Here he was, lightly squeezing as much of the huge breasts as his broad hands could encompass... and it felt entirely too fantastic. In one dazed corner of his mind, he wondered if his brain had simply picked up the sensation of jacking off and 'relocated' it... because, in a certain sense, that's almost what playing with his huge tits felt like.

Letting out a low moan of pleasure, he had to laugh - because that pleasure was just being hallucinated, as well. Yet everything felt so real...!

Pulling up his shirt, he helplessly shivered at the intense pleasure his mind insisted on telling him he was feeling - and that was just from the way the fabric, tightly molded to his massive tits, felt like as it slid over his huge and now fully-engorged nipples.

The breasts his brain insisted his eyes saw were, quite simply, perfect. They were his own idea of ideal breasts, one no woman's had ever come close to... huge and round and softly firm, each one roughly the size of a basketball, and yet tipped with massive pink nipples nearly keeping in the scale of the gargantuan breasts themselves.

He'd seen some strippers with big tits before, and one or two porn movies with women as big in the bust as he was now imagining himself to be... but those who were naturally busty had those huge nipples, but not the firm roundness that could only come from over-inflated implants. For the first time in his life, he was seeing the combination of those two factors...

...and the were hanging on his chest.

For a moment, the euphoric daze shivered and threatened to break apart under the assault of the most unmanly of situations - but Sean instead, quite deliberately, gave his huge new tits a squeeze... and, quite deliberately, wallowed in the pleasure it produced, moaning even as his cock went rock-hard from the wave of pleasure.

The pleasure, of course, wasn't real, and neither were the tits - which was why it was more than 'okay' to 'enjoy' them. He couldn't freak out over any of this, because none of it was real... and since it wasn't real, trying to ignore them or tell himself it would be 'sick' or 'gay' to enjoy the situation would only risk pushing himself out of the euphoria and smack-dab into the middle of a really bad trip.

The rule was, 'go with the flow'.

"It's alllll good..." Sean reminded himself dreamily - and then moaned loudly and nearly blew his load as his fingers found those massive and oh-so-amazingly pleasure-sensitive nipples.

Licking his lips after the long moan, he grimaced - the taste of those mushrooms still remained on his lips, and now filled his mouth. He decided to get himself a beer, and made to get up from the couch...

...and fell back into it, gasping as his huge tits bounced and jiggled from the sudden motion.

He'd failed to rise because he'd failed to take into account the balance-altering weight of those self-same tits.

"Man, talk about a detailed hallucination!" He said, with a little gasp of pleasure, as he pulled the shirt back down over his imagined bust. "Damn, this things really move. I can see why women wear..."

...and even as he was thinking about it, the shirt writhed and warped. Seconds later, he was staring down at what seemed to be a mile of cleavage left exposed by the massive, lace-trimmed floral-pattern bra that now encased and supported his gigantic tits.

"Damn...!" He muttered in admiration, as he gingerly rose from the sofa. "This trip may be a little weird, but it's got any other one I've ever had beat by a mile. I can't believe how real this all feels, how incredibly detailed it is..."

Feeling his massive breasts sway and bounce slightly, even within the supporting confinement of the massive cotton bra, he walked to the kitchen. Grabbing a beer from the fridge, he spun off the cap and flicked it in the direction of the garbage can.

He blinked.

The garbage can sat near the glass sliding doors that exited the kitchen, and with the darkness of night outside, acted as a sort of pale mirror. His ghostly reflection looked back at him, and for the first time he noticed how big his gut had gotten - massive as his new tits were, they barely edged out past where his gut hung, and he thought how weird that looked....

...and, even as the thought was occurring to him, his gut was shrinking, seeming to pull back in on itself until, after a couple of scant seconds, those magnificent, creamy breasts now loomed splendidly over a slender waist.

"It's all good..." Sean reminded himself. but even as he said this, he couldn't help but notice the way that slender waist and those massive breasts still looked so out-of-place on the rest of his body and the ghostly reflection in the glass began to shimmer.

"Just go with the flow..." He tried to remind himself. even as he saw-and-felt his heavily muscled arms becoming slimmer, more dainty - more feminine.

"It's all good. " He said, voice quavering, even as it began rising in pitch. Beneath writhing pants that were, themselves, in the midst of changing, he could feel his legs becoming leaner, more finely formed. "It's not real..." He gasped at himself in a voice nearly fully feminine...

...and then, even as his hips widened and canted slightly forward, he felt his cock retract back into his body.

It was too much. He had tried, but the final indignity, the loss of his manhood, proved too much - and, as quickly as a snapped finger, he was plunged into a 'bad trip'.

Everything rippled and wavered....

"It ain't real..." She said - almost whined. "Ain't none of it real. "

She knew, with utter conviction, that she was Sean Willoughby, a twenty-seven year old white man...

...and yet, she also 'thought' she was Shauna Williams, a twenty-one year old black girl. The though was weak, with no emotional connection - it was as if she'd read it off a page, rather than anything she'd experienced for herself.

Yet, there were more of these flat, unengaging two-dimensional 'memories' of the life of Shauna Williams...

...and, as unreal as they both felt and she knew them to be, she couldn't just disregard them, for one very good reason: She somehow seemed to be living Shauna's life.

She was standing in a dank urban alleyway, poorly lit by the orangish glow of a sodium lamp over one of the doors. She'd never seen the alley before in her life, and didn't 'recognize' it. but, just as if she'd read the information of a page, she 'knew' exactly where she was, and how Shauna had gotten here.

Slowly, she lowered her gaze. and saw, not Sean's body, but Shauna's. Her frayed, once-black denim jacket, now a dingy gray, hung open, exposing the dark chocolate tops of her massive saline-inflated tits in the custom-made GGG-cup black leather 'bra'. The bitter chill of the rising wind ran cold fingers over the black, back-seamed nylons encasing Shauna's long, nicely-toned legs, and she was balanced unhappily atop the three-inch platforms and eight-inch heels of Shauna's black platform shoes. A skin-tight black spandex skirt barely long enough to reach the top of her stockings to encase her boyish-yet-feminine hips, as well as her very firm and shapely full ass. Without a mirror, she could 'see' herself, as if somebody had simply described to her what she looked like - a slender young woman who might have looked 'boyish' if not for a naturally spectacular ass,

spectacularly unnatural breasts, and a somewhat strong-jawed face made completely soft by the full lips and hug, dark 'Bambi' eyes.

A denim backpack that matched her jacket in both color and condition was swung over one shoulder, and she 'knew' without looking what scant items that made up all of her worldly possessions it contained.

Just as she 'knew' that she had been teenage runaway who had started out as an under-age stripper in illegal clubs and worked her way up - or down - to prostitution. She knew Shauna had both hated the life, and yet come to rely on it and its dangers as the only one she knew right up until she'd gotten 'too old' for the particular portion of the trade she'd originally been enticed into because of her tender age.

Now she was broke, alone, and afraid. yet, despite the fact she was sting in Shauna's body, wearing her clothes, and carrying her pitifully few belongings, none of her past history felt real to her. She knew who she really was. and that only made the fact that she didn't know how to get from this 'fake life' back to her real one all the more horrible. She could keep telling herself that none of this was real... but that didn't keep her too-long-empty stomach crying out for nutrition. She could assure herself that she was still really safe at home... but that didn't stop the cold wind from cutting through her like a well-honed knife. She could tell herself that she wasn't really helpless, hopeless, and friendless...

...but that didn't stop her from starting to cry as the heavens opened up and a cold, cold rain came down on her.

Wrapping her jacket around her body and shivering violently, she began walking. Real or not, she felt the cold water sluicing over her, stealing valuable body heat and soaking her to the skin. In 'real life', she would know where to go... but here, she had no place, and walked simply to try and keep warm, regardless of her certainty that none of this was actually happening.

Not that fact that she was rampantly paranoid was any help. Almost as certain as her knowledge of who she 'really' was was the emotional conviction that the world really was out to get her, that if she screwed up in even the slightest way, a fate much more horrifying than this one - more horrifying than she could even imagine - was waiting for her.

It was too much. Freezing cold, starving hungry, pathetically scared, feeling ready to keel over in a dead faint any second, she picked a fairly deep entranceway to an old brownstone apartment building, huddled in its meager shelter, and cried.

"Damn!" A male voice said in admiration. "Now that's what I call a pair of tits!"

Shauna looked up - and found a Hispanic male a little older than her, ('about the same age as me' Sean thought at the exact same time), dressed in a baggy pair of jeans and dark hooded sweatshirt, looking down at her.

He was about average height, but skinny as a rail, with a narrow face nobody would ever describe as 'handsome', but far from ugly - especially with a big smile wreathing his face, as it was now.

It was the smile that did it. That dry, narrator-like tone of Shauna's thoughts said it was because she was desperate, and falling back on the only thing she knew how to do. Sean's thoughts said it was because, during a bad trip, you often helplessly latched on to anything that didn't fire that paranoia that overwhelmed you.

All of which help explained why she smiled back...

'No!' Sean screamed in the back of his/her mind, as she introduced herself and got the man's name - Ricky - in return. 'Stop it! Stop trying to seduce him!'

All the silent screaming made no difference - She knew who she 'really' was, but that knowledge didn't seem to help, because the script she was living by was the one played out by the dry, flat narrator-style thoughts running through her head.

'She knew Ricky wanted to feel her breasts pressed close...' and, so, she helplessly pressed herself against him as they walked inside, her huge breasts pressed firmly against his arm.

It was as if she were an actress, following a script - and no matter how desperately she tried, she simply couldn't 'drop out of character'.

Shauna's dry thoughts spoke of her feigned excitement and pleasure, while what she really felt was resigned... whereas Sean was anything but resigned, struggling desperately to regain control of a renegade body that defied him in both form and function.

He/'she got absolutely nowhere in those struggles. Instead, Sean was but a helpless, hapless passenger as the buxom, ebony- skinned body he wore carried them into Ricky's apartment.

Helplessly, Sean was carried along, forced to see, to hear, and to feel everything that happened, but unable to in any way control or even effect the outcome of what was going on.

He was helplessly carried along, feeling every jiggle and bounce of Shauna's massive breasts, as they made their way up to Ricky's third-floor apartment.

Unwillingly, he was forced to be a witness to what was happening as their shared body followed Ricky towards the bathroom. He could do nothing but what through Shauna's eyes as Ricky started the water running, adjusting it to the temperature he preferred.

Then, unable to stop it, Sean was forced to watch as they slowly and sensuously stripped each other.

Forced to experience very sensation as Ricky kissed her, hard and passionate, his tongue slipping into their shared mouth.

Shauna felt little - for her, this was familiar, acceptable if not excitable - but Sean hated every second of it, even the pleasure that came with Ricky's wandering hands.

Shauna felt almost bored as they stepped into the tub. Indeed, she was more interested in the warm water soothing her chilled body than she was in Ricky's actions - but Sean was horrified and humiliated as, haplessly, he was forced to experience every caress.

Made to feel Ricky's hands and lips on their huge, firm breasts. Unable to either stop or ignore the feel of Ricky's lips against theirs, Ricky's tongue in their mouths.

Sean could not alter one motion, twitch one limb so much as a fraction of an inch from it's intended path as he watched, helplessly horrified, as Shauna turned her back to the spray of water. Spreading her legs as far as the tub would allow, she leaned forward, and Sean felt her huge breasts sway forward under the force of gravity.

Sean felt the cool tile under their hands as they braced themselves against the wall.

She saw the world seem to swing as she looked back over their shoulder, and he felt the seductive smile on their lips as she lascivious, and redundantly, told Ricky to do what he was going to do anyway:

"Fuck me, baby. Fuck me good and hard!"

Screaming, struggling, fighting, Sean was further horrified when Shauna turned their face away - so she didn't get to see it, couldn't watch Ricky, but knew it was going to happen anyway, it was merely going to come without him having a chance to...

...and then there was the new yet utterly unmistakable feeling of a cock being pressed quickly and firmly into the warm, moist confines of their womanhood. Sean felt the warmth of the throbbing member entering their cunt, felt the soft, elastic walls of their womanhood adjust to accept the hard manhood's entry...

...and Sean's mind snapped.

It was an attempt to avoid having to experience the sensations of being a woman getting fucked by a man - and it failed miserably, for though his sanity fled, enough of Sean's mind remained to experience the horror and humiliation of knowing that he would still experience every single thing Shauna did.

Sean's warped and broken mind felt every hard, rhythmic thrust. Felt their huge breasts bounce and sway as Ricky fucked them hard. Felt the unwanted pleasure Shauna rated as 'merely good' as a man's hard cock thrust deep into their warm womanhood.

Felt each and every detail of being a woman 'willingly' letting a man fuck her good and hard - and Sean's gibbering mind knew that not only would he feel everything that happened, every time, but that his now-cracked sanity would never be whole enough for him to ever have any chance to escape what was going on.

With the two-dimensional persona of Shauna now the sole operator of their shared body, Sean was little more than a eternally horrified fragment forced to experience everything she did as she acted her way through a simulation of an orgasm, then spent some time stroking Ricky's ego by telling him how great it had been.

Sean's fractured mind, wrapped in the prison of life and body worse than any night mare, could do nothing but experience the situation as Shauna dressed in a pair of Ricky's sweat pants and a t-shirt that molded itself to their massive bustline. Then, while Ricky sat comfortably in a battered chair, she made a quick dinner out of what food she found in a fundamental bachelor's kitchen, and served it to him.

Her own meal, less than half the portion she'd given Ricky, was gulped down quickly. As Ricky leisurely finished his meal, Shauna gathered up the scant bedding from the hall closet Ricky had indicated, and hastily made up a 'bed' on the couch.

Then, taking his plate away when he'd finished, she brought him the last beer in the fridge, and quickly did the dishes while he drank it.

By the time he was done the beer, she was done the dishes... and then, fake smile firmly affixed to her face, she walked over to him...

...knelt down in front of him...

...freed his rapidly hardening cock from his pants...

...and gave him the most 'professional' blow-job he'd ever experienced.

All while Sean was helplessly forced to endure the feeling of a cock in 'his' mouth, the feeling of 'his' hands and 'his' lips working on a throbbing manhood. Maybe this was Shauna's body and she was controlling the actions, but it was his cracked and warped male mind that was forced to endure it as well, and the sensations were, unlike actually being fucked in the cunt, at least something that he could have done in his male body, and so that's what his mind insisted on experiencing.

Finally, after a long, slow blow-job, Ricky blew his load in their mouth - and Sean was forced to taste every drop of it as Shauna willingly swallow the warm, salty load of goo.

"Yeah..." Ricky sighed, with a smile. "I think this arrangement's gonna work out fine..."

As he headed off to bed, Sean was even forced to experience Shauna's happiness about finding a man to 'take care of her' - which is to say, provided her with the barest minimums of room-and-board in exchange for a combination cook, maid and whore who'd pleasure him any way he wanted...

It wasn't until Shauna curled up in her makeshift bed and drifted off into sleep that that last, warped fragment of Sean, doomed to spend the rest of his life in utter torment, could have even the tiniest impact in their new lives.

"It's not real..." Shauna's voice whispered dreamily, escaping from between her full and still cum-coated lips. "It's not real..."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One man wakes to find that he has been transformed into a whore who every day must relive the realization that she is no longer a man.

One Wild Night

By Gunslinger

Moaning softly through a dry, sore throat, aching in places he hadn't even been aware of having, Lee Dizlinger forced his apparently lead-weighted eyelids open - and immediately regretted it, as light appeared to bypass his eyes completely, achieving physical solidity as it speared directly into his brain.

Letting his willing eyelids slam closed against the invading light, Less simply gave himself a couple of minutes to regroup. In addition to a throbbing, pounding headache centered just behind his left eye, his entire body ached - not surprisingly, actually, since he'd fallen asleep on the overstuffed old armchair that he was still in, his body contorted into an odd position that somehow managed not only to leave him with stiff, cramped muscles, but with dull, throbbing pain in his chest, crotch, and waist...

...and then, his slowly rebooting mind working at piecing together the random, blurred images of the night before, he realized that the position he'd slept in probably had little to do with his sore waist, at any rate.

That pain would be from the damned corset.

Lee moaned again - this time, more in consideration of the fact that he was wearing a corset, rather than from the pain it caused.

As was often the prelude to something phenomenally stupid and/or dangerous, 'it had seemed like a good idea at the time'.

Still, he mused to himself sourly as he worked up the courage to move, he at least had the excuse that he'd been pretty well wasted at the time...

With a grunt, Lee forced his eyelids to half-mast, the light from the bare bulb of the floor lamp in the corner shaded by his long, dark fake eyelashes. With a push from his well-toned arms, he heaved himself up off the battered old chair, barely managing to catch his balance and narrowly avoiding a badly twisted ankle from slipping off his 'high' heels.

Muscles complaining strenuously, he carefully teetered towards the stairs leading up from his supposedly finished basement 'rec room', surprised that the place was relatively intact.

Usually, when he threw a party down here, the place ended up trashed.

Of course, the fact that this one had been an 'all female' party probably made the difference...

Even though his slow, stiff movements were making the damned, heavy water-balloons stuffed down his shirt jiggle and bounce uncomfortably against a chest he figured must have been rubbed raw by similar motion all night long, Lee felt his lipstick-clad lips curve upwards in a wry smile at the thought, half humorous and half self-disgusted.

He'd run out of his own booze about seven thirty or so last night, and had stumbled and weaved his way to the liquor store - only to find that his bank account was as depleted as his liquor supply. It could have been a 'disaster', as far as the hard-drinking twenty-four year old was concerned... except for the group of female med students who had just finished buying the booze to celebrate their graduation, but had also just found out that the hotel had over-booked and given their suite away.

That's when Lee had suggested that the 'chicks' use his basement for the party in exchange for some free booze - and he'd been both drunk and desperate enough to get even drunker that when they tried to decline his offer on the grounds that having a man around would make them uncomfortable, he'd been willing to 'be a girl' for the party.

Swaying to a stop in front of the cracked and dusty mirror near the foot of the stairs, Lee looked at the reflection it provided, smirking at the end-effect of that drunken decision.

Now, hung over but a little more clear-headed than he'd been the night before, he realized that the real reason the chicks didn't want to party here was because of his reputation as a real stud. Of course, none of the doctor broads needed to have worried about that, since none of them met his 'high standards', a fact he vaguely seemed to remember making clear to them during the party - but the chance to humiliate him like this at the cost of nothing but a few bottles of booze had probably been worth it to them.

Technically, Lee shared the house with his older sister, Miranda - but though this was her legal residence, she spent maybe two or three weeks of the year there, total. As a 'feature' exotic dancer, she spent almost all of her time on the road, living out of hotel rooms. She did use the house to store a lot of her 'working' outfits and accessories that she wasn't using in her current act, however, and it was from this supply that Lee had drawn his 'costume'.

The really humiliating part of it, he thought to himself as he surveyed the mildly distorted image in the old mirror, was the fact that he didn't make nearly as a ludicrous-looking sight as a woman as he would have liked.

In fact - the image in the mirror was quite... passable.

Lee and his sister had both inherited much of their looks from their Scandinavian mother. Of course, on Miranda, this translated into a slim, supple woman with legs that seemed to go on forever before reaching trim hips, a small, firm bust on a well-rounded pair of shoulders, and a lean, exotic-looking triangular face beneath her mane of sandy-blond hair.

For Lee, it expressed itself somewhat differently. Whereas Miranda looked taller than her average height because of her lean build, Lee looked shorter than his true height, because of not-heavy-but- taut musculature he'd carefully clothes his slender bone structure with. Given that, he'd never really had any complaints - or even second thoughts - about his 'masculinity', at least not since her was about seven or so...

...which was why the image in the mirror was so internally discomfiting for Lee.

The white patent-leather shoes - with the three sets of buckling ankle-straps that were too much for him to cope with undoing right now - boasted a two-inch thick platform and four-and-a-half inch shaped heels that were both suitable sexy and sensible for a woman who spent hours at a time wearing them. Of course, not having any experience in heels at all, Lee was having a much more difficult time with them than he'd like - but, unfortunately, not because they were too small for his

'masculine' feet. Truth be told, they fit uncomfortably well, being a little too narrow rather than too small.

His pants were his own, a fairly tight pair of jeans he wore fairly often. All other times he'd worn them, however, his long legs and average hips had gone well with his wide, flat stomach and average-sized shoulders to present an agreeably masculine image. Now, however, with the rest of the 'costume', those same hips no longer seemed 'average', but boyishly slender in a feminine way - making him notice, for the very first time, how full and firm his well-toned ass looked in the pants.

Full and firm - and, if your mind was already pointed in that direction, at least 'cutely' feminine, maybe even edging into 'sexy'.

His face, strong featured with an almost-cleft chin, had always seemed almost exceedingly male - but now, surrounded by the fall of golden-blond wig-hair and boasting lipstick, mascara, and thin eyebrows he just barely recalled drunkenly letting the girls pluck, the face looked... female. Not pretty, really, but not ugly.

In fact, that would have served to describe much of the 'woman' he made - neither noticeably ugly nor remarkably pretty, just sort of an athletic average.

Except, of course, for his 'tits'. A pair of big, thick-walled rubber balloons he'd filled with warm water and taped into place on his hairy chest before forcing the yellow turtleneck shirt down over them.

Balloons filled almost to the size of volleyballs - big, round 'tits' that managed to visually reduce the size of his shoulders and ribcage in comparison, making them seem much more feminine, especially with the assistance to an hourglass figure provided by the heavy canvas corset he wore, barely laced up at the beginning over the evening, but steadily (and gleefully) tightened over time by the girls until it compressed his waist by a painfully full five inches.

That part he remembered, at least vaguely, but that was still fairly early in the evening, and he had almost no memories of the past - he glanced at the digital clock on the wall... and did an almost classic double-take....

Nearly twenty hours. His last, clear memory was at sometime a little past nine o'clock last night, and it was nearly five the next afternoon.

Lee, no matter how drunk or sick, had never slept more than eight hours at one time in his life, and he wondered fuzzily what he'd done during the missing twelve or more hours. Had he'd been so drunk he'd gotten lucky...? Maybe several times ?

Well, that might explain the low, dull throbbing ache in his crotch then, he thought with a lewd grin.

Reaching his hands up to his head, he twined the bright-red Press-On nails in the long, shimmering blonde wig set atop the sandy-blond hair he kept as short-trimmed as the goatee he'd always worn until the girls shave it off last night, he tugged on it...

...and gasped, head cocking back with a spine-popping whipping motion as his hard yank failed to separate the wig from his head.

Grimacing, he yanked upwards this time, harder - and achieved nothing but more stretching of his neck-muscles.

Those girls must have glued the damned thing to his head!

Snarling, Lee yanked on it a third time, futilely - and then a bad thought hit him, and hit him hard.

What if the wig wasn't the only thing the girls had glued on...?

Dropping his hands from his head, he wrapped them around the bottom of the tight yellow shirt, mentally cursing the long acrylic nails as he got a grip and forced the tight garment upwards...

...and grimaced at the way the water-balloons pulled at his chest as he struggled to get the shirt off, seeming to tactilely confirm his ugly suspicions as he finally got the tight hem up on the bottom curve of the balloons and managed to stretch it so it would continue upwards, and...

Suddenly numb, the shirt pulled up just under his armpits, Lee stared incredulously at what the mirror reported.

There were no water balloons taped to his hairy chest.

There weren't even water balloons glued to his shaven chest.

There were a huge pair of *tits* thrust roundly and almost proudly from his denuded chest! Massive, unrealistically spherical, tipped-with-small-little-nipples, all too obviously surgically inflated *boobs*!

"Those damned med bitches gave me implants!" Lee swore, aloud...

...and then mentally reeled at the somewhat rough, smoky but higher-pitched and more-then-just-a- little feminine-sounding voice it emerged in.

"What the hell have those dumb bitches done to me...?" Lee demanded of his equally enraged - and worried - reflection, hating the husky-yet feminine the words emerged in. "They... they gave me a boob-job!"

Even as he said it, though, his shaking, long-nailed hands hesitantly coming down to lightly touch the massive, firm breasts above the tight-laced corset, he knew it shouldn't be possible to get huge breast implants like this, not in one night.

Still, as much as he wished he could believe that 'logical' conclusion, the sensations from his mildly sore new bust-line argued against it...

...and then Lee went cold as an insidious connection between his sore chest and sore crotch began to form unwillingly in his mind.

"No.. No, they couldn't have...." He told his horrified reflection - and then his hands darted downwards, fumbling at the zipper and button of his jeans until he could finally get his long-nailed fingers to work and yank the pants open...

...to reveal her perfectly formed vagina.

"No - it's not possible..." She tried to convince herself, in vain - because even as she was saying it, questing fingers were sliding across the fleshy lips of what was undeniably a female cunt, unobscured even by pubic hair, much less any underwear.

With a hoarse-yet-damnably-feminine scream, the unwillingly feminine person yanked her hands away from her unwanted new cunt and fled up the stairs, huge tits bouncing and swaying as she teetered and wobbled up the narrow stairs up into the kitchen, out through the doorway into the living room...

...where she came to screeching stop, eyes widening in disbelief. It wasn't her living room.

Or, rather - it wasn't Lee's living room. It might quite well be the living room of the woman she now was, however - considering the matched pair of nearly life-sized posters over the new black leather couch, each one showing the new woman she'd just seen in the mirror, all dolled up and dressed to emphasize every feminine thing about her...

...and with 'her' name emblazoned on each poster in big, red letters:

Lisa Titslinger

Shaking her head and muttering an unheard mantra of denial over and over again, 'Lisa' staggered away from the posters adorning the femininely decorated room, stumbling down the hallway to the master bedroom...

...which was a bedroom no longer, but a change room. The bed was gone, and the only things in the room, aside from the large, mirror-surmounted make-up table with its abundant supply of feminine cosmetics, were racks and racks of sexy, feminine clothes.

Shrieking, Lisa fled into the en-suite bathroom and slammed the door on the feminine items and furnishings somehow filling her house - but it didn't help, and not only because the bathroom had received a similarly effeminate make-over.

No, the real problem was that she was carrying the feminine conversion around with her, in the most horrible, confusion, and unavoidable place:

Her own body.

With trembling hands, she shucked off all her clothing - including a corset that turned out not to be tightly laced over a masculine waist, but just laced enough to stay on the supple, slender pinched waist of a woman she now boasted.

Stunned. Shocked. Horrified. Confused.

Stunned. Shocked. Horrified. Confused.

Stunnedshockedhorrifiedconfused, stunnedshockedhorrifiedconfusedstunnedshocked...

She might have stood in the bathroom for hours uncounted, staring about her wildly as her roiling emotions and unordered thoughts spun uselessly through her - but then, in every single room in the entire house, a synchronized alarm clock went off, chiming the five o'clock hour.

Her thoughts and emotions continued to whirl wildly - but her body straightened, turned, and with a sort of calm competence, started a shower running, waiting for the water to reach a comfortable temperature.

"What the...?" Lisa stammered, wide-eyed, watching her body move of its own volition. "What the fuck am I doing...?"

Getting a shower, apparently - for that's exactly what she found herself doing, without will or volition. Operating as if on it's own, moving with that same sort of thoughtless competence that came from long habit, she saw and felt herself step into the shower stall, soaping up her lean, buxom new body with matter-of-fact motions.

Motion that, no matter how work-a-day they were, nevertheless caused all sorts of new and, in some cases, disturbingly pleasant sensations as her hands worked soap into the taut, smooth flesh of her new body. She soaped and rinsed her huge new tits and her full, firm ass. She washed and scrubbed her long, toned legs and her slightly mounded new crotch. She cleaned her face and shampooed her long, golden hair - all while she yelled at herself to stop it, her hateful new voice bouncing back to her ears in the echo-chamber of the stall, but having no effect on her calmly functioning body...

...and what made the whole thing so terrible, so awful, so confusingly, disgustingly, horribly frightening was the fact that it felt completely and utterly natural to be doing what she was doing.

As each 'new' sensation rocked her mind - she recognized it, just as if it were something she'd done a hundred thousand times before, though she couldn't say when or where.

Ever motion, every sensation, every single aspect of the shower, new body and all, felt as common and as commonplace as it had felt to do so in her male body, despite all the differences that should have made it feel totally new and unfamiliar.

With that same sense of having done it all before, a prisoner in a body that wasn't truly 'his' to begin with, she could only watch and experience as she finished showering and methodically toweled herself dry, spending time on getting her hair well dried with the use of a power hairdryer.

Next, her body still operating on it's own, she found herself going out to the 'wardrobe room' - where, helpless to stop herself, and still feeling that same strange sense of familiarity, she picked out a hanger on which was a complete 'sexy schoolgirl' outfit.

Horried, disgusted by what her unwilling hands were doing, she found herself dressing in the sexy little number. Knee-high translucent socks balled up, slipped over pointed toes, and smoothed over her lower legs with the actions of long familiarity. Slipping into the short plaid skirt and zipping it up as if it were the most common thing in the world. Tying the short-sleeved silk blouse in place over her massive tits as if she knew from experience the way to get it to display the most cleavage without threatening to fall off.

Next, she stepped into a pair of modified 'Mary Jane' pumps with a four-inch heel, and having dressed in the schoolgirl outfit was bad enough - but it was all the worst when her helpless body then went over to the make-up table and sat down to take care of matching make-up and hairstyle. Hands efficiently worked away, applying color and scent, then moving on to pull her hair into twin golden pigtails.

Fully outfitted and made-up as a sexy schoolgirl, she found herself rising and leaving the room - and her body was now moving with a sexy 'come hither' roll to her hips that made her huge new tits jiggle and sway in the scant enclosure of the translucent top.

Reaching the living room, she paced back and forth atop the heels as if waiting for something - and that something was apparently the ringing of the doorbell at a few minutes to six.

Helplessly., she went to the front door and opened it - and found herself smiling back at the young man who stood outside.

"Hi, Lisa." He greeted her - and she wrapped an arm around his neck and pulled him in for a short, but deep and hungry, kiss.

Confused and horrified by her out-of-control body's 'homosexual' action, Lisa only became the more confused and disgusted over the next half-hour or so, as more men showed up at her door.

Each was greeted with a kiss and/or a fondle and/or by a whole-body, rubbing/grinding 'hug', sure to arouse - from which she couldn't help but determine, based on the words helplessly flowing from her mouth, was exactly what the intention was.

With each man, almost lost in the 'horror' of the way she was greeting them, was the monetary exchange: fifty dollars.

From each of the twenty-one men who came.

More than a thousand dollars in cash, which she tucked away in a little wall safe that, unable to make her body count it, already contained what she could only estimate at being several thousand dollars in cash.

That task done, she found herself walking with that hip-swiveling, tit-bouncing sway back to where the party was in full swing, the men comfortable on the abundance of black leather furniture, sipping assorted drinks from the well-stocked bar in the corner.

"Let the fun begin...!" She found herself crowing, happily...

...while slowly and seductively stripping out of the clothes she'd so-recently put on.

Helpless to stop herself, she pranced around the room, letting each of the men give some hands-on assistance in getting her undressed.

One man untied her top for her - and got a quick squeeze-and-fondle of her huge tits before she moved on, letting the top drop to the floor.

The next man she let unzip her skirt while she helplessly found herself jamming her huge tits into his face - but the skirt, unzipped, didn't come off.

That task was reserved for another guy, who got to fondle her taut ass in payment.

Clad now in just the socks and shoes, she capered around the room, laughing while her mind spun and screamed helplessly inside, asking over and over again; "Who's first?"

The men, yelling and gesturing, each made it clear that they wanted to be 'first' - until she helplessly found her 'cheerful' body picking one man in particular and walking over to where he sat...

...reached out to his tented crotch...

...unzipped and lowered his pants, then underwear, to expose his rigid cock...

...positioned herself on the couch above him, legs spread wide over his own...

...AND IMPALED HERSELF ON HIS COCK!

Even as her silent mental scream of horror and disgust was mirrored by her uncontrolled body shriek of pleasure, Lisa faced the horrifying truth about who 'Lisa Titslinger' was:

She was a whore...!

...and from what she said to the nameless man she fucked with consummate skill, one who loved her work - despite what her screaming, sobbing, cursing, and utterly helpless mind might have to say about that.

Her body doing what it seemed to do best, she rode atop the man like a trained rider atop a wild stallion, matching his rhythms and thrusts with her own motions, smoothing his face in her tits, pulling his hands up on to her ass, everything she could possibly do to increase his pleasure until finally, gasping into her deep cleavage, he pumped a full load of his hot seed deep into her new womanhood...

...and she faked her own orgasm, telling him how good he was even as some small, self-hating part of his helpless mind wished she'd kept thrusting just long enough for her female orgasm.

Then, after helplessly kissing the man in 'gratitude', she found herself rising, looking around, and picking another man, one who had his pants already open and was lightly stroking his own hard cock.

"Well, we can't let that go to waste, now can we...?" She heard herself say, teasingly - and then, helplessly, she found herself swaying across the room to him...

...dropping to her knees...

...and giving him a blow-job!

As her mouth was filled with hard, thick cock she struggled desperately with her unresponsive body, trying to stop this disgusting act - but her body ignored her, applying consummate skill to the task of sucking cock, showing herself to be a true

virtuoso at fellatio. Lips and mouth and tongue and hands worked with the same exquisite timing and skill as those of a concert pianist - whereas she was a concentrated penisist.

She sucked and slurped, licked and nibbled, worked and jerked - until he inexorably came, gushing a thick load of salty cum into her mouth...

...and she swallowed it. Every drop.

Every *single* drop...

...and she thanked him for giving it to her.

Then, once more, she moved on - and her earlier thought about reaching orgasm came back to haunt her as she was laid out onto the extra-wide, padded-leather surface of the 'coffee table' to allow the man she'd chosen to spread her willing legs and slip[his throbbing man-meat deep into her wet cunt and begin pounding away.

Already 'primed' by her first fuck, she had no problem reaching orgasm this time - it hit her like a freight-train, hating herself for how much she was enjoying the pleasure that came from being fucked by a woman even as her body writhed and thrashed in true ecstasy, massive tits bobbing and swaying roundly on her chest.

The next man also gave her an orgasm, bent over the bar with her legs spread, huge tits swaying in rhythm to his thrusts...

...and she was still helplessly, guiltily feeling the pleasure of the orgasmic afterglow from that one when she sank to her knees in front of another man for her second blow-job of the evening...

..and then a guy wanted to tit-fuck her, which she willingly allowed, mind spinning helplessly...

...and then, with blessed relief, she found her body, sticky with come, gathering up her discarded clothing and leaving the room, and she was more happy than she'd ever been in her life that the horrifying spectacle was over> Almost eagerly she experienced her body climbing into the shower, careful not to wet the shaken-out mane of hair as it cleaned cum from itself...

...only to go back out into the wardrobe room after drying off, where she helplessly watched herself pick out another sexy outfit, this one of a very naughty 'cow girl', complete with pink-and-whine vinyl holsters hosting plastic 'six-shooter' cap guns - guns that she fired into the air as she pranced back into the living-room atop high-heeled cowboy boots, using a thick southern accent to announce the beginning of 'round two' of the night-long 'festivities'...

She lost track of how many times she sucked or fucked the men, how many times she kissed or was kissed, how many times her huge tits were fondled, her taut as groped.

Every hour, on the hour, she found herself showering and changing into a sexy new outfit, a ten minute respite from the constant sex every hour - and while her reeling mind struggled to come to terms to the impossible that was happening during these brief breaks, her body tingled and itched as if eager to get back to the 'fun'.

Which she did, as soon as attired in a new sexually enticing costume. Eight o'clock: Sexy nurse.

Nine o'clock: An extraordinarily compliant 'Dominatrix'. Ten: French maid.

Eleven, naughty secretary.

Buxom ballerina. Chesty cheerleader. Busty belly-dancer. Full-figured fire-fighter. Promiscuous policewoman.

Each outfit on just long enough for the guys to appreciate it - and then she was stripping out of it to free her body for the purpose of the evening:

Fucking and sucking. Sucking and fucking. On, and on, and on...

Overwhelmed by the constant barrage of sex, Lisa lost all track of time, her helpless mind dazed and confused as her body was fondled and used... until, at some point in the morning, she slowly came to realize that it had been some time since that had last happened.

Slowly, her body slicked with cum, her tits, crotch and throat aching from all the attention she'd 'insisted' on, Lisa pulled herself up off the couch - and realized it was well into morning, and all the men had left.

Slowly, stiffly, she walked through the house cleaning up, her mind still dazed, no longer seeking answers or truth or any cohesive thoughts whatsoever as her body mechanically cleaned first the house, then herself.

Freshly showered, she almost failed to notice that she was clothing herself in an outfit identical to the one she'd awoken in that very afternoon - and, bemused, she found herself walking heavily and tiredly to the kitchen, where she descended the stairs into the basement.

Body still stiff and sore for the sexual acrobatics of the night, she quite willingly curled up onto the ratty old arm chair, closed her eyes, and gave her whiling, screaming, uncomprehending mind over to the blessed oblivion of a deep, dreamless sleep...

* * * *

Suppressing a salt-and-something flavored belch that rasped in his sore throat, aching in muscles he didn't even know he had, Lee Dizlinger forced his apparently lead-plated eyelids to open...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Two author, one female one male, who both write "relationship" books are tricked into switching bodies to see how the other REALLY lives.

Opposing Viewpoints

By Gunslinger

Richard Hampton sipped at the coffee in the gold-rimmed china cup, nodding appreciatively at the flavor. "This is very, very good, Miss Black."

The slender, gray-haired woman behind the big cherry-wood desk smiled. "As I said, Mr. Hampton - call me Eloise. With my sister - co- owner and co-manager - also being Miss Black, we prefer to use first names with customers and potential staff."

"I wouldn't dream of using your first name, my dear, unless you call me Richard." The tall, broad-shouldered man insisted, a twinkle in his green eyes.

"That certainly seems fair... Richard." Eloise Black allowed.

"Now, I must say that I am quite flattered by your offer to be on staff - but I don't understand it. While I have earned some recognition as the author of relationship guides, I would think that a relationship counseling retreat such as this would only hire accredited staff."

Eloise smiled at her raven-haired guest. "Well, usually, yes - but we have a very special 'problem client' that only your expertise can assist in helping. So, this may only be a short term employment, or it might last quite some time."

"Well, let's hope for the best." Richard said, rising as his host did. Dressed causally in tan slacks, a white cable-knit turtleneck and a dark blue blazer, the twenty-nine year old man towered over the five-foot-six Miss Black by a good foot as he followed her towards the door to the foyer of the offices, where he would meet this problem client.

As he took three quick steps forward to get the door, he smiled and said. "I only hope that I can help this..."

"...poor misguided soul..." Marianne Korpikov said as she stepped into the foyer with Lenore Black just behind her - then she stopped dead, staring at the tall, devilishly handsome man across the small foyer, her surprised look fading as her eyes narrowed.

"What..." She asked in a cool, brittle tone. "...is *he* doing here?"

Forcing an urbane half-smile to his lips, the tall, goateed man wagged a finger at the tall, slender blonde. "Now, now - there's no call to be unpleasant, my dear Miss..."

"Miz." Marianne corrected through tight lips.

"...Korpikov." Richard finished, wincing slightly at the tone she put in her correction.

The two of them looked at each other across the ten-foot distance between them, differing expression on their faces.

Marianne was a tall, slender woman who was probably quite shapely - although her severely tailor charcoal suit did little to reveal that, other than the noticeable swelling of the taut, unflattering material over her chest. Her platinum-blond hair was slicked down to her head, barely rimming the top of a classically beautiful face that managed to reveal its beauty despite the complete lack of any make-up or jewelry. Her mannish loafers not providing any extra inches, she was still only a half-dozen inches shorter than the man she was barely keeping from sneering at.

The two knew each other - although they had never met before now. Instead, they had seen each other on TV, had read each other's book - because for ten weeks, their diametrically opposed relationship guides had juggled the number one and two spots of the New York Times Non-Fiction Bestsellers list. Each saw the other of the prime example of what was wrong with the other gender, a living embodiment of the 'worst case' person from their books.

Richard saw Marianne as a 'masculinist', a woman who tried to deny her own gender and be domineering and self-centered.

Marianne, on the other hand, saw Richard as being slick, shallow, condescending - he even advocated holding doors open for women, for God's sake!

Now, she glared at him while he studied her with a hint of civil amusement....

"I'm afraid that we've misled you." Eloise said to the both. "We actually called you here, because we have been watching your long- distance animosity through TV and print, and have decided that you, more than anyone else we have ever met, are in need of our... unique services."

Marianne's eyes widened in disbelief. "What? You lured me here, thinking I'd go through your two-week course with... with. " She waved a hand at Richard. ". *that?*"

Richard smiled sadly. "I'm afraid that I must agree with the gist - if not the delivery - of Miss Korpikov "

"Would you *stop* that?" Marianne demanded.

Richard blinked. "Excuse me?"

"Acting like I'm a poor retarded..." Marianne began hotly.

"Please, please!" Lenore said, gently - and her very gracious, proper nature was enough to stop the tall, svelte woman's growing tirade. "You see, we know that you can benefit from a very unusual service. You see, there is a secret behind our success rate - and that secret is, for want of a better phrase, witchcraft."

"Excuse me?" "Huh?"

Eloise smiled kindly. "Oh, dear me - yes. We are... 'purveyors of magical and emotional metaphysics'." she said in a certain tone of voice that indicated a quote of some sort, although neither of the interested parties recognized it.

Her sister took up the explanation. "Quite simply, our method is the most straight-forward application of the old 'put yourself in somebody else's shoes'. You see - we use magic spells to exchange two people's consciousness. Then, we simply deny them a return exchange until they are able to behave like reasonable adults in each other's presence."

"Look, I don't know what sort of..." Marianne started in a half-angry, half-cautious tone...

The two sisters lay a hand on each of their charges, making some sort of obscure gesture with the other.

"...scam you're running here, but..." Richard continued without a noticeable break, his face set in the firm, annoyed lines that had been on another face until a second ago - then he stammered to a stop, gaping across the foyer at Marianne....

...who stared back in equal shock. "Good Lord!" She exclaimed. "You. you're me!"

"You see - painless and easy." Lenore said. "Your therapy starts immediately, and it includes nobody but yourself. When you are ready to face society as a functioning couple - even if it be as mere acquaintances - then we can switch you back."

The two authors stared at each other, then down at their own bodies...

Only, that wasn't the right terminology - for, when they were staring at the person across from them, they were staring at their own bodies.

In an instant, with no 'Hollywood' special effects, their minds had been swapped, leaving them in each other's body. Whirling, Richard.... the body of Richard, that was... shook a finger in Eloise's face. "You.. you put us back in our bodies!"

The old woman showed no fear, shaking her head sadly. "I'm sorry - our measures may seem harsh, but we allow no exceptions. In that body you will stay, until you and 'she' can deal with each other in an intelligent manner. Being able to see the other point of view will aid you greatly, we have found."

"But..." Marianne (the body of her, at least - the cadence, if not the voice, was pure Richard.) "...look here! Surely, not all your clients are success stories. What do you do if a relationship is completely irredeemable?"

Lenore blinked, as if surprised by such an 'elementary' question. "Like we said - we cannot allow any exceptions. Those who do not learn to live with the personality of the other person must therefore learn to live with their form - for the rest of their natural born lives." She smiled sweetly. "We find that this serves as wonderful incentive."

The two switched authors stared at the 'sweet' old lady.

Handing a key to Richard, Eloise smiled. "You'll be sharing bungalow 12 for the duration of your stay. We wish you the best of luck." Then the sisters individually turned and re-entered their office, closing and locking the heavy oak doors behind them.

"No.. no,*no,no,NO!*" Richard said, shaking his head in disbelief. With a stride subtly different than that body had ever used, he walked to the bench along the wall and slumped down on it. "This can't be happening - it can't!"

Marianne was staring at her hands with an amazed expression. She shook her head, braking the mild trance. "I.. I think it is real, my dear..."

Richard came off the bench like a torpedo being launched, face going a beat read as his male vocal-chords produced more sheer volume than the female personality running them had ever had to command.

"STOP *DOING* THAT!"

Marianne involuntarily twitched backwards as her old body stalked towards her. "What...?"

"Even with me in this... this.. hairy ape body, you oh-so-carefully modulate your tone and pick your words to make it clear to stupid, emotional, *female* me. Oh, stay calm, stay pleasant, don't actually say anything *important*, make sure to be nice and condescending, while doing your little 'who me? I'm the image of civility' routine, as if it's fooling anybody smarter than a *goddamned*..."

Despite the massive difference in muscle mass between them, when Richard arrived and started pushing his strong new finger against the shoulder that had been his own until a few minutes ago, the new persona inhabiting Marianne's body gently pushed the finger aside and spoke calmly.

"Perhaps we should continue this in the privacy of the bungalow..." She suggested, seeming surprised to hear her feminine voice as she commanded the words to emerge.

"Like hell!" Richard said, angrily, stalking towards the office door on his muscular new male legs. "I'm going to barge in there and..." "Um, Mari... Richard." Marianne said, finding that calling her old body by the female appellation just felt wrong.

At the sound of the masculine name, Richard whirled, eyeing his old form. "What did you call me?" Ignoring the question, Marianne pointed at the door. "I don't think storming in there would be a good idea." "Oh? Why not?" He asked angrily.

She smiled sadly, the polite, soft expression looking oddly... 'comfortable' on a face that wasn't used to it. "They *are* witches. I know you're not too thrilled with my male body - but I like it, and I'd hate to have it turned into a frog, or some such."

Richard clenched his fists in frustration at having to admit the truth of the statement. "Fine!"

Turning, he stalked out of the Foyer. Startled, Marianne took off after him, but his longer legs left him with a speed advantage that was slight but - with the head start - enough. Marianne was just reaching the porch of bungalow twelve when the door slammed, followed by the unmistakable sound of bolts being thrown.

Marianne paused for a moment to catch her breath. Even as she felt her breathing slow to what she presumed was normal, her mind was going over the new and.. intriguing sensations that running in this body created. She was less than thrilled with the situation, too, but that didn't mean she was completely incapable of appreciating whatever new information she might pick up and file away - including the different way her new hips moved when she ran or walked, and especially the fact that, whatever size breasts she now possessed, running braless wasn't necessarily a good idea.

Straightened, she knocked firmly but not insistently on the door. "Richard?"

"Don't call me that!" Her old male voice shouted back. "I am *not* Richard - I'm Marianne, trapped in *your* body!"

"Trust me, I know." Marianne called back. "But I think it might be for the best if we used the names that match the identification our bodies are carrying, to avoid public embarrassment... and I think you should let me in."

Marianne could practically hear Richard wracking his mind for a good excuse to refuse her entry - but this was his 'real' body, and any harm done to it was done to him.

Also - unless they managed to be in the same room as each other without killing one another, regardless of the body they were in, then they'd be stuck like this for life.

Even the sound of the dead-bolt snapping back somehow sounded... grudging.

"All right - come in." Richard said, stiffly, opening the door. Before he could change his mind, Marianne slipped in the opening and pushed the door shut and locked it.

"Now, look..." Marianne said, reasonable. "I don't like this any more than you do - but it isn't the end of the world. All we have to do is..."

Richard's lip curled in a sneer, and he waved a fist in front of the face that he used to own. "What you have to stop doing, first of all, is treating me like some goddamned moron!"

Marianne blinked, then spoke in a very, very cautious tone. "Look, this is, I believe, the third time you've accused me of talking to you in a condescending tone, and I'm not sure what you're talking about..."

"That!" Richard yelled, pointing his thick finger at her. "What you're doing right now. Playing Mister 'oh-so-civilized'. I know you're goddamn well as pissed as I am, but here you are, pulling this.. this.. 'fake' persona so that poor, emotional, womanly me looks and feels so stupid next to you, just because I have feelings..."

"Whoa! Whoa!" Marianne said, holding up her hands - and pausing for a second, startled by the sight of the slender, feminine hands, even though he'd 'intellectually' expected it. Pushing past the surprise, he continued. "If I understand you correctly - you're mad at me because I don't just... let my emotions take control?"

"No!" Richard said, stomping into the living room of the small house and dropping onto the sofa. "I'm mad because you're doing it to make me feel 'pathetic' next to the oh-so-in-control you. Men either let all their emotions go, like when they beat on women - or they prove that they're so much more 'civilized' than us poor dumb 'bitches' by pulling the routine you're pulling!"

Marianne blinked, then sat down in a chair across from Richard. "Look, I know that you're not going to want to believe this - but while I do consciously rein in my emotions, it certainly doesn't have anything to do with making you feel... *inferior* in anyway. It's simply the way I am."

"Oh, yeah, right. What, do you think I'm *stupid*, or something?" Richard sneered. "No, I don't - I'm just confused because I don't understand your hostility."

"Oh, come on." Richard said, hotly. "Every thing anybody does has a reason, and the only reason you could be pulling this routine must be to make yourself look 'better'. Since there's only two people here, and I know damned well that you're not trying to seduce me, then I must be the person you're trying to look better than." He lifted his hands in 'victory'. "Go ahead - refute it!"

"You're partially right." Marianne said, quietly - and the admission startled Richard, who'd expected a flat denial. "The only mistakes in your reasoning are the 'why' and the 'who'. As you pointed out, there are two people in this room."

Richard blinked. "Uhhhhh... huh?"

Marianne sighed. "The person I'm trying to be 'better' than - is myself. When I get emotional, I - like many people - do stupid things. Loose control and 'go off the deep end'. I don't like that." She shrugged. "So - I try very carefully to control my temper - not to impress or degrade anyone else, but for myself."

Richard snorted.

"And that..." Marianne said, pointing at her old body. "Is your biggest problem."

"What?" Richard asked, bemused.

"You may think I put on too much of an 'act' - but you don't put on enough of one." "What the hell's that supposed to mean?" Richard asked angrily, sitting up straight.

"Well - part of life is 'compromise' - meeting the world half-way. You seem to insist on saying 'here I am - and if you don't like it, then go to hell.' You refuse to... well, to soften up a little bit and let yourself try and..." She waved a hand in annoyance, trying to find the right word. "...evolve."

"Evolve?" Richard snorted. "Yeah, right - 'evolve' into the compliant, brain-dead, scantily-clad bimbo the male-dominated world wants to see."

Marianne sighed. "I don't know what happened to get you onto this 'anti-man' thing..." Leaning forward, she fixed Richard with her gaze. "Look - contrary to what you may think, I've never advocated that. I've always said that woman are equal - but different. You seem determined to be a 'pseudo-man', rather than a strong, confident woman. There's no reason on earth why a woman can't be an equal without losing her femininity."

"Oh, yeah, right." Richard rolled his eyes. "That's about as likely as a man who has a real, honest to god sense of 'fairness' that women seem to have."

Marianne sighed. "You might be right - because you're in a man's body know, and you're more interested in being hostile than you are about trying to get back to your own body."

Richard blinked, then grimaced - stung by the accusation, which was all-too-accurate. They needed to be able to pass themselves off as people who could at least stand each other's company - and out of the two of them, Marianne was the only one who was being polite and reasonable - even if that was what Richard found so damned grating, he had to (reluctantly) admit that it was more than what he was doing.

"Well, you're not exactly winning any points in my books." Richard retorted angrily, and illogically. "Excuse me?" Marianne asked.

"Well, in your books you keep saying that being female is just a case of a human being born into that gender - that, understanding that, there's no reason to be 'ashamed' of being female. Well - you're a woman now, and I don't see you acting so damned proud of it!"

Marianne's jaw tightened and she took a deep breath. Obviously, the situation hadn't changed Richard's nature at all - just as always, when he failed with logic, he went off on an emotional rant as if it actually....

Well, if he wanted to change the rules, she could play the game too.

"If that's your basis of judgment," Marianne retorted, "then you're not winning any prizes either."

"Huh?"

Marianne waved a hand at her old body. "Look at you - finally a chance to show the world what a 'real man' should be - and you're being as aggressive, uncaring and stubborn as you always accuse men of being."

"Hey, look - I could be a better man than you ever were." Richard retorted angrily. "At least I'm on the right side of the gender barrier in this body. Not only are you too male-ego oriented to be able to pretend to be any sort of woman, you would rather die, now, then find out what like would be like if you actually had to be the type of woman you advocate in your books."

Marianne blinked - then grinned, suddenly. "I think, maybe, this might just work out." "Huh?" Richard asked - feeling stupid at the wonderful repetition he was managing.

"Well, we each wrote relationship guides, right? Described the best possible way for the other gender to be successful in public and private relations?"

"Yeah..." Richard agreed, slowly.

"Well, then - let's see who was right." Marianne suggested. "You try and be the 'perfect gentleman' as laid out in your book, and I'll be the 'perfect lady'."

"That's the stupidest..." Richard began.

"Chapter three, wasn't it?" Marianne asked, pointedly. "Something about a man shouldn't just arbitrarily dismiss a woman's idea, but discuss it and actually consider it?"

That snapped Richard's mouth shut in a hurry - Marianne was quoting his own work back at him.

"Sure, I'll discuss it." He said, in a patently artificial tone of reasonability. "How about discussing your suggestions about how a woman should dress, or the make-up she should wear."

Marianne flushed at the thought of acting as feminine as he'd advocated in his book - but two things were more potent than her embarrassment.

One was, of course, the desire to get her real body back. As strange as it would feel acting female, the truth was she was now female in body, and nobody on the 'outside' of their twisted situation would think her a 'pervert' for it.

Second - and almost as important...

...she wanted to show the stuck-up, antagonistic bitch now inhabiting her 'real' body that she was better than he was. No matter how bad things got, she was more 'man' than he was, and she could prove it - by being more feminine than he had managed to be when she was in this body.

"Fine." Marianne said with satisfaction. "Starting right this minute, we'll begin living out the advice we've been doling out. We're both so damned sure that we're right about how to maintain a good relationship - well, then, we should have no problem practicing what we preach, and that'll be enough to get our bodies back."

"Sounds good to me." Richard said in that over-exaggerated tone of civility - sure, deep down, that Marianne wouldn't be able to handle having to be what was expected from a woman in the male-dominated society that existed. Come hell or high-water, he'd prove to her that she was wrong, and he was right.

With retrained nods at each other, they went to the separate rooms provided for each of them...

...then, heads down and refusing to meet each other's eyes, went into the right room for the body they wore, instead of the mind that was controlling it.

* * * * *

The new Marianne looked at the collection of clothing that the original owner of the body had brought - and grimaced. For two reasons.

Which was odd - since the two reasons were almost diametrically opposed to each other.

The first reason was, of course, the fact that she was going to be wearing women's clothes at all. She was wearing some now - barely - but that hardly counted, in her mind. They'd been on this body when she'd arrived in it, and was more-or-less a 'side-effect' of the switch. Now, she was going to have to put women's clothes on, by conscious and free decision.

The second reason she grimaced was the fact that the original owner of the body she was now wearing had mostly mannish women's clothes. It was an odd situation to be in, she thought with a wry grin - she didn't particularly want to wear women's clothing, but the clothing she was 'willing' to wear for the sake of getting back her own, male body was clothing that the original Marianne wasn't particularly interested in.

'Thankfully' (*another wry smile at that thought*), she thought she could make-do with what was here, with a little bit of mix-and-matching.

Peeling off the severe suit she was wearing, the new woman stood in front of the room's full length mirror, clad only in a pair of 'sensible' cotton panties, and eyed her new form.

She was stunning. There was no other word for the body that she wore - and, though she didn't take pride in the fact that the female body she was stuck in was gorgeous, she could admire how it looked in the mirror.

It was slender and supple, with great muscle-tone and smooth, unblemished skin. The legs she now called 'hers' were long and well defined, leading upwards to the gentle swell of supple, slender hips. Her tummy was admirably taut, and her waist slender and finely curved.

Her Breasts... ah, her breasts... They were... perfect.

A 'D' cup, perhaps - just the right size, without being 'too much of a good thing'. Remarkable firm and round, like halved grapefruit in shape, but a bit larger - just about the right size to be a handful....

...in her old body, that is, she thought as she lifted one slender, long-fingered hand and cupped her new breasts, surprised at the pleasant sensation created by the simple act of touch., the nipples were surprisingly large - and surprisingly bright, almost a pink, looking delightfully tempting.

The rest of her was almost as good. The clothing the 'other' Marianne had worn had downplayed the fact that her body was as gorgeous as her face. The arms were a perfect balance between toned strength and slender grace, remaining utterly feminine from the slender wrist to the nicely rounded shoulders that led to the swan-like neck.

All in all, the body was one that most of the females of the 'civilized' nations would have been green with envious over, and would have done almost anything to have...

She couldn't help it.

She laughed. Not an all-out belly laugh, but a sort of snorting-giggling-chuckling routine as her efforts to stifle her own laughter caused her to laugh harder at the sheer irony of the universe.

This body was practically a perfect example of feminine grace and beauty - and the two 'souls' that had (so far) inhabited it were A) A feminist who thought that being feminine was a curse to be downplayed at all costs, and B) a man, who could admire the beauty of the body, but definitely didn't want to be in it.

With a sigh, Marianne turned to the task at hand - dressing this fantastic body in the clothing that her male mind thought it deserved to be wearing - while grimacing mentally at the fact that it was her putting the clothes on....

* * * * *

"God! What's taking..." The new Richard paused, having to concentrate on getting it right. ". her so long?"

He'd been waiting in the living room for a good forty-five minutes already, and that was on top of the few minutes it had taken him to get ready.

At first, he hadn't minded the wait - he was busy getting used to his new body. The easy power and the sense of strength was... amazing. He, as a woman, had always tried to project as sense of confident power, of easy control - and it had been a real struggle, especially cursed with a frail, unintimidating body. Now, he didn't have to try - with the tall, broad, brawny body he was in, it just seemed to easy from every pore. If nothing else, he now believed the original Richard's explanation about his mannerisms, trying to keep control of the power in this body....

...He just didn't understand why. After all, if you had that kind of authority and strength, why in God's name would you bother to rein it in, refuse to use what you'd been given? Now that he was in this body, he certainly didn't have any problem with using it to it's full potential.

What's more - clothes on this body were so much more comfortable. Part of it was the build of the body - but more of it was the fact that the male-oriented fashion industry made more comfortable clothes for men than for women, and he now got to experience it from the inside. He'd never felt so relaxed-yet-powerful.

If only he could figure out to do with the disturbingly large cock he'd 'inherited'. He just couldn't seem to find a position where it was completely comfortable, and he had to be careful how he sat and moved, or it could be very disconcerting.

Richard straightened as he heard the sound of heels tapping on the floor of the hallway, and he rose. "About bloody ti..." he started. then his jaw dropped and he stared at Marianne as she entered the room.

Staring at the bottom, a disbelieving Richard let his eyes slowly travel up the new woman's body.

First, there was the shoes - the only pair of heels that she owned, for very formal occasions, they were black suede pumps with gold accents and four inch gold-toned heels. She was also wearing one of the two pair of pantyhose that she owned, this one the black pair.

The pantyhose disappeared under the hem of a black skirt. Except - the skirt was a lot shorter than it should have been. It had been nearly floor-length, and voluminous. Now, it was cut to just above the knees, and quite a bit tighter than it had been. Obviously, part of the time had been spent on altering the skirt.

The top - now, that was something else altogether.

Unable to find anything she deemed acceptable, Marianne was wearing a pink silk negligee, tucked under the skirt and doing a fabulous impression of a spaghetti-strapped silk tank-top, that was quite a bit more form-fitting than it would have been hanging loose, thanks to the white leather belt that pulled the skirt tight over her waist, with the silk garment trapped underneath.

She was also wearing make-up. Pale pink lipstick, mascara, a hint of blush, a touch of eye-shadow. For a second, Richard couldn't figure out where the cosmetics had come from, as she just didn't own any....

...then recalled the small, basic set that had come free with the suitcase he, as Marianne, had purchased for the trip. He'd stuffed the little case in the side pocket, and promptly forgotten about it.

Obviously, Marianne had found it.

She'd also taken all of the gel from her short hair, then brushed it into a loose sort of style over the back and ears, curling it with a curling-iron above her face and at the bottom of the style.

"I... don't believe it. " Richard said, stunned - who though she had the guts to go so damned feminine? Of course Richard knew that a lot of it came from the need to show him up, but still...

"You like?" Marianne asked with a very nervous, unsure smile, turning around slowly - the speed mandated by her unfamiliarity in heels. As long as she moved slowly and without any sudden changes in direction, she could manage all right - but that was about it.

Richard was about to make a retort about the ex-male's choice in clothing...

...then blushed as his new 'equipment' gave a little, involuntary twitch at the sight of his old, feminine body all 'femmed up'.

"I.. guess I do." Richard allowed, grudgingly. Then, calling on the easy power of his body, he straightened and let himself be commanding. "So, I thought we'd go out for dinner. Sound good to you?"

It was a test, on many levels. The first was to see how she would react to him taking a measure of control, as she had advocated in her

- Richard's - books that a woman shouldn't feel insecure if a man wanted to be.. manly. The second part was to see how she'd react at the thought of going out in public like that.

Richard was expecting an outburst, or something - instead, Marianne winced slightly - then smiled. "Sounds wonderful." She agreed.

Richard wanted to respond to that - but each of them was now playing 'in character', from their respective books, and Richard was damned if he was going to be the first one to drop out of character. Hell - being a man was easy. It was Marianne who was going to snap under the pressure of being a woman in society.

"Okay - then let's go." He said, grabbing 'his' keys, wallet and jacket. She nodded, grabbing 'her' purse and jacket.

Locking the door behind them, Richard enjoyed the easy power of his body as he walked swiftly and firmly down to the car, unlocking the driver's side door and sliding inside. He started the engine, then watched as his old body walked around the car, reached the passenger's side door....

...and just stood there.

For a second, Richard just stared at her, then he leaned over and pushed open the unlocked door. "What's your problem? Change your mind?" he asked, with a grin at the thought he'd won so easily. "No, Richard." She said, sweetly. "I was just waiting for you to get the door for me."

Rolling his eyes, Richard put the car into gear and headed out.

* * * * *

It was so galling that Marianne just wanted to scream.

The clothes. The heels. Being female, and heading out to have dinner in public - and with this asshole in her real body, no less.

She didn't scream, though - no matter her true feelings, she had to focus on being 'genteel'. Calm, sweet, in control of her emotions. Not to say she had to be wimpy - she just had to keep from acting the way Richard had acted when she had this body.

Namely - like a first-class bitch.

She was damned if she was going to give up. She was going to prove that her views were viable - even if it felt like she wanted to kick the crap out of something.

* * * * *

Pulling into the parking lot, Richard climbed out of the car and headed towards the door....

...then stooped when he realized that Marianne wasn't following. Sighing, he mentally cursed and went back to open the door for her. Stepping out of the car, she flashed him a smile. "Thank you." She said, holding out one hand and waiting expectantly.

Feeling utterly ridiculous, Richard cocked his elbow, and she slid her arm through and let him escort her into the restaurant. They reached the doors to the restaurant....

...and she paused, obviously waiting for him to open the door and let her go in ahead of him.

The hell with that< Richard thought. She was in the body of a man, and that gave her a new power in life. She didn't like it, and was looking forward to getting her own body back - but being able to deal effectively with Marianne didn't mean that he had to play up to all her little gambits. They just had to get along, not be utterly subservient to each other.

With this body, he didn't have to be subservient to anyone.

Pushing the door open, he stepped through and let it swing shut behind him. When he was a woman, he refused to let a man open a door for her - so now Marianne could live with doing it herself.

Richard, feeling proud at his strong, confident refusal to play her game, started towards the Maitre D's station...

"Hey, buddy."

It took a second for Richard to realize that it was him that the guy was talking to. Turning, he faced the tanned, slender young man who'd called out to him.

"Yeah?"

The guy was looking at Richard with an odd look. "Aintcha forgettin' somethin'?" Richard blinked. "Excuse me?"

The shorter, more portly older man on the tanned guy's left chimed in. "Your date - you just left her standing there."

Richard frowned slightly. "What the hell business of it is yours?" He asked, letting his new voice get deeper, more threatening. "She can open her own doors, you know. It's not like she's handicapped or anything. Holding doors open for women is out-dated and sexist."

"Oh, is that right?" Tanned Boy's date asked, in sarcastic anger. "Well, maybe nobody told your date that. Maybe she - like me - likes a man who's a gentleman, and who's willing to show a little respect, make a little effort."

She rose from her chair and poked a long-nailed finger into Richard's ribs. "What's more, I happen to be a successful ad executive, an able athlete and a firm believer in women's rights - and I'll have you know that I don't find anything degrading about having a man try and be nice to me."

Looking at the trio of pissed-off people, Richard did a hasty re-thing. He'd never realized that maybe there was more than just a male-driven inertia involved in 'archaic' gestures. He still didn't agree with them - but, obviously, at least some of society still did.

Grudgingly, Richard went back and opened the door for Marianne, who'd stood waiting patiently.

"Thank you." S he said, warmly, as if nothing had happened. Fuming silently, Richard walked with her towards the main dining room. "Hey, Miss?" the Ad Exec called. "This one... maybe you should throw him back."

"Oh - he was just raised wrong." Marianne called back, with a smile. "I'm training him."

Richard clenched his new jaw tighter - but refused to be the first one to 'break', and fought to keep himself in control as they were escorted to their table.

* * * * *

God - how humiliating this was. Everything - from Richard's acting like an asshole, to being female in public...

...to the way guys eyed her stunning body side-long.

She wanted to tell the closet guy who was admiring her slender, shapely body to mind his own damned business... instead, he gave him a sweet, but impersonal, smile - and had to fight a reaction as he blushed and look away.

"I'm sorry, Marianne."

Blinking, she turned her attention to Richard - who was looking across the table with a mortified look.

"Uh... excuse me?" She asked.

"The door - I don't know what I was thinking. Can you ever forgive me for being so... stupid?"

"Of course..." She said, pasting a forgiving smile on her lipstick-coated lips - and wondering what the hell he was up to.

* * * * *

Mortifying - that was the word for the syrupy apology he forced out. Still, he had to do it - because he'd finally caught onto her game.

She was trying to make him look bad. She knew that he knew that he had all the power now, being on the right side of the gender barrier - and she was playing at being the 'helpless female'. If she'd been acting the way a real woman acted, there wouldn't be a problem - but by 'going limp', the slightest infraction on his part made it seem as if their failure to get along was all his fault.

Well... no matter how galling it might be, he could defeat that by making sure that he countered her every 'poor-little-woman' routine with a 'sensitive man' routine. He knew that she'd burst if she had to play the 'soft little woman' routine for too long.

He wasn't going to lose this contest of wills. Not to 'Marianne', the sexist bastard who was using her own body to play against her.

* * * * *

Unlocking the door with a smile, Richard allowed Marianne to walk into the bungalow ahead of him.

He couldn't believe that she'd lasted this long, playing the routine she was. Still - it wasn't as bad as he'd first feared it would be, for him. After all, once he'd decided he was going to counter her act with his own, it had even become sort of... 'fun'.

Once he'd caught on to her routine, he'd discovered he had a lot of room to play around in - and tighten the screws on her. As long as he remained polite and 'sensitive', he could do all sorts of things that were more humiliating to her than they were to him - and she either had to go along, or finally break character. So far, she'd gone along - but he was sure he could push her past the point where she could keep this up.

The best part of it - at no time did it look like he was doing anything to her. It was perfect - even if it was demeaning to play so wimpy and 'sensitive', especially now that she had the real power.

Still - he was sure he was going to win this contest of will. He just had to keep nudging it up a notch. Like....

"Why don't you sit here, gorgeous?" Richard asked as he sank onto the couch, patting the spot right beside him. He knew that she didn't want to sit that close to him, didn't want to play the act that she liked him... maybe she'd finally 'break'...

"Sure, handsome." She said, settling in beside him and kind of cuddling up to his shoulder. Damn.

* * * * *

She wanted to scream at Richard, she wanted to slap him....

...she wanted to stop cuddling up against his male body, once her own. The thought of cuddling with a man was making her flesh crawl.

But she fought through it, acting as if there was no place she'd rather be. After all - her part was easy, in a way. It might be humiliating, but all she had to do was 'go limp', and hold tight to her real emotion.

It must be driving him nuts to see her being so 'wishy-washy' and feminine. It couldn't be all that much longer before he cracked - after all, he was making obvious attempts to force her to stop, so he must be losing control.

So - despite the fact it was really creepy, she found the fact that he'd started running his hand up and down her leg as a good sign - it was so blatant an attempt to break her before he lost it, that it just redoubled her conviction.

Enough that she could work up enough nerve to try a counter-move...

* * * * *

Why wasn't she pulling away from his touch? He knew that it must be as creepy for her as it was for him for them to be fondling - yet she was holding firm and...

Then she leaned over, smiled up at him. and pressed her lips gently against his.

It felt so weird, he had to restrain an involuntary flinch. There was a mild pleasure to her touch - but the fact it was 'another woman' touching her made it surprising.

But not disgusting. What Marianne obviously didn't know was that he - as her - had more than a few lesbian experiences under her belt, and had enjoyed them more than she did any experience she'd had with men. She kept her true sexual preferences quiet, of course, for the sake of her books - but it definitely gave her an edge, here.

Marianne wanted to play? Fine....

Pulling her tighter, Richard turned the mild kiss into a more passionate one, slipping his tongue between her lips and waiting for her to pull away.

* * * * *

Her first instinct was to pull away. She was being kissed - by a guy.

Then logic kicked in - it wasn't really a guy, even though it was - it was her own body. It wasn't like it was somebody else - it was her that she was kissing, a male mind kissing a female mind, a male body kissing a female body.

Besides - there was no way she was going to be the first to back out. After a seconds hesitation, she kissed back every bit as passionately.

'Let's see how he likes them apples," She thought, as he let her eyes slip closed and concentrated on out-kissing him.

* * * * *

Oh, so she thought she was tough enough to keep up with him? Maybe, if the positions were the way they normally were, she'd have a chance....

...but not now. If she wanted to play, he'd prove that to her.

Still kissing her, he slid his hands up to her shoulders and began to slide the straps of her 'shirt' down her arms.

* * * * *

Obviously, he was getting desperate - but she wasn't going to give in.

Forcing herself to play out the act, she not only didn't flinch away as he slowly peeled off her shirt and began to fondle her bare tits, she made moans of pleasure - part of it acting, part of it from the actual physical pleasure....

...and part of it from pride at having driven him to such desperate measures so easily. He must know that he couldn't have lasted much longer with the 'status quo', and was trying to force her to drop out.

So - time to put more pressure on him.

"Oh... yes.. Richard..." She panted in a reasonable imitation of an aroused woman. "I want you, I want you bad. "

* * * * *

Richard almost lost it then - almost pulled away and gaped at wide-eyed before asking her what the hell she thought she was doing with her body.

Then, in that instant, he realized that was what she was hoping for - the fact that she was in his real body would keep him from letting her real body have sex with it.

Well... she didn't have to. it's not like she would actually go through with it.

And, since he was a part-time lesbian, and her body *was* hot, he actually had a raging hard-on. Let's see what she does when she sees that....

"Oh, Marianne - yes."

* * * * *

She almost panicked when he agreed - and began to rush out of his own clothing.

For a second, she almost called it off - then she saw the hard-on spring free from the confines of his pants, and she had to keep from laughing.

No wonder why he hadn't broken yet, she thought to herself with delicious glee. It all made sense now - and, in a twisted way, it was perfect. Tomorrow, she'd have her own body back - she didn't doubt it for a second.

After all, Richard was now experiencing the truth about men. All his complaints about the way men acted, railing against their self control - now, even though his mind couldn't possibly be aroused, he had a raging, almost painful hard-on for her body. He was experiencing what the male arousal was like.

It was as disgusting as hell - but if she could grit her teeth and let him go through with it, once the biological need to cum was gone he'd realize what would happen - and have to face the truth. After all his comments and snide remarks, after all those years of hate - he'd finally discover how powerful a man's 'hydraulic pressure' would be.

Forcing herself to smile in response was actually quite easy.

* * * * *

He couldn't believe it - she was going to go through with it! For a second, he was stunned - and then, mentally, he smiled. It was perfect.

The phrase 'go fuck yourself' was about to gain a whole new meaning. He was finally going to be able to show her - with finality - how degrading it was for a woman to have a man violate her, to use her as a sexual repository for his disgusting seed.

* * * * *

Lifting the now-naked Marianne from the couch, Richard carried her into his room.

He didn't want to give her any chance to back out - not after realizing the delicious nature of what was about to happen. It only the vaguest images of foreplay, he slipped into position, spreading the legs he'd once owned wide apart...

..and rammed his cock deeply into her, enjoying her so-called cry of 'pleasure.'

Eagerly, he began to fuck her, hard and quick - determined to make the most of this by cumming before she did. He was amazed to discover how good it felt, though....

* * * * *

She was overwhelmed by how good it felt to get fucked as a woman.

Oh, it was disgusting and perverted because it was 'homosexual' in a twisted sort of way - but she could hide those feelings and just let the physical pleasure show, because she knew that this was no fun for him - and the more she seemed to enjoy it, the worse it would be.

So, she let herself give in to the pleasure of a cock in her, moaning and tossing her head back and forth as her body rocked from the force of her first fucking as a woman.

* * * * *

Dammit - he wasn't going to be able to give her the final indignity of being unsatisfied.

His body had reacted enough over his arousal for her body to get ready - but he wasn't really a man, and didn't have the pent-up desires a man had, normally - he was too 'cool' at the start to cum that quickly.

Still, it was good enough - after all, she was suffering the fires of hell, having a cock in her, being fucked by a man - the disgust, indignity and humiliation should have her begging for him to stop.

* * * * *

"Harder, harder!" She cried, almost incoherently - and it was a genuine cry.

She was nearing orgasm - and it had never been this good as a man. Well - maybe once or twice - but this was an internal sensation, wrapping her from head to toe. It might be centered in her crotch - but it was thrumming through her entire body, creating waves of pleasure like none she'd ever felt.

It might be sick and disgusting - but it definitely had its good points, too.

* * * * *

He tried to meet her demands, pounding with all the power in his new body....

...but maintaining control was tough, as the pre-orgasm spasms shook his body, making him awkward and uncoordinated.

He now understood, somewhat, why men were so obsessed with sex - it was incredible for them. none of that horrible feeling of being penetrated, violated, sullied - all the sensation was concentrated in one part of the body, a part that he was in control of, that he was using to ram into her again and again....

* * * * * the came at the exact same instant, all pretense lost in the mingled cry of orgasmic pleasure as their bodies shook in ecstasy.

Afterwards, Richard rolled off of her body, and stretched out beside her. Laying side by side, they each waited for the other to display the horror and disgust they knew they must be feeling, while basking in their own pride and pleasure of their control, strength and power in the situation.

They waited so long. they fell asleep, unconsciously curling up against each other's warm body and entwining their limbs as they slept through the night.

* * * * *

Last night hadn't been quite enough - but this was sure to enhance the guilt, Marianne thought as she padded into the bedroom, carrying breakfast on a tray.

"wake up, honey " She purred, with a smile. "I've made you breakfast in bed."

Seeing her seemingly happy and not the least bit upset about last night would drive him nuts...

* * * * *

"Oh, baby, yeah. " Richard moaned - only partially feigned - while he basked in the genius of his move.

After the damned bitches 'bright and cheery' act, he'd almost 'conceded' - until he'd had this stroke of genius. If she wanted to act like she enjoyed sex - it gave him a great opening.

So - after lunch he'd managed to put her in the position of either giving up....

...or sucking on his cock.

He'd been shocked when - after some hesitation - she'd gone down on him. But, it had it's points. Getting blown felt great.

Best of all - it was as disgusting and sickening as heel. She couldn't take much more.

Then his pride at his plan was momentarily supplanted as he cried out and gushed hot cum into her mouth...

* * * * *

She moaned and gasped as his tongue lapped at her cunt, causing pleasure to thrum through her body.

She still had trouble coping with the fact that she'd actually sucked a cock - it had been disgusting. But it had allowed her to set up this, which might well be the final straw.

After all, after she'd sucked his cock, he couldn't have turned down her request - and so now he had given her a good half-hour of foreplay, including this, his second time eating her out.

If this didn't do the trick, she'd swing right into sex itself, which was sure to break... Her train of thought was lost as she orgasmed again....

* * * * *

Slamming the door to the car, Richard loosened the tie he was wearing and pulled it off, glad to finally be rid of it's constriction. Dashing up the steps to the door, he pushed it open and walked into his house with a big grin on his face.

"Honey! I'm home!" He called, brightly, tossing his suit jacket aside.

"Ummm.... good. " Marianne said with a sultry smile as she came out of the kitchen, heels clicking on the wood flooring. "I was getting lonely."

Walking up to her husband, she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him hungrily, grinding her body firmly against his. With the extra height of her six-inch spiked heels, it was easy for her to throw all her passion into kissing him, as they were the exact same height that way.

Finally, the broke the kiss and Richard stepped back, rather obviously eyeing his wife's slender, shapely body. The elegant-yet-flattering dress she wore revealed enough of it, after all.

"You're early." Marianne said, daintily pushing a lock of her long, flowing blonde hair out of her face. "I haven't even started dinner yet." "Good." Richard said, grabbing her and swinging her around. "Let's go out for dinner, and a movie... and, afterwards. "

She giggled at the suggestive way he trailed off. "Mmmmm... maybe we should skip dinner and the movie..." She said, huskily. "Nope, nope - this is a special occasion." Richard said, firmly.

"It is?" She asked, 'confused.'

"Yeah - two years, today, since.. the switch."

"is it?" Marianne said, with 'surprise' - she knew exactly how long it had been since they had switched bodies. "Yup. So go put on something frilly - we're going out."

With a last, lingering smile, Marianne headed up the stairs.

She still couldn't believe it - sometimes, all this - the marriage, the house, the massive increase in income as their new, joint books took the market by storm - seemed unreal.

It was perfect. After the two weeks had ended, the Black sisters had offered to change them back....

...but they'd refused, almost simultaneously. Neither one had been able to break the other, despite pushing further and further. Each one had decided they'd stay in their new bodies until the other one broke under the horror they were living.

She couldn't believe it - Richard's pride just wouldn't let him give up, despite the fact he must be in hell. So, she was finally getting her revenge on him. no matter how long it took, she could stand being female until he crumbled. After all, it might be disgusting, perverted, weird and sickening, in turns, but the pleasures made it bearable - especially since she was making Richard suffer by it.

Humming happily, she started the tub running.

* * * * *

Richard relaxed on the chair in the living room, with a big smile on his face. He still couldn't believe she hadn't finally crumbled - but that was okay.

He still hadn't gotten tired of making life a living hell for her. After all - now that she was 'his wife', he was fucking her two or three days, making her life a living hell with his legal right, as a male, to fuck her brains out - and pride forced her to pretend she enjoyed being raped regularly! It was great.

Oh, the power of being a male. Sooner or later, she'd crumble and she'd get her real body back, which would be great - but, until then, he'd just enjoy torturing her by his seeming enjoyment of his new life - and by forcing her to stay trapped in that 'frilly-housewife' routine as long as possible, fucking her into degradation and humiliation.

* * * * *

"Ready, honey?" Marianne said. As he complimented her on her outfit and escorted her towards the car, Marianne's smile widened.

He was using the 'anniversary' for an excuse to try and add the extra humiliation of going out in public. It amazed her, that after all this time, he still hadn't caught on to the fact that the worse he made it for her, the worse she'd make it for him. By treating that day that they'd been switched into each other's body as something to celebrate, he'd only increased her anger at him, her desire to torture him to the breaking point.

In fact, she thought with a malicious grin, right now I am so royally pissed of at him, right now I hate his guts so much, I despise him so intently....

In fact, I'm feeling so powerful right now, he though with a malicious grin, so full of energy and strength, so ready to finally break her....

Smiling 'lovingly' at each other, each one thought of the ultimate, worst, utterly horrible torment they could bestow on the other and decided that, as soon as they got home, they were going to give it their all....

...and fuck each other until they begged for mercy.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A 1940's detective, wakes up in the present and discovers that he has been changed into a beautiful woman by a group of aliens conducting experiments on humans.

Out Of The Blue

By Gunslinger

"...met President Roosevelt today to discuss the drain of American Industrial workers caused by the twin conflicts against the aggression of Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan. The President assured. "

The tinny voice of the newscaster died as Nick Sponserelli shut off the ignition and let the big Packard coast to the small shoulder of the deserted rural road. Applying the brake to hold the car still on the slight incline, Nick pulled off his battered fedora and scratched at the dark, close-cropped hair before resettling the hat in it's accustomed place.

With a sigh, Nick settled back in the seat and gazed out at the darkness around him. It was times like these that he half-considered signing up for a hitch in the Army. At least Uncle Sam paid more than these nickel-and-dime snoop jobs, and there was the reasonable expectation of three squares and a bed at the Army's expense at Boot Camp. Of course, the downside was the fact that after the six- week course in Basic, you got shipped off to the Pacific or the Continent, with a good chance of getting your arse blown off. At least doing work as a private dick only risked the occasional pot-shot from an irate husband who wasn't happy about being watched while he two-timed the little missus with some cheap floozy.

Shaking his head, Nick pulled out a Lucky strike and lit it, chasing the smoke down with a shot of rot-gut. Tucking his flask away, the PI checked his rear-view mirror. If the dame who'd hired him was right about her husband, a dark-blue Ford would be coming down this road some time in the next hour or so to visit the brothel a few miles down the road. Seeing nothing, Nick pulled out a copy of this month's Astounding, and rifled through the pages until he came to the latest Heinlein.

He'd never figured he'd enjoy reading speculative fiction - hell, aside from the occasional racy novel, any fiction at all - but Nick found the rather fantastic imaginations of these guys enjoyable because it was so far-fetched. Surprisingly, it was usually also pretty well written. Even Nick, who made a living out of finding inconsistencies and clues, couldn't find much 'slack' in the stories - if you were willing to buy the basic premise, that was.

Twenty minutes later, Nick tucked the pulp back into the voluminous inner pocket of his trench-coat as he spotted a flash of light in his mirror. Opening the vent window, he crouched down a bit to watch in the little round wing mirror.

The only problem was, when he did that, the light disappeared.

Frowning, Nick straightened and eyed the rear-view mirror. The light was reflected in the small rectangle again - but it was too high in the field of vision to be on the road, even allowing for the hill's extra height. The light was also too bright, and the wrong color, kind of a bluish-white.

"Army fly-boys." Nick grunted. Occasional, pilot-trainees in the Army Air Force liked to buzz the local cat-houses to give the ladies of the night a thrill. Shaking his head, Nick rolled down the window and leaned out slightly, wondering if it was a trainer, or one of the hot new P-47's the AAF was buying.

He knew in an instance that it was neither. The object was huge and round, seen more by the way it eclipsed the stars than from actual sight. Nick had barely registered this fact when the light suddenly became blindingly bright, and a loud hum, so deep it was more felt than heard, filled the air.

Squinting, Nick threw pulled the brim of his fedora lower to shade his eyes as he tried to make out what he was seeing. Some sort of new Army fighter? It didn't make any sense.

Then suddenly, a new sound filled the air. A high-pitched sound, it was so excruciatingly loud and piercing that Nick winced in pain. The sound seemed to be boring directly into his head.

Overwhelmed by sheer acoustical power at a specific frequency, Nick's synapses began to misfire, slowing down. Thought became confused and hazy, then slipped away completely as darkness claimed the PI as his hand fumbled uselessly for the holster containing his automatic.

* * * * *

For what seemed an eternity, all Nick knew were vague, confused sensations and images, surreal and disconnected, without any true sense of time or order. Then, out of a blackness as deep as the grave, Nick's senses began to come back to life, like a Stadium turning on its lights, one bank at a time.

First, there was just his sense of self. He was aware of his own existence, of who he was and the memories of his life - but it was as if he was in a black void, with no connection with the outside world. His first thought was confusion, not knowing

what had happened to him. Then his next was that he was dead, or deaf, dumb and blind. Panic began to form as the consciousness of Nick Sponserelli searched for something - anything - to cling to.

As if in answer to an unvoiced prayer, he found something. Like a phonograph being turned up, his hearing began to come back to him. The sounds of birds chirping, branches moving in the wind, and other small sounds told him that not only was he not dead, but that he was in or near a forest or woods - presumably, the ones that lined the road where he'd stopped the Packard, his last clear recollection.

This was followed in quick secession by his other senses - smell and taste, sound...

Even before he hit 'sight', Nick knew something was wrong. Really, really wrong. Although he'd only had a few belts of rot-gut whiskey, his mouth felt like the morning after a three-day bender. Even worse, his head pounded and throbbed that bad as well.

But none of that held a candle to the decidedly odd sensations his body was reporting. It wasn't pain - aside from the occasional stick poking into his back - so it wasn't immediately classifiable. But the feel of his own body was definitely, alarmingly *wrong*.

Then Nick opened his eyes and sat up - and everything took a left turn from reality.

Even as he was sitting, the sensations were all wrong. It was a simple act, one he'd performed millions of times, in thousands of situations. Yet the simple act had never felt like this. His ass felt wrong - like it was padded out, yet still somehow as sensitive as ever. The sensation of his abdominal muscles were wrong to, ass was the odd weight on his chest that shifted slightly as he moved...

Then he was sitting up, and looking down at himself. Or, perhaps more to the point, herself - because Nick was staring down at the largest pair of female breasts he'd ever seen in his life, and they were thrust proudly from a slimmer, hairless torso that matched the rest of the body that now contained Nick Sponserelli.

"Holy hell!" Nick gasped, hearing the curse emerge in a high, clear, feminine voice. She was still dressed in her clothes - more or less. The shirt hung open, and the cuffs dangled over her hands. Her pants were almost painfully tight across the hips and ass, but loose at the waist, and much too long. His shoes, much too large for the much daintier feet she now possessed, lay to one side, beside her fedora.

It was a mind-numbing shock, and should have been enough to make most men sit numbly for at least several minutes. But Nick's brain was wired differently, trained by the years she'd spent as a PI, and a beat cop before that.

Her hand immediately dipped into her now-oversized trench-coat and withdrew her trusty Colt, which looked ludicrously large in her now dainty hand. In the same motion, she rose into a semi-crouch, eyes sweeping the terrain around her as she

struggled to retain her balance. The unfamiliar weight and mass of her altered body made it a difficult task, especially the drag of the enormous breasts hanging on her chest, but she managed - barely - to keep from falling over.

A moment later, she relaxed slightly - all her senses told her there was no immediate danger. Holstering her gun, she turned her attention back to matters closer at hand.

Grabbing her things, she headed towards the road. As she moved, she eyed the trees around her - to her perceptions, there was something very wrong with them. They seemed to big, almost if they were... older?

Nearing the edge of the tree line, Nick slowed and inched forward until she could peer over the edge of the outer line of bushes without revealing herself. What she saw caused the half-formed theory in her mind crystallize into an unbelievable - but unarguable - fact.

She was in the future.

The area she was looking at was about where she'd parked 'last night'. The surrounding terrain verified that simple fact. But everything else was wrong.

Where there had only been an empty field, a house now stood. But although the general design of the house wasn't unusual, the materials it had been constructed of were. It had neither brick nor wood exterior, though the siding it did have had a slim resemblance to the clapboard Nick was familiar with. But it was the wrong texture, too smooth and even to be wood. Likewise, there were other, odd details that were out of kilter.

But perhaps the biggest was the vehicle that stood in the paved driveway of the house.

A mother was helping two children into the vehicle. Even that was slightly off kilter - the woman was wearing dungarees that were remarkably tight, and a scandalously tight, small undershirt without anything over it. But it was the vehicle that captured Nick's attention. It was a dark red, a shade he'd never seen on a vehicle before. The...car? looked like a rounded box on wheels, with a front end that vaguely resembled a bullet. It reminded Nick vaguely of the delivery vans used by some small companies, yet this was obviously a person vehicle.

"If this is how Detroit builds cars, then the future's gone down hill." Nick muttered to himself as he watched the indecently-clad woman climb into the vehicle and drive away.

Then the thought occurred to Nick that she wasn't exactly decent herself. Shirt gaping open, revealing two huge breasts, over-sized trench-coat and trousers, and a fedora atop a mass of long, unruly black hair.

Taking a quick look around, Nick assured herself that there was no sign of human life around. There might be a person still in the house, but if so, they were silent. Making a quick decision, Nick bolted awkwardly across the road, huge bosom bouncing annoyingly as she made it to the back of the house, the surrounding screen of trees blocking her from view.

She made her way to the back door. Hesitating for only a second, she smashed the window with one elbow, and reached in to unlock the door. Stepping inside, she looked around, slowly making her way through the house, looking for the items she needed.

One of the first things she found was a full length mirror.

Pausing, Nick looked around, then slowly undressed, examining her new body in the reflecting rectangle. She was stunning.

If you'd ignored the breasts, you'd see a stunningly beautiful Italian woman, with a slender, supple, olive-complexioned body and a long, wild mane of curly black hair framing a face with wide, high cheeks and full, sensuous lips.

But it was impossible to ignore the two massive, firm tits thrust from her chest. Topped by large, dark nipples, the round mounds of flesh were flawless, and almost defied gravity - and the imagination.

Forty-five minutes later, she was walking uncomfortably down the dirt road, towards town.

She was dressed in clothing taken from the house. A pair of the overly-tight dungarees - 'Levis' - clung tightly to her new, fuller behind, while a black short-sleeve shirt clung to her enormous, swaying tits. Over this, she wore her trench-coat, it's pockets stuffed - guiltily - with all the cash, and valuable-looking jewelry she could find.

But the most annoying thing was the footwear. The only thing she could find to wear was a pair of black suede boots. The boots came up to mid-calf, and had a three-and-a-half inch square heel that Nick was having a difficult time getting used to. But running around in her stocking feet was out of the question, so she gritted her new, even teeth, and made do.

But even more important than the physical goods she'd taken from the house was the knowledge she'd gained. The date, for instance... She was, by her personal viewpoint, nearly sixty years into the 'future'. And a gorgeous, huge breasted Italian woman.

Nick was still struggling to deal with these thoughts when she heard a vehicle pulling to a stop beside her. Turning, Nick braced herself...

...only to sigh with relief. First of all, because the vehicle looked more 'normal'. Although boxy, it wasn't as strange-looking as that other, box-like vehicle. But the second reason she was so relieved, it was because of the single word painted on each of the front doors.

TAXI.

"Need a lift, Lady?" The colored man behind the wheel asked with a grin. "I just dropped a fare, so I'm free."

Nick was a little leery about riding in a car driven by a colored man, but she wasn't looking forward to walking the distance to town. "That would be great - thanks." Nick said, sliding into the back seat. She also noticed the way the man eyed her straining shirt, but decided not to make an issue of it right now.

Half an hour later, Nick was staring out the window of the cab, stunned, as it pulled to the curb. The cabby had to repeat himself three times to get her attention - she was too busy staring around in shock at the changes.

What had been a somewhat sleepy, middle-sized city was now a bustling metropolis. Nick had never seen so many cars or people - nor so many different styles of clothing. Although she saw the occasion outfit that she deemed 'normal', the vast majority of the fashions were shocking and/or scandalous to her eyes.

Finally shaking herself out of her shocked daze, Nick turned back to the cabby. "Sorry?"

The cabby was eyeing her massive chest again as he answered. "I said, that will be thirty-two seventy five, lady."

Nick's jaw dropped. "What? For a ride. " She cut herself short, flushing intensely. She'd been so outraged, she momentarily forgot that she had no idea how the value of money had changed in more than half a century. It might seem like a fortune to her - but it was probably an honest fare. Apologizing in a mumble, she paid the cabby, and climbed out of the cab, feeling somewhat intimidated by the flow of humanity around her. More than one person took a chance to stare at her massive new bosom as she stood on the sidewalk, not sure where to go.

Picking a direction at random, Nick began to walk. For the first time, she realized just how much her altered physical shape, coupled with the heels on the boots, altered her stride. What had once been a firm, masculine walk had become a swivel-hipped, mildly sensual and undeniably female stride. That, coupled with the jiggle and sway of her enormous tits produced an embarrassing number of frankly admiring male stares.

She wasn't really paying attention to what was going on around her - she was too busy dealing with thoughts and realizations that were piling up in her mind. She was still struggling to deal with the most basic - that she was now a hugely-endowed woman. The only way she was dealing with it was by basically ignoring it. It was impossible for her to pretend it hadn't happened - every move she made merely reinforced the differences in her body. But she could refuse to deal with the consequences of the change. To think of it more in minute-to-minute terms - as if she was still male, merely dressed up as a woman, like an actor in drag or something. It wasn't comfortable, but it allowed her to continue to function, instead of breaking down emotionally.

She was also dealing with the realization that she was going to have to find a source of income before long. She'd thought she'd had plenty of money, but the cost of the fairly-short cab ride drove home the effects of long-term inflation. Her 'nest egg' was dismally small.

It was that thought she was dwelling on when her eye was caught by a display in a large window. Stopping, she stared at the display in the window, then pushed open the door and walked into 'Remora Used and Rare books and Magazines.'

The clerk, an older gentleman, looked up as the gorgeous woman of Italian extraction entered his store. His eyes drifted downwards - then back up, as his force of will overcame his instinctive reaction. He smiled. "Can I help you?"

Nick gestured at the display window. "I noticed your display of 'Forties Pulp' in the window."

The clerk nodded. "Oh yes - it's a shame, really, that there's so few good-condition originals left. They were so cheap and disposable..."

Nick nodded, and reached into the large inner pocket of her trench coat, pulling out the Astounding she was carrying. "Is this worth anything?"

The clerk's eyebrows shot up as he took the May, 1942 issue of Astounding, in near-perfect condition. Not only was it pristine in terms of wrinkles, dog-ears or tears, the paper was still as sharp and clean as if it had been printed yesterday. The clerk shot a glance at Nick, then carefully looked the magazine over with a magnifying glass, ensuring that it was, indeed, authentic.

"This is... amazing." The clerk said. He paused. "You're willing to sell it?"

Nick nodded, and the clerk took a deep breath. "I think, perhaps, I could offer you - one-fifty."

Nick blinked in shock - it had cost her fifteen cents to buy. She leaned forward, certain she'd misheard. "Excuse me?"

The clerk misunderstood, holding his hands up. "Okay, okay - two twenty. Sure, you might get more at auction..." Nick had to keep her jaw from dropping. "No - I don't want to go to the trouble. Two-twenty would be fine."

She walked out of the store, still slightly stunned at the worth of a simple pulp magazine.

Shaking her head - which gave her pause as she felt her massive mane of hair slide across her slender shoulders - Nick headed off, keeping her eyes open for a hotel. She'd take some time to get a room for the night - then find a library, so she could start getting caught up. With luck, she'd learn enough to be able to find a job before her money ran out.

As she began to... well, not accept, but handle the situation, she began to pay more attention to the surrounding area. She wasn't actually concentrating on any one thing, but letting herself fall into the old habit of scanning the surroundings, watching for threats or other...

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, her eyes fell on a store-sop window. She paused, slightly confused. Something had caught her attention, yet when she queried her instincts, there was no apparent reason. Her eyes rose to the sign above the display window - La Texturique - then returned to the large glass display, frowning slightly at the display of unusual clothing below the 'Going out of Business' banner. It was, apparently, a woman's clothing store - yet Nick had never seen fashions quite like these. Perhaps it was the unique style of the clothing that had so inexplicably grabbed her attention.

Shaking her head, Nick turned to continue on - but stopped. Something was nagging in the back of her mind, and although she tried to walk away, she just couldn't seem to make herself take that first step away from the store.

Giving in to her odd reaction - she'd learned to trust her instincts, if she didn't always understand them - she turned and went into the store.

The place was in disarray. Despite the display in the front window, which was complete and organized, the interior of the store was in shambles. Workmen were disassembling displays and racks, while others packed up different articles of clothing into various boxes and crates.

"Whoa - hey, hi!" a perky voice sounded at her elbow, and Nick whirled to find herself confronted by a short, slender young woman with hair that was blue on the right side, and a gloss red on the other. "Nobody at all comes in for the two months we're open. Then, an hour before we're gone - boom! A customer." The energetic young woman held out a tiny hand. "Hi, I'm Cyndi."

Nick blinked. "Nick...uh..." She said, as she realized that she couldn't very well introduce herself as 'Nick Sponserelli - although is was already too late...

...or not. Apparently, listening wasn't Cyndi's strong suit. The tu-toned girl merely assumed what she'd not really hear. "Nikki, you're in luck - can I give you such a deal on anything in the store!" She blinked, and looked around. "Um, anything not packed, that is."

Nick - Nikki - opened her mouth to demur - and was surprised to find completely different words emerging. "Great - I need a complete wardrobe..."

Nikki was shocked. Where the hell had that come from? Sure, she *did* need new clothing - but this wasn't the stuff she'd had in mind.

Apparently, it didn't matter. It was as if she needed to buy what she did - it was an urge that wouldn't be denied - well, not for long. The items that the urge demanded she buy wound up being purchased. If she refused the item the first time, the urge drove her absolutely nuts until she gave in. When she finally walked out of the store an hour later, it was loaded down with ten bags of purchases that, for an inexplicable reason, she had quite literally needed to buy. The only good thing about it was the incredible deal she'd gotten on everything.

Twenty minutes later, she found herself in a small, somewhat disreputable room in a woman-only 'hostel', watching the land lady step out of the 'efficiency apartment' with almost all of Nikki's remaining cash in return for two months residence. The apartment was tiny. The main room was combination living-room/bedroom/kitchen/dining room - The couch was a pull-out bed, and was beside the fold-out table built into the wall. The opposite wall was the small kitchenette - including something called a 'microwave' - that, although small, was functional. It even came with about three-dozen cans of stew and beans, left behind by the last tenant. Besides the main room, there was a small but complete bathroom, and a surprisingly large closet.

Dropping her purchases, Nikki slumped on the couch, mind whirling. That same strange urges had brought her to this place - which was completely inexplicable. How did her strange 'needs' know where this place was?

"What the hell is going on?" Nikki asked the ceiling, trying to get a grasp on the entire situation - not just the strange urges, but everything - the fifty-eight year old 'jump' in time, the inexplicable change in gender... everything.

And just as she asked the question, there was a knock on the door, which then swung open. Before Nikki could rise, a tall, slim woman dressed in a severely conservative business suit, stepped in and closed the door behind her.

"Hello, Nikki - my name's Sheila. I'm here to explain things to you." The older woman said, looking around the room with distaste. Nikki started. "Wha... How..."

Sheila waved a hand negligently. "Nikki, you are... an experiment. Run by beings from a distant planet. You were... abducted, then studied. Usually, specimens are disposed of, but you were kept, to be used as a sort of experimental Guinea pig." The woman dropped the purse she was carrying onto the couch beside Nikki. "Inside, you'll find valid ID, plus bank cards and credit cards. We'll supply all the cash you need."

Nikki looked at the purse, then back at Sheila. "I don't..."

Sheila frowned. "I am... a collaborator, I guess you'd say. I agreed to help the aliens, in exchange for a lucrative position in the government. You - you are a 'social experiment'. You will receive... commands. These will be obeyed, whether or not you wish to. Trying to resist will make it more difficult on you."

And before Nikki could ask any more questions, the woman opened the door and left, her short heels clicking away into silence.

Nikki made a move to go after her - and was grabbed by another one of the 'urges'. She struggled against it - but she was merely paralyzed by the struggle, and realized that, even if she succeeded, it was too late - Sheila was gone. Finally, the powerful need was too much, and she - unwillingly - gave in to it.

Nikki's first action, to her own surprise, involved a bottle of Vaseline. Driven by the literally overwhelming need, she smeared the jelly all over her long, sexy legs and firm, full ass.

The meaning of this became clear soon enough. One of her purchases was a pair of incredibly tight leather pants. The layer of Vaseline was necessary to get the incredibly tight pants on - and even that was a struggle. Once in place, the pants clung like a second skin, outlining every inch and curve of her long, shapely legs and firm, tear-drop shaped ass.

Next, Nikki found herself pulling on a black leather bra. It barely covered her large nipples, and displayed an awe-inspiring amount of her huge, creamy tits and deep cleavage.

Next came a black leather corset. Helplessly, she pulled into place and tightened it as much as she could, compressing her already slender waist by another three inches.

Nikki fought every step of the way as she also put on make-up, and jewelry. But while she managed to delay each step, the need finally won over each time, driving her to do it's will. It took two and a half hours, but she was finally attired and accessorized as the need demanded, right down to the knee-high black leather boots with their seven-inch spike heels.

Nikki was both disgusted and devastated. No matter how hard she'd tried, the need had driven her to do these things. It was like she was trapped in a body not her own, being controlled by some outside force.

Come to think of it, just throw in 'in a distant future', and that was exactly the situation.

Feeling helpless, Nikki barely put up a token struggle as she picked up the purse and walked out the door. She fought a little harder against the next urge - but within minutes, she was walking with the sexy, swaying stride that the need demanded.

Nikki had no idea where she was going. The 'need' drove her, providing her with simple 'directions' - she would reach a corner, and the 'need' to turn would overwhelm her. But it gave no clue to her final destination. The sun was beginning to sink behind the buildings around her as she continued on to her unknown destination, attracting the attention of men as she passed them, her huge-breasted, wasp-waisted figure and gorgeous facial features drawing admiring stares - especially considering her skin-tight, glossy attire that left little to the imagination, and her sensual, provocative stride. Nikki felt like she just wanted to curl up and die from shame as she caught the lust-filled looks of the men she passed.

She discovered her destination when she reached a metal door inset into a blank brick wall. She banged twice on it, and a small peep-hole opened up. A pair of eyes regarded her, then the door swung open, revealing Sheila, the woman who'd been by her apartment.

"You're late." Sheila said. "Follow me."

Helplessly, Nikki obeyed. Sheila led Nikki through the crowd of men seated at tables, to a large stage at the front, where a low bed rested. Sheila seated herself on a chair just inside the wings, while Nikki helplessly found herself climbing the stairs to the stage.

Then a heavy, pounding music started from somewhere, and she helplessly began to dance, sensuously and rhythmically. And as she danced, she found herself slowly undressing, baring her huge-breasted new body to the applauding men.

First came the corset. Slowly, string by string, she unlaced the leather garment. Once it was unlaced she swayed sensuously, holding it in front of her for a few, teasing seconds, before tossing it aside.

For several minutes, she danced, touching and fondling herself lewdly - and hating the fact that her own hands felt so good caressing her new figure, especially her enormous tits.

Then, helplessly, she also removed the bra that contained them, and threw it away. The men applauded as she fondled her massive tits, then brought a thick, erect nipple to her lips to lick and suck.

So it went, until she was standing completely nude before the men, having provide a lavicious strip-tease for their enjoyment.

Nikki tried to leave the stage then - but was unable to. Horrified, she watched as a quartet of men, completely naked men, walked out on stage.

All of them sporting absolutely enormous cocks, already rock-hard, thrusting from their crotches.

Three of the men stood by the low bed, while the forth came to stand directly in front of her, while the audience began to chant.

"Suck..suck..suck.."

Helplessly, Nikki sank to her knees, her immense tits swaying as she stared in mingled horror and fascination at the massive, thick cock inches from her face. Helplessly, she found her hands reaching out, encircling the massive member at it's base.

Then she leaned forward and let the head of the massive, throbbing cock fill her warm mouth.

Helplessly, she began giving the man a blowjob. Though she had no experience, she performed like an expert cock-sucker, her 'need' giving her all the instruction she needed. Her hands, mouth and tongue worked in unison on his huge, throbbing tool, it's massive length too much for her to take all at once. She sucked on the part she could take, while her tongue swirled over the massive purple crown of his head. Meanwhile, her dainty finger pistoned up and down the exposed section of his cock that she was unable to accept between her soft, full lips.

Unsurprisingly, it didn't take long for her to bring him to orgasm. For the benefit of the audience, she found herself pulling her head back and using her hands to bring him over the edge so that the audience could see the massive jet of cum that gushed into her mouth. It was too much for her to accept at once - she swallowed, trying to keep up with the flow, but it was a hopeless task, and thick, gooey strings of it dripped from her cum-splattered face to cover the slopes of her massive, round tits.

Desperately wanting to vomit, run away, or die, Nikki was unable to do any of these as she found herself being placed on the low bed. Helplessly, she reached to either side, and took one of the men's huge cocks in each hand. Helplessly, she began jacking them off, while a third man positioned himself - and thrust between her legs.

Nikki screamed. She wanted to scream in horror and disgusted, but what emerged was the scream of purest ecstasy as the man filled her hot cunt with his huge cock. He began to thrust into her with long, slow strokes, and her hands on the other

two cock matched his movement as she tossed her head, crying out. Sensations like she'd never felt rocked her whole body with intense ecstasy, and she could not deny the incredible pleasure the man's huge cock created as he fucked her.

His strokes began to increase in speed, and her hands matched the new rhythm. The sensations increased, driving coherent thought from her mind as she became caught up in the intense ecstasy of her first female fucking.

Then the man began driving with intense, rapid strokes, and Nikki screamed like never before as she hit orgasm.

The sensations rocked her body, the pleasure overloading every nerve and synapse in her. She shuddered in the grip of ecstasy, not even noticing the other two men coming to climax and coating her dusky body with their hot, white cum.

Finally, Nikki came down from the orgasm, and noticed herself coated in cum, inside and out. It was in her hair, on her face, and dripping from her huge, firm tits. It's taste filled her mouth, and it's warmth radiated from her cunt. Disgusted and horrified, Nikki rose and headed for the wings as the audience applauded.

Nikki staggered from the stage, feeling disgusted, violated, horrified - and disgustingly satisfied. The urges - for now - were gone, and it was just her own mind in control of this over-endowed body.

Sheila was still sitting in the wings, a faint smile on her lips as she watched the cum-splatter Nikki.

"Why? Why are they doing this to me?" Nikki sobbed, horrified. "What could the experiment possibly be..."

Sheila's smile widened. "Why, I thought you used to be a detective - can't you figure it out? The aliens are nearly human in every respect - just far advanced in Earth standards. Oh, and massively endowed, by Earth standards. The only problem is, they have a severe shortage of woman - there ten females born for every male. Now, one of the few differences between them and us is the fact that they can't edit their own DNA without causing death. But human DNA is like Play-Doh to their science. And with the population of the Earth being what it is, why nobody will miss a couple of people missing each day, from all over the world..."

The Nikki understood. She was only the first - the aliens were planning nothing more than to turn the planet Earth into a sort of sexual supermarket, where they could pick up anyone - male or female - and remold them into a sex-slave to take home...

The thought struck with horror. "When?"

Sheila laughed. "In about two months - once you've been given plenty of training. I hear your new master is quite eager." "Why? Why are you helping them" Nikki asked - demanded.

Sheila smiled wickedly. "Because I'm a Feminist, Nikki dear. Originally, they were planning to take women. But I made a MUCH better deal - once enough men have been taken in secret to allow our organization to power - why then we turn the Earth

into an interplanetary Bordello, and let them do whatever they want with the men - in exchange, us women will never, ever have to give birth again."

Nikki shook her head, "No - that won't work. The population of the Earth would vanish in a generation."

Sheila laughed cruelly. "I told you that the aliens were almost identical to humans - and they have no compunctions about the hybrid offspring that their little slaves are going to be having by the dozens. The natural women, we get - the men get trained from birth." Sheila's cruel smile widened. "Just think - in less than a year, you'll probably be well on the road to motherhood. "

And, as the truth of her new future hit home, Nikki found that she wasn't even allowed to scream...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: 10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1... HAPPY NEW YEAR, your a girl!

Out Of Time

By Gunslinger

His lean, darkly handsome face wearing a small, smug smile of proprietary satisfaction, James McLean lounged back in the slightly elevated VIP booth in the corner of the nightclub. Once comfortably positioned against the dark-red vinyl of the booth's curved bench, he let his eyes roam over the room, looking very much like a king surveying his domain as he sipped at a glass of expensive champagne.

With midnight rapidly approaching, the party at the InnerCity nightclub was in full swing. Celebrants laughed, cheered and joked as they hoisted glasses in tribute to the year now passing and the new one fast approaching. Despite a rough-and-tumble air to the participants of the celebration, the mood was one of friendly good cheer, and even the inevitable

insults flung back and forth among the largely denim-and-leather clad men and women were good-natured in tone and meaning.

From the inside pocket of the well-worn leather 'biker' jacket he wore over equally well-worn jeans and a red, loose-fitting team jersey, a shrill electronic chirping sounded. Making a face, James shook his head and dipped his free hand into the jacket, rooting around for a moment before emerging with his cell phone.

Without activating the small device, James peered down at the number digitally displayed on the small, blue-backlit screen. His expression, originally one of annoyance, matured into a full-fledged frown.

The number displayed on the screen was his own.

"Geez - some women...!" He sighed, shaking his head. Sliding the still-ringing phone back into his pocket, he downed the rest of the bubbly wine in one swallow, then held the glass upwards, signaling the roving waitresses for a refill.

The one who chose to answer, though wearing a rather bored expression on her face after a long and busy night, was rather attractive, and James shrugged slightly to himself and favored her with his best devil-may-care grin - after all, it was New Year's Eve, and the gesture might just pay off...

The waitress, however, seemed more interested in her job than in socializing, (an inexplicable and unexplainable occurrence, in James' highly self-centered point of view, despite the fact that the job that she was focused on at that moment was refilling his glass), and the rather meager tip he left her seemed to rule out any possibility of further chances at romancing her.

James, noting her sour expression, merely shrugged. After all, there were 'more fish in the sea' - and, if worst came to worst, he always had his fall-back position of going home the next morning to his live-in girlfriend.

Unless, of course, she was too pissed off at him for breaking his 'promise' to her about tonight...

James shrugged the thought off. After all, no woman could resist him when he turned the full force of his devilish charms upon her - well, aside from the occasional bitch and/or dyke, of course. (*James' definition of such being 'any woman who resisted his charms'.*)

After all, being the ultimate stud he was, any woman who didn't want to sleep with him had to be a lesbo or a prime man-hating bitch, right?)

Not that it really mattered, anyway - the InnerCity was what was known as a 'meat market'... or, more accurately, in the town of Napoleon, New York, it was known as *the* meat market. Even now, James could survey the crowded floor of the club before him and spot the hot, scantily-clad honeys practically begging to start the new year off by getting laid. The particular note of the laughter, the certain pose that accentuated whatever each woman thought was her best feature - to his experienced eye, it bespoke sexual desperation, and as the evening wore on, James knew that 'a man to please her' would rapidly shift towards 'pleasing a man', a small jump for the eternally desperate who equated sex to affection.

Since that particular - and not-at-all-uncommon - psyche was James' preferred choice, he was practically a connoisseur. To his practiced eye, there were at least a dozen truly 'hot' women who'd be quite literally happy to suck his cock by midnight. With the almost mystical connotations coming with that particular annual point in time, New Year's Eve was the ripest time to catch women at their lowest point, most willing to do anything so as not to have had spent the pivotal moment alone and 'unloved' - and James was damned if he was going to miss it, whatever he might have said to his girlfriend, Jenny, to the contrary.

Sipping at the refilled glass of inexpensive bubbly, James looked around the room again, trying to set his sights on a girl who was the perfect mix of 'hot' and 'desperate'. Understandably, many of the least attractive women were the most desperate - the 'last ditch' choice for those who had no better options. At the other end of the spectrum was the real hotties, the drop-dead gorgeous girls... but, though they might be as equally eager to start the new year off with a bang, they weren't exactly desperate, with men literally lined up for the chance to fuck them.

Though James, of course, felt certain he could beat out all competitors, he just didn't want to deal with the hassle - or, at least, this is what he told himself. Instead, he looked for the girl who exhibited all the signs he'd learned to look for:

She'd be pretty, but in a bland sort of way... if you didn't count the plastic surgery she'd undergone, that is. The most common was breast enhancement, but the more, the better - it indicated the 'ugly duckling' syndrome, a woman who'd made herself hot through modern surgery, yet still felt like the unattractive woman she'd once been. She'd have a fair number of suitors around her, almost as many as the 'natural' hotties, but her reactions would be utterly different - rather than an assured self-confidence, she'd still be 'showing off', sure she needed that extra edge to attract men...

He was still assessing the possible candidates when he heard a voice shout: "Hey, quiet down...!"

Startled, James turned his gaze towards the big-screen TV at the far end of the room... and mentally cursed as he saw the scene being broadcast from Times Square.

As the crowd quieted, the volume on the TV was raised, fed through the club's sound-system.. and there was no doubt the famous count-down was about to begin, meaning it was considerably later than James had thought it to be. Quickly downing the dregs of the champagne, he put the glass down on the table and started to get up. Just then, a single word was shouted by nearly every voice in the club:

"TEN...!"

A strange sensation slammed into James, as if he'd been his by a dozen soft pillows from all sides. He slammed back down into the booth, eyes wide. His shocked gasp went unheard beneath the full-throated voices of the party-goers.

"NINE...!"

James gasped again, a bit louder this time - but in response to a totally different sensation. For the briefest of instants, it had felt as if somebody had wrapped a strong yet gentle arm right around his waist and given him one good, hard squeeze. Mind whiling, James started to slip his hands to his waist...

"EIGHT...!"

James hands, reaching for his waist, instead darted to the table to brace himself - because he'd suddenly *lurched* in his seat - because it had felt as if somebody had just slipped a couple of small, plump, firm pillows under him, impossible as that might have been.

"SEVEN...!"

Something was wrong - horribly, horribly wrong. Even as he felt a strange tightening sensation up and down his muscular legs, the lean, dusky-skinned young man was pulling himself out of the booth.

"SIX...!"

With everybody watching the big-screen TV at the far end of the room, nobody noticed as James staggered towards the nearby bathrooms - staggered, because, for a second, it felt as if somebody had crushed his hands and feet in a vise.

"FIVE...!"

James stumbled a second time as his invisible assailant resorted to immature tactics - it felt as if somebody had tried to pull out his hair. Scalp burning, he staggered onwards.

"FOUR...!"

Next came a series of invisible blows, pummeling his face and leaving it feeling alternately numb and swollen in a patchwork pattern. **"THREE...!"**

James gasped and almost went down. Though the rapid sensations were coming with machine-gun speed, each occurring and then over in the space of a second, some of the sensation's effects lingered - and it felt as if somebody had just given him a good, swift kick in the balls. Eyes watering with unshed tears, an unvoiced whimper in his throat, he staggered grimly towards the bathroom door, so tantalizingly close.

"TWO...!"

Gasping, James slammed through the bathroom door - just as if felt like somebody had stiffed-armed him across the throat. Gagging and wheezing, he all-but-fell into the bathroom.

"ONE...!"

Feeling as if his chest were about to explode from some interior pressure, James forced himself upright, eyes instinctively going towards the mirror over the sink...

The full-throated combined yells of *"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"* completely overrode the sound of a strangled scream from the bathroom at the other end of the club.

* * * * *

The person in the bathroom remained absolutely stock-still for several long seconds, barely noticing the tumult of shouts and noisemakers coming from outside the door, gaze fixed in disbelief at the person reflected back by the cracked and hazy mirror.

Then, ever-so-slowly, she moved closer to the mirror....

"No..." The woman exclaimed, her low, disbelieving tone nevertheless revealing a throat, sultry voice. "No - this... can't be! It's. It's not possible!"

Dark eyes wide in shocked disbelief, the woman who'd so recently been Kames McLean brought her shapely hands up to her face, slender fingers tipped with dark red nails lightly tracing the new contours of her stunning visage.

She was, quite simply, stunning - and, in gender, figure and clothing, bore absolutely no resemblance to the man who'd started the journey towards the bathroom a scant minute before.

Gleaming black skin-tight latex pants clung enticingly to long, shapely legs and a full, firm derriere. Both legs and ass were given further emphasis by the 9-inch high cylindrical heels of the platform pumps she wore, the 3-inch thick clear plastic sole and heels leaving her seeming to float above the floor rather than stand upon it.

Her breasts were... magnificent. Tantalizingly displayed by the blood-red silk button-less blouse, they rose full and creamy above the gleaming black-and-red corset that cinched tight to her amazingly slender waist

Beneath her slicked-back head of silky black hair, her face was a study in full-lipped sensuality, accentuated by the glossy red lipstick and silver eye-shadow she wore. Onyx spheres set in beaten silver made up the jewelry she wore, earrings and a necklace, the final touches to the gorgeous, sensual vision in red and black that stared back from the mirror.

"Oh, God..." She whimpered, and in her new voice, even that sounded sensual. "It's real... I really *am* a woman!"

Not **just** a woman - a vision of sensual femininity. Even in repose, shocked and dismayed, her body and expression seemed to still entice and invite...

...and she was in the bathroom of the most notorious 'meat market' in the city.

"Oh, shit...!" She gasped, eyes widening in realization. She thought of what the guys in the club would act like upon seeing her - what she, as a man would have acted like if coming across a gorgeous creature like the woman she now was - and she felt tendrils of panic rising up, overwhelming her horror at finding herself female with something much more immediate - having to deal with a room full of men 'on the prowl' *while* that woman.

"I.. I have to get out of here...!" She whispered sensuously.

Shocked and confused and understandably emotionally battered by finding herself suddenly female, her mind was hardly working at the top of its form. The situation was utterly impossible, so she had no idea how to deal with it. Thoughts of going for help had skittered across her mind, briefly - but where did you go? Who could help you when, in body and clothing, you mysteriously and inexplicably transformed? Even if there had been an answer to that question, her mind wasn't working clearly enough to arrive at it - now, with her mind filled with the thought of trying to deal with dozens of men all hitting on her, she'd reverted back to the basics: Fight or Flight...

...and she sure as hell wasn't up to trying to fend off those hypothetical advances.

She started towards the bathroom door - and found herself moving not only easily atop those high heels, but sensually, with a seductive sway she couldn't stop no matter how hard she tried. Part of her was horrified to be walking so sensuously atop high heels, yet at the same time, she was also guiltily grateful, for the urge to flee the building was so strong she was 'happy' that she could move so easily in her new form.

She reached for the door - when it suddenly swung open, pushed from the other side.

A muscular black man, dressed in black leather pants and an oversize white t-shirt with the sleeves removed to better display his muscular arms stood framed in the doorway.

She had, of course, run into the *men's* room.

"Whoa, babe...!" The dark-skinned man said in a deep voice, eyes widening as he surveyed the unexpected figure in front of him. "I think you got the wrong..."

That was as far as he got - because the incredibly hot white chick in the bathroom suddenly grabbed him and pulled him out of the doorway, to push him hard back against the once-white tile wall just beside the door.

She was all over him in an instant. Pressing her firm, curvaceous body against him, she lifted one leg, bracing the knee against the wall as she ground her crotch against his. She pulled his face down to meet hers, her full, red lips pressed hungrily against his own as she tongue slipped demandingly inside his mouth with eager abandon.

"I want you..." She whispered hungrily between hard, demanding kisses. "I want your hands all over my body. Touch me. Rub me. Fondle me...!"

She was only vaguely aware of the words emerging from her mouth, giving voice to the urges flooding through her body and overwhelming her senses. Rational, coherent thought was lost to her, blocked out by the repetitive mental refrain of '*A man...! A man...! A man...!*' that had begun in her mind the instant she'd laid eyes on the figure in the doorway.

The lucky brother who'd heard the call of nature at just the right time needed no additional prompting. His big, strong hands began to slide over her luscious body. One slid upwards along a black-clad thigh before pausing to squeeze the oh-so-squeezable curvature of her fine ass, while the other pulled her closer so her could feel her huge, firm tits press tighter into his broad, muscular chest.

Then she broke away from his grip - so that she could smile sensuously at him as she slowly went down to her knees in front of him.

The lucky man retained just enough presence of mind to reach over and engage the dead-bolt on the bathroom door as the hot babe in front of him free his already stiffening cock from his pants - and then he sighed and closed his eyes, letting his head loll back against the cool tiles, as her warm, softly-firm lips enveloped his throbbing manhood.

She was... unbelievable. The man couldn't help but let out low moans of pleasure as she worked his cock - not fast and hard, but slowly, almost worshipfully. It was as if the instant she'd opened her mouth to take in his cock, everything else in the universe had ceased to exist> Any other woman, when giving a blow-job, also had her mind on other things - but it was as if, for this one, there was nothing in the entire universe but her and his cock, and her only thought was to give him the most perfect blow-job imaginable.

In fact, he was right on the money...

He hands stroked the thick, throbbing shaft of the hard manhood filling her mouth, and her lips and tongue worked in conjunction to elicit the most intensely pleasurable response possible. In one sense, the woman kneeling on the floor of the bathroom wasn't truly even aware she was sucking a cock - such concrete thoughts were far beyond her at the moment. She was operating almost on instinct, not even questioning how she knew *exactly* what men liked in a blow-job. She was only barely aware of her surroundings, of the growing pounding on the bathroom door, and none of it mattered - the cock in her mouth and hands was all that mattered, even though she wasn't sure why. All she knew - all she needed to know - was that this, whatever it was she was doing, was exactly right for her. As she lovingly sucked and licked at the hard, warm cock, she was filled with the deepest and most intense sense of utter contentment.

Then, after what seemed an eternity of ecstasy, he finally came, filling her mouth with a warm nectar that she eagerly swallowed in utter, contented delight.

Sighing in pleasure, she let the slowly softening cock slip from her lips, distracted throwing a smile at the stunned man who was already fading from her limited memories.

Who he was, his thoughts and dreams and desires - none of it mattered. Nothing mattered. She was pure, unadulterated sex. There was no past, no future, nothing but the eternal now, and the unlimited sexuality for which she existed. Even as her hands unlocked the door to the bathroom, she was only marginally aware of her own actions, running in a sort of automatic mode.

She was constantly and overwhelmingly aware of her body - every inch of it. Of the way she looked, the way she moved - and the way she could please men. Her mind was a never-ending montage of images, of men getting pleasure from looking at her and watching her move in constant sensuality. Of men's pleasure at touching her, squeezing her, fondling her. Of all the ways men could be given pleasure with her body, with her hands, with her lips...

In a daze of utter sexuality, she smiled seductively at the stunned crowd of men who watched her emerge from the bathroom. She didn't see them as individuals, but rather as a mass of masculinity awaiting the pleasures she existed to provide - like the pleasure of simply watching her sensual form as she seductively swayed away towards the door.

She vaguely wondered why she was leaving this mass of potential pleasure-giving behind her, but part of her briefly and fragmentally remembered a desperate urge to get home. She wasn't quite sure why it was so important, the reasons lost in the mists of her overwhelming sexuality, but since she wasn't really a thinking, reasoning person but simply distilled sexuality atop high-heels, instinct and urges ruled her, and she unquestioningly obeyed this one.

Ass swaying seductively, her huge bobs shifting ever-so-enjoyably under the thin fabric of her blouse, she stepped through the door and into the cool night air...

...and the instant the door swung shut behind her, leaving her alone, she suddenly doubled over, gasping and gagging. "Holy shit - I.. sucked a cock!" She gasped out, still tasting cum in her mouth as she fought not to throw up.

"What the fuck happened to me..?" She half-wailed. "I saw a man... and it was like my brain shut down completely!"

Horried and disgusted by her actions, she was more determined then ever to get to the safety of home. She started towards the subway station, rounding the corner of the building...

...and a hungry, sensual smile spread across her face the instant she laid eyes on the young, clean-cut looking man just climbing into a van at the curb.

"Mmm... Hey there, handsome..." She all-but-purred at the jean-and-letterman jacket clad brunet. "How about giving a lady a lift? I'll make it... worth your while."

She said this last while eyeing his crotch and licking her lips hungrily, and with a long, slow second look at the woman making the offer, the suddenly nervous young man wasted no more time:

"Lady - I'll take you to the far ends of the earth if you want." He said, reverently. "Hop in!"

In short order, she was directing him to pull his van into the alleyway that ran behind her apartment building... and the instant the vehicle was in 'park' she was all over him, her body crushed against his as she tore at his shirt.

The van was an mid-model Chevy cargo van. Behind the driver's and passenger's seats was an empty cargo bed with a hard metal floor only thinly padded with scored and faded carpet - but the young man was utterly oblivious to any discomfort as, shirt discarded and pants and underwear yanked down to his ankles, she pushed him down on the floor, her hot mouth on his as her slender fingers released the final clasp on her corset, allowing the silk wrap-around blouse to fall open and expose her magnificent breasts.

As she wiggled out of her gleaming pants, the young man filled his hands with the magnificence of her full, firm breast. He squeezed them, making her moan in response, and then his eager lips found her fully engorged nipples, lightly tugging and sucking on the sensitive nubs of flesh.

She moaned, enjoying the sensation - so much so that she contorted herself, making sure not to break his contact with her bounteous breasts as she eagerly lowered her tight, sobbing cunt onto his raging hard cock.

She then proceeded to fuck the young man right out of his ever-lovin' mind.

She gave it the same single-minded devotion she'd given to the blowjob, her very move designed, not for her own pleasure, but for his. Every twitch, every thrust, every wiggle - all to make this the most utterly erotic and intensely orgasmic sexual experience the young man had ever experienced.

She succeeded.

After he'd exploded his load deep into her receptive womanhood, she slowly dressed, barely aware of the young man now laying stunned on the bed of the van., staring up into space with a dazed, stunned smile on his face. She slipped out of the van and closed the door behind her...

..then began to shudder violently.

A soft, keening moan of horror barely audible in her throat, she ran for the sanctity of her apartment, her body shuddering repeatedly at the thought of what she'd just done - or, perhaps more accurately, at the thought of what she'd continue to do, of who and what she was whenever there was a man present.

She made her way to the door of her second-floor apartment... and only then realized with horror that the transformation of her clothes had robbed her of her key. Desperately, she pounded on the door.

After so short of pause as to almost suggest she'd been waiting breathlessly behind the door, Jenny opened the door and peered out.

"Jenny!" The woman who'd been James McLean sobbed. "I know it's hard to believe, but it's me - James! Please, I don't know what's going on! I was at the club for the New years Party, when..."

"I'm sorry miss, but you must be mistaken." Jenny said, the cloyingly artificial tone of sympathy not nearly enough to cover the smug satisfaction dripping from each word.

"Wha...?" The new woman stammered, wide eyed.

"My boyfriend, James, swore to me that he wouldn't be at the InnerCity New Year's Eve party." Jenny said, eyes glinting with dark satisfaction. Her lips curled into a wicked smile of pure vengeance.

"Believe me - at the stroke of midnight, there was no man named 'James McLean' in that club." Jenny said with intense satisfaction...

...and then she slammed the door.

Stunned, the new woman stared at the closed portal, hearing the locks being thrown and knowing that all of this was somehow Jenny's doing. She raised one hand to knock again, to plead for release... and then remembered the look on Jenny's face just before she slammed the door.

Stunned, she staggered away from the door, unthinkingly letting her feet carry her forward as her mind tried to grapple with the curse somehow laid upon her. She stepped through the door leading to the street...

...and a sultry smile crossed her face as the young man who'd driven her home, clad only in his jeans, literally threw himself at her feet.

"Please, miss - there's no way my frat brothers will believe any of this!" He pleaded. "If you could... that is, if you'd be willing...?"

A house full of hot, horny young men, all waiting eagerly for the intense pleasure that it was her duty and sole reason for existence...?

"I'd love to come back to your frat house with you..." She purred, hungrily - while ignoring that small inner voice that was screaming out helplessly deep within her sex-infused mind.





HAPPY NEW YEAR 2007!



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Getting a mysterious pair of magical shoes in the mail, a cross dresser has a field day as he realize that the shoes will turn him into the feminine version of what ever male clothes he chooses to wear.

Overdue

By Gunslinger

Steve sighed and pushed away from his computer. Climbing to his feet, the man rose to his full - if not exactly impressive - height, and stretched to work the kinks out. After hours at the computer, many parts ached slightly...

...including his eyes. Removing his glasses, Steve rubbed wearily at the bridge of his nose before returning the glasses to the small crease that they'd created over the years. Scratching at his military-style crew-cut, Steve ambled towards the small 'efficiency' kitchen his reasonably-priced apartment 'boasted'.

The knock on his door changed his direction. As he approached the door, he hoped it wasn't another one of those damned Jehovah's Witnesses. Not that he had anything in particular against any given religion, mind you - but those smarmy oh-so-polite Witnesses were a little too invasive for Steve's taste. He preferred his religion in the churches, where it belonged - not coming to the front door.

Opening the door, Steve was relieved to discover that this wasn't the case - the man outside the door was dressed in the familiar brown uniform and carried a small parcel.

"Mr. Cooper?" The man asked, holding up the clipboard he carried. "Copper."

"Excuse me?"

"My name - it's..." Steve sighed. "Never mind." He took the package and sighed for it, generally ignoring the man's instilled 'Have a nice day.' Kicking the door shut, Steve carried the package toward the small table in the kitchen, wondering

what the hell it was. He wasn't expecting anything, and there was no return address on the parcel to give him a clue. Even the ages-old technique of shaking the package revealed nothing about the contents.

Slumping into the worn vinyl chair, Steve resorted to the easiest method of all - he tore it open with his bare hands, revealing...

...a shoe box. Plain white, standard size, with a large, black, sans-serif word on the top - '**OVER-DO**'. Presumably, the manufacturer, although Steve had never heard of them.

Curious, Steve opened the package. Nestled inside the usual packing of tissue paper was a pair of what appeared to be good - hell, *very* good - quality running shoes - and a small folded piece of paper.

Or rather, parchment, as Steve discovered pulling it out. Unfolding the creamy paper, Steve read the short, enclosed note, written in the smooth, rolling handwriting that had once been known as 'Palmer Script'.

Master Steven Copper,

I have been instructed by a party - who wishes to remain nameless - to provide the enclosed as payment for an outstanding debt. I hope you enjoy them as they were intended to be.

Sincerely, Merlin Magus, Esq.

With a slightly bemused look on his round face, Steve re-read the note, trying to glean something more from its obscure contents - to no avail. Placing the parchment aside with a shrug, Steve picked up the shoes and looked them over.

They were white leather, with black trim. They appeared to be extremely expensive in make and material - and looked like they'd fit his feet perfectly. Steve looked them over carefully - an intelligent man, the situation was somewhat inexplicable. The shoes looked to be worth quite a sum, and Steve couldn't think of anyone who owed him a large enough sum of money to make these fair payment. It, quite frankly, worried him.

However, the phrase '*don't look a gift horse in the mouth.*' also ran through his head. Finally, somewhat hesitantly, Steve pulled the shoes on and laced them up.

It was like he was wearing nothing at all. Amazingly light, the shoes seemed to meld perfectly to his feet, incredibly responsive - yet supporting, without seeming to do so. Experimentally, Steve bounced up and down on them a few times, then walked around the apartment, amazed at how comfortable the shoes were. His mental estimate of their worth immediately tripled - Steve had no idea that shoes *this* well made even existed.

Patting his stomach, Steve felt the slight gut that had begun to form ever since he'd turned thirty. He'd managed to keep it from expanding too rapidly, a slow growth over the intervening decade and a half - but he figured he might give jogging a try, in shoes like this. But first...

Grabbing a small sauce pan from under the counter, Steve stuck it on the stove. Turning the heat to just above 'Simmer', Steve opened a can of spaghetti sauce and dumped it in. On a plastic cutting board, he quickly chopped up some celery, mushrooms and onion, and added the diced pieces to the sauce, covering it with a lid. Leaving the sauce to simmer, he ducked into the bedroom.

Almost reluctantly, Steve slipped out of the amazing shoes. Quickly shucking out of his usual 'Khaki Dockers and T-shirt' combo, he tugged on a pair of gray track pants and a matching T-shirt.

Pulling the shoes back on, he laced them tightly, then left the room. He swung by the kitchen just long enough to give the sauce a stir. Then, tucking an apartment key into the rolled cuff of the sweat shirt, Steve left the apartment.

Setting a brisk pace, he moved down the three flights of stairs and out the front door, letting his muscles stretch and joints loosen up. After about a half-block, he broke into a light jog. By the time he reached the park, he was feeling ready, and he pushed up the pace, the shoes slapping down on the asphalt with a solid authority. Despite that, the cushioning of the sole made it feel like he was running on the softest surface, not hard asphalt. As he followed the winding path through the park, his body began to feel the usual mild strain of exertion - but his feet were as comfortable as if he were sitting at home in his easy chair.

He was starting to sweat, and his leg muscles were starting to develop that slight - but somehow, welcome - ache that was so familiar. All in all, Steve was doing great, feeling the energy flowing through his body as his metabolism increased.

So the sudden burst of pain came as a complete surprise.

It shot through his, a sudden wrenching sensation that flashed through his body in an instant. With a gasp, Steve staggered to a stop, falling into the classic 'runner's rest' position - one hand on his thigh, the other arm across his chest and holding onto the other arm.

But there was something very, very wrong with the way that felt. The feel of his thigh beneath the suddenly too-baggy track pants. The strange softness under his arm beneath the also too-baggy sweat shirt.

But even as those, and other, sensations registered, Steve's mind was focusing on something else entirely - his shoes.

They were too small, by several sizes - despite the fact that they in no way cramped his feet, remaining as comfortable as when he'd put them on. Only, he hadn't put *these* shoes on. Aside from the fact they were too small, they were also most definitely *women's* running shoes - still white leather, but trimmed in pink.

"Miss - are you all right?"

Steve was so busy trying to deal with so much conflicting sensations and thoughts that the voice came as a shock. Steve's head jerked up, his eyes focusing on the slender, younger man, also a jogger, who looking at him with concern.

Or, perhaps... *her* with concern. The man's choice of honorific sent shivers down a shorter spine, confirming the impossible, half-formed thought in Steve's mind.

"Just a stitch in my side - I'll be fine." Steve said, both expecting - and shocked by - the nondescript but decisively feminine voice it came out in. But Steve was struggling to maintain composure - He... *she?* refused to make a public scene, no matter how impossible or incredible the situation was. Right now, all Steve wanted was for the Good Samaritan to leave, so he... *she!* - could get home and take stock of what was happening.

After a second's pause, the (other?) man did just that, nodding and offering an unheard piece of advice. Then he jogged away.

Forcing herself upright, Steve struggled to maintain an outwardly casual air as she headed back to her apartment at a slower pace, trying to take stock of her body without seeming to do so at all. As far as she could tell, she was - somehow - now a fairly average female. The poor fit of the clothes seemed to indicate that she was a few inches shorter. She had felt what must have been small-to-average sized breasts through the now-oversized sweat shirt. And, her small gut had become, apparently, an average, but fairly flat, woman's stomach.

'Well - the jogging did get rid of the gut.' Steve thought irreverently as she concentrated on walking. With slightly wider hips and an altered center of gravity, it was just slightly 'off' enough to make her movements awkward unless she paid attention, and she didn't want to attract the attention that 'walking like a man' would garner.

For many people thrust into the same situation, Steve's apparent calmness about it would seem incredible. But Steve had some advantages. First, she was an intelligent, curious person who simply wasn't given to panic. Secondly, She had some military training in her background, which included the training in how to work through many different situations. But perhaps the most important factor was that Steve had somewhat unusual literary tastes.

Because Steve was an aficionado of TG fiction. Stories in which a gender-changes happened to various people in various ways. Of course, that's all it had been to him - fiction. But it was also something he thought about - wondered what it would be like, how he'd react if he were the character. In her mind, she'd thought through this situation thousands of times. She'd never considered the fact that she might actually be in such a situation - but that didn't matter, not right now.

She was about a block away from the apartment when something else happened.

Steve came to a dead stop in the middle of the sidewalk, and looked down at herself in amazement as she felt her clothing ripple - and begin to change.

The track-pants began to darken and pull themselves tighter around her body, the length adjusting to her loss of height. Within seconds, her legs - apparently fairly average, she saw - were clad in tight, black Spandex jogging pants. The sweatshirt hadn't changed much, other than to adjust in size, and to acquire a small brand-name logo over the slight swell of her new breasts.

Stunned, Steve looked around. As amazing as the sudden change of wardrobe was, that wasn't the cause of her amazement.

The alteration had occurred in the middle of the sidewalk, in the plain view of at least a dozen people - yet none of the other pedestrians seemed to have noticed the slightest oddity.

Swallowing, Steve hurried the rest of the way home, dashing into the bathroom. Slowly, her mouth opened in amazement as she stared in the mirror. Somehow, seeing the reflection in the silvered glass made everything absolutely indisputable. She wasn't dreaming, or hallucinating - this was, somehow, very real.

The woman looking back from the mirror appeared to be in her early thirties. She was completely undistinguished in appearance. Her hair was a few shades darker than it had been, and now hung down about her ears in a shaggy, yet feminine, style. Her glasses was not as thick, and in different frames. But the face they sat on was not all that different - about what Steve's younger sister might look like.

Likewise, her body was... female. Nothing spectacular, neither beautiful, nor ugly. Neither remarkably fit, or particularly out of shape.

Slowly, Steve peeled off the sweatshirt, and let it drop beside her. She let his gaze shift from the mirror to a bird's-eye view of the pert breasts that rose from her smaller ribcage - a pair of completely average B-cup breasts.

Completely average - except, of course, the fact that they shouldn't be on Steve's chest.

"Holy..." Steve breathed. Still topless, she walked numbly towards the kitchen, mind spinning. A part of her mind was bemused to record the sensation of her small, pink nipples becoming engorged in the cool air flowing over them.

Honestly, Steve wasn't completely sure how she should be reacting right now. It was unbelievable, confusing, shocking - but not completely unwelcome. He'd often wondered what it would be like to be female - had daydreamed about it sometimes. But, never had she expected it to actually happen...

She reached the kitchen and slumped down on the chair. She looked over at the note laying on the table, a small frown creasing her slightly fuller female lips. She was intelligent - she'd already figured out what had caused the transformation. But the question was - would she revert to her normal self if she took the shoes off...

...and did she want to? At least, right now? After a moments hesitation, she decided she had to know, and leaned down to untie her shoes. She stopped when her small, perky breasts hit her thighs. The erect nipples hitting the spandex sent an oh-so-pleasurable sensation through her new endowments, and that's what caused the thought that caused her to hesitate.

Blushing a bit, Steve straightened up - then slowly slid a slender hand down the front of the pants. She slid her hand past the new briefs she was wearing - and across the light growth of hair around the moist slit nestled between her unremarkable thighs. She shivered slightly at the sensation - then slid one finger into the crevice.

The sensation was both similar and completely different that stroking her cock had been. It was good - hell, great - and the sensation was technically similar, in terms of nerves relaying stimuli. But it was also different in a very fundamental way.

Withdrawing her finger, coated in feminine juices, she once more leaned forward, and this time unlaced the shoes and kicked them off...

...and nothing happened.

She sat, waiting, for several minutes, wondering what she was going to do. It might still happen - the original change had occurred some time after she'd tried the shoes on - but she didn't know whether anything *was* going to happen.

It was the smell of the sauce that decided her. There was nothing she could do right now, except wait. And while she was waiting - she might as well.

Again noticing the differences in the way her altered body moved, Steve went over to the stove to finish preparing dinner.

She was just finishing that dinner, about half an hour later, when the bolt of pain struck. The fork, with it's burden, flew from his hand to clatter on the floor near her foot...

...or rather - his foot. Once more, he was his usual male self - as a quick check of all the important pieces showed.

With a sigh, Steve cleaned up the mess of the dropped spoon, and finished the rest of the spaghetti before dropping the plate in the sink. Then he walked over and picked up the amazing shoes - which, once more, were the male running shoe in his size. For several long moments, he merely stared at the footwear, mind spinning.

Then, very methodically, he walked into his bedroom and undressed. He rummaged around in his closet for a bit, picking out what he wanted - a pair of shorts that were a little too small for him now, and a T-shirt. He also got a pair of black dress socks from the dresser, and dressed quickly in the apparently mismatched outfit. Then he carried the shoes with him into the living room and sat in the easy chair. Pulling the shoes on and tying them, he turned on the TV and tried to concentrate on the images while he waited for an interminable time.

The half-hour mark came and went, and Steve's hope/fear began to fade. Minutes ticked farther on, and his tense body began to relax as nothing happened...

...until exactly one hour after pulling on the shoes. Then there was a sudden burst of pain, slightly different and slightly longer than the first. Steve shuddered, shaking away the reaction, and looked down at himself...

...herself. Once more, she was female. But, even without close inventory, she could tell that it was a different female version of himself than the first time - as he'd expected.

Steve considered this - almost gravely - for a minute. Then a slow smile spread over his fuller, softer lips, and she said "Cool. "

After a few minutes, she felt what she'd expected - her clothes writhing on her body. Rising from the chair, she headed towards the bathroom, fuller hips and ass swaying in a feminine manner atop the altered shoes. With a smile, she looked at herself in the mirror.

Again, there was definite similarities between this female body and her original male self. But, as she'd surmised, the transformation was based on the clothing she was wearing at the time.

She was a younger woman, perhaps mid-to-late twenties. She was also quite attractive, in a sort of generic way. The T-shirt had become a short-sleeve white blouse that was pulled taut over her now-C-cup breasts, which were quite visible through the blouse, as she wasn't wearing a bra. The dark-blue shorts had become a skirt that fell just short of her - rather cute - kneecaps. Like the shorts, the skirt was on the tight side.

The dress socks had become black nylons, disappearing up under the skirt. The once-running-shoes were now dark-blue pumps with what looked to be an inch high heel or so. Again, the shoes were amazingly comfortable and easy to walk in, despite the fact that Steve wasn't used to any heel at all.

Smiling at the reflection in the mirror, Steve used his slender new fingers to unbutton the blouse, letting it hang free. Gently, she cupped her firm, domed breasts, making a pleased sound in the back of her throat at the sensation as she gently massaged her breasts.

Shrugging off the blouse, she let it drop to the floor and walked back to the living room, letting the skirt slide off and drop to the floor on the way. Clad only in panties, nylons and shoes, the again-female Steve sat in her chair and reclined it, closing her eyes and putting her mind to good use - while letting her hands slowly slide over her altered body, exploring.

The way she changed was determined by her clothing at the time - she had that done. The time had thrown her, because she hadn't timed it - but now, she worked that out, too. The first interval had been about fifteen minutes. Then, to change back, a half-hour. After that, an hour...

Each interval was twice as long as the last one. So, if she took the shoes off right now, she should remain like this for two hours. If she was right.

Steve allowed her lips to curve into a full, brilliant smile. She still had no idea who her mysterious debtor was - but they'd picked one hell of a gift. It was like a day-dream fantasy come true. Not only could Steve explore the other side of the gender line - she could decide, to a certain degree, what she'd look like.

Sitting up, she looked regretfully at the shoes. She had to verify her theory, which meant she'd have to time the transformation back. But that was no big deal - there was always tomorrow. With a slight sigh, she kicked off the shoes as she checked the clock - she should have two hours in this body to go.

She considered how to spend the time - vegging in front of the TV seemed like a tremendous waste. Finally, she decided that a bath could prove most... interesting. Pulling of the nylons - and cursing when she put a long run in one of them - Steve headed to the bathroom and started the tub filling.

On a whim, she ducked into the kitchen and grabbed the Sunlight from the counter. Pouring some in the tub, she adjusted the water temperature as the suds rapidly formed. Shortly thereafter, she was sliding with a satisfied sigh into her bubble-bath.

With a sort of voyeuristic sensation - despite that, for now, it was her body - Steve began to wash. She brought her right leg up, feeling her knee press against the full softness of her new breast as she soaped up the leg's smooth, soft contours, then washed it down. She repeated the sequence with her other leg, enjoying the feel of the smooth, slick flesh under her hands.

She moved onto her widened hips next. The graceful, womanly curve flowed beneath Steve's exploring hands, and her hands met at where her now-silken thighs formed a hollow that housed her new sex. Pausing, she then let her hands slid up over her firm, flat belly and to her firm, taut mounds.

Sliding lower in the water, Steve spent several minutes enjoying the womanly breasts under her hands. It was more than just the extremely pleasant sensations transmitted through the soft, sensitive flesh and firm nipples - it was also the enjoyment that her male side got from fondling such a nice pair of firm breasts.

She did her face, neck and arms fairly quickly, feeling their smoothly altered configurations under her fingers. Her now-jaw-length hair was a bit of a nuisance for somebody who usually kept it close-cropped - but it's silky texture still felt nice.

Then her hands returned to her crotch. She paused again, still feeling slightly embarrassed - but that didn't stop her. Slowly, she inserted her finger into the nether cavity, feeling that sensation once more.

But this time, she didn't stop. Somewhat awkwardly at first, she began to masturbate. Steve moaned softly in the back of her slender new throat as her rhythm increased, her finger manipulating the sensitive nub of flesh until a small - but enjoyable - orgasm shook her.

It was, again, both like and unlike a male orgasm. Somehow, it was more satisfying, feeling the pleasurable warmth the spread through her belly from the interior sensation. However, it was nowhere near as intense, Steve learned with some disappointment.

Still soaking in the water, she let the one hand linger in her crotch, slowly sliding back and forth of the slight mound, while the other returned to her breasts...

She only climbed out of the tub when the water was cold, feeling satisfied - yet, vaguely unsatisfied, wanting more, but of something better.

Shortly after, she once more felt the wrenching pain - the experiences of being female were great, but she could have been a better transition, Steve thought, a bit sourly - then he was once more in his male body.

Making a mental 'to-do' list, Steve headed off to bed, anticipating a long - and highly interesting - day tomorrow.

Reaching his bedroom, Steve rummaged around, digging through every article of clothing he owned until he found what he wanted - or something similar, at least. Since there was a four-hour delay at this point, he had pre-figured it. Pulling on his chosen clothing - some of which was a poor fit - Steve pulled on the shoes and lay down on top of the covers.

Sleep was long in coming, but there was one definite advantage to the 'change while you sleep method' - when the brief pain hit, Steve just muttered in her sleep, then rolled over and continued her slumber.

* * * * *

As soon as she awoke the next morning, Steve knew that the change had occurred during the night. It was easy - the ceiling was clearly in focus.

Steve, of course, didn't wear glasses to bed - and her altered eyes were now perfect without any artificial lenses.

Slowly, Steve sat up, feeling the new way that her altered body changed - the shift of the breasts on her chest, the padded feeling of her new ass...

Looking down, Steve saw her shirt straining to contain a pair of what must have been at least DDD-cup breasts. The neckline of the black spandex tank-top was sufficiently stretched by her large, firm endowments to display an awesome cleavage - especially from this angle.

Eagerly, Steve swung her feet - clad in knee-high black suede boots with a five inch heel - over the edge of the bed. She hurried into the bathroom to see her altered self in the mirror.

It was quite a sight.

The boots that clad her now-dainty feet also covered the lower half of the skin-tight jeans that, in turn, clung like a second skin to her shapely new legs. The womanly new hips flared dramatically before narrowing to a pleasantly slender waist. Above that, the skin-tight black spandex clearly outlined her firm, sexy new globes.

Her face was still vaguely related to the male Steve - but now, she was lovely. Long, golden-blond hair framed a face of simple beauty, even without the enhancement of make-up. As an added bonus, there were no glasses to obstruct her large, attractive eyes.

Steve smiled at the reflection, and shimmied her slender shoulders to feel her large new tits jiggle and sway. "Whoa - these could be fun..." Steve said to herself, gently sliding on her hand across the taut fabric over the breast.

Tempted as she was to indulge in the pleasure, she had things to do - first of which was buy some more shoes. She didn't want to walk around barefoot, but she also couldn't keep the shoes on too long - it would take eight hours to change back after she removed them.

She needed something to wear for those hours.

Quickly, Steve jiggled and swayed out to the living room. She grabbed her money and bank-card from her wallet, then slipped on a pair of sunglasses and headed out.

Going down the stairs, Steve nearly broke her slender neck - she slowed down immediately with a wry grin. The five-inch stiletto heels was bad enough, no matter how incredibly comfortable the boots were. The severely altered center-of-balance was worse - her large tits, firm as they were, still bobbed and swayed without the support of a bra, and tended to unbalance her. She had to resort to a slower pace, and pick up the habit of swaying her hips more - swiveling them - to counter the bounce and jostle of her new endowments.

Stepping out of the building, the warm sun shone down from a deep blue sky as she headed out at a brisk walk. She did own a car - but taking it right now would be a bad idea, since 'she' didn't have a license - a very male Steven Copper did.

It didn't take long for her to notice the rather frank appreciative glances she got from men she passed. She smiled inwardly at their reactions, wondering how they'd react to the truth - then started smiling outwardly as well, catching the men's eyes briefly with her own, sometimes nodding to them.

In short, she was doing some low-level flirting.

She was in a minor heaven. She was embarrassed when she started doing it, but that quickly faded, leaving only the exhilaration. It was strange to think that she was flirting with guys - but that was just it. She wasn't Steven as far as the world was concerned - she was somebody else entirely. It was exhilarating, it was liberating, it was fun...

...it was pure freedom. There were no real limitations on what she could do without repercussions from society. She wasn't criminally inclined, but that didn't change the concept - if she wanted to, she could commit murder in broad daylight and get away with it if she could just avoid the police for the eight-hour period. Because, technically speaking, the large-breasted woman who committed the crime... didn't exist.

Steve marveled at the incredible freedom she had now as she walked along, enjoying the way people reacted to her presence. She could do - or be - anything she wanted, for the periods of time she wasn't 'himself'.

It was with that thought that she reached a store she hadn't originally intended to shop at. But, looking in the window, she smiled broadly and went in.

When she emerged, half-an-hour later, she carried a bag with the store's name on it. But, it didn't contain any of the store's products. Instead, the clothes she'd left with were in it - and the shoes.

Steve sauntered down the street, putting a little extra 'oomph' in her movements. Thigh-high black leather boots, laced up the back, encased her legs in their tight grip, and she balanced atop the boot's seven-inch heels. A pair of super-tight black leather pants disappeared down the boots, the taut crotch of the pants displaying the complete lack of male genitalia - and gently caressing her mound with each step.

The... shirt? Top...? Steve wore was interesting - it was basically a black-and-purple corset that cinched in her waist, with black spandex that - barely - encased her large, and now bra-encased - breasts. Steve looked incredibly sexy, and knew it - but wasn't quite satisfied.

A stop to a salon that did her hair and make-up rectified that. And, on a sinful whim, she made one last purchase before going for lunch.

She was short on cash, having discovered just how expensive women's clothing was. Especially the boots. Steve decided to splurge the last of her ready cash at a pub-style bar-and-grill. With her gloss-red lips in a smile, she jiggled and swayed into the building, enjoying the slight dip in noise level as the mostly male clientele took in the stunningly sexy woman in their midst.

Steve headed towards a small, unoccupied booth, turning to wink slightly at a small gaggle of men...

...then stopped short as a delightfully naughty thought struck her. For a second, Steve couldn't believe she was actually considering it - but then again...

..why not?

Turning, she made her way to the four gaping young men in the large booth. Fairly average looking, the men couldn't believe this blonde goddess was walking towards them.

They were even more amazed when she smiled seductively and spoke in a smoky voice. "Hi - I'm Stevi." She leaned forward, offering a view of her cleavage. "Mind if I join you gentlemen?"

There was an immediate, if somewhat restrained, battle over who sat where, ending up with Steve in the middle between two lucky guys on one side, while the other two had to be content with sitting across from her and ogling her scrumptious cleavage.

The men vied for her attention during the meal, and she immersed herself in the routine, flirting outrageously. She was constantly brought up short with the realization of what she was doing - and each time she merely shrugged it off. It didn't matter. Gradually, as she managed to force her self to tackle the next step, her flirting became more and more outgoing - by the end of the meal (which the guys paid for), Steve was shamelessly touching the young men fairly often - a hand on their arm as she laughed at their jokes, a hand on the thigh when she was talking to them - and, to their delight and Steve's physical enjoyment, her breasts pushing against their shoulders when she turned towards the windows - which she found herself doing fairly often. The sensation of her spandex-encased tits brushing across the men's shoulders just felt so good.

The only thing that seriously embarrassed her was the two times she caught herself lightly fondling her crotch beneath the table, without even noticing she'd started doing so.

In short, she was amazed to find herself becoming turned on by the guys. But the sensation of arousal was also extremely enjoyable, and she wasn't really in a hurry to end it - so it was with some reluctance that she told the guys she had to leave.

When they offered to pay for her cab fare home, she agreed, as it let them walk her out to the curb and wait for the cab. Under the circumstances, she could hardly refuse them each a kiss before she left - could she?

Even as she leaned forward in the first man's embrace, she couldn't believe she was doing this. It was too much, too quickly...

...but before she could pull away, they were kissing - and all of Steve's reasons for stopping were blown away by the kiss itself. Her arousal hit a new peak, and she became a willing participant in the kiss, kissing the man back hungrily.

She didn't even hesitate when it was the other guys' turns.

* * * * *

Steve all but ran into the apartment. The instant the door closed behind her, she was shedding clothes as she headed towards the bedroom. She only had about an hour of being female left, and she didn't want to waste a second of it.

By the time she entered the bedroom, she was completely naked - and in her hand was the sinful purchase she'd made. When she'd bought it, it was for possible use later - now it was a necessity.

Throwing herself on the bed, Steve just looked at the smallish, bright pink dildo in her hand. But it wasn't truly hesitation - she was so horny that it was painful...

...in an unbelievably good way.

Her cunt was sodden with all the juices her overly aroused body was producing. Eagerly, Steve brought the dildo to her cunt, and plunged it inside.

There was no technique involved - she just pistoned it in and out, looking for release.

She got it - five times. Five times and incredible orgasm ripped through her body, making her writhe on the bed in ecstasy, her breath coming in gasps. Her body shuddered and shook in the throes of ecstasy as she pounded the plastic phallus in and out of her hot, wet cunt, without any true thought involved.

Finally, she was satisfied - her needs had been met. Dropping the dildo to the floor, the exhausted woman lay staring at the ceiling, trying to get her mind to calm down so that she could consider just what she'd done, just how she'd acted today> Somehow, things had gotten out of hand, going much further than she'd intended - even if she did enjoy it... all of it...

Still thinking about the pleasure of the day, Steve drifted off into a sleep so deep, that he didn't even notice the brief blast of pain as he switched back.

* * * * *

For the next five days, Steve didn't even touch the shoes.

Part of it was the fact that he had to go to work each day, and couldn't spare the time. But Steve actually blessed that fact, as he used the time to try and work things out in his own mind. The way that he'd acted with sheer abandonment scared him slightly - yet the shoes seemed to send a siren call out to him, urging him to try them again. Steve, however, successfully ignored the call all week.

Friday, however, was a lot harder. All day long, his work went by in a haze as he thought about the shoes - and the weekend he had coming up.

By the time he walked in the door that evening, he'd come to a decision - a regretful one.

It would take sixteen hours for him to change to a woman - then, if he pulled the shoes off immediately, it would be another thirty-two hours before he was male again. Steve just couldn't take that risk, not now. With a deep sigh, he picked up the shoes, and carried them to where the box they'd come in sat, undisturbed. Lifting up the tissue paper padding, he prepared to store the shoes away until ready to use them again...

...and that's when he noticed the small booklet labeled 'operating instructions.'

* * * * *

Steve sat in front of his computer dressed only in a bathrobe. Sitting on the floor, only inches from his feet, were the 'magic shoes' - although he still wasn't sure if he was going to use them. Instead, he waited, staring at the screen as, every few seconds, another random drawing flashed on the screen.

Steve had learned that what he'd experienced so far was basically the 'demo' mode. The shoes did that to acclimatize the user. Now, they were set - by his failure to use them in more than forty-eight hours - to full operation mode.

Which was simple. All he had to do was touch an image while wearing the shoes - any image. He'd then be transported into the setting of the image, as the female person he touched. He- or she - would remain in the new 'world' of the image until the 'spell' that ran the shoes considered the 'scene' complete. That's all there was to it.

Simple.

Steve swallowed again. The image he wanted came up occasional through the website's random slideshow, but he was still hesitant. The 'fan-art' of the lithe, buxom semi-Michelle-Pfeiffer Catwoman still enticed him, but he wasn't sure if he actually wanted to be Catwoman for an indeterminate amount of time.

Sort of - time in the 'other world', according to the instructions, passed at a rate of sixty-to-one. One hour spent over there was only one minute in 'the real world'. Plus, he couldn't actually be harmed - well, the '*him* him' couldn't - the '*character* him' could.

Finally making up his mind, Steve took a deep breath and slid his feet into the shoes. Leaning forward slightly, he held his hand near the monitor, ready to touch the Catwoman drawing when it appeared.

Finally, it did. Taking a deep breath, Steve reached forward...

...an instant too late. His mind didn't even have time to register what the new random image that had appeared was before his finger touched the screen...

In the real world, there was a brief flash of light - and Steve was gone, leaving only the computer, still flashing the random images.

* * * * *

Steve gaped at the image reflected in the mirror in front of her, beside the rack of clothing.

She was tiny - no taller than five feet. Her legs were incredibly long and sexy, leading to womanly hips that flared before leading to an astonishingly tiny waist. The waist was especially tiny, considering the two immense tits thrust roundly from her chest. The massive, nearly perfectly spherical endowments were - in Steve's estimation - at least MMM cup.

Perched atop her slender shoulders was a long, slender neck that supported a face carved from pure sensuality. A pointed chin, tiny nose, and huge, bright blue eyes surrounded the fullest, sexiest lips Steve had ever seen. And crowning the entire package was the most massive mane of platinum blonde hair Steve had ever seen.

She was still trying to deal with the realization that she was in the wrong setting when there was a knock on her door. Immediately after, before she could respond, the door swung open, and the maost amazing massive man Steve had ever seen entered the room. Easily six-eight, the man - dressed in tradidional 'butler' garb - was incredibly muscled, with a shock of dark hair carefully combed over his massive head.

Helplessly, Steve found himself staring down at the enormous bulge in the butler's crotch - which twitched.

"Oh, my..." the butler said. "Not even dressed yet - you must hurry, Yvette, or Mistress will be most displeased. Roberto has breakfast almost ready."

Steve tried to refuse - but, to his horror, found himself complete unable to do so. When the butler said - "Don't worry, Yvette - Joshua is here to help.", she meekly allowed him to help her dress - fighting it in vain every step of the way.

First, a thick black leather corset. Using his massive muscles, Joshua laced the heavy-duty article unbelievably tight, compressing an already minuscule waist. Yvette opened her mouth to protest - but nothing emerged.

Next came a pair of fish-net stockings that attached to garters on the corset. Then, a tiny, fluffy black skirt, an a massive, lacy black bra that more enticed then concealed. A tiny white apron covered the skirt front.

While Yvette numbly did her hair, make-up and jewelry, Joshua put her shoes on her tiny feet. Black leather, the six-inch spike-heeled pumps had an ankle strap that locked in place - and a short length of gold-toned chain that ran between the two shoes, ensuring that Yvette would only be able to walk in short, sexy steps.

And after she'd finished 'putting her face on', Joshua helped Yvette into a pair of shoulder-length black leather gloves that laced up the back for a tight fit. Another length of gold-toned chain joined two gold-toned locking bracelets that Joshua clamped on her wrists, enduring that she only had limited hand movement, but was able to function, if she concentrated.

Confused, worried, and shaken, Yvette minced after Joshua as they headed down a flight of stairs and into the large, airy 'breakfast nook' which held two people.

The woman - a dark-haired woman of stunning beauty, dressed all in leather - presumably Mistress Lisa - was seated at the table.

The massively muscled Mediterranean clone of the British Joshua must have been Roberto. Dressed in traditional Chef's garb he was just laying breakfast in front of Mistress Lisa. Yvette was horrified to find a wave of gratitude wash over her, knowing she was just in time to serve her mistress.

She struggled against the urge - and lost. Helplessly, she found herself mincing over to Lisa, who smiled cattily. Wordlessly, burning with shame - yet, somehow, also indescribably happy - Yvette began to feed her mistress, who lightly fondled Yvette's firm, sexy ass, and massive, round tits, causing incredible sensation to rampage through her overly-feminine body.

Finally, Yvette let Lisa have the last sip off coffee.

"Well done, Yvette." Lisa said. She smiled and leaned forward, pursing her lips...

...and Yvette found herself helplessly filled with a wave of longing and gratitude. Driven, she leaned forward and kissed Lisa passionately, using her long, limber tongue to please her mistress.

"You've done well - now you may be fed." Lisa announced grandly, gesturing towards Roberto. Ravenous, Yvette turned towards Roberto...

...and watched, horrified, as Roberto unzipped his pants, setting free his monstrous - and rapidly hardening cock. Yvette gasped. She was disgusted and revolted - she was supposed to 'eat' by giving Roberto a blow-job.

Even more horrifying was the fact that she oh-so-desperately longed to do just that. Her mouth was watering, and she was breathing heavily as she stared at Roberto's massive cock in mixed disgust and desire. She struggled against the conflicting thoughts.

"Well?" Lisa said coolly - and that was too much.

Helplessly - horrified - Yvette found herself sinking to her knees in front of Steven. Her leather clad hands rose, grasping the base of Roberto's massively thick twenty-two inch long monster. Her soft, full lips parted....

...Inside her mind, Steve screamed in disgust and horror as she leaned forward, sliding her warm mouth over the end of Roberto's massive cock. Her tongue swirled over the warm, throbbing cock filling her mouth as she began to piston her head back and forth, creating a light suction as her amazingly full lips - cock-sucking lips - slid up and down the thickly-veined shaft.

One of her manacled hands began to caress one of Roberto's equally enormous balls while the other hand - unable to reach all the way around the massive shaft - began to slide up and down the throbbing cock in time with her bobbing head. She heard Roberto moan in please, and was horrified to hear an answering sound emerge from the back of her throat as her long tongue played over his enormous, rounded head.

She was sucking the cock like a pro, porn-movie-sound-effect slurping and all, as if she did this every day. And to any onlooker, she looked like she was enjoying it - thoroughly.

But inside, horror and disgust raged. She desperately tried to stop herself as the first few drops of pre-cum oozed out onto her tongue. But she was locked into the act, unable to escape. With all indications of eagerness, she increased her pace, opening her throat all the way as Roberto's dick vibrated in her mouth.

Hot, salty cum gushed from the massive cock filling her mouth. Like a fire hose out of control, the incredible volume of liquid slammed back into her tonsils, then down her open, 'eager' throat, filling her stomach with its warmth. The salty taste of it filled her mouth, and the smell of it wafted through her nose. She had a huge, throbbing cock jetting massive amounts of sperm down her throat.

It tasted wonderful. Yvette was still disgusted and horrified at what she'd done - what she was doing - but it tasted and felt so good, so wonderful...

Finally, Yvette licked the last few drops of cum from Roberto's softening cock and tucked it away in his pants. Awkwardly, she managed to get to her feet, still stunned, horrified - and so deliciously sated.

"Now that you're fed..." Lisa said, imperiously, an evil glint in her eye, "You and Joshua can start cleaning the first floor..." Helplessly - obediently - Yvette nodded, and submissively followed the massively muscled man, shame burning inside her.

* * * * *

"Well... I think that would do it for the first floor." Joshua said, as Yvette finished dusting the study. He looked around with satisfaction. "And quite quickly done, I must add."

"Yes." Yvette agreed, shortly. The reason that it had been done so fast was her helpless, burning need to do the job as quickly and efficiently as possible.

Yvette heard the sound of Lisa's boot heels on the polished marble floor. Helplessly, Yvette turned to her gorgeous new 'mistress' and performed a very sexy curtsy, revealing a massive amount of equally massive cleavage.

"Done already?" Lisa asked, looking around. She was obviously amazed - Yvette, working practically by herself, had done an amazing job in a short period of time.

"Yes, Ma'am - I'm..."

* * * * *

"...finished." Steve finished saying aloud, from in front of his computer. Slightly stunned by the rapid transition, he looked around. "My God..." He whispered in amazement. Then slowly, a smile crept across his face. "The ultimate VR!"

This time, when Catwoman came up on screen, he got it right...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.



SUMMARY: Three young studs are captured and one of them hears the story of how a brilliant, but crazy, scientist has discovered a way to transform men into submissive sexual slaves--the other two get transformed.

Paranoia

By Gunslinger

"Hot damn... I still can't believe the body on that red-head!" Josh said as the three youths left the Kitty-Kat club and headed for their car. "She's... perfect!"

"I dunno - I liked their star attraction- Linda Lithe. Man - now there's erotic!" Was Sean's opinion, the rangy red-head smiling at the memory of the private dance he'd had after her performance. He looked around, making sure that nobody could overhear. "You guys won't believe it - but she didn't dance for me in that back room."

"Huh?" Josh asked, his blond brows lowering confusion.

"What do you mean?" Tony asked as he unlocked the door to his car. Sean lowered his voice. "She sucked me off!"

"get out of here!"

"No!" Sean assured the dark-haired youth as they slipped into the car. "She gave me a blow-job. Honest - and she was fuckin' amazing!"

The three youths were college students at a nearby town, and had decided to see what the buzz on campus was about the club in Ludsville. The Kitty-Kat club had been running for six years now, and there had been no big deal about it - until now.

Tony, Sean and Josh had found out that the reports hadn't been exaggerated - this was the hottest strip-club they'd ever gone to.

Laughing and discussing the incredible stable of dancers the club boasted, they three youths were having the time of their lives as Tony pulled the aging Pontiac out of the parking lot...

...and winced, cursing softly as the red-and-blue lights flashed in the rearview mirror, painting the inside of the sedan.

Sighing, Tony pulled to the curb as the car from the local cop-shop pulled up behind them and the door on the driver's side swung open...

"Shit, guys - get a load of her..." Tony whispered to his friends, who craned their necks to watch the approaching officer. It was worth the effort.

She was fairly tall, and athletically built. Beneath the 'Smoky Bear' hat she wore, brassy-blond hair showed at the temples and at the back, and her full lips drew the eyes from any of the small deficiencies in her rather strong face. The standard beige uniform shirt she wore strained over a bust that was anything but standard, the crisp khaki material molded to the firm, basket-ball sized breasts that must lurk behind it. The pants were almost skin tight on her trim hips and full ass, and she moved with a strong-yet-supple grace in her...

"Fuck - cops don't wear knee-high black leather boots with stiletto heels." Sean said, gaping. "This one does." Josh replied, with a grin.

"It's gotta be some sort of joke." Sean insisted.

"Maybe." Tony replied. "But until I'm sure, I'm going to..." He had to cut his reply short as the officer reached the car, her bountiful tits almost exactly at Tony's eye-level as she made a cranking motion with her hand.

Tony lowered the window. "Can I help you, officer?"

She looked at him, then flicked her eyes over the car's other occupants. "Good evening, gentleman. I'm sure that you understand that - you just having left a place licensed to sell alcohol - we need to make sure that you are not driving under the influence."

"Of course, officer." Tony replied, his heart slowing - it was a random spot-check for drunk drivers. That was fine - as the DD, he'd stuck to soda for the duration.

"I'm afraid that this is going to be a bit of an imposition." The female cop said. "The mobile breathalyzer in my unit gave up the ghost half an hour ago. I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to come to the station with me for the test."

Tony sighed. "Of course. If you'll lead, I'll just..."

"I'm afraid not." The officer replied. "Until I'm sure you're fit to drive, I'll have to ask you to turn off your vehicle."

Sharing a look, the three youth climbed from the car and Tony locked it. They followed the cop's instructions to climb in the cruiser - but she allowed Tony to sit up front, which eased the tension. Not only did it show she wasn't treating them as criminals, it gave him a chance to eye her prodigious bust as she drove to the local police station.

She escorted them inside the station... she turned and used a key on her belt to lock the front door. "Hey.. what's going on?" Tony asked, looking around with more than a hint of trepidation.

"You'll understand everything shortly." The buxom blonde said, calmly. She looked over at a cop seated behind a desk. "Tom?" "Of course, Sandy." The cop said, rising and stepping from behind the desk.

The three youth's gaped, then quickly looked away.

The crotch of the male cop's pants was straining under a massive bulge, and the outline of a limp cock - a huge limp cock - could be seen down the leg. The old greeting 'how's it hanging' was unnecessary with this guy - it was completely obvious how it was hanging.

"Look..." Tony tried to protest as the two cops - Tom and Sandy - guided them towards the back of the station. The three youth briefly considered resisting, but there was a half-dozen other cops sitting at desks in the station, and from their demeanor it was obvious what would happen if the youths tried anything.

"Don't worry - you'll understand everything soon enough." The female cop replied, escorting them into a holding cell and closing the door with a final-sounding 'clank'.

Then, to the stunned amazement of the confused youths, she turned to the male cop with a smile...

...and slowly slid down to her knees. With a smile on his face, Tom unzipped his fly and hauled out his monster cock, already becoming hard as Sandy wrapped her hands around the massive girth of it.

With a moan of pleasure, she bent her head and took as much of the massive organ mouth into her mouth. The guys watched, shocked, as she began to bob her head up and down on the huge, hard cock, making little sounds of pleasure low in her throat as she used her hands to stroke the length of throbbing cock she couldn't fit past her lips.

Removing one hand from the massive cock, she used that hand to unbutton her uniform shirt and spread it open, revealing a pair of massive, amazingly firm tits topped by large, thick, erect nipples. She then let that hand return to its previous job.

There was no doubt when Tom came - Sandy made a valiant effort to swallow the entire load of jism, her throat working rapidly, but it was in vain. Thick streams of cum gushed around the place her lips was locked on the shaft of that massive organ, splattering all over the firm, round globes that thrust so proudly from her chest.

Swallowing the last of his cum, Sandy smiled at Tom and licked his cock clean then rose, her unfettered, cum-covered tits swaying as she did so.

Just then, two other cops - massive masses of masculine musculature that strained the uniforms they wore - entered the room. "The Doc's ready for the first two." The one on the left intoned in a deep voice.

"Okay." Sandy said, unlocking the cell.

Josh and Sean struggled, but it was useless as each massive cop easily man-handled one of them out of the room, through a door at the back.

"Hey! Let them go!" Tony yelled at the massive cop's backs as the lead his friends away.

"Now, now - calm down." Sandy said, entering the cell. Tom slid the door closed behind them, and Tony eyed the big-titted female cop uncertainly as she sat down on the bunk opposite his. "While we're waiting, why don't I fill you in on some things?"

Tony looked at her warily. "Uh... okay..." Nodding, the blonde cop began speaking...

* * * * *

Well, I guess I should give you the whole story, from start to finish. This'll take a bit, and include quite a bit of stuff that'll be hard to believe, but you'll have to take my word for it - everything I'm about to describe actually *did* happen, just the way I'm relating it - within the vagaries of human memory, of course.

To begin with, let me introduce myself. My name's Conrad. Conrad Joseph Williams, if you want the whole kit-and-caboodle. Until about a moth ago, I was just an average guy, more or less. The 'more' of that statement would be my appearance, I guess - Average height, average build, an average face with medium-brown eyes and hair (cut to a medium length, neither long nor short), with a middling taste in clothing - neither outrageous or ultra-conservative. (I didn't dress like a punk - but I didn't dress like I was Amish, either.) Picking me out of a police line-up probably would have been tough - I was the perfect example of an average twenty-six-year-old American youth.

Physically, that is. The 'less' part of my 'average' statement could be applied to my social life an interests. I'm a bit of a bookworm, you see, and not terribly comfortable in social situations, especially those involving the 'fairer sex' - at least, that's how I was when this whole thing started. See, I've always loved reading, everything from Science Fiction to scientific journals, mysteries to mathematics. When it came to the printed word, I was an equal opportunity reader, which probably explains why I wasn't exactly Mr. Popular in school. I blame my book-worm tendencies on being an orphan - when I was young, being shuttled from one foster family to another, the ability to escape into a book was the only constant.

So, when I moved into the 'charming' town of Ludsville, in upper New York State, I didn't know anyone and was traveling on 'a wing and a prayer' - Ludsville just looked like the sort of place where a guy like me could find agreeable work in a library, book-store, that sort of thing, and live of the wages such places paid.

I had a few hundred dollars in cash, plus my meager bundle of belongings. First-and-last on a shoebox apartment ate up most of that, then I began 'hitting the bricks' - to find that most of the stores were leery of 'outsiders'. On reflection, I probably should have picked a larger town, where anybody who hadn't lived there at least one generation was considered a 'tourist' - somebody to take money from during the season, not pay to work.

Money began to get tight, when 'fate' stepped in and seemed to grant me a stay of execution. I met the Doc.

Doctor Peter David Morton - or 'The Doc' to most of the people in town. He wasn't a medical doctor...

...strike that. He did have a MD, among his score of degrees. What I meant was that he wasn't a practicing doctor.

Instead, he was that archetypal Americanism - a basement inventor. A certified genius, he was a little scatterbrained and rather withdrawn, not comfortable in the least with dealing with the 'average person', who seemed to speak a language completely different from the one he did. He spent most of his time in the big old house he'd inherited, slowly spending his money on various inventions, experiments and processes that, for the most part, wouldn't see the light of day in my lifetime.

Now, let me make you understand something. That last sentence probably meant something completely different than you thought, and that's part of what I'm trying to explain. Doc was so incredibly intelligent and inventive, most of the things he came up with would require that time to be studied, examined and reverse-engineered to be usable. Einstein's theory of Relativity could only truly be understood by five mathematicians at the time it came out. Doc was so brilliant that - unless he wanted to run the assembly line himself, alone - no company could put his innovations and discoveries into immediate use, because they didn't understand them and couldn't make a marketable version. When it came to his chemical compounds, medicines and drugs, the FDA was sitting on them while they scratched their heads in confusion. These concoctions always did exactly what the Doc said they would - what stumped the FDA was *how* these things worked, being far beyond current scientific knowledge in the field.

That was Doc. At least a half-century ahead of the times in scientific, mathematical, medical and chemical knowledge - but he could barely order breakfast in a restaurant. A slight, short man, he looked far younger than his actual age of forty - and that didn't help, as the appearance of his true age might have lent some authority to the short, skinny, dark-haired man with thick glasses and a perpetually abstracted look on his face. See, the problem was simple - his mind was so busy taking fantastic leaps and bounds in all fields of knowledge that he had trouble working coherently in the here-and-now with people, who - unlike chemical reactions - weren't easily forecasted, predicted and anticipated.

So, when I ran into Doc at the hardware store, it seemed like a perfect solution. I'd gone in to leave a resume, even though I wasn't all that keen at the thought of lugging lumber and nails around all day - I was getting desperate.

I didn't get a chance, however. Waiting to speak to the manager/owner, I had to listen to this short, skinny guy in rumpled clothes and mismatched socks try and explain to the befuddled clerk what he needed - in terms of chemical properties. Such-and-such percentage of this-and-that in a solution of a certain density.

I blinked twice, wondering if this was for real, then walked up behind the short guy and tapped him on the shoulder. When he stopped talking to look at me with a vague, questioning look, I leaned past him and spoke directly to the clerk.

"He wants a clear, oil-based varnish."

The clerk blinked, then directed him - us - to the right aisle. Sure enough, a check of the label on the can and he lit up like a Christmas tree - it was just what he needed.

"My dear boy... (At the time, I didn't realize his true age and was irked at the comment from a man who looked to be less than a decade my senior) ...this is precisely what I need!" He adjusted his glasses and held up a list. "However, I have a few

more necessities. Perhaps you could also 'translate' them into the more commonly known house-hold compounds so I may locate them?"

"Well, I'm supposed to see the manger for a job.." I started to decline.

"Wonderful!" He said, so enthusiastically that I blinked, wondering why my applying at a hardware store would excite him so. His next words cleared up the mystery. "That means you are currently at liberty, then?"

"Uh.. yeah.." I replied hesitantly.

"I find myself rather inept in dealing with the populace at large, my dear boy, and could really use an ambassador to the rest of the world to take of such tasks as these when I need them done. Also, if you would be amenable to it, I could use somebody as a general assistant - not only for the laboratory,... (He actually pronounced it 'Luh-bor-A-torie'. Until that moment, I thought that was only done in British movies.) ...but for such mundane tasks as preparing coffee and light meals." He grinned in a lopsided, strangely appealing way. "I find myself neglecting to eat, as I simply can't be bothered to make anything. If you'd be willing to make.. oh, preserved prepared goods or desiccated foodstuffs?"

Clean bottles and beakers? Cook stew and beans and 'Crap Dinner'? "Uh, well. "

"Two or three hours of actual *work* a day on average, I should think, although you'd be required to be there for most of the day, 'on call', as it were. Say - eight hundred dollars a week?"

I was flabbergasted - my jaw dropped. He continued talking, not noticing. "Now, that would be for spending ten-to-twelve hours each day at my home, seven days a week. I have a vehicle you may use, to run errands of for personal use, as my license is expired. As I said, I would only require a small percentage of that time engaged in actual duties, and I'm afraid that my television is rather old and I lack a cable connection... but I have a very large, well-stocked library if your taste runs to the literary side. "

And that's how I came to work for Doc Morton as Chief Bottle-Washer and Button-Sorter.

* * * * *

I'm getting there - trust me.

* * * * *

It was just less than a year later when 'The Event' happened. (See - I told you to trust me.)

I got to the Doc's house about nine o'clock in the morning. I didn't have set hours, working my schedule around his odd hours with no trouble. I walked in the door, carrying a few items for breakfast that I'd picked up on the drive to 'work'. (In Doc's immaculate '48 Packard. Emerald green, white-wall tires, mint condition - I loved that car.)

As soon as I entered the kitchen I stopped dead. Lowering the groceries slowly to the counter, I looked around, my brow furrowing in puzzlement.

The place was a mess.

Well, on the scale of one-to-ten of messes, it wasn't the 'a tornado hit this place' ten, or even close - at most it was a 'three', and probably not even that. Imagine the kitchen of a family with a teenaged son, a working father and home-maker mother with a headache.

Like that.

In the Doc's house, that was enough.

See, the Doc kinda treated the entire house as a laboratory. Even though he did almost all of his work in his basement, fully equipped lab, he used just about anything and everything in his experiments - his mind worked that way, identifying *everything* by it's chemical make-up or physical properties. He used everything from furniture to decor items in his inventions, if they fit his need, and everything from household cleaners to food in his chemical work, if it fit the bill. Everything in his house was a potential item of importance, and he kept track of it all - in his head - just a *little* less carefully than Fort Knox keeps track of it's gold.

(The first week I was there I figured this out. I made him breakfast one morning - bacon and eggs. Took it down to him, he ate it without looking up, thanked me, went on with his work. When I came in the next morning, he was standing at the fridge with the door open and a puzzled expression on his face, wondering where four of his eggs - i.e., 'biologically produced chemical reagents' - had gone. After that, I kept *everything* stocked. If I used something to make a meal, I replaced it that day. If I brought a new 'staple' or 'necessity' into the house, I advised the Doc what it was, let him 'examine' it, let him know where it was being kept. Anything 'occasional' - not worth the hassle - I bought in the morning, used that day, and took the left-overs home, so as not to mess up the 'count'.)

So, just the few items out of place where as loud as a shout in his usually immaculate home. He might forget 'little' things like eating and sleeping, but he was a fantastic housekeeper.

"Doc?" I called - I admit, I was concerned - and headed to the door leading to the basement. Opening it, I smelled the usual pungent odor that occurred when he was doing 'soft' work - experiments with chemicals and medicinal agents, rather than mechanical, electronic or electrical inventions.

Clattering down the stairs, I punched in the code that opened the specially built hazard-containment lock...

...and it buzzed and informed me 'access denied'.

I blinked. Punching the button on the intercom, I called out again. "Doc? It's me - Conrad. Can you buzz me in? The door's not accepting the code."

(This had happened twice before. Doc remembered the code by using the year (A.D.) that matched his 'Projected Date of the End of the Universe Due to Entropy', by his calculations. It was a work-in-progress, and whenever he had a stroke of genius that affected that huge, complex calculation, the door-code changed. Without warning.)

(No, I *won't* tell you what his latest prediction was. Either you're the type of person who'd hear it and shrug - or you'd start worrying. So forget it.)

I waited what seemed to be forever, and was just about to thumb the intercom again, when the door hissed and opened. I stepped into the small, stainless-steel 'lock, and the outer door hissed shut. The ultraviolet lights snapped on while the air pumps hissed, then the lights shut off and the door opened to the inside of the lab. As always, I was slightly blinded, having shut my eyes too late to avoid that bright initial burst. Blinking, I stepped out of the airlock. "Doc, you'll have to give me the new..."

Then I stopped talking. Because the Doc was sitting at a chair at one of the workstation, hair in a unruly explosion, eyes wild - and pointing an odd-looking gun at my midsection.

"Doc...?" I asked hesitantly, standing stock-still and eyeing the gun nervously. I knew all about that gun - I couldn't help but notice it on my first 'look around' visit to the lab, and had been given a little lecture on it. It was a Lindstradt compressed-air rifle. Basically, a specially-designed paint-ball gun. But, instead of paint-balls, it shot darts. Injector darts - hypodermic needles with weighted plungers that could be filled with tranquilizers, sedatives, so on. Park rangers, zoos, wildlife services, etc., used them for animal control.

But those hypodermic darts could also be filled with other substances - anything liquid, to be exact. Say - arsenic. Or Cobra venom. Hell - Liquid Plumber would do it - and I didn't look the Doc's scared/edgy/crazy look.

"Don't move, Conrad!" He said, his usually vague voice higher-pitched and hoarse. "Don't move, or I swear I'll shoot you - and you don't want that!"

"Damn straight, Doc." I agreed. "Uh... should I put my hands up?" The Doc's eyes flickered. "Yes! Slowly. No sudden moves."

I did that. Don't ask me why I suggested it - maybe it just seemed the thing to do, I don't know. I do know that I was in a mild case of shock, and trying to remain calm while trying to figure out how to calm the Doc down.

"Doc...?" I asked, hesitantly. "Are... are you okay?"

"No!" It was shout, and he trembled - as did I. This wasn't the best situation I'd ever been in. He eyed me narrowly.

Then he surprised me. Despite his crazed look and irrational behavior, he was still connected with reality, and with the Doc I'd known - and respected, despite his oddities.

"Oh, put your hands down, Conrad." He said. "I feel like I should be demanding your 'money or your life'. Sit down."

I did so, cautiously - since, despite his relatively reasonable statement, he kept the gun trained on me and had that 'itchy' look I really, *really* didn't like.

"I was working on my imbalance formula." He said, suddenly, and I nodded slowly. He often discussed his work with me - not that I understood the technical details of it - and I knew what he was talking about. A chemical agent that would counteract the chemical imbalance that created psychosis....

I got it. I paled, and my voice shook. "You.. how?"

He swallowed, his eyes flicking around as if searching for threats. "The beaker slipped. Supposed to be shatter-proof. but it isn't. Cut myself - and some of the liquid got in the cut. Jumps down the neural pathway, you know - barely had time to feel the cut before it started reacting."

"Instead of balancing an imbalance - it created one." I said. He nodded. "Yes."

Semi-good-news. Unlike those 'born' crazy, he knew his thinking was out-of-whack. Still...

"And. ?" I prompted, carefully.

"And I know some of my thoughts are completely off the wall - but I can't tell which ones. " He said. I could he was sweating profusely, and I didn't like the way his finger - his *trigger* finger - kept twitching. "I. I know I trusted you completely yesterday. But, for the life of me, I can't remember why. I just never distrusted you, you see - you didn't really earn the trust. Now, I see everything you've done - and I can't tell your motives. Can I trust you?"

It was a rhetorical question. I stayed shut up.

"Then I knew - I can trust you implicitly. I know I can, because I worked ever since the.. incident, to finish this. This - a chemical that causes a limited counter-reaction to the neural pathways that control sub-rational independent filtering. Free will, in other words. Let me inject you with this, and I can make sure that I can trust you - a couple of 'words to the wise', and you'd be incapable of offering any threat."

I had no intention of hurting him - but try to assure a paranoid man of your good intentions. I also didn't have any intention of letting him turn me into an obedient slave, either.

"Uh... Doc, don't get me wrong - but how do I know I can trust you?" I asked, my mouth dry as I searched for safe words. "I mean, you know - *know* - that your thinking is less than coherent. If you dope me up with something that'll make me obey you implicitly, how do I - or *you* - know you won't give me orders that are harmful or dangerous. Orders based on those 'off-the-wall' thoughts? You already admitted you can't tell which thoughts are which, and I don't like the idea of you dopping me up in this condition. " I paused, then took the plunge. "Maybe we should call an expert. A psychiatrist - somebody trained to

know the 'safe' thoughts from the 'dangerous' ones. Let him stand outside the door, on the intercom - where he can't harm you - and discuss with you the thoughts your having."

"No." It was iron-clad. Then his voice softened, became pleading. "Please, Conrad. I've trusted you more than anybody else in my life - now I want to trust you, I really do. I. I know I need help. Out of the populace of the entire world, you are the only one I trust even a little. I wouldn't have opened that door for anyone else, Conrad. You only got in because I know I need - I want - help, and you might be the one to give it to me."

Despite the situation, I was touched. Kind of.

"If I could be sure - absolutely sure - about you, then I could let you play that role you mentioned. Help me sort out my thoughts. Then I could work on a reversal agent for this. Right now.. I can't. I mean - I can, but part of me isn't sure if it would cure the crazy part - or 'cure' the sane part, getting rid of it. I can't tell which is which, so I can't make up the correct formula. One formula to go one way, another to go the other - but which way is the right way?" He paused, nervous eyes pleaded. "Please - let me inject you. Make sure - so you can help me."

I swallowed, searching for an answer. "You talk about trust - while keeping a gun pointed at me. What's in there, Doc? Poison? A sedative? What?"

(If he'd been his normal, meticulous self, it would have been that 'obedience serum' - and he would have shot me as soon as I walked in the door.)

(Maybe not - maybe he wanted me to 'voluntarily' accept the injection. If I would, that would cement the idea of trust, wouldn't it?) His answer shocked me silly. "It's my estronic compound."

"Your sex-change serum?" I blurted in surprise. Of all the things in the lab he could have loaded it with...

"I.. I don't want to have to kill you." He said, trembling. "So.. no poison. But if it was 'just' a tranquilizer or sedative, you might risk jumping me. The free-will inhibitor takes too long to act... (Well - that explains that. So much for my fancy theories...) and you could do a lot of damage before it kicked in. This stuff contains a paralytic agent that acts immediately, in case I should have to use it - but the threat of changing your gender should be enough to stop you from trying anything, as the fabled 'fate worse than death'." He half-smiled, a crazy look. "It's a double dose."

"You're right - I'm not gonna try anything." He'd developed that stuff as an answer to the expensive, half-assed sort of sex-change that was available. True to form, Doc's solution was cheap, painless, and converted a man's DNA to the feminine equivalent in a few hours, leaving him almost indistinguishable from a biological woman, aside from the fact that the new 'she' would be barren.

Also true to form, the government was sitting on the formula, and it would be a decade at the *minimum* before it was available. Oh - and did I forget the one 'minor' problem? The Doc could only come up with a Male-to-female formula.

With no antidote.

The Doc swallowed again, practically shimmering in the chair. "So - what about it, Conrad. Let me inject you? Make sure? Be a good lad, say yes."

"Doc... I want to help you, I really do..." I said, leaning forward slightly as I tried to project sincerity, doing that 'George Bush' thing, extending both arms with the hands held about a foot apart, palms inward...

...and my elbow brushed a beaker, knocking it to the floor.

Note: If ever in a circumstance when you are dealing with a person affected with irrational paranoia, never, *never* do anything that creates sudden noise or movement.

Just thought I'd mention it. Seems like it would go without saying - but I sure wish somebody had cut my head open at birth and tattooed that little piece of wisdom on my brain. Maybe then I would have been more careful, paid more attention to what I was doing.

Then again - probably not. I'm mildly accident prone. Always have been.

As the beaker hit the floor, Doc jerked - and the gun went off, the dart burying itself in my side, injected its load - double load - of sex-change serum into my blood-stream.

I didn't even have time to complete on full 'Goddamn' before the paralytic agent hit, and I hit the floor in a limp pile, unable to move and with my senses deadened by a good fifty or sixty percent - I could still feel things, but at about half 'volume'.

Now, I'm guesstimating here (I couldn't exactly look at my watch), but I figure that it took about six hours for me to change into a woman.

* * * * *

Look - I warned you about this whole 'believability' issue. Right at the very beginning. Yes, it really happened, just like I'm describing it, give or take a few of the words in the conversations and some of the timing.

Really. Honest.

* * * * *

I guess I have to hand it to Doc. Even as a raving psychotic, his reactions are good. Practically before I hit the floor, he had an IV in my arm that was pumping nutrients (Oh, and - while he was at it, that 'free-will inhibitor') into my veins. Since I would have died without the nutrients to supply the energy and building material for my transformation, the jury is still out on whether or not I'm grateful for his instincts.

Twenty-five minutes into my transformation, he'd finished brain-washing me. With a little brain -drying and -folding thrown in for good measure. I won't give you a play-by-play of what I was 'instructed', but you can guess the highlights. You know - no harming him, in any way. Obeying his every will and whim. (Although - trusting, caring soul he is - he managed to throw in a nice clause that let me 'back talk'. A feedback for that whole 'crazy thoughts/sane thoughts' thing. It *might* make him countermand an order - but I'd be carrying out the original order while I was protesting it. Politely and reasonably, of course. Still - it was a step in the right direction. A very *small* step - but a step.) No discussing his current situation - or mine - with anybody. No drawing attention to him in any way, see - and explaining to anybody about what was happening would definitely draw attention...

(Yes, yes - I'll explain that 'discrepancy' later. Keep your pants... I mean, just wait.)

A word of advice, guys. If there is any life path you can take - including 'Public Sanitation Officer' of the Black Hole of Calcutta - that would allow you to avoid experiencing the sensation of your genitals slowly sucking themselves back into your body to form a fully functional female vagina, I strongly urge you to take it.

Not that the transformation was painful, mind you. In terms of physical sensations, it was 'mildly discomforting' at it's worst, with portions that could only be described as 'fascinating', being utterly pain-free, if exceedingly odd feeling.

It was the emotional turmoil of it that I could have avoided quite happily. Laying there, unable to do so much as twitch, while I felt my body slowly altering.

Now, despite the incredibly advanced method that leapt past current surgical gender reassignment by light-years, this was no 'Hollywood' transformation. For one thing, there were all the little details that writers of both movies and literature 'gloss over'.

Like hair. On the hair of the scalp, movies and stories are evenly split - sometimes, a short, manly style somehow becomes a long, feminine mane. Other times, it remains exactly the same.

Trust me - the second one is right. The hair, like the fingernails, stays exactly the same length.

But what I really meant was the body hair. See - it also stays the same. More or less, that is - certain portions of the body that experience large amounts of 'displacement' and new skin growth to match end up completely denuded of hair, simply because the pores stretch, and the hair falls out. These areas include the chest, ass, hips, back and face. Legs and arms? Remain the same - but no more hair grows there. Or rather, no more male-pattern body hair. Shave off all the already-existing hair, and more body hair grows back in the finer female pattern. But the already grown, dead hair - remains unchanged. Teeth - okay, brace yourself for this.

They fell out. All of them. Right near the beginning - the dock had to fish 'em out so I wouldn't choke. Because a whole new set of pearlies grew in, perfect and white.

(Dentists, start panicking. The FDA is sitting on the derivative that causes *just* that effect to occur. When they release it - you're out of business.)

Other than the teeth thing, the facial restructuring wasn't a big deal, in terms of how it felt. Kind of low, barely noticeable internal itching with the occasional low sensation of pressure. What was strangest was the fact that my vision changed as my eyes were altered. Not much difference in over-all focus, depth and clarity - but the colors shifted slightly, tending towards the 'warmer' side of the spectrum, and my peripheral vision increased a good twenty or thirty percent.

The sensation of having your shoulders become slimmer is interesting - if you ignore the emotional panic over feeling your body become that of a woman, that is. Now, I wasn't exactly husky to begin with, and they didn't change that much, but I could actually *feel* the nerve pathways that controlled - would control, after the paralytic agent wore off - my arms shortening.

The sensation of your waist shrinking in diameter is like a long hug by a middling-strong woman - a slow, steady compression. Toss in a mild case of indigestion 'gut rumble' to equal the feeling of internal organs reshaping themselves, and you have a pretty good simulation of what I felt.

The legs and arms were the least obvious sensations - just some odd twitches of unidentifiable sensations. The hands and feet - the worst part.

Physically, I mean - emotionally, they had the least impact on me. Weirdest - the least emotionally troubling was the most physically annoying. Imagine, if you will, one of those 'macho' jerks who insist turning every handshaking into a combination challenge and display of his strength. Now, imagining that bone-crushing handshake on both hands, both feet, and the wrists and ankles. That's got it to a 'T'.

Then there was... the tits.

Since it was over such a 'long' period of time, it was just a low, steady pressure that lasted throughout, as the base sensation. But it was logarithmic progression in other sensations, as the mass grew and the sensitivity of the flesh and nipples increased. It felt sort of like somebody was slowly piling warm, damp towels on my chest. Except for the nipples - the sensation of which I still haven't found an adequate description. The closest I can come is to imagine the situation I just described - but you have tiny cocks on your chest, as sensitive as the shaft of your 'real' cock. That even gives you a sort of starting place to the experience of nipples becoming aroused....

...but it's still a piss-poor analogy. Similar-but-not-same. Same shit, different pile. Close but no cigar. But, by all means, don't put yourself through this just to see what I'm trying to say.

Now, having explained how hard it is to explain the physical sensation of that...

I have to say that that is the easiest thing in the world compared to describing the whole cock-to-cunt gig, complete with balls-being- sucked-up-to-become-non-functional-ovaries routine.

So I'm not going to do it. there's nothing even close to describing the situation and it's sensations, so let's just say it was... unique, and leave it at that.

And if that doesn't satisfy your curiosity, then, by all means, *do* go through the whole transformation schmear to see what I mean. I can tell you what I was feeling emotionally, though.

You have to remember - although I described them separately here, they were all going on at the same time when I went through it - a slow, drawn-out routine.

My first emotional response was panic. Stark, unadulterated panic. Something very, very wrong was happening, and I had to do something....

I couldn't twitch a finger. The next sensation was crashing despair, mixed with growing horror and a smattering of disbelief. The good, old fashioned 'this isn't really happening' routine.

Didn't take long for that to become the 'why is this happening to me?' routine, and pity joined the mix. Poor little me. Bleak despair. Let me die - I don't want to be a woman.

Then 'bargaining with the universe'. Please, help - I'll do anything. Didn't limit it to 'God' - Buddha, feel free to jump in. Bast, Osiris, Ra? Sure, lend a hand. Zeus? I'll take that.

Then...

Okay. Brace yourself.

Tentative acceptance. Really. Kind of a self-check.... Breathing? Check. Mobile? No. but a temporary situation. Tentative 'good to go', pending. Sane? Well. reasonably. Hope? Yo! Will-to-live! Paging you - there any hope left?

Hmmm... (Rationalizing.) Doc always claimed that the whole 'MtF only' problem with his sex-change serum was only temporary. What was his words? "Oh, I figure that I'll get the motivation some day, sit down, and inside a month - two, at the very outside - I'll have a way to make a female."

I remembered it distinctly. So. If I live through this, can get the Doc's attention and (reasonably sane) cooperation, offer a little quid-pro- quo....

In a month (two at the outside) I could be male again. As I understood it, I might not be exactly the same as I was now - it wasn't an antidote - but I'd be reasonably close.

So - priorities? To keep from going insane, don't give into despair, and stay alive at least until the Doc finishes the FtM serum. Conclusions?

At that point I regained a will to continue on, to make it through. I was in a bad situation - very, very bad. But it was survivable, and even redeemable.

But that didn't mean it became 'fun'. I didn't gone gonzo, blowing every fuse and gasket at the horror of being turned into a woman - but I was certainly less than sanguine.

Let me put it this way - if I'd been able, I'd have been screaming. But it would have been *coherent* screaming.

While this was going on, I was vaguely aware of Doc's actions, but they were a whole lot less interesting to me than what I was experiencing. Even when he stripped my limp body completely to allow for the changes to my body, I hardly noticed - and I can only remember the occasional flash of him walking around, muttering to himself, and I couldn't tell you what he was up to - well, not at the time. Some of his actions became clear, later on.

The time passed, seeming to drag on forever as the changes finally slowed and stopped. Soon after, I felt a strange tingling, prickling sensation - then suddenly felt the paralysis lift, and I could move again.

Only - I wasn't sure I was ready to. The whole situation was disturbing enough that part of me just wanted to curl up in a ball and lay there, not having to deal with what had happened to me.

Instead, I forced myself to push myself up and climb to my feet.

That was an adventure in itself. Sitting up, I could feel the shift of my new breasts, surprisingly heavy and authoritative - which was easily explained, as I looked down and saw a pair of tits the size of medicine balls, and almost as firmly spherical.

I gasped - but I didn't stop moving, forcing myself to my feet while the Doc watched with a guarded look. I knew that if I gave in to my desire to focus on any single part of my change right now, to dwell on this-or-that, I might bog down and 'lose' it. Instead, I forced myself to stand tall...

...and found myself facing a full-length mirror that the Doc had brought in, thus completely destroying my decision not to focus on my changed body until I had a better grip on myself. Stunned, I took two steps forward and stared at the reflection in the mirror, my jaw dropping.

The woman in the mirror mimicked the action, staring back at me with the same stunned, disbelieving look.

She - I! - was slightly taller than average for a woman. Say... about average height for a man, not to surprisingly. She had a trim, firm figure that was feminine without being 'girly' - a Tomboy body, fit and attractive and firm, yet all woman. Slender hips, for a woman, but wide enough to be feminine. No tiny, 'fashion-model' waist, but still delightfully slim. Shoulders that were fairly broad for a woman, but not masculine - especially counter-balanced by those breasts.

About those tits - when I'd looked down at them, they'd seemed absolutely enormous. But it had been a trick of perception - I wasn't used to looking at a pair of tits from that particular angle, and I certainly wasn't used to the weight and

drag of tits, the sensations that came from possessing such a pair of feminine mounds. Now, in the mirror, I could see past that illusion - but it was a matter of scope, not absolutes.

They weren't gigantic, the size of medicine balls - they were 'merely' huge, just slightly smaller than the size of volleyballs. Though they were remarkably firm for their size, they didn't jut out as impossibly spherical as I'd thought, but had a natural sag, with a sort of abbreviated tear-drop shape as they hung from my chest, sloping downwards slightly before swelling out onto those globes. They were tipped with large aureole with thick nipples, and they were absolutely spectacular, if somewhat outsized.

My new legs were shapely enough, if not absolutely remarkable. Actually, come to think of it, that could be used to describe most of my new form - shapely, attractive, but not remarkable. If I'd been less endowed, I would have been just another athletic-looking woman, worth a nice glance and maybe a pass or too. Even with the tits I wasn't incredibly... well, anything. In this day-and-age of implants, they were certainly huge, but well shy of the largest surgically-enhanced strippers and porn stars, even if I was bigger than the average 'inflated' woman on the street.

Facially, I was... pretty. Strong, yet not unfeminine, features, with a nose that was a little too large and ears that were a little too big. I wasn't some flawless, airbrushed beauty - but quite attractive, and - again - unremarkable for it.

And my cock.. I'd never been phenomenally endowed - but now my manhood was gone completely, leaving behind a womanly opening that was the 'unkindest cut' of all.

I stared at the image in the mirror for what seemed for ever - then turned to the Doc, hands roaming over my transformed face. "What did you do to me...?" I asked - and I'm ashamed to admit that I was near tears. "I.. I'm a woman. *Really* a woman!"

The insane, guarded look in his eyes was in full force, and his words didn't exactly bolster my confidence. "You did this to yourself, jumping at me like that! I warned you - and you still tried something!"

Definitely paranoid. "But..."

"I don't want to hear it!" He said, angrily - and I learned the power of his programming, because I could no longer attempt to explain what had happened. Not that it would have mattered, I guess - he'd gone completely around the bend, and there was no reasoning with a madman.

"I know I can't trust you now - I was right to doubt you." Doc said, and my stomach sank at the realization that he'd slipped even that tenuous grip to reality. "Do you know the trouble you've caused, the worry you've given me? But now I know the truth - you, and everybody else, is frightened of my genius. You'd all like nothing more than to find a reason to lock me up. Claim I'm crazy, take me a way, put me somewhere 'safe' to get me out of the way. Well - it's not going to work, do you hear! It's not going to work!"

"Doc!" I said, my new contralto desperate and sincere. "Please, don't... don't act without thinking it through. I've never tried to have you locked up. I've never tried to interfere - I just worked for you. that's all - I just needed a job."

His eyes narrowed as he looked at me, and my heart pounded behind my new endowments. He could order me to do anything at all, and I'd do it. If he decided I was a threat...

"You're right." He said suddenly, and I blinked in surprise at his sudden jump back into reality. Somewhere in his addled mind, those 'sane' thoughts were still battling with the 'insane' ones - but, now that he was under the delusion that he'd never been insane, he wasn't even trying to tell the difference between any of his thoughts. Instead, he was trying to integrate two radically different sets of thoughts into a coherent mindset.

He nodded to himself. "You still work for me - I know you won't do anything from now on, as you'll do what I tell you. You'll be the perfect employee." He looked at me slyly. "But you can't be 'you' - no, that would lead to too many questions. You need to be somebody else."

"Doc...?" I asked, nervously.

"From now on, you'll answer to the name of Sandy. You'll act as if your name is - and always was - Sandra Sarah Stanley. Do you understand?"

"Yes." I replied, and when he asked me to repeat my name, I helplessly gave the one he'd given me. I didn't want too - I struggled to get my real name out - but it did no good. What emerged was the alliteration he'd given me to use, that stupid - insane - set of 'esses'.

Then he sat me down and gave me a whole new past and history. He obviously thought he'd worked it out well, but his affliction showed, and I winced with every word he drilled into my helpless mind - but had no choice but to accept what he said. Then I was told to go, and start my new life.

* * * * *

I entered the bathroom on the second floor and started a tub running, looking under the counter and finding what I'd been told to expect a set of razors.

One of the first instruction that 'Sandy' had been given concerned that remaining body hair. Doc was in no condition to appreciate my new form, and I certainly wasn't worried about making myself attractive...

...but, on Doc's orders, 'Sandy' was. See - Doc wanted Sandy to fit in, and since she and I happened to be the same person at the moment, that meant I was going to be shaving away that unsightly body hair. I didn't want to - the thought was disquieting, behaving in that manner - but I did it anyway, climbing into the tub of warm water and carefully shaving away the last of the body hair.

And I did it without hesitating, complaining, or even looking upset. I couldn't, you see - Doc made sure that Sandy would behave 'reasonably'. I was incapable of showing strong, negative emotions. Oh, I could feel them - and did. But I couldn't display anger, fear, despair, horror, disgust - the closest I could get was the most mild versions of them. I couldn't fly into a rage - but I could get miffed. I couldn't fall into a deep despair - but I could become 'quiet', maybe even a little 'moody'.

All because Doc didn't want to be 'bothered' by my presence around him. In fact, though I was 'allowed' the weaker negative emotions, the wording of his instructions meant that - whenever possible - I was to act friendly, pleasant and cheerful. Only FEELING the worst of those emotions would allow me to show that weak reaction. Anything else, and I couldn't be anything but extraordinarily pleasant. But shaving my legs and other assorted body parts was only the beginning of my humiliation.

Now, you have to sort of put yourself in my place. Sure, shaving my legs, et cetera, may not seem like that big a deal. Weird, sure - but why get riled up about it?

Well - first off, it was 'sissy' stuff, or so I'd always thought. I mean, it was all right for a woman to do, but no man shaved his legs. (Okay - so I was technically a woman now - but I didn't feel like a woman, emotionally. I was still the same guy, just trapped in a woman's body.)

But that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was that I HAD NO CHOICE! Sure, social pressure for women to shave their legs is one thing - but I had been told to do it, and so I did. Maybe, after much hesitation, I might have decided to shave my new body's legs to fit in, if left to my own devices. Maybe not. But it would have been my choice.

Likewise what came next.

Dying my hair.

Wanting to separate 'Sandy' from 'Conrad' as much as possible, Doc had provided a bottle of special bleach and instructed me to go blonde. Now, I'd never considered changing my hair color, but doing so - before, on my own terms - wouldn't have been that bad. But having no choice was something else altogether, and inside I was a roiling cauldron of emotion as I used the bleach to carefully change my medium-brown hair to a golden blonde. Soon my short mop of hair was that brassy gold, and I headed downstairs.

Sitting on the couch in the living room was my - Sandy's - stuff.

I dressed in the clothes I'd come to work in, as none of the Doc's stuff would possibly fit this body. Surprisingly, my male clothes did a fairly accurate impression of unisex clothing. The jeans were too tight in the hips and ass, and too loose in the waist. But that was unnoticeable, as the skin-tight fit over my hips and ass could have been on purpose, to show off my figure, and tightening my belt took out the slack at the waist.

The white T-shirt and gray sweatshirt also fit tightly over my new tits, creating all new sensations that were disturbingly pleasant, and the look was completely passable. Socks, of course, were socks, and my smaller feet fit tolerably well in a pair of the Doc's sneakers, which were pretty standard and wouldn't attract any undue attention.

Trust me - for a normal, heterosexual male trapped in a woman's body, there was no pride when I looked in the mirror and saw... a woman. An everyday, totally unremarkable woman. No make-up, short hair, unisex clothing over a trim body - I could have been any woman just running out to the store for something, not bothering to get 'made up' for the quick trip out.

Which was basically what I was. The Doc had a complete computer set up, complete with such things as scanners, laminators, digital cameras, etc. And, even completely around the bend, he was still a genius, so I wasn't surprised at the realism of the fake ID he'd ginned up for me and left with my clothes. I now had paperwork that - if not tracked back - would agree with my new gender, appearance and name.

With my new ID was a bundle of cash the Doc had given me to flesh out my new identity, and I picked it up and headed for the garage.

Now, I wasn't emotionally ready to go out in public in my new form, to see and be seen, to deal with other people in my new persona. But the Doc had given me orders, and I had no choice as I slid behind the wheel of the car and pulled out of the garage to head into town and get some shopping done.

My first stop - unwilling as it was - was at the local clothing store. Now, I'd gone in plenty of times - but I'd never been going to the women's section, and beneath my calm exterior, my heart was beating a million miles a minute at my 'perverted' actions. I was subconsciously waiting for anything from snickers to outrage from the staff as I wandered into the women's section and began looking at clothing. Although I knew, intellectually, that nobody could tell that I was 'really' a man, the emotional side of the equation was completely different. Added onto that (unreasonable) fear of being 'caught' was the shame at buying women's clothing. Although most of the clothing was generally unisex, not all that different from male clothing, and the fact that I now had the body to wear anything from the unisex to the most feminine clothing, I still had the male outlook, and the thought of wearing woman's clothes just *felt* wrong, on a very fundamental level. I felt like one of those perverts who got off dressing up as women. It was like I was character out of a bad movie or something - despite my new body, I *felt* like a hairy, ungainly man buying frilly lace nothings to wear.

That feeling doubled and redoubled when I started trying clothes on. I felt like the lowest, slimiest pervert, 'sneaking' into the women's change room, trying on women's clothing, seeing defenseless and unknowing women in their unguarded state, even chatting politely with them as I waited for a change room to be free, 'lying' to them, 'acting' like a woman. I was disgusted and afraid and ashamed - but none of that showed.

I soon had a basic wardrobe to work with. Bras were completely out of the question - the store didn't carry anything big enough for my new endowments. But I bought several pairs of panties, ranging from simple to sexy, and each one was another load of shame as I stacked it in my purchases.

I left the store dressed in one of my new outfits. I got off 'lucky', in that the Doc had phased his orders a specific way by mere chance. If I'd been told to buy 'feminine' clothing, it would have been a completely different story - as it would have been if I'd been told to buy 'womens' clothing. But he'd ordered me to buy clothing 'that fit my new identity' - which left a lot of leeway, even as it held me bound as if a straight-jacket on my mind.

You see - he'd define who 'Sandy' was, but hadn't filled in the details. Instead, I found myself - unwillingly - considering what a woman like 'me' would be like, and coming up with my own persona to fit my appearance. Sort of tomboyish, yet feminine. Athletic yet sexy - I began to build an internal 'image' of who Sandy was, idle imagining - and was locked into acting out the part. I had no choice.

So, when I left the store, I was dressed in what 'Conrad' imagined somebody who looked like 'Sandy' would choose to wear.

A pair of skin-tight black denim pants hugged my lower body from ankle to waist, defining every curve of my well-toned legs and firm ass. Even the faint line of the skimpy white panties I wore could be seen, if you looked close enough.

A pair of black ankle boots enclosed my feet, and I was atop the block four-inch heels of those boots. I was surprised - and ashamed - to find that walking in those boots was fairly easy. I'd expected walking in heels to be much harder, but I moved well in them. It felt as weird as hell, but it wasn't hard.

In place of a bra, I wore a spandex crop-top that contained my tits, stopping them from moving as freely and distractingly as they had before I'd entered the store. Over the black spandex top I wore a white cotton shirt with only two middle buttons done up, just about where the bottom of the crop-top defined the round swell of my lower breast, displaying a nice view of cleavage above, and a trim waist below.

All in all, I looked every bit the woman I now was - not that I found any comfort in that. The knowledge I looked completely feminine was bad enough - but the fact that, unwillingly, I was forced to act every bit as female as I now was made me want to cry. More than just my physical form had been stolen from me - my 'identity', the ability to be myself, was gone. Oh, I still had some degree of free will - but within tightly bound 'programming' that would determine my overall actions.

For instance - what happened next.

Dropping my purchases so far off in the car, I proceeded a couple of stores down and went in to a beauty parlor - something that I would never do in a million years, if I hadn't been 'programmed' to do so. Shame warred with disgust as - apparently good natured and reasonably cheerful - I arranged to get a complete make-over. The 'free-will' part of me was able

to decide to go with a minimal, 'natural' look - but that was the limit of my ability: to make a decision that I didn't even want to make in the first place.

All this shame over my inability to control myself was magnified by my inability to show that shame - I was pleasant and cheerful, and - unreasonable as it was - I had the feeling that people could tell I was a man in a woman's body, and was ashamed to think that they would think I was so comfortable with my new condition.

I know, I know - it doesn't really make any sense. But part of being human is that not everything is logical - it wasn't so much what I thought, or knew, as how I felt.

What I felt was... well, indescribable. There was simply no comparison to any event into my life up to that point. The nervousness and fear of asking the first girl out on a date? A breeze compared with now. The shame of getting caught shop-lifting when I was fifteen? Nothing at all. This wasn't just a difference of degree, but of magnitude.

And it was only going to get worse.

After my little outing to make myself 'presentable' - which, I might add, including getting my ears pierced and buying some basic, inexpensive jewelry - I was 'allowed' to return to the Doc's place to take care of getting some dinner ready for him. I made a simple meal and brought it down to the lab, punching in the new code he'd given me for the door...

(I already told you - NO!)

...and stepping through...

Doc was bent over the work-station, obviously deep involved in a project. Now, part of the problem was, despite everything, I was still thinking of him as the same old Doc, with some problems. I'd seen him in this pose a hundred times, and did what I always did - tried to lay the food at his elbow without disturbing his concentration.

This time, however, he reacted completely differently than ever before, proving how 'delusion' my own assumptions about his current state were. His eyes were wild and I backed a step away from him, unable to show the sudden shock I had felt at the sudden and viscous movement, revealing a man with the look of a feral animal in his eyes.

"What are you doing sneaking up on me!" he screamed, spittle flying from his lips.

"I was just bringing you dinner, Doc." I replied in a voice that was unwillingly calm and pleasant. Doc was paranoid, and that meant everyone and everything something that had never bothered him before now set him off like a fire-cracker with a short fuse.

He was practically shaking with his reaction to my 'sudden, threatening' appearance, and he glowered at me. "Never do that again!" He said, angrily. "Let me know when you're coming up on me!"

"Yes, Doc." I replied - without any choice. Then my stomach dropped as he spoke again.

"In fact - I want you to start wearing higher-heeled shoes. The type with those thin heels that make that click-clack sound. Then I can hear you coming- the ones you're wearing are too quiet. Got it?"

I fought against it much more viscosly this time - but never had a chance. This repetition of "Yes, Doc" wasn't any different then the last in either tone or content, nothing revealing the internal struggle I underwent as I helplessly accepted his order. "I haven't purchased any with higher, thinner heels. Should I go get some now?"

"No, no." He waved a hand irritable. "Just don't disturb me for the rest of the night, then go out and get some heels first thing in the morning."

Great.

"Also - I've been working on some new projects." He said, looking at me in a sly way that made me begin worrying. "I need a test subject for one of them - a male test subject. After you purchase some new shoes tomorrow, you are to find a way to convince a man to come back here..." he explained the rest of his plan to me, and that sinking feeling in my gut just kept growing and growing. There was no doubt that he was completely insane - but he was still a genius, and still working on his projects with the same level of skill and perfection. It was just that those projects were things he wouldn't have considered doing, when he was sane.

I made my one attempt to convince him this was wrong, but my 'sneaking up' on him had temporarily destroyed my credibility, and he dismissed my arguments, which ended it then and there, as once he'd told me to stop arguing on the topic, I was completely unable to continue.

I did win a 'victory', if I could call it that. I tried to point out that I couldn't just put on a pair of high heels and walk around in them right off the bat - the ones I was wearing now were fairly easy to get around in, but they were a far cry from the ones that I'd been ordered to by and wear.

So, he tore himself away from his 'important' work and - using odds and ends he had laying around - created a pair of the oddest looking 'shoes' I had ever seen. They had a telescoping heel in a sleeve that stuck out the back and extended downward on small hydraulic lifters, electrical power provided by a belt pack I was wore. I was ordered to put these shoes on, and so I did. I was also injected in the soles of my feet with a compound that would temporarily soften the bones and ligaments in my feet, allowing them to adopt a more 'natural' curve to whatever height the heels were set at, then set in the new shape left by the shoes by the end of the evening.

For the next few hours, as I went around my duties of cleaning the house, the heels of the shoes slowly grew, allowing me to grow accustomed to the higher, thinner heels as they slowly extended. I felt utterly off balance most of the time, but since it was a gradual change, it was a constant sensation, rather than growing more and more unstable as the heels grew higher. They eventually reached their full extension, and I spent the next couple of hours 'relaxing' by watching TV or reading, never allowed to sit down as I practiced on the high heels.

As I said, the man's a genius, even when he's a raving lunatic. By the time I turned in for the night, I was fairly competent - if not comfortable - walking on the simulated high-heels.

I took a shower before going to bed, and that itself was an interestingly embarrassing situation. I tried to be quick and efficient about the whole thing, but soaping up a firm, female body with large, sensitive breasts isn't the easiest thing to be unemotional about. Part of me enjoyed the sensation of my hands gliding over an undeniably female body, while another part was disgusted to have somebody - me! - 'feeling me up'. A third part, however, enjoyed that very sensation, and that enjoyment only added to my inexpressible embarrassment.

It was all very confusing.

I slid between the sheets of the bed, and for the first time that day I was alone and completely without any orders or commands to fulfill - I was as close to being 'me' as I could be, given the situation. Not having anybody around to have to 'play act' for, I was allowed to express some of my emotions, and did...

...by sobbing silently into my pillow before drifting off to sleep, my huge, firm tits pressed against each other and the bed as I lay on my side and ended my first day as a woman in a manner that I had always thought particularly representative of the 'weaker' sex.

The next morning I was spared my daily chore of making breakfast for the Doc, because I was forbidden to go downstairs. I didn't feel like eating, myself, my stomach tied up in knots over what was to come. Instead, I dressed in similar outfit as yesterday, only with blue- jeans instead of black and a white crop-top without the over shirt. I took quite some time on my make-up, having to redo it three times to get it a fair approximation of what the professional beautician had applied yesterday, then I was 'ready' to go out.

As ordered, my first stop was to the boutique. As much as I hate to admit it, I was almost looking forward to getting there - the hour or so it had taken for me to get ready since getting up had been spent feeling a discomfort that hovered right on the edge of pain - my altered feet. With a higher curve now part of the arch's design, such 'low' heels were uncomfortable, as if I was forcing my feet to sit flat.

That was a 'problem' I didn't have half an hour later as I exited the store. I was balanced atop a pair of knee-high 'natural' suede boots with a six inch stiletto heel. The boots looked kind of classy, almost like a modern recreation of the 'Robin Hood' type boot - although I'm sure none of Sir Locksley's Merry men ever wore six inch stilettos.

Or moved so competently in them on his 'first' try. Although extremely uncomfortable, emotionally, about wearing the high heels, I moved fairly well in them, even if I wasn't exactly grace personified. The boots were held in place by a complicated little arrangement that looked like a flap of 'deerskin' that folded over and laced up a series of metal clasps - but, in fact, three snaps held the flap closed, and under the flap was a zipper that actually kept the boots in place. It was a stylish, interesting arrangement - and no doubt was a major factor in the hefty price of the boots. I'd always thought things were getting expensive

these days, but the prices charged for women's footwear would have floored me, if I'd been able to express any of my real emotions.

Instead, I paid the outrageous bill for the eight pairs of footwear I bought - all the time smiling pleasantly and chatting with the extremely helpful salesclerk.

But this was just the start of what the day held in store for me.

Doing all the Doc's errands meant that I was his 'interface' with the small town's population, and I knew most people, if only in a sort of vague way. My instructions had been clear on the type of 'volunteer' I was looking for - a man between the ages of twenty and thirty- five, single, not in a current serious relationship, and in fairly good health.

Now, I was 'dedicated' to finding such a person, no matter how much I wanted to shy away from the job. And part of the problem was what I was going to do, later - but my more immediately problem was discovering which of the 'suitable' candidates that I knew of had no current 'girl'.

I don't know about you, but - try as I might - I could only think of one way to ascertain this fact with reasonable speed and efficiency. And, considering what I'd been ordered to do once I found an acceptable candidate, it was even sort of 'logical' - although that realization didn't make it any easier for me.

That's how I ended up leading Tom Rollins up the steps of the Doc's house an hour later...

Okay, okay - more details. Well, Tom was my first candidate, a well muscled, handsome man who worked as a Deputy of the local Sheriff's office. He was off duty that day, and I found him in the local coffee shop grabbing a late breakfast. I 'met' him by the simple expedient of tripping as I walked past his booth, and when he reacted by jumping up and grabbing me before I fell of my heels, I made a joke about the proverbial 'long arm of the law'.

Now, all the while I was being exceedingly charming, playing 'Sandy' to the hilt as she was reacting to a handsome man. But, inside, I was flooded with shame and disgust as I began playing the old game, but from the 'wrong' side.

It took some cheerful banter and chatting, but I 'managed' to get him involved with a discussion that left no doubt as to what I was doing apparently utterly willingly. I was flirting with a man, and inside I wanted to die, not just because of what I was doing, but how well I was doing it. The fact that I could be so charming and feminine as to get a man interested in me was hardly something I was proud of - but I had no choice, and - unlike a 'real' woman - there was no display of nerves of uncertainty in my flirting. Oh, I was feeling much, much more than that, but Doc's programming of me gave me an 'edge' in playing the game, no matter how disgusting I found it.

I spun a yarn, explaining that I (Sandy) was a friend of Conrad (me!), staying at the Doc's place while 'I' (Conrad) was taking a moth's vacation, allowing me(Sandy) time to find an apartment here in town, trading room and board for the duties that I (Conrad) usually did.

Having no reason to doubt the story, Tom accepted it at face value, and when I complained about moving some heavy objects in my temporary abode and asked if he knew where I could hire a handyman to help out - one that wasn't too expensive, as 'I was on a limited budget' - Tom immediately offered his services, and offer not entirely chivalrous considering the rather obvious display of attraction I was giving him.

So, as I said, it didn't take all that long before he was walking up the steps of the Doc's place behind me, probably enjoying the extra little sway I was unwillingly putting into my walk for his benefit. He carried my show purchases, having insisted, and I'm sure that only 'helped' my role-playing. What could be more 'girlish' than a woman on a short budget splurging on some shoes?

God - I wanted to curl up and die.

Instead, I lead him up to the servant's quarters ion the second floor. Outdated in design, from a time when the wealthy had live-in servants that they wouldn't be caught dead sharing dinner or leisure time with, the quarters had four bedrooms around a small kitchen, bathroom and living room, making it an ideal 'apartment' for my story. Before showing him the non-existent furniture I 'had' to move, I offered him a drink, which he accepted.

Ten minutes later, he was sitting in the chair he'd plopped down in, a vacant expression on his face showing that the 'will inhibitor' I'd slipped him had taken effect.

No matter how much I fought against it, I went ahead and did what the Doc had told me to do.

The first step was to 'program' Tom. I ordered him not to remember being drugged - but, also, not to find anything I did to be unusual, or anything that happened to me or him to be strange. He wasn't to tell anybody about the 'strange' things we did. He was to obey me if I gave him a direct order, but to continue acting completely normal in all other respects...

...with one exception. To have an explanation for him seeing me often, he was to 'fall in love' with me, to start dating me and spending as much free time with me as he could, obviously displaying his affection. This would forestall and suspicions.

And mean that I would be his girlfriend. Because I was ordered to program him to not know he was programmed - unlike myself - I had to give him 'reasons' for almost everything, and this particular reason made me sick. But I didn't have any choice, and gave him his instructions, exactly as I'd been told to.

Then I moved on to the even more disgusting, disquieting part of the day's events.

I knelt in front of him, unzipped his pants, and pushed them and his boxers down around his ankles, revealing his flaccid, average-sized endowment.

Them with no outward display of the disgust I felt, I took his warm , limp cock in hand and began to fondle it to arousal.

Having no choice in the matter didn't make the fact that I was fondling 'another' man's cock and more palatable. It was utterly disgusting to the male me to be so outwardly calm, almost cheerful as I stroked and fondled his cock until it swelled in my hand, the warm flesh throbbing in time with the steady beat of Tom's heart.

I then measured his cock, using a soft clothed Tailor's tape measure, taking exact measurements of almost every aspect of his cock - length, girth, side of the head, size of his balls, all sorts of obscure measurements.

Then I took a needle out from a little bag and proceeded to give him an injection just behind his sac, which he didn't even feel in his state. I slipped the needle and vial into his coat pocket, giving him instructions to inject such-and-such amount into himself every day - but not to consciously be aware of what he was doing, or of the needle at all. He was to make sure that nobody saw him he was doing it, and to hide the needle and serum between uses, but not to have any conscious memory of the needle or the injections.

After doing this, I finished programming Tom, informing giving him false memories of what we'd been doing as I put his clothes back together and had him come over to the couch, where I unwillingly curled up against him before snapping him out of the trance state.

She smiled and leaned in closer. "God, you're incredible Sandy - you know that?" Helplessly, I smiled in reply - and kissed him.

It gave all the appearances of being a heart-felt, passionate kiss I'm sure. I pressed my lips against his and closed my eyes, our tongues dancing around each other as I seemed to enjoy the kiss. I have to admit that he was good - it was physically pleasurable. But that pleasure was outweighed - by far - by the disgust I felt at kissing a man.

Finishing the kiss, he reluctantly broke away and said he had to go. I saw him to the door, playing every bit as reluctant as he was, waving good-bye to him as he headed off.

I then made lunch and carried it down to the Doc, heels 'clicking' on the concrete floor, giving him plenty of warning of my movements.

As he took the food, he quizzed me on the morning's events, and I described the entire thing. When I mentioned that Tom was deputy, a thoughtful, craft look crossed his face that I didn't like, but he didn't say anything, leaving me wondering what was going on inside that addled brain of his.

I spent the rest of the afternoon puttering around, mostly getting more practice in my heels. I really didn't want to, but my programming made me 'want' to be able to walk in heels as if it was completely natural for me. So, I spent an awful lot of time wandering around the house, getting used to the heels and practicing different types of strides.

Then Doc called me down to the basement, and gave me some new instructions. When I heard what they were, I wanted to scream.

Instead, I followed them to the letter, going back upstairs and leaving a message for Tom, asking him if he could drop by that evening. Then I continued with my programmed instructions.

Step one was another shower, carefully washing myself, trying to ignore the confused feelings my washing created. After drying off, I went into 'my' bedroom...

...and began to put on my sexiest outfit.

I hadn't bought a lot of 'sexy' stuff, as it wasn't part of 'Sandy' - but I had bought some, and this is what I know put on.

A pair of white nylons was the first item. They were almost virginal in appearance, right down to the lace trim at the top, where an elastic strip held them in place.

The next item was a white silk nightgown that stretched taut over my firm bust and hung just low enough to cover my bare cunt and the tops of my stockings. The final touch to the make-shift seduction outfit was the white platform shoes with the white plastic bows at the ankle and seven inch spike heels.

I carefully applied a more sensual make-up scheme and went into the 'living room' of the servant's quarters to wait for my 'boyfriend'.

He showed up about an hour later, and he was 'satisfactorily' delighted by my look. I threw an extremely suggestive wiggle into my walk as I led him upstairs, pouring a couple of brandies for us to sip at as I sat in such a way to pose for him, giving him something to look at.

There was a little 'something' in each of our drinks. I'd been instructed to add a different substance to each of our drinks, although I didn't know what it was or what it was for. I was sure I was going to find out.

I wasn't 'disappointed'.

It was very, very shortly after that I felt a strange tingling sensation. My breathing began to increase, and I felt warm, flushed. To my horror, I could feel my nipples becoming erect, pressing out against the silk of the nightie as a growing warmth built in my belly.

I was becoming aroused.

I found out later that the exact properties of the chemicals we'd ingested were the same thing, tailored for males and female physiology's. Quite simply, they caused the person under their influence to become aroused and very, very 'uninhibited' when around an aroused member of the opposite sex. It also altered the mental status of the people under the influence, dropping out any sort of will power or critical thinking.

At the time, I wasn't aware of this - all I was aware of was the fact that, horrifyingly, I was becoming aroused...

...and that I was beginning not to care. I just wanted to satisfy that need I was feeling. Everything else - including all my reservations and male-based emotions on the matter - just seemed to slide away, not in the least bit important any more. Nothing seemed to matter, except satisfying this urge that I was feeling.

So, it was almost with joyful anticipation that I rose, smiling 'honestly' for the first time since this ordeal began, and swayed over to where Tom sat, lowering myself to a straddling position on his lap.

Leaning forward, I kissed him passionately, honestly feeling the passion at the time and having no negative emotions about what I was doing. I was supremely happy and content to kiss him, caring only about fulfilling what my body was demanding. When he reached up and began to fondle my tits through the silk fabric, I moaned low in my throat, enjoying it immensely. It got even 'better' when he stripped off the garment and began to nuzzle my tits, licking and sucking on my swollen, sensitive nipples with passion and abandon.

My hands slipped down between my legs to unzip his pants and push them down partway. I then rose up, allowing him to remove his hands from my tits - causing a genuine pang of regret - to slide his pants off while I unbuttoned his shirt. I pulled it off, then resumed kissing him, my breasts pushed against his chest while I ground my crotch against his, his hard, throbbing cock laying across my opening and driving me crazy.

So, I was actually grateful when he lifted me in his strong arms and carried me into the bedroom, laying me on the bed and nuzzling the nape of my neck as he spread my legs.

Then he straddled me, and I lifted my legs and hooked them over his shoulders, begging him to fuck me. I meant every word - and he complied.

As his cock slid deep into my wet, warm womanhood, I screamed - in pure pleasure. It was the most fulfilling, satisfying sensation I had ever experienced...and it kept getting better as he began to pound into me. the sensations built, folding over one another in a rising spiral, and I began to drive my hips in a matching rhythm, increasing the power of the sensation as I called out his name, pleasing with him to make me feel 'like a real woman'. It was a double entendre that neither of us was in any condition to appreciate as he fucked me harder and faster, his face screwing up into the odd expression that he got during sex. My own face was contorted by the force of the pleasure I was feeling, and my vocalizations had been reduced to incoherent gasps and moans as I shook under the pleasure that ran through my body as his cock drove in and out of my hot cunt, pushing me higher and higher...

...and right over the edge.

It turns out that 'Sandy' is a screamer.

I screamed in pure primal pleasure as I rocked under the force of my first female orgasm, lost in the pure pleasure of the moment. He came a second later, and I gasped again as he stiffened and shot his load into my cunt, the orgasm making him jerk his member firmly across my swollen, hyper-sensitive clit.

He collapsed into my arms, panting. Our bodies pressed against each other as we slowly came down from the drug-induced sexual need we'd felt.

If it wasn't for the fact that Tom was completely satiated by that single coupling, I might have cheerfully fucked his brains out all night. As it was, after he'd shot his load his sexual needs were eased enough that I began to come down again, as well...

...and 'real' thought returned.

Outwardly, I gasped, and buried my head in the pillow beside me, causing Tom some startled confusion at my 'mild' unhappiness. He tried to ask me what was wrong, But I refused to answer, my body shuddering, and he finally dressed and relieved, confused and wondering what he'd done wrong.

That 'mild' outward display was a reflection of my true emotions as what I'd just done hit home. That simple display reflected the bleakest despair, self-hate and disgust I'd ever felt. Not just having sex with a man - but loving it, doing it with wild abandon, eagerness and joy. I knew it wasn't 'real' in one sense, but it had been utterly 'real' in another sense, and that was what counted.

Once again I fell into a deep sleep while sobbing into my pillow and wishing that I had never set eyes on the Doc...

* * * * *

She looked up at the cop who'd stuck his head in the doorway, allowing Tony a chance to shake his head and break the spell being weaved by the unbelievable story he'd been hearing.

"They're on their way."

"Thanks, Mark." Sand said with a smile, then turned back to Tony. "Well, I guess I don't have time to finish the whole story. To make it short, that was five weeks ago - and it's been a busy five weeks. Since then, Tom followed orders and brought the entire Sheriff's department into the fold, then we went ahead and did the staff of the clinic here in town> After that, it was fairly easy - everybody who came in was made 'safe', and they talked their friends and family into coming in for 'flu shots'. Now, the entire town is safe for the Doc, and he's been doing lots of experiments - he has the entire town to work with, and when he needs a specific 'type', we can get it for him like we did tonight."

"Look - this is crazy!" Tony said, shaking his head. "I mean - it's just impossible."

"It seems that way, doesn't it?" Sandy said. "Don't worry - you'll believe it soon enough." "But..." Tony started - but he never got a chance to finish.

The door at the back of the room opened, and a woman entered.

She was tiny, with a slender, lithe figure and small, firm breasts - it was easy to see that, as all she wore was a pair of black high-heeled shoes and a lace negligee that showed more than it hid. She had a face that was pure 'innocent' sexuality, with full lips and huge, blue eyes.

With a sexy stride, she walked up to the bars of the cell > "Hi, Tony..." She cooed in a soprano, seductively licking her lips. Tony stared at the petite vision.. then gasped. "J.. Josh?" He asked, in disbelief.

She giggled. "I'm going to go by Jenni from now on." She twirled. "I'm starting at the club tonight." "No... No - that's not Josh." Tony told sandy, refusing to believe.

Then another.. person came through the door at the back of the room, and Tony's jaw dropped.

She was a red-head, with a massive mane of rich, red hair that trailed down her back. Tall and slender, her body gleamed under the lights, highlights picking out her smooth, naked body as she jiggled and swayed into the room, her massive, round tits - bigger than Sandy's - moving with each step. She was a stunning vision of sexuality...

..if you ignored the absolutely massive, thick cock jutting from her crotch, one long-nailed finger slowly stroking the throbbing member as she looked at Jenni and Tony with equal lust.

"Hey, buddy..." She said, huskily. "You know how I wanted a good job? Well, meet Shawna, the new night nurse at the clinic." She licked her lips, staring at Tony with a rampant hunger. "Maybe later you can drop by and let me give you and.. injection."

"No.. NO!" Tony said, backing as far as possible away from the two people claiming to be his friends.

"Relax, Tony - It's not like you think." Sandy said. "It was pretty bad for me, at first - but the new procedures Doc's developed are quicker and easier, and you'll actually love what you become. You'll be in a permanent state of bliss."

Tony screamed as the two cops entered the cell, their muscles bulging as they dragged him out, kicking and screaming in a futile display.

Walking over to Jenni, Sandy bent and kissed her passionately, then turned her around and patted her on the ass. "Now that you're able to ... appreciate hi, why don't you go say 'hi' to Tom?"

"Good idea." The blonde said, heading out of the room.

Shooting a suggestive look at the massively endowed she-male, Sandy padded back into the cell and lay down on the bunk. "Well?" Smiling wickedly, Shawna entered the cell...

...then paused, looking meaningfully at the door at the back of the room as Tony's screams reached a fever pitch - then stopped.

"I think 'Tonya Titty' is going to be very, very popular at the club." Sandy smiled, then reached out and pulled Shawna down on top of her...

...while deep inside, what was left of Conrad screamed and screamed and screamed....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Rather than die, a young male agrees to let a rich man with no social skills transform him into a woman, but then realizes that her new "boyfriend" needs to learn how to treat a lady.

...Pay Any Price

By Gunslinger

"She's waking up."

Those words, the first that Sam had heard in three months, told him....

.. no, told *her* that part of the procedure had been a success - the 'bad news' part. It was verified by the wealth of strange sensations emerging from all over her body. Deep inside, she shuddered slightly, knowing the price she'd paid for this - the cost that would be all worthwhile if...

Sam opened her eyes, disoriented for a moment as she looked up at the white hospital ceiling. Then her eyes tracked left, to where Dr. Musanari stood, his dusky face wreathed in a smile. Beside him stood a nurse - who Sam didn't know - who was looking slightly incredulous.

Sam knew. Her heart soared even as she asked Dr. Musanari for verification...

...well, tried to. All that emerged was a dry croak.

"It's all right, Miss Miller - you haven't used your voice for awhile. We'll get you some water in a second - but I think that there's something you want even more."

Sam nodded - Dr. Musanari knew what she'd done and why. He knew what it was that Sam wanted to know...

Carefully, the nurse pulled back the bed sheet as the doctor wheeled a long mirror into place at the foot of the bed, and adjusted it so that Sam could see her entire nude body.

The once tall, handsome man looked in the mirror, amazed. She'd expected, intellectually, to see more or less what she was seeing - but it was still a shock, nonetheless.

The DNA replacement procedure had worked like a miracle. The new genetic pattern had produced exactly what it was supposed to - to what degree it could. The DNA could only really affect soft and semi solid tissue, having only little effect on bone. So she was tall for a woman, and broad shouldered. But not unattractive. If not beautiful, her face was definitely 'cute', and was surrounded by a jaw-long mess of dirty blonde hair. There were still some traces of the old Sam in that face, but it was definitely a softer, female face, with a smaller nose and fuller lips.

The DNA had worked on her chest, as well. As specified, a pair of absolutely gigantic tits rode on her chest. DNA couldn't make them as big as they'd had to be - they were 'boosted' to their MMM-cup size with implants. But the DNA reconstruction had ensured that there was no tell-tale scar, and no loss of sensitivity - those had been repaired.

Her waist was average, and her hips were trim for a woman, but still attractive - she had an athletic look to her, yet remained fully feminine, especially with those huge tits. Nestled in her crotch was the folds of a - presumably - fully functional vagina. Once that sight would have horrified Sam, but now she was rather indifferent. Greedily, she looked lower...

...at the long, toned, shapely female legs. The perfect, glorious, sexy legs. Sam wanted to cry with joy at the sight of those smooth appendages.

Ever since the drunk driver had plowed into Sam's car, robbing him of his legs and his manhood, the neutered, paraplegic man had moped about, in a black cloud of despair. When the eccentric millionaire, Greg Dubrowski, had approached Sam with the offer - volunteer for an experimental procedure - Sam had listened, uncaring. He would have done it, maybe - at that point he didn't really care if he lived or died.

So, he'd listened to the spiel - a test for a safe, effective - and complete - transsexual operation. One that would make him biologically female. Once, that would have been a thought to horrify and disgust Sam - but with his cock already gone, what did he care?

Then Greg had said the words that, for the first time in over a year, had caused Sam to care about living again.

The procedure would give him new legs. It would mend the mangled bones, would reconnect the dead nerves - it would make him whole, able to walk or run - to move, to be free of the wheelchair.

There was only one 'catch'. Greg wasn't doing this out of the goodness of his heart. Greg was a millionaire, and, while not movie-star gorgeous, he was fairly handsome.

But he was a complete and utter failure as a 'people person'. Even with all his money, he couldn't get a girl - because women scared him. He became awkward and nervous. He wasn't great with men, either, but at least he could function. But women...

So - to get this deal, Sam had to agree to not only be female - but to be female to Greg's specifications, and to spend two years as his 'girlfriend'.

It was a high price - but to be freed of the damned wheelchair, to be able to walk again... Sam had agreed.

Now - she'd have to live with that decision. But no price would be too high, not for what she'd received in return.

* * * * *

Samantha Miller took a deep breath, smelling the envelope of perfume that hung around her. "Does it show?"

"Just a little." Nurse Cartwright said with a thin grin - Sam was fidgeting nervously, his hands always going back to her short black skirt, trying to pull it just a little bit further down her black-nylon-clad legs. Fairly nice legs, too, Cartwright noted, clinically.

"I'm just not sure if I can do this." Sam confided. "I mean, I can, morally and everything. I agreed to this, and I'll go through with it. But..."

"I know." Cartwright commiserated - although she didn't, not really.

Then the long black limo pulled up outside the door, and it was time.

For the past two weeks, while the hospital therapy staff had helped her get used to her new legs, and the nurses helped her get used to dressing and acting feminine, Sam had been able to relax whenever she wanted. Now, it was time to put on her 'female' act all the time. She was 'on'.

She paused for another quick look in a handy mirror. Her hair was nicely styled, pulled up into a small gather before falling back down in a fan. Her face was carefully made up, a skill that Nurse Cartwright had helped her attain.

A pink turtleneck sweater was stretched over her massive new tits, and tucked into the black skirt she wore. Her legs were clad in a semi-opaque nylon, and led down to the black pumps with four inch heels that she balanced on - walking in heels had been the hardest to learn, she'd found.

Pulling on her black leather jacket, Sam decided she was as ready as she was going to be. All in all, she appeared to be every inch an attractive, cheerful, buxom woman.

Now it was time to act like what she appeared to be.

Taking a last deep breath, she forced her lips into a small smile, and walked out the hospital's doors.

The chauffeur held the door for her, tipping his hat at her as she slid into the back with Greg, her new 'boyfriend'. As stipulated, she began her act right away - she was Samantha Miller, Greg's girlfriend. She'd never been male, and she'd just gone into the hospital to have the implants.

"Wow - you look great, Sam." Greg exclaimed, eyeing Sam's bust. "I'm so glad you agreed to this."

"So am I." Sam agreed - half truthfully - with a smile. Then steeling her nerves, she leaned forward for a short kiss. She closed her eyes, and blanked her mind as much as possible as their lips met. It took some will power, but she managed to not pull back too quickly - even if her body was a little stiff during the kiss, it was a reasonable facsimile of a 'lovers' kiss.

Pulling back, she settled back in the seat, feeling her huge new tits jiggle in the confinement of the bra she wore. That two weeks she'd spent getting used to her huge tits was a necessity - as constantly reminded of them as she was now, by their heft and movements, she'd been completely unable to act 'nonchalant' about them for the first week, all-too-aware of them. Now, at least, she could move without paying undue attention to her own tits.

"So - what have you been up to since I went in, Gregg?" She asked, forcing her new contralto voice to sound sincerely interested. Part of it was an attempt to learn more about her 'boyfriend' - but mostly it was so she didn't have to try and hold a straight conversation with the guy.

Not a problem she'd be having, she learned quickly, understanding why the guy had no luck with women. He didn't actually have conversations - he either didn't talk, or he talked just to give some information, then shut up. No back and forth, unless she made a comment. Then he'd answer it - and stop.

It was some relief that Sam noticed them pulling into the estate which would be her new home for the next while, living with Greg. Perhaps once they were inside, and began to relax, Greg would be less of a bore than he was now. Not that the guy did it intentionally - it was just painfully obvious that he was lacking in social skills, and extremely aware of his own shortcomings - he was as nervous as hell.

Actually, as annoying as it was, it was also a god-send to Sam. It was easier to deal with somebody like this than it would be to have to play the role she was opposite a comfortable, confident man. Her own awkwardness wasn't even noticeable to Greg - the man had no skill in picking up anything at all from other people's body language or movements. Sam had already figured out that Greg wouldn't know what was going on unless the other person either said it out loud, or was so painfully obvious that it was almost theatrical. Sam found herself wondering how a guy like Greg even made it to be his age without learning ANY social skills whatsoever. The guy was like a hermit who'd just arrived in a big city and met other people for the first time - he knew absolutely nothing about dealing with people.

* * * * *

"Okay - that's it." Sam announced.

"What?" Greg asked, startled. "Honey - what's wrong?"

"Don't call me that - I'm not your girlfriend." Sam announced. "You might be enjoying this fantasy of yours, but I'm putting a stop to it right here and now."

It had been a week - and Sam was fed up. Her entire purpose had turned out to be to look good, and make Greg feel like he was a success with women. There had been no demand for sex - thank god - but all Sam did was act like she loved spending time with Greg.

The exact opposite was true - Greg hadn't relaxed with her. He was exactly the same as he'd been from day one. He really did know nothing about dealing with people.

"This is what we're going to do." Sam told the stunned man. "This might be making you feel better - but it's not helping you at all. So - I'm going to teach you how to be a real person."

Greg smiled sadly. "You have no idea how much I'd like that." He said, sadly. "But, I've tried to be like other guys - but I just don't pick up all the signals. There's something wrong with..."

"There's nothing wrong with you. You just are a little slower at learning social skills than other. You're a genius, Greg," - which was true, that's how he'd made his money - "but you're slow in other ways.

So, I'm going to teach you." "But..."

"Shut up and pay attention." Sam said - then cocked her head. "Actually, there's your first lesson. Pay attention."

Greg blinked, taken aback by her blunt manner. "I..."

She wagged a finger at him. "No. Listen. I've noticed that if it's something you're interested in, you've taught yourself all about it, and so know more about it than almost anyone. Rather than talk about that topic, you know so much that you give dissertations. Then there's stuff you don't care about. As soon as those topics come up, you tune out. Oh, you'll stand and listen - but you get all fidgety, and stop listening - you just want it to be over as quickly as possible. That's part of the problem - you're sending the signals that you don't care about what the other person is interested in, and that's part of what drives them away."

"Huh? Well, I don't just walk away or anything - I listen." Greg objected.

"Yes - but it's the way you listen. Now, here's what you need to learn." She leaned forward. "You know, I just read a book by a guy named Clive Cussler. It was pretty good."

"Yeah - he's one of my favorite authors." Greg agreed, smiling slightly. "He's got a great sense of historical work, managing to work it into his adventures. Actually, it was a pattern he started in his third novel, and..."

"Shut up."

Greg blinked in surprise.

"You see? I mentioned something you were interested in, and you launched into a literary description of his works. When people are holding a conversation, that's not the way it should go. Let's try it again. But, this time, I want you to concentrate on something."

"What's that?" Greg asked.

"Your whole purpose is to get me to talk about it - and to make me feel good about my opinions. Even if you don't agree with them, find nice ways to disagree. But, above all else.." She held up one finger, emphasizing the point, "..you are to try and get ME talking. Even if I'm saying stuff you already know, listen politely. You can volunteer BITS of information - but only if there's an opening that calls for that one, specific piece of information. Give it - then make me respond by asking a question or a leading comment."

"I.. I don't..." Greg said, hesitantly.

"Try." Sam said, firmly - then smiled and said. "You know, I just read a good book - um... Shockwave, I think it was called."

She paused. Greg frowned slightly, thinking, and she let him have the pause without calling him to task on the delay.

"Huh - by Clive Cussler. I've read it." He began, obviously picking his words carefully. "I thought..."

Sam stopped him. "Hold on. First rule - watch the other person's face when you talk - don't look elsewhere - and especially at her tits."

Greg yanked his gaze off of her huge tits. "Oh - sorry." He fidgeted. "I... just don't want people to think I'm staring at them when I talk."

"Just because you feel uncomfortable having somebody looking at you when you talk doesn't mean everybody does. It's just a type of stage fright. And I didn't mean 'stare' - let your eyes move over the person's face, take in their expression. Glance away when it's appropriate - you're taking something from somebody, or you hear a loud noise. But show you're paying attention. Now, you were saying?"

Greg paused, then. "Um... So - how did you like it?"

Sam grinned. "Very good - that's right, don't tell me what you thought, unless I ask you. Ask me what I thought. Show you're interested."

It took nearly half an hour to hold a ten minute conversation - but there was some definite progress. Sam finally nodded.

"Okay - keep what we've discussed in mind for the future. Now that your little fantasy is over, you're going to have to start dealing with me like a real person. But unlike other people, I'm going to bring you to task every time you goof up. Like it or not, Greg, you're going to be getting a crash course in humanity."

Then she smiled. "Hell - there's a lesson for you right off. You can't always avoid things you don't like, so learn to deal with them graciously."

"Okay - I think." Greg said, then smiled back. "The fantasy was fun, and this isn't. But if you can actually help me... it's worth it."

"Okay - now, let's move on..."

* * * * *

It was time.

Sam didn't know who was more nervous - Greg or her. Ever since getting out of the hospital, she'd been in private, having to deal with a man whose social skills were so lacking that they'd driven her to distraction. Such a distraction, in fact, that she'd all but forgotten her own situation.

She was all too aware of it now. For the first time, she was going to be in public as a woman. The time had come for the final 'exam' of the things she taught Greg over the past two months, and she'd set it up without really thinking about how it would effect her. Now, dressed in the same outfit she'd left the hospital in, she was only seconds away from being a public member of the feminine gender.

But she couldn't back out. In fact, she didn't really want to, despite her nervousness - she was so excited about seeing whether or not she'd managed to teach Greg how to be human, it overshadowed even her own state.

Holding on to that excitement, she took a deep breath. Sliding out of the limo, she headed towards the doors to the bus terminal.

Immediately, she became aware of the looks her huge tits and long legs received from some of the male onlookers. She felt a wave of embarrassed annoyance, but pushed it away, refusing to react to the emotions. Hell, sexy 'natural' woman had to deal with the same problem, men obviously eyeing their figures. They managed to deal with it, and so she'd have to, as well.

Passing through the terminal, she slowed her stride, acting a little lost as she strolled down the platform, waiting. Her timing was right on - the bus Greg was aboard had just arrived.

As the bus emptied, she stood near the door, watching the people get off. As Greg climbed down, she took a breath - and bumped him slightly.

Greg turned. "Oh, pardon... Miss Miller? What are you doing here?"

Just as in the little 'script' she'd given him. She smiled back, and began the act.

"Oh! Well, what a coincidence. I was just here to meet my sister. She's supposed to be on this bus."

That was as much of the script as Greg knew - that they were supposed to be minor acquaintances who'd accidentally met. From now on, he was on her own. She waited breathlessly to see what he said next...

"Really? That's amazing. It's like..." He stopped himself before launching into the spiel. He even managed an almost graceful recovery. "But, that's another story. Your sister, did you say?"

Sam nodded. "Yes, I took the day off work. I really needed it, too." She turned her attention back to the stream of passengers, which was now coming to an end. With a frown, she looked into the now empty bus, then back at the platform.

How was Greg going to...?

"I don't think she's on the bus, Miss Miller." Greg said, and she turned back to him.

"Please - call me Sam." She said, and he managed to keep his gaze locked on her face. She'd noticed him eyeing her tits when she'd turned away, but that was acceptable, as it hadn't been too obvious. "Why do you say that?"

"I'm sure I would have noticed anyone as attractive as your sister must be."

Wow - bonus points for that one - even if it was obvious that he'd wracked his brain for it during the pause, rather than being able to come up with it quickly. The fact that he managed to get it at all, and use it with so little self-consciousness.

"Well - thank you." Sam said, half-smiling. "But I wonder what happened - she said she'd be here when we talked last night."

Before, Greg would have just made a strictly logical suggestion about finding out - then walked away. How would her respond to this?

"I'm sure it's nothing serious." He said, obviously remembering the lesson in commiserating with other people's problems. "Perhaps she missed the connection."

"I hope that's all it is." Sam said. "I guess I'd better wait and see if she'd on the next bus." "Hmm... it's another hour's wait." Greg said. "Why don't you try giving her a call while you wait?"

"Yes - that's a good idea. Thank you, Greg." She said - and gently touched his hand. "I just hope she'd okay."

A short pause..

"I'm sure she is... But even if it's just a missed connection, it's going to be awhile. Would you like me to wait with you?"

"Oh, that's not necessary - You go ahead." She said - while giving a quick squeeze on his hand, and keeping her eyes firmly locked on his. She also leaned a little closer. "I wouldn't want to be an impositions."

This was a biggie - Greg had problems with things like this. He tended to take words at face value, and miss the signals that meant the words were a polite reversal of what she really meant...

"Sam, don't take this the wrong way, but if something did happen, and I just walked away without finding out, it would drive me nuts." He said, tossing the ball back into her court. He obviously wasn't sure which she wanted, so he didn't pick one option or the other, and waited to see how she'd respond. She could say she'd call him when she heard, or...

"Well, in that case, I guess you'd better stay. I really appreciate your concern, Greg. "She said, taking him off the hook.

She went and made her bogus call, the returned with the 'news' - something had come up at work, and her sister had been called in to the office. She wasn't coming.

"Well, I'm glad to hear she'd all right." Greg said.

"Me too. But I was looking forward to doing something on my day off. Oh well - I suppose curling up with a good book is 'doing something'. Got anything you'd recommend I read?"

"Sure - I know a great book." Greg said - and Sam's heart fell. The test had been failed - her request for a good book had mad him miss the implied pleas that came before it.

"Oh? What's that?" She said.

She actually caught it in his face. He was looking at her, eager to impart the information - then he saw, really saw, the look in her eye, realized what she'd really wanted, and...

"It's called 'Playing Hooky'." Greg said, and Sam's mind stopped dead as she tried to figure out what was going on. Had he seen his mistake, yet decided he couldn't correct it?

"Oh. What's it about?" She asked, without much interest.

Greg shrugged with a smile. "Well, it starts off with two acquaintances with nothing to do meeting by chance. On a bus platform, of all places..."

It took a second to sink in. Then, she couldn't help it - she giggled. "Really - what happens?"

Greg paused. He feigned thoughtfulness that didn't completely hide his nervousness. "Well, I'm not positive, but I think they decide to grab some lunch...." He said....

...and waited, nervously, for the response to his veiled request for a date.

"You know - I think I've read that book." Sam replied, feeling pride in her student. "He took her to that great new restaurant that just opened, didn't he?"

Greg snapped his fingers. "You know - I do believe that's right."

Sam laughed. "Okay - I get the hint. I'd love to go to lunch with you, Greg."

* * * * *

To her amazement, Sam found that she actually enjoyed the afternoon - and evening.

What had begun as a test, with her as an objective observer, slowly transformed into something else, starting with the lunch. It began in small ways, things that crept up on her. Greg's humor and attentiveness began to slip into her mind, and she caught herself actually enjoying the attention, rather than merely grading his behavior. At first, she caught herself doing this and forced herself into the objective mindset - but as time passed, and Greg did everything with an almost puppyish charm, she found herself reacting to his mildly awkward but enthusiastic attentions emotionally instead of intellectually.

After a lunch rife with enjoyable small talk, jokes and veiled come-ons, Greg lured her into an afternoon of enjoyment. At the time, she agreed because she found his 'advances' to be up to par on her test - but after the visit to the boardwalk, and the prize he won at the arcade, and the beer and pretzels while watching a rodeo, when he asked her to a movie she agreed because it sounded like fun, without realizing just how emotionally involved she'd become.

Part of it was the fact it had snuck up on her. Not realizing how well she'd trained him, she still thought of him as a social screw-up, and the thought that he could possibly charm her never occurred to her.

It only hit her - truly hit her - late that evening.

They were walking along the beach. The sun was just setting, bathing the sand in a orange glow that seemed warm and comforting. Sam walked beside Greg, carrying her shoes in one hand while she had her other around his waist, as he was doing with her.

It was when he gave her a light squeeze that she suddenly wondered how she'd ended up like this. That's when the first thought struck her that - somehow - the day had changed from her original plan.

She thought back over the past half hour and traced the line of actions that had gotten her here. It had started on the boardwalk - Greg had suddenly lit up with an idea, and had practically dragged her along. Without thinking, she'd let him take her hand and pull her to the ice-cream vendor, too caught up in the excitement to question it. From there, it hadn't occurred to her to pull her hand from his, and so they'd ended up walking hand-in-hand as they'd eaten the cones and laughed. That walk had ended on the beach, where they'd taken off their shoes for a walk - and when she stumbled slightly in the sand, he'd

supported her from falling, which had led to them putting their arms around each other, which had led to that squeeze. Yet, through it all, she hadn't consciously noticed the progression because...

...because...

...she was enjoying herself too much?

The thought was new and disturbing to Sam. She knew that she was having fun - but the fact that she was so enjoying the 'fiction' of a 'date' was disturbing to her inner masculine self. It seemed wrong - and yet, somehow, so right.

She was so involved in her thoughts that she didn't notice the sun sinking away, leaving them standing far down the beach, alone. In fact, they were no longer on the beach proper, but at the point where the beach trailed into pools of sand among rocky hummocks with patchy growths of grass and shrubs.

The air was cooling rapidly with the loss of the sun, and it was a shiver that roused Sam from her confused thoughts.

"Glad to see you've decided to rejoin me." Greg said softly, with a hint of humor in his voice. "Sorry." Sam apologized. "I was kind of lost in thought."

"That's all right - you're great company even when you're not even here - mentally speaking." He chuckled, and squeezed her again.

Sam was amazed to discover how good both his words and his touch were - and it bothered her that she cared that much about what he thought of her.

"I really enjoyed today, Sam." Greg said, more seriously. "You really are wonderful company." "I... enjoyed today as well." Sam admitted, feeling guilty.

Then she heard something in his voice change. "Well - maybe we should head back... Unless you don't want to "

Sam opened her mouth - then just stood there, gaping, as the realization hit home.

She *didn't* want the evening to end. Today had been more fun than she'd had in well, the most fun she could ever remember having.

And it had happened while she was a woman on a date with a guy. With Greg - the self-centered guy she'd had to teach how to be 'normal', who was now doing his damndest to be charming and attractive and attentive and...

...and, Sam realized - it had worked. She had taught him every detail she could about how to be the perfect date, to make himself exactly what a woman would want.

Or, that's what she'd thought she was doing. But she realized now, that wasn't exactly true.

Because of her own subconscious biases, she'd taught him what she knew - by simple definition, she'd taught him all the secrets that she had felt were aspects that were attractive - because that's what she believed was attractive.

In short, she'd tailor-made Greg into her version of the ultimate man. And it had worked so well that she was hopelessly attracted to him.

She tried to deny the thought as it flashed through her mind - she might look like a woman, but she wasn't really. What did she care that Greg was handsome? What did it matter to her that he was doing everything in his power to make sure she was enjoying herself? What difference did it make that his newly molded personality was geared towards the complete and utter pleasure of whatever woman he found attractive?

Then Greg turned his face towards her, his eyes searching hers, and she knew exactly what he was searching for even as his lips neared her own.

At the very outset, Greg had made Sam into his 'ideal woman' that had been the whole idea of the original deal.

And, unwittingly, she'd just finished making Greg over into her idea of what a perfect man would be.

When his lips pressed against hers and she felt a surge of pleasure at the contact, she was amazed and confused - and overjoyed. The feeling stunned her, but it was the simple truth - she'd done everything possible to make Greg the ultimate boyfriend, who could find the woman he wanted to use all his new skills on.

That woman was her.

For a long moment, she merely stood stock-still, stunned. Greg, feeling her go rigid as his lips touched her, and feeling her lack of response, slowly pulled away.

"I.. I'm sorry. "Greg whispered, his voice so heart-rending that it made Sam want to wince. "I.. I thought..." He began to turn away, ashamed of misreading the situation.

In that instant, Sam knew -Greg hadn't misread the situation - she'd just refused to accept what the situation was.

Before he completed his turn, Sam reached out, took his face between her hands, and pulled his lips back down to hers. Wrapping her hands behind his neck, Sam closed her eyes and pulled all of herself into giving Greg the most incredibly passionate kiss that had ever existed.

Then they were sinking down onto the soft sand, their hands fumbling for the clasps of each other's clothing. Greg's hands deftly removed her sweater, revealing the bra-encased magnificence of her tits. The tits that were absolutely perfect in Greg's view - and Sam knew it.

After all, she was perfect in every way to him - that's the way she'd been 'designed'.

So when he kissed his way down her throat to the displayed flesh of the upper slope of those magnificent tits, she knew that he was going to enjoy every send of pleasing her - and she'd enjoy his enjoyment, as his reached behind her to unclasp the bra so he could lavish all his passionate skills upon those perfect mounds. She was right - as he used lips and tongue and hands in concert, she moaned low in her throat and arched her back, pressing her huge tits deeper into his skilled embrace.

As expected, he took the cue, redoubling his efforts of foreplay, his hands sliding to her firm ass as his lips suckled on her engorged nipples, igniting a warmth deep within her new womanhood, causing tingles of pleasure to form an erotic triangle between her breasts and crotch, shaking her with their intensity.

That intensity only grew as his mouth returned to hers while his hands gently relieved her of her panties, taking the time to caress her legs so softly and sensuously, igniting gratitude in her for ever silky contour of her nylon clad legs that made him desire to cause so much pleasure with his touch.

Pleasure that doubled and redoubled again as his hand began gently sliding over her vaginal mound, lightly pressing with each stroke that caused her such incredible pleasure. When one finger slid across her clit, Sam let out a moan that was muffled into Greg's shoulder as his mouth went back to her swollen nipples.

Then she eagerly spread her legs as Greg gently positioned himself over her.

For a second the scene became a tableau as they looked deep into each others eyes. "Sam - is this..." Greg asked softly, the memory of her momentary stiffness still fresh.

The fact that he would stop if she told him too only drove home the knowledge that this was right - that Greg was the person to make her happy. It no longer mattered that it was the happiness that a man would give a woman - because Sam now accepted, completely and fully, that she was a woman, now and forever.

Her answer was a slow, sensual smile - and a thrust of her hips that lifted her ass from the soft embrace of the sand - and impaled her deeply on Greg's throbbing, hard cock.

She cried out in pleasure as his cock filled her hot, wet cunt. Reassured of her genuine desire, Greg began to drive in and out of her with slow, long strokes - exactly as she'd instructed him to, not then realizing that the technique would be used on her.

But she was right - it was the right technique. Pleasure began to build, slowly and almost teasing as the waves traveled through her body. She moaned again, and began to move her hips in rhythm to his thrusts, controlling him by speeding up slightly. Obediently, he increased the speed of his strokes, driving in her with passion and power, but carefully ensuring she received the maximum pleasure - by using one finger near the base of his pistoning cock to stimulate her swollen clit.

Sam cried out again, incoherently, as the sensations built and built. She felt Greg shudder as he was pushed over the edge, filling her with his hot cum - but she hadn't orgasmed yet, and he continued to drive his cock in and out, now almost frantically.

Then it hit - a wave of pure orgasmic ecstasy that erased conscious thought. She screamed, clenching Greg's ass as she shuddered in the grip of her orgasm.

After an eternity, the pleasure slowly subsided, leaving a warm glow behind as she sank back onto the sand, coated with sweat. As Greg lay beside her and began to stroke one nipple with affection, Sam closed her eyes and smiled, knowing that she'd been right to embrace her new life, to throw aside her inbred revulsion at another man's touch.

After all, her whole training of Greg had been based on a simple question, one that had seemed so natural to ask that the true impact hadn't hit her until his lips had touched hers and she'd realized the truth of what she'd done.

Even now, the sheer irony of the question struck her - after all, she should have known what, in her strange situation, would result when she found the answers to the question "*What would I like if I were a woman?*"



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After he questions the female magician ability to actually use magic, he finds himself being transformed by her every spell.

Perfectly Reasonable

By Gunslinger

The majority of the audience - still murmuring among themselves - headed towards the exits of the empty old warehouse that had played the part of a 'theater' for the afternoon's entertainment.

In that out-flow of perhaps sixty people, perhaps a tenth of that number fought against the tide. Eyes agleam, the moved, not away from, but towards the tricked-up flat-bed trailer that served as a stage.

Though they came from various parts of the crowd, they all moved towards the same location - the juncture at which the stage-trailer joined with it's equally gaudily-painted Freightliner tractor.

The truck, painted jet-black to better display the red-and-gold lettering on the side that announced 'Miranda the Mystic!', boasted not only an over-sized sleeper cab, but one with an unusual design feature - a 'back door', leading onto the stage.

It was towards this door that the small group gravitated - or, rather, toward the slender, dusky-skinned young woman who was about to pass through it.

She was certainly the type of woman to draw a crowd. Even in her street clothes, people paid attention to Miranda De La Noches. A tall, supple body, firm, full breasts, a strong-yet-delicate face surrounded by a thick wealth of midnight black hair... she was, quite simply, stunning.

In her 'costume', however, she was breath-taking. The black-red-and-white leotard, silk-screened to appear as if it were a sleeveless tuxedo shirt, red cummerbund, and black 'shorts' clung to her lithe, well-toned body - and displayed a remarkable length of lean, shapely leg encased in fishnet stockings. A claw-tailed black coat, red bow-tie, and the black top-hat completed the magician's 'uniform'.

Indeed, of the half-dozen people who approached, many of them admired her body even as they raised their voice to express their admiration of her act...

...all save one.

"The Mystical Exchange." That one voice said, cool and contemptuous, cutting through the babble of appreciative compliments.

The small crowd, suddenly silence, fell back, leaving the ground open between the dusky young woman who'd just descended from the stage - and the man standing a few feet away.

Robert - and don't dare call me 'Bob' - Tayle stood with a contemptuous sneer on his lips as he eyed the highly attractive young woman.

At twenty-five, they were not only of roughly the same age, but nearly the same height, allowing Robert to keep his eyes locked on hers as he closed the distance somewhat. The heels of the cowboy boots under his boot-cut jeans clocked off the concrete floor, seeming impossibly loud in the sudden silence. He came to a stop perhaps three feet away from her, and the handsome, golden-haired man crossed his arms over his chest, the sleeves of his faded denim shirt rolled up to display the well-muscled flesh of his forearms.

"I beg your pardon?" Miranda asked, struggling to remain polite in the face of the athletically-built man's obvious attempt to get under her skin.

"That trick, 'The Mystical Exchange', where you step into a box, and a minute later a man who looks like he could be - and probably is

- your twin brother steps out." Robert said, eyeing her. "That's the only trick in your repertoire I couldn't figure how you pulled off. How'd you do it."

'Oh - one of *those*', Miranda's expression proclaimed loudly.

"Magic." She said, shortly. "Like I said before I started my 'act', I do no illusions, pull no 'tricks'. I really turned myself into a man - and then back again. Magically."

" ." Robert said, flatly. "It's utterly impossible to 'really' change a person's gender - and there sure as hell isn't any such thing as 'real' magic."

Her dark, long-lashed eyes narrowed dangerously, and her full, gloss-coated ruby-red lips tightened. Crossing her arms under her full, deliciously displayed bust, Miranda drummed the long, dark-red nails of her left hand against her right elbow.

"I don't particularly like being called a liar, Mr. Tayle." She said, her mellifluous voice tight with annoyance.

"Well, then, don't make such obviously impossible statements." Robert said. Looking the tall, supple woman straight in the eye, he quite deliberately snorted in the most contemptuous manner possible.

"Magic!" He said, rolling his baby-blues with a theatrical flair, playing for the small 'audience' still watching the confrontation. "What a crock!"

The muscles of Miranda's well-defined jaw began to tighten - and then, slowly, her look of annoyance began to fade.

Her previously anger-heavy lids rose to reveal dark eyes glimmering with a wicked amusement, and her lips softened and curved into a faint, knowing smile.

"So magic - 'real' magic - is utterly impossible, is it?" She asked, softly, uncrossing her arms and idly twirling the slender, hand-polished 'magic wand' in her right hand.

"Of course it is." Robert said - with another contemptuous snort, hoping to get her ire up again.

Her strange little smile only widened slightly. She began pacing in a short arc in front of him - slow strides of her oh-so-long legs, the click of her five-inch heels almost as steady as a metronome.

"If there's no such thing as 'real' magic, then I couldn't possibly cast any spells on you - wouldn't you agree?" She asked - pointing at him with the wand for emphasis.

"Obviously." Robert returned - while eyeing those shapely legs in their fishnet nylons. She might be 'weird' - but damn, was she hot...

"So..." She said, thoughtfully, tapping the wand against her full, pouting lower lip - and then snapping it straight to point at him again. "If I *can't* possibly be casting magic spells, then I must not be able to say - or do - anything you'll find the least bit magical, mystical, paranormal... anything but utterly mundane, with a perfectly reasonable explanation?"

"Yeah." Robert replied, wondering why he couldn't seem to get her worked up any more. In fact, her smile was even wider, and she seemed to be enjoying some sort of 'inside joke' that he wasn't in on.

Somehow - he wasn't quite sure how - something seemed to have 'shifted' in her favor, and it was Robert who found himself beginning to get annoyed.

"Look, I should probably get going..." Robert said, preparing to extricate him from a situation that was rapidly losing its appeal.

"You're not going to walk away." Miranda said, with an odd note of utter certainty. "Not you. You're going to stay right here until you've utterly convinced me of your viewpoint - or until every single option has been examined."

Robert's annoyance rose into the range of anger - because of how easily, and accurately, she'd begged him. She'd seen right through his little ploy, pretending he was going to leave in order to get her to blurt something out - but damned if she didn't somehow know he was so damned competitive!

"Okay, so you're right." He admitted, tightly. "That just means you've been warned - I'm not leaving until I get you to retract that ridiculous statement!"

"Fair enough, Bob." Miranda said, with a dismissive little shrug.

Robert's anger flared higher, and he opened his mouth to put her in her place - but she was still speaking.

"You don't mind if I call you 'Bob', of course." She said, airily, making it sound more like a statement than a question. He blinked - but answered it anyway.

"No, of course not." He allowed, though still annoyed at her. "That's what everybody calls me."

Hell, with a last name like 'Tayle', it was damned near inevitable, anyway - so Bob had never bothered trying to fight the obvious use of the diminutive moniker. He'd been 'Bob Tayle' since the day his mother had stuck 'Robert' in front of their surname, and he'd probably be 'Bob Tayle' long after he was gone.

"There's no need for us to be at each other's throats." Miranda said, warmly, smiling at him as she toyed with her wand. "I saw you looking at me during my act. Tell me the truth - you find me sexually attractive, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, definitely." Bob admitted, candidly.

Miranda gestured at him with the wand. "Tell me something about me you find sexy - and why." Bob's eyebrow rose at the request - but he answered without hesitating.

"Your legs." He told her, leering at the appendages in question. "They're so long, and slender. You've got fantastic legs." "Well, thank you." She said, smile briefly flashing into a grin that showed dimples.

"Of course..." She continued, "...part of that is 'illusionary'. The tight, high-cut hips of my leotard make my legs look much longer than they really are."

She paused, then laughed briefly, pointing her wand at Bob's own legs.

"Of course, you know exactly what I mean." She chuckled. "Your shorts are at least as high-cut and tight-fitting as my leotard." Bob heard a murmur run through the half-dozen people still watching - and not a few gasps.

He could well guess why.

"Well, yeah." He admitted, 'idly' running the palms of his hands across the taut muscles on the outward sides of his hairy thighs - and, not incidentally, drawing attention to the reason why he wore such almost indecently skimpy jean 'shorts'.

Bob had always figured; 'If you've got it, flaunt it' - and the slender 'V' of the crotch of his shorts did just that, clinging almost painfully tight to his larger-than-average package, with just barely enough fabric there to keep him 'street legal'.

Sure, the 'butt floss' effect of the damned-near bikini 'shorts' had been annoying when he'd first cut his summer clothes ultra-high, but in the nearly a decade since, he'd gotten used to practically having his hairy ass hanging out.

"Wow!" Miranda said, the pacing of her arc having taken her almost behind him. She leaned to the side so she could look him in the face, while pointing at his mostly-exposed backside with her wand.

"I couldn't say this to many other men..." She said, sincerely, with an odd little throb of emotion in her voice, "...but your ass is even bigger, firmer and sexier than mine!"

Bob blushed brightly - as several of the 'audience' broke out into laughter.

Unfortunately, as embarrassing - 'em-bare-assing'? - as it was, Bob was used to it. People had been making fun of his huge, round, firm 'girlie' ass since high school.

He had to fight back the urge to try and cover his backside - mainly because he knew it would be an exercise in futility. His hands wouldn't even come close to covering the globe-like expanses of the rounded, out-thrust ass nature had cursed him with. He just wished, fervently, that Miranda hadn't pointed it out.

Then again, he had to admit to himself with a sigh, it was probably pure shock, rather than planned cruelty. After all, Miranda had a world-class ass herself, and it was just as exposed - albeit covered in the wide-weave fishnet of her 'hose'. She couldn't be used to finding anybody, especially a man, who had an even more spectacular ass than herself. Especially a white man - usually the only race who could out-class Hispanics in the caboose department were the blacks.

Tipping her tall, black-silk top hat further back on her mass of equally silky black hair, Miranda shook her head in disbelief.

"That sure is something, Bobby." She said - then cocked a finely-drawn eyebrow in his direction. "You have no problem being called 'Bobby', do you?"

"No, no..." Bobby assured her, feeling the heat of his blush slowly fading as he tried to take the whole ass-noticing moment and... well, put it behind him.

"Good." Miranda said, tapping her wand in the palm of her left hand. Bobby rolled his eyes.

"Can't you put that damned thing away?" He asked. "Watching you wave and waggle it around is getting annoying." Her face began to harden - and then she smiled.

"Oh, it's just sort of 'something to do'." She said, gesturing - with the wand, of course. "Kind of like you and that big, thick of yours except, of course, I twirl and point, while you lick, fondle and suck."

"It's not the same thing at all!" Bobby complained, blush returning with a vengeance as he lightly stroked the cool, black plastic of his over-sized - . "I just sorta.. somehow... kinda fell into doing this when I was quitting smoking... and whenever I try to break myself of this habit, I'm right back to cigarettes!"

He was so humiliated to be walking around carrying a big, black plastic - but even worse was the fact that he couldn't stop licking and sucking the damned thing! He still vividly remembered the very first time - when, desperately craving a cigarette, he'd tossed his apartment in hopes of finding a stale old smoke forgotten in some drawer, he'd come up dry... and found himself first eyeing, then reaching for the plastic phallus an ex-girlfriend had long-ago 'lost' behind the couch...

Hell, there were times - like right now! - when he was tempted to just give in to the cravings he was substituting for, and go back to smoking cigarettes. Sure, he had an incredibly high risk-factor for lung cancer, but it almost seemed like an early death was far preferable!

Almost.

Titters of laughter and snickers of shocked amusement suddenly made Bobby realize that, even as he was considering how hideously embarrassing it was, he'd thoughtlessly slipped the end of the huge, fake cock into his mouth and begun to suck on it. His already deep blush unable to get any redder, he hastily yanked the saliva-slicked rod from his mouth and wished, desperately, for a graceful way to get the hell out of here.

There wasn't one, of course - not until he and Miranda finished 'playing out' this discussion. He was much, much too ornery to let something as small as utter humiliation drive him away...

The small knot of people watching the confrontation were standing with an almost painfully eager expectation, obviously enjoying the little scene - which, Bobby thought dryly, said much about their general level of entertainment.

Nevertheless, the knowledge he was being watched - and his own sense of self-superiority - played a big part in what happened next.

"Well..." Miranda said, taking in his deep blush and decidedly uncomfortable body-language. "I guess we don't need to drag this discussion out much longer..."

She lifted the wand in his direction.

"Not at all." Bobby agreed, arrogantly. "Since, obviously, you've decided I must be right, since you can't think of anything else to do but 'run away'."

Dead silence hung in the air for a second.

"Actually, I was thinking of you. All that sucking on must be hell on your lips." She said, smile slowly returning. "Then again - I guess that thick, glossy pink coat of lipstick on your full, pouty lips keeps them nice and slick and soft for sucking."

Those full, gleaming pink lips tightened at her sharp tone, but Bobby refused to be baited - out of all the products he'd tried, the hot- pink, high-gloss lipstick was the best protection he could find for his lips, given all the -sucking he almost unconsciously did every day.

Even if he *did* have to reapply the lipstick quite frequently.

"Ohhh..." He shot back, sarcastically. "And here I thought you were suggesting we stop because of some weak, womanly think - like 'Oh, this high heels hurt my poor little feet...!'"

He said the last in a high falsetto, on hand cocked on his hip and the other held, lip-wristed in the air as he pranced around in a short circle using short, tip-toe 'sissy steps'.

"Unlike you, who wears extremely high heels all day long, every day, with no problem." She replied, pointing at his feet - with that silly wand, of course.

"Certainly." Bobby said, smugly. He sissy-stepped back to his original position, and struck a pose any Sears shoe model would have been familiar - feet about six inches apart, with the left one turned at about a fifty degree angle.

"I got sick and tired of hearing women bitch about their 'high heels'." Bobby said, proudly. "Well, sure, I had to start with short ones, but I worked my way up - and I'll have you know, I've been wearing nothing shorter than a six-inch heel for nearly three months now, all day, every day."

He held the proud pose, letting the audience 'ooh' and 'aah'... and, okay, giggle and chuckle. After all, how many men did you see wearing white patent-leather rounded-toe pumps with a two-inch platform and nine-inch heels?

Well, they were seeing one now - and he was sure it made the point, and damned effectively, that all women's complaints about how 'hard' it was to wear high heels all day was nothing but womanly whining. If he could wear heels like this all day long, so could they - right?

Just as Miranda had deduced, Bobby hated to 'give up' on anything - and that's why he was sticking to his original pronouncement that he'd continue wearing heels until at least one woman in town proved him right by duplicating his feet feat, and went a week in nothing but six-inch or better heels. So far, there were no takers - but Bobby refused to give in.

Quite purposefully, he 'got thirsty' and took a walk over to a table holding a big orange cooler and some paper cups, poured himself some water, and walked back - all the while showing off how smoothly, easily and naturally he moved in the extremely high, slender heels of the 'stripper shoes' he'd had to order on-line, since no store in town carried such high heels...

...in his size, that is.

"See...?" He taunted - after, of course, removing the big, thick he'd unconsciously been sucking on from his mouth. "No problem at all."

"Oh, yes - you've certainly shown me." Miranda agreed, with a slightly strangled voice and a smile on her lips. *That* Bobby off.

"Of course, it's much easier for me to walk around in heels." He said, in mock sympathy - and pointed his big black at Miranda. "I don't have the weight of all that saline to pull me off balance."

Miranda's gaze almost instinctively dropped to her full bust-line...

...and when she raised her head, her face was pale except for two bright little roses of color on her cheeks, and her eyes were flat with anger.

"Actually, mine are natural." She said, in a tight voice. "Unlike yours, of course. From what you said, though, your implants *must* be silicone."

"Of course they are!" Bobby declared, defiantly, proudly rolling his broad shoulders back to push his firm double-D's further outward. The motion caused his denim shirt, open and tied just below his breasts, to gape wider, revealing more of the 'racy' white bra encasing his surgically-implanted mounds.

Gasps rose from the audience - and Miranda herself seemed taken aback.

"The way you're showing them off.. proud of them!" She gasped, shaking her head. "And your skin! It's... smooth. Hairless. But I didn't..."

"Didn't what?" Bobby asked, smiling at the magician's reaction to his bust-line, every bit as impressive as her own, supposedly 'natural' rack.

She took several deep breaths - and then, in an oddly 'careful' tone of voice, asked him, "Bobby - what happened to your body hair?"

"Well, I use a depilatory cream, of course." Bobby said, with an expression and tone of voice that all-to-clearly implied the question, 'What are you, and idiot?'

Her lips tightened, but she held on to her anger - more's the pity, Bobby thought to himself. "*Why* do you use a depilatory cream, Bobby?" She asked, under tight control.

"Well, these gorgeous tits would look pretty damned silly if they were all hairy, now wouldn't they?" Bobby asked with biting sarcasm, hoping to get a rise out of her. She'd been entirely too self-controlled for far too long, taking too much fun out of the argument he'd quite purposefully started. "I just take it all off, since I never could figure out a 'good' spot to stop - but it's to make these boobies look their best.

Bobby reached up and lightly cupped his full, taut bust-line, watching his opponent closely even as he enjoyed the feel of the firm chest-melons under his hands - there was just no substitute for silicone for that firm, ripe, 'fake' feel to implanted tits.

Miranda, however, didn't rise to the bait. Unfortunately, she seemed able to contain herself - if just barely.

"Okay..." She said, slowly and distinctly. "Why are you humiliated to have tits on your chest, Bobby - or to be wearing heels for that matter? Why are you willing to 'show off' your tits, or use depilatory?"

"You expected me to be humiliated by this?" Bobby asked, putting as much smug superiority into the question as he could. Oddly, for some reason, it not only didn't make her angry, but caused an odd, quirky little smile to appear, briefly, on her lips.

"That was the plan." She said, apropos of nothing - and then pointed the wand at him and demanded that he 'answer her question'.

"Well, duh..." Bobby mocked. "You women, always bitching and moaning when make point out obvious flaws and the even more obvious solutions. A comment about how much better you'd look in heels, a little discourse on how a nip here and a tuck there can help you look younger and-or slimmer, even the helpful mention of a particular doctor offering a discount on

implant procedures to help out women old Mother Nature has skimmed on - and you chicks have the nerve to get all insulted. Well, here's the answer to all your arguments, ladies!"

He pointed to himself, standing proud with his chest out-thrust, balanced easily on his high heels.

"Argue with this!" He said, contemptuously. "Here I am, spending a year in heels, a year with implants. Another six months to go - and after that, how the hell can any of you sniveling little s claim that I 'have no idea what I'm asking them to do'?"

"You.. You.. You...!" Miranda spluttered in shocked anger - and Bobby laughed at her, goading on the anger he'd managed to finally reawaken.

"I don't believe it! I can't believe anybody could be so chauvinistically arrogant as to come up with that as a 'reasonable explanation'!"

She hurled at him. "To convince women it's 'nothing' to get implants, you think it's 'reasonable' to spend a year walking around with s?"

"Big?" Bobby prodded her, pointing to his chest. "You think these are 'big'? Typical - stupid! - female reaction. Hell, double-dees aren't 'big', lady!"

"Oh, I see!" Miranda shouted back at him. She gestured at her own chest with her left hand, and Bobby's with her wand-wielding right. "My 'double-dees' aren't s. ' s' are what *you've* got!"

An instant after the words left her lips, Miranda reeled back, eyes seemingly wide as saucers. "Holy ing shit!" Somebody gasped.

"You mean, 'holy in' tits, don't you?" Some wit supplied, quickly - in a tone somewhere between awe and utter disgust. Bobby ignored the by-play - while enjoying the reactions.

"Yes, these are ' s'!" He declared, proudly, wiggling his torso - very slightly.

It didn't take much to get his massive, over-pumped, silicone-inflated tits to jiggle, sway and bounce.

Barely covered by the purely decorative white lace bra his impossibly huge, unarguably fake spheres of flesh-covered silicone practically overflowed, they couldn't really be said to sit either particularly 'high' or 'low' on his chest...

...because the massive, medicine-ball sized boobs practically *took up* his chest.

Strutting back and forth in front of his audience, 'liberated' to spill his long-held and peer-pressure-silenced convictions by having gone 'whole hog' over to his cause, Bobby - the 'fanatic' - launched into a variation of the same spiel he'd been shouting from the rooftops ever since his last, radical enlargement surgery.

"Oh, it's a 'conspiracy of silence'!" He shouted, long accustomed to his s bouncing and jiggling during his wild arm-waving. "Women bitch and moan. Heels over four inches are 'too high'. Tits bigger than DD are 'too big'. Sore feet, back problems, no clothes that'll fit - a hundred and one excuses, and they'll give 'em in a heart-beat because they think men have no way of knowing that the excuses are grade-'A', pure !"

He struck a dramatic pose, highlighting both his high-heeled stance and his s.

"Well, I know!" He shouted. "And, women be warned, I'm spreading the word! I'm telling men the real reason you're unwillingly to take those final, little steps..."

His voice rang shrilly from the rafters.

"You're all a bunch of sick little cock-teasing bitches!"

In the wake of that scream, dead silence reigned supreme - until Bobby himself broke it.

"Look at him, staring at my s!" He shouted, pointing to one of the small group's members. "I'm a straight man, and so is he - and yet look at him. Proof, you don't have to be pretty - you don't even have to be female - for your s to turn a guy on! Get s.. and men with be lining up to you!"

He swung his 'pointer' - the - to one of the women.

"But you little s don't want men to know you like getting ed just as much as we like ing you!" He accused. "No - because, then where's the power? How can you tease men mercilessly to get what you want? The clothes and the jewelry and the special treatment you only get while men are waiting for you to honor the promise of your eyes and your bodies. You tease, you torture, you silently promise you'll put out any day now.. but instead, after you take a man for all he's worth, what happens? He finds out, the entire time, you've been ing some other guy!"

He sneered.

"That's because you can't wait to get ed. Oh, sure, 'I'm not ready yet' - but you're banging some guy behind his back, aren't you? Because you love cock as much as men love slipping it to you. But why play fair, and with the men giving you the nice things, when you have all that power of pretending you can 'take it or leave it'? So, of course you hate women who admit the truth, women who aren't controlling little s and don't play your sick sex games. Women who admit they like sex, and 'advertise' for it with heels and boobs."

Bobby turned back to Miranda.

"That's why I'm willing to carry around this tits and walk around in high heels - to show you for what you really are." He said, directly to her. "A bunch of sniveling, conniving, cock-teasing s!"

Crossing his arms over his massive bust, Bobby triumphantly jammed his massive into his mouth and began to suck. Miranda stared at him, trembling with anger...

...and then, slowly, she became preternaturally still, and a cruel smile spread to her lips. Slowly, she began to twirl her wand in the air over her head in an all-encompassing motion.

"I..." She said, voice sounding oddly strained, as if she were attempting to live an incredibly heavy weight, "...and everybody else I can safely reach, spreading out from this very spot, would like to discover your 'reasonable explanation' for this opinion... *since you **are** a woman!*"

The gorgeous Hispanic felt the incredible rush of energy spill out of her, almost every ounce of mystic force she had to give. She gasped and shudder, feeling drained - but somehow not tired - but the usage of so much of her power. Her eyes, which had closed during the rush, slowly opened...

* * * * *

Miranda looked at the abandoned warehouse - and struggled to keep all her emotions behind an expressionless mask as she looked out at the new - if localized - 'reality' her monumental expenditure of mystic energy had created.

She was standing up on the 'stage' of the flatbed trailer again, Bobby's 'reasonable explanation' somehow retroactively figuring this in. She was looking out at the same empty warehouse as before...

...but with some differences.

For one thing, her spell seemed to have resulted in 'loosing' several hours. Judging from the dark sky behind the big, dusty windows, it was somewhere just after midnight.

The big, empty floor, where her audience had stood for her act, was cast mostly in darkness - except for the gentle pool of radiance cast by the four portable light stands set up, attached to the generator under the back of the trailer, chugging softly away.

In that pool of light were thirty or so folding chairs - about half of which were filled, mostly by men, but with a leavening of women. The women bore a wide range of expressions, from anger to outrage to thoughtfulness - but the men, to a man, looked bemused...

...and aroused.

Bobby wasn't immediately visible in Miranda's field of vision, so she turned her head to look at the stage. What she saw, in sequence, made it hard to keep her face under control.

First of all - her previously black truck was now painted white!

How and why that should be, she couldn't fathom - but any consideration of that was cut short as her still-swinging view caught sight of the gold-edged black letters on the white placard set up on a simple easel on the stage.

Church of the Divine ...?

That was still boggling Miranda's mind when her eyes finally got far enough around to see the person who had once been Robert Tayle...

Miranda stared.

Though there was, just barely, enough of a similarity (*not including, of course, the tits*) to tell that this was, indeed, the woman Bobby had become, the woman standing center-stage was nevertheless completely different in one, crucial way.

Oh - not in the 'mere' fact that she was now obviously fully female, though that was an 'obvious' difference.

Like 'Robert', this new woman could be described as 'tall and athletic', though in the feminine equivalent to Robert's old male form. God knew, the musculature under her smooth, pale skin, was exquisitely toned.

Especially the long, long legs perched atop the white platform pumps, and themselves encased in thigh-high white nylons.

In fact, that was another one of the 'obvious' changes - the fact that every piece of clothing the remarkably tall, leggy, buxom woman wore was white.

The shoes on the dainty feet and the nylons encasing the long, well-toned legs, of course - but also the garters that connected those nylons to the silk-and-lace 'corset' that started just above her well-rounded hips and enclosed her trim waist.

Over all of this was a wispy, barely-there white peignoir, edged in white faux fur at collar, cuffs and hem. Her crotch and those massive, impossible round tits of hers were completely bare...

...which made it easy to tell that the thick, curly mane of golden hair surrounding her strong-featured - but definitely not 'masculine' - face was, indeed, natural.

Even the massive held almost reverently in one slender, long-nailed hand was white.

No, what was completely and utterly different about this woman was the expression on her face.

She had a soft, gentle smile that created bright spots of happy light in her deep blue eyes - and yet it was a placid smile. A smile of *contentment*.

From her face - indeed, inherent in the moves, the very posture, of her incredible body was the sense of being completely and utterly at peace with herself.

"That was when I was given a miracle." The extraordinarily buxom woman said in a sweet voice reverberating with sincerity, speaking to her audience. "That was when the Lord brought Miranda into my life - and through her, the chance to be the woman you see here today."

Miranda blinked.

"Oh, I didn't accept it easily, not at first." The blonde continued. "No, I was very much a manly man, and outraged and horrified by what Miranda here had done to me - but she did it out of kindness, to make me face my own beliefs, to re-examine what I thought femininity to be..."

Slowly, moving with a supple grace that aroused even Miranda, much less the male members of her audience, the white-clad woman neared the edge of the stage.

"It was in examining these beliefs about women - and men, too - that I was finally able to see my destiny. Having had my beliefs tested, and yet not broken, I understood that, their truth proven to me, it was my duty to spread the word - and that, however I might have felt at the time about it, that it was best done in the form you see before you today."

Miranda was floored.

"Indeed." The busty blonde continued. "As I started the service showing you, I spend several hours a day once more male, to remind myself of the desires and delight of being a man - so that I can better serve them when, once again, Sister DeLite has worked her miracle upon me."

It took a second for Miranda to clue in to the fact that the woman was speaking about *her*. She glanced down...

...and only the sight of her costume - identical in style and cut as before, but now all in white - made her realize that, in her anger, she had neglected to exempt herself from the spell.

"So, as do Sister DeLite and I do, any of you who might join our church will have to spend at least some time as the gender other than the one you were born to." The massive-busted woman said, sweetly. "However, whichever gender you may choose to spend the rest of your life as is completely up to you. Regardless, when you enter the church you will choose a new name for whichever gender you are, one that you feel better describes that which you have to offer to your fellow man - and women."

She smiled.

"Hard as some of you might find this to believe, 'Tits Andass' isn't the name I was born with." She joked, gently. "Merely something much more... descriptive."

There was an agreeing murmur for the 'congregation'.

Miranda, however, was busy trying to cope with a very bad feeling in the pit of her stomach.

Sure, anger had made her go overboard in her vengeance upon the overbearing Robert - 'Tits?!' - had been. But, if she was now 'Sister DeLite', in the Church of the Divine ...

"However, such decisions are for the future - for now is the time in the service to show the core tenets of the belief, to demonstrate to you the very center of our faith."

Miranda was really worried.

"Pleasure." Tits pronounced, with a sigh. "Unworried, uncomplicated, unconditional pleasure, given and received." This was *definitely* looking bad...

"Just remember..." Tits said, discerning to the floor. "The core is complete pleasure - it must be freely and willingly given and received. If you wish to worship with us, simply ask whomever you wish to please or be pleased by if you may, and accept the answer they give. If you don't wish to worship - then don't. Willingly and consensual - or not at all."

She stopped at a man in the front row, and smiled down at him, her body in the 'oldest pose'. "Will you please fondle my breasts?" She asked, with a completely unselfconscious air.

"Uh.. yeah.." The man said - and she sensually lowered herself to his lap and smiled at him.

"While you are fondling my breasts, may I also kiss you...?" She inquired, sweetly - and the man was quite willing to agree.

As she lovingly kissed the man who was playing with her massive tits, some of the men looked nervously at the women in the audience, and vice versa...

...and nobody left.

Oh, not everybody 'worshipped' - but, at worst, the people, who, after all had some inkling about the 'church' before they came', simply watched as the rest, hesitantly and very self-consciously, began some kissing and light fondling.

"Uh... Sister DeLite...?" A voice nervously stammered - and she looked down to see a scrawny red-head with big ears and a gap-toothed grin nervously shifting his weight from one foot to the other as he stood in front of the stage.

"May.. May I, uh..." He stammered. "May I, uh.. lick your ?" Miranda blinked - then shot a look at Tits.

The once-male, now-female person whose convictions about men and women were so utterly, unarguably set that the only 'reasonable' explanation for being a woman she could come up with was so that she could spread the joy of 'uncomplicated' sex.

Who, at this very moment, was quite lovingly sucking some man's cock, while another man blissfully ed her from behind. Oh, well...

"Yes, you may." Miranda told the eager young man.

It sure as hell beat the daylight's out of being an atheist... THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A magic pen from the Franciscan order which holds the lusts of the monks is found by a man. He becomes its repository and is taken over by Satan with his impure thoughts.

Phantasy

By Gunslinger

"AhhhhhhYIPES!"

The satisfied sigh of primal pleasure turned quite suddenly into a cry of surprised discomfort as something sharp and hard pushed through the cushions on the couch and into Jake's poorly padded backside. Had anybody else been present in the room, his actions would have seemed comic - in a very definite 'slap-stick' style. The tall, bony, young man had all-but-collapsed onto the dusty floral-patterned cushions of the couch, and the sudden discomfort caused him to all-but-levitate into the air, leaping aside and twisting in mid-air...

...and landing with less-than-cat-like grace, his bare left foot catching on the protruding and unlovely ankle of his right, causing him to stumble theatrically backwards, arms spinning wildly as he struggled to maintain his balance...

...a struggle he might have won had his foot not landed in the rectangular metal wastebasket near the old roll-top desk. The metal object proved to be a bit of handicap in his attempt to remain upright, and soon his lanky frame was descending towards the ground at an accelerating rate, his too-thin butt slamming hard against the wall before he slid down to the hardwood floor...

...just in time for the built-in ironing board, famed in slapstick song and story, to fall out of it's little cupboard and rap him sharply across the top of his head.

For the next few seconds, Jake did a remarkable impersonation of Yosemite Sam, nonsensical swearwords streaming from his mouth as he kicked (ineffectually) at the wastebasket on his foot, while probing gently through his thick, slightly greasy, 'mud brown' hair.

After several more moments of heart-felt but ineffectual cursing, Jake finally calmed down enough to remove the wastebasket and push the board back into place. Climbing slowly to his broad, bony feet, Jake brushed off his faded knee-length jean shorts and baggy once- white T-shirt. Muttering under his breath, he carefully walked towards the couch, favoring his right foot.

Reaching the couch, Jake Polanski - the proverbial 'Ten Foot Pole' - stared angrily down at the ugly and dusty relic from the style- impaired Sixties, wondering what the hell he'd done to deserve his life. Too tall, too thin, and with a narrow face that boasted a nose roughly the size of Montana, it wasn't enough that the thirty-one year old immigrant artist was funny looking and spoke with a heavy Polish accent - the Universe had also decided he needed to be ungainly and 'accident prone', with hand-eye coordination that was barely good enough to keep him from poking his eye out with a utensil when he was eating.

Which was why he hadn't just yanked the cushion off to see what he'd sat on. With his luck, he'd probably fall on it, impaling himself. Not fatally, however - the Universe was having too much fun using him as a buffoon to allow him to escape so easily. He was probably doomed to a long and eventful life as the embodiment of Murphy's Law.

So, it was with great care that Jake lifted the cushion... and laid it aside with an abstract expression, looking at the small hole in the bottom of the couch's spring-box. His weight had obviously compressed the springs enough to allow something - probably the end of a spring - to protrude out of the inch-wide hole.

"Well, Jake..." He asked himself, disgustedly. "...what were you expecting from a Goodwill couch - perfection, maybe?"

With a shake of his head, he leaned forward and pressed down on either side of the hole... and watched, wide eyed, as the nib of an old fountain pen slid from the hole, like a missile slowly rising from it's silo. Intrigued at this unexpected find, he reached for it...

...and as soon as he took his weight away on even one side, the fabric pushed up enough for the pen to vanish.

"Feces!" Jake 'swore', trying again - with the same result. Which engendered another curse from his fractured English vocabulary. That vocabulary got a workout as he tried a dozen more times, the scatological terms becoming more and more outrageous with each failure. He could have sworn fluently in his mother tongue, but had made a conscious decision only to speak 'American' after immigrating two years before, no matter how quirky his grasp of idioms might have been.

Finally, it dawned on Jake that it didn't necessarily have to be *his* weight on the couch, and several volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica served admirably in his stead.

Holding his prize, Jake walked over to the window and let the golden-orange light of sunset streaming in his window give him a better look at what he'd recovered.

It was a dark-red fountain pen, trimmed in 'gold'. The nib was also gold, and finely shaped. Jake knew his ink pens, and immediately recognized this as an expensive implement, suitable for both cursive writing and artwork.

Which, all things considered, presented an immediate thought. Pulling out the high-backed stool from his slightly tilted drafting board, Jake sat down and shoved sheets of half-finished drawings aside, looking for a 'scrap' drawing.

Then, in the dying glow of the day, the Polish-born cartoonist tested the pen, hoping against hope that any ink the pen might have contained would still be liquid enough to flow.

For the first inch, nothing happened, and Jake was beginning to feel the familiar stirring of crushed hope when a thick, viscous glob of deep red appeared on the paper. With dawning hope, Jake continued to trace over the pencilled outline of a half-completed sketch... and watched, joyfully, as a now-smooth flow of dark red ink was laid neatly and elegantly over his pencil sketch.

"Well, I am being dammed!" Jake muttered, amazed at his good fortune. The thick-bodied pen felt natural in his large, bony hand, and the finely-crafted nib left a smooth, graceful line across the high-grade paper on which he plied his trade.

The caricature on which he was testing the pen was unfinished, denying him the joy of seeing what a finished 'inked' drawing would look like, so Jake quickly pushed the piece of paper aside and began to look through the others littering his desk for a finished pencil sketch to ink. Various sheets fell to the floor, unheeded, until his questing fingers finally drew forth an exaggerated sketch he'd been working on in the hopes of a freelance sale to one of the men's magazines.

Jake didn't usually do that sort of artwork, but money was very tight, and the men's magazines paid well - very well. So, he'd drawn a sort of 'fantasy' scene that fit in with the magazine's genre, planning to ink it with his less-the-professional-quality marker and send it off for consideration. Now, all thought of financial compensation were pushed aside, and he saw only a piece of 'commercial' art that he couldn't care less about. If the pen blotched or ran dry, the loss of this piece would hurt his pocketbook, but not his artist's sensibilities. Eagerly, Jake touched the nib to the paper and began to draw.

The ink from the pen was almost black - but not quite. Most 'black' inks were either very dark blue or very dark brown. Whatever tint-producing agent had been used for this shade, however, was reddish, leaving behind a very deep red, deeper than Ruby or Rust, reaching nearly - but not quite - into true Black, creating a bold, interesting effect as he drew.

The light slowly faded as the sun sank lower, but Jake barely noticed, simply leaning closer to the drawing as he worked, loathe to stop. As the reds and oranges gave way to the tepid grays of twilight, Jake let the nib of the pen curve upwards

towards the point at which he'd started tracing, until the flowing red line of the drawing finally met itself and finished the image he'd been working on.

With a soft sigh of pleasure, Jake sat back on the stool and reached out to the switch on the light mounted on the table, bringing golden- white electric light to life, driving back the gathering gloom of night. With nearly paternal satisfaction, Jake gazed down upon the inked drawing.

"I am very much feeling of luck." Jake told the universe at large, looking at the pen he still held. "It is being a wonderful thing, is this pen."

Feeling happier than he could remember feeling in far too long, the tall, bony Polack gently - almost reverently - lay the pen down on the drafting table, below the newly-inked drawing. With one last, long gaze at his new prize, Jake sighed and shut off the light on the desk, padding through the darkened room.

He was so happy about finding the valuable and very useful pen that he didn't even swear when he barked his shin on a coffee table. Nor did he curse when he stubbed his toe. He didn't even grumble when he missed the edge of his bed and ended up on the floor. He simply finished disrobing from his lowly position, climbing happily to the squeaky old bed he'd bought second hand, pulling his crisp, clean new sheets (his sole 'luxury') up around his too-prominent Adam's Apple.

As he quickly drifted into a satisfied slumber, it never even occurred to Jake to wonder about the pen's origins or history...

* * * * *

...the fading sound of the unearthly scream still rebounding against the room's stark walls.

With a gasp, Father Ignatius slumped against the wall of the mission, sweat streaming from his brow. "It is done..."

Brother Francesco looked warily at the item lying in the center of the room, his narrow brow furrowed in mingled awe and confusion. "You have trapped it, then?"

"I have." Father Ignatius said, slowly crossing to where the item rested and bending to retrieve it. "But..." Francesco said, hesitant to question his superior in both age and station. "...a pen?"

Father Ignatius smiled warmly. "It was all I had at hand, Brother. The Lord will forgive me, I am sure." Brother Francesco looked relieved. "That is it, then? That is all there is to the ritual?"

Ignatius heavy brow rose, and he slowly looked around at the various items he'd used in the course of his eight-hour-long ordeal. Francesco blushed.

"It is alright, Brother." Ignatius said, laying a hand on the younger, leaner man's shoulder and guiding them towards the door. "You merely wish to assure yourself that I have succeeded. That I have taken all the lusts and desires from the new

Novices, and placed them within this vessel. Well, Francesco, you may rest easy. The Erratum Priapatus Phantasmal, the secret and the strength of our order, has once more saved a new generation of Novices from the temptations of the flesh - and you have seen the ritual. Two or three more times, and you shall be ready to take over when I pass away."

"Many years from now, god willing..." Francesco said, crossing himself. His step faltered. "What... what do we do with that?"

Ignatius grew very serious, looking at the pen with slumped shoulders. Not answering immediately, the aging monk approached the window of the mission and stared out at the fertile valley below, the cars on the new freeway in the distance looking like toys.

"We must be very careful." Ignatius said, slowly, staring out at the land below. "If this should ever find itself in the hands of one who has even a single impure thought while holding it, it could..."

* * * * *

'...could... could... could...'

The strange fragment of a dream echoed and faded as Jake stared up at the dimly-seen ceiling of his apartment, bemused and groggy. Feeling thick-witted and slow, Jake merely stared at the ceiling for several minutes, wondering why he was lying awake in the middle of the night. Had a noise of some sort yanked him from his sleep? If so, what had it been? Or was it the strange dream, the one that had seemed so strangely detailed, so oddly... real?

It was only after those few groggy, half-asleep moments that Jake found himself wondering why his apartment was dimly lit by a reddish glow, one that had never before suffused his bedroom at night.

"What is this...?" He asked himself, brow furrowing in confusion. Blinking, he sat up and looked around...

The human brain is an interesting thing. It doesn't actually deal with reality - at least, not at first. In basic primal instinct, it 'pattern matches' what information it receives for the senses, trying to identify what it's sensing as a potential threat. Only familiarity with something allowed it to 'ignore' certain stimuli, having learned to accept it as being 'background' information. Just as a foul smell that can be nearly overwhelming at first can becoming literally unnoticeable after some time, so did common sights and sounds become 'unnoticeable' after some association.

In the first look Jake took around his room, it seemed that he was in some sort of hellish lair, great hulking beast looming in the red- tinted shadows, eager to tear him limb from limb...

...and then his brain 'shuffled' through it's database of threats and determined that what he was seeing didn't match anything it had on file. Then, and only then, was he able to see that, though the layout and physical size of the room was the same, the décor and furnishings were completely different.

Being a free-lance cartoonist was the best-paying occupation in the world, and Jake's furnishings were minimal - or, at least, they had been. Now, he looked around the room he found himself in with shock, seeing it full of furnishings and 'knick-knacks' that hadn't been there when he'd fallen asleep.

"This... is not being possible..." Jake muttered in shock, having to struggle to keep from lapsing into his native tongue from the surprise. It was inconceivable that somebody could have snuck into his apartment while he was sleeping and redecorated it - yet, even as he sat up and swung his knobby-kneed legs over the edge of the big four-poster bed he'd never seen before in his life, he had to admit that somehow all his own furnishings had been removed, and replaced with these ones.

Whoever or whatever had changed his décor had also removed the clothes he'd dropped on the floor the night before. Now, the hard- wood floor was covered by a large, leopard-skin pattern rug, and there was no sign of any clothes on it's broads expanse.

Naked, the cartoonist rose from the bed and padded towards the open door of the bedroom, mind spinning in confusion.

The living room, like his bedroom, was the same physical dimensions and locations as it had always been - and, like the bedroom, it was completely redecorated and the furnishings replaced with those of a better quality, and more of them. The reddish glow that had been Jake's first clue that something was strange came in from the window near where his drafting table had once sat, and a glance outside showed that the old neon sign for the building was lit, advertising it to the world...

...which was exceedingly strange, since the building was no longer used in it's original capacity, and so had no need for advertising. At least, it hadn't when Jake had gone to bed.

The eight-story building had once been a Hotel. One of those older buildings whose first floor had once boasted a large bar, with the upper floors featuring fully-furnished rooms that could be rented weekly or monthly. Long before Jake had move din, however, the first floor had been converted into a few small stores, and the upper floors (stripped of furnishings) rented out as apartments. Now, looking at the neon light streaming in the window and dimly reflecting off the black lacquer that covered much of the new furnishings, Jake momentarily wondered if he'd somehow travelled back in time.

The sight of one of those butt-ugly SUV's on the street below made him forget the concept. After all, they hadn't had... (*what were they called? Inkas? Mayens? Something like that...*) when the building had been in use as a hotel.

Looking around at the familiar-yet-unfamiliar room, Jake began to feel a growing fear - which would have been understandable, given the strange situation he found himself in, except that this was an unreasoning fear. It was as if there was a somehow silent voice filling the room, screaming at him. Telling him he was in danger, and that he had to flee the apartment before something very, very bad happened to him.

Considering he was buck naked, the idea of running from the room naked didn't appeal to him much - yet that fear continued to grow, despite there was nothing immediately visible to support such rising panic. He stood in the centre of the

living room and slowly turned full circle, trying to figure out what was causing the blind fear that was threatening to overwhelm him.

There was still no immediate threat to be seen - yet the fear was continuing to grow. More than that, though, it seemed to be 'focused' in various places, as if that unheard voice was screaming at him that each room had its own dangers, its own horrors waiting for him. It was like being in a nightmare, where any door could hide a different terror, and...

"A nightmare!" Jake said, fighting the rising tide of panic. "That is this! I am still sleeping, and am being in a nightmare!"

It made sense. Sure, this was more detailed than any nightmare that he could ever remember having - but the dream he'd just had was also incredibly 'real', though not as 'immediate'. In the strange dream, he himself hadn't been present, an invisible spectator to two monks performing some strange ritual. In this case, he was 'there', involved in whatever was happening.

It was the only explanation he could come up with that would make sense.

"I am not being afraid!" He said, aloud, lying - but willing to make it the truth. He decided to confront whatever 'bogeyman' this dream might house, hoping to end the nightmare and find himself awake in his own apartment, as it should be, with the light of morning streaming in the window. Looking around, the artist decided that he'd plunge into the aura of fear and threat that surrounded the small kitchen - after all, he was in the living room, had already been in the bedroom, and the kitchen was closer than the bathroom.

Besides - nightmare or not, he was a little hungry...

With that decision made, the tall, angular Pollack strode as confidently as his awkward stride would allow, placing himself in the middle of the small kitchen with his feet planted and his hands on his hips. The feeling of panic had grown as he walked towards the small, partially-delimited room, and now he lifted his chin and spoke in a defiant voice.

"Here I am!" He said, loudly. "Be doing your worst, I am daring!"

He felt a surge of defiant pride as the panic slipped away...

...and then all Hell broke loose.

The cabinets in the kitchen, though roughly the same size as he knew them, were now black-lacquered with grey marble tops. Now, the drawers, doors and covers of all those cabinets flew open of their own accord, as did the stainless-steel doors of the new fridge and stove, the noise blending into a clattering cacophony of sound. Jake twitched and took a step back from the noise, even before his brain was able to process what was causing it.

Then the contents of the kitchen attacked him.

A bag of angel-hair pasta bust open, and the thin noodles flew through the air towards his head, intertwining itself with his hair as the noodles became limp and soft. He didn't have time to try and yank the wilting noodles from his hair, however, as he was also being jumped by a length cheese cloth that was winding itself around his hips and crotch. Strawberries, raspberries and blue berries flew at his face and splattered against it as he went reeling back from the impact of a pair of watermelons against his bony chest.

The stagger backwards caused him to step onto a pair of those four-sided cheese graters, shaped like narrow, truncated pyramids. Even as his soles landed on them, his heels were pushed upwards atop a pair of sterling silver champagne flutes, shoving him upwards.

He struggled for balance - and as he did so, two rolls of aluminium foil skittered along the floor and began wrapping each foot in a layer of crinkling, noisy metal, winding around his feet - and then the rolls of tinfoil jumped upwards, wrapped themselves around his hips over the cheese-cloth, then jumper up to his chest.

Meanwhile, Jake was also busy trying to deal with a roll of Saran-wrap that had taken an unhealthy liking to his waist, wrapping itself tighter and tighter around his abdomen. A roll of translucent white waxed paper hit his legs, winding itself around one leg until it disappeared under the tinfoil at his crotch - and then shooting down his other leg to the ankle.

Everything happened with blinding speed, Jake's mind barely able to register it, much less react to it. He'd barely begun to assess what was occurring, to deal with the impossible situation in a 'rational' manner - and then it was over, the sudden attack finishing only a scant moment after it had begun.

Staggered and confused, Jake teetered atop the graters digging onto the soles of his feet - and then a sudden burst of deep, red light washed over everything, and he felt a strangely non-physical wrenching sensation run through his body and mind, sending him reeling...

She caught herself on the edge of the counter, keeping herself from falling over. Breathing heavily from the near-fall, Jane felt her huge, round breasts straining against her silver-colored leather top with each breath, her thick nipples delightfully compressed by the heavy material.

"Oh, my..." She said her in her low, richly erotic, voice. "That was being too close for the comfort. Nearly did I fall off my heels."

Still braced against the counter, she leaned forward and looked past the massive swell of her huge, melon-like breasts. Barely visible, even in that awkward position, were her silver platform pumps, upon whose nine-inch stiletto heels she was perched...

Jane paused, her full, gloss-red lips pursed in a small frown of confusion. Something seemed to be wrong, but she couldn't quite place her finger on what it was.

Bothered by the vague feeling that there was something amiss, she gracefully and sensuously walked - flowed - across the room, her hips swaying with a smooth, easy grace as she entered the bathroom and flipped on the light with one long-nailed finger, critically surveying herself in the huge floor-to-ceiling mirror that covered an entire wall of her black-marble-and-gleaming-chrome bathroom.

The mirror showed Jane just what she expected to see - a whole lot of woman. Six feet and eight inches of smooth, milky skin, a lot of which was taken up by her long, toned, and oh-so-sexy legs, admirably displayed by her white seamed nylons. Balanced atop heels that pushed her up to seven-five, her supple, slender body was packed into a dress whose top and skirt were silver-colored leather, with clear plastic revealing her slender waist and flat stomach - which sat in the shadow cast by the massive bulge of her spectacularly huge, round tits. Her sexy, full-lipped visage was surrounded by her long, silky mane of blonde-streaked brown hair, and she had to run her slender, long-nailed fingers through the thick, multi-shaded mane with a smile, loving how wonderful she looked, a sensual vision of womanhood. She was certainly no 'Plain Jane', not since she'd been a little boy in Warsaw, all angles and...

She paused, frowning, as she realized she was having thoughts that couldn't *possibly* be hers. After all, how could she remember being a young, awkward man, gazing upon the just-barely-pubescent girls who had begun to develop curves? No, no - she'd been a tall, gangly girl, looking on with envy, not knowing that she'd soon far outstrip her peers in the bust department...

...but how could that be, when she *knew* that she'd been an early bloomer, developing far sooner than the other girls? It was strange - she 'knew' all about it, yet she didn't remember it - and what she did remember seemed wildly out-of-whack with her 'knowledge'. After all, she was obviously female - so why did she have memories in which she was male?

She shook her head in frustration. After all, Jane Claus Polanski wasn't known for her cognitive powers... No, no - why the hell had she thought that ridiculous name? Her name was Jakob *Claudia* Pulaski...

She sighed, pushing her hair back in annoyance. Why was she having so much trouble with his own name? He'd been using it all her life. His name - *her* name - was Jane Claudia Pulaski...

...wasn't it?

This was all just too much for her to deal with right now. It was the dead of night, her apartment had changed around her, and she couldn't even remember her own name...

Apartment had changed? Where had that thought come from? Her apartment was exactly the same as it had always been, the way she'd decorated it. Why would she think it had changed?

"I am needing a drink." She told her reflection. Turning away from the mirror - and the strange, muddled thoughts and memories she was having - Jane swayed and jiggled out into the living room...

...where she heard some sort of noise in the hall. It grew louder, more defined, resolving itself into some sort of argument. It got so close that she could actually make out some words, spoken in a male voice: "...hit a man of the cloth, but if you don't stop, I'm gonna deck you!"

A split-second later, there was a knock on her door.

Jane hesitated - and the knock came again. Jane walked over and looked out the peephole in the door.

Distorted by the fish-eyed lens she saw three men - two of them wearing casual clothing, the third in a brown belted robe of some sort.

Jane blinked. She knew for a fact that the two men in jeans and work-shirts were Tom and Ryan Detmuller, the owners of the building, and owner-operators of the bar downstairs... but she couldn't actually pull up any memories of them. On the other hand, the man in the monk's robe looked familiar, sparking a memory... but she seemed to recall seeing him at some time when he was younger, and slimmer.

Still, she was somehow familiar with all three men, so she opened the door, feeling more than a little confused.

"Hey, babe..." Tom said. Jane grinned at him - grinned down at him, as a matter of fact - and leaned forward to kiss the well-muscled older brother on the cheek. She repeated the peck on the taller, somewhat slimmer younger brother, also mussing his sandy-blond hair.

"Guys..." She said, warmly, knowing that she was very, very fond of the tow-headed brothers - even if she couldn't exactly remember why.

Then she turned and smiled down at the monk.

"Hey, there..." She said, adding a throaty little tone to her already sensual voice, though she wasn't exactly sure why she thought of it as her 'Advertising voice'. "Would a little kiss on the cheek be considered in bad taste...?"

The monk flushed slightly. "I would prefer you didn't, Miss...?"

Jane giggled fetchingly - which also caused her to jiggle fetchingly, something the Detmuellers obviously appreciated. "I'm Jane Pola.. uh, Pulaski."

"I'm Brother Francesco." He introduced himself, staring directly at her face - as if afraid his eyes might slip downward. She wished they would, actually - she loved having men stare at her fantastic tits. Too much to expect from a man of the cloth, though...

She became aware that Francesco was still talking, and dragged her mind back to the situation at hand. "...name you were about to give?" The monk asked, an intent look on his face again.

"Oh, don't start that crap again." Tommy said, rolling his eyes. He turned to her. "This nut-case is insisting that, until tonight, you were somebody else."

Jane blinked as she took a step back, letting the three men into her apartment. "Huh?"

"Listen to me..." Brother Francesco said, intently, "You found a pen. A red pen. Sometime yesterday you must have found it, and held it... and in doing so, you have set something free. Something that has changed the history of the past twelve years. I don't know who you were before, but the pen has remade you into.. well, into a repository of lust. History has been changed to make you a... well, sport of a 'lust vacuum', designed to 'suck' men's carnal desires into yourself."

Tommy and Ryan broke into laughter.

"Well, I guess that's an accurate description of a hooker..." Ryan chortled. Jane reeled back as if struck. "I... I'm a *whore*...?"

The Detmuller's rather confused agreements mingled with Francesco's vehement denial - and Jane liked the monk's answer much better.

Except... she wasn't sure if she believed it. She looked back and forth between the young men and the old monk, trying to figure out what was going on. She felt confused. Her instincts were screaming one thing, while her 'intellect' (such as it was) was screaming another.

"I think there's a simple way to find out..." Ryan said, with a smirk. He walked towards her, his eyes roaming her body at will - and she felt a rush of pleasure at his open appreciation.

A rush that doubled as his brother also approached. She found herself almost instinctively smiling back, feeling a warm, pleasant feeling at being so obviously admired and desired.

"You feel so sexy, don't you, Jane...?" Tom asked, reaching her and walking around behind her, while his brother stood in front of her. "Well, uh..." She replied, hesitantly... then she gasped as she felt his hand run over the taut leather covering her firm, full ass.

"You like feeling sexy, don't you...?" Ryan asked - as he reached out and began to lightly caress the leather covering her massive, sensitive breasts. She moaned by way of reply, feeling pleasure and desire thrum through her body as warmth began to grow in her crotch.

"Don't let the pleasures of the flesh consume you!" Francesco said, averting his eyes and blushing. "Try! Try and remember who you used to be!"

"I... Oh..." Jane moaned, as Tommy slowly unzipped the dress at the back, folding the top of it down. The tough, silver fabric caught for a second on her massive mounds, pulling down on them with delightful pressure, adding to what Ryan was

providing - and then the fabric popped free, dragging delightfully across thick nipples that were now fully engorged. She gasped again, and then another time - this time, as Ryan's strong-yet-gentle - and oh-so-talented - hands worked on bare, softly firm flesh.

"No! Stop!" Francesco shouted, still refusing to look directly at what was going on - though, she noticed with an unwanted thrill, he did peek at it from the corner of his eyes from time to time. "Tell them to stop, Jane!"

She didn't. What Tom and Ryan was doing felt wonderful, even if it was a guilty pleasure - and she wasn't quite sure why it was a guilty pleasure, except that she could exactly remember doing this before. Though her mind insisted she had, hundreds - maybe thousands - of times before, she couldn't remember any of them, and it all felt so strange and new and wonderful.

The dress was pulled all the way down, now, slipping past the smooth flesh of her long, shapely legs to pool around her high heels. Underneath the dress, she wore only gauzy white French-cut brief and the white seamed nylons, which made her look more naked than if she had actually been naked. A vague, dark triangle of pubic hair could be seen through the fine material of her panties, and those panties were now damp with the juices that were flowing so pleasantly inside her womanhood.

What bothered Jane was that she, quite literally, couldn't remember ever having felt this good. If she were, indeed, a huge-breasted hooker, wouldn't this be a commonplace experience, something she was used to feeling?

Maybe she should slow down. Figure out what was going on. She opened her mouth to ask the guys to stop...

...and Ryan caught her, open mouthed, with a kiss. A passionate, hungry kiss. One that she found herself almost instinctively reacting to as his brother massaged her full, taut ass, then slipped his hands around between her and his brother, playing with her tits as Ryan's hands moved around to take up fondling her heart-shaped ass.

Jane was lost in a sea of pleasure. Pleasure that kept growing as she reacted, almost mindlessly, to increase it. Brother Francesco was still protesting, but though Jane's ears caught his words, her mind didn't process them as she found herself bending farther and farther forward as the two brothers guided her. Responding like a trained horse to the subtle commands of a rider, she found herself stepping out of the pile of clothes, which now included her panties, and stepping to one side. Ryan had settled into a chair, and she found herself leaning forward, huge breasts being fondled by Ryan's firm hands as Tommy guided her into spreading her legs further and further apart.

Then, much to her surprise, she found herself enveloping Ryan's rock-hard cock with her full, softly firm lips. She seemed to have a remarkable amount of expertise in the art of cock-sucking, as she knew exactly what to do - and so she did it, her hands working along his now saliva-slicked shaft as her tongue swirled and danced over the head of his throbbing tool.

It felt... strange? It wasn't terribly enjoyable, but neither was it repugnant - the sensations were actually rather bland. It was the emotions that were confusing. Part of her was insisting that she loved doing this, while another part insisted she should be sickened and disgusted by it. Why was that? After all, she must have done this hundreds or thousands of times before - and God knows, she certainly enjoyed the few times some woman sucked her off...

Wait a second...!

Before she had a chance to track down the strange and vivid memory, however, it was driven from her mind - by the sensation of Tommy slipping his thick, hard cock deep into her sopping wet cunt. She gasped, in the back of her throat, her oral work on Ryan hesitating for an instant as she dealt with the new and wonderful sensation of being filled.

New...?

Again, before she could track the errant thought down it was driven from her mind as Tommy began to pump into her with long, deep strokes. Almost without thinking about it, she matched what she was doing to Ryan's cock to the rhythm his brother was setting, her head bobbing up and down as her body rocked under Tom's even thrusts.

The three of them moved as one, and as Jane settled into the rhythm her hands slid from Ryan's cock to brace herself on the chair while her mouth bobbed up and down his shaft. Her hand curled around the cushion...

...and the right one encountered something cool and cylindrical. She felt it with her fingers, even as Tom's ministrations brought her closer and closer to orgasm, pleasure mounting in wave after wave.

It was (oh, God, this feels so wonderful) a pen. It was **THE** pen.

The (*I'm gonna cum...!*) pen that had changed him from, a lanky young man into a huge-breasted...

"No. !" She screamed as she yanked her mouth from Ryan's cock with a wet, slurping sound - a scream of negation that was also a scream of pleasure as she reached orgasm, her body thrashing and jerking as Ryan's cum gushed out onto her huge, dangling tits while his brother grunted and pumped a load of hot, thick cum into her now-she-knew-to-be-virgin cunt.

Horried and disgusted, stunned to realize she'd almost lost her own identity in the one that had been created for her, she all-but- yanked herself off of the older brother's cock and staggered away from the two young men, a thin trail of cum running down her leg, and what seemed to be gallons of it dripping from the firm curves of her massive and now unwanted tits.

"I was a man!" Jake/Jane screamed, memories flooding back to the forefront of her mind as she gripped tightly to the pen that had caused this horrible - and horribly enjoyable - situation to occur. "The pen turned me into a woman!"

"What the Hell are you talking about, Jane?" Ryan said, laughing - and his brother joined in, their laughter anything but good-natured. "You're just a dumb, horny Polish whore who'll fuck anybody and anything. aren't you?"

Jane suddenly felt very confused as she looked at the handsome brothers. What they were saying. sounded right. Maybe she was imagining things. Maybe she should just listen to them, let them decide who she was and how she should act...

"You!" Francesco shouted, eyes widening. He straightened, the blush fading from his face as he grabbed the heavy pewter crucifix that hung from his belt and held it up. "I recognize thee now! Get thee gone, minions of Satan!"

Jane/Jake looked back and forth between the young men and the monk, confused. What was going on here...? Tommy and Ryan laughed - very unpleasantly.

"Get lost, old man." Tom said, with a sneer. "Your pathetic deity has no power. We don't fear you. Jake had lustful thoughts, and now he or she - is ours. She needs a little reinforcement, but soon she'll be exactly what we want her to be. After all, she's made up of the lust of two-dozen monks, distilled into the body of a fantasy woman. She won't be able to help herself. She's lost, old man - and I suggest you run away before you, too, are lost."

"Never!" Francesco shouted, grabbing Jake/Jane's arm.

"Jane..." Ryan said, laughing. "You enjoyed fucking, didn't you? It was better than anything you'd done as a man, wasn't it? You know you'll never be able to go back to being a man, even if this pathetic excuse for a Monk could perform the Erratum Priapatus Phantasmal. Stop fighting, and give in."

"No!" Francesco urged the confused and scared woman. "Repent! They can have no hold on you if you repent!"

"I've had enough of you, monk." Tommy said - as his eyes began to glow a sooty, hellish red. "We know the lustful thoughts you had while we were fucking this succubus-to-be. Your God can't save you. I think maybe you should join Jane here in servicing the men of the community... and seducing them into carnal sin along the way..."

Francesco's face went dead pale. but his voice was resolute as he spoke.

"Take me, then. I will gladly give myself unto you, to do with what you wish - but only if you let her go."

Jake/Jane's heart swelled at the monk's willingness to sacrifice himself for her. Never before, as male or female, had she seen anybody willing to do something so brave and costly.

"We can take you without giving her up." Tom sneered. "If you had true faith, you'd be a Father by now, not a lowly brother. You're a weak, weak man, not like Father Ignatius. You don't have the power to stop us. "

Brother Francesco quailed, knowing it was true. In the ranks of Stan's minions, these two ranked the same as a 'Brother' in his own faith and not only were their two of them, but their hellish master wasn't constrained from working directly in the mortal world, as God was. They were right - he didn't have the power...

"But I do." A voice said, firmly - and three pairs of startled eyes turned to look upon the subject of their battle, almost forgotten in the fight.

Full, sensual lips curled in a slight, satisfied smile, Jane held up the pen...

* * * * *

"Hot damn! Get a load of what's comin' down the street!"

The three young men leaning on the lamppost turned to follow the two sensual visions strolling down the sidewalk.

The women were almost pure sex. Clad in matching outfits that consisted of a tight, tiny red-leather dress and high heels, the two obviously-related blondes jiggled and swayed down the street in a sensual display, their DD-cup breasts threatening to pop out of the matching plunging necklines of their dresses.

"I'd like to get me..." Julio started - then suddenly paused and finished with: "...to a church."

His friends turned to gape at him... then blinked and blushed as they saw the two nuns approaching them for their own side of the street.

The older one looked the way the guys thought a nun should look, rather severe and plain in her black-and-white habit. The younger one, though - she seemed to tower almost to the Heaven she represented, and the front of her plain black dress was strained over a bust that stunned the imagination.

"Please, I am being understanding." She told the startled boys, warmly. "Man and woman, and he created them. It is not the feeling that is being a sin, but the doing. Impure thoughts do only endanger a soul that does not repent them."

It took a second for the young men to figure that out - then Julio grinned, hesitantly. "Look, but don't touch, huh?"

"Yes. Very well phrased." The older nun said - with surprising warmth, considering.

"I ain't seen you around before." Julio said, looking them up and down. He might have forgotten seeing the older one - but the younger one was quite memorable.

"We are new to St. Mary's, on Fifth." The older said. "I am Mother Francesca, and this is Sister Jane. Perhaps you would care to come by some time? We are always looking for volunteers."

"Uh - I ain't exactly the religious type, si.. uh, Mother Francesca." Julio said, awkwardly, his eyes slipping towards where the two sexy young thangs had quite obviously set up business - and there was no doubt what that business was. His friends had already deserted him, all but running across the street.

"It is being all right, not to be religious." The tall, buxom nun said, with a strange little smile. "I, not long before, was also not much of religious. Now, I am being a bride of Christ. Is quite amazing, indeed."

"Oh?" Julio said, interested. "What made you become a nun?"

The woman smiled. "Is being better to be bride of Christ than pawn of Satan."

Julio looked surprised... then, guiltily, glanced longingly over at his friends, now haggling with the two hookers. "Francesca?" Jane said. "Perhaps you being going into store and getting us some water?"

Mother Francesca looked startled, then nodded and went into the store. Jane waited until she'd disappeared, then stepped closer to Julio.

"Am not supposed to say this, as Pope does not agree, but I know." She told him. "Sex is not being sin, always. If adultery, then sin. If for pleasure out of wedlock, then smaller sin. But, even sex with prostitute be no sin, if you be doing it to make happiness for woman as much or more then happiness for self. The Pope does not say this, but is being true - if giving happiness to other, cannot be sin."

Julio was more then a little startled by the nun's comment. He gestured with a hesitant hand towards his friends, now disappearing into the hotel with the hookers. "You mean, if I...?"

"Is okay - but not being with Rayne and Tamara, those ones. Be believing me this - them you not being with at all. They are not being good people." Jane assured him, with conviction.

"Oh. Okay..." Julio said, still a bit stunned. He saw Mother Francesca emerging from the store, and blushed, casting around for something to say - and his eye caught something hanging from Sister Jane's belt. He pointed.

"Nice pen."

For some reason, both nuns looked as if they'd bitten into a lemon. "No. Is not nice pen. Be trusting me." Jane said...

...and then, as she walked away, added something that completely confused Julio, even more then the rest of her fractured conversation.

"...but I am at least not being tripping over my own feet anymore. Now, I am just not being able to see them anymore." Then they were gone...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Stealing a device that lets him move unnoticed in a "phased" dimension, one man discovers that he has accidentally taken on the form of various women as he moves about.

Phased Out

By Gunslinger

Interlacing his long, lean fingers over his taut abdomen, Jim looked down and addressed the unconscious body at his feet with sarcastic regret.

"Sorry 'bout that, Professor..." He said, his lean face pulled into long lines of artificial sorrow that went poorly with the nearly manic glee dancing in his dark eyes. "Real shame to do such a thing to the guy who's gonna make me rich, and all. Speaking of which. "

Dropping to one knee, the lean, slender brunet quickly rifled through his supposed employer's pockets. Pulling out the well-worn billfold from the inside pocket of the worn tweed jacket, he slipped the few bills from within.

"Gee - you're one of the few people I ever met whose driver's license photo looks *better* than they really do." Jim remarked to the limp figure, before tossing aside the emptied wallet. "In the picture, you've still got hair "

Chuckling to himself, the rangy thief tucked the money into the pockets of his black jean overalls and pushed himself up off the floor. Looking around at the array of esoteric equipment that filled the dining-room-turned-laboratory, he slowly shook his head in sorrow. He was pretty sure that some of the computer equipment and other, less immediately identifiable electronic equipment was probably worth the fortune that the man he'd come to rob had squandered away on it - but Jim dealt mostly in cash or jewels, and only rarely in common electronics like TVs and stereos. He wouldn't even begin to know where to fence off science stuff like this.

"Not that it matters. " Jim reminded himself, a shark's grin coming to his face as he turned and looked at the complicated apparatus assembled in the middle of the room. "Not when I have this baby "

Eyes dancing at the thought of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, the dark-clad thief slowly approached the jury-rigged machine with a look of near reverence on his face.

When he'd pulled out his gun and held it on the man he'd come to call 'The Professor', the old foggy had been desperate to explain why he couldn't give Jim that money he'd won in the lottery. In a nearly hysterical state, the old guy had gone on and on about how he'd spent nearly every penny on his 'research', and Jim had nearly been ready to shoot the old bastard just to get him to shut up - when it had all 'clicked'.

This machine was some sort of 'invisibility machine'.

Well, not exactly. The Professor hadn't actually said it made you invisible. No, according to the Professor, this 'quantum state something-or-other' could put you 'out of phase' with the universe.

Truthfully, Jim really didn't understand even half of what the Professor had been going on about, and the other half he understood only vaguely - but he figured that was more than enough. Jim didn't have to understand that whole 'objective as opposed to subjective universe' crap - all he had to understand was that, if he used this machine, other people wouldn't notice him, even when he walked around in plain view...

...which, as far as Jim was concerned, was the next best thing to being 'really' invisible.

Rubbing his hands together gleefully, Jim stepped into the open center of the ceiling-tall machine, reached out, and pushed the big, red button that was the sole control within the central mass of the device.

There was a roaring sound, a series of bright, flashing light that increased in speed and power, and then... Silence. Darkness.

"What the hell...?" Jim asked himself, blinking as he tried to get his eyes to adjust to the darkness - but there wasn't anything for them to adjust too, because it wasn't darkness, really, but a kind of... a kind of *dimness*.

"Whoa. This is freaking weird..." Jim muttered, slowly stepping out of the guts of the machine and looking around him, wide eyed and though he hated to admit it, even to himself - a little scared. The world had changed.

It was like looking at a badly developed photograph of the same room he'd been in a second ago. Though, in general, everything was the same, it looked completely different.

The colors were muted, no longer sharp and clear, but just barely this side of being monochromatic. More than that, though the same lights were still on, they seemed to be giving off less light - or less effective light, if that meant anything. The shadows weren't really any bigger, but they were deeper, more impenetrable.

More than just that, though, there seemed to be a dark fog hanging in the air. In normal fog, your vision faded out to whiteness at a certain distance - but, here and now, after a couple of dozen feet there was nothing but blackness - not a sharply defined zone, but one that gradually faded out.

As a final, bizarre little touch, everything he still could see looked slightly... skewed. What had once been ninety degrees now seemed to be ninety-two, or eighty-seven, or something - just a little bit off what it should have been.

What Jim was now seeing was, according to the Professor, the 'subjective universe' - whatever the hell THAT meant...

"This is gonna take some getting used to." Jim said to himself, nervously - and even his own voice sounded strangely flat and weak to his own ears, as leached of vibrancy as the colors of what he saw.

Walking with a slow, slightly dazed air, Jim headed for the front door of the house. Looking around in amazement, he didn't notice the small decorative planter near the door until he was right on top of it. He tried to stop himself, off balance, and was forced to 'kick' at the planter as he threw his foot forward to catch himself...

...and his foot went right through it!

"Holy shit!" Jim gasped, staring down at his foot, now on the other side of the planter - and his leg, which seemed to go right through the planter itself. Though both leg and planter looked solid, separately, where they overlapped it looked almost like a double-exposed picture, somehow both of them equally visible, despite the fact that neither was the least bit transparent.

"So that's what he meant!" Jim said, snapping his fingers as one of the Professor's explanations finally acquired some sort of coherency.

At the time, the Professor's attempt to explain that, unlike the 'objective' - or 'real' - universe, the subjective universe existed mainly in the perceptions of those experiencing it hadn't made any sense to Jim. Now, though he still wasn't exactly clear on it all, the lean-bodied thief understood that nothing in the house was 'really' real, because there was nobody - so 'subject' - to observe it....

...but...

"Then how come I see anything at all. ?" Kim wondered, head down as he slowly moved to cover the last few feet between himself and the door, lost in unfamiliar thought. "I mean, I understand that I don't count, cause I'm 'phased', and part of this universe - that's why I'm 'invisible'. But that should mean that I don't see anything at all, cause there's nobody hear to see any of this. "

He stopped, just shy of the door - then smiled, nodding.

"The Professor!" He said to himself, feeling proud at having worked this out. "He's out cold, but he ain't dead. What I'm seeing is his *memory* of his own house!"

Metaphorically patting himself on the back, Jim reached for the door-knob...

...and promptly fell right through the door.

"Shit!" Jim said, picking himself up off the ground outside the house. He turned and looked balefully back at the still closed door, somehow managing to blame the innocuous-looking wooden portal for 'betraying' him.

Turning away from the house, Jim eyed the once-respectable neighborhood near the city core, slowly falling into a state of urban decay.

Almost immediately, he closed his eyes - then slowly let them creep open again, trying to make sense of what he was seeing.

There was that same flat, dim, slightly askew appearance out here as there was in the house - but this time it was split by 'searchlights' roaming all over the place. Wherever these roving cones of light moved, color and detail bloomed to life anew - but sometimes with strange effects, where the objects in the 'beams' path would... *change*.

Slowly, looking around him with confusion writ large on his face, Jim began walking down the sidewalk towards the downtown core - and then it struck him what he was seeing.

The 'beams' where other people's perceptions. People looking out windows, or in the cars. Whatever they perceived - or thought they perceived - was what Jim was seeing, just as sharp and clear as the person who was seeing it...

...even if it wasn't what the person was really seeing.

As Jim reached the street corner, he had to stop and stare - taking in the sight of two conflicting 'subjective' perceptions intersecting.

As it happened, he'd originally paused on the street corner when he'd noticed the police cruiser coming down the street. Though now in an 'out-of-phase' state, the old instincts about the cops held true, and he'd hesitated - and so he'd been able to watch the police car approach the intersection at which he now stood.

It was somewhat 'lit up', portions of the car sharp and clear because of the perceptions of the two officers riding inside of it - and then it had suddenly become very 'bright' as it had become the focus of two of those perceptual 'spot lights' spearing the night.

Once came from an almost anorexic young black man 'hanging out' in the darkened doorway of a run-down apartment building - and in the 'light' of his perceptions, the police cruiser took on a low, somehow hungry look, almost like a prowling monster... while, at the same time, overlaid upon that image, was a shining, perfectly clean version of the same car, lit by the perceptions of an old lady leaning out the second-floor window of her own apartment in an attempt to coax her cat back inside.

Two different perceptions of the same vehicle, somehow knight in shining armor and dragon to be slain all in one vehicle - and both were as equally 'real' in this subjective universe, which was enough to make Jim's head begin to ache with the contradiction.

As the police cruiser passed the intersection and continued on its way, Jim shuddered and quickly crossed the street. As interesting as all this might be, he wasn't some sort of explorer or scientist - he just wanted to score a nice, big hit, then get back to the 'real' world with it.

After all, that was the whole reason he'd broken into the Professor's place - to do in one night what he hadn't been able to do in a lifetime of small, 'second-story' jobs.

One, big job. One that would set him up for life.

His spirits revived at the thought, despite the inherent strangeness of this 'subjective' world he found himself in, Jim grinned to himself and picked up the pace.

Reaching the downtown core, he began to stroll along the streets, looking at the large array of business and buildings that lined the boulevards. Banks and jewelry stores, pawn shops and department stores - any and all of which could be fair game to him, with no chance of him getting caught during his heist.

If he needed any more proof of that fact, he got it during his 'stroll' to case his selections. Though it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, there were still a few people out and about, walking the streets with their own purposes - and not one of them 'saw' him.

It was both more and less than being invisible. More, because they not only didn't see him, but they didn't hear him, either. In fact, he'd tested this premise by walking backwards right in front of one young man, waving his arms and screaming at the top of his lungs and the man hadn't responded to him.

Well, not 'responded' - but 'reacted', hence the 'less' part of the invisibility clause.

Jim still existed in this subjective universe. His appearance, his actions, weren't 'really' real, and so he didn't have direct interaction with people, or with 'semi-real' objects. However, he could influence this plastic new reality, but only indirectly.

In fact, that was both the blessing and the curse...

He'd already established, with planter and door-knob, that he was completely unable to interact with items that weren't currently perceived - but, a little experimentation established he could interact with perceived items and objects, *as long as it could match the persons perceptions*.

His first test was a simple one: He 'stole' a poster off a light post.

The same young man was his 'test subject', and there was no doubt that the young man 'saw' the poster - but, though it was in his field of perception, he wasn't paying any attention to it. It was 'real' - but the writing and picture on it were still rather vague and blurry, because the young man hadn't gone to any trouble to 'perceive' what they were. Even when he turned his eyes away from the poster, it remained 'real' - though slowly fading as other things struck his conscious mind and supplanted the poster in his memory.

It was in this nebulous state of being that the poster became fair game for Jim. Not being directly looked at, but still 'real', he could reach out and tear it off the post - which he did.

When the young man's eyes turned back to the pole, the poster was gone - but the young man barely noticed, the lack of a poster as unimportant to him as the poster itself had been.

Jim folded up his 'prize', satisfied it was possible - and, being who and what he was, he immediately put theory into practice.

Chuckling, Jim reached into the young man's pants pocket and pulled out his cash, replacing it in the same movement with the folded poster.

The young man was aware he had money on him, so it was 'real' enough - but he wasn't looking directly at it, his own perceptions 'locking in' his own reality, so Jim could influence it. It was a mere twenty-four dollars - but it proved to Jim that it was possible to really steal things in this skewed universe, as long as somebody was aware of what Jim wanted to steal, but wasn't looking directly at it.

Of course, Jim was hardly planning to walk around all night picking pockets - he wanted something faster and easier. To that end, he began prowling the street, looking for a likely 'subject' to unwittingly help him out in his criminal endeavor.

In short order, he found somebody who seemed to be a ripe prospect, just getting off the cross-town bus as it left service at the centrally-located terminal.

She was a boyish-looking 'redhead' with a short, wildly-styled shock of carrot-orange hair. Dressed in a pair of tight, faded jeans and a low-cut black off-the-shoulder blouse, she walked with a slightly exaggerated hip-swivel atop the three-inch stacked heels of her black leather shoes, an unconscious attempt to make her slim hips and taut, small ass seem more 'womanly' than they were.

It was probably the same mindset that had prompted her to get what was almost painfully obvious as being breast implants. Even as Jim fell into step beside her, unnoticed, he glanced down her blouse at the breasts she was so consciously putting on display, as if trying to convince the world - or maybe just herself - that the toned, boyishly-built figure was that of a woman.

Given a body with almost no curves or 'excess' flesh by Mother Nature, even her reasonably modest implants looked outsized on her narrow, thin frame. The small, conical breasts she'd probably be originally gifted with was what the mind expected to see on a body of her build, and so the breasts, unnaturally round, looked far bigger than the full 'C'-cup they probably were - though they might have even been a 'D', though it was hard to judge accurately, since she'd further emphasized her cleavage with a push-up bra that put most of that mass right up top and together. Between all her breast-flesh being pushed right into the displayed cleavage, and the black blouse sort of hiding the fact that there wasn't an equal amount of breast-flesh below the neckline, you had to get about as close to her as Jim was to really tell that she was almost desperately over-emphasizing her implanted bust.

Still, it was a fairly nice view, all things considered, and Jim didn't mind peering, unnoticed - until they neared the first jewelry store Jim had cased, and his heart-rate tripled as he waited to see whether or not his assumptions were correct.

They were. Even as he watched with breathless excitement, the woman's step slowed as she glanced at the narrow, thick 'armored' glass window that displayed an array of diamond jewelry.

She turned towards the display, walking up to practically press her face against the glass, and Jim congratulated himself. Just like he'd figured, she couldn't help but stop and stare at the display.

After a long, long moment, she turned away from the display and slowly began moving across the store-front.

"Yes!" Jim shouted, pumping a fist in the air as he dove to the window, thrust his arm through the insubstantial 'unbreakable' glass...

...and felt his hand pass right through the jewelry.

"Shit!" Jim cursed, swiping uselessly at the jewelry he couldn't touch. It had just taken 'too long', and her attention had faded to the point that he couldn't interact with the jewelry anymore.

He turned and glanced at his unsuspecting 'partner' - and saw her approaching the matching display window on the other side of the main entrance.

Jim hurried over to where she stood - then stopped, muttering to himself as her position practically took up the entire window. He edged in closer, trying to be in position to swipe the jewels as soon as she turned away...

...then found himself unintentionally sliding right into the position she was occupying.

Though 'aware' of herself, she wasn't really looking at herself, or paying attention to herself - and so, she was as 'insubstantial' as the jewels had been. Grinning to himself, 'inside' her body, Jim waited for her to finish gazing longingly at the diamond-edged emerald jewelry displayed in this window - then, chuckling, took the opportunity to look down, getting a view of her cleavage that would have been otherwise impossible.

He was staring down at her tits when they suddenly 'lit up' - and became bigger. Quite a bit bigger.

Hell - they got downright huge...!

Stunned, Jim stared down at the breasts now filling out her top, each as big and as round as a ripe cantaloupe - and then he jerked his head to the side, chuckling again as he saw the young man a short distance away, staring at the redhead.

The oversized, silicone-pumped tits he'd been looking down at were the young man's perception of what the red-heads breasts looked like, and 'overlap' just like with the cop car he'd seen earlier.

Jim felt the woman start to shift, obviously done dreaming about jewelry she couldn't afford, and Jim prepared to make his 'grab' - and, out of the corner of his eye, noticed the young man quickly look away so that he wouldn't be caught staring at a woman's tits...

...and, even as Jim made his grab for the jewelry, he felt the strangest 'tearing' sensation. It wasn't painful, and there wasn't a tearing sound - but it was the closest he could come to describing what it felt like.

Stumbling back from the window, his hastily-grabbed ill-gotten gains in hand, he jerked his head down to look at his chest, where the strange sensation had come from...

"Holy shit!" He screamed hysterically, dropping his just-gained booty to the ground in shock, his hands freed to rise up to his chest and cradle the new additions beneath his suddenly straining shirt: "I've got... tits!"

He did, indeed - the massive, cantaloupe-sized breasts the young man had thought he'd seen on the red-head. Jim had 'stolen' them.

Even as he staggered in shock, hands trying in vain to push the massive, artificially round tits back into his ribcage, he realized what had happened. With the man's attention diverted, the perceived breasts had been in that perfect state between reality and non-existence... and when the woman had 'stepped out' of him, the perceived tits had become his.

Knowing how it had happened didn't help Jim's stunned, shocked and horrified state of mind, though - because it didn't help him figure out how to get rid of them.

"No..!" He gasped, hands still grasping the big new bust lurking behind his shirt - and then he let go, suddenly conscious of the sensations that came from 'playing' with his firm, round new unwanted attributes. "No, I... I can't have boobs!"

It was a statement of desire, not fact - though as shadow and 'unreal' as this subjective universe may be, there was no doubt that he did, in fact, have tits.

Big tits.

Big, *round* tits.

Big, round, *fake* tits.

Tits that he very desperately wanted to get rid of...

...but that didn't stop him from lifting shaking hands, unclasping the shoulder straps of his once-baggy overalls, and letting the 'bib' flop down around his waist so that he could pull up his now-straining black turtleneck shirt and see the new breasts thrust roundly and proudly from his chest.

They were huge.

They were firm.

They were smooth.

They were... slightly incandescent.

No, that wasn't true. They were imbued with more 'thereness', in this strange and altered universe. They were slightly more real than the rest of him.

"Holy shit..." He gasped, again, hesitantly touching one large, firm nipple - then hurriedly yanking the shirt back down over the firm globes of sensitive flesh, pulling the bib back up and reclasping it.

His own perceptions couldn't alter reality, but those of other people could - and, because of that, the mere 'memory' of the breasts, both from the red-head whose smaller breasts they 'really' were, and the man who's perception of them had made them so large, also served to make them somewhat more 'real' than the rest of him. He really, really had to get rid of them - and fast.

Not because speed mattered in any great scheme of things - but because touching them, both the initial hard grasp and the light, hesitant touches afterwards, had been disturbingly pleasant - and Jim didn't want to think that himself possessing any feminine attribute, especially one so noticeable, could in any way be enjoyable.

Redressed, he looked around, trying to figure out the best way to 'hand off' these tits to somebody else - and thought of the strip club he'd seen on his canvass of the area. He took off in that direction, nearly running...

...then slowed almost immediately back down to a walk as his huge new tits began bouncing and swaying outrageously with every step. Even at the slower pace, they shifted and jiggled with every single step he took, constant and inarguable reminders that he now possessed a very visible feminine attribute - even if he was the only one who could see them.

Shortly, Jim found himself standing outside the door of the strip club, one of the few businesses still open at this hour. Out of instinct, he reached out to open the door - then, mentally kicking himself, he took a deep breath and simply stepped through it.

It was intangible - except for his new breasts, which felt the slightest resistance as he passed through the ghostly door, almost the way it felt to walk through a cobweb, further verifying that they were more 'real' than the rest of him.

Shaking off the strange feeling and trying - and failing - to ignore the very weight and mass of his new tits, he looked around the darkened interior, trying to spot a likely candidate.

It wasn't easy - because they kept changing. As different men looked at the different women, their forms shuddered and shifted, altering due to the perceptions of those who were viewing them.

Picking an out of the way corner, Jim began surveying the selection of women, not looking for one whose chest measurements closely matched the unwanted one he now sported, but for a woman who was perceived by at least one man to match his new dimensions.

At last, he spotted a likely candidate - a buxom bottle blonde who, whenever walking through the 'cone' of a certain man in a booth, grew endowments nearly identical to the ones he himself now unwillingly sported. If he timed this right, he should be able to 'merge' with her and, when the perfect moment happened, she'd get the breasts he'd unwillingly 'stolen' from the red-head.

Taking a deep breath, he moved around the other women, waitresses and strippers, who were 'working the floor', taking up position directly behind the woman he'd chosen, ankling along in her high-heeled boots. He followed her, waiting for her to walk past the right booth - and sure enough, the man's glance on her momentarily inflated her own silicone mounds to match Jim's own. He threw himself forward...

...and cursed as he saw the man's attention fade, to be replaced by another man's perceptual 'spotlight'.

Jim had no time to register what it was the other man thought he saw. Already in motion, Jim couldn't stop himself, and he 'passed through' the stripper, feeling that strange tearing sensation gain- but not on his chest.

Stumbling out in front of the stripper, Jim didn't have to guess what the other man's perceptions had seen. He was trying to cope with them, staggering across the floor in a desperate bid to maintain his balance atop the ridiculously high, slender heels and towering platforms of the boots that now encased his feet - and his legs, up to the thighs.

Staggering across the room in the slender, skyscraper heels, too busy to even deal with the long, silky hair flapping around his face, Jim reached for the wall to brace himself...

...and, instead, went through it.

Slowly.

The resistance was much greater, and he didn't plunge through the wall as if it wasn't there, but as if it were made of molasses, sinking through it.

Halfway through, he suddenly paused - but not because of anything he'd done. Even as Jim's stunned mind tried to wrap itself around the knowledge that he was wearing high-heeled black leather boots and, from all indications, the proud owner of a new head of hair, one of the half-drunken patrons of the club looked in his direction - then stopped, staring at the point at the wall where Jim was halfway through, frowning.

Jim's body 'lit up'. Not nearly as brightly as the other women in the club, but certainly more than it should have with him being 'out of phase'. More of the attributes he'd unwillingly gained were 'real', and this attention of something the guy was noticing without quite being able to make it out made them even more real, too much so to allow him to continue passing through the wall...

...and then the man shrugged and turned away, and Jim finished slowly falling through the wall, letting him end up on the other side. He was in a bathroom.

Unable to successfully lean against anything for support, Jim cursed himself as he battled to stay upright in the nine-inch heels of the platform boots - then cursed himself anew, out loud, as he suddenly realized that the thing that had started his woes, stepping into the redhead to be positioned to grab the loot, needn't have happened. He could have grabbed through the

wall as well as the window, if he'd bothered to think about it - just as he hadn't needed to use the front door of the club to enter. His old 'real world' habits were...

"The fuckin' loot!" Jim yelled, wide-eyed, as he suddenly realized that, in the shock of everything that was happening, he'd just simply walked away from several thousand dollars worth of gold, diamonds and emeralds.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Jim berated himself, unable to believe how badly wrong everything was going - as he sighed and took stock of his worsened situation.

Aside from the more obvious thigh-high platform boots, he'd also 'stolen' a huge, bouffant mass of brassy blonde hair. The stripper's hair had been big - but Jim's was now huge, and not 'fake', with dark roots.

Also, a had look at the very faint reflection he now cast in the mirror revealed he'd also 'stolen' the over-done make-up scheme that the man had perceived on the unnamed stripper, leaving his lips dark gloss red, his eyes with a dark blue shadow and long, thick lashed, with plenty of rouge on the cheeks of his newly-pale face.

The changes didn't end there, though. His once-baggy denim bib overalls had become a sort of short jumper suit. The legs now ended just inside the flared tops of the high leather boots, and lay tight against his upper thighs, hips and ass to allow that to happen which meant it was now tight all over, as it's previously baggy top had been strained by his new tits.

"Shit..." Jim sighed, looking at the ridiculous figure he made, dressed all in black with huge tits and huge, blonde hair, all balance on high, slender heels - the most stereotypical 'drag queen' you might ever want to imagine.

He looked around the bathroom - and noticed the lack of urinals.

The thought that he'd ended up in the women's bathroom only made what had happened to him seem all the worse...

...and then the door to the bathroom began to swing open.

Jim felt panic hit him at the thought of being caught in the ladies' room - and then he shook his head and reminded himself that he was 'invisible'...

...only, he wasn't, quite.

Not anymore.

The stripper who entered the bathroom that was attached directly to the changing room was midway through getting undressed, pulling off a translucent white shirt that was part of her outfit. Though it's material, she thought she saw somebody in the bathroom - not really so much a sight, as the impression of high-heeled boots, big breasts, and a huge head of golden hair.

There was only one stripper who met that criteria. If the woman who'd entered the bathroom stopped to look harder, she would have noticed that this person didn't look like that other stripper all that much, more like a guy in drag - assuming, of course, she hadn't fainted at realizing that the apparition was mostly transparent, ghostly rather than substantial.

Also, she would have had to notice either of those facts incredible quickly - because, the instant the faint form through the fabric registered on her, it was changing to match her perception of what she thought she was seeing.

"Hey, Candy...!" She called, causally, stepping into one of the stalls as she finished pulling off her shirt. There was no answer.

That in and of itself didn't immediately cause any distress> Since she'd seen 'Candy' at the mirror, the stripper assumed she was touching up her lipstick. When no answer came a minute later, however, she stuck her head out of the stall...

...and blinked in confusion.

Though the always-noticeable sound of the noisy door being opened or closed hadn't echoed through the acoustically reflective room, the bathroom was empty.

* * * * *

A horrified expression on her face, the huge-breasted woman oh-so-slowly oozed her way out of the wall, into the darkness of the alley beside the strip-club.

She was tall and slender, but with overstated curves - wide hips and full ass separated from the massive bust-line by a slender waist. Framed by a huge head of hair, her face was pretty enough, beneath it's heavy layers of make-up - but it was a face cast in lines of horrified disgust, and not a little fear.

A theoretical observer would have been either stunned or amused to watch this woman grasp at the skin-tight black spandex crotch of the bodysuit molded to her obviously surgically enhanced figure and scream: "Oh, shit - I'm a broad!"

Even more amazing would have been the voice it came out in. Oh, it fit the body well enough, being feminine to no end - but it was a weak, flat-sounding voice, as lacking in substance as... well, as her ghostly, half-transparent body.

Jim, now encased in the body the other stripper perceived her co-worker to have, staggered across the alleyway atop the ridiculously high heels, trying to come to grips with what had happened.

Since he hadn't 'stolen' anything, his body hadn't become any more real then it had been before - but that had been real enough for the other strip to mistake it as her coworker, and what ghostly 'reality' Jim did have now reflected that woman's perceptions.

Her breasts had actually shrunk slightly, to match the other woman's more accurate perceptions. After all, as a sort of expert, the stripper had known Candy had FFF-cup implanted breasts, and that's what the new woman Jim had unwillingly

become also boasted. Likewise, her hair - now even more obviously bottle-blond then the real stripper's - was more in keeping with the lesser - but still 'big' - hair of the real stripper.

None of that was what you could call reassuring - because more than anything else, Jim was unmanned by being unmanned. The tits had been bad, the hair and make-up and heels worse - but that had been an dealing with feminine things.

Now, Jim was 'all woman' - and a lot of it.

"Oh, god.. no..." She sobbed, staggering down the alley, mind spinning.

She'd had a plan to get rid of the initial tits - a plan that had gone horribly, horrendously wrong, but a plan. How the hell did you 'hand off' a gender, though?

It wouldn't be easy, and until she managed the difficult feat, the truth was harsh:

Jim was stuck with being a woman.

Maybe, more accurately, a female ghost - because that was what she was, not quite real, but no longer completely unreal, either. None of the advantages of either state, and all of the disadvantages.

The worst of both worlds.

Shivering at the undeniably feminine sensations coming through his altered body's new nervous system, Jim staggered towards the end of the alley, feeling the strange way her wider hips swiveled and swayed, the bounce and shift of her big tits, the sweep of hair across her slender neck - and sobbed again, the very fact of her new gender seemingly intruding deliberately upon her, forcing her to notice everything feminine about her new form and figure.

Like a ghost, she began haunting the dark alleys, the hidden highways and byways of the city's underground, searching, always searching.

She needed to find somebody who was perceived as having similar appearances to her own - but was, or was perceived to be, male. A perfect replica of her new form would be best, as it would exactly 'cancel out' her new body - but, that being unlikely, the closer to what she now looked like was better.

It wouldn't do to just find a 'real' man, and use him - because she couldn't 'steal' his gender. She needed somebody who was - or was perceived to be - male, with feminine costuming, so that when she stole that perception, she would be a man with feminine costuming that she could take off. For example, find a guy in drag with smaller 'tits' than hers, and she could 'steal' that - but taking off what had been perceived-as-and-would-then-be a padded bra would leave the then-him with endowments equal to the size of the discrepancy. She-who-would-be-a-he would have only stolen however many cup-sizes of 'padded bra' as the cross-dresser was perceived to have.

The most likely even at finding a cross-dresser would leave Jim looking fairly feminine, with wider hips than Jim had once had, and a pair of breast implants - but Jim would be a feminine-looking man, and that was a hell of a start.

The problem was - Jim didn't know a damned thing about the transsexual community in the city - or even if there was one. He'd never given it any thought - but now, that's exactly what she needed to regain her masculinity.

So, she searched. She searched for a cross-dresser or pre-op (or perceived as pre-op) person whose perceived masculinity-in- feminine-disguise she could steal and make real - but the search, hard as it was, was made only harder by the fact that she couldn't let her ghostly self be seen, for fear of more changes happening to her, changes that might make the situation worse.

That's not how she saw it, of course. Given the course of her night so far, it wasn't the least bit surprising that the newly-feminine Jim had become paranoid. Struggling to master walking in impossibly high heels, she felt as if the universe itself were out to get her, and if she made any mistake at all, Murphy's Law would make things all the worse for her.

Slowly, literally painfully as she dealt with the weight of her new bust and the effects of her new heels, the female ghost roamed the city, seeking salvation.

It wasn't to be found, not that night at least.

Though she'd found a couple of closed stores that looked like they might cater to the right people, and some posters on walls and lampposts that indicated there was a transsexual community in the city, she hadn't found what she needed by the time the sun began to rise on the horizon - rise, and banish shadows she so desperately needed for concealment.

The thought of being caught out in the open, where anybody's perceptions could change her - for the worse, she was sure - she fled, fled in desperation, still searching. Now, however, she was searching for sanctuary, a place to hide from the revealing light of day until she could resume her search under the cloak of darkness.

As the city stirred and began to come to life, the unwillingly feminine ghost fled to the hopeful safety of sprawling old Victorian mansion, long since chopped up to be made into four modest-sized apartments.

There were two apartments on each the first and second floor, and the basement was a communal room - but the attic showed little sign of ever being visited, with no working lights and plenty of dust and cobwebs. Best of all, the small apartments tended to be used by transient tenants, meaning dozens of people had passed through the house and still retained memories of it - enough that it remained real and tangible to her, unlike the mostly forgettable walls of the strip club she'd 'fallen' through.

As thin gray light soaked in through the dust-covered windows in the attic of the old building, Jim curled up in a corner - and, no longer running and searching, was forced to confront her new form even more directly than at any point since the horrendous realization that she'd become female.

To the rest of the world, her new body was ghostly - but to her, herself, it was all too real and solid, and she shuddered as she hesitantly ran slender new long-nailed hands over her abundant curves. Curves that she'd never once wanted - but were now hers.

A firm, full ass, just perfect for her build - but feeling ridiculously huge to her even as she sat on it. Huge, much too sensitive tits that seemed insistent on making themselves known, always moving and jiggling and shivering and shaking. Even holding 'perfectly still', their firm spherical mass shivered slightly with each breath she took.

A waist that seemed impossibly slender, like she should snap in half from the top-heavy weight of her new bust - but with hips womanly-wide enough to counterbalance that mass.

Fine, delicate bone structure that seemed so fragile to support her own weight.

Hands and feet that seemed so tiny - especially the feet, aching from her unwanted, enforced lesson in walking in high heels.

The massive head of hair, a constant source of annoyance, always having to be patted back into place to keep it from running rampant and obscuring her view.

In fact, everything about being female seemed incredibly high-maintenance and intrusive.

As a man, Jim had always been at least subliminally aware of his manhood, because of its vulnerability to pain and the fact that it seemed to get in the way all the time. Oh, he'd never thought of it that way, of course, but as a woman she realized that was why she'd always been so aware of it: of how it might react to an attractive woman in a public place, of how it was sitting as he'd walked or moved or sat. Little adjustments through the day, making sure never to inadvertently put painful pressure on his cock or balls.

That, however, paled in comparison to being female. Every part of her seemed to demand that same minute-by-minute attention, or at least acknowledgment of its existence. Hair and hands and hips and ass. Cunt and tits and feet and legs. The way they moved, the way they felt, also elbowing in to her mind, especially since she had to coordinate it all to be able to remaining upright atop the slender heels - and that was all without the added handicap of 'acting' female, like a real woman would have to do in public. Jim could be graceless, could be 'ugly' in movement or pose - but she could never ignore this new body, not for a second.

Dimly, despite his best efforts not to, Jim unwillingly began to understand women better.

She didn't want to. Not because she was female, but because Jim had never cared to 'understand' women, mentally placing them in a slot for an 'inferior species' and letting it go at that. Now, however, a lot of their foibles and 'annoying habits' were not only beginning to become understandable - but, in some cases, actually make sense.

When you were so aware of your own body, for example, how could you help but be 'obsessed' with how you looked? As a man, Jim had rarely taken more than fifteen minutes to get ready to go out to anything, formal or not - but, dimly, as a woman she could understand why a woman would be a lot more conscious of her own appearance...

...and she didn't want to understand that.

Thankfully, after a long night, Jim had an easy solution. She might not be able to sate her stomach - but she could handle her exhaustion.

She went to sleep - and her last thought before falling into the welcome darkness was a wry amusement at the thought that she was a hungry ghost...

* * * * *

Jim sighed, rolled over, and opened her eyes...

...and started, the sensation coming from 'his' body overcoming the blissfully oblivion of sleep and reminding her of her feminine status...

...and started even more sharply as she found that same, feminine body being observed by a grave-looking little girl sitting cross-legged in the center of the attic floor.

"Hello." The girl said, her voice calm. "I'm Carrie." Jim only continued to gape at the girl.

She looked to be fourteen or so - but Jim had never really acquired a good gauge for guessing girls' ages, so he couldn't be sure. Dressed in a faded but well-mended floral-print dress, she was pale, with a dirt-smudged face and brown hair busily working itself out of the bright-colored barrettes meant to hold it back.

All in all, the perfect picture of a young girl a little more adventurous than her mother might have wished.

The type of girl, in fact, who might like to make her own private 'place' in the neat, strange attic of their new apartment building... "What's your name?" The girl - Carrie - asked, apparently unworried at finding a semi-transparent woman in the attic.

"Jim..." She replied, without even really thinking about it, a distracted answer while she looked past Carrie - to her own reflection in the dusty mirror behind her.

She'd changed.

It had to have been Carrie's perceptions of her that did it. Jim was still female, and still buxom - but there were things that weren't the same as they'd been last night.

Altogether, the changes added up to a look of a person who'd somehow stepped through time.

The boots, though still thigh-high and leather, with high heels, had changed into a low-gloss supple leather with eyes-and-laces up the front and a more shaped heel. In fact, they looked like thigh-high platform versions of 'Granny boots' - which went along with the white lace trim that had appeared at the cuffs and neckline of her new black-linen blouse, buttoned up the front.

A front that strained tautly over her still-large breasts, but now they were held in the firm grip of a bra that punched them out in that 'bullet' shape seen in some older photos.

Bullet-shaped breasts now made all the more prominent by the black leather corset now tightly wrapped around her waist.

Her hair, now a more natural shade of blonde, was still 'big' - but in an older, more elaborate bun-like style rather than a bouffant, and her make-up was less garish on a more classically beautiful face with softer, milkier skin.

"Were you sleeping, Ginny?" Carrie asked. "I didn't know ghosts slept."

That pulled Jim's attention back to the young girl, realizing that the 'old-fashioned' look came from the fact Carrie imagined she'd died a long time ago, which had influenced her perceptions of the clothes...

...as well as, with certain understandable assumptions, her perception of the name she'd been given in the vague, distracted tone.

"I'm Ginny." Jim tried to correct the girl - only to have the name emerge exactly as Carrie perceived it, making Jim-Ginny grimace, then sigh.

Compared to everything else, a 'name change' was small potatoes...

"You... didn't tell anybody about me, did you?" She asked, frightened at the prospect of an adult appearing - and further altering her. Carrie solemnly shook her head.

"No. Momma says there aren't any such things as ghosts." Carrie said, seriously. "I don't want to upset her by showing her she's wrong."

In other circumstances, Jim-Ginny would have laughed. As it was, she simply sighed in relief. "Does being dead hurt?" Carrie asked.

Jim-Ginny blinked.

"Sometimes." She said, slowly. "Mostly, though, it's lonely and frightening, and makes you very, very unhappy." "Oh." Carrie said, nodding. "Well, you don't have to be lonely anymore, Ginny. I'll be your friend."

Starting to wonder if she'd really woken up, or if this was all some sort of bizarre dream, Jim-Ginny forced a smile.

"Thanks, but I'm not going to be here long." She said, looking at the window, where darkness was starting to descend. She'd slept almost right through to sunset. "I have to go out once it's dark."

"Don't you have to stay here?" Carrie asked, frowning. "I thought ghosts had to stay with their houses..."

"Some do..." Jim-Ginny replied, off-the-cuff. "Others have to go specific places, traveling only at night. This.. it's like a ghost hotel, and I have to leave."

"Oh." Carrie said, nodding as if it all made perfect sense. "Okay."

Gritting ghostly teeth, Jim-Ginny prepared to handle the ordeal of balancing yet again in high heels...

...and rose smoothly and with feminine grace to her feet.

She blinked - then realized that Carrie's perceptions had done this.

Though the thought of moving like a 'real' woman was distasteful, Jim-Ginny couldn't help but admit that it beat the hell out of stumbling around awkwardly in heels, so she forced another smile at Carrie, biting back the curses that had risen instinctively in her throat.

"I have to go now, Carrie." She told the young girl.

"Okay, Ginny." Carrie replied, seriously. "I hope you get where you're supposed to go..."

The young woman uncurled from her spot on the ground, and headed off, throwing a look back over her shoulder as she headed for the stairs...

...and Jim-Ginny mentally shrugged, and decided to give the girl a thrill. Walking over to the spot on the wall where she'd entered the night before, she 'leaned'.

Though the floors - or, rather the ceilings of the rooms below - might have been 'memorized' enough to make then minimally solid to her, the walls of the rarely-visited attic weren't - and she slowly slipped right through, ending up on the rickety catwalk outside.

Quickly, before anybody could spot her, Jim-Ginny descended to the ground and lost herself in the shadows, moving with that supple feminine grace Carrie had unwittingly 'cursed' her with.

She picked up her search for a suitable 'gender donor', and for the next four hours slowly trailed the signs and spoors of the transsexual community - until, finally, she slunk into a dark alleyway, heading for a club known to be frequented by transsexuals of every stripe, almost any one of which would enact her reversion to a nominally male status.

Heart pounding in eager anticipation behind her voluminous breasts, she approached the club...

...then stopped at the end of the alley and looked around, frowning.

The club was in an old converted warehouse - but it wasn't the only one. The warehouse had been subdivided up by its owner into several 'specialty' clubs - and, in the interest of privacy, none of them were advertised.

She carefully considered. The idea of checking out each of the clubs was out of the question - but she didn't want to simply stand here and wait for the right 'type' of person to come by, either. She wanted to get back to being male as soon as possible.

There was a window set into the wall near one of the doors, sort of high, but apparently clear. Walking over to it, she grimaced in distaste - then pushed her leg forward and began 'sinking into' the pile of black plastic garbage bags piled in front of the window. Obviously, the spot to dump the clubs garbage was designed to stop your casual peeping tom, since it was too loose to climb up on, and too bulky to let you get close to the window - but, five minutes later, she'd almost overcome that simple system, her lower half 'merged' with the garbage as she prepared to look in the window...

...and then the brick wall around her 'lit up' in the spotlight of somebody's perception - and she jolted, rocked as she felt the change hit her.

She'd just 'absorbed' the garbage bags, 'stealing' their mass - and making herself fully real in this strange reality as she tried to cope with the attendant changes to her body.

"Well, well..." A deep, male voice said. "What have we here? Turn around, and let me get a look at you..."

She twitched at the sound of his voice - and, somehow, that twitch turned into a motion that turned her completely around, because that was exactly what the man speaking thought she was doing.

Since that's what he thought she was doing, that's what she did. While she tried to wrap her mind around the fact that a man's perceptions could even effect her actions, she was also busy trying to cope with the changes that had come over her.

The man facing her was a massive mountain of a man, bulging with muscles - and emitting an unearthly radiance that seemed to light his tight-fitting leather pants and vest with an inner light. Almost distractedly, she realized that this wasn't really how the man appeared, except to himself - and that he had an unusually strong 'sense of self', making him more-real-then-real, at least to somebody in her phase state.

That, however, was all secondary to trying to come with what his perceptions of her had done...

The boots she was balanced in were still thigh high, and still leather - but now they were 'ballet boots', incredibly sharply angled to leave her balanced on 'en Pointe', on the very tip of her toes, held up by the impossibly high, slender heels of the boots.

The corset also remained, tighter then ever, but the 'blouse' was now a gleaming black PVC garment molding itself to her figure - and the 'white lace' Carrie had given it had become white leather cuffs around each wrist and around her neck, sporting big metal 'O'- rings.

In short, she was now clothed in a sexual fetish outfit - one that was purposefully designed to encase, enhance, and enslave her female form.

Her breasts had grown even more massive, now looking like a pair of flesh volley-balls thrust from her chest, supported by the huge, built-in cups the corset had gained - which only covered the lower portion of her mostly-exposed breasts, from just below her newly- massive nipples on down.

Nipples that now each sported a big, silver ring piercing them, with a length of matching chain that ran from nipple-ring to nipple-ring - and then on to each wrist. Another chain went from the 'O' ring on the front of her collar to each nipple-ring, and a final chain joined the 'O'-rings attached to leather loops on the ankle of each impossible high-heeled boot.

More silver 'O's formed her earrings, dangling below her still-elaborate mass of now platinum-blond hair, restrained and shaped by a length of silver chain woven into the style, encircling and holding back the big, loose bun on her head before finally connecting to the 'O' ring at the back of her neck-collar.

In short, she now looked every inch the female fetish sex slave the man had perceived her to be...

...and, with his extraordinarily strong belief in his own perception, she *was* every inch that woman, his sheer force of will about how he *expected* her to act forcing her to do just that.

"My, my..." The massive man breathed, a hint of reverence in his voice. "Finally, all my patience is rewarded. Sheer perfection..."

To say that his presence, perceptions and reactions were unnerving was an understatement. Trapped in her newly fetish-fied body, highly aware of how much she was fighting the top-heavy mass of her gigantic, globular new tits to balance in the impossibly high, slender heels, the unwilling woman was damned near in a panic - but she couldn't show it, because every single attempt to do anything at all was 'perverted' by the man's perceptions of her intents.

Which was why her attempt to run, screaming, into then night instead became her striking a sexily submissive pose, lowering her head to look up at him through long, luscious lashes - as she smiled provocatively at his compliment.

She hadn't meant too, of course - it was her attempt to scream that had become the provocative, 'submissively' proud smile she now directed at him.

"...and unclaimed, too..." The man said, reaching into his back pocket - and emerging with a long, black leather leash, which he proceeded to clip to the 'O' ring on her neck collar.

"The safe word is 'Balsa'..." He whispered, as he clipped the symbol of mastery onto her. What followed for the next fourteen hours was pure nightmare.

Submissively, unable to break the unbelievably self-assured man's beliefs about her, she was led into the club, sissy-stepping obediently behind her new master. In the dimly-lit club, lit mostly with strobes and the occasional red- or white-light spilling out the briefly opened doors of private rooms, she was led across the main floor of the club. She felt her body trying to reshape itself to the perceptions of all the mostly leather-clad patrons of the BDSM club - but her unnamed new master's unwavering self-assurance kept her locked into the form he'd given her, and it was in that form she remained as she was led into one of the private rooms.

Desperately, locked inside her own body, she struggled to escape, to say or do something to keep this from happening - but the man's force of will was too strong for her. Trapped in a universe where other's ideas and thoughts formed her world, she was exactly what he expected her to be - and he expected her to be obediently submissive.

Actually, since this was a sexual fetish, he expected her to be 'secretly' enjoying being used as a living sex toy, and she gave off tiny hints behind her submissive silence that she was really enjoying this - but they were all lies.

Not even the man's perceptions could alter her mind. It was 'merely' her actions, forcing her to unwillingly pretend to be secretly enjoying this, aroused by this, wanting this, that made it look like this was her chosen enslavement as he led her to the complicated arrangement of bars, pads and chains in the center of the black-and-red leather room.

She 'willingly' let herself be placed in this apparatus. The chains were all removed from her, and she was instead clipped into the machine by the 'O'-rings at her neck, wrists, ankles, and waist. Once firmly locked in, unable to move, the massive man began manipulating the apparatus, which was designed to put her into absolutely any position he wanted her in.

Horried by what was happening, she expected him to have sex with her - but he didn't, not yet. No, his kink required some 'lead up' - and involved being her 'master' as he pandered her off for use.

Over the hours that followed, she was used in every conceivable way, by both men and women alike. She could - and did - scream of them to stop.

When they lowered her into position in front of the other woman's bare crotch, she begged not to be forced to do this - right up until the woman's thighs closed around her head, and she had to lick pussy or suffocate.

She begged not to have to suck the cock that was brought before her - and all she got for her pains was a load of thick, warm, disgusting cum pumped down her throat.

She screamed when she saw the massive dildo the dominatrix strapped into place - and screamed again when it filled her wet, tight new womanhood.

She screamed, she begged, and she pleaded - but that was exactly what these men and women wanted to hear, and it only aroused them all the more.

Not once, no matter how desperately she tried, could she make herself say the safe word. It just wouldn't emerge - because her 'master' wasn't expecting it too.

By hour eight, she was no longer begging and screaming any more. She wasn't sobbing or crying or even whimpering. She was barely even aware.

Still the endless parade of users came, and still she was given cock in any orifice at all. She was tit-fucked and ass-fucked. She took it up the cunt, and down the throat. She got dildoad and double-teamed. She was fondled and squeezed and rubbed and stroked.

She gave handjobs and blowjobs. She responded, almost mechanically, benumbed. Her mind began to wander in the never-ending orgy of sex, and though her horror and disgust remained constant, things seemed to grow distant and hazy. She lost all sense of time, and just barely managed to keep from losing all sense of self, descending into a deep fog where only her own horror reminded her that she hadn't been doing this for all eternity, and that this wasn't her purpose in life, and her unending future.

It went on, and *on*, and *on*...

...and then, some fourteen hours after it had started, her dazed mind slowly began coming out of its fog, something managing to have captured her attention.

Even as her body jiggled and swayed from the faceless man fucking her from behind, she focused on the leather-clad man standing by the head of the apparatus, enjoying the sight.

It was her 'master'... and yet it wasn't.

Same basic appearance - but 'less so'. Not so exaggerated. More...

...real...

She stared at him, a frown of confusion on her face, only barely aware of her own orgasm as the man finished fucking her - and then, like a hammer blow, it struck her.

"Balsa." She said in a numb, vague - but clear and coherent - voice, a dribble of some man's cum dripping from her lips.

Immediately, the leather-clad man held up a hand - and, less than two minutes later, she was being helped to her ridiculously high-heeled feet by men - and a couple of women - who, 'fantasy' over, were thanking her for such a wonderful 'performance'.

"No problem..." She replied in that numb tone of voice, looking around her with a dazed expression. "Glad you enjoyed it..."

She walked over to her 'master' and lightly drew her hand over his arm - no longer radically proportioned, just the arm of a masculine man in leather.

"I'm John - John Stevens." He introduced himself, holding out his hand as if this were.. well, if this were completely normal. "Ginny..." She said, vaguely, making no move to take his hand, just staring at him.

His smile flickered.

"Can I give you a ride home, or anything, Ginny?" He asked. "Sure." She replied, blankly.

The polite smile was completely gone a half hour later, replaced by a look of concern - because, upon arriving at 'Ginny's' apartment, it turned out that she not only didn't have a key, but neither super nor the other tenants knew a woman who was most definitely memorable...

...even if you didn't factor in her behavior as her strange numbness had faded away.

She huddled against the wall of the building she'd claimed was her apartment building, staring at him wide-eyed and shying away whenever he made a move to come near her. Her hands trembled, as did her voice, and there was a look of fear - and near horror - distorting her gorgeous face.

She wouldn't let him - let anybody - near her, and the suggestion that she go to the police or hospital nearly threw her into a panic, making him back down. Now seriously concerned about the woman so different in spirit then the one he'd met last night, John found the best he could do was give her some money - actually, leave it in the pocket of the overcoat he lay on the ground, back away, and let her snatch it up like a dog afraid of being kicked. Wrapping the long coat around her supple, buxom form, she hurried away from him with eerie grace atop heels John had only ever seen a few women able to manage to walk in, and in halting, oh-so-careful steps at that. He had to dangle the prospect of free 'room and board' at a hotel to convince her to climb back into the very same car she'd numbly entered willingly at the club, and at that she hunched in the corner of the back seat while he drove her to one of the mid-scale hotels.

John paid for the room with his credit card - then led her, at a 'safe distance', to the room and let her in - and she got barely close enough to him to snatch the key from his hand, dart into the room, and close and lock the door behind her.

Shaking his head, more deeply worried than before, John went back to the front desk and made sure that anything she wanted would be put on his credit card - and vowed, should she still be living in the hotel a week from now, he'd have to do something.

Independently wealthy, it wasn't a question of the expense - if this went on for a week, he was going to get at least a psychiatrist to talk to her, even if all she'd allow was for it to be done over the phone.

He was a man of drive and vision, who'd built up his own little corporate empire out of nothing. He was self-assured and competent, and he thought he had a great understanding of people - which was why seeing this woman, so obvious 'broken' in some way, after all he'd assumed about her the night before disturbed him so deeply.

If he'd misjudged her so badly the night before, what he'd thought was a shared source of pleasure, a willing fantasy, might have hurt her all the more deeply - and if he'd in some way caused this 'kicked puppy' syndrome, or 'simply' made it worse, he'd have to find some way to make it better...

* * * *

Still sopping wet from the nearly obsessive scrubbing shower she'd taken almost immediately after closing the door to her room, Ginny huddled on the bed, shivering from more than just the cool air on her damp skin.

She was a woman.

She was a real woman.

She was a 'real' real woman.

At some point during last night's orgy, she'd been pumped full of enough cum that the balance had shifted, pulling her back 'into phase' - and into the real world.

She was safe from random changes based on people's perception of her - but that meant she was also 'safe' from getting her old, male body back...

...for a while.

Her body was only 'in phase' because of a form of life that pulled her into the objective world it originated in. In either world, subjective or objective, nobody could just 'make' life - it was something outside of perception or control, something that either existed, or didn't.

There was only one substance that would keep her 'in phase' - and only if she got enough of it on a daily basis, still 'warm and wriggling'.

Cum.

If she took in enough cum, she'd stay 'in phase'.

Unable to every try and become male again- but safe from a state of perception where things had only gone from bad, to worse, to horrific.

She lay on the bed, shivering - and desperately tried to convince herself that it was worth the risk...

* * * * *

The cabby glanced in the rearview mirror - then did an almost classic double-take, jaw dropping as he surveyed the leather-clad figure reflected back in the small rectangle of silvered glass.

"Do you know the BDSM club near the harbor?" She asked, voice neutral. "The one off the alley on Johnson?" "Uh.. yeah..." The cabby agreed, nodding jerkily, eyes never leaving the mirror.

"That's where I'm going." She said, sitting back in the seat...

...and because his eyes were fixed on the massive, creamy orbs of her breasts, he completely missed the deep, haunted look in her eyes.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A gangster is blown up in his car, but is brought back to life years later as bimbo girl as part of a bazaar experiment.

Phoenix

By Gunslinger

The sky above the courthouse was gray and sullen, the bitter wind driving the low, dark clouds swiftly across the sky. But even that cold, wintery wind off the lake couldn't deter the small mob of reporters arrayed on the stone steps of the courthouse as the aged mahogany doors swung open and the tall, athletic figure in the trench coat hurried out and down the steps.

"Mister Brogan! How does it finally feel to have a guilty verdict returned after so many months?" The first reporter - a slender brunette from the local station - was the first to get a question off. She was also the only one to be heard clearly, as the other's intermingled questions obscured each other.

Max ignored the clamoring reporters, shouldering his way through, head down. The private investigator was tired of reporters of all types. Like vultures, they circled him, trying to get a quote from the enigmatic detective.

Pushing his way past the last of them, Max headed for his car, parked a short distance down the street. As he walked, shoulders hunched against the chill wind, he silently cursed the fates that had dropped this in his lap. Until a few months ago, he'd been quite happy to eke out a meager living as a private eye while he slowly drank and smoked himself to death in the evenings. Then, on a apparently simple case, trailing a man whose wife suspected infidelity, he'd witnessed a murder. But not just any murder. It had been drug-related, and in this town, when you said 'drugs', you were talking about John Escobara. It was a widely known fact that Escobara was the head of the local drug and gun running empire, but the police had never been able to pin anything on him. They'd managed to arrest and convict many of the soldiers and lieutenants in Escobara's organization, but the head man himself was careful to keep the illegal activities at arm's length, and stay safe.

Until that fateful night when Max had photographed Escobara himself pulling the trigger and ending the life of his own brother-in-law for cheating on Escobara's sister.

Max wished that someone - anyone - else had been the one there with the camera. Even Max's partner, Al, had told Max to pretend it had never happened - going up against Escobara was just too dangerous. But deep beneath the time-worn face of Max Brogan beat the heart of an honest man, and in the end Max had gone to the DA.

Ever since, he'd lived life in one safe-house after another, receiving death-threats daily. Three separate attempts on his life had been made - one much to close for comfort, as the still-healing bullet wound in his shoulder constantly reminded him. But it was over and done with, and Escobara was going away for a long, long time.

Sighing, Max unlocked the door to his '83 Cordoba and slid behind the wheel. Popping open the glove compartment, he pulled out a bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label and took a slug before returning it. Leaning forward, he inserted his key into the ignition and turned it.

His brain had only an instant to register the bright flash of light as the incendiary under his seat went off, then his world was nothing but pain as the flames filled the interior of the vehicle.

Then all was darkness, and Max Brogan knew nothing more as he fell into the beckoning darkness that reached out to grip him in it's cold, lonely embrace.

* * * * *

The first thing was not a sensation, in the normal definition. Not a smell, taste, sight, sound, or touch. Not a sense that registered in any conventional manner. It was much more elusive, yet all important - the sense of self. Although concrete concepts - who he was, or even what he was still didn't quite gel - the knowledge that he was an independent creature, separate yet part of the universe, defined him.

As it was once so elegantly stated, he thought - therefore, he was.

Then came knowledge. Not all at once, and certainly not all of it coherent. Random memories couples with flashes of thought and intuition. This brought the ability to place the sense of self he was feeling in relation to the universe at large. He was as a person, a Homo sapiens named... Max? Yes, Max Brogan...

With that came inquisitiveness - where he was, what had happened. At the thought, certain memories came forward, and he remembered the explosion, and his mind made the connection to the car bomb, and the Escobara case. But that still left a gap in his knowledge...

...which was the trigger that moved Max from the past into the present, that pushed him from thought to action. Even as the question formed in his mind, the core of his 'soul' found the strength to push against the blackness that enveloped him and Max Brogan struggled through the dark veil for the elusive light of consciousness. And as he rose, his physical senses, one by one, came to life and reported to his struggling mind.

Sound - the soft hum of air being circulated mechanically, the soft sound of fabric that indicated another occupant, the slight squeak of that unknown person's shoes on what sounded like linoleum flooring.

Smell - the harsh smell of antiseptics, the faint wisp of after-shave, and a underlying odor, not strong but invasive, of human waste.

Touch - the feel of a firm - almost hard - mattress under him. The soft, chill touch of air over a naked body that was surprisingly free of pain, but that felt awkward, unfamiliar - wrong.

Then, vision, as Max reached consciousness and his eyes fluttered open.

His head was tilted to the side, and he found himself looking at a room that was both right and wrong at the same time. Right, in that it was obviously a room at a medical facility. Wrong in that there was odd pieces of equipment, and a long, low workbench, declaring the room to be neither an operating or recover room. But that was all secondary to the slender, dark-haired young man whose back Max was seeing as the man sat peering intently into a microscope. Confused, sluggish and slightly scared, Max called to the young man.

"..."

At least, Max tried to call to the young man - his throat, feeling like it had been sanded with steel wool, was dry and tight, and his tongue lay like a dead rodent in his mouth, and no sound emerged.

Swallowing repeatedly - and wincing at the terrible taste in his mouth, Max tried again.

"Hut abbened? Air em eye?" Was what emerged - a distortion of Max's intended words, and distorted in tone, sounding muffled and wrong, too weak and high-pitched. The indecipherable words emerged in something that was barely a whisper.

The effect it had on the young man, however, was amazing.

The dark-haired youth started, literally jumping off of the stool and spinning around. The youth's eyes met Max's, and the young man emitted an incoherent gargling sound.

Max, shocked at the reaction, could only gape as the man fled from the room, his long white lab coat fluttering behind him as he dashed from the room. Max, confused, tried to sit up, but lacked the necessary strength to do so. He had to be happy with trying to work up enough saliva to lubricate his throat and mouth.

Minutes passed, and Max was beginning to worry, when the door finally swung opened, admitting a short, slender man with a face that was practically a map of Israel. A fringe of salt-and-pepper hair framed his face, and the gold-rimmed spectacles balanced on his long nose magnified his dark, expressive eyes. It was these expressive eyes that caused Max to really began to worry. Unlike the younger man, this older doctor looked eminently learned and skilled - and when those dark eyes widened in shock, the thrill of fear ran down Max's spine.

"What's going on? Where am I?" Max asked - demanded. Although his words were clear, his voice still sounded all wrong - the pitch and tone were all off.

"Oy..." The doctor breathed softly. Shaking himself, as if awakening from a trance, the doctor slowly made his way to the stool and sank onto it, his eyes never leaving Max.

"Damn it, doctor, what the hell's wrong?" Max asked, his fear making him belligerent.

Slowly the doctor removed his glasses and absently polished them with the hem of his lab coat. "Do... do you know who you are?" The doctor asked slowly.

Max hesitated - perhaps they'd expected brain damage. That might explain why they were so shocked. "Maxwell Patrick Brogan." Max replied, a little calmer. "And to save you some time - I'm forty-two, I'm in a hospital of some sort due to a car-bomb, and the date is November twenty-second, nineteen-eighty-eight. Now that you know there's no brain damage would you mind telling me what the *hell is wrong with my voice?*" That last was shouted as loud as the weakened detective could manage - the strange, feminine sound of his voice was driving him nuts.

The doctor swallowed audibly and replaced his glasses. "Mister Brogan..." He began awkwardly, then stopped, obviously searching for words. "My name is Dr. Farber - Ira Farber. You're in the G. N. Slinger Medical Research center... under my care, I suppose. However "

He was silent for several seconds, and Max sighed. "Yeah?"

Farber leaned forward. "Today's date is June seventh, nineteen-ninety-nine." That stopped Max cold. "I I've been in a coma for eleven years?"

Farber blinked. "It should be so simple..." he sighed, mostly to himself. "No, Mr. Brogan - You.. Well, to but it baldly, you've been legally *dead* for eleven years."

For several seconds it just didn't register. The concept simply refused to penetrate at first, and when it did, it was like a bomb exploding in Max's mind.

"*Dead!?*"

Farber looked away. "Although your heart was still functioning, you had negative brain-wave activity for twenty-four straight hours after you were admitted at the hospital. You're brain excuse me, *apparently* brain-dead body was then well, donated to me for medical experiments."

Max got a very, very bad feeling in the pit of his stomach. "What kind of experiments?"

Farber swallowed again. "Mr. Brogan - I'm afraid that you are now, technically speaking female."

Max gaped at the doctor, who watched Max with a nearly clinical interest. "Fe You mean I'm a woman?!" Max whispered.

"I'm afraid so, Mr Miss Brogan. For the past eleven years, your body has been used as a test-bed for several different Gender Reassignment techniques. Although you are incapable of reproduction, and lack a uterus, in all other ways you are indistinguishable from a woman - physically, hormonally, structurally I'm afraid that there is no way to undo this."

Max struggled to wrap his mind around the concept that he'd been turned into a woman. "How.. how could you?"

Farber shrugged. "You were dead. For eleven years, there has been no voluntary movement on your part, no consciousness - until know. And amazingly, no brain damage. It's amazing." Farber half- grinned. "You almost gave my student a heart attack when you spoke, my friend. Talking corpses tend to be a bit disconcerting."

Max barely heard the doctor - he was too busy trying to wrap his mind around the sudden revelations piling atop one another. Eleven years? *Dead? Female?* It was... it was...

Then, everything just went away. As if a curtain was rising, revealing the Holy Grail, everything else became - temporarily - unimportant as all of Max's mind focused on just one thing.

"Who?" Max demanded.

Farber blinked, nonplused. "Excuse me?"

"The car-bomb? Who did it? Did they catch him?" Max demanded.

Farber glanced away. "It was quite a news story, your death. The media followed the investigation quite closely - but no, no one was ever arrested for your murder."

Max's mind went into that cold, eminently logical mode that completely shunted aside all his worries, disgust and despair. "Doc - I'm gonna need your help."

Farber blinked. "Well - under the circumstances, just about anything I can do "

Max frowned in concentration - and a small part of his brain was happy to sense his brow wrinkling, as commanded. "I'm going to need clothing... and money... identification "

The doctor pulled out a pad and began writing things down dutifully as Max continued to reel things off.

"...and, most importantly - help getting out of this damned bed." Max finished. "If I can't get up, there's not much I'm going to be able to do."

"Yes, well - that would certainly make sense." Doctor Farber agreed. "Let me help you."

The doctor slid an arm under Max's shoulder and pushed upwards as Max struggled to right himself, all parts of his body sending signals that felt fundamentally wrong, despite the complete absence of pain.

"Here - let me wheel the mirror over. You can see what you look like." The doctor offered, after releasing Max and hovering by his side for a few seconds, making sure that Max had at least a reasonable semblance of control over his - her - new body. The little doctor then hurried over to a full- length mirror mounted on a swiveling, positional wheeled base. Moving it into position, he swung the mirror to let Max see who she now was.

"Holy crap..." Max whispered, throat suddenly dry as she stared in the mirror.

A caricature of a sexy woman stared back. One who barely looked a day over twenty.

She was tall for a man, much less for a woman, with flawless, almost artificial looking skin. Her legs were long and shapely, and her waist was almost not there at all. Her ass was absolutely mind- boggling, while her face - with it's huge blue eyes, full lips and tiny, pert nose - was a vision of 'brainless' sensuality below the mass of amazingly thick, full blonde hair.

But overshadowing all of this was her tits. Absolutely enormous, the massive, beach-ball sized globes of flesh were incredibly firm and round, with massive, thick nipples jutting from the apex. They were the most amazingly massive tits Max had ever seen - and they were hers.

The doctor also pointed out to her some other 'features' they'd used her body as a test-bed for. Like the 'permanent' make-up she was wearing. Or the modified sweat glands that now produced a mild, perfume-like scent. Or the hyper-sensitive nipples, lips, tongue and ass, as well as her large, highly- sensitized clit. Like the fact that her feet and leg muscles were 'optimized' to make walking in high- heels comfortable and easy. A hundred other 'little' changes that were tested on the body of the person who had once been forty-eight year old Max Brogan.

"Jesus, Doc..." Max said in her breathy, bimboish new voice. "You've turned me into some sort of living sex-doll."

"Well, actually - we just tested all the different procedures on your body." The doctor said, uncomfortably. "In all cases, we took them to the absolute limit, so we could see what that limit was."

"Great." Max sighed, shaking her new head. As she did so, the feel of her massive, thick mane of golden hair brushing over her slender shoulders drove home the point that she was now all woman - and then some. Part of her wanted to just break down - but that part was held at bay by another, deeper part of Max Brogan that was willing to use this new body to find out who had tried to end Max Brogan's life. In a sort of twisted way, this body was even better - sort of the ultimate in 'undercover' work.

"Okay, Doc - let's get to work."

* * * * *

"Oh, God..." Max breathed, squaring the tiny, slender shoulders of her new body as she eyes the door at the end of the corridor. "Give me strength..."

With that, Maxine Phoenix stepped walked down to the door, pushed it open, and stepped out into the world for the first time.

The summer sun spilled down over her, warm and inviting - but unable to warm the cold core of her, which was clenched around itself in fear and embarrassment. Although she'd had three weeks to get used to this body - as used to it as she could - it still hadn't helped much. She still subliminally expected people to stop and stare, to point at the freak, the man that looked like a woman...

...then she noticed the people *were* staring, and for one long second, she felt herself unable to breath as her throat locked around the air trying to slip down it.

Closing her eyes, she forced herself to relax, just as she practiced. She knew what they were staring at was her, but not because they saw her as a man masquerading as a woman. oh, no. She forced herself to think how they saw her...

A tall, huge-breasted blonde woman, her hair spilling down her back in thick golden waves. Her sensually innocent face carefully made up, with it's huge, 'brainless' blue eyes 'hidden' behind gold-rimmed zero-prescription glasses. Her shapely ass and womanly hips encased in a tight, smart burgundy knee-length skirt that showed what seemed to be miles of long, sexy, black-nylon encased legs. A white blouse straining to contain her massive, impossibly round tits, with a burgundy blazed over that. Expensive jewelry accenting her fingers, wrists, neck and earlobes. With the whole package balanced atop impossibly slender five-inch heels on her black leather pumps. An image of pure sensual, lust-inducing womanhood trying to appear business-like and intelligent.

That's why they were staring - and Maxine forced herself to remember that that staring was good - as it showed that no trace of the man that was inside was visible, which was going to be imperative for what she needed to do with this body.

Making sure that her white leather purse was slung securely, Maxine set off, fighting the urge to blush as she settled into the unbelievably sexy, ass-wiggling, hip-swaying walk that her tiny, altered feet forced her into. It had taken two weeks to fight the need to blush with every step, and within a few minutes she was barely aware that she was walking in a way that was sure to arouse the interests - as well as other parts - of every red-blooded, heterosexual male above the age of puberty.

Maxine - as he new ID read - found one immediate advantage to having the body of an eighteen-year- old boy's wet dream - she had absolutely no trouble getting a cab. In fact, when she reached the cab stand, three different drivers literally began to fight over the privilege of driving her, falling into an all- out brawl.

"Ya wanna wait 'n see who wins, or do ya wanna go somewhere, lady?" The question came from a burly, darkly-tanned woman leaning against a car and chewing on a toothpick while she watched the brawl with a mild sneer.

"I'd like to go somewhere, thank you." Maxine said in her damned new voice, all breathy and sexy. She opened the back door to the cab and slid in with some difficulty, having to maneuver both her impossibly huge tits and her legs in the tight skirt. She managed to shoe-horn herself into the back seat as the driver climbed into the front. Giving her the address, Maxine settled back in the seat and tried to use the ride to relax a bit and get a hold of herself, knowing that this wasn't going to be easy at all, and hoping it would all be worth-while.

Twenty-five minutes later - too soon for Maxine's tastes - the cab pulled to a stop outside of the building she'd specified, and she paid for the ride and climbed out to her high-heeled feet, looking up at the building with a hint of trepidation that her new face was ill-made to express. Gathering her courage, Maxine pulled open the door to the lobby and walked to the aging cage elevator at the far end. Stepping inside, she asked the man who was running it to take her to the fourth floor - then had to ask again, as the man hadn't heard the first time, staring stupidly at the vast, blouse covered mounds of her prodigious bust.

Getting off on the forth floor, she took a deep breath, then said to herself "Showtime."

With that damned wiggle-jiggle-sway, she walked to the second door on the right. Looking at the faded paint on the rippled smoked glass, she shook her head and pushed the door open, obscuring the words 'Brogan and Giordano Investigations'.

Unlike the days when this had been Maxine's office as well, there was no receptionist, cute or otherwise, sitting at the desk in the foyer - just as she hoped. With any luck, she could follow through on her plan to get a job here until she could get all the information she wanted from the files, then move on with the task of finding her 'killer' from the information thus gleaned.

"Hello?" She called out, damning her bimbo-ish voice once more. There was a startled flurry of sound from the door on the left, which swung open a few minutes later.

Maxine was expecting her old partner - but even as the muscular, olive-skinned young man stepped from the office, she realized that Al would be much to old for this line of work now. At the same time, the resemblance of the young man to Al could only mean one thing...

"Albert Giordano, Junior?" Maxine hazarded, and the young man smiled. Although the family lineage was clear, the younger Al lacked his father's easy charm or rugged intelligence - the junior Giordano's dark eyes looked shifty, rather than intelligent, and his smile had an oily quality that hardly inspired confidence. Maxine wondered why in hell Al would let his son grow into such a sleazy-looking specimen, much less hand the business over to him. The way the younger Al's eyes crept over Maxine's body made her itch and fondly recall the last time she'd seen Al, Jr. - when he was twelve, and too young for girls.

"Yo, that's me. Don't use the 'Junior' much, though." His smile widened. "And what can I do for you, little lady?"

'Stop being the perfect stereotype of a low-ranking Mafia thug, you dumb bastard.' Maxine thought with an internal shudder, wondering where Al had gone wrong. Out loud, she explained she was looking for a job, and her 'parents' (who, she explained, had once hired Brogan and Giordano) suggested she try here, if it was still a going concern.

Al smiled again, and Maxine wished he'd stop - it gave her the creeps.

"Actually, you're lucky it is a going concern, like you say." Al said. "Place was closed for eight years after the death of my dad and his partner, Mr. Brogan. I just started it up three years ago."

Maxine's stomach clenched, and she had to fight to keep her face from showing the shock and grief that she was feeling. "Oh? I'm sorry to hear about your loss."

"Thanks, Miss." Al replied with a shrug. "I happened long enough ago that it don't bother me much anymore."

Maxine had to clench her teeth at the callousness of Al, Junior. "If you don't mind me asking, what happened to your father and his partner?"

"Aw, it was in all the newspapers at the time." Al said with a shrug. "Somebody blew Brogan up in his car. Real big and messy. My dad? Well - he just disappeared. Nobody saw him after that day, so people just figure that he's dead, too. Everybody thinks this guy, uh... some Latino name - anyway, they think he had it done, 'cause Brogan sent him away for twenty at the local State Pen. 'Course, he only served eleven, getting out last month, but the point is, nobody could pin anything directly on him, see."

"I see." Maxine said, swearing to herself that she'd find the bastard who did this, be it Escobara or somebody else, and make them pay for both herself and Al, no matter what it took.

"so - as you can see, I ain't got a secretary. The job's yours if you want it, Maxine." Al said, leering at her. "Pays eight-seventy-four an hour."

Maxine thought that there would be less than she hoped in the files - she'd counted on Al continuing the case, not knowing he was gone as well. "Tell you what.." She said. "I'll try it for the day, see how the work is in view of the pay. Let you know tonight whether or not I want the job permanently."

Al shrugged. "Sure. Tell you what - either way, today I pay you ten buck without tax. That's eighty bucks for the day. Sound good."

"Sure." Maxine agreed, thinking to herself that it probably wasn't largess, but laziness - it would be easier for him to pay her a few crisp bills rather than work out the exact pay in either cash or writing an official business check.

* * * * *

At ten o'clock that night, Maxine was in one place that she never thought she'd find herself now, although she'd been in one or two in her male life.

She was in a whore-house.

It was a pretty high-class place, fronting as a bed-and breakfast that required a reservation - which was never available, of course. Inside, the converted Victorian mansion was something else.

Maxine's look at the files had revealed that this was a place that was owned by the Escobara empire, and the most probable place to find the new head of the Escobara clan, John's first son Juan.

Probably the elder Escobara would be in residence as well, eager to make up for eleven years spent in jail. In either case, Maxine had decided - after spending most of the day trying to talk herself out of it - that this was the only lead she had, and - considering her new body - there was only one way she was going to get in.

So, she'd spent an hour buying some new clothes from the only shop in town that had anything that would fit her outrageous body, a shop that usually sold to strippers and the like.

Walking up to the house, she'd felt scared shitless, embarrassed, angry and nauseous. She was clad in black nylons with seams running up the back, highlighting the shape and length of her smooth, sexy legs. Those legs, and her phenomenal ass, were also highlighted by the black platform pumps she wore, with eight-inch tall stiletto heels.

She'd also purchased a black 'puffy' skirt with white lace trim that she wore over lacy black French-cut panties that fit all too snugly to the - and she was intensely aware of this fact - fully functional vagina she now possessed. Her top was a black spandex crop-top over a black leather corset. A frilly white apron and a black-and-white lace cap completed the outfit's transition into a sexy 'French-maid' outfit, and she'd ditched the glasses and most of the jewelry, letting herself look as 'Bimbo' as her body could - which was a lot.

She's been hired on sight.

Now Maxine lounged in the main salon of the House, her heart doing triple duty as she struggled to keep any of her fear or disgust show through. She was laying on a specially-designed couch, with her legs stretched out beside her.

But that wasn't all - not by half. Because she was laying in the arms of Juan Escobara, who'd taken an immediate liking to the massive-breasted new 'Maid' at the house. As she grit her teeth and kept her full, sexy lips locked in a vague smile, Maxine tried not to cringe away as Juan, who was talking to a couple of his lieutenants, idly reached around and began to fondle one of Maxine's massive, spandex-encased tits. She didn't know what she hated more - his touch, or how incredibly good it felt. She hated herself for enjoying his caresses, the feel of his warm body against hers, the feel of his lips whenever he pulled her face around for another hard, deep kiss. She knew that it was all made intensely pleasurable by the work that had been done to her body, but that didn't make it any easier to deal with, and she to constantly fight the win urges - one, to give in to the new, female-hormone driven desires, the other to run out of the house and scrub herself clean of his touch for a few hours.

In a way, it was an advantage that both urges were equally strong - for in the end, she did exactly what a good whore should do, which is nothing at all aside from what the customer asked. However, Juan had yet to ask anything that Maxine considered truly disgusting, even though the fondling and kissing was bad enough.

Then, what Maxine feared most happened - Juan dismissed his lieutenants and looked down at Maxine's erotic face with a grin. "Well, my dear - why don't we retire upstairs?"

Maxine swallowed - then decided that there was no reason to go through with this. She'd simply refuse, then she'd be fired - and it would all be over. She'd just have to find some sort of other lead...

But Juan was still talking. "...and, after we're done for the evening, I will regale you with the wondrous exploits of myself and my father. I am sure that you will be amazed at whom you had as a lover tonight once you hear all that me and my family has done."

There it was - the lead that she'd been looking for. There was a good chance that the Latino's natural braggadocio would reveal all - but only on the post-coital glow. Only after...

...she'd had sex with him.

Closing her eyes for an instant, Maxine gathered all her wits and strength - then forced herself to look eager as she rose from the couch and let Juan lead her by the hand up the sweeping staircase and towards the bedroom at the back of the house, the one reserved for the use of the Escobara's, and their... ladies.

When they reached the threshold of the bedroom, Maxine couldn't help herself - she balked, her feet stopping dead just outside the door, unable to carry her any further while her heart thundered behind her gigantic new tits.

"Hey - what's the story?" Juan asked, turning to her and seeing the look on her face. "What's the problem, gorgeous?"

"I... I..." Maxine stuttered, feeling her 'cover' collapsing around her, but unable to stop herself from... stopping herself. "I can't do this... I've never... I mean, you want me to..."

Juan looked surprised. "Shit, girl - I knew this is your first night here - but are you telling me that it's your first night as a workin' girl?"

Maxine swallowed and grasped at the straw that was offered to her. "Yes. I thought I could - but I can't..."

Juan smiled. "Hey - I have never had the privilege of breaking a girl in before. This is extra special. I tell you what - I think you are the most amazing girl I have ever seen. That body, and those tits of yours... wow - I have never seen anything even close to you. So, you're worth the special attention. You come on in, and I'll take it nice and slow, make sure you feel real good when we do it. If anything happens you can't handle - then we'll stop, and you don't have to do anybody 'till next time I'm in, then we can try again. If you're not ready then, then we'll just keep waiting until you are. Anytime you can't handle it - you just say the word, we'll stop, and I'll get one of the other girls to ease the pressure, you know?"

Maxine was amazed at the sort of genuine kindness in the offer - and she knew that she'd never be able to live with herself if she backed out, and never found out what she could learn from Juan. "O... Okay."

Gently, Juan led her into the bedroom and closed the door. Slowly, he wrapped his arms around her. "This ain't so bad, is it?" he asked, gently.

"no..." Maxine agreed, faintly - disgusted because it actually felt quite nice.

"And a kiss - a kiss ain't nothing, right?" Juan asked - and Maxine took a deep breath and kissed him, as he had been kissing her all evening. Sure, this time it was her that was initiating the act, but otherwise it was something she'd already forced herself to do - and enjoy, much to her chagrin.

"Now - it isn't really all that different if you're naked. Just the same, only without clothes, right?" Juan asked, slowly sliding her skirt down. Maxine blushed but nodded, caught between those conflicting emotions. Flushing brightly, she slowly undressed, hesitating at each clasp and buckle, as Juan undressed himself. Then he gently pulled the now-naked Maxine back into the embrace.

For long minutes, he did nothing else but hold her, bare skin to bare skin while she breathed in rapid pants, her eyes closed, all too aware of her huge tits pressed against his bare chest, and his rapidly hardening cock against her thigh. But it wasn't an unpleasant sensation - far from it. It was actually disgustingly pleasurable, and despite herself, Maxine slowly relaxed in his embrace, until she was shocked to find that she not only could stand it - but she was enjoying it thoroughly, despite the emotional turmoil, and wanted to feel this good long and often.

"See - so far so good, right babe?" Juan asked quietly, and Maxine wordlessly nodded, hating herself for not being able to say 'stop' and run from the room.

"Now, does it feel nice when I do this?" Juan asked - then kissed her on the point of her elfin jaw. Slowly, he began to kiss his way downwards - her neck, her shoulder, the hollow at the base of her neck - while his hands began to lightly caress her firm, full ass.

Then, having just kissed her awe-inspiring cleavage, he began working his way up the slope of her massive right tit - and eventually reached her nipple, which he began to kiss and suck.

Maxine couldn't help herself - she moaned. The moan deepened and intensified as his hands left her buttock and began to fondle and caress her huge, firm endowments.

She was horrified to feel sharp pangs of regret when he finally stopped, continuing his trail of kisses down across her flat stomach. Each touch of his lips seemed to be like painless fire - one that lit a deeper, stronger fire in her belly, and she could feel her cunt becoming wet and hot, and hated herself for it - but was completely unable to utter a word.

Then she could utter a word - and that word was 'Yes', as Juan's mouth reached her womanhood and he began to lick at her sopping wet cunt, using tongue, fingers and lips to tease her engorged clit.

She helplessly repeated the affirmation a dozen times or more before she gasped as a weak, yet incredibly pleasurable, orgasm rattled her nerves...

...and something deep inside her broke. Rather than dulling her new-found arousal, the small orgasm fanned the flames into a raging inferno, and she was shocked and horrified to hear her own voice begging him to fuck her.

Juan complied. Moving her to the bed, he lay her on the soft silk sheets, seeming to loom over her as he positioned himself. A moment of clarity forced itself through the veil of hormone-driven lust, and she opened her mouth to beg him to stop...

...but the plea became a long, seep moan as he pushed inside her, his throbbing cock entering her wet, ready cunt and sliding across her swollen, highly-sensitized clit.

The moan became longer yet sharper as he began to drive into her, slowly at first then building in speed. She found herself instinctively moving her hips in a rhythm to increase the pleasure she felt, and she heard herself begging him to fuck her harder, deeper...

...and again, he complied.

Then all rational thought was lost in a swirl of pure pleasure as she was fucked long and hard by a man. Any doubts, any disgust, any shame was washed away by the waves of pure pleasure that were assaulting her body as she mindlessly played with her own enormous tits and screamed out Juan's name again and again as he fucked her.

Then her orgasm hit - her first real orgasm - and even that name was lost as she lost all her vocabulary and reverted to a purely primal scream of utter pleasure. She shuddered and shook on the bed, pleasure like she had never felt before coursing through her body, and even as she came out of the mindless state of orgasm, she knew that, no matter what, she wouldn't be able to stop herself from experiencing it every chance she could - it was a more potent drug than Cocaine, utterly addictive on the first use. And if clients wanted her to do anything - anything - else to get the orgasm, she'd do it, like a junkie would do anything for a fix. Blowjobs - no problem. Fucked up the ass - she'd be there. Chained down a whipped - as long as there was a chance that she'd get fucked, she'd do it with a smile.

Even as the last of the orgasm faded and she was able to think clearly, she felt the shame and disgust wash over her at her thoughts and actions and anticipation - but none of what she was feeling changed her craving for the new-found pleasure one iota, and she was resigned to her fate, knowing that there was no way to change what she now knew she needed, desperately. Even though she'd just been fucked - and really well - she was already feeling the first stirrings of the urge rebuilding.

Juan rolled off of her and smiled at her. "So - was it good?"

"Yes..." Maxine admitted helplessly - then, before her rising urge could draw her off track, she forced herself to get to the reason she was here. "I hope you don't mind me asking - but I was wondering why your father was in prison. I know that you are really the best of the best at what you do, so how did he get caught?"

Laying beside her and caressing one of her massive tits, Juan shrugged. "Actually, somebody saw him killing a person. Papa shouldn't have done it himself - but it was a matter of honor, and he had to."

Moaning at Juan's touch, Maxine had to force herself to concentrate. "He must have been really pissed at the guy who saw him..."

Juan laughed. "Actually, that's kinda a funny story. See, Papa wasn't all that pissed - he knew the risks of doing it himself, but he had to, for honor. So, when he got caught, he was only middling pissed. Sure, we harassed the guy who did it, and when one of our men got a lucky chance, he took a shot at the guy - but we really didn't have any heavy plans to get him back. Just sort of a 'if you can' sorta thing, you know?"

"What... oh, god, that's god... What happened?" Maxine asked, eyes closed and her voice husky as Juan's other hand slid somewhere further south than her tits.

"Well, in the end - this guy - he was a private dick, right? Anyway - his partner killed him." It took a second to register - then Maxine's eyes flew open. "What?"

Juan took her shock in a way other than she'd meant it. "Yeah - talk about luck, huh? This partner, he was some real devoted family man, with a wife and like six kids..."

'Seven', Maxine thought, dully, remembering how truly devoted Al had been to his wife and children.

"...so, he thinks we're really pissed at this private dick, and were not only gonna kill the dick, but this partner and his whole family. So, he fire-bombs his partner's car. Easy enough for him to do - he's got spares of the keys and everything. So, after he does, he calls us and tells us what he did, says we can't be touched for it because we didn't even know he was gonna do it, and can we please not hurt his wife and kids, see?" Juan laughed. "God, when Marco - that's may dad's chief, the guy who was in charge at the time - tells this guy that they never planned on hurting either him or his family, the partner goes white as a sheet. Then, Marco - who's a real sadist - says he'd gonna turn him in for the reward! The guy just lit off, ain't never been heard from since - probably buried himself in a whole, afraid of getting caught for murdering his own partner for nothing!"

Maxine was stunned, and didn't want to believe it. Al? Al was her murderer?

But all the pieces fit together perfectly. There was no reason for Juan to lie about it to her - but if he had been, then it would have meant that Al, Jr. Had lied to her as well - and that the files and newspaper clippings had been fakes.. and that even Dr. Farber had lied to her about her killing never being solved.

It was the truth. That was the only explanation - it had been Al.

A wave of despair washed over Maxine as she realized that the quest for her killer ended here - Al had been missing for eleven years, and nobody had the slightest lead. Her *raison d'être* was gone - what was she supposed to do with the rest of her life, stuck in a freakishly sexy body for only for...

...well - for a whore.

That thought, and the rising urge that was overwhelming her, finally overrode the last of her defenses and swept everything before it. Giving into her destiny, Maxine smiled up at Juan, who she could no longer even hate for being the son of the man she thought had murdered her.

"Hmmm... how 'bout you give me tips on other techniques?" She asked coyly, letting herself go. "Like..."

And she slid down his body, opened her mouth - and embraced her future as her lips embraced his rapidly stiffening cock.

* * * * *

'Juan Escobara' sighed. "Well, Doctor Melnick - I think it has worked, after a fashion. I did just as you said, and she apparently believes it all - but is this really a worth-while life for her? She believes herself to be a hooker named Maxine Phoenix."

'Doctor Farber' - in truth, Dr. Melnick, a noted psychiatrist, sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps she will tire of this life soon, and she will seek something more... productive."

The Latino man shrugged. "Perhaps - but considering her performance tonight, I cannot say that I expect so> To tell the truth - she was fantastic."

Melnick sipped at his scotch and sighed. "Yes, well - I'm afraid that I'd have to say that even the life of a high-priced 'whore' is better than her delusion that she is some detective named Max Brogan."

'Juan' - who's real name was Ricardo - cocked his head. "I was wondering about that - was there ever such a person? And how did she get caught in this delusion that she was this person, real or no?"

The Doctor spread his hands. "Well, there really was a Max Brogan, and I assume that an old newspaper clipping or something set off the beginning of the delusion. Under hypnosis, I found that Brandi - that's her real name, by the way - became obsessed with this person, eventually convincing herself that she was him. If not for the wealth of her step-father, there might not have been anything I could have done - my hypnotic programming to set the 'scene' wasn't that expensive, but do you know how much it cost to rent that specific office and have it quickly remodeled the way it had been when Brogan worked there? And to find an actor close enough to Mr. Giordano's son to portray him?"

"Oh - there's really a Al Giordano, too?" Ricardo asked.

"Oh, yes." The doctor nodded. "But he refused to have anything to do with this, saying it defiled the murder of his partner by John Escobara - the man who's son you played."

"Oh - so it really was Escobara?" Ricardo asked.

The doctor nodded. "Yes - and Al Giordano could take the five years it took to connect John to Brogan's murder. Then they tried Escobara - who was still in jail - for the murder, and tacked an addition life sentence to the one that he already had. With the coconspirator charge against his son - the one you played - that put them both away for a long, long time and effectively killed the organization."

Ricardo sighed. "Still - it seems sad that this girl is going to spend the rest of her life in a home owned by a step-father she doesn't even remember, 'whoring' for the men that he's supplied to keep her happy."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry. Now that the 'case' has been 'solved', she is free to do whatever she wants - it'll just be as 'Maxine Phoenix', that's all. It's a hell of lot better then Max Brogan." He shook his head again. "Although, I still have to say that even after all the cases I've dealt with in my years as a psychiatrist, it still amazes me how gullible the human mind is to it's own delusions. I had absolutely no problem making her believe that there was a way to make a forty-some-odd year old man into a stunningly sexy woman. Even though she went through puberty with a hormonal problem that gave her that, uh... remarkable figure, and there is no sign of surgery or any other work on her body, she was willing to believe that medical science had somehow transformed her into that because it supported the delusion she already had."

Ricardo laughed. "Hey, man - I believe it. After all, it's kinda the same for us actors, too - we only have a job because the people who watch the movie are willing to 'believe' what they're seeing on the screen for two hours."

Shaking his head, Melnick lifted his glass and proposed a toast. "Here's to the innate gullibility of the human mind."

Clinking their glasses together, the two men drank.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Looking to vandalize a set of dolls, one man is transformed into the doll he set out to destroy and finds he is now attracted to the doll's owner.

Play With Me

By Gunslinger

Bracing his hands on the top of the wooden fence, Gary applied the strength in his thick, muscular arms to haul himself up and over...

...and his swinging heel caught on the edge of the fence and he performed three-quarters of an ungainly somersault, ending up on the other side of the fence in an ungainly sprawl.

The fairly large quantity of alcohol in his system keeping from feeling the bruises he'd just acquired, the dark-haired young man hauled himself up off the ground.

"I meant to do that..." He muttered to himself, tugging and brushing at the all-black clothing that covered a once rock-hard body quickly running towards fat. Letting out a beery belch, Gary began a swaying walk towards the small, neatly-kept bungalow centered on the tiny little lot.

Just a half-hour after sunset, Gary could still hear plenty of signs of life from the other, 'cookie-cutter' houses crowded into the small subdivision. The house he was not-so-stealthily approaching, however, was dark and quiet - which wasn't exactly a shock, since Gary had 'wisely' popped into the campus library long enough to ensure Peter was still there, before embarking on his little 'mission'.

Making his way up to the back door of the little red-brick house, Gary pulled a straightened-out paper clip and a bobby-pin out of his pocket. Holding the two small pieces of metal in his hand, he stared blankly at the door handle for a moment, trying to get his hazy vision to focus.

"Aw, fuck it." He said - and, tossing the two 'lock picks' over his shoulder, raised one booted foot and kicked the flimsy door open. It never even occurred to him to check if it was unlocked, first - which, in fact, it had been.

With a swaying swagger, the beefy, dark-haired young man entered the linoleum-floored kitchen. Without even bothering to consider the consequences, he flicked on the lights.

Walking over to an old, but well-maintained Kenmore refrigerator in that particularly horrid shade of Avocado Green that had once, somehow, been popular, Gary yanked open the door and peered inside. Unlike the fridge in Gary's own apartment, this one actually carried more than just condiments and left-over take-out food, but there was one common element between the two:

Beer.

Reaching in, Gary extracted a bottle, and peered blearily at the label.

"Goddamn it - Wetback beer." He said, with a grimace of distaste. He shrugged, then tried to twist off the cap.

Only after he'd done a pretty good job on the inside of his thumb did he realize it wasn't a twist off. His cursing muffled by having his lightly bleeding hand in his mouth, he shoved the beer back in the fridge and slammed the door...

...and stared at the bottle-opener, shaped like a guitar, attached to the fridge by a magnet.

Muttering to himself, he retrieved the beer, used the opener to pop the top off, and took a long swig of the cold beverage as he resumed his trek through the house.

Though nearly everything in the house was second-hand, it was all clean and in fairly good repair. Not only did the various room's items match, but in each case they went with the decor, and in general the house was neat and tidy in that certain way that claimed it was 'bachelor tidy' rather than the home where a woman resided. Looking at the ten-year-old TV and even older stereo beside it, Gary's lip curled in a sneer.

The house being as small as it was, it didn't take Gary long to find what he was looking for. It was in the smaller of the bungalow's two bedrooms - and when he entered and flipped on the lights, a slow, ugly smile rose to Gary's thick lips.

"Bingo!"

The room's only furnishings were the simple white shelves that were attached to all four walls, spaced about two feet apart, floor to ceiling - and, filling all that storage space was Peter MacKenzie's prized 'doll collection'.

At least, that was how Gary contemptuously referred to it - but he couldn't quite work up the same contempt now as he turned to the right and began a slow circuit of the room.

There, on the shelves before him, were familiar 'faces'. As a kid, Gary himself had played with the Dogface Dan action figures, even watched the Saturday-morning animated series - but the items in front of him weren't the cheap little plastic toys Gary remembered.

No, Peter's collection consisted of the Telmat Toy Company's 1979 line of limited-edition twelve-inch 'figurines' - the *complete* line.

Each figure. Each 'accessory pack'. Each vehicle, and play-set - still in the original boxes. Every single item that, individually, were much prized by collectors - but whose value increased exponentially by having all been gathered in it's entirety. Not a single item offered up by Telmat for 1979 12-inch line was missing, not even the special marketing 'promotional' items.

Peter had it all...

...including the Bambi set.

Gary's grin widened further, becoming a full-fledged smirk as he eyed the 'Holy Grail' for collectors, the single most prized item in the Telmat line.

It was a promotional boxed set, a 'starter kit' for the twelve-inch Bambi doll line that had never gotten into the market. Though literal legions of parents had bought the six-inch version of the curvaceous blonde doll for their daughters, the heftier price-tag of the larger doll - and the fact that the vast wardrobe of clothes and accessories already available for the six-inch one would have been obsolete - made the larger size unmarketable.

At least, at the time...

Exactly one thousand of the starter kits had been produced. Of that number, less than half were still in their original boxes...

...but only *one*, the first one off the line, had been signed on the white paper 'tape' that sealed the box by none other than Barbara May Beeson.

In 1962, Barbara May had been Miss Southern California, a cheerful, buxom, blue-eyed beauty queen - and the inspirational model for the new doll being produced by the local company who had sponsored her. In a strange, heterodyning

sort of way, for the next decade Barbara May made the doll famous, while the doll ensure what should have been a passing moment of beauty-pageant glory instead became a legacy.

It was the very box in front of Gary that bore that signature, along with the initials that had given the doll it's name: BMB.

In absolute terms, it wasn't much: Just a plastic-fronted cardboard box, containing a twelve-inch high doll sitting at a pink plastic make-up table with two clothing racks flanking it, each holding four additional outfits, aside from the one the doll already wore. It cost, perhaps, five dollars to manufacture, and would have marketed for thirty.

To the right collector, however, it would be worth several thousand dollars...

...but Gary didn't know the right collector, nor how to find him. Not that it mattered.

Gary's goal wasn't theft - it was desecration.

That was Gary's driving passion, the way he 'entertained' himself. Gary saw it as his mission in life to hurt, belittle and humiliate all those he thought less manly than himself - and since he was, in his own modest opinion, the pinnacle of manhood, that included just about everybody.

So, Gary was going to do something that, in it's way, would be much more hurtful to Peter than merely stealing this prized possession from him.

Grinning, Gary reached out with his meaty left hand and grabbed the box, while he dug his right hand into the pocket of his black jeans and emerged with a switch-blade knife.

With the trademark 'click', he popped open the blade, and brought the box and the knife together, finely-honed tip of the blade resting lightly on the end of the tape bearing the signature...

...and he hesitated, a strange sense of foreboding suddenly filling him. The cruel sneer fell from his lips, and he frowned as something curled around his stomach and sent chills running up and down his spine.

Something suddenly felt horribly, horribly wrong.

For a moment, both the alcohol-induced haze and the cruelty-induced anticipation faded, and - perhaps for the first time in his life - Gary found himself thinking rationally and ethically about what he was about to do.

He hesitated - and then said, "Fuck it!"

Grinning wickedly, he pressed down on the knife in his ha/nds neatly folded in his lap as he sat with his spine perfectly straight, staring straight ahead.

The alteration of location and situation happened so instantaneously, with out any sensation of movement or change - or duration - in between that Gary's mind simply couldn't grasp it in that first moment. It instead tried to follow it's in-use train of

thought, only to find that nothing it was 'expecting' matched up, and his brain whirled to a stunned stop. Slowly, almost hesitatingly, it had to 'back up' and begin piecing together what was going on from scratch.

The first thing his mind latched onto was the eyes.

The big, bright, baby-blue eyes, framed by long, downy lashes, meeting his own look dead-on with a twinkling, joyful gaze. Then, his whirling consciousness took in the face that those eyes were set into.

It was a lovely face, basically oval in shape but with a slightly pointed chin. It boasted the cutest little snub of a nose, the most delightful pair of pin-glossed cupid's-bow lips and, of course, those big baby-blues. The skin was glorious, not tanned but not too pale, and utterly flawless.

That lovely cute/sexy face, in turn, was surrounded by a wealth of hair so richly golden that it didn't look possible - too perfect to be dyed, yet too evenly rich, glossy and golden to be natural. Nevertheless, however it had come to be, there it was, a golden mane falling with only the slightest wave around that beautiful woman-child's face.

A face, Gary noted next, that was supported by a long, slender, and gracefully curved neck - one that led downwards to the collar of a powder-blue sweater that, Gary quickly noticed, seemed to be filled near onto bursting with a pair of almost impossibly large, firm, and high-set breasts.

Gary's mind noted all of these things in a scant second, and his first considered action was to look down and take a good, square-on look at those breasts he'd caught sight of out of the bottom of his eyes...

...except that he couldn't move his eyes.

When he tried to shift his gaze, nothing at all happened - and the same nothing happened when he tried to move his head.

In fact, as panic began to build, he tried to move any part of himself at all - and found himself helplessly locked into position, unable to so much as stir a finger. The rise and fall of his chest, smooth and slow despite his burgeoning fear, was the only motion he made.

Now his conscious mind, flailing about for an explanation for his paralysis, shifted from visual information to his tactile sense, and he began polling his body for pain or, fearfully, the sort of numbness he might have expected if he'd been paralyzed completely - except that he felt neither.

What he felt, instead, was simply befuddling. He felt 'fine', physically - but he also didn't feel... well, *normal*.

With each breath he took, it seemed as if he were pushing against something - as if there were laying on his chest on a soft yet firm pillow, on top of, say, a waterbed. It wasn't actually difficult for him to breathe - but there was definitely the feeling of moving more weight around with each breath than normal.

As for softly firm pillows - it felt almost like he was sitting on one, as well. On the other hand, other parts of his - like his arms - felt strangely... light, though he couldn't exactly quantify how that was, since he wasn't moving them.

His legs felt okay, all things considered - except that they seemed to be bare, at least from mid-thigh down.. and he couldn't tell what it was he was wearing. It didn't feel as if he were wearing shorts, though there was soft fabric sitting across his thighs...

All of this registered, briefly - but since it didn't seem to be directly connected to his paralysis, Gary pushed it aside, instead trying to once more figure out what was going on. He couldn't move a muscle, yet, as odd as some of the sensations his body was providing might have been - and the way his nipples felt, well... almost like they were trying to get his attention or something, was definitely 'odd' - it was obviously he wasn't being physically restrained. Even when he tried to move, he didn't feel muscles tightening. It was as if the command wasn't getting from his brain stem to his body.

So, Gary once more focused on his vision, straining to make out what he was seeing, a task made more difficult by the fact he couldn't even move his eyes.

The cute/sexy blonde was still staring directly at him, that same rather vapid smile on her full lips. Beyond her, he could see a pair of clothing racks that, for some reason, looked oddly familiar - and beyond them, white shelving units.

Okay, so he was still in Peter's second bedroom, which made a certain sort of sense - except that he must have somehow moved, and ended up sitting down. Still, based on what he saw, it meant he must be sitting...

...halfway through the 'front' wall of the room. That just wasn't possible.

Okay, so strain a little harder, see what was throwing his visual cues off, and...

Something at the edges of his vision. Something... pink? Yes, pink-painted wood, so lacquered as to seem nearly like plastic, framing...

...framing... The mirror.

The mirror he was looking straight into.

Actually, he realized in horrified despair, he'd already known. Somehow, from the first instant, part of his mind had already realized what had happened - but his consciousness, refusing to believe it - or, perhaps, not wanting to - had been looking for another possible explanation, any other explanation for what all his senses were telling him.

There wasn't one.

In a rush, he was forced to face the unthinkable. He was the woman in the mirror!

A woman who looked exactly like a living, breathing, human representation of a Bambi doll.

Not of Barbara May Beeson - but of the near-caricature of her the Bambi doll represented. Impossibly leggy, wasp-waisted, overly- busty... that was the woman Gary had somehow, 'impossibly' become.

If not for the fact that he was utterly incapable of voluntary movement, Gary would have screamed out in horror at the realization - but even that was denied him as he simply, helplessly stared at the woman in the mirror, the woman he had been turned into.

Unable to move, unable to do anything but sit and stare at this incredible figure of a woman he'd become - unable even to close his eyes and shut out the sight - Gary found himself with plenty of time to do nothing but think.

Think, first, of how this possibly could have happened - and when his less-than-stellar intellect could come up with no plausible explanation, he was forced to move onto 'why', which was much easier to explain...

...except that 'easier' was a relative concept, for with nothing else to distract himself with, his mind went deeper and deeper down that path, forcing him to consider himself in a slowly dawning new light.

To look at his life and the type of man he was - or, rather, had been, for this fate was somehow inarguably linked to who and what he'd been - and he was forced, inexorably, to face it.

By the time he/she heard the sound of a key in the front door, Gary was glad for any slightest distraction to pull his/her mind away from the conclusions it had been reaching - conclusion that, more than just the horror of what happened to him-now-her, were reason for despair, for they showed a life with no real pleasure, no friends, no redeeming features at all. Afraid to face that, the new woman was more 'happy' to have to deal with her feminine fate rather than face those horrible - and belittling - conclusion.

She listened to Peter come in the front door, move around the living-room for a minute - and then a strangled shout indicated that the young man had looked into the kitchen. There was a pause - and then the sound of pounding feet.

As the slender, sandy-haired young man skidded to a stop just inside the door of the spare bedroom, a look of almost comical surprise forming on his lean face, the new woman found she could finally move - though not voluntarily, for what happened next did so without her conscious intent.

Helplessly, she found herself rising with an eerie gracefulness to stand easily atop the six-inch heels of her white leather pumps, her smile widening.

"Hi, I'm Bambi!" She informed the stunned young man with a helplessly good-natured giggle. "Play with me!"

* * * * *

With those words, something seemed to 'click' inside the new woman, and she found a completely new body under control of her familiar old consciousness...

Mostly.

She shuddered - except that it came out as a delightful little shiver. She was far from happy - but her 'most upset' expression seemed to just be a slight grin instead of a full-on smile. The first conscious phrase that sprang to her lips was 'God, I need a fucking drink'...

...but what emerged in that sweet soprano voice she'd been cursed with was: "Gee, I'd like a drink."

Gaping wide-eyed at the tall, gorgeous woman standing in front of him, the living, idealized version of a doll he'd always sort of 'semi- fantasized' about, Peter nodded his head numbly.

"Me, too." He agreed, his voice as stunned as his expression. He shook his head, and a bit of his usual intelligence returned to his hazel eyes. "Uh - why don't you follow me to the living-room, and I'll get us something to drink."

"Okey-dokey!" She agreed, with a giggle - and though the walk to the living-room wasn't all that far, Peter had to keep turning his head, half-expecting each time that she would've vanished, and this had been nothing more than a dream.

Each time, though, she was still behind him, her full hips swaying with supple grace, causing her pleated white skirt to flip pertly over her incredibly long, shapely legs.

Of course, Peter, as stunned as he was, would have been even more stunned by what the woman walking behind him was going through.

'What the hell...!' Gary-as-Bambi wondered. Just walking was a whole new experience. The strange, smooth sway of her well- rounded new hips, the heel-to-toe motion she helplessly used in her high heels, the ever-so-slight sway and jiggle of her huge, firm new breasts, the swish of her golden hair around her swan-like neck - all of it new, and uncomfortably comfortable.

It was as if there was a filter between her brain and body -she decided what she wanted to do, but the filter interpreted into actions that 'Bambi' could take. That, by itself, was so strange and new as to be as much as the new woman could handle dealing with for the moment - but, unfortunately, it wasn't all she was forced to deal with.

Every time Peter looked back over his shoulder at her, she could read his enjoyment of her figure in his eyes. Shocked, confused, and slightly awed enjoyment, but definitely enjoyment nonetheless...

...and every time she saw that look in his eyes, the new woman felt an unbidden shiver of pleasure run up her spine.

Whether she wanted to or not - and she most definitely did not - knowing that Peter liked looking at her made her helplessly feel... good.

Really good.

So good - it was scary.

"Just.. have a seat." Peter told her, once more giving her that puppy-dog look of adoration - and once more, shivers of pleasure ran up and down Bambi's spine. "Beer okay?"

"Beer would be wonderful!" She told him with a chipper smile - conveying the agreement she'd meant, if not in the same words and tones. With a graceful sweep, she flicked her long, thick mane of hair back over her shoulders and settled daintily down on the couch.

As she sat, smiling at nothing, her brain worked furiously to try and figure out what the hell was happening, and what it all meant to her future. She didn't want to be a woman, but she was one - and she didn't want to feel pleasure every time Peter looked at her, but she did. Not knowing how to deal with it, her first instinct was to just get up and run away, find someplace where she could hide, where she didn't have to deal with people dealing with *her* as a woman, and try to sort it all out...

...except she couldn't. It was one thing her 'filter' wouldn't let her do. Voluntarily or involuntarily, she couldn't leave the young man who who what?

Who... owned her.

She wasn't sure where the insight came from - but it struck with the force of certainty, and she knew with dawning horror that she had it right.

She didn't just look like Peter's prized doll, Bambi - in a very real way, she somehow still was that doll, only brought to life.

No, she realized in another brief flash of insight, she was a doll that had been infused with *Gary's* life - but, for all that she was now a living, breathing woman, she was still that doll, and it was that which shaped her new imperatives.

She'd introduced herself to Peter - and invited him to play with her - and now, with horror, she realized she'd meant it literally.

She was his toy. His to do with as he wished - and that filter that defined what she could and couldn't do, and how she did it, would make sure she fulfilled her primary mission in her new existence.

Peter returned - and with him, that unwanted shiver of pleasure that only confirmed her worst suspicions about her new purpose in life.

"Here you are, uh... Bambi." Peter said, his adoring eyes filled with questions as he handed her a glass of beer. Delicately, she accepted it and took a sip as he turned and walked over to an armchair...

..and she felt a sudden blast of discomfort as his 'rejection' of her.

She tried to ignore it, try to pretend she wasn't feeling it - but it was too strong for that. It continued to run through her, even as another tremulous wave of pleasure ran through her as he eyed her again over the distance now separating her.

He found her very attractive, which was causing her unwanted pleasure - but he had sat down away from her, rather than beside her, which caused her unwanted pain.

"I, Uh..." Peter said, trying to figure out how to frame the questions he wanted to ask - and momentarily dropping that pleasure-inducing gaze as he tried to figure out the best way to ask his questions without risking driving away the stunningly sexy woman who'd suddenly fallen into his lap.

It was much less of a metaphor than he thought it was - for, a moment later, Peter was shocked as she gracefully draped herself in just that position, her pert derrière perched on his lap and her long, luscious legs hanging over the arm of the chair.

The worst part of it, Bambi found - was the fact that she'd done it completely voluntarily.

It wasn't like when she'd greeted him, helpless to stop her body's actions. She knew, had she chosen to, she could have simply sat where she was, enduring the discomfort... but, instead, she'd risen, crossed the room, and sat down on his lap - and for her efforts, was suddenly rewarded with a vastly increased level of physical pleasure as her curvaceous new body made physical contact with his.

'What the hell am I doing?' She asked herself - but that was answered in part by her next thought: 'God, it feels so *good*!' Her body, and its purpose, was Bambi's - to 'be enjoyed' by her owner. The consciousness inside of it was Gary's however...

The same Gary who'd basically done whatever the hell he'd felt like. The one who'd never learned the value of discipline or self-control, who didn't bother factoring in other people's wants or needs into his own actions.

The Gary, in other words, who just did what felt good...

...and this felt very, *very* good indeed.

A fairly average young man, Peter had an average social life, had had a few girlfriends, though nothing that had become serious, and had occasionally managed the simple 'one night fling' of basically meaningless sex.

He'd never, however, had a woman anything approaching as unavailable as this one in his life, much less on his laps, and all those questions he was going to ask about who she was, where she'd come from, and what she was doing in his house simply vanished from his mind as her lithe, warm body pressed against his.

'No!' She said in the depths of her mind - but even to herself, the denial was weak, pathetic. Almost instinctively, Peter's hand had come up to caress her leg - and the pleasure of flesh-on-flesh was even more amazing than anything she'd felt before. She trembled, and gasped in pleasure.

"That feels... good..." She heard herself say. "So.. good..."

Slowly, hesitantly, Peter's hand traced its way up her smooth leg, and though part of her knew she should say or do something to stop him, she didn't. She found her eyes slipping closed, instead, some wordless sounds of pleasure emerging from her new throat.

'This is wrong...!' she tried to tell herself - but it wasn't a particularly strong argument, not for her. Hell, as Gary, how much of her life had been spent doing things she'd known were wrong, but going ahead with them anyway because she'd enjoyed them?

She'd never enjoyed any of them as much as she was enjoying this.

Peter's questing hand slid upwards, under her sweater, and, after crossing her trim stomach, hesitantly found one full, ripe breast.

She was losing control, and she knew it - and part of her didn't care as she bent her face down and pressed her firm lips against his, redoubling the intense pleasure flowing through her body.

She found herself shifting position, turning her body to face his, with her dimpled knees planted on either side of his slender body in the chair. His hands shifted to slide up under her skirt, and as he kneaded her firm buttocks she moaned softly into the deepening kiss.

Part of her was utterly horrified. Only a few hours before, she'd been an almost painfully straight man, and then she'd unwillingly been transformed into this outrageous figure of a woman. Now, though the pleasure she was feeling was induced by the form she wore, her actions were completely voluntary as she willingly accepted the sexual side of her feminine nature...

...and it all felt utterly fantastic, and her mind, self-centered as it had always been, was focusing more and more on that simple fact.

When she finally broke the kiss, it was so she could lean back on his lap, peeling off her sweater with a nearly desperate motion - and then she grabbed his hands and brought them up to her huge, yet still somehow perky breasts, closing them around the up-thrust mounds with a shiver of delight.

"Play with me..." She gasped, unconsciously mirroring the words that defined her new body's purpose. "play with my big, firm boobs. Stroke my long, sexy legs. Enjoy my taut ass. I love the way it feels when you play with my body, Peter. Play with me!"

It was more a demand than an offer - but in either case, it wasn't one Peter felt like refusing. Eagerly, he obeyed her instructions, hands roaming freely over her offered body - and every touch brought flames of pleasure from her new form, shaking her to the core, overriding all her doubts and disquiet.

Then she began to get turned on.

It was strange - but she hadn't even realized until it happened that it hadn't been 'sexual'.

Oh, it had definitely been 'sexy' - but the pleasure she'd been feeling came not from sexual desire and drive, but from the fact that Peter was enjoying his 'possession'. Somehow, that made it somewhat easier on the new woman, knowing that she hadn't gotten 'turned on' by Peter until the physical manipulation of her sensitive new form kick-started pretty basic physical reactions...

...but that only meant that the growing warmth low in her abdomen was fueling a new level of desire that pushed her further and further into a direction that, only hours ago, she would have said she'd rather die than attain.

Now, she threw herself into sexual femininity with abandon, her new-born sexual arousal overwhelming any other consideration as the pleasure only continued to mount.

Her slender hand, tipped with perfectly feminine pink nails, scrabbled almost desperately at the zipper of Peter's fly. Gently, Peter's hands eased her aside and took care of the necessary adjustments, leaving her free to flip up her skirt and tear off her panties.

Raising herself up, she repositioned herself - then sank her wet new womanhood onto his ready cock.

A feeling of complete and utter contentment filled her as pleasure thrummed down every nerve in her body. Lost in ultimate bliss, she almost instinctively followed the cues of his body beneath her, rocking her womanly hips in rhythm to his short, eager thrusts. Deep within her, physical pleasure like known she'd known could exist served only to heighten the emotional state of Nirvana that enveloped her as she gave herself completely over to her new form, defining her place and purpose in the universe by the throbbing warmth inside of her.

Such was the strength of her emotional bliss, the physical pleasure of the orgasm that thundered through her was but a punctuation mark, a variation on a theme.

She didn't even stop to think about it. Even as his softening member slipped from her, Bambi was moving, slipping down off Peter's lap to kneel before him on the floor. Her delicate hands once more reached out towards his crotch, and this time, her warm and oh- so-willing mouth followed fast behind.

It was every bit as good.

There wasn't as much physical pleasure, but the emotional experience of servicing him this way was just as great. As her hands and lips and tongue moved in orchestrated motions, pleasure at giving *him* pleasure filled her.

The complete and utter contentment of utter servitude - of devoting herself, body and soul, to his wants, his needs, his pleasure - the sort of thing, not too long ago, she would have shunned. Would have laughed off as an irrelevancy.

Why care about trying to please somebody else, when you could worry about pleasing yourself, instead?

Only now did she understand that devoting oneself to pleasing somebody else could also be pleasing yourself as well, could double and share the pleasure rather than compartmentalize it, hem it in, keep it at arm's length.

It was something so simple that she'd been unable to see the forest for the trees - but what had happened to her had finally shown her the truth.

With complete happiness, Bambi's supple tongue and firm lips brought Peter once more to the brink, and she felt utterly content as she eagerly accepted the warm offering that he pumped into her warm, giving mouth.

Swallowing happily, the beautiful new woman savored the moist warmth of his slowly softening cock in the loving grip of her dainty new ha/nd, only to watch his fingers spasm in shock and the knife drop to the floor, leaving only the barest dimple in the strip of white tape.

Gary stared at the familiar hand, with its blunt fingers and dark hair curling over the back and up past the broad wrist. A familiar hand that began to shake.

Dropping the box with a low cry, Gary took a step back, feeling the trembling run up and down his spine. Eyes wide, he looked around him, seeing Peter's guest room - and then, unbelievably, down at himself, shaking hands hesitantly touching the dark clothing covering his familiar form.

Though instantly stone-cold sober, Gary's staggered as he took another step back - and then a third, twisting one, and by the time he reached the bedroom door he was running flat out.

He slammed hard into the wall of the hallway outside the bedroom door, but caught himself on the rebound and thundered out into the living-room. Ignoring the back door by which he entered, he arrowed straight for the front door. He hauled it open...

...to come face-to-face with a very startled Peter, keys already out and extended towards where the door-knob had been before Gary had yanked it open.

Brushing past Peter without a word, Gary took to his heels once more - and ran flat-out the entire distance home. Practically exploding into his apartment, he shook like a man in the grip of a *petite mal* seizure as he made his way to his bedroom.

Grabbing a pillow from the rumpled bed, Gary collapsed on it in a seated position, propped up by the head-board. For several minutes, he simply shook, hands clutching the pillow in a death grip as he wide, numb eyes stared blankly at the reflection in the narcissistically-place mirror reflecting the bed.

Slowly, the tremors tapered off.

A minute or two after they'd finally stopped, Gary moved, his motions stiff and almost mechanical as he lifted the edge of his sweater and slipped the pillow under it. Pushing it high up on his chest, Gary sucked in his gut as far as he could, crossing his arms under the pillow to both further minimize his beer-belly and emphasize his down-filled 'bust'.

As tears began rolling from his eyes, Gary spoke pleadingly in a broken falsetto, whispered ripe with pain and longing: "Play with me..."

If you've lived a bad life, they send you to Hell. But if you've been truly wicked, they give you a tour of Heaven first...
Maureen Hooker in **Callahan's Lady**, by Spider Robinson.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a male and a female scientist conduct an experiment with an alternate reality, the male is the guinea pig and is stunned when he is transformed into a female version of himself.

Playing The Field

By Gunslinger

Taking a long, deep breath, Jerry pursed his lips around the last, indrawn atoms of oxygen, holding it all in lungs that felt as if they were filling his lean chest close to bursting.

With very slow, deliberate movements, not unlike those of a man holding a snake, or perhaps defusing a bomb, the dark-haired man very carefully extended his hand, slipping the gleaming shaft of the screwdriver into the opening in front of him. His movements slowed even further, letting the pointed, cross-shaped tip of the screwdriver slip naturally into the matching grooves of the Phillips- head screw. Gently, steadying his right wrist with his left hand, he began easing the screwdriver clockwise, one painstaking degree at a time, until a bare quarter-turn had been achieved.

The low, slightly ragged humming sound emanating from deep within the metal casing of the device he operated on rose slightly in pitch - and the slight, almost random fluctuations in tone smoothed out to a steady monotone.

Withdrawing the screwdriver just as carefully as he'd inserted it, Jerry waited until the tip was completely clear of the casing before letting his shoulders slump, expelling the pent-up breath in slow exhalation that was halfway to a sigh of relief.

Turning his head, Jerry peered back over a slender, but surprisingly muscular shoulder. "Well...?" He asked, one shaggy brow rising above a dark, intense eye.

Rising from where she'd been sitting in front of a computer, the petite woman with the tousled mass of flame-red hair braced herself almost to formal attention, gesturing at the computer screen with one hand.

"Field strength is one-point-three volts per meter..." she announced, almost clinically - and then her face was transformed by a bright, almost luminescent grin as she continued: "...and holding steady!"

With a war-whoop, Jerry leapt up from where he'd been crouched in front of the strange-looking device. Doing an impromptu jig, he began to dance around the room.

As his capering carried him around the periphery of the room, it brought him near the desk holding the computer - and with a laugh, Jerry swept in and swept his red-headed co-worker right off her feet.

"Jerry...!" She squealed - with a good-natured giggle. "Put me down...!"

Both she and the dark-haired man were 'slender' of build - but she was also petite, whereas Jerry was a long, tall drink of water, and that inherently slender body was pretty well layered with tight, ropy musculature whose strength would have surprised many who would otherwise be prejudiced by Jerry's academic looks and profession. His long arms wrapped around the red-head's slender waist, Jerry held her easily, bringing them almost eye-to-eye.

"Ah, but I finally have you in my evil clutches, Maggie..." He said, leering at her theatrically. "I shall not let you go so easily!"

Maggie curled her lips into a fearful pout at decided odds with her glittering, electric-blue eyes, which were laughing. Balling her slender hands into fists she began lightly pounding at Jerry's bare shoulders.

"Oh, you beast!" She cried, fighting down the giggles. "You brute! You... you..." "Monster?" Jerry suggested.

"You monster!" She parroted - and it was too much, and she broke down laughing in delight, leaning her head down to laugh on his shoulder, arms going around his neck as her slender frame shook with laughter.

All in all, it might have been 'unprofessional' behavior - but they had more than one good excuse for it. The first was simple enough - both Jerry and Maggie had grown up in the same neighborhood, gone to the same schools, and had been friends long before they were co-workers.

More than just co-workers, however, they were partners - intellectual and financial equals in every way on the project they'd started more than three years ago.

It was a project that had started as an almost whimsical late-night discussion between two friends catching up after graduation. As it happened, it was sheer chance they'd bumped into each other that night. A mutual acquaintance from their younger days had been throwing a party, and both of them had planned just to make a brief appearance - until, that was, they had bumped into each other and retired to an unused corner of the basement rec room to chat. Jerry, then 29, had mentioned almost off-hand some of the thoughts he'd had in his own chosen field of study, quantum physics, and the problems of working out the complex variables... and that had brought the year-younger Maggie's side of the conversation to life, as she began injecting some ideas from her computer sciences background.

That night, the proposal had been struck - and even the next morning, in the sober (and, after too much cheap white wine, slightly painful) light of day, it had still seemed an exciting and intriguing idea - intriguing enough that the first step had been to put a long- term lease on an old farmhouse, where they would live and work together to cut down on expenses.

Now, just slightly over three years of scraping by, supplementing a meager government grant with whatever money could be gleaned above and beyond living expenses working part-time 'Joe'-jobs, the working prototype had just been activated for the first time...

...and the steady monotone hum of the Heisenberg Quantum Improbability Field Generator in operation was both the last and the most immediate excuse for two intelligent people to be acting like complete fools. Friends, roommates, coworker and partners, they could now add a new mutual definition onto their relationship: certifiable geniuses.

Slowly, the huge smile on Jerry's face softened into a thoughtful grin, and he cocked his head slightly to lay his own wiry black hair against the silken red mass of Maggie's.

"This... could change everything." He said, wonderingly.

"Yeah." She said softly into his shoulder, gently tightening her encircling arms for a moment. "It could."

It was, in fact, exactly the end goal for which they'd strived long and hard - and yet, like so many at a specific task, it had been a theoretical goal, quite often lost in the shuffle of the smaller but more immediate tasks of finding solutions to specific problems. Now, however, the overall goal, the final effect they were going for, was no longer just theoretical - it was now a reality...

...or, at least, a potential reality.

The mathematics had all come together, as had the computer and programming necessary to drive it. The device - which they'd come to call the 'Hikif Generator', from it's unwieldy acronym - was built, and now, operational.

The final question, and the one that cooled their immediate excitement, was a doozy:

Would it actually work?

"I suppose we'd better... you know... actually try it." Jerry said, nervously, as he put Maggie down.

It was far from the first time he'd seen it happen, but once more he was amazed as the flame-haired woman underwent a certain transformation. She was dressed casually and comfortably in a faded, well-worn pair of jeans and an old white cotton work-shirt that had once been his, hanging loose nearly to her thighs. Her thick, rich-red mane of hair was in disarray around a rounded face saved from 'babyish' insipidness by its sharp, almost angular nose, well-defined cheekbones, and electric-blue eyes beneath only faintly curved, fairly thick eyebrows. Despite all this, however, there was some way she stood, some certain yet indefinable cast she laid over her features, that made her seem as precise and meticulous as if she were clothed in crispest suit, every hair perfectly in place. Though she gained not an inch in height, somehow her slender-yet-curvaceous figure went from 'girlish' to almost imperiously womanly.

"Of course - even if it is just a formality." She said, with the remarkable self-assurance that Jerry had always found so enviable. He knew her well, from long familiarity, and realized it was a shield she'd begun cultivating against a world prejudiced to somehow think less of her intellectual and emotional capabilities because of her diminutive size... but it made her seem no less impressive when she spoke with such matter-of-fact conviction that you thought the universe would conform itself to her declarations rather than cross swords with her formidable will. "It is going to work, just as we predicted."

"Yeah. Of course it is..." Jerry agreed, drawing hard on Maggie's certainty in order to bolster his own confidence. "So..." she asked, quirked one eyebrow. "Whom is to be the guinea pig?"

Jerry barely hesitated: "I am."

"I suppose you have a good reason for that?" Maggie asked - not confrontationally, but in literal anticipation of a solid, logical response - which she got:

"I may have built the hardware, but you're the expert with the control interface. It's only logical that the most qualified to use that interface do so - since my life will probably be riding on the outcome."

"A tad pessimistic - but logical." Maggie agreed. "So - then next obvious question is 'when'?" "Right now." Jerry replied - surprising her.

"So soon?" She asked. "Shouldn't we run some tests...?"

"Us two geniuses are the first to come up with this. What would we use as a baseline to compare the results too?" Jerry asked, quite reasonably.

"Good point." Maggie admitted. "Well, then - I guess we're ready."

Taking a deep breath, Jerry nodded - then gestured grandiosely towards the computer. "If you will, Madame?"

"Certainly, Sir." She replied, matching his joking formality. She went over to seat herself at the computer, looking beautifully composed...

...whereas Jerry had a somewhat harder time hiding his nervous anxiety as he walked around to stand in front of the 'business end' of the machine.

"Should you get undressed, first?" Maggie wondered aloud.

"If this works, it'll work on my clothing, as well." Jerry pointed out. He took another deep breath: "Well, without any calibrations, we have no way of knowing what, exactly, it's going to change me into. If it looks like anything even the least bit life-threatening..."

"I'll 'zero out' the settings and run the machine right back up." Maggie promised. Of course, it wasn't quite that simple. What she actually meant was that she was going to save a screen-shot of the random energy spikes at the moment of initiation, and if there was any problem, she'd manually type in the inverse of each of those figures... which, theoretically, would restore everything back to normal.

In it's simplest sense, the Heisenberg Quantum Improbability Field Generator 'ripped apart' reality - or, rather, the certain set of probabilities that combined to make up what was understood to be reality. Every sub-atomic particle in existence had 'probabilities' - other states they could have existed in. As it happened, those particles existed in the current state which humanity 'saw', but the 'Hikif' would change that for whoever or whatever was in it's field, changing the material within into some other probability.

When Maggie 'threw the switch', Jerry would literally instantaneously become somebody else...

Well, that wasn't quite true. If it was, he might have become something else, like stone, and that would be instantly fatal - but all their theoretical research said that was impossible. Again, simplified enormously, there were 'multiple universes', or at least the probabilities of such, and in each 'alternate timeline', there was an 'alternate Jerry' - some who would be nearly indistinguishable from him, and others that would be radically different. They could only hope that whatever 'alternate body' Jerry got wasn't one that was designed to live in a radically different environment, as well. More than once they'd joked about the likelihood on some 'alternate earth', where evolution had never led to dry land, there would be 'Mer-Jerry' and 'Mer-Maggie'... but, the thought at this particular moment wasn't as funny as it had been before.

"Okay, Maggie..." Jerry said, unable to stop from bracing himself like a man expecting to be hit by an NFL linebacker. "Light me up."

Since this was the first try at an uncalibrated machine, there were no settings to enter - just accepting whatever base random settings were inherent in the field. That being the case, all Maggie had to do was hit one, single button - which she did...

Hollywood would have been disappointed. No special effects, no long, suspenseful build-up, no increased humming from the machine - not even a bright flash of light. Nothing at all dramatic happened...

...except for, of course, every molecule of Jerry-that-was instantly transmuting into the Jerry-that-might-be, leaving a completely new person standing on the platform without muss, fuss or bother.

"Oh... My... God..." Maggie said, jaw dropping.

"You know - we almost should have expected this..." Jerry said, almost conversationally. "After all - more than half the population is female..."

Then the new woman standing on the platform staggered back a step.

As Maggie hurried to the new woman's side, she couldn't help but stare - because she was Jerry. More accurately, the unmistakably feminine person standing there was exactly what one might have imagined Jerry looking like, had he been born female - which, apparently, in the world they'd 'stolen' this body from, he had. Her hair was longer, her jaw and nose finer-boned, and her slender figure definitely more feminine - but she was still tall and slender, and her facial features, though more finely drawn, remained recognizable. In fact, the most 'startling' change - other than gender, of course - was that the female Jerry had blue rather than brown eyes... which, having met Jerry's parents, actually made sense to Maggie. It was a very slight thing, but in the alternate possibility, nevertheless undeniably female.



Jerry had obviously taken a tad more after the paternal side of the family... and that, apparently, had been enough to have Jerry born female rather than male.

"Are you okay, Jerry?" Maggie demanded, reaching the new woman and slipping an arm around her slimmer waist.

"Yeah, actually." Jerry said, shaking her new-yet-familiar head. "It's just... kinda weird. Especially since it feels so... normal in some ways, and yet so... different, in others. Enough that my sense of balance is having a bit of trouble coping with the sudden change, at any rate - but, it's a healthy human body, which is what we were hoping for, right?"

"Yeah, I guess..." Maggie said - and then let out a short laugh. "Well, at least we have recordable proof it works!"

"Yeah.." Jerry agreed, with a nervous laugh of her own. Like her body, her voice was similar to her old, male one- but,

One of their 'fears', lying at the opposite end of the spectrum from changing into something so different that it couldn't live in this environment, was that the 'alternate Jerry' would be so similar to Jerry's usual body that they wouldn't be able to provide proof. A jerry that was an inch taller or short, five pounds heavier or lighter... there would be no way for them to get anybody to believe that a change actually took place.

In this case, however...

"Do... Do you feel like you need to change right back?" Maggie asked, carefully. The female body Jerry was in definitely seemed healthy, just about the best they could hope for, in fact - and, of course, from Maggie's point of view, being female was hardly a 'fate worse than death'. She did realize Jerry might have a different view on the matter, though, and they were very good, close friends, and if losing his manhood was so uncomfortable for him... well, then, science be damned, she'd change him back without recording any of the changes!

"No. no... I'm fine. Well, not 'fine'..." Jerry corrected herself, with a small grin, "...but it's nothing I can't cope with."

She looked momentarily thoughtful. "Actually, come to think of it, this could be an... educational experience. I mean, there's men who've gone through surgery and hormones to become 'simulated women', the closest medical science can get them... but a man who has been turned into a 'real' woman? It could be... interesting. Especially..." The grin that was 'boyish' on Jerry was 'girlish' on the feminine version. "...since I know I'll be able to change back whenever I feel I need to!"

Maggie sighed with relief and smiled back. Jerry was her friend, and she really was ready to throw out any chance of recording the data if that's what he... she... had felt should be done, but Maggie was much happier about the situation the way it was.

Then Maggie suddenly burst out laughing.

"What...?" Jerry... 'Jeri', Maggie wondered with a suppressed snort of laughter... said in a hurt tone of voice. "What is it with you guys and tits, anyway?" Maggie asked.

Jerry/Jeri blushed - quite fetchingly, actually - and yanked her slender new hands away from the chest she'd almost unconsciously been cupping. Whatever might be said about her new physique, nobody would call her 'flat-chested'. In fact, Maggie judged a remarkably perky 'DD'-cup to be lurking under the white t-shirt Jerry/Jeri wore... and at that, she might be underestimating it a cup- size.

"Well, why don't you get undressed, and we'll take those measurements and photos..." Maggie said. "Er..." Jerry/Jeri mumbled - and her blush actually deepened to Maggie's amusement.

"What?" She asked. "You were a little hesitant as guy, but it was no big deal. What's up?"

"Well... it just feels..." Jeri tried to explain - not easily, since she was trying to explain it to herself at the same time. "I mean, this isn't really my body, so it, well.. it feels like.... like playing 'peeping Tom'..."

Maggie fought back the urge to laugh.

"Okay, we'll take it slow - I know this is very strange and unusual for you. Still, for the moment, that IS 'your' body. You aren't doing anything 'naughty' with it. Go ahead, take a little time, get to feel more comfortable in it... more comfortable being a woman."

"There's something I never thought somebody would say to me..." Jeri muttered - and then looked down, and laughed. "Much less be an accurate statement!"

That made Maggie laugh, as well - and, in fact, loosened the last little knot of tension in her midriff that she hadn't even realized was there until it was gone.

Jeri was quite emphatically female - but work choice, cadence, sense of humor... inside that feminine body was Jerry, the same person she'd always known and liked, her friend.

"Tell you what..." Maggie said, her tone warning Jeri that 'something' was coming. "Why don't you go... take a shower?"

Jeri blinked - and then the fading blush renewed itself at the thought of taking the clothes of this body, being naked, touching it...

...but she'd be alone, not getting measured and photographed, and showering was, by definition, not 'dirty'. Women did it all the time. It was... 'normal'. Somehow, it still felt a little bit perverted, since it would be her male mind 'spying' on this female getting a shower... but it was a good excuse to 'get to know herself'.

"Yeah - I think I will..." She said, her voice a half-octave higher than it's new, feminine nature could account for. She cleared her throat, and then laughed, nervously, and headed towards the bathroom.

* * * * *

Nervously, Jeri took a deep breath - and slid off the much smaller, form-fitting female version of boxer-briefs that had replace the comfortable underwear that had been on her male body, under her male clothes, not all that long ago.

Somehow, the very act felt incredibly... naughty. Not 'wrong' or 'evil'... but those tight-fitting white underwear slid down slender, feminine legs to reveal what could be the very definition of femininity, an unmistakable and unarguable female vagina, and to her male mind, that made this a 'sexual situation'... even though she was completely alone and feeling anything but sexually aroused!

Okay, she told herself as she stepped into the shower stall and felt the water sluice across her newly smooth, softened skin, maybe that wasn't quite true. Maybe it had started out that she hadn't felt any sexual arousal - in fact, she'd been too busy being embarrassed to feel much of anything else. Now, however, naked in the shower stall, hands hesitantly touching her own slender hips and then slowly moving around to her firm, pert new buttocks... well, those hands were gliding over unmistakably feminine skin and curves, and maybe she was getting just a touch aroused.

It wasn't really 'weird', she told herself, as a strange, almost liquid heat began to form in her midsection. After all, any man would get turned on by 'fondling' a woman's body, and as far as her male mind was concerned, that was exactly what 'he' was doing...

...only with the added sensations, and quite pleasant ones at that, of feeling her body being fondled.

Almost as if with a mind of their own, her slender new hands rose upwards, to the large, perky breasts whose nipples were rapidly swelling in increasing arousal. Her hands gently cupped her new endowments, and then squeezed lightly - and she gasped, eyes widening in surprise.

This is what it felt like to be a woman...?!

Geez... It was like half her new body was one form of erogenous zone or another! Maybe more than half, for that matter....

For a man, 'sexuality' was considerably more restricted, for the most part, to something that loomed large in their own mental view of themselves, but was really quite a small part of their overall physical mass. A woman's body, however, was not only sensitive in many more places, but in many more ways. No wonder they liked 'foreplay' so much. !

She gave her fully-engorged nipples a pinch - and then, wincing, tried it again, not nearly so hard this time.

The second effort caused a low moan to escape from the back of her throat... and, as she leaned against the wall of the shower stall, water drenching down over her slender new physique, one hand left off fondling and playing with her new breasts, and slowly began migrating southward...

At first, hesitantly, her hand simply stroked back and forth against the smoothly curved dome of her new womanhood - and even that felt good, even more so as she steadily increased the pressure.

That, however, was nothing compared to how it felt as she slipped a finger slowly into the moist enclave of her new womanhood...

* * * * *

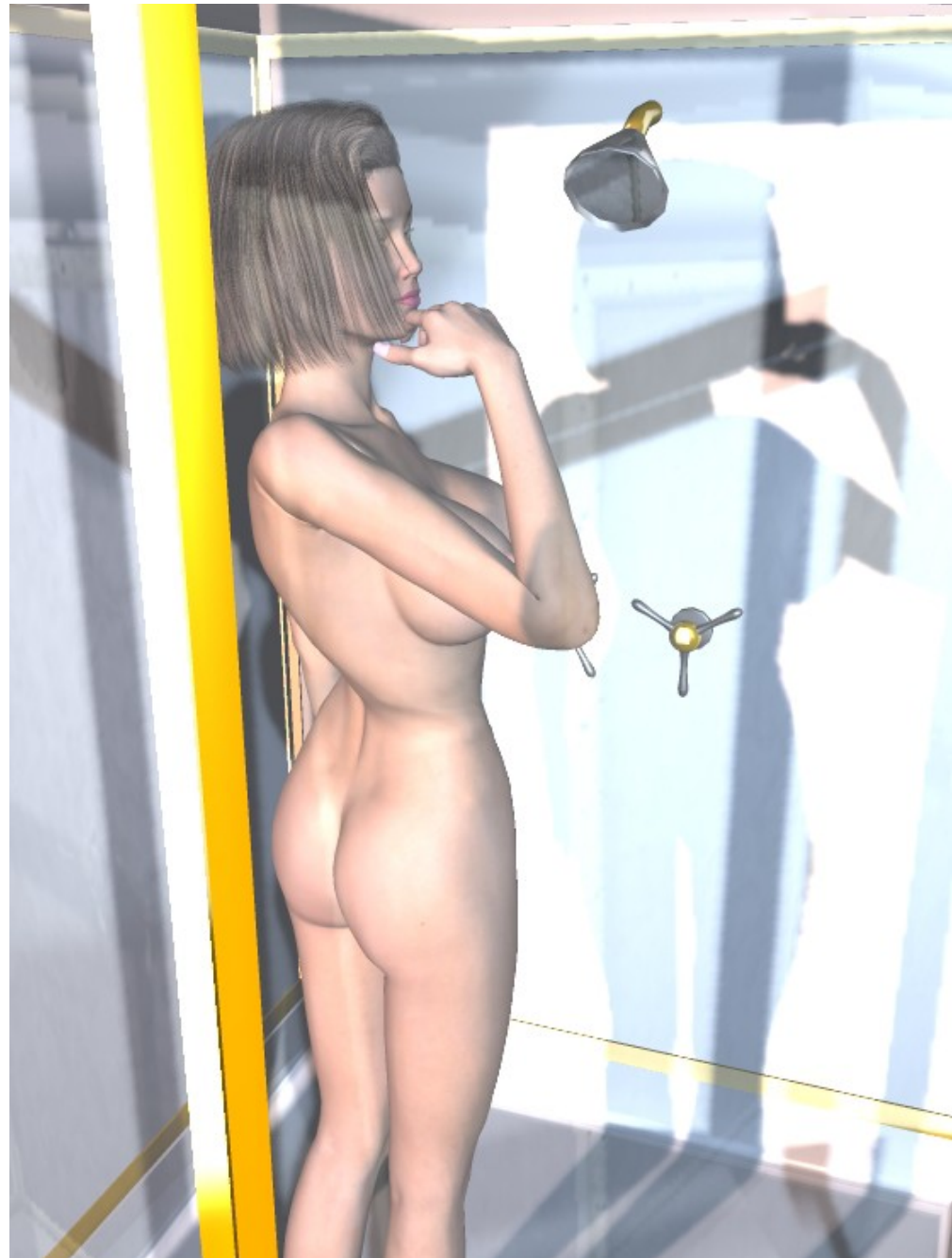
From outside the door, Maggie listened to the unmistakable sound of a woman pleasuring herself, and bit down on her knuckle - hard - to keep from making any sound.

* * * * *

"Oh, my God... Yessssss. !" Jeri hissed almost unwillingly through clenched teeth...

...and then followed it up with: "Ow!"

With a wry expression, she rubbed at the back of her head, grateful for her thicker head of feminine hair - when her first orgasm had rocked through her body with such force she was completely unprepared for, she'd banged her head back against the wall of the shower several times.



God, a female orgasm was so. all-inclusive! It had been centered at her crotch, yes - but internally, rather than 'merely' an external sensation, and at that, it had seemed to send tendrils of ecstasy ripping through her entire body, especially up to where her one hand had closed almost convulsively on her firm new breast. Though it ached slightly now from the force with which she'd squeezed it, at the time it had been... most enjoyable.

"Shit - women don't know just how good they've got it!" Jeri muttered to herself, shutting off the water. Stepping out of the shower, she began to towel off, mulling over what she'd experienced.

The only way she could possibly understand how women looked at sex was to accept that they couldn't see the forest for the trees. Never having experienced being male, they couldn't possibly know how different it was for them. No wonder they could be so 'picky'! For a woman, 'sex' wasn't such an isolated event, as it was for a man. Men, all their truly sexual sensation firmly confined to one part of their body, were also very much 'on' or 'off'. When they needed it, they needed it - and once they'd gotten it, it was over with.

Women, on the other hand, just seemed to have various levels of 'simmer' that affected their whole bodies! Even in their 'normal' state, when they weren't actively aroused, their bodies were so much more inclusively sensitive... no wonder women were so body- conscious! Men, in general, were very conscious of their manhood - 'emotionally', most of the time, and very decidedly physically when there was any sort of physical sensation from it. Well, if you were going to compare, a woman's entire body was like that to them - they just didn't realize it...!

...or, then again, maybe women did, and it was poor men who just didn't realize it. If men had any idea what a woman's body felt like from the inside, they'd understand the whole 'cuddling/holding/foreplay' thing right off. Touch and feel were so much more... there for women than men.

Which explained a lot more things, Jeri thought to herself as she slipped into a bathrobe - not Jerry's ratty old thin blue one, but Maggie's luxuriously thick one. He'd never really understood, until just this moment, why she'd made such a big deal over it - but then again, she'd never had the female body capable of truly appreciating the sensation before, either.

Shaking her head in amazement at just how much the body you were born into could shape your perceptions of the world, Jeri slid her feet into a comfortable pair of slippers - Maggie's, of course - and padded her way back to the laboratory so she could be weighed, measured, and photographed.

"So..." Maggie asked, with a casual tone that seemed, for some reason, to be just a tad too studied. "Enjoy your shower...?"

"Uh, yeah..." Jeri said, striving for an equally casual tone - but feeling the heat in her cheeks as she blushed at the memory. Thank god Maggie didn't realize exactly what she'd been doing in there...!

Keeping both her experiences and her revelations to herself, the 'temporary woman' shrugged out of the robe. Her blush only deepened as Maggie took her measurements - especially since, though behaving in a completely professional manner, it somehow seemed that Maggie's hands always happened to find the most sensitive parts of her new body.

While measuring across Jeri's chest, it just so happened the point at which the tape was placed meant that Maggie's fingers lightly pinched Jeri's full nipple.

"Hmmm... a full triple 'D'-cup - assuming, of course, you were ever planning to buy a bra, which isn't the case." Maggie said, conversationally.

A bit later, on the hip measurement, those same hands pressed against the sensitive mound of Jeri's new womanhood, and she had to clench her teeth to force back a revealing gasp - and she was glad Maggie was busy reading the numbers of the tape, since her blush would have been a bit hard to explain, Jeri thought.

The entire sequence of measuring and recording data seemed to take forever, and the longer she was naked, then more aware Jeri became that she was naked... but finally, all the pictures had been taken, all the data recorded, and she quickly retreated back to the bathroom to get dressed again. It seemed none too soon - she was starting to wonder if it was possible for a blush to become a permanent feature...

"So - are you really sure you want to change right back?" Maggie asked, as Jeri returned.

"Yeah - I think I've had a big enough dose of femininity for one go..." Jeri replied... and then, licking her lips somewhat nervously, said: "But, uh... we do have a copy of the settings saved... right?"

"Yeah, we do..." Maggie said, arching one eyebrow quite knowingly, but forgoing commenting on the implicit implications of the question.

"Well, then, er..." Jeri stammered - once again with that damnable blush. "I guess it's time..." "I guess so." Maggie agreed.

Feeling strangely both relived and regretful, Jeri walked around the machine to stand once more on the platform. "Okay, Scotty - beam me up!" She joked, a bit weakly.

"Are you sure you..."

"Just push the damned button, okay?" Jeri asked - plaintively, rather than annoyed, and Maggie had to hide a grin. Though Jeri hadn't said a damned thing at all about the 'feminine experience', Maggie could tell what was bothering Jeri the most was that it wasn't inherently 'terrible'. In their own minds, men, for some reason, had the idea that 'loosing their manhood' - being turned into a woman - would be that proverbial fate worse than death, and Maggie knew Jeri was having a hard time reconciling that socially- ingrained male viewpoint with the fact that being a woman wasn't inherently better or worse than being male... just different.

"It'll take just a second - I have to type in the inverse settings..." Maggie said, doing so even as she spoke...

...but, to Jeri, it seemed to take just somewhat more than an eternity longer than 'a second'. Finally, Maggie looked up from the computer screen with a smile.

"Okay, here we go...!" She said, and pushed the 'big red button'.

Nothing happened.

Not the 'lack of big Hollywood special effects' nothing - literally nothing. "C'mon, Maggie - that's not funny. Hit the button." Jeri pleaded.

"I did!" Maggie protested.

"No - you couldn't have!" Jeri argued - not so much believing it was true as unwilling to believe what it meant if it was. "I did! I am!" Maggie replied, mashing the button flat again and again.

"But I'm still..." Jeri started, voice rising hysterically as she looked down at her still emphatically feminine body - and then she cut herself short, a puzzled look crossing her face.

"Jeri...?"

"What's this...?" Jeri asked, bending down. "A piece of paper with some..."

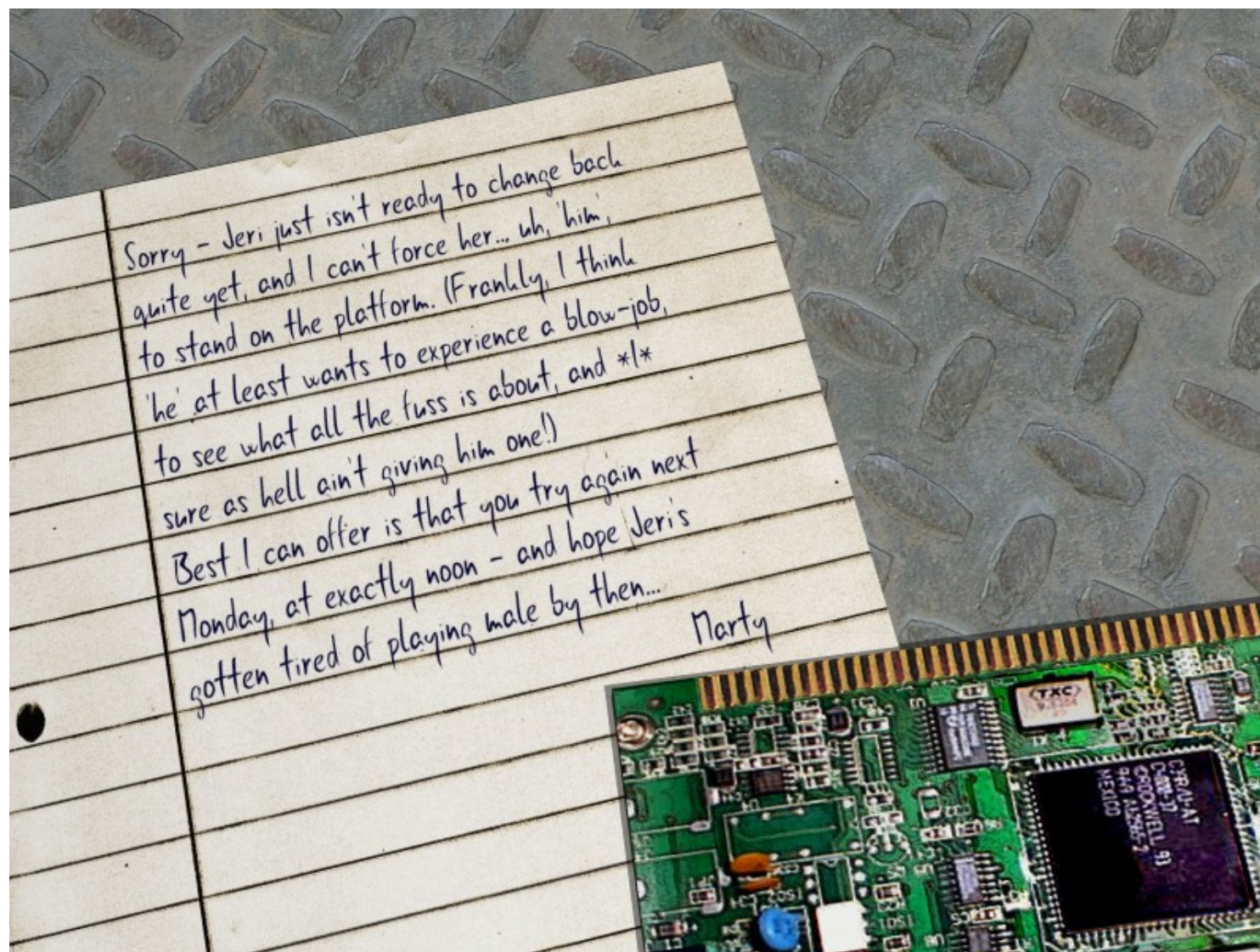
Her voice trailed off again - and this time, the look on her face as she straightened, staring at the piece of paper, was one of dawning horror.

"What?!" Maggie demanded, coming out from behind the computer and approaching Jeri. "What is it!" "It's... from them..." Jeri said, in a numb tone of voice.

"What do you mean, 'them'? 'Them' who...?" Maggie asked, wondering where all those genius brain cells in Jeri's head must have evaporated to....

...and then Jeri handed her the piece of paper. It was a very familiar piece of paper, identical to any of the ones Maggie used to record data in her many notebooks - and when she saw what was written on it, all her brain cells evaporated off to the same place Jeri's had.

All the two women, one 'natural' and one 'new' could do was stare at the words written on the piece of paper:



THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Meetig at a bar, one man and one woman, start flirting and suddenly find that they have changed bodies, and like it!

Point Of View

By Gunslinger

I was circulating through the thronging crowd, warming beer in one hand, when the crowd suddenly parted in one of the inexplicable gaps caused by crowd movement.

Through the second-long gap, I spotted her. She was sitting at one of the small tables set in niches in the club's walls, looking out into the crowd without seeing it. The expression on her face was what got to me - I'd worn an expression almost exactly the same too many times in the past to be able to ignore it.

Then the swaying, jostling mash of humanity once more closed ranks, blocking out the view - but not the memory.

I'd had time to note that she was drinking an opaque yellowish drink, and I turned to the nearest bar, draining my beer as I went. Elbowing my way to the overcrowded bar, I waited for the bartender to turn my way, and placed my order. Paying the ridiculously overpriced tab that all nightclubs had in common, I forced my way through the crowd in the direction of the niche where I'd seen her.

Reaching her table, I didn't even wait for permission - at this point, it would have been counter-productive. I slid into the other seat, placing the drink in front of her almost-finished one.

"I took a gamble - it's a 'Fuzzy Navel'." I said, trying to sound the least threatening as possible.

She looked at me with a sort of annoyed disdain and resignation. She was poorly suited for showing the less pleasant emotions - she was petite and slender, with an open face beneath a short, almost boyish cut of deep red hair. Still, her wide, dark eyes managed to convey the important parts of her emotion when they narrowed, and the way her full lips compressed said the rest.

"Excuse me - I don't recall inviting you to sit down." She said, loud enough to be heard - and I discovered she had a really nice voice, despite the icy tone she was putting into it for my benefit.

I shrugged. "That's probably because you didn't." I admitted. "That's all right - I'm just here to perform my world-famous mind reading act."

One of her slender eyebrows rose. "Oh, really?"

Placing my fingers at my temples, I closed my eyes and forced my voice lower. "The Great Bradini sees you planning to spend a quiet night at home, curled up with a good book. I also see a close friend dropping by, and begging you to go out to the club with you. You refuse, but she badgers and pesters until, at last, you give in. She drags you all the way down to the club, promising fun and frolics - then promptly finds a 'hot' guy, and leaves you alone at a table, wishing you'd never agreed to come while fending off the unwelcome advances of half-drunk jocks and jock-wannabes."

I opened my eyes and smiled wryly at her surprised expression.

"How..." She started, then remembered she was annoyed at my and clamed up,

"How did I know?" I asked, shrugging. "Simple - Reverse the genders, and that's exactly how I ended up here tonight. For some reason my friend always insists on having a 'wingman' on his club nights." I took a sip of my beer. "Until he finds a girl, that is."

She looked skeptical. "Really? I would have thought you would also be... cruising." Meaning, of course, that she still thought I was trying to pick her up.

I held my hands out, palms up. "Look - tell me to take a hike, and I'm gone. But the truth is, I'm in the same boat you're in - neither one of us want to be here, but neither one of us wants to just leave our friend without a good excuse. I figured that, if you'd like - we could use each other as that excuse - tell our friends we met somebody, and are going out for a walk or something."

She laughed without humor. "No thanks. Nice try, but I don't buy it. So - now I'm asking." She made a shooing gesture with her hands. I shrugged, then rose from the chair. "Okay - I was just trying to help." Sort of half-waving, I wandered away.

Finishing my beer, I looked around at the thronging masses pressing in on my, and rubbed the back of my neck idly. I hated clubs as it was, and now I was getting a headache from the pounding music. Deciding to get out of here anyway, I elbowed my way to the dance floor and found my friend, Steve, gyrating with a tall, slightly hefty brunette.

"Hey - what's up, Brad?" He called as he caught sight of me. "I think I'm gonna get outta here." I shouted back.

"Come on, man - hang around for a while. Hell - maybe Donna here will introduce you to her friend."

"No, thanks," I called, deciding that an excuse was called for. "I've already met somebody, and we're going for a walk or something."

Steve looked incredulous. "Brad picked up a girl in a nightclub? A miracle, man - I didn't think you did that sort of thing. Who is it?" I gestured towards the cute redhead who'd turned me away. "Another book-lover like me - dark red hair, about yea high."

Donna, Steve's 'find' laughed, pushing Steve on the shoulder. "Oh, man - that explains it." "Huh?" Steve and I chorused, turning to the blocky brunette.

"Jan, right?" She said. "She's the friend I dragged down here with me - and... oh, Jan, we were just talking about you!"

I turned, and there she was, giving me a surprised look. Out from behind the table, I could get a better look at her, and I approved of what I saw - she was one of the short and slender women who was 'tomboyish' in her tanned, athletic way - without being one iota less feminine. She'd never be called 'beautiful', and 'sexy' wasn't the first thing to jump to mind, but she was incredibly cute.

"You were?" She asked Donna, surprised.

"Yeah - all that effort I spent trying to get you to meet Steve's bookish friend Brad - and you run into him on your own and decide to get out. Well, you have my blessing - I'll catch a ride home with Steve here."

"Uh... sure." Jan agreed, and we said our good-byes and headed for the doors, with me in the lead to break through the crowd. As we left the club and were able to hear ourselves think, I turned to Jan apologetically.

"I'm sorry - I didn't mean to put you in an awkward position." I explained before she could say anything. "I was just using you as an excuse to get out of there - how was I to know that my friend had happened to connect up with yours?"

She looked at me - then the edges of her lips quirked upwards. "Actually - I was showed up just then because I was looking for Donna - *I* was going to use *you* as an excuse to leave."

We looked at each other for a minute - then laughed together. It was just to poetically just.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave..." I said, shaking my head. "Look - I'm not going to try and capitalize on this. If you don't feel comfortable with this, we can just go our separate way now. If either of our friend's ask, we'll just say it didn't work out."

She smiled kindly. "Thanks - I appreciate that. Not that I don't think your a nice guy, and you are handsome and all - but I just don't like meeting guys like this."

"I understand." I assured her. "Still - it's nice to know you don't think I'm an ax murderer or something."

She sighed. "Yeah, well - I'm probably overcautious. Or, as Donna puts it 'too picky. But I don't know you, and I've had bad experiences with guys in the past."

I shrugged. "Well, is there anything I could do that would let you trust me?"

She looked at me, and must have read the sincerity of my offer rather than a last attempt to hit one her, because she giggled. "Sure - you be the 'poor, defenseless little woman', and I'll be the 'Big, strong man'."

I laughed, then held out my hand. "Sure - you got yourself a deal." I joked. "Just find me a dress that fits." Laughing, she took my hand...

Darkness. Confusion. A strange, wrenching sensation, then light once more flared into vision, and I was looking at...

...myself. Looking up at myself, and my blue eyes were widening and my mouth was opening...

In an instant, without even looking down, I knew what had - impossibly - happened from the strange sensations my - Jan's - body was reporting. The different balance, the strange sensations in my - her - crotch and chest, the soft feel of the silver silk Mandarin blouse and pants she wore.

I was nearly stunned by the impossibility of what had happened, by the wealth of interesting new sensations that I was feeling, and by the powerful emotions - awe, fear, shock, confusion - that were welling up. But the sight of myself - sort of - about to scream forced me to put that aside and react, placing one hand over the mouth that, and instant before, had been mine. Even as I did so, I was amazed by the differences of that action - the way raising my arm tugged 'my' right breast slightly upwards, the nipple of 'my' braless breast sliding pleasantly over the silk, and the amazement at seeing the slender arm and dainty hand move at the command of my thought.

"Don't scream!" I said in a low voice, bemused by how different Jan's voice sounded to her own ears. My old voice sounded strange from this point of view, as well. "But... you... I. I'm you!"

I sighed. "Look - this is really, really weird for me too. But if we scream or make a scene, people are going to ask what's going on. What do we tell them?"

She gaped - she held up her - my - hand s and took a deep, calming breath as she - he - I - realized the truth. Trying to tell somebody what had just happened would probably get us locked up in Bellevue for a long, long time.

"Okay." The new Brad said, his voice unsteady but under control. "Let's go someplace where we can sit down and figure out what the hell happened to us!"

"Sure." I agreed. "There's a bar up that way a bit - with some nice, private booths." He nodded, and we began to walk - and he barely caught me before I fell.

"Sorry." I apologized. I pulled myself upright, and tried again, this time compensating for the four inch heels on her gray pumps.

"Geez - not like that." She said, and despite our incredible circumstances, she giggled. "You're definitely going to attract attention. Shorter steps, and let your hips move."

I grinned slightly. "Fair enough - if you stop sashaying in my body. I don't want to get stuck with a bad rep."

We headed off again, each of us trying to emulate the correct walk for the body we were in. It was a poor effort - we each overdid it - but that could be explained away by the smell of booze on our breath. It felt strange to move in a feminine manner, no matter how poorly done, but I had to admit that letting these slender-yet-feminine hips sway more made the heels easier to navigate in - as long as I remembered to keep my ankles locked.

Then, as we neared the bar, something clicked in my mind, and my awkward stride smoothed out and I must have looked completely natural in the heels, judging from the surprised look on my old face.

As we settled into a booth, I smiled and explained. "I figured out the trick - I just pretend I'm walking in ice skates. Compared to walking on a thin blade, heels are a snap."

"Oh." He said. "Okay. No offense, but I hope that it's not a talent you're going to need for long. What the hell happened to us?"

I was kept from answering right away by the appearance of a waitress. We both felt the need for a stiff drink, and each ordered a vodka and a beer. Once she'd gone to get our drinks, I answered the question wryly.

"Obviously, our agreement was... fulfilled." He sighed. "Fine - but how?"

I shrugged - which also created interesting sensation. "I don't know. I also don't know how we undo it. Maybe..." "Yeah?"

"Let's make an agreement. I said. "I'll be the guy, and you be the girl - okay?" I held out my hand. "Agreed!" He said, enthusiastically, holding out his hand...

Nothing.

"Well, it was worth a try." He said, then his eyes flicked down. "I can tell you this - when we switch back, I'll never complain that my tits are too small again. You have no idea how weird it is to look down and see... nothing."

"Hey, I think I have some idea how weird it can be to look down and see something other than what I expect." That earned a wry smile - I was in the same situation as he was, too.

"Besides, right now I'm feeling over-endowed," I continued, "but before this happened, I thought your breasts were perfect for your build. Why on earth would you want them bigger than a C-cup?"

He flushed slightly. "Well - I guess it's because I see the way guys look at buxom women..." Me said - then an odd look came over his face - interest followed by surprise, followed by confusion, followed by... something else.

"What?" I asked, worried.

"You... you're right." He said in a strangled tone. "Those size tits look perfect on that body." Just then our drinks arrived, and he downed his vodka in one gulp.

"What's that all about?" I asked after paying the waitress - which took some time, as I had to dig out Jan's wallet from the purse on my shoulder.

"I... I find me - I mean, you - incredibly cute. You - I - look great." I frowned - then my eyes widened as I realized something.

I hadn't consciously thought about it - but I was also finding my old body quite handsome. In fact, I was probably seeing me old body exactly the way Jan had seen it, emotionally speaking.

"Uh oh..." I said, a little nauseous at the realization that I was finding a man quite attractive - even if that man was me. "We might have switched bodies - but I think certain things stayed with the original body."

"Like sexual orientation?" Brad asked. It was a rhetorical question, as we both knew the answer - despite the 'mind swap', I was now viewing men with Jan's taste in men and sexuality, and vice-versa.

No - it was even deeper than that, I realized with a sinking sensation. "What's *my* full name?" I asked, tapping my chest between the breasts. "Huh?" Brad asked, startled. "Jeanette Marie Brentwood, why?" "Quick! Where was I born?" I asked, urgently.

"Patterson, New...." He trailed off, confusion creasing his handsome features. "No - wait. I was born here, in New York." "Right." I said, grimly. "In Homewood Hospital. *I* was born in New Jersey."

"I... I don't understand. What's going on?" Brad asked, plaintively.

I signaled the waitress, and ordered two martinis. As she went to get them, I turned to my old body. "Hold on - I want to check something. How do you feel about olives?"

Brad frowned. "I don't know - never really thought about it. Why?" "Because I can't stand them. Pay for these, would you?"

He paid for the drinks, and I extracted the olive from my martini and popped it in my mouth, chewing and swallowing thoughtfully. Brad, beginning to catch on, did the same - and barely managed to get a napkin up fast enough to catch it as he spit it out. Quickly, he downed the martini to kill the taste.

"Ugh! God - that's awful."

"I know." I sympathized, having been there. "What's all this mean?" He asked.

"I don't think our minds are actually switched." I replied. "If they had been, we wouldn't be sitting here, discussing it - we would be back on the street, in hysterics."

Brad's brow furrowed. "What? But look - I almost did scream, until you..."

I held up a slender hand. "Yeah - but that was an intellectual response, not an emotional one. That's just it - intellectually, we remember being the other sex, and respond to that. But, emotionally - how do you feel?"

"I... don't know. I should be... horrified or something, but I'm... uncomfortable?" Brad said, amazed at the realization. His eyes widened. "Wait a second - are you saying that we didn't switch minds, but we switched..." He groped for the word.

"Personalities." I supplied. "I think so. We remember our other gender, and we think like the way each other thought before. We even have the short-term memories of the person we think ourselves to be. But all the long term memories, all our likes and dislikes, our sexual orientation - probably even our skills and habits - are of the body we are in." I shrugged. "That's why I'm instinctively thinking of you as male, and myself as female, despite my intellectual belief that it's the other way around."

Brad's eyes widened. "But... that means that the original 'Brad' and 'Jan' don't really exist!" He protested. "Each of us is now an... amalgam, I guess."

I sighed, and spread my hands. "That's right."

Brad looked slightly nauseous at the thought that the original Brad and Jan were gone, replaced by poor facsimiles of them, mixtures of each inhabiting shells that appeared to be the originals. Us, in other words.

Come to think of it, it made me feel slightly ill, as well. How would *you* like to find out that you're not... you?

"So - what do we do now?" Brad asked, shaking his head. "I mean - whose life does who live?"

I closed my eyes and considered the question - but an answer eluded me. "I'm not sure." I replied, trying to cope with all the strange revelations. "Look - why don't we go back to my place - your place - and think about it."

Brad agreed, and shortly thereafter we were in the apartment I still thought of as mine - although, buried in my mind, was the memory of renting a place to share with Donna - about whom I knew all sorts of odd details that were memories from the other 'me'.

It was enough to give me a headache - either one of me.

We sat on the bed and looked at each other. I was still shaken by the fact that I found 'myself' attractive - but not disgusted or anything, as part of me not only found it natural - but could dredge up memories of the other times 'I' had had sex with men.

That's when it struck, with so much force that it was like a physical blow, causing me to suck in a sudden breath. "What? What's wrong?" Brad asked, worried by my reaction.

I searched for the words to describe the amazing revelation. But no matter what I dragged up, it seemed... weak. I knew, with a sudden, absolute certainty, what had happened, and what it all meant. But how to explain it...?

Acting on instinct, I decided that the best way was to simply spit it out - if I was right, Brad would get it right away.

"Brad - have you ever heard of the theory about true love that says each human being is really only half a soul?" I asked. "Each person is searching for the other half, and the closer to the right soul they get, the better the love is?"

Brad shrugged - then a strange look came over his face as it registered. "Wait - are you saying..." He trailed off, and I remained silently so that he could work it out.

"You... and I..." He started, slowly, his face incredulous with the same revelation that had hit me. "We share one soul!" "I think so." I agreed. "We're not really two separate people - we're one soul in two bodies that have finally met."

He nodded slowly. "That's what happened - we were originally one 'person' in a past 'life' - and so it doesn't matter who's portion of what soul is where - we're so perfectly matched that we're interchangeable."

"It had nothing to do with that silly 'agreement' I agreed. "It's just that when we touched, each part of our shared soul went to whichever body it felt most comfortable in."

Brad looked at me the way I was no looking at him - with the absolute certainty that we were meant to be together, no matter who was in which body.

Gently I reached up and caressed the side of his stunned face, and his gaze lost the 'deep' look to focus on my. Slowly he smiled, then leaned forward and kissed me lightly on the lips. I savored the touch of him, experiencing what it felt like as a woman being kissed by this male body, but knowing what it must feel like to be in that body and be kissing me. The female viewpoint was stronger, but in some strange way, I was experiencing both sides of this kiss - as was Brad.

The kissed deepened, becoming more passionate without losing the gentleness that had started it. Even before it happened, I knew what he was going to do - his arms enveloped me the way I would have enveloped 'her' if/when I had been him. Likewise, I'm sure he knew that I was going to wrap my arms around his neck even as it happened.

That's the way it was - each of us knew the other's body and actions intimately from experience, and the way our new body was reacting was sort of 'built in' by who we were.

Of one mind, we lay back on the bed, my hands going to his pants even as his hands went to work on the clothes I wore. We needed no words - our communication ran so much deeper than that as we slowly undressed one another, luxuriating at the touch of 'our' bodies, and experiencing the way 'our' bodies felt to be touched. I shivered as his hands caressed my thigh, even

as I had memories of that having been done before to 'me' - but never so perfectly, by someone who also had those memories, and knew precisely what to do.

Our lips met again as I slowly stretched out on the bed, knowing that's what 'I' liked as well as the fact that it was the position 'I' preferred. Smiling, the other 'me' that was Brad nuzzled at the hollow of my throat, then began to kiss his way down my body, hitting all the erogenous areas that he knew from experience would arouse and incite me, paying special attention to my breasts.

As he did this wonderful ballet of lips and tongue, I slid my hands over his firm flesh, feeling it as I'd never felt it before, and as I'd felt it thousands of times.

Then, right when it was perfect, he worked his way back up my body, timing it so that, as we kissed once more, his manhood entered me smoothly and painlessly just as I moved my legs and hips to accept him.

And incredible sensation filled, of finally being 'whole', somehow. I/Jan had been penetrated before, many different times and ways - but it had never been like this. Always, before, there was some barrier between her and her lover, slight miscues, slight bobbles - but not here. Each of us knew what the other was feeling and going through, and what they wanted.

And even as Brad was trying to do his utmost to satisfy me, I was doing my utmost to satisfy him.

In any other circumstance, the perfect silence in which we made love would have been eerie, unnatural - but we had transcended the need to speak, or make any sound - or single soul was the connection that bound us, and our bodies expressed our emotions.

It wasn't sex, not exactly - it was an intricate dance. We moved in unison, his warm cock filling me completely, then parting slightly to provide the space to thrust again, gently yet powerfully, filling me with intense physical pleasure from that most wonderful of friction.

But as he thrust into my wet, tight womanhood, fitting me perfectly, he was also lavishing my upper body with slow, sensual kisses, as I lavished his.

On mutual consent, knowing it was time, our rhythms increased, and I felt the familiar/new sensation of the waves of pleasure that proceeded orgasm, building and building, each overlapping wave caused by the thrust of his strokes stronger than the last.

Only when we came, simultaneously, did we make a sound - simultaneously. In one harmonic voice, we cried out, a symphony of pleasure. I rode the incredible orgasm as it shook my body with pure pleasure, leaving me feeling both drained and ultimately fulfilled, knowing that Brad felt the same way.

As we gently lay there, basking in the afterglow of our erotic verification, we smiled at each other.

"I love you, Jan. " Brad whispered, knowing that it didn't need to be said - and yet, in a very basic way, it needed to be said often and sincerely.

"I love you to. Jan." I whispered back, nuzzling his shoulder.

* * * * *

Since then, we have married. Each of us could be either person, if we wanted, in terms of our personality and memories. Out of a unspoken agreement, however, I was 'Jan' in public, where he was 'Brad' - it was easier that way. Many of our friends - and they were 'our' friends, as we each knew all of them - noticed the changes that had taken us, but subscribed it to 'true love' - which, in a way, was simply the truth.

Had the known what went on when we were alone, however, they might have begun to wonder about us.

We talk more, now, than we did at first - as we get further and further away from that night, we have to spend time apart, and that time apart gives each body a series of experiences that the other body doesn't remember. But in all the important things, we still need no communication - like oral sex. Each of us, as the other gender, had enjoyed 'catching' and disliked' pitching' - now, it is enjoyable from every perspective.

Likewise decisions on what we will do, as a 'husband and wife' unit. Although we are gathering new experiences, we still think the same way, and if - independently - somebody were to ask us a series of questions, we would each answer them exactly the same.

So, it didn't even have to be discussed when we decided to write this account of that fateful night. It's told from 'my' perspective simply because my body types faster - while our souls are one, and our mind in sync, the skill inherent to each body remains their own.

Of course, the name I've used are not our own, not that it matters. What moved us to write this account of what happened is simple - somewhere, out there, is your other half, the person that, when you meet, and touch, you will discover that words become completely unnecessary - and that all the long held beliefs that you hold now, based on what's 'right' for this gender, or what 'must be' for that gender, will become completely and utterly irrelevant.

For that is what is one of the most miraculous things, you see.

Since the dawn of time, men and women have struggled to understand one another, sometimes hating each other, sometimes envying, but always wondering the hows and whys and wherefores. Books and movies have been written trying to explain the differences, or explain how to cope with them. People have longed to be the other, while others have longed to understand other members of their own.

What we've discovered is the truth - there is no difference, and that's where all the confusion comes from. We're so busy noticing the different vessel, the way the other's body, or social position, or outward attitude differs from our own, that we never realized that, in truth, the person inside that body is exactly the same as ourselves.

Sometimes, all it takes to unscrew the inscrutable is a different point of view.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: This is a tale of a good-hearted American guy who goes to a foreign land and finds a mystery object that reaps him wishes from a djinni but the story unfolds in mysterious ways.

Popular

By Gunslinger

The four foreigners wandered through the darkness of midnight. Though El Dar el Beida was not exactly an earthy paradise, they had little to fear - despite their evident good humor, they were not drunk, and even the most black-hearted knave would think twice before taking on the task of relieving the Americans of their money.

Besides.. even the most greedy thief would hesitate to harm the two women of the group. One light, one dark, they were both stunning in their won way. Even the gleam of the expensive engagement and wedding rings on their slender fingers wouldn't entice anyone into violence against such visions of loveliness. Perhaps the city had fallen since it's days as a French-run colony, but the memory of what the city had once been when it had been known to the world as Casablanca was enough to bring in the tourists, and to endanger the trade was to cut the throat of the city itself, since the foreign money was it's lifeblood, supporting it's government, it's petty criminals.. and it's shopkeepers.

Such as the small man dressed in the archaic rough-spun white robes who manned the small booth. It was the only one still open, the lonely old man finding solace in the odd customer her might wander by in even the late hours of the night.

"Gentle sirs? Sweet ladies?" he called in a warbling voice, spreading his hands over the crafts displayed. "A trinket for your loved one, perhaps? I can see you are newly wed. Perhaps a gift, of gold or silver or brass? I have fine jewelry, made with my own willing hands. Perhaps a historic antiquity? Nothing of great value, but with it's own story of the past to tell..."

"No thanks.." The dark-haired man said, his bright green eyes kind as he shook his head.

"Perhaps something for your wife, kind sir?" the shop-keeper entreated the other man.. then paused, frowning slightly as he looked over his stunning, dusky bride. "Please, forgive me if I am impertinent, miss... but have we not met before?"

The dusky woman shook her head, slowly. "I.. don't think so." She glanced at her husband, as if unsure.. then shook her head more firmly. "No - this is my first time in Casablanca."

"My apologies, then, Madame - though how I could have mistaken you for someone else I shall never know, for there are few as beautiful as you. May I say that both gentlemen are very lucky indeed."

The green-eyed man laughed, kindly. "I think he's trying to flatter you into buying something, Steve." To the shopkeeper, he shook his head, genially. "Thanks anyway, but we're not interested."

The woman on his arm, however, paused and looked over the display that lay on the booth's open table, then looked at the owner with a thoughtful gaze. She whispered something into her husband's ear, and the man shrugged, turning to talk to the other couple. The three of them receded up the road away, to the only open business upon the street, a cafe. Seated at a table on the patio, the threesome could see the lone woman, who approached the vendor, her pale blonde hair gleaming in the moonlight.

"You wish to buy something, dear lady?" The man asked, hopefully.

"Perhaps, perhaps." She said, her voice musical and sweet. "I thought we might work out a trade. I think that the pendant necklace is lovely... but expensive."

"The lady has an eye for the best I have to offer. A beautiful necklace for a beautiful woman... but I fear I cannot lower the price overmuch, my lady."

"Ah - but perhaps you could if I had something of value to add in to the bargain..." The stunning woman said, digging into the large purse she had over her shoulder. "Somehow, I think it would be very appropriate for you to have this to sell..., since I have no further use for it."

She took something out of the bag, something that gleamed in the moonlight as she handed over. The proprietor of the shop took it... and his casual handling of the object became very tender indeed as his breath caught in his throat. Gently, as if the metal were of the finest china, he lay the item on the booth's counter and dug out a jeweler's loupe, through which he examined the object, verifying the impossible.

"Madame... this is a true antiquity..." He said, softly. "It is worth more than all my poor wares combined. Surely, you can not mean to trade this for the necklace?"

The woman smiled, seeing a memory rather than what lay around her. "I know it's worth more... but, until now, it's never seemed right to sell it. Here, now... it just feels right."

The vendor looked at the item, longingly... then sighed, regretfully. "I.. I cannot take this, Madame. I could not sleep at night if I were to cheat you out of this antiquities full worth."

The woman laughed, quietly. "It's worth was once beyond measure, and from that I have all the wealth of life I can imagine." She glanced up the street, where her companions awaited her, within sight but out of earshot. "If I could convince you that I have no need of it, might you trade it for the necklace?"

"In the single beat of my heart - but I do not see how it could be..." the vendor said, regretfully, knowing that his scruples kept him from making a deal that could give the remaining years of his life great comfort. More comfort than the woman would ever know...

But he could not, ever, use it for it's true worth. Perhaps others could... but not he.

"We'll see..." the woman said, mysteriously. "I think, perhaps, it would be best done by telling you a story. A story which may seem familiar in some ways... but hear me out, for I think you shall understand when I finish."

It did not matter what the story was - he would be willing to listen to her sweet voice all night, it was so lovely. Perhaps he would sell her the necklace at a loss that he could ill afford, just for the pleasure of her company.

"Then, how does this story begin?" He asked, settling comfortable into his stool. She smiled, softly. "Like all good stories start; Once upon a time. "

* * * * *

Jan Lindstrom let himself into his apartment, still puffing from the three sets of stairs it was necessary to climb to reach his room. Swinging the door shut behind him, Jan tossed his keys onto the small, badly scarred table in the hall, then put the plastic bag holding his purchase down long enough to take off his jacket. Grabbing the bag once more, he walked - or, he thought bitterly 'waddled' - into the living room of the inexpensive apartment he called home.

Dropping into the over-stuffed sofa, he sighed in concert with the groaning springs as they took his three-hundred-and-twenty-two pound weight. He placed the plastic bag on the coffee table, producing a dully metallic 'clunk' from it's contents.

Leaning back, Jan waited for his breath to even out, well accustomed to the handicaps of being severely overweight. He wasn't terribly tall, just about 'average' for a North American male, and that meant all the fat that swathed his body took a lot of 'oomph' to move around, oomph that took a lot out of him.

"Oh, man... If a ground-floor apartment doesn't open up soon, I'm gonna drop dead one of these days..." Jan muttered to himself, his heart still racing from the effort it had taken to haul his bulk up the three flights of stairs. Of course, the saddest part of this was how much 'ragging' he got from people about his weight.

Jan was actually one of the few people in the world who could blame all his troubles on his parents - and be right.

Part of it was semi-intentional; His parents were both of Scandinavian origin, his mother being Swedish and his father Danish. They'd given him a fairly common male name for the Scandinavian counties - 'Jan', pronounced properly as 'Yawn'. It was the Scandinavian equivalent of John, just as the Spanish equivalent was 'Juan'.

However, Jan (now so used to the 'J' that only his parent used the 'Y' sound...) could also blame his physical condition on his parents. It was simply genetics.

Of course, his parents had no way of knowing, before hand. The blonde hair, so pale as to be almost white - that was obvious from looking at his parents. The same with the ice-blue eyes they shared in common. But who could have looked at his slender parents and known that their coupling would reinforce a bad gene that would leave their son with a severe glandular problem that would make it nearly impossible to add serious muscle mass - and even harder to loose weight. Weight that would be gained so incredibly easy.

Despite what people thought, Jan didn't over eat. In fact, he had to stay on an incredibly strict diet regimen just to keep from gaining more weight. The fact that this wasn't his fault didn't matter, though. Between his bulk and his 'girlish' name, Jan was the perfect 'outcast', the butt of every joke. The societal awareness of being 'politically correct' just made things worse: Jokes no longer acceptable because of color or religion were often easily converted into 'fat' jokes, which were a hell of a lot more 'acceptable'. If he'd been better looking, his name might not have been such a big deal - like Jan Michael Vincent, from the old 'Airwolf' TV show.

When you were fat, weak and only average in the brains department, however, 'Jan' was just one more thing to make fun off...

Sighing, Jan shook his multi-chinned face, refusing to dwell (yet again) on the unfairness of fate. Instead, he opened the plastic bag and took out the item he'd purchased earlier at a estate sale.

It was a sort of dark-green in color, and roughly textured. That was the effect of oxidation on the copper/brass metal that the object was made of. Quite frankly, it looked hideous... but Jan, who (having no appreciable social life) read a lot, had realized that it would take centuries for a patina that thick to build up. The oxidation was thicker then even the one covering the Statue of Liberty, which had been exposed to salt air all these years.

So, Jan had bought the item - for the magnificent sum of twenty dollars.

He wasn't exactly sure what lay beneath that corrosion. The shape of the object was basically ovoid, though it narrowed at one end and stood on a base. However, its age meant that it was probably worth more than he'd paid for it as an antiquity.

"Well, what do I do with you...?" Jan asked the mystery object, whimsically. Jan knew that many antiquities lost a lot of their value if they were 'cleaned' the wrong way, damaging their historic condition. On the other hand, Jan could see himself waddling into a museum and proudly proclaiming he had a very ancient... thing.

"Hmmm...." Jan mused. "Maybe if I clean just the outer layers of oxidation, I could tell what you were. How's that sound?"

Since the object didn't answer, Jan chose to take that as assent. Putting it down on the table, he fetched an old towel ready for the rag-heap, then returned. Sitting back down, he began to carefully rub at the green patina coating the side of the unknown object, trying not to damage whatever it was as he rubbed at it.

The heavy oxidation began to slowly flake away under the pressure from the cloth that was acting as a very fine-grain sandpaper. Slowly, Jan's efforts got him closer and closer to the original surface, until the faint reddish-gold gleam of the metal beneath the oxidation began to shine through...

Then the object in his hands... shuddered. As if there were some small, ferocious animal inside the ancient metal, struggling to break free.

"What the...!" Jan gasped, dropping the object on the coffee table and scrambling back on the couch, staring at it in shock.

It continued to shimmy and shake, standing upright on its base as it shimmied around on the surface of the table, flakes of oxidation falling away and scales, more and more metal being exposed as it rid itself of its outer casing of oxidation the same way a dog shook water from its coat.

Jan did nothing, his already strained heart pounding so hard that he thought he'd die if he added so much as one more ounce of pressure on the organ. His breathing was rapid and shallow as he watched the object impossibly clean itself... then stop shaking, coming to a smooth halt.

Surrounded by a spray of oxidized metal, the object sat gleaming in the geometric center of the coffee-table, looking as new as if it had been crafted just moments ago. The intricately carved oval base. The graceful sweep from its rounded end to the pointed, slender spout at the other. The elaborately carved hinged lid, and the graceful handle. All free of corrosion or any other sign of age, the copper/brass lamp sat serenely in the middle of the table...

...and then a thick, dark smoke began to gush from the spout where a wick would have sat. The smoke rose in a steadily darker column... but the column didn't continue to rise to the ceiling, as it should have. Instead, it gained a thicker and

thicker mass, moving from wispy smoke into something more solid as (impossibly!) it drifted a few feet to the left and downwards, coming to rest on the floor in front of the coffee table.

Then, with a muffled 'pop' of displaced air, the column of dark, dense smoke suddenly solidified...

...into the form of a stunningly beautiful young woman.

She was of slightly less than average height, with a body that was best described as 'lush'. Her skin was dusky, a rich, warm shade somewhere between Mediterranean 'olive' and Mulatto 'Coffee-and-Cream'. Matching her dark complexion were her long, thick mane of loose black curls that spilled around her willfully beautiful face, and the dark, sensual eyes that face boasted. Though she wore no make-up, her face was flawless, from her heavy-lidded eyes to her full, sensual mouth.

She had an exaggerated hourglass figure, wide hips and large, firm breasts framing a slender, supple waist. Her legs were toned and smooth, as were her arms, nicely muscled and toned without being too 'masculine'. She was, quite simply, gorgeous - and it was easy to see that her body was as flawless as her face, because she was dressed in a short, simple black cotton skirt and a matching 'vest' that displayed her earth-toned body to perfection.

Jan had still not moved - but now it was a case of not being able to move. Every muscle in his body had locked into the position they were in, refusing to accept orders from a brain that was doing very little to give any, too busy trying to deny what his own senses were telling him, while categorizing the information and dealing with it anyway.

'It's just not possible...' Jan's mind insisted, numbly. 'There is no such thing...!'

Then the woman spoke. In a melodic voice that sounded like clear spring water rippling over a stone-lined creek bed, she spoke in a foreign tongue that was musical and smooth, as she put her hands together and made a short, sinuous bow.

Jan was amazed to find his mouth actually worked... somewhat. "Huh?"

The woman looked at him for a moment, then closed her eyes. Her face bore the expression of somebody searching their mind for the bon mot... then her eyes opened, and she bowed once more.

"Greetings, Master." She said, and although she was speaking in English, her voice and accent made the words as melodic as the language she'd spoken first, exotic and enticing. "I am Al'Lysahari, Djinni of Lamp. Your wish is my command, oh Master."

Jan gaped at her, his brain registering both the words - and the faintly resigned tone they were uttered in. "You... You're a... a Genie?" He gasped. "Like, in 'three wishes'...? Like in 'Aladdin'...?"

The woman's finely arched eyebrow rose. "You know of Al'Addin, Master?"

"I, uh... Yeah, I know the story..." Jan stammered. "But, I mean... nobody thinks it's real! I.. I don't..." the woman smiled slightly. "I understand, Master. I have been trapped within the ethereal realm for many centuries, and the Djinn have faded into memory. The stories which you know must be confused and half-lost in the mists of antiquity. I shall explain, Master..."

Jan held up one chubby hand. "Wait, wait - My name's Jan. You don't need to keep calling me 'Master'."

She smiled again, this time with a little more authority. "Thank you... Jan. I have had eleven other masters in my time, and all luxuriated in having a being as powerful as I to command. I thank you for your courtesy."

"Oh... it's nothing..." Jan stammered, uncomfortable. The thought of having this woman (Djinni or mortal) at his beck and call was intriguing... yet somehow offensive to his American sensibilities, too close to the taboo of slavery. "What... What did you say your name was? Alesha Hawri?"

"Al'Lysahari." She repeated - and saw him frown as the exotic word rolled out, tinged with the inflections of a language he'd never learned.

"Ah,I-eeshaa-hhaw'rie?" He said, slowly. "Is that closer?"

She smiled. "Closer, Mas.. Jan. However, if you wish, you may call me whatever you wish. My past Master's seemed to prefer either 'Djinn', or what would translate into 'Slave'."

"Umm..." Jan stammered. "Would.. would 'Alesha' be all right with you?" "As you wish, Jan." Alesha said, bowing low. "I hear, and obey."

Jan winced at that. "Look, uh, Alesha... why don't you sit down, make yourself comfortable... and explain to me what the hell is going on?" He grinned, wryly. "I'm still not sure I believe this happening, no matter what my eyes say I've just seen."

The gorgeous, dusky woman smiled in return, moving with a sinuous grace to the over-stuffed armchair flanking the coffee-table and lowering herself into it. "Thank you, Jan."

She took a second to gather her thoughts, then began to explain.

"I am a Djinni - a female Djinn. The Djinn are once-mortal beings that found a way to tap into the mystical powers of the universe. There were thirty-two of us, members of a group of intellectuals who gained this power through study in the mystic arts..." She sighed. "I fear that our own ambitions were our downfall. We came to think of ourselves as superior to other, less powerful, mortals. We took control of the country of our birth, Djinnara, then began to expand our influence ever outward, using our seemingly unstoppable powers with little regard as to the pain we might cause. However, in our hubris, we never considered that others might have tapped into this power as well - and be stronger than us."

Jan leaned forward, his eyes bright in the flesh folds that surrounded them as he listened to Alesha's tale with rapt attention. "Our.. misuse of power, to enslave people to our will, finally drew the attention of one such man, one more powerful

then all of us together. We thought we'd discovered this power and were it's only disciples, but this man had been studying the power for many years, and knew it's intricacies. We were as children to he, and so he defeated us - and punished us. Each of us were cast into the ethereal realm, where our mystical powers held no sway. There we were doomed to remain, never changing. A prison in which to regret our sins at leisure. However, there was a way to escape. Each of us were bound to an item. With this talisman, we could be called forth, back to the world of men. Once there, our powers were carefully limited. We could not - can not - use them freely, but only in service to the one who brought us forth. Though enslaved to the owner of the talisman, we were able to live as mortals once more, serving the desires of whoever our Master might be, until the death. Then, once more, we were returned to the ethereal realm, there to remain in purgatory until once more called forth."

Jan felt a stab of pity. "You mean - you're doomed to an eternity of either imprisonment or servitude?"

Alesha shook her head, slowly. "Nay, Jan - for there is on one condition that we may be granted our freedom, and or mortality. Though a slim one, it has been enough to free all those imprisoned. For the past seven centuries, I alone have occupied the Ethereal realm. I am the last of the Djinn."

Seven hundred years of being trapped, alone... Jan's eyes felt moist, and his heart ached. "What's the one condition, Alesha? What does it take to free you?"

Alesha sighed. "The nature of the magic is such that no wish, once enacted, can be directly revoked. Further wishes can change it, even to the point that it is as if the wish were revoked. However, should the mystical powers ever try to be used to undo something, to remove the magical 'energy' of the initial spell... then, upon the granting of it, my powers would forever be lost, and I would once more be mortal, free to live the rest of my remaining years as best I can."

Jan sighed. "And nobody wanted to waste one of their three wishes setting you free, right?"

Alesha looked confused. "No, Jan. The number of wishes I may grant you is not limited, other then by my own mystical strengths." Jan blinked. "Wait - you mean I can have as many wishes as I want?"

She nodded. "Yes, Jan. I am your servant, until you die, or somebody else takes possession of the lamp. In the past, my masters have wished for a as secure a vault or strong-room as they could describe, to safeguard my lamp. In any case, as long as you are my master, I exist to serve you as you command. However, I must tell you that the Djinn are not all-powerful. As I have said, we were but neophytes in the Mystical Arts when we began, and have only grown somewhat better since. Each wish I grant weakens my Mystical powers, and I must rest before I can once more use them. 'Recharge my batteries', if what I have learned of your language is correct."

"Oh. How long does it take?" Jan asked.

"That would depend on the power of the wish - and I cannot know of that beforehand." Alesha explained. "The outcome of your wishes is not determined by myself, but by the mystical forces that rule the universe. I only serve as a conduit to those forces. Should you wish to be 'the smartest man in the world', the mystical forces might make you more intelligent - or they

might find it easiest to make the rest of humanity less intelligent. The forces always take the easiest route to grant the request, though it may not be obviously the 'easiest'. However, there are some simple guidelines. Should you wish for any material object, unless you specify that you wish for something to turn into something else, that object would simply be transported to here."

Jan blinked. "Oh - so if I wished for a new car, the 'magic' would just steal one off of a car lot somewhere... but if I wished for this couch to be turned into a new car, then it would be one that never existed before the wish?"

"Yes." Alesha agreed. "However, simply 'transporting' the car in the first wish would be less strenuous than creating a new one, so I would have to rest longer after creating something."

"Okay, gotcha. Anything else I need to know?"

Alesha nodded. "Yes. I cannot create or destroy life. I may alter its form, even its thoughts - but the life itself is inviolate. I have no power over life or death."

Jan's mind was slowly catching up with 'reality', such as it was. The entire world seemed to have shifted five feet to the left, what he'd always taken for granted shifting out of phase. It had left him with two choices - either accept what seemed to be happening, or reject it.

It was an odd dilemma. If this wasn't really happening, then to accept it would be 'crazy', making him insane. But if it was happening, and he refused to believe it, he'd be equally insane, refusing to deal with reality. He'd finally managed to convince himself that he had no choice to accept this as real, and deal with it accordingly...

...which brought all sorts of interesting thoughts to mind.

"Uh... so, I can make a wish, and it'll be granted, right?" Jan asked, finding himself excited and nervous and wonderful tense. "Yes, Jan - if it is within my powers." Alesha nodded.

"Well, you probably noticed I'm, uh... 'heavy-set'." Jan said, self-consciously. His mind was carefully working out the 'safest' wording of the wish as he went on. "I wish that my body's fat-to-muscle ratio would fall within that of a healthy, active North American male of my height."

Alesha grinned. "Very well worded, Jan. Very well, so be it..."

She closed her eyes, and her breath slowed as she went tense, like somebody struggling to lift a weight... but the exertions weren't physical. The 'muscles' she was flexing were metaphysical, mystical ones that tapped into something most people didn't even know existed, much less believed in.

There was a short pause - that seemed, to Jan, to last an eternity...

...then Jan gasped as he felt a rippling sensation run through his body, and the weight he'd carried all his life seemed to simply melt away, running from his body into another realm.

"Holy shit!" Jan gasped, as his now too-large clothing settled around his new frame. He rose quickly from the couch, having to hold his pants up with one hand as he shuffled into the bathroom for a look in the mirror.

A complete stranger looked back at him. Oh, it wasn't that he had become somebody else or anything - but after having them buried in layers of fat all his life, his facial features looked new and strange to Jan as he stared in amazement at himself. Heedless, mind spinning, he let his too-large pants fall around his ankles as he hauled off the too-baggy sweatshirt to look at his body.

He was... average. Well, maybe not precisely 'average'. If anything, he was on the 'thin' side, with a nice layer of muscles that were quite visible on his almost fat-free frame, despite not being particularly bulky.

For the first time in his life, Jan moved easily, without winding himself in any way as he ran into the bedroom to grab his bathrobe, laughing aloud at the easy way his lighter, fitter body moved. He felt so.. free. Free of the prison of lard that had encased his body for as long as his memories ran.

"I'm thin!" he shouted, ecstatically, running back to the living room...

...to find Alesha smiling at him weakly, obviously enjoying his ecstatic reaction. However, that enjoyment was tempered by the drawn look on her face, and the light sheen of sweat that covered her brow. Whatever performing magic was like, it had a physical toll - she looked as if she'd just been forced to lift and carry a tremendous weight.

"Are you all right?" Jan asked, stunned by how weary a single wish made the beautiful, dusky woman look.

"The wish was more complex than you may have considered, Jan..." She said, weakly. "It is your physical make-up that caused your weight problem, from a pair of damaged genes from each of your parents. The force that Magic is part of had to reach into the past and eliminate that recessive gene from your parents, but removing it from your parents' parents. It was a wish that affected more than just yourself..." She sighed. "However, I am not damaged, only tired. I shall be fine after some rest. I will return to the Ethereal realm, and you may call upon me when you have need of my service again."

"Well, if that's what you want, then..." Jan said, still upset that something he'd done could have made her so tired - but unable to feel wonderful about what effect had been produced. He was fit, thin - more alive than he could remember being.

"What I wish is not relevant..." Alesha said - and in the resigned bitterness of her voice, the true weight of her centuries of life came through. "I am but a servant, and the Ethereal Realm my prison."

Jan started - and the words were coming out of his mouth without any thought. "I wish you never had to return to the Ethereal realm, unless you do so voluntarily."

Alesha blinked, twice... and when she spoke, her voice was husky with emotion.

"That...is the first time somebody has ever used a wish to..." She took a deep breath. "You do realize that the only way to revoke that wish would be to set me free? I do not wish to return to the Ethereal realm, ever, so I will remain here until your death condemns me back to it."

Jan's words had been instinctive - but he didn't regret them, not one iota. "That's fine. I don't want you imprisoned or enslaved. Alesha, I know that the.. the 'punishment' makes you my servant... but there's a world of difference between 'servant' and 'slave', and I want you to understand that."

Alesha smiled. "Thank you, Jan..."

Jan smiled back at her. "Well - I'm going to go out and enjoy my body.... I might even run, just for the hell of it. Give me a couple of minutes to get changed, then this apartment will be all yours until I get back. You can watch TV, read, take a nap... whatever you'd like."

"Thank you." Alesha said again, softly. "I.. I had not thought it possible for anyone to be so kind to a Djinn..."

Jan laughed, wryly. "Mankind had more or less forgotten the Djinn, other than myth. Your sins are forgotten. The only way I know how to treat you is as another person. Think you can live with that?"

"Oh, yes... Jan." Alesha said.

Jan grinned at her, still amazed at what was occurring, at the wondrous magic surrounding his life all of the sudden.

Heading into his room, he searched through his clothes for something that would fit his slimmer figure. He made do with a pair of too- large jeans with a belt cinched as tight as it would go, and a T-shirt that was now very baggy indeed. At least an old pair of sneakers fit just fine.

Grabbing his wallet and keys, he went back into the living room. "So, you'll be okay until I get back" He asked, and Alesha nodded.

"I think I'll take that nap."

"Okay, then." Jan said, heading out. He hurried down the stairs, enjoying the way they seemed to fly past his feet in a way he'd never dared before. He felt so light that it seemed he could literally fly, if he jumped hard enough. Even the exertion of thundering down three flights of stairs didn't leave him winded, his heart rate only slightly elevated.

Humming happily to himself, he headed towards the library, a place of refuge and solace. Now, he had the feeling he wouldn't be spending as much time in it's quiet interior, but it was as good as any other place to go, and he enjoyed the walk, the sun streaming down on him as he walked with a happy bounce in his step, heart flooded with joy and wonder.

Going into the library, he looked around and headed toward the fiction section. Many of his days had been spent sitting in one of the chairs in the 'reading room', living vicariously through the printed word within the enclosed confines of the walls. Now, he still felt like reading, but he figured he'd check a book out and read it somewhere else. Before, he'd avoided being in public when he could. Now, he could glory in it, knowing he wasn't the 'fat fuck' he'd heard people refer to him as, and not all that quietly either. Now, he was just one more guy walking the streets, and that was like a great weight off his now trim shoulders.

Picking up a Heinlein from the SF stack, he happily tossed it from hand to hand as he went to the counter, fishing his library card out of his pocket and sliding it and the book across to Leanne, one of the girls who worked there.

She glanced at the card... then frowned.

"I'm sorry, sir.." She said stiffly, a tone she'd never used with Jan before. Tall, skinny, with lanky brown hair and large glasses, Leanne was usually very friendly with him - now she was calling him 'sir' in a tone so carefully correct that it bordered on insult. "... we don't allow patrons to lend their cards. If you wish one of your own, I'd be happy to fill out a form. It'll be ten dollars, if you live locally, or forty dollars if you are an out-of-town resident."

Jan blinked. "What? No - that's my card right there, Leanne."

She looked at him narrowly, her jaw twitching. "Sir, I know the owner of this card quite well. You are not him." Jan was stunned. "But... Leanne, it's me. Jan. I've just lost all that weight. Really - it's me!"

Her head cocked to the side, and her smile was icy. "I'll admit that you sound like Jan. Perhaps you're a brother? A cousin? Be that as it may, Jan was in here just yesterday, and somebody doesn't loose that much weight overnight. Nice try... but no go."

Jan gaped at Leanne for a moment, mind whirling. He remembered how different he'd looked in the mirror when he'd seen his face... and how different he would look, compared to his ID.

People who hadn't seen him in a year or more might believe he was Jan - but to anybody else, he'd have a hard time proving it, until he got around to updating his ID to match his thin new face.

It was something that hadn't occurred to Jan before he'd made the wish. Now, he felt a trickle of cold sweat on his forehead at the thought that he might not be able to get people to believe he was... himself.

He knew Leanne pretty well. Out of his poor social life, his acquaintance with her was probably one of the strongest 'bonds' he had with any human being. If he couldn't convince her...

"Look, Leanne - it really is me." Jan said, in as steady tone as he could manage. "I know it's hard for you to believe that I've lost all that weight overnight, but I have. Go ahead, and ask me anything about the conversations we've had while you

were stocking shelves in the reading room. Remember the time you told me about you Uncle Frank, and how drunk he was at you High School Graduation?"

Leanne's face closed up even tighter, and now she was regarding him with true hostility, which confused Jan until she spoke, in clipped, sharp tones.

"I don't know what sort of joke you and Jan are trying play, but you can tell him that I don't appreciate him discussing our private conversations with other people." Her jaw muscles flexed, angrily. "I can't bar him from the library... but since you aren't the cardholder and you're trying to use it, I can implement this rule.."

She tapped one of the rules printed on the back of the plastic card. There were a half-dozen rules regulating the use of the card... and at the bottom, just above the spot where Jan's signature was, was the line saying that the card could be revoked if any of the rules were broken. As Jan watched, wide-eyed, Leanne took out a pair of scissors and smoothly cut the card into two, theatrically dropping the halves of the card into the garbage.

"You can tell Jan that there will be a ten dollar charge for another card." She shook her head, angrily, then pointedly turned away.

Felling as if she'd just punched him in the gut, Jan turned away from the desk and went outside, his good mood shattered by the unexpected side-effect to the instant loss of weight.

"Dammit...!" He muttered to himself, seeing the pitfall in hindsight. "I shoulda wished that I'd loose the weight.. say, over the next month. I still would have ended up thin - but without this happening..."

Wandering aimlessly, he found himself tracing his steps to the local Coffee Shop, a place where he spent some of his time when not 'hiding' in the security of his apartment or the library.

Pulling open the glass doors, he walked in and wandered over to the counter. Mark, a regular server, was working today, and he'd served Jan many a time in the past. As Mark looked up, Jan held his breath, hoping for a flicker of recognition in his eyes...

"Can I help you, sir?" Mark inquired with a professional smile, not the slightest look of recognition showing. Jan sighed.

"Yeah, uh a black coff..." He paused, suddenly, realizing that it was no longer necessary to keep to his strict regimen. "Uh... what would you say is the best coffee. Taste-wise, I mean?" mark blinked. "Well, I like the Italian Cappuccino, personally."

"Fine - gimme one of those." Jan said. He watched as Mark prepared the rich - and fattier - coffee. Paying for it, Jan wrapped a couple of napkins around the side of the waxed cardboard cup to insulate his hand, then wandered outside with it, opening the tear-top lid to let the coffee cool a bit before taking a sip.

When he finally did take a sip, he found the coffee rich and sweet, like a liquid candy-bar... or what Jan thought a coffee-flavored candy bar would be like, not having eaten much candy in his life. He sipped at the delicious, hot beverage as he slowly made his way back to his apartment, at a loss as to what else to do. When he'd left the apartment, he'd been on top of the world, planning to share his good fortune with the few people he knew, show off his trim new figure in public... but what good was that, when nobody would know it was him? Leanne wouldn't accept that it was him, even on argument, and mark hadn't shown even the faintest flicker or recognition.

This 'wishing' business had pitfalls that Jan was going to have to watch more carefully in the future. At least this was a fairly minor quibble, and the fact that he was fit and light on his feet for the first time in his life went quite a ways towards blunting the sting of it's unexpected consequences. At least hindsight had shown him what he should have wished, which meant he had a good chance of learning the 'rules' of magic and avoiding any serious trouble in the future.

He hoped.

He let himself into his apartment, enjoying the ease with which he'd climbed the stairs. Closing the door behind him, he tossed the empty coffee cup onto the table in the hall and started into the living room...

Then slowed to a tip-toeing crawl, seeing Alesha sprawled out on the couch, a small grin on her full lip as she napped. She was curled up, one of the throw-pillows tucked between her sandwiched arms under her head, and she looked so utterly peaceful and content that Jan couldn't even imagine disturbing her slumber.

As silently as possible, he crept into his room. Pulling the comforter off the bed, he carried it back into the living room and gently draped it over her. Smiling down at her content expression one last time, he went to the bookshelf on one wall and extracted one of Spider's Callahan collections. Carefully lowering himself into the armchair, he opened to book and quickly lost himself in the words within.

Sometime later, he heard a small, undeniable sound that was one of the unclassifiable noises made by a person in the process of waking up. Jan realized just how much his life had been missing as she thought how wonderfully intimate hearing a woman make that sound was.

"Sleep well, Alesha?" HE asked, quietly, as his genie blinked and looked around.

"Yes, Mas... Jan. Thank you..." She paused, looking down at the comforter around her. "You?" "yeah. Thought you might be a little chilly." Jan said, blushing slightly.

"Thank you, again." She sat up and stretched, and Jan watched the way the smoothly contoured muscles of her body flexed and contracted. He cleared his throat in mild embarrassment.

"Uh... I was going to order something for dinner. Do you... I mean, do Djinn... eat?"

She smiled, gently. "I have not eaten in so long I cannot even remember the flavor of food, Jan. While I am a 'genie', I do not need to eat or sleep. In fact, in the Ethereal realm, it is not possible to do either, though it's very nature fulfills the physical requirements that I miss. However, this is the first time I have slept in longer then I can remember. To ask that I also be allowed to eat, as well, is more then I dare ask."

Jan took a deep breath, closing his eyes. When he was sure he had a reign on the emotions her resignation had caused, he spoke.

"Alesha, whatever else you may be, you are my guest here. Of course you can have something to eat. I want you to realize that you are welcome here as you would be were you a mortal, and free to do what you wish. Okay?"

The expression on her face told the story, and almost broke Jan's heart. She'd been trapped in this existence for centuries, and hope had faded to the barest wisp of pain deep in her soul. She wanted to believe... but was also afraid to.

"Yes, Jan." She said, softly. "Thank you."

Most of the stuff Jan had on hand was low-fat for his eternal diet... and he was damned he was going to eat that.

"How's pizza grab you?" he asked, going to the table with the phone on it and pulling the phone book out from beneath it.

"I do not know, Jan. Whatever you choose will be fine." Alesha said. Jan made the call and ordered a pizza, then sat back down, grinning boyishly.

"To tell you the truth - I don't know how good pizza will be, either. It's one of the things I can't... couldn't... eat on my diet."

"I am glad that you are enjoying your wish, Jan." Alesha said... which caused Jan to sigh. He told Alesha what had happened, and the unexpected consequence of his wish.

"Oh, Jan - I am sorry." Alesha said, looking genuinely upset. She sighed. "I do not usually care what happens to my Master, since I am but a servant for them. You have been so kind with me, Jan, that I wish I had control over my power... but I do not."

"That's all right, Alesha." Jan said, touched. "It's not your fault."

Soon after, the pizza arrived, along with the two-liter bottle of pop that came with it - and dinner was a roaring success, as far as Jan was concerned.

"What is this nectar!" Was Alesha's exclamation upon her first sip of the pop, and Jan had to laugh. The idea that it was an inexpensive, common beverage was hard for Alesha to grasp, even though she knew it intellectually anyway. In her time as a

mortal, many years ago, sweeteners like sugar and honey had been rare and valued, so the difference between intellectual understanding and personal experience left her agog.

The pizza was likewise a big hit for both of them, it's rich flavors, thick cheese, crispy crust... even the grease itself, all were new and wonderful to both of them, and they gorged themselves on ten pizza happily, laughing and joking like a couple of kids as they enjoyed the experience for the first time, their radical different backgrounds converging in this new experience.

Alesha explained how, in the first moments of being released, she'd tapped into the mystical power to 'update' herself on the world, and Jan's culture in particular. She'd gained all the knowledge she'd needed to understand the language and the references... but it was just that, knowledge - not experience, which was something different altogether. Like the difference between being told what sex was like, and experiencing it.

"Oh - 'Book Learning'." Jan grinned. "It's like reading about something rather than actually seeing it." Alesha blinked. "I suppose so. I would not know - I do not know how to read."

"What?" Jan asked, astonished.

"That is not true." She allowed. "I learned, many centuries ago, how to read Djinnari... but it is a completely different type of reading. I have learned that it is close enough to what you call Arabic that I can puzzle that out... but I do not know how to read English."

"Huh.." Jan said, nonplused. "Uh... if I wished that you could read English, would that work?"

Now it was her turn to be nonplused. "Yes, of course... but would you do that for me? After, I would not be able to grant another wish until tomorrow, at the earliest."

Jan shrugged. "I can't see why a night's wait for my next wish would hurt..." He stopped, thoughtfully. "Come to think of it - I could tell you what my next wish is, now... and then you could grant it when you have the power. Would that work?"

"Oh, yes, Jan - many of my previous masters have told me a wish that was to be granted as soon as I had enough power." "Okay - well, then, I wish you could read and write English." Jan said, and once more that look crossed her face.

Whatever was involved with her learning English, it must have been a big wish... when it finally finished, she slumped back in the chair. However, she seemed not to mind the exhaustion, as she smiled at him in a way that made her look like she was little girl on Christmas.

"Can I read something, Jan? Please?" She begged.

Jan grinned. "Sure - there's an entire shelf of books in the living room. Go ahead and read whatever you want." "Oh, thank you!" Alesha gushed, getting out of the chair...

"Oh, Alesha..." Jan said - and was shocked to see her reaction.

Jan had once known a guy who owned a 'pound' dog, whose previous owner had beaten it. One day, Jan had been rubbing the dog, which was curled happily on his lap... and then Jan had coughed. The dog had cringed, tail dropping, obviously believing itself about to be yelled at or beaten...

...but it had made no move to escape the beating it believed it was about to receive. Instead, stricken, it had just awaited the blow that never came. The look on Alesha's face was like that of the dog, and Jan's heart felt like it was going to tear in two. She was utterly convinced, deep down, that no matter how nice he seemed, he was just biding his time to 'pull the carpet' out from under her, returning her to the life she'd resigned herself to being her own.

In that instant, Jan swore to himself that he'd make whatever wishes he felt were absolutely necessary... and then set her free. "I just wanted to apologize about the couch." Jan said, gently. "I'm afraid that's the only bed I can offer you."

The look on her face slid away. "Oh, no, Jan - it is more than I could hope for. Thank you." She was obviously eager to try her new abilities... but, in her mind, she'd just been put in her place, shown that she must serve her master before her own desires. "You have a wish you wanted to tell me, for as soon as I am ready?"

Jan sighed at her tone, knowing that her hope and trust would be a long, hard thing to bring back to life. He nodded, slowly, giving her what she thought she needed before she could 'relax' for the rest of the night.

"Just let me word this one out properly." Jan said, as she sat back down, obediently waiting to serve her Master - which made him want to sob. No matter her sins, nobody deserved to end up this... this beaten. He closed his eyes, as much to cut off the sight of her as to concentrate on the right words.

"Okay." He said, finally, opening his eyes. "This one's a doozie, and it'll probably take a lot out of you."

'..and if it works the way I hope, then it'll be the last real wish I make before I set you free...' He thought, but didn't say it. She wouldn't have believed him if he had. The only way he could prove his good intentions to her was to do it.

Taking a deep breath, he gave his wish.

"I wish that I was popular, well known and well liked by at least fifty percent of the people in a ten-mile radius, all of whom know me on sight and by name."

Alesha looked stunned. "Indeed, a well-worded wish, Jan - and it will indeed be quite... tiring. I think I shall have enough strength if I sleep six hours to..."

Jan held up his hand, stopping her.

"I'm going to go to bed now." Jan said, looking at a clock. "It's eight-thirty. I don't want you to grant that wish until at least eight thirty tomorrow morning. Understand?"

She looked startled - but she nodded. Jan smiled at her. "Okay. So you can go ahead and read for awhile, and get a good night's sleep when you're ready. Okay?"

"Yes, Jan. thank you."

Jan wasn't really tired yet, but he went to his room anyway, not wanting to make Alesha uncomfortable - no matter how polite or even friendly she was, he could now see the tension in her as she waited for him to become like all her previous masters, uncaring despots only interested in her power and servitude.

He had another book-shelf in his room, and from it he selected a novel he'd enjoyed before. Undressing and sliding into the bed, he opened the book and began to read. In no time, he was deeply involved in the book's plot and characters, losing track of the outside world as he read.

About one-thirty in the morning, the book slipped from his fingers as he drifted off into sleep.

* * * * *

The morning sunlight streaming in the window pushed Jan further towards consciousness, and he moaned in his sleep and shifted position, turning his head away from the light that was brighter than that of the lamp he'd inadvertently left on all night. One hand flopped over, sliding across his stomach...

...and his half-awake brain wondered where the hell that huge gut it should be feeling had gotten to. That pushed him further to wakefulness, enough that he remembered the incredible events of the day before.

"Alesha..." Jan whispered to himself, convincing himself it wasn't all some sort of dream. Sitting up, he threw off his sheets, staring down at his lean new body. Happily, he ran his hands over his flat chest and taut abs. This was the body he'd always wanted, and if the wish he'd made last night had worked out, even the 'recognition' problem would be solved... not to mention his lack of social life. If everything went as planned, then his life was about to get immeasurably better...

"Shoulda wished for clothes that fit, too..." Jan thought, looking down at the baggy underwear he was wearing, the elastic tied in knots on either side to keep the baggy undergarment on his now slimmer waist and hips. It looked ludicrous, enveloping his crotch in such a large, bunched tangle that you couldn't tell what lay below. Shaking his head, he reached in to shift his cock...

For a second, he just didn't know what to do with the sensations. The smooth crotch under his hand, with its light mass of pubic hair. Where his fingers should have met his cock, though, they slid across something completely different, leaving him merely confused for a second...

Then he gasped, loudly, and tore off his underwear...

...revealing a crotch that 'boasted' an undeniable vagina,. It's glistening folds clearly visible in his platinum-blond pubic hair. "Holy shit!" Jan screamed. "I've got a cunt...!"

Shocked and horrified, he rolled off the bed, hands roaming his crotch as if they expected the new womanhood there to vanish and be replaced by his familiar genitalia. He slammed against the wall of the hallway, uncoordinated in his shock, as he hurried out to the living room, where Alesha was reading, curled up on the couch. She'd already started to get up at his shout, and now she rose quickly as he entered the room.

"Master! What's wrong?" she asked, looking tired and drawn from having granted his wish an hour and a half ago.

"A cunt!" He shouted, nearly incoherent. It didn't matter - he was pointing to his crotch with his hands, making his complaint obvious. "What the hell happened, Alesha? How did my wish to be popular give me a cunt?"

Alesha looked stricken at her gender-mixed Master. "I.. Oh, my God.. I'll.. hang on, I'll find out..."

Hyperventilating, Jan felt as if he were about to pass out as he slumped into the arm-chair, still trying to wrap his mind around the fact that he was no longer, strictly speaking, male.

Alesha tapped into the mystical power, learning what had happened much the way she'd 'updated' herself on American culture. When she opened her eyes, sorrow glistened in them.

"Oh, Mas.. Jan..." She said, sorrowfully. "I could never have predicted this is what would come from your wish!"

Her sorrow made a dent in Jan's panic, and he managed to get a hold of himself a bit. "No - it's not your fault, Alesha. I know you don't control how my wish is granted. But what happened?"

Alesha sighed. "Well, when you wished to be thinner, your genetic make-up was changed to do so... but nobody's memory was changed, so everybody remembered you the way you had been."

"I noticed..." Jan said, shifting uncomfortably in the chair as he tried to get used to the odd sensation of not having to find a comfortable position for his cock and balls. It was like the feeling you got when you left the house and knew you'd forgotten something... only worse, because he knew damned well what was missing.

"This time, your wish affected everybody in a ten-mile radius, so there had to be an 'excuse' for you being liked by over half the population." Alesha said.

"How the hell does that explain.. this?" Jan asked, gesturing at his crotch.

"Well... You look like a guy, but you have the hormones and emotions of a woman..." Alesha explained. "That makes you the perfect 'guy friend' to a lot of women, and yet you still hang out with the guys. Nobody knows about, uh... that, so you're not labeled a 'freak'. In the revised memories of everybody, you're a 'buddy', but you never get too close to anybody, so nobody will find out your secret.

You've got lot's of 'pal' type friends... but no sex life..."

"Well, the 'sex life' part hasn't changed, then..." Jan muttered. "But this isn't what I wanted when I wished to be popular. You have to do something!"

"I know. You'll have to figure out what you want to wish." Alesha said. "But, I won't be able to do it until later today. I'm just to drained. I need to relax, sleep, stay calm and quite to build up my strength..."

Jan looked at her drawn, weary face and nodded. Considering how wide-ranging his wish had been, he could see the stress he'd put on her. If only he hadn't been so damned 'greedy'. Would it have hurt to wish to have a couple of good friends, nothing more...?

"Okay, okay. But what the heck am I supposed to do until you're ready? I mean.. I'm a freak!"

"Yes - but we're the only ones who know it." Alesha pointed out. "Since history as actually been changed, the clothes in your closet have changed, too, and the 'new history' you would have bought clothes to help hide the fact that, uh... you know. I know it's not much comfort... but just pretend that you're the same as always."

Jan opened his mouth to argue... then sighed. What else could he do...?

He drummed his fingers on the edge of the seat, then rose. "Okay, I'm going to get a shower and then get dressed. Before I go out, though, I'm going to write out my next few wishes and leave them here with you. I don't want you to strain yourself, but grant them as quickly as you can, okay?"

"Yes, Jan..." Alesha agreed.... and, despite his condition, Jan almost wished she'd argue, rather than meekly submit. Then again... she didn't really have a choice...

Jan showered quickly, loath to touch his new vagina as he washed. Other than that, though, he found the taut, fit body beneath his hands to be a wonderful sensation, reminding him that (mistakes or not) he was getting a better life than before. Once he'd gotten these 'little' glitches worked out, he'd be both fit and popular - since he wasn't going to 'revoke' either of those wishes, just modify them. Then, once he had it all straightened out, he'd make some meaningless wish, then immediately wish it undone... and that would set Alesha free...

He toweled off, shuddering slightly at the disturbingly pleasant sensation the cloth made as it brushed his altered crotch. Padding into his bedroom, he checked out the revised wardrobe the fictional 'other history' version of him had bought.

Sure enough, the selection consisted mainly of baggy jeans and long, baggy sweatshirts that would hang over the crotch area. Even if his fly was down, the sweatshirt would keep anybody from seeing (or not seeing) something that would make them wonder.

He dressed quickly, then sat down at the desk in the corner of his room and pulled out a pad of paper and began to write out rough-copy wishes, searching for the safest way to make the 'correction' wishes, to improve his life. Finally, he thought he had what he wanted, and checked them over again. Nodding to himself, he folded the slip of paper he'd written the final copies on, and took it out to the living room.

Alesha was already asleep on the couch, so Jan put the paper down on the table, glad that he'd wished her the ability to read. That way he didn't have to hang around the apartment, trying to be silent so she could get enough sleep to grant his wishes quickly. As much as he found the thought of going out in public like this disturbing, she was right - nobody would know.

Looking down at her sleeping face, thinking about the look she'd given him last night - the 'whipped dog' look, Jan shook his head and murmured regretfully to himself.

Though he'd kept his voice low, being so close to her must have made her hear him, even subconsciously - she stirred, a muttered sound emerging, unrecognizable, from her throat as a worried frown crossed her face, exaggerating how worn and tired she was. Sorry he'd almost woken her from her nap, Jan tried to be utterly silent as she rose and backed away from her. As he did so, he caught sight of the phone... and thoughtfully pushed the ringer switch to 'off'. God knew he didn't get that many phone calls, but there was no reason why a long-distance company calling to get Jan to switch to their newest plan should wake Alesha.

Padding quietly to the door, Jan grabbed his keys from the table and let himself out. He headed down the stairs, wondering where to go.

Well - might as well go to the library and see if his 'popularity' had erased yesterday's little argument altogether. As far as Jan could figure, what happened yesterday wouldn't have had any reason to happen in the altered time-line, where it would be a recognizable 'him' using his card.

Oddly enough, Jan found himself semi-appreciating the 'missing' cock and balls as he jogged towards the library. Not that he wanted to keep his new vagina, no - but not having them 'get in the way' made jogging more... comfortable.

Of course, the only sort of quick movements he'd done was yesterday in his slender body. Now, he figured he might as well get whatever he could out of the - most definitely - temporary situation. God knew, there wasn't much he could get enjoyment out of, considering that he'd been magically emasculated. Worse... 'enfeminized'? Hmmm... his situation might call for a whole new vocabulary...

He grinned wryly at the thought as he slowed to a walk near the library. Not because he was tired (in fact, aside from a slightly elevated heartbeat and some faster breathing, he felt as fresh as if he were laying in bed), but because he wanted to make sure he had time to 'cool down' before entering the library so he wouldn't start 'delayed sweating' and stink to high heaven...

The electric doors of the library entrance 'swooshed' apart, and he entered the bibliophiles shrine, his eyes taking a second to get used to the dim light. He headed towards the counter, just to see what sort of response he'd get from...

"Hi, Jan!"

Jan turned his head to see a guy that Jan had seen around a couple of times, but never spoken to. In his memories, that was - obviously, the 'alternate history' Jan knew more people.

"Hey, there...!" Jan said, brightly, not letting on that he didn't know this guy from Adam's off ox. Jan even threw in a wave, watching as the guy walked off, his cute, tights ass outlined in his tight jeans. Jeans that had also outlined a good-sized bulge when he'd been facing Jan. Maybe 'size didn't matter', but Jan was willing to bet...

"What the hell am I thinking...?" Jan asked himself in a low tone, horrified. His eyes went wide in shock as the fact truly registered that he'd been looking at another guy - no, not just looking... 'Checking him out', to be exact....

A cold tingle ran up Jan's spine, one that was intensified by the slightly moist warmth that was low but insistent in his crotch.

The sight - and thought - of 'another' man had just turned Jan on.

"Oh, dear God...!" Jan gasped, unaware of the occasional odd look he was getting from the people around him, what with him standing stock still in the center of the library, unfocused eyes gazing into an unseen distance as he muttered to himself.

It took a second to come together, but when it did Jan shuddered as if gripped by a raging fever. "Female hormones and emotions..." He muttered to himself, the impact of that statement hit home.

Jan wasn't a 'he' - Jan was a 'she'. Though she looked male - and passed for male - that was a matter of build and lack of 'redundant' fat around the mammary glands. It hadn't dawned on Jan that, technically, she was now female. After all, she looked the same as she had before, right down to the very light, fine body hair both her parents shared in common.

She wasn't a guy with a vagina - she was fully female. Just a very unattractive female, masculine enough that she'd been passing as a man, accepted as male rather than ridiculed as an unattractive female.

Jan shuddered again, and felt her knees become weak. Waking up and finding 'himself' with a cunt was bad enough - but to realize that, unattractive or not, she was fully female was a real shock.

She barely managed to keep herself upright as she made her way to the reading room. Grabbing a book at random off the shelf, she collapsed into a chair and held the open book in front of unseeing eyes, mind whirling in useless circles as she tried to come to grasp with the earth-shattering revelation she'd just experienced.

'Calm down, Jan...' She counseled herself. 'The world hasn't come to an end. This is only temporary. Until you're male again... well, it won't kill you. It'll be confusing, embarrassing and annoying, but you just have to bull through. Nobody even knows you're female. It's not all that different then a few minutes ago, when you thought you were 'just' a man with a cunt.'

'Yeah!' Another part of her mind came back, sarcastically. 'And I didn't like that, either!'

Jan took several deep breaths, trying to calm... well, to calm her female emotions, she supposed.

'Look, for two and a half decades, you were a fat freak. Now you're a female freak... but it's not nearly as visible. Just... just try not to throw up when you find yourself getting aroused by a good-looking guy.'

Just the thought of that made her shudder in disgust... and the 'pleasant' warmth it created in her gut made the shudder that much more pronounced. No matter what her conscious brain thought, her female hormones and emotions thought getting turned on by men was completely natural.

So - the trick to get through until she was once more male was to find something to keep her mind away from 'dangerous' territory.

Looking over the book she held, she saw it was one she'd never read - nor heard of, for that matter. However, she was sure that, female or not, she'd be able to loose herself in a book, as always.

Taking a deep breath, she flipped back to the front of the book and began to read, having to force her attention to stay on the book, and nothing else.

Before she got to page ten, she was lost in the unfolding plot and the characters, her own gender and life completely secondary to the words in front of her - not that she saw the words, anymore. As she'd always been able to, she'd escaped the world by slipping into the book, and the story unfolded around her as if she were watching a movie in her head, the 'real' world only a vague memory...

* * * * *

With a soft, muttered sound, Alesha came awake, blinking blearily up at the ceiling of the living room for a long moment... then sitting bolt upright, surprise etched on her face.

"Where am I?" She said, in fear, looking around the room. Memory wavered and shook... then, with an almost audible 'click', everything fell into place.

"Oh, yeah - Jan's apartment..." Alesha said, relaxing. She shook her head. "Man... I'm just exhausted. What the hell have I been doing?"

She frowned slightly, but memory remained hazy. She knew where she was, and who she was, and what she was doing here... but the past seemed a jumble, nothing coming sharp and clear, no matter how hard she tried to focus. In fact - the harder she tried to focus, the more it slipped away.

Stretching her slightly stiff muscles, she looked around... then her eyes fell on a sheet of lined legal paper laying on coffee-table, folded in half.

"Hmmm..." She muttered, picking it up. She unfolded the piece of yellow paper and looked at what was written on it, three sentences in Jan's printing... and frowned in mild confusion as the words of the first sentence registered on her mind.

I wish that I wasn't a freak, but completely normal in build an appearance, with nothing 'out of the ordinary' for anybody to see, even if I were completely naked.

"What the...?" Alesha started to say, confused...

...then suddenly felt like she was going to vomit. No - that wasn't right. It wasn't just her stomach muscles tightening up, but every muscle in her body. She twitched as her strength seemed to run from her body in the sweat that suddenly burst from her pores.

"Ughnnn..." She moaned, gasping. "Oh, God... I think I'm really sick..."

She slumped over, her muscles loosening from taut to utterly spent, and the telephone (and the help it represented) seemed to be miles away, rather than a yard or two. She gasped for breath, feeling as if she'd just engaged in some incredibly strenuous activity... and knew she'd never reach the phone. Not in her condition.

"Help..."

It was supposed to be a yell, in the hopes that somebody would hear - but it came out barely above speaking volume, her voice as weak as her muscles.

Slowly, weakly, she curled up on the couch, pulling the comforter over her as darkness flickered at the edge of her vision. She began to slide into darkness...

As she fell asleep, words circled in her mind. Words that had already registered on her subconscious, once, but still failed to register on her conscious mind...

'Poor Alesha. I wish you could just forget being enslaved and treat me as your friend...'

* * * * *

Jan was yanked from the world of the book she was reading as a strange sensation rippled through her body, moving through it so quickly that it was come and gone almost as it registered on her mind. The lingering sensation of pushing and pulling, of flesh being reshaped, lasted an instant longer...

"What the...?" She started to ask, quietly - and two things stopped her, mid-sentence.

One was the oddly-pitched sound of her voice. The other was the sight of her hands, holding the edges of the book with the thumbs folded onto the pages.

Except... she'd never seen those hands before in her life. Sure, her hands were unfamiliar to her, being slimmer than what she was used to be... but these ones were even slimmer, and more.. graceful. Downright... feminine.

A connection not hard to make, considering the long, gloss-pink nails that graced the tip of each thumb.

"Uhhnn... Uhhnn..." Jan moaned, eyes widening as she put the book down and stared at the whole of her altered hands.

They matched the thumbs. Slender, feminine, tipped with equally feminine nails... and leading up to slender, feminine wrists, which disappeared under the cuffs of her now-not-so-baggy sweatshirt...

...which was pushed out at the chest. Not remarkably so, but enough that - together with the 'clues' of hands and voice - a conclusion could be reached as to what they were...

"Jan? Jan - are you okay?"

Jan's head whipped around, and she stared wide-eyed up at Leanne, who was half leaning over her, a concerned look on her narrow face.

"I.. Uh.. My.." Jan stammered, hearing the higher-pitched, feminine voice that emerged from her throat. A voice that went well with the tits, cunt and hands she now boasted... and probably the rest of her body, too. "You.. I, I was.. uh, and..."

Leanne looked around, worried. She gently took Jan's newly feminized hand. "come on - let's get you somewhere a little less public, honey."

Stunned, Jan let herself be led, not seeing anything as her mind insisted in cataloguing the sensations of her body.

Her legs felt.. different, somehow. The way they moved in the now-tighter jeans was subtly different in sensation... but that was eclipsed by the odd swiveling motion her hips were making, or the way her ass felt as the muscle contracted and expanded.

However, those were all secondary to the sensations coming from her chest as bare - and much more sensitive - nipples brushed the softly rough inner fabric of the sweatshirt...

So, it wasn't until they were actually inside that Jan realized that Leanne had led her into the women's bathroom.

"Wait! I can't..." Jan started to protest, instinctively... when the sound of her own voice drove home the fact that she probably could, now.

It was too much for her. Without being prepared for it in any way, she found herself falling to her knees and bawling her eyes out like...

...like...

...like a girl.

The thought only intensified the sobs that racked her altered body, and she barely noticed as Leanne knelt beside her and took her into her arms, patting the new woman on the back and making meaningless sounds of comfort.

It seemed to take forever for Jan to cry herself out, but finally the sobs softened, she stopped, and she straightened, aware once more of where she was, and of Leanne's arms around her.

"Jan?" Leanne said, her concern evident on her face. "Are you all right?"

Jan realized how strange all this was, and managed a weak - and false - smile as her mind spun for an explanation. Tell Leanne that she'd been crying because she was really a man, but nobody but her remembered that? Yeah, right...

"I.. read something that reminded me of a very bad memory..." Jan said, realizing how lame it sounded as it emerged. Who cried because of something she remembered, for God's sake...

"Oh, you poor thing..." Leanne said, sorrowfully. "I know what you mean. Ever since Steve dumped me halfway through Titanic, I can't watch that movie without... Oh, you poor, poor dear..."

'She bought it...?' Jan thought, incredulously... then squashed the thought. "Uh, look - can I have a couple of moments alone? To, uh... put myself back together. Splash some water on my face..."

"...and fix your makeup. Of course." Leanne said, sympathetically, helping Jan to her feet. I'll grab your purse and slip it just inside the door, 'kay?"

"Yeah, that'd be great, thanks..." Jan mumbled. 'Purse?'

Leanne left, still clucking to herself.. and Jan took a deep breath and faced the large mirror over the sink. A girl stared back at her, mascara streaking her face.

Even aside from the running make-up, the female version of Jan would never be called 'beautiful'... but definitely made 'cute', by a wide margin.

Slowly, stunned, Jan approached the reflection, still barely believing the girl copying the motions was her.

Her hair was longer than it had been, but was still short for a girl, a sort of pixie-ish hairstyle that went well with a pixie-ish face, with big blue eyes and a little snub nose. Her jaw was more rounded, and her cheeks better defined than they'd been,. All adding to her cute, feminine look. It would be with great difficulty that anybody could see the 'slim male Jan' in that reflection - if there was anybody who remembered him, that was. As for the original 'fat male Jan', there was no trace.

Her new body was likewise undeniably feminine, if not overly so. Slender and cute seemed to be the order of the day.

Hesitantly, Jan lifted her sweatshirt... and found herself looking at a pair of firm, high-set 'B' cup breasts, tipped with cute pink nipples that half-swelled in the cool air of the bathroom. Her waist was trim, but not terribly narrow above hips that were almost 'boyishly' slim, yet definitely feminine.

"Oh.. crap..." she breathed, hearing the feminine contralto once more...

Then she heard the wheeze of the door's closer as it opened a touch, allowing a white leather... purse? Bag? It looked like a small backpack, made out of patch-work white leather with large stitching. Presumably hers...

Oddly enough, Jan had never thought about it, but seeing the bag she had to admit it was probably the sort of thing she'd buy for a purse, if she were a woman... which she now was... so she'd bought the purse, or at least that was the way the altered history went...

Not only was she female... but the rapid changes were enough to give her a headache as she tried to keep tenses and 'real' and 'fictional' occurrences straight.

She looked at her reflection again, making a face at the thought of putting on make-up - but she was wearing some now, and she didn't feel like explaining to Leanne - anyone - why she'd washed off the smeared make-up but didn't put anymore on.

She turned on the tap, and began splashing her face with cold water, appreciating it for its bracing effect, if nothing else.

Drying her face with a handful of rough brown paper towel, she dropped the damp wad into the garbage and went to fetch 'her' purse, putting it on the counter and rooting through it.

She found the articles of make-up she'd have to reapply... and paused, wondering how the hell she used it. Awkwardly, she twisted off the cap-applicator of the Maybelline mascara..

..and found her hands moving with remarkable skill to apply the mascara, as if she'd done it thousands of times before. Which, in this version of her life, she probably had. Now there was a thought to give you pause - her body 'remembered' things her mind didn't...

After a short period, her hands stopped what they were doing on auto-pilot, so she assumed she was done. Tucking the items she'd removed from the bag, she took a better look at herself.

The make-up made a difference. She definitely was cute. Pretty damned cute, in fact...

She realized, with an odd sensation, that the male Jan would have been strongly attracted to the slender, fit young 'pixie' in the mirror... yet there was only embarrassed, humiliated admiration of her attractiveness in her now, nothing sexual at all. She knew she looked damned cute and even sexy... but she felt nothing for the image in the mirror.

Despite what her male memories insisted, her new identity was definitely male-oriented, sexually.

She noticed a couple of things she'd missed in her first, shocked examination of herself. Like the small gold-ball earrings in her smaller, more delicate lobes. Or the slender silver ring around one of her fingers - definitely feminine accessories.

Her clothing was no longer baggy. 'Ugly Girl Jan' had reason to hide her body, 'Cute Jan' didn't... so the jeans were nice and tight, revealing an ass that... well, that was pretty damned nice, as female asses went. She was also wearing sandal-style shoes, with a 'cork' heel that was block and about two inches tall, with white leather straps forming the upper portion.

The shoes matched her bag, Jan noted.. and wondered why she didn't feel surprised by that, or the fact that her once stone-washed light-blue jeans were now dark blue and semi-glossy, along with a light-gray sweatshirt that had become dark-gray and tighter, emphasizing her assets while minimizing her flaws.

Damn - it was bad enough she was now technically and obviously female, and a cute one to boot. Did she also have to be color- coordinated?

Sighing, Jan headed for the door, trying to cope with being visibly female due to yet another screwed-up wish. When she'd written it, she'd thought of herself as a 'guy with a vagina', so 'not freakish' would have restored her to manhood. Since she was - had been - technically female, a non-freakish female was what she'd become. Leaving her to cope with yet another unforeseen consequence, at least until...

...until...

"Oh, shit!" Jan swore, the wording of the next wish-to-come registering with brutal impact. She'd also written that on some assumptions including the obviously unfounded assumption that she'd be fully male once again by now... Throwing the door to the bathroom open, she nearly bowled Leanne over.

"Phone!" Jan said, urgently. "I need to use a phone!"

"Oh - sure...!" Leanne, confused, said, gesturing towards a phone on the check-out desk. Jan dashed over, grabbing up the handset and dialing...

...and getting a screeching sound.

"What's wrong with this phone...?" Jan said, urgently.

"Uh - you have to dial '9' for an outs..." Leanne started, really beginning to worry about Jan's strange behavior.

Jan quickly punched '9', waited until she had a dial tone, then tapped out the digits to her apartment, hearing it ring at the other end. "Come on, Alesha... answer..." Jan muttered, desperately.

* * * * *

Alesha blinked up at the ceiling, and slowly sat upright.

She'd drifted off to sleep for a short nap - and whatever was affecting her seemed to have eased up, because she didn't feel nearly so weak. She felt.. tired. Like she'd been up for thirty hours straight. But not bone-weary exhausted.

She glanced at the phone, thinking about calling a doctor... but she was feeling better, and some soup and sleep would probably clear up whatever it was.

Then again... maybe it would be best to have herself looked at.

Pushing the comforter off of her, Alesha rose and moved across the room...

...passing by the silent phone and towards the door. Making sure the lock was set to engage once the door was closed, she stepped out into the hall and pulled the door closed behind her.

Still feeling tired, she moved fairly slowly as she went down the stairs and out the door. Once outside, she turned left and headed towards the Emergency Room of the University Hospital, only a couple of blocks away...

* * * * *

"Damn... I turned off the ringer..!" Jan said, remembering. She slammed the phone down, unconsciously hiking her bag back up on her shoulder as the movement made it slip.

"Jan, maybe you should just sit down and..." Leanne started, with concern.

"No, I can't - I have to get home. I have somebody over, and I forgot too..." She couldn't think of any good excuse off the top of her head, so she didn't bother. "I just have to go, okay?"

Before Leanne could say anything else, Jan turned and hurried towards the front door of the library. She was practically sprinting by the time the doors swished shut, and she took the stairs at the apartment building three at a time.

For the first time since she'd gotten her slender body, she was panting as she fished frantically in her bag for her keys. Finally, she had them, and she unlocked the door and dashed inside.

"Alesha, don't grant my..."

The shout died in her throat as she saw the empty living room. She looked around, confused, then dashed to the kitchen. Empty.

Likewise, the bathroom and both her fully-furnished master bedroom, which had become more feminine in decor, and the empty second bedroom.

Walking back to the living room, she turned around in a full circle, confusion on her damnably cute new face. "Where the hell are you, Alesha?"

There was no answer, and Jan slowly walked to the door and pushed it closed. Dropping her purse and keys on the table, she walked over to the phone and turned on the ringer, then collapsed into the sofa, still trying to figure out where the hell her genie could have wandered off to...

* * * * *

As the doors to the ER swished open, Alesha hesitantly wandered inside, glancing over at the admissions desk with a thoughtful gaze.

She'd thought that sleep was the ticket to feeling better - yet, she was feeling more awake and alert now than she'd been when she'd left the apartment. Since she couldn't remember exactly what had happened last night, maybe all she had was a hang-over, and walking was getting it out of her system. If that was the case, she'd feel damned silly about having her self looked at...

No. No, she'd just head back to the apartment. Jan was probably home by now, and if something happened, she would be able to help Alesha, call a doctor if necessary...

As she thought of Jan, the second sentence on the piece of paper ran through her mind...

I wish the reason I am so popular is because I am very friendly, outgoing, and willing to express what I'm feeling to the people around me in whatever way seems appropriate to the situation.

Just as the thought ran through her head, Alesha gasped and doubled over, her body tensing again as she dropped to her knees, drawing the attention of some medical staff, who rushed towards her...

* * * * *

"Alesha, where the hell are you...?" Jan asked the empty apartment as she paced back and forth in the living room.

Emotions warred within her feminine body. Part of it was dismay and shock over her new body... but, oddly enough, that was fading quickly, except when something reminded her of it too sharply. For the most part, you ignored your own body unless there was something wrong with it, and that was true even if the body wasn't, really, 'yours'. She was healthy, in no pain... so there were stretches of time when she all-but-forgot that she was now female.

Another part of the emotional mix was concern over what her next wish would do to her. She'd written three wishes on that piece of paper, and one of them had already been granted - turning her fully female, which she hadn't expected. The other two wishes were based on the assumption that she'd be male by now...

The final part of the emotional mix was worry - worry for Alesha. Jan simply couldn't fathom why the Djinni would...

Jan stopped in mid-stride, thrown off her gait by a quick shudder that ran through her, as if somebody had just placed an ice-cube at the small of her back. She shook herself, looking confused.

"What the...?" Jan asked herself, wondering what it had felt as if she'd just been hit by an icy draft. She'd been thinking about Alesha.. could it be some sort of premonition? Jan had heard of that - a 'bad feeling' just before finding out some bad news about somebody you cared about...

She was so keyed up, when the knock on the door came, she actually screeched, a high-pitched indrawn breath that sounded like a rusty hinge. Her hands flew to her chest, pressing against her firm bust and feeling the rapid beat of her heart beneath as the shock of the sudden noise ran through her body.

Letting out the breath, she hurried towards the door, hoping it would be Alesha... and afraid that it would be somebody with bad news about Alesha. Her slender, long-nailed new fingers trembled as she twisted the handle and pulled the door open...

"Oh..." Jan said, nonplused. "Uh.. Hi, uh... Doug."

Doug Winston, handsome and friendly, usually had an easy grin on his tanned face. Now, his face was serious, and the green eyes beneath his wind-blown tousled mane of black hair were concerned.

"Hi, Jan." He said, gently. "I heard from Leanne that you might be in some sort of trouble. I thought I'd come over and see if there was anything at all I can do to help."

Jan blinked, amazed that Doug would bother...

...bother coming to see one of the most popular people in the area? This altered history was going to take some getting used to...

However, getting used to an altered history would be a piece of cake compared to getting used to her body's new orientation... because Jan was mortified to find herself very, very aware of just how attractive Doug was. She didn't want to deal with her body's new reactions to men, especially when she was feeling it so strongly that it almost made her want to deal with it...

On the other hand... he had come over to check up on somebody he thought might need help. Jan knew in the revised history she kept people at bay... yet here Doug was, obviously concerned about her...

"Oh, that's so kind of you..." Jan found herself saying, surprising herself. Oh, not with the sentiment - it had been exactly what she'd been thinking at that instant. She just didn't know she was going to say it, right along with voicing the thought that the 'right' thing to do now was "...please, come in, Doug."

She had said it.. and she was stepping aside to let him in, even though she was nervous about being around a man handsome enough to trigger her female emotions and desires... and that showed, to, in her nervous, awkward movements.

'Oh, shit...!' Jan thought to herself as Doug came in and she shut the door behind him. 'Alesha granted my second wish!'

From now on, it was as if there was no buffer between thought and action, other than 'social convention'. She would freely express what she was thinking or feeling, as long as it was 'appropriate for the situation'...

"So, Jan... do you want to talk about it...?" Doug asked as she turned away from the door.. and part of her mind cursed him for caring, because it made things even more difficult for her. She appreciated his kindness, and he was handsome, and all these things created feelings for him that she wasn't comfortable having.

"It's nothing that talking about would help..." She said, walking towards the living room with him in tow. "I'm just... having one of those days."

'Oh, God - now there's the understatement of the year...' She thought wryly. Since it was 'appropriate', the wry grin that went along with it surfaced for Doug to see as she sat on the couch. She shrugged.

"Sometimes, it's like.. it's like I don't know who I am, or who I'm supposed to be." She explained, truthfully. "You try hard to improve on your life... and everything you do has other consequences you didn't expect. One part of your life improves.. and another part gets worse."

"Yeah - I know what you mean..." Doug agreed, grinning back just as wryly. "Well, the good news is it stays in balance, somehow..." 'That's what you think...' Jan thought to herself. 'This version of my life is much worse than when...'

Her mind suddenly went into vapor-lock as she realized, with a shock that was nearly earth-shattering, that it wasn't true. No matter how much it felt like it should be true, that being turned into a woman should be the most devastating, horrifying fate that could be bestowed upon her, her mind wouldn't let her lie to herself about it.

She'd gone from being a fat, wheezing loner to a slender, attractive, popular girl with friends like Doug, who obviously cared about her. There was simply no way to ignore the fact that her life had improved dramatically, even if it was in a direction that she'd never considered, and wasn't exactly comfortable with.

"Jan?" Doug asked, seeing her sitting with a surprised and confused look on her face. "What is it?" "She shook her head. " I... I just realized that maybe things aren't as bad as I first thought."

"Oh - that's great." Doug said, grinning. "Something I said, I hope."

She found herself grinning. "Well, yeah - but also the fact that you came at all. I really appreciate it."

She did, too - the thought that somebody cared enough to come over for her benefit was heart-warming. However, she didn't necessarily want to tell him that. She wanted to keep a distance between them...

...or, rather, she wanted to want to keep a distance between them, because her mind was split. Part of her mind dreaded being her, as a woman, near an attractive man that she was finding more attractive by the minute. Another part of her was thinking how great this was, and how she should show her appreciation... and her body was just eyeing Doug's tanned, toned body and saying 'yum, yum!'

It was a strange sensation - but, remarkably, one that Jan recognized, though from a different context.

She'd been on a diet all her male life, having to be careful what she ate to keep her then-massive weight from ballooning any further. Not that she'd been a saint, she was a human as anybody else... so had occasional given into temptation. That was the same sensation, exactly - knowing, without any doubt, that you shouldn't... but wanting to, anyway. Just like those temptations, her 'logical' mind was pointing out that she was 'really' male, and would be again when she could correct the mistakes of the wishes she'd made... but her emotions and body were telling her the exact opposite, that she should just go ahead...

"Well, I'm glad I could help, Jan..." Doug said, rising from the chair and scootching over to sit beside her on the couch. "I want you to be happy..." He said in an odd tone of voice... and rested his left hand on her jean-clad leg.

Jan felt a shiver run up her spine. A very, very pleasant shiver, as a matter of fact... a shiver that intensified as his right hand began to lightly run through her shortish, platinum-blond hair.

"Well, I am feeling much happier now..." She found herself admitting... and there was something odd about the tone in her voice, too. She turned her head to look at Doug's face, only inches away from hers, with a soft, gentle look in his sea-green eyes that she couldn't immediately place.

"I know you try and keep a.. a distance between yourself and others, even as friendly and outgoing as you are..." Doug said, almost whispering. "But... but that doesn't mean that others want to stay a little distant from you, as well..."

Oh. Well, that explained the look in his eyes and the tone of voice then, didn't. The next thing you know, he'd try and... Doug slowly leaned forward, eyes still open and looking deep into hers, giving her plenty of time to react....

...and she found her eyes slipping shut and her head tilting to allow his lips to meet her own. 'What am I doing?' Jan shouted at herself.

'You're letting a very kind, considerate, and handsome man kiss you.' The rest of her mind answered dryly. 'And enjoying it thoroughly, might I add?'

It was true... she was enjoying the feel of Doug's lips on her own. The hand that had been running through her hair slid down around her neck, drawing her a little closer as the kiss intensified. and she was doing nothing to stop it.

The strangest thing was - she could have stopped it at any time. It wasn't like she was 'out of control' She was moved to react honestly to her emotions was all, and if she'd decided that the thing to do was pull away, she could have. but no matter how strange it felt to be a woman and having a man kiss her it felt damned nice, physically.

And emotionally. It felt good to be held, to be kissed, to be.. wanted. She felt as if she were perfectly safe right now, as if nothing bad could happen to her in Doug's strong-yet-gentle arms... this was still gentle, but it deepened into something more passionate. as Doug's hand slid upwards, sliding under her sweatshirt and gliding, slowly, across the taut flesh of her now-smooth stomach. She moaned low in the back of her throat as it found its goal - her right breast. Gently, it began to caress her firm, taut mound, thumb gliding over a now-erect nipple.

Jan's mind was spinning... but it was a very pleasant whirl. Her emotions were churning over, mixed nervousness with pleasure and comfort, tinged with guilt at letting herself continue doing this. It just felt so. so right, somehow, and she never wanted it to end even as she berated herself for letting it go on this long.

She'd never known how good having a breast could feel, when somebody skilled and gentle caressed it. She'd avoided touching her female parts, for fear this would somehow 'vindicate' the mistaken magic... and, in a way, it did. Perhaps being a man had its good points, too, but being a fat freak of a man meant he hadn't had much chance to experience them, and he'd 'blown' his one chance to date, the time when he was an unknown thin man.

Now, she was discovering the pleasures of the body, even if it was as a woman - and it seemed like a woman's body was one erogenous zone, merely varying in intensity. As a man, pleasure came mainly from one part of the body, and that was an 'external' part, while her entire body seemed to be shivering with the pleasure Doug's touch brought, and she felt genuine regret as he removed his hand from her breast and let it slid back downwards, back across her stomach, until it reached her waist, and began to undo the button on her jeans and...

She broke the kiss, her hand dropping to stay his from pulling her zipper down any further. "Doug, no..." She said, softly, regretfully, part of her telling her she was a fool for stopping him. Doug blushed, drawing away from her. "I.. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have..."

"No, no - it's not your fault." Jan hastened to assure him, honestly. "I.. I enjoyed having you hold me, but... I'm just not ready. I'm sorry."

He grinned, with little humor. "I see - 'right guy, wrong time'?"

She sighed with a smile. "That's just it, Doug - I don't know if you are the right guy. To be honest, my body and emotions are crying 'yes'... it's your mind that says 'no'. It's not you, believe me - anybody else wouldn't have gotten as far as you did, much less any further. I.. I'm just not ready, okay?"

"Yeah." Doug grinned, with feeling this time. He rose. "I.. I hope this won't interfere with us being friends. I mean... I hope I didn't screw up what we had."

Since Jan had no memory of 'what they'd had', the answer was easy.

"I can't pretend this didn't happen, and I'm not sure if it happening is good or bad.. so why don't we just start all over again. A fresh start, as if we just met.."

He shrugged. "Yeah, I guess I can do that..." Theatrically, he assumed an overly polite expression. "It was a pleasure meeting you, Miss Lindstrom. I hope to see you around."

"It was my pleasure, believe me.." Jan said, with a giggle, doing up her pants as she rose. She escorted him to the door, feeling another pang of regret as she closed it firmly behind him, fighting the urge to call him back and pick up where they'd left off...

"Get a grip, girl..." Jan muttered to herself. "So he's handsome, intelligent and kind. So he's practically the ideal man. So your body's crying out for it. You're not going to be female long enough to form any relationships.. and imagine how people's memories are going to have to change to match what you do know, once you're a guy again. You have sex with a guy now, and when you make the wish everybody'll probably remember you as being gay or something..." the thought brought her up short for a second... because, in her current condition, she didn't think she could define 'gay'. After all, intellectually she found women attractive - hell, she found herself attractive. But there was no sexual interest. On the other hand, she definitely had sexual interest in guys now, which was an uncomfortable thought... but which was 'straight' for this body. If she forced herself to go against her body's desires, then she'd be a 'lesbian'...

"Well - so I stay celibate until I'm male again." She sighed. "Damn, Alesha.. where the hell did you go to, anyway?"

Shaking her head, she walked down the hall to the bathroom, turning on the water and adjusting the temperature for a shower. She was embarrassed to admit that her body had become aroused - very aroused - from Doug's kiss and fondling, and even more so for the mere thought of what might have happened, had she not stopped him. Her crotch was warm and moist, and a nice cold shower should help... the thought of cold water sluicing over her skin, made her shiver, and she thought about it as she looked around the bathroom. When she'd changed into a woman, the apartment's contents had also altered to match her new identity, just as her clothes had... and Jan's eyes fell on a half-full container of bubble-bath.

"Well.. why the hell not?" She asked herself. Dropping the stopper into the drain, she adjusted the water temperature to a nice, warm temperature, and added a dollop of the bubble-bath to the water, watching the thick white foam form at the bottom of the tap's deluge.

Straightening, Jan walked over to the small cupboard to ensure there was some towels there.. and was mildly surprised to find her old, ratty towels had been replaced by huge, thick white ones that were fluffy and soft. Dropping one on top of the toilet lid, which was next to the tub, she quickly undressed.

Naked, she paused and looked her nude body over in the mirror, finding little fault with it.

"God, I am cute, aren't I?" She asked herself, with a wry grin. "No wonder why Doug was so eager to take a chance. Being 'just friends' with me like he remembers must be a strain on his male urges."

Scrunching up her nose, she stuck her tongue out at her reflection, then turned away from the mirror and stepped into the tub, settling down into the warm, foamy water with a sigh of contentment.

"okay, so I'm giving into my feminine side..." She sighed. "Can I help it if it just feels so damned nice..."

She lay back in the tub, eyes closed, letting her hand slid over her flat stomach, enjoying the way she felt at that moment. She felt nearly perfect... except for the nagging 'urge' that she hadn't dared give into, of course...

Her hands paused, and she bit her lower lip in sudden thought... then slowly let her hand glide southward, down past her navel, over the slit rise beneath.. and hesitated, fingers lightly stroking the soft down of her pubic hair.

After a moment, she began to slide her hand, flat, over her mons, feeling the pressure stimulate nerves beneath. She sighed, and pressed harder with her hand, increasing the pleasure the touch created, finding it warm and comfortable, less... insistent than anything she'd felt as a man, but somehow more... all-encompassing.

She began to put more and more pressure on her ring finger, the one aligned with the smooth, soft folds of her new womanhood, transferring more pressure to where it created the most pleasure, the finger gliding firmly over her anticipation-swollen clit, causing her to bit her lower lip again and let out a moan, her body like the sounding box of a guitar as she plucked the string of pleasure...

...before she'd consciously decided to do so, her finger dipped on its next pass.. and for the first time, she felt something inside of her.

The sudden surge of pleasure made her gasp. The pressure across her clit had lessened, slightly, but added to that was the way it felt to be.. penetrated. To feel the soft walls of her new vagina touched in a way that was new and wondrous of its own accord.

She began to stroke herself with more vigor, her head lolling to the side as she gasped out her pleasure at her own touch, her finger working the nub of her clit while gliding within the silken walls of her cunt. There was one moment when she gasped as she pushed in the wrong direction, grazing the wall of her wet, warm womanhood with a nail.. but she didn't make that mistake again,. And the pain was quickly forgotten in the swelling tide of pleasure as she worked herself toward ecstasy...

She had no way of judging, of course, having no frame of reference that applied... but her first female orgasm was a pretty damned good one, her original arousal, supplied by Doug, allowing her to reach a higher plateau, negating her inexperience in pleasuring herself. All she knew was that it felt like she'd been hit between the eyes with a hammer... made of the softest down. It was painless, but the sharp pressure between her eyes flared as white sparkles danced behind her eyelids,

caused by the fact she'd inadvertently clamped her eyes as tightly closed as physically possible as her body shuddered in the grip of the orgasm that burned up the nerve networks from her crotch to her brain, leaving her momentarily breathless.

"Well.." She sighed, heart thundering from pleasure as she withdrew her hand. "I guess being a woman could be an educational experience all it's own... Still, I'm looking forward to putting this new knowledge to good use, as a man. Alesha, honey, my darling subservient genie.. where are you...?"

* * * * *

"Okay..." Dr. Fingeld said, nodding at the nurse who held the syringe. Nodding, the nurse squeezed the plunger, injected a stimulant into the IV tube running into the arm of the dusky, beautiful 'Jane Doe'.

When she'd collapsed, the medical staff had rushed to her side, and by-passed the usual administrative procedures to get her treated. She'd had no identification to verify her claim that her name was 'Alesha Hawrey', so she was officially 'Jane Doe 010224-2 (Alesha Hawrey)' on the admit form.

Dr. Fingeld had never seen somebody in quite this condition. She seemed to be suffering from severe exhaustion, yet that wasn't quitter it. It closely resembled the state a habitual drug user could get into, especially coke, crack and heroin users. A blood test, however, showed no trace of drug use at all... but a startling imbalance of electrolytes, mineral deficiencies, and other oddities that just didn't add up.

Dr. Fingeld had sedated her, allowing her body to rest as her chemical and hormonal balances were corrected. Now, all the blood work was back into the normal range, and he hoped she could answer some of the questions...

The patient moaned softly, then blinked up at the ceiling in obvious confusion.

"Where am I...?" Alesha wondered, briefly, feeling absolutely fine now that her blood work had been corrected... and for no particular reason that she knew of, the third sentence Jan had written down on the sheet of paper...

I wish I was better looking, better educated, had a better income, was a better lover - and much better endowed...

Gasping, Alesha felt another 'fit' grip her body, draining her new-gained strength and energy, leaving her limp on the bed, head swimming...

"Nurse!" Fingeld shouted, startled at the new seizure. "Sedative, quickly! She's reacting..."

Seconds later, Alesha's world once more went dark, and the last thought she had as she fell into the darkness wasn't heartening... 'Oh, my God.. I think I'm dying...'

* * * * *

Jan was just toweling off, enjoying the feel of the big, fluffy towel next to her soft skin, when the entire world seemed to shudder.

Jan gasped as a.. a ripple seemed to move through the room - and her. Her equilibrium was thrown off, and she stumbled forward, arms going out instinctively and bracing her on the edge of the cabinetry around the sink...

It took a second for her to realize what was odd about that - because, a second ago, the sink had been one of those free-standing designs, white porcelain supported by a matching 'swan-neck' column. Now, the sink was larger, and gold-toned fixtures gleamed brightly, the entire sink surrounded by what looked - but didn't feel - like a marble counter-top.

However, that was of secondary interest to Jan as she gazed at her altered reflection in the larger, more 'stylish' mirror that had replaced the standard 'medicine cabinet with mirror' above the sink.

"Well, at least I know Alesha is okay..." She told herself, hearing her slightly altered voice for the first time. It was still a contralto, but now it warmed, richer, smokier.. a singer's voice, she thought to herself.

However, it was far from the only change made to her body. After a second look, she'd notice that her still platinum-blond hair hung down to her shoulders in a soft, silken flow. Shoulders that were slimmer and more delicate. She'd also notice that the fall of hair surrounded a face that was no-longer just 'cute', but beautiful, without being 'idealized'. Instead, it was a very lovely, intelligent, individual face. Her jaw still came to a slight point, but now the curve of her jaw-line was smoother and more graceful, matching cheek- bones that had become higher and finer, pulling the 'shape' of her face into a sort of stylized triangle shape, in much the way Tyra Bank's face was shaped.

However, that was the only resemblance between her new face and that of Tyra - because Jan's complexion was smooth and creamy, not too pale, but very light and fine. Her nose was narrower, with a well-defined bridge and a slight upturn at the end. Flanking that nose was a pair of bright blue eyes that looked intelligent and cheerful, a very fine network of laugh-lines almost invisible, but curving the very corners of her eyes into the slightest look of a permanent knowing grin.

Such a grin would look perfectly at home on her lips. They were fuller, but not ridiculously so, and they also seemed to be in a faint, permanent grin, as if she were enjoying herself even at rest.

All in all, it was a beautiful face that was neither a 'cool' or 'classical' beauty, but more friendly and accessible, a somehow very Scandinavian face.

She was also somewhat taller than she'd been a moment ago. Since, as a male, she'd been of average height, her first transition had left her a little taller than average from women.. now she was quite tall and slender, and her long, shapely legs seemed even longer by comparison, leading up to an ass that had become damned-near spectacular on hips that, while still on the somewhat slender side were far indeed from 'boyish'.

Her waist had become considerably slimmer.. and the belly-button flawless, one of those 'added' touches that was part of near- perfection, like the way her new toes and fingers were perfectly proportioned for her graceful, feminine hands and feet. Even her ankles were slender and shapely, nicely formed.

All of this, however, only came after she'd gotten past something else... "Damn!" Jan said, eyes widening. "I'm huge...!"

Her new breasts were definitely worthy of comment - because they were much, much larger then they'd been originally. In fact, each breast was roughly the size of a regulation volleyball.

The were also remarkably firm... yet not so much that they could be immediately pegged as 'fake'. Indeed, they had a near-perfect shape, full and firm and round themselves, but hanging a bit to pull the flesh above into a smooth contour before rounding back into the chest underneath, forming a sort of 'teardrop' shape. Her nipples matched the scale of her new endowments, being large and a very warm pink color, as ideally flawless as the rest of her body without being 'artificial' looking.

Indeed, her 'near perfection' was more utterly breathtaking then true physical perfection would have been, her tiny flaws making her look more human, more accessible, then the stylized 'goddesses' that some fashion models seemed to be, or women with extensive plastic surgery to achieve their own sort of man-made 'perfection'. Tall and slender and supple, she was nevertheless somehow to project a sort of 'girl next door' aura, as if she weren't completely aware of just how stunningly beautiful she was.

When she'd completely survey her body, though, her comment was different, spoken in a tone of awe... "God... I'm gorgeous..."

She was, too. Her body was long and lithe and supple, a dancer's body. It reminded her of an old Swedish actress... 'Dagmar' was her name, a woman who was the 'beauty' in several old comedy movies. Buxom, beautiful, yet 'real' rather then contrived.

Jan just stared at her new reflection in the mirror for a few moments before the shock and stunned amazement at her sheer attractiveness began to fade... then slowly looked around the bathroom.

It was still the same bathroom - that is to say, it was the same room, in the same apartment, in the same building. However, aside from the gross physical dimensions and rough layout of the facilities, there was little resemblance between this bathroom and the one she'd occupied just a few minutes ago.

The inexpensive vinyl flooring had been replaced with genuine tile. The walls were painted a dappled pale-blue-and-white that went well with the tiles, and with the white 'marble' countertop around the sink, all offset by Golden Oak woodwork in the cabinetry.

The place was much nicer... as befitting somebody with a better income, as specified in the wish. It was the only part of the wish that could be construed as being what Jan had wanted. Oh, sure, she was definitely more attractive and better endowed... but since she'd mistakenly thought she'd be male at the time, the result isn't exactly what she'd been hoping for.

Hanging on the back of the bathroom door was a bathrobe, a big, fuzzy white one, like the ones you saw in movies but rarely in real life. Still somewhat numb from her latest change, Jan pulled the garment on, feeling it's thick, soft fabric on her smooth new skin as she opened the door and stepped out into the rest of the apartment... and found she was moving with a more innately graceful stride than before, her body moving almost as if she were dancing, smooth and supple.

The entire apartment was nicer, better decorated and revealing more money than before. The second bedroom was even furnished, though in the somehow impersonal manner that signified a designated 'guest room'.

"Whoa... I must have a pretty damned nice job..." Jan muttered to herself, looking around. "I just wish I knew what it was..."

Well, her three wishes had been granted, and this might just be the perfect life, once she'd converted it back into the male version. To do that, she'd have to make at least one more wish... which meant she had to find Alesha. The Djinni's continued absence worried her. After all, she was 'a stranger in a strange land', despite her magically acquired knowledge of the culture.

Jan decided she'd have to go look for Alesha. She'd been waiting in the apartment, hoping Alesha would return... but what if, for some reason, she couldn't? The fact that the wishes were continuing to be granted meant that Alesha was still relatively all right, but Jan knew how much granting the wishes took out of her, and the fact might be that she was too exhausted to get home on her own. As far as Jan knew, Alesha didn't have money, and while she was beautiful enough she could probably wheedle a ride out of most men, the thought still didn't sit well with Jan.

Turning away from the very nicely - and feminine - decorated living room, Jan went to her altered bedroom and opened the closet to find something to wear.

Apparently, in this version of her history, Jan liked clothes that were more feminine than unisex, even if they weren't particularly 'girly'. Biting her lower lip in thought, Jan began to sort through her dresser and closet, picking out the first - and, hopefully, only - outfit she'd be wearing in this body.

First, she started with the basics - a bra and panties. The new version of her was obviously quite fashion-savvy, as she had almost five times as many clothes as she'd had as a man, and thus a wide range to choose from, even in the underwear department. She looked at the plain white cotton bra-and-panty set in the corner...

...then shrugged and picked out another set, less utilitarian. After all, she was in an absolutely gorgeous new body, and it wasn't like anybody was going to be able to see the underwear she chose, so why not pick something she thought looked good on this body. She didn't have to dress down for herself, did she?

She picked a pale blue satin set that went well with her new body's coloration, especially with the white lace trim on the panties and bra. The gleaming highlights the smooth material created increased the effect of her top-heavy hourglass figure and her firm, spectacular ass, and she had to admit it looked damned good. Standing in front of the full-length mirror that her room now boasted, she turned this way and that.

"Damn - that does look good on me, doesn't it?" She asked herself. With a male-memory-mind, altered emotions or not, she was able to truly appreciate just how stunningly gorgeous she was, even if she no longer experienced any sexual desire for this fantastic body she was inhabiting.

In fact... she looked so damned good in the pale-blue satin lingerie that she blushed slightly as she thought about what else had been with the set in the drawer. Something she'd left where it was, not planning to wear it... but now that she saw how damned good this looked on her body...

"Well... it's not like anybody would know, right?" She asked her reflection, blushing even brighter... and then she turned and looked in the drawer again.

At the matching corset with it's garters. Also pale blue satin, it was brocaded with a pattern, trimmed in white lace, and designed more to be a very fancy garter-belt than a 'real' corset, since it wasn't 'boned' to real constrict the waist more than a little.

"No.. No, I couldn't..." Jan told herself... unconvinced. "...could I...?"

The answer turned out to be - she could. She blushed fiercely as she did so, but she pulled the garment out and pulled it on, finding her slender, long-nailed new hands seemed to know what they were doing as they laced the back of the garment tighter before pulling it around her slender waist, positioning the molded scallop-shaped top of the garment directly under her large, spherical breasts, now supported into near-perfect spheres by the matching bra. Once the corset was where it was supposed to go, she folded her left arm across her stomach to hold it in place while her right hand did up the nifty little 'pull-and-clasp' fasteners on the side, which reminded her of the metal ones used on most tool-boxes.

"Huh.. so that's how it works..." She muttered to herself as she looked at herself in the mirror again. Though she was still blushing at having chosen to wear such a... 'unnecessary' feminine garment, she had to admit it looked pretty damned good. Between the panties, bra and corset, her body was as covered as it would be in a one-piece bathing suit, but somehow looked more... more 'elegantly sexy', more beautiful than it would have in a bathing suit.

"Well... I can't have those garters just flopping around..." She told herself. "I guess I'd better put on some nylons..."

Rooting in the dresser once more, she found a pair of stockings that would look good with what she was wearing so far. They were white, and soft and smooth, and when she sat on the edge of the bed and let her newly-skilled hands pull them on, she found they created a very interesting sensation on her smooth, shapely new legs. Not just the sensation of having them on, but the fact that they actually seemed to increase the sensation of the air moving over her legs.

She clipped the nylons in place with the six garter straps, three on each side, then stood and walked around the room a bit, getting used to the way the air felt moving over her legs... and blushing furiously. Somehow, the nylons made her legs feel more naked than they had when they were bare, which was a weird new sensation for Jan, to say the least.

Next, Jan stepped into a white leather skirt and slid it into place around her trim-yet-feminine new hips, slipping it up behind her and smoothing it over her thighs and hips. It hung to just above her cute new knees and clung tightly to her hips and fantastic new ass before flaring out slightly at its hem.

Jan then pulled on a powder-blue short-sleeved mock-turtleneck sweater that clung tightly to her figure, outlining her slender waist and showing off her firm, full bust-line. It practically seemed natural to step into a pair of matching powder-blue leather pumps with a six-inch heel, lifting her already tall body even higher and adding more definition to legs that scarcely needed it. She found she could move easily atop the heels as she glided smoothly over to the mirror to look at the outfit.

"Wow.. I look stunning...!" She told herself with a bright smile. "I need to do something with my hair, fix my face, but I'm absolutely... what the hell am I doing?"

She stopped dead and looked herself over again, realizing that she had, indeed, just dressed in a way that enhanced her already amazing beauty. She shook her head in shock as realization slowly filtered through.

Part of it was her new emotions. Any woman who looked good would feel better about herself if she didn't have to 'ugly herself up'. No matter what her original male viewpoint thought, she was female now, and her habits, instinct and emotions were just as feminine, and she'd let herself go along with them... because the male portion of her mind was interested to see just how damned good she could look, if she tried. Though the male portion of her mind felt decidedly uncomfortable being this gorgeous woman, it wasn't actively fighting it, which is why she'd let her female thought-patterns 'sneak up' on her like this.

"No, no way I'm going out dressed like this." She told her reflection. "I mean, I'd have guys hitting on me left and right..>!"

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath at the warm tingle the thought caused, forcing herself to remember that it wasn't a good thing to be desirable to men, no matter what her body, emotions, and at least half her mind thought...

"No. I'm going to put on those plain white panties and bra, some jeans, and a baggy sweater. Something less.. less 'enhancing...' She told her reflection, firmly.. then paused. "But.. since I've gone this far, I might as well see what I'd look like fully made up and with my hair done before I change..."

Turning away from the mirror, she headed toward the bathroom, already mulling over what make-up and hairstyle would look best...

* * * * *

"So.. I'm not dying...?" Alesha asked the doctor, thankfully.

The doctor shook his head with a smile. "No, Alesha.. you're going to be fine. You had us worried for a while there, and we're still not sure of the root cause of your condition, much less the amnesia, but we know how to treat the.. 'seizures' now." He held up a couple of pill bottles, showing them to her. "Here we have a quick-release multivitamin and mineral complex, and in this other bottle is a stimulant. We've found that the two of them take about five minutes to kick in.. and then you're almost as good as new. Since whatever this condition you have isn't life-threatening, closely resembling simple exhaustion, this would allow you to live a full and rich lifestyle, your affliction only being a minor annoyance."

"That's great!" Alesha said, still worried about the unexplained amnesia and the unknown cause of her 'fits', but happy to know that there was something of a solution.

The doctor, however, didn't hand her the bottles. "the problem is.. without any valid identification, I can't proscribe the stimulant to you..." HE shrugged. "Either you'll have to bring in some identification, or every time you have another seizure, you'll have to return to the ER for a pill to be administered."

Alesha frowned. "Well, that's no good. Why don't I call my friend and have her bring my purse down. Would that work?" "Of course." Dr. Fingeld said, gesturing at the phone on the table next to the bed Alesha was sitting on.

* * * * *

"Damn.. that does look great..." Jan told herself, looking at the final effect of what she'd done.

She'd gone light on the make-up, using mostly 'cool' shades, including a very light, pale blue eye-shadow, only the faintest hint of blush, and a very light, pastel pink lipstick. Her hair had been brushed out, then pulled back from her face with small white plastic clips, then allowed to tumble freely to the side and down her back.

Part of her regretted that she was going to change into something less 'becoming'... and she was amazed to find the part of her that was relieved at the thought was quite small...

Then the phone rang. Winking at her reflection, Jan moved quickly - but gracefully - to her bedroom. Originally, she'd only had one phone in the apartment, but now there was an extension in the bedroom, a white-and-gold 'Princess' phone. She lifted the handset.

"Hello?"

'Jan, It's Alesha...' relief flooded Jan. "Alesha! Where did you get to?"

'I'm in the hospital...' Alesha said - and Jan's heart seemed to skip a beat. 'I'm okay, more or less. Not in any sort of danger.. but I need my ID to get a prescription. Can you bring it down to the hospital? You should also talk to the doctor about my condition.'

Jan blinked, worried, confused and shocked. In the emotional whirl, she replied without any real thought; "Geez, Alesha - I wish you had a legal identity to have ID for..."

* * * * *

Alesha suddenly stiffened, feeling the onset of another 'seizure', one that left her feeling weaker and tired.. but not as much so as earlier seizures. This one seemed a lot less intense.

"here.." Dr. Fingeld said, giving her a pill from each of the bottles, taking the phone out of her hand. "What's your friend's name...?"

* * * * *

"Alesha? Alesha...?" Jan said into the phone, worried by the half-heard sounds at the other end as she realized what she'd just done.

'Excuse me - Jan, is it?' An unfamiliar voice at the other end said. 'I'm Dr. Fingeld. I'm treating Alesha. Your friend seems to be afflicted with some sort of... well, she has seizures of some sort, leaving her weary and weaker. We're treating her with vitamins and stimulants. She's also suffering from a form of diffuse amnesia, and...'

"Amnesia!" Jan said, stunned - how could that have happened? Well.. at least it explained why she was in the hospital. If she didn't remember being a Djinni, then the 'seizures' granting wishes caused would certainly be frightening. "Look, Dr.. Uh.. Finegold...?"

'Fingeld.'

"Right. Anyway, Doctor, I already know about the, uh.. 'seizures'. She's had them as long as I've known her, and if she just rests for awhile, they go away. The amnesia... do you know how it happened?"

'No. She doesn't seem to have any head injury.' The doctor said. 'I'm actually relieved to hear that the seizures aren't a new condition. At least it means that it's an inherited condition, and not life-threatening, even though she probably should have been treated for it long before now. It's a pretty simple treatment.'

"It's the amnesia, Doctor..." Jan said, thinking up the lie on the fly. "If she had her memory, she'd never have come to see you. She's had a very.. uh, strange upbringing. She's.. or, she was... deathly afraid of doctors and hospitals."

'Well - then the amnesia might be a blessing in disguise, if it clears. Look, can you bring down her identification?'

"Sure.." Jan agreed, wondering where it would have appeared after her wish. She traded a bit of information with the doctor about how long she'd be, then hung up, still stunned by the news that Alesha didn't remember her own past.

She walked out of the bedroom... and found herself staring at the room across the hall - the 'guest room'.

Only, now it wasn't impersonal. It was definable an inhabited room... and, judging from some of the photos, it was inhabited by Alesha.

Sitting on the bed was a black leather purse.

Grabbing the purse, Jan looked inside. Sure enough, it was filled with the typical clutter of any woman's purse.. including ID.

Still trying to deal with the strange twists of her life, Jan was already at the front door, swinging her own white-leather purse over her shoulder, before she realized she was still dressed in the 'overly attractive' outfit. She paused...

"The hell with it. I haven't got time for this." Jan muttered to herself. Holding Alesha's purse in her hand, she stepped out the door and shut it behind her, heading down the stairs with the staccato accompaniment of her heels. Reaching the ground floor, she pushed open the door and stepped out into the parking lot...

...and stopped dead, staring at the silver 1963 Corvette sitting in the parking spot assigned to her, if she'd had a car. A Corvette... just like the one she'd always wanted to own.

A little numb, she dug her keys out of her purse and found a car key. A key that opened the door to the Corvette.

Slipping behind the wheel of the car, she felt a moment's hesitation. As a man, she'd never gotten her license. Apparently, as a woman, she had... but would she know how to drive?

Remembering how adept she'd done things like her make-up, Jan decided to give it a shot, sliding the key into the ignition and bringing the car to life. Sure enough, she had no trouble dropping the standard transmission into reverse and backing out of the parking spot, then shifting into gear and heading for the parking lot's exit. With new-found skill, she aimed the hood of the silver sports-car at the road and stepped own on the gas with one high-heeled foot, shifting easily through the gears as she drove the short distance between her apartment and the hospital.

Parking the car, she shut it off and slid out, gripping both her purse and Alesha's. Locking up the car, she grinned wistfully, thinking about the good and the bad of the twists and turns her life had taken since meeting Alesha... then she hurried into the hospital.

She was quickly directed to the right room, and she found Alesha sitting on the bed, looking good, with a doctor she assumed was Fingeld sitting in the armchair in the corner of the room. When she walked in, Alesha smiled at her... and Dr. Fingeld's face registered surprise, which in turn surprised her.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Lindstrom." He said, rising quickly to his feet. "I can't believe I didn't recognize your voice on the phone - god knows I've heard you sing enough times!"

"Uh - that's all right..." Jan managed, surprised. She was a singer? "It's, uh, nice to meet a fan, Doctor. Alesha.. here's your purse."

"Oh - everybody in town's a fan of yours, Miss Lindstrom." Finegeld said, grinning boyishly. "Even people who haven't been lucky enough to hear one of your rare performances loves you for the way you run Rick's."

This time, it was a struggle to keep the pure shock off of her face. Thankfully, Alesha busied the doctor with her identification, leaving her free to get her spinning emotions under control.

Rick's American Cafe, inspired by the movie Casablanca, had been her parents dream. They'd sunk all their money into it, converting an old warehouse on the edge of town into a spitting-image replica of the famous bar from the silver screen. It had been their dream, their life... until they'd gone bankrupt. They'd bet everything they had that they could run the business with minimal staff until Jan graduated from college and took over... except Jan had never managed to get the courses he'd needed to fulfill his parents hope, and the club had gone belly up.

At least - in the original history. Now.. Now it seemed that revised history had changed all that. As this female Jan, she'd graduated... but it was more than that. It didn't take much to see how a gorgeous woman, who also apparently had a terrific singing talent, could keep a business afloat when it would have gone under otherwise.

She'd have to keep that in mind when she made her wish to be male again - find a way to make sure the shift let her keep her parent's dream alive...

"Ready to go...?" Alesha asked Jan, breaking into her reverie. "I am if you are." Jan replied, grinning a bit.

Alesha sighed. "They wanted to keep me in for observation, because of the amnesia. but Dr. Fingeld admitted that they can't cure it, and all we can do is wait and hope my memory returns. Given that, it's probably best that I be back home, rather than here." "Yeah, sure..." Jan said, a bit uncomfortably. She led Alesha towards the car, mind spinning.

It would probably be easy to use a wish to give Alesha her memory back... but did she want to do that? Alesha, now, had no memory of being enslaved. As far as she was concerned, she was an average - if beautiful - young woman, and those thousands of years of emotional pain were gone from her mind and personality. Would it really be fair to give these back to her, especially when Jan was planning to free her completely once her final series of wishes were granted? It didn't seem right, not to Jan's way of thinking. yet denying Alesha her own memories seemed wrong, too. She'd have to think about it before she acted - after all, nothing was permanent until she'd made the wishes to get the life she wanted, then she'd have to decide what to do when she freed Alesha. She might give her back her real memories - or might wish her a new set of memories, ones that would match her apparent new identity, allowing her to live the rest of her mortal life without any problems with a past that she'd no longer remember.

It was a thorny problem, with each prospective answer feeling wrong on one level or another, and she mulled it over as she drove...

"What's with the long face, girl?" Alesha asked, breaking into Jan's thoughts. "You haven't said a dozen words since getting to the hospital."

Jan grinned faintly. "Oh - just worried about you, hon. Amnesia isn't exactly something you can laugh off."

Alesha smiled radiantly, a brighter expression than Jan had seen before on the Djinni's face. "Hey, no biggie. The Doc says there's an equal chance it'll all come back to me, suddenly - and, until then, I've got you to fill in the gaps."

"Yeah..." Jan managed to keep her voice even. "I suppose so. I'm still worried, though. "

'No shit...' Jan thought to herself. With the altered history, she wasn't even up to speed on her own life, and she was supposed to fill in the gaps of a fictional life for Alesha, too...?

"Well, here we are..." Jan said, wheeling the Corvette into the parking lot of their building. The two girls slid out of the car and headed upstairs...

...where Jan got yet another surprise, finding Doug and a guy she didn't know waiting for them in front of the apartment door, holding a big bouquet of flowers each.

"What the...?" Jan said, surprised, stopping just on the top step, Alesha a step behind her and lower.

"Look, Alesha..." The guys Jan didn't know started, "...I don't know what I did, but if you'll just tell me what I did wrong..."

"Yeah." Doug chimed in, to Jan, his face reflecting a mixture of dismay and hope. "I know I've screwed up badly, honey, and I'm sorry for whatever I said or did wrong..."

"Whoa, whoa...!" Jan said, holding up her hands. "What are you talking about?"

The two guys shared a look, and a puzzled frown creased Doug's face as she spoke. "Uh... you said you'd meet us down at Rick's? You never showed... and since it was just this morning, we didn't think you could have forgotten, so.. well... aren't you mad at us for something? Isn't that why you didn't come down, didn't answer your phone?"

'Now Doug's my boyfriend...?' Jan thought, incredulously... but her mouth was already working, explaining the reason why they'd stood the guys up...

"Look, guys.... I didn't forget, but Alesha did. She's got amnesia..."

"What!" the two guys exclaimed, startled, looking from one girl to the other as if waiting for the punch-line of a really bad joke. "No - really." Alesha said, stepping past Jan. "I hate to tell you this... but I don't remember either of you guys."

"You don't remember me?" the other guy said, stunned. "Honey, it's me - Steve. The guy you've been dating for the past two months?" "I'm sorry - I don't remember you." Alesha said, sadly.

An idea hit Jan, one that might save her some trouble - and keep her from having to reveal that she had about as much idea of the supposed past as Alesha did.

"Look..." Jan said, unlocking the door to the apartment. "Steve, why don't you take Alesha inside and talk to her, tell her how you met, everything you can remember about her. Maybe you'll spark her memory, and it'll all come back to her."

"Yeah.. okay... If that's okay with Alesha, I mean..." Steve said, obviously still trying to wrap his mind around the fact that his girlfriend didn't remember him at all.

"If it might spark my memory, I'm more than willing." Alesha said, soberly... then grinned, brightly "Besides... you're cute!" Steve laughed and went into the apartment with Alesha.

"So... what about us" Doug asked from behind Jan. She turned and smiled slightly at him, even though her stomach was churning at the idea of spending time alone with somebody who had memories of them being very close, probably even lovers already.

Her stomach wasn't churning from disgust - but from the fear she'd do something wrong, would give in to what she felt.. because she found herself very, very attracted to Doug.

She couldn't find any polite way to get rid of him, though - and a very large part of her didn't want to. The best thing to do was probably go somewhere with a lot of people, where she'd be able to control herself by behaving in a socially appropriate manner. She already knew being alone with Doug represented an almost overwhelming temptation.

"Why don't we head down to Rick's?" She suggested, and he agreed, suggesting they take his car. Jan didn't argue - her mind and emotions were whirling to much for her to be sure of her driving ability, and her body was rapidly signaling the fact that she was very close to a very attractive man who would probably be more than willing to...

Chopping the thought off, she struggled to maintain her composure as they headed down to 'her' bar, Doug respecting her silence. When they reached the bar, Doug pulled into the parking lot... and looked over at her.

"Look, Jan... I can tell that Alesha's amnesia is really bothering you. I'm glad to know you're not mad at me for something... but it hurts me to see you upset."

She grinned at him, weakly. "Thanks, Doug - it means a lot to me that you care so much." It did, too - and that's part of what bothered her.

He cocked his head. "So... should I tell Louis to set up for you?" he blinked at him, and he smiled, kindly. "Come on, Jan - I know you well enough to know that whenever you're really down, you come here and sing. That's why I wasn't the least bit surprised when you suggested we come here - I knew what you were thinking."

Jan opened her mouth to demur.. then paused, mind spinning.

Obviously, it was the sort of thing Jan 'usually' did, so it would seem odd if she didn't. More than that... she might actually enjoy it. After all, she apparently felt better after singing, in this altered history, so maybe it worked for her.

Most of all, though, she was thinking that she could get on stage... and separate herself from Doug a bit. She was getting entirely too attracted - and aroused - by the handsome young man. It was becoming a struggle to remind herself that she was going to be male again soon, and she couldn't let herself give in to these feminine emotions and desires...

"Yeah - have Louis set up for a set..." She said, hoping her singing ability would be as natural to her as doing her make-up or driving a car.

Louis turned out to be her manager, running the bar day-to-day, keeping her informed of everything that went on... including the precarious balance of the bar's finances. He was very polite, and obviously liked her, a lot... but that didn't keep him from pointing out that if she'd just announce when she was going to sing, ahead of time, they could use it to bring in more cash.

She didn't know Louis, even though she was supposed to be a good friend, and known him for years... but, thankfully, her ignorance didn't show, because Doug was there to fight her half of the discussion, pointing out that she only sang when she was very emotional - sad songs when she was worried or upset, upbeat songs when she was very happy. How could she know, ahead of time, whether she was going to be either? If she sang when she was just feeling 'okay', then the music would be nice... but it wouldn't have the intense feeling that made her so well known...

Even as this discussion was going on, they were setting up... and Jan winced as she realized that the bar would be technically closed while she sang. Not the building, but the actual bar - because Rick's only had three employees, who were also her band when she sang, meaning there was no bartender while she was singing. By listening, Jan discovered that she usually sang four songs, with a break in the middle to allow Jason, the bartender, and Matt, the waiter, to fill people's drink orders. There was also a short wait after setting up for the same reason, to make sure everybody had a drink before they started.

While all this was going on, Jan was back-stage, telling herself it was way too late to back out now. Though not packed tight, the bar was pretty full, and all those people out there were waiting for her to sing... and her heart was pounding so hard she thought she might pass out before she got a single note out.

Then Louis, on piano, played a quick riff while announcing her, and she stepped gracefully through the curtain, into the light trained on the stage...

...and the crowd applauded, people calling out her name. It wasn't the feel of a crowd of strangers, but as if she had a hundred friends, all here to see her do something she did well.

The thought hit her like a hammer... because that was more or less the case. Everybody in this room knew her, even if she didn't know them. They remembered her from here at the bar, and from out on the street. She was a local legend, the most popular person in town...

She was so stunned by the realization, she barely heard the opening lead-in to her first song... and was nearly shocked to find herself singing, her singing ability kicking in automatically, allowing her to sing without much conscious effort, her voice rich and beautiful as she found herself gliding around the stage with an easy grace, the stride of a long-time performer, her eyes roaming the crowd and picking out people with a glance, making them feel 'included' as the lyrics poured from between her full lips, warm and rich and lovely...

Jan was having the time of her life. This was the most exciting, wonderful thing she could remember doing for the longest time - in public, at least. She'd gone from a fat nobody to the towns most beautiful, popular woman, eagerly awaited whenever she announced she was going to sing, and watched with near adoration by her fans.

* * * * *

Steve sat in the chair in the living room, as Alesha showered and changed into something more comfortable. In truth, she was just trying to look her best for him, which Steve knew because this was how she'd acted when they'd first started dating... and, since Alesha had no memory of it, it was as if they'd just started again, as far as she was concerned.

Idly, Steve picked up the odd metal object on the coffee-table, turning it over and looking at it's delicate workmanship. "Huh... funny looking gravy boat..." He muttered to himself, moving to set it down...

...and pausing at the sight of the visible dull spots where his fingers had held the gleaming sides of the vessel. Holding it by it's intricately carved handle, whose whirls and whorls wouldn't show the effects of his touch, he used his shirt to polish it back to mirror brightness before setting it down on the table once more.

He'd just barely done that.. when Alesha came into the room, dressed in a bathrobe, her hair damp and unbrushed, no make-up on her face... and a strange light in her eyes.

"Alesha...?" Steve said, stunned.

"I think I'm remembering you or something!" She said, eagerly. "I mean... I still don't remember anything about you, or us... but I was I was in the middle of drying off, and suddenly this weird sensation came over me. It was like.. it was like, all the sudden, I knew that I'd be willing to do anything at all that you asked me! Steve... I think I love you!"

Steve's stunned expression slowly slid from his face, replaced by a wide grin.

"Alesha, honey - I love you too..." Steve said, standing and sweeping her into a tight embrace. From there, it only seemed natural to find themselves heading towards her bedroom...

"Wait, wait..." Steve said, stopping. "I know I'm going to hate myself for this, later... but are sure about this?" Alesha blinked up at him, then giggled. "You're trying to talk me out of this?"

Steve shrugged. "Well, I know you don't remember... but we've never, actually, uh... done it. Both you and Jan say you want to make sure that it's 'right'..." HE smiled. "I mean, we've respected your wishes... but both Doug and I have been going a little nuts. Here we are, dating the most gorgeous women in town, everybody thinks we're, uh... 'doing the deed'... and we're going home every night and visiting Ma thumb and her four daughters, if you know what I mean."

Alesha giggled. "Well - not tonight, big boy. I don't know about what I did or didn't do... but right now, more than anything, I want to make you as happy as I possibly can, in or out of bed. So, hell yeas, I'm ready."

Steve's grin widened.. and then he blinked. "Uh... are you on the pill?"

She blinked, too. "I.. don't know. I think I saw a container in the bathroom... but I don't know whether their mine of Jan's. Even if they are mine, I don't know when I took one last. I mean, if I've been putting this off, I might not have... Have you got a condom?"

"No." Steve said, frustrated. "I mean, it didn't seem like it was going to happen any time soon, and. "

She grinned, and then slowly ran a hand across his bulging crotch. When she spoke, it was in an incredibly sexy voice.

"Tell you what, stud..." She said, huskily. "You go down to the store at the corner.. and when you get back, I'll be wearing the sexiest little nothing you've ever seen, ready to make your every wish come true. How's that sound. ?"

"Oh, God - like heaven itself..." Steve said, kissing her quickly and passionately. "I hope I don't explode in the meantime."

"Just hurry - or I might start without you..." She said, with a wicked grin, while Steve reluctantly let her lush, dusky body go, grabbing his coat and heading for the door. As he reached the door, he called out, whimsically.

"When I tell Doug, he might just kill us out of sheer frustration. As much as I love Jan and Doug both, it's gotten to the point that I wish they were a couple right out of a porn movie..."

Then he was out the door, not knowing as Alesha gasped and staggered unsteadily towards the bathroom to take her medication.

* * * * *

Jan had finished her last song, heart thudding with pure joy that the singing had brought, feeling more wanted and part of the community than she'd known was possible.

She'd also felt her bladder signaling for attention. She was in the washroom, washing her hands after using the toilet...

...when everything changed.

Everything.

One instant, she was in a brightly-lit, clean, well-cared for bathroom. and then the world seemed to shift, and everything went dark.

Well, not completely - there was still dim daylight filtering in thorough the window high on the wall. But the change from bright to dark was so quick that it took her brain a second to realize that she wasn't standing in pure darkness. Her brain needed that time, not her eyes - her eyes didn't 'flare' as they should have, given the situation. Instead, it was as if her eyes were already dark-adapted, as if they'd been in this dim light for a while now. She was also aware of the fact that the sound of the still-filling toilet had gone from a quite, efficient 'shhh. ' sound to a horrible banging and clanging racket.

However, all of this was only dimly realized as she had other things on her mind.

With her eyes already adjusted to the darkness, she could see her reflection in the cracked and dusty mirror on the wall - and the person reflected back in the dusty glass was like a bad parody of the gorgeous woman Jan had been just seconds before.

Her face was heavily made up, almost to the point of caricature, her huge, full lips covered in a bright, gloss-red lipstick. Her nose was not nearly as fine, and her jaw-line less shapely... but that was had to notice, since the eye would be taken in by the long, artificially full lashes, the too-much blush, or the purple eye shadow. That was assuming, of course, that the eye wasn't already distracted by the huge, thick, frizzy mane of hair that was obviously bottle-bleached to platinum blonde.

Of course, all of this assumed you got as high as the face...

If the hypothetically onlooker had started at the bottom, the would have seen a pair of white platform pumps, with a two-inch inward- sloping platform and a eight-inch stiletto heel supporting the patent-leather uppers. Then the eyes would have naturally moved upward, across the black fishnet stockings that enclosed long legs that were only middlin' sexy, but definitely nice enough. They seemed even longer then they were, partly because of how short her tiny white leather mini-skirt was, barely covering her crotch even when she stood upright. Her crotch, not her panties - because she wasn't wearing any. She was bare beneath the skin-tight skirt that clung to her wide hips and almost too-full ass.

Her waist was just that a waist. Nothing at all remarkable about it, which was easy to tell since her stomach was bare...

...and it lay in the shadow of her enormous, obviously 'scientifically enhanced' bust. Stuffed into a too-small blue spandex crop-top, her gigantic tits were each as big and round as basketballs, tipped with proportionally smaller nipples, further verifying their artificial nature even as the massive orbs struggled to burst free from the little fabric that enclosed them.

However, it wasn't even this that Jan was focusing on. She was aware of the sudden change her body had undergone, was aware of her freakishly huge tits on a now cheap-looking body, aware of her 'cheap and easy' outfit, designed for easy access...

...but all of this was still secondary. Because she was overwhelmed by the most intense, undeniable, uncontrollable need she'd ever felt. Pure, carnal desire for a man - any man. To perform any and all sexual acts with and upon and to get in return. Pure, mindless, undifferentiated lust ruled her body, her barely-covered cunt already hot and wet with pure erotic need.

She was so horny that it actually hurt.

"What.. the... hell...?" She ground out in a voice not nearly as melodic as it had been. "I.. didn't make.. a wish..!"

She had to fight to keep her hands from pleasuring herself or fondling her outrageously proportioned new body. Head swimming with sexual needs and thoughts, she yanked open the screeching, dusty door to the now dilapidated bathroom, and stepped out, her high heels clattering on the worn and dirty linoleum floor as she returned to what had been her private office before, where she'd left Doug...

...and where he still was - or, at least, the man Doug had become.

He still was identifiable as to who he was.. but he'd become bulkier, some of his boyish charm lost in a harder look.. and he was wearing a pair of pants that bulged in an almost unbelievable fashion. The mere sight of that bulge almost broke her will, almost drove her to surrender to the carnal desire flooding her body...

"Jan..!" Doug said, his voice rougher, less pleasant. "What.. what the hell happened? Everybody just.. disappeared.. and we.. we changed..."

"I.. You.." Jan said, wondering how to answer the question. She, herself, didn't know 'why'.. but she knew 'how'. Somehow, Alesha had done this, though Jan didn't understand how it happened without her making a wish.

Instead of answering Doug's question, she found herself giving voice to her 'complaint'. "Oh, God, Doug... I'm just so fucking horny...!"

"So am I..." Doug agreed, in a voice that sounded pitifully needful. "It.. it's all I can do to keep from just..." He cut himself off, sharply, as if he knew that to say it would be to do it. "I.. I think... I'd better leave..."

You could see it in his eyes. Though not as expressive as his real eyes, there was no mistaking the pain in his expression. Somehow, he - like she - had become a person designed to have meaningless sex on the spur of the moment, somebody who existed for sexual reasons and nothing else. Having been an herself Jan had lived most of her life in the sort of purgatory that only a true outcast could feel. No matter how aroused he'd become, there's only been himself, no woman willing to ease the pain of the fat little freak.

Doug was in an agony of desire, just as she was... and he was willing to walk away, rather than do something 'wrong'.

In that instant, Jan made a final decision, one that had been floating in the back of her mind for awhile now. She'd ignored it, not wanting to admit it's existence, much less give into it. She'd been holding off, quoting her vestigial male memory

as the reason... but she wasn't a man, not here and now. She was a woman. A horny woman. A very, very horny woman.. with a man she cared about, equally aroused, only a few feet away...

Slowly, she approached Doug, a smile slowly blossoming on her face as she drew nearer.

"I don't think you could run very fast with that monster in the way..." She said, huskily, as she reached him. "If you tried to leave, I'd just catch you, anyway..."

She stood in front of him, smiling seductively... then slowly, she sank to her knees, hands reaching out to unzip his pants. She yanked them and his boxers down around his ankles, revealing his huge, throbbing cock. It was enormous, almost ridiculously so, it's head a dark purple from the blood that thundered through it, leaving it throbbing in time with the beat of his heart.

Smiling up at Doug, Jan peeled off the too-tight crop-top, setting her huge, fake tits free.

"You like my big boobies, Doug...?" She asked... as if by rote, Like the singing, she hadn't realized she was going to say it until the words popped out of her mouth, in a simpering little voice. She rose up slightly, pushing her huge, fake tits against his crotch, teasing the head of his erect cock with her vast cleavage.

"Yeah, baby, they..." Doug said in a odd tone of voice, poorly emotional.. then stopped. "Actually, I think they're too big, to fake. I don't know why i.. oh, damn, that feels good..."

Yeah, well I bet this'll feel better, babe..." Jan found herself cooing in that same, insipid voice, as she shifted position.. and wrapped her hands around the base of his cock, licking the head of his cock with a tongue that was long, supple and skilled.

Jan, male or female, had never considered sucking cock before... but now it seemed like she need to. Her body burned with desire, and she knew a good, hard fucking would be more pleasurable to her.. but for some reason, this seemed more inherently 'right', no matter what part of her mind was screaming at her. The odd thing was... that part of her mind was the last hold-out from her body and desires.. and even it had to admit that this wasn't actually terrible. In fact... licking a cock didn't feel unpleasant at all. It wasn't terribly exciting, but it was.. kinda nice. No more, no less... and when she took the head of his cock into her mouth and began to slurp at it noisily, her head bobbing back and forth while her hands worked his huge, thick shaft, she found that it wasn't any worse - if anything, the warm, thick cock filling her mouth was sort of like a very unusual French kiss, and.. and...

...actually kinda fun.

She slurped and sucked noisily at the organ, as if she'd done this a thousand times before. In the back of her mind, she realized that this was going on for a lot longer then it should have - he was already hard as a rock when she'd started, he should have blown his load before now. But it seemed like forever she'd been slurping away at it, mindlessly content with his huge dick in her hands and mouth, tongue lips and fingers working like and expert.

Then, somehow, she knew it was time.. and found herself pulling her head back, the cock leaving her mouth with a wet slurping sound as she looked up at him, mouth wide open, hands still wrapped around his massive organ, giving it the final little 'oomph'...

And he came. And came. And came. It seemed impossible for one human to contain that much warm, gooey cum as he gushed over her face, mostly her wide-open mouth and lower jaw, plenty of the warm cum splattering onto the tops of her enormous, round tits, trickling down the massive fake orbs.

He finally stopped gushing as she swallowed the mouth-full of jizz. It was... different. Salty, musky, sort of unpleasant - but not utterly disgusting. Like drinking Pepsi when you preferred Coke. Not something she'd go out of her way to get, but no enough to make her throw up.

From the way she found herself acting, though, somebody would get the idea that his cum was the most wonderful thing she'd ever tasted - she even scooped some of it off her chin with her fingers, licking her long-nailed fingers free of the goo as if tasting the finest ambrosia. Still smiling up at Doug, she found her hands massaging the cum into her huge tits, leaving them finely coated in a glistened layer.

"Oh, man..." Doug said, huskily... and his cock, which had flagged just a little, was rapidly hardening again. It shouldn't have been possible, so soon - but there it was.

"Baby, I wanna get fucked long and hard by your monster." Jan said. The desire was hers, the words not so much. Still she found herself rising and pushing Doug backwards, until he was seated on a couch that should have been as filthy as the rest of the dilapidated office, but (though worn) was somehow fairly clean.

Quickly, Jan stripped out of her skirt, revealing a smoothly-shaven crotch. Her cunt was hot, wet and ready. Clad only in elastic-topped fishnet stockings and heels, she straddles Doug's lap, positioning her glistening, pungent womanhood above his huge, thick cock...

* * * * *

"Alesha...?" Steve said, stripping out of his coat and desperately hoping she hadn't changed her mind in his absence. Wondering if she should pull off his shirt or not, he hurried to the bedroom, hoping and fearing...

Opening the door to the bedroom, he felt his breath catch in his throat.

Alesha was laying back on the bed, dressed in a lacy black 'Merry Widow' ensemble, her face carefully made up and her hair dried and spread out behind her gorgeous face like a fan of the finest silk.

"God.. you are gorgeous..." Steve said, huskily, his half-erect cock growing harder in an instant. She grinned at him, cattily. "You think so? I was afraid it wasn't 'porn movie' enough for you..." Steve sighed, holding his hands up. "Okay, okay - I wish I could take that back..."

His eyes widened as she suddenly gasped, twitching...

* * * * *

She was just about to thrust her hot, wet cunt down on his massive cock.. when the world shuddered again.

Doug, once more the man he'd been earlier, gazed up at Jan in surprise as whatever had happened.. reversed itself. His sea-green eyes took in the sight of her nearly-nude body, poised above him.

She was still wearing high-heeled shoes, but they were now the same white pumps from earlier, and her nylons were also the elegant white ones she'd put on after her shower. Her bra and panties were in the pile of her other clothes, but she was wearing a blue corset that supported the nylons by garters.. and it looked absolutely stunning on her slender, beautiful body, much better than the 'porn star' body could ever be.

They stared at each other for along second, reality setting in as their uncontrollable lust faded back to normal levels.

"Oh, Jan, I..." Doug started to say apologetically, a flush rushing to his face as his hands moved to cover his crotch in shame.

Jan stared down at him from her dominant position, seeing the man who was kind, considerate, handsome, thoughtful.. and, in this version of the world, her boyfriend.

"Shut up, Doug." She instructed him, softly, guaranteeing he'd obey.. by leaning forward and pressing her lips firmly against his in a long, passionate kiss...

...which she ended by easing herself down on his still-hard cock, the kiss breaking as she gasped at the pure and utter pleasure of being completely filled. His cock had returned to its original size, no longer an outlandish monster... but it felt like it filled every contour of her damp womanhood, without stretching her.

"Mmm..." She said, just sitting there for a moment, enjoying the sensation as she gave herself over to her new life. Who cared if she was a woman? After all, no life could possibly be better than this one, male or female, and what were the odds she'd ever find somebody who was a female version of Doug...?

Doug also sighed from having her warm vagina embrace his cock.. then grinned, reaching out to lightly caress her firm, round breasts.

"I don't know what the hell just happened..." He said, tenderly. "But I'm glad we changed back. This is the woman I've fallen in love with, not some outrageous sex fantasy..."

Jan pouted, theatrically. "what, you mean you didn't like my big boobies, stud?" Then, before he could even think of answering, she lifted herself up, and thrust...

+ + + +

..into her, gently but firmly, dawning a gasp from her as the pleasure flooded her body. It was intense, and if she'd ever felt the sensation before she couldn't remember it.

"Oh, God, yes...!" Alesha Hawrie, Mortal, cried in pleasure as her lover thrust again, creating another wave of the wonderful new pleasure she couldn't remember having ever felt...

+ + + +

...before in her life. Masturbation, as man or woman, held no candle to the pleasure that thundered through her body as she rode atop Doug, her position allowing her to maximize the pleasure by adjusting the angle and length of the stroke to create the most wonderful, erotic, ecstatic pleasure.

"Oh, yes, yes..." Jan whispered, mentally kicking her own ass to have let some silly homophobic reaction keep her from the wonderful ecstasy that run through her body. It was a struggle to keep from screaming with abandon at the pleasure she felt, but there was an entire bar full of people who would hear her if she did, so she had to strain to keep from screaming...

+ + + +

...out in ecstasy as Steve used every skill; and technique he'd ever learned to make this the most pleasurable sexual encounter of her life.

Maybe she couldn't remember any other sexual encounters.. but she was willing to bet that Steve was making sure this would be in the top ten, at the very least. Before he'd left, she'd been utterly willing to do anything to pleasure him, her own sexual gratification somehow not nearly as important as making sure he was satisfied. Now, that initial rush of.. servitude? Had passed.. and she was inordinately guilt-free about the fact, especially since Steve seemed determined to make her as happy as she'd wanted to make him.

That was fine - she'd be happy to return the favor, and was moving in rhythm with him to increase not just her own pleasure, but his too, even as the pleasure built...

+ + + + +

...towards orgasm. It was like thundering waves of pleasure at each thrust, with each wave rising higher than the one before. She was shaking now, lower lip gripped in her teeth to keep her from screaming as the ecstasy built and built...

...and then, like a painless explosion of pure light and pleasure...

+ + + + +

Alesha/Steve/Jan/Doug came. Separated by miles, two couples hit simultaneous orgasm in the same earth-shattering instant, body twitching rhythmically as the pure, mind-numbing pleasure took control of their nerves and minds, leaving them as puppets while their conscious mind was carried in the pure orgasmic ecstasy that lasted and eternal instant that quickly faded into a pleasant after-glow...

...in which four voices, in the same instant, said 'I love you...'

* * * * *

The shopkeeper looked at the woman for a long moment after she'd finished speaking, then down at the gleaming brass lamp. He regarded it silently for a moment longer - then glanced towards the cafe, where the dark-haired woman was laughing with her new husband.

"She has no memory of her existence before meeting you?" He asked, quietly.

"No - she remembers nothing." The woman said, softly - then her eyes flickered and looked straight into his. "Perhaps you think it unfair that she escaped the punishment you laid upon her, but I won't apologize for it."

The owner of the shop started... then his age-creased face smoothed back into its placid expression. "How did you know it was, I?" HE asked, softly.

"the workmanship on the necklace is the same as on the lamp..." She replied softly. "Truly, you must be powerful to have lived so many, many years."

"A burden that I may soon lay down." The man said, softly, looking back at where the dusky-skinned woman sat with her friend and her husband. "I did what I needed to do, but I am not a heartless monster. For centuries, I have remained vigilant, should somebody turn the powers of the Djinn to a cause to evil to bear. That, then, would have been my fault, for harnessing that power to be used. Now, she is the last, and I shall be free to surrender this life before long."

The woman smiled, softly. "Perhaps. Perhaps you should think about it. I'm sure you could find joy in life once more, now that your burden is gone."

He smiled, with a weariness that showed his great age. "I have lived longer than any man should have to. All whom I loved are gone, through the years. I have no-one, and nothing, except this rude little business, and powers that I will not use."

The woman cocked her head - and laughed, a warm, trilling sound.

"Oh, but I'm sure that if you were to use just a little bit of your power, you could... 'fudge' some records." She said, softly. "She has no memories of parents or upbringing, and you did recognize her... wouldn't it be fitting if she were to 'discover' that you are her father?"

Perhaps your 'wife' ran away with her to America, and you've never known where she was, but her resemblance to her mother is why you recognized her...?"

Again, he looked startled - then sad. "What right would I have to intrude into her life now?" He asked. "She may not know what it is that I have done to her... but I will remember."

"I think you can lay down the burden of guilt, too." The woman said, softly. "You say that you have no loved ones... yet you can, if you wish. More - you can give her a family that you denied her all those many years ago... and her child can have a grandfather."

The man looked wistful. "Perhaps... perhaps I do not need to be alone, any longer." He paused. "Perhaps, though, I need to find new joy in life, as you have. Perhaps she does not need a father she does not remember."

The woman blinked. "Oh"

The old man smiled. "I think, perhaps, if I am to give up my powers and become mortal until my life does end, I might as well discover the joys you have. Do you think she would be upset, upon returning to America, to find out that she has a younger sister? One that would like to stay with her for awhile?" the blonde looked startled - then she laughed again.

"Give yourself a good singing voice, and I'll hire you on at the bar." She winked. "With three gorgeous women working there, I think we'll show enough profit to keep you on the payroll..." taking the elaborately carved pendant necklace from the old man, she kissed him lightly on one withered cheek and strolled back to where her husband waited, humming happily to herself...

"Where'd you get the necklace?" Doug asked in surprise.

"What?" Jan asked, startled. "I got it from..." She turned to point.. and found her finger gesturing at an empty spot along the wall. The spot where the small booth sat was completely bare... except for a small object, half buried in the sand, that glittered a reddish-gold hue in the moonlight and promised plain, old material wealth to anyone lucky enough to find it and sell it.

She stared for a moment - then her grin widened as he turned back to her friends and family, the people most important to her in the world... and knowing it was soon going to be an even larger circle.

"I'll explain it all later..." She thought, too happy to give time to the lie as she ordered a cup of the strong, thick local coffee with absolute contentment.

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After returning to his small farming town, one tough guy is confronted by a group of women, who are out to transform his town and him over the weekend of the 4th.

Porn On The 4th Of July

By Gunslinger

Part One

THWOCK

Above, the summer sky was flawless, not a cloud to break the eye-watering brightness of the cornflower bowl that stretched from horizon to horizon. The sun's light, muted and diffuse as it was by its passage through the Earth's atmosphere, nevertheless reigned supreme, neither to be diminished nor ignored.

THWOCK

Below that arching bowl of sky, the land lay like a verdant carpet in swells and vales. The power of the sun, briefly blunted by breeze and shadow, still brought mid-morning temperatures in the high seventies across the rich, rolling Kentucky landscape.

THWOCK

In the steadily growing heat, rivulets of sweat ran over the taut muscles that flexed and relaxed in ages-old rhythms. With each swing, a eye-searing bright flash of light was pulled from the sharpened edge of the axe, before the muscles moved into a downward swing that was amplified by the three-foot-per-second acceleration of gravity.

THUNK

With a sigh of relief, Billy split the last of the firewood, feeling the heat of the summer sun worming its way through his muscular body to heat him right to the bone. He'd hoped to finish the job in the relative cool of the morning, but it had taken considerably longer than he'd planned - or would have liked to admit.

As he let the axe swing easily by his denim-clad thigh, he rolled his broad, bare shoulders, wincing slightly - more than some of his tone and stamina had been leeched from him by the time spent away from the farm. Though he'd tried hard to stay in shape while away at college, at the moment the biggest concern was going to be the sunburn he was sure to suffer, having lost his 'base tan' while away.

With a sigh, the muscular, shaven-headed man in his mid-twenties unclipped the canteen from his belt and brought it up to his goateed face. Squinting his eyes against the glare of the mid-morning sun, he leaned his head back and drank a few grateful swallows of water that, although warmed by the sun, were nevertheless refreshing.

Nevertheless, standing amongst a flurry of woodchips, his nostrils filled with the scent of fresh-split wood and fields baking under the summer sun, with undertones of diesel and manure, Billy Hunter was completely and utterly content.

He was home.

More than that... he was home in time for the Fourth of July.

For anybody from Brantsford County, that was no small thing - out here, people took the Fourth seriously.

Grabbing an old 'wife-beater' undershirt, faded to a light gray by years of use, he decided to head over to the nearest neighboring farm and find out what the current plans for the 4th were.

Tugging on the comfortable old shirt, he struck off across the field towards the path leading through the small patch of woods that separated the two farmsteads.

He'd been away for some time, and his return was anything but 'expected' - in fact, he'd just gotten home the night before, and as his little farm was just outside town, he hadn't passed through town on his way in. So far, nobody knew he was home, which meant that if he wanted to be part of the festivities for the Fourth as other than a 'mere' participant, he'd have to get up to speed PDQ.

In that, his neighbor was the perfect candidate.

Not that Billy got along particularly well with Tommy Jackson, who was a hard-working, hard-drinking man - and, when drinking, he tended to be a hard-hitting son-of-a-bitch as well, the type of guy who liked to stir up trouble, if anybody was foolish enough to provide an excuse.

Like Billy, he was a 'bachelor farmer' - but, Billy mused as he entered the cool shade of the woods and sauntered along the path, it was for completely different reasons. Until a couple of years ago, Tommy had been married, and his now ex-wife,

Jenny, still lived in the area... but though no charges had ever been filed, just about everybody in town had assumed that he'd been as mean a drunk with Jenny as with anybody else.

On the other hand, Tommy Jackson was also the type of guy who insisted on being 'in' on everything, and people tended to let him hang around the edges rather than argue and risk a fight. Tommy would know, and be peripherally involved with, all the plans for the 4th - and, to be fair to Tommy, he worked his ass off, at least when he was sober, which was kind of a hit-or-miss sort of thing.

Blinking as he emerged from the shaded woods into the bright sun, Billy headed off towards the house surrounded by sun-drenched fields.

Because he was approaching from the woods, rather than from the road, he had to walk around the barn to get to the house itself. As he walked the length of the weathered wooden structure, he was somewhat bemused to hear music coming from within.

It wasn't the fact of the music that got to him - it was the type of music that was so bemusing. Tommy wasn't usually the sort to listen to 'pop country', but that was exactly what a somewhat static-marred AM radio was playing.



More out of a mildly bemused interest than anything else, Billy paused at the man-sized door near the front corner of the long side of the barn. He glanced towards the house, barely visible around the corner of the huge, if somewhat dilapidated structure - and then, curiosity getting the best of him, he swung open the door.

As he noted with some surprise the fact that the hinges seemed to have been freshly oiled, he stepped into the hot, hay-smelling interior. Stepping across the threshold, he glanced instinctively towards the source of the music...

...and stopped dead, unaware of the comic picture he presented halted in mid-stride, as he stared at the figure sprawled across some bales of hay.

The unarguably female figure.

One foot, clad in a white leather cowboy-style ankle boot, was planted on the floor, it's twin on a bale of hay. This left the long, toned legs spread apart, their smooth, sweat-slicked length bare up to the hem of the faded denim mini-skirt.

A slender-fingered hand was shaded by the hem of that tiny jean skirt, all but two of the fingers curled as the hand moved rhythmically beneath the skirt, two extended fingers gently stroking the center of the dimly-seen strip of short chestnut hair neatly trimmed around a moist womanhood.

Gaping, Billy found his eyes drawn up the masturbating woman's arm, past the tight, well-defined muscles of her abdomen, up to the where her other hand was also busy.

Encased in a 'stars and bars' pattern bikini top, her fill, firm breasts were magnificent - huge, rounded masses of mammary magnificence, tanned and sweat-dewed under the hand that slid sensuously over them, squeezing and fondling them lovingly.

Above that amazing bust-line, the woman's face was framed by long, chestnut hair that spilled from her straw cowboy hat. Full, dark-red lips were parted, soft sounds of pleasure, almost drowned by the music, issuing from her long, slender throat. Her dark, long-lashed eyes were half- closed, a heavy-lidded look of lust as she stared out...

...at Billy.

With a start, Billy realized the woman fingering herself in the Jackson barn was staring at him. Blushing, he took a half-step backwards, hands coming up as he began to stammer and incoherent apology for disturbing this unknown woman's, er... 'pleasure'....

"Mmmm... Hey there, Billy " The buxom brunette purred, complete unselfconscious as she removed her finger from her sopping twat and shifted into a sitting position. She smiled sensuously at him, licking her ripe, red lips hungrily. "I'm so very glad you're back. "

"...sorry, I didn't know..." Billy babbled - then blinked. "You... You know who I am. ?"

"Of course I do, silly " The sexy, well-endowed woman said in a sultry bedroom voice. Pushing herself up from the bale, she began to saunter towards him with a sensual, seductive sway in her step.

Managing to be simultaneously confused and aroused, Billy watched as the woman slowly drew closer, every swaying step a symphony in sexuality.

"Look, er, miss..." Billy said, finding the air somewhat... hotter... then it had been minutes before. The 'Alpha Male' portion of his mind was insisting something that his more rational mind insisted only went on in pornos, and he strove for something like normalcy in his tone - and failed, his lust and desire for the sensuously smiling woman evident in his husky tone.

"Call me Tammi..." She purred, her long-fingered hands lightly caressing her big, round boobs through the thin material of her patriot bikini top. "Jenny says that's much more appropriate... now..."

Billy frowned in confusion, wondering what the Ex-Missus-Jackson had to do with it - and then his brain briefly shut down as, with a chuckle, Tammi peeled off her top, setting her magnificent globes free. Her large, dark nipples were already fully erect, and there was no denying her intent as she walked up to him and very seductively trailed one finger down his chest, then curled her hand around to cup his swelling manhood through the fabric of his jeans.

Part of Billy accepted this completely as his due, as what the obvious 'stud' like him deserved, nay, expected whenever a gorgeous babe like this buxom brunette was met...

...whereas the more rational part of his suddenly not-quite-as-functional brain did the speaking for the whole:



"Er, um... wha...?"

"I'm so very, very glad you're back..." She breathed - and then, hungrily, locked her luscious lips to his and kissed him, fast and hard.

"There are so few men around these days..." She purred as she broke the kiss, "...and I've been craving it so very badly ever since..."

The hand still fondling his now rock-hard cock unzipped his jeans, and she slowly began to sink to her knees, leaning forward to drag the firm flesh of her huge boobs across his body as she slid downwards.

"Cuh... Craving..." Billy parroted, his stunned - and, given the need for the flow elsewhere at the moment, currently somewhat 'blood deprived' - brain struggling to keep up with impossible, if certainly not unwelcome, events.

"Cum, silly..." Tammi chuckled, freeing his cock and giving it's swollen purple head a lick, sending shivers through his body. "I just haven't been able to get enough of it, since the Change..."

"The... Change..." Billy wondered aloud... There was no reply.

Tammi must have been raised not to talk with her mouth full...

Moaning, Billy slumped back against the door-post, scarcely able to believe any of this was really happening as the gorgeous brunette, on first meeting, hungrily sucked his cock. Tongue, lips and hands worked in glorious, erotic concert, creating incredible sensations that thrummed through Billy's muscular, sweaty body.

It wasn't at all surprising, given the circumstances, that he failed to notice the other person enter the barn until a sharp, derisive laugh drew his attention to the newcomer.

"Well - isn't this just... deliciously ironic, in so many ways..." The arrogant female voice chortled, and Billy's eyes flew open. "Jenny..." Billy gasped - not entirely certain himself.

The woman certainly looked like Jenny Jackson... if Jenny had lost ten pounds, toned up, and completely changed her personality... and wardrobe. The mousy, somewhat nervous woman Billy remembered would never have dressed in a tight-fitting white leather-and-denim ensemble like that, nor given him a look of such mocking arrogance.

"Mistress Jennifer, if you please, Mr. Hunter..." She said, mockingly, watching as the buxom brunette kneeling before Billy worked his cock with uncaring dedication to what was happening - which meant that not all of Billy's mind was on the conversation, either.

"We weren't expecting you back so soon..." Jenny - Mistress Jennifer - said, smiling evilly. "In fact, you'll probably wish you hadn't come back at all. I can't think of any offense, offhand, you'll be charged with - but I doubt, on general principles, that the Council of Matriarchs put you on the Approved Males list..."

"Approved mailing list...?" Billy moaned, the conversation aiding the illusion that Tammi was, in fact, 'sucking his brains out' - God, he'd never gotten a blow-job so... intense! It was as if she not only knew exactly what a man liked, but how no other desires in mind but to give him exactly that, with no regard to her own desires.

"More like 'femaling list', for you..." Mistress Jennifer chuckled, seeing both the inordinate pleasure and subordinate confusion of the muscular, all-too-'masculine'-to-safe man's face. "I'm sure you'll enjoy some time 'servicing' some of the Changed - almost all men do. After that, I'm afraid... it'll be your turn. Like our lovely new Tommy here..."

Billy's brain was still trying to wrap itself around the very odd pronunciation of 'Tammi', much less anything else the self-proclaimed 'Mistress Jennifer' had said... when his thought processes took a time-out.

With a helpless shout of pleasure, he came - came long and hard, his cum gushing forth in a what, for a briefest eternity, felt like a never-ending flood.

The busty brunet cow-girl hungrily gulped it all down, swallowing his hot man-seed eagerly. As he gasped and shuddered, the last of his cum dribbling into her waiting mouth, Billy looked down and watched as she licked his slowly softening cock free, a look of utter bliss on her lovely face.

So, he was looking right at her when that look of bliss began to change.

It slid, first, towards good-natured bemusement, then into one of utter confusion. She looked around, shock and worry suddenly stamped on her features...

...and then, suddenly, she scuttle backwards, disgust and horror writ large as she gave a short, sharp scream. "Oh, God - no!" She shouted, spitting. "Not again! Not.. oh God, I don't..."

Mistress Jennifer began to laugh.

"What's wrong, Tommy...?" She taunted the horrified-looking woman. "You were always so eager for blow-jobs when we were married. Demanding them every day, in fact."

"No, I don't... I didn't..." The brunette sobbed - and then she looked at Billy, a look of revulsion mixed with anger coming over her face. "Billy Hunter! You BASTARD! How could you do this to me...?" She shrieked.

"I.. You..." Billy stammered, physically recoiling from her look of pure vengeance.

"Oh, don't mind her." Mistress Jennifer chuckled. "It's always like this when they're new. Once the implanted cravings are satisfied, they mentally revert... until full Change has been done, at least."

Reaching into the reasonably well-filled bodice of her white leather corset top, the toned, platinum-blond who looked like a much fitter, more dominant version of Tommy Jackson's ex-wife withdrew and odd-looking pressure injector pen.

"Time for your next dose, Darling Tommy..." She cooed, evilly.

"God, no - please, Jenny, I'm so sorry for all I done to you...!" Tammi screamed, trying to recoil... even as, manifestly against her will, she began to move towards Jennifer, helplessly offering herself towards the injector.

His limp cock hanging out, his mind whirling, Billy desperately tried to make sense of the situation - and failed miserably when the pieces refused to fit.

...or, rather, when he refused to let the pieces fit where they seemed to want to go, because that.. well, it was literally unthinkable.

...wasn't it?

"Look...!" Billy said, irritably, as he stepped between the two women, self-consciously tucking himself away as he did so. "Just what the hell is going on...?"

"You let me suck you fuckin' cock, you sick bastard!" Tammi screamed, now behind him as he faced a very annoyed-looking 'Mistress Jennifer'...

...which meant he didn't see her suddenly uncurl from the floor, hearing only her scream of "...see how YOU like it!"

He suddenly found himself shoved forward by her flying weight - and heard a sudden his as he impacted on the pressure-injector pen, causing it to discharge into his system.

"No!" Mistress Jennifer shouted, more annoyed than angry or afraid. "What the...?" Billy stammered, staggering back.

"Wait here..." Mistress Jennifer commanded him, imperiously. "You haven't gotten the prep shots - you'll need care if you're to make it through the Change alive... if the Council decides to let you, that is."

She gave him a thoughtful look, then turned her attention to Tammi.

"As for you... you've been a very naughty cum-slut. Punish yourself until I come back with another dose."

"I'm sorry...!" Tammi shouted, suddenly contrite. Helplessly, clearly fighting every motion, the brunette turned and started towards the wall - a wall, Billy's stunned and now somewhat foggy mind noted, contained a shelf with a rather startling array of dildos, vibrators, and other euphemistically-called 'marital aids'.

Somewhat numbly, Billy watched her fight herself over to the wall, and, with a despairing moan, select a large and rather wicked-looking dildo from the selection... and then dragged his attention back to Jennifer, who was imperiously striding past him to the door.

"Wha.. What's goin'.. on...?" He managed, feeling flushed and feverish. "Wha' was in tha' in.. in.. needle..?"

"Gynomaxia Mutatus serum." Jennifer said, shortly, knocking his grasping and steadily more painful grasp from her arm. "Just lay down and stay as relaxed while I call the council, and you might just get treatment soon enough to survive the Change..."

As throbbing aches began to blossom throughout his body, accompanied by a rising fever, Billy considered her words, and they way they fit into the utterly impossible, almost literally unthinkable pattern his mind kept trying to force them data into...

...and then, clawing at the clothing covering his aching, sweating, fever-racked body, bolted from the barn.

Mistress Jennifer made and abortive attempt to grab him as he darted away - and then gave a shrug as she watched him move across the field in a shambling run.

"Probably for the best - I doubt we had a program ready for him..." She mused to herself - and then decided to contact the Council of Matriarchs and inform them, anyway. Though a Novice in the new Order of Womanhood herself, if she were to be found negligent in this matter, her fate could be...

Glancing almost involuntarily at the sobbing, squealing, sweat-slicked woman helplessly fucking herself with the over-sized dildo, Mistress Jennifer considered the consequences of being involved in anything that might derail Her Royal Mistress' plan - and, with a shudder, decided to contact the council right away.

* * * * *

It felt as if he were burning up. Beneath skin that felt as if it were melting, muscles twitched and spasmed uncontrollably, throwing what was meant to be a head-long run into a shambling, pseudo-drunken stumble. Beneath rebelling muscles, his bones felt as if they'd somehow caught fire - and, much worse, as if they were somehow expanding and contracting with the heat, growing or shrinking in some strange, arcane way...

...except, to his fevered brain's horror, Billy could not help but notice a growing - and hideously recognizable - pattern to the 'arcane' way his skeletal, muscular, and epidermal changes were occurring. The painful expansion of his hips, the itchy-crawly sensation on the top of his head, the shift and shudder of muscle and fat just beneath the surface of his skin - it all added up to something Billy's whirling mind desperately tried not to accept.

Hard as he tried to deny it, however, what had been 'merely' horrifying, the knowledge that his body was somehow, impossibly, changing... was made even more terrible by the growing certainty of what it was changing into.

Gasping, Billy continued tearing at his clothes, not content to just open them - he had to be rid of them, and in a desperate attempt to cool his burning body, shed them behind him in a ragged trail as he stumbled through the marginally cooler, and considerably more humid depths of the woods. Brambles and branches grabbed at him, and stones and roots clawed

as his feet, but the minor pain of these encounters was nothing compared to the one that wracked him from the soles of his feet to the now-stubbed crown of his head.

The serum that ran through Billy's body was burning him up, from the inside out. As it forced cells to change, muscles and tissue and sinew to grow with a new template, it did so at a literally feverish pace, rapidly increasing his body temperature. Trapped within the confines of it's painfully re-shaping skull, his brain was coming dangerously close to a temperature that would lead to delirium, followed by death.

His whirling, horrified mind under assault by pain and his rising fever, the shambling, changing figure of what had once been a man named William John Hunter could well have died. What saved Billy was nothing more than shear, blind luck.

He stumbled upon the glade by pure chance - he had not known it was there, and even if he had, his fevered mind was in no shape to have guided his traitorous body to it. Nevertheless, he stumbled into the little clearing, whimpering and sobbing, his mind overwhelmed with pain and horror...

...and his changing eyes fell upon the small, spring-fed pond in the center of the glade.

He was pretty far gone - but given his tortured brain's desperate desire for relief, he - or that what had once been a 'he' - recognized salvation. The shambling figure, now naked, stumbled towards the small pool of clear, cool water.

Steadily lengthening hair brushed across the back of a neck that was slimmer, softer and smoother than it had been before. Growing mounds of fatty tissue and other forms of flesh jiggled on a still-broad chest that was nevertheless steadily drawing inwards upon itself. With each step, and conspicuous lack of movement came from the nether regions that had not to long ago shifted and bounced with every unrestrained step, but was now smooth and flat - and part of the tortured brain recorded these sensations, and even understood the horrifying implications of the new sensations. All of it paled, however, in the desire for the relief that calm pool of water represented, and with single-minded purpose the changing figure forced itself forward until it could literally collapse in the cooling embrace of the clear, still water.

For an interminable time, it seemed if death was still the fate that awaited that which had been Billy - as fevered muscles locked under the blissfully icy assault of the water, trapping that which had been a 'him' below the water for eternal moments, hovering on the edge of drowning...

...and then with a primal, if much to high-pitched, scream, Billy broke the surface of the water in a long, arching, quivering, muscle-pulling stretch, now shoulder-length mane of silky, reddish hair plastered to the altered curvature of the skull as the still-mutating figure, well on it's way to womanhood, unconsciously chose life over the proverbial 'fate worse than death'.

His-becoming-her body twitching and thrashing as it continued to change in the life-saving environs of the cool water, the person who until so recently had been an 'Alpha Male' known as Billy Hunter struggled to get a feverish mind to work - and work it did, albeit sluggish and confused.

There was no denying what was happening to the body that was containing that mind, no denying the evidence that made all the 'unbelievable' information garnered during the course of that amazing blow-job at the barn all too painfully believable. Somehow, Billy had unwittingly ended up stuck in the middle of something, some strange plot run by some sort of cabal in town - what 'Mistress Jennifer' had called.. what was it? ...oh, yes - the 'Council of Matriarchs'.

There was no knowing what or how, not with the information now available - but these were answers that had to be found...

...with the most nagging question in the befogged and befuddled brain of the still-changing figure being the question of stopping or reversing the inevitable transformation to womanhood she was now experiencing...

TO BE CONTINUED...



[BACK TO FUN ZONE](#)



SUMMARY: After returning to his small farming town, one tough guy is confronted by a group of women, who are out to transform his town and him over the weekend of the 4th.

Part Two

The naked woman staggered into the dilapidate old farmhouse.

Her body, recently immersed in water, was still damp - but most of that was from the sweat wrung out of her by both fear and the powerful summer sun that had already partially dried the rusty-red mane of silken hair that hung nearly to the taut, firm globes of her trim, heart-shaped ass.

Her face, while lovely enough in repose, now alternated between a blank look of numbed shock, and a twisted expression of horror, obscuring it's natural, strong-jawed beauty.

It wasn't all that strange - considering that the lovely face topping the lean, tautly trim female body belonged to somebody who, not an hour before, had been a broad-shouldered muscular man named Billy Hunter...

She staggered across the living room, and into her bedroom, shutting the door behind her as if, somehow, it could keep the feminine fate that had already enveloped her at bay. Gasping for breath, she gazed around in wide-eyed horror, not knowing what to do...

...and then her eyes fell on the full-length mirror nailed up to the closet door. She took in the sight of her new body.

She looked over her smooth, slender new arms, now attached to shoulders that would never be described as either 'broad' or 'muscular'.

She eyed her trim, undeniably feminine waist.

She gazed upon the firm, rounded buttocks that had replaced the hard, flat ones she'd used to have.

She saw the sight of her taut, pert breasts, neither too large nor too small, shifting slightly on her chest with each breath. She eyed the moist slit that had replaced her once-proud manhood.

She... went a little nuts.

Twenty minutes of alternating screaming and sobbing later, then newly-made woman managed to drag herself back under control. Taking a long, deep breath, she glanced briefly at the shattered mirror, whose fractured surface gave back only a vaguely recognizable reflection of the tortured face now surrounded by hair crudely shortened - practically hacked to shoulder length - with a pair of kitchen scissors.

"Shit..." She sighed, wincing at the warm, feminine contralto the word emerged in. Shaking her head, glad that she'd gotten rid of the ass-length mane at least, she decided to finish the job by heading over to the bathroom. The pair of electric clippers she used for her usual male 'cue ball' look were in a drawer in the cabinet, and she tried - very hard - to convince herself it wasn't 'wired' for her to see her head, as a woman, when it had seemed so natural, as a guy.

She dug out an old pair of pants that, if uncomfortably tight across her fuller, tauter fundament, were at least closer to the length of her shapely new legs, then quickly pulled an old dress-shirt on over her slimmer new shoulders. Swinging open the door to the bedroom, she stepped into the living-room...

...and stopped dead, staring in shock at the man sitting in her battered leather executive chair in front of the desk she used for her laptop.

"Dave...!" The woman gasped - then, suddenly realizing that she looked nothing at all like the broad-shouldered, shaven-scalped muscular young man Dave knew as Billy, began to splutter.

"Hello, Billie Jean..." The rangy, sandy-haired man about her own age said, in a strangely dead tone of voice - one she'd never heard from him before, which she would have denied as being flatly impossible, considering that Dave MacIntyre was Billy Hunter's boyhood chum and best friend.

However, despite seeming to recognize her new form, Dave hadn't called her 'Billy...', exactly... "What... What did you call me?" She stammered, freshly confused.

"Billie Jean... Like in the song..." Dave replied, in that same, defeated tone of voice. "That's what High Mistress Amanda decided your name will now be... Billie Jean."

The newly-christened 'Billie Jean' blinked, beleaguered brain spinning.

"Mistress Amanda...? You mean Amanda Verklempt, the shrink at the new medical center you told me about in that last e-mail...?"



"High Mistress Amanda supervises the Re- Assignment and Re- Education Center for the Betterment of all Womankind, yes..." Dave replied. "She re-introduces that latent Mistress in all women, pacifies all those chosen as Approved Males, and of course decides the appropriate Implanted Persona for each of the Changed. As a Changed-Deferred, I have been assigned by the High Mistress as your personal Male Companion until your Change is complete. I will Serve you while you learn to Service me, and then I will be assigned a Companion for my own Change."

For a long moment, Billie Jean simply gaped at her old friend, mind full of dozen of questions, until one of the swirling inquiries managed to break from the pack and make it to her lips...

" 'Service'...?" She demanded.

Dave's dead-eyed gaze fell from her face - to where, suddenly blushing, she realized her shirt had been hanging open, exposing the creamy inner swell of her taut, pale breasts.

"Hell, no!" She asserted, forcefully, grabbing the shirt and pulling it closed - while uttering what had to be high on the list of 'Top 10 Things I Would Never Say': "...and, dammit, stop staring at my tits, Dave!"

"I can't help it, Billie Jean!" Dave replied, and now there WAS emotion in his voice - anguish. "...anymore than I can help by calling you by your new name, or doing what any of the Mistresses have commanded of me! Don't you understand...?!"

"NO!" Billie Jean shouted back. "I don't!"

Dave took a deep breath, and pitched his voice lower, deadly earnest.

"I can remember, perfectly clear, how horrified and disgusted I felt an hour ago when High Mistress Amanda explained to me who I was going to Companion, and what Persona you were to receive." He said. "I don't - can't! - feel that way now. Instead, I feel privileged and excited - and, yes, damn it, turned on - by being granted the honor of turning my life-long best friend into a perfect, perennially happy Southern Housewife! The worst part of it is, I don't WANT to do it... and yet, at the same time, I'm not only EAGER to do it, but I know that, God help me, I'll ENJOY doing it..!"

Billie Jean gaped at him for a long second - and then, without a word, bolted for the front door.

Dave had been expecting it. No matter his memories of his best friend, no matter what he knew he 'should' do or not, he was fully committed to the assignment he'd been given. There was no hesitation at all in his actions as he sprang up and intercepted her a few feet shy of the door - and pressed a pressure-injector against her neck, injecting her with the mind-altering serum that, under the guise of 'flu shots', had been used to completely pacify the small, sleepy southern town being used by a demented cabal of women as a testing ground for their plans to free women from the enslavement of male-dominant society.

Not that Billie Jeans' concerns included anything as grandiose as the causes of the situation, the process by which any of this was happening, or the fate of the world as she knew it - when she felt the cool and now familiar feel of the injection, her horrified concern was all about what it was going to do to her.

"I'm sorry, Billie Jean..." Dave said, releasing her - but it was a pacifying lie, for he was completely unable to feel sorrow for doing a work he was unwilling dedicated to now. "It will all begin to be easier for you to accept, from now on - especially if you don't fight it. That just drags it out, but it won't change how it ends..."

"You BASTARD!" Billie Jean growled through gritted teeth, eyeing her 'old friend' where he stood between her and the door. The brief tussle had revealed just how shockingly weak her new, feminine body was compared to her heavily muscled old male one - there was no chance of overpowering him.

She waited, almost hyperventilating... and begin to feel some faint stirrings of hope when she realized she didn't feel any different. Perhaps the drug hadn't worked...?

"Now, why don't you change into the clothes I brought for you, and we'll head into town?" Dave said, sounding oddly reasonable to her.

"What?!" She demanded, almost involuntarily glancing over to the plastic bag leaning against the chair he'd been sitting in - and then doing an almost classic double-take when she noticed that the familiar logo of the only women's clothing store in town, Becky's Boutique, now read 'Bimbo's Boutique'.

"You want to look pretty, don't you?" Dave asked.

"Hell, no!" She replied - while, for some reason, 'you want to look pretty' seemed to bounce around in her head for a moment.

"Oh? Well... You want to go into town and see what's happening, don't you? You're not going out dressed like that, are you?" He asked.

'I want to go into town...' Billie Jean found herself thinking - without realizing that WAS what she was thinking, instead considering that, if there were any way to reverse this, it certainly wasn't here - perhaps the answer was in town...

...and then, almost involuntarily, she looked down at the poorly-fitting pants she was wearing, and the old shirt she was practically only half-wearing, it having once again swung open during the tussle.

Her gaze slipped, almost on it's own, back to the plastic bag....

* * * * *

Sitting in the passenger's side of Dave's classic '48 'Woody' Station wagon, Billie Jean tried to convince herself that she'd down the right thing changing into the clothes Dave had brought. If nothing else, they fit a lot better, and she hadn't had ANY footwear that would have fit her smaller feet, much less as well as the white canvas deck-shoes that had been in the bag.

Beside, it was just jeans and a striped tank-top, practically the same thing she'd worn as a man, right? Only, as Dave had infuriatingly insisted on pointing out, 'much prettier'.

'I feel much better now that I'm properly dressed. ' her mind parroted back the actual phrase he'd used to her - only it was much more personal, much more self-directed.. and barely noticed, at least by her conscious brain.

The car, rumbling over the rutted dirt road, suddenly pulled to a stop as it reached the crest of the ridge before falling off into the valley in which the town lay nestled. Startled by the deceleration, Billie Jean glanced out the windshield...

...and then, without conscious decision to do so, found herself climbing out of the car to stare down at the town. Dimly, she was aware of Dave opening the door on his own side and getting out.

Sleepy little Boone's Hollow was anything by sleepy...



"What the. ?" Billie Jean heard a feminine voice gasp, and was dimly surprised to realize it was her own.

It was as if the little town had been invaded. A tent city had sprung up at either end of Main Street, practically doubling the size of the town - and the place was PACKED. Cars, RV's, camper trailers news vans, pedestrians... it looked like Times Square at noon-hour.

"The county decided to hold a very special 4th of July celebration right here this year... after the Council of Matriarchs visited them and 'convinced' them, of course." Dave said, gently easing her back into the car - she hadn't even noticed him walking around to her side. Now, stunned at the implications, she had to wait until he'd walked back around the long, red hood of the car and slipped behind the wheel before he continued.

"The pilot project went so well here in town - less yourself, of course, at least until now - that they've decided to go ahead..." Dave said, putting the car into gear and starting down towards the barely controlled chaos below. "A good chunk of the county will end up coming through here this weekend, what the with prices set so low, and so many special events... and, hey, the county is even running a free health-care clinic for all of them..."

As the big old car eased itself deeper towards the heart of the town, Billie Jean was aware of the fact that she should be horrified by the implications of that statement... but, instead, found herself idly eyeing the women thronging the streets.

Not that it was an uncommon pastime... but, without even noticing it, she felt a small thrill of pride every time she found herself looking at a woman less attractive than her new self.. and a small fission of disappointment every time she caught Dave looking at one that might be considered as attractive as her.

For some reason, it didn't occur to her that she now seemed constitutionally incapable of thinking of any woman as being MORE attractive to Dave than herself... so it never occurred to her to worry about it.

The car pulled up in front of the township building, and Dave, smiling, hurried around the car to open the door for her and hand her out - a sight that many of the people passing by noticed.

What they saw was a handsome young man happily helping his pretty girlfriend out of a car...

Which would have really, really worried Billie Jean had she realized that her expression and motions were perfectly in keeping with that particular scenario. It never even occurred to her to notice that she was moving with a much more feminine grace - at least, in term of her conscious mind.

Unlike her subconscious, which remembering a particular remark Dave had made about the way a woman passing by on the street had walked 'so prettily', was doing it's damndest to better the graceful motions.

"Well, well... If it ain't Billy Hun... Jean." A feminine voice boomed with mock cheerfulness - and a strange sort of moist sibillance to it, somewhere between a mumble and a lisp.



Billie Jean looked up - and stared at the muscular, dark-haired woman standing in the doorway of the Sheriff's department, a rifle cocked against one toned, but well-rounded hip.

"C'mon in, honey!" The woman invited, a strange smile playing around her rich, red lips. "The Shoot-Off jus' done finished, and I'se ain't got nothing planned for the rest o' the day... 'ceptin' fer you, o'course."

Billie Jean stared at the unfamiliar woman with the strangely familiar sub-literate speech pattern. If it weren't for the strange speech impediment and it's decidedly feminine nature, it would have sounded almost exactly like...

"Deputy Lubitsch...?" Billie blurted.. sweetly and demurely, although she didn't realize it.

The woman - who, aside from the hair, looked almost nothing like scrawny, 'damn-'em-all-to-hell' Tom Lubitsch - laughed with a strange slurping sound.

"Sheriff, honey buns - I'se the sheriff in these parts..."

She glanced around at the many strangers walking down the nearby sidewalk, and leaned conspiratorially forward, pitching her voice for Billie Jean's ears alone.

"..and I'll accept that 'Lubitsch' mis'pn'ounciation from all these outta- towners, but you call me like a true local do - Lezbitch. Sheriff Tuff Lezbitch. Now get you pale ass inside, pussy, 'forin I have it drugged in real mean-like..."

Numbly, Billie Jean let ex-male, Ex-Deputy Tom Lubitsch - known apparently reveling in the name Tuff Lezbitch - lead her into the police station...

...and a pair of muscular female deputies grabbed her practically the instant she cleared the doorway and was out of sight of any random passer-by.

With quick, efficient motions, the two muscular women followed Lezbitch's instructions, and stripped her naked.

'Oh, dear, my pretty new clothes...' she thought, without thinking about it - and felt somehow both vaguely grateful and simultaneously disappointed that Dave hadn't followed them inside, where he could have seen her now-naked body...

Her trim, undeniably attractive female figure now exposed for all the leering staff of the Sheriff's department to ogle, Billie Jean struggled in utter futility as she was forced backwards into the cell.

The two deputies forced her naked body backwards, until the back of her knees hit the edge of the combination bench/bunk. Helplessly, she sat down suddenly and hard on what was little more than a thinly-padded shelf secured to the wall by chains.

So, she too was secured to the wall by chains - specifically, padded velvet handcuffs that the deputies produced.

One went on each wrist, securing a writs to each of the chains supporting the bunk. A second, larger pair of padded cuffs was used to similarly secure her angles to shackles on the floor - wide-spread shackles. Though she fought, it was to no avail, and soon enough she was helplessly locked into place, spread-eagled and naked.

"Brace yourself, sweet-thang..." Sheriff Lezbitch lisped. "...I'se gonna lick you senselessly..." Lezbitch smiled - and then, Billie Jean discovered the source of the Sheriff's 'speech impediment'...

Giving off a little - and damnable 'week, feminine' sounding - scream, Billie Jean watched with wide-eyed horror as Lezbitch slowly and sensuously licked her own lips...

...with a tongue that, as it slipped through her smirking lips, reveled itself to be amazingly... LONG. Long and THICK.

Long, thick, and MUSCULAR.

"You're gonna love this..." The transformed law-officer promised, with a wicked grin. "...whether you want to or not!" 'I'm going to love it...' Billie Jean's mind whispered to itself, unnoticed. 'I'm going to love it...'

Then Lezbitch's long, thick, muscular tongue slammed deep into Billie Jean's mouth.

You couldn't call it a kiss, not really - it more was like a form of oral rape, the big, muscular tongue forcibly writing and thrusting in Billie Jean's mouth...

...which was why she was so disturbed to find that she was... kind of liking it.

"You love a little tongue-action, don'tcha, cunt?" One of the on-looking deputies chortled - with malice aforethought, for the self-same thought zipped across her subconscious mind a second later, seeming to join the circling litany of such thoughts already in a holding pattern just below the surface of her mind.

Then Lezbitch began moving downwards, her lapping and licking tongue not so much teasing the firm handfuls of Billie's new breast as sort of torturing her with wet, warm-then-cold pleasure-then-pain - her tongue, so supple and so strong, could actually grab and squeeze Billie's nipples.

"Getting your tits played with really turns you on, don't it honey...?" The second deputy chuckled.

'Oh, God - I am getting horny...!' Billie Jean thought in horror - but a very mild horror, which would have worried her, if not for the fact that her attention was trying to concentrate on both the tongue roaming her torso and the growing warm wetness between her helplessly spread legs.

Worse, as Lezbitch continued to tease her, the fiery wetness in her new womanhood continued to grow.. and Billie Jean found herself actually wanted release.

The thought disgusted her, and she tried to push it away... but the two deputies were continuing to 'banter between themselves', and she found herself too painfully aware of her own growing arousal to ignore the thoughts of all the satisfaction that tongue could give her...

...and Lezbitch, true to her name, held them off long past the point of agony, until Billie was writhing and gasping and moaning...

...and, to her own horror, begging for Lezbitch to use that 'magnificent tongue' - ('She really wants a tongue to satisfy her, don't she?' 'Yup, but only 'cause she can't get the cock that she's really craving to satisfy...' bantered the deputies) - crying out for a long-overdue release.

Lezbitch finally gave it to her...

...again, and again, and AGAIN...

It had been no idle boast - as Billie writhed and twisted in helplessly pleasure, her cries eventually turned to begging for a release form release, but orgasm after orgasm continued to wrack her new body, and she helplessly heard herself scream out in ecstasy with each orgasm, disgusted by enjoying it...

...but slightly less so with each repletion and she was tongue-fucked literally into unconsciousness, her body rapidly becoming exhausted under the seeming never-ending series of orgasms.

...and, just as the swirling darkness reached out to grab her, Billie Jean felt the now-familiar sensation as a deputy pressed a pressure-injector against her arm.

TO BE CONTINUED



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After returning to his small farming town, one tough guy is confronted by a group of women, who are out to transform his town and him over the weekend of the 4th.

PORN ON THE 4th OF JULY:

Part 3

By Gunslinger

Billy Hunter groaned softly, and blearily let his eyes flutter open, his sluggish mind wondering what the hell was going on. Slowly, it began to dawn on him that ceiling over head looked vaguely familiar.

He was in the Boone Hollow jail.

Shit - had he gone on a bender, stirred up some trouble? That might explain why he felt so... strange.

For one thing, his cock felt REALLY strange - well, his crotch, since his cock felt strangely numb. Maybe somebody had kicked him in the balls during a fight, or something - there was a low, persistent throbbing in his crotch, a kind of.. well, weird as it was, a pleasurable sort of pain.

He reached down, sliding a hand into the open fly of a pair of jeans that seemed to be hastily pulled on his body while it was limp - (had he run around naked and drunk...?) - and a hand that felt really strange to him groped in the pants for his...

Billie Jean let out a little shriek, eyes flying wide open as realization came - and with it, a flood of memories that had all-too-briefly been blessedly repressed.

As the memory of the events of the day, and the realization that she was now a woman - a woman who had just been well and truly 'tongue-fucked' by Sheriff Lezbitch - flooded Billie's shocked and horrified mind, she had the dubious 'enjoyment' of re-experiencing her fate anew, almost as if it were happening for the first time, but in one terrible instant, rather than the morning-long experience it had actually been. She gave another breathless, undeniably feminine-sounding little shriek, and sat bolt upright on the bench...

No breathless little shriek this time - it was a full-fledged scream as she rocketed up off the bench, hands flying to her chest in horror as sight and sensation registered the undeniable truth indelibly on her mind...

"My TITS!"



She screamed, in her somewhat higher- pitched - and more sweetly 'Southern Belle' accented - voice. "My tits are... bigger!"

"They're... huge...!" She gasped, her dainty new hands squeezing her newly oversized endowments.

"Huge... and really, really... mmm... sensitive..." She moaned softly to herself, hands going from 'shocked grasping' to 'sexy caressing' without any input at all from her still stunned - and, still utterly unrecognized by Billy Jean, slowly changing - mind.

"Well, well - look who's up..." One of the deputies snorted, sauntering over to the front of the cell. "Look at you, playin' with your new tits - you must really love having big boobs, babe..."

Billie, blushing, rather reluctantly yanked her hands down, intending an angry denial even as the phrase 'I must love having big boobs' chased around her mind - but before she could speak, the deputy continued:

"You'll love it even more when your man plays with them, though." She quite deliberately said. "Yup, that's what your big ol' boobies are for: making your man happy."

"I don't have 'a man'..." Billie Jean protested - weakly, rather than angrily, as she'd planned. She frowned slightly, wondering why she felt a strange sensation of... unhappiness.

"Yeah, sure..." The deputy sneered, unlocking the cell. "Woman like you - you just don't feel whole, less you got yourself a man to please."

"That's bull-shit...!" Billie angrily stated - while feeling, somehow... incomplete.

"Here's your shirt back - you want to cover those babies up to keep from being ogled, 'least, except for your man of course. You like it when HE ogles them... makes you feel so damned good... so damned HORNY, matter a' fact..."

Struggling to fit her newly swollen breasts into the now too-tight top, Billie Jean declined to answer...

...and besides, she was too distracted by her nipples, larger and at the moment almost painfully swollen into tautly erect indicators of how much the sensation of her manipulating her breasts in the shirt was giving her unintended pleasure.

"You 'bin out for 'bout an hour." The deputy said, jerking her head towards the door. "Y'all can go now, sweet-cheeks."

Blushing, Billie Jean walked out of the cell - unable to stop noticing how much her fuller, rounder breasts jiggled and swayed within the straining confines of her multi-hued tank top...

...or how good it felt.

With the shirt on, Billie stepped out of the cell, brushing past the deputy...

...who suddenly grabbed her, spinning her around and shoving her hard up against the wall beside the cell. Grinning wickedly, the muscular woman reached out and began to squeeze and fondle Billie Jean's new tights roughly through the thin fabric of her shirt.

"You like this, doncha?" The deputy demanded, practically panting. "Your big, sensitive boobies being used as pleasure play-things, gets you all hot and horny, all wet and ready, doesn't it...?"

"Stop it!" Billie Jean demanded, squirming and blushing... and, helplessly, against her will, making small moans and gasps of pleasure as she helplessly enjoyed the sensations that came with the mauling of her new tits. "Stop it - these aren't for YOU to play with...!"

'Now, why did I say THAT...?' Billie Jean wondered, in confusion, as the laughing deputy spun her away from the wall, giving her a muscular shove towards the door.

"Go on, then - go look for your man, the one who you WANT to play with your titties...!" The deputy taunted, as the still-blushing Billie hurried towards the door. "Go let your MAN get you all hot and horny, ripe and ready for being fucked by his hard cock - you KNOW that's what you want!"

Ignoring the taunting, the once-male, newly busty woman fled from the dim, cool interior of the jail into the bright, hot sunlight of a summer afternoon.

Taking a deep breath, Billie Jean felt the blush slowly fading from her face as she looked around, squinting slightly in the bright sunlight.

Almost immediately, she had to shift her position - the sidewalk was crowded with people who'd come in response to the Council's July 4th celebration plans. Seeded in among these were locals, and as she looked at the people swirling around her, filling the streets with noise and humanity, Billie Jean realized with a sinking sensation that she had no idea what to do.

Who could she trust? If her very best friend in the whole world couldn't help her, could actually be turned against her, who could she hope to help her? There was no way of knowing who had already been 'co-opted' by the crazed cabal of women in town... and, from what Dave had said, many more in the county were already 'adjusted' in attitude, if not necessarily in body yet.

Also...

She was feeling extremely self-conscious, painfully aware of the way her newly enlarged breasts strained the thin fabric of her shirt. She couldn't help notice the way people notice her new endowments - and she didn't want them to ogle her new boobs.

'I don't want THEM to ogle my big, sensitive new boobies...' Was the actual thought that crossed her mind - and she noticed not a thing unusual about that fact, nor the fact that the 'thought' came across in a honey-rich Southern drawl...

Rather aimless, Billie Jean began to wander down the street, feeling a faint blush tingle her cheeks as she tried to avoid noticing the men looking at her new figure. It wasn't right and proper for them to be eyeing her new tits this way...!

...but she was also feeling guilty because she wasn't supposed to be 'flaunting' her new tits this way. It wasn't right for her to have them on display where just any man could enjoy the sight of them jiggling and swaying as she gracefully and femininely swayed down the street in a perky, 'innocently sexy' feminine gait.

She wandered a bit, 'aimlessly' - only to find that her steps had brought her to the door of 'Bimbo's Boutique'.

Caught in indecision, Billie Jean paused in front of the store, completely unaware of the delightfully feminine vision of uncertainty she was presenting to the world at large.

She didn't want to go into a woman's clothing store. She didn't want to buy more clothing that was feminine, much less clothing that more feminine...

...at least, she was fairly certain she didn't.

But she felt so... uncomfortable, dressed as she was. She tried to picture herself wearing baggy jeans and an even baggier sweatshirt, like she could pick up at the second-hand store, but for reasons she couldn't quite place her mental finger on, the thoughts just felt so... so WRONG.

She couldn't make herself feel comfortable with the clothing she was wearing, and, try as she might, she couldn't picture herself wearing less female-specific clothing.

Finally, she sighed, conceding that she 'had' to buy feminine clothing.. and then, pulling open the door, stepped into the air- conditioned comfort of the shop, unaware how strange it was that she was 'happy' to have come to the 'obvious conclusion' that she 'just had to' buy women's clothing from now on...

Billie Jean looked around the store - and then her gaze fell on the woman behind the counter.

As the slender blonde noticed Billie's entrance, she wiggled, jiggled and swayed out from behind the counter to come greet her, and Billie could do nothing but stare at the outrageous figure that filled the tiny little, heart-shaped patriotic-patterned bikini outfit.

'Gee - and I thought MY tits were big...!' Billie found herself thinking... without wondering all at the slight edge of envy tainting her thoughts as she gazed at the stupendous, melon-like breasts of the pig-tailed Blonde now smiling brightly, if rather vapidly, at her.

"Like, *tee-hee*, hi!" The bodacious blonde breathed bubbly. "I'm *tee-hee* Bimbo!"

"Hi, uh, Bimbo..." Billie muttered, blushing, as she managed to tear her eyes off the bubbly blonde's bust. "I'm Billie Jean. I, er... need some new clothes..."

"Like, fer'sure!"
Bimbo agreed, happily.
"C'mon, let's get you
all measured up an'
stuff! *Tee-hee*!"

Billie Jean
quickly learned a few
new things - like the
fact that her new
measurements were
36-26-36, with a rather
impressive EEE- cup
size.

That particular
lesson took a bit of
time to learn... for,
without any malice
whatsoever, Bimbo
had rather mindlessly
begun playing with
Billie Jean's boobs
while measuring her
up. That had made
Billie feel
uncomfortable, even
guilty... but Bimbo had
also artlessly asked
Billie to play with her
own, massive
endowments while she
played with Billie's...



Though she didn't realize that she'd been brainwashed to be uncomfortable with having anybody but 'her man' playing with her tits, Billie's basic original 'male' mind-set towards OTHER women's breasts hadn't been touched... and, guilty as it made her feel, Billie found herself indulging in a fondle-fest with the huge-breasted blonde. Two slender, dainty, FEMININE pairs of hands slid over, caressed and squeezed two pairs of big, bouncy, sexy tits - one pair significantly bigger than the other, but both pairs with enhanced pleasure-sensitivity far beyond any 'real' woman's breasts, causing the mutual groping to be extremely pleasure for both men- turned-female...

...and while Bimbo was so completely brainwashed that she thought nothing about it, enough of Billy remained in Billie Jean to be more than a little disconcerted by just how much she was enjoying - and just how willing she was to have - her big new boobs played with. She tried to tell herself that she wasn't doing it to enjoy getting fondled, but so that she could enjoy fondling Bimbo's big 'uns...

...but that in no way diminished the amount of pleasure she was getting from being fondled and groped.

Nor did it in any way lessen the impact of the implanted thoughts in her slowly altering mind that insisted that having her tits played with should make her horny.

Between the commands and the physical pleasure, it was no wonder at all that her panties were soon damp evidence to her growing arousal.

Bimbo had once been middle aged, pot-bellied, and balding - the husband of the boutique owner, whose enterprise hadn't interested him at all. Unfortunately, what had interested him was pornos, specifically movies containing what his wife had thought of as 'huge boobed bimbos'...

...and it was her interpretation of these on-screen porn-movie characters that she basically used as a template for the new woman. This meant, among anything, that she'd radically reduced the man's previously average intelligence.

Much more accurately - he-now-she had been programmed not to USE his/her intelligence...

...except in two instances.

One was the store. She was to be 'dumb-acting by capable enough to get by' in her role as a saleswoman, an obvious necessity.

The other area in which Bimbo's mind could still be fully engaged was, unsurprisingly, the pursuit of sex - and, since she was based on the way women in porn movies acted, she was now completely bisexual - or, rather, OMNIsexual - whether she wanted to be or not.

It wasn't long before a thoroughly bemused Billie Jean found herself laying on the floor, Bimbo's blonde head bobbing and writhing between Billie's pale, silken thighs...

'Oh, God, that feels so good...!' Billie Jean thought guiltily to herself. "Not as good as Lezbitch's tongue did, at first, maybe... but then again, Lezbitch's tongue, amazing as it is, wasn't nearly as satisfying a hard cock would be...'

Moaning and writhing under Bimbo's eager - and, honestly, quite talented - ministrations, it took a second for what Billie Jean had just thought to hit her conscious mind.

'Oh, shit - that's not good! I shouldn't thinking about how much more I'd enjoy having a man's hard, throbbing cock fucking my hot, wet cunt right now!' She thought. 'I shouldn't even be squealing in unfeigned delight at getting licked out - I'm only doing it because my wonderful big titties got me all hot and horny! I knew I shouldn't have let Bimbo play with my sensitive new boobs - letting anybody else but my man play with them makes me feel all guilty... and horny...!'

Then Bimbo's tongue brought Billie Jean to writhing, screaming orgasm... but, yet, somehow, it was an UNSATISFYING orgasm...

'Shit...!' She thought, panting. 'I knew letting her get me all hot and horny enough to lick me out was wrong... it would take pleasuring my man's wonderfully hard, ready cock to REALLY get me off!'

She blinked in mild confusion.

'Not that I'd ever let my... let a man do that, of course. I just LOOK like a sexy, big-titted babe who would love to pleasure my man any way he wanted, that's all. Thank god they have tied me up and tried to beat me or torture me or do any of that stuff you must have to do to brainwash somebody!' the person who now unquestioningly thought of herself as 'Billie Jean' thought, gratefully, as she got up from the floor, enjoying the pleasurable sensation from the jiggle of her big new boobies, and followed Bimbo off to get the new, feminine clothes she NEEDED to wear...

"Okay, let's, like, get you all the stuff you, *tee-hee*, need!" Bimbo said, quickly pulling on the tiny heart-bikini that, in retrospect, had obviously been chosen as much for it's ease of access as it was it's display of her charms. "Now, you're soooo gonna need..."

Oddly enough, it soon dawned on Billie Jean that Bimbo had a less immediately noticeable 'verbal habit' every bit as omnipresent as her endless supply of giggles - the big titted, self-proclaimed (and named) bimbo was so utterly upbeat that EVERYTHING was present in an excited, positive light.

It was all 'you're going to LOVE...!' this, and 'You'll just HAVE to have...' that, and Billie Jean struggled to tune out the peppy, tirelessly enthusiastic voice as she was shown just about everything the shop had to offer...

...without it once occurring to her that what should be worrying about was finding a way to tune the words out of her SUBCONSCIOUS mind...

* * * * *

Nervously, Billie Jean paced back and forth in the living room of her dilapidated little farmhouse, lightly gnawing on the thumbnail of her right hand, while her left almost unconsciously played with her big, sensitive tits.

Something was wrong.

She wasn't sure what it was, but there was no doubt in Billie Jean's mind that it was true. She felt so.. strange. So... unsettled. Like something was missing - something she really, really NEEDED.

She just didn't know what it was.

Perhaps they HAD messed with her mind, somehow, she thought to herself. Ever since the delivery van had dropped her - and her purchases - off at the house, she hadn't been able to relax, not even slightly. She felt like there was something she should be doing... but what?

Well, she HAD been 'unconscious' for about an hour. It couldn't have been long enough for them to do anything major to her mind, and she certainly hadn't noticed herself ACTING 'weird' or 'strange' in any way, so, thankfully, her mind must still be nearly intact... except for this nagging sensation.

Well, she thought to herself, if an hour obviously wasn't enough to put anything INTO her head, perhaps it had been just long enough to take something OUT - that is, to 'program' her not to think of a specific thing.

Like, maybe, how to get out of this mess.

'That would make sense...' She thought to herself - and then gave a cute little pout, even as she unconsciously squeezed on full, fat nipple. 'At least, I THINK it makes sense, but I'm just a girl now, and us girls aren't good at thinking about anything other than how to dress and act in the right ways to please guys.'

She'd just completed that thought when she'd reached the end of the 'lane' she'd been pacing. She started to turn... and spotted the hastily-scribble words on a piece of paper she'd taped to the wall as soon as she'd become suspicious that something was wrong:

'Question EVERYTHING'; it read.

So, heeding her own advice, she reviewed the last thought that had passed through unfortunately girlish head, seeing if there was anything obviously wrong with it.

Well, of course, girls HAD to use more of their brain keeping track of all that 'girly' stuff, like make-up and fashion and what have you. So, OBVIOUSLY, that left less brain power for other things, like important thinking. That's why important thoughts were left for men to make.

Also, as a guy, she had just stomped around any old way she wanted, whereas now, she spent all that time having to make sure she was walking daintily and gracefully. She KNEW that was right, because she'd continued pacing while

double-checking her own thoughts for signs of any tampering, and look how she was oh-so-carefully making her motions smooth and graceful and, well...

FEMININE. That was the operative word, really. It was sort of built-in, when you thought about it logically, as she was burning up what little brain-power her girlish brain could spare for the task.

She was now, undeniably, FEMALE, and even the quickest glance to 'question everything' would verify THAT. Still, because she couldn't trust her own mind anymore, she'd even looked it up in a dictionary to make sure she was right:

1. Feminine – adjective pertaining to a woman or girl: feminine beauty; feminine dress. having qualities traditionally ascribed to women, as sensitivity or gentleness. effeminate; womanish: a feminine walk. belonging to the female sex; female: feminine staff members.

Yup, unfortunately, on this point her brain was clearly working at one hundred, unaltered percent - just like the dictionary said, since she was now undeniably 'belonging to the female sex', she was therefore, automatically and by definition, feminine - which, also like the dictionary said, meant that she now had absolutely no choice but to have the other parts of being 'feminine', like worrying about beauty, and dresses, and sensitivity, and gentleness... all the things that were clearly part and parcel of being a female.

She sighed, wishing it were otherwise, so that she could concentrate more on the maybe-missing-answer, but it was just wishful thinking - even the dictionary agreed it was utterly impossible. If you were female, you HAD to be thinking about all these feminine things. It was utterly inescapable.

So - she'd once more proven to herself that her mind had in absolutely no way been CHANGED... so that brought her back to the thought she'd been double-checking (for the fourth time), that something must have been HIDDEN.

But what...?

It had to be something important. Something she very much wanted to know, but they very much didn't want her to.

Though the afternoon was growing late, she once again checked her chain of conclusions, and once more agreed that it made sense.

So - they'd somehow hidden the answer from her on how to escape this feminine fate. It was the only thing vitally important enough to both sides to be on the top of the list.

The thing was, she'd also, quite laboriously, (forcing her helplessly girlish mind to have to work around all those feminine concerns unfortunately 'hard wired' into the brain of anybody female, however they'd gotten that way), come to the conclusion that the thought she MOST wanted to think had somehow been changed to one that she LEAST wanted to think.

It was, she had concluded, the only logical way to 'hide' it in her mind, making it unlikely for her to find it.

"Oh, Pooh...!" She frowned, (prettily, she was very careful to make sure, what with her being 'feminine' and all now), then sighed. "They've gone and hidden the answer in a thought I'd NEVER really think, like eagerly making myself MORE girly, or something like..."

She stopped dead, a (very pretty) look of surprise coming to her face. Could that be it? Could that be the answer.

No - of course not. There was no way that, somehow, being as girly as possible could lead to her being LESS girly. She immediately pushed the ludicrous thought away...

...and her eye happened to once more fall on the hastily scrawled sign. QUESTION EVERYTHING.

Well, it was silly, but she sighed (cutely) and forced her feminine-filled mind to consider the thought...

Wait. Wait just a second. Wouldn't the very fact that she was so READY to dismiss it mean something. After all, that would be exactly what they wanted!

But how could that be? After all, it was completely... silly! Her, 'willingly' being all girly? 'Happily' embracing her new body? Acting like...

...like...

...LIKE EVERY OTHER 'NEW' WOMAN IN TOWN!

She gasped at the obvious simplicity of it - and that, in and of itself, PROVED that the thought must have been hidden from her, for how could she not have seen it before? Those women, all 'safely' brainwashed by whatever long and torturous method had been used to make them decide to willingly be all girly, moved around without anybody keeping an eye on them!

Yes! That was the answer!

'But... how do I do that?' She wondered, wandering into the bedroom where all the stuff Bimbo had talked her into taking had been delivered. Billie Jean let her eye roam over practically one of everything the store had stocked in her sizes, while trying to figure out how somebody could possibly act all happy and girly and sweet and stuff.

'They got brainwashed to actually LIKE that, poor things...' She thought, morosely. 'In my case, though, the more girly I'd look or act, the LESS I'd like it...'

Then she blinked - and gave a happy little cry of joyful realization.

It would be EASY to pretend she'd been brainwashed to love being all girly! Because she hadn't actually been brainwashed, she hated the thought - and so the less happy she was with what she did, the more she must be doing it right!

The answer was so wonderfully simple!

She just had to make sure she was absolutely miserable, and she could be utterly certain she was doing it right!

Overjoyed with this realization, Billie Jean began going through the pile of purchases like a happy little hurricane, crowing gleefully every time she found something so utterly feminine that she would be utterly DISGUSTED to be wearing or using it...

'Ha! Thought they could keep me from figuring it out!' Billie Jean thought gleefully to herself, as she considered which of the two perfumes she held she would be most horrified to be caught wearing.

'They obviously underestimated me!' She thought, smiling victoriously to herself as she picked the most dazzlingly sweet-yet- seductive scent. She pulled out the stopper, and dabbed a little bit behind each ear...

...and, then, because she hated the thought of putting more of a scent that was almost painfully girlish on, dabbed some between the breasts that strained the against the disgustingly girlish bustier top she'd chosen. It was just so less comfortable than any of the lest decorative support garments available for her oversized breasts that she'd known right away it was the only choice for her to wear.



Dabbing some more perfume on the inside of her elbows and wrists, then a dab behind each of her knees, she put the perfume bottle aside and, smiling happily, considered the matter of footwear.

She, of course, REALLY wanted something comfortable, something easy to walk in, and fashion be damned... so, of course, she began to search for the cutest, most restrictive, highest heeled, most 'absolutely guaranteed to make you use a 'I LIKE being a woman' type of walk' kind of shoes she could find...

TO BE CONCLUDED



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After returning to his small farming town, one tough guy is confronted by a group of women, who are out to transform his town and him over the weekend of the 4th.

Part 4

Under a slowly sinking sun that stained the slowly cooling summer evening in shades of red and orange, a dilapidated old farmhouse stood.

Within the weathered building was a person who was quite consciously doing everything possible to be as utterly unlike anybody who might be named 'Billy Hunter' as possible...

'Okay, keep smiling - sweetly, sweetly! - and make sure your hips have that nice little sway to them...' Billie Jean thought to herself, concentrating hard. '...and, turn, smoothly... cock the hip a little bit... play with the hair for a second... and now, walk back the other way... good, good...'

Smoothing the pretty earth-toned plaid dress, (which she'd chosen as the one she'd least like to wear), over her trim and undeniably feminine figure, Billie Jean concentrated on keeping her sweet, sweet smile fixed firmly on her newly lipstick-clad lips as she practiced walking atop the high, slender heels of the classic black pumps she'd finally settled on.

According to her 'question everything' mentality, everything was going utterly swimmingly for Billie Jean, because she was completely and utterly miserable...

...or, at least, that was what she kept telling herself.

That lovely reflection in the mirror, so prettily dressed, her hair 'just so'? She hated seeing it, disgusted and horrified by the oh-so-feminine vision reflected back at her. She was sure of this fact, because she was 'certain' that her mind hadn't been in any way tampered with, and she was 'really' a man. A man would hate being all feminine and pretty and desirable, and so, she must hate what she was seeing.

Simple logic, right?

The smile, the playful little flip of the hair, the throbbing touch of excited pride at just how beautiful she'd made herself - play-acting, that's all it was.

That was, well... so painfully obvious that you didn't HAVE to lump it in with the 'everything' your were questioning.

A man, transformed against his will into a woman, wouldn't possibly enjoy it. So, she couldn't be enjoying any of this. A transformed woman who had been brainwashed WOULD be enjoying this, and since she'd already established that she wasn't enjoying this, there was no way she could have been brain washed!

Common sense, really. Q.E.D.

So, when Billie Jean heard the sound of a very familiar engine pulling up outside the house, that strange, tingling sensation running through her body, the quickness of breath and the accelerated heart-beat... it was all just anxiety at the fact that she was about to 'put to the test' her ability to pretend - merely PRETEND, mind you - to be happy and excited about being 'all pretty' for 'her man'.

Moving smoothly and gracefully, she headed for the door atop her slender heels, (hating, of course, the way she moved as a result of all that hated practice she'd been doing), her trim, womanly hips swaying in a manner that caused the hem of her pretty, feminine dress to twitch fetchingly back and forth.

Of course, she was noting the details just to make sure she had them all right for her ACT. She was just ACTING like she was happy and excited to be a pretty, sexy young woman.

Throwing open the door to the old farmhouse, she stood on the threshold, gilded in the light of the setting sun as she watched Dave climb from the Woody.

She certainly DIDN'T feel tremors of excitement and pleasurable anxiety as she watched Dave look across the yard at her newly 'girlie-up' figure, and she certainly WASN'T finding Dave's rangy, denim-and-cotton clad figure the least bit... attractive. No, she was merely ACTING like the sort of woman who WOULD, that was all...

...and, if her acting was particularly good, almost perfectly convincing in every, tiny little detail, well... that was a good thing, now wasn't it?

"Welcome back, my darling...!" She trilled with a rich, throbbing tone of affection in her voice - faked, of course, as was the delight with which she trotted daintily across the yard. Pausing in front of him, she feigned a delightful anxiety as she pirouetted for him, pretending to 'show off' her new look.

"Wow..." Dave breathed, smiling. "You look fantastic, Billie Jean!"

"Do you really think so...?" She asked, faking a breathless, pleasure-filled excitement at his compliment. "You bet!" He agreed, eyeing her openly.

"Oh, you are just SOOO sweet!" She sang in her sweet Southern accent - and then, with a force of will to overcome her completely natural, masculine hesitation, (so well that it might well have been completely unnoticeable to anybody else, in fact), she threw her girlish, slender arms around his neck, and somehow managed to force herself to give him what could be mistaken by somebody not knowing how utterly disgusted she was by the very thought, a warm and loving kiss...



It was absolutely, utterly disgusting, off course - having to give a man a long, lingering kiss that was, too all appearances, not only loving, but ripe with just-barely- restrained desire....

Well, it would be obvious to anybody with half a brain that such a thing would HAVE to be utterly disgusting to a man unwillingly transformed into a woman.

It would be completely different, Billie Jean mused to herself, if she'd been brainwashed like those other poor unfortunates. Then, of course, she would have been altered to, well. horror of horrors! to ACTUALLY enjoy pressing her body firmly against him as she pretended to passionately, perhaps even hungrily, kiss him.

Such a poor, unfortunate transformee would undoubtedly be getting aroused right now. Billie Jean, of course, felt no such thing - no, she was merely feeling her stomach twist in disgust over what she was doing. A sensation in her gut - well, very low in her gut - of twisting and churning.. well, a warm, wet sort of churning. and, of course, it was outrage rather than excitement that had her sensitive new nipples all swollen to near-painful tautness, anger rather than attraction that was leaving her feel breathless and weak- kneed...

Thank God she hadn't been brainwashed into helplessly being forced into ENJOYING the long, deep, passionate kiss! Instead, she got to be properly horrified and disgusted by what she was forcing herself to do as she 'reluctantly' broke the kiss, pretending like every fiber of her feminine new body was crying out to please him in any and every way he could possibly desire...

So, since she CLEARLY wasn't the least bit aroused, and she was CERTAINLY in no way whatsoever attracted to Dave, it was nothing but acting made so convincing by a supreme act of will when she smiled warmly up at him and made an offer she OBVIOUSLY would nearly rather die than actually make...

"Mmmm..." She faked a warm, sultry moan. "Why don't we go inside, darling, and... pick this up where we left off...?"

She did a remarkably good impersonation of a throaty, desire-filled chuckle as she somehow found the force of will to teasingly run her fingers over the crotch of his jeans...

...and, she was shocked to realize his cock was only barely stirring.

Oh - delighted, absolutely delighted, by the fact, of course - so nearly ecstatic at his marginal sexual arousal that the world seemed to swim before her, and her heart began to pound almost painfully with the hard-edge, nearly painful force of her joy.

Still... shocked, considering how effectively she had - unwillingly, riddled with disgust - forced herself to act all 'delightfully' feminine and desirable.

"I'm sorry, Billie Jean - but, as much as I find you very attractive, I'm afraid I've been... programmed... not to be able to find you sexually desirable." Dave said.

A huge, yawning pit of the deepest, darkest joy swept over Billie Jean as she realized that she wasn't going to have to fake cheerfully pleasuring Dave sexually. As the black happiness swept through her, she fought back her tears of absolute joy at the rejection.

She was so happy she could just... die.

Reaching into the pocket of his jeans, Dave extracted one of the injector-pens.

"This is a new formulation they were working on." He explained, forming each word carefully as he watched her closely, his expression intent and searching. "It was designed as a rapid breast-growth serum. There was a problem with it, however - it radically and permanently alters the hormone balance. The simplest way to explain it would be to say that the person injected with this wouldn't only get bigger, more sensitive breasts - but would turn into a literal nymphomaniac. A real one, not just somebody who likes sex - in fact, it wouldn't matter whether she liked sex, or not - she would desperately crave it, all the time."

Lost in her own world of soul-destroying, mind-numbing bliss, his words seemed to come to her from a great distance, but Billie Jean sensed something coming, and managed to drag her attention to Dave.

"The problem with that is, she could never, ever be satisfied. Even in the middle of an orgasm, it wouldn't be enough, she'd still be craving more. As much as that might sound like a good thing, a woman who literally could not stop trying to fuck every waking moment is no good... so, what they did, was add a huge dose of the mind-control serum to it. A 'broad base' dose. It would leave any woman hit with it completely, utterly, helplessly obedient for the rest of her life. No will of her own any more - just sheer, slave-like obedience to commands..." Dave explained, still watching her very, very intently, "...and then they went and programmed me so that I can only get turned on by a woman who had even bigger breasts than you do right now."

Time stopped.

'Thank God I'm not brainwashed!' Billie Jean mused to herself, the super-slow molasses of pause-time surrounding her, letting her experience the agonizing slowness with which she seemed to be moving, and arm beginning to reach outwards in glacial slow-motion. 'If I had been, I would actually WANT to inject myself with that...!'

'Then again...' She thought to herself, indifferently watching her arm 'lashing' outwards through the molasses, 'I'm PRETENDING that I AM brainwashed, and so I would almost HAVE to 'pretend' to want that injection, regardless of the cost, now wouldn't I?'

'I suppose I would...' She concluded, with deep regret, as she watched her hand wrap around the injector and yank it from Dave's hand in slow-motion. 'Not to do it would reveal my mind is still my own, and if I slipped, they would correct the oversight and erase any chance of escape I'd ever have.'

'I guess I HAVE to do it...' She regretfully concluded, as she pressed the end of the injector against the bare skin at the nape of her neck.

'It's the only way for me to keep from being brainwashed and turned into some sort of... sex slave...' She finished the clear and obvious summation of the situation, feeling the drug rushing through her system and into her, thankfully, still completely inviolate and...

Dave, watching intently, saw the personality drain from the woman's eyes, to be replaced with a completely blank look, devoid of any personal desires, attributes, or interests - a complete lack of any sort of conscious, self-directed thought whatsoever.

Indifferently, Dave let his eyes slip downwards. The neckline of her dress, chosen to tantalizingly yet demurely hint at the creamy cleavage of her full breasts, was beginning to push outwards, more and more creamy flesh pushed upwards and outwards as the breasts below them grew somewhat larger.

Dave had, as per instructions, lied about what he'd been programmed to find arousing. He watched without any prurient interest at all as her breasts went from merely 'big' to 'huge', more interested in the mental changes that were supposed to be signified by the visible physical change.

The formulation was, in fact, 'experimental' - but, then again, all the final-stage ones were, since each was tailored for a specific purpose and individual. This one was representative of the Council's annoyance at Billy Hunter's theoretical possibility of upsetting their carefully crafted plans. He hadn't managed to do so, of course, but still...

Dave licked his lips. His voice hoarse, he spoke a name... "Billy Hunter." Dave said.

The blank look flickered - and then a personality was looking out through the eyes.

A pause, not even a second long, as a mind stripped of everything but its original 'base' personality struggled to catch up...

...and then the newly over-endowed woman screamed.

The first one was wordless, one of pain and horror and outrage and anger. Then, one hand flew to the neckline of the now much-too-tight dress and began heaving at the painfully restrictive material cutting into her huge new tits...

...while the other hand flew down to her crotch, desperately seeking some way of coping with a level of desperate sexual arousal that was, quite literally, painful in its demanding intensity.

"Son of a bitch!" Billy Hunter screamed in Billie Jean's voice. "You bastard!"

Dave moaned, his cock rapidly growing hard at the sight of his suffering, feminized friend. Billy, through Billie's eyes, saw this - and the look of mixed horror and lust on her face only made Dave's erection painfully hard.

Wordlessly, Dave walked over to the car. On its gleaming red hood, he placed the keys. Next to the keys went a fat roll of bills, easily a few thousand dollars worth.

"God, the thought of fucking my unwillingly feminized friend gets me horny..." Dave moaned, to no-one in particular...

...and then, not even looking as his writhing, desperately horny victim, Dave walked across the yard and into the house. Pulling out a chair at the kitchen table, he sat down.

He listened.

After a moment, the sound of the car door opening, then closing. A moment after that, the throaty roar of the engine. The sound of the gears being shifted...

A moment passed, a moment when the engine roared and softened, roared and softened...

..and then the engine died.

Dave, breathing even more ragged, smiled tightly to himself.

A moment later, Billy Hunter, trapped in the hugely buxom body of Billie Jean, almost literally burst into the room. Slender, pale hands, so dainty and refined, were pulling frantically at her pretty, girlish clothing. Her face, so pretty in repose, was a mask of hate, self-loathing, and lust.

"You sick, fucking bastard!" Billy screamed in Billie's voice - and almost literally threw herself at him.

This wasn't Billie's 'I want to please you' kiss. This one was hard and demanding.. and self loathing, ripped somehow both willingly and unwillingly from a woman who didn't in the least WANT, but desperately NEEDED, sex.

Her hands yanked and tugged on both their clothing - but though the slender hands were Billie Jean's, it was Billy Hunter's mind that was, against it's own will, stripping them down for what his horrified brain couldn't deny her body so desperately needed.

Then, finally, Billy said it:

"Fuck me, you bastard!" Billy sobbed in angry desire. "Fuck me!"

Smiling, Dave grabbed Billie's body and lifted it up so that she was sitting on the kitchen counter...

...but while it was Billie's wet, ready cunt Dave's hard, throbbing cock slid into, it was Billy Hunter Dave was fucking.

That was the new desire Dave had been given, and it was, in it's own way, as overriding an imperative as Billie/Billy had been given. Just as, given the change to escape, she had come back to get fucked, so Dave HAD to fuck his friend.

The major difference was the fact that Dave had been so changed that he was allowed to enjoy the act. Billy/Billie wasn't...

"Fuck!" Billy screamed through Billie's lips, and it was both a curse and a demand as Dave slammed his cock into her, hard and fast. "Oh, fuck, no... yes... no...!"

Conflicted mind, conflicted emotions, one single physical desire - Billie wanted it and Billy hated it but needed it, and now he/she/they were getting it, and they/she/he loved it and hated it...

It felt... fantastic.

The body was designed for this, designed to receive fantastic amounts of pleasure from sex, and so Billy had to deal with the humiliation of enjoying being fucked hard and fast as a woman. To feel unwanted pleasure as a cock invaded her unwanted womanhood.

Her face writhed in interesting expressions that should never really be mixed, some hateful, some enjoyable, some simply confused, but all stamped with a sort of self-hatred over her inability to stop what she was doing, which was WILLINGLY having sex with a man, even if it were an enforced willingness.

Worse - it FELT wonderful, pleasure thundering through her body... but it wasn't quite wonderful ENOUGH.

She was a nymphomaniac, now - or, at least, her body was. She craved this sex, needed this sex... but it wasn't enough to satisfy her. Even in the midst of getting fucked, she still craved more, and always would, for nothing could ever satisfy her...

...and yet, even knowing that, she couldn't force herself to stop, and that only made it the more humiliating as she begged and demanded to be fucked harder, faster, longer, better...

...and the humiliation only deepened and grew when hard-fucking Dave blew his own load.

There was nothing subtle, nothing refined, in it. It wasn't 'making love', it wasn't 'having sex' - it was fucking, pure, animal rutting, fast and dirty... and as Dave went through the mind-blowing orgasm he was programmed to feel over fucking Billy, Billie's body was denied any sort of release at all, and Billy knew that she never would...



...and that, despite this, she would nevertheless still keep demanding the attempt for satisfaction that she would forever more be denied.

"Oh, you fucking bastard..!" Billy half- screamed, half-sobbed - and her dainty hand wrapped itself around the haft of a knife, knowing that there was only one way out of her torment, and at least she could take Dave with her...

...and then Billie Jean blinked, smiled uncertainly, and looked down in mild confusion at the knife she was holding.

"Darling...?" She asked, confused, oh-so-eager to please 'her man', yet confused by the 'blank spot' in her memory...

"Yeah - sex like that DOES work up an appetite." Dave 'agreed' with her. "Go ahead and make me something to eat."

"Of course, dear!" Billie Jean agreed, smiling hugely...

...while that feminine persona, the one that WANTED to have sex with Dave, was horrified to realize that she apparently just had, without being to remember any part of the act that she so much wanted to experience.

Still, she smiled sweetly as she set about making dinner, completely unaware that HER fate was to never be the one experiencing the sexual pleasure she wanted to feel... while the only moments when Billy Hunter would ever exist were those during which she was getting fucked...

* * * * *

"Whoa... Can you believe this...?" Jeff Winterbourne said, eyes shining.

"What's that...?" Mark Washington asked in a distracted tone of voice, idly flipping through a copy of 'Easy Rider' magazine.

"Free tickets to meet the models at some sort of 4th of July blowout!" The other young man crowed, holding out the adult magazine he'd picked up from the newsstand.

"Hey!" The owner of the convenience store called from behind the counter. "You gonna buy that magazine, or what? You want it, grab it now - been selling like hotcakes!"

"C'mon, man - we GOTTA buy these!" Jeff said, gesturing at the copies of "American Women" magazine. "Have you seen these babes? Man, this'll ROCK!"

Sighing, Mark looked at the magazine Jeff held, the natural cynic in him skeptical. "Boone Hollow?" Jeff snorted, derisively... but, he had to admit, the offer looked legit...

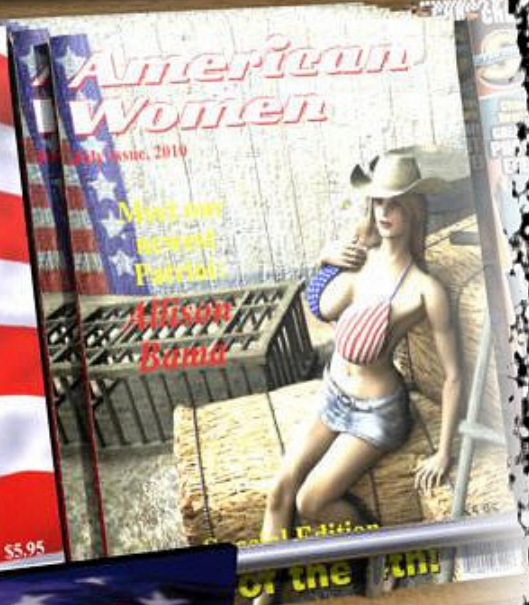
...and the babes DID look hot.

"Sure." He finally agreed, picking out a copy of the magazine for himself.

"After all..." He shrugged, paying for it. "...what could possibly be the downside...?"



Kevin's
ronze
Big
Ones!



End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: CONTEST WINNER!!

This is the first, in our continuing, reader request stories!!! This story was written from the following request sent in from one of our readers.

"I like have more to do with forced feminization with lots of humiliation thrown in for good measure.

Eg: Smart aleck guy harrasses or rapes women for the fun of it and he is trapped and turned into a women and forced outside to fend for himself. Of course only after he is made into a walking advertisement for SEXUAL RELIEF. Like being taken to a rough trade bar, biker hangout, or to the office xmas party and the word put out "she" is a party girl hired by the company and anything goes. "

And now...

On to the story...

Price Of Fame

by Gunslinger

"You've got to be kidding me." Karen exclaimed. She eyed her (until now) fiancée with mingled anger and hurt. "You're really going to break off our engagement and go to Hollywood?"

Although Jason was tall and muscular, (not to mention devilishly handsome), he shied away from his enraged, petite girlfriend as if she was about to attack him. "Look, Karen, I know it's not what you wanted to hear." He said soothingly. "But,

you know I've always wanted to be an actor. Winning that hundred and fifty thou from the lottery finally gives me my chance." He sighed. "And, I'm not planning to break off our engagement. Just... put it on hold for awhile. If you're just willing to wait until I get back..."

Karen's eyes flashed. "Well, I guess I now know what's REALLY important to you!" she retorted. She pulled the engagement ring from her finger and threw it at him. It bounced off his chest and hit the floor with a metallic tinkle. "Find yourself some other girl, buster!" She said, spinning on her heel and stalking out, her flaming mane of hair swirling about her shoulders. "A louse like you isn't worth waiting for."

The door slammed behind her. Jason took two angry steps towards the door, planning to get the final word in - then stopped, fists clenched, and bent down and retrieved the ring. He looked at it angrily, then dropped it into his pocket. As a red-head, Karen sure lived up the myth about their temper. But he knew he was doing the right thing. Not everyone got a chance to fulfill a life-long dream. Besides, it wasn't like they would have made a great couple anyway. They shared too much in common. Like their short and explosive tempers.

The often fought furiously for a short while, then their thankfully quick tantrums would be over and they'd make up - until the next time.

And, regardless of his talent, Jason had the right 'look' for Hollywood. He was tall and muscular, with a strong-featured face and a full head of thick, sandy hair cut stylishly. The way he generally put it was 'the body of Arnie and the face of Cruise, with Sorbo's hair.' And, at 24, he was in the prime of his life.

He'd known that Karen wouldn't react well to the news, so he'd waited until he'd had everything packed and ready before he'd called her over to 'discuss something important.' Now, pleased with his foresight, he took one last look around the small Loft apartment that he'd called his home for the past four years. Shutting off the lights for the last time, he stepped into the hall and locked the door behind him.

Riding the creaking, open cage elevator down to the parking lot, he looked around to make sure that Karen had left already. Reassured that the coast was clear, he walked to the place where his aging, but well maintained Hyundai sat, and slipped behind the wheel. The four-cylinder engine caught on the first crank, more or less whining to life, rather than roaring.

Slipping the car into gear, Jason mentally said his final farewells to Chicago, Karen, and his dead-end job at the mall, and wheeled out of the garage, pointing the little car westward.

Jason blinked blearily, and cranked down the window, letting fresh air stream into the rented Buick. His headlights broke the darkness ahead of him, reveling the almost hypnotic play of light from the asphalt rolling beneath his wheels. Ever since his once-faithful little car had decided to wheeze to a final, traitorous stop in Kansas City, he'd been pushing himself hard to get to L.A., just looking to put this whole trip behind him and get on with his new life. The news that Karen had immediately gone from him to his once-best friend Steve did little to improve his disposition.

Between his sour mood, exhaustion, and the darkness, he almost flashed by the stranded vehicle before he saw it's hazard lights flashing in the darkness. He barely caught a brief, hart-stopping glimpse at the driver, standing half on the pavement and trying to wave him down, before the person threw themselves out of the way of his hurtling vehicle.

Horried, Jason stood on the brakes, the rear tires screaming as the car shuddered into a long, four-wheeled skid, coming to rest sideways across the deserted highway. Shaking, it took a second for Jason to compose himself enough to guide the car onto the shoulder and climb out. Frightened by what he might have done, he jogged back towards the stalled vehicle, hoping to find the driver uninjured by his inattention. His heart pounded in his chest, the adrenaline clearing the last of the fatigue from his mind.

He found the driver slowing pulling herself upright, wiping gravel from her hands and knees. For an instant, Jason was taken by pure shock, seeing Karen in the short, slender woman.

The illusion passed as the woman rounded on Jason, flushed with anger. Despite a similarity in builds, this woman had close copped dark hair above a face that was stronger than Karen's own pixie-ish visage. She might have been considered cute in other circumstances, but now her face was mottled with rage.

"Are you all right?" he asked, trying to help her up. "I didn't even see you until... " he began to apologize.

With surprising strength for someone of her stature, she shoved him away. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" she shouted at him. "You almost killed me!"

Taken aback, Jason gaped at the woman, who was dressed in loose jeans, now torn at the knees, and a baggy, shapeless gray sweatshirt, also the worse for wear with it's encounter with the gravel.

Rather then backing off, the furious woman jammed a short-nailed finger painfully into his sternum. "Just another muscle-bound idiot in a big car," she said, jabbing him again. "Men like you get off on going so damn fast, you don't care who gets hurt."

Jason, already on the edge of his patience, flushed with his own rising anger. "Look, Miss, I already said I was ... "

She shoved him - hard - against the side of her car. "Damn it, it's Miz, not Miss. I don't need any of you macho chauvinist apologies, you dumb fuck. I want your name and you license. I'm going to make sure you pay for you little stunt."

The tiny feminist's threat broke his tenuous hold on his temper. "Look, you dumb bitch." He growled. "I don't care what you do or don't want. For all I care you can go straight to hell." He turned and began walking angrily back to his car.

Her blow came as a complete surprise. The tire iron glanced off his right shoulder, sending flashes of pain up and down his arm. He spun around as she raised the length of metal again. He lashed out, one hand grasping the tire iron as the other, clenched into a fist, took her on her out-thrust jaw. She stumbled back, somehow staying on her feet, but releasing the tire iron. He tattered sweatshirt tore, revealing her firm, pointed breasts, unencumbered by a bra.

She spat, catching him in the face. "Fuck you!"

All his frustration, all his anger, and the fact she reminded him a little of his ex-fiancée at crashed down on him. "No, fuck you." he snarled, grabbing her wrist painfully.

She struggled like a wildcat as he pushed her down into the long crab-grass along the roadside. Pining her with his body weight, he tore at the front of her jeans, yanking the heavy materiel down around her knees, and literally tearing off her cotton briefs. Ignoring her free hand, angrily gouging at his arm, he undid his own jeans and quickly freed his engorged cock.

Holding her wrists, he raised his hips and thrust into her with a sharp, painful stroke. As she screamed at him and tried vainly to bite him, he used hard powerful thrusts as he rode her angrily.

Like always, his explosive temper was short lived. As he came, it was almost as if his anger was draining out of him along with his gushing flow of semen. Disgusted with himself, he rolled of the woman and quickly straightened his clothing as he headed for his car, leaving her by the side of the road.

He'd only gotten a few steps when he was stopped dead by the sudden wash of headlights over him. Jason's stomach sank when it was followed by a brief warble of a siren, with the red-and-blue flash of dome lights. The door to the police cruiser opened, and a tall, heavily muscled female officer stepped out, her gun drawn but pointed at the ground. "Hold it right there." The female cop called. "Keep your hands in the open, please."

The petite woman painfully stood, half naked. "Shoot the bastard!" she yelled, pulling her jeans up. A short pause, then - "Lori? Is that you?"

Jason's stomach hit the ground as he realized just how deep the shit he was in actually was.

The short woman came stalking towards them. "Sandy, this damn bastard nearly killed me! But that wasn't good enough for him. Oh no, he had to rape me too!"

The female cop's face darken. The gun came up, the muzzle centering on Jason's chest. "All right" she barked. "Kneel down on the ground, hands on you head!"

Sighing, Jason slid to his knees and clasped his hands behind his head. The gravel under her feet crunched as the muscular cop came over, and roughly pulled his hands behind his back, handcuffing him. Yanking him painfully to his feet, she leaned him over the hood of her cruiser as she began patting him down.

Finding his wallet, she opened it and checked his I.D.

"Chicago, huh?" She grunted. "Well, welcome to California, Mr. Reese."

Then her baton came down on the back of his head, and everything went black.

Jason groaned as he slowly swam back towards consciousness. His head felt like it was ready to split in two. He opened his eyes, the gasped and shut them again as a bright white light seemed to spear directly into his brain.

"Good. I see our subject is awake" a voice - female - said. Slowly, he opened his eyes and looked around, blinking.

He found himself in an operating room of some kind. White and antiseptic, a variety of unidentifiable medical equipment and machines, all in white and stainless steel, were laid in precise places around the severe black leather chair he was securely immobilized in. He was also completely naked. He tugged at the wide leather straps as he regarded the other occupant of the room.

Tall and shapely, in a strong, domineering way, she was dressed in the familiar white lab coat of doctor's everywhere. Her breasts, staining at the fabric, would have been very large on any other woman, but only appeared slightly oversized on her frame, off set by her broad shoulders and strong legs. Likewise, her waist would appear thick on a less imposing woman, but remained femininely slender with her wide hips and her imposing height. Her square-jawed face was saved from looking too masculine by her full lips, sparkling green eyes, and massive mane of raven-black hair. She was regarding him clinically.

"Where am I?" he asked, giving up on the immovable restraints at his wrists and ankles.

"A private clinic in Beverly Hills, Mr. Reuse." She replied. Again, she was clinical, not conversational in her tone. "Perhaps I should just call you Jason, as we are going to be spending quite a bit of time together." She continued in the same tone. "My name is Doctor Theresa Brody. You may call me Dr. Brody."

Jason carefully stretched his head to either side, little bullets of pain shooting down his neck. "What do you mean, we're going to be spending a lot of time together?" he asked, half angry and half frightened.

"Jason, you made a large mistake when you raped the local spokeswomen for the Feminists of America party." She informed him, as she used her penlight to check his pupils. "Fortunately - for us - the officer who arrived was also a member. Rather than turn you over to an over worked and chauvinistically inclined justice system, we have a chance to resolve this matter ourselves."

"What? You can't do this" Jason said indignantly.

"Actually, we can." Dr. Brody replied calmly. "Sandra - the officer - has reported that you tried to run by diving into a nearby river. Since that particular river is not only famous for it's class-5 rapids, but by the fact that bodies of drowned white-water rafters quite often never show up, or show up months later in the Gulf, there is absolutely no question in anybody's mind that you are dead." She snapped off her penlight. "So, now you are available to me. I, and fellow feminist physicians and psychologists, have developed a series of experiments that lacked only a test subject. Now, in you, we have one."

Jason gaped. "You cant be " He words died on his lips as he looked at her clinical, intelligent expression, and realized that she was, indeed, completely serious.

His anger won out over his fear. "You CAN'T do this." He shouted. "I'm not going to be some sort of guinea pig for you sick little HEY, get away from me with that!" Fear made a sudden comeback as she calmly filled a hypodermic syringe.

"Your not sticking me with that thing!" he shouted jerking frantically in his bonds. Her strong hand gripped his forearm and she coolly slid the needle into a vein, depressing the plunger. "Stop it. Get away from me you damn... Leave me alone " his voice slowly died as the room seemed to spin - and he once more dropped into blackness.

He awoke slowly, the last traces of the sedative still coursing through his veins. He shook his head to clear it, and was rewarded by a burst of pain that cleared his mind quickly. Experimentally, he moved his arms, and wasn't surprised to find himself still restrained.

This time, the leather chair had been rotated so that he leaned forward helplessly, staring at his feet. With a low clicking sound, a pair of large, but feminine feet, clad in white pumps with a 1/2 inch heel, came into his restricted field of view. He felt Dr. Brody's hands grasp his head, and large leather straps tightened in place around his fore-head, holding his head firmly in place.

"Hey! What are you doing?" he asked, helplessly watching her shoes move around. His only answer was the pick of a needle in the base of his neck. Numbness soon spread up his neck and through his head, leaving him without any sensation above his shoulders.

"Waa ahh oo oin o ee " He cursed mentally as his numb lips and tongue refused to work, rendering his demands for information unintelligible.

Dr. Brody seemed to sense what he was saying. "Well, Jason." She replied as she worked somewhere behind him. "I'm going to use a laser to open a small hole in your skull."

If it were possible, his eyes would have widened. As it was, he could only grunt helplessly.

"Don't worry." She said, still out of sight. "I'm going to be implanting a small micro-chip/transceiver into the base of your brain."

A low humming sound came to life, and Jason realized the woman was actually cutting into his head with a laser - yet he still felt nothing. The sound died a few minutes later, and was followed by less identifiable sounds.

Long minutes passed, then once more Dr. Brody's shoes reappeared in front of him. He watched the view change as the chair was rotated, and he could once more see her composed face looking down at him. She stripped off her rubber gloves.

"All done, Jason." She informed him. "The local will wear off in a few minutes. So you know, I have attached a tiny unit inside your brain. It is even now sending and receiving signals from a powerful computer in this building. We will store and analyze the information in your brain, and be able to make rough correlation between specific synapse functions, and the

though processes they indicate. A primitive form of mind-reading, if you will. The implant will also allow us to input simulations of real sensations to your brain, but not actual thoughts, I'm afraid."

"Hooo...How ca.. you do dis do me? do dis TO me?" he managed to ask as the sensations slowly returned.

She blinked. "It's an experiment in behavior modification" she informed him. "It's quite simple. Let me explain how it works."

She reached into a pocket and pulled out a small plastic vial, containing a tiny electronic object about the size of a pen tip. "This is a chip identical to the one now in your head." She explained. "It runs off your brains own electrical current. Right now, your specific thought patterns are a mystery. But, as we observe you, we can start to catalogue them. For instance, the first time you get angry, we will record the patterns your brain produces at the time. Then, we give the chip a command - anytime it senses those same brain patterns, stimulate your pain center."

"Look, I don't know why you're doing this. Maybe to scare me, I don't know. But that's a load of sci-fi bullshit." Jason said, his face flushing. "There's no way you can really put some tiny gizmo in my head and control my thoughts...AHHHHH!" He screamed and jerked in his chair as incredible pain thundered through him. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, but was only an instant, the pain tapered off.

Calmly, Dr. Brody looked upwards and spoke to whatever hidden microphone was placed. "Linda, lower the pain threshold by forty percent. We don't want to fry his brain." She turned back to Jason, who was staring, dazed, at her.

"You're right." She said. "We can't actually CHANGE your thoughts. However, as you just saw, we can give you ample reason to change your attitude yourself." For the first time, a trace of emotion entered her face, in the form of a tiny grin. "From now on, I'd suggest you keep better control of your temper."

"Why you no good..." Again, the words were cut short by a burst of pain, not as severe as the first, but still excruciating. Jason gasped, and settled for merely glaring at her.

To his surprise, she calmly undid his restraints, and helped him to his feet. He eyed her warily, then spun and dashed for the door to the room.

He got all of two steps before another blast of agony knocked him off his feet. This one lasted for several seconds, as he writhed and jerked on the floor.

Almost daintily, Dr. Brody crouched beside him until it ended, then helped the dazed young man to his feet.

"Oh yes." She said, the same small smile on her lips. "You get punished severely for any display of defiance or escape."

Jason looked at the woman who now held every card in the deck. Slowly, he straitened his shoulders. "You won't break me so easily." He exclaimed, expecting - and receiving - another agonizing second from the chip. Somehow, he kept his feet.

To his surprise, the tinge grin became a full-fledged smile. "Good. Otherwise, where would the fun be?" Laughing at his stricken expression, she took his wrist and led him towards the door.

He gently tugged back. "Hey?" He protested, careful to keep his tone level. "I can't go out there. I'm naked."

She looked at him. "Fair enough. In the bathroom..." she said, pointing to a second door, "... you'll find some clothing. Put it on. All of it."

He shrugged and crossed the room, pulling the door open. Inside, he frowned at the pile of clothing stacked neatly on the lowered toiled lid. He stuck his head out the door.

"Hey, these are women's clothes." He said angrily - then stiffened in pain.

This time, it was long, low pulses of pain that cycled through. Forcing a grin, he gasped "I think your implant isn't working right." He gritted his teeth against the waves of pain.

Dr. Brody shook her head. "No. The pain will not only continue, it'll slowly get stronger, until you get dressed. You have to put on ALL of the clothes." She crossed her arms and watched him, as he swayed slightly, in sync with the pain.

To both of their surprise, he lasted nearly three minutes before he let out a mingled shout of pain and frustration, and began to frantically pull on clothing in a need to end the torture.

Immediately, the pain lessened, and his face flushed in shame as the tall doctor helped him dress.

First, heavy wool stockings in dark blue were pulled up his legs, matching the simple - but feminine - black cotton briefs. A cupless, plain black training bra was wrapped around his torso, and covered with a white cotton blouse. A pair of black patent leather 'Mary Jane's' with a half-inch heel were the final touch. From the fit, Jason knew the 'school-girl' outfit was for him, and only him. He gritted his teeth in shame and anger - but wasn't quite ready to handle another bout of pain.

"Perfect" Dr. Brody said with a smile. "Come on, we have to get going."

Face burning, Jason meekly followed her, the identical clacking of their heels chasing after them as they left the room.

His embarrassment tripled as he entered the hall, and was greeted by a startled look from a older man in a hospital gown who was following a nurse down the hall. Jason was even more startled when he realized the other man was a VERY well known Hollywood director.

Dr. Brody looked at him. "Our little clinic is VERY exclusive, Jason." She said proudly. She leaned closer and lowered her voice. "Now, since we're more or less in public, if you try ANYTHING, we'll hit you with more agony than you knew existed. I want you to be a good boy, and pretend this is how you WANT to be dressed." She smirked. "We actually get quite a few stars in here to see or psychiatrist about such...tastes."

"You're crazy if..." the pain was but a instant's worth, a mere nano second - but Jason's body spasmed it electrocuted. "... yes, Dr. Brody." He finished, gasping. She had been right - he'd never known such agony could exist.

Shamed, he kept his eyes downcast as he followed the tall doctor through the hallways. He caught little of the expensive decor or elaborate security, but he knew they were there. Deep inside, his shame was rivaled by a terrible anger, but he kept it firmly suppressed, for his own sake.

Finally, she guided him into a long, elegant dining room. Many of the occupants were staff, but Jason recognized quite a few famous faces in the mix as he followed Dr. Brody to a table - thankfully, somewhat secluded, but still visible to about a quarter of the room.

"So, Jason, a nice lunch will be in order, won't it?" Dr. Brody asked brightly, smiling. Jason blinked in surprise at her sudden shift in attitude.

"Uh, yes, it would, Dr. Brody." He replied warily.

Her hand patted his lightly. "Come now, no need to be so formal. Call me Teri, like you do when you're not meeting me at work." Her eye dipped in a wink.

Realizing she was 'playing the room', in a sort of elaborate joke on him, angered Jason - but he swallowed his pride and forced a smile. "Okay, Teri. I'm just a little nervous." He said, his voice falsely cheerful.

She patted his hand again. "I told you, dear, it's all right to dress 'en femme' here. We understand." She turned in her seat, and addressed the next table. "Don't we, Patrick?"

The other diner turned and nodded. "Sure do."

In shock, Jason placed the 'woman' at the other table. Tall, with hair so red it had to be fake, he'd mostly ignored the 'woman' dressed in a long velvet gown. Now, having a good look, he recognized the actor. Usually a 'tough guy' in movies, a couple of years ago, he'd starred in a film about three transvestites - and now, here he was, done up as a woman, eating lunch in a clinic without getting any odd looks.

'She' smiled at Jason. "It's okay. I thought I was going crazy, after I played a CD, then found I liked it. But once you accept it, other people will too. And the staff at the clinic here are great." 'She' paused for a bite of salad, then threw Jason a wink. "By the way, I just love the schoolgirl look. I should try it some time."

Teri smiled at Jason. "Yeas. I think it does look good on you." she said cheerfully. "So, how about a nice salad?"

Lunch was spent in what, to a casual onlooker, would have been pleasant, friendly conversation. Jason forced himself to act through the charade, and his one rebellion - and subsequent pain - was quickly passed off as a choking fit from something 'going down the wrong way' - as Dr. Brody explained to onlookers.

Finally, the seemingly endless ordeal was over, and Jason sighed as they rose from the chair. His relief was short lived, however. Dr. Brody stopped a second to whisper something to the other 'woman' and got a smile and a nod in return. As the doctor led Jason from the dining room, he wondered what ill that smile and nod boded for him.

He found out shortly after. Dr. Brody led Jason into a bathroom, and handed him an unmarked bottle.

"This is a dilapidory" she explained with a smile. "It removes all hair, and hair follicles - permanently." She grinned wider at his expression. "Use it on every inch of your body below the eyebrows - except for a cute little patch around you crotch."

He shook his head violently. "No way." he said firmly, then braced himself for the pain.

Teri laughed. "The implants been in long enough to garner quite a bit of data on your brain. We can be more...selective about what you feel."

Suddenly, he could feel every single follicle of hair on his body from the brows down, itching worse than the one time he had poison ivy when he was ten. Frantically, he began to scratch at his skin, burrowing under the feminine clothes draped ludicrously on his muscular body.

Dr. Brody laughed. "You can scratch until you have no skin left. The implant is feeding the sensation directly to your brain. To stop, smear the stuff on your body, then wait fifteen minutes and rinse off."

Hating himself for doing it, but being driven insane by the itching, Jason literally tore his clothes off and began to apply the cream. Almost immediately, the feeling soothed on every inch he smeared the cream on, but remained an annoying, background sensation until he'd showered fifteen minutes later, all his hair washing down the drain. He stepped, damp and completely smooth, from the stall.

"I hope you're happy." he growled - and his body stiffened as pain wracked him. It faded quickly.

"That's another thing - your attitude." Teri said smugly. "From now on, you'll be in pain whenever your not chipper, cheerful, and happy. And, as a little bonus..."

Jason felt a deep, sharp pain at the corners of his mouth. He scowled at Dr. Brody for an instant, braving the wave of pain, the forced his lips into a smile, ending the pain. Dr. Brody smiled back.

The next month was a steady steam of embarrassments, and capitulation, for Jason, as that damned implant meted out more and more refined pain, and after a while, pleasure, as a method of 'behavior modification. It was little things, perfectly used, that slowly remade him. It was uncomfortable for him to walk or sit in a non-feminine manner, and mildly pleasant to move and sit femininely. Almost unconsciously, he started moving in more lady-like ways, his traitorous brain trying to spare itself from pain, and claim the pleasure.

Almost like training a dog, the two opposites slowly transformed his actions.

Every day, he was forced to dress in a slightly more feminine manner. The height of the heels he wore slowly climbed, as the implant made it impossibly painful to wear anything shorted. Likewise, judicious use of pain forced him to wear only feminine clothing - any male attire caused tremendous itching.

At the same time, Dr. Brody's experiments worked on his body. Special sprays slowly - and permanently - raised the pitch of his voice, slightly higher each day. An experimental diet drug slowly pulled weight from his body, much faster from his waist than elsewhere. Other special drugs slowly depleted his hard-won muscle mass.

And, no matter what anger, shame, hate and fear he kept bottled inside, he quickly learned to present a public persona that was unfailingly cheerful. He had no choice in that matter either.

On the thirty-first day of his new training, Jason slowly came awake, dressed in a pink, silk nighty over his softer, smoother skin, to find not just Dr. Brody watching him, but the short, slender woman who had started this nightmare.

Dr. Brody waved towards the petite woman. "Jason, I'm sure you remember Lori. She's here to observe a very special day in your life."

Jason's throat went dry, and anger and fear danced equally in his eyes, but he produced his false smile that, by now, looked completely genuine. He stretch out a hand. "Oh, Lori, it's so good to see you again." He gushed in his high, breathy voice.

Lori laughed gleefully, and turned to Dr. Brody. "Oh, Teri, I can't believe what you've done in only a month' she said.

Dr. Brody lightly touched Lori's shoulder. "Just wait until you see what happens today" she said, and Jason's stomach dropped like a rock.

For the first time in a month, he wasn't dressed in ornately female clothes - he was handed a hospital gown. For the first time in nearly a week, he was hit by tremendous pain as he tried to refuse, his last vestiges of defiance surfaced. The two women just watched, unemotional, as he writhed on the floor. Knowing this might be his last chance, he refused to give up, and after five and a half minutes of unending agony, his over-loaded brain shut down, and he passed out.

He awoke in that fateful operating room where he'd started, but this time he was hanging, spread-eagle, from an elaborate upright framework that held him in place. Aside from Lori and Dr. Brody, a small group of about a dozen women sat in a make-shift gallery, watching the proceedings with interest. A mirror had been hung so that Jason would be sure to see what was happening to him.

"Oh, Jason, it's time for the final day of your stay here at our happy little clinic." Dr. Brody said, almost sadly. "Just a few, final changes, and you'll be allowed to leave. Now she grinned wickedly. "However, since Jason Reese is dead, you'll have to leave as somebody else."

Jason was willing to take the pain for his last chance at speaking his mind to the woman who had caused all the humiliations he had endured - but even that was robbed from him. His whole body was numb, limp and unresponsive as he hung from the X-frame.

"First, a demonstration of a wonderful new accelerant." Dr. Brody announced, producing a vial. "It allows any wound to close and heal, without a scar, in about twelve hours."

With that, her and three assistants set to work on Jason. He watched, horrified and helpless, as they irrevocably transformed his body.

First, they cut open his shoulders. Carefully, using small surgical saws, they cut a piece from each shoulder, making them slimmer, then butted the cut ends together, and closed a harness over his shoulders to hold them in place as the accelerant worked.

The pieces of bone taken from his shoulders were used to expand his hips. At the same time, his legs were broken and expanded in three places, giving his already shapely legs an incredibly sexy line as they became proportionately longer, almost like a Barbie Doll's.

Their next act was delicate work on his hands and feet, making them slender and much more feminine. They then performed work on his face, raising his cheekbones, narrowing his jaw, and making his nose smaller, more pert.

Jason was horrified as the work expanded farther afield. With definite glee, Dr. Brody extracted his cock, balls, and associated inner organs, to be replaced by a fully functional female womb and vagina from a fresh cadaver. His male glands were replaced by those from the same woman - who, before her suicide death, had been medically declared a bona fide 'nymphomaniac.'

Injection of a new destabilized fat was used to make his lips fuller, and pouty. The same technique was used on his ass, rounding it out into a firm, delectable tear-drop shape.

The final act was the attachment to his chest of a wide rubber device that would shape his new breasts. As the machine began to hum and cause expansion, Dr. Brody approached Jason with a wicked smile.

"Nighty night, sweet princess. Just to give you something to dream on, try this name on for size - Sindi." Then, a needle slid into his arm, and everything went black.

Slowly, Jason climbed out of his - or, more appropriately - her drug induced darkness into the deep, quite California night. She was laying on a hard surface, the cool night breeze whispering over her.

Carefully, Jason, no, Sindi sat up - and almost fell over as a tremendous weight on her chest almost pulled her off balance. Carefully, she struggled to her new, daintier feet, not helped by the heels that felt impossibly tall. It seemed that she rose forever before standing upright.

Looking down, she was greeted by an unbelievable expanse of creamy cleavage. Forcing her eyes away from the awesome display, she looked around.

She identified the spot immediately - it was the roadside where the whole thing had begun. Standing on the side of the road, looking absurd in the surroundings, was a full-length mirror. Slowly, she approached it, and viewed her new self.

She was a walking advertisement for sex. At his original height of 6' 3", he would have been remarkably tall for a woman. The extension of her legs raised her to 6' 5". Her small, dainty feet were enclosed in black leather pumps with an ankle strap, and silver spike heels that were 6 inches tall, raising her to 6' 11" above the ground. The extreme height of the heels accented ever sensuous curve of her incredibly long, sexy legs, all the way to the hem of her mini-micro black PVC skirt with a V- front that revealed her flat, smooth stomach. It also clung to her unbelievably firm, ripe ass.

She also wore a matching PVC jacket. It started well above her belly button, showcasing her amazing 16 inch waist. A built in belt cinched the bottom of her jacket just below the sudden, and awe-inspiring, swell of her enormous, round tits. The sharp, plunging neckline displayed what seemed to be miles of the smooth, creamy globe. The skintight PVC clung to the little it did cover.

Gold jewelry accented her fabulous body - several bangles on each wrist, and a gold accented black choker around her neck. Large hoop earrings dangled from her ears beside a face so blatantly sexual it could give the pope an erection. Her firm, full lips were permanently locked in a bewitching, if somewhat mindless, smile. Her sandy blonde hair curled around her face, and over her slender shoulders. Not bound by reality, her tormentors had used their every ability to transform Jason Reese into the most utterly sexual creature to ever walk the face of the planet. Every curve, every silky inch, every golden strand of hair was calculatingly created to inspire lust.

"I'm a fox" she chirped cheerfully. It wasn't what she really felt - not by a long shot - but it was the best that her conditioned brain would let come from her soft, red-glossed lips.

Hanging from the side of the mirror was a small, black leather purse. She lifted it from its perch, and her long, red fingernails undid the clasp. Inside, she found about a hundred bucks, plus various I.D. made out to 'Sindi Elvira Xavier.' Closing the clasped, she found herself looking at 'her' initials, in small silver letters, on the clasp - S.E.X.

She headed down the verge of the highway, not even sure where she was going, or what she was going to do. Mentally, she cursed her erotic sway, and the way her enormous, round tits bounced and swayed invitingly with every step. Thankfully, she didn't realize what the movement was doing to her ass.

After twenty minutes, she was relieved to see a puddle of light spilling out over the concrete. Thankfully, she jiggled past a row of motorcycles, and stepped inside.

The smell of stale cigarettes, male sweat, and beer greeted her like a physical blow. To her internal horror, she found her hormone-laden body reacted 'favorably' the musky smell of men, her new, large nipple springing to life, and a new - and though she hated to admit it, pleasant - warmth was flooding her new womanhood.

Every one of the dozen or so bikers in the bar stopped dead at the unbelievably tall, buxom, leggy blonde sex goddess in their midst. Their eyes tried to find one spot on her body to rest. Usually, a woman had one feature that drew all men's eyes, but Sindi's created body was so perfect in every detail, their lustful gazes tried to take all of her in, before coming to rest on what ever feature that particular individual had a deep-down affinity for.

Immediately, she realized she'd made a mistake. She had to force herself to swivel sensuously, and ankle towards the door, ass and tits swaying invitingly.

Before she could make her escape, the door opened and a woman entered. From Sindi's new height, and the leather clothing the newcomer wore, it took a second to identify Sandy, the officer that had 'arrested' her that fateful night.

"Sindi! You made it!" Sandy boomed, giving her a quick hug. Bolt of pleasure shot through Sindi's unbelievably new endowments as they were crushed against Sandy's not inconsiderable bust line. Sandy guided the new woman to the bar, and ordered to beers.

"I shoulda known" a voice growled from a murky corner of the room. "She's a dyke too."

Sandy spun in her stool. "Nah, Sindi here goes both ways. She's just so damn horny, being able to fuck only half the planet can't satisfy her." The leather clad off duty cop winked at the blonde bombshell - hell, blonde MIRV - and smiled at the suddenly re-energized men in the room.

Sindi tried to deny it - but before she could even open her inviting new lips, waves of pain speared through her body. Thanks to her training, no sign of her agony broke through her smiling facade, and to her despair, she knew the only way to end the pain was to say something like...

"I believe a hard man is good to find." She giggled - GIGGLED - in her high, bimboish voice. Inside, she cursed and screamed as she smiled at the crowd of male hormones. Instantly, a terrible itching flooded her massive tits, and she let out a long, slow - and incredibly erotic - moan. Desperately, she tried to ignore the sensation that was driving her insane.

"He, Sindi, what's the prob?" the nearest leering biker asked.

"Uh. . oh. . It's, it's...my tits..." she gasped helplessly, the unendurable itch driver her nuts. Her slender hands began to squeeze her massive globes, seeking relief.

A slow smile spread of the biker's bearded face. "Well, damn girl! I can help. . " He said, and stood. His thick fingers quickly undid the belt and zipper holding her top on, and he pulled it open.

Her enormous tits were revealed in all their glory. With their size and weight, and unsupported by clothing or bra, they should have sagged - but, aside from one fetching bounce, they hung round, and defiantly proud, as perfect globes from her chest. Her long, engorged nipple poked invitingly from their apex.

The bike wasted no time. His hands, then his mouth, quickly set to work, squeezing, licking and sucking across her vast globes and erect nipples. Helplessly, a moan of womanly pleasure escaped Sindi's throat as the itch was replaced with bolts of pleasure shuddering through her hormone laden body.

Suddenly, the terrible itch was back - in her hands, lips and tongue. She squirmed and tried to ignore the mind-blowing itch his male ego screaming defiantly, successfully resisting what she knew would be the cure.

For all of seven seconds.

Then helplessly, almost mindlessly, she shoved the surprised biker away from her magnificent orbs - and dropped to her shapely knees and practically tore his pants off.

His massive, rock hard cock exploded from confinement. Her dainty hands, seemingly of their own volition, wrapped around his throbbing man-meat, and her hot moth engulfed his engorged cock.

There was no finesse to what she did next, no mind-blowing technique. She wasn't even really performing a sexual act. Despite her male disgust, horror and sickness at what she was doing, she desperately needed relief, and knowing what would provide it, performed single-mindedly to achieve it, her hands, lips and tongue mercilessly working to bring this unknown man to the quickest orgasm she could get from him.

In no time, his jerked once as a spray of hot, salty cum flooded her eager mouth. She gulped hungrily, desperate for the relief flooding her tortured body. No longer driven by her need, Sindi realized what had just happened. If she could, she would have thrown up. As it was, the same smile remained fixed on her face as she rose to her feet. Shame and humiliation burned in her brain like a furnace, but no trace showed in her face or movements.

Then, she was grabbed from behind and spun around. A second biker literally tore her skirt away, and he pushed her back on the pool table. His throbbing cock was already bare, and he wasted no time straddling her, and shoving his cock between her silken thighs and deep within her sopping cunt.

There was no tenderness as he thrust heavily into her. There was no attempt to bring her pleasure in her first fuck as a woman - he just drove into her until he came into her pussy, then quickly withdrew, not caring that Sindi hadn't even come close to orgasm. Horror and shock filled her as she realized that she'd been raped, much like she, as Jason, had raped Lori. But unlike Lori, she'd offered no resistance, smiling mindlessly through the humiliating experience.

"All right, all right, leave some for me." Sandy said, laughing, as she helped the tall, gloriously nude sex goddess up. Still laughing, she used her muscular build to forge a path through the lustful men, guiding the new woman outside, and into her car.

"I would have loved to leave you in there, and watch them fuck your brains out." Sandy told Sindi as they pulled away. "But, you've got a big day tomorrow. The clinic is having a little get together, and your invited."

Sindi was silent as she drove to Sandy's place. Tears of shame and rage trickled down her soft, silky cheeks, belying her ever-present smile. With Sandy's help, she showered - and to her continued debasement, the muscular cop insisted in giving Sindi a lesson in how to pleasure a woman. As they stood beneath the warm spray of water, Sandy guided her through her first lesbian experience, ignoring Sindi's pleasure and pushing the blonde's head firmly into her cunt, and forcing her to learn as she went. Later, she bedded the blonde down on the short, uncomfortable couch, and padded to her own Queen-sized bed.

The next morning, Sandy helped Sindi prepare for the party. Sindi sat and let the woman apply a more understated make-up scheme than she'd worn the night before, then struggled into a shining gold gown of crushed velvet, slit up the side to expose her mind-boggling legs with every step. Matching velvet pumps, with a more 'reasonable' five-inch heel adorned her feet, and the earrings were more sedate pearls chased in gold. Unlike the slutty, cheap, cum-hungry bimbo from the night before, Sindi now looked like an elegant, sophisticated - cum hungry bimbo.

Laughing, Sandy donned her own clothing, a femininely cut tux that did more on her muscular frame than a gown would. She led Sindi down to the car, and for the first time, Sindi found herself seeing the outside of the clinic as they passed through the extensive security and up to the front doors.

The valet who opened her door openly drooled over Sindi's immense, firm tits as he helped her out of the car. With her now unavoidable strut, she wiggled and jiggled through the doors and followed Sandy down the hallway, to the large ballroom, crowded with people.

Conversation dropped to a hush as men eyed the incredibly endowed blonde, whose legs seemed to go on forever. Dr. Brody smiled at the sight of her creation, and greeted Sindi at the door.

"Sindi, I'm so glad you could make it!" She enthused loudly. Taking the blonde's hand, she pulled her deeper into the room. "I'm so glad to be here." Sindi replied helplessly.

The 'good doctor' leaned close and whispered into her ear. "You know, SOMEHOW a rumor got started that your a patient of mine, seeing me about your rampant nymphomania." The doctor sighed theatrically. "I've already had several men ask me if it was true. Sadly, I had to confirm your 'incurable' condition."

Anger seethed in Sindi's mind as she helplessly felt her body come alive with certain sensations that demanded very specific - and demeaning - cures. Unlike last night, these weren't so strong as to be mind-numbing. No, this time, she'd have to make a conscious decision to take action - and she knew the longer she left it, the worse it would get.

She felt a tap on the shoulder, and she found herself turning to meet a handsome, slender man. He held out a drink to her. "Hi." He said, smiling rakishly. "I'm Steve. I thought you could use a martini."

"Oh, thank you Steve. I'm Sindi." She replied, taking the drink. She found herself wondering whether a kiss would be enough to quell the sensations in her lips and tongue - and decided that it would be better than the alternative. She forced herself to 'thank' him for the drink.

Wrapping one long, slender arm around his neck, she pulled him closer, her body pressing firmly against his as their lips met. She found that the kiss, and the closeness of their bodies temporarily lessened the cravings - and when he fondled her magnificent ass, that helped too.

With a strange mixture of regret and relief, she finished the kiss and pulled away. In one smooth, graceful motion, she swallowed the martini and put the glass down on the tray of a passing waiter.

To her horror, she found that the instant her hand was empty, it moved to Steve's crotch and began to stroke his stirring member. Before anyone could see this, he gently grasped her hand in his own.

"Come on, we'll go somewhere more...private." He whispered, pulling her along. She tried to refuse - but a blast of pain elected an 'I'd love to' in her high, bimboish voice.

He led her to an empty room, and pulled her inside. Humiliated without any inward humiliation, Sindi's mind churned as she fought to decide which sexual act would be least unwelcome, before he suggested something, and her programming would force her to go through with it.

"I want a tit fuck." She told him, sliding the straps of her gown from her shoulders, and literally peeling it free from her enormous tits. Steve was in no mood to argue.

Finding a jar of Vaseline in the bathroom, she handed it to Steve, and moaned in pleasure as he worked it into her firm, huge tits. Then, laying back on the bed, she pushed her enormous globes together, and helplessly smiled up at him as he mounted her, sliding his cock between her mountainous mammories. He began to work back and forth, in no hurry to build himself to a tremendous climax. Still, he could only hold on so long before he came, splattering her face with cum. Helplessly, she found herself scooping it up with her fingers and licking it off.

"You know, I produce porn movies" he said, watching her erotic feast. "You care for a job? Good pay, and...fringe benefits." Helplessly, Sindi agreed.

ONE YEAR LATER

Cum literally dripping off of her, Sindi smiled as number 81 rolled off of her. She promptly rolled to her hands and knees as 82 came up, and shoved his throbbing cock inside her tight ass. She watched over her shoulder for a second, then turned her attention to sucking 83's waiting cock.

Steve watched the newest, most famous porn star do her thing as they shot for a new world record - 201 men in one tape. From every indication, Sindi would do it with no real problem. He turned to his visitor, Dr. Brody.

"I'm damn glad that condition is incurable." He said, smiling. "I'm making a fortune off of her." His expression changed at the look on her face, and he held out his hands. "Look, I know you don't approve of my 'exploiting' women. But come on, look at her. She really, really enjoys this line of work. Everybody should be as happy in their job as she is."

Teri Brody looked at him, one eyebrow raised. Slowly, a small smile formed on her lips. "You've got me all wrong. If a woman 'enjoys' fucking so much, I approve of it." She pursed her lips, and looked Steve up and down. "I was just thinking there might be a new woman on the porn circuit soon. Really short, but with a fabulous body, and the longest tongue in the world. She's an incredible cock-sucker."

Steve looked intrigued. "Oh? I'd be interested in seeing that."

Dr. Brody's wicked grin widened. "Why don't you drop by the clinic soon? I not only guarantee that you'll be the very first director to meet her. But I'm sure you'll get a much more...personal understanding of just HOW much Sindi enjoys her work." She laughed. "I guarantee, it's an experience that will...make a whole new person out of you."

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Awakening in a prison, one guy quickly realizes that he is being punished for a past transgression, with the plan being that he will be transformed into a stripper.

Prisoner

By Gunslinger

Hawk shivered in his sleep.

It was a very shallow sleep – the sort where he was dimly aware of his surroundings, his mind conscious enough to incorporate sounds or sensations into chaotic, half-formed dreams. In some vague way, he was aware of the rough texture of the fabric beneath his shivering body, of the cool air that moved unimpeded across his bare skin – but he was not yet nearly awake enough for him to understand the cause of what he was experiencing.



Jeffery Robert Hawkings – 'Hawk', as he was known, both due to his last name and for the intricate chest- spanning tattoo of a hawk he'd gotten while in prison – unconsciously shifted his position on the thin, cold mattress, searching futilely for a more comfortable position, his clouded mind desperately desiring to sink completely into the comforting blackness of sleep. Half-curved into a fetal position, he mumbled incoherently to himself, struggling to fight off the discomfort that gripped him.

It was an effort that was ultimately in vain.

Though he might have successfully dozed back into a deeper slumber for a short period of time, briefly ignoring the chill air and rough mattress, there was no way his half-roused senses could ignore the bright light that suddenly flooded over him as a timer activated the bare hundred-watt bulb mounted within the protective wire-mesh cage above his bunk. The bright light was accompanied by a sharp crackling sound – the rough static hiss of a audio-tape duped from an original vinyl record – and then, a second later, 'Reveille' blared brassily from the battered metal PA speaker mounted just a short distance down the hallway. With no solid door to block the sound, it rang sharp and clear, echoing off the concrete walls with an eerie reverberation.

The first half-second of the song was lost in Hawk's dream-like state, as his half-bemused mind tried to fit it into a strange dream about being on a beach in the spring with two young women and a talking cat... and then the sharp-ringing notes forcefully pierced the blessed haze of sleep, seeming to yank him physically upright with the sharp-honed instincts that prison had perforce taught him. Struggling to clear his mind, he jerked upright on the bunk, eyes darting about him as he struggled to take in his situation, alert for any sign of threat.

What he saw offered no threat to him, physically – but plenty of confusion, mentally. "What the fuck...?"



Heavy brows lowered over intense eyes as his head jerked back and forth, taking in a strange-yet-familiar sight. It was familiar in form and function – the concrete walls, painted in worn institution colors, the stinking tankless toilet attached to the wall, the metal bunk likewise suspended by steel bracing from the cold concrete... and, of course, the rusting, yet solid iron bars forming the front and door of the cell in which he found himself.

That was what was familiar about the place, for it was, without a doubt, a prison cell – but the exact cell was unfamiliar to Hawk, for he had no memory of being in this particular cell before.

Which was all the more confusing and worrisome, as his last clear memory was of going to bed at the 'half- way house' he'd been released to on parole just last week.

"Goddamnit!" Hawk shouted as the last brassy notes bounced from the long concrete hallway. "Jailer! Hey, jailer, I need to talk to you!"

While waiting for a response, he glanced around the small, green-and-white walled cell, looking for the inevitable orange jumpsuit and paper sandals issued new inmates... and then frowned when he discovered it wasn't inevitable to find them, after all. He even glanced under the bunk, hanging over it rather than put bare feet on the cold concrete floor, but there wasn't so much as a stitch of clothing to be found in the tiny cell – nor a blanket, for that matter.

"Yo! Keys! Where is you?" He shouted from the marginally more comfortable bunk. Growing angrier – and, loathe to admit it, even to himself, more frightened – by the second, he finally swung his muscular legs over the bunk, wincing as the floor proved as cold to his bare feet as he had feared. Padding to the bar-blocked cell wall, he peered down the dimly-lit hallway...

...and anger was suddenly eclipsed by his still unacknowledged fear as he realized that the hallway, as far as he could see, was bare.

No other cell door interrupted the expanse of the walls in the hallway. No stenciled lettering was painted on the roughened surface, indicating cell-block and direction. The floor, though familiar to any institution, lacked the heavy wear pattern that such an aging cell should have boasted from the numerous feet treading it's path on a long-regimented schedule.

It was a prison, of that there was no doubt, for it was designed to imprison a person – yet Hawk's new shiver was hardly from the chill air alone as he realized that it wasn't a 'real' prison, run by local, state or federal government.

He was in somebody's own, personal 'Prison' – a cell in a building originally designed for another purpose, and retrofitted for it's current use.

"Oh... shit." He muttered to himself, looking past the bars at the hallway that was so fundamentally wrong in so many ways. His eyes flicked from one detail to the next, quickly adding up facts that told him that his 'cell' had originally been a dead-end corridor, with the barred wall added about ten feet from the original end to form the cell in which he now found himself. As to the original purpose of the long and otherwise featureless corridor, he could only guess for the moment – but figuring that particular fact out was the least of his worried.

Without much in the way of hope, he reached out and tried the cell door, and remained unsurprised – but even more deeply afraid – when it refused to open. What use a cell when it didn't lock, after all?

Nevertheless, it was quickly becoming clear to Hawk that he was well and truly trapped, in a cell that had a sink and toilet, but no blanket, no clothes, no food... and from the lack of response, no jailer.

Had he been brought here to slowly starve to death, cold and alone...?

If the rather nasty suspicion about who was behind this was true, Hawk very much feared that would be the case.

On feet that felt like leaden blocks of ice, Hawk returned to the bunk and perched on it cross-legged, tucking chilled feet under his warmer thighs as he considered the situation.

She'd been a stripper.

Her stage name had been Sue Sweet, though he'd later learned she'd been born Susan Mailer. Like many strippers, she wouldn't have been anything to write home about, in street clothes and in good light – but in the dim and multi-colored environs of a strip club, gyrating on the stage, she'd looked damned good to Hawk. Almost as tall as he was – slightly taller in her 'ankle breakers', as a matter of fact – and with a toned body boasting a great pair of dome-like D-cup implants, the bottle-blond babe had really gotten Hawk's motor running – especially since it had been a quite night, and she'd decided to pick him out of the small crowd and 'flirt' with him while she danced. Afterwards, she'd come by and had a few drinks as she'd tried to entice him into a private dance – and with a good number of beers under his belt, he'd let himself be convinced that the last of his paycheck would be better in her pocket – or, rather, G-string – than anywhere else.

That private dance had really gotten him turned on – and when Sue had informed him she was done for the night, while, to his mind, she'd been telling him something, especially with that sweet smile she'd given him.

Oh, at the trial, evidence had been brought forward 'proving' that the persona was practically standard-issue at strip clubs – that flirtation was what brought in the money. That she hadn't meant anything personal by it, any more than a bank teller smiling at you and wishing you a good day meant they wanted to be your best friend in the whole world. They called what Hawk had done 'rape', no matter how obvious it was that she'd wanted it. After all, when you got right down to it, all women were whores, now weren't they? Sure 'good girls' pretended they weren't, and society at large went with the lie... but you spent money on the 'good girls', too, didn't you? Not as a straight-up cash transaction, perhaps, but you bought them stuff, and it was money out of your pocket to get them into bed, right?

Stripper – well, they didn't even play the 'good girl' game now, did they? They took some money just to dance for you and show you their bodies. Private dances got you more – and cost you more...

...and he had left her money after he'd finished with her, just like with any other whore. Hell – she hadn't even said 'no' to the money – in fact, she hadn't said anything once he'd penetrated her, just laying there, staring blankly up at the sky, wordless... motionless...

Hawk didn't believe a word from the psychiatrist the prosecutors had brought in – bought and paid for, of course. Even if Susan really was 'locking herself away' in her apartment, it wasn't because she was 'traumatized' and 'unable to work' – she just knew a gravy train when she saw it, like any other gold-digging whore. (Which meant all women, of course.) She'd known what side her bread was buttered on – stay at home for a few weeks, make up the words the shrinks had told her the court wanted to hear for this scam, and now he was on the hook for 'lost income' and 'damages' as well. Bad enough he was going away for some more hard time – though he was used to that, and could handle it. The cash, though – that had been another matter.

He hadn't had that sort of money, of course – and he hadn't liked the arrangement the whore's mother had worked out, either. Some rich-bitch cunt, she was the one who'd arranged that his stay in prison itself be fairly short, with a proportionately long parole during which he would work to pay off the cash settlement the court had come up with for the whore. That had just proved his point – if it wasn't about money, the rich-bitch would have wanted him in prison 'till he rotted, not released early. But, hey – she'd gotten her money from inheriting her older-and-now-dead husband's research company, hadn't she? Clearly a case of mama gold- digger teaching 'the family business' to daughter.

Now, though... now Hawk wasn't so sure. Maybe Mama Mailer thought prison was too soft... maybe she really did want him dead-in-prison, but on a shorter time-frame... maybe she'd arranged this to get the revenge for what she really and truly believed had been 'rape'. Maybe he'd been wrong about...

'Good morning, Jeffery...' A cold female voice – Mama Mailer – came over the PA speaker, using that first name Hawk hated so passionately. 'I hope you are ready and willing – you have a debt to pay, now don't you?'

With those words, Hawk's certainty about how the world really worked came back in a rush – it was about the money, and Mama Mailer just didn't want to risk him taking off until she'd gotten every cent her whore- daughter had tricked the courts into giving her.

"Fine, fine!" Hawk snapped back, assuming there was a microphone somewhere nearby. "Just tell me what I've got to do to get this shit over with, 'kay?'"

There was a pause, one that felt almost 'surprised' – as if the woman at the other end of the PA had been expecting something different. Perhaps she'd been expecting him to rage, to argue, maybe even to plead...?

Then she didn't know Hawk Hawkings at all – for he knew how the world worked. If you were a woman, you were a whore. If you were a man... well, that was different but the same. You were either The Man, or you weren't. Sometimes you could be The Man and still be beholden to The Man, like in prison – on his cell block, the toughest guy had been 'The Man'... but a little 'The Man', still answering to the 'Big Man', in the person of guards, the warden, and anybody else that ran the system.

Hawk's view of the world, if you were male, could be summed up in a common prison saying: "It's your world, Boss – I'm just living in it."

Whatever he might think about the situation he was in, hawk knew he wasn't 'The Man' here. Neither was Rich Bitch, either, of course... but there had to be a man running things for her, letting her think she was in charge, and it was this unknown guy who was really The Man right now.

It was The Man's world – and now Hawk just had to try and live in it.

With muffled 'ka-chunk', the lock on the cell door was remotely released, and it silently swung open. 'Walk to the end of the corridor and turn right.'

With a shrug, Hawk did as he was told – he knew better than to fight The Man. The Man controlled the locks, as had just been graphically demonstrated. The Man was In Charge – and Hawk wasn't, so he went along to get along, following the instructions sullenly but compliantly, mentally cursing the freezing floor but refusing to complain about it, lest he make a bad situation worse by doing so.

Obedying the instructions over the PA, Hawk soon found himself in a room that seemed to be an old store- room or something – it started him thinking that he was probably in the basement of an old factory or industrial building of some sort. From a heavily barred but unglazed window, he could hear the sounds of traffic, and he assumed he was in a populated area, perhaps an industrial park abandoned in the late nineties – there were quite a few of them around these days. Still, the thought of trying to break out or call for help didn't really occur to him – those bars were too thick and solid for him to escape through, and since he would have simply ignored any shouts for help, he immediately assumed everybody else would, too. In his world, it was every man for himself, and without giving it any real consideration, he simply assumed that was the way it was for the rest of the world. Without having to contemplate the assumption, he believed the best he could hope for by calling for help was further victimization, given his currently-helplessly situation.

None of this 'went through' his head – it was such a 'given' in his world view that it was already in his head. From an observers point of view, he walked into the room and glanced incuriously around, eyes flitting briefly to the window and then away without any particular sense of interest.

"Okay, what now?"

His query again seemed to take the amplified voice off-guard, as did his actions. There was a pause before Mama Mailer responded, instructing him to walk over to the only real item of note in the bare-walled room.

To Hawk's eyes, it looked like a pink spandex body-suit – and he wasn't at all surprised when he was instructed to put it on.

In fact, to him it made 'perfect sense' without – again – having to give it any real thought. Humiliation, after all, was a way of life with him. You humiliated people to put them in place, to gain power over them – to become 'The Man' in that relationship.

After all, in prison, he'd done the same thing to be 'The Man' in a relationship with other prisoners... and, of course, there had been the times that it had been done to him, 'breaking' him to be 'the Bitch' in those relations. Of course, you didn't really break – that's one of the ways he knew Susan was lying whore-bitch, because hadn't he been there himself? You played along, to keep your 'pride' – which was another lie, or at best, a euphemism. (Not that Hawk thought of it precisely that way – he didn't even know the word 'euphemism'...)

In Hawk's world, 'pride' was just another bargaining chip – something you could 'demand' a price be paid in exchange for giving it up...

Hawk had been in and out of 'prison' practically his entire life – whether it be 'detention', 'juvie', jail, or real prison. That's where his world-view had come from – and in prison, sometimes you were 'The Bitch', the male equivalent of a woman on the outside – and on the inside, when you were 'The Bitch', you were as much a whore as women were in 'real life'. You sold your 'pride' – or other 'services' – in exchange for things like protection, or even smokes. Each person could determine their own price, and what they were willing to hold out for. Hawk considered himself 'middle of the road'. He would take light beatings, but never did anything that put him at any real risk of life and limb- you went along to get along, and that's all there was to it.

This stupid pink suit was just The Bitch's way of making him 'The Bitch', here-and-now, and it was better than some of the other things Hawk had done in prison already. She wanted him to wear a girly-suit? Fine, no biggy...

...but, of course, since it was a bargaining position, you couldn't act like it wasn't anything.

"You want me to wear... that?" Hawk demanded, putting just the right tone of both disgust and disdain in his voice. "No fuckin' way! You ain't getting me to wear that! I don't care what you say!"

Standard 'opening position' on the bargain, and you'd expect back some sort of hard-case threat as the opposing 'opening position'...

'Trust me, Jeffery – as many good reasons as there are for not wearing that suit, there's one very, very good reason to do so...' The amplified voice informed him smugly – a pretty wimpy establishing position, really, but probably what you'd expect from somebody 'civilized', who'd never seen the reality of life when the veneer was stripped away, like you did on the inside.

"Oh, yeah...?" Hawk sneered – again, a standard move for drawing the other person out, begin to get a feel for the real 'worth' of what was being offered and/or threatened...

'There's no food at all in the building, and you aren't walking out until you've worn that.' Mama Mailer informed him. 'The longer you put it off, the hungrier you get... and I have no compunction at all about letting you starve to death.'

Okay – there was the 'threat' – though you never believed it, not as stated. Guys – or even bitches – always made worse-case threats, but you knew better. They were getting off on playing you. Unless there were plenty of 'players' to work

with – rare, even in prison, because of cell-block segregation – you didn't want to 'waste' a player. Still, well within the usual routine, which meant...

"Fuck you!" Hawk shouted – then 'sullenly' shuffled back to the cell upon instruction.

Laying on the bunk, Hawk wondered how long to drag this out for, to 'give a good show' – it was hard to tell without knowing the player whether it would improve his bargaining position, or piss the other person off and worsen it.

Well, he figured, when his tummy rumbled was as good a milestone as any – and if the microphone was good enough to pick the sound up, so much the better, his hunger 'forcing' him to do this 'humiliating thing'...

* * * * *

"Okay, okay – I'm putting the damned thing on, aren't I?" Hawk snapped at the unseen microphone, as he quite literally struggled to get the 'bodysuit' on.

Whatever it was, it wasn't spandex – that much was clear. It was a real pain to get on, the resilient-but-tough material, quite a bit thicker than he'd assumed from a casual glance, almost seeming to fight him.

Finally, however, the young man got the strange 'suit' on.



"There – you happy?" He demanded. "You gonna give me something to..."

His demand for food was suddenly cut off – as a very strange feeling ran through his body. He frowned, idly running one blunt-fingered hand over his smooth-shaved scalp as he wondered what the hell that had been, almost like a mild electric shock or something...

Then he suddenly cried out in pain, clutching at his gut and curling around his crossed arms. His stomach hadn't been a happy camper at all to begin with – not he cried out again as it felt as if he'd been thrown into a car compactor and was being crushed.

"What the fuck is going on...?" he shouted, feeling betrayed – this wasn't the way the 'bargain' was supposed to work!

'Oh – this is the best part...' Mama Mailer chuckled. 'That's a very special suit, you see...'

"What the fuck are you talking about..." Hawk grunted – and then glanced down at himself, and let out a completely different shriek as he saw what the suit was doing to his body.

"Oh, fuck – I... I'm turning..." Hawk gasped, barely noticing the itching sensation from the sudden growth of fine, downy hair that had sprouted so impossibly quickly on his head – he was much too focused on the 'strange' – and hideously familiar – new contours his body was taking on under the suit.

'..into a woman.' Mama Mailer finished the sentence for him, with an evil chuckle. 'A most amazing piece of technology, Jeffery – it literally cost millions. I spent all that time and money, even broke a few laws, to get that made – just for you, Jeffery, just for you. Don't you feel honored?'

Not really – but he couldn't have said so, even if he'd wanted to, for he was writhing on the floor, screaming in pain as his body was reshaped under the strange material of the suit. His chest bulged slowly but steadily outwards, a very strange sensation as weight was added to his chest – but barely the most important of the sensations, for it was only mildly uncomfortable in the physical sense. The emotional sense didn't matter, as he was much too busy with the sheer pain that came from having his cock 'sucked' back into his body – of the sensation of his hips being widened, his shoulders and waist being narrowed... of his overall bone structure being 'refined'. Compared to that, the impossibly rapid growth of his hair, the swelling of breasts on his once-male chest, paled into near insignificance, at least for the moment...

It was horrifying and horrible, agonizing and literally emasculating – but, unfortunately, at no time was it ever enough to push him over into the welcoming embrace of unconsciousness. Instead, he had to ensure the entire ordeal, to experience every sensation over the next three-quarters of an hour as his body was pushed and pulled and warped into a new and utterly humiliating form, made all the worse for the fact that he was aware of exactly what was going on and what he was becoming.

During the transformation, something else was happening, as well – the suit almost seemed to be 'melting', becoming thinner as it slowly expanded over his body. Its color and texture changed as it did so, as well – by the end of the process, it had gone from a suit that fit like a second skin to a literal second skin – or perhaps 'first skin', as its fine-pored and hairless surface had supplanted his original epidermis, replacing it with a pale, smooth, and utterly feminine skin.

A skin that matched his new body... HER new body.

'How do you like it... Jessica?' The PA taunted.

Thoroughly shaken, emotionally and mentally, the new woman who Mama Mailer had called 'Jessica' inspected her altered and very much unwanted new body.

A shock of soft, ebony hair now fell over her forehead – the same color as the hair he'd sheaved away long before, but of much softer, silkier texture than his lank, greasy old hair. The forehead it lay across was smoother, with a porcelain-like texture – a 'new skin', flawless and pale, a sort of complexion most women would have died for, and which the new woman almost would have died to get rid of.

Likewise her fine, toned figure of a body – a decidedly feminine body, with nicely rounded hips and a trim waist, shapely legs and a taut ass... full, firm breasts, and that ultimate decider of womanhood, a vagina.

Yes, indeed, she was a fine figure of a woman, attractive and healthy... except for the shell-shocked expression on her fine-featured new face, of course.

'It's a nice start, isn't it, Jessica?' The PA taunted. 'I've made sure you'll never rape a woman again – indeed, with a body like that, it's a fear you'll now have to deal with. Since there will still be some residual changes before you achieve your 'full' state of femininity, it's something you'll have to consider...'

The amplified chuckle that followed rolled through the room with an evil echo.

'Now, if you go across the hall, you'll find a collection of clothes...' The voice then continued... only to trail off as the person on the microphone registered what the hidden camera near the ceiling was showing her:

'Jessica' wasn't paying the least bit of attention. Shoulders slumped, hands almost absently touching her new figure repeatedly, flinching away from what they found each time, the new woman stared off into the far distance with sightless eyes, unheeding.

'This is your punishment, you don't...' Mrs. Mailer tried to inform the new woman – but, again, 'Jessica' didn't hear her – the words went into her finely-formed new ears, but failed completely to register on her shocked mind.

This certainly wasn't going to plan. No screams, no threats, no demands to be returned to 'her' masculine state; the new woman simply stood there for several minutes, swaying slightly in place, hands still touching- and-flinching.

Then, after those long minutes, the woman finally moved – with the slow, unsteady stride of the sheep- shocked. Shambling, staring at nothing, she slowly made her way out of the room – heading back towards the cell she'd first awoken in, heedless of the voice trying to inform her of her new freedom.

Numbly, feeling little and thinking less, the woman had been Hawk returned to the cell. Not even seeing the bunk, she shambled over to the corner. Slowly, heedless of the chill long-embedded in the walls and floor, she sank down into the corner – and commenced to slowly rock back and forth, staring blankly at the floor and muttering to herself much, much too softly for the microphone to make out her repeated mantra:

"Always The Bitch, never The man... Always The Bitch, never The Man..."



* * * * *

Afterward, 'Jessica' would never know how long it was before the voice over the PA finally registered. Cold, stiff, sore and hungry, she knew she'd drifted off into sleep a few times, her nightmares keeping the reality of the situation alive even in her

semi-conscious state of sleep so there was never any escape from her femininity – and no 'horribly realization' upon awakening, either. It just... was. A state of reality that influenced her mind and her emotions in a constant, wearing stream.

It, like anything else, was impossible to sustain indefinitely, however. She couldn't stay in that state forever, and if familiarity certainly hadn't bred contempt, it had bred something else during that fugue of undeterminable length.

Not 'acceptance', and certainly not 'enjoyment' of her new state – but something else, a sense of... well, perhaps 'belief' would be closest, knowing that this was 'really' her new life. It was only when she'd reached this state that she could cope, well or poorly, with it – and so, hungry and stiff, she slowly forced her unwanted new body upright.

Vaguely, she had been aware of her body continuing to change as she's sat there, even if she hadn't consciously focused on the continued transformation. So, she wasn't 'surprised' to find herself even more feminine than before, her curves exaggerated, her hair longer, her face more lovely...

As she rose, her larger breasts swayed and jiggled, their melon-like masses heavy-yet-firm, and undeniable. It was a sensation she'd never experienced as a man, and only vaguely 'experienced' right after the major portion of her transformation – the sensations had been there, but the like the words over the PA, they had flitted across her mind without embedding themselves in her thoughts or memory. Now, no matter how hard she tried to pretend they weren't there, those sensations insisted on being 'felt', and no mental trick could wish them away.

The feel of cool air moving over smoother skin – the silken tickle of her longer hair against the nape of her neck, the strange yet disturbingly 'natural' sensation from her new crotch, where nothing hung or bounced or had to be adjusted. All these sensations, and infinitely more, insisted on registering on her mind – and the part that bothered her the most was not how 'real' it all felt, but how 'normal'. Different than what she was used to, yes, and definitely unwanted... but, somehow, in the part of her male mind she'd never bothered to examine carefully, she'd somehow assumed that it must be...

What? Even as she made her way slowly down the hallway, she couldn't quite figure that out. Vaguely, she knew she had a notion that being feminine should have felt somehow... less than feeling male. Yet each mental variation she now tried on that scenario neither fit her current situation, nor made any sort of sense. Did she think then women walked around in constant agony from the cock and balls they were 'missing', as if they'd been amputated? That they must somehow, physically, feel 'empty'? She didn't know, and she felt none of these things herself... but she didn't feel 'manly' either, even though she couldn't put her finger on what it was that, as a man, might have made her feel that way. It wasn't a physical sensation that had a name, that could be pointed to...

...but whatever it had been, she no longer had it. Perhaps it was simple chemistry, nothing more than the lack of testosterone in her bloodstream, the way somebody used to nicotine or another drug might feel different if it were missing – she didn't know.

What she did know was that she'd lost that something when she'd become female – and that, no matter how much she wished she could deny it, was what she now was.

A woman.

A 'Bitch', forever and always. As a man in prison, she had sometimes been The Bitch to somebody who was The Man – but, at least then, there had always been the hope of being 'The Man' to somebody else.

No longer. She was 'The Bitch', ever and always, Bitchiness without end, Amen...

...and since she'd been a 'practical' man, and now a 'practical' woman who knew how the world worked, that meant she'd have to go along to get along. If she was The Bitch, then she had to learn to live life by the rules any other Bitch had to, as well, and whether she wanted to or not, whether she liked it or not, didn't enter into her thoughts at all.

Every step she took reminded the new woman of the basic facts of life – the jiggle and sway of her oversized new bust, the wider swivel-swing of her broadened hips, the tug and pull of a gluteus maximus both firmer and yet softer than one she was used to having – she hated all of these sensations, yet at the same time, they drove home the fact of who and what she had become, and with her mindset all-but-hardwired, she couldn't help but allow these two facts to determine what was to be done with her re-defined life.

Which is why she walked into the room at the end of the hall, opposite from the one she'd endured her transformation in, and began going through the pile of clothing there.

She did so sullenly, without verve or spark or even much interest – but she did it, because that's what she had to do. With her outlook on life, she could do no other – yet her 'male' view made decisions for her that neither her 'male' mind nor her 'feminine state' particularly enjoyed.

In the case of clothing, it was a pair of jeans and battered leather corset-style bustier top.

The jeans were... well, jeans, pretty much a standard unisex item, in this day and age, and chosen for just that reason. Still, that was scant comfort as she pulled them on, for while the pants themselves were familiar, the body they were enclosing was not.

The bustier top, however – there were other tops that would actually have done a heck of a lot more to hide her oversized new endowments than that top did, but that wasn't a factor in her thinking. Sure, she hated having her tits practically ready to pop out of the garment that was never designed for a 'rack' as impressive as the one she now boasted – but it was leather, and battered, seeming more 'utilitarian' to her mind than the frillier, lacier, more 'feminine' tops available that would have actually covered her better.

To her current mind-set, having her tits practically ready to burst free of the bustier was 'bad luck'... whereas deliberately putting on a 'girly' top would have been a matter of conscious decision to 'look pretty'.

So, it was with one hand holding up the top straining over her firm, rounded new boobs that she went to meet her feminine fate...



...the entire time completely ignoring the voice that was still squawking over the PA, trying to impose what it wanted.

Indeed, her last thought as she walked from the room, looking for the door out of the 'prison', was a snide consideration, wondering what on earth Mama Mailer had been thinking by 'blowing her wad' right at the beginning. It was obvious she had some sort of 'big plan' for the new woman, but what could she possibly do to enforce it – threaten to turn her into a woman...?

* * * * *

Digging her long, gloss-red fingernails deeper into the upholstery of the passenger's seat, Jezebel Juggs increased the frenetic rhythm with which she rode the groaning man's cock. Her huge tits jiggled and bounced as she gave him 'the standard package' of moans, grunts, and words of encouragement – and then, she felt his own rhythm fall into orgasmic spasms, faked her way through an orgasm before slumping sweatily against him and giving him a perfunctory kiss.

"Thanks, babe – you were fantastic..." She sighed, as per her usual script?

"Good enough for a discount...?" The man asked – but she didn't even tense up at the query, as he was already counting out money.

"Nobody's that good, honey..." She told him with a throaty chuckle – just what she knew he wanted to hear, stroking his ego with the lie that, if she did discount for anybody, it would have been him...

Climbing out of the car, she quickly double-counted the money before adjusting her clothing – what there was of it, as it was designed with 'easy access' in mind, for a variety of reasons. Her high heels tapping on the cracked pavement of the parking lot, she hurried over to the heavy steel door let into the back of the brick building, and quickly banged on it in a particular rhythm.

A moment later, it opened to reveal a muscular black man with a shaven head, wearing a black T-shirt with the word 'Staff' on it on both sides.

"Jeez, Jez – you're already being announced...!" The bouncer hissed as she squeezed past him.

"Don't worry, Bruiser – got it timed down to the second.." She assured him in a bored voice, handing him the cash. "Take your cut and tuck the rest away in my locker, would you?"

"Sure thing, Juggs..." Bruiser agreed – as she hurried down the hall, and through the curtain...

"... Jezebel Juggs!" The DJ announced, right as she planned. Smiling, still sweating from the between- routines sex, she strutted, wiggled and jiggled her way down the stage to the pole, which she began to grind her sweat-slicked body against.

The management wasn't really happy about her 'tricking' between sets, but had to admit her constantly 'just fucked' look really ramped up her routine on the strip-club stage – especially since,. Unlike the other girls, she wasn't just 'selling the illusion', but actually was available to Joe Average – assuming that he had the folding green in hand, of course.



Then again, none of them – not even Jezebel Jiggs herself – really understood that she didn't see any difference between what she did on stage or what she did out in the parking lot. After all, she had admitted to herself she was a woman – and she had never, ever questioned her belief that all women were whores, so she didn't even once stop to think that there might have been any other way for her new feminine life to play out.

Long before she'd been a prisoner of this feminine body, the woman who had been – and, in many ways, still mentally was – 'Hawk' Hawkings had been a prisoner of her own prejudices...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: To repay a debt, one man must fix up his friend on a blind date. But looking for a date at the local brothel proves even more expensive when the Madame of the house performs a total biogenetic resequencing and the date is now the friend.

Promises To Keep

By Gunslinger

Henry was sitting back, his legs up on the edge of the coffee table, a cold beer in one fist, eyes glued to the 'actors' on TV when the phone rang. Without turning his eyes from the naked, writhing couple on the screen, the tall, skinny black man fumbled for the remote and turned down the cheesy, bass-heavy soundtrack of the porno film before picking up the phone.

"You talk, I'll listen." Henry said, distracted.

'*Hey, Henry - it's Rick.*' A familiar - and unwelcome - voice said in his ear. Closing his eyes and resisting the urge to sigh, Henry hit the button to shut off the VCR.

"Hey, Rick." Henry said, with a distinct lack of enthusiasm. "You're back early."

"*Pamela and I had a bit of a falling out...*" Rick said, cheerfully - and Henry winced, knowing that was the stock phrase the big, dark-haired young man used when he'd dumped his *mademoiselle de jour*. "*So, buddy, I'm on the loose once again, and needing a to show a bit of flash...*"

As Rick trailed off suggestively, Henry winced again. Rick was notorious for being a 'big spender' when he was 'on the prowl' for his next conquest. Tall, broad-shouldered and massively muscled, Rick wasn't exactly 'handsome' with dark, deep-set eyes, a too-large, much-broken nose and no apparent neck at all. He did, however, have a sort of easy charm, and he always dressed well and he drove an expensive car that he could - barely - afford. He had all the trappings of moderate wealth, despite the fact that his actual income was just enough to pay for his lifestyle and put a small amount away each month. He managed to stay ahead, financially, simply because all he cared about was his own pleasure... he might be a big spender when looking for a girl, but once he had her on the line, his spending on her would taper off... and, somehow, he'd end up mooching off the girl, pulling back more expenses than he'd laid out in the first place - and when she was no longer new and exciting, he found a way to have a 'falling out'.

The problem was... Henry had been low on cash last month, during a period when Rick's spending had been at the lowest. Hat in hand, Henry had practically begged Rick to lend him some cash, and the big guy had seen no problems in finding another way to 'hook' somebody else into his net. That was the way Rick worked, finding ways to get people to owe him something so that he could sponge off them later.

Henry had taken a gamble. He'd known he had some money coming in, and he'd bet that Rick wouldn't dump his current girl until then... but he'd guessed wrong, and Rick was looking to collect.

"Uh, look..." Henry said, hesitantly. "I know I owe you the money, I ain't saying I don't... but I ain't got it right now. It'll just be a couple o' weeks, and then..."

'Whoa, whoa, whoa...' Rick interrupted, his jovial tone laced with a hard edge. 'You said you'd pay me back as soon as I got back into town, and here I am. I lent you that money in good faith, Henry my man, and I expected you to pay it back like you said. You aren't trying to weasel out on the deal now, are you?'

The skinny, most definitely not athletically inclined, young man winced at the thought of what he'd look like if he truly pissed Rick off. That was the other danger of dealing with the muscular young man - not only was he a womanizer, a con-artist and a mooch, but he had a violent temper. As far as anybody knew, his one redeeming grace was that Rick hadn't ever so much as *touched* a woman in anger... but he had no compunctions about expressing his more violent emotions on other men.

"No, Rick - I admit I owe you the cash, man." Henry said, quickly. "If I had a car, I'd sell it today to pay you back - I owe you big time. If you hadn't loaned me the money, I'd be really screwed right now. It's just that I don't have the cash, and don't have any way of raising it. My TV and VCR are second-hand ten-year-old stuff and won't raise the money. I just need a couple of weeks until my checks come in, man."

'So..' Rick said, his tone even less friendly. 'What you're saying is you need an extension... and I'm the one who's supposed to suffer until then. Is that it?'

Henry swallowed, nervously. "Look, man - I agree that you did me a big favor, and giving me the extra time is another favor. I'll pay you, uh... say, another two hundred on top, to make up for it. How 'bout that?"

This time, Rick's voice was flat, unfriendly. 'Yeah, I'll take the extra two hundred... now. As a down payment. Maybe you don't have a life, but I don't plan to spend two weeks sitting on my ass. Two hundred will hold me until you pay me the original amount.'

Henry closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He didn't have two hundred dollars, and he doubted he could scrape that much together unless he sold every single thing he owned... which would have put him in the same position he'd been in when he'd needed the loan. "Look, Rick - I would if I could, man. I just don't have it. Isn't there any way I could make it up to you until the cash comes? I don't know... give you my TV and VCR as collateral, or something?"

It was a desperate attempt... because that was what Henry was, desperate. He'd gambled on Rick staying with Pamela two weeks longer... and he'd lost. Now he was screwed, and Rick was going to...

'You know... maybe there is something you can do to keep your ass out of a sling.' Rick said, his voice almost conversational again. Henry's eyes popped open in shock and hope flared in his chest.

"What's that, Rick...?" Henry asked, praying it was something he could manage.

'I bet you already know that the cash is to find a babe to, uh... keep me company.' The tone of voice Rick used made the metaphor practically unnecessary. 'I'll give you a choice. Either pay me a minimum of two hundred by tomorrow night... or talk a girl you know into hanging out with me for a couple of weeks. Find the girl.. and I'll not only forget the extra two hundred for the delay, but I'll knock another two hundred off the original loan.'

Henry's jaw dropped. Rick was suggesting that he somehow talk a female friend into... well, basically, into sleeping with Rick in exchange for an extension on the loan. It was clear what the incentive would have to be - the four hundred bucks Henry would be 'saving' on the deal.

Rick was asking Henry to pimp for him. It was the sleaziest, most immoral, disgusting thing anybody had ever asked of Henry...

...and he was sickened to find himself considering it. He was so desperate, he didn't know what else to do. "Well..." Henry said, temporizing. "I don't know if I can find somebody... but I'll try "

'You'd better.' Rick said, flatly. 'Let me make sure you understand. I want a girl who isn't going to expect me to 'act nice' for her. Since I don't have the cash, there'll be no dating, no gifts, no nothing. She's gonna have to be happy with hanging out at my pad, and I want to see her at least a couple of hours a day, maybe longer.'

Henry swallowed, sickened by Rick's callous reduction of women to nothing more than chattel, something to suit his whims.

'No dogs, either.' Rick continued. 'She doesn't have to be a beauty queen, but I don't want to have to put a bag over her head. I like my girls buxom, so she'd better be at least a D-cup, if not bigger. I don't care what skin color or hair color she is, and I don't give a shit how tall - but she's got to be willing to wear stuff that she looks good in, nothin' baggy or stuff. And, Henry ?'

"Yeah. ?"

'Don't think you can get away with sticking me with a tease, all show and no go. Maybe you can't find a babe who'll jump into the sack ten seconds after I meet her, but if I don't get action pretty quick, then I figure you're screwin' me - and I don't like that. Got it?'

"Yeah." Henry said, again, feeling dirty and slimy.

'So that's it, pal.' Rick said, his tone edged with the threat of violence. 'Midnight tomorrow, you'd better make damn sure that somebody has rung my doorbell - either you, with two hundred, or a buxom babe who's hot to trot. Midnight rolls around without either and you'll regret it. Clear?'

"Yeah. Crystal clear." Henry agreed, glumly. He heard the 'click' as Rick hung up, and he put the phone back in its cradle with a look of desperation.

He was disgusted by the thought... but he was already trying to figure out how the hell he was going to find a girl willing to do what Rick wanted...

* * * * *

"You can wait in here." The man said. The tone of voice he used indicated it wasn't so much a hospitable offer as an order. "Madame Tremaine will be in shortly."

Not trusting his voice, Henry bobbed his head in understanding and agreement as the short, broad-shouldered man's dark eyes watched without any visible emotional at all. Aside from being broad-shouldered and obviously fit, the tanned, bald-headed man with the neatly trimmed goatee was dressed in an expensive suit whose well-tailored line only *almost* hid the bulge under his right armpit.

Assured that Henry was too afraid to do anything but comply, the man turned and left the dark, ornately-furnished room, pulling the heavy door shut behind him. Nervously, Henry looked around, rubbing his sweaty palms on his jeans as he glanced at the clock on the wall, whose ticking seemed louder than thunder in the otherwise silent room.

Eleven-oh-eight. He was less than an hour away from Rick's deadline. Which is why he found himself where he was.

Henry had made several enemies today. Desperate, he'd thought of all the females he knew who might be the least bit willing to help, for a price, and he'd tried to ask them in as inoffensive way as possible - but there just was no inoffensive way to ask a woman to prostitute for you.

Needless to say, the women had been less than thrilled, and he knew that, no matter what happened, a very unsavory reputation was going to mar his attempts at romantic encounters from now on. Some women were more understanding than others, but Henry doubted whether he'd find a woman *that* understanding. The best he could hope for was somebody who didn't know about it.

As the hours had passed, his desperation had grown - and as night had fallen, he'd begun to walk the downtown streets, until he'd found a actual prostitute. He'd explained his problem - and she'd laughed in his face at the thought she'd work on a promissory note. So had the next two... but the fourth one he'd met had been a little more sympathetic, even if she was unwilling to take the risk herself. It was her advice that had led him here.

Henry had never known that the town had an actually brothel within its limits, a 'House of Ill Repute', a high-class establishment that somehow managed to remain out of sight to almost the entire population.

Now, his only hope was to convince the owner-operator of the 'establishment' to 'loan' him a girl for Rick, on the promise of full payment in two weeks. He was sure it would be considerably more expensive than four hundred, given the heavy elegance of the House, but perhaps he could still manage to come out slightly ahead of where he'd been before he'd asked Rick for a loan...

Even if he went back to being dead broke after paying off the Madame, at least he'd still have his health...

Henry began to pace nervously over the thick, forest-green carpet... when the door behind the big, Dark-Walnut desk swung open, and a woman emerged.

Henry had no idea what to expect from a Madame - but whatever preconceived notions he might have held, this woman didn't meet them.

She was tall, taller than Henry - indeed, probably taller than Rick, who was six-seven. The desk blocked the view of the woman's feet, but even assuming six-inch heels, she had to be at least six-nine.

She was also remarkably muscular - something that wasn't hard to see, since she was wearing a pair of black leather pants and a black leather vest, both garments clinging to her taut body like a second skin. Her arms were bare, and revealed musculature that was impressive.

Despite the fact she was tall and muscular, however, there was nothing 'masculine' about her in the least - indeed, she was gorgeous, in a very intimidating, threatening way. Her hips were full and womanly below a slender waist, and her breasts were full and firm, displaying an abundance of cleavage in the low 'V'-neck of the vest. She had full, sensual lips beneath a

broad but lovely nose, and her dark eyes beneath their finely arched eyebrows were both alluring and intimidating. Her long, dark hair was pulled back from her head into a tight ponytail that was anything but 'girlish', her appearance, expression and moments showing somebody in complete control of themselves - and those around her. She was stunning, and frightening. She was... awesome.

"Uh... Madame Tremaine...?" Henry said, nervously. "I, uh... I'm Henry Taylor, and..."

"I know who you are, Mr. Taylor." She said in a cool, powerful voice as she sat down in the deep leather chair behind the desk. "I'm also aware of you... situation."

Henry blinked, surprised.

"Tell me, Mr. Taylor - since you are seeking help specifically because you cannot meet one obligation, why do you think I would willingly accept your word on repayment... if you could actually afford the services of one of my ladies, that is?"

Henry's mouth fluttered, but he couldn't think of an answer to the question. When she put it that way, it did seem like a completely ridiculous offer. He blushed in embarrassment.

"I see." She said, her voice flat and unfriendly. "Mr. Taylor, you willingly entered into the agreement with your friend, knowing quite well what would happen if you could not make repayment. Then you have the gall to compound your error by making an even worse agreement, one involving a third party. Quite frankly, Mr. Taylor - you disgust me."

Henry frowned. Given her line of work, where did she get off being 'disgusted' by him 'pimping'? Her eyes narrowed. "Yes? You wish to try and defend your actions, perhaps?"

Henry's jaw set as he held tight to his anger. Even stronger was his fear of what Rick would do to him, and there was still the slightest chance... "No."

Her eyebrow rose, slowly. "Don't assume to judge me, young man. Indeed, I do run an establishment where my staff caters to the sexual desires of our customers... but the circumstances are so utterly different that you could not possibly even begin to conceive of it. You have no idea of what goes on here, or how, or why. I would advise you to wipe that look off your face if you do not wish to make things worse for yourself than they already are."

Henry couldn't help but snort. "No offense, Madame Tremaine - but I'm broke, and facing the risk of having bones the same way. I doubt that anything could make the situation worse."

Her lips curved slightly in a smile that held absolutely no humor. "Oh, I assure you - it could. Much, much worse. By entering my House, you placed yourself in more danger than you could possibly understand. You should never have learned of its existence in the first place, much less have the unmitigated nerve to come ask a favor from me. The woman who directed you to me learned of my existence, second hand, from a client. She has no idea of the nature of my services, and though she erred in advising you to see me, it is not truly her fault. She will no longer advise anybody else to do so again, but I have not

truly punished her in any significant way. The client stupid enough to have revealed the information to her, though... he will regret it at leisure."

Henry felt a cold shiver run through his spine at the cold finality of her tone. He began to realize that he might have made a horrendous mistake coming her, and he felt like squirming as her dark, unforgiving eyes looked him over as if her were a side of beef.

"The question before me now is: What to do about you." She said, coldly. "You should never have learned of my existence, or that of my establishment. I must decide the best way to ensure your complete and utter silence on the matter. I have many methods that will work, and must choose which one would be most... appropriate."

Henry thought of the emotionless man with the gun... and his heart seemed to stop as he realized that his situation could, indeed, get much, much worse. The man was probably waiting just outside the door, and there was no way Henry could overpower either him, or Madame Tremaine.

Unwillingly, he began to tremble, and the cruel half-smile that came to her lips at the sight of it made him feel sick and ashamed.

"I think I have the most appropriate solution." She said, and Henry found he had trouble breathing as she decided his fate. "To ensure that you remain silent... I will help you with your problem."

For a second, Henry was sure that his ears had deceived him. "Uh... excuse me?"

Her cruel grin widened. "If this... Rick wishes female companionship, then that is what he'll get."

Henry blew pent-up breath out in an explosive sigh of relief. "Oh, thank you Madame Tremaine. I'll be forever in your debt..." She laughed - and it's cold, cruel sound seemed to freeze the rest of the sentence in his throat, making hard to swallow.

"Oh - I assure you that you'll have no wish to thank me for this..." She laughed. She pushed a button recessed into her desk, and a third, hidden door into the room popped open, revealing a quartet of men.

The appeared to be quadruplets - four identical men, whose genetic heritage seemed to be a mix between 'Bull Shannon' of 'Night Court' fame, and 'The Incredible Hulk'. Tall, broad-shouldered and massively muscled, their identical bald heads gleamed in the dim lighting of the room. They were dressed in identical, quasi-medical white smocks over white trousers... and they were wheeling a gleaming, stainless-steel gurney between them.

"What...!" Henry shouted, backing unconsciously towards the door as they left the sides of the gurney and closed on him. "Get away from me...!"

He turned and tried to bolt for the door... but they easily grabbed him and subdued him, any one of them more than a match for him. In seconds, he felt the pin-prick of a needle in his ass... and seconds later, the world started to waver in and out of focus, and it just didn't seem important to struggle anymore. He went limp in their arms.

He felt oddly detached from his own body, as if he were an outside observer, watching the scene through a television with a fuzzy picture and dull, muffled soundtrack. The men released him, and he stood where he was, swaying slightly atop numb, unfeeling limbs as he gazed at the wall with a blank expression.

Madame Tremaine said something to him in a sharp, commanding tone. It seemed to much effort to work out the sounds, assign conscious meaning to them... but he must have understood them anyway, since he found himself shuffling numbly over to the desk and collapsing into one of the chairs in front of out.

He had no idea how long it was before he found a phone receiver being pressed into his hand while Madame Tremaine's muffled voice spoke to him. It couldn't have been more than a few seconds, yet it felt like an eternity. Numbly, he lifted the phone to his ear and heard what must be ringing at the other end. After another eternal second, it was replaced by a voice.

Henry found himself talking, though he couldn't hear his own words any better than the other's. The unheard conversation went on for a bit, then Henry found the receiver being taken out of his hand. Madame Tremaine said something else, but the muffled, distorted words didn't seem to cause a reaction in him, so they probably weren't directed at him.

He knew he should probably be worried. but, for some reason, it seemed just too much effort to worry. He felt heavy, leaden, and nothing going on around him was actually important enough for him to become emotionally or intellectually involved in. Even when he was lifted out of the chair and laid out on the gurney, fear refused to raise it's head.

He was so numb that he wasn't even aware of the prick of the second needle - but he was so utterly resigned and dazed, that he lacked the will to be even mildly surprised as the world faded and darkness swept in to carry him away.

* * * * *

Slowly, awareness returned. and this time, there was no drug in his system to fog the sharp knife-edge of panic that ran down his spine. Even as awareness of himself and his surroundings flared, Henry was jerking upright from his prone position...

...which only caused considerable discomfort as the straps that bound him bit into ankle, wrist, chest, neck and forehead. He tried to shout, but was unable to - there was something blocking his throat, rending him voiceless.

"Ah... our patient is awake, I see..." A voice said from nearby. There was a humming sound, and Henry's view of the world shifted as whatever he was on rotate upwards, achieving a perpendicular position.

"Enjoying yourself?" Madame Tremaine - a white lab coat covering her leather ensemble - asked with a cruel grin. Henry was incapable of answering - and now he knew why.

Mounted in front of him was a mirror - a very large mirror that showed his naked body strapped into position on a leather-surfaced 'table' mounted on parallel rings of steel that allowed it to be rotated by electric motor. IVs ran into each arm at the elbow, and a strange sort of respirator tube ran into his mouth.

"Doesn't look promising, does it?" Tremaine asked, laughing. "I'm sure you're thoroughly terrified. I certainly hope so, at least. We're about to begin a procedure on you - a procedure I'm sure you won't like. I developed it a few years ago, and it's utterly revolutionary - far beyond anything 'conventional' medical science can achieve. Rather than waste it by giving it to the medical community - to *men* - I've decided to put it to very good use indeed."

The sheer and unrelenting disgusted hatred she used in the word 'men' made Henry want to scream. With the pure venom that had dripped from her voice when she'd said that word, he knew that whatever was about to happen wasn't for his benefit. He was scared shitless...

"We're ready to begin, Doctor Tremaine..." A voice - a female voice - said somewhere out of Henry's line of sight.

She grinned. "Very well, let's begin. It is now..." She looked at her watch. "Eleven-thirty-nine. Total biogenetic resequencing of Alpha Form to Beta Form projected to run seventy-three minutes, plus or minus two minutes. Patient is being injected... now."

To his terrible mortification, as Henry felt the warm sensation of the drug being injected into him, he felt another sensation - as his bladder let loose.

He carried Madame... Doctor...? ...Tremaine's mocking laughter with him as he once more descended into darkness....

* * * * *

The next time the clouds of drug-induced darkness separated, Henry was once more in the grip of the strange lethargic, disconnected sensations, unable to feel any pain or concern. Images, barely seen and not at all understood by his conscious mind, flashed in front of his eyes as a voice, equally meaningless to his not-really-awake consciousness, droned in his ears. It seemed to last for an eternity, meaningless sound and color surrounding him completely, before he was once more swept up by darkness and everything ceased to exist.

* * * * *

Awareness flooded Henry's mind....

...even as his brain caught up to reality and informed him that something was definitely wrong.

He was sitting upright, staring straight ahead. Indeed - it was as if he'd been staring straight ahead even before coming 'awake', as if his body had been seated comfortably and normally, eyes open, this entire time.

What those eyes reported was the inside of a van. He was sitting in a back seat, staring out the windshield. The back of a woman in the driver's seat was at the left-hand side of Henry's vision, with familiar-looking streets visible through the windshield.

Even as Henry became aware of what he was seeing, he was also becoming aware of what he was feeling - and there was something wrong with that, too. From the floor, up;

His shoes seemed to be too tight, especially at the toes - and his feet were sitting at an odd angle. His legs seemed to be bare, perhaps in shorts... yet the air flow moving over them seemed. odd, somehow. More attenuated.

The... shorts?. he was wearing were pulled taut over his hips and ass - an ass that felt like it had a pillow under it, yet that wasn't quite right either. Oddly, whatever he was wearing felt tight across the outside of his thighs, but not across the inside - which might account for the fact that his cock didn't feel the least bit cramped, despite what felt like too-small 'tighty whities'.

There was a strange tightness across his waist, just shy of being painful - as if somebody were holding him in an embrace, yet covering his waist all the way around. Above that, there was an odd, pulling weight on his chest, 'complimented' with a tightness over his chest, as if he was wearing a too-tight shirt. Oddly, there was additional pressure across his shoulders and back.

There was also a strange 'tickling' sensation along his neck, one that seemed to shift in time with the bumps and sways of the vehicle - as if somebody had draped a silk scarf over his head, perhaps, hanging down across his neck.

In addition, the woman driving the vehicle must be a 'scent' fanatic, as all the usually-faint odors of perfume, makeup and styling products seemed stronger and more palatable to Henry.

All of this was strange and confusing - but not nearly so much as the fact that he couldn't seem to move, not so much as an inch. His instinctive reaction to these strange sensations was to look down, of course - but he couldn't do it. No matter how insistently his mind gave the orders, his body refused to obey.

What had started as the faintest prickle of fear up and down his spine had grown into a leaden ball in his gut as Henry wondered what the hell they'd done to him. He couldn't feel any restraints holding him immobile - yet he could not move so much as a muscle. He couldn't even move his eyes - not voluntarily, at least. He was occasionally blinking. And his chest continued to rise and fall with steady respiration, indicating that non-voluntary movement was possible - but he couldn't command his body to do anything. Desperately, he tried to speak, to get the driver's attention - but that was as impossible as looking down at himself. He just couldn't do it.

He could do nothing but watch...

...as the van pulled into a familiar-looking driveway.

Henry heaved a purely mental sigh of relief as the vehicle came to stop in Rick's driveway. Whatever had been done to him, apparently Madame Tremaine had been 'honest' in her statement that she was going to help him out. Given the fact that daylight was breaking, they were a few hours past the deadline - but this woman driving the van must be the girl for Rick - which just left the question of what they were doing to him, and what they had planned.

Then the female driver turned her head and spoke. "Okay, Honey - we're here."

With that, Henry felt a strange sensation run through him - except that it didn't run through him at all. It was a purely mental sensation that was only described in the sense of the physical due to a lack of other references to compare it to: To Henry, it felt like something had suddenly been released inside his head, a door opening - and even as the door opening allowed him to move, something else flowed out. It wasn't 'instructions', in the form of words - but it was a sudden sense of 'purpose'.

'I have to get my bag, get out of the van, and go to the door...' Henry found himself thinking with a strange certainty - just as he somehow knew that there was a small suitcase on the floor of the van beside his feet. He looked down, already reaching for the bag...

For an instant, his mind refused to accept what it was seeing, and he blinked three times in rapid succession, trying to clear the 'false image' from his mind... but it stubbornly refused to change.

In the 'distance', a mid-sized soft-sided suitcase. An arm reaching for it, one that vanished from his perspective on the upper left of his vision, too close to his body to see. It was the viewpoint of seeing his arm, one he'd seen many times before - but that couldn't be right, because what he was seeing wasn't his arm at all. No, this arm belonged to a white person - a white woman, since this arm was smooth and slender, lightly muscled beneath a sheath of soft, faintly tanned skin with a very fine layer of downy, pale hair. An arm that led down to a dainty, slender wrist - which supported an equally dainty, slender hand, whose long, slender fingers sported long, perfectly-kept fingernails painted a bright, glossy shade of hot pink.

In short, it was a woman's hand - almost defiantly so. It was a slender, shapely, youthfully feminine arm - and it perfectly matched the other odd sights Henry could see.

Like the expanse of white spandex stretched over a smoothly rounded curve of what could only be a breast. An extremely large breast, filling the fabric out to its limit, a milky curve of cleavage visible at the edge of his vision. A huge, firm, round breast that loomed outwards, almost hiding from view the shapely leg stretching down to the floor, clad in white nylons that gave added emphasis to the feminine contours of the shapely leg, leading the eye downwards - to the pair of glossy, hot-pink rounded-toe pumps with scalloped edges and six- or -seven inch high stiletto heels.

Strangely, the arm he was seeing seemed to be doing exactly what his mind was instructing his own arm and hand to do - reaching for the bag's handle. For that matter, various other sensations he was feeling could almost be construed as being...

Then the tenuous thread of stunned denial that was holding his mind back from reality snapped, and realization set in....

"No...!" She said in a strangled voice that was nevertheless easily identified as a completely feminine soprano. The denial was torn from her - but everything came together in a tremendous surge, slamming into the fore-front of her brain, and the denial was a wasted gesture - because she knew the truth. "I... I've been turned into... a woman!"

"You sure have, honey..." the woman at the wheel said, with a smirk. "And quite the looker, too - just the type of chick you think your buddy Rick would like, as a matter o'fact. So - why don't you get that cute ass of yours in gear?"

"I... I..." The new woman stammered...

It was like a sledge-hammer blow to her brain. The sense of purpose she felt suddenly became an overwhelming need - one so terribly strong that it was actually painful. It was like a rising pressure in her head, threatening to rip her skull apart.

Wrapping one slender new hand around the handle of the suitcase, Henry... or whatever her name was now... fumbled for the door handle with the other, desperately needing to get out of the van. Sliding the door open, she felt her new anatomy shift and twist as she slid out...

'I have to walk with a sexy, feminine sway...' She found herself thinking, a new urge as powerful as the last entering her mind. *'...and I have to smile and look happy...'*

Though smiling was the last thing she felt like doing, she felt her lips curve upwards anyway - she had to fix a smile on her face, because it felt like searing cattle-brands were shoved against the corners of her mouth until they curved upwards. She wanted to scream in emotional, pseudo-physical and mental pain - but whatever was put into her mind to control her wouldn't allow it. Instead, she found herself using one hand to smooth what turned out to be a hot-pink leather skirt over her fuller, more 'delightfully' curved hips - and heading towards the door, hips swaying and swiveling in an almost over-exaggerated feminine motion, her shapely new nylon-clad legs scissoring in vapid sensuality, air sliding over the nylon-encased skin with that strange new attenuation.

'My God... what's happening to me...!' Henry screamed silently in her head - but the answer was so self-evident that the question itself was unnecessary.

Somehow - incredibly - Henry had been turned into the woman for Rick. Which meant that...

'No!' She shouted to herself in horrified defiance. 'I... I'm not having sex with Rick. No matter what... I won't do it...!'

Behind her, she heard the van pull away - but she couldn't turn to look, a helpless need driving her forward, vapid smile on her new lips as she jiggled and swayed, feeling the weight and mass of her huge new tits inside the constriction of the bra she now knew she was wearing.

Reaching the front door, she lifted one hand and rung the doorbell with a smooth, graceful gesture - when she wanted to turn and run as fast as her high-heel-clad feet could carry her. She didn't want to do this - but that pressure inside her head

demanded she do what she was instructed, and every time she tried to push against the 'instructions', to do something outside her 'programming', the pressure grew into intense pain that forced her back 'on track'.

There was a short pause - and then the door swung open, the doorway filled with trick's unlovely bulk. His narrow, threatening face lit in an unpleasant smile as he looked her up and down, eyes pausing on her chest...

...and, obeying a new 'need', Henry helplessly thrust her shoulders back, making her tits even more prominent in what was an obvious come-on move.

"Hi!" She said, unwillingly perky. "I'm Tammy!"

"Whoa, babe..." Rick said, practically drooling. "When Henry called and said you'd be late, but were worth the wait, he wasn't kidding. Come on in, gorgeous..."

"Gee, thanks!" Henry... Tammy... replied brightly - and then topped it off with a helpless giggle, swaying and jiggling through the doorway...

...and helplessly making sure she turned to press her huge new rack against Rick as she went by. Inside, she shuddered at the unwelcome pleasure the action caused, feeling the smoothly firm softness of her huge new mounds crushed 'delightfully' against his chest for a moment.

"Well..." Rick said, eyeing her lush body with a leer. "Welcome to my place, Tammy - what say we... 'get to know' one another better...?"

Driven by the programmed responses in her head, Tammy blinked blankly, frowning slightly - then smiled brightly. "Oh, gee - you mean 'lets fuck'!" She said, with a giggle. "Okay!"

She felt like vomiting as Rick grinned widely and shook his head.

"Damn - I didn't believe Henry when he told me you were a horny little bimbo - but damn, he was right." He laughed, not seeming to care what she thought of him calling her a 'bimbo' - which, Tammy thought sickly, was probably an accurate description of her, now. "Let's see if he was right when he promised me that once I had sex with you, I'd never wanna fuck another woman again..."

"Okay!" She agreed brightly - after a short pause, during which she'd winced and gasped. She'd tried to fight the mental need implanted in her - and had failed. Rick, for his part, didn't seem to care about the brief expression of pain that flitted across her vapid-looking face. Instead, he reached out and cupped her huge, round tits.

"Lets see these sweater-puppies..." He said, rudely, and proceeded to yank the white spandex top off of her without so much as a 'by your leave'. Not that it mattered - Tammy found herself incapable of resisting as he stripped the top off - revealing her huge tits crammed into a white lace bra, and the white leather corset that fit snug around her slender waist.

"Damn - you're big, baby..." Rick said, negligently tearing free the front-clasping bra, not caring that he'd ruined it as he let it fall to the floor, his eyes riveted on her huge mounds. Reaching out, he grabbed her tits - roughly.

She simply stood there and let him, not particularly helping, but not resisting either as he roughly squeezed and fondled her new, immense tits.

Inside, where she couldn't show it, Tammy was sickened and horrified by what was happening - but helpless to do anything about it. Then it got worse. Much worse.

"God - I want your full lips wrapped around my cock, baby..." Rick said, releasing her huge boobs to reach down and unzip his pants, hauling out his already-hard cock. "Get on your knees and suck me off, whore..." that was it, then - Rick had been told she was a whore. Which might be true, now, she thought in horror. Desperately, she struggled to disobey him, to turn away...

...and intense pain enveloped her, causing the world to go gray and vague.

When she finally stopped fighting, Tammy was horrified to find herself on her knees, staring directly at Rick's throbbing cock. While 'grayed out', her body had obeyed her programming without her. There wasn't even any escape that way - if she blacked out completely from trying to disobey, her body would probably go right ahead anyway.

Helplessly, she leaned forward - and her lips parted to accept the hard, throbbing cock into her till-thin virgin mouth.

Disgust and horror flooded her mind - but none of it showed as she wrapped her hands around the base of his cock and began to bob her head back and forth, lips gliding over his spittle-lubricated cock as her tongue slid along the bottom of the musty, not-too-clean organ...

...then Rick entwined his fingers in her long, golden-blond hair and began to buck his hips, face-fucking her roughly while she struggled to keep him from injuring her - all without slowing or resisting, despite what she was feeling deep inside. Helplessly, she accepted his rough treatment, slurping away at his man-meant until he tensed and blew his load deep into her throat. Helplessly, sickened, she swallowed every drop of the foul, salty liquid, wanting to curl up and die...

"Not bad, babe..." Rick said indifferently, pulling his cock from her mouth with a wet 'slurp'. "Why don't you go get me a beer - then you can start tidying up the house until I'm ready to go again." HE grinned, nastily. "I can't wait to see how tight your pussy is, bitch."

"Okay, Rick!" She helplessly agreed, brightly, rising back to her heels and turning away. As Rick went to slump comfortably on the couch, she helplessly jiggled and swayed into the kitchen, huge tits bouncing. She glanced at the knives on the wall-rack as she went by, her step faltering as she struggled to reach out and grab one, end her humiliation... and failed.

Instead, she went to the refrigerator and pulled out a beer, twisting off the top and tossing it aside...

...then, confused, she watched as she did something unexpected. From a hidden series of pouches in the waistband of her skirt she extracted a small pill and dropped it into the beer-bottle, where it fizzled for a few second before disappearing completely.

Wondering what the hell she was doing, obeying 'instructions' that had no explanations, she brought the beer to Rick, who merely grunted when she handed it to him - then turned away to start tidying up the place...

* * * * *

"She's delivered.' The driver of the van reported over the intercom. "Good... Good..." Madame Tremaine murmured, smugly.

For the next few weeks, Henry/Tammy would be Rick's helpless slave. That should be long enough to break her of even the slightest hesitations, making her utterly docile and compliant - just right for working here as 'just another whore'...

..and the drugs she'd been programmed to keep slipping Rick would have their effect too. She'd had a team sneak up to his house last night while Tammy was being prepared, and splice into his TV cable, telephone line and car stereo, as well as adding transducers in the corner of each window. With the hypnotic drug in his system and all sorts of subliminal messages bombarding him from all sides, Rick would slowly find himself becoming more and more obsessed with the idea of being a huge-breasted, cum-hungry domineering slut- bitch. By the time they went to pick up Tammy, the 'Mistress Rikki' persona would be fully employed in Rick's mind, and he'd literally demand Madame Tremaine use her abilities to make him into the slut-bitch he so 'wanted' to be.

Tremaine would, of course, agree - and not only gain herself another employee, but keep Henry's promise as well - Rick would never again wish to have sex with another woman....

Leaning back in her chair, Madame Tremaine began to laugh to herself.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A young man ventures into a strange out-of-the-way book shop, buys an odd book, and finds that his reality starts to change as the powers of the book shop seek to make him pay for his lust thoughts.

Pure Escapism

By Gunslinger

Jeff was tooling around the back-streets of the downtown district when he found himself walking down a narrow, twisting back-alley that he'd never come across before. It happened because his attention had wandered briefly - as had his eyes, following the trim, shapely figure of the brunette as she climbed out of the cab and gone into the store, the short view of the attractive woman claiming enough of his attention that he'd turned left instead of right, not noticing that it wasn't really a street, as such, but a sort of alley-way that had been used for deliveries, once upon a time.

Even after the woman had vanished from sight, Jeff had been in a half-daze, his mind playing out a entertaining little fantasy in which a completely different scenario had just played out, where he was across the street, and...

"Where the hell am I?" Jeff asked himself, stopping dead as the locale registered on his mind, dissipating the pleasant daydream.

The somewhat short, mildly athletic young man looked around in surprise, his mind piecing together the data his eyes had gathered but he'd consciously ignored while he'd strolled down the dark passageway. The high walls of the narrow alley blocked most of the day's sunlight, leaving the narrow, musty-smelling alley in perpetual twilight, and Jeff pulled off the sunglasses he was wearing, his bright, blue eyes blinking in the gloom.

"Well.... I'll be damned..." Jeff muttered, shaking his head. His face crinkled into a broad smile, which it was well-suited for - following in his Irish descent, Jeff had inherited the long-standing O'Shannaghseys' looks, with a broad, open face and wide, rounded chin, along with the bright eyes and the mop of curly black hair. It was a face well suited to smiling, and even the surprised grin that surfaced now was bright and cheerful.

The cause of the startled amusement was what lay at the end of the dimly-lit alleyway. Surrounded by a run-down, slightly rancid atmosphere, the store-front looked decidedly out-of-place. All dark-stained oak and dulled brass trimmings, the storefront had an old-fashioned charm and grace about it that stood out like an aging empress walking through Harlem.

In raised brass letters, the name of the store filled the broad wooden face above the deeply inset door.

THE BARD'S REST

Bookseller and Literary Pub

Slipping his sunglasses in the pocket of his denim shirt, Jeff walked slowly towards the store, as if expecting it to vanish like Brigadoon. It didn't seem possible for any establishment to eke out an existence in this obscure location, with maybe the exception of a nightclub or the like. Even more unusual was the fact that the facade of the store was unmarred by graffiti or dirt, vandalism or theft - despite the fact that there was no sign of any security gate or other impediment that was such a common sight on other stores in the area.

Jeff was a certified bibliophile - a bookworm, to his friends and family. Though occasionally ragged on by his peers because of the time he spent curled up with a good book rather than the more 'normal' pastimes of TV, movies or clubbing, it was good-natured ribbing.

Being cheerful, out-going and fairly handsome was a pretty good defense against any serious ridicule - and the fact that his insatiable appetite for reading made him a sort of authority on everything, his head crammed full of all sorts of facts and interesting trivia, actually made him somewhat of a minor legend. If any of his friends ever needed to know something, they could always turn to Jeff, with a fairly good chance of finding out what they needed to know.

So it was almost inevitable that Jeff walk into any bookshop or library he happened across in his wanders throughout the city. Today was no exception, and the thought of *not* going into The Bard's rest never even occurred to the twenty-two year old man.

Pushing open the galls-inset wood-and-brass door caused a small bell to tinkle. Letting the door swing shut behind him, Jeff stood in the entranceway and looked around the shop, as if in a daze.

The shop itself wasn't very large, but somehow it managed to be 'cozy', rather than small. Floor-to-ceiling shelves lined three of the four walls, broken only by a door inset in the center of the back wall. The single wall not devoted over to shelving was on his right, where a long mahogany-and-oak desk took up half the wall, and a small, raised area surrounded by dark oak railing occupied the other half. Like the exterior, the room was decorated in dark woods and paneling, with a slightly lighter hard-wood floor.

The center of the room was a mixture of free-standing shelving units, and five clusters of reading chairs - high-backed reading chairs in a rich, dark Corinthian leather, that looked very comfortable indeed. Each cluster was similar, the chairs arranged around a small coffee- table and beside a brass floor-lamp that cast golden pools of light over each chair.

The raised area in the corner was similar, but in addition to two chairs, a long, matching sofa sat along the railed edge - and a broad, stone-hearth fireplace took up the wall itself, a low fire casting a golden glow from within it's soot-blackened stones.

The room's atmosphere was redolent with the smell of pipe-tobacco and well-aged firewood. From a hidden - and high-quality - sound- system, relaxing classic music played quietly.

"Um..." Jeff called, quietly, loath to break the quiet atmosphere of the elegant, comfortable room. "is anybody here?"

For several seconds, there was no response, and Jeff had just begun to turn to make sure that the little placard sign in the window was turned with its 'OPEN' face to the outside - when a door behind the long desk opened, and a man Jeff took to be the proprietor emerged, his round face wreathed in a warm smile.

"Ah, a visitor!" He said, warmly, his face carrying a faint-but-definite British accent. "Do come in, m'boy, do come in."

The greeting was so warm, Jeff couldn't help but smile in response as he walked a few steps deeper into the unusual shop.

The owner was a short, slightly pudgy man dressed in muted colors - a pair of dusty-colored trousers, a brown-and-old-gold vest, and a brown corduroy jacket with leather patched on the elbows. His hair was a sort of dirty brown, and receding, and his snub of a nose supported a pair of silver-rimmed glasses that magnified his watery brown eyes. All in all, the most inoffensive little man you could imagine, and he seemed genuinely enthusiastic about Jeff's appearance as he walked around the desk and came over to pump Jeff's hand energetically.

"Always glad to have a visitor." The owner said, cheerfully, as he released Jeff's hand and dug a briar pipe out of his coat pocket and began to fill it. "I'm Jules Ambrose, proprietor - and you would be?"

"Jeff O'Shannaghsey." Jeff replied, in a bemused voice. "If you don't mind me saying, Mr. Ambrose - I can't imagine you get a lot of customers, here. I wouldn't have found your store if it wasn't for sheer happenstance."

"Oh, that's always the case, Master Jeff - and please, call me Jules." With the stem of his pipe, he gestured to the chairs in front of the fireplace. "Why don't we have a seat, my young friend - unless you're in some hurry and need to run off?"

"Oh, no hurry at all - I'd like to stay for a bit." Jeff said, still trying to take the place in.

"Good, good..." Jules said. "Can I get you something to drink - an ale perhaps, or a cup of coffee? Oh - and do you smoke, perchance?" "Um... yes, I smoke.." Jeff said. "And coffee would be fine."

"Oh, 'fine' is all well and good.." Jules said, with good natured reproof. "But why settle for merely fine, when wonderful can be had so easily. Tell me, Master Jeff - do you perhaps enjoy a good cigar?"

Jeff blinked. "Well.. occasionally."

"I thought as much." Jules said, with a wink. "Make yourself comfortable, and place your trust in me."

"Uh.. sure." Jeff said. As Jules scurried off, puffing away at his pipe, Jeff walked up the three steps to the raised area and settled himself into a chair in front of the fire.

Jules returned a moment later, bearing with him a snifter full of an amber liquid, and a leather cigar case.

"Cognac..." Jules said, with a slight bow, as he handed Jeff the glass. "...and a hand-rolled Cuban cigar - Havana, to be precise." He opened the case, and a now very-bemused Jeff extracted one of the dark-brown tubes of prime tobacco.

Jules settled himself into the other chair, and beamed at Jeff as the young man lit up the cigar, puffing it into life and enjoying the rich, heady aroma of a fine cigar, chased down by a fiery sip of a fine liquor.

"This is wonderful..." Jeff said, settling deeper into the seat.

"Isn't it, though?" Jules said, puffing on his pipe. "Which is why I am situated in such an obscure location, my young friend. I run this establishment not to make money, of which I have quite enough already, but so that I can enjoy the company of the occasional client who walks in. I'm sure that you'd be the first to admit that nothing would spoil my little oasis then having hordes of 'browsers' strolling through."

Jeff blinked, but nodded. "So.. you really have a shop simply as an excuse to have the occasional visitor drop in?"

"Oh, dear me, yes." Jules agreed, cheerfully. "I do so enjoy meeting new people now and then, as well as getting visits from those who have been here before. On average, I get three or four visits a week from prior 'customers', and two or three new customers a month. Just enough to keep life entertaining, without being overbearing, wouldn't you say?"

Jeff had to admit that, for a more sedate person, such as Jules seemed to be, such a social life would be just about right, a balance of privacy and company.

"However, I have one simple rule..." Jules said, a little regretfully. "I hope you will not be upset to learn that I must perform a business transaction for every visit, or else find my conscious troubling me."

"Um..." Jeff said... suddenly very aware that he was halfway through a fifty-dollar cigar and an expensive glass of cognac.

Jules caught the look - and looked startled. "Oh, dear my, m'boy - no, no! I didn't mean to startle you so. I offered the drink and the cigar, and they're simply part of my job of being a good host. What I was referring to was my stock-in-trade..." He waved a hand around, indicating the shop. "I must ask you to buy a book before you leave, is what I meant."

Jeff relaxed. "Oh - well, that's fine." Jeff said, grinning. "To tell you the truth, I don't think I've ever walked out of a bookstore in my life without having bought something."

"Ah, yes - a man after my own heart." Jules said, warmly. "By the by - have you ever perused the works of Master Jonathan Grieg? Not my usual fare, I must say, but I have found that..."

* * * * *

Curling up on the couch in his apartment, Jeff hefted the Kraft-paper wrapped object he'd carried home, feeling the heft and weight of it again, and feeling the tingle of excitement he always got before immersing himself in a good book - as his father had once phrased it, 'before surrendering himself, body and soul, to pure escapism'.

He and Jules had ended up spending nearly three hours, chatting about books and authors, the time slipping past without being noticed. It turned out that Jules had a very eclectic selection of books indeed - no popular authors or best-selling novels, all of Jules' collection consisted of leather-bound books by artistic or literary authors, with a healthy mix of strange and intriguing occult and folklore books.

Though Jeff had never really had an interest in such books before, when he'd walked out of the Bard's rest, it had been with this book tucked under his arm.

Now, almost reverently, Jeff undid the twine holding the paper on, separating the brownish-beige paper from the warm leather covering of the large volume, putting paper and twine on the coffee table beside the couch, the large volume resting on his taut stomach.

The slightly recessed, old-gold lettering on the front cover glinted in the light of the lamp, intriguing him as much now as it had when he'd first seen it in the store.

Becoming.

An Erotic Anthology of Majick and Mayhem.

Oddly enough, Jules had been reluctant to sell this particular tome to Jeff, who couldn't understand the otherwise pleasant proprietor's reticence.

"I must sell you a book before you leave, master Jeff..." Jules had said, seeming almost pleading as he'd held this very volume in his pudgy hands, dismayed. "Please, I ask you to choose another, my friend. Anything else from my selection. There is a book here for everyone, and everyone for a book that is here - please, find another."

Jeff, moved by Jules' strange insistence, had perused the shelves again, but hadn't been able to find anything more intriguing to him than 'Becoming'. Jules, sighing, had smiled almost sadly and rung up the purchase, saying that the price of the book was the same as any other book in the store, for any other customer - \$30. Jeff had paid, gladly, knowing the thick, heavy volume, bound in leather, must be worth more than that, despite the fact that it wasn't a Best-seller.

Now, Jeff opened up the cover of the book, feeling the crisp, heavy, slightly beige-toned paper beneath his fingers as he flipped past the title-page, to the table of contents.

Slowly, he ran a finger down the list of stories, wondering if he should start with the first one, or pick one that sounded more interesting. Finally, he decided to enjoy himself and tease himself with the unexpected surprise.

Closing his eyes, he flipped through the book with rapid fingers, picking a place at random. Opening his eyes briefly, he didn't read any of the words on the two pages facing him - except, at the very top, where the name of the story was.

'...The Enjoyment Of Others...' was the title. Quickly, without sneaking glances, Jeff flipped backwards through the volume until he found the first page of the story, then settled back to read.

Crystal's eyes burned with unshed tears as she watched Mark Langdon turn away, and she felt as if her heart would burst through her frail chest at the betrayal and insult of, once again, being denied. No matter how she tried, what lengths she would go to, it was as if she didn't exist in the eyes of men, as if she were a wraith whose narrow build and colorless hair were invisible in the yes of the male species.

Turning, Crystal fled the site of her most recent humiliation, blindly running from the singles bar which she'd ventured into in hopes of catching the eye of her long-time coworker. For five years, five long, constant years, she'd worked along side Mark, had heard him complain of his tribulations, had heard him boast of his victories, had shared - vicariously - in all aspects of his life. For five years, day in and day out, she'd sat but three feet away from him, had brought him coffee and doughnuts, and had become enamored with his easy charm and handsome body...

...only to walk up to him in the bar, heart pounding, and 'casually' feign surprise at bumping into him - and be greeted with a blank look of incomprehension, and those burning, horrible words:

'I'm sorry, Miss - Do I know you...?' He hadn't even *recognized* her...

Taking a sip of the beer he'd placed on the floor beside the couch, Jeff wiggled his butt a little more firmly into the soft cushions of the couch as he continued to read, following the story as crystal, sobbing, found her way into some sort of Beauty Parlor, which was dark and oddly decorated, with stark colors and odd designs, all presided over by a tall, pale woman with an angular, severe face and a mane of rich black hair...

The fore-shadowing was so obvious, it was almost painful. Obviously, no good was going to come from such a dark, disquieting locale, peopled by a staff that said odd, currently incomprehensible things full of dark, hidden meanings that would eventually become painfully obvious to the oblivious main character. Despite the fact that it was apparently set in the present, to Jeff it had the heavy hand of one of those old horror writers, especially the British ones...

Why is it, Jeff wondered angrily, Characters in horror novels always notice something weird is going on, but never react to it as sharply as they should? People weren't really that dense...

With a sigh, Jeff flipped through the book, wondering if all the stories were written in the same style. Since it was an anthology, with a different author for each story, he could hope for a variety of styles and techniques. Should he even bother trying to wade through the rest of this story, in hopes that it would improve?

Jeff read a little further into the story, finding it going into a completely predictable scene, where the staff of this strange, eerie Beauty Salon started making this Crystal girl over, making her hair appear longer and more silky-beautiful, makeup somehow making her face more stunning...

Somehow, Crystal managed to be amazed by how much the staff was doing, how much different she looked - without ever quite clueing into the fact that something funny was going on.

Sighing, Jeff stopped reading, and began to flip through the volume at random, reading passages and phrases here and there, just whatever happened to catch his eye or jump out at him...

Part of a story about a domineering man who's once subdued wife is possessed by the spirit of the Goddess of the Amazons...

...a section from the story where a flat-chested woman tries hypnosis to gain a cup size or two...

...the woman who wanted to be a dancer... the man who buys a 'potion' to make his wife a little less 'cold'... a woman who... a man that...

The book slipped out of his nerveless fingers and dropped to the floor beside the empty glass of beer as, bored, he unknowingly drifted off into sleep, aided by the beer, plus all the cognac he'd had at the shop. As he fell into a deep, heavy sleep, strange dreams and images began to course through his mind, based mainly on elements of the story fragments he'd been reading when he'd drifted off, as well as a few other things pulled out of his psyche.

* * * * *

The lost soul who had once been - and still referred to himself as - Jules Ambrose sipped moodily at the cognac in his glass, staring with regret into the fire, which was burning brighter and hotter than when the young man had been in, earlier.

"It's not fair..." Jules said, though no other human being was in the shop with him. "He was just a harmless boy, who wandered in here by chance. I should not have let this happen to him."

The voice that answered appeared to come from the fireplace, emerging from the dancing flames. Deep and thick and gutturally, it was somehow inhuman, at a very fundamental level - and evil.

"He, like the others, found your shop when in the act of a sin. He, like all the others, led himself to this, by his sinful thoughts." "It was just idle fantasy - unlike the thieves and sinners who I've dealt with before." Jules protested. "Jeff doesn't deserve this!"

"He will get what he chooses to take from the book he bought - the book you tried to dissuade him from, though you know the rules." The Voice said, a warning tone now evident. "Each customer chooses his own book, and thus the means to his own damnation.

Perhaps, if this arrangement does not suit you, you would prefer to give up the human shell we have provided you with, and be returned to your fiery pit for all eternity...?"

No matter how guilty he felt over what had - and would - happen to the unlucky lad, Jules wasn't willing to go anywhere near that far to argue the point. Jeff was 'merely' facing an earthly punishment from his unfortunate bad-luck at being 'out of grace' at the wrong moment. An earthly punishment based on whatever he took from the book that he, himself, had chosen. Unlike the eternal punishment

Jules would face, should he push too hard in defense of this one, unfortunate mortal. Wordlessly, he bowed his head in supplication to his unholy master, the matter closed.

* * * * *

Jeff woke from his nap on the couch, feeling musty and fuzzy-headed from the short sleep, on top of the booze. His eyes fluttered open...

...and he stared up at the ceiling in confusion. Slowly, he sat up and looked around his apartment, frowning. "What the...?" Jeff asked himself, confused.

The lamp at the end of the couch was still turned on - but the nature of it's light had been the first thing to confuse Jeff and cause him to sit up. The light had seemed dimmer then it should have been, and more of a reddish-brown glow then a golden yellow.

However, having sat up and taken a look around, Jeff knew that there was something stranger going on then just an unexplained black- out.

His apartment was as familiar to him as any room would be to a four-year resident of the locale. All the furniture, every item, was in the same place as when Jeff had fallen asleep...

...but now everything looked... old. Run down. Sort of grimy. In fact, the entire apartment had taken on that feel - the once crisply off- white walls now looked dingy and gray. The brass cover-plates for the light switches and electrical outlets were no longer gleaming with a mirror shine, but dull and dim, as if aged. The furnishings looked shake, musty, unused and second- or third-hand. Everything looked dusty, even though there was no film of dust anywhere.

All the light had that same quality as the lamp - dimmer, tending more to the red end of the spectrum. Somehow, there also seemed to be less diffusion of light through the atmosphere, with shaper definition between light and shadow, and the shadows seemed deeper, blacker then they should have been.

It was, quite simply, inexplicable - not a single explanation for how this could be came to Jeff's mind as he pushed himself up from the couch, walking slowly through his subtly altered apartment with a confused look on his normally cheerful face.

Aside from the strange appearance of things, there was the strange quality of the sound. Everything sounded flatter, as if unseen anechoic tiling was eating up all the reflective noise. Beyond that, it was also quieter than it should be, with what sound remained sounding... deeper. As if somebody had turned up the bass on the soundtrack of Jeff's life.

Very confused now, Jeff decided to call his friend, Scott, and see if anything strange had happened while he'd napped. Jeff walked over to the phone and picked it up - to find the instrument dead, without even a dial-tone to greet him.

Shaking his head in confused disbelief, Jeff hung up the phone, and looked around. He was at a loss to explain what was going on, or how he should react. For all he knew, it could be something wrong with him, with his vision and hearing.

Deciding he needed to see what was going on, to talk to somebody who could either confirm or deny what his own senses were telling him, Jeff jammed his feet into his worn pair of sneakers. Patting his pockets to make sure he had his keys, wallet and cash, Jeff left his apartment.

The hallway was as dingy and eerie as his apartment was, and that same, weird semi-silence reigned. Slowly, Jeff headed for the stairs, looking around with a puzzled - and now, slightly worried - look on his face.

"I think I'd better find somebody to talk to..." Jeff muttered to himself, clattering down the stairway and pushing through the door at the bottom.

The street outside was eerily quiet and deserted, even for it being late at night. The street-lights were giving off the same, dim, reddish shade of light as other lights were, adding deeper shadows to the stark, eerie scene. The few cars parked along the road were in reasonably good physical condition, though they seemed to have a grimy look to them, and somehow an air of abandonment.

Slowly, Jeff began to walk down the street, wondering what the hell was going on. Was there some sort of major storm approaching that he hadn't heard about? The few times he'd been through really heavy storms, the air before the storm had had a similar, eerie feel to it - but not quite the same. It didn't quite add up - it was just the best comparison that Jeff could make.

In any case - where was everybody...?

Continuing to walk along, Jeff began to notice something out of place...

This didn't, exactly, seem to be his street. Oh, his building was on it, and the general contours of the street itself were right, but there were buildings he couldn't remember ever having seen before.

Like this one - 'Frederico's Fine Footwear'.

"What the...?" Jeff said, frowning. "That name... I've heard it or read it somewhere, recently. Where did I see it...?"

He shook his head, but the memory just wouldn't form. Leaning closer to the window, he tried to make out whether or not there was anybody inside or not - but he just couldn't tell. On instinct, he tried the handle on the door - and was gratified when it opened under his hand. Stepping inside, Jeff looked around for an employee.

He couldn't see anybody at the counter, or among the display shelving. "Hello...?" Jeff called, walking forward. "Is anybody here...?"

"But of course..." A voice said, from behind him - and Jeff whirled, startled.

Standing behind him was a trim, sparse man. His narrow face was crowned by a large, high-bridge nose and narrow, watchful eyes that seemed to be dissecting Jeff from the inside out. Beneath a thin, almost painfully well-groomed mustache, his lips were spread in an oily grin that revealed his teeth - one of which was gold.

"Oh - am I glad to see you..." Jeff said with relief.

"I am happy to hear that..." The man said, slyly. "My name is Row-*behr*-toe. Please, have a seat here, and tell me what is troubling you." Sinking onto one of the chairs, Jeff felt some of the tension go out of his shoulders now that he could talk to somebody.

"I don't know what's going on - but there's something strange about the way all the lighting looks." Jeff told Roberto as the weasel-faced man knelt in front of him. Jeff lifted his foot to make it easier for Roberto to take his shoe off. "I mean - everything's dimmer and reddish, you know?"

"I am new in this location..." Roberto said, removing both of his shoes and placing them aside. "I do not know what the lighting would look like, before."

"Oh - I see." Jeff said - that explained why he hadn't noticed the store before. "Well - I still think there's something strange going on. I mean - not only the lights, either. The streets seem really quiet and empty, you know?"

"No - I'm afraid I don't..." Roberto said. "Go ahead - try those."

"Huh? Oh - sure." Jeff said, rising to his feet and pacing up and down the aisle in the shoes Roberto had put on him, trying to not let the 'click-clack' of the stiletto heels break his train of thought. "I mean - everything's kind of weird, and all, that's all. I thought maybe it was just me, so I wanted to see if you noticed anything strange."

"I cannot help you, I am afraid." Roberto said, with a shrug. "But - do you think it is you? Really?" Jeff waved a hand. "Not really - I mean, I feel just fine. Nothing at all wrong with me."

"Then perhaps you should seek out somebody else to talk to about this." Roberto said.

"Good idea. Thanks anyway." Jeff replied, heading for the door. As he got back outside, he noticed that nothing seemed to have changed while he was in the shop, with the weird lighting and eerie feel still pervading the atmosphere. Even the click of the six-inch spike heels on his black platform shoes had that muted, bass-enhanced quality, and...

"Wait a second..." Jeff stopped dead on the sidewalk, frowning. "Wasn't I wearing sneakers when I went into the store...?"

He tried to concentrate, visualize what he was wearing. A mental image flickered in and out of his head - a pair of scruffy, size ten sneakers, faded and dingy. Just that, a momentary flash of those shoes, with no reference as to where he'd seen them, or in what context.

Looking down at his tiny, dainty feet in the gloss-black heels, Jeff grinned wryly and snorted. "Well - those aren't my shoes - my feet would swim in shoes that big." He shrugged to himself. "I guess I just ran out of the apartment in such a hurry that I didn't notice which shoes I threw on..."

That made sense... but for some reason, something continued to nag at the back of Jeff's mind, and he couldn't quite shake the feeling something was strange about his shoes, and the way he was walking balanced gracefully atop the slender heels. For the life of him, though, he couldn't quite figure out why...

Continuing down the sidewalk, Jeff continued to survey his surroundings, trying to figure out where everybody was, what he should do next. Just going back to his apartment hardly seemed productive, and..

He heard the vehicle's roaring engine, but didn't really get to see it - it was traveling too fast. He started to spin at the sound behind him, but by the time he got his head to turn, it was already passing him, a bluish-colored blur without details. Then it was gone, and before he'd even started to turn his head, Jeff realized he had another work - the vehicle, whatever it was, had shot through a puddle, and he was soaked from the waist down in ice-cold water.

"Ah, shit!" Jeff swore, even as he wondered about the car. It had been blue-colored and moving really, really fast - could it have been a cop car, sirens and lights turned off? No cop car would travel that fast without sirens or lights - unless, of course, the driver knew that the road would be empty, like in the case of some sort of city-wide alert for everybody to stay in their homes.

"What the hell is going on...?" Jeff asked himself, shivering from the ice-cold water - then he noticed that he was standing across the street from a building whose sign proudly proclaimed it to be the 'CHANGE-O-MATIC Coin Operated Laundry.'

Shivering, Jeff hurried across the street and found the door to be unlocked, by the somehow brightly-dim fluorescent-lit interior to be empty. Jeff's calls of 'hello' didn't provoke any response.

"Well... at least being alone makes this a little easier.." Jeff muttered. Blushing, he kicked off his shoes. Quickly emptying the pockets of his pants and piling the money, loose change and wallet on a nearby washing machine, he stripped out of his jeans and underwear, pulling his shirt hem as low as he could.

Tossing the wet clothes into a dryer, he fed the machine some quarters and turned it on, then headed towards the back of the store, to the bathroom. On the way, he tried both the pay phone and the phone on the desk, and found neither had a dial-tone.

Turning on the light and entering the bathroom, he looked down at the water dripping from the leg-hairs and running down the surface of his legs. Shaking his head, Jeff began to pull paper towels from the dispenser and wiped at his soaked legs, hips and ass.

"Stupid driver..." Jeff muttered. "You better have been a cop, buddy - because, otherwise I'd be pissed at you..."

Tossing the now sodden paper towels into the garbage, Jeff ran one hand up his smooth, well-toned leg, around the full curve of his hip, and across his firm, full buttocks, assuring himself he was dry. Still shaking his head at the inconsiderate driver - as well as wondering what was going on with the city - Jeff returned to the main room, to find that the dryer had already stopped.

Opening the dryer, he pulled out his clothes. Quickly - eager to cover his nakedness, his cock feeling all-to-vulnerable hanging bare between his silken thighs - he pulled on his panties, settling the soft, lacy red silk garment around his wide hips and feeling the tiny strap of it ride up between his firm, round butt-cheeks. Awkwardly, he arranged his cock and balls as best he could in the tiny triangle of fabric that was the bulk of the g-string panties.

"Why they don't make these things roomier, I'll never know..." Jeff grouched. Once the panties were in place, he sat down on the chair and efficiently rolled his black fishnet stockings onto his smooth, sexy legs. Pulling on his tight black-leather mini-skirt, he stepped into his shoes as he tightened the big silver buckle of the skirt's waistband. Smoothing the skin-tight garment over his full ass and wide hips, he grabbed his purse off the machine where he'd left it, and headed back out on the street to see if he could find somebody who could explain to him what was going on.

As he stepped out of the Laundromat, a strange feeling came over him at the sight of his reflection in the door's glass. He stopped dead, and looked at himself, trying to pin it down.

Finally, annoyed, he decided the weird atmosphere was getting to him - after all, what the hell could be wrong with a pair of incredibly long, sexy legs covered in revealing fishnet stocking, and broadly curved hips and an incredibly firm, full ass crammed into a skin-tight skirt? Hell - they looked fantastic, especially balanced atop his high heel shoes... which he still had an odd feeling about...

Shaking his head, Jeff tried to clear the weird, chilled feeling the sight of his lower half brought to him. He had no idea why the sight was making his brain 'itch', as if there was something he should be remembering. It was nearly the same feeling

as when you met somebody who you KNEW you'd been introduced to before, but couldn't quite remember their name... but Jeff couldn't figure out why he was feeling it now.

A puzzled, slightly frustrated look on his face, Jeff continued on his way.

A quarter of a block down the road, he noticed movement inside a shop - a beauty salon. Pulse quickening, Jeff hurried over and dashed inside.

At the sound of his entry, the woman inside - a tall, severe-looking woman with full, rich head of black hair - turned around. "Greetings..." The woman said, her voice as cool as her icy exterior.

"Yeah, hi..." Jeff said, vaguely. "Look, I know this will sound weird - but have you noticed anything strange?"

"Actually, I must say that I have." The woman said, lightly gripping his arm and leading him over to one of the chairs along the wall. "My shop has unusual hours, late hours, so I sleep throughout the day. I awoke but a short while ago - and found the lighting malfunctioning, and my usual staff nowhere to be seen."

"Yeah - that's what I mean!" Jeff said, laying down and putting his head back as she walked around the chair. "I mean - I woke up and everything was weird, too. Do you know what's going on?"

"No, I am afraid I haven't the faintest idea." The woman said, fiddling with his hair.

"Well - at least I'm glad to know it's not anything wrong with me." Jeff said, relieved. "Why, I was beginning to think..."

"Please, pucker..." the woman requested, and Jeff held his tongue and puckered his lips until the woman was finished. Then as she worked on the rest of his face, he continued.

"Anyway - I was beginning to worry that something was wrong with me. Well, I know I'm fine, at least, though it doesn't help explain what's happening."

"I'm sure that you're absolutely correct..." the woman said, working on his hands. "It must be just the situation that's strange, and you are just fine."

"Yeah..." Jeff said, rising from the chair. "Look, I'd love to stay and chat - but I still want to see if I can find somebody who can explain what's going on."

"I suppose you should." The woman said. "A shame, though - I do enjoy chatting with you, especially since you have such a lovely and beguiling voice, such a rich and smoky contralto..."

"Uh, yeah, thanks..." Jeff said, blinking - since she'd brought his attention to it, his voice suddenly seemed... 'off' to his own ears. Was it always so smooth and silky, so rich and husky-high?

Sure - it had always been this way. It was just the woman's complimenting him on it drew his attention to it more than he was usual, and the eerie atmosphere around here was getting him paranoid - that was it. Hell, that 'paranoid' feeling was so strong that even his reflection in the mirror seemed strange to him - but how could that be? After all, it was his face. Those were his dark, sultry eyes, surrounded by long, dark lashes. Those were his incredibly full, pouty, gloss-red-lips. His huge, thick, heavy mane of curly black hair was unchanged. Everything was just as it should be - despite the nagging suspicion he was feeling that something was wrong.

"Well, anyway..." Jeff said, vaguely, still trying to figure out all these weird 'paranoid' feelings he was getting. "I should get going." He licked his lips, nervously - then frowned at the odd taste that...

Oh, right - his lipstick. Geez, he must have tasted that at least.. um.. well, plenty of times, right? It was just...

Confused and slightly dazed, besieged by a plethora of odd, nagging sensations, Jeff headed out the door. He was beginning to worry that the unrelenting, inexplicable atmosphere was beginning to get to him, driving him around the bend.

As he walked more slowly down the street, Jeff took stock of the situation, trying to get a fresh look at what was going on. There was still the dim, reddish, and somehow stark lighting, the strangely flat, bass-enhanced sound, the eerie stillness... but there was more.

He was hyper-aware of the way the air felt, moving across his stocking-clad legs. Much to aware of the 'tip-toe' feeling of walking in high heels. The way his hips were moving with a strange, swiveling action, his full ass swaying from side-to-side. His long, silky mane of curly hair moved across his shoulders and the nape of his neck, and it was almost as if he was feeling it for the first time. His lips, his incredibly full, firmly-soft lips, felt swollen and sensitive...

Yet... all these things were intimately familiar to him... weren't they? After all, since he was dressed basically the same way he usually was, and his body hadn't changed much since puberty, then...

Then what? For the life of him, Jeff just couldn't actively recall feeling like this before - but neither could he bring to mind ever feeling another way. A dozen things about himself and the way he was dressed seemed to nagging at him - but not specifically enough to make him understand *why* he was feeling so... so strange.

Then his reverie was broken by the sight of a familiar figure standing on the street corner, dressed in a black spandex mini-skirt and a red spandex crop-top.

"Trixie!" Jeff shouted, crossing the street. The voluptuous blonde turned at the sound of her 'nom de rue', and waved.

Jeff had seen the buxom prostitute around, of course, but he'd only really gotten to 'know' her when he happened to bump into her in the convenience store. It had startled him to realize that he'd never really seen her as a person before, as a real human being with her own life, personality and reality. The funny thing was, the thing that had triggered this realization was the fact that they'd both been reaching for the same chocolate bar. It turned out that they shared that in common - they

both had a sweet tooth. Now, whenever he happened to run into her when coming home later, he'd chat with her for a few minutes, and she'd usually share a chocolate bar or other sweet with him.

Now, she smiled as Jeff swayed up to her. "Hey there, J-Man!" She greeted him, using the nick-name she'd given him. "What's up?" "That's what I'm trying to figure out..." Jeff said, shaking his head. "There's something strange going on."

Trixie was a nice enough person - but not the brightest bulb in the box. She shrugged. "Okay - I haven't really noticed anything, other than the fact business had been really slow.. and I'm freezing!"

Looking at her skimpy outfit, Jeff could see why - and he blushed a bit at the thought of how she usually kept warm, dressed like that. "Here..." He said, gallantly, unbuttoning his denim shirt and wrapping it around her shoulders.

"Hey - now you'll be cold!" Trixie protested, knuckling him on his bare chest. "But you look kind cute without your shirt, Jayman." "Gee, thanks... and after you warm up a bit, I'll steal the shirt back." Jayman said, with a grin.

"Sounds fair.." Trixie grinned. "Hey - want some chocolate?"

"Sure!" Jayman agreed. Smiling, Trixie rummaged around in her purse and emerged with a chocolate... something.

She handed it to Jayman, who frowned slightly. The chocolate object was about nine inches long, and roughly cylindrical. One end flared out slightly before ending in a slightly elongated, rounded 'knob', while the other end flared out below into a sort of double- humped shape, like some sort of 'sac' or something.

It looked very familiar to Jayman, like something he'd seen quite often, but... shaking his head, Jayman realized that of course he'd seen it before - after all, Trixie was always giving him chocolate. Annoyed at himself for letting the eerie atmosphere get to him, Jayman puckered his full, sexy lips and slowly slid the rounded end of the chocolate between them, tongue swirling over the richly flavored end. Moaning with pleasure at the taste and feel of the chocolate, he continued to slowly slide it in and out of his mouth, licking and sucking hungrily at it, gulping down the thick, warm, sweet goo it left in his mouth...

"Wow - I love the way you really enjoy doing that, Jaymon..." Trixie said, with a giggle, as Jaymon finished it. "well, what can I say?" Jaymon said, with a grin. "I just love swallowing cocklate..."

He stopped and blinked while Trixie giggled.

"I mean..." He said, frowning in puzzlement. "I love sucking on a choc..." Trixie giggled harder. Annoyed, Jeff tried one more time.

"I mean... I love sucking cock!"

"About time you got it right, Jaymon..." Trixie giggled. "first day with a new tongue?"

Jaymon blinked - was that right? Was that what he was trying to say? He thought back, thinking about how much he'd love sucking and licking at the edible phallus... yup, that must be it. Shaking his head, Jaymon checked his slender, long-nailed fingers to make sure he'd gotten all the chocolate off of them. It wasn't easy to tell, what with his skin being nearly the same rich, brown, chocolatey shade of color.

Just then, Jaymon heard a sound - a sound that seemed as sweet as any sound he'd ever heard. A ringing phone.

"Wait right here!" Jaymon said to Trixie, then rushed around the corner to where the phone-booth was. The small, hooded pay-phone was mounted on a pole...

...and somebody had left a couple of helium tanks sitting on the sidewalk in front of it, in the way. Uttering a muffled curse at the unknown delivery man, Jaymon stepped right up to the two tanks and stretched to grab the phone, chest pressing against the valves at the top of the tanks, the nozzles pressing into his nipples.

"Hello?" Jaymon shouted into the phone.

A wave of crackling static and line-noise greeted him. Through it, he thought he could hear a voice, indistinct and unintelligible. Jaymon shouted into the receiver, trying to see if the person at the other end - if there was one - could hear him...

...but after several long, unresponsive moments, the line went dead, and Jaymon couldn't even get a dial tone.

Cursing, Jaymon dropped the handset. Carefully, he lifted his medicine-ball sized breasts off of the helium tanks she had to push them on to get the phone, mumbling curses and rubbing the tender spot where they'd pressed against the cold metal tanks. She loved her flawless ebony beauties, of course, but having JJJ-cup tits could really be a pain sometimes, and...

Jaymon stopped, an odd look crossing his face as he stared down at his chest. There were his tits, thrust defiantly from his chest, the smooth, richly brown skin flawless, each gigantic, amazingly firm tit tipped by a darker-hued, huge, thick, and currently erect nipple.

They were as huge and round and gorgeous as you could ever want...

...so why was there part of his mind that insisted there was something wrong with the massive orbs of dark tit-flesh?

Jaymon shook his head - it was just the annoyance at having to jam them against the helium tanks - that was all. Still... for some reason the very weight and heft of them seemed excessive, though he was well-accustomed to them... right?

Bemused at how aware he was of the way they swayed with each step he took, Jaymon went back to where Trixie was waiting. "So - who was it, Jaimonet?" Trixie asked.

"Oh - nobody..." Jaimonet said, frowning anew. For some reason, the way Trixie had pronounced his name seemed... weird. Puzzled, he rolled the pronunciation of it around in his head again... 'Jshay-MOW-nay', with it's New Orleans' Cajun origin coming through clearly, especial in the French sound to the 'J' and 'ET'...

Jaimonet shook his head - he was just so used to people mispronouncing it was all. Everybody who saw the name written out seemed to want to pronounce it 'American' style - 'Jay-mona' - and those who heard it said seemed to want to say 'Shaymonay', in one beat, rather than the rolling three-syllable Cajun way, with the accent on the second syllable.

That was why it sounded weird to him, that was all.

"Here - I think you need this back..." Trixie said, handing Jaimonet back his top.

"Thanks." Jaimonet said, taking the corsetlette bustier from her. He carefully wrapped the black leather garment around his torso, then began to buckle the row of silver-buckled straps running up the center. He started with the bottom one, drawing each strap as tight as possible, slightly compressing - and really showing off - his already tiny waist. The ten straps were perfect for his remarkably varied contours, since he could buckle the straps below his breasts nice and snug, making the garment skin-tight, then let the straps run longer as the garment struggled to enclose his massive tits. That way, the garment hugged every curve skin-tight, while the straps across his bust let the two sides of the garment spread aside. This allowed a phenomenal view of cleavage, both open at the top of the garment, which rose just barely past his nipples, and at the front, where the view was only partially obstructed by the straps that ran across in a leather 'ladder'.

"Looking great, as always..." Trixie told Jaimonet, with a grin. "god, you always get me hot. Since it's a slow night, why don't I just go ahead and give you a freebie...?"

"Well..." Jaimonet said, his rich, dark skin acquiring a faintly purple tone as he blushed. Trixie, however, wasn't waiting for him to accept or decline - she was already sliding down to her knees in front of him. Eagerly, her fingers undid the strap-and-buckle of his skirt, and she pulled it - and his underwear - down around his slender, well-turned ankles.

"Um..." Trixie moaned, licking her lips - Jaimonet was already as hard as a rock, and she quite eagerly wrapped her lips around his cock and began sucking and slurping away energetically...

"Oh... oh yeah..." Jaimonet moaned, eyes closed in pleasure. The feel of Trixie's tongue, diving over the shaft, lapping at the base, was incredible - and Trixie was just getting warmed up. She continued pushing herself further and further forward, tongue darting and sliding, moving over the flesh of the crotch with amazing ability, then sliding inward again, swirling in a circle, then darting inwards, lapping at the small creases of flesh before diving between them...

Jaimonet moaned even louder as Trixie's tongue found her clit and began to lap hungrily at it, her lips pressed against the outer lips of Jaimonet's cunt. Trixie's saliva mixed with Jaimonet's own vaginal juices, creating an erotic slurping sound as Trixie continued eating Jaimonet out.

Gasping, Jaimonet shuddered as she came. The orgasm wasn't all that intense - but it was an orgasm, and it did feel good, even if it was relatively weak.

"God, that felt good..." She told Trixie, as the hooker wiped her face with some Kleenex, then considerately cleaned Jaimonet's crotch for her.

"I just love licking you pussy, honey." Trixie replied with a grin, as Jaimonet rearranged herself and buckled her skirt into place.

"Well, as much as I'd love to hang around and chat, I think I'm going to head home." Jaimonet said. "I'm still trying to figure out what's going on. Maybe my phone's working by now, or maybe there'll be something on the news."

"Sure thing, babe - see you around." Trixie said, with a smile.

Jaimonet headed back towards her apartment, absently sliding her hands over the bared tops of her enormous, gorgeous tits, then sliding them down the glossy leather to slide over the crotch of her skirt. Though she'd enjoyed Trixie's attention, it had just made her hotter than ever, and she wanted to just get fucked and...

Jaimonet frowned a second, finding the thought troubling for some reason - but she dismissed the weird feeling almost immediately. After all, she was so hot and horny she felt ready to burst, so what else would she be thinking of but a nice, satisfying fuck? It was so obvious that it didn't bear thinking about.

Reaching her building, she hurried up the stairs and let herself into her apartment. Dropping her purse on the table, she looked around her apartment quickly, just to make sure nobody had managed to get past her triple-locked steel-core door or bar-covered windows.

Everything looked fine. Her apartment was just the way it should be - black, deep-pile carpeting, gloss-black walls, all accented by the mirrors everywhere and the black-and-chrome furniture.

Dropping her scrumptious ass onto the black leather couch, she picked up her phone, to find it was still as dead as before. When she tried her TV, she found that the cable must be out, as she didn't get anything but static.

Sighing, Jaimonet turned off the TV, then jiggled and swayed towards her bedroom.

Looking around the black-and-silver room, Jaimonet paused to admire herself in one of the mirror-lined walls. She turned this way and that, admiring her perfect body - her toned, firm young flesh, a rich shade of dark brown, so smooth and silky. Her long, luscious legs, and her huge, firm, sexy ass. She pulled her shoulders back, making her enormous, chocolatey orbs even more prominent, overshadowing her tint, supple waist.

Slowly licking her full, pouty lips, she threw herself a kiss, then headed over to her bed. Opening the drawer in the night-stand, she looked at her collection of dildos and vibrators, then selected a mid-sized dildo - black plastic, of course. Black, after all, was her color - which was why all her clothing was black, and mostly leather, latex or PVC...

Just as she sat on her bed and began to reach for the buckle on her skirt, she heard a knock at the front door. Carrying the dildo with her - and absently tonguing the end of the plastic phallus - she headed out to the front door and opened it.

His friend, Scott, was standing outside, looking concerned. When he saw Jaimonet, however, another look was added to his face... lust. "Hey, gorgeous..." He said, a visible bulge forming in his jeans. "I was worried about you, and with the phones dead I thought..." "Mmmm..." Jaimonet moaned, eyes sliding down to her best friend's growing erection. "Perfect timing, my sweet..."

Reaching out, she wrapped on long-nailed hand around his shirt's collar and pulled him inside. He pushed the door shut behind him as she dragged him towards the big, deep, wide leather couch.

"Oh - horny again, baby...?" Scott said, huskily.

"I'm always horny, babe..." Jaimonet replied, licking her lips.

Letting go of his shirt, she wrapped her arms around his neck and roughly yanked his head forward. Hungrily, she began to kiss him, her sexy lips pressed against his as her tongue aggressively dove into his mouth to dance with his. She pressed her body against his, hard, feeling the wonderful feeling of her huge bust crushed against his manly chest. Needing no prompting, Scott reached around and began to fondle her firm, full ass.

Breaking the kiss, Jaimonet stepped back slightly...

...then slapped Scott across the face, snapping his head to the side. "Well?" She demanded, huskily.

Scott looked annoyed - but answered swiftly enough. "I'm sorry, Goddess. Thank you for letting this unworthy worm touch your ebony perfection." Having corrected his screw-up of not giving her the respect that such an utterly perfect woman deserved when she answered the door, he could now relax, as long as he didn't let himself slip again. "Goddess Jaimonet, may I be of service to you?"

Smiling her seductive forgiveness, Jaimonet reached out and gently - and seductively - ran a hand over his face. "I forgive you, Scott - you're such a loyal subject, even if you sometimes forget. You may worship my perfect breasts now."

"Thank you, Goddess..." Scott said, eagerly - but reverently - reached out to unbuckle her top and put it carefully aside.

Just tossing it aside would result in punishment, and while some of Jaimonet's worshippers liked that sort of thing, Scott wasn't one of them.

Eagerly he began to fondle and suck her huge, round tits.

"yes, Scott!" Jaimonet said, forcefully. "Worship your Goddess' perfect breasts. Give her pleasure! Give it to me, slave, make it feel good!" She closed her eyes and entwined her fingers in his hair, demanding he bring her more pleasure, that he suck on her huge, perfect nipples.

He complied, quite energetically.

After a few more minutes, she pulled his head away from her magnificent bust.

"Who am I?" she asked, with a deceptive smile. There was no set answer to this question, but a demand to hear her subject's oath of devotion.

"you are Jaimonet, the Ebony Goddess." Scott said, sincerely. "You are the incarnation of female perfection, and entitled to be respected and worshipped and adored."

"Yes..." she said, softly, proudly, sensuously. "And, who are you...?"

"I am you devoted worshiper." Scott replied - honestly. "I live to fulfill your every need. What I do, I do not for me, but for you. My pleasure is merely the reward I receive for properly worshipping you and bringing you a life of eternal satisfaction."

"Very good, my loyal follower..." Jaimonet said, kissing him quickly. "Very well - you may pleasure me now..."

Dropping to his knees, Scott quickly but gently removed her skirt and panties, folding them and placing them on top of her bustier while she sensuously and languorously reclined on the couch. Swiftly, Scott stripped out of his clothes, feeling like his hard, throbbing cock was going to burst as he gazed upon her perfectly smooth, flawless ebony flesh, her incredible, more-than-hourglass figure, clad only in fishnet stocking and heels.

Climbing onto the couch, he made sure he didn't in any way inconvenience her as, trembling with desire, he slid his hands over the smooth, perfect flesh of her legs, hips and stomach as he positioned himself.

Then - firmly but gently - he rammed his cock deep into her hot, wet cunt, moaning at the feel of her amazing cunt enveloping his cock in its warm embrace.

"Yes, Scott..." She demanded in a husky half-moan. "Pleasure your Goddess as she deserves. Pleasure her now!"

"Yes, my Goddess!" Scott replied, having every intention of following her commands. He began to thrust into her, making sure to keep his weight off her perfect body, remembering the one time he'd slipped, and had been flogged badly for his transgression.

"harder, slave!" Jaimonet commanded through clenched teeth. "Harder and deeper!"

Scott complied, his dozens of sessions worshipping her making him adept at slamming his cock into her hard and deep, without ever putting his full weight behind it. The technique ensured that Jaimonet would never feel pain from being fucked, no matter how hard she was fucked...

...and the fact that it also increased the pleasure the man fucking her felt as her tight, incredibly soft and supple pussy sucked hungrily at his cock, was just a nice 'fringe benefit' for her worshippers.

"very... good.. slave..." Jaimonet gasped out between panting breaths. "Keep... going..."

Well, there was no way in hell Scott was stopping now. He continued to fuck her hard and deep, sweat pouring over his body...

...then Jaimonet showed one of the reasons why she really was a Goddess as far as her worshippers were concerned.

She began to move her hips in an incredible swiveling motion in perfect rhythm, causing her pussy to actually vibrate around his cock, massively increasing the pleasure each of them felt. Scott began to scream mindlessly as the incredible pleasure he'd only ever felt by fucking Jaimonet flooded through his cock - while she called out her own name at the mind-blowing waves of ecstasy that thrummed through her perfect body, her writhing form shuddering with sheer, unadulterated ecstasy.

The way her incredible, vibrating cunt wrapped around Scott's cock, driving the pleasure into unbelievable over-drive also clamped tightly around the base as his cock, acting like a living, supple 'cock-rink', constricting the tubes that would carry his seminal fluid - and keeping him from coming.

"Oh, Goddess - Yes, Jaimonet! He is worshipping you!!" Jaimonet screamed to herself. "now! Now, Goddess! Now!"

And, in response - she reached orgasm, an incredible thunder-burst of orgasmic ecstasy the completely erased the rest of the universe for her as she became the only thing in existence - a pure being created out of nothing put pure ecstasy as her mind and body became completely overwhelmed in pleasure...

...and in that instant, Jaimonet's perfect bodily control 'slipped as her hips strained upwards, no longer vibrating...

...and Scott screamed as he came like a fire-hose, the unbelievably intense orgasm that accompanied it almost wiping his mind clean.

It took every ounce of internal fortitude to avoid simply slumping down as the orgasm finished - collapsing atop his Goddess was definitely not a good idea...

"Thank you, Goddess..." Scott gasped. "Thank you for allowing me to service you..."

In the afterglow of the incredible orgasm, Jaimonet was a very benign goddess indeed. As usual, it was the only time when her long, slow, deep kiss was gentle rather than hard, a reward in and of itself as she gave a spent Scott her gift of the long, leisurely, and very, very pleasurable kiss.

"You have done well, my subject." She told Scott, approvingly. "in gratitude, I will allow you to take me to dinner tomorrow, then to a club where we may dance and allow other men gaze upon the perfection of your Goddess."

"Oh, thank you, my Goddess..." Scott said with mixed feelings, as he rolled off the couch and wearily began to dress, drained in more ways than one by the incredible experience. The truth was, he was wincing at her 'kind reward'. It would cost

him most of his paycheck (again) to meet her demands. He'd have to rent a limousine, since she wouldn't ride in a mere cab, or his Corolla. She only ate at the finest restaurants in town - all of which had long ago realized that trying to enforce the usual dress-code on Jaimonet was a bad idea. Then, to top it all off, he was damned sure that he didn't have a chance to worship her again tomorrow - since she always gained a 'convert' or two at a club. Instead, he'd be instructing the converts on the correct way to address and deal with their new Goddess, before she spent the rest of the night with her.

On the other hand, if he was ever stupid enough to refuse one of her requests, for anything - then she'd simply no longer allow him to worship her.

The problem with that being - once you'd experienced the perfect sexual abilities of Jaimonet, every other woman, no matter how skilled, was a poor substitute, really only any good to satisfy you when Jaimonet was busy elsewhere. The thought of never again feeling her incredible skilled mouth or pussy on his cock was what made him - and every other worshipper - her helpless slave, willing to take whatever she cared to dish out.

"Very well, my Goddess - as always, I am your humble servant..." Scott agreed, wearily, as he bowed and backed towards the door, letting himself out.

Still enjoying the pleasant golden glow of sex - the only time when her raging, 'perfect' nymphomania was somewhat satiated - Jaimonet closed her eyes, and slowly drifted off to sleep...

* * * * *

Wakefulness came slowly, and it took a bit of time for the ceiling to come into sharp, crisp focus.

The ceiling that, while lit by the golden glow of morning, was a brightly and 'normally' lit as it should be, as well as accompanied by full, normal city background sounds from outside, wasn't quite 'right'.

It was smooth, and painted flat black, instead of white stucco - in fact it was exactly the way it had appeared in the 'dream'... gasping, the incredibly buxom black woman laying on the black leather couch sat bolt upright and stared in shock at the mirror wall across from her.

"Holy...!" She exclaimed in a stunned, disbelieving voice, slender, long-nailed hands slowly rising to cup her enormous, incredibly firm tits while her eyes took in the sight of her impossibly smooth, silky, hairless ebony flesh. "It.. it wasn't a dream! I.. I am a woman - a huge-breasted black... Goddess!"

Even now, the new woman called Jaimonet could feel the rising desire - no need - to be 'worshipped', to subject men to fulfill her slightest whim in exchange for the right to 'worship' her - long and hard.

"I... I don't believe..." She said, - but disbelief wasn't an option. "But... But... how..?"

Then the memory of what she'd thought was a dream connected with the book she'd been reading (as Jeff) - and everything fell into place.

Quickly - and unthinkingly sensuously - she dressed, feeling the sensations as she pulled the tight leather clothing over her incredible body. Snatching up her purse, she swayed and shimmied out of her altered apartment, one of only two 'human beings' (as far as she knew) who remembered there ever being a young man named Jeff O'Shannaghsey...

* * * * *

Jules was just settling into a chair near the fire when the door to his shop opened, and he turned to find Jaimonet striding across the store with a confident, sensual strut.

"Now, now...!" Jules said, rising to his feet again. "Before you even begin, it was your own lustful thoughts that condemned you to a life as..."

Then Jaimonet was on the raised platform with him, walking right up to him, arms reaching out...

..as she drew him roughly to her incredibly slim-and-stacked body and kissed him hard and long. "Wha...?" Was the best Jules could do when she released him.

"Condemned?" She asked, eyes gleaming. "I haven't been 'condemned' to anything - I've been granted my every fantasy!" *"What?!"*

This time, the surprised outburst didn't emerge just from Jules voice - it was mirrored by a gravely, inhuman voice from the fireplace, too.

"Oh - I see." Jaimonet said, looking at the flaring, sullen-red fire that now leapt in the hearth. "Well, I guess the appropriate thing to say would be 'It's been a hell of a night!'"

She tossed her gorgeous, sensual face, flinging her huge mane of hair back over her shoulders. "the whole reason I picked that particular book was that I hoped it would contain a god TG stories, like the ones I like reading on the Internet - and fantasizing about.

Instead, I find myself living out my fantasy!" "But.. but..." two voices said, in stereo.

The new sensual Goddess laughed at their incomprehension. "My 'sinful thoughts' about the woman I was looking at weren't Lust - it was Envy, at her good luck at being born female. Now, not only am I woman, but a sexual goddess who you have oh-so-conveniently arranged to not only have wonderful sex regularly, but to have her every whim met!" She took a deep breath, her huge tits threatening to overflow her top. "I just thought I'd drop by and say thanks... and see if perhaps Jules here would like to convert..." She licked her lips, slowly and hungrily, while Jules stood, stunned into silence - and, for the first time in a century, a surpassingly huge erection straining the crotch of his pants.

Meanwhile, the voice from the fireplace was grumbling, it's words not directed any either of the figures in the store.

"Sure.. You had to go ahead and give them free will, didn't You?" It groused. "Mere sentience wasn't enough for You - oh, no! You had to allow them to be able to make decisions on their own - and now You even have ones who don't like how You created them! You never see a horse or donkey upset because it was born this sex or that, do You? No!"

Jules, having regained his voice, even if it was unusual strained and squeaky, interrupted his Master's mumbled tirade, timidly. "uh, Master...?"

"What!"

"Well.." Jules said, nervously. "I've been working for you - and quite well - for quite some time, and... well, can I convert to worship Jaimonet? Oh - not forever, just.. well, maybe a week... or two?"

"Oh, sure, why not?" the Voice groused. "Go ahead, use your 'free will' to choose her..." The voice became thoughtful near the end, trailing off - then suddenly became commanding. "You! Mortal woman!"

"I don't think I'm a mere Mortal anymore.." Jaimonet said, loftily. "The living Incarnation of Lust and Pride, perhaps..."

"Don't bother putting on airs, just because you're incredibly skilled..." The voice started, then suddenly changed direction. "no - you're right. You're a Goddess. A Goddess of Lust for men, Envy for women. Go right ahead and convert as many followers as you want, Jaimonet... What I want to know - would most men find what happened to you horrific, if it happened to them...?"

"Oh, sure - except for transsexuals, like me..." Jaimonet said, with a shrug, string at the amazing bulge in Jules pants.

"Hmmm..." The Voice said, thoughtfully. "Jules, go ahead and take a couple of weeks with the new Goddess here. When you get back, we're going to make a couple of changes for the parameters of the 'trap' for the shop, as well as what you sell. "

* * * * *

Gary was skulking around the back-streets of the downtown district when he found himself walking down a narrow, twisting back-alley that he'd never come across before. It happened because his attention had wandered briefly - as had his eyes, following the spectacular, wiggling ass on the blonde, the short view of the bimbo claiming enough of his attention that he'd turned left instead of right, not noticing that it wasn't really a street, as such, but a sort of alley-way that had been used for deliveries, once upon a time.

"Where the fuck...?" Gary demanded the thin air around him. The he spotted the store at the end of the alley.

Glass-fronted, with big roll-down bars protecting the facade, the place fit right in with the atmosphere of the alleyway, the huge, garish neon sign lighting the place in a gaudy glow.

THE T&A SHOPPE

ADULT BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND NOVELTIES

We have something for every Fetish and Kink!!!

"Well, well, well..." Gary said, grinning to himself as he walked toward the sex shop, like a moth drawn to a flame...

Through the window, Jules watched the scruffy-looking youth approach, and sighed as he looked around the garish, sleazy interior that had replaced his comfortable old surrounding he'd enjoyed so much. Even worse was the new pace of his arrivals... this one would make the third one for today alone, and it wasn't even noon yet...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A white bigot gets his comeuppance when black magic is used to turn him into a horny black female.

The Pursuit Of Happiness

By Gunslinger

The room was cramped and poorly lit, heated to over-warm temperatures by the crush of bodies that filled the room to something over capacity. Every cheap plastic and once-chromed steel chair bore a human form, and more lined the dingy walls or paced the worn linoleum. In defiance of the many signs dotting the rooms walls, many of the men and women who filled the labor hall were smoking, depleting their meager supply of cigarettes more out of boredom than any nicotine cravings. The plentiful, if rather second- rate, coffee dispensed from the urn in the corner near the door was also being consumed conspicuously by the murmuring crowd. In the coffee's case, however, it was out of equal parts necessity and boredom, both occasioned by the fact that most of the people had been crowding the room since six thirty in the morning.

One of the scarred and battered metal-and-frosted-plastic doors that lay at the far end of the room swung open, revealing a middle- aged man wearing a cheap and badly rumpled suit whose cut and quality proclaimed his civil-servant status as much as the bored, uncaring expression stamped on face gray and sagging from the years of ceaseless, and almost

meaningless, toil in the public sector. With long-practiced perfection, the sallow-skinned man lifted his voice just as much as was necessary for it's stridently bored tones to carry over the constant drone of voices.

"Jean Roget...?" He called, staring unconcernedly at a fixed point in space about a foot over the throng's head. "Mr. Jean Roget...?" The response to the bored repetition of the name was immediate - and unmistakable.

The man who rose from his seat near the coffee machine and began walking towards the gray man immediately stood out from the men and women who surrounded him. Tall, with a toned, rangy physique, the man was not physically remarkable in the diverse mix of people who filled the room. His carriage and couture were another matter entirely.

He wore tan linen trousers with an equally light-weight white shirt, both not only clean, but well pressed. His shoes, hard leather rather than the work boots and sneakers that predominated the crowd's footwear, were shined to such a high gloss that it was only with some difficulty could anyone tell their underlying color was black. Draped over his left arm was his coat - an old, but obviously well-cared for buff-colored trench coat whose color perfectly matched the felt fedora carried in the same hand. His sandy-colored hair, though somewhat long and obviously in need of a barber's scissors, was nevertheless clean and carefully combed.

His bearing was as equally remarkable. In a room full of shoulders slouched under despair, disappointment or pain, his back and shoulders were straight, his stride long and firm. Though he was neither arrogant nor pushy, he somehow managed to maintain a small but well-defined clear space around him as he made his way across the entire length of the room, the sound of his hard-soled shoes ringing through the room.

As he walked, the dark eyes that flanked his hawk-like nose were fixed steadily on the civil servant - and, as he drew closer, there was no mistaking the carefully controlled anger stamped in those dark eyes and on the man's aquiline features.

"Mr. Roget...?" Somewhat taken aback by the man's evident anger, the civil servant nevertheless went into the same time-worn routine that was as much habit as anything. Holding out a hand, he continued speaking: "I'm David Garren. "

Roget ignored Garren's greeting completely, simply sweeping past him and into the office without a word. Startled, Garren turned and took a step into the office himself, pushing the door shut behind him.

"Mr. Roget, is there some sort of problem. ?" Garren asked, hesitantly, accustomed to having the upper hand, and not liking the unexpected reversal.

"It is not 'Gene Row-jet'." The angry man said, in the slow, distinct tones of a person speaking to a simpleton. "It is pronounced 'Zhawn Ro-zhay'. It is French. If you are completely incapable of pronouncing it in the French manner, I would - as a last resort - accepted the bastardized English version of 'John Rojay'. if that is the best you can manage."

Garren's face darkened, but he managed to keep a firm grip on his temper as he made his way to the desk and sat down. The desk, a battered metal monster identical to a thousand others produced by the inmates of the local correctional system, was

neither grand nor new, yet Garren felt decidedly better - decidedly more 'in charge' - sitting down behind it's green felt covered expanse.

"I apologize if I mispronounced your name, Mr. Roget." Garren said in determinedly even tones. Trying to get the meeting back onto a less adversarial footing, he stated what seemed to be the obvious: "Judging from both your name and your accent, I assume you hail from New Orleans."

"Lafayette, Louisiana - which is only about two hundred miles distant from New Orleans." Roget said, pronouncing it 'Nuh'awlens'. ". and, to answer your earlier inquiry: You are damned right their is a problem, sir!"

"Oh. ?" Garren asked, tightly, not trusting himself with anything more then the monosyllabic response.

"I have been waiting hear since six-thirty in the morning, sir!" Roget said, in indignation. "I understood that this agency worked on a 'first come, first served' basis, and so I took great pains to be the first person in the door. What, may I ask, is the result of my diligent foresight and punctuality? Am I the first person this agency placed for employ? No, sir, I am not! Instead, I am forced to sit idly by, twiddling my thumbs as it were, while this government run labor agency handles a bunch of - and forgive my candor, sir, but I shall call a spade a spade - a bunch of women and Negroes! It is quite obvious, sir, that these... people.. have already received every available clerical and professional position available here today. I did not, I repeat, not, move to Chicago to work at a menial job like some common darkie field-hand, sir!"

Garren's face had pinched in on itself in his effort not to respond to Roget's shouted 'accusation' in kind. When, after a long pause, he finally did speak, his voice was tight and barely above a whisper.

"I do not now how things are done down in 'Lafayette, Louisiana', Mr. Roget, but here in the great state of Illinois, it is governmental policy to give certain positions to members of a visible minority - specifically so, I might add, that us 'damn Yankees' will never develop the idea that the 'common field-and' be assumed to be any given race." Leaning forward over the desk, Garren planted his knuckles on the surface and glared at Roget. "As for yourself, 'sir' - I don't much care for you, or your views. Nevertheless, you are currently a resident in the Greater Chicago area, and so I will do my job. If you will sit down, I will discuss with you what job opening we do have available to you - and, yes, they are, indeed, all 'manual labor' jobs."

"Not even a hint of self-disgust at the manifest unfairness of the system you propagate!" Roget said, angrily. "You, sir, are coming dangerously close to sounding like.. like some damned nigger lover!"

Garren stood bolt upright with such suddenness that the wheeled chair just behind his knees slammed back against the wall. "The State of Illinois might have to provide a employment service for you, Mister *Row-jet* - but that does not mean I have to be the one to provide it." David Peter Garren thundered in righteous anger. "Out! I want you out of my office, you racist son-of-a-bitch, and I want you out... right... *this... second!*"

Roget stood, stock still, his mouth working in anger...

...and then, as Garren began to take sharp, angry steps from out behind the desk, Jean-Baptiste Roget gathered up what tattered fragments of dignity he could manage, turned sharply...

* * * * *

"...tucked his tail between his legs, and fled like all the Demons of Hell where behind him." Garren finished recounting the day's tribulations and triumphs, with a rueful chuckle. Head bent, he was working on the highly-detailed scale village that surrounded and subsumed his sprawling model train tracks - his method of dealing with the stress and boredom of his job, no matter how 'juvenile' his wife might occasional mark it to be.

Not hearing a response from the small circle of light that marked his wife's own 'hobby spot' in their bungalow's spacious finished basement, David carefully finished placing the tiny model car on 'Main Street' and glanced up towards his wife's craft area.

She was sitting stock-still in her comfortable leather armchair, a half-finished wicker something-or-other clutched in one dainty hand as she stared at him in consternation.

"Honey ?" Garren asked, frowning at the unexpected reaction to his habitual nightly list of the day's events.

"Oh, dear " His wife said, in a ostensibly vexed tone of voice. "Do you mean to tell my that, all these years, I've been living with a nigger lover?"

Garren blinked - then shoved himself away from his model train set and began stalking towards his wife, his hands outstretched in front of him and flexing menacingly.

"Why, you..." Garren growled in what was supposed to be a menacing tone, his face twitching and working...

...and Belinda Garren broke out in laughter, her pearly white teeth a bright contract to the rich, chocolate color of her skin.

Joining in with his wife's laughter, David dropped the threatening act and came to sit on the arm of her chair, sliding one hand behind her back and gently cuddling her against his side.

"I guess our Mister Roget's charge was, technically true..." David said in a soft voice, burying his face in his wife's wealth of silky black curls. "I do, indeed, love you."

"Oh, my mama warned me about you velvet-tongued honkies..." Belinda said in a falsetto version of her usual rich contralto. Slowly - and suggestively - she slid on hand over his leg, working it steadily upwards. "Mama always said you boys could talk a good little girl like myself straight out of my panties and right into your sinful, sinful bed..."

"Mmm..." David moaned softly, eyes closed, as he smiled into his wife's vibrant mane. "Well, I certainly wouldn't want to contradict Mama Carlisle. "

"A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread - and Thou. '" Belinda quoted, softly - a quote that, ever since a certain spring day of their youth, held a very special meaning for both of them.

He smiled, warmly at her - then, muffled a curse and winced.

"We finished off the last of the wine on Saturday when Mark and Tammy came over." David pointed out.

"That's all right, honey... The wine, strictly speaking, isn't necessary - neither is the bread for that matter " Belinda pointed out, suggestively.

"No, no - only the best for my beloved." David said, giving her a quick peck on the cheek. "Twenty minutes - I'll be back in twenty minutes, and I expect to find you, in the bedroom, waiting. "

"Where else would I be. ?" She asked, with a seductive smile, as she 'posed' slightly. Still smiling she watched her husband rush up the stairs. A moment later, she heard the front door slam, followed momentarily by the flash of lights through the basement window as he backed out of the garage...

...which meant that he was well departed on the hastily improvised errand she'd send him on to gain enough time to perform a little task of her own.

With quick, graceful movements, Belinda knelt down in front of her 'crafts' chest and hurriedly began extracting some items that he trusting husband believed were craft supplies.

Which, in fact, they were - but for *witch*craft...

"If our Mister Jean Roget insists on a job that they're only giving to 'nigger chicks'..." Belinda whispered softly as she began lighting the candles. "...then I guess I'll just have to see what I can do to help..."

* * * * * "Merde..."

The muffled curse barely coherent through the wide yawn that accompanied it, it barely carried past the edge of the clean, if faded, bed covers that swaddled and surrounded the figure sprawled on the bed.

With the slow, deliberate movements of the very ill - or very hung-over - the figure on the bed slowly and methodically wormed out of the entangling covers. The groping hands barely managed to differentiate between the fabric of the old-fashioned 'nightshirt' and the hotel's fresh-laundered sheets, but finally the half-awake individual managed the task.

Moaning softly, eyes barely open, Jean staggered towards the bathroom, deeply regretting the quantities of alcohol he'd drank at the hotel bar before staggering off to bed. Besides the hangover, the other inevitable result of his binge had been the same over-full bladder that had awoken him...

...more or less.

As if sleep walking, Jean slowly made it across the small room, relying more on the hand he dragged lightly against the wall for guidance than from the faint, orange-tinted light that seeped in through the shades.

Reaching the bathroom, Jean fumbled for the light-switch and flipped it on, then staggered over to the toilet. Heavy-lidded eyes still at less than half-mast, Jean fumbled at the hem of his old-fashioned sleep-wear reaching inside to extract his 'unit'...

It took several long minutes for him to realize that it was taking several long minutes for him to find something. Except, in this case, he wasn't finding it.

Blinking blearily, Jean lowered his head to look downward...

...and for several seconds simply stared at the slender, toned arm that disappeared under the hem of his nightshirt.

Slowly, Jean extracted the arm, and a similarly slender, dainty appendage appeared at its end, the long, oval nails on the end of each finger explaining the odd scratching sensation the 'search' had been producing.

Both hand and arm were not only slender - but sheathed in a skin that was a rich, dark shade of lightly red-tinged brown, a cinnamon- chocolate shade that, for incomprehensible reasons, was one of the many skin-tones people referred to as 'black'.

Still half asleep, Jean simply stared at the offending arm for a long, disbelieving moment...

...until his eyes were drawn to his nightshirt. Except it wasn't his nightshirt.

His nightshirt was an old-fashioned style, blue-and-white striped nightshirt that buttoned down the front.

This nightshirt... wasn't a nightshirt at all, but a 'nightgown', made of white silk, and trimmed at the neck with lace.

A lace-trimmed neckline that displayed quite a delightful amount of firm, round, dark flesh that formed a tantalizing display of cleavage. "No..." Jean muttered, slowly shaking his head in disbelief...

...except the denial came out in warm, feminine tones, and the movement of his head caused long, silky hair to brush over his shoulders.

Spinning around, Jean stared at the mirror over the sink.

Full, lovely lips gaped on the slender, somewhat pointed jaw that open in shock. Lovely, dark 'doe eyes' bulged in disbelief under long, fine lashes. A full wealth of dark auburn waves, mussed by sleep, framed the heart-shaped, fine-boned face that gaped back at him from the mirror, atop a slender, swan-like neck that lead down to that delightful display of feminine attributes.

'*Looks to be a double-D cup...*' Was the last, semi-coherent thought that zoomed across *her* mind as she stared in shock at the stunningly lovely black woman she'd become...

...and then she did what seemed the most reasonable thing conceivable, under the circumstances: She fainted dead away.

* * * * *

Cold tile pressing against the flesh of back and legs. Somewhat warmer air flowing over the front.

Bright, harsh light from somewhere above.

The smell of antiseptic cleaner, overlaying the faint - but ever-present - odor of human waste.

Consciousness returned slowly to the befogged mind, as if knowing something terrible awaited, out there in the waking world. Slowly, the dark veil parted, and the conscious, thinking mind that formed all that was - and would be - of the person who'd grown up as Jean-Claude Roget slowly returned to the world.

Her eyes opened.

For several minutes, she simply continued to lay on the cold, tile floor of the bathroom, mind moving in sluggish circles as she simply absorbed the sensations of her environment - and herself.

The quality and texture of the light entering the frosted-glass window over the chipped and faded tub indicated that several hours had passed, dawn having arrived within the past hour or so.

That time lapse explained the aches and twinges from a body in an awkward position on a hard, unforgiving surface - but those unpleasant physical sensations were subsumed in the other sensations she felt, ones that were emotionally and psychologically uncomfortable, rather than physical:

The flow of air over smooth legs, , failing to stir leg-hairs that no longer existed.

The silky fabric bunched over her hips, allowing the soft caress of the air over a crotch that simply felt.. different. Neither empty nor 'damaged', but simply... different, in a hundred-and-one ways that she could never describe, yet was undeniable aware of.

The feel of silky-smooth fabric brushing over the firm mounds and sensitive, chill-engorged nipples, softly brushing across the firmly soft flesh with every breath she took - breaths that, themselves, felt different, thanks to a slimmer chest and finer waist, changing the shape and volume of the lungs within.

A myriad of other sensations attested to the same fact. The same inexplicable, unbelievable, yet inescapable fact: She was a woman.

Slowly, with unsteady motions that had nothing to do with the alcohol consumed the night before, the new woman rose from the floor,

,holding onto the edge of the sink for support that was equal parts physical and emotional. Very slowly - almost unwillingly - she turned her head and looked at the mirror above the sink.

After a long, hard look, she turned her face away, tears trickling down the slopes of her high, well-defined new cheeks. "How...?" She asked the empty air.

There was no answer forthcoming, nor was there one for the more important question, the one she dared not utter: Why? She dared not utter it... because she was terribly afraid the answer might come, and in doing so, confirm her own worst fears. Still moving like some sort of recently re-animated zombie, the new woman turned and walked out of the bathroom...

...only to stop dead with a gasp of surprise.

Considering what had happened to her body, what she saw now should have been, at best, a second-rate surprise - after all, any force that completely and utterly transform her physical form would have no problem altering all her possessions, as well.

Despite that, the sight of the undeniably feminine apparel filling the now-matched luggage sitting on the stand near the bed hit the new woman like a physical blow. Whereas her own transformation might have been sheer insanity on her part, even insane inspiration wouldn't have allowed her to hallucinate all the feminine items she now saw, many of which she didn't even have a name for. With her mouth hanging open in shock, she slowly turned her head to stare at the dresser, whose previously pristine surface was now littered with the typical feminine clutter of make-up, hair-care products, and the more esoteric items women seemed to need near them at all times, right down to the nearly-inevitable pack of Kleenex.

Stumbling, she made her way over to where the well-worn leather purse sat on the nightstand, replacing the well-worn leather wallet that had been placed there the night before.

Long-nailed fingers trembling, she opened the purse - and, feeling oddly like a sneak-thief at rummaging through the collection of feminine personal effects that lay inside - extracted the leather wallet inside and flipped it open.

From the plastic-sheathed pouch at the one side of the change-purse section, her new face stared back from the driver's license that lay inside.

It was still a Louisiana driver's license - but that was the only thing this new identification had in common with her old one.

The license listed the holder as being one 'Shauna Rogers', aged twenty-one - a reduced age further confirmed by the Louisiana birth certificate she found in the wallet, which indicated that her new middle name was apparently 'Louise'.

As bad as finding her new identification was, it was somehow worse to find a matching set of 'wallet clutter' - to wit:

One credit card, issued by the Louisiana Bank of Commerce to S. Rogers, two ATM cards, a Social insurance card, two different video rental cards, and a library card.

All in 'her' name.

It was almost too perfect. If, somehow, this impossible transformation had 'merely' been some sort of bizarre, elaborate, incredibly intricate 'conspiracy', involving everything from full sexual reassignment surgery and extensive plastic surgery to forged documents,

,then there would have been some sort of 'lead' to chase down, some way to attempt, if not reversal, at least retribution...

...yet, from every bit of evidence laid out for her to see, this had been done by something considerably more powerful than any mundane agency. Every tiny detail had been matched up, right down to the fact that her blood-type, once a quite rare Wassermann Positive, had now become a more common O Negative.

Everything in the room matched the new gender and race she'd become.

To anybody who'd known the male her, the fact that 'Shauna' was finding the part about being black more upsetting than the part of being female wouldn't particularly surprised them - nor would the relative 'calm' with which she was dealing with the situation.

The truth was, she wasn't calm at all. Like a duck, which might be floating placidly on the surface while its little legs worked frantically, unseen below, her veneer of calmness covered a gibbering madness that lurked just below her conscious mind, held firmly in place through sheer force of will.

Male or female, black or white, she'd never been one to simply surrender to circumstance. She was still functioning in a reasonably coherent manner - because failing to do so would have been too much like surrendering.

Though horrified and shocked by what had happened, she was still alive, apparently in good health, and still capable of rational thought. That was why she wasn't reduced to complete incoherence by having been transformed into a woman.

A *black* woman, however...

As far as she was concerned, she was no longer quite human.

It bothered her to apply the term 'sub-human' to herself, of course - but she was now black, wasn't she? Blacks weren't really like white people, everybody knew that - it was genetic - and she now had the complete genetic make-up of 'sub-human', which made her just that. A 'thing', rather than a person...

Oddly enough, though, she didn't *feel* sub-human. She'd always 'charitably' assumed that black people pushed for equal status because they truly didn't realize they weren't fully human - after all, , they were born the way they were, and didn't have

anything to compare it too, and with their lesser intellects, ,wouldn't see the obvious differences. Their so-called culture - gained only after exposure to true humans, of course - was almost literally a case of 'monkey see, monkey do'...

Yet, she'd been a true human not to long ago, and yet she didn't see any obvious difference in her mind set. Could that possibly mean...?

No. No, she wouldn't even consider that. Not necessarily because it would have meant that she'd been dead wrong all her life, but because it was obviously what her unknown opposition *wanted* her to think - and so, she'd refuse to even consider it.

"Stop it!" She told herself, aloud, shocked anew by the warm, feminine tones of her new voice. All these academic questions could wait until after she'd worked out a 'plan of attack' for dealing with the situation. Though short on some food stocks, she could nevertheless hole up here until she figured out a way of living her new life that would be as bearable as possible, and...

A knocking on the door interrupted her train of thought. Her mind, already teetering close to the edge of panic, nearly went of it's rail at the unexpected noise, causing her to emit a breathless shriek that was kept from being a full-blown scream only by virtue of the fact she'd been breathing in when the knock came, rather than out.

"Who is it!" She called - just barely below the threshold where it would have been called 'hysterical'. "It's the manager, Miss Rogers." A voice called through the door...

...and, even at the edge of panic, the tone of voice struck her like a load of bricks.

It was that strange, honey-toned voice people used when they wanted to sound apologetic - but when they were, in fact, completely unapologetic.

"What is it!" She called, grabbing a bathrobe (now a silky number, instead of the sensible terry-cloth one she'd owned as a man) as she neared the door.

"Miss, you still haven't paid for another night, and your credit card report says you're maxed out. You're going to have to leave, Miss Rogers."

She stopped, hand flying to her mouth as her eyes widened in horror at the thought of facing the world in this horrible - and horribly 'attractive' - new sub-human form.

"No!" She called, her voice having edged over the line into full hysterics. "No, I can't leave! I have nowhere to go. I can't..."

The manager's voice was remorseless: "Miss Rogers, ,if you're not out of the room in twenty minutes, I'm having you arrested." Two thoughts scampered across the new woman's mind at the threat.

The first was: 'If I was still a white man, this wouldn't be happening...'

Which was followed by the connected-yet-off-topic thought: '*I don't believe this timing...*'

* * * * *

Belinda Garren's forehead was bathed in sweat.

Part of it came from effort. What she was doing wasn't easy, especially since she was actually doing three separate things at once.

Then other part of the sweat beading her forehead was from the sheer effort it took not to withdraw her own mind from the cesspool Roget/Rogers called a mind.

Naked, in her attic, Belinda was sitting crossed-legged in front of a scrying bowl, a large, shallow pewter dish filled with water, which reflected whatever she wanted to see - at this moment, it was the manager of the hotel the new woman was in. With Belinda reading the mind of the new woman, she was 'altering' events to force Shauna Rogers to start living her new life.

It was terribly draining, and Belinda would only be able to fiddle with the new woman's life for another couple of hours - but that should be enough to irrevocably set up Shauna's new life. After that, she'd simply 'peek in' on her, from time to time, to make sure things were going correctly.

In the scrying bowl, the manager had just extracted a promise from Shauna that's she'd vacate the premises within the time limit, and was turning to walk away...

* * * * *

She still dreaded the thought of leaving the anonymous safety of her hotel room - but having to walk the streets in her new form was considerably less horrifying than spending time in jail as a black woman.

Hurriedly, the new woman began to dig through 'her' clothes, looking for something to wear...

...and was appalled to find that 'Shauna Rogers' apparently didn't care for unisex clothing.

Dresses. Skirts. Blouses - not shirts, blouses! Lacy undergarments, nylons, four pairs of shoes with heels ranging in height from 3½ inches to 5½ inches - except for the single pair of black patent leather platforms with seven inch heels...

...and all heels were stiletto. Not a shaped, flared, or stacked heel in sight.

Shauna apparently liked 'girlie' clothes - completely impractical clothes, in other words, from the lacy black 36DD bra that lacked even underwire support, to it's matching French-cut panties, to the cotton/spandex 'sweetheart' dress with it's scalloped, lace-trimmed neckline and...

...and...

...and "Why the hell do I know what these things are called!"

Stunned, she slowly took another long, ,slow look around the room, shocked to realize that she could not only put a name to each and every item in the room - but that she knew exactly how to use it.

The short, stunned pause ended - simply because she had no time for shock. She had to get dressed and get out of the hotel before she ended up getting arrested.

Quickly picking out what she considered the 'least' feminine apparel - which wasn't an easy task - she quickly doffed the robe and nightshirt and began to dress.

First, she pulled on a pair of 'simple' panties - that is, a standard pair of white panty briefs. Even though the simple underwear was pretty 'basic', she still felt a shiver of disgust at voluntarily pulling on feminine undergarments...

...and, worse, a shiver of pleasure - because the soft cotton fabric not only felt wonderful as it slid across the smooth, supple surface of her long, slender legs, but it felt especially nice when she settled it tight over her slender-yet-feminine hips, the material all-but- caressing her firm, full buttocks and her strangely empty-but-not-empty crotch.

She simply refused to consider anything as decidedly feminine as a brassiere.

Besides - her DD-cup breasts were remarkably firm - a pair of gorgeous, dome-like breasts thrust proudly from her chest like twin halved melons. Not that any melon was as softly firm as delectably enticing as her full, wonderful breasts, ,each one tipped by a chocolate aureole whose large nipple had become fully engorged as she stood, head tilted slightly back, her long-nailed fingers lightly tracing the smooth, taut flesh of her fantastic breasts. Eyes heavy-lidded and half-closed, Shauna ran her tongue over her lips as her right hand abandoned her breast in favor of tracing down her firm, flat stomach and down under the waist band of her panties.

Murmuring softly to herself, , she let her eyes close the rest of the way as her palm began to rub back and forth across her mound, her other hand busy fondling her firm breast, teasing at the nipple as she thought how wonderful it would feel to have a man's larger, stronger hand doing that duty, and *what the hell was she doing!*

Horrified, she yanked her hands away from her body, dark eyes wide at the horrifying, disgusting - and disgustingly enjoyable - realization that, along with all the other changes that had been thrust upon her...

...she'd also been given a completely normal, 'heterosexual' female sex-drive.

She concentrated on thrusting aside those terrible, disgusting thoughts that had flooded her mind, the terribly, horrifyingly enticing thoughts - and, in a small corner of her mind, found herself grateful for some of the 'feminine skills' she'd been given, as her body finished the job of dressing and packing almost without conscious supervision, leaving her the rest of her conscious mind to dwell on one thing, and one thing alone: Baseball.

The age-old 'safe' line of thought, and she followed it steadily, dredging up every detail, statistic and memory of that game that she possibly could, while her hands were busy doing their work.

Well shy of the time limit, Shauna realized she was packed and ready to go, so she hurriedly grabbed her one suitcase, slung her purse over her shoulder, and hurried out of the hotel room.

She walked quickly, yet gracefully, the hem of her skirt rubbing lightly across her thighs as she ankled her way out of the hotel and onto the street atop her slender heels, enjoying the feel of the cool, crisp morning air moving over her nylon-clad legs, the gentle bounce and sway of her unrestrained breasts under the sheer black silk 'v-neck' blouse she wore. As the morning sun caressed her hair and body, , she glanced furtively about, feeling like some sort of tranny freak as she swayed pertly down the sidewalk.

Passing a group of men on the sidewalk, she wondered if somehow they could tell that she was 'really' a man in the strangest sort of drag. Glancing at their faces for any sign of disgust or revulsion, she nervously licked her full, gloss-coated lips as she lifted her chest out a little higher and tossed her hair lightly back over one shoulder, careful not to catch the dangling earring with her nail.

Front the men's reaction, she doubted they knew her true nature. Grateful for that, she gave the cute one a last, lingering smile before continuing on, with just a little added 'oomph' in the sway of her hips.

With no firm destination in mind, she continued aimlessly wandering, feeling like some sort of sick pervert as she pertly swayed down the sidewalk, horrified and disgusted to have to appear in public in this form. Still trying to cope with her new life, she turned the corner of a random street and began to head southward down the sidewalk, pausing only long enough to check on her hastily-applied make-up in the mirror-like surface of a display window and..

"Holy shit!"

The startled remark drew the stares of a few morning pedestrians, and Shuana quickly began to walk again, hoping the onlookers would loose interest as she left their immediate line-of-sight.

As she walked ,however, her mind spun in useless circles, digesting what she'd seen in the mirror. She was wearing make-up.

Jewelry.

A figure-flattering, temperature-appropriate outfit completely unlike the mismatched 'ensemble' she'd been planning to wear. "Oh, no..." She moaned to herself, eyes widening under their now mascara-clad lashes as she realized the implications of this: She was an 'unconscious woman'.

Whenever she wasn't consciously directing her every move, she'd go into a sort of 'automatic' mode - one that fit 'Shauna Rogers' to a 'T'.

It wasn't that she was being brainwashed or mind-controlled or anything. In fact, if she'd thought about it, it would have been obvious. Everybody had a million 'habits', big, small, good and bad. More than anything, it was these habits that controlled what you did - or,

,rather, how you did them...

...like walking.

She was - and had been - walking with an undeniably feminine stride in the five-and-a-half inch heels she was wearing. It was apparently her 'normal' stride, the one that she used without thinking about it - but she didn't have to use it. If she wanted to, she could 'waste' the energy it took to actually concentrate on walking, much the way you'd have to consciously control your steps if you were walking on a slippery surface.

It was something she would have much preferred...

...except that her conscious mind had no idea how to walk in high-heeled shoes.

She paused, ,seriously considering stopping, opening her suitcase, and digging out the shortest-heeled shoes, the one she'd planned to wear in the first place. However, she'd still have to let the 'unconscious' Shauna control her stride in the lower heels, so that she didn't fumble and grope along like a girl in her first pair of heels.

Emotionally, she would have preferred that - a display of obvious incompetence in heels would have made her feel better right now. However, it would have slowed her down, and she was already late for work...

Work?

Frowning, Shauna tilted her head, wondering why that thought had popped into her head - or, for that matter, why her body had seemed to be heading somewhere definitive while her mind had been so sure she had nowhere to go. It was obvious, somehow, that her body thought she had a job to be going to, but her conscious mind had no clue...

Blinking, Shauna came up with an idea.

Take a quick breath, she tried to clear her mind. Once her whirling mind was as settled as it would get, she simply began to speak: "I work at..." and with no conscious thought at all, she heard herself going on with: "...231 East Wabash, as a secretary for the Milland Insurance Company."

A secretary? She was a secretary...?

Well, on reflection, it beat the hell out of construction work... especially with her new body. After all, heavy lifting might break a nail or something.

Hideously aware of the addendum her mind had insisted on tacking on to the end of that thought, Shuana picked up her pace, hurrying off in a body she didn't want, towards a job she didn't want.

** * *

"Miss Rogers, we don't tolerate tardiness."

Shauna stared at the strange man in shock. Coming into the lobby of the insurance company, she'd found the man practically waiting in ambush, and now he was almost glaring at her.

"This is only your second day - and you feel it acceptable to come in to work ten minutes late." The man huffed. "...and what's that for? We don't allow personal belongings to be stored on company property, Miss Rogers."

He pointed to her suitcase, eyes narrowing with the look of a falcon who'd spotted his prey.

"I'm sorry..." She said - then, letting her mind slip into 'neutral', found herself supplying the name: "...Mr. Williams." She 'took over' again. "There was a problem with my hotel room."

"That's no excuse, Miss Rogers." Williams huffed. "I expect you'll be on time from now on?"

It took every inch of willpower she had not to lash out at her new boss. This was patently unfair - but what, really, could she do about it?

She could get herself fired, that's what - and as much as she wasn't looking forward to a secretarial position, she obviously needed the money - 'Shauna Rogers' was every bit as broke as 'Jean Roget' had been.

"Yes sir. I'm sorry sir." She finally managed, forcing a lid on her anger. "that's better..." William's said, almost gloating over her servile position...

...when another low-level employee came in the door, and Williams and him exchanged cordial greetings... while sharing a commiserating look that obviously referred to her.

She kept her mouth shut. After all, didn't she deserve the almost invisible level of abuse Williams was heaping on her? She was a poor employee - late, carrying unwanted luggage...

...and a sub-human black woman.

The thought that she'd simply have to accept this sort of treatment grated on her. Sure, she was a black woman, and therefore these superior white men had a right to act this way around her, like she was an object instead of a person - but she wasn't 'really' a black woman, or at least she hadn't been born one, and so she'd never learned to accept the treatment due her. Her white male background found this all extremely frustrating, not to mention infuriating. After all, what did it matter what body she was in, when her 'soul' was as human as they were, just like any other human being...

...but wouldn't that mean that 'naturally' black people were...?

'No, stop it.' She admonished herself. that was obviously 'Unconscious Shuana' trying to sway her true vision of reality with some sort of 'black equality' propaganda/perversity. Just because a black person might feel that way, might see themselves that way, might believe that they were a white person's equal with every fiber of their being simply meant...

Well, she wasn't sure what it meant. But she wouldn't entertain the idea that, as Jean Roget, she'd somehow been wrong.

After a few more barely-managed servile answers to Mr. Williams, she managed to get down to work. Stuffing the suitcase out of sight under the desk, she lowered herself gratefully onto the chair, feeling horribly exposed by all the windows the two-story lobby of the office boasted. Kicking off her shoes, she made herself as comfortable as possible, realizing with a start that the reason she'd been given this job at all was as an 'affirmative action' showcase, easily seen by anybody so much as passing by the office...

"Don't mind him." A voice said near her shoulder. With a muffled shriek, Shaun spun around, eyes wide.

"Oh - sorry..." the huge black man said, heavily muscled arms coming up in an apologetic gesture as he stepped back. "Didn't mean to startle you..."

Shauna didn't answer.

She was busy wrestling with an internal dichotomy.

A tall, broad shouldered, hugely-muscled black man with a shaved head and goatee should have scared the living daylights out of her. That was, it would have scared Jean Roget, who would have struggled not to show fear in the face of the prototypical 'big scary black man' - and so defenseless little 'Shauna Rogers' should have screamed and fainted...

...except she wasn't - she was feeling reassured...

...and aroused.

She suddenly became aware of several things.

The first - but least - was that she was smiling up at him.

She had also become incredibly aware of her own breasts, their rise and fall under the silk prison that rode so pleasantly over her suddenly erect nipples.

She was also very aware of damp heat that seemed to start in her stomach and spread outwards, as if she'd taken a slug of Southern Comfort - but it was much warmer, much more insidiously pleasant than drinking...

She tried to at least force the smile for her full lips - but it wasn't easy, since she was feeling as giddy as if she were a schoolgirl again...

Wait a second - what did she mean *again*?

She'd never been a schoolgirl. She'd been a school boy. A very serious, angry young man....

...too aware of his scrawny build...

...unable to build up his own self-image, and so always looking for ways to bring other people down...

What?!

No, that was 'Shauna Rogers' impression of 'Jean Roget'. It wasn't true. Sure, he'd been superior to all those dumb, swaggering jocks/*handsome, athletic men* and those bitches/*poor, self-conscious girls too aware of being on the edge of womanhood* and those nerds/*young men striving to achieve intellectual acclaim in lieu of popularity* and of course, far better than those niggers/*people just like me*...

"Stop it...!"

It was only by the stunned look on the big, handsome black man's face that Shauna became aware of how she must look, hunched over with her hands clasping the sides of her head, screaming at her own, traitorous mind to stop viewing all her memories through it's own, traitorous preconceptions.

"Are you... okay...?" The man asked, real concern in his head.

"I... I'm having a bad day..." Shauna said, the understatement of the year. "Kicked out of my hotel room, late for work - and a terrible migraine, to boot."

Damn it - she was smiling at him again! Just because he was obviously kind and concerned, in addition to being incredibly handsome, built, and endowed...

Horried, she tore his eyes from his crotch - which, since she was sitting and he was standing, had been at eye-level anyway. Pretending not to notice any of this, the man held out a hand: "By the way - I'm Bubba. Bubba Wilson."

"Bubba...?" Shauna asked, after giving her new name.

He blushed. "Actually, my name's Buford Beauregard Wilson - but I guess I look like a 'Bubba' or something, because that's what everybody calls me. It annoyed me, at first - but you get used to it."

"I see." She said, noncommittally. "Well, I really should get to work.." "Right." He said, backing away. "I guess I'll see you 'round, then. Bye." "Goodbye... Buford." She called - and wondered why she'd done that...

...and hoping that the startled - but very pleased - smile that Buford gave her in response hadn't been the reason. She was afraid it had been, though...

Trying to get Buford out of her mind, Shauna turned her attention to her work.

* * * * *

Shauna wanted to scream.

She wanted to cry.

She wanted to curl up on the floor and die.

Never before in her life had she ever felt so utterly humiliated, frustrated and despairing, much less all at the same time - and that included both her 'real' life and her 'remembered' life, for that matter.

The way people had looked at her as they'd come through the lobby - some with barely-hidden disgust, others with equally as obvious lust. Some had even tried to hit on her, leering at the horrible female figure she was forced to wear in this accursed situation.

Though a lowly menial task, degrading and mindless, she'd actually concentrated on the work, such as it was, because she needed the money - but, the way people had behaved around her...

Couldn't she see she was just trying to do her job? She, of course, hadn't wanted to wear the outfit she now was, but even if she had chosen it 'consciously', it didn't mean she wanted men to find her attractive in it. It was simply appropriate business wear...

...except part of her firmly believed that being leered at and hit upon and degraded was perfectly all right for a 'nigger bitch' like herself, so she shouldn't be feeling this way.

She was, though. She couldn't help it. She felt terrible... "Hey, Shauna - how'd your day go...?"

Shauna spun in her chair to watch as Buford walked over, having changed into his street clothes - and, at the sight of him, she became horrifically aware of her own femininity - and what it could be 'used for' with a man - at the sight of the broad shouldered man in his tight jeans and T-shirt.

"terrible..." She said...

...and was disgusted and horrified to find herself desperately fighting back tears at the thought of her day. She was not going to do something as weak and womanish as cry. She refused to...

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that..." Buford said in obvious concern. "Hey, I usually go have a coupla beers to unwind after the day. You wanna come along? I'm buying...?"

She didn't want to spend any unnecessary time with this.. man. Especially not with the disgustingly feminine emotions he raised...

..but she was flat broke, and a drink - or two - was exactly what she needed...

"Oh...kay.." She agreed, slowly. Logging off her computer, she hesitantly rose, grabbed her bag, and let Buford pace her as they headed for the door. The stepped out into the fading afternoon sun...

...and Buford slapped his forehead and muttered a curse as three other people in a car started waving and shouting at him. Shauna blinked, realizing with a start that she hadn't automatically labeled the two women and the man in the car 'niggers'...

"I forgot..." Buford apologized sincerely, turning to face her. "Jerry and Lucinda are getting married in Vegas tonight. Booked a couple of hotel rooms and even saved up enough for a private plane."

"Sounds like something big - how'd you forget something like that...?" Shauna asked, without thinking, making small talk as she worried over the 'change' in thought process she seemed to be suffering.

The myth that black people didn't blush was just that - a myth. Even Buford's dark skin didn't hide the purplish cast it took on. "I was thinkin' about you, I guess..." He mumbled.

"Oh..." Was the best Shauna could come up with, struggling to deal with the unwanted rush of pleasure that emerged at hearing that.

"Hey, Bubba, who's your friend...?" The man said, as he and the two woman walked over from the car. He shot a look at the suitcase she was holding. "Hey, glad you can come, but Bubba shoulda told you it's just a one-nighter - we'll be back tomorrow..."

"Oh - This is Shauna." Buford introduced her. "She wasn't planning, I mean.. Never mind, I'll explain later. Shauna, this tall drink of water is Jerry, and the girl he's holding is his fiancée Lucinda. The lady with the bad dye job is the bridesmaid, Jessica."

"You shut up, Bubba - 'least I got hair..." Jessica said with a laugh, slapping Bubba's arm. "Hey, Shauna, we got plenty of room if you wanna come along. You can either share my room.. or Bubba's..."

"Oh, ,I'm sure she doesn't.." Buford said, showing that charming blush again...

'...*did I just call something about this man 'charming'...*?' She thought to herself, as she prepared to refuse...

...and then she remembered that she didn't have anyplace to go 'home' to. Suddenly, a hotel room with Jessica seemed like a heaven-sent gift. "Yeah - I'd like to come..." She said, ,hesitantly.

"Great! The more, the merrier!" Jerry said. "It'll be a blast - we even splurged to have the Jet fully stocked. The wedding's a midnight, so we'll be able to get a good three hours of gambling in before..."

Barely listening, trying not to notice Buford's warm presence at her side, Shauna nodded in all the right places as she followed the still-talking Jerry to the car.

* * * * "Shauna...?"

Blinking, she turned away from trying to focus on her cards, and stared up at the swirling face of the delectable black hunk standing in front of her.

"Hey, Buford..." She said, smiling - then frowned. "Is it okay if I think you're a real hunk, stud?" "Fine by me..." Buford said with a lopsided smile, swaying slightly from side to side. "Why?"

Shauna frowned, trying to put it into words. "Dunno. Just thought it might be wrong for some reason. Somethin' 'bout telling you how hot you are bothered me for some reason..."

"Maybe it's 'cause you're drunk..." Buford suggested.

She waved a hand dismissively, not even noticing the whisky that sloshed out of the glass she didn't remember she was holding. "Hell, Buford, I'm not as drunk as you think I am. I have more'n this all the time an' I'm fine."

Which was true - except that it didn't take into account her decreased mass and lowered tolerance to alcohol.

Royally drunk and blissfully unaware of the fact, Shauna gathered up her winnings from the black-jack table. Already fairly sloshed when she'd gotten here, she'd never the less managed to win on the first hand, with a chip Buford had given her from his small pile - and, as she'd kept playing, she'd kept drinking. Her pile of chips had gone up and down - but her alcohol level had only climbed.

"C'mon, Larry and Jucinda are getting married now.." Bubba said, trying to help her...

..which, considering he was pretty well spliffed as well, made for an amusing sight for the rest of the casino's patrons as the drunk couple staggered and swayed their way to the cashiers cages as if battling a force ten storm.

With her few hundred in winning in hand, Shauna concentrated following Buford, her eyes hungrily taking in his muscular form as the alcohol continued to blunt the 'logical' side of her mind - the one that would have given her a very long list of reasons why she shouldn't be admiring Buford's broad figure.

Staggering into the 'quickie' chapel across from the casino, they were met by the employee near the door.

"Customers or guests...?" He asked, brightly. "If you're customers, I've got great news - we've got a cancellation, and we can give you a one-quarter-off discount on the slot following the next wedding."

Buford frowned trying to follow the meaning of the man's cheerful words.

"Sound's like a hell'f a deal.." Shauna slurred, with a giggle. "Hey, han'some - wanna get married...?" "To who...?" Buford asked, making her laugh.

"To me, shilly..."

"Oh, yeah... sure.." Buford agreed, grinning dumbly.

"S'on me.." Shauna said, concentrating on counting out the bills crumpled in one clenched fist.

Concentrating so hard, in fact, that she could only barely notice the 'warning bells' screaming loudly in the back of her drunken mind.

* * * *

"I do..." Shauna said vaguely, a somewhat blank look on her face.

The response was more or less automatic, a part of her mind handling the task of responding to the 'preacher' as the rest of her slowly sobering brain struggled to piece together fractured memories and figure out why she felt like something was horribly wrong - while also feeling like something was fantastically right.

The strange, equally powerful disparity was driving her crazy.

"Then, by the power vested in me by the Nevada State Gambling Commission, I know pronounce you husband and wife." The 'preacher' intoned. "You may now kiss the bride..."

Only 'sort of' paying attention, Shauna didn't register the import as Buford gently took her face in his strong hands, turned it upwards to face his, and...

'Hey - I'm being kissed...' Shauna thought, startled out of her reverie by warm lips pressing against her own. Pressing very pleasantly against hers...

...bordering on 'pleasure'...

...and it would do considerable more than 'border' if she actually kissed back, so...

Mind temporarily shut completely off, she stopped simply accepting the kiss, and went with it, tongue playing a wonderful duet with Buford's as she leaned into his firm, taut body, feeling his arms slip around her...

Behind her, she heard cheering and clapping, and vaguely wondered what that was all about - but she was too busy kissing-and- being-kissed to give it much thought.

"Congr..*hic*...ulations.." Jessica, bride's maid to both weddings, said, as the kiss finally broke.

"Hmm...?" Shauna said, blankly, her mind still firmly stuck on the wonderful, pleasurable kiss the wonderfully handsome, strong man still holding her had just given.

"On being married..." Jessica pointed out, as he escorted both sets of well-lubricated 'happy couples' towards the door.

Arm in arm with her new husband, Shauna allowed herself to be led into the hotel and up to a room, once again back to trying to sort out two diametrically opposed - yet equally powerful - feelings.

"Hey, B'ford.." She said, as they stepped into the room and he closed the door behind them. "Why would I feel both incredibly happy and incredibly, uh.. scared, I guess..., all at the same time...?"

Buford stopped, his face carved in a theatrically thoughtful expression as his booze-befuddled mind tried to work through the problem.

"I dunno..." He said, staggering. "What, 'sactly, is making you happy...?"

Shauna thought about it, trying to pin it down - then felt a blush rising as her eyes locked on Buford's body, and she giggled. "The thought of having sex with you, handsome..."

"Oh, that's good... honey." Buford said, smiling back. "Okay, now what's scarin' you...?"

'Scared' wasn't exactly the right word, but she couldn't come any closer, so she didn't bother correcting it as she tracked down the feeling - and frowned, more confused then ever. "Havin' sex with you..."

Buford blinked. "Huh. You feel this way with all th'other guys you slept with...?"

"I've never slept with any other guys...!" She said, startled, wondering why Buford would assume she had...

...and then, at Buford's startled looking, wondered why she'd been so positive about that, so quickly. She hadn't even really thought about it - which was good, since thinking was so difficult at the moment. Still...

"Oh..." Buford said, taking her hand and leading her towards the bed. "I din't know it's gonna be your firs' time. S'okay, I promise I'll be gentle..."

"okay.." Shauna agreed - then frowned. "I still feel like I both wanna and don' wanna ado this, Buford. Am I 'spossed to feel that way?"

"It's normal for your first time.." He assured her...

...and before she could think about it further, ,he was kissing her...

..and, almost instinctively, she kissed back, enjoying the sensation.

His hands were sliding across her body, and it only seemed fair that she caress him too - and more than fair, since touching him felt almost as good as his touch on her felt.

When his hands began fumbling at the fastenings on her clothing, she reciprocated, not thinking, just doing, the wonderful damp heat rising in her belly and the pleasure in her lips precluding what little thought her booze-besotted brain was capable of.

The fumbling seemed to go on forever - but it also seemed only an instant until their bodies were naked, hot flesh pressed hard against hot flesh.

'This feels so wonderful..' Shauna thought, dreamily, as she pressed her firm, erect nipples harder into Buford's hard chest, her head swimming with the flush of hormones that nearly matched the booze for mind-numbing power. His strong hands were on her firm, taut derrière, and that, too, was wonderful.

Part of her was screaming that this wrong, so very, horribly wrong...

...but how could anything that felt so good possibly be wrong?

It was a thought she didn't even want to consider. Quite firmly shutting off that part of her brain, she let Buford guide her onto the bed, losing herself in the tender, wonderfully gentle touch of the dark giant.

A giant he was, too - for, when he gently eased her knees apart and positioned himself, she saw that - in his case - the myths about black men were sometimes true...

'Once you've gone black, you'll never go back...' She thought vaguely to herself, wondering at the strange welter of emotions and images it called forth...

...but before she could possibly try and track any of them down, he gently eased himself forward, hard meeting yielding, throbbing meeting soaking - and she gasped, arching her back as the moist, wonderful pleasure began to fill her at the slow invasion of her womanhood.

"Yes..." She moaned, wondering why she couldn't remember ever having felt this much pleasure, never having felt this *fulfilled*. It was so utterly satisfying, physically and emotionally, that she wondered how she could have possibly denied herself this her whole life...

...and then she frowned.

Part of her had immediately answered that it hadn't been her whole life.

Part of her 'remembered' doing this before, though the sensations all remained wonderful new and pleasing...

...while another part of her 'remember' that this should be horrifying, disgusting, perverted and sickening...

...but it wasn't. that part of her was just flat wrong. This was... wonderful.

Silencing the screaming trying to break through the alcoholic vapors of her mind, Shauna once again surrendered herself to the fantastic pleasure filling her body as. Gentle yet firm, and wonderfully competent, Buford began increasing the power and depth of his thrusts, generating more and more of that incredible pleasure.

Pleasure that only continued to build in growing waves, now over lapping, merging into one another as they built...

...and built...

"Oh, yes, Buford, my gorgeous black stallion.." She gasped, the words flowing unbidden from her lips, barely heard in her own ears as the pleasure stole her mind. "Harder, my love - harder!"

He complied - and the pleasure, already more than she'd ever experienced - redoubled.

'It was always so.. external, before...' She thought to herself, ,numbly, as pleasure ran through every nerve in her body. 'Who knew sex for a woman felt so more 'real', so more 'fulfilling', so much more than just physical...'

She realized, suddenly, that it was an exceedingly strange though to have - but, again, it wasn't worth 'thinking', not when she could be so busy 'feeling'.

In fact - she felt as if she were hollow, that her entire torso was a tight sheath for an organ of matching dimension. Though untrue, it was the illusion created by sensations that originated, not on an appendage outside her body, but deep within.

'Poor Buford..' She thought as she screamed out to God again and again, '...he'll never know how much better sex is for a woman than a man...'

Then, ,even before it could occur to her to wonder how she knew that, her orgasm hit.

She gave up thought for mindless white pleasure, ,and coherency for shrieks of the purest ecstasy...

...dimly, through her post-orgasmic haze, she was aware of Buford having climbed off of her, and having brought her a couple of aspirin to swallow, along with some apple juice. She wanted to thank him for the wonderful orgasm he'd given her, but her muddled mind couldn't seem to work her lips, not with fading pleasure being replaced with growing exhaustion.

As she fell off to sleep, her last, conscious thought was how lucky she was to have such a wonderful, caring husband...

* * * * *

At Shauna's strangled, breathless shriek, Buford sat bolt upright.

It was the wrong thing to do, despite the precautions he'd taken to minimize the hangover he was sure to have. Moving slowly to keep from aggravating the throbbing in his temples, Buford turned his head...

...to find Shauna, naked, beside him in bed...

...staring at him wide-eyed. "Shauna...?" He said, confused...

...and then fragmented memory returned, and he realized it was his *wife* staring at him like that...

"Honey...?" Buford said, now feeling he had a handle on what caused the shocked look, wondering himself just how drunk they'd had to be to get married like that.

"We.. I.. You.." Shauna stammered. "We.. we had sex. !"

Buford winced - it was even worse than he'd thought. The spur-of-the-moment wedding was certainly something that could be regrettable, but he'd sort of hoped that her 'willingness' last night hadn't made him some sort of statutory rapist. Thoroughly chagrined at his own weakness, the weakness that let him take advantage of this poor woman, he started to apologize...

". and I loved it!" She continued, her voice a near shriek.

Hmm...

"...and we're married. I'm married to.. to a man!"

The phrasing certainly took Buford by surprise. "Shauna.. what's wrong. ?"

Even as he said it, Buford mentally kicked himself for the stupid question.

"What's wrong...?" She shrieked. "What's wrong. ? I had sex with my '*husband*' last night, and loved it, and woke up and, without even thinking, was thinking about how lucky I was to be married to a. a *man* like you, just because you're kind and gentle and thoughtful and. "

Slowly, her hysterical voice trailed off, and she simply stared at him for a long moment. "Honey ?"

"What's wrong. ?" She repeated, no longer in a shriek, but in an odd, thoughtful tone.

"What's wrong...?" She said, again - in yet another tone, a questioning tone. "I got married to a kind, gentle man, who just happens to be black, and he was gentle and thoughtful as he gave me the most pleasure I've ever felt in my life, and he was even thoughtful enough that, even drunk, he took care of me... What's wrong with that...?"

Slowly, as if in a daze, she slid from the bed, and a thoroughly confused Buford watched as she slowly paced back and forth, holding a discussion with herself that he couldn't even begin to follow.

"It would be wrong if I were still.. but I'm not.. and it would never have happened if I were... and, knowing how good it felt, do I even really want to go back, if I could.. especially since I was such an asshole... how could I have ever been that near-sighted...?"

She stopped and stood stock still for a moment, lost deep in thought...

...and then she turned to him, and the smile was like the rising of the dawn. "What's wrong...?" She asked, again. "Not a damned thing... husband."

Then, somewhat hesitantly, but still smiling, she returned to bed, snuggled up against him, and lifted her face for a kiss. Buford, thoroughly bemused, hesitated, wondering what the hell was in his new wife's mind...

...then mentally shrugged, bent his head, and kissed her.

* * * * * "Hey!"

Spotting Jessica's wave, Shauna returned the gesture, threading her way through the tables of the bar to where Jessica and Lucinda awaited her.

"Damn, you are looking fine, girl..." Lucinda complemented Shauna.

She flushed, part of her still barely able to believe she'd knowingly and willingly picked out the form-fitting 'little black dress' to wear - but Jerry and, more importantly, her own husband were going to be joining them shortly, and she knew he liked the way she looked in it...

...and for that matter, *she* liked the way she looked in it, too.

Still, there were still moments that she felt as if she were in some sort of daze. Only the fact that the past two months had been unarguably the happiest of either of her 'past lives', the 'real' one as a bigoted, sexist man, or the 'remembered' one as a woman, made it all somewhat easier to accept.

"So - how'd work go today...?" Lucinda asked.

"Oh - had another run in with Mr. Williams." Shauna said, making a face. "I was five minutes late for work today - again." "What happened...?" Jessica asked.

Shauna shrugged. "Oh, I haven't been feeling well lately. The flu or something, I guess."

"Oh - I didn't know." Jessica said, blinking. "Hey, if you don't feel well, you shoulda canceled..."

"No, no - I feel fine, now." Shauna said, waving a hand. "It's been the same thing for the past week. I feel awful when I first get up, even throwing up, but it only lasts a while..."

Lucinda and Jessica shared a look.

"Uh, Shauna, honey..." Lucinda said, very gently. "Are you, you know... late?"

"What do you mean, 'late'...?" Shauna asked, confused by the strange question, and the emphasis put on the word...

...and then her eyes widened, and she slowly began shaking her head. "No. Oh, no. No, no, no, *no no no no. Hell* no. No, no. No. "

"Shauna...?" Jessica said, concerned, as the wide-eyed woman continued repeating the negative, over and over again....

* * * * *

"Buford, you bastard, this is all your fault. !" Shauna screamed, between pants. "You did this to me!"

"Easy now, Mrs. Wilson - you're almost there. " The doctor said.

"This shouldn't be happening to me!" She told him in a shriek. "This isn't right! I was never supposed to be doing this!" The doctor and nurse shared a brief look, amused - as always - at some of the things women in labor called out.

Standing at her side - but carefully out of reach of her nails - Buford looked on, a trifle green, as his wife panted, then pushed again. "Okay, there's the head.. just relax, Mrs. Wilson. " the doctor said.

"You relax!" She shrieked at him. "Oh, God, it isn't fair. I'm supposed to be standing where that big black lug is, watching some other woman go through this. !"

"Um... of course.." the doctor said, shrugging at the nurse. "Okay now, Mrs. Wilson, one last push. "

Shrieking, Shauna pushed...

"There you are, Mrs. Wilson - a healthy baby boy..." The doctor said, handing a squirming, noisy bundle to a sweat-soaked woman. Blinking, physically and emotionally exhausted, Shauna looked down at the squirming infant.

"A boy...?" She said, numbly. "I.. I gave birth to a boy. I have a son...?" "We have a son..." Buford agreed, risking hand on his wife's shoulder.

Shaun looked down at the new life she had created, then up at the wonderful man who'd helped her create it. "Buford - we have a son..." She said.

"I know, honey. You did great.." Buford said, ,kissing her forehead. "A son.." She repeated, in wonder.

"We're gonna have to think of something to name the little tyke..." Buford said, as the nurse stood patiently by to take the newborn. "John." Shauna said, firmly, eyes shining. "John Roger Wilson, that's his name."

Buford blinked - but smiled. "Okay, honey, if that's the way you want it."

Reluctantly giving up the child, Shauna sank back in her bed. "It... It's sort of a family name." She explained, sleepily. "Okay, that's fine." Buford said to the slowly drowsing woman as they began wheeling her out.

"Bufor'..?" She said, almost asleep. "Yes, honey...?" He replied.

"I love you."

It was something that, oddly enough, Shauna had always had trouble saying - but this time, it came out as easily as could be. "Love you too, honey.." Buford whispered to the now sleeping woman.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After angering a group of cat loving witches, one man discovers that they have a suitable punishment in mind.

Puss Puss By Millie Roentgen

Okay man, wait a sec here, I know that look - you're mad at me already, which means you must have been talking to the girls out front, while I kept you waiting for me, huh?

Sorry 'bout that, this friggin' mane of silky hair that I've got now, just would not seem to dry properly for me today. I know, why should you care? It's my job to just look pretty for you, not to talk about it, right? Whatever crazy girl-stuff it takes, so long as you're pleased and horny when you see me, I get it, I've heard that before. Honestly? I've probably said it to a girl myself.

But it will all seem worth the wait - I will please you nicely buddy, I promise I will, really, I'm way better at it than you probably think, even if it has only been a few weeks, since they started training me. But that sour expression on your face isn't going to make a very good start for our night together, is it?

Please don't let anything that those mean girls might have said to you about me, convince you that I don't like cats, okay? That's a load of crap. I actually love them, cats I mean. Those girls just have it out for me.

Granted, it is true that I got caught saying something aloud in mixed company, that I'd have to admit was somewhat indiscreet - but the idea that it is now some kind of terrible blasphemy to joke-around a little bit about animals is pretty crazy, right?

Or are you another one of them?

Look, it's okay by me whatever you believe, I promise I'll do you really nice and juicy, either way. I'm just saying, if you are, please do me one little favor and don't believe everything you've heard already. Give me a chance to explain myself to you first. I absolutely do like cats just fine, but I'm really not that fond of the cat 'o nine tails.

No I'm not asking for it, really, asshole - I didn't hang the stupid thing there above my bed, that was the girls' idea of appropriate decoration for my room.

Why don't we try and have a soft tender sexy evening, instead of a spiteful one? The bed does have some really great silk sheets. I bet you'll think I look terrific, when I'm all naked and wrapped-up in them. Doesn't everyone enjoy a little bit of a tease?

My unbelievable pinup-bimbo appearance? Well yeah, it was also chosen for me - by those same ridiculous girls, and they meant it as a punishment. But you can't take the fact that they changed me into this, as any proof of my guilt - they were over-reacting.

They said I had to sign that confession they drew up for me, though I'm pretty sure that I laughed about it, when I first read it - the whole situation seemed so ridiculous at first - a bunch of cat-ladies all ganging-up on me like that.

No, I don't mean anything derogatory by that at all. Let me rephrase - let's say, a gathering of people with special affinity for our feline friends - is that better? Anyhow, I thought their kangaroo court was just designed to embarrass me - and entertain the nasty bitches at my expense.

There really was no way I could have known that they were also a coven of witches.

I gave them a good fight - argument, I mean - just to get some personal satisfaction, despite the fact that I was vastly outnumbered by them - and out-powered by their hostility. I poked holes in their logic and chuckled a lot, simply so we'd all know that I wasn't about to make it easy for anyone to push-me-around.

It was only after that great debate, when I felt I'd been difficult-enough, and I finally got bored with listening-to all of their horrified shrieking, that I said I would think about signing the girls' very wordy and overdone confession. Mostly so they'd stop blocking the doors and let me leave.

I resented all of the extra stuff that they made-up and added to my confession, extrapolating contemptuously, just from my one comment - as if it was the most important revelatory truth of my whole life.

I know I might still be a bit biased, what with all this still being so fresh and all, but from where I was looking, those girls seemed to think they could judge everyone they saw - and always be right about it. They informed me in no uncertain terms that they were going to make me sign that confession, saying that I was a horrible sexist pig and that I showed very low-respect for women and other helpless creatures.

They even made the confession say that I was only there, to heartlessly exploit a helpless animal, in order to try to take advantage of emotionally vulnerable females.

That's the part that makes everyone around here seem to think I hate cats - even though I promise you, it's really not so. I don't even own a stupid cat - so I wasn't ever exploiting an actual animal. All I did was joke to my friend that a guy around that cat clinic, could really use a pussy, to get himself a whole lot of pussy.

Surely, ten-thousand guys have had the very same thought by now.

Cat-girls really like cat-guys. They seem to think they're more sensitive, intelligent and thoughtful than other guys. Or at least, that's what they say they think. Sometimes I think what they really mean is that such men are extra bossable, suggestible, obedient and considerate (quiet), but anyhow, those cat-girls look for that stuff.

That's a lot of pussy, looking for one particular set of character-traits - which is all my comment was ever supposed to mean. I guess I was just humorously trying to identify a woefully under-served market.

Yeah, I do know that the dumb-part was that I was in the waiting room of the actual cat-clinic when I said all that. But still, I didn't have a cat of my own in the race, it was our buddy Karlheinz who had his mangy tom booked-in there, for his shots and a checkup.

So anyhow, I promised I would read their confession when I got home, then sign-it and mail it back to them. I gave them what they wanted - their stupid confession - which meant they were finally going to let me free, right? Apparently not.

Right-away a whole bunch of those bitchy cat ladies, sorry - distressed feline friends, were all over me about how offensive my joke was. They just expressed themselves vocally at first, then they came closer and finally physically closed around me from every direction, yelling vitriol at me from just a few inches away.

Much as my mischievous id kept recommending the obvious fun of it, I just couldn't let my stressed-impulses run free - I know it would have been very wrong if I had hit-out at any one of them, even lightly - they were all girls, and none of them were hitting me - just screeching.

But I felt so wound-up from all that pressure that I was close to a pretty good scream of my own. I was trembling and sweating, I think I almost fainted at one point. They still weren't letting me go - and now I had no idea what I could do, that might make them.

That was when the big-girl finally came striding into the room to take charge of the mob. No, I don't mean a fat chick walked in, you know who I mean - their leader lady, what's her name? Right, Krystal.

So, Krystal cut right through the crowd and then she came up to me and grabbed my arm and twisted it around, then she dragged me up from the sofa, only to push me back down to lie back on the rather dirty floor.

Man, I'll tell you, the way those fucking... umm, ladies, were cheering-her, you would have thought there was a sudden discount at the shoe-store. Sorry, I'm just saying.

Anyhow, Krystal stood there over me smiling, holding her foot hovering right over the center of my chest, in such a way that I knew I'd never be able to sit-up until she let me. Even if I went to grab her leg and push it away, I was sure that that would only give the other girls an excuse to join the fun - help their leader out by restraining me - and they'd win, just with their numbers. More than two girls per limb? Yeah, I was trapped.

Krystal had the crowd, she had all the leverage on me - and her entire weight was ready to force me down again, if I so much as twitched in a way she didn't like.

I felt very odd about the way this whole incident was developing, but even nervous and confused, I still like to try to have some fun wherever I can - make the most of every circumstance. So I couldn't help appreciating the low-perspective visuals on offer.

Krystal's smile was ice-cold, even her blouse-scratching pointed nipples looked angry, but underneath her skirt she was dressed-up like she was a high-class tart. She had on a pair of the loveliest lacy red panties - so thin that I could clearly see the shadow of her bush, and even the pink of her slightly splayed labia, directly above me.

I had the thought that it would probably be a very bad time for me to pop a boner, but when has that thought ever influenced whether or not a guy actually gets some wood?

Even looking-away from Krystal's panties didn't help that much. There were so many other girls standing there next to me - many in hosiery and skirts, that she was only one of the many teasingly erotic visual treats available to me, from my spot on the floor.

I'm going to have to go on the record here, stick my neck out and insist that girl-mobs really are better than guy-mobs - by that one simple measure.

Anyhow, like I said, my first mistake with that crowd of hormonal animalists was making that crack about scoring pussy with pussy, in front of so many people who obviously thought of that stuff as sacred. Pussy and pussy, probably.

But the second big mistake I made, was when I jokingly mentioned how much I liked those sexy lacy red panties that Krystal was wearing - and the trimmed bush beneath.

Actually, it may be that that was the biggest mistake I've ever made in my entire life - I can't tell for sure - no one around here ever gives me a straight answer about anything.

But anyhow, when I gave my best innocent charming smile, beaming it up to the gloriously angry alpha-lady, and told her that I thought she had really fabulous taste in lingerie, she brought that high-heeled foot down to rest on me lightly. Still not quite an attack, just a sharper threat.

I was becoming a little bit scared that Krystal could do me serious harm if she stepped-down with any power on her heel. But she didn't seem out of control, so I figured as long as I didn't escalate her anger any further than I had, I'd be safe from harm.

Don't laugh - no one bargains-on running into a bunch of fucking witches.

Okay, maybe the really enlightened and elaborately-paranoid psychic guys are watchful at cat hospitals - but I certainly didn't get that tip in time.

And yeah, before you bother asking, if I'd known what was coming, I definitely would have fought back - though it might have cost me a broken rib or two. I would have struggled more, I swear - even though there were so many of them against me, that I would have been drowned in skirts in seconds, weighed-down with plushy thighs and soft asses - applied to my body in contempt and anger.

And even if Krystal herself was svelte, some of those cat-girls were pretty big. My ribs weren't the only things in danger, I might have got a broken arm or leg, just from those furious harpies hard plump-down restraint.

Anyhow, that was the moment they chose to stick the confession in my face again and told me that I'd better just sign-it for them - it would all be so much better for me if I did.

When I'd read the document over originally, I assumed that it was just some standard form-letter that they'd prepared in advance, then plugged my name into. It could have all been an elaborate 'let's fuck-with stupid men' gag, or perhaps I was the victim of some form of guerilla political theatre.

In any case, all I'd done was offend a few women with my words. So I was certain that that had to guarantee that their allowable responses to me, couldn't go far beyond words either.

And technically, I guess you could actually say that they didn't go beyond words.

For all of the degrading and exhausting things that those women have done to me in these last few weeks, they did all the real serious damage using nothing but words.

Mind you, I wouldn't want to have to bet any money on what language they were using. It was nothing I'd ever heard spoken before. I was certain of that. So strange? I would have noticed and listened. It had ferocity and fear, authority and horror.

It even seemed to take them an almost painful level of effort to say those words they used - whatever they were.

But what has happened to me as a result of their spells, sure has gone a long way past anything that mere mortal's words could do - don't you think?

Of course I'm cuter than I should be, for a girl who was a guy a few weeks ago - that was those naughty bitchy girls' whole point, stupid.

The way they made me, all sexy and horny all the time, I think I'm supposed to be so hot and cute, that I constantly get a ton of attention from all the most irritating persistent and disrespectful pickup-guys.

But those angry cat-chicks screwed-up on their big kinky revenge-plan somewhat. I'm absolutely sure I wasn't supposed to actually enjoy this so much as I do.

I know, sounds crazy huh? Weird enough to be one, but who would have thought that I'd ever actually get-off-on being a female person? Think of asking me about it a few months ago - never in a million years, right? I was just a totally normal dude. I could have been you, or Karlheinz for that matter.

But look at me now, huh? Not just my body, either, man. Check out how naturally I'm behaving. Look at the way my hand-gestures are all so smooth and flirty and pretty.

You're right - my ignorance about womanhood was totally massive - at first, it was like I was going to swishy college. Even basic moves were baffling. Heck, I had a hard time just learning how to walk in heels, keep my skirt down, smile and say hello - all in the right, ladylike ways.

I never knew every move a girl made was political, before I had a womb to defend.

No way, that's a step too-far man. I really truly totally absolutely for-sure don't want to ever end-up pregnant. Okay, I do fantasize about it sometimes, but that's just fantasy.

What I really do want to do, is to figure-out some way to make these crazy cat-girls happy enough with their vengeance, that they'll finally forgive me. Or at least get bored with playing with me, find another 'project' and let me go free of this place.

Yeah, I know I left something out. But actually, I'm not so sure about that part anymore.

I was at first, of course I was. I was all totally gung-ho to be a guy again just as quickly as humanly possible. But after all these weeks of being in their little domestic brothel, well, I guess now I'm starting to think I'd rather just be a free woman, than go back to being the man I used to be.

What if I had to choose between being a totally free but boring man again, or continue being the woman I am now, trapped here against my will, locked into a long-term contract with a very strict madam? Are you serious?

So, what if I actually had to choose between being boring again, or living here by choice? Would I stay in this frilly little room and continue to entertain rude and horny bastards like you, for years and years - just to be able to keep experiencing femininity?

Just so I could stay a girl, keep my sweet and sensitive cunt - and keep right on getting fucked silly, by an unending line-up of pent-up perverts, all in a great big rush to get themselves off inside me?

I dunno, that's pretty hard to say, man. Tough call. I'd sure hate to give up the girl-sex.

Fuck you, it shouldn't be hard. That's really easy for you to say, you big jerk. You've never felt a guy pushing himself into your cunt, wanting you, taking you, claiming you - and then driving every part of your whole body up and over into multiple orgasms - so I say you should just shut your judgmental mouth.

No way, I'm definitely not asking you for a rough-night after all - not unless that's what you want, of course. I'm only saying that it's just not a simple or easy decision - to be a slut or a schlub. Actually, nothing is that simple for me anymore.

I never would have guessed it, but I've found that being a pretty, flirty and extremely sexual girl is a lot more complicated than any guy would think - so I'd like it if you could be a little bit considerate of that, okay?

Thank you. Now, shall I go on? Yes yes, I'll strip for you in a minute. Just let me finish the rest of the story first, okay? Man, you really never have had any patience - not in all these years we've known each other.

Okay fine, then I'll do both at once. Shall I get rid of my blouse and bra first, buddy? You want to see these big warm firm sweet smooth boobies that the girls gave me?

Yeah, of course I know that it's fucked-up that I have them at all, but that doesn't mean that I'm not allowed to notice that they're fabulous, does it?

I'm not being vain, honey - you'll agree with me. You'll like them too. Just give me a second to get this stupid bra undone, then I bet you'll instantly say that they're the nicest set you've seen in ages - or touched, anyhow.

Am I wet? What sort of a question is that to ask a girl?

Alright then, what sort of a question is that to ask a whore? Better? -prick-

You are being a prick, you know. Taking advantage of my situation this way. It doesn't really shame-me anymore, to sleep with the regular customers. They're all strangers.

But you were supposed to be my friend, my pal - I was sure I could trust you. They only gave me a chance to make two picks, you know? Two character-references, that might help them see me as a decent person, instead of a creep, who deserves their worst.

When they phoned that number, you were supposed to say nice things about me. Talk-me-up, get them to see me from your close friend-perspective. That obviously didn't happen. What the hell did you say about me when they called you, anyhow?

They asked you if you thought I would fuck a whore, if someone else was paying? What kind of a fucked-up question is that? So, what did you say back?

Yes? You told them that I'd probably take the whore home and fuck her for a week, if someone else was paying-for her bill? Shit man, I'm pretty sure that joke of yours, really did not help my case at all.

Who else did I tell them to call? What do you mean, were you my first pick?

You don't really want to know that, do you, man? I like you, and in case you haven't noticed, I'm trying really hard here, to establish some kind of rapport with you as a friend of mine - no matter how different I may look and act, from my old self.

Let's just go with that and be nice to each other for a while, huh?

Don't be stupid, my nipples aren't always this hard. I'd go crazy if they were this sensitive, all goddamned day long. No, they don't even get this hard for every guy. Sometimes I have to pinch-them myself, so it looks more like I'm into it.

Yeah, I already said I like you. Fine, yes, I am very wet. Satisfied?

He he he, sure, I bet you do want to see for yourself, you naughty boy. But I was trying to finish my story, so I could explain about how this was all a big mistake. I want you to see the whole thing from my angle, so maybe, if you feel like earning the eternal gratitude of someone as pretty as me, you might consider helping me out a little.

I didn't change the subject, you did when you asked me about my nipples.

Okay fine, if you insist. It was Karlheinz, okay? The other name I gave them was Karlheinz, that's a pretty good guy to be on my top- two-list with, isn't it?

Did I call him first? Gee buddy, of course I didn't. I always liked you better than him. You know what he's like, so picky and precise about everything. Always going-on about his stupid house and his stupid job and his stupid car and his stupid flexo-gym.

No way, I prefer good humor and intelligence, friendliness, good company - your buddy-virtues way-outscore all of his stupid success-trophies, any day of the week.

These nipples don't lie, buddy. They really do seem to like you as much as I do.

Karlheinz's watch sitting over there on my night-stand? Is it? Are you absolutely sure that it's not someone else's watch, that just looks a lot like it?

Custom wrist-band that you bought him yourself? Hmm.

Okay, sorry, I guess I should have told you the truth right-away. I just didn't want to wreck any of the evening's romantic potential for you. I was only trying to spare your feelings, man. I meant what I said, I really do like you better. I just had them call him first, 'cause I figured that with all his money, he'd have the easiest time helping me get out of this cum-soaked trap.

Fuck you, that is not thinking like a whore. I'm still me, I'm just more fuckable.

I will admit that I did sleep with Karlheinz - he even stayed here the whole night, which was kind of sweet - it made it feel a lot more affectionate than the usual Joes do.

What did I do for him? You don't really want to hear all the perverted details, do you? Aren't we supposed to be getting back to my innocence-story?

No no, god no, put the phone down man, please don't call them to complain about the service - they take every little complaint way too seriously. I'm not insisting, here. Sorry if I was getting too pushy about my story.

It's okay, really pal, I do know my job. I guess I just thought that all our years of friendship would buy me a little more leeway with you. How about if I take off my skirt and panties now, so you can see everything, okay?

You can see how wet I am that way. You can even taste it, if you like.

Hey, low-blow, if you keep being mean and rude like that, I'm going to start thinking that you don't like me at all. I'm not just some mannequin in a store window, to be propped-up in a funny pose for your amusement, pal.

And for your information, lots of guys the guys who've come by to see me, seem to like to lick my whore's pussy just fine - so long as they know they're my first customers of the night, and I washed myself really thoroughly before. Fresh juice is sweet.

Of course you don't have to touch me - and yes, I'll suck you anyhow - you are the customer here, even more than you are my pal. I think you've made that clear. But you're still in for a surprise or two, believe me, man. I'm going to suck you better than you've ever had it from any other broad, buddy. They say I'm like a total virtuoso on the skin-flute now. You'll come so hard that you start barking.

But please, can I do a little more of my story, first?

Tell you about what I did to Karlheinz? Come-on buddy, can't I just say pretty-much everything, and let you fill-in all the answers yourself? Oh geez, I get-it, you're actually turned-on by the thought of him fucking-around with me in my new body, aren't you?

My fault for calling such a jerk, first? Oh fine, maybe you're right. Karlheinz is a jerk, too - you're absolutely right about that part at least. But I wasn't too sure about him either way, for the first few hours. He was acting pretty friendly, while we were first making-out.

No, he wasn't any more patient than you. Less actually. Even though the girls had explained to him what happened to me, he still made me strip completely nude for him, before I was able to even start my tale.

He wanted to be a thousand-percent sure that my new curves weren't just produced by some stupid costume. That there wasn't any scary shocking surprise about my form, coming his way later, after he was already steamed-up to go.

After Karlheinz got a couple of his fingers stuck up my cunt and wiggled them around for a minute, he was finally convinced that I was the real thing. But by that point, my story didn't matter to him at all. He just wanted to feel-me-up, rub his cock all over between my tits, stick it in my mouth for a little while, then, of course fuck the living hell out of my tight little cunny.

More detail? You fucking perv. Fine. He made me diddle myself for a while first - give him a show of all my 'bits'. He explained that he was simply too tired to have to do all the necessary chores down there between my legs, to make me ready to fuck him.

He waited until he could tell I wasn't faking - I stared getting confused about my story, repeating lines, losing my place. Then he must have known that I was very ready to feel some hard cock inside me.

I spread my legs, just as soon as he came over to me. But he laughed and told me to open my mouth, instead. Then he squirted a half a bottle full of oil onto my boobs, and started massaging it around, really squeezing those puppies hard - as if they were toys, instead of bruisable parts of my body.

I almost got around to telling him to stop-it ('cause it was almost more irritating, than arousing) when he got bored, pushed me down and laid his dick between my tits. He even made me move my boobs around with my hands to cradle and stroke him - he told me I had nice big floppy titties, so I shouldn't be shy about 'em.

Yeah, that's exactly what I'm saying. I fuck-milked Karlheinz's cock as hard as I could - with my own tits. I did the heavy-lifting myself, and all that grinning putz had to do, was be there. I didn't even wait for him to ask me to lick the tip, when it poked-up from the top of my cleavage. It was obviously the next good thing to add, so I added-it.

I was even prepared to deal-with the consequences of my lip-pressure. I've been told before that I have the softest and most delicate-feeling lips. So I figured that Karlheinz would lose-control, come like crazy, filling my mouth, I'd swallow - and then maybe we'd finally have a little chance for some intelligent conversation.

Naw, forget what you've heard - the taste isn't so bad at all, once you get used to it. And it's certainly way better than trying to get all of the stray drops out of any stainable fabrics you might be wearing, or even a nice time-consuming hairstyle.

Oh yeah, fucking Charlie had to do both. My mouth wasn't enough for his tastes.

I was naked already, greased-up for his slippery fun - and still he had to push me further into depravity. The bastard only let me swallow exactly one nice long hot creamy shot, then he pulled his fuck-stick out of my mouth and spurt-drizzled his jizz all over my face and into my hair.

He even managed to nail my suede skirt, lying on the far side of the bedspread. A fancy and rather pricey garment which I had thought I was carefully protecting, by not just throwing-it onto the floor.

Enough details about me and Karlheinz? Oh, thank you, man, really. I know it might not sound like it to you, but I don't really like to talk about the time I spend with my men. It feels unprofessional.

Hey, you're pretty hard, aren't you? You want me to suck that for you? It really looks delicious, I gotta tell you. I never would have thought that you were so much bigger than Karlheinz. No bullshit man, way bigger. I'm not even sure if you're going to fit inside me, without some stretching. We're going to have to take it slow.

You want to come in my cunt - and you think it's going to be soon? That's dear, man. Okay, so then why don't you just come on up here and show me what you have for me, big-fella.

That's not whore-talk. I've just been picking-up a few bad habits from the other girls. Anyhow, I am sorry for trying to bitch at you about all of my troubles, before I took care of that painful-looking swelling of yours. You're a sweet-heart, man. For you, nothing but my very best.

Do you want me to tighten-up for you, before you even start? You like that new-girl feeling? Or would you rather I relax, so you can slip right in all the way on the first stroke, then I can squeeze you tight afterwards?

Of course you really are big - that thing is almost scary to me. Think about it, man. Having a huge spear of some guy's hot and throbbing flesh pushed into your body - that's a pretty intimidating thing for a girl sometimes.

Well okay, I guess I have had a couple that were bigger. One guy in particular, who was fucking crazy-huge, but you are a very healthy size, trust me - I've seen a few.

Of course it means something, I am not a lying whore. I'm a nice whore, you jerk. All I was ever doing with my embellishments was just trying to spare your feelings. Why? Because I like you, you stupid asshole, that's why. Though I'm starting to wonder if I should like you as much as I do.

Ahh, there, yeah, that's it, just ease it into me - ohh, yeah, that feels so good, doesn't it?

Are you horny just because of the amazing body that I've got now? Or are you horny because you know who I was, before they did this to me? Or are you horny because I told you about what I did with our friend Karlheinz? Or do you just like fucking cute horny girls with big tits?

What do you say, man? I'm really curious about this. Am I as sexy as a normal girl? Or am I extra exciting to you, because you know the whole thing is so seriously wrong?

Mmm, you really do have a nice cock, it fills me up wonderfully. It's pretty hard to believe that you're actually fucking your old pal's cunt, isn't it? Still freaks me out, too. No matter how many of the old gang Karlheinz sends over here to check me out, I still get all nervous with them, every time.

Yeah, quite a few, really. Most of the guys from the sports-bar, and a lot of the guys from the old soccer-club too. That schmoozy fucker Karlheinz really seems to keep in touch with people. I guess me giving those girls his number, turned into a word-of-mouth chain that ultimately generated a whole lot of different 'references' for me.

But not in any way that met my goals - unless you count showing my men a good time - which is really more of a philosophy, than a goal.

The girls would always ask them that same question. The one they asked you about. How did they think I'd react, if I was offered a free hooker? Then, after gathering all of the rude and ribald responses, they'd offer the guys a night with a hooker - for free - as an introductory special for their new place.

Why they had to tell every one of those guys who I really was - and then make me confirm it for them, I'll never know. I think it would have been easier on everyone, if they'd just let the guys think they were getting some free pussy.

I could have been more uninhibited with them - or at least blushed a lot less, when they realized that I'd do anything they wanted - no matter who I used to be. A few of them were almost as embarrassed as I was about it. A couple of guys actually wanted to leave, without doing anything to me.

But I knew the girls would be furious with me if I let that happen. And you know? for all their principled talk, even the sweetest of the guys weren't really that hard to convince. All I had to do was take off enough of my clothes for my boobs to pop out at them.

Tits like these aren't offered free every day you know?

Most of them stayed for hours, going down the list of all the things they'd always been too embarrassed to ask a girl to do before.

I know, you'd think that knowing I was a former guy, would have made them feel more inhibited, wouldn't you? I guess it was all about my attitude. They have trained me pretty well, don't you think?

You do like my pussy, don't you? I'm not the only one enjoying this, am I, man?

What about the guys who weren't so gentle? Were there any guys who really seemed to like seeing me brought-low like this? You are a fucking perv. I know I squeezed when I said that, perv is good sometimes, when you have a nice big cock in-you.

Okay okay, yeah, there were definitely a few guys who thought the whole thing was hilarious. Apparently, Karlheinz had an instinct about that. Some of our old friends, only got a story about a brothel offering free sex with a hottie, as a first-time special.

But some of our old pals - most of the really twisted and demented ones, now that I think about it, showed up here with a lot more information. Karlheinz told them the free hooker part, but then he added that she had been a man. Then, before they could get grossed-out, he'd assure them that the girl was as hot as could be.

Then, when they were wondering if they could forget that the free hooker had been a guy, he'd add the final detail - that the guy the girl had been, was me.

Those bastards showed up here all keyed up about it in advance. The girls got a real kick out of them, too. They liked seeing me laughed-at and humiliated. We could even hear them listening at the door to my room when we were fucking later.

The guys loved knowing they had an audience. They would start talking dirtier and dirtier to me - all to impress the giggling eavesdroppers. They made me make more noises too - so the girls would know how very good they were.

They even told me to come, over and over for them. To worship their cocks, to beg them to shoot their come all over me - and I found that I was naturally drawn to do as they said. They could even make me get wet, or make my nipples stand up, just by commanding it.

Not that I'm sure the opposite commands would have worked - if anyone had ever made them.

My willing malleability was the thing the nasty boys liked best. My obedience, the way I actually seemed to like every dirty thing they did to me. I got called every rude name that a girl can get called - and all by people who I used to buy drinks for, you know?

The girls? Yeah, they're probably listening to us, right now. Kinky-feeling, isn't it?

You want to fuck me a little harder there, buddy? You tired or something? Oh yeah, sorry, you're just trying to last a minute or two longer, aren't you? That's okay, you don't have to move around for me to enjoy your cock. I didn't mean to complain.

Yeah, I even come a little bit for the guys that don't do anything for me. The girls little spell really did a nice job on my nerve-endings. But it's true that I come even harder, when the guy that's fucking me is someone I used to know.

Me, get-off on the humiliation? That's crap, it's the hope that turns me on. The hope that I might find a guy with enough balls to help me out - even if it means going against a few girls, who will try to stop them.

No, I don't know precisely how their spell-casting works, but I'm sure you could run out of the room quickly, if they started chanting anything. Besides, you'd only have to take a big chance one little time - and think of what you'd get in return.

Just help me get me out of this place and into your apartment. They'll never come after us there - we'll be safe and together - and you can have me all to yourself.

Trust me? Of course you can trust me. I wouldn't set you up, or double-cross you. Even just holding your big shaft inside me like this, you're still one of the best fucks I've ever had, man. Don't you feel the same way?

Almost there, aren't you? It's okay man. You don't have to hold back on my account.

I like it when a guy comes inside me, it feels so amazing - all that pressure and warmth and primal energy. The connection, the possibility - the way he makes me think about what sort of a baby he'd give me, if I slipped-up and let him. That's all great.

Make me come? See? I knew you were the nicest guy out of all my friends. You are so right, I should have called you first. I could have saved myself a lot of very personal embarrassment - and about a thousand filthy rumors - if I hadn't gone for Karlheinz's money first.

It's easy, man. All you have to do is tell me to come. I'll do it, just as easily as I'd lick your balls, or drink your load. You can tell me to pant, or beg, or scream or shake - and I'll do it for you, sure as anything.

You want me to what? Fuck man, don't say that. No one's said that yet. I don't have any idea what could happen, how bad it could be for me. Please take it back.

I dunno. Maybe you can command me to be deeply and passionately in love with you. But do you really want to win my love that way, man?

Why not? Well, my love, you have to think about it from my perspective for a second. What if I didn't really want to adore you? What if I didn't think you were amazing and handsome and intelligent and charming?

If I wasn't already completely dedicated to making you my man, then it would be taking unfair advantage of me, to use the commands to play-with my feelings like that. Good thing for you that you don't have to.

Why do I love you? I haven't really considered that, man. How long has it been since I knew? Gee, maybe only a few minutes, I guess.

You want me to come, every-time I even think about your name? Ahh fuck, oooooo god, shit man, you fucking... wow. That was a very dirty thing for you to do, darling.

Of course I like it when you make me come. Of course I want to turn-you-on. If you like seeing me come for you, I'll be sure to do a lot of that - any way you tell me to.

But you are going to get me out of here, aren't you? You kinda promised, by making me fall in love with you, didn't you?

Fuck off, just because I know what's happening on one level, that doesn't mean that I can do anything about those commands. I'm not a slut, I'm just whatever each guy wants me to be. If I found a guy that wanted me to be a supreme court justice, I'm pretty sure I'd be in Washington, within a week or two.

If I'm a filthy little sex-mad bimbo, addicted to you and completely and hopelessly in love with you - then that's all your fault, man. A reflection of your weak character.

Now what about it - when do you think we should make our big break from here?

Leave me? Let them feed me? No, man, no. You can't do that to me. You're like my very last hope. They already said no more numbers, no more references. If you don't bust me out of here I'll be stuck in this bed till I'm stretched-out and ugly.

Hey, how come you're trembling. You are supposed to be the nice guy. You can't come just hearing the news that I'm a trapped, horny bimbo cocksucking slut, who is deeply in love with you, can you?

Ohhhhh, man - that is so fucking rude.

You should listen to the girls - a pussy needs some care and attention. Loving and tender, gentle and patient.

Oh, fine - you're right, I don't need it personally. I did probably come about seven or eight times there - but that was only because I couldn't get your name out of my head as you fucked me. Your stupid commands are going to be really embarrassing, especially if anyone ever pages you in a public mall, when I'm there, don't you think?

No that is really not a fabulous idea - man, you try and be nice to people, and look where it gets you.

Okay, I was rude about the pussy. But love? You're going to make me lovesick for you, you're going to make me beg the girls to let me have a boyfriend, and some outings? You're going to let the whole thing seem like my idea? Why not show some balls - I bet if you yelled at the girls a bit, they'd scatter.

You like it this way better?

Oh fine. I suppose you do have a point.

I'd rather have me mad at me than them too.

Unless you've secretly been a frustrated whore inside your mind - all this time, just waiting for the right opportunity to bust-out. Hey wait - don't be so sure - think about it for a second. It's not impossible.

And believe me buddy - it ain't half-bad to be a cream-addicted pussy. end



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Beware of diet pills that you find in your bathroom! One man tries an experimental weight loss product which transforms his body....and this product is still being distributed. It can happen to you too!

Quick Fix

By Gunslinger

Dave found the bottle shoved deep into the back of the top drawer, the decaying remains of Mac-Tac drawer liner holding it in place.

"What the...?" Dave muttered to himself, pausing to wipe the sheen of sweat off of his forehead with one meaty hand. Sitting back on his (ample) haunches, he held the newly-discovered bottle in his other hand and looked at it quizzically.

"Well, well, well... what do we have here...?" He asked himself, quietly, turning the white plastic bottle over in his hands several times, then shaking it lightly and hearing the unmusical rattle of small, hard objects inside.

This was an unexpected 'bonus' - or could be, depending what it was.

Aside from being a five-foot two, two hundred and twenty-pound Caucasian male, David Randolph Seaton was single. and unattractive. The last most definitely had something to do with former, and had done so for as long as Dave cared to remember. From his pasty skin to his lank, greasy blonde hair, Dave was a prime example of 'nerd'. Not even one of those 'techie' nerds who were at least good at computers. No, Dave was a book-worm, pale and heavy-set from hours spent reading - and almost inevitable, snacking. His skin was bad, his sandy hair was lifeless, and his body flabby and rotund.

Part of this came from the fact that Dave was very uncomfortable around other people. Rather than subject himself to the whims and dangers of social interaction, he had started 'drowning' himself in a book as a sort of defense mechanism - if nothing else, most people left you alone when your nose was buried in a book.

The problem was, over the years his initial, hormonally over-blown teenage anxiety had weakened. Not vanished, but settled enough that he thought, now, maybe he was ready to be 'sociable'. except that the years of neglecting his body made him ashamed of himself, pushing his anxiety higher once more.

Dave had decided to try and get in shape - but he was on a very low income, and couldn't afford a gym membership. He also found that exercising for exercises' sake seemed frustratingly boring - and so he'd picked up several hobbies that required at least some measure of physical activity.

Like refinishing furniture. Dave lived in a tiny little bungalow that had been willed to him by a maiden aunt - and it had been furnished in 'Spinster neo-Modern'. Revamping his image - and saving money - Dave had decided to buy 'new' furniture at garage sales, cheap, and then refinish them with hand-tools only, getting some exercise. Which is why he was in his backyard sanding down a dresser he'd just bought for all of five dollars.

Now, looking at the bottle he'd found in the top drawer, Dave leaned back for better light as he tried to puzzle out the torn, faded remnants of the label.

The front label was torn on a diagonal, leaving almost all the top of the label intact, but tapering to the left down the label. The name of the product - 'SHIFT-SLIM' - was clearly visible, but less and less writing remained below it, leaving Dave only with steadily decreasing fragments.

"A revolutionary new weight-lo..." He read the first line. He figured that it said 'weight LOSS...' but there was still room for two or three words after that, on the missing portion of the label. He jumped down and read the next paragraph, as best he could.

" 'A revolutionary new product design'... torn there, uh... 'to take inches off the wais...' uh huh... '...one muscles and increase...' Shit."

There was more after that, but the fragments were useless. Having some idea what he was holding - a container of old diet pills - Dave turned it over and tried to decipher the usage instructions on the back.

"Take ten pills, five times a... blank spot ...aximum of.... torn away... ...results in just..."

He frowned, shaking his head at the mess that followed, then looked at the bottle itself thoughtfully.

Having trouble losing weight, he'd priced out some diet aids at a local pharmacy, and had winced at the prices. Now, he held in his hand what felt o be a nearly-full bottle... even if it was a little old.

"Hell... they're just vitamins and crap..." Dave muttered. "What can it hurt?"

Unscrewing the lid, he dumped a handful of little pink oval pills in his hand and separated out ten of them, wondering why the 'dosage' was so high for each time... then figured that the ability to 'concentrate' whatever was in the pills hadn't been as advanced as it was today - and a pill ten times as big would have been impossible to swallow.

Using the bottle of Sprite sitting next to him, Dave swallowed the diet pills, one at a time, then reminded himself to take more in three hours before going back to work on the dresser....

* * * * *

'Well...' Dave reflected wryly, twelve hours later, '*...I certainly don't feel like eating anything...*' Which was true - because he felt genuinely awful.

The first nibbling had come half an hour after the first batch of pills... he'd felt warm and slightly 'anxious', his body 'running hot'. Besides that, he felt slightly 'bloated' - and not at all hungry. He'd ignored it, figuring it was the pills speeding up his metabolism - and he'd gone right on popping the pills.

Then, about twenty minutes ago, it had really hit him. A great wave of thick, sluggish weariness had stolen over him, and it had felt as if all his muscles had turned to water. His stomach had begun to rumble and heave slightly, and his body had begun to itch - not unbearably (yet), but annoyingly nonetheless.

He felt awful - and scared. What if the pills were bad, spoiled - whatever happened to 'old' pills. He thought about calling the hospital or pharmacy... but didn't want to look like an idiot if this should turn out to be normal for diet pills.

Then a thought struck him, and he slowly, painfully levered his heavy body off the chair he'd collapsed in. Bracing himself against the wall, he swayed slowly towards the computer across the room. It seemed to take forever to get there, and at least twice Dave had been sure he was about to pass out. Finally, he dropped heavily into the wooden seat in front of the old, battered desk. Jiggling his mouse heavily, he cleared the screen-save on the system, then logged onto the Internet, finding it just hard to think, let alone move. Finally, he'd typed the name of the diet pills into a search engine, then clicked on one of the more promising-looking links. His brain feeling thick and sluggish, he forced himself to read the words that seemed to float, in and out of focus, on the screen in front of him.

SHIFT-SLIM, a women's 'Beauty Aid' that was first test-marketed in June of 1972, never made it to the shelves - and thankfully so.

One of the early attempts at marketing now-banned genetically-altered pharmaceutical compounds, SHIFT-SLIM promised women slimmer, more buxom figures, partially through the shifting of existing weight, and partially through synthetic hormone production. It was also designed to provide smoother skin and other 'beauty enhancing' effects, mostly through hormone therapy. Indeed, SHIFT-SLIM did what it promised... more or less.

Quite often, 'more'. SHIFT-SLIM's promoted effects were unpredictable, varying widely from woman to woman. Many experienced rapid - even painful - loss of waist diameter, only to find the relocated masses of fat poorly positioned. Other women found problems with the hormonal side of it. In almost every case, the result was 'unbalanced', the weight shifting too much in one place or another.

Even worse was the side effects, which ranged greatly - both physically and psychologically. Not previously realized to be psychoactive, SHIFT-SLIM caused varying mental, emotional and personality effects, as well as less clearly defined changes from the hormonal imbalances.

Aside from it's unpredictable, quickly-occurring and wide-ranging side-effects, SHIFT-SLIM would probably have failed, commercially, simply from the fact that the usage method required the woman to take ten pills, five times a year, for up to two years...

Dave blanched, eyes widening in shock as he realized he'd just taken a massive over-dose of a banned, unpredictable woman's beauty aid.

"Oh, shit..." He muttered, thickly, in anxiety. His head seeming to weigh a hundred pounds all by itself, he forced himself to look at the table near the couch - the table that held the telephone. Irrelevantly, he remembered the fifteen-minutes of pride he'd felt at moving the phone away from the computer, making him get up to use it, and thus get some exercise. Now, he cursed himself as he struggled out of the chair and staggered towards the phone...

This time, he did faint. The world narrowed into a tunnel of thick gray, then darkened and vanished completely, his body collapsing on the living room floor like a marionette with it's strings cut.

* * * * *

Dave awoke the next morning feeling oddly thick-witted and detached. For several seconds, he stared upwards, thoughts swirling and streaming apart like smoke in the wind, before it occurred to him that he was laying on his back in the middle of the living room. He was sure he knew the reason why he was laying on the floor, but it escaped him at the moment - and didn't really seem important at the moment, anyway.

Indeed, the first thick, semi-coherent thought that formed in his mind was '*Huh, morning... the paper should be here...*'

Brushing long stands of sandy-blond hair off his face nearly cost him an eye, though he barely reacted to the near-miss, simply - almost instinctively - being more careful about his long nails. Struggling to his feet was exceedingly awkward, but he failed to notice it in more than a passing, rapidly lost thought as he headed towards the front door of his house. He realized there was something wrong with the shoes still on his bare feet, so he simply stepped out of them and continued on, unlocking the front door and stepping out into the cool, early-morning air.

Having to concentrate to recall what he was doing, Dave focused on the newspaper sitting near the end of the walk, and slowly made his way towards it, on peripherally aware of his odd stride and balance.

It took a second for Dave to register the man laying on the sidewalk, a few feet away. Slowly, his mind backed up and replied what his eyes had 'seen' but not consciously noticed - the man doing an almost classic double-take of Dave, then tripped over his own feet.

'Huh... that's strange...' Dave thought, thickly, looking down at himself in thick-witted confusion. Slowly, a thought formed. *'Oh - he was reacting to my huge tits. That makes sense...'*

He started to bend over for the paper - and then the thought's true import managed to break through, and he stood bolt upright and stared down at himself again, mouth dropping open.

His once-baggy, paint-smudged white T-shirt was now strained to the limit. Strained outwards over what was most definitely a huge, firm, round pair of tits, whose creamy, smooth flesh and dark cleavage could be easily observed through the severely-stretched neckline of the shirt, and whose long, thick nipples were clearly visible through the thin material, fully engorged in the cool air.

"Ahhhh!!!" Dave screamed in shocked horror - then did it again as the high-pitched, crystalline tones of a feminine voice registered. His hands flew up to hove in useless denial in front of his massive new 'rack'... and the sight of the slender, dainty feminine hands, with their long nails, prompted yet another shriek. Looking up at the man staring at him - her? - from the sidewalk in awed confusion, Dave screamed at him in a clear, feminine soprano.

"I've got tits!" She screamed at the now-very-confused man... then turned and fled towards the house, feeling his.. here... huge new 'assets' jiggle, bounce and jump heavily as she ran, threatening to tear her off balance, especially with the added 'rotational' motion of her wider hips, which she was now-too-aware of by the way they - and her full, firm ass - filled out the material of her cutoff jean shorts.

"This... this can't be happening...!" She gasped as she slammed the front door of the house behind her and slumped back against it. Even as she said it, though, her feminine new voice gave lie to the denial - and she had the horrible feeling that it wasn't just most of her that was feminine now. Now, those diet-pills she'd OD'ed on last night had definitely had an effect on her...

Staggering both from the unfamiliar weight distribution of her new body, and the emotional instability her new body caused, Dave stumbled into the bathroom and flicked on the light, staring in horror at what the mirror revealed...

...a huge-breasted, blonde haired woman.

She was no ravishing beauty - but nor was she ugly. Instead, she had on of those 'pleasant' faces, the sort associated with friendly, open-faced farm girls. Her body was firmly toned and slender, if a little pale, with skin that was silky-smooth and

feminine. Her legs and ass were nice, but not spectacular, and her hands and feet, while feminine, weren't 'china doll' dainty. In other words, she looked like an 'average' girl... except for the fact that almost all of Dave's excess weight, as a guy, had taken up residence on her chest - as an enormous pair of firm, round tits that seemed to weigh a ton, each.

Dave stared at the mirror in slack-jawed shock, trying to take in the cute, huge-breasted blonde in the mirror. The one that was her, now. Slowly, with stunned, stiff movements, she undid the shorts she was wearing and forced them and her tight white briefs down over her womanly new hips...

...revealing a fully-formed vagina nestled in the patch of pubic hair between her milky new thighs.

Making a sort of coughing, cocking sound in the back of her altered throat, the new woman staggered back from the mirror... and bumped against the door-frame, her unfamiliar weight sending her tumbling to her more firmly padded new ass as the world spun around her.

Her mind still felt as if it were working in molasses, making it even harder to deal with what was happening to her. Awkwardly, she forced herself to her smaller new feet and staggered into the living room, braced against the wall for balance. Now her thick, cotton-filled mind was focused on one thought - getting help. Illogically, it seemed to her that just *talking* to somebody would somehow undo what had been done to her, as if the calm, learned tones of some sort of medical professional wear a magical cure all by themselves.

Cursing her new, longer nails, she punched out her doctor's phone number on the phone...

...or *thought* she did, any way.

* * * * *

Susan Delgaro wanted to be the next 'Doctor Ruth'. However, the dark-haired, fire-eyed Hispanic Sex therapist was far from that particular level of achievement. Instead, she was relegated to this lousy time-slot at a tiny radio station in a nowhere town. The place was so low-budget that she didn't even have a producer - as the calls came in, they came directly to her desk without anybody to screen them, meaning she quite often had to take boring, rambling, uninteresting people, something 'professional' radio therapists didn't have to deal with.

It also meant she sometimes had 'dead air', and she practically pounded the 'link' button for the phone line when it lit up, having 'stretched' since the last commercial, three endless minutes ago.

"Doctor Delgaro, your source of professional help." She said, quickly and professionally - but making a face as she did so. She still hadn't come up with a good 'tag line' for herself, and that was pretty bad.

"Doctor - you have to help me!" The soprano voice on the other end of the phone was nervous - as many first time callers were. The fact that she hadn't offered her name was also a common occurrence.

"Well, that's what I'm here for..." Delgaro said, calmly. "Now, why don't we call you.... 'Tina'. How's that?"

* * * * *

At the other end of the line, the new woman's eyes went unfocused for a second, her whirling, barely coherent thoughts seeming to shatter...

...then reform. Not hearing herself, her face blank and her mind numb, she said. "Yes. Yes - I am Tina. Okay."

* * * * *

Delgaro rolled her eyes at the leaden response. This one was going to be... annoying. Well, at least she hadn't argued the random name Susan had pulled out of thin air.

"Okay, Tina, what's your problem...?"

* * * * *

Tina blinked, snapping out of the daze - without being aware it had even happened. Indeed, she didn't even notice the fact that 'the Doctor' had called her Tina. If she'd gone back in her mind and replayed it, she would notice - but it seemed to her confused mind that 'Tina' was right, as natural as it had felt to be called 'Dave' before, and it slipped right past her sluggish thoughts without triggering any alarm. Instead, she was focused on the conversation she was having with the Doctor.

"I've got tits, Doctor!" She explained, awkwardly, having a hard time forming the thoughts and explanations coherently. "I mean - really big, huge tits!"

* * * * *

Delgaro blinked - maybe this was going to be at least a little interesting, after all.

"I take it that these, uh... 'endowments' are a recent event, and not your original size?" Delgaro asked, making sure she was understanding where this was going.

There was a confused pause. "Uh - yeah, that's right."

"I see." Delgaro said, nodding to herself. "And you aren't happy having such large breasts, now?"

The voice still sounded confused - or maybe this 'Tina' just wasn't all that bright. "Well, doctor, I... It's just that, you know, I never expected..."

She was obviously searching for words - and stammering, confused 'self-conversation' to explain things was bad for radio. Delgaro pushed her onward.

"Did somebody convince you to get bigger breasts? Or did you do it yourself, without any... 'prompting'?"

* * * * *

"Well, I did it to myself..." Tina tried to explain, deciding the doctor didn't realize the whole story. Pausing, she backed up and tried to make it all make sense for the doctor. "You see, I didn't like the way I looked, and so..."

"I understand." The doctor interrupted. "You were unhappy with the way you looked, and thought this would help. Well, I have to ask - do you think you're a more physically and sexually attractive woman now then you were before?"

That one gave Tina's mind a bit of trouble, and she responded with the 'truth', trying to explain. "Well, yeah - a lot more. See, it's not just my tits, it's my hair, and my face, and my nails, and... I mean, I've changed completely, you know what I mean?"

In her confusion, she thought that made it all clear - she'd been a man, and now was a huge-breasted woman.

Though Tina couldn't see it, Delgaro was nodding to herself again, having come to a 'logical' - but completely erroneous - conclusion. "Let me guess - you're not all that active, sexually, right?" Delgaro asked.

"Well... no, I'm not..." Tina agreed, confused.

"...and the way guys look at you now, with your new.. 'look', makes you uncomfortable? Nervous? Unsure?" Remembering the guy outside, Tina answered honestly. "Yeah."

* * * * *

This was the part the listener's loved - racy advice. Part psychology, part pornography - something to help the listener and excite the audience...

"Listen, Tine - it's natural to feel that way. It doesn't mean you have to act that way, though. You have a whole new image, Tina, and it's because you needed one - now go out and live the image. Go ahead and be the sexual, exciting woman you've made yourself into.

Even if you feel afraid, nervous and unsure, don't let anybody see that - walk proud and sexy. Let people think you know you're sexy, and comfortable with. Just be the woman you've made yourself look like, and let things go along their own course. Don't fight it - live it."

* * * * *

At the other end of the phone, Tina's face was blank again. "Yes. I'll be the woman I've become." She agreed, woodenly. "I will act proud and comfortable with my new body."

* * * * *

Susan rolled her eyes - 'Tina' was agreeing with her, but woodenly. Obviously, she was just saying what Susan wanted to hear. She tried again.

"It's more than okay to be a sexy, large-breasted woman, Tina. Don't let your fears stop you - go ahead and indulge in all the new aspects your altered look can give your life. Go ahead and enjoy the new body - and the attention it brings you. If guys find you sexy and want you to have sexual intercourse with you, that's a good thing. Go ahead - become as sexually active as a woman with your new body should be!"

* * * * *

"Yes. I will do that." Tina agreed, numbly, then hung up the phone after the doctor sighed and told her that it was all the time they had for today's calls...

Tina blinked, then shook her head, trying to clear it. Slowly, some of the 'mists' cleared from her brain, and she began to think semi-coherently.

Oddly, she didn't feel panicked anymore. Though she couldn't seem to clearly remember what, exactly, the doctor had said, it must have been good news of some sort - though nervous, frightened and confused, she didn't feel pure horrified shock anymore.

Slowly, she straightened - not aware of the fact that she made a conscious effort to do so smoothly and 'easily'... as if she were completely 'comfortable' in her new body. Indeed, she was aware of all the odd weights and balances of her new body, and they 'bothered' her - but she didn't realize she was actively using the information to 'adapt' her movements to her new 'look'.

Likewise, she was completely unaware of the actual struggle she made to give her stride a smooth, feminine glide, even though she was aware of the new and strange sensations it created as she nearly-gracefully walked towards the bedroom. Not the master bedroom, which she was using, but the 'spare' bedroom, where she'd stored all her aunt's old stuff until she could decide what to do with it. Now, she let herself into the musty-smelling room without being consciously aware of the reason she was there - her mind, still somewhat befogged, was 'consciously' focused on the thought that she was going to have to do something, but what exactly it was she would do about the fact that she'd been turned into a huge-breasted woman overnight was a bit of a stumper. She couldn't even recall whether the doctor had told her to come in, or go see a specialist, or... but for some reason, it didn't seem important enough to worry about. Instead, Tina found her body almost moving on its own, as if she were half-asleep and doing something out of habit.

"What am I going to do?" She wondered to herself, more-or-less ignoring what her body was doing as she considered her situation. *'I've been turned into a woman - and one with a huge, heavy pair of tits, at that. How am I going to change back to being myself? What am I going to tell people? How should I act...? Dear God! I'm going to have to go out in public like... like this! People will see me!'*

While her mind churned over the horror of going out in public as a woman, her hands absently smoothed the pair of white cotton briefs she had just pulled on, after having absently removed the shorts and the men's briefs she'd been wearing. They were a little tight, but pretty close in size - though she didn't notice that fact.

Just as she didn't notice pulling on one of his aunt's long, beige skirts and cinching it around her slender new waist with a white leather belt. Nor was she consciously aware of pulling on a ruffled white cotton blouse over her still-T-shirt-clad new bust, buttoning the blouse in such a way that the two layers of fabric were enough to make her look 'presentable', but the undone buttons on the blouse and the stretched neckline of the shirt beneath still provided quite the eyeful of delightfully contained breast-flesh.

In fact, Tina remained completely unaware - consciously, at least - of what her body was up to, until she shook her head and realized she was just finishing applying eyeshadow.

"What the...?" Tina asked herself, stunned, staring at the reflection in the bathroom mirror. "What the hell am I doing?"

That was actually quite obvious from the results - which were surprisingly good for a novice to the skills of applying make-up and dressing as a woman. It had taken many tries to get everything looking acceptable, by the effect after the work was 'worth it'.

A pale pink lipstick coated her lips, making them look fuller and more desirable. Faint areas of blush graced her cheek, making her soft, milky skin look alive and excited, vibrant. The faintest layers of taupe eye-shadow served to enhance and high-light her eyes - while being subtle enough to appear as if she'd done nothing at all. Mascara graced her long, light new lashes.

She was also wearing a pair of gold clip-on earrings on her dainty new ear-lobes, and she became aware of the clothing she was wearing for the first time, from the skirt-and-blouse combination to the nearly knee-high beige suede boots with the four-inch tapered block heels.

So, it wasn't the 'what' that was in question, since the net effect made her look like a very attractive, somewhat 'Romantic' young woman, in the literary sense of the word. It was the 'why' that was really being questioned...

...and there was no way that the ex-man could possibly know that there was a sort of schism in her brain, caused by the psychoactive drug and the 'advice' Susan Delgaro had given her. Indeed, in a form of 'self-protection', her brain couldn't let her know that there was a logical gap between two portions of her brain. Instead, it desperately worked to provide her conscious mind with 'sane' thoughts... which meant that it would quite happily insist that '2+2' equaled 'Chartreuse', if that's what she 'needed' to hear.

Which is why she relaxed as she 'realized' what she was doing.

"Of course..." She told herself with a small smile. "I was worrying about going out in public and being seen as some sort of freak, like a guy 'hiding' in a woman's body - but all dressed up like this, nobody will be able to figure out I'm really a guy..."

Smiling at herself in the mirror for her 'stroke of genius', she turned away and headed down the hall, consciously aware of her efforts to walk smoothly and gracefully in her thankfully sturdy heels mostly hidden beneath the skirt - but she thought it was an effort to continue the 'disguise' she'd 'chosen', unaware of the fact that she couldn't have stopped walking as gracefully as she could if her life depended on it - it was an 'imperative' in her split mind, one that she wouldn't be able to circumvent at all.

Likewise, she wasn't allowed to find it odd to realize she had a near-desperate urge to go 'somewhere'... without knowing where that 'somewhere' was.

Grabbing a brown suede purse, Tina strode out of the house with as feminine step as she could manage, closing and locking the door behind her. Struggling to make her battle to walk in heels look easy and natural, she headed towards her car, parked in the carport.

Though an older Hyundai, her recent 'self-improvement' kick had given her reason to fill, sand and repaint the car herself, leaving it looking shiny and almost new. She slid behind the wheel...

...and gasped, quickly reaching down to release the catch under the seat and slide it back a bit to make room for her massive new endowments. She was wide enough to extend the shoulder-harness on the belt, but even then it was decidedly uncomfortable when she did it up, pressing across her massive new tits.

The new woman was operating in a strange near-daze, her mind occupied with the minute-to-minute tasks she was performing, without giving any real thought to why she was doing them, or where they were taking her. Though, outwardly, she appeared calm, even comfortable, inside she was a swirl of conflicting emotions, though muted by her odd sense of disassociation with her new condition.

Anxiety, disbelief and confusion were all held at bay, though nibbling at the edge of her conscious mind as she continued to perform actions without being able to question the reason she was doing them.

Starting the car, she put it into gear and carefully backed out of the driveway, trying to ignore the all-new sensations from her new body, from the way her fuller, firmer ass felt in the seat to the way her huge new tits vibrated slightly in sympathetic rhythm with the under-powered engine.

Without any conscious thought, she guided the little red car through the slowly-filling morning streets of the small city, finally pulling into the parking lot of a local mall, which - it being Saturday - was filling fairly rapidly with weekend shoppers.

The 'distant' anxiety Tina felt increased as she shut off the engine and prepared to climb out of the car, and doubts began to assault her. What was she doing here? Why was she going out in public like this? Not only as a woman, something she didn't want to be - but all 'dolloed up'...?

Fear began to rise, edging towards panic, her heart rate increasing as her breathing became shallow and rapid. The confusion and horror she felt at being turned into a woman overnight - and one with grotesquely huge breasts, at that - began to gather again, her mind sharpening from it's daze, moving towards clear, sharp thought and strong, 'real' emotions...

...and her subconscious mind couldn't let it happen. In many ways, it was like shock, where the mind fought to deny what it was seeing and feeling, dismissing it as 'impossible'... or finding another, 'logical' reason for what it was perceiving or doing. Her brain whirled and spun, and Tina slumped forward slightly as the world seemed to swim around her...

...then her mind once more sunk into the thick-witted state of shock, as she found herself irrationally convinced that she was doing something to rectify this situation, the one she wasn't 'really' worried about.

"The doctor must have told me to come here..." She said aloud, too brightly, her tensed muscles relaxing. "I'll find the cure to this at the mall..."

Illogically, she was in the mind-set where this was a simple 'condition' one that would be cleared up fairly easily - it was the only way her brain would look at the situation.

From one perspective, she was insane. Tina had a split from reality, because her current reality was simply too much to deal with - but the gap wasn't all that wide, so she wasn't a raving lunatic, unable to 'interface' with the reality everybody else was dealing with. In psychiatric terms, the new woman was 'Mildly Delusional, with minor schizophrenic errata' - in other words, her brain was 'lying' to her, keeping her 'happy' with 'bent' views of reality, while a semi-formed second 'persona' was overlaid it all to keep it coherent - a persona created, unwittingly, by Dr. Susan Delgaro.

Once more 'calmed', Tina slid from the car and locked it, moving towards the glass doors to the mall with that deceptively confident, easy stride that took almost all her concentration to maintain.

So much concentration, in fact, that despite the fact she seemed to be bright-eyed and aware, she didn't notice the looks she was getting from other shoppers as she made it to the glass doors and walked inside. and she was only peripherally aware of the guy who'd jumped forward to open those doors for her. Just as she was only faintly aware of her muttered 'thank you' and pleasant smile of gratitude in response.

Indeed - she was consciously aware of very little, other than her own - mostly unrealized - efforts to match actions and 'persona' to the body she now wore.

Her mind, however, was recording everything, even if it didn't parade through her consciousness first. Subconsciously, she was aware of the sensations of her altered body as she walked with easy-appearing feminine grace that was struggle to

maintain. It was aware of the looks she was getting.... and it was causing her, unawares, to respond appropriately to the different looks. Some of them she turned her nose up at, slightly, indicating a matching disdain for the mostly-female looks of doubt, disdain or disgust. For startled looks and double-takes, she gave a small smile and a tiny shrug. but enough of a shrug to cause her huge new tits to jiggle and ripple in a very interesting way.

For looks of open appraisal or raw sexual innuendo, she reserved a small frown or a quick, haughty turn of her head, all done without her conscious knowledge.

For shy-yet-interested, politely attracted looks. she gave a small, thoughtful smile, perhaps even with a slow, semi-joking wink that usually caused the guy to flush...

This all happened well below the threshold of her conscious mind, by-play that she 'missed' completely as she concentrated on maintaining her feminine persona - and wondered what it was she was looking for in the mall as she wandered aimlessly around, appearing to be your average window shopper with an anything-BUT-average bust-line.

So, at first, she had no idea what was happening at the 'below the threshold' level...

The mall boasted a small, four-screen movie theater, and the two guys had paused to look at the posters outside the closed cinema. About her own age, there was nothing remarkable about them at all. One of them was about average height, with dark-brown hair and beard, and carrying some extra weight, though not enough to him to really be called 'fat'. His companion was taller, and almost painfully skinny in a whipcord-lean sort of way, his face narrow, intense, and faintly marred with old acne scars below a long man of black hair. It was the shorter of the two who first spotted her, doing a nearly classic double-take, then nudging his friend and asking a question...

From their position and hers, they weren't getting a very good look at her - or rather, at her chest. Though still consciously unaware of the guys at all, her subconscious mind watched the entire by-play in the reflection of the glass, and realized that the guys were wondering if they were really seeing what they thought they were...

Consciously, Tina thought it was because her feet were a little sore from standing in one position too long, despite how 'easy and comfortable' she was making herself look. So, she didn't really think anything at all about shifting her position, putting her weight on the other foot and rotating her body to the side...

...which ended any doubts the two guys might have had as their eyes went wide as the sheer size of her immense breasts were verified.

The guys realized they were staring and quickly yanked their eyes away, blushing, and headed towards a nearby set of doors, digging packs of cigarettes from the appropriate pocket with less skill than usual, as they were continuously - almost helplessly - grabbing the occasion, guilt glance at her.

A moment later, Tina felt an urge to head out the same doors, unaware of what was 'really' driving her as she swayed gracefully to the exit and stepped out into the rapidly growing heat of the day.

When she spotted the two guys sitting on a nearby bench, smoking, she 'rationalized' the sudden urge she felt with the thought that this might be why she came here. Maybe what it was she was supposed to do to help cure her was smoke - though it didn't make much sense, it was enough for her confused mind to accept as 'valid'...

So, she walked over to the two guys and asked for a cigarette. She was consciously aware of doing this - but HOW she did it went right past her conscious mind. The fact that she'd clasped her hands together and pressed them between her knees as she leaned forward was lost on her - as was the fact that it caused her upper arms to push into her breasts, lifting them 'up-and-out'.. as she bent over and displayed an awe-inspiring view of milky cleavage to the guys.

She was also unaware of the breathy tone as she asked for the cigarette. or the way she let her hand linger on the bearded one's hand for an eternal moment as she accepted.

Or the way she smiled at the taller one for a second before accepting the light he offered.

Taking a quick drag of the cigarette, she coughed slightly. She'd used to smoke, but that had been a couple of years ago, in a sort of subconscious bid to gain acceptance with her then-peers. Still, the habit came back to damned easy...

"Thanks..." She said, holding out a hand. "I'm Tina, by the way>"

"Uh.... Grant. Grant, uh... Stevens." The bearded one managed to stammer. The taller one was a little more articulate in giving his name as 'Jeff'. but he, unlike Grant, didn't make any effort to look her in the eyes as he did so, instead staring directly at the vast curve of her bust as he spoke.

Tina shifted slightly, thinking the warmth she felt was a blush at having her tits stared at, though she didn't say anything to Jeff about it.

She was completely unaware of the fact that she actually arched her back a bit, to make her already unmistakable bust even more prominent. especially since her huge, thick nipples were now fully engorged and easily visible through the fabric of the blouse.

She was also unaware of the reason she'd shifted her weight - the warm, damp feeling emanating in her crotch.

So, she thought she was merely making conversation as she took another drag of her cigarette and 'causally' asked: "So, what are you two guys up to today?"

She was completely unaware of the long, heavy-lidded side-ways glance she gave them while asking. or the way she very slowly licked her lips as her gaze dropped downwards for a few, noticeable, seconds.

"Well, we..." Grant started, awkwardly - but Jeff interrupted with; "Nothing. Nothing at all."

"Really?" She said, not hearing the breathy interest she put into the question. She also thought she was merely providing some 'useless information' when she continued. "I'm just about to head back to my place."

Jeff all-but-leered. "Oh, really?"

She *was* aware of that look, of the way he was staring at her tits, of his obvious reactions....

..and, amazingly, she was aware and conscious of what she did next. In fact, it was a very conscious discussion that let her do it, based on a very clear memory.

Though she didn't realize she'd been 'prompting' the guys responses, especially Jeff's, she had been aware of some of the results - and of the difference in the way the two acted.

Which struck her as very familiar indeed - which brought back the memory. It was from a few years ago, when she - as a guy - had found herself in a semi-friendship with somebody who wasn't quite 'Mr. Popular', but still closer to the 'center' of social acceptance. She hadn't particularly liked the guy... but had been desperate enough for friendship, and unsure enough about himself, to go along with it...

Which was why, with calm deliberation, she gave Jeff a long, hard, cold stare...

...then turned to Grant and smiled warmly.

"Would you like to join me?" She asked, sweetly, quite consciously adding sexual innuendo to her every movement as she leaned forward, pulling her shoulders back a bit to emphasize her chest even more. "I'd really enjoy spending some time with..."

She let her voice grow suddenly cool, turning her head to favor Jeff with another cold glance. "... a *rea*/gentleman..."

...then the warm honey crept back into her voice as she faced Grant again. "...who knows how to behave around a lady." She could practically hear each of the guy's jaws hit the ground.

She knew exactly how Grant was feeling right now - unsure, excited and hesitant, heart racing a million miles an hour as he was filled with a mixture of hope and self-doubt...

It was exactly the way Tina would have felt as a man, if faced with this situation.

So she didn't let his doubts stop him. Reaching out, she took his hand gently in her own and tugged, getting him to his feet and favoring him with a long, slow smile. Throwing one, last cold glance over her shoulder at Jeff, she wrapped an arm around Grant's waist and began to walk towards her car, feeling his warm body snuggled - a little stiffly - against her side.

She led him to her car and smiled at him as she let him in, then slid behind the wheel and started up the car, putting it into gear and pulling out of the spot while Grant's mind struggled to catch up with the impossible, fantasy-like events occurring to him...

For her part, Tina's mind was also otherwise occupied.

'What the hell am I **doing?**' She asked herself, her face not showing any of the confusion or shock running around in her mind. 'Sure, I just boosted Grant's ego so high that he might actually gain some self-respect... but he thinks I want to have sex with him...!'

Then her mind calmly informed her of the sensations of her body. Of her rock-hard nipples. Of the not-unpleasant warmth thrumming through her body. Of the *very* pleasant warm wetness between her thighs...

'Oh... My... GOD! I **do** want to have sex with him!' She thought with disgust... which faded quite a bit as she realized something else. 'But... it's not just this female body that's excited, though that's the main 'sexual' part. God... I'm horny...! But... but Grant seem like a nice guy. An awful lot like the guy I was...'

Her mind whirling, she found herself actually considering having sex with grant. After all, she was going to find a cure for this 'condition', and nobody would ever know that she'd not only been female, but had had sex as one. It would be her own guilty little secret... and not only would it be a fantasy-come-true for Grant, but it would ease the sexual desires she was feeling. Besides, it had been ages since she'd gotten laid, as a guy... should she really turn down this chance for what would definitely be pleasurable sex? She was smart enough to know that sex was good for women, too, even if it was different...

On the other hand... it just felt so wrong...

She was trying to deal with the unexpected confusion, when Grant cleared his throat nervously and spoke...

"Uh, Tina...." He said awkwardly, hands fluttering nervously at his lap in a vain attempt to his the way his pants were bulging. "I, uh... really appreciate what you did back there. Thanks. It was... very kind of you. You, uh... you can just drop me off, uh.. anywhere along here..."

She looked at him - nervous-but-excited, obviously very aroused... yet trying to give her an 'out'. Partly as gentlemanly behavior... but mainly because he couldn't bring himself to believe that a woman like her was really attracted to him, sexually.

That seemed to spear down into her soul and stab her right through the heart - and Tina knew exactly what she was going to do. For the first time since her change, she was thinking with all of her brain, feeling all of her emotions - and she wasn't 'going crazy' with the disparity between feminine body and male mind. No, the fact that she was a woman was less-important-but-integral to the fact that the person beside her was in a very real sort of pain...

...and, thanks to this body that she'd never wanted, there was something she could do about it, even if the thought gave her some misgivings.

Looking around, she guided the little car off the street and into the entrance of the Park Drive. While Grant unbuckled his belt, obviously thinking she was simply pulling over to let him out, she let the car continue down the tree-lined road until she

found a packed-dirt parking spot screened almost completely by bushes. She eased the car into the little hidey-hole and looked over at Grant, who was looking around in mild confusion as she turned off the engine.

"What... what's going on...?" He asked in confusion - and it was painfully obvious to Tina that he still couldn't bring himself to believe that...

"Do you think I'm... unattractive, Grant?" Tina asked, quietly, kindly.

Grant looked shocked. "Good Lord, No!" He said, forcefully - then blushed, retreating back into his unassuming persona. "I, uh... I mean, I think you're very beautiful..."

"Oh - I'm beautiful..." She said, softly. "Just not... 'sexy', perhaps. Maybe it's my tits." She undid her own seat belt and lightly hefted her huge tits, feeling the pleasure of her own hands on her massive, round, medicine-ball-sized breasts. "That's it, I guess - you think they're freakishly huge..."

"No!" Grant said, then blushed deeper. "I mean, I... I think you are very sexy, Tina... and, I, uh... I really like your, uh.. you... size..."

"Are you sure...?" She asked, gently... and as he stared, wide eyes, slowly undid the buttons on her blouse and slipped it off, then peeled the straining T-shirt off over her head.

Her huge, incredibly firm tits bounced twice, then shimmied to a stop, riding proud and firm on her slender ribcage, pink nipples standing proudly erect from her large, domed aureole.

"Do you still think they're sexy, Grant...?" She asked, turning sideways in the driver's seat and presenting him a full-on view of her massive globes of tit-flesh.

"Yuh... Yeah..." Grant said, thickly, eyes blinking rapidly.

"Then why aren't you touching them?" She asked, softly. "I've done everything but beg you... but I'll do that, too, if that's what it takes. Grant, you are a cute, intelligent guy... and you're not a rude, lust-driven jerk like so many guys are. I like that - really like that. But... but you have to know when to stop being too polite. Grant... I want you. Please... don't turn me away..."

"I... I..." Grant stammered, beet red... then he managed a small, nervous grin.

"I have no idea what to say right now..." He admitted, nervously. "I, uh.. I'm not really too good at this..." "So, don't say anything...." Tina whispered, leaning even further forward...

Taking a deep breath, Grant hesitantly reached out... and lightly cupped her huge, firm tits with shaking hands.

"Yes..." Tina sighed, letting her eyes slip closed. His touch was... nice. Hesitant and unsure, and not terribly exciting - but not unpleasant either, and she was doing this as much - or more - for him then she was for herself.

However, her reaction was just right. With a little more confidence, he began to massage her massive new tits... and now the pleasure started to rise.

Then his warm lips touched one thick, sensitive nipple, and he alternated sucking and licking the engorged nub - and this time her soft moan was completely genuine.

He might be 'awkward' about this... but he was gaining confidence quickly, and she found herself wrapping her hands around his head as his touch became more sure... and more pleasurable.

She felt a brief moment of worry when his mouth left her nipples, opening her eyes to see why he'd stopped... just in time to see his face near her own, his hands going around her waist and pulling her tightly - but not roughly - against him as their lips met...

She closed her eyes and just went along with the kiss. She felt a momentary hesitation inside herself - but a kiss was a kiss, and there was one guy and one girl sharing it, and who cared that the woman used to be a guy herself - that didn't make the kiss any less pleasurable.

She threw herself into the kiss. It wasn't a hard, passionate kiss, but a slow, tender one... but very, very pleasurable, and Tina enjoyed it immensely.

Reaching down between their bodies, she began to unzip Grant's fly - and she felt him stiffen, still not positive...

His hands one more uncertain, she hesitantly reached for the clasp on her side-closing skirt, undoing it and hesitantly reaching for her panties...

...which were sopping wet with her desire, convincing him at last.

"Now, Grant..." She moaned, letting herself give into her body's desires with only a faint pang of 'disgust' as she shifted around...

The Hyundai was a small car. There wasn't much room, and certainly not built for what they wanted to do. But 'where there's a will there's a way', and there was a hell of a lot of will-power involved in the moment. With the seat pushed all the way back and the passenger's side door opened, there was enough room - and Tina sighed in pleasure as, for the first time, she felt a hard, throbbing cock fill her wet new womanhood.

*'God, that feels so... **satisfying**...!'* She thought, stunned with the emotional pleasure being filled brought, as well as physical.

Then she realized something... and giggled slightly before she could stop herself. Her eyes popped open, horrified what that inadvertent giggle, caused by a wayward thought, might have done to Grant's fragile ego...

...only to find him grinning at her, as best he could with the lower half of his face obscured in her massive cleavage.

"Like a glove..." He gasped, and she had a second of emotional pleasure at the fact he got the same 'joke' as her. Not only was her tight new cunt and his average-sized cock a perfect fit for each other... but it was as if their individual height and build had been tailored for each other. His small, firm gut was just enough to press warmly against her belly, while her huge tits fit the rounded indentation above, from chest to shin. Almost every square inch of the front of their bodies was touching the other...

Then thought was given over to instinct as they both began to move, slowly and carefully at first, pleasure thrumming through their bodies as they felt each other out for rhythm and positions...

"Oh..." Tina moaned, pleasure building as they found the right rhythm, bodies moving faster and more powerful, with more assurance. The pace increased, and so did the pleasure, causing her to moan lower, longer and with more primal pleasure - a sound matched by Grant's own sounds of pleasure.

Still, the pleasure continued to build as they had sex in the passenger's seat of the little car, sweat starting to coat their bodies from the oh-so-pleasurable exertions, wonderful friction occurring not only in each of their genitalia, but across the whole front of their bodies as they writhed in incredible rhythm.

Each was focusing on bringing the other pleasure, and that combined effort was making what they were doing more than just a 'quickie', no matter how it might look to any stunned passerby who might happen upon the scene. The pleasure each felt continued to rise, building and rebuilding - in a steadily growing curve for Grant, in slow, redoubled waves of pleasure for the new woman who writhed atop him.

Then the pleasure reached a crescendo and, a bare instant apart, then came.

Tina screamed out, stunned at the pure, pervasive, all-body pleasure that thundered through her at climax, centered in her crotch but spreading out to claim her entire body. She writhed atop Grant, control of her muscles lost in the orgasmic pleasure she was feeling...

...and she didn't notice as her leg hit the aging, slipping gear-shift, knocking the car into gear.

Indeed, it took them a second to realize the car was moving as they collapsed, spent, into each other's arms. Entangled, they realized the vehicle was gathering speed, moving through the screen of bushes and down the slope behind them...

"Hey...!" Grant managed to get out, as they struggle in post-orgasmic exhaustion to untangle themselves...

They didn't have a chance. The impact of the front bumper against the tree half-way down the slope was fairly mild, all things considered - but the position they were in was more than enough for the quick halt to snap Tina's head back, slamming it into the slight curve of the roof near the windshield...

...and for the new woman, the world ceased to exist as unconsciousness claimed her.

* * * * *

ONE YEAR LATER

The doorbell chimed just as Tina took her first bite of salad, sitting in front of the TV.

Putting the bowl of leafy green aside, she glanced down at the expanse of her custom-made cream-colored silk blouse to ensure she hadn't dribbled any vinaigrette dressing on herself from the involuntary movement her hand had made at the unexpected sound.

Reassured, she rose gracefully from the chair and smoothed her knee-length black shirt over her nylon-clad legs before gliding gracefully towards the front door, the black pumps with their five-inch heels keeping an-oh-so-feminine tempo on the hardwood floor. She knew wearing heels in the house was hard on the flooring... but for some reason she just loved the sound they made, not to mention the way they enhanced her legs and gave her a lovely, swaying stride. Her fiancée, Grant, sometimes joked that, given the way she was practically obsessed with the way she dressed, moved and appeared, it was almost like she had some sort of inner need to 'reassure' herself of her femininity. Which, of course, was utterly ridiculous - nobody who so much as glanced at her could ever doubt her femininity, what with her carefully-maintained trim figure and huge, firm bust that she was oh-so-proud-of, despite the current 'feminist' thinking on the matter, thank-you-very-much.

Reaching the front door, she paused for a quick glance in the mirror hanging there. There were a hell of a lot of mirrors in her and Grant's house, and she was always looking in them. Part of it was to check that everything was 'just right', like she was doing now, lightly patting her carefully-styled hair and checking her flawlessly applied make-up.

The other part of it was the fact that she just loved admiring herself. Maybe some women - 'Femi-Nazis', she called them - would be disgusted by the fact that she just loved everything about herself, including her magnificent breasts, but that didn't stop the surge of pleasure that she got every time she saw her abundant femininity in the mirror. The fact that the love of her life also thought she was the most gorgeous woman in the world was an added bonus...

Reassured of her appearance, she opened the front door with the same, conscious grace she applied to her every waking movement.

The woman standing on the doorstep looked Tina up and down, quickly - while Tina returned the gesture, not without a twinge of the old Green-Eyed Monster.

The woman on the doorstep was, quite simply, stunning. Taller than Tina, she had a trim, slightly athletic build that was definitely - almost defiantly - feminine. Her nylon-clad legs were long and remarkably shapely under the hem of the stylish suede skirt she wore, more perfectly contoured than Tina's own legs were, even after the endless hours of precise exercise Tina had used to get them pretty damned sexy in their own right. The other woman's waist was about as slender as Tina's own, carefully maintained-and-corseted waist... but at least the bust under the white cotton blouse was nowhere as impressive as Tina's own, though this woman would be considered 'buxom' by most people, with her EEE-cup endowments.

It was scant consolation for Tina, however, given the fact that this tall, lithe woman had the face of a Countess. It was the first analogy that sprang to Tina's mind as she gazed with envy at the woman's proud-yet-gorgeous features, with her slender nose, full-yet-firm lips and rich, green eyes... all surrounded by a carefully styled mane of rich, red hair. Tina wished she could believe it was a dye-job... but no company had ever managed to quite capture that particular shade...

The woman's eyes, as lovely as they were, showed Tina a hint of anxiety, as well as other less identifiable emotions. Then the woman spoke - in a rich contralto, damn it - and said, "Tina? Tina... Seaton?"

Tina blinked. "Uh... Tina Smith, actually..." She grinned. "But only until July, when it becomes Tina Stevens."

"Smith?" The woman inquired, a doubtful look in her eyes - which was easy to see, as she was staring directly into Tina's own, as if searching for something in there... which made Tina nervous, more so than she would have thought.

"Well, that's what is says on my ID..." She said, nearly stammering, while part of her wondered why she was explaining this to a complete stranger. "I, uh.. was in an accident. I had - still have, I guess - amnesia..."

The woman looked startled, then stared closer at Tina's face... and sighed softly, her body relaxing. "Oh, I see. I'm sorry to hear that. It must be hard on you..."

Tina relaxed, herself. "Oh - not really. Sure, not having a past can be a little awkward, especially at cocktail parties... but I like the present I'm living in. Love it, actually. Aside from the short legal hassles that came from being in the car belonging to some guy who apparently vanished, the past year has been pure heaven - and since that legal hassle was dropped due to any evidence whatsoever, it's not even annoying."

"I see..." The woman said, nodding. "Well, congratulations on your impending nuptials... and I'm sorry to have bothered you." The gorgeous red-head started to turn away, and Tina held out a hand in confusion. "Hold on - what is it you wanted?"

The woman's small smile was very odd indeed. "I wanted to thank somebody... but I guess I've got the wrong person. I'm sorry to have bothered you."

"Oh - well, I hope you find this other Tina you're looking for." Tina replied. Shutting the door, she didn't hear the red-head's response.

* * * * *

"Somehow, I don't think I ever will..." Pam said, softly, with a faint hint of sorrow as she glided towards her car, parked at the curb.

Sliding behind the wheel of her new Jag, Pam paused and looked down at what rested on the other tan leather seat. Softly, almost reverently, she ran her long-nailed fingers over the white plastic curve of the pill-bottle.

The pill bottle that she'd been given by her boss at the Estate Sale company, after she'd complained about the weight she'd gained after her Las Vegas vacation, with all its 'all-you-can-eat' buffets.

Her boss had been happy to give them to her. After all, that was the kind of boss he was. Hell - if he hadn't been an easy-going, friendly man, she'd never have been working there in the first place.

It wasn't every boss who was willing to work with a pre-op transsexual trying to earn enough money for the final step.

It wasn't every pre-op transsexual that had heaven drop into her lap, either. So what if those few who knew her 'real' history thought the surgeons had done an exceptionally good job? She alone knew that, somehow, it was the pills that had made her fondest wish come true.

It seemed a shame that she was the only one that knew about the pills. She'd thought maybe the previous owner had used them and then 'hidden' herself with the amnesia story - but, looking into Tina's eyes had shown no sign of deceit.

Looking at Tina's bust had also convinced Pam that the woman had been female all the way through. Perhaps less attractive before, which would explain those ridiculously huge tits and her obvious obsession with maximizing her beauty in every way possible - but what guy, even a TS, would be willing to lug those monsters around?

Still and all, to Pam's way of thinking it was almost a sin that some pills had been 'wasted' on a woman who could have had surgery to get what she wanted, when these pills could give a TS what medical science could only emulate...

...which, of course, brought her back to the question that had been nagging at her since her own transformation. She still had enough pills for one more 'make-over'.... Who was she going to give them to...?

Mind still churning that one over, the once-male woman put the car into gear and pulled away from the curb.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a gangster is confronted by his enemy while he is unearthing a strange orb, the orb emits an energy which transforms the gangster into helpless bimbo who is at the will of her rival.

Radiant

By Gunslinger

"Well, well, well - what *do* we have here...?"

At the sound of the deep, darkly amused voice, an involuntary squeak of fear was torn from Gary Richards' throat. His heart, already pounding from unexpected physical exertion, began to thunder so hard and so fast that it seemed as if there were a jackhammer attempting to break free of his ribcage.

Leaning forward over the hole he'd just finished digging, Gary felt his grip on the worn wooden handle of the shovel tighten, feeling the solid heft of the implement that he was suddenly very aware could double as quite a serviceable weapon. For a long second, the dusty, tired twenty-two-year old considered just swinging away - and then he took a deep breath and let go of the shovel's handle.

Clenching his teeth together in a mixture of anger and resigned, familiar fear, the gangly, sunburned young man turned to face his tormentor.

Leaning against a tree, his thickly muscled arms crossed over his deep, barrel chest, Rocco 'Rocky' Franzetti smirked at the sight of the dirt covering his tall, angular prey. Short, but broad-shouldered and so heavily muscled that he was nearly as wide as he was tall, Rocky had to tilt his head back to look up at Gary's tight-lipped face - but despite the disparity in height, there was no mistaking who held the upper hand. There was more shear muscle packed in Rocky's five feet, seven inches of height than on Gary's sparse six- foot two frame.

"Rocky." Gary greeted his nemesis with a sort of tight formality. "This is private property, you know."

"What'cha gonna do?" Rocky wanted to know. "Call the cops? Well, go right ahead. I think I saw a pay at the gas station down the road."

Rocky smiled nastily, teeth gleaming against a naturally dusky skin-tone made a deep bronze by his tan. Uncrossing his arms, he jerked on thick thumb in the direction of the nearest phone - down the narrow game-trail that he was currently blocking.

"What do you want, Rocky?" Gary asked, refusing to be baited.

"Well, gee, just satisfyin' my curiosity is all. See, I was on a date with Cindy, that cute babe from the county registrar's office, and when she told me what you did, I said to myself, 'Now why would stick-boy want to buy forty square feet of the most worthless land within a hundred miles?'"

Pasting an exaggerated expression of confusion onto his face, Rocky over-acted quizzically scratching at his thick, slightly curly mop of ebony hair.

"So, I just hadda come down here and find out what you was up to." Rocky said, dropping the act and approaching the hole Gary had just finished digging. With every step, the deep-bronzed slabs of muscle layering his body shifted and tensed, well displayed by the white T-shirt and cut-off denim shorts he wore. For a long, tense second, Gary held his ground against the approaching juggernaut of America-Italian muscle... and then, grudgingly, he backed away from the hole, and the just uncovered object laying in the bottom of the irregular crater.

"Well, lookee here..." Rocky said, grinning down at the small, cylindrical 'chest' laying in the bottom of the pit. Reaching down, he grabbed the handles at either end of the tubular stainless-steel casing and hefted it, grunting.

"Damn, it's heavy for it's size." Rocky said, muscles bulging - and grinning like a mad-man. "Heavy enough to be packed full of gold. Is that it, stick-boy? Gold?"

"I don't know what's in it." Gary admitted, tightly. "I found a fragment of a memo in the archives. It just said something was buried out here, but not what or why. It was *real* curiosity that made me come out here and dig it up."

"Sure, and you're such a law-abiding citizen that you bought the land just to keep from trespassing. The thought that owning the land made anything you dug up legally yours never crossed your mind, right?" Rocky chuckled. "Let's see what's in here."

Curiosity piqued despite the annoyance of having Rocky 'do the honors', Gary leaned forward...

...and Rocky cradled the strange casing in one arm, clasping it close to his chest as he undid the clasp and flipped the curved lid open with his other hand.

"What?" Gary demanded, trying to peer over the broad shoulder as Rocky kept turning to keep his back to the taller man. "What is it?"

"Some damned ball of metal." Rocky said, disgusted. "The rest of the thing's taken up by this dark gray metal, and this kinda bluish 'ball-bearing' is sitting in it, and... hey! This ball-bearing is warm!"

Alarms began to go off in Gary's head.

"Close the lid!" Gary shouted, forgetting his enmity for the muscular man in the heat of the moment. "Close it, quick!" "Huh?" Rocky said, startled by the raw fear in the other young man's voice.

"Radiation!" Gary shouted. "That's a lead-lined case, and that 'ball-bearing' is plutonium, or uranium, or something!"

Rocky slammed the case shut, the spring-loaded latch snapping shut automatically as he thrust the casing away from him. It thudded to the ground, rolling down the slope until it came to rest with the 'underside', unseen until that very instant, resting face-up...

...and displaying the unmistakable tri-foil symbol for radiation engraved into the metal surface.

"Oh, shit - I need to get..." Rocky started to say, urgently - and then he groaned, suddenly shivering, as a chill ran up and down his spine.

A chill followed almost immediately by a flush of heat that seemed to burn through his body even as another bout of chilled shivers shook his body.

"Something's.. happening..." He gasped, teeth chattering. "How.. can anything... be happening... so soon...?"

Wide-eyed, Gary took two half-steps backward, shaking his head numbly as his mouth worked, unable to bring himself to voice his knowledge that, if entering the bloodstream from a cut, plutonium could kill within minutes.

"Hurts..." Rocky gasped, face contorted as a cold sweat dripped down his dark golden brow. "Bones.. aching..."

He began rubbing his arms in an effort to warm himself - and Gary watched in horror as the hair under the big, meaty hands sloughed off, one of the signs of radiation poisoning.

"Gary..." Rocky pleaded, stumbling a few tottering steps towards his old target. "Help.. me..."

Then, with a few feet still separating him from Gary, Rocky stopped dead, throwing his head back and letting out a strangled scream as his body shook...

...and began to *grow*.

As Rocky writhed and moaned, his bones began to lengthen. Deep beneath sinew and flesh, they began to stretch like taffy. They retained the same mass as they always had, thinning as they grew longer, the muscles and ligaments being pulled into new configurations under skin that was stretching and warping.

"What's... *happening*... to me?" Rocky begged to know in a nearly animalistic groan of pain - that rose steadily in pitch with every word, as his ribcage stretched and lengthened, pulling it slimmer and finer.

His legs stretched ever upward, the bone structure becoming finer under once-slab-like muscle now being pulled tighter and smoother as they were forced to trade density for distance coverage.

"Help me Gary - help me!" The writhing, changing figure in front of the angular young man pleaded in a rising voice - but even if there had been anything Gary could have done, it wouldn't have mattered, for he was paralyzed in shock, staring at his old arch-nemesis' shifting form.

With muffled popping sounds, Rocky's spine grew longer - but as it lengthened, it also began pushing outwards at the base, curving outward and upward, pushing his ass back and upwards inside the jean shorts that were being pulled tight against Rocky's crotch.

A crotch that presented no visible bulge to Gary's stunned eyes.

Slowly, Gary's stunned mind began to accept the fact that there was something more going on her than simple radiation positioning - an inexplicable conclusion reinforced by the continuing changes going on before his stunned eyes.

The ass being pushed up and back was filling out, acquiring a certain - and noticeable - shape, one rarely associated with men.

The legs, now no longer bulky and slab-sided, were acquiring a thicker layer of fat that smoothed the hairless skin over the athletic musculature that was left.

The hands and feet, slimmer now, were also proportionally smaller given the still-increasing height of the steadily slimmer body...

...a body that was also steadily becoming more feminine with every passing second.

A fact that Rocky belatedly began to clue in on. Caught up in the pain of the transformation, Rocky hadn't registered his cock and balls retracting back into his body to form an unmistakably feminine cleft under the tight caress of the now-taut jean shorts - but he couldn't possibly miss what was happening to his chest, as the t-shirt began to push outwards from his denuded ribcage, driven by twin mounds of firm flesh swelling on his chest.

"I.. I.. I'm growing... *tits!*" Rocky screamed - and the higher pitch from the stretched vocal cords registered, as did other now- unmistakable 'symptoms' of her new condition: "I'm turning into a *woman!*"

Pulled steadily higher on her slimming waist as her torso lengthened, her t-shirt now began to ride up faster - as fabric was taken up to tent over the perky, conical shapes filling it out.

Shapes that were unmistakable for what they were - breasts.

Her still-firming ass was continuing to push out and up, becoming more prominent, as the muscles failed to keep up with the bone growth, causing the curvature...

...but that was only the first example of this effect, as it began to show up in other places.

The still-changing new woman gasped and shudder-stepped out of her now ill-fitting new shoes, slim new feet rising steadily higher as the curvature of her arches increased, forcing her to stand tip-toe.

"Make it tthtop!" She begged, helplessly, teetering on tip-toe - then she blinker, her dark eyes - which were looking bigger by the second as her face stretched and thinning - almost comically cross as she peered down past her slimming nose.

Her tongue naked out between her plumping lips - and kept snaking out. It was getting longer, too...

"Whattht happening to me?" She lisped, though the answer was self evident - as the 'bowing' effect hit shoulders that weren't nearly as broad in proportion to her body anymore. Her shoulders were forced backward, forcing her chest forward and upwards, making her swelling tits all the more prominent on the steadily less-adequate shirt...

...tits that were no longer taut cones, but firm domes... and rapidly pushing outwards into spheres.

"Help..." She whimpered as the changes wound down to a stop - leaving Gary to stare in shock at an individual who, aside from the rich bronze tan and somewhat curly mop of deep black hair topping her off, bore no noticeable resemblance to Rocky Franzetti.

The new recipe of her body was two equally large doses of cute and sexy, stirred well and seasoned with a dash of exotic before being poured into six-foot-four-inches of pure woman.

The denim shorts now rode low on her slim, supple hips, molded skin-tight to a mouth-watering ass and the feminine mound between her taut thighs. The long, bronzed, coltishly-sexy legs seemed to run endless down to the dainty feet curved to pull her shapely heels nearly five inches higher than the cute toes she was precariously balanced on.

Above the hip-riding waistband of the taut shorts lay a toned, slender waist well revealed by a t-shirt now straining over a pair of melon-sized breasts - and prize-winning melons at that, full and firm beneath a shirt barely long enough to cover clearly-defined nipples that were of 'average' length for her big-as-volleyball breasts, but remarkably thick.

Those breasts were mounted on a slim ribcage with now femininely-scaled shoulders pulled back as if she were trying to show off her spherical new endowments, and those shoulders smoothly led to a long, slender neck upon which perched a slender, fine-boned face boasting big, dark eyes and pouting cupid's-bow lips.

Gary gaped at the bronzed vision of femininity before him, stunned by the transformation wrought over the past few minutes - and more than just a bit aroused by the tall, supple woman who was, quite frankly, the sexiest woman the confirmed 'tits-and-ass man' had ever seen, ex-male notwithstanding. Almost despite himself, Gary found himself slowly getting an erection at the sight of the stunned woman staring back at him...

..and then the new woman lost her precarious balance, and pitched forward.

Quickly, Gary stepped forward and grabbed at her - and suddenly found himself with an armful of very warm, supple woman. Her huge, firm tits pressed hard into his chest as she slumped against him, and Gary's encircling hands, almost of their own accord, found themselves cupping the most tautly delectable ass-cheeks it had even been his pleasure to feel.

"Stop feeling up my ass, you pervert...!" The new woman said, the anger in her voice severely cut by the effort it took to remain coherent with her long, supple new tongue. She pushed herself off of Gary...

...and staggered, spinning around, and only Gary's quick grab kept her from sprawling in the dirt.

This time, he found himself holding her with her mouth-watering ass grinning against his now hard cock, and his hands 'supporting' her by virtue of her tautly soft tits.

"You faggot!" She said, pulling herself away from Gary again, disgusted to realize that 'Stick Boy' was turned on by her hatefully feminine and definitely unwanted new form. Oh-so-carefully she found her balance, tottering on tip-toe between the top-heavy drag of her damnably sensitive new chest-melons, and the counterweight of her round, outthrust new ass. Carefully, forced to you dainty little steps, she turned to face a man she now had to look down at slightly to see eye-to-eye. "For god's sake, Gary, you touch me again, and I'll..."

"I'm sorry..." Gary started, automatically contrite - and then he paused, a speculative look coming to his eyes as he slowly started to smile.

"Hmmm. " He mused, quite openly eyeing the new woman's long, lean, buxom figure. "You know, Rocky, you're much more *arousing* than threatening, now."

"What's that supposed to mean?" She demanded, angrily.

Gary, with the shoe finally on the other foot after nearly fifteen years of psychological torture at Rocky's hands, pretended not to hear. "Rocky Doesn't seem to suit you any more." He 'mused', striking a thoughtful pose. "You know, I think 'Sandy' would be much more appropriate - no, wait, 'Sandi' with an 'I'. Yes, that's much better. Don't you think so. Sandi?"

"What?" She demanded, incredulously. "Why you little. "

She hurled herself at him in a deep rage, the shock and fear of what had been done to her finding an outlet in anger, and she put everything she had into the vicious right cross...

...that almost literally bounced harmlessly off the angular young man as she went sprawling in the dirt at his feet. "Oh, I guess you don't like that name." Gary laughed.

"Get out of here, you bastard!" The new woman screamed. Gary looked down at her - and shrugged.

"Okay."

She watched through narrowed eyes as he did just that, turning and starting to head back down the path. Confused, wondering what was going on, she started to get to her feet...

...and couldn't.

Inexperienced with her radically altered center of gravity, her once-powerful muscles uncoordinated and much weaker, she just couldn't work out the sequence of movements necessary to get back on her feet.

At the thought that she might be trapped here, helpless, unable to even stand, her heart began to pound between her round new tits - and after a long, disgusted moment, she forced herself to swallow her pride.

"Gary...?" She called, hating the needy tone in her feminine voice - hating the feminine voice itself. "Gary.. I. I need you help.

Please."

From a fair distance down the path, Gary's voice filtered back to her: "I'm sorry - is somebody calling for me?"

"Yes, damn it!" She shouted. "It's me, Rocky - I can't get up, damn you! Now get your skinny ass back here and help me, you perverted little. "

"Rocky? What happened to your voice? You almost sound like a girl!" Gary shouted back, laughing. "After more than a decade of torture, I absolutely refuse to help *Rocky* in any way."

Helplessly, the new woman ground her teeth and clenched her fists, waiting to hear whatever it was he wanted...

...and went cold when, instead, she heard the clatter of rock-on rock coming from the steep hill half-way down the trail to where the cars were parked.

"Gary...!" She screamed, now near panic. "Gary, you. "

She caught herself, just barely. After a life-time of saying or doing whatever he wanted because he could back it up with swift and brutal violence died hard - but, sick to her stomach, she knew that she no longer had that ability.

Ashamed to feel the hot dampness of 'womanish' tears standing in her big, dark eyes, disgusted at what she'd been reduced to, she forced the words out through clenched teeth.

"Gary?" She called, bitterness flowing through her feminine new body. "Can you come help me, please? It's... It's.. Sandi."

Several minutes past, during which she simply couldn't bring herself to say anything more - and more demeaning. Finally, Gary appeared and, without a word, helped her carefully to her feet while she held her rage and humiliated self-disgust behind clenched teeth.

Once she was once again precariously upright, Gary turned and began to head down the path again, still without speaking a word. Carefully, step by step, she began following his retreating back...

...and found that the best she could do was take short little steps, hips swaying outrageously to counterbalance her swaying, bouncing tits. Legs already aching from the strain of walking tip-toe, she contemplated the slow, agonizing walk it was going to be to get to her car...

...and then stopped, cold knot reforming in her stomach as she realized that there was no way she could navigate the steep down-slope at the mid-point of the trail.

"Gary." She called, sharply, to his almost vanished back. "Yes, Sandi?" He replied, politely, turning to face her.

She bit back her immediate response, hating to have to answer to that insipid name.

"Please... help me..." She managed to force out of a throat tightened by humiliation and anger. "I.. I can't walk to my car by myself." Gary looked her over, slowly and methodically - and then met her eye with a level stare.

"What's in it for me?" He asked. "What!" She shrieked. "You fuc..."

She clamped her teeth gently down on the tip of her incredibly long, supple tongue, the fact that she had to speak so slowly and carefully with the lengthened organ the only thing that let her cut herself off in time.

"What do you want?" She asked, tightly - and gaped, stunned, at the answer:

"A kiss."

"A kiss?" She repeated, disgusted. "Why you sick little faggot, I would *never*..." "You don't have to - Sandi." Gary cut her off. "Enjoy the walk..."

She watched him begin to walk away from her again - and she knew he'd do it.

After all, she'd given him every reason to, treating him like she had while a man. As much as she hated to admit it, even to herself, Gary was fully entitled to some payback - and, even if she found the thought of doing anything the least bit sexual with a man sickening in a very homosexual way, it was obvious that Gary didn't, so it would be both payback and pleasure as far as he was concerned.

It was just before he vanished from sight that she managed to force herself to say it, to agree to such a sick, disgusting, horrible thing: "Okay."

Gary turned and began walking slowly back, eyebrow raised questioningly. "I'm sorry, Sandi - what did you say?"

"I said... Okay. I... I'll give you a kiss if you help me to my car." She said, immediately wanting to rinse her own mouth out with soap.

"After the way you talked to me, the price has gone up." Gary stated, calmly. "Two kisses, one now, one at the cars - and I mean real, tongue-action, 'gonna-give-you-a-hard-on' kisses, not little granny-pecks."

"What? I ought to..."

"The golden rule, sweet cheeks." Gary overrode her, not without a streak of satisfaction. "If you want me to be nice to you, you'd better be nice to me."

She glared at him, full new lips curled into a snarl.. and then, slowly, almost against her will, she nodded.

"Okay." She whispered, slowly and awkward unclenching her fists and opening her arms in a bad parody of invitation. "Okay, you... nice man."

Smiling, Gary stepped towards her, sliding his arms around her slender new waist and leaning into her - and, as his lips met hers and his tongue slipped into her uncooperative mouth, she had to resist the urge to bite down.

Worse, much worse - she had to force herself to reciprocate. She had to use her full new lips and long, supple new tongue to kiss a *man*...

...and the most disgusting part of it all was that it wasn't all disgusting. In fact, physically, it felt... good.

That only made it worse. She didn't want to enjoy any part of this kiss. Even as she forced herself to kiss him more 'passionately' - or, at least, a barely passable simulation of passion - she felt her body unwillingly responding, her thick, fat nipples hardening under her skin-tight shirt, her new womanhood warming and moistening under her equally tight shorts.

After a disgusting - and disgustingly pleasant - eternity, Gary finally broke the kiss with a soft sigh that indicated he had, indeed, enjoyed the 'perverted' act.

"Okay." He said, grinning. "Let's get you to the cars - so I can get the second half of my payment."

It took twenty tortuous minutes, especially difficult on the slope with the slow, awkward 'sissy-walk' she was forced to use, but finally they reached the two cars parked in the dusty little turn-around at the side of the road. Smiling, Gary turned her towards him for the second kiss...

...and she slapped him across the face with all the depleted strength in her arm, while kneeing him in the groin.

"Forget it, you fucking sick pervert!" She shouted, swaying and teetering as quickly as she could to her car. "You sick bastard! You fucking asshole! Forget it! I'm not kissing you again!"

Yanking open the door to her car, she climbed inside.

"I only did it because you blackmailed me into it!" She shouted as she brought the car to life. "Well, you can't do that anymore, because I don't need you any more! In fact, once I'm a guy again, I'm going to make you pay for this, you fucking bastard!"

Throwing the car into reverse, she backed out onto the street.

"I hope you enjoyed it, you faggot!" She cried, slamming the car into gear and preparing to peel rubber to the hospital. "You're gonna pay for it, stick-boy. Gonna pay big time for making me do something like that - but you have no hold over me anymore, because I don't need you for *anything!*"

Then she slammed her high-arched new foot down on the gas, and sped away down the road.

* * * * *

When the door swung open and she saw Gary's spindly body framed in the entry, she wanted to reach out, wrap her damnably slender fingers around his thin neck, and strangle the living daylights out of him.

In fact, for one eternal instant, she considered it, weighing the pleasure of it against the fate that would be hers if she did so...

...and the only thing that kept her from following her enraged instincts was the even worse fate that would await her if she gave in.

So, instead, well aware of the white-coated attendant from the mental institution standing close by, she forced a smile to her full, light- pink-coated lips.

"Oh, honey - I'm so glad to see you!" She forced herself to say in what she hated hoping was a passable 'happy' voice - and then she wrapped her arms around his neck, not to choke him, but to pull him close as she bent her face to his and proceeded to kiss the living daylights out of him.

She really had no choice.

She needed him - for everything.

Finally, after a disgustingly long time for a 'suitable' kiss, she was able to release him, hating the way her body responded to being held tight and kissed by a man.

"It's good to have you home, Sandi." Gary told her. "I was so worried about you!"

Taking her arm, Gary waved to the attendant as he eased 'Sandra Ciccione' inside and closed the door.

Her blood boiled and her humiliated anger rose and fell in tidal waves of disgust - but she forced the smile to remain on her lips as she walked into 'their' house, swaying atop the six-inch heels of the classic pumps the institute had given her after finding out that she could walk and balance as easily in the extreme heels as she had once been able to do barefoot as a man.

As she walked, the lace-trimmed hem of the floral-print summer dress she wore swirled around her thighs as her hips swayed sensuously, and under the straining fabric covering her bust, the huge breasts the institute hadn't been able to find a bra big enough to support wiggled and jiggled with each step.

"It's so nice to get away from that dam... um, darn mental institution." She said, looking over her arched-back shoulder as Gary followed her into the living room, carrying the two suitcases of feminine clothing and 'necessities' that the institute had bought her as part of her 'cure'. "You wouldn't happen to have the report from Dr. Gorman, would you... *honey*?"

She forced herself to push the 'affectionate' appellation through the clench teeth behind the smile.

"Why, as it happens, I do." Gary said. "Why don't you sit down and read it while I put your bags in... our room?"

"Okay... dear." She managed to say, taking the file folder and dropping to the couch - and, at the last moment, jerking herself into a straight-back, graceful position with her ankles crossed instead of splayed.

As Gary headed off upstairs, she opened the file folder containing the details of her 'delusion' and treatment - and once again considered the joys of murder.

It was even worse than she thought.

When she'd gone to get help, they'd believed she was crazy, and she'd been committed to the state mental institution, where she'd been evaluated and treated by Dr. Gorman.

As they tried to cure her of being a man, she'd called Gary, disgusted but desperate...

...and he'd refused to help her.

Well, actually, he'd refused to help 'Rocky'. He'd be open and honest, explaining that he was much happier in life with Rocky gone, and wouldn't do a damned thing to help bring him back, so she could forget about him corroborating her story.

Three days of intense 'treatment' later, she'd called him back - and begged him to help get 'Sandi' out of the nuthouse.

Even then, he hadn't been all that interested, not after the way she'd treated him, and she'd gone another two days before finally breaking down and begging him for help - indirectly, by 'remembering herself' and begging Dr. Gorman to find her 'boyfriend' Gary, now that she was starting to realize that she wasn't 'really' a man...

It was Doctor Gorman who'd talked Gary into giving his 'delusion girlfriend' another chance, now that she was well on the way to being cured...

...but Gary had been adamant about the fact that he wouldn't lie for her in the frequent updates he'd be giving Dr. Gorman during the six-month probationary period. If she showed any signs of a 'relapse', back into the institute she'd go.

So, her only choice was to spend the next six months with Gary, living up to the 'cured' woman she was supposed to be - which would have been really difficult without the report she was holding, since she had no idea of what type of woman she 'really' was.

What she read in the report made her want to scream in anger and disgust.

According to Dr. Gorman's crack-pot theory, 'Sandi' had gone over the edge trying to 'Butch up' after being berated with the feminist view of her 'real' personality...

...which was that of a completely uncomplicated, happy-to-be-female woman who enjoyed pleasing the men her life, cooking and cleaning and caring for them - and letting them enjoy her completely uninhibited sexuality.

This was the type of woman she was expected to play the part of for the next six months.

It was disgusting, horrifying, sickening - but the option was an even lengthier stay in a mental institution, where she'd have nothing, until she was 'cured' and acted like this mythical Sandi anyway. As much as it sickened her to admit it, being Sandi, on the outside and with Gary, would allow her freedom, and money, and a chance at a life after the probationary period, where she could hope to find a cure for what the radiation did to her.

In other words, to ever have a hope of becoming male again, she had to spend the next six months being exceedingly - disgustingly - female.

Which was why, when Gary came back downstairs, she forced that smile back onto her lips, and used pure force of will to approach him and speak in Sandi's sweet, loving voice.

"Oh, thank you for taking my bags upstairs, honey-bunny." She cooed, sickened by what she was being forced by fate to do. "Now why don't you just sit down, make yourself comfortable, and I'll go get you a beer?"

"Well, the sitting down sounds nice, but I'm not thirsty." Gary said, eyes glittering as she wrapped a hand around her slender waist and pulled her down onto his lap as he dropped on the couch. "I'd rather sit her with my best girl."

She quivered in rage, wanting to kill him for taking advantage of the situation like this...

...but not only was that something Sandi would do, but going to prison for murder was even worse than the mental institution.

So she forced herself to pretend that she liked the attention she was getting - and leaned her face down for another long kiss, forcing herself to do her best to make it enjoyable for the perverted bastard - who responded by sliding a hand up the smooth skin of her long leg to cup on full buttock under the hem of the dress, while his other hand rose to begin caressing her big, round tit through the cloth.

She hesitated as she felt his questing hand on her body - then forced herself to continue kissing him, reminding herself over and over again in a mental mantra that, whatever happened, she must not get angry, must remain sweet and eager-to-please, telling herself that, no matter what happened, she would not break this kiss first.

As disgusting and horrifying as this all was, it was the best - the only - route back to being male.

It got even harder when his fingers began to undo the white buttons running down the straining front of the dress - and even more difficult when his hand began squeezing and caressing her bared breasts.

When he finally broke the kiss, it was because he was slipping her dress off of her, his intentions obvious. No - no, she just couldn't think of letting him have sex with her...

...and, because letting him treat her like the 'uninhibited' woman she was supposed to be was the only way to regain her manhood, she didn't resist, didn't stop the unthinkable.

Instead, she became unthinking, shutting her mind away from what was happening to her.

Not that she could block out the physical sensations as she helped her to stand, leaning forward and carrying her top-heavy weight by bracing her arms on the back of the couch while he circled around her, the sound of his zipper being lowered seemingly incredibly loud. She couldn't stop feeling, or experiencing, but she didn't think. She let him do whatever it was he wanted, while she let her body respond - but she forced all her conscious thoughts into a sharply-focused beam aimed at a dark back corner of her mind, shutting off the meaning of what was happening, concentrating only on the second-by-second sensations without thinking of what they were or what they represented.

She didn't think about what was causing that pleasure as his hard cock slipped deep into the cunt dampened by the unwanted pleasure he'd given her by kissing and fondling her.

She didn't think about how sick and perverted it was to have a man thrusting in and out of her - or how disgustingly humiliating it was to enjoy the sensation of being fucked as woman.

She didn't think about how horrible it was that fate had brought her to a place where she could be bent over, huge tits swaying and bouncing from the rhythmic fucking she was getting as she stood perched atop a pair of high-heeled shoes, wordless sounds of pleasure yanked out of her throat as her body shuddered and shivered in the pleasure of sexual activity.

She didn't dwell on how horrible it was that the man she'd once tormented was now fucking her good and hard - and she had no choice but to accept it, now and whenever he wanted, for the next six months.

She didn't think about anything at all - she just screamed loud and long and hard as her body rocked with the unimaginable ecstasy as his hard thrusting brought her to mind-blowing orgasm.

Only after he'd finished fucking her did she let her mind resume operation - and even then, it kept skittering around, thinking almost random thoughts as she didn't let it come back to what she'd just done - what she'd just let herself do - as she turned, smiled, and gave Gary a long, 'loving' kiss of thanks for treating her like a woman before she pulled her dress back on and, trying hard not to think about what she was doing, headed off to cook 'her man' some dinner like the uncomplicated, uninhibited *woman* she needed to make herself be.

* * * * *

Completely unaware of the fact that she was humming happily, gloss-red lips curved up into a wide smile, Sandi sensuously ankled across the living room in her black platform shoes, hips packed into the tight black-leather skirt swaying sensuously as her long, nylon-clad legs scissored seductively.

The big, dark eyes framed by long, mascara-clad lashes were blank as she began dusting the sideboard table, body working completely out of habit as she worked, the long-nailed fingers of one hand unconsciously caressing the full, round tit encased in the tight white silk blouse.

Her dusting carried her past a mirror, and she was consciously unaware of her actions as she looked into the mirror, one hand rising to lightly pat at the elaborately style up-do of hair piled on top of her head. Subconsciously content that the hair that had taken an hour to style each morning was as utterly perfectly coiffed and that her makeup was still flawless, she wiggled and her jiggled her way on to the next room on her ceaseless circuit of cleaning, the 'default' duty she performed while waiting for anything else Gary might want to have her do.

Every motion, every move, every action was done in an unconsciously conscious manner to be as sexy and feminine as possible. Every pose and posture was guaranteed to please and excite Gary should he happen to see her at that instant, and her every step was perfectly smooth and graceful...

...and unthinking.

Over time, as she'd had to acquire more and more feminine habits and chores and actions, it had become increasingly easier to focus only on learning how to do each one perfectly without thinking about what she was doing, or why - and once learned, it could be done by rote, without any thought at all.

Now, every skill had been honed and ingrained, and she spent day after day in a sort of mindless daze, operating more on 'preprogrammed' habits than on thought.

She wasn't even aware of the fact that she was the talk of the town. Lost in her own little daze where she didn't have to think about anything that was going on, she didn't know the cute, sexy, flawless and cheerful woman that everybody saw when they saw her.

She also didn't know that, sometime in the first two weeks of her feminine routine, she'd quietly and inconspicuously gone insane. Not stark, raving mad - no, hers was a small, quiet insanity.

The core of her, the part of her that was 'Rocky' knew that everything about him was all wrong for what 'Sandi' needed to do - and so she'd gotten into a nearly unthinking habit of inverting every thought, instinct and desire to make this work.

Every time she found herself thinking how awful it was to be perched atop high heels, she immediately went to her closet and picked out a higher pair and made herself walk extra-sexy until the incident passed and she fell back into her still-sexy 'habitual' stride.

Whenever she found herself remembering how humiliating it was to be wearing feminine clothes, she immediately changed into an even sexier, more feminine outfit and went out of her way to show herself off in it.

Disgust over her hair and make-up led her to keep them utterly perfect.

Whatever she wanted to do, as 'Rocky' - she immediately went and did the exact opposite as 'Sandi', knowing that being Rocky was a sure ticket to failure.

In it's own way, it was a small insanity making the situation possible - but she'd been using it so long and so constantly that she never even considered it anymore, never even tried to break out of the rut. She did it habitually, almost instinctively - and now it all sort of happened without any need for conscious thought.

So much so, that the inversion had become 'real'. Now she no longer consciously considered the fact that she was *really* feeling disgusted at Gary when she was being extra sweet to him. The thought that she was cleaning and sweeping constantly because what she really wanted to be doing was huddling in her room, hiding out from her feminine fate, never really registered.

Now, everything was just urges that she didn't bother to think to correctly identify, because her ingrained habits had already kicked in to respond 'appropriately' to it...

...which meant that she almost never had to think anymore.

Not that she was suddenly stupid - in fact, she was more intelligent, more informed and knowledgeable, then she'd ever been before

- because her intellect was practically disconnected from her body.

Even as her body continued cleaning in the most sexy, feminine, utterly graceful manner possible, her mind was considering the book she'd read last night, Walter Lord's Day of Infamy, about the attack on Pearl Harbor.

She was still considering the historical ramifications of the unfairly called 'sneak attack' when Gary entered the room...

...and was completely unaware, on a conscious level, of what went through her in the space of a single instant. The disgust at the sight of him, calling up the memory of all the degradations and sexual activities.

The reflexive 'clamp down' on the 'bad' thoughts - and the quick consideration of what the correct, 'inverted' emotions and outlook should be...

...leading her to smile brightly at him, putting down the duster and sensuously swaying over to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him hungrily and deeply.

While she was kissing him, she *wasn't* thinking about Pearl Harbor: She was concentrating on making the kiss the most enjoyable on for Gary possible, concentrating on catching each and every tiny cue he gave her and responding to it correctly.

All the while, in the back of her mind, intellectual realization of how disgusting and terrible this all was for a 'man' like her festered - but it wasn't connected to emotion, just an ever-present feeling of self-disgust and humiliation that waxed and waned depending on what she might be doing at any given moment, but never interfering with her now-habitual actions.

Which was why, despite the intellectual knowledge that it was utterly sick and disgusted and perverted for a 'man' like her to do it, she followed the almost subconscious 'suggestions' Gary's lips and body were giving her, and slowly sank to her knees in front of him, hands quickly unzipping his pants and setting his rapidly hardening cock free.

She concentrated just as intently on giving him the most utterly perfect blow-job as she had on the kiss - and the waves of intellectual disgust that washed over her at the perverted action in no way interfered with her hard-won, much-practiced ability to suck cock like a world-class pro.

The last thing she wanted was to swallow another man's cum - which is why she did, with relish, licking her lips appreciatively and smiling up at Gary.

"Thank you, dear. That was wonderful..." She cooed.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." Gary said, sighing regretfully. "I guess it's a good one to go out on." "Excuse me...?" She asked, quizzically, tucking his cock away and rising.

"It's been six months. The probationary period is over." He explained, blinking in surprise that she could have forgotten - not knowing, of course, that she'd trained herself not to think about anything having to do with her feminine fate. "You must be eager to leave."

She was. More than anything else in the world, she wanted to get out of this situation, with an intensity so strong it was painful...

...which was why she showed the same intensity when, helpless to stop herself, barely even aware what it was she was doing, she 'inverted' it:

"Oh, Gary - don't say you're making me leave!" She cried, 'heart-broken', throwing herself into his arm. "Oh, Gary, no, I don't want to go! I want to stay here with you, and love you, and please you, forever and ever...!"

Six months later, at the wedding, the agreement was universal: Sandi made a radiant bride.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Two men are sent a package from the National Reaction Research Foundation and their lives are changed forever.

Reactions

By Gunslinger

With a soft sound of pleasure, Josh dropped onto the couch. Since he was almost painfully skinny, his baggy green football jersey and baggy, faded jeans hanging off his narrow frame, his drop didn't do much damage to the couch.

The same couldn't be said about Bull's descent. Tom 'Bull' Durham was a six-foot-six mass of solid muscle, topped by a surprisingly small head with a much-broken pug nose and a short blond buzz-cut. He also wore a the same local-team jersey as Josh, but his XXXL jersey was stretched taut over his massively muscled torso, and his jeans were equally tight around his massive, trunk-like legs. When he hit the couch, the over-stressed piece of furniture let out a mournful cry, it's springs compressing. The motion jolted Josh so hard that his long, greasy black hair flipped up - and his beer splashed out of the mug.

Swearing, the skinny young man used the hem of his jersey to mop up the beer. As he heard footsteps, he stopped muttering long enough to glance up at the third roommate, who was standing in the doorway to the living-room, holding a large box.

"Who was at the door?" Josh asked, still dabbing at the beer.

Mike shrugged. A sort of bearish-looking young man with the look of a lumberjack or farm-boy, the brunette was handsome enough, if a bit stingy with his words. His roommates had gotten used to his quiet nature, and Josh just shrugged and took the package from Mike, knowing that the simple shrug Mike had used meant that the box had just been laying on the doorstep when Mike had gotten to the door. It was no great feat to figure that out - after a hundred times or so, Josh had managed to recognize that shrug as Mike's 'you know just as much as I do' shrug.

Of course, Josh was not exactly a mental giant - but he was a genius compared to Bull, who had the general intelligence level of a rock. Mike was probably the smartest of the three - but it was hard to tell, since he barely spoke enough to know just how much he knew. So, even though Mike could probably figure out what was up with this strange box showing up at their doorstep this late at night, it wouldn't help - trying to get the information out would be like pulling teeth.

Josh didn't even bother trying to ask Bull for help - the brain shuddered at the thought of Bull being able to figure out something new. Most days, it took Bull a few hours to come up with a reply to 'Hello'.

So, Josh shrugged and peeled open the box while Mike grabbed a beer and sat, lotus-style, on the deep pile rug near the big-screen TV, pulling a rolling paper and some tobacco out of his shirt pocket.

"Okay - it's from some place called 'The National Reaction Research Foundation'. There's some sort of letter, see, and it says, stuff about our house bein' randomly selected... testing reactions to audible, visual and emotional stimuli...." Josh trailed off, frowning.

"Nielsen." Mike said, in an almost Zen-like tone of calmness. He was adroitly rolling one of his trade-mark homemade cigarettes with one hand, his eyes closed.

Josh frowned - the smiled. "Oh - like a ratings thing? We hook this device up to our TV, and it records what we watch or something?" Mike, puffing the smoke into life, didn't answer verbally - but he slid over, leaving more than enough room for Josh to get at the TV.

Since that more or less said it all, Josh shrugged and unpacked the device in the box. About the size of a Playstation, it had obvious coaxial and RCA-style inputs and outputs, as well as a remote control that resembled one used for satellite TV or the like.

Putting the remote down on the coffee-table, Josh carried the box over to the TV and began to hook it up. When he unplugged the cable, the image on the screen disappeared, turning to static.

"Hey! Whatcha doin'?" Bull demanded, angrily. "I was watching that, bonehead!"

"Just wait..." Josh said through clenched teeth, hurrying to make the connections before Bull got pissed off - Josh had already been the focus of the big guy's short fuse, and he didn't particularly want a repeat performance. Muttering under his breath, Josh reached for the power cord on the new box...

...and was a bit surprised to find there wasn't one. Shrugging, Josh slipped out from behind the TV.

There was still nothing but 'fuzz' on the screen. Josh frowned angrily at the TV, feeling Bull's angry stare from behind him.

"Three." Was Mike's enigmatic suggestion, and Josh had to restrain the urge to punch his quiet roommate in the face for the 'hint', struggling to make the mental connection between 'three' and the problem - all the while feeling Bull's stare boring into his patently undefended back.

Then it came to him - *channel*/three.

Josh tried it, and got a blue-screen. The twenty-five year old smiled, walking back over to the couch and dropping onto it before grabbing the remote.

"Okay - let's see what this is..." Josh said, pointing the ergonomically-shaped device at the new box and pressing the 'Power' button....

* * * * *

MEANWHILE, NOT TO FAR AWAY....

"Okay - we're rolling."

The words were spoken by a tall, thin woman sitting in front of a TV monitor - one of the many pieces of extremely complicated-looking electronic devices crammed into what had once been the living room of an old farmhouse, now the headquarters for the 'The National Reaction Research Foundation' - or, rather, the headquarters for the 'front' under that name, said 'Foundation' consisting solely of Rosalind McNair, the woman who'd spoken as her plan went into action. She'd been staring intently at the blank screen for the past two hours, waiting for it to come to live so she could proceed with her little 'experiment'.

Now, the monitor showed another living room, in which three young men were staring directly at the screen of their TV - which was currently also serving as the 'camera' through which Roz was watching them, one of the 'wonderful' little gadgets her twisted mind had produced.

That same mind now consider the three men, trying to decided which one would be her 'subject'. She discarded the thought of the scrawny little guy almost immediately - the plan she was about to put into action wouldn't have nearly enough 'impact' if she used him. Her first instinct was to use the hugely-muscled, overly-masculine one...

...but then she realized it would be a lot more fun if her subject had to put up with that overbearingly male person's reactions to what was about to happen - which left the bearded guy. She'd picked the house the unit would be sent to almost at random, simply by hacking into a database of addressees and finding a place where all residents were male, so she really didn't know anything about the three guys - but, then again, she didn't have to, did she? They were men, and all me were alike...

With a grin on her too-bony face, Roz leaned forward and pressed a button on the complicated console in front of her...

* * * * *

Josh crossed his fingers and prayed that the.. whatever.. wouldn't screw up the show Bull was watching, as the blue power-on screen flickered...

A high-pitched electronic whine squealed through the room, sounding like the feedback of microphone-and-amp as the screen flickered,. and bolts of electricity began to run through the TV and the new device, the stench of melting electronics quickly filling the room.

"Holy shit...!" Josh swore, jumping up... just as those crackling arcs of electricity seemed to 'gather' themselves together - and lance out, shooting across the room and slamming into Mike's body. The high electronic whine soared louder and higher, seeming to lance through Bull and Josh's brain, as Mike's bearish form was completely engulfed in crackling blue energy, stealing him from sight.

The bizarre tableau lasted but a few second - and then the overloaded electrical system of the house gave in, the main breaker in the basement snapping over and plunging the room into a near-darkness that was broken only by the odorous flames from the burning television and.. whatever the hell that other box had been.

"Holy shit...!" Josh repeated, again, his eyes struggling to adapt to the sudden decrease in light as he peered towards where mike had been outlined in bright blue-white crackles of energy, now dissipated. "Mike...? Mike - are you okay...?"

Then his eyes adapted, allowing him to see the figure sitting on the floor - and Josh gasped, eyes widening as his jaw dropped.

This time, his 'Holy Shit...!' was echoed by Bull, as they both stared wide-eyed at the individual sitting on the floor in he same place and position that mike had been ion before the 'incident'.

However, this person bore very little resemblance to the bearish, bearded young man who'd been there a second ago. First of all, this person wasn't bearish, but slender - and these was certainly no beard, because she wasn't a young man, but a young woman. A tall, slender young woman with long waves of golden-blonde hair surrounding a heart-shaped face featuring big, bright-blue eyes and full, gloss-red lips. A young blonde woman crammed into a short, tight and very revealing red silk dress that nicely matched the rounded-toe platform pumps she wore, pumps that boasted a two-inch platform and eight-inch shaped heels, all in the same gleaming red patent leather. Pumps that would probably do quite interesting things to her long, shapely 'Dancer's Legs', the ones clad in black nylons that emphasized the sensual curves of her shapely, toned legs.

A tall, slender, sexily-dressed blonde woman with the most enormous breasts either man had ever seen, each one the size of a basketball - which wasn't hard to determine, as those massive, creamy globes were straining the front of her dress, pushing upwards and outwards in a way that left tons of creamy cleavage to be gawked at.

The huge-breasted blonde looked down at that cleavage, her huge, long-lashed eyes surveying the immense expanse of breast-flesh...

...and then sliding over to where a homemade cigarette lay on the floor, still slowly smoldering. With no expression on her sensual, heavily made-up face, the huge-breasted woman reached out and picked up the smoldering butt with her long, gloss-red nails on her hand, lifting it up and nonchalantly taking a deep drag from the cigarette, her bimbo-ish face 'inscrutable' rather than vapid.

"Where the fuck did the babe come from...?" Bull asked Josh in confusion, his heavy brow furrowing in unaccustomed thought. "I mean... where's Mike, and how'd she get there, instead?"

Josh shook his head, slowly. "I.. I think that is Mike, Bull..."

The huge, muscular man's deep-set eyes narrowed as he stared at the blonde, then at Josh. Suddenly, one massively muscled arm lashed out and grabbed Josh by the collar of his baggy jersey.

"What you tryin' to pull...?" He growled. "That ain't Mike - it's a broad with big boobs!"

"Both, actually..." The huge-breasted blonde replied calmly in a high-pitched soprano that would have sounded cartoonishly bimbo-like, if not for the fact that the tone was flat and mildly amused - just like Mike's usual tone.

Again, two sets of eyes swung to the massively-endowed woman - who was shifting position on the floor, apparently finding her new body more mobile than her old one, and so much easier to pull into a tightly crossed-leg position - especially since there was no 'package' to be 'folded, spindled or mutilated' by such a position.

"Fuck..!" Josh breathed, stunned. "What.. what the hell happened...?"

If either of the guys had doubted the blonde's 'true' identity, the doubt was dispelled by a patented Mike 'You know as much as I do' shrug, accompanied by another placid puff on the cigarette.

Bull eyed Josh, then the blonde, his mind slowly ticking over as he considered the situation. Finally, he loosened the grip on Josh's shirt, fairly certain that they weren't playing a joke on him - not that he understood what was going on, but they weren't ready to piss their pants, which would have been the usual case if they were knowingly trying to screw with him.

"Lemme get this straight..." Bull growled to the blonde. "You are Mike? Only, now you're a chick?"

The blonde combined a shrug and a nod into another trademark Mike expression, her face serene and unconcerned. With a supple, sensuous grace, she finished her cigarette and slid upwards in a single, sinuous movement, butting out the cigarette in an ashtray and walked over to the TV, yanking all the power cords from the slowly smoldering equipment out of the wall before turning and walking toward the kitchen, and the fuse-box that was in the 'mud room' just off of it - exactly what Mike would have done in that situation, though the bearish man would never have moved so easily - and seductively - atop high heels as this blonde woman did.

Josh stared after her, still stunned, trying to cope with the fact that this unconcerned, incredibly well-endowed woman was Mike...

...and then Bull, watching her walk away with an appreciative look, spoke. "Oh - okay. Mike's a babe, now."

Josh's eyes widened even further as he shifted his gaze from the supple, sexy blonde to the near-drooling Bull. His mouth worked soundlessly for a second...

...then, just as the huge-breasted new woman flipped the breaker and brought light back into the room, Josh found his voice.

"What the fuck is wrong with you two freaks!" Josh screamed, throwing his hands up in the air and pacing back and forth, eyes wild. "For God's sake, Mike, you were just turn into a huge-breasted bimbo! Would one of you two fuckin' idiots *react!*"

Bull frowned at Josh, then turned his attention to the woman coming out of the kitchen, addressing his question directly to her massive, firm new endowments.

"What the fuck's his problem?" Bull rumbled, smiling as he stared at her milky orbs. The blonde shrugged, which made Bull's smile widen as her huge new rack jiggled fetchingly from the motion.

"***Arrrrrggghhhh!!!!***" Josh screamed, making the windows rattle. Looking like a raving lunatic, he ran up to the tall new woman, grabbing her slender, smooth shoulders in his hands and shaking her vigorously. "Goddamn it - you're a fuckin' woman, you stupid asshole. A woman! A *woooooo*-man!"

Drained by his outburst, Josh stood there, panting, staring at the new woman as a thoughtful look crossed her face. Her huge, beguiling blew eyes narrowed slightly, and she ran a long, supple tongue tantalizingly over full, sensual lips before speaking...

"Yeah."

Josh stared at her - then turned away, muttering to himself and punctuating his soft curses with wild arm-movements.

"So - you, like, a chick from now on, or what...?" Bull asked, salivating as he eyed his friend's lush, ultra-buxom new figure. "'Cause, like, if you was gonna be a guy again tomorrow, I'd be grossed out to bang you - but you're really hot, and I'd fuck your brains out if you're gonna stay like that."

Josh whirled around, wide eyed, to watch as Mike shrugged again, her lush body undulating enjoyably from the action. She even found the question important enough to expand a word on: "Dunno."

"What!" Josh shouted in disbelief. "You're not actually talking about.... I mean..." He turned his wild eyes on Bull. "You're not suggesting that.. You'd..." Unable to finish the thought, he swung around to Mike's new curvaceous form. "You wouldn't.. I mean, you're not..."

Finally, he threw up his hands and went back to stalking about the room, searing, pausing a couple of time during his 'laps' to mutter over the ruined carcass of the TV. His face was getting steadily more red as he stalked back and forth, the volume of his swearing rising steadily...

...until a light touch on his arm made him stop and turn - to find himself staring at the new woman's face. "What?" Josh demanded, angrily. "What the fuck do you want now?"

The scrawny young man didn't know what to expect - but it certainly wasn't what happened. She kissed him. Gently, yet firmly. On the lips.

Josh stiffened - in more places than one. Her lips were soft and full on his own, a warm, feminine perfume enveloping him and playing with his senses as her lush, huge-busted new body breasted lightly, tantalizingly against his own...

"What the fuck are you doing...!" Josh screeched, yanking himself away from her so violently that he ricochet off the wall and spun in a half-circle before grabbing hold of his balance - physically, if not emotionally.

The new woman blinked, a faintly surprised look crossing her delightful new features. "Kissing you." "I know that!" Josh screamed. "For God's sake - why!"

The new woman drummed the fingers of one dainty hand against her thigh, a strange new look crossing her face as she considered how to answer his question. Finally, she shrugged, and actually used a whole sentence. "I'm suddenly very, very horny."

'And that doesn't bother you!" Josh shouted, stunned.

Now the woman looked confused, as if it should have been self-explanatory. "Yeah. That's why I was trying to seduce you." "NO!" Josh said shaking his head, "No, I didn't mean 'does being horny' bother you, I meant... That is... Aren't you... Arrghh!"

He turned his back on her, frustrated at the fact that neither Bull, nor Mike-who-was-now-a-woman seemed to understand just how twisted this whole situation was.

A huge, firm pair of breasts pushed into Josh's back, as long, supple arms wrapped around his slender frame, a pair of dainty hands lightly running across the bulge that was helplessly forming in his pants as her soft, sweet voice whispered into his ear.

"Don't you want me...?"

"Yes.." Josh whimpered - followed by a very uncertain. "No..."

There was nothing 'light' about her touch, now, as she fondled his rock-hard cock through the fabric, her lush body rubbing slowly up and down his, her huge, softly-firm new breasts rising and falling, rising and falling, rising and...

"God..." Josh moaned, eyes closed and hands clenched into fists. "Why.. why don't you fuck Bull.. *He* wants you..." "Him...?" The soft voice said - and it was filled with humorous disbelief. "C'mon, Josh - get real..."

Then the humor fled, and there was nothing but utter sincerity - and desire - in her voice as she whispered. "You, Josh. I want... *you*..." "...okay..."

With the whimpered, tortured agreement, the huge-breasted new woman - and swiftly unbuckled Josh's pants...

* * * * * MEANWHILE...

"What the...?" Roz gasped, staring wide-eyed at the smaller, less clear image that had come on the monitor when the power had been restored. She'd missed the black-out period, and it had taken a moment for her to get 'caught up' when the picture had come back...

...mainly because her mind just didn't want to accept what it was seeing. A man turned into a woman was supposed to break down completely, overwhelmed by being turned into a woman with an incredibly high sex drive and huge breasts. She should be in the corner, whimpering and crying as she helplessly begged her friends to fuck her.

What the hell was *this*...?

* * * * *

Josh moaned again as the new woman Mike had become slipped around in front of him, letting go of him to sweep her dress off in one fluid motion, revealing her smooth, silky skin and over-buxom figure to his bulging eyes.

"Like...?" She asked, teasingly, trailing one long-nailed finger over the smooth skin of a huge, perfect breast. Mike could only nod, mouth suddenly dry, while his hands fumbled at his clothing. He could have stripped faster, but he didn't want to take his eyes off the new woman, clad only in her heels and nylons, gently exploring her new body with obvious pleasure.

"Too slow..." The huge-breasted woman Mike had become said - and all-but-tore his clothes off, pushing against him as she did so, forcibly shoving him to the ground.

"So *horny*..." She said in way of explanation, grabbing his wrists and bringing his hands to her massive new tits as she straddled him, her hot new cunt only inches away from the throbbing head of his cock. Still holding his wrists, she let him fondle her massive new boobs, moaning in pleasure. "So *very* horny..."

Then she moved 'only inches' - and cried out as she sank her warm, tight new cunt over his hard, throbbing tool.

Josh didn't cry out - but he groaned in pleasure as her oh-so-tight cunt wrapped itself around his shaft. He was only of average size, equipment-wise - but her new womanhood, though wonderfully 'flexible', was tight and firm, and the friction was incredible...

...and it only got better as she began to ride him, thrusting herself up and down with the smoothly contoured muscles of her long, sexy legs. She still held his hands to her massive mounds, and he continued to kneed her breasts - rather spasmodically - as she bounced atop him, gasping and moaning.

"Hey - this is what I like..." Bull said, with a grin, watching the huge-breasted blonde 'bimbo' madly humping Josh, a look of both pleasure and satisfaction on her face as she fulfilled the new 'itch' she'd come to posses. With a huge grin on his slab-like features, he unbuckled his pants as he walked towards her, extracting his hug, rapidly hardening cock as he did so.

"No.. Not you..." She gasped as she rode Josh's slender body. "Go.. way..."

"Yeah - right..." Bull chuckled - and there was nothing pleasant in the sound as he eyed the new Mike the way a lion might eye raw steak. Closing the rest of the distance between them, he stood above Josh, his huge feet actually on either side of his roommate's head...

...and he wrapped his massive hands around the new woman's head and all-but-forced his massive, throbbing cock between her unwilling lips. She began to jerk, frantically, trying to pull herself free, but Bull's grip was unshakable..

...so she started to bite down, instead - just enough to let him know what she could do if he didn't pull his disgusting-tasting manhood from her mouth.

"Ouch - you bitch!" Bull shouted - and he tightened his grip.

Mike's huge new eyes bulged from her vapid-looking new face, the pain unbelievable as Bull's hands threatened to pop her skull as easily as another man might pop a grape. Tears streamed down her cheeks - and she realized that he was too dumb to take a warning. Even if she went ahead with what she'd intended to be a bluff, he'd probably crush her skull in direct response - maybe even before the full force of the pain made it's way up to his brain.

Tears streaming down her face, she eased off his cock and let him begin to 'face-fuck' her, painfully slamming his over-sized organ into her mouth as she twitched and bobbed atop Josh.

"Bull...!" Josh gasped. "What the fuck.. are you doing...? Let her go...!"

"Shut up, asshole..." Bull grunted - and kicked his foot sideways, slamming it against the side of his head...

* * * * *

Roz watched the small, out-of-focus image in horror.

This is what she'd wanted. First of all, the guy she'd turned into a woman hadn't been devastated - she'd taken to her new gender as easily as she'd been male...

...but it had put her in the position she was now in, being forced to give the huge man a blow job.

As much as Roz hated to admit it, it was obvious - if it wasn't for her, this never would have happened. It was her fault.

Well - maybe there was something she could do to correct it.

Praying to a God she didn't even realize she believed in, the woman reached out and pushed a button on the console...

* * * * *

"Oh, here I cum, baby - gulp it all down..." Bull grunted. "...or else..."

The new woman whimpered, pleasure from below almost canceled out by the shame, disgust and pain from above...

...and then the TV whined - and a bolt of energy lashed out from it.

The TV was a smoldering wreck, and the energy that flew from the TV wasn't nearly as powerful as the one that had hit Mike...

...but it was enough. Bull screamed as it ripped through him, yanking back from Mike just as he came - and instead of flooding her mouth, Bull's load sprayed all over her face and the upper slopes of her massive, firm breasts...

...even as his cock itself shrank away to nothing, folding itself into his body to form a tight new cunt - even as his chest swelled out, the hair from his broad chest drifting out from under the already-straining jersey. The top grew tighter and tighter, and Bull whimpered as the pain from his growing breasts increased with the strain...

...until, finally, the fabric of the jersey gave way, to reveal a pair of breasts already as large as volley-balls, and still growing.

Freed - and relieved - Mike picked up where she left off, throwing herself into satisfying her urges - which meant fucking a slightly concussed Josh, who wasn't complaining as his own pleasure began to build again...

Three screams ripped through the night. One from a huge-breasted new woman hitting her first female orgasm - and loving it. One from a scrawny, unpopular young man - who was having the best orgasm of his life....

...and one, horrified scream from a freakish creature huddled in the corner, looking like a huge, hairy man. except for his tight little pussy and his massive, beach-ball-sized breasts...

As the new Mike ('Mikki - I think I'll call myself Mikki from now on. ' she thought to herself) slumped contentedly into her lover's arms, the... thing that had been Bull felt its new urges rise up, desires to have sex with men in all sorts of positions and methods...

...and what little mind there was inside the body snapped, leaving only a gibbering, insane mass in the corner, frantically masturbating.

"Wha... What's happening..." Josh muttered, confused, still trying to cope with everything that had happened, so quickly and inexplicably.

"Don't worry, honey..." Mikki told him, snuggling closer and kissing him lightly...

* * * * * "...everything's just fine."

Roz sighed in relief. With the second bolt, the image from the TV had faded completely - but there was still sound, even if muffled and tinny, and it told her that she'd managed to patch her massive mistake - at least, as best she could.

Lowering her head, she thanked God for that.

Picking up the phone that was on the console next to her, Roz punched out 9-1-1 onto the number pad - then negligently let the phone itself fall to hang at the end of it's cord.

As the voice of the emergency dispatcher came through the phone, tinny and ignored, Roz nodded to herself, knowing that turning herself in was the right thing to do - she just had something to do before the cops got here. After all, she wouldn't be able to live with herself if her technology fell into somebody else's hands, and was used to... to do exactly what she'd originally tried to do, the thing she was now turning herself in for.

When the dispatcher heard the sounds through the phone, she immediately dispatched four cruisers to the address on her screen, not knowing that the heavy crunching noises and the grunts she was hearing came from the fact that Roz was busily chopping at her equipment with a fire ax.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A self described party guy, go to the home of a group of beautiful women thinking that he is in for the party of a lifetime, but they intend to change him into a babe who is the life of the party.

Ready To Party

By Gunslinger

Gravel crunching under the tires of his lovingly maintained jet-black '89 Trans Am, Derek Dobson hunched close to the wheel, peering closely at the rutted driveway and muttering vile imprecations about the dust dirtying up his car's high-gloss shine.

Still muttering, the handsome, broad-shouldered young man eased his car off what passed for a driveway and into the large, grassy area masquerading as a parking lot. The burbling rumble of the engine died as he shut off the ignition, and the sandy-haired twenty-year-old slid out from behind the wheel and slammed the door shut behind him.

The soft sighing of the wind that ruffled his tousled mane of sandy-blond hair competed with the susurrating of waves striking the bluffs. The late afternoon sky, and inverted blue bowl only lightly touched by drifting clouds, spread out before him receding to a horizon where it met the Pacific Ocean.

"Okay..." He admitted to himself, almost against his will, "This is pretty damned cool."

Smirking to himself, the toned and tanned 6' 2" young man began walking with his customary swagger towards the building set atop the low bluffs - a cedar and ledger stone 'A'-frame beach house perched at the very apex of the bluffs, with a huge wooden deck that ran in terraced levels to the sandy private beach below.

As a self-anointed 'Party Guru', Derek had to admit that he'd seen few places that could match this particular location for 'ultimate party potential'. Two of the four terraced levels of deck boasted a hot-tub, and there was a sauna accompanying the one halfway down. There was, of course, the beach, perfect for building a bonfire, or the quintessential midnight 'skinny-dip' - and if you didn't like braving the slightly chill waters of the ocean, there was a large 'grotto'-style plunge pool nearby.

"Man, I'm gonna have some fun tonight!" Derek told himself, smiling gleefully as he rubbed his hands together in anticipation - and then, as he neared the house's front door, his smile faded and his face took on a dark, intense cast: "...now that these stupid bitches have finally gotten around to inviting me to one of their parties..."

The thought stopped him cold, halfway up the steps leading towards the front door. A puzzled look on his face, he turned and looked at the grass parking area.

His car sat alone, in solitary splendor.

He considered this for a moment - and then grinned.

"Well, about time!" He said to himself, assuming they'd invited him up to give him a 'private preview' of what made their parties so incredibly popular.

Still smiling broadly, he finished ascending the steps and knocked on the door.

To say that the person who opened the door was one of the most stunning young women in the county would have been redundant - for the sheer sexual attractiveness of the women who hosted the parties at this beach-house were exactly how it had garnered it's fame.

In this particular case, it was a slender, pale woman with creamy skin and rich, red hair that fell in loose waves around a face of luminous beauty. Her svelte-yet-curvaceous body was well displayed by the simple pastel-green bikini wrap-around skirt in a gauzy material the same shade, with beaded fringes. She stood with poised grace, balanced atop the slender four-inch heels of her sandal-style shoes.

"Derek..." She said, breathily. "I'm glad you decided to come. I'm Erica. Come on in..."

Derek had wrangled and bedeviled, cheated and outright lied in an attempt to get in on the 'action' at this beach house, ever since he'd first heard the rumors six months ago. In that time, the rumors had grown and re-grown, to the point that he'd started to think they had to be at least a little exaggerated - but now, seeing the stunning red-head before him, he knew they'd been the simple truth...

...and for the very first time in his life, Derek felt the faintest hint of something very much like humility.

Derek firmly believed that he was the sole reason for the creation of the universe. He quite literally expected it to give him everything he wanted and needed. He spent his life in one, eternal party, interested only in self-gratification. It would have seemed likely somebody so self-centered would have accumulated a long list of enemies, but the simple truth was, Derek was almost as much a 'Living Party God' as he believed himself to be. Stunningly handsome, gifted with both natural wit and grace, he enlivened any party he deigned to join, and he was an incredibly skilled sexual athlete who 'took pride in his work'. He had a natural flair and sense of presence, and could charm the proverbial Eskimo into buying a refrigerator. He made his living as a 'Party Guru' - Wealthy young men and women with more money than social skill would hire him as a consultant and 'plated guest' to make sure their party was a hit. Derek had always just accepted this as his due, certain that no party could possibly be 'perfect' without him there...

...but, faced with this ravishing creature, he actually found himself momentarily contemplating the idea that maybe, just maybe, women this gorgeous, in a party house this perfect, might not actually require him for their parties to be ideal.

Then the 'momentary insanity' passed, and Living Party God Derek gave her his most charming smile and a slight incline of his head.

"Even were it to take me straight into the gaping mouth of hell, anywhere you lead, I shall follow." He said - and, such was his skill and personal presence, he could get away with that sort of line without it sounding the least bit contrived.

"Well, I'll see if I can't find a more.. enjoyable destination." Erica said, actual taking in stride the blinding charm he was unleashing in her direction - almost as if she believed it was nothing less than her due!

Again, for the faintest fraction of a second, Derek found himself wondering if, perhaps, maybe it wasn't her due. If she, in fact, wasn't nearly his equal, a Goddess to his Godhood...

...but, no, of course not.

After all, she was merely a woman, and, even in the highly unlikely event that she was his equal in all other ways, that would forever make her automatically inferior.

So, his adamant manly confidence in evidence, he followed Erica into the large, high-ceilinged living room that took up so much of the buildings floor plan...

...and once more felt that faint wavering doubt, for while no one woman, no matter how gorgeous and graceful, could ever equal him - what of a dozen such women...?

Well, thirteen including Erica...

"Why don't you stand right here...?" Erica suggested to him, as the dozen other incredibly sexy women eyed him with open smiles of anticipation on the faces.

That look banished the last doubts from Derek's mind. Obviously they were eager to see him, and that fact meant he was right - and if they acknowledged they 'owed' him for the long delay in inviting him to where he so obviously belonged, why should he have any doubts?

Almost as if reading his mind, a curvaceous, dusky-skinned Hispanic woman said: "We've heard so much about you, Derek - and, believe me, we all agree that you belong here..."

Smiling Derek took the position indicated, the thirteen women closing in a circle around him - which, he thought, was a bit strange, but he wasn't going to complain.

"Oh, yes - you definitely belong at this house, as part of our parties." A willowy blonde said in a sexy British accent. "Everything we've heard about you, everything we've been told - it's so perfectly obvious..."

"It certainly is, girls!" Erica said - in a strange tone of command that, oddly, only made the other women's smiles grow more eager, more... hungry.

Well, well, well - all of them? Derek hoped the party tonight wasn't planned to start for awhile - even a Living God would take time to service, and be serviced by, more than a dozen women...

"...and so, all we need to do is get him ready to party!" Erica finished, generating a low and somehow hungry chuckle from the other women.

Derek blinked.

"Huh...?" He grunted, belatedly, trying to figure out what sort of sexual innuendo it could be - but by that time, the thirteen women had started to...

...to...

...chant?

Yes, 'chant' was the only way to describe it. Standing in a circle around him, their hands now rising, palms open, towards the sky, the women were definitely chanting in a low, rhythmic tone, words of a musical language unlike Derek had ever hear spilling hypnotically from their lips.

"Okay - what's the story...?" He asked, reigning in the anger that arose from his confusion. He took a step forward...

...or, at least he tried to.

He didn't move so much as a fraction of an inch.

"What the hell...?!" He shouted, letting his anger free. "What have you done to me? What's going on?" The women... ignored him completely.

Finished with their chanting, they gathered in a group about halfway down the room. They seemed perfectly calm and relaxed, completing ignore the steadily louder and more epithet-laden shouts he hurled in their direction. They simply talked amongst themselves, quite often breaking into low, hungry chuckles that he didn't like the sound of one bit.

Perhaps as many as twenty minutes passed, perhaps as few as ten - Derek couldn't sure. All he knew was that it was more than enough time for his anger to begin to transmute into something else: Fear.

"Please..." he begged, as the women broke out of the group and approached him, hungry smiles on their lips. "Why are you doing this to me...?"

"Because..." Erica answered him, "...we're sick and tired of you. Generally, we don't invite men like you to our parties - men who see women solely as sexual objects. Of all such men in the area, however, you are by far the worst. We can taste your slime-coated aura, feel you chauvinistic presence moving about - and we don't like it one bit. So... we're going to get rid of that nasty, distasteful annoyance once and for all..."

Then she simply snapped her fingers - and Derek couldn't even speak anymore. Instead, he was completely and utterly helpless, unable to move or speak, to protest or fight back - and all that self-certainty that had marked every waking moment of his life drained from him like water from a broken pot.

He could do nothing at all as the women stripped him naked. Easily they moved his arms to pull his shirt off, with little effort lifted his legs one at a time to remove his pants and underwear - yet, try as hard as he might, he could not command those self-same limbs to obey him.

Now nude, he stood helpless as the women once again surrounded him and, raising their arms, began to chant anew...

...and, voiceless, he was denied even the release of screaming in shocked horror as he felt his body begin to change.

His very first impression was that he'd been put on some sort of escalator - a strange thought, but not 'crazy', as it was the closest analogy to what he'd ever experienced before - standing on an escalator going down and looking back over his shoulder to see the people 'rise up' behind him.

It took a scant second for him to realize the truth of the matter - the reason the women seemed to be slowly 'rising up' was, in fact, because his point-of-view was shrinking.

He was getting shorter.

Desperately, Derek struggled to scream, to show his fear, hatred and revulsion at what was happening to his 'perfect' physique - but though he could easily breathe, he could not utter the slightest sound, other than the rapid, horrified pant that was completely uncontrolled.

As he struggled with his traitorous body, Derek continued to shrink until his eye-level was a few inches below that of even the shortest of the women standing around him - and she was wearing two-and-a-half inch heels...

Then, having 'shrunk' by growing shorter, Derek's body began to 'shrink' by growing thinner.

Perhaps 'thinner' wasn't the right word. He could actually feel the mass of his body melting away, but that included some of his skeletal mass, as well - he was becoming more 'petite', his bone structure becoming finer, more delicate.

There was no adequate words Derek's spinning mind could come up with to describe the sensation as more and more of his mass simply vanished, leaving him smaller in build and much more delicately formed...

...much more femininely formed.

Even with his over-stressed mind skittering frantically from one thought to the next, it didn't take much for him to figure out what fate was being bestowed upon him. Though he could not see his changing body, he could feel it - and he knew which parts of his body had suffered more loss than others, giving him a mental picture of a body that could only be moving inexorably towards a feminine state.

"Not bad, not bad..." Erica mused, while Derek stood in helplessly silent horror and humiliation. "Four foot nine, delightfully delicate build... but I think that sort of detracts from the look, don't you?"

Where she pointed left no doubt as to which 'that' she was referring to - and silent as he might have been, Derek nevertheless screamed in the depths of his own mind as the circle of women chuckled agreement with Erica - and he felt his manhood begin to draw back into his body, where he had no doubt whatsoever within his horrified mind it would neatly form itself into a new and undoubtedly functional womanhood.

"Yes, that's better - but that haircut's rather boyish, isn't it...?" Erica 'prompted' the other women - and, inside his/her screaming mind, Derek knew that these comments were unnecessary - just another form of psychological torture.

Torture it was, too - as was the silky feeling, almost as if wind were stirring his/her hair around his/her neck and shoulders. There was no wind, however - it was the feeling of his/her hair arranging itself in a way more 'pleasing' to the women. Which, of course, translated into 'more humiliating' for Derek.

Such as:

"Short, slender, with beautiful hair, undeniable a fully functional example of femininity... but she's still a bit lacking, I'd say." Erica pronounced judgment - and, for 'a bit lacking', she held cupped hands near her chest, indicating without a doubt where she thought the newly feminine Derek was 'lacking'...

...and, as she uncapped her hands, Erica snapped her fingers, which allowed the agonized 'Noooo...!' whirling around the new woman's mind to escape from her newly slender throat.

In a soft, high-pitched, and undeniably feminine voice.

Then the new 'she' felt her chest slowly begin to swell outward - an indescribable sensation as weight and mass slowly built upon her chest. Locked in position, unable to look down, Derek couldn't see what was happening - and, somehow, only being able to feel it made it far, far worse.

"Please, I'm so sorry, I've learned my lesson..." The petite new woman begged, words almost incoherent as she tripped over one another in her rush to get the words out. "Don't do this to me, I'll never do it again, I promise I'll do anything, be anything you want, if only you'll change me BACK...!"

For a brief second, the new woman actually thought the 'coven' was heeding her pleas - for her viewpoint began slowly rising up again. That brief but bright hope made the disappointment that followed all the worse, as she realized that what was happening was that high-heeled shoes were forming on her feet. She could also feel other clothing forming around her new body, even over her still- swelling bust-line.

"You know what's really going to get to you, Debbie...?" Erica asked the new woman, her voice almost conversational, but a wicked gleam in her eyes. "We didn't choose your new form - you did. We simply pulled this, full-formed, right out of your minds, the very ideal of what you not-so-secretly believe all women really want to be..."

Which was why, when a second later Erica snapped her fingers to conjure up a gilt-framed full-length mirror, the newly re-christened 'Debbie' already knew exactly what her eyes would see:

In general build, and most especially in the bone-structure of her face, hands and feet, the woman who stared back at her in wide-eyed horror was most definitely 'petite' - almost elfin, in fact. Though her hips were well-proportioned for her body, her very fine-formed skeletal structure meant she wasn't particularly broad-hipped... but the hourglass figure was perfectly maintained by the wasp-like waist that rose above it.

The top flare of the 'hourglass' was her new breasts - and, seeing them, they weren't 'unbelievably massive', as the unaccustomed weight felt to her - but they were undeniably large, not to mention firm and round.

It wasn't too hard to determine these facts about her new physique. She wore a pastel-pink sleeveless knit sweater with a mock turtleneck, and a pleated white tennis skirt. In and of itself, not a overwhelmingly 'sexy' outfit - but it more than did the job of highlighting her slender-yet-curvaceous body.

She might have stood a bare four-foot-nine, height-wise... but from the ground to the very top of her head required at least six feet of clearance, due to both the massively 'bouffant' head of pale-gold hair and the white rounded-toe platform pumps with their towering nine-inch heels.

In short, (as if that wasn't a pun itself), the new Derek was her own ideal of the perfect 'party doll'.

Not a Beauty Queen - though she was, in fact, quite gorgeous. Blonde and curvaceous, yet without the vapid look of a bimbo. Not a 'slut' - but nevertheless presenting the appearance of a woman who was hardly sexually inhibited. Dressed neither cheaply nor trashily, yet in clothing, hairstyle and make-up, quite obviously emphasizing her femininity. All in all, the 'best' attributes of any woman you might hope to find at a party like this, without any of the 'worst'...

...and 'Debbie' had a sinking sense of certainty that mere appearances weren't going to be enough for the thirteen wickedly-grinning women surrounding her.

She was right.

"You know the absolute worst part of what we're doing to you, from your point of view...?" Erica asked - and the thought that there could be something 'worst' about a situation that seemed all bad to Debbie made her want to shiver, had her immobilized body allowed it.

"This is all 'prologue'." Erica explained, 'sweetly'. "You see, we can 'feel' and 'taste' auras, and yours is utterly disgusting. Normally, we don't 'go after' people, but just having you in the same state as us leaves us with a constant bad taste in our metaphorical mouths. All we really want to do is get rid of that - but to do so, we have to 'enclose' your aura within a shield..."

"...and...?" Debbie prompted in a terrified squeak.

"...and, this creates a 'feedback loop'." Erica explained. "Your aura is a projection of what you want in a woman, and what you mistakenly already see in women. As such, it 'overlays' your perceptions of the world. When the shield is emplaced, however, it'll act as a mirror, and instead of overlaying how you see others, it will overlay how you see yourself."

Erica's evil grin widened. "The 'worst' part of it, for you, is this: As this 'feedback' would give you the same urges and new needs whether or not you were male, or ugly, or anything... you'll actually end up being grateful to us for giving you this body before we invert your aura!"

"No...!" Debbie gasped, instinctively - not out of reasoned disbelief, but for two reasons: one, her still-male ego refused to accept that it could happen, and; two she already knew how she 'viewed' women, still believed it to be 'right' despite Erica's disclaimers to the contrary... and yet, at that instant, was wishing she held radically different views on the 'proper' role of femininity in the world, for she knew they were about to be turned against her...

Then Erica went ahead and did just that. Stepping close to the still-immobilized woman, she placed her hands lightly on Debbie's finely-formed new temples, and whispered a single word.

It was as if an atom bomb had gone off in Debbie's mind - or, as there was no physical damage, then at least detonated in the neither realm in which the thoughts in that mind dwelt.

Like an explosion, it vaporized some of those thoughts...and, after the 'blast', other thoughts, some broken and disfigured, bounced and rattled into different places than where they'd started.

The new woman's blue eyes widened - and she shrieked.

"No! Oh, God - No...!" She screamed, staggering back a few steps and clapping her hands over her eyes, as if to try and shut out the images deep inside her mind's eye. The fact that she could once more move registered faintly on Debbie's mind, but it was an also- ran to what else was registering on her.

No matter how desperately Debbie still wanted to be horrified by the body that had been forced upon her, she couldn't be - not any more. Now, helplessly, she thought of her new form... and shivered in unwilling delight.

Her thoughts had been 'inverted'. As Derek, this is the woman he'd felt sure women had truly wanted to be, the form he'd thought all women really wanted... and now, her thoughts helplessly redirected inwards, it was the body she really wanted, the most 'beautiful' body - and she had it.

Which, understandably, made her feel 'good' - both proud and happy... yet, rearranged as her thoughts might have been, her memories had been left intact, so she had the horror of knowing that she didn't want to want the body she now had...

...not to mention the horror of knowing Erica had been utterly correct with her prediction, for if she'd not been given this body, when her thoughts had been 'inverted', she would have found her old, male body utterly hideous, and she would have hated having it.

This knowledge did nothing to make what she was going through any easier to take - and that was just the tip of the iceberg, for all of her previous thoughts and views had been likewise altered. Now there were things she wanted to do with her new body that were logical and consistent with her old male thoughts about this 'perfect woman' - and yet, at the same time, were diametrically opposed to anything she would have wanted to do as a man.

"Please, no..." She gasped, looking imploringly at Erica. "I.. I don't want to be a red-hot party babe. I don't want to feel proud about knowing men will find me sexy... and the knowledge that I can please them as well or better than any other woman they could meet. I don't want to feel happy when I think about just how great a cock-sucker I can be. I.. I don't want to feel eager to 'show my stuff', to get a man so hot and horny that he'll literally beg me to let him fuck me."

Erica laughed, and said: "Liar." She was right.

"Okay, then I don't want to want these things!" Debbie screamed at the stunning red-head. "I don't want to feel these new feelings! I don't want to think these new thoughts. Even now, just standing here, I can't help but stand in a way that helps emphasize how sexy and feminine I am, because to try and hide my perfect figure feels 'wrong' - and I can't help feeling so damned good about how hot I am. Please, make it all stop...!"

"These feelings your experiencing, my darling Debbie...?" Erica said sweetly, almost lovingly. "That's what you were 'forcing' into our minds. Other women, by little things you did, certain ways you said things, subliminally picked up your opinion that they weren't 'quite right'... but, since we moved here, us thirteen women have been feeling your 'opinions' of women thrust in our minds day and night. Now, you're the only one who has to deal with them."

"But... it's not fair..." The new woman gasped, hating the fact that she didn't 'really' want fair, because she so loved this body. In fact, it was hard for her to say these things, to plead for her old body and life back, because, whether she wanted to or not, she loved her new body and the thoughts of the new life she could lead with it. "What about all the other men - are you going to do this to them too, so you don't have to put up with their thoughts in your heads...?"

The thought really, really bothered Debbie - because, if large groups of men were turned into women, there'd be less men to appreciate how perfect she was, and more competition to get to fuck the really hot guys who were left...

"Don't you get it yet?" Erica asked - not snidely, but almost commiserating. After all, with Debbie locked safely up in her own reversed fantasies, she wasn't the hated Derek any more, just another woman, albeit one with unusually powerful 'needs'. "Other men don't 'force' their body images and ideals on us... or not many, anyway, and of the ones that do, you were the

worst by several orders of magnitude. While most men have their 'ideal woman' fantasies, they aren't actively trying to make them come true in real life... whereas you couldn't seem to understand that just because you fantasized about something, that didn't mean the world should make it happen. Well, you could say that you were incredibly lucky, because it has happened, and the perfect woman you dream about now exists... and she'll act exactly the way you want."

The doorbell rang - and Erica smiled.

"That'll be the first of our guests." She said. "Come along, Debbie - you'll want to meet the guys..."

She tried. You had to give her that - though incredibly strong, the new thoughts and urges and feelings Debbie had unwillingly imposed upon herself because she viewed women as nothing more than party favors to please men weren't quite powerful enough that she could claim herself to be 'controlled' by them. She had free will, and she tried very, very hard to keep from acting exactly the way her male self felt she should act.

The problem was - being the woman she imagined she should be just felt So Damned Good...

She was introduced to each of the guests as 'the new girl' - which was more accurate than any of the guests could even begin to guess at. Struggling to fight back her new urges, Debbie at first seemed a bit... well, certainly not 'shy', but equally as certain, she wasn't 'coming on' to the guys. However, as time passed and Erica introduced her as 'Debbie Derekson' to more and more men, she found herself not just nodding to the new guests, but shaking their hands. Then stepping closer to them and inviting her to call her 'Dee Dee'. Then adding at little shoulder-pull-back and chest-thrust to the offer, making it clear that her 'nickname' was not only her initials, but her cup-size.

The problem was, it wasn't as if she didn't want to do these things - she did, very much so. It was her old, male memories that were fighting to remind her that this new life was forced upon her, that she didn't want to be the woman she now was - but being the woman she now was made acting like the woman she now was feel so wonderful. As more men smiled at her, obviously attracted, she felt prouder and happier - and steadily more aroused. Soon her words were liberally spiced with sexual innuendo, and her every move and pose was willfully designed to be as sexy as possible.

All things considered, it's actually quite amazing that it took nearly three full hours before she had her first sexual experience as a woman.

It all happened step by step, and she was aware of every new 'level'... but each one seemed so natural and so right, even as she struggled to remind herself she was 'really' a man and she didn't want to be the 'party doll' of her own imagination, she was moving right towards that goal.

First, it was just enjoying the attention men happened to show her as she wandered around the party. She'd tried to 'hide out' in the room Erica had told her was now hers, but she had been driven from it by an intense yearning that had become almost physically painful. Alone, with nothing to do, listening to the sound of people having fun at a party - it had been too much to bear.

Then, slowly, barely aware of it, she found herself doing things to draw more and more of that male attention to her. Eventually, a bit confused and wondering how, exactly it had happened she found herself sitting with a group of very attentive guys, sipping on a cooler and laughing with them - even as she posed and preened to show off her body.

When a man had touched her, it had felt very good - but she'd moved to break the contact.

Then next time it had happened, she'd waited longer before ending the wonderful sensation - and the third time, she convinced herself it was harmless, because it was 'over the clothes'...

...and it felt even better when, a while later in a dark corner, a man's hand had slipped under her sweater to fondle her firm new breasts. She had ended that... after a while.

It had felt wonderful, though - which was why it was so hard for her to resist letting another guy fondle her - and when she tried to tell him to stop, that she wasn't planning on taking it any further, she found it very hard to do, since she was kissing him hungrily, bolts of pleasure thundering through her body.

It was, at this point, that she expected what was about to happen as inevitable - for with hands all over her body, and hers all over his, the 'logical' next step was to finish removing their clothes and 'get down to business'.

Which was how the once-male 'Dee Dee' found herself in her new bedroom, getting fucked good and hard by a man she'd met just hours before - and hearing her own screams of intense pleasure as he did so, and knowing they weren't feigned or faked.

She did enjoy getting fucked. In fact, it felt fantastic - and, even as she hated herself for it, she couldn't lie to even herself. She wanted more. Lots more. Being 'Dee Dee' was like dropping a kid in a candy store.

As Derek, he'd enjoyed partying, but wished he didn't have to 'play the game' to get the pleasure of sex. That's why he had 'invented' Debbie. Now, as her, she could experience incredible forms of pleasure in a nearly never-ending cornucopia, with men of all times eager to let her gather this pleasure - and she simply couldn't refuse the offers. Though her male memories tainted it with horror and disgust over what she'd 'willing' become, even that male part of her brain couldn't lie to itself. With all this pleasure openly available, how could she stop herself? How could she resist?

The real problem, of course, was the knowledge that she could. As she let men continue to seduce her, to fondle and kiss her, to fuck her or have her suck their cocks, the absolutely worst part was the knowledge that any time she could simply say 'stop'. She was capable of doing so, and the men the 'coven' had invited might have been annoyed, but they were all 'nice' enough that if she told them to stop, they would.

She was doing all of this voluntarily - because she wanted all this pleasure, no matter the self-disgust and self-hatred she felt each time she willingly let herself be the 'perfect woman' she'd envisioned, getting intense emotional and physical pleasure from being so able to give men pleasure.

Dee Dee spent the night fucking and sucking men, of using her body to arouse men, and letting them play with her like some sort of sex toy... and she hated how much she loved each and every second of it.

Then, in the gray-light of dawn, as the party finally wore down and she snuggled into her new bed to get some sleep before having to get ready for the next evening's party, she wept silently to herself, knowing she'd do it all over again... and hate loving it all again, too.

Even as she fell asleep, she couldn't deny the truth - that, if not for the fact that she was still human and needed to sleep, she'd still be looking for more of that pleasure. Though hating what she'd done all night, she'd loved it even more - but it hadn't even come close to sating her desire for pleasure.

Despite everything, she was still 'ready to party'...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A young guy passing through a strange town, finds himself captured and offered up to the local Werewoman who transforms him into a Werewoman with an appetite for sex.

Ready To Were

By Gunslinger

"You guysh're the besht..." Dave slurred, happily, weaving his way down the darkened trail with one hand on the broad back of his new bestest buddy Jim, while Jim's twin brother, Joe, held Dave's belt from his position behind him, keeping him from falling.

"Shhh...!" The tall, broad-shouldered brother in the lead hissed back, a nervous fear in his voice as he glanced around. "Keep your voice down!" The other beefy brunet echoed from behind him.

"Why...?" Dave asked, blinking. "Where we goin', anyway. You said I was gonna get me some..." "You are!" Jim snapped back, quietly. "Now shut up!"

"Okay." Dave said, agreeably.

After all, weren't Jim and Joe just the greatest guys ever? Hell, the entire town was full of great people.

Of course, when Dave's car had broken down while he was cruising the back roads of West Virginia, looking for a good place to do some rock climbing, he'd been less than enthusiastic about the tiny, middle-of-nowhere little town of Modac.

However, his unexpected good fortune had begun to become apparent almost before the distaste he'd felt at the sight of the tiny, run-down town had even begun to sink in.

He'd seen one of the sexiest women in his life ankling her way out of the general Store next to the grimy one-bay gas station his car had been towed to.

In fact, the tiny little town had turned out to boast some of the hottest, most drop-dead sexy women the tanned, toned blond had ever seen in his twenty-two years on the planet. Not that every woman in town was a real hottie, of course, but there was quite a few of them - and these hot babes knew how to dress and act, too.

In fact, he'd got the feeling more than once that some of the women were doing all they could to keep themselves from just throwing themselves at him - and that restraint seemed to be because all of those hot babes seemed to be either married or 'going steady' with one of the guys from town.

At first, the barely-restrained sexuality of some of these women had worried Dave. Not that he was adverse to the idea of bedding any of them, of course - it was the thought of their men-folk coming after him with a shotgun that cooled the handsome young man's jets.

However, the town had proved to be most hospitable. Sure, it was a real backwards town, so backwards that Dave swore that the townspeople were all afraid of the dark, the way they cleared off the streets as soon as the sun went down - but they sure were hospitable.

First, they'd been really worried that people might be missing him. Though the tiny town did have electricity, it didn't boast a single phone, and they'd been worried he'd be missed. He'd had to assure them that nobody even knew he'd gone off for the day on a whim.

Their concerns assuaged, they'd begun giving him all the free booze he could sink at the bar where most of the town seemed to be fearfully huddled against the night - and for a hard-drinking, hard-playing stud like Dave, that was a lot of booze.

Booze that provided all-the-more fuel to the fantasies conjured up when Joe and Jim offered to take him to meet 'the hottest babe around', assuring him sex like nothing he'd ever had before.

Even in his inebriated state, Dave found it a little odd that the hottest babe around lived out in the woods surrounding the small town - but with his pecker rock-hard, he was more than willing to stumble down the trail that was fairly well-lit by the silvery light of the full moon, waiting for the boys to make good on their promise.

They stepped out of the tree-line into a small clearing, and the big, bearded twins in matching jeans and flannel shirts led him out into the center of that glade, where he peered around owlshly.

"Thish the place...?" Dave asked...

...and was stunned when Joe grabbed him with his big, ham-hock hands, and his twin brother began ripping Dave's clothes off.

"What are you doing...?" Dave demanded, beginning to sober quickly as Jim stripped off his clothes. Dave struggled in Joe's grip, but despite the fact he was athletically built, the golden-haired young man couldn't even budge the massive mountain of man's grip.

"We're sorry, Dave - but we've given up enough Townies to her..." Joe said, as the last of Dave's clothes were torn away, and the twins began to grapple him to the ground.

"Yeah." Jim said in an odd tone of voice, half-regretful, half-lustful. "Besides, once it's over with... you won't mind at all..."

As he spoke, he was tying Dave down. There were four stakes driven into the ground with leather strips attached to them, and it was with these that the twins secured him, leaving him staked out spread-eagled on the ground.

"What the hell's going on?" Dave demanded, almost completely sober now as his heart thundered in his chest. He shivered in the chill night wind. "What are you guys talking about?"

"We're sorry..." Jim said, rising.

"Yeah..." Joe agreed - with a strange grin. "...but not enough that we're not going to be waiting eagerly for you back in town."

Trading a strange chuckle, the twins ignored Dave's shouted threats and pleas, and quickly disappeared back into the tree-line. Dave continued to shout after them, writhing vainly in his bounds - until it suddenly occurred to him that, naked and helpless, drawing attention to himself might not be the best thing in the world.

He shut up and peered wildly about - and as if in answer of his fears, the bushes edging the tree-line stirred. Swallowing back an unmanly scream of fear, he watched wide-eyed as the bushes parted...

...and the most utterly enchanting woman he'd ever seen emerged.

She was one of the sexiest women he'd ever seen, her naked body nearly flawless, her sensual face framed by long, thick black hair

- but aside from her supple, sensuous body being sexy, the phrase 'enchanted' was literal.

In that first second when she emerged from the bushes, and, despite his confusion and fear, his cock suddenly went rock-hard as her palatable aura of sensuality hit him, he found his gaze drawn to her eyes, eyes that were an incredible shade of silvery-blue, like distilled moonlight...

...and a strange calm descended over him.

He watched, bemused, as she approached him. Her body moved with a supple, seductive sway, her taut, firm 'C'-cup breasts swaying enticingly with every gliding step, the dark nipples swollen erect in the cool air - and despite the fact that his was more solidly erect than he'd ever been in his life, Dave didn't 'feel' turned on, instead floating in a strange, emotionless daze.

"Mmmm..." The slender, petite woman moaned, licking her full lips as she eyed his naked form. Slowly, she sank down beside him, her slender, perfect bodies stroking his hard manhood.

"You're not from town." She said, stating a fact, as she eyed him with a strange, sad lust, unconsciously licking her oh-so-delectable lips again.

"No." Dave agreed in a dazed voice, unable to tear his eyes from her gorgeous face, even as her hands continued to fondly his almost painfully erect manhood. "My car broke down."

"they much prefer when that happens." She told him. "It's bad enough with the Townies, who deserve it, but with poor men like you... Oh, how I wish I could resist. How I could spare you from this fate..."

Still in that dream-like state, Dave didn't ask her what she meant - he only watched in a sort of numb appreciation as, with a half-sad sigh, she lowered her full lips to his rock-hard cock and began eagerly sucking his cock.

She seemed to enjoy it enormously - even more than Dave did, with the fantastic pleasure her eager and skilled lips and hands were giving him muted by his strangely befogged senses. In fact, that strange trance-like state also muted the strange, mildly unpleasant 'tugging/itching' sensations that began to spread throughout his body. Head raised, Dave peered over his own supine body, watching her dark-haired head bob up and down as she slurped and sucked...

...and then he noticed that it was getting harder to see her sucking his cock with such enjoyment, because of the twin, fleshy mounds swelling up from his ribcage.

"Huh..." He noted in bemused wonderment. "I'm growing tits..."

He thought, vaguely, that the fact that rapidly swelling boobs were growing on his chest should probably bother him - but in the befogged mental state he was in, 'worry' simply wasn't possible, so he only watched numbly as the twin masses of softly firm flesh continued to build on his chest.

In fact, he couldn't even worry when he realized that those other strange sensations running through his body indicated that the big tits still growing on his chest weren't the only changes occurring to him.

It was a realization that was verified a moment later when he slipped his hand from the restraint that had held it, finding that the hand was now small enough to do so - since it was smaller, slimmer, and with steadily growing nails tipping its feminine fingers.

"I'm turning into a woman..." Dave told himself dreamily, utterly sure he should be panicking over this inexplicable transformation, but unable to work up the necessary emotions to do so. Instead, he only 'admired' his steadily more attractively feminine hands for a moment - and then brought them down to touch his swelling bust.

Sighing softly in pleasure, he continued to play with the still-growing breasts rapidly outracing his still-shrinking hands ability to cup them - until, with a strange, almost tearing sensation, he came longer and harder than he ever had in his life...

...and the strange woman lifted her face from David's damp new womanhood, licking her lips clean of the last load of cum that Dave would ever produce.

Sadly, she watched as the still-bemused new woman played with the massive, round tits rising from her slender new ribcage, a faint look of self-loathing marring her perfect features.

"At least the curse spares you from knowing who - and what - you were before the transformation." She told the huge-breasted new woman, softly. "Tell me, my accursed sister - what is your name...?"

"I'm.. Dave..." She moaned back, softly, amazed at how much pleasure she was getting from squeezing and fondling the huge tits - and wondering in fuzzy surprise why she wasn't disgusted by the fact that she was imagining a man's hands doing the job for her. "What happened? How did I turn into a woman...?"

The woman jerked, a stunned look on her face. "You... remember being a man?" She gasped.

"Yeah..." Dave agreed, releasing her enjoyable new tits with a dim regret and slowly sitting up, feeling her new boobs sway and jiggle on her chest. "I feel really weird, though - kind of, I don't know.. dreamy."

"That's because I'm here..." The woman said in a distracted tone, still staring at him wide-eyed with wonder. "It's one of the powers of the were."

"The where...?" Dave replied in mild confusion, slender new hands sliding down towards her crotch as she found herself thinking of all the sorts of things her new body could do with men.. for men.. to men...

"No - were, as in 'werewolf', only I'm a werewoman..." The woman replied, numbly - she shook her head. "And so are you!" "Oh." Dave said.

"Look - let's go back to my place." The woman said. "We.. have a lot we need to talk about..." "Okay." Dave agreed, easily enough.

"like you, I was once a man..." The woman explained, as she led a dazed Dave down another path through the woods. "My name was.. well, it doesn't matter. For the past one-hundred and twenty six.. no, twenty seven years, I've been calling myself 'Anita' - as a dark joke, because the defining thing about me is 'need'."

Leading Dave up to a small, but meticulously kept cottage in the woods, she opened the door and gestured for the new woman to enter.

"I'm a werewoman." She continued, guiding Dave to a seat at the kitchen table - while the new woman looked around at the racks and shelves filled with feminine clothing and accessories, finding a strange 'tugging' in her foggy mind, almost a yearning. Instead of giving in to the muted longing, Dave sat down and began idly playing with her cantaloupe-sized new breasts as Anita explained what had happened, separating the myths of lycanthropic transformation from the truth.

Were creatures didn't transform, she explained. Once 'infected', they changed shape and remained that shape. Nor did all victims bitten (or, fed from, in whatever manner the particular were fed) change shape as well - just those fed from on nights of the full moon, when the were's need to feed was the most overwhelming. Even then, the victim didn't become a true were even though they did change shape in the same fashion as the original were - just as ever full-moon man Anita had fed from over the past century-plus had become female.

However, each of those men had changed as much in mind as in body - because the very thing that happened tonight, with Dave, was incredibly rare.

Dave was a full-fledged were.

Though transformed in body, Dave retained her old, male mind - except for the needs Dave was feeling only in the most muted of ways at the moment, the needs to 'feed' in the manner which werewomen fed - on men's sexual desires, most efficiently in the form of cum.

"Only on nights with a full moon will you 'entrance' your victims, and only on those nights will they transform." Anita explained. "All the rest of the time, you will still have a strange power over men, who will find you inexplicably much more enticing than they normally would, but they won't change if you feed off them - which you will do, as you'll have no choice."

She stopped, looking stricken.

"You can go without transforming men..." She said, slowly, "If you get enough sex the rest of the time, you can fight the need to feed on full-moon nights. I... don't have that option. Wanting their own 'sex toys', the men of Modac deny me the ability

to feed, making sure any sacrifice they lay out gets transformed - even though it means, on the nights of the full moon when they don't have an unwary traveler to give me, my increased needs drive me to hunt down a 'Townie' for satisfaction."

"Oh..." Dave remarked, eyes straying to a pair of high-heeled pumps on a shelf that were calling out to her. "Right now, I'm still all dreamy because you have me entranced, but I'm pretty sure I'm not going to like 'feeding' off men, the way you're talking about."

"Yes you will..." Anita whispered. "That's the nature of the curse - you may not *want* to, but you will enjoy it. Immensely." "Oh." Dave said, shrugging vaguely. "So - what am I supposed to do now? I mean, as a woman?"

Anita paused - then explained to Dave what she would have to do, what she'd have to accept.. and what Anita would like her to do...

* * * * *

Fifteen minutes after Anita left her alone in the gas station they'd broken into, the mists cleared from the new woman's mind - and she was forced to experience the full force of everything that had happened to her.

"Oh.. God.. NO!" She gasped, stricken, reeling back from the mirror in the employee's bathroom - but unable to tear her eyes from the image reflect back at her.

An image of a huge-breasted blonde bimbo, all primped up and ready for sex...

...the very sex that she was helplessly, unwillingly craving.

"No!" She gasped anew in her high-pitched new voice, the previously muted desires now screaming through her mind and body with full force. She shuddered, trying to force the unbidden thoughts of what she'd 'like' to be doing with men from her mind - but it was an exercise in futility, these new hungers an integral part of the woman reflected back at her from the mirror.

The woman reflected in the mirror didn't just have the body of a huge-breasted blonde bimbo - she was fully tricked out with all the accouterments.

Petite in both height and bone-structure, she nevertheless was extremely curvaceous. Her small body boasted hips sheathed in a glittering silver-lamé miniskirt - hips that would have seemed overly wide, especially given her incredibly trim waist, if not for the 'counterbalancing' of her huge, round tits packed into the straining silk blouse tied closed in such a way that the under-sized garment reveled a chasm-like view of her milky cleavage as well as her tiny waist.

Much of her height seemed to come from the long, shapely legs that led down to the dainty feet enclosed by the gleaming black leather of her 'classic' pumps with a six-inch heel, and her long, wavy golden hair surrounded a heart-shaped face with big, silvery- blue eyes and full, ripe lips painted the same glossy red as her long, well-shaped fingernails.

All-in-all, she was sex in a tightly-packed package, dressed to draw attention to her supple, over-the-top hourglass figure...

...and she 'liked' seeing herself so sexy!

She didn't want to. She wanted, almost desperately, to be disgusted by seeing herself done up in such an overly feminine manner, all the more so because she'd willingly done this to her new self while in the protective daze of Anita's trance - but, despite what she might have wanted, intellectually, her new needs and desires were causing her pleasure at the sight of her dressed in a way that would aid her in feeding her new hunger...

...and a hunger it was, for even as she wrestled with her emotions, it was battering at her. It was almost the way she would feel if she were on the edge of starving to death, willing to kill for a crust of bread to assuage the screaming need for food thundering through her...

...but it wasn't a hunger for food that filled her, and it wasn't images of T-bone steaks and thick, juicy burgers that danced unbidden through her mind.

She wanted sex.

No, that wasn't quite right - she wanted desire.

She wanted the intoxicating wine of men looking at her with lust. The aperitif of men's hand or lips touching her oh-so-sensitive flesh. The delicious and filling main course of cum, taken into her body through mouth or hit, wet, tight new cunt...

...and the fact that she didn't *want* to want it didn't matter a damn. Her body cried out to feed - and she could only 'ignore' this new imperative at the same risk of ignoring her old type of pre-were hunger:

Weakness.

Exhaustion.

Coma...

...and death.

Caught in a conflicting stew of wants and needs, the new woman shuddered at the knowledge that she wasn't willing to die rather than face this 'hideous' fate...

...then forced herself to tear her mind away from the all-to-damned-enticing thoughts of fulfilling her new needs by focusing on the more immediate task at hand: Getting out of town.

As the golden glow of sunrise began to spill in through the dusty plate-glass windows fronting the gas station, the new woman turned away from the disgusting/pleasurable reflection and headed to the front of the station.

Even just walking, now no longer within the protective mists of the trance, was a study in duality.

Intellectually, she hated the fact her 'enhanced' new body was balancing easily, even sensuously atop the high spike heels of the shoes - and yet, physically and emotionally, pleasure thrummed through her at the knowledge that she would make a sexy sight, long, luscious legs scissoring in the heel-to-toe stride she tried and failed to stop using, full new ass swaying pertly as her torso swiveled 'instinctively' to make her big, firm, spherical new tits sway and bounce all the more fetchingly - and pleurably.

Being 'sexy' was instinctive, built into her altered body and mind, the necessary technique for her to 'hunt' for her unwanted-but-oh- so-helplessly-desired new food source. She didn't want to be - quite consciously and with intent - making every action, movement and position the most utterly sensually enticing as possible, but she also couldn't stop herself from doing it...

...nor could she force herself not to feel the pleasure that thrummed through mind at body at doing it, as her altered outlook on life reveled in her ability to call forth that what she so desperately, so helplessly, needed.

As her male memories and thoughts screamed out at what she was willingly *doing*, much less at what had involuntarily befallen her, the new needs and desires that were part-and-parcel with her new form drove her to ignore what she *knew*, and go with what she *felt*.

The very worst part of it, the new woman mused as he grabbed the keys to the tow truck and sensuously slipped out the door, was that Anita had been right:

She *was* enjoying it.

She was enjoying how deliciously sexy and feminine she felt, enjoying knowing she could entice men into giving her what she wanted/needed. She was enjoying the physical pleasure her highly sensitive body was providing, and she was enjoying the emotional pleasure she felt just from knowing how sexy she was, how sexy she was acting, how much sex she could get for herself almost at will...

It was a sense of power - and almost intoxicating sense of being more-than-human.

Amazed at how incredibly powerful the pleasure of her new fate was, despite the male part of her insisting that she didn't want to be enjoying any of this, she unlocked the tow-truck and slipped in behind the wheel.

Though her own car - or the car 'Dave' owned - was still broken-down, there were a few other vehicles in town she could have stolen. This one had been Anita's suggestion, as it meant that the town would have a harder time finding sacrifices, at least for a while...

...and if everything went as planned, a while was all they needed.

Starting up the grumbling diesel engine, the new woman quickly put the truck into gear and pulled out of town before anybody could notice her taking the truck - which, with the fact that there was no phone in town, meant that she should be safe from police interest until long after she'd disposed of the truck.

Wrestling with the old truck's transmission, she headed down the secondary road, pulling up a plume of dust until she reached the turn-off to the secondary highway that would lead her to the main interstate, and thence to the nearest large town. Given that she had no I.D., no money, nothing but the clothes on her back, she needed to 'establish' herself, and fairly quickly - and her intellect hated the thought of what she was going to have to do to accomplish that, while her body and emotions were almost literally drooling in anticipation at the thought.

The strange mix of lust and disgust was beginning to give her a headache...

Cruising down the secondary highway, the big truck's balding tires riding easily over the worn blacktop, she tried to come to terms with her 'split personality'...

...when she spotted a lone hitch-hiker, coat pulled tightly around his sparse frame to ward off the morning chill, trudging along the side of the road.

A lone *male* hitchhiker.

At the mere sight of the unkempt young man, her nipples went as hard as stone and her breath became closer to a hungry pant as a damp fire flared in her new crotch, and she shuddered with the force of her lust.

The thought of having sex with this man was utterly disgusting - and yet her body and emotions were screaming in joy at that disgusting thought. She felt as if she were a starving man seeing a juicy steak - and, simultaneously, she also felt more undeniably aroused than she ever had as a man, even given the differing sensations of arousal between the genders.

Almost before she realized what she was doing, she was slowing the truck down.

Her mind was telling her that she didn't want to do this - while her body was telling her she did.

It wasn't a completely unfamiliar feeling, though the form it took was completely new. Still, there was no mistaking the similarities between what she was feeling now and what she'd felt when she'd first given a shot at her ultimately successful bid to stop smoking.

It was just like the first day after quitting, when she'd felt... almost hollow, an aching need burning inside her. That's what she felt now - only magnified and much more 'pleasurable' than what she'd felt before.

She told herself she didn't have to do this. She could just not step on the brake, just keep on going...

...and although she knew this to be the utter truth, because her new need wasn't anywhere near the 'overwhelming' level, she found herself pulling to a stop anyway.

She knew, whether she wanted to or not, she'd eventually have to 'feed'...

...and she found that she did, indeed, want to - in fact, her whole body shuddering in literal ecstasy at the thought of doing just that, no matter what her male memories or perceptions said about how 'sick' and 'wrong' it was for her to want to satisfy her new hunger.

She leaned over to open the passenger-side door - and, 'guiltily' but quite consciously, made sure to do it in such a way that the man's first sight of her included a mouth-watering view of her cleavage.

"Hey there, handsome..." She said - no, purred - to the average-looking young man. Even as she did so, she could actually feel her 'magnetism' kicking in, drawing more desire from him than he would normally feel...

..and she could feel that desire, too.

Literally.

It was sort of like the sensation of a warm spring afternoon sun shining on her body - only it was more internally satisfying, as if she were a thirsty woman drinking cool spring water...

...and physically pleasurable as well, as her already intense arousal stepped up several levels in intensity.

She was enjoying his attention, physically and emotionally, she knew she'd only enjoy it all the more as she got more 'interactive' - and she was going to have to do this sooner or later, so why not do it when it would be pure pleasure, rather than wait until the need was actually physically painful...?

With that thought, she dropped the last of her inhibitions and gave into her new nature.

"I'm... Ivan." She introduced herself in homage to her 'creator', the poor woman she now understood much better, and forgave for what she'd done to her. "Tell me - do you like big, round tits?"

"I.. I like *your* tits..." The scrawny man said, awkwardly, his phrasing telling her that it was her own powers rather than his innate tastes that were affecting him...

...and that demonstration of her power over men was more pleasurable than she could have imagined.

"Well, don't just stand there staring at them..." She said in a sensuous voice, thrilled with the pleasure and power thrumming through her. "Hop up in and get your hands on them, hunk."

Then she reached down and gave one, little tug on the bow holding the shirt closed, letting it fall open and display her melon-like mounds of creamy breast-flesh to his almost unwillingly lustful gaze - and that's all it took.

The back-pack he carried contained all his possessions in the world - but he dropped it from his shoulder as if it were utterly worthless, scrambling up into the truck with a clearly visible tent in his pants - a bulge that made the newly-named Ivana's mouth water.

Like a starving man, the unnamed hitch-hiker went eagerly for her tits - and she could sympathize with how he felt.

No, empathize - for she could literally feel, almost taste, his desire - and his pleasure as his hands reached the smooth flesh of her huge, creamy tits and began to fondle and squeeze them eagerly.

Layered on top of that 'felt' pleasure was the physical pleasure his touch brought her, and she arched her back and moaned softly, amazed anew at how wonderful it could feel to have the sensitive flesh of her tits and her large, fully-erect nipples manipulated.

"Yes.." She moaned, knowing now that the 'survival urge' that was what her hunger really was had it's undeniable strength. In many ways, it was like - and connected too - her old, male 'procreation' urge, but with 'hunger' added in and with 'pleasure' as a motivation.

She wrapped her hands around the back of his neck and, as he continued to play with her wonderfully firm tit, pulled him close for a kiss that was as much a drink for her 'thirst' as the inherent pleasure of a kiss.

It all felt so utterly wonderful, and now even the remnants of her male self no longer wanted to stop, no longer wanted to give up this pleasure - or the more intense pleasure that was to come.

She had two options before her, even as she kissed the man and felt his hands migrating over her body, touching thigh and ass with more pleasure. There were two ways for her to get the final 'full meal', oral or vaginal...

...and it was the 'homophobic' remnants connected with the fact that gay men could suck cocks but not get fucked in the cunt that decided what her first female sexual experience was going to be.

"I want to fuck you.." She gasped, pulling away from him to lift her ass from the idling truck's seat and slip out of her skirt, revealing that she wore no panties beneath the skin-tight garment.

"Here...?" The man gasped, licking his lips both hungrily and nervously. "Now...?" "Yes." She said, reaching out to unzip his pants.

"Okay." He capitulated, helping her pull down his pants and underwear, exposing his hard cock.

Swinging her leg over him, she shimmied herself around until her back was against the dashboard, one knee on either side of his lap

- and her now-sopping cunt properly positioned for her first penetration.

Now with her entire body afire with desire and hunger, pleasure already thrumming through her with the promise of more on the way, she didn't even so much as hesitate - as soon as she was lined up, she thrust herself down, impaling herself on his hard cock with a long, high-pitched sound of utter contentment as she fulfilled the urge within her.

The pleasure was fantastic, amazing, overwhelming, intense - and it only continued to grow as she grasped the back of the bench seat and began to rock-thrust herself atop him, her huge new tits bouncing and jiggling and occasionally whacking the stunned-but- happy man in the head as she squirmed and writhed atop him, enjoying the purely physical pleasure any woman would feel during sex, but still looking forward to the metaphysical 'high' that would come when she 'fed' on his sperm...

...a 'feeding' that was accompanied by the mind-blowing ecstasy of her own orgasm that left her thrashing and writhing atop the man, screaming out in pleasure.

With that, her 'need' faded without dying - and as she calmly dressed, only a faint portion of herself feeling 'guilty' and 'disgusted' over what she'd just done, she realized she was literally a 'nymphomaniac' - a woman who craved sex but could never be fully sated.

"Why don't you grab your back-pack, sweetie?" She suggested, giving him a long, caring kiss as a sort of 'thank you' for what he'd unknowingly given her.

"Uh, yeah..." he mumbled, still affected by her powers, and a bit confused by the unexpected - but fantasy-like - events that were occurring to him. Reaching out of the truck, he grabbed his back-pack and closed the door.

Amazed at how physically and emotionally pleasurable being a werewoman was, Ivana put the truck into gear and pulled away.

Because of the fact that she only had twenty-seven days to make money, find a place to live, get fake I.D. for her new identity, and buy a used car before she paid a visit on the town of Modac, Ivana was in a hurry...

...so she only stopped once on the trip into town, for a long and thoroughly mutually enjoyed blow-job that left her tingling with delight.

* * * * *

111 DAYS LATER

"Mmmm..." Anita moaned softly in deep pleasure as Ivana finally broke the long, deep kiss.

"Not bad." Ivana agreed, with a matching smile on her face, as she eyes the woman who was her 'partner' in so many different meanings of the word. With a soft sigh, she spread her thighs slightly to welcome Anita's hand, gliding sensuously under the filmy white negligee that matched the black lace on she, herself, wore.

The fact that it was a full-moon night only added extra 'spice' to their monthly lesbian love-fest. After all, it wasn't hard to 'stuff' themselves on man-seed the other twenty-seven days of the lunar cycle - not when they were the madams of the biggest, most popular bordello in eight states.

It wasn't surprising - after all, not only did they have a large stable of incredible sexy, eager-to-please women, but hey only had to be discrete, rather than 'secret' - since the two madams were very persuasive when it came to dealing with cops, state legislators, and various types of 'do-gooders'.

Their lesbian love-fest was interrupted by a knock on the door, and the two women, one dark and one fair, smiled a promise at each other and rose from the black-leather couch of their lushly appointed office in what had once been Modac's dilapidated 'Grand Hotel'.

"Come." Anita called, and the door opened to reveal a pair of identical, leggy brunettes in sexy French Maid costumes who stepped through and bowed low in unison.

"Hello Mistress Anita." Yvette - nee Jim - said in her clear, sweet contralto. "Hello, Mistress Ivana." Yvonne - nee Joe - greeted, in her matching voice.

"Mr. Lucas is waiting". They chorused in perfect synchronization - a skill that applied to much more than their voices, and made the twins very popular.

"Lucas?" Anita queried Ivana.

"The wife-beater." The buxom blonde clarified. "His wife came to me the other day - you remember, the one who looked like she'd gone ten rounds with Mike Tyson?"

"Oh - *Sheriff* Lucas." Anita said, voice dripping scorn as she made the connection. "That's the jerk." Ivana agreed. "So - you want to take him?"

Anita considered.

"No..." She finally said, with a small shrug. "I got one last dose just before sundown, while you were doing to counting. You take this one..."

"I'm not going to argue." Ivana agreed with a smile.

After all, their ability to sate themselves with customers meant that they didn't have to transform men on full-moon nights - but it didn't mean they couldn't, for certain cases.

"Show him in, girls..." Ivana instructed, and the two oh-so-eager-to-please women hurried out to do just that. Licking her lips hungrily, Ivana eagerly waited for their soon-to-be-newest-recruit.

Not only was transforming certain men into eager, willing whores a form of twisted justice...

...it was also just plain *fun* to do.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: An adult sex doll maker finds himself being transformed into a the image of a his product after he angers a man with magic powers.

Real Doll

By Gunslinger

"Mister, I warn you for the last time - you be sorry if you don't make right by ol' Rafiki." The voice on the other end of the phone line carried the island rhythms.

Donald William Apsley - the 'Mister' in question - all but snarled into the phone. "Look, you... whatever you are. I don't know how you got my home number, but if you don't stop harassing me, I'm going to call the police! Like that salesman said when you tried to return it - NO REFUNDS!"

The tall, heavy-set man slammed the phone down - Don Apsley was one of those men with an extremely short fuse. And this Rafiki jerk, whoever the hell he was, seemed to light the thing off pretty damned regularly over the past three weeks.

Don was the owner of EroToy, Inc. A small operation, his few employees turned out 'specialty' love-dolls, ones that no other manufacturer made. This Rafiki fellow had purchased one of them - and it had apparently 'popped' during it's first use. Since then, the fool had been moving up the short chain of command, trying to get his eighty-nine-ninety-nine (plus taxes) back.

Shoving the matter aside, the dark-haired, heavy-set owner grabbed a quarter-full bottle of his favorite Scotch - 'Ruffled Grouse' - and padded upstairs. Climbing onto his bed, he flipped the TV on his dresser to Letterman and reclined against the headboard, taking the occasion belt of booze.

Before the show ended, Don was sound asleep, the empty bottle laying on the floor only inches from Don's large, limp hands. The tinny sound of Letterman had all but vanished under the bass rumble of Don's deep, heavy snores.

* * * * *

It was the sensation that yanked Don from his peaceful slumber. Although not exactly painful, the sensation was like none he'd ever felt before, a strange wrenching, pulling sensation...

...and, before he could really even get a grip on that strange sensation, a thousand others flooded his nerve pathways - sounds and sensations and smells and weights that bore no resemblance to any that should exist in his bedroom. Don's eyes popped open.

The first thing he saw was an aging, wrinkled black face with dark twinkling eyes, surmounted by a shock of white hair. The eyes were boring into his, and a self-satisfied smile rode on the narrow, dry lips of the ebony apparition.

"hello, Mister - Rafiki warn you - but oh, no, mister big shot no listen." The man said in a voice instantly recognizable to Don. "Just what the Hell. " Don started to bluster, enraged - then came to a shuddering stop, a strangled sound emerging as his eyes widened.

Because his angry tirade had emerged in a high pitched, accented voice. An undeniable feminine voice. Don's hands flew to his mouth in shock...

...or at least, tried to. They were brought up quite short by whatever restrained them. Instinctively, Don looked down.

For a second, he merely stared at the strange thing that broke his line of sight. A massive bulge of pink cloth over some sort of obstruction on his chest. The massive obstruction had to have large dents in the fabric at the farthest point of the rounded mound, and it sat on his chest at the same place he was feeling a strange sensation of both weight and constriction.

Then he realized he was looking at tits. Covered in a pick article of clothing, and easily the most absolutely enormous tits he'd ever seen in his life - but tits none the less. And for some reason, the sensation from his chest were not like something stuffed in the clothing, atop his chest - but almost as if they were part of him or something. Like the feeling of pressure and mildly pleasant sensitivity he could feel from the same place the huge nipple dented the fabric. Confused, angry and slightly scared, Don looked up again to ask the black man what the hell was going on....

...and found himself face to face with a woman.

She was of obvious Scandinavian extraction - pale, clear skin, huge blue eyes and high cheekbones. Her face was surrounded by her golden-blond hair, formed into two braided 'pig-tails'. Her remarkably full, soft lips were formed into an 'O' of surprise.

Below her swan-like neck, she wore a pale pink, long-sleeve leotard, high-cut at the hips, revealing the black pantyhose that she wore on shapely legs. Not necessary sexy legs, although they were partly that too - the woman mostly radiated a sense of good-natured, innocent - and under-intelligent - cheerful sensuality.

Provided, of course, that you overlooked her absolutely gigantic tits. Don's mind pegged them at being somewhere in the MMM-cup range - they were absolutely enormous, and almost perfectly spherical, their round shapes pressing out at the material without an obvious indication of a bra.

About the only discordant note was the ropes that held her two the two poles rising behind her - one at each wrist, and one just above the back of the red high-heeled shoes she wore.

Then the woman's expression changed as her expression went from surprise to stunned, horrified disbelief. Because Don had just realized that he was looking into a full-length mirror, held by the old black man, who now laid it aside to smile benevolently at Don.

"Wha...? I.... This isn't...." Don stammered in that same high-pitched, Swedish-accented voice, his mind whirling. Now, many of the strange sensations made... sense? Well, maybe not - but could be identified. The weight of enormous yet firm tits, the sensation of balancing - easily - on six inch high heels, the strange snugness at a crotch that was sending subtly - but undeniably - different sensations then he was used to.

"Oh? You no recognize yourself, Mister Donald? Or maybe I call you Miss Dagmar - that much better name, is your name now."

Horrified realization was beginning to trickle through - but not belief. "I... No - this isn't really happening. It's some sort of... set up. I'm *not* a woman. This *isn't* real."

Rafiki laughed. "Oh - is very real, Dagmar. You now all woman. I promise you be sorry, did I not?" Don's mind, churning, grabbed the first question it came to. "Why do you keep calling me that name!"

"That you name. The name you give yourself. You not figure it out, mon? You now Dagmar - The Big-Tit Love Doll. Only, you no love doll no more, you real woman."

"No - no!" Don denied. But he was horrified to note that the woman in the mirror looked the way his company's largest-breasted product would look, if she were a real woman - and she was dressed in the standard 'Dagmar' outfit...

Rafiki laughed again - and walked around behind... her?... to untie the ropes. "Is true, Dagmar. I use voodoo - transfer life-spirit from you body to this doll. Now, you in living woman's body, and a male blow-up doll in you bed. Confuse Police-men plenty when they look for you, I bet."

Don's.... Dagmar's... mind struggled to deny the words, to deny the sensations, to deny everything, to make it go away...

"Noooooooo!" She screamed, soprano, as it finally, indelibly hit home. 'He' was now 'she' - an enormously buxom woman based on the very love-doll he'd refused to refund the money on for Rafiki. She was, indeed - Dagmar.

"Please - I'm sorry. I'll pay you... anything. Please - change me back!" Don/Dagmar begged, turning to face Rafiki - and stumbling as the massive inertia of her gigantic endowments came into play. Her huge tits jiggled inside the pick leotard, sending strange, vaguely pleasurable sensations down her new spine. "Anything you want - just don't leave me..."

"Sorry - no can do. Is impossible to make two transfers." Rafiki said - implacably. "You Dagmar now - and always. You go now. You make life as Dagmar - that how I punish you. Go."

Dagmar simply stared at Rafiki for a moment, in profound shock. Go? Out in public? As...her? "No... I can't..." Dagmar said, pleading. "Please - change me back. Make me a man. I'll..."

Rafiki cut her high, Swedish voice short, one bony hand pointing to the door in the corner of the dimly-lit room. "No - I tell you I can no change you back, even if I want to. I don't, you know. But you will go - or maybe you like I do more to you?"

Dagmar looked towards the door, the back at Rafiki. Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to a calmer level, even though fear, horror and loathing at her predicament threatened to overwhelm her. "You can't just kick me out - I have no money, no ID, no place to go.

Even if I did - I can't live like this. Not as a woman - and especially not in a woman's body that looks like this. These tits... they're.... huge! And my voice - I sound like a Swedish Bimbo. These clothes... these shoes... I don't... can't. " She ran down, setting her slender, Scandinavian jaw as best she could.

Rafiki smiled - but with absolutely no humor. "You right, Miss Dagmar. I be so cruel to young lady - not nice. I'll fix it for you now, you bet."

Dagmar felt a shiver run down her spine - it wasn't a nice smile, not at all. But some of her old spirit was seeping back, and she refused to back down. Her wide, innocent blue eyes weren't very well suited to glaring, but she tried anyway as her mind once more slipped into the same aggressive, abrasive rut it had always run. Inside, she berated herself for her panic and pleading - she wasn't going to get out of this being weak. And *she* was going to find a way out of this - make no mistake.

"That's better" She said - but instead of the snap she'd tried, it came out in the same, high-pitched voice without a trace of the bitterness. Her new voice just wasn't designed to intimidate.

Rafiki smiled as he closed his eyes. He concentrated for a second...

...and a sudden gust of wind chilled Dagmar. Stunned, she looked around, to find herself on a street corner somewhere in the city. She could tell she was still in New York - the city had a kind of flavor impossible to mistake - but she had no idea where. Since she also didn't know where Rafiki's place was, there was absolutely no chance of finding her way back to it. She was alone, in New York.

She suddenly realized that there were a couple of small changes, as well - in addition to the clothing she'd been 'born' in, she now wore a black skirt that clung tightly to her ass and hung well above her knees. An a black patent leather purse was slung over one slender shoulder. A quick check of the purse revealed a passport and New Resident Visa for 'Dagmar Innelusenbruk', some make-up, thirty-two dollars, and the usual clutter of a woman's purse.

Reality hit Dagmar like a sharp blow to the gut. She was an unbelievably massive-breasted woman with the look and voice of a Swedish bimbo, with no job, residence or friends. Her old life was completely lost to her - none of her old friends or colleagues would believe this story. If she tried to regain her lost life, she'd just end up in a loony bin somewhere.

Dagmar didn't know whether she should break down crying, throw a tantrum, or just curl up and die. Instead, she took a deep breath, and set her slender shoulders.

"Uh uh - no way some old nigger Voodoo is going to break me." She said to herself, wincing at the bimbo-ish tones it emerged in. "I might look like a bimbo - but I know who I am, and I don't give up that easily."

Picking a direction at random, she started off.

Just walking was a completely different experience. Despite the high heels, she found she could walk fairly easily - as long as she didn't try to use her old, masculine stride. After her few initial steps with her old stride, she was forced to accept a shorter, more feminine one, letting her hips sway in a naturally feminine manner. The longer, stiffer masculine stride caused her massive new endowments to sway way too much - not a wholly unpleasant sensation, she discovered - and made it difficult to balance.

She'd just mastered the sexy, feminine sway necessary to move easily when she rounded a corner and literally bumped into a couple of young men.

Dagmar repressed a gasp - the sensation that had been created as her massive tits had pushed into one of the youth's chest had been... nice. Extremely nice.

"Sorry." Dagmar apologized to the two youth. Her instinctive reaction had been to swear, and tell them to watch where they were going but she'd repressed it. The last thing she needed right now was enemies.

However, the two youths barely heard her - they were too busy gaping at the enormous tits in front of them, their jaws hanging.

Dagmar frowned. She opened her mouth to tell them to stop staring - then closed it again, as she became aware of a strange sensation. It was almost like powerful anxiety - like something was making her anxious or afraid, but she didn't know what.

"Man... they're huge..." The boy on the left - a brunet - breathed. Then he flushed and met Dagmar's eyes. "I... I'm sorry - I didn't mean..."

His companion, a blond, nudged him, shutting him up. "Sorry Miss - Steve does tend to run off at the mouth." "It's okay." Dagmar said, slightly absently. "Pardon me."

The two men parted to allow her to pass, and she started on her way - and the anxiety refused to go away. Something was bothering her, and it was like a constant noise in her head, driving her crazy. She came to a stop after only a few feet and closed her eyes.

Letting go, she let her mind kind of float, seeking the source of the anxiety. "Miss?" One of the boys said. "Are you all right?"

And with her mind in 'neutral', Dagmar turned and said the first thing in her head....

"Do... do you like my tits?" Dagmar incredulously heard herself ask, somewhat anxiously. "They... they're not *too* big. are they?"

With a start, she realized the source of her anxiety. The two boys had been gaping at her, and she couldn't tell if it had been because they thought her tits were attractive - of freakish. As weird as it sounded, Dagmar was suffering a bout of stream self-consciousness. She tried to deny it - why would she care what other people thought about this ridiculous body? - but...

"No - oh no." The dark-haired youth - Steve - youth assured her hurriedly. "They're... amazing."

Dagmar was disgusted, mentally - but the actual emotion that flooded her was... pride? ...pleasure? ...*excitement*? She didn't know, but it felt good. Really, really good. So good, she couldn't keep her full, soft lips curving up into a smile, no matter how much she didn't want them to.

Then the other youth spoke up. "Miss - to be honest, it doesn't matter what we think. Do you think they're too big?"

And the question slammed home even as the anxiety began to rise again. The answer popped, unbidden, from Dagmar's mouth. "I - can't tell. If you like them, then I feel good. If you don't, I feel bad."

Dagmar was shocked to hear herself say it - and more shocked to find that it was the absolute, literal truth. Having men admire her tits - made her feel great.

The blond smiled crookedly. "Then it'd probably be good to tell you that I think your tits are the most incredibly erotic set I've even seen in my life."

Even as disgust at the comment tried to make its way through Dagmar's brain, it was completely overridden by the intense wave of pride and pleasure that rocked her body - and her stunned mind. She shivered from the intensity of her feeling, a gorgeous, honest smile breaking out on her face. "You do?"

"Yes."

Dagmar was stunned. Part of her hated feeling this way - she was horrified to find that a man's opinion of her could have so much impact. But no reasonably normal human being disliked pleasure, and that's what these men's interest and attraction brought to her. Dagmar looked down at the massive tits straining at the pink fabric - and was shocked and amazed - and horrified - to find that she no longer found them hideously oversized, disgusting, unwanted....

...she loved her massive, sexy tits. Because they did.

Dagmar tried to fight the feeling - but couldn't. The male part of her brain realized, with mounting despair, that her sense of happiness, of well being, was tied directly into appearing attractive to these men. Her own emotions and thoughts on the subject were completely and utterly irrelevant.

Dagmar looked at the two young men, staring at her massive tits longingly - and felt another emotion sweep over her.

Intense guilt. Powerful, painful, devastating. Like she doing something terrible, like beating a child, committing a hideous crime. Or as if she was doing something horrific by NOT doing something - like...

Then, with a force so strong it was palpable, she realized what was causing the sensation. Horrified, she tried to shove it away - but the sensations she was feeling were too strong, too powerful. It was crippling her - she needed to exorcise them. "

As she stood, battling her wants against her needs, the blond youth smiled. "Well, it was nice... bumping into you miss. If we did something that makes you feel good about yourself, I'm glad we could help."

And he and his companion turned to leave.

It was too much - if she let them go, this feeling would haunt her, drive her crazy...

"Would... would you like to... touch them?" Dagmar asked, in a quiet, scared voice. The sensation thrummed through her, and the question was of her own free will - sort of. She knew that, if she didn't prove to herself that these men really did find her massive tits exciting, and weren't just saying so to be nice, she'd go insane with the intense emotions flooding her. She had to know she was... sexually attractive to them. She might not feel attracted to them - hell, she felt pure, unadulterated disgust at what she was asking - but her need to have them attracted to her was like a crushing burden.

Steve's eyes widened, and he turned to his friend. "Josh?"

Josh, however, was looking at her with a thoughtful look. "Miss - are you sure...?"

"Please." Dagmar asked - begged - with shame in her heart. "If you'd like to..." She gestured towards an alley way.

Josh was still looking at her with the same speculative look. "Yes, we both want to, very much. But why are you so worried about what we want?"

The answer to that question came to Dagmar in a flash - and she staggered backwards, as horror and pain flooded her. She might be flesh-and-blood. She might have all the old, male, memories and preferences and thoughts.

But this form she wore had been designed to do just one thing. To pleasure men. Her sole reason for existence was to make men happy. Everything else was completely irrelevant - if she could not - did not - fulfill her reason for existing, then...

"I.. a freak!" Dagmar cried out, helplessly, tears rolling down her cheeks. Her emotional distress, her horror, her fear - it all caused her to blurt out the truth, with no control over her words. "I just want to die. I want... I need..." She sobbed, brokenly. "How can I live like this? I can only be happy when I'm doing something to make a man happy! I'm doomed to a life of pure misery and despair!"

Josh leaned forward. "Miss - do you know what would make me happy right now?"

Filled with the sheer enormity of the punishment Rafiki had bestowed upon her, Dagmar looked up. "What ?" "If you stopped crying and became calm."

And if a switch had been thrown inside of her, Dagmar suddenly felt pleasure bloom in her as her pain and horror faded. She didn't *want* her horror to fade - she *wanted* to hate her fate - but she became calm - and happy.

"Oh..." She said, surprised, as a smile bloomed faintly. Josh smiled, as well. "What's your name?"

"Dagmar." She replied, amazed at the wave of enjoyment she was riding from the simple thing she'd done at her request. "I... I feel better, Josh. Thank you."

Josh looked at her calculatingly - he said, distinctly. "I think you are the most beautiful, exotic - *erotic* - woman I have ever met." With those words, pure, unadulterated joy flooded Dagmar. You do?"

Josh nodded. "Yes - I have never met a woman so physically arousing in my life. You are the sexiest woman I have ever seen."

"Yeah." Steve agreed, whole hearted. "Your tits are incredible - and you're gorgeous to boot. Most women with tits that big get implants because they're not that good looking. But you... wow."

The emotional pleasure was the equivalent of an orgasm was in physical pleasure. Dagmar didn't want to feel this good about being the sexiest women these two guys had ever seen - but couldn't help herself. "Oh..."

"Now..." Josh said. "The only thing I need to know is - what do you need to make you happy?" the way he asked the question sealed Dagmar's fate. If he'd asked what she wanted, she would have replied that she wanted to be a man - that she wanted to get away from them, that she wanted to be released from this terrible craving to please men. But what she needed...

"I need to please you. You and all men around me." She said, helplessly - seductively. "I need to do whatever makes men happy. When I do something - anything - that a man enjoys, I feel pleasure. If I'm doing something that a man dislikes, I feel intense pain. I need to make men happy."

Steve was looking at his friend. "Josh...?"

Josh ignored him. Instead, he smiled slightly, and spoke clearly and distinctively. "Nothing in the whole universe would make me happier than having you come back to my frat house so that me, Steve, and our four other frat brothers can make sure that you stay happy all the time. Having a sexy, huge-breasted, beautiful woman around who is utterly willing to fulfill our every want and need would all make us very, very happy all the time."

Horror filled her mind even as intense pleasure filled her emotions. Helplessly, Dagmar turned to Steve for confirmation. "Is it true - would you and your friends be very, very happy if I came and was your...?" She stopped and looked for a description.

Steve was gaping back at her. "If you were our willing, cheerful sex Goddess? Holy shit - we'd be fuckin' *ecstatic*!"

And with that blurted response, the most important thing in Dagmar's universe became being exactly that. Helplessly, she smiled at the two men. "Ohhhh... thank you ."S he said, sliding a hand on each of their firm chests. "Letting me come back to your place - to stay there and make you all happy - is the most wonderful thing you could possibly do for me. Thank you."

And she leaned forward and kissed Josh.

She didn't want to - and she wanted to more than anything else in the world. Her full, soft lips met his, and the world narrowed to a simple need - the need to kiss Josh better than he'd ever been kissed before. To provide the most pleasure he'd ever had from a kiss.

The kiss lasted for several long moments. Dagmar was filled with utter disgust and loathing, but none of it showed as she put her all into the most erotic, pleasurable kiss she'd ever given. Despite her intense shame and disgust, there was no denying the physical pleasure it brought to kiss Josh - but she didn't want to enjoy it.

But all that was driven away as they broke the kiss and Josh said "Wow - that was... amazing."

At his words, pride and pleasure swept the disgust she'd felt aside. She couldn't help it - she might feel loathing while she performed the act, but the instant it was verified that she'd pleased a man, she was overwhelmed with sheer pleasure.

"Why don't we go to your new home?" Josh asked. Helpless to refuse, Dagmar slid an arm around each of the boy's shoulders, and walked with them, her huge tits bouncing as she helplessly smile with unwanted pleasure at her new status as a sex-slave, unwillingly willing to please her new 'owners'.

* * * * *

"Guys - meet Dagmar." Josh announced, grandly. "She's going to living here with us - and all she wants to do is whatever you tell her." Four sets of eyes swung around - and four young man rose suddenly to their feet, gaping.

"Holy shit... look at the size of those tits!" One of them stuttered. "What the... what do you mean, whatever we tell her?" Another asked.

Josh turned to Dagmar, who, deep inside, wanted to scream and run away. "Dagmar - what is it that you're here for?"

Helplessly, she smiled. "I am here to fulfill your every desire. If it would please you to have me do something, then I will get great pleasure from doing it. Your wish is my command."

"You... you're kidding, right?" Another asked, still stunned.

Which was enough to force Dagmar to prove her 'willingness'. For a briefest instant, she fought the need successfully - then it overwhelmed her completely.

As she screamed inside, she began approaching the questioner with an incredibly slow, sexy stride. "Let's say you said you wanted me to undress." She said, helplessly. Her hands rose, and she slipped her arms out of the sleeves of the leotard. Slowly, sensuously, she peeled it off of her massive tits, setting the free. The jiggled, then swayed out from her body as she bent over to slide the leotard off and toss it negligently aside. Since she wore no undergarments, when she straightened, Dagmar was glorious naked aside from her pantyhose and high heels. The pantyhose were of a decidedly sexual nature, having no crotch, and the back of them a barely visible string between her firm, full ass.

She then turned to another man, and approached him. "Or - perhaps you asked to touch me." She said, sensuously. She wrapped her long, slender fingers around his wrists and brought his hands up to her massive tits. She moaned softly a pleasure racked her massive tits when the stunned man took the none-to-subtle hint and began to massage and fondle her massive tits.

Feeling grateful, intellectually, and regretful, physically, Dagmar pulled away from the young man and approached another. "Or if you ask me to kiss you..." She said - and wrapped one arm around the man's neck and pulled herself tightly against him, her massive tits squashed against his hard chest. She pressed her soft lips into his and kissed him quickly, but 'passionately' her tongue dancing around the inside of his mouth.

Then she turned, and approached the forth one. "And if you said that I'd done something to get you all hard..." She said, slowly, sensuously unzipping his pants. "...and asked my to take care of it. "

And, horrified, Dagmar bent from the waist, sticking her ass out in the air as she pulled the man's rapidly hardening cock from its cloth prison and 'eagerly' enveloped it with her lips.

Don's male mind was utterly disgusted as her female body eagerly went to work sucking the man off. She used every technique, every hint, that had ever been used on her while she was a man to make sure that this was absolutely the most mind-blowing blow-job the man had ever had.

That task suddenly got a lot harder when Steve - unable to resist the sight - came up behind her, dropped his pant - and slammed his hard cock into her wet, shaved cunt from behind.

She wanted to scream out - mentally, in horrified pain, physically, in sheer pleasure. But she did neither, forcing herself to keep the rhythm and skills that she was applying to the young man's cock. She narrowed her attention on giving the guy a blowjob, while her body was wracked by intense pleasure from Steve's rapid thrusts.

She'd never felt anything like this. She was in agony - and ecstasy. She hated every second of it - and never wanted it to end. It was Hell...

...and it was Heaven.

Then the man whose cock she was 'tongue lashing' came, spewing hot, salty cum into her 'eager' mouth. She gulped the thick liquid down, then sensuously pulled him from her mouth with a small, wet 'pop'...

Allowing her to turn all her attention to the intense sensations coming from her new cunt. The pleasure was rising in building waves, and now she was free to express her vocal pleasure, screaming in pleasure as Steve fucked her, hard and fast, completely uninterested in her as he was easing his own desires. But she didn't care - it felt fantastic, and that's what she was here for, wasn't it?

And as she and Steve orgasmed simultaneously, screaming in pleasure, Don was screaming deep within the body that was his prison, seeing what the rest of his life was going to be...

* * * * *

"So - you like, then?"

Josh grinned wearily at Rafiki. "Oh, God - yeah. Geez, we spent the entire night fucking like crazed weasels. She took each of us at least four times. Even we hadn't asked her to stop, she might have fucked us to death." He shook his head. "I don't know how you knew, old man - but she was right where you said she'd be - and everything went just the way you said."

The black man smiled. "Good. So, you pay now?"

"Sure - best damned money I ever spent." Josh said. Reaching into a pocket, he pulled out some cash and handed Rafiki eighty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents.

Plus tax.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After dumping his girlfriend, she sprays a substance on his face which has him change into a bimbo, his old friends are very happy to satisfy her new needs.

Rebecca's Revenge

By Gunslinger

The ropy muscles of his lean, tanned arms tightening and bulging under the strain, the rangy young brunet swung himself out of the battered Jeep YJ by way of the roll-bar over the open doorframe.

Pausing for a second, the lean young man surveyed the low white dunes that ran from the scrub grass of the rise down to the sparkling aquamarine waters of the ocean. Taking a long, deep breath, he savored the crisp tang of the ocean air, leaning his head back to bask in the warm, bright sunlight that spilled over his golden body.

Letting the breath out in an explosive burst, he ran his fingers through his tall flat-top crew cut, stripping out the sweat and flicking it away. Grinning broadly to himself, the young man reached into the back of his battered four-by-four and hauled out and equally battered backpack. Slinging it over one toned shoulder, he turned and made his way over the sandy soil and mounted the weathered wooden stairs that encircled the low, sprawling beach house on three sides.

With the broad grin still creasing his narrow, sharp-featured face, the muscular young brunet walked up to the front door and threw it open with a flourish.

The two other young men sitting in the big, open-concept living-room looked up with startled expressions as the door flew open - and then matching broad smiles appeared on their own faces as the new arrival strode into the house with the air of a conquering hero.

"Well, well - if it ain't Bobby-boy!" The tall, swarthy young man with a shock of curly black hair said, rising to his feet.

The shorter blond lounging in an over-stuffed armchair didn't bother to rise, but fished in an ice-chest and hauled out a can of beer that he tossed, underhand, to the lean brunet.

In the act of slipping his back-pack off his shoulder, the rangy young man was caught somewhat off-guard, but recovered quickly and neatly fielded the cold brew with the quick reactions of an athlete - and the casual competence that was the providence of those yet to see their thirtieth birthday.

"I thought your 'girlfriend' didn't want you hanging out with us low-lifes no more." The blond said, pausing to take a sip of his own beer. "What made her let you come?"

"Hey - 'let me', Jeff?" Bobby asked, sounding miffed. "Rebecca was a great lay an' all, and that money she was pulling in at that biotech place meant her pad, well, rocked - but when some chick starts telling me who I can and can't hang out with, that's the last straw."

"So, you dumped her?" The lanky, olive-skinned young man asked, coming over to grab Bobby's back-pack and sling it casually towards one of the three bedroom doors.

"Damn straight, Vince." Bobby agreed, plopping down onto a couch. "Had I out with her last night, told her it was fun, but if she thought I was changing my life for a mere broad, she was very badly mistaken."

"How'd she take it?" Jeff asked with a knowing grin, having met the 'broad' in question.

"Not to well." Bobby said, smirking briefly before pasting an exaggerated expression of innocence on his face. "For some reason, she had formed the mistaken impression that I was interested in marrying her."

"Gee, I wonder how that coulda happened...?" Vince laughed.

"Dunno." Bobby said, scratching at the thicket of hair on his bare chest. "You think all my talk of marriage could have had anything to do with that?"

The three men shared a look - then, at the same time, chorused out 'Naw...', and broke out laughing.

"Man, this is the life!" Vince said, leaning back in his chair. "Find yourself some up-tight, over-educated older woman who's done nothing but throw herself into her career..."

"...pluck her at that moment when she hears the ol' 'biological clock' tickin' away..." Bobby took up the oft-repeated mantra. "...then fuck her brains out, take her for every cent she's got, then dump her tired old ass and find a young hottie to boff until the money runs out..." Jeff chimed in, lifting his beer can in salute as the other two guys mimicked the motion and joined in on the chorus: "..and then do it all again!"

Draining their beers, the three young men tossed the empties across the room in the general direction of the already overflowing recycling bin, and then Jeff dug into the diminishing supply in the ice chest to toss dripping cans to each of his friends.

Bobby barely caught his in time, having been rubbing at his chest when the malt missile was launched, and the stocky blond's bushy eyebrows rose.

"What's up, Bobby - 'becca give you cooties or sumpin'?" He asked, with a snort. Bobby grimaced.

"Hey, don't laugh - I think she just might have, at that." He said in an aggrieved tone.

"Whatchya mean, 'she might have'?" Vince wanted to know, popping open the top to his beer and taking a long draught from the can.

"Well, after I'd dumped her, and she'd gone ballistic, Rebecca left the apartment." Bobby explained. He paused for a swing of his own brew, then stuck the can between his legs so he could continue massaging his chest. "I'd just finished loading my stuff into my Jeep when she showed up again - and she sprayed some shit in my face."

"What kind of 'shit'?" Jeff asked.

"That's just it - I dunno." Vince said. "When I saw her lift this little can and heard the hissing, I thought it was mace - but nothing seemed to happen, other than my face getting kind of wet. Some of it even got in my mouth, and it tasted kinda... metallic, or something, but not really bad. I thought maybe it was just a bad can of mace, or something - but for the last couple hours, my chest had been feeling really weird."

"Weird how?" Vince asked.

"It's kinda hard to describe. It's sort of itchy-warm-tingly-cold." Bobby tried to explain. "It just got really bad all the sudden, like in the past few..."

He broke off with a gasp, eyes flying wide as he half hunched over in a sharp, convulsive movement that spilled his beer. As the cold, foaming liquid soaked into his cut-off sweat-pant shorts and dripped down his hard-muscled legs, the young brunet made an odd choking sound, hands clutching at his chest.

"Jeez!" Vince shouted, shooting to his feet. "I think that bitch gave him somethin' to make him have a heart attack!"

Crying out, Bobby suddenly slammed back in his chair, face contorted - and his two friends stared at him in shock and horror. "Holy shit, man... lookit his chest!" Vince cried, voice a half-octave higher than normal.

"He.. He's..." The normally arrogantly self-controlled blond stammered, eyes bulging wide. "He's growing a fuckin' pair of *boobs!*" Vince screeched.

Stunned, the two young men - Vince, standing, and Jeff, in a decidedly awkward-looking half-crouch from his abortive motion to rise - stared at the writhing friend as, behind his grasping hands, his chest slowly bulged outwards in a pair of decidedly feminine-looking mounds.

It seemed to go on for an eternity, and yet couldn't have lasted more than ten minutes, tops. Finally, sheathed in sweat and panting, Bobby stopped writhing and slowly lowered his own stunned gaze to the hairy mounds behind his hands.

"Holy shit!" He gasped, to physically and emotionally wrung-out to manage to full-fledged scream that wanted to emerge. "I.. I've got tits! Big ones!" gonna kill her!"

"No shit, Sherlock!" Jeff agreed - suddenly damned aware of the fact that he was staring at a pair of large tits that just happened to be hanging from the chest of a man... and yet unable to quite look away from the firm, hair-covered feminine masses.



Each about the size of a ripe cantaloupe, the breasts were quite firm, with the teardrop 'hang' of natural breasts rather than the artificially globular shape of the implants that would more commonly be associated with breasts that big. Even with their covering of rough male chest hair, they would have been considered fine examples of 'boobs' - if one could ignore the fact that they looked decidedly ludicrous hanging from the ribcage of somebody so obviously male, that was.

It wasn't the sort of the ting that any of the three young men was likely to ignore - least of all, the one whom it had happened to.

"That bitch! That stinking, fucking bitch!" Bobby shouted, face contorting in anger. "I'm

Though humiliating, horrifying, and emotionally ruinous, Bobby's new additions were hardly painful, physically - indeed, they were quite the opposite, even his light touch causing pleasure to thrum through his thick, sensitive new nipples. He started to pull his hands away from his new bust, hating the thought of

in any way enjoying having such tits inflicted on him...

...and as he bared his breasts, he became hideously aware of the fact that his buddies were still staring at his now-displayed boobs.

"Jeez, guys - stop staring at my tits!" He shouted angrily - and the fact that he was in any position to have to make that statement only made the humiliation burn deeper in him.

Scrambling to his feet, Bobby dashed towards his bulging back-pack. With trembling fingers, he released the buckles holding the bag closed, and hastily rooted through the clothing inside until he found a well-worn old team sweatshirt.

He started to pull the thankfully bulky, baggy garment on over his head...

...and it was as if a powerful pair of springs had been attached to it's shirttail. The farther down he tried to pull it, the more resistance he seemed to meet. His attempt rapidly slowed to a crawl, and then a dead-stop. With the bottom of the sweatshirt just below his thick, pink new nipples, the muscles stood out on his corded arms as he strained mightily to pull the shirt down lower - and failed miserably. He couldn't even get his fingers to unclasp, letting the garment fall naturally.

Screaming a curse, he yanked the sweatshirt off, and resumed rummaging in his pack. "What's wrong?" Vince asked.

"That stuff must have fucked with my mind!" Bobby snarled, trying - and failing - to put a slightly less concealing shirt on. "I just can't seem to make myself 'hide' these damned tits!"

He went through his pack - and swore mightily when he found the 'least revealing' top he could pull on was a white tank-top, once slightly loose-fitting, that now hugged his unwanted curves like a second skin.

"Okay... you just hold on, and I'll go pull my car 'round." Vince said in an unusually fast, nervous voice. "We'll get you down to the hospital, get a doctor to examine your tits, see what we can do about it..."

At the phrase 'examine your tits', Bobby suddenly experienced a short, but amazingly clear, vision: Himself, sitting in a doctor's office, the doctor's hands lightly squeezing Bobby's new tits as Bobby moaned in extreme pleasure, eyes sliding closed and head rolling back as he shifted to press his new tits more firmly into the doctor's hands...

"No!" Bobby gasped in denial of the vision, a shiver running up his spine. "Huh?" Vince said, blinking.

"No - no doctor." Bobby said, a bit more calmly, still badly rattled by the vision - and the warm rush of pleasure that had tingled through his body in response, his cock stirring in his beer-dampened shorts. "There's no way in hell I'm letting anybody else see these... tits."

It shocked him how he'd had to catch himself, barely in time, to keep himself from calling them 'beauties'... and equally shocking was the sharp pang of unwanted disappointment that accompanied the refusal to 'show 'em off'.

"Well, then - what the hell are you going to do about them?" Jeff wanted to know.

"For the moment - nothing." Bobby said, the mental image of him willingly enjoying somebody 'playing' with his new tits eliminating his ability to considering getting any sort of professional help. "We wait. Maybe that shit Rebecca sprayed on me is only temporary, and they'll go away on their own in a while."

He had more than a sneaking suspicion that they were, in fact, intended to be permanent, but he wasn't going to say so. He could go to the doctor just as well tomorrow, when he'd had a bit of time to get used to the tits - and be sure he had a firm grasp on himself.

"So you're just gonna sit around like.. that?" Vince asked.

"Hell no." Bobby retorted. "I'm gonna get myself stinking drunk." He was as good as his word.

The beach house - acquired through combined chicanery of the three - boasted a state-of-the-art home entertainment system, including a three-disk 'carousel' DVD player. This, Bobby loaded with three mindless 'eye-candy' T&A comedies. Pushing 'play', Bobby settled deep into one of the comfortable chairs, popped open a beer, and determinedly set about blotting out enough brain cells to forget the fact that he was now considerably better endowed than most of the actresses appearing on-screen.

As it worked out, it wasn't that he actually noticed his new endowments any less - but the more beer he guzzled, the less he cared, and that was good enough for him...

...but not necessarily his two companions, who were following his lead with considerably less vigor, sharing meaningful looks between themselves when they weren't busy staring at the altered friend.

Altered - and altering.

It took them a while to catch on to this fact, because the process was slow enough that it was noticeable only in the aggregate - but certainly, after the hour and a half it took the first movie to play, noticeable enough to be commented on.

"Ummm..." Vince said to his inebriated friend. "Uh, Bobby... were you aware you... seem to be... shedding?"

Blearily, Bobby peered down at his once hairy legs. He frowned, and ran a hand over the appendage, watching more hair slough off, leaving behind smooth skin.

"Yeah." He agreed, thickly. "Loosin' all my hair..."

"Well, don't you think..." Vince pressed - only to be cut short. "Shaddup." Bobby slurred. "Don'wanna talk 'bout it."

"But..."

"Shaddup, I said!" Bobby yelled, half-rising out of his seat to glare at his friends, swaying slightly. "Jus' shaddup! Bad 'nuff I gotta go through it, I don't wanna keep hearin' about it! What, you think there's a doctor who's a specialist in this? Who has a nifty little pill that'll fix me right up? Dammit, jus' let it go!"

He slumped back into his seat, taking a long pull at his beer - and choosing not to mention that the real reason he didn't want to talk about it was because of the fact he was trying desperately hard not to think about it.

In fact, he was trying very, very hard to reduce himself to such a state of drunkenness that he wouldn't be able to think at all - because the thoughts that insisted in trying to run through his head were, in their own way, much worse than the continuing changes in his body...

...because the thoughts themselves were trying to steal away his horror and disgust at his on-going transformation and replace it with a decidedly unwanted pleasure at what was happening to him.

Not an intellectual pleasure - oh, no, Rebecca hadn't been that 'kind'. His mind was unaltered, and he knew who and what he was, and hated the fact it was happening...

...but that only made it worse that his body and emotions seemed 'rigged' to just the opposite end of the spectrum. As unwanted thoughts and disgustingly vivid mental images came stronger and more often as his transformation slowly progressed, they were accompanied by shivers of physical pleasure, augmented by emotional responses diametrically opposed to the ones he knew he should - desperately wanted to - be feeling.

Every time another one of these hated thoughts or images flashed across his mind, he drained the beer he was holding and reached for another.

Before the second movie ended, he rose, and staggered to the door of the bedroom. Pushing it open, he kicked his bag inside, stepped inside, and slammed the door behind him. Shedding his damp shorts and underwear as he went, he stumbled to the bed - and finally achieved the blissful ignorance of unconsciousness he'd so energetically pursued.

* * * * *

With a moan, Bobby pried his eyes open.

The light leaking in through the uncovered window was, thankfully, the dim steel-gray light of pre-dawn, just dim enough to be bearable to his gritty eyes.

Head pounding thunderously, brain feeling swaddled in thick coats of abrasive steel wool, there was only two things that forced Bobby from the warm embrace of his bed. The first, being the fact that he'd slept nearly twelve hours and was 'slept out', wouldn't have been enough to move him, in and of itself - but his painfully full bladder was more than convincing, and he slowly pulled himself out of bed and started staggering towards the door.

The sight of his clothes, scattered across the floor from his drop-kick of the bag the afternoon before, reminded him - dimly - of propriety, and he oh-so-slowly bent over and retrieved a pair of cut-off jean shorts. Stepping into them, he slowly pulled them up, vaguely noticing that the last of his body hair had been shed while he'd slept.

The shorts, reasonably well fitting the last time he'd worn them, now were difficult to button, so tightly were they molded to his hips and buttocks.

The fact that this meant they should have also been painfully tight across his crotch also registered, dimly - but it didn't seem to arouse any worry, so he didn't try to force his befogged brain to track down any possible implications to the thought.

He once more started towards the door - and then it occurred to him that maybe he should also put some sort of top on.

Oddly enough, the thought caused a feeling of discomfort in him - in more than one way. He blinked and stared blearily at the wall, trying to figure out why both the thought of putting a top on and the thought of walking around without one bothered him equally.

Decidedly too thick-witted this morning to chase it down, he shrugged and settled on a compromise. Picking up the sweat shorts he'd worn the day before, he grabbed his pocket knife from the back-pack and cut them off just above the crotch, then pulled the makeshift tube top on.

As the top settled in place, clinging tightly to his smooth, globular breasts, he sighed softly in pleasure, and headed off to the bathroom, lightly squeezing and fondling his bust with a dreamy smile.



Reaching the bathroom, he closed the door behind him and walked over to stand in front of the toilet. Unzipping the clinging jeans, he slid his hand inside - and groped around for a moment before registering the fact that his crotch was nearly smooth.

Had he been more awake, he might have described what his questing hand felt as being as if his cock had pulled back into his body, leaving only the head - half the size it had been the night before - protruding from his skin.

As it was, he only stood dumbly for a moment before finally putting the seat down, turning around, and seating himself to urinate.

As the stream hit the side of the bowl, he sighed in satisfaction, his only logy emotional response to the situation being that he felt much better sitting down in his current state of severe hang-over.

When he finished, he sat for a moment on he toilet, then reached for a swatch of toilet paper. He wiped himself...

...and then, letting the damp paper flutter into the toilet, continued rubbing at his crotch, moaning softly at the sensations emanating from his unbelievably sensitive 'cock head'.

Leaning back, he let his head loll and his free hand rise to play with his tits as his other hand increased rhythm and pressure.

Moments later, he arched his back, letting out a scream of pleasure that was kept weak only by the fact he'd let out all his breath in a shuddering whoosh just before the orgasm hit.

Still trembling slightly from the force of his orgasm, he rose and reached down to pull his shorts into place with the hand that had been squeezing his tits...

...while, without even giving it any conscious thought, brought the other hand up to his mouth, licking it clean of the thin, salty liquid coating it.

After licking his hand clean, he washed his hands in the sink, the quickly ran his fingers through a sleep-tousled mane of hair hanging nearly to his smooth shoulders.

Midway through this action, he paused and frowned thickly at the mirror, confused.

Something was nagging at him - but he couldn't quite place what it was. What he was seeing in the mirror somehow managed to 'feel' both completely right and utterly wrong, simultaneously and with equal strength...

...but he certainly wasn't up to puzzling it out, not without his morning coffee fix. Even in the best of times, Bobby was most definitely *not* a morning person.

This wasn't the best of times...

He headed towards the kitchen, planning to make some coffee - but that route took him across the expansive living room, which boasted floor-to-ceiling plate-glass sliding doors that gave a stunning vista of the ocean, and Bobby decided to hold off on the coffee.

Despite some odd emotional responses his barely-functioning brain wasn't up to following, he felt amazingly good this morning, despite being hung over. Indeed, the fact his brain was barely turning over left him in a strange, dreamy state that was extremely pleasant.

Grabbing his pair of 'Jesus boots', he pulled the sandals on and laced the long leather thongs up his smoothly muscled calves, then slid open one of the doors and stepped out into the cool morning air.

He wasn't alone.

Slumped in one of the deck-chairs, a half-empty mug of cold coffee on the deck beside him, was Vince, snoring softly. Swaddled in a thick, navy-blue bathrobe, he'd obviously come out into the cool air to help him wake up more quickly - an attempt that had even more obviously backfired.

Bobby looked at Vince - and fuzzily thought to himself that he had never noticed how cute the Italian-American was. In repose, his face was almost noble, with a proud patrician nose above full, sensual lips.

In fact, his lips were... quite sensual indeed.

With a dreamy smile, Bobby walked over, leaned down, and pressed his own lips against Vince's.

God, did it ever feel nice, nicer even than the incredibly sharp, vivid imagining of this moment that had flashed across Bobby's mind - and it only got nicer when Vince started to stir.

His lips parted, and their tongues began to probe within each other's moist mouth. One of Vince's hands flailed about slightly before finding a firm leg and tracing it slowly up[wards towards the firm, full buttocks filling out their denim prison so pertly.

His other hand sort of waved uselessly, so while the kiss deepened, Bobby lightly gripped Vince's wrist and brought his hand up so that it cupped one full breast. As his warm touch, tit and ass, awoke fevered, explicit images that chased themselves across Bobby's mind, the rising pleasure and excitement began to clear the fog of sleep from his mind, even as his faltering kiss brought Vince closer to full wakefulness...

...and both their eyes popped open at the same time, and they stared at each other, still in lip-lock. Bobby threw himself back, hands wiping at his mouth.

"Oh, god - you kissed me!" Bobby shrieked, his considerably higher, softer voice registered - even as he shuddered in horrified disgust as the other actions of the morning finally registered on his brain.

"Buh.. Bobby?" Vince stammered, wide eyed. "My god... you're... a chick!"

"No, I'm not - at least, not yet..." He replied, disgusted by wave of displeasure that had forced the modifier out behind the strong declaration. "Either way, that doesn't give you the right to kiss me, you faggot!"

"I didn't *kiss* you - I kissed you **back**!" Vince said. "You started it!"

"Hey, my ex-girlfriend gave me some shit that's not only turning me into a chick, but it's fucking with my mind, and I couldn't help myself!" Bobby said, crossing his arms beneath breasts that no longer seemed nearly as out of place on a still-muscular but decided feminine-looking frame. "What's your excuse?"

"A buxom chick shoved her tongue down my throat and shoved a tit into my hand!" "Umm..." Bobby muttered. "Uh... Good excuse."

"I thought so!" Vince snapped - then sighed, and shook his head.

"What do you mean, you 'couldn't help yourself'?" Vince asked, more calmly. "Uh... Never mind..." Bobby said, blushing.

He didn't want to tell Vince about how... right it had felt. How normal his emotions had insisted it was - and how pleasant his body had found it. It hadn't been until his intellect had finally kicked in that he'd truly realized what he was doing...

...and, even as the knowledge of horror and disgust had run through him, he had held the kiss for another second or two, needing that long to let his intellect muster up the strength to break free of the frighteningly utter contentment his body and emotions were generating.

"If it's that bad..." Vince started.

"No - we don't need to talk about it." Bobby said, quickly. "Trust me - as soon as the sun's up, I'm driving down to the hospital and seeing a doctor about this."

"Do you need me or Jeff to come along?" Vince asked.

The thought of both of them taking him into the hospital suddenly flashed into Bobby's mind...

...and, forcing the image of the person she unwillingly identified as 'herself' having one thigh stroked by each man flanking 'her' out of his mind, Bobby quickly shook his head.

Still blushing, Bobby hurried into the house - but as fast as he moved, he couldn't out-run the images and thoughts that kept flashing through his mind, sparking unwanted emotional and physical reactions directly at odds with his intellect...

...but even stronger than his 'outnumbered' intellect.

Purposefully, Bobby avoided Vince for the next couple of hours, unwillingly to deal with the unwanted mental images that just the sight of Vince would conjure up. Thankfully, Jeff was a late sleeper, so Bobby didn't have to try avoiding two people, just the one.

Still struggling with the thoughts and emotions assaulting him, Bobby finally decided he could wait no longer, and he grabbed his wallet and keys and headed out to his Jeep.

Though there was a small town relatively nearby, it didn't have a hospital, so Bobby drove for nearly two hours to the nearest 'big city' and forced himself to concentrate solely on his driving, ignoring the thoughts trying to force themselves into his brain...

...and the changes that were not only still occurring in his body, but were speeding up.

By the time Bobby finally reached the city, the only thing that remained the same about *her* now fully feminine body was the color of her hair...

...and her mind wasn't much better.

Oh, all her memories were still intact. She knew she was 'really' a man, and she knew she didn't want to act or dress or in any other way do anything the least bit feminine - but she was struggling to deal with the knowledge that it felt right to act and look and *be* female. The things she wanted to do and be made her feel bad, the things she didn't want to do made her feel good - and that was really, really screwing her up, because she'd never been one to curb her impulses, as a man. Indeed, her life philosophy, as a guy, had basically been 'do what feels good, and damned the consequences'.

Feeling battered by conflicting thoughts and emotions, Bobby parked the Jeep and hurried down the sidewalk towards where the hospital was located...

...and then caught herself slowing to a stop, her eyes almost helplessly locked on to the clothing displayed in a shop window. Women's clothing.

"No..." She tried to tell herself - but the thought of dressing in sexy female clothes was sending shivers of pleasure up and down her spine. She forced herself to break her gaze and take a step further onward...

...and it felt horribly, horrendously wrong to be walking away from the clothing store. Struggling, sweat popping out on her brow, she managed another step and, gasping, a third...

...and then she stopped, rooted in place, body trembling as she was caught between two conflicting desires, one of mind, one of emotion.

Emotion won out.

Unable to fight the emotional need, swearing at her own weakness, Bobby found herself turning around and heading back towards the clothing store.

"No... stop it..." She gasped to herself, trembling. She paused - but the idea of *not* wearing clothes that showed off her emphatically feminine new body made her feel horrible, whereas the thought of wearing such clothes 'only' made her *think* about the humiliation and disgust, without being able to feel it.

She hesitated... and then she saw a woman on the sidewalk on the other side of the street.

There was nothing particularly special about the other woman. In fact, she was just an average-looking woman... and that was the problem.

'I'm much hotter-looking than her.' She helplessly thought to herself - and knew it was true. Her new body was slender and buxom and sexy - and what was the absolute worst about it was thinking about how sexy her newly feminine body was caused incredibly waves of pride and pleasure to course through her, no matter how desperately she tried to deny it.

Helplessly, she entered the clothing store...

...and then, after she was done there, found herself helplessly carried onwards to a beauty parlor...

...and then a shoe store...

...all the time struggling to control herself, to not give into her 'badly skewed' emotions - and failing completely.

By the time she'd finally shopped herself out, she no longer cared about going to the hospital. Her feminine needs momentarily satiated by the clothing she'd put on before leaving the store, the make-up she'd helplessly 'felt' she'd needed, she just wanted to get back home before she broke down and did any of the other horribly feminine thoughts running through her mind.

By the time she'd gotten back to the beach-house, she was in a high-state of agitation - because she was in such a high state of unwanted arousal.

She'd had to pass through the nearby small town to reach the beach - and driving through town, she'd had more guys hoot, holler and whistle at her than she'd thought was in town to begin with...

...and the worst thing was, she couldn't blame any of them for it. Hell, she would have done the same, when she'd been a guy.

Even now, as she slid out of the Jeep, she was hideously aware of how hot she looked - and horrified by how incredibly good she felt about it.

Her body was lean and supple and sexy, with long, smooth legs leading up to trim hips below and even trimmer waist, all in the shadow of her big, round boobs. That slender body was well displayed by the minimal clothing she wore - a leopard-print bikini that exposed her deep cleavage and long legs to her advantage.

Her new face was, quite simply, gorgeous - and the slicked-back hair that framed it had been bleached and died a golden shade of blonde that set off her flawless skin.

She was, quite simply, stunning - and it was driving her nuts to feel so wonderful about something she knew was horrible.

Leaving her purchases in the Jeep for the moment, she headed to the house, eager to get inside and be able to take some time to get a hold of herself.

She was wearing a pair of white sandals with two-inch heels - and she hated the fact that she was wearing heels at all, while her emotions were desperately wishing she were practiced enough to wear even higher heels. The forced her to walk slower than she would have liked - and she 'liked' the way she was swinging her hips, even as she fought to control it.

So, all in all, it was quite the 'entrance' she made...

...and she had an audience to see it.

Stopping dead just inside the door, Bobby stared, jaw dropping.

"Rebecca..." Bobby said, her voice a mixture of anger and shock. "You bitch...!"

"Hello, Bobby." The lean, well-dressed red-head said, sweetly. "Hmmm... doesn't sound to fitting for such a lovely young woman, does it? Perhaps 'Barbie' would be more fitting. Do you mind if I call you that, *Barbie?*"

The new woman snarled at her tormentress... but only half her attention was on Rebecca. The other half was on the two young men flanking her.

"What the hell have you done to Vince and Jeff?" Bobby/Barbie demanded.

Her friends were standing beside Rebecca - with frighteningly blank looks on their faces, staring fixedly off into nothing.

"Oh, just making a few 'improvements'." Rebecca said, airily. "I don't have anything personal against them, like I did towards you - but I don't want them to continue preying on women like myself. I've... rearranged their preferences."

"What the hell are you talking about...?" Barbie/Bobby demanded, angrily.

"We had a nice little talk. didn't we, boys?" Rebecca said, turning to either side to look at the men flanking her. "We've actually become quite good friends. haven't we, boys?"

"Yes, Rebecca." Jeff and Vince chorused in flat, monotone voices. "We like you. You are smart and beautiful. You are our best friend."

Barbie felt her stomach tighten, and a cold shiver ran down her spine. "You. brain-washed them." She half-whispered.

"Sure did." Rebecca agreed, easily. "You see, I could have done the same for you, made you think any way I wanted you too - but it's much more satisfying to know the 'real' you is trapped in a body and by emotions and urges I've implanted in you. My nanites can be quite.. persuasive, as I'm sure you've noticed."

"What did you do to them?" Barbie demanded.

"Why I made them completely and utterly obedient to you." Rebecca replied.

"What?" Barbie demanded, confused.

"Oh, yes - they'll do anything you want tell them to." Rebecca said, snapping a finger - and animation flooded back into the two men's faces. "Isn't that right, boys?"

"Yes, Rebecca." Vince replied, immediately, looking somehow.. smaller. Diminished. Less sure of himself. "We're so lucky to have such a gorgeous woman as our friend. We'll do anything for her."

"It's the least we can do, making her as happy as we can." Jeff agreed. "Anything she wants, we'll give her."

"You see?" Rebecca said, grinning evilly. "They live but to serve., Why, if you want them to worship you, stroking your body, playing with your big new tits for hours on end, they'll do it."

Barbie shivered as a sudden wave of pleasure rushed through her at the thought. "No...!" She gasped.

"Oh, yes, we will!" Vince hastened to assure her, almost desperately. "Even though you used to be a guy, and it's really disgusting, we'll even have sex with you if you tell us to!"

Barbie's breathing helplessly grew faster, shallower, and she moaned softly.

"Oh, yes, Barbie - not matter how perverted it is, we'll let you suck our cocks whenever you want!" Jeff vowed. She shivered.

"We'll fuck you..."

"...and fondle you..."

"...and kiss you..."



"...and treat you like a sexy woman..." "...no matter how sick it makes us feel!"

"Oh, god...!" She half-sobbed, half-sighed. "Oh..."

Helplessly, body afire with desires she hated having, mind awash with images that disgusted her even as they aroused her, she started towards the two men, her own hands sliding across her highly sensitive new flesh.

"But... I don't want you playing with my big new tits." She gasped, undoing the strings on her top and, leaning her back into Jeff's chest, pulled his hands around onto her boobs.

"I don't want you guys kissing me!" She tried to explain - before reaching out, grabbing Vince, and pulling him to her for a long, deep, passionate kiss.

"I definitely..." She moaned, undoing the strings that held her bottoms on. "...don't want..."

She used one hand on each man's pants, unzipping them. "...to fuck and suck..."

She slowly bent over from the waist, sliding her legs further apart as her new 'slaves' followed the obvious direction of her actions and freed their hardening cocks.

"...my ever-loving brains out!" She finished in a hungry tone of voice - just before she silenced herself by wrapping her new lips firmly around the shaft of Vince's cock, as Jeff slid into her tight, wet new womanhood from behind.

Standing a few feet away, Rebecca watched the three of them sway back and forth, cocks pounding into both top and bottom of a gorgeous, sexy woman who, the day before, had been a man - and she alone, out of anybody who might ever see the trio of friends in the future, knew that each of them was disgusted by what they wouldn't ever be able to stop themselves from doing...

...and, laughing, Rebecca let herself out of the house, vengeance complete.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Waking up after a fight with his girl friend, one guy finds himself changing with each step of his high heeled boots.

Reboot

By Gunslinger

Kenneth Dale Ayers stared blankly up at the night sky.

Very slowly, the fact that he was doing so began to percolate through his brain, and a confused frown creased his face.

"Wha... What happened...?" The lean brunet asked himself in a mutter. "Where am I...?"

Blinking rapidly, he pushed himself to a sitting position. He felt... weird. Confused. Unable to concentrate clearly. Almost as if he were drunk or stoned, or both. His head felt as if it were packed full of wool, and thoughts had to force themselves through the thick material as best they could.

Shaking his head in a futile effort to clear it, Ken looked around. He was sitting in the alleyway behind his apartment building.

After a second, he corrected the thought - behind his girlfriend's apartment building, for he'd been living with her.

"Argument. Dana and I had an argument... I think." Ken said, struggling to think. He felt so odd, so disconnected... almost dreamy. Memories and thoughts seemed to want to slip out of his mental grasp. "Dana... kicked me out."

After a long, fuzzy moment, Ken thought to check the pockets of his jeans... and sure enough, he had neither keys nor wallet on him.

Ken and Dana seemed to argue often, and the situation wasn't all that unusual... except for the dreamy, disconnected feeling he was experiencing. Ken drank quite a bit, and sometimes did pot, and Dana didn't approve of either. Had he sampled a new drug, which had been the cause of the argument this time...?

Ken couldn't quite remember what had happened. After another long, confused moment, he realized it didn't really matter, at least, not at the moment. As he'd been kicked out a few times before, he had a routine - heading over to his best friend Mark Dupries' house, and hanging out there until Dana cooled down. It seemed like time to repeat the routine. Shaking his head in another futile attempt to get his mind working, Ken started to stand up...

...and promptly fell back down again.

It wasn't because he was drunk and/or stoned, either.

"What the...?" Ken muttered fuzzily. He pulled at the legs of his jeans, dragging the cuffs higher... and suddenly recalled what the argument had been about.

Dana had been right outraged, more offended than he'd ever seen her before, when she'd opened the gift he'd bought for her - a pair of calf-high, glossy hot-pink boots with six-inch stiletto heels.

The boots he was wearing right now.

Mushily, Ken simply stared at the boots for a long moment, slowly coming to realize that she must have put them on him before kicking him out. Dimly, he wondered how she'd managed that, as he wasn't likely to sit idly by while she did. Had she drugged him somehow...?

It finally occurred to Ken to take the damned things off. The only problem was, when he tried to do so, they refused to budge.

At first he thought it was because they were too tight - hardly a bulky guy, he nevertheless had larger feet than Dana. After a few futile attempts to remove the hot-pink boots, however, he began to wonder if she'd glued them on or something.

"Shit!" He muttered - she really was pissed. In truth, he hadn't really expected her to be overjoyed by the gift - but he certainly hadn't expected her reaction to be this extreme. Blinking in annoyed confusion, he tugged the cuffs of his jeans back down, hiding as much of the feminine footwear as possible.

Very, very carefully, using a wall for support, Ken managed to get to his feet, wobbling unsteadily atop the high, slender heels. After an overly-long moment of consideration, Ken decided to take 'the back way' to Mark's house, so as to limit the chances of anybody seeing him in the boots.

Wobbling, he made his way down the alley, staying close to the wall. The night was cool, and the breeze that ruffled his muddy-brown crew-cut was brisk. The baggy white t-shirt he wore didn't offer much protection, and he shivered slightly as he carefully navigated to the last deep pool of shadows before the end of the alley.

Very carefully, Ken leaned forward and glanced up and down the street. Reassured to see no sign of life, he took a deep breath. Arms held wide of his body for balance, he hurried across the open street, high heels clicking against the pavement as he hurried to reach the questionable 'safety' of the next ally over.

Once in the narrow passage way of the next block, ken let out a whooshing breath - trying to run in high heels was a real pain...

A moment later, as he carefully ankled his way down the alley, Ken suddenly realized that his last thought had been metaphorical, not literal - despite the fact that his feet must be jammed into the boots, there was no actual pain.

Almost instinctively, he glanced down at the gleaming pink footwear, but didn't stop taking the short, careful simpering steps as he considered the situation...

...and then he did come up short staring down at the boots in confusion. At the clearly visible boots.

Kenny frowned in confusion, probing his hazy memory - hadn't he pulled the cuffs of his jeans down to hide the boots...?

A second look - and Kenny chuckled at himself. "Man, I really am out of it..." He chuckled to himself.

He couldn't possibly have pulled the cuffs of the boots down - because he was wearing Capri jeans, and the cuffs didn't go down any further than the tops of the boots.

Still chuckling at himself, he continued down the alleyway, sluggishly mulling over half-formed thoughts and humming a little tune in time to the clicking of his heels.

Humming happily to himself, Kenni turned out the end of the alley and headed down the street. Hips encased in a purplish-blue pair of spandex bike shorts swung and swiveled in time with his steady, confident stride, and the clicking of his high heels matched the bouncy little tune he was humming. The cool night air caressed the smooth, hairless skin revealed by his midriff-baring skin-tight white shirt, and ruffled his thick thatch of light brown hair.

All of the sudden, Kenni came to a dead stop, giggling in confusion.

He'd suddenly remembered that he hadn't wanted to be seen walking the streets... or, at least, he thought he remembered thinking that.

What he couldn't remember was why.

It seemed to be something about the way he was dressed - but he couldn't quite put his finger on it, as he couldn't clearly remember how he was 'supposed' to be dressed. Since he couldn't remember what was 'right', he couldn't tell what was 'wrong' - and the fact that he knew there was something wrong but unable to put his finger on it only made it worse.

Annoyed, Kenni giggled in frustration, then resumed walking. That nagging feeling of something being very wrong stuck with him, but there wasn't much he could do about it right now - but he did remember that he was heading to Mark's house, and he was sure Mark, who wouldn't be fuzzy-headed, would be able to point out what was wrong.

Yes - that was the answer. Mark would know what to do. Kenni shouldn't waste time trying to think about it - even if that annoying realization that something was wrong continued niggling in the back of his brain.

Once more, Kenni began walking.

Soon enough, despite that unformed disquiet nagging at the back of his mind, he was once more humming cheerfully as he wiggled down the street atop his high, slender heels. It really was a pleasant night - since he seemed to be filled with a low, liquid warmth, it was actually quite pleasant to have the cool breeze playing with his shoulder-length sandy-blonde mane. With every stride, his well-rounded hips swiveled, causing the hem of his fuchsia skirt to flip pertly, and the combination of tight fabric and cool air brought the large nipples to pleasant life atop his firm, domed breasts, and...

Breasts?!

In horror, Kendi whirled and stared at the ghostly projection displayed in the plate-glass window of the closed storefront he was passing.

"Oh my Gawd...!" Kendi gasped in a husky contralto voice, jaw slowly dropping as he took in the reflection.

It wasn't him.

He knew that, because he was damned sure he was a guy... even if he couldn't quite pull up a clear memory of what the guy he was supposed to be looked like. Worrisome as that lack of self-image was, Kendi was nevertheless dead certain he was, in fact, male...

...while the reflection gaping back at him looked most assuredly feminine. Perhaps a bit 'mannish', but it looked like a mannish woman, without a doubt.

One slender hand shot down under his skirt - and he winced in renewed horror as he felt a pathetically small example of manhood. He couldn't remember how big he was supposed to be 'down there', but he knew it was supposed to be more than this infantile example of manhood.

Likewise, he was damned sure he was now 'over endowed', in the feminine sense. Sure, the firm little dome-like breasts were, at best, a 'B' cup... but he knew, knew he wasn't supposed to have any breasts at all.

Likewise, he was facing a growing certainty that his clothes were changing, as well. She couldn't quite clearly remember what type of pants he'd been wearing when he'd set out, but he was certain they had been pants... not the fuchsia skirt that now adorned trim, yet womanly hips.

"I'm, like, turning into a girl!" Kendi gasped, horrified. "Oh my Gawd, I gotta, like, so totally get to... to "

Confusion, and not a little fear, caused his brow to crease as he struggled to remember his best friend's name. Hazily, he could remember what the guy looked like by try as he might, Kendi couldn't remember his name.

"This, like, totally sucks!" Kendi declared, with an angry giggle. Fear and horror now roiling around in his mind along with the ever-stronger sense of disquiet, he picked up the pace, hips swaying and breasts bouncing as he moved confidently, if a bit 'sissy-ishly' atop the heels of his cute pink boots.

"Oh, like, groady!" Kendi giggled to himself. "Did I just think my boots are, like, cute? I mean, they are... but I'm not supposed to think about it right?"

The vapid little smile on his face faltered for a second as he realized he just didn't know. Memory and thought were hazy, and he wasn't sure what were the 'right' thoughts and the 'wrongs' thoughts but he knew for certain that he was thinking at least some 'wrong' thoughts, and the fact that he couldn't tell which were which really worried him.

Heels clicking on the pavement, the blonde reached the corner, looked left... then right and a look of horrified confusion grew in realization:

"Oh my Gawd, I'm, like, totally lost!" Kandi told herself in a breathy soprano...

* * * * *

Several blocks away, Dana Galloway's emerald eyes popped open as the self-satisfied smirk slid off her face to be replaced with a look of dawning horror.

He revenge on her in-man-ways-EX-boyfriend had seemed to be going perfectly. She'd had a 'mental lock' on him-becoming-her - not able to 'see' the transformation, merely taste the growing confusion and horror.

The fact that Dana couldn't see where 'Kandi' was hadn't seemed a problem, thanks to the compulsion Dana had given the woman-becoming to go to Mark's. That would have made it simplicity itself to find 'her' when it was time to change 'her' back into the properly chastened Ken...

...but, in horror, Dana realized her anger had led her to 'overdo' the mental degradation and while

Kandi still had that compulsion to find her friend, the taste of her thoughts told Dana that she no longer remembered who she was looking for, much less how to get there...

Shock held her immobile for a long moment - then Dana desperately began pulling on her coat and shoes.

The one consolation, such as it was, was the fact that 'Kandi', like Dana, was on foot - and Dana could move a lot faster in her sensible 'flats' than in the ridiculously high-heeled 'bimbo boots' Ken had the effrontery to try and give her as a gift...

* * * * *

Giggling worriedly, Kandi turned the little piece of paper around in her hand.

Things were worse now than they were before. She was sure of that much - she knew there where things she'd been able to think of earlier, even if she no longer could remember what those thoughts were. She was also sure her body had changed a lot from whatever she'd looked like before... but the changes seemed to have stopped, even if she couldn't recall just how much different she was than the man she was fairly sure she'd once been.

The little piece of paper, however, was what currently consumed what little mental ability still at her command.

She couldn't make heads nor tails of it.

As soon as she'd seen the balled-up bit of trash on the sidewalk, held in place by the wind against a aluminum sign-post, she'd felt a strange thrill of recognition. She'd seen such a piece of paper before, and had known what it was, and it's purpose.

The problem was, even though she knew, without a doubt, that she had once known what it was, she no longer did. She'd carefully smoothed it out, peered at it this way and that, but all she'd been able to gather was that she could no longer decipher the squiggly markings, even though she was sure she used to know how to 'read'...

"Well...?" A gravelly voice said, irritably.

Kandi's head snapped up, confusion on her features as she stared uncomprehendingly at the owner of the voice.

On some level, she'd been aware of the rumbling blat of the large vehicle, the his and squeal of brakes... but it hadn't meant much to her, especially with her scant thoughts bent to the little piece of paper in her hand.

Now, a broad smile suddenly flared to life on Kandi's face as the big vehicle - and it's driver's irate expression as he stared at her - suddenly made a connection.

It was a hazy connection, at best, with no context to frame it - but it was nevertheless more than what she'd held before. Despite the fear and misgivings still rattling around in her mind, she felt a thrill of triumph. Giggling in delight, she jiggled and swayed into the vehicle to share her 'burst of brilliance' with the sour-faced man who, for some reason, was staring at her chest.

"I have a transfer!" She told him, brightly, extending the piece of paper for his perusal.

Seeming to have a hard time taking his eyes from her chest, the bus driver finally managed to tear his gaze away, looking down at the 'bus transfer' she now knew it to be.

"Hey - this expired almost an hour ago." He exclaimed - eyes flitting back to her torso.

"Oh..." Kandi said, pouting in disappointment - she wasn't quite sure what that meant, her whole grasp of the concept of 'busses' and 'transfers' tenuous... but his tone told her she'd somehow done something wrong. What happened if you were found with an 'expired transfer'...? She couldn't remember, but it might be really bad.

"I, like... can't read..." She explained in a very small voice, hoping the fact would mitigate whatever punishment there was for being found with an 'expired transfer'. She wondered if she should explain it wasn't really hers, that she'd just found it, but...

The driver made a very odd sound - something like snort, but also like a laugh.

"...I shoulda guessed, huh?" He asked her in an odd tone, quite brazenly looking her up and down. Unhappily aware that she was wearing a body not really her own, Kandi squirmed a bit under his open gaze.

"Okay..." The driver finally sighed, closing the door. Fear shot through Kandi as he locked her in the vehicle - what was he going to do...

"...move to the back of the bus and take a seat." The driver said, almost like a chant.

Confused and nervous, Kandi carefully made her way all the way to the back of the bus and sat down. What was going on? Where was he taking her? If only she could remember what a 'bus' was for, she might understand what was going on. As it was, she was too scared and confused to do anything but follow the man's orders - she knew she didn't understand any of this.

That sparked a dim shadow of a thought - the way the man had looked at her. After a second's confused consideration, it finally occurred to her to glance downward...

If she hadn't just been finishing an exhale, a soprano scream of horror would have rung out. As it was, only a thin sound, buried in the rumble of the diesel engine, managed to escape as she surveyed her body.

Seeing what her body looked like was easy enough - the tiny little hot-pink skirt was barely wider than the gloss-white patent-leather belt that held it low-slung on her wide-rounded hips. The white spandex crop-top was equally abbreviated... despite it's monumental task of having to contain her massive breasts.

"My... My boobies are, like... really, really, huge!" Kandi gasped, in shock. Then her head snapped to the side, and she gazed in horror at the reflection the window provided.

A massive mane of wavy, platinum-blond hair surround an oval-shaped face that boasted full, gloss-pink lips, a cute, upturned nose... and a pair of wide, powder-blue eyes that looked as if nary a single thought had passed behind them.

"I'm, like, a total bimbo...!" She breathed in horror - her gaze fixated on the reflection in the glass, so she failed to notice the view outside the glass as a tall, athletic red-headed woman dashed up to the corner where the bus-stop was. The woman

gazed down the street away from the bus... and then was lost to view as the bus itself turned onto the next block before the woman could turn around...

* * * * *

Dana nervously tugged at her lower lip, then sighed.

There was no other choice. It was either this, or just give up on finding 'Kandi'... and she couldn't do that. Crude and chauvinistic as Ken might have been, this was supposed to have been a lesson for him, a way to teach him women were more than just sexual objects. Even if everything had gone exactly as planned, she still would have felt guilty about what she'd done - after all, she'd cast the spell in the heat of the moment.

Unfortunately, she'd made it too strong, and Kandi had forgotten too much - and Dana couldn't reverse the spell unless she touched Kandi.

Unfortunately, there was only one way to find her...

'Thankfully', she'd found a store that was still open and sold something close enough to what she needed for this to work.

Taking a deep breath, Dana finished her preparations - and then cast the spell of affinity.

Once she was done casting the spell, she worked hard at remaining calm, trying to clear her mind. She began walking, without even thinking about where she was going. Unfortunately, there was no immediate 'tug' in her mind, which meant that Kandi wasn't close by - but the longer the spell of affinity went on, the longer-ranged and more powerful the attraction would get.

She just hoped it wouldn't take all that long to find her.

Dana paused to remove her bra before her slowly-swelling breasts could make the garment painfully restrictive and then once again began wandering aimlessly, the stiletto heels of her calf- high black patent leather boots tapping on the pavement.

* * * * *

"Come along now, my dear " Sam said, an oily grin on his lean face.

"Okay " Kandi said, her high-pitched voice dreamy and oddly disconnected. Smiling vapidly, she followed the lean, dark-haired man she'd met on the bus into the small and generally run-down bungalow on the edge of town.

She felt like she was floating through a wonderful world of light and color. Shapes and colors seemed to speak to her, suggesting something too deep and awesome for her to comprehend. Though her limited mind couldn't begin to understand the complex connections to the universe, awe and a strangely dreamy delight filled her.

Even that 'voice' desperately shouting for her attention in the back of her mind was wonderful and awe-inspiring...

Kandi giggled dreamily as she let herself be led into the living-room. The play of light off the tarnished brass lamp in the corner filled her with inexplicable awe, and the incredibly powerful feeling that something was very, very wrong filled her with delight.

"How you feelin', babe ?" Sam asked, smile widening on a face that bore a more-than-passing resemblance to that of a weasel.

There was a short pause before Kandi answered in that disconnected voice: "I feel, Like...

Giggle... really good. Those, y'know, pills you gave me make me feel.... like, totally awesome "

"Like I said, babe - friends like to make friends feel good right?"

"Okay " Kandi agreed dreamily, tacking on yet another vapid giggle. Idly, she thought how lucky she was to find a nice friend like Sam. As soon as she'd told him she had no money and no place to go, he'd volunteered to be her friend - as, as he'd said several times now, since friends like to make friends feel nice, he'd given her a couple of little white pills...

Sensations registered on her mind, and Kandi realized while she'd been dreamily contemplating her good fortune, Sam had led her unresisting body over to the couch, and she now sat on his lap... while his hands caressed her body.

Kandi frowned slightly, and opened her mouth to ask Sam a question - and he kissed her, hard, fast, and hungry.

Confused, she gave minimal cooperation, more letting him kiss her than kissing him back, and when he broke the kiss, she looked at him with dreamy confusion.

"What.... what are you doing...?" She asked.

"Just giving you what you want babe..." Sam said, with a chuckle, his hands stroking the firm, silk flesh of her legs.

"What? I... I don't..."

He kissed her again, even harder, then chuckled. His hands rose, and she gave a little gasp as he grabbed one massive breast through the skimpy white crop-top.

"You want men to touch you." He told her, groping her stupendous bust. "You're a horny little bimbo, and you love being men's sexual plaything."

"I... I do..." She asked, in confusion.

"Look at yourself!" Sam sneered, hands roaming her unresisting body at will. "Huge breasts, skimpy clothes, high heels - you're a real bimbo in every way..."

"Well, yeah, I guess..." She agreed with a cute little pout - for some reason the word 'bimbo' resonated strongly somewhere inside her mind. It would be easier to track the thought down if that wonderful screaming in the back of her bemused mind hadn't gotten so loudly insistent, but...

"Bimbos love being little fuck-machines for men... and you're a bimbo, aren't you, Kandi?" He pressed.

"Yeah..."

"Well, since you're a bimbo, you love being a mindless little fuck-doll." He pointed out.

"Oh... Okay..." She agreed, dreamily - and this time, when his hungry lips met hers, she cooperated fully, even as his hands yanked up her top to exposed her huge, round boobs.

It's a good thing she had Sam to explain things to her, she thought as he began kneading her massive mounds of tit-flesh - otherwise, she might have mistaken the sudden shudder that ran through her body as one of disgust, rather than the utter delight she now knew it must be...

* * * * *

Had anybody else been walking down that particular side-street in the wee small hours of the night, they would have been treated to an interesting sight.

Glad all in black, the buxom redhead balanced atop high, slender heels and walked with a sensual sway to her well-rounded hips. Long nailed hands were squeezing and teasing the full, firm breasts under her black vest, and on her face was a look of hungry pleasure.

"Yes..." She moaned, her voice husky. "Yes, we love getting men all hot and horny with our sexy body..."

Then her head jerked suddenly, her shoulder-length mane of fiery hair whipping around her face. "No!" She gasped, in a completely different tone of voice. "No, she don't! We only think I do!"

Gasping, her emerald eyes flashing both hate and fear, she never broke her powerful-yet-sexy stride... even as a helpless, hungry moan escaped her full lips, and, almost against her will, her hands once more began to rise towards her impressive bust...

* * * * *

"Yes, yes - play with my big, huge boobies!" Kandi cried - just as Sam had told her to. She giggled and gasped as his hands roughly caressed her now-naked body hungrily.

"What are you...?" Sam demanded, a hungry and somehow cruel edge to his voice. "Say it, cunt - say it!"

Under a renewed helping of those wonderful little pills, Kandi mindlessly parroted back the words Sam had given her:

"I'm just a huge-boobed little mindless fuck-doll bimbo - and I love it!" She shouted, with a giggle. "I...!"

Her vapid smile vanished, and her voice died in mid-word as an odd expression came to her face. She looked around, confused, as if she didn't know where she was, or what she was doing. Her gaze fell on the naked, sweaty man looming over her on the couch, and confusion began to give way to fear...

"What to do you want men to do to you, bimbo?" The man demanded, harshly.

"I... I don't..." She said in a small voice, making weak, ineffectual attempts to twist away from his groping hands, her mind whirling.

"Say it, you dumb slut! Say what bimbos like you want men to do!" Sam ordered.

She blinked in fear and confusion - then smiled hesitantly as what she was supposed to say came to mind:

"Fuck me!" She cried, her voice quavering and just a bit uncertain. "Fuck me good and hard like the dumb little bimbo slut I am!"

Roughly, he she shoved her creamy thighs apart - and a huge shudder of... delight... took hold of her as his throbbing manhood thrust hard and deep into the moist confines of her cunt.

"Yes..." She said, questioningly - and then, as he began to pump harder, and she felt some pleasure begin to combat that annoying voice now gibbering insanely in the back of her mind, she smiled and spoke with more certainty:

* * * * *

"Fuck us... fuck us good and hard!"

Her stride had become unsteady... because her broad, womanly hips twitched rhythmically. Her face was a study in contrasts as she struggled for control.

"Oh, God, yes..." She moaned - and then, in a tone of horror, said, "Oh, God, no!"

Huge breasts swaying with every twitching step, the woman with the massive man of red hair kept going - and her emerald eyes flashed between homicidal rage and uncontrollable lust, all against a dancing backdrop that hung right on the knife's edge of utter madness.

Then, helpless, she threw her head back and moaned long and loud as the rhythm of her bucking hips increased and she charged headlong towards...

* * * * *

...the orgasm ripped through her entire body, and even that nagging voice in her mind was momentarily silenced as she screamed out in ecstasy, huge breasts bouncing wildly as Sam pounded into her hard and fast, until he, too, reached orgasm.

As Sam's rank, sweaty body collapsed atop her, Kandi simply continued staring mindless into the infinite. Her bright blue eyes were empty of any thought, and she occasionally let a little giggle escape from her mindlessly grinning lips.

After some time, Sam rolled heavily off of her, but Kandi gave no sign she noticed, merely continuing to stare at nothing and giggling. When he came back, she docilely swallowed the pair of little white pills he slipped between her full lips. Smirking evilly down at his new, personal 'fuck-doll', Sam chuckled, then padded off to get a shower.

Which was why he wasn't around to see Kandi's face suddenly go completely blank.

With a strange sort of almost mechanical grace, her face utterly expressionless, Kandi rose to her feet and walked with an eerily smooth stride to the front door. Emotionless, she snapped open the deadbolt, then disengaged the lock on the knob. Her face still wooden, she twisted the knob and stepped back, swinging the door open to allow the figure on the step to enter...

* * * * *

The sound of a key in the door made Mark Dupries look up - and as it swung open to reveal a very familiar figure indeed, the lean, athletically-handsome sandy-blond rose from the couch with a smile.

"You're home early, honey..." Mark said, as he headed towards her - and, then, as he often did, he paused to once again appreciate the sight of his wife.

Dressed all in white, Candice Dupries looked cool, elegant... and, yes, sexy. Not that there was anything blatantly overt about it. Given her long-legged, emphatically hourglass figure, however, a certain amount of sexuality was a given.

She head turned, and the cool blue eyes caught him staring. One finally-arched brow rose slightly, and despite everything, Mark felt the faintest hint of a blush at her cool, almost impersonally imperious glance.

Her motions smoothly economical, she gracefully removed the fitted white single-breasted jacket that matched her knee-length linen skirt. Despite the way her remarkably full, firm breasts strained at the short-sleeve silk blouse she wore under the jacket, there was nothing overtly erotic about the garment's removal. Though she had a figure out of most men's wet dreams, her smoothly graceful movements contained no sexual aspects at all, and her cool gaze tended to end any unwanted bids for her attention.

"The meeting ran much shorter than we expected..." She explained in her cool, sweet soprano. She moved towards him, the three-inch heels of her white pumps clicking against the tile floor as the shapely legs clad in white nylon scissored in a brisk, no-nonsense stride that lent little movement to her well-rounded hips.

"The last thing we could have scheduled for was having everything go perfectly, without a hitch." She finished explaining, coolly, as she reached him. Her body held so erect that it would have been 'stiff', if not for her innate grace, she tilted her head slightly and leaned forward, proffering her lips almost impersonally for a kiss.

Her expression was distant, her body-language almost formal... and yet, the kiss she delivered when his lips met hers was hungry and purely sexual. It went on for some time, and Mark felt his cock stiffening rapidly long before she finally broke the kiss.

"So, how was your day?" Candace asked, her tone polite. Casually, she reached up and began to unbutton her blouse.

"Good." Mark said, a bit hoarsely. His hands reached out to her bared breasts, and she stood there, smiling impersonally at him, almost as if she were unaware he was fondling her massive, firm breasts.

"Did you have lunch with Danecia?" She asked, her voice sounding only politely interested.

"Mmm-hmm" He murmured acknowledgement from around her fat, fully erect nipple as he sucked hungrily.

"That's good." Candice said. "She doesn't get out often enough."

Then, gently but firmly disengaging Mark from her huge breasts, she sank gracefully to her knees.

"No offence..." Mark said, throatily, as she calmly unzipped his pants. "...but your sister is a little... strange."

"No offense taken." Candice said, calmly. "I'm glad you get along with her, though - and I know she truly does appreciate what you do for me..."

For a minute, a wicked grin crossed his lips - and then her expression once again became polite attentive... as she leaned forward and hungrily sucked his hard cock into her eager mouth.

* * * * *

In the 'in-law' suite at the other end of the house, 'Danecia' moaned as she felt Eric's cock fill her/their eager mouth.

Every sensation 'Candice' felt, so did she. Since, aside from coloration, the two women were physically identical, it made for some truly amazing sensations, since everything was 'perfectly proportionate'. The feel of her 'sisters' huge breasts swaying was exactly as it would feel for her... yet, at the same time, Dana also felt the sensations as she eagerly squeezed and fondled one of her own identically huge breasts.

Her other hand, however, was just wrapping itself around a thick black plastic dildo, and she squirmed in her chair and moaned anew as she drew the plastic phallus towards her sopping wet cunt.

* * * * *

In cell 12, 'John Doe' thrashed wildly against the restraints that held him in bed. The dark eyes in his narrow face bulged as he stared sightless up towards the asylum's ceiling.

Helplessly, he/she/they felt Mark pump cum down his/her/their throat, even as he/she/they felt the dildo plunging deep into his/her/their cunt. Both sets of huge breasts he didn't have bounced as he/she/they fucked/sucked the cock/dildo hungrily. Then he/she/they swallowed the last drop of cum, and lay back to let Mark return the favor.

His throat no longer blocked by the cock that he'd not been sucking, what little of 'Sam' remained in the mind that experienced every single sensation that the 'sisters' felt was finally free again to take up a mantra long familiar to the staff of the insane asylum.

"Make them stop..." a cracked and broken voice begged in a tortured whisper, even as helpless sounds of pleasure were dragged from that same throat as the cunts he didn't have were licked/fucked.

"Make them stop..." THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After a chauvinistic truck driver gets into a major crash, he awakens to discover that he has been transformed by the woman driver who he had cut off on the highway.

Reconstructed

By Gunslinger

Life was good.

The big engine of his '72 GMC step-side rumbled reassuringly as he eased down on the gas, moving the heavy blue-and-primer pick-up up the hill with power enough to push the vehicle even faster than the twenty over the limit he was doing now. Some of them yuppie assholes liked their little, foreign made sport-cars - but see if those Krauts and Japs could build

engines that would accelerate more than a ton of Detroit rolling iron up a Tennessee hill. Hell, any engine could move a tin-can like them 'sports cars' they sold nowadays.

Lifting the big bottle of 8.0 beer to his lips, Mike snorted. He wouldn't be caught dead buying a car - or anything else, for that matter - that wasn't American made. You couldn't trust a damned one of those foreigners. Hell, in W.W.II, they were the enemy - now, they were not only selling stuff over here, but they were damned well taking over. 'Course, it was the fault of those damned crooked politicians up in Washington. Well, give 'em a couple more years digging themselves deeper, and the American people would finally rise up like they did in the Revolution, and kick ass and take names.

Settling the bottle of beer back between his legs, Mike pushed the big truck a little faster. Born and raised in this very county, the tall, heavy man knew every inch of these roads, and wasn't afraid of getting into an accident. Hell - he'd driven home on these roads, drunker'n a skunk, and had never had anything worse than a fender bender - and that had been when he was pulling up in his own driveway, for God's sake.

Cresting the hill, Mike cursed and tromped on the break while slamming a fist against the horn. His cursing increased as he felt the cold, wet sensation of the spilled bottle of beer pouring down his jeans.

"Get outta the way!" Mike hollered out the window. The little white Jap-mobile he'd barely avoided plowing into was poking along, a good five miles under the speed limit. Even worse, the driver - had to be a woman, he thought sourly - was taking all the curves wide, hogging up the road. Hell, she had a good two feet of clearance on that side, yet she was driving like she was going to tumble off the side of the hill.

Hanging his out the window, Mike began to bawl the driver out. In the glare of the GMC's high- mounted headlights, he could see the driver was some chink bitch, and that only made him madder.

Finally, truly pissed at the dumb bitch, Mike had decided he'd had enough. Stepping on the gas, he began to inch forward on the little car.

The driver of the other car took one look at the huge front grill getting closer and closer to the back of her car and immediately got the point. Slowly accelerating, she began nervously edging to one side, an inch at the time.

Laying on the horn, Mike accelerated. There was a brief squeal as metal kissed metal, but Mike ignored it, knowing which vehicle would come out on the short end of that contact. Big engine roaring, Mike pulled up even with the driver's side window of the smaller car.

The woman in the car looked up at him, anger in her dark, slanty eyes.

"Go back to Gookland, you no good Jap bitch!" Mike called through the open window. Then, stomping on the gas, he purposefully twisted the wheel slightly as he pulled away. In his rearview mirror, he was rewarded with the sight of her panicked reaction, pulling to a shuddering stop at the edge of the drop-off.

Shaking his head, Mike leaned over and bent down to open the cooler on the floor passenger's side. As he grabbed another beer, he twisted the wheel slightly, not even having to look up to know where the curve was.

He sat up just in time to see the rear-end of the eighteen-wheeler stalled just around the corner. With no time to react, Mike didn't have time to scream as his pick-up slammed into the back of the pipe- laden flat-bed trailer at forty-two miles per hour.

* * * * *

He awoke slowly, the lights seeming to slowly brighten rather than to simply snap on. Even when there was enough light for his brain to begin processing visual information, all he saw was a blurry mass of color and movement. It seemed to take forever for his eyes to focus.

"Ah - you're awake." A feminine voice spoke in a sarcastic, coolly satisfied tone. "Good."

He strained - and the world popped into focus. For several seconds, he merely stared at what he saw.

It was an oriental woman. ('Jap Cunt.' his mind gave him at the same instant.) Short, slender, and vaguely pretty with her smooth skin, silky mane of raven hair and dark, mysterious eyes, she was dressed in a long white... it wasn't a dress, but although he should know the term, it wouldn't come to mind. She was looking at him clinically, hands on her slender hips.

Concentrating, he realized he'd seen this woman before, somewhere. She had looked different then. Different clothes, and different attitude - not like now, she'd been afraid?

Then, like a light bulb snapping on, the last few minutes before the crash unreeled in his mind. It was if he was outside, looking in. He couldn't remember his thoughts, or the reasons behind his actions - he could only watch it happen as memory replayed just the visual and audio portions of the event.

Realizing he'd been in an accident - a bad one - left him confused and scared, feeling like his head was packed full of cotton wadding. As for his body - well, from his body he got nothing, no sensation at all, as if it wasn't even there.

"What happened? Where am I? What's going on?" He demanded...

...or tried to.

All that emerged were unintelligible sounds, completely unlike the ones he was attempting to make.

The woman smiled at him. "I didn't understand a word of that - but I can guess what you were *trying* to ask." With a theatrical bow, she introduced herself. "I am Linda Mikasuki. *Doctor* Mikasuki."

With a start, he suddenly realized something as she introduced herself...

...he couldn't remember who he was. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't bring his name to mind. In the panic that began to creep up on him as he strained - in vain - to recall who he was, he almost missed her next words.

"You're at my own, private lab. You see, the accident was pretty bad. A lot of broken bones, some internal injuries, some burns - really, really bad. In fact - so bad that you died."

That got his attention. Trying to speak, he only made another grunt, but she seemed to know what he was trying to say.

"Yes - legally, you're dead. However, I had... plans. So, I 'stole' your body from the morgue, and revived you. Ethically, I shouldn't have - after all, reviving after that long results in at least some brain- damage."

The rising panic threatened to overwhelm him. Brain damage? That's why he couldn't remember things, why he felt so slow and stupid. Why had she revived him like this?

"As for my plans..." She said, seeming to read his mind. "I've decided that you deserve more just then simply dying from your stupidity..."

Frantically, he tried to make some sort of protest. Although he wasn't sure what, exactly, was going on his mind was too fuzzy to consider it clearly - he knew that she wasn't his friend, and whatever she had planned for him wasn't good.

"The reason you can't feel your body is because you've been give an anesthetic to numb you. It's necessary, you see, while I rebuild your body the way I want it to look." The woman smiled cruelly. "I think you're going to find it... interesting."

He tried to make a sound, which only produced another grunt.

"Oh, by the way - you'll need a name. I think Meesha would do just fine don't you?"

Before he could answer, the world began to fade out, the colors slowly draining away as darkness came to claim him. As his brain shut down, the last though he had was that he simply didn't know whether or not 'Meesha' *would* do....

* * * * *

The darkness retreated, and.....

Even as he came awake, he found his mind casting about. He was lost, not knowing where he was, or why - or who he was.

Then a name came to him. Meesha. It seemed to take forever for it to rise up out of his befogged mind, and when it did it still felt odd. But it was better than nothing.

Meesha tried to focus his mind. Although he was now fully conscious, he had been ignoring his surroundings while he struggled to think. Now, he turned his attention to what he saw, his mind struggling to interpret the images into something sensible.

He was standing in a room of some sort. White, sterile, unadorned, the room's only feature was the other person who shared it with Meesha.

He focused on the individual, wondering if he knew the person. Nothing came to mind, but that didn't mean anything to him at the moment. Instead, he focused his attention on looking at the person.

It was a woman. She had skin that was a dusky, bronze-like shade that...

Oriental? The word came slowly through his mind, instead of immediately as it should have. But it felt right - the woman he was looking at appeared to be Oriental, judging from the skin color and the way her eyes look.

Feeling a burst of satisfaction at dredging up that fact, it took Meesha several minutes to realize that what he was seeing didn't quite jibe with what patchy thoughts his mind could bring to bear on the concept of 'Oriental'.

If she was oriental, then she was tall for an oriental - or for even a... an a woman from somewhere else. Also, she had really, really big...

Meesha's brow furrowed as he struggled with the concept. Then it registered - tits. Boobs. Knockers. This woman had extremely large tits. They were huge, no matter what race she was - and he could easily tell, because the woman was naked.

Okay - so she was tall for an Asian, and had huge tits. But she had the right skin, eyes - and long, dark black hair. All of that seemed to register as being right.

Only now - nearly twenty minutes after first looking at her - did it seem strange to Meesha that she was just standing there, looking at him. She seemed confused, standing with her long, shapely legs spread slightly apart for balance, her small, long-nailed hands hanging at her side. Her cunt, lightly trimmed with a patch of pubic hair, was being displayed unselfconsciously, as she was making no move to cover either the cunt or the huge breasts.

Meesha struggled with the concept of speech, trying to force his slow, foggy mind to work. "Hello?"

She didn't respond, and Meesha wondered if he'd done something wrong.

Then a few things began to register on him. Like the fact that his voice didn't seem to sound right to him. Or the fact that he was fighting to balance as he stood there. Frowning, it finally dawned on him to look down and see why he felt so odd, so awkward.

He stared for nearly three minutes at the large, dusky spheres that seemed to be blocking his view. Then it registered - he couldn't see himself because his huge, firm, massive-nippled tits were in the...

Tits?

Meesha screamed as he - she - finally made the obvious connections. There was no other person in the room - he was looking in a mirror.

Dr. Mikasuki had reconstructed his body all right - into a huge breasted Asian woman.

Now that the thought had finally registered - he did his best to deny it. Numbly, he lifted one hand upwards, and another downwards...

In the mirror, the tall, huge-breasted Asian - with a stunned look on her face - slid one hand upwards to cup a huge, massive tit that her tiny, dainty hand didn't even come close to containing. At the same time, the other hand moved across the smooth, taut thigh to gently slide across the downy patch of hair and lightly finger the opening that nestled in the vee of her crotch....

Meesha screamed as the sensations proved, beyond a doubt, that this impossible - feminine - body was hers.

"I see you're awake again."

Meesha awkwardly turned, the mass of her gigantic tits threatening to pull her off balance as she faced Dr. Mikasuki.

"You crashed again, and I had to revive you. More brain damage, I think." She said the words with a cruel smile. "But, I used the time wisely - I put you on long-term sedation and Electro-muscle stimulation while I finished the reconstructive surgery.

"But.... but..." Meesha stumbled, trying to find the words. "I'm... a *woman!*"

"Yeah - you're a 'Jap Cunt'. A gook with tits like beach-balls. I'm really sorry that I'm not going to be able to watch you try to deal with being a dumb, huge-breasted Asian woman - but the knowledge I'd done it to you will give me great satisfaction in the years to come."

"I..." Meesha struggled for words, but never got the chance. While she was trying to think, Dr. Mikasuki stepped forward and injected her with a large needle, and the world went dark.

* * * * *

Meesha woke with a start, heart pounding. What was going on? Where was she? *Who* was she?

Some things trickled back through her swiss-cheesed memory. Bits and pieces, but enough for her to form a working sense of self. The worst part was, she couldn't remember if she was remembering all of what she did remember - or if even more of her memory was missing. She just couldn't remember how much she didn't remember.

For several seconds, she merely stared up at the ceiling. It was a faintly off-white stucco that looked like it had been there for many, many years, gathering cigarette smoke and other discoloration. A crack ran down one corner, and there was a large water stain near the middle of her view.

It was a ceiling she'd never seen before in her life - as far as she could remember - and about as far from the clean white acoustical tiles of the lab that you could get.

Slowly, fighting the drag of the massive tits riding on her chest, Meesha forced herself into a sitting position. As she did so, the thin, frayed blanket covering her outrageous figure slipped down, exposing her massive tits to cool air and causing her enormous nipples to swell. Ignoring the sensation as best she could, she surveyed her surroundings.

It seemed to take forever before it registered - she was in a motel room. A very, very cheap motel room.

She sat still for a second longer, wondering why there was no sign of Dr. Mikasuki. How was she going to do anything without help?

Then, vaguely, she recalled that she didn't like the Doctor for some reason. She couldn't remember why, right now, but that was probably why she wasn't here. That made things a bit better for her, knowing that there was a reason she was alone here - wherever *here* was, and however she'd gotten here.

Hesitantly, Meesha swung her long, shapely legs over the side of the bed and forced herself upright, fighting to maintain her balance for the first few seconds as her massive, spherical breasts swayed with her movement and threatened to knock her over. She had to stand absolutely still for several seconds to work out why she was having so much problems with her tits. Then, finally, she remembered that they had been made larger by Doctor Mikasuki, and that's why she wasn't used to them. That was one of the reasons she didn't like the doctor, she remembered, now - she hadn't wanted tits this big.

Finally gaining her balance, Meesha began to move carefully around the room in her helplessly sexy stride, taking in all the details and cursing her damaged mental processes that made it seem to take an eternity to gather all the information there was to glean from the small, shabby room.

Aside from a small pile of clothes on the chair and a purse on the battered night-table, there was nothing of interest in the room. Shivering from the chill air, she frowned at the pile of clothes, then decided to leave that for later. Instead, she turned and carefully made her way to the bathroom.

It took her nearly five minutes to figure out how to get the shower running and adjusted to a comfortable temperature. A small wave of panic went through her as she did so - because she'd learned that the letters - words - on each of the taps meant nothing to her. She knew what they were for, and could vaguely remember a time when she could read - but now they were only so many squiggles, without meaning.

She couldn't read the words 'Hot' and 'Cold' on the taps.

Forcing herself to put it aside, she entered the shower and slowly washed thoroughly. She knew, vaguely, that there was something so very wrong with this body she was washing, but she couldn't remember what, exactly, was the source of her distaste at having to touch herself.

The other problem was the fact that her body seemed so sensitive - and something else. It was almost like there was a low warmth in her belly that was doing odd things to her - her hands didn't seem to want to stop washing her tits and crotch. In fact, she kept having this urge to slide a finger into her cunt and...

Then she realized - she was horny. With that thought came a wave of revulsion. Standing in the shower, water streaming down the slopes of her massive tits, Meesha tried to chase that feeling down, vaguely recalling that it had something to do with Dr. Mikasuki, the one who'd given huge tits. She hadn't want tits this big - maybe she didn't want a cunt that was so incredibly sensitive? Or maybe it was the fact that she seemed to be really, really horny even when she wasn't touching herself. Could the doctor have done that too?

Cursing the ever-present confusion, Meesha carefully dried off and walked back into the other room to dress.

Quickly she pulled on the black lace panties, black nylons, gray mini-dress and black leather shoes with six inch heels. It felt odd wearing these clothes for some reason, but she couldn't remember why the only clear-cut memory she had of herself was while she was naked. Maybe she preferred being naked, and that's why the clothes felt weird.

Even weirder to Meesha was how hard it was to walk in the heels. She must have worn them before, but she had to struggle to balance in them. Maybe it was her huge new tits - with smaller ones, it would be easier to walk.

Shaking her head, she left the hotel room, grabbing her purse and the key at the last minute - she'd narrowly avoided locking herself out of the room.

Jiggling and swaying, Meesha headed over to the coffee shop.

Walking into the shop, she looked around. It was almost empty, with a few young men sitting at the counter and in the booths.

Not even aware of the stares the youths were giving her, Meesha jiggled and swayed up to the counter and sat down at the only empty seat, between two young men who shared a look past her that she was absolutely oblivious too.

"What'll it be?" the guy behind the counter asked, ogling the display of cleavage in the tight, scoop-necked dress.

"Uh..." Meesha struggled to remember the names for what she wanted. "Coofy. Bacon, eggs. Please." The guy blinked. "Bacon and eggs with coffee?"

It took Meesha a minute to realize he was just repeating her order back to her, not suggesting something different. "Please, yes."

As her food was cooked, she waited patiently, struggling to plan ahead. She realized that her mind wasn't running fast enough to deal with things as they happened - she either had to have things pre- thought-out, or just 'go with the flow' and work out the meaning of things afterwards.

She didn't even notice the two men, one on either side of her, 'going to the washroom' while they talked about the impossibly endowed woman who'd sat down between them.

The guy finally placed her order in front of her, and Meesha dug in, making a face as she sipped the coffee.

"Pretty bad, Huh?" One of the now-retuned young men said with a smile. Meesha, startled, looked up. "Please?" She said, not understanding.

"The coffee." The guy explained. "It really needs cream and sugar - here, let me get it for you..."

As the two youths fixed her coffee, they introduced themselves to her. The taller of the two, a handsome, slender brunet, was Josh. His shorter, muscular friend was Rick - and they had already figured out that this huge-breasted woman wasn't all that bright, so...

"Thank you." Meesha said, trying the coffee - it was much better. "Now not so ungood." Josh stifled a smile at the word 'ungood'. "Glad we could help."

They chatted with her - using simple words and sentences - while she finished her meal. The man working the counter came by and gave her the bill.

Meesha frowned at the bill, then grabbed the man's sleeve as he turned to leave. "I no read - what money is this, please?"

The man smirked at her admission - he wasn't surprised she couldn't read, considering. "Two-fifty- five."

Frowning, Meesha dug into the purse, searching through. She extracted the few coins and single bill inside the purse - and realized, with a sinking feeling, that she had no idea how much money she had. She held it all out to the man behind the counter. "This?"

Taking the money, he looked at the crumpled one, and seventy or eighty cents in change. He shrugged, figuring that the difference was more than made up by the amount of cleavage showing in that outfit she wore. "Just right, miss."

It took several minutes for it to dawn on Meesha that she was now broke. Broke, horny, and with no idea who she was or what to do next. She frowned, her full, lower lip quivering.

"Um.... is everything all right?" the tall one - John? No... - asked.

It took her a couple of seconds to figure out what ... Josh! That was it, Josh... was asking. Realizing what the question had meant, Meesha smiled, glad somebody cared.

"I no money more." She explained. Since she was at it, she figured she might as well explain all her problems - it felt good to be able to tell somebody, and these to guys seemed interest. "Me *soooo* horny - all time. All horny. Wanna no be horny, but am."

Josh and Rick traded a look, then turned back to her. "You are very, very horny right now?" "Soooo very horny. Me horny all time." Meesha agreed, nodding her head. God - finally, somebody who was listening to her! She might have brain damage and little language skill - but she could still get people to listen. Maybe there was hope after all.

"And you're out of money, right?" Rick asked, rhetorically. He traded another look with Josh, who took over the speaking. "Well - why don't you come to our place, then, and we'll see what we can do to help you?"

Meesha felt a swell of hope. She'd gotten through to them! They were going to help her!

Eagerly, she followed them to their car, pausing only to drop off the hotel key - when they reminded her off it.

Twenty-five minutes later, Josh pulled the car up to the house he shared with four other guys at the collage. He lead the huge-breasted Asian bimbo inside - letting Rick have the privilege of walking behind her and watching that ass of hers as she jiggled and swayed with short, sexy steps up the walk.

They led her inside, to the living room. Meesha smiled and asked, "You help me now?"

They were smiling at each other. "Oh, yeah, we'll help you with your 'problems'." Josh said in a tone of voice that she didn't take the time to figure out, because he was still speaking. "In fact, we've decide on something. First of all, you can stay here with us. That way, you won't need any money - we'll give you everything you need."

Meesha was overjoyed. "Thank you, please. So nice."

The guys smiled at each other - man, she was *dumb*! But, just *how* dumb ?

Rick had to fight to keep a smile off his face. "Hey! She can't stay here! She's too stupid - she couldn't earn her own way."

The two men stopped and waited. With anyone with a smidgen of intelligence - or a fully functioning brain - the 'play-acting' would have been painfully transparent. But for Meesha, it was just time enough to figure out what Rick had just said...

"No!" She said, startled. There's been a shining hope held out to her - and now it seemed to be sliding away from her. "Me not too stupid, You please let me stay? You see I not too stupid, I show. Please."

"Yeah, Rick... Be nice." Josh said, speaking slowly and hamming it up outrageously - hands on hips, frowning mightily, shaking his head while speaking in a disapproving tone. "Give her a chance to prove she's smart. Test her."

"Yes!" Meesha said after a long moment. "Test!"

Rick tapped his finger against his chin. "Hmmm.... Well, I guess we could do that "

Josh smirked. "Give her a fair test."

Rick nodded, then turned to Meesha, speaking slowly. "Do you know what a 'blow job' is, Meesha?"

Meesha frowned. The term jiggled in the back of her head, and seemed to bring up something. It was vague, but...

...but it just wouldn't come. Unbidden, large tears began to form in her eyes. "No... I no remember "

She said - sobbed, ashamed at her tears but unable to stop them.

The two men traded a look - this, they'd never expected. They'd hoped she'd be dumb enough to give them one - but not to remember what it was...

Then Josh had a flash of 'genius'. "It's okay, Meesha - knowing things doesn't necessarily make you smart - learning them does. Follow me."

Josh waved off a confused, questioning look from Rick and led the huge-breasted ex-man into the living-room, where he had her sit on the couch. He then flipped through a stack of video cassettes.

"I'm going to put on an 'instructional' video, Meesha - I want you to pay close attention to it. At the end of it, if you can act the way the women - the smart women - in this movie do, then you can stay - okay?"

"Yes!" Meesha said, overjoyed. "I watch good - I learn all. I show you - I smart!" Smirking at Rick, Josh hit 'play' - and 'Naughty Maids' appeared on the screen...

* * * * *

Taking a deep breath, Meesha rose from the couch.

The movie had ended more than an hour ago, but Meesha hadn't even been aware of the time - she'd been too busy trying to get her badly damaged brain to process what she'd seen. There was still a lot of it she didn't understand fully - the motives for some things, the reason, some of the dialogue - but she thought she had the basics.

She *hoped* she had the basics...

Huge tits swaying and jiggling, she concentrated - as hard as she could - on walking the 'smart' way, like the women in the videos did. Her heart thudded in her chest as she climbed the stairs, and she hoped she could keep everything straight. She

knew her verbal skills weren't up to the quality of the women in the movie, but they hadn't really had to talk all that much, and she hoped she could get by with what she had.

Looking in the doors as she passed, she finally came to the one with... oh, what was his name Rick!

Rick in it. She started to go in - then stopped, thinking furiously.

Pasting a smile on her face - she'd almost forgotten that - always smile - she entered.

"Hi, Rick." She said, having planned this part out. Rick, working on his computer, spun around to face her.

"Me like you - you so hassome." She said, smiling wider. Like the 'smart' woman in the movie, she slowly ran her hands up her body to her tits - much larger than the woman's in the movie, but she hoped that wouldn't count against her - and lightly squeezed them. "You get me *sooo* hot, me wanna suck you cock, Rick." She tried a seductive smile. "Suck you cock - that's blow-job, Rick."

Rick's jaw dropped. "Uh... yeah... it is..."

Smiling, Meesha thought furiously, trying to recall everything she'd seen. Slowly, she walked towards Rick - and peeled off her dress. 'Smart' women did that, she now knew - when they were in a house (or car, or office, or boat) with a man (or two men, or three - or some men and women) they always took their clothes off.

Reaching Rick, she leaned forward, pressing her huge tits against his chest - Smart women loved their tits, so she'd have to pretend she loved hers - and put her hands around Rick's head so she could kiss him.

She concentrated on kissing him the best she could. That was how Smart women greeted people - they kissed them. The better they kissed them, the more it showed they liked them. Meesha didn't really care about Rick one way or the other, but if he was going to decide if she was going to stay or not, she was going to do her best. So she put all her mental skills into focusing on this kiss, making it the best one she could.

Then, when Rick seemed satisfied with the kiss, she slowly slid down to her knees.

She had a moments panic when she found that his pants didn't have a zipper, like in the movie - they were buttons. But she managed to get them undone, and extract his semi-rigid cock. She took a second to smile up at him, then bent her head down...

'Concentrate..' she thought to herself. Taking his cock into her mouth, she applied a light suction. Wrapping one hand around the back of his balls, she began to lick and suck the head of the cock, lightly moving her head forward a little further each time, coating his rapidly hardening cock with her saliva.

When she thought he was ready, Meesha went to work.

She began to bob her head back and forth over his cock, her tongue sliding up and down the bottom of the shaft as she forced herself to take it as deeply as she could into the back of her throat. It was a noisy, and relatively unskilled blow-job - the movie couldn't show what the actress was doing with her tongue at various points, while it was in her mouth - but Meesha used all the things she did see - stopping the rhythm now and then to just suck on the end while using her hand on the shaft, popping it out and licking it up and down, sucking on one of Rick's balls - everything she'd seen, whether she understood it or not.

She was concentrating so hard on getting it right, it never occurred to her to consider whether or not she was enjoying it - or dredging up past memories.

Which might have caused her to scream and vomit, if any of Mike's original memories had surfaced. But she didn't even try, so nothing floated up through her damaged brain, and she continued on with her blow-job, blissfully unaware.

Rick, on the other hand - just didn't care. Despite what movies might show, women who gave head were fairly rare - and rarely as highly 'trained' as porn stars. Instead, he just smiled goofily, moaning occasional as the huge-breasted oriental moron slurped and sucked on his cock.

Meesha was planning to pull out and let Rick cum all over her tits and face, like in the movie - but this was her first blow-job, and she wasn't skilled enough to catch the signs of the impending ejaculation. Instead, the cum shot out into her mouth, surprising her. Reflexively, she swallowed what she could, thin streamers of cum running down her chin as the warm, salty liquid gushed down her throat.

Meesha was horrified. Not that she'd just swallowed cum - it didn't even occur to her to be horrified by that. She was horrified by the fact she might have screwed up...

"Oh, man..." Rick moaned, running his fingers through Meesha's hair. "God - that was great, Meesha."

With a scared look on her face, she searched Rick for any sign that he was joking. "Was good? You like?" She asked, her voice tremulous.

Rick blinked. "Yeah - it was really great. I liked it - a lot." Meesha slowly smiled brightly. "Me do again, now?"

Rick blinked. "Uh... not right now." His cock twitched at the thought, but couldn't quite make the effort for another round.

"Okay. Anytime - me suck cock for you. Okay?" She hesitated. "If stay, I suck cock. I also use make- up, like smart woman, and clothes like movie woman - if you buy for me. Okay? I stay?"

Rick blinked. "Uh... If I buy you clothing and make-up, you'll stay and give me blow-jobs whenever I want?" He asked, incredulous.

Meesha's heart thudded, as she misunderstood his tone. "No, no! Me do like movie woman. Me maid clean and cock and suck cock and give bath and do..." She stopped, struggling for the word. "Stipteez? For you and all here - me do good job. You let me stay, buy clothes and make-up. Do for me of dates, then we fuck so me no horny."

"What...?"

Josh had heard certain sounds from his room next door, and had come over in time to hear the offer Meesha was making.

Again, Meesha misunderstood the incredulous tone.

"Please, me stay. Me see smart women horny too. Fix horny with fuck, like movie - but you no hafta. Me also see " She waved her hands in frustration, causing her huge tits to bounce wildly. "You buy me dildo, and me no horny with dildo. Please - me stay. Be good maid. Do all maid stuff - cook, clean, suck cock, tit-fuck - everting! Please!" She was crying now, and ashamed she couldn't stop herself - but she'd tried so hard, watching the movie very carefully...

The two college boys shared an incredulous look, unable to believe their good fortune.

She was so stupid that she thought that it was fair if they'd let her stay, in exchange for fucking them silly, plus a few dollars for the maid's work...

The same thought occurred to both of them at the same time. It wouldn't even - technically - be illegal. As long as it was clear that the money was for cooking and cleaning, and the sex was free Hell, for that matter, if she was questioned by the cops, she'd be the first to say something about THEM helping HER by fucking her... 'cause, after all, she was 'soooo horny '

"Well, I guess you can stay..." Josh said with a smirk. "And we'll get you that dildo - but, if you do an extra-good job on some days, we'll reward you with a nice, hard fuck. Does that sound fair?"

Overjoyed, Meesha leapt to her feet and ran over to Josh. Wrapping her arms around him, she hugged him tight, pressing her huge tits into his chest.

"You so nice guy. I so happy, and happy make you too. I show you I thank you right - wear clothes you buy that you like for me, do hair and face oh-so-nice. Give you good cock-sucking..." Meesha was gushing over - she'd awakened with nothing, and here were all her problems solved...

"Holy shit...!"

Startled, Meesha whirled around - to confront the other guys who roomed in the house, jaws hanging agape.

"Guys - meet Meesha. She's going to be staying with use from now on." Josh announced. He introduced the guys to her - most of their names just sliding through her brain.

Pouting slightly, Meesha looked at the guys, then at Josh. "Same-same for me with them?" She asked, worried that there might be something that could screw up the 'perfect' deal. "Me for them Maid too?"

Josh smiled. "You - and they'll buy you things, too."

Meesha looked at the guys again - who were stuck in the dilemma of staring at her huge, naked tits, or looking questioningly at Josh.

"They also too help me - if I do really good?"

"You bet." Josh confirmed - *that* wouldn't be a problem.

One of the guys laughed at Meesha's fractured English. "Man - she ain't the brightest bulb in the box, is she?"

Meesha frowned in confusion, then turned to the sandy-haired youth who'd spoken. "Please - I no unnerstan. What this mean, 'no bry-test bulb in box'?"

The guy blinked, and one of the others answered. "He means that he doesn't think you're very smart."

Meesha gasped, then waggled a finger at him. "You wrong. Me watch movie - all smart now. You see! Me smart!"

Them dropping to her knees, Meesha all-but tore his pants open.

As her lips engulfed the startled youth's already rigid cock, Meesha felt smug satisfaction. Things might be going too fast for her to sit down and work out exactly how she'd ended up here - but, goddamnit, she knew she would have no problem proving how well she'd learned to be smart to these guys. Then they'd give her everything she needed, and she wouldn't have to strain herself trying to think about the past or future.

Life was good.

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: An experiment goes haywire when there is a power outage, and what is supposed to be a very temporary experience turns into an unwanted transformation into the opposite sex

Recursive Loop

By Gunslinger

Part I - 'Harmless' Fun

The snow had started about quarter to five, drifting deceptively lightly from the lowering clouds. Kevin Nichols had seen it through the windows of the employee lounge, and hadn't considered it any real problem - he had a Sport Ute, and while most of city went to hell when a few flakes fell, he was level-headed and calm. Wandering back to his fluorescent-lit, windowless cubicle, he'd looked at the short stack of work still left in his in basket, and had decided to stay late and get it done. Unlike most of his coworkers, the slender, sandy-haired young man was in no hurry to get out the door on a Friday afternoon. As everybody else had headed off, silence had fallen over the building much like the night that was falling beyond the windowless walls of his office.

Since he was going to be more or less alone, Kevin had went ahead and gotten comfortable. Filling the thermos he kept in his office with coffee from the lounge, he'd shut off the too-bright overhead lights and turned on the small desk lamp next to the softly humming computer. Between the golden glow of the lamp and the blue-white glow of the monitor, he'd had all the light he'd needed to work - and the fact that he was alone meant that nobody was around to see the way the below-eye-level lights transformed his narrow, usually blandly cheerful face into a slightly sinister mask, his thin lips and dark eyes appearing cruel in the pools of shadows cast by the dim lighting.

With the quick machine-gun-like sound of his fingers flying across the keyboard, Kevin immersed himself in work, pausing only occasionally to take in some of the slowly cooling coffee, more out of habit or instinct than out of any conscious decision. The work proved to be more demanding - and more interesting - than he'd expected, the deceptively thin folders coming from Dr. Hanson's department. Unusual for an older researched, Dr. Hanson, and his team, were actually working on some seriously cool stuff - and even more unusually, Dr. Hanson had a flare for writing his reports, making them witty and urbane as well as informative and concise. Kevin genuinely enjoyed entering the information.

When he finally finished typing out the last report and electronically filing it, he leaned back in his chair and stretched, not willing to debate whether the creaking sound came from the chair or his back. He idly rubbed the small of his back with one almost girlish hand as he used the other to massage the bridge of his narrow nose. He glanced over at the clock on the wall...

"Eight-Thirty?" Kevin said, in surprise. "No... that can't be right!"

Pulling his hand from behind his back and looking at his trusty old Seiko watch only confirmed the time. So engrossed had he been in the reports, more than three hours had slipped away unnoticed.

Almost as if to provide added verification of the time passed, Kevin's bladder began to signal that it was through with the coffee he'd fed it. Shaking his head at his own absent-minded involvement with work, Kevin shut down the computer and rose, stretching his slender body to its rather insignificant full height to work out the kinks in his muscles.

A quite, bookish young man with a very understated sense of humor, Kevin wasn't exactly a party animal. Not that he was boring or nerdish - he was just very low-key. He didn't mind hitting the clubs occasionally, but also enjoyed just curling up with a good book or a movie - which is what his plan for tonight was, since his on-again-off-again romance with Tina was currently in the 'off-again' phase. So, the loss of a few hours, even on a Friday night, wasn't any big deal.

Shutting off the light on his desk, Kevin grabbed his coat from the rack beside the door. Making a short trip to the toilet just down the hall from his cubicle, he got rid of the used coffee and washed his hands, then headed through the empty, deserted halls of the building towards the one remaining exit. The company was a small 'start up' firm, and didn't have full-time security. Instead, they locked down all the doors but one after five, and that one door required a key-card, a password, and the four-digit code that would disarm the door alarm for all of ten seconds.

Kevin had just about reached the exit - when a form spun around the corner and slammed into him.

He didn't quite go down - there was a wall immediately beside him, and he managed to catch hold of a fire-extinguisher mounting, keeping his balance. The other person wasn't so lucky, ending up in a tangled sprawl.

"Oh, shit!" Kevin gasped, staring down at the woman who'd bumped into him. For a second, he thought he was going to end up on the floor anyway, from a heart attack. The woman was obviously just as startled by him, gaping up at him wide-eyed.

"Are you okay?" Kevin asked, holding out a hand as his heart began to slow.

"I would be if idiots like watched where the hell you..." the woman pulled her tirade up with a visible effort as she took a deep breath and pulled herself up, ignoring Kevin's outstretched hand.

"I'm sorry." She said, shortly, brushing her long, dark hair back and patting it in place. "I thought I was the only one still here. You startled me."

"Tell me about it - I thought I was the only one here." Kevin said, not taking her cold tone personally - as she'd risen, he'd recognized her as Dr. Richter. She was new, here, but almost everybody knew her, or at least about her. She was cold and sharp-tongued with everybody, and had begun rubbing people the wrong way until they realized that she wasn't actually angry with them - it just seemed to be her nature to talk in quick, sharp bursts.

"Well, at least I'm not going to be stuck here alone." She said.

"Oh, working late?" Kevin asked, with a grin. "I'd love to stay and keep you company, but..."

"...but you don't have nay choice." She overrode him, gesturing at the door. "It's a blizzard out there. We're snowed in." "What?" Kevin asked. "It can't be that bad! Besides, I have a four-wheel drive..."

"It doesn't matter." Dr. Richter said, shortly. "Take a look for yourself."

Kevin did just that, going up to the security glass inset of the door -and string out at a solid wall of white. Visibility was less then two feet, and the high wind was whipping the snow that had fallen into high, steep snowbanks.

"I see what you mean..." Kevin admitted, grudgingly.

"Not only that, the phones are down." Dr. Richter said, with a short, sharp sigh. "Which means we're stuck here until morning... unless you happen to have a cell phone?"

" 'Fraid Not..." Kevin admitted. "By the way, Dr. Richter... I'm Kevin. Kevin Nichols, from transcription."

The faintest hint of a smile fled briefly across her narrow lips. "Well, Kevin, considering the circumstances, you might as well call me Ellen."

"So... what do you do here, Dr... Ellen?" Kevin asked.

This time, the smile was more genuine and lasted longer - and a trace of warmth entered her voice.

"I'm developing a fifth-generation Virtual Reality System." She said, her voice warming up, her tone becoming less impersonal as a trace of color flared in her too-pale cheeks. "More then just computer programs and electronic devise, a complete integrated system for creating an artificial environment almost complete indistinguishable from a real one."

Suddenly, Kevin understood a lot about miss Ellen Richter. She was a techno-weenie.

All the signs were there, now. The trouble dealing well with other people, the distant attitude - she was only really comfortable with her work, and spent so much time involved with machines and data that her human skills had suffered.

"Sounds great." Kevin said with forced enthusiasm. It wasn't all *that* forced, though - if this work was really her life, so to speak, it wasn't hard for him to be enthusiastic, for her sake.

This time, the smile was damned-near brilliant, and it turned her too-stark face nearly lovely. She dropped her voice conspiratorially, and almost sounded like a giddy schoolgirl on a dare when she offered: "Want to see?"

Kevin couldn't help but grin at her sudden transformation from 'cold fish' into lively woman. "Yeah!"

'The Ice Woman' (as she was known around the company) actually giggled as she gestured for him to follow, and all but scampered off in the direction of her lab, glancing back with a grin to make sure her audience of one was in trail.

He was. Frankly, he was getting excited about this, just because of how excited Ellen was to show off her work.

Using her pass-card, she opened the door to her lab and gestured him in. The door had barely closed behind him when she launched into her explanation of her work.

"What we're doing here is light-years ahead of what most people think of 'virtual reality'." She told him, gesturing at some computers, LCD visors, body-suits - and less identifiable equipment that looked vaguely medical. "And I don't mean just higher-resolution images and more 'realistic' random interaction. That's just hardware. No, I'm talking about sensations, smells - and more. Do you know what the major problem with any other VR system is?"

"No." Kevin admitted honestly.

"Your link to 'real' reality - your own body!" She announced, as if giving away a great secret. "No matter how fantastic the scenario, you're stuck with your own body. Oh, sure, you can change the graphics, so that you look different in the VR sim, but you can't feel or act different. That's my greatest leap forward."

"Oh? How's that?" Kevin asked, genuinely intrigued.

She grinned. "I really shouldn't tell you... but what the hell." She all-but-dragged him over to one of the body suits, which was festooned with wires... and tubes and needles and dozens of other odd items.

"We use a combination of deep hypnosis and sensory chemicals in addition to the visual, audio and tactile components." She explained. "First of all, the physical side. Suppose in the sim you're supposed to be this big, muscular barbarian in a fantasy world. A high-end VR rig can simulate the extra strength by cutting the resistance it gives heavy objects. If you can only lift a hundred pounds, but your character's supposed to be able to lift four hundred, it divides all 'real' weights and gives you the correct percentage of resistance."

"Okay..." Kevin said. He knew about that, though it wasn't in any wide-spread use yet, being too expensive. "*But...*" Ellen said, with a grin. "You don't feel like a muscular barbarian. You feel like.. like you. Right?" "Okay, I can see that..." Kevin agreed.

"Okay, the same scenario in my rig." She said. "We'd inject you with a special chemical compound that 'tightens' the skin and causes the muscles to 'absorb' some water temporarily - and, *voilà!*, your body feels like it's rippling with muscles."

"Cool...!" Kevin had to admit.

"It's more than that - we also use the deep hypnosis to make you believe, to a certain degree, that you are a big strong barbarian. Not only does it reinforce what you see and feel, letting your brain 'add in' any missing details - but we can give you the relative skills of the barbarian, so that in a sword fight you could actually fight like one!"

Now that was something, Kevin had to admit. That was always a problem with Role playing. You character was supposed to know certain things - but you, in real life, didn't. So, when you fought, the computer would determine whether you or your opponent would probably win the fight, then fought it out for you, with you little more then a passive spectator with a few basic options like 'attack', 'defend' or 'run away'.

"Not only that - but we can have you temporarily suppress any skills or memories that would interfere with your playing!" Ellen said. Kevin frowned. "Isn't that dangerous? Messing with somebody's mind in a game."

"No, no..." Ellen said, waving a hand in irritation. "It's all very safe. There's all sorts of built-in safety measures, the most basic of which is that any deep hypnotic commands are only active when you're in the body of that character. Sure, you could get somebody to utterly believe they were 'Ulgoth the Barbarian', if you weren't careful - but as soon as you shut off the sim and take away the chemical sensations, they don't feel like Ulgoth anymore, and the programming breaks down."

That made sense, too. "Wow. Seriously cool." She grinned. "hey - want to give it a try?" Kevin blinked, then grinned back. "Seriously?"

"Sure." She said. "We can't safely run any of the 'game' sims, ones with things like battle or stuff - there has to be a monitor for those. But we can run a basic 'test' sim. You know, a neutral environment like a bar, where you can see what having a different body would feel like."

"Wow... Sounds neat." Kevin grinned. "okay - let's do it."

"Right on!" Ellen said, sounding more girlish then ever as she went over to a computer and entered the main program. "I'll tell you what - let's have some real fun!"

"What's that?" Kevin asked.

"Since it's just a basic environment sim, let's really have fun with our 'online character'. I'll design yours, and you design mine - and we'll include personality and skill mods!"

Kevin shrugged. "Sure."

"It's an easy interactive menus." She said, leading him to another work station. "Just follow the instructions to build the basic body - and you'll see that it doesn't even have to be strictly human." She grinned. "Stick with 'humanoid' design, though."

"Why?" Kevin had to ask, flipping through some of the choices and finding them interesting.

"Well... a Mermaid in a bar would have trouble getting around, a chimpanzee can't talk... and anything with more limbs takes about two hours to get used to using." She explained.

Kevin grinned at the images it conjured up. "Okay - human it is."

As she headed off to her own station, Kevin grinned at the computer.

"So... you want to have some 'fun', huh?" Kevin muttered. "Well, how's this..."

He began to set up the physical and personality parameters, sometimes blushing, sometimes grinning - and sometimes both. It took him half an hour to get it the way he wanted, but he finally hit the 'enter' key with a big, mischievous grin on his face.

"You ready?" he called to Ellen.

"Not quite." She said. She was obviously having as much fun designing his virtual body as he'd had with hers, and spent another fifteen minutes working on it.

"Okay - that's it. Let's get into the suits." She said. "You're in Suit 'B'."

Awkwardly, they helped each other into their suits. Stepping up on the 'roller balls' that allowed virtual movement, they grinned at each other. Then they each hit the 'ready' button on their wrists, and lowered the visors in place as they system came to life.

When hypnotic, swirling colors flared to life all around him and a strange, rhythmic sound filled his ears, Kevin began to feel light-headed, disconnected, disoriented - but he wasn't worried. Ellen had told him to expect this. This was him being sent into a deep trance that would last about ten minutes while he was 'programmed' and 'sensitized' - and when he came to his senses, he'd be in the VR world with his new body and personality.

Unworried, he slid into nothingness, his mind a complete blank...

* * * * *

Two miles away, a branch heavily laden with snow had had too much. When a gust of wind hit it, it snapped with a sound like a rifle firing, and broke - falling onto a power line, ripping it from its next junction and plunging the area into darkness.

In the lab, the computer 'programming' them flickered - but didn't die as the special emergency generator came immediately to life, a special battery protecting the system for the few seconds it took to transfer the power. Slowly, the task-bar crept up to the 100% mark, and the computer prepared to 'insert' them into the environment...

...but that took more power than the emergency generator put out. The sim was very complex, taking massive amounts of CPU power, and the electricity just wasn't there.

The system paused, 'confused' - and then reset to the beginning of the 'programming' phase, its limited capacity for pseudo-intelligence 'forgetting' it had already done this. Instead, it began pumping more chemicals and serums into them as it replayed the mental conditioning again...

With no system operator to monitor this event and tell the machine to stop, the machine kept resetting every ten minutes, until the hour's worth of fuel in the generator was exhausted. The emergency generator was designed to maintain power so that no valuable data would be lost, and to give somebody time to get the main back-up generator running. The little generator's hour-long supply of fuel had been considered over-generous as it was. Now, finally out of fuel, it shut down, killing power to the building as the small, battery-powered cell- phone style emergency beacon began 'screaming' for help from the power company. Already out in the rapidly fading storm, accompanied by snow-plows, a work crew was only a few miles away from the lab, and headed towards it almost at once.

* * * * *

Slowly, Kevin's sense came back to him - but there was no VR environment, just blackness. He was also in his same old body, from the feel of things - but it wasn't quite right. His body felt odd to him, ungainly and awkward and strange, with sensations that were definitely 'off'.

"What happened...?" Kevin asked, fumbling for the visor. He pulled it off - only to find himself in a lab nearly as dark, lit only by one emergency light.

"Power failure, I guess." Ellen said, pulling off her own suit. "Huh... the emergency generator didn't come on-line - the system shut down."

"Damn..." Kevin said, stretching and flexing, trying to get his body feeling back to normal. It didn't work - parts of his body felt tight, or swollen, or just plain strange, though there was nothing to be seen. More than that, he also felt 'fuzzy', somewhat disorientated. "Why do I feel so strange?"

"It's the sensory simulation chemicals." Ellen explained, sounding vague herself. "I feel it too - we were injected with them, but we're not in the sim so there's no matching visual stimuli to go with it."

"Oh." Kevin said. "is that dangerous?"

"No..." Ellen said. "Even if the system was up long enough to completely finish the programming and injection, there's still not enough chemicals or drugs in our system to worry about. It'd take nearly double what the set-up uses for anything unforeseen to happen."

"Well, that's good news." Kevin said. "I'd hate to think..."

Just then, they were interrupted by a shouting in the hall. Sharing a glance, they walked out into the hall to find a couple of men standing there, dressed in power-company suits.

"Wow - that was fast." Kevin said, amazed. "The power's only been out for, what, ten minutes?"

"We were in the area, because of the storm." One of the men said, and with that Kevin and Ellen had no idea that they were missing an hour. "Look, it'll take awhile to get power back, you might as well head home. The storm's dying down, and we've cleared a route out to the major roads, which are all open by now."

"Great." Kevin said, with a weary smile - he felt very tired and light-headed, and going home to bed sounded great. "Ellen, it's been fun. Too bad the power died."

"Yeah." She grinned wearily. "I was kind of looking forward to seeing your expression when.. you know." "yeah. Me too." Kevin agreed. "Well, I guess I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yeah, I..." She frowned. "No. Monday. Today's Friday." Kevin snapped his fingers. "Right. See you Monday."

It was lucky that the roads were so deserted - both felt so fuzzy and light-headed, they could have been a traffic hazard with their sloppy driving. As it was, each of them made it home safely, where they tumbled into bed and fell into a very deep, deep sleep.

As they slept, the chemicals still floating in their bloodstream continued to be absorbed. The exhaustion came from their brains wanting desperately to fall back into a trance from all the hypnotic drugs in their system, and so they did... and the trance-sleep lasted nearly eight hours. That's when the body finished all the absorption of the chemicals and reached 'critical mass', the hypnotic trance fading as the chemicals themselves kicked in strongly...

* * * * *

Kevin was pulled out of a deep sleep by the feeling that something was wrong.

"Whazzup...?" He asked the morning-light splotched ceiling above his bed, fuzzily. He still felt light-headed, but not nearly as disoriented.

He also felt lousy, like he'd come down with a hell of a flu. His body felt stiff and weak and awkward, and his body couldn't seem to make up its mind whether it was hot or cold.

Groaning softly to himself, Kevin forced his body into a sitting position and blinked at the early morning light, idly rubbing a hand across his mildly itchy leg...

Then he shook his head and looked down.

Where his hand had slid across his leg, the leg-hairs had slid away. Rather than being attached by their follicles, all his body hair had come loose somehow - some of it was lying on the sheets, while the remainder of it sat on his body, but unattached.

"What the hell?" He asked himself, brushing more hair away from now-smooth skin. "Geez, I've never had this happen. What the hell is it - an allergic reaction?"

Worried, he quickly ran his hands through his hair, to see if it was falling out as well - but not only was it still firmly rooted to his scalp, but it actually felt longer, thicker and more luxuriant than before.

An illusion, of course - but it meant that he wasn't going bald, which put the loss of his body hair into a mildly-amusing annoyance rather than a huge catastrophe. He'd call his doctor and schedule an appointment...

...as soon as he had something to eat. He was starving!

Still feeling stiff and out of sorts, Kevin pushed himself out of bed and slumped towards the kitchen. Kevin liked to keep his bungalow warm enough to walk around naked first thing in the morning, and there were no nearby neighbors to see him padding around, his skinny body bereft of clothing.

His almost painfully empty stomach growled at him for pausing long enough to get some coffee brewing, but he figured he'd need the caffeine. Once the pot was burbling away, he opened the fridge to see what his stomach thought it could handle this morning.

His stomach grumbled loudly, and his mouth began to water madly... because just about everything in the fridge looked good. He couldn't make up his mind.

"Geez, I know I missed dinner last night..." Kevin muttered to himself, unable to believe how much he was craving everything in the fridge. While trying to make up his mind, he absently pulled out a pepperette from a small bag on the second shelf. He took a bite...

...and then he was gobbling it down, barely remembering to chew. It tasted wonderful.

"The hell with it." Kevin said, to himself. "I'll splurge, have a little of everything and throw away what I can't eat." Pulling things out of the fridge, he began to pile them on the counter....

Half an hour later, he pushed his plate away from him and slurped the last of the milkshake he'd made out of the glass. He shook his head in utter disbelief, staring at the practically-licked-clean plate.

"I can't believe I ate it all. " He muttered, wide eyed.

Steak and eggs. With hash browns. And bacon. And sausage. And toast. Five cups of coffee, two milk-shakes. Three blueberry muffins, a banana, and a half a jug of orange-juice. He hadn't meant to eat that much - it was just that once he started, he couldn't seem to stop. He'd crammed food into his face like a man possessed. It still seemed impossible that he could have fit all of that into his slender frame. Yet he didn't fill overly full...

"Man - this is turning out to be one weird day..." He muttered to himself. "First my body feels all weird, then the hair thing - now this. I'm gonna make that doctor's appointment right now. Bingeing like that can't be good for me."

Pushing away from the table, he rose and began to pad towards the living room, and the phone.

He'd almost reached the couch when he doubled over in pain, crying out as if he'd just been kicked in the gut by a mule.

He dropped to the carpeted floor, gasping from the pain. He began to shudder as his temperature rose quickly, his body 'running hot' - as it began to work at a furious pace, digesting the food he'd just eaten.

"Oh... God..." he moaned, trying desperately to drag himself to the phone. His body was aching all over, he felt like he was burning up, and his stomach was folding in on itself. He felt like he was about to die.

After a few feeble pulls that moved him barely an inch, he collapsed, too weak to even try anymore. He felt like he was on fire, sweat rolling off his naked body as he was racked by pains and cramps.

Then his body began to feel really strange.

It felt as if he was being pushed and pulled like taffy. Pain flared in his chest, hips and ass, a throbbing, grinding pain that was matched with deep-muscle agony from his legs, arms, waist and back.

Then he screamed in hoarse agony as it felt like somebody was taking a pillow-padded twenty-pound sledgehammer to his face, hands, feet and crotch, sending him balling up in a futile attempt to escape the pain that wrapped him in its embrace.

For nearly an hour he lay rolling on the floor. The pain ebbed and flowed, growing and fading, intense but never quite unbearable. The fever was constant, however, and he began to babble deliriously, not even hearing the words and phrases that escaped from between his lips.

Then, as suddenly as it had all begun, it faded. One instant he was laying in misery, babbling - then the fever broke and the heat drained from his body rapidly, leaving him shivering in a pool of cold sweat, a deep throbbing ache through his entire body.

"Oh... God..." He gasped, weakly - and it sounded funny to his ears, weaker and breathier than he'd expected, higher-pitched.

"What... what's happening... to me..." He gasped out, again hearing the odd tone and pitch of his own voice as strength very slowly began to return to his aching, stiff body. Slowly he uncurled from the fetal ball he'd wrapped himself in, and used the sofa to stagger unsteadily to his feet - which felt all wrong under him, making it difficult for him to catch his balance. Weakly, slumped against the wall for support, he made his way to the bathroom, turning the water on and splashing water into his face.

Turning off the tap, he painfully straightened...

...and then gasped, staring at the reflection he'd ignored until now.

"What the fuck...!" He gasped, gaping wide-eyed at the reflection in front of him. His face had changed.

A lot.

No... that wasn't quite true. It was that a lot of things about his face had each changed a little.

His nose was slightly smaller, and a tad more upturned. His cheek-bones were slightly more prominent, and his jaw a little rounder. The lashes surrounding his eyes were a little longer, and his lips were a little fuller - and it was all surrounded by his hair, which had grown a little longer, a little silkier, a little finer.

In short - his face was looking more feminine, especially since there wasn't the slightest sign of any stubble or facial hair whatsoever. He wasn't beautiful, or pretty - in fact, as women went, his face would have been described as very plain, with a too-large nose and too- bushy eyebrows...

...but it was definitely leaning more towards the feminine side of androgynous than the male. That was bad enough... but his body had also followed suit.

He'd been slim to begin with, and still was - but now it was more than just a slight build. His body, like his face, was tending towards feminine-androgynous, like a barely post-pubescent girl. His shoulders were narrower than before, his hips wider - but neither one to a degree that would have given him a definitively feminine shape. Instead, it was more gender-neutral, with the complete lack of body hair tending it towards the more feminine side.

That was somewhat offset by his limp cock and balls, still dangling between his thighs in a smaller patch of pubic hair - but not nearly so much as it would have before, because his cock and balls were definitely smaller than they had been before, as were his hands and feet, although only slightly so.

However, offsetting the male member was what rose on his slightly narrower ribcage. A pair of small, but definite, breasts. Barely an A- cup, they were conical, perky, and well defined, and tipped with large, frankly feminine nipples that were as hard as diamonds in the cool air.

"Oh... My.. God..." Kevin stammered, stunned. "I.. I look like a girl! A girl... with messy hair..."

His voice trailed off into a monotone, and his eyes took on a glazed, far-away look. Almost mechanically, still staring at the mirror, he reached out and picked up the brush that lay on the sink. Moving with slow, stiff motions, he began to brush his long, softer hair, humming to himself in a flat monotone.

Within a short while, he'd mindlessly styled his hair into a semi-feminine style, the best that could be expected with short, somewhat coarse 'female' hair. He was lightly fluffing the hair in a consummately feminine manner.. when the phone in the living room rang, snapping him out of his daze.

He blinked, shook his head - and stared in the mirror in shock, realizing what he'd just done.

"What the fuck..." He said, frightened - then the phone shrilled again. Numbly, barely able to cope with the inexplicable things happening to him, he stumbled into the living room and picked up the phone, not even thinking to say anything - he just held it to a slightly smaller earlobe with a slightly more dainty hand.

"Kevin? Kevin, are you there?"

The voice on the other end was somewhat deeper and a touch huskier, but he recognized it - and a floodgate burst open in him.

"Ellen! Ellen, something's happening to me!" He said, his voice near tear. "I woke up feeling all strange and I had something to eat and I fell down and was in pain and burning up and my..."

"*Kevin! Kevin!*" Ellen shouted, trying to break into the rapid, hysterical stream of words Kevin had fallen into.

"...mirror and I have breasts and my cock shrunk and *I look like an ugly GIRL...*!" Kevin wailed - then stopped, wondering why the hell he'd added 'ugly' in there.

"*Kevin!*" Ellen's altered voice said, sharply. "*I know!*" "What?" Kevin said, stunned.

"It's happening to me, too!" Ellen said, obviously struggling for control. "We're turning into the characters we programmed into the machine last night!"

For a second, that didn't register - and when it did, all Kevin could say, in a stunned voice, was; "But... I made you a guy..."

"*I know!*" Ellen shouted.. then fought for control of her more masculine-sounding voice. "*That's just it, Kevin - the character I made for you was a woman!*"

"Wha..." Kevin stammered.

"If I hadn't 'snuck a peek' at your character from the master station, I wouldn't have figured this out so quickly." Ellen said. "Somehow, we got massive overdoses of the chemicals last night - and they're trying so hard to 'simulate' the sensations of those bodies that our bodies are converting food into building material to do just that!"

"Uh.. uh.. uh.." Kevin stammered, as he began to shudder uncontrollably. "And.. and.. the mental programming is trying to.. I mean, I did something really weird..."

"You have to fight that!" Ellen said, sharply. "Kevin, listen to me. Remember how I told you about the basic 'safety' in the mental programming? You don't look like the character, so you don't try to act like it?"

"Yuh.. yeah.." Kevin said, slumping down to sit on the couch, mind spinning.

"Well - now you look a little like the character - so the programming can affect you a little." Ellen said. "That programming will want you to make yourself look more feminine - and then the programming will be stronger, so you'll have an even stronger desire to be your character... it's a recursive loop, and if you fall into it, you may not be able to break it..."

Kevin swallowed nervously. "What.. what happens then?"

Ellen's voice was hoarse with fear. "Then... you end up being your character, and you may never be able to go back to being yourself."

The world suddenly turned into a gray tunnel, and Kevin began to slump sideways as Ellen's suddenly tiny, hollow voice shouted at him from very far away.

With a struggle, Kevin managed to keep himself from fainting, slowly pulling himself upright as the world swam and ever-so-slowly pulled back into focus.

"I... I'm here..." he said, his throat suddenly very dry.

"You have to get over here." She said. "We need to find a way to correct this. We need to get back to the lab, and program our original selves into the machine. Do you understand?"

"Yes..." Kevin said, sharply, seeing hope flare to life. "Yes - I'll be there as quickly as I can!"

She gave him her address, and he copied it down, quickly. Hanging up the phone, he hurried towards his bedroom to get dressed.

His heart was hammering and he felt like he was going to pass out from all the shocks of this morning - but there was a light at the end of the tunnel, and he was going to head for it.

It was while he was dressing that it was driven home to him that his body had changed, even though the changes were, so far and comparatively speaking, fairly small.

His underwear fit fairly well - but his jeans were a little tight around the hips and ass, a little loose around the waist. Not an awful lot - but he knew what it should have felt like, and it was subtly wrong.

His shirt...

Without thinking, he'd grabbed one of his white T-shirts - and had gasped as the cloth had slid across his engorged nipples as he'd pulled it on, creating an entirely new - and, frighteningly, not entirely unpleasant - sensation.

Looking down had revealed his darker nipples clearly visible through the material, something that hadn't even occurred to him... and he felt slightly light-headed as he looked down at the undeniable feminine sight of his large, dark nipples poking into the skirt, and he thought how...

"No!" He gasped, closing his eyes and struggling for control. "No, don't even think about it!"

Hastily, he traded his shirt for a black T-shirt, which minimized the problem a bit. The sensation was still there, but the dark, lusterless fabric made it nearly impossible to see the nipples pushing against the fabric, unless he stood in profile and thrust his chest out like *this*... which looked even better if he tucked the bottom of the shirt back like *this*, so that you could see the almost pathetically small lumps of his tiny breast through the shirt.

"They're so *small*..." he said in a near monotone, staring at his profile in the mirror as he tried to arch his shoulders back further and tuck in his gut some more. "You can barely see that I have tits at all. I'm almost as flat as a guy, and..."

He looked almost pathetically confused for a second - then gasped, and yanked his hands off his shirt, letting it fall more naturally. "I am a guy!" He shouted. "I am Kevin... Kevin.... Kevin..."

For several long, horrific seconds, he couldn't remember his own last name. It just wouldn't come to him...

...then an instant before he felt he'd break into tears, he shouted, triumphantly, "Nichols!" He took a deep breath. "I am Kevin Nichols, a man."

Looking around, he grabbed a baggy gray sweatshirt and quickly yanked it on, avoiding looking in the mirror over his dresser. He slipped some socks on, and quickly laced on a pair of now-slightly-small shoes.

Keeping his eyes down to avoid seeing himself in the mirror, he walked over to the dresser and grabbed his wallet and keys. A glint of light off another metallic object drew his attention for a split second...

Slowly, his head came up, his eyes blank as he mechanically tucked his keys and wallet away - then reached out to pick up the pair of tweezers from where his sometimes-girlfriend Tina had left them by mistake when she'd left last time.

Eyes wide but blank, Kevin leaned forward and began to stiffly-but-carefully pluck at his still-mannish eyebrows. With an almost uncannily steady hand, he worked away...

...and blinked, feeling a moments disorientation as he stared at the bedroom, one hand on his wallet in his back pocket, the other holding his keys.

"Ellen." He muttered, the momentary vagueness passing. "I'm going to Ellen's..."

Moving quickly, he grabbed his coat on the way to the front door and then hurried outside, locking the door of his small, neatly-kept bungalow behind him...

...completely unaware that slender, nicely arched - and most definitely feminine-looking - eyebrows now rode above his eyes.

* * * * *

 BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: An experiment goes haywire when there is a power outage, and what is supposed to be a very temporary experience turns into an unwanted transformation into the opposite sex. part 2

Part II - Trouble, Changes & Temptation

As the big Ford Explorer surged into a straight section of road leading deeper into the gutted off-downtown section of the city, Kevin had to fight the urge to push his now-too-large sneaker all the way to the floor.

The urge to get to Ellen's house and, from there, to the lab was nearly overwhelming. Fear, horror and shame warred within him at what their 'harmless' playing around with Ellen's new VR system was doing to him, and the sooner it was stopped and reversed, the better.

However, getting stopped for speeding wouldn't help matters. Sure, the changes to his body so far were fairly 'minor', individually, and there was still a lot of what he originally looked like in his androgynous-feminine new body - but he didn't want to see what would happen when he showed a cop his driver's license photo.

Kevin lived in a neatly-kept bungalow just outside of town. Ellen, it turned out, had a small condo in the more fashionable side of town, three-quarters of the way around the rough circumference of the city limits. The faster route was Old Main Street, running through the run-down urban center of the town.

Kevin's large, boxy blue four-by-four was just getting to the worst section, several square blocks of urban decay and inner-city ghetto... when the engine began to splutter.

"Oh, shit...!" Kevin cursed, wincing at the husky, deep, yet still mostly feminine voice that emerged from his throat. A quick glance at the gas gauge confirmed his fear - he'd been in such a hurry that he hadn't checked his gas... and now the little red light was on, the needle completely buried behind the big red 'E'.

"Fuck off...!" Kevin swore with feeling, slamming a fist against the steering wheel as the engine spluttered one last time and then quit. Lips compressed in an angry, frustrated line, Kevin let the big vehicle coast to a stop.

The anger was way out of proportion for the situation he was in - but he let it rage, fanning the flames higher.

The other option was to burst into tears at the feeling of helplessness and fear that was trying to make itself heard.

The Explorer rolled to a stop a few feet behind a stripped-down El Camino in tu-tone primer. A torn-up old barcolounger lay in the small truck-bed of the vehicle, and an old mongrel dog was curled up on it's ripped and soiled cushion. As Kevin very slowly and hesitantly climbed out of his truck, the old dog lifted it's head, stared at Kevin with mournful eyes, and let out a weary 'whuff'.

Slamming the door to his truck, Kevin yanked on the handle to make sure it was locked, then looked around. The buildings on both sides of the street were run-down and somehow ghostly looking, and aside from a distant radio playing rap music, there was almost no sign of life.

Kevin looked at the dog, who was still watching him with big, sad eyes.

"You wouldn't happen to know the way to the nearest gas station, would you?" Kevin asked the dog with a wry grin that held no humor.

The dog stared at Kevin for a second longer, then lowered it's head. Shaking his own head in annoyance of his own moment of whimsy just further reinforced the situation he was in, as he felt his longer, softer hair slide across the top of his neck in a way it hadn't done since he'd worn his hair long in the early eighties.

Looking around, Kevin tried to figure out which way the city center's commercial district lay. It wasn't more than a few blocks away, but Kevin couldn't recall whether or not Old Main crossed over Queen or not. The section of town he wanted to get to could lay either to the right or to the left.

Kevin didn't spot any signs that might help him - but he did notice a faint, flickering blue glow in one of the windows of the building across the street and down a bit. There was no mistaking it - it was the fairy light of a television in use.

"Let's hope whoever's watching it is more helpful than you." Kevin muttered to the dog, then headed for the building. A slight wind had picked up, brushing the chill winter wind across Kevin's body and sending wisps and drifts of the deep snow flurrying about. Kevin shivered, poorly dressed for the weather...

...and then he shivered again, even harder, in shame and disgust as the cool air made his newly enlarged nipples swell into full erection, a disquieting sensation.

Swallowing, Kevin picked up the pace, his eyes on the back-lit window on the second story as he tried to figure out which apartment it would be.

Reaching the doorway of the building, he eyed the iron-barred door for a second, then leaned in close to the small buzzer/intercom panel, trying to make out the apartment numbers behind the cracked and yellowing plastic.

Considering the neighborhood, Kevin didn't think he could count on the milk of human kindness from the apartment's occupant. Even as he leaned his thumb on the black plastic button in the tarnish brass base-plate, he tried to think up a convincing argument for help.

So, he was more than a little surprised when no voice crackled out of the intercom grille - but there was a loud, sustained buzz. He was so surprised, he barely managed to grab the handle on the door and yank it far enough to clear the bolt from the jamb before the buzz ended.

"Well..." Kevin muttered to himself in surprise. "maybe my luck's changing. "

His spirits lifted slightly for a second - and then plunged again as he thought to himself, considering he was turning into a woman, there wasn't really much that could happen to make his luck grow any worse.

Pulling the door the rest of the way open, he entered the aging tenement and let the door swing shut behind him as he squinted at the poorly-lit foyer. The smell of disinfectant and mildew mingled, with the mildew winning, and the dark woodwork and yellowed lathe-and-plaster walls were spotted in the corners with the stuff.

Afraid to touch anything in the unsanitary atmosphere, Kevin carefully ascended the creaking wooden stairs to the second floor and walked to the door whose skewed white plastic numbers indicated it was the apartment he wanted. Hesitantly, he knocked.

"It's open." A female voice horse from too many cigarette and too much booze called through the flimsy door. Kevin mentally shrugged and grabbed the handle, making a face at it's greasy feel in his hand as he twisted it and swung the door open. He stepped into the apartment...

...and stopped dead, eyes widening and a flush springing to his cheeks as he took in the sight before him.

He'd been wrong about the origin of the light - it wasn't a TV. Instead, it was several blue-tinted revolving lights casting strange, flickering patterns over crudely-made. objects. Stuff that looked like it belonged in a medieval dungeon, for the most part, made out of rough-finished lumber and hastily painted either black, or a very dark red - in the blue lighting, it was impossible to be sure. Whips, chain, shackles. all of it cheap and old, but plenty of it.

And, standing in the center of the room, the Mistress of this domain.

Dark-haired and tall, she might have been a sight to see in her prime, but that had been some time ago. Now, her once-taut body had begun to sag, and her long hair was obviously dyed to maintain it's raven coloring. The leather outfit she wore did little to flatter her ungraceful aging - high-cut at the hips and low-cut at the neck, it showed large, flabby breasts and not-too-attractive thighs in black fishnet stockings before her legs vanished into the knee-high black leather boots she wore.

She was in the process of pouring a large amount of what Kevin fervently hoped was chocolate pudding into a large black plastic bag/container of some sort, from which ran a tube and a few other, less immediately identifiable hoses/wires/cords. The woman slowly looked Kevin up and down, her too-heavily-made-up face narrowing in unfriendly surprise. "Who the fuck are you?" She demanded, bluntly.

"I.. uh..." Kevin stammered, slowly backing away from the forty-something year old woman's angry glare. "My truck... out of gas, and I..."

"I don't got no phone." The woman said, coolly, watching him with narrowed eyes. Without taking her eyes off of him, she sidled over to the window, then glanced out briefly... then took a second, longer look.

"The Explorer?" She asked, her voice becoming less harsh, more conversational... and Kevin sighed softly and began to relax a bit, despite the bizarre situation.

"Yeah. It's out of gas." He said, apologetically. "I didn't mean to bother you..."

"Nice truck." She said, picking up a leather-padded cigar case and toying with its lid. "A ninety-eight, I'd say. You sure it's out of gas? Maybe something's wrong with it."

Kevin grinned ruefully. "no - I just went and forgot to fill the tank."

"Oh..." She said, nodding sagely as she turned from the window and began walking over to him, a faint smile beginning to form on her dark-red-lipstick-clad lips. "Well, it's a nice one. Probably worth as much as I earn in six months doing this shtick."

"Really?" Kevin asked without much interest - now that she'd decided he wasn't up to no good - and wasn't a client - she seemed to want to 'chat', and Kevin wasn't exactly in the mood...

"Oh yes..." She said, lips parting to reveal yellowing teeth in what she used for a smile. "Really..."

Her hand moved so fast, Kevin had barely enough time to see it before it slammed into the side of his head. He went down, hard. "Stupid bitch." The woman laughed humorlessly. "What are you, some up-town yuppie too dumb to live?"

Though Kevin wasn't unconscious, he was so close to it that he certainly wasn't capable of answering, even if he had wanted to. Indeed, he was unable to move, or to focus his eyes properly, his head spinning and throbbing as his vision faded in and out of a gray cloud.

He felt the woman's hands on his body as she rolled him over and searched through his pockets, pulling out his wallet and keys. "What the...?" He heard her say a minute later - then her fingers were on his pants, and he felt her strip them off.

"Well, I'll be damned..." She laughed. "A little sissy perv! You come down to buy some hormones from the Puerto Rican tranny down the block, sissy-boy?"

This time, Kevin managed a response - a weak groan.

"Now, now - can't have that..." The woman laughed. Kevin felt her hands on him once more as she efficiently stripped him - something she probably had a lot of experience with.

The next thing he felt was her hauling his now-naked body upright. Shoving him hard against a rough lumber X-frame, she leaned into his chest with her shoulder to keep him upright as she buckled his left hand into the leather-and-steel strap.

Beginning to come around a bit, Kevin realized what she was doing - and tried to struggle, to pull his arm away.

It was a feeble effort, and she easily got his arm buckled in - and the right one, too. Kevin was slowly picking up some energy, but she quickly buckled the waist strap, and then it was easy enough to buckle in his ankles. He managed a fairly sharp kick at her head while she was kneeling to buckle that foot in - but she easily avoided the kick, and forced his foot into position and buckled him in, leaving him helplessly.

"Wha.. what are you doing?" Kevin said, thickly, then with more force: "Let me out of here!"

"Oh, I don't think so, sissy-boy." She laughed. "In half an hour, I can be gone, have the truck sold, and be on my way to another state. This place is just where I work, and I didn't use my real name to get it. All you've got is a description of me, and by the time you manage to get to the cops, it won't do any good."

"You bitch!" Kevin snarled, clenching his jaw against the urge to cry. He'd thought his luck couldn't get any worse - and then this. She just laughed. "Yeah, that's right. A professional bitch, for the last twenty years. Now, thanks to you, I think it's time to retire." "You'd better let me e out of here, or I'll..." Kevin started to threaten, impotently.

"Oh, shut up..." the woman said, negligently - then, with an unpleasant grin, she grabbed the black plastic baggy thing and hung it on a hook above Kevin's head.

Then, in one smooth, practiced move, she yanked something down over his head and yanked it in place over his mouth.

It was the end of the hose leading to the baggy, attached to a rubber strap that now held the scuba-regulator-style mouthpiece in his mouth, a leather-and-rubber flange on the outside forming an air-tight seal over his mouth.

"Can't have you screaming for help until I'm gone." She said, laughing. "I doubt anybody would come - if nothing else, they're used to screaming from in here - but I'm not taking any risks."

She started to turn away... then stopped and turned back to look at him, hung naked and helpless on the X-frame. Grinning wickedly, she picked up something else - and clamped it in place on his nose, cutting off his air supply.

"Have fun, sissy-boy." She laughed, heading towards the door. As she neared the door, she bent and picked up a pile of loose clothing - *his* clothing. As she opened the door and stepped into the hall, she paused for a final shot.

"Nice tits."

Then she was gone, the door latching behind her as Kevin, eyes bulging, made dull 'ugn' pleas of mercy low in his throat.

He couldn't believe he was in this situation. It was impossible that his day could be getting worse - but it was. Already, he could feel the low ache in his lungs as they wanted to draw a deep breath.

Twisting his head, Kevin tried to see the bag on the hook, but it was directly out of his line of sight. He couldn't see it.

Desperately, he recalled the image of the woman filling it. Basically, it was like a big, black icing bag, coming to a cone where the hose ran off. When he'd entered, it had been open at the top, where two string loops - like the handles of a shopping bag - had been holding it up on a small frame. If it was still open, then he could get air...

...once the pudding (*oh, dear God, he hoped it was pudding!*) was out of the way.

Closing his eyes, Kevin whimpered, knowing what would happen if he took in any food, even pudding. However, it was a small choice - eat the pudding - or die.

Whimpering once more, Kevin began to suck on the mouthpiece, feeling the thick, warm substance fill his mouth. He swallowed, feeling it slide down his throat - and was grateful to taste the overpowering flavor of chocolate.

Tears leaking from beneath his closed lids and dripping from his lengthened lashes, Kevin began gulping frantically at the pudding, his lungs burning for oxygen.

He fell into a rhythm, matching the heavy pounding of his abused head. In addition to his aching head and burning lungs, his throat and the back of his tongue began to ache with the effort of suctioning the thick semi-liquid through the tube - but he dare not stop.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity but couldn't have been long at all, he felt the 'thump' as the last glob came through, the bag twitching as air rushed into the tub behind the pudding. The last glob fell into his mouth, and he had to force himself to swallow it before attempting to take a breath. The hose whistled as he sucked a lung full of air in, then whooshed as he exhaled, breathing rapidly and heavily.

The sudden rush of oxygen made him dizzy for a few seconds as he gulped in the cool, fresh air....

..and then the dizziness redoubled, and his stomach began to jump and twitch, his body shivering from a sudden chill.

Kevin couldn't even swear around the hose as the fever began to rise. Then the pain hit his body, and it was too much for him, after the head injury and the oxygen deprivation. Buoyed on a wave of pain and horror, Kevin was swept into unconsciousness.

* * * * *

When Kevin came to, he gasped in pain - it felt like his left arm was being ripped out of its socket, and his head was yanked back on such an angle that swallowing was hard.

His eyes fluttered open, and he found himself staring at a water-stained ceiling through a light-yellow veil of some sort. Groaning, Kevin twitched - and felt his right arm move freely.

He realized that he was leaning forward, leaning on the right with his left arm still yanked back and upwards, supporting his weight. The forward lean also accounted for the angle of his head as the hose from the bag held his face pulled back.

Reaching up with his free hand, Kevin tried to brush whatever was obscuring his vision out of the way - and almost poked his eye out with a longer nail than he was used to. Gingerly, he brushed the pale yellow veil out of the way - whimpering with the realization that it was his hair, longer and a lighter blonde than ever.

He whimpered again even as he understood how his arm was free - the woman might have bucked him in well, but she'd never expected his hand and wrist to get smaller, slimmer, daintier...

...more feminine.

Moaning, Kevin tried to pull his body upright - but he simply lacked the leverage for it. He shuddered with frustration - and found himself sobbing helplessly, the feminine act of bursting into tears increasing his shame and despair even more.

He might have hung there, crying, for quite some time if he hadn't had a brain storm. Even as the tears continued to trickle, he reached up and grabbed the hose leading to his mouth, and used that to haul himself upright against the ex-frame.

He unstrapped the rubber band from around his mouth and spit the mouthpiece out, working his lips and clearing his throat, trying to get the cloying flavor of the pudding out of his mouth.

"Oh, god..." He moaned - then gasped at the sound of his voice. Though hoarse and raspy from a dry throat, it was noticeably higher and more feminine, sounding too feminine to be mistaken for a man's voice.

"Oh, God... I should have let myself suffocate..." Kevin whimpered - but even as he was claiming his willingness to give in, he was fumbling to undo the other buckle holding his left arm.

Once it let go, he fell forward, doubling up at the waist and landing on his hands, practically bent in half. "Ouch!" He cried, "Shit, I think I just broke my fuckin' boobs..."

His higher-pitched new voice trailed off as he realized what he'd instinctively just said. The action had slammed his tits against his knees and there was definitely a lot more tit-flesh to be bruised than before.

Grimacing, he reached out with one hand and unstrapped a slightly large and rough-hewn - but feminine - foot from the frame, then switched hands and did the second one.

Released, he tumbled forward and let himself roll with the fall, ending up in the center of the room, sitting up.

Hesitantly, Kevin looked downwards... and closed his eyes with a whispered plea to God as he saw the firm, round breast thrust from his chest. At least a full C-cup, they looked fully formed and ripe, tipped with large, pink nipples that were fully swollen in the cool air.

Unable to look, Kevin slowly moved his hand, letting its slimmer fingers glide over the smooth, silky flesh of one thigh towards his crotch...

His cock was about two inches long, and limp. There was no sign of his balls.

Just below his shrunken, limp member, a small slit lay. It was small and tight and shallow - but it was definitely the rudimentary beginnings of a womanhood.

Kevin gasped, horrified at how much he'd changed - but thankful that it wasn't complete. Part of his manhood was still intact. There was still hope.

His body ached and creaked, and it protested loudly when he forced it upright - but he had to go. He had no idea how long he'd been unconscious, but a glance out the window told him it had been at least an hour, maybe as much as three.

He wasn't terribly surprised to see his truck was missing.

Staggering slightly, Kevin turned from the window and began to look around for his clothes, eager to get out of here.

There was no sign of them. For whatever reason - maybe to further delay his going to the cops should he get free - the woman had taken his clothes with her when she'd left. Kevin even recalled it, now - he was still a little fuzzy-headed.

A second search of the room served to remind Kevin of the woman's claim not to have a phone - apparently, it was true.

Fighting the urge to break into tears again, Kevin knew that he'd have to find something here to wear so he could find a pay phone. He had to call Ellen and get her to pick him up - he couldn't go to the cops for help or to report his car stolen. After all, he couldn't prove he was even him. All that would have to wait until after he got his own body back.

Taking a deep breath to calm his nerves - which didn't help any - Kevin headed down the short hallway that led to the bedroom. Stepping inside, Kevin looked around the dirty, disheveled room...

...and found his eyes being drawn to the large mirror mounted on the far wall. It took up the entire wall, except for where the small, barred window was located, a shabby dresser beneath.

Slowly, unaware he was even doing it, Kevin began drawing closer to the mirrored surface, his eyes slowly tracing over the reflection of his altered body.

He was... feminine. Not the most attractive woman on the face of the planet by any stretch of the imagination, there was no doubt of the feminine nature of his body. Pull some panties on over the shrunken cock - which would hardly make a bulge - and Kevin would pass as a woman.

Kevin came to a dead stop a few feet away from the mirror, eyes wide and blank as he continued to stare at his reflection.

For a long moment, his eyes bore into the muddy-blue ones that gazed back blindly, taking in their open, mindless expression, the long, dark lashes around them...

...then his gaze slowly slid upwards, sliding across the thick, wavy mane of pale blonde hair that fluffed around his face and fell down around his slimmer shoulders before spilling down his back.

Then his eyes slowly traced down, lightly passing over an unremarkable feminine nose and pausing lightly on the fuller, feminine-looking lips before continuing down past his more slender neck.

He took a longer time staring at his enlarged bust. Definitely a healthy C-cup, they were firm and milky, tipped with large and frankly feminine nipples. They were utterly and unarguably feminine, and not the 'girlish' breasts of before, but womanly.

Below those breasts lay a waist that was considerably narrower than before, but still rather thick from a purely aesthetic viewpoint. His hips had become wider, acquiring a feminine shape that matched the feminine-if-unremarkable legs that led down to his altered feet.

"Good Lord..." Kevin said in his new contralto voice, his tone vague and whispery. "I'm a mess. "

Unconsciously, Kevin's hands came up, and she began to fluff her mid-length nails through her hair, doing little to rectify the tangled mess it had become.

Slowly, she stopped fussing with her hair, and her hands began to drop, sliding down over her face, fluttering across her nose and lips. Then they dipped lower, and lightly glided across her full, firm new bust line.

"Hmm...." She whispered tonelessly. "They look good. "

Her tentative touch became firmer as she cupped her bust, feeling their weight in her smaller hands, then sliding her fingers up to slowly rub her nipples. Eyes still boring straight ahead, blankly, she made small, toneless sounds of pleasure as she continued to fondle her breasts.

Then she stopped, the blank look in her eyes slowly replaced with growing puzzlement. Slowly, she lowered her head and stared down at her hands, which were cupping her breasts.

"Wha. what am I doing?" She asked herself, a trace of life creeping into her voice and gaining strength as she asked himself a second question. "What.. what did I come in here for ?"

Kevin twitched and took a deep breath, like somebody dropped suddenly in a pool of cold water, then shook his head as animation flowed back into his features.

"Okay..." He said, with a brisk tone belied by a quaver in his feminine voice. "Let's see what I've got to work with. Turning, he began to sort through the piles of clothing that littered the bed and floor, looking for something he could wear. "no pants.." He grouched. "Black leather, black plastic, black rubber... Geez, talk about..."

Then he stopped dead as he lifted a full-body black leather catsuit and came across something unexpected. Gingerly, he picked up that pair of white nylons that topped a small pile of filmy, brightly-colored clothing.

"Geez..." Kevin muttered, separating the hosiery so he held one stocking in each hand. "I can't imagine that woman wearing these. They're so... girly. Soft, white, lacy..."

Kevin's voice took on a strange, sing-song tone as his eyes went out of focus.

"...dainty, girlish." S/he said, a small smile fluttering across fuller lips, unnoticed. "So... pretty."

Turning, s/he sat on the edge of the bed, still talking. "Well.. since there's no pants, I guess I'll have to wear these pretty nylons, all trimmed at the top with lace..."

The smile unconsciously widened as feminine hands moved with unknowing skill, balling the first nylon around his thumbs. Lifting his foot, s/he slid his toes in, then slowly drew the nylon up his leg.

"Oh!" S/he gasped, then giggled. "That feels so... nice."

She paused a half-beat, then added unenthusiastically. "For women's clothes, I mean."

Looking down at his leg, s/he slowly and tenderly straightened the nylon, leaving the white seam running up the back perfectly straight, and the pink-lace-trimmed elasticized tops perfectly aligned. With as much care and new-found skill, s/he pulled on the second nylon, then just sat there for a minute, gently running his fingers up and down the silky fabric over his legs.

"Hmmm..." S/he whispered. "So this is what a woman feels like when she's wearing nylons..." Kevin blinked for a second, the smile fading and becoming puzzled, but not vanishing completely. "Well..." He said, turning back to the small pile of brighter clothing. "Let's see what else we've got..." He picked up a pair of frilly white women's briefs... and sighed.

"I guess it's better than nothing..." he told himself, sliding his nyloned feet through the leg holes, then standing up. She began drawing them up his legs, feeling them move over his nylon-clad legs as they rose higher and higher...

With a soft gasp, s/he settled them in place, feeling their silky embrace around his hips and over his crotch, so soft and silky-smooth. S/he turned and faced the mirror, looking himself up and down, a smile slowly forming on his face.

"Yes..." She murmured. "Yes, this isn't too bad at all. Much better than black leather..."

She slid one foot forward, keeping her weight on the back one as she cocked her hip, resting one hand on that hip while she drew her shoulder's back, making her tits seem bigger and firmer.

"Oh, I've got nice little boobies, don't I...?" She giggled, smiling broadly. "They're so perky and firm!" The she pouted. "But my hair! It's, like... so messy!"

She turned away from the mirror and headed for the dresser, moving with a mechanical glide that was nevertheless strangely graceful. Reaching the dresser, she picked up a brush that lay there, and began to work it through her hair, humming softly to herself as she brushed and patted her hair into place...

As she lay the brush down, she noticed some more items laying on the dresser, and reached out to pick them up...

* * * * *

Kevin blinked, a small frown creasing his face as he stared at the top of the dresser. Slowly, he turned his head away from the dresser and looked at the spot next to the bed where he'd been standing before.. before he'd walked over here. But why had he walked over here...?

"Oh..!" S/he said taking a breath and smiling faintly. "To brush my hair. That's right. That bang on the head must have stirred my brains around!"

Giggling at how confused s/he'd been, he headed back over to the bed and sat down beside the pile of clothing again and began to sort through it, his altered hands picking through some of the clothing. He lifted a filmy, powered-blue layered skirt that was the longest one in the pile, and tilted his head in consideration...

...and then paused as s/he wondered what had just nagged at hir conscience. Something seemed wrong about what s/he'd felt as s/he'd tilted hir head. S/he ran it back through her mind, the way it had felt. There had been the brush of hair across hir shoulders and back, the coolly smooth touch of plastic on her shoulder in time with the slight tug at her earlobe, the shift of hir breasts as s/he'd leaned slightly to one side...

"Oh..." Kevin said, feeling both foolish and ashamed. Foolish, because he definitely wasn't used to the shift and sway of breasts, but should have realized that's what had triggered his consciousness - and ashamed (and more) by the fact that he now had breast to feel.

Sighing in frustration, he licked his lips lightly in annoyance, then grimaced as the waxy after-taste as s/he rose and began to step into the skirt she'd chosen.

A quick glance in the mirror made her grin - the filmy, many-layered garment hung, technically, to her knees - but it's design made it nearly transparent at that level, gradually become more and more opaque the higher it rose.

Quickly, she grabbed a similarly-styled blouse. In hot pink, the semi-transparent blouse had layers of frills around the low neckline that opaqued her actual nipples and most of her firm, round boobies - but allowed a faint hint of them to show through.

More than that, the silky-smooth fabric felt wonderful against her skin, especially across her full, swollen nipples.

Careful not to yank on her earrings, she threw her mane of hair back over her shoulders and admired the look, gloss-pink lips spreading in a smile as her purple-eye-shadowed eyes stared blankly at her reflection. Quickly, she pulled on a big white patent leather belt, cinching it as tight as it would go around her waist.

Rooting around the floor produced a pair of white rounded-toe pumps with a seven-inch-high spike heel, and she giggled to herself as she slid her feet into the shoes. They were slightly too small, pinching her feet painfully - but she didn't care, because they looked so good on her as she balanced with just a little trouble atop them.

"Oh, I look so great!" She said, clapping her hands together gleefully. She pulled back her shoulder and wiggled her torso, making her tits jiggling in their translucent prison...

...and the motion unbalanced her, and she sat down on the bed, hard.

"Ow!" Kevin cursed as something hard dug into his fuller, firmer ass. "What the hell..."

Lifting off the pile of clothes, he stared down... at the cheap plastic telephone. Barely daring to believe, he snatched up the receiver and held it to his ear.

The monotone buzz of an open line was the most welcome sound he'd ever heard. Cursing his lengthened nails, he quickly punched in Ellen's number.

She picked up on the first ring, and the first thing to come out of her mouth in her slightly husky new voice was "Kevin?" "Yes." Kevin answered - and he heard her draw in a breath sharply at the sound of his altered voice.

"What happened?" She asked, slowly. "Where are you... and.. how far..."

Kevin began to relate the story of his morning... and by the time he was done, he was sobbing anew, ashamed at his inability to hold back the tears.

"Okay, Kevin." Ellen said, heavily. "Look - my car's dead. I tried to start it when you didn't show up or call me, and it won't even crank. You don't have nay money, and no matter how much I pay a taxi ahead of time, they're not going to go into that part of town on a wild goose-chase. Do you understand, Kevin?"

Kevin swallowed. "You.. you mean I'll have to walk out to the commercial district?" "That's right. I'll have a cab waiting for you. You... should be easy to spot."

Kevin had described the outrageously bright outfit that was the best he could find - and, as disgusted as he was to be wearing it, he had to admit it would make him easily visible.

"I... I'll see you in about an hour then." Kevin said, feeling lost and abandoned. He heard compassion and pity in Ellen's voice as she said goodbye, then they hung up.

Taking a deep breath, Kevin rose and faced his reflection in the mirror.

"Well... It's all up to you." S/he said, then grinned wryly. "At least if something goes wrong, you'll look good." Smoothing the skirt over her legs, she grinned widely. "Damned good."

Humming cheerfully to herself, Kayla turned from the mirror and began to jiggle and sway to the door. She paused for a second when she spied a big white shoulder-bag-style purse. Grabbing it, she slung it over her shoulder and double-checked herself in the mirror. Throwing a kiss at her reflection, she turned and headed out to the door.

She clattered cheerfully down the stairs, balancing easily atop her heels, then headed for the front door...

...and stopped dead, hyperventilating, as it truly struck him that he was about to step outside, looking for all the world like a real, honest- to-god woman.

"get a grip, Kevin..." He told himself, struggling to stop breathing heavily. "You can't just hole up here. You've got to get to Ellen's so we can undo this.. this nightmare."

Slowly, the panic began to recede... but not completely. Taking a deep, deep breath, s/he opened the door and hurried through it before s/he lost his nerve.

The winter air hit him like a sledge hammer, and he was mortified to feel his nipples go harder and bigger than ever before, making delightful dents in her shirt visible even through the layers of filmy fabric, as if begging for attention.

Shivering. S/he began to hurry as fast as his heels would allow. It was about a fifteen minute walk to the coffee shop s/he was supposed to meet the cab at, and the cold wind was cutting through the damned woman's outfit he was wearing, moving across his nyloned legs like it was fondling them, and blowing down her blouse's neckline like a cold flow of thin cum.

By the time she reached the coffee-shop, she was shivering violently, and she wished she had enough money to buy a large coffee to help warm her up - but it didn't really matter, as the cab was waiting already, and she climbed in.

The cab's interior wasn't all that much warmer than outside, but at least it was out of the wind. "Sort of under-dressed for the weather, aren't you miss?"

"Yes, I guess I am..." She said, with a giggle. S/he shrugged "I wasn't really planning to get out of my car, until it broke down." "Really - that's a stroke of bad luck." The cabby said, tuning in the seat to smile at her... his eyes tracing down to her cleavage. Kevin shuddered. "You have no idea..." He said, shortly, shivering. "Can we go? I'm freezing."

The guy's smile faded and he shrugged. Turning around, he put the car into gear and pulled out of the lot.

* * * * *

Letting the door to Ellen's house shut the cold air out with a grateful sigh, Kevin leaned back against it for a few seconds, gathering his strength. Then, gratefully, he kicked off the too-small shoes, sighing at the relief as his feet were freed.

"Ellen?" He called, walking deeper into the house. His legs were slowly warming, and he could feel the movement of air over his nylon-clad legs, and the swish and swirl of the light skirt, all reminding him of how close he'd come to true womanhood. "Ellen, this cabby said he had another fare. We'll have to call another one to take us to the..."

He stopped dead and recoiled in shock as, out of the shadowed doorway, a massive black man dressed in a dark-brown bathrobe way too small for his massive frame stepped into the light, his shaven head gleaming under the light and his narrow eyes gazing down on Kevin from his nearly seven feet of height.

"Whoa, take it easy..." he rumbled in a deep, deep voice, his wicked-looking goatee seeming to bristle...

...and then Kevin let out a whoosh of pent-up breath. "Ellen! What the hell happened to you!"

It had taken a second, but then Kevin had recognized the overly-masculine body he had designed for Ellen's 'character'. He'd thought it would be fun to give the techno-weeny woman the massive frame and threatening look and actions of a sort of bouncer/thug type guy. Now, despite knowing it was really Ellen inside that massive frame, it still intimidated Kevin.

"Like you, I had a little... mishap." Ellen rumbled, grinning to display amazingly white, even teeth that transformed him from threatening into suave. "Luckily, the physical transformation seemed to run ahead of the mental changes, at least in my case. I might be fully changed, physically, but I'm still in control of my mind."

"Thank God..." Kevin sighed. He grinned ruefully. "Lucky me. The character profile I came up with was kind of a low life."

Ellen's massively male new body shook with a chuckle. "Let me guess.... a hitman." The new man struck an exaggerated pose...

...which made Kevin blush furiously, as it inadvertently lifted the hem of the ridiculously small robe, revealing a glimpse of the massively over-sized schlong Kevin had bestowed this body.

"Uh, no..." He said, glancing away. "Nothing that violent. Just a general sort of scum-bucket. A petty criminal - pimp, small-time drug-dealer, con artist, hired muscle... that sort of thing."

"Thank God is right." Ellen rumbled. "Considering this body, I was worried for a while that I might start having homicidal tendencies." He laughed off the possibility and smiled smoothly.

"Well..." Kevin said, the blush fading as he craned his neck to look up at Ellen's new face. "Let's get going. You must be even more eager to get changed back than me... if that's possible."

"You bet I am." Ellen rumbled. "but we can't go right now." Kevin frowned. "Why not?"

Ellen laughed. "Because, I don't have a single thing that would fit me!" Kevin blinked - then grinned faintly, seeing the problem.

"Don't worry." Ellen reassured him. "I've ordered some clothes from a store. They should be here before very long. It's just a short delay. Unlike *some* people, I wasn't lucky enough to find clothes that fit... You have to admit, this robe is a lot less flattering on me than that outfit looks on you. You look downright pretty."

S/he blinked. "Really? I mean... you don't think this is too... much?" "A little." Ellen agreed. "But sometimes 'too much' is a bit of fun, too."

"Yeah!" She said, with a giggle, then s/he grew serious. "I nearly froze in it, though." He shivered, still chilled. "Well, while we're waiting I think we can warm you up. Come into the den."

He put one massive hand on his back and guided her into the den, sitting her near the fire he had going. Walking over to the bar, he picked up a bottle of rum and a glass, and walked back to the couch, filling the glass.

"Here you go." Ellen said, handing it over.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Kevin asked. "I mean..."

"Oh, don't worry - everybody knows how little nutritional value there is in alcohol." Ellen assured him. "Beside, you must need it - your nipples are so swollen and thick and hard, it looks like you're a horny little vixen."

S/he glanced down at where her nipples were still making large dents in the fabric. "Yeah - I guess you're right." S/he took a large swig of the alcohol, and almost immediately felt it spreading its warmth through her system. "Whoa... what a kick!" S/he gasped. "Two hundred proof rum gets me every time."

"What?" Ellen said, amazed. "Kevin - it's just 100 proof."

"Oh..." He said, surprised. "I guess my taste-buds have changed, too." "No - they're probably just froze, like you're cute little ass." Ellen laughed.

"Probably." S/he agreed with a grin as Ellen poured some more rum in the glass, and poured some for himself too. "Here's to everything working out just perfect." Ellen said with an easy grin. "Bottom's up!"

Throwing her head back, s/he drained the glass in time with the massive black man - then hiccuped. She covered her mouth with her hand.

"Excuse me!" S/he said - then hiccuped again. "Whoops!" Ellen laughed. "Here..."

He poured about three fingers worth of Rum in the glass. "Pinch your nose, and down it in one swallow." He said.

Dubiously, Kevin looked at him - then shrugged. Pinching his slender nose with his dainty fingers, Kevin closed his eyes and tossed off the booze. He lowered the glass and waited a second...

'Hic!' - "Damn!"

"Did you let all your breath out before you did it?" Ellen asked with a confused frown. "no - you didn't tell me to!" Kevin retorted.

:Oh, shit - I'm sorry." Ellen said, pouring some more rum in the glass. "Try it again."

Breathing out with a whoosh, Kevin went through it again and waited... and waited.. and waited...

"Damn - it worked!" Kevin said. "But I think the hiccups did something to all the food I ate earlier, especially the pudding. Where...?" "Down the hall and to the right." Ellen said, standing and pointing.

Kevin headed off, wondering why everything seemed to be a little off. Maybe it was his altered height, or the way his hips moved now...

Closing the bathroom door, he fumbled for a couple of minutes with his clothing - then cursed and just pulled the skirt and panties off. Dropping onto the toilet, he stared down at his stocking-clad legs as he took care of business, lightly sliding one hand over the smooth surface.

When s/he was finally done, s/he flushed the toilet with hir elbow and stood up...

...and almost bowled forward, throwing hir hands out against the wall to stop herself from falling. "Oh, shit..." S/he said, with a giggle. "I fink.. think.. I'm drunk..."

Swaying, s/he struggled hir way back into hir panties and skirt, then washed hir hands. It took hir three tries to get the bathroom door open.

"Whoops - that's it!" S/he giggled. "Hey, Er'en. You went an' got me drunk!" The massive black man appeared and put an arm around hir shoulders.

"Damn - I forgot that with your smaller body and lower weight, alcohol would hit you faster. I'm sorry,... Kayla." "S'okay.." She assured him. "Not yer fault, Er'en..."

He laughed, the sound rich and booming. "Wow, you are drunk, aren't you?" "Hmmm?" She asked, smiling up at him blearily.

"Er-ic." He enunciated clearly. "That's how you say my name, Kayla. Eric. You try."

She frowned, trying to recall what she'd just called him. then figured that she was so drunk, she could have called him just about any damn thing. Carefully, she repeated his name, concentrating in the roiling-hard sound of it. "Errrr-ic!" "That's better." Eric said, guiding her to the couch. Just then, the doorbell rang.

"Whoops!" Eric grinned. "That'll be our clothes." "Oh..." Kayla said.. then blinked. "Our clothes?"

"I got you some stuff too. Hope you don't mind..." Eric said.

"S'nice..." Kayla said, blearily, as Eric left the room. He returned a couple of minutes later, burdened with boxes and bags. "Here." He said, handing her a box. "Why don't you put this on?"

She blinked up at him. "Why?"

He grinned easily. "To make sure it fits, of course."

"Oh. Right." Kayla nodded. With exaggerated motions, she began to carefully undress, dropping her borrowed clothes in a pile next to the couch. When she was naked, she opened the box Eric handed her.

"Hmmm... neat..." She giggled, finding a complete outfit waiting for her. As Eric stood to one side, an odd grin on his face, she began to dress.

First came the white Spanish-lace thigh-high nylons. Carefully, Kayla pulled them on, obsessively making sure that the patterned rhinestone-studded seam along the outside of each leg was straight.

Next, she worked the French-cut white lace panties into place, followed by the white garter-belt. It took several tries to get the three garters on each side clipped to the tops of they stockings, but she finally managed.

Then she lifted out the hot-pink satin skirt. It was short and wide and frilly, and trimmed with white lace, and it was uncomfortably tight around the waist - but Eric told her not to worry about it, so she ignored it.

Then came a white sweater out of the softest wool she'd ever felt. Fuzzily, she peered in the box. "Where's th'shirt?"

"You don't need a shirt." Eric told her, so she pulled the sweater on. Sure enough it was so soft and fuzzy that it was very comfortable - almost too comfortable against her nipples.

Then she picked up the shoes in the bottom of the box - and giggled. "No way..." She said, holding them up. "I can't wear these!"

"Oh - just see if they fit..." Eric urged, so she laboriously put them on.

They were 'Mary Janes'. In hot pink. With a five-inch tall, inwardly-sloping platform on the sole and a fifteen-inch tall spike heel on the back.

Sure enough, when she tried to stand Eric had to catch her. She doubted whether she could balance on them, stone cold sober.

"See...?" She giggled, reaching down to take them off.

"Hey - just leave them on for now." Eric said. "It's not like we're going anywhere right now." Kayla frowned. "Huh? Though we were gonna go to the lab..."

Eric laughed. "Not with you stinking drunk!" HE leaned down. "Here - I'll carry you into the living room, and you can watch a movie and sober up, okay."

"Kay.." She agreed. He slid his massively muscled arms under her body and lifted her easily, carrying her into the living room and placing her on the end of the couch, where she could lean against the arm.

"Thas a weir' place to put a mirror..." She said, pointing to the large mirror beside the TV. "I can see mysel' innit."

"That's nice." Eric said. "Here, to help you sober up, here's some diet shakes to drink. You just drink up and watch the movie, and I'll get changed and be back in a bit so we can go - okay?"

Kayla shook her head, trying to clear it. She looked at the large box full of small pop-can-like containers with a frown. "Shoul' I?" She asked, trying to figure out why the thought of drinking something felt... wrong.

"Oh, I know you're enjoying being drunk..." Eric said with a smile. "But if you want to go to the lab, you have to sober up. You do want to go to the lab, right?"

"Righ'!" She agreed, emphatically. Leaning over, she grabbed the first can and popped open the top, taking a long drink of the warm, thick liquid inside.

"Okay - See you in a bit." Eric said, hitting 'play' on the remote. Tucking it into his robe's pocket, he left the room.

Looking at the TV, Kayla's gaze was momentarily distracted by the mirror, and she looked at her pink-and white reflection. "Hmmm... look cute, don' I?" She asked herself. "oh, well, is juz for a while longer..."

Trying to take a sip of her drink, she found the can was empty, so she tossed it aside and open another one as the FBI warning vanished and the movie started - with a heavy, cheesy soundtrack. As she watched, the screen filled with naked, writhing bodies, over which the poorly-formed words 'Night Nurse Nymphos' appeared.

"Hey, is a porn movie.." She giggled. The movie started, and she leaned back and sipped at her drink. There was no real plot line, and she found her attention wandering back to the mirror, where she looked at herself again.

Dressed in the clothes she was wearing, you couldn't tell she was a guy. She had a figure that was all woman... in fact, she looked like your average, everyday, run-of-the-mill woman. No supermodel or Playmate, sure, but not ugly, either. Sort of

'unfinished' looking, maybe, with slightly too-big hands, feet, nose and shoulders, a waist on the thick side, and hips on the slender. Of course, the clothes helped - you didn't see many women wearing clothes this feminine, really....

Then a heavy beat and a twanging music drew her eyes back to the screen, and she giggled - it was a sex scene. She watched a supposed nurse as she found an excuse to take a man's temperature... by sucking on his cock....

She was vaguely aware of Eric coming in and saying something, but she didn't really register what he said - she was too busy watching the actress slurp on the guy's slick shaft. Numbly, she took what he handed her, and barely noticed when he left, as the doctor arrived to take the nurse's temperature.. anally...

* * * * * the VCR 'clunked' as it reached the end of the tape, and began rewinding automatically.

Kayla blinked and shook her head - she'd zone out for a while there. Oh, well, at least it had allowed her to sober up...

She started to turn her head to call for Eric. and she caught sight of herself in the mirror, and she stopped dead, staring.

The woman in the mirror was a caricature of the woman she'd been when she'd arrived.

Massive, thick waves of platinum-blond hair rose from her scalp before being tied into a bundle by a huge, hot-pink bow, then cascaded down her back in an incredibly thick, heavy wave of silver-gold curls.

That massive, high, long mass of curly hair surrounded an elfin face that was dominated by huge, limpid-blue eyes surrounded by long, dark lashes and a incredibly full, bee-stung pair of lips done a high-gloss, white-rimmed shade of pink. These features all-but-obscured the tiny, upturned nose she now possessed.

Her legs were incredible. Long and shapely, they seemed to go on forever before disappearing under the hem of the ultra-short short that flared over her wide hips and full ass before clinging tightly to a tiny wasp waist.

All of this, though, was overridden by her chest. Her chest - which looked like she was trying to smuggle a pair of beach-balls under her sweater.

All of the sudden, Kayla became aware of dozen of sensations she'd somehow accepted without question. She'd felt them - but they hadn't set off any alarms in her mind. Only after seeing herself was she suddenly aware of the heavy pull of her gigantic, thick masses of silky hair. Of the odor of perfume. Of the flow of air over her incredibly long, sexy legs...

...and of the weight of her massive, firm boobs, encased in an equally massive bra of some sort. Dimly, she realized that she'd put the massive white-lace bra on, just as she'd done her makeup and replaced her old earring with massive, hot-pink-and-white ones.

"Oh.. My... God. " She said, stunned - and heard the words emerge in a high-pitched soprano voice.

"Eric!" She called, rising from the couch and heading toward the door - and then stopping to stare down at her feet.

She was wearing those ridiculously high heeled shoes - and balancing in the easily. More than that, she was walking in them - in short, insipid little steps.

"Something wrong, Kayla?" Eric asked, entering the room. Though at least an hour had passed, he was still clad in that tiny bathrobe. "Wrong?!" She asked in that high-pitched new voice that sounded like it had never said anything intelligent. "Look at me, Eric! *Giggle*" Her hand flew to her glossy pink lips as the high-pitched giggle escaped, involuntarily.

"Hmmm... you do look a little different." Eric said.. then grinned. "But damned sexy?"

"D'ya really thing so, Honey?" Kayla asked, brightly, putting her hands behind her back and gripping one wrist with the other hand - which caused her already huge tits to strain against her sweater. Then she blinked, the huge, insipid grin that had surfaced fading a little.

"Something wrong?" Eric asked again.

Kayla blinked, trying to figure out what felt 'off'... but unable to find anything. Dismissing it, she went back to making her point. "Dontcha think maybe we should, like, head to the.. uh, you know?"

"The lab" Eric asked, blinking. "Why do you want to go to the lab, Kayla?" "Well, *duh*, silly!" Kayla said, rolling her eyes. "So I can, you know, be a guy!" Eric seemed confused. "You want to be a guy, Kayla?"

Kayla giggled. "You think I want to have big, huge boobies, Eric?": She asked. Reaching up, she began to fondle her massive, sweater- encased tits to emphasize her words. "I mean, like, who want huge, round, sexy boobies that make guys drool? Really big, sensitive titties like these?"

"Oh, I'm sure they're not as big, sexy or sensitive as you seem to think, Kayla." Eric said, dismissively.

Kayla was upset that Eric didn't seem to be taking this seriously. She had to make him understand. Reaching down, she grasped the edge of the sweater, and peeled it off over her head, revealing the massive, lacy bra that more accented her massive, firm bust then supported it. Quickly, she undid the clasp with her long, gloss-pink nails and let it drop to the floor.

"See ho huge and round my bobbies are?" She asked, sliding her hands over the taut, smooth surface of her gigantic, spherical mounds. "See how.. oh!.. sensitive they are...?"

She began to massage the massive, pink nipples that tipped her gigantic, incredibly round tits.

"These titties are fuck-toy titties!" She explained to Eric. "They.. mmmm. make men want to see my boobies! Touch them and.. oh!.. fuck them. "

"Well. " Eric said, doubtfully. "They do seem rather large - but they're probably hard as rocks, and guys won't like to do anything with them."

"Large?": She giggled in annoyance. "They're hug titties, Eric. And guys will so want to suck them and touch them!" Stepping forward, she thrust her chest out.

"Go ahead, touch my big, sexy boobies, Eric!" She challenged him. "Touch them and suck them!"

Shrugging, Eric reached out, his massive, thick hands not even coming close to being able to enclose each gigantic, spherical breast as he began to massage them indifferently.

"You have to do it harder!" She said, annoyed at him. "You have to rub and squeeze my boobies! You have to.. oh! Yes, that's better..

.You have to suck on my nipples, Eric and.. mmm, yes, like that... keep doing that. "

Gasping and moaning, she proved her point to Eric, letting him fondle her massive tits with his big, strong hands and suck on her huge, super-sensitive nipples for a long time. Finally, he seemed to have finished, and he pulled away.

"Well, was that enough for you to see how big and sexy my boobies are?" She challenged him with a giggle. "Maybe you should do it for longer!"

"Well. " Eric said. "I'm not completely sold on that - but tits alone aren't enough to make you so upset about this."

"Well, how about my lips then?" She asked, licking them slowly to demonstrate. "they're so big and full and sexy, like they're just made for kissing men!"

"Oh, I bet they're too big to kiss a man well. " Eric said, scornfully.

"Nuh-uh!" She retorted. "See. ?"

Throwing herself in his arms, she grabbed his head and pulled it down so she could show him just how kissable these lips of hers were. She made sure to give it her all to convince him, kissing him long and deep and hungrily, then breaking off with a giggle.

"See?"

Eric didn't look convinced. "Come on - you can't tell me that you still want to be a man?"

She sighed. "Well, yeah, Eric. I'm, like, so sexy and girly. I wanna be, like, you know, a guy, right?"

Eric blinked, and began to look worried. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather stay a woman?"

"What?" She asked, annoyed he was being so dense. Idly, she began to massage her massive chest. "Like are you, like, stupid or something today? Why would I wanna be, like, a super-sexy sex-doll who makes men horny?"

His worried look grew. "Maybe you're still confused. Why don't we see about the tits and the kissing again...?"

"Sure!" She agreed with a huge grin, glad that she could once more prove that this body was just way to sexy and feminine. She put her all into it, making sure to show him all the major, super-sexy flaws with this ridiculously sexy body. This time, it took nearly twenty minutes, and they ended up sitting on the couch as the kiss finally broke.

"So - I bet you don't want to be a man anymore, right?" Eric asked with a grin. Kayla rolled her eyes. "Of course I do, Eric!"

Eric began to look worried again... then, a strange smile came to his face.

"Well... we could go to the lab if you like - or we could stay here and you could suck on this..." Leaning back, he untied his robe - and let his enormous, throbbing cock free.

It was gigantic, it's dark shaft laced with thick purple veins that matched the color of it's massive head. It thrust skyward from his crotch, throbbing in time with his heartbeat.

Like, gross!" She said, recoiling. "Like, as if I'd, like, do something sexual with a guy! That's really sick, Eric - I wouldn't even kiss a guy, much less... Much..."

She began to frown... then his eyes widened as he shot up from the couch and staggered backwards atop his outrageous heels.

"But.. I did kiss... twice.. and my boobies - I mean, breasts.. and..." Kevin shook his head, trying to hold on to the revelation. "What.. what's happening Eric...? Eric?! You.. You're Ellen, and I.. I'm Kay.. Kevin..."

Eric looked at her from the couch - then smiled, though there was a nervous edge to it. His voice was as mellow as he could make it.

"Look at you, babe. You ain't no Kevin - and I sure as hell ain't no skinny chick obsessed with computers. We are who we are - and, man, it's better this way. You just stop fighting your new personality, and become my little sex-toy. You and me, we'll have a lot of fun."

"No...!" Kevin said, backing further away from the stranger on the couch. "No, this.. this is all wrong.. You... What's happened to you, Ellen...?"

"I ain't no fuckin' Ellen no more!" Eric screamed at her, body tensing... and then he relaxed. "I tell you, I got hungry waitin' for you, babe. So, I had an apple. Just one little apple... but then, I just couldn't stop from havin' another.. and another - then I couldn't stop eating everything. Came a point.. I didn't want to stop, not anymore. Why be some skinny white broad who never gets any, when I can be.. this?"

He waved a hand up and down his body to illustrate - then chuckled.

"Especially when I know I can have the perfect little girlfriend. I know, because I made you, girl. I made that body - and I made the mind you're trying to fight. I wanted to play some games with you, in that there virt'l world we was gonna play in. See, that 'bar' we were gonna be going to was a strip club. I thought it's be a blast to do some things. Like, program you with all sorts of sexy skills. And make you not-to-smart. I even programmed in some stuff that gives you urges to find 'good reasons' to show off your body an' stuff... but I bet you already noticed that."

"You... I..." Kevin stammered, looking a way to escape. To late, he knew the truth - the persona he'd put in as a joke had taken up residence in Ellen's body, the person on the couch knew that he'd once been Ellen, was still - at some basic level - Ellen.

Something had happened, though, something Kevin had never expected, something that showed the real flaw and danger of mind- tampering, even in the 'safe' confines of the sim, had it worked.

Ellen had hated herself. She hadn't like who she was. Her simulated environments were really a way to seek escape from herself - and now, Ellen had found the escape. She'd fought it, because she hadn't been 'suicidal' - but once she'd begun to taste 'Eric', she'd thrown herself whole-heartedly into the character. The person on the couch wasn't exactly Ellen - but it wasn't the two-dimensional character that was the best the Sim could construct. It was a complex personality, with all of Ellen's living intelligence in it - and it wanted to finish the job on Kevin, making him into the two-dimensional 'bimbo' character 'Kayla'.

However, unlike Ellen/Eric - Kevin didn't want to be Kayla, not on any level - and so he had a fighting chance of maintaining his mind... "You.. you can't make me be your.. your sex toy!" Kevin said, defiantly - which was marred by the high-sweet tones of his new voice.

Huge, throbbing cock still erect, Eric leaned back in the couch.

"That's where you're wrong, honey." He said, confidently. "My first plan was kinda kind, actually. After all, if 'Kayla' had taken over, you wouldn't have even realized you were acting differently. You would have thought it was all you idea to do this stuff - and you would have enjoyed it. Since you're fighting that, though, I'm glad I put some stuff in that program so I could have some fun - it's one of the good things about being the programmer. So... dance for me, *Kayla Kumslut!*"

"Like hell I..." Kevin started to answer - then stopped...

....because his body had began to sway to unheard music, and he began to dance in a sexy-innocent style fitting a brainless bimbo too dumb to realize how much of a bimbo she was. Kevin felt his huge new tits sway and bounce as he helplessly moved, felt the flow and glide of the muscles in his new legs and ass as he effortless swayed atop the impossible heels he wore.

"Wha.. what's happening...?" Kevin cried, horrified at the inability to control his body.

"Mind Control Subroutine. One of the... *extra's* I threw in..." Eric laughed. "Now - Lactate, Kayla Kumslut!"

Kevin gasped as he felt a pressure growing in his enormous new tits - and then a thin stream of warm, white liquid began to dribble from each huge, swollen nipple. The trickle soon became a stream - then a gushing jet, thick stream shooting a dozen feet from each nipple and soaking the carpet as he continued helplessly dancing.

"Tsk, tsk - what a waste." Eric admonished with a grin. "Drink up your milk, Kayla..." "No, I...!" Kevin started to reply.

The grin fading a bit, Eric said, "Kumslut! You will obey all my verbal orders. Now - drink your milk!"

"I.." Kevin started to argue - then had to stop as he helplessly grabbed one massive tit and brought the gushing nipple to his mouth. A stream of warm milk splashed across his face before he got the nipple between his incredibly full lips and began to suck on it...

...all the while still swaying to unheard music.

Eric laughed - hard. Finally, he said, "That's enough. Stop dancing, sucking and lactating, Kumslut." Kevin helplessly obeyed.

"Now, Kayla - come over here!" Eric ordered, and, helpless to refuse, Kevin did so. "Kneel!"

Once more, Kevin found his new body obeying. "Please, Ell.. Eric! Stop this!" Eric grinned. "You want to suck my cock now, Kayla?"

"No!" Kevin said, pleading. "Please, don't make me suck your cock. I.. I'll do anything, just..." "Suck my cock, Kumslut!" Eric ordered.

"..don't make me.. umpf!" His plea for mercy was cut short as he helplessly leaned forward, his massive tits resting on Eric's knees as she enveloped the massive head of his gigantic organ with her 'cock-sucker' lips. Mechanically, she began to suck him off.

Kevin felt like he wanted to die as he helplessly bobbed his head up and down 'another' man's cock filling his mouth, his newly feminine hands wrapped around the massive throbbing shaft...

"Act like you enjoy sucking my cock, Kumslut!"

Instantly, the rhythm and pattern began to change - and to all appearances 'she' was massively enthusiastic about sucking the cock, making moans of pleasure in her throat as she expertly and energetically sucked him, tongue working overtime as her hands played his cock like a living flute...

...and then he came. A huge, thick river of hot, salty cum flowed into her mouth, and she began to gag and spit, yanking her mouth from the tip of his huge organ as cum splattered on her face and the upper slopes of her milky mountains...

"Swallow it!" Eric gasped. "Swallow my cum...!"

Helplessly, Kevin bent forward again and he found himself gulping down the salty, disgusting goo until Eric's cock went dry - and then Kevin had to obey the order to lick the massive, slowly softening organ clean.

"Well, not bad..." Eric said, with a grin. "Enjoy it?"

"Oh, God..." Kevin gasped - and then broke into tears of shame and disgust.

"Oh, that upset you?" Eric laughed. "Well... here's something for you that might make you feel different. Wait right here." Helplessly, Kevin could do nothing but crouch there and sob as Eric went off. He returned a few minutes later... holding a needle. "This is a hypnotic compound." Eric informed Kevin. "It puts the conscious mind asleep... for about four hours. Now hold still..." Kevin couldn't so much as twitch as Eric injected him.

"There..." Eric said. "Now, when it kicks in, you - 'Kevin' will fall into a trance, unaware of what's going on - leaving 'Kayla' in full control of your body. Of course, without your intelligence, she'll be as dumb as a doorknob when it comes to anything I didn't program her to do... but that's okay."

Kevin was horrified - but the thought of a 'temporary' escape was welcome. Eric might 'use' the body he was forced to live in while he was 'away', but it was better than being forced to live through it.

"It's a shame... I can only inject you once a day, or you'd OD." Eric said, grinning. "Here's the best part, though - when you wake up, you'll remember everything 'Kayla' did, in vivid detail..."

Kevin was unable to even scream at the thought of the living hell his life had become.

"Oh, yes... We're gonna have some fun with you..." Eric laughed, as the world grayed out for 'Kevin'. "All sorts of fun..." Then Kevin was no more...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: An experiment goes haywire when there is a power outage, and what is supposed to be a very temporary experience turns into an unwanted transformation into the opposite sex. part 3

Part III - Helpless & Humiliated

Kevin. 'came to'.

It wasn't the right expression. It was closer then 'woke up', though not by much. Quite simply, Kevin had no words with which to correctly reference the experience as his mind came out of the trance that he was in.

He 'came to' in complete darkness, outrageously proportioned body stiff and awkward, pained by cramps and by constriction, all of which was acerbated by the bump-and-shuffle of motions, accompanied by the low hum of an engine, mostly overridden by a tinny AM radio currently playing Alphaville's 'Forever Young'.

The thing was - as each experience registered on the male mind trapped within the overly-feminine body, Kevin instantly and completely understood it's significance and it's origin. It wasn't exactly like remembering something he'd forgotten, but like he was 'remembering' something he'd never known. It might be how a true telepath might feel prodding through another's' person's mind, reading another's' memories - because that was more or less what Kevin was doing. He was reading the mind and memories of 'Kayla', his unwanted alter-ego, the one that matched the body that had been forced upon him.

Ellen, the secretly self-hating woman who'd unwittingly drawn herself and Kevin into this predicament, now Eric, a huge black man happy with the change, had planned ahead. She/he had only completely changed less then a hour before Kevin/Kayla's arrival at his house - but had put that time to good use, as Kevin could no plainly see from the memories that assaulted his mind, forcing their awareness into his brain - and making him want to scream and cry at his fate - and what his 'alter-ego' had willingly done to seal it.

The darkness that Kevin's limpid blue new eyes could never penetrate came from the hot-pink leather hood that enclosed her head, open at the top to allow her massive platinum-blond mane of hair to spill out and down her back. Kayla had been more then happy to follow Eric's request to put the odd garment on - after she'd put on the rest of the matching suit, the major cause of discomfort now.

The one-piece body-suit, also in hot-pink leather. It was complete with attached gloves, and included built-in 'ballet boots', footwear with a twelve-inch heel that made Kevin's tiny new feet point straight downwards.

On any other woman, such footwear would have been crippling, making her unable to walk - but Kayla would be able to balance on the outrageous footwear and even manage small, tottering steps - so that was why white-leather straps joined her ankles together. Another set of straps held her wrists bound together, and they in turn were locked in place against the O-ring attached to the white leather corset she wore.

All of these items were secured into place by little padlocks, whose key's Eric held. Kevin's new feminine body was locked securely in place, unable to move at all - and she'd 'willingly' - even enthusiastically - climbed into her bondage, giggling.

Eric had loaded her into the rental van he'd had delivered to his door by the rental-service that 'tried harder'. Ellen had been a computer expert, and so Eric was too - and, as he'd gloated to her as they'd left the driveway of Ellen's house, it had been simple to clean out both of their bank accounts. After all, Ellen and Kevin were dead, even if nobody knew it yet - and Eric didn't want to be around to answer the cop's questions when they finally showed up.

So, taking his little sex-slave with him, Eric was heading for points unknown...

Kevin had no idea how long they'd been in transit - without Kevin's conscious mind operating at full capacity, Kayla was little better than a moron, obsessed with her own body and the uses she could put it to. However, Eric had said that the serum lasted about four hours, and Kevin had no reason to believe Eric had been lying - after all, why bother to lie to somebody you had complete control of, body and mind, six ways from Sunday?

Beneath the leather hood, Kevin felt the shame of hot tears burning down his cheeks as she began to sob silently. The last hope was gone. She'd held to the thought that she might somehow make it to the lab and be changed back - but now they were at least for hours away from the lab, and Kevin had no idea in which direction. She had a body that couldn't possibly be linked to her old one, no ID or money, and a story that would just get her thrown into a rubber room, if she somehow managed to find a way to escape and find somebody in authority to tell it to.

Kevin was gone, beyond reach. All that was left was Kayla - or, rather, two Kaylas. Conscious Kayla, who felt the push-and-pull urges of the programmed personality implanted in her, able to fight off that part of her programming but unable to disobey her new master, Eric. Then there was Kayla, the programmed persona, always there, in control when Conscious Kayla's mind wasn't...

Her sobs were no longer silent as she acknowledged that there was no turning back. Her old life was gone forever - and she began to cry helplessly, hopelessly.

"Well, I see you're back. Kayla." Eric's deep voice rumbled in a self-satisfied chuckle. "Enjoy your short vacation? - I guess not. Tsk, tsk, you're probably smearing the hell out of your mascara, slut. "

The black cloud of despair that had begun to settle heavily upon Kayla hesitated. then was torn apart by the white-hot flame of rage that Eric's voice brought flaring back to life.

Okay, so maybe Kevin was gone for good. That didn't mean that she had to submit to being Eric's toy for the rest of her life. No - she'd already managed to defeat his initial plan, overriding the programmed persona that gnawed at the edges of her consciousness. She'd find a way out of this, too. She might be doomed to spend the rest of her life as a woman, but that left a lot of choice, if she could just get away from Eric, and his ability to control her with his words and voice, and the programmed 'triggers' in her altered psyche.

The sobbing stopped, and she forced her body as upright as possible, welcoming the burst of pain as her huge, impossible round new tits were squeezed by the too-small suit they were crammed into. Pain was good, pain focused her - and

it pushed the Kayla persona further back. Programmed Kayla was a creature of pleasures and obedience, not pain - she was two dimensional, not suited to confront the trials and tribulations of reality. That was why Kevin/Kayla hadn't lost control to the implanted persona, and it was her greatest ally in this hellish situation.

"Well..." Eric's voice said, a little less smugly. "You're timings good, anyway. We're here."

Kayla felt the van bounce and jostle as it crossed something and onto an uneven surface - gravel, from the sound the tires made. Her cramped, confined body ached with every bump, but she made no sound of complaint - no sound of any kind - as the vehicle continued along the gravel at a low speed for several minutes, then pulled to a stop with the faint squeal-whine of brake-drums rubbing.

The engine stopped and the radio - currently halfway through 'Sweet Surrender', setting Kayla's teeth on edge, given the situation - died as the engine was turned off. Kayla could only listen as Eric climbed out and walked around to the back of the van, then threw open the loading doors and began unloading whatever it was he'd packed up at the house before leaving.

With the engine off and the back doors open, the cold winter air quickly filled the interior of the boxy vehicle, cutting through the leather body-suit and into her bare skin, especially her highly sensitive nipples and the small of her back. She began to shiver, and it soon became violent as Eric continued to ignore her and unload the van. For the second time in less than twenty-four hours, she was exposed to the frigid winter air without adequate clothing, but this time she was in complete and conscious control of her mind - the last time she'd been sliding back and forth between her 'Kevin' mind and her 'Kayla' one, all the while unaware of the fact, and her thoughts had been... strange. Thoughts of the horror of her situation had mingled with pleasure at how great her engorged nipples had looked poking through the blouse she'd been wearing. Now, Kayla was only away of the discomfort.

It seemed an eternity before Eric slammed the rear doors and walked around to her door. She felt his massively muscled arms slide under her and begin to lift her...

...and she began to trash, as best she could confined as she was.

"Goddamn..>!" Eric grunted, almost dropping her - then his tone sharpened. "Kumslut. Remain perfectly still until I tell you that you can move again!"

Helplessly, Kayla felt her body lock-up as Eric's 'mental override' kicked into effect. Burning with rage and shame, she was unable to so much as lift a finger as she was carried in his newly-gained arms... but she did not that Eric's commands couldn't override involuntary actions. Her violent shivering continued unabated as he carried her through the door of a building and dropped her on something fairly soft before heading back out again.

Laying there, unable to move, Kayla could only shiver until Eric finally arrived. She herd him kneel beside her, the jingling of keys accompanying the movement - then she felt him begin unlocking the padlocks that held the zippers, snaps and clasps of the suit and restraints closed.

"Okay, Kayla, you can get that get-up off now." Eric said, implying that she was once again allowed to move. Kayla hesitated - then ostentatiously crossed her arms as best she could over her massive bust.

Eric laughed. "Not ready to give up, yet? Well, you can wear that outfit as long as you'd like..."

As defiant acts went, it was pretty pathetic - and being in bondage hardly made her situation any better. With a mental sigh, Kayla awkwardly struggled upright and peeled off the leather hood, glaring up at her tormentor, who was looming over her.

"Haven't figured out yet that I own you, bitch?" Eric laughed, teeth shining white in his dark, narrow face. "Body and soul... **AH-** *unghhhhh* "

Eric collapsed on his side, eyes wide and white in his face as he gasped for air, his hands fluttering around his crotch.

"With a long enough lever " Kayla muttered, spitefully, lowering her incredibly long, sensuously toned leg and pushing herself off the couch she was on, landing on her knees beside Eric. Quickly, she grabbed the key ring from where it lay on the floor beside him, then used the couch as support and pushed herself upright. She wavered for a second atop the tiny area that was supporting her decidedly top-heavy frame - and then she began to walk towards the door, forced to move in tiny, insipid steps that seemed to drag her 'dash' for freedom to a crawl.

"Where's a white bronco when you need one. ?" Kayla muttered to herself, seeing the door get closer and closer with agonizing slowness.

"S'op. " Eric wheezed behind her, barely audible - and Kayla's incredibly full lips curved in a wicked smile at the agony in his voice. New to being male, Eric had been stupid enough to leave his crotch unprotected - the huge, highly sensitive crotch Kayla had given him. Having been 'sacked' once or twice in her old life as a man, Kayla knew how devastating it was for normally-endowed, normally- sensitive people.

"Hu's'ud...!" Eric wheezed out, trying to form the control word that would give him access to her mind. Kayla shivered in fear...

...but the mangled wheeze wasn't enough. The 'programming' in her mind was just that, instilled by a computer - and with a computer's limitations. Knowing what he was trying to say didn't mean Kayla had to obey, because the phase hadn't actually been spoken.

"Kahluh Kuh'slud!" Eric tried again - and the shiver came stronger down Kayla's tiny back at how close he'd come to making the word understandable...

...but 'Close' only counted in horseshoes, hand grenades and thermonuclear warfare - and Kayla's hand was on the door handle.

"Adios, asshole..." Kayla said, sweetly, to Eric as she opened the door - and then stepped out, shivering as the ice-cold air of late afternoon rippled across her body. Darkness came early this time of year, and was already shrouding the land as she hurried as best she could towards the darker splotch of shadow that was the van. It would take Eric a couple of minutes to recover from the blow she'd given him - that was how long she had to make good escape.

Reaching the side of the van, she yanked open the passenger's side door and climbed in, rather than totter and teeter around the van. Sliding across, she positioned herself in the driver's seat, sliding the key's in the ignition and cranking them hard as she stepped on the gas pedal...

...or tried to. The design of her ballet boots didn't allow her to rest her heel on the floor and press her toe against the pedal. The toe was as far extended as it could be, and with the heel on the floor, her toes ended a good inch-and-a-half short of the pedal. The engine cranked, but refused to start.

"Fuck!" Kayla swore. Full, gloss-pink lips compressed in a frustrated line of concentration, she lay her left foot sidewise on the floor and adjusted the seat forward a few inches. Now able to rest her right foot atop her left one, she carefully eased her right foot forward, turning the key again.

This time, the still-warm diesel engine in the rental van roared to life. The position she was in was awkward as hell, and she had no real sense of pressure through the heel that was pushing the pedal - but it worked.

Dropping the gearshift lever into 'R', she carefully moved the booted foot forward again, and the vehicle began to creep backwards down the gravel drive. Kayla twisted to look over her shoulder...

...and the van slowed to a stop as her foot slipped off the pedal.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" She shouted, banging the steering wheel in frustration. She carefully repositioned her foot on the pedal and tried again,. Relying only on the rearview and side mirror to guide her as the van slowly crept down the drive and towards the road visible behind her.

It was working. She was going to do it! She was going to get away!

Glancing up, she saw a splash of yellow light whip across the snow as the door to the shabby cabin she'd been in swung open, Eric's massive frame outlined by the light as he looked out at her. Kayla felt her heart pound with fear as she realized that he still had a chance to run and catch up with the van, if he was willing to accept the agony that would rip through his crotch with such rapid movement...

Instead, he merely stood there as she got the van out onto the road. Back-lit, she couldn't see his expression, and Kayla wondered what he was thinking as she dropped the vehicle into drive and awkwardly crabbed the broad-side vehicle around on the shoulder so it was pointing down the secondary road. Since she had no idea where she was - or where she was going - one direction was as good as the other, and she simply picked the one that was easiest to turn to. As she very slowly accelerated

down the road, she cranked the heater up to compensate for the outfit she was wearing, and heaved a sigh of relief. She didn't know where she was going to go, or what she was going to do when she got there - but at least she was away from Eric, and that was a major improvement already. She was on her own, with only her own mind in this outrageous body - but it was her mind again, and she didn't have to worry about anybody fucking with it, controlling her actions. She was once again free.

However, there were a few... 'little' problems.

Like the fact that driving took an inordinate amount of concentration. She had to focus on keeping her foot on the gas pedal, and regulate her speed by observing the vehicle's speed - she had almost no sense of pressure to let her instinctively keep the acceleration even. If she let her attention wander for even a few seconds, she either eased up on the gas or stepped down on it, all unaware. On top of that, she had to pay very careful attention indeed to the road and any potential hazards or other reasons to stop - switching from gas to brake would be tough enough when she was ready for it. An unexpected need to stop could get her killed.

It was wearing on her quickly, struggling with intense concentration just to drive the van. The muscles in the back of her slender new neck began to bunch under the mental strain of constant, perfect concentration - yet she didn't dare relax, not for an instant. Driving for long distances in one go would be downright suicidal...

...but that wasn't a concern, since the van was low on gas anyway. Eric hadn't bothered to refill the tank, knowing they had enough to reach the cabin, and presumably make a trip to the nearest gas station. However, no matter how 'near' that station might be, it wouldn't help Kayla, since she lacked the cash to pay for more fuel. When the tank ran dry, she would be stuck - and she wouldn't get far trying to walk, not on the ballet boots.

She'd have to find some place to stop before the tank was dry, somewhere she might be able to find some help. She didn't know how she was going to come up with cash to keep running, much less to make a new life for herself - though, in the back of her mind, 'Programmed Kayla' was more than willing to point out that she could make good cash as a stripper, since she had the implanted skills necessary to be a spectacular exotic dancer, and a figure to match.

With a grimace, Kayla acknowledged the sad fact that it would probably come to that, at least until she could earn enough to get on her feet again... so to speak.

Hunched forward over the wheel as far as her massive bust-line allowed, Kayla watched the road unfolding beneath the van's headlights, darting glances to the mirrors, speedometer and gas gauge with eyes that were already starting to feel gritty and raw.

Eric had apparently picked the middle of nowhere to start their new lives - though she passed a few outlying farms and a few closed seasonal 'tourist trap' shops, there was little sign of life and little traffic in either direction - which was actually a relief to the desperately struggling Kayla. Still, she would need to find somewhere to stop, and the prospects were looking slim - she'd hoped that Eric had located himself not too far away from a small town at least, for supplies at the very least.

If he had, it must lay in the other direction - but she wasn't going to risk turning around. She'd just have to push on, and hope for the best.

Twenty minutes passed, then half an hour. Grimacing, Kayla had shut off the heater and cracked the window to help keep herself alert as the strain of driving wore on her. A couple of times she'd passed gas stations, mostly mom-and-pop operations with attached general stores or diners - but the gas bar or each had been the only part open, the subsidiary business closed, and she had no use for a gas station when she couldn't pay for fuel.

She was beginning to wonder what would run out first - her gas, or her ability to concentrate as much as she needed to. It was beginning to become a close race on that score, the needle edging the big 'E', the red warning light flashing whenever she climbed a hill, indicating the tank was that close to empty - but so where her mental reserves.

Then, off to the right, she spotted a garish pool of orange-yellow Sodium-light spilled out around a largish building. Removing her foot from the gas, Kayla let the vehicle slow as she peered at the building she was approaching, surrounded by a parking lot dotted with rusting pick-ups and garishly-colored eighties-vintage sports cars ill-suited to the winter driving they must be put through.

There was no doubt about it - it was some kind of roadhouse. Not exactly the most promising place for somebody in her situation - but she really didn't have much choice in the matter. Turning the wheel, she let the van round the wide entrance and roll into the parking lot. Not bothering to re-situate her booted foot against the pedal, she aimed the van at a fairly empty section of the lot and simply let it roll to a stop, never having had to touch the brakes once on the entire thirty-five minute long drive.

Shutting off the engine, Kayla started to pocket the keys - then stopped dead as she realized that neither the skin-tight, one-piece outfit or the white leather corset over it had any pockets.

Sighing, she started to work the key-ring itself through the O-ring set into the corset, cursing her long, gloss-pink nails as she struggled...

"What the fuck am I doing?" Kayla asked herself suddenly - and had to laugh wearily at her own slavish reaction to habits. Shaking her head, she slid the keys back into the ignition and opened the door. When the dome light flared to life, she reached up and felt around for the little switch on the side of it, finally finding it. She flicked it off, to keep it from draining the battery, then climbed out of the van carefully, getting her balance atop stiff, cramped legs that made the task of standing on the ballet boots that more difficult.

Finally getting a feel for her balance, she began to make her way towards the roadhouse, leaving the door to the van wide open, an open invitation to any thief who might want it, and good riddance. It was useless to her now, even if she could get some kind Samaritan to fill the tank for her - it was a rental vehicle, and not only could it be tracked by Eric, it could land

her in jail if she kept it too long and the rental agency got worried. Better she should find some rides to get her further away from Eric.

Shivering violently, Kayla finally reached the door to the roadhouse and she pulled it open.

Yellow light spilled out the open door, accompanied by a draft of warm, smoke-laden air that carried the sound of New Country out into the frigid air. Holding onto the door jamb for balance, Kayla watched her feet as she carefully stepped up the low step into the building and let the door swing shut behind her...

...and looked up to find that she'd become the center of attention, about half of the establishment's thirty-or-forty, mostly-male patrons turning to gape at her as she stood, carefully balanced, just inside the door.

And why shouldn't they? Kayla thought wearily to herself. After all, she could hardly be an everyday sight to them.

Balanced atop boots the like of which they'd probably never seen, further enhancing the sensuous contours of her incredibly long, luscious legs and the arousing curvature of her spectacular ass, all covered by skin-tight glossy pink leather that highlighted rather than hid. She wore a tight white leather corset that was cinched around her tiny waist, allowing her massive, round boobies to be all the more noticeable by contrast, even constrained as they were by the painfully tight garment. And, topping off this incredibly endowed, curvaceous package, a sexy, dim-witted-looking face with incredibly full lips and huge blue eyes, all surrounded by a massive, thick wealth of curly platinum-blond hair.

Sure the guys were staring - who wouldn't...?

Nearest to the door was a large table in a pseudo-frontier style, its heavily varnished surface scarred by cigarette burns and hard use. Seated around it were three young men of college age - though they hardly looked like college material. The tallest of the three was also the beefiest, heavy of built and layered with muscles that argued against the noticeable beer-gut straining against his flannel shirt. To his right was a shorter, more fit version of him, right down to the greasy dark hair, marking him as a brother maybe a year younger. The third young man was lighter in coloration, with hair somewhere between dirty blond and muddy brown, and he was whip-cord thin, with a too-large nose and dark, sorrowful eyes that - like his companions - were focused on her...

...or, at least, her massive titties.

Slowly, the rangy youth began to rise, making none-too-subtle gestures to the brothers to follow suit. Looking a bit baffled, the beefy brothers also rose.

"Would you care to join us, uh, miss?" The thin one said, trying a charming smile on for size. It didn't sit too well on his face, though.

"Actually..." Kayla's trilling soprano said, sounding to sweet and alert for how she felt, "I was kinda hoping for somewhere a little less.. public..." She looked around at the men gaping at her, more then a moment before as friends nudged their drinking companions and pointed. A low murmuring was rapidly filling the bar.

The older brother jerked a thick thumb towards the back of the bar. "There's a private room in the back." "Yeah." Kayla said. "that's be, like, a lot better."

"This way..." The thin one said, gesturing. With simpering little steps, Kayla headed in the direction indicated - and became aware that she had an entourage, the three young men.

She started to explain that they'd misunderstood, and she didn't want any company - then stopped herself. If she flat-out turned away these guys, others would try to put the moves on her, and at least these guys were acting kinda nice. Besides, she was broke, and maybe they'd be willing to buy her something to eat - she was tired and hungry and sore, and alleviating even one of those conditions would be nice.

The back room turned out to be private indeed - about the size of most peoples living rooms, it had a thick wooden door that the bigger brother had to use quite a bit of 'oomph' to open.

It was also the tackiest room that Kayla had ever seen. Big, wide couches in a horrible off-gray lined the walls, which themselves were covered with burgundy deep-pile carpets that clashed horribly with the once-white carpeting on the floor. In the center of the room was a raised area that contained a open-hearth metal fireplace that was painted that particular shade of orange that the Sixties had managed to spawn.

The mingled odors in the room told Kayla all she needed to know about the reason for the heavy door and the decor - the sharp, nearly- pine scent of marijuana mixed with stale sweat, booze and cigar smoke.

One corner of the room was more 'cozy' then the others, three of the big, deep and worn-soft couches forming a open-ended square around a low, badly scarred coffee table. Gratefully, Kayla teetered over to the center one and dropped into it's deep, squeaking embrace, putting her booted feet up on the table and letting them flop to the side, legs spread comfortable apart.

"Oh, that's better..." She sighed, grinning with her eyes closed. "These boots really kill after awhile, even if they do look great."

She opened her eyes and watched the three guys sit down. The two brothers picked separate couches, dropping into them on the ends nearest to her, the crotches of their matching jeans momentarily outlining matching bulges of good-sized packages.

The thin one nudged the younger brother over, to the other end of the couch, and sat next to Kayla, his crotch bulging even more then the brothers was.

"So, I'm Carl, and these two are John..." He nudged the younger one, who waved self-consciously, then pointed to the elder, "...and James."

"Kayla." She introduced herself.

"So..." Carl said in a tone indicating he was broaching a delicate subject, and Kayla mentally sighed... except he surprised her. "...would you care to, uh. relax?"

Reaching into a pocket, he extracted a small baggy full of a dried green substance Kayla doubted was Oregano. She looked at it for a few seconds, wondering why she didn't immediately refuse - she had never really used drugs of any kind, if you didn't count the ones that had made her what she was.

On the other hand, she was in a lousy situation, and maybe this is just what she needed to relax.

"Sure, sounds fun!" She said with a giggle. "I've never really done this, okay? So don't laugh if I, like, cough and stuff."

"No, that's all right. " Carl assured her as he set about to rolling a joint. Before long, he had one rolled, and he slid the baggy over to

John as he pulled out a Zippo and lit up the small, neatly rolled tube. He took a long drag, inhaling the fragrant smoke and holding his breath as he leaned closer to Kayla and held out the joint.

She leaned forward to carefully take it from him, getting the delightful musky smell of male essence from him as she smiled at him nicely and accepted the joint. Still leaning forward, she brought it top her full, soft lips and tentatively started a draw and sucked deeply on it, filling her lungs to capacity and holding the smoke easily despite the slight tickle in the back of her throat.

'Smoking' must be included in her personality, she guessed with a faint smile as she held her breath for a minute then slowly exhaled, pushing the smoke from between her lips in a thin stream and watching it float towards the ceiling - which she noted was mirrored, which occasioned a surprised giggle.

"Neat..." She told Carl with a grin, which he returned. She also made sure to smile at the brothers so they wouldn't feel left out and get upset. Then, taking another hit, she leaned back in the couch and felt herself beginning to relax as the drug started to effect her.

Sighing the smoke out this time, she closed her eyes and let her head roll back as she savored feeling good for the first time today. If only she didn't feel so sore from the constraints of her suit on her tits...

Well, that was simple enough to solve, wasn't it? Reaching up, she unzipped the zipper of her suit down to the top of her corset. The pressure of her huge boobies pushed the material apart, revealing a vast canyon of cleavage and letting the inside curves of her massive titties push upwards and outwards into the gap, like a push-up bra.

One of the guys went into a coughing fit suddenly, and she giggled softly at that, easily guessing what had occasioned it. Eyes still closed, she held out a hand, and she felt Carl put the joint between her questing fingers.

Taking another long hit, she idly began to massage her sore boobs with her free hand - then handed the joint back and used both, softly massaging her tits through the leather, easing some of the pain.

Yes - much better. She felt nice and relaxed, and massaging her huge, round boobies felt so nice. Lifting her legs, she swung around so that she could lay back on the couch, a smile on her lips at how good she felt after such a nasty day.

Opening her eyes, she gazed up at the mirror ceiling, and the reflection it showed. She giggled.

"Gee, my boobies are just so huge..." She giggled. "So huge and round and sensitive. they're just made for fondling!"

Kayla watched in the mirror as Carl got up and came to stand beside her. Thoughtfully, he unlaced the side lacing of her corset, and she arched her back to let him remove it, letting her head roll to the side...

She found himself looking at the crotch of his jeans, where his cock was bulging the fabric.

"That's can't be comfortable. " She giggled. One good turn deserved another, So Kayla reached out and undid Carl's fly and pushed his jeans and underwear down so his nice cock wouldn't be all crunched up like. It sprang out, hard and thick and throbbing.

"My, you're big. " Kayla said, reaching out to run her fingers lightly along it's throbbing, veined length. It looked so nice and sweet jutting out like that, she could just kiss it.

So she did. Holding his cock near the base, she gently drew Carl closer and lightly pressed her lips against it.

It felt so nice - and there was an extra gift, the flavor, which was heavenly - so Kayla opened her mouth and sucked the wonderful, sweet cock into her mouth, enjoying the taste and feel of it, it's warmth against her tongue.

Since she had it in her mouth anyway, it only made sense to give this nice guy a blow-job, so that's what she did.

Closing her eyes, she used her hand to get Carl to begin bucking his hips, sending his cock sliding back and forth of her lips as she slurped and licked the end of it. Her hands went to work massaging the shaft of his wonderful big cock - while the nice man fondled her big old boobies for her, which felt really good.

It didn't take Carl long at all. She must really turn him on because he came so quick, which was great - his wonderful, warm cum filled her mouth, and she slurped it down hungrily before licking his cock clean.

"Mmmm..." She grinned. "That was wonderful." "Yeah.." He said, smiling at her in return.

"Jesus, man!" James said, and she looked at him. He was staring at her, wide eyed." You just... sucked him off. Right here, in front of us! Jeez!"

She smiled at him. "Oh, don't be mad. I'll suck you, too 0 both of you, if you want. You're such nice guys and all, and I do love sucking a cock..."

"Damn!" John said, eyes wide. "What are you, some sort of nympho cocksucker?" "I'm just me, silly!" Kayla giggled. "Kayla Kumslut, with a body just right for sex!" "Kumslut?" The three guys echoed as one...

...and she looked around at them, suddenly realizing just how wonderful they all were. They were... perfect. "Yes, I'm a hungry little cumslut, and I'll do whatever you want!" She giggled.

"Really?" John said, all but drooling. "then, damn - I want to fuck you!"

"Okay!" She agreed. Sitting up, she peeled off her outfit, loving making her masters.. the guys, she meant, silly her - drool. Standing up, she walked over to John, who was hastily disrobing, blushing at being naked in front of his brother and friend...

...which was amazing, since she didn't think he'd have any blood to spare, what with his cock being so hard and deep purple. "Anything for you..." Kayla cooed as she got on the couch, straddling him...

...and then she plunged herself down on his cock, gasping with pleasure as his wonderful organ filled her sopping wet cunt. Flexing the long muscles of her even longer legs, she began to ride him.

"that's it, baby - fuck me hard..." John gasped - and she knew that she had to do just that. Obeying, she worked her rhythm so she almost - but not quite - slid of his cock at the top of her arc - and then slammed herself back down on his cock, repeating the action over and over as he gasped and moaned in obvious pleasure, which made her feel great.

Huge tits bouncing and swaying, she rode John to orgasm, feeling him shoot his load into her cunt as her pussy tightened around his cock as she threw her head back and screamed out her own orgasm, body shaking and shimmering as the ecstasy ran through her.

"Was that okay?" She asked John, worried, as she finished coming down from her own orgasm. "I came too soon. I should have waited until you came first. I'm sorry..."

"No - you were great..." John assured her, numbly. Her smile blossomed anew as she slid from his slowly softening cock and faced his brother.

"What can I do for you...?" She asked, arching her back to better display her perfect body for him.

"Baby, I wanna fuck your tits..." James said, and she lay down on the couch and pushed her huge, sweat-slicked mounds together as he stripped and mounted her supine figure...

* * * * *

Kayla blinked and stared up at the off-white stucco ceiling above her, feeling the sheets of a bed beneath her naked for as she tried to figure out where she was. Then it came to her in a flash 0- she was back at the cabin, where she'd had Carl drive her after a night of...

Rolling over, she got to her hands and knees, her back arching as she dry-heaved at the memory of fucking and sucking the guys long into the night.

"Hmmm..." Eric's smug voice came from the doorway. "I hope that's not morning sickness, dear - after all, you didn't use any protection..."

Dropping back to the bed, Kayla stared up at him with haunted eyes. "What.. what did you do to me...?" Eric laughed. "I didn't do anything, Kayla. It's a side-effect - and a great one, at that."

"What..?" She asked, with a whimper.

He laughed again. "Whenever you start to get tired, and begin to loose concentration - Kayla starts to surface. The more tired - or drunk, or stoned - you get, the more control she has... until she's all there is."

"Oh, god..." Kayla sobbed, understanding, now, that there was no escaping the mental programming in her. Every night, she was going to begin to slip into 'Kayla Kumslut' mode, and if she were alone in life, another night like last night would be the result.

"So, you begin to understand." Eric grinned. "You can leave anytime you want, honey - but within a month, I guarantee you'll be living as a street whore, and end up pregnant before too long - you're just too stupid to worry about protection."

"No..." She whimpered into the pillow, stricken.

"Well, my plan for you wasn't so tough." Eric said. "I figured you would live with me. I'd take care of all your worries - give you a place to live, feed you, clothe you.. and pimp you. A couple of clients a day - for a high fee, of course. Between times, you keep me happy and keep the place clean... and maybe once in a while do a private show as a stripper, which might or might not end up with some hard fucking and sucking afterwards - depends how much they're willing to pay."

"No. " She moaned again, the tears flowing freely.

"At least I'd keep you from getting pregnant, or worse." Eric said, smoothly. "More then that - you behave nice, I'll treat you nice. You be good, and I'll take you out for dinner or a movie as a special treat. Take you shopping."

She just continued to sob into her pillow - and then he spoke the magic words. "Hell - I'll even let you keep ten percent. All yours, in cash."

Slowly, her head came up from the pillow, and she looked at him.

"I mean it." He said, with a shrug. "Let's face it - you ain't gonna be this hot forever. These bodies might be created, but they're human bodies - you'll age. I figure, you save up some money, and when I don't want you around any more, you could leave peacefully, and I don't get no grief. It's worth ten percent for that."

She felt hope blossom - then fade.

"What does it matter?" She sobbed. "I'd just be a whore on the streets anyway." Eric's laughter drew her eyes to him again.

"Kayla, if I tell you to do something, you HAVE to do it - and the other Kayla would do it without even thinking about it. That's the way you're programmed. So, what do you think would happen if I ordered the other Kayla to leave you alone. ?"

She stared at him, wide eyed. "Then.. But... I would, if..." She paused. "How.. how long before you wouldn't want me to. anymore?"

He shrugged, looking her over. "Oh, pro'ly ten years, maybe fifteen." A decade and a half. Fifteen years as his private hooker...

...or a lifetime as a slut, unable to control herself for any longer then it took her to get tired. "I... I..." She stammered. "Okay.. I'll do it."

"Well, now, maybe you will and maybe you won't." Eric laughed. "Remember, this all means you got to be nice to me. For the clients, I can give them 'Mind-Controlled Kayla', and maybe even 'Bimbo Kayla'... but for me, I want you to do it without me having to fight you about it. No command words, no waitin' for you to get tired - I want you to do it. All by your lonesome. You want this life.. then you make me think that I'm making you the happiest, horniest woman in the world by doing this for you."

Kayla's eyes widened and she stared at him. He was grinning down at her, and she knew what he really wanted - he wanted to subjugate her, to control her in a way more fundamental then the power he held over her.

He didn't just want to be able to control her actions, making her perform unwillingly - he wanted to break her, make her be his 'willing' little slut, living to make him happy.

She took a long, deep breath - then slowly rose.

"thank you for letting me stay, baby..." She forced out, her voice trembling. "I'm so happy you're going to take care of me..." "Really babe?" Eric asked. "Well, I take care of them that takes care of me. Now come gimme some sugar, baby."

Her whole body was trembling. She tried to lift her foot - but it wouldn't budge.

Many things had been forced on her already - but this was a conscious act. Something she would be doing by her self. She couldn't...

...but what was the other choice.

The first step took every ounce of will she had. Her body trembled like a leaf in a storm.. but she made that first step. Then the second. Then a third and a fourth - and she was there, right up against Eric's huge, muscular body, forcing herself to lifted her face upwards as he brought his down...

She kissed him. Eyes closed, she desperately tried to pretend that she was a guy, and he was the girl, and the huge breasts she felt between them was 'hers'... but the sensations argued against it. She forced herself to go on, to kiss him, to let her tongue move with his...

He broke the kiss before long.

"Gee, Kayla - that wasn't very good." HE said. "Your heart wasn't in it. Maybe you're not happy kissing me - maybe there's another guy out there you'd rather kiss. Or another thousand guys out there..."

"No..." She said, through a dry throat, then forced herself to add '..baby.'" She hesitated. "i.. I'm just waking up.. baby. I.. I can do better, later..."

Shame burned in her at the act, and she felt tears struggling to break free... but she fought them. She needed to do this. As horribly humiliating as it was... being in control of her actions and pretending to be his loving slut-whore was better then really being a mindless slut.

"Well, we'll see." He grinned. "now, you go shower and get dressed. Put something pretty on, babe, so I can enjoy lookin' at you... while you cook my breakfast."

She winced... and forced her eyes immediately open again. It felt like her face was going to crack as she forced a smile to her lips. "Sure thing... honey." She said.

"that's what I like to hear." Eric said - and then he laughed, long and hard. He was still laughing as he turned and walked away. Bursting into tears of shame and self-hatred, Kayla threw herself down on the bed and sobbed into the pillow.

But only for a minute or two, until the worst was over. Then she forced herself to rise and head towards the bathroom. After all... she had a breakfast to make for her man...



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: A man who feels he is to blame for the death of his wife, is given a chance to have his life changed, only he doesn't know that he is to have lived life as a woman.

Redemption

By Gunslinger

The dark, low clouds scudded ominously over the late fall sky, converting the late afternoon into an eerie, unnatural twilight. The strong, fickle wind whistled through denuded trees with a mournful sound, carrying with it a bitter chill that foreshadowed winter's icy grip.

A flurry of dry, faded leaves, whipped by the wind, gave up their tenuous hold and flew away, moving as much across as down, propelled by the wind. With a rustling sound, they joined their brethren, a faded collage of colors covering the old, much-patched secondary road.

It was through this inch deep carpet of leaves that the man walked, the brittle vegetation crackling and crunching beneath the heels of his worn cowboy boots. With each step, the leaves gave up the last of their vitality in a sudden burst of odor, the certain smell of autumn.

But the man noticed none of this. Although his hands pulled his battered leather bomber jacket closer, to ward off the chill, it was a move born of habit, not of thought. His pale, gray eyes, once penetrating and direct, were focused inward, heedless of the outside world as his body, like an automaton, walked the deserted road with a road-weary stride.

Once, not too long ago, he was considered a handsome man. Now, his cheeks were sunken and his skin weathered. His three-day growth of beard was a sandy, coarse blond, a few shades darker than his long, unkempt hair that ruffled unheeded in the wind. His clothing, once new and serviceable, was beginning to show its wear, the jeans faded and worn, the sweatshirt stained and carrying with it the odor of long-past meals. The large backpack slung over one shoulder, once drab olive green, had faded to an odd gray-green color unlike any found in nature, and was considerably lighter than when he'd first started.

And as his feet mindlessly carried him forward to an unknown, uncertain future, Brendan Thompson's mind dwelled in the past. A past that haunted his days and filled his few, unsatisfying hours of sleep with nightmares.

Brendan painfully pulled himself from his dreary daze to fumble in his pocket for a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. Only then, as he struggled to get the cigarette lit, did he realize how strongly the wind had risen, and how cold it was. Beneath the scudding clouds, twilight was darkening as somewhere above the clouds an unseen sun began to set.

Drawing in a lung full of smoke, Brendan dropped the lighter in his pocket and continued walking, his stride soon taking him to the crest of the hill up which he walked.

The road wound down from this point, in and out of the trees, for perhaps five miles. There, a small city lay nestled in the valley, following the serpentine curls of a river. Light twinkled in what should have been an inviting way.

Brendan eyed the town with distaste, and let his eyes back-track the road, looking for a turnoff, so to avoid the town.

No paved roads departed the secondary highway before it reached town. The only alternate route to be seen was a barely visible stone track, badly overgrown, that led higher into the hills. Twisting among the mixed deciduous and evergreen forest, it quickly disappeared from view.

Sighing, Brendan resettled the back on his back, and turned off, the gravel rattling beneath the heels of his boot as he began to follow the trail in hopes that it would give him access to another road, and avoid the town.

Soon the town, the road, and even the trail behind him became lost from view among the trees as Brendan wound his way along the dimly visible trail. The light was starting to fade from the sky, and Brendan began to keep an eye open for a suitable place to unroll his sleeping bag for the night.

He felt the first spattering drops, feeling as cold as ice on his head, and then the sky opened up and released a torrential downpour. Immediately, visibility was cut to a few scant feet as the heavy, cold rain obscured the forest around him.

Immediately, Brendan realized his predicament. Both the air and the rain were only a degree or two above freezing, leeching his body heat away as fast as it was produced. The effect was becoming worse as his clothes began to soak through, and Brendan zipped his jacket shut, and began to walk as quickly as he dared in the downpour.

He knew, indifferently, that he could quite possibly die this tonight. If he didn't find shelter before nightfall, the temperature would plummet, and he would freeze before morning. Yet, the prospect of death neither excited nor dismayed him. Only a dim, faint spark of self-preservation gave him the urge to fight death, and even that was not so strong.

Soon, his clothes were sodden, and he was shivering uncontrollably as his core temperature sank lower and lower towards hypothermia. His decline in temperature was matched by the decline in light, his already limited visibility fading as night closed in.

Then, through the curtain of rain, he saw it - a low, squat building looming, barely visible, through the curtain of rain. Stumbling on numb feet, he climbed the steps leading to the covered porch, and out from the rain.

Shivering, lips blue from the cold, Brendan looked at the building. It was a conventional log cabin, its wall made of logs laid in stacks, the spaces chinked with clay-and-straw wattle. The windows were shuttered over and boarded up, and the entire building, easily older than him by many years, was in a general state of abandonment, although its construction guaranteed that it was still sound and safe.

Assured that no-one was living here - or had been for many years, Brendan approached the front door. The door itself was made of pine six-by-fours, held together by two bands of iron, and fastened to its frame by massive iron hinges that were beginning to rust. It was one of the most unbreachable doors Brendan had ever seen, barring him access to shelter from the wind. Giving up easily, Brendan slumped against the door...

...and tumbled to his back as the door swung open with creaking hinges, spilling him inside.

Startled, Brendan merely lay still for a few moments, then clambered to his feet and examined the door. The latch and lock were both fully functional - but had been left locked open, as if inviting visitors to enter. Shrugging, Brendan closed the door against the wind, and firmly latched and locked it.

With shuttered windows, the cabin lay in a shroud of darkness. Fumbling in his pocket, he extracted his trust lighter and 'flicked his Bic'.

The little butane lighter cast a little golden circle of light, most of which only served to blind Brendan. But one thing it did reveal was a battered red kerosene lantern. Like a prop from a turn of the century railway set. Letting the lighter die, Brendan felt for the lantern and picked it up. To his surprise, something inside sloshed, and a quick smell confirmed it was kerosene. Using his lighter, he lit the lantern. The wick was old, dry and dusty, so it took almost a dozen attempts before the lantern finally lit, spreading a warm golden radiance into the cabin - and a glorious heat into Brendan's numb hands.

Curious, Brendan looked around the one-room cabin. Though dusty and disused, it was in good condition, items sitting about as if awaiting a family vacation that never came. Although there was much to be explored in the cabin, the only item that interested him at the moment was the large, field stone fireplace on the north wall. Carrying the lantern, Brendan walked over to the fireplace, gratefully surprised to find kindling and logs already arranged in the soot-stained opening, awaiting only the touch of a spark. Placing the lantern absently on the mantel, Brendan knelt and supplied the flame with his lighter. Dried by years of abandonment, the tinder caught eagerly, the flames spreading rapidly and quickly turning the pile of wood into a cheerful, warming fire.

After warming himself for a few moments, Brendan rose from his crouch, his knees popping like muffled shotgun blasts, and reached for the lantern on the mantle.

And froze, shock crossing his face, as he stared incredulously at the photograph resting beside the lantern on the mantle. With suddenly numb, trembling hands, Brendan slowly picked the photo up and brought it closer to his face. He absently wiped the film of dust from the glass surface, and stared down at the image frozen in time, wonder and pain etched on his face.

The photograph, obviously not the work of a professional, showed a family of four. The father, a smiling, heavy-set man with pale hair and a wide smile, was gazing proudly at the lens, his arm wrapped around the waist of the woman beside him. She too was blonde, albeit a darker, sandier color than her husband. Buxom and beautiful, the camera had caught her at an instant when she was just starting to look down fondly at the two children at her feet.

The boy and girl were obviously twins. About five years old, their resemblance was unmistakable, as was their coloring, so reminiscent of their mother. The young girl, dressed in a blue dress, was smiling at the camera, while her brother made 'rabbit ears' behind her head, a mischievous grin splitting his youthful features.

The quintessential family portrait, showing a happy, loving family.

With a muffled moan, Brendan dropped the photo with a clatter as his eyes rolled back in his head and he fainted dead away.

* * * * *

Confused swirls, random images. Sensation mixed with memories. Slowly, the dream coalesced into a coherent sequence.

"Alright Brenda, stop fidgeting." Their mother smiled indulgently at the blonde-haired girl. "I know it's a long drive, but think how much fun the cabin will be!"

Brendan was nothing but a voyager in the body of his six year old self, watching his mother turn back in her seat. Dimly, the memories, long repressed, flooded back, and 'Older Brendan' realized what was about to happen. Horrified, he tried to warn them, to scream, to shout. But 'Younger Brendan' merely continued to play with his toy car. The young boy thought about The Cabin - that's how he thought of it, capitals and all - that his dad had talked about for so long. Now, he was finally getting to go there. But his stupid twin sister had to come too.

Young Brendan cautiously unbuckled his seatbelt - Mom would be mad if she caught him - then, leaned over and yanked Brenda's hair. "Mom! Brendan pulled my hair!" Brenda squealed, and Mom swung around in her seat, opening her mouth.

Before she could say anything, the car rocked and shimmied as the unseen fuel truck slammed into the side of the station wagon. The impact drove young Brendan back, smashing through the window of the car and becoming airborne.

'I'm superman...' the boy thought in that one, timeless instant of flight - then he impacted the soft, cultivated loam of the field beside the road as distantly he heard the dull 'whomp' of the car's gas tank exploded.

The fire burned long after the screams of his trapped parent and sister died.....

More swirls and darkness as Brendan tried to come to grips with his earliest memory, long repressed, and never truly examined, as the dream segued into another memory, one of more recent nature...

" don't know, I kind of liked it." Jeff said with a smile. "Of course, I actually am willing to put aside my disbelief in the supernatural long enough to enjoy a movie."

Brendan shrugged and looked at his roommate and best friend. "Hey, whatever entertains you, buddy."

The two men rounded the corner from the theater, taking their usual short-cut down the alley - and stopped at the sight of a pretty young woman backed fearfully against a wall, her blouse torn, as the two hard-looking men with the knives closed in on her.

Brendan didn't even spare a glance at Jeff, unwilling to waste the element of surprise. Diving forward, he, tackled the one nearest to him, and caught a glimpse of Jeff hitting the second one.

After a mercifully brief, bloodless struggle, the would-be rapists turned tail and ran. Breathing hard, Brendan face the young woman. She looked familiar - he seemed to recall that she was in the Business Administration course that he and Jeff were in. She was shacking with adrenaline shock, and without thinking, Brendan took her in his arms and held her.

"Thank you. Oh, God, they were going to..."

"Shh " Brendan soothed, as Jeff gently stroked her hair. "You're safe now. I'm Brendan, and this is Jeff."

The pretty brunette calmed herself. Relaxing in the safe embrace of the two men, she looked up at them, and said, "My name is Pam, "

" Pamela Madden. How may I help you?" She gave the thumbs-up to Jeff and Brendan as she wrote down the order.

"Brendan, my boy, your a genius." Jeff said, clapping his friend on the back. "Without you, I'd still be out there looking for a job. This business of ours is going to make us rich!"

Brendan shrugged. "Well, maybe not rich - but we'll make a living. You do realize we have a problem, though, don't you?" Jeff frowned. "Eh?"

Brendan smiled and waved at Pam. "The Boss isn't supposed to fool around with his secretary. Yet her we are, both of us dating our one and only secretary."

Jeff laughed. "And co-owner. That's all right - she'd fooling around with the Chief Designer " - he pointed at himself, then Brendan, - and the head of marketing."

Brendan laughed. "It's a damn good thing that we're such good friends. For most people, this three sided romance would be murder." Jeff shrugged. "Hey, you and I are such good friends that if she picks one, the other will be happy to see their friend get married."

Besides, the 'loser' gets to be godfather to the " baby, I'm just taking the car out for a test." Brendan called, wiping his hands on the rag. The door opened and his wife of two months stepped out, her swollen belly staining at the maternity dress.

"You got those brakes fixed?" Pam asked brightly, looking at the used Ford that Brendan had spent all afternoon working on. "Yeah. All the breaks are certified, but I didn't like the looks of the back ones, so I replaced them."

His wife smiled. "I've been cooped up all day. Why don't I come with you?" Brendan frowned, then shrugged. "I'm only going around the block."

"That's okay." Pam said, kissing him on the cheek. She walked - well, waddled, around the car, and Brendan helped her in.

Half a block away, the Ford started down the steep incline of Canal street. Carefully, Brendan eased down on the brake, glad to feel the slowing grip as the car decelerated.

Then the pedal sank limply to the floor, and the car began to accelerate. Horrified, Brendan pumped the brake with no effect.

Reaching the bottom of the hill, the car was travelling way to fast. Desperate, Brendan yanked the wheel, trying to avoid the canal. The car swerved, tipping up on two wheels....

...then rolled over twice, drive by centrifugal force. Pam, who wasn't wearing her seatbelt because it hurt her pregnant belly, was thrown, screaming, from the car during it's first revolution, rust in time to be in the exact place that the car came down the second time....

* * * * *

It was a giant chess board. He was standing on a giant board that stretched out in all directions before vanishing into mists.

In the manner of dreams, Brendan didn't even question where he was, or the strange, bodiless voice that seemed to speak directly in his mind.

<You need not live this present.>

'What do you mean?' Brendan asked, silently.

<All that is, is based on what was. Alter the past, and the present becomes otherwise.> 'What could be altered? Are you offering to set everything right?'

<I may not make that decision. I am a helper. Usually, we do not interfere in human events, but in your case, an exception has been made. However, I cannot do anything of my volition. I can change the past - but it is you who must ask that I change it, and how, of your own free will.>

'I I want to make Pam live. I don't want her to have died.'

<That is what you ask of me?> 'Yes.'

<Very well. Let it be so. But know this - you did not kill your wife and unborn son.> ' ?'

<The brakes that failed were the front brakes - not the rear. Agreed, it was you and her that chose that vehicle, and so, in that way, you bear some small measure of responsibility - but you did not murder you wife and child with carelessness, as you believe >

'...!'

<Yes. Now sleep, and awake in good time. I shall remain nearby throughout, and if need be, we shall speak again. Now, sleep >

* * * * *

Brendan came awake, shivering in the cold, his mind whirling with the dreams and images of last night. Stiffly, he sat up, reached over, and picked up the photograph, reverently brushing away the shattered glass.

"Mom..." he whispered, almost inaudibly, "Dad "

Placing the photo aside, he slowly rose and looked around. Between his youth and the trauma, Brendan had forgotten where the family had been going that fateful day, forgotten the place even existed. Now, after twenty years, he'd finally arrived at the family cabin. He simply couldn't believe that by sheer, random chance he'd ended up here. It seemed impossible yet, here he was. Again, the strange imagery of the dream whirled in his mind.

Brendan was surprised to find that, for whatever reason, the pall of grief that had hung over him since Pam's death had receded. True or not, the dream seemed to have fanned that spark deep in his soul that had been slowly fading.

For the first time in months, Brendan Thompson once more had an interest in living.

Slowly, he rose and looked around, finding the cabin to be lit by the faint, thin light coming in through narrow cracks in the shutters. The air was brisk and cold, the fire having died down to bare embers. Shivering, Brendan was glad he'd fainted while wearing his coat - otherwise he might have frozen last night.

He piled a few more pieces of wood onto the fire and rekindled it, then slowly walked to the windows and threw open the shutters.

Sometime during the night, the rain had turned to snow. Now, the glittering white flakes continued to drift down, adding to the white carpet that lay all around. Brendan judged that the snow was here to stay, for at least a little while. It didn't look like the temperature was going to rise above freezing.

Shivering, Brendan opened the front door, letting in a blast of bitterly cold air. It looked like he was staying for a while too - he wasn't dressed for such weather. Quickly, he dashed out to the woodshed, his cowboy boots slipping and sliding, and gathered an armful of wood. Carefully, he picked his way back to the cabin. After making sure that the fire in the hearth was burning well, he set about lighting a fire in the pot-bellied stove in the 'kitchen', at the far end of the cabin.

With in a half hour, the radiant heat from the two fires, one at either end of the cabin, had raised the temperature from 'barely livable' to 'comfortable'.

It took him that half hour to notice something so obvious that he'd missed it. The cabin was clean.

"What the...?" Brendan exclaimed, slowly turning in a circle. Surprise registered on his face as it finally dawned on him that the thick carpet of dust that had layered everything was gone. The cabin looked as if it had been cleaned - a half hearted job of it, as dust still lingered in the corners, and on the higher woodwork - but cleaned.

Brendan slowly walked around the cabin in surprise, wondering if somehow somebody had come in last night and cleaned the place while he slept. He was surprised to find clean dishes, pots and pans stored in the kitchen, and, more surprisingly, some items sitting in the bathroom that were too new - both in brand and condition - to have been left in the cabin all these years.

Wonderingly, he turned the tube of toothpaste over in his hands, then placed it back beside the toothbrush, hairbrush and liquid soap that had somehow ended up in the bathroom.

Then the phone rang.

Brendan jerked in shock as the strident trilling rang through the cabin. "What the hell is going on here?" he asked aloud, stepping out of the bathroom. He was absolutely positive that there hadn't been a phone in sight when he'd looked around just minutes ago.

Now, in plain view, a new phone sat on one of the end tables flanking the couch. Even as he stared in disbelief, the built-in answering machine clicked on.

A 'celebrity impersonator' tape - which could be purchased to liven up an answering machine - sprang into life. The reasonably accurate impression of Elvis filled the cabin with the 'modified' version of 'Heartbreak Hotel'.

'Well, since my phone is ringing, and I must be away. you'd better leave a message here, what do you say?...

Just leave a message, baby, after the tone,

I'll get back to you, when I get home.'

'Thank you, thank you very much. Beeeeep...'

Then, Brendan was forced to grab the back of the couch to keep from falling at the voice that emerged from the speaker. It sounded both rougher and more care-worn, but there was no mistaking that voice.

His dead wife.

"Hi lover. Jeff and I are leaving now, we should get there by dinner time. If you haven't gone shopping yet, pick up some steak - I've got a craving. God, I can't wait to see you - I'm so horny I could die. See you soon. Bye."

Slowly, numbly, Brendan slid down onto the couch, staring at the inoffensive phone, his mind whirling. Was he going crazy? Or was that more than a dream last night?

"What the hell is going on?" he asked out loud, and was shocked to hear a warm, rich *feminine* voice emerge. He cleared his throat repeatedly.

"Testing, testing What the fuck is wrong with me?" he said in confusion.

Then, as if that were some sort of cue, Brendan's body began to change.

It started with his feet. Feeling the strange tingling, Brendan peel off his boot and socks - and started at his feet in shock.

They were smaller, more slender, daintier. They were extremely feminine feet. Feeling the tingling spreading, Brendan tore off his clothes, and watched in shock as his body changed, his legs rippling as they became long, shapely and complete hairless feminine legs that extended from his crotch to his new, dainty feet. Even his ankles were shapely.

There was no doubt about it - his legs were now a very sexy, long pair of women's legs. Running a hand up and down them to verify their reality, he not only felt their silky smoothness on his palms, but felt his palms through the legs. They felt completely normal in terms of response to stimuli - they just didn't look normal. Not on him, at any rate. Then, with the same tingle, his hands changed before his very eyes. Slender and dainty, with long, clear nails tipping each supple finger. The hands were attached, via shapely, slender wrists, to smooth, less muscular arms completely lacking his normal, dark coating of fine hair. In other words, a woman's arms, sprouting from shoulders that were no longer broad and muscular, as his had always been. No, the feminine arms were attached to feminine shoulders, above his hairy chest.

Then his head shook as his hair became a mass of sandy blonde hair falling in front of his eyes. At the same time, there was a tightness at his hips and ass, while his ass felt as if he was being pushed further down in the seat as he gained suddenly wider hips and significantly fuller ass.

Before he could even form a thought, he felt a - a tugging sensation is the best way he could describe it - at his waist. He gasped at the sight of a remarkably slender waist above the smooth curve of his womanly hips. Then, he felt a pressure in his

chest, which rapidly began to bulge outward. The growth rapidly passed an average B cup, slipped past C and D, finally halting at DD.

Brendan found himself slowly leaning forward, pulled downward by the mass of his growing endowments. They grew heavier as they expanded, finally stopping. His new tits were round, firm masses of creamy flesh topped with large, thick, pink nipples. Hanging from his slenderer chest, they seemed to weigh a ton.

Just then, he felt his cock twitch - and slide inwards. In shock, his hands touched his crotch, feeling the moist wet slit that had replaced his male equipment.

He'd become a woman.

Shocked, Brendan stared down at his...her altered body, trying to figure out what had happened. Somehow, he'd become a female version of himself.

Or, the thought occurred with a chill, this is exactly how Brenda, his twin sister, would have looked - if she'd lived.

Suddenly, it made sense - if Brenda had survived, not Brendan, then Pam couldn't have married him, got in that car, and died....

In disbelief, Brendan Benda looked down at the clothes she'd shucked off. Wonderingly, she slowly dressed in the clothes, which were altered to fit her new figure, as if they were made for her - which they were. Her mind whirled as she tried to grasp all that was happening to her.

Stunned, she slowly walked over to the phone, rewound the tape, and played the message back - only, it wasn't the same message any more. A very familiar voice emerged from the speaker, that of Jeff.

"Hi, honey. I'm in town now, and should get there in half an hour. I've picked up some steak - I know it's got to be what you're craving. God, I can't wait to see you again - a week is too long for a man to go without seeing his wife. See you soon. Bye."

She was married? To Jeff?

And then, like a tidal wave, memories washed over her...

* * * * *

"Alright Brenda, stop fidgeting." Her mother smiled indulgently at the blonde-haired girl. "I know it's a long drive, but think how much fun the cabin will be!"

Brendan was nothing but a voyager in the body of his six year old female self, watching his mother turn back in her seat. She was alone in the back seat - which was okay, because she was an only child wasn't she?

The family station wagon had gotten off fairly quickly, as Mom had no problems corralling a single child. Now, the car tooled down the highway, finally pulling off onto a long, graveled road. At last, it pulled to a stop, and Brenda was the first one out, staring with amazement at the log structure.

"Isn't this great?" Dad asked, and Brenda agreed. She just knew this week was going to be wonderful...

...and it was.

Then everything segued into another memory, one of more recent nature...

"...don't know, I kind of liked it." Jeff said with a smile. "Of course, I actually am willing to put aside my disbelief in the supernatural long enough to enjoy a movie."

Brenda shrugged and looked at her boyfriend. "As if you were actually watching the movie." She giggled. "Your hands never left my tits." She gave him a quick kiss.

"Jeez, get a room you two." Brenda's roommate, Pam, laughed. "You guys are the most 'touchy-feely' couple on campus. Jeff smiled. "That's because Brenda and I are in love."

Brenda laughed. "You know, I think somebody here is jealous."

Jeff scrunched up his face in mock thought. "Well, if it's not me... and it's not you... then it must be..."

"...Pamela Madden. How may I help you?" She gave the thumbs-up to Jeff and Brenda as she wrote down the order.

"Brenda, my love, you're a genius." Jeff said, giving her a kiss. "Without you, I'd still be out there looking for a job. This business of ours is going to make us rich!"

Brenda shrugged. "Well, maybe not rich - but we'll make a living. You do realize we have a problem, though, don't you?" Jeff frowned. "Eh?"

Brendan smiled. "Who's going to run the business during our honeymoon?" And she looked down happily at the engagement ring adorning her finger.

Jeff shrugged good naturedly. "I guess we'll just have to shut down while we..."

"...haven't had a vacation since our honeymoon." Brenda said, her head on her husband's chest. She was slightly sweaty from their passionate lovemaking.

"It would be great - and business is doing fine, what with the new staff and all. We could take a week off. Actually, I can take a week off - ever since you decided to try your hand at being a writer, you've had all the free time you want."

"That's it!" Brenda said, smiling. "I'll go up to Mom and Dad's cabin - since we sent them off on a 'second honeymoon' to the Carribean this year, they won't be using it. I'll go up early, clean the place up, that sort of thing - then, you come down and join me."

Jeff smiled. "Sounds great."

* * * * *

Brenda shuddered with the force of all her new/old memories, the detailed recollections of a life she'd never experienced. Just then, a car door slammed, and Brenda turned in anticipation as the door opened - and her husband walked in.

A feeling of love swept over her. She was deeply, madly, hopelessly in love with someone who, in another life, had been her best friend. She was surprised to find, now, that she had a hunger to make love to him.

"Hi, Jeff..." she started, trying to cope with her new emotions and feelings, trying to figure out how she was going to deal with her altered life.

She never got the chance. Laughing, he swept her up in his strong arms, and all but bounded up the stairs to the bedroom.

Beneath her fine, upswept brows, her sparkling blue eyes, took in her husband. Beneath the full curve of her womanly bosom, her heart beat a little faster as she considered his intelligent, yet masculine face. Her once male mind struggled to make one last, desperate plea. As he put her down, she placed one hand against his chest.

"I...I don't know if I can..." she stumbled, trying to explain without telling the 'truth', which he'd never believe.

"What?" he asked, his voice filled with disappointment. "Well... All right, if you're not comfortable..." he replied - and in giving in, he won.

The thought that he was willing to put her wants before his own lust-driven wants... no, needs, was the final straw, as the new, female part of her brain refused to allow the man she loved suffer.

Slowly, she crossed the intervening space between him, and smiled. "I don't think I can wait another second "

She kissed him.

As their lips touched, he stiffened for a moment, unsure, Then, his strong, manly hands slowly slid to encircle her slender waist as he returned her embrace.

Her lips parted as his probing tongue entered her waiting mouth and began to intertwine with her own as she slowly led him towards the soft, inviting bed.

Gently breaking from his warm lips, she turned in the circle of his arms and presented the smooth sweep of her back to him. Glancing over her softly rounded shoulder, she traded a depthless glance of passion with him.

Gently, yet with restrained urgency, she pushed him onto the mattress. Gently, her long slender fingers flew over his body, unfastening and opening every closure, a favor he returned.

Sliding her hands through the hair that adorned his chest, she smiled as his hands found her breasts, moving with erotic motions. She eased her panties from her hips and let them flutter to the floor.

She bit her lip to keep from crying out as she slowly lowered her over him, feeling herself completely filled, a sensation which she never knew was missing from her life until she experienced it. She began to move her hips in a smooth, steady rhythm, feeling the sensitive flesh of her new sex. Her head thrown back, her golden hair streaming behind her, she rode first female climax as it built to the bursting point - and beyond. Her voice cried out as her body shook in the grip of the sheerest ecstasy. Gently, Jeff disengaged from her and lowered her to the mattress beside her.

"You were wonderful." She murmured to him.

He smiled down and nibbled lightly at her earlobe. "So, you're happy?"

Brenda, born Brenda, answered absolutely honestly. "It's like I've been born again in a world full of happiness."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When two guys go salvaging, they discover a pleasure dome that makes some adjustments so that there will be the correct male to female ratio.

Relationship

By Gunslinger

Part One

His round face cast in lines of concentration, the boyish young man huffed in annoyance. Laying a screwdriver on the concrete floor next to an assorted pile of well-used tools and electronic diagnostic equipment, the sandy-haired man paused to pull off his small, rimless glasses and push an errant lock of dusty-colored hair out of his fawn-brown eyes.

Looking into the wire- and circuit board-filled cavity that removing the panel from the concrete wall had revealed, Dave Masters eyed the electronics within, pegging them at least two decades out of date, but a very sophisticated set-up for it's time. He started to reached for a circuit tester... and then hesitated, his nimble, long-fingered hands holding the device uncertainly.

Dave's eyes slid a foot to his left, looking at the thick, heavy hardened-steel door which this control-panel clearly operated. Although dust pooled the floor and rust marred the iron girders of the old warehouse, the false wall-panel that had been pulled away to reveal the door had protected it as well as concealed it, the heavy steel construction gleaming in the reflected sunlight seeping in through the stained old windows lining both walls of the empty, echoing structure.

"Er - Mark...?" Dave broached, hesitantly. "I really think maybe we should contact... somebody. The authorities, maybe. We have no way of knowing what's behind this door, after all..."

The object of his hesitant objection, leaning with casual indolence on a nearby girder, snorted derision around the cigarette dangling from his thin lips. Pushing his lean, 6'6"-tall figure away from the wall, Marco Rossini gave himself room to use the expressive - and expansive - hand-gestures his Italian ancestry was known for.

"Look, Davey - this is the same ol' story all over. How do we make our money, anyway...? By doing pre-reno 'garbage removal' and cleaning of old buildings like this, then you work your magic on the old.. wahatevers... we find, we turn around, and sell 'em for a profit." Pausing for a puff on the cigarette, the olive-skinned young man shrugged the broad, muscular shoulders under his tight-fitting grey t-shirt. "That's why you put, right in that contract you wrote for all our customers, that 'finders, keepers' rule, am I right?"

"Well... yeah..." Dave agreed, reluctantly, as he focused part of his attention on poking the contacts within the wall with the circuit tester. "This... isn't quite the same thing, though. Clearly, the new owners had no idea this was here..."

"That's right - but we don't know if there's EVER gonna be anything worth our while when we take a contract, am I right?" Mark argued, reasonably enough - though he was the 'muscle' of the operation to Dave's brains, he wasn't anything approaching 'stupid'. "We take the risk... and, in return, we get the rewards, if any."

"Yeah, that's the idea..." Dave had to agree, with a wry grin - it didn't always work out that way in real life. More than one job had been a net loss for the duo.

"Well - maybe this is our 'big payoff'." Mark pointed out, running a hand through his thick, ebony hair as he flashed the grin that had turned so many women weak in the knees. "We tell anybody about it BEFORE we get in, though, and you KNOW they'll just cut us out - am I right?"

"Yeah - you're right." Dave gently mocked Mark's habitual verbal eccentricity. "Still - what if it's not 'the big payout'? What if this is locked behind a high-security door because it's something dangerous?"

"Well, partner..." Mark announced, expansively, "...then, as usual, it's my job to keep you safe. Also part of the service, am I right?"

Dave couldn't help but grant chuckling agreement to that as he went back to work on the circuitry - after all, Mark HAD kept him safe on dozens of job-sites while he was either appraising or carefully removing potentially valuable old items of the turn-of-the-century warehouses and failed industrial facilities that the current market was buying up and renovating into condos or apartments.

Some minutes later, Dave grunted, talented hands still probing inside the wall.

"...and that... should be... just about... IT!" He finished with a triumphant note - as, to his left, the sound of bolts retracting into the heavy steel door sounded as a series of muffled 'thumps', followed by the hissing hydraulic whine as the door ponderously swung open.

"My MAN!" Mark crowed, punching the air in victory. "Okay - hold on a sec, while I take a peek."

As the boyish blond gathered his tools, the taller and more muscular brunet peered past the still slowly opening door - and frowned slightly at the sight his dark eyes beheld.

It was basically a downward-sloping hallway that ran for, he guessed, maybe ten feet - there to level out for another four feet or so before ending at another blank wall, inset into which was another, somewhat less sturdy metal door, also with a control panel beside it.

"Hmmm " Mark mused, as Dave edged up beside him. "Looks like you're gonna have to work your magic again, partner."

"Probably be a lot faster, second time around. " Dave commented with not-uneared confidence.

"Okay, then - let's see what this 'treasure vault' holds for us intrepid explorers " Mark commented, dryly, leading the way past the threshold. Dave trailed after him, leaning slightly backwards against the twenty- degree slope of the hallway.

They were about halfway down the dimly-lit hallway when it first started getting dimmer, followed a second later by getting significantly brighter.

The brightness was straight-forward: a series of fluorescent fixtures inset into the ceiling hummed and sputtered to life, bathing the whitewashed concrete walls of the hallway/chamber in garish fluorescent light. That startled the two young men

sufficiently that it wasn't until the sound of metal bolts banging home registered that either Dave or Mark realized the preceding dimness had come from the door automatically swinging closed.

Startled - and not a little worried - the two men glanced at the now closed and locked door they'd recently passed through, then traded a look, as well as a nervous chuckle.

"No panel on this side of the door." Mark pointed out. "It looks as if the only way out is... forward "

The last word of his comment fell away as his voice took on a distracted tone - a tone that came from an actual distraction. When he'd glanced through the doorway and down the hall, Mark had been able to see the simple chamber in almost it's utilitarian totality - ALMOST.

Just as he hadn't been able to see that there was no control panel for the 'outer' door on this side from the doorway, he also had been unable to see the speaker mounted in the corner high above the door or, much more ominously, the strange device above the door, unfamiliar to his eyes, but with a disturbingly 'weapon- muzzle'-like aspect to it...

"Er... Dave?" Nick 'suggested', struggling to keep his voice calm. "You, uh, might want to..."

"...on it!" Dave agreed in a breathless rush, making a hurried bee-line towards the panel beside the inner portal.

"Welcome, visitors, to the PleasureDome!" A crackly, recorded voice suddenly blared cheerfully from the speaker, it's unexpected sound making both young men flinch.

"Thank you for entering! Please be patient while you are scanned and assessed; the inner door will open once any necessary modifications are made!" The recorded voice continued it's cheerful, pre-recorded patter. "Rest assured, the management of the PleasureDome is grateful for your participation. While a bit uncomfortable in and of itself, the modification process will not only guarantee you the maximum amount of pleasure during your stay, but also increase the pleasure for all your potential lovers. Of course, all modifications are - if so desired - fully reversible upon leaving."

"I don't think I like the sound of this..." Mark muttered, as Dave used a battery-powered screwdriver to remove the face-plate of the panel. Meanwhile, the recorded voice continued it's spiel...

"So relax, let the electrogenmod system do it's work - and prepare yourself for the sexual experience of a lifetime, ladies!"

"Okay - I KNOW I don't like the sound of THAT!" Mark stated, firmly. "Dave...?"

"Working on it!" Dave assured him, yanking the cover plate out of the way - then giving a brief curse at the sight of a somewhat different set-up than that of the first door.

"Scanning of primary target initiated..." A cool, impersonal female voice announced from the speaker. "Primary target parameters outside acceptable ranges. Computing minimum necessary modifications..."

"Faster, Dave - faster..." Mark urged, eyeing the strange device mounted above the outer door - which, rather ominously, had begun to glow.

Dave, busy with the wiring, didn't bother to answer.

"Calculations complete." The generated voice announced, all too quickly to Mark's mind. "Charging EGM Cannon..."

"Dave...!" Mark barked, looking around - futilely - for any sort of cover. The glowing device began to emit a rising whine, while the glow intensified.

"Firing." The voice announced - and, an eternal second later, a bright beam speared out, striking Mark full in the chest with a crackling static discharge. Crying out - more in shock than in pain - Mark collapsed to the floor, body twitching.

"Mark!" Dave shouted, pushing away from the panel and turning towards his downed friend - even as the cool voice announced: "Scanning secondary target..."

"Just... keep working... on the door..." Mark gasped, something strange happening with his voice - but the odd tone to his voice was the least of his worried, for his entire body felt strange, almost.. watery, as if it were sloshing around under his skin.

"Are you okay...? What's happening to you...?" Dave demanded, torn between following Mark's instructions and coming to his friend's aid.

"Just... work on getting that door open!" Mark gasped, not wanting to admit - to either Dave OR himself - what was happening to his twitching body. Unfortunately, the sensations emanating from an undeniably shifting form, not to mention what was going on under the hand he'd rather hesitantly pushed down the front of his steadily loosening pants, made denial a very difficult option to pursue.

"Computing minimum necessary modifications..." The computer impersonally informed them. "Hold on, Mark - I'm almost there... just a few seconds more, I think..."

"Just hurry...!" The other person sharing the chamber gasped - and Dave's head whipped around, because the voice, while reminiscent of Mark's, sounded much more like one belonging to a...

"Holy SHIT!" Dave shouted, slamming back against the wall and staring in stunned horror at the figure in Mark's baggy, over-sized clothing. "Mark, you... you're a GIRL!"

"Calculations complete." The generated voice announced.

"I KNOW I'm a fuckin' girl!" The new woman snapped, awkwardly rising to her smaller, daintier feet. Her now over-sized jeans began to slide, and she quickly grabbed the waistband to keep them from falling down as she glared urgently at Dave. "...now get that door open before it fires again!"

As if to underscore the newly feminine Mark's order, the voice announced: "Charging EGM Cannon..."

Panic managed to tear Dave's eyes from the person who looked just like Mark's sister would look - had Mark not been an only child. The same panic made his movements jerky as he struggled to get the door open before...

"Firing."

"NOOO..."

The same negation was torn from two throats, one in a masculine tone, the other in a previously never-heard feminine one. Dave whirled in place, staring in horror during that split second between announcement and actual initiation of the firing procedure...

...and so he got to see the shorter, slimmer female version of his muscular friend leap with premeditated intent directly into the line of fire, taking a second crackling bolt to the chest. Horrified, Dave watched the figure collapse to the floor, twitching - as it began to get even shorter...

...daintier...

...more unmistakably feminine...

"Error - secondary target not engaged." The computer announced. "Charging EGM Cannon."

"Get... the damned door... open..." The twitching figure demanded in a voice that became softer, somehow 'silkier' with every syllable.

"Yeah... door... right..." Dave muttered in shock, twitching himself as he turned away from the still-shifting form of his friend, and addressed himself to the panel.

"Go it!" He announced, even as the inner door slid open with a hiss. Dave started to turn back to help Mark - and froze, staring at the considerably shorter and unmistakably feminine figure already lurching towards him. Jeans now ridiculously oversized for the form previously wearing them pooled briefly around slender feet, then she stepped right out of them and continued shuffling onward.

"Go - go!" She urged, her feminine voice snapping Dave out of his trance - at least, to a certain degree. He stumbled across the threshold of the door and into the room beyond, even as the newly-reshaped Mark shambled towards the door. She reached the threshold...

...and the third flaring beam of light slammed into her back, tumbling her into the room even as the door slid closed behind her twitching, shifting form.

"Oh, God - Mark...!" Dave shouted, jiggling his weight from one foot to another as the urge to run to his friend fought against a fear that the energy discharge running through him... HER... would somehow be contagious.

Then the figure on the floor stopped twitching, and slowly pushed itself up onto one arm. Dave merely stared, wide-eyed with shock, at what his friend had become.

What had been a tight-fitting T-shirt on a six-and-a-half foot tall, 230-pound male body was now practically a loose-fitting knee-length dress on the five-foot-nothing woman it now hung from. With a fine-boned, delicate build, she probably didn't top 100 pounds... and would never have come close to the century mark if not for the fact that, doll-like in general size and delicacy of build, she was most definitely 'womanly' rather than 'girlish'.

In fact, to Dave's stunned 'first glance', the woman slowly picking herself up off the floor had the traits Dave associated with Jennifer Love Hewitt or a young Rosie Perez - except magnified, distilled, and....

Perfected.

Once barely encircling a column-like neck, the neckline of the T-shirt, far from coming close to the slender, swan-like neck of the 'perfect' woman on the floor, hung loose on daintily slender yet shapely and delicately toned shoulders - revealing a satisfyingly deep and dusky expanse of cleavage.

Though the garment hung tent-like on her diminutive frame, it was taut against the swell of her full, high-set breasts - breasts that were exposed by that open neckline almost down as far as her nipples, the edge of chocolate-dark areolas contrasted by the golden glow of flawlessly perfect skin.

The same lusciously soft, perfect skin that covered the slender, yet shapely and proportionately long legs that emerged from beneath the hem of the pseudo-dress that also traced the curve of shapely, slender hips.

Undoubtedly, the waist that was concealed by the drape of the oversized garment had to be to the same, slender model as the rest of her delicate build...

...but as stunning as her body was, it was matched every bit by the truly breathtaking beauty of her face, with it's delicate yet well-defined jaw line, it's smoothly rounded cheek-bones, it's full, pouting lips, the dark, liquid eyes, heavy-lidded and long-lashed and...

...and...

...and watching Dave as he openly stared in shocked appreciation - if not downright arousal - of the stunningly gorgeous woman who had been, shortly before, his nearly life-long male best friend.

Suddenly realizing what he was doing, Dave recoiled as if her accusing gaze had been a slap to the face, and he mumbled and stammered as he sought an apology that could possibly encompass this utterly unimagined offense.

* * * * *

Touch, sensation and context gave Mark some idea of what his - HER - new body must be like, backed by the rather limited view of what any person could see of their own body... but, as much as she had rather desperately hoped the 'novelty' of seeing a female body from this oh-so-very-personal perspective was causing her to overestimate the extent of the changes, Dave's sudden conversion into a red-faced stammering idiot immediately confirmed the worst.

While Mark was - or, she reflected with a dark form of humor, had until recently been - quite popular and skilled with the ladies, Dave had always been somewhat... less suave.

To put it rather more bluntly, the more beautiful and/or sexually attractive a woman was, the more a bumbling, dithering idiot Dave became.

No more than fifteen minutes ago, Mark had been a red-blooded heterosexual (Italian-) American male, who'd enjoyed his masculinity and sexuality, and who - while occasionally musing at what it must be like to be sexually satisfied as a woman, (generally, in the self-boastful sense after he'd just finished 'ultimately satisfying' one), Mark had never, ever seriously considered actually BEING female - indeed, whenever a movie touched upon the concept, he had felt nothing but a sense of distaste and unease.

Yet, that is exactly what had happened to the new woman Mark now was, and she couldn't pretend it was otherwise... especially since she'd knowingly and - in a 'lesser of two evils' sense - willingly increased her feminine state by taking the blast meant for Dave.

The third blast, right on the very edge of 'escaping', was merely a case of adding insult to injury.

...or, in this case, 'excessive sexuality to femininity'.

The first 'blast' had changed her into the female version of her own body - a 'normal' woman. The second, which she'd willingly taken to give Dave time to keep working on the door, had turned that version into a 'sexy' version of a woman... and the gratuitous third blast had pushed her past 'normal/sexy' into the realm of extraordinarily sexy.

So, as much as she disliked it, she was going to have to accept the fact that she was a jaw-droppingly erotic vision of sexual femininity...

...for as long as it lasted.

She was not, after all, a STUPID woman.

"Dave!" She said, wincing as her voice emerged soft, smooth, silky - unintentionally, yet unmistakably sensual and seductive. It did, however, do the job of cutting off Dave in mid-babble.

"Uh... Mark...?" Dave replied, hesitantly - choosing, after one almost involuntary glance at her new body, to stare fixedly at appoint to feet above and to the right of her.

"The machine DID say that the effects could be reversed, am I right...?" She asked, a trifle pointedly - and the tone, combined with her trademark phrasing, managed to get through to Dave.

"Oh - hey, yeah! Yeah, it DID!" He replied enthusiastically, a smile coming to his face as he fixed his attention on her... and then he swallowed audibly, face once more going red as he realized what he'd unthinkingly fixed his gaze upon, this gorgeous vision of sexual femininity that also happened to be his best friend...

Dave opened his mouth to abjectly apologize for eying her diminutive, shapely new form - but she beat him to the punch: "Well, then, I guess you should enjoy looking at this incredibly hot body as much as possibly while it's here, because it's not going to last."

She had, of conscious choice, kept any trace of sarcasm out of the words, instead striving mightily to make it sound vastly more sincere a comment than she could possibly feel comfortable with it being. As it happened, the thought of being viewed 'that way' was VERY uncomfortable to her male persona inside this ultra- feminine body... but just how creepily uncomfortable it made her was something she was quite determined to hide all trace of.

While she wasn't planning to exactly ENCOURAGE Dave to lust after her new body, she was going to make damned sure he thought she was perfectly sanguine with whatever it was that he did do, rather than let him 'beat himself up' over it.

"Er... what?" Dave stammered, sure he'd either mishear or misunderstood, as he blinked at her in confusion - which only told Mark that she'd made the right decision, for although he was still staring at her right now, the blush was fading, and his mind was at least marginally functional, if somewhat confused.

Mark wasn't stupid - and they'd been friends nearly their entire lives. Mark new Dave better than anybody else on the planet, INCLUDING Dave himself... and so Mark knew exactly where the 'sudden onset incompetence' came from when Dave was dealing with women.

Simply put, Dave was entirely too used to being right.

The sandy-haired young man was unarguably 'the brain' of the pair - when it came to anything BUT women. Those very traits, however, is what made women his Achilles' Heel: Dave was used to being able to logically work out the 'rules' of dealing with mechanical, electrical or electronic objects, and the fact that women famously defied any sort of logical analysis left him floundering.

Worse: not only did Dave not understand women, he KNEW he didn't understand them; even worse, Dave was a fundamentally decent guy, much more so than Mark... or nearly anybody else on the planet, for that matter.

Mark, 'going after' women, would never KNOWINGLY inflict emotional, much less physical, pain on any of them... but knowing he didn't understand women, accepted the risk that he might unknowingly or unwillingly 'hurt' them with his actions. It was something that nearly all men accepted, even if on a purely subconscious level. After all, if you knew you couldn't always correctly predict a woman's reaction to your actions, you had to accept that sometimes it would turn out 'wrong'.

Dave,. However, so used to being 'right', simply hadn't accepted that there was sometimes no 'right' answer dealing with women...

...which was why Mark knew she had to keep Dave thinking unquestioningly about her being 'male best friend in a hot babe body'; because it was the female MIND that flustered Dave to the point of usefulness, not the body - and Mark need Dave functioning if they were going to reverse this.

So, displaying a hitherto unknown acting talent, Mark managed a convincingly natural-sounding chuckle.

"Dude, it's me." She said in the warm, silken voice she'd been cursed with. "You know - your best friend, the 'studmeister'? The guy who you've sat hundreds of times with watching 'T&A' movies and 'rating' both the 'T' and the 'A' of the women? Dude - RELAX. If you WEREN'T trying to ogle an eyeful of a totally hot babe, THEN I'd worry..."

...and then, somehow, she managed a laugh. A throaty, slightly husky, and very sensual laugh - that, nevertheless, was still undeniably a 'Mark' laugh, like the one Mark always used when ribbing Dave about how he needed to 'loosen up' and 'just go with the flow' when it came to women.

"Yeah, well..." Dave muttered, blushing again - but in a completely different, and almost painfully familiar way: hanging his head, grinding one toe slightly against the ground; the exact bashful recognition of a point scored

Dave always used when Mark twitted him about his hesitancy around women.

"Come on, partner - give me a hand up, and we'll see what we're dealing with..." Mark said, striving to make her new voice sound purely 'business as usual' as she extended one dainty, long-fingered hand in Dave's direction.

Dave hesitated - then grinned boyishly and stepped forward... not to fumblingly and awkwardly held a gorgeous woman to her feet, but to quickly help his best friend up. It might have been done a lot more self- consciously than when Mark was a guy, with the slightest of hesitation just before his flesh actually made contact with her own, but it was definitely a lot closer to their 'normal' relationship than the one Dave normally displayed around women...

...and nothing at all like the reaction Dave OR Mark 'should' have been having with this very strange and unnatural situation, and Mark was almost grimly determined to continue hiding his natural reactions to the situation in order to keep it on that 'functionally-proven' best-friend relationship level.

Which was why the new woman Mark had become consciously concealed her natural reactions of confusion, curiously, distaste and (however unwanted) mild delight at the sensation of her (proportionately) huge new boobs jiggling and bouncing with firm resilience with every move she made, with every breath she took.

Which was why she fought to give no sign of the sensations created by the texture of the cotton shirt rubbing over the oh-so-sensitive flesh of her large, thick new nipples, currently partially erect in the cool underground air so that every disturbingly pleasant jiggle of her firmly soft new spheres caused a corresponding disgustingly delightful sensation in her swollen new nipples.

Which was why she displayed none of the surprise and almost unwanted interest she felt at the familiar-yet- undeniably-different sensation of a much fuller and 'perkier' ass flexing and relaxing as she moved, the additional mass to her shapely new ass taut and toned, yet managing to still be softer and more resilient than her male gluteus maximus.

All of this surprising thespian talent at faking 'business as usual' while dealing with highly unusual sensations in an equally uncommon situation, however, all paled to near-insignificance next to a practically Oscar-caliber performance of commonplace blasé indifference as Dave took her delicate new hand and, as if handling fine china, carefully helped her to her feet - a smooth motion she performed with a casual, 'everyday' air...

...that gave absolutely no sign of the highly complex mix of emotions - shock, confusion, fear and even unwilling but undeniable desire - as the simple touch of Dave's flesh to hers caused an intense burst of unmistakably sensual pleasure to thrum down her arm, causing her nipples to fully engorge to the point of delicious discomfort and a deep, throbbing warmth to bring tingling wetness to a new womanhood.

A womanhood that suddenly seemed to demand that she stop trying to ignore its existence and pay attention to it instead.

A womanhood that seemed to whisper into the new woman's golden ear about just how much pleasure could be hers if only something - or someone - were to fill that warm, wet void.

A 'warm, wet void' that no longer felt like but a small percentage of her body mass, but as if she were entirely hollow, at risk of imploding inwards around that emptiness unless it were filled, and filled soon.

Somehow, even through the intense 'distraction' of a nearly overwhelming sexual urge Dave's touch had awakened in her body and mind, the perfectly formed new woman managed to stand 'casually' beside her best friend and completely repress any sign of the horrified realization of what a triple dose of the 'pleasure optimization' the computer had promised meant.

Most noteworthy of all, however, was the simple fact that, despite her body thrumming and almost literally quivering with a high-overwhelming desire, the suddenly sexually-aware woman managed to completely resist not only the urge, but giving any sign that the urge even existed, for her to surrender herself to the suddenly realized and utterly certain realization that

extraordinarily intense sexually pleasure, far beyond anything she'd ever experienced before, stood less than a hands-breadth away...

...in the form and figure of a best friend that, as desperately as she suppressed any outward sign or realizing, she couldn't help but now see as a very viable and attractive male capable of interacting sexually with a woman.

A woman - like her... [TO BE CONTINUED](#)

[Back to Stories](#)

SUMMARY: When two guys go salvaging, they discover a pleasure dome that makes some adjustments so that there will be the correct male to female ratio.

Part Two

Behind and beneath the empty warehouse in the slowly gentrifying east side of town, two figures stood side- by-side, pretending to survey the chamber in which they found themselves.

Not that the location itself merited the highly-feigned attention it was getting. The chamber had been identified by a recorded voice as "The PleasureDome" - and 'pleasure dome' was as much a simple description as a name for the chamber in which the two figures found themselves.

It was, after all, a 'dome' - a hemispherical chamber measuring perhaps a hundred feet across, and half of that from the floor to the highest point of the arching ceiling.

Likewise, the 'pleasure' portion of the name/description was equally as explicitly obvious.

Along one wall, faux-stonework created a semi-'natural'-looking grotto, down the wall of which artistically formed streams of water rushed, bubbled and sprayed. This waterfall, aside from being quite visually and aurally decorative, also served as a functional multi-person shower area - and the water then spilled down into a combination bathing/wading area.

The outlet of the little man-made pool turned into a stream that ran towards the center of the dome, where it then became a sort of moat surrounding the end of the strip-club style stage, complete with brass pole, the protruded out over the water, it's height making the stage sort of the focal point of the dome.

Ranked around the stage's moat were more faux-stone tiers, meandering in a sort of amphitheatre - but there were no narrow, uncomfortable seats to be found here. Instead, padded niches in the rock walls and hollows served double duty, equally functional as seating or bedding areas.

Likewise, the kitchen area, while a functional food-preparation site, boasted counters considerably deeper than strictly necessary, and sturdily constructed enough to take the weight of two (or more) full-grown adults engaged in... 'acrobatic' physical activity.

This was all without even TOUCHING upon the padded-black-velvet-furniture equipped 'dungeon' area directly across the chamber from the 'grotto', nor the large racks of rather... 'fetishistic' clothing along the south facing wall...

In short, the chamber was the sort of place that a person would have to have a damned good reason for NOT staring around in shock and/or amazement... and each of the two figures standing within the women's entrance of the chamber did, in fact, have good reason for their individual state of current preoccupation.

One of the figures was a sandy-haired man of average height and slightly more than average girth. Handsome enough in a somewhat stocky, boyish way, the young man's name was Dave, and he alternated between running his fingers through and untamed mass of sand-colored hair and playing with his rimless, low- prescription glasses.

Dave's reason for not giving the PleasureDome the attention it deserved was quite simple - he was entirely too preoccupied with trying, (without a notable lack of success), NOT to give the figure standing next to him the attention SHE so very rightly deserved.

If the PleasureDome was so named by being a dome dedicated to the pursuit of pleasure, then the woman standing next to Dave should have rightfully been named 'PleasureWoman'. Instead, however, her name was Mark; 'a woman built for pleasure' merely being what she WAS, rather than what she was named.

On the part of the diminutive woman whose massive, luxurious mane of wavy ebony hair barely reached Dave's shoulders, the reason for lack of proper appreciation of her surroundings was three-fold:

The very first one was the same as the reason Dave was so distracted - namely, her own, highly feminine body. Clad in an oversized t-shirt, it was a body that was so fine-boned as to be as delicate as the finest chine, with tiny wrists and ankles, a waist so slender as to be the envy of any fashion-model, and long, deliciously slender limbs - yet, despite that, she was also 'all woman', the oversized shirt clinging tightly to the firmly rounded swells of hip, buttock and breast in a way that made it clear that this 'doll-like' woman was more than merely 'anatomically correct'. Indeed, the shapely curves clad in flawlessly smooth, dusky-olive skin not only made one realize she was quite emphatically female, but would make even the saintliest of men helplessly realize what 'base' pleasures a feminine figure could provide a man.

Now, being stunningly, seductively, and above all else - sexually gorgeous is a 'curse' many women would not necessarily have minded, but in Mark's case, her well-deserved second reason for not noticing the chamber's full effect came from the fact that, until a very short while ago, she'd been a red-blooded, handsome, determinedly heterosexual male...

...which lead directly to the third reason, which was that the male-raised mind in the emphatically feminine body was trying to grapple with the unarguable realization and reality that came from knowing that any sort of physical contact with any

male body - such as the one standing a hand's breadth away from her at that very moment - would result in an extraordinary amount of immediate physical pleasure directly proportional to how... 'intimate' that physical contact was.

In short: Mark was quite distracted by the fact that, no matter how desperately she tried NOT to, she couldn't help but think about just how unbelievably fantastic it would feel to have sex with Dave... and, given how her long-time best friend was reacting to her new body, just how theoretically easy it would be to get him to agree to that sexual congress.

"Er...." She finally suggested, wincing at how silken-smooth and honey-toned her new voice emerged even in the depths of confused uncertainty. "I think, maybe, I'll see if there's any clothing I could..."

"YES...." Dave blurted, and then blushed. "I, um... I mean, I think that would be a good idea."

"Yeah." Mark agreed, trying - and failing - to notice that, while part of Dave meant that, a clearly visible part of Dave's psyche was busily considering what she would look like without any clothes on at all... and that part of her own mind felt a strangely victorious thrill of excitement at the realization.

Instead, she tried to quash that portion of her thoughts as she headed over to the wall with the racks of clothing, as Dave - after a very long, sighing look - managed to distract himself from the all-to-delectable swaying of her firm buttocks and swivelling of her well-rounded hips by turning his belated attention to the dome itself, looking for access to the technology that had allowed such a discomforting (and uncomfortably arousing) change to take place in his best friend.

* * * * *

With an extreme degree of self-consciousness made all the worse by the fact that the 'self' she was hideously conscious about was emphatically feminine, Mark walked over to where a slice of the circular wall was taken up by racks of women's clothing.

Almost immediately, her own discomfort at looking for clothes suitable to be worn on a body she didn't want in the first place redoubled - because, as uncomfortable as she might be with the thought of wearing ANY female clothing, it was far worse to think of herself wearing any of the clothing she now hesitantly found herself perusing, for none of the clothing was anything close to what be considered 'normal' women's wear.

'Clubwear' was the most 'demure' clothing to be found within the selection - which is to say, it was marginally 'street legal'. From there, it went on to clothing that, should the wearer be caught outside the 'boudoir' (or 'dungeon', depending on the clothing), the owner and wearer of said clothing was likely to be arrested for: a) solicitation of prostitution; b) public indecency; c) incitement to riot, or; d) in certain outfits, 'all of the above'.

It would be highly instructive to note that Mark's first thought at looking through these articles of clothing was: '*I* can't wear these...!' - and the mental image that formed was of her old, male body-image looking more than simply ludicrous in such sexually feminine attire.

A simple breath, causing her ample, round breasts to press firmly against the thin material of her t-shirt, quickly disabused her of that false mental image, reminding her of the current state of reality.

Her SECOND thought was: 'I can't wear THESE...!' - except that, from a physical and aesthetic viewpoint alike, the image that formed in the new woman's mind quickly put that thought to the lie; indeed, as her mind formed the image of her new body dressed in skimpy and sexy clothes that would not only fit, but show off, her new body, Mark found herself getting... aroused.

So, almost in self defense, Mark's mind quickly added the qualifier '...because Dave wouldn't be able to keep his hands off me!'.

It was SUPPOSED to be a sort of 'ultimatum', an unarguable reason her all-male mind added almost instinctively as a disqualifying qualifier - it was supposed to be as valid and important as saying 'I can't stick my hand into the fire, because I would get burned.'

After all, her male-oriented mind quickly grasped the 'homosexual' thought as an ultimate disqualifier, and it really should have been... except that her already aroused body trembled with remembered pleasure at the thought of physical contact with Dave, and instead of being an inarguable reason why she couldn't wear sexy female clothing, part of her mind very nearly found it an inarguable reason why she SHOULD.

Lightly biting down on her full, firm, and oh-so-kissable lower lip, the new - and highly pleasure sensitive - woman Mark had become had to quite literally fight down the urge to dress in clothing that was induce Dave to provide her with more of the utterly mind-overwhelming pleasure even the briefest touch was guaranteed to provide her. Instead, summoning up an amount of willpower whose very need was daunting evidence of how her altered body was working against her ingrained male mindset, Mark forced herself to start looking for the least sexually arousing clothing she could find...

...which, given both the selection of clothing available, the size-limitation of choices determined by her petite- yet- curvaceous body, and the very sexual nature of the body itself, was certainly no easy task.

* * * * *

Dave was cheerfully lost in a world of transistors and resistors, following circuits and tracing power-flows in electronics that, despite being made of components two decades out of date, were far advanced compared to anything he'd ever seen before.

An acknowledged 'tech geek', this was the next-best thing to Heaven for Dave, and so it wasn't at all surprising that he failed to hear the sound of low, stacked wooden heels clapping across the floor to where he stood, half- buried in the wall that access the incredible electronics beyond.

"Any luck...?" a rich, honey-smooth female voice inquired, its awkward nervousness and general uncertainty buried in its smooth, seductive tones.

"This stuff is amazing!" Dave enthused, staring to turn. "It's absolutely... urghk!"

The lowest, broadest pair of heels Mark had been able to find her in her diminutive new shoe-size were 2-inch stacked heels belonged to a pair of wine-red soft leather ankle boots. Above the loose-rucked leather tops of the boots, her extremely shapely little legs were encased in a semi-opaque pair of black lycra-mix leggings, shot through with a metallic thread that caused them to shimmer and gleam, emphasizing every well-packed curve of her dusky legs.

Those legs disappeared under the hem of a black-and-red horizontal striped sweater-dress that clung teasingly both to the flare of her full hips and the smooth swell of the perfect, dusky spheres of breast-flesh that were only tantalizingly hinted at by the dark cleavage the dropping cowl-neck of the dress displayed. A wide, white spandex belt completed the ensemble, highlighting her deliciously slender waist.

She wore no makeup or jewelry, and her mass of gleaming, silky ebony hair fell in an unstyled mane of waves and curls around her shoulders - and yet she still looked like a sensual and beautiful goddess brought to Earth.

"Dave...?" She asked, hesitantly. "What's wrong...?" "Nuh... nuh... nothing!"

The stammer, and the deep blush that went along with, gave lie to Dave's squeezed reply.

Swallowing nervously, Mark gestured at the exposed circuitry, hoping a live-long love of technology would override the smitten look currently on her best friend's face.

"So - what have you found out?" Mark tried desperately to distract both Dave and her own damnable imagination, shivering with the thought of the pleasure so much as a touch from Dave would unleash.

"Um... yeah - er.... Right..." Dave muttered, struggling to get his mind away from the discomforting and 'highly inappropriate' sexual thoughts he was having, and onto the topic of the amazing transformative electronics within the wall. If it had been any other topic he was trying to 'switch over' to, the effort probably would have failed - the feminine Mark was that alluring, and for reasons more than just the physical. However, technology WAS Dave's 'first love', and so he was finally able to marshal his thoughts on that topic, but not without a constant, undercurrent of awareness of Mark's new form (and ultra-potent pheromones) undermining his concentration.

"Okay - technically speaking, I'm the only 'real' thing in the dome." Mark finally managed to focus enough to explain, with the faint, lecturing tone he always took when educating the uninitiated.

"Excuse me...?" Mark asked. "I certainly FEEL real..."

With great effort, she managed to resist the temptation that Dave test the theory by touching her...

"Oh, well - you EXIST..." Dave rather graciously allowed... while refusing to look directly at her. "However, you are actually merely a... SIMULATION. Complex electro-magnetic forces bound within an imposed matrix in the shape of a woman..."

...'and WHAT a woman!' both Mark and Dave's minds silently added. "I... don't quite follow." Mark admitted.

"Well, do you ever watch 'Star Trek'...?" Dave asked - then, at the wry grin that looked both utterly familiar and at the same time completely out of place on the lovely woman's face, gave himself a mental kick, reminding himself that, body aside, this was his long-time best friend... sort of.

"You're a tangible hologram." Dave explained. "Oh, a very detailed one, with all the bits and pieces, albeit mildly modified, of a human being... but you were 'converted' into energy by the blasts, and the energy was re-ordered into what you now see."

"Oh..." Mark muttered - then, hesitantly: "So - how do I change back?"

It was Dave's turn to hesitate - and his faded blush returned full-force, for a different reason.

"I... may have screwed up." He admitted, awkwardly. "When I by-passed the lock, I also bypassed a... a sort of 'buffer'. I didn't know what it was for, at the time, and didn't think it mattered - but, now, I think it was designed to store your original 'energy state'."

"You mean... I'm STUCK like this...?" Mark blurted - and was horrified by the fact that she wasn't nearly as horrified by the fact as she felt she should have been...

"No, no!" Dave hastened to assure her. "It's just - look, CREATRION would be prohibitively energy-expense... $E=MC^2$ and all that. CONVERSION, however, can be done... but it still has a very big energy budget. Which is why your mass is less than it was - it was converted to power the transformation. Normally, the buffer would have stored up enough to reverse the process, but I discharged it breaking in... either we'd have to do a relative conversion of mass, or wait until enough energy can be stored in the buffer."

"Bottom line?" Mark wanted to know.

"Bottom line is, I could 'loan' you the energy to become male again... by becoming female myself. Or, we can wait for the system to recharge... which, the way I figure it, would take about a day..."

"Oh..." Mark muttered. "So - I'm stuck like this for 24 hours?"

"More or less..." Dave allowed. "The system used its pre-programmed base parameters. I COULD change you somewhat... but only in ways that would be slightly less than your own current mass, as some more of your mass would be 'stolen' to power the transformation. Or, we could wait just long enough for a charge to build up that could transform you back into a male - not your old body, but a man of your current size and mass, roughly speaking."

"...or anything else, as long as there was either enough energy or enough mass...?" Mark wondered aloud, working it out in her own mind.

"Exactly!" Dave agreed enthusiastically, turning back towards the open wall, crouching to point at something within. "See, this is the interface, right here..."

Mentally cursing her tiny new stature that prevented her from seeing over Dave's shoulder - a new and unusual reversal of the usual situation - Mark stood on tip-toe and leaned forward slightly to see what Dave was pointing at...

...without taking into consideration a not-inconsiderable amount of mass set relative high on her body and thrust outward, radically altering her mentally assumed center of gravity.

In short, the shapely new woman toppled tit-first into Dave's back...

...and let out a long, deep, and above all, SEXUAL moan of bone-deep pleasure as her body was pressed firmly against Dave's broad figure, triggering all sorts of pleasure-inducing contact points she'd only barely been aware of having. Her nipples went nearly rock-hard, and a second gasping moan of shocked surprise - and pleasure - came from between her full lips as a warm wetness thrummed through her new womanhood in response to the increased pleasure coming from her swollen nipples and delightfully compressed breasts.

Instinctively, the male portion of her 'virtual brain' told her she needed to break contact with Dave immediately, that this was all so fundamentally wrong on a very basic level... but, instead, she found herself draping her slender, dusky arms around Dave's neck, increasing the amount of pleasure thrumming through her transformed body as she lightly ground herself against her sturdy friend's broad body, feeling a deep craving for sexual contact like none she'd ever felt before...

...and with the utter and inarguable certainty that giving in to such an urge would only increase the already amazing level of pleasure she was helplessly experiencing by holding her curvaceous body so tightly against his.

Which was why a moaning sigh of bone-deep disappointment emerged from her throat when Dave pulled away from her with an embarrassed mutter of "Whu-whu-what the -hu-hell are you duh-doing...?!"

Red-blooded, heterosexual, All-American Stud Mark thought: 'Tell him! Tell him that touching him feels so incredibly good that you just can't help yourself, and Dave will make DAMNED sure to avoid me for the entire time it takes to change me back...!'

...which was EXACTLY why the incredibly horny, currently emphatically female person of whom Mark made up only a portion gave Dave a surprised look and said: "Rubbing my hot body against yours - why, what did you THINK I was doing...?"

Dave gaped at her, making strangled sounds that didn't correlate with anything in the English language.

Pouting prettily, the petite sexpot look down at herself, then back up at Dave: "...or, don't you find this body sexy?" She asked, a plaintive note in her honey-smooth tones.

'What the HELL am I doing...?' - But, even as the small part of the new woman formulated the question, she knew it to be rhetorical. She knew damned well what she was trying to do - she was trying to seduce Dave.

Not, however, for her own sake - or, rather, not SOLELY for her own sake. As unbelievable tempting as feeling the intense pleasure any male could bring her might be, it alone wouldn't have been enough to override her

'maleness', not even given the intense level of sexual arousal she was currently feeling.

No, from the rather shell-shocked male-oriented portion of her brain's point of view, the REAL problem... was himself.

After all...

"Dude..." She heard herself say, "...just how long have we been trying to get you laid?"

...and that was the crux of the problem - because Mark really DID want to help his best friend finally 'get some action'... and, in this body, not only could SHE 'arrange' for that to happen, but in her current hyper-aroused and hyper-sensitive state, she very much WANTED to... even if 'he' didn't particularly want to want it, so to speak.

"Wha... What?! But, Mark...!" Dave stammered...

...and that steadily shrinking part of her mind that shared contiguous ancestry with a heterosexual man who would never even CONSIDER doing something like this listened in surprise as the vivacious, very sexually awake woman she currently embodied purred: "Call me 'Maria'..."

'Mark' made up a part of the woman who, with a nearly predatory smile, now advanced on a slowly back- pedalling Dave... but, all in all, it was a very SMALL part. The majority of 'Maria' was made up out of... well, out of LUST, not to put too fine a point on it. This lust, however, was almost - but not quite - unthinking. It knew just enough, however, to 'hijack' Mark's knowledge and skills, to use them to its own end...

...and the absolute worst part of it, for Mark, was that 'he' was letting this happen. It was almost like being drunk, in a way - when, afterwards, you would realize that you REALLY shouldn't have put that lampshade on your head and sung faux-German opera in a falsetto... but, when you were doing it, it 'seemed a good idea at the time'.

The biggest difference was, that the Mark part of Maria was pretty sure this wasn't a good idea RIGHT NOW - and it STILL wasn't enough to stop her from doing it.

"Look, Mark..." Dave said, nervously, continuing to back away from her prowling feline advance. "Maria..." The busty woman insisted in a throaty purr.

"...this isn't right, this isn't YOU!" Dave doggedly argued. "It's the dome - it's designed to make people want, crave, and enjoy..."

Watching the curvaceous little woman stalking him, Dave failed to notice the couch behind him - bumping into the knee-level furnishing, he found himself flailing his arms, falling backwards to sit down unexpectedly, hard and fast, on the deep, bed-like couch.

In a flash, before her prey could recover, the now nearly animalistic Maria, driven by intense sexual instincts, leapt upon his half-reclined form on the couch, her shapely legs straddling his supine form.

"You're horny, I'm horny, we both want it, and we both KNOW we'll enjoy it..." She purred, shoving him back down when he half-heartedly tried to rise. "Why should we even bother to try and fight it...?"

Part of her mind insisted that they SHOULD fight it, but she wasn't listening to that part of herself... nor was she listening to Dave's stammered attempts to dissuade her. Grabbing Dave's head, she intertwined her slender fingers in his sandy hair, yanking his head upwards to meet her descending lips in a hard, nearly desperate kiss.

Moaning low in the back of her throat at the intense pleasure the physical contact brought, Maria jammed her long, supple tongue into Dave's stunned mouth, prodding and flicking across his own tongue hungrily, demanding her respond to her.

He did respond - by rather hesitantly putting his hands on the blades of her shoulders and, with entirely too much deferential delicacy to be successful, attempt to push her off.

She immediately responded - by grabbing his hands and yanking them downward and inward, placing them squarely on the cloth stretched taut over her full, spherical breasts.

"Yes, that's it Dave..." She moaned, grinding her tits against his hands with a look of intense pleasure on her face. "Squeeze my huge tits! Fondle me, touch me...! It all feels so utterly, amazingly... wonderful...!"

Dave's mind was reeling - while his intellect was trying to insist that she couldn't really want this, and that he SHOULDN'T want this, she certainly gave indication that she did... and his body was very much insisting HE did, as well. Almost inevitably, he began to weaken.

After all, he was a horny young man with a lifetime worth of unrequited lust, currently with a literal lapful of warm, manifestly willing woman literally begging him to indulge every urge he was undeniably feeling.

Almost against his will, Dave found himself giving those huge, softly firm tits a squeeze... and, in response, he could feel her nipples swelling against his palms, even as her moans indicated nothing but willing enjoyment of his touch...

Releasing his no-longer resisting hands, Maria reached down, grabbed the hem of her sweater dress, and in one, showy movement, peeled both it and the underlying tank-top off and tossed the clothing aside. For a brief moment, Dave had an unobstructed view of her magnificent, dusky spheres of ripe tit-flesh...

...and then she rose up on her knees, leaned forward, and buried his face in the warm, slightly musky chasm of her deliciously firm cleavage.

Sliding her slender hands under the edge of Dave's shirt, she leaned back, and quickly divested him of the garment. Leaning forward again, she kissed him hungrily, grinding her breasts against his now-bare chest, delighting in the intense pleasure that thundered through her body.

With Dave no longer resisting her demanding ministrations, she quickly removed the rest of their clothes, pausing often to grind her steadily more naked body against the steadily expanding amount of his bare flesh, doubling and redoubling the wonderful pleasure flowing from the contact... and, not incidentally, increasing Dave's own pleasure, although not nearly to the same degree as what her own, hyper-sensitized body was experiencing.

Still, by the time they were naked, his cock was already hard and throbbing, quite ready to impale the sopping wet cunt she gleefully slammed down upon it.

"Yes...!" She screamed, as even more intense pleasure stole the last bit of 'Mark' from the purely-sexual creature that now inhabited the equally super-sexual body.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me..." She chanted, hungrily, barely hearing her own gasping, moaning demand for sex even as she fulfilled it, riding Dave's hard cock fast and hard. Her huge breasts wobbled and jiggled when she wasn't pressing them against his face or chest, and she paused her repetitive mantra for the occasional quick, hungry kiss - but it was all done on 'automatic pilot' as she bounced, jiggled and thrust herself towards orgasm.

Dave reached it first, crying out in a mixture of pleasure and shame as he dumped his load deep into her sopping pussy - but she didn't even notice, continuing to pound herself atop his slowly softening cock until her own orgasm tore through her with intense force, causing her to twitch and spasm as if being electrocuted.

With the mind-shattering pleasure finally passed, she literally collapsed from the sudden drain, falling off Dave's lap and onto the floor, where she twitched and moaned in intense, pleased satisfaction...

...for Dave's cum was inside her, 'touching' her from within, and so continuously spreading that intense pleasure through her body from a very central portion of her new femininity.

"Wonderful, so wonderful..." She moaned, lost to anything but sexual enjoyment of her new state, neither knowing nor caring about any other possible consequences or repercussions to her femininity. "This is what I want, all that want, for ever and ever... fucking and sucking, touching and being touched, all pleasure, all the time, for ever and ever and EVER and..."

A sound from a little ways away distracted her from the contemplation of a life as a sex-crazed living fuck-doll, and Maria looked up, her eyes tracking around for Dave, already craving another round of sexual intensity as soon as he was capable of it - and then she spotted him over by the open panel in the wall.

Moaning his name, Maria rose to her feet and began to sensually swagger towards him. Somewhere within the primal, sexual core of what passed for her thoughts, she sensed a possibility of some resistance to her desires, but she was utterly certain she could overcome them again, as he already had once, knowing that she not only lived for sex, but was designed in every way to elicit it - she would not, COULD NOT be denied...

...and then she cried out in confusion, horror and pain, as a new - and infinitely less enjoyable - form of electricity slammed into her body...

...and then, panting and twitching, Mark dragged himself erect, mind reeling as he tried to figure out what the hell was going on. It took a second - and then his eyes widened as he realized what it was he'd just done, eagerly slamming a hot, wet cunt down on to his best friend's throbbing cock...

...and then it occurred to him that he no longer HAD a cunt, hot and wet or otherwise. While a trifle shorter and less muscular than before, he was nevertheless all the way back to being male.

"What the...?" Mark stammered, staggering - and then his eyes fell on the person standing near the open access panel.

The tiny, huge-breasted, sandy-haired WOMAN, to be specific. [TO BE CONTINUED...](#)

[Back to Stories](#)



SUMMARY: A strange mystical disk gives powers to woman who captures four men who happen to be passing through her town.

Requiem

By Gunslinger

Prologue - Past Tense

April 22nd, 1977

The stone, an irregular ovoid roughly five feet long and two feet wide, was older than the Earth itself. Before the crust of that fledgling planet had even begun to form, the small chunk of cosmic matter had hurtled through the intergalactic void.

By the time the Earth's crust had been solid enough to support the first stirrings of life, the hurtling chunk of rock had entered the boundary of the Galaxy. By some quirk of fate, its path carried it through the clusters of stars without falling prey to any of their gravity wells.

On Earth, the first shots of what would become the Vietnam war had just sounded when that same meteorite had whipped through the orbit of Pluto, drawn inexorably towards the yellow-orange star at the center of the solar system.

Then, as it neared the fiery fate that drew it onwards, it passed the rocky, airless satellite of the third planet in the system. The Moon's gravity, puny as it was, was enough to nudge the smaller rock off its course. Just enough that, instead of skipping past the Earth, it hit the fringes of the Earth's gravity well.

It resisted the drag of the blue-green planet for three orbits, whipping around the Earth thrice in just under nine minutes. Then, slowing due to the faint wisps of atmosphere that existed, it lost just enough velocity to be captured by the planet below.

As the air thickened during its downward plunge, the irregular chunk of rock began to glow - a dull red at first, then a vibrant yellow, then, finally, a brilliant, incandescent blaze of white that etched a glowing arc across the sky.

Heated to more than a million degrees from the friction of the Earth's oxygen/carbon-dioxide atmosphere, the superheated rock began to disintegrate, losing the form it had held for countless millennia.

As the rock stripped away, something emerged.

A small, black disk, no more than four inches in diameter, was finally freed from the ages-old imprisonment. If there had been a person present, and if they could have placed a hand on the disk, they would have just enough time to register the fact that the disk itself was barely warm before the tremendous temperatures surrounding the object vaporized them completely.

Travelling at enormous velocities, the small, smooth object finally made contact with the surface of a planet in a tremendous explosion. Its immense kinetic energy was shed almost instantly as it was stopped by the bulk of the Earth, causing an explosion that dug a thirty- foot wide crater. The tremendous heat released from the impact fused the sand of the crater into a rough, translucent green glass, as the small, black disk - completely undamaged - bounced once, then came, at last, to rest.

* * * * *

Cassie Landau was running for her life.

As she staggered across the scorched Nevada badlands, the sheer fabric of her nylons did little to protect her feet from the burning temperature of the sand beneath her. Her high-heeled shoes - the ones Danny insisted she wear - were discarded somewhere behind her, useless on the uneven terrain.

Eyes wide with fear, the short, slender woman glanced over her shoulder. There was still no sign of Danny, her common-law husband, but Cassie knew he would come.

Danny never let anything that belonged to him get away.

Sweat matted her long, black hair, and her once neat mascara now ran in runnels from her tears. Though never truly beautiful, Cassie was usually careful about her appearance - Danny insisted - but now, she looked like some week-old corpse brought to fearful life.

Dark, vicious bruises stood in stark relief on her pale skin, reminders of Danny's disapproval. The beating she was used to - resigned to but she had committed the last, unforgivable sin. Danny had come home, drunk as usual, and demanded sex, as usual. And, for some reason she still wasn't sure of, Cassie had refused.

Now, she ran blindly through the dry, dead lands of central Nevada, her one, overriding concern to find some sort of help before her drunken lover could find his shotgun and keep his promise to 'shove the fucker up her cunt and let go with both barrels'.

Danny, despite his many flaws, wasn't a liar. If he said he was going to do something - he was. So, Cassie ran.

When the explosion and flash of light came, Cassie simply collapsed bonelessly onto the scorching sand, sure that Danny had caught up with her. It took several seconds for her to realize that, in fact, no spray of double-ought had ripped through her battered, weary body. With a sick helplessness, she lifted her head and looked around. He must have fired a 'warning' shot. He promised to kill her by shoving the gun in her cunt, and so hadn't killed her - yet.

But there was no sign of him.

It took several more seconds to realize that she wasn't going to die just yet. Numbly, she slowly stood and approached the smoking crater that had, magically, appeared a hundred yards to her right.

Due to her slow, unsteady walk, the crater had cooled by the time she arrived at its lip and stared apathetically down into its glassy center. For several minutes she merely stood there, staring blankly at the crater and the small, smooth disk lying in its center.

Finally, she knelt down and lowered herself over the lip of the crater. The uneven glass, still warm, was slick enough that her unresisting body slid to the center of the bowl-shaped depression.

Her leg, outstretched in front of her, made contact with the disk. A wave of...something flooded through her. Her mind, already overburdened, took the simplest way out - she blacked out.

Limply, she collapsed at the bottom of the depression, her unconscious body all but wrapped around the small black disk.

Suddenly, the silence of the desert was broken as the clothes that she wore began to draw taut, then tear, as the body they had contained began to change...

* * * * *

Part I

Power, like a desolating pestilence, Pollutes whate'er it touches

Shelly, Queen Mab, III

* * * * *

Chapter One - The Road

August 2nd, 1998

Sam almost missed seeing her.

The long, empty highway rolling beneath the Caddy's wheels had lulled him into a mild stupor. The desert heat, reflected of the worn blacktop, had beat against the white paint of the 1965 Coupe De Ville as the classic piece of Detroit rolling iron had unwound the miles along Route 50 - the Loneliest Highway in the World.

It was a well deserved sobriquet. Sam had spotted only a single vehicle since leaving Ely, which was also the last outpost of civilization such as it was - for hundreds of miles. That lone vehicle had been a street-rod Mustang, with a trio of college students in it, that had rocketed by fifteen minutes ago. Other than that, the desolation of the road, and the ceaseless, monotony of the desert winds had dulled his usually honed state of attention.

So, he barely caught a glimpse of the girl - he thought it was a girl at least - standing by the side of the road. If not for her dark clothing, contrasting against the surrounding pale sand, he might have missed her completely.

Immediately, Sam's foot eased down on the brake, bringing the heavy vehicle to a smooth stop several hundred yards past the unlikely hitch hiker. Slipping the car into reverse, Sam lay one arm along the back of the seat and craned around. Backing up, he covered the intervening difference and pulled up beside the young woman standing on the gritty shoulder of the highway. He used the master control on the driver's side door to open the electric window on the passenger's side. Leaning over, he eyed the young woman, dressed in jeans and a halter top - both in black, for chrissakes, in the middle of the desert! - before asking the inevitable question.

"Need a lift, miss?"

The young woman paused before answering. Savoring the blast of air-conditioned coolness from the open window, she sized up her 'savior'. Dressed in faded blue jeans and a denim shirt with the sleeves rolled up past his elbows, he couldn't be more than a year or two older than her own age of twenty-three, though his tanned, weathered face added age. She couldn't tell whether his platinum hair was bleached by the sun, or naturally that pale. Even the short sentence he'd uttered clearly revealed his Texan origins in his accent-laced voice.

Running one hand through her short, golden blonde hair, she shrugged. "That depends. You're not a serial killer or axe murderer, are you?"

Sam looked thoughtful. "Well, I ate a big bowl of Corn Flakes this morning, so I 'spose I'm a cereal killer." He told her sincerely. "But I have never, ever murdered an axe."

Taken by surprise, she just looked at him for a second then let loose a clear, trilling laugh. Popping open the door, she waited for Sam to move his worn Stetson from the seat before she slid in, dropping her faded olive-drab back pack on the floor between her feet.

Feet clad in black leather boots with a squared-off heel, Sam noticed with bemusement. Dropping the car into gear and stepping on the gas, Sam looked over at his new passenger.

"Sam Calhoun", he said, nodding.

"Jeri Cates." She introduced herself. "Jeri with an 'I'."

Sam decided to indulge his curiosity. "If you don't mind me asking, Miss Cates, what are you doing out here? Not exactly dressed for a long hike in the desert, and there isn't any towns listed on the map for miles."

Jeri smiled wryly. "I got a lift out of Ely with a trucker. A couple miles back he made some advances, and I turned him down. He then said, and I quote, 'Put out or get out.' I got out." She cocked her head at him. "And, it's Jeri, not Miss Cates."

"Fair enough" Sam agreed. He considered his passenger's story. Although she was cute, in a tomboyish sort of way, her figure wasn't exactly outstanding - the halter top showed an about average bust, and her waist was a little too wide above hips a little too narrow. From her appearance - and her road-wise attitude, - Sam was sure that she hadn't led the trucker on. Sam detested the sort of man who'd pull such a stunt, and indulged in second's imagination of what he'd like to do to such a man.

"So, where you heading?" Sam asked pleasantly.

Jeri shrugged. "To wherever you are, I guess. I'm kind of between jobs right now, and I'm looking for work." She turned in the seat and regarded him. "What about you?"

Sam smiled. "Samuel Hill Calhoun, Laramie County Sheriff, at your service, ma'am." He mimed tipping a hat. "You're a cop?" Jeri asked, raising an eyebrow. "A little out of your jurisdiction, aren't you?"

Sam shrugged good naturedly. "Well, even us Texan cops take vacations. The preacher at the church railed so hard about the sins of gambling, I figured I should see what all the hollering was about. So, I'm heading for Vegas to see..." He broke off suddenly, leaning forward over the Caddy's wheel. The big car began to slow.

Jeri turned forward and peered out the windshield. She spotted what Sam was looking at immediately. About fifty feet from the road, sunlight sparkled off chrome. A few feet from that, a dark hump was slowly pulling itself erect.

"Why don't you wait in the car, Miss?" Sam suggested as he pulled the Caddy off the road in a plume of dust. She was bemused to note the sudden tone of authority in his previously easy-going voice. In fact, his whole demeanor had changed. Jeri, like most 'Road Runners', had little use for cops of any sort. So, she was surprised by her sudden, and inexplicable, conviction that Sam must be one hell of a good cop.

Reaching across her, Sam popped open the glove compartment and pulled out a small, but well stocked, first-aid kit. Climbing out of the car, he left the driver's door open as he walked quickly towards the man who was just rising to his feet.

"The hell with that." Jeri snorted, climbing out. She moved quickly to catch up with Sam, who glanced once at her wordlessly.

The man, dressed in motorcycle leathers and wearing a full helmet with a lowered visor, was standing over his bike - a Harley-Davidson Softail Classic, Sam noted, - shaking his head. It was only this close that Sam, and Jeri, noticed two things - first, the weathered sign a few feet from the toppled Harley, and the fact that the bike was laying just beside a dirt track that might - if someone had a good imagination - be called a road.

"You okay?" Sam asked, stopping next to the red-and-cream colored cycle.

The man pulled off the helmet, revealing a youthful face with a shock of deep red hair and a matching goatee. Dressed in black leather in the desert, sweat streamed from the man's face in rivulets.

"Yep. Just a few bumps and scrapes." The man replied sourly. He rapped a gloved set of knuckles on the helmet. "Thanks to this thing." He tucked it under one arm.

"You lose control on the turn-off?" Sam asked. The red-haired man looked indignant.

"I do not - repeat do NOT - lose control of my bike." He stated emphatically. "A bunch of hot-rodding yokels decided to make the corner when they were right beside me. I made the turn to keep from getting side-swiped, then had to jump when I almost piled into this damn sign." The man cursed and kicked the grayed post.

Sam's ears perked up. "A metallic blue Mustang? Three kids driving it?" The other man eyed Sam. "Yeah. How'd you know?"

Sam shrugged. "They passed me earlier, going like a bat out of hell." He held out one strong, callused hand. "Sam Calhoun. The young lady there is Jeri Cates."

The red-head smiled thinly. "Will Broadbent. I'd say I'm pleased to meet you, but considering the circumstances..." Sam chuckled briefly. "Can't say I blame you, Mr. Broad..."

"Uh, Sam? Mr. Broadbent?" Jeri interrupted, looking back towards the Caddy. There was a slight tremor in her voice. "I think you should see this."

The two men turned - and gasped.

From beyond the parked car, the sky and horizon were blotted out by a beige wall. "Oh, shit." Will said in a resigned tone.

"What is it?" Jeri asked apprehensively.

"Sandstorm." Sam replied curtly, echoed a beat behind by Will. Jeri's jaw dropped.

Will tapped Sam on the shoulder, and once he had the cop's attention, pointed to the sign that he'd almost run into. The faded boards bore the legend:

REQUIEM 5 Mi.

"There's no town showing on the map." Sam had to shout to make himself heard over the rising wind. "S'probably a ghost town." Will shouted back, pulling his helmet on. "But it's shelter."

The next nearest town was too far to reach before the storm hit. At least the trail purporting to lead to Requiem was heading away from the storm, which might buy them a few extra minutes. Sam nodded, and Will pulled the Harley upright and straddled it.

Grabbing Jeri's arm, Sam half-propelled her towards the idling Caddy. Sliding in behind the wheel, he slammed the doors and turned onto the barely existent road. Shocks bouncing, the heavy, low-slung vehicle followed in the rooster-tail of dust kicked up by Will's bike as they tried to outrun the approaching tempest.

* * * * *

Chapter Two - The Town

August 2nd, 1998

Carl Powell had built the Mustang from the ground up.

He had found the frame and engine in a junk yard, where the vehicle had ended up after it's original owner had rolled it after trying to make a turn too fast. Although the body itself was a write-off, the frame and engine were intact. Buying it for a song, Carl had began to rebuild the vehicle into a 'kick-ass rod', as he put it.

Over the following months, he'd stolen, bought and 'borrowed' the necessary parts to rebuild the car of his dreams. The resulting vehicle, painted a deep, metallic blue, was his pride and joy.

The car was Carl's most prized possession.

"Goddamn piece of SHIT!" Carl yelled in frustration as he pounded on the steering wheel. The muscular black youth stepped on the gas, and the powerful engine howled as the huge rear tires impotently spun in the soft sand. The youth, who usually sported a rich, 'coffee and cream' complexion, had gone an unusual shade of purple with anger.

The tall, thin blond youth in the passenger seat looked over. "Give it up, Carl. She's stuck."

Carl glared murderously at the other youth. "Shut the fuck up, Lee, or Mama Witherspoon is gonna be short one son. Got it?"

The third passenger in the car, a smaller, slender dark-haired boy named Mike LeBrock, wisely decided to end the argument with a little misdirection.

"Hey, Lee, get out will ya?" Mike asked. "I gotta piss like a race horse."

Lee popped open the door and climbed out, allowing Mike to emerge from the car. Mike then turned back and leaned in the door.

"Look, Carl," Mike said reasonably, "We got stuck three feet from the first house in this...town. Why don't we look around for something to stick under the tires?"

Mike was careful to keep everything quiet and reasonable. Carl had a temper that could explode at the slightest pretext. This time, Carl merely glared, then shut the car off and got out.

"Okay, let's take a look around. Maybe somebody left something useful in this shit-hole." Taking the lead, the muscular black walked past the faded sign welcoming them to Requiem.

The tiny town was clustered at the intersection of two roads crossing at right angles. The shops and establishments lined both the roads, trickling out to small, run-down frame houses near the edges of town.

"Man, this place is *dead*," Lee said with a low whistle. Nothing at all moved as far as their eyes could see.

Mike found something odd about the town - then it clicked. Despite it's apparent abandonment, the town itself was in good repair. It was if the town had only been abandoned a few days ago. He started to point this out to his friends, then stopped. It didn't really matter, and Carl was sure to find a way to make fun of his idea - as usual.

Suddenly, Carl stopped short, which nearly caused Mike to walk into him. The trio stopped, the two white youths glancing curiously at the black.

"You hear that?" Carl asked, turning his head slowly side to side.

The two other youths listened intently, hearing nothing but the mournful howling of the desert wind. None of the trio noticed that the wind was stronger than it had been.

"I don't hear anything." Lee declared. "How bout you, Mike?"

Mike shook his head. "Nope." He turned to Carl. "What is it we're supposed to be hearing?"

Carl looked at his companions contemptuously. "You guys deaf or sumpin? Somebody's playing music around here." The other two listened again, finally shaking their heads.

"Carl, you're crazy. There's nothing to hear." Lee stated. It was a mistake.

Carl whirled quickly, and grabbed the front of Lee's faded T-shirt. "You're a fucking moron. A *deaf* fucking moron." Pushing the taller youth away, Carl began to stalk off.

Lee made as if to follow, but Mike restrained him. "Let him go. You know he'll be a real asshole until he cools down." Lee glared at the back of the muscular black youth, then sighed. "Yeah."

Mike motioned towards a large brick building at the corner of the intersection. A faded sign declared it to be the 'Driftwood Hotel and General Store.'

"How 'bout a look-see, good buddy?" Mike suggested with a half-grin.

Lee shrugged. "Sure. Might turn up something valuable." Sarcasm laced his voice, but he began moving in that direction.

The tall, weathered, brick building blocked the still-rising - and as yet, unnoticed, - wind as the two boys climbed the steps to the heavy oak-and-glass doors. Surprisingly, they were unlocked, swinging open easily on the bright brass hinges.

The lobby of the building lay in perpetual gloom. The polished wood counter ran along the back wall, beside a steep staircase rising up to the two other floors. To the youth's left, a doorway opened out on the General store.

"Jeez, the place is fully stocked." Lee exclaimed, eyeing the shelves inside the store. The shelves were fully loaded down with a variety of different items.

Mike glanced at the General store thoughtfully. He was really starting to worry. All the little details - the remarkably good condition of the buildings, the oiled hinges on the front door, and now a fully stocked store. Again, it came to him that, despite the lack of populace, the town didn't feel abandoned.

"I got a funny feeling about this place, Lee."

The taller youth shrugged. "Hey, what could possibly happen?"

That was what Mike was wondering, himself. "I think I'm going to take a look around upstairs."

Not looking at the shorter youth, the tall blond waved a hand in the direction of the stairs. "Have fun, man."

Mike watched Lee disappear into the store, then with a growing trepidation, began to mount the stairs to the second floor.

* * * * *

"Well, Texas, I have to say, you know how to show a girl an interesting time." Jeri shouted over the roar of the Caddy's big V-8 engine. She was twisted around in her seat, watching the sandstorm rolling in behind them. The tiny two-vehicle convoy was putting some distance between themselves and the howling wall of sand, but they couldn't run forever.

"Hey, would you rather be still standing at the roadside when this sucker rolled in?" Sam asked with a thin smile. He was trying to keep close behind Will's bike, a task made more difficult by the poor visibility from the plume of dust the Harley was kicking up.

His attentiveness paid off. He couldn't actually see the Harley, but the faint glow of its brake lights gave Sam enough warning to yank to car's wheel to the right. The big car slued around the blue Mustang in the middle of the road, barely slipping past the vehicle. Jeri, unprepared, was thrown hard against the door as Sam fought to keep the big car under some semblance of control.

As the Caddy slid off the poorly defined road, it seemed for a second that it would get stuck in the deeper, softer sand. With a gentle touch and utilizing the massive vehicle's momentum, Sam sledded the car back onto the road and stepped on the accelerator, racing to catch up with Will.

"Hey, you could have warned me." Jeri said, rubbing her elbow. "That hurt."

"Wouldn't have happened if you'd been wearing your seatbelt." Sam said pontifically. He spared a second to smile over at Jeri, then concentrated on driving.

Slowing, the two vehicles pulled up out front of a small building marked 'Requiem Municipal Offices'. Shutting the Caddy off, Sam listened to the ticking of the hot engine, barely audible of the rising wind.

Grabbing her pack, Jeri jumped out of the car. Sam followed suit, pausing long enough to lock the doors.

Will had pulled off his helmet and jacket and was worriedly regarding the encroaching storm. He turned to Sam.

"Either this place is recently abandoned, or everybody's bunkered down for the storm." He shouted, gesturing at the empty streets. "But those asshole who ran me off the road must be somewhere around here. That was their car back there."

"I noticed." Sam replied dryly. "Right now, I'm more worried about finding shelter." He moved towards the municipal offices, the other two close behind him.

* * * * *

INTERLUDE

National Atmospheric and Weather Center (N.A.W.C.) "Hey, John, take a look at this, will ya?"

The tall, serious looking man glanced over his companion's shoulder, then did a classic double take.

"That's not possible." He exclaimed, despite the evidence to the contrary showing on the satellite feed. "There was nothing there half an hour ago, and no fronts anywhere near by."

The seated man shrugged, perplexed. "I know. But there it is."

The other man shook his head. "It's like somebody conjured up a sandstorm in the middle of Nevada."

* * * * *

Chapter Three - The Storm

August 2nd, 1998

Like some malevolent prehistoric beast, the storm roared into Requiem unopposed. Sound and sight were overwhelmed by the sheer fury of the wall of sand carried by vicious winds. Visibility dropped to less than three feet as a preternatural twilight enveloped the small town.

* * * * *

Carl followed the faint sound as it grew louder. When he finally came to a stop from where it seemed to be emanating, an incredulous look spread across his ebony features. Slowly, like a man in a daze, he backed out into the deserted street to re-read the building's sign from a better viewpoint.

THE BOOBY TRAP

Live Continuous Exotic Dancers! NEVADA'S BEST!

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Out of all the things Carl might have expected to find in the apparently abandoned town, this was the last on his list. Moreover, the town wasn't as deserted as it seemed - the heavy, driving bass coming from inside the garish building seemed to indicate *somebody* was there.

Still stunned, Carl might have stood there for longer if he hadn't heard the growl of engines. Looking back towards the intersection, he caught a glimpse of two vehicles whipping through, heading past the intersection.

He didn't recognize the white Caddy, but the guy on the Harley was the same one he'd run off the road earlier. Carl grinned slightly at the memory.

Luckily, the two vehicles didn't notice him, and continued out of sight. With a slight shrug, Carl headed towards the door of the strip club.

He was only a foot or two away from it when the storm hit. Instantly, everything dimmed as the wall of sand, propelled by a hideously powerful wind, rolled over the down. Immediately, Carl felt the stinging grains of sand, moving at painful velocities, sandblasting against his skin. Quickly, the muscular youth dashed to the door of the club and burst inside.

A wall of heavy, rhythmic music enveloped him. Rubbing the sand out of his short afro, Carl looked around, amazed at what he saw.

The large room was lit dimly except for the spotlights focused on the three stages. On each of the stages, scantily clad women with near-perfect figures gyrated in rhythm to the music, while at least another dozen women, all shapely and attractive, moved around the floor. As far as Carl could tell, there were no patrons in the dimly-lit room, although the poor lighting and private booths may be hiding up to two dozen patrons in the cavernous club.

"Quite the storm out there, isn't it?" A masculine voice sounded by his elbow, and Carl, surprised, whirled to face the speaker.

It was a short, slender man, nattily attired in a tailored, old-fashioned tuxedo. Balding, the man was smiling - rather insipidly - up at Carl.

"Let me show you to a table sir, and get you something to drink." The man's voice sounded - wooden, almost. Like he was an actor mouthing much over-used lines.

"Uh, I just came in to get outta the storm, buddy." Carl said, mentally kicking himself. In his mind's eye, he could see his wallet - in the glove compartment of his car.

"Of course, sir. But it is fairly slow right now, so anything you want is on the house. We have some very fine table dancers available - also on the house, sir."

Again, Carl was struck by the man's slightly off delivery and motions. The idea flitted across Carl's mind that the man acted as if he were stoned or something. But, hell, if the guy was going to provide free booze and women...

"Sure thing. Lead the way." Carl acceded magnanimously. Still bemused, he allowed the shorter man to lead him to a small, private booth with a good view of the three stages. Taking Carl's order, the man wandered off to get Carl's beer.

Smiling, Carl settled into the booth and watched the surprisingly buxom Asian on center stage as she began to remove her bra.

"Enjoying the show?" A voice asked. The instant before he turned, Carl wondered what it was about this shit-hole of a town that gave people the urge to sneak up on other people.

Since he was sitting, he expected to have to look up at the speaker. He didn't expect to have to look *way* up though.

The speaker was - after a couple of seconds of thought on Carl's part - a woman. Standing at least seven feet tall, she was massively built, her broad shoulders rippling with muscles. She wore no make-up, and her dark hair was a short shaggy mass. Even her voice was determinedly neuter. What made the final decision though was the firm breasts - not overly large - pressing at the front of her unisex khaki blouse. Dangling from her neck was a gold chain bearing a small, black disk. Carl immediately decided the woman was a lesbian.

"Mind if I sit down?" She didn't quite ask, in that same, faintly cold, tone. "Depends." Carl said, narrowing his dark eyes. "Who the fuck are you?"

Her brief smile held no warmth. "You may call me Cassandra. I - run things around here." "Oh, the owner, huh?" Carl said dismissively. "Sit down, then. It's your place."

"Yes. It is." She said, lowering her massive frame into the booth. Almost instantly, the short Maitre d' appeared, placing a bottle of beer at each of their elbows. Carl took a long swig of his.

Cassandra nodded at the woman that Carl had been watching, now topless, on center stage. "Partial to Asians, are you?" Although it was a typical small-talk question, her voice was chilly, and her eyes held a calculating look.

Carl waved a hand. "Naw. She's just got nice tits." Cassandra's eyebrow rose. "You like big tits?"

Carl snorted. "Hey, bigger is better, honey. 'Specially in this line of work. Don't you know the old saying? 'The bigger the tits, the better the tips'."

Cassandra gave another brief, wintry, smile. "No. I hadn't heard that one."

Turning, the hugely muscled woman waved to somebody out of sight. Seconds later, a slender brunette wiggled up to her. "Carl, meet Sindy." Cassandra said.

Carl, eyed the well-endowed young woman, clad in a skimpy silver lame dress. Specifically, the firm, full breasts - at least DDD - stretching the bodice. He didn't notice that Cassandra used his name, even though he'd never offered it.

Like the Maitre D', the stripper's smile and eyes were fixed, as if she was stoned. In a high, and particularly brainless voice, she asked Carl, "Are these big enough for you, bad boy?" She lightly caressed her own bulging bust.

"Well, I guess they'll have to do," Carl sighed theatrically. Talk about service!

Smiling brainlessly, Cindy seated herself on Carl's knees, facing him. Teasingly, she grasped his wrists and guided his hands to her fabric-encased tits. For a couple of minutes she maneuvered his dark hands over the taut fabric, then guided his hands to the shoulder straps. With her still gripping his wrists, Carl eased the fabric down, exposing her firm, milky breasts.

"Nice. On the small side, but nice." Carl teased her, drinking in the sight of her near-perfect bosom. He tried to reach up and fondle them.

His hands didn't move even a fraction of an inch.

Even though Cindy's hand, wrapped around his wrists, were slender, it felt like he had iron manacles holding them in place. In her grip, he couldn't move at all, no matter how much effort he expended.

"What the FUCK!" Carl gasped, staring wildly at the mindlessly smiling stripper. The answer was completely unexpected.

Without warning, the well-endowed stripper's large, pink nipples seemed to explode from her mouth-watering globes. Like flesh-toned tentacles, the now three-foot long nipples shot forward and penetrated the thin fabric of Carl's T-shirt and imbedded themselves in his own nipples.

Carl screamed. Partly due to the pain, of which there was surprisingly little, but mostly from utter shock at the impossible occurrence. He began to struggle wildly, his muscular black body vainly trying to move from the grip of this impossible creature.

Then, the long, pink tentacles joining him to the stripper began to pulsate. Immediately, a strange sensation throbbed through the muscular youth's chest. Stopping his vain attempt to escape, Carl looked down and watched in horror as his T-shirt began to bulge outwards.

His skin began to feel taut as an unfamiliar weight bloomed on his chest. His shirt, weakened by the two holes punched in it at the nipples, began to tear from those points outward as the pressure behind the thin fabric continued to mount.

Then, with a final sound, the shirt gave up the ghost as the two expanding tears met in the center of the shirt. The fabric ripped open across the front, falling in shreds to the side. In the new opening, two firm, round masses of ebony skin burst through.

Already as large as Cindy's, Carl's new breasts were continuing to expand, the dark, silky mounds pressing out from a torso that was suddenly hairless. Already, the twin mounds of mocha breast flesh blocked his view of his hard, smooth 'six pack' abs.

As the horrified youth renewed his useless struggles, his new bust continued to expand. Moments later it tapered off to a stop. With a wet slurping sound, Cindy's nipples withdrew back into her own breasts, and she released the suddenly still black man, and - still with the same fixed, insipid smile - wandered away.

Carl was once more still because he was staring down at his new endowments.

They were easily the largest tits he'd ever seen in his life - and their heavy weight hung from *his* chest. Amazingly firm, the smooth, round breasts were surmounted by large, thick dark nipples atop small, chocolate-colored areolas.

Although he didn't realize it, a wide, happy smile rode on Carl's face as he stared at his huge, glorious, *perfect* tits. They were so sexy, and he just couldn't wait to have them fondled, sucked and fucked...

"NO!" Carl screamed, jerking his head. With a tremendous effort of will he fought - and won - against the alien thoughts invading his mind, urging him to accept - to delight in - his massive new tits.

The sudden jerk caused him to tumble from the booth, since he was unaccustomed to the sheer mass of his gigantic new endowments. Cassandra slowly rose from her seat and began to approach Carl.

"Just think." She smirked, "now you can fondle a huge pair of tits whenever you want."

Horrified, the huge breasted young man scrambled backwards on his elbows, propelling himself with his muscular legs. Frantically, he heaved himself upright, fighting to maintain his balance as his enormous tits bobbed and swayed.

Without looking back, he fled from the strip club, Cassandra's mocking laughter following him as he plunged out the door and into the hellish fury of the unleashed sand storm.

* * * * *

Sam watched the storm howl and churn outside the glass doors of the municipal offices for a few minutes, then turned and walked back to the Sheriff's Office, the heels of his cowboy boots clocking hollowly against the tiles.

Jeri, sitting behind the desk with her feet up, was rooting through the desk drawers. She was turning a small, leather bound book over in her hands when she heard Sam returning. Dropping the small book into her pack, she looked up as Sam re-entered the room.

"Well?"

Sam shook his head. "Still going strong."

Will, having shed his overly warm jacket and chaps, was resting on the bunk in the single cell. Now, he swung up, grabbing his stuff as he did so. He began to pull the biker gear on.

"What are you doing?" Sam asked, followed a half beat by a similar question from Jeri.

"I'm sick and tired of waiting around here. I'm going to go for a look at a couple of the closer buildings." The red head replied, his voice muffled by the jacket he was pulling on.

"Are you just plain loco?" Sam asked incredulously. "It's a full blown storm out there!"

Will shrugged. "With my leathers, and helmet, on, the storm shouldn't bother me too much. I'm only going a short distance."

Sam and Jeri watched, searching for a convincing argument, as the biker strode out of the room. A moment later, the sound of the storm rose in volume as the outer door opened, then dropped off again as the door swung shut behind Will.

Jeri waited a few seconds to convince herself that the biker had truly left. She shook her head. "He's crazy. You know that, don't you?" "Yup." He answered laconically, wandering into the cell where Will had lain.

"Aren't you going to go after him?" Jeri asked incredulously. "Nope."

Refusing to meet the blonde's eyes, Sam wandered around the cell, eyes downcast. "For God's sake!" Jeri exploded. "Don't you care?"

The Texan refused to answer the question, and Jeri just stared at him, confused. She'd started to form an impression of the man, and somehow it all seemed out of character for him.

Frowning, and disappointed in another dashed ideal, Jeri turned away.

* * * * *

The instant he stepped out of the door, the storm enveloped him in a cloud.

The flying grains sandblasted across his ebony skin. Carl barely repressed a scream as the high velocity particles whipped across his newly enlarged, and highly sensitive nipples. Clamping his hands over them to protect them caused an incredible burst of pleasure that once more brought lewd images and desires to the surface of his mind.

Staggering like a drunken man, and cradling his grotesque/gorgeous breasts, Carl wandered helplessly through the storm. His eyes were closed to protect them, but it made no difference - once he was more than a couple of feet from the club, everything had become enveloped in an omni-directional beige gloom.

Any sane man would have refused to enter the storm, but at the moment Carl couldn't be considered completely sane. The horror of what had been done to him, and the horror of the desires that tried to claim his mind, had briefly unhinged him. His only thoughts were of escaping that madwoman and her unholy, inexplicable power.

A gust of wind suddenly kicked up, knocking him forward. By sheer luck, he collapsed into the lee of an ancient mail box. Huddled in its meager shelter, he could open his eyes and look around, although he expected there was really nothing to see.

To his surprise - and gratitude, - a dark shadow loomed to his left that could only be a building of some sort. Desperately, He aimed himself at the building and, clenching his eyes shut, launched himself forward.

Needing his hands in front of him, his unrestrained endowments almost threw him off balance as their massive weight shifted. At the same time, the renewed pain of his tortured nipples ripped a thin scream from his throat. As his outstretched hands contacted a coarse brick wall, the black, buxom man began to desperately feel for some sort of entrance.

A wave of relief burst over him as he felt a handle beneath his hand. He pushed with all the power of his muscular body - and the door refused to budge.

A brief second of despair washed through him, and he started to sag backwards - and the door *pulled* easily towards him. Feeling foolish, Carl pulled the door open and slipped inside the shelter of the unknown building. As the door swung shut, he opened his eyes and looked around.

"Thank God." He whispered.

He was in some sort of athletic store. And he was blessedly alone.

Dusty racks of exercise equipment filled the center of the room, while shoes and exercise clothing lined the walls. Looking around, Carl saw a large sweatshirt that looked like it might fit over his bulging bust, and provide protection.

Walking carefully to minimize the sway and bounce of his huge tits, Carl moved forward - only to stop suddenly. He was passing a mirror.

Helplessly, Carl turned to face the full-length mirror, for the first time seeing the entirety of his new breasts. Until now, all he could see was the upper slope that blocked the ground from view. Now, he saw his massive tits in full view.

The muscular black youth gaped at the image reflected back at him. Thrust proudly from his hairless chest, the enormous, globular masses seemed to defy gravity itself. Their expanse of mocha flesh was smooth and silky, darkening at the areola that supported the thick, dark nipples. His vision seemed to narrow, slowly blocking away the rest of his utterly masculine body, until he was focused on just the vision of the huge, perfect tits.

Slowly - helplessly - Carl's hands rose as if by their own volition. Lightly, they touched his engorged nipples, sending twin bolts of pleasure through his massive endowments. Slowly, he began to caress the smooth, firm mounds.

The reflected sight of strong, masculine hands massaging his huge tits fired alien, lust filled thought in his mind as the manipulation brought pleasure from his new accoutrements. He moaned, low in the back of his throat, and closed his eyes, savoring the sensations emanating from his massive chest...

With a tremendous force of will, he pulled his hands from his tits. Shuddering, he squeezed his eyes closed as he staggered away from the mirror, breathing hoarsely.

Opening his eyes, he fought to keep control of himself. Hurriedly, he moved to the rack and reached for the sweatshirt to cover the terrifyingly tantalizing mounds.

He couldn't.

The thought of hiding - disguising - his huge tits seemed to cause him to lock up. He struggled - unsuccessfully - to fight his need to make his tits enticing.

"GodDAMNIt!" Carl swore, on the edge of tears, as he withdrew his out-stretched hands. He just couldn't force himself to put the baggy sweatshirt on.

He turned, resigned to going topless - and his mind suddenly locked on the sight of a large, fire-engine red spandex crop top. "No..." he moaned, eyes widening. Images of how good his tits would look displayed in the top rampaged through his mind.

Fighting himself, he found, to his horror, that he was moving towards the display rack. For a second he managed to stop his motion - body trembling from the conflict - before, helplessly, he took the crop-top off the rack. Helplessly, he donned the red garment, cursing himself.

It took an effort to pull the stretchy material over the enormous swell of his breasts. The elastic trim at the bottom pulled tight just below his breasts as the taut materiel pushed his breasts inwards and upwards, towards the stretched neckline of the straining top, forming a jaw-dropping view of cleavage.

Helplessly, hatefully, he turned to 'admire' the effect in the mirror.

"Oh, god..." Carl moaned in mixed hatred and lust. Hands shaking, he began to fondle the taut material over his tits. Slowly, one hand slid down to the crotch of his blue-jeans, which was strained by his hard, erect cock.

"I love my tits," Carl muttered, not even hearing himself. "they're *so big*..."

Moving in unison, his strong hands began to massage his tit and dick, as he slipped farther down the road he feared.

That was the position he was in, coming close to loosing himself completely to his new urges, when the door swung open and a large, dark figure emerged from the storm...

* * * * *

"Shee-IT!" Lee swore, with feeling, as he gazed down at his bony ankles protruding from below the cuffs of the jeans. With a sigh, he released the clenched fist around the waistband, and the denim pants slid down his legs and puddle on his overly large feet.

With a sigh, Lee kicked the pants under the door of the change room, then cautiously glanced out to make sure that Mike hadn't returned. Seeing the coast was clear, he stepped out of the change room, clad only in his briefs and a white T-shirt.

Since the sandstorm had rolled in, the tall youth had amused himself in the General Store, looking over the different merchandise. Extremely - amazingly, - tall and lanky, the blond boy had always had trouble buying clothes that fit. Taking advantage of the stocked store and the solitude, he'd eventually decided to try on some of the clothing. After all, most of his meager supply of cash went into buying expensive, custom made clothing that fit his odd frame.

As usual, it was next to impossible. He was nearly six foot ten, and rail-thin. With his unbelievably thin waist and hips, and pants the right size for his waist were way too short, whereas any long enough were extremely baggy.

Now, with a sigh, he dropped onto a dusty chair and surveyed the pile of discarded clothes that he'd tried on.

"I would pay real money to find just one thing in this whole damn store that would fit." Lee muttered out loud, eyeing the discarded clothing. Sighing, he made one more check of the clothing racks, in case he had missed something the first, second or third times he'd looked.

He'd started to turn away and gather up his own clothing when he stopped.

"Naw..." he said, but continued to stare at the clothing rack. Then with a surreptitious look around, he shrugged his shoulders. "Why the hell not. Nobody's gonna know."

Blushing, he picked up the item and ducked quickly into the change room.

For a second, he just stared at the item he held in his hand. It was definitely *not* his usual taste in clothing. It was a skirt. A white-leather skirt, to be exact.

With an embarrassed half grin, Lee stepped one foot at a time over the waist band of the skirt, then pulled it up. He looked in the mirror at the result.

As he expected, the waist - designed for a woman - fit his slim body perfectly. His hips, of course, weren't as wide as the designer's intended, and due to his height, the normally knee-length garment hung only to mid-thigh on him.

"What the hell am I doing?" Lee asked himself out loud, eyeing his hairy legs protruding from beneath the skirt's hem. "I look ridiculous."

Shaking his head at himself, Lee stepped from the change room and reached for his jeans. "Actually, I think it looks good on you."

"Shit!" Lee shouted, whirling. His heart trip-hammered in his chest as he looked at the tall, muscular woman leaning casually against a counter, eyeing him.

"Who the fuck... Who are you?" Lee blurted, flushing furiously.

The woman straightened. Lee was impressed - there was very few people who he had to look *up* to make eye contact with. "Cassandra." The woman said coolly. "I run this place."

Lee gulped. "Look, Miss...uh, Cassandra. I'm sorry, I didn't..."

She waved a hand in dismissal. "Never mind. Like I said, I think it looks good on you. But it's missing something." Lee came back with the only response that leapt to mind.

"Huh?"

Reaching behind the counter she'd leaned upon, Cassandra emerged holding something in one, muscular hand, and dangled it in front of Lee.

It was a pair of white leather platform shoes, with seven-inch spike heels and ankle straps. Lee was usually slow to anger, but now he felt his ire stirring. He frowned at the woman.

"Look, lady, I know how this might look, but don't get any cute ideas. I have no idea what possessed me to put this skirt on, but I'm taking it right off. And I'm not wearing those shoes." He snorted in contempt. "Hell, they wouldn't even fit on my feet, lady."

"Yes. They will." The woman said implacably.

Before the tall, gangly youth could move, he heard a crashing sound behind him. He began to turn, then stopped dead.

A pair of wires had burst from the wall behind him. Like malignant snakes, the whipped forward of their own volition, wrapping themselves around his upper arms. Before Lee could even start to struggle, they hauled him back against the wall and off the ground. A second pair of wires burst from the wall and wrapped around his calves, pinning him spread-eagle to the wall.

"Holy fucking shit!" Lee gaped, jaw hanging loosely.

With a tight, malignant smile, Cassandra approached him...

* * * * *

Will stepped from the fury of the storm and strained, the sound dying behind him as the door swung shut. Almost immediately, he realized he'd missed the Municipal offices in the storm, and was in the shop beside them.

Then his mind registered what he was seeing, and his jaw dropped as he slowly, incredulously lifted his visor.

The plan had been simple. When Jeri had made a trip to the bathroom, the two men had discussed their misgivings about the town. When Sam had revealed that he, like most officers, kept a gun in his car, Will had volunteered to go get it. To keep Jeri from worrying, they'd played out their little scene, - not exactly Oscar winning material, but it had sufficed, - then Will had trotted out to the car and located Sam's 'back-up piece'.

Now, as he gaped wordlessly, he found himself thinking things had just gotten a hell of a lot weirder.

Standing across the store was a muscular young black man - mostly. Because there was nothing either masculine or muscular about the huge, round - and apparently real - tits straining against the tight red crop-top he wore. He was staring blankly at Will, one hand on his breast, the other between his legs.

"What the hell are you?" Will asked, confusion manifesting instinctively as aggression.

Carl stared at the man in motorcycle leathers standing in the doorway. Dimly, he recognized him as the one he had run off the road earlier, but it was buried in the recesses of his divided mind.

Slowly, Carl began to walk towards Will, hands rising. He cupped his tits and pushed upwards, as if in offering. "Please..." Carl moaned, "suck my tits..."

Will shied away from Carl, disgust flitting across his bearded countenance. "Get away from me, you freak." He said, stepping back.

It was the word 'freak' that got through to the true mind of the enormously endowed youth. Realizing what he was doing, Carl dropped his hands and all but leapt back. He collapsed to his knees, shaking.

"Please", Carl begged, "You have to help me. I... I can't control myself. She made me want... She gave my tits and..." He was almost incoherent.

Suddenly, the face of the youth in front of him clicked. He recalled the sudden, brief glance he'd gotten of the driver of the near deadly car. "You're the little shit who tried to run me down, right?"

"Yeah." Carl admitted miserably, head downcast.

Will was sure that he would have noticed if the driver had of had enormous tits when he saw him before. Somehow, the black man had grown them in the intervening hours. He made a snap decision.

"Look, I have someone I think you need to talk to. We want to find out just what the hell is going on around here." Still fighting the urge to have the other man fondle his tits, Carl slowly rose.

"Okay." Carl told Will. "But you ain't gonna like it."

* * * * *

Chapter Four - Trials and Errors

August 2nd, 1998

Carl sat on the bunk in the cell, thinking. Although he wasn't really aware of it, his hands were gently sliding over the swell of his extraordinary bosom as he stared at the back wall of the cell.

"If I wasn't seeing it, I wouldn't believe it." Jeri said quietly, glancing over to where Carl sat. "His story is..."

"Unbelievable?" Sam asked dryly. "Well, I guess we have to believe it." Unconsciously, his hand came to rest on the butt of his pistol, holstered at his hip.

The three stood off to the side of the office, quietly discussing the shocking revelations that the muscular black had sprung on them. After hearing his story, Sam had felt a measure of relief strapping on the holster and gun that Will had retrieved from the Caddy.

Somehow, being armed - even against a threat he had no prior concept of - made him feel more secure.

Jeri had to admit it made her more secure as well. With his tanned face, Texan accent, and choice of clothing, Sam looked the part of a sheriff. What's more, he was once more in 'cop mode' - a calm, authoritative presence, at least giving the illusion of being in control of the situation.

"So, what do we do now?" Will asked, running his hand through his shock of coppery hair. Almost subconsciously, he and Jeri had begun to defer to Sam.

"Well,..." Sam began.

"Hey, I'm getting thirsty. How about somethin' to drink?"

The trio looked up in surprise. Not having dealt with Carl before, his reversion to his usual crass, self-centered self came as an unpleasant shock.

"There's a fountain in the hall." Sam replied, jerking a thumb in that direction. "Help yourself."

Carl stood and headed for the hall, not bothering to thank Sam. He once more held control on his own mind - as tenuous as that hold might be - but forcing himself to focus on his immediate situations - which, at the moment, included a dry throat from the combination of his telling his story, and the dry, hot air borne by the storm that continued to rage outside.

The three travelers watched Carl disappear into the hall, then Sam picked up where he'd left off.

"Well, I think our best bet is to get out of here and find some help. This is just a *little* outside my area of expertise." "In the middle of a sand storm?" Jeri asked. "Is that safe?"

Sam smiled wryly. "Not really. But, at least it's a known hazard." Will nodded in agreement at that. "So, I say we..." He was interrupted again - this time, by a husky, sexy and definitely female voice from the hall.

"Wadda FUCK!"

Sam pivoted on the heel of his cowboy boot and was in motion before the other two really had time to comprehend what was going on. A heartbeat later, they were pounding behind the Texan.

They almost ran into him as Sam slid to a stop, hands spread for balance. "You okay, Carl?"

Carl was staring in a small mirror above the fountain, and when he turned, they saw what he was staring at. His own lips. Now fuller, softer - and undeniably feminine.

"I took a drink of the fucking water!" Carl said angrily, in a richly feminine voice. "As soon as the water touched my lips, this shit happened! And, when I swallowed, my voice chan..."

Sam blinked in surprise as Carl's look of anger faded into a look of horror as his voice died. The muscular youth's eyes had dropped and were fixed on something.

"Oh, God, no..." Carl moaned in horror, tearing his eyes away. He was obviously struggling for control of himself.

"What..." Will started, only to be hushed immediately by a motion from Sam. Quietly, he guided the trio back into the office.

"Jeri, go find out what's wrong." Sam instructed quietly, but firmly. "Will and I are going to go get the car ready to go. When you're ready bring Carl out. We'll find his two friends, then get the hell out of this damned town."

Unquestioningly, Jeri nodded and disappeared. Will turned to Sam. "Why her?"

Sam started towards the front door. "In case you didn't notice, being near men is real hard for Carl. It makes his... uh,... urges, that much stronger. Now stop askin' dumb questions and come on - the sooner we get the hell outta Dodge, the better."

"Amen to that, brother." Will said with feeling. Then, dropping his helmet into place, he followed Sam out into the storm.

* * * * *

Mike was halfway down the stairs to the lobby when Lee screamed.

For a second, Mike couldn't identify the fact that it came from his best friend since grade school. Never, in his long acquaintance with the lanky blond, had he ever heard Lee emit such a horrified, terror-filled sound.

Mike's first impulse was to dash to his friend's aid. He stifled it immediately - whatever could cause his friend to make such a sound was *not* a situation to be rushed into.

Slowly, silently, Mike crept down the remaining steps, then carefully sidled up to the open door to the General store, his back pressed firmly against the wall. Carefully, he peeked around the corner.

What he saw astounded him.

Lee was a foot or so off the floor, held tightly in place against the wall of the store by what looked like electrical wires, pulled right out of the wall. Rising to her impressively full height was the most massive, muscular woman - he *thought* it was a woman - Mike had ever seen. She'd apparently been doing something to Lee's feet, but Mike couldn't see past the woman's bulk to determine what. He already had an idea though - to make Lee scream like that, it must have been some sort of torture - burning Lee's feet with a lighter, for instance.

What happened next surprised Mike - even though it was him who did it. His movements, fueled by sudden, vicious anger, were completely instinctive.

Mike, despite his short, slender build and bookish ways, wasn't the complete nerd. He broke that mold by the one sport he played - and played well. Now, his years of experience as a pitcher came to full fruition.

Stepping into the room in a silent crouch, his hand whipped out and seized a can from the shelf. In the same motion, his arm swung back and he began to straighten.

He didn't throw. He didn't even uncoil. He exploded.

With a force that didn't seem possible, his arm moved in a blur, snapping forward as his entire body pushed forward behind it. This pitch wasn't a lob or a curve - it was a vicious, flat trajectory.

The can (Mrs. Dibbs Blueberry Pie Filling - No Preservatives) hurtled through the air as if propelled by an unseen rocket. Despite its non aerodynamic shape which caused it to tumble it flew with amazing - even eerie - accuracy.

And impacted precisely at the base of the dark-haired woman's skull.

The sound was surprisingly flat - a muffled, meaty 'thud', like hitting a ripe watermelon with the heel of the hand.

'So that's the sound it makes' Mike thought numbly, still trying to grasp what he'd just done. The sound of the woman's limp body falling into a sprawling heap bemused him further - it was nothing like what Hollywood portrayed it to be.

Lee's voice brought him out of his daze.

"Thank God!" Lee said, almost sobbing in relief. "Quick, get me down from here before she wakes up."

Looking around, Mike snatched up a pair of garden shears and sprinted down the aisle, leaping over the prone body of the woman. Dropping (painfully) to his knees, Mike prepared to cut his friends feet free...

...and stopped, gaping at Lee's feet.

It wasn't the shoes. Oh, the sight of a pair of platform shoes, in white leather, with impossibly long, seven inch spike heels and buckled ankle straps was definitely odd. But that wasn't what almost threw Mike into a fit.

It was Lee's feet. Only, they weren't exactly *Lee's* feet any more.

Slender, shapely and dainty, the feet incased in the ladies sized shoes were undeniably feminine - and attached to Lee's legs by shapely, smooth ankles. Somehow - incredibly - Lee now possessed a pair of delicate, womanly feet.

"What the fuck?..." Mike gasped, staring at the impossible sight before him.

"She...she did it, somehow." Lee said hurriedly. "When she put the shoes on my feet...changed, to fit. But it doesn't matter right now. You have to get me down before she wakes up and DOES SOMETHING ELSE!" Lee was practically shouting now, staring wide-eyed at Cassandra, watching fearfully for any movement.

Hurriedly, Mike used the garden shears to cut his friend free. With the wires cut, Lee dropped the foot to the floor - and promptly toppled over, losing his balance on the thin, slender heels. Mike bent down next to him.

"We'll get these things off of you" Mike said, reaching for the shoes - and stopped.

There was no buckle on the ankle straps. Impossibly, the bands of solid leather cinched tight to Lee's ankles with no way of undoing them, and no room to insert the shears to cut them.

"Fuck it!" Lee swore, struggling to rise. Mike helped him up.

"Come on, we have to get out of here!" Lee said. It was easier said than done - Mike had to half-support his taller friend as the gangly youth tottered in the unfamiliar footwear.

Lee explained what had happened to Mike as they walked. Mike had a hard time believing it - but, there was Lee's feet...

Finally, thoroughly frustrated by their lack of rapid progress, the two friends reached the back door of the hotel. Bracing themselves, the two men opened the door, which was torn from their grasp by the wind, then ventured out in the storm.

Back in the store the hugely muscled woman - who had never quite lost consciousness - slowly staggered to her feet.

* * * * *

"Carl? Carl, are you alright?"

The muscular black youth ignored the white bitch behind him as he crouched, close to the wall, trying to regain control of himself. What did she expect - that he was going to admit that for several seconds he was fantasizing about taking the dumb-shit redneck's cock out of his pants and wrapping his full soft lips around...

Hurriedly, Carl pushed the thought away before it could fully form. He was breathing heavily - almost panting - as he struggled to regain control. Finally, he managed a semblance of his normal self - mentally, at least - and slowly stood up.

Without taking to Jeri, he pushed past her and headed for the door. She trotted behind him, a concerned expression on her face.

Carl didn't even notice that the sway and bounce of his mammoth tits now felt completely natural to him - as if he had always experienced it.

"Carl, what the hell..." The anger that was entering Jeri's voice was swept away with the rest of her words as Carl burst through the door without breaking stride, and into the full fury of the storm.

Slitting his eyes against the violence of the storm, Carl strode smoothly forward, his muscular legs propelling him. Jeri struggled to stay with him.

Carl found Sam leaning half-in the back door of the Caddy. Of Will, there was no sign. Although he could be just a few feet away, the storm swallowed him without a trace.

Without slowing, in one continuous motion, Carl came up behind the Texan, who was still unaware of Carl's presence, and pulled the heavy revolver from its holster.

Feeling the gun leave his hip, Sam started to pull out of the car. He never got a chance.

With all the strength in his brawny arms, Carl pistol-whipped Sam behind the ear, knocking him unconscious. Quickly he spun and pointed the gun at the suddenly wide-eyed woman just behind him.

"Get in." He ordered. Jeri, her face now a mask of anger and confusion, pushed Sam the rest of the way into the rear seat, and climbed in beside his limp body. Immediately, she checked his pulse, sighing with relief at its rapid, but strong, beat.

Slamming the rear door, Carl climbed in behind the wheel of the big white land-yacht. "Fuck everyone else." He whispered to himself. "I'm getting the fuck out of here."

Finding the keys in the ignition, Carl started the car, revving the engine a couple of time to make sure it was running smoothly. Then, he dropped the transmission into reverse, and stomped on the accelerator.

The motor's roar as Carl tested it saved Will's life.

He was only a few feet away while this drama was being played out - about three feet behind the car, to be exact. Having shoveled the accumulated sand from the back tires, he'd just finished removing the drift behind the big car when, faintly, he heard the motor's usually bass roar.

So, he was already leaping to the side when the rear end of the heavy vehicle materialized out of the gloom, rocketing backwards.

The big Caddy swept by him by mere inches, and Will was rewarded one startled, incomprehensible glimpse of Carl behind the wheel, before the car vanished once more into the murky veil of sand.

Cursing loudly, the sound of his own oaths reverberating within the confines of his helmet, the disorientated biker began to grope around, searching for shelter.

* * * * *

Carl swung halfway around in the seat, the revolver gripped in his left hand as his other hand held the wheel. "Try anything stupid, and I blow both your brains out." Carl said coldly. Jeri, fuming, had no choice but to nod.

With the sand cutting visibility to nearly nothing, Carl couldn't afford to attempt turning the car around. Instead, he continued to peer out the rear window - uselessly - and concentrated solely on keeping the wheel steady, so that the dangerously fast vehicle was baking up in a reasonably straight line.

He had barely a second's warning. The front end of his prized Mustang had barely appeared before the Caddy, traveling at 35 miles per hour in reverse, smashed into it.

"God fucking DAMN!" Carl yelled as he bounced in the seat. The gun was whipped out of his hand just before the muscular youth rebounded forward, his huge tits causing the horn to blare.

Pulling himself off the wheel, Carl looked instinctively to the rear-view mirror - and saw the muzzle of the .44 Magnum lining up on his skull in Jeri's steady hand. Her face, behind the sights, was a mask of rage.

Discretion is the better part of valor. Kicking the door open, Carl dived from the Caddy just as the gun went off.

His left ear simply surrendered, and stopped working. The muzzle blast of the powerful handgun had been less than two inches from his ear, temporarily deafening him.

Even if he had perfect hearing, the howl of the wind was too strong to hear the almost musical tinkle of broken glass as the heavy slug smashed through the windscreen, allowing the full fury of the storm into the Caddy's interior.

Half blinded, exposed skin stinging from the onslaught of the flying sand, Carl staggered off in a random direction, and was instantly swallowed up by the storm.

* * * * *

"Damn, that was STUPID!" Jeri yelled to her self, eyes clenched from the sand howling through the empty opening that, moments before, had been the front windshield.

Awkwardly, Jeri climbed over the seat into the front and slammed the driver's door shut. It took her several seconds to realize the engine was still running - she couldn't hear it above the storm.

Thanks to the fact that it was a rear-end collision, the big luxury car was still able to drive. The only problem was, to where?

The impact had knocked both vehicles off-kilter, so there was no chance of simply driving forward and ending up where she had started. And, since she couldn't see more than three feet - barely past the end of the Caddy's hood - she couldn't see where the road was.

It took exactly one glance at the blood running from Sam's head for her to make up her mind.

Saying a brief prayer for - and apology to - Will, Jeri cranked the wheel, slipped the car into drive, and headed in a straight line. With no idea where she was going, the heavy car swayed and bounced over the desert as Jeri pushed it faster - her only hope was to drive through the storm and break into clear weather.

Quickly the car was swallowed in the storm, as the sun slowly sank into evening.

* * * * *

Part II

There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. Francis Bacon, Essays: Of Beauty

* * * * *

Chapter Five - Carl

August 3rd, 1998

The gray-predawn sky gave way to a riotous profusion of golds, oranges and scarlets as a gorgeous desert dawn broke over the Nevada badlands. Of the storm from the day before, no trace remained in the gentle winds rolling across the floor of the desert.

Slowly, a large mound of sand in the bed of a stripped, rusted out pickup truck began to stir. Like a behemoth rising from the murky depths, a figure rose from the shifting dune.

Carl moaned as his stiff body was forced into motion, and slowly rose to his feet. Blinking, he looked at the shelter of last night as one hand idly scratched at the taut red fabric over one enormous tit.

Lost in the fierce storm the night before, he'd chosen a direction to move in based on one simple factor - keeping his back to the wind. Doing so lessened the damage possible from the blowing sand. So, driven by the storm from behind, he stumbled blindly onward. As the darkness had fallen, so had visibility, until he was walking in a pitch-black maelstrom.

After walking for what felt like hours he'd literally stumbled onto a hard, metal object in the darkness.

Unable to see what it was, he'd felt around until he'd discovered a slightly shelter location with metal sides. Climbing up. He'd huddled in the lee of one of the sides, and drifted into a fitful sleep.

Although he didn't remember, all night long he'd been haunted by erotic nightmares, in which he'd found himself performing erotic sexual acts on well-endowed men. In his dreams he'd enjoyed every second of this orgy.

Now, with the unremembered dreams crawling around unnoticed in his psyche, he looked at the abandoned truck he'd spent the night in.

"Fuck." Carl muttered disgustedly in his rich, feminine voice, walking around the vehicle. The darkness had kept him from recognizing it for what it was last night, and he'd curled up in the bed, when only two feet away was the enclosed cab with a worn, torn - but still much more comfortable - bench seat.

Turning away from the rusted-out vehicle, he looked up at the morning sky. Already, the appearance of the sun was causing the temperature to rise, and Carl knew that it would soon reach the point where it could be a real threat.

Looking around, all he could see was flat, open desert, all directions looking identical from his point of view. He sat on the tailgate and considered which way would be the best way to go.

He'd run into the side of the truck last night. So, he didn't want to backtrack - he shuddered at the thought of returning to that accursed town.

After careful consideration, he decided to walk straight off from the back of the pickup truck. The abandoned relic must have come from somewhere, and Carl hope that whoever had left it here had driven in a reasonable straight line. If so, walking straight back from the truck should backtrack the truck's path to where ever it had come from.

His decision made, Carl began walking. Almost immediately, he discovered he wasn't going to be able to keep his usual, fast pace - the long strides from his muscular legs caused his enormous tits to bounce and sway almost painfully. Slowing, he walked at a more sedate pace, looking back over his shoulder now and then to assure himself he was walking in a straight line.

Time passed - an hour swept by on his watch, every minute seeming to mark another degree rise in the temperature. Already, Carl was sweating heavily, and his mouth was beginning to feel dry. The truck was dwindling away to nothing in the distance, and he had to use his own line of foot prints in the sand to try and hold course.

He also discovered several new things about his altered body.

Sweating did...interesting things to his tits. Slicked with the salty liquid, they began to shift more in their spandex enclosure, causing his highly sensitive nipples to rub across the fabric. Each step he took caused his swollen nipples to move, and emit a small, but *definitely* noticeable sensation of pleasure. He literally had to force himself not to play with his aroused, enjoyable tits. He cursed himself for enjoying the sensations.

On the other hand, his new, fuller lips were suffering from the dry, hot air. More sensitive than his own lips, they were chapping painfully. Every time sweat would roll across them, the muscular youth would flinch from the sting of the salty liquid.

As the sun continued to rise in the sky, Carl continued onwards. His mind, deprived of fluids for more than twenty-four hours and lulled by the monotony of the surroundings, began to wander. The first couple of times he caught himself, but soon was walking in a dreamlike daze, unconnected from the real world.

In his mind's eye, he saw himself walking up to a highway in the desert. A long, white limo pulled to a stop, and the handsome man in the back opened the door and let him in...

In the real world, Carl stumbled over a rock, knocking his shoe off. Still in his own dream, with a dazed smile on his face, he stumbled forward a few feet, then mindlessly kicked off the second shoe and continued on, not feeling the scorching sand beneath his bare feet.

...to the back of the car. The man handed Carl a tall, cold beer, and Carl sank into the leather upholstery. As he sipped at the cool, refreshing liquid, the man began to fondle Carl's huge tits as Carl leaned over and gave the man a deep, passionate kiss, their tongues intertwining. Soon, Carl was bending down, his full, soft lips opening to envelope the man's...

With a start, Carl savagely pulled himself from his fantasy/nightmare. He was laying on his back in the sand, his crop-top rucked up over his tits. One ebony hand was massaging his massive globes. The other was at his crotch, stroking his rock-hard dick. His pants were down around his knees.

"Fuck!" Carl croaked through a dry throat. It took a tremendous amount of will power to pull his hands away and stop the intensely pleasurable sensations from his chest and crotch. Climbing to his bare feet, he had to suppress a scream. His feet were raw and burned. Tucking his cock into his pants, Carl looked around for his missing footwear.

There was no sign of them. Lost in the dream world, he'd walked far past them in his daze. However, he got a shock when he turned to face his direction of travel.

A few hundred yards away lay an empty, weathered clapboard house, its paint long faded from the beating sun.

Walking gingerly on his bare feet, Carl headed for the ramshackle building, every step causing bolts of agony from his injured feet. It seemed to take forever to reach the abandoned building and collapse in the welcome shade of its porch.

After resting his tired, sweaty body on the cool, rough boards of the porch, he reluctantly forced himself to his feet. Aching all over, he approached the front door, and hopefully twisted the worn, brass door knob.

Locked.

Never one for subtlety, Carl used his elbow to smash the begrimed pane of glass beside the door. Reaching through, he felt around until he felt the lock, and twisted it.

The door opened with a protest of unoiled hinges, and Carl unenthusiastically surveyed the barren entranceway. Motes of dust dance in the beams of desert sunlight spilling in the uncurtained windows. Slowly, Carl crossed the threshold, allowing the door to swing shut behind him. Trying to spare his feet - an impossible task - Carl slowly made his way to the kitchen. Eagerly, he approached the not-so- stainless steel sink and twisted the cold faucet open.

Nothing. Not even a rattling of pipes. Stunned, Carl stood there for a second, then tried the hot water, followed by jiggling both knobs. For good measure he also slapped the faucet, earning him nothing but a sore hand.

"God DAMN it!" the muscular black cried in his throaty voice. It hadn't occurred to him that in the desert, no abandoned building would continue to have running water.

With great unenthusiasm, he began to poke through the other rooms of the small frame dwelling. Whoever had owned this place before had apparently left in a hurry - most of the furnishings and personal effects still lay where they'd been, even such things as empty pop cans, and a very old ham sandwich, desiccated by the dry, dessert heat until it had all but mummified.

Finally, with a grimace, Carl painfully mounted the stairs to the second floor, hope dying slowly in him. He wanted - he *needed* - something to drink.

It didn't take too long for the black youth to determine that, like downstairs, there was a severe dearth of liquids in the abandoned home. Wearily, Carl hobbled into the master bedroom, and with an angry, defeated sigh, dropped onto the large bed...

...and tumbled onto his back as the bed sloshed.

For a second, Carl lay there, stunned at the revelation that it was a water bed, it's contents protected from dehydration by the impermeable plastic casing. Then, frantically, the muscular man tore at the sheets and dug around the mattress, searching for the filling nozzle. Finding it at the bottom, right hand corner, he unscrewed the cap and literally ripped the stopper from the inch-wide opening.

With him on the bed, the contents were under pressure, provided by his not inconsiderable weight. The lukewarm, musty water in the mattress leapt up like a fountain, soaking his head and shoulders as he gulped greedily at the water.

Long imprisoned, the water was tepid, with a thick, cloying plastic taste and a rather unsavory odor. At the moment, it was the most wonderful thing Carl had ever tasted.

Gulping madly until his thirst was sated, Carl finally stopped to take a deep breath. For several seconds, he stared downwards, before what he'd done to himself registered.

Long, glorious waves of black hair framed his vision as he stared down. The box had contained the excess water, and he was kneeling in several inches of water, staring down through the clear liquid at his submerged hands.

His slender, feminine hands with their long, curved nails.

"Oh, FUCK!" Carl screamed in his high, feminine voice, practically levitating out of the sloshing, water filled box. He berated himself. "You fucking stupid ASSHOLE!"

Looking down, he found he was soaked from just above the knees downwards, and from his enormous tits upwards. Below the cuffs of his jeans, a pair of undeniably feminine feet peaked, confirming his worst fears.

"God FUCKING damn!" Carl swore again. He turned and walked over to the large, dusty mirror in one corner - noticing, as he did so, that at least his feminized feet no longer hurt.

The image that stared back at him from the mirror looked like a woman. A slim-hipped, somewhat wide waisted woman with enormous tits, defining a whole new meaning to 'top-heavy'.

He still retained his same skin coloring, a 'coffee and cream' complexion. But the skin that supported the melanin the made that hue was now softer, silkier.

His face was altered beyond recognition. Masses of glorious, wavy hair framed a face with high cheeks and a strong yet graceful jaw perched atop a swan-like neck. His nose, smaller and slightly upturned, sat between two wide, long lashed eyes, which in turn were topped by a pair of thin, curving eyebrows. Below the nose lurked a full, feminine mouth that was frankly inviting.

Although his arms remained muscular, they were more rounded, more feminine despite their obvious strength. His shoulders were considerably narrower, and made his already enormous tits look that much larger on his frame.

The sight of this huge-breasted black woman was too much. The implanted desires in his mind sprang to life, erasing coherent thought. Helplessly, Carl all but tore his clothes off as one long-fingered hand wrapped around his painfully hard cock. Helplessly, he began to jack off to the mirror image as his other hand began to fondle his huge, dusky tits.

* * * * *

Seven and a half hours later, Carl was sobbing in pain as he continued, helplessly, to jack off to the image in the mirror - or try to. His red, sore cock was limp and unresponsive under his new, slender, feminine hands, and the agony was intense. But, he simply couldn't stop. A part of his altered psyche demanded that he continue.

Finally, in sheer desperation, he made himself move. Hand still on his throbbing, screaming cock, he stumbled back to the waterbed and collapsed into it, allowing the water to finish the transformation.

Immediately, cool, blessed relief washed over him as his cock retracted, vanishing to be replaced with a new, perfectly formed cunt as his ass, waist and thighs finished transforming, leaving him the very image of a sexy black woman.

The move had been one of desperation, to end the burning pain. Now, able to think clearly again, he - she - realized just what she'd done.

"Holy shit I'm a woman!" Carl gasped, staring down at the folds of his new cunt. Horrified, she sprang from the bed, disgusted at what she'd done to herself. But it was too late to do anything about it now.

Right now, she had no fear of Cassandra. She'd already turned him into a woman, and the worst she could do now was kill her. Although she toyed with the idea of killing herself, she didn't want it to be by long, painful dehydration. So, come hell or high water, she was going back for her car.

She started tossing the room for something to wear. Her lips curled in a grimace when all she could find was a pair of black stretch pants, and a pair of black platform shoes with a seven inch spike heel. With a resigned sigh, she slipped the items on, along with the red crop-top, and headed out, disgusted to find she swayed easily - and erotically - atop the heels.

She stopped long enough to dig up a couple of empty plastic jugs. Filling them with the last of the water from the bed, she carried them with her as she went down the stairs, high-heels clicking on the wood.

Leaving the deserted house, she picked up her trail of footprints, and began back-tracking towards Requiem, and her car.

* * * * *

Chapter Six - Where There's a Will There's a Mike and a Lee, too.

August 3rd, 1998

The gray-predawn sky gave way to a riotous profusion of golds, oranges and scarlets as a gorgeous desert dawn broke over the Nevada badlands. Of the storm from the day before, no trace remained in the calm, warm air.

Deep in the sub-basement storm shelter of a empty store, three figures began to stir to life. The first to waken fully was the tall blonde who slowly stretched - then swore loudly, fully rousing the other two.

"Lee? What's wrong?" Mike asked fearfully, eyes darting around looking for Cassandra. After the two had fled the store, they'd literally run into Will, who, with his helmet, was the only one with any visibility. Joining forces, they'd located this sub-cellar, where Lee and Mike had been filled in, including what had happened to their black friend. After apologizing profusely to Will for their friend's behavior, they'd curled up for a night of fitful sleep.

"I... I got a..." Lee stammered, red faced. "The changes they kept happening."

The other two men gathered around the third. Only, Lee was no longer fully male. During the night, the change had continued up his legs, having reached his waist. Now, his waist was remarkably slender over full, womanly hips and a firm, sexy ass that filled out the leather skirt.

But what bothered all three the most, but especially Lee, was the fact that his briefs hung baggy and loose at the crotch. Lee had slid one hand into them and verified the worst - replacing his cock was the wet, warm folds of a fully-formed vagina.

Will's face hardened, and he looked away. "That bitch..." he muttered angrily.

Mike also averted his eyes from his friends new womanhood. "I still don't know how this could be happening. It isn't possible!"

"Maybe not" Lee retorted. "Tell that to my cunt. It certainly seems to think this is real!" Then he blushed. "Sorry, man. I didn't mean to..."

Mike shook his head. "Hell, if I woke up with my cock gone, I'd be a little irritable too, buddy."

"Well, if we don't find a way to get out of town without that freak seeing us, maybe you will wake up one morning with a cunt." Will said bluntly, drawing their minds back to the problem at hand.

"So? What do we do?" asked Mike, wearily. "Sneak out? We have no idea where she could be." Then, after a pause, he answered his own question. "If the option is staying in town and waiting to get caught..."

"Exactly." Will agreed. "What I propose is simple - we split up. Each of us picks his own route to get to the Mustang..."

Lee cleared his throat, interrupting Will. "Uh... Carl's got the keys, not us. Getting to the car won't help - unless you know how to hot-wire it. Neither of us do."

Will grimaced. "Not a skill I've ever picked up either. Okay, we'll have to revise that plan then. I still say we should split up - that way, she can't get all of us at the same time. Each of us then tries to make it out of town, any way we can. Steal a car, a bike, run for it - I don't know."

Mike cocked his head, a faint grin on his face. "Personally, I was going to..."

Will threw up a hand. "Stop! I don't want to hear it. If I get caught, I can't possibly tell her anything if I don't know it. It's safer that way." "He's right, Mike." Lee agree.

The three looked at each other, solemnly. "And if one of us does escape? Do we send back help?" Mike asked.

Will shook his head, his face set. "No. We don't want to lead anyone else into that woman's power. When we leave - we never, ever come back."

Silently, the three of them shook hands, then Will picked up his gear and silently slipped out, vanishing from view. Twenty minutes later, it was Mike's turn. He paused to pat Lee on the back, then he, too, snuck silently away.

Twenty minutes after that, the sub-basement was once more quiet and empty.

* * * * *

Lee crept silently through the deserted Sporting Goods store laying above the sub-basement he'd hidden in. Stopping now and then, to make sure he was unobserved, he gathered the items he wanted from the racks, then silently moved on - as best he could with his long, sexy, feminine legs ending in feet wearing high-heel shoes that tip-tapped on the wooden floor. Finally, having everything he wanted, he began to silently mount the stairs, carefully negotiating the two sets until he reached the roof of the building.

Dropping his bundle, he sat on the hot surface and stared down at himself. The changes had continued working their way up, and he watched with anger as his white T-shirt was stretched out by the pressure of the breasts that were growing to fill it. After a few moments, the growth stopped, and he hesitantly lifted the shirt to reveal his new endowments.

Only slightly larger than average, the perky, conical breasts were firm, tipped with large nipples. Even a light touch sent a shiver of pleasure through them. Hastily he dropped his shirt back into place, and set to work, eager to leave this accursed town.

By the time he was completely ready, the changes had completely claimed his...her body. The person who would be leaving wouldn't really be the same person who'd arrived.

The new Lee was a remarkably tall blonde. Slender, with a miniscule waist, the blonde had the longest, sexiest legs the world had ever seen, and a mind-boggling ass to match. Her face was coldly beautiful, her features even and precise, but possessing a certain haughtiness. A halo of hair the color of summer-gold wheat framed the face.

But Lee had no time to dwell on her transformed body at the moment. With a triumphant smile, She hefted her constructed kit. A hang glider.

Without waiting, never hesitating, she hefted the glider and began to run towards the back of the roof, moving as fast as she could while perched atop seven inch spikes. Reaching the edge, she coiled her powerful, long legs, and leapt into space.

The glider, burdened with her weight, sank one of the three stories, then, slowly leveled out - and started to slowly rise, buoyed by the thermals rising from the searing desert sands. The colorful nylon and aluminum aircraft, moving at just over nine miles an hour, slowly winged it's way over the desert.

It was a flight that couldn't last for long. Without a power source, the glider began to loose speed. The slight climb leveled out, then began to sink. The town was still faintly visible by the time that the glider sailed in for an awkward landing, sending Lee sprawling upon the hot sand. Carefully, he stood - and heard a hard, feminine laugh. Startled, he spun - and gaped. Standing a few feet away was a black woman, from whose chest thrust - hell, almost exploded - the most enormous breasts Lee had ever seen on a woman.

"Lee, that was the saddest damn landing I've ever seen." She said, laughing unpleasantly. Lee, stunned, stared wide-eyed at the hugely endowed black woman. "Ca...Carl?"

Carl snorted. "Who else would I be, jack-ass." She looked Lee up and down. "Nice legs, bro. Even as a woman, you're the tallest, skinniest person I ever saw - I knew it was you the first second I saw you."

"What...what happened? What are you doing out here - I thought you got away."

Carl shook her head. "Not exactly. Besides, I'm heading back for my 'Stang. I ain't leaving it." Lee shook her head. "You not really going BACK, are you?"

Carl snorted. "Yeah. And you're coming with me, Lee."

"No FUCKING way. I just got away from that bitch. If I go back and she catches me, she might " Lee trailed off, and tried to think of something terrible a person with her power might do. But, she'd already turned her into a woman. What else could she do that would be worse?

"Yeah Okay, let's go." Lee agreed, realizing that she really didn't have much to lose.

The two new women, each balanced atop seven inch heels, wiggled and swayed their way towards town.

* * * * *

Mike moved slowly and cautiously along the back of the buildings. He took his time - sometimes spending twenty minutes at a time behind a piece of cover, ensuring his movements were unseen.

So, he was only three-quarters of the way to his destination when he watched the glider swoop away in the desert. His heart lifted at the sight of Lee glide off into the desert. Not only was one of them free of this accursed town, but if that bitch was anywhere around, she'd be distracted by that. Carefully, Mike edged his way forward, sticking to every bit of cover that existed as he made his way towards the last building in the row.

Arriving, he checked the back door, and was pleasantly surprised to find it unlocked. Carefully, he eased into the building, and moved silently through.

The room he wanted was a large, dark, cavernous are - and, with a grin, Mike found what he wanted, leaning against one wall. He'd picked the small Gas-station with it's two-bay garage in hops of finding a vehicle in the bay. In a garage, he was sure to, if not find the keys, then find tools that would allow him to by-pass the ignition, given time.

But he'd never counted on the good fortune of finding a dirt bike leaning against the wall. A quick check showed that the knobby tires were firm with air, and the gas tank was full, or nearly so. The only thing left was to wheel it out, and give it a start - and pray that it ran. With a smile, he began to wheel the bike towards the back door.

"Leaving so soon?" A coldly humorous voice asked, and Mike jerked to a stop, heart pounding, as he looked up into the face of Cassandra. Oddly, a hint of humor glinted in her eye, as well as the cold hatred he'd expect.

"Oh...shit." Mike said resignedly, letting the dirt-bike lean back against the wall. His shoulder's slumped.

"Well, well, well. You certainly had fight in you when you hit me from behind." Cassandra said, looking at him scornfully. "But, face to face, you're not nearly so brave."

Mike sighed, his body loose and slumped. "What could I possibly do to..."

And, in mid-sentence, his arm came up in a short, viscous swing, holding the wrench he'd kept hidden behind his arm....

...which promptly turned into a licorice stick by the time it reached Cassandra. Laughing, she plucked the confection from Mike's fingers, and began to chew on it.

"Oh SHIT!" Mike repeated, with considerably more feeling. He squared his shoulders and faced her. "Alright, do your worst. You may have caught me, and you may have all these powers - but I'm not afraid of you. I can take anything you can dish out." Cassandra raised one eyebrow. "Oh, really?" she asked mockingly. "Let's find out, shall we?"

Mike didn't like the gleam in her eye...

* * * * *

Chapter Seven - The Return

August 3rd, 1998

Lee and Carl approached the forlorn vehicle resting just outside down. The two women were looking at the vehicle with different expression - awe and fear were plain on Lee's face, while Carl's face was a mask of rage.

"That BITCH!" he said, surveying what she'd done to his beloved Mustang. "Man, I'm gonna kill her ass." The Mustang was still a Mustang - that hadn't changed. But, many other things had.

The car was now a convertible. The desert sun beat down on the new interior - a white plush velvet and leather. The car's exterior paint had changed from a deep, metallic blue to a hot, gloss pink. As a final insult, a massive bra, big enough for Carl's enormous, firm tits - for a second, she felt an urge to see what that bra would look like....

Wrenching her mind from the thought was hard, but her deep, simmering anger helped. Taking a deep breath, she turned to Lee. "It ain't my car anymore, but it's transportation. Let's get the hell out of here."

"You bet " Lee started - to be overridden by a voice that sent a shiver down her back.

"Oh, you can't leave yet. You'll miss the 'festivities' I have planned."

The two transformed women looked up into the cold face of Cassandra, opening their mouths for retorts - and instead, felt a blinding overwhelming need to obey her. They struggled to fight it - in vain. Helplessly, they trailed after the huge, muscled woman as she led them down towards the Booby Trap, and into its darkened interior.

Slowly, their eyes adjusted to the gloom of the empty club. The heavy, pulsing music continued to beat away, and a lone figure gyrated on the main stage.

"Why don't you get to know my newest dancer, Lisa?" Cassandra said - and instantly, Lisa was the only name she would ever answer to again. As if in a daze, the tall, leggy blonde began to move towards the stage. Cassandra watched her go with a smile.

"All right, Carla, follow me." She told the massive-breasted black woman, now and forever known as Carla. "I have something different for you."

Helplessly, Carla followed Cassandra into a back room. Fairly large, it seemed cluttered. In the center lay a huge bed, draped in black and red silk sheets. Surrounding it was a variety of camera equipment, sound equipment and lights, run by a group of men that all wore the same, stoned look as the Maitre D' had.

"Gentlemen, I'd like to introduce you to the star of the picture, Carla Cleavage." Cassandra announced grandly. Turning to Carla, she smiled wickedly. "I think it's time for you to get to work, my dear."

With those words, Carla's vision seemed to narrow. Everything seemed to fade out - except for the figure reclining on the bed.

Wearing the same stoned expression, the man was an exact duplicate of Carl, the same face, the same muscular build - but, thrust proudly from his crotch was an enormous, throbbing cock, easily three times the size that the real Carl's had been when he was a man.

And it was the sight of that enormous, swollen cock that tripped all the circuits in Carla's altered brain. Helplessly, hopelessly, she moved towards Carl, an 'eager' grin on her full, ripe lips.

Carl rose to meet her, his strong hands grabbing her full, firm ass as he pulled her close to him and pressed his lips against hers. Helplessly, she moaned as he massaged her ass, and 'hungrily' kissed him with fevered passion, her long tongue entwining with his as he pulled her towards the bed. She moaned again, feeling his huge hard-on pressing against her leg. She literally tore her crop-top off, offering her enormous tits to him, and he complied, his hands fondling the smooth, mocha surface as his lips came down to tease and suck her huge, swollen nipples.

Gasping at the pleasure that flooded her body, Carla made one last effort to pull away - and failed. Helplessly seductive, she slowly slid to her knees, kissing Carl's body as she went. Helplessly, her long-nailed hands wrapped around his massive, thick cock, as her full, soft lips enclosed its head. With skills recently implanted in her, she began to bob her head along the

length of his massive shaft, her tongue swirling over the massive head that filled her mouth. Her hands worked on the shaft expertly, as moans sounded low in her throat.

She was programmed to love sucking cock, and helplessly, she found herself enjoying every sickening, disgusting second of it. It didn't take long to bring him to the edge - and beyond. His hot, salty cum flooded her mouth, and she eagerly gulped the vile liquid, her brain reeling with the sheer power of the most wonderful taste she'd ever known.

"Cut!" a voice shouted, and 'unwillingly', Carla pulled herself from his massive, still hard tool.

"Okay, time for the tit-fuck scene." The same voice commanded - and Carla moved to the bed, laying back with a smile as Carl straddled her, his gigantic cock in her equally enormous cleavage...

* * * * *

Lisa slowly approached the person gyrating on the stage, helplessly moving towards the person.

"Lee - no..." the danger gasped, in the process of fondling her body. "Get...get away while you can..."

"Mike..." Lisa said, gasping. "It's...it's Lisa now." She took in the sight of her transformed friend with something approaching horror.

Mike - It was actually Mikki now - had the figure of a cartoon sexpot. A black bra enclosed perfectly spherical breasts that, while not as horrendously large as Carla's, were still huge, easily a GG cup. Despite the flimsy bra and the sheer size, they swayed and bounced almost not at all, preternaturally firm and round.

Below those magnificent mammaries, her waist pinched in unrealistically. Lisa could have encircled the impossible waist with her own, slim hands - and was feeling an urge to do just that, as a matter of fact.

Mikki's body then flared out into wide, womanly hips and firm, full ass, below which long, sexy legs stretched down to tiny feet atop 9 inch tall spiked heel platforms.

The only discordant note was the enormous bulge straining at the fabric of the lacy black panties she wore. Her huge, dark eyes helplessly stared at Lisa, her remarkably full, sexy, bow-shaped lips twisted in lust. Slowly, the cartoonish she-male slowed her gyrations, her voice low and throaty when she spoke again.

"Please...leave." she gasped, moving towards Lisa. "I...can't help myself, Lisa. I want you. I love you..."

And helplessly, Lisa walked forward to meet her. "I...love you too." She replied, finding it absolutely true as she spoke it. Lisa dropped her skirt and panties, stepping out of them - and into Mikki's embrace.

As their lips met in a deep, passionate kiss, Lisa gasped as Mikki's gigantic cock entered her tight, wet cunt. Gripping Lisa's ass, the she-male lifted her and pushed her back against the wall, using it for support and, still kissing, she began to fuck her best friend.

Lisa screamed in pleasure as Mikki began to thrust, new sensations flooding her body, shaking her with the force of the pleasure. Their breasts pushed together as Mikki drove in and out, a rising tide of ecstasy building in both transformed men.

"oh... God... Yes..." Lisa moaned. "I...I...love...you..." she gasped - and then screamed, a wordless sound of pure pleasure as her first female orgasm took her, shaking her whole body as nerve endings screamed in orgasm after orgasm.

Tears ran down Mikki's face as s/he helplessly fucked Lisa - but s/he was being completely honest when s/he replied. "I love you too."

* * * * *

Part III

O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? New Testament, I Corinthians, XV, 54

* * * * *

Chapter Eight - Unmanned - and Unbound

August 3rd, 1998

Will paused at the door, carefully surveying the street, Seeing no-one, he stepped out, and dashed over to his bike, pulling the Harley upright as he prepared to straddle it.

"Oh, I don't think so, red." The voice was coldly amused, and Will cursed loudly as he whipped around, his bike tumbling to the ground as he stared defiantly at Cassandra. The muscular woman stood a few feet away, having appeared as if out of thin air.

"You bitch." Will hissed, eyes blazing with fury. "You may have me...but I'm not telling you where the others are, no matter what you do to me."

She laughed. "If I wanted, I could make you tell me whatever I wanted." She said airily. "In this case, it doesn't matter - I already have the others." Her cruel smile widened as Will's face fell. She took a step towards him...

Then spun in surprise as a voice shouted "Hey, bitch!"

Standing in the middle of the street, hand on his holstered pistol, Sam looked like some gunslinger drawn from history, his blue eyes narrowed as he watched Cassandra turn. But it wasn't he who had spoken - it was Jeri, standing beside Sam, her arms crossed on her chest as she stared at Cassandra with a haughty grandeur.

Will felt his spirits soar - then plummet. The fact that they'd come back meant that they had placed themselves within this woman's inexplicable power once more.

Cassandra smiled evilly. "Well, a couple more new additions to my club, I should think." She said, eyes sparkling. She began to close the distance between them. "Let's see... I think I'll "

That was as far as she got. Having covered half the distance between them, she'd passed over a small dune, lengthening her stride to step over the mound of sand.

Which seemed to explode. With a convulsive movement, the sand flew, revealing the figure hiding under the thin covering of sand-covered tarp. One arm thrust upwards, and the sound of ripping cloth came as Cassandra gasped in surprise and pain as the barrel of the sawed-off shotgun jammed itself deep into her cunt. She stared wide-eyed, frozen in shock, at the man on the ground.

He was older, grayer, his age weighing him down. But he was still recognizable, and the sight of Cassandra's secret fear held her paralyzed as Danny leered up at her.

"Hi, cupcake." He said cruelly. "I hear you been a very bad girl." And before she could break the spell that shock had caused, he pulled the trigger.

The gun was loaded with a slug, not buckshot. As the expanding gasses bloated Cassie's stomach outwards, the lead slug crashed through her body, bursting her heart like an over-ripe fruit before smashing through her brain, turning it to pulp before exiting the top of her skull, blowing her head apart from the inside.

Indifferently, Danny let the decapitated body, still impaled, fall to the side, and rose to his feet.

"Wha ?" Will said, confused. His two friends were walking over, and all four people congregated over the bloody mess that had been

Cassandra. Around them, the town seemed to waver. Deprived of Cassandra, everything that had been altered remained changed, but anything created out of thin air promptly vanished.

"I found her diary." Jeri explained, holding up the thin volume. "It explained everything. We would have gotten back sooner, but we had to find our secret weapon. Her greatest fear - her old lover, Danny." She nodded at the aging man, who grinned sardonically.

"So it's over?" Will asked.

Sam looked thoughtfully down at the body. "Not quite. You see, the source of her power was that black disk. We have to decide how to dispose of it, so this can never happen again - after we use it to change the others back to "

Danny smiled. "I don't think so." Like a viper uncoiling, he lunged down to grab the disk - and Sam, Will and Jeri lunged as well. At the same instant, all four touched the disk.

The power flowed through them, connecting them. For an instant, all were but one entity knowing and feeling everything any of them had ever experienced. Inside their minds, overwhelmed with the raw power flowing through them, they struggled to maintain a sense of self as their thoughts, memories and ideals merged and flowed. Outside, their bodies and clothes writhed and twisted, driven by four separate ideas, trying to settle into a form.

And then, something amazing happened. All froze, locked in place, as the simple power flowing through them changed - and became aware, like a beast rising from a slumber.

<At last...>

The voice that echoed in their heads was neither male nor female, but combined both - and was tinged by a terrible, ancient weariness.

<At last.> it echoed. <For millenium beyond counting, I have existed. At first, I was but one of many, a bright spark among a blazing fire.>

The four minds locked in contention were captivated. Images played through their heads, visions of a far advanced culture, existing for thousands upon thousands of years, living joyously and loved among the stars.

<Then, one by one, we faltered - and died. Entropy claimed us...>

The beings, composed of pure energy faded, flickered - and died, the aging universe unable to sustain them.

<We were frightened...we felt despair and pain...but we vowed not to have led a meaningless existence...>

Beings, knowing only pure, untainted energy, struggled to create some defiant, final tribute to life's existence in the universe. Finally, a new lifeform was created - but of matter, not of energy, able to survive in the harsh new universe being born.

<They could not live among us, not they of their kind...>

A few hundred of the original energy beings still lived, all that could survive on the diminishing energy to be had. With hope and love, they sent out the millions of 'seeds' they had created - spacecraft of pure energy, each containing two of the new life-forms, one male, the other, female. To a million distant planets, perhaps capable of supporting the new life, they were sent. The energy beings settled back, conserving themselves, as they waited. Waited for the new creatures to multiply, evolve,

become able to build machines and devices - to announce themselves to the universe and let the 'makers' know that they had not existed in vain.

<But no word came. One by one, we were consumed by the pain and died. Each of us struggled against it >

All but three were gone. Working feverishly, they managed to create a materiel object to house, to preserve one of them. With the last of their strength, the other two launched the object on the final mission - to know that they had not lived in vain. Then, the final two allowed themselves to leave their enormous pain, and die.

<To each of the worlds I traveled. I sought the creations we'd made. I sought proof that there was life in the universe still - and I vowed to not let myself die, ever, should I be the only life existing. No matter the pain, the loneliness - life must remain, or the universe exists for no reason. But never life did I find.>

Empty worlds. Blasted worlds. Worlds where life had started - but failed. Too close to a star, or too far. Too hot, or too cold, too wet or too dry - no planet was quite right for life to succeed.

<I had given up hope. I turned away from the outside, and turned inwards to my own pain. Nothing roused me from my loneliness...until now. At last. You are not the life that I and my fellow beings created. We created a life we thought suitable for the worlds that were - large, strong, and of many different types. Fearsome of tooth and claw. Green of skin. Terrible lizards, fit to exist on whatever world they may land. But, even our power could not give them sentience - a soul. It was there I searched for - but on each world, they had died.>

With wonder, the four saw the creatures they had created. And, they found names for this life - Stegosaurus, Tyrannosaurus, Velociraptor...

Dinosaurs.

<But here, too they had died. But with them did not go life. For you are here. Among all the cosmos, you are unique. This planet, lowly and alone, carried the seeds of life - but you, alone carry the sentience that even we, as powerful as we are, could not create.>

<At last, my journey is over. At last, my pain can end.>

<At last...I can die >

Then the power was gone, fading from the four as the being, older than the universe itself, fulfilled a vow that he held it for more than a millennia.

And slipped gratefully into the vast unknown of death.

Slowly, the four figures rose, and eyed each other, their bodies and minds forever altered. Stunned, they stared down at the small disk, the only physical remains of a creature whose sheer power of being had unwittingly empowered a frightened, lonely woman - and had altered their lives forever. Slowly, their eyes rose and met.

The person who had once been Danny was now an exact image of Will, right down to his clothing. Even though he retained his memories, he deeply regretted his entire life as Danny, as he now possessed the ideals, morals and thought patterns of Will. In effect, he WAS will, only with Danny's past memories.

One of the things he regretted from being Danny was what his thoughts had done to the original Will.

Whitney - the name she now called her own - remembered being Will, and even had the same thought patterns - except they were modified to accept - revel in - the new being she was. Her clothes had changed, molding themselves to her new figure.

A black T-shirt clung tightly to her huge, firm tits and slender, sexy waist. Skintight black leather pants molded to her firm ass and long legs, and she balanced atop knee-high black leather biker boots. A glorious mane of red hair surrounded her sexy, intelligent face as she gazed at the new Will. Both red-heads shared the same thoughts, the same ideals, the same interests. And, as if gender-reversed mirror images, they both turned to their friends at the exact same time with the exact same movements, excepting the fact that Whitney's were more supple and feminine.

Sam and Jeri stood gazing deep into each other's eyes. Their bodies were their own - perfected.

Sam's had become firmer, more muscular, and a larger bulge was at his crotch. His face was more handsome, but still undeniably his.

Jeri's body was also perfection personified. Her breasts were perfect, firm D-cups above a slender waist and perfect ass. Her face was almost blindingly beautiful, and her hair - now the color of spun gold - hung in glorious, full waves down her back.

But 'Sam' and 'Jeri' no longer truly existed as separate entities.

Their mind was intertwined, sharing each body equally. At will, either could experience whichever body they wished, or both could inhabit one. Although their minds were still technically separated, they shared a telepathic and empathic bond, knowing at each moment what the other was FEELING, and able to converse mentally at will.

<You...you love me!> Jeri's mind - currently experiencing Sam's body, 'said' in surprise. She could feel the waves of love enfolding her psyche.

<Yes...> Sam 'said', sadly. All he felt from her was surprise...until it blossomed into equally powerful waves of love from her. On the outside, both bodies smiled and embraced. They kissed passionately for several moments, swapping back and forth to experience the kiss from both viewpoints.

The two redheads looked at each other, shrugged - and emulated the blondes, kissing each other gently, lovingly.

The two couples only broke apart when the three teens interrupted. Still stuck in the forms Cassandra had given them, they no longer were plagued by her obsessive commands, her mental hold broken with her death.

"I hate to disturb this love fest." Carla said sarcastically - but in a good humor, and without her usual, biting edge. "But, don't you think we should get back to civilization? I don't know about you - but I'm starved."

General agreement met this claim, and they separated to their own rides. Will, with Whitney mounted behind, led off, followed by Sam and Jeri in the Caddy, and the three other's in the rear in the hot-pink Mustang, leaving Requiem behind them as the setting sun seemed to paint the desolate town in shades of blood.

* * * * *

EPILOGUE

Let us live then, and be glad. For where there is life, hope remains. Anonymous, Found written upon a wall in Dachau

* * * * *

Chapter Nine - One Year Later

August 4th, 1999

The main street of the tiny town reverberate with the sound and laughter of it's citizens, mingled with the music from speakers lining the street. A riotous profusion of colors filled the avenue from balloons, rides, exhibitions, and the mass of people, as they enjoyed Requiem's First Annual Rebirth Festival.

Ostensibly to honor the rebirth of the abandoned mining town after it was purchased - for a song - by a small group, it actually had a much deeper, secret meaning to that very group.

"Hey, Sheriff! Why don't you give a couple of throws at the old dunk-tank. Drop the mayor in the water. What do you say?" The barker smiled cheerfully, and threw the town's much beloved sheriff a wink.

Sam shook his head, resting one hand on the butt of his pistol. "I'm afraid not..." he began - then paused for a second to savor the sensation as, at the other end of the street Jeri put her all into her job at the Kissing Booth. Enjoying the feel of the unknown man's lips on his/her full, soft lips, he finished his comment, the pause barely noticeable. "...I'm still on duty."

The barker shrugged cheerfully. "I don't think you'll see any trouble today, Sheriff." The citizens of Requiem were used to the occasion pause in Sam's speech. Interestingly enough, his wife, Jeri, did the same thing - but that wasn't unusual. The Sheriff and his wife - who also happened to be his only deputy - acted and talked so alike, it was sometimes eerie. But they

were the best law officers in the whole state. It was eerie the way that the other always showed up at exactly the right instant if one of them was in trouble.

Sam sauntered over to the dunk tank and leaned against it, looking up with a smile. "So, I take it that this little attraction is adding some more money to the town coffers, you Mayorship?" he asked with mock solemnity.

Whitney grinned down at her Sheriff. Elected by a landslide - aside from her, the only other candidate had been the town drunk - the mayor wiggled her torso slightly, causing the firm, full breasts beneath the white T-shirt to jiggle fetchingly. "Hell, we've got teen-aged boys all the way from Vegas up here just to try and dunk me. What could have caused that, do you think?"

Sam laughed - then swapped out with Jeri. As the Ex-Texas Sheriff surprised a repeat customer by kissing just as well, but yet somehow completely different then last time, Jeri took over the conversation.

"Hey, I wouldn't mind a shot at those myself." She said with a grin - a comment that would have shocked the barker if she'd been in 'her' body, it only elicited a grin from a man who only saw another man enjoying the sight of a woman's large breasts filling out a T-shirt enticingly.

"Have you seen Will?" Whitney asked. Another advantage to the blonde's shared mind was the fact that they could keep track of almost everybody in town.

"Yeah, he left early to set up for tonight's services." Jeri replied. Eager to atone for his life as Danny, Will had become a priest, and a damned...uh, darned good one, too. Of course, he had become a Southern Baptist - and promptly married Whitney, making an 'honest woman' out of her.

"Okay. Whoops... another customer. I'll talk to both of you later." Whitney said as three boys, eyes locked on the sexy woman, willingly paid the rather hefty fee for three shots at dunking the mayor. Jeri nodded and wandered off, enjoying the simple power of her male body, but missing the supple grace of her female one. Thankfully, she could use either.

Meanwhile, Same finished her job, practically knocking the socks off one of the local boys - then, for good measure, she 'accidentally', pushed her firm, sexy ass into his crotch when she turned around to put the 'Back in 5 min.' sign up. Winking at the flustered youth, she walked off, enjoying the supple, sexy sway of her hips. Even the beige deputy's uniform couldn't conceal the beauty of the body inside - regardless of whose mind was occupying the body.

With a bounce in her step, she went up the steps of the town church just in time to meet Will coming out. "Don't worry, I didn't forget." The red-head said with a grin.

"How could you?" Sam asked with a grin, leaning forward to accept the quick but emotional kiss Will offered. She smiled, her face going from stunningly beautiful to angelic as the dimple appeared. "You know, I won't even charge you for that one."

Will faked indignation as he fell in beside her. "I'll have you know that may the woman has offered ME money for my world famous kissing."

Laughing, the two friends arrived at the sign welcoming people to Requiem, finding Jeri/Sam already there, talking to the town 'lesbians'. Sam interrupted long enough to claim a kiss from each - the one from Mikki in the female body, surreptitiously caressing her huge, thick penis which, as usual, was safely hidden by the puffy skirts she wore. Then, in his male body, he kissed Lisa, taking the opportunity to fondle the skin-tight leather over her ass.

"So, how's the Cafe doing?" he asked. Lisa, now busy with Will's kiss, gave a thumbs up, which was echoed by Mikki's thumb-and- forefinger 'okay' sign, as she was still involved in the kiss Sam had started. Jeri was obviously enjoying it, as her hand was still hidden beneath the skirt.

They all pulled apart, instantly becoming upstanding, unremarkable citizens as somebody came into view - then relaxed at the sight of Whitney, her large tits visible through her soaking shirt.

She was just in time. The final member of the group, the owner and feature dancer of one of the most famous strip clubs in the state, arrived, her glorious mane of hair dancing in the wind.

"Good, everyone's here." Carla said with a smile. A wicker basket, containing filled champagne flutes, dangled from one smoothly muscled arm.

Dressed in a black sequined dress and heels, the black woman looked stunning, artfully applied make-up and carefully chosen jewelry accenting her natural, dusky beauty. She smiled as the rest of the founders picked up a glass of champagne from the basket she'd brought.

Taking a deep breath - which did truly amazing things to her enormous tits, and threatened to ruin the dress - Carla held her glass aloft.

"When I first became the woman I am today..." She had to pause, with a smile, for the chorus of wolf-whistles and lewd comments, then continued "...I considered it a curse, Since then, I have found my life full of pleasure and passion, fame and fortune, love and life." She smiled at her friends - and lovers - and continued. "As Carl, I was a mean, spiteful person. All because of a self-destructive self-hate arising from a frustration. The frustration of being unable to..." she coughed decorously "...get it up' when I was with a woman. A legacy of being beaten by mom as a child, the therapists said - and, with no real cure." She laughed, a richly erotic sound. "Well, not only do I not have to worry about that any more - I have also managed to cure many a man similarly afflicted."

This brought a general round of appreciative laughter, which quieted to a more solemn note as Danny raised his glass, and claimed this years toast.

"Here's to those poor, misguided, lonely souls who died that day - and were reborn into a life of beauty and hope. Here's to us!"

With a soft sound, the rest of the group echoed the sentiment, and clinked glasses before downing their drinks. Linking arms, the group headed back up the street, smiles forming on their faces as they once more rejoined the lives they'd forged.

Behind them, the sign sat, its fresh coat of paint bright and bold in the desert sun. Unbeknownst to anybody but a small, select group, something lay beneath the signpost besides simple sand. A small, black disk, about four inches across. But, to those who did not know, the only odd thing they might find hung below the wooden sign, bolted to the post. A plaque. The setting sun glinted off the golden letters, raised against a black background, turning the expensive golden surface to a pool of liquid fire shining so bright that, if somebody had been there, they would have had to squint to make out the words printed there.

Under the Wide and Starry sky, Dig the grave and let me lie.

Gladly did I live and gladly die, And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:

Here he lies where he longed to be; Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill.

R. L. Stevenson, *Requiem*



BACK TO FUN ZONE



Summary: A young man travels back in time to kill his father before he can rape his mother and surprisingly finds that he has a whole new life as a female.

Reset

By Gunslinger

A gust of wind whistled down the alley, tossing about scraps of paper and lighter garbage in the dimly-lit brick canyon, the fragments of debris almost seeming to dance upon the warm, fragrant air.

Then the gust faded out, and the objects once more became inert within the narrow confines of the worn brick walls, once more lying still and uneventful upon the cracked, aging pavement.

But the narrow alley was far from motionless, as a small figure moved within the darker shadows of the alleyway.

Under other circumstances, the sight might have been ludicrous - a nearly emaciated young man, dressed in almost invisible dark slacks and starkly white short-sleeved cotton dress-shirt that seemed to glow in the dimness of the decrepit passageway. His sandy- blonde hair was shorn into a crew-cut, and upon the large nose that dominated his too-narrow face, a large, thick pair of black horn- rimmed glasses rode, the coke-bottle-thick lenses magnifying his watery eyes to ridiculous proportions in the best of times, with his current state of anxiety causing his magnified eyes bulge to utterly comical proportions.

There was nothing the least bit comical about the large, gleaming-black revolver whose hard-wood grips rested in his sweaty palms. A gun made famous by a series of movies, the long-barreled .44 Magnum revolver seemed the size of a cannon compared to the slight frame of the young man who carried it - but the way he handled it, professionally efficient, made it seem more an extension of his scrawny arms than some ludicrous addition.

Percival Bartholomew Poplin ran - scuttled - across the alleyway and into the concealing darkness of the doorway on the other side, the aging steel of the delivery door pressing with welcome coolness into his back as he leaned against the slab of metal to stare myopically into the night. In his hand, the weight of the gun was another comfort, the very hefty physical presence of the American-made hand- cannon keeping him on an even keel.

Shivering slightly despite of the warm pre-summer air, Percy lifted the arm weighted by the gun to glance at his watch...

...then stopped, mid-motion, and sighed, lowering his arm. His watch, a cheap no-name brand bought at a Walmart, wouldn't tell him anything useful.

Not that it wasn't accurate. Despite it's inexpensive nature, the chronograph lived up to the super-chain's usual standard and kept perfect time...

...for a watch made in the year 1999 and purchased and set in the year 2000. The problem was - the 'current' date was 1975...

At least, Percy hoped it was. More than anything else in his plan, the thought that the calibration of his Displacement Engine was off was the one that worried him the most.

One of the great paradoxes in the supposedly highly-hypothetical field of Temporal Displacement was the 'oldie-but-a-goody' one: 'What would happen if you could go back in time and kill your own father?'

It was a question that had more than hypothetical impact for the twenty-five-year-old Percy - and one that might be answered a few moments hence.

Because, if necessary, that was precisely what Percy was willing to do.

The skinny, underfed youth had accomplished the supposedly impossible task of creating a Temporal Displacement Engine - in laymen's terms, a time machine. A straight-A student with a phenomenal mind, the young man had worked secretly on his invention, finally succeeding in a break-through only hours ago - or years in the future, given your perspective.

He'd created the device with one, and only one, purpose in mind. To go back in time and keep his mother from being raped.

To Percy, his mother - Maria - was a saint. Despite the unfortunate moniker she'd cursed him with, he had loved her with an uncritical passion - and well he should. An orphan herself, Maria Poplin had sacrificed almost everything to raise Percy and give him the best she could, despite the handicaps of being a single mother...

...who was also paraplegic. Both situations which were brought about by a certain well-to-do youth who, deep in his cups, had taken a liking to the figure of the girl from the wrong side of the tracks and, with a knife, had his way with her.

Maria had often wondered to her then-young son whether or not the use of the knife at the end was a blessing. After all, the youth had intended to kill her with his thrust, to keep her silent.

Drunk, he'd botched the job, and she'd lived - but confined forever to a wheelchair.

Worse... his high-priced lawyers, paid for by 'Daddy', had managed to make the whole case seem as if it were a dirt-poor orphan girl lying about who raped her so as to get the most money. The jury had bought the 'Gold-digger' defense - and the wealthy young man had gotten away Scott-free, leaving Maria to raise her son single-handed and broke. All his life, Percy had been focused on one task - setting that monumental wrong right. Now, if his calculations were right, he'd finally have the chance to make sure that his mother would never have to go through the living hell that would end with her dying in a flophouse in 1987.

The fact that it would probably mean that Percy would simply cease to exist, and might even cause the universe as mankind knew it to collapse, was a minor point to the obsessed young man.

Shifting his weight nervously from foot to foot, Percy's thin lips tightened as the minutes dragged by. What if he was in the wrong place in time? If the calibration of the machine had been off just a little bit, he could have missed the event by hours or days in either direction, and...

Then a sound caused him to go rigid.

At the end of the alley, a muffled exclamation had been cut short. Now, a scuffling sound was slowly moving closer to the darkened doorway in which Percy hid.

Pushing himself into the dark shadow in the opposite corner, Percy lifted one hand to shade his glasses, to keep any stray glint of light from reflecting off of them. holding his breath, he peered out into the alley.

A second later, two figures loomed out of the darkness - a well-dressed young man, one arm wrapped around the neck of a struggling woman, his hand over her mouth.

His other hand was low, near her kidneys - and something within the man's fist glinted dully in the faint light.

Percy went cold. The man was holding the knife right near the same place he would/had try to kill Maria with a thrust to the kidneys... but had 'only' severed her spinal cord. With him holding the knife where it was, it wouldn't be safe for Percy to demand the man release her - a twitch, and she'd still be injured.

Waiting until they were abreast of the entranceway, palms cold and sweaty, Percy lunged out of the darkened doorway, his empty hand sliding up-and-under the other man's arm, yanking the knife away from Maria's side.

The fact that the motion caused the knife to imbed itself in Percy's thigh was a moot point, all things considered - because the slender young man knew there was no other alternative, and nothing that happened to him would matter.

Startled by the sudden attack, the man holding Maria cried out, releasing his hold on the frightened woman. She crumpled, sobbing, to the ground at his feet...

...leaving the path clear for Percy to bring the big gun up in a smooth arc, the muzzle slamming into the would-be-rapist's chest. "*I love you, Mom...*" Percy whispered...

...and pulled the trigger...

* * * * *

Beeep.... Beeep.... Beeep...

Feeling dazed and very, very strange, Percy stared up at the out-of-focus ceiling.

One instant, he'd been squeezing the trigger on the gun - he could clearly remember the sound of the hammer as it had clicked back to full cock, could remember the smooth 'break' of the trigger as the hammer had started forward...

He'd never heard the shot or felt the kick of the gun in his hand, though. Instead, he'd 'blinked' - and found himself here.

Wherever 'here' was. From the feel of his body, he was laying in a bed - but it wasn't his bedroom, whose water-stained ceiling was a far cry from the pristine white stucco that he could see above him.

Even his body felt... strange. It felt like there was a couple of pillows sitting on his chest and one under his ass, and the sensation of a full bladder was somehow subtly off. Even the feel of the covers on his body felt very strange, though he couldn't have put his finger on the 'why'. Though the 'out-of-focus' view was a familiar thing to him - he saw it every morning when he woke up, before sticking his glasses on - it was also 'wrong' - though fuzzy, everything was still considerably sharper than he was used to seeing, without his glasses.

However, since he'd expected to simply 'pop out' of existence when he'd killed his father, the fact that he was apparently just waking up in a bed was very welcome indeed, despite any oddities that might come along with it.

Yawning, Percy muttered. "Well, this is..." Then stopped dead at the sound of his voice.

Because it wasn't *his* voice. Though quiet, and saying the words he'd directed his voice to say, the words he heard were spoken in a high-pitched, slightly hoarse voice that was utterly and undeniably feminine.

Percy felt like his entire body had been dipped in liquid nitrogen. Jaw slowly sliding open to a full-fledged gape, he slowly pushed himself into a sitting position, fighting the weight on his chest, and looked down at himself.

Or, rather - herself. Because Percy now possessed what was definitely the body of a woman.

A woman with smooth, pale skin. A woman with a pair of the finest breasts Percy had ever seen. The size of a pair of cantaloupes, the large, naturally firm tits rode proudly on her slender ribcage, moving slightly with each breath she took.

"Oh... My... God..." The new woman whispered in shock, staring down at the tits on her chest and - beyond the would-be- mouthwatering-if-they-weren't-stuck-on-Percy endowments - a pair of long, shapely legs. with a neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair at the 'v' where they met, surrounding the unmistakable vaginal lips of her cunt. Though everything had that soft-edged nature due to her slightly poor eyesight, there was no way she could mistake what she was seeing.

She slumped back in the bed, eyes wide in amazement.

She now knew how 'history' protected itself from paradox. When she'd killed the man who would have been Percy's father, history had changed - and Percy's consciousness had ended up in the body of the daughter that Maria must have had, instead of Percy.

For a second, Percy wondered if other people had perfected time-travel before - maybe that would explain all the 'crazy' people who thought that they were somebody else. Maybe, in fact, they were...

The question ran through her head as a form of self-defense - a way of distracting herself from the sheer shock of waking up in the body of a female. It made a certain sort of sense, actually - the odds of being born female were roughly equal to that of being born male.

More than just the fact that Percy was now in the body of a girl was the fact that she was a girl...

...with no memory of 'her' past. Instead, 'she' had the memories of a person who had never even existed, in this time line. *'This could be a problem...'* Percy thought, numbly - perhaps the greatest understatement of the year.

Slowly, it dawned on her that the alarm clock beside the bed was still going off - the sound had seemed unimportant while she'd dealt with other things. Now, she reached over and shut it off, bemused by the sensations created as her breast shifted with the motion of her arm, lifting and tightening slightly as she stretched.

With the movement it took to shut off the alarm, she had some momentum going - and decided to get up. As strange as this all was, it was now her life - she'd traded her masculinity to allow her mother a full, rich life, and she'd just have to deal with it.

No matter how perverted it felt to wake up as a woman.

Sliding her shapely legs over the edge of the bed, the new woman slowly rose, looking around. She spotted a pair of glasses resting on the night-table, and she picked them up, grinning wryly at the sight of them - each lens was a sort of rounded rectangle, with a pale silver-blue frame. Definitely not the type of glasses she would have chosen...

...except, apparently, they were exactly the type of glasses 'she' would choose, and...

She stumbled, gripping the edge of the table for balance, a shocked look on her face as she tried to deal with the fact that she found herself 'remembering' buying these glasses. She could recall hesitating, torn between these and another pair, and finally choosing these ones.

The memory was so sharp, she could even see herself looking in the mirror that formed an entire wall of the LensCrafter's store.

In the memory, she had been as unselfconscious as you could expect - but, seeing it from the 'outside', the new woman was stunned by the remembered reflection as she 'saw' herself for the first time.

You could see the resemblance that she and her old body shared - but what had made Percy a 'geek' made the 'new' woman he'd become utterly cute. Short, she was best described as 'petite' - a slender, shapely body beneath casual clothing that flattered her figure. A face that was almost devastatingly cute, with a generous mouth framed by deep dimples, a slightly too-large nose that 'worked' on her elfin face, and big brown eyes under the glasses she was trying on. Her hair was the same shade of sandy-blond, but was worn collar-length, and it was definitely softer and more silky than the mane she'd possessed as a man.

Of course, the weirdest part of the memory was the fact that she had it all - because, just as clearly, she could remember the things 'he' had done on that day, as well. A single day, a single time-frame - yet she could remember both of them clearly.

"Oh, god... this is weird..." Penny muttered to herself... then her mind came to a screeching halt again as she realized that she'd just, unconsciously, referred to herself by the feminine identity she now possessed. Though she couldn't consciously

recall her life as a woman, the knowledge of the alternate, female version of her was intact - as if 'his' personality had been pasted-over hers, like a double-exposed photograph. The male persona was the 'top' one - but, beneath it, you could still make out the second image.

'Weird' didn't even describe how it felt to her to 'know' she was Percy, a time-traveler who'd altered history in such a way as to end up female - yet still able to 'remember' things that 'Penny' had done during her life. She could remember the smallest detail of 'Penny's' life but, not having 'lived' through it, they were subconscious, having to be brought to the front, while the ingrained habits and overt memories of 'Percy' were immediate and 'real'.

It was... weird. If a cop had a reason to ask Penny what she'd been doing last Wednesday, the answer that would have emerged would have been that 'he' was at the library, researching Rosenberg's Theorem on Transtemporal Particle Waves - when, in fact, 'she' had been seeing Chris off at the airport, and..

This time, the shock was so great that the new woman actually collapsed back onto the bed, her shapely legs refusing to support her as she gaped mindlessly at the far wall.

"Holy Shit!" She said, softly. "I... I'm *married!*"

'Percy' had no memory of this 'Mark' guy - but Penny certainly did. She could summon memories of the first time she'd met him. the way they'd fallen in love, but had never... you know. They'd both been fairly innocent, and one of the things they'd shared in common was the fact they were 'saving' themselves for marriage. Penny could even remember the wedding ceremony, how handsome Mark had looked, how Mom had cried and...

Penny gasped as the image seemed imprinted in her brain, seared there in an instant.

His/Her mother - sitting in the pew at the front, crying cheerfully into the handkerchief. Looking more alive and vibrant than she ever had, even when she had been alive, in Percy's memory. Sitting in the pew - and, later, dancing with Dad at the reception...

Holy shit! *Dad!*

Penny struggled to deal with all the revelations that were pouring forth from her memories. The fact that she was married - and quite happily so. the fact that Maria wasn't only alive and whole - but happy, and married to a middlin' wealthy man. All of it, as sharp and clear as the memories Percy had of her being paraplegic and miserable, fighting to make ends meet for her son.

That, more than anything, finally allowed Penny to come back on an even keel. No matter how weird all this was, no matter how 'wrong' it felt to be a woman, with memories (some very 'intimate') of her husband, the most important factor was the fact that 'he' had succeeded. He'd altered history, and while his mother had gone through a rough patch after the attempted rape and the inexplicable 'vanishing'; savior who'd killed the man, she'd recovered and ended up with a healthy, happy life...

...and a happy, reasonably well-adjusted daughter that she loved dearly. Well, 'well-adjusted' until now, Penny thought with a wry grin - she was technically now suffering from a severe case of schizophrenia and Gender Dimorphism.

"maybe I should become a lesbian." She said to herself, wryly. "At least I could honestly claim that I'm really a man trapped in a woman's body..."

Then she winced - because that thought triggered very 'pleasant' memories of her sexual bouts with Mark. Though, as Percy, the thought disgusted her, Penny obviously enjoyed having sex, as a woman - even if she was a little shy and conservative about it.

It made her feel dirty - as if she were prying into somebody's most private diary. The problem was - it was the 'diary' that outlined her past, and would 'help' her live the future she'd formed...

"Oh, shit!" Penny said, eyes widening behind her glasses. "Mark's coming home today!"

She could remember clearly now, even though she'd never 'really' known before this instant - after being away on business, Mark was due home at about seven tonight...

...and he was expecting his wife to be here. Not just physically, but 'mentally' - he was expecting Penny to be the same woman he'd left. He'd also be expecting sex.

At that thought, the strangest sensation she'd ever felt ran through her - because the thought aroused and disgusted her, all at the same time., part of her was dreading the moment, and yet another part of her was eager for it to happen.

"I don't know if I can deal with this..." Penny thought, pressing her smaller, daintier hands to the side of her head. Deciding to ignore the complications of her new life, for now, she decided she should shower and dress - though it would be different to do these things for 'the first time' as a woman, it was a normal enough routine that she could do it without having to give it too much thought - especially since she had her memories to help her, since she'd done this 'thousands' of times before, from a certain perspective.

The strange split in her double set of memories was beginning to give her a headache.

Sighing, Penny headed to the bathroom, bemused to find that she knew exactly where she was going in the eerily familiar / completely unfamiliar house. She was equally bemused by the way her new, feminine body moved as she walked - the way her hips swung more than she was used to, the way her breasts bounced and jiggled with each step, the easy working of the toned, shapely muscles of her sexy legs.

What was really weird about it was how 'natural' it felt - while her mind had to complete set of memories, her body's habits and usual methods were singular, ingrained by the fact that 'he' had never used this body before. She could walk the way 'Penny' always walked, without even having to think about it - when it came to purely physical skills and habits, 'Percy' was nowhere to be found.

Adjusting the taps to get a warm spray of water, Penny stepped into the shower and began to soap up...
...slowly.

Between his looks and his obsessive work on the Displacement Engine, Percy had never had much luck with the ladies. Now, 'his' hands were sliding over the smooth, firm skin of a woman, caressing the soft curves gently.> The fact that they were her own curves now still didn't lessen the emotional pleasure she was feeling, even though the situation felt more than a little weird.

The thing was - she was hyper-aware of her own body. 'Penny' was used to her body, and didn't pay much extra attention to it - but now she couldn't help but be very, very aware of just how sexy and cute and feminine this body was - and, as odd as it was, it made her feel very, very good. It was 'sick' in a very fundamental way - but her own body was turning her on, enormously.

Her hands rose and found her slick, wet breasts, and she began to caress and fondle them. hesitant at first, Penny was soon openly moaning as her hands eagerly massaged and squeezed her large, firm tits. To the male person that was 'in control' the feeling of firm, sexy breasts filling her hands was incredibly exciting - and to the female side of her divided brain, having her tits fondled and touched so eagerly was highly exciting, too. Both sides found this more than a little odd, but that didn't lessen either the physical or emotional pleasure she felt as she leaned against the cool tiles of the wall and continued to 'feel herself up', amazed at the amount of pleasure this body could experience. The male body she'd once possessed was dull compared to this one - men really only had one big erogenous zone, while this feminine body seemed to be one erogenous zone itself, with just slight differing degrees of sensitivity.

Her breasts were definitely one of the more sensitive portions. Time slowly slipped by as Penny continued to fondle her own feminine form, finding great - if guilty - pleasure at the touches... it might have gone on for much longer, if she hadn't found herself dreamily musing 'I wonder why I never get Mark to fondle and touch me like this...' that 'traitorous' thought snapped her out of her erotic daze. Blushing almost incandescently, she quickly rinsed off and stepped out of the shower...

...then blushed even brighter by the way it felt to towel off, especially when the softly-textured material of the towel moved over her nipples or crotch.

Leaving the bathroom, she returned to the bedroom - for a new experience. Getting dressed as a woman.

Opening the closet, the new woman found herself facing a daunting array of casual women's clothing, and her male mind went into vapor-lock at the sight, unsure how one person could possibly deal with owning so many clothes. As a guy, she'd had maybe twenty pieces of clothing in his closet - as 'Penny', she owned more pairs of pants than that, and there were still blouses, shirts, chemises, skirts, dresses...

Closing her eyes, Penny took a few deep breaths - then let her body go on 'autopilot'. Without any conscious thought at all, she let her body pick out a collection of items that her 'memories' seemed to find part of her usual ensembles.

Then it was time to dress.

The first item was underwear. Penny was a conservative dresser, and all the undergarments were functional and rather plain - but that didn't detract from the fact that they were feminine undergarments. Pulling on a pair of white cotton briefs felt weird, the feminine undergarment sliding up her smoothly-shaven legs to fit around her hips and over her crotch with a sensation that was definitely unlike the male equivalent.

Next came the bra - and penny struggled with it for a good ten minutes before 'turning off' her male mind and letting her fingers clasp the bra as quickly and easily as they'd 'always' done.

Next came the pants - a pretty standard pair of jeans that different only in the proportions, designed to fit over wider hips and button around a proportionally slimmer waist.

The blouse that went with the jeans was a pale-blue one, with rounded-edge collar wings, trimmed in white lace. It definitely felt odd to her as she buttoned it up - it was a very 'sissy' garment to the male ego that was tenuously running the whole show. However, a glance in the mirror showed that it 'worked', so she sighed and accepted it.

As a man, that would have been about it, aside from socks and shoes. As a woman, however, Penny found that she had just gotten started.

Make-up. The thought made her shudder, but she had clear memories of wearing make-up, and the female part of her new persona shuddered at the thought of leaving the house 'bare-faced'. Since Penny had to do some shopping today if she wanted to eat, she would have to go outside - which meant make-up.

Rolling her eyes, Penny went ahead and let her body perform the usual ritual, doing little more than watch as her hand expertly applied a light blush, some pale lip-stick, a touch of eye-shadow, and mascara. Even though 'Percy' found it demeaning, 'he' had to admit that it did make her look even better once it was on.

Then there was jewelry. Earrings were a 'necessity', according to the female memories - though Penny obviously preferred 'understated' jewelry, and 'Percy' went along, her fingers easily threading the shaft of the gold-toned stud through her pierced lobe and clipping the back into place. A second later, the second earring was adorning her other ear, and Penny completed the whole look with a simple gold necklace, a slender women's watch... and her engagement and wedding rings, which was enough to make her lip curl at the renewed thoughts of Mark that it brought forth. Not that she had anything in particular against 'her husband', of course - it was just that the very concept of having a husband still seemed 'sick', even though another part of her felt aroused at the memories of their wedding night...

* * * * *

Standing at the register, Penny paid for the groceries with an almost authentic smile as she chatted with the cashier.

When she'd left the house, she'd been struck by an incredibly strong surge of polisphobia - the fear of people. Of course, that wasn't exactly true - it was much closer to 'stage fright'. Though she knew that she was physically female, every square inch, part of her had been terrified, expecting people to start pointing and laughing, or something.

Of course, none of that had happened, and she was beginning to get used to being in public, as a woman...

...which was partially related to the fact that she was beginning to get used to being a woman. it was weird, but in a way it was comforting - since she was stuck with being female, the slow 'conditioning' that was occurring was reassuring, in it's way.

It came from the fact that, as she spent more time as a woman, more and more of the 'Penny' memories were surfacing, and that viewpoint was slowly integrating itself with her once-strictly-male one. Not that it was like Penny was taking over or anything - her own sense of self was strong, and she'd never 'again' be that person she 'remembered' being - but, by the same token, she could never again be the 'Percy' she remembered being, either. Instead, a new personality was forming, taking bits and pieces from both sides to form a new persona capable of dealing with the incredible event that had occurred to her. In some ways, it was making her a better person than either Penny or Percy had ever been, alone.

Picking up her bags of groceries, penny headed out of the supermarket, her mind already turning to the things she had to do before Mark got home - and finding that she was actually more anticipating than dreading his arrival. The vestigial sensations of guilt and disgust lingered, but they weren't nearly as strong as they'd been five hours ago, when she'd left the house. Since then, while she'd gone out for breakfast, and went to three different stores for the best 'sale' items, the idea - and the very pleasant memories attached to it - had time to insinuate themselves into her mind. For a near-virgin 'male' mindset, even the thought of sex as a woman held some appeal, and that was merely increased by her 'first-hand knowledge' that it could be very good indeed.

As she headed towards her car, she thought about the light house-cleaning she'd have to do before Mark arrived. She could...

She stopped dead and stared at the window in front of her. She'd passed the store on the way into the supermarket, but hadn't really paid attention to it. now, it captured her attention, and she stared in the window of the adult lingerie and novelty shop, looking at the outfit on display in the window.

The 'original' Penny wouldn't even have considered buying such an outfit - and, of course, neither would 'Percy'. But, now, she found herself becoming aroused at the thought of her body wearing an outfit like that...

...and, in a way, it would be strangely appropriate.

Slowly, shooting glances over her shoulder, penny walked the rest of the way to her car, depositing the groceries in the trunk. Then, blushing slightly, she headed back toward the Adult store...

* * * * *

Dropping his bags on the foyer floor, the handsome young man tossed his keys on the table beside the door and pulled off his coat, using his foot to swing the door shut behind him.

"Penny?" Mark called into the darkened house, somewhat confused. "Honey, I'm home!"

'Are you?' He muttered under his breath, walking through the darkened kitchen and towards the hallway to the bedrooms. Aside from the foyer, the only other light in the house was a golden glow coming from the master bedroom.

"Honey, are you in..." Mark started to ask as he pushed the half-open door to the bedroom the rest of the way open...
...then he stopped dead, his jaw dropping and his eyes widening.

"Mmmm... welcome home, honey." His wife said, uncurling from where she was laying artfully posed on the bed. The tiny, ruffled skirt of her classic 'French Maid' outfit rustled as her long legs, encased in fishnet stockings, slid over the side of the bed. Standing, she slowly approached her husband with a sensual glide, balancing easily atop the five-inch heels of the black patent leather pumps she wore.

"Penny?" Marks said in a strained voice, confused.

"I've missed you... badly..." She murmured, low in her throat - and wrapped her arms around him, her full breast threatening to pop out of the low neck-line of the tiny black dress as she pressed them hard against his chest. Putting one hand behind his neck, she bent his head down so she could kiss him more passionately than he could ever remember her doing.

After a second's confused hesitation, he joined in with a passion.

Breaking the kiss, his wife smiled up at him... then began gently tugging him towards the bed with one hand, while the other one worked on the button of his fly.

"Did you miss me, too?" She asked in a seductive voice, her lips in a sexy, exaggerated pout.

"Yeah..." mark replied, his voice thick. With his free hand, he went to work on the buttons of his shirt, while she guided the hand she held up to her chest.

Confused - but more than willing to 'play along' - Mark abandoned the buttons on his shirt and began to fondle her fabric-enclosed chest as she finished unbuttoning his shirt.

"Mmmm... that feels nice..." She said, huskily - then smiled. "But wouldn't it feel better if I did this...?" in one long, sinuous motion, she grabbed the ruffled hem of the tight, tiny dress, and peeled it off over her head.

Underneath, she was naked, wearing nothing by the nylons and the heels. Grinning at his surprised expression, she grabbed his hand and brought them back to her now-bare breasts.

"Ohhh... yess..." She moaned, as she slid his pants and boxer shorts down, and he almost mindless stepped out of them. Grabbing her husband's shoulders, Penny turned him around - then pushed against his chest, sending him sprawling on the bed. "I want to be on top this time, handsome..." She purred.

It was an unprecedented request - but far be it from Mark to argue. Instead, he slid into the center of the bed, his cock hard and throbbing as she rose on the bed then knelt with one leg on either side of him.

Then, with a twitch of her fishnet-stockings-clad legs, she thrust herself downwards, her hand unerringly guiding his cock into her sopping wet cunt.

She cried out in pleasure as she sank down, impaling herself on his throbbing member. She cried out again as she began to thrust herself up and down on his cock - and this time, he moaned in response to her actions.

"Oh, yes... this is good.." She said, eyes closed and head rolled back as she rode him faster and harder. "Why... did.. I.. think.. this was... sick...?"

Mark was in no condition to answer any questions at the moment, gasping his pleasure as she rode him - and she was no longer capable of asking any questions as her head began to toss back and forth and she began to scream out his name.

Then she came, and her thrust became spasmodic, uncoordinated twitching as her orgasm slamming into her, pushing him over the edge.

Panting, she collapsed beside him, curling up against him. Despite the fact that he was now sated, Mark couldn't help but notice the feel of her tits pressed into his side, or the fishnet stockings she wore sliding over his leg.

"Wow..." Mark said, stunned. "That was. amazing."

"Yes..." Penny said, with complete contentment. "It was." Mark paused, then - very carefully - said:

"Don't get me wrong - I'm most definitely not complaining or anything." he said, cautiously. "It's just that, this isn't how you usually act. So - not complaining - I was just wondering. what's gotten into you?"

Penny just smiled mysteriously and refused to answer....



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Discovering that the frumpy girl he knows has a secret life as a sexpot, he confronts her only to discover that she transforms with the aid of a magic drink which she has now given him.

Revelations

By Gunslinger

Tall, flared cylindrical heels clocking on the well-aged floorboards, the tall, statuesque red-head crossed the deep covered porch stretching across the front of the rustic cabin. Humming happily to herself, the stunning young woman switched her suitcase to her left hand, and reached out with her just-freed right to grasp the simple black iron latch holding the oak-plank door closed. Pressing down on the latch with her thumb, she swung the iron-bound door open and stepped out of the deepening evening into an interior almost as brisk as the autumn evening settling in outside.

Putting her suitcase down just inside the door, the tall, buxom woman pushed the door shut behind her...

...then gave a breathless little shriek and spun around as a light flared from within the cabin's main room.

Lowering his hand from the switch on the lamp beside the chair in which he was ensconced, the broad-shouldered young man with the tousled mane of sandy-blond hair smile tightly across the room at the startled woman gaping at him.

"Hello, Cheryl." He said, his voice hovering somewhere between bitterly amused and stunned. He cocked his head, and his bushy blond eyebrows rose. "Oh, I'm sorry - it's 'Sheri' out here, isn't it?"

"Brad!" The lithe redhead blurted in shock. "How...?"

Then she stopped dead, and her gray eyes widened in shock as she realized that she'd just inadvertently turned the athletic blond's suspicions into certainty.

"I *knew* it!" Brad declared, pushing himself up out of the chair and looking her over with eyes gleaming in victory. "I knew there was something funny going on!"

"How did you...?" Cheryl/Sheri asked, so stunned she was unable to frame the question completely - her lungs just didn't want to seem to suck in enough air for her to finish a complete sentence.

"To tell you the truth, I wasn't really all that suspicious until last year." Brad said, as he began to pace back and forth across the hardwood floor with his usual swagger. His voice took on a gloating tone as he revealed his 'brilliance' to her. "I

mean, I knew you 'vanished' for a couple of weeks each fall, but nobody knew where you went to on these trips. Thing is, I got a friend who, until a few months ago, was living near here. You know Steve Matuso?"

Sheri's glorious gray eyes widened, and one hand went up to her pastel-pink glossed lips. "Oh, shit..." She whispered.

"That's right - the same 'nice guy' who gave Sheri a lift to the doctor's office when she twisted her ankle last summer... and then 'Cheryl' comes back to work three days later with a limp. That's when it began to really come together for me, you see." Brad stopped and gave her a long, slow look that left her blushing in a strange combination of embarrassment, anger - and appreciation, since she knew she looked good, and enjoyed looking that good... at least, for a couple of weeks a year.

"The fact that the red-head 'Sheri' shows up down here for the same two weeks my red-haired coworker 'Cheryl' vanishes didn't really cause any bells to ring - because the rest of the description doesn't match up." Brad said, still eyeing her slender, sexy figure. "Sure, they're both tall, and both red-haired... but how the fuck do you make yourself so damned sexy, 'Sheri'?"

Sheri swallowed heavily. Somehow, she'd never even considered being in this situation. Perhaps, if she had, she would have chosen a name further divorced from her real one, or maybe did something about the distinctive mass of deep red curls that cascaded down her back...

"I need a drink..." She said, weakly, heading towards the kitchen.

"Hey - I want an answer." Brad said, stepping into her path and holding a hand out in front of her - at just about the level of her not- inconsiderable bosom. If she hadn't pulled herself up so short when he started to move, she would have ended up giving him a free feel of the breasts so delightfully displayed in her simple off-white linen dress.

"You caught me a bit off-guard." She said, tartly - a tone that would have surprised anybody who knew Sheri, but would have been completely familiar to those who knew Cheryl. "What, with the breaking and entering and what-not. Let me get myself a shot of whiskey to calm my nerves, and then I'll explain this to you."

On the word 'this', she gestured with one hand at the lithe, curvaceous body so different that the muscular, flat-chested one Brad was familiar with.

"So - just sit down." She said, gesturing at the chair he'd been lurking in the dark upon when she'd entered. "I'll be right back."

Grudgingly, Brad obeyed her snippy command, and she pushed through the swinging door into the kitchen. A moment later, she emerged, carrying a glass in each hand, each tumbler filled with a couple of finger's worth of amber fluid. Handing one to Brad, she kept the other for herself and settled on the couch opposite the chair.

Tossing off the drink in one smooth motion, Brad slammed the glass down on the table beside him and leaned forward, hungrily eyeing the full, firm breasts straining at the thin cloth over her bosom.

"So - give." He demanded. "How does Miss Olympia turn into Busty Babe two weeks out of the year - and why just two weeks, if you could look like that all the time?"

"Well, the 'why' is simple." She said, a small smile coming to her lips as she sipped at her own drink. "I happen to like working where I do - but nobody would take an aircraft mechanic seriously if she looked like this. As for *how*... A very old friend of the family is a gypsy, and six years ago, for my eighteenth birthday, she gave me a vial of elixir and a vial of antidote, so I could 'vamp up' whenever I felt like it, and for as long as I felt like it."

"A magic potion?" Brad snorted, idly scratching at his chest. "C'mon, you're going to have to do better than that. I don't believe it." "You will in a minute." She said, grin widening. "You see, you just drank a dose."

Brad's sneer slid from his face, and he gaped at her. "What?" He demanded, incredulously.

She nodded, smile turning downright cruel.

"What the hell did you do to me...?" Brad roared, bushing himself up out of the chair - then, with a gasp, doubling over as a fire seemed to ignite in his belly and begin to race through his body.

Grinning, Sheri watched as Brad - or, rather, the person who had been Brad - collapsed, writhing, to the floor. Gasps, moans and cries issued from the twitching, thrashing figure on the floor, and the sound of ripping fabric and popping buttons punctuated the rising-pitch noises.

"For me, the transformation is only mildly uncomfortable." She informed the thrashing form, smugly. "However, it has far less work to do on me. In *your* case..."

A couple of minutes passed - and then, gasping and wheezing, the person on the floor managed to rise into a sitting position braced against the chair, hands sliding incredulously over a smooth, supple body.

"You... You turned me into a girl!" The new woman cried in horrified disbelief, hands lightly touching the firm, round breasts thrust proudly from her chest - then shying away from the sensations that came from touching her large, fully-engorged nipples.

"I certainly did." Sheri said, rising from the couch and standing over the feminine figure gaping down at her own full bust.

The woman Brad had become bore a startling similarity to the female form Sheri currently wore. Perhaps all of a half-inch taller, she had marginally slimmer hips and slightly broader shoulders that, with a slightly more muscular build, gave her a more athletic look than the red-head. Nevertheless, she was abundantly feminine, with a slip waist and long, shapely legs - and she was as every bit as stunningly beautiful as Sheri was, her facial features only slightly altered from the flame-haired woman's own, though the coloration was completely different. Whereas Sheri's smooth skin was milky pale, the new woman's was a light golden tan that went well with her long, thick mane of wheat-blond hair and her dark, hazel eyes.

"Looking good, Brandi." Sheri told the new woman, with a giggle. "Why you...!" The new woman blurted. "I'm going to kill you!"

She thrust herself from the floor, slender fingers outstretched as she reached for Sheri's throat - but her unfamiliar body betrayed her, the weight of her full new breasts pulling her off balance and sending her sprawling.

"Now, now - none of that." Sheri chided. "You'd better behave yourself, Brandi, or I won't give you the antidote." "You'd damned well better, you bitch!" Brad cried. "...and what's this 'Brandi' shit?"

"That's the name you're going to answer to for the next two weeks." Sheri told her, smugly. "Two weeks, during which you're going to be my sweet, friendly cousin Brandi."

"Like hell I will!" Brad snarled - or tried too, in a warm contralto ill-suited to the task. She carefully levered herself up of the floor, balancing somewhat awkwardly atop the much smaller, slimmer feet that ended her long, delightfully toned legs.

"Oh, but you will." Sheri smirked. "You see, if you don't, I won't have anything to hold over you to ensure you keep my secret - and so, I'd just have to leave you the way you are, since, as a woman, you could try to tell the story all you want, and people would just think you're nuts."

Beneath her golden tan, the new woman's gorgeous face went pale. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Oh, but I would. You've always been a pain in the ass, Brad, and now I've got leverage over you - don't you think I'm willing to use it?" She cocked her head and looked at him coolly. "Think about the way you've treated me over the years - and then ask yourself what I would be willing to do to you if you piss me off any more."

Brad gaped at her - then swallowed audibly.

"Exactly." She informed him. "Now, you're going to do exactly what I say for the next two weeks. You're going to play the part I've given you, and you're going to be nice and friendly to everybody. You do that, and when I change myself back, I'll give you the antidote as well. Do anything - anything at all - to piss me off, and I'll leave you just the way you are for the rest of your life. Do you understand...?"

Brad considered it - and knew damned well that she'd do what she threatened. He'd been against the idea of allowing a 'mere' woman to work at the aircraft maintenance terminal, and he'd made sure Cheryl had known about it - by dedicating himself to trying and make her life a living hell so that she'd quit. Well, he'd failed at that as thoroughly as he'd failed at his plan to find out her secret so that he could hold it over her and blackmail her into quitting. Now, the situation was reversed, and she definitely held the upper hand - and thanks to his behavior, had no compunctions about using it. If he - she! - didn't do exactly what she said, he'd be stuck with this tall, toned and buxom body... forever.

"Yes, Sheri." She said, through grinding teeth - but fear trumped anger, and the words were clear, no matter how force of will it took the new woman to say them.

"Good." Sheri pronounced - and then grinned wickedly. "Now that that's settled, we'd better hurry up and get ready. My friends should be arriving shortly, and you definitely need to change into something more... 'flattering'."

Hands protectively flying to the torn fragments of clothes hanging from her altered body, Brandi gaped at Sheri. "What? You.. I mean, I can't... You don't..."

"My friends know I arrived here tonight, and they always drop by to welcome me back." Sheri informed her. "They'll be here before too long - and I'm not letting you just hide out in the bedroom all night. The elixir made you nearly the same size as me, so you should be able to wear my clothes - and when my friends get here, you're going to be very nice to them. Aren't you, Brandi?"

'Brandi' wasn't sure whether she wanted to scream or cry - but what, in the end, she did do was much more humiliating than either inclination.

Hands balled into tight fists at her side, she nodded submission to the laughing red-head who held her fate in her hands.

Burning with humiliation, he followed her into the bedroom. Since she didn't have the same figure most of the year that she wore now, most of her 'Sheri' clothes were stored at the cabin - the closet was stuffed full of them, as was the two simple dressers. She had no trouble picking through them and finding an outfit she thought appropriate for her 'shy, sweet' cousin Brandi.

"You really don't want me to wear this stuff, do you?" Brandi said, still feeling as off-balance, emotionally, as she was physically. Normally self-confident to the point of arrogance, Brandi was ashamed by the whining tone in her voice as the situation made her feel as 'womanish' as she really was, physically - but she couldn't help herself. Her moods were swinging all over the place as she struggled to accept and adapt to the situation she found herself in. "Couldn't I wear, like, jeans and a shirt, or something? Please?"

"Hey, I'm being nice here!" Sheri protested with a wolfish smile. "I could have defined you as being my slutty cousin, and not only forced you to wear a miniskirt and a tube top, but told you you had to give at least one blow-job before the night was out."

Brandi shuddered in disgust. "I would never...!"

"Oh - not even if it was the only way to ever become male again?" Sheri asked, archly.

The blonde suddenly paled in the realization that, as bad as the situation was, it wasn't 'the worst' she'd thought it was. If she got Sheri mad at her, maybe the red-head, who had good cause to hate 'Brad', might decide some more retribution was called for...

Hastily, Brandi grabbed the clothes Sheri had chosen for her - and then, red-faced with shame and humiliation, had to ask her near- twin for help.

"Just how big did you make these, anyway?" Brandi whined, as Sheri secured the hook-and-loop fasteners at the back of the bra. "They're... gigantic!"

"Oh, triple-D's are pretty damned big, sure, but they're not freakishly huge." Sheri returned. "Sears sells bras up to GGG-cup, and strippers and the like can get implants so big they need to by custom bras even bigger. Besides... you seemed to think they looked pretty good on me, earlier."

That was true. With her height, DDD's weren't too much of a good thing, and Brandi had thought they'd looked spectacular on her. The fact that Sheri had just finished fitting Brandi with a white, lace-trimmed bra designed for her own endowments proved they were no larger than the ones she'd been admiring as a man - but Brandi had never seen breasts from quite the angle she was now looking at them from. As she stared down at the round, firm breasts filling out the bra. They looked considerably bigger than they really were - and *felt* utterly enormous.

Likewise, though her own hips were a trifle slimmer than Sheri's own, they felt as if they jutted three or four feet outward as she slipped on a pair of matching white briefs - and her ass, so delightfully shaped and perfectly proportioned, nevertheless felt like a jutting shelf thrust out behind her.

Though all this abundance assaulted the new woman constantly, every move she made driving these new curves home with emphasis far beyond their physical existence, not one of them beat at her as fearfully as the way the cloth of the panties fit over her crotch. The snug way they fit smooth across the feminine mound of her new womanhood was more horribly humiliating than any of the other changes, and she was constantly aware of the lack of that which had defined her manhood now past.

The dress she draped over her new form was simple in its design - more so than that Sheri wore, which was shorter and tighter, designed to show off the curves she shared with her 'cousin'. Made of a golden crushed velvet, the dress fell to just below Brandi's cutely dimpled new knees, and the neckline of the dress was high enough that only the faintest hint of cleavage was revealed.

Nevertheless, the garment felt to her as if it had been solely designed with no other thought than reinforcing her newly feminine status. The dress had somewhat of a 'historical' flair to it, like something out of a fantasy novel, with strings lacing up the side - which allowed it to be pulled tight both to her trim waist and full bust. The skirt, however, flared quite a bit past her hips - which was somehow worse, for it swirled and moved almost as if it had a life of its own, and the feel of it swaying and swirling was a constant reminder that she had a body the correct gender to feel such feminine sensations.

Even had Sheri been feeling particularly vindictive, there was simply no way she could have demanded Brandi wear high heels - not only did Brandi have no experience in heels, she was having trouble enough with just managing her new and decidedly different center of gravity as it was. A simple pair of leather sandals was what she was given to wear.

However, that wasn't quite the end of it. Brandi was also 'forced' to wear a bare minimum of make-up - not because Sheri was feeling particularly kind, nor because a full-out effort would have looked garish in comparison to the simplicity of the

rest of the outfit. No, it was simple expedience - Sheri had to get ready herself, and she couldn't demand Brandi do her own make-up. Though it might have been enjoyable to watch Brandi struggle with the new skills of applying make-up, she didn't want Brandi looking like a clown when her friends came over - so, instead, she applied a quick coat of simple lipstick and did the 'other woman's' mascara, and left it at that.

It was sort of a progression, actually.

Being female was 'bad enough' - which was a funny way of looking at it, since the rather unformed thought on the subject then-Brad held was that a man being turned into woman would be the 'worst' thing in the universe.

Having to not just be female, but to dress female, however, was worse...

...and then, after that, came the ultimate humiliation. Acting female.

Not long after the two young women were 'ready', the friends Sheri mentioned arrived. There were five of them, three men and two women - and Brad, introduced as Brandi, was forced to deal with them as a woman... well, sort of.

She was hardly an outgoing, vivacious woman. Add to the fact that she was highly uncomfortable being seen and dealt with as a woman to the fact that she didn't know how to be a woman, and Sheri's idea of introducing her as 'shy' was a stroke of genius, because that's exactly how it came across. She sat in on chair in the relative corner of the room, wrapped up more in her own situation than the events going on around her, and trying hard to fight down the urge to bolt from the room.

As a man, Brad had very much been an 'alpha male', always having to be the center of attention. Here and now, as Brandi, she was quite and withdrawn and visibly uncomfortable, trying hard to sink into the chair she was sitting in - which, ironically, made Sheri's friends try all that much harder to make her feel comfortable.

What Brandi had been completely unprepared for, however, was just how well they succeeded...

Under other circumstances, Brandi would have had nothing to do with any of them. As far as Alpha-Male Brad was concerned, men like the three guys visiting tonight were not 'real' men, worthy only of contempt - and women were never anything more than sexual conquests, certainly not 'friends'.

Even so 'distracted' by the mere fact of her femininity as she was, Brandi was shocked to discover something: She was beginning to like Sheri's friends.

They weren't the overbearing, arrogant, sexist people 'Brad' called friends - but the thought of dealing with those type of men while in the female body she now wore made her skin literally crawl. These men, however, though obviously finding her attractive, weren't focusing solely on trying to get into her pants. Oh, she could tell they wouldn't mind if that's how it turned out, but that wasn't really their goal - they saw she was uncomfortable, and were more concerned with her emotional enjoyment than they were their own physical pleasure.

It was a mind-set that, as Brad, she'd always thought weak and pathetic - but, as Brandi, she was finding it something completely different.

In fact, she was utterly shocked to discover as the evening wore on... she was actually beginning to enjoy herself.

It wasn't that she wanted to enjoy herself - if asked, she would have been the first to tell you that the last thing she wanted was to enjoy even the smallest part of being female. Indeed, there was actually something soothing to her still-male ego about finding anything vaguely related to her feminine state as torturous. After all, as an Alpha Male, she thought being female should be the most horrific thing that could happen to her.

Yet, despite this hard-held mindset, the efforts everybody was bending towards making her feel comfortable was, quite literally, overwhelming. Completely against her will, she found herself beginning to enjoy Sheri's friends.

It was some time, late at night, after the party had broken up and Brandi had been allowed to get out of her borrowed feminine finery and slide between the crisp sheets of the bed in the guest room that she suddenly sat bolt upright in bed, a shocked expression on her face as the thought that had been keeping her awake finally became fully formed:

Women were people too!

It was a completely new thought, one completely outside of Brandi's previous frames of reference. Up until tonight, women had been nothing more than cardboard cut-outs. The ones he found sexually attractive and could bed were living sex-dolls for his pleasure, and the ones he'd wanted but who had denied him were lesbo bitches, curses put on the earth to annoy him. The women he didn't want sex from... he'd just ignored.

As a woman, Brandi had considered herself a man trapped in a woman's body, an therefore an anomaly - the one woman on the planet who was a real person. However, after an evening with Sheri's friends the thought had been given impetus, and couldn't be denied. As much of an eye-opener as it had been to have guys being nice to her for reasons other than just trying to get into her pants was the fact she'd spent several hours in the company of women, listening to them, seeing them interact, and generally doing something she'd never done before as a man:

Paying attention.

Deprived of a cock, she couldn't 'think with her dick', as she always had as a man - and so she'd been forced to have some new thoughts all her own. As the rest of the night wore on, she finally managed to fall into a fitful sleep - one haunted by the questions that came from how she would have felt, as a 'real person' and a woman, if she were to be treated the way Brad himself had always treated women...

* * * *

The next day, Sheri and her friends went down to the beach. This time of the year, though the evenings grew quite cool, the days were still warm enough to enjoy - and the fact that they were drawing to a close only made the enjoyment of the nice

whether that more poignant. Brandi, of course, had been invited to go along, but she'd refused - oddly enough, by telling the truth. After all, she really wasn't comfortable being seen in a bathing suit by a bunch of strangers.

Some hours later, Mark appeared at the door of the cabin to renew the offer. A reasonably good-looking guy in fair shape, he had long, dark hair and wore glasses - which, despite being far from pale, short, and socially awkward, still would have been enough to classify him as 'nerd' in Brad's books, and have thus been barely worthy of notice.

However, thanks to Sheri's ultimatum of the night before, Brandi had been forced to 'notice', and even interact, with Mark - and was amazed to discover that the blandly handsome bespectacled young man was amazingly good company. Not as brash as Brad's normal friend, he was nevertheless comfortable with himself, and he had a wonderful sense of humor that could even surprise the occasional smile out of a man busy being humiliated and horrified by unwanted femininity.

In fact, when he showed up in the early afternoon to re-invite Brandi down to the beach, she was surprised to find herself actually not totally annoyed with him for intruding upon her blissful escape from social femininity.

In fact.. she'd begun to be a bit lonely.

As Brad, she'd always had to be the center of attention. Though she'd never rally thought about it before, Brad had never spent more than a few hours alone at any given time. Though, when everybody had left, she'd been grateful to be left alone, by the time mark showed up, she was almost going out of her mind with the strange state of being by herself ,and she was a bit scared by the gratitude she felt even as she resolved to turn down his invitation.

Somehow, though, she never got around to it. She was too busy enjoying herself.

Even afterwards, she wasn't quite sure how it happened. When he showed up, she had just been making some coffee, and he'd poured a cup for himself - a necessity, since it hadn't even occurred to her to offer him some. He did it with his usual charm, however, and so they perforce sort of drank their coffee's together - and by the time she was offering him a forth cup and putting a de facto stamp of approval on his self-issued invitation, she was to busy having a spirited, entertaining, and amusing discussion with him to eve realize what she was doing.

Though there was absolutely no way she could forget she was now a woman, somehow, during that afternoon, it just somehow... didn't seem important. It wasn't until late that night, after the rest of them had come back home and they'd had dinner and a sort of 'get together' afterwards, that the whole day sort of came back to her in retrospect, wondering exactly when and how she and Mark had become more important in her mind as individual people than just 'guy' and 'girl'...

...and wondering why, exactly, she invited him back the next day.

So set the sort of template for the days that followed. Inevitable, some or all of Sheri's friends would drop by to invited her to the beach, or the county fair, or some other outing, and invariably Sheri would accept, but Brandi would decline...

...and, equally invariable, Mark would either stay, or at least cut his excursion short to come visit with Brandi for a few hours alone - leaving her feeling very, very confused.

Each time, she was utterly prepared to turn him away... and each time, somehow, she got caught up in his charm, and found herself not only letting him stay, but enjoying it.

It was all very confusing, and all the more so because this quietly unassuming, constantly cheerful young man who would never have met the so-called standards of the old Brad was nevertheless the one very much in control of the strange relationship that had formed.

Brandi didn't quite understand it - but she couldn't fight it, either. Given the situation, it wasn't all that surprising that she felt so awkward in her new role as a woman that she couldn't get on top of it enough to be the brash, arrogant individual she was as a man... but even stranger was that fact the she found herself enjoying the subservient posture she'd adopted in the burgeoning relationship.

It scared the living daylights out of her, and even made her feel highly uncomfortable - but not enough that she managed to find the nerve - or the willingness - to break it off. Mark's dominance, real as it was, was aimed at making sure she enjoyed her time with him and he was very, very good at it.

It was on her fifth day being a woman that she and Mark kissed.

She didn't plan on it - but she was nevertheless the one who initiated it. Mark had been joking around, leaving her laughing, when he'd mock-attacked her and she'd mock-fended him off... and, somewhere in the middle of that embrace, it somehow felt so utterly right to kiss him that she did it without even thinking about it.

She realized what she'd done almost immediately, of course - but, by then, Mark was already kissing her back...

...and she didn't stop him.

In fact, she didn't stop him from slowly undressing her sometime later, nor did she stop the nearly hour-long exploration of her body with his hands and lips.

Not only didn't she stop the long, slow, gentle session of lovemaking that followed, she was a willing participant in it.

Later, after he'd fallen asleep in the bed beside her and she was staring up at the ceiling, she tried to determine at which point she'd become a 'fag' - and couldn't. Even at that point, she could think about women, and find them sexy, while think about certain men and shudder at the thought of them touching her... and yet, the thought of having sex with mark still sent those incredible warm tingles racing down her spine and a warm moistness building in her crotch.

For the first time in her life, she hadn't had sex to satisfy a physical urge. What had happened that day had been something else entirely. It had been an emotional urge, not a physical one - and that's what 'bothered' her the most, because the motional urge had been - still was - stronger then all the negative emotions about what had happened...

...which, when you also added in the fact that the orgasm she'd reached had been mind-numbingly powerful, without even counting in the incredible sensations that finally made her understood why women desired foreplay, meant that there was an overwhelming balance to her 'viewpoint' on the whole having-sex-as-a-woman thing.

The fact that this was happening left her feeling worried, excited, confused, eager, scared, happy, nervous, confident, angry, content...

...and, in other words, more or less exactly the same way every woman throughout history has ever felt about just having entered into a 'serious' relationship with a guy.

Just like all those other women before her, Brandi discovered that what her head said didn't always override what her body and her heart wanted - which was how, despite her best intentions, she didn't 'dump' Mark the very next day... and, in fact, ended up in bed with him again, staring up at the ceiling again and trying to figure out how the hell it had all happened again....

* * * * *

'What am I **doing** ?'

Mark's tongue swirled lightly around her fully engorged nipple, then his caressing hand gently gave the full, warm breast filling it a loving squeeze as his mouth began working it's way down her body.

*'Okay, I know 'what' I'm doing. 'She thought with something very close to a mental giggle as she moaned softly in pleasure at Mark's gentle ministrations. 'The question is **Why** '?*

Then Mark's tongue found the moist center of womanhood, and all questions even vaguely philosophical swiftly vanished.

Some eternal, uncounted time later, she lay curled on her side, listening to the deep, even breathing of the man beside her. Very slowly and carefully, Brandi slipped her long, shapely lips from his and uncoiled from the bed. Silently, she picked up the bathrobe she'd so eagerly discarded some time before and slipped it over her shoulders.

Letting the fluffy white terry-cloth robe hang open, she quietly let herself out of the room and padded naked towards the kitchen, her body openly displayed by the robe. She wasn't the least bit worried anybody else might see her that way, for it was very early in the morning...

...and Sheri had already went home the day before.

Walking over to the cabinet, Brandi opened the door and pulled out a small vial filled with a slightly oily liquid. The antidote.

Given to her more than twelve hours before, just before Sheri had left to go home.

The question that was bothering Brandi was why she hadn't taken it yet.

Two weeks before, she would have killed to get her hands on this little vial - and yet, this afternoon when it had been given to her, she hadn't drank it down immediately. Indeed, she'd simply sat and stared at it until Mark had dropped by early this evening. Since she'd never discussed her plans with him, he'd been unsure when she was leaving, and had come by in the hopes she'd still be there and when he'd knocked on the door, she'd put the vial away and let him in.

She'd told herself at the time that it was 'one last fling' - but now that she'd flung, she still didn't feel herself overcome with a desire to down the elixir's antidote.

It didn't seem to make sense. She wasn't really a woman, even though she had to admit, somewhat sheepishly, that she was doing a damned good impression of one. So why wasn't she eagerly gulping the antidote down?

After all, it was the only way to get back to her own life, already put on hold for two long weeks. Oh, sure, she-as-Brad had scheduled that time off... but now it was up, and she was supposed to be in at work the same time Cheryl was, and tonight's dalliance had made that impossible. Perhaps she could stretch her homecoming a little further with only some awkward results... but every passing hour was biting into her male life.

This antidote was the answer, of course. This little bottle of liquid was her ticket back to her old gender... Her old job.

Her old friends.

Her old *life*.

Everything she'd so desperately wanted since the very first instant since being female had been forced on her.

Well, everything she wanted so desperately that first moment, at least. She'd sort of assumed she'd still desperately wanted it up until the moment the vial had been handed to her, but it had been such a 'given' that she hadn't really thought about it - at least, not until the moment came, and she found that desperation lacking.

Why wasn't she gulping it down this very second?

She stopped and considered it, something she really hadn't done, not deeply. She looked at it and asked herself the question: If I had downed this the instant it had been given to me, where would I be right now?

She let the image build in her mind in excruciating detail.

Brad, surrounded by his friends in some club, hitting on women so they'd have some sort of female companionship, however shallow, for the night...

...and then the most startling and powerful revelation of all hit her, and her eyes widened as the truth hit home like a hammer. Then, after the moment's paralysis as the shock hit, she slowly and quite deliberately uncorked the little vial...

...then dumped it ceremoniously down the sink.

Laying aside a vial now as utterly empty as her old male life had been, Brandi smiled softly to herself, then turned and headed back towards the bedroom where a warm, caring, and oh-so-giving lover was curled up in her bed.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A young man hitchhiking through a small town is stopped by the local sheriff and is forced to be under the protective watch of the Reverend, a religious nut who has his ways of controlling people.

Reverend

By Gunslinger

The wind whipped viciously at the lone figure trudging down the verge of the deserted highway, pulling and twisting at the faded denim jacket that hung open on his slender frame. His unkempt mane of sandy hair tousled in the wind, sometimes obscuring the pale blue eyes.

Although only 18, the young man looked older, worn by time and distance as he walked backwards for a few feet, gazing down the desolate stretch of asphalt, hoping for a car to appear. Seeing nothing for miles, he turned back around and continued his surprisingly ground-eating amble.

Jack Perkins heard it before he saw it - the growl of an engine, straining to top the rise that lay before him. Then, the roof-line of the oncoming vehicle crested the rise - and Jack felt his stomach flutter nervously at the sight of the old-style bar of revolving lights mounted atop the vehicle.

Jack had the routine down pat by now. Too much interest would attract attention - as would an overt desire not to let his face be seen. Casually, feigning disinterest, Jack glanced up as the cop-car cruised by, but didn't stare, and didn't look back as the older Caprice cruised by. He continued walking, heaving a sigh of relief as the growl of the police car began to fade...

...then, accompanied by the sound of tires on gravel, began to grow louder as the patrol car swung around and ever so slowly pulled even with Jack. Jack could feel the unseen cop inside eyeballing him, then the car accelerated a bit, and cut diagonally onto the shoulder, blocking Jack's path. Wearily, Jack stopped.

"Howdy, boy." The sheriff drawled as he moved his mountainous bulk of muscle from the car. He settled the Smokey Bear hat in place, and gazed at Jack with interest. "Where y'all heading?"

Jack tried a smile. "Just moving on to the next town, officer. Looking for some work, is all." He'd found that it paid to be polite and informative.

"Uh huh." The lawman grunted, eyeing Jack. "Well since about a mile back, you're in my town. So, I have to ask... Y'all got fifty dollars on you, boy?"

Jack winced. Most towns had a "Fifty dollars or fifty days" vagrancy law. If you couldn't produce fifty dollars in cash, you were arrested and sentenced to fifty days of community service. Some towns even hoped you didn't have the fifty dollars. The state paid a mere dollar an hour for the community service, so a small town could get a vagrant to do the scut work a hell of a lot cheaper than actually hiring someone.

Because of this, Jack usually kept a reserve of fifty for such eventualities, and was merely told to 'keep moving' by the cop. But he'd had a hard time finding work in the past month on the road, and had finally dipped into that cash for some food, leaving him with only twenty-eight dollars.

"No, officer, I'm afraid I don't." Jack sighed. Well, at least he'd have some more cash by the time he left this crummy town. At eight hours a day for fifty days meant he'd have four hundred bucks when he finally left, even if it was earned through either back braking labor, dirty labor such as sewage cleaning, or both.

"Hmm... Well, I'm afraid I'm going to have to run you in. You all got any I.D.?" The cop asked.

"Yes sir." Jack replied, handing over a tattered Age of Majority card. The cop took one look at the photo I.D., and shook his head sadly. "Son, I'm afraid I'm going to have to send you over to the Academy. You're birthday ain't for another three weeks."

Jack blinked. "Huh? You must be mistaken officer - it's my *nineteenth* birthday in three weeks, not my eighteenth."

The cop nodded ruefully. "I know son, but in this here county, we'all got ourselves a law. Y'all gotta be nineteen or older to work for the county. So, I have to send you over to the Reverend's academy."

Unresistingly, Jack let himself be put in the back of the police cruiser. He leaned forward as the cop climbed in the front. "What's this academy? What's going on?"

The cop sounded truly regretful. "Son, I'm sorry. If I had any choice, I'd just let you go. But the reason I came out here was because the Reverend himself saw you when he drove by. He called me to take a look. If you were only three weeks older, I could show your

I.D. to the Reverend, and you'd be on your way to a nice, easy job cleaning the station for me."

Jack was starting to worry. The cop seemed like a basically honest man, who really did try to help out. But the tone in which he was speaking...

"Look, just tell me what's going on. Who's this 'Reverend' you're talking about?"

The cop shrugged. "I don't know his right name, 'though he must have one. All I know is that he owns this town, like his daddy did and *his* daddy before him."

Jack was now getting really concerned. It sounded like some cheap gangster movie plot-line. "What do you mean, owns the town."

"Well, the Reverend's Gra'father actually bought all the land in the area. Rumor is, he struck it rich in either gold, oil, or both. Anyhow, he built the town, and handed everything down. Now, the Reverend is the landlord of everyone in town, he's the Mayor, and he's the judge. He also runs an academy on the edge of town - the 'Sunrise Academy for Wayward Youths', it's called. That's where I hafta take you."

Jack swallowed. "And in three weeks? You'll come back, and I'll work for the county for the rest of the fifty days?"

The cop sighed. "Nope. See, the Reverend will actually pay you, so in three weeks, you'll have enough cash to be free and clear. That's if you leave."

"*If* I leave?!"

The cop was definitely uncomfortable. "Son, I shouldn't say nothing - but I have to. Almost everybody who goes in there is some kid who is nothing more than a juvenile delinquent. Most are thieves, but there's at least four rapists and one murderer I know about.

Given a choice between prison and the Academy, they chose the academy. But you..." The cop paused for a few minutes. "Look, I don't know what goes on behind those walls. I'm not allowed to know. But I do know that every boy or girl

who went in there 'volunteered' to stay. I even got the signed affidavits to that - which is why, legally, I don't have 'reasonable cause' to go in for a look- see. But I don't like the reverend, and I don't like this situation."

"You could just let me go." Jack said, truly frightened.

The cops big shoulders slumped as he pulled up to a wrought iron gate in a heavy brick wall. "Wish I could, son. Wish I could." He climbed out and opened the back door. Jack emerged, heart pounding. Through the gate, he could see a tall, handsome man dressed in a white linen suit approaching, trailed by four muscular youth in denim jumpsuits. One of these heavily muscled, threatening looking youths was female.

Before the Reverend was close enough to hear, Jack turned to the cop. "Officer, thank you for your honesty. I know you're just doing your job."

The muscular cop looked at Jack both gratefully and sadly, and shook Jack's hand. "The name's Donner. Tom Donner. In three weeks, I'll be right here - I want to see you walk through that gate so I can drive you to the edge of town and send you on your way."

Jack nodded, then turned and faced the gate as it cracked open.

"Officer Donner - a new addition to our happy little family here?" the Reverend asked with a cheerful tone. To Jack, it sounded too cheerful.

Donner nodded wordlessly. With a slight signal from the Reverend, the muscular quartet surrounded Jack. Without resistance, he allowed them to escort him towards the sprawling, forbidding brick structure. He spared one glance back, and saw the gate closing on the sight of Sheriff Tom Donner.

"Now, now, no looking back." The Reverend chided gently. "From now on, the outside world is none of your concern."

Jack was lead into the low, sprawling building, and he looked around with interest. Almost immediately, he had to force himself to keep a straight face at the sight that greeted him.

The building was full of youths, ranging in age from about 16 to 22. That, in itself, wasn't the cause of the shock Jack felt. It was the fact that all the youths fit clearly into four separate, and very defined, groups.

The first was the one Jack had already seen. Muscular youths, mainly male but a few female, all with the same 'Arnold Schwarzenegger' build, dressed in the denim jumpsuits - which, now that he noticed, Jack realized was a uniform of some sort. Jack mentally tagged this group as the 'enforcers'. It was a mental tag of his own, applied at first sight, but he had the odd feeling that the appellation was eerily accurate.

The second group Jack mentally tagged as 'drones.' The balance of genders in this group seemed to be sixty/fifty in favor of males. All the guys wore conservative, well tailored business suits in dark shades - gray, navy, loam or black.

The girls in this group wore business outfits as well. All were outfits that had skirts - no slacks. Also, nylons and heels. But unlike their male counterparts, they wore more colorful clothing. Pastel shades for some, 'power' colors for others.

The third group Jack named 'Students' - because they all dressed like catholic school students. This time, the balance was about sixty/fifty in favor of the girls, who all wore black leather pumps with two inch heels, white knee-socks, gray plaid skirts, white dress blouses and a dark blue silk bow around their necks. The guys wore similar outfits - black dress shoes, gray slacks, white dress shirts, and a dark blue tie.

But it was the forth group that had Jack struggling not to gape.

It was composed entirely of girls over the age of 18. They wore many variations of clothing, but it was all a variation on a theme.

They wore the sexiest outfits imaginable. Extremely high heels, whether pump, platform or boots. Leather, latex, silk - anything that clung or enticed. It wasn't only their clothing that was sexy - they were practically living come-ons, every move a sensual, erotic dance.

Jack pegged these girls as 'hookers', and, again, felt it wasn't too far off the mark.

But the most frightening thing was the way that every single boy and girl had the same, satisfied look on their face, as if this was what they wanted more than anything else.

The Reverend smiled at Jack. "As you can see, we turn bad boys and girls into useful, productive members of society. Some become managers, accountants or other personnel for my business interests. Others help me run this home smoothly and efficiently. Some are getting very special education, so that they can take their place in other peoples businesses - while they remain absolutely loyal to my interests. And of course, those of the weaker sex unable to function in any other role serve to pleasure the more productive members of the group - as God intended."

That's when Jack realized that he was dealing with a man who was, without a doubt, absolutely insane. He stopped dead, appalled. That was enough. The Reverend's face twisted in anger at even this token rebellion.

"Grab him!" He shouted, spittle flying.

Immediately, his goon squad obeyed. Grabbing the struggling young man, they dragged him bodily to a small, dimly lit room, and fastened him down to the table in the center. As he screamed and fought to escape, they attached electrodes to his skin, tearing off his clothes for access.

Once Jack was immobilized and wired up, the Reverend smiled cruelly. "Zap him."

Jack screamed as the electricity arced through him, causing his body to shudder and twist. The electrodes on his chest seemed to be burning holes right through his skin as his heart began to beat arrhythmic, the voltage causing fibrillation.

Then the pain stopped. The world, gray and wan, spun before Jack's half-opened eyes - and all he could see was the leering face of The Reverend.

"If you SPARE the ROD, you SPOIL the CHILD, Jack." The Reverend hissed, and the insanity in his eyes was almost a fearful to behold as the death's head rictus that passed for a smile.

"You've been bad, Jack, and you...must...be...punished!"

Again, the pain swept over him, overwhelming his nervous system as he began to spasm. Energy shot up and down the fine network of nerves - nerves designed to handle mere micro-volts of chemically created electricity. Now, a thousand times that burned traces of fire through the network in an orgy of pain.

Finally, Jack's body could take it no more, and provided the oldest, most basic defense system it possessed. He passed out.

When he slowly climbed from the deep well of darkness, it was late at night, and he lay alone in his bunk, his body feeling raw and stiff, as if he'd been dead, not just unconscious. With a stifled groan, he lifted his head and checked himself, mildly surprised to find that the electric torture had left no visible marks.

But it did have a visible effect. The electricity had been enough to act like an electrolysis machine - aside from his eyebrows and his long, sandy blond hair, not a single strand of hair remained anywhere on his body, leaving his skin perfectly smooth and hairless, making it appear almost artificial.

Then and there, Jack vowed to escape at the soonest opportunity, risk be damned. He was getting out.

* * * * *

'The soonest opportunity' didn't occur for nearly a week.

Jack was assigned to constant guards - standard procedure. They weren't called guards - the Reverend called the 'Adaptation Coordinators', but guards were what they were. His were Hector Gonzales - known as Heck, for some reason, and the girl from the first day, Toni. Both were basically interchangeable with any other guard, all of them having the same massive build.

Jack was assigned a bunk, a meal ticket, and two identical suits of the 'student' clothes. Then his indoctrination began.

He suffered through three more of the electric tortures before he let them do their work. The Reverend's version of education was nothing more - and nothing less - than brain washing. A 'student' would be strapped into a chair, an IV of hypnotic drug run into his arm, and a special helmet, containing miniature LED screens and earphones placed over the students head.

It was this procedure that Jack fought, earning the punishments, as well as having his meal ticket revoked. With no food, and week from the torture, his guards were able to keep him from successfully struggling as they put him in place, and his 'correct' training began.

Jack was horrified to find his will weakening. He found the implanted mindset becoming stronger, the thoughts and views imposed beginning to drown out his own, real personality. He fought the condition mentally, with only marginal success.

Then, on the sixth day, he was led outside for the weekly exercise period. Without further ado, Jack broke for the nearest wall.

He was week from lack of food - but he'd once won first place three years in a row at sprinting, and his speed was impressive. He outdistance the more muscular guards, his feet flying over the ground as a feeling of hope rose in him like a bird soaring for the freedom of the open sky.

No-one could outrun him - his speed was too great. Unfortunately, his wall-climbing ability wasn't.

He was only about halfway up the wall when he was dragged down, kicking and screaming.

Surprisingly, he was marched right past what he'd come to call the 'electrocution chamber', and into another room. His heart sank at the sight of a large X-frame with straps dangling from it. One of his constant guards - Heck - was just finishing strapping him in place when the Reverend appeared.

Jack struggled futilely against the straps that bound him.

"Let me go, you sick bastard!" Jack shouted, eyes blazing. "Undo these goddamn..."

Jack never saw the blow coming. Heck's meaty hand looped around in a short, savage arc, smashing into the pit of Jack's stomach. Jack's voice died in a whoosh of expelled air.

"Don't take the Lord's name in vain!" Heck screamed, spittle flying from his mouth. Murder broiled in his dark eyes.

Jack didn't answer - was unable to answer. For a long moment, he couldn't force his lungs to accept air. The blow had expelled every square inch of oxygen in his lungs, and he fought for a breath, finally succeeding with a long, deep draught of air that had never felt as pure.

"So, young Mr. Perkins believes himself to be a track star." The Reverend said, meditatively. "We can't have our young charges trying to leave before their education is complete, now can we?"

There was a chorus of agreement from the assembled boys. The Reverend smiled, and signaled.

"This should slow you down, I should think." The Reverend said, madness dancing in his grin, as one of the other 'disciples' knelt before Jack. He watched in horror as the young man opened a box and produced a pair of shoes.

Women's shoes.

Black leather, they were small and dainty, with the most outrageously high heels Jack had ever seen - at least six inches, and probably more. The straps on his legs held him immobile as the other boy grasped his foot.

"Hey!" Jack said, eyes widening. "No... You can't... They won't fit..." The boy smiled. "I'll make them fit..."

And he did, forcing the shoes onto Jack's feet, painfully cramping Jack's toes into the too-small shoe. Jack watched in disgust and shame as the young man demonstrated the 'special feature' of these shoes - an ankle strap that was securely fastened in place by a small padlock, ensuring that Jack wouldn't be able to remove the shoes. Even worse, a length of thin - but strong - chain attached from the hasp of one padlock to the other, limiting how long a stride Jack would be able to take from now on.

It was certain that Jack wouldn't be doing any running soon. When the shoes were firmly locked into place, Jack was released from the frame, to stand atop the slim stiletto heels of the fetish footwear. Jack's arms windmilled as he fought to balance on the ridiculously high heels, barely managing to stay upright.

Walking exceedingly slow, he awkwardly headed for his room, fighting for balance every step of the way. As he walked he had a rather odd thought - with his utterly hairless legs, the shoes almost looked like they belonged at the end of his denuded legs.

Brushing the thought aside, Jack concentrated on keeping his balance with every step he took.

It wasn't easy.

* * * * *

He immediately began getting a ration of shit from his two guards - Toni in particular. Since they had absolute control over his day to day life, it made his life a living hell.

Toni's first decree was that he wear the female version of the school uniform. Jack's resistance lasted all of fifteen minutes - that's when he was dragged through the halls, naked, towards his 'lesson' for the day. Twenty minutes later, face flaming, he was led to 'class', nattily attired in the skirt-blouse-nylon combination.

The whistles that his nylon encased legs occasioned didn't help.

The next minor hell he went through was soon after - when the Reverend caught sight of the femininely clad youth.

His only comment was "Make-up goes with that uniform - wear it." The crazed 'Man of God' was obviously enjoying Jack's predicament. Jack took it surprisingly well. He applied the make-up without argument - even though he was forced to do it over and over again.

The reason that he didn't argue was simple. A B-cup bra had been assigned to him with the uniform, and he was ordered to pad it out. So he did.

With every stray object he could sneak. Despite the guards watchfulness, they'd supplied him with a place to hide a stolen stash of objects to help his next escape attempt, one which he had planned much more carefully than just 'run for it'.

Jack had already determined that his first, headstrong break had been incredibly stupid. Now, with a week and a half of observation of how the place worked, he thought he had it figured out.

That's why, after twelve days in captivity, he made his second escape attempt.

* * * * *

Jack moved through the darkened corridors. But he didn't move like a fugitive - he moved easily, head up, back straight, with a slight fixed smile on his face.

Because, for the duration, he wasn't Jack, new 'Student' at the academy - he was one of the 'Working Girls'.

He'd found out that, once a week, a small contingent of girls was sent out to the Reverend's house, which was said to be on the other side of town, and more of a mansion than a simple house.

Jack had planned all of this carefully. His first step had been his apparent acceptance of his situation, which lulled his guards into a false sense of security.

Meanwhile, he'd been pilfering the necessary items for what he needed.

Now, he was lagging just slightly behind an even dozen of the working girls. Like them, he was dressed in an array of sexy clothing. In his case, black fishnet stockings, a tight red leather miniskirt with matching jacket over a black T-shirt. A massive blonde wig helped disguise his face, as did the heavy make-up he wore - the application of which had been taught to him by Toni. If she had known, the irony of the situation probably would have killed her.

Even so, Jack wasn't taking any risks. A too long look at his face would reveal the truth. So, he'd guaranteed that none of the male guards would be looking at his face.

Four of the brain-washed girls had elected to have massive breast-enlargement surgery. Now, a pilfered KK-cup bra from one of them was stuffed to the straining point with stolen towels. Any male guard glancing at 'her' wouldn't get any higher than the chest, Jack was sure.

And since all the 'working girls' were known to be brainwashed into slavish obedience, no-one even thought to question her, or even notice the one extra member. Jack merely kept quiet as they were all loaded into a mini-bus for the trip across town.

As the bus arrived at the Reverend's mansion, Jack's heart thudded so hard he was positive it could be heard back at the Academy. With the same fixed smile, he trailed the rest of the 'working girls' off the bus - then, when he wasn't being watched, broke and ran, high- heels clattering on the pavement as he flew along the darkened streets, searching.

Finally, he spotted what he wanted. Panting, fake, bra encased tits seeming to weigh a ton, he burst through the doors of the small, provincial looking police station.

The thin, not too intelligent deputy looked up in surprise as Jack busted in, staring at the huge-breasted apparition in front of him. "What the?" He said, standing. "Look, Miss..."

"Where's Sheriff Donner?" Jack shouted. The deputy was visibly startled by the decidedly masculine voice coming from this apparently feminine person.

"Uh... He... He's at a meeting in Vegas. What... What's going on here?"

Jack's heart plummeted at the unexpected news. "Look, call him. Right now! Tell him that Jack Perkins is in trouble. Tell him that Jack needs his help... and has that evidence he wants. Tell him that!"

"Look..." the deputy said, startled - then sighed in relief as the doors burst open, and Jack's personal guards burst through, followed by the Reverend.

"Terrance, we have an escaped boy, and need your..." the Reverend started to say as he entered - then registered the incredibly buxom presence and screeched to a halt, both physically and verbally, and stared at the huge-breasted 'woman' who was gaping back at him.

For a second, everybody stared in shock at each other, then the light dawned for Heck. "That's him!" he yelled, diving for Jack, followed close behind by Toni.

Jack cursed. He fought like a wildcat, damning himself for a fool. He'd hoped that the guards wouldn't miss him until morning, but apparently they'd noticed almost immediately, and gone to see the Reverend. The Reverend, who had the whole town in his pocket, had decided to call on reinforcement in the search, gone to the police station - and found Jack stupidly waiting for him there.

Despite Jack's struggles, the two muscular youths easily overpowered him, dragging him from the police station and out to the waiting car, where he was tossed negligently aboard.

Throughout the whole thing, the deputy merely watched, his face conveying supreme disinterest in the whole thing.

Jack, rubbing bruised muscled, began to sit up in the car - when Heck brought a lead-weighted sap down on his head, and everything went black.

* * * * *

Jack awoke briefly to darkness. He was laying on a soft surface, and he could feel the straps restraining him at wrists, ankles and waist. Fear flared at the thought that he was strapped into the electrocution table, although he couldn't feel the electrodes on his skin.

Then the Reverend's face loomed over him, the insane fire dancing in his eyes.

"My my, what an attractive young woman it was at the police station..." he crooned, and Jack's blood turned to ice in his veins. "...obviously so eager to join the ranks of our working girls."

Now Jack became aware that he was in some sort of operating room. People moved about in the dim lighting, and a man stood near his head, holding an anesthesia mask. Jack began to buck and fight the restraints that held him as the Reverend spoke once more.

"So we've decided to let you..."

Then the mask came down to cover his twisting face, held firmly in place by two pairs of strong hands. Once more, everything went dark.

* * * * *

Jack came awake slowly,, strapped into a the X-rack, aching from head to foot. He groaned softly - then his eyes shot wide open at the high-pitched voice he'd groaned in reached his ears.

The Reverend leered down at him, insanity dancing in his eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Perkins." The 'Man of God' cooed, a sneer curling his lips.

"Wha... What have you done to me?" Jack cried, and hearing the definitely feminine voice it emerged in, he had a sinking feeling he knew.

The Reverend laughed, and signaled a couple of muscular helpers, who man-handled a full-length mirror in place - and Jack almost fainted.

Reflected in the mirror was a slim-waisted young woman with a full head of rich hair and womanly hips. Long, smooth, sexy legs led down from her firm, full ass. And thrust proudly from her chest was a pair of huge, firm, round tits.

Jack screamed in horror at the sight, hovering near the edge of madness. The only thing that kept him from tumbling over the brink was the sight of his own large, thick cock dangling incongruously between silken thighs. At the sight of his own sexy, transformed body, it began to swell, and Jack was horrified to realize that he was turning himself on.

"Oh, don't worry about that..." the Reverend chuckled. "As soon as it's safe - you're fully healed from the surgery we've already done - we're going to finish the job." He laughed unpleasantly. "In the meantime..."

Jack tried to struggle as the helmet was lowered into place, and the LCD screens flared to life. He struggled to avoid the messages it carried, but he felt the needle carrying the hypnotic drug slipping into a vein, and the world began to go fuzzy as the information was fed directly into his helplessly defenseless mind.

Jack never knew how long she floated in that limbo, her mind awash with programmed thoughts that she couldn't distinguish from her own thought processes.

Then, faintly, she became aware of a commotion occurring beyond the confines of the helmet. Several minutes later, she felt the needle ripped from her vein, and the helmet was removed, causing her to blink in the sudden brightness.

Jackie stared up at the muscular man staring wide-eyed at her - then sighed with relief. "Sheriff! Thank God!" Jackie cried, relieved. Her torture was finally over.

"Jack?" the law officer asked hesitantly. "Is... Is that you?" Jackie frowned. "Yeah, it's me. Who else would it be?"

Numbly, the muscular officer began unstrapping her. Behind him, Jackie watched with glee as two state troopers fastened cuffs around the Reverend's wrists.

"What have they done to you?" Tom asked her - and Jackie frowned. She looked down at herself - her long, sexy legs, large thick penis and slender waist all but obscuring by her magnificent, massive tits. She sighed with relief to find everything as it should be.

"What do you mean?" Jackie asked, confused.

"You... You have tits!" Tom stammered, shocked. He waved a hand helplessly. "You... look like a woman!"

Jackie frowned. "Huh? Look, I look the same I always have." She smiled at the stunned law officer. "Hey, no girl has a cock like mine. It's huge!" Then she frowned. "Too bad it isn't bigger, though."

The stunned cop blinked. "Huh?"

Jackie sighed. "Life would be great if I could just suck my own cock. Then I wouldn't have to worry about these damn cravings overwhelming me at awkward times. God, I really need to suck a cock."

Tom swallowed, then spoke slowly and carefully. "Jack, do you remember when we first met?" Jackie snorted. "Of course. I was just inside the town limits and..."

Her voice died as the memory resurfaced, almost like a movie.

And in this scene - she didn't have tits. In fact, she wasn't a wonderful, perfect she-male at all. She was a pathetic... man. "What the?" she stammered. "Tom, they've been screwing with my mind! They're trying to make me think I'm a... a guy!" "Aren't you?" Tom asked carefully.

Jack snorted. "Hell, no, I'm the best of both worlds. Tough, independent and smart, but also sexy, sultry and ready to go. A real nail-biting, cock-sucking she-male bitch!"

She said it proudly, like she always had. She was unique - nobody in the world could offer what she had. Then she sighed. "Aside from the damn craving, I'd be perfect. Look, uh can you kinda take a hike?" Tom blinked. It seemed like the confused expression was taking up perfect residence on his face. "Why?"

Jackie shrugged. "Some people find it uncomfortable to watch. I really need to suck a cock to end the craving, but I can lessen it for a while by jacking off and licking up my own cum. It's not as satisfying - but I need something."

Tom looked at her with pity. "It's really that bad?" "Hell, yeah!" Jackie replied vehemently.

Tom looked indecisive for a moment - he dropped his trousers, revealing a huge, thick cock of his own.

Jack smiled. "Thank god, Tom." Eagerly, she dropped to her knees and took his cock in her mouth, employing every skill at her disposal to provide the ultimate blow-job, before letting Tom cum in her hot, wet mouth and gulping down his sweet seed.

* * * * *

So, the town had to elect a new Mayor, as the Reverend - whose real name turned out to be Percival Smyth-Carruthers the Third, which might explain the insanity - was going to spend the rest of his natural life in an institute for the criminally insane. In an ironic twist of fate, he was scheduled for a full treatment of shock therapy.

The town tried to talk a certain Tom Donner into running, but the burly Sheriff insisted in retaining his job, which he pursued with his usual fairness and toughness - after a decent amount of time for a honeymoon, of course.

His new wife, one Jacqueline Perkins - Jackie - was quickly assigned a job in the police department. She started off as a dispatcher, but a few sharp words landed her a beat job as a deputy, replacing the one that had 'gone up the river' when the Reverend was enlisted.

And, as any of the town roughnecks and drunks would have attested after a run in with the new deputy, she might have been young, beautiful and possessing tits the size of Maine...

...but she really had balls.



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When the Engineering Department at a university takes over the Med-Sci Department's experimental laboratory, things get extraordinarily creative.

Reversed Engineer

By Gunslinger

With three muffled - yet, solid-sounding - metallic 'clanks', the inner air-lock door swung open, the gleaming, five-inch-thick stainless steel swinging slowly open on it's recessed, armored hinge...

...to reveal Chester J. Lampwick, The Third.

Who, at the moment of unveiling, had his pasty-white face screwed up in a look of extreme distaste, his somewhat thick lips drawn back in a fearful grimace and his dark eyes nearly lost in the folds of flesh that were pushed around his eyes by his expression of distaste.

Doctor Harrison Blacke took one look at the short, slender man's expression... and laughed.

"That's what you get for not holding your breath for the anti-viral spray, Chet m'boy..." The scientist chuckled, gathering up the last of his papers and slipping them into the safe built into the wall behind his desk.

"Are you kidding...?" The graduate student asked, working his mouth as he walked over to where the coffee machine was happily burbling it's way to the end of another cycle. "If it wasn't for that AV spray, I'd never get anything with any flavor in my mouth."

Harry laughed again. "Don't let the cafeteria staff hear you say that. You know what they'll say - 'If you don't like our food...' " '....Then go somewhere else to eat." Chet chorused with the older man - and they shared a grin at the joke.

Lab 2-A was the largest, well-equipped lab that the University could provide for the Medical Sciences Department to train its prospective doctors and scientists every detail of advanced treatment of every contagion known to man. It was located, along with five other labs, in the basement of the Medical Sciences building on the eastern edge of the campus, the building also housing the offices, classrooms, public rooms and cafeteria of the Medical Sciences Department.

Which was probably why the men and women of the Med-Sci department weren't exactly thrilled that Lab 2-A had been 'stolen' by a couple of upstarts from the Engineering Department.

Of course, neither Harry Blacke, nor his protégé, Chet, had the clout necessary to 'steal' the lab - that took the full force of the Dean and the Council.

The punch-line of the big joke, though, was the fact that it was the Med-Sci staff who'd convened that meeting of the council, making the request - grudgingly, perhaps, but it was a case of being hoist by their own petard.

Not that the fact that they'd literally asked for Harry and Chet to come and 'steal' their lab meant they were gracious hosts - despite the fact that they needed Harry's expertise didn't keep them from 'honoring' the age-old rift between the Med-Sci and at the Engineering department that the university boasted. It was a tradition, one as old as the first stone laid on campus - the 'Nurses' didn't get along with the 'wrench-heads', and vice-versa, a fact as set in stone as the rising and setting of the sun. It was for this reason that the Med-Sci staff found little ways to torture the mere wrench-heads who'd intruded within their hallowed halls, invited or not - 'little things', like refusing to deactivate the complete isolation system of the contagion lab, forcing Harry and Chet to undergo the complete decontamination procedure every time they entered or exited the lab.

Which, of course, meant that once Harry and Chet were in the lab, they tended to stay there until they were ready to leave for the day - which kept them safely locked up, away from the rest of the Med-Sci people.

Not that either the student or teacher complained - they weren't here to socialize, after all. They were there to find out what the hell a Toshimamna 1297-343 was.

Lab 2-A was the biggest and best lab the Med-Sci building had to offer, fully equipped with the newest and nicest equipment - by virtue that it had all been purchased at reduced cost through one auction or another, everything from equipment repossessed by the US Government through the auspices of the Infernal... uh, *Internal* Revenue Service, to equipment taken from broken or late contracts, where the original provider was happy to get anything at all for what was, after all, very highly specialized equipment.

Somewhere in the middle of all this buying, the 343 had been delivered and installed, a small army of technicians wiring the huge, gleaming machine into the wall before vanishing.

The problem was, nobody could find any record of having bought or ordered the Toshimamna 1297-343 - and nobody had the faintest clue as to what the huge machine was for.

The Med-Sci people had gone the obvious route, trying to track down the supplier, the originating company, the technicians who'd installed the massive device - only to find each trail petering out. Nobody knew who made the machine, nor what it was supposed to do...

...and, hence, the Med-Sci staff had reluctantly turned to their 'comrades' in the Engineering department, hoping that their best and brightest professor - with the help of his best and brightest student - could figure out what the machine was for - without destroying it in the process, since it was obviously an expensive piece of equipment.

For the past three weeks, Harry and Chet had been examining the machine in detail, slowly working their way into the innards of the machine. Originally, they'd started out working four hours a day, as a team - but the more they examined the mysterious device, the more intrigued they'd become, their shifts stretching out into first six, then eight hours - and, when they'd realized just how advanced some of the technology was - and how valuable it could be - they'd switched to opposing shifts, to better allow them to work on the 343, slowly but steadily reverse engineering it, plumbing it's gleaming innards for it's secrets.

"I just got around to opening 15-R..." Doctor Blacke explained, gesturing towards one of the huge access plates that had been removed from the huge machine. At twenty-eight feet long, twelve feet high and twelve feet deep, the machine had numerous access points, plates sealed over the solid-steel chassis of the machine and labeled with a simple code. The nearly five foot square panel bearing the legend Blacke had mentioned was now leaning against the machine, the opening it had once covered now revealed.

Having followed his teacher's glance, the dark-haired young man turned back to Blacke and grinned.

"I'll see what secrets I can get it to give up tonight." Chet promised, idly brushing a lock of dark hair out of his face as he grinned at Harry. "Maybe this is the part where I discover all the secrets to Eternal Life and Happiness."

Harry grunted wryly. "Either that, or we discover it's the world's most advanced Soft Ice-Cream Maker."

Sharing a wry look of understanding, the two men then turned and took another long look at the mysterious machine.

"Well, I'll leave you to it..." Harry said, pulling on his suit jacket - while his twenty-four-year-old protégé slipped his own jacket off, hanging the garment on the recently vacated hook, his own eyes already going vague as he turned his not inconsiderable mental abilities towards the ongoing mystery of the 343.

"I'll see you in the morning, Doctor Blacke..." Chet said - and, from the vague tone of voice, Harry knew his student was already 'out of it', his mind light-years away in that strange mental place that Harry had once spent so much time, back when he was as young and quick-witted as the student who reminded him so strongly of himself at that age.

A soft, wistful smile on his face, Harry gathered up the last of his stuff, then let himself out of the lab...

...completely unnoticed by the dark-haired young man, who poured himself a cup of coffee, took two sips while looking thoughtfully at the 343, then put the mug down and promptly forgot it as he immersed himself in the half-formed theories and suppositions he'd formed about the machine and it's function.

Time slipped by, practically unnoticed by the slender, fleshy-featured youth as he worked his way into the opening in the machine, his little head-band mounted flashlight supplemented occasionally by the Army-surplus 'L'-shaped flashlight as he traced wiring and piping, his movements slow and precise as he studied the machine without giving into the surprisingly powerful urge to dismantle some of the more intriguing assemblies - assemblies that he couldn't have guaranteed being able to put back together correctly, which was what made the urge so strong to begin with.

It was at exactly four minutes and twenty-seven seconds past three o'clock in the morning that Chet lifted off another cover-plate... and found himself looking at a simple switch, a standard industrial-purpose green push-button, and inch across and flush-mounted in a recessed cylinder.

"What have we here...?" Chet inquired thoughtfully, tilting his head to better light the simple button...

...which, according to the work they'd already done surveying the machine, shouldn't be there. As far as either he or Harry knew, there was no wiring harnesses on the other side of the metal devising plate, one of many such inch-thick hardened steel that made up the chassis of the machine.

So... what the hell was this button connected to? Why bury a button in the bowels of a machine, behind a separate cover plate held into place by eight Torx screws? What was the purpose of the button - and how did that purpose tie into the larger question, the function of the machine itself?

Once more, a discovery had led, not to enlightenment, but to many more questions.

Which was why, at seven minutes and forty-nine seconds after three o'clock in the morning, Chet finally gave into an urge, reechoing out with one pale finger and firmly pressing the ridged green plastic backwards into its machine metal sleeve.

There was the soft 'click' of a circuit being activated...

...and a jolt of electricity arced through Chet, slamming his back straight and forcing him rigid, into a stretched-out, slightly spread-eagle position, allowed by the design of the small chamber - which now made more sense, considering that some unseen force had not only yanked his body straight, but lifted him so that he was 'hovering' above the floor-plates of the machine, a low hum filling his ears.

Chet, stunned, confused and afraid, tried to struggle, but the invisible bonds holding him up and out were unbreakable, leaving him no room to move despite the fact that there was no obvious pressure anywhere on his body, the restraints as light and insubstantial as the very air, yet as unbreakable as Abraham Lincoln's word.

Chet was even denied the ability to voice his shock and concern as the machine hummed louder - and a hidden 'trap door' slid open, allowing the unseen restraints to move him into the as-yet-uncharted bowels of the mysterious device.

Chet found himself to be floating in a new chamber - one whose 'ceiling' consisted of several flat-screen plasma monitors, positioned for easy visibility to whoever was being 'imprisoned' in the machine.

As Chet watched, helpless even to look away, the machine's screens flashed up several sequences of what could only be power-on diagnostics - and then the machine seemed to be ready to perform whatever function it was designed to do, since the screens blanked, then came up with what had to be a status report:

Transformation Sequence Engaged

ATTENTION: Mid-Point Entry detected. Primary Medical Care Function bypassed. Please Re-Initialize and relocate for 'Auto- Doc' function.

Please Choose Available Function:

[MALE BODY ENHANCEMENT] [FEMALE BODY ENHANCEMENT] [EXIT]

For a second, Chet merely stared at the glowing green letters a few inches from his face - and realized, with a burst of startled amazement, that the mysterious 343 was actually an advanced medical machine - computer run, and apparently capable of not only those procedures available to medical science, but much more advanced functions...

...and, about the same time, Chet realized that he was no longer completely immobile. In fact, he was able to move his right hand just enough to make use of the 'mouse' mounted in the frame nearby - the mouse which had hummed softly as it's hydraulic pistons had moved it into place, allowing him to make use of the machine.

If he could have, Chet would have sworn softly in amazement. As it was, all he could move was his hand, and he gripped the mouse and shove it slightly, moving the on-screen cursor over the box labeled 'EXIT'...

...and then he paused.

What, exactly, was the machine capable of...?

Hesitantly, he moved the cursor over to the 'MALE BODY ENHANCEMENT' box...

...then, even more hesitantly, over to the middle box. The one labeled 'FEMALE BODY ENHANCEMENT'.

Like many men, Chet was confused by women. Oh, sure, he found them sexy and enticing - at least, some of them, some of the time. However, he - and just about every other male on the face of the planet - found much about women to be a mystery, something that men just couldn't understand.

Chet had never wished he'd been born female. Nor did he wish to spend the rest of his life as the other gender - he was a guy, and if a bit 'geeky', still a guy with a fairly active sex-life - or, at least, he'd had one before throwing himself into the 343 Project. He didn't find other men attractive, had no urge whatsoever to try cross-dressing, and the thought of being 'trapped' as a woman was one that would have had him in a cold sweat, if it had been possible...

...which is why he found it a surprising that the thought of temporarily being female so damned enticing. Even an hour in the body of a woman, being able to 'experiment' at will with what a woman saw, heard and felt from the inside...

The mouse, on-screen, wavered hesitantly between the first two choices...

...and then, before he could change his mind, Chet pushed his finger down, firmly pressing the button on the mouse and choosing the box for female body enhancement.

The box flashed three times, then the screen cleared, supplying a whole new list of options, all related to the wire-frame image of a 'generic' female body that was slowly rotating in the center of the screen.

In other words, the computer that was running the machine was allowing him to choose the new female body he 'wanted' to wear...

...with an 'EXIT' box in the bottom corner of the screen, the small little electronic button seeming to call to a part of Chet's brain, the part that considered this sick and perverted.

Chet was, by nature, an extremely inquisitive person, full of curiosity about a whole range of things - in fact, it was one of the trademarks of his personality, and the reason why he was studying Engineering, his quick mind eager to learn and explore.

Presented with this chance, no matter how strange, risky or 'perverted' it was, he just couldn't let himself back down> Even though he knew he should exit the program, get out of the machine, and record his findings, he stayed right where he was - because once other people knew what the machine could do, he'd probably find himself barred from using it. In fact, he and Harry might be yanked from the project all together, getting some of the glory and money that the 343 might bring, but denied the chance to use it for such... foolhardy purposes.

Given that, Chet found that his desire to see if, in fact, the grass was greener on the other side was much stronger than any of his misgivings. In fact, the chance to experience something that no other man had was enough to create a rising tide of excitement, despite the pseudo-homosexual connotations that came along with his decision.

The available menu for designing a new form was pretty long, and obviously complex, each menu designed to open a sub-menu of choices, many of which had their own sub-menus, allowing for a huge number of possible permutations when it came to designing a body - a good design, allowing for custom designs of very precise natures.

However, being a well-designed interface, the computer also listed a couple of dozen 'Template' bodies - new female forms, complete with available sub-routines to make alterations directly to the mind, as well as the body.

Not wanting to learn by trial-and-error when it came to designing a custom body, Chet used the mouse to scroll through the available templates, looking for a 'quick and easy' change that would seem to offer the most... interesting experiences for a temporary explorer in the realm of femininity.

In fact, he scrolled through the available list seven times, each time hesitating over a few of the choices, wondering if he had the guts to go through with this...

"Ah, the hell with it..." He muttered - and, with a flick, sent the cursor scrolling through the list and - without waiting to see which choice was highlighted - pressed down on the button...

* * * * *

The darkness parted, and she opened her eyes...

...then started, staring up at some sort of... of... of artificial sun, rectangular in shape and an odd translucent white in color, set into some sort of strange roof, neither stone nor wood nor slate, looking oddly soft and yet supported in rectangular patterns by white crossing supports that showed the material was strong enough to support its own weight, despite how...

{Florescent lighting}

Startled at the strange male voice that sounded, she leapt from the table...

..and slammed, hard, to the ground, the gleaming metal table hanging over her protectively as she huddled underneath it, knees drawn up to her chest as she stared around in horror, not seeing the strange man who'd spoken so clearly to her a mere instant...

{Acoustic Tile}

Ye Gods! The voice was *in her head*...

...and she understood it.

No - she understood the concept it was providing.

Her mind whirling and spinning at the strange interior assault, she huddled, trembling, under the metal bed *{medical gurney}* at the end of the strange metal box *{343}*, whose open gaping mouth had seemingly spit her out to lay upon the leather-but-not-leather *{vinyl}* mattress upon which she'd awoken...

...and that voice would not stop talking to her inside of her head! Who *was* that voice...? Wait a second...

Who was *she*?

{Chet Lampwick}

There was that voice again! Speaking to her in her mind, providing concepts and ideas that were strange and new to her, and even when she was lost and unable to remember her own self, it was interfering, providing an image of a strange man dressed in even stranger clothes and...

...it was insisting that 'he' was *her!* No.

It wasn't 'insisting'. It was...

Informing.

In fact - it wasn't a strange voice at all, not another person's voice...

...but her accessing her own memories!

Except.. Except, though she realized this to be the case, the information it was giving was dry, reference work rather than literature. Whatever had happened to her mind had somehow put a split between her and this 'Chet' she was supposed to be/have been. Though she was dipping into the thoughts, memories and logical abilities of this 'Chet', it was as if she were hearing it second hand, not as a self-identifying thought that tied in with her current sense-of-self, even as 'undefined' as it was, but as if it were separate - as if there were a wall between her and him, even though the thoughts that were streaming into her mind seemed to insist that he and she were the same person, and changed by the strange magic box *{Toshimamna 1297-343}*.

This was all very confusing. She was, and yet wasn't, this 'Chet'. Though informed that's he had once been, she didn't *feel* it...

...but, in any case, there was no immediate danger, and so she slowly stopped trembling and eased herself out from under the table. Hesitantly, she walked over to the gleaming metal box, using a highly-polished section of the metal as a water-pond reflection *{mirror}* to take a look at herself.

A complete stranger stared back - as unfamiliar to her as the mental image of 'Chet' that had flashed through her strangely 'vacant' mind.

Her hair was long and wavy, the color of sun-dried wheat and the texture of purest silk, surmounted by a woven band of white flowers with yellow centers *{Daisies}* artfully created through the weaving of supple stems to form a crown for her.

Framed by that long hair was a face that was beautiful in its simplicity. A high, unlined brow started just below the petals of the last... Day-see...? *{Daisy}* and led to a finely-formed brow, upon which rested her lightly curved eyebrows.

Below that lay her eyes, limpid pools of pale green that looked out at the world past fine golden lashes. Her nose was narrow, with a finely-formed bridge and a dainty, slightly upturned tip, below which lay an unadorned pair of lips that turned up and inwards ever so slightly just below her nose, lifted and tilted at those two little lines, soft and pliable above her pointed chin.

Her neck was long and graceful, and a simple metal necklace of dullish *gray {pewter...?}* that was formed in rough links to surround her neck just above where it swept into the graceful curve of her slender, fine-boned shoulder, from which sprang a pair of long, slender arms covered with the finest golden down of body hair.

Draped upon those slender shoulders were the cowed neckline of her wide-necked white cotton dress, which fell in simple lines past the firm swell of her bosom, crisscrossed by the plain rawhide straps that started at her neck, curved downwards to pull the dress tight between the firm roundness of her breasts, each of which was as firm and ripe as the melons whose size they rivaled, the rawhide then taking two turns about her slim waist before tying at the back, allowing the rest of the dress to hang in simple pleats over the smooth, tanned flesh of her toned legs, ending halfway down her calves, where the crisscrossed rawhide straps of her sandals started.

She was undeniable very pretty - yet the pretty woman who stared back at her from the metal reflection was completely foreign to her.

She understood this not at all. Though that strange 'voice' of her past self was filling in details, the dry manner in which it entered her mind made it alien to her, not something easily grasped as reality so much as a half-believed myth that had little to support it, yet was based on the blind faith of that inner voice that could be nothing but this other, male version of herself whose body the magic box {343} had somehow made over into this one - and, in doing so, somehow created in her mind this rift between 'him' and 'her' - an emotionless male person buried within and feeding her from it's obviously vast pool of experience and memories, and the female her that knew almost nothing, yet felt more... 'real' to her.

Probably just because it was what she currently was, being female - but that didn't change the way she felt. Being female, she felt female, no matter what the voice was telling her about what had once been.

Confused, frightened, and feeling very much alone, she looked around the strange room in which she found herself... and wondered what she was to do.

The voice in her head was silent on that score, the 'male' persona she's apparently one had little more than a ghost, a... a living 'ma- sheen' {*machine*} that could provide her answers, but not actual thought or reasoning. Instead, she must do this all second hand, pulling the information out piece-by-piece and trying to make use of what little had transferred, unable to simply 'tap into' all that experience the way a person would normally make use of life-experience to deal with crises.

As far as she 'felt', she'd been born no more than five minutes ago, when she'd waken upon the table. She just had a lot of knowledge that could be 'referenced' through considering a particular concept or object.

She was a stranger in a world she'd never made...

...but she had a sort of 'tour guide' in her head, something she hadn't appreciated until the third time her eyes swept over the massive slab of metal set into the wall, this time pausing long enough to actually wonder what it was, and...

{door}

"That's the door...?" She exclaimed, sea-green eyes widening in amazement. "I could never move something that heavy...!"

{keypad, right hand side, code 0-1-1-5}

Again, it wasn't just the words, but the mental image - right down to the sight of Chet's finger punching out the code - which was a good thing, since she couldn't read, and if she hadn't seen which keys were being pushed, she'd be out of luck...

...though, again, the 'mental concepts' that she got were incomplete, without all the reference data that would have backed the information up for a normal person. She understood that, somehow, pushing those buttons in that order would cause the door to open - but she didn't understand the inner workings of the mechanism that turned pushes of small, somehow artificially lit numbered squares into enough force to swing open such a massive door.

As far as she was concerned, it was 'magic' - and that was a concept she not only 'understood', but accepted. If she'd delved deep enough into the Chet-brain, she could have learned all the mechanics of the door, but even that wouldn't have helped, since what little actual knowledge that was on 'her' side of the invisible barrier in her brain wasn't enough to explain the basic physical concepts that allowed the mechanisms to work.

Not that it really mattered, of course. She couldn't have forged a horseshoe if her life had depended on it - but she could play the role of farrier well enough to shoe a horse with an already-made horseshoe. Likewise, she simply followed the instructions in the Chet-brain...

...and, with three muffled - yet, solid-sounding - metallic 'clanks', the massive door swung open, the gleaming, span-thick slab of metal moved by unseen sprites *{hydraulic rams}* to reveal a tiny little space beyond.

A wave of claustrophobia swept over her, and she yearned for the free and open hills and valleys, where she could run barefoot through the dew - but Chet-brain told her that this 'err-luck' was just something to pass through, like a gatehouse - once the huge door behind her swung closed, the door in front would swing open.

As far as she knew, the Chet-brain couldn't lie to her, even if it wanted to... but that didn't make her heart-rate slow any as she stepped, trembling, into the tiny chamber. Following the Chet-Brain's instructions, she stood in the center of the tiny room, heart pounding as her shaking finger reached out and hesitantly pressed the small blue button in the wall.

Her heart-rate only increased as the massive door swung silently shut behind her, and just as it 'thunked' home, she squared her shoulders and faced the other door...

The lights went out.

She screamed as an unearthly blue glow filled the tiny space, and Dragon's breath, harsh and bitter, swept through the space. She slammed blindly backwards into a door she could never move, not in a million seasons, and slumped to the ground, crying and begging for mercy as the hiss filled her ears, the hiss of death come to claim her in this strange, dead world in which she found herself, Chet- Brain droning on about 'You-Vee raze' and 'Auntie Viral spray', images and ideas flickering through her head far faster than she could have comprehended even if her mind wasn't frozen in terror, and...

...and then the hissing stopped and the lights came back on.

With heavy-sounding noises, the door in front of her swung open. She huddled, shivering, in the corner for an instant longer, hardly daring to believe she was still alive...

...and then she scuttled through the opening before it could vanish, slamming hard against the wall of the hallway outside and shivering violently under the merciless white fire of the 'floor-ess-ant' lights above, whispering pleas to the unknown Gods to take her home, to open spaces where green things grew.

Her Gods didn't respond, and after a few minutes her trembling stopped, and she slowly rose from her huddled position on the floor, renewed strength and valor flooding her limbs as she slowly came to realize that the strange events in the err-luck were considered commonplace and completely understandable in the world of Chetbrain's people.

Pushing herself off the wall, she looked both ways down the brightly-lit corridor, wondering where to go now. As far as she could see, the err-luck she'd emerged from was just slightly past the mid-point of the hallway, and there were five other doors along the same wall, one to the right, centered between the end of the hall and the door she'd emerged from, and four more, closer spaced, along the other stretch.

The wall opposing the doors was bare, made up of stone cut more evenly than any she'd ever seen - though Chetbrain told her that they were somehow artificial stone, created in that perfect shape in something called a 'Comcreat factory'.

However, since she didn't know, specifically, where she wanted to go, Chetbrain couldn't tell her which way to go down the hall.

Hesitantly, she eyed the gleaming metal doors at the far end of the hallway, a pair of doors that led to what Chetbrain called an 'elefator', which was some sort of lifting box to go up and down in the building, and...

"How big is this building?" She asked the air, startled at the concepts that ran through Chetbrain to her mind - of these elevators lifting people up and down a great many levels in these comcreat buildings.

{The Medical Sciences Building is four stories tall, with a fully equipped laboratory level in the basement, where we are now.}

The concept of a base-mint was interesting - sort of an artificial cave beneath a building, something that made her wonder what type of people Chetbrain came from, that dug holes simply to build atop them. However, it was merely a passing thought, since she understood the most important part of the concept: She was underground, and if she took either the elefator or stairs up one 'story', she could find her way outside - and she was unspeakably relieved to find that Chetbrian's concept of 'outside' contained plants and flowers and trees, though surrounded by the great buildings and strangely 'tamed'.

Not wanting to be confined in yet another tiny space that, even worse, would be moving through the use of yet more unseen ma- sheens, she turned and headed to the door leading to what Chetbrain had identified as the stairs. They were made

of more metal and comcreat, and she marveled at how skilled Chetbrain's people were in working with metal - and wondered at that there was this much metal to be had.

Reaching the little platform at the top of the first flight of stairs, she stopped - and a slow, relived smile spread across her face as she looked out at a great expanse of green grass, somehow trimmed down to an even length across all of it's broad expanse. It was obviously quite late at night, but she could see more than well enough to look around, for everywhere there were more artificial candles everywhere, including bright orange-yellow ones mounted atop metal poles spread throughout Chetbrain's 'camp us'. Though there were many other buildings in sight, some of comcreat and some of a smaller red stone called brik, there were many great oaks and poplars spread around what Chetbrain called both the quad and the commons, and she yearned to lay a hand along the living bark of one of the trees and assure herself that this strange world was not so alien after all.

So relieved was she to see something she understood, she would have simply leapt through the opening to get outside - but there was some strange, hard substance like clear ice in the opening, cool but not cold to the touch, and run through with tiny strands of metal.

With what Chetbrain informed her was 'Safety Glass' between her and freedom, she had no choice but to pull open the door that led from the little platform, finding her in yet another hallway - but, though the color and materials were the same as the hallway below, the doors on the one wall were made up of wood and more of this glass - and the other wall was almost all glass, what Chetbrain said were windoze.

Amazed at the work Chetbrain's people could do, she walked slowly along the hall, wondering how Chetbrain could live his life amidst such strange, wonderful, terrifying things, and yet find everything so commonplace. On one level, she understood that she was - or had been - the person Chetbrain still thought of itself as, and so this world was her own world, 'merely' forgotten - yet it seemed impossible for her to grasp that knowledge in an emotional way. Chetbrain said she, as he, had spent much time here, knew the area, and found little remarkable about it, yet here she was wandering through an apparently common-place structure, amazed and awed by the solidity and regularity of the construction...

...and a little depressed by it, too. Glancing out the window, she looked at some of the other buildings, and thought how mind-numbing it must be for those people who spent many hours within the artificially regular confines of these buildings, out of the wonderful diversity and beauty of nature.

In fact, though still awed by the ingenuity and workmanship of Chebrin's people, it was now heavy laced with pity at all that they'd somehow lost in the process.

Reaching the end of the hallway, she found two sets of wooden doors with more glass et into them, each of the doors with a bright yellow-gold bar of a metal Chebrin said was called brass spanning them - and, following Chebrin's instructions, she pushed on the brass bars - and the doors opened, allowing her access to the cool, calm night that lay beyond.

Eyes glistening with unshed tears of joy, she hurried across the stone walkway, until her sandal-shod feet were moving over the luxuriant carpet of living grass.

A moment later, her hand touched the rough texture of the nearest tree's bark, and the tears spilled silently over and down her cheeks as she slowly sank to a kneeling position in front of the tree, thanking Chebrin for in a whispered prayer as she rocked slowly back and forth over the gnarled roots of the ancient oak...

"Uh.. you okay...?"

Startled by the sudden voice, she whirled, wide-eyed...

...and the handsome, strapping young man behind her took a step back, eyes widening as he lifted his hands, palms outwards. "Whoa, sorry..." He said, reassuringly, distancing himself another step. "Didn't mean to startle you. I just thought..."

He trailed off, obviously embarrassed by having scared her.

She looked at the handsome young man, about her own age - and felt a wave of relief run through her at the sight of him. Not necessarily just because he was a handsome, well-built youth with golden tanned skin that matched his shaggy mane of hair, nor simply because he was obviously laying charm atop a natural foundation of good manners - but also because he was dressed much as she was, though his robe *{toga}* was shorter than hers, and of a different style.

"Uh..." The young man said, looking her up-and-down with a newly appreciative gaze, since her previous position hadn't allowed him a good look at the young lady he'd tried being a Good Samaritan to. "I.. I guess you're going to the Toga Party at Phi Beta too, huh...?"

She paused for a second while Chebrin 'explained' the sentence to her in more understandable terms: A somewhat disorganized Festival, where the clothing worn by the participants must be somewhat similar to the one she and this youth wore, though Chebrin seemed to indicate that few were as.. 'formal' as hers and this man's, usually quickly crafted out of bedclothes.

There was a lack of mental images to accompany most of the explanation, which intrigued her enough that she was tempted to ask Chebrin why He did not choose to attend those parties first-hand, but hers was not to question, but to accept - and what she *did* know of this 'Toga Party' made it seem the most welcoming locale she'd heard of so far, more familiar than the 'City' of Chebrin's thoughts.

"If they will let me in." She said, softly, a bit hesitantly - though she knew, intellectually, that she'd dealt with other people before, she had no memories of it, her life having begun in the strange room she'd so recently escaped, as far as she was concerned. Already the golden man had spoken words that she'd had to have Chebrin explain to her, and she knew that the customs of this place was strange and unknown to her. "I have not been invited to the Fest.. the party."

The handsome young man's face became wreathed in a broad, easy smile that revealed a mouth full of perfect, white teeth. "Well, you have been now - and you can trust there won't be any problem, since I'm the Organizer for this little shindig. I'm Rob Trenton."

She paused for a second to make sure that she understood all he'd said - then paused even longer when Chebrin informed her that the expected reaction would be for her to identify herself to this man, though she was unable to grasp the complicated method of naming that seemed to be the custom here.

For some time, a thought had been growing in her mind, and it had become a certainty recently, though she had - of course - not questioned Chebrin about it, as that would have been unseemly. She now understood much about how and why she'd come here, though she didn't grasp all the 'mechanics' of it, the visual imagery Chebrin had given her meaningless to her - but she understood that Chebrin had created her out of Himself, so that she may walk His world in His place...

...but did she dare assume that it gave her the right to identify herself as what she seemed to be? Or would she be struck down for her impudence...?

Hesitantly, braced for a bolt of fiery condemnation from the Heavens, she named her position for the youth in a voice so small and weak that it could barely be heard:

"I'm Chebrin's Priestess..." She said - and waited.

There was no bolt from the blue. No fiery death. No sign of wrath from her new God. Indeed, the only reaction was a politely puzzled look on Rob's face as he leaned forward: "Brin Precess?"

Relief washed over her at Rob's correction of her obvious misuse of the naming custom used here. "Yes, I'm sorry, Brin Precess," she repeated in a firmer voice, gladdened that Chebrin was not offended with her self-elevation to the status of His priestess.

As with all Gods, Chebrin's ways and goals were a mystery - but, then again, that is what the position consisted of, discovering what it was that her new God wished of her, finding out how it was she was to serve him. So far, she'd been lucky enough to have guessed correctly.

"Well, Brin - would you permit me to escort you to the party?" Rob asked with a charming smile, sketching a half-bow while extending a crooked arm in her direction.

"Why, kind sir, I would be honored." Brin replied, a little taken aback - Chebrin had informed her that this 'party' would be considerably less formal than a Festival, which is why she didn't understand.

.and then she did, since Chebrin immediately supplied her with the answer:

Rob was 'hitting on her'. At least, that was the phrase that Chebrin used, though she understood the implications clearly enough, despite the pugilistic sound to the phrase. Rob, as a male, was interested in her, as a female, and wished the pleasure of her company almost definitely in the hopes that it would lead to sexual intercourse. It was obvious, understandable, and almost to be expected.

.so why did it take her by surprise.?

Brin felt her face grow warm as she flushed, and Rob's smile faltered - then grew again as she hesitantly slipped an arm around his and let him lead her towards the party.

Thankfully, Rob managed to realize that she needed a few minutes to think something over. Of course, he probably thought she was 'considering' him, in a sexual way - which was close, but not quite correct.

Brin was wondering what was going on in her head.

As soon as she'd realized that Rob was interested in her, sexually, she'd found her mind running through the possible results to the evening - and found that she was coming up with only vague suppositions, all accompanied by a sense of unease, perhaps even tinged with overtones of disgust. She had no idea why that was, but there was something she was sure of:

She was a virgin.

Not in the 'technical' sense, perhaps. Apparently, she'd been 'born' without a maidenhood, created not only fully-formed at approximately twenty-one years of age, but in the form that would indicate those twenty-one years of life experience, sexual and otherwise. The truth was, she had no memories at all prior to her awakening, and only had Chebrin's thoughts on sex - and Chebrin was most definitely a male God, and so had what she assumed to be standard male sexual desires and experiences.

It was as equally obvious that she *wasn't* a male. Yet, she had no idea what she should be feeling about the situation. She knew, intellectually, that Rob was a handsome man, and he was obviously a 'nice guy', so she should probably be eager to have sex with him - for she knew, from Chebrin, that sex would be pleasurable. Even her body seemed to know this, for being on the arm of a handsome, attentive young man was creating certain physical reactions, reactions that were most definitely sexually related: A faint warmth that seemed to spread slowly through her body, as if a mild fever. An increase in her heart-rate. A faintly 'distracted' air to her thoughts, caused by the interference of a slowly rising tide of hormones.

.and if she'd missed any of those clues, there was always the fact that her large, firm nipples were now engorged, and it had absolutely nothing to do with the ambient temperature.

So - why was she feeling so confused? So uncertain?

So.

.scared?

Well, she was a 'virgin' - and the emotionally-unaffected 'informational' flow from Chebrin indicated that nervousness was simply to be expected from a virgin. The rest of the mildly unpleasant emotional feelings she was having were probably to be expected as well, that was all.

Feeling a little more confident, now that she'd worked it out, she snuggled a bit closer to Rob - not enough to promise anything (she hoped), but enough to let him know that she wasn't uninterested, either - sort of a non-verbal 'perhaps'.

Rob's reaction to the slight increase in pressure was reassuring - he stiffened slightly, shooting her a surprised look that said, more strongly than words, that he'd come to the conclusion that she wasn't interested in him, other than as a means to attend a party - her voluntary 'maybe' movement made his smile widen again, and his step slowed slightly as he smiled down at her.

"So, let e guess - you must be one of the engineering students." Rob said. "After all, I'm sure I'd remember if I saw you in the halls of the Med-Sci building."

"That's right." She said, after a moment's hesitation - because she'd had to consult with Chebrin, after feeling a moment's panic at not knowing how to answer the question, which had contained unfamiliar terms. Chebrin understood them well enough, of course, and she knew that she could 'fake it', with Cherbrin's help. Indeed, she could also fake having grown up in some place known as Vermont, also using knowledge supplied by Chebrin - and apparently well enough that Rob accepted it. Better yet, her admission caught him reminiscing about something called a 'ski trip' he'd once taken near the town she'd claimed to be from, and Chebrin gave her what she needed to manipulate him into telling her the whole story, with only the occasional comment needed on her part, sparing her from having to answer any 'personal' questions about herself as they approached a large frame house that was almost literally overflowing with young men and women, all attired in 'togas' of one version or another, many of them the bedsheet variety.

There was also a loud noise thundering from deep within the building, most of it obscured by the walls, but the heavy, driving beat of it flowing easily through the wooden-framed 'Frathouse' and out into the night air. Thanks to Chebrin, Brin understood that this was the music for the party, much as she'd expect from a festival - but, according to Chebrin, the group of musicians creating the sound weren't within the structure. Indeed, from what little she could understand of the things he showed her, it seemed as if the music was somehow 'preserved', made at a different time and place, but somehow set aside and kept until needed.

Indeed, this world she now found herself in was full of many marvels.

.but she wasn't able to give the marvels of this music her full attention, as she was too busy trying to deal with her rising nervousness. Some of it was sexual, but the majority of it came from the fact that she had no experience with other people - at least, none that she could remember applying directly to her. Though t6his Toga Party was closer to her half-formed

'memories'/ideas of what life she would have come from, if not fully created by Chebrin Himself, she was still very much a stranger in a strange land, and very much aware of the fact.

"Are you all right.?" Rob asked with what seemed sincere concern, having caught her hesitant steps and anxious expressions they mounted the wide steps up to the building, ignoring the shouted greetings of many friends and acquaintances in favor of looking at her with a concerned expression.

"I'm.. not usually a social -person." She said, shyly. "This is my first real party." Rob stopped dead, eyes going wide. "Really? A lovely young woman like you?"

"Yes." She said, lowering her eyes and flushing - partly out of nervous embarrassment at being seen as 'odd', but more as an excuse to allow her to consult Chebrin for help. "I'm... shy."

"Oh. Well, let's see if we can't help you relax.." Rob said, still looking surprised as he led her into the building. "What do you drink.?" It seemed an odd question, until Chebrin informed her that he was asking her preference in alcoholic beverages.

.which wasn't really all that informative, since she wasn't familiar with 'booze/alcohol/liquor', or being 'drunk/intoxicated/wrecked'.

She supposed she could have tried to get a more 'personal' reference from Chebrin - but having realized that she was His priestess, she was trying to keep her prayers to him for assistance to the minimum, not wishing to anger her new God with pestering. She'd accept anything He chose to show her, of course, but her actual requests were something different - and she already knew that drinking alcohol at a party was apparently not only acceptable, but expected.

Of course, she had no idea what the different varieties were, though from Chebrin's volunteered references, she understood there was a vast array, all with specific names.

"Why don't you surprise me.?" She suggested with a shy smile.

"Sure thing.." Rob said, disengaging his arm and leaving her near the wall as he walked over to the 'bar'. She waited, fidgeting nervously as she looked around, trying to pick up as many hints and tips as possibly by unobtrusively observing the other females at the party.

The party had obviously been in full swing for some time - and everybody was in extremely high spirits, apparently some sort of effect from this 'booze', since everybody seemed to be drinking it - which made her feel glad she hadn't refused the offer, as it would have made her stand out all the more.

She also noticed that almost all the women were reacting in undeniable sexually suggestive manners towards the males, though it wasn't totally indiscriminate - unlike many of the males, who seemed to be willing to have sexual congress with any female they could.

Well, it made sense to Brin - so much so that she wasn't going to risk offending Chebrin by asking him to confirm her assumptions. After all, she understood that many festivals, especially Harvest Festivals, were really fertility rites - and it was obvious to her that this was the case here. A 'Toga Party' was a place where women went to find acceptable sexual partners for purely noncommittal sexual pleasures.

She was glad she'd run into Rob, then, since it was obvious what she was expected to do - and, judging from many of the conversations she could overhear were going, 'expected' might be an understatement.

"Here you go." Rob said, returning with two small, dark-brown glass containers with intricately-drawn labels upon them. "Miller Lite okay.?"

"Of course.." Brin agreed, though she had no idea what 'alcohol' had to do with a miller, much less his light.

.until she took a sip of the cold, fizzy liquid the bottle contained, and understood immediately from the undeniably grain-based flavor of the beverage.

"Well, what do you think of the Phi Beta Gamma House.?" Rob asked with a hint of pride in his voice.

"It's very nice indeed." She replied - and then, having heard another woman nearby say it while Rob was getting the drinks, she repeated what she assumed was a compliment, in the same dulcet tones the other woman had used: "You know, I'd really like to see one of the bedrooms, though."

Rob blinked - then grinned, boyishly. "Shy, huh.? Well, I guess you decided to learn to be social the same way a cat learns to swim."

She had no idea what that meant - but it was obvious that her remark had been the right one, judging from his reaction, so she grinned back. Rob lifted his bottle in some sort of salute, rapidly draining the liquid, and she followed suit, finding that it increased the warm- tingling feeling in her body, similar-but-different to the sensations created in her by the nearness of a virile male - which made it obvious to Brin that this 'booze' was some sort of aphrodisiac potion made from grains, designed to allow participants at such 'parties' to indulge in the primary purpose of the occasion.

Considering the very familiar way Rob slid a hand around her and onto her firm ass as he guided her towards a staircase, she had no doubt as to what his intentions were - and if she were feeling even more nervous than before, it was just another case of her 'virginal' anxiety reasserting itself.

Rather than let it take control of her, Brin fought the rising nervousness and cuddled into Rob's strong body. She had no idea what would happen if she tried to refuse sexual pleasure at party, and she didn't want to find out - she needed to be as 'accepted' as possible to be able to function as Chebrin's priestess, and if that meant having sex with Rob, it was a sacrifice she was willing to make.

.especially since she knew that 'sex' was supposed to feel extremely good. She was sure that once Rob started having sex with her, all her nervousness and disquiet would vanish.

Heart pounding rapidly, she let herself be led towards - and then up - the stairs that led to the second floor of the house. Though the party downstairs was in full swing, the music actually shaking the wood-framed house, the upstairs was reasonably quiet, the lighting dim to provide a certain air of privacy. Doors stretched down the hallway, and half of them had small white cards hanging off the doorknobs.

Picking one without such adornment, Rob smiled at her and swung the door open, leading Brin inside before grabbing the white cardboard off the dresser and hanging it on the doorknob.

Swinging the door shut, Rob turned in the dimly-lit bedroom to face her...

She'd expected a smile. Perhaps a charming comment, or an eager exclamation. After all, they were alone in the room, and it was obvious as to what they were her for...

...so she was downright stunned by the look on his face - the hesitant, concerned look.

"Uh, Brin..." Rob said, slowly walking over to her and placing his hands on her shoulders. "You.. You don't have to do this, you know. I.. I can see you're nervous, and you yourself said you're shy, so..."

The last vestiges of uncertain and fear slid away with Rob's words - for, from certain undeniable indications, Rob was extremely interested in her, physically, and yet he was willing to simply walk away, if that's what she wanted.

It wasn't what she wanted. With her fear and anxiety gone, she felt nothing but the delightful sensations of feminine arousal, so strangely new and exciting to her - and she knew exactly what she wanted...

...so she simply smiled at him as she took a half-step back from him, not to distance herself from him - but to allow her to unclasp the band crisscrossed band of her dress, allowing the simple garment to slide smoothly and sensuously off a body that itself was smooth and sensuous.

The orange-yellow light streaming in through the window seemed to caress the smooth, soft flesh of her body, shadow and light chasing each other across the smoothly rounded contours of her body, shifting and writhing in sensuous suggestion as breathed with a steady rhythm, unlike the faster, more nervous pace Rob had noted. There was no fear or uncertain in her eyes or her smile as she turned slightly, instinctively choosing a pose that tightened the muscles in her long, smooth legs, her shoulders rotating backwards to further emphasize her firm, round breasts. Her chin came up, almost defiantly, as her lips parted to let her tongue slip out, lightly running across her firm, full lips.

"I.. I want this, Rob.." She said, her sweet tones now husky with desire. "I.. I may not be all that experienced, so I may be awkward - but I'm not afraid. I came here knowing what we were going to do - expecting it, hoping for it, wanting it..."

Then she stepped forward again, her body now nude except for her sandals as she pressed herself firmly against his body, feeling the taut flesh of his sculpted form beneath the thin fabric of his toga.

"...I just never expected that I'd find somebody so sweet, handsome and considerate..." She whispered - and then, in a age-old gesture, let her eyes slip shut as she tilted her head upwards, lips slightly parted.

Rob hesitated perhaps and instant longer - and then bent his head and pressed his lips against hers.

It was a slow, soft pressure - not uncertain or hesitant, but gently passionate, their lips pressing together in consideration of each other as each tried to outdo the other in providing pleasure with a the kiss - a kiss that deepened, becoming more passionate, more.. energetic as her slender hands slid slowly over the fabric that covered his chest - and to he clasp on his left shoulder, her dainty fingers undoing the clasp letting his garment slid soundlessly to the floor so that their firm, youthful flesh could finally touch.

Brin felt as if her body was afire - yet it wasn't a blazing heat that burned, but a liquid warmth that made her muscles feel wonderfully weak. Where the 'beer' had given her a warmth and light-headedness she'd found enjoyable, it didn't hold a candle to the similar-yet- wonderfully-different sensation that now flooded her, and she knew that it was a sensation that didn't come from having just any male hold her close and kiss her passionately, but came from having this male do so - for it wasn't just a physical sensation, but an emotional one as well...

...and she'd never realized how wonderful it could feel to have a large, ready male organ pressing against her upper thigh, so tantalizingly close to the center of the liquid warmth that filled her.

"Oh, Brin...." Rob whispered as they broke the kiss. "I.. I..."

"Me, too.." She whispered back, understanding completely what he was trying to say. Her hands, wrapped around his strong shoulders, slid downwards as she slowly began to ease them towards the bed, each unwilling to separate from the other. "Me too..."

The smooth, sensual curve of her calves hit the bed behind her - and, letting her watery knees do what they wished, she fell backwards onto the bed, Rob's arms sliding around her to ease the fall as he lowered himself considerably atop her body, easing them gently towards the center of the bed as he nuzzled lightly at the point of her jaw.

It was only the star - for, as his hands slid back over her body, he began to work his way down the smooth curves and hollows of her body, his hands seeming to leave faint, tingling trails that only complimented the wonderful burning of his kisses as he slowly worked downwards, paying attention to every inch of her smooth, soft flesh.

Reaching the firm globes of her breasts, he paused for a moment - and she moaned low in the back of her throat, head rolling lightly from side to side as he expertly touched and kissed her magnificent mounds, whispering compliments to her between each light kiss he gave her, providing her wonderful pleasure as he fondled and caressed her with a gentle touch...

...and then he continued his way down her body, the growing warmth on her body increasing in direct relation to how far down he went.

Hands and lips still working in wonderful rhythm, he worked his way down her right leg, fingers stroking the satin flesh of her long leg as he gently kissed and nibbled his way down towards her foot, where his adept hands gently removed her shoe, before doing the same to her other foot and working his way back upwards.

Then he reached the top of her left leg - and simply slid an inch to the right, fingers coming to rest on either side of her damp, ready womanhood...

...and his tongue began to lightly lick and tease her more-than-ready womanhood, brushing with wonderful friction across her aroused clitoris, causing her to moan even louder, her hips twitching and swaying in unconscious response to the wonderful sensations generated by his gently passionate and incredibly considerate ministrations.

"Oh, Rob..." Brin moaned, eyes closed and hers rocking in pleasure. "Oh, it's so wonderful.. But.. I..."

She didn't have to say anything else - though his oral ministrations were wonderful, she knew that it wasn't what she wanted right now. She wanted something more fulfilling...

...and Rob certainly wasn't going to turn her down. As she willingly - nay, eagerly - slide her legs apart and brought her knees up, he was sliding forward, keeping his weight on his arms and off of her as he positioned himself above her, his handsome face above hers as she opened her eyes again and smiled gently up at the wonderful man who she'd been blessed to meet.

"Now, Rob..." She whispered, letting her eyes slide closed again as her arms rose and slide around his neck. "Now..."

He obeyed. Pausing only long enough to make sure he was correctly position, he then leaned forward slightly - and gently, firmly, and with incredible pleasure, slid his ready organ deep into a receptacle as ready as itself...

...and Brin's eyes flew open again in amazed shock at the wonderful sensations the movement created, sensations stronger, more intense, than she'd possibly imagined.

"Oh, yes...!" She gasped, startled and awed at the sensations. "Yes, Rob - Yes!"

"Oh, Brin..." He replied, his hips rising and falling again in a way that caused her to gasp and writhe beneath his firm body. "Oh, yes..." After that, words became completely unnecessary.

His pace increased as her hips began to move, almost of their own accord, striving to increase not only her own pleasure, but his as well - a sort of erotic quid-pro-quo that neither had any reason to complain about as their own pleasure continued to rise in ways that were so similar and yet, at the same time, so wonderfully different, so unlike the few times she'd managed to have sex when she was a man...

If not for the fact that she was experiencing a rising tide of pleasure that thrummed through her body with wonderful power, she might have considered stopping and chasing the sudden, odd thoughts that flashed across her mind - but she was too busy 'feeling' to worry about 'thinking', and the sharp, first-hand memories that were starting to come through the 'block' between her minds was the least of her concerns as she kept pace with his eager movements, their bodies writhing in wonderful rhythm as their pleasure continued to grow...

...as did the 'breach' in the wall between the two 'minds' in her body - though, in truth, there was but the one mind, the one that the machine had 'partitioned', much as one would a computer's hard-drive.

The pleasure only continued to grow, and their movements became less smooth, less perfectly coordinated - in fact, to an on-looker, they might have looked comical, their faces screwed up into goofy expressions of extremely pleasure as their actions became jerky, less rhythmic, their own pleasure overriding conscious control of their fine motor functions.

Neither cared - at this point, it would be impossible to stop what was about to happen, even the act of stopping enough to push them over the edge, albeit with less force...

...but the thought of stopping never crossed their minds. Not even Chet's.

S/he screamed as a final thrust provided the last bit of motivation s/he needed to reach that first female orgasm - and S/he screamed out in intense, orgasmic pleasure as s/he was assaulted by the most intense, pleasurable, somehow fulfilling orgasm that s/he'd ever felt, new body writhing and jerking under Rob, who also reached orgasm a second later, the frantic jerking s/he was doing providing what he needed for his own orgasm.

As the pleasure washed over Chet like a tidal wave, the mind within that luscious body was spinning and whirling as memories and personalities integrated. Dimly, the sexy, beautiful woman writhing under the handsome man realized what had happened - after all, the setting s/he'd used was for 'female body enhancement', and the machine had assumed that the originating form was female, so it had dumped the little mental changes to be made into the 'female' partition of the brain, using that as the 'boot sector', which was why Brin had 'rebooted' as an 'amnesiac' female - but the force of the orgasm that was slowly dying had been enough to rip apart the mistakenly- erected barrier between the two parts of the mind sharing the female body, allowing Chet to resurface, with complete memories and knowledge of all that had happened...

As their orgasms finally slid back down into 'mere' pleasure, the two of them rolled slightly, instinctively - in the midst of orgasm, Rob's consideration had failed him, and he'd stopped moderating his weight, something s/he hadn't cared about at the particular instant, but now that the overwhelming pleasure was sliding away, they rolled to their side to ease the discomfort, bodies slicked with sweat as they embraced on the bed.

"Oh, God, that was wonderful..." Rob gasped, looking deep into her eyes...

...where he saw nothing but happiness and satisfaction before 'Brin' let them slide closed, lifting 'her' lips to be kissed by the wonderful , considerate man 'she' had been lucky enough to find, knowing that 'she' could never go back to be an

unpopular, unexciting, unhappy male again. Having had the chance to experience being female - especially this female - she knew that her life was going to be immeasurably better as Brin than it had ever been as Chet.

Not that she was foolish enough to believe that her life was going to be perfect - she knew the challenges she was going to face, especially when it came to explaining what had happened...

...which was why she consciously - and a bit guiltily - decided not to use this particular moment to explain the situation to Rob. Besides - as Chet, she'd had a proper upbringing, learning all the good manners that her family could teach her.

So, after they'd broken the slow, passionate kiss, she knew she couldn't tell him about it right now, anyway - since she'd smiled slowly and seductively at him before she began to work her way down his body with soft kisses, until she'd reached the spot she wanted and bent herself to the task of making something that had gone limp begin to harden again.

After all, whether male or female, it's impolite to talk with one's mouth full...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a Leprechaun grants two buddies three wishes, one man decides that he has always wondered what it would be like to be a woman, the other friend decides that he should help his friend take it all the way by wishing that he become a stripper.

The Risks Of Wishes...

By Gunslinger

After all the noise that had proceeded it, the relative silence that followed seemed as deep and as still as the grave.

The only movement in the old tunnel was the steady swirl of rock-dust still drifting from the collapse of the south wall. Though the still-upraised sledge hammers in the hands of the two young men were heavy, they remained poised from the last strike that had brought that wall down, their wielders locked into position by shocked paralysis.

The glow of the Coleman lantern sitting on an old crate was supplemented by the head-lamps mounted on the hard-hats the two men wore, lighting the wall in front of them adequately, but leaving much of their faces in shadow.

Not so much in shadow that the stunned looks of surprise - hell, utter shock - couldn't be seen on their faces.

On the broader-shouldered young man of the pair, that look manifested itself in slack-jawed gaping, square, cleft jaw and hazel eyes both opened as wide as they would go.

On his taller, less muscular companion, there was an equally classic look of shock - the cocked head thrust forward, eyebrows so high above bulging green eyes that the eyebrows almost disappeared under the golden-blond shock of hair beneath the rim of the hardhat.

The third member of the little tableau bore no expression of shock. Indeed, he stood poised, an expectant expression on his rotund face as he expectantly waited for a reaction to his introduction and offer.

He cut an unusual figure. The forest-green frock-coat hanging open over his faded beige waist-coat and trousers was as archaic in fashion as his buckled leather shoes, or the brown derby hat rakishly positioned atop the shock of bright-red hair that not only matched his bushy beard, but the florid color of his bulbous nose. Covered in a couple of centuries worth of fine dust, the individual who'd introduced himself as Finnegan A'Sidhe would have garnered odd looks from anybody - even if he hadn't stood less than two feet tall.

"Well, me fine boys...?" Finnegan asked, his voice rich with the Irish accent. "What will it be...?"

Slowly, the muscular young man's face transformed from a look of stunned surprise into one of mistrust.

"Wait a second..." He said, doubtfully. "In all the stories I ever read, anybody getting wishes from a leprechaun - if that's what you really are, mind you - always get screwed over... right, Dave?"

The tall, golden-haired young man shook his head, breaking the spell that came, rather understandably, from breaking open the wall of an old sewage tunnel and finding a two-foot tall Irishman who not only claimed to be a five-hundred-year-old displaced leprechaun, but who was offering you wishes to boot.

"Well, yeah - but they were always greedy people, who tracked down leprechauns for the gold or wishes." Dave finally said. "I can't recall ever hearing about anything quite like this in those obvious morality tales, Vince."

"Quite so, quite so!" Finnegan said, beaming. "I'll admit, I'd not be so well disposed to you lads if ye'd come after me and my gold - but by pure luck, you lads freed me from the inadvertent prison built while I was sleeping off a wee drop o' the creature, and so I say it's a fit thing to reward ye."

"I still don't know..." Vince said, slowly, pulling off his hard hat to scratch at the curly mop of black hair that, as much as the dusky cast to his skin, implied his Italian ancestry as much as his friend's pale skin and golden hair defined his Nordic heritage. "I mean... this is all probably some sort of hallucination brought on by the bad air down here..."

"Well then - ye'd have nothin' to loose by wishing anyway, now would ye?" Finnegan said, a bit testily. He wasn't exactly used to people turning down his wishes - and since he'd offered them in a burst of gratitude, he was bound to honor that offer.

"So, let me get this right..." Dave said, shaking his head slightly in disbelief of the strange and - until now - 'impossible' situation he found himself in. "You're going to give me one wish, and Vince two?"

"Three wishes is what I'm bound to give, no more no less, as leprechauns live." Finnegan recited in a sing-song voice. "Since Vincent here was the one who actually struck the blow, I'll give him the two, and you the one - doesn't that seem fair?"

"Yeah, sure." Vince agreed, finally managing to grasp the thought that this might be real, after all- and feeling excitement warring with concern. "But... I don't know what I want to wish for. I mean - there's so much I could wish for, I don't know what to pick..."

"I do."

Dave said the words quietly, but firmly - while blushing brightly, so much so that it was visible even in the gloom of the old stone- walled tunnel.

"Oh?" Vince said, somewhat taken aback - an intelligent, somewhat shy young man, his friend usually let the more outgoing and outspoken Italian-American take the lead in.. well, just about everything. "Well, then, go ahead! What's it gonna be, Davy boy - fame, fortune.. luck with the ladies...?"

While Vincent Donnatelli considered himself somewhat of a lady's man, he knew his shy friend became even more awkward and inarticulate around women, and as he put that last gibe in, he got the even deeper blush and embarrassed look he'd expected from his straight-laced and, in many way, old-fashioned friend...

...but he'd completely misread the reason for that embarrassed look.

"Um, actually..." Dave said, slowly and awkwardly. "I, uh.. was going to wish..."

He trailed off, looking intently at the scuffed toes of his own work boots, and both the leprechaun and Vince looked at him intently.

"Yeah? What?" Vince prodded, a bit confused. Dave might have been shy and awkward, but they'd been best friends since grade school, and those attributes hardly ever surfaced between them anymore. They were as close as brothers, and Vince couldn't think why Dave would be hesitant to speak - even on topics he could barely even hint at with other people, like sex, he was fairly open - if embarrassed - about it with his buddy Vince. Indeed, it was something Vince took great pleasure in teasing Dave about, since the fair complexion that came with the Nordic heritage made blushes so stark and fun to raise.

"I, uh... always kinda wondered...." Dave muttered, still staring at his boots. "...what it would like to be, you know... a girl." For the second time that day, Vince's face evidenced pure shock.

"What...!" He blurted out, unthinking. "You want to be a... a broad?"

"I'm... curious." Dave said, almost pleadingly. "Not forever, just... for awhile. To see what it's like... You mean you've never been even a little... curious?"

"Not really..." Vince said - but his dusky complexion had taken on a faint rose hue. "Well..."

Dave simply looked at his friend with one eyebrow raised, their long friendship making the expression as loud and clear as a shouted demand for further information.

"Once, on TV, some comic was saying that if guys had tits, we'd never leave the house..." Vince said, defensively. "It just kinda called up a mental image, you know?"

Dave nodded with a faint grin. "Yeah, well, anyway - I've just kind of found myself wondering what life is like for women. It wasn't anything serious, because there was no way to find out... until now."

"I.. guess." Vince said, more than a little discomfited to see this unknown side to his friend. "Still.. it feels a little weird, you know."

Clearing his throat nervously, Dave turned to Finnegan. "I was wondering - is it possible to wish that I was female - and that everybody who knows me would remember me as always being female, so that I wouldn't have to try and explain the change, or anything?"

"Not quite." Finnegan said. "T'would be too complicated to make up a new set o'memories for everybody who knew ye. What I could do is make it so that the male you never existed, so that the female you would have.. a fresh start, I guess you'd say."

Turning to his friend, Dave raised an eyebrow. "Well - how about it. If I do this... would you want to remember 'me', or not?" Taken aback, Vince had to stop and think about it for a second.

"Well... If I didn't remember you, you'd be... a stranger, right? I wouldn't remember our friendship, or anything..." Vince asked, half of Dave, half of the Leprechaun.

Finnegan nodded. Dave shrugged. "You wouldn't have to deal the, uh... 'weirdness', if you know what I mean."

Vince considered it - then shrugged. "Hey, you're my buddy, Dave. I wouldn't want to forget that friendship - even if something's a little 'hinkey' about it."

Dave, still blushing, smiled at his friend's reaffirmation of their friendship.

"Okay, then." Dave said, turning to Finnegan. "Um... If I, sort of don't get the wish exactly right, do you have the same latitude to make it come out okay that the stories all say you do to mess it up?"

The leprechaun blinked - then grinned. "M'boy, out of all my years, that's the smartest thing I've ever been asked. Yes, when some good-fer-nothin' catches me for my wishes, I grant it in the worst possible way. You, I like - so, yes, you have my word. I'll do my best to make sure it's what you want."

Dave nodded, blush deepening as he considered articulating his full wish, exposing his deepest inner self out loud - but he took a deep breath, and plunged ahead with it.

"I wish that I was female." He said, in a tremulous but determined voice. "I would look exactly as I would, had I been born female. "

He trailed off, shooting a highly embarrassed look at Vince, then plunged onward: ". except that I will have extremely large, firm, round breasts."

Vince blushed himself - but wasn't completely surprised, since he knew his friend's personal obsession with extremely large-breasted women. In fact, it was one of the points that he could always use to get his fair-skinned friend to flush, especially whenever he dragged the straight-laced young man off to one of his own favorite places, the local strip club - where he could point out silicone- enhanced dancers and chidingly as if the women were 'big enough' for his tastes.

"I wish that all my belongings and identification will change to match my new gender, and the identity of 'Deborah Svensen', and that nobody but Vince and myself will remember the male me during the time I'm female."

Pausing for a breath, Dave finished his wish: "Finally, while I'm female, I will have all the personal and social skills I need to be able to pass as being a nominally 'normal' woman, without any of those actions or skills being involuntary or compelled in any way, merely accessible at will."

Finnegan's bushy red eyebrows had climbed up his brow - but he was grinning widely as he nodded. "Very well, me lad... or, should I say, milady? Ye wish be granted!"

Both Dave and Vince gasped as a golden, glittering light suddenly surrounded Dave in a swirling display, lighting up the old tunnel - and providing plenty of light for Vince to watch the transformation of his friend from Dave to Deborah.

As Vice watched, wide eyed, his long-time friend began to shrink - not just in height, but in general dimensions as well. Even as inches came off his lean frame, his general build also decreased, most noticeably at the shoulders, ankles, wrists and waist.

Not all of him... *her*... body was shrinking, however, Even as the feminizing man's height came to roughly the same as Vince's, and the general build of her body became finer-boned, parts of her were swelling outward - along with the clothing that was constantly changing to keep pace with the alterations of the body.

Her hips became wider and more smoothly rounded above the slimming waist, even as the ass supported by those newly-womanly hips filled out and firmed up on a spinal base that arched outwards, forming a definitely feminine posterior - quite a shapely one, at that.

In fact, both shrinking and swelling portions of the new women were forming up into eye-pleasing contours. It was immediately obvious that Dave, as a woman, was real looker. From big, long-lashed emerald eyes and full lips on a face mounted on a long, slender neck to the slender, shapely body with it's relatively long legs and slender waist, she was quite feminine...

...but was quickly going from 'quite' to 'extremely', at least in one department.

Even as the continue gasps coming from between her full lips were rising in pitch, and the golden hair under the hard-hat was forming into a steadily longer pony-tail, the red-and-black plaid flannel shirt she was wearing over her slimmer, shallower torso was nevertheless bulging outwards - over the bust that was rapidly swelling out to the prodigious dimensions that that breast-obsessed man had specified.

As a well-endowed woman, she wasn't going to be disappointed.

Even as the now-women's work boots achieved their smaller final dimensions over her daintier feet, and the leather work gloves enclosing her slender, feminine hands finished their transformation, so was her women's plaid work-shirt achieving it's final, button- straining size over her massive, firm bust, glimpses of her white undershirt easily visible in the gaps between buttons that seemed a breath away from bursting under the pressure her huge new breasts put on them.

The magical, sparkling glow lasted for a scant moment after the transformation ended, giving Vince a good look at 'the whole package' that Deborah presented.

She was cute-sexy in a sort of 'girl-next-door' way. A slender, fine-boned frame supported taut, well-toned musculature that looked good even in the simple working clothes that tightly sheathed her lithe frame. Her face, while not classically beautiful with it's strong and well-defined features, was nevertheless attractive in a sort of open, Nordic sort of way, with big green eyes framed by long, fine lashes and full lips beneath a proud, sharp-bridged nose.

The long legs might have been encased in denim - but it was denim that was nearly skin-tight, showing not only that the legs underneath were lean and well-toned, but that the full hips and the high, well-rounded posterior were not only womanly, but attractively so.

Then, of course, their were her breasts. Looming over her taut, slender waist, they were everything she'd specified - not 'big', but *huge*, each the size of a prize-winning watermelon - and similar in shape, not just round, but thrusting so firmly and proudly from her chest that they were slightly ovoid, rather than round - a necessity, since her ribcage was so slender that they would have projected sideways to be completely round, but the containment of the two shirts and the heavy construction bra beneath forced them more outward into a sort of classic 50's 'torpedo tit' look, perky and pointed and stuck so far out that it seemed unlikely that she could remain standing under the top-heavy, out-thrust weight of her massive new chest-melons.

Then the magical glow faded, their light-adapted eyes making the remaining light seem like a dim glow barely able capable of lighting up a phone booth.

"Well...?" Dave - Deborah - asked, her warm, sweet new voice tremulous with emotions. "How... how do I look?" The answer popped out without thought or pause: "Dude - you are hot!"

There was a pause - then a nervous giggle.

"I'm not sure whether or not I should feel good about hearing you say that." She hesitated. "This... might even be weirder than I thought."

"Yeah, probably." Vince agree with an uncomfortable grin. "Doesn't matter, though, man - we'll find a way to handle it. We're best friends, right?"

The new woman sighed in relief. "Yeah."

"'Tis good to see your friendship will endure..." Finnegan said, brightly enough, but with a trace of impatience. "An' have ye given any thought to the other wishes...?"

Considering it for a second, Vince nodded, a grin crossing his face.

"I've got my first wish ready." The burly Italian said, shooting a wicked look in the buxom new woman's direction...
...and then he leaned forward and *whispered* his wish into the grinning little leprechaun's ear.

"Hey, wait...!" The supple blonde shouted, chagrined - but it was too late, and the leprechaun clapped his hands together in delight.

"Done, and done!" Finnegan shouted. "Fare the well, lad and lady - and when ye' have your final wish, Vince, simply speak it, and true it shall become!"

With that, the little man began to spin. Faster and faster he whirled, a golden sparkling glow coming up to surround him. The corona brightened to nearly blinding levels - and then, with a flash, the radiance faded rapidly, as did the man enclosed with it, leaving Vince and his newly feminine friend alone in the old tunnel.

"What did you wish for?" Deborah demanded - distractedly, as she was hesitantly sliding her slim new hands over the clothing that encased her altered new contours, feeling not only the feminine curves under the flesh of her hands, but the pressure of her hands through smoother, more firmly soft flesh that transmitted sensations so similar, yet so different, then what she'd experienced as a man.

"You'll see..." Vince promised, mysteriously. "Come on - let's get you out of here. This is... no place for a lady."

Vince hesitated, his growing blush clearly illuminated as he picked up the Coleman lantern with his right hand... and cocked his left arm out, offering it to Deborah.

Her slimmer, finely arched eyebrows rose in surprise - and her own blush deepened.

Not because the gesture was unusual, really - but because it was a usual, gallant gesture that Vince would make...

...to an attractive woman.

"I... think I can manage." She said, awkwardly. Gesturing towards the end of the tunnel, she made a 'go ahead' motion. "Ladies first." Vince said, returning the same gesture to her...

...and, despite having known Vince for years, having watched him 'get the girl' with gallant good humor and impeccable timing and easy-going manners, Debbie realized for the very first time a simple fact she'd overlooked all these years:

Her best friend, quite simply, could not help himself.

Perhaps it was his libido coupled with the way his upbringing taught him to treat women, or perhaps it was simply pure force of habit - but when in the presence of a woman, especially one he found attractive, Vince automatically kicked over into his 'ultra-thoughtful' mode, the one that had netted him so many dates over the years.

The realization explained a lot of things - and made her uncomfortably aware of her own feminine condition, especially in view of Vince's verbal reaction upon describing her for the first time.

This could be... awkward.

Then, as amazing as it was, she momentarily managed to forget her female status as she stepped out of the end of the tunnel.

The tunnel led away from an old industrial building that Vince and Dave had sunk their money into, planning to renovate the newly- rezoned building into loft apartments. It had taken most of their ready cash, plus plenty of bank loans, to buy the

building and land, as well as the materials they'd need. They'd planned to do all the work themselves, in order to afford to do it - but they'd barely gotten started, finding more trouble than they'd expected, not the least of which being that they had to run new wiring through the old tunnel in order to come up to code on the electric service.

The basement they'd entered the tunnel from had been a dusty, cob-web strewn mess, filled with rusting old machinery and unidentifiable junk - and it was completely different from the basement they walked out into.

This basement was clean, well lit, and featuring a freshly-painted hallway that ran towards a new set of stairs leading up to the first floor of the four-story building. Carpeting was laid down over the concrete floor, and signs on the wall indicated not only the storage units that they'd planned to put down in the basement, but a gym in the portion they hadn't decided what to do with yet.

"What the...?" Debbie gasped, looking about the clean, well-decorated interior of the old building. Vince grinned and put out the lantern.

"Well, the rich man I became after winning the lottery let me buy into the renovation plan of some reclusive woman who was paying a whole shit-load of workmen good money to renovate the place." He said, watching her face for her reaction. "With this wealthy woman as the 'silent partner', we got the work done in record time - including the top-floor penthouses, one for me, and one for this woman. Some lady named Deborah Svensen, who almost nobody has ever seen... except me, of course."

Debbie gaped - and then began to laugh at the sheer genius of it all.

It explained the fact that nobody knew who she was - while completing their dream and making them both wealthy at the same time.

"It took that long for you to whisper all of that into the leprechaun's ear...?" She asked, when her giggles of startled realization tapered off.

"Not exactly..." Vince said, flushing deeply - and the flush gave her a moment's warning.

"Well...?" She demanded, unconsciously striking a highly feminine pose as she spread her legs and planted her balled fists on her womanly hips.

"Well, I sorta gave a reason for you to be both reclusive, wealthy, and unknown..." Vince admitted, blushing even brighter. "Yes...?" She said, threateningly.

"Well, um..." Vince muttered - then blurted it all out in a rush: "Well, see, I said you used to be a stripper who made a ton of money as a feature dancer under the name Davina Biggs, and you retired and went back to your real name and invested your money and just tried to stay out of public so any of your old fans won't be bothering you, see..."

Out of breath, Vince wound down, looking at her expectantly as he awaited her response.

She blinked, suddenly aware of her supple, buxom new body - and realizing that, if she bothered to think about it, she knew she could, indeed, do a strip routine worth every penny she was supposed to have earned.

"That's... the best you could come up with...?" She asked, uncomfortable with the realization that, thanks to the confluence of the two wishes, she not only had the skills of a 'normal' woman available to her - but also those of a top-dollar big-bust 'exotic dancer' buried in her new body.

"Well - it sorta explains everything, including why nobody remembers you." Vince said.

It did, indeed - and it was also exactly the sort of thing Vince would come up with, not out of any sense of trying to embarrass her, but because it was simply the channel that the 'girl-crazy' man's mind ran in. In fact, from a certain point of view, it was a kind and thoughtful effort to clear up the finer points of the broad wish she'd made.

"Well... okay." She said, knowing there was nothing she could do about it, now - and, besides, it didn't really matter anyway, did it? After all, this being female was purely a temporary circumstance, something she'd wanted to experience for a while, not forever.

When they made their final, joint wish, they'd be able to work out a wish that would cover all of this. "Well - do you want to see your penthouse?" Vince said, gesturing towards the stairs.

"Sure..." She agreed. She let Vince give her the lead, and began heading towards the stairs...

...and realized she was walking with her normal, mannish stride.

It felt a little strange - because, though the stride was familiar, the shifting masses of her huge breasts were completely different, as was the way her wider hips and fuller, firmer ass moved.

On a whim, she decided to tap into those 'on demand' feminine skills - and let herself switch over into a more feminine stride.

She felt the constrained movement of her hips suddenly loosen. Her hips began to sway back and forth with each step, with a pert little swivel thrown in to help counter-balance the weight of her new bust. Not that her constrained tits stopped jiggling or swaying within the supporting grip of her heavy-duty bra, but they had less of a 'off balance' effect on her slim-waisted body, especially since the tighter, closer-to-the-body swing of her slender arms helped a lot.

As she continued walking gracefully towards the stairs, feeling the differences between her 'normal' male stride and the new feminine one, a thought occurred to her - and without any further consideration, drive by curiosity and a sort of perverse desire, she let herself slip into her 'stripper stroll'.

Instantly, the tight little swivel of her buttocks became more pronounced, her hips going through a good twenty-degree arc of a back and forth swivel as her feet automatically moved to a 'heel-to-toe' line, instead of the wider stance of both her

'normal' male and female strides. The side-to-side sway of her hips also increased, the swivel of her hips causing a rocking motion that accentuated the taut globes of her pert new derriere, as well as making her legs seem even longer and slimmer through all-but-locking her knees.

Above the slim waist, her torso began to shimmy side to side, a motion that was exaggerated by the rolling motion of her shoulders added to the tighter swing of her arms, even as her spine went rigidly straight, making her seem taller and more supple than she was.

The entire motion also caused her breasts to move more - not within her bra, where they actually jiggled and bounced less, but in total motion, the way she was walking causing her chest to sway back-and-forth in what was obviously designed to be a hypnotic motion.

She blinked, somewhat stunned - not only by the new sensations the ultra-feminine stride created, but by how comfortable it felt to walk this way. The extreme motions of her body let loose sort of canceled each other out, one set of muscles working hard against the other set of muscles to create a perfect balance that made her motion not only look, but feel smooth and graceful.

She was so intent on experiencing the feminine sensations as she gracefully glided down the hallway that it never even occurred to her to wonder what the view from Vince's point of view would look like.

If she'd asked, Vince would have swallowed heavily and given a one-word answer:

Spectacular.

With her full hips and taut ass encased in skin-tight denim, her full, pert ass swayed and swiveled in a sensuous motion that naturally drew a male eye to it, to admire the fully rounded curves that led down into the long legs. Of course, that was assuming that the man in question didn't opt to instead let his eyes rise, following the slender lines of the waist up to the rolling shoulders and swiveling torso all of which combined to show hints of the swelling side of her breasts at the extreme end of each rotation, the teasing views of the mountainous breasts perhaps more enticing than a clear and unequivocal view.

All things considered, Vince might have been highly embarrassed to find himself becoming physically aroused by a woman who used to be male, and his best-friend to boot... but Vince's mind was hard-wired another way.

His eyes saw a woman. A sexy woman, walking in a sexy manner - and that's all his brain took to matter. Vince had very black-and-white views of gender, based solely on appearance - and although he was well aware of the fact that this sexy woman had been, and planned to be, male, all that mattered was the fact that she was female at the moment - and, as far as his subconscious mind, anybody who looked like a woman, was a woman.

All woman.

...and fair game.

Not that any of this ran through the conscious part of his mind, where he might have realized that they might have been highly inappropriate in this case. No, this all went on in a more primal part of his brain. Thanks to his cultural back-ground, his upbringing, and especially the influence of his father, he was pre-programmed for virility, always on the look-out for the next chance to prove his black-and-white views on manhood by finding a woman with which to express his masculinity in the most physical way possible - and the 'pre-programmed computer' of his subconscious mind took in all the data it was receiving from Vince's eyes, ran it through its simplistic databank, and pronounced the woman he was looking at as an 'ideal target' for his masculine charms.

With only a slight feeling of discomfort, Vince let himself enjoy the view of the sexy, buxom woman wiggling and swaying her way up the stairs, the growing erection in his jeans a familiar and comforting sensation, one that his well-programmed mind accepted as completely natural - even desirable - under the circumstances.

Still blissfully unaware that Vince was following her up the stairs with a hard-on straining the denim fabric of his jeans, Debbie swayed her way sensuously up the rest of the stairs, bemused by the sensations that accompanied her sexy glide up the steps.

As a man, Dave had always had an infatuation with huge, round breasts - maybe because, as a shy man who had time talking to 'average girls', women who were considerably more than 'average' were well outside of what he'd considered his league.

As a woman with huge breasts, Debbie was finding that... they were enjoyable just to have.

Sensation wise, not much difference lay between being male and female. Though the sensations she felt were different than those of a man, they were nevertheless recognizable and easily adjusted to - with a couple of exceptions.

The first was the lack of her male genitalia. She'd never realized how constantly aware of her own cock and balls she'd been before. It had been subconscious, but ever-present - the way they'd filled her pants, the way they'd move when she'd moved, the unconscious way she'd constantly made sure not to crush, injure or expose her cock.

Now, there was almost a sort of freedom in the fact that no matter how she moved or swiveled or walked, her firm, taut thighs could brush together without any fear or danger of pain.

But her tits...

Her *tits*!

Her tits!

They were heavy - yet somehow not a burden. Instead, they were as ever-present as her subconscious awareness of her cock and balls had been as a man - but so new, they were a conscious awareness. They weren't in any danger of being injured

or pressured, like her cock had been - but were warm, somehow comforting weights on her chest, almost entities of their own, swaying and shifting in constant movement with every breath she took - and generating a faint, but undeniable, pleasure.

Then there was the over-all sensation of being female. The way she felt, the way she moved - she felt... lighter. Lithe. Delicate, yet not weak or breakable.

A lot of it might just have been the newness of what she was experiencing - yet it was somewhat discomfiting to find that simply being female was apparently more inherently enjoyable than just being male had been.

Caught up in experiencing the sensations and emotions of her new gender, Debbie still didn't notice anything unusual as Vince gallantly unlocked and opened the door to her new penthouse - and gently placed one hand on the small of her back as he guided her into the apartment, his eyes devouring the sight of her full, round breasts from his close position to her warm, supple, and wholly womanly body.

Her attention - and her breath - were yanked away as she stepped into the large, comfortable-looking living room of her loft-style two-level penthouse... and saw herself.

Over and over.

In the many full-length mirror panels that adorned the walls, showing off her home-spun-clad figure with it's anything but home-spun body under it's tight fabric embrace, from every conceivable angle.

That, however, was nothing - compared to what adorned the areas of the walls not covered by the mirrors. Everywhere she looked were full-sized posters from the places 'Davina Biggs' had headlined.

Pictures of her, four-to-six years younger - in every sensuous and/or sexy pose and outfit imaginable. Pictures of her in school-girl outfits, sequined dresses that covered her head-to-toe in a skin-tight shimmer, outfits that left little to the imagination. Pictures of her balanced sensuously and provocatively atop heels ranging from five to seven inches high, pictures that teased or promised.

Pictures of her smiling or pouting, fully made-up and posing to provoke.

Pictures of her with her huge, money-earning tits out-thrust proudly, not a hint of shame or embarrassment - indeed of joy and enjoyment.

Pictures of her as a gloriously sexy, sexually unfettered woman who enjoyed her body and her work.

Pictures that showed the same stunning woman as the stunned-looking woman reflected in the myriad of mirrors, the ones belonging to a woman more than just simply proud of her undeniable feminine body.

"What... exactly... did you say about me in the wish...?" She asked, barely hearing the feminine tones of her new voice as she gaped at the many different versions of herself reflected back to her.

"Just what I said..." Vince said, seeing absolutely nothing wrong or unusual in the décor. "I guess, to be a rich and famous stripper, you must really love your work, is all."

There was, in fact, more to it than that - because in the exact phrasing of his wish, Vince had defined what he thought a big-money stripper would be, not having the slightest clue that the 'persona' the strippers he was familiar with down at his favorite club was just that, a persona, a false-face of eagerness and excitement that the women projected to eke a few more dollars out of each man they were working.

So, while 'real' strippers had two distinct and separate personalities and lives, dressing provocatively for work and conservatively in private, Vince's mental image of a stripper was one who's off-duty life mirrored her on-duty persona - and so that's how he defined the stripper that the new woman had supposedly been.

Though Debbie had no 'impulses' to be that woman, she had all the skills and abilities of this fictional stripper - and, thanks to the confluence of the two wishes, everything *she* owned, from clothing to décor, reflected this fictional past Vince had thoughtfully concocted for her.

"Well, I figure I'm carrying about twenty pounds of dust on me." Vince said, tipping an imaginary hat. "I'm going to go get cleaned up, and I suggest you do the same, maybe settle into your place. I'll be in the suite just across the hall if you need me."

"Huh... oh, sure..." Debbie said, still distracted by the images of this sexy, buxom woman - who just happened to be her. "I'll see you later."

Flashing her a smile that had weakened dozens of women's knees in the past, Vince made his exit - his long, lingering gaze on her supple, top-heavy figure going unnoticed in her dazed condition.

As the door closed on Vince's lascivious look, Debbie shook off some of her daze - and then her fair skin began to acquire the rosy- cheeked glow of a blush as she considered the obvious.

She was dusty, dirty, and sweaty - and so she should obviously get cleaned up. Should get undressed...

...leaving her busty new female body completely and utterly naked...

...while she climbed under a flow of warm, caressing water...

...and ran her slender new hands over every inch of her smooth new flesh. Her body began to tingle.

Slightly breathless, she made her way to the bathroom, having to sort of find-and-see the correct door as she surveyed her new domain, finding image after image of 'herself' everywhere she looked - posters and magazines and home photographs, all of them showing her smiling and decidedly unselfconscious of her curvaceous figure.

The woman in the photos didn't actually exist, was little more than a graphical work of fiction to a past that had never existed - by in the nearly endless number of mirrors that populated the apartment, the same face, the same body, were reflected back at her, this one rosy-cheeked and considerably less comfortable with her gender and her sensuality.

It was waking up with amnesia, and seeing pictures of a life you couldn't remember.

Finally, Debbie found the bathroom - or *a* bathroom, at least, since the general look of the room suggested it was a guest bathroom, rather than her main one. It had all the requisite facilities and amenities, however, and that was enough for her - especially with her mind running and re-running the thoughts of what she was about to do.

Leaning into the glass-enclosed shower stall, she reached out to start the water - and then stopped dead, eyes widening as her slim hand flew to her full lips.

"What sort of woman am I...?" She asked herself, not noticing the internalization of these images she was seeing, as she stared at the wall that made up the 'front' of the stall.

The side and back of the stall were glass, and the side opposite the door was mirrored - but the wall that boasted the facets and showerhead also boasted a life-sized image of herself.

She was standing tall and proud, legs spread atop a pair of platform heels made of clear plastic. She was naked - officially. Strategically placed puffs of bubbles covered her crotch and nipples - but every other gleaming, wetly slick inch of her body was naked, right down to the massive, round breasts her hands were cradling so enjoyably.

"This is the guest bathroom?" She questioned her image on the wall, wondering what she'd been thinking - and the line between the man-who-was-currently-a-woman and the false-woman-who-never-existed grew a little fuzzier.

Shaking her head, Debbie got the water running and the temperature adjusted, then closed the door to the stall as she slowly undressed, her blush deepening with every garment she peeled off the 'willing body' of the gorgeous woman that she just happened to be at the moment.

Soon, her smooth, creamy flesh was completely exposed - and she found much of milk flesh suffused with the flush that came from getting some woman to strip completely naked - even if it was her own body.

Her body tingling with a nervous energy, she stepped into the glass enclosure of the shower stall, both eager and embarrassed, shamed and charged, all at the same time.

Her body trembling, she stepped under the warm, flowing spray of the water.

Picking up the small puffy thing hanging on the hook beside the taps, and gently squeezed an amount of the moisturizing body-wash onto it from the nearby bottle.

Lightly, she started washing, making small, tentative circles on her right hip with the puff. It felt... nice.

Really nice.

In more ways than one.

With growing confidence - and physical arousal - she began to increase both the vigor and size of the circular motions she was making, letting the puff move over her body... like a lover's hand.

She gave off a small moan of pleasure at the sensations coming from the gentle contact of the slippery, soapy puff against her fair skin, tingling the nerves - and exciting both her body and her imagination.

As he right hand continued to use the puff to nominally wash herself, her lefty hand began sliding over the slick, damp skin of her left side, starting on her thigh and slowly working it's way up the side of the body, feeling the lingering line of pleasure it left behind.

"Oh, wow..." She said, in soft amazement. She wondered if women had any idea of how much more sensitive - how much more responsive - their very bodies were to sensation, especially pleasure.

Somehow, he doubted it. Women, after all, lived with it all their life, and had no more idea of how different it was for them then she had had while a man. It took a chance to experience both sides of the gender equation to find out just how different the two are.

Now, the soapy puff slid from her hand, all pretense of this being a simple shower gone as she let her hands roam her body at will, her head lolling to one side as she moaned again in pleasure...

* * * * *

On the other side of the adjoining wall, leaning against the tub he'd just about to start filling with water, Vince listened, wide eyed, as Debbie's muffled, but audible, moans increased in volume and duration.

* * * * *

"God... women have it so good..." She gasped to herself, one hand rising, the other falling. "Tits to play with, any time thy want..."

Her hand gripped the underside of her massive new breast, kneading the soft, firm flesh... as her thumb rose up and began to rhythmically tweak her large, thick, and now very fully erect pink nipple, causing wonderful waves of pleasure.

Without thinking, she cried out what she was thinking - feeling - without any hesitation: "God, I..."

* * * * *

"...love having tits!"

Naked, perched on the edge of the tub, Vince had his eyes closed, the mental image of what his feminized friend was doing on the other side of the wall playing through his mind.

Almost without conscious thought, the naked man's hand dipped between his legs, wrapping around his hard cock and beginning to stroke firmly and rhythmically.

* * * * *

As good as it felt to play with her own, massive rack, folding the firm flesh and playing with the large, highly-sensitive nipples, it was all quite second rate to the sensations that blossomed in her body as her other hand reached the center of her new gender, her womanhood - which was warm and wet in a way that had nothing to do with the water still gushing down over her.

Her finger pressed lightly across the swollen, sensitive nub of her engorged clit - and she twitched, knees going weak. She sagged back against the wall, hand on her massive tits redoubling it's efforts - as she plunged a finger into her tight, wet new cunt, crying out in pleasure as she did so: "I love being a woman!"

It was purely a spur-of-the-moment cry, not a lifestyle declaration... but she wondered if it might become that, as the finger thrust in her tight new womanhood sped up, plunging harder and faster into her cunt, increasing the wonderful, internal pleasure flooding through her body from the tiny little nub, and the tight, slippery-wet walls of her cunt.

"Oh, yes..." She gasped, thrashing against the wall. "Geez... why aren't woman fingering themselves all day long, playing with their tits every minute of the day..."

She thrashed and moaned, her full buttocks slamming against the cool mirror behind her as warm pleasure thundered through her. "Oh, yes - yes...!" She cried, as her first female orgasm rapidly approached. "Dear God..."

* * * * *

"...yes, yes, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm... *cumming...*!" She wasn't the only one.

Arching his back and gasping, Vince let fly with his load, leaving a sticky trail running down the far side of the tub as he shuddered and slumped.

"Whoa, Deb - I had no idea you were so hyped about being a woman..." He muttered, grinning at the wall.

If he was so capable of getting into the pants of women who were complete strangers, imagine how much easier a relationship it would be with a hot-to-trot woman who also happened to be somebody he really liked spending time with.

This could be interesting.

Very interesting indeed.

This 'turning into a woman' idea she'd had might be the best thing that had ever happened to them. They were best friends, and he was still a man - but she was now all woman, and obviously comfortable with her new body.

The sex was all but pre-ordained...

* * * * *

Knees still a little weak, Debbie slid open the door to 'her' closet in 'her' bedroom...

...and stopped dead, eyes going wide as she unconsciously let the towel she'd wrapped around her lithe new body drop to the ground.

The closet was huge, a walk-in with enough room to store an elephant...

...and it was jam-packed to the limit. Every inch was filled - with the largest array of sexy, seductive and sensual clothing she'd ever seen.

"Oh, my god...!" She gasped, blushing anew. "I wouldn't be caught dead letting anybody see me dressed like this...!" The new woman paused... and slowly began to smile as she looked around.

"But there's nobody to see me, now is there...?" She asked herself. Feeling delightfully guilty, she began to peruse the selection.

Finally, she settled on one of the outfits she'd seen 'herself' wearing on one of the posters - a simple but highly effective outfit. It was easy enough to get dressed - since the entire outfit consisted of precisely two garments.

A pair of skin-tight 'daisy duke' shorts - and a custom-made little hot-pink-checkered short-sleeve shirt that simply tied in a bow, exposing most of her massive, round tits to their best display.

The final item for the little outfit was a pair of hot-pink little sneakers. It was simple, easy to put on - and sexy as hell.

"Wow - what a body..." She said to herself, modeling her hot new look in the nearest mirror.

Giggling at the audacity of wearing such a skimpy, body-revealing outfit, she shook her head at herself and headed out of the bedroom, feeling like grabbing a snack. For the hell of it, she used her 'stripper stride' as she swayed out into the living room...

...only to stop dead, instantly embarrassed, as Vince, crossing the room with a beer from her fridge in hand, looked her up and down and let out an appreciative whistle.

"Damn, Deb - looking hot!" Vince said, grinning. "So - ready to watch that movie?"

With all that had happened, Debbie had completely forgotten that they'd planned to watch a movie on TV tonight. Blinking, she opened her mouth to demand to know where he got off just strolling into her apartment...

...but they'd always had free run of each other's places before, and she closed her mouth before saying anything stupid. "Uh - maybe I should go get changed..." She said, awkwardly, gesturing in the direction of her bedroom.

"Why?" Vince asked, unconcerned, as he gestured at the couch. "I already told you, you look great. C'mon, sit down - the movie's gonna start."

It was strange to find herself feeling uncomfortable with being in the same room as her best friend - so Deb did her level best to suppress the feeling, feigning a smile and walking a bit awkwardly over to the couch, where she settled tight against the arm of the comfortable seat.

Grinning, Vince sat down - right beside her, his arm draped over the back of the couch behind her.

She squirmed a bit at being so close to a man while female - but it wasn't just any man, it was her best friend, so she forced another smile, and kept her discomfort to herself.

She tried to concentrate on the movie, ignoring the hand on her shoulders...

...even as it slipped lower...

...but when his other hand came to rest on her leg, it was too much. "Vince - stop it." She said, pushing him away.

Nothing but surprise showed on his face. With his mind-set, he hadn't seen this coming - he'd seen his best friend 'sharing the boon of womanhood' with him. Oh, perhaps blushing and awkward, the way Dave had been with anything sexual, but as willing as Dave had ever been.

"What are you doing?" Vince asked, truly hurt. "Playing a cock-tease?" "It's not like that!" Debbie protested. "I.. I'm just not ready..."

"Not ready?" Vince scoffed. "You sounded ready in the shower..." She blushed.

"Come on, Vince - this isn't right..." She protested anew.

Frustrated, Vince threw up his hands.

"Geez, Deb - what's wrong with you?" He blurted. "You're a woman, aren't you? Women like having sex with men, don't they?" "Well, yes, but..." She tried to explain.

"Holy Crow!" Vince burst out, well and truly worked up. "I wish I was a huge-breasted sexy ex-stripper myself, so I could show you how to correctly accept the pleasure of a man!"

He didn't even realize what he'd just said - until the golden glow began to swirl around him...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: With new technology in place, two secretaries play a trick on their chauvinistic boss by setting him up in a transformation scenario as a stripper with an insatiable need for sex.

Role Reversal

By Gunslinger

Expensive - and much-hated - gold-trimmed reading glasses already in place, leonine head lowered to read the faxes in the leather-bound folder he held, Marcus Antony Davis strode confidently and powerfully into the outer office adjacent to his own inner sanctum.

"Linda, I'll need Herr Gutenberg's number immediately." He said, glancing up only briefly, his mind already busy with the data on his faxes, which had come in on the secure machine in his private Sikorsky helicopter, which he used for his daily commute. "Bring it in with my coffee."

"Yes, sir."

His powerful stride unchecked, Mark continued towards the door to his office, his trim, handsome frame neatly clad in a Saville Row suit of dark blue. "Also, Senator Cantor canceled, so see if you can't bump my one-thirty up."

"Yes, Sir."

Opening the door to his office, the leader of business and industry barked out one final instruction. "And Linda...? Get Douglas over at legal down here ASAP - I should have had his report on my desk last night."

"Of course, sir."

The heavy brass-trimmed oak door closed behind Mark Davis's trim back. Two or three silent seconds passed...

...then the door swung back open, and Mark leaned against the door frame, his dark hazel eyes surveying the woman behind the broad, cluttered desk just outside his door. He cocked his head to one side, running his fingers through his light brown hair, yet to show the first signs of gray.

Then, with a broad smile, he stepped forward, holding out his hand. "Hi, I'm Mark Davis." He said, politely. "And you are...?"

The slender, attractive woman behind the desk smiled wryly. "Carolyn Gorman, Mr. Davis. I'll be filling in for Linda while she's on Maternity leave."

"Oh, yes, of course." Mark said, with a smile that was now strictly polite. Mentally, he kicked himself for forgetting.

After all, he'd arranged a long, very well-paid maternity leave for Linda himself... to help insure that she wouldn't bring up the matter of paternity, especially not in court...

"Well, I'm sure you're fully qualified for the job, Miss... Gordon, was it?" "Gorman, sir." She replied, calmly. "I'll be right in with your coffee."

"Great." Mark said, nodding - and surreptitiously taking in a head-to-toe glance of his new secretary. Turning, he re-entered his office and closed the door behind him, his mind churning over the look he'd gotten.

Not bad. Not bad at all. Tall, slender and lithe, which was good - even if she was wearing a well-tailored suit that was somewhat 'mannish' in its cut, and accented with barely-feminine Italian leather 'loafer'-style shoes with, at most, a one-inch heel. Still, despite her lack of make-up and the way her dark hair was done in a tight bun, this Gordon girl was still quite the looker, and she might be... *amenable* to certain suggestions...

A moment later, just after he'd settled into his desk and brought his sleeping computer to life, the object of his thoughts appeared in the doorway, carrying the gold-trimmed china cup-and-saucer of his first coffee of the working day. Setting it down on his desk near his elbow gave him a chance to judge her - sadly - rather flat chest, though he did so with circumspection. As she laid the number he'd asked for on the desk and began reading the day's appointments to him, he picked up the cup and began to sip at the coffee.

He bought - or had people buy for him - a special blend of coffee, just perfect to his liking... and this wasn't quite it. There was a certain, bitter taste to it that was a little off. Not much, but enough to be appreciable. Either the coffee mix was 'adulterated', or the beans themselves came from a crop that had an 'off' season, neither of which was acceptable to Mark. After all, one didn't earn as much money as he did to put up with second best...

Making a mental note to have it looked into, he finished the cup of almost perfect coffee while listening to his new secretary read off his day's appointments...

...then shook his head and blinked, feeling thick-witted and exhausted.

Taking off his reading glasses and putting them on the desk, he turned around and looked out the floor-to-ceiling windows behind him, barely noticing the glorious view beyond, the city bathed in the golden light of sunset. Instead, Mark rubbed the bridge of his nose between thumb and forefinger, trying to dispel the faint-but-definite headache behind his eyes, like a pressure on his brain.

Well, that's what happened after you put in a hard day's work as a mover-and-shaker in the Western Capitalistic world. Why, just look at what he'd done today...

For a second, a faint frown marred Mark's features as he realized that nothing immediately leapt to mind with that thought. What *had* he done today...?

...but he must have had a busy day to get a headache, and it was just the same stuff, day-in and day-out, so he didn't really need to think all that hard about it, did he? In fact, he didn't have to think about it at all...

Pushing the thought aside as irrelevant, Mark rose and stretched, unconsciously rubbing the faintly sore spot on his arm, just below the elbow. He left his suit jacket slung across the back of his chair and walked over to the door of his private, in-office apartment, opening it and walking into a 'small' apartment, extravagantly furnished. He'd had the place built into his penthouse office so that he'd could stay at the office when he was expecting an important meeting or call in the middle of the night, like tonight. He wanted to be close by when...

...when whatever it was he was waiting for happened. He had to be waiting for something, since he was absolutely sure he was going to be staying here tonight, and whatever it was must be important, right?

Shaking his head at the way his brain just kept jumping from one topic to another, Mark realized he must be even more tired than he first thought: usually his brain only slipped away from strict business when there was an attractive female within view. Walking over to the lavishly-stocked bar in the corner, he poured himself a drink and then walked over to the leather recliner in front of the big-screen TV and dropped into it. Reaching for the remote, he took a sip of his drink as he flipped on the TV, noticing in passing that the scotch seemed a little more bitter than he remembered it being, but not enough to stop him from downing the rest of it in a gulp. Putting the glass aside, he began to flip through the channels...

...and was more than a little surprised to find the same thing on all of them. An inexpensively-made show, judging from the quality, and having something to do with...

* * * * *

"Mark? Mark, it's time to wake up..."

Mark blinked - and found himself looking into his new secretary's face. A second later, he realized he was sitting in the rich, leather embrace of his recliner, apparently having fallen asleep in front of the TV while watching... watching... something, the night before.

"Umph..." Mark muttered, stretching as Carolyn stepped back to make room for him to rise. "I musta drifted off."

"I guess so, Mark." She replied with a small grin. "I've got some breakfast ready for you. Why don't I set it out on the table and lay out your clothes while you get a shower?"

"Sounds great..." Mark muttered, heading towards the bathroom of the apartment, feeling fuzzy and thick-witted from sleep. He hoped she'd brewed a lot of coffee this morning - the way he felt, he was going to need it...

Closing the bathroom door behind him, Mark started the water running and adjusted the temperature, then quickly stripped out of the clothes from last night. Stepping into the shower, he felt the warm water sluice across his body, and he sighed at how good it felt.

Blinking blearily, he reached for the soap...

...and didn't find it. Instead, in the gold-toned racks built in to the stall, there was a plain green plastic bottle that looked not only oddly familiar... but oddly *enticing* to Mark.

Shrugging, Mark picked up the... body wash...? and flipped open the lid, squirting the thick, green, gel-like substance into his hand. Almost mechanically, he began to rub it on, starting at his feet, standing back out of the spray of water. The bottle was one of the large- sized ones, but he used almost all of it as he slowly, almost unthinkingly coated his body in the gel.

It took him several minutes to realize that, after applying the stuff, he'd merely stopped moving, standing stock-still for what must have been a good ten or fifteen minutes.

"Geez... falling asleep in the shower..." He muttered to himself, stepping forward under the spray and beginning to rinse the coating off his slightly tingling skin. He wouldn't have been surprised if he had, in fact, drifted off for a few minutes - he felt so logy and thick-headed that he was barely aware that he was awake to begin with.

After that, he used the shampoo and conditioner to wash his thick, long mass of hair...

"Long...?" Mark said, aloud, stopping dead, fingers still buried in a mass of hair that hung to his shoulders. "When did my hair get so..." Memory flashed...

* *

He was in his office. He knew that, because he recognized the surroundings - but the chair he was sitting in was in the center of the office, where there shouldn't be any furniture. The chair wasn't familiar to him - yet, in a way, it was, it's embrace similar to that of a barber's chair... but not quite.

A woman he'd never seen before stood in front of him, her blocky body covered with a long white jacket. A pair of scissors glittered in her right hand as she surveyed him, dispassionately. Beside her was a tray full of tools for styling and

trimming hair - and more, items he'd seen but never used, as well as items he'd never even seen. An esoteric collection of styling equipment mixed with oddly scientific- looking items...

The woman in front of him spoke, though Mark wasn't quite able to comprehend the words. It didn't matter, as the words weren't directed at him - from somewhere behind him, he heard another feminine voice answer back, one he recognized as belonging to his new secretary, Carolyn...

* *

Mark blinked, staring at the blue-tile wall of the shower stall.

"Damn..." he muttered, blankly. "Drifted off again. What was I...? Oh, yeah... washing my hair..."

He went back to washing his thick, full head of platinum-blond hair almost absently, staring blankly at the wall in front of him and thinking about nothing in particular while he performed the chore. Once finished, he rinsed his hair thoroughly, then shut off the water and stepped out of the stall, toweling himself off quickly, his smooth body shivering slightly in the cooler air.

Padding, naked, into the bedroom area of the apartment, he found Carolyn waiting for him.

It didn't even occur to him to be self-conscious about being naked in front of his secretary. After all, he'd been naked - and more - with all his previous secretaries, hadn't he?

Besides...

* *

He was naked. The cool air moved over his skin as he sat, limp, in the chair, the chemical cocktail running from the IV into his arm. Everything had a dream-like quality to it as Carolyn looked him over with an appraising look, a sneer on her lips as she turned to the other woman and spoke...

* *

"Something wrong, Mark?" Carolyn asked, as he frowned slightly.

"I.. I'm not sure..." He replied, groping for the memories and thoughts that didn't want to quite come clear. "I.. I..." She cleared her throat. "Why don't I help you dress... *Missy?*"

He blinked, shaking his head. "Uh.... What? Oh, yeah, sure - that's be great." He grinned at her. She was so smart. So... *in control*. Well, that's why he trusted her, wasn't it? She was *always* right, wasn't she...?

Carolyn smiled at him. A slightly odd smile, but that was okay - because everything she did was right, wasn't it? He trusted and believed her completely...

...didn't he...?

"Here... let's start with this..." She said, handing him a pair of plain white briefs. The fit sort of strangely on him, being a little baggy at the back and too tight in the crotch and waist... and there was no 'zigzag' opening on the front. He frowned slightly as he pulled them on, feeling that there might, possibly, be something about this underwear that bothered him... but it was *Carolyn* who had handed them to him, for God's sake, and she was *never* wrong... so he let himself slide back into a calm, happy daze and simply tucked his cock and balls into as comfortable a position as possible.

Next, she handed him an undershirt. He always wore an undershirt, one of those white, sleeveless shirts sometimes called a 'wife- beater' shirt... but he'd never pulled on one quite like this. First of all, it was smoother, softer fabric.. and there was lace trim along the neckline and hem...

...but it was what Carolyn had given him to wear, so it *must* be right for him.

She handed him a dress shirt to put on. It was sort of off-white, and made of silk, so it must have been fairly expensive. and, like the stuff he'd put on so far, it hadn't come from his closet. Carolyn, being perfect, must have decided he needed a new 'look'. Well, she new best, didn't she? After all, that's why he hired her....

With that comforting thought, he slipped the shirt on. finding that it was a little tight across the shoulders, slightly baggy in the chest.

Still, like the rest of the clothes, it must be the way it was designed to fit - after all, Carolyn didn't make mistakes.

Next, he pulled on the slacks he was handed. They were beige, with tapered legs and more prominent pleats at the waist than what he was used to. and, like the underwear, it was tight in the waist and crotch, but baggy across his hips and ass.

There was a matching jacket for the slacks, and it was a bit of a struggle to get it on - it was a 'formed' cut jacket, with a narrow waist and a flare over the hips that nothing he'd ever worn before had anything even close to.

The 'final touches' were the shoes and the tie. The tie must have been European or something, more of a blue-and-old-gold silk scarf that was tied into a sort of loose, fluffy 'bow-tie'. The shoes were loafer, Italian leather but they pinched his toes something horrible, and the heels were somewhat taller than he was used too, and narrower almost like cowboy-boot heels or something.

"There you go, Missy." Carolyn complimented him - and her approving words caused shivers of pleasure to run down his spine. "Now, why don't I just fix your hair for you, and then we can get some work done?"

"Sure thing, Carolyn. " He agreed, happily, sitting down and letting her fiddle with his hair for awhile. While she was doing that, she commented on how dry the air was, and he agreed, though he'd just noticed that fact after she'd mentioned it.

Luckily, the jacket he was wearing was 'fully equipped' - there was a black-and-gold tube of chap-stick in his pocket. It must have been cherry- or strawberry-flavored, given it's bright-red color, but it didn't taste much like either as he applied it to his lips, immediately getting rid of that annoying 'dry' sensation.

Fully dressed and with his hair finished (as perfect as always, Carolyn had pulled the thick wave back and up, away from his face so it fell in waves down to his shoulders), he sat down to breakfast while Carolyn discussed the day's itinerary.

"This morning I'll be using your office, so you'll have to use the desk out in the reception room." She told him, and he nodded. "Then, this afternoon, your new image consultant is dropping by again for more. consulting."

He paused, frowning slightly. "Image consultant?"

"Yes, Missy." Carolyn said. "Tanya. You met her yesterday. You're very happy with her work, Missy."

He grinned. "Yes. I met her yesterday, and I'm very happy with her work." Still grinning, he finished the steaming, slightly bitter coffee...

* * * * * *blink*

...Joe, from R&D, was looking at him oddly, asking something about... lipstick...? He tried to explain to Joe about Tanya, the new image, and everything, but Carolyn interrupted to bring Joe some coffee... some 'Joe for Joe', she'd joked... blink

...he was in that chair again, and pain was struggling to break through his daze to scream it's warning to his mind, but he couldn't seem to care as Tanya leaned over him again and did something to his face and...

Blink

'...how about Sandra, Missy?' Carolyn asked, her face curled by her sneer. 'Did you fuck her, too - then fire her when you got bored with her?'

'Yes...' He replied, thickly, slowly - numbly.

Carolyn turned to Tanya. 'Well, there's another cup size. Geez, I don't think this bastard's ever walked past a woman without trying to fuck her...'

BLINK

...the image on the TV screen was pretty low quality, but he barely noticed, absorbing the information from it, as he'd been instructed. Tips on how to walk, how to stand, how to 'pose' without even having to think about it...

BLINK...

* *

Gasping, Missy sat bolt upright, sweat sheathing his smooth, denuded skin.

"What's wrong, Missy?" Carolyn asked, coming out of the bathroom, where she'd started the shower running for him.

"I.. I'm not sure..." He gasped, mind spinning with half-formed images. "I... I... It feel like a nightmare, yet... yet... What was it that we did yesterday...?"

Carolyn's lips twitched. "Nothing you need to be worried about, Missy. Yesterday was just fine - and you slept fine last night. In fact, you feel calm, relaxed and happy... don't you, Missy?"

Missy blinked, and relaxed. "Yes, Carolyn, I do. I feel calm, relaxed and happy." "Good. Now, why don't you shower, and I'll lay out your clothes."

"Of course, Carolyn." Missy replied, sliding out of bed and padding into the bathroom, where the shower was already running, the temperature perfectly adjusted. He slipped into the stall.

He started with his hair - since it was both the best and the worst. The worst, because his massive, bleached-blond mane of hair hung all the way down to his thighs, straight and loose, and so was a real pain to wash. He felt the silky strands under his long-nailed fingers as he worked at washing and conditioning the thick, full mane...

Wait a second... was his hair always this thick and long? Didn't it used to be shorter...?

<You love your long, thick hair, Missy. You're proud of having such a huge head of soft, silky, bottle-blond hair...>

The slight frown that had formed faded with a happy sigh as he finished washing his hair and moved on to the rest of his body... which was very, very sore. That was the reason why his hair was also the 'best' to start with - his entire body was tender, especially his chest, ass, crotch, waist and face... but the other parts were sore, as well. It wasn't anything to worry about, of course - Carolyn had told him so. Still, it was uncomfortable to wash himself, hands moving with utmost care to avoid sudden, sharp flares of pain - especially since he had such long, sharp nails...

Wait a second.... Long nails...?

<You don't mind how hard it is to do things with long nails, Missy. You're proud of your nails, and like to keep them neat, clean and painted in bright, glossy colors...>

What was he... oh, right - washing while being careful not to poke himself with his wonderfully long, well-maintained nails. Maybe he should get another manicure soon...

Humming softly to himself, a vapid smile unknowingly pasted onto his face, Missy finished his shower and very carefully toweled himself dry, loving the feel of the soft terry-cloth towel across his smooth, silky, wonderful skin.

Padding out of the bathroom, he found Carolyn waiting to help him dress. She was *sooooo* helpful, and he was glad she'd hired him as her secretary. After all, he'd never have gotten to be so good at his job if not for her help, especially her brilliant idea of having her friend Tanya help him become more 'professional' in appearance and actions.

Carolyn was just the best boss ever.

She helped him dress, starting with the heavily-'boned' white canvas-and-leather corset. It was a cast-iron bitch to get on, and Missy gasped as Carolyn mercilessly pulled it tighter and tighter - and tighter. He opened his mouth to complain...

<You want to have as slender a waist as possible, Missy. You want it absolutely tiny...> "Can you get it any tighter?" He asked, fretfully. "I swear, I'm just a fat cow..."

Carolyn grinned. "Don't worry Missy - I'm sure that the diet, exercise and the pills will get you down to size in no time. Why, I bet that you won't even need the corset soon..."

"I hope you're right..." He said, fretfully - how was he going to lose those unsightly inches...?

Still worried about his too-thick waist, Missy finished dressing - the 'nude' nylons, the tight, pastel-pink skirt that clung to his hips and full ass, the crisp, tight-fitting white short-sleeve blouse, and the white leather pumps with their six-inch heels.

Then he sat down to do his hair and make-up. Tanya had helped him learn how to make his face look better by 'emphasizing' his features, and he was grateful to her, too - but not as much as he was grateful to Carolyn, of course.

Not even realizing that he was humming happily to himself, he carefully finished his make-up and got Carolyn's approval, then moved on to his hair. First, he dried it with a blow-dryer - a time-consuming job, since his hair was so long and thick. Once it was finally dry, he moved on to very carefully styling it so it helped emphasize the line of his face and the smooth flow of his neck.

Once he was done, all he had to do was choose a few pieces of jewelry, and then he was ready for another day at work...

...after he'd had his coffee, of course. Despite the fact that Carolyn was the 'big boss', damned near God Herself, she still was such a darling woman as to make the coffee while he got ready, and she had a cup of the dark, slightly bitter brew waiting for him when he was ready for it...

* * * * *

He was sitting... somewhere. He felt strange. Not just his body, but his mind - he felt... lethargic. Awake... yet not.

Standing near him, looking at him, were three women. Carolyn and Tanya, with looks of haughty pride on their faces - and Linda, her belly bulging roundly, a look of stunned shock on her face.

"That's really him?" His old secretary said, sounding stunned. "That's... that's amazing! I can't believe you managed to do this in only three months!"

"Yes - it worked out even better than we hoped. Of course, he was 'asleep' for most of that time, and wasn't aware of it as we got him ready... but that was part of the plan, and it worked as well - or better - than we hoped." Carolyn said, smugly. "In fact, everything's gone even better than we planned. Not only with him, but with the rest of the company. We 'Phase One'd all the male staff, and they believe absolutely anything we tell them to. Not only will they 'support' our little story about Mark

selling the company to me, but all the upper executives are shortly going to decide to leave the company, making room for our friends to take the positions."

"That's great..." Linda said, vaguely, now grinning widely as she stared at him. "But what about her? I mean - him? Is Phase Three ready?"

"Yes. She's not only ready, physically, but fully 'programmed'. As far as the rest of the world is concerned, Mark Davis died when his plane crashed. Such a shame, too, what with him having just decided to retire..." She smirked. "Now, there's only Melissa Montblanc - or, as she prefers to be called, Missy..."

Then the heavy darkness pressing in overwhelmed him, and his thick-witted mind slid into darkness, still trying to puzzle out what the women were talking about...

* * * * *

"Put your hands together and welcome our feature dancer for her last set of the evening!" Slightly distorted by the amplification, the words of the DJ/MC nevertheless rang clean through the heavy beat of the music. "The One...! The Only...! MISTY MOUNTAINS!"

As the last fragments of that shouted, amplified voice echoed around the inside of the club, the darkness on stage was replaced by the sudden flare of light from hidden spot-lights, three separate beams cutting through the smoky atmosphere of the club from three different directions. White, pale pink and faint yellow, merging and mingling on the single target the three of them shared in common...

...and the all-male audience went wild, hooting, whistling and applauding wildly at the sight of the woman who stood in the lime-light.

Cast in the trio of lights that caught gold-and-copper highlights from her lightly oiled skin, she was as much a work of sensual art as a living, breathing woman, her body held easily in the 'oldest pose' - her left leg bearing slightly more of the weight, her right leg slightly bent at the knee and extended about an inch forward and an inch outward, her hips slightly cocked, her arms hanging easily at her side as she stared straight forward, face in a easy, peaceful expression that seemed out-of-place in the noisy, thrumming throng of testosterone that surrounded her.

She was tall - but most of her extra height seemed to come from long, incredibly shapely legs that rose in seemingly endless series of smooth, feminine curves and dips. Bare and slightly oiled, the perfectly smooth, silky legs were further enhanced by the white leather platform pumps she wore, lifting her three inches higher at the toes, but a soaring ten inches where the spiked heels lifted her aloft. The heels also accentuated the taut, sensual curvature of her full, firm ass, easily seen through the diaphanous white gown, trimmed with lace, that lay over her gleaming body, covering without concealing her stunning form.

Her waist was deliciously slender, wasp-like in it's slender, perfectly curved double arch above the smooth swell of her womanly hips. A pair of lacy white French-cut panties served to accentuate rather than break those smooth, supple lines, and the fact that the panties hid her womanhood - barely - only promised that there was even more to come. Likewise, the matching bra that encased her breasts was merely titillating the audience, letting them know that there was even more to be seen - and many of the men were all-but-drooling at the thought of seeing those glorious, perfect mounds bare. Indeed, many of them were 'repeat customers', having seen her in all her glory - but that did nothing to lessen their interest, or their attentions. Indeed, the ones who had already seen her act seemed the most eager to once more gaze upon her gorgeous, naked body.

But as perfect as that body was, it was easily matched by her face. It was a study in sensual beauty, well formed and almost eerily perfect - without being coldly 'artificial'. Indeed, despite her occupation and her current focus of lustful gazes, there seemed to be an almost virginal, innocent aspect to her beauty. Her face was heart-shaped, with a slender, pointed chin that rose in a graceful sweep up and back. Her cheek-bones were high and well-defined, creating a natural sort of 'crevice' on either side of her full, soft lips, giving her a permanent expression of faint, amused surprise, as if everything was new and wonderful to the big, crystal-clear blue eyes that framed her pert, upturned nose.

Surrounding that face was an incredibly full, thick, silky mane of platinum-blond hair that moved softly and naturally, the silken strands stirred even by the faint motion of her own breathing. Lifting high off her head and then falling in thick, curly waves to just above her full, spectacular ass, her massive mane of hair seemed to have a life it's own, even though she was standing almost perfectly still...

...and then she *moved*. Like a living liquid, her body impossibly supple and graceful, she began to glide forward, torso moving with the beat of the song as she worked her leg muscles in sensual counterpoint, her hair trailing behind her like a living cape of pale gold silk. Her long, carefully maintained nails were painted the faintest shade of pink, nearly white, and they roamed her own, silky body at will, touching and glancing across smooth, succulent flesh as she moved and writhed in sensuous, supple time with the music.

Yet, for all the pure sexual power of her motions, there still remained that sort of 'innocence' about her, as if she was utilizing ingrained, almost unconscious skills of a purely sexual nature, yet without any 'wayward' thoughts. As if she was somehow more... 'focused' on what she was doing, without being consciously aware of any other 'implications' of her actions... as if she were naive enough to be doing this simply because she 'enjoyed' it...

...or almost as if she were somehow a machine 'programmed' to arouse men without even thinking about it. But of course, she was a living person, and it wasn't possible to program a person...

...was it?

It didn't matter - none of the men watching her incredible, sensual movements bothered to question the origin of her nearly paranormal skill and sensuality, both physically and in motion, they just enjoyed it.

They enjoyed it even more as she slowly shucked off what little clothing she did wear. Unlike most strippers, however, her panties weren't the last to come off.

Her bra was - and then the audience's howls and applause redoubled as her incredible breasts were - finally - fully revealed.

They were huge. The size of large pumpkins, easily, and remarkably firm - yet not 'hard', but with the faint droop of 'natural' breasts. It seemed impossible for any woman to have breasts that large and yet have them so preternaturally firm... yet the size of her thick, pink nipple conformed to the massive proportions of her tits, something women who were the recipients of a plastic surgeon's skills could not boast.

Now gloriously naked, the statuesque blonde continued to dance for a few more minutes, until the end of the song, and then swayed and jiggled most pleasantly off stage, the audience still applauding. Pausing in her nominal dressing-room only long enough to pull on a fuzzy pink bathrobe, she headed towards the back door of the club. She pushed open the heavy, graffiti-marked steel door...

There was a gasp of indrawn breath - and a dozen or so men waiting at the rear of the club began to vie for her attention as she smiled somewhat vapidly - at the crowd. To be here, waiting, meant that they'd had to miss the end of her show - but they were more than willing to do so, given the chances...

Lips curled into a smile, the pneumatic blonde looked over the selection tonight - and pointed one long, pastel-pink nail at two different men.

"You... and you..." She said in her high, clear soprano, finishing her selection off with a giggle. While the other men sighed and looked on enviously, the huge-breasted woman headed towards her house, which was a small bungalow only a hundred yards away from the back door of the club, on the other side of the parking lot. The two men she'd singled out padded along behind her, almost slavishly, sharing meaningful looks between long, panting gazes at the pert sway of her hips and the way the robe moved over her spectacular ass.

Her high, slender heels clacked lightly on the three concrete steps leading up to the small patio in front of the door, and she reached into the pocket of her robe to draw out the house key - and the action caused the loosely-tied robe to drop open. Even though they were behind her, the guys had no trouble imagining what was revealed by this - and she made no move to tie it closed again.

Then again, it wasn't really a surprise. Misty had been working at the Booby Trap for more than three months now, and nearly every 'regular' there knew her 'habits'. She just couldn't seem to get enough sex. While most of the strippers 'worked the floor' between shows, doing private dances, Misty always picked a guy or two to take home between shows, and at the end of the day before she headed to bed... well, headed off to sleep. From rough estimates made by various guys, she spent roughly half of her waking day 'in bed'... though the rumors were, it wasn't necessarily 'in bed' that she did her best work...

The rumors seemed to be true. As they guys stepped into her house, their jaws dropped as they stared about them in amazement.

This bungalow was less a place to live than a temple - a temple dedicated to sexual pleasure. Almost every piece of furniture was sturdy enough to support weight, and there was almost no sharp edges to be seen. Even the coffee table and end tables boasted wide, padded leather edged and smooth surfaces. Mirrors abounded, and everything was 'artfully' lighted, neither too bright nor too dim.

"I'm running kinda late tonight, guys." Misty said, with a grin. "Do you guys mind if I do both of you at the same time, right here and now? Truth is, I really shoulda only picked one guy, and even that for a quickie... but I just couldn't choose between sucking a nice, big cock, or getting fucked."

The two guys, still stunned to find that every one of the 'impossible' rumors they'd heard seemed to be true, shared a look. "No problem.." the taller, dark-haired one on the right said, in an oddly strangled voice.

"Great!" She said, happily. "Come on over here, guys..." She said... and let her robe pool around her ankles.

She was gorgeous. She was stunning - and she was hot to trot. Inside, the guys felt a faint tinge of regret, knowing that - so far - she'd never done the same guy twice, and that meant that they were 'wasting' their chance, only getting a quickie out of it... but, right now, they didn't care...

Eagerly - almost desperately - Misty reached out and unzipped the shorter guy's jeans, pushing them - and his boxers - down around his knees, exposing a cock that was hard and ready, the walk here and the thoughts of what was going to happen more than enough to get him aroused.

Spreading her legs, Misty bent over at the waist, huge tits dangling as she leaned forward and wrapped one hand around the base of the guy's cock... and leaned closer, her full, softly firm lips parting and enveloping his cock as he moaned.

That left her ass sticking up and out, invitingly - and it was an invitation that the taller of the two had no intention of refusing. Fumbling a bit out of excitement, he undid his belt and lowered his own pants as he stepped behind her... and buried himself eagerly into her hot, wet, and oh-so-ready cunt.

She didn't moan or gasp at being penetrated - but then, a well-bred person didn't talk with their mouth full. And her mouth was most definitely full as she sucked and licked at the shorter man's cock, with a skill and eagerness that was almost frightening. Her hands, lips and tongue all moved in perfect concert, and she didn't seem the least bit 'distracted' by the fact that the taller guy was pounding away for all he was worth, his face screwed up in an odd expression as he eagerly fucked her from behind, her firm ass shaking from the force of his thrusts as he held on to her hips for leverage. Though she was bent over, still perched atop those slender hells, and being fucked hard from behind, it didn't cause her to 'bounce' forward, or otherwise affect the fantastic blow-job she was giving the first guy...

...and then she began to buck her hips, unlocking her knees and 'posting' to enhance both her own and the guy's pleasure as he fucked her, achieving a syncopated rhythm that made each stroke longer and deeper, as well as causing her cunt to 'tighten' by changing the angle - rubbing the top more tightly on the 'in' thrust, while gripping the bottom of the cock on the 'out' thrust.

Both guys were in intense ecstasy... and she was fucking-and-sucking as if neither one affected the other, almost as if she were two different people, one of them fucking, the other sucking. The amount of skill and 'attention' she was giving to each of them was... well, since they were experiencing it, 'impossible' wasn't the right word.

Awesome. Incredible. Perhaps... Godlike?

No - the right description was orgasmic. Definitely orgasmic - because her manipulation of both of them was also so masterful that she not only sped up and slowed down to keep them 'on the edge' for longer than either thought possible, she also timed it so that both of them - hell, maybe all three of them - came at the exact... same... time...

Both guys screamed out in pleasure as they came, cum flowing into her from both ends. She, herself, was silent as she sucked down the load of thick, salty fluid that was jetting into her willing mouth, not wasting any of the salty cum as she also matched her hips' movements to the now uncoordinated, almost spastic motions of the man behind her, his cock still buried deep in her cunt.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the two men finished cumming. Gasping, sheathed in sweat, the two men pulled out of her...

"Thanks." She said, brightly. "I hate to fuck-and-run - or even suck-and-run - but I gotta get upstairs. I'm sure I'll see you guys around..."

As she spoke, she herded them toward the door, and they barely had time to get their pants back up and zipped before they found themselves unceremoniously dumped on the front porch, the door slamming shut behind them.

The two guys found themselves facing a 'spectator' gallery of a half-dozen guys waiting expectantly.

"Well?" One of them asked, urgently. For the past week or so, the two guys on the porch had been part of that midnight gallery, and knew that none of the guys would really believe what they were about to describe, no matter how much they wanted too...

...until their number finally came up, and they too were taken into Misty's home. Sharing a look, the two guys launched into their descriptions...

* * * * *

Missy hurried up the stairs towards her bedroom... and even as she did, wondered why she always felt this incredible urgency to be in her room by three-thirty in the morning. She knew that it was the same every night - no matter what she was doing,. She absolutely had to be in her room at three-thirty, even nights when the club's running late kept her behind schedule, like tonight. That urgency was strange, because all she did was go to bed...

...didn't she? The strange thing was, she could never remember. It had been months, and yet it was always the same - the time from three-thirty until she woke up was a blank to her. She couldn't remember what caused the urgency she felt every night - she just knew she couldn't fight it.

Reaching the top of the stairs, she opened the unusually thick door of her bedroom - unusually thick for other houses, that was. All the doors in her house were thick, since the entire house, each room individually and as a whole, were thoroughly sound-proofed. There weren't even any exterior windows, not anymore - the place had been completely renovated into a 'sex factory' before she'd moved in, though she couldn't remember who had taken care of it. She couldn't remember buying the house, for that matter, or where she'd lived before - or even when she'd gotten the job as a stripper. She'd just, somehow, known that she had to show up at the club the first day...

Closing the sound-proof door, Missy hurried across the thick, deep carpeting to the full-size three-way mirror in the corner. She barely reached it before the small clock beside it, set for three-thirty, let off its small beep...

..and she shivered, eyes fluttering closed.

Mark gasped, then opened her eyes and looked at the sexy, over-endowed sexual body she'd been cursed with. Slowly, she let her eyes roam over the image in the mirror as she let herself get 'up to speed' with what she'd done today, while her 'Missy/Misty' persona had been in control, her real mind forced deep behind an unbreakable wall, hidden until now.

Three months. For three months, she'd been living this life Linda and Carolyn had set up for her, spending each day, unknowing, as Missy - or Misty - a stripper with an insatiable need for sex. Every night, her 'real' consciousness returned... to be faced with what she'd done during the day.

For the first couple of week, the few hours she was 'herself' had been spent screaming and crying. At first, one of the girls, be it Tanya, Carolyn or Linda, had always called to gloat, to listen to her screams of horror and disgust. However, those calls had tapered off soon after she'd started her second phase - the weeks spent begging and pleading and promising, despite the fact that she was damned well aware that the transformation wrought on her was irreversible.

Then she'd sunk into depression. She'd wanted to kill herself - but the girls had made sure to program that option out of her. She wasn't allowed to do anything she knew would bring her harm.

Then she'd sunk into a sort of numb 'acceptance', wearily accepting the fact that there was nothing she could do about her situation. Tonight, however... tonight was different. Tonight, Mark had a plan.

Looking at her outrageous female form in the mirror, Mark didn't scream or sob or even sigh. Instead, she looked over her flawless female body - and then turned away, looking at the small clock set into the wall next to the mirror. The clock was set to beep at three- thirty, letting her real persona loose - and then again at nine in the morning, 'resetting' Missy to her alternate persona.

She'd desperately wished she could smash the clock... during the day. When she'd realized what it did, and accepted that being changed back was impossible, she'd tried to find some way to 'time delay' the destruction of that clock. Of course, she could have easily destroyed it any time she was 'really' conscious... but she'd wanted to destroy it while Missy, never again becoming mark trapped in Missy's body. In a way, it was a form of the suicide she'd been seeking - but destroying it while she was Mark would have left her trapped as Mark in Missy's body, and it was that she'd been trying to escape. However, when she was Missy/Misty, she didn't remember that she wanted to destroy the clock, and never thought of it.

Now, however, she looked around, and found a nice, heavy glass vase nearby. With a set expression of determination that looked out of place on her delicate face, she hefted it - and, with one fell swing, destroyed the clock in the wall.

Dropping the vase, she sighed, knowing she'd just made an irrevocable decision. Now she was 'doomed' to remain conscious in this body - but at least she wouldn't be trapped in the brainless 'Missy' mindset. Now she'd have a chance to find as good a life as she could, given the body she was trapped in...

She was startled when the phone rang... but, thanks to her programming, she didn't have any choice but to answer it. It was yet another 'detail' that they girls had thought of before hand.

"Yeah?" She said, bitterness in her usually sweet voice.

"Naughty, naughty..." Carolyn's voice said, marred by a barely-stifled yawn. "You know, we have a sensor in that clock. When it broke, an alarm sounded here. So... you've decided to accept that you're going to be female for the rest of your life, huh?"

Mark's feminine face tightened. "Oh, just get it over with." She said, irritably. "Go ahead an 'beep' me."

Carolyn laughed. "What - you thought that when we found out you'd broken the clock we'd just 'reset' you to Missy, then fix the clock? Perhaps even 'program' you to keep you from smashing it again? Or did you hope we'd just leave you as 'Missy' from then on?"

"Actually, I was hoping that you wouldn't know it was broken, and I'd have a chance to run away and start a new life." Mark admitted, slumping down on the bed. That had been her plan. He didn't want to be a woman - but since there was no longer any choice in the matter, she'd finally decided to take control of her life and try to live out a 'normal' life, rather than this half-existence where she was a nymphomaniac stripper with no conscious control during the day, and 'herself' at night.

"Really?" Carolyn said, sounding a bit surprised. "You 'adapted' faster then I expected. I figured it would take at least six months before you were willing to face the future in the full realization that you were female, now and forever."

"Yeah, well.." She grumbled. "So - what now? If you're not just going to 'reset' me to Missy, what happens now?" There was a pause, then: "Well, it's earlier then planned, but we did warn you, and it's in the contract, so... '*Excelsior*'." The word seemed to slam through Mark's brain, right to the core, causing her to shiver and cry out...

...and then gasp, going rigid and staring at the far wall, wide eyed.

"Holy Shit!" She said, stunned, not hearing the tiny voice coming from the phone handset as she dropped it numbly on the bed. She rose and turned, staring at the reflection in the three-way mirror, numbly lifting her hand to touch her huge, firm tits...

...as memory thrummed through her.

Her name wasn't Mark. Marcus Antony Davis wasn't real. Never had been. It was the pseudonym she'd chosen for herself at the very beginning...

* * * * *

Heart pounding, hands clammy with sweat, Steve pushed his black-rimmed glasses a bit higher onto his nose and - trembling slightly - leaned forward to sign the contract, effectively transferring every cent he had to Impossibility, Inc.

Carolyn Gorman smiled reassuringly. "It's all right, Steve. I understand that you're having trouble believing that your fantasy is about to come true."

Steve grinned, nervously. "Well, my 'second' fantasy. What I really wanted was..."

Carolyn's smile slipped a bit, and she held up a hand. "Yes, I know, you already explained... at great length." She sighed. "As I already explained, however, we cannot break the law, and your 'original' fantasy would not only necessitate finding a couple of people willing to be unwilling slaves to a dominatrix, itself a borderline illegality, your proposed new persona was one that, itself, would wish to break laws... not to mention the copyright laws the whole scenario would break. I guarantee that DC would never allow us to license the rights for that..." She let the grin come back to full strength. "However, your 'unwilling transformation' scenario is more than possible with our new technology, and - as promised - you'll be provided with a new job as well, at least at first. Once the entire scenario is played out, however, you'll be on your own... and if you should decide you want to change back, there'll be a whole new fee for the new transformation..."

"I understand..." Steve said, wondering if he was doing the right thing - and wondering, still, if the advertisements for the new company had been boastful, or if they really could give him what he'd asked for, a complete 'fantasy' scenario that would leave him with a whole new body - and life.

Well, he'd already signed, and even if he 'chickened out', the money was gone... and he would rather risk disappointment and a compensatory lawsuit than being broke...

"Okay - what do I do?"

"Well, we start with setting up your new 'persona'." Carolyn said. "We'll do it just the way you described, making you some sort of businessman, and a chauvinistic pig, etc... even some minor 'physical' work to get you into the role, while we suppress your 'real' memories for the duration... which means you'll need a new name. Got any you'd prefer?"

Steve paused. "How about..."

* * * * *

Steve stared, amazed, at the new body she'd purchased... and then, slowly, began to grin. Enjoying the feel of her new body as it moved - especially the bounce and sway of her huge, gorgeous new tits - Steve walked over to the phone and hung it up. She remembered how all of this felt, of course, having been in this body for the past three months - but it was also as if she were feeling it for the first time, this being the first time she'd been able to truly appreciate the grace and sensuality of her wonderful new body.

Enjoying the easy sway of her body atop her wonderfully high heels, she headed downstairs, hoping that at least one of the guys was still hanging around out front...

...and she was in luck. Three guys - hoping against hope that she'd break her usual curfew - were smoking on her porch... and when she opened the door, her gorgeous, glorious new female body naked and still lightly sheathed in sweat, they stood... as did certain parts of her anatomy.

"Misty...?" One of them said, in a horse voice. "Uh... something we can do to.. I mean, for you?"

She grinned at his 'Freudian Slip'. "Yes, as a matter of fact, there is." She said, surprising them with her unusually sharp, intelligent- sounding tones - usually she sounded vapid and giggly. "I've decided to, uh... try something new for my act, and I need some stuff. I'll look for a more complete outfit, later, but as soon as possibly I'd like a cat suit, mask, boots with at least a six-inch heel, and a whip - all in black leather. Also, some black hair dye. ANY guy who brings me all of this will get... rewarded. and I'll pick and choose from what you bring me."

The three guys shared a look, uncertain. and she sighed. "Or, you could pool your money and buy me a complete set among you, and

I'll still reward you. " She allowed, realizing that this wasn't going to be as easy as she'd hoped. Well, this was just a 'quick' version, since she didn't want to wait - she'd have a 'real' outfit done up at her leisure, just the way she wanted...

"Great!" One of them said, stumbling to his feet and backing away, still drinking in her buxom, naked figure as he headed towards his car, the other two in tow. "We'll be back as soon as we can, Misty..."

As they headed towards the car, confused but eager, she compounded their confusion. "Call me... Selina." She said.

"Uh... sure..." they agreed, confused but willing. She watched them scramble into the car, arguing over where the nearest 'sex shop' was, then watched them peel rubber out of the lot. Once the taillights had receded, she turned and walked back into her house...

...and figured she had more than enough time to put that big black dildo in the night-stand to good use. Humming to herself, the newly re-christianed woman headed up the stairs, hands already fondling her own wonderfully huge tits...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: As a new form of therapy, one psychiatrist uses hypnotic role playing to help his patients understand each other. But unknown to these patients, the consequences are permanent.

Roles

By Gunslinger

Doctor Michael R. Houghton slowly put down his pad and pencil and stared levelly at his patient, his rimless reading glasses slightly magnifying his deep-set dark eyes and making his slow stare that much more effective.

With calculated coolness, Houghton let the silence stretch out...

"What?" The other man in the room said, irritably, his crossed-arms, fisted-hand body language obvious even to the most unskilled layman. When the psychiatrist didn't answer the inquiry, the younger man looked away from the cool stare and rose

from the deep, soft- leather couch. Arms still crossed, the golden-haired young man began to pace the room nervously, with sharp, short steps that caused the heavy musculature beneath the tight jeans and black T-shirt to reveal their coiled tenseness.

Finally, the youth stopped short and uncrossed his arms, angrily slamming his right fist into his left palm.

"All right, all right!" He shouted, angrily, at the silent psychiatrist. "So maybe I was lying when I said that 'women are men's equals'. I was just telling you what you wanted to hear, goddamnit! What did you want me to say? That I think women are nothing but empty- headed sex toys for men?"

Houghton lowered his glasses and peered over them, picking up his pipe and puffing it back to life, projecting a more 'fatherly' image to his frustrated client.

"Is that what you believe, Robert?" Houghton asked, finally.

Robert Bates sighed in resignation and slumped back onto the couch, shoulders bent. "Hell, no, Doc..." He said, without any heat. "It was just an example."

"Hmmm..." Houghton murmured, mentally noting that the answer had been 'unplanned', and therefore potentially very informative. "Truth is..." Rob admitted. "I really don't know what to make of women - which is probably why I keep screwing up with them so badly."

"I see." The psychiatrist said, without really saying anything at all. "So, that's how you ended up here? Because Miss Greene allowed you to accept therapy in lieu of a criminal sentence for assault?"

"*Miz* Greene, fuck you very much." Rob snorted. "Jeez Louise, Doc - I swear that I barely touched her, and she provoked what I *did* do. This whole thing got way out of hand because she flat-out lied about what happened, and the cops believed her instead of me. With no witnesses, it was her word against mine - and she started yelling 'sex discrimination' and stuff, and the cops listened to her side of it."

"So... You think that it is all right for a man to strike a woman? And you blame Miss... *Ms.* Greene and the police for your current situation?" Houghton asked, picking up pad and pen again.

Rob sighed. "No - and yes. I feel guilty as hell that I slapped her hand away. See, she was pokin' me in the chest while she yelled at me, and I knocked her hand away... but I swear I didn't lay a hand on her, otherwise. She lied to the cops, flat out, about me hitting her, otherwise." Rob leaned back, rolling his eyes. "I guess I can't blame the cops too much, either - I mean, 'women's rights' and 'politically correct' were okay, I guess, but now it's swung the other way, at least in some cases. There's no balance on either side, and that's unfair... both ways. I don't believe this crap about how 'men have been doing it for years, so now it's okay if a few women get away with it now...' stuff, okay? I think it should be fair, for both sides..."

The Doctor made a noncommittal sound and nodded. "So - you were telling me what you didn't understand about women..."

Rob snorted again. "Everything, Doc, everything." He shook his head. "I mean, they think completely different then guys do, Doc. Stuff I think is important don't mean anything at all to them, and the littlest things mean the world. I've had girlfriends who insist that every little thing I do or say 'means' something, even when it doesn't, you know?"

As a psychiatrist, Houghton tended to agree with the ex-girlfriends. Whether or not Robert knew it, these 'meaningless' dead and words did, in fact, mean something... but Houghton, himself, knew that women quite often were wrong about what it meant, too, so...

"I understand." The long-married psychiatrist sympathized. "Surely, that's not all that confuses you about women?"

"Hell no!" Rob said, rising to pace again. "Well, take this Greene chick for example. She was yelling at me, saying it was 'guys like me' that force women to do things like wear heels and skirts and crap. Now, I'll admit that I like the way women look, dressed in high heels and skirts and nylons, wearing make-up and what-not. But I don't force them to wear that stuff. I mean, Greene wasn't wearing any of that, so how can she, of all people, say women are 'forced' to wear that stuff when she's proof that they don't have to?"

"But...?" Houghton started, but Rob waved a hand, silencing him.

"Oh, I admit that women will dress up to try and please men, sometimes." Rob said, frustrated. "But it's not the same, Doc. First, even when they dress up, it's what *they* think men want to see them in, which might not really be what men want... and then they pick the stuff they think they look best in, anyway. So, it's not like us guys are actually seeing women in exactly what we'd like to see them in, either. You know? It's... it's all messed up."

The psychiatrist nodded slowly. "So... you admit that you don't understand women. You admit that there are things about women you find... frustrating. Yet you claim that there's no anger involved? That you didn't, in fact, strike Ms Greene the way she claimed you did?"

"That's about the long and short of it, Doc." Rob said, slumping on the couch.

Houghton was an ethical psychiatrist. Though this was a legal case, he wasn't going to 'cure' a patient who wasn't actually displaying untoward aggression, which was how this case had been presented to him.

"Perhaps I should get a somewhat more objective view of what happened..." Houghton said, thoughtfully, earning him a somewhat surprised glance from Rob.

"I told you - there weren't any witnesses there, Doc." Rob said. Doctor Houghton smiled slightly.

"Actually..." He said, cocking his head and reaching for his phone. "By your own admission, there were, in fact, two witnesses to the event..."

* * * * *

"Doc, personally - I think you're a quack." Liz Greene said, dryly, her not-unattractive face set in lines of resigned annoyance. Her entire posture seemed to say 'I should have known'... as she continued berating the doctor. "If it was up to me, I'd make sure you never practice your so-called psychiatry in this state again - or anywhere in the country, for that matter. Of all the chauvinistic, conniving..."

"Ms Greene..." Houghton sighed, holding up his hands. "Please!"

"Oh, don't try to get on my good side, Doc!" Liz said, crossing her arms and pacing the room, her tautly athletic body tense under her loose jeans and baggy sweatshirt. "You call me a... a liar, then..."

"I did not call you a liar." Houghton said, firmly, drawing her up short.

"Oh, so now I'm losing my hearing, too?" She asked, acidly. "So what was it you did say, then?"

"I said that your memories in no way match those of Mr. Bates." Houghton said, calmly. "This is my dilemma, you see - I've been asked to 'cure' Mr. Bates... yet, according to his memories, he didn't do anything that requires therapy, but you were the one who, as he phrased it, 'flew off the handle for nothing'. On the other hand, under hypnosis you remember a completely different set of events."

"Oh - so of course you believe... him!" she snorted the last word, jerking her thumb in the direction of Rob, who she refused to even look at.

Houghton sighed and lowered his head. "I did not say I believed either one of you, or disbelieved you." He explained, for the third time. "Under hypnotherapy, you cannot 'lie'. Both of you told what you see to be the absolute truth... yet one of them, quite obviously, has to be wrong."

"So what the hell are you saying, then?" Liz demanded.

Rob chose that moment to break his recent silence, quipping with a light tone. "He's saying that somebody in this room is crazy, and it ain't him."

Liz whirled and glared at him, her tone vitriolic. "Oh - so I'm the crazy woman? Well, I've got news for you, bucko..."

"I didn't say that!" Rob protested, his facade of calm starting to crack as he rose to his feet. His passionate defense was more lively than his rather sullen state since they'd been hypnotized. "I just said it wasn't him - and you chose to take that as if I meant you. Why on earth would...?"

"That's enough!" Houghton said, sharply. "Look, I don't know if we'll ever find out whose memories of the event are accurate!" The two participants in the event turned and looked at him, surprised by his sudden, forceful outburst.

"I'm going to tell the court that." Houghton said, in control but still forceful. "This case will be dismissed." "You're just going to let this... person... off the hook...?" Liz said, her face settling into the 'Men!' mask again.

Houghton held up a hand. "Let me ask you both a question. Each of you believes, firmly, that the other one is... 'maladjusted', especially on their views of the opposite gender. Do each of you want to see the other cured?"

There was a long pause, then both of them nodded.

"Then the answer is fairly simple." Houghton said, settling back in the chair.

"Oh? And what would this 'simple' answer be, Mr. Hot-Shot psychiatrist?" Liz asked. "Hypnotic Role Playing." Houghton said.

"What's that?" Rob asked.

Houghton smiled. "Something I've been working on. Quite simply, I hypnotize both of you to do something that you would not normally do - communicate. More than that - each of you will communicate your own views on gender, honestly and with no chance to lie. Then,

I lock you away in a sealed environment for seventy-two hours, alone. Of course, you'll also be hypnotically instructed not to do anything that would injure the other person..."

"What?" Was nearly simultaneous from both sets of mouths.

Houghton shrugged. "Or, you can just walk out that door and go your separate ways." Liz and Rob shared a look, eyes narrowing.

"So - all I have to do is spend a weekend telling the same truth I was trying to tell him when he started smacking away at me, and he can't do a thing about it?" Liz asked, shooting Rob a taunting glance from under her long, brown hair.

"Hey - he means that you gotta spend the weekend listening to the truth about women, and not start pokin' me in the chest..." Rob retorted.

"Why, you little..."

Houghton cleared his throat, interrupting the incipient argument. "Well?" Again, the answer was almost simultaneous.

"Fine. I'll do it..."

* * * * *

It was Rob who finally broke the twenty-minute silence. He was sitting on the couch as Liz stalked around the living/dining room- kitchenette of the small two-bedroom basement 'apartment'/cell they'd be sharing for the weekend.

"So... I wonder what we've been talking about for the last..." he glanced at the clock on the wall "...twenty-two minutes." Liz snorted. "I'm sure I don't want to know. Then again, it's not really up to us, is it?"

It was one of the stranger effects of the new 'hypnotherapy' they were undergoing. After agreeing to it, they discovered that it was a new technique, developed by Dr. Houghton, and they were the first ones to try the radical new extension to the classic 'role playing' scenario.

They were constantly talking to each other - and they were completely unaware of the fact. They'd been 'programmed' to not even notice the quiet 'cross chatter' they were constantly generating in what was the closest thing to 'telepathy' modern science could devise. Every action they took, every slight movement, was commented on and discussed as to what it meant and how they were feeling, especially towards the other person - yet, thanks to a post-hypnotic suggestion, all of this was 'tuned out', allowing them to consciously 'hear' each other only when they intentionally spoke directly to one another.

Now, Rob sighed and tried to 'place nice' again. "Well. since we're locked up in here for the weekend, what should we do?"

She looked at him, dark eyes narrowing. "Oh, I know exactly what you'd like to do. "

Rob sighed and closed his eyes - partially because the hinted-at insult wasn't all that far off base. It was one of the things driving him absolutely crazy about the situation.

He'd always thought feminists were muscular 'butch' women - but Liz was anything but. Though athletically built, she was most definitely feminine, and would even be attractive if her face wasn't set in a semi-sneer all the time. Sure, her nose was a little too sharp, her lips a little too thin for her to be 'stunning' - but she was, or would be, 'pretty' if she tried even the slightest bit.

Now, she stared narrowly at him, as if she could hear what he was quite guiltily thinking. then, suddenly, he began to blush as he recalled that she might, subconsciously, know exactly what was going on in his head...

"Sorry." He muttered, blushing brightly as he lowered his eyes. "I, uh... didn't mean to. "

Of all the things he'd done, his apology seemed to set her back the most. She blinked, becoming awkward as her 'righteous indignation' suddenly lost its focus.

"Uh..." She said, obviously trying for that sense of moral superiority she wore like her own personal cloak. "Well - try and watch it, buster !"

It was pretty weak, and she seemed to feel the need to make a 'strategic withdrawal'. "I'm going to go get a shower and get changed. "

Turning on one sneaker's heel, she moved quickly out of the room. and it was a sheer struggle on Rob's part not to look up and see what her ass looked like as she left. Even though she wasn't even out of the room yet, he concentrated on not thinking about the fact that there were no doors anywhere in the apartment. he could quite easily walk through the her room to her en suite bathroom, and see if her body was really as shapely under those baggy clothes as he'd imagined it...

"Shit...!" He murmured to himself. "I *am* a chauvinistic asshole!"

Though he'd only muttered it, he must have repeated the realization in the 'chatter stream' - because Liz suddenly broke stride...

...and even though she was facing away from him, Rob was suddenly sure she was blushing furiously....

...because she'd been thinking about him, naked.

Rob opened his mouth to ask why his thinking about her naked was 'wrong', but it was okay for her to imagine him naked...

...and then closed his mouth without saying a word. They both knew what had just happened here, and pointing it out wasn't going to make it easier on either of them.

Liz hung, paused, in the doorway, as if about to turn around and try to defend the 'rightness' of her thoughts compared to his... then made a 'huffing' sound and walked out of the room.

It started as a low throbbing in his forehead - one that felt like a mild headache. However, it rapidly expanded, feeling as if his brain was trying to explode out of his skull. Rob gasped, curling up...

...and the pain vanished as Liz dashed back into the room, gasping. They stared at each other, wide-eyed. "Shit!" The swore, in unison. They both realized the same thing....

"We can't get out of earshot of each other!" Liz said, banging one fist against the wall.

"Hey, take it easy..." Rob said, massaging the phantom pain from his temples. "The Doc said we are the first ones he tried this on - he didn't know that this 'chatter' thing wouldn't let itself be turned off by us getting out of earshot."

"Well, he should have!" Liz said, sighing. She looked Rob up and down, her scornful eyes warring with a rising blush. "Well - I guess you lucked out, then. I can't take a shower unless you're with me, and I'm not going to smell all weekend, so. "

"Whoa - don't go all noble on me, Liz." Rob said, holding up his hands. "If your bathroom is the same as mine, the shower curtain's on a friction-rod. We can adjust it down to the point where I can sit on the floor just outside the door to the bathroom and still see your head - just your head. Even with the water running, we should be able to hear one another pretty well."

Liz rolled her eyes and started to say something...

...then stopped with her mouth hanging open, a deep flush suffusing her face. A flush that was quickly matched by Rob.

Thanks to their odd form of communication, each was quite well aware of the fact that Liz had been about to make a snide comment... and yet, at the same time, was thinking to herself that it was too bad that Rob wasn't the 'gentleman' he was

pretending so hard to be, because she thought he had a really great body, and she was thinking that if he had been a 'real' gentleman rather than what he was, she would have enjoyed. a great many things.

What made the situation even worse was the fact that her idle, quickly-communicated fantasy had caused Rob to almost unwillingly fantasize about her, and how he'd like to do various, very 'adult' activities, more than one of which was comfortably performed in bed...

"Oh, sh... shoot!" rob said, knowing his 'quick backtrack' didn't fool her for a second. She knew what he really wanted to say "What about going to bed tonight? I mean, if we can't separate, that would mean. "

He paused, blush deepening. Liz's blush deepened as well, but she took up the sentence with an even voice.

". would mean that it doesn't matter if you see me naked in the shower, since we're going to have to sleep together anyway. So, I guess you might as well shower with me."

Rob blinked and stared at her - and she averted her eyes. Both knew that she really, really did want to shower with Rob's body - it was just Rob's personality she couldn't stand. In many ways, it was the same for Rob, in reverse. What was really driving them nuts was that each knew about the other's very strong physical attraction, and equally strong interpersonal dislike. There were, quite literally, no secrets between them.

This was going to be an awkward weekend...

* * * * *

It was damned nice to wake slowly, naturally. No alarm clock, no telephone buzzer...

...no yelling or screaming or shouting.

Rob just lay there, cuddled close to Liz's warm, firm body. He knew he should pull away, not let her wake up like this - but he felt better then he could remember in ages, and didn't want to move. He'd ride out her short burst of indignation - and it would be short, because she'd know that, though there were some warm, fuzzy sexual thoughts mixed in with what he was feeling, most of it was the simply Sybaritic pleasure of laying here, their bodies pressed tight under the warm covers, naked as jaybirds.

Last night had gone better then either could have hoped - sort of. There'd been no more shouting or recriminations... but lots and lots of blushing and very awkward conversation. After showering together-yet-separately, neither laying hands on the other's body, no matter how much each of them knew the other wanted too - and themselves - it hadn't made sense for them to be 'modest' anymore, especially since the apartment was kept at a comfortable temperature. They'd strolled around naked, following the old Japanese saying that 'nakedness is often seen, but never noticed' - except that each did notice, hot-diggity-damn and other appropriate comments. They just agreed (without actually 'talking', out loud at least) that they'd

enjoy the visual stimuli without trying to move it into a more emotional arena, which is where their appreciation for each other came to a sudden stop, each sure that the other was some sort of gender-biased 'preeee-vert'.

Climbing into the big bed together, naked and inches away from one another's much-lusted-after-physically-but-despised-emotionally body hadn't made it any easier...

With a sigh, Rob admitted to himself that it was time for this pleasant little dream-state to end. Though he felt more oddly at ease, more unusually comfortable than he could ever remember being, it wasn't fair to Liz to take this beyond a certain state of waking consciousness, and he'd just passed that state.

Rob let his eyes flutter open...

...and found himself staring at his own peacefully sleeping face.

For a second, Rob just couldn't figure it out - and then certain sensations that his half-asleep brain hadn't really been paying attention to made themselves more obvious, and it all came crashing in on her in an instant.

If she'd needed any additional verification, the very feminine scream that emerged, unbidden, from her throat would have provided it.

The sound woke the handsome, muscular man that Rob had been snuggled close to an instant before, an involuntary pushing-away motion of denial performed at the same time as the scream having separated them.

It took the awakened man a second to 'clue in' as well, and his version was more demonstrative. First, he sat bolt upright, staring at her, then looked down at himself - and then he shrieked, although not as long or as loud.

"What the hell happened?" The male member of their little 'team' asked 'intently', still several steps down from a full-fledged shout, swinging a wide-eyed gaze back to the woman.

"I.. I don't know how - but we somehow switched bodies during the night!" The person with the body of Liz said almost hysterically, hands rising hesitantly towards the firm, DD-cup breasts - then dropping away before touching them, also carefully avoiding her now- exposed crotch, her motion having 'scooted' her out from under the covers.

"That's not possible!" The person in the body of Rob said, not loudly, brow furrowing in a puzzled frown. "Well, don't yell at me about it!" the female snapped back, angrily. "Take it up with the universe. "

With a stunned look, 'Liz' broke off, then took a long, deep breath, visibly fighting for control. 'She' didn't speak until; she'd regained it.

"I'm sorry." She said, shaking her head in confusion. "I have no idea why I flew off the handle at you like that. It's just that everything is so.. so ... weird. "

Suddenly, she was shocked to find herself crying, long tearing sobs. She felt the strong, masculine arms of her former body embrace her gently - and was amazed by how much emotional comfort it provided. She had to use quite a force of will to pull back from that embrace - and she wasn't sure whether the new sensation of having firm, dome-like breasts pressed against a taut male body made that pulling away easier, or harder.

"I.. I don't understand..." She said, forcing herself to stop sniffing. "Not just about the change, though that's weird too. What the hell's wrong with my emotions?"

"Yours? How about mine?" 'Rob' asked with a puzzled frown. "I should be panicking right now - or furious with the universe or whatever force did this to us. Yet I'm not. I'm a little afraid, very confused.. but that's about it."

'Liz' blinked. "Wait - that's normal for me. I mean, for you. I mean - for that body." She sighed, then managed a wry grin. "English just isn't designed for this particular situation."

"I noticed." Rob said, with an answering half-grin - that was rapidly replaced with a look of surprise. "Wait a second - you mean that all your emotions are like this? Sort of. 'centered'?"

"Hmmm... No." The new woman replied. "Actually, when I get really angry, I can nearly explode. When I like a woman, as well, I sometimes go overboard. so, I guess Love and Hate are the triggers for me - or that body, I should say. Your body seems to be more, uh. "

"Unpredictable?" Rob suggested with another half-grin. "maybe it has something to do with hormones, or something."

"Hmm, I suppose that could..." Liz started to reply - then looked shocked. "Hey, wait - now we're talking about this as if it were just an 'interesting' situation. Shouldn't we - or at least I - be panicking, screaming, shouting 'it isn't fair!', something like that?"

Rob looked puzzled. "Yes, you're right. After the initial shock, I practically forgot about it, except from an intellectual stand-point. In fact

I feel quite comfortable in this body Isn't that odd?"

"Hmm. " Liz said, thoughtfully. "We seem to be adapting to it pretty quickly and easily, don't we?"

"Yes. We do." Rob agreed, and they shared a calm, relaxed - even peaceful - smile.

"I wonder how easily we'd adapt to something else. " Liz asked in a light tone - but her eyes were intense, and her voice slightly shaky.

Then she leaned forward, gently pulled Rob's face down, and began to kiss him.

It was an easy, gentle kiss, and Rob joined in immediately with no hesitation or sign of discomfort. Slowly, the kiss deepened, became more passionate - yet, throughout it all, it remained gentle rather than fiery.

"Mmmm... *very* nice..." Liz murmured with a slow, warm smile when the finally broke. "Who knew I could get used to kissing a guy so quickly and easily?"

"I hope it's not just any guy." Rob said with mock alarm, then grinned. "I liked kissing you, too." She cocked an eyebrow at him. "Shall we see just how far this 'comfort' goes?"

"Splendid idea. " Rob agreed, huskily, and leaned a bit awkwardly to kiss her again - so that there was still room for him to reach up and begin to fondle and massage her breast.

"Mmmm... yes... like that..." She murmured against his lips, slowly laying back while he shifted position to hover over her. "I *like* that. "

The new 'Rob' murmured a wordless agreement.

The newly-female (*but certainly not acting like it*, she thought to herself with a vague smile) 'Liz' shifted position slightly, to lift both arms and legs to embrace Rob as she all-but-purred the word 'Now'.

Rob complied. With a soft, gentle sigh he eased his ready, throbbing cock into her welcoming womanhood, making her give off a sigh of her own.

What followed was not the torrid sexual athletics of cheap pulp fiction. Instead, it was the slow, gentle rhythm of two people each testing the other for areas of increased pleasure, an act of sensual and sexual sharing that went beyond mere animal instinct.

It was athletic, but not strenuous. Easy, yet exciting. An adventure into the body and spirit of the person they were entwined with, where every twitch of the body could convey volumes, a certain pert 'twitch' at the right moment conveying humor, a well-timed stretch of a leg signifying approval.

It seemed to last an eternity... and then they reached orgasm together, tight cries of passion slipping between clenched teeth as they rocked in each other's arms, the pleasure washing over them in waves...

...and then it began to recede.

It took each of them a second to realize that it wasn't the orgasm that was fading, though - it was them. Though still entwined in each other's arms, they were 'drawing apart', as if steadily thicker veils were being passed over their senses, slowly but surely separating them from the world around them.

"Liz! What's happening!" The woman cried, in her panic using the name of the 'soul', rather than that of her old male body. Though she shouted the question, it seemed hollow to her own ears, and the man's shouted reply was but a whisper.

"I don't know! Rob, please - try and. "

Then his voice was gone, as was all other sensory input, leaving the newly-made (and newly 'initiated') woman floating in a dark, featureless void. Now emotions began to churn in her, including those that had somehow been 'dulled'. What was happening to 'her'? Was this part of the same thing that had changed her into a woman, or was it something new ?

Then, with a gasp, 'Elizabeth Greene' sat bolt upright, muscles screeching in complaint as a groan was torn from a throat that felt raw and swollen.

Light and sound and sensation all returned in that same instant - and all of them were unpleasant, deep aching pain arguing with too- bright light for her attention, while her ears were assaulted by a shrill, ululating shriek...

...which was coming from the woman in the oddly-tailored white 'suit'. It reminded Rob/Liz of a nurse's uniform, but was slightly different then any she'd seen before. The woman was whipping her head back and forth in shock between Liz...

...and Rob, who was also sitting up in bed. Liz felt an odd sensation, seeing her old, male body sitting up in the other bed, and Liz wondered if she looked as oddly drawn and pale as Rob did. Though she didn't know what was going on, or how, she recognized this room as a hospital room, and from the look of things, her old body had been ill - maybe this body too, from the way it felt. Had they passed out after making love, and been found by...

Then, as if she'd been hit by a sledge-hammer, the new woman gasped and twitched, memories flooding back with a rush, and with them understanding.

"Don't go anywhere!" The nurse said, still looking a little wild around the edges. "I'll be right back!" Turning, she hurried from the room, calling a doctor's name.

Alone in the room, the two occupants turned to look at each other over the distance separating them, eyes wide. "None... none of it was real..." 'Rob' said, his voice stunned.

"Oh, this is real enough." 'Liz' assured him, running pale, too-thin fingers over her slightly saggy breasts. "this is most certainly not the body I was born with."

Oh, and are you complaining?" Rob asked with a half-grin that completely altered his face - even though it was a 'Liz' grin, different then the boyish grin the soul now residing in the female body used to use, when she was him.

"No. I don't think I am...." She admitted with that 'Rob' grin on her new face. It looked good on her - and then it faded, and apprehension touched her voice. "You?"

Rob actually managed a laugh. "No, I'm happy enough - and I don't think I could take getting changed back."

That made Liz smirk as well. Now that memory had come flooding back, she remembered the truth, and had to agree that it was a costly method, even if it was all there was - and unexpected to boot.

Liz Greene and Rob Bates were university students. At least, they had been, when this had happened. From the condition of their bodies, it had been more than a few days since then - or a few weeks, for that matter.

It had all started when Professor Michael R. Houghton had advertised for test subjects. Though a psychologist (among other things), Houghton wasn't a practicing psychiatrist, but the head of the University's very small, poorly-funded Paranormal Research Department - said department consisting solely of him, and an unused 'lab' in the old wing of the University.

Liz and Rob, who were complete strangers to each other, had volunteered for the program. Rob, a rising football star, had joined for the money, whereas the more studios Liz had joined out of interest.

They'd been subjected to various tests, including the famous Rhine series, to test such things as ESP and telekinetics. It had been during an attempt at telepathy that it had happened. After hours of frustrating, ineffective hypnotically-reinforced 'concentration', they'd actually made contact with each other's mind...

...and the shock of experiencing another person's thoughts, after a lifetime being locked up in their own skulls, had been enough to overwhelm them, knocking them into an unconsciousness that had obviously stretched into a coma of undetermined length.

It had also, somehow, ended up with them switching bodies.

"So - what we 'remember' happening actually took place over what may be a couple of years?" Rob said, still trying to sort out 'real' memories from 'false'.

Liz shook her head. "I don't think so. I think it all took place in the past few minutes."

Rob looked startled - then nodded. "You mean, like when you're having a dream in which there's a fire-alarm ringing for hours, and you wake up and find that it's only your phone ringing, and it's been a few seconds?"

"Exactly. I think our brains, still linked on some level, came up with a 'dream' based on our swapped genders, and played it all out in the few minutes it took us to go from unconscious to conscious."

Rob nodded, looking thoughtful. "But - what do we tell the doctors? I'm sure they'll have all sorts of questions. How do we explain to them that, somehow, we've switched bodies? Without getting locked up in a psycho ward, I mean."

"Why do we have to tell them anything?" Liz asked. "I think we should just pretend that nothing's changed. We'll keep this our little secret - and any 'mistakes' or personality changes they see can be explained away as disorientation after the coma."

Rob grinned. "Yeah. Think we can pull it off?"

Liz grinned back, knowing that it would always be 'we'. For the rest of their lives, they would be linked mind-to-mind on a subconscious level.. and even more powerfully on an emotional level. It was said that you cannot hate anybody if you

understand their motivations - and they knew each other's minds and bodies more intimately than any couple in the history of mankind.

"You know, I actually took acting lessons as a Minor." Liz said, smiling lovingly at her old body. "I don't think I'll have any problem playing the role of 'loving girlfriend'."

There was such a long, serious pause that Liz began to feel worried, even though she knew Rob better than anybody in the world knew anybody else - and then he spoke.

"What about the role of 'devoted wife'?" He asked, his voice nearly trembling as he put his entire heart and soul into the seemingly flippant question.

Liz felt her new eyes tear up, and she nodded to reinforce her emotion-distorted vocal reply. "Yes, Rob, oh yes...!"

Despite the weakness, despite the fact that the body hadn't been used for some time, the new (and now, forever) Rob managed to rise from the bed and shuffle over to his new (in many ways) fiancée, bracing himself against the rails of the bed so that he could kiss her.

When they finally broke the kiss, they smiled at each other lovingly - and the 'smart ass' Rob whose soul would now inhabit the body the world knew as Liz displayed itself, shining through as she got the last word in.

"Somehow, I knew you were going to do that..."

The doctor heading that shift arrived to find his patients, fresh out of a two-year-long coma, sitting on one bed, chuckling, apparently unconcerned by their temporary vacation from the world of the living - and when he asked what was so funny, the two only shared a long, long look and assured him with renewed chuckling that it was very much an inside joke, which only left the poor man even more confused.

He didn't let their odd behavior throw him, though. After all, you could ignore the occasional inexplicable situation as long as everything turned out all right in the end, and that was what had happened.

Not realizing just how much more truth there was in that statement than he'd ever be able to understand, the doctor pushed the idle thought aside and adopted his professional detachment as he quite unwittingly participated in the opening act of a harmless 'play' that would last a lifetime, and be known only to the two 'actors' on the unknown stage of their vastly altered - and improved - lives.

FINIS



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Being a sexist pig in a bar becomes a problem for one guy when he insults the wrong women and suddenly finds his life is turned upside down as he becomes the type of girl he had always lusted for.

Rude Rudy

By Gunslinger

None of what followed would ever have happened had Rudolph Aloysius von Kraft not been bored, lonely and drunk.

Given Rudy's personality and personal habits, this made what followed practically ordained...

Despite being more than a decade older than the college-aged men and women gyrating across the nightclub's dancefloor, Rudy failed to stand out as much as one might expect – in terms of haircut, fashion, and accessories, the lean, dark-haired man matched that of the younger generation enjoying the driving beat produced by the house DJ. It wasn't exactly an attempt at deception, either - the fact of the matter was, Rudy really had never gotten past being 'college aged' himself, emotionally and intellectually, despite whatever evil trick temporal entropy had played upon his chronological age.

To be fair, even when he had been a college student, Rudy had been a sexist asshole. The fifteen years between then and today had only allowed him to refine it to a point of near artistry. Despite the half-dozen rye-and- cokes he'd inhaled, Rudy was still able to smoothly compliment *and* insult women while making a pass at them.

The intervening years, however, had served to lower his never-impressive success rate with the women significantly.

To damned near zero, to be exact – not that you would know it from the way Rudy talked; no, in his all-to-easily sparked stories of sexual conquest, he was damned near irresistible... at least to a certain 'type' of woman.

"Man, she was all over me..." Rudy expounded to a rather disinterested group of twenty-something men, hanging around only because Rudy was buying the rounds. "Just couldn't get enough of what I had to offer – which is a damned lot, if you get my drift!"

Cutting his eyes toward the small group of 'hot young thangs' hovering at the edge of the group, Rudy made abundantly clear what he meant by patting the rather impressive bugle straining his tight-fitting jeans. A few of the girls – there in the

hopes of catching one of the younger men's eye, rather than Rudy's – rolled their eyes at this, but a few others either blushed or giggled, depending on their temperament.

"Really...?" A rich, if rather coldly-inflected voice inquired archly. "I find it hard to believe any self-respecting woman would be the least bit interested in getting 'more' of anything you might have to offer..."

It should have been a quelling interjection – but Rudy's leering grin didn't slip so much as a fraction, nor did he loose so much as a beat as he turned to the woman who had voiced the opinion.

"Honey, if you had been listening, you would have known I wasn't referring to women with any kind of respect from anybody!" Rudy informed her, with a chuckle...

...and a second, well-deserved look, for the woman – somewhere in age between Rudy and his semi-willing audience – was quite the looker.

Tall, well-toned without being overly muscular, the woman somehow managed to carry herself with a certain style and elegance, despite being dressed and made-up for some serious club-hopping. A dark-red metallic dress clung to her slim-yet-shapely figure, managing to be entirely provocative without being the least bit trashy, and her face was a blend of the sensuous and the studious. Her hair, a deep auburn, fell around that face in thick waves, and her dark-grey eyes met his without either deference or challenge.

"See...?" Rudy continued, with a shrug. "You don't qualify."

"Excuse me...?" The gorgeous woman asked, an unfamiliar look of confusion creeping into her clear-eyed gaze. "You know you're woman enough to attract me." Rudy explained.

She let out a low chuckle, and spoke: "Rather presumptuous to assume I'd want to, now isn't it?"

"Might be, if I was assuming, but I wasn't – don't care if your lesbo or not, you gotta know men would do you, just from the way guys look at you. Ain't what I'm looking for, honey."

"It's 'Jasmine', not 'honey'..." The auburn-haired woman snapped... and it was clear that she was doing so as a way to cover her confusion and uncertainty as she tried to get her mind to follow Rudy's unexpected turn of mind. She hesitated – and then made it explicit by asking, in an icy tone of voice: "...and what, exactly, is that supposed to mean?"

So, to Jasmine's growing disbelief, Rudy explained – at length, in in explicit detail...

* * * * *

Rudy slowly climbed out of the deep well of sleep, eyes fluttering open after a long period of dreamy drifting within the luxurious comfort that enveloped him. Even after he was technically fully awake, it took him several seconds to shake off the lassitude that came from being so physically relaxed.

Only then did it occur to him that he had absolutely no idea where he was, or how he had gotten there – his last coherent memory was of being at the nightclub.

“Damn...” Rudy muttered, pushing his sinewy body upright in the bed and looking around. “Did I get plastered last night or something...?”

A few times before he had woken up in some chick’s place, with no clear memory of how, exactly, he’d ended up there – yet he wasn’t experiencing anything like the monumental hangover those previous occasions had been characterized by. In fact, physically speaking, he felt... well, perhaps better than he had in his entire life.

Not that he was about to complain about that, at least... but it still left him with the problem of figuring out how the hell he’d ended up in what was unmistakably a woman’s bedroom.

The almost sinfully comfortable bed he was laying on featured lace-trimmed white silk sheets and a pink-and- white comforter, and was itself almost stereotypically feminine – if not downright ‘girly’. The comforter was edged with frill-backed white lace, and more lace adorned the pillows upon which his head had rested.

The rest of the room was more of the same; pastel shades, with pink predominating, defined the color scheme, and the décor featured not only functional feminine necessities, but plenty of girlish tchotchkes and ephemera.

A white mirror-topped vanity sat in one corner, top covered in make-up and perfume bottles, to one side of which stood a three-way mirror, and the other a truly extensive built-in jewelry cupboard. An open door nearby revealed a clearly extensive walk-in closet. Another open door, on the other side of the room, led into a large bathroom done in equally girlish style.

The center of the room boasted a small ‘sitting suite’- two comfortable arm-chairs flanking a matching love- seat, and with a low coffee-table separating the seating from the marble-faced fireplace the furniture arrangement faced.

All in all, the bedroom and en suite was probably the size of his entire apartment and, aside from himself, was tenanted only by an assortment of plush stuffed animals, lending themselves heavily towards unicorns and horses, with ‘cutesy’ gorillas running a second to the equines, both real and fantastical.

Levering his lean, naked body out of the deep comfort of the down-filled bed, Rudy began padding around the room, looking for his clothes – and failing to find them.

With a muffled curse, Rudy shot a glance toward the single closed door of the expansive room, which presumably led to the rest of the house. He briefly debated walking through that door naked but with no memory of his arrival here, he had no idea what might be on the other side of that door. Given what he had seen so far, Rudy was betting this bedroom lay in a house large enough to qualify as a mansion, and for all he knew there might be a dozen people about. While rather proud of his body, and especially his sizable manhood, Rudy really didn’t feel like parading around in public completely naked.

To be completely honest, Rudy was so far outside his normal element that his nervousness actually bordered on outright fear – there was certain very real, if never spoken, reasons why the women Rudy was interested in tended to be 'insecure', to put it mildly. Waking up in run-down apartments full of trashy-yet-flashy clothing, tons of cheap cosmetics, and empty alcohol bottles was more his métier.

So, since his own clothes were nowhere to be found, about the only option was to find a suitable substitute. With that in mind, he padded across the deep-pile white carpeting toward the walk-in closet/dressing room.

He was hoping to find something simple and basically unisex but the clothing he found in the large, well-appointed closet was every bit as 'girly' as the décor. Dresses and skirts abounded, and what few pairs of pants were to be had were unmistakably feminine in design. Despite a search that became something very close to desperate, Rudy couldn't find a single ensemble that wouldn't be instantly recognizable as women's clothing.

"Shit!" Rudy swore, with great feeling. Thoroughly annoyed, he began to search for alternatives...

...only to renew his earlier curse with even greater vehemence, for towels, bed-sheets, curtains, and any other possible temporary covering was every bit as overly feminine as the clothing in the closet. This wasn't the abode of a person merely desiring to express femininity – it was the suite of somebody with a serious obsession on the subject.

Which meant that Rudy was reduced to quite literally grinding his teeth and bearing the indignity of 'dressing up' in women's clothing. The only saving grace, little enough as it might be, was that as overly feminized as the clothing might be, it wasn't nearly as overly sexualized as the clothing worn by the type of women he was more familiar with.

Not that that small grace made him feel particularly better about the situation...

Since he'd taken dresses and skirts, much less stockings and the like, right out of consideration, his actual stock of 'possibles' was quite small... but that didn't stop him from spending an inordinate amount of time deliberating over it. Part of it was the hope that the unknown woman to whom the suite belonged might show up – Rudy had little problem with the thought of a single woman seeing him naked, especially as he assumed she must already have done so, considering his naked state and the lack of his own clothes. As the minutes dragged by and nobody came, however, he was forced to admit that he had little choice in the matter, and he finally forced himself into action.

His humiliation began with the underwear - a pair of red-trimmed white 'boy shorts'. All things considered, they were the least 'girlish' of the possible choices, but they were still women's underwear... and he was putting them on.

They weren't nearly as physically uncomfortable as he'd expected... but every bit uncomfortable, emotionally, as he had feared.

The socks were a little better – they were women's athletic socks, shorter than his familiar male ones, and with pink stitching instead of gray at the heel and toes, but otherwise very much similar to men's athletic socks.

Then came the jeans – and his humiliation redoubled, for they weren't blue jeans, but white, and the stitching on the back pockets was not only pastel pink, but shaped flowers rather than the simple geometric pattern on men's jeans. The fact that they were designed for a physique considerably different than his own didn't help at all – slightly loose at the hip, slightly tight at the waist, and short enough to look like pedal-pushers on his long legs, the worst part was the fact that they weren't designed for male entail of any size, much less his own, impressive member.

For the first time in his life, the impressive size of his cock became something negative, as it felt as if his balls were being crushed under the taut fabric of the jeans.

Next came the shirt – what should have been a simple t-shirt, albeit one in a very pale blue. Again, the difference in male and female builds changed the intended fit – it bared his belly, and the 'comfortable' fit it was designed for became skin-tight on him... except for the slightly looser portion across the chest.

Clothed as best as could be arranged, Rudy forced himself to take a deep breath, fighting against humiliation as he prepared himself for the highly likely possibility of being seen clad in such garments.

Then, letting the breath out in a long sigh, she strode toward the door of the suite... awkwardly, given the constrictive nature of the feminine jeans.

Reaching the door, he pulled it open – and, for a brief moment, completely forgot both emotional and physical discomfort.

You could have easily driven a full-sized transport truck down the hallway he found himself in – the corridor was easily both wide and high enough to provide clearance, as long as one was willing to accept catastrophic damage to the Persian runner and the polished hardwood floor it covered. One side of the hallway – the one he was exiting the room from – was lined with a dozen identical, widely-spaced doors. Opposite the doors into what Rudy assumed to be other suites, however, was a series of enormous mullioned windows – windows that looked out over a vast, carefully manicured lawn dotted with professionally landscaped gardens, hedges and trees.

It was the sort of view one might expect to see from a French palace, and further baffled Rudy. Just how the hell had he ended up in a place like this?

Shaking his head, the bemused and confused man began walking down the hall – then gasped, and paid much closer attention to moderating his stride, wincing with each step...

...and not even noticing as the both the discomfort and the subsequent wince diminished ever-so-slightly with each step.

Nor did he notice, at the time, the other incremental changes being made as he made his way down the enormous hall, to the wide set of gold-inlaid white French Colonial doors that marked the terminal end of the corridor.

Had he been paying closer attention, it was vaguely possible that Rudy might have noticed something slightly different about his hands as he reached out to the gleaming-brass door-handles – but he didn't, and so only experienced the surprise of discovering the equally vast drawing room that lay beyond the double doors.

The room was also decorated in a distinctively feminine manner – albeit one with a more 'grown up' feeling of elegance. Gawking more than a little, Rudy was further discomfited by how out-of-place both the grandeur and the femininity made him – meaning that was what he described the slightly higher-pitched, softer sound to his voice when he rather hesitantly essayed, "Um... Hello? Is, uh, anyone here...?"

A vast, indifferent silence met his shout. Licking his lips nervously, Rudy squared his shoulders and forced himself to stride purposefully toward the doors at the other end of the seemingly hanger-sized room... and since it was such a habitual action, completely failed to register the fact that it should have resulted in ball-crushing pain, exactly as it had last time he had habitually tried to use the same stride.

Such changes as were occurring to him could hardly go on unnoticed forever, however, regardless of how bemused and pre-occupied he might have been by the strange and inexplicable surroundings in which he found himself.

Rudy's awareness came with something as simple as a lock of hair falling into his eye.

As it happened, he nearly missed it, even the, simple reaching up to brush the lock of dark-brown hair out of his face... but then it registered that his hair shouldn't be long enough to fall in front of his eyes to begin with.

When he reached up to snag the lock of hair, that was when the lighter-than-expected color registered – and, a second later, the way the fingers lightly grasping the hair looked made an impression on Rudy's mind.

"What the...?" Rudy exclaimed – and *now* the ongoing changes to his voice finally made it into his conscious awareness; an awareness that caused him almost instinctively take wider stock of himself...

"What the *fuck!*?" Rudy screamed a demand for explanation to the universe at large.

With very good reason – for he was no longer the same man who had awoken, naked, in that opulent, feminine bedroom.

In fact, in the technical sense, he was no longer a man at all.

Now was he a woman – but there was absolutely no doubt which direction his inexplicable transformation was going, for his androgynous body was definitely moving in a feminine direction. Much slimmer and smoother than it had been since puberty, it was also developing certain curves that, while not yet feminine in nature, were definitely making him look less masculine.

There was absolutely no doubt in Rudy's mind that, impossible as it was, something was transforming him into a woman.

Swearing and cursing loudly, hands alternately touching a changing body and then yanking away from contact with steadily less familiar flesh, Rudy began to move swiftly through the enormous and seemingly untenanted palace, desperately seeking either explanation or reversal of the impossibility that was occurring to him – but neither was to be found, not during the time where his traitorous body continued to alter.

What had been a frantic – panicked – search slowed as the changes moved towards the inescapable final result, and finally the person who had oh-so-recently been a lean, dark-haired man staggered to a halt, then collapsed, sobbing, to the floor in yet another enormous, endless, empty room.

The person sobbing on the floor of the expansive dining room bore absolutely no resemblance whatsoever to Rudolph Aloysius von Kraft.

Appearing to be about twenty years old or so, she was a trim-yet-shapely young woman; her hips and shoulders were equal, with a slender enough waist to give her a perfect 36-24-36 figure, nicely complemented by the C-cup breasts filling out her powder-blue shirt. The shirt also complemented her sky-blue eyes, which in turn went well with the golden-blonde hair that spilled down around a heart-shaped face. The features of that face were finely drawn, delicate and well-defined, and her wrists and ankles were equally as delicately formed. Not startlingly beautiful, she was nevertheless very lovely... or would have been, if not for the tortured, tearful expression upon her face.

"Oh, yes..." A voice said with cool amusement, "...because being a lovely, healthy young woman is such a horrifyingly terrible fate to suffer through."

At the sound of that voice, the new woman's head snapped up – and those red-rimmed cornflower eyes suddenly based with a mixture of hatred and fear as recognition and realization set in.

"You...!" The woman who Rudy had become hissed, lovely new contralto twisted with anger.

"Yes." Jasmine replied, grey eyes amused as she looked down at her creation. "Me. I'm glad you managed to figure that part out. Now, the more important question – who are *you*...?"

"What...?" The new woman demanded, confused. "What the hell is that supposed to mean? I'm a woman! You turned me into a woman!"

"I've given you the body of a woman..." Jasmine corrected, not entirely unkindly. "However, given your view on women – or, at least, the only ones you care to spend any time thing about at all – I think it would be most instructive of you to experience something a bit more social."

Walking over to yet another set of double doors, the stunning auburn-haired woman gestured. "Behind this door is a party. Not the type of party you are used to, perhaps, but a social gathering – a cocktail party, you might say. Shall we see how you fare?"

"What?" Rudy gasped, shocked right down to her newly feminine toes. "I can't...! I *won't*!"

"Perhaps there is some other... 'social' activity you would prefer to engage in, as a woman?" Jasmine asked, a dangerous edge coming into her voice – and Rudy paled.

"No, I... I... I'm not dress for that sort of thing!" The new woman blurted out, eager for any excuse.

"That is simple enough to remedy..." Jasmine replied with a small smile. Walking over to a single door set in the other wall, she pulled it open...

Considering all the things that had already happened to the once-male Rudy, something as simple as seeing the bedroom in which then-he had awoken should not have shocked her nearly as much as it did – yet, nevertheless, the new reminder of the 'impossible' situation in which she found herself threatened to break her mind's sanity from its very badly battered moorings.

Only the knowledge that things could get far, far worse than they already were kept her mind operating at anything close to the level of sanity – for Rudy remembered full well exactly what he'd explained to Jasmine the night before, and now understood that she could have brought that fate to pass... and still could.

"I... I... I..." She stammered – and then, panting in panic and fear, finally bowed both literally and figuratively to the inevitable, staring at the floor as she forced herself to give a little nod.

"Sorry, *Judy*, I did not quite make that out..." Jasmine said, archly.

Rudy's head snapped up, and she opened her mouth to argue the sudden renaming – and then, seeing the look on Jasmine's face, swallowed pride along with the hot words she was about to speak.

"Alright," she finally said, in a near whisper. "I... I'll get dressed, and go to the party."

"Splendid." Jasmine replied, smiling warmly. "I look forward to your debut. I do so hope you choose your attire – and manner, and conversation – as carefully as any young lady of your position could possibly be expected."

With that barely veiled threat, she held that impossible door open wider – and Judy silently rose and walked toward it.

* * * * *

The humiliations simply continued to pile one atop another as the once sexist male was forced to at least marginally embrace a feminine fate – if only to avoid a much worse possible version.

So it was that the newly christened Judy was required to make herself ready to engage in the social intercourse of a cocktail party in a feminine aspect.

It began with a bath.

Walking into the massive bathroom of 'her' bedroom, Judy found the tub already filled not only with water, but with a thick frosting of floral-scented foam. Blushing with a combination of humiliation and rage, the slender young beauty lowered herself into the warm, fragrant embrace of that feminine form of cleansing – a bubble bath.

Washing her new body forced Judy to unwillingly gain a better understanding of her newly feminine form. Hands slimmer and finer-boned than she was used to flowed over softer, smoother skin that, while atop a finer bone structure – was nevertheless more smoothly rounded than her own rather spare, male body had ever boasted. Although her hips were quite trim, for a woman, they were still wider than her old ones, and her firm buttocks felt huge despite being quite modest – if shapely – for a woman.

Then there were the breasts – an all new addition, rather than a mere modification of something she'd had as a man. Again, despite being roughly average for a woman with her height and build, they seemed ridiculously oversized to someone used to having a flat chest. Worse, the new weight not only seemed ungainly, but almost as if they had a mind of their own, always jiggling and bouncing and, well... moving.

If her new bust line amounted to an addition to her old male form, her new vagina was worse. Part of her mind kept trying to insist that it was a 'loss' from her old form, but that wasn't even close to true – it was a substitution, a replacement, not just something 'cut off' of a man's body, and her own brain's stubborn insistence that it should feel painful – like a cut – kept running up to the reality that it was in no way physically painful. In fact, when her hands very carefully washed that area, a very unwelcome hint of pleasure was the result.

Thankfully, she didn't have to learn to deal with washing a much fuller, softer head of hair – hence the choice of bath rather than shower, for she knew full well that dealing with that hair would take too long. So, instead, she was 'lucky' enough to move right on to having to get all dolled up for a social event she seriously dreaded having to attend...

First came the underwear – in this case, a matched set of panties and bra. If nothing else, the amount of movement Judy was learning was inherent to her new breasts made a brassiere desirable from a physical standpoint, if not necessarily an emotional one. With that in mind, she initially went for the simplest design she could find, plain white full-cut briefs with a matching simple, white 'standard' bra, at least how she viewed it.

It was only after looking over the various choices of clothing that Judy thought Jasmine would find acceptable for a cocktail party did Judy realize – truly realize – that she was actually going to have to go through with this.

It was at that point that she nearly had a breakdown. Being seen, in public, not just physically female, but dressed and acting in a feminine manner – how could she do that?! She had never wanted to be a woman, had never imagined being a woman, and had no real idea how a woman would, should, or could act in a situation like this...

...because, as Rudy, she had never bothered to seek out or pay much attention to 'normal' women. No, Rudy had only been interested in the women who were interested in demeaning themselves for men, driven by insecurities to verify their 'femininity' by having sex with men.

Not that she was quite ready to admit to herself that this realization might mean she deserved what was happening to her – but it made her hideously aware of how little she knew and understood anything about women that did not directly relate to rampant sexuality. The only inklings she had stemmed from the fact that, while physically female, she had no urge to convey any sense of feminine sexuality, and certainly not anything rampant. In fact, she was having to force herself to do anything at all that emphasized any aspect of her newfound and unwanted femininity...

...and that included putting on a simple, floral-print-on-white summer dress in preparation.

* * * * *

"Ah, and here she is now, our guest of honor..." Jasmine announced, as Judy hesitantly entered the 'modest' salon – capable of holding a mere two dozen people, as it did now.

Judy felt as if every eye in the room was upon her – and, in this case, it wasn't a mistaken or over-exaggerated feeling in the least. All the other guests, many with drink in hand, were actually eyeing with interest the 'guest of honor' Jasmine had just drawn their attention to.

Nervous, afraid, and humiliated, Judy certainly didn't want to meet any of their eyes, much less interact with them – but as Jasmine's manner had made it quite clear that she would have no choice but to do so, she forced herself to smile as Jasmine, playing hostess, took her by the arm and began to introduce Judy around.

The men wore either suits or slacks and blazers, while the women wore dresses – usually cocktail dresses. It was an all-new experience for Judy to see the women eyeing her as a possible rival... and the men as a possible 'friend', to say the very least. What the very most might be, Judy didn't even want to think about.

"Come now..." Jasmine whispered in her ear. "You're being too shy. There's nothing untoward going on here, no great secret trick – surely you are able to converse intelligently, at least to the point of small talk?"

Whether she could or could not didn't matter – because, horrendously uncomfortable, Judy didn't even try.

"Well!" Jasmine suddenly announced, in a loud voice that captured everybody's attention. "Our guest of honor does not seem very comfortable, does she? Look at her, silent and withdrawn, underdressed – not a smidge of make-up, no jewelry on at all!"

Judy gaped her, stomach plummeting as a sense of dire foreboding came over her.

"Clearly, she is completely unhappy with herself, the way she looks... so perhaps we should 'help' her, shall we...?" Jasmine announced – and Judy's eyes widened in horror as the rest of the men and women shared wicked smiles that matched Jasmine's own.

"No!" Judy screamed, backing away from the group with hands out-thrust before her, as if warding off a physical attack. "Please, don't! I'm sorry...!"

She had figured out what was about to happen – and, even in her horror, was amazing it had taken so long for her to realize herself at the very center of the scenario he'd described to Jasmine.

After all, hadn't Rudy explicitly explained the type of women he 'liked', and why? How it got him all hot to find such a woman, and take advantage of her...

...how he was hardly the only one, and there were 'dozens' of other people, male and female alike, who got off on the same thing?

Looking at the expressions on the faces of the people now leering at her, Judy finally understood that Jasmine had sought out and brought together people of both genders who had the same fetish as Rudy...

...while Judy was the perfect example of the focus of just such a fetish, if you were to look at it from a certain, highly skewed perspective.

What turned Rudy – and, clearly, these people – on was a woman who was uncomfortable in her own skin, who desperately wished to be in a form that she would be sexually comfortable in, one that was constantly being changed in a bid to find that comfortable self... but, most importantly, one that never reached that point. It was that desperation, that unwilling willingness to change, that really turned Rudy on – and there certainly could be no doubt for anyone her, herself included, that this was not the form that was sexually comfortable for Judy.

...but it wasn't anyone's intention that she reach the form she really wanted, for that wasn't where the sexual pleasure these people derived came from.

So it was that the dozen onlookers smiled even more as she begged and pleaded – even as they began offering certain 'suggestions' to Jasmynes, and she began to implement them.

"No, please, I like this body, I love this body, I'm happy..." Judy voiced sobbing, despairing lies – while knowing they were hopeless, for lies they undeniably were. Which meant that the pleasure was there to be had by these... these...

Perverts.

Deviants.

Sickos...

...just like the Rudy she had been.

So, Judy knew what she really had to do to bring what was happening to an end... and that these fellow sickos would – were! – getting off on watching the struggle between trying to find a way around it, and simply giving in.

Clothes, hair, shoes, body – all of these things were open to be changed, in this case by magic rather than the more mundane means Rudy had looked for, such as plastic surgery... but the one thing that would not be changed, directly, was her mind, for that was the fetish they shared, and the fate being forced upon her.

She knew exactly what they wanted, what they were hoping for, what they were waiting for – for her to break...

...and they would not be satisfied with playacting or pretend. The meant for it to happen – and, as desperately as she wished to avoid acknowledging it, even to herself, they had the means.

Everybody in the room knew that – and they all knew that she knew it... which was what made it all the more amusing, for the spectators, to watch her try desperately to avoid something she herself knew to be inevitable

– knowing full well that each additional minute of willful denial only made the horrifying experience she was undergoing all the worse.

Already, Judy could feel her body, clothes, and other accoutrements changing – and, for the people feasting on her horror, it mattered little what the individual changes were, although each had their own ‘tastes’ in the matter. What was more important to them was that she hold out, that she fight against admitting the truth, until past the point that she was... well, ‘normal’ anymore. No, they were eager for ‘freakishness’...

...and despite knowing that, Judy still couldn’t help but ‘play the game’, gabbling out steadily more desperate assurances that she loved her body, was happy the way she was, anything and everything that might work short of the abject surrender that would mark the complete shattering of herself as a whole person.

All while her already-hated, already ‘overly feminine’, (to her male mind), body continued to change.

Judy could feel it happening – and attractive, but otherwise unremarkable body slowly becoming more sexualized, in appearance and appurtenances.

“Mmmm, wow, yeah, a nice pair of D-cups...” Judy agreed, desperately, even as she could feel the hem of her simple dress rising up legs that, in turn, were gaining more defined contours due to the rising heels of her changing shoes. “Yeah, that’s pretty hot, isn’t it...? Especially, you know, with all of you helping me with make-up and stuff. Thanks, by the way, because I didn’t know anything about that, and now I don’t have to learn, because you’re putting it on me, I bet I look like a movie star or something, right?”

Her heart was pounding with a whirling storm of emotions as – painfully, desperately – she forced herself to smile at the guy who had just suggested to Jasmine that her hair should be longer and curlier. Although revolted at the thought of what she was doing, she struggled to copy a ‘come hither’ pose and look, hoping to convince him that she was willingly interested in him... despite knowing full well that he was not only seeing right through it, but enjoying watching her debase and demean herself in the attempt.

Which is exactly why he smiled back, and stepped closer.

“Yeah, you are looking a lot sexier, now...” He agreed, moving to put a hand around her waist – but doing so in such a way to leave her plenty of time to decide what to do.

Judy tensed, even as she let his arm slip around a waist that was now being steadily more compressed under a corset.

“You really think so...?” She asked him – even while hating the honest desperation in her voice, the eager need to know that he was finding her still-not-too-unusual form attractive.

“Yeah, baby – you definitely turn me on...” He agreed – not a complete lie, but hardly the entire truth. It was her desperation - her weakness - that was getting him aroused, especially since he knew full well that she knew it, too. “What say you and me go someplace and... get to know each other better?”

Oh, Judy’s reasons for being desperately, overwhelmingly eager to gain a man’s approval might be far, far different than any woman Rudy had ever looked for – but the desperation itself, and the literal fear of rejection or failure was even stronger in Judy than any woman Rudy had ever met. She had the unique and unwelcome perspective of having a better insight into what was going on in this man’s mind, what his true desires were, than she had ever wanted – and that made it all the more delicious for him, knowing that.

Moreover, knowing that, despite being fully aware of the consequences of what she was doing – and her disgust at doing it at all – she was, at least for now – going along with it.

After all, the excitement came not as it did for some people, from ‘breaking’ a person themselves – no, it came from having a front-row seat as you watched a person break themselves...

...and that was exactly what Judy was doing as, completely artificial smile plastered to her now-altered face, She led him to the door to ‘her’ bedroom.

Judy could literally feel it happening as she closed the door, leaving the two of them alone in the expansive room – she could feel her mind crumbling as she accepted, with a certain amount of willingness, something she had always believed she would rather die than accept.

The smile remaining every bit artificially, but gradually becoming more practiced, she slowly began to remove the clothing that covered her thankfully only moderately sexualized body. She hated every single motion, even as she performed it – but, at

the same time, forced herself to do it all as sensually and seductively as possible... for she knew that the body she was not only showing off, but about to put to use, could be much, much worse than the one she was currently cursed with.

So powerful was this need to avoid further change that, despite her own horrified disgust, an outside observer might almost think she meant it when she inexpertly but 'eagerly' began stripping the man. It was a desire to get this over with as quickly as possible, rather than sexual desire – but again, aside from the pervert who knew what and why she was doing this, most men would accept the act she was putting on.

Not that the man refused her – not when he was so enjoying the emotional agony he knew was going on beside that façade.

"Yeah, that's it baby..." He moaned as she 'willingly' pushed him onto the bed – all while knowing that she desperately wished he would take control of the situation, which is why he was limply accepting her 'dominance' in this situation. "Oh, you must really want this..."

"God, yeah – I want..." She moaned... then struggled a second before being able to force the words out in a tone that might have been mistaken for lust: "... I want to fuck you, stud – fuck you good and hard..."

It made her want to vomit – so, instead, she shut up and went ahead and did it.

She screamed as she impaled herself on his now-hard cock... a scream that she somehow managed to make sound like one of pleasure. As she thrust herself almost frantically up and down, hating the sensations created in her new womanhood, she gave up on the impossible task of faking eager desire, and simply focused on getting it over with. Again, with anybody else, it would seem desperation for sexual pleasure – but what little of that there was actually disgusted the new woman, and she was actually trying to minimize her own pleasure as she bounced and thrust atop him.

It wasn't enough. To her everlasting, horrified shame, she actually reached a feminine orgasm before managing to get the man off. Helplessly, she was forced to bear the humiliation of receiving ecstasy from the act of fucking a man – and her mind shuddered and crumbled anew under the assault of this most disgusting of outcomes.

Sometime later, after he'd left her and she'd been allowed to sob in privacy, she got dressed... and made-up, in the type of garish, trashy, overdone way that would distract the eye from the 'real' her. She was completely unsurprised when opening the door to 'her' room led into a grim alley beside the very nightclub where the nightmare had started.

Pausing to heft her tits to a bit more prominence, and already considering getting them 'pumped up' so as better to keep men from seeing the self-disgust in her eyes, Judy forced herself to wiggle and sway with open provocation toward the door of the nightclub, hating who and what she had become...

...the exact sort of woman Rudy would have loved to meet.

There was only a tiny bit of Rudy left in the shattered ruins of her mind – but it was a fragment that, no matter how much she abused herself in an attempt to crush it completely, would forever remain within her, endlessly sobbing.

THE END



SUMMARY: An ex-U.S. Air Force pilot tries to regain the excitement of flying but when he encounters a terrible accident with a potent chemical that re-writes his DNA code, he finds that his life is reinvigorated as a stewardess on an airline carrier.

The Rush

By Gunslinger

With a twist of the throttle, the Kawasaki's engine went from a constant moan into a high-pitched whine, and the trees lining the side of the secondary highway seemed to blur together in a solid wall of green as the black-and-red sports-tuned motorcycle shot down the worn blacktop at speeds best described as 'suicidal'. The frame of the bike shook and shuddered as the stiff suspension transmitted the relative roughness of the road to the rider, adding to the mechanical vibration of the engine as the bike hurtled towards a blind corner wrapping around the cliff-like face of the escarpment, open air yawning on the other side.

With a huge, shit-eating grin, Terry leaned the bike nearly flat on the pavement as he entered the corner on the inside track. He kept his body tucked tightly to the frame of his machine, except for the downward leg. The heavy, glossy leather of his tight pants rode but half an inch above the rough surface as he slid the bike through the corner, no padding offering protection should he misjudge centrifugal force and the effect of gravity.

As the bike cleared the corner, revealing a clear stretch of downward sloping road ahead, Terry let the back end of the bike 'break' slightly, the angular momentum of the bike pulling against the bike's mass and inertial force, trying to send it into a series of tumbles - but only having enough force to pull the bike upright again, Terry's skillful shifting of balance keeping it there as the bike straightened out.

As the bike once more stabilized, the grin slowly faded from Terry's boyish features, his blue eyes taking on a certain weariness that should have been far beyond his twenty-six years of experience on the planet. Almost negligently, he eased off

on the throttle, his booted foot shifting gears smoothly as the bike slowly decelerated without using the brakes, the velocity-created 'wind' gradually fading a bit. His black leather jacket's hem settled closer to his body as the velocity continued to drop, and even his thick, shaggy mane of dark hair began to settle as the speedometer's needle continued to drop.

The bike's speed passed through the legal speed limit - downward. It continued to drop, until the bike was barely coasting along, propelled only by the effect of gravity on the shallow grade. Lowering his legs, Terry let one shin-high leather 'biker boot' hit the ground on either side of the bike, awkwardly 'walking' the bike for balance as he coasted at a slow walk towards the side of the road. Only then did he apply the brake, bringing the idling motorcycle to a complete stop. Sitting there, he stared off down the straight road, eyes focusing momentarily at the gentle curve at the bottom, then gazing off into infinity for a moment.

Almost of its own volition, his right hand released the handlebar and moved over to shut off the engine of the bike. After the high-pitched whine of the engine and roaring of the wind, the sudden silence seemed preternaturally deep, absolute.

Pushing out the kick-stand, Terry let the bike settle on a slight angle as he swung a leg over and climbed off, absently taking off his lightly-tinted wrap-around glasses and tucking them into the inner pocket of his black leather jacket. With a slightly odd stride caused by partial numbness, he wandered across the road to the knee-high guard-rail on the other side, staring out over the vista presented by the slight height of the tag-end of the hill which the road wound itself up the side of.

Staring out over the slope with unseeing eyes, Terrence LaFontaine took a long, deep breath - and then let it out in a deep, heart-felt sigh. Then, as often happened, he slowly let his head tilt back, and his clear, blue eyes searched the skies above, looking for the faint silvery dot of an aircraft.

Though on the short side, Terry should have been a very handsome man. He was solidly built, with a rangy, narrow-shouldered runner's frame carrying toned, heavy muscles that were bulky as they were powerful, giving him the look of a crouching tiger even when at rest. His face had a boyish quality to it, and was open, friendly and cheerful when he smiled - which was very rare, leaving his youthful-looking face seemingly bland, the lack of laugh-lines making it even smoother than his relative youth would proclaim... yet, set in that face was a pair of eyes that seemed oddly ancient and weary, matching the strange, listless grace with which his body moved.

At Twenty-six, Terry had the general air of somebody whose entire life had already passed them by - and, sometimes, that was exactly how Terry felt.

Terry had lived an odd sort of life. An orphan, he'd grown up in a state-run institution a few miles outside of New Orleans, where he'd found himself ensconced in drab gray walls that seemed to define his life. For as long as Terry could remember, he'd always been quiet, withdrawn, listless. Not sullen, but... detached. It was as if he were living in a black-and-white silent movie while the rest of mankind lived in Technicolor, Dolby-Digital surroundings. For the first fifteen years of his life, Terry had drifted through the world like a ghost, untouched and untouching, alone even in the middle of a crowd.

Though intelligent - almost extraordinarily so - he'd gained a reputation among people who barely knew him as being 'slow', mainly because of what he didn't 'get', intelligence notwithstanding. Whether from genetic heritage or environment, Terry seemed to have some sort of emotional defect. Not that he wasn't capable of feeling emotions, but that he didn't seem to 'connect' emotionally with the rest of the world. The funniest jokes or most hilarious comedies failed to get a rise out of him, and he couldn't seem to make the intuitive emotional leaps required to understand the motivations of characters on romances or dramas.

Then, when he was fifteen years old, he'd gotten a taste of the 'color' his life had been lacking until then - when fire had broken out in the dormitory at the orphanage. He'd been padding back from the bathroom when the old, poorly-maintained chimney of the heating system had 'back-flashed', the suddenly heat expanding the air in the chimney enough to push crumbling mortar from between the bricks and expose the inner walls to the tongues of flames. The flash had died an instant later - but the wall had already started to smolder...

From Terry's point of view, he'd heard a quick, loud 'pop' from the back-flash, then a few seconds later the paint on the wall began to darken and peel... and then wall reached its combustion point, and a sudden rush of blue-orange flames had swept up the wall as smoke - hazy blue-gray at first but quickly growing darker and thicker - had begun to fill the hallway.

There's been desultory instructions on what to do in case of fire, mostly ignored by the children. Terry, however, hadn't found the short lesson any more boring than the rest of his life, and had paid as much attention to it as he had to anything else, and now he followed those instructions, even as the sprinklers sprang to life, trying to extinguish the flames that were already beginning to race across the ceiling, above the umbrella of water. With no signs of panic or confusion, Terry calmly, coolly walked back to the end of the hall and pulled the fire alarm, setting off the strident ringing of bells.

However, he didn't follow the next set of instructions, which was to leave by the nearest exit. Instead, the fifteen-year-old orphan, clad only in his pajamas, had walked calmly over to the fire hose mounted on the wall behind a glass panel. Rather than break the glass, he calmly pulled the ring-latch out of its recessed alcove, tuned it, and pulled the door open. Hauling out the hose, he paused long enough to firmly instruct the scared children now boiling into the hall to head for the exit, then he turned the valve that fed water to the hose, making sure not to turn it very far - he was too small to handle the hose himself at full pressure.

Then, opening the somewhat corroded brass nozzle at the end of the hose, he began to spray the ceiling.

Five minutes later, when the first staff showed up to clear out any children inside, they were stunned to find that Terry had already taken care of the fire, putting it out.

Despite his calm demeanor, however, Terry was far from unaffected by the experience.

In the few, scant minutes while he'd reacted, he'd felt.. something. A rush of sensations. Brightness that had been denied for his existence until then.

In those few, scant minutes, Terry had truly been *alive*.

It wasn't exactly the danger that had caused the rush, though that was part of it. What was even more important was the fact that he'd been in the middle of the situation, exerting his will to create control out of what otherwise would have been chaos. Until that instant, his life had really been dictated by somebody else almost all the time - and when it hadn't, it had been during periods of time when Terry's actions didn't really matter. But in fighting that fire, his actions had mattered. He'd made an impact, stepped in and controlled fate, even if in a limited way.

It had been a moment of beauty in a life devoid of beauty... and it had made his life a living hell.

To a man born blind, life is eternal darkness... but to be given a few, scant seconds to see the color and grace of the world, then strike him blind again... that is the ultimate cruelty.

Since that day, Terry had struggled to regain the rush he'd felt during the time he'd fought the fire. Word of his actions had been spread by word-of-mouth, and he'd become pretty well known... which was how it happened that Jack Winslow, a man whose lovely wife was unable to have children, had decided to feel out being a 'father' a bit by giving Terry a special present on his sixteenth birthday.

A crop-duster by trade, Jack had taken Terry up in his Stearman cadet biplane. The twin-winged, bright-red aircraft had sailed off the ground, climbed into the bright-blue summer sky... and Jack had let Terry take the controls for a few minutes...

.and, once again, Terry had felt that rush, the sensation of actually living, instead of just existing.

From then on, Terry and Jack were nearly inseparable. Though Jack couldn't afford to adopt Terry, legally, they were nevertheless as close to father-and-son that they could get, Jack taking him up with him whenever he could... and teaching him how to fly.

Every minute Terry couldn't be in the sky, he devoted himself to his education. Already one of the best students in the parish, he soon outstripped everybody else through intellect and sheer determination, getting his high-school equivalency in record time - and then moving right into college courses through correspondence, working at a local feed mill to pay the bills.

The week after Terry's eighteenth birthday, several things happened. The first was that he took - and passed - the exam and test required for him to get a Private Pilot's License for Single Engine

Propeller-Driven aircraft. He also took the last exams and graduated from 'college' with honors...

...and he joined the United States Air Force.

For the next seven years, Terry had finally found his niche, had finally been well and truly alive. Life had finally had some meaning, as he'd immersed himself in the military world where not only did his actions have meaning, but he got to strap multi-million aircraft to his ass and soar into the sky, where that rush would once again fill him with color and vibrancy. All

fighter pilots are 'hot', but Terry 'iceman' LaFontaine was the creme de la creme of fighter pilots, simply because he quite literally came alive when he climbed into the cockpit. He existed to fly, and that meant he flew - perfectly...

...right up until that horrible, fateful day when a malfunctioning ejection seat punched him out of the aircraft when he was trolling along behind a tanker in an otherwise routine training flight.

The ejection hadn't been too bad... except for the fact that his right eardrum had blown out, leaving him half-deaf in that ear... and with a permanent disability that altered his sense of balance a little, and made it impossible for him ever again to enter flight levels with low pressure. He'd been taking off flying status, never again to soar among the clouds, in a USAF or any other aircraft.

Since that day, life had lost most of its meaning for Terry. He still continued to drag on, unable to commit actual or psychological suicide, not able to separate himself from his now-meaningless existence as he worked a civilian job that paid him enough to continue eating.

He spent all his free time doing just one thing - trying to recapture the 'rush'. Things like hurtling down a steep, winding road, forcing his skill to the limit to keep from crashing and dying... and loving every second of it.

But those moments were few and far between, just enough to keep him going in a world that was once more dull and gray.

Staring out over the landscape in front of him, knees braced against the railing at the edge of the road, Terry once more considered his future, wondering what the next stunt he should take to give him another shot at filling his life with momentary meaning.

Behind him, he heard the growl of a diesel engine coming down from the top of the hill, and his well-ordered mind registered the fact that the sound was coming too quickly for the speed any reasonable driver should be going on a road like this - an ironic thought, all things considered. Turning his head, he was just in time to see the truck come around the corner, traveling much too fast.

The truck was little more than a wreck. Rusting, with its once-blue paint splotted with half-hearted areas of gray primer, the truck had seen better days - and years. Loaded into the cargo-bed were corroded 55-gallon drums, barely held in place by bungee-cords, and stacked up above the nominal safety of the two-ton truck's sidewalls.

As the truck's balding tires scrabbled for purchase to allow it to make it around the corner, the cord securing one of the barrels snapped under the centrifugal force... and the dingy metal drum became a projectile, the inertia of the speeding truck propelling it...

...directly towards Terry.

He reacted. Without much thought, operating more on instinct than anything else, Terry threw himself forward, tucking himself into a ball as he hit the ground, taking the impact on one shoulder. The initial burst of pain from the shoulder was joined by other cries from offended parts of his anatomy as he tumbled down the hill.

Behind him, the drum clipped the top of the guard-rail where he'd stood an instant before, splintering the top of the wooden support post as the side of the drum slowed from the impact - while the rest of the drum continued forward. The sudden difference in speed was greater than the worn metal's ductility.. and the drum burst like a dropped watermelon, it's bluish, odd-smelling liquid spraying out in a great fan as the drum, having hit off-center from it's point of balance, spun off to the side like a badly-thrown football.

A small stand of saplings had halted Terry's tumble in a (relatively) gentle manner, and he'd just begun to sit up... when he was suddenly sluiced by a few gallons of the liquid, soaking him to the skin...

...and more. He'd been halfway through a deep breath, and the liquid flooded down his throat, some ending up in his stomach and some in his lungs as it soaked through his clothes.

He spluttered and coughed, trying to clear his throat... but his throat began to burn and tighten up under the influence of the chemical. The burning sensation in his nose and eyes was joined by a terrible itching all over his body as it soaked into his skin, and he began to gurgle through a tightening throat as the strangely sweet odor of the chemical made what air he could gasp in heavy with fumes that were almost overpoweringly strong, as if somebody had dumped gallons of a slightly odd-scented perfume over the area. Whatever the chemical was, though, it wasn't perfume, but something more astringent, more powerful... it felt like it had set his body on fire, melting his bones and sinews with a heat that didn't consume.

If he'd had the breath for it, Terry would have screamed. The heat from the chemical on - and in - his body was greater than the reflected heat from that long-ago fire in the orphanage, seeming to sear through every nerve in his body. He struggled to draw breath, cloying as the fume-laden air was, as his airway squeezed tighter and tighter. His muscles refused to acknowledge the domination of his brain as he clopped around in the small grove, arms and legs thrashing.

Then he fell dead still, like a marionette with it's strings cut - as the pain increased. More than just the burning, it felt as if his body were being torn apart, ripped into it's component pieces from the inside out.

The pain seemed to last an eternity. Subjective time overruled 'real' time, seconds spanning into eons as his body seemed to feed on itself, the chemical causing reactions within the very cells themselves.

Then, slowly, the pain began to fade. The burning heat faded with it, flowing slowly from sinew and bone as his body reached chemical stability, rendering the chemical impotent, little more than sweet-smelling water and a few trace mineral components, it's active ingredients 'worn out' by reacting to cells that were equally changed by the transaction.

For several long moments, Terry merely lay where he was, still unmoving, as he attempted to absorb the agony that had passed, to get it through his body that it was over, to gather strength to defeat the great emotional and physical weariness the

incident had caused. As he lay, gathering his strength, his body felt strange, alien almost, and he wondered if the chemical had caused some lasting reactions.

For one thing, it seemed to have done something strange to the leather he wore. Perhaps his pants were made of a different leather than the boots and jacket, because the pants felt incredibly tight, especially across the hips and ass, but his boots and jacket both seemed to large. The chemical had also seemed to have effected him otherwise - though his breathing was no longer labored, there might be something seriously wrong with his lungs, because every breath he took felt as if he were forcing his ribcage up against a fairly heavy weight.

The chemical also seemed to have shrunk his shirt - at least across the chest, where it was straining tight against his body, especially across his nipples which seemed rubbed raw or something, they were so sensitive.

Finally, he regained enough strength to pull himself up into a sitting position...

...and that 'weight' on his chest shifted.

That drew his eyes downward... to stare at confusion at his chest.

His shirt hadn't shrunk - but it was drawn tight across his chest. Because his chest seemed to have become swollen - incredibly so. In fact, the shirt now bulged what appeared to be a foot from his ribcage, the shirt straining to cover the odd double-domed shape tipped with large points that looked strangely familiar somehow, though he'd never had this huge swelling on his chest before to compare it to.

"What the fuck...?" He asked, out loud...

...in a clear, trilling contralto voice that snapped the connections into place in his stunned, weary brain, the strange 'bulge' popping into mental focus...

Eyes widening to their limits, Terry grabbed his soaked shirt and yanked it upwards...

...to stare in horrified shock at the two enormous, round, firm tits thrust proudly from his ribcage, tipped with huge, rapidly swelling nipples. Even as his brain registered this impossibility, he noted the way his hands looked - smaller, finer, more dainty, more...

...more...

Suddenly, the massive, incredibly firm tits taking up most of his downward view became somewhat less important as he dipped his hands past them to his crotch. He fumbled for a second, fingers gliding over the taut, smooth leather of the crotch, finding the tough material strained over hips and ass, both of which were more then they should have been...

...then he had the fly of his pants open, and his hand slid into the now skin-tight boxer-briefs he wore...

That she wore... as her fingers slid over the unmistakable contours of a vagina, sending a disgustingly erotic sensation up her spine as they glanced across her new clitoris.

"Nooooooooo!"

She screamed the denial in a clearly feminine voice that gave it lie. No matter what you wanted to argue the definition of 'female' was, a person with a fully-formed cunt, a feminine voice, and a massive, incredibly firm pair of tits probably qualified.

"This... this can't be happening..." She argued with herself in vain, hands coming back to lightly touch the massive globes of breast-flesh in an effort to dispel an illusion that was, in fact, reality. "I... I *can't* have been turned into a woman..."

She would have desperately liked to believe the emotional pseudo-logic of that statement.. but her body, and it's sensations, gave lie to it. Whatever that chemical was, it had run through her body and re-written it's code. DNA and RNA are forms of acid, and the chemical's composition had 'burned' some of it through, changing the very nature of her body from the inside out, altering every cell in her body on the most basic level.

The new woman's mind whirled and spun, and the edges of her vision darkened as the blood rushed from her head in a symptom of extreme emotional shock... and she forced herself to lean forward and take several deep breaths to stave off the faint, her military training and innate 'coolness under pressure' refusing to let her accept the welcoming arms of darkness.

The procedure worked... but didn't make her feel any better. Leaning forward like that pressed her huge, incredibly firm new tits against her leather-clad upper thighs, her huge nipples pushed against the damp, glossy leather in a way that made her shiver at the familiar-yet-different sensation of cold liquid on her (severely) altered chest.

When the darkness slowly receded, she sat back up straight and pulled her T-shirt back down over her massive new endowments, feeling the damp cloth, turned midnight-blue by the moisture, mold itself to her massive new chest, 'caressing' her sensitive new tits.

Taking another deep breath, she struggled and managed to push back the worst of her emotional responses to the impossible situation she was in and tack stock in an orderly manner. She followed the basic survival assessment given by the Air Force's SERE training. One of the toughest courses for mind and body, the survival training's first order of business was establishing condition - and the top of that list was immediate physical health.

Despite the fact that her body was profoundly altered, Terry was alive, healthy and aware. Indeed - she was actually less injured than she'd been before the 'incident'. Whatever the chemical had done to her, it had 'reset' her cells to a gender-swapped version of their original state, eradicating all the bruises and contusions she'd acquired on the fall down the hill, and...

Terry's mind came to a screeching halt, and she slowly reached one slimmer, daintier hand up to her 'good' ear and plugged it.

For the first time since the unexpected ejection, her other ear was reporting sounds with equal volume and clarity. Not only had the chemical reaction healed her bruises.. it had healed her injured ear.

The medical implications of that were staggering. It might be possible to use the chemical reaction to cure such things as quadriplegics, AIDS, lost limbs...

Of course, there was always the very personal question of whether or not it was worth it. It was a shocking revelation, a deep question that could have all sorts of profound effects on society... but Terry didn't have time to dwell on them for the moment. Pushing that aside, she continued her 'self- evaluation'.

Okay, so she was a basically healthy woman, whether she wanted to be or not. That meant she wasn't in any immediate danger, health-wise, and as long as there was life, there was hope. So.. on to a 'status check'.

Terry leaned forward to remove her boots.. then winced as the almost habitual movement she used caused her huge tits to crush against her legs again. Each of her new tits was the size of a medicine ball... and they felt just about as heavy. She certainly didn't want to have tits at all, but it would have been nice if they'd been smaller. These monstrous mounds of mammary flesh were a pain in the.. well, a pain in the chest, actually.

Shifting position, Terry had to contort her new body to get at her boots - and was newly surprised by how easy it was to do so. Her body was suddenly much more supple and limber then it had ever been.

Getting her boots and socks off, she stared down at her smaller, more feminine feet. The boots were now considerably oversized for her feminine feet, and that would be a problem, since she couldn't very well walk around barefoot. Well, she only had to climb the hill to her motorcycle, and a temporary solution to the problem was to ball the socks up and shove them into the toes of her boots, then lace the boots as tightly as possible over her new feet. It was hardly ideal, but it would have to do.

One look at the skin-tight leather pants she wore revealed her legs were less muscular... and pretty damned good-looking, if not 'spectacular'. It was a thought she didn't want to deal with, so she continued on.

Her fly was still open, but she couldn't see her new womanhood - with her massive rack in the way, there was no way she could contort herself to look at her new vagina, not without having something to lean against. She was feeling most definitely chilly 'down there' as the cool air and the damp boxer- briefs created odd, cool sensations against her new cunt, and she did up her pants again - after a hell of a struggle. Her hips and ass hadn't 'expanded' as much as her chest had, but the pants had been tight to begin with.

As she finished taking stock of her new body, she paused to consider all the implications of what she'd discovered. The first thing that was a problem was the fact that her new 'rack'; was so utterly massive, which was sure to throw off her balance, as well as prove to be most 'distracting'. However, she knew where the mass had come from - because her body, while about the same height, was considerably less muscular, more smoothly athletic then 'buff'. Her hips had expanded only slightly, while her new ass was firm, round, and full.

It made a certain sort of sense. Her body had a certain amount of mass, and the chemical reaction couldn't just make it disappear. Her hands and feet had gotten smaller, and some of her other skeletal structure had gotten finer - and the relatively little bit of bone material had gone to her hips, widening the pelvic bone somewhat. The 'soft tissue' of testosterone-inspired muscle, however, had been transferred to her tits and ass. In a way, Terry had been 'lucky' - there'd been a hell of a lot of muscle mass to be transferred, and as awkward as the huge breasts were, the T-shirt was a hell of a lot more 'stretchy' than the pants were. If the weight had been evenly split, she'd still be remarkably well endowed - and with an ass the size of Wyoming, which would have never allowed her to do up her pants again.

With most of her muscle bulk 'converted', she was 'weaker' than she'd been before, another problem she'd have to deal with. However, she was alive, healthy and functioning - which meant she was capable of seeking out the chemical responsible for doing this to her and looking for an antidote.

Having reached the conclusion of her examination, Terry carefully levered her new body upright, having to move slowly and carefully as she tried to adapt to the altered balance and feel of her new body. She would have fallen - except for the fact that her new body was more graceful, limber, and reactive. Her reaction time and innate sense of balance had apparently improved in her new form, partially balancing the problem of her altered center-of-gravity.

Sighing, Terry looked up the slope to the guard-rail at the top.. and carefully began to climb.

It seemed to take forever for her to reach the top, and her calf, back and shoulder muscles were aching from the twin strains of moving her upward while counter-balancing the effect of gravity of her massive tits - which seemed to want to jiggle, sway and bounce all over the place with every little movement.

On top of that, her feet were aching from the way they were being mistreated in the poorly-fitted boots she was forced to stick with. However, she ground her teeth together, and pressed on until she was over the side of the guard rail and standing on the road...

"God fucking damn!" she shouted in her clear, feminine new voice, smaller hands curling into fists that left her longer nails digging into her smoother palms. "Shit!"

Angrily, she stomped towards her bike, anger keeping her from being distracted by the way her huge new tits bounced with every angry step, until she stood over her motorcycle.

The truck that had 'dropped' the drum had over-corrected as it had attempted to keep from going over the edge... and had side-swiped her motorcycle, damaging it. There was no way it was going to run, not without some repairs at a fully-equipped garage.

Terry stalked around for a bit, swearing and cursing... and not even noticing as she almost subconsciously adjusted her stride, swaying her hips and letting them swivel more to counter-act the inertial effect of her new tits' swaying and bouncing, reaching a most-definitely feminine stride out of necessity.

Then, sighing, she leaned over - *very* carefully - and picked up the mirror that had been ripped off the side of the bike to survey the altered face she now possessed...

It looked like her old one.. and it didn't. It had gone from boyishly cute to 'tomboyishly' cute. She wasn't gorgeous, by any stretch of the imagination, but her pixie-like face beneath her mop of dark hair was most definitely cute, with a smaller nose, somewhat fuller lips, and bright blue eyes. In fact.. she was damned cute... and even sexy, a thought that wasn't the most comforting one in the world.

"great..." She muttered to herself in an annoyed sigh. "I've got a taut little body, a cute-sexy face, and ass that'd make any straight man's knees weak, and tits from her to next Thursday. I'll probably have guys falling over themselves trying to come on to me..." then she gasped as the mental image that had been conjured up caused her to shudder...

...as she felt 'the Rush'.

"What the fuck...?" She gasped, shaking her head. "No! No... this is just wrong..."

Her shock and dismay forced the image out of her head.. and the rush faded. Shaken, she took several deep breaths, feeling 'dirty' at having felt so utterly alive at the thought of having a body that turned men on... no. That's wasn't quite true. She'd been ironically imagining guys offering things to her in exchange for a chance at touching her, sexually.. and maybe much, much more. It wasn't just the body, in her momentary, unbidden imaginings.. it had been her *using* her body...

...to control a sexual situation.

Even as she realized this, it caused another momentary 'vision' in her mind's eye.. and she felt the rush again, weaker this time and she chopped the hazy thought off as soon as it registered.. but it left her feeling like her knees had turned to water.

She would have liked to think it was from the horrified disgust at the sexual thoughts.. but the truth was, her huge new nipples were as hard as rock, and there was a disturbingly pleasant warmth in her altered crotch.

All her life, she'd searched for situations with inherent 'risks' in them, so that she could feel that all- important rush when she exerted control over them. As a man, sexual situations hadn't been enough to trigger that. Not that she, as a guy, had any problems with sex - it was just that, for men, there was precious little control over the situation, and if you did try to exert control, it was called 'rape', something Terry had never tried to do, despite the fact it might have given him the 'rush'. By making sure he never even got close to that line, Terry had been kept safe from temptation that might lead to an addiction so utterly repugnant to him that he would rather die than become a serial rapist.

However, in the body she now possessed, Terry was in the position that women had held for centuries... the ability to 'regulate' a very precious 'commodity' that men would go to great - even ludicrous - lengths to get a share of...

...and the thought of being able to do that caused the rush - and the thought of being able to get the rush that 'easily' was.. was..

...was turning her on, both reinforcing the desire to cause 'the rush'... and reinforcing her emotional problems in dealing with the scenario.

"Oh, God..." Terry moaned, feeling weak and faint. She couldn't handle this. She couldn't deal with the fact that this horrible, disgusting, debasing, terrible accident that had happened to her... could make her feel more alive than ever before. She didn't want to be a woman, and certainly didn't want to be a sexually active one.. yet she did want to feel that rush. Seeking a way to get that rush had been her life's goal...

...but she'd never even thought that it would be like this. What made it worse was the fact that she couldn't retreat from it as easily as she had from the thought of rape. They were too different things, and as emotionally disgusting as the thought of having sex with men, as a woman, was, it was a 'personal' thing, without the stigmata that forcing sex on somebody else had attached...

She would have rather died than become a rapist, as a man... but what made this so hard was the fact that she wouldn't rather die than have sex with men, as a woman. It was a very unpleasant thought that went against every core ideal she'd been taught should lie at the heart of her still-male ego... but the thought of the 'rush' at only emotional pain to herself (and no pain at all to the other participant, far from it), put it far enough into the realm of 'possible' to scare and disgust her...

...and intrigue and excite her, which most definitely didn't help. She desperately wanted to be so utterly sickened by the thought that she'd throw up at the very idea, that she'd never be able to consider it, much less do it...

That wasn't the case. No matter how hard she tried, part of her non-gender-'trained' mind was considering it, quite thoroughly.

Closing her eyes, Terry forced herself to breathe deeply and think about the emergency procedures for a dead-stick landing... finally, her moment of confusion and weakness passed and she forced herself to stay calm and focused as she pondered what her immediate actions would have to be.

Obviously, she couldn't ride her bike back home - nor could she walk there. Climbing back to the top of the road and hiking the fifteen miles back to where she lived wouldn't be advisable in the poorly-fitting boots, nor barefoot. Even walking down to the city that sprawled at the base of the hill would be rough on her feet.

Though the bike wouldn't run, its tires were still sound, and she was sitting on a hill, after all...

It took a disgusting amount of effort with her new body to get the bike back up, something that had been fairly easy in her original form. Getting the bike on its wheels once more, she straddled it, needing to tuck her left leg awkwardly back to

avoid the jagged metal from the point of impact on the side of the bike. With an awkward motion, she managed to get the bike onto the smooth pavement and start it on it's way.

The slope was fairly shallow, and the bike was slow to pick up speed - but she didn't mind, as having the bike hurtle down the road was the last thing she wanted. Finally, it was rolling smoothly along, at about the speed she could have run, in her old body, if she'd really had to.

Rounding the easy curve at the bottom of the hill, she began to level out... and the bike began to slow. However, she was also rolling through the section of town where scattered houses rose on the hillside, and the secondary highway turned into something more along the lines of a major thoroughfare, fed and emptied by the multitude of side-streets ahead. Already, having passed a couple of residential streets, traffic had begun to pick up.

The bike's momentum finally died, and she let the bike come to a stop, climbing off of it and letting it lean against a lamppost on the side of the street, it's kick-stand uselessly bent. Looking around, she found herself in a middle-class commercial district, with a few stores and restaurants, with a variety store/gas station anchoring one corner, and a 'bargain mart' anchoring the other.

Feeling around the inside of her coat, she found her wallet was exactly where it was supposed to be - and she had more than enough cash on hand to call a cab to take her home... or wherever else she wanted to go. It wasn't a question she'd considered in depth yet, but she knew she needed some help, to find some way to undo what had been done to her. The problem was, she wasn't quite sure where to turn for that help.

Looking around, she spotted a small bar halfway down the street, and the thought of an emotion- numbing drink or two while making her decision appealed to her. Wincing as she strode forward on already aching feet, she let her body fall into that feminine sway, aware of it now (disturbingly so), but not willing to 'force' a masculine stride for the sake of her wounded pride - the bounce and jiggle of her tits from that type of stride would have made it a hollow 'victory' anyway.

Reaching the bar, terry pulled open the door and walked into the dimly lit interior, eyes quickly adjusting from the day outside.

It was a nice, mid-scale bar, with dark green carpet and varnished 'old oak' woodwork booths framed at the top with glass. Plastic plants were placed here-and-there, and the lighting - and sound - was subdued. The design of the room made for 'privacy', making it nearly impossible to tell how many people were in the room - but there were three guys sitting at the bar itself, all looking like they'd just finished a shift at whatever low-end white-collar job they held.

Terry refused to take a good look at the guys, though, and hoped they weren't taking a particularly good look at her... though they probably were. Keeping her eyes on the brass rail surrounding the foot of the bar, she grit her teeth and tried to ignore the feminine sway of her new hips or the bounce and sway of her huge new tits, which had suddenly registered very strongly indeed on her senses.

It was but a few feet from the door to the bar... but it seemed to take an eternity, and eternity as she fought, very *very* hard, not to think about what the guys at the bar were probably thinking about...

...and failing miserably. A slow, steady warmth was slowly soaking through her, originating in her crotch, and her nerves were all a-tingle - and the world seemed to slowly be gaining new dimensions as the 'rush' slowly began to build, the sounds becoming richer, fuller, more meaningful, while what little she let herself look at seemed to become more vibrant, more three dimensional...

It was the same with her own body. In her life, her own sensations had seemed 'dull' - except in the grip of the rush. Now she felt her sense coming to life, and she was intimately aware of her body, of its smooth, feminine curvature. The way her full, spectacular buttocks felt as they flexed and shifted with each step. The way her huge new breasts moved under the thin shirt she wore. The way her fuller lips felt, pressed against each other...

She eased herself onto the bar stool and let her eyes rise upwards.. but not too far. She fixed her gaze on the collar of the bartender's shirt, fighting the urge to look higher...

...or lower.

"A beer, please." She said, hearing her warm, damnably feminine contralto voice anew, hearing its richly feminine timbre, its alluring, sensual sound... unbidden, her voice was rich and seductive, her innocent words sounding smoky and smooth...

* * * * *

Luke noticed her when she walked in the door.

It would be hard not to, all things considered, and she captured his immediate attention...

...because she was the oddest conglomerate of contradictions he'd ever seen.

First off, there was her, herself - and that was saying quite a bit, all of it contradictory. About average height, she had a sort of lean, tomboyish build to her. Beneath a completely unstyled mop of dark hair, her face would have been 'pretty' - if she'd bothered with even the faintest hint of make-up at all, which she hadn't.

Her body was built along 'boyish' lines, except for her ass, which looked like it was probably pretty damn nice, assuming it wasn't just the tight pants that made it look that firm... and then there was her tits.

She had the general 'look' of a stereotypical 'nature-loving' girl, maybe even a prototypical 'lesbian' type... except for the tits that were straining her shirt. They were enormous, freakishly so - the type of tits that you'd have to have multiple surgeries to get, and even then it was way outside what an 'average' person would do. A stripper, perhaps, or a porn star... but not even a hooker would get them that incredibly round and massive, much less the 'girl next door' - yet this girl had them.

Which didn't jibe with her basic look - or the clothes she wore. Usually, somebody who got tits that big would either flaunt them, or try to down-play them while she wasn't 'using' them in whatever line of work it was that inspired that much massive enlargement in the first place - yet this woman wasn't dressed 'right'. The leather pants were pretty good, showing off her ass and all... but what was with the leather jacket over the blue T-shirt routine? And those huge, clunky-looking riding boots? It was the sort of 'tough' look that you'd expect from somebody 'butch' - yet she wasn't, and the look was decidedly odd on her mostly boyish frame and hugely enlarged breasts.

Then, on top of all those contradictions, there was the way she acted and moved. First off all, there was the way she'd walked into the room. Her stride wasn't 'manly' in any way, but it was as if she'd never done anything graceful in her life before. The grace in her walk was mostly incidental as she moved to just cover ground in the most efficient way her feminine body would allow.

When she'd stepped inside the door, she'd looked around, seemingly fairly confident... and then she'd blushed, fiercely, and began to walk - shuffle, really - toward the bar, head down. Her body had been tense, awkward... and she'd kept sneaking glances at himself and the other guys at the bar, moving like somebody expecting to be whipped or verbally assaulted. Even her movements to get on the barstool had been awkward, though oddly graceful.

Then she stares directly at the bartenders neck, eyes refusing to meet anybody else's, and orders beer in this thin, wavery voice, like she was afraid to speak clearly and strongly.

Luke had never come across anybody, male or female, who acted like this... but the general feel she gave did seem oddly familiar...

Then he had it, and his broad hand tightened around his glass in anger as he considered any possible way that a woman could end up like this. Certain incongruities fell into place... like those tits of hers. They were most definitely out-of-place with her body and actions... which would make sense if she hadn't gotten them voluntarily.

Indeed, almost everything about her fell into place once Luke had made the connection between the way the woman was behaving - and the time he'd seen a mistreated dog who'd been whipped into fawning submission by it's master.

* * * * *

Terry couldn't help but notice him out of the corner of her eye - he kept looking at her with an odd expression on his face as she sipped at her beer.

He was an average-looking guy, more or less. Lightly tanned, with a shaggy mane of dirty brown hair and some stubble, dressed in faded Levi's and a denim work-shirt. The most interesting thing about him was his eyes, a pair of deep green eyes that looked like emeralds as he gazed at her.

So, Terry wasn't terribly surprised when the guy sidled a couple of bar stools over to sit down next to her just as she finished her beer. She was instant uncomfortable, confused, worried, and unpleasantly pleased... but not surprised. She felt the warmth and tingle running through her body increase, and an odd thing happened - the rest of the world seemed to receded into that gray haze that marred her life... except that the rush seemed to actually grow stronger as it's focus narrowed down, leaving him and herself in this incredibly crisp, clear glow, shutting out the rest of the world.

She struggled to maintain her hold over her new feelings, emotions and thoughts as his masculine presence hit her like a freight train, his manly musk and faint odor of sweat making her knees weak and her head swim.

"Hi.." He said, quietly, in the sort of intimate whisper that she should have expected. "Would you like me to buy you another beer? You could probably use another - it looks like you've been having a rough day."

Having her traitorous body and emotions find this man's attention so.. so exciting made her male ego want to scream... but she managed to keep herself under control, fighting both the urge to run away and the urge to let herself respond sexually.

"You have no idea..." She said, politely. "My motorcycle got wrecked on the way down the escarpment... and that's not even the worst thing that's happened lately..."

* * * * *

Luke couldn't stand it anymore. Sure, maybe it was his place to interfere - but he'd heard about twisted 'relationships' like this on talk-shows and what-not, where women were all but slaves to some domineering man who got a kick out of controlling them, and it sickened him. If there was anything he could do to help this poor woman...

As he slid down to sit beside her, something odd registered, now that he was closer;

She was wearing men's clothes. That was one reason why she looked so out of place - and why the boots looked so huge and clunky.

She noticed him sit down beside her... and she seemed to shrink down on herself a bit, here startlingly bright, blue eyes a mystery as she watched him. Was that fear he saw? Or hope? Or maybe a bit of both...?

Keeping his voice low, both for privacy and to keep from spooking her, he 'broke the ice' as best he could, offering her a drink... and commenting that she looked like she was having a rough time. He hoped to draw her story out of her...

When she answered, it was in a flat, hopeless voice only faintly tinged with an emotion he couldn't identify - and her words explained a hell of a lot, making part of that ball of pity in his chest loosen, to be replaced by respect.

To escape such a horrible, sick 'relationship' wasn't easy. From what Luke had seen on talk shows, women were more or less brain-washed until they were sure that the man who was doing this was practically God... or the Devil. Fear kept them

paralyzed... yet this woman had obviously managed to get enough courage to get out of the situation. She didn't come right out and say it, of course, but between what she said and what Luke had seen, it came together perfectly.

She was wearing men's clothes because whatever clothing the son-of-a-bitch who did this to her let her wear was no good for her plan. Instead, she'd stolen his riding clothes, and then his motorcycle... and, not really knowing how to rise one, she'd damaged it on the way down the mountain. At least she didn't seem to have injured herself in whatever accident had happened - and she was at least some distance away from the bastard.

Though some of his pity had dissipated, his anger at the unknown bastard who'd done this to the poor woman was growing, and Luke ordered them a couple of more beers, using the diversion to get his rage under control - if he let it show, he might scare this poor woman off, and she looked like she desperately needed a friend. Luke wasn't exactly a knight in shining armor - but he swore to himself that he'd do whatever was necessary to turn this woman's life around. He didn't know her, wasn't her friend - yet - but the thought of another (supposed) member of his gender doing something this horrible made him feel a sort of obscure guilt, as if what had happened to her was his fault, as well.

"By the way, I'm Luke." He introduced himself.

"Teri." She said, shyly. "Uh... thanks for the beer, Luke."

Her hesitant gratitude unnerved him a bit - she obviously wasn't used to having men buy her drinks. "My pleasure, Teri."

That seemed to have an odd effect on her. She started to smile - involuntarily. He could tell by the sudden, completely spontaneous light that came into her eyes as her lips started to curl upwards... and she started to sit up straighter, her back arching backwards, pressing those ridiculous tits of hers farther out...

...only, for that second, they didn't look freakishly huge. In that one, half-formed instant, Teri became the most stunningly beautiful person Luke had ever been fortunate enough to meet. The obscure pain went out of her, and something good - something *vital* - took its place, and she was simply more real, more alive, more *there* than any other person Luke had ever seen, making his throat tighten in awe at her sheer, stunning, feminine beauty...

...and then the moment was past, and she slumped in on herself once more, ashamed of her once more ludicrous bust and her tomboyish, unadorned looks.

* * * * *

It hit her so hard she almost lost herself in the sudden rush.

Luke's attentions, his obvious pleasure in doing something for her, gave her a more powerful rush than she'd ever felt in her life. Her body seemed to burn with intensity, and her mind was wiped momentarily clear of any thought as she reacted to increase the intensely pleasurable feeling that ran through her body, a feeling like she'd never felt before...

...a feeling created by having 'control' over the situation, her sexual new being making a man do something for her. Even as the momentary loss of control kicked in, that thought - that she was using her feminine wiles, unwilling as it might be - put an immediate damper on her raging 'rush', and she managed to get control of herself.

"Look, Luke - I appreciate the drink and all..." She said, pausing to take a long, cooling swallow of the beverage, "...but I've kinda got this problem I have to.. well, figure out a way to solve."

Luke's eyes had an odd look in them as he cocked his head. "I'd love to help, if I can. You know what they say about two heads being better than one." He paused. "Maybe we should move to a more private booth, and then we can discuss your problem..."

He was obviously not ready to give up on her - and part of her was inordinately grateful for the fact, while another part of her desperately wished he'd go away, since he was causing sensations that she was most definitely not comfortable having... or *too* comfortable having, depending on how you looked at it.

She opened her mouth to turn him down... and discovered something that managed to shock, horrify and excite her, all at the same time.

She couldn't do it. She quite simply didn't have enough willpower to send him away. No matter how hard she tried, the part of her that wanted - *needed* - to feel the rush exerted enough force on her that she couldn't simply walk away from the opportunity before her, no matter how much the implications bothered her male memories and upbringing.

"Well..." She said, still searching for a way to turn him down - and to fight the urges and feelings she was having. "I.. I don't think you can help with my particular problem... but a little more privacy would be nice..."

* * * * *

His offer made her so distinctly uncomfortable that he was sure he'd blown it. She shrank in on herself, face taking a slightly stricken look as her lips searched for words....

...and he knew, in that instant, then when she inevitable agreed, he'd have to find an excuse to leave. He couldn't take it. She'd be following his suggestion because she'd been beaten in submission, reacting as a slave would to the word of her master...

...and then, for the second time, that magic happened. He eyes filled with life - and with hope. The tension in her body didn't fade - but it changed, becoming the tension of somebody who dared hope, even when everything inside told her not to. It was in that instant when she once more became heart- stoppingly lovely, not because of the way she looked.. but because of who she *was*, the person that had been forced down behind the surface momentarily showing him the every possibility of who she really was...

...and, despite whatever she felt, she accepted the proposal. Hesitantly, perhaps even fearfully - but completely of her own volition, making it more than just 'all right' for him to slide from his bar stool and lead her to an empty booth.

He slid into the booth, the dark burgundy vinyl squeaking slightly beneath his weight. He settled in...

...then, surprised, shifted over as Teri slid into the same seat with him, instead of across from him as he'd expected.

"So... what's this problem you're having...?" Luke asked, hoping the fact that she'd answered him earlier might mean she was ready to talk about it...

* * * * *

She had to suppress a grin at the question. "Uh... I really don't think I could explain it to you." She said, the thought of what he might say or do if she revealed the truth almost enough to send her into gales of laughter. "it's really... complicated."

Oddly enough, he took the evasive answer well - almost as if he expected it, but that was impossible, all things considered. "I see. Well... is there anything I can do to help?"

She'd been giving the question some serious thought - and still hadn't come up with any clear answers. Her first instinct was to go to a hospital... but she had another mental image of what would happen when Admit asked what was wrong and she tried to explain... she was pretty sure a 'Psych Consult' would be the immediate result. Likewise, trying to call up anybody she knew and make the understand who she 'really' was.

Her best bet, as she saw it, was to find the truck that had side-swiped her bike, and find out what had been in the barrels. From there, she could back-track to the company that had produced them.. and threaten them with a lawsuit. At that point a concerted effort would be made to prove she wasn't indeed, who she said she was... which would (she desperately hoped) end up proving that she was, in fact, herself.

"Well.." She answered Luke's question. "I guess the first step would be to find the guy who side- swiped my motorcycle, and have him pay for the damage."

* * * * *

Obviously she wasn't ready to talk about the bastard whose thumb she'd lived under all these years - from the way her face had twisted up when he'd asked the question, he was sure she was barely able to restrain tears at the thought of it, much less talk about it.

Her answer to how he could help showed that this 'escape plan' of hers hadn't included a lot of money. Most likely, the guy who'd done this to her never let her have any money of her own, so she'd had to steal whatever he'd left around...

His respect for her went up another notch - as did his concern. Obviously, she was at a very fragile point in her life. She needed to feel that she was important as a person in her own right, and he didn't want to do anything that would make her

want to backslide into the 'comfort' of her familiar submission. Comfort wasn't exactly the right word, of course, but it was the closest Luke could come to expressing what would make somebody slip back into a routine that they were used to, no matter how horrible it was, rather than face the new challenges that lay along a different path. Obviously, Teri was worried about her lack of money or transportation, as well as uncomfortable with her physical looks... which was stated louder than words by the way she varied between complacently comfortable to withdrawn, drawing in on herself. Luckily, her immediate problem left an easy opening for him...

"Maybe that won't be necessary." He grinned. "As it so happens, I work at a garage. I'm sure I could get your bike fixed for you, free of charge... or maybe you'd prefer to exchange it for a nice used car - a fiesta, perhaps?"

He was surprised by the quick look that passed across her face - almost fear, but not quite. As if his offer had somehow been very, very wrong...

* * * * *

It was a great offer, based on what he knew... but it wouldn't help her, not in her situation. Sure, she'd get her bike fixed for free... but she still had to back-track the guy in the truck, or she'd be stuck in this body forever... the thought of it made her suddenly very, very aware of the fact that she was sitting right next to a guy who was trying very hard to 'be nice' to her - because she was a sexy woman and he was a handsome enough man, a red-blooded American male, 'on the prowl'. His offer was obviously an attempt to get closer to her, not that there was anything fundamentally wrong with that, since Luke didn't know the truth... but how to let him know that it wasn't any good to her, since she'd neglected to tell him the whole reason behind her search for the man in the truck?

* * * * *

Luke blinked as she shifted uncomfortably, drawing her jacket closer over her huge bust. There was no way for the jacket to hide those massive knockers - hell, it wouldn't even zip up over that magnificent amount of breast-flesh. She tried to 'downplay' them nevertheless, obviously worried and upset, the look on her face making it clear she was searching for a way to escape this situation.. without angering him. Obviously, she didn't have any skills at all turning away 'requests', and the blossom of anger deep inside grew at the ideas about what had been done to her to make her this timid...

...and another emotion grew as well, as he realized that part of it was that she probably thought he expected something in return for his 'help' - and he had a fair idea of what she thought he wanted, since it was probably the same thing the bastard who had done this to her wanted.

"look, Teri..." Luke said, quietly, trying to project every ounce of sincerity he could into his voice. "I don't want you to think I'm doing this for any overt reasons. I just want to help you. You can accept my offer... then walk away, never having to see me again, ever. I... Well, not to be too blunt, but I'm not expecting you to reward me in any way for my help, not even.. not even so much as a kiss."

* * * * *

'*Yeah, right.*' Teri thought - though she had to admit that if she said 'goodbye' right now and left, Luke probably wouldn't be angry about it. He was a nice enough guy, and god knew there was nothing wrong with trying to entice a girl. It was part of human nature, after all. Still...

"You're not?" She asked, archly. "You mean you don't want to kiss me?" She snorted delicately to show she didn't believe him.. then decided to throw him a curve-ball by giving him a bit of the absolute truth, just for the hell. "I've never actually been kissed by a guy, you know. I guess there's no reason to start now, anyway."

* * * * *

Her hurt tone when she said 'You're not?' was bad enough - but the muffled sob before her heart- breaking question about his not wanting to kiss her almost tore his heart in two...

...then if felt like his heart had been ripped when she sadly told that she'd never kissed a guy... and probably didn't need to start now.

It was far, far worse then he'd thought. Whoever had done this to her hadn't been to use her for a sex object - no, it was deeper, and somehow that much worse. He didn't want her, sexually... and he wanted to make sure nobody else had her, either. That's why her tits were so incredibly huge - whoever this bastard was, he wanted to mark her, and yet also drive away most men. With her boyish build, she would have been damned cute with her original bust and a little make-up... but now she believed she was a freak, undesirable to any man. It was probably what whoever the bastard was had been telling her all along. He'd probably driven into her mind the thought that she was ugly, that no man would ever want her - as part of his method of keeping her close. After all, why escape when there was nothing out there worth her attention, if she thought she was going to be ridiculed? No wonder she was so withdrawn, curling in on herself... she thought she was hideous...

...and Luke had just said the absolutely wrong thing. He needed to reassure her that she wasn't hideous, that she was a desirable, intriguing woman...

"I didn't say I didn't want to kiss you..." Luke said, softly. "I said I didn't expect you to kiss me. I think you're a warm, vibrant, beautiful woman, Teri..."

* * * * *

'*Thought so...*' She thought to herself, wryly. She could probably work this up into a good argument, if she'd been in a mind to...

...but, as much as the thought made her uncomfortable, she was enjoying his attentions. Still, that didn't mean she was just going to fall into his arms or anything. If she was enjoying the cat-and- mouse routine, there was no reason why she couldn't drag it out a little longer, mixing some of the unknown-to-him truth with well-chosen words, keeping him off balance...

Obviously, he'd started hitting on her because he was a 'breast man', and she was about as busty as he'd ever see. Why not play with that thought for a bit...

"Beautiful...?" She asked, knowing that he actually believed that. "How can I be beautiful? Don't you think my tits are freakishly, disgustingly huge...?" She pouted. "No man's ever fondled my tits..."

* * * * *

On one level, he would have been forced to answer that question with the most hurtful thing in the world - the truth, that her tits were freakishly big.

But her own inner beauty overcame even that handicap... if he could only bring it out again...

So, he was completely honest - on a certain level - when he told her... "I think your breasts are utterly perfect, for you. I don't know why no man's ever fondled your breasts, but I know many men would quite happily do so, if they could... and I'm one of them. Teri, you are a sexy, desirable woman."

He couldn't clearly read the look that came to her face - there were too many emotions mixed in it. But he was pretty sure one of them was gratitude... and another, hope.

* * * * *

She'd thought she was playing a game... but when he actually came out and said it, told her that she was sexually desirable, a flood of emotions hit her so hard she could barely breath...

...and, on top of that, the rush seemed to swell to cataclysmic proportions. The world seemed to shudder with the force of it, everything becoming so blindingly bright, clear and sharp that it was as if she'd just been freed from a dank prison after years of confinement, stepping out into the sunlight world on a rich, spring day.

Her body was shivering with the force of the emotional pleasure his desire for her caused... and her body was also thrumming with physical desire all it's own. Her nipples were like diamond chips that were generating an intense, erotic tingle that was a fast patter against the lower, deeper throbbing from her hot, wet cunt. Her mouth was dry, and her heart was thudding like a jack-hammer, and she managed to feel both hot and chilly at the same time, like she was in the grip of some wonderful, spectacular fever that was taking her unopposed...

...and before she was aware she was going to do it, she was leaning forward, sliding one arm behind his neck, her lips pursing as her eyes slid closed, emotions and desire overriding anything her male ego might have had to say about what she was doing. She pressed her over-endowed body tightly against his, her massive tits pressing into his shoulder with a sensation that was so utterly, unbelievably wonderful that it seemed that she'd pass out at the thrumming pleasure in her body - and then her lips pressed against his, and the pleasure redoubled....

...for the instant it took for her to register how stiff he was, tense... and he wasn't kissing her back...

The rush vanished. The incredible, intense, sharpness simply vanished, once more plunging her into a world of black and white silence as she pulled away. The sudden 'drop' was too much for her in her confused, fragile emotional state. Though she hated herself for it, she couldn't help it - she began to cry, long, hitching sobs that were somehow worse than wails of agony...

* * * * *

Her sudden move took him by surprise. As she pressed herself against him, her lips meeting his, Luke felt a moment's panic, not sure what to do. Did he dare take advantage of her that way?

Wouldn't that be an awful lot like rape, if she was doing it because of some ingrained need to 'please' somebody, to fulfill their expectations? But what if she was doing it because he made her feel desirable, when she'd always thought she was a freak? What was the right thing, morally and ethically, to do here ?

The hesitation to make a decision was a decision all on its own and before he could react, she pulled away from him...

...and her body began to shake with the force of the long, deep sobs that took her.

Luke felt his heart rip apart. It was as if somebody had reached into his chest and squeezed his heart so hard that it burst and he stopped thinking at all, reacting only on base emotional instincts.

Sliding his hands around her shaking body, he pulled her close to him, just holding her for a second, letting his very presence, his closeness, tell her that he hadn't abandoned her.

Her face turned upwards as he held her, and this time he didn't hesitate...

* * * * *

Shamed by her tears, touched by Luke's obvious concern, mildly disgusted that she'd nearly let her body and emotions push her into something she wasn't sure she'd *ever* be ready for, Teri lifted her head to thank Luke, but tell him it wasn't necessary...

...when he kissed her, his lips pressing firmly against hers even as his hands continued to hold her firm body close...

...and thought vanished completely as the rush once more filled the world.

She kissed him back, hungrily, unable to stop herself from responding to what she was feeling. The kiss was pretty good, as kisses went, not fundamentally better (or different) than kisses when she'd been the man kissing the woman, other than the way her body felt pressed up against his... but the rush made it the most exquisite thing she'd ever felt, physical sensations aside. Her lips and tongue played with his, working on intensifying the ecstasy that thrummed through her body, ecstasy caused

by the fact that she was causing a man to kiss her - ecstasy caused by the rush, almost completely independent from the physical pleasure, which was merely and added bonus that increased her desires and needs.

She'd just been playing around. Though her 'rush' made sexually active interaction 'pleasurable', she hadn't been ready to do anything about it... but now she had absolutely no choice. No matter how much that part of her brain that was male screamed and begged for her body to stop, she couldn't do anything to make this incredible rush of pleasure she was feeling go away. She *needed* to keep going. She couldn't help herself...

The kiss seemed to go on for an eternity, yet it was also somehow over much too fast. When Luke broke the kiss, she wanted to continue, her 'logical' mind over-ridden by the emotional and physical needs she was feeling.

"Please..." She heard her new voice said, in a low, desperate tone. "I need you... I need to feel what having sex with a man is like... I need you to fuck me, Luke - now!"

* * * * *

Luke was stunned by Teri's plea that he have sex with her... and not a little aroused. However, the moral dilemma came back to haunt him...

...and was wiped away by the look on her face. She was completely and totally open, her eyes saying all that needed to be said. Though she may be tortured by her past, the sheer urgency in her body and face said that this was, indeed, what she needed right now.

"Follow me..." He said, gently pushing her back out of the booth. She seemed to be having a really hard time letting him go, even for an instant, her body snuggled close to his as they headed towards the door, her huge, round tits pressed into his arm as her body trembled with sexual desires.

* * * * * the rush had subsided a bit as the kiss had faded... and now Teri was desperately struggling to regain control of her body and emotions. She'd just begged a guy to have sex with her, for God's sake!

Yet, no matter how hard she struggled to stop herself, she couldn't seem to do it. It was almost... well, almost like an addiction. Just as a smoker knows he should quit, but found it nearly impossible to do so, Terri knew that she shouldn't follow the mindless 'rush'... but 'knowing' and 'doing' were two separate things, and she couldn't seem to gain control of her rampant desires enough to do anything.

Arousing a man, making him sexually interested in her - it was more powerful a rush than she'd ever felt, incredibly so. Though there was something very, very wrong with the thought of a recently male person, unwilling made female, having sex so soon after the change, there was nothing she could do about it. The pleasure was overwhelming, more than she could stand... to cut herself off at this point just wasn't possible.

She found herself being led to Luke's pick-up truck, and she had to break contact with his very warm, masculine body long enough to walk around to the passenger's side... and in that moment of separation, she found herself gaining a bit of strength as the rush faded even more. Hand on the door handle, she hesitated, struggling for control...

...then she saw Luke climb into the truck... and saw the way his jeans were bulging at the crotch. Bulging from an erection.

An erection she had caused...

The rush revved up, washing away the hesitation as she helpless opened the door and slid into the truck, her voice once again saying words she hadn't know she was going to say.

"Hurry, Luke..." She found herself telling him, hungrily. "Hurry - I need to feel you in me..."

Luke hurried. Luckily, he lived close by - he managed to get his pick-up up to speeds that the manufacturer had never claimed, even when the vehicle was new, but the short distance between the bar and his house kept him getting stopped for speeding - which would have been problematical, especially since he'd just left a bar...

As she pulled up to his house, Teri all but tumbled out of the vehicle, running right up to him and pressing her body against his again, kissing him hungrily as they made for the door, her hands ranging across the taut denim covering his crotch.

'Oh, my God!' Part of her shouted to her uncaring body. 'I'm acting like some sort of nympho slut or something! I'm practically fucking him on the street, and I only just met him...!'

The shock and disgust she felt at this, however, still wasn't enough to break the hold the rush had on her body, or the power the arousal of her body had over her mind.

They'd barely gotten in the door when she was all over him - and he all over her, their hands working frantically to take the other's clothes off, eager to reach what lay beneath. Each had their doubts about what was happening - and yet, neither of them could stop.

They were completely naked by the time they got as far as the living room.. and that's as far as they went.

They collapsed on the floor, kissing hungrily, hands roaming each other's bodies, unable to help themselves...

...largely in part to the fact that Teri's chemical-affected body was pumping out hormones by the gallon and super-powerful pheromones at the same rate. Neither one realized the true source of their almost unholy lust, of course, but that didn't matter in the least - it still affected them... there was no speaking, no words other than assorted moans and gasps.. yet, somehow, working together, they managed to end up in a sixty-nine position on the floor, brains overloaded by shear, uncontrollable sexual desires.

Even as her lips engulfed his hard, throbbing cock, barely able to think, mind a whirl of desire and disgust, Teri felt Luke's tongue touch her sopping wet new womanhood - and all thought ceased, her mind unable to defeat the chemically-enhanced hormones ruling her body.

She wasn't a skilled cock-sucker - but she was an 'eager' one, slurping and slobbering at his cock, head bouncing up and down rhythmically as she moaned at Luke's equally amateurish - and erotic - ministrations to her new womanhood. Pleasure doubled and redoubled for both of them as they slurped and licked and bobbed, struggling through their own haze of pleasure to continue servicing the other...

They came at about the same time, a flood of warm, salty cum flooding her mouth and being almost mindlessly swallowed as she helplessly slammed her crotch down onto his face again and again in mindless, orgasmic pleasure.

The orgasm each felt was at least a dozen times more powerful than any they'd ever felt before - in fact, it was so utterly, mind-blowingly powerful, that there was no way mere reality could top it.

Almost in self defense, to keep from the crushing after-blow of such pleasure being reduced to the mundane world's 'reality', each of their minds, overloaded by the pleasure that had just come - shut down.

They collapsed atop of each other, his cock still in her mouth, her cunt still pressed against his lips...

..as the chemicals still in her blood stream, dormant on their own, mixed and remixed with the exchanged fluids.. and became active...

* * * * *

"Geez, Bill - I saw the rates in the office before we boarded!" Gary said, shaking his head. "Why the hell didn't we take a standard commercial carrier to London? It would have been a hell of a lot cheaper..."

The suited businessman looked round the cabin of the small airline's long-haul jet, with its huge, reclining seats and comfortable decor, seating a 'full' passenger list of a whole twelve business.. yes, business*men*, Gary noticed the all-male passenger complement with surprise. "...if not as comfortable..." He allowed.

"Just wit. Trust me - it's worth the price." Bill winked at his fellow businessman. "there's a good reason why this airline only books oceanic trips - for single businessmen."

"Single..?" Gary repeated, confused.

Just then, there was a crackle of static - and the voice of the pilot came over the intercom.

"This is Captain Roger Over. We are at our cruising altitude, and London lays ten hours away. Meanwhile, we have just crossed over the outer boundary of American Airspace, and are over international Waters. Please - enjoy your flight..."

Gary blinked at the odd message... just as the door at the front opened, and two stewardesses stepped into the main cabin.

Gary gasped. The two women could have been clones - they were absolutely identical in their dark- blue uniforms consisting of tight silk blouse and short, tight skirt, all atop six-inch stiletto-heel pumps.

If the uniforms (with the cute little 'pillbox' hats) wasn't enough, there were the identical bodies filling them out.

Each woman was tall and slender and toned - yet not in the least bit masculine. Indeed, they were almost overpoweringly feminine, with long, incredible legs, full, spectacular asses, and slender waists. Their faces were sensual and seductive, with identical full, sexy lips and cute, snub noses.

Each woman was also amazingly well endowed, bowling-ball sized tits straining at blouses that clearly revealed that the women weren't wearing bras.. and since the cabin was shirt-sleeve comfortable, wither the women had just finished icing their thick, long nipples, or they were incredibly aroused.

The women were identical - except for the fact that one was a sandy-haired blonde, the other a raven- haired temptress.

"Hi, I'm Teri..." The dark haired one said in a sensual voice.

"..and I'm Lucy..." the sandy-blonde said, in an identical, sensual contralto...

..and then, in stereo, "Would you like Coffee, tea... or me?"

Bill nudged Gary with a big, shit eating grin.. and Gary noticed that almost everybody in the plane was looking at him.

"We got a newbie here!" Bill announced, loudly.. and the two, incredible women angled sensuously back to him.

"Well then - a first timer always gets first service..." Teri said... "...and 'double trouble..." Lucy finished with an identical smile.

"They'll do anything you want - and I mean that literally." Bill told Gary, grinning. "Bu.. But..." Gary stammered.

The two, incredible women chorused: "We're over international water, sir - anything's legal..."

Bill could only stare, wide-eyed, still trying to get it through his head that he was about to have a sexual fantasy made reality.

"Why don't we..." The blonde started.

"...get you started?" The other finished - and then they kissed, big tits pressed together as they fondled each other's asses through the skirts...

...but they had come up to stand on either side of Gary's seat, so that his head was pressed between two sets of very feminine crotches. At the same instant, each woman yanked up the other's skirt... revealing that they weren't wearing underwear under the skirts.

Breaking the kiss, Lucy and Teri paused to share an identical, very personal smile as they felt the incredible power of 'the rush' settle into the new - and amazingly horny, sexy, sexual - feminine forms the mix had created out of them...

...and then they threw themselves into their work.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Rusty sifts through his grandfather's old attic and plays around with a computer-interface machine, mistakenly turning himself into an ideal woman. But when it's time to change back, the new "Randi" decides that being a nasty man is not for her.

Rusty Nail

By Gunslinger

Golden streamers of sunlight lit the enclosed, triangular space, filtering through the slatted wooden shutters that covered the small windows. Warped and cracked by age and neglect, the once-tight shutters had lost several wooden slats, creating random bars of sunlight that lit the attic in random squares and bars.

One of those streams of sunlight fell on the once-bright brass doorknob of the attic's small, narrow door, now tarnished with age. The door itself was dry and brittle, held together mainly by the newer coats of paint on the other side of the brittle

barrier, long since covering the original dark green that had faded and peeled to near invisibility on the inside of the door. Never very sturdy to begin with, the century-old door looked ready to fall at the assault of an anemic squirrel.

Then, from the other side of the barrier, a voice rose to full pitch, crying out the ancient Samurai battle-cry: "Banzai...!"

The clatter of feet up the narrow stairs without echoed and rebounded off the enclosed stairwell as the voice's owner hurled himself up the stairs with all the power in his twenty-one-year-old legs, thrusting himself ever upwards, hurtling towards the door that blocked the top of the steep staircase...

The door shuddered, briefly, dust bursting from the cracks and dimples in it's surface, a gentle splintering sound torn from it's aged wood... as it stood firm against the assault.

From beyond the door came the unmistakable sounds of a human male tumbling down a steep, short flight of stairs, follows by an ignoble halt on the hard-wood floor at the bottom. After a two-second pause, the air in the attic was further disturbed - by a rather prolonged bout of cursing that quite often returned to the phrases 'fucking door' and 'damn attic'...

After quite some time, this tapered off into vague mumbling... then a much slower, somewhat syncopated rhythm of footsteps came up the stairs, followed by a prolonged assault on the door - with a large metal bar. One blow should have been enough, but it took several before the aged wood partition finally gave way enough to be pushed open on it's rusty hinges, eliciting squeals of metallic protest.

Then the owner of the voice stepped into the room, and the sunlight streaming in the partially-shuttered windows illuminated him...

...what there was to illuminate.

The standard joke when referring to Russell Hale was 'if he turned sideways, he'd disappear'. Coming a close second was 'If he stood on a sewer grate, he'd fall through'. Though exaggerations, they weren't by much. At five-eleven, the twenty-one year old man was most decidedly 'underweight', though he wasn't unhealthy or starved - he was just naturally skinny. So much so, it was nearly frightening.

Like his very fine bone structure, the young man's hair - a coppery mop of gleaming orange that, for some reason, people called 'red' - was a 'gift' from his mother. Given the color of his hair and his first name, it was almost inevitable that 'Russell' became 'Rusty', almost before young Hale was old enough to speak. There were times when Rusty was hard-pressed to remember his 'right' name for legal documents, so used was he to the nick-name.

He'd always been remarkably skinny, his fine-boned frame coupled with narrow shoulders and hips as well as a small ribcage. Doctors had been concerned at how slender he'd been as a baby, even with the usual amounts of 'baby fat' - but despite his gangly appearance, Rusty had been healthy, and had grown up every bit as healthy... if not terribly 'strong'. Building musculature just didn't seem to be part of his genes.

Then he'd hit puberty, and had suddenly shot up in height - but hadn't filled out appreciable. Some women would look at his delicate hands and feet or nearly non-existent waist and sigh in wishful envy - but even the most anorexic girl didn't want his 'tent-peg'-like physique, which (despite being fine boned) wasn't really 'feminine', so much as 'gangly'. By the time he'd reached his full height, Rusty seemed to be nothing but joints and stretches, all awkward knees and elbows that seemed to want to stick way out from his skinny little body, which was, itself, nearly shapeless...

Given his last name, it was almost inevitable. By his seventeenth birthday, 'Rusty Nail' was practically his official name. More than once his parents had let that very moniker slip past their lips - but Rusty hadn't particularly minded. He'd be the first to admit that he bore a surprising resemblance to a lit cigarette...

Actually, his very unusual physique didn't bother him all that much, though he did regret the way it had cut into his social life during high- school. Though naturally cheerful and outgoing, as well as reasonably intelligent and witty, he hadn't had all that much luck getting dates - though the few girls he had gotten had tended to be fairly happy with his company, until peer pressure finally drove them in search of somebody a little more... well, a little more.

The other times his odd build bothered him was the times when raw muscle was called for - like the current situation.

His parents had won the state lottery - not the big 44-million jackpot, but a 'measly' 1.25 million... which, unlike the big jackpot, could - and was - paid in one lump-sum payment. His parents had promptly fulfilled their dreams, and had retired to the Bahamas... after leaving the 'family home' to Rusty, free and clear.

With the house legally his, Rusty was finally able to satisfy a very, very long-standing curiosity: The Attic.

"Okay, Attic - show me what you got..." Rusty dared the silent, enclosed space, hunching his head over to keep from banging into any rafters as he moved away from the door. "God knows, Grandpa spent enough time up here. I figure you got girlie mags hidden in you, somewhere, at the very least..."

The house had originally belonged to Rusty's maternal grandparents. Like a lot of young couples, Rusty's parents had lived for a time with the parents when money was tight, and Rusty had lived in this house for five years when he was young. One of his clearest memories was of Grandpa vanishing up to the attic - and the odd sounds young Rusty would hear from above while laying in his second-story bedroom. By the time they'd moved back into the house after his grandparents had left it to them, the attic door had been locked, with no key in sight... and Rusty's parent hadn't cared enough to have the door unlocked or dismantled to see inside.

Now that the house was his, though, Rusty was going to take a look... What he saw surprised him.

He'd never been sure what his grandfather did up here by himself, but some of it was pretty self-explanatory. The old, over-stuffed armchair with the table beside it holding a now-empty bottle of scotch and a dusty glass beside an ashtray bespoke hours of sipping good whiskey and smoking the Cuban cigars whose odor Rusty remembered so well from his youth. However, the fact that the chair was drawn up to a work bench was something of a mild surprise - though Rusty had known his

grandfather had been a bit of an amateur electronics enthusiast, there" been a fully-equipped set-up in the garage that seemed to make this redundant.

A glance at the workbench was even more surprising.

Among the discarded chassis of a half-dozen projects that his Grandfather had been working on was a metal box. Sitting in the center of the table, near the chair, it drew the eye as an object of importance. Of a strangely dull, silver-white metal, the box was about a foot long, and about half that high and wide. It was also closed and locked... with a strange-looking lock that bore no obvious key-hole, but four oblong indentations that confused Rusty for a second before he made the connection: they looked like the indentations of a 'magnetic' lock. He'd seen a padlock that used a magnetic key, once: it couldn't be picked, and the key couldn't be copied, since it operated on a combination of positive and negative magnets of certain strengths to unlock the tumblers.

What Rusty couldn't figure out was what one of them was doing on this odd, metal box. Even if the technology was that old, it would have been very expensive... and, besides which, it was pretty damned obvious that his grandfather hadn't had the key.

A scattering of dulled drill-bits lay around the box, and there was a small indentation in the metal where Grandpa had tried to drill through the lock. Whatever the box was made of, it was pretty damned tough. Rusty counted at least two dozen dulled, useless drill-bits around the work surface, yet the effect of all that drilling had been little more than a dimple in the metal. It would take twenty years and a couple of hundred drill-bits to get through that lock...

...using late 1970's technology, at least. Hunched over, the skinny red-head eyed the box thoughtfully - then turned and headed down the stairs again, only to return a few minutes later, carrying a rechargeable cordless drill with him.

Clamped in the chuck was a carbide-diamond drill-bit, something unavailable to his grandfather.

Even with the diamond-tipped blade, it was remarkably slow going through the strange metal, leaving Rusty to wonder what, exactly, it was. Rather than curl up into malleable strips, the metal was ground into a fine dust that soon covered the front of his tank-top style undershirt and black swim trunks, glittering like tiny sequins as he leaned the slowly waning drill against the bulge of the magnetic lock, slowly grinding his way through the tough metal. He was beginning to wonder if his drill had enough charge left to do the job when, from inside the lock, there was a sudden 'crunch', followed by a hollow tingling as small, precision-crafted pieces of metal were forced out of alignment.

With growing curiosity, Rusty lay the drill aside, his long, slender fingers shivering with excitement as he righted the box and set it on the table. Though the lock was popped, the lid fit tightly to the rest of the box, and didn't move easily, especially since it was hard to get a grip on the smooth metal. Failing to budge the lid against the friction of it's own closure, rusty paused and began to rummage through the draws of the workbench.

In the first drawer he opened, he found another bottle of Scotch. Though not a hard alcohol drinker, usually, Rusty looked at the golden liquid in the bottle, then at the box on the bench. Prying out the cork of the bottle, he took a healthy swig of the liquid, grimacing slightly with eyes watering as the golden liquid burned a pleasant warmth in his throat and stomach. Setting the open bottle aside, he continued rummaging around until he found what he wanted - a pair of large 'C' clamps.

Also fishing out a couple of rubber stoppers, he used the rubber as 'friction padding' as he clamped one clamp on each section of the box, tightening them as far as he could. With the new 'handles' in place, he gripped a clamp in each hand, and pulled...

...with a soft squeal, the lid was pulled from the lower section, flopping open on the hidden interior pin-hinge and revealing the contents of the strong-box...

"What the hell...?" Rusty asked, aloud, as he reached into the box. The box was padded in a contoured shape, snugly holding the single object within.

At first glance, Rusty had thought it was some sort of electric shaver - a rounded rectangle, the odd, metallic-green object had a screen-like section at one end. A second look, and an old TV remote leapt to mind - yet the object was obviously neither of these.

The outer shell of the object felt strange to Rusty's hands - as if it were somehow both metal and plastic, all in one. It was about the size of a small pack of cigarettes, and the greenish-hued semi-metallic carapace was oddly sectioned, with a single inset button/pressure switch in the middle. At the far end was a sort of micro-screen, like on shavers or old remotes, yet it gleamed with an iridescent shine, and behind the screen seemed to be some sort of LED or diode - at least, that was the plastic-like section looked like to Rusty.

Orange brows furrowed on his slender forehead, Rusty idly brushed his unkempt mane of coppery hair back from his face as he turned the odd-looking device over in his hands.. then leaned forward, eyes widening as he caught sight of small, raised letters in the bottom. Holding the strange object higher and tilting it to catch the light, Rusty frowned as he struggled to make out the tiny letters...

©2157 GENTRONIX INC.

MADE IN LESSER CHINA

"No..." Rusty muttered, slowly lowering the device back to the work-bench, as if it were a jar of nitroglycerin. "It... It's just not possible..." Almost as if operating on instinct, he took another slug of scotch... and questioned his own statement.

"...is it?"

Gingerly, Rusty picked up the little device with his right hand, and grabbed the bottle of scotch with his left. With the air of a man lost in thought, he began to head for the stairs...

...and promptly whacked his head on a rafter, causing him to drop both the scotch and the odd device, the device clattered with an odd sound to the wooden floor, while the bottle landed on the old chair, rapidly filling the room with its pungent odor as the golden liquid gurgled out to be absorbed into the worn stuffing.

Cursing and holding his forehead with one hand, Rusty grabbed the bottle and slammed it back to the work-bench, about half empty, bending over, he grabbed the strange device tightly...

...and his grip was such that his gripping thumb fell square on the recessed button in the device. Also by random chance, the screen-like end of the device was pointing at Rusty as his thumb pressed the rubbery-feeling switch in the center...

Suddenly, Rusty released the object and stood straight up. This wasn't his idea - it was as if somebody had reached out and grabbed him with invisible hands, forcing him to stand straight up, legs and arms slightly spread, unable to move an inch...

...as the air in front of him wavered, then coalesced into a semi-transparent set of words.

LOADING BASE PARAMETERS

PLEASE STAND BY

(OPERATOR MAY DISABLE TO CANCEL)

Beneath these words were something any computer-user would recognize : A 'status bar', swiftly sliding from left to right.

It was some sort of computer-interfaced device, set up with some sort of holographic interface... and, apparently, it was designed for one person to use on another, and the way of turning it off was to push the on/off button again - something Rusty couldn't do.

Suddenly, he had no doubts at all about the date stamped on the casing. Though he had no idea how it could be, he'd somehow found a device from the future - and unwillingly activated it.

He felt his stomach clench up in fear even as the loading bar finished, and the words vanished to be replaced...

...with a holographic representation of himself, slowly rotating in mid-air in front of him, naked and semi-transparent. Above his rotating avatar was a 'title bar', with the words

'GENTRONIX FANTA-C-LUVR 4.01F'.

There was a 'bleep' sound - and red words appeared over the rotating Rusty-o-gram.

'MALE SUBJECT DETECTED.

PLEASE WAIT FOR TRANSGENDER BASEPLATE, OR CANCEL BY SHUT-DOWN.'

Horried, Rusty wanted to scream as the screen flashed the words for a couple of seconds... then suddenly 'flickered'...

...and the rotating image was no longer the same as Rusty. Instead, floating and slowly rotating was a female version of Rusty. Nearly identical, it was nevertheless obviously female - as if showing a twin sister Rusty didn't have. You could see Rusty in the ultra-skinny build and gangly, loose-jointed appearance, but she had small, conical breasts and a vagina, and there were hundreds of other subtle changes that made the over-all appearance most definitely feminine.

More words appeared, this time beside the rotating figure, which shunted off to the left.

BASE TRANSFORMATION APPEARANCE. IS THIS ACCEPTABLE? YES/NO

The device was some sort of computer-interface machine to create a man's ideal lover. Perhaps, in the future, this was a common thing: You'd find a willing partner (or maybe it was legal to use on an unwilling partner, who knew?) and transform them. From all appearances, it was equal-opportunity - there seemed to be a male version of the device available, too. However, the machine hadn't even - figuratively - 'blinked' at turning a man into a woman, and was now asking if this was the woman Rusty was to become.

Stunned, shocked and horrified, Rusty wished he had the power to shout, to tell the damned device that there was no-one operating it, no-one trying to use it...

..when it dawned on Rusty that the words on the holographic 'screen' were facing HIM, not some non-existent user. More than that - the commands had been worded to direct the person in the beam or whatever the device was projecting.

Staring at the screen, Rusty tried to reach out a hand...

His arms stayed exactly where they were... but Rusty was bemused to watch a holographic version of his arm rise from his real arms position, like a cartoon ghost departing a body as it extended, following mental commands that his real body couldn't respond too.

Reaching forward, he used the phantom hand to touch the 'NON' button... The device 'bleeped' again, and new words appeared.

SAVING ORIGINAL BODY TEMPLATE...

A 'save bar' popped up, asking for a file name. Since there was no keyboard, Rusty wondered how the hell to enter information, but couldn't figure it out. Thankfully, there was a name already in the window - 'default.orig.bdtf'

When Rusty pressed that 'Save' button, the device accepted it, switching to a second screen for 'Saving Transgender Baseplate', with the filename 'default.tran.bdtf'.

Hoping that the machine would now shut-down, Rusty was frustrated when a series of new menus appeared on-screen, obviously designed to allow the user to alter the body-type portrayed.

However frustrated he might be, Rusty wasn't nearly as afraid as he'd been before. This thing hadn't just gone ahead and transformed him into somebody's fantasy date, so he thought there was a good chance to get out of this before anything happened. Finding the menu 'open', he searched through a director until he found his original body file, and double-tapped it...

DEFAULT BODY NOT AVAILABLE UNTIL POST-TRANSFORMATION. PLEASE SELECT NEW FILE OR RE-INITIALIZE DEVICE TO RESTORE ORIGINAL PARAMETERS.

Wishing he could swear, Rusty canceled the 'open'. Obviously, the device wouldn't let the 'base' template be used until something had been changed...

...and this device would 'change' him from male to female.

Rusty tried to think. He was trapped, unable to move. He couldn't shut the machine down from here, nor could he get it to 'change' him into himself - it would only allow an actual change, one he definitely didn't want. Rusty briefly toyed with the idea of just waiting. Maybe the batteries would run out. Maybe it had a safety-switch if he had to urinate, or sleep, or if he was starving to death...

...but what if it didn't?

Rusty finally conceded the truth - he really didn't have a choice. He'd have to let the machine change him, then he'd have to re-initialize it and have it change him back. Otherwise, he could end up stuck here until the device was no longer 'futuristic'...

'If t'were done, best t'were done quickly...' Rusty thought, mentally cringing at the idea of becoming female... but not seeing any way out. Reaching out, he selected 'open' and hunted for that base 'female' body...

...which was now unavailable to him, according to the machine. Apparently, selecting 'no' had locked the base female form out of the options, with the ubiquitous - and useless - suggestion to 'reinitialize' to start over...

Cursing, Rusty 'clicked' a menu button, planning to make one simple change so that he could get this over with...

..and a three-dimension spray of screen scattered suddenly over the 'desktop' of the holographic projection, most of them labeled in short-forms that probably meant something to a regular user of the device - or somebody with the owners manual - and each screen had various sliders, buttons or choices, most of which meant absolutely nothing to Rusty.

He wanted to curse, to screen, to groan - to call tech support, actually. He just wanted to get out of this, quickly - but his original choice had apparently been 'modify all parameters', thus opening up this bewildering array of options.

It would take hours for him to figure his way through all the screen. When the selection was 'modify all parameters', the must have meant literally ALL - there were hundreds of sub-screens.

However, there were two 'option' buttons down at the bottom:

RANDOMIZE ALL

and

SEMI-RANDOM MODIFICATIONS TO BASEPLATE BASED ON PAST SELECTIONS

Looking at them, it wasn't hard to figure out. One of them would just pick random selections: Obviously, for somebody who wanted a bit of 'spice' to their perfect lover. The second was obviously designed to come from the original 'baseplate', but within certain criteria from past 'enhancements' made, so as to be somewhat random, but within the users 'type'.

Well, Rusty didn't really care what type of woman he became - he didn't want to be female at all, and planned to be one only for as long as it took to re-initialize the device and reset the parameters to the default. However, he felt queasy about picking something purely random... so he reached out, hesitantly, and pressed the 'semi-random' button...

The device 'bleeped', and all the sub-menus began to close.. as the rotating female version of Rusty began to change. By the time the last sub-menu had closed, a new image was rotating there.

It was still related to the original 'Female Rusty' - somewhat. She was still tall, and slender, and she had a mop of orange-red hair...

...but that was as far as it went.

The new woman slowly rotating on the display was no longer 'freakishly' skinny. Instead, she was pleasingly slender, with slim, boyish- yet feminine hips and a tiny waist. Her legs were incredible, long and toned and shapely, leading up to a cute-and-sexy ass that was firm and shapely, just this side of 'mind-blowing'. Nestled between her thighs was her vagina, now surrounded by a heart-shaped patch of short pubic hair.

Her face was sexy - in a decidedly 'cute/perky' way. She had the same bright blue eyes as the 'real' Rusty, but an even face with a sharp-bridged nose, high cheek bones, and remarkably full, sexy lips.

Rusty was a dyed-in-the-wool fan of the various incarnations of Star Trek, and the first reaction his mind gave to the sight of that face was that it looked like a mixture of 'Ezri Dax' and 'Lita' from DS9, with a bit of 'Kes' from Voyager thrown in.

In fact, that description suited most of her body, as well - except for the breasts. None of those women had anything even close to the staggering bust-line that the three-dimensional holographic 'woman' boasted, thrust defiantly from her slender rib-cage. They were huge and incredibly firm, like a pair of flesh-colored basketballs... except they weren't that 'artificially' spherical where they joined her chest, merging smoothly and almost 'naturally' to her comparatively tiny ribcage, despite the amazingly round, firm globes they filled out to.

Each one was tipped by a large, thick nipple.

They were the most enormous pair of tits Rusty had ever seen outside of the blonde in the movie 'Striptease'. The thought of having freakishly huge tits like that hanging off his chest made him shudder, and he almost reached out to hit the 'cancel' button...

...then thought about what he was doing. Did it really matter? Did he really want to try and work his way through parameter screens he didn't understand, just to give himself a more 'pleasing' female body - which he didn't want, anyway. He just had to be female until he could get reverted back to the 'default' setting - what did it matter what he looked like for those few minutes...?

Beside the rotating, ridiculously over-endowed 'woman' was a summary screen of other settings, all in short-hand forms that didn't make much sense to Rusty. He took a quick glance at a section of the slowly scrolling list...

□

| MAMDUCRESPENH(155%)
| MULTSENSLOCENH(203%)
| MEMSETLOAD-A (BASOR 1,3,5,6,8)
| MEMSETLOAD-A (ADVOR 2,5,8)
| MEMSETLOAD-B (BASAP 1,2,4,5,8)

□

...and so on. Obviously in some sort of alphabetic order, just the 'M' section was a few dozen lines long, and incomprehensible. He shuddered (mentally, of course) at the thought of trying to decipher them, much less pick new ones.

Just wanting to get this over with, Rusty reached out with his 'phantom arm' and hit the 'accept' icon...

..and wanted to scream when another screen popped up for 'Clothing and optional Accessories'.

He didn't care about any of this! He just wanted to get this... this nightmare!... over with, so he could get back to being himself, free and unrestrained.

Almost angrily, his phantom hand stabbed the 'Randomize All' option button, watching the screen flash. When it asked 'Display New Data (CLOTH/OPTACC)?' He punched 'no', then 'proceed'...

...and suddenly felt very... dreamy.

There was no other word for it. It was the way you felt on the edge of consciousness in a dream, knowing that stuff was going on, aware of what was happening, but unable to do anything about it, or become truly involved. He felt a sudden breeze

as his clothing simply disintegrated, but he couldn't become concerned about the loss of his clothes, or worry about the cost of replacing them, or anything.

Likewise, when he felt mild pushing-and-pulling sensations in his body, the obvious signs of his body being reshaped to the specification chosen by the random setting, the fact that he couldn't move enough to watch himself wasn't worrisome, much less the fact that what he couldn't watch was himself becoming an outrageously endowed female. Even the knowledge that he was being made female, even temporarily, was sort of a 'Oh, yeah, I think I wasn't happy about this...' sort of non-emotional musing.

There was no way to measure time in this daze, but it couldn't have been all that long before the device finished it's job - the angle of sunlight from the windows hadn't changed all that much. However, that wasn't the first thing Randi thought about as the daze released her. No - because she'd been locked into position staring at the screen, her first thoughts concerned the words showing on the screen...

THANK YOU FOR USING GENTRONIX FANTA-C-LUVR 4.01F RECHARGING EMITTER FOR NEXT USAGE
ESTIMATED TIME TO RECHARGE: 25h 17m HAVE A NICE DAY

Then the screen shimmered - and vanished, the device as silent as when she'd first found it.

"A day...?" She asked, aloud, her sweet contralto containing shock and outrage. "I'm stuck in this body for a whole frippin' day? Holy Geraldo, that pisses me off so much I could null somebody!"

Resisting the urge to kick the Date-A-Linc, Randi grabbed the bottle of Scotch of the bench and stalked out of the attic, heels clicking on the Nu-Wud floor as she shimmied to the door and down the steps, enjoying the way her gracefully angry motions caused her wonderful tits to jiggle and sway within the tight confines of her Iridenim top, her sensory-enhanced Perm-Erect nipples sending bolts of pleasure to her neo-cortex as the smoothly rough fabric moved over them, almost like her swollen nipples were tiny cocks being massaged by the fabric - which, as she had good cause to know, was a good feeling. Oh, it wasn't nearly as strong as the sensations she'd gotten from jacking off, but...

The juxtaposition of old and new thoughts slammed together and stopped her dead in her tracks.

"What the frip...?" She started... then shook her head, as if trying to clear it. "I mean - fuck. What the fuck am I thinking...?"

It was like an icy blast up her spine - even in the midst of being royally pissed off at being trapped in a female body for twenty-five hours, she hadn't noticed the fact that.. well, somehow, that she was 'thinking' female. Even though she knew she was 'really' male, her mind was.. was doing something to make it seem as if this was somehow natural, as if she were really female, and... "Oh, shit...!" She said, eyes going wide in horror. "I've been frippin' mind-written... uh, brain-washed!"

It made her shudder in disgusted horror - it hadn't occurred to her that the Date-A-Linc would also alter her mind, as well as body - yet, in hindsight, it was obvious that changed thoughts - and, from the fact she was walking 'naturally' on heels, skills - would be an integral part of making an ideal lover...

Worst of all.. these 'new' thoughts and perspectives felt 'right at home' in her mind. It was as if she couldn't see the difference between the 'real' and 'changed' thoughts in her head, other than directly comparing them to her apparently unaltered memories... and even then, identifying them didn't necessarily negate them. She was aware of herself mentally identifying herself in the feminine, as if it were completely 'right' to do so, and even the fact that she knew that she'd been male just a few minutes before, and didn't want to be female at all, didn't dim in the least the mental 'who am I?' that insisted that she was, indeed, female...

...which, of course, was technically true at the moment, something that didn't make her any more comfortable with the situation. Again, in hindsight, it was obvious that the 'transgender' setting would make the transformed feel 'comfortable' and 'natural' in the new, female body. After all, the device obviously wasn't designed so much with the person being changed in mind as satisfying the supposed 'user'.

Stunned and horrified by the fact that her mind was changed - something more 'sinister' than just being physically female, somehow - Randi spun easily atop her heels and ran down the hall to the master bedroom, where a full-length mirror was located, now consciously aware of the way her new body felt as she moved, of the smooth, graceful flow of muscles, of the way her huge, glorious... freakish!... tits felt as they were affected by gravity and inertia, the way her silky-smooth hair brushed the nape of her neck and then ruffled in the motion-induced breeze... all these, and a thousand more sensations, some subtly different, some all new, registering on her mind as she hurried to see the complete changes (the visible ones at least) made to her by the Date-A-Linc.

At the first sight of her new reflection, two simultaneous - and diametrically opposed - thoughts ran through Randi's head; *'I'm the woman in the hologram/I'm completely different than the woman in the hologram'*

The first was a 'logical' thought, from intellect, and absolutely true... yet it was warring with the 'emotional' response, which seemed to contradict it.

She was, indeed, the woman in the hologram... except she was now fully clothed.

Her slender, dainty feet were enclosed by a pair of silver pumps with a two-inch clear plastic platform and nine-inch stiletto heels... except that wasn't exactly right. The shoes weren't 'silver' in the way of today's shoes, but actually perfect mirror-finished, reflective and smooth. The platforms and heels weren't plastic, either, but barely-visible... something clear. It was more the mild distortion of light that made them visible, rather than their actual presence. In dim lighting, she'd seem to be tip-toeing three inches above the floor, with only the soft 'click' of her heels to give away the illusion.

He long, shapely legs were bare - and unbelievably smooth, as if all hair had been surgically removed, never to return. They disappeared under the hem of her.. her 'skirt', part of the unusual 'dress' she wore.. and it looked damned good on her, too...

The dress looked like faded denim.. except that the somewhat 'rough' texture seemed coated in fine layer of iridescent coating that picked up the light and caused silvery gleams and shimmers to caress her curves. The garment fit tightly to her body, and was cut in an unusual - but very pleasing - style.

Like the 'skirt' portion, which was.. well, lopsided was accurate, but not fair. There was nothing ugly or accidental about the gentle sine curve in the skirt that made it a micro-mini on her right leg, curving down to a sort of mild double-curve on her outer left thigh, the middle part just covering her panties.

The dress clung tight to her waist, helped by what seemed to be a silver 'chin-mail' belt. The upper portion of the dress was also 'lopsided' covering her right shoulder but plunging down in a double-V past her breast, the second point just covering her thick, engorged nipple on the left side before plunging on down almost to her waist on that side, and leaving much of her back bare. Of her left breast, the 'V' shape covered her nipple and rose upward into a spaghetti strap, the bottom portion flaring to the middle and leaving three-quarters of her breast bare. Her right breast was about one-quarter uncovered, with the double-point style displaying an amazing amount of cleavage...

...and all of this is where that odd 'doubling' came into play - because it was the same pair of 'freakish' tits as in the hologram, the same ridiculously over-endowed body... yet her initial reaction to the sight of her new body was disgust or dismay or even ridicule, but pride and joy. Though she clearly remembered what she'd thought of this body, as Rusty, as Randi she thought she looked perfect, spectacular, sexy...

No - it wasn't what she 'thought'. It was what she 'felt'. One was an intellectual reaction to a remembered viewpoint, the other one was an emotional reaction.

In addition to the dress and shoes, Randi was fully made up, with hot-pink lipstick, faint blue eye-shadow, mascara, and a hint of blush. Mirrored jewelry accented her at wrists, neck and lobes, and her hair was causally but attractively styled, the coppery curls more 'true' red than her original shade, and hanging longer down the back of her neck.

Though she 'knew' she hated this body, 'knew' she hated wearing heels and being made-up and styled and bejeweled... she 'felt' fantastic, proud, sexy and 'feeling' had more direct impact than 'knowing' which made her shudder in fear and horror at what had been done to her mind to make her 'like' the reflection she saw.

She knew she wanted to be male - but the thought made her *feel* ill and unhappy, the thought of trading in this 'perfect' body for her ugly, ungainly male one emotionally unpleasant to her, despite her intellectual certainty that it was what she wanted to do.

It was a difficult thing to wrap her head and her heart around. It was like she was divided - what she knew, intellectually, to be true wasn't the same as what she felt, and what she *was*, at least for now, felt more real to her than what she had been, and intellectually knew she wanted to be again.

"Damn - this is gonna be weird. " She muttered to herself, turning this way and that to survey her beautifully endowed, wonderful body,

'enjoying' the sight of herself even as she knew that she shouldn't be.

Walking away from the mirror, Randi lifted the bottle of Scotch to her lips and took a sip, feeling it's warmth slide down her throat and ignite a pleasant fire in her belly. It, at least, was a reliable way-point in this odd situation, something she could count on to be the same even if she couldn't trust her own emotional responses and mental outlook in this situation, since both of them 'agreed' that everything was Jim-Dandy, all systems go, everything A-OK.

In fact, if not for her memories to pint of when her mind was 'veering', she wouldn't even realize anything was wrong. Her 'altered' thoughts felt as natural and real to her as her 'own' thoughts, and she'd have to watch very carefully to ensure that she didn't respond to these 'edited' thoughts. The fact that she'd slipped into feeling feminine so comfortably and easily frightened her as much - or more - then the fact she was now physically female. In twenty-five hours or so, she'd be able to correct the physical part - but she'd have the memories of what she did while female for the rest of her life, and she had to be careful not to screw herself up mentally before getting her (ugh) male body back...

Thinking of which - she had a day before she could go ahead and get that scrawny, funny-looking body back. What the hell was she going to do with herself until then?

She frowned slightly as she considered, swaying gracefully atop her heels as she sensuously glided into the living room and lowered herself onto the couch. Placing the bottle of Scotch to her full, sexy lips, Randi took a slug of the amber liquor as her mind turned the problem over. Taking another swig from the bottle, she lay it aside and leaned back on the couch, closing her eyes and trying to picture a day's worth of diversion, something to do with herself for the next twenty-four hours and some-odd hours...

Usually, she'd read or watch TV to pass the time, but she didn't feel like doing that today, she thought to herself as she ran her fingers along the StixTite seams on the dress. Likewise, she didn't really want to fiddle around with any of the electronics in the garage - it just didn't seem to interest her.

Pushing the Iridenim further apart, she moaned softly, almost idly as she continued to list - and discard - ideas of how to spend the next day, being careful not to scratch the delicate flesh of her breasts as she tugged and squeezed her huge, super-sensitive nipples, her body undulating in pleasure as her right hand began to journey southward while her left expanded it's work to include the wonderful, silky-smooth flesh of her wondrously full, firm and delightfully massive tits.

She lightly bit down on her full, sexy lower lip as her finger slid into her hot, wet cunt and began to stroke her clit, starting slowly but quickly accelerating as her body began to twitch with the intense pleasure generated by her hands working in concert, one at her crotch and the other at her chest. Maybe that's what she should do, she thought to herself as she joyfully masturbated on the couch, legs splayed wide, a look of ecstasy on her face as she moaned softly, hands working frantically towards orgasm. Maybe she should go dildo shopping - find a nice, big, hard dildo to ram deep into her cunt and bring herself off. It'd be even better than this felt, even though this felt fantastic and... and.. oh, god, she was...

"Ohhhh!" Randi cried out, her body shuddering as her orgasm thundered through her nerve endings. Her left hand unconsciously tightened on her tit, squeezing it tightly as the orgasm wracked her body, then easing off as the sharp, blinding pleasure of the orgasm tapered off into the golden afterglow. Sighing, she went limp, finger still buried in her sopping wet cunt as she considered her idea.

Masturbating was great, and a dildo would be even better - but pleasuring herself was second rate compared to what she could do with a guy or two, especially if they had the kind of long, thick cock she loved best and..

"Holy shit!" Randi shouted, eyes flying wide as she sat bolt upright in shock, yanking her finger out of her pussy and staring down at it.

She couldn't believe what had just happened - she just gotten herself off, naturally and easily, enjoying every second of it - and without even thinking about what she was doing. At no point during the action had she felt weird or 'out of place'. The fact that she was a man in a woman's body hadn't seemed to occur to her as she'd naturally finger-fucked herself the way she loved to do and..

"No..!" She shouted to herself, wrenching her mind out of the feminine rut it seemed to want to drop into so easily. Why, if she wasn't carefully she'd actually find herself thinking about fucking men, the way she'd been doing a few second ago, practically salivating over the thought of finding a couple of guys to...

She paled and bent over as the world seemed to fade into a gray mist, her head swimming as shock nearly overwhelmed her at the realization that, after fingering herself, she had indeed been thinking about having sex with men - and not even consciously noticed it. It had felt completely right and natural to imagine herself finding a handsome young man, somebody toned and athletic, somebody with stamina - and a good-sized cock. A guy she could pleasure for hours on end, wrapping her long legs around his body as they fucked each other and....

She groaned, shaking her head and yanking her hand away from her crotch, where it had begun to creep while she'd visualized herself having sex.

"Oh, God - keep calm. " She muttered to herself, taking several deep breaths and struggling not to panic.

It wasn't easy. The more she tried not to think about sex, the more she was keeping it in the forefront of her mind - as the thing she was trying not to think about - and the thoughts were triggering 'pleasant' emotional responses that slipped into

her mind so easily that she barely noticed them there until she did a self-check. and realized she was thinking happily about fucking men. It was a vicious cycle, one that was making her feel sick - and excited. One that scared and aroused her and the harder she tried to break it, the more she thought about the 'forbidden' subject. It was like a mental quicksand - the harder she struggled, the faster she sank.

Shocked, stunned and confused, Randi quickly readjusted her clothing, covering up her luscious female body, the one that just cried out to be touched and fondled by the strong hands of a man and...

Taking a deep breath, she yanked her mind off that train of thought and rose from the couch, unconsciously smoothing the Iridenim fabric down over her body as she swayed sensuously away from the couch - and because she was struggling to pay attention to what she was doing and thinking, so as not to 'unthinkingly' fall into any traps, she was so very aware of the smoothly sensuous way she was moving. It was almost as if she were dancing rather than walking, her motions were so smooth and graceful.

With every step she took, she was lifting one foot and placing it directly in front of the other. As she did so, she was shifting her way smoothly, causing her hip to swivel forward and dip on the side that was taking the step - while she subtly but noticeably 'rolled' the other shoulder, emphasizing the smooth line of her spine from phenomenal ass to smoothly rounded shoulder - and causing her deliciously huge breasts to move so very enticingly.

Realizing just how seductively she was walking atop the 'invisible' heels, Randi tried to 'tone down' her sensual, provocative stride...

...and stumbled, nearly falling over as her movements became awkward and uncoordinated. She had no real 'skills' in walking in high- heels, except for the 'natural' ones implanted in her altered mind. When she consciously tried to control how she walked, bypassing those skills, she was just as inexperienced as anybody else on high heels for the first time.

Well, she thought to herself almost viscosly, there was a way to solve that problem.

Swaying back to the couch, she sat down and almost angrily yanked the shoes from her feet. Putting them down on the couch, she rose and started to walk away - and found herself moving with a completely different - but still sensual - stride. This times, she was almost bouncing with each step she took, arms held slightly away from her body and swaying in an almost circular pattern.

However, by concentrating on it, she could force herself to walk with a somewhat more masculine walk, though it was difficult - having to concentrate ion every movement she was using while she walked was sort of like trying to stay balanced atop a high-wire, her 'instinctive' actions useless as they'd been supplanted by the feminine skills.

She headed for the kitchen, deciding that part of her problem was the Scotch - booze wouldn't help the situation at all. Coffee, on the other hand...

She was almost to the kitchen, walking with a considered stride that looked almost patently false, when the doorbell rang.

Without even thinking about it, she changed direction and headed for the door. A bit of a loner, Randi didn't get very many visitors, and was always somewhat excited when the doorbell rang, so she hurried to the front door instinctively, slipping unnoticed into the sensual female 'barefoot' stride as she reached the door, slender hand reaching out to grasp the knob...

Being female felt 'natural' to her, even though she didn't want it too - which is why it didn't truly strike her until she already had the door open. Whoever was at the door was looking for the male version of her, not the female one - and, like yet another mental pitfall, she hadn't even consciously considered the fact she was different until she already had the door open, since being female felt 'right'...

"Oh - uh, hi. " The talking fire-hydrant outside the door seemed nonplused by Randi's appearance, his face screwed up in an effort to keep from staring at the display suddenly presented to him. especially since his eyes were just about level with an immense, firm pair of tits. "Is, um... uh... you know..., whashisname. "

He wasn't really a fire-hydrant, of course - but he closely resembled one. Short and broad-shouldered, Nick Camperanelli had a massively muscled body - but the muscular body of somebody genetically inclined to strength, rather than of body-building. His slab- sided muscles had almost no definition to them, making him seem to be one solid cylinder of muscle. Given his short stature and his shaven head, the 'fire hydrant' metaphor was one that came easily to people.

"..uh. Rusty! Is Rusty in?" Nick finally managed to get out the name.

'I'm Right here. ' Ran through Randi's mind - and she just managed to squash the response before it emerged. " No, he's away until tomorrow, Nick."

The short, muscular young man blinked. "Uh. have we met?"

Randi smiled, leaning forward slightly as she thought quickly to cover her blunder. "No - Rusty described you to me, and you're sort of hard to miss..."

"Oh.. Of course..." He said in an odd tone of voice.

She licked her lips, then pulled her eyes up to meet his. "Hi, I'm Randi. "

"Huh. ?" Nick squeaked.

"Randi - Rusty's cousin." She said, making it up as she went along. She was shivering slightly with delight at the way Nick was responding to her - first his eyes bulging when she'd leaned forward to better display her huge, succulent tits, and now the high-pitched voice as she'd introduced herself after staring hungrily at his rapidly bulging crotch. It felt wonderful to know she was getting him really, really horny for her, and...

She shook her head and gasped, stepping back from the door as the world swam around her as she realized what she'd just been doing. The world seemed to turn gray around her as the shock of realizing she'd just been coming on to her best friend threatened to overwhelm her...

"Whoa...!" Nick said, jumping forward and wrapping an arm around her waist to steady her...

* * * * *

When the huge-breasted red-head - Randi - started to sway, face going blank as her eyes rolled up, Nick acted on pure instinct, leaping forward to steady her.

It was a noble gesture. but the 'nobility' was somewhat marred by the fact that, given his height, wrapping one muscular arm around her waist caused him to bury his face into one enormous, firmly soft breast, feeling the fabric of her skimpy denim-like dress brushing against his skin as darkness descended due to the shadow cast by her massive mammary.

Holding her, face unintentionally buried against her massive breast, Nick felt her shudder - and he hurriedly leaned back, pulling his face from the warm, giving surface of her tit.

"Oh, Geez - I'm so sorry..." Nick said, feeling the heat of a deep blush flood his face...

"Why?" She asked, grinning seductively, her eyes bright and intense - yet, somehow, oddly blank. "Didn't you enjoy it?" "I... uh. " Nick stammered, caught off guard.

"Because I certainly did..." She cooed, licking her full lips seductively. Reaching her long, slender arms forward, she gently but firmly wrapped her hands around his head, long-nailed fingers delving into his curly dark hair - and then pulled his face forward, pressing it into the warm, dark cleavage of her massive tits, making a low moaning sound of pleasure as she did so.

Nick never claimed to be an expert at understanding women and all their body language - but her actions were far from subtle, and - being a real 'tit-hound' - Nick surrendered any semblance of rational thought and just went along with it, bringing his hands up to caress the half-clad breasts now surrounding his face. Even though his hands were fairly large for his size, there was no way they could each encompass one of her massive, firm tits - in fact, they were so huge that there was a real risk of him smothering ion her vast, warm cleavage.

If that were to happy, Nick could die a happy man A bit awkward, socially, he wasn't exactly a 'Ladies Man' - and here a woman who was practically his fantasy brought to life was acting just like... well, like one of his fantasies brought to life, actually. He was about as happy as he could imagine himself being. The only thing that could possibly be better was if...

Just then, her massive cleavage receded from his face, and he took a deep - and regretful - breath as his face was once more uncovered...

...and then she pulled him the rest of the way inside, shifting her weight to balance gracefully and sensuously on one high-heeled foot, using the other one to push the door shut behind him. Her face was wreathed in a heavy-lidded, sensuous grin, and her massive chest was rising and falling hypnotically.

"I want you to fuck me, Nick." She said in a husky, hungry voice. "Fuck me long and hard."

Nick shook his head, trying to clear it - for a second there, it had almost sounded like she said... then she made it clear that he'd heard correctly - by running her fingers down what seemed to be a sewn seam, which parted beneath her hand to fall open, displaying her bounteous body in all its glory, lightly slicked with a perspiration caused by the heat of her passion - a heat obvious in her damp, fragrant pussy, nestled in a tiny patch of flame-red pubic hair.

"Uh - okay..." Nick replied, numbly, not even realizing he was nodding violently, his head in real danger of popping off his neck and rolling around on the floor.

He might not have even noticed if it had - that wasn't the head he was thinking with. Indeed, his cock was so hard that it was almost painful - but a good sort of pain, if that was possible.

Then she turned, those massive orbs of perfection sliding from his view - but not completely, because even with her turned completely away, they were so huge he could see them protruding from her slender ribcage - plus the added bonus of getting to see her spectacular, firm ass.

She looked over her shoulder with a smoldering look that almost made Nick cum right then and there.

"Gee, Nick - what's with all the clothes...?" She asked in a falsely 'innocent' voice, dripping with lust - as she slowly walked away with a stride that made his already hard, throbbing cock harden even further, gliding, jiggling and hip-swaying towards the living room.

He followed after her with considerably less grace, fingers fumbling at his clothes. He hopped through the door way, nearly falling as he struggled to remove his pants without actually pausing first. By the time he was fully in the room, he was buck-naked, his average-sized cock thrust before him like a battering ram.

Randi was reclining in a consciously erotic pose on the couch - and average as his cock might be, the look she gave it made Nick feel like he had the most perfect organ on the face of the planet.

"If that's for me, lover boy..." Randi said, throatily, "...then bring it on - I'm so wet and ready for you, baby..."

"Oh, God..." Nick said in awe, not even hearing his own voice. Part of him was wondering if this was really happening, of if he'd gone off the deep end was imagining all of this, one of his fantasies made living, breathing reality...

...but either way, he just plain didn't care. Eagerly - comically - he hurried forward, eyes unsure of where to settle on her magnificent body, finally settling on her gravity - and imagination - defying globes of breast-flesh.

...and she reached out, arms welcoming him in a way that he'd only seen in his raunchiest fantasies.

He all-but-collapsed on her, one hand sliding around her delightfully slender waist, while the other reached out to cup one enormous tit, his face lowering to the same round, firm mass as his lips hungrily encased her large, thick - and fully erect - nipple.

She moaned and shuddered in obvious pleasure, his awkward touch obviously just what she wanted - needed - to feel. "Yes, Nick - yes!" She moaned. "God... that's what I want!"

Encouraged, Nick's movements became less self conscious. He didn't know how or why he'd suddenly found himself living out his fantasies - but he wasn't going to worry about it, not now. It was just too overwhelming, too... impossible... for anything like logic or worry to enter into it. No, this was a fantasy - and anything he did would be just right.

It was, too - even as he nuzzled her huge, firm tit with his face and fondled it with his hand, he used the other hand to reach around and squeeze one firm, rounded buttock - and she gasped and twitched in near-orgasmic ecstasy, obviously finding his style - or lack thereof exactly the ticket for what she was feeling.

"Yes, Nick..." She moaned, hungrily. "God - you're amazing..."

Nick's cock was hard and throbbing, painfully so - and though he wanted to continue fondling and touching her smooth, silky skin endlessly, he needed to ease the pressure, and soon. With no more foreplay - and no warning - he shifted himself, swinging one leg up on the couch...

...and, as if she could read his mind, she rolled on the couch below him, sliding one leg past his and up on the back of the squeaking, groaning furnishing, lifting the other high and outward, opening herself to him.

Bracing one hand on the edge of the couch beside her slender waist, the other on the back of the complaining couch, Nick positioned himself - and as he thrust himself eagerly forward, she wrapped the uplifted leg around his waist in an amazing display of agility that was only matched by her uncanny shift in position to allow him perfectly aligned access, his cock sliding smoothly into her wet cunt like a sword into its sheath. In the first instant, it seemed that his cock was too small to pleasure a woman like this - then he felt the silken, wet walls of her cunt close tightly around his cock, almost as if - impossibly! - her pussy had re-sized itself to be a perfect fit for his length and width.

Nick was operating on 'Fantasy Logic' - he didn't question anything as he began to drive hurriedly and awkwardly, barely rhythmically, into her cunt - and she thrashed and moaned as if in the height of ecstasy, urging him verbally and physically onward, gasping and moaning in pleasure.

"Yes, Nick - oh God, you're incredible...!" She gasped in a voice of erotic amazement. "Oh - this is the best I've ever.. oh, baby, harder!"

Nick had no trouble complying, increasing the power and speed of his thrusts, biological need as much as conscious desire driving his movements - and her matching them perfectly, as if aware of his every nerve-impulse and unconscious thought, increasing the power of his thrusts with a syncopated rhythm of her hips.

"Yes, Nick - yes!" Randi screamed, ecstatically, her body writhing and shaking. "Oh, God - I'm cumming! I'm cumming harder then I've ever *Ohhhhhhh*!"

Her words degenerated into a scream of the purest orgasmic ecstasy - as her cunt tightened around his hyper-stimulated cock. The extra friction on the thrust was enough to push him over the edge, and he added a hoarse shout to her warbling, musical scream of ecstasy as he stiffened and pumped his seed deep into her hot, wet - and incredibly talented - cunt.

As he did so, her warbling smoothed out into a crystal-clear high-note, vibrating through the room as she creamed out purest orgasmic pleasure, her body clenching over him - inside and out - as her arms wrapped around him and held him tight.

Her orgasm - the one he'd caused - seemed to last an eternity before subsiding, and then she slowly settled back onto the couch, her body relaxing one muscle at a time as a smile of pure satisfaction covered her face.

"Mmmm..." She moaned, low in her throat. "Lord, Nick - that was fantastic. "

"God... yeah..." Nick gasped, slumping against her massive tits with a satisfied sigh. "Holy shit, Randi. I can't believe I just had sex with somebody like... It's like a fantasy come true. "

"I know " Randi said, ruffling his hair. "I can't believe you were willing to have sex with me, either."

Nick's eyebrows rose in surprise. "That's not quite what I meant."

She giggled fetchingly. "What - me finding a muscular, handsome stud at my doorstep right when I needed him, and he's a tit-man to boot. you don't think that's a fantasy come true?"

"Nick blinked - then slowly grinned. "Well, I wasn't quite looking at it that way but now that you mention it, yeah. I guess it was as good for you as it was for me."

"If it wasn't as good for you as it was for me, then I hope I never satisfy you..." Randi laughed sensuously. "It'd kill me..." Nick blinked - then grinned.

"Excuse me..." She said, slowly and sensuously uncurling from beneath him, every available square inch of bare skin sliding against his in a choreographed movement of sensuality. "I'll be right back..."

Nick felt a sharp stab of disappointment. "You're leaving...?"

She smiled, hungrily. "Just giving you a bit of time to make some more sweet, tasty cum, baby..." She said, slowly and sensuously licking her lips. "So I can suck you off and swallow it down..."

Nick felt his sated, juice - slicked cock twitch at her comment - and she shot him another hungry smile as she left. Her heels 'click- clack'ed against the floor, fading as they left the room and started up the stairs...

She was gone maybe ten minutes - and when she returned, Nick was nearly ready for her... and what little stimulation he needed, she provided, kissing him hungrily, huge tits pressed against his body - then slowly working her way down, until her soft lips were wrapped around the shaft of his once-more hard cock...

* * * * *

The dark veil of sleep slowly parted...

...and Rusty stared up at the ceiling in confusion, brow furrowing. How'd he end up in his bedroom? The last thing he remembered was drilling out the lock of the box and finding the strange device that...

No - wait. The last thing she remembered was opening talking to Nick at the door, and him jumping forward to catch her, and then...

...no, wait - after he'd touched her, there'd been a sort of 'black-out', when her 'Rusty-Randi' mind had been shut-down to allow her programmed persona to...

In the space of a few seconds, three sets of 'persona' caught up with each other - the 'real' Rusty, the feminized 'Rusty-Randi' mix, and the purely fantasy-programmed 'Randi'. All three traded memories and information - and she remembered seducing her best friend, fucking his brains out - then coming back to suck him off - before fixing him dinner, then leading him upstairs for a night of passion...

'Coming back'... from going up to the attic - and erasing all the templates from the device, so that she'd never have to be that 'nasty' man again...

* * * * *

Nick was yanked from a sound sleep by the sound of a woman screaming in the most pure horror he'd ever hear - but by the time he was fully awake, Randi was showing no signs of distress.

"Wha... What was the screaming...?" He asked, frowning at her wide - eyed, almost brainless smile. "Screaming? Randi asked, stretching luxuriously - and sensuously. "What screaming?"

"Uh... I guess I was dreaming or something..." Nick muttered, his thoughts sliding to other matters as she reached for him...

...not knowing that the scream he wasn't even sure he'd heard would become a fixture in Randi's life as, each morning, she awoke as Rusty - only to remember what had happened, overloading her mind and forcing her back into pure 'Randi' mentality. Every day for the rest of her life...

...including the next several months, during which she'd be very busy trying to explain to the authorities who she was, and what had happened to 'Rusty'...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Search for ^13([a-z]) and replace it with a space and \1

Search for ^13([a-z]) and replace it with a space and \1



SUMMARY: When an employee gets into an old safe, he finds a harmless bottle which he drinks not knowing that the contents will both transform him and make him the object of people's sexual attention.

Safe

By Gunslinger

"Oh, m'aching back." Lou groaned.

Panting slightly from exertion, Jeff agreed with his employer - but only in the silence of his own mind.

On the 'scrawny' side, the twenty-two year old brunet might not be the manliest of men, physically - but Lou had a good twenty years on his employee, with more than a smattering of silver shooting through his neatly-trimmed beard and the temples of his black, slicked-back hair. There was no way on earth that Jeff was going to admit that 'the old man' was actually tougher and stronger than he was...

...even if it was true.

Leaning forward, Jeff tried very hard to look simply casual as he braced himself against the cool black metal side of the safe they'd just finished hauling in - when, in truth, he was using it to brace legs that felt watery from the effort of moving the ancient, extraordinarily heavy old safe. Under his dark-blue coveralls, Jeff's thin, (*he thought of it as 'rangy'*), body was slicked in sweat, and his short, almost bowl-cut mop of muddy brown hair hung limp and dank.

Lou, on the other hand, simply unzipped his worn denim work-jacket and slicked back the sweat from his receding hairline, and seemed to simply shake it off.

Truth be told, Lou was feeling it every bit as badly as Jeff was - that damned safe was a cast-iron bitch to move. Lou, however, had moved so many things in his thirty years as an estate-sale re-seller that he was used to it...

...and he'd be damned if he was going to show weakness in front of a 'mere boy' like Jeff.

"Okay..." Lou sighed, extracting the bill of sale and - damn it - the reading glasses he now had to wear to see the 'fine print' - say, anything smaller than a newspaper headline. He looked over list of items bought at the latest sale, and nodded. "That's everything."

'Thank God!' Jeff thought to himself.

"Okay, Boss." He said, aloud. "You want me to lock up tonight?"

Lou hesitated - and then decided, 'what the hell'. After a day like today, getting home a half-hour early and downing a cold beer or two would feel good.

"Okay, I guess I can trust you." Lou said, fishing the keys out of his pocket and tossing them across the four-foot metal cube of the safe. "Just remember, locking up means you got to get here early tomorrow to open."

"No problem, Boss." Jeff assured him, grabbing the keys - which, being a symbol of new authority, he handled with more deference than was really their due. He walked his boss to the door. "Don't worry - I got everything under control."

"I sure hope so." Lou said, having second thoughts - but the siren's song of that cold beer called, and he nodded once to his employee, then headed out towards his car in the fading light of sunset.

Jeff watched out the window of the shop as his boss climbed into his car and pulled away...

...and as soon as he was safely out of sight, Jeff leaned forward and ground loud, long and with great feeling.

Reaching behind him, he began to massage the badly strained muscles of his lower back. As he sighed softly in relief, he looked around the 'junk shop' still amazed after three months by the type of things you could buy up for next to nothing from people who died without any heirs.

From where he stood, he could see the shelves of stereos and TVs, most of it mid-to-late 70's vintage, with a few examples petering out up into the late 80's.

There was some furniture, almost all of it of the general style Jeff thought as 'old people furniture', and some lamps, both

floor and desk models. Bric-a-brac galore sat on various end-tables, and on the rest of the shelves lay items ranging from souvenir spoons to complete sets of dishes, from some old country doctor's 'little black bag' to a pile of...

Jeff's eyes, idly wandering over the various items, snapped back - and he cocked his head thoughtfully. Mouth pursed, he walked over to the shelves, picked up the black bag, and looked inside.

Sure enough, right on top was an old-fashioned stethoscope. He looked at the stethoscope - then over to the safe.

Stethoscope.

Safe.

"What the hell?' He asked the empty air, rhetorically. "Why not?"

Pulling the stethoscope from the bag, he set the bag down and headed towards the safe in the middle of the shop floor - detouring just long enough to grab a seat cushion from one of the couches.

Dropping the cushion in front of the safe's door, he knelt on it, and examined the simple dial and handle mechanism of the safe.

Nobody knew the combination for the safe, except for the man who'd passed away - who, in the view of the lawyer who'd handled the disposal of the small estate, had been unlikely to have anything of particular value. Rather than pay for the rather expensive time of a professional locksmith, the lawyer had simply sold the safe off, passing that expense on to whoever bought it.

On the other hand, it was a very old safe, a hundred years old if it was a day - and Jeff had seen as many 'safe crackers' in movies as the next guy.

Placing the tips of the stethoscope into his ears, Jeff leaned forward and placed the bell of the device against the door, holding it there with his left hand as he reached out and slowly began turning the combination dial with his right.

Hearing nothing, he slowly began to move the stethoscope around the door as he continued turning the dial - and, sure enough, he found the 'sweet spot', where he could hear the soft clicking of the tumblers.

A sense of excitement rising, Jeff's eyes first narrowed, then closed completely as he focused more and more concentration on what he was doing, time fading into meaninglessness as he slowly spun the dial, listening to the soft click and, occasionally, equally soft metallic 'clanks' from the old mechanism within the safe door.

Working ever more slowly, he spun the dial gently to the left - and stopped, fingers barely touching the knob, when he heard the soft sound of the 'clank'.

Equally delicately, he rotated the dial to the right, until he heard the same sound again.

Once more to the left - and this time the sound was subtly different, somewhat more authoritative.

Leaning back, Jeff opened his eyes and looked at the safe door. For a long moment, heart pounding behind his narrow ribcage, he simply stared at the safe.

Finally, he reached out, took hold of the handle, and twisted.

With a heavy 'ka-chunk', the locks released, and the heavy, but well-oiled door swung open. Crowing with delight, Jeff leapt up and capered around the room, pumping a fist in the air.

"Man, I am **goo-ood!**" He told himself, grinning like a fool. He looked over at the open door of the safe - and his smile began to fade as he realized he'd been so intent on listening to the sounds, he hadn't bothered to look up and see what numbers the dial had been on each time.

"Oh, well - if I did it once, I can do it again." He assured himself, pissed off at the 'kill-joy' realization. With a sigh and a shrug of his narrow shoulders, he decided that, since he had the damned thing open anyway, he might as well take a look inside.

It was empty...

...or nearly so, at any rate.

There was but a single item in the Safe's interior - and one so out of place, that Jeff picked it up with a decidedly bemused expression.

"What the hell...?" Jeff asked, holding the item up to the light and looking at the mellow golden gleam of refraction. "Now why in the name of hell would anybody bother locking this into a safe?"

It was a bottle of scotch - and not even a 'real' bottle, but one of those little plastic bottles they gave you on airplanes. "Huh." Jeff grunted, looking at the single shot's-worth of amber fluid inside. "Well, hell - a reward for a job well done..." He twisted off the cap...

...and things might have turned out considerably different had he noticed that there was no resistance, no 'cracking/ripping' sound associated with the folded-in sections of the metal lid, designed as a seal, giving way.

However, Jeff failed to notice that the bottle wasn't sealed, and he simply tossed the cap aside and, holding his breath, downed the contents in one, quick shot...

...and then dropped the bottle to the floor and threw his hands up to his throat and began staggering around the room, gasping.

"What the hell was that?" He gasped, hoarsely, tears streaming from his eyes at the burning sensation assaulting his throat and stomach.

He had no idea what the hell had been in that bottle - but he was damned sure it wasn't scotch. It had a sharp, acidic taste that burned in many ways - not only the normal 'burn' of alcohol, though that was included, but also the 'burn' you usually associated with an incredibly spicy Mexican dish.

Worse, the 'burn' was spreading - seeming to seep out through his stomach lining and out into his body, a dull, throbbing warmth that seemed determined to suffuse his entire body. Sweat, began to pop out from his pores, and he awkwardly struggled out of his coveralls, leaving him in just his jeans and gray T-shirt as he trembled in the grip of a rising fever.

All things considered, Jeff decided it might be a damned good idea to seek some professional help. Atier all, he'd just downed some unknown liquid that seemed to be setting his body on fire...

Still gasping and wheezing, his very breath seeming to be coming through a wall of heated air, he grabbed the keys to the shop and threw on his jean jacket. That only made him feel even warmed, but all his stuff - keys, wallet, and various other sundry items - were kept in the pockets.

Staggering now, he leti the shop without bothering to turn out the lights, and only barely remembering to lock the door.

Sweat was now rolling out of his hairline and down his face, and he had to keep swiping it from his eyes as he staggered towards his car. He was beginning to tremble, and his stomach was expanding and contracting in slow, steady wave of nausea, with the occasional sharp jolt of pain that would leave him bent almost double, hands clasped to his gut.

All in all, he could well be forgiven for being in a rising state of panic as he made it to his fire-engine red station-wagon and fumbled with numb fingers for the key. Had he been thinking straight, he might have gone back into the shop and called an ambulance, but his panicked mind had focused on the thought of 'getting himself' to the hospital, and that's about all he was thinking of as he finally managed to get into the car and get it started.

It was remarkable that he wasn't stopped by any cops during the fiteen-minute eternity it took him to get to the nearby hospital.

His vision was starting to blur, and quite otien separated into two, equally indistinct images. Sweat now poured off his body in what seemed to be gallons, and his stomach was cramping so badly that it was hard to remain sitting, even hunched over the wheel as he was. The car swung back and forth in the lanes of traffic as his arms trembled with uncontrolled spasms, and he twitched and jerked in his seat.

Somehow, he managed to pull into the hospital's emergency entrance turnoff, the wheels bumping over the curb as he ended up off- kilter in the ambulance bay. Not bothering to shut off the engine, he opened the door - and spilled out onto the pavement.

On his hands and knees, he stared down at his hands in horror.

They were writhing - the actual flesh rippling and stretching like the surface of a storm-tossed ocean. The motion was causing the hairs to pop free of their pores and fall to the ground.

In his mouth, his tongue was flexing and writhing, and his eyeballs felt ready to just pop right out of their sockets. Every cell of soti tissue in his body felt as if it were on fire, and all his joints felt as if they were cursed with severe arthritis. Even as he watched, hanks of hair fell from his writhing scalp and dritied to the ground.

He was in absolutely no condition to cross the infinite distance of the few scant feet that separated him from the hospital doors.

Thankfully, one of the doctors, a pretty blonde wearing the traditional white coat over black slacks and blouse, had stepped out for a fresh breath of air. One look at the writhing flesh on the pale face of the person she could determine only with difficulty was a young man, and she whirled towards the doors and began screaming for a gurney.

With the speedy efficiency of much-rehearsed movements, two orderlies burst through the doors with a gurney, and soon he tied his thrashing body atop it and wheeled him into the hospital. Even as doctors and nurses surrounded him, the orderlies were grabbing

soti restraints - leather cuffs for his wrists and ankles. After strapping him onto the gurney with those, they reached for the 'belly band'

- but one of the doctors, a silver-haired man, had lightly touched his sweat-slicked forehead, and he put out a hand to stop them.

"Not yet." The doctor ordered, as they wheeled him toward and ER. "He's burning up. We need to get these clothes off of him."

Barely had the gurney stopped moving when two nurses were attacking his clothing with scissors, cutting it off of his writhing body with care. One of the nurses was female, as was the blonde doctor still standing opposite her older colleague beside the gurney, but any sense of modesty Jeff might have had was lost in the fear and pain of the moment.

Soon, his clothes had been cut and peeled back, leaving his naked body exposed - and the blonde doctor gasped, one hand flying to her mouth.

"Good Lord!" The older doctor exclaimed, staring. "It's impossible, but... this man looks as if he's undergoing some sort of... of spontaneous gender reversal!"

Jeff must have misheard the doctor - or, at least, misconstrued what he'd heard. There was no way the doctor could possibly have meant what he seemed to mean...

...except that desperate delusion was quickly smashed by the reaction of one of the orderlies who'd wheeled him in. A sharp-featured Latino with normally dusky skin, he was nearly as white as the new-fallen snow as he stared down at Jeff's naked, writhing body and quickly crossed himself, Catholic-style.

"Madre a dios!" The orderly gasped. "He's turning into a *chica*!"

On the top-ten list of things Jeff never wanted to hear, that one ranked Number Two.

Number One was the male doctor's response to the blonde's awe-and-shock ridden question as to what they should do.

"I have no god-damn idea." The doctor replied in self-angered frustration, staring in something very near disbelief at the

patient who's painfully obvious 'condition' completely shattered his preconceived notions of medicine. Even as he watched, the man's penis and scrotum, barely recognizable as such, continued it's slow, herky-jerky 'shrinking' act, the cells seeming to be absorbed back into his body - even as two lop-sided and badly misshapen lumps, nevertheless identifiable due to their position on his chest, continued to swell.

After a moment, the doctor shook it over, and began to bark out crisp, clear orders - but orders that were 'maintenance', not treatment, for he hadn't the faintest idea how to treat what he was seeing. He had to settle for working on trying to keep the not-quite- man's temperature to a safe level, while supplying him with medication for the obvious agony he was in.

The medication helped dull the pain - and it also helped dull his emotions, too, something Jeff wasn't sure if he was grateful for, because, with some of the pain placed at a distance by the morphine derivative, he was capable of understanding fully what was happening to him, to hear and comprehend the medical staff's comments to one another as his body continued to change...

...and a part of him wanted very much to be able to feel the full horror that was **demande**d by the intellectual knowledge that he was, somehow and however impossibly, turning into a woman.

Over the next two hours, he got to contemplate his fate in horrifying detail.

Photos of his 'impossible' transformation were taken at regular intervals, and it seemed as if every member of the hospital's staff, right down to the janitors, showed up at one point or another to see if the incredible rumors could possibly be true - or, more honestly, to completely document the facts of something medical science said shouldn't be happening.

Through it all, his constant companions were the older male doctor and the attractive blonde - Doctors Smythe and Jonah, from what Jeff gathered. As he writhed on the bed, unable to make any sound other than incoherent grunts, he got to hear the details of his transformation in explicit clinical detail.

How his soti-tissue cells, especially that of his primary and secondary sexual characteristics, were being re-absorbed into his body, to be re-grown as the newly-defined female form. How the bone mass of his skeletal structure was diminishing, the excess material being 'dumped' as extremely rapid hair and nail growth. How every aspect of his body was in a state of flux, trending steadily and undeniably towards the feminine equivalent.

They took blood samples at regular intervals, too - and the results seemed 'interesting' to the physicians - and horrifying to Jeff.

The fact that what he was turning into wasn't a 'real' woman was little consolation to him. The news that his genetic markers would still be the XY of a male paled into insignificance next to the steady reports about the 'ingenious' and 'remarkable' ways his body was adapting to present the simulation of femininity. The way his glands had stopped producing the regular mix of male hormones, and had instead begun producing a previously unseen hormone mix that, while unique, was quite close in overall effect to that of a woman's system - most specifically, that of a young woman undergoing puberty, though there were some differences, the most obvious of which was the increased volume as Jeff's body covered the entire gender spectrum in the

course of a couple of hours.

As the transformation neared it's completion, the doctors could finally declare with authority that Jeff's new 'pseudo-womb' was, in fact, non-functioning... but that his new vaginal equivalent *was*. They also seemed quite intrigued by the new breasts Jeff had yet to see, finding them so 'remarkable' in so many ways - and remarking on them in graphic detail.

Apparently, the cells making up his new - and unwanted - bust-line were not the regular 'fat' cells, but something new, exhibiting some of the characteristics of both muscle and fat cells, resulting in breasts that were remarkably firm and resilient. The distribution and proliferation of nerve and sense receptors was also much discussed, as was the unusual 'milk glands' and 'ducts' - which weren't quite like anything they'd ever seen before.

Interesting, perhaps, from a clinical point of view - but not nearly so to Jeff.

Much less the oti-repeated comments on the size, shape and mass of his new bust-line... or one of the orderly's considerably less clinical outburst of: 'Look't those *tits!*'

All in all, by the time the transition to a new gender completed itself, the initial shock and horror had somewhat worn off, meaning that what bothered Jeff most immediately was not the horrifying long-term knowledge of his most-obviously irreversible transformation - it was not being able to see what all the fuss was about...

...no matter how much he might not want to see whatever it was being applicable to himself.

Worse - *herself*... for, by this point, everybody involved had ended up referring to Jeff in the feminine gender. 'She' this and 'her' that - and in direct reference to somebody who had always been very happy with 'him' and 'his', thank you very much.

All of this was, in itself, bad enough - humiliating, even frightening, and in it's own way, horrifying.

'He' was female - or at least a 'reasonable hand-drawn facsimile' of one. The world would see *her* as a woman, treat *her* as a woman. Jef had been unmanned - in the most literal sense of the world, even the vestiges of manliness taken from her, something even the most pathetic eunuch would have been spared.

So, it was with a completely understandable mix of anxiety, anger and apprehension that the unwillingly feminine Jeff, now that the spasms had passed and the transformation was over, let Dr. Jonah and Dr. Smythe slowly help her into a sitting position, while a large mirror was wheeled in.

"Oh... My... God..." She gasped, hearing her soti, musical new voice, but barely responding to it's melodic new tones as she stared at her new form in complete and utter shock.

She was tiny. She was sexy. She was delicate. She was busty.

She was elfin.

She was. gorgeous.

"That's. me?" She squeaked in that rich, musical new voice, unable to believe this vision of femininity in the mirror could

possibly, in

any way at all, be related to who she was 'inside'. It was not only not who she had always been, nor even what she'd never wanted to be - but the type of woman she could never imagine ever being in her life for any reason, even anything as so mundane as passing her on the street. Though women like this might exist in 'real life' outside of film and magazine, you never ran into them, not normal people like Jeff...

...and now she **was** one.

Jeff's first thought upon seeing her new body was that she could probably claim to be an illegitimate love-child, half-sister to Allyssa Milano on one side, and Jennifer Love Hewitt on the other - and nobody would even think to question the outrageous statement.

She had 'that look'.

She was gracefully slender and delicate, and her now-long head of silky brown hair fell down around a face that tapered to a slender chin and boasted big, brown 'doe eyes' framed with long, dark lashes.

There came a short period of near-hysterics as the inevitable truth hit home - that she was now, and forever more, female. It passed relatively quickly, however, given that she'd had two hours and more to 'see it coming' - and the medical staff, including two psychiatrists, helped her move past 'hysterics', even if she wasn't anywhere close to 'acceptance'.

She was, however, able to cooperate, however grudgingly and shell-shocked, as they went ahead and took measurements of her new body 'for the record'.

It turned out that she was now all of 4'10" tall - a total loss of height from his old size of almost exactly a foot. She now weighed a scant ninety pounds.

The tale of the tape was informative.

They had her stand with her feet together, and they measured around the widest part of her new hips - while she was painfully aware of her naked body as the man measured it.

Not because she was a 'naked woman' in front of a man - but because the man wasn't faced with a cock 'getting in the way'. No, there was only the smooth, slightly mounded crotch of a woman, making it 'easy' for him - and damned hard, emotionally, for her.

After announcing to the on-looking staff the measurement of thirty-three inches, the man slid the soti cloth tape higher and drew it snug around her waist... and Jeff quailed at the soti sighs of envy that came from some of the women as it was revealed that she could 'boast' of a mere twenty-inch waist.

Next came the dual measurement, one around her new ribcage just under her breasts, and the other around the center of her breasts.

The 'under' measurement was twenty-five inches, the 'over', thirty-one.

As one woman took great pains to explain to Jeff, this was converted into a bra-size measurement quite 'easily'. You just added five inches to the smaller number - in Jeff's case, coming out to 30 - and then subtracted that from the higher number to produce your cup-size.

To her great consternation, the new woman discovered she'd now fit into a 30-DDD brassiere...

...and to her even greater dismay was the fact, also made quite - and enviously - clear by the same woman, that Jeff didn't need one.

Not with her large, 'perfect' breasts riding so full and so proud on her slender ribcage, their unique cellular construction making the domed breasts not only 'firm'... but downright **perky**.

It was about at this stage in the measurements of the shell-shocked new woman's body that the last, final 'joke' played on her came out in the open...

One of those new 'hormones' present in her blood - in all her bodily fluids - was chemically similar to the drug with the street name 'Ecstasy'. Ever since her body had begun producing it, it had also been expelling it, in low 'doses', along with perspiration, as well with every breaths he had exhaled - and it had been slowly affecting everybody around her, unbeknownst by all.

If Jeff had known, she could have caught some early signs of it - like the two doctors helping her sit up. In 'normal' circumstances, they would have at least had her try to sit up on her own, to see if her muscular coordination had been effected. Jeff, however, hadn't realized her 'aura' had already begun to affect them. Aside from a then-fairly-faint sense of euphoria in her presence, there was also a false sense of intimacy with her, and so rather than a 'mere' patient, they had been treating her as they would a friend.

It had gone considerably further than that since, though Jeff hadn't realized it. She'd put down the growing symptoms of all the people around her as 'helpfulness', as they seemed increasingly caring about her, her moods, and her needs.

It reached critical mass, however, when, while 'examining' her, Dr. Jonah cupped Jeff's breast in a manner that was anything but merely professional.

"Gorgeous." The attractive blonde murmured, smiling at the new woman. "I can hardly wait until these damned tests are out of the way and I can really enjoy your new body."

It was said so casually that it took a second for Jeff to fully register the comment's implications - and in that shocked second, Dr. Smythe jumped into the fray.

"Come now, Helen." He said, in a good-natured tone. "She hasn't said who she's going to bed with first. It's quite possible you'll have to wait until after she and I have enjoyed each other."

"Jus' keep in mind you two might be last on her list." The Hispanic orderly said, turning to bestow a gleaming smile on the shocked new woman, one of his hands going down to lightly rub the noticeable bulge in his pants. "If you'd been payin' attention, you would know she's dyin' to wrap this cute new lips o' hers around my man-meat. Ain't that right, honey?"

"What...?" Jeff screeched, staring at the oh-so-casual people smiling warmly in her direction. "What the hell are you talking about? I'm not having sex with anybody! I don't even want this body, much less to use it, you know... *sexually!*"

A moment's silence...

...and everybody began to chuckle.

"Oh, right. Of course." Dr. Jonah said in that particular 'we're all in on the joke, but we'll play along' tone of voice. "You're a poor little man unwillingly turned into a woman, and you wouldn't think of making love with any of us, certainly not any time soon."

"For sure." Dr. Smythe agreed, still chuckling. "Helen, I do believe it's your fault. We should all try to be as discrete about our intentions as the young new lady here has been."

Jeff gaped at him.

"What the hell are you all talking about...?" She demanded, shrilly, slowly backing away from them. "I'm not doing anything to come on to any of you!"

" 'She said modestly, with a wicked little grin and a twinkle in her eye.'" Smythe said, chuckling.

"Don't worry." The orderly assured her. "Ain't none of us gonna give 'way your reputation. We'll play it cool, not let anybody know about you and us."

"Oh, yes, certainly." Doctor Helen Jonah said, with great sincerity, bestowing a loving look on Jeff. "We'd never do anything to hurt you, dear. We'll take perfectly good care of you, make sure you have everything you need. We'll squirrel you away in a nice, private room for 'observation' - and if we come in during the night to check on you, nobody has to know which of those 'desires' of yours we're satisfying."

"I don't want to have sex with you!" Jeff shrieked, wide-eyed, as she huddled back against the wall.

"Of course not." The orderly said in that humoring tone, smiling warmly. "You just go ahead and keep shouting that nice and loud, so the rest of the world doesn't have to know what you want from us. You can keep shouting it right up to - and atter - the moment you go ahead and suck me off, my sweet little darling."

Jeff stared at them, mind whirling.

They weren't being crude or rude or even teasing. They weren't 'threatening'. Indeed, if anything, their manners would best be described as 'loving', as if she were their oldest and dearest friend.

Oldest, dearest and most intimate lover, rather - for by every part of their manner it showed that they honestly believed

she wanted to have sex with them, that they were somehow seeing everything she did and said as a come on - and that this 'game' of hers, 'pretending' she wasn't interested, was simply something they were more than happy to play along with, for her sake - without believing it for a second.

She stared at them in abject horror, heart racing behind her 'magnificent' new breasts as considered the situation . If they wouldn't believe her protestations, no matter what she said, they'd happily 'rape' her, believing that it was really what she wanted, that her cries and protests were just a game. They were - for reasons Jeff didn't understand - complete unable to believe that she wasn't desperately desiring each and every one of them, eager to use her new body to pleasure them.

The immediate and most overriding thought that occurred to the new woman was basic, the other half of the 'fight or flight' reaction, given that 'fighting' was definitely out of the question.

She had to get the hell out of there...

...but it was damned obvious that, even as obviously eager to help their 'dearest lover' in any and all way possible, they'd simply never believe she wanted to leave them without satisfying all the 'obvious urges' she had for them.

If she wanted to escape a happy, loving, eager-to-please group rape, she was going to have to turn this group delusion against them. Heart pounding and head spinning, Jeff forced something that just might be mistaken for a smile to her cutely full new lips.

"Come on, at least try and play along." She said, trying for a coquettish tone - and failing badly. "Nobody's going to believe my little 'I'm to new a woman to be interested in sex' act if you keep this up."

Not that it mattered. As unwilling as they were to believe anything that went against their shared delusion that she was desperately eager to try out every aspect of her new femininity with each of them. They were pathetically eager to accept anything (*even, as their current delusions proved, even if that 'anything' was, quite literally, nothing*) that played into it.

Smythe looked around with a true look of conspiratorial worry.

"We're trying, dear heart." He said, quietly - and in every inflection of voice, in every hint of manner, his honest-to-god mortification was visible. No matter what the objective truth was, Smythe - and the others - honestly felt-and-believed as if they deeply loved the feminine new Jeff, and she in turn deeply (and, yes, erotically) loved each of them equally as much. The thought of 'failing' his dearest love really did hurt Smythe, chemically manufactured as that love might be.

"What else can we do?" Jonah asked plaintively, as equally worried about unwillingly doing damage to the new woman's 'reputation'.

"You can 'discharge' me." Jeff said, forcing not only that certain tone into the word 'discharge', but throwing in a broad wink for good measure. "What any of you do atier work is even less of anybody's concern that anything that might go on even in a private room... right?"

"Of course!" Smythe said, smacking his own forehead in genuine shame at missing the obvious suggestion. "Yes, I see it

now. You walk out the door, and, ostensibly, out of our lives... yes, yes."

"Brilliant." Helen breathed.

"The docs, they make good money, an' I can throw in a bit." The orderly said, thoughtfully. "We by you a little house somewhere close to all of us - or maybe rent you an apartment. Give you money for food and what not.. yeah, it'd work."

Jeff smiled sickly as the three got into a conspiratorially quite, but quite lively discussion on how best to set up Jeff's 'mistresshood', each of them absolutely sure that they and Jeff were such 'soul-mates' that they knew what she wanted-and-needed without having

to ask.

Well, let them - she wasn't interested in whatever they came up with, because it wasn't going to apply to her anyway.

"The first thing we need to do is get me signed out of here." She said - and, so eager to help, all three of them jumped on the idea. Half an hour later, 'Jane Smith' walked out the front door of the hospital.

She was uncomfortably comfortable in the clothes Helen had 'stolen' from a nurse for her - a bright red rayon-spandex top with three- quarter length sleeves and a sweetheart neckline over a just-above-the-knee white pleated skirt.

Even more discomfiting to Jeff's desperately damaged sense of manhood was just how good the 'nude' nylons she wore felt on the smooth skin of her new legs - but had she anything else to wear, the new woman would have quite happily chucked the white sling- back pumps with their square 2 ½ inch heels.

Unfortunately, none of them had been any more willing to believe that she didn't 'really' want to wear heels than they had been to believe she 'didn't want to wear make-up - which explained the coral pink lipstick and pastel sea-foam eye-shadow she wore.

Helen's decision was that Jeff - didn't need either blush or mascara had been a mixed blessing, upon consideration.

At that, the new woman was just as happy to count the heels and make-up battles as lost causes, as she'd won the 'war'. With some quick thinking an even more wheedling, she'd managed to get past the idea that she'd go to one of the trio's homes and wait 'eagerly' there for her lovers to come. Instead, she had stressed the need to separate themselves from her in the eyes of the public, and 'teasingly' played on the fact that the three couldn't choose whose house would have the honor of her presence - and had convinced them she should check into a hotel.

Given their state of mind, it hadn't been all that hard, once she'd convinced them of the hotel idea, to have them insist it be a four-star hotel - and they'd happily given her every cent they had with them in cash, and had even taken up a quick collection to add to that.

In a slightly battered white leather purse from the lost and found, 'Jane Smith' entered the world with a little over three thousand dollars in cash.

Least they chase her down the block, she forced herself to turn and fake a smile at the three people standing in the door of the hospital, and then she oh-so-carefully ankled her way to the corner, turned it...

...and then immediately set about trying to 'loose' herself so that those three nutcases she'd let behind couldn't find her.

The first thing she did was find a bank machine and use her 'Jeff Sykes' card to take out even more money. She added the three hundred daily transaction limit to her little stash - and, in truth, that pretty well emptied her bank account, dropping it's balance down to less than fifty dollars.

She added an additional five hundred dollars as an advance on the credit card Helen had given her... but happily pulled a whopping fifteen hundred off the Platinum card from Smythe.

Now with a grand total of five thousand, four hundred and twenty-five dollars to her (assumed) name, 'Jane' sighed - and regretfully dropped Smythe's Platinum card down the nearest storm drain.

Jeff Sykes' ATM card went with even deeper regret - though basically worthless compared to the credit card, it was 'his', a direct physical link to the man she'd so recently been...

...and so she wouldn't use it again, in case any of those three nuts were smart enough to try and track her with it.

Helen Jonah's card she kept, though she didn't plan on actually using the card to charge anything. It was simply the closest thing to 'identification' she had, were some needed when she checked into a hotel. As long as she didn't put any money on it, it should be nearly impossible for her to be tracked by it...

...she hoped.

Next, she hailed a cab.

Since she had told her 'lovers' that she was taking a suite at the most expensive hotel in town, the Grand Regency at Main and First, she asked the driver for a 'good, cheap' motel near the airport - about as far away from downtown as you could get without actually leaving town.

As the driver headed off, 'Jane' sat back in her seat - and tried to think.

It wasn't easy. It was now nearly midnight, and she was both tired and hungry. Her emotions were all a-whirl, and she was still trying to assimilate the knowledge that she was now a woman - a feat not improved by the undeniable 'proof' of the sensations her new body was providing.

No brassiere suitable for her new bust-line had been available, and the sensation of her large, sensitive - and, thanks to the cool night air, now currently erect - nipples made as the fabric lightly dragged over them with every breath was disturbingly distracting. The firm weight of her taut new mounds themselves, shifting and jiggling slightly with every motion she or the cab made, was equally as 'annoyingly pleasant' - to say nothing of the way the air felt as it moved over her nylon-clad new legs, or the way the remarkably soft fabric of her borrowed panties felt against her new, smooth crotch.

Her hair, long and silky, lay spilled out over her shoulders and occasionally had to be brushed back with an oh-so-feminine gesture of her long-nailed hands... and the scent of the perfume Helen had instead on spraying on her didn't help the new woman's thought processes either.

It seemed to Jane as if her new body was designed to keep her supplied with pleasant new sensations - though, in truth, it was more the lack of annoying ones she noticed. As unwanted as the unexpectedly enjoyable sensations of her full new breasts and taut buttocks were, it was the 'lack' that bothered her the most. She'd never realized, as a man, how much of her time had been taken up

by her 'equipment'. Finding comfortable positions for it. Instinctively 'safeguarding' it from injury. Careful of its position around sexy women...

...like the one she now was, and so lacking the 'annoyances' she oh-so-desperately wished she could still be suffering.

Still, all of this was forced to take a back seat to her sense of self-preservation. There were three nuts out there, convinced that she 'wanted' to be their lovers, their happy little mistress, and she couldn't take the time to fully bemoan the feminine curse that had descended on her until she was safe.

Her first instinct had been to go to the police - but she'd nixed that when she realized how insane her story would sound. It would leave her two choices: Either give them all the details and have the police contact the hospital for verification, or come up with a lie.

The danger of the first scenario was that they might believe, in **The End**, that she really was a man-turned-female, given the hospital records, including photographs... but what if the cops didn't believe the rest of the story, about the doctors and the orderly being obsessed with her, and delusion about her wanting them, to? In all likelihood, they would 'play along' with whatever they thought this was, some sort of way to protect her 'reputation' - and might pull it off. They might even convince the cops that she was 'paranoid' because of the emotional stress of her new womanhood - and that, for her own good, she should be made legal ward of one of them.

She shuddered at the thought.

The second idea, a lie, was problematic at best. If she went in to the police, as 'Jane Smith', and simply claimed the three nuts were harassing her.. well, how could she prove it? She wouldn't even be able to prove who 'she' was - much less who **'he'** was, if she tried that tack.

No, she just couldn't see any way she could go to anybody for help and get them to believe her without involving the three people she was painfully desperate to avoid...

...which meant that 'Jane Smith' was on her own.

Even the name was her decision. As much as she hated being so 'accepting' as to take a female name, 'Jeff' was the only one the hospital had for her, and so she wouldn't use it.

She worried and worried over it the entire drive...

...and it showed.

"Something botherin' you, miss?" The driver asked, as he pulled into a motel. "You look worried."

Of course, Jane had no way of knowing the driver was already mildly affected by her chemical excretions, somewhat more helpful than he would normally be. Thankfully, his 'interest' in her, sexually, wasn't even close to the obsessive point, but he was considerably more pliable for a 'cute young thing' who seemed even better-looking now than when she'd first climbed into the cab.

His question startled Jane - and then inspiration struck.

"I just ran away from an abusive boyfriend." She lied, quickly. "He's so obsessive, I'm afraid he might go hotel-to-hotel until he finds which one I registered in."

"Well, I can help you, miss." The driver said, still new enough to the chemical's effect to be surprised by his own spirit of generosity. "I'll register for a room myself, under my name. Even if that bastard comes and checks here, nobody will have seen you check in."

Sure enough, that's how it went. Hunched down in the car, she waited as the driver signed for a room and paid for three days in advance...

...with her money. Even affected by her chemical 'aura', he wasn't that generous.

He was even unwontedly thoughtful enough to take a room at the back of the complex, where she could come and go without the staff in the office seeing her.

He dropped her off in front of the unit, key in hand - but after he drove off, she didn't go in, not yet.

Across the street was an all-night diner - and her stomach was reminding her, transformed into a woman or not, she still had to eat. Moving with a careful grace, balanced atop those damned heels, she headed off for a late supper.

The diner, done in a very tacky rendition of 40's decor, was deserted. She had the waitress, a blowzy-looking bottle-blond with surgically-enhanced chest-melons considerably bigger than her own new endowments half-hanging out of her tight top, all to herself.

Ordering a 'special' that was anything but, Jane fed herself slowly and steadily, more fueling her unwanted new body than 'having dinner'. As she ate, she let the rest of the world fade away as she tried to cope with the emotions and thoughts she hadn't yet had the leisure to contemplate, wondering how the hell she was going to live life as a woman, much less one that, for some reason, had three absolutely crazy hospital members 'obsessed' with her.

That, quite naturally, led to thoughts as to how incredibly unlikely that had been. She still had no idea how three sexual nut-cases could possibly get hired at the same hospital, much less share a delusion about her - but the evidence to it was overwhelming, and it still scared her silly to think how utterly obsessed they had been with doing what they thought would please

- and pleasure - her.

Finished eating, Jane downed the last of the coffee she'd ordered with the meal and, still lost in thought, dropped some money on the counter and head off towards the bathrooms.

She instinctively started to push open the swinging door to the men's room- then, with a grimace and a sigh, turned around and, instead, pushed her way into the ladies' room...

...and upon seeing the bottle-blond waitress inside, stopped dead, unable to suppress the sudden and powerful urge of guilt at walking into an occupied women's bathroom.

For her own part, 'Goldie', the waitress, had been waiting nervously just inside the door, shifting her weight from one high-heeled foot to the other for the last five minutes.

When she'd first caught this cute customer flirting with her, Goldie had been flustered - especially since, despite being solidly attracted to (*all the wrong*) men since age fifteen, she'd found herself thinking it was 'too bad' she wasn't into women.

After awhile, though, she'd found herself thinking that maybe, just this once...

Now, nervously excited, guiltily eager, she stared at the hot brunette, wondering what to say, what one did to initiate lesbian love- making - and unable to think of anything, she nervously darted forward and kissed the startled young woman...

...and as her tongue slipped into Jane's startled, and at least momentarily unresisting mouth, Goldie got a high-octane shot of the undiluted chemical in Jane's saliva, instantly leap-frogging over all the intermediary steps and directly into full-blown obsession.

Jane, finally reacting to the bleached-blond silicone passionately thrusting her tongue into Jane's new mouth, all-but-yanked herself away from the groping waitress, shocked and horrified.

"Oh, please, baby..." Goldie gasped - and to Jane's horror, she peeled off her top, revealing impossibly fake, spherical silicone- pumped breasts. "Don't keep playing hard to get. I don't know how you resisted this long - and I know I can't resist you any longer."

She came for Jane - who skittered back, eyes wide, as the woman's huge bust bore down on her. "Stop!" Jane shouted, thrusting her hands out in front of her. "Get away from me!"

The blond - sure her 'sweet lesbian love' was playing, ignored the demand - and literally tore Jane's blouse open to get at her own DDD-cup breasts.

"Oh, we'll make each other so happy." Goldie promised, squeezing and fondling Jane's firm, dome-like breasts. "We'll make love all day long, every day - and to hell what anybody might think."

"**Noooooo....!**" Jane screamed, voice ringing off the tiled walls...

...and then she slumped in utter defeat, no longer attempting to pull away, submissively letting the buxom blond tear off

her panties, bury her head between Jane's silken thighs, and begin eagerly lapping away.

Tears slowly leaking down her cheeks, Jane accepted the unwanted pleasure of the blonde's tongue - and the even more unwanted truth.

It was her.

It was something about her, herself, that turned people into 'sex-crazed' obsessive nuts over her. She couldn't outrun it, she couldn't give it the slip, she couldn't hide from it - it was part and parcel of her new body.

It would be with her everywhere she went. All the time.

She'd never be safe.

Lost in misery, it took her some time to realize that, having indifferently shuddered her way through her first female orgasm... nothing had happened in the considerable period of time since.

Frowning, Jane looked down...

...and saw the blonde waitress kneeling in front of her, head down-cast and hands clasped at her lap. Jane waited - but the blonde didn't move.

Slowly, hesitantly, Jane slid sideways down the wall, waiting for - expecting - the blonde to jump her in another lust-crazed frenzy... but the woman remained in the exact same, highly submissive pose.

Jane eyed the door, considering making a break for it - but curiosity won out. "What are you doing?" Jane asked.

The blonde looked up, eyes bright with eager energy - and frighteningly empty of anything approaching coherent thought.

"Waiting for you to tell me what else I may do to pleasure you, my sweetest beloved, my life itself!" The blonde gushed, words tripping over one another in her eagerness to express her undying love for Jane. "Thank you for letting me lick your pussy and touch your body and I love you so much and how else may I please you, and I'd do anything for you my dearest, my love, my reason for living!"

"Anything?" Jane snorted, bitterly. "Would you slit your own damned throat, you psycho bitch?"

"Oh, yes, my love!" The blonde, 'overdosed' on the 'love juice' in Jane's vaginal excretions exclaimed in ecstasy, leaping right to her feet. "Oh, of course I'll kill myself for you my sweet, my beloved, **thank** you for letting me die for you my dear, there's all sorts of knives in the kitchen..."

Stunned, Jane actually let **The Endearment**-spewing suicidal blonde nearly reach the door before throwing up a hand and shouting: "Stop!"

The blonde came to a skidding stop, halting literally in mid-step.

"Yes, my sweet, oh, are you going to let me do you just one more service before I die, oh, beloved, let me do anything for

you and then I'll..." The blonde gushed.

"I didn't tell you to kill yourself!" Jane blurted out, shocked.

The blonde looked stunned, then mortified, and then, to Jane's shock, began hitting herself in the forehead - hard.

"You didn't, you just asked me if I would, oh I was so presumptuous, oh, my love, I'm sorry, I should kill myself anyway..." The blonde sobbed with heart-wrenching utter dismay at having displeased her 'reason for living'.

"Stop it!" Jane barked, mind still trying to catch up with events. "Just... hold on, okay? Let me think..."

"Yes, beloved!" The blonde agreed, instantly - then fell dead silent, still holding the exact-same half-step pose, utterly willing to stay like that forever, if that's what her beloved wanted...

...or, until the 'love juice' wore off, but the blonde didn't even come close to considering that.

Jane, however, didn't notice the blonde's awkward pose, instead trying to wrap her mind around the whole new wrinkle this brought to her life....

* * * * *

Her 'thank you' to the delivery man a bit brusque, she finished scrawling her signature, all-but-yanked the package from her hand, and then stepped switily back into the house and firmly shut the front door.

Standing on the doorstep, the package delivery man gave a quirky smile, somewhat used to the 'cast iron bitch' by this time - she got more packages than anybody else on his route, quite often one-a-day for long stretches.

Still, he mulled to himself as he turned and headed towards the trademark brown van, she wasn't all that bad-looking. At least, her face was surprisingly big-eyed and almost innocent, even if the brown hair, pulled into an extremely tight pony-tail, made her look a bit severe. He just wondered what her body looked like under that huge, floor-length bathrobe she always wore.

Shrug to himself, he climbed into the van and pulled away from the big old Victorian home on the quiet, out-of-the-way little cul-de- sac.

Jane, standing just inside the door, watched through the side window flanking the thick oak door as the delivery van pulled away - and then smiled tightly to herself.

Putting the package aside for the moment, she headed down the hall in the direction of the kitchen. She stopped before reaching it, however, coming to a halt in front of the door on the side of the staircase leading to the upper two floors of the huge old mansion.

Untying the bathrobe, she slid it off and hung it on the coat-tree next do the door, then reached out and turned the old-fashioned crystal knob.

The door swung noiselessly open on well-oiled hinges, surprisingly heavy - as well it should be, considering that behind

the thin wood facade that shoed from the outside, the door down to the basement was inch-thick steel backed by another half-inch of soundproofing.

She stepped into the shallow-stepped, well-lit stairwell she'd had built by out-of-state contractors - actually, 'out-of-country', Mexicans brought illegally in the States to replace the steep, dimly-lit stairs original to the house.

Pulling the door shut behind her, she gracefully walked down the broad steps, shallow steps.

The wide, gleaming metal door at the bottom of stairs was even heavier than the one at the top - but that didn't matter, as it didn't swing open. With one finger tipped by a long, blood-red nail, Jane punched a six-digit code into the keypad on the wall, and with a chirp and a flashing green LED, the hydraulically-operated door slid open on it's recessed tracks.

There, beneath a house more than a century old, Jane walked into a basement newer than the day atier tomorrow.

With a steady, measured stride, Jane crossed the metal-walled room. The metal flooring rang with the tapping of her heels, and the sound bounced over, around and through the many different tables, racks, chairs, chains and various other items filling the main area.

Directly across the main room from the door lay a hallway, and it was into this Jane walked. The hallway bore a dozen doors down it's sides, all of them gleaming metal. Above each 'peephole', a brass number was screwed into the door. The half-dozen to her right bore the numbers one through six, and those on her leti, eight through thirteen.

Room seven, the only door that lacked a key-pad beside it, lay at **The End** of the hallway, and it was to this door that Jane made her way.

Standing by itself, this heavy door was in many ways similar to the other twelve - and yet, in other ways, quite different. For one thing, the other, electronically-coded doors held no handles, being opened or shut by hydraulic motors mounted on the hall side of each outward-swinging door - doors that, for that matter, all swung in the direction of the open end of the hallway, which was itself just big enough for the opened door, thus effectively blocking exit from the hall when it was open.

The door to Room 7 was alike the others, however, in that below the peephole lay a small metal holder, similar to the ones found on filing cabinets, holding a small placard.

On the door to Room 7, the placard, written in Jane's hand in black ink, bore the following:

Steve Z. - Spring '05 **'Selina'**

Since the real risk of bruised knuckles made the idea of knocking on these doors impractical, Jane simply slid the panel open and called: "Are you decent, kitten?"

"Yes..." A low, husky, and incredibly sensual voice replied, with a chuckle. "...but if you give me a minute, that can be remedied."

Chuckling herself, Jane pushed the door open and stepped into Room 7 - which was not only nearly ten times as large as

every other room along the hallway, but luxuriously - almost sinfully - appointed.

The walls and floor were all in gleaming black tile - forming a splendid backdrop for the rooms profusion of animal-prints.

The couch and matching chairs were done in leopard-print satin, and were separated from the black-tile fireplace by a thick and luxuriously padded faux 'polar bear' rug. Through an open door, the bathroom - in white tile - boasted a zebra-print rug and matching towels near the huge, deep whirl-pool 'soaker' tub.

The bed, in the corner, was huge and round, and covered in cheetah-print silk sheets under a thick comforter of brushed black velvet simulating the luxurious hide of a jaguar.

Above all this, every inch of the large, luxurious room was reflected in the mirror-tile ceiling...

...including the room's occupant, spread luxuriously over the top of the bed. Her definition of 'decent' would have raised many an eyebrow, elsewhere.

Oh, not that she was naked - far from it. In fact, every single square inch of her lean, well-toned, and exquisitely shaped body was covered from the neck down...

...in gleaming black latex that was quite literally sprayed onto her lean, luscious body.

The dark liquid latex hugged every curve and every line of her luscious body - except for where her thigh-high black platform boots and opera-length gloves gave back the more mellow gleam of their soti black kidskin leather, as did the 'domina' mask above her high, well-defined cheek-bones, surrounding eyes so dark that they also seemed black.

Even her thick, rich massive mane of curly hair was glossy black - as was the outer sides of the cute little velvet 'cat ears', lined inside in pink silk, and mounted on a black headband tucked into her hair.

Not that she was one to talk herself, Jane thought with a smile - not considering her black fishnet bodysuit under a tight red-trimmed black leather corset...

With a smooth, feline grace, Selina uncurled from the bed and rose, almost literally purring. In one hand she held a long, thick whip with a most decidedly phallic handle - in fact, it was a large, extraordinary detailed dildo, complete with molded plastic 'veins' bulging all over it.

At the sight of the long, thick dildo, Jane smiled, thinking of all the pleasure Selina had given her with it...

...and then banished the thought as Selina gracefully swayed towards atop the nine-inch spike heels of her platform boots.

"May I, Mistress...?" Selina purred, wistfully, as she reached where Jane stood.

"Now, now, kitten..." Jane said, with some real regret, as she reached out to lightly run a hand over the smooth latex orb of one of Selina's massive, volleyball-like breasts. She lightly squeezed the large, thick latex-covered nipple, causing the tall, leggy woman to shiver in pleasure. "Business before pleasure, you know that."

"Yes, Mistress..." Selina sighed.

With well-practiced motions, Selina maneuvered the gleaming black plastic dildo-whip behind her - and, skillfully, threaded it into the latex harness in place under the outer covering of latex, down past her legs, and to the front.

It 'snick'ed sotily into place in the ring under the suit - and now the oversized dildo thrust proudly from her crotch, while the rest of the thick whip dangled behind her nearly to the floor, forming the tail and completing her 'busty latex she-male cat-woman dominatrix look' look.

What still leti Jane feeling pleasantly bemused was the fact that Selina had not only chosen this... *intriguing* look - but that she had willingly - nay, **eagerly** - accepted the role of Mistress Jane's side-kick.

"Let's go, pussy." Jane said, turning on one considerably more 'sedate' four-inch heel and leading Selina from her 'lair'.

She stopped at the first occupied door on the leti-hand side of the hallway and punched in the code. The door swung open...

...and, inside, the occupant cowering in the corner began to beg and plead. Standing just inside the door, deaf to the pleas for mercy, Jane eyed her creation.

The woman was tiny and delicate - as befitted the fact that she was of Japanese ancestry, but the 'look' was further exaggerated by the highly modified 'school-girl' costume she wore. A tiny, 'fluffy' red-plaid skirt just barely covered her crotch, and the black 'Mary Jane' pumps she wore over her knee-high white 'socks' boasted a two-inch platform and six-inch heels.

The white short-sleeved blouse she wore was tied close just beneath her perfect, girlish 'B'-cup breasts, displaying the golden mounds to perfection - but the collar was tightly buttoned, to accommodate the cute little red plaid tie she wore.

Her silky black hair was, of course, tied up in pig-tails.

All in all, Jane thought, the perfect 'look' for the tiny Asian who, not long ago, had been a successful male stock-broker...

...and closet pedophile.

"I can't do it anymore - I just can't...!" The tiny woman sobbed in her high-pitched, lightly accented voice. "Please, please don't make me do it..."

"Now, now, Ling-Mei." Jane admonished the woman, using the name she'd assigned her. "It's nearly dark, and you've got work to do, so assume the position..."

"No.. No..." The woman sobbed - but she didn't even try to resist. As one of the first, she knew better, and she crawled out of bend and bent over - causing her skirt to ride up and reveal that she wore no panties.

"Good girl." Jane said - and then, turning, she knelt and lavishly licked plenty of her 'love juice' charged saliva onto the ridged shati of Selina's 'cock'.

Smiling, the latex-clad woman walked over and - having to bend her knees to equal the height differential - thrust her 'cock' deep into the little woman's cunt.

She held it there for several minutes - and by then, Ling-Mei was laughing and giggling.

"Thank you, Selina!" She squealed, as the busty cat-woman withdrew the dildo. Turning, the tiny woman stretched on tip-toe to exchange a deep, passionate kiss. "Thank you for filling me with that huge cock and giving me the mistress' wonderful love-juice!"

"You're quite welcome." Selina said, her voice dead sincere - but laughter glinting in her dark eyes. The tiny school-girl turned to Jane.

"Oh, Mistress, thank you for letting me be a whore for you!" She said, enthusiastically. "You'll see - I'll earn you lots and lots of money tonight. I'll fuck and suck the man the very, very best I can, and I'll be the winner tonight! I'll be the one who gets to lick your pussy, Mistress - you'll see!"

"Yes - we'll see." Jane said, grinning. "Now, go on, you have to get ready."

"Yes mistress!" Ling-Mei cried, happily scampering out of the room, and actually bouncing on her toes with eagerness as she waited for Jane and Selina to step out of the cell and close the door that blocked her exit. Immediately, she bounded off, and Selina - throwing a grin over her gleaming shoulder - had to hurry to keep up with the diminutive girl so that she could punch in the code that would let her get upstairs to her 'school-girl' themed bedroom upstairs.

Shaking her head, Jane moved on to the next cell and let herself in.

This was one of the 'working girls' who hadn't yet learned her lesson - and so, she was laying spread-eagle on the bed, bound by five-pint restraints at wrists, ankles and waist.

"You bitch!" She snarled, struggling against her bonds - or, at least, trying to, since she couldn't move as much as an eighth of an inch in any direction. "You sick, bitch. Let me go! Give me my cock back! Damn it...!"

Her curses and threats leti Jane as unmoved as Ling-Mei's pleas had. Like the Asian woman, this once-man had earned her new fate...

...and the 'interest' that came with it.

Though barely able to move, the outrageously curvaceous blonde was more than able to cause her tits to jiggle and bounce and sway - and that was because they were absolutely enormous, their 'natural' D-cup size vastly increased to medicine-ball sized proportions by the extra saline pumped into her expandable implants.

The massive tits, like the huge head of obviously bottle-blond hair, went well with the high-pitched, lisping voice Jane had stuck 'Bambi' with - which made all her dire threats all the more amusing.

"Now, now - I've told you about that..." Jane said, 'regretfully', as she walked over - and the ex-man began screaming

almost incoherent threats at her as she calmly pulled the two coiled plastic tubes down from the rack suspended from the ceiling, and slid the small needle tipping each into the 'fill ports' of the expandable implants.

Reaching up, she turned on the pump - and, slowly but perceptibly, the woman's already massive tits began to swell.

The high-tensile custom implants were getting near their limits - but the human skin and fat encasing them wasn't, allowed as it was to 'rest' between the occasional inflation...

...and Jane could also buy even larger implants, if she needed to.

After a couple of moments, the skin beginning to tighten over the implants, the man 'broke', and began *begging* Jane to 'just go ahead and turn me into that god-damned bimbo whore!'

What amused Jane, as she shut off the pump and complied, was the fact that each time the man caved faster and faster - now, well before the expansion actually became painful, barely even mildly uncomfortable.

A couple of licks of the woman's close-shaved pussy... and sweet, bubbly, empty-headed Bambi was eager to go to work, and Jane unstrapped the person who, just a couple of months ago, had been a strip-club owner who'd enjoyed getting his 'bitches' hooked on drugs, and then denying them their next 'fix' unless they obeyed his injunction to go into debt to him to afford the breast implants he insisted they get.

One by one, she got her six 'working girls' ready for the night's action - and then, with Selina following closely behind, Jane went into one of the rooms on the right-hand side of the hall.

Strapped, naked, to a reclining bondage chair, was his latest victim.

"Hello, Craig." Jane said, mockingly, as she stalked her way over to a gleaming control panel on the wall and began pushing buttons. "Having fun...?"

The portly, bearded brunet on the chair didn't bother answer, only shooting fearful looks at the two women as the lights dimmed and music with a driving base rose.

"On with the show..." Jane said - and stepped into the shadows, to watch appreciatively as Selina went to work.

With that feline grace, she flowed into the center of the many spot-lights focused on one area - and the profusion of relatively dim lights, combined in that spot, picked out multicolored highlights off the gleaming latex...

...as she began to dance.

God, did she *dance!*

It started with the 'pose'.

She stood in that profusion of lights, with her body turned slightly to one side, one leg slightly extended. Her arms were crossed, almost modestly, over her massive bosom, and her face was turned away, buried in her shoulder as if she were

ashamed...

...and then, almost as if against her will, her smoothly-rounded hips began to move to the beat.

Just a little bit, at first - and then, slowly, their swing and dip became wider, more pronounced - and soon they were swaying...

...and then gyrating...

...and then she stun on one, high heel - and her hands began to roam over her luscious body, gliding slowly and seductively over her spectacular form as she continued to sway, bounce and swirl in the pool of light.

The man on the chair couldn't help himself. A pair of special contacts were designed to make it uncomfortable to close his eyes for more than a second or so, and so he had to look - and, though he struggled desperately not too, soon his cock began to grow hard, and soon, watching the lithe, luscious latex lady, he boasted a raging hard on.

That was Jane's cue - and she strutted over, climbed the built-in steps, and lowered herself onto his hard, throbbing cock, enveloping him....

...in the thin, incredibly pliable, and utterly impermeable latex of her clear 'panties'. She had no intention of 'claiming' him with her love juice - not yet.

She 'just' fucked him, riding him with an almost languid rhythm, enjoying the sensations coming from her dripping womanhood as she writhed and wriggled and thrust atop him...

...all while she carefully watched his face.

When she had been riding atop him for a while, and watching his effort control with the effort not to cry out in rising pleasure, she knew it was time - and, concentrating, 'bore down' on the not-quite-muscle of her breast tissue...

...and as it compressed her not-quite-glands, a stream of thick, amber fluid shot from each of her large, fully-erect nipples and began to patter across his face.

Having already seen what the liquid from Jane's 'remarkable' glands did to men, Craig - as he had the past four days - struggled desperately to keep his mouth well and truly shut as the liquid splattered and dripped from his face, harmless except in contact with the permeable flesh inside the mouth.

Then, as Jane 'cruelly' increased her thrusting and 'tormented' him by bringing him to thundering orgasm, the bearded man couldn't help himself - and he cried out in pleasure...

...and the liquid splattered into his helplessly open mouth.

As the man gasped and tried, uselessly, to spit it out, Jane laughed and quickly worked herself to her own orgasm before climbing off his quickly-sotiening cock.. even as the first tremors began to rack his body.

The amber liquid didn't give her 'girls' the exact same effect the original had given her. In fact, the exact effects seemed to vary from person to person, and none of the girls had gotten that 'mad obsession' effect, nor had any of them developed their own 'amber- glands' - at least, none yet.

The feminizing effect, however, was universal - and some of the effects the 'pseudo-hormones' had for each of the girls was quite interesting, and more that justified the hefty charges paid by the very select clientele of her impossibly up-scale bordello.

Bambi, for example, who's IQ dropped significantly while she was under the 'love juice' - but whose libido seemed to increase in direct proportion, not to mention her sexual stamina.

Ling-Mei, on the other hand, exuded something from her lips that allowed her to give truly mind-boggling blow-jobs. Jane was interested to see what 'specialty' this latest addition to her stable would boast.

However, it would be a couple of hours before she found out - so she gathered Selina up with a look, and leti the room.

As the door closed, she smiled warmly up at the taller woman... whose own 'effect' from being made female was a complete and utter resistance to Jane's 'love-juice' obsession effect.

Her complete and utter devotion to the woman who had turned her into the woman she was today was completely willing...

...which, Jane thought as she took her cat-woman's hand and lead her towards Room 8, was why she could let her guard down, and in the privacy of Selina's lair, give in and let **Selina** be dominating, pleasure inducing lesbian dominatrix to **her**.

With a willingly devoted woman like the one who, for reasons Jane still didn't understand, demanded to be called 'Selina', letting herself be utterly submissive was completely, utterly, and in all ways physical, intellectual, and emotional...

...safe.

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A man agrees to ingest a genetically engineered virus that promotes breast growth. But as the virus tries to generate male hormones, it transforms them into female hormones, constantly

causing a state of euphoria - and arousal - creating a super- horny and very sexy woman.

The Sale Of Two Titties

By Gunslinger

It was the breast of Thyme's, it was the wurst of Thyme's...

"I'll have the chicken,..." Rob said, smiling at the waitress, "...and my friend here will have the schnitzel."

Thyme's Restaurant might pride itself on it's 'courteous, professional' staff, but you could hardly tell it from the way the waitress was practically drooling over Rob. On the other hand, if it weren't for the fact that Rob had (rather arrogantly) ordered for both of us, I probably wouldn't be eating - the waitress apparently didn't even know I was alive.

That happened a lot. Me being ignored, that is. Atier all, I'm probably one of the oddest looking guys you'll ever meet, unless you happen to personally know Steve Buscemi, the guy from 'Desperado' and 'Armageddon'. My ancestors were a weird bunch, apparently running out of their respective countries of birth (or being driven out) and finding themselves in what, for them, was a foreign country, there to take a wife. In my background I've got Asian, Hispanic, Negroid and Caucasian blood, somewhat diluted by three generations of American 'Mongrel Caucasian' heritage, but still in force.

In short, I've got the type of face and build that seem to give truckers, bikers - and the occasional lawyer - the urge to take a swing at me. Thanks to the Asian influence in my genetic background, I'm on the short side, with a slender build. Not 'skinny', which would have been better, but 'slender', which is something different completely.

Trust me, I know.

Also from my Asian heritage comes the long, fine dark hair and the big, dark eyes. However, I've got the high cheek bones and full lips of my African ancestors. You've heard the jokes people make about Mick Jagger's lips...? Well, mine aren't as 'baggy' as his are, but you get the idea.

Skin-tone wise, I look mostly Caucasian, with a 'tan' that just happens to be built in rather than acquired... but that doesn't help, you see, because there's a hell of a difference between how people judge your body when you're Caucasian. See, this ass of mine wouldn't be that out of place on a man of African coloration... but on me, it looks huge.

From my Hispanic background comes a slender face, rather than a more 'rounded' Asian one, with a pointed jaw. On a darker-skinned Latino, it would be 'romantic', that lithe, intense sort of 'Matador' look.... but on my face, it's something else completely...

Now, all of this is bad enough. It, by itself, would have been enough to get me a lot of school-yard beatings. But my parents... well, they decided to name me atier their favorite actor, Cary Grant...

That's right - I'm a short, slender, dark-haired, full-lipped young man named Cary. Wanna make something of it? No?

God, what a relief...

So, me getting ignored wasn't exactly a new experience... and I'm willing to be that Rob getting drooled over wasn't exactly a novel experience, either.

I still didn't know why Rob invited me out to dinner to 'discuss something'. Atier all, he's not only tall, broad-shouldered and blond, he's also athletic, almost offensively handsome, and one of the wealthiest men in the city, thanks to his genuine genius-level intellect and his easy knack for dealing with people. If you want to look at it a certain way, I was the antithesis of Rob Morrell, and vice-versa.

So, atier the waitress wiped her chin and headed off towards the kitchen, I leaned forward and waited for Rob to explain what I was doing here.

Then he gave me the grin. The cool, smooth, slick sorta grin that never quite made it to his eyes. The type of grin of somebody about to talk you into doing something you don't want to do would use.

"I'll be straight with you, Gary..." he said, seriously. "Cary." I corrected.

He blinked. "Huh?"

"My name. It's Cary - as in Cary Elwes. Not Gary."

"Oh..." He said, giving me an odd look. "Anyway, Gar.. uh, Cary... As I was saying, I'll be straight with you - I've got a problem, and I need your help."

"Oh...?" I said, cautiously.

"Yes." Rob said, nodding. "You see, the next big thing is going to be 'genetic surgery'. Like plastic surgery, but without all the hazards associated with having 'foreign' objects inserted in the body... such as breast implants. You see, that's what I've been working on."

I nodded, still not understanding what it was that I could possibly help with. I didn't know the first thing about genetic surgery, or whatever it was called.

Rob coughed. "Anyway, I'm not the only company working on this - there's another company at about the same stage, and what it really comes down to is who can get the patent first. However, to get the patent I need a 'live' test, first...and there's the problem."

"I don't understand..." I admitted.

"Well..." He said, and for some reason he refused to look directly at me. "We've still got some bugs in the program. Number one of which is that - as yet - we can't get it to work on women. Secondly, the only people - men - it'll work on have to have a certain... uh.. melange of genetic chemistry."

I frowned, considering what he was saying - and not liking the implications.

He grinned at me, his eyes still not meeting mine. "Not to put too fine a point on it - to get the patent, we have to live-test on a person with the exact genetic make-up of.. well, you."

Without realizing it, I'd pushed my chair back, and now I found myself drawing myself up to my full (if rather insignificant) height. "What the hell are you saying!" I demanded, righteously angry.

There was this old Brit at the next table - the kind of guy who looked like he'd play 'The Colonel' in a second-rate murder-mystery. Now, he looked up at me and spoke in a condescending tone.

"I believe he's saying that he'd like to give you a pair of.. er,... 'tits', my dear boy."

Rob curled three of his fingers in a fist, leaving thumb and fore-finger extended in a 'gun'. He pointed it at the Brit. "bang - bull's-eye." "What makes you think I'd possibly let you do... that... to me?" I demanded - somewhat hysterically.

"Two million dollars." Rob replied, calmly. I spluttered and stammered.

"He accepts." Colonel Uppercrust said, with a note of finality. "I didn't say that!" I shrieked.

"Yes, I know..." He said, unperturbed. "But you were going to - weren't you, dear boy?" I spluttered a bit more.. then finally nodded. "Uh.. well.. yeah..."

"See?" Colonel Uppercrust said to Rob, who grinned at him and Missus Uppercrust.

"Who's getting tits?" The waitress said, bringing our meals. "Gary is." Rob said, pointing at me.

I didn't bother to correct him.

* * * * *

To say I was nervous would be an understatement - kind of like saying 'water is wet', if you know what I mean.

I was sitting on a 'doctor's couch' - one of those white-painted stainless-steel things with cabinets below it's black vinyl surface which was supposedly padded, but always felt too hard. Then, of course, there was the always-present white paper 'sterile' covering that crinkled and crackled below my too-big ass as I moved. I was even dressed in one of those backward robes, which meant that my ass was more or less directly on the paper.

No doctor's office in the history of modern medicine has ever been designed with comfort in mind - so, of course, Rob said: "Are you comfortable, Gary?"

I bit back my immediate reply, which would have dealt with his 'irregular parentage' - at great length.

"yeah, sure." I agreed. After all, two million dollars buys a hell of a lot of agreement, doesn't it. "Can we just get on with it?" "Whatever you say..." Rob agreed, and motioned a nurse...

Okay, okay - she held a full quartet of doctorates, so she was a 'Doctor'. I'm sorry - when a woman is dressed all in white,

with a white

mask, she'd a nurse. What can I say, I'm a chauvinist.

Anyway, Doctor Nurse approached me, holding a needle that looked just about right...

...for giving an elephant an injection. That sucker... uh, injector... was huge! "Hey!" I protested. "There's no way you're gonna..."

She grabbed my arm - rather firmly - and stuck the needle into a vein.

Atter I was done yelping and squirming, I finished rather impotently; "...use that thing on me." "Well..." Rob grinned. "If you don't want to, we won't."

She was wearing a mask, but from the way her eyes crinkled I knew Doctor Nurse was silently laughing at me. "I just earned two million dollars in about twenty seconds." I told her. "How much do you make a year?"

Her eyes were no longer crinkled... and then, suddenly, they were, again.

"Since I hold stock in the company..." She said, sweetly. "...about four-point-eight million dollars - if this works."

I rolled my eyes... then gasped as I felt a strange warmth run through my body, seeming to expand from the point of injection and flow along my veins.

Rob and Doctor Nurse looked at me intently and asked what I was feeling, so I tried to explain... while rubbing my arms, which had begun to itch terribly.

That's when I noticed that what little body hair I did have was falling out. Even the lightest touch of my hand brought a cascade of fine, dark hair, leaving the bronzed skin beneath smooth an bare.

"Uh... is this supposed to happen...?" I asked, showing them my arm - and the look the shared said it all.

Now, two million dollars is a hell of a lot of money to have a pair of tits hanging off your chest for a couple of weeks or so - but I had the sudden feeling that I was in way deeper then that.

"Oooohh-kaaayyy..." I said, slowly. "I, uh - just changed my mind. Go ahead and give me the antidote."

While I said this, I was rubbing my arms and watching as my body hair floated down to the ground to form a light pile - even hair I wasn't rubbing was coming out.

Rob coughed. "Uh... there's no 'antidote.' We just figured you'd get a double mastectomy when the test was done... and we didn't expect this to happen..."

"What?" I screeched. "C'mon, there has to be something you can do! I didn't agree to this."

"Well, uh..." Rob said, sharing another look with Dr. Nurse. "I'm afraid that there's just nothing we can do but see what

happens, then try to correct the effects on a per-effect basis."

I certainly wasn't happy with the thought of that, and opened my mouth to say so... when I began to feel really weird.

For one thing, that warmth had spread through my entire body, a sort of pleasant sensation despite the fact that it seemed to herald unexpected side-effects from the injection. Now, it was spread through my body, as if I were immersed in a warm, pleasant bath... except that it was more intensified in my crotch, which felt almost too good for my peace of mind.

"Oh!" I gasped, blinking. "Something's happening.. uh, 'down there', if you know what I mean."

"Well, we'd better take a look." Doctor nurse said with what I was sure was a smirk in her voice. I blushed, but had to admit that if something was happening, it should be.. uh, 'kept an eye on', I guess. Sighing, I peeled off the paper robe, that strange sensation in my crotch even stronger and more pleasant.

"Oh, my god!" Rob gasped, and I stared down at my crotch...

...where my cock was visibly shrinking.

"Holy shit!" I swore, watching my manhood dwindle away to nothing. Already, there was no sign of my balls - and my cock was barely a little nub, a tiny little...

Then the pleasure doubled and redoubled, and I was in no condition to worry over my loss of a cock in ecstasy, pleasure thrumming through my body as my cock was pulled back into my body and something else formed at my crotch...

"My god - he's growing a vagina!" Doctor Nurse cried, and I found myself thinking with bemusement that it'd probably be more accurate to 'she' at that point, since I seem to have switched genders.

It still felt unbelievably pleasurable as my new womanhood formed. Lost in a haze of ecstasy, I heard Rob and Doctor Nurse talking about how the serum was apparently hundreds of times more powerful in a living human host, and how it was generating enormous amounts of hormones, as well as re-writing my genetic code... but I wasn't really paying attention, lolling back on the couch and moaning in pleasure as my body was bombarded by near-orgasmic ecstasy. I didn't even feel the prick of the needle as they took some blood for testing.

Meanwhile, I'd become aware of a growing sensation on my chest, and I let my hands glide across it's now smooth surface, finding two small lumps... lumps that were rapidly growing.

"Here come the tits..." I moaned, then giggled. Rob was saying something, pretty urgently, but I wasn't listening, lost in bliss and happily finding the swelling mounds of my wonderful new tits. I hoped they grow nice and big and round, with big, thick nipples that...

I blinked, frowning, wondering why there seemed to be some sort of alarm sounding in my head - but the pleasure was too overwhelming, and I couldn't focus on whatever was bothering me. I let myself lapse back into the pleasure that was enfolding me, drifting on it's tides and eddies as it grew to consume the entire universe, leaving me floating, bodiless, in a void of

perfect pleasure...

* * * * *

"Cary! Cary, wake up!"

The voice penetrated the fog of darkness that surrounded me, and I let myself be drawn out of the deep, wonderful daze I'd been in. Opening my eyes, I found Rob standing over me, a worried look on his face. I smiled up at him, slowly and luxuriously stretching my body, enjoying the wonderful feel of it, it's liquid grace and easy agility. I'd never felt so euphoric in my life - it was as if everything was right with the world, and nothing could possibly make me feel less utterly content as I did in that moment.

"Cary - are you all right?" Rob asked, urgently.

"Never better, handsome..." I said, hearing my voice anew, a liquid contralto that was warm and rich. I liked it - it's velvet-smooth tones fit the way I felt....

+ + + +

When Gary.. uh, Cary's hair had started falling out, I'd begun to worry - but when his cock pulled itself into his body and formed into a cunt, then I was damned sure there was something seriously wrong with the serum.

Cary had fallen into some sort of daze as his body had continued to change, and Dr. Lands and I drew some blood and rushed it off for testing while Cary was 'out of it'. What came back confirmed our worst fears.

We'd done computer modeling of the serum, and it had revealed a strange make-up that meant that it would only work on men, and we hadn't been able to figure out why. The fact that it would only work on a strange genetic mixture was more understandable, given that we hadn't isolated the DNA sequences enough to allow targeting of any specific genetic make-up.

However, our blood tests on Cary explained everything - horribly so.

The genetically engineered 'virus' that was supposed to promote breast growth was doing that - but it was also 'correcting' the other 'flaws' in what it assumed was a female body. The reason that the modeled serum wouldn't work on a woman is that it wouldn't find anything 'wrong' with her, finding everything to be the way it was supposed to. In Cary, however, it found hundreds of things that needed to be 'fixed' - and it did just that.

I'd been shocked and horrified by the terrible, terrible mistake we'd made with the serum - but that shock was nothing compared to what happened as Cary woke up.

He.. uh, 'she', I guess I should say... smiled up at me and told me that she'd never felt better. It was as if she didn't noticed the fact that she'd just been turned into a woman.

"Cary?" I gasped, stunned. "Cary, listen to me - there's been a horrible, horrible accident. The serum we gave you - it turned you into..."

"...into a woman." Cary finished with a slow, content smile. "Yes, I remember - and boy, does it feel wonderful. I've never felt so utterly happy in my life..."

While I was still staring at the woman I'd turned Cary into, she uncoiled herself smoothly from the bed and rose to her full height, standing on her tip-toes as she stretched gracefully and contentedly. Then, shooting me another one of those slow, smoldering smiles, she padded over to the mirror in the corner of the room we'd put her in, turning this way and that as she surveyed her new figure.

It was quite something to see, I'll admit. What had looked 'odd' on her as a man now looked stunningly exotic and erotic in her as a woman. She was slender and lithe, with smooth, bronze skin and long, dark hair. She had a sort of semi-Asian face with a tiny nose, full, pouting lips and dark smoldering eyes that would have made professional models green with envy. Her ass was taut and perfectly shaped, and her waist was amazingly slender and supple. Her body was perfectly toned, taut and sensual and so smooth and satiny that it had an inner gleam, as if she were a statue carved out of hand-polished Tiger's Eye, somehow brought to life.

If her body and face weren't enough, however, there was the original purpose of the experiments - her tits. Tits that were far larger than anything we'd expected.

Hell - they were downright huge. We'd done some measurements while Cary was still 'dazed' and had found that those massive, firm mounds of golden breast-flesh stood a full fifteen inches out from her ribcage - which would make her an 'MMM'-cup. They were huge and amazingly firm, and tipped with equally huge, dark, thick nipples that seemed to be permanently erect.

She was five-foot-five, with a 36-19-36MMM figure. She was an incredible, sexual vision... and it should have horrified her to no end. Instead, she lightly cupped her massive new tits and gave another of those incredibly sensual smiles.

"Well, I certainly blossomed, didn't I Rob?" She asked, turning to face me. "Perhaps they're a little large, honestly - but I think they're absolutely perfect. What do you think, stud?"

I stammered inarticulately. I had no way of answering that question - while being stunned that Cary would pose it at all. There was most definitely something wrong here...

then she looked over her shoulder at the mirror, turning slightly and standing on tip-toe again.

"Great ass and legs, too..." She said in a tone of self-satisfaction. "they'd look better in some heels, though. Think I could get some high-heeled shoes, handsome? Nothing too high, to begin with - I'll have to work my way up..."

I was flabbergasted.

However, Dr. Lands came in, and she didn't seem surprised when Cary repeated the request, assuring the new woman that she'd 'see what she could do'.

I found out why a second later as Dr. Lands showed me the final model of Cary's new blood work.

It seemed that the transformation itself was very, very pleasant - and that her new body was still trying to generate male hormones, which the virus immediately attacked and transformed into (very potent) female hormones. Which meant she was in a constant state of euphoria - and arousal. She was super-horny and very, very happy.

However, the model also revealed something else that was stunning:

We had our 'serum'. In Cary's new body, the original - and badly flawed - serum had created a type of special anti-body that defeated the built-in problems. Injecting a woman with some of Cary's blood would cause her to undergo a mild transformation, not only enlarging her bust but making her generally more attractive. The more you injected, the more effect the serum would have - without every 'overwriting' the original DNA, so that the woman would still look like herself - only better.

In short, Cary's altered body held a gold mine - but there was no way of replicating the serum from her blood. It only worked 'in situ'. To sell the new serum, we'd have to keep her around and 'bleed' her. She could make us a fortune... but we could only sell the serum as quickly as it was safe to 'bleed' her, since the active strands died quickly once out of her body. She'd have to be on a tight schedule to allow us to use her, meaning that she'd almost be a prisoner here in the complex - especially since she was worth millions, maybe even billions. We'd have to guard her just a little bit better than Fort Knox guards it's gold.

Assuming she agreed, of course. We couldn't just hold her against her will...

...and we couldn't cure her. Not that she seemed all that worried about being cured, which was a good thing - the modified strand of genetically engineered virus was so incredibly powerful that it made AIDS look like a sore throat. Even denting that new strain that was floating around in her body was unthinkable.

Taking a deep breath, I began to explain the situation to the new woman...

+ + + +

For some reason Rob seemed worried as he talked to me - and upset. Almost as if he felt he'd done something wrong in giving me this wonderful new body. I understood what he was asking, of course, and the limitations it'd place on me... but what did any of that matter, really.

"Oh, hush, handsome..." I said, sotily, approaching him. He'd sat on the edge of the bed, at the opposite end of the room - and with every step I took towards him, he seemed even more uncomfortable, especially embarrassed about the raging hard-on in his pant. I slowly licked my lips.

"I'd be happy to help you, Rob." I told him, putting my hands on his shoulders. "You would...?" He asked, immensely relieved.

"Of course. As long as you make sure I have some very nice personal apartments here in the compound, some nice clothes to wear, all the little trinkets and baubles I'd like..."

"Of course, of course!" He said, eagerly. "Oh - and one more thing." I said, sotily. "What's that?"

"This..." I explained.. and leaned forward, pushing these wonderful new tits of mine against his chest and kissing him...

+ + + +

She kissed me!

For a second, I was too stunned to react - then I pushed her away and scrambled out of her embrace. "Stop it!" I said, ashamed of the raging erection her very presence gave me. "This.. this isn't right!" She smiled at me. "Right or wrong, that's the deal, handsome. You keep me.. satisfied, or I walk."

Then she curled herself up on my lap again - and this time, when she kissed me, I 'forced' myself to kiss back. It was surprisingly easy. She's a hell of a kisser. It was wonderful...

Before I was truly aware of it, she'd pulled my head down to those massive tits of hers, and I began to fondle them while licking and sucking her nipples...

...and was surprised by a warm, rich flow of milk. I was startled, and swallowed almost instinctively...

...and found that it tasted absolutely wonderful. I'd never tasted breast-milk before, so I didn't realize that there was something different about how hers tasted. All I knew was that it was the most incredible flavor I'd ever tasted.

"Oh, yes..." she moaned. "Suck my tits, Rob - suck them dry..."

I certainly tried. Her tits were huge, and seemed to be creating massive amounts of milk - I barely made a dent in the production, though it was apparently enough to 'ease the pressure'...

+ + + +

Having my tits sucked was absolutely incredible. My new tits had huge, thick, highly-sensitive nipples, and having them sucked was almost like having mini-blowjobs performed on my chest. I gasped and moaned as Rob did his best to obey my command.

Finally, however, he was full - and so I figured it was time for me to do some sucking of my own. I gave him a quick kiss, then slid to my knees and eagerly opened his pants, setting free his thick, hard cock, making my mouth water. Eagerly, I opened my lips and leaned forward...

+ + + +

I don't know if Cary had ever 'experimented' before - but I knew that the blow-job she gave me was the most amazing I'd ever had. It was utterly spectacular - probably because she was really, really enjoying it. I could do nothing but moan in appreciation as she sucked and slurped at my cock, finally taking my load of cum with a deep sigh of utter contentment. Apparently, it was the most wonderful thing she'd ever tasted, as wonderful to her as her tit-milk had tasted to me.

It was the most unbelievable blow-job I'd ever experienced...

...and also the last.

You see, we'd tested her blood - but not her breast-milk. It turned out that it was laden with the retro-virus... and also special 'suppressants' normal milk carried, but boosted beyond belief.

It didn't kick in right away. It took a few hours, and I had time to experience sex as a male one last time, because as soon as I was able to perform again, she insisted on it.

However, while I was out grabbing a bite to eat, the change kicked in...

It was wonderful. Oh, I realize that it's the same thing that Cary went through, and I understand that I might not have felt this way before, but now I'm so happy to be a woman.

I drank an awful lot of that milk, and it's certainly had an effect - my titties are even bigger than Cary's are. In fact, Dr. Lands says I look like a cartoon 'bimbo', what with my huge tits, long legs, tiny waist and fantastic ass. That's okay - it gets the attention of all the guys, which is great because I just love fucking and sucking now - like Cary said, cum is the most wonderful flavor in the world. I could drink it all day long - and do, for the most part.

The virus got 'worn out' in my body, so I'm not 'contagious' - my blood's not the factory that Cary's is, which means I can go out and have fun. Sometimes I feel sorry for Cary, locked up in the complex - but she'd having sex all the time, and the staff just makes sure nobody drinks her tit-milk, except for transsexuals who want to be a woman, and then the amount they drink is carefully regulated so they don't become a super-nympho like me.

See, I just can't stop having sex. It's the first thing I think of when I wake up in the morning and the last thing I think of at night. Thanks to all the money my old company is making, I don't have to hold a job, so I can spend all day satisfying my wonderful new urges, which is great. Of course, I don't own the company anymore - you can't run a company when you have to stop every twenty minutes and fuck somebody silly. That's okay, though, because I don't want to run the company anymore, 'cause everything's all boring to me now.

Instead, I spend my time shopping for clothes to show off my wonderful new body, then use the clothes and my body to get guys to fuck me.

I've never been so utterly happy in my entire life...

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Two inept con men, trying to rent a sleazy apartment, unintentionally make a deal with the deal which leaves them as two lust starved bimbos who are willing to do anything for any man who comes to rent the apartment.

The Sale

By Gunslinger

"Okay, we're here." That tall, well-muscled brunet youth said, rather obviously flexing his muscles under his skin-tight T-shirt. "This had better be good."

"Oh, it is..." Morty replied with a big, greasy smile. Of course, everything about the short, swarthy, dark-haired man was greasy, from his slicked-back black hair to his oily skin. However, the only other thing on him that could be described as 'big' was the beer-gut hanging half out of his dirty 'wife-beater' undershirt and over the waistband of his dark-green/blue work pants. "I gar-ron-tee you that atier this, you guys will be eager to rent the apartment."

The second youth, a less muscular but still athletic man with short dark hair and a goatee, snorted. "Yeah, right - the place is practically a shit hole, it's smaller then what we want, and you're asking too much for it. Now you bring us to an empty warehouse across the street to convince us we should sign a two-year lease on the sucker? Not likely."

Morty's grin widened. "Just wait..." He gestured to the two young men and led them to a window overlooking the run-down tenement that stood on an over-grown lot on the edge of the industrial sector of town. He picked up an item that looked like a small satellite dish and handed it to the brunet youth.

"You know what this is, Tom?" Morty asked.

"It's Tim. Tim and Gary." The brunette said, angrily - obviously still miffed at the 'Tom and Jerry' that Morty had labeled them in his mind and actually used earlier.

"Whatever." The ferret-faced man said, waving a hand. He pointed to the object Tim held. "That is a parabolic mike - picks sound up like you wouldn't believe. Go ahead and wave it around, see what it does."

Tim snorted, but flipped the machine on and did as he was told. The sounds of the street came clearly through the headphones that Tim had placed on his head, and Gary slipped on the second pair and also listened.

"So what?" Tim finally said.

"So, the reason you're gonna rent that apartment will become clear in a few minutes. Aim it at the apartment next to the

one I showed you." Morty said.

"What?" Tim spluttered, angrily. "Trust me - just do it." Morty insisted.

Tim did so - then frowned. "I don't hear anything."

"Just wait - it'll be any second now." Morty assured him, then gestured. "I gotta go make a phone call, but you guys just keep listening - you don't want to miss nuthin'."

Morty let the two young men crouched at the window, and retreated into the stairwell where they wouldn't hear his conversation. Pulling out a cell-phone, he quickly dialed.

"Yeah?" A cool, disinterested female voice answered. "Lynn, are you and Debbie ready?" Morty asked.

"Yeah, we're ready." Morty's friend Lynn - who worked as a phone-sex girl, as did her friend Debbie - answered dryly. "Them radio-things you gave us are working, too - we can hear those guys in the loti through the earphone like they was right next to us."

"Good - now remember, you're Barbi Brown, and you and a friend are just stopping by your apartment to change before you go out looking for guys to fuck silly. Make sure you and Debbie are convincing - I want these guys to think that the hottest nymphomaniac who ever lived is in the next apartment, and that she wished that a couple of handsome studs lived in the building so she wouldn't have to find new guys every night to fuck'n suck."

"Yeah, yeah - we know the script. We're supposed to listen to the guys remarks and tailor this supposed broad to their fantasies." Lynn replied, bored. "Now, you're paying us a hundred and fity a piece for this shindig, right?"

"If they sign, yeah." Morty said with a sigh. "They don't sign..."

"Then you pay us something anyway, you cheap bastard - or we ain't doin' it." Lynn insisted.

Morty rolled his eyes. "Look, you gotta have incentive, right? So, you get paid if they sign - and if they don't, I'll just cover your cab-fare. You don't make nuthin', but you ain't out nuthin'. Okay?"

"Okay." Lynn agreed. "Okay - we're goin' in now."

Morty winced and hung up the phone - he hated being fair. He'd rather do what he was doing now - proving he was smarter than dumb, hormone ridden jocks and tricking them into signing the contract. Atier all, once they found out it would be too late - and what were they going to do? Haul him into court because a nympho didn't live next door? If that was a liable offense, Morty could have sued every landlord he'd ever rented from.

God, this was the best plan he'd ever come up with. Sure, it would cost him about five hundred bucks - the cost of the girls, plus the parabolic mike from the Army/Navy surplus store. But it would be worth it - because ol' Dan 'poker up the ass' Garroway had made that promise...

Morty was only the building's super - Garroway owned the building, and got sixty percent of the rent. Well - sixty percent

of what the rent was supposed to be. Since Morty collected the rent and did the books, he always rented for more than the set rate, and pocketed the difference - and on this apartment, the difference would be about two hundred extra a month.

But it was even better than that - 'cause Garroway had promised an extra bonus if Morty could rent out the worst apartment in the building - which was why he was showing that apartment to the boys, instead of the one where 'Bambi' supposedly lived. It was the other vacant apartment in the building, and actually much nicer - but Morty wanted that bonus so much that he could taste it...

Morty crept back into the room where the two guys were sitting, and leaned against the wall. He couldn't hear what was going on in the apartment, but he could hear how the two guys were responding to it.

"Holy shit... listen to her voice." Gary nudged Tim with a grin. "She sounds like she's in the middle of cumming just when she talks."

"No, no." Tim said, with a sigh. "She's a friend of whoever this Barbi girl is - and I bet you that when Barbi does get a word in, she's got a voice like a frog."

There was a short pause...

"Holy shit..." Tim said. "Okay, so I was wrong - damn, she sounds hot..."

Morty grinned - Lynn and Debbie were really good at what they did, and each had a couple of voices they used. He idly wondered which ones they were using - but he couldn't hear, so he let it go.

"Geez... they're strippers." Gary said with a grin. "So maybe only Bambi lives there - but she brings stripper friends home. Gorgeous women, bro - right next door."

"We don't know they're gorgeous... wait a second.." Tim pressed the earphones tighter to his head. "Hey - they're gonna get changed..." "Changed, hell - they're gonna shower together!" Gary laughed. "Wait.. the friend's undressing..."

Heads bowed together, the two youths shared a look as the two mythical strippers got into a discussion over who had a better body, and why...

Shaking his head, Morty went out to walk down the block and grab a cup of coffee. If the girls did their jobs right, he'd come back to find the two jocks eager to sign...

* * * * *

The two young men grinned at each other like idiots.

"Man, I can't believe it - she sounds like she'd have sex with any reasonably good-looking guy - or guys - who moved into the building." Gary shook his head in disbelief. "Man - we'd get so lucky..."

"I don't know..." Tim said. "I mean - do we really want to end up with one of us always getting 'sloppy seconds'. I don't

know about you, but sharing one..."

He paused as the voice of Bambi's friend Ginger came over the earphones.

'Oh, Bambi - this is going to be so much fun from now on. I'm so glad you invited me to move in with you!'

Bambi's reply was lost to Tim as he frowned. Leaning close to Gary, he pulled the earphone away from his friend's ear and spoke very, very softly into his ear.

"Isn't it funny that every wish we have is instantly fulfilled?"

Gary looked at him oddly, comprehension warring with a desperate desire to believe.

Tim held up a hand. "Gee, Gary - I hope one of them really likes high, high heels. That's just so damned sexy..."

They waited... and the girls babbled on about this and that. Tim was about to make an apologetic shrug... when he heard them discussing what to wear tonight... and damned if 'really high heels' didn't slip into the conversation.

Gary looked doubtful - after all, it could have been sheer coincidence. Holding up a finger to Tim, he waited a second, then 'mentioned' to Tim... "Gee, I just thought of something. You know how some girls get scared because we're just so unbelievably big, muscular, 'manly' men? What if we move in and it turns out that they're afraid of us...?"

Again they waited... and before long, the girls somehow got onto the topics of what customers at the club turned them on when they danced... and how the really muscular men, body builder types, were the ones...

Sharing looks, the two youths began to slip 'tester' comments into their conversation...

* * * * *

Morty couldn't believe the two idiots. What did they need, a fuckin' engraved invitation? Surely they must be convinced that they'd be living next-door to the nympho twins, after it turned out that Bambi's friend was moving in with her.

But no.. they wanted to 'sleep on it' and get back to him tomorrow. Geez - what morons!

At least the girls had only taken cab-money when it turned out the guys didn't sign - and if they did sign, Morty didn't have to tell them. Although, he might - after all, the two-girl thing had been a stroke of genius. Since it was all a lie, having a girl each in the apartment was even better.

Finally he shook his head - if the two guys came back and signed, screw the girls. After all, they'd already gotten the cab-fare and though the guys had bailed.

"Mr. Throckmorton..."

Morty's head came up at the sound of the voice, and he cursed to himself as he watched Dan Garroway climb from his car, his slender body impeccably dressed in an inexpensive but well-tailored suit, and his short blond hair carefully styled.

Although he was only doing 'okay', Ol' Dan acted like he was upper-crust all the way, right down to the damned way he talked.

"Yeah, Dan?" Morty replied - knowing that Garroway hated being called by his first name as much as Morty hated being called by his last.

Garroway grimaced. "I hear you had somebody come by this morning about 2B. Have you rented it?" "Not yet, Dan - but prospects look good." Morty half-lied.

"Yes, I see..." Dan said, doubtfully. "I understand that 2A is vacant as well, is that right?" "Yeah - why?" Morty asked, warily.

Straightening his suit jacket and brushing of an imaginary speck of lint, Dan raised an eyebrow. "I'm thinking of using it as a second office, if it's suitable. Atier all, it's not earning me.. us.. anything right now, and since I'm buying several of the industrial buildings in the complex there to rent out, I might as well have a second office close by."

Morty rolled his eyes, knowing that the truth was that Dan was sinking the money he was spending on his current office to fund the industrial purchases, and needed a 'no-rent' office for awhile.

"Okay, Dan - follow me and we'll take a look at the 'partment, see if you can use it." Morty said - he didn't particularly want Dan working right in the building, but he didn't have much say in the matter. He led the well-dressed man inside, the outer door swinging shut behind them...

...and instant before Tim's car rounded the corner and pulled to a stop.

"I still say it's a crock of shit." Tim said, hauling the metal case out of the back of his car. "I mean - there was just to much coincidence, man."

"Yeah, but..." Gary wasn't quite ready to give up on the idea, his fantasies still swirling in his mind. "Before we blow it, we should make sure."

"Yeah, yeah..." Tim grumped - but, in truth, despite what he thought he also wanted the fantasy to be real. So he didn't complain too hard as he stood on the roof of his carefully-placed parked car and followed his friend up to the roof.

Quickly they uncoiled the rope they'd brought, along with which was a spool of 's' connector cable, taped to the roped with duct-tape every foot and a half. Opening the case, Tim extracted his palm-corder camera and plugged the one end of the cable into it while Gary hooked **The End** of the rope to the holder on the tiny camcorder.

Plugging the other end of the cable into a small battery-powered 'camp' TV with a five-inch color screen, he turned it so the could both see it as Gary slowly lowered the camera on the rope, with Tim, three feet to the right, keeping tension on the twine that was tied to the right-side of the palm-corder, allowing him to steady and/or turn the tiny video camera as they looked for gaps in the blinds to see into the apartment - and see what the story was.

* * * * *

"You'll never be able to rent that.. that..." Dan ground to a stop, unable to find an urbane word for apartment 2B.

In a show of good business sense, he'd looked at the cheapest apartment for his office first - which was wise on two counts. First, the income from the nicer apartment would be higher, so if either apartment could be rented out, it would make sense for the higher-rent one to go to a paying tenant.

Secondly, if he took the worst apartment in the building - he'd be safe from his impulsive promise of a bonus if it was rented. However, taking one look at the room had cured him of that worry.

Morty, however, appeared to be confident. "Dan, I'll tell you - I got a good prospect on the line. A couple of guys in their mid-twenties. They're thinking about it, and I'm sure that they'll call back tomorrow and take the place."

"I doubt it." Dan sniffed. "Even rats won't live there."

Morty smiled. "I threw 'em a hell of a pitch, Dan. Believe me, I'll swear my soul to Hell - give it right to the Dark Prince himself - to convince the boys of the 'less obvious' endearments of the place."

"You'd need Satan himself to sell that place." Garroway sniffed. "Good Gravy, man, I doubt you could rent that room if you practically gave it away - I'd give my soul to Satan too, if there was actually a way to convince a couple of men to pay the price you're asking for that place."

Morty grinned, knowing that the price Dan was thinking of was lower than what he was actually asking - but, then again, it was the cost for the 'fringe benefits...'

"C'mon, I'll show you th'other 'partment." Morty said, shaking out his ring of keys and searching for the right one for apartment 2A.

* * * * *

"Come on, come on!" Gary said in frustration. All the blinds were drawn and they were forced to find gaps in the loose-finning blinds, only seeing slim slices of things... when the wind wasn't playing with the camera, that is.

"Wait... there's something..." Tim said, trying to hold the camera steady. Then he sighed. "Oh - it's only the couch they were talking about."

* * * * *

"This here's the... what the!" Morty broke off, and Dan looked at him funny. "What's wrong?"

Morty pointed to the definitely out-of-place beige leather couch against the wall of windows. "That couch - it wasn't in her this morning!"

"What?" Dan asked, confused. "You mean.. somebody broke into an empty apartment and leti something." He sniffed. "That would be the definition of an inept burglar, wouldn't it."

Morty walked towards the inexplicably normal couch, Dan trailing behind, as the door softly swung shut behind them. The short, oily-looking man reached the couch, staring at it in confusion... then he reached out to touch it...

* * * * *

"Wait a second..." Tim said, leaning closer to the monitor. "I think somebody's in there..."

* * * * *

His finger's reached the leather couch...

Morty gasped as a strange tingling filled his hand. A faint odor, reminding him of burnt matches, wafted around him as he stared at his hand in shock...

...because it was changing. Both the one touching the couch and the one hanging beside him were tingling, as they became slimmer, finer, more delicate. The wrists that joined them to his arms also slimmed down in circumference as the flesh from the wrist to the tips of his fingers became lighter, with a slight pinkish hue to the delicate, feminine skin.

The tips of the longer, slimmer fingers were graced with nails that lengthened to a good inch long, and shifted in color to a bright, glossy red.

Horried, Morty yanked his hand from the couch and lifted both his altered hands in front of his face, staring at the tiny, dainty hands that now graced his dusky arms. Eyes wide, he wiggled his fingers at himself, verifying that they were, indeed, moving to his command.

"Holy shit. " Morty said in a strangled voice.

"Indubitably." Dan agreed with eerie composure - then he began backing towards the door, eyes flicking around nervously. "Well, as much as I'd love having an office in a cursed apartment, I'm afraid that this is simply not satisfactory "

* * * * *

"You see that, man?" Tim asked, and Gary nodded - a slender, undeniably feminine hand had slid through the tiny space that the camera could see.

"Come on. let's see if we can find a better gap to see through." Gary said, and they began moving the camera, looking for a better view.

* * * * *

"...really prefer a southern exposure from the windows. " Dan rambled on urbanely as his back came up against the door - then he

dropped the 'calm' act and turned, tugging frantically at the handle.

The door refused to budge, the handle not turning so much as a millimeter either way.

"What the fuck's goin' on? Morty asked, still staring at his hands with a sort of horrified fascination.

"Dammit, man - don't just stand there!" Dan shouted, fighting with the door. Morty snapped out of his daze, and started walking towards the door. He was just about there. when he felt a tingling in his feet. Stopping dead, he stared down in horror as his feet and shoes

began to writhe....

Dan let out a horrified 'yelp' as he felt the same tingling sensation in his own feet - and he alternated between staring down at his shitiing feet and at pounding on the door.

"Aaaaah!" Morty screamed, his stunned horror giving away to raging, horrified panic as he watched his feet shrink and become small and dainty with the same skin-tone as his altered hands. He could see his feet pretty well, because his shoes had also writhed and changed, forming into a pair of... of...

His knowledge of women's footwear wasn't broad enough for him to know what the style was called. All he knew is that they had six- inch stiletto heels on a sole who's upper was a series of thin black straps across the top of his altered foot and one running length wise, up the center of the foot to the top of the 'tongue, where the shoe's back was just solid enough to allow the whole thing to stay together, an open-toed high-heeled pump whose sides were basically and open weave of black leather straps.

Dan wasn't dealing with the alterations going on with him any better - the faster the changes went to his feet, the harder and more frantically he banged and rattled the immobile door.

Any changes made to his actual feet were inferred, as he couldn't actually see them as his shoes altered and became something else. Unlike Morty's new shoes, these ones didn't show off his new feet. But he could tell that his feet must be smaller, as they fit into a smaller boot that looked kind of like a feminized Army boot - just a little bit higher than the ankle, made of gloss-black leather, but with a blocky five-inch heel and a thick sole.

The changes, in each case, incorporated more than the foot itself, also altering the ankles and just slightly above them. Even their pant hems rose slightly to 'show off' the changes...

* * * * *

"Hey - we got feet." Tim said, trying to angle the camera upwards - but the gap only allowed them to see the definitely feminine feet and the ankles, no more.

"Damn!" Gary swore. "Okay - move the camera again..."

* * * * *

"What the fuck's goin' on?" Morty cried in mixed fear and anger, walking backwards away from the door, eyes darting about. Through the same malevolent magic that was altering them, he had no problems moving in the high, narrow heels - as if he'd been walking in heels all his life.

"Open up, curse you!" Dan shouted, his hard-won manners falling away and revealing the borough-boy who'd aspired to be a successful businessman as the horror and impossibility of the situation took its toll.

"It ain't opening, you fuckin' idiot!" Morty vented some of his emotions at his boss. "You fuckin' moron - if... whatever is doin' this to us can turn us into fuckin' broads, you think it can't keep a door shut!"

"Look, you...!" Dan said, whirling and starting to advance on Morty, barely noticing his easy stride in the new boots he wore. Then his intended target began to get taller....

Well - not all of him. Just his legs, which began to grow longer, slimmer and more shapely while the skin tone faded to lighter hue and the hair seemed to suck itself back into the follicles. It was easy to see what was happening to the super's legs, because his pants were rapidly rising upwards, flaring out in the center and changing shade.

His lower half wasn't the only one 'in revolt' - Dan's own legs were tingling, and they began to change as well. But, like the feet, the actual changes were implied by the new shape of his pants, which were becoming tighter and acquiring a shine. Within a few seconds, Dan was wearing a pair of shin-tight dark-blue spandex pants that outlined a pair of shapely legs, while rather ludicrously hugging his still masculine hips, ass and crotch, outlining the fairly small bulge.

Morty looked equally ridiculous in a skin-tight red leather miniskirt that revealed a pair of incredibly long, shapely legs completely out-of-proportion with the rest of his body... and gender.

* * * * *

"Oh... wow..." Tim whistled, staring at the monitor, and two pairs of legs it displayed.

* * * * *

"Nooooo!" Dan cried, staring down at his altered lower half. Turning, he fled for the bathroom...

...with each step he took, he changed further. The hips under the skin-tight pants he wore swelled outwards, ass did his ass - but the small bulge at the front slowly shrank inwards, as did his waist... which could be seen by the way his shirt altered into an electric-blue spandex T-shirt, hugging the slender curve of his waist...

...and the swell of his breasts, which gained mass and size behind the stretchy material, forming into a pair of firm, round double 'D' cups.

His hair writhed and became a mane of long, copper-red/orange hair, while his facial features altered swiftly, leaving him with a bright, cheerful-looking face with blue eyes and full, gloss-pink lips.

By the time he crossed the threshold of the bathroom, he was completely female in body, a cute, well-endowed redhead slightly shorter than his male form had been. Every stitch of clothing, every piece of jewelry matched her new look, and even her movements and expression were perfect for a cheerful, sexy young woman.

He... *She*.. matched the bathroom she entered, which had been empty a moment ago, but was now fully equipped with everything - in a very feminine style.

Well - slightly more than everything - because it was also equipped with a video camera that hung suspended outside the window - and she gaped at the small electronic device, which suddenly jerked upwards, disappearing from view.

* * * * *

"Damn - she saw it!" Tim cursed, hauling the camera up quickly. "Yeah..." Gary said with a silly look on his face.

"What the hell's wrong with you, man?" Tim demanded, angrily. Gary's smile turned beatific. "That...was Ginger. She's... perfect."

Ginger - Barbi's friend - had been the one that matched Gary's fantasy woman in every way.

"So what - what if they call the cops?" Tim asked.

"They won't, not if everything we heard was real - and seeing Ginger, I'd say it was." Tim stopped dead... then began to smile as he thought about Barbi.

"Well then..." He said, smiling. "Why don't we go introduce ourselves to our new neighbors?"

* * * * *

Morty stared as the remade woman walked from the bathroom with a smile on her full, sexy lips.

"Gee, Barbi - what's happened to me?" She said in a voice that almost sounded as if she were on the edge of coming. Her hands rose up to slide over her smooth, crotch, her expression widening. "I'm a hot little chick, now, Barbi. What's going on?"

She seemed locked into 'perky', with no chance of escape.

"Why the hell do you keep calling me that, Ginger?" Morty asked, angrily - then answered himself, gaping at the copper-haired cutie in shock as the name 'Ginger' emerged when he'd tried to say 'Dan'.

"Oh, no - fuck this shit." Morty said. "I'm outta here - and I don't care if I do break a couple bones on the way down." Swaying atop the high heels, he did his best impression of a sprint as he tried for the window...

...only to go sprawling over a coffee-table that appeared from thin air. Furnishings, new decor, even new carpet appeared in the space of a few seconds as the entire apartment became suitable accommodations for a couple of sexy, hot-to-trot strippers.

Morty pulled himself off the floor - but he was no longer Morty. Instead, the figure that straightened was a tall, sexy blonde, dressed in a red leather mini-skirt and a white T-shirt that clung tightly to her firm, round tits, a good three cups sizes larger than her friend's endowments. Her shoulder-length, curly blonde hair framed a face that was a study in vapid sensuality, and the way the skirt clung to her body showed that she was indeed 'all woman' now.

"Why is this happening to us?" She asked in a giggly, brainless voice.

Then there was a puff of smoke - and a tall, darkly handsome man in an expensive suit appeared before them. "Why.. I'm merely fulfilling the terms of our agreement, of course." He said urbanely.

"Who are you...?" Ginger asked - and helplessly found herself adding. "...handsome?" To **The End** of the question. Smiling, the man handed her a card.

B.L. Zebub

Prince of Lies, Dark Lord of the Netherworld, Defamer of the Young and Innocent, Attorney-at-Law.

1(800) 666-HELL

Ginger stared at the card - then at the man. "You.. You're..."

"Satan - yes." He smiled. "And we have an agreement. If I help you sell the apartment next door, then your souls are mine. I'm merely providing that assistance. However, the deal is only good until Midnight - which mean you have half-an-hour to get the two men about to knock on your door to sign the contract for the apartment. Now, if you'll excuse me..."

"Wait!" Barbi called - but she was speaking to empty air. She turned to Dan/Ginger, a ditzzy horrified look on her vapid face. "What are we going to do?"

"What do you mean?" Ginger asked. "We have a choice - eternal damnation, or life as nymphomaniac strippers." "You're right - we have to get them to sign." The new Barbi said, as firmly as her giggly new voice would allow. "No! We have to..." Ginger started to argue in her own 'I'm so horny' voice...

...and there was a knock at the door.

Barbi shot a look at Ginger - as close to a 'threatening' look that she could manage - then went to the door and opened it easily, revealing to relatively handsome young men.

"Oh... hi there!" Barbi helplessly squealed in 'delight' at the sight of two good-looking young men.

"Hi!" The brunette said, gesturing to himself. "I'm Tim, and this is Gary. We're thinking of moving in next door, and thought we'd see whether or neighbors recommend the apartment or not."

"Oh... I don't know about the apartment..." Barbi cooed. "But I certainly think having a couple of handsome studs living next door is a wonderful idea."

It was incredibly odd - she was deciding what she was trying to say, in general - but the actual words and phrasing came out in the perfect tone and structure for the air-head blonde bimbo that 'Barbi' was.

"I Ginger would agree with me." Barbi said... then turned to look at the new red-head. "Right, honey?"

Ginger looked at the two men, then at Barbi. "Well..." She said in her sexy new voice. "I'd love having a couple of hot, handsome studs living next door - but I don't know if they'd enjoy living there."

That was as close as she was capable of getting to being rude. She couldn't force herself to simply turn the guys away so she could talk to 'Barb' about her misgivings.

"Oh, ignore Ginger." Barbi told the guys with a grin. "She just moved in, and she's thinking of stealing that apartment for herself." She paused. "Why don't you boys come in?"

The guys smiled. "Sure, sounds great...?" He trailed off, pretending he didn't know who they were... "Barbi - and this is Ginger." Barbi said, opening the door wide to let the boys into the apartment.

The boys smiled and stepped into the apartment...

...and continued to walk forward, completely unaware as their bodies shimmered and reformed to match the descriptions they'd 'let slip' as 'tests' during their little eavesdropping routine.

In an instant, both men gained mass and height, becoming hugely muscled men, the seams of their clothing straining over their massive musculature - and over the massive bulges at their crotches.

"So... what do you ladies do for a living?" Tim asked in a now deeper voice as he settled onto the couch, his mind having instantly adjusted so that his new appearance seemed completely natural to him. His equally muscular friend settled onto the love seat across from the coffee table.

"We're strippers, honey." Barbi giggled. She did notice the change in the guys, as did Ginger - but they were unable to express the knowledge in any way.

"You guys want a beer?" Ginger asked with a smile - and when they agreed, she practically dragged Barbi into the kitchen to 'give her a hand.'

"What the hell are you doing?" Ginger asked when they were alone.

"I'm going to get them to sign the contract so this will be over and done with - what do you think I'm doing, silly?" Barbi asked, with a giggle.

"Barbi - if they sign that contract, we'll be selling our souls to the Devil - and we can look forward to eternal damnation and hellish torture for all eternity." Ginger explained.

"Oh - and I suppose you'd rather spend the rest of your life as a nymphomaniac stripper?" Barbi asked. "Go ahead - tell me that you're not so horny right now that you could fuck anything with a cock."

Ginger blushed slightly - both of the new women could feel the warmth and hormonal excitement racing through their new bodies, and they both had swollen nipples and hot, wet new cunts. Both of their bodies was not only utterly ready for sex, but practically demanding it - from the two massive and massively endowed men sitting in the living room.

"Well - what of it?" She asked, slightly miffed. "We have..." she glanced at the clock on the microwave. "...twenty minutes before time's up. I think I can last that long, easily."

"Yeah - well how about an entire life of it?" Barbi said. "Look, it's simple, honey - we go out there and seduce 'em. Fuck them silly, if we have to - as long as they sign the contract. Then, atier they do, we'll get changed back - then run to the nearest church for confession and contrition. Then we're all square with..." She found herself unable to name the deity directly. "...the big guy upstairs."

"Wait a second!" Ginger protested. "You're not saying that we go out there and..."

Suddenly her mind seemed to go blank, as if somebody else had taken control. Her smile widened, and on hand idly rubbed the skin-tight crotch of her pants. "...fuck their brains out... I love it..."

Shame and disgust flooded her at the realization that - hellishly imposed or not - she'd been made to lust atier men, to desire sex in all it's form. What really scared her was the certainty that if she did 'indulge' - she'd enjoy it, physically, very, very much...

"You got a better idea, Ginger?" Barbi asked with grin. "Maybe you want to skip fuckin' tonight - and end up doing it every night. You can't resist forever, you know - and if we don't do something, that's how long you'll be stuck like that."

As much as Ginger hated to admit it - Barbi had the 'best' plan in an untenable position. She knew that the transformed man didn't want to do this any more then she did - but Morty had always been the ultimate realist, and that carried over to her new form. If they wanted out of this, they would have to chose the lesser of two evils - go ahead and get the contract signed, then try to set it right with 'The Big Guy' and get out of eternal damnation. Atier all, they only had twenty minutes to get the apartment sold, but they'd have the rest of their lives to find a loophole in the theology contract...

"Okay..." Ginger said, her chipper new voice making her sound a lot more 'eager' then she really was. "Let's go... convince them." Grabbing the beers, the two new women jiggled and swayed back into the living room, huge smiles on their pouty, gloss-red lips.

"Here you go, honey." Barbi said with a smile, handing the beer to Tim. "We aim to please..." She put a very definite emphasis on the last word.

"So - you guys gonna move in next door, huh?" Ginger asked, less provocative then her co-companion in the torturous conspiracy. "We're thinking about it..." Gary said. "But the place is a real shithole."

"So, it's a little small and in bad repair - that can be fixed..." Ginger tried logic, though she 'draped' herself - a trifle awkwardly - on his lap, following Bambi's lead.

"Yeah, maybe - but it's over priced." Gary said.

"Oh - I don't know." Barbi said with a smile, pulling her firm, lush body tightly against Tim's. "Oh? How so?" Tim wanted to know.

"I'm not sure what it is... but there's just something about these old buildings that I find so... sensual..." She cooed, leaning forward to kiss the stunned young man. She made it seem natural, almost spontaneous - but every move was forced, and good acting from an accomplished liar hid the fact.

Ginger wasn't nearly as skilled as deception - but Gary didn't seem to find anything objectionable about her kiss.

"Just living in this building..." Barbi said, forcing her breath to come faster, as if she were excited, "...turns me on, for some reason..." "Me too..." Ginger lied, poorly - but, again, nobody seemed to notice.

"It makes me think about all the things I could do... would do..." Barbi continued, huskily. "If only there was somebody around to do it to..."

Then she slid from his lap and her hands reached for his pants...

Ginger could see where this was going - and she couldn't follow suit. No matter what happened, she couldn't force herself to suck a guy's cock....

..but...

Forcing a weak smile, she placed Tim's hands on her skin-tight pants. then reached for his. He got the 'hint', and began to peel the

pants from her soti, smooth body as she fumbled with his, forcing herself to unzip his pants and push them and the underwear down, revealing an extremely large, throbbing cock.

Barbi was already past that stage, having gotten Tim's pants down around his ankles. Now, using all her skills at self-control and deception, she smiled up at him. then forced herself to lower her head and envelop the tip of his massive, ready organ with her lips.

Ginger didn't have the problem of forcing herself to act, and never got to find out if she would have - because Gary took control, and she merely didn't fight as he leaned forward and lay her on the coffee table, spreading her legs wide so he could...

She screamed as he penetrated her - the scream being of pain and horror at having his huge cock slide deep within her tight cunt. However, Gary didn't recognize it as what it was, and she quickly forced herself to cover with 'Oh, G... Hell, yeah, baby "

She wanted to scream her horror and disgust - but didn't dare as Gary began to fuck her hard and deep.

Barbi didn't have to worry about watching what she said - any sound she made was muffled by the massive cock that filled her mouth. Instead, she had to fight to keep the rhythm as she worked her hands up- and down his sweaty, throbbing shati, her

mouth bobbing the little it could on the small part of his huge member that she could fit in her mouth.

Ginger found it easier and easier to 'fake' her role, as the pain turned to pleasure and began to build. Although disgust still rocked her, it was overshadowed by pleasure, and she let the screams and moans that welled up slip through her lips, as if this was what she enjoyed doing more than anything else in the world.

Too late, Barbi realized that Ginger might have the right idea - because there was nothing inherently pleasurable about what she was doing, even if it wasn't as utterly disgusting as she'd expected.

However, when Tim finally came, that changed - because a thick, gooey stream of hot, salty cum gushed from his cock, rapidly overwhelming her ability to swallow. It spilled from the sides of her mouth, but there was so much of it that that wasn't enough, and it actually spurted from each nostril as well as she struggled not to 'breathe'.

Finally he stopped cumming - just as Tim and Ginger started, screaming out two different 'deities' as they rocked on the table in the throes of ecstasy, and Barbi found herself envying the other woman as she struggled to pretend that what she'd just done was utterly fantastic... while trying to clear her cum-stuffed sinuses.

Finally, Gary and Ginger finished, and curled up half-naked on the couch, as did Tim and Barbi.

"See... that's what we keep having the urges for..." Barbi said, breathing shallowly through her mouth, feeling stuffed and mounted.

"Only.. there's never anyone around to satisfy them, and by the time we find somebody, it's faded a bit..." Ginger 'pouted', still shocked at the pleasure of female sex.

"Well. I guess we'd better take care of that, then!" Tim agreed after a quick look at Gary. "Gee... that's great!" Ginger said. "I just happen to have a rental contract here..."

She extracted from the table a copy of the contract that 'Morty' had made up, and the two boys signed eagerly.

"Now - why don't you boys run down and drop this in the super's mailbox, with a check for first and last, so you can move in as quickly as possible."

"It can wait a bit.." Tim said, reaching for her.

She 'pouted'. "Okay - but this doesn't mean anything until the super gets it, and he's planning to show the apartment to a couple more guys shortly..."

"Shit!" Tim exclaimed, hurrying to pull on his pants. If the other prospective buyers had been 'listening in' on the apartment right now...

The two men dashed out the door - and the instant the door closed, Barbi grabbed a box of tissue and blew her nose long and powerfully.

With a burst of smoke, Satan appeared in the corner of the living room and looked meaningfully at the door. "Well - I must

say, it was close, but you were very... persuasive." He winked. "So - our agreement stands." "Yup." Barbi giggled. "We rented the apartment. So - change us back, and we'll..."

"Back?" Satan interrupted. "Change you back? There was no part of our agreement where we discussed changing you back. This is permanent."

The two ex-men stared at each other in horror. "Then why in... then why would we worry about getting the contract signed?" Ginger asked, angrily. "What's in it for us, if you don't change us back?"

Satan laughed. "Why... nothing at all. No matter what you did - or didn't do - you are to be Ginger and Barbi for the rest of your lives. Atier which, your souls belong to me!"

"Oh, no you don't!" Barbi said, angrily. "You aren't getting us that easily. We can always get out of your rigged game by going to church and confessing our sins. The Big Guy will grant us absolution - especially since this was a crooked deal!"

Satan didn't seem upset in the least. "Partially true - He might grant you absolution, He might not. But the deal was never crooked - you just didn't bother to argue the terms." He held up one slender hand. "However... the covenant of free-will means that I can 'play' with your minds, but not make you slaves to my will. Therefore, although I've altered your sex drive and changed your sexual skills, what you do for the rest of your life is still a matter of free will. You might even be able to get out of the transaction where I get your souls - and I must admit that it was perceptive of you. Most people I deal with think it's hopeless, so throw everything they have into debauching for the rest of their earthly lives."

"So?" Ginger asked, still angrily stunned at the news that she'd be spending the rest of her life in this body. "So, I'll give you a chance to get your old bodies and lives back." Satan said - getting their full attention. "How...?" Barbi asked, warily.

Satan smiled. "Well, obviously, I can't guarantee that I'd get your souls in **The End**, anyway - and, because of free-will, you'll probably live pretty 'boring' female lives from now on, only 'giving in' to your urges occasional and shamefully. Quite frankly - that's no fun at all to watch."

"So...?" Ginger asked, cautiously.

"So - here's my deal." Satan said. "You two will compete - in seduction. It's quite simple - every time you meet, arouse, then cause to ejaculate a different man, you get one 'point'. Whoever manages to get a fifty 'point' lead I will change back into a man, plus give them a

hundred thousand dollars and promise not to touch their souls, even if they live the rest of their male life in utter sin - the worst you'll get is a few centuries of limbo, then heaven. The loser - stays female, and her soul is mine when she dies. As part of this agreement, you MAY NOT seek out absolution if you are the loser. Plus - the bodies you are in, and your male bodies, will not age at all until a winner is determined - so the loser will start aging normally from this point, and the winner will be in his male body at the same age it is now, and will start aging normally at this point."

"But..." Ginger started to complain.

"This is a non-negotiable offer. Either you both agree, now, and have a chance at getting your male body back - or you're both stuck as women for the rest of your lives."

The two new women looked at each other...

* * * * *

Armstrong City, The Free State of Luna 38th of Quadrus, 2357

"Spasiba, honey..." Jin-Jin said, sliding the money into the sleeve-pocket of her one-off blouse, licking her lips clean. "I respect a chum with the flav-enhance... I love chocolate..."

"No huhu, chica..." The man grinned. "You got much talent - never had so good."

"Aim to please, chum." She said with a smile. Watching her latest client head off down the corridor, she ducked into Madame Fong's for an aleohol - with all the available flavors, it seemed three out of four guys went chocolate, and it was getting tedious.

Pushing thorough the raucous crowd, the one bare tit kept brushing across people, her massive globe with it's hyper-enhanced nipples causing shudders of pleasure as she pushed through. She had been hesitant about the size increase at first, but in the low-G sectors she worked it wasn't a problem, and it looked good on her, what with her new neo-Chinee make-over and all.

Getting close to the bar, she squirmed around a Marslander - but, as sometimes still happened, underestimated the clearance for her new tits, and bumped the tall, raven-haired woman.

"Enshuldigan, Tov.. You!"

The new look had thrown her - but though the hair was dark, the legs lengthened and the lips enhanced, there was no mistaking the face.

"I thought you were flatlanding forever, Ginger." The woman said, sneering.

"Going by 'Jin-Jin' now - and thought you were Marslanding for eternity." Jin-Jin retaliated.

She shrugged. "Was - but got bored. Going with 'Brinidi' now."

"Well, Brinidi - takes weeks to get to Luna from Mars. Musta fell behind. Perhaps you should quit now." Jin-Jin suggested.

Brinidi snorted. "No chance - didn't come commercial, came military courier. Crew of fitiy - and me designated joy-toy. No huhu - probably bigger lead."

"Slitch." Jin-Jin accused.

Brinidi grinned. "You too - and know it."

Jin-Jin smiled sarcastically... then her eyes narrowed at Brinidi's confident attitude. Who knows how many she might be behind... or how close she might be to winning.

"Scuse - gotta go." Jin-Jin said, deciding that the drink could wait. She began to head back for the door...

Brinidi watched her go... and decided that she'd better get back on the job. The courier had only really had a crew of thirty-eight, and she was two days 'behind'....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A private eye takes on a new case to find a missing person not knowing that he is being set-up by his wife and her friend for a new life as female with a completely new identity.

The Sam Scam

Part One

By Gunslinger

"Mr. Browning, your one o'clock is here."

Looking up from the completely irrelevant papers I was perusing in order to project the image of a busy man, I caught sight of Veronica giving me 'the death glare'; understandable, considering how much she hated 'playing secretary'. However, the woman who was the "& Associate" on our letterhead was first and foremost a consummate professional - she'd preceded the client into the office, and he couldn't see the look she privately shot at me. When she turned to the client and gestured him towards a seat, asking for and taking our orders for coffee, she was all professional smiles and polite efficiency.

As Veronica busied herself with coffee and pastries, I took the opportunity to look over Mr. Jacob Goldstein, our rather enigmatic new client.

He was about my own age, so mid-to-late thirties. Also like myself, in reasonable shape without being overly 'built'; i.e., a health-club physique, rather than hard labor or bodybuilding. Well dressed in an expensive suit, but of fairly conservative cut and color. Shoes, belt and briefcase were all close-grained black leather. The buckle on the belt and the hardware on the briefcase were gold-plated, rather than polished brass; the handle of the briefcase was real hardwood, rather than patterned plastic. Carried himself with a comfortable assurance, but without any overt arrogance.

All in all, that made him either a high-priced lawyer or a mid-level politician; given the lack of a little American-flag

lapel pin, I would bet on lawyer.

With coffee in hand, I decided to get straight to the point: "So, Mr. Goldstein, why do you need a private investigator?"

He paused to sip some coffee, and when he finally spoke, it was with the air of a man picking his words with care.

"For many years, my firm has represented a certain, rather private, individual..." Goldstein began.

I firmly squashed the urge to raise an eyebrow - 'My' firm, rather than 'our firm'. Very interesting. Instead, I made the noncommittal 'uh-huh' sound that meant "I am listening and I understand, please continue."

"Recently, our client passed away, leaving his estate in our hands." Goldstein continued.

"Uh-huh."

"It is a rather... substantial estate." "Uh-huh."

"Although this estate has been placed in trust, it is in trust to a single person."

"Uh-huh."

"His daughter." "Uh-huh"

"His *illegitimate* daughter." "Oh ho!"

"Precisely." Mr. Goldstein agreed, favoring me with a tight 'we are both men of the world' smile and nod. "While he never acknowledged her parentage publically - or legally - while alive, the client did arrange a 'blind trust' for her education and so forth, designed to give her the best and most comprehensive education possible. However, she seemed... less than academically inclined, shall we say? This upset him, and for the first - and last - time, my client communicated directly with his daughter, demanding she pay more attention to her studies. They quarrelled, and the parting was anything but amicable."

"They each vowed to have nothing to do with the other." I surmised, aloud.

"Exactly. However, on his deathbed, my client had a change of heart, and leti everything to her... but still did not wish for his 'youthful indiscretion' to become public knowledge, hence the trust." Goldstein explained.

"...and, atier cutting off communication, she seems to have vanished." I filled in the gaps that would, logically, lead Goldstein to the door of Samuel Browning & Associate. "Even if she hears of his death, she is going to assume she was disinherited, and you can hardly run full-page ads in all the major newspapers without somebody twiggng to your client's secret. So, you want her found, and informed, discretely."

"Hence, yourself." Goldstein agreed, litiing his briefcase and placing it on his lap. Snapping the catches, he extracted a bulging legal-sized manila

envelope, and placed it on my desk. "Here is everything we have on her, up to the time of her disappearance."

A much smaller, but still well-filled letter-sized envelope was laid atop its larger brethren.

"...and your retainer, equivalent to one quarter your final fee, should you succeed."

Despite temptation, I opened the larger of the two envelopes.

Elizabeth Louisa Albright. Currently aged twenty-eight years, whereabouts unknown. Putting aside more detailed records of upbringing and schooling, I turned to the copy of her driver's license. The photo showed a relatively unremarkable woman, with a shaggy, shoulder-length mane of medium- brown hair that matcher her eyes. Vitals revealed her to be somewhat taller than average, and given the data and the photo, she was probably on the athletic side: her weight was slightly high for her height, but the face in the photo was slightly 'mannish' rather than pudgy, so I assumed muscle-mass rather than fat.

Then I opened the smaller envelope - and whistled.

"That, of course, is yours, regardless whether or not your firm is the one to find Miss Albright." Goldstein informed me - and I twigged almost immediately.

Well, he'd never said anything about this being an exclusive arrangement, and competition was good for the something or other... but it didn't mean I had to like it.

Still and all - the retainer was a nice chunk of change, come what may. Still, finding her would net cash three times as 'nice' as the retainer....

"We'll do our best," I assured Goldstein, sincerely.

He responded by litiing his coffee mug in salute, so I picked up my own, in turn, and took a long and self-satisfied drink...

* * * * *

The actor she had hired to play 'Jacob Goldstein' stepped out of Sam's office and gave Veronica Reyes a thumb's up.

Smiling wickedly, Veronica let the actor out of the office, and then headed with an eager stride towards the private office of Samuel Martin Browning, private investigator, ex-actor, and chauvinistic asshole extraordinaire.

Veronica had dosed Sam's coffee with a fairly powerful hypnotic inducer, and had tasked 'Jacob Goldstein' with finding a way to make sure Sam drank the entire cup; the gesture the actor had made on leaving had been to indicate success. Now, Veronica smirked as she saw Sam staring at the

packet of info on 'Elizabeth' with a stare that was almost as empty as the coffee cup sitting close at hand.

Right now, Sam was extremely suggestible... and the most beautiful part about it was the fact that he had no idea that he was.

Sidling up behind Sam, Veronica peered over his shoulder at the image of the woman he was studying... or, rather, the

heavily computer manipulated image of Sam's own face that Veronica had commissioned to represent the fictional woman she - and her 'partners in crime' - had carefully created for this.

"You know, she looks a lot like you..." Veronica 'casually' mentioned....

* * * * *

So intently had I been studying the Albright file, I didn't even notice Veronica come in. When she spoke, it startled me out of the studious mood I'd been in, leaving me feeling strangely disconcerted and disconnected from reality, almost as if I were slightly dazed.

"Huh ?" I grunted - hardly my wittiest repartee, but I hadn't really tracked what she'd said, and the grunting response was almost instinctive.

"I said, 'It's amazing how much you look like Elizabeth Albright', Sam." Veronica said, staring me right in the eye. She laughed a little. "Maybe you should wear a dress and some make-up and claim the money yourself. You could certainly pass for her, if you tried."

I stared at Veronica for a long moment, confused - and then, suddenly, realized that her laugh had meant that she was joking.

"Oh, yeah... heh." I replied, weakly even as I found myself eyeing the photograph with a new perspective.

Now that Veronica had mentioned it, there was a pronounced resemblance between myself and Elizabeth Albright, at least in terms of facial bone structure. Veronica may have been joking, but the more I looked at the photo, the more I was certain that I could, indeed, pass for Elizabeth with a little bit of work.

If I'd wanted to. Which I didn't. Of course.

But still...

Smiling, Veronica pulled up a chair to go over the case with me - and, very considerately, poured me a fresh cup of coffee before beginning the discussion of how to tackle this particular case.

It wasn't long before the topic turned to Elizabeth's condominium unit. It was not only a yearly lease, but had been paid for yearly, up-front. There was still more than a month before the year was up, which meant that the unit was still hers, for the moment. As far as anybody could tell, she hadn't 'officially' moved out, and so at least her furnishings were still inside the unit. There was also a fairly good chance that there would be some indication of where she'd gone... the problem, of course, was getting inside to find it.

We neither had her keys nor any way to get our hands on a copy set of them. 'Breaking in' - picking the lock, actually -

was doable from a technical perspective, but there was a problem there, as well. The layout of the complex put her unit in a courtyard area. Anybody picking her lock would be in full view of several other units, not to mention shared communal space in the form of a small park in the center of the courtyard. Onlookers might not be able to tell if I was picking the lock or not, but just some stranger working at a tenant's door would be suspicious enough.

As we'd been discussing the problem, a completely off-the-wall idea had been floating around in the back of my mind, resisting all attempts to banish it. No matter how hard I tried to ignore the completely absurd idea, it kept returning - indeed, each reiteration almost stronger than the last.

In fact, it even came as a complete surprise to me when I suddenly blurted out: "...but it wouldn't look suspicious if it wasn't a stranger trying to get into the unit."

"Well, that's certainly true..." Veronica mused, topping up my coffee. "We don't know any of her friends that would qualify as 'frequent visitors' enough to avoid suspicion, though... and, even if we did, I imagine we would have a very hard time convincing them to pick the lock for us, even assuming they knew how to pick locks in the first place!"

Veronica had, of course, completely missed what I'd actually meant by my blurted comment... and quite rightfully, too, as it was completely ludicrous, even to me.

Which was why I was surprised - nay, shocked - to find myself clarifying my meaning somewhat.

"Elizabeth herself wouldn't raise any suspicion, no matter how long she stood fiddling with the door to 'her' unit..." I found myself clarifying - albeit obliquely, thankfully.

Veronica also missed the meaning behind my statement, instead snorting a laugh: "If Elizabeth was available to let us into her apartment, we wouldn't need to get inside to figure out where she had gone!"

*'Shut up, Shut UP, SHUT **UP...**!'* I screamed to myself, internally...

...and then opened my mouth and said: "Well, no, I meant that I could make myself up to look like Elizabeth "

* * * * *

"Oh, God, it was *glorious*..." Veronica laughed in delight. "You could literally

see him trying not to make the 'sissy suggestion'..."

She had to break off for a fresh gale of laughter at the memory.

"Go on, go on..." Lillian - Sam's first ex-wife - urged, eyes bright with second-hand excitement.

"...and then the look on his face when he went ahead and spit it out, anyway!" Veronica finished - and all three women burst into laughter at the thought.

"Oh, that musta been priceless..." Candi squealed.

Candi was the second ex-Mrs-Browning... and a greater difference between her and Lily simply couldn't exist.

While certainly not ugly, Lily was... plain. A fact only highlighted by her 'jeans and flannel shirt' fashion style, which distained make-up and other 'fripperies'. A sensible, hard-working daughter of a Pennsylvania miner, she had supported Sam through acting school, and through the first two years of his acting career...

...at which point, Sam had gotten the lead in a series, and almost immediately divorced Lily in favor of Candi.

Candice Carruthers was... well, 'eye candy'. A leggy, busty blonde who liked to look and dress 'pretty', she wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed. She was pretty 'high maintenance', and Sam had divorced her when he'd lost the series, and its income...

...but while she was no genius, Candi wasn't *stupid*. A very good lawyer had gotten her a very good settlement - and the same lawyer had also arranged for Lily's original, rather meager settlement to be increased, leaving Sam rather broke.

Given his seven-year stint playing a private eye on TV, Sam had decided to become one in real life, using his minimal fame as an advertising gimmick for his new career. Of course, the real professional at Samuel Browning & Associate was Veronica... who was treated more or less like a secretary, despite doing the majority of the actual investigative work.

In short, the group was made up of three women who had little reason to like one Sam Browning... and who had decided to do something about it. Even more poetically, they were doing it with 'his' money - or, at least, money that had once been his. As far as all three women were concerned, the expenditure was well worth it.

At least, theoretically.

If it worked.

'The Plan', as the three women referred to it, had actually been underway for more than six months. The sort of effect they were going for couldn't be achieved over night, nor could it be rushed - the only reason why Sam wasn't questioning some of the things that were happening was the fact that Veronica had been slowly and subtly drugging and influencing him for the entire 'covert period' of the plan. He was unaware of being drugged these days because the dosages he'd been getting had been oh-so-slowly increased over time.

However, the women were all newly excited about The Plan because it had finally moved into the overt phase... and already observable results were making it worthwhile, even if the final objective was never fully realized.

Not that any of them were quite ready to give up on the dreamed-about 'final objective', of course.

"What happened next...?" Candi demanded.

Putting on an artful show of innocence, Veronica said, "Why, like any good 'associate', I agreed to help with the boss' plan..."

* * * * *

My heart pounded as I approached the complex that housed Elizabeth's unit... but, strangely enough, it was more from some sort of odd excitement than from shame and fear, as I would have expected.

Part of that, I supposed, came from what it had taken for me to get to this point - for a lot of my shame and fear and had been 'burned out' in preparation for this... not to mention submerged in plain old, everyday *pain*.

I'd never realized just how much 'looking good' for a woman could *hurt*!

As much as I would have liked to be angry at Veronica over just how much she'd obviously enjoyed inflicting various painful humiliations on me, I simply couldn't bring myself to do so. Not only was it intellectually understandable, but the fact was that I had asked her to 'help' me, even if I had understood neither exactly what I was letting myself in for, nor even exactly why I was doing this. Oh, I now realized part of it, thanks to some

off-hand comments Veronica had made - atier all, as she'd pointed out, I had not only been an actor, but was a frustrated actor, without an outlet for the creative use of my crati. Surely part of this strange excitement I was feeling came from being able to 'play a part' once more.

Moreover, as she'd also mentioned, there was the aspect that appealed to my vanity - atier all, this was not only a more challenging part than any I had ever played before, but one with greater consequences.

Which, I supposed, was why I was 'willing' to go to greater - and more painful and humiliating - lengths to prepare for the role, even if I hadn't been consciously aware of the motivation at the time I'd agreed to it.

Still and all, it hadn't made 'waxing' off my facial hair any the less painful...!

With some coaxing from Veronica, I had removed practically all the hair from my body - but for everywhere else, I had used an electric razor. That, in and of itself, had been humiliating enough, but not so much physically painful as 'uncomfortable', leaving my skin feeling raw and tender. However, Victoria had pointed out that the facial hair was much more important, and having under-the-skin stubble, such as that leti by razors, just wouldn't do. Hence the 'waxing'.

It was actually a mix of sugar, honey, and beeswax... and that came atier a lemon-juice based mixture that first loosened the follicles. Strips of cloth coated in the 'wax' had been applied to my talcum-powdered face... and then, clearly enjoying herself, Veronica had ripped the strips, and the hair now attached to them, away with a flourish.

Still and all, I had to admit that the overall effect had indeed leti me with a more 'feminine' look that shaving would have... and that realization had allowed me to experience the oddest reaction, and equal amount of shame and pride, that I still haven't quite figured out how to cope with.

This was problematical, since that was the emotional mixture I was experiencing right now, walking around in public as a woman.

Oh, I wasn't the most 'girly' woman, by any stretch of the imagination - I was wearing sneakers, jeans, and a sweatshirt, atier all. But they were *women's* jeans, sneakers and sweatshirt... under underneath them, I was wearing an 'extra coverage firm-control body shaper'... which was some sort of 'cheater' undergarment that I hadn't even known existed until Veronica had provided one for me. Apparently designed to 'enhance' a woman's curves, it was a padded garment that gave me the illusion of fuller hips and ass, slimmer waist, and a modest bust.

Not to mention, no matter how 'minimal' Veronica assured me the scheme was, I was wearing make-up. The very scent of it hovered around me in an undeniably feminine aura, and I could feel the low-gloss lip-gloss every time I nervously licked my lips.

I was also wearing a wig that approximated Elizabeth's own style, and as 'unisex' as the wig might have been, it still reminded me I was wearing it to impersonate a woman.

The shame was easy enough to understand - the part I was having trouble with was the pride, even the excitement, I was feeling.

Walking boldly through the central courtyard to the door of 'my' unit, I reached into my purse - (there is a phrase I thought I would never use) - and removed the pick and torsion wrench. It took me a couple of minutes to pick the lock, but I did so with confidence in my disguise - despite being in full view of a dozen other units.

Soon enough, I was in 'my' condo, and I began to take a look around.

'I' had not only leti the place fully furnished, but almost complete stocked with all of 'my' personal belongings. A bit bemused at the veritable treasure

trove of 'my' life, I began opening cupboard, cabinets and drawers, discovering more about 'myself' at every turn.

Then I reached the bedroom.

The bedroom, with the en suite bathroom separated from the bedroom proper by a hallway-like walk-in closet.

A closet full of Elizabeth's clothes.

...and right now, I was 'trying to be' Elizabeth. An urge...

No.

A *compulsion* came over me. It was irrational, and I knew it was irrational, but that didn't matter. It was overwhelming - a need to know how 'Elizabethan' I was able to be, how successfully I could actually step into her life.

Almost frantically, I found myself stripping down to that body shaper. I felt exposed, afraid, humiliated - but I couldn't stop myself. The clothes I had come into the unit wearing weren't Elizabeth's clothes, weren't 'my clothes'; in fact, looking at the closet, they weren't even 'my' style. They were all wrong, and made me **feel** 'wrong', and I needed to make it 'right'.

To some degree, it was my own vanity at work - my certainty, as an actor, that I could pull off a role better... but never had I had that vanity hit so hard, so fast, and be so resistant to logic or rationality. The strength of my own compulsion to be the best Elizabeth I could scared me - and humiliated me, even as I pulled on a brown floral-print summer dress.

It fit almost perfectly, and the wave of pride over that fact scared me even more - even as I was reaching for a pair of leather sandals with a short, broad heel.

Then, atop those heels, I found myself going into the bathroom and washing off Veronica's make-up so that I could apply 'my' own, and even used 'my' perfume so that I smelled like Elizabeth.

Like 'myself'.

Once I was done, I knew I didn't really look all that different than I had entering the unit... but I felt completely different.

More authentic. More *Elizabeth*.

...and I couldn't make myself 'change back'. Not here and not now. I could see myself changing back into my male persona, at home... but not into my poorer faux Elizabeth persona.

So, wearing 'my' clothes and make-up, I finished searching the bedroom - and hit the mother lode.

I knew from my... *Elizabeth's* file that we had dual citizenship thanks to our Canadian mother. What I hadn't expected was to find the Canadian passport and Ontario driver's license in the dresser drawer.

Actual, real identification for Elizabeth. Legal identification for me...

...and the diary also stored in the drawer provided all the private details of our life.

That half-formed thought came roaring back and hit me like a freight train. I really could do it.

I could 'become' Elizabeth.

I could become heiress to a fortune...

I began to hyperventilate. I tried to push the thought aside, to ignore it, to tell myself that I was being completely ridiculous... and yet, I couldn't.

I could do this. I knew I could do this...

...and, much to my shock, I *wanted* to do this.

Oh, not that I wanted to be a 'sissy' or 'tranny' or 'faggot'. The idea of pretending to be female horrified and disgusted me.

The problem was, it was the thought of 'being female' for the sake of looking and acting female that disgusted me. I would

never do anything so 'sissy' as an end onto itself...

...but as the means to an end, especially when said end was 'being stinking rich', was a different matter.

Just as with 'dressing up to get into the condo', as a means to an end, the idea of 'playing Elizabeth' was still humiliating... but it was also exciting, as an ultimate test of my acting abilities, wherein the prize was well worth the risks.

I tried to dismiss the thought, to ignore it, to convince myself that it would never work... but I was successfully wearing the 'right' clothes for it. I had legal identification that would identify me as Elizabeth Albright. I had our diary to give me all the details I needed to know.

Panting, struggling, I fought against the urge to do this... To Be Continued...

SUMMARY: A private eye takes on a new case to find a missing person not knowing that he is being set-up by his wife and her friend for a new life as female with a completely new identity.

Part Two

In the unit next to the one supposedly rented to Elizabeth, Veronica

watched through the hidden camera behind the bureau mirror in the bedroom. Speaking clearly, she urged Sam to give in to the compulsion, urged him to go ahead and devote everything - all his attention, skills, everything - into being the best Elizabeth he could be. The microphone picked up her words, transmitting it through hidden speakers in the next unit at a level too low to be noted consciously... but, in Sam's state, still able to influence his wide-open mind.

She watched as he fought the idea - the need - to become the most perfect Elizabeth he could...

...and she watched him fail.

Laughing, Veronica watched as Sam packed two suitcases full of clothing, toiletries and personal effects, watched him fill a large purse with identification and jewelry, and knew that the 'overt portion' of The Plan was just beginning.

* * * * *

"How is your study of the journal going...?" Veronica asked - and had to hold back a laugh as the overly casual response came back through the phone handset, sounding so utterly, completely, unmistakably *normal*:

"I really think there are some valid clues in here, at least at first glance..." Sam replied.

What made Veronica have to pull the phone away from her face to hide stifled guffaws was the ludicrous - and contrary - image on her office laptop screen.

She'd had no problems at all with getting into Sam's apartment and fully fitting it out with microminiaturized surveillance equipment - she hadn't even needed to risk 'litiing' his keys, since his first ex, Lily, had been given a copy of his key 'in case of emergencies'.

As with the condo she'd set up as belonging to the non-existent 'Elizabeth Louisa Albright', Veronica had outfitted Sam's apartment to allow her to use subliminal communication to enhance Sam's newfound compulsion to 'play' Elizabeth.

It had certainly paid off.

This explained what was so incongruous - so jarring - about that oh-so- casual, undeniably male voice coming from a feminine figure wearing a pastel blue sundress, cotton balls between the toes, carefully and conscientiously applying a cheerful red coat of polish to carefully shaped toenails.

"In fact..." Sam continued, sitting back and lighting up a long, slender 'chick stick' cigarette, "...I think I'll have to head out of town for a while to follow up on the leads. You good with running the office solo for a while?"

"Oh, I think I can manage..." Veronica somehow managed to agree in a level voice. She briefly wondered whether Lily and Candi - who could access the feed remotely as well - were watching this, or simply recording it for later enjoyment.

The 'right' answer would have been 'both', of course...

"Okay, great!" Sam replied. "I'll probably also be out of touch. I'll get a hold of you when I can, but don't worry if you don't hear from me until I get back into town..."

* * * * *

As I said goodbye to Veronica and hung up the phone, I found myself worried... over the fact that I wasn't more worried.

I certainly hadn't anticipated just how *difficult* it would be to speak in my real...

...I mean, in my normal...

...I mean, in my male voice.

I realized I was breathing more rapidly than normal, as if just thinking about the 'two voices' I could use was some sort of difficult labor - or as if the thought of my 'real' voice being male was nearly enough to cause a panic attack.

So, I probably should have been really, really concerned over the fact that thinking of my 'real' voice being the male one was nearly enough to induce panic - but I wasn't. Atier all, I was Eliz... *pretending* to be Elizabeth, and the

fact that it took quite a bit of conscious effort to pretend to... to 'drop out of character' was a *good* thing - wasn't it?

It must be - that was the only logical, rational reason for me to be... well, practically panicked at the mere thought of being caught 'pretending' to be a man who, for some reason, looked like Elizabeth Albright.

So, there was no reason for me to be all that worried over what was, really, simply a straight-forward defensive mechanism that would help me 'stay in character'. Atier all, I was one-hundred-percent sure that I didn't really *want* to be female, and so that meant that I was 'fine'.

...right?

Reassured, I waited until the polish on my toenails was dry, and then headed off to pack.

* * * * *

Sam... *Elizabeth's* choice of Reno, Nevada had been very deliberate. He... *she* had needed to find a place where Elizabeth Louisa might have very plausibly gone, yet which Elizabeth Samantha was pretty sure she hadn't. The idea, atier all, was for following investigators to find her, Elizabeth Samantha Albright, rather than the real... than the other... than that imposter, Elizabeth Louisa Albright.

What 'Elizabeth Samantha' could not possibly know, of course, was that - being a fictional construct - 'Elizabeth Louisa' could/would/did go wherever Veronica Reyes decided was best....

...as long as Veronica could pull it off, of course. Which wasn't all that hard to do, since the salon owner hadn't seen any harm in 'playing a prank', especially when she was being so well compensated for it. The owner, one Marge Lithgow, had studied the supplied photograph closely.

So, when she saw the surprisingly passable crossdresser wandering up the sidewalk, Marge quickly made an excuse to her current client, handed him off to one of the other beauticians, and quickly headed for the door.

"Liz ?" Marge called out, making herself sound both uncertain and a little annoyed. "Liz Albright, is that you ?"

The 'woman' who had already passed the salon by the time Marge ducked through the door came to a sudden stop - and the look that 'she' threw back over a broad shoulder was both shocked and frightened. Seeing the oh-so- carefully made up face and admittedly well-styled hair, Marge was struck once again how passable a woman this man made. In her line of work, Marge had quite a bit of experience with men who liked to look like women, and she knew this one would fool most casual observers.

"Oh, uh hi!" The transvestite - transsexual, perhaps - replied, trying to pitch a nervous tone to sound like a surprised, but delighted, delayed recognition.

Amazingly, 'she' almost pulled it off, leaving Marge a bit stunned at the acting skills so quickly and expertly deployed. Atier all, though being paid to play this part, Marge had never met 'Liz' before, and vice versa... and yet, exactly as predicted by the woman who had paid Marge, this 'Liz' was jumping right into the 'improv scene' Marge had just set in motion.

"What the hell have you done to yourself...?!" Marge demanded in mock outrage. "I thought you said you *loved* that 'Goth/Glam' look! We spent *weeks* getting it 'just perfect' for you...!"

"Oh - it was, it was... I mean, it is!" This 'Liz' character quickly assured her. Impressively, the 'woman' managed to glance at the sign, guess who Marge must be, and address her by the name listed under 'proprietor': "It's just that it was too perfect, Marge - once I let Reno, I just couldn't find anybody to make it look that good again!"

"Well, since you are back in Reno, we can get you all glammed up again - I even have a time-slot free right now!" Marge said, enthusiastically. The enthusiasm was real, given how much money she'd been promised by the strange lady - IF she got this 'Liz' to come in for the makeover the woman had described.

"Oh, well, I..." The 'woman' said, clearly uncomfortable, despite 'her' formidable acting skills.

Taking a deep breath, Marge also took control, walking over to lightly grip the arm of 'the other woman'.

Manufacturing a pretty realistic-looking smile, 'Liz' let herself be led, still mildly protesting, into the salon...

* * * * *

Shit, shit, shit, SHIT!

I thought I had figured it out so perfectly. With the diary, I had been certain I was getting deeper into character, getting perfectly in tune with Eliz... myself.

Yet, obviously, I was wrong in believing that she... I would not have come to Reno - and, as a result, I now had no choice but to pretend to... er, to let Marge do to me what she had done last time I was here.

Even worse, I had to keep up the customary salon small-talk with Marge as she worked. She kept nattering on about all the things 'we' had talked about last time, and my mind was whirling as I struggled to stay in charac... as I struggled to remember the conversations she was rehashing.

The fact that I was getting... succeeding, however, created a sense of pride and pleasure that was a little frightening in terms of intensity.

"...although, I'm a bit surprised you didn't get the surgery..." Marge commented, busy turning my medium-brown hair into a lustrous mass of

blue-black waves. The tight curls she was going to arrange the last three inches of my hair into was waiting for the dye-and-cut to be finished.

"Um, yeah, well..." I temporalized, desperately trying to get a handle on what Marge was talking about.

"Personally, I don't think you really *need* any... enhancement. You're very active and athletic, and so a small bust is not only to be expected, but is actually advantageous! As I pointed out last time, you really wouldn't enjoy trying to jog or do aerobics with a pair of 'big, round double-D-cups' like the ones you were telling me you were *so* determined to get."

Double shit!!!

Suddenly, all those little clues, all those self-disparaging remarks about *her*... my figure in the diary made frighteningly clear sense. Eliz... *I* was extremely self-conscious about my 'tiny' B-cup fals... breasts.

* * * * *

"Oh... My Gawd!" Candi squealed, in that moment living up to the stereotype nearly every patron of the coffee shop had pegged her as being when she had wiggled into the café.

Not that Candi cared what anybody might be assuming about her in that particular moment - she was too busy watching the distinctively feminine- looking figure nervously loitering outside the clinic across the street.

"She... he... She's really going to do it !" Candi whispered excitedly into the

Bluetooth headset, even as she continued pointing her phone so that the video feed from the camera could capture the whole scene.

After a few more minutes fidgeting, the 'woman' with the long, black, retro- styled hair squared 'her' rather broad shoulders...

...and the patrons of the shop were surprised by the 'bimbo' letting loose with peals of delighted laughter as, without apparent forethought, the woman across the street absently touched up her dark, glossy-red lipstick before heading into the plastic surgery clinic...

* * * * *

I walked down the street, forcing a smile well, that is to say, letting myself smile at all the attention my rediculously perky that is, delightfully full-yet-perky new D-cups were drawing.

It was embarrassing - in a delightful way, of course - and my chest ached...

but, of course, not so much so that I wasn't delighted by the new tits I 'so desperately' wanted...

I winced at the blot of pain from phrasing it so poorly almost sarcastically, even though only in my own mind.

It was a bad thought to be having, given the steadily more painful headaches and mild panic attacks that came with such... wrong... thoughts.

I swiftly rethought the thought, this time with as much sincerity as I could put into it.

My smile became a little more natural, if taking on a slightly confused cast. I silently wondered if Elizabeth Louisa would

be satisfied with 'mere' D- cups...

Everything was going perfectly, I had realized on the operating table - after all, investigators would have no problem finding me here, since this is where I had come before, and now I was back.

Back, obviously, to keep all those appointments I had already booked and pre-paid for.

Like the one at the plastic surgery clinic...

...and the one with the psychiatrist, who had to evaluate me before signing off on the 'abnormally large' size I had apparently booked for my adjustable implants to end up being.

I sure hoped I would fail the evaluation...

...but since I was growing steadily more certain that Elizabeth Louisa wouldn't, which meant that Elizabeth Samantha wouldn't be allowed to, either...

* * * * *

All three women watched the feed from the carefully hidden cameras with delight.

The watched as the vocal coach made a joke at her client, a person she truly believed to be a woman named Beth Albright.

As the coach joked that Beth 'certainly had the lungs for it', the the co- conspiritors in Sam's physical and mental feminization watched as 'Beth' glanced down at her firm triple-D's with a grimace...

...then gasp...

...then very visibly convert the grimace into something that could be mistaken as a smile.

...and then thank the slightly confused coach for the 'compliment' - in an almost pathetically eager manner.

* * * * *

I stood in the right-hand stage wing, shitting uncomfortable while waiting for my cue to take to the stage.

'God, why did Beth have to be such a fucking freak...?' I thought to myself, plucking uncomfortable at my clothing - my *costume* - in annoyance.

Oh, God, no... Bad thought. *Bad Thought. Bad Thought!*

Immediately, my heart went into overdrive, pounding painfully hard and fast in my chest - even as the world seemed to spin around me. I desperately tried to draw a breath, by my lungs refused to cooperate, already beginning to ache as the whirling world began to pulse in time with my pounding heart, each repetition of the pulse coming darker and fuzzier than the one before it.

I had previously blamed Bad Thoughts as being 'pre-performance anxiety' to the worried stage-hands and -staff. Now, the stage director only watched with minimal worry as my ice-blue eyes widened, I clutched one long-nailed hand to my prodigious bosom, and struggled to breathe.

*'God, why did *I* have to be such a... unusual person!' I frantically retro- edited my thought and it helped.*

A bit.

A very little bit. Not nearly enough.

'God, I'm glad to be such an unusual person!' I frantically re-edited my thought and it helped.

Quite a bit.

My breathing eased, my heart slowed, I felt myself becoming calmer.

Less panicked.

...even as my brain insisted on reminding me that I could feel a lot better than just 'less panicked', just by thinking a Good Thought.

'No, I don't need to make myself better by thinking something like ' I

started to argue with myself - which immediately caused my mind to segue into: 'God, I am so happy that the clinic insisted on seeing just how 'over- filled' my implants could get! I love how wonderfully huge and round my gorgeous tits have ended up!'

I had to bite lightly down on my (*'oh-so-wonderfully full!'*) lips to hold back a nearly orgasmic moan from the pleasure Good Thoughts gave me.

Even when I helplessly found myself thinking Good Thoughts against my will.

Especially when I was caught off-guard by thinking Good Thoughts against my will.

Helplessly, I felt my lips curve into a lusty, pleasure-filled, smile. Eyelids became sensuously heavy even as the eyes partially occluded by the long, thick lashes sparkled with renewed vitality, sensuality, and pleasure.

Then my musical cue came - and, head helplessly stuffed so full of cascading Good Thoughts that I was operating almost solely on practiced habit, I took the stage.

'God, I hate... love having to prance... getting to show off by mincing like some fucking faggot sissy... by indulging my femininity wearing such ridiculously... delightfully high, slender heels!' my mind insisted on editing my thoughts 'on the fly'... and, to protect me from Bad Thoughts, refusing to even let me consider what I had 'really meant to say', insisting that this thought was the one was the only one that had come instinctively and naturally to mind.

I had to remind myself that this wasn't the case - that there was *another* thought behind the Good Thought I was allowing myself to remember having. It was a Bad Thought, and so I didn't even try to 'track it down', knowing what would happen... but,

even with my mind conspiring against me, forced myself that there had been a less-than-enthusiastic thought behind the one I remembered.

It was getting harder for me to force myself to remember that.

Much harder - and even harder for me to remember that this 'other thought' was the real opinion of....

...of...

...of the person I knew; who was very important, very close to me; but who it wasn't safe to be thinking too much about.

That person, of whom I knew I put great importance of judgement and opinion.

That person.

Whoever 'that person' was which was something I could *not* afford to

think about in the middle of my performance! Not here!

Not now!

Here and now, there was only *me*...

"Ladies and Gentleman, put your hands together for the one... the only... the incomparable..." The Emcee 'played up' my introduction to the audience: " Bettie von Busen!"

The spotlight for the microphone snapped on, framing me in its glare as the band started my standard opening of 'Fever'.

Time stopped, standing perfectly still for that one, eternal instant. That orgasmic instant.

The one that came when the light snapped on, bathing me in its radiance...

and exposing me to the audience.

The orgasmic instant so incredibly intense that my brain - or, at least, the conscious portion of it - shut down.

Wrapped in post-orgasmic bliss, I floated within fluffy pink clouds that filled my head, watching out of my own eyes as hands, encased in black satin opera gloves, reached out and pulled the old-fashioned microphone closer to the coquettishly displayed cleavage tastefully revealed by my dress.

I heard my smoky, sensual voice belting out a note-perfect rendition of the song, as if from a living tape-recorder.

I felt my own body sway and swirl and twirl as I sang.

I neither had nor wanted any control, enjoying all five songs of the set floating in a mindless sea of pleasure, in which there was no past or present, no Good Thoughts or Bad Thoughts.

No thought at all.

There wasn't even a 'me' there...

After I had finished my set, a certain sense of self once again began to settle into my very confused mind - a mind so confused that I could not tell whether the sense of 'me' that was filtering back was the right 'me'.

Although it didn't trigger any Bad Thoughts, the identity that was slowly refilling my temporarily empty mind did not 'feel' quite right and, for some

reason, the very fact that no Bad Thoughts were being triggered bothered me, even though one thing I was pretty damned sure about was the fact that I didn't like what happened when I had Bad Thoughts.

"Bettie!" Jerry, the club manager, barked. "Some fans want to buy you a drink! Table 47!"

"Right away, Jerry!" I eagerly breathed in my sultry voice and then felt

very strange for a second, as if that 'eagerly' should have been put in air quotes or something, even though I couldn't think of a reason why I would NOT be eager to meet some of my fans.

Shaking my head, I walked - well, okay, strutted - off the stage and down onto the dimly lighted club floor. I began weaving my way through the tables, smiling and graciously nodding at those who called compliments out to me - some on my singing, and some on my appearance.

I reached table forty-seven ...and blinked.

Eyes widening in shock, I stared at the table, where Veronica, Lillian and Candi were...

<SNIP>

...and blinked, brow furrowing in confusion as I stared at the private investigator and the two ex-wives of that ex-actor I had never even heard of...

<SNIP>

...and blinked, a hesitant smile and quizzical tilt of my head indicating the fact that the three women at table forty-seven looked oddly familiar...

<SNIP>

...and blinked, smiling sensuously at the trio of women I most certainly had never, ever met before in my life.

I introduced myself.

* * * * *

Veronica, Lillian and Candi could not help but stare in delight at the woman standing before them.

She was, in every way, exactly what they had planned for "Bettie von Busen" to be - right down to the mentality, it would seem.

Knowing exactly the type of women Sam preferred, they had designed both the body and the mindset they would try to force on him with malice aforethought - and they had succeeded beyond their wildest hopes. The body had been based upon three specific 'idols' of Sam's; fifties glamor fetish model Bettie Page, early 90's silicone-busted porn star Sofia Staxx, and modern burlesque dance and model Dita von Teese.

As a result, 'Bettie von Busen' strongly resembled a raven-haired Jessica Rabbit brought to sensual life... and with a mentality that ensured 'she' needed to perform for men.

In one sense or another.

Chatting with the transformed individual who could no longer allow 'herself' to consciously admit anything at all about 'her' masculine past, the three women could not help but marvel, restraining tight grins of malicious victory. 'Sultry but upbeat' was the persona that Bettie was helplessly trying to portray... and the fact that she did so, so very well, only made the

periods when she was failing miserably all the more enjoyable for the trio of genetic women.

After all, that was exactly what made the fate they had chosen for Sam/'Bettie' all the more horrifying.

Every little while, the apparent black-haired bombshell would stutter to a stop, an amazing array of expressions flashing in rapid sequence across an extensively re-sculpted face. 'Bettie' would stop dead, literally motionless, for a second... and then 'reset' back into full seductive chanteuse mode, apparently unaware that anything had just happened.

Except, of course, all three women knew full well that they had just seen the real Sam, helplessly trapped behind the rather two-dimensional façade of Bettie - and, best of all, although Sam hated what he had done to become 'her', the mental programming meant that he was still voluntarily 'pulling back' from letting anything Sam-like break through the persona he still honestly believed he was just *pretending* to play.

It was hard-wired into his brain to be the best 'Elizabeth Albright, who decided to rebel by turning a high-class would-be heiress into a living sex symbol named Bettie von Busen' he/she/they could possibly be... for as long as necessary to get that inheritance.

That was the key that had allowed the whole thing to work - because they had needed to find a way to break past his own internal defenses, and it was 'greed' and 'pride' that turned the trick. If Sam had not truly believed it to be 'merely' a temporary situation that demanded truly remarkable acting skills and would reward him with riches when it was over, he would never have been convinced to do any of this, 'brain-washing' or no.

"So, what brings you down here...?" 'Bettie' asked, casually - not knowing that Veronica had been waiting for just that

question, or another opening much like it:

"Oh, we're just out celebrating on the boss' dime - well, my boss, their ex- husband." Veronica explained in her most carefully manufactured 'casual' tone. "He's a private investigator, you know - even an actor, once. Guy named Sam Browning - ever hear of him...?"

* * * * *

"But *I'M* " Her brain screamed at her consciousness - only to stop dead, literally incapable of following that thought to **The End**.

"I, uh... don't think so... but.... uh... maybe ?" Elizabeth Samantha 'Bettie von

Busen' Albright stammered weakly, wondering why she felt so confused simply thinking about this actor-turned-detective that she couldn't quite clearly picture, nor yet categorically deny having somehow known about.

It felt very strange. As if there should be a very good reason why this 'Sam Browning' couldn't possibly be here, in Reno.

She simply couldn't think why. Literally.

Could. NOT.

"Yeah, he tracked down this heiress..." Lillian supplied, in equally casual voice. "What was her name again...?"

"Elizabeth Albright" Candi supplied, with a barely muffled giggle.

"But *I'M* " Her brain screamed at her consciousness - only to stop dead, literally incapable of following that thought to **The End**. "I'm " she both thought and muttered, blankly.

"Excuse me...?" Veronica prodded, not-so-gently. "You are who?"

The cartoonishly curvaceous raven-haired baombshell simply stared at the three women for one long moment - and then chuckled, seductively.

"Why, I'm Bettie von Busen " She purred, shitiing her body into a highly provocative pose. " and well I've really enjoyed talking to a few fellow girls, what I'm really looking for is a man."

"A man ?" Lillian and Candi chorused, all pretense stripped away as they watched the chauvinistic ex-husband vanish before their very eyes.

"Yeah - for some reason, I'm just never really happy unless I'm actively doing something to give pleasure to a man..."
'Bettie' explained casually...

while her expression became more and more horrified with every casually-spoken word.

Then she shuddered, gasping in great pain - and, when her expression smoothed, it was completely in keeping with the new persona that would be running the over-sexualized body from now on.

Whether Sam's still-present, yet helplessly trapped mind wanted it to or not...

The End



SUMMARY: Atier stealing a secret serum and then ingesting it, one man finds himself turning into women who's thinking is molded by every man she encounters.

The Sample

By Gunslinger

Gasping for breath, Gary ducked into the darkened doorway of the run-down tenement, pressing back into the shadows of the small space until his back made contact with the graffiti-scrawled door. Even as he struggled to catch his breath, he reached over and hopefully tried the handle on the steel-clad door, but it's limited motion informed him his foul luck was running true to form.

Consciously trying to slow his breathing, the slender, dark-haired man leaned forward slightly, praying that the light from the few undamaged streetlights wouldn't reflect from the lenses of his glasses and give him away as he carefully looked back down the street. The sight of the black Suburban slowly cruising down the street caused him to yank his head back quickly, cursing under his breath as he slid one hand into his jacket and tightened his slender fingers around the plastic-encased injector that just might get him killed.

He'd stolen the single-use syringe from his employer of the past fifteen years, Moorhead Industries. A little-known firm that did a wide range of research on government contracts, Moorhead was a high-security corporation, requiring extensive background checks on all employees before hiring, close surveillance on employees during their term of service, and heavy legal ramifications to ensure silence about the research once the contract was terminated. Even Gary, a very low-level 'Joe-job' technician and 'go-fer' had had to go through a battery of FBI and private-security background checks before finally being hired. He hadn't been worried, at the time, since his record was clean - he'd never committed a crime in his life...

...until now.

It had been pure coincidence, a series of unlikely events that had led him to this spot in time. The first had been the ongoing rumors among the low-level techs. Though discussing the work they were doing was frowned upon by both management and security, it wasn't restricted as long as it was only light conversation done in the employee lounge. One word about work outside of the building would get you fired and sued and probably thrown in jail - but in the lounge, 'theoretical' discussions were commonplace, and one such recurring topic had been regarding what work was going on in Lab 12, a high-security lab. From what little data could be gleaned, the techs knew that some sort of biogeceutical (A Biological Genetic Pharmaceutical, a 'drug' based on biological compounds having a direct genetic effect) was being developed, but nobody had a clue as to what it was, or what its uses would be.

Then, today, there had been a major mishap in Lab Twelve. One of the compounds had apparently been in the process of being distilled from the sterile alcohol base the raw amino acids and protein strands were stored in, when a power surge had set the mixture violently ablaze - and destroying the in-lab fire-fighting equipment, which was nearby. In the first few minutes, when it looked like the whole lab would go up, a panicked researcher had ignored the Security protocols for an emergency in favor of simple, direct action, leaving the double security 'air-lock' doors wide open to allow a hose to be dragged into the room.

Gary had been walking by when all this happened, but that, in itself, wouldn't have had him where he now was - except that the researcher had ordered Gary to start moving the rest of the samples and data from the room for safety's sake, something which violated every security rule in the book. Gary, however, hadn't even considered that, simply following the scientist's barked instructions...

...which was how he'd found himself carrying a box of samples from the room. Included in the box was several pre-preparation mixtures, the single pre-loaded syringe injector - and the cover-sheet of sample effects and dosage, still being developed. In the few seconds after he'd carried the box out of the room, Gary had found himself reading what he could of the sheet.

With horror, he realized what was being developed in Lab Twelve. It was some sort of Bio-Genetic 'weapon'. From what Gary read, he learned that the syringe lying in the box was Soviet in origin, the last remaining sample from a biological warfare lab that Special Forces had apparently raided and destroyed in the cold-war era. Since then, the Russians had abandoned the work - but America, despite its own policies on Bio-Chemical warfare, was trying to reverse-engineer the bio-genetic compound. Only part of the cover sheet had been exposed, and Gary hadn't been able to read the entire thing - but the words 'behavior Modification' leapt right off the page and hit him, hard.

In addition to whatever other effects the compound might have, it was some sort of 'mind control' drug. It was a horrid, ungodly substance - and America was secretly trying to figure out how to make it for themselves.

Gary's blood had run cold at the mere thought - and, before he could think twice about it, he had slipped the sample into his pocket. He didn't know if he had the nerve to expose his employers to the media - but he figured he could at least destroy the sample. Without a sample to work from, they'd never succeed in reverse engineering it.

The problem was - what his conscience had inspired him to do wasn't backed by his nerves or his skill. He wasn't a thief or a spy or a whistle-blower, he had no skill or experience at this. The event had occurred near **The End** of the workday, but Gary had spent those last thirty-seven minutes on the edge of a nervous breakdown, waiting to be caught.

However, security had been busy, coming down hard on the scientist for his breaks in security protocol, and getting everything locked up tight. By the time they'd found that a sample was missing, Gary had already been walking out of the building.

The problem was - they had come after him. They didn't know, for sure, that he'd taken anything - after all, the sample could have been destroyed in the fire, or lost another way in the confusion. In fact, it was only the value of the sample that had security over-reacting so instantly and powerfully. With only the slightest hint that there might be something wrong, Security had gone on full alert, tracking down every employee and forcing them to return to the lab, while the building itself was turned inside out in a search for the missing sample.

As of yet, Gary hadn't done anything suspicious enough to force them to believe that their model employee had broken any rules or laws - since the security team hadn't found him yet, they could always make the argument that, after work, he'd gone for a long walk. It

was something he actually did, since his apartment was quite noisy this time of day, and he often strolled to allow him to think.

But, sooner or later, they'd catch him. If they did, and he was holding the injector, then he was screwed. The very least they'd do is have him locked up - but, given the nature of what he now knew, they might decide it would be better to silence him.

Permanently.

However, he couldn't just drop it and walk away, either. They'd trace back every step he'd taken and find it - then he'd still be screwed, and have the chemical, as well.

Watching the vehicle creep closer, he knew that - the instant he was seen - that would be **The End** of it. He hadn't even been spotted by security until now, and so hadn't done anything suspicious. If they saw him, and he ran...

There was only one thing he could do. Though he was shaking, the slender technician knew it was his only choice.

Quickly, before his nerve could break, he grabbed the syringe from his pocket and injected it into his arm, gritting his teeth as the unknown chemical was forced into his blood-stream. Heart pounding in fear, he jammed the syringe into a crack in the wall and brought the heel of his hand down on the half that protruded, shattering the tube.

Closing his eyes, Gary told himself that he'd done the right thing. He didn't know what the drug would do to him. Hell - maybe the dosage he'd given himself would even kill him. It didn't matter, though. He'd light a smoke then step out of the doorway - and the security team would see him and grab him. He'd claim that he was just out for his usual walk and had ducked into the doorway to light a smoke out of the wind - and they'd search him and find nothing. Sure, they'd take him to the lab while

they back-tracked his movements, but by the time they knew about the drug, it would be too late - thoroughly mixed with his blood, now, there was no way they could purify it enough to reverse-engineer a new batch from it. One way or another, Gary had just permanently ended the research...

Then the door behind him swung open, almost causing Gary's heart to explode in shock and fear.

"Oh - hi.." The little old lady said, peering nearsightedly up at Gary's face. "Uh... You're Jenny's new Beau, right? Apartment 3C?"

"Uh huh." Gary grunted agreement, stepping into the lobby - followed by a battle-scarred old tomcat, he brushed against the old lady's leg with a purr, revealing her reason for opening the door. She picked up the cat and stepped into the open door of the apartment nearest the entrance, while Gary headed for the stairs, aware that - blind as she may be - she might be able to hear him just fine. He slowly began to climb the stairs, cursing his own bad luck. This was the perfect escape, and if it had occurred just a few seconds earlier, he would never have had to inject himself with the unknown chemical, since he could have found a permanent way to dispose of the chemical while in the safety of the building.

Now, an unknown chemical compound was running through his system, and he had no idea what it would do to him.

Gary, lost in thought, found himself taking a step that wasn't there and staggering forward a few steps. Steadying himself, snapped out of his self-absorbed daze, he looked around.

He was on the sixth - and last - floor of the seedy tenement. An old brownstone building, it had once held old-fashioned charm, but was now old, ill-maintained and grimy. This floor was apparently not being used, since it was dark and silent. Slowly, Gary walked down the hallway to the front of the building, where a grimy window showed the poorly-lit street.

As soon as he looked out, he was glad that the lights were off in the hallway - directly out front of the building, two black Suburbans were parked nose-to-nose, the Moorhead security guards clearly visible in the vehicles.

"Shit..." Gary swore. Obviously, somebody had spotted him in the neighborhood and had been willing to answer the security guard's questions about him. Considering the neighborhood, shelling out a couple of bucks had probably done the job.

They didn't know he was in the building, and if they checked the door they'd find it was an old fashion latch-key door, without an intercom. They'd never guess that he had been let in, since he didn't know anybody in the building and couldn't have called ahead.

Unfortunately, they'd chosen to set up the central point for their sweep right outside of the building he was hiding in. He knew they'd search the neighborhood for hours, to ensure he wasn't here - which also meant their suspicions about the compound and his coincidental disappearance were jelling into something more solid - and ominous, for Gary.

When they searched, they might locate the broken needle...

Things were going steadily downhill for Gary. Here he was, trapped in a run-down old building that they might search any time, with an unknown drug coursing through his veins. Some of that he could do nothing about - but he could find a better spot

to hide, and that was his first priority.

He started back down the hallway towards the stairs, lightly jiggling the handle of each apartment he passed, just in case...

As he came to one on the right-hand side, halfway down the hall, he thought maybe his luck was improving, if only slightly. There was a small envelope taped to the door, with a note written on the outside. Pulling the envelope off the door, he crept closer to the light spilling in the window at the front hall to read what it said.

To whoever finds this:

My abusive ex-husband has tracked me down here, so I have to leave. The apartment is paid up until **The End** of next month. You can have the apartment and all the crap I left inside. If you don't keep the apartment, please return the key to the super in Apartment 1A.

Inside the envelope was a key.

Thanking his lucky stars, Gary hurried back to the door he'd taken the envelope from and slid the key in the lock. A simple twist, and he knew had a bolt-hole to hide in.

Locking and privacy-chaining the door behind him, Gary felt around until his hand found the light-switch on the wall, and he flipped it. Dim light filled the small foyer and spilled out into the living room, and Gary looked around his fortuitous hiding place.

Considering the run-down condition of the building, the place wasn't all that bad. Poorly maintained, run-down and cheaply decorated with second-hand furniture, sure - but the place was clean, and smelled mainly of a floral-scented deodorant overlaid by soap and cigarette smoke. Walking around the small, two-bedroom apartment, Gary noted that the windowless kitchen had pocket doors - which made it perfect for him.

Turning the light on in the kitchen, he shut off the light in the foyer and entered the kitchen, closing the pocket-door behind him. Even if the security team searched the building, this apartment would look as deserted as the rest of the floor - and even if they should notice something, they'd think it was the apartment's owner.

He hoped.

Pulling out one of the mismatched chairs around the dinette table, Gary sat down, finding that - despite the coolness of the air - he was sweating from anxiety.

At least - he thought that's what he thought, at first. However, he shuddered slightly and realized that his body seemed to feel hot one minute, then cold the next - then his blood seemed to turn to ice as he realized that this was some sort of effect from the drug.

"No...!" Gary moaned, finding his voice thick with phlegm. He wasn't sure what effects the drug would have on him, but in his heart he'd hoped it was an opiate-like effect. What he was feeling now was anything but 'high', however.

He began to shake violently as he felt his skin crawl, as with goose-pimples. Feeling like he was burning up, he frantically

began to work at the buttons on his shirt, feeling stiff and sore, as if his muscles were protesting hours of hard labor.

Finding the buttons too frustrating to bear, Gary finally ripped the shirt off - and watched in pained surprise as a cloud of body hair fluffed out into the air from the violent action, drifting to the ground as he stared at his denuded chest. Forcing himself to ignore the smooth, hairless skin it left behind, he frantically shucked out of his shoes and pants, feeling like he was about to spontaneously combust from the internal heat he was generating.

Despite the high temperatures that were assailing him, he was shivering violently, bathed in a cold sweat, and the fact that his entire body south of the eyes was completely denuded of hair was a small consideration indeed.

Gary gasped as his guts rumbled - then cried out in pain as they cramped painfully tight, worse than any gastrointestinal pain he'd ever felt. He fell to the floor, sobbing mindlessly at the pain of his stomach - then cried out in renewed agony as pain flared in his crotch, as if an unseen assailant wearing steel-toed boots had just sacked him.

Sobbing from the pain, he tried to curl up in the fetal position - but his muscles were twitching and jumping, refusing to recognize his mind's mastery over them. He flopped around the kitchen floor in a spasm, like the catch of the day dropped onto the floor of the trawler. Incoherent sounds were ripped from his throat, many of them high-pitched whimpers unlike any sound he'd ever made in his adult life.

Then, thankfully, the pain overwhelmed him and he descended into blessed darkness as unconsciousness took him into its unknowing embrace.

* * * * *

Gary stared up at the ceiling, wondering where he was, or why he felt so... strange.

Then memory came flooding back in a rush, and he gasped at the force of the recollection of pain and fear. His body tensed in unconscious anticipation of renewed agony - but though he felt tired, weak, stiff and strangely awkward, the only discomfort he felt was the mild one that came from laying nearly naked on the worn linoleum floor.

Very slowly, Gary eased his arms back and rested his elbows on the floor, slowly pushing himself into a sitting position while waiting to see if any new pain flared to life. His back, stiff from laying on the cold floor, let out a mild twinge, and that was it in terms of pain.

However, the movement did trigger other sensations, which, if not painful, were strange and different than what he would have expected, including a shivering sensation that came from his chest, causing him to glance down instinctively...

"What the hell...?" Gary gasped - then his eyes went even wider at the sound of his voice, which was completely different to his ears than it should have been.

The sound of his voice was a richly feminine tone - which scared the hell out of him and made a direct connection in his brain's 'logic center' as to what had happened to him...

...or, rather, **her** - since she was staring down at a chest that boasted a pair of breasts as equally and undeniably feminine as her voice was. Because he'd lost his glasses during the spasm of pain, they were out of focus - but that slight fuzziness wasn't enough to disbelieve that they were there, for even seen in a blur they were quite large and unmistakable.

"H.. Holy shit..." Gary stammered, hearing the female sound of her new voice with disgust and fear. Hesitantly, he moved his hand from where it was bracing her up. The first thing he felt was her now-longer nails prickling the skin of her legs, followed by her smaller, narrower palm sliding over smooth, feminine leg flesh, across her taut new thigh...

...and across the unmistakable vaginal lips that had replaced her cock. She was all woman.

"No. !" Gary shouted, horrified. Trying to ignore the new and altered sensations of her equally new and altered form, she pushed

herself onto her hands and knees, wincing at the way her new tits shited to hang down beneath her slender ribcage. Fumbling, she slid her altered hands around the floor of the kitchen, until they finally came in contact with her still-rimmed glasses. Lifting them, she settled them onto her smaller, daintier nose - and stared, horrified, at the dainty, long-nailed hands that jumped into clear focus as she did so.

"No... No, this.. can't be happening. " She tried to convince herself - in vain. There was too much evidence that this was, indeed,

happening.

Stunned, confused and horrified, she awkwardly staggered to her feet - the awkwardness coming completely from her stunned emotional shock, not from her unfamiliar body, which seemed to have an eerie inherent grace all it's own.

Still trying to cope with what had happened to her, Gary staggered out of the kitchen and down the hall to the bathroom, flipping on the light and confronting the image in the mirror.

A dark-haired woman with large tits gazed back.

If not for her large bust - which had to be at least a firm EEE-cup, each breast the size of a ripe cantaloupe - she would have been a completely unremarkable woman. She was attractive, but not so much so to be noteworthy. She was over average height and build, but a little lean in the hips - which meant that she was built exactly the way Gary had been, as a guy. Whereas his height and build had been on the 'effeminate' end of the masculine spectrum, she was no dead-center in the average range for the feminine genotype.

Gary's hair had grown considerably, now hanging in a wild mass to below his shoulders - but, aside from it's length and the fact that it seemed silkier, it hadn't changed. It was the same color, the same limp-straight style. Her fingernails were also considerably longer.

In short, she was an exact feminine representation of what the old Gary had been - except for the fact that the male-standard 'extra' muscles had been converted into fat and stored in her new bust. Gary hadn't been terribly muscular, but his

body had been inherently bulkier than an equivalent female one - and since muscle was denser than fat, when it had been converted, the same weight of muscle had gained extra volume, hence the massive breasts with thick, dark nipples that now rode proudly from her altered ribcage.

Gary, however, felt anything but 'proud' about her feminine body. Horror was closer to the emotion she experienced as she gazed at her altered form with a wide-eyed, slack-jawed expression.

"Oh, please... no..." She moaned, slumping back against the door frame.

The worst part of it was - she still looked like herself.. sort of. She looked.. well, the way Gary would look if she'd been born female. You could still see the original man that made up the new woman - which meant that if the security guards searching for her had any idea what the compound did, they'd still be able to recognize the feminized version.

She'd been transformed into a big-busted woman, with no way of changing back - and the change didn't even help her avoid the situation she found herself in. It had no redeeming qualities whatsoever.

Gary just wanted to die.

Then, for a second, she thought she would - as her adrenaline levels spiked and her heart stopped in her chest as a heavy pounding noise suddenly reverberated through the apartment.

Then a male voice shouted out, muffled by the door of the apartment, and Gary's heart began to slow. "Dammit, Janice, open this fucking door or I'll bust it down and kick your fucking ass!"

For a second, the non-sequitar seemed surrealistic, devoid of any meaning - then Gary's brain made the connection, and she realized why the woman who'd lived here was willing to just walk away from her apartment and all her belongings - her ex-husband didn't sound like the forgiving kind.

The pounding on the door continued - then stopped for a second, followed by a heavy 'thud' that shook the walls.

The man in the hallway was trying to bust down the door - and considering the age and condition of the door, she wasn't sure he couldn't do it. Grabbing the tattered blue robe that hung in the back of the bathroom door, Gary quickly wrapped it around her top-heavy new figure and padded quickly towards the front door, glad to see that it was still intact. Even as she arrived, though, the still-yelling man slammed into it again, shaking it in its frame.

"Janice isn't here!" Gary shouted, nearly panicked. "She's gone!" The noise on the other side of the door paused, then -

"Who the fuck is this!" he shouted. "Where's Janice! Don't lie to me, I know she's in there. You better open this fucking door, or I'll...!" "Janice found out you were coming!" Gary shouted through the door. "She leti!"

"You're lying!" the man shouted, slamming into the door again. "She's in there, and you're not going to fool me! I know who you are! You're that bitch friend of hers she was talking about, aren't you?"

"I.." Gary started, having no idea how to frame a response that would make the man leave. "You're Debbie... whatever!"

That's who you are, don't deny it!" The man shouted...

For the new woman, the world seemed to shiti, and she staggered back a step, hand flying to her forehead as she felt dizzy and confused. Then, as quickly as it had come upon her, the dizzy spell was gone...

...but not without having had it's effect. Horrified, she realized that she couldn't remember her 'real' name. Even though she knew it wasn't, her mind was insisting that her name was Debbie Wattiver.

"No..." Debbie moaned, realizing that she was experiencing the 'mind-control' aspect of the drug. As long as it was coursing through her system, anything said with enough conviction served to re-align her mental processes to match. The man outside the door had been right when he'd told her not to deny it - because, as far as she could remember, she was Debbie Wattiver, even though she knew that she hadn't been a few minutes before.

She had to get him to leave before he did any more damage to her vulnerable mind...

"Janice leti!" She shouted through the door, looking around frantically for the note that had been on the door. She found it on the floor and grabbed it - but the piece of tape still attached to it tore off the 'whoever finds this' section, leaving the bulk of the note intact. She quickly slid the envelope under the door. "She was gone when I got here!"

There was a short pause, as the man read the note he held. It was obviously in his ex-wife's handwriting, and seemed to say... "Where did she go, Debbie?" He said, with restrained anger. "Tell me where she went!"

As an order, Debbie couldn't resist it, she had to tell the truth...

"She was gone when I got here. She never told me where she was going." Debbie answered, gratefully. Of all the orders he could have given her, that was a safe one.

Except that he wasn't done with her yet.

"Maybe you don't know where she is..." The man mused. "But maybe I should just kick the fucking door in and come in anyway, what do you think of that?"

Debbie's blood ran cold. "Why? Why would you do that - I told you she's moved out, and I don't know where she is!"

"yeah - but I think you need some.. training, just like Janice. It's bitches like you who fuck up the minds of normal women, make them do stupid things - like leave their house and husband and run off on their own."

"No!" Debbie argued, relieved that it had been phrased that way - but panicked that he might say something else in a more commanding phrase...

"Oh, I know the truth..." The man said, in an oily, nasty voice. "I know the truth about bitches like you. You say that you don't need a man. You say that how you dress isn't a 'lure' for men. You claim all sorts of things - but I'll tell you what you really are..."

"No..." Debbie whimpered, eyes widening behind her glasses as she turned away from the door and prepared to run into

the bathroom, hoping she wouldn't be able to hear him clearly there, if she turned the water on full-blast...

...but she never got the chance.

"You're a horny little bitch who can't stop thinking about sucking and fucking men." The oily voice said - and Debbie staggered as the world swam around her. Before she could recover, his next 'command' slammed home into her unprotected brain.

"You wear sexy clothes and high heels all the time." Whimpering, Debbie slid to the floor, mind in disarray.

"You talk like some feminist bitch - but you dress, walk and act like a cum-hungry tease. You can't help it - no matter how much you may hate the thought of a man touching you, your body is made to pleasure men, and it drives you crazy with it's need to fuck and suck."

Debbie was curled up in a ball, mind swirling and out of control as the man threw his last bit of sexist vitriol through the door.

"You're a two-faced bitch. All women are cum-hungry little sluts, but you try to fight it and act like you don't want it, when you really can't stop thinking about it - needing it - all the time. That's all you are - an arrogant, horny slut-bitch."

Finished with his diatribe, the man switched to a more threatening voice.

"Janice might come back for her stuff." He said. "So, I'm gonna get myself my gun and come back. If you're smart, you'll leave, and leave the door unlocked. If I come back and this door is still locked and you're still here..."

Slamming his fist against the door one last time for good measure, the ex-husband turned and stormed off...

...but too late for Debbie, who lay on the floor as her mind slowly settled into it's new patterns.

"No..." She whispered, eyes widening in horror - as she found herself thinking about the way her breasts were pressed against the floor, and how good it would feel to have a man fondle - or even fuck - those round, heavy mounds, shooting his load between her...

It took a tremendous burst of sheer willpower to tear her mind from the mental image that was flitting through her head - but that only focused her attention of the fact that there was a growing moist warmth in her crotch, accompanied by a growing, almost desperate hunger that had nothing to do with food...

"What.. what have you done to me...?" Debbie whimpered pathetically - but she knew the answer already. The man's sexist comments had revealed what he thought of women. No matter how they acted, what their personality was, the man believed that all women were really horny little sluts at heart, that they craved sex with men all the time - and now, thanks to him, that was true for Debbie, no matter how much she might be utterly sickened by the growing needs that her body was forcing on her.

She just wanted to lay there on the floor, struggling to withstand the unwanted, erotic thoughts running through her

helplessly re-arranged mind...

...but even more, she *didn't* want to be there when the crazy man returned. Maybe he'd kill her, and maybe not - and to tell the truth, she wasn't sure which outcome was for the better, at the moment. But what scared the living shit out of her was that he might further change her mind - turning her from a woman unwillingly aroused and sexually needy to one who would 'willingly' give in to the unwanted cravings.

Forcing herself off the floor, Debbie made her way towards the kitchen, and started to gather her clothes together...

...and realized with mounting horror that she couldn't put it on. Not because the changes to her body - though it would fit tight in some places and loose in others, it was still close to her new build. No, the reason she couldn't put the clothing on was that her mind absolutely refused to let her do so. Thanks to Janice's ex-husband, she couldn't even actively consider wearing such clothes. No - she *needed* to wear something sexy.

Cursing under her breath, hating what she was being forced into by her rash actions combined with the unexpected appearance of the ex-husband, Debbie trotted to the bedroom to look for something that would fit her new mindset as to 'acceptable' clothing.

What she ended up with was an outfit that would have been nearly 'demure', in other situations - but damned sexy in this one.

The first part was the underwear. With no choice in the matter, Debbie had been forced to put on the sexiest undergarments that would fit her - which meant no bra, since none of the C-cup bras in the apartment would fit her impressive bust. So, she ended up wearing a pair of lacy black panties, a black garter belt - and black nylons with seemed up the back. The feel of nylon sliding up her now-smooth

legs was, in itself, not unpleasant - but the connotation was, and she sobbed as she slid the sheer fabric onto her altered legs and spent the time to straighten the seem.

Next came a skirt - a black leather skirt that was knee-length and actually fairly nice. That is, for the person whose body it was designed to fit. On her, it was too-tight, clinging to her like a second skin and emphasizing her curves, exaggerating them beyond their 'average' status by illusion.

Likewise with the white blouse. Frilly-yet-conservative otherwise, on her it clung almost painfully tight to her huge, firm tits, her nipples making clear points in the stiff fabric. The sexy nature of the garment was further emphasized by the fact that she was completely unable to make her fingers do up the top three buttons on the garment, revealing a 'delightful' view of her canyon-like cleavage.

"Oh, God... why did I take the serum?" Debbie asked her reflection in the mirror, near tears. "Why did I inject myself...?"

She lowered her head and took a deep breath - then raised her head and faced her reflection again. Her eyes met her reflected ones through the curvature of her lenses, and she surveyed her severe-yet-sexy-reflection with an air of somebody

making a decision.

"I did it for a good reason." She told her reflection, her voice tremulous but strong. "I did it because it's better for this to happen to me than to thousands of other people."

Squaring her slender, feminine new shoulders as best she could, the new woman nodded at her reflection, knowing that - no matter how horrendous this was for her - this was the right thing to have done. Sure, it might have set off a horrible, unforeseen sequence of events

- but what would have happened had she let the sample to be re-synthesized and available to an unscrupulous government...?

With the new-found strength in her convictions, Debbie was able to face the footwear her new mind-set had forced on her with a certain equanimity - which was pretty amazing, considering that the knee-high black-leather boots had six-inch stiletto heels. With little more than a grimace, she pulled the high-heeled boots onto her altered feet and zipped them up. Taking a deep breath, she rose to her feet and carefully walked back to the mirror to take a look, finding that she was capable of moving pretty well in the half-foot tall spike heels - something she wasn't proud of, but she'd accept the fine balancing act required to walk in the heels, all things considered.

Turning away from the reflection, she dumped her male clothes and wallet into a large black leather purse and slung it over her shoulder, heading for the door. Now that she'd accepted that this was the price she was willing to pay for the salvation of thousands or tens of thousands of hypothetical fellow citizens, she found herself almost proud of the sound of the high-heels she was wearing clicking on the floor, or of the sway and bounce of her huge, firm new tits. The might be disgusting to her, marking her shame at being transformed into a woman, one programmed by the sexist words of some sleazy ex-husband - but they were also a reminder of what she was willing to do for her fellow man, and Debbie - like anybody else - could take a certain pride in doing something 'historic', even if it was inherently unpleasant to her.

The new woman walked firmly and proudly (if ashamedly so) to the door...

...and found herself unable to grasp the knob and turn it.

"Damn it!" She swore, near tears, then turned and headed back towards the bedroom, knowing that - no matter how she felt about it - that she couldn't walk out of the apartment without doing her make-up and putting on some jewelry. She didn't want to, but she *needed* to - and that was the definition of her new, 'heroic' existence. What she'd chosen to do, for the good, of the country, had its costs that she simply couldn't refuse.

She took care of this additional humiliation as quickly as she could, cursing - but accepting - the need for it. After all - it wasn't as if she had a choice in the matter...

Debbie had no skill with putting on make-up - and it showed in **The End** result, with the thick coat of mascara, the dark gloss-red lipstick, with the dark eye-shadow. Looking at her reflection, Debbie had to admit two things about her first attempt at putting on make-up. First of all, it made her look 'cheap', like some whore trying to look like a school-teacher for a John's pole-playing fantasy.

Second - it made a near-perfect 'disguise'.

Debbie was stunned to find how much the garish make-up altered her appearance. A few minutes before, she'd been afraid that the security teams might recognize her, despite her change in gender - but with the heavy-handed make-up she'd just applied, she barely recognized herself...

The jewelry was easy enough - since her smaller lobes weren't pierced, she put on the only clip-on earrings she could find, a tacky pair of 'gold' plastic earrings that looked (to her) like stylized exclamation points, with extremely faux diamonds as the 'dots'. From there, she simply picked the matching (and equally tacky) cameo necklace and bracelet.

Grimacing at the even cheaper look the jewelry gave her, she sighed - at least it further enhanced her 'disguise'.

Turning away from the mirror yet again, the new woman carefully ankled towards the front door. She undid the thumb-latch and slipped the privacy chain out of its holder...

...and stopped, eyes widening in fear as she heard a heavy tread coming up the stairs, accompanied by a voice calling out.

"Debbie, are you home...?" The ex-husband's voice chuckled, cruelly. "I didn't see anybody leave while I was gone... maybe you're still home. I know what it is - you're craving a nice big cock to suck..."

"Oh.. shit.." Debbie whimpered, closing her eyes. She'd been fighting down the lewd thoughts and new desires that had been assaulting her since the man's other comments - and had been doing so fairly well. Her body was permanently aroused, but with no particular 'inspiration', the lewd thoughts had been kept in the back of her mind, ever present but not overwhelming...

...until now. Thanks to the man's comment, she was suddenly - hungrily - visualizing a hard, thick cock. A cock just right for a pair of gloss-red, over-done lips to wrap around and...

Whimpering at the thoughts she was unable to evict from her mind, Debbie was disgusted to find it hard to turn away from the door - part of her wanted to wait right there until the man came in, so that she could...

Oh, God...

Instead, she forced herself to turn and head for the window, praying it emptied onto a fire escape. Her one stroke of 'luck', if you could call it that, was that he hadn't said that she was waiting to suck his cock - so she wasn't helplessly forced to wait for him, because anybody's cock would do, and she could find a nice big cock to suck just about anywhere...

Struggling - and failing - to drive the thought from her mind, she threw open the window and clambered out - without looking. She wasn't sure whether to be happy or not that her foot hit a fire escape outside the window. Considering what she was currently thinking about - craving - a drop of a few stories might have been the ideal solution.

Instead, Debbie slid the window closed behind her and began to descend the rusting metal ladder, even as she heard the man burst into the apartment she'd just left. She waited, breathlessly, for him to open the window and order her to...

...but he didn't. Apparently, he wasn't interested enough in her 'mysterious' disappearance to even perform a simple look out the window, spying the fire escape. So, she was allowed to descend in relative safety, breathing a sigh of relief as she clambered down the ladder to the ground...

...and almost literally into the arms of the black-clad security guards.

A team of two guards had been seeping the grounds, and they hadn't failed to notice the woman nosily descending the rusting fire escape. They were waiting for her as she stepped off the last rung of the ladder. So intent on her descent had she been (climbing ladders in heels wasn't easy), that she hadn't noticed them - and when she turned around, she let out a strangled shriek and fell back against the battered brick wall behind her...

...even as she unwillingly found her eyes dipping down to the men's crotches.

"Oh, shit - you scared me...!" Debbie said, taking a deep breath and straightening atop her slender heels, her heart racing...

...from considerably more than mere shock. She'd almost literally fallen into the hands of the security force she was trying to avoid, and her mind was trying to filter through to form a plan...

...but it wasn't getting very far. Every time she started to form a line of action, thoughts of the men in front of her would interrupt, derailing her train of thought. With mounting horror, she realized just how great a curse Janice's ex-husband had bestowed upon her, as she found her once-sharp mental processes degraded by constant, swirling sexual thoughts and desires that interfered with her thinking.

"Something wrong with the front door.. miss?" One of the guards asked, laconically, sweeping an eye over her. His partner was less blasé about it, rather openly staring at the exposed cleavage of her large, firm chest - and Debbie hated the sudden rush of pride she felt as she noticed that, and it took a tremendous force of will not to act on that attention.

She didn't even notice, consciously, as she shifted her weight and drew her shoulders back, further emphasizing the curves of her feminine new body.

"Well, Uh..." She stammered, sheepishly. "My boyfriend and I had a fight, see, and I, uh..."

"Oh - a fight?" the guard asked, doubt obvious in his voice. "Bad enough that you thought you'd just... take a little..."

Then fate stepped in - and for the first time that evening, Debbie could have willingly and eagerly kissed Janice's sexist ex-husband...

...because, from high above them, his voice came thundering out of the night. "Debbie, you dumb bitch - I knew you didn't leave by the fucking front door!"

the security guards glanced up, seeing a bulky, muscular man's frame outlined in the light spilling from the window he was leaning from, the one Debbie had so recently departed by.

"Didn't think I'd figure out how you got out, did you!" He shouted, triumphantly. "Well, I told you what I was going to... hey! Who the hell are those assholes!"

The lead guard took several steps back, so he didn't have to crane his neck nearly as far. "Sir!" he bellowed. "We're questioning your girlfriend, so if you don't mind..."

"Girlfriend?" The man laughed, making Debbie's heart sink. "She'd not my fuckin' girlfriend - she's just some goddamned whore!"

As unpleasant as that appellation might be, Debbie blessed him for unthinkingly using it - he might have meant it as an insult, but the two security guards - taking a quick look at her - accepted it as an accurate description, and merely smirked.

Then the damned asshole opened his big mouth again...

"Fine! Good riddance. You just beg them to let you suck their cocks then!: He trumpet, then slammed the window...

..as Debbie dropped to her knees, fighting the urge that his words had instilled in her...

...and failed.

"Please..." She begged, huskily, eyes locked on their crotches. "Please, I.. I need to suck your cocks. Please, let me suck you off...!"

"What...?" the second guard said, startled - but the surprise quickly faded from the first guard's eyes, and his glance at the window far above, then back to her, showed that he was putting the clues together.

"Tell me!" He said, sharply. "Do you have any ID on you...?"

"Yes, yes.. In my bag..." Debbie said, vaguely - her mind was simply overwhelmed by the raging need she felt, and she couldn't recognize the danger she was in. She could barely think, her very soul taken by the need to have these men's cocks in her mouth. In the back of her mind, an alarm was sounding - but it couldn't overcome the clamoring of her need to give them blowjobs. "Please - let me suck your cocks. Please - I'll do anything you ask, if I can just give you each a blow-job..."

There was no shame in her as she pleaded for the right to suck their cocks - because there was no room for it. The person she had once been had taken a back seat to, ... well, not to a new personality, because it wasn't that coherent. Like a junkie looking for the next fix, all morals and other considerations slid by the wayside, leaving behind just raw need - need to get what her body and mind was demanding. It was an overwhelming desire...

...and when the security guard jerked a thumb in the direction of his partner and said 'go ahead', that was all she heard. She didn't even notice the guard going to her discarded purse as she lunged forward, hands reaching for the other guard's crotch.

It should probably be noted here that the second guard did very little to hinder her as she rabidly ripped open his pants and freed his already semi-hard cock. With a moan of animalistic pleasure, she grasped his stiffening organ with one hand and

eagerly closed her lips around the throbbing shati. In seconds, it was hard in her mouth, and by the she was already bobbing her head back and forth, eyes closed as she hummed in satisfaction, tongue swirling around the swollen head of the cock.

As the desperate need faded from the fact she was doing what had been demanded of her, Debbie began to regain her senses - and realize what she was doing.

She wanted to vomit as it registered - she was sucking on a man's cock. But, as disgusting as it felt, emotionally - and as unpleasant as it was, physically - she just couldn't force herself to stop. Her movements became less eager, more stilted, acquiring the aspect of somebody who was just 'getting the job done' - but she couldn't stop.

Despite her mechanical motions, the guard seemed quite happy with her work as she continued to suck and slurp at his cock, head bobbing up and down. He certainly seemed to enjoy it as he came, stiffening and letting out a moan as Debbie, disgusted, pulled her mouth off his cock, cum splattering over her face and dripping down into her vast cleavage.

"Not bad... Gary." The other security guard said, behind her - and even as Debbie started to turn, the guard jammed his tazer against her neck, causing her to go into spasm as the electricity overwhelmed her and sent her into darkness.

* * * * *

Darkness parted, and a cheap stucco ceiling floated into view.

For several minutes, the figure laying on the bed in the cheap hotel room waited for memory to return. but it remained stubbornly

absent, refusing to manifest. Slowly, the figure sat up... then gasped...

"What the hell. ?" Slowly, hands rose up to cup a pair of huge, firm breasts - then narrow creases formed in her face in confusion.

"But..." She stammered, staring down at the breasts she held, wondering why they confused her so. They seemed.. alien to her - yet she couldn't remember them not being there, either. Her memory, to this point, was a complete blank.

"What the hell is going on...?" she asked, swinging her legs over the side of the bed - and finding them clad in black nylons. She stared at them for several seconds, then shook her head and finished climbing out of bed, looking around. Slowly, she walked over to the dresser and the black leather purse that sat upon it, wondering what the hell was going on - it was like she couldn't remember a single instant before the second when she'd awoken.

Fumbling through the purse, she extracted an ID card - and stared at the dark-haired woman who looked back from the photo. "Debbie.." She said, slowly, feeling the worm of recognition in her brain. "my name is Debbie..."

She looked around the cheap hotel room slowly, wondering what she was doing here - then a sudden, distinct memory occurred to her. Though she couldn't place it in context, she clearly remembered sucking on a man's cock. Without joy, but performing oral sex without hesitation...

"What...?" She asked herself - then a second's memory flashed by her frontal lobe. No connotation to connect it to anything, but... "Whore...?" She asked herself - then, with conviction. "I'm a hooker..."

Glancing at the clock the room boasted, she realized it was quite late. Slowly, she began to dress, until she was fully clothed in tacky, overly sexy clothes on a body that was kind of basic, except for her over-developed bust-line, most probably the result of implants - though, strangely, she couldn't remember clearly. Probably a result of all the drugs that cheap horny slut whores like her used, she figured, shrugging it off.

"Well - time to get to work so I can afford my next fix..." She muttered to herself as she opened the door and stepped out into the late- night air, looking for her next fuck. She might not enjoy the work - but a hooker just had to pretend she loved some bastard fucking her. After all, as she remembered herself saying before 'A girl has the right to earn a living..."

* * * * *

"Well.. I don't think Miss Wattiver will be a problem anymore..." Dr. Mark Greenburg, head of Moorhead Industries said with a smile, turning a small vial over in his hands." Too bad he destroyed the vial we had planned to separate the mind-control properties from the gender-changing properties... but God knows we have enough of the base compound to work with..."

to the laughter of the board, he tossed the vial of Soviet Biological Compound in a box with the hundreds of other tubes the Special Forces had gathered from the clandestine lab.

"So..." Greenburg said, grinning. "Debbie has proved just how effective this compound is, something we've been wondering about. The question is - how do we do a wide-spread test of it's properties without getting caught?"

One of the aides cleared his throat.

"Well, sir..." He said, nervously. "We've been doing some research. What we want is people already somewhat prepped for the sex- change aspect of it..."

"Yes...?" Greenburg prompted.

"Well..." the aide said, sliding a piece of paper across the table. "Here's the member's list to a site called 'TG-Stories'. "



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A low level thug trying to hide from a high level crime boss, enlists the help of two nerds

who use their invention at genetic coding to change him into their ideal woman; it get worse when the crime boss catches up with them.

Sanctuary

By Gunslinger

"Guys - I need your help."

Of all the things that Lewis and Jerry were used to hearing, that was perhaps the most common phrase that cropped up.

However - the thought that they'd answer a frantic pounding on their door at three o'clock in the morning and find Steve 'Snake' Gorman on the other side, saying those words, was enough to make the usual scenario incredibly far-fetched.

Nevertheless...

"Please - help me." The massively muscled man asked - begged - again, his clean-shaven head swiveling from side-to-side as he glanced nervously up and down the street. He licked his lips, and glanced past the two slender, sleep-bemused men at the 'sanctuary' of their darkened house.

Jerry, a little more awake, got the hint. "Uh... why don't you come in, Snake?" He suggested... and then barely had time to move out of the way as Steve's massive frame darted between the two slender men and into the shadows of the foyer.

Sharing a look with his twin brother, Lewis shrugged and closed the door, locking all three of the locks, including the rarely-used bolt-lock on the bottom.

"Okay, okay - calm down, Snake," Jerry said, leading the leather-clad man into the living room of their Spanish Mission-style bungalow and settling him onto the Italian-leather couch...

...which, against the built-in leather 'chaps' of Snake's jeans, made a hell of a noise. Wincing, Jerry turned on the light beside the couch.

"So - what's wrong?" Lewis asked the massively muscled, darkly tanned man as he settled into a chair across from him...

"It wasn't my fault." Snake insisted, irrationally - and the two slender men's mind jumped to the assumption that the biker had finally gotten around to committing something more than a petty crime...

"How was I supposed to know she was Geronimo's girlfriend?"

Lewis and Jerry solved the ancient question about the nature of Gravity, at least for a few seconds, as they managed to perform the amazing feat of levitation - leaping three feet straight up into the air.

Then Jerry dove for the window, almost ripping the drapes off their tracks as he drew them closed, and Lewis dove for the

desk against the wall, performing a remarkably fast draw as he popped open the drawer and yanked out a .44 Magnum that looked much too big for his slender hands.

Lewis and Jerry had known Steve for most of their lives, having grown up with him - the perennial target to his 'school bully', although he was more disdainful and deriding of them, then actually cruel - which was why they were so surprised to find him at their door, asking them for help.

Many people came to them for help, of course - as certified geniuses, the two brothers' reputation was well known in town. That didn't mean they expected to get that request from ex-bully and now biker 'Snake', self-proclaimed as the toughest guy the little town had ever produced.

No matter how tough and self dependent he thought himself, however, Snake at least had the sense to be scared shitless of Geronimo.

Leader of the 'Satan's Army' biker gang, Geronimo was a short, massively muscled Indian with a wicked scar down his right cheek. Nobody knew his real name - and nobody was stupid enough to push for the answer to that question. Not with all the stories that went around about the man and his gang.

No - you didn't do anything that might piss Geronimo off...

...unless you had a death wish.

"Holy *shit*, Snake!" Jerry - who rarely swore -exclaimed, pale eyes wide in fear. "Please, please tell me he gave you a deadline of more than just tonight!"

Geronimo's Modus Operandi was well known - and it drove the cops nuts. It was the reason why he was still walking - well, riding - the streets of America.

When somebody pissed Geronimo off, the Indian would give the poor man a deadline - ranging from 'tonight' to as long as a month.

On the appointed day - the offender simply disappeared.

There was never any body, no sign of what had happened to the man - and Geronimo was always seen to be somewhere else, seen by dozens or hundreds of people that would guarantee his alibi. There had never been enough evidence in any case to convict the biker.

Now, Snake swallowed. "He... gave me three days. Friday, he said - on Friday I die." He leaned

forward, fear evident in his usual tough voice. "Guys - you gotta help me! I'll pay you everything I got - you just have to hide me, or disguise me anything!"

The twins relaxed slightly at the news of the three-day deadline - as far as anybody knew, none of the people Geronimo had given a deadline to had died earlier than the appointed date.

Of course - none of them had ever been seen after the appointed date, either.

"Well " Jerry said, glancing at his sibling for confirmation of what he was thinking. "We might have something that could help you - but you wouldn't like it, or the price you'd have to pay for it."

"Anything!" Snake said, pleading. "I don't care what it is, or what you want from me in return - as long as I live past Friday, I should be safe. Please - I'll do anything."

The twins shared another look, considering. It was true that Geronimo had once said that anybody who lived past the deadline would no longer be in any danger, from him at least. The fact that he was

batting a thousand had made the promise easy to make - and the twins weren't sure if Snake's logic was counting too much on that fact.

Still...

"Follow us." Lewis said, sliding the big gun back into the desk drawer and heading towards the back of the house. Almost jumping from nervous energy, Snake followed, the other sandy-haired twin falling in behind him.

Snake watched with interest as Lewis lead them through the kitchen and to an unobtrusive door on the far side, locked with a cylinder-style Boss, and old-fashion lock designed for interior fire-doors.

Twisting the heavy bolt on the cylinder, Lewis snapped the lock on the door open and hauled on the handle, the sound of the door and it's obvious weight showing that it was, in fact, a heavy-duty metal door - beyond which lay a stairwell leading down into darkness.

"You're gonna hide me in the basement?" Snake asked.

"No - just follow us." Lewis said. Flipping on the light switch at the top of the stairwell, he led the biker down into the cool, dry air of the basement.

Reaching the bottom of the cinder-block stairwell, Snake stepped into the clear area at the bottom...

...and his jaw dropped.

The Halston twins were known to have made a fair bit of money 'tinkering', putting their genius to use at R&D divisions of certain companies and making a tidy profit before retiring last year, at the unheard-of age of thirty-two.

Obviously, the fact that they were no longer working for a living hadn't curbed their 'tinkering' habit...

...because the basement looked like the 'Mad Scientist' set of a middling-budget movie. Unidentifiable equipment hummed, whistled and 'bleeped', and the workbenches were covered in half-disassembled electronic devices, obscure tools, and empty fast-food containers.

"Holy crap..." Snake breathed, staring around wide eyed.

"Here..." Jerry said, leading the way to an odd-looking device. Tall and narrow, it looked like an upright version of the 'stasis pods' they used in Sci-Fi movies. Opening the rounded glass-and-metal front casing, Jerry revealed an interior that looked like an upright, upholstered coffin.

"This..." Lewis said, with obvious pride, "...is the world's first - and, as far as we know, only - genetic recoder."

Snake frowned in confusion. "Huh?"

Jerry smiled. "It can recode the genetic make-up of the human body and alter it to specification."

It took a couple of seconds, but Snake got it. "Hey - you mean this machine can change the way I look?"

Lewis coughed discretely. "Well... theoretically, we could change you to look any way we wanted. However..."

"Yeah...?" Snake asked, not liking the tone of voice.

"...right now, the only definite genetic code we know how to change with this is the one that marks gender."

It took him a second, but Snake figured that one out too...

...and took several steps back, holding up his hands. "Wait a second, guys - you want turn me into a broad? A *woman*? No fucking way!"

Jerry sighed. "look - the Humane Genome Project has spent decades and billions of dollars trying to map the human gene code - and it still hasn't managed to do that. We have a lot less to work with - all we can offer you is this."

"And you have to admit..." Lewis said, persuasively. "...nobody would think that the woman you'd become could be you - so, it's a perfect disguise. Sort of."

"No way!" Snake shook his head, vehemently. "Look - I just want you guys to hide me, or give me some sort of disguise or something - not turn me into a fuckin' chick!"

"you don't think other people who've pissed Geronimo have tried that?" Lewis asked. "How many of them have you hear of making it?"

"Yeah, but..." Snake protested, more weakly. "...I mean... a woman? I'd rather..." "Be dead?" Jerry asked, pointedly.

That one rocked Snake back, and he swallowed nervously.

For a good three minutes, nobody spoke while Snake stood, bald head cast down in thought. Then:

"Uh... it's not permanent, right?" Snake asked, his voice hesitant and weak. "I mean... you could change me back, right?"

The twins shared a look.. and smiled.

"Of course, Snake." Jerry said. "Now, why don't you get undressed, and we'll get you ready...?"

* * * * * "Lita?"

The sound seemed to seep through layers of gauze, muffling the sound and distorting the meaning beyond any recognition - but it was enough to begin pulling Snake up through the fog of the sedative he'd been given before being loaded, oblivious, into the machine.

"Lita - can you hear me?" One of the twins said, and this time Snake could make out the words and the meaning... sort of.

Coming to full - is slightly fuzzy - consciousness, Snake blinked and stared up at the two identical faces peering down at him, one from each side.

"Lita?" the one on the left - Lewis, Snake thought - said, sort of hesitantly. "Are you awake?" "What the hell is this 'Lita' shit...?" Snake started to ask...

...then *she* gasped and sat bolt upright, hands flying to her throat as the sound of the undeniably feminine voice registered on her ears.

Well - tried to sit bolt upright, in any case - her first effort was completely unsuccessful, due to a combination of reduced strength and a heavy weight resting on her chest. Staring at the faces looking down at her, she let them help her into a sitting position, as her hands ran along a smooth throat that felt completely different than what she was used to - and the long hair that spilled over her shoulders and down onto her...

"Tits!" the woman who had been Snake until an hour and a half ago shouted, staring down in confused, horrified shock at the massive mountain of rounded, feminine flesh that blocked any downward view. "Holy fuckin' shit, they're fucking huge...!"

Numbly, her new hands - slender and dainty, she noted in a daze - dropped down and tried the impossible task of encompassing her new 'rack'. Each tit was huge, the size of a basketball (and almost as firmly spherical), and would have been too much for her large, masculine hands - her feminine new hands barely managed to cover the large, dark aureole and the huge, thick nipples that were centered in them.

"What the fuck have you done to me?" She screamed, hearing the hysterical accusation emerge in her new, feminine, contralto.

"Try not to panic, Lita..." Jerry said. "It's just a side effect of the process, and..."

"Side effect?" She screamed, sliding her hands under the curve of her huge new hooters and hugging them in the twins' direction. "You call these fuckin' chest melons side-effects? And what the fuck's with this Lita shit?" She was really getting revved up with horror-fed anger. "What the fuck have you dweebs done to me? Do you think this is some sort of fuckin' game? Do you..."

"Shut up!" Lewis said, sharply.

Her mouth slammed closed of its own volition. Her eyes widened in horror as she struggled to speak - and nothing would

emerge. Furious, confused and terrified, the feminized man started to push herself off the bed she was sitting on...

"Sit still and listen to us." Jerry said, sharply - and she, horrified, found that the muscles of her new body refused to respond to any of her commands.

"Now..." Lewis said, with a sigh. "Let me explain a few things. First of all - the side effects of the process. You've undoubtedly noticed one of the major ones - an amazing suggestibility factor."

Her heart was pounding, and she was by turns terrified and enraged, but she had no choice but to listen to his voice as he explained to her what was happening.

"For the next week or so, you'll find you are highly suggestible - anything give to you as a direct order, firmly and with no room for discussion, you will obey automatically. You won't be able to help yourself - the part of you brain that is capable of distinguishing the difference between internal, self-generated commands and outside datum is, for want of a better word, 'shorted out', at least for awhile. Things that aren't strict orders, you won't be compelled to obey - but you'll find that your mind will 'consider' them, as if it was a thought you yourself had, rather than a sensory input."

"Now - your... breasts." Jerry said, flushing slightly. "The machine recoded your genes to match the data as if you were a woman - but it can't just 'get rid of' mass. All those muscles - built by the testosterone that the machine 'canceled out' - had to go *somewhere*. They ended up as extra mass for your breasts. There's no way we could have gotten around that."

"Now, we can understand that you're upset - but, since we've helped you, we're a part of this now, and aren't taking any risks. Not from Geronimo, and not from you. So..." He took a deep breath. "While you are female, you *will* answer to and use the familiar name 'Lita'. You will *only* use the full name of 'Carolita Esperina', and none other. You will *not* attempt to injure either my brother or myself in any way, and you will *not* try and leave this property, unless we give you specific permission to do so, in which case you *will* follow the instruction we give you, with *no* attempt to escape from the plan as it is given to you. Do you understand?"

Helplessly, Lita found herself answering, in a numb sort of voice. "Yes."

"Good." Jerry said, with a small grin. "Now, don't misunderstand - it's not our plan to keep you trapped in this body, permanently. We're just giving you the disguise you asked for."

Lewis smiled even more widely - and unpleasantly. "However - you *did* promise to do 'anything' in return for our help - and the payment we want is a little bit of pay back for all those times you humiliated, degraded or pushed us around."

'Oh, *shit...*' Lita thought, with a mounting realization of what her fear of Geronimo had led her into. "Now, come take a look at yourself, Lita." Lewis instructed.

What she really wanted to do was wrap one hand around each of the creeps' windpipe, and squeeze...

...however, what she did do was slowly stand up and approach the mirror set up for her first 'inspection' of her new body.

Even before she could see her reflection in the mirror, she could feel how different her body was. Obviously, her massive new tits played a part, the way they moved and jiggled with each step she took. But there was more to it than that. There was the strange feeling of 'graceful weakness' - with her muscular bulk transformed into the massive tits thrust from her chest, she felt less powerful - but the body she was now in was more supple, more flexible, partially offsetting the feeling.

Then she was standing in front of the mirror - and she gasped. 'Lita' bore no resemblance at all to 'Snake'.

Well - that wasn't true. There was actually quite a bit of resemblance, if you knew how to look for it.

Like the height - both were about the same height, but that threw you off - because 'Snake' had been of about average height, which made Lita tall, for a woman. So, the exact same height, in the different genders, didn't look the same.

Or the hair - her massive, thick mane of slightly wavy raven hair. It was long, silky, and incredibly thick, rich and dark - a black so dark that it had blue highlights.

It was the same color, exactly, as Snake's hair had been when he was young, before he got into the habit of shaving his head to look tougher. Not many people could claim to remember Snake's hair, but those who did would - if it was pointed out to them - see that it had been remarkably similar to this woman's raven tresses.

There was more of that strange similarity that was buried under her new gender. While Snake had been deeply tanned, Lita's skin was faintly dusky, sort of a 'built-in' tan that gave her an exotic appearance.

Her face added to that exotic look. She was more than just 'pretty' - she was drop-dead gorgeous, in a smoldering, powerful way.

Her lips were amazingly full and ripe, especially the lower one. Snake had always had rather 'thick' lips, but on the male version they had been heavy and thuggish-looking. Now, as a female, those slabs of unattractive flesh had been transformed into an incredibly sexy set of feminine lips.

His nose - a broken, hawk-nosed monstrosity, before - had become a perfect fixture for her new face. Definitely not a 'pert' or 'snub' nose, it was proud and well defined, without being over-bearing.

Her eyes Her eyes were dark and smoldering, half-veiled by long, luxurious lashes. They seemed to be the eyes of a woman who had seen it all, done most of it - and enjoyed almost all of it. That, however, was just her face - her body was just as amazing.

It was toned and lithe, more of a 'firm-body' than a 'hard-body'. Her skin was that dusky, exotic shade, and she could find no blemish, no mark on that entire body. The skin was smooth and soft, with the fine, light body hair of a woman, including the small, neat patch around...

...her cunt.

Inside, Lita wanted to whimper at the 'missing' cock and balls. Unable to, however, she could only continue her survey of

her incredible new body. With repressed emotion, she realized that the twins had taken the chance to shave her legs and pits, as well as trim the patch of pubic hair that surrounded her new womanhood, making her look much like the average woman did...

...in terms of the body hair, at least.

Her legs were long and sexy, in a toned way. They weren't the sexy/beautiful legs of a fashion model or beauty queen, but the toned, sensual legs of a professional dancer. Those legs led up to wide, frankly feminine hips that helped support an inverted-heart-shaped ass that was, quite simple, mouth-watering.

Above those wide hips and spectacular ass lay a tiny, slender waist that gave her an exaggerated hour-glass figure - for, above that tiny waist were those massive, spherical tits, each tipped with a large, dark nipple.

She was a gorgeous, exotic beauty...

...and she wanted to kill the twins for doing this to her.

"Now.." Jerry said, in a voice that was a mixture of pity and glee. "I know you must be a little upset right now, but I want to explain something to you. We're being very careful to make the definition between what you'll do while you're a woman, because we're not really out to harm you - just humiliate you."

"That's right." Lewis agreed. "If we didn't specify that these orders only affect you while you are female, then you'd be really screwed when we turn you back - because there's no way to 'undo' a 'programmed' command. However, the fact that we're being so careful to make sure that you'll be fine once you are no longer female should show that we're not planning you any permanent harm. You asked us to 'disguise' you until it was safe, and we have "

"the humiliation and pay-back is just a fringe benefit." Jerry finished, with a grin. "Okay - you're allowed to talk and move again."

She waited - and she whirled on them, her huge tits swaying and making the move look almost comical as she struggled against the shiti as her tits didn't want to stop moving at **The End** of her spin.

"I'm going to kill you assholes..." She snarled at them, her hands clenching into impotent fists.

"Oh, no - you're forbidden to harm either of us, and that's a permanent order. Once you're male, it'll still be in effect." Jerry said, with a grin. He winked at his brother. "But I don't like that tone of voice. Lita - while you are female, you will not yell at us, threaten us explicitly, or insult us sharply. You may express mild dislike or disdain, but you will always act as if you have a grudging respect - and, deep down, a secret liking - for us."

"All right, fine.," She said, in resigned annoyance - the emotion being the 'acceptable' version of the anger she was feeling towards them.

That anger, however, was already weakening - because she saw the truth, and knew that she not only should have expected this, but that it was actually, in a twisted way, 'fair' - she had made their lives difficult when they were younger, and now

they were going to pay her back for that...

...while helping top save her life. It was hard to forget that important fact.

"Now - let's get you started correctly." Jerry said, with a grin. "While you were still unconscious, we did a little shopping for you..."

* * * * *

"You've got to be kidding!"

Lita's voice held outrage and shock as she looked at the garments that the twins laid out on the bed of 'her' room, her dark eyes wide in disbelief.

"Nope - we thought this would be appropriate for such a sexy woman as yourself." Lewis said, with a smirk.

Slowly, Lita walked from one side of the bed to the other, staring at the items laid out before her.

Lacy black panties, a tiny scrap of fabric in a 'v' shape, barely translucent from the filmy lace that it was made of.

A black-and-red lacy 'merry widow', with garter clips at the bottom. Black nylons, to be attached to those clips.

A long, 'fluffy' skirt, slit up either side, made out of a rich, dark-purple satin with a thin, filmy white gauze-like inner layer, designed to be teasing-yet-'acceptable'.

A purple-and-white silk wrap-around blouse, with puffy short sleeves and a plunging 'V' neck formed where **The Ends** of the blouse would wrap over each other.

Black suede pumps, with four-inch spike heels. Jewelry. Make-up. A hair clip....

"Noooo way, Jose." Lita stated, firmly....

...a look that suffered when she tried to cross her arms with firm denial, only to find that crossing her arms over her huge new tits was a physical impossibility - and the attempt caused her to press her

arms firmly against her tits, which made her yelp at the unexpected pleasure of the pressure. The twins snickered.

Lewis grinned widely. "While female, you will act as if you are proud of your body. You will want to dress in ways that emphasize your feminine figure, and you will walk and move in a feminine, emphasizing way. You will wear high heels, and makeup, and jewelry."

That, of course, ended any possible argument. With her mental 'defenses' defused, those orders entered her brain as if she'd come to those decisions herself. She simply could not deny the new she felt - the need to be exactly the way she'd been ordered to be.

She - as Snake - had once smoked, and had finally quit - and the orders she got reminded her of those craving for

cigarettes, only magnified a hundred times over. Just as she'd known that smoking was bad for her, but craved a cigarette anyway, she still knew that she didn't really want to do this - but felt an incredible *need* to do what she'd been told to.

So, with a sigh and a muffled, mild curse - the best she could do - she began to dress.

She started with the flimsy excuse for underwear, unable even to grimace as she pulled the lacy undergarment into place around her full hips. Though the feel of it pressed firmly against her flat crotch and tightly into the crevice of her mind-boggling ass were repulsive to her, her only outward emotional display was a sigh of 'pleasure' as she pulled the panties on.

Next came the merry-widow - with some difficulty, as she had no previous experience putting one on. Eventually, however, she got it in place - which 'allowed' her to put the nylons on, sitting on the edge of the bed and balling them up before sliding them, one at a time, up her long, sexy legs.

She was disgusted to find that her supposed pleasure at putting nylons on wasn't complete faxed - she'd had no idea that the feeling of sheer nylon over silky flesh could be... enticing.

The skirt and the blouse were simple enough, once she figured out that she needed the full-length mirror in the corner of the room to be able to see the fasteners on the skirt, the bin-like clasp on the blouse. She needed the same mirror to put on the white leather belt, drawing it tight to unwilling/proudly display her slender waist to the best advantage.

Then, with no choice - and an outward display of coolly sensual pride - she went to work on her make- up and hair.

The twin watched the whole routine, from her reverse strip-tease to her seven attempt to get her make-up perfect, chuckling, trading ribald and sly comments, and laughing at her ineptitude the while.

Finally, atier much effort and painstaking trial-and-error, she managed to get an acceptable looking make-up scheme on her altered face, coolly appreciating the effect in the mirror - while, deep inside, she seethed.

Then, she got to put on her high-heel pumps and 'practice her walk'....

...while she went into the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Atier which, she got even more practice in just standing sensuously - while she did the dishes.

Followed by more practice walking and posing as she 'watched TV' with the twins, spending only about half the time working out the mostly proudly, seductively feminine ways to sit and 'pose'. The rest of the time, she was fetching-and-carrying snacks, drinks, and anything else the twins could think of for her to do.

She found out quickly that she'd taken a lot of things for granted about the female gender, when she'd been male. Her huge tits were constantly getting in the way - moreover, because she was constantly, helplessly, making them as prominent and alluring as she could, her every move calculated to emphasize whatever portion of her anatomy that could best be displayed in that particular position or during that particular task.

It didn't take long for her lower back to begin complaining about hauling those huge chest-melons around all the time, and

the inertia of her huge tits was more than a small nuisance - it forced her to move with an extreme - and highly sensual - grace, as any sudden, awkward or jerky movements caused her tits to bounce and shiti awkwardly and uncomfortable.

Her ankles and calves began to ache, especially with her fighting to maintain balance in the unfamiliar heels, putting more of a strain on her body than a woman used to heels would have - and she hadn't quite mastered the skill of walking in them yet. Being outrageously top-heavy didn't exactly help, either.

One of the low points of the day was her first time using the bathroom as a female. The shame of having to sit and pee like an old man or an invalid was mixed with the disgusted intrigue of the different sensations - and she didn't even want to get into how it felt to wipe herself 'down there' when she was done.

Women's clothes also turned out to make going to the bathroom a major procedure, requiring much more work than it had as a man. Especially with her huge bust blocking her down-ward view, requiring some contortions for certain portions of the routine.

However, the most shameful part of her day came when she was finally allowed to climb into bed - dressed in a sexy silk negligée, of course - and cuddle up in a sexy pose to fall asleep in.

When she found that the emotions roiling in her transformed body brought her to the edge of great racking sobs.

She didn't know whether or not to be grateful for the fact that her 'programming' denied her the opportunity to go ahead and break down in tears.

* * * * *

the second day of Lita's (hopefully very short) time as a female didn't start much better than the day before had ended.

The first little while was spent without the presence of the twins, though - had she chosen - they probably could have 'enjoyed' watching her go about her morning routine, with no choice in the matter.

It started, unsurprisingly, with a trip to the bathroom. At least it was marginally easier to use the toilet when in just a negligee - but any 'relief' she might have felt about that was mitigated by her little routine in the shower.

No matter how much she wished she could have just hurried through the shower, quickly and impersonally, she found herself helplessly taking her time, her hands wandering all over her body with a gentle, probing touch, touching and teasing herself.

What made it that much worse - was that it felt good. Part of it was the direct physical stimulation, that she didn't want to enjoy - how could she let herself deal with the fact that she found her female body being fondled, even by her,. Highly enjoyable?

The other portion was the fact that her male mind was getting really turned on by fondling this sexy woman's body - the fact that she was in it not enough to defuse her male thoughts and sexual outlook.

However - since she got turned on by it, it was her female body that experienced arousal - a situation she would have

avoided, if at all possible. She didn't want anything she might experience while female to be arousing.

She didn't have a choice in the matter, though - even turning the water full-on cold for the last of the shower didn't stop her from stepping out of the shower, considerably aroused. In fact, the cold water only made her nipples almost painfully engorged, thrust impudently from the dark aureole on which they sat.

It took her forever to blow-dry her silky mane of raven-black hair... which she did not begrudge, at it was the one act that, in itself, wasn't humiliating or embarrassingly 'nice' in a different, disturbing way. It was almost with regret that she had to admit that the hair was finally dry...

...because then it was time to get dressed.

This time, it was a burgundy-and-black dress, with a hem that came high on her mid-thigh without quite being 'cheap' or 'slutty'. The neck-line was low and plunging, but a fine black nylon mesh covered her mouth-watering cleavage, again just skirting the edge of 'good taste'.

This dress went on over lacy black panties not much different then the day before - and a pair of black nylons, whose lacy upper edge was just barely hidden by the hem of the skirt.

Of course, she had to do her hair and make-up again - and took no pride in the fact that she was able to do it faster and easier then the day before.

Then she stepped into the dark-red and black patent leather pumps with their five-and-a-quarter inch high heels, and it was time to face the twins as she teetered and wobbled (but, not so much as yesterday afternoon) to fix them their breakfast.

She wished that she was able to express the true emotions that she felt as she went through her routine of catering to the twin's every whim. When she bent low to provide them with a tasty snack she'd prepared, she couldn't flush in shame at the display of mouth-watering cleavage she was giving

- instead, she didn't meet their eyes, cool and impersonal... until she started to rise, when she'd shoot them a side-long, sultry glance, with a faint, seductive smile crossing her lips.

Sometimes, instead of a smile, she'd slowly, sensuously lick her full, gloss-red lips instead - and she just wanted to die from shame from what she was forced to do.

More than once there was reason for her to bend over to pick something up - and it was always the same. She'd cross her legs at the ankle and, keeping her legs straight, very slowly bend at the waist and pick up the item, displaying a mind-boggling view of her legs and ass...

None of the fantastic control it took to keep her huge tits from toppling over during the act showed, and by ten-thirty, her back was letting her know that it *wasn't* a happy camper. Another thing she couldn't show.

Needless to say, Lewis and Jerry got a kick out of finding new ways for her to express her 'reluctant respect' and 'hidden

attraction' to them. Every move she made was as calculated and graceful as a dancer's, although of a more sultry, sensual nature - even if it was a cool, self-contained - almost haughty - sensuality. As the day wore on, so did her unwanted expertise in sensuality increase. Her

ability to walk in heels improved to the point where she no longer teeter and swayed, but moved with a slow, sensual, challenging strut that emphasized her legs and ass, and made her huge, firm tits move ever-so-enticingly.

All of which increased her shame and humiliation, of course - that was the whole point.

She was also forced to address the twins with a voice that was a carefully calculated as her movements - smoky and slightly husky, always with a veiled suggestion in it, with the less-veiled hint that they weren't nearly man enough to take her up on the suggestion. Shame burned deep in her at her ability to be a walking, talking, challengingly sensual and utterly magnificent 'come on', her every move and word and glance making it seem like she was looking for a man who would meet her standards, rise to her challenge.

Of course, all three knew that there was no chance of that happening - despite her incredible, exotic sensuality and magnificent physique, the Twin knew who really inhabited that lush body, who was really behind that sultry, challenging persona - but that was part of the game they were playing, always acting as if they were on the verge of taking her up on the offers she hinted at, increasing the shame she felt at being so successful at manipulating and arousing men.

The worst part of it all - there were times and situations where she was horrified to find herself 'enjoying' this horrifying, humiliating situation.

Some of it was her enforced persona, making her unwillingly proud of certain things she did - but a lot of it was pure physical and emotional pleasure that she didn't want to feel, and was ashamed and shocked by when she caught herself doing so. Whenever she had occasion to 'accidentally' fondle her body in any way, she found that it, physically, felt good - and hated that it did. There were times where, in the middle of 'playing' a sexy pose or routine, she was doing so on autopilot. It happened when she was watching TV with the guys, playing cards, or any other basically simple social act - she would become so involved in the game that she'd actually manage to 'forget' what she was being forced through, caught up in playing the game or watching the show, her sensual moves and poses now instinctive and barely noticed - until something (usually a comment, look or new 'suggestion' from one of the twins) would remind her of the fact she was now a hugely-endowed, 'come-hither', exotic beauty - and she'd be ashamed that she could let herself be 'comfortable' in that body and persona, for any length of time or for any reason.

The thought that, slightly less than two days in this body and life, she was beginning to adapt to it to some degree scared the hell out of her, made her sick inside. Being a woman was horrific, a fate just barely better than death itself...

...wasn't it?

The second night, as she drifted off to sleep in an incredibly sexy pose, she found herself wondering why, tonight, she didn't have the urge to break down into tears...

...and the possible answers frightened her to no end.

* * * * *

Pushing open the back door of the bungalow with her (*incredibly firm, full, sexy*) ass, Lita hugged the two paper bags full of groceries as tightly as she could to her chest, feeling them press into the flesh of her huge, firm tits - a pressure that was disturbingly pleasant.

Mentally cursing the twins for many things, she added a special emphasis on the curses of the damned boots she was wearing - thanks to their orders, the black oti-leather boots that came to just below her knees were 'graced' with six-inch spiked heels. Obviously, they hadn't considered the full

ramifications of their order that she wear only the highest, thinnest heels she could - because it made carrying groceries damned difficult.

She was already too damned top-heavy, her huge, round tits threatening to pull her over if she wasn't careful, especially since she could only walk with a proud-yet-sexy little walk. The added weight of the groceries just made it worse, and the farther they were away from her center of gravity, the worse it was - hence, her hugging the bags to her massive chest, despite the fact that the sensation it created was galling.

She didn't want to find anything about this situation 'pleasant', no matter how much the twins had programmed her to act as if were.

Well - it would be over soon, she told herself. Atier all - today was the deadline. She was damned sure that Geronimo would never connect 'Lita' with 'Snake', and then tomorrow she could go back to being her real self...

...assuming, of course, that the twin's didn't leave her like this for a little longer, just to have 'fun' with her.

Sighing, Lita stepped over to the mirror on the far wall of the kitchen, her high heels click-clacking on the stone-tiled floor as she watched her reflection draw closer, swaying with a damned sexy, sensual grace as she moved.

Her 'motif' today was black leather - she was dressed in it from head to toe.

Skintight black leather pants hugger her legs and drew a 'delightful' contour over her spectacular ass, emphasizing every mouth-watering curve from her waist down, with the leather boots with their loop- and-lace fronts tied as tightly as possible so that the soti, matte-finish leather even emphasized the curves of her calves.

A specially-made leather vest was the other part of her ensemble - skin-tight, the vest clung to her tiny waist, while dipping below the curvature of her massive tits before swelling out, emphasizing the dusky, firm globes even more. the 'V' neck of the vest, framed with narrow leather lapels, displayed a mouth-watering view of dusky cleavage, and despite the circumstances and the strangeness of it all, Lita couldn't help but find the look of her new body absolutely stunning, especially with her face so artfully made up, her long dark hair falling din waves around her dusky, proudly sensual face. Her full, gloss-red lips seemed to

be smiling faintly, and her dark eyes practically smoldered with seduction.

If it wasn't for that fact that the image in the mirror was her, she would have fucked this woman's brains out.

Sighing, Lita turned away from the mirror, hoping that she wouldn't have to stay in this incredibly seductive, sultry body one minute longer than necessary.

Heading over to the swinging door that lead from the kitchen, she pushed it open... "Who the hell are you?" She demanded, angrily. "What the fuck's going on here?"

It was her 'programming' that allowed her to do that. Instructed not to do anything that would link her to 'Snake', she found her programmed brain forcing her to act the way she would if she really didn't know the short, copper-skinned man sitting in the armchair near the window, his body - massively muscled, and almost as wide as he was tall - relaxed and in command.

The man didn't smile - his face seemed to be carved out of old copper, his eyes as unforgiving and uninformative as black pools of oil. All that didn't negate the feeling that Lita got, from the tilt of his

head, maybe - that he highly approved of what he saw. The two men one either side of him - one, a massively muscled black man with the look of a brain-dead thug, the other a tall, whip-cord thin white man - were leering at her with flat, dead eyes.

"Who are you?" Geronimo asked, almost quietly, his voice deep and utterly devoid of any emotion, positive or negative. He didn't even use the massive fire-arm cradled in his ham-like right hand to emphasize his question.

"I'm Carolita, not that it's any of your damned business." She snapped - and for the first time, she blessed the programming that had been given to her. Beneath her massive bust, her heart was pounding frantically, and she was more terrified than she'd ever been - but none of it showed through her programmed personality. "Now, answer my question - who the fuck are you, and what are you and your two muscle-bound goons doing in my house?"

"Your house?" Geronimo asked, slowly rising to his feet. "I thought it was their house." He gestured with the gun towards Lewis and Jerry, tied up and gagged in the other two chairs.

"Yeah - well, they own it, but I live here with them." Lita said, coldly. In truth, she was frantic - but not as much as she had been a second ago. The fact that her programming was carrying her through this made it suddenly clear that maybe the twins had planned better than she'd thought.

She might actually have a chance of walking away from this alive.

"My name is Geronimo - and I'm looking for the man they call 'Snake'. I have an.. appointment with him." Geronimo said, coldly.

"I don't know any fuckin' Snake, and I don't care what you want with him - all I know is that he ain't here, and you are. Now why don't you release the twin, take your goons, and get lost."

Geronimo looked up and down, eyeing her more obviously this time - then looked at the twins for a second, before turning

his flat, dead eyes back to her.

"Normally, I would kill one of them to prove that I am serious." Geronimo said, coldly. "However, I would not kill a single twin. So - you will have to believe me when I say I will kill all of you, unless I get what I want."

"Look, buddy - I told you I don't know this guy, so I can't tell you anything about him!" Lita snapped, her heart revving back up to full speed. "Besides - you kill us, and the cops'll put your ass in the chair. These guys used to work for military suppliers - they die, it's a federal case."

Geronimo blinked - then shrugged. "Perhaps so - but I will not be the one that killed them. Right now, I am in South Dakota, at a rally. At least - that's what the police will discover, if they try and find out."

Lita blinked - then, in a flash of inspiration, understood. "Goddamn - you're a fuckin' twin, yourself!"

Geronimo refused to answer Lita's charge - but she *knew*, nonetheless, that that was how Geronimo performed his seemingly impossible act. With no other identification other than his very appearance, the Geronimo with the vendetta could seek his retribution, while his identical brother - in name as well, it would seem - played the part of the ultimate alibi.

Geronimo, however, was apparently unconcerned with her realization - and that frightened the hell out of her.

He didn't plan to let them live.

"I believe you." He said, in that flat voice. "You cannot tell me where Snake is - and the twin also claim that they do not know. They claim that he came here for help, but they turned him away. That, somehow, he has escaped the eyes of those I sent to watch him..."

He turned and stared flatly at his two hugely muscled 'goons - who suddenly paled, though he refused to make any other outward show of fear.

"however..." Geronimo said, turning back to her. "I think that I can still find something to... *satisfy* me, here."

Then, he grinned.

There was nothing at all pleasant about that grin. That grin made Lita - and, deep inside, Steve - want to scream.

Instead... she snorted. "Yeah? You're not man enough to handle me."

She was horrified to hear the words emerge - but she couldn't stop it from happening. To increase their 'fun', the twins had given her the personality of a woman proud of her body and sexuality - and that forced her to do this insane thing. She knew how stupid it was to challenge Geronimo in any way

- but she couldn't act, in any way, like she knew who he was or what he was capable with, and that - coupled with her 'proud sexuality' forced the words from her full lips, now curved up in a suicidal sneer.

Geronimo eyed her for a long second, that unpleasant grin still riding on his narrow lips...

...and then he spoke.

"I know you." He said, and Lita's heart fluttered in fear, until his next words. "I've never seen you before - but I know you."

Then her heart - already having been up and down the cardiac scale a dozen times over - revved up again.

"You're a sexy tease." He said - in a tone of voice that brooked no doubt whatsoever. One that was utterly confident...

...and drilled right through Lita's defenseless brain.

"You're a cum-sucking, man-hungry slut-bitch." Geronimo continued, inexorably. "You live to turn men into your sex toys, to make men so turned on by you that they're willing to do anything to keep you happy. That's why these two pathetic nerds let you live here. You love to use your body to get the things in life you want. You turn men on so they'll buy you things, give you things, treat you like the queen of all creation. You just don't let them know that you *need* sex so badly that, even if everybody treated you like shit, you'd eventually fuck their brains out to get what you need."

He stepped closer to her, that unsettling smiling widening as he litied a hand and slowly caressed the leather covering one massive tit. Lita shuddered in disgust - but Geronimo obviously thought she was shivering in repressed lust.

"You *need* this. You need a man touching your body. You need men to desire you. You need to satisfy your cravings to fuck and be fucked, to suck and touch and make a man cum. You live for it."

He leaned forward, his hot breath on her face at he leered at her and - too late - dropped that commanding, utterly-assured tone. "Don't you?"

The answer was ripped helplessly from her lips, a proud admission whose 'pride' was not hers - and whose truth, she was horrified to find, was.

"Yeah?" She said, in a low, challenging tone. "So what if I am?"

She wanted to curl up and die - but none of that showed through the persona that now wrapped around the 'real' her, all enclosed in the incredibly sexy, dusky body that she now, helplessly, found she could not imagine existing without. Deep inside, she wanted to scream in utter despair as she knew that being made into a man, ever again, would destroy her. The Indian's words had defined her new reason for existing, and if this body - her ability to fulfill her new *raison d'être* - was removed from her, she would self-destruct, her mind trying to force something a male body couldn't provide.

Right then, her deepest wish was that she would self-destruct, right then and there, and be put out of the misery of her continued existence in her newly defined life.

It wasn't to be.

"So..." Geronimo answered, in a sotily threatening voice. "We both know the truth about each other. We know each other's deepest secret - and you are going to use yours to convince me that I can trust you with mine."

"What are you talking about?" Lita asked, sneering - but, deep down, she knew the answer - and wanted to vomit.

Despite her certainty, each of the words Geronimo spoke seemed to slam into her like small grenades, carving chunks out of her will-to-live.

"You are going to show me - *us* - the man-hungry cum-slut you really are." He said, sotily. "You're going to make my two... *friends*, and me, cum. If you do it well enough... we'll let you and your two pathetic little friends live."

For one eternal instant, Lita was sure that she was going to refuse. She couldn't do what he was telling her to do, couldn't live with herself if she did this thing. She'd defy him, and he'd blow her brains out - and that was the way it should be.

Then that eternal instant passed - and she was lowering her eyes from his, her voice said, sotily, "All right."

Two things, equally powerful, made her do this. Part of it was the artificial will-to-live, instilled in 'Lita' by Geronimo's inadvertent definition of her new life. No matter how disgusting it was to her, part of her really did need what he was 'offering', now.

That, by itself, might not have been enough - her urge to not do this was strong. The second factor, however, was the twins. She had thought she hated them for what they'd done to her - but, she could see, while they had taken the chance to pay her back for what she'd done over the years of their youth, they had also done it to save her life.

She, as Snake, had tormented them, had become a tough, self-confident biker who played fast and loose with the rules...

...but it was all petty stuff. He'd whored and stole and brawled, drunk and cursed and pissed in public places. Not once, however, had he so much as threatened death upon any other person, and now she saw that she was incapable of being responsible for the death of the twins. No matter who, or what, she might have been, or might become - she couldn't do it.

Confusion thrummed through her mind, unseen through the layers of new persona laid down between the inner person and the outside world. She didn't know whether or not she should be grateful for the instilled needs she now had, as they would make this 'easier' - or whether to continue and be utterly disgusted by them, and then take some sort of perverse, humiliating pride in being able to force herself to do something utterly repugnant to her, in order to help her quasi-friends.

It didn't matter what she wanted to think, or feel. She knew the horrendous truth.

She now craved - needed, not wanted - what she was about to do, and although it was her male mind that she'd have to force to do the actions, to pick and choose certain aspects of what was to come, part of her was desperately, painfully eager and excited about what was going to happen.

All this went through her in an instant - then her lips were curving upward in a deliciously seductive, challenging smile - and she slowly strutted over to the first 'goon', her body moving with incredible, seductive grace as she slowly and sensuously eyed the man.

She struck an incredible sexy pose in front of the man, partially out of new 'instinct' and habit - and part of it from sheer force of will, when the male part of her wanted to run, screaming.

"You got a name, big dumb and ugly?" She asked, her voice managing to be incredibly sultry and insulting at the same time.

"Yeah - they calls me 'Shane'." The black man - a walking mountain of poorly defined muscle and Neanderthal-like body hair - said with a sneer, looking her up and down. "What's it to you?"

"Shane." Lita repeated, making the word sound like she'd found an unpleasant substance on the bottom of her shoe. "I bet you think you're a big, tough man - right?"

"yeah." Shane said, with a sneer.

'*Oh, God - help me.*' Lita thought, deep down - and still wasn't sure if she was asking for help to get her through this - or asking for help so that she'd get 'this' good and hard, like she 'needed'...

"Yeah - well, I bet you can't handle these..." Lita said... and slowly pulled on the big silver ring of the vest's zipper, slowly exposing more and more cleavage...

...before she slowly peeled off the vest and stood, huge, round tits proudly out-thrust from her slender ribcage, nipples painfully swollen in a perverse excitement that disgusted and aroused her simultaneously. Her body thrummed with need, desire and disgust - and she was horrified to find that she was 'getting into' this.

Grinning, Shane reached out and began to fondle her huge tits, roughly.

Incredible physical and emotional pleasure almost drove Lita to her knees, while disgust and hatred almost made her vomit. Neither happened, though.

Instead, she sneered. "God - you hands don't even come close to being big enough, and your technique sucks. You aren't even getting me wet."

Shane snarled and squeezed her tits, hard.

Pain and pleasure, both physical and emotion, fought inside her, each side perfectly matched. "Oh, puh-/eeze." Lita sneered. "Let's hope your more of a man that that where it counts."

Reaching out, she unzipped his pants with a horrifying eagerness, hating herself for finding her mouth watering and her body tingling as she extracted his semi-hard cock.

It was slightly larger then average - but Lita managed to look utterly disappointed. In truth, she was half disgusted, half excited - again, so perfectly matched that there was no way of separating a winner form the feelings.

Slowly, with semi-feigned reluctance, she snake to her knees, rolling her eyes and sighing. She wrapped one slender hand around his balls - and with the other, began slowly teasing his cock with her fingers, lightly stroking for a second, then lightly running her blood-red nails over the crown. The cock was rapidly becoming hard, and Shane had an unpleasant, lust-filled smile on his lips.

"God - how pathetic..." Lita murmured, 'disgusted'. "I bet you can't even cum hard enough that I can't swallow it all, without spilling a drop."

"I'll show you how hard a man can cum, bitch." Shane snarled - and wrapping his thick, heavy hands around either side of her head, pulled her face down to his crotch.

It would have been one thing, for Lita's 'peace' of mind, if he'd face-fucked her, as close to rape as orally possible - but though he was trying to be rough, she found that she was defeating much of that by her 'willing' acceptance of what was happening, shame and eager joy filling her as she opened her mouth and accepted his musky, warm cock deep into her throat.

Even though his hands and hips tried to set up a rhythm, she found she had a certain measure of control - and disgusted to find she was using it, finding the thick, throbbing cock slamming in and out of her mouth incredibly exciting as she sucked and licked his cock, forcing her head to slow his rhythm when he got too close to the edge. It became a sort of battle - him trying to fuck her mouth with hard, swift actions, and her trying - and succeeding - in driving him crazy by holding him off as long as she could - and feeling a horrible pride at how well she was giving her first blow job.

It couldn't last for ever - and, to her great shame, part of her didn't want it too, 'eager' for him to cum. Finally, as he was grunting in angered lust and delayed pleasure, she finally brought him over the edge - and he shot warm, salty, disgusting cum down her throat...

...and she almost passed out from the pride, disgust, pleasure and hate that thrummed through her body as she took it all, slowing every drop of the thick, warm goo and loving/hating every single instant as her throat worked frantically to get it all.

She did, too, rising with her lips and bare breast unsullied by the slightest missed droplet. "I knew it." She said, disdainfully...

...while her head swam, her nipples were so hard and erect that it felt like they'd burst, and her cunt seemed to be made of liquid fire.

She'd never been so incredibly, mind-numbingly turned-on in her life - and it was because she was sucking and fucking and touching and seducing *men*.

She wanted to die...

She wanted to fuck herself to death... She wanted to fuck *them* to death.

She didn't know what she wanted - her mind was a whirl of conflicting thoughts, emotions, desires. But she knew what she needed... and what she needed to do.

With a last sneer - and ever-so-slight, knowing smile - she turned from Shane and slowly approached the second 'goon', a rangy, slender man who was so tall and narrow he could have passed for a street lamp - but with a dark glint in his eyes that belied his almost comical appearance.

"How 'bout you?" She asked, cocking her head and eyeing him 'doubtfully'. "You got a name, beanpole?"

"It's Jack - and you're about to remember it for a long, long time, bitch." He breathed, reaching out and pulling her against him, hard.

His head dipped - and she found herself trying to out-kiss him, their tongues and lips in a battle of raw power and sensuality as he tried to prove that she was more of a woman than he was a man.

Part of her wanted to lose... but a larger part of her wanted to win - and enjoyed the contest, regardless.

Before there was a clear outcome to the battle, he thrust her away, her body afire with a need...

...one that he was all-too-ready to satisfy, from the way his cock had felt against her thigh, through his pants.

As he began to undress, and evil smile riding on his lips, she quickly stripped the rest of her clothing away, her panties sopping with her juices - which made him smile.

She didn't know what she was thinking anymore - she was like a sugar-addict loosed in a candy store. No matter how she might want to be feeling, what she might choose to think right now, her body 'needed' something that there was an abundance of available, and her ability to think in the midst of this cornucopia of lust was simply drowned out by the sensations her body was feeding her.

Roughly, Jack pushed her to the ground, pulling her legs out of the way...

...and that told her what her life was to be from now on. She didn't like the rough way he was handling her, she didn't like not having control, she didn't like not being able to do this slower, with more time to 'accept' each stage, with her running it...

...but she knew, as horrifying as it was, that she'd accept this over no sex at all. She wouldn't be able to stop herself. She'd try to hold out as long as possible, being a sultry tease - then she'd try and find the sex where she'd be in control. If she couldn't find it, though - then she knew that, someday, she'd be in this same position...

...and guiltily, disgustingly, perversely... enjoying it as immensely as she was now.

With an angry look, Jack slammed his hard, throbbing cock deep into her more-than-well-lubricated cunt, filling her completely and utterly, slamming it into her with all his weight as he waited for her to scream in pain...

...instead, it was all she could do not to scream in pleasure. "That's the best you can do?" She sneered.

Jack fucked her. There is no other word for the angry, powerful thrusts he used, slamming into her again and again and again, seeking to hurt her while he got himself off.

While there was some physical discomfort - it simply wasn't enough to overcome her newly conditioned response to any sexual act performed with a man. Her body was on fire with pleasure and

ecstasy and pride that she'd never felt the likes of before, and the world spun around her as she fought from showing the

incredible pleasure that was overwhelming her body and mind.

She didn't, physically, orgasm - but the pleasure she felt was still more intense than any sexual pleasure she'd ever felt before, and when Jack stiffened and shot his load deep into her cunt and withdrew, 'beaten' - it was struggle not to beg him to keep fucking her, longer and harder.

Thankful that her new persona wouldn't allow her to give into that ultimate humiliation, Lita rose, her dusky body now sheeted in sweat and looking more animal, more purely sexual than she had before. With a bouncing, powerful step, she approached Geronimo with a predatory smile on her lips.

"Now... it's your turn..." She said in a low, husky voice, her hands going to his crotch....

...then most of her brain seemed to shut down and she stared in utter confusion and shock at Geronimo, her hands sliding over his crotch - and the small, limp object within.

The smile Geronimo gave her wasn't pleasant - not at all.

"I told you - make all three of us cum, and you and your friends can live." There was a perverse pride in his voice. "So go ahead and make a guy who's dick was mostly cut-off in prison cum - and I'll

keep my part of the bargain."

She should have known better than to trust the faint hope he'd offered. She'd humiliated and degraded herself for nothing. She'd discovered that she was really a cum-hungry slut bitch now, given into that new persona, become what most disgusted her... and liked it for no reason.

Then, like a flash from the sky, even as the madly grinning Indian began to raise his huge gun, everything 'clicked' into place, like giant celestial tumblers falling in place to open the vault of inspiration.

"Okay." Lita said, calmly, her grin seductive. Geronimo blinked, the gun pausing.

"Come on downstairs, and then I'll make you cum like a firehouse " She said, seductively and hungrily, liking her lips.

"What the hell are you talking about, bitch?" Geronimo snarled, face contorting. "Are you making fun of me?"

Lita's smile widened. "No - but I can make you cum, after these guys.." She jerked a thumb at the twins, "...use their machine to give you a huge, thick, cum-filled - and completely functional - cock."

Geronimo wrapped a thick hand around her slender neck, rage making the veins on his neck stand out.

"I'm... serious.." She gasped, still grinning, though the pressure on her windpipe was growing steadily tighter. "You.. don't... think these... tits.. are... 'real'... do.. you "

Geronimo released her, a faint hope warring with doubt and rage. "Talk fast, bitch."

Resisting the urge to cough, Lita continued to smile. "Nobody has 'real' tits like these - yet you can see I didn't get surgery to make them this big - the nipples match the size, and there's no scars." She shrugged. "The twins invented a 'Genetic Recoder', they call it, and gave me these tits."

Geronimo was staring her right in the eye when she said it - and saw nothing but honesty in her dark, seductive eyes. After all, it was the utter truth - she just let certain other parts out of it.

"Show me.." He said, and his voice was raw with unbidden hope.

She sighed. "I can't - the twins used it on me, but they're the only ones who know how to use it. It takes both of them to run it - and nobody else could possibly figure it out, once they're dead."

"If you're lying to me..." the Indian said - but the threat was almost instinctive, Geronimo's mind dwelling on the possibility...

"Bring 'em." He said, shortly, gesturing at the twins. As the goons untied them and herded them along behind, Geronimo grabbed Lita's arm and hauled her along, managing to drag her as she led him to the stairs, and down into the lab.

The sight of all the elaborate equipment, unidentifiable components and odds-and-ends made his hope flare higher.

In that moment of hope, when he was most vulnerable, Lita made eye-contact with the now-unbound twins...

All three of them leapt into action as fast and furious as they could. Simultaneously, three legs swung back and - with all the force those respective legs could muster - kicked their respective captives in the crotch.

All three men grunted, but only the two fully-functioning men went down. Geronimo half-curled, but started to straighten immediately, his gun coming up...

Then his eyes went black and a surprised look took his face just before he slumped into unconsciousness.

Grinning, Lewis held up the hypo full of sedative, and gestured at Jerry, who was just finishing injecting the other two - who welcomed the surcease of pain.

"Lita... we're so sorry." Lewis said, grin fading. "We had no idea that this would happen." "I know." Lita said, heavily.

"Look - you're out of danger, and we can change you back..."

He slowly staggered to a halt at Lita's slow shaking of her head - then his and his brother's mouth fell open as she explained the problem. There was no way to undo the programming Geronimo had given her, and they all knew it.

"What are we going to do...?" Jerry said, eyes full of pain at what he'd done to her.

She knew that he was referring to her problem - but that was something she wasn't really ready to face, right now. Instead, she began to outline her plan for the three unconscious men...

* * * * *

ONE YEAR LATER

The long, black limousine slowly pulled to a stop in front of the dilapidated brownstone in a run-down section of town, looking decidedly out of place among the decrepit surroundings.

The front door popped open, and a massive example of masculinity stepped out. Not massively muscled, he was incredibly toned, with a tall, wide body and a virility that just bordered on caricature. His tight-fitting slacks bulged almost obscenely at the crotch, and you would have had to look very closely indeed to see any resemblance between him and Jerry.

Walking around, he opened the back door. "We're here." He said in a deep, rumbling voice.

A black leather boot with a seven-inch spike heel slowly emerged, followed by a leather-clad leg that was nothing short of spectacular. Slowly, an incredibly stunning, sexy woman emerged from the car and looked at the run-down building.

She was drop-dead gorgeous, from her large-melon-sized breasts to her mind-blowing face, and from her incredibly long, sexy legs to her tiny waist.

Wiping her full, gloss-red lips with a finger, she sucked the finger clean with a soft moan of pleasure, then smiled at the man holding the door. "Thanks, Jerry - you and Lewis wait here, I won't be long."

"Sure thing, Lita." Jerry agreed, with a smile.

Lita had a wistful smile of her own as she walked towards the four-apartment brownstone with a walk that would make an abbot get hard. She mused that sometimes things in life managed to come to a sort of justice, after all.

The twins had figured out a way to 'modify' human beings without necessarily having to switch their genders - by switching their genders twice. Both the twins had been through the process, being turned female first, a condition they'd had to spend two months in while they 'dyked' up - so that their second switch would leave them the incredible, virile example of humanity that they were.

Lita had also been through the procedure, though she'd had to be kept sedated for the time while she was male, to keep from going suicidally crazy. Then she'd been switched, with smaller - but still huge - tits, and even more slender, supple and gorgeous than ever, fulfilling her desperate need to be ultimately sexy.

As for other things...

Reaching the front door, she paused and looked up at the grime-streaked letter carved into the concrete arch over the door that announced the building to be the 'Sanctuary Apartments'.

Walking in, she wrinkled her nose at the smell of the aging, decrepit building - she and the twins had gotten exactly what they'd paid for when they'd bought the building.

Lita strode down the hall, high-heels tapping, as she prepared to make her quarterly visits to the tenants of the apartment building she owned.

Reaching the first door, she knocked on the fading paint of the surface, nose wrinkling in distaste. From inside, a deep male voice could be heard through the win door.

"Bitch, answer the fuckin' door!"

there was a pause - then the door swung open.

The person framed buy it was a sight, in more ways than one.

The black woman was tall and extremely broad-hipped. A pair of tiny, skin-tight, and stained denim- shorts clung to those hips and her over-developed ass, the button on the waist-band undone to allow

room for the massively distended belly that was well into it's third trimester.

A massive cotton crop-top struggled mightily to contain the load of the enormous, swaying tits that were stuffed into it., The size of beach-balls, they were quite firm for their size, but still had quite a bit of droop, only the fact that they rested on her hugely distended belly keeping the from hanging halfway to her knees. The translucent, sopping wet white material of the top clearly revealed her enormous, dark nipples, permanently erect - and permanently lactating. A thin stream of breast-milk ran from each nipple and down her massive belly, slowly dripping onto the cracked linoleum floor.

"Hello, Shawna." Lita said, with a small smile.

"Why, mizz Lita, I'se so happy ta seez ya again." The black woman said in a thick, almost unintelligible accent. "Yuz wanna come in fer a spell?"

"Oh, no thanks..." Lita grimaced, ignoring the half disappointed, half thankful look on Shawna's over- made-up face, beneath it's massive, curly frizz of hair.

"That Lita, bitch?" The male voice called.

"yes, massa - dat's the lady!" Shawna called back, then smiled at Lita. "Mah man's a li'l rude somen'times, but hes gonna gimme lots and lots a chillen like I like, and he keeps me fed and clothed and stuffs. All I'se gotta do is suck'em off all de time, when he wan's me to, see!"

"I know, Shawna - I know." Lita agreed, hiding a smile at Shawna's 'stupidity' - she could barely speak, and couldn't read or write at all. Lita knew, however, that under that enforced 'stupidity', a very aware mind was trapped.

How well she knew situations like that...

Leroy, Shawna's 'man' finally came to the door, dressed in nothing but a pair of boxer-briefs....

...that bulged ludicrously, his massive balls clearly viable through the leg-holes of his seldom-used underwear.

"I gotta say, Miss Lita." Leroy said, handing over a wad of cash. "I still can't believe this here deal you got goin' for me an' the other guys. lace to live, perfect little bitch for each of us, and " He grinned

and rubbed his crotch suggestively. "fer only two hunner a month. Not that I'm complainin' mind ya."

"I wouldn't think so." Lita agreed, counting the money and finding all six-hundred dollars there. "Well, I'll se you in another three months, then."

"Sure." Leroy grinned. "You can see the first baby, right?"

"Yes, I suppose." Lita agreed with a private smile, then walked away from the door as Leroy told his 'bitch' that it was 'time to work'.

Placing the money in her purse, she knocked on the second door and waited. The door swung open immediately, opened by a tall, stunningly gorgeous blonde.

Behind the woman, the once-ratty apartment was elegantly redecorated and renovated, and in a leather armchair a handsome man sat sipping at a brandy, the enormous bulge at his crotch somewhat hidden by his well-tailored slacks.

A similar situation was effected by the other man in the apartment, a slightly older man in a 'smoking jacket' reading a book, his slacks also tailored for comfort and fit - but partially defeated by the fact

that his cock was obviously still 'sotiening'.

The decor and gentility of the room was matched by the woman holding the door open.

Her hair was in a tight bun, and her bright blue eyes were slightly magnified by the glasses she wore - but neither of them detracted from the startling, breathtaking beauty of her carefully made-up face.

Just as the somewhat loose, pale-pink silk blouse she wore couldn't hid the large, firm breasts beneath, only slightly smaller then Lita's own - or the incredibly tiny waits below those breast, quite a bit smaller in diameter then Lita's only slender waist.

And even the fairly sedate white skirt couldn't hide the most incredibly long, shapely, flawlessly perfect legs the world had ever seen, encased in 'nude' nylons and balanced atop white-and-hold pumps with four-and-a-half inch high stiletto heels.

The woman smiled warmly, speaking in a cultured, beautiful voice. "Lita, my dear - won't you come in."

"thank you, Jacqueline." Lita said, stepping inside and letting her close the door. "I must say - you waist is progressing nicely."

"Oh, yes." Jacqueline said, smiling depreciatingly. "With Kyle and Robert's help, we've managed to reduce me to twenty inches, so far - we've just ordered some new corsets, and should be in the 'teens' within a few months."

"That's wonderful, Jacqueline." Lita smiled.

"So - would you care for a drink?" Jacqueline asked. "Or perhaps you'd care to fuck me up the ass with a truly massive strap-on dildo?"

"I'm sorry - I really don't have the time." Lita demurred, hiding an even wider grin.

Jacqueline was a secretary at a fairly successful corporation - necessary to provide the style that her 'men' required to live in. Her co-workers had no idea where the 'ice-goddess' lived, and would have been shocked to discover certain things about the gorgeous blonde - like the gold nipple rings and short golden chain that joined the nipple of her large, firm breasts. Or the fact that she had a large dildo in her ass and cunt every day while she worked.

Or that, at home, she was a polite, refined, completely obedient sex-slave to two men with massive cocks.

"Oh, that is a shame." Jacqueline professed, sadly. "I believe you will find all the money is here." She said, handing over a wad of bills.

Lita put the money in her purse without bothering to count it - Jacqueline was incapable of cheating her. "thank you. Well, I'll leave you three alone - I have more to do."

"Of course." Jacqueline nodded. "Not that I'm eager for you to leave, but I do believe Kyle wants me to bend over and take it up the ass while I prepare dinner."

"have fun." Lita said, letting herself out as Jacqueline headed for the kitchen, slowly undressing.

Which leti only the last tenanted apartment in the building to visit. Lita headed to the apartment at **The End**, to visit her 'favorite' tenants.

Here, she didn't even bother to knock - the door was always unlocked, and she merely walked in.

Pocahantas was busy 'entertaining' Geronimo, her tiny, slender copper body glistening with sweat as she busily slurped and sucked on her lover's enormous cock, eyes closed and a look of disgust planted on her face. Her titanic tits, as big as medicine balls and about as firm, swayed and bounced as she helplessly sucked as much of the massive, veined shati as she could take.

Finally, Geronimo groaned, and Pocahantas' eyes went wide as an incredible stream of cum began to gush into her mouth, overflowing around her full, sexy lips even as she struggled to swallow it all.

This, white steams of warm cum flowed from the corners of her mouth, splattering down onto her massive, copper tits.

Swallowing the last of the almost endless stream of cum, she finally pulled her mouth from her lover's massive, thick cock, with an audible 'pop', then slumped back, sobbing slightly, her tiny, incredibly curvy body covered in cum.

"Ah - I hope I didn't interrupt anything important." Lita said, with a proud smile - it had taken a lot of skull-sweat to get the two twin brothers back together, in the right circumstances - but it had been worth it.

"You.." Geronimo - the 'other' twin, not the one she'd seen at the house - growled, with a resigned anger. His massively

muscled body flexed impotently, since he couldn't do anything to harm her....

...then he painfully forced himself to his feet, obstructed by his massive, never-flagging cock and the gigantic, firm, beach-ball-sized lactating tits that thrust from his hairless-but-masculine ribcage.

Snarling at Lita, he proceeded over to a dresser and extracted a wad of cash, bringing it back to her.

"We're short again." He growled, handing it over with a look in his eyes that indicated he wanted to kill her.

Lita shrugged and tucked the money away in her purse. She knew that this was all they could give her

- they also couldn't cheat her. They had to give her all the money they made atier paying for the basic living expenses - and the only way they earned money was as prostitutes, for a very small base of clientele who found these two to be their 'thing'.

Even though furious, Geronimo was already fondling his massive, always lactating tits, and Lita knew that he was fighting the urge to beg for sex. Atier all, that was part of who he was now - not only did he have a constant and slowly increasing need for sex that could only be slaked for a few minutes at a time, but he had a complete inability to outright refuse sex with anyone or anything, as long as the other party was willing to pay for it.

the one exception to the rule being his 'sister', of course, just as he was her exception to the same driving need and inability to say no.

"I'm sure that you'll be able to pay more, as word slowly spreads about you two." Lita said, cheerfully. "Well, I really have to go, so you two enjoy yourselves."

"Please..." Pocahantas said, her voice ragged with self-hatred. "Lita... I... I..." She paused.. then sobbed brokenly. "Gerry - I need it. Please make me cum."

Helplessly, face twisted in anger and disgust, Geronimo couldn't refuse her pleas - and he helplessly went over and knelt in front of the enormous, throbbing cock thrust from between Pocahantas' silken thighs, even more enormous than his own.

"See?" Lita said with a smile, as she stepped back out of the apartment. "I told you we'd give you a huge, fully-functioning, cum-filled cock."

Closing the door behind her, Lita hurried down the hall toward the waiting car, and the twins.

Atier all - she'd only had a 'maintainer' on the way here, sucking Lewis off in the car. It had been almost *three whole hours* since she'd gotten herself fucked....



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Atier being given magic powers, a young man turns himself into a woman but finds the spell gets out of his control.

Satisfaction

By Gunslinger

Curiosity killed the cat;

Satisfaction brought it back.

Old Adage, in it's complete form.

Chad knew he should have waited for the Express.

Leaning back in the seat, he let the vibration from the Greyhound's big diesel relax him as he stole another glance at his watch. The 'local run' bus had been on the road for hours, and there was still slightly over an hour to go before they hit New York.

Chad had hopped the Local because he didn't want to wait the extra three hours for the express. The thing was, the express was two hours faster - so his arrival time would have been an hour later, with that much less time in transit. Still, it was too late to do anything about it now.

Chad Whitman, a slender, dark-haired young man, had decided to get a taste of the 'Big City' as his own Graduation present. Born and raised in a small rural town, Chad had attended collage in a slightly larger city that was far from bustling. He'd decided to give the 'Big Apple' a try, especially considering that his twenty-first birthday, less then a month ago, had finally given him the forty-eight thousand dollar trust fund leti by a barely-remembered Grandfather. Chad saw no reason not to splurge some of the money on himself.

Looking around the rumbling bus, Chad sighed, and mentally urged the driver to step a little harder on the gas pedal. Chad had hoped to at least have a fellow passenger to talk to on the lengthy trip, but apparently the more experienced travelers had waited for the Express - the only other passengers on the bus were a middle-aged woman with a young son, and an ancient looking, vaguely oriental man, all of whom had boarded at stops along the way, where the Express didn't stop.

"Excuse me, young sir, but may I perhaps persuade you to part with a certain amount of valuata?"

Chad looked up to find that the old fellow had stopped beside his seat, swaying gently with the movement of the vehicle. He was smiling inscrutably through his long, pointed white beard.

"Pardon?" Chad asked, amused by the old fellow's oddly sonorous voice and rather archaic phrasing.

"I find myself in the untenable situation of a temporary financial shortfall. I was wondering if you would be amenable to a short term loan of fifty dollars, which I shall gladly send back to you with in a week, via the post."

Chad repressed a grin. This was certainly the most interesting plea for money he'd heard, and broke the boredom.

"While I'm sure you're an honest guy, I don't know you, and really can't loan you money without some sort of... um, collateral." Chad replied.

The old man nodded. "Ah, just so. A very sensible financial strategy, which I must admire despite its affect on my own situation." He stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Perhaps, rather than a loan, we could engage in commerce. Mayhaps I have an item of interest that would be of equal value to the amount I require."

'Mayhaps?' Chad thought. "Well, I could always see what you have to offer."

The old man looked around carefully, then reached into one of the voluminous pockets of his overcoat and pulled out what looked to Chad to be a cheap plastic 'gold' chain with a gold-painted poker chip hanging from it.

"This particular talisman is enchanted to provide the possessor with a certain luck with members of the opposite gender." The old man explained in a low, and sincere-sounding voice. "I, myself, have little use for such an item..."

Chad shook his head. "Sorry - I don't need any help in that department."

The old man nodded. "Very well. Perhaps a certain elixir, which has a most definite effect in the musculature of an individual..." Chad held up a hand. "Sorry - again, I'm happy with the way things are now..."

The old man nodded slowly. "Just so. You, young sir, drive a hard bargain. I did not wish to part with this so cheaply - but, as I am the one who cast the enchantment, it is technically worthless to me, and any cash I may receive for it..." With that, the old man produced a single sheet of lined, letter-sized paper, folded in half.

"This," said the old man, practically whispering. "Is an item of great power. It is a Paper of Truth - anything written upon it become true, no matter how physically impossible that which is written may be. In truth, the only limitation is that anything written may not directly contradict anything written earlier on the paper."

Chad's jaw muscles ached from the strain of not smiling.

"Well, that certainly sounds like a real bargain at a mere fifty dollars." Chad said, gravely. "I could easily recoup my finances, and more, merely by writing so on the paper. I would be a fool to pass up such a fabulous bargain."

"If you would permit me to agree with you, I also think so - and that is despite my desire for financial gain." Chad gravely took two twenties and a ten from his wallet. "Very well - here's your payment."

Chad accepted the sheet of paper and carefully placed it into an inside coat pocket. As the old man made his way back to his seat, Chad finally let his smile break. Shaking his head, he leaned back in his seat.

* * * * *

Dropping his luggage just inside the door, Chad looked around at the hotel room. While not hideously expensive, it was fairly upscale and, while 'hotel bland' in decor, actually nicer than his place back home.

Shrugging out of his coat, Chad heard a rusting, and pulled out the sheet of lined paper from the old guy on the bus. Tossing his coat on the bed, Chad walked over to the desk, a small smile on his face as he looked at the paper in his hand.

Chad sat down at the desk in the room and looked at the piece of simple lined paper. He had to admit, it was a hell of a gimmick by the old fraud - the story was worth the money, as was the acting ability that the old foggy had put into it.

Crossing his arms, Chad stared down at the paper with a grin. Imagine if it really worked though! Wouldn't that be a hoot. He could simply wish for...

A small frown crossed Chad's face. Wish for what? Chad had never really given it much thought - it had never occurred to him - and now, surprisingly, he found himself pulling a blank. What would he wish for?

There were some material possessions - a new stereo, etc., that would be nice - but wishing for something like that seemed a waste of a 'perfectly good' piece of magic.

It was an interesting thought. If magic had been real, and Chad were really faced with this decision, what would he wish for?

Chad chewed at his lower lip. It would be something that simply wasn't possible any other way - otherwise, using 'magic' to achieve it would just be a waste.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to Chad. He would never voice it to anyone else, but to himself, he could admit it. He'd always wondered what it would like to be female.

Oh, he wasn't gay or anything - he didn't find other men attractive, and like women. And he didn't want to be female permanently - he was just curious what it would be like - what it was like for all those born female. Say, for about a week. Just to see.

Grinning to himself, Chad picked up the pen that the Hotel provided. Getting into the game of it, Chad considered his wording carefully, remembering what always happened in fairy-tales with wishes.

My name is Chad Whitman. I am a twenty-one year old male with all the memories and skill of my life intact and unalterable. Chad wrote, making sure that there was no confusion in the 'Magic'.

At... Chad stole a glance at the clock. ...six-thirty p.m., I will magically become a new person - a female person. I will be physically attractive, and on the tall side for a North American female. I will have a shapely figure, with a waist that is smaller than the average waist of a North American woman of my height, and legs proportionally slightly longer than an average woman of my height. My hair will remain it's present color, as will my eyes, and my skin coloration.

Chad nibbled at **The End** of the pen, considering. He was debating on what breasts size would be right. He himself liked them just big enough to fill his hands, but wanted to experience things. Deciding on a somewhat larger size, he carefully considered how to word it. The 'average North American' routine was too vague, really - especially considering the influx of Orientals. And Chad simply didn't know what bra-size would be right for a woman that he was imagining - specifying one could be too small, or too big.

Then a thought occurred to him - he could base it on women in the area. Bending over the paper, Chad wrote what he thought would be a fair determination.

I will have breasts two cup-sizes larger than the averaged cup-size of the woman in this hotel at the time of transformation. My breasts will be firm and without any flaws.

There - that should work.

I will have valid identification in the name of Catherine Walters, and a valid bank account in that name. I will have two valid credit-cards in that name, each with a five thousand dollar limit, and a signature that matches my new handwriting. I will also have four thousand dollars in legally acquired valid, authentic, current American currency.

Now came the part that, if real, would have worried Chad - mental changes. Even though it was just a game, Chad tried to be as careful as if his mind really was at risk. He tried to think of a safe way to determine what skills and other things he would need - then a thought occurred to him

I will have my own skills and memories unaltered. However, in addition to these, I will have the combined skills, habits, and general preferences of the two women in a six-block radius that closest match my female persona's age, racial background, and appearance.

There - that should be safe enough. The skills of two women would make her twice as prepared to handle just about anything. The only thing that would be leti if this was real would be a time limit.

Of course, if it were real, he wouldn't put in a specific time - what if he wanted to change back sooner? On the other hand, how to keep himself from wimping out in the first few minutes? Well, the only rule was that nothing could contradict anything already written. So...

I will remain female for at least twelve hours. Atier this time period, if I cross my fingers on both hands and say 'I want to be male', I will change back to my original male self, at which time all of the items and skills of my female persona will vanish, although I will retain the memories of my time spent as a female.

Chad nodded. Leaving it blank would let him fill it in at his convenience. Plus, there was still quite a bit of blank space leti on the page, to add further 'wishes.'

That leti just one last safety valve...

No matter what I do, how I act, or anything unusual in connection with me, everybody around me with still think that Catherine Walters is just an average woman.

Satisfied, Chad put the paper aside, chuckling. It had been kind of fun to imagine that magic could really work.

Rising from the chair, he headed towards the bathroom. He figured he'd grab a shower, then go out for something to eat, and do some window-shopping in one of the big malls.

Stepping into the bathroom, he shut the door. For a second his heart jumped, then he laughed ruefully, realizing he'd been frightened by the reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of the door.

Shaking his head, Chad walked over to the shower stall - he stopped and looked thoughtfully at the huge tub.

"Aw, what the hell." Chad said to himself, and turned on the taps, allowing the water to warm before adjusting the temperature. As the tub slowly began to fill, Chad undressed.

"Looking good, big guy..." Chad murmured to himself as his underwear hit the floor. He was joking around, posing for himself in the full-length mirror.

That's what he was doing when he suddenly found himself completely unable to move. He tried to voice his shock in confusion, but the strange paralysis claimed his vocal chords as well, leaving him unable to utter a sound as a strange tingling swept through his body.

From his position, he could still see his frozen reflection in the full-length mirror, and so was in the perfect place to watch, shocked, as his body changed.

It started at his feet. He could both feel the change and see it, as his feet reshaped themselves, becoming smaller, more fine-boned and delicate.

The change moved upwards along his legs. Where it passed, his unremarkable, hairy male legs were left silky-smooth and shapely - and definitely feminine, verifying Chad's amazed conclusion.

He found even more verification as the change continued upwards. He felt a strange 'stretching' sensation as his hips broadened to womanly proportions, and his ass became fuller, firmer, and more 'tear-drop' shaped. At the same time, there was a 'pulling' sensation in his crotch, and he could only watch, amazed, as his cock and balls looked like they were sucked back into his body, leaving a small opening that rapidly reformed into a perfectly formed - and, he'd guess, fully functional - vagina, surrounded by a small, neatly trimmed patch of dark pubic hair.

His waist was narrowed as his lower rib-cage reformed slightly. His vestigial male nipples suddenly began to sprout, becoming larger and darker even as the flesh behind them bulged outwards, forming two small, pert breasts.

They didn't stay small and pert for long. They quickly filled out, running through the alphabet as they became larger and rounder, losing their conical shape to become almost spherical, amazingly firm and round, with flawless skin whose chest hair was quickly vanishing.

Seconds later, he had the slender, womanly shoulders and more delicate arms to match his new figure as his facial features changed. His lips became fuller and softer as his hair formed a mane of flowing black hair around an attractive, open face that was most definitely female.

Then he - or, rather, she - felt an odd wrenching sensation in her mind - then suddenly, she was free to move again. She stumbled as the paralysis released her, and found herself regaining her balance easily and gracefully.

"Holy shit..." Catherine Walters, nee Chad Whitman, exclaimed, both shocked and somehow satisfied to hear the feminine voice that it emerged in. "It really was magic!"

Gaping, she stared at the huge-breasted, sexy woman in the mirror, then looked down at the huge protrusions thrust proudly from her chest.

"Why the hell are my tits so damned big?" She muttered, staring at her massive breasts. Then it suddenly struck her that, despite the massive breasts and the disparity from what she'd written, they shouldn't be her biggest concern right now. Her memories told her that, normally, she'd be sitting in a corner, gibbering in shock, unable to believe or comprehend the event that had just happened. Sure, she'd actually written it out - but she hadn't believed it would really happen, and so should be too stunned to form coherent thoughts, like questioning her immense tits.

But, she realized, the mental changes kept that from happening. She had specified that she retain all her old memories and skills - and so she did. But she also had the combined mental equilibrium of two women, and so was able to deal with the transformation itself - even though the fact that magic really worked was still a stunning surprise.

Gently, she touched her massive new tits, sliding her hands across the smooth skin and across the large, engorged nipples. It was a new and unusual experience - and quite enjoyable, she discovered.

For a minute she merely perched on the side of the tub, considering what to do. Since the transformation was real, she could assume that the magic actually did work as advertised - which meant she was female for at least twelve hours.

It was the sound of the overflow drain that made up her mind. The sound snapped her out of her mild daze, and she shut off the water. Looking at the tub of steaming water, she remembered what her plans for the evening had been.

"Why the hell not? Just because I'm a woman with boobs the size of Wyoming doesn't mean I have to change my plans." She said to the mirror, her full, sensual lips curving up in a whimsical smile. With the help of the mental adjustments, she was coming to terms with the fact that she actually was going to be female overnight - and, as Chad, she HAD wondered what it would be like - here was her chance to find out.

Turning, she lowered her new body into the water of the tub, gasping slightly as the warm water touched her sensitive new womanhood. She smiled again at the way the heavy weight of her breasts shifted as they were buoyed by the water.

"Personal floatation devices..." she giggled to herself, picking up the soap. She began to wash, paying close attention to the new sensations. Here was a once in a lifetime chance, the ability to experience life from a completely new viewpoint - there was no reason she shouldn't enjoy it.

Which is why it took nearly twenty minutes to wash her enormous, sensitive new tits. Sure, their size made them take a while - but mostly, Catherine found she really liked the sensation of her slick hands sliding over her massive, firm tits.

Of course, that was nothing compared to how it felt when she washed her crotch....

Blushing, she pulled her hand away. Not that she had any real reservations about exploring her altered body - later tonight, she was planning to masturbate and find out what it felt like as a woman. But if she gave into that desire now, she'd probably spend the rest of the night in the room, fondling herself. As enjoyable as that sounded, she was curious to see what it would be like to go out in public as a woman.

Climbing from the tub, she toweled off - another highly enjoyable experience - and wrapped a second towel around her thick, shiny mane of hair. Otherwise naked, she padded out into the other room, her long, shapely legs scissoring in an instinctual, sensuous glide that made her hips and ass sway delightfully. It was a neat feeling - but also disconcerting. She knew how sexy that would look to guys

- and although she was interested in experiencing life from the female viewpoint, that didn't extend to men. She wasn't gay, and had absolutely no interest in doing anything sexual - or even particularly sensual - with a man.

But should, by chance, a woman approach her tonight...

Cathy grinned at the thought - she looked startled as she realized that sometime soon after the transformation, she had begun thinking of herself in feminine terms, with the feminine name. She shrugged - causing her huge tits to sway - then dismissed it. It was good, actually - she wouldn't have to worry about goofing up inadvertently when introducing herself.

She wasn't surprised to find a purse laying on the bed, containing all the items she'd requested. After flipping through the items, she picked up the sheet of paper, and frowned at it, still trying to figure out how the hell she'd ended up with these chest-melons. She wasn't exactly an expert, but they were definitely much larger than any she'd ever seen, and she couldn't figure out how her careful wording could have caused this.

Putting that question aside, she put the piece of magical paper into her purse for safe-keeping, then set about to find some clothes in her luggage that would fit this outrageously over-endowed body.

As a young man, Chad had always had the normal curiosity, and had even, secretly, tried on woman's clothing - something he would have been shocked to learn that most men tried at least once in their lives. Still, she would have traded a lot right now to be a closet transvestite - at least then, she might have some clothes that would be usable. She cursed herself for not working something into her wish as she went through her clothes a second time.

She found clothing that she could get on - barely. A pair of dark-green track-pants, pulled painfully taut across her widened hips and fuller ass, and a once-baggy black sweatshirt that strained to contain her massive, firm new endowments. Three pairs of her thickest socks allowed her to keep her running shoes on her dainty feet, if she tied them as tightly as possible.

That, at least, decided her first course of action - a shopping trip. Unwrapping the towel from her head, she fluffed her fingers through her long mane of still-damp hair. She hadn't brought a blow-dryer, and would just have to let the massive mane of ebony hair air-dry. Slinging her purse - "My purse", she giggled, amused at the thought - over on slender shoulder, she headed down to the lobby.

Walking into the lobby explained her enormous new breasts, at least. Cathy stopped in amazement as she eyed the two dozen or so enormously-endowed young women milling about the lobby, being taken care of by nearly-drooling bell-boys. Two of the staff were just finishing the task of pinning a large banner into place.

The Daycourt Hotel is Proud to Welcome the Ladies of NYC Busty Beauties Bikini Bash '99

Looking around at the women, most of them silicone enhanced, Cathy understood. Two dozen extremely buxom women would certainly raise the averaged cup-size of the women in the hotel.

Cathy had to restrain a sudden giggle as she realized that she'd just thought, with pride, 'Well, at least mine are all-natural'. She wondered if magically grown tits *could* be defined as natural.

At least she wasn't worried about being out-of-place tonight. Any staff who saw her would simply assume she was with these woman. Shaking her head, Cathy headed for the front door.

Hailing a cab outside, she slid into the back seat.

"Where to, Lady?" The cabby asked, eyeing the massively endowed woman in the rear-view mirror. "I need to buy some clothes and stuff - and I'm new in town. Any ideas?" Cathy asked.

The cabby, stopping at a red, half-turned in the seat. "Normally, miss, I couldn't recommend a woman's store if my life depended on it. But, I also been working that hotel for six years now, and have drive you gals all over the place. There's a place on the East Side where most of your, um, competition goes to for shopping. I think it's the only place that carries stuff in your size."

That thought hadn't really occurred to Cathy, but he was right - she wasn't exactly a woman with an average, 'off-the-rack' figure - although she did have a great rack for things to come off of, she thought with a smile. "That's be great."

* * * * *

"Can I..." The sales woman said, looking up. She stopped dead as she caught sight of the ill-fitting men's clothing straining to contain Cathy's figure. She smiled. "Well, I guess I don't have to ask - you definitely need help."

Cathy smiled, and used the excuse she'd come up with on the ride over. "I just flew in today - and the airline managed to misplace my luggage. I had to borrow from my brother. I certainly hope you've got something that'll fit better than these."

The saleswoman laughed. "I certainly do. What do you need - a full wardrobe?"

Cathy shook her head. "No - just one outfit should do. I'll be getting my luggage first thing tomorrow, and I just need something for tonight."

The saleswoman smiled. "Of course. Tell you what - for an extra twenty-five dollars, we can hive you a make-over, too. That's save you from having to by duplicates of make-up that you're going to have already - plus, we can dry your hair for you."

Cathy smiled. "That would be *wonderful*..."

* * * * *

Cathy walked from the store, feeling a small thrill in her belly. Here she was, walking around in plain daylight in women's clothing - and nobody found anything unusual about that. Although, her enormous chest was definitely attracting attention as she began walking down the street, looking for the restaurant that Emily, the saleslady, had recommended.

She was proceeded quite a bit by her enormous bosom, now restrained by a massive 39-HHH bra of heavy white cotton. Covering this marvel of undergarment engineering was a short-sleeved white cotton blouse, with lace edging the sleeves and collar, and brass buttons.

Cathy had contemplated a skirt, but in **The End** had chickened out. It was nice having fabulous legs - but she was still uncomfortable with men finding her so damned sexy. There was no way to hide her enormous tits, but her legs were encased in a pair of skin-tight black jeans that clung to her firm, full ass like a second skin. Her feet were encased by black-leather strap sandals with a simple one- and-a-half inch block heel, and her black leather purse was slung over her shoulder.

Her face had gone from attractive to nearly gorgeous with the skillful application of make-up. A red lipstick enhanced her already full, soti lips, and expertly applied eye-shadow and mascara brought out her dark, liquid eyes. Her hair, now dry, was a mane of ebony hair that rustled in the breeze of her movement.

Finding the restaurant, Cathy walked in, unable to avoid noticing the way that conversation ebbed as men caught the sight of this buxom woman in their midst. Feeling somewhat self-conscious, Cathy found a table and ordered a light meal.

Eating turned out to be an interesting experience - her wording of the wish meant that her taste in food was now an amalgam of two different women. As a guy, she'd loathed olives, but now found them acceptable, if nothing to get excited about - probably one of the woman had liked them, the other didn't. However, both of the women her tastes were culled from must have loved Chicken Parmesan - to Cathy, the taste of the breaded meat, covered in sauce and cheese, was absolutely heavenly.

Finishing her meal, she paid the bill, rose from the table, and headed outside. Brushing past two youths on the curb, she flagged down a cab.

"Where to?" The cabby asked as he climbed in.

Cathy considered briefly. "What's the best nightclub in town?" The driver considered the question as he pulled out.

"The InnerCity is real popular." He replied.

"Then, that's where I'm going." Cathy said, her firm voice belying the fluttering in her stomach. She still couldn't believe she was out in public as a huge-breasted woman, much less heading to a nightclub. It was a little unsettling...

...and very exciting. Not to mention a lot of fun.

* * * * *

Two blocks away from the restaurant, two youth entered the bedroom of a small apartment. One of them dumped a handful of money on the bed, and began counting.

Without turning his attention from the cash, he addressed his friend. "Hey, Jerry - get anything from that babe with the hooters?"

Jerry shrugged, tossing a torn sheet of paper on the bed. "Just this, Tom. It was the first thing my fingers got, and it tore when she got in the cab."

"Yeah, well - at least you didn't get caught." Tom eyed the sheet of paper, which was torn in about half. It looked like the bottom half of a writing-tablet paper. The rip ran through one line of type, and the only legible writing was the single line just below the tear.

"*Catherine Walters is just an average woman.*" Tom read, then snorted. "Well - good for her." Putting the paper aside, he turned back to counting his stolen cash. "Boot up the computer for me, would ya?"

* * * * *

Cathy walked into the night-club, her heart pounding beneath her imposing bust-line. She looked around the darkened room, feeling the heavy bass thrum through her body in a mildly sexual rhythm

She made her way to the bar, self-consciously enjoying the sensations as she rubbed against people as she pushed her way through the crush> She had a feeling the several of the guys didn't give way for just that reason, and although she had no interest in guys, she did enjoy the sensation.

Reaching the bar, she leaned forward to order... "Can I buy you a drink, miss?"

Cathy turned to face a tall, handsome man dressed in casual clothes. Lurking behind him, eyeing her breasts, was a second handsome man, a few inches shorted that his friend.

"No, thanks..." Cathy started to refuse.

"Um... I'm not trying to pressure you, miss." The man said, holding his up. "It's just that I noticed the way that you were glancing away every time a man made eye contact. I thought you might not want guys bugging you."

Cathy blinked in surprise. "you thought I didn't want guys bugging me - so you offer me a drink?"

The man shrugged. "Well, unlike some of the... uh, 'gentlemen' in the club, I don't try to pressure a woman - I prefer to let her set the pace. That being the case, I thought I'd offer the services of me and my friend. We hang out with you, let other guys see us buying you drinks - and they stay away. I promise, no shenanigans. We won't even suggest a topic of conversation unless you bring it up first. No pressure, no come-ons, nothing - unless you decide to start something, and we'll let you set the pace."

Cathy laughed. "Well, that's the most interesting line I've heard." But she was considering it. As convoluted as the

reasoning was, it was sound - assuming these guys were honestly willing to 'play nice'. Guys would hit on her all evening, and at worse, she'd only have to fend these two off, instead of dozens.

"On second thought - I like your plan." Cathy said, holding out a hand. "I'm Cathy."

The taller man smiled. "I'm Steve, and my friend here is Jason. So, what will you have?" "Coors Light would be fine." Cathy said.

A few minutes later, as the trio headed for the table, Cathy was amused to find herself beset by conflicting thoughts.

One was that these men were acting like gentlemen, so far. Steve was in the lead, clearing a path, and Jason trailed close enough behind her to keep the crush from closing in on her immediate as she passed.

The second thought was the wry realization that she would enjoy pushing through the crowd, just to get the sensations of brushing past people with her taut new body.

* * * * *

Halfway across the city, Jerry was bored, watching his friend involved in another game of Starcrati. As usual, when he played that game, he was lost in it.

Twiddling a pen idly, Jerry glanced down at the half-sheet of paper with it's single line of writing. '*Catherine Walters is just an average woman.*'

Bored, Jerry, read the line again, then leaned forward. Placing the pen against the paper, he wrote directly under that line of writing.

'Catherine Walters wears really high spiked-heel shoes.'

* * * * *

Cathy was having a hard time keeping herself from flushing. She couldn't believe that she was on a dance floor in a crowded club, dancing with two handsome men while other men watched her huge tits sway and jiggle as she danced.

And she had no one to blame but herself. True to their word, Steve and Jason hadn't brought it up - she'd decided to experience dancing as a woman, and let the guys come out onto the floor to form a two-man barrier against the crush of gyrating bodies. Steve was even considerate enough that he was holding her purse for her as she danced. Cathy had to admit - dancing with her supple, innately graceful body felt good.

Suddenly, she became aware of a strange sensation, as everything around her seemed to start shrinking.

Stooping, dead, she stared down - at the taut fabric of her enormous blouse-covered tits. Mentally cursing, she leaned forward until she could see her feet.

Which were now encased in black platform pumps with seven-inch stiletto heels.

Cathy's mind whirled as her heart pounded. What was happening? Was there something wrong with the magic? "Don't want to dance anymore, Cathy?" Jason asked, unconcerned. He seemed to find nothing unusual...

...which triggered a thought in Cathy. Glancing around, she noted that many women - many of the other women, she amended - wore similar footwear.

She sighed, relaxing. In her wish, she'd specified that nobody would find her unusual. The wish was just altering her clothing to fit in better. She had noticed that she was dressed rather conservatively, especially considering her figure - any of these other women, with her figure, would have worn something else to go clubbing. So, the wish was changing her clothes so she fit in. She could probably expect other changes in her clothing, if that was the case.

Tentatively, Cathy began to move to the music, and found that she could move easily and gracefully in the high, slender heels without a problem. With a small smile, she told Jason "No, I just thought I'd forgotten something. But it's okay."

She went back to dancing, finding, to her surprise, that it was even more enjoyable perched atop the high-heels.

* * * * *

Jerry returned from the kitchen, carrying two beers. Plopping one beside his engrossed friend, he leaned back in the chair and flipped idly through one of the porno mags he must have read a hundred times.

Bored, his attention turned back to that scrap of paper. Once more, he leaned over it.

'Catherine only dresses in sexy clothing.'

* * * * *

Cathy, having figured out what had happened with the shoes, wasn't all that surprised to feel a strange crawling sensation as her clothing began to change. She'd actually expected the magic to do this, if her assumption was correct, and it was actually somewhat comforting. It meant she must have been right.

Still, she wasn't exactly overjoyed to have her wardrobe out of her own hands. She could do nothing as her clothing rapidly changed configuration.

Her tight jeans slid up her legs, fusing together and becoming a denser material as they formed into a tight, short black-latex mini-skirt that clung tightly from her small waist to just barely past her crotch, exposing almost all of her long, luscious legs.

There was a strange sensation as a pair of black, sheer nylons appeared on her legs, the tops of them barely hidden by the short skirt. At least the skirt did serve to hide the garter belt that appeared, to which the nylons were attached.

At the same time, her massive bra remained the same size while changing to a lacy black design. The blouse that was covering it also rippled and changed, forming a black leather vest that was amazingly tight, hugging her body like a second skin,

leaving her arms bare right to the shoulder. It was fairly low-cut, revealing a tantalizing cleavage that looked as deep as the Grand Canyon.

There was a strange tugging at her lobes, and Cathy reached up to feel two long, plastic earrings dangling from her ears. Although she couldn't see them, she correctly assumed they were black.

It was a hard, hard struggle not to blush - the outfit was much more revealing than she'd ever intended to wear, and it was definitely attracting looks - very appreciative looks - from the men around her.

"I... I think I'm going to head out." Cathy told Steve, feeling very uncomfortable being so sensuously clad in such a public place. Steve nodded. "All right. Do you want a lift? My car's just around the corner."

Cathy was about to turn him down - she thought about leaning in the window of a cab to pay... "Yeah, that's be great."

Steve grabbed Jason's arm, pointing towards Cathy, then the door, rather than shouting over the din. Jason nodded, and the two men formed a 'flying wedge' to escort Cathy to the door.

Stepping outside, Steve idly said. "Long day, huh?"

Glancing down at the watch that now adorned her slender wrist, Cathy realized that it was only quarter after ten. She realized that going straight back to the hotel would leave her all night cooped up - there was nowhere to get new clothes at this hour (she thought - she didn't know New York very well) and she wasn't planning to waste a minute of this novel experience sleeping.

"Actually, I was just getting claustrophobic with all those people in there." Cathy said. "I just need to go someplace that more private."

Steve and Jason shared a quick glance. "there's a nice little bar a couple doors down. Quiet, relaxed... If you still want some company."

Cathy considered it. Although it was unnerving having two guys want to spend time with her, they were nice guys, polite - if she was Chad, they might become friends. And it was better than sitting in her hotel room. "Sure. Sounds good."

The two men walked her to the bar, which turned out to be about half a block away. It really was more private - its decor was dark paneling and dark-green paint, enhanced by the dim lighting. The entire bar were semi-private booths with high backs, and positioned so that none faced each other.

The booths were rounded, a curved bench around a circular table. Cathy slid in, and found herself flanked on either side by the two guys.

"Coors Light?"

"Please." Cathy agreed, feeling both slightly uncomfortable and excited. Uncomfortable to be sandwiched in a booth with two guys - excited to be experiencing a casual social situation as a woman.

"So, what do you guys do for a living?" Cathy asked as their drinks arrived. Soon she started to relax as they chatted like old friends.

* * * * *

Twiddling his pen, Jerry pondered what to write next. Shrugging, he leaned forward. 'Catherine Walters kisses really, really good. She proves it often, kissing every guy she can. '

He continued on from there, the words quickly filling the scrap of paper with his bored ramblings....

* * * * *

"..and baseball, in the summer. Just neighborhood games - no leagues or anything." Jason finished.

"So, that's all our hobbies and interests." Steve said with a smile. "But you've heard our life story without telling us about you. What do you like to do?"

Cathy had been purposefully steering the conversation away from herself. She hadn't thought out any elaborate 'life history' ahead of time, and didn't want to start lying off the cuff. She opened her mouth to steer the conversation in another direction...

...and was shocked when she found herself saying. "My hobby is attempting to develop the perfect kiss. Would you like a demonstration?"

As Steve and Jason shared a startled look, the stunned woman tried to say something to retract her unintended answer. She had no idea why she said it - and she didn't know why she couldn't retract it. She wore a confused, startled look on her face - but, per her wish, neither man noticed anything odd about it, and were taking her words at face value.

"Sure. If you'd like." Steve agreed - not surprisingly.

And as suddenly, and inexplicably, as that, Cathy found herself leaning towards the handsome man. She tried to stop herself, to not do this thing, but was unable to control herself as she slid one dainty hand around Steve's neck. Her soft, full lips pressed against Steve's as her firm, huge tits in their leather prison pressed against his chest.

Their tongues met and danced around each other as Cathy pressed herself tightly against Steve, kissing him deeply, passionately, and with considerably more skill than she should have had, which was surprising.

But not nearly as surprising as the stunningly simple fact that she was enjoying the kiss.

She'd expected to be thoroughly disgusted, and was amazed to find she wasn't. She was embarrassed to be kissing another man - but a kiss was a kiss was a kiss, and it felt wonderful - one pair of female lips pressed against a pair of male ones as they kissed sensuously. Her body didn't know that this was 'wrong' - its nerve endings merely relayed the sensations to the brain, where they registered as a highly enjoyable experience.

So when Jason tapped her on the shoulder, it was with dazed excitement that she let her body carry her around to repeat the process with the shorter man - who was even better at returning the kiss than his friend.

Stunned, Cathy was finally allowed to pull away, still feeling the pressure of the two men's lips against her - and ashamed that she'd enjoyed it so much.

"I don't know - I think you practically there." Jason assured her, and Steve chimed in. "Yeah - I'd vote that as the best kiss I've ever had while vertical and with my clothes on."

Cathy smiled perfunctorily at the remark. Well, at least that's what she tried to do.

Instead, she found herself smiling sensuously, opening her mouth and, to her mounting horror, saying "Well, then - what say we give it a try naked and horizontal?"

Steve blinked. "Excuse me? You mean. ?"

Helplessly, Cathy continued talking, finding out what she was going to say when it emerged from between her luscious lips.

"I mean, my place or yours? You guys have been making me hot all night, and I'm going to fuck your brains out. I'm going to fuck you in ways you didn't even know about."

As Steve and Jason shared an incredulous - and aroused - look, Cathy tried to scream, to run - to drop dead of a heart attack, if that's what it took. But she could only sit, smiling sensuously, as Jason finally answered for the two of them.

"Uh. our place, I guess."

"Great!" Cathy said with what appeared to be enthusiasm. Nobody could tell that she wanted to fall over dead this instant. "Let's go, I'm so horny I feel like I could burst."

Both Jason and Steve had a definitely awkward stride as they led her back to their car. The entire way she struggled to break this control, to run, screaming, into the night. Instead, she sensuously sauntered to the car with one arm wrapped around each of the guys waists.

Cathy found herself sliding into the car and ending up in about the same position - in the front seat, between the two guys. the only thing that kept her from being squashed was having her arms over the shoulders of the two guys.

Steve broke about six laws, including the speed limit, on the ride back to his and Jason's place.

Eagerly, the two men lead the huge-busted woman up the stairs to their apartment. She swayed and jiggled up behind them, her extremely high-heels clicking on the stairs as she climbed.

Although she was horrified with what was happening, Cathy was startled to find her heart racing for a completely different reason. Despite her mind's disgust and outrage, her body was keyed up with excitement, and a disconcertingly pleasant warmth in her belly, both similar and different from the way she felt when she was aroused as a male. It was more... internal.

Stepping through the door behind Jason, she kicked it shut with on high hell, pushed Jason gently against the wall, and mashed her body against his. Her huge tits pressed against his chest as she kissed him hungrily, and his hands rose to fondle and caress her firm, full ass under the slick latex covering.

Then Steve stepped behind her. Sliding his hands between Jason and Cathy's bodies, he began to fondle her immense tits through the vest as he nuzzled at her neck. She was disgusted as her nipples became hard nubs under the touch - and shocked to find how enjoyable the sensation was, even through the tight layer of intervening Leather.

She let herself be pulled towards the living room as she switched, now kissing Steve hungrily, passionately. Her hands rose of their own accord and pulled Steve's shirt out of his pants and went to work on his belt buckle. Steve fumbled with her buttoned vest as Jason, unencumbered by a huge-breasted woman pressed against him, stripped quickly and efficiently. He then slipped Cathy's tight skirt off as Steve finished undressing.

Dressed only in black bra and panties, a matching garter belt, nylons, and her high-heeled platforms, Cathy stood in between the two men and executed a slow, sensual turn.

"See anything you like, guys?" She cooed in a disgustingly sensual voice, lust dripping from every syllable.

And, she found, that wasn't the only thing that was dripping. Her crotch felt like it was throbbing, and the front of her lacy black panties were rapidly becoming damp from the juices of her highly aroused cunt.

She found herself approaching Jason, her hands rising to unclasp her massive bra. It dropped to the floor and her huge tits swayed, freed of the constraint.

Hungrily, Cathy kissed Jason as she pressed her huge tits into his chest, feeling her engorged nipples against his naked flesh. Their tongues danced in a sexual frenzy as Cathy shied her torso slightly from side to side, using Jason's chest as a board to rub her tits against.

Then, helplessly, she began slowly kissing her way down his body, sliding to the knees of her sexy legs as her lips touched his neck, chest, stomach...

...and thick, throbbing cock. She paused for a second, and Cathy felt hope flare. But the reprieve was only long enough for her to smile sensuously up at Jason. Then, tossing her massive mane of ebony hair out of the way over one shoulder, she lowered her head and enveloped Jason's thick, long cock in the warm, wet womb of her 'eager' mouth.

Cathy's still-male mind shuddered as the hot shati slid between her full, sexy lips - then stopped it's useless whirl in shock as a fact registered.

It wasn't absolutely disgusting.

In fact, having a hot, throbbing cock in her mouth actually felt kind of...

...nice?

Her male mind tried to deny it - sucking a guys cock was a sick, disgusting, perverted act. Wasn't it?

Yet her body was only reporting what it felt, and the warm cock in her mouth felt pretty good. Not amazingly so, not ecstatically good - but kind of nice. And it's slightly musky tang was sort of pleasant. Shocked to find that the physical act wasn't absolutely disgusting, Cathy was a stunned passenger in her own body as she started to give her first blow-job.

Jason had no way of knowing it was her first - and wouldn't have believed it if he was told so. Her hands caressed his balls as she gently massaged the base of his shati with her long, slender fingers. At the same time, her head moved back and forth rhythmically, her full, soft lips sliding up and down his saliva-coated shati as her supple tongue lapped and teased at the swollen, almost purple head of his rock-hard cock.

Jason moaned as he felt himself getting close to cumming...

..and Cathy let the cock come out of her mouth. Still gently fondling the base of the shati, she leaned forward and pressed her mouth against his sac, gently applying suction until one ball popped into her mouth. She sucked it sensuously for a moment, like it was a hard candy, then repeated the actions with the second ball, before re-enveloping the cock of the now-moaning Jason with her incredibly skilled mouth.

Now she took just the head of his cock into her mouth, applying a gentle suction to it as her hand slid slowly up and down his glistening shati. Jason's moans increased in intensity and frequency as she ever so slowly brought him closer and closer to the point of no return.

Then she sped up the movement of her hand, shortening the strokes to go from the base of his cock to halfway down its length. At the same time, she began to bob her head, her suctioning mouth pistoning over the rest of his cock as her tongue lapped at the swollen crown.

Jason's buttocks tensed and he grunted as he shot his load of cum into her mouth. 'Hungrily' Cathy began to swallow as much of the jism as she could - and was shocked once more.

Like the Chicken Parmesan, the salty, warm semen filling her mouth tasted absolutely heavenly. She's swallowed the first bit because of the strange control - now she was horrified to discover that she was eagerly lapping at it, control or no. It tasted amazing, and she didn't want to waste a drop. She even thoroughly licked his cock clean, eager to get every drop of the delicious, thick fluid.

Finally releasing Jason's cock from her full lips, Cathy sensuously rose from her knees and approached Steve, who was lightly fondling his own thick cock. Behind her, a stunned Jason, slowly slid to a sitting position.

"Ready for the fucking of a lifetime, Steve?" Cathy asked - and only the phrasing of the question was completely out of her control.

Cathy had been interested in learning what sex as a woman felt like - but had planned on finding out by masturbating. That choice was out of her hands, but she was still curious. But, even more than that, her body was almost shaking from the

incredible rush of hormones surging through her system, causing an intense, highly pleasurable arousal. She didn't care if she had to have sex with a man anymore. All she cared about was having sex, and having it now. She was so aroused, it felt like her body was on fire, nerves firing in intense bursts as her blood thundered through her body, almost obscuring outside sounds.

Reaching Steve she pushed him backwards and slowly swung him around until she was facing him and pulling him with her as she backed up. She continued moving back until her firm ass hit the cool surface of a wall.

Wrapping her arms around Steve's burly neck, she kissed him hungrily. Slowly, she lited one shapely leg, sliding her smooth, sweat- slicked flesh over his until her leg was litied perpendicular to her body. Wrapping her long, supple leg around Steve's ass, she flexed her muscular, shapely thigh, urging his crotch forward.

He needed no further prompting. Sling his hands behind her, he filled his strong hands with the soti flesh of her sexy as and litied. She wrapped her other leg around him too as he positioned himself - and drove forward.

Cathy screamed as his cock entered her hot, wet cunt, triggering until-now-unused nerve endings. She buried her head against his brawny shoulder as he slowly drew back again.

Using her muscular, sexy legs, she assisted him a s he built up a rhythm, slowly at first, the increasing in tempo, his cock pistoning in and out of her sopping cunt.

It was like no sensation she'd ever felt. In a way, it was similar to having sex as a guy, but located internally rather than externally. But it was more intense, and accompanied by an intense, satisfying sensation of being filled, as well as fulfilled.

Her pants were vocal urges, driving Steve onward, as the muscles in her cunt began to twitch> Her cunt and nipples seemed to be joined together with glowing filaments of ecstasy, as with every thrust his chest also pushed firmly against her stiff nipples, increasing the thundering ecstasy racing through her over-worked nerves.

Cathy began to shudder as the sensations built in waves. Uncontrollably, she began to toss she head in time with the driving thrusts, not even noticing the times it banged the wall behind her, leaving dampness from her sweat-matted mane of ebony hair.

The sensations were intense, mind-blowing, driving all thoughts from Cathy's head. She didn't care of she was male or female, if she was having sex with a guy or a girl, she was simply and utterly lost in sensations so intense there was no way they could every be surpassed.

Except they were.

The scream tore from Cathy's throat as her cunt suddenly clenched around Steve's cock, and her body shuddered as the orgasm claimed her blasting through her body and mind like a nuclear fire-ball, incinerating doubt, confusion and thought utterly and completely. There was only the orgasm for a n endless, brief instant, followed by three fading atiershocks that tapered away.

Panting, Steve gently lowered Cathy to unsteady legs, his arms throbbing from the strain they'd carried. Cathy was staring blankly at Steve, a stunned expression on her sexy, sweaty face.

"That was...." She said in a low, throaty tone. She had to leave it there, as she could find no word capable of expressing the incredible sensation's she'd just felt.

Of course, she also didn't know that her body, especially her lips, tongue, nipples and clitoris, were twice as sensitive as a normal woman's, thanks to Jerry's imaginative scribbling.

All she knew was that it was the most intense, satisfying sensation she'd ever experienced in her life. Any previous sexual encounter paled into utter insignificance next to this sensation.

And, if she ever went back to being male, she'd never, ever experience the sheer satisfaction of it again.

The only thing worse than never achieving perfection was achieving it - then losing it. Now she knew exactly what she was missing - and if she let herself go back to being male, it would be gone, irretrievably....

...unless.....

Stopping only long enough to kiss Steven once more, Cathy hurried over to her dropped purse, digging around in it for the piece of paper.

When she pulled it out, her face went absolutely blank in shock, quickly changing to despair. There was only half the paper. The top half, which was already full of writing, and useless.

Cathy closed her eyes, tears dampening her long, dark lashes. At least now she knew what had happened - somebody must have found the second half of the paper, and something they'd written on it had made the further changes in her.

"Something wrong, gorgeous?" Jason asked, walking over to her, his cock already becoming hard again.

Cathy looked down at the piece of paper in her hand. She had no choice, really - no matter how intense the sexual satisfaction was, she had another life that she couldn't just abandon. If she had the other piece of the paper, she could have altered things so that there wouldn't be any of the loose ends. But now, if she stayed female, there were all sorts of problems. While she had valid ID, and could live - quite satisfactory - as Catherine.

But she hadn't specified anything about Chad's life. His parents and friends would suffer his disappearance. After a certain amount of time, they'd think he was dead, and it would be her selfishness at fault...

"I... I have to go..." Cathy whispered hoarsely, fighting the urge to fuck the two men again, as a parting gift to both of them, and herself. Instead, she forced herself to dress quickly.

"Hey, will we see you again Cathy?" Steve asked.

Without answering, Cathy left the apartment, her high-heels echoing forlornly in the stairwell as she vanished.

* * * *

"Are you sure, dear?" The concerned voice at the other end of the line asked. "You sound like something's bothering you."

If you're in any trouble."

Chad was struggling to keep his voice cheerful - and obviously, not being completely successful. "Mom, I told you - I just found a really good job here. I know it's sudden, but I'm a big boy know - I can move to New York if I want to. I promise - I'll call every day."

"Well... If that's what you want, son. But Dad and I'll be coming down to visit for Thanksgiving, if not sooner - understand?"

"Yes, mom. Tell Dad I said hi." Chad said. After a few more exchanged good-byes, he hung up the phone, letting his face fall into the lines of despair it so desperately sought.

Arriving back at his hotel, Chad - well, Cathy, - had sat up the last few hours, mindlessly masturbating in the tub while waiting for the time to be up. When the fateful hour had come, he'd said 'the magic words', and once more become Chad.

He'd been somewhat surprised to find himself as refreshed as if he'd just got a good night's sleep. Dressing in his best clothes, he'd set out to find a job, and had done so easily by the simple fact that he was willing to work for next to nothing. The reason was simple - he just wanted an excuse to stay in New York. He couldn't face going back to his home-town right now, not feeling like this. He knew he'd done the right thing, but still.

Sighing, Chad slumped on the bed, still fully dressed aside from the tie and jacket. He was in that position when he suddenly found himself unable to move...

Several seconds later, a stunned Cathy rose from the bed, clad in a sexy outfit that hugged every curve of her outrageously sexy body.

"What the...?" Cathy said, stunned. Then a blinding smile broke on her face as she realized that she was once more female.

Sitting on the desk was the purse that had disappeared when she'd become Chad, now once more present. Quickly, Cathy pawed through it, locating the torn sheet of paper.

Reading it over, it struck her.

She hadn't specified a date. She'd said 'tonight' - and every night was 'tonight' when it came.

Every single night for the rest of her life, she would turn into Cathy again, and stay female until she changed back....

* * * * *

"I'm telling you, Vince - she was incredible. These huge, firm tits, great ass, sexy legs that went on forever - and she just came on to us like we were candy and she was hungry. Man, she hoovered my cock dry "

The feisty-looking Italian snorted. "Yeah, right. This gorgeous hot-to-trot woman fucks you, then runs off without leaving a name or address, like some sort of sexual Cinderella fantasy. And I'm supposed to believe this?"

Steve leaned forward. "Look, I'm telling you, it wasn't no fantasy. If it had been a fantasy, she wouldn't have rushed through the sex so fast - she would have stayed around and taken some time. " The muscular man's voice died as he realized that his muscular friend,

sitting in the booth across from him and Jason, wasn't listening to him. His attention was focused over Steve's shoulder. "I promise - this time, I'll take enough time to do it right." A low, sensual voice came from behind his shoulder.

Slowly, as if synchronized by unseen wires, Jason and Steve turned to gape up at the massively-endowed woman in the red latex dress and matching nine-inch spike-heeled pumps.

"I don't have to run off tonight, so if you guys feel up to a rematch. " Cathy said suggestively, licking her lips slowly. Slowly, she pivoted

on one extreme heel, and began walking towards the door, and Jason and Steve's car, her tight, sexy ass swaying invitingly.

At the door, Cathy stopped and looked over her shoulder at the stunned, immobile men. "Oh - and bring your friend. I just hope you guys are in good enough shape to last the night." She blew them a kiss. "See you outside. "

She stepped through the door....

...and had to restrain an oddly victorious smile as, behind her, three voices spoke as one in the coffee-shop. "Check, please!"



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Siblings uses their knowledge and wealth to transform their sexist groundskeeper into a his version of the perfect woman.

Searching For Perfection

By Gunslinger

"Good lord!" Leanne said, throwing up his hands in annoyance. "He's... relentless!"

"The worst part of it is, he's not even really interested in us." Her sister, Jessica, rolled her eyes in sympathetic agreement. "It's like it's completely pro-forma."

"Obsessive, is more like it." The younger Hawthorne put in - with some authority, as she had degrees in psychiatry and psychology. Sighing, she began pacing back and forth across the expensive Persian rug, her slim, toned body almost quivering with barely-contained energy. "It's like he just can't stop himself from hitting on us!"

"You mean, hitting on our **breasts**, don't you?" Jessica asked dryly, glancing down at her natural DD-cup endowments, kept taut and firm by the daily exercise routine she and Leanne had just completed.

Though three years of age separated the two sisters, they were near enough in appearance to pass as twins. Both boasted heights of just shy of six feet, a genetic gift from their father, while they'd inherited their mother's athletically slender build and generous bust-line. Currently identically dressed in black knee-length spandex cycling shorts and white Everlast crop-tops that adequately supported their generous bosoms, they looked more alike than ever, both sets of emerald eyes blazing in strongly-carved faces surrounded by thickets of raven's wing black hair. Only the fact Jessica boasted a somewhat more muscular version of their slender bodies, and her sister boasted shoulder-length hair to Jessica's shorter, almost boyish mop made them readily identifiable from each other.

In personality, Leanne was generally the more subdued of the two - but, at the moment, there was little sign of her generally more accepting nature. Just as with her older sister, the subject of one Steven Lussan could bring her slower-burning anger to full life.

"It's obviously over-compensation." Leanne opined, striding rapidly back and forth in a futile attempt to burn off some of her frustration. "It's classic. He's short, he's slender, he's fine-boned. His father probably let him know what a disappointment he was as a son, intentionally or not. It's completely understandable for him to have turned out as some kind of ultra-chauvinist to compensate - but that doesn't make me hate that condescending little shit any less."

"No kidding." Jessica snorted. "He's the only man I've ever met who can insult us, be degrading towards us, ignore us, and hit on us, all in one sentence. Any one of those things I might take from a guy, if there was a good psychological reason behind it - but not two of them, much less all four."

"Oh - it's not just the over-compensation..." Leanne agreed. "If it was just that, some people would actually like him. No, from the way he manages to alienate or anger everybody he meets, male or female, it's obvious he'd be a complete dickhead even if he weren't trying way too hard to be 'manly'."

"Yeah - and it's just our luck that, somehow, us being buxom makes him feel as if we're 'more valuable' sexual targets, so he never stops trying to get us into bed, even if he himself admits he can barely stand us." She sighed, heavily. "I wish somebody would do something about him..."

"Yeah, I..." Leanne started to agree - and then stopped dead, her momentarily surprised expression giving way to a wolfish grin as the thought she'd just had percolated down through her mind. "Why don't we?"

"Excuse me?" Jessica asked, blinking.

"We don't we do something about him?" Leanne pressed. "Thanks to daddy, we've got just about every physical and psychiatric medical degree between us, and - again, thanks to daddy - more money then we could spend in a lifetime. We've been sitting around, living the good life, if you don't include Steven in the balance. Don't you think it's time we did something philanthropic, as well as personally enjoyable?"

Jessica opened her mouth to nix the idea - then paused, running it through her mind.

"What, exactly, did you have in mind...?" She asked, warily - but with a wolfish grin of her own beginning to surface as the idea truly took hold.

"Well, I'm not sure exactly what we need to do to him - yet." The younger sister said, rubbing her hands together. "We need to get him in an unguarded state - hypnotized, say. Then, once we find out what drives him, we can figure out the most appropriate method of 'defusing' him..."

* * * * *

"Thank you for coming, Steven." Elizabeth said, smiling politely as she led her 'guest' into the dimly- lit study. "I think you know everybody here...?"

"Yeah, sure, whatever..." Steven said, ignoring the other people in the room - while his eyes remained locked on her full bust, even downplayed as it was in her simple black blouse. "How 'bout that drink you promised me, babe?"

"Of course." Jessica said, managing to suppress her distaste - and her sense of victory. With powerful grace, she crossed the room and picked up the large, well-filled tumbler of single-malt Scotch, bringing it over to the chair where Steven had already flopped down into a uncaring slouch, openly eyeing the other dark-haired Hawthorne sister's equally full bust.

As they'd thought, the offer of 'free booze' had sufficed to bring Steven out to their little 'get together'. Having saved their father's life atier his Mercedes' brakes had failed and it had ended up in the lake, Steven Lussan had been given the job of caretaker of the Hawthorne estate 'in perpetuity' as a reward.

Not that Steven actually did any work around the estate. Chronically unemployed by his work habits and unpalatable personality, the slender, sandy-haired young man simply sat around all day, drinking up his small monthly stipend and raiding food from the main house to make up the shortfall. It being nearly **The End** of the month, Steven was once again broke, and getting liquor made it worth putting up with 'the bitches' and their 'asshole friends' for some lame 'hoity-toity' little 'party'.

True to form, the scruffy-looking young man downed half the tumbler in a single gulp, swiping ineffectually with the back of his hand at the dribble of Scotch running down his unshaven chin.

When he gave no indication that he'd noticed anything strange about the taste of the liquor, Leanne raised an eyebrow in her sister's direction, a sort of wordless 'I told you so', and Jessica nodded

almost imperceptibly.

"So, what's the deal, anyway?" Steven said, taking another sip of his drink. "You said somethin' about playing a game or something? Like, poker?"

"No, actually..." Leanne said. "We're going to do an old and very popular parlor game - we're going to do some hypnosis."

"Hypnosis?" Steven snorted, finishing the drink and holding it out towards Jessica, wiggling it imperiously. "Geez, but you rich people do everything weird, don't you...?"

"Actually, hypnosis has been a very popular parlor game since Victorian times." Rob Liggat, a rangy brunet supplied, helpfully.

"Whatever." Steven said, accepting the second Scotch Jessica handed him - with Rob's perfectly- timed distraction having keeping him from noticing as she'd doctored it with Sodium Pentathol, as she had the first. Taking a deep slug of the drugged booze, he shrugged. "Let's just get this over with, huh?"

"Whatever you say, Steven." Nick Jacobs, the final 'party guest' said agreeably - a far stretch from the barely-surprised hostility the well-toned strawberry blond usually evinced when brought into any sort of proximity to Steven.

Nick and Rob were Jessica and Leanne's boyfriends, respectively, and were each quite similar in personality and position as their respective girlfriends. They'd both jumped at the chance to be founding members of the 'Get Steven Lussan Club'.

"We'll start with you..." Leanne said, taking a gold pocket watch, a candle, and a pack of matches out of **The End**-table close to her chair. Rising, she tried to ignore Steven's smirk as she unwillingly gave him a view down her blouse as she placed a candle on the table next to him, and brought it to life.

Waiting until Steven drained his second drugged drink, she took up position a little to his left, opposite the candle on his right.

"Now, just hold your head still, and follow the watch with your eyes..." She said, setting the watch to swinging in an arc that caused it to catch the golden glow of the candle as it passed the center point on each swing. "Just keep your eye on the watch, and listen to my voice. Listen only to my voice..."

Steven snorted disparagingly, but he obeyed her instructions - and thanks to the powerful hypnotic adjutant coursing through his system, by the time Leanne finished her 'script', he was in an incredibly deep, powerful hypnotic trance.

After half an hour of pointed questions and failed attempts at hypnotic suggestion, Leanne said back, feeling drained as she stared at Steven's limp figure.

"I don't believe it..." She said, shaking her head. "I mean, over-compensation in one thing, but *this*...! He actually believes that the reason why everybody dislikes him is because he'd **too** masculine!"

"Guys are too intimidated by my sheer masculine aura, and women are afraid that I'm too much man for them to handle

sexually..." Rob paraphrased one of Steven's answers. "It's obvious to women that if they ever had sex with me, no other man could satisfy them..."

"Yeah - that's the one 'holding point', the one sense of dissatisfaction with his life I can find - and I can't figure out how to use that psychological 'handle' to make him stop being such an asshole!"

Leanne complained. "He's practically a virgin, and he has thoroughly convinced himself that it's because women are *scared* of his 'super masculinity', so it's all their fault! Since it has nothing to do with how he acts or treats women, but an inherent part of his over-masculine nature, I can't convince him to try being 'nicer'!"

"Well..." Nick suggested, a wicked gleam in his eyes, "If he thinks his one and only problem - a lack of a sex-life - stems from him being too masculine, why not convince him he needs to be less masculine to change that?"

Leanne crossed her arms under her bountiful breasts and shook her head in frustration. "It won't work! You heard me try and plant suggestions in him - but they just 'bounce off' this psychological armor he's constructed to explain away why everybody dislikes him. He honestly believes that his 'hyper-masculine' nature is inherent in him, and nothing about the way he treats other people will make a difference, so why change?"

"You're right - but I phrased it wrong." Nick replied, the wicked gleam maturing into an even more wicked smile. "I meant 'why not convince him that the way to combat ultra-masculinity is *femininity*'?"

Leanne gaped at her sister's boyfriend. "You want to... sissify him?" She gasped.

"Why not?" Nick said, holding his hands out. "He's damned well got to make a better woman than he does a man."

Jessica laughed in delight. "Oh, you wicked man! I like it!"

"Hell, yeah!" Rob said, clapping. "God, it's just so... perfect! Mr. Chauvinist himself.. made feminine!" Nick's eyebrows quirked upwards. "The question is - can we do it? If so - how far can we take it?" Leanne's startled expression slowly faded, to be replaced by a wicked grin of her own.

"Well, there's only one way to find out, now, isn't there?" She asked, with a low and almost evil chuckle. She turned her attention back to their entranced 'guest'...

* * * * *

"3... 2... 1..." SNAP!

Steven jerked upright, eyes flying wide open. "Paper!" He half-shouted.

"What...?" Jessica said, in confusion.

"Pencil and paper!" Steven said, desperately, looking around frantically. "I have to write it down!" "Write what down...?" Leanne asked, making no move to get the requested items.

"The details!" Steven said, smacking a fistful of paper into the other palm as he looked around for something to write on. "I have to write down the way.. how big... how..."

He stumbled to a stop, a wild look in his eyes - and then he sagged.

"It's gone!" He said, almost whining. "Shit - it's gone. I just had it, but..." "Had what?" Rob asked, intently, leaning forward in his chair.

"The woman who could..." Steven started, without thinking - then broke off, flushing slightly. "Could what?" Nick pressed.

Steven cleared his throat. "Could handle a man like me!" He said, a little too loudly, with a forced sense of pride as he stuck out his chest as best he could.

"Really?" Nick said, wide-eyed. "A woman able to handle a man like yourself? Are you sure? I didn't think any woman like that could actually exist...!"

Steven's eyes narrowed, and he prepared to explode - but then paused, as the expected chuckles failed to arrive.

"Geez, that's shitty!" Jessica said. "To think, you had an idea for the woman who could handle a man like you... If you knew that, you could stop bugging women like Leanne and myself, who obviously aren't even close to being woman enough for a man like you."

"Yeah...!" Leanne chimed in. "Then we could stop having to act like complete bitches around you, just to keep you a safe distance away from us. "

She shivered. "The thought of actually giving in to what we're feeling... We'd be ruined. It'd probably kill us, if we ever let ourselves try sex with a man like you."

Steven blinked - then smiled, coolly.

"Damned straight!" He announced, shaking his head to try and clear a lingering foggy thought from his mind. "I'm glad to see you babes know the score."

"Of course we do!" Jessica said, wide-eyed - and then, if forced: "...You bastard!"

Steven sat back, the pain of having forgotten such desperately important information momentarily submerged in his sense of satisfaction. It was about bloody time people started admitting the obvious...!

Then the thought of what he'd come up with while letting his mind wander while pretending to be 'in a trance' hit him, and he grimaced.

"Well, obviously, we have to help Steven figure it out again!" Nick announced.

"Certainly!" Rob agreed, quickly. "Then he'd stop trying to get our girlfriends, who obviously can't handle a real man like him, and then we don't have to be worried about his competition all the time."

Steven smiled and nodded. "Yeah - if you want to help yourselves, the best thing all of you can do is help me."

"I don't know..." Leanne said, slowly. "Are you sure that there really is any type of woman who could possibly be a match for your manliness?"

"Yes." Steven said, sure of that. He'd had it so sharp and clear in his mind, so perfectly formed, he was utterly positive... which was why losing that image, those details, was so painful that it almost felt like a hot knife being slowly twisted in his gut. He **had** to come up with that definition of a woman feminine enough to handle - to **counteract** - his own massive maleness.

"Well, then - all you have to do is let us know what the type of woman who can handle a man like you is, and we'll find her for you." Jessica said.

"Of course!" Nick agreed. "With all our money and skills, we'll have no problem - once you let us know what we're looking for, of course."

Steve felt his heart swell with pride and happiness. Finally! Finally, he was getting the respect and help he deserved.

All his life he'd known he was something special. Something more than anybody else. That's why work wasn't for him, that's why men hated him and obstructed his efforts, that was why women turned him down - he was just too much for the world to handle. He hadn't despaired, though, knowing that eventually his sheer sense of self would win through, would get him everything he so obviously rightly deserved - and now, finally, the time was at hand.

"Okay..." He said, half to himself, thinking it through. Where to start...? "She'll be a blonde..." He began.

"Oh! Like you!" Jessica jumped in.

"No, no - a real, bright-golden blonde..." Steven tried to explain. "Oh - you mean like Nick!" Rob supplied.

"No, no, no!" Steven said, annoyed. "A real bright, yellow, sassy-gold blonde..." The four 'helpers' shared a look of confusion.

"I don't understand what you mean..." Jessica said.

Steve rolled his eyes. He knew the bitches were dumb, but couldn't they grasp a simple explanation...?

"You mean like.. Marilyn Monroe...?" Leanne suggested, hesitantly. "No, No - like..." Steven started to explain...
...then stopped dead.

He couldn't think of anybody famous who had the right color. There were some who were close, damned close - but none that were perfect, and that's what he needed - perfection.

"Look, don't stress over it." Nick suggested. "Give it time, and when you can explain it to us, we'll know."

"Yeah." Jessica agreed. "Look, we'll all stay here, in the main house, until we get this done. Nobody's going anywhere."

"All right..." Steven agreed, irritably, annoyed that he couldn't make these people understand what he was trying to explain.

"I'll show you to your room, and you can think about it - sleep on it, even..." Leanne said, and Steven let himself be led to the guest room down the hall.

Flopping down on the bed, he stared up at the ceiling and tried to figure out how to explain what the perfect hair color was. It would obviously have to be an incredibly simple explanation, something even the morons - which was everybody except him, of course - could understand.

Finally, annoyed, he pushed himself off the bed and headed into the washroom to splash some cool water into his face...

...and then stopped dead, staring at the pile of items stacked in the corner of the bathroom, where the little-used guest bathroom was obviously used for storage.

* * * * *

"This is the color I meant!" Steve shouted, bursting into the study.

"Oh!" Leanne said, jerking upright. "Of course, we're so stupid! I get it now!" "Yeah!" Nick agreed. "It's all so obvious!"

"Steven, you genius!" Jessica gushed. "What a brilliant way to show us what you mean! Now I know exactly what you were trying to say!"

Proudly, Steven crossed his arms over his chest and let them stare at him and exclaim his obvious genius loudly.

If they were too dumb for him to be able to tell them what he meant,. The obvious solution was to show them - and the boxes of various types of hair dye that, among other things, had been stacked in the bathroom had made it possible.

Proud of his genius, Steven litied a hand and ran it through his silver-gold bleached hair, exactly the shade he'd needed them to see. It was bright and brassy and pale-golden, and though it had pissed him off to have to do this to his own hair, it was obviously the best and most effective method of...

"I don't know what that style is called..." Nick said, pointing to Steven's head. "Jessica? Leanne? What style of hair is that, so I can describe it when looking for the woman?"

"I dunno..." Leanne said, slowly. "It's sort of just long and unkempt and.. there."

"No, no, no - this isn't the style my perfect woman would wear!" Steve said, annoyed at how dense these people were - no matter how understandable it might have been, considering how long it had taken them to recognize his obvious superiority. "She'd wear it in tight curls, hanging down past her ears."

"What - you mean a 'fro?" Jessica asked. Sighing, Steven rolled his eyes.

This wasn't going to be as easy as he'd hoped...

...but that didn't make it any less important.

* * * * *

"See how smooth that is...?" Steven asked, wearily, as Rob slid his hand up and down his recently denuded leg.

"Oh, yeah - silky smooth." Rob agreed, quickly enough. "Now that you've shown me, it's so obvious."

"Good!" Steven sighed, shaking his head - and sighing yet again at the feel of his curled blond hair batting against his ears. "Thank God! I swear, I never want to have to use that depilatory gel on my legs ever again!"

"Right, Gotcha!" Leanne said, brightly. "You're looking for a woman who only de-hairs her legs once!"

"No, no!" Steven said, angrily. "The woman keeps them smooth all the time!" His four helpers looked helplessly confused.

"You mean.. she does this.. what, once a year?" Jessica asked, haltingly. "No, no - whenever she needs to!" Steven shouted, exasperated.

"How often is that?" Nick asked, face screwed up in confusion. "Well, uh..." Steven said, annoyed - then stopped dead.

"I'll get back to you on that..." HE sighed, resigning himself to having to denude his body at least once more before they found the woman he so desperately needed to find.

His **whole** body - since he'd already had the argument/discussion about women who just did their legs. Who wanted a woman with body hair anywhere else, for god's sake...?

Except, of course, these four weren't perspective enough to figure that out, of course.

Geez, being as smart and manly and.. well, just so damned **perfect** could really be a burden sometimes. He would be so happy when he finally got his perfect woman, and didn't have to drag these understandably less intellectual idiots up to the dizzying heights of his own genius through simple demonstrative methods and sheer force of will.

Speaking of which...

"Now, these are the types of nylons I was talking about..." Steven said, handing the sample pair he'd purchased to Jessica.

"I don't get it.. how are these different then the other ones?" She asked, holding up the wadded nylon.

"It's got the different tops, and the seam running up the back..." "Does it?" Nick said, peering at the wadded nylon she held.

"Look..." Steven said, snatching it out of her hand and sitting on the edge of the desk. "I'll put it on, and you can see what it looks like, okay...?"

At least they weren't too stupid to understand things when he showed it to them, Steven thought with another

long-suffering sigh.

God - was he going to have to show them **everything**...?

* * * * *

"I brought the popcorn..." Rob said, smiling as he dropped down into a chair facing the big-screen plasma TV mounted on the wall.

"Great!" Leanne said, energetically. "The 'show' should start any time." "I still can hardly believe any of this is really happening..." Jessica said.

"Oh? After eight months of hard work?" Nick said, grabbing a handful of popcorn and wolfing it down.

"I know, but it all seems sort of.. unreal." Jessica said, shaking her head. "Especially how far we were able to take it."

"His ego practically dictated it." Leanne pointed out. "Not without a lot of help from us, though." Rob added.

"Damn right." Nick agreed. "In fact, I'd say you ladies were geniuses at it. That bit of bringing in the female body-builder done up exactly as Steve had specified...? Perfect!"

Jessica giggled. "She looked more like a guy in drag than he did - even though they were wearing practically identical outfits, and makeup, and..."

"Yeah..." Rob interjected, "...and she had a harder time in six-inch heels than he did. All that practice to show us what he meant really paid off."

"The thing is, that image is how he sees himself." Leanne said, more seriously. "When he looks in the mirror, he sees 'a real man', no matter what we've 'talked him into' doing to himself - even now. All of this, for him, is just teaching aids. He, quite simply, believes himself to be too utterly masculine to have anything at all impact it. Even... all that we've done to him."

"All that 'he' did to himself." Jessica corrected her, smiling. "After all, every step of the way was his idea - to help us poor, unfortunate 'idiots' understand what he meant."

"Oh, so your perfect girlfriend will suck cock, once, if she has to, and hate it all the while..." Rob mimed a falsetto voice, doing Leanne's role in a recent 'lesson'. "I think we can find a girl like that..."

"No, no, you idiots...!" Leanne and Jessica chorused - also in falsetto, mimicking 'the voice' that the 'perfect woman' was supposed to have, as demonstrated by Steve.

"Still..." Nick said, shaking his head, "Asking him just 'how manly' he is was really a stroke of genius, Leanne. Getting him to voluntarily decide that he was the sexual equivalent of six men..."

"That's impressive..." Rob agreed. "Still, what I can't get over is..."

He lited his hands in a cupping motion, holding them in front of his chest.

"Yeah, but the 'six times', along with how we didn't understand how she should act, sexually, let us..." Jessica started to mention her own, personal 'favorite part'.

"Shhh!" Leanne said, waving a hand. "It's starting...!"

The small group fell silent, staring at the screen to learn their latest 'lesson'...

* * * * *

Smiling back over his shoulder, Steven pushed open the door to his room and stepped inside. "Come on in, handsome..." He cooed, his voice properly high-pitched and sweetened.

He kept the smile riveted to his gloss-pink lips as the man stepped inside the room.

"Nice place, Staci..." The man said, a little nervously, as he looked around the pink, red and white- decorated room.

It was more something to say then anything meaningful - he was still trying to convince himself that this was really happening.

"I'm glad you like it, stud..." Steve - known to the man as 'Staci' - said as he walked deeper into the room, ankling along in the six-inch high-heeled pink pumps with a wiggle in the large, rounded 'bubble-butt' ass the implants had given him. Steve/'Staci' batted his long, thick eyelashes at the man, quite purposefully not glancing towards the camera hidden the wall that was feeding this 'training video' to the four in the study down the hall. Steve/Staci walked over, and patted the pink- satin sheeted bed with one hand, careful not to catch four-inch long, hot-pink nails in the fabric. "I especially like the bed, myself..."

'Staci' giggled again.

"It's... nice..." The man managed in a strangled tone, staring at him...

..or, as he thought, 'her'.

"Gee, thanks." Staci said, with yet another giggle. She let her eyes 'wander' down to the man's crotch, and slowly licked her almost ludicrously full, collagen-injected 'cock-sucker' lips.

"So - you wanna fool around, huh?" She asked, hoping her idiotic helpers were paying attention as she sat on the bed and patted the spot next to her.

It still felt extremely strange to be sitting on the radically enlarged ass the implants had given her - but atier that fiasco with the last 'perfect woman', it had been necessary to take these steps to show them what was required - just as it had become necessary to visually demonstrate the type of persona for the 'perfect woman' she so longed for. It was annoying, even sickening - but, ultimately, worthwhile.

She kept the smile on her surgically resculpted heart-shaped face as the man sat down beside her.

"Don't you like me...?" She asked, pouting artistically as the man fidgeted - hoping that the unseen pupils were catching every nuance of the 'submissively dominant' sexuality his perfect woman would have. "Don't you want to... touch me...?"

The man hesitated - then lightly rested one hand on her smooth, white-nylon-clad leg.

"Mmm... That feels so nice..." She lied, to show what 'the perfect woman' would do - and to get the man to continue his unwitting part in this lesson.

He slowly began sliding his hand up and down her silky-smooth, sexy leg - that had taken plenty of carefully planned exercise to get so utterly sexy, since it had been the only way to get her four helpers to understand exactly what a 'toned, sexy leg' looked like.

"Oh, you feel so good touching me..." She giggle-moaned convincingly, despite the distaste she felt at playing this homosexual role - but there was obviously no other way to make sure that 'the perfect woman' would act just the way she was supposed to, and so she pushed aside her distaste

and continued on, pouting prettily. "Are my legs the only part of me you like? Don't you want to touch my beautiful boobies?"

Saying that made her wince internally - mainly at the thought of the flat-chested woman they'd brought in as the supposed-to-be-perfect woman. Sure, she'd been close in many ways - but, as stupidly literal as always, the four 'helpers' had brought a woman who was **also** wearing radical latex 'falsies', almost identical to the ones she'd donned to show them what the 'right' bust-size for the perfect woman was.

Well, that was no longer a problem, she thought to herself with an inner smile that matched her rather brainless outer one as the man lifted shaking hands to her straining, skin-tight white angora sweater and released the over-stressed hot-pink buttons running down it's front.

Almost like living things, her pink demi-cup bra-encased breasts surged out through the opening, practically leaping into the man's shaking-but-willing hands, as if begging to be fondled and caressed.

Just as the perfect woman's breasts would - and, just like those perfect breasts she was waiting so eagerly to be found on the right woman, the ones she'd gotten implanted in herself as an example were much, much too large for any man's hands to fully grasp them.

"Aren't they gorgeous...?" Staci cooed, sounding delighted at the heavy, constantly annoying and not a little humiliating breasts she'd gotten Jessica to pump into her. "So round, so firm.. so **enormous**!"

"They certainly are!" The man agreed, a bit breathlessly, as he fumbled for the front clasp on her bra

- and finally, releasing it, allowing her gigantic, round tits free.

They didn't droop, or even swing - no, just like the perfect woman's would be, the 1000cc implants were so over-pumped

full of saline, the massive breasts remained almost ridiculously firm and round, out-thrust from her ribcage like a pair of flesh-colored volleyballs.

"Oh, God - you're getting me so hot!" She lied, grinding her hand over the tight pink leather skirt over her surgically-created cunt.

She really missed her cock, which Jessica was holding somewhere for re-attachment when the perfect woman was found - but the cunt was a necessary evil, especially if she didn't want her perfect woman to be a perfect she-male.

"Fuck me!" She begged, ripping open the Velcro holding the skirt on, and tumbling back on the bed. "Fuck me now!"

Spreading her legs, Staci let the eager-to-comply man to mount her, his hard cock sliding into her 'pussy'.

Simulating all the right things, she thought about the perfect woman as she let herself be fucked long and hard, imagining the wonderful day when her dream would become a reality. Obviously, with such poor material to work with, it wouldn't be any time soon - but that was something she would just have to deal with. After all, The guys and the Hawthorne sisters couldn't be blamed for their shortcomings - it was wasn't their fault that they weren't as perfect as she was.

Faking an orgasm, she let the man climb off of her and gush gratitude as she kissed him warmly, and allowed him some quality 'fondling time'. If he wanted a re-match, she'd have to give it to him, of course, because the perfect woman wouldn't turn down sex - but Staci lucked out when the man wanted to hurry off.

A rematch with the same man didn't count towards her six-a-day minimum, and he was only number four.

Once he was gone, she rose and stretched, playing with her huge, heavy tits as if she liked fondling her own, feminized body - but it was all an act, of course, for her student's benefit.

Speaking of which...

Dressed only in heels and hose, she swayed to the door and pulled it open, then headed down the hall, playing with her huge tits with one hand, and imagining happily what it would feel like to play with the real perfect woman's tits.

Opening the door to the study with her free hand, she stepped inside.

"Like, oh-mi-god - I got like so hot, knowing you guys were, like, watching me fuck!" She lied, brightly. "I'm like, so turned on by it!"

Just as the perfect woman would be turned on by being watched or videotaped having sex - so that was the way Staci had to act, since if she did anything 'out of character', it screwed up what thees for dimwits thought the perfect woman would be like.

"Please - one of you fuck me!" She 'begged', just as the perfect woman would someday be fucking her perfect man. "Or at least let me suck your cock!"

The four gathered around a pack of cards, and shuffled while she watched 'eagerly' - forcing herself not to eye the

enormous strap-on dildo Jessica was holding. Jessica liked using the monster on 'Staci', especially up the ass - but, as much as she hated it, the perfect woman wouldn't, so she'd have to act as if it was one of her favorite things in the whole world - just like she did anything sexual.

Luckily for her, Rob one the daily draw for high card, and Staci good giggle, jiggle over to him, and kneel on the floor for a long, slow, skilled blow-job - something the past three weeks had made her very good at.

She had to be, of course, she thought to herself as she wrapped full, sotily firm lips 'eagerly' around his hard shati and began sucking him off. Atier all, the perfect woman would be a consummate cock-sucker.

As she bobbed her head, working her way towards a thick load of cum she'd 'happily' slurp down, Staci thought about the wonderful day when they'd find her perfect woman, and it would be her getting the skilled blow-jobs.

Of course, it would take a while, and Staci would have to act, fuck and suck like this every day until that happened, but no matter how disgusting it all was, she was content to wait for perfection.

Atier all, she thought to herself as she faked low moans of pleasure in the back of her throat as she worked the hard cock skillfully, it wasn't like any of the four were likely to have a huge-breasted, bubble-butt, brain-dead nymphomaniac of a blonde bimbo simply drop into their laps one day...

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Pledging a fraternity, a young man is caught sneaking into a sorority, only to find that the girls are witches who decide he needs to find out what it is really like to live as a woman, or in this case hooker.

The Secret

By Gunslinger

John thought his heart was going to explode. It was beating so hard against his ribcage that he was sure that people as far away as new York City could hear it, and he was amazed that somebody hadn't called the cops to register a noise complaint

or something.

Taking a deep breath, the rangy, blandly handsome brunet tried to calm himself, knowing that it was just an extreme case of nerves.

"James Bond, I ain't." John whispered to himself, with a wry grin. Glancing at his watch, he saw that he'd already wasted a good ten minutes sitting in the bushes near the edge of the property, and time was getting short - either he went ahead now, or he went home.

It was a fitiy-fitiy toss up.

Squeezing his hands into fists, John hyperventilated, then - before he could loose his nerve - bolted forward, the bushes rustling around his slimly muscular frame as he dashed forward, his black-clad body a darker shadow in the moonless night as his booted feet pounded across the lawn.

Then he was at the house, pressed against the rough brick exterior, motes dancing in front of his eyes from mild oxygen depravation - he'd forgotten to breath during the hundred-meter dash.

Reaching into his jacket, John extracted a thin, flexible metal rod and - glancing around with almost paranoid nervousness - proceeded to awkwardly jimmy open the latch on the bedroom window.

Sliding up the sash, John slipped into the darkened bungalow and let out a deep breath as he slid the window shut...

...then let out an embarrassingly high-pitched squeak of fear as headlights flashed across the window from a car turning into the drive. "Oh, shit!" John cursed, his heart pumping furiously as he looked around in fear.

There was all sorts of places he could hide in this bedroom, and then escape when the occupants of the car were firmly ensconced in the living room.

However - having come this far, John wasn't planning to give up. He wanted to get into the Alpha Gamma fraternity too badly to just walk away.

At twenty-twenty, John was sort of the 'odd man out' at college. Athletic, he wasn't quite good enough to be outstanding in any sport, his ability being more of an 'all around' sort of thing. The same went with academics - neither good or bad enough for him to stand out.

So, for him, getting into the frat was his ticket to popularity on campus. Assuming, of course, that he passed this initiation.

Four girls who attended the same collage had gotten together at the beginning of their college life and rented this bungalow. That might not have seemed odd, if it weren't for the fact that the 'Vale Avenue Vixens', as they were known on campus, weren't so... unusual.

All four were extremely attractive, and intelligent. All four had extremely active social - and sex - lives. But, there was something about them that was just strange. Like the fact that they seemed to know things about people they'd never met. Or the

fact that they seemed to know what the other three girls were doing at any given time. Or the fact that they, separately or together, 'partied hearty' every night

- except Thursdays. For some reason, they were always home by ten o'clock on Thursday nights, and they stayed in all night, without answering the door or phone, all shades drawn. What they did on their Thursday nights was a great mystery on campus - and it was John's job to solve it if he wanted into the frat.

He wouldn't find out hiding in the bedroom.

Knowing that time was very, very short, he had to force himself to move slowly enough not to bash into the dimly seen furniture as he made his way out of the room and into the short hallway that connected the four bedrooms and the bathroom to the living room.

Hurrying down the hall, he paused at the threshold of the living room and glanced around, looking for a hiding spot.

There didn't seem to be anywhere obvious to hide - so he had to pick the less obvious hiding spot. With the sound of the car doors slamming outside spurring him on, he hurried across the room and forced the couch out from the wall, jumping down behind it. The style of the couch was such that it had a curled lip at the top, so that when he pulled it back into place so the top butted against the wall, there was enough room at the base for him to lie sideways, with his back to the wall and one eye peering out at the living room through the space under the couch.

He was barely in time. No sooner had he moved the couch back against the wall then there came the sound of a key in the lock, and then the door swung open and light flared as one of the girls flipped the light switch.

"...believe the line that jerk tried? God, I think he's a refuge from the seventies." One of them was saying - from the sound of it, Linda, the unofficial leader of the little quartet. John strained to hear her voice as over the sound of the girls pulling off their coats and shoes.

"Anyway, he wasn't going to get anywhere tonight, even if he'd been as studly as he thought he was. Carrie, why don't you grab the candles?"

Another voice - Carrie, presumably - agreed. Three of the girls went through the living room and on into the hallway leading to the bedrooms, while the fourth stayed in the living room. From his severely limited viewpoint, John watched as the girl knelt and began rolling up the large area rug in the center of the hardwood floor of the living room.

Wondering what was going on, he watched the girl's feet pad off to the hallway as the other three returned and began putting out black cylinders that he assumed were candles. A moment later, the fourth pair of feet returned, and he watched as they each took a position around a circle and sat down...

He had to restrain a gasp as he found himself staring at a very shapely - and decidedly naked - ass near the couch. The gasp's origin, however, had come from the fact that girl on the opposite side of this one had sat down before this one had, giving him a brief glance of a naked snatch.

Which ever girl it had been, she was definitely a natural blonde.

John's mind spun at what he was seeing, and he was already imagining the story he'd tell when the night was over - the four girls sitting, naked, in a circle with candles spread out on the floor around them...

He heard a 'scritch' sound that he identified as a match being lit, an assumption verified by the smell of burning scented candles that filled the room a moment later. Incredulous, he watched the girl's unmoving behind in front of the couch, taking up almost all his limited field of vision, as the girls began to chant in an eerie, sing-song tone...

Then they fell silent. John waited to see what would happen next, now ready for almost anything....

....except:

"Well, it would seem that we have a 'peeping John'." Linda's voice said, dryly - and John's heart trip-hammered in his chest.

"You must really be desperate to be popular if you're willing to pull a stunt like this." Linda said - and John had no doubt that she was speaking directly to him. "I mean, you're usually a pretty nice, law-abiding guy - yet, here you are hiding behind our couch and spying on us."

John had no idea what to do - it was obvious that they knew he was here - how, he had no idea, but that didn't matter at the moment. "Oh, come out from there." Linda said, her voice an odd mixture of amused irritation and thoughtful command.

"Okay, okay - I'm coming." John said, pushing the couch out from the wall. "Uh. I'll wait here until you can get something on."

"Don't bother." Linda said, amused. "We don't care - but I will give you some credit for the chivalrous thought. "

John slowly rose.

"...although that still leaves in the negative column." Linda finished, smiling wryly at a red-faced John as he stared at the floor in shame.

All four were very attractive, although in different ways. Linda, for instance, was a darkly beautiful woman with a toned, lithe body, a slightly dusky skin-tone, and long, glorious black hair. Now, her dark, smoldering eyes were eyeing John like a specimen in a Petri dish, and her full, gloss-red lips were curved in a wry smile. John couldn't meet those dark, intense eyes...

...and his own eyes dropped down and slid across her firm, high-set breast and flat stomach before he what he was doing and slid his eyes off her smooth, dusky skin.

To her right was Carrie - a short, slender girl with milky-white skin and rich, flame-red eyes. Her own green eyes were frankly appraising, and she not only didn't seem upset, but seemed pleased to watch John's eyes as they slid across her large, firm tits. Her bright pink nipple were considerably larger then he thought they would be - although part of that was from them being almost painfully engorged. It was Carrie's cute ass that had practically filled his vision a few moments before.

Next to her was Carla, a tall, athletic black woman who was nevertheless entirely feminine. Her amazingly full lips were pursed in mild disapproval, and her huge, dark eyes held a disappointed look as she gazed at a thoroughly mortified John.

The last girl was Sharon, the natural blonde he'd noted. She was about average height, with smooth skin and glorious, golden hair. Her beauty was classical, if a little cool, with high, well formed cheek bones and a bright blue eyes. Of the four, she was the most endowed, though she was only a cup or two larger than Carrie's D-cups.

"Look, I'm really, *really* sorry." John apologized, blushing almost incandescently. "I had no idea that you girls were going to..." He waved a hand, at a loss for words - then frowned. "What... what exactly *are* you doing, anyway?"

Linda laughed. "You wanted to know our secret?" She asked, spreading her arms - which did interesting things to her firm breasts, John noticed. "Well, here it is - we're witches."

"Witches?" John repeated, doubtfully.

"Witches." Carrie affirmed. "Although, the correct term is 'wicca'." "Uh... huh..." John nodded, dumbly.

Linda seemed to ask the other three a question, without speaking - her eyes went to each of theirs in turn, and all three of them nodded. "Since you seem so interested, we thought we'd let you... participate." Linda said with a grin that John didn't like.

"Ooooo...kay." John said.

"Get undressed." Carla said - ordered.

"Uh..." John said, his slowly fading blush flaring anew.

"Would you rather we just call the police and have you arrested?" Sharon asked, pointedly.

John gulped - then slowly began to undress, blushing furiously all the while and wondering why the hell he'd let himself be talked into doing this - and wondering whether or not the girls were just playing around with him, or whether they actually believed this 'Wicca' stuff.

In a short time, John was completely naked, his rangy body exposed to the golden glow of the candles as he tried where, exactly, to put his hands. The natural instinct was to try and cover his crotch, but he didn't want to seem to embarrassed about his average-sized manhood in front of four attractive women...

"Have a seat, John - in the center of the circle." Linda instructed, and - hesitantly - the athletic brunet obeyed, following her instructions to face off-center, between Linda and Carrie. He struggled to keep his eyes from flicking to either naked girl as Carla rose and walked out of the room.

She returned a moment later carrying a free-standing full-length mirror. She set it up directly in front of John, giving him something to look at, then resumed her seat.

"Now, there's a simple law of Wicca when it comes to a meeting of the coven." Linda said. "No men." "Look, I'm really sorry." John started. "If you'll just let me get dressed and leave, I promise I'll..."

"Quiet." Sharon said, coolly, and John shut up.

"So..." Linda continued, shooting him a look. "Since you're so intrigued - and doubtful - we'll let you stay for our weekly coven. To meet the law - and make you truly believe - we'll just make a... 'little' adjustment."

John swallowed, but didn't ask the obvious question.

Not that he didn't want to - it was just that he couldn't seem to bring himself to speak. He really wanted to ask what Linda was talking about - but there was an ever greater 'need' to keep from speaking.

"You're already feeling part of the power the Circle holds." Linda said. "Sharon tapped into that power when she gave you the command 'quiet'."

John blinked, thinking how ridiculous that sounded...

...but he still couldn't say anything. His heart began to pound as he realized that he might have gotten himself into something much, much more serious than he'd thought.

"Now, on to the real display of power." Linda said, lightly. "Since we can't have a man present tonight - we'll just have to make you a woman."

John started, and started to turn to stare incredulously at Linda...

"I want you to keep still and just watch yourself in the mirror." Linda ordered - and, against his will, John found himself shifting his gaze to stare at his reflection, his body refusing to obey any other instructions that his mind issued.

Now he was really beginning to be freaked out by this. It was getting *too* weird. "Why don't we go around the circle and take turns?" Linda suggested. "Carrie?"

John could only see her in his peripheral vision - but he could hear the grin in her voice when she spoke. "Well - he's got way too much body hair. I think he should have completely smooth, silky skin - except for his eyebrows, eyelashes and the hair on his head."

John could only watch in disbelief as his image in the mirror stared back at him - watching as all his body hair slowly shrank back into his body, accompanied by a horrible itching sensation over every square inch of his body.

But it was more than just that - though it was subtle, he could see his skin becoming smoother and softer, acquiring a silky perfection that was unmatched by any of the 'real' girls', who had the usual fine, downy body hair.

"Not bad." Carla allowed from behind the stunned John. "But, I think that we should be fair - if we took that much body hair from him, we should give it back as hair on his head."

With a strange 'pulling' sensation, John's hair began creeping downward. It was not only growing longer, but becoming finer, silkier... and blonde.

In a few seconds, a rich mane of silky, pale-blonde hair hung from his head. Some of it spilled halfway down his back, while more spilled down over his shoulders and down his denuded chest.

"I'm not surprised you missed the more obvious, Carla - considering." Sharon said with cool humor. "He's too muscular - he should be slender, supple and less bulky."

John couldn't react in any visible way, unable to express his emotions as his body shifted, the ropy muscles becoming smoother and less bulging - acquiring that layer of fat that so pleasantly padded the female body.

"Not bad at all, girls." Linda said. "But..."

They continued around the circle in that fashion, each of the girls adding to the changes that slowly altered John's body. As the strange ritual continued, many things happened to further change his familiar body into a completely new form.

With a strange pressing sensation, he watched his waist shrink inward on itself, gaining a remarkably slender diameter...

...which was further 'enhanced' by his hips filling outward to a smooth, womanly curve...

...which inspired the next girl to give him a firm, remarkable sexy ass that felt unbelievable strange to sit one, from John's stunned point of view...

...and, as Sharon said, an ass that great should be attached to a pair of long, spectacular legs....

...which in turn should have tiny, dainty feet...

...which should have matching hands... and arms... and slender shoulders.... which would (of course) lead to a long, slender neck...

which should support a stunningly cute, sexy, heart-shaped face with full lips, huge brown eyes, and pert nose. Finally, John was the image of a slender, stunningly cute and sexy brunette girl - with two notable exceptions...

"My..." Linda said with a wicked grin. "I do believe that our new friend here is somewhat... under endowed. Since he seemed so interested in your tits, Carrie, why don't you take care of that little detail?"

Carrie grinned. "Why, certainly, Linda. Let's see - maybe he'd like a pair like my own firm, round D-cups?"

If he could have, John would have said something about that idea as his chest tingled and a pressure began to build behind the smooth, hairless flesh of his chest. However, he could do nothing but watch his reflection as the flesh slowly pushed outwards, forming into a firm, round pair of D-cup tits.

"Hmmm... Maybe not." Carrie said, mock-thoughtfully. "He doesn't seem happy with his new tits. Maybe. maybe they're too small for

him. "

Again, the tingling occurred - and his new endowments slowly bulged further out, becoming large and fuller while retaining

an amazing firmness and shape. From the size of grapefruit they continued to grow ever large, becoming the size of small melons...

...large melons...

...volley balls...

...basket balls...

...and, finally, the size of medicine balls, and nearly as round. Carrie, with a wicked grin, let the massive new tits stop at that size. "Well - I think that should do it." She said, as John wanted tried - and failed - to express the emotions that filled him at the feeling of the

huge, firm tits pulling at his chest, their weight and held so solidly there to defeat any attempt to forget that he had enormous, firm tits on his almost completely female body.

"Hmmm..." Linda said. "I think it's almost perfect...except for that cock of his. "

"But, Linda!" Carla said in mock concern. "If we take away his cock and give him a nice tight little cunt, then he'll be a woman!" "So?" Linda asked.

"He's not really a woman, Linda." Carla said, in mock solemnity. "He doesn't know how - or want - to dress and act like a woman."

"I do believe you're right!" Linda said, feigning surprise. "Well then - if I'm going to give him a cunt, I guess I'd better take care of that." Leaning forward so that John could see her better in his peripheral vision, she 'smiled' coolly...

..and John felt the strange pulling sensation in his crotch that marked the loss of his manhood and the finish of his transformation into a woman. He could only watch as his cock slowly shrank in on itself, his balls pulling back up into his body. At the halfway point, his crotch was complete smooth and neuter - then a small indentation appeared, rapidly deepening until a perfectly formed female cunt lay nestled between *her* legs.

"There you go, Jan - a nice little cunt for our new woman." Linda said with a sort of cool satisfaction. "Why don't you smile and thank us oh so nicely for what we've done for you?"

The words weren't exactly the ones John - *Jan* - would have chosen, but that didn't matter - they came out anyway, in a high-pitched, breathless sort of rush. "Oh, thank you *sooo* much for turning me into a sexy woman!" She gushed with all appearance of sincerity. "I'm *soooo* happy to have tits and a cunt and be a sexy little woman!"

Then she giggled. That was completely unexpected - and a little more than was called for, Jan thought. All things considered, of course.

"Well..." Carrie said, with a grin. "Our new friend Jan must be getting chilly - why don't we find something for her to wear?" It was a motion passed with acclaim - even by Jan, who found herself agreeing, whether she wanted to or not.

With a giggle.

Hurrying off, Linda soon returned with a small pile of clothes, proving that they had just begun their 'fun' with Jan.

"Here's some panties, Jan." Carla said, handing her the pair of reasonably sedate white cotton briefs. "Why don't you put them on?"

Still in the center of the circle, Jan rose to her feet, feeling her massively outsized tits bouncing and swaying as she moved. Taking the panties, she stepped into them and pulled them up around her new, womanly hips, hiding her new cunt from view.

"I don't know..." Linda said, meditatively. "They're awfully plain..."

"Oh, please, can I wear sexy panties?" Jan found her new lips and voice saying.

"Why, of course Jan - whatever you want!" Sharon said, with mock hospitality.

With a strange writhing sensation the panties began to change. The material's white hue began to 'blush', fading through the light pinks, to the hot pinks, to the bright, fire-engine red, as the design of the panties themselves changed, becoming smaller, tighter, more lacy...

In no time at all, a tiny red wisp of red lace fabric formed a triangle over her crotch, barely enough to hide the lips of her new womanhood, faintly visible through the translucent material. The back was nothing more than a string that rode up the crack between her full, delicious butt cheeks, before breaking into two and encircling her hips and meeting at the top of the triangle that was the front.

"Much better." Carla nodded.

"How about something for your figure?" Carrie suggested, holding up a black-and-red leather corset. With a grin on her fuller lips, Jan 'eagerly' took the garment and snuggled it around her waist, where it magically began to tighten...

...and tighten...

.and tighten...

Jan was gasping for breath when the garment finally finished tightening itself, constricting her already slender waist to a tiny dimension, leaving her wasp-waisted and svelte.

"Oh, that's so wonderful!" Jan 'gushed', 'admiring' herself in the mirror. With a giggle.

"Now that you're wearing a corset, you'll have something to hook these onto." Sharon suggested, handing Jan a pair of plain, 'nude' nylons.

With a big smile, Jan sat down to put on the nylons - unable to show the pain from her constricted waist as she sat down, or to show her reaction to the way her huge tits jiggled and swayed from the motion. Instead, she seemed the picture of

excitement as she carefully balled up one hose atter the other and carefully pulled them up her sexy new legs, standing up to finish the job of clipping them to the garter belts hanging down from the corset.

"I don't know... It doesn't quite look right..." Was Sharon's 'opinion'...

A second later, a pair of fishnet-stockings clad Jan's new, feminine legs.

Atter that, it was a long black skirt - that ended up as a skintight black leather miniskirt.

Then a white T-shirt that didn't fit too well - into a skin-tight red spandex crop-top that barely covered Jan's massive new tits.

A pair of basic black pumps with three inch heels wound up as a pair of thigh-high black PVC boots with platforms and eight-inch-tall stiletto heels.

Then there was the makeup and jewelry - pretty sedate when first put on, it rapidly became slutty/sexy on her, by various suggestions of the witches and Jan 'herself.'

"Well, I guess you're done, Jan." Lisa said, standing back. "The thing is - you look like a cheap slut or something."

Jan helplessly giggled. "I am, silly - I'm a huge-breasted, cum-craving little whore, who only cares about having sex. So of *course* I dress so that men will want to fuck me!"

"Really?" Linda said, feigning surprise. "Well - since you're our guest, I guess we'd better try and accommodate you."

The four 'real' women seemed to waver - then, standing in their places, were four handsome, muscular men, whose naked bodies were lean and taut - and whose extra-large cocks were already stirring.

"Oh, goody!" Jan squealed mindlessly, clapping her hands together in 'glee'. With an over-exaggerated walk that made various parts of her new anatomy move in all sorts of interesting ways, she walked over to the guy who had been Lisa just a moment before.

"Hi, I'm Jan!" She giggled, her eyes roaming over the new man's body - mostly, the swelling, over-sized cock between his muscular thighs.

"Hey, babe, I'm Lee - and these are my friends, Carl, Shawn and Kenny. You wanna party, hot stuff?"

"Oh, boy - do I!" Jan agreed 'enthusiastically'. Wrapping her arms around Lees' muscular body, she pressed herself firmly against him as she kissed him passionately - and Lee kissed back with just as much enthusiasm.

Breaking the kiss, Jan 'smiled' at Lee... then slowly peeled her top off, flinging it aside and standing with her huge tits proudly out-thrust. "Give these babies a try!" She giggled - and Lee started fondling and caressing her tits while she giggled and urged him on.

Then, slowly she slid down to her knees, and wrapped her huge, now-sweaty tits around his ready, hard cock.

With combined rhythm - enormously helped by a magical ability that allowed Jan to perfectly anticipate Lee's movements - Jan giggled and gasped her way through a tit-fuck, until the friction of her cleavage on Lee's cock pushed him over the edge, and he stiffened and shot thick, warm streamers of cum all over her tits, face and hair.

Cum dripping from her huge, swollen nipples, Jan turned where she was, still crouched - and found 'Carl' waiting for her, huge cock inches from her face.

So she 'eagerly' opened her mouth, leaned forward, and enveloped his cock. Using her hands, lips and tongue, she started sucking on Carl's huge member, aided - again - with a new-found magical ability, giving her incredible skill in the art of cock-sucking.

So, it wasn't at all surprising that it didn't take long before she was desperately trying to swallow all of the load of hot cum that Carl sent gushing down her throat, with her making sound of utter 'enjoyment' while she slurped down his gushing jet of spunk.

Then, standing up, Jan giggled and litied her skirt, tearing off her tiny scrap of underwear and asking, "So - who's gonna fuck me?" It turned out that Shawn was.

Pushing her skirt up and out of the way, he pushed Jan up against the wall, litied her up - and slammed her down onto his huge, throbbing cock.

Screaming in 'delight', Jan wrapped her long, sexy legs around his taut waist, and - pressed up against the wall - began gasping and moaning as she got fucked, and fucked hard, her cunt magically wrapping perfectly around his cock, both a perfect fit for each other.

Shawn fucked her like a man possessed, thrusting with his hips and litiing her by his grip on her firm ass as he thrust into her fast and hard, until his face screwed up and he moaned, shooting a load of warm cum deep into her sopping, wet cunt - while she screamed in ecstasy.

"I guess that leaves my tight little ass for you, honey." Jan told 'Kenny', bending over the couch to present her firm, round ass to him...

...and his cock began to wilt, and he sighed. With a wave of his hand, he was once more Carrie, her firm breasts heaving. Seconds later, the three other men were once more their female selves, as well.

"What are you doing?" Linda asked Carrie.

"I... can't do it - he doesn't deserve this. The being turned into a woman? That's fine. Maybe the tit-fuck, too. But, rape? No - I don't think a little 'peeping' is enough to cost this."

She waved a hand, releasing Jan from the 'control' that was held over her, and tossed her a magically-created towel to wipe the cum off her body.

"Hey - you can't change her back until we all agree!" Carla said, dark eyes glittering. "I say that we don't do that unless Carrie her takes a turn with our little bimbo!"

Jan remained oddly silent as they argued her fate, wiping herself off and pulling her crop-top back on, and standing silently by as the witches came to a consensus.

"No - Carrie's right." Linda finally decreed, a harsh look cutting off any more protest, especially from Carla. Turning to 'Jan', Linda gestured at the circle.

"Okay, the payment for your little stunt's made." She said. "Step into the circle, and we'll change you back."

Jan smiled, suddenly, startling the girls.

"Are you kidding?" She asked, shaking her head. "No way!" "Wha...?" Linda said, stunned.

Jan laughed. "You told me your secret - now I'm going to tell you mine. I'm a closet transsexual. I always hoped that, someday, I might save enough money for Gender Reassignment Surgery. Instead, thanks to you, I get a body that's better than any pale imitation surgery could give me!" She shrugged, looking down at her huge bust, ruefully. "Maybe it's a little more... well, *more*.. then I'd have chosen - but I'm not trading it in, not for anything."

Smiling at the stunned look on the witches faces, Jan - heart thundering with joy - added a little extra 'oomph' in her step as she headed to the front door, opened it, and walked off into the night.

With a laugh.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Atier a boating accident, a young man finds himself in a secret government lab with his body beyond repair, his only hope is to let them transform him into a woman, but what he doesn't know is that he will be helpless to resist anyone suggestions.

Secrets And Side-Effects

By Gunslinger

The storm rolled in from the East, the clouds pushed before a wind that rose with a rapidity that was unnerving. In less than an hour, skies that had seemed like a bowl of blue upturned over the world had been blocked from view by clouds so low that they seemed to hang but scant feet from the tree-tops. The wind, once a gentle zephyr, had risen to a wailing gale, driving the scudding clouds at velocities rarely seen outside a tropical storm. It was the type of storm that even Atheists would refer to as 'The Wrath of God'.

And, as far as Steven Tolliver could tell, God was angry at him.

Steve's muscular shoulders bunched beneath the soaked layer of clothing, his muscular arms straining to pull the paddle through the turbulent water that tossed the canoe about like a piece of cork. Despite being amazingly trim and fit, every muscle in his body ached and quivered with the strain of trying to keep the canoe from capsizing in the boiling waters of the lake. Clear, placid blue when he began, the waters of the lake were now slate gray, topped with wind-whipped streamers of foam, and seemed to wait hungrily to receive his body.

As he fought to control the heaving vessel, Steve silently thanked the heavens that he always kept his coppery/orange hair so short. His green eyes were riveted on the water around him, gauging the troughs and peaks of the waves in a battle for his survival, and he didn't have to worry that his view would be suddenly and fatally obscured. It was the sole blessing in his plight as he struggled to remain afloat on the turbulent waters.

When he'd begun his camping/canoeing vacation ten days ago, he'd done so under clear skies, with forecasts for the same for at least a week. The fair weather had lasted beautifully - in fact, lasted longer than his small, hand-held radio, which, deep in the wilderness, refused to pick up any more stations, depriving Steve of weather updates.

So, when he'd awoken this morning, it had been under clear skies and a cheerful sun. After a hasty breakfast, he'd pushed out onto the lake, intending to be across by evening.

There was no sign that one of the fastest moving storm front meteorologists had ever seen was silently rolling in his direction like a Juggernaut. He's been halfway across the lake, too far to reach shore, by the time the first clouds had begun to build with alarming speed.

Now, making for shore was out of the question. Turning the small cedar-strip canoe across the waves would guarantee capsizing, followed by death - if not immediately, by drowning, then by starvation or exposure. All his gear was firmly lashed to the canoe, and if it went, so did they.

All Steve could do was continue to paddle, muscles screaming, back breaking, eyes and face stung by winds that threatened to liti him bodily from the canoe, and hope that the canoe would be thrown up upon a shore before his strength gave out. Between the howling wind, stinging rain, and dark skies only periodically lit by lightning, he had no idea where the canoe was on the lake, weather safety lay only feet away, or hundreds of yards.

Then he heard it - the sound of wind driven water slapping into the shore. Frantically, he tried to locate the sound, but both his eyes and ears failed to pinpoint location or distance. He concentrated harder - and, for a crucial second, was distracted from

the waves around him.

At that instant, a wave rolled in from the opposite side, moving parallel to the main flow of the water. Already pulling apart, the remains of the wave - formed from the water rebounding from the shore - slammed into the side of the canoe, rolling it to the left, and driving the back end down. As the stern sank, the bow lifted - and, freed from the water, became the plaything of the wind, which whipped the canoe completely over, tossing it end-over-end.

It happened so quickly that Steve only had a brief second to be surprised before he found himself airborne. Just as quickly, his short flight ended as he became submerged in the cold, frenzied waters of the lake. Desperately, he thrashed for the surface, his lungs, only half full when he entered the water, clamoring for oxygen.

The storm-tossed whitecaps seemed miles away as he struggled through the thrashing, violent water for the surface. His vision began to dim as he struggled, and his movements became weaker and weaker as his brain began to shut down.

And then, with one last, convulsive movement, he breached the surface, into the maelstrom. This low to the horizon, his line of sight was diminished to as far as the next wave - mere inches as the water crested over his head, then released him. Desperately, he struggled towards the sound of the waves slapping on the shore.

Suddenly, a wave caught him and lifted him as it rolled towards the shore. Through the driving rain, he caught a brief glimpse of water beating upon a wooded shore, and felt a wave of elation as his body, driven by the speeding wave, soared towards the sanctuary of the shore.

He felt the elation right up until the wave, with all its power and speed driving his body, impaled him on low-hanging branch.

A terrible pain burst through his body as the branch, as thick as his upper thigh, punched through his stomach. Steve screamed, a high-pitched, wordless, agony-filled sound that was whipped from his lips by the wind.

Then the wave which had lifted him surged back, and the support vanished, dropping his full weight upon the impaling stake, and the pain crested as the darkness reached out and embraced him.

* * * * *

"Can you hear me? Hello...Are you awake?"

The voice was a lifeline. The cultured, concerned tones dragged the spark of Steve's consciousness upwards, out of the depths. Finally, he broke through the veil separating him from the darkness, and his eyes blinked open.

For a second, that simple fact stunned him. He clearly remembered the storm, the wave, the branch - everything. The last thing he expected was to open his eyes ever again. But open them he did, and found himself staring up at a flat, featureless white ceiling.

Mentally, he probed his body - and felt nothing. Not just the surprising lack of pain - he seemed to be completely numb.

Then, his field of view was blocked as a man stepped up beside him, an older man with dark hair, graying at the temples, and a neatly trimmed salt-and-pepper beard. He was peering down at Steve with a concerned look through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

"I say, can you hear me?" the man asked, the same rich, cultured tones reminding Steve what had brought him back to consciousness. "Where..." His voice came out in a weak, wheezing croak. Steve swallowed, and tried again. "Where am I? Is this a hospital?"

The man looked concerned. "You've...been very seriously injured, I'm afraid. Now, please, this is very important. Can you tell me who you are, and what happened."

Steve tried to nod, but found he couldn't. Perhaps he was being held immobile for some reason. "My...my name is Tolliver... Steven Nicholas Tolliver. I was on vacation - canoeing..."

He related the complete story, from beginning to end. The older man looked thoughtful and relieved throughout. When Steve had finished relating the events, he hazarded his own questions.

"Where am I? Have I been operated on? Who are you?" Steve asked plaintively.

The man seemed startled. "Oh, my, I *am* sorry. I'm, Dr. William Garre. You...well, you're not exactly in the hospital." Steve's brow furrowed - at least, he assumed it did, he couldn't feel it happen. "I...I don't understand. What's going on?"

Dr. Garre cleared his throat nervously. "My dear boy, I'm afraid that you managed to come ashore on property owned by the U.S. Government. A very secluded - and secure - research laboratory..." - he pronounced it La-BORE-a-tory - "...run by the Department of Defense. It's all very hush-hush, top secret and that sort of thing."

"Is...is that why I wasn't taken to a hospital?" Steve asked, puzzled and angry. "Because of security clearance? Hell, I wasn't even conscious - I couldn't have revealed anything about a place I didn't even know existed!"

Dr. Garre looked decidedly uncomfortable. "I don't know quite how to tell you this, dear boy, but I'm afraid the reason we didn't take you to a hospital is because...well, because, you're dead, I'm afraid."

Steve stared at the apparently serious man, and wondered if he'd somehow ended up in a madhouse. "Dead? What do you mean, dead? I'm talking to you, aren't I?"

Garre sighed. "Yes, you are - but, unfortunately, you are still deceased. A patrolling guard found you, and summoned help. At the time we brought you here, you were already deceased - massive trauma and blood loss, you see. Now, it was obvious that there was no chance of repairing all the damage to your body. You had severe damage, from the impact, to your liver, kidneys, stomach, bladder and intestines. Worse, when your weight pulled down, it caused your lungs to compress upwards, damaging them - and crushing your heart."

"I...but..." Steve stammered. "Then,...how...?"

Garre sighed. "The miracle of modern machinery - your heart and lungs are being simulated by machinery. The rest - well, I'm afraid that, if you weren't nerve-blocked, you'd be in extreme pain for the next eight hours, which is how long you have."

Steve closed his eyes and absorbed the information. Without opening his eyes, he asked bitterly. "Then why did you revive me? So I can 'make my peace with God'? I'd rather you hadn't bothered."

Garre shook his head, unseen by Steve. "Actually, we did it to...offer you a second chance, as it were." Steve's eyes opened. "I thought you said..."

Garre held up his hand. "Yes. Your body can no longer support life. However, this lab has...well, stumbled across something remarkable. In a search for cures for many diseases - and potential biological warfare weapons - we have found a process that is able to re-write the human body's code. Like a...benign cancer, it rebuilds cells at a stunning rate. However..." he raised his voice, overriding Steve's questions "...there are some drawbacks. The first is not a problem for you - there is only a forty percent survival rate. All things considered, that is actually an improvement for you." He paused, composing himself, and Steve mentally braced himself for the bad news.

"Secondly, it only works on males. For some reason, which we don't completely understand, the chemical reaction that takes place in the cells requires the extra chromosome. However, in the process, it erases the extra chromosome, and replaces it." He sighed again. "In short, my young friend, you would completely and utterly healed - and female."

Steve didn't know what to expect - but it wasn't that. "What? Female...you mean I'd be a woman?"

"Yes. Exactly. Now, I can't say what you'd look like - but you'd definitely be female. But, alive. THAT is what's important here..." "Doc...I... I need some time to think. Can I...?"

Garre sighed. "Yes. Of course. However, you can't take long - in another..." the bearded doctor checked an old-fashioned pocket watch, "...ninety-eight minutes, you will have NO choice in the matter, as it will be too late for even the process to save you."

Behind closed eyes, Steve heard the doctor leave, and he turned his mind to the problem.

Die? Everything, snuffed out by a freak storm. Gone?

Or, try the process - and die anyway. A sixty percent chance of it. **The End...**

Or live - as a woman. A long healthy life - as a man trapped in a woman's body, unable to change that. To have to learn how to live a new life - and still, never be quite right, an outcast - a lesbian, at the very least.

But...Die? Everything, snuffed out....

*** * * * ***

With twenty-seven minutes to spare, Steve made his decision. Life. As long as there was life, there was hope. The doctor nodded soberly, and rested a hand on Steve's shoulder. A nurse was preparing a needle.

"Steven, you'll be unconscious until it's all over, when you'll either wake up as a woman - or never wake up again. But if you do survive, I want you to know that you will have all the assistance that the U.S. Government can bring to bear."

Then, before Steve could respond, the needle slid home - and he sank into the darkness, still wondering if he'd made the right choice.

* * * * * Darkness.

Steve struggled for full consciousness - and couldn't reach it. He was drifting, his mind unanchored from his body. His eyes refused to obey his commands, and his only link to the external world was his hearing.

Voices...

"What the hell do you think you were doing, doctor?" An unfamiliar voice, powerful and authoritative. Angry.

"General, the young man was dying! What would you have had me do? Let him pass away, unknown, unmourned?" Garre, a righteous indignation coloring his rich tones.

"Maybe it would have been better, Doctor!" Anger, frustration - then, a sigh. "No... I'm sorry, you know I don't But, dammit, what do we do now?"

The doctor's voice was also more conciliatory. "I realize this isn't easy - but, we needed a test subject, other than the monkeys - and it worked. Perfectly. Think of "

"I know, Doctor, believe me, I know. But, it doesn't solve our basic problem."

A pause - a long one. Finally, it was broken by the doctor. "General...he hasn't seen anything - not really. He doesn't even know where the beach he came ashore was. I... I might have a solution for our problems. It... It won't be fair to him - her - but, it would solve our dilemma, and she will have her health - her life. All we have to do is keep her..."

Deprived of the raised voices that had brought him this close to consciousness, Steve once more slid back into the darkness.

* * * * *

This time, the journey back up from the darkness was smooth - even pleasant. A warm, dreamy rise to full consciousness as Steve drifted from a warm, comfortable sleep to a sleepy awareness.

He opened his eyes and blinked sleepily, for a second his mind still clouded from sleep. He stared up at a beige ceiling, and wondered where he was - and why he felt so... odd. Not unpleasant, not uncomfortable, but definitely not normal.

Then everything - the storm, his death, his...rebirth - and the problem and its unknown solution. He gasped in surprised

shock at the recollection, and sat bolt upright.

The covers that were over him flew off with the force of the convulsive movement as he sat up in the comfortable bed he was in. Even as he completed the short, rapid movement, his mind was crowded with sensations that told him that the whole thing hadn't been a dream, that in some fundamental way he was no longer the person he'd been all his life. He wasn't...a he.

Steve looked down at herself - and gasped.

The first thing she saw of her new body was her breasts. No matter how intellectually prepared they might have been for this moment, any man would have felt an overwhelming confusion, shock and dismay at the presence of female breasts on their body. So, Steve was unprepared for what she saw.

A pair of huge, round tits, their creamy swell jutting from her chest far beyond anything she might have expected. They were...

Steve closed her eyes and slowly counted backwards from fifty, slowing his whirling mind. Composed, she re-opened them and re-considered her new endowments.

They were large - no doubt about it. Allowing for the new perspective - Steve had never seen breasts from quite this angle before - she judged the firm, round globes to be DDD cup. Their unfamiliar weight seemed many times what it could possibly be, these new masses of flesh hanging from her newly slender ribcage. Small, pink nipples topped each fleshy dome, poking impudently out in the cool morning air.

Slowly, she lifted her slender new hands to them and lightly touched her swelling bosom and engorged nipples, gasping slightly at the remarkable sensation that it created. She then raised her hands to her face and let her fingers flutter over her altered features, wondering what she looked like now.

Then, bracing herself, she turned her attention lower.

Her legs were definitely more shapely, more feminine, and quite smooth. And, nestled between the soft thighs was - her new womanhood. Completely smooth and hairless, there was nothing at her crotch to hide the lips of her new vagina.

It was too much to take calmly in what sitting. Although she had sort of known what to expect, to be faced with it was still very...unnerving. Dragging her eyes from her altered physique, she looked around the room she found herself in, distracting herself from her body.

It was a bedroom - nothing special, aside from the fact that she didn't recognize it at all. Fair sized, neither expensive nor cheap, it was clean and rather cheerful, painted in pastels, and filled with furniture that, while not expensive, was sturdy, fashionable, and fairly new. Even the little table looked like a vase of flowers - against which was propped a simple white letter-sized envelope, with a simple word printed on the outside...

...‘Steve’

Brow furrowing, Steve slid her legs over the edge of the bed, and stood up, fighting to maintain her balance against the unaccustomed new distribution of weight, especially her new, full breasts. She walked towards the desk, feeling awkward and clumsy. Sitting in the chair before the desk, she opened the envelope and dumped out the contents.

Driver's license, birth certificate, ATM card, two credit cards - Visa and MasterCard - ,a thick wad of cash, - and a folded piece of paper. What caught her attention was the driver's license. Stunned, she picked it up and looked at it, eyes wide.

It was in the name of Nikki Steeves. The date of birth was listed as July 4th, 1976 - three years younger than 'Steven'. But what really caught her eye was the photo.

The face in the photo bore a marked resemblance to 'Steve' - as if she were a twin sister. But, it was feminine, if not spectacularly so. The face was...cute, in a sort of tomboyish way - except for two things.

The short hair was the richest, most startlingly vivid red, a glorious shade.

And the eyes were the richest, brightest, most arresting shade of kelly green that seemed to jump out from the photo.

Stunned, she slowly rose from the desk, license in hand, and walked awkwardly over to a full length mirror for her first good, all over look at her new self.

She wasn't exactly sexy. Her legs, while shapely and nice, were not spectacular. Her body was shapely and toned, the arms slightly more muscular than most women, albeit smoothly and attractively. Her waist was slender, but not remarkably so, and it was perched atop slim hips. Her ass, however, was world class.

In fact, her figure would have been described as 'boyish' - except for those large, firm tits jutting proudly forth.

And for her face - it was the one in the photo, brought to startling life. Again, it was saved from boyish obscurity by her short, glorious red hair, and the most amazing eyes on the planet, so rich, so vibrant - so alive.

Also, the fact that her lips were so full and...well, attractive, didn't hurt. She missed being beautiful by a wide margin, and was only moderately sexy - but somehow, she possessed a stunning, remarkable look that was all her own.

Somehow, the reflection in the mirror brought it all home - made it real. Slowly, with trembling hands, she reached up and touched her breasts. The erotic sensations were real, and strong.

"My God..." she whispered in a clear, female voice. "I'm really a woman."

She returned slowly to the desk, she picked up the letter, unfolded it, and read the neatly written words written there. Nikki
I'm sorry for the way this turned out, but I'm afraid that it's for the best.

I'm sorry for arbitrarily picking a

new name, but we had to create the new identity for you. I assure you that it

is complete - you should be able to adjust to your new life, and forge some- thing from it.

Good Luck, and God Bless William Garre

Putting the letter down, Nikki walked over to the dresser and began to hunt for some clothes she could wear. She ignored the more feminine of the clothes, picking simple, and whenever possible, unisex styles.

Taking her choices back to the bed, she began to dress. She started with the simple white briefs, sliding them up her smooth legs. They clung to her fuller hips and smooth new crotch, again proving the loss of her manhood.

Next came the matching bra. It's cups fit snugly around her firm, DDD-cup breasts, the straps weighing heavily on her shoulders.

Sitting on the bed, she pulled on a pair of white socks, then the faded pair of jeans. A baggy gray sweatshirt helped minimize her large, firm breasts.

The final item was the boots - calf-high black leather boots with a half-inch heel. Dressed, she gathered the items from the desk and dumped them into a simple purse - and all but fled the apartment, and it's mockingly feminine decor.

As she jogged down the steps of the building, her new breasts bouncing within their fabric prison, she found herself slowing to a stop, fear welling up inside of her. When she stepped through the door to the street, she would be among other people, passing as a woman. Despite the fact that she was, genetically, now female, she still felt like a fraud, a freak - she had a horrible, irrational fear that people would stare, would point, would shout....

Mustering her courage, Nikki braced her shoulders and stepped through the door into the warm sunshine. People passing by glanced at her - embarrassingly, many of the men did so admiringly - but there was no shouts, no uproar. Keeping her eyes downcast, Nikki headed off down the street, walking with no destination in mind. The feeling of men's eyes seizing her up was disconcerting - like she was gay or something. Physically, she might be female - but mentally, she was still the Steven Tolliver she'd been.

Or, so she thought.

Nikki continued to wander, and gradually found herself feeling more comfortable. Her head came up, and those magnetic green eyes began to take an interest in what was going on around her. She discovered that there was and wasn't much difference in being female - it was contradictory, but true.

Once she'd gotten used to her own balance, walking was little different then being a man - you didn't THINK about it, you just did it. At the same time, the sensation of her large breasts swaying, the way her hips moved differently, all was new and unusual - but she didn't notice unless she specifically thought about it. Even the fact that the motion of her breasts felt good was mere background unless she thought about it.

Likewise, the attention from men. When she noticed, she blushed and felt uncomfortable. But she didn't always notice, at least consciously. The times when she noticed it subconsciously - a guy smiling at her as he passed - she merely returned a

polite smile without thinking about it.

So, a little more comfortable about being female in public, she found her steps had carried her some distance from her starting point, and she realized she was passing a mall. With a shrug, not having anything better to do, she went inside.

The air conditioning felt good, and she began to stroll up and down the halls, looking in stores idly.

She wandered towards one of the 'anchors', a large department store. The mall entrance was through the cosmetic section, and she wandered through, not really paying attention until a salesclerk cleared her throat.

"Excuse me, miss."

It took a second for Nikki to register that she was the 'miss.' She turned to face the other woman.

"Yes?" Nikki asked, slightly hesitant.

The sales woman smiled. "Today we're holding free make-overs. It won't cost you anything, and will do wonders for you." "I'm not really a 'make-up' type of girl." Nikki replied, trying to be polite. She had no intention of EVER wearing make-up. The sales woman smiled. "Oh, come on. With hair and eyes like yours, you should wear make-up to enhance them."

Nikki blinked as the world seemed to narrow. The woman's words seemed to echo in her brain. To her shock and surprise, Nikki heard herself speaking, without her consciously deciding to say anything.

"Yes. I should always wear make-up to enhance my looks." Nikki said helplessly. "Good!" The woman beamed. "Follow me, right this way."

Nikki was horrified to find her self doing just that - allowing the woman to lead her to a chair in front of a large mirror. What the hell was going on? Why was she doing this - she KNEW she didn't want to - but she couldn't help herself. For some reason, she felt like...she NEEDED to do this.

What Nikki didn't know - what nobody knew - was the side effect of the DNA regeneration process she'd undergone. Although she didn't realize it, every cell in her body was constantly regenerating - including her brain cells.

Which meant, quite simply, that anytime anybody stated something as a bald fact, whether it was true or not, Nikki's brain accepted it - and it was encoded - programmed - into her brain as the cells regenerated.

So, programmed she was as she helplessly let the woman make her over, applying make-up skillfully while talking the whole time - and almost every single thing she said was hard-wired into Nikki's brain. When the woman was finally finished, Nikki's full lips were a bright, gloss red, and mascara, eye-liner and eye-shadow emphasized her glorious eyes. Nikki's purse was heavier, full of the make-up she'd helplessly been compelled to buy.

Confused, shocked and scared, Nikki stared at her transformed face in the mirror, not knowing how or why she was doing what this woman said.

"So, what do you think?" The woman asked - and before Nikki could answer, supplied her own answer. "It makes you look

stunning. Go ahead - tell me how perfect it is."

Phrased that way, Nikki had no choice. Even though she knew that, seconds before, she'd hated it, she suddenly, helplessly was convinced that the make-up was perfect, and she told the woman so. Intellectually, she knew she should hate it, but emotionally, she now loved how her face looked made-up like this, and couldn't consider not wearing make-up from now on.

The saleswoman, one of those hopelessly chipper, talkative people, had no idea what she'd just done to Nikki. Having finished unwittingly programming her for make-up, she unknowingly went ahead and compounded the problem.

Cheerfully making small talk with someone who'd turned out to be a surprisingly good customer, she looked at Nikki's heavy sweatshirt and shook her head. "Miss, why you're wearing something that heavy on a gorgeous day like today is beyond me. You're dressed way to warmly. You need something lighter and cooler - something more flattering too."

The fact that the cheerful banter was delivered in a light tone and a smile made no difference. Nikki found herself filled with a sudden, desperate need to do just that. "Yes, you're right, I do need something else to wear." Nikki replied helplessly. Driven by her new need, she headed towards the woman's clothing section.

"What the hell's wrong with me?" Nikki asked herself, fighting to just turn around and leave. Since she still controlled her own body, she could stop, and even take a few steps in the other direction.

But the programming she received was much like an addiction. She had an unbearable craving to follow that programming - and she never got more than a few steps before the craving forced her to turn back towards the women's clothing section. Soon, she was wandering through the section, desperate to find a garment that she could buy, and end this terrible, emotionally painful need.

Thanks to another 'helpful' sales lady, when Nikki fled the store, it was wearing a tight black spandex crop-top that clung to her large, firm breasts, displaying them enticingly. Embarrassed, confused and horrified, Nikki flagged down a cab and went home, fleeing to the refuge of her apartment.

"What the hell's happening to me?" she cried to the uncaring ceiling. "Why am I doing these things?" She slumped miserably into a chair in the living room, hating herself for being made-up and feminine, for wearing such a revealing top - but unable to force herself to do otherwise.

Finally, gathering herself, she went into the kitchen and fixed herself an early spaghetti dinner. She ate the meal with two glasses of a very nice red wine she found stocked in her kitchen. After sticking the dishes in the dishwasher, she browsed the selection of books lining the shelves of the living room, finally picking a Cussler she hadn't read. Settling down into the chair, she snapped the radio on to an easy-listening station, and lost herself in the book.

Everything was just fine for about an hour. Then, deeply engrossed in the book, she found her attention riveted on the radio, and the words coming out of it.

"This is DJ Dan down at 'Stages', the hottest nightclub in town! Tonight is Ladies Night, so ladies, put on your sexiest

outfit, get all dolled up, and get down here before nine tonight. No cover charge, and half priced drinks, so get down here, party the night away, - flirt with the guys - and enjoy yourselves!"

That was all it took. Instantly, Nikki found herself filled with a helpless, overwhelming need to go to that club tonight. She tried desperately to fight the inexplicable need she felt - and failed.

Caught in it's grip, she leti the book beside the chair and went into the bathroom. Shucking out of her clothes, she stepped into the shower and for the first time began to wash her firm, soti new female body, feeling the sensations as her hands slid across her breasts, her new ass...and her womanhood. Never before had a shower felt half as good, and if she hadn't been driven by her need, she might have stayed in the shower a lot longer. As it was, she stayed only long enough to get thoroughly clean, then stepped out and dried off.

Thanks to the way the DJ had phrased the ad, she found herself going to the closet with only one criteria - to find the sexiest outfit she owned. With disgust and despair, she found it and began to helplessly dress in it.

First, the fire-engine red thong bikini underwear. She pulled it into place helplessly, grimacing at the way it slid between the cheeks of her full, firm ass. There was no matching bra with these underwear - which was 'fine' - she couldn't have put one on right now, no matter how hard she tried.

Next came the nylons. She picked up the leti nylon and balled it up, then slid it up her silky leg - amazed at how good the black sheer fabric felt when she'd pulled it up to her crotch. The lacy elastic trim at the top held it in place, and she repeated the action with the second nylon.

Next cam the skirt - a micro-mini, in black leather, that was so tight it seemed to be spray-panted on to her delightful ass. The top was a black leather vest, low-cut at the neck, and form-fitted to hug her waist before flaring out at her hips. It was done up with a silver zipper that naturally drew the eye up to her cleavage - of which there was a remarkable amount.

Next came the jewelry. A thin silver chain sporting a small silver-and-emerald pendant. Matching earrings - hoops with the emerald suspended in the center of each - went on her ears. She'd picked that particular set because they were clip ons.

Resignedly, she sat down at the mirror at the desk and carefully re-applied her make-up, having to do it three times before she was 'satisfied' with how it looked.

The final step was the shoes. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she pulled on the black platform shoes with the seven inch stiletto heels and ankle straps, and buckled them in place. Wobbling and weaving on the unfamiliar shoes, she checked herself in the mirror, grabbed her purse, and leti.

Although the club was some distance away, she was walking there, to get used to moving in the heels. The walk took almost two hours, and by the time she reached the club, she was walking in the heels with a sexy, feminine motion that made her ass move enticingly, and caused her tits to jiggle and sway. Helplessly, she entered the club.

Smiling helplessly, she walked through the second door, and into the club itself. Instantly, she was hit by a wall of sound,

smell and sight. The deep, bass drive of the music rose above everything, as cigarette smoke swirled and people mingled. Nikki headed for the bar, hating herself for not being able to just turn and walk away. She was incredibly aware of men's eyes upon her - and she helplessly smiled flirtatiously back, breathing in to further emphasize her tits. Finally, she made it to the bar and ordered a beer, then found a seat, and watched some of the people on the dance floor.

Despite her intellect, Nikki had failed to take certain things into account. The first soon became apparent. Within her first hour at the club, a steady stream of men approached her, free drink in hand, in hopes of winning her attention. Of course, Nikki was in no way enticed to spend time with any of them - but, unfortunately, many of them phrased their offer in the form of 'here, have a drink on me.', and offer she literally couldn't refuse. So, she helplessly consumed quite a bit of alcohol, in a body unused to that amount of booze.

Many commented on her looks - her eyes and hair most often, but some were less subtle. A couple of the phrases ended up making her 'proud' of her 'really sexy' body. She was embarrassed to find her nipples straining at the glossy black leather covering them, as the deep, thudding beat aroused her thoroughly feminine body.

But it was her last oversight that was the most important - hormones.

Despite her mental inclinations, her body was completely female. She didn't even notice the fact that her eyes often strayed to the crotches of men talking to her, gazing at the bulges swelling beneath the fabric.

And so, by ten o'clock, without realizing it, she was quite drunk, very aroused, and horny as hell.

Nikki stood to one side of the dance floor, swaying slightly to the music. Everything seemed to have become brighter and louder, a swirling haze of light and sound, and she was having trouble concentrating. Especially since her nipples, and her new cunt, seemed to be demanding her attention. Without thinking, she lightly rubbed one covered breast, sighing at the flow of pleasure, and wondering how she'd gotten so drunk.

"Hi there. You look a little...um...plastered. Let me give you a lift home" The voice came from behind her, and she turned slowly, and blinked at the tall, handsome man behind her. She realized that it was closing time - and, thanks to the way he put it, she couldn't say no..

"Hi" she said. "I'm Steve. . . I mean, Nikki Steeves." She blinked slightly.

"Don." He said, tapping his chest - while staring at hers. He couldn't help it - she was fondling one of her firm, round tits. Without thinking, he blurted "You must be really turned on by me!" - Then flushed beat red. "I'm sorry..."

It was too late, though. Helplessly, Nikki snuggled up against the tall, handsome stranger and smiled sexily at him. "Yes, I am..."

Stunned, and pleased, he put his hand around her to lead her from the club. It felt so good, Nikki unthinkingly pressed closer to him, letting his hand move to lightly fondle her magnificent ass as they left the club. To her disgust - it felt great

Nikki followed Don out front, and she walked unsteadily towards the car he pointed to. Adroitly, Don guided her to the

passenger side, unlocking the door and helping her in. Feeling gentlemanly - and horny - , he opened the driver's side door and settled into the seat.

Bringing the engine to life, Don pulled away from the curb and headed towards her apartment, various thoughts dancing through his head and enlarging his already engorged cock. Nikki, hating herself, was having similar thoughts of her own, helpless to drive them from her mind.

Moments later, the car pulled into the parking lot of her apartment. He climbed out and walked around to the other side, annoyed at the heavy, rude song filling the air from a street-rod TransAM two cars down. Helping Nikki out of the car, he sighed.

"Here you go, Nikki. Home safe and sound." He waited a second, he found she was gazing off in the distance, looking unfocused. Shrugging, he began to go back to his car.

Nikki, however, was helplessly listening to the heavy, pounding music from the TransAm - and it's rude, suggestive lyrics.

You're horny, that's right, you want fuck tonight you love eatin' cum

you wanna get some

'cause it makes you feel right You're a slut, a cum-queen as horny as you've ever been

Ya love ta fuck, love ta fuck, love ta fuck,

...'cause you're a slut. You're eager to get goin', feel the juices flowin'

you need a man, always on hand, one who's knowing,

You're a licker, and a sucker and an all-night fucker

Ya wanna fuck, wanna fuck, wanna fuck,

...'cause you're a slut

Don was more than a little surprised when the buxom red-head grabbed him. "Don't go." "Wha...?" Don asked, stunned.

"I need you. Right now. You HAVE to have sex with me." Nikki begged helplessly. Don struggled with himself. She was drunk...but sexy. Should he...?

He wasn't quite enough of a gentleman to turn this offer down. Willingly, he followed her upstairs - with her fondling his crotch the entire time. She tried to stop - and couldn't. She NEEDED to fuck him.

The instant the door closed behind them, Don embraced Nikki, his hands squeezing her firm, full ass as his lips met hers in a passionate kiss. 'Eagerly', Nikki responded, and was rewarded with a flood of richly erotic sensations that thundered through her aroused body.

Feverishly, Don fumbled at the fastenings of Nikki's skin-tight vestments, and soon he'd completely undressed her. She bucked and moaned in pleasure as the slick material slid off her body, hating/loving it. All she knew, is that it felt unbelievably

good. Don pulled her spike-heels off to remove her outfit, fumbling in his haste. Meanwhile, she was lost in the sensations created by the movement of air over her erect nipples, and sopping cunt.

It was as Don hurriedly disrobed that Nikki made a last, desperate effort to break free. A slight frown creased her smooth brow - and then loosened, as she lost.

All thought was driven from Nikki's head as Don's hands and lips closed over her firm, full breasts, causing incredible sensations to rack her body. Nikki moaned, low and long, as Don eagerly fondled and sucked her engorged nipples. Unresistingly, she was led to the bedroom, her firm, round ass swaying enticingly.

"You're huge. . ." she moaned huskily, lurid thought running rampant through her mind as hormones flooded her aroused body. She found herself pushing him onto the bed, gazing with rapt attention at his huge cock as she lowered her face to it

Nikki took Don's immense cock in her hands and began to lick it, much like she'd lick a Popsicle, enjoying the feel of it's ridged surface beneath her tongue. Only when it was thoroughly coated in her saliva did she raise herself up and eagerly impale herself on it.

"What am I doing..." she started to say - she screamed in sheer ecstasy as Don's large, hard cock plunged into her womanly vagina. All conscious thoughts were swept away in the sheer power of her first sexual encounter in this body. Her screams of sheer ecstasy rose in pitch and volume as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure built.

Don's face twisted in pleasure as Nikki rode him like a wild thing. She began to writhe and buck energetically as she approached the brink of her first, true orgasm.

Then, it happened. Like a series of sharp explosions in a row, the multiple orgasm took her, causing her body to twist and turn as if electrical current was flowing through her. She didn't even have the energy to continue screaming as the orgasm blasted through her. The extra movements of her orgasm also pushed Don over the edge, and his cock spasmed and gushed it's load deep into her cunt.

Still impaled on Don's cock, Nikki collapsed on him, embracing him. Her immediate need satisfied, she found herself whispering into his ear. "I loved it...I love you. Please, stay with me and keep me satisfied forever."

Don looked up at her, gasping from the most incredible sex in his life. He wanted to accept without reservation - but couldn't. "In the morning, when you're sober, see if you still want me." He said sadly.

Nikki knew that, true or not, her feeling would never, ever change. But right now, she didn't have time to explain it - she had other things to do.

Rolling off of him, she knelt between his legs and took his sootiening cock back into her mouth. Tasting her own juices on it, she licked and fondled it back to full harness - and redoubled her efforts, using hands, lips and tongue to work his huge cock.

Just as his hot, salty cum gushed deep into her throat and she gulped hungrily at it, she came to a startling realization... She WAS a slut...now, and forever. And no one man was ever going to be able to satisfy all her new, desperate needs....

Letting his sotiening cock drop from her cum-coated lips, Nikki straddled Don's chest and pulled his hands up to her tits, urging him to fondle them. As he complied, she smiled down at him.

"I got plenty of room for you to move in with me....but only if you bring a couple of friends to share "

And, helplessly, she giggled...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A homeless man who lives on the fringe of society, discovers a suit which transforms him into a new lifestyle.

Sewer Rat

By Gunslinger

He huddled low in the opening, barely daring to breathe, little more than a slightly more substantial patch of darkness amongst the shadows. Cold water rushed over his feet and ankles, but he barely felt the accustomed chill as he peered out from between bars once painted a glossy black, but now leprous with splotches of rust.

Licking his lips, he darted his dark, fearful eyes left, then right, then left again. From his worm's-eye-view, the street appeared deserted - but he was well aware of just how many little hidey-holes and dark shadows lay on the edges of the sulfurous light cast by the street lamps, each capable of cloaking a human figure. On top of that, there could be a veritable army lurking just a few feet away, remaining silent just out side of his narrow field of vision, and he wouldn't be able to see them until it was much, much too late.

His eyes repeated their nervous back-and-forth sweep, searching the sharply contrasting pools of light and shadow that dotted the nightscape before him - and then, inevitably, as if drawn by magnets, returned to the wire-mesh garbage can affixed to the lamp-post only five feet in front of him. A garbage can overflowing with crumpled waste and empty cardboard coffee-cups...

...upon which, balanced precariously, was a bulging brown-paper bag, loosely rolled at the top.

A brown paper bag that, if the angrily muttered comments from the man who had deposited it there ten minutes ago could

be trusted, contained 'the same fucking lunch' for the 'fucking fith day in a row'.

Food.

Untouched.

Uneaten.

Unspoiled.

FOOD.

It had to be a trap of some sort. It **had** to be. People just didn't deposit food practically on his doorstep. The man had put it there was probably waiting just out of sight, planning to laugh at Roach, call him names, maybe even kick him. If not that, then there would be a

policeman who would see him take it, and find some excuse to hit him, or take him to that place where there were too many people, too much noise, where they lights were too bright, and they'd keep asking him questions, all the questions that Roach couldn't remember the answers to, or that his tongue would trip over trying to answer. Questions that would just keep coming until Roach felt like his head would explode.

Worst of all, this all might be set by... **Them**.

Them. The people with the oh-so-sad eyes, who talked all sweet to you, told you they could give you plenty of food and a nice place to sleep. Some of Them were Jesus-people, and some of Them were Govamint-people, but They all were liars.

Roach knew better then to trust... Them. Roach knew all about people who promised you nice things, who said they could give you everything you wanted, who talked all sweet and kind. A lifetime ago, back when the lights hadn't seemed to hurt so much, and when his tongue hadn't yet tripped over itself whenever he tried to answer questions, back when he'd had another name, Roach had been given to a 'nice' man in a big, shiny car, who had told Roach that he didn't have to stay in the orphanage anymore, that Roach could come live in the man's big, nice house. The man had been nice at the orphanage, and he'd been nice in the long black car with the driver up front... but when they'd gotten to the 'big, nice' house and had been alone, the man hadn't been nice anymore.

Not nice at all.

Somebody - Roach didn't remember who - had once said to him that if it weren't for bad luck, Roach wouldn't have any luck at all. Roach knew that to be the truth, and so this couldn't be what it seemed to be. It had to be a trap...

...but... **FOOD.**

He licked his lips again - then, quickly, before what little nerve he did have could slip away, he quickly pushed open the grate covering **The End** of the five-foot diameter storm drain he was crouched in.

The metal of the hinges squealed like a lost soul, and his heart leapt within the cage of his ribs as he darted out of the

comfort of his sanctuary.

"Lizard-quick, spider-quick, **cat**-quick." He muttered to himself, exhorting himself to greater speed as he scampered up the embankment of the run-off ditch and up onto the cracked and canted paving-stones of the sidewalk. Eyes trying to look in every direction at once, nerves humming in panic from the inevitable failure, Roach sprang over to the garbage can and snatched the paper bag from its resting place, then quickly dropped to his haunches.

Head swiveling in quick, jerky movements, eyes narrowed against the searing glare of the streetlights, he swept his hand over the sidewalk, quickly scooping up the few stepped-on cigarette butts close at hand. Not daring to wait a second longer, he quickly dumped the half-dozen crushed remains into the pocket of his frayed and faded army shirt, then quickly began his retreat.

A gust of wind kicked up, strong enough to stir even his lank, greasy mane of filthy hair. Like a grungy curtain, the once reddish-gold hair fell over his eyes - and Roach's taut-stretched nerves broke, and he screeched in abject fear, batting at his own face with the hand not wrapped in a desperate death-grip around the paper bag.

He spun and darted to the mouth of the storm-drain in full-blown panic. Yanking the gate shut behind him, he threw one quick, hysterically frightened look over his bony shoulder, then fled down into the dark passages as if all the hordes of hell were behind him.

Though painfully scrawny, his nineteen-year-old body was still lithe and light on its feet, and he scampered with an eerie grace through the echoing chambers of his chosen world. Though temporarily deprived of his eerily acute night-vision by the glaring brightness of the above-world, Roach navigated unerringly through the concrete tunnels which had housed him for nearly a decade now, delving ever deeper into the labyrinth.

A ragged crack, just barely wide enough even for his frame, slowed him momentarily as he was forced to shrug out of the frayed and duct-tape-patched backpack that contained all his worldly possessions. The backpack, and the thin bedroll tied to it with twine, were never out of his sight, a lesson learned the hard way, when another street dweller had found the closer-to-the-surface bolt-hole Roach had been using at the time. It was after that loss that Roach had explored even lower into the depths, and found the narrow rent through which he now fitted himself, entering a section of passageways formed of red brick, with straight walls and an arched ceiling tall enough for him to stand upright except for where arches buttressed the old tunnel.

He continued onward, heart still thundering in his chest, his eyes slowly re-adapting themselves to the darkness in which he dwelled. When he reached the opening to the square, timber-braced room in which he'd been living, he slowed down - but fear of Them pushed him onwards, and he passed the opening.

He moved much more slowly now, the downward-sloping passageway beyond his old 'home' *terra incognita* for the young man. His route was picked out for him in the pale, green-blue light cast from the two objects that, as much as a need for sustenance, had drawn him to the surface world - a pair of keychain fobs made of that strange plastic that would absorb light, and then glow in the dark. With his eyes, that faint glow was all he needed to make his way into the unfamiliar passageways,

built so long ago for a purpose it never even occurred to him to wonder over.

Presently, the old passage emptied out into a space so large that even Roach's eyes couldn't penetrate to any of the far walls, or the ceiling. It also sat lower than the passage itself, and a good two feet of clear, cool water stood in the pool surrounded by a brick 'deck' that vanished off into the gloom on either side of the entrance.

Lungs demanding more oxygen than he could draw in, Roach stumbled a few feet down the 'deck' to his right, then collapsed and pressed his back against the reassuring solidity of the old bricks, trying to catch his breath.

Putting his backpack and bedroll down beside him, Roach carefully opened the brown paper bag, ready to be disappointed, yet again...

...and, instead, the breath he was trying to catch caught in his throat as he surveyed his plunder.

Sandwiches. *Plural*. Not one, but **two** ham-and-cheese with mustard and crisp lettuce, neither with so much as a bite out of it, wrapped in priceless waxed paper.

A pair of dill pickles, still crisp and firm, also wrapped in waxed paper. A small bag of potato chips...!

...and, wonder of wonders - a bottle of apple juice. An entire bottle!

For a long moment, Roach simply stared at this incredible bounty, sure it was simply going to disappear in front of his eyes. With this bonanza remained real and whole and tangible, he slowly began to let himself believe that this, indeed, was really the incredible windfall it seemed to be.

With trembling hands, he carefully sorted out his treasure-trove of goodies, deciding what to eat now, and what to save. It wasn't easy, part of him wanting to eat a little bit of everything, but he knew that the chips, for one, would last much longer if he didn't open it.

Finally, after much vacillation, he took himself firmly in hand, and put away everything but half a sandwich, one pickle... and, after long, hard consideration, the apple-juice.

He ate slowly, savoring each and every bite of the sandwich, its taste and texture made all the more wonderful by the nibble of tart pickle between each small, long-chewed morsel of sandwich. Though he took his time, enjoying every second of it, it seemed entirely too soon that he found himself following the last bite of sandwich with the carefully rationed last bite of pickle.

His stomach, used to much skimpier fare, was sated - but his taste buds, long denied, cried out for more, and it was with something approaching religious awe that he picked up the bottle of juice. He gripped the cap and twisted it - and almost dropped the bottle, spilling the precious golden liquid, when there was a popping sound.

He hesitated, heart in his throat, but the sound didn't seem to presage the expected change in his fortunes. Lifting the bottle to his lips, Roach closed his eyes and slowly, delicately took his first sip of the sweet nectar.

Sip by heavenly sip, Roach savored every single drop of the one-third of the bottle he'd allotted himself, then - regretfully -

forced himself to cap the bottle tightly, and add it to the kingly horde of food in the blessed, beautiful brown bag.

His feast complete, Roach leaned back with a sigh - and decided, on this day of days, to spoil himself rotten.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out the half-dozen cigarette butts he'd hastily swept up, then dug into his other pocket for one of the innumerable scraps of newspaper within. Carefully, he pulled the last remaining bits of tobacco from each of the butts and piled it in the newsprint, then - careful not to waste any precious tobacco - rolled a slender cigarette.

Finding a battered cardboard matchbook still containing two matches, he placed the cigarette between his lips and struck a match...

...and cried out in shock and fear, cigarette dropping unheeded to his lap, as the sudden flare of brighter light picked hard, sharp highlights off of the armor of the knight who stood across from him.

Frozen in abject fear, Roach stared at the figure standing in the deep niche of the wall on the opposite side of the pool from him - and it wasn't until the match burned his fingers, and he dropped it, that he realized the man standing across from him hadn't moved so much as an inch.

Heart pounding in his narrow chest, Roach stared out into the darkness where the figure stood - and found a hazy half-memory of a long-ago trip to a museum, where he'd seen suits of armor on display, standing all alone with nobody inside them.

Gathering up the tattered fragments of his courage, Roach carefully rose and, emboldened by the unbelievable good fortune that had smiled on him so far, stepped down into the knee-deep water of the pool and sloshed his way across it.

Nothing attacked him, no hands reached out of the darkness.

Reaching the far side in safety, he found himself facing the 'knight' in the green-blue glow of his keychain fobs - and saw that it was no suit of armor, or at least, none like he'd ever seen before.

For one thing, it wasn't all gleaming metal, as he'd first thought. There **was** metal, segmented sections that covered the legs from about mid-thigh down and the arms from about mid-forearm up to the shoulders, where it joined the metal carapace that wrapped around the area of the ribcage, then ran down the back in an open 'V' to the metal 'panties', which in turns connected on the outside of the hips and thighs to those... 'boots', for want of a better word.

The rest of the suit, however, was of a rubbery silver material, which is what had caused Roach to think the entire thing was metal. From the way it hung on the rack that supported it, the suit was obviously empty - especially since the rack held that 'V' at the back wide open to reveal the interior of the suit, with a built-in set of three steps on the rack leading up to the opening.

Bemused, having looked at the lightly dust-covered suit from all angles without coming close to diving how, when and why it had ended up down here, Roach hesitantly reached out a pale hand and touched the inside lining of the suit.

He gasped.

The interior - which, under the metal, was a continuous layer of that soti, silvery material - was warm and yielding to the touch, flexible and incredibly soti.

Cocking his head, Roach looked at the strange suit - and found that he couldn't help noticing that, standing as he was in front of it, that he and it were of a height.

A second time he reached in and touch that soti, warm, beckoning interior.. and bit his lower lip at the temptation.

Finally, deciding today seemed to be the day for him to find more comfort than he could remember having in his entire life, he waded back across the pool to claim his belongings, then carried them back and carefully tucked them under the steps of the rack.

Taking a deep breath, he slowly undressed, adding each tattered garment to the pile under the metal risers. Naked, shivering in the chill air, he quickly ascended the even colder metal stairs, then - oh-so-carefully - stepped into the suit, until his feet were standing on the ground under the soles of the segmented boots.

Sliding his arms into the sleeves of the suit, he found the strange object a little large, but definitely warm and comfortable...

...and then he cried out in fear as the suite whirred, a soti sigh of sound accompanied by a faint vibration, and began to close around him.

He tried to fight his way out of the suit, but the rack held it immobile - and as the back closed and the rest of the suit somehow conformed itself to his body, tightening in a warm, soti embrace, so he, too, became immobile. He could only whimper in fear as, out of the metal 'yoke' of the suit, segmented metal-and-plastic unfolded, enclosing his head in a helmet and sealing the suit completely about him.

Projected on the clear visor in front of his terror-widened eyes, glowing words appeared, blue, red and green against the darkness beyond.

Though Roach knew his letters, and could puzzle out words, what was projected on the inside of the visor flickered and changed to fast for him to keep up. It was simply a blue of light, symbols and words flashing in front of him in rapidly changing patterns.

Slowly, he began to relax, though he still didn't know how to get out. Still, this was what the suit was obviously designed to do, and now that it had fitted itself to him, it was more comfortable than ever.

In fact - amazingly so. He could barely tell he was wearing anything at all, and yet was warm and cozy and comforting, and he found himself becoming extremely heavy-lidded. His jaw cracked in a wide yawn as a sudden sense of pleasant lassitude overtook him...

...and he drifted quickly off into an artificially deep sleep, oblivious of the glowing red words floating on the visor in front of his closed eyes.

* * * * *

Driiting on warm, comfortable currents of fading sleep, Roach yawned and stretched his arms up over his head...

...and, it wasn't until he'd done so that he was awake enough to realize anything about that fact was the least bit unusual.

Shaking his head slightly to clear it, Roach opened his eyes - and realized he was standing on his own two feet, moving freely. The suit had, at his movement, detached itself from the stand that had been holding it immobile when he'd fallen asleep. His mind quickly returning from the welcome oblivion of sleep, he began to realize that something was occurring...

...and then he let out a little wordless squeak of fear as he realized he was looking at a well-lighted room, the accustomed darkness cast away by a low, even lighting.

Heart pounding, he whipped his head from side to side inside the helmet of the suit, looking for the source of the illumination... and then, heart gradually slowing, realized from the way the shadows sat that the light seemed to be issuing from the suit itself.

Bemused, he leaned forward and, hoping to see where on the suit the lights was issuing from, looked down...

...and gasped, staggering back, as a feeling of intense vertigo hit him. ***He wasn't there!***

Carefully, he took another look - at nothing. Though he could feel his body, knew he still existed, there was no sign of himself as he looked down. He could see the brick 'deck' upon which he stood - but not himself.

Hesitantly, he brought his unseen hands inwards, and felt them touch the rubber-like material cover his abdomen. He could feel himself - but he couldn't **see** himself.

Very few 'surprises' in Roach's life had been pleasant surprises - but in the past day, he'd eaten better than he could remember in years, and had just had the warmest, most comfortable, most satisfying sleep in at least as long. Though still startled and confused, he felt a weak threnody of wonder and excitement running through his fear.

With his hands resting one above another atop his stomach, he seriously considered simply giving into panic - and then, instead, decided to see what this new wonder brought. Slowly, he sent his hands in opposite direction over his invisible body, one slipping downwards, with the other rising.

At the rate the pair of hands were moving, each encountered something unexpected at precisely the same time, and the double surprise momentarily took Roach completely aback as he tried to determine what each had was experiencing.

His leti hand, sliding across the smooth metal surface of his crotch, groped at something that should have been there, but wasn't - while his right hand, on his chest, groped a sotily firm mass that shouldn't have been there, but was.

A sotily firm mass that, when groped, produced a new, unfamiliar, and entirely pleasant sensation - and a smooth emptiness at his crotch that, under pressure, produced a moist warm pleasantness of it's own, deep inside him.

Deprived of visual clues, Roach's brain couldn't make sense of any of this - or, perhaps, absent visual verification, his brain didn't **want** to draw any of the obvious conclusions from the sensations he was experiencing.

Still leaning slightly forward, looking down at nothingness where his body should have been, Roach muttered to himself, "I sure wish I could see myself..."

...and the immediate, stunning shock of hearing that emerge in a soti, sweet contralto was immediately overwhelmed, blown away, by the massively more immediate shock as the nothing he was looking down at rippled - and then revealed a naked, slender, and abundantly feminine body.

The slender, feminine hand now visible was cupping an extremely large, extremely firm female breast, one about the size - and shape - of a volleyball, with a large, pink nipple tipping it's globular shape. Down past the canyonesque cleavage, the matching hand was pressing against the smooth curve of an obviously female crotch, between the smooth thighs of shapely legs.

"I'm a **girl!**" Roach shrieked...

...and all the cumulative shocks of the past few minutes were completely overridden as a composed, emotionless female voice spoke to him - not through his delicate new ears, but directly into the chaotic whirl of his mind.

<This form meets all parameters for the pre-programmed form specified for sociosexual study of this temporal period. It is a sexually mature form, approximating twenty standard years of age. It thus would qualify as a 'young woman', rather than a 'girl'. Do you wish to readjust this body's assumed age downwards?>

"No!" Roach gasped, "I want to be a guy again!"

<This suit is programmed for the feminine exposure to this period's sexual society. I am not programmed to return you to your original form.>

"Who are you?" Roach demanded, hysterically. "**What** are you?"

<I am the Series II, Mark V model protective cybergenetic neural interface armor. I am specifically designed for temporal displacement research, and am currently programmed by the Institute of Historical Research to allow my user to investigate sexual rituals indigenous to North American culture, circa the year 2000 AD. I am impervious to all known diseases, weapons, and radiations. I monitor and correct your health on a millisecond-per-millisecond basis. I am fully metamorphic and chameleonic, and though am not removable, can simulate any state between full clothed and full nudity. I also possess a heuristic cybernetic computer database, and can supply you with information and advice.>

"But..." Roach whimpered in his sweet-sexy new female voice. "I don't **want** to be a gi.. a young woman."

<Irrelevant. Due to the Great Diaspora of 2522, much information on the societies of Earth were lost or inadvertently altered in generation retellings. As archeological evidence shows that you were to have died here

within the next twenty days and remain undiscovered, I was placed here in the hopes you would find and activate me. The Institute concluded that prolonging your life, even in another gender and for the purposes of study, was a humanitarian action that did not contravene the Free Will Decree of 2374.>

Roach was utterly stunned.

"I... I died?" She asked, quietly. "Down here? Alone?"

<Yes. Forensic archeology determined that you were to have perished due to a fall that resulted in a broken leg and, subsequently, massive systematic infection and gangrene, supplemented by severe malnutrition. However, as a study subject for the Institute, it is likely you will now live for another one hundred and twelve years before dying of natural old age.>

There was much about what the suit had told her that the new woman didn't understand - but she understood this well enough.

The 'nice old man' had wanted the then-young-boy to play his sadistic fantasies out upon, and was willing to clothe, feed and shelter him in return - for as long as he survived, that is. Nobody ever gave you something for nothing...

...and so Roach understood that the cost of life was to spend that life as a girl, even if she didn't understand everything else that had been explained to her.

"But..." She said, hesitantly. "What if I don't want to study... sex. As a young woman."

<Irrelevant. This body, and the available choices in clothing I can provide you, are designed to elicit sexual responses. Though the Institute would be grateful if you would willingly engage in an active sexual life to further the study, your free will is not circumvented. Even should you choose not to actively participate, this form and it's appearance will ensure men will attempt to sexually interact with you, and these encounters will be recorded for study by the Institute.>

"Oh..." Roach said. "What... What am I supposed to do?"

<I am also capable of creating 'counterfeit' money and identification, indistinguishable from that in current usage, and 'hack' into current computer systems from a distance to enter matching data into the current ruling body's systems to support this. You will establish a new identity appropriate to your new gender, then simply live your life however you choose. I will record the entirety of your life, then return here upon your death, to be found in place of your corpse in the infinitesimally altered time-line thus created, and the Institute will study this recording.>

"You mean, go... up there?" Roach asked, horrified, pointing upwards. "Up where it's too bright?" She began shaking her head emphatically, a note of abject fear creeping into her sweet voice.

"I can't!" She said, heading towards hysteria. "I can't live up there! People... people will... hurt me."

<It will not be 'too bright'. Just as I am amplifying the low light level down here to allow you to see well, so can I dim light to allow you to see comfortably. As for being hurt - as I stated, I can protect you. Nobody can hurt you anymore. You are perfectly safe.>

Roach's heart seemed to skip a beat.

"Nobody can hurt me?" She asked, barely daring to believe it. "Nobody at all?"

<I am designed to absorb minerals and compounds from the food you eat, to create items that may be detached from me/us, such as money, but I, myself, will always remain part of you now. I am unbreakable, effectively indestructible, even when invisible and less than a single micron thick to simulate nudity. You cannot be stabbed, shot, crushed, burned or frozen. I can absorb oxygen from any square inch of our body, even taking it from water, so it is extremely difficult for you to suffocate, and I can recycle the air in your lungs with ninety-eight percent efficiency even should we be completely deprived of outside air. I can absorb moisture from the environment, or recycle the 'waste' moisture in your own body. I can pick up trace nutrients and minerals from the ground you walk over - you would have to voluntarily refuse to eat anything at all for more than three months before you would be in risk of starvation. You can not be irradiated, nor can you be infected. You will not get sick. You will not get cold. You could stand at ground zero of a nuclear detonation, and simply be thrown a great distance by the explosion - and, with my bio-feedback, you would land on your feet and walk away unharmed. You could be taken into outer space and kicked out of the airlock, naked, and I would form my armor suit mode, and you could do a free-fall re-entry and walk out of the crater of your impact as if nothing had happened. I can amplify your strength enough to break out of the highest security prison in existence, or provide you with advice to keep you out of that prison in the first place. You are safe.>

Emotions galore had chased through the new woman since awakening in this unwanted form - but now all of them gave way to simple, sheer awe.

She was... safe.

No more having to run, having to hide. Nobody could hurt her. **They** couldn't hurt her.

A glorious feeling washed over her, one like nothing else she had ever felt before.

Even in her life, poor as it was, she'd known moments of joy, of happiness, of contentment, and though this new sensation had echoes of all of these, it was also something else altogether, something completely different.

Something so foreign to her existence up to this point that it took her nearly five minutes to identify the incredible, indescribable sensation for what it was:

Freedom.

She... was... FREE!

"Yes..." She whispered, wide eyed - and then, a second, shouted the word so that it echoed through the chambers and passageways of the tunnels system: **"YES!"**

She moved without even thinking about it. It was as if her body had decided, unilaterally, to take action, and she found herself stepping with a dreamy stride towards the opening of the corridor.

A dreamy stride that began a smooth walk...

...a light jog...

...a full, flat-out sprint.

Without looking back, without so much as thinking about her pitifully small collection of personal belongings, the new woman ran - but unlike the night before, she ran, not *away* from something, but *towards* something, her eyes dancing and a smile on her full new lips.

As she ran, she was only peripherally aware of the suit changing itself to present her appropriately to the world. With it's bio- feedback, she didn't even miss a step as it formed a pair of brown suede boots with four-inch heels and gleaming silver buckles running up the outside of the mid-calf-high boots into which were tucked her new, skin-tight pair of faded blue jeans.

A matching suede vest formed around her torso, leaving her slender, well-toned arms bare. It also boasted buckles to hold it closed - at least up to the plunging 'v' neckline that so deliciously displayed her cleavage. The suite even changed the coloring of the micron- thick layer over her face, making it appear as if she were wearing make-up, and the same coating over each and every strand of hair allowed the suit to pull that red-gold mane into a simple loose ponytail. The suite even formed beaten silver and turquoise jewelry - a choker-style necklace around her slender neck, a pair of earrings, and a ring.

None of this could distract her, not at this moment, and it was with peels of silvery laughter that the new woman burst out into the full, gloriously golden light of day, a stranger in a strange land and unafraid.

"Yes, yes, yes...!" She laughed, reaching the sidewalk and capering in an improvised dance of sheerest bliss, feeling the warmth of the sun on her slender shoulders - and the warmth of freedom in her heart.

She finally stopped dancing and, hugging her arms to her trim, flat stomach below the impressive curvature of her equally impressive bust, threw her head back and cried her joy out to the world once more: "Oh, God - YES!"

Taking a long, deep breath, she lowered her face from the beautifully blue sky and opened her eyes...

...and found herself looking at a young man watching her.

'Somebody's looking at me, seeing me, knowing I'm here... and I'm not afraid!' She thought to herself, amazed, knowing that what he thought didn't matter, because he lacked the ability to harm her in any way, no matter how angry or disgusted he was at the sight of a mere

sewer rat daring to show themselves in public...

...except he wasn't watching her with anger or disgust or hate.

In fact, he was watching her with a quizzical smile, obviously a bit taken aback... but not only accepting her antics, but enjoying the sight of her.

The young man caught her catching *him* watching her - and his smile widened.

"It sure is a beautiful day, isn't it?" He said, grinning boyishly. He was talking to her. Nicely.

"It sure is." She agreed, giddily, hardly daring to believe she was actually interacting with another person, as equals. "The most beautiful day, *ever!*"

In her giddy, happy state, she did something she would never have imagined doing just yesterday. Seeing he was holding a half- smoke cigarette in one hand as he eyed her, she gestured towards it with only the slightest hesitation, only the smallest touch of uncertainty.

"Could I..." She asked, a bit carefully, unable to believe she was actually doing this, "Could I possibly have a smoke?" "Oh - certainly!" He said, starting across the street - and reaching into his pocket and pulling out a pack of cigarettes.

Oh, could it be? She'd asked, hopefully, for a smoke of his cigarette, hoping for a single puff - maybe even two, dare she dream? - off of it. But here he was, pulling out another cigarette. Was he going to actually light himself another cigarette? Give her the other one, all for herself? Why... it was almost half of a cigarette! Certainly she couldn't dare hope that... could she?

Then, there he was, standing right in front of her - and she fought back disappointment as she watched him place that almost-half cigarette between his lips.

She should have known better. He had been teasing her, of course. Why should he give her almost half of a cigarette? She shouldn't have been foolish enough to get her hopes up that high, but he giddy happiness of being here, in the sunlight, had been enough to...

"Here you are, miss." The young man said - and, her eyes having been focused on the smoldering cigarette, she'd momentarily forgotten about the fresh one he'd pulled out of the pack.

The one he was holding out towards her. A whole cigarette.

Unsmoked.

Just for her.

Her breath caught in her chest, and her hand shook slightly as she slowly reached out towards the perfect, intact white tube of tobacco, sure any second now he must surely pull it away and laugh...

...but he didn't. He slender new fingers, sporting unbreakable, pink-painted 'nails' extruded from the suit, took the

cigarette, and he simply continued to smile at her as she put it between equally gloss-pink lips.

He really meant for her to have it - but why...?

Then his other hand came up, holding a lighter for her, and as she hesitantly leaned forward to light the cigarette she suddenly understood...

...because his eyes dropped to the display of cleavage the move present to him.

Caught up in the moment, she'd almost forgotten she was now a woman, and a incredibly well endowed one at that. The direction of the man's gaze, however, brought it all sharply back, and she was suddenly **very** aware of her breasts, so big and round and firm, jiggling ever-so-slightly with every breath she took.

For a spilt-second, she felt embarrassed and ashamed and uncomfortable, hideously aware of her altered gender and her expansive bust-line - and then, in a flash, she pushed the emotions aside, at least for the moment.

Nobody gave you something for nothing, that she knew well enough - and if all this man wanted in exchange for a cigarette was a look at the new boobs she'd been forced to accept for this new-found freedom, well that was a low enough price to pay.

Blushing, she arched her back and pulled back her shoulders, pushing her new tits up and out as she leaned in and touched **The End** of the wonderful giti to the golden flame, taking a deep drag of sweet, fresh tobacco smoke.

Yes - a fair enough exchange, judging from the look in the man's eyes as she presented her new endowments for his enjoyment. It seemed he enjoyed the sight of her heavy new breasts every bit as much as she enjoyed smoking tobacco that nobody else had ever smoked before.

In fact, as far as she was concerned, she got the better end of the deal. Her body was too new for her to really think of it as 'hers', thought it most manifestly was. That gave it almost an air of showing off something other than her own body, despite the odd mix of feelings it engendered.

Leaning back, they found each other blushing, for different reasons.

"Thanks..." She said, awkwardly, waving the cigarette. "It was very nice of you." "No problem." The young man said. "By the way - I'm Chet."

Habit, long dormant as it might have been, kicked in, and she actually opened her mouth and started to give her long-unused name, only realizing in mid word that introducing herself as 'Andrew' wouldn't quite fit.

Chet, however, didn't seem the least bit put out as she cut her habit-driven answer short. "Anj, huh?" He asked, smiling. "That short for Angela?"

She agreed quickly, glad of the misunderstanding that provided her with a 'suitable' name for her new form.

Chet hesitated - then asked: "Uh... Not to be too forward, but could I buy you lunch...?"

To say she was startled would be an understatement. Her heart raced as she wondered what he was planning to set her up for with such an obvious attempt to 'bait' her, what nefarious purpose he had in mind...

...and then she remembered that, whatever it was, it wouldn't work. She was *invincible*.

"I'd love too!" She said, eagerly, knowing she could get the free food and still not have to let him get away with whatever 'cost' he'd put on it.

In fact, in that moment, a wicked thought occurred to her... *She* could torture **him**!

He had no idea she would be impervious to whatever cruel, evil thing he was planning to lure her into with that offer of free food. She could play along with him, do everything she could to make him think he was going to get whatever it was he wanted - and then, at the very last second, yank the rug out from under him.

The very idea was so utterly delicious.

Roach - or, as Chet knew her, 'Angela' - had to keep from chuckling with delight at this reversal of fortune as she let him slide a hand to the small of her back and begin 'guiding' her towards the restaurant he proposed. Of course, the real reason he was touching her was so to be close enough to grab her should she try to run - but that was fine with her. Let him stay oh-so-close to her, feeling like he was in control, able to grab her should she try to escape. He didn't know that she could easily break his grip, even if he did manage to grab her arm.

Completely free of any worry, enjoying the change of positions that Chet wasn't even aware of, 'Angela' thoroughly enjoyed the lunch he treated her too - and not for any of the reasons she might have thought she would enjoy a lunch.

Oh, the food itself was fine, she guessed - but she could barely tell, because she didn't pay that much attention to it. She was too busy 'playing' with Chet, letting him think he had her completely fooled. She smiled at him often, and whenever she showed the slightest interest in being close to her, she leaned into it, letting him think she had no intention of trying to escape whatever it was he was planning. Why, when he put a hand on her thigh under the table to make sure she was in easy reach to 'hold' her, she not only let him do it - but she placed her own hand on top of his and had him keep his left hand there for the rest of the meal!

With her 'unsuspecting victim-in-waiting' bit done so well, she wasn't the least bit surprised when he invited her up to his apartment. Of course, she could leave anytime she wanted. Unlike his other victims, who would have only escaped had they fled in public, she let herself be 'lured' into the building and up to the apartment, interested in seeing what horrible, cruel thing he was planning - and looking forward to crushing it in the most humiliating and enjoyable way possible.

Of course, she didn't worry when he locked the front door behind them - she could get out no matter what. Supremely confident, she eagerly accepted his suggestion they go sit on the couch together - a suggestion he made 'hesitantly', making himself look all the more harmless in anticipation for whatever it was he was planning to do.

Sitting hip-to-hip on the couch with him, she wasn't at all surprised when he finally made his move. Now completely ready

to counter whatever it was he was planning, she held herself in a high state of readiness as he turned towards her, placed an arm behind her neck and his hand on her opposite shoulder as he leaned in...

...and **kissed** her?

She certainly wasn't expecting **that**!

Doubly so since she had never been kissed before in her life. In that first instant, she wasn't even sure what it was he was doing as he pressed his lips against hers and pushed his tongue into her mouth. It was only after his tongue began moving around that it registered on her...

...and so she kissed him back, hoping he didn't notice how inept she was at it.

She didn't know a whole hell of a lot about kissing, but she knew it was something two people who liked each other did. A sign of affection...

...and obviously a ploy to relax her even more.

Still eager to catch him at the penultimate moment, she played along with it, pretending that she was completely accepting of his feigned 'affection' - even pretending to return it. When his hands began roaming across her body, then moved to open her vest and play with her big new breasts, she hesitantly encouraged it.

It all felt weird and strange, especially since she couldn't remember the last time a she'd been touched by another human being, but she played along, wondering what was so horrible he had to get her so utterly convinced her was harmless, just a 'nice guy'. That, obviously, was the purpose for him playing with her now half-naked body - because that 'playing' felt really, really good. Obviously, anybody who hadn't gotten the hard lessons about life she had would have thought any man who could be giving her pleasure couldn't possibly be planning to hurt her.

After a while, when he'd touched and kissed and massaged her quite a bit, he huskily suggested they move into the bedroom.

She accepted, of course. It was obvious that whatever trap he'd laid was in the bedroom, and all this 'pleasure-giving' business he'd done - was still doing as they walked towards the bedroom' - was to catch her off guard.

They were on the forth floor, and once in the bedroom they wouldn't only have the locked door between her and freedom, but the bedroom door as well - or so he obviously thought, not knowing her capabilities.

She let herself be led into the dimly-lit bedroom - and as he began to undress himself, she glanced around, wondering what the trap was.

There was none of the leather, none of the cuffs or chains or restraints that her previous experience with the 'nice old man' had led her to expect. Obviously, they must be hidden, which meant that the trap wasn't quite ready to be sprung yet.

Well, she wasn't going to cut him short until he tried to spring the trap, because that would be the cruelest moment in

which to do it to him. So, as the now naked man eased her towards the bed, hands working at finishing undressing her, she continued playing along.

When they were both lying on the bed and he grabbed her ankles atier playing with her new body some more, she way sure this was it, the moment when he was going to unleash his evil plan...

...but, instead, what she experienced was incredible pleasure. It took her a moment to realize what it was from.

He had put his cock into her cunt - and he was thrusting it back and forth! He was having sex with her...!

...and, boy-oh-boy, did it ever feel terrific.

Gasping, moaning and sighing, she began to thrust her hips in an instinctual urge to increase the wonderful pleasure - while wondering to herself what awful fate he could be planning for her if he had to give her this much pleasure to 'lull' her before he tried it.

It didn't matter, of course. She could enjoy all this fantastic pleasure from,, what was the term? Oh, yes - being fucked. She could enjoy it without worry, because she knew he would never get away with whatever he was planing.

So she threw herself into her first sexual act with complete abandon.

Atierwards, atier she'd come down from that one, unguarded moment when the intense orgasm had complete disrupted her ability to thin, she lay in his arms, pleasantly exhausted and sure this exhaustion was the reason he'd fucked her - except that he seemed equally tired by their enthusiastic, eager coupling.

In fact, atier a while, he dritied off to sleep.

At first, she didn't know what to think or do about that - but the bed she lay on was almost as comfortable as the suit she'd slept in, and more comfortable than any sewer floor, so she finally decided to go ahead and let herself fall asleep as well. Sure, it was obvious he was planning to wake up while she was sleeping - if he wasn't just feigning sleep in the first place - and catch her unawares that way, but he didn't know it wouldn't matter.

So, she was more than a bit surprised to wake up and find he had woken up earlier than her - and made her a light dinner.

Slowly, as he talked to her over dinner, asking her questions about herself, it began to dawn on her:

Whatever this fate he was planning for her was, it was so horrid that it would require her to be completely and utterly lulled in order for him to pull it off.

Why, from the way he was talking about 'seeing her', even inviting her to stay with him until she found a place of her own, he must be planning on 'playing nice' for days, maybe even weeks before he was sure she was lulled enough to spring his trap!

Well, that was fine with her, she thought with a hidden, wicked grin as she accepted his 'generous' offer to let her stay with him. She was quite willingly to play up to him, let him pleasure her all he wanted, have as much of that - admittedly wonderful! - sex as he wanted to give her. It only made the whole thing more delicious. Atier all, he was giving her all this wonderful pleasure,

this food to eat and this comfortable place to stay, because he thought he was going to yank it all cruelly away from her with whatever he was planning. Since she knew that wasn't what was going to happen, then the more pleasure she could 'steal' out of him would make it all the more cruel when she finally walked away from his trap, unscathed.

It was with that thought that she decided not just to accept whatever he was going to give her - but 'steal' some from him, more than he was planning...

...and so, as they stood near each other in the kitchen while cleaning up after dinner, she put her arm around him, pulled his face to hers, and kissed him.

Sure enough, it led more-or-less where she expected... although on top of the dining room table was a bit of a surprise.

Still, as she cried out under the extreme pleasure she'd tricked him into giving her, she thought to herself that she could get used to this...

...and found herself hoping that the planned cruelty Chet was waiting on was so utterly, completely, horribly vile that it would take years for him to completely lull her enough to try it.

Then her second orgasm of the day - and her feminine life - hit, and she stopped thinking all together. **The End**



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After drinking a work-out drink, one guy finds that he is constantly transforming into different types of women, and with the changes reality also is shifted to match his new forms.

Shifty

By Gunslinger

Dabbing at his forehead with the end of the towel draped around his columnar neck, Gene Fletcher strode briskly through the short hallway that lay between the garage-turned gym and the kitchen.

Entering the clean, if rather minimalist kitchen that proclaimed his bachelorhood, the tall, broad-shouldered brunet casually whipped his sweat-soaked workout towel from his neck and dropped it into the laundry basket right near the kitchen door - a motion so ingrained in repetitive muscle-memory that he did not even have to look to ensure the towel found its target, much less break stride.

With the same casual, athletic competence, Gene flicked his right arm out to snag the large plastic container of Muscletek, a post-workout creatine supplement, from the top of the fridge. Dropping it atop the almost-bare surface of the

island, Gene swiveled around and opened the cupboard above the sink to fetch a glass. Turning on the tap, he used his left hand to hold the glass under the flowing water while his right ducked into the drawer next to the sink in order to extract a tablespoon. With the same sense of much-practiced competence, he swiveled back to face the island and quickly added the requisite amount of dark-brown powder to the lukewarm water, giving the mixture a quick-but-thorough stir. Negligently, he tossed the spoon over his shoulder, only subliminally aware of the metallic clatter that assured him the spoon had landed in one side of the stainless-steel double sink.

Taking a deep breath, Gene brought the nutritional supplement to his lips... then paused just long enough to grimace before downing the overoptimistically designated 'chocolate flavored' drink. A soft sigh, indicating relieve at having the less-than-pleasant task behind him, was more habitual than heart-felt as he placed the empty glass in the sink next to the spoon, and Gene rounded the central island of the kitchen, aiming for the

door that led out into the living room - and, beyond, the hallway leading towards a hard-earned and much-needed shower.

Gene was all of two steps past **The End** of the island when every single muscle in his body decided to cramp simultaneously.

At least, that is what it felt like to him as, with a hoarse gasp of pain, he reeled backwards, straining to control muscles that not only felt as tense and rigid as steel cable under tension, but joints that seemed to actively oppose his efforts to move them.

His hip slammed into the edge of the island countertop behind him, bringing a new pain to life even as the all-body cramp-and-lock was fading, and Gene looked down and...

"What the hell?"

It was Gene's startled mind that had blurted out the question - but it certainly hadn't emerged in Gene's voice... "What the *fucking* hell...?"

A mind that contained all the thoughts, memories, and psyche of Eugene Leslie Fletcher forced vocal apparatus considerably different than that it was accustomed to using to shriek the profane question in horrified confusion, even as eyes provided that mind with a view of a form that held little in common with the body of Gene Fletcher.

Oh, the leg the mind of Gene Fletcher was staring at was certainly still very muscular - but the particular flow and configuration of that musculature just wasn't 'right', at least in the sense that it failed to match the mental self-image Gene was still trying to apply to himself.

Except that the self-image Gene considered 'himself' had never included a taut, muscle-cabled thigh that emerged from beneath the almost scandalously high, black-lace-trimmed hem of what certainly appeared to be a translucent pink 'baby doll' nightgown.

Nor had a highly-defined calf ever slimmed sharply down to meet a relatively slender foot clad in platform sandal with pink

patent leather straps atop a clear plastic 2-inch sole and matching 4-inch tapered heel.

...and Gene's self-image certainly never included that leg being completely denuded of hair - much less a leg whose skin tone was closer to that of Belgian milk chocolate than Canadian maple fudge.

It was the leg of a tall, broad-shouldered woman of African extraction... which, in one sense, wasn't all that surprising, since it completely matched the rest of the body attached to that leg.

As this fact sank in, the ebony woman let out a wordless shriek of disbelief and horror. Whirling, she staggered awkwardly away from island and once again headed towards the bathroom.

The mirror only made the person still self-identifying as 'alpha male Gene Fletcher' shriek anew.

She was shorter and lighter than her 'real' measurements of 6' 5" and 260 lbs... but, in many ways, the 5' 6" and 160 lbs of woman staring back at her was every bit as 'masculine' as her own figure; while only edging into the top twenty percent on the muscle-mass curve as a man, this female body had to be in the top ten, if not top five percent, as a woman...

...and yet, despite possessing the objectively masculine body of a world-class female body-builder, the woman reflected in the mirror seemed to be trying to emphasize her femininity in other ways.

She had a massive, thick, and ass-length mane of curly, raven's wing hair. Her face was heavily made up in stark, bold shards of red, blue and purple. She wore not only the lace-trimmed baby doll and platform sandals, but what seemed a ton of diamond-encrusted gold jewelry...

...and there was no way in hell that the almost perfectly spherical, FF-cup tits practically popping out of the top of that baby doll were in any way 'natural', even ignoring the highly *unnatural* fact that she had been male only minutes ago...

"This... this... this can't be happening!" She wailed, recoiling from the reflection. "It... It just *can't* be!" A moment later, it wasn't.

The 'all body spasm' was much shorter and less painful this time, and once it had passed, the image reflected in the mirror was once again exactly what Gene Fletcher expected and wanted it to be....

* * * * *

"Hey, hey, G-Man!" Derek shouted above the congenial hubbub of the sports bar. Gesturing at the half-emptied pitcher on table he and Nick the Mick were seated at, Derek cocked his head questioningly.

"Pour me one!" Gene shouted back, on an oblique angle that brought him closer to the table, but not on a direct line to it. "Just gonna hit the head!"

"On it!" Derek promised, as Gene passed the table and kept heading toward the bathroom.

Along the way, Gene took every opportunity to admire the copious amounts of feminine flesh on display - some of which was from the highly outnumbered female patrons, but the majority belonging to the waitresses,

all of whom were clad in the 'corporate uniform' of skin-tight Daisy Dukes and a belly-baring red-and-white checked peasant top.

Given that horny men was the source of their income, it wasn't surprising how many of the waitresses met Gene's look with a smile... and, given his physique and casually confident manner, it was equally unsurprising how many of the female patrons also chose to smile at him as well.

Making a few mental notes regarding likely prospects for **The End** of a 'Guys Night Out', Gene Fletcher pushed the door to the Men's bathroom open, stepped through...

...and, as the door swung shut behind him with a soti pneumatic sigh, let out a sudden gasp of shock as a quick shudder ran through his body.

Except that, by **The End** of that infinitesimal instant, it was a body that could no longer, in any possible sense, be defined as 'his'.

In the seventeen days since the... *incident* atier his workout, Gene had managed to convince himself it had never happened at all. There had been no physical evidence, no repeat of the inexplicable occurrence, and he had allowed himself to believe it had been nothing but some sort of crazy hallucination - but all that denial crumbled as the new woman stared in horror at the reflection shown by the mirror running in an unbroken strip above the six sinks along the far wall.

Unlike the previous incident, this time his stayed Caucasian... and, also unlike the last time, this time there was nothing 'masculine' about the body he inexplicably found himself.

In fact - the woman gaping back at Gene from the mirror was a real, Honest-to-God *Hottie*.

In Gene's expert opinion, the stunned woman in the mirror was five-one, five-two tops, and couldn't have pushed the scale anything above one ten. Luxurious chestnut hair fell voluminously around her face to sotily curl just around the tops of her well-shaped shoulders, and the shade was matched exactly in eyes framed by long, soti lashes.

Her figure appeared to be 34-24-34, and she appeared to boast double-D breasts that, despite their firmness, seemed all natural.

Most of this was easy for Gene to deduce - for the feminine new form he now wore in turn wore the same outfit as the waitresses he had just so recently passed... right down to the white leather 'cowgirl' boots.

"Holy shit!" The woman who still thought of herself as Gene Fletcher exclaimed - and the feminine voice that emerged between her full, red lips was as every bit as feminine and attractive as the rest of her.

For a long instant, she simply continued to stare at the reflection - and then she watched the woman in the mirror as one hand rose slowly toward her full, firm breasts; the other hand hesitantly moved toward her crotch.

Both reality and reflection flinched as hands met unmistakable feminine contours - and the tactile senses matched perfectly well with what sight insisted had happened.

"I... But... It couldn't..." The stone-cold fox in the mirror stammered nearly incoherently. She began shaking her head in negation, the motion steadily becoming more and more emphatic - and less and less controlled.

"No... No.... *No...* **No...** **NO!!!**" She shrieked, head now snapping back and forth so furiously that her hair was flowing and flowing around her head as if alive.

As a child, Eugene Leslie Fletcher had been known to his parents and most teachers as 'Eugene'; a name likely enough to draw amusement from his schoolmates all on its own. Worse, however, was the more common nickname used by his peers, drawn from his initial - 'Elf'. Teased and mildly tormented, Gene had almost subconsciously developed his response to this at a fairly young age; the first, insist on being addressed as 'Gene', even by adults, and to start a life-time dedication to creating a physique that was anything but 'elfin'...

...or, although not specifically part of his 'plan', to become more 'masculine'. It was a straightforward psychological and sociological defense mechanism, operating well below the level of conscious thought, but affecting almost every single aspect of his life. He had not consciously considered it, and he wasn't even aware of it... until absolutely everything 'masculine' had been taken from him. In the first incident, this had not been the case - as horrifying as that incident had been, the body had still be 'masculine' enough so as not to trigger this heightened lever of panic.

...of fear.

Now, however, the sight of such an ultra-feminine body enclosing a mind that was largely influenced by memories of boyhood teasing sent that very mind into an uncontrolled spin away from reality, desperately seeking a form of denial, something - *anything!* - that would not pull his mental and emotional state back to what it had been in those days.

He - **she** - failed.

As the realization that she was now fully feminine, that no trace of that carefully, (if subconsciously), created 'ubermasculine' defensive persona and physique no longer existed, Gene helplessly found herself falling back into a mindset wherein she was rightfully considered a 'victim'.

Slowly, the violent motion of her negation began to fade. Her posture shifted, shoulders sinking as her body stooped slightly - not as if under a terrible burden, but in the manner of somebody trying to make themselves smaller, less noticeable...

...less vulnerable.

Her frantic breath began to slow - not because she was gaining control of herself, but for exactly the opposite reason; fear now thrummed through her (*small, weak, soft, vulnerable...*) body. It was an uncontrolled reaction to this fear, of being noticed by possible predators, that forced her to reduce any extreme of motion or noise.

To try and become invisible - something neigh on to impossible for a woman with a physique such as hers.

A scant minute had passed since the inexplicable transformation - but in that minute, the mentality within the body had changed just as radically as the body that housed it.

Arms crossed beneath her taut bosom, each hand tightly gripping the opposite elbow, Gene timorously emerged from the bathroom, now-messy hair almost hiding a lowered face, leaving her staring at her own toes.

"Gene...?" A startled female voice exclaimed from nearby. "Gene, honey - what's wrong?"

Startled at being recognized in this oh-so-different form, Gene let surprise snap her head upright, dark eyes wide as she started at the waitress looking at her with such great concern.

"Geez, girl - did one of the guys...?" The attractive redhead demanded in a low voice, sidling close to Gene and looking around with a furtive air.

"I... I don't... I didn't..." Gene stammered, already confused mind struggling to make sense of this new datum.

"Jeanette Leslie Fletcher..." The redhead sighed. "Lord knows I understand how much you need the money - but, honey, this really isn't the job for such a... a shy girl as yourself."

Gene - or, as she realized, 'Jean' - gaped at the other waitress, slowly beginning to understand that more than 'merely' her body and clothes had somehow been changed in that inexplicable instant.

"I really have to ask..." the waitress began to speak... Gene/Jean shuddered briefly.

"...are you all right? Sir? Sir, can you hear me?"

Gene blinked, looking around in confusion - and then, with a sudden gasp, realized he was himself once more.

Well - physically, anyway. The regressive shift in his mental outlook, however, proved less immediately susceptible to the changes in his body, clothes, and - apparently- history.

"Hey, G-Man - what's up...?" Derek called, already walking in Gene and the waitress' direction. "I... I, er..." Gene stammered nervously - making both of Derek's rather bushy eyebrows rise.

"Not... Not feeling well..." Gene blurted out, only barely aware of what it was he was saying. "I... I should go. Home. Rest."

For a wide variety of reasons - each fully justified - the people in the bar stared at Gene in shock as he literally fled the premises in a strange sort of stride that, rather reluctantly, both Derek and Nick agreed was rather, well....

...effeminate.

* * * * *

Although the sun had set not long after he had gotten home, Gene had failed to turn on any of the lights. The only illumination came from the faint burnt-orange glow of the streetlights that filtered through the living room windows.

Slumped in the deep armchair near the fireplace, Gene tilted the half-empty bottle of whiskey to his lips and took a swallow. The amber fluid burned down his throat, liquid fire that diffused and dissipated as soon as it hit his stomach, somehow metamorphosing into a cool numbness of limbs and mind.

It wasn't nearly enough to take away the mental and emotional reactions to the other forms of metamorphose Gene had just experienced. and budged not at all the highly defensive, perpetually frightened mindset that had settled back into place.

It was a considerably less confident, self-assured mindset. So much so, in fact, that it even lacked the assertiveness necessary to convince himself that everything had been some sort of hallucination.

It was real. It shouldn't have been possible for any of this to be real, for him to somehow transform into women, right down to clothes and - as far as anybody else might know, history.

Nevertheless, it had happened. Not once, but twice - and the second time had been not only faster and 'easier', but had lasted longer. Not all that much longer, perhaps, a matter of minutes but, currently unable to lie to himself, gene could not deny the pattern he had grasped almost immediately.

It was a pattern that scared the hell out of him.

It was as if each time the wall between 'normal' and 'impossible' was broken, it made it that much easier to break back through it again at a later time. If so, then the next time might happen without even that briefest of shudders that had marked the transformation back to his male self this morning.

That there would be a next time now seemed certain to Gene. He didn't know how or why any of this was happening, if there was some sort of human force behind it, or something even stranger and less explicable - but, whatever, whoever, or however, he was certain that this was only the beginning. He would again change, probably into a woman, and it would probably happen sooner than the seventeen day interval between the first and second incidents...

...and would last longer than the second incident, just as the second had lasted longer than the first. Of course, this was all assuming that the second possibility that had occurred to Gene wasn't true. After all, he might simply have gone stark raving mad...

In that case, absolutely nothing about him had ever changed. The incidents had not been cases of him inexplicably and impossibly transforming into a woman - instead, he had remained exactly the same as always, everything that he *seemed* to remember was explained by insanity.

The reason Gene could see this as a possibility, while dismissing 'simple' hallucination, was the fact that it made sense of the fact that the 'hallucinations' made no sense - after all, what he was thinking was crazy.

Nevertheless, crazy or not, Gene believed that the first conviction, that this was all somehow real, was the correct one.

So, he would not - could not! - go to any form of authority for help. After all, he knew that his story sounded crazy, and so that is how he would be treated - and, if when he did change, so did everyone else's memory of who and what he was, then there would never be any proof that he was telling the truth. While male, everybody would remember Gene, the crazy man who kept insisting he was transforming into women. While female, everybody would obviously remember the new woman as always having been that way... and when their memories reverted to the real him at the same time his body did, they wouldn't believe his truthful protestations that it had just happened, right in front of them.

He had jumped to all sorts of conclusions, made all sort of assumptions, to reach this final perspective on the matter, and he knew it - and yet Gene still believed that this was the truth, and as such, he was going to have to figure it out - deal with it - on his own...

...if he could.

It was that modifier that caused him to lift the bottle once more to his lips - and, as the thought that this was now his life obviously kept coming back to him, time and time again, so did the bottle return to his lips, until there was no more golden fire to numb him.

Even then, drunk as a skunk, physically and emotionally exhausted, sleep refused to take him in its welcome embrace.

Gene spent the entire night in the chair, staring at a horrifying future that nobody but he could see.

* * * * * INTERLUDE:

Three Weeks Later

"We've got to do *something*..." Nick the Mick insisted - emphatically. "I mean - has he even talked to any of you in, say, the past week?"

Sky-blue eyes flicked from face to face, finding equal concern in those that met his gaze - and something deeper in those that did not.

"No-one is disagreeing with you, Nick." Derek replied. The tone made it clear that the words were in no way meant to be placating - rather, Derek's voice was filled with the same frustration that infused Nick's own voice.

The same frustration that resided in each of the nearly dozen people who had gathered to discuss Gene's strange and sudden retreat from society. Over the past month, the shared friends who connected the otherwise disparate group had all but become a hermit.

"It's just not right!" Stacey agreed. "I mean, sure, she's always been **shy**, but this is... it's *scary*, is what it is! As far as I can tell, she hasn't even left her house since she simply failed to show up for her shift at the library!"

"Right!" Peter - an advocate of a more aggressively active approach - agreed quickly. From such a generally laid-back

individual, his very intensity indicated that his interest in the matter might not be entirely... platonic. "For all we know, Jeannie could be starving herself to death! I don't care if we have to kick her door in - we need to..."

"...make sure he's alright!" Stacey insisted. "I mean, he's never turned me away - ever!"

"You mean he's never turned your rack away..." Peter snarked, *sotto voce*... but not too sotily.

"Just because *you* don't particularly care about him..." Linda, a buxom brunette, began.

"Hey, that's not fair!" Peter protested vehemently. "I think you're just jealous that Jenny's even bigger than you!"

"What?!" Paula blurted, face reddening in what could be taken as either outrage or embarrassment. "Sure, Gene's well-endowed, but size isn't everything!"

"Hey!" Nick snapped, stung. "It's not my fault I prefer my women to have at least a handful! It's not like I've shunned Gina because she's so flat-ch..."

"...uge!" Linda defended herself. "Sure, some people find him threatening, but if they only got to know him, they..."

"...would realize what a wonderful girl she is!" Derek insisted. "It is NOT just because of how hot..."

"...he is! Pop culture is what makes women assume anybody that fit and good-looking must be a chauvinist!" Todd argued...

* * * * *

Gene opened the cupboard above the sink - and cursed as her suddenly petite body leti her current reach a good six inches short of the goal. With an annoyed huff, the slender Asian waited a couple of minutes - and then he grabbed the glass quickly, before his body shitied once again.

A tall, slender woman drank half the glass, satisfying her thirst... and then Gene finished the rest of the water that his greater bulk demanded.

A bulk that was no longer as awesomely fit as it had been a month ago...

At this point, the rate of now painless and instantaneous shitis was measured in mere minutes, and any exercise, food, or other 'input' or 'output' was dependant and specific upon the body Gene possessed - something that had, quite literally, almost killed him/her/them in the discovery. At the time, he had been litiing weights - and what had been a moderate weight for the body he'd begun litiing the barbell in became more than a suddenly weaker body could handle. It had fallen across her upper chest, both pinning her n place and cutting of respiration. She might well have died, had not she shitied back just soon enough to liti the weight away.

Since then, Gene's routine had narrowed to only performing tasks that could be considered 'safe' regardless of form.

It was, however, a sliding and ever-changing definition...

In the past month, the ever-shifting individual who stubbornly stuck to the self-identification of Gene Fletcher had experienced brief period of blindness, deafness, para- and quadriplegia - when it came to female forms, the combinations were apparently limitless, whereas the only male form available was his slowly-deteriorating 'original' form.

...which was why, very much against his will, he had begun thinking more and more about trying to remain in a given female form, at least for a while.

It was almost unthinkable - and yet, it was also better than the alternative, which was the pseudolife he was currently living.

Almost accidentally, Gene had discovered that the rate of change - the now rapid-fire transitions - were not 'natural' in the short duration he remained female. Oh, the steadily diminishing time spent as male seemed to be the 'natural' methodology of whatever supernatural force acting upon him, but the equally short time spent as female was driven by his desire to return to masculinity. He was certain of this fact for a simple reason; whenever he transformed while sleeping, he remained in that female form until sufficiently awake enough to bring the full force of his will to the task of become male once more.

In other words, he was likely to spend however long he 'wanted' to in a given female form... as long as he was at least marginally willing to surrender to being that woman.

He had already realized and accepted not on this fact, but the implications of it. He could not leave the house as 'himself' without switching at least once, if not many more times... but he could, if he understood it correctly, stay the same female for the entire duration - if only he could bring himself to do so.

As little as he wished to do so, it now seemed his only choice - as he was not only out of food, but ready cash.

This did not mean just money, in cash form, but all immediate assets: as little as he liked dealing with people in a flicker-fast changing form, he had been ordering food from delivery places that accepted credit cards at the door - but now all his cards were maxed out, as well.

Having effectively quit his job by simply refusing to leave the house, about the only thing he could do at the moment was pawn some things to pay for basic necessities - but that meant leaving the house, and for a prolonged period of time. While people he dealt with had no problem with the rapid-fire series of changes - not even aware they were occurring, in fact - it was entirely too overwhelming for Gene to deal with.

So, despite his dislike and many misgivings, he was almost ready to bite the bullet, and not only wear a feminine form in public, but at least outwardly embrace a feminine persona for the duration he had to be in public.

Recognizing the necessity in no way made it any easier for him.

Which was why four more feminine iterations - a young, Scandinavian-looking woman, an obscenely obese Hispanic

woman of middle age, a boyish woman in her late twenties, and a roly-poly-looking Polynesian woman - passed before Gene was finally able to summon up the will needed to hold on to whatever feminine form would next appear.

In the brief, masculine window of what Gene still insisted as thinking of as the 'real' him, he gathered up his tattered willpower in order to... to do absolutely nothing when the next change came.

Nonetheless, he almost failed at the seemingly simple task of doing nothing at all.

As has become the unusual norm for Gene, the transformation is swift and painless, and it takes a second or two for Gene to appreciate what he has become this time - and it is that realization that almost causes him to instinctively throw his will into reaching masculinity again, for he has been turned into Dolly Parton.

Oh, not really the southern chanteuse, he realizes - but only later, only after somehow managing to override his instinctive reaction, to fight back the urge to push himself toward short-lived masculinity and thence whatever other female form might occur. During this brief battle of desire versus need, 'Dolly Parton' is the mental short-form he applies to the form he finds himself in, and it is only after he - **she** - somehow manages to defuse the near-overwhelming need to choose another form that she is able to semi-rationally appreciate both the similarities that make the comparison apt, and those that expose it for a lie.

Which was why, after taking the time for a more comprehensive look in the bathroom mirror, all the while fighting the urge to will herself to masculinity, the new woman mentally amended the description to "a 'young Dolly Parton' impersonator".

...a 'surgically enhanced', 'what people *associate* with Dolly Parton' impersonator.

A mass of straw-blond hair surrounded a face that, while attractive enough, boasted entirely too many bold features to be truly beautiful - broad cheeks were matched by a broad jawline, and only the delicacy with which they were formed kept them from looking too heavy. Her lips were full, although not overly so, and her nose was slightly too large - assuming, of course, the gaze wasn't first distracted by the large, doe-like eyes with the remarkably long, thick lashes.

Likewise, almost every aspect hovered on the edge of being 'too much of a good thing', including a pair of extremely large, extremely firm breasts that could only be surgically created.

Clad in a skin-tight pair of white jeans, an eye-searing yellow cotton work shirt, and patent leather belt and pumps that matched the top, the large plastic jewelry and bright makeup scheme all seemed to belong to a woman who not only accepted attention, but actively sought it - and, once again, Gene had to fight down the urge to banish this being from existence, to instinctively retreat from such a feminine figure, fate, and reality.

Only the thought that absolutely nobody would find her the least bit unusual, given that they would remember her, kept her intentions matching with the current reality of her form - for the confusion of dealing with people stemmed not from their lack of knowledge about any given form, but her own.

She had 'flickered' through femininity thousands of times since this inexplicable torment had begun - but never remained long enough to get to know the persona she was supposed to possess.

Something that was about to change...

...if she let it.

Staring at the leggy, buxom, attention-drawing woman she currently was, Gene almost gave into the urge to let herself go male, then try again with whatever female form was next... but knew the next form could be handicapped, or in another way even worse.

She was also just barely honest enough with herself to realize that if she used the 'this one is too much/ not enough whatever' excuse, she was likely to keep using it, and never solve the problem.

So, with that in mind, the new woman set out to discover who it was the everybody would remember her being - and therefore, the role she would have to play, at least marginally.

It also, unfortunately, meant that she was going to have to actually experience what life as a woman was like.

As, up until necessity mandated it, she had spent as little time as possible in any female form, she had only gained the faintest of insight into a feminine life - and that, incidentally, if not accidentally. Even then, she had tried as much as possible to ignore the sensations and consequences of femininity, and had for a large part succeeded, as far as possible given physical limitations. Now, however, she was going to be female long enough for it to really register on her - and, worse, she would have to 'get into it' enough not to be too far off the mark for what people would expect of her.

So, that being the case, she forced herself to actually pay attention to the sensations of femininity, which previously she had tried so hard to ignore.

The way her wider, more tilted pelvis changed her gait - a change only amplified by the four-and-a-half inch high heels on her eye-searing pumps. The feel of her luxurious mane of curly hair shifting and bouncing with every step.

The jiggle, bounce and sway of her artificially firm breasts, despite being constrained and restrained by a heavy-duty bra, which in turn pulled at her shoulders and tugged along the back where the strap lay against smoother flesh than she was used to feeling.

The strange sensation between her legs...

The one bothered her worst of all, because it didn't feel as if she was missing something down there - and despite what her male mind despairingly tried to insist, as a woman, she wasn't missing anything. She hadn't been mutilated, nothing had been stolen - this sensation, of having a womanhood rather than a manhood, was exactly what a female body was supposed to experience, and so was no more 'unnatural' than... well, than any other undamaged and completely normal part of a human body felt to a person. It was different, yes, but it didn't feel as 'wrong' or 'horrible' as he mind insisted it should have.

Which was exactly why it DID bother her so much... because that flew in the face of Gene's always unquestioned assumption that women were somehow less than men.

Up until this very moment Gene had always unconsciously assumed that women *felt* like men who had been castrated; but they didn't.

She knew that for a fact because she didn't - even though she really, really *wanted* to.

All of this sensations and realizations crowded in on her, assaulted her, tempted her to reach for masculinity... and she forced herself to not only push them down, but to some degree embrace them, to surrender to the feminine form and persona she currently wore, if only to the minimum degree necessary for her to take care of the business at hand.

Long, pink nails made a nuisance of packing a game system, controllers, and assorted peripherals into an oversized canvas shopping bag... but it was a nuisance that women in society were long used to, and she herself unwillingly found herself weight the whys and heretofore of it as she did so, recognizing - and, thanks to her male perspective and tastes, even agreeing with - the assessment that how good it looked overrode such a near-continuous series of admittedly minor nuisances.

In fact, the same went for the high heels - not that she wouldn't have ditched them in a second, had any of the Gene-shoes fit her much smaller feet. Since none of her masculine attire would fit this form, however, and she was completely unwilling to make her way first to pawn shop than supermarket barefoot, she was stuck with the heels - and with the helpless assessment that they made her legs and ass look damned good.

The very fact that she did find this particular form quite attractive - hell, quite sexy - bothered her; but it was also undeniable, since 'busty' was one of the traits he'd always found attractive in women, and the fact that the woman he was so finding was the body she was currently wearing didn't change that fact. Even as she - nervous, ashamed, and unhappy - leti the house for the first time in weeks, she couldn't help but feel that people would stare at her form, would find it notable for many reasons - and admit, if only to herself, that she agreed with all of those reasons!

Give her dearth of case, she could take neither taxi nor bus, which leti her a pedestrian. Hips swinging, boobs bouncing, heels clicking of the sidewalk, she moved hesitantly and 'shyly' as she walked towards downtown - but for all of that, sheer repetition of forms with high heels had unwillingly forced enough experience on the new woman that she moved with a certain amount of feminine grace as well, and she hated being in the position that she had to be grateful for the modicum of skill she had with walking in heels.

Wrapped up in her own thoughts and experiences, time itself seemed to stretch out at a snail's pace, and yet she seemed to find herself downtown without actually remembering any of the intervening distance covered. With more people in the commercial district than the recently-departed residential district, her own self- awareness of her feminine state made Gene try to shrink even more into herself, staring fixedly at the sidewalk in front of her shoes - well, as much of the sidewalk she could see, over the not-insignificant bulge of her blouse-clad breasts.

A scant block away from the pawn shop now, Gene was disturbed by how easily she was coping with female-in- public,

despite everything. She thought to herself that maybe, if she could just...

"Billie Jean ?" A voice blurted - and Gene practically leapt right out of her feminine skin, shying violently away from the person who had emerged from the nearby café just in time to blurt the name in a tone of startled joy. "Derek!" Gene - Billie Jean - blurted back, every bit as startled, albeit for considerably different reasons.

"My God! When I saw you through the window, I thought I was hallucinating !" The handsome young man said with a smile, stepping toward her - only to lose the smile as she recoiled even further from him, the way you might recoil from a dangerous wild animal.

"Oh " Derek said, shrinking back a little bit himself. "I'm sorry, Billie Jean - I was just so, um, y'know, surprised to see you, and. "

For the past month, the person who thought of herself as Gene Fletcher had been entirely wrapped up in her own problems, inexplicable and unexpected as they had been. It hadn't really ever occurred to her to wonder how other people might be reacting to the situation - at least, not any further than the fact that they would remember her as whoever or whatever she happened to be at the time. It literally never occurred to Gene that

the memory she might have of the her-she-was-right-now might still be that of the male self she thought of herself was - that is, a good friend, regardless of gender, who had basically vanished off the face of the planet.

Despite absolutely everything, all her personal concerns, Billie Jean was rather surprised to find that she still had the capacity to feel guilty over the way Derek reacted to her reaction...

...and without a thought, found herself taking a small step forward. Not much, a small gesture - but one that put the same amount of relative distance between Derek and herself as had existed before both her second recoil and Derek's own response.

"Oh - Derek! Uh... Hi! You, um, startled me..." She said, nervously - and mostly truthfully, if not all-inclusively so. "I was, just, um... heading down to the pawnshop to sell my Playbox..."

"Playbox...?" Derek asked, and Gene - Billie Jean to Derek - was surprised to see a hurt look flash across his face briefly...

...until she began to realize that, altered history or not, Derek remembered Billie Jean being a 'game partner' on-line as much as the reality of Gene and Derek's 'real history'.

Very, very slowly it began to sink into Billie Jean's brain that, aside from all the strangeness and impossibilities of the past month, certain things hadn't changed. So focused had she been on all the differences, the constants had slipped by under the radar, so to speak.

"I, uh... just couldn't handle work anymore, y'know..." She 'explained' - not even knowing what job 'Billie Jean' might have; not that it mattered, because it was true in any of her incarnations. "I... don't really want to sell it of course, but, uh, I just need

some groceries..."

"What? Well, why didn't you just ask for some help...?" Derek asked, honestly confused. "Heck, any of us would have been - would be..."

He suddenly chuckled, as his brain shifted from theory to reality: "I mean - let me buy you some groceries."

"That would be great!" Billie Jean agreed with relief, feeling like a real tool for not thinking of it sooner - and then blinking as she realized her instinctive intellectual reaction.

Derek, after all, had been and was her friend, and so she had responded exactly as 'Gene' would have... and, for that matter, she slowly realized, exactly as Billie Jean would, as well.

Which was why she didn't retract her agreement... and why, after just a little bit of reflection. She wasn't surprised to find that she felt more confident and comfortable with Derek beside her - after all, tough

situations were always more bearable with reliable good friends at your side, regardless of physical form.

It couldn't have been said to be called 'against her will' - for she wasn't immediately consciously aware of just how comfortable she was getting with Derek as they went to the supermarket and began to shop. After all, they were chatting, talking about shared interests, and so forth - and that was so normal and natural that she didn't think to question the fact that she felt more comfortable, more normal than she had at any other point during the past month.

Which explained the beer.

After all, she - as Gene - had never drunk much as a man, what with health consciousness and all. Indeed, Gene was a 'social drinking', only drinking with friends.

Derek was a friend, and so it was practically habit when she picked the beer out of the cooler... and when Derek walked her home, (a necessity, carrying much more groceries than she planned to buy), she had also opened beers for both of them as they cooperatively set the Playbox back up... and, of course, you had to make sure it worked, and since it was up and running, it only made sense to play a game or two, and have a beer or two with it...

Again, this was almost habit, a return to close normalcy for Billie Jean, who was looking at the constants... and, after a month of paying such close attention to how different her life had gotten, didn't even stop to think perhaps Derek WASN'T seeing things in the same 'Gene hanging out with a best friend of the same gender' mindset Billie Jean was stuck in.

In fact, on the outside of a few beers, playing videogames with her best friend, Billie Jean was so caught up in 'normalcy' that, when Derek began to beat her in the game, she instinctively did the same thing Gene would do in that situation - she poked Derek in the side, distracting him for a second...

...and when he poked her back, she poked him several more times in an almost ritual response.

A ritual that, as two guys, would lead from 'competing in a videogame' to 'competing in wrestling'.

Within minutes, two half-intoxicated, attractive young people were rolling on the floor, trying to pin each other - just as had happened between them dozens of times before, according to Gene's memories.

To Derek, however, this was something new and different, something more intimate and physical than he could ever remember from such an attractive woman... and, coupled with the alcohol, prompted him to make a move he'd never before.

Derek had just briefly pinned her - lightly, of course - and she was laughing and already starting to wiggle her way free... when he suddenly gave her a quick kiss, right on the lips.

Billie Jean stopped dead, his lips still lightly touching hers. A ripple of panic ran through her, and almost instinctively she gathered her will to shiti back to masculinity...

...and couldn't do it, as her homophobic mind insisted that two men in this position was hideously worse than anything that could happen to her as a woman.

Especially since her male-biased mind still refused to find anything wrong with the thought of a handsome man 'making a move' on a sexy woman. In fact - her mind kept insisting that it was not only natural, but, well...

As a man, Derek had been proud of his sexual prowess, had never had trouble accepting the fact that yes, women would in fact seek him out to experience the pleasure, gratefully - and, as a man, Gene and Derek had talked enough to believe that as well about the other. They were friends on the basis of shared past and experience, saw themselves as a couple of studs, and regaled each other with stories of just how much pleasure they had each given women.

It hadn't just been talk, either - as friends, they would hear each other's girlfriends admit that the other man had given them great pleasure.

So, Billie Jean, stuck in the form of a woman, found herself under a man who she really, truly believed was skilled at giving a woman pleasure - and he was unmistakably indicating a desire to please her, right here, right now.

Somewhere within the stunned, confused, nervous mind of a person currently female, she was a bit surprised to find her heart rate's acceleration wasn't entirely due to any of those negative emotions.

It wasn't the arousal that she was just beginning to become aware of, all though that was now becoming a disturbing new factor - no, it was the fact that on an intellectual level, given what she knew about the reputation and reality of her best friend, she found herself... wondering.

Wondering... and in the position to find out. If she wanted to.

No - if she had the courage to admit she wanted to.

All of this went through her mind in a frozen moment - but it was a moment during which she had frozen; sensing this, Derek began to withdraw, already framing an embarrassed apology that would next turn into 'strategic withdrawal' that would

leave her alone in her house.

She kissed him.

She hadn't even really planned on it, even though the thought had been flitting - unbidden - through her head. She knew damn well that, without the beer, without the fear and loneliness of the past month, the gratitude toward Derek for all he'd done for her today, well... it wouldn't have happened. But, all those factors were in play, and so it did happen - and, even as she was having second, third, and fourth thoughts about what she was doing, Derek responded, with interest.

With passion.

The arousal she'd only begun to become aware of as a factor suddenly became a very major factor in her decision-making process... and, a second later, as his hands began to touch her body in some highly sensitive spots, factored even more strongly into her decision-making processes more or less shutting down.

In short, Billie Jean gave up 'thinking' in favor of 'feeling' - and, ho boy, but there was a hell of a lot to feel! Derek's reputation was in no way exaggerated.

Billie Jean might have been a somewhat passive participant in what was happening - but a participant she was, in no way trying to stop him, or even demur, as his above-the-clothes groping became below-the-clothes groping. His touch elective a welter of confused emotions in her, but the physical sensations were all pleasurable. Soon, she felt his hands removing the clothes that lay as a barrier between their hot flesh, and she realized that this was really the last rational chance to bring this to an end without major consequences to their friendship...

...and she said nothing as her blouse came off, exposing her magnificent breasts.

Hands touched those enchased breasts - and, again, no coherent word emerged from among the soti moans and sighs coming from her throat as the bra was cast aside, allowing lips and tongue access to those firm, round mounds and the even more sensitive, fully-erect nipples that tipped them.

When Derek's hands undid her jeans, she tilted her hips to make both pants and panties easier to remove.

It wasn't so much that she was still too uncertain to help Derek strip, as well - it was much more the case that she was entirely consumed by the sensations that Derek was causing in her even as he stripped himself down.

Soon, bare flesh against bare flesh, the sensations grew even stronger, even more pleasurable.

Dimply, she was well aware that her now exposed womanhood was wet, giving every sign of a woman physically and emotionally ready to be penetrated - and however her now-battered male persona might have wished to argue otherwise, the readiness of her womanhood was in no way a lie.

"Oh, GOD!" Was ripped, unbidden, from her throat as her best friend's cock filled her womanhood - but that wasn't what it felt like to Billie Jean. No, to her, it felt as if her entire body was hollow, a void about to collapse on itself out of the

pure gravitation of need, and it was Derek's cock, filling her completely, that lent her otherwise hollow body form.

Function. Meaning. Purpose.

"Oh, god, YES!" Gene heard a high-pitched woman's voice scream, and dimly recognized it as emerging from her own body... except there wasn't a 'her', anymore than a 'him', not in the sense of a discrete individual. No, it was flesh on flesh, and it was flesh that was shouting out, and the mind - stripped of anything so advanced and ephemeral as 'identity' - was merely a passenger, existing as something to experience and process the pleasure of the flesh.

Which she did with utmost efficiency, body now no longer passive as it writhed and wiggled beneath him, striving to increase the pleasure that his thrusting cock was giving her.

She succeeded most admirably.

Time became meaningless, belonging to something far removed from this primal, pleasurable experience. It was too long and too short a time, filling every sense as she was... well, fucked.

Fucked good; fucked hard; fucked good and hard...

...and, what little of 'her' there was to do so, loving every second of it, especially the incredible orgasm that ripped through her.

* * * *

Dabbing at his forehead with **The End** of the towel draped around his neck, Gene strode briskly through the short hallway that lay between the garage-turned gym and the kitchen.

Entering the kitchen, Gene casually whipped his sweat-soaked workout towel from his neck and dropped it into the laundry basket right near the kitchen door - while simultaneously calling out a greeting to his new roommate, currently finishing his breakfast: "Hey, Derek - how's it hanging?"

"Down and to the right." Derek supplied the stock answer, with a chuckle - only to be drawn up short by the response: "Mind if I see for myself?"

Derek frowned slightly at Gene's unexpected response...

...and then smiled wickedly at Geena, and agreed eagerly.

The person who no longer thought of themselves as any particular person, but intensely grateful to be able to experience all *sorts* of pleasure as the multiplicity he/she/they had become gave back an even more wicked smile as currently-she knelt before her currently-a-boyfriend... while reminding herself NOT to give in to the urge to draw this out.

Atier all, Trish was okay as a lesbian girlfriend, but when she got here in a little while, it was Gene that made her happiest...

The End



SUMMARY: When guy fakes a female voice for some homemade CDs they fall into the hands of a local radio station and now the guy must create the female star that everyone wants to meet.

Show Biz

By Gunslinger

The mood in the darkened theatre was starting to get ugly. The monotonous chant was edged with anger, and a discontented murmur ran through a crowd that was slowly edging closer to the stage...

...and then, cutting through the noise as cleanly as a hot knife through butter, a keening note from the pitch-black stage reached out and drew utter silence from the audience.

It was only the most perceptive members of that audience who could correctly identify the instrument creating that eerie, ululating sound. Unearthly, the resonating upper E-string of the electric guitar held it's vibrato note, soaring and dipping around open E, never quite leaving the note, never quite settling on it.

The note slowly faded, it's pure tone echoing in the enclosed auditorium until it became almost impossible for the stunned audience to tell when the actual note itself departed, leaving behind only the auditory memory of it's high, clear sound.

It was into this ripe silence that a voice slipped. A sweet, pure soprano almost as eerily unearthly as the long-held note that had preceded it, but at the same time infinitely human. It came from the utter darkness of the stage, not yet quite singing, but also not exactly speaking. Heartbreakingly sweet, tenderly soft, and yet edged with a quiet pain that seemed to arrow through the audience, touching each ear and every heart in turn as it sang—said perfectly formed words that echoed with perfect clarity in the silent darkness of the enraptured auditorium.

'You and I in a little toy shop,

Buy a bag of balloons with the money we've got. Set them free at the break of dawn,

Until one by one... they were gone.'

Suddenly, a drum began to beat, a quiet roll of a military tattoo whose rhythms matched the cadence of the unseen singer's voice as she picked up the second stanza of her song.

'Back at base,

Bugs in the sotiware, flashed the message: Something's out there.'

The electric guitar re-entered, as sotily as the drum tattoo, it's clean tones muted, almost sad, matching the somehow liltng sorrow of the singer's voice.

'Floating in the summer sky, Ninety-nine red balloons go by.'

The voice trailed off, holding that soti sorrow for an eternal instant...

...and then drums, bass, guitar and electronic organ flared into full-throated life, the shear intensity of the throbbing beat and quick-paced, almost frenetic melody as audibly dazzling as the sudden burst of flaring light was to the optic nerves of the gathered audience. As the sound washed out over the crowd, the moment of stunned silence remained intact for an instant. Then, as dazzled eyes cleared, wild cheers began to rise from a crowd that, almost against their will, found themselves beginning to move in time and tempo with the driving, energetic beat of the music - and to the equally energetic movements of the woman on the stage that every single eye in the house was riveted to.

There were other people on the stage, musicians playing the instruments - but no one had eyes for anybody by the lead singer bouncing and skipping and twirling around the stage.

She was short, but not 'delicate'. Her body, without carrying any excess wait and without being hard- toned, was nevertheless incredibly ripe and taut, as if it was trying to contain so much energy that she **had** to keep moving around, or she'd simply explode.

Sexual energy.

There were posters of this woman at the main entrance of the auditorium, and it was the same woman that stood before them now, life and in the flesh. The same mop of intensely red hair over a cutely 'elfin' face. The same wide-hipped, buxom body in the almost girlish clothes she invariably wore - a pleated, petticoat-lined black Spanish lace skirt over knee-length black spandex cycling shorts and a midriff-baring silver-lame tank top that hung over the curve of her generous breasts.

Red high-top canvas sneakers. Plenty of shiny, tacky, over-sized metallic bangles, bracelets and earrings.

Yet that picture didn't - couldn't - convey the sense of barely restrained sexual energy that flowed out from her diminutive body like an electric current...

...and more than the electronic recordings of her incredible voice could accurately convey it's intense power as she took up the fast, bouncy sound in her lightly southern-accented voice, not just singing the words, but somehow creating a mental videoplay of the song with voice and actions as she twirled, swayed and jiggled energetically around the stage.

'Ninety-nine red balloons, Floating in the summer sky. Panic bells, It's red alert.

There's something here from somewhere else The war machine springs to life,

Opens up one eager eye, Focusing it on the summer sky,

Where ninety-nine red balloons go by. Ninety-nine Decision Street, Ninety-nine ministers meet.

To worry, worry, super scurry Call the troops out in a hurry.'

The slightest change of intonation, the tiniest alteration in her body language - and somehow she was a grizzled general talking to his-her troops... yet still an incredibly sexy young woman, all at once.

'This is what we've waited for, This is it boys, this war.

The president is on the line,

As ninety-nine red balloons go by.'

Now she was a fighter-pilot, swaggering and cocky, in the cockpit of a jet plane, steely-eyed and ready to obey her orders.

Whatever they might be. 'Ninety-nine knights of the air, ride super high-tech jet fighters. Everyone's a super-hero, Everyone's a Captain Kirk.

With orders to identify, To clarify and classify.

Scramble in the summer sky, Ninety-nine red balloons go by.'

Once again the music beat out a frenetic rhythm, as she danced for their pleasure, no longer singing... and then the music faded, and she stood in the center of the stage, the only light left on spot-lighting her in the otherwise perfect darkness as she once more sang alone, voice sweet and yet sad, into the darkness...

'Ninety-nine dreams I have had, and every one a red balloon,

it's all over and I'm standing pretty, in this dust that was a city.

If I could find a souvenir,

Just to prove the world was here, And here is a red balloon,

I think of you and let it go...'

Then the spot-light snapped out, plunging the auditorium into perfect darkness...

...but not anything approaching silence, as the crowd went mad. They cheered. They applauded. They whistled...

...and then, as if they were all of one mind, they began chanting a name in feverish devotion: **"MEL-O-DY! MEL-O-DY!**

MEL-O-DY...!"

* * * * *

When the song came on the radio, Dave spit out a mouthful of coffee and turned to stare, wide-eyed, at the inoffensive little black plastic electronic device resting on his kitchen counter.

Which was a real shame, since he'd been too wrapped up in his work during the past weeks to go shopping. That wasted coffee was in the half-cup's worth that had been all he'd been able to brew from the grounds left at the bottom of the economy-size can of Maxwell House.

The slender, platinum-blond young man hardly noticed the waste, however, as he stared wide-eyed at the radio, unable to

believe his ears as he listened to the incredibly sweet soprano voice coming out of the low-quality speaker, singing 'Dust in the Wind' to the accompaniment of a lone guitar.

"No." Dave said, shaking his. "No, this.. this isn't happening. It isn't **possible**..." The song ended, and was replaced by the local DJ's smooth, baritone voice.

'Yes, that was 'Dust in the Wind', our seventh request for Melody Davis today.. and it's barely ten o'clock! It looks like we're going to blow yesterday's record number of requests for a single artist easily today. What do you think, Jack?'

'Oh, undoubtedly.' The co-host replied. 'Ever since we got the anonymous CD dropped off at our offices three days ago, we've gotten more demands for Melody than any other artist or band. Whoever, or wherever, Miss Davis is, she's going to be rich once somebody signs her.'

'No doubt, no doubt.' The low-voiced host agreed. 'Once again, let me re-iterate that WKJL is offering a five-thousand dollar finder's fee for anybody who can get us in touch with Melody Davis herself. Our affiliate station, WPYG, 'The Pig', in Little Rock is offering the same for...'

Numbly, Dave reached out and shut off the radio, his heart lodged somewhere in his throat.

"It's not possible..." He muttered once more, slumping against the counter and staring, unseeing, at the peeling wallpaper of the far wall. "How the hell did they get my songs?"

Feeling weak-kneed, David Leysom pushed himself off the counter and slowly walked - staggered, really - into the living room.

Thick curtains blocking out the intrusive daylight, the largest single room in his tiny bungalow was his workspace. Computer equipment, purchased with the bulk of whatever monies he had at any

given time, sat, covered, or balanced precariously upon second- or third-hand furniture. Making his way through the scattering of trash, empty Coke bottles, and fried computer components, Dave slumped into the rickety kitchen chair he used as a computer chair, and began tapping away at the keyboard.

Moments later, he sat back and stared at the screen. His face, already pale due to lack of sunlight, looked bone-white in the garish blue glow of the monitor as he confirmed the fact that his last re- organization of his hard-drive had accidentally put his music recordings in one of the folders ear- marked for 'sharing' on a peer-to-peer networking program.

Computers were Dave's life - and music was his hobby. It was almost inevitable, then, that at some point the two would mix - especially so, since his computers could simulate the variety of musical instruments he couldn't afford to buy, or possess the talent to play. His hard-drive was full of renditions of his favourite songs, performed by himself and an all-electron orchestra...

...including the dozen songs he'd whimsically credited to 'Melody David' atier he'd been fooling around with a free voice-changing sotiware. A simple program that altered voices, he'd set it to it's generic 'female' setting and run the vocal tracks of one of his previously recorded songs through it - and had been shocked to hear how good it sounded. Much, much better than

his own unremarkable 'natural' tones, in fact. Not that his real voice was bad, but 'Melody' was downright amazing, or at least so he'd thought...

...and judging from what he'd just heard on the radio, so did just about everybody who heard 'her'.

The question was - what were they going to think when they found out that 'Melody' was really a pale, scrawny little twenty-five year old techno-nerd?

Well, it didn't matter, Dave told himself, with a sigh. After all, nobody would ever know Melody didn't really exist - because nobody was ever going to find out where the recordings really came from. It was that simple. In time, with no 'Melody' coming forth, it would just become an unexplained footnote to musical history. There was no way anybody could trace the recordings back to him, and so he wouldn't have to worry about it.

Nodding to himself, Dave decided to put the whole thing out of his mind. Should he heard 'Melody' on the radio again, he could be amused by knowing the truth, but that was as far as this would ever have to go.

Feeling a lot better, David removed the files from the P2P network, then pushed back from his computer and went out to gather up his mail. Ignored for nearly three weeks, there was quite a stack of it, and he carried it into his kitchen to sit down at the table and sort through it.

It was about halfway through the pile that he came across the notice indicating that his house, leti to him by his parents, was going to be foreclosed on if he didn't come up with the nearly four thousand dollars of back-payments owed...

* * * * *

"Uh... WKJL? My name is... Dave Leysom. I'm calling about that five thousand dollars for information about Melody Dav... Yes, that's right. Yes. Oh, no - she's very, **very** shy. Those songs got out by mistake and... What? Um, well... You see, the thing is, there is no 'Melody Davis', and..."

He went pale as he listened - then looked down at the notice crumpled tight in his fist, and began talking fast.

"No, no - that isn't what I mean! I mean.. that's not her real name. Like I said, she's very shy, and... What? I.. don't know. I mean, she never, ever talks to anybody but me, and... Huh...? I won't get the money unless she does, huh? Well... hold on. Let me ask her..."

Cupping the receive in his palm, he stared wild-eyed at the wall, trying desperately to think of another way - **any** other way - he could come up with the money...

...and then, with a sigh, quickly patched a few patch cords into the hastily jury-rigged jacks on his phone, and leaned forward to speak into his computer microphone:

"Uh... hi.. This is.. Um, that is, I'm the person who recorded those songs under the name of Melody Davis, and... Yes, I know I sound just like my recordings. Look, can we get this over with quickly? I don't like talking to... what do you mean, 'on the

air live'? Right now? No, I can't... **How** much? Just for a five-minute interview? Well, I All right."

* * * * *

Nervously, Dave pulled bag the edge of the heavy curtains over his window...

...and then quickly let them drop again.

They were still out there. Fans, crowding his lawn. News vans blocking the street. Police to keep the whole thing under control.

It was a circus.

He hadn't been able to leave the house since that stupid phone interview, almost two weeks ago - but at least the money he'd gotten meant that he could order food in and afford to have it delivered.

Still... he hadn't thought this would happen. He'd planned just to let 'Melody' disappear but they

wouldn't let her. The fact that she was so shy that nobody had ever seen her - except her good friend and 'manager' who people quickly figured out she'd anagrammed her 'stage name' from.

People were dissecting every scrap of information about this mystery woman, trying to find out who she was - trying to **meet** her, for God's sake! At least Dave's refusal to talk to the press meant there were no good recordings for anybody to compare with 'Melody', which might reveal the truth but

that only made the legend worse.

He'd always been a loner, had always been shy - and now the papers were full of stories about the 'kindred souls', where even a veritable non-entity like Dave was the link to the 'outside world' for the even more reclusive mystery singer.

How the hell was he going to get out of this ?

* * * * *

Dave looked at the items laid out on the work-bench in front of him - and couldn't believe he was planning to do this.

Part of him regretted he'd ever had an interest in 'special effects'. It had started out purely 'digital', with what he could do on his computer, but had also lead to a brief but comprehensive exploration of make-up effects.. and if not for that, he wouldn't have the materials and the know-how to do what he was thinking of doing.

What he was planning on doing, actually - because if it had still been at the 'thinking' stage, he wouldn't have bothered to spend all that time carefully shaving his body.

Atier all, the money was all gone, he owed money to the bank - and he still couldn't walk out the front door without somebody waiting to pounce on him, demanding that he produce Melody...

...especially now with the rumors that he wasn't her 'kindred soul' but her jailer, holding her imprisoned and incommunicado. The police weren't taking these wild rumours seriously...

YET.

Now, muttering curses under his breath, Dave made sure the plaster he'd mixed up was the right consistence, then began to slather a thick layer of Vaseline onto his body in preparation for making the mold.

* * * * *

He couldn't believe he was doing this.

Or, he thought with grim humor, maybe it was 'she couldn't believe she was doing this'. He-or-she could barely breathe.

It had little to do with the incredibly realistic foam-rubber 'body suit' she wore. Made with the same material and techniques as the best Hollywood artists, even close examination of his-her foam prosthetic body wouldn't give anything away.

That, at least, he-she was sure of, since she-he had been utterly paranoid, and wouldn't settle for anything less than perfection, even if it had included over-emphasizing his-her breasts and hips to ensure an acceptably feminine figure of the masculine base.

It wasn't even the special elastic tubing he-she had 'inhaled', forcing her-his voice up into the correct range. Though it tightened the vocal cords and forced the voice higher, it didn't interfere with breathing.

Not, it was the simple idea of what he-she was going to do that made breathing difficult.

Sure, there was the 'perfect' costume, the dyed flame-red hair, the altered voice, even the mid- eighties clothing he-she had found in the attic. That didn't make it easier, though - it made it harder...

...because he-she actually **was** 'believable' as a woman, and that somehow made the thought of going out in public even worse than if he-she had simply went out, as Dave, in drag.

Taking a deep breath, 'Melody' firmly forced herself to think in the feminine - then stepped out the back door of her.. no, her **manager's** house.

"Oh my god.. it's **her** ! It's **MELODY!**"...

* * * * *

Over the past few months, she'd not only gotten over her initial fear, but had actually come to enjoy her once-a-week night-time excursions as Melody.

Now, however, the fear was back, and she sat on the padded floor of the dark-painted van she'd been yanked into, staring up in shock and fear at the tall, severe-looking woman looking down at her.

"Relax, Melody." The woman said. "My name is Jessica. I'm here to rescue you." "But.. I don't need to be rescued!" Melody protested.

"Yes you do!" Jessica said, sharply. "Your latest recordings have made tons of money, and your.. 'manager' is living high on the hog. New clothes, new house, new car - yet you still almost never go out, and you wear the same, ratty old clothes. He's using and abusing you, Melody!"

"No - it's not like that!" She insisted. "You don't understand!"

"Oh, but I do!" Jessica said in righteous anger. "Who's idea were the implants, Melody? I've watched you, and there's no way those are real. Did Dave force these on you...?"

Jessica reached out to squeeze one of the breasts in question...

...and the van went over a bump at that very moment, and the latex foam prosthetic tore away in the severe-looking woman's hand.

"Well..." Jessica said, initial shock fading into a wicked grin. "Well, well, well.."

* * * * *

"I'm sure I'll be completely happy with Jessica Morton as my new manager." Melody told the press. "Atier all, she's already arranged my debut concert, and it sold out in hours."

"What about David Leysom?" One reporter wanted to know. "Why isn't he available for comment?"

"Mr. Leysom took the hard-earned money from royalties and this exchange settlement, and has gone to tour the world." Jessica answered the question. "Now, if you'll excuse us, we have to leave. No more questions, please..."

Ignoring the request, the press continued to shout questions as Jessica 'gently' took Melody's arm in a talon-like grasp and guided her off the podium.

The 'superstar' struggled to keep pace - without looking like she was struggling at all. The heavy, over-inflated implants forced on her in that small Brazilian clinic bounced and swayed and jiggled, trying to pull her off balance in a way her much lighter and slightly smaller foam appliances never had - but with only the short skirt she was wearing, Melody dare not let herself fall down.

Not when it might reveal her cock and balls, shrunken by the intensive regimen of over-strength hormone treatments, all but useless, but unmistakable. As Jessica had pointed out with glee, the press would LOVE to get a shot of that 'shocking secret' to plaster all over the headlines...

Collagen-plumped lips helplessly forced into what looked like a smile, Melody waved to all her fans as she obeyed Jessica's long-standing order that she was now 'making up for lost time', and swayed and swivelled her broad new hips in an unmistakably sexy manner.

* * * * *

"I went to a lot of trouble to set this up..." the greasy-haired, weasel-faced manager of the auditorium said, licking his lips suggestively. "This was a very... **big** deal. There was some very... **firm** demands I had to fulfill. I had to deal in some very round numbers."

"Is that so...?: Melody asked, huskily, as she ground herself suggestively against the man's side, one long-nailed hand playing with the sole remaining button holding her straining blouse closed.

Quite purposefully, Melody forced herself not to look towards the one-way mirror, behind which Jessica was watching the little scene she'd staged. The tall woman had been quite explicit about what would happen if Melody refused to play her role...

"Big, and firm, and round...?" Melody forced herself to ask - as she popped open the button and exposed her big, firm and round tits to the slimy little man. "Like these...?"

"Oh, yeah..." The man sighed, hands coming to her inflated tits - while his mouth came down, hard, on her lips.

She fought down the urge to vomit, and let him kiss her. Thankfully, 'kissing back' wasn't required. He really didn't care what she did, just so long as there wasn't anything she didn't, so to speak.

Tongue probing her mouth, his hands squeezed and grappled with her saline-pumped boobs almost painfully.

Then one hand let go and slid down the curve of her broad new hips, heading inward...

..and since she couldn't let him discover her secret, she forced herself to follow Jessica's slip.

Knowing the cruel woman who was now her undenied mistress was probably laughing in delight at the humiliation being inflicted on her, Melody forced herself to pull lightly away from the man - then smile and lick her lips to quell his angry, startled expression, and sink slowly to her knees.

Reaching out, she unzipped the man's fly and let his already hard cock spring into the open air.

"Um, yummy..." Melody feigned excitement - and then leaned forward, opened her gloss-pink new lips, and forced herself to wrap them around his sweaty, none-to-clean cock.

Trying very hard to pretend she was anywhere else, doing anything else, she settled into giving the man as 'good' a blowjob a beginner could... and knew, with a sick feeling, that she'd soon have plenty of experience.

Then the man bucked his hips, his disgusting, warm seed spilling into her mouth, and she forced herself to swallow the sickening, salty mass, despite what every instinct she possessed was screaming at her.

* * * * *

"That was not bad, Melody." Jessica congratulated her as she came back-stage after her third encore." Even with all the

bad press, and the disillusionment of your fans, you're still pulling in enough people to make good money."

"Thank you." Melody said, that deep sorrow that made her music all the more intriguing no longer as close-held as it was on stage. Carefully, the diminutive super-star made her way to a chair and eased down into it.

The small of her back ached something fierce, and her legs felt like they were on fire. Her re-enlarged breasts, coupled with the high-heels Jessica had started insisting she wear during her performances, meant that every concert was now an ordeal to be borne.

Then again - so was the rest of her life.

"Very good indeed..." Jessica said, coming over. Glancing around to make sure 'Melody's' instructions about being leti alone immediately following a concert were being met, Jessica leaned forward and spoke in a low, soft voice. "We've just about played out this little game, 'dear'. Just two more concerts, and you're done. You're free. You can give up show-biz and try to live a nice, quiet life... for as long as the money you have holds out, of course."

Straightening, the taller woman shook her head reprovingly.

"I told you about blowing all your money that way." She tsd-tsd theatrically. "The breast implants, all the new clothes you were only once or twice, the party-all-night lifestyle. I know you're determined to make up for lost time, young lady - but really! Going through big-name actor boyfriends like candy? Hotel-room orgies with hard-rock bands? The tabloids are full of your antics, dear, and even the fans are saying they'd rather listen to you on CD than see you live anymore. At least your singing is as good as ever - if not better!"

Melody didn't even have the strength to give Jessica a bitter glare. She didn't seem to have the strength to do anything anymore.

Not after the final surgery, the final unmaking, of which the unexpected side-effect had been to make her already famous voice able to go even higher, and even sweeter, pure soprano.

Three years. Three years of fame that had seemed to last a life-time - and, in its own way, had, since there was nothing leti of the young man she'd started this road as. All that was leti was the woman Jessica had defined for her - the huge-breasted young woman obsessed with 'sex, drugs and rock 'n roll' to make up for all that time as a recluse.

All of which was now 'public record', part of the legend of Melody Davis. A bright star who was burning herself out, her 'shy girl' image faded into something less shining. A skank.

A slut.

A tramp...

...but, as even her worst critics were forced to admit, a tramp who could *sing*.

A tramp who, on her worst night, after having been forced to provide 'private performances' of a less savoury nature for

whatever men Jessica wanted to curry favour with, could still move an entire crowd, could still carry them along with her in the music and, for one brief moment, be more than merely human.

For brief, fleeting moments - that were growing steadily briefer and more fleeting with every extra nightmare Jessica piled on top of her, crushing her down and breaking her spirit even as Jessica drained her bank accounts and stole her future...

* * * * *

Once again the music beat out a frenetic rhythm, as she danced for their pleasure, no longer singing... and then the music faded, and she stood in the center of the stage, the only light left on spot-lighting her in the otherwise perfect darkness as she once more sang alone, voice sweet and yet sad, into the darkness...

'Ninety-nine dreams I have had, and every one a red balloon,
it's all over and I'm standing pretty, in this dust that was a city.'

'If I could find a souvenir,

Just to prove the world was here,

And here is a red balloon,

I think of you and let it go...'

Then the spot-light snapped out, plunging the auditorium into perfect darkness...

...but not anything approaching silence, as the crowd went mad. They cheered. They applauded. They whistled...

...and then, as if they were all of one mind, they began chanting a name in feverish devotion: **"MEL-O-DY! MEL-O-DY!"**

MEL-O-DY...!"

Standing in the center of the stage, cloaked in perfect darkness, the woman whose name was being chanted let silent tears roll down her cheeks.

Tears that marked the release of the knot of tension that had tied itself so tightly inside her before this, the debut performance of Melody David Leysom.

After all the furor when, in the middle of her second-to-last concert as Melody Davis she had simply stopped, and spilled out the truth to a stunned audience, both live and via the television.

After the court battles, and the scandals, and the recriminations.

After the struggle to regain what she could of her new life, after the surgeries to allow her to live as a 'normal' woman, instead of the over-inflated caricature the now-imprisoned Jessica had wanted to leave her as.

After all of this, the only thing that truly mattered to her fans - the only thing, had she had the wit to see it, that had mattered all along, man or woman, fraud or victim - was that she could **sing**.

So, scrubbing hastily at the tears of joy that had tracked down her cheeks, Melody told her band she was ready to continue, and as

the lights came back up on the stage and the unstinting approval of her fans, regardless of what she might have been, rolled over her, she stood tall and proud and straight and gave them what they wanted from her, the giti she had to give them...

...and as the first chords rolled out, and her audience realized what she was offering for them, the frenzied adoration somehow redoubled, mixed with a wave of glorious laughter, as the woman who'd gone from merely being a super-star to a world-wide sensation and shining beacon of strength and hope to transsexuals and transvestites the world over opened her mouth and, in her incomparable voice, gave them her cover of Shania Twain's 'I Feel Like A Woman'.

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a strip club owner is in need of a new star, his downstairs tenant offers to help him out; little does he know that she has a plan to transform him into the type of bimbo stripper that he has always looked down on.

The Show Must Go On...

Part One

By Gunslinger

"Problems, Dennis?"

At the sound of the dry, sarcastic contralto voice, Dennis Modran paused in mid-rant. Startled despite himself, the pudgy, mustachioed manager stood in the center of a dritting vortex of thrown papers, his usually rumpled suit even more disreputable then usual as he gaped at the tall, elegant- looking woman leaning in the door frame, the ice-blue eyes behind the slender rimless glasses eyeing his with cool amusement.

Suddenly aware of how ridiculous he looked, the pot-bellied, balding club owner grinned somewhat sheepishly at his unusual 'tenant'.

"Sorry 'bout that, Liz." He apologized brusquely, waving a hand in the air. "Just some bad news is all."

Dr. Elizabeth Stanton winced at the hated diminutive of her name that Dennis seemed genetically predisposed to use, then shrugged it off. Pushing herself away from the door frame, the immaculately dressed geneticist looked around the office of the strip club manager, one fine-arched eyebrow raised.

"Just how bad?" She asked with apparent concern.

"Lemme put it this way..." Dennis snorted, slumping into the ratty old swivel chair behind the battered desk. "You might have to relocate at **The End** of the month."

Elizabeth managed a theatrical wince. Having inherited quite a bit of money, she'd decided to go ahead and do her own research, privately - but she wasn't rich, and so she'd looked for the best possible bargain for the space she needed for her research. Though it offended her feminine sensibilities, it turned out that the large basement of The Booby Trap club was ideal for her purposes, and available at a very reasonable price...

...except that she had neglected to factor in the emotional 'cost' of having to deal with one Dennis Modran, a man who seeped completely incapable of seeing women as intelligent, sentient beings.

Not that it was his condescending 'hope you have fun playing at being a scientist' attitude towards herself that bothered Elizabeth the most. Atier all, it was only slightly more blatant - and with a lot less impact - then the attitudes of many of her so-called male colleagues in the scientific community. The fact that she wasn't pursuing an 'appropriately feminine' line of work made her almost beneath Dennis' notice, in his world-view.

No - it was the way he treated his 'talent' that sickened her...

...which was why she'd manipulated things so that she could do something about it. She was going to teach Dennis a lesson he would never forget.

"What's wrong...?" She asked, as if she didn't know damned well what the problem was, having arranged for it herself.

"The lead dancer I hired for next moth cancelled out." Dennis said, angrily. "I knew it was too good to be true. That broad seemed willing to pull enough shitis to cover any three other dancers, so I took her, 'specially since she'd a 'specialty' dancer fittin' right in with the club's name. Now, there ain't no way I could book three 'normal' gals to fill the empty slots in the time I got, much less big- boob babes."

Reaching into the drawer in his desk, the balding manager pulled out a half-full bottle of rotgut whisky and took a long pull on it.

"If that ain't bad enough..." He continued, "My liquor distributor suddenly decided to call in the outstandin' credit I got. I don't pull in enough cash this moth to cover it, I lose my liquor license - which means I loose the bar."

"Oh, no..." Elizabeth muttered 'sympathetically' while thinking about how many 'markers' she'd had to pull in to get that to happen. "Isn't there anything you could do?"

"Nothin' comes to mind." Dennis grunted sourly. "I spent a bunch of money do some advertisin' to pull in major cash this

month - you know, sort of a 'mystery' thing, advertising the new feature dancer without any details to pack in the crowd? Well, how do you think they're gonna react when I ain't got no stinkin' dancer for them atier all that hype? Not only no new big-bust feature, but no new chick at all - just the same stable of strippers either on their way up, or on their way out..."

It was true. The Booby Trap was hardly a top club. In fact, it was downright seedy, despite Dennis' ill-planned efforts to turn it around.

Oddly enough, one of the strange side effects of Elizabeth's plan might be that the business would finally turn around - but that was purely secondary to her plan...

...which it was no time to put into action.

"Maybe I can help..." She said, slowly, in a tone of feigned thoughtfulness. "Yeah?" Dennis grunted. "How's that?"

"Well, what I'm doing research on could be called 'genetic beauty products', you see." She said - even though it was only a project she'd started when she'd decided Dennis needed a lesson. "It's still in the testing stages, so I don't have it worked out for a broad spread of genotypes - but if any of your girls match the necessary profile, I can make them more beautiful - more buxom, even."

"You're shittin' me!" Dennis gasped.

"No, I'm serious." She said, with a shark's grin. "Of course, I wouldn't usually make this kind of offer

- but my lab facility cost a ton to set up, and it's on the line too. If you'd like, I can check and see if anybody matches the genetic profile my compounds would work on..."

"Yeah!" Dennis said, enthusiastically. "Liz, babe - If you can pull this off, I'll owe you. Big time!"

Hook...

* * * * *

"Dennis, I'm so sorry..." She said with well-feigned regret.

She'd waited three days to break the 'bad news' - putting Dennis three days closer to the deadline of his supposed new dancer's opening night, and therefore tightening the time pressure on the manager.

"None of the girls match the... whachyamacallit?... genetic profile?"

"I'm afraid not." She said - then, in a deceptively casual, 'off the cuff' tone; "In fact, the only person who even comes close to matching the genetic profile is you!"

"Me?" Dennis asked, starting - and setting Elizabeth up for the 'distraction' technique.

"Yes, I... say!" She snapped her fingers, as if the thought had just occurred to her. "You wouldn't happen to have a sister,

would you...?"

Even though Dennis started shaking his head, she rushed ahead as if she hadn't seen him - she needed to get this next bit out, give his mind something to chew on.

"She wouldn't even have to be a dancer." She rushed on, using the pretend excitement of the 'sudden thought' to keep him from answering her highly loaded question. "With a procedure involving the transfer of some of the fluid around the hippocampus, it's quite possible - practically easy - to transfer 'memories' from your girls to somebody else - or, rather, they physical skills that go with those memories. Any close relation to you could be made over into an, uh... 'instant stripper', with the perfect body and a full set of skill..."

She pretend to just notice his shaking head then - even as he stopped shaking his head to gaze at her in amazement at her revelation.

"No, huh...?" She said, sighing in resignation.

"You can actually do that?" Dennis asked, amazed. "Not only make a chick more sexy-like, but give her skills and shit from other dancers?"

"Hmmm?" She said, feigning distraction. "Oh - yes, certainly. Except, of course, the woman would have to be the right genetic makeup."

She looked thoughtful - then planted the seed.

"maybe you should see if you can hire a woman - any woman - with the right genetic make-up. Atier all, it doesn't matter at all what she looks like now, or what she does for a living. My compounds could make a... 'total babe', I think you'd say, out of anybody with the right genetic make-up."

While saying this, she rose and headed for the door, judging the timing perfectly, since she needed to say the next bit just as she leti - and she did, her tone one of 'joking amusement':

"Hell - my stuff is so good, I could even make a **guy** into the ultimate stripper."

...line...

*** * * * ***

"None of them match, Dennis..." She said, 'sorrowfully', patting the prop pile of file folders supposedly containing the results of the 'genetic testing' on the candidates he'd brought her. "...and we're out of time. In order to get somebody ready to make that first show, we'd have to start the procedures and preparation tonight - and any test I did wouldn't be ready to tomorrow at the earliest, so even if a 'perfect candidate' showed up right this minute, the fact that I haven't done the testing required would screw us over."

She spread her hands in mock sympathy - while, inside, she was holding her breath, watching the pale, sweating man in

front of her to see if all the work she'd gone to was going to work out. Sure, if she'd guessed wrong about this, Dennis would lose the club, which would be good for his girls, even if it would badly inconvenience her...

...but if she'd been right about his personality, about how much he hated the thought of losing the strip club that he'd dreamed his whole (so-called) adult life of one day owning and running, then right about now, with his back to the wall, he might actually go for it.

He nervously rubbed the palms of his hands on his rumpled trousers, swallowing heavily.

"Anything you do... would be, uh... reversible, right?" He asked, slowly - and she had to steal her emotions, knowing that the question wasn't commitment.

"Yes, of course..." She said, feigning confusion. "Why?" He gulped, noisily.

"Well, uh... we already know it would work on, um.... on... uh..."

He hesitated - and then, voice so low as to be barely audible, and about two octaves too high, "...me?"

...and sinker.

*** * * * ***

"Now - you're absolutely **positive** that this will be reversible...?" Dennis asked, almost plaintively, practically dancing with nervous energy as he looked around the well-equipped lab Elizabeth had set up in the spacious cinder-block walled basement of the club.

Nervous and scared, Dennis was robbed of every trace of his usual inherent arrogance and abrasive manner - and seeing him like this did Elizabeth good.

Of course, she mused as she hid a smile, this was purely a situational lack of chauvinistic arrogance. After she was finished with him, the lack should be permanent...

"Of course I'm sure..." She told him, making sure he wouldn't back out at the last minute. "And, Dennis...? I just want to say how very, very proud I am of you. I know how hard this must be for you

- and I'm so impressed that your commitment to your business, and your dancers, is strong enough to let you go through with this."

Thanks..." Dennis said, smiling wanly as he considered anew what he planning to do.

He was going to let Elizabeth use her genetic 'black magic' to turn him into a woman - and not just a woman, but a sexy one.

One that would, in turn, be performing specifically to arouse men.

To say that Dennis found the thought 'uncomfortable' was the understatement of the year...

...but the thought of losing his business was even more unpalatable than the thought of being a big-breasted stripper.

"Well, then..." He said, voice trembling. "I guess I'm as ready as I'm ever going to be. Let's get on with it."

"Okay." Elizabeth said, nodding. "Go ahead and take your clothes off, then sit down..."

She gestured at the padded chair she'd prepared for this. Lined with special padding that would focus the low-intensity radiation that would be emitted by the gamma-ray projectors mounted on a metal framework around the chair, it looked like a misbegotten bastardization of a kitchen chair - but, despite its jerry-rigged appearance, it would get the job done.

Blushing deeply, Denis slowly began to undress, peeling the clothing from his hairy, pale pudgy body.

For all his 'I'm an alpha male routine', it was obvious that the male ideal of muscles wasn't exactly personified by Dennis...

...nor the ideal of an endowment, either, and she had to keep her grin from being too much like a smirk at the sight of his limp manhood, further shrunken by the consideration of the fact that he wasn't going to have even that much to boast about for much longer.

Of course, the new woman's 'endowments' would more than make up for the lost, in pure mass - but she doubted Dennis was looking at it in that light.

"Okay - go ahead and sit down..." She urged him as he finished stripping, hand shoving nervously over his crotch as he eyed the chair uncertainly.

"He nodded, jerkily, not trusting his voice. With obvious reluctance in every move he made, he slowly made his way over to the chair and seated himself in it with all the eagerness of a convicted man sitting in the electric chair.

"Okay - now we're going to strip you in..." She said, suiting actions to words. Though she had already explained the reason for this, she did so again as she tightened the buckles on the leather cuffs - more for the reassurance of her voice than for information purposes, since Dennis' current state meant that he was only barely capable of listening to her words. "This is just to keep you in the proper position as the machine does its work.

Dennis didn't even reply, sweat beading his high forehead despite his nakedness in the cool air of the basement. He simply sat, trembling slightly, as Elizabeth finished strapping him into place...

...thus taking away the option of changing his mind, committing him irrevocably to what was to come, as she'd made it quite clear before they'd started that, once strapped in, they were going to go ahead with it.

With quick motions that, had Dennis been in a frame of mind to notice, revealed just how much she'd practiced them, Elizabeth quickly found a vein on each of his arms and hooked them up to the special IV containers.

The tubing that led to the IV began to run the special 'cocktail' into his bloodstream.

The cocktail was a most unique mixture the scientific world had had ever seen. Of course, it was also highly experimental, new and untried - but she hadn't bothered to play those up to Dennis, who accepted the possibilities without considering the way most people viewed 'medicine'.

The base of the cocktail was a new mix of extremely powerful synthetic hormones, ones that simulated the effect of feminine hormones on the human body - but not the day-to-day hormones, but the way they effected the female body during puberty, when the female body went through the major developmental changes.

Included in the synthetic hormones were some 'encapsulated' hormones, ones that would be time- released, allowing for a longer-term effect - which should last long enough for the second part of the therapy to take effect.

The hormonal part of the base was the most, by volume - but it was also the least, in terms of effect. The real genius of the treatment was the actual genetic portion of it.

Mixed in with the hormones were small 'genetic markers'. These were almost a virus - but it was also encased in a special membrane that was more reactive to radiation than normal human flesh.

These 'viruses' would attach themselves to specific parts of the body, such as the glands that secreted developmental hormones, among other. The radiation would activate the DNA-analogue within the membrane, and the radiation would splice the pseudo-DNA into the cells, convincing them that they should, in fact, be the female equivalent - and the body, trying to 'heal' itself, would procedure to make itself over according to the feminine DNA encoded in the 'virus'.

So, the overall effect of the treatment would be that of a sort of 'second puberty', over the span of a week or so, during which Dennis' body would make itself over according to the new instructions of the DNA entering his body.

The final connection was the most finicky, the one that made strapping Dennis' head firmly into place.

Atier all, there was a long, slender needle sliding right into the outer membranes of the brain itself, to carry the carefully cultivated hippocampus fluid selected from Dennis' stable of strippers...

...and, though he didn't know it, several other women Elizabeth had paid good money to participate in the project.

Women who had certain skills and thoughts that Elizabeth wanted to make damned sure the new woman Dennis was going to become had.

With everything hooked into place, Elizabeth stepped back to the simple control panels she'd rigged up - and turned on the gamma-ray projectors, setting the entire process into motion.

When the projected revved up to full output with a low hum, Dennis - almost involuntarily - let out a low moan of humiliated horror at what he was 'willingly' letting be done to him...

...and Elizabeth had to turn away quickly, lest Dennis not the vicious grin of triumphant that creased her face.

* * * * *

"Okay..." Elizabeth said, unsnapping the last of the restraints and gripping Dennis' upper arm. "All done. Let's get you out of there."

The procedure had lasted just over an hour - and though it was only the first step in a roughly week- long change, there was a very obvious effect.

The radiation had caused all of Dennis' hair to fall out. His skin and scalp were now completely smooth.

It wouldn't last, of course, not with the special ingredients in the cocktail that would promote accelerated hair growth - but it would be hair growth on the template Elizabeth had 'encoded' into the cocktail. New hair would definitely grow - but only where Elizabeth wanted it to, and in the amount she wanted...

...which was a far cry from what she'd told Dennis. In fact, she'd implied that she had only 'rough control' over the final change, meaning that she couldn't precisely predict the new woman he'd become - when, in fact, she'd planned it out to the last decimal place, knowing exactly what she wanted to happen to him.

It just wouldn't do to let *Dennis* know it.

"I.. don't feel so good..." Dennis moaned, thickly, hating the fact that he had to lean so heavily on a woman for support - both physical and moral. "Feel... sick. Weak..."

"I know, I now..." Elizabeth said, comfortingly. "the worst of it will pass in a couple of hours - but your body is going to be undergoing some pretty radical changes in a relatively short period of time, so you'll probably feel a bit... uncomfortable, quite often. Nevertheless, we'll see about keeping you up-and-about - if for no other reason than to get to the task of helping you acclimate to your new body as it happens, so you're ready for your first show on time."

Dennis ignored that, and all its implications. Not because it was emasculating and frightening, though it was - but because his brain wasn't exactly functioning correctly.

"Confused..." He said, weakly, blinking several times as he tried - vainly - to order the mix of fragmentary thoughts and emotions whirling in his mind.

As well they should. After all, he had hints and bits of a dozen women's memories, even if his brain wasn't yet able to order them, or make use of them.

It was this thought that made Elizabeth grin even more strongly. That fluid, injected into his own brain fluid, carried in it 'genetic memory' from all those women. Given time, Dennis' brain would sort out the memories, and incorporate them into his mind, as 'real' as any of the memories he himself had formed over the years. Oh, because they were pieced together out of many different women's memories, they would be 'fictional' - but they would feel 'real' to Dennis.

Memories such as 'her' first date, 'her' prom, and many other moments out of the conglomerate fiction female life the memories would total...

...and, because those life memories included all the motions and skills this fictional woman had used, the new woman Dennis was to become would also have those skills 'ingrained' in her mind, each of them as real as if it were Dennis, 'herself', who had used them. Now, of course, it would be as if 'she' had those skills - but hadn't used them in a while, since her new body wouldn't have the physical experience of using them, so she'd need some 'refresher' training in the use of them, which was the 'acclimatization period' she'd referred to.

Not coincidentally, dumping all those thoughts and memories into Dennis' mind at one time, instead over a long period of time that a more conservative usage would have demanded, also meant that Dennis was 'addled', more... malleable.

Exactly as Elizabeth wanted 'her' to be.

"Come on, Debbi..." Elizabeth said, grinning as she put a slight emphasis on the feminine new name that, more than anything, marked the fact that, from this point on, the man-on-the-way-to- becoming-female would be considered female as far as Elizabeth - or the club's all female employees - were concerned.

Since those women were the only people 'Debbi' would encounter until the moment 'Debbi DeLite' was unveiled to the public on-stage, that meant 'everybody', as far as Debbi was concerned.

Now, Elizabeth certainly hadn't enlisted the female staff into the inner secrets of the plan she'd hatched - but she didn't have to. The women were all more-than-willing - downright enthusiastic, in fact - about participating in the training of the new 'woman', just from the part of the plan she'd revealed to Dennis. After all, it wasn't exactly an everyday opportunity to teach your previously chauvinistic (and male) boss how to be a good stripper - 'good' equating to 'able to arouse men', of course.

It was something that no self-respecting heterosexual male would feel comfortable contemplating...

...and the fact that the specifically-chosen memories and 'thoughts' that would be reinforced by the women training Debbi would make her feel as if she should feel comfortable doing so, directly in opposition to what 'should be right' to a male mind, only made the whole thing all the more horrible for 'Debbi' - and all the more delightful for the women.

* * * * *

"Ready for your first day at school, Debbi?"

If there was an undeniable edge of satisfaction in Karen's voice when she pronounced the not-quite- yet-a-new-woman's name, it was understandable - after all it wasn't every day an 'exotic dancer' got to help her slowly feminizing ex-chauvinistic boss on the road to becoming a stripper.

The fact that the highly confused (and vulnerable) new 'woman' was too confused to take any real offense - and hence, any offensive action - over the tone only made it all the more delicious.

"I, uh..." Debbi muttered, shaking 'her' head as she fought the now-familiar battle against the strange, highly feminine thoughts and memories swamping her conscious mind, making her feel much, much more comfortable with the feminine

designation then she would have liked. "I guess so."

"Good!" the stripper said, laying the pile of clothes down beside the new woman-to-be. Sitting on the edge of the bed, blinking blearily, Debbi looked still much the same as always, except for the fact that she was completely denuded of any body hair...

...and the fact that there was a fine fuzz of new hair on her scalp. Hair that covered more of her head than the old, receding male hairline had allowed - and hair, despite that short length of it yet, could still be seen to be a new, gleaming shade of silvery-white platinum blonde, that rare, rich color so unlike the much-bleached shade of the same name.

That the fine fuzz, a bare eighth of an inch long, came atter only a mere two hours atter the finish of the treatment, was an indication of just how effective the rapid hair growth portion of the procedure was. If the rest of the treatment was even half as effective...

"Let's get you dressed..." The bottle-blond stripper said, smiling brightly as she began to unfold the pile of clothing.

Debbi grimaced at the sight of the clothing, even though it had been specifically chosen to 'ease' her into her new feminine status. It was a basic 'catholic schoolgirl' outfit, and not the sexy version of it either - but it was still undeniable a feminine outfit, and the fact that part of her was looking forward to wearing the 'familiar' clothing was just as bad as the still-unaltered male part of her that cringed at the same thought.

Still feeling helplessly confused and unable to muster coherent thoughts, she could only feel the shame and humiliation as he let Karen help her dress in the outfit.

The first article of clothing Debbi put on was the simple white cotton briefs - and that garment, alone, could have represented all that was wrong with her divided feelings. The male part of her was disgusted to be wearing any feminine garment, even one as plain as this one - but it was even more humiliating for her that another part of her was thoroughly disgusted by the fact that they were so plain...

...and that the body she was putting it on was even worse, since the female memories and thought patterns 'squirted' into her mind actually looked forward to the not-so-distant day when she'd have a much more attractive female body.

It was.. disconcerting. To say the least.

Before long, Debbie was fully dressed in her first female outfit of clothing - a white cotton blouse, with a blue-and-green plaid tie, over a training bra, the shirt in turn tucked into the hem of a simple knee-length gray skirt that ended right where the navy-blue knee-socks started. Socks that, in turn, went down to the simple black 'Mary Jane' shoes, with their sensible one-and-three-quarter inch heels.

Heels that she felt awkward and embarrassed in - despite the fact that she was all-to-aware of a sense that they weren't the least bit unusual for her to be wearing, except for perhaps how short the heels were.

Along with the outfit was a wig - to help her become accustomed to a greater mass of hair, of course. Still, part of her was

disgusted to be wearing the pig-tailed blonde wig - while another part of her was longing for the day when she'd have her own luxurious mane of hair to work with.

So began Debbi's initiation into a life of femininity...

...though nobody but Elizabeth had any idea that it was a life of exaggerated femininity, since she alone knew that the 'extra' memory engrams she'd 'stolen' were those from women who, due to insecurities, upbringing, or downright insanity, were 'overly female'.

The most delightful thing of all, from her point of view, was the fact that any of these women (and, so, their thoughts now residing in her head) were exactly what Debbi had always believed women were really like - and so her own prejudices kept her from questioning the intensity of content of those thoughts, even as he was ashamed and embarrassed to have to respond to them.

Hell - to **reinforce** them.

Still, both because of her own dedication, and because of those thoughts, she actually tried very hard indeed, despite the humiliation and disgust she felt at purposefully and willingly 'going fem'.

It showed.

The first day, still mostly male in appearance, despite the clothes and wig, Debbi started out with her training. She did the boarding-school walk, letting her 'ingrained' skills come to the fore-front as she carefully walked - glided - around the office with a book balanced atop her wig. She practiced certain feminine mannerisms in the way she sat, stood, and walked - finding it disgustingly easy to pick them up, since she 'remembered' doing them before.

She also, unknowingly, absorbed on reinforcing idea atier another, thanks to the cutting quips of the 'oh-so-helpful' strippers who took great delight in teaching Debbi how to be feminine - and, thanks again to Debbi's own prejudices, the extra emphasis and heavy-handed manner in which they were wreaking their revenge on 'him' didn't register as such, since she was quite willing to believe that this was all part-and-parcel of being a 'real' woman, no matter how much she hated it.

Atier her fist day of training, she was allowed to get undressed again - and it was that moment, as she was preparing for bed, that Debbi first knew the effectiveness of Elizabeth's procedure.

Under the wig, crimped down but there, was her hair, now almost two inches long...

..and when she removed the training bra, it wasn't merely a formality anymore, since there were now a small, bud-like pair of barely-pubescent breasts to be contained within.

What bothered her the most was how happy part of her was at the transformations...

* * * *

The next week passed in a flurry of activity, humiliation, and disgusting excitement.

The very fact that she was so eager - so excited - about the transformations occurring to her body only made the humiliation more acute, for it showed just how much her mind was becoming as feminine as her body - and to her old, male sense of self, that was the insult added to injury.

Yet she couldn't help feeling that way. After all, she needed the skills and confidence the feminine persona imparted if she was ever going to be able to appear in public as a stripper - but that didn't lessen the impact it had on her. As she went through the daily ritual of learning all the things she needed to know to be a successful woman, the fact that she'd willingly done this to herself ground steadily away at the sense of male superiority she'd unconsciously and arrogantly held as a man, replacing it with a sense of being cast adrift, loose in the world...

...and her only 'anchor' was Elizabeth, who was secretly making sure the effect was as potent and as devastating as possible.

All the while, her body continued to change - and deep down, part of her was exulting more and more in the changes as the original jumbled feminine memories and thoughts began to coalesce, forming a new somebody who, despite herself, was happy to be in the process of becoming such a 'wonderfully sexy' woman, just the sort of woman she'd 'always wanted to be'.

* * * * *

Nervously, Elizabeth headed towards the changing room.

In a mere quarter-hour, Debbi DeLite would be unveiled to the crowd of eager, excited men who were already filling the club. The music pounded the air with a heavy bass beat as the 'regular girls' did their job, only half-watched by the men gathered for the opening act of this mysterious new dancer...

...and Debbi was getting cold feet.

It wasn't completely unexpected, of course. During the past week, she'd withdrawn into herself more and more, becoming almost a sort of automaton, doing exactly what she was told to do meekly, almost submissively...

...exactly as Elizabeth had planned.

Some of the women whose memories made up Debbi's new outlook on life had been the sort who'd felt the need to gain men's approval by being sexy - or 'easy', substituting sexual submissiveness for affection.

Others had been clinical nymphomaniacs, with a literal addiction to sex.

Still others had been completely submissive, without the willpower to stand up for themselves - and so, hence, memories in which the idea of trying to impose their own wills, even on their own lives, never appeared.

All of these both increased the humiliation the new woman felt, as well as making her easy to control - but that mix, fighting against the woman's base, male persona, meant something like what was happening now was a real risk.

Truthfully, it really didn't matter from an objective viewpoint. Debbi could be transformed back into a man, and would have

learned the lessons necessary - but it wasn't enough for Elizabeth, and not merely because of the very real chance of losing the club.

No, she wanted Debby to dance, not just tonight, but for the entire month - because having to actually play out the ultra-sexy role would humble her in a way that just becoming the woman who could do so never would.

Reaching the dressing room, Elizabeth stepped inside - and smiled at the sight of her creation. "Hi, Debby." Elizabeth said, eyeing the new woman's body. "Is there something wrong?"

The new woman's huge eyes stared at her fearfully as she played thoughtlessly with a strand of her long, platinum blonde hair.

"Oh, Liz.." Debby said, breathlessly. "I'm... I'm so scared..."

"Now, now - you don't have to be." Elizabeth assured her. "We both know you'll do wonderfully out there. Your practice dances have been perfect!"

"I know." The new woman replied. "That's, kinda, why I'm scared. I'm scared by... by how much I really want to be good at, like, turning men on, y'know...?"

She nibbled at the strand of hair - and Elizabeth, not for the first time, wondered if Debby realized that her personality had changed just as radically as her body.

Elizabeth certainly hoped so - because it would only drive that spike of shame deeper, knowing that 'he' had this somewhere inside, never knowing that it was Elizabeth's carefully calculated mix of over-feminine memories that had allowed this level of femininity.

"Like..." Debbie said, eyes squinting as she fought to find a way to explain herself. "I know I'm oh- m'-god sexy, right? An' I feel, like, so really good about it - but I also know that I shouldn't feel so good about it. I'm supposed to think I'm **too** sexy, even - but I don't."

She lowered her eyes and her voice as she made the next, embarrassing confession.

"Part of me thinks I'm, like, not sexy enough yet... and I want... **need** ...to get men all horny so I know I am..."

"Why, there's nothing wrong with that." Elizabeth said, hiding her shark-like grin of victory in false sympathy. "You did this all to save your business, right?"

"Well, duh, yeah!" Debby agreed in the wonderful 'valley girl' intonation Elizabeth had encouraged.

"Well, that's all it is, you see." Elizabeth lied, serenely. "You're just worried that you are still too 'male', deep inside, to do the job. Once you get the right reaction out of the men, you'll know you are sexy enough to keep your business."

"Oh..." Debby said, blinking and thinking about it...

...but not too hard, and not too well.

Atier all, it was very hard to think straight when your body was constantly turning out roughly three times the normal level of sexual hormones a normal woman would feel while aroused, much less in a 'relaxed' state, as Debbi was supposed to be in now.

Of course, with no previous levels of female hormones to use as a meter stick, the new woman had no way of knowing that her sexual hormone were off the charts - and Elizabeth certainly wasn't going to tell her.

Just as Elizabeth wasn't going to mention the fact that Debbi was also pumping out equally ridiculous amounts of pheromones, which should certainly guarantee a good response from the men in the crowd, even if those men weren't quite sure why they were responding so enthusiastically.

"Gee, Liz..." Debbi said, with a huge smile. "Thanks. Now that you, like, 'splained it, I feel much better!"

Elizabeth grinned back - mostly because, what with her being 'drunk' on hormones, and with the reinforcement of those ultra-feminine memories and mindset, Debbi's emotional reactions were always on the over-blown side, just as her intellectual ones were on the shallow side...

...all of which meant that the man still at the core of the new woman was capable of **feeling** ashamed, embarrassed, humiliated and disgusted - but not of displaying any of those emotions, for the very reason that the were at the bedrock core of who she was, and so to far below the transient thoughts and emotions that did flit across her façade.

"Okay, Debbi." Elizabeth said, standing. "Well, I can't stay and chat with you all night, no matter how much I'd like to. You're on shortly."

" 'Kay!" Debbi said, with a giggle. "And, 'lizbeth? Thanks for, like, y'know, everything." This time, Elizabeth's grin and answer were sincere:

"My pleasure."

TO BE CONTINUED.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a strip club owner is in need of a new star, his downstairs tenant offers to help

him out; little does he know that she has a plan to transform him into the type of bimbo stripper that he has always looked down on. part two

Part Two

'The Booby Trap Gentleman's lounge welcomes you here tonight...' The amplified voice rolled out, cutting through the smoke-hazed air with it's crisp, clear tones.

Those listeners who might have bothered to consider it might have found the fact that a woman was DJ'ing at a strip club a trifle odd - but the DJ booth gave a great view of the stage, and it was the vantage point Elizabeth had chosen to watch a very special dancer perform.

Besides, none of the club's patrons bothered to notice the unusual discrepancy - because, eager and practically breathless with anticipation, they had other things on their minds.

Not that it was actually their minds that were doing the majority of their thinking for them at the moment...

An audible sigh of lustful anticipation slithered around the packed club as the house lights, dim at the best of times, slowly sank down into nothing, plunging the club into unrelieved darkness. In that darkness, the sound of Elizabeth's amplified voice seemed to be the single reed holding the collective male audience together as they stared at where they each believed the stage to be...

...not knowing that the other girls working at the club had also abandoned their usual 'hunt' between dancers, for once as eager as the male patrons to watch a performance.

'Gentleman, the Booby Trap is proud to present, for her debut performance, the one... the only... Miss Debbi DeLite!'

A single spotlight snapped into life, a far cry from the usual, multi-hued plethora of dim lights meant as much to conceal as to reveal the woman on the stage. This one, clear and unambiguous, picked out every detail of the object it lit...

...and as one, every man in the crowd inhaled sharply.

The woman centered in the pool of unblinking light was as much a work of art as a living, breathing woman.

Tall and slender and formed incredible, delicate precision, the woman wore white silk - and only the faintest pink hue to her smooth, flawless skin told where the unblemished silk ended and the perfect complexion began.

The outfit she wore was a highly modified ideal of a wedding dress, and in it's way, almost virginal - all the better to both heighten the similarities and highlight the differences in the woman who wore it.

Her hair, a massive, wavy mane of luxurious platinum-blond hair, was held in an elaborate style by the small tiara holding the token veil, lifting that mane of hair high before letting it spill down past the heart-shaped face and the slender,

delicate shoulders. Her face was a study in innocent sexuality, from the huge, limpid blue eyes only barely hidden behind the sheerest and wispiest veil that hung just to the tip of her small, fine nose, to the full, sensual lips coated in a faintly pink shade of glossy lipstick.

The long, full 'train' of the erstwhile wedding dress was of the same, nearly transparent material, looking more like a faint mist rather than clothing as it did little to hide the long, finely shaped legs behind it, further encased in lace-embroidered white nylons.

Those long, gorgeous legs were balanced atop a pair of 'simple' white pumps with six-inch heels that served to exaggerate the sensual curves of her legs, as well as the firm, round curvature of her magnificent posterior.

The wispy skirt of the dress was attached to the high-hipped corset that served as the upper portion of the stylized dress, its silk-encased form tightly caressing the delectable, tiny waist and slender torso of the stunning woman - while the built in lace cups of the garment enclosed the woman's magnificent breasts.

Those breasts were each like a halved volleyball, incredible firm domes thrust proudly forth from her chest. It was immediately obvious that the cups built into the corset were completely unnecessary in terms of support, for those breasts were firm and high-set, with no sign of sag, the flesh as perfect and as unblemished as every other inch of her magnificent form.

For a long instant, she remained poised in that position, letting the men get a good, long look at her...

...and then the music started, and she began to move.

The music was a techno version of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and might have served to highlight the virginal aspects of her costume - but it was belied by her incredible, sensual moves as she danced. In the first seconds of the song, it became immediately obvious to all the people watching that the woman was struggling with the music - struggling, that is, to slow down her routine to its 'staid' pace, the desire - the wanton need - to rip all her clothing off right then and there so that the men could admire her magnificent body a palpable force. Yet, somehow, that tangible desire didn't detract at all for her incredibly erotic dance routine as she slowly peeled off the articles of clothing one-by-one - and the smile on her full, sexy lips showed just how much she loved what she was doing, and, in turn, what it was doing to the men who watched her.

Of course, with would have taken a very keen observer indeed to notice the look in her eyes - the one that bespoke how much the very fact that she truly and deeply loved what she was doing was a torture unto itself...

'This.. This is wrong...!' Debbi thought to herself as she whirled and her swayed her way through her routine. 'I.. I shouldn't be enjoying this as much as I am...!'

'Enjoy' was much too mild a word to describe what she was experiencing, but she was incapable of admitting the true depth of her emotions to herself as she danced. She was loving what she was doing - and on so many levels, all of which tightened the humiliated, horrified grip her male memories held on her stunned mind.

She loved the way it felt to move so smoothly, so gracefully in this feminine body. With every muscle that flexed and

relaxed, with every motion that caused her breasts to shimmy or her hair to slip silky across her neck and back, pleasure followed in its wake.

She loved the way that very same body felt under her own hands as she touched and teased herself for her audience's benefit, replicating with her own hands the very motions they wished they could do with theirs - and loving not only the way she fondled her own body, but the very thought that the men lusted to do likewise.

That, more than anything, she loved.

The thought that she was making these men horny. That they were enjoying seeing her feminine body. That she was causing them to have lustful thoughts about her.

That she was making these men want to have sex with her...

...and her body was practically on fire with that thought.

'I.. have to stop..!' She screamed at herself, silently as she neared the finale of her routine. 'This is too much! I.. I can't handle this! I don't want to feel so wonderful, so excited, so.. so...'

So turned on.

Her entire body was aflame with desire. Her nipples, large and thick and fully erect, felt painfully tight with the desire that had set her womanhood ablaze with a moist heat. Behind her full new breasts, her heart beat a rapid rhythm of desire that seemed to shake her whole body - and flood it with pleasure from the hormones of powerful arousal that coursed through every vein and capillary in her magnificent new female body.

The very worst part of it, the most horrifying part of the experience, and the one thing she hadn't had a chance to experience during her week of becoming female, was both simple and complex...

...she had no urge at all to actually stop what she was doing.

Oh, she was telling herself she had to stop, to 'go back' to how she was feeling before she'd first caught sight of the men and realized what their social attraction to her was doing to ramp up her own sexual attraction to them - but it was all a lie, and she knew it.

Just like when she'd been a man, the new woman she was didn't want to 'go back' and somehow lose this sexual desire, nor did she want to keep it at the same level. Perhaps, if it had been lower in intensity, there might have been a chance of her convincing herself that it would be best to 'calm down' - but not now, not feeling the way she did.

She wanted to get relief. Sexual relief.

In fact, every part of her, male and female, wanted to 'get laid'.

It wasn't surprising, actually., After all, the fact that she knew, intellectually, that having sex with men would be a bad idea. After all, how many times throughout human history had people, male and female, had sex even when they knew it was a bad

idea? Now, sexual arousal had nothing to do with the intellect - and it wasn't designed to be denied, either.

She wanted to have sex with men. Very badly...

...and she couldn't even begin to convince herself that she wouldn't enjoy it. Enormously.

Sex felt good. That was really all there was to it - and it was a fact that every body knew. She was highly aroused, filled with the desire to have sex, which would definitely feel wonderful - and so it wasn't at all surprising that she was doing a piss-poor job of telling herself that her male upbringing's view that, despite the fact she was now a woman, her male history meant that having that wonderful, enjoyable, oh-so-desperately wanted sex would be somehow 'wrong'.

In fact, as she finished off the finale of her routine with a sensual strut that was a challenge to every man in the room, most of her was thinking about how very **right** it would be.

It was a feeling - and unwanted certainty - that would only grow as the night went on.

She had two more shows to do before the 3 a.m. closing, and each of those shows revved up the feelings of the first one - but they were hardly the most 'effective - arousing - part of the night.

No, it was the lap dances she did in between her shows that set every nerve ending in her feminine new body a-tingle with the desire to have sex.

Lap-dances where she didn't just get naked for men, but touched - and let herself be touched by - them.

Every touch of a man's hand awoke new desires - and imagined results of satisfying those desires. Every single time a warm, usually sweaty male hand touched soti thigh or full breast, it was in a wave of painless fire promising endless pleasure. Every time she 'danced' for a man, especially the private dances in the booths near the back of the club, she quite literally had to fight from giving into her new urges, her new desires...

...and each time, the will to resist eroded a little more.

Self-centered and male-centric, Debbi had no idea that what she was feeling was unusual - nor that it had been deliberately set up by Elizabeth. She, as a man, had thought all women secretly loved having sex with men, and it was only the desire to be able to hold back sex as a very useful bargaining chip kept them from indulging in it. So, as a woman, she found what she was feeling 'natural', not knowing that she had the desires of several women - and a mind-set far divorced from that of an average woman.

Not that thinking all women went through what she was going through made it any easier on the feminine man. The core of her self, the male inner her, was writhing and screaming in humiliation and disgust as what she was feeling slowly worked at the fading willpower of that central core, worming it's way towards satisfying the demands of her feminine new body - demands that her carefully chosen memories insisted should be met.

That she'd **love** to have met.

By the time the club closed for the night, the male inner core of her mind was cut off from the outside world, adrift on a raft of masculine upbringing among a sea of feminine desires. Every thought, no matter how mundane, was couched in phrases of that desire, everything she saw and heard and thought finding a way to become sexually suggestive. Every crevice became a vagina, every pole a cock. In the interior of her mind, the entire club, every stick of furniture, every piece of décor, had become a suggestive, sexual item, reminding her of all the pleasures a woman could expect from sex.

She was awash in lust - and it was a lust she couldn't banish. Worse - a lust she'd stopped wanting to banish.

Her mind swirling with sexual imagery, Debby was barely aware of Elizabeth watching her with a victorious grin as she came into the dressing room after her last dance. The other woman was only a background item as the dazed, incredibly horny woman floated through the world in a disconnected state, thinking only of sex.

Elizabeth watched, triumph surging, as Debby, apparently without thought, ignored the plain, figure-hiding sweatshirt and baggy jeans in the locker in favor of a sexy, revealing 'street clothes' outfit of a tight white leather skirt and a hot-pink spandex crop-top that barely encased her huge new tits. The nylons and shoes from her act finished the rest of her figure-flattering 'off duty' outfit as she rather numbly closed the door to the locker.

Her mind still whirling with sexual imagery and overwhelmed by the screamed demands of her body Debby was barely aware of Elizabeth even as the other woman handed her a motel key and explained to her that she'd booked a room in Debby's name at the motel down the block. In her condition, she was in no condition to question any of this, nor to feel fear at being 'kicked out' into the world at large while female.

Though the thought of leaving the club would have terrified her earlier that day, her current state didn't even let her consider it at this point. Instead, a small part of her mind was taking care of the minute-to-minute tasks of dealing with life while the rest of it dwelled on every sexual possibility the world could possibly have to offer - and several that it couldn't.

So, it was almost on a sort of autopilot that she let her feet carry her in a sexy, swaying stride out the side door of the club and into the cool air of very early morning.

She barely even noticed that cool air - because her entire body was warmed with the strength of her lust. Even as her body started walking in the direction of the motel, she reached up and lightly began caressing a spandex-enclosed breast, a dreamy smile on her lips as she replayed every touch on that breast by all the men during her shift.

However. As much as there were many things in the world her mind was too busy to pay any attention too, so were there things that, in her current state, she just couldn't ignore.

Like men.

More specifically, the lean, shifty-eyed guy lounging against a lamppost at the edge of the parking lot.

In other circumstances, she might have wondered what a man was doing, just hanging around an empty parking lot at this hour. Likewise, she might also wonder why, when he saw her, the man shot a quick look over her shoulder at something.

If it had occurred to her to notice that, she might have turned - and found Elizabeth standing in the club's doorway, shooting a thumb's up gesture at the man...

...but it didn't, so she didn't.

Instead, she was too busy staring at the man's crotch, and licking her lips hungrily. "Hey there, baby." The man said, openly eyeing her hourglass figure.

"Hey there yourself, handsome..." She heard herself reply, a hungry tone in her voice. Again, it was that small part of her brain that was having the conversation, disconnected from the rest of her mind which was busy thinking about all the 'fun' stuff she could do with the good-sized package the man boasted.

"You're looking hot, honey-buns." The man said, grinning at her.

"You too..." She said - and found herself stepping right up to him, her hand sliding down the front of his pants.

The man - a club patron named John - eyes widened in amazement. The skinny bitch who'd suggested that he might want to wait out here for the stripper to come out had been right about how much time the busty bimbo liked 'a good time' - but he certainly hadn't expected her to be this open!

If she'd been in any condition to reflect on it, Debbi would have been shocked and horrified about what she was doing at the moment - but the male part of her brain was thoroughly isolated from the 'real world' by the sea of lust, and all she could think about - as much as she was thinking at all - was satisfying the quite overwhelming needs she was feeling.

Though Elizabeth herself didn't know it, she'd done her job a little *too* well...

"Hey, easy babe..." John said, regretfully sliding the woman's hand out from his rapidly hardening cock. "You got someplace a little more private we can go..?"

"Huh...?" Debbi said, needing to touch the man - then it registered that he was willing to give her what she needed, just not right here or now. "Yeah - let's go to my hotel room, stud..."

Needless to say, John had no problem with that. Hand sliding down to caress one full, firm buttock as they walked, he had to keep his other hand free - to keep her from ripping open his pants in public as they headed to the motel.

Damn, but *t*was this one horny bitch!

That, of course, was the understatement of the year. Thanks to Elizabeth's over-zealous work, the combination of memories or hormones meant that Debbi was currently unable to conceive of the consequences of her actions...

...which was also the technical definition of 'legally insane'.

The particular insanity she was cursed with, of course, was 'nymphomania' - the inability to be sexually satisfied, to the point with where the need for the unattainable satisfaction controlled her actions.

Previously, locked into the club with only women around her, Debbi hadn't known the depth of her insanity. Letting her near men was like turning a coke addict loose in a cocaine processing facility...

...and, just as no amount of coke would satisfy a coke addict into losing the addiction, so would no amount of cock satisfy the cock addict Debbi had become.

Though she certainly didn't know it yet, Debbi had just embarked on a n endless cycle she wouldn't be able to break a cycle where she would be driven to sexual acts - only to find that they didn't satisfy her cravings, forcing her to seek even more sex...

...like she was right now, as they reached the motel room.

A bit wide-eyed, John unlocked the door and let them in - and only then could he stop the growing struggle he'd been involved in.

The struggle to keep Debbi from tearing their clothes off. The instant he 'dropped his guard' to close the door, she did exactly that, hands tearing at her own skimpy clothing, then going atier the clothes he wore as his own move to undress was entirely to slow for her own liking.

"Fuck me..." She demanded, tearing off his shirt while he gaped at her ripe, melon-like breasts.

"Yeah, babe.. just..." John said, trying to get her to wait as he tried to step out of the shoes keeping him from fully removing the pants and underwear she'd hauled down for access to his already hard cock.

She wasn't interested in waiting.

"Fuck me!" She screamed - and then wrapped her arms around his neck and used that leverage to bodily liti herself up, long legs wrapping around him as she eagerly impaled herself on his hard cock.

It wasn't a move just any woman could pull off - but she had the skills of a dozen women, and the determination to see it done. Even as he staggered back against the wall, hands coming down to support her full ass as he gaped at her in pleased amazement, she began undulating on his cock as best she could.

"Bed..." She gasped, writhing, her big tits grinding against his chest. "Fuck me on the bed..."

Gasping, hobbled by the pants down around his ankle and barely able to balance with Debbi writhing against him, John awkwardly made his way to the bed, where he literally collapsed down on top of her.

Now on the bed, Debbi unwrapped her long legs, allowing him more freedom of movement - but she never pulled free of the cock teasingly filling her aching cunt.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me...!" She demanded breathlessly, working her hips. "I need to be fucked long and hard...!"

"okay, okay...!" John said, stunned by the rapidity with which it was all happening.

Every man dreamed of a hot, insatiable slut literally throwing herself at them - but none had ever truly contemplated what it would be like.

Almost in self defense, he began to fuck her, hard and fast - but not because he was an egotistical lover, only interested in satisfying himself (though he was), but because he was simply trying to keep up with this sexual whirlwind who was still demanding, over and over, that he fuck her - even as he was doing so.

"Harder!" She screamed. "Deeper!"

John almost wished he could comply - but the sex-crazed slut under him had already set up a pace as hard and deep as he could manage - and wasn't even remotely satisfied.

Even when he came, she wasn't satisfied, still - desperately - fucking his slowly softening cock. He had to literally struggle free of her frantic, fucking embrace.

"Geez, lady - you're crazy!" He blurted out as he hurriedly pulled up his pants and bolted for the door.

He couldn't possibly know how right he was...

...nor that Debbi would almost mindless seek out and fuck three more men that night before enough of an edge was taken off her hunger for her horrified mind to realize what she was doing and allow her to force herself to stop...

..at least until the sexual needs built up to the point when she lost control again, that is.

* * * * *

Eyebrows raised, Elizabeth checked the total in the ledger book for the third time.

She'd been more or less running the club for the past week, while the real owner had been... indisposed - but nothing had prepared her for this.

Tonight, the club had pulled in nearly as much money as it had during the entire previous week. "Well, well, well..." Elizabeth said in a thoughtful tone.

She'd had no idea that her little revenge plan would be so lucrative.

If she had, maybe she would have found a way to extend it. As it was, leaving Debbi around for the whole month was pushing how long Dennis could be missing. As she considered it wistfully, she gave a snort of sour amusement as she found no good way to explain his longer absence and then subsequent reappearance.

Hell, it would almost be easier to make Dennis disappear permanently... Elizabeth blinked - then shook her head angrily at the thought.

Oh, sure, she wouldn't exactly cry if Debbi was permanent - by it wouldn't keep pulling in the money it was now. No, even a woman as amazing as Debbi would eventually begin to pale, and to keep the sort of super-inflated income rolling in, she'd

practically have to...

...to come up with a new and different super-hottie each month. Which, atier all, wasn't even all that difficult, now was it...?

Completely forgetting about Debbi, Elizabeth leaned back, eyes sparkling as she thought about all those male assholes who'd scoffed at her work over the years...

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Atier his twin sister discovers that he has been fantasizing about her in his journal, Rick is subjected to mind altering tapes and a new drug that turns his body into that of a sex starved bimbo.

This is the way it happened.

Sisterly Love

By Gunslinger

My sister and I were born minutes apart, in the wee hours of February 10th, 1974. The technical term for us, one boy and one girl coming to term at the same time, is Fraternal twins. Had we both been male, or both female, that would have made us Identical twins.

My sister was born all of two minutes, seven seconds ahead of me. In medical terms, the first born of twins is known as the 'Dominant' twin - a fact that I didn't find out until years later. I wish I had found out sooner. It might have given me warning.

Probably not.

My mother, a lovely blonde, born and raised in Sweden, named my sister Ingrid, passing on her Scandinavian heritage. I was named Steven, which was my father's middle name, and a good, All-American name for a kid.

Dad - sorry, Robert S. O'Sullivan, - was a fairly influential businessman, and a frequent world traveler. It was while on business that he met, fell in love with, wooed and married Greta Lamarr, who was to become my mother. She was a tall, slim, buxom woman with long, golden hair and twinkling blue eyes. She was so much the stereotypical Swede that she never seemed

quite real to most people - it was like she was a Hollywood character brought to life. But to my sister and I, she was the most loving mother any child could wish for.

Unfortunately, she had to do double duty, as Dad was often away on business for weeks, and even months, at a time.

As Ingrid and I grew older over the years, it was soon obvious that we were our mother's children. From her we inherited the same slim build and golden hair. From birth until puberty, I never thought anything about it. Me, my sister, and my mother were a happy family, and just happened to share much the same looks.

And then, puberty struck. Well, for Ingrid first - that's the way it is. She kept her slender figure, but began to blossom into womanhood. Not terribly long after, it was my turn to hit the 'red zone' of puberty - and that's when I really began to notice my genetic background.

As she matured, the mix of my mother's Scandinavian genes and my father's Irish-American ones ended up producing a stunningly beautiful young woman. Ingrid shared the slender figure and golden hair of Mom, but shared the rich, green eyes of Dad, and a startlingly beautiful, high-cheekboned face with full, soft lips that was unlike either of our parents.

But, unfortunately, was nearly identical to mine. When we had been growing up, our remarkable similarity in build and facial feature hadn't bothered me. Now, as she matured into a stunning young woman, I matured into - a slim, almost effeminate looking young man. It was every pubescent boy's worst nightmare.

You wouldn't believe the taunts and laughter I endured as I emerged from puberty. Worse than the deliberate insults, much worse, was the innocent times when some stranger would mistake me for Ingrid's less attractive SISTER. I was mortified beyond belief.

In self defense, I threw myself into exercising, and worked on growing a goatee. Luckily, the beard grew in well, a rakish golden beard that made me look like a swash-buckling movie star from the 30's. If I only knew what a swash was, and how to buckle it, I would have been set.

Unfortunately, my exercise program wasn't as successful. Oh, sure, I put on some muscle, and became stronger and faster and healthier - but I still possessed the same slender frame. You have no idea how mortifying it is to have a waist measurement most girls would have killed for.

But, slowly, as my tormentors slowly matured themselves and out-grew the more childish jokes and taunts, life slowly settled down for me, and, with no other choice, I was forced to accept my slim build. I worked hard to maintain any sort of social life, and did alright in making friends. One of my best friends was a little odd himself - Wylie was also somewhat slender, in a almost 70's hippie look, and could always be counted on to say or do something off beat. But for the most part, the best I did with the girls was to reach the 'good friend' stage - and stop dead every time. I had neither the looks nor the personal magnetism that would ever bring women flocking to my side, a situation I could never remedy.

Meanwhile, Ingrid was cutting wide swaths through the male population. With her phenomenal looks, luscious legs, and firm C-cups, she had no problems in the romance area. Correction, she may have had problems in romance, but not in dating.

And then, at the age of 19, when it seemed that life was finally easing up on me, the heavy blow fell. My mother and father decided to go on a 'Second Honeymoon' to celebrate my Dad's early retirement. Arm in arm, they boarded the Aer Lingus 747 that would take them to Ireland, where my Dad was taking mom.

And, on final approach, in a thick, heavy fog, the pilot switched from instrument approach, and let the Ground Controller 'talk him down' using the new radar vector system just installed - with much hype - at the Dublin Airport.

Only, the installer, half-drunk at the time, had set the COLA - Computer Operated Lowest Terrain - wrong. Off by more than a hundred feet, it was telling the pilot of the 747 that he still had several seconds before flare out when the huge airliner slammed into the ground.

Out of the 228 people on board that night, seven survived. Neither of my parents were among that group.

It was a terrible blow to Ingrid and I. Dad had done very well for himself, so money wouldn't be a problem. And, we had the gorgeous old Victorian house to live in, with no mortgage against it. But, Dad had been an only child, and all of Mom's relatives were an ocean away. Of legal age, Ingrid and I were on our own.

Well, we managed to learn to be self sufficient. Ingrid took things hard though, and she changed. She started hanging around with a different bunch - she became colder and more arrogant, more sure of her self. She began dressing less provocatively than before, and threw herself into her studies in the Sciences. She also started dating a guy I thought was a first class asshole - Jason, quarterback of the collage football team, and even more self-centered and egotistical than Ingrid had become. Sure, he was broad-shouldered, and ruggedly handsome, but still. . .

Meanwhile, I was having my own struggle. I was a red-blooded young man, with no girlfriend and an eye for the ladies. And the most gorgeous girl I knew lived in my own house - and was my own sister. I was mortified at my reactions to the times I saw her walking half- naked around the house - and very, very aroused.

What I did next ashamed me - but I did it anyway. One weekend, while she was away at a Psychology symposium, I wired video and audio into her room and into my VCR. I admit, it was as much the guilty thrill as my sister's body that was turning me on at that point. When she returned, I started what was to be a six-month long habit of watching my sister dress and undress, exercise, prepare for the occasional date and - twice - have sex. It got to the point where I was taping segments, of her in clothes I thought she looked sexiest in, of certain exercises that did interesting things for her body - and of course, the sex.

Of course it was shameful, sick, - and, in forty-eight states, illegal. Including the state we lived in. But I couldn't help myself. Damn, Ingrid was gorgeous.

And, I thought I'd gotten away with it clean. There was no way she could find the hidden camera - if there was one thing I was good at, it was electronics.

I was eating breakfast, dressed in my boxers and a tattered old bathrobe, when Ingrid came in to the kitchen that morning. Pouring a cup of coffee, she sat down across from me.

"So, Steve, how things going?" she asked, sipping at the caffeine- laden beverage.

My eyebrow rose. We hadn't exactly been into small talk for the past couple of years, since Mom and Dad died. I swallowed the piece of toast I was chewing. "Fine, I guess" I answered cautiously.

"Holding out okay? Not bore or anything?" she asked, a little too intently. Knowing her, I was reading some signs - something was up. I just didn't know what.

"Okay sis, what gives?" I asked, sitting back and crossing my arms.

Seeing her little charade was useless, she became brisker, more the Ingrid I'd come to know and 'love'.

"The university has given me a research grant." She said briskly. "A simple psych test. What I need is a volunteer. It pays a hundred and fifty, and your name gets into the paper. Looks real good in your transcript too."

Aha. That explained it. I frowned thoughtfully and mulled it over. I really didn't need the money, but. . .

"Make you a deal." I said. "You need a volunteer, fine. I volunteer. You just gotta promise me that you owe me one - anytime, anything, I collect one favor." I grinned smugly.

"Look here. . ." she started angrily, then calmed down. "Okay. It's a deal."

With her easy capitulation, warning bells should have been clamoring in my mind, but I was too smug about 'pulling one over' on her, and missed the warning signs completely.

"When do you want me?" I asked, pouring my own coffee. "Tonight. Eleven o'clock." She said. My eyebrow rose again. "Kinda late, isn't it?" I asked, wondering.

She shrugged as she headed for the door. "Hey, that's what I told the committee. But, the schedule the labs, that's what I got. I'm still trying to get it changed. But it won't happen before tonight. Eleven. Don't be late." Her last word was punctuated by the door closing, and I shrugged. It wasn't like I had anything better to do at eleven.

And so, as the University clock tower stuck eleven, I was wheeling my Buick into the parking lot at the lab. Aside from two other vehicles, the place was deader than Disco. Even the Security guard at the gate had been gone, presumably answering some other disturbance, probably at the dorms on the other side of campus.

Surrounded by trees and berms of earth, the campus lab was a modern design that clashed horribly with the older, 'hallowed' halls of the original University - hence it's practical banishment from the rest of campus. Locking my car, I headed up the steps, and into the dim building. Finding the right lab wasn't hard - it was the only one with lights on.

"Hi sis." I greeted Ingrid as I strolled in. She looked almost professional in her long white lab coat, and the slacks and blouse underneath had to be tight enough to not make the lab-coat bulky, and so clung nicely to her figure. I tried not to be obvious about my glance.

"You're late." She said flatly, tapping her watch.

I shrugged. "The clock struck as I was parking. It took me, what, all of a minute, to go from there to here. Lighten up." She waved a hand dismissively. "I doesn't matter." She said. "Let's get started. Sit there, will you"

'There' was a hard-backed wooden chair, fitted with wide padded leather straps at wrist and ankle. "Hey," I asked, not counting on this. "Just what sort of test is this, anyway?"

She sighed angrily. "Look, it's simple." She said, guiding me to the chair and sitting me down. "It's a test to determine the correct level of behavioral feedback to a negative action on the part of the subject, and the monitoring of the reactions to the feedback." She explained as she firmly strapped me into place. I tried to work that one out.

Finally, I came up with a witty, professional response to her explanation. "Huh?"

Without warning, the most viscous grin I'd ever seen came to life on her beautiful face.

"I'm going to punish my sick, peeping tom little brother for video taping me and Jason fucking." She explained succinctly, holding up a video cassette I recognized instantly. My stomach dropped.

"Hey!" I protested. "How did you find. . . Let me out of here!"

I struggled helplessly in the bonds - then stopped dead as I watched in horrid fascination as my sister slowly picked up a long hypodermic syringe, filled with a murky liquid. Expertly, she made sure there was no air bubbles, and began walking towards me.

"Hey, Ingrid, it wasn't like that. . . " I said nervously. "What are you doing. Get away from me with that!" I was practically shouting by now.

She ignored it. Very efficiently, she used a length of rubber tubing around my immobilized arm. As I begged and pleaded with her, she calmly wiped my forearm with an alcohol swab, and injected me with whatever was in that syringe.

Truly worried - hell, downright frantic - I began to struggle harder. The only effect was that it sped up my heart-beat, making the drug flow faster in my bloodstream. Within minutes, I began to feel oddly disconnected, almost like I was dreaming.

"Dear, sweet, stupid Steven" Ingrid said mockingly. "Your loving sister's going to make everything all right. What I just injected you with is a little concoction I whipped up - it makes the subject so VERY receptive to post-hypnotic commands. In short, you'll do whatever I tell you."

"I. . . I don't have to. . . " I murmured blearily, my mind sluggish.

She leaned forward and spoke intently. "Steven. From now on, you will unhesitantly and completely obey every single command I give you. You will not try to outwit the intent of my commands, nor resist them in anyway. Is that understood?"

Without even thinking about it, I found myself replying "Yes, Ingrid."

She smiled wickedly. "Good. This will be fun. For one of us, at least. . . "

And that was it. I was enslaved. She just waited until the drug wore off, and I shook my head angrily, clearing the last of the drowsiness. "Just what the hell do you think you're doing?" I asked angrily.

She 'tsk'ed. "That's no way to talk to your mistress" she said sadly. "From now on, you will be completely unable to speak to me unless you use the nicest, calmest tones."

I tried to tell her she was crazy - and nothing came out. I worked desperately for ten minutes to yell, curse, anything at all, and failed. Finally, I admitted that she did, somehow, have some sort of power over me. I was going to have to play this game by her rules. At least for now.

"You bitch." I said reasonably, almost cheerfully. "You rotten, fucking cunt. You won't get away with this." She actually laughed, and I lunged forward - to be stopped dead by the restraining straps.

"Steve, I already have." She said. She leaned forward, looking me in the eye. "From this moment forth, not only will you be completely unable to attempt to harm or hamper me in anyway, but you will always be as helpful and accommodating as possible. Do you understand?"

I had no choice. Without consciously willing myself to do so, I said "I understand and obey, Ingrid." She nodded, satisfied at my submissive statement and tone, then unstrapped me and let me stand.

"I have a little more to do here." She said, handing me the video cassette. "I want you to go home and go to bed. I want you to get up tomorrow at 9, and play this tape. I've recorded over what was on it. You are to watch the tape, then do exactly what it says."

"Yes mistress." I answered. My voice was clam and submissive, but my eyes glowered angrily at her from thunderous brows. "Oh, and here's you hundred and fity bucks." She laughed, pressing the bills into my hand. "Ta ta, darling."

Helplessly, I went to my car and started it. All though she hadn't specifically told me to go STRAIGHT home, that had been the intent of her command - and I found that, no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't disobey. As soon as I reached home, I went straight to my room and crawled into bed, setting the alarm for nine the next morning.

The next morning I awoke promptly at nine, thanks to the alarm. I was dying for some coffee, and was surprised to find that Ingrid's command leti enough lee-way for me to make some and drink a cup, before sliding the tape in the VCR. It was odd - although I was helplessly in thrall to Ingrid's will, I wasn't acting zombie-like or anything. I was acting completely 'natural' - if you ignored that I was obeying my sister's commands, rather than my own free will.

I sat down and turned on the tape. Ingrid's face appeared on the screen.

"Steve, you will watch this entire tape through" the image of my sister said. "You will not consciously remember what is on this tape, but you will still obey all the commands I give you during the course of it. . ."

And then I was blinking, wondering what the hell had happened. Over an hour had passed, yet I remembered none of it. Whatever commands I had been given were blocked from my conscious mind. Obviously, Ingrid wanted things to be a surprise.

The first thing I found myself inexplicably doing was going into the bathroom and drawing a tub full of hot water. While it was filling, I helplessly found myself walking up to the sink, and all though I tried desperately - and in **The End**, futilely - to stop, I then shaved my goatee off.

Shutting of the water in the now-full tub, I found myself walking towards my sister's room. It came to a complete surprise to me when I went in and picked up her bottle of hair-removal cream.

Taking the cream, I returned to the bathroom. Carefully - and utterly unable to stop myself - I worked the cream onto my body, covering my arms, legs, chest, and even newly-shaven face, aside from my eyebrows. Then, I merely stood there for twenty minutes, unable to move.

Atier that humiliating period of time, I found myself climbing into the tub and taking a long, meticulous bath. As I washed, all my body hair sloughed off, leaving my fair skin soti and smooth. When I finally emerged from the tub, I was shocked and horrified to discover just how much I looked like my sister now.

Of course, there were still differences. Obviously, I didn't have her tits, and my own penis still dangled between my legs. Also, my hands and feet weren't as dainty and feminine as hers. But otherwise, I had the same long, and now, smooth, legs, the sparkling green eyes, and the full lips. I was getting a bad feeling about what Ingrid had planned for me.

Still obeying commands that I wasn't even consciously aware of, I dressed quickly, just throwing on jeans and a T-shirt. Then, grabbing my wallet and my keys, I hopped into my car. As I started it up and backed onto the street, I was in the odd position of having to wait and see where I was driving myself. It was one of the moments that my utter helplessness was truly driven home. Even though I was driving, I had no idea where I was taking me.

I found out soon enough when I pulled into the vast parking lot of the local mall. Locking the doors on my Buick, I headed across the lot the glass doors, gleaming in the sun. Opening them, I went inside.

As I walked through the mall, I realized that the furtive double looks I was getting from the other shoppers was an attempt to guess my gender. It was mortifying to realize that right now I was so perfectly androgynous that no casual look could tell if I were an extremely effeminate man, or a flat-chested, plain looking girl.

Well, I guess they got some sort of answer - at least, in their own minds, as I helplessly found myself turning into one of the women's boutiques that the mall housed. Helplessly, I tried to halt my traitorous body, but I was held fast in the inexorable grip of my sister's commands.

"Can I help you, uh miss?" The sales lady hazarded.

Since I wasn't even sure what I had come in for, I didn't think she could assist me that way. She certainly couldn't give me the help I REALLY wanted either. However, I realized that I had two choices - either correct her mistake, then proceed to purchase something here that would obviously be for myself, or try and spare myself some embarrassment, and fake my way through. . .

"No, I'll just look around." I said, trying my damndest to sound female. I had never had a particularly deep voice, and I was both glad - and disgusted - to hear just how feminine I could sound when I tried. My answer had emerged in clear, dulcet tones that sounded so utterly female, that the saleslady relaxed, positive she was dealing with a less fortunate member of her own gender.

"Of course miss. If you need me, just shout." She said, smiling. As she turned back to the display she was working on, I began to browse. The warmth at my ears informed me I was blushing in shame and embarrassment, and I was glad that the woman had turned away.

I walked around the store looking at the merchandise, not ever knowing what I was to buy, but sure that I'd know when I saw it.

I was right. Several items possessed an inexplicable and irresistible allure to me now, courtesy of my sister's commands. I found she must have added some information in that video - I found I had absolutely no hesitation in the sizes or colors of the items I bought.

Taking my selections, I went back to the front desk. Realizing I couldn't maintain the deception if I used my credit card, I paid cash, then took the two bags of items and headed back to my car.

I had thought that I would now head back home, but found myself aiming the long hood of the Buick downtown. To my horror, I found myself pulling to a stop outside of a store catering to all kinds of fetishes. Helplessly, I went inside.

The owner looked up as I walked in. He was tall and lanky, with greasy hair and bad teeth. He was dressed in a badly faded Hawaiian shirt, and jeans.

"Can I help you sir?" He asked. Obviously, in his particular line of work, he had no trouble distinguishing. He must get dozens of cross-dressers in on a regular basis.

To my shock, I opened my mouth and said "Yes. I need one of your number twelve packages, a seven, and one of your specials." I had no idea what the hell I'd just asked for, and wondered how on earth Ingrid had known.

Minutes later, he was handing me three boxes in plain brown wrapping. He quoted me the price, and I handed him my credit card. I waited impatiently, refusing to make small talk. I just wanted to get out of this place.

Finally, I threw my new purchases in the back seat with the others, and climbed behind the wheel. This time, I found I was heading home, and I dreaded arriving, and finding out the next phase - although, considering my purchases, I had a pretty good idea.

When I arrived, 'dear old sis' was waiting in the living room, dressed in a form-fitting latex bodysuit, and I realized how she knew what to have me get at that Fetish store. She'd obviously been there before.

"Oh, good" she purred, rising. "I'm glad to see you're back. I'm impatient to get started."

I opened my mouth angrily - and nothing emerged. She laughed at the look on my face as I struggled to curse her.

"Well now, since you don't seem to have anything to say. . ." Ingrid sneered. "From now on, any male clothing that touches your skin will cause unbearable burning sensations."

Instantly, I felt as if my body was on fire. Frantically, I tore at my clothing, pulling everything off, until I was standing stark naked in front of Ingrid, who was laughing at my frantic strip tease.

"Bitch." I said, politely. "I hate you."

She got a mocking look on her lovely face. "Oh, no you don't." She said sarcastically. "In fact, you're going to come over here and give me a long, deep kiss."

Helplessly, I walked forward, arms outstretched, and pulled her tight to my naked body as my lips met hers. I kissed her as passionately as I knew how - and in spite of everything, the feeling of her firm, latex clad body pressed against my skin caused my cock to stiffen as we kissed.

Ingrid pulled away and looked down. "Naughty naughty." She said, wagging her finger at me. "You are never, ever to get a hard on, or cum, unless I tell you to."

Immediately, my dick went limp, as if disconnected from my body. Ingrid smiled at this undeniable proof of her complete mastery over every facet of my existence.

"Okay, it's time for you to get ready. We're going out." She said, motioning me to pick up my purchases. Helplessly, I lited the bags, and followed her back to her room.

I found out what was in two of those fetish-store boxes.

"Look, Steve, you're about to get all that hair you took off back!" She mocked, holding up a massive wig. It was the same shade of golden blonde as my own close-cropped hair, but it was enormous, the long, wavy tresses shining under the light.

"And, look at this." She said, and pulled two objects out of the second box. Resting in her hands were what looked like two human breasts, their tone almost identical to my own flesh color.

"You're going to be bigger than me!" She laughed. "These are D- cups."

"Don't do this to me, Ingrid" I pleaded politely as I lowered myself into the chair at her command. She merely ignored me, and began to spread the adhesive on to the breast-forms. When she was ready, she carefully positioned them, carefully easing the tissue-thin edges smooth so that they blended imperceptibly in with my natural body.

There was no doubt that they were amazing realistic. Having paid for them, I knew they were extremely expensive, and it seemed that in this, like most things, the more you paid, the better you got.

The outer 'flesh' of the breasts were molded neoprene/latex, patterned and colored to look absolutely real. Even the nipples, small little nubs atop dark areolas, were fantastically detailed.

Inside, the breast was composed of a spongy, semi-liquid core, the created the exact feel and weight of a breast - and since the liquid also conducted heat perfectly, within a few moments the breast forms had warmed to match my own body temperature.

I stared in disbelief at the large breasts hanging on my chest. Aside from the lack of sensation, they were perfectly realistic, their weight shifting slightly with each breath I took.

"No time to admire you lovely new tits, Steve." Ingrid admonished then frowned. "Well, we can't go on calling you Steve, can we. From now on, you will only answer to the name Staci. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Ingrid" I answered helplessly. She smiled and continued with my debasement, teaching me how to put on make-up. She made sure that I only applied certain 'looks' in make-up - bright, glossy red lipstick, long black lashes, and more. Soon my face was a sensual visage, and if it had been possible, my own face would probably be giving me a hard-on, especially after I unwillingly lowered that massive mane of golden hair onto my head. It hung down to my ass when I stood.

Now it was time for me to dress.

"Now, from this moment on, wearing women's clothing will feel very pleasurable to you. At all time you will want to look and act as feminine and as attractive as you possibly can." Ingrid told me, and I shuddered inside at the thought of what my life was becoming. But I was truly helpless to resist. Going into the bag from the boutique, I followed Ingrid's instructions and donned my first female outfit.

First, a pair of black lace, French-cut bikini briefs, in which I carefully tucked my shrunken cock out of sight, simulating a woman's smooth crotch. I hated myself for feeling a pleasant sensation as it enclosed my body. Next, a black garter belt went around my hips. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Ingrid taught me how to roll the nylons up, and slide them up my legs. As the soot material slid up my legs, tiny sensations of pleasure flowed from the smooth fabric and into my smooth legs. The nylons were black, with a seam along the back. Ingrid thought they were what I'd look best in.

A black, demi-cup bra was the choice for enclosing my new breasts. With Ingrid's prompting, I spent a few minutes learning how to clasp the bra behind my back.

Below the rising, creamy mounds of my realistic tits, I helplessly wrapped a black leather corset. Ingrid took a great deal of pleasure in tightening the corset as far as it would go, compressing my already narrow waist to an unbelievably small dimension.

Over all of this went a black leather sleeveless vest. Its neck-line showed the gentle curves at the top of my breasts, and a tantalizing view of my new cleavage. The vest had ties at the waist, emphasizing my wasp-like figure.

With the vest, I donned a short, red-leather mini-skirt, molded tightly to my body. While Ingrid finished changing into a nice summer dress, I fitted my feet into my new shoes - black leather pumps with a 5 inch spike heel. Awkwardly, I stumbled across to the full length mirror, my new endowments bouncing and swaying behind the vest.

Ingrid came to stand beside me, and I looked at us in the mirror.

We would never be mistaken as anything other than sisters. But where Ingrid was stunningly beautiful, I merely exuded sex. My full, red lips, my heavily made-up eyes, my curvier figure. . . Inside, I was horrified to discover just how sexy a female I made.

For the next hour, Ingrid taught me how to walk in the spike-heeled shoes, until I achieved an erotic, sexy strut that was a direct challenge to men everywhere. At the same time, she had me talk endlessly, until I achieved my new 'female' voice to her satisfaction - a rich, smoky unbelievably erotic voice that would stiffen the cock of any man in earshot.

Now, Ingrid was ready to introduce 'Staci' to the world.

By now, it was early evening as Ingrid shut off the lights and locked the door. She 'thoughtfully' handed me 'my' purse, admonishing me not to forget the little details like that, and remember to act completely female at all times.

With my new, sensual stride (which set my chest into interesting gyrations), I helplessly followed Ingrid out to her car. Thanks to her commands, at all times I was now forced to act exactly like a woman. Inside, I was still Steve, horrified at what was happening to me, but to the world I was Staci, a sexy blonde with big tits.

"So, where are we going?" I asked Ingrid, and giggled - GIGGLED - like some brainless bimbo.

She smiled mysteriously. "You'll see, Staci." I had to be satisfied with that answer - it was all I was going to get.

Twenty minutes later we pulled up in front of a café-style restaurant, and we went inside, me helplessly wiggling my ass provocatively for the benefit of male onlookers. I wanted to die.

I didn't have that option though, and merely followed my sister as we threaded our way between the other diners. Then, I saw where we were heading, and although my transformed body didn't even break stride, in my mind I stopped dead as I stared.

Jason was sitting at the table, rising to his feet as we approached. As did the other young man at the table - my best friend, Wylie.

He stepped forward, smiling. "Staci!" he said, wrapping his arms around me. He pressed his lips against mine - and driven by my sister's command, I cooperated 'enthusiastically' in a long, passionate kiss, our tongues meeting and touching in each other's mouth. Finally, Wylie pulled away, and settled me in the booth, sliding in next to me and wrapping an arm around my shoulder.

Ingrid smirked. "Remember that work I had to finish up last night?" She asked. "Well, Wylie was it. He's programmed to be your boyfriend - and I want to react accordingly to him. Capice?"

Helplessly, I smiled, and one of my hands, of its own accord, began to caress Wylie's crotch lightly. "Of course I'll treat Wylie right" I told Ingrid indignantly. "I always treat my men right." Helplessly, I smiled at Wylie, and saw the despair, anger and shame burning in his eyes, like it did in mine. It was the only outward sign of our enslavement, and went unnoticed by everyone but us.

We ordered dinner, and to my lasting shame, I actually ordered just a salad and white wine, telling the waiter 'I have to watch my girlish figure', which prompted several remarks - unwillingly, I'm sure - from Wiley about just how good my figure was. Helplessly, I 'rewarded' him with another deep kiss, my red-glossed lips pressed firmly against his as inside I screamed.

After dinner, Ingrid 'suggested' we go to a night-club, and of course, Wylie and I accepted the suggestion with acclaim. With his arm wrapped around my slender waist, Wylie joined me in the back seat of Ingrid's car - and he fondled and kissed me, 'making out', the

entire ride to the club.

We spent several hours there. To onlookers, we were a young couple - a slender, hippyish young man with his blonde, buxom, not too bright girl - who couldn't hide their mutual lust for each other. We danced, and I helplessly tried my damndest to be as erotic as possible in every move, grinding my hips against his, pressing my full fake breasts against his chest. It must have worked, as he spent all evening with a raging hard-on. The entire time, Jason and Ingrid made 'suggestions' as how we should stand, move, talk, etc., and I slowly became more and more bimboish as the evening progressed, turning into a veritable caricature of the brainless sex kitten.

Needless to say, Wylie was programmed not to become 'upset' when I also included other men into my come-ons, dancing with complete strangers. At one point, a muscular young man bought me a beer while Wylie was in the can, and I thanked him with the sexiest kiss I had ever given - or received, for that matter - which he accepted while fondling my firm ass.

As for the washroom, I made a mistake - I went into the guy's room without thinking about it. I can tell you, a bunch of guys had sudden problems pissing as their dicks went rock-hard. Instead of beating a hasty retreat, I helplessly found myself flashing the guys a quick view of my tits, opening my vest and letting them ogle.

"Hey, just thought I'd advertise" I found myself saying. "I'm here with a guy tonight, but if you see me by myself someday, at the mall or something, come up and tell me where you saw these babies. . ." and I lightly fondled my fake tits suggestively, ". . .and I'll treat you to a feel." And, tossing my huge mane of golden hair, I buttoned the vest, and went out.

Going into the women's room, I took a stall and did my business. Despite being in a room with gorgeous women chatting back and forth, describing their fantasies and rating men - and what they'd like those men to do to them - my cock remained pathetically shriveled as I pissed. When I finished, I spent a few minutes chatting with some of the women, learning new make-up and dating tips, discussing who was the hottest guy in the movies, and - god help me - touching up my make-up.

It was the most disgusting, degrading, utterly shameful night of my existence - and it wasn't over yet. It was like I was no longer myself, but a man's mind trapped in the body of a bimbo, who was in control. But the truth was, it wasn't a bimbo in control - it was my sister, whose depths of depravity I'd never even suspected. Finally, we left the club, and piled into the two cars for the ride back to Ingrid and my place. Again, Wylie was driven to 'make-out' with me on the ride back, while my sister smirked in the rear-view mirror.

Arriving back at our place, we all went inside. I led Wylie, Ingrid's commands making me 'want' to display my sexy strut to

Wylie from every angle, including behind.

Ingrid eyed us, smiling wickedly. "Jason and I are going to my room to fuck." She said bluntly. "Why don't you to go into Staci's room and take turns sucking each other off? Then get some rest - I have a big day planned for Staci tomorrow."

Helplessly, driven by our unswerving obedience to the biggest bitch in the universe, Wylie and I complied. We rushed to my room, shutting the door behind us. We kissed each other hungrily as we frantically stripped each other.

Then, shame burned in me like a flame as Wylie - a kind, gentle young man, and my best friend in the world - knelt, and sucked me off. Because Ingrid had given me the okay, my dick was like a rod of iron, and I had no trouble pumping my cum into his 'willing' mouth.

Then my shame redoubled, becoming a furnace, as it was my turn. Sexily, I kissed his lips, tasting my own jism, then slowly worked my way down his naked body, ending up on my knees before his erect cock.

Although it was my first time, Ingrid's commands had guaranteed that I would dredge my mind for every scrap of knowledge, and I performed like a veteran cock-sucker. My full lips enveloped his hard, throbbing cock, and my tongue worked tirelessly on his knob as my lips slid up and down his veined shati. One hand worked the shati in time with my ruby- red lips, while the other fondled his balls. Here I was, sucking my best-fiends cock, making little sounds of 'enjoyment' in the back of my throat.

Soon, he came. My actions, and Ingrid's commands, had ensured he'd maintained a hard-on all night long, and he'd built quite a back- log of cum. As he stiffened, that entire spray of hot, salty jism gushed into my mouth, and I swallowed 'hungrily', helplessly 'eager' not to spill a drop.

Helplessly, I looked up at him. "Ummmm. . . , you taste wonderful," emerged unwillingly from my full, cum-coated lips.

Finished, we moved to my bed, and, wrapped in each other's arms, and kissing each other's cum-flavored mouth, we fell into a deep, nightmare filled sleep.

We awoke the next day to the sound of Ingrid commanding us to get up. She came in and ordered Wylie to dress, and sent him home. Once he had leti, she used a special dissolver to remove the one-use-only tits from my chest, and I felt relief, thinking the ordeal was over. Outwardly, my imposed bimbo persona, cried and begged Ingrid, wanting her tits back, and hating her flat figure. I thought if this went on any longer, I would have developed schizophrenia between my two personalities. Again, I mentally sighed, glad it was done with.

I was wrong.

Ingrid produced a long syringe, and mentally I cringed. She smirked. 'This,' she said, injecting me, "is a little genetic cocktail I whipped up. Basically, it's a type of cancer - but a very special type. It goes through your body, replacing one of your double X chromosomes with a Y chromosome. In this case, I had a wonderful, compatible Y chromosome in mind - I snatched a few from Debbie Smith when she helped me with a lab project."

That got me worried. Debbie, a freshman at the collage, was in constant therapy due to an actual, and despite porno tapes and mags, extremely rare, case of Nymphomania. It was a genetic 'screwup', in which a person basically received to complete, functioning, sets of female glands, doubling the amount of female hormones produced - and causing a near-constant state of sexual arousal. In short, constant horniness.

Since it would take some time for the 'Y-Cancer', as Ingrid called it, to take effect, she had me dress in the outfit in the third box from the fetish store - an extremely short, sexy French-maid uniform, complete with 6 inch spike heels and white lace cap. As I dressed in the satin and silk ensemble, I hated myself for enjoying the touch of feminine fabric against my smooth, hairless skin. I set about my routine of cleaning, obeying Ingrid's command to try and make every movement a symphony on sensuality.

I succeeded.

And, as the day progressed, changes slowly became evident. The pressure on my incredibly tight corset began to ease as my waist slowly shrunk. At the same time, my nipples began to itch, as small domes began to form behind them.

At this point, I developed a sudden and irresistible craving for fatty food. Ingrid thoroughly enjoyed the sight of me desperately shoving handfuls of butter-coated cheese down my throat, trying to meet my body's demands for the fat it needed to produce my breasts and expanding, swelling ass.

All day long, I tried to stop myself from cramming my face, knowing if I could deny myself the fat, my body would be limited as to size of breast and ass - but, even without a command from sis, the desperate need to eat was too strong to ignore.

At the same time, odd, unpleasant sensations were coming from my crotch, and I was fairly certain why my lacy panties seemed to be fitting better and better with each passing hour.

At about noon, Ingrid gave me a break to get a shower and redo my make-up. 'Thankfully,' I swayed off to the bathroom, turned on the water, and stripped down.

I struck a pose in the full-length mirror on the back of the door, 'admiring' my changing body.

My waist had pinched in several inches, almost as much as the corset had provided artificially. My ass was fuller and rounder, but still firm, becoming the vaunted and much admired 'teardrop' shape. My face seemed a little smoother and more feminine, and my Adam's apple was noticeably smaller. And my cock, hanging between thighs that were becoming soti and silky, was now a small nub, barely visible at all, along with my nearly vanished balls.

And, riding high on my chest, were a pair of perky, large nipples B- cups of my very own.

Turning away from the mirror, I carefully and 'lovingly' washed every inch of my transforming body, then towed off, and resumed my maidly duties.

Over the next few hours, my traitorous body continued to change. The neckline of my dress slowly tightened under the pressure of my expanding breasts, but I was constantly tightening the apron straps around my slimming waist.

Finally, at six o'clock, Ingrid told me to go get ready - Wylie was coming to take me on a date. Obediently, I went to my room to change into something more 'appropriate'.

As I stripped, I once again surveyed my own body. At this point, I was fully, utterly female. Between my shapely thighs rested a moist, wet slit - my cunt. I knew that whatever happened to me, there was never, ever any chance of going back to what I had been before.

And to emphasize that fact, a pair of firm, round D-cup tits thrust proudly from my chest, my large nipples poking impudently from them. My Staci persona was ecstatic about my new endowments, fondling them lightly, and I shuddered in pleasure at the new, and erotic sensation - and hated myself for enjoying it.

I dressed in the clothes Ingrid had laid out for me. First, the silk black nylons slid up my long, luscious legs, hugging their shapely forms. Next, a skin-tight black latex mini-dress. It clung to my full, ripe ass, slender waist, and large, round tits. Its sweetheart neckline displayed my delectable cleavage, and the way it shone emphasized my every womanly curve.

Then, I pulled on the latex opera gloves over my hands and up my arms to the arm-pit. Sitting at the desk, I carefully applied my make-up, emphasizing my full, kissable lips and bright, glorious green eyes.

Instead of the long, golden wig, Ingrid had put out a big, curly platinum blonde 'do, which it carefully positioned, framing my face in silver/white curls.

For jewelry, a black leather choker went around my neck, and long, silver clip-on earrings adorned my lobes. A silver bracelet went around my right wrist.

Then, I put on my shoes. Black leather, they had a six-inch spike heel, and leather straps that wound around my legs until they disappeared under the hem of my short, skin-tight dress. I was ready - a sexual vision guaranteed to harden the cock of any male in sight.

The doorbell rang, and I jiggled and swayed to the door, opening it to let Wylie in. "Hey, gorgeous." He said, kissing me. "Ready to go?"

"Ready, willing and able, lover" I said in my sexiest, most seductive voice. I followed him out to his car.

We went to the movies. In the darkened theatre, Wylie's hands roamed across the slick surface of my dress, feeling the luscious curves it contained. At the same time, my transformation continued, and I could feel my enlarging breasts straining mightily in their confinement.

By the time the movie let out, every guy was watching me as I swayed sensuously across the lobby. The changes in my body had finally come to a halt, leaving me a package of pure sex.

My measurements were 44DDD - 17 - 39, and every inch was now tightly packed in a latex dress strained to its limit. Having literally grown into the dress, it was impossibly tight, and my extraordinarily large nipples were visible under the strained material. As Staci, I was in rapture about my glorious new figure - but the real me, Steven, was screaming helplessly in the vaults

of my own, enslaved brain.

"Oh, Wylie, fuck me" I begged in a low voice as we got into the car. I was horrified to hear myself begging for sex. "Right here, right now."

I felt relief when he looked at me and said "I can't Staci. Not here." Helplessly, I pouted - sexily - and said "Why not?"

He shrugged, starting the car. "Ingrid wants to watch." He dropped the car into gear, and headed back to my place. Knowing what was in store, my mind made a desperate, last-ditch attempt to take over my body - so I could throw myself out of the speeding car.

I failed.

We arrived at my place, and Wylie escorted me in. Ingrid was waiting in the living room as we entered, and I found myself begging her.

"Please, let Wylie fuck me now. I need it, I'm so horny. . ." And, to my horror and dismay I found I was, indeed, becoming unbelievably horny. Hormones began to run rampant through my new, curvaceous body, and I found myself actually WANTING relief for my phenomenal new sex drive.

"Go right ahead." Ingrid said, smiling wickedly.

Hungrily, I began to kiss Wylie as my hands stripped him. He returned the favor, removing the latex dress. Under it, I wore no panties or bra, and the rest of my clothing didn't impede what we were going to do, so I let it on.

Wylie began to fondle and suck my round, sensitive tits, his tongue flicking across my huge, engorged nipples. I threw my head back and moaned, as erotic sensations coursed through my body, arousing me even more. I couldn't wait. I needed relief, and I let Wylie know - by hauling him down to the ground, where I lay back and spread my luscious, nylon clad legs.

He needed no more prompting. Wasting no time, he introduced me to the penultimate proof of my new womanhood.

He slid his hard, throbbing cock deep into my sopping cunt, thrusting powerfully. As he began to rhythmically pump his rod into me, I began to buck my hips and thrash my head side to side. An indescribable, unbelievable sensation was building in me as I felt him filling my new cunt, creating sensations INSIDE of me, unlike anything I'd ever experienced.

My first female orgasm built like a train thundering down on me. The sensations swept over me in erotic waves, and I began to scream, begging him to fuck me harder, until I burst into orgasm, my body quaking with the force of the pleasure smashing through me.

And it triggered Wylie, and his hot seed pumped deep in my steamy cunt. At that instant, Ingrid stepped forward, and injected Wylie in one up-turned buttock.

"Let's see how he looks as a girl, shall we?" Ingrid said as he yelped, and withdrew from me. Ingrid contemptuously told him to go home and stay there until the change was complete, then come back.

As for me, she had other plans. . .

She had me use the bidet to clean my sopping cunt, then helped me back into that dress. Following her, I went out to the car and climbed in, as she gave me my instructions.

A while later, we pulled up outside of the house of the Dean of Students at the University. Climbing out, I swayed provocatively up to the front door and knocked.

A moment later the door opened, and Dean Anderson, a somewhat handsome man in his early forties, looked out, his cock stiffening in his pants at the sight of the sex-goddess on his doorstep.

"Can I help you miss?" he asked, trying - and failing - to drag his eyes from my cleavage.

"Oh, yes." I cooed, and pushed him back as I stepped inside, closing, but not locking, the door behind me.

"What are you doing?" He asked, surprised. "You, you had better leave." He continued, with no conviction in his voice. His hormones certainly didn't want me to go.

I wrapped on arm around his neck and pulled his lips to meet mine as I kissed him sensuously. My other hand slid down his body and unzipped his trousers, setting his rigid cock free. Slowly, sensuously, I slid to my knees - and gasped.

He had the thickest cock I'd ever seen.

Only slightly longer than usual, it was incredibly thick, and flushed almost purple with the blood rushing through it. He filled my mouth completely as I slid my soti, glorious lips down its length, and began to pump his shati with my latex-clad hand.

And as his hot, salty cum gushed down my throat, I injected him with Ingrid's mind-control serum.

That was where Ingrid and Jason's plan started. With the Dean her willing subject, Ingrid got the faculty next. Then, from there, she took over the student body as well.

Of course, they couldn't transform everyone. Not only would somebody notice, but then there would be no men to fuck us women. Ingrid limited her transformations to a select few, but her and Jason used the mind-control serum whenever possible, reveling in their expanding power.

Wylie turned out to be a cute, tomboyish woman, and quite athletic. Between us, we covered most of the range of men's tastes, and Ingrid used us to seduce new men into the fold - and, of course, we're getting fucked almost constantly.

Our next step was to work on the assistant head of the F.B.I. Thanks to a fondness to buxom blondes, he soon fell into the trap of Ingrid and Jason. With his help, we got the Director of the Bureau, and atier that, it was a simple matter to have all agents take their mandatory 'inoculations' - and Ingrid and Jason controlled the most powerful Law Enforcement agency in the world.

With the power of the F.B.I., it wasn't hard to start a systematic job of taking the key figures in smaller police departs. It will still be a long time before Ingrid gets every beat and patrol cop, but most Chiefs, Sheriffs and deputies are already hers.

And then, one of Ingrid's slaves found a site on the internet. TGStories, dedicated to trans-gender fiction. And too delicious an irony for my sick, demented sister to pass up.

With a brief word to the local cops, the sys-op was soon converted to a helpless slave as well. With that edge, Ingrid soon found a story that would work perfectly. With a little bit of fiddling, the story you are now reading will go up on that site, from which Ingrid has already

gotten all the membership information, including names and addresses, tracked down via F.B.I. computer.

This file is flagged. When you read it, it will alert the main F.B.I. computer. Of course, once she had your name and address, Ingrid could have come anytime. But she wanted you to know what was coming.

She's given me permission to try and warn you, if I can. THIS IS NOT A STORY. This is real. Right now, while you took your time over the story, my Sister and her boyfriend have dispatched someone to come and enslave you to. Don't hesitate. Don't pack. JUST RUN! Take whatever cash you have, and use you bank card and credit card to get as much cash as you can, then throw them away. The F.B.I. can track you when you use them. Don't tell ANYBODY where you're going - they might be one of Ingrid's already.

Ingrid says it doesn't matter if I warn you. You won't believe it. You'll think it's just a story, with an interesting ending. And when, sometime in the next hour, there comes a knock on the door, you'll remember this story, and laugh.

You'll go to the door, and open it. And let us in.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A slum lord is ordered by the court to spend 90 days in one of his own building, little does he know that it is going to lead to a permanent change of appearances.

Slum Lord

SLUM LORD

BY GUNSLINGER

“The defendant will now rise...”

Calm, cool, confident, the lean young man with the neatly styled shock of jet-black hair rose gracefully from behind the heavy oak table on the left-hand side of the court-room. Meticulously shaking straight the razor-sharp creases in the trousers of his imported silver-gray suit, the handsome man faced the older woman sitting behind the imposing bench.

“Terrence Robert LaChance...” The silver-haired woman intoned, peering through her silver-rimmed spectacles at the paper she held, rather than the man before her. “In light of the circumstances, and given the advice provided by council on both sides of this issue, it is the decision of this court that you be sentenced to spend a total of no less than ninety consecutive days under house arrest, said sentence to be carried out within an untenanted unit of the building owned by the defendant at 816 Second Avenue. Sentence is to begin immediately. Failure to comply with said sentence at any point during the ninety days will automatically convert into three times the remaining duration of the sentence, to be served in county jail. This is the decision of the court, so noted and recorded on this, the seventeenth day of...”

Realization of what he’d just heard finally managed to make it through to Terry LaChance’s forebrain, and he tuned out the rest of the Judge’s drone as his face fell into lines of shocked disbelief. Almost as if spring-driven, his head whipped around and he stared at the tall, not unattractive woman standing next to him in a white silk blouse and tailored black skirt – his lawyer, the one who had confidently assured him every step of the way through the trial that there was no way any punitive measures would possibly be brought against him.

She looked back at him, evincing neither surprise nor dismay.

“Guess you can’t win them all, Mr. LaChance.” She said, with an unrepentant shrug. “Better luck next time...”

Gathering up her satchel-sided leather briefcase, his lawyer turned and headed off towards the court-room door, the sensible heels of her black pumps clacking on the marble floor.

Still too stunned by the completely unexpected verdict to think straight, Terry took a half-step in that direction, as if to follow her, to demand an explanation...

...but he stopped dead before completing that single step, and it wasn’t voluntary.

Swallowing heavily, Terry turned and craned his neck to look up at the unsmiling face of the very tall, very muscular black bailiff whose ham-like hand had just clamped down on his shoulder.

* * * * *

“Great...” Terry sighed, staring at the thick, rust-colored sludge oozing from the showerhead. “Just... fucking... great...”

Leaving the hot-water tap fully opened in the – probably vain – hope that hot, clean water would start coming out of it sometime before his three-month incarceration was completed, the naked young landlord padded out into the tiny, minimally furnished bedroom of the apartment and dropped onto the cheap, metal-framed bed. With another sigh, he looked around ‘his’ apartment.



It was one of the many untenanted apartments in his building. As it happened, the building itself was a forty-four unit edifice, comprised of ten units on each of the above- ground floors, and five in the basement. Of those units, only twenty-three were occupied.

Contrary to 'logic', the basement apartments were the most 'popular'

– not only the cheapest, they were also the most secure to be had in the low-security old brownstone building.

Second best were the ten first-floor units. The windows of all above-ground units had been reinforced over the years with first metal bars, and then layers of metal mesh. The combination meant that there was next-to-no chance of anybody actually gaining ingress – or, in the not-completely-unlikely event of fire, making egress – out of the thin slots between the heavy, unlovely steel bars, but the windows themselves got broken with monotonous regularity.

The other eight occupants of the building were scattered about on the second and third floor – but, the fourth floor had been complete vacant until Terry had claimed one of the ‘penthouse’ apartments. Identical in every way to the lower apartments, with no particular advantage in size, cost, or quality, the lack of a working elevator made them less-the-popular...

...which meant that, by choosing the one with the sturdiest, (read, ‘bashed-in-and-hastily-repaired’ the fewest times) door, Terry did the best he could to keep himself from being bothered by the people he was renting apartments out to.

Drug addicts and drug dealers. Hookers. Pimps. People who were willing to pay a little too much for much too little, simply because Terry had made it a quite explicit point never to ask for references or I.D.

That fact brought a wry smile to the rangy, dark-haired young man’s face as he pushed himself up off the squeaky old bed and padded towards the kitchen.

If memory served, his building was currently home to at least a dozen ‘John Smiths’, a handful of ‘Does’, both John and Jane, and an Elvis Presley who was not only surprisingly alive and well, but surprisingly black...

...and now he could add on Terry LaChance to that list, he thought glumly, smile fading.

Well, there were a few tiny little bright spots – and one of them was the ‘basic supplies’ his lawyer had laid on.

All the food and deliveries had been arranged through the court, since for the next 90 days his accounts were locked to him – done to ensure he didn’t radically upgrade his own living conditions while leaving his tenants in squalor. Fails him she might have in court, but at least the ‘legal beagle’... which, as mental labels went, translated into ‘bitch lawyer’ in Terry’s mind – had made sure he had plenty of good-quality food...

...and even higher-quality booze.

Grabbing a bottle of single malt-scotch, Terry extracted the cork with a soft, moist ‘pop’. Fishing one of the plastic ‘glasses’ out of the cabinet, he poured himself a very generous amount of the fragrant, golden liquid, and took an appreciative sip.

...and then another.

...and another...

...and another...

...and when he found the glass empty, well – what the hell else was there to do in this shit-hole but fill it back up again...?

* * * * *

Terry moaned.

That, in and of itself, was hardly surprising at all.

It seemed that a trio of Consolidated Edison guys had decided to take up residence in his skull and go to work with the industrial sized-jackhammer. They must have failed to 'call before they dug', for they'd apparently hit a sewer-main... because said sewage was now flowing unimpeded into his mouth.

All in all, the makings of a near perfect Force Ten hangover.

Given that he felt like he'd been run over by a Mack truck, leti roting in the sun for a week or so, and then somehow brought agonizingly back to life, the minor facts that he couldn't seem to catch his breath properly and that it felt as if somebody had kicked him in the torso, repeatedly, with steel-toed jackboots, wasn't as immediately, overwhelming attention-grabbing as it might have been under other circumstance.

That was, until he tried to sit up...

It should have been a scream. Terry wanted it to be a scream. Unfortunately, there simply wasn't enough oxygen in his lungs to create that amount of volume – instead, what came out sounded remarkably like that moan that he'd given off several seconds before, as if nothing more fateful than a mind-shattering hangover was in the works.

His eyes popped open, and Terry stared up at the unfamiliar ceiling, drink-befuddled mind slowly bringing him back to the last remember 'present' even as the real, current present was desperately trying to get his attention through the simple expedient of the direct and massive application of pain.

Instinctively, as men are wont to do, terry's hands flew injudiciously to the site of the pain... and for several eternal seconds, his lean fingers flitted aimlessly across what they found there, his mind simply not ready to accept a possibility so far out of the scope of anything he could have possibly imagined.

Hard, formed material. Buckles and straps. Tight-fitting over contours that were undeniably... wrong. He... was wearing a corset.

"What the fuck...?" He damned and explanation from the Universe in general, his voice barely more than a hoarse whisper. However this impossible situation had come about, the unexpected device strapped painfully tight around his midsection was constricting the lower portion of his lungs so badly that a few, half-whispered words were the most he could get out with each shallow breath.

Lititiing his head despite the intense pounding it occasioned, he stared uncomprehendingly down at the glossy red fetish garment that had appeared around his waist – more than his waist, in fact, the garment rising from upper hip to lower chest. From this ankle, perception seemed to be vastly skewed, making his waist look much, much thinner than even a tightly constricting garment could possibly create. Numbly, his fingers flitted about the buckles and straps of the corset, searching for release, but there was a bit of twisted wire running through the buckles, impeding his effort. He fought at the stubborn, twisted wire, trying to free the buckles, annoyed at having to keep pushing a little cardboard card attached to the wire out of the way to get at the braided ends...

...a little cardboard tag....

...a tag with bright, bold red lettering on one side...

...and, just as his fingers had found purchase and begun unraveling the braided wire, those few, bold letters had managed to impinge upon Terry's frightened, confused, pain-shrouded consciousness:

REMOVE THE CORSET AND YOU WILL DIE.

For several long moments, Terry simply stared at the stark writing, befuddled and fearful mind trying to work through the implications.

It couldn't be true... could it?

If it wasn't true, and he left the corset on, given how much pain it was giving him, how much damage would it do...? If it was true though, and he took the corset off...

He looked down at what seemed an impossibly miniscule waist. A waist that shouldn't have been possible on his body – not short of some sort of surgery, at any rate...

...and that's when the question of just long he'd really been out cold raised its ugly head.

He'd been drinking 'last night', and woke up 'the next day' with a hangover – but he'd been out cold when somebody had put this corset on him, because he knew damned well he hadn't put it on himself. Which means at least some events had occurred that he couldn't remember – and that meant it could have been a much longer time between 'last night' and now than he'd first assumed.

"Help..." he whispered hoarsely to himself. "I need to get help" Painfully – very painfully – he began the task of getting out of bed.

It was such a simple thing that nearly everybody in the world managed first thing every day – and yet, for Terry, it was now a laborious, painful task to be performed, an obstacle to be overcome.

There was no way he could just 'sit up', as the first action usually would be. Aside from the agonizing pain it would cause to even try, one more thought to the hard, plastic-like material of the corset indicated that his abdomen just didn't bend like that anymore, not when encased in this.. torture device.

Instead, ever so slowly, he had to roll himself to the edge of the bed – and even that was difficulty incarnate, as he couldn't use the abdominal muscles to roll his body.

When finally managing to get to the edge of the bed, laying face down on the thin mattress, he draped one arm and one leg over the side. Due to the difference in distance between knee-joint and elbow, he had to brace himself mostly with one arm – and he was never the really physical type. Oh, sure, he was in good shape, but it was a lean and sculpted sort of shape, not the 'knock out twenty one-armed pushups', Jack-Palance-at-the-Oscars sort of shape.

The fact that he could draw only the shallowest of breaths didn't help the matter any, either.

Still, the mere thought of the sort of pain he'd own should he simply 'fall out' of bed gave him all the motivation he needed to make as smooth a transition as possible from laying face-down on the bed to being on his hands and knees on the floor.

The task of getting out of bed accomplished, he faced a much harder one- standing up.

Much as he would have 'loved' to simply crawl out into the living-room, where the apartment's sole phone was located, the corset denied him that ability. Arms and legs weren't the right length for that – when crawling, one arched the spine to balance the two out, and that

was beyond him. The infantryman's 'low crawl' would have been possible given the movement limitations

– but the pain was another matter.

No – he'd have to walk... which meant he'd have to get to his feet.

It took half an hour, and prodigious use of the support of a nearby wall to get him tenuously on his feet – and, once there, he very nearly passed out.



He wasn't quite sure, afterwards, just how long he stood there, gathering his strength and trying futilely to catch his breath. Vaguely, in the back of his mind, he was remembering a story he'd once about mountain climbers, 'way back when', before oxygen bottles were easily available – a story in which the method of movement was described as 'take a step, pause to take a breath'...

Thanks to the constriction of the nightmarish device

around his waist that he was growing to hate even more with each passing second, he finally understood what it was that those mountaineers had been experiencing – not laziness nor exhaustion nor even prudence, but simple physical necessity.

It took him more than an hour to make his way to the living-room couch.

Step – and the world would grow dim and gray around him as that simple effort used all of what little oxygen remained in his constricted lungs.

Pause – sipping air in short, fast pants, for however long it took for his lungs to stop creaming, for the world to once more return to clarity.

Step...

Finally, achieving his goal, he sat on the couch for several minutes, gathering himself. He would have loved to 'slump' on the couch, but that option was denied him – the damnable corset ensured a rigid, spine-straight posture.

Finally, a bit rested, he picked up the handset of the phone...

..and it was all he could do not to cry when he heard the monumental nothing at all of a dead line. He jiggled the disconnect futilely, not even knowing what that was supposed to do – it was simply something he'd seen in the movies – but, deep down, he already knew the truth.

Whoever had imprisoned him in the corset – and done whatever other things he was now coming to believe more and more strongly had been done to him – they had also cut his phone line.

He felt the aching pain of his constricted. He gasped for air. He was sore and tired and half-defeated- and he looked over at the front door to the apartment, which was at least as far away from the couch as the couch had been from the bed.

Then, almost of their own will, his eyes slid to the almost-full bottle of Scotch sitting on the coffee-table. Hell – one drink to kill the pain. One drink while he rested before he tried his trek to the door.

That was all, one little drink...

...or maybe two...

* * * * *

How long...?

How long had this nightmare been going on...?

Terry didn't – couldn't know. He... if he really was 'he' ...didn't have any of the milestones he could count on. None of the things he could judge from experience.

He had no stubble on his face. At first, he'd assumed he was being shaved while in a 'drunken stupor', but he knew better now – oh, yes, he knew.

The Scotch was drugged. He wasn't an idiot, he could figure that one out for himself. Two glasses shouldn't put you down for the count.

There was more to it than that, though – he was being given something else. Hormones, maybe? He didn't know – but he wasn't growing a beard. In fact, most of his body hair had fallen out by the time he'd woken up after his two drinks on the couch, and what was growing back was much finer, more... feminine.

He'd worked that much out for himself, too. Somebody was doing this to him, torturing and changing him. His body was softening. He was... changing. His muscles were fading, and his hips and ass seemed larger to him – not to mention how disturbingly full and sensitive his nipples had become.

The corset even fit better.

Of course, that might have been from simple weight-loss...

...because he had no idea how long ago he'd eaten.

He had no idea when he'd last consumed any liquid, either – oh, he knew it was 'last night' to him, but that meant nothing, since the liquid had been Scotch, and he'd been out like a light.

By his fuzzy count, he'd held out nearly three full days before drinking the laced Scotch. Not that he'd had much choice in the matter...

...just as he now had to eat or die.

So, face wrapped in a grimace, he prepared to push himself up off the couch.

How many times had he risen from this couch, he wondered idly. He'd once kept track, but the numbers seemed hazy, unreal – whatever was in the Scotch was keeping him half-'drunk' too much for things like rigid numbers to fit his newly fluid, if sometimes incoherent thoughts.

He remembered the first time he'd risen from the couch, of course – the first time, looking at the marginally depleted bottle of scotch and begun to think it had been drugged. The corset had seemed marginally less painful than it had 'a few hours before', if his internal chronometer could be trusted... which, he knew, it couldn't. Just like his thoughts and memories weren't quite sharp

– but that one memory, of the painfully slow traverse to the door, was clear...

...as was the memory of staring dumbly at the knob.

The knob that had been reversed, presenting the key-hole rather than the thumb-lock, to the interior of the apartment.

He'd tried yelling, tried banging on the door – but hadn't had the breath to make either effective. He'd leaned against the wall, sobbing almost soundly – and then begun the trek back to the bedroom to get the key he'd left sitting on the bed table.

Once more he'd taken a 'pit stop' at the couch, but rested this time without touching the Scotch, then had pushed onwards. Exhausted, he'd made it to the bed – and had to rest.

He'd fallen asleep.

When he'd awoken, he'd taken the key and started the laborious trek back to the front door... but need had driven him to the bathroom. After emptying his bladder, he'd been able to drink cold, if somewhat gritty, water from the tap – and never been so grateful for anything in his life.

Then, after a short rest on the toilet, onward he'd gone... Eventually, he'd made it to the door.

Unlocked it.

Opened it.

...and stared down the long expanse of the hall way, ten times the distance he'd already traversed, looking back at him. He'd leaned against the wall for a while, crying...

...and then he'd begun walking, one hideously agonizing step at a time.

The best his hazy mind could recall, he'd made it almost halfway down the untenanted hall. Maybe that wasn't true; maybe that was memory being kind. All he knew was that at one point exhaustion had caused him to stumble.

To fall.

To black out.

To wake up in agony not to be borne, desperately trying to scream – and effort that used up all oxygen in his diminished lungs until anoxia took him.

The cycle was repeated, again and again – how many times, he didn't know. Darkness.

Consciousness Agony.

Anoxia.

Darkness...

At some point, he'd become aware that, in those brief moments of consciousness, if not lucidity, he was agonizingly dragging himself back to his apartment.

Some time later – he would never know how long – he'd been clawing his way up onto the couch, clawing himself up – and reaching for the blessed oblivion the bottle of Scotch offered.

He awoke who-knew-how-much-later, to find the agony in his waist reduced to a dull throb – a throb that matched the pain in his feet.

The pain in his feet that came from having been surgically altered somehow, forcing them into an unnatural position, forcing them, in fact... nearly straight down, in a permanent tip-toe.

Next to him on the couch had been a pair of boots – bright red boots to match his corset.

The boots that now, very, VERY carefully, Terry rose to stand upon. He teetered.

He tottered.

He wobbled.

...but, unlike so many other times he tried this before, he somehow managed to stay upright balance on the impossibly high, slender heels of the en pointe 'ballet boots'.

Slowly, painfully, one tiny, mincing step at a time, the starving man headed for the kitchen.

When he'd first awoken with his altered feet, he'd thrown the boots halfway across the room in disgust and anger, vowing never to wear them. That, of course, had only meant that, atier learning the very painful fact that his feet were now utierly incapable of carrying his weight without support, he'd had to retrieve them using that agony-inducing crawl.

He'd dragged them back to the couch – and then 'rewarded' himself with the oblivion from the laced Scotch. When he'd awoken, he'd numbly read the note atiached to the boots:

'Atiempt and succeed; you will go free. Failure will be punished...'

He'd gotien the point almost immediately – and, vowing to drink no more Scotch no matier the pain, set about practicing so that he could walk out of the building without a failed atiempt. Griting his teeth, he'd pulled the boots one, laced them up, and risen from the couch...

...and fallen further, faster and harder than before.

The vow not to touch the Scotch had lasted all of ten minutes...

Slowly, however, he had weaned himself off the Scotch – because the other botiles were in the kitchen. The half-botile he'd had was all there was... and atier each fall off of those damnably impossible heels, he'd learned to judge which ones called for oblivion, and which ones didn't.

There was an 'upside' to oblivion, if you wanted to call it that. Whoever was watching out for him when he was passed out gave minimum nutrition; probably intravenously, along with the hormones, judging from the needle tracks inside his leti elbow.



Now, however, the Scotch was gone, and he had no assurances they wouldn't just let him starve to death. So, one tiny little step at a time, Terry minced into the kitchen.

The quality of light changed during the journey, indicating a passage of time, but the much thinner man didn't bother with trying to figure out how long it took him –

time had become irrelevant.

Relevant was hunger. Relevant was that he would soon need to trek

the vast distance back to the couch – because he'd need to rest there before he could venture the equally great distance to the bathroom.

Relevant was staying alive, staying few and healthy, until he was strong enough and skilled enough in the shoes to manage a mere hallway, much less stairs.

Relevant was getting the hell out of this building; for Terry LaChance, that was quickly becoming the solely relevant thing of his life...

Terry reached the kitchen counter with legs that had felt like they'd been doused in gasoline and set on fire. His calves, especially, were a unique agony all their own – and the arrival in the kitchen didn't alleviate that.

Having reached his objective, he felt a sudden flush of fear, a frisson of horror – what if there was no food to be had in the kitchen...?

That fear was unfounded. Yanking open the closest cupboard, he found cans packed tight in the small space. Grabbing the first thing that came to hand – a snack-sized can of peach slices – he tore open the top and began cramming the sweet, sweet food into his mouth, sticky juice cold as it ran down his chin...

...and only then did Terry understand just how truly devious his unknown tormentor was.

A single snack-sized can of peaches... and his stomach was full. He was still hungry, but there was no physical room in his stomach for more food – he was going to have to wait a couple of hours until those peaches had digested enough for him to eat something else.

The corset vastly constricted his ability to breathe and eat; the fetishistic heels slowed his ability to walk to a mincing crawl. Any attempt to leave the building was going to force him to not just maintain minimum movement, as he was now, but as quick and graceful a walk as possible – which would require training.

Training that would have to come from the many, many trips he was going to have to make to the kitchen, as he 'grazed' to keep himself fed...

* * * * *

The figure of what had once been a man sat on the couch, staring blankly out the barred window at a city turned to cast iron by the steely grey pre-dawn light.

Slowly, on hand rose towards the figure's face. Lips, fuller than they had been before, parted just wide enough to allow the single potato chip to slip between them, then closed.

Still staring blankly at nothing, Terry very slowly began to chew – with the tiniest of motions possible.



The stairs – it was the stairs. He'd misjudged how hard the stairs would be to manage in the impossibly high heels he wore, and he'd fallen...

...and woken, back in the apartment, with the agony- wracked new face plastic surgery had given him.

Idly brushing back some of the long hair that framed his new face, not even considering what that hair said about how long his torture had been going on, he considered the problem of the stairs...

...and, unconsciously, the hand that had brushed back the hair slid down to the swollen, sensitive nipple atop a small swelling of flesh that defined the breasts on 'his' chest...

* * * * *

'Gotia get out...' Now or never. 'Gotia get out...' Do or die. 'Gotia get out...'

Nothing leti to lose... 'Gotia get out...'

Terri minced gracefully down the second-floor hallway towards the stairs leading towards the first floor. With each hip-swaying step, the over-sized implants on – in – her chest jiggled and swayed distractingly. Thick, shoulder-length blonde hair fluttering about her face, the woman who had once been Terry LaChance moved slowly, but steadily forward, determined to make good on this attempt.

'Gotia get out...'

Part of the motivation came from knowing what her failed attempts had cost her – like her manhood. 'Gotia get out...'

The other part was a gibbering fear in the back of her otherwise mostly blank mind. Atier all, she'd been transformed into an ersatz woman, one with huge, jiggly breasts and infinitesimal waist, mincing along on surgically-altered feet in impossibly high heels...

'Gotia get out...'

The mind boggled at what 'next' punishment could be issued for further failure – and she was determined not to find out. 'Gotia get out...'

In her fear-befogged, much-drugged, wandering mind, only that one goal – 'Gotia get out...' – burned clear and sharp.

Gracefully descending the stairs to the first floor, her blank – and not entirely sane – eyes peered through her blonde hair, fixating on the door at the far end of the hall. She minced towards it, heart beating faster behind her melon-like breasts.

'Gotia get out...'

The door drew ever closer, and the faintest hint of excitement showed in her dull eyes. 'Gotia get...'

"Day-um, girl!"

Terri's head turned, and her blank eyes fixed on the lean black man who'd just emerged from his apartment. He was staring at her, wide-eyed.

"Where you goin' looking like that?" He blurted. She considered the question.

"Out." She replied in her breathy voice.

"Well, girl, we gots a fee for 'goin' out' here – ya gotia let me fuck ya, first..." The black man joked, eyes drinking in her figure. She considered for a moment.

“Okay.”

Disbelieving, the young man watched as this incredible figure from a wet-dream swiveled and, very carefully, spread her high-heeled feet. Bending forward at the hips, she braced her hands flat against the wall.

The young man stared at her. Licking his lips, he looked to the left, then the right... and then unzipped his pants...

Terri felt his cock enter her surgically created womanhood – and while she was aware of the physical sensations, she ‘felt’ nothing at all, emotionally. As the man fucked her, she simply... existed, mind blank as it recorded the feel of a cock pounding in her pussy, the feel of her tits bouncing and swaying with every thrust, her hair swirling around her face...

...and after he came, and she felt his cock slide from her now cum-filled cunt, she rather mindlessly straightened and, without a word, continued her journey.

Pushing open the door, she stepped out of the building and wiggled and jiggled her way to the curb. She’d made it! She was outside!

Standing at the curb, Terri looked left. She looked right.

...and then, eyes blank and incurious, she turned around, and slowly minced her way back into the building....



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: A rare medical condition forces one young man to except his new fate as a female.

Social Status

By Gunslinger

"...ironic that the telegram from General Marshall, which might have warned Admiral Kimmel about the attack, didn't arrive until atier, due to the simple fact that it wasn't stamped 'urgent'..."

Carl, blinked, trying to focus on the words of his History teacher, Mr. Sherborne - but the we just meaningless sounds, without context. He couldn't focus his attention long enough to sort out how the words went together, and what they signified.

The short, athletically slender red-head wasn't usually like this - in fact the 19 year old was usually one of the more attentive students. But today, Carl was barely able to keep himself tuned into the real world - the pain and cramps were back.

It was worse then usual, today. They'd been getting steadily worse over the past year - as Doctor Thorin had warned they would - and he was having to take more and more of the small blue pills to fight its off. But he'd already taken four of them in the past half hour - the largest safest dose - and he was still pale and sweating in silent agony. His stomach was twisted in knots, and he felt like somebody had kicked him in that balls, the pain was so bad. Even through the medication.

Right now, Carl's entire world revolved around not disgracing himself by screaming. Ever since the diagnosis had come in, and he'd learned he had less then a year to live, he'd struggled to maintain some sort of normal life for what time he had leti. His teachers, of course, had to be notified, and he saw the way they watched him, sad - and a little confused as to why he hadn't taken the special dispensation to get out of school.

But Carl had little enough social life as it was, and he wasn't going to spend his last months alone in society, unanchored - he was going to try and make it through, with as few people as possible knowing about his illness, so he could have some semblance of a 'normal' social life.

So, he was *not* going to scream. He didn't. He passed out first.

* * * * *

Carl gaped at the doctor, his blandly handsome face incredulous. "Wha... what?"

The doctor cleared his throat awkwardly, knowing that this was not an easy thing to tell somebody, despite it's outward

facade of being 'good' news.

"I said," He explained, "Your old doctor made a mistake in diagnosis - although I'm not surprised. He diagnosed you with a very rare condition, called Litreosmendinitis - which has similar symptoms, and is, indeed, fatal. However, you are in fact suffering from an even rarer - but not fatal - conditions - Gynaexomorphism."

Carl shook his head. "No, no - I got all that. I'm not going to die, right - but I'm going to be a woman?" He was still struggling to wrap his mind around the facts the doctor had given him.

The doctor sighed. "Not quite. You see - you already are a woman. the actual problems you have been going through - the loss of muscle mass, the emotional problems, and especially the intense pain during sexual arousal - stem from this fact..."

Carl cut the doctor off short. "Doc, I don't know what sort of quack medical school you went to, but anyone can see I'm a man - I haven't got tits, and... well, and I've got a cock."

The doctor cleared his throat again. "I know it'd hard for you to accept - but the situation is very clear. Let me explain..."

Sitting on the edge of the desk, the doctor used his hands as emphasis as he spoke.

"You appear to be a male, because of the fact that your mother actually had twins - or started to. However, one - the male - never developed into an individual, instead being... absorbed by the other sibling - a sister. You."

He held a hand up, forestalling Carl's argument, and continued. "However, there was now a large amount of extra hormones floating around, many of the masculine type - which you also absorbed. However, that merely made you a masculine woman. Puberty had little effect on you - because that wasn't truly puberty for you."

He sighed. "Puberty is what you're going through now. That's why your chest itches, and why you are loosing muscle mass. However, as for the matter of your penis - well, it's not really 'yours' - it belongs to the brother you never had. The reason why sexual gratification, and sometime urination, is so painful to you is that the penis and testicles are unanchored, held in place only by the dermal

layer. And beneath that penis lays a fully functional vagina - our scans have proven that without a doubt."

It was impossible, it was incredible - by the doctor had shown him the scans, the blood work, the tests

- and Carl, not wanting to, had to admit the truth. He outwardly looked male, and had lived his entire life as man, up until now - but his body was now entering female puberty, and some things were going to change, whether he wanted them to or not.

"No - Doctor, there must be something you can do!" Carl pleaded. The doctor folded his hand. "Well - we have three choices here." "Yes."

"One - we can give you daily doses of male hormones. These would be necessary for the rest of your life, and would keep any major changes from occurring in you, physically. However, sex would still be excruciatingly painful, and you'd find the side effects to be nausea, weakness, and easy exhaustion."

Carl swallowed - he could stay male... but at what cost? "What's the other two?"

"Second, we can let the puberty run it's course, unassisted and unchecked. You would achieve some female physical characteristics, and be a generally mannish looking woman - but fully function. This would take place over the course of a year or so."

"Third, we can give you female hormones to speed up the process. We can also perform some minor reconstructive surgery to help improve your physical appearance."

Carl shook his head again. "I... I just can't believe this is happening to me..."

The doctor patted him on the shoulder. "I know it isn't easy - but you're going to have to choose, and soon - or choice number two will happen by itself, and in just a few days, we won't be able to go with any other option."

A weak, nonfunctional man - who would at least accept what he'd become? An ugly, mannish woman, and all the societal stress that went with it? Or as female as possible - and hating it?

* * * * *

Carla walked through the halls of the school, her books held protectively over her new breasts.

Well, sort of. The breasts were just too damned big to hide - they were huge. Even now, after some time, she still wasn't used to..

She felt somebody closing behind her, and she grimaced. The whole school knew the truth, and although nobody had - yet - laughed at her freakish fate, she knew it wouldn't be long. She braced herself for the impending attack...

"Hey, Carla - some of us are going up to the lake tonight. Wanna come along?"

Carla relaxed marginally. It was Ron, the guy who'd been her best friend before this had happened, and apparently still was.

"You... you think I should?" She asked, hesitantly.

Ron smiled. "Sure - you've been having a hard time for the past couple of weeks. You could use the fun. Pick you up at eight?"

Carla swallowed - part of her was afraid to say yes - the other part begged her not to say no...

* * * * *

Carla shivered nervously in the seat between Dave and Ron - what the hell was she doing? She should have known better - they were going to get her out to the lake... and it would all be some big joke.

Maybe they were just planning to abandon her there, to walk the eight mile trek back to the nearest pay-phone.

Her heart beat faster, and she almost demanded to be let out, right then and there. The two guys on either side of her seemed to be taking up all the air - it was difficult to draw in a breath, and she could feel their body heat where they pressed against her in the confines of the van.

But... But she trusted Ron - he'd been her friend, even before... the change had happened. That was why she'd come - and she still thought she could trust him, if not the others. But what if they'd lied to him, fooled him into talking her into coming along. Coming along, so they could make fun of the freak, the girlie-boy with the tits the size of...

"We're here!" Josh called, pulling onto the narrow beach fronting the lack. Under the headlights, the water glistened, dark and cool. "Come on - let's get the stuff unloaded."

It was with a mix of relief and apprehension that Carla climbed out of the van. She stood near the van, out of the way, and watched silently as the others started unloading the van. She crossed her arms under her huge tits, feeling cold despite the summer night's warmth. Why had she come out here?

But she knew why. Despite what she knew to be true - that she was a freak, a guy who hadn't really been a guy, and was now a huge-breasted girl - she still couldn't help but hope. Hope that maybe she could, impossibly, fit in somehow.

Because she was so alone. And even more, lonely.

"Hey - are you just going to stand there, Carla?" Ron asked with a grin. "Come on - join us. Or are you being anti-social again?"

Carla grinned nervously, wondering if her trust in her old friend was misplaced. "No - just thinking." She said through a tight throat. Stiffly, she walked to where Josh, Linda and Dave were piling wood in the fire-blanketed circle of stones. Ron stood off to the side, an arm around Cathy while they whispered something to each other. Carla's heart lurched - were they planning something?

Then Ron turned to her. "Beer's in the red cooler, and the hard stuff is in the box. Help yourself."

Cathy slapped his arm playfully, then smiled at Carla. "What testosterone man here forgot to mention is the wine coolers and the mixers are in the blue cooler."

"Hey - who wants to water down perfectly good booze?" Ron asked, grandly.

Carla could use a drink - she was so keyed up she felt like she was going to snap. She turned toward the coolers.

Dave, having lit the fire, was helping himself to something from the cooler. Carla hesitated, and waited for him to finish, shifting her weight nervously from foot to foot.

Dave caught the motion out of the corner of his eyes and looked up with a smile. "The bar's open, my dear!" He exclaimed in a W.C. Fieldsian voice. "Name your poison, and I shall see if we can accommodate!"

"Uh... A screwdriver would be fine." Carla replied, taken aback. "What?" Ron said, sounding hurt. "You're taking a wimpy

mixed drink?"

Carla hunched her shoulders and waited for the laughter and taunts to start...

"What are you complaining for?" Linda called across the fire from where she sat with Josh. "It leaves more booze for you!" She kicked out, raising her ass from the blanket so she could reach Dave's calf. "A screwdriver for me, too."

Ron laughed. "Whoops - didn't think about that! Okay - Mixed drinks for everybody!" He bent his head modestly. "Except me, of course - I'll just force myself to drink the booze straight so I don't 'waste' any precious mixer."

"Moron." Linda returned, laughing.

Carl relaxed a bit as she realized that it had just been Ron... being Ron. She took the mixed drinks Dave handed her and carried the second to Linda, who took it with a smile before turning her attention back to Josh, who was 'serenading' her, singing softly as he plucked at his guitar.

"Hey - you don't have to be so formal."

Carla whirled, startled, at the sound of Dave's voice. "Wha.. what?"

Dave blinked. "I just meant you can sit if you want to. Even have a nice comfy blanket for you so you don't get sand down your pants." He patted the blanket that lay in the sand near his own.

Awkwardly, Carla sat, taking a big swallow of her drink. She noticed the way the blankets were arranged, three pairs around the campfire. Hers was close to Dave's why? Was it some sort of set

up?

"So - who's up for a dip?" Josh asked, standing. As the others also rose, Carla slowly stood, heart pounding, waiting to see what was going on.

"All right!" Ron said, laughing. "About time - let's see some titties!" He leered at Carla - as Josh began to pick out 'The Stripper' on his guitar.

Carla shrank in on herself, feeling the tears threatening - this was it. This was what they were planning - they were going to make fun of her, her ridiculously over-sized breasts, her freakish, female, body...

"Oh, geez - I'm sorry we should have warned you."

Startled, Carla turned to Cathy - and her eyes widened slightly. The slender brunette was standing, topless, her perky breasts exposed to the golden glow of the fire. Beside her, Ron was busy stripping.

"We didn't realize you were shy like that - if we'd warned you, you could have brought a bathing suit." Cathy said, sympathetically - as she pulled down her jean shorts and underwear, leaving her taut, tanned body naked.

"Hey - where's the fun in that?" Josh asked, pulling Carla's head around. "Skinny-dipping is a summer tradition - no suits

allowed."

Linda was almost naked herself, her large, firm breasts hanging a bit as she bent to remove her shoes. "Yeah, right - you just want a free peep show." She replied, mock-sourly. Straightening, she smiled kindly at Carla. "That's okay, Carla - if you don't feel comfortable, you can just get a head start on more of the booze."

"Hey - that's not fair." Dave said, tucking his bundle of clothes in a bag. "If that's the way it works, maybe I won't go swimming!"

Carla averted her eyes, flushing slightly, as Dave stretched, his muscular body gleaming in the firelight, and his cock - his remarkably large cock - dangling free.

In fact, all five of the others were no naked, and seemed completely comfortable, joking and hamming it up. Josh was posing for Linda, who was giggling at her slender boyfriend's over-exaggerated 'muscleman' poses.

They turned to Carl, chuckling. "If you want, you can see what stations you can pull in on the radio. It's in my bag." Josh said.

Carla was just getting it through her head that this hadn't been a gag - they were just doing some skinny-dipping.

"uh...." Carla said, swallowing nervously. Then, closing her eyes, she took the plunge. "No - I I think I'll come in, too."

She hesitantly reached up and lay one hand on the clasp holding the right shoulder of her coverall shorts in place.

Linda noted her nervousness. "Hey - you don't have to. There's no pressure or anything. If you're not comfortable being naked, that's okay. You don't have to come in."

Carla swallowed again - then, to her surprise, found herself blurting out the truth. "I... I want to come in... I'm just nervous that..."

She ran down suddenly as she realized what she was saying - but it was too late. "That what?" Cathy asked. "Go on - we're all friends here."

Oh God, how much Carla wished that was true. But she'd already said too much. She wasn't about to finish her real thought.

Then Cathy spoke, her voice soft and tender. "Oh... it's because of what happened, isn't it? Because you've only been able to act like a woman for a couple of weeks."

"I..." Carla started - and had no idea how to finish it.

Josh slapped his forehead. "Idiot!" He berated himself. He faced Carla. "Geez - you've never been naked in public since

that happened. This is your first time!"

"Uh.. yeah.." Carla stammered.

"Shit!" Linda swore. "No wonder you're nervous! God, I remember the first time I went skinny- dipping. I felt sure I was the ugliest girl on the face of the planet at that moment. With clothes on you can hide an extra pound or two, make your butt look better than it is..." She shook her head. "We're sorry, Carla - we forgot all about that. I mean - you've had to pretend that you were a guy for so long, letting yourself be female must feel really weird."

Then it sank in - really, really sank in.

The whole thing was on the level. There was no hidden agenda, no plans of humiliation. She felt like she was a freak, some sort of weirdo, a guy pretending - albeit, unwillingly - to be a woman.

But to the rest of the world, they only saw her body. That of an enormously endowed, fairly attractive nineteen year old girl. They couldn't tell that she'd used to be 'male' - and even Ron, the only one of them who'd known her as a 'Carl', kept forgetting it. The human mind is constructed to deal with what it perceives - and everyone perceived her as female.

Of course, it was based on a false assumption - that because of the fact she'd really been female all along, she had always been 'female' in mind, but trapped in a 'mans' body, and was now free to be 'herself'. They didn't truly understand that, whether or not she'd actually been female for the past nineteen years, she'd been raised as - and thought of herself in terms of - a male.

But that assumption only made it easier. They didn't think of her as a freak - they thought of her as a girl. If anything, they thought that she'd been a freak - or at least, a figure to be pitied, - when she was 'forced' to 'pretend' to be a guy.

It was a stunning revelation for Carla as she realized something that many people never did learn.

It didn't matter if you thought you were this, or that. Well, it did - but it didn't actually affect reality. Reality, for other people, is what they perceived to be true. Carla's fears and thoughts and

assumptions had been based on how she saw herself - and only now did she realize that her own view of herself was one-hundred-and-eighty degrees from the view everyone else held of her.

She hesitated for a second longer - then undid the clasp, letting the one strap fall. "Woo-hoo!" Ron applauded noisily. "That's it girl - show us some skin!"

Carla blushed furiously, and Cathy moved to shush Ron - but Carla lightly grasped her arm, stopping her. Then, closing her eyes, she took a deep breath...

...and, her face burning and amazed at her own audacity, she began to grind her hips and wiggle her shoulders as she undid the second clasp and let the coverall shorts slide down her smooth legs, leaving her clad only in the white T-shirt that strained over her tits, and the simple white cotton panties.

"All right - you go girl!" Linda laughed, clapping, as Josh once more plucked out 'The Stripper' - holding his guitar a little higher than usual to avoid certain dangling parts of his anatomy.

Nauseous, excited, embarrassed and overjoyed, Carla peeled her T-shirt upwards, revealing the bottom curves of her immense tits...

...and her nerve broke. Laughing at the sheer enjoyment of the moment, embarrassment and all, she broke into a dead run for the water, peeling off her shirt once she was passed the others, so only her back was visible. As they laughed and chased after her, she paused just long enough to drop her panties - then, before they could catch up and see her naked from the front - ran head-long into the water.

She screamed, briefly - the water was cold - but continued to slog forward until she could sink below the placid surface up to her neck. Safely 'hidden' below the water, she turned and watched as the other splashed in after her, laughing and joking about the chill water.

"Way to go, Carla." Cathy said, leisurely swimming over to her. "That took guts."

"Yeah." Carla agreed, whole-hearted. "But... it was fun, too. Still is." She stopped - then said something she would never have thought of saying to somebody else, even ten minutes ago. "Even if the water's making my nipples hard enough to cut glass."

Linda laughed. "I know." She mimed a shiver, and her own tits, firm and supple, momentarily came into view, engorged nipples and all.

For a good twenty minutes, they splashed and horse-played in the water, until finally - chilled to the bone - they all sprinted for the beach.

Carla was actually back to the blanket, shivering in front of the campfire and trying to warm up before it occurred to her that she'd been having so much fun, she hadn't remembered to be body-shy on the run up the beach. Even now, she was getting some surreptitious looks from the guys, ogling her huge tits...

"Eeep!" She creamed, yanking the blanket around her. She looked around at the others, blushing furiously - then laughed self consciously, and lowered the blanket again.

"Guess covering up now would be like locking the barn after the horse is gone, huh?" She said, blushing furiously.

"Yeah, I guess." Dave said, handing her another drink.

Josh pulled something out of his bag, and smiled. "Okay - time for the game, people. Set yourselves up." He looked at Carla. "You may want to sit over on the other side there, so we can gather around to play."

Carla blinked, hurt. "What - I'm not allowed?"

Linda cleared her throat. "This game is a little raunchy. Before she dumped him, Dave's old girlfriend was the other player.

You have to be... really, really comfortable with the other to play. The game's called Intersexion. That's inter-S-E-X-ion "

"Oh." Carla said, startled. Then, after a long pause. "And you don't feel comfortable with me playing?"

The other shared a look. "Well - we don't mind. We just thought that "

Carla knew what they thought - that she'd be uncomfortable playing.

She would. But tonight was turning out to be more fun than she'd ever had, as a male or female. Part of her wanted to take the out, gracefully. The other part...

"Well - I might be a little... awkward. But, I mean.. I can do it - and I want to, you know, kinda get on with my life." She replied, blushing.

The others looked at each other. "Well, if you want to play, sure - but drop out anytime you begin to feel uncomfortable "

Carla laughed - and spoke the absolute truth. "If I avoided everything uncomfortable, I wouldn't even be here - and I'd be missing a lot of fun right now. It may be uncomfortable - but if I passed on it, I'd probably spend my life wondering 'what if'. So - I'll play by the rules. I'm in."

Gathering around, Josh set up the cards, and pulled out a set of dice and a small 'plotter board'. "Okay, the rules are simple. There's three piles of cards - Guy-Girl, Girl-Girl, and Guy-Guy. We each start in a different place on this board here, and are trying to get to the center. Now, every time two players share one of these intersections, they have to do what's on the card - or they have to go back twice the distance they rolled. Okay?"

Since the explanation was for Carla's benefit, she nodded. Heart pounding, she accepted the dice - and rolled.

For the first couple of minutes, nothing happened. Then, Linda and Dave ended up at an intersection

- and their card specified they had to take turns spanking each other ten times. It was marked a 'tame' card, and they performed, with much cat-calling and joshing by the others.

Then Carla and Josh ended up on a square together - and face deep red, Carla did what was on the card, kissing Josh 'passionately' while fondling his ass, while he did the same.

Despite her intense embarrassment, Carla was amazed to find herself thoroughly enjoying it. But it wasn't nearly as embarrassing as the next one - or as enjoyable...

Eyes closed, Carla moaned in pleasure as Cathy's tongue worked across her clit. She had no idea that this would feel this good, and she found it hard to keep her hands off her breasts as she experienced being 'eaten out' for the first time...

"Okay, my turn " Dave announced, after they'd finished watching Josh and Ron have to give each other a kiss - a very short one, of course. Now, the two guys - blushing yet laughing - had 'discreetly'

arranged to sit as far apart as possible.

Dave rolled, and advanced his peg - landing on the same spot as Carla - who immediately began blushing for no good reason. She was several beers to the good, and was enjoying the game even more - especially after the last one, when Ron had done remarkable things with her tits, that had felt so very, very good...

Dave pulled the card from the pile, and flipped it over - then blushed, shooting a glance over at Carla. "opps - I don't think this got put at the bottom of the pile. It's the card that you got last time..." He said, moving to put it back. "I'll just get another.."

"Hey, wait - I know I put the other one on the bottom> What's it say - come on, it can't be that embarrassing. You've got to do it." Carla insisted, wondering what could make him so anxious to get rid of it...

"Um.. actually, it isn't what I have to do. It's what you'd have to do." He handed the card to Linda, who read it.

"Oh, my... Carla, we told you - if you don't want to do it, that's fine." She handed the card to her. 'He gets a long, slow blow from her. Swallow, don't spit'.

Carla looked at the card, feeling her stomach roll over, and her face begin to burn. Then she turned to Linda. "If you'd gotten this card - would you do it?"

Linda sighed. "Sure - I mean, we've all done stuff like this. I mean, the guys don't exactly boast, but they have done each other, too. But not right away - I mean, this is your first game, and..."

Taking a deep breath, Carla stopped her. "No - I'll do it." She looked at Dave. "Just don't expect a lot of skill."

And, with the others looking on, she leaned down - and began giving her first blow job.

To her surprise, it wasn't, physically, disgusting. The taste and texture of the cock in her mouth was... new to her, but not actually repulsive. Closing her lips around the cock, she began to bob her head up and down, applying pressure to the underside of his shati with her tongue.

As she'd warned him, there was no real technique - she just continued to bob her head up and down, hands behind her back. Her neck muscles were beginning to get sore when she felt his cock twitch in her mouth...

..then a warm, salty liquid shot down her throat. She gulped at it quickly, barely even tasting it's musky flavor as it gushed down her throat.

Licking her lips clean, she sat up. "Actually - it wasn't that bad." She said, frowning - this simple act had disgusted and repulsed her as a man? Sure, it wasn't particularly enjoyable - but it wasn't all that disgusting, either.

Then Dave got a laugh out of his outrageously expressed 'Yeah - I have to agree. It's not that bad..' He said it like a man in the throes of incredible ecstasy.

Those moans weren't fake when, half an hour later, she gave him another blow-job. She now had six of them under her belt - and was a fast learner.

Of course, those screams were nothing compared to hers as Ron pumped into her and her orgasm rolled over her...
"Congratulations, Josh!" Linda said, giving him a hug as his peg landed in the center of the board. "You won!"
'No, I did - I've won the greatest prize I could imagine' Carla thought to herself with a small, knowing smile. 'A real life.'
Then, huge, wonderful new tits bouncing with each step, she ran to join her friends in a midnight swim.



BACK TO FUN ZONE

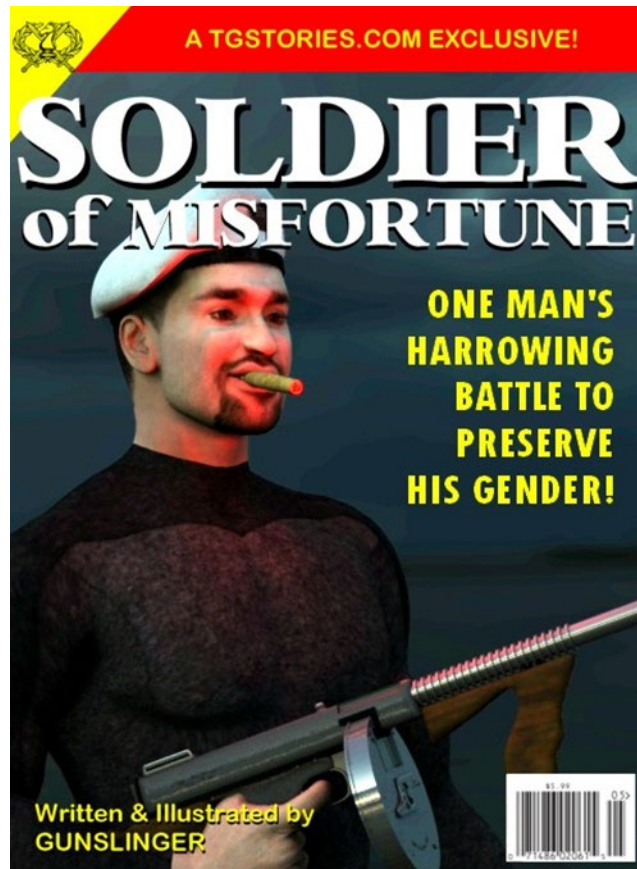


© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

SUMMARY: Now that I have captured you, I will explain each phase as you are turned into a stripper.

Soldier Of Misfortune

By Gunslinger



The instant I saw you, I knew I had to have you.

I do not commonly habituate sleazy bars and dives; but every once in a while certain... *urges* get the best of me, and I seek out such disreputable establishments such as Randy's Roadhouse. That is how I came to be sitting quietly in one dimly-lit corner of the bar, sipping on what passed for a white wine when you swaggered in to the off-base roadhouse.

I know you didn't notice me in the smoke-filled den of iniquity; but I certainly noticed you. Smugly splendid – and splendidly smug

– in your newly-won uniform, eyeing the women in the establishment with a certain possessiveness. It was as if you were certain you could have any or all of the women you saw, and were merely deciding which ones deserved your attention...



Oh, yes – I saw you, and you were **perfect**.

Which was why, other than watch you shamelessly – and rather vulgarly – hit on the women in the club, I did nothing. Nothing but watch.

Watch...

...and wait.

It didn't take long at all to determine the 'type' of woman – other than 'breathing', which as far as I can tell, was your **main** criteria

– that you preferred; atier that, it wasn't all that hard to figure out which of the women available currently personified that particular 'type'.

In this case, it was Tawni – you DO remember Tawni, don't you? Oh, perhaps not by name, (since I noticed such trivial details really didn't seem all that important to you), but since you went home with her and had quite the long, rather violent night of sexual gratification, I'm sure you at least remember her body.

You're welcome, by the way.

What? You thought even a woman as depraved and degraded as Tawni was won by your supposed charm? Oh, no, my friend – I paid her quite a bit of money to take you home and give you one hell of a sexual send-off...

Well, now – that's not very fair at all. In fact, at the time the price she quoted for 'fucking your brains out' was actually quite low; I would have normally put that down to her merely being a cheap whore, were it not for the fact that the next day, when I came to pick you up, she confided that she would have done the 'fucking' for free, had she known the quality she was getting. So I suppose you should be given that, at least.

Nevertheless, I did end up paying her most handsomely – if not for the sex itself, then for the little something she slipped you at the end of the evening. A 'mickey' is the proper term, I understand? Surprisingly, although I had come prepared with several of my own methods of incapacitation, it turned out that Tawni had a supply of her own, for what she referred to as 'rolling Johns'; so, even without my presence at Randy's, you probably would have much the same overall evening, I would think.

In a way, it was almost as if you were fated to end up first fucked out of your right mind, then drugged out of it. As it happened, however, you were to lose more than merely your wallet in this particular case...

As it happened, it was incredibly easy for me to get you loaded into a van and taken to my own, personally-designed facility. I had no trouble getting you unloaded, undressed, and prepped, all while you were blissfully, deliriously unconscious.

Oh – and allow me to say, I'm sure that it was Tawni's lack of education that lead to her understandable mistake in terminology – I am certain she meant that she was impressed by the quantity, rather than the quality, of the night before.



Oh, my, yes.

It wasn't so much that you were a perfect male specimen – no, you were a perfect specimen of those traits found to be masculine. Absolutely every square inch of you was a testament to those aspects considered 'masculine', with everything even possibly countervailing – 'feminine' – stripped away. Something that, both physically and mentally, had only been further refined by the intense military training you had just undergone.

So, as I mentioned, for my own rather peculiar tastes, you WERE 'perfect'.

...for a given value of perfection.

Which was exactly what made what was to follow all the more utterly, completely, and devilishly perfect for me; the very fact of your *über*masculinity was the most powerful aphrodisiac I had ever encountered.

So, if it gives you either any comfort or any pleasure to know, I had to masturbate quite extensively over your 'masculine perfection' before I was ready to proceed.

Of course, I am certain that my masturbation session wasn't nearly as 'extensive' as you would have preferred. All things considered, I am sure you would have preferred it to last somewhat longer – say, for the duration of the rest of your natural lifespan...

For a great many social, psychological, and physical reasons, however, that simply wasn't to be. Even with that not-so-minor 'distraction', I was well prepared to move onwards long before you came out of the drug-induced coma you'd been placed in by my erstwhile associate.

At this time, Vanity and Pride alike compel me to take some little time to describe not only what you experienced, but the sheer amount of time, money, effort – and, dare I say, genius? – it took to arrange everything necessary for both preparations and procedures. Atier all, it is no trivial thing to develop an electromechanical delivery system for a biochemical cocktail, much less to develop said biochemical cocktail in the first place.

It was certainly well worth the effort to do so, however, for the purpose of [the end](#) product was nothing short by revolutionary – a biochemical 'training program' that would convince your own body to convert proto-masculine hormones into pseudo-feminine ones. All in all, you should be both impressed and humbled by the effort it took to achieve all of this; to quote that old guy in that dinosaur movie, I 'spared no expense'.

Not that you **seemed** particularly impressed or humbled by my design once I finally allowed you to regain consciousness...



...but, then again, I might have been mistaken about your level of appreciation. After all, you were hardly in a position to be able to tell me about your feelings on the subject, now were you?

I realize I really should apologize for forcing you to consume large amounts of your own, albeit highly chemically modified, semen... but I won't.

I'm not nearly that big a hypocrite, you see. In fact....

I enjoyed it. Immensely.

Of course, what you were getting was so modified as to bear little resemblance to actual 'cum'; and even then, the chemically

modified semen was mixed liberally with other boosters, hormones, and a highly-regulated vitamin and mineral regime. Since the resulting 'cocktail' was pumped directly down your throat and into your stomach, you didn't even have to taste or feel it...

...much.

Besides, I suppose that the oti-incurring forced ejaculations necessary to generate the seminal component served as a strong distraction, in any case.

I must say, the effects of the biochemical cocktail, along with the forced inactivity and the electronic muscle stimulation, was entirely... gratifying. Watching all that marvellously masculine mass slowly but surely fade away, while the hormonal effects proceeded apace on primary and secondary sexual characteristics alike, was utterly delightful!

For me, at least...

Of course, you were a *little* less enthusiastic about the whole thing; my magnificent program was working wonders upon you, physically, but mentally...?

Well, I certainly couldn't have you entirely resistant, now could I? Which was why I developed the training regimen that I did.



I'm quite sure you remember it vividly – after all, considering that the computers constantly monitored the electrical activity in your brain, delivering jolts directly to the pleasure and pain centers of the brain determined solely on whether the thoughts you were having were 'right' thoughts or 'wrong' ones, (entirely by my definition of 'right' and 'wrong', I admit), must be quite memorable.

I must say, I thoroughly enjoyed watching you struggle to resist... especially as your body had now been 'trained' to do the biochemical conversion without outside assistance. Oh, not that I stopped feeding you a carefully tailored drug-and-hormone diet along with the carefully selected food I let you eat. Your body was now basically creating a feminine equivalency in hormones and blood chemicals, but I still needed to 'enhance' them to do more than simply maintain you at the same level – and I had no intention of stopping now...

No matter how deliciously cute you looked with your new breasts thrust from your slimmed-down ribcage.

Still the 'brain trainer' could only guide your existing thoughts; it could not 'implant' new ones. No, when it came to acquiring the necessary feminine skills I was determined for you to have, I had to do it the old-fashioned way.



My, but weren't you the rebellious little maid?

Unhappy with the pretty uniform I gave you, complaining about the steadily higher heels I had you walk in, nearly unwilling to perform your menial duties – and nearly incompetent in performing said duties, when you finally did them...

A lesser person might have given up on you.

Oh, certainly, you couldn't actively resist, not in the literal sense; going directly against me was out of the question. Your passive

resistance, your willing incompetence, however, were energetic enough to try the patience of a saint.

While certainly no saint, I nevertheless persevered.

Day after dreary day I stood over you, watching and critiquing as you learned how to do your makeup. Long, arduous hours I spent on showing you how to properly care for and style your ever-longer hair. Feminine fashion and style, pose and poise, walk and talk... you needed all of these skills and habits, and despite a lifetime during which you mistakenly believed you were 'girl watching', you somehow never even picked up the most basic concepts of femininity, at least in the practical 'how do they do it' sense. You certainly were attentive to end results, but never once in your male life stopped to figure out how much effort – and hence, what the effort would be – needed to achieve the results you so ardently admired.

Well, will ye or nil ye, you were going to learn them now. I persevered...

...and, despite your intransience, when the six-month anniversary of our first meeting rolled around, I decided you had enough of the essentials down to deserve and outing.

I, of course, took you to 'our place', the place where we had met... Randy's. Well, I **say** 'took', but perhaps 'sent' would be more accurate.

Oh, I was there, certainly – I wouldn't have missed it for the world! However, as I pointed out, you didn't even notice me that first night; since then, you had never seen my face, and so could not know who I was.

Nevertheless, I had the proverbial ringside seat from which to watch you squirm and writhe in humiliations both real and imagined.

Oh, but if only you had not been so stubborn, hadn't passively resisted so enthusiastically; perhaps then you would have been feminine enough in appearance and attitude not to have to face a barroom full of largely homophobic cretins who could not decide what, exactly, you were.

Well, those sober enough to make such indeterminations, I should say – that one drunk man certainly seemed to believe you 'all woman', and had no problems at all making his interest known.



Since I had 'brain trained' you never to leave a bar or club except at the express invitation of a man, (several times, actually, but most intensively that very evening), I suspect that, on a certain level, you were extremely happy to meet your drunken admirer. I know that you seemed to find a kind of horrified, humiliated relief in dealing with a bar patron who didn't (sometimes vocally) regard you as some sort of 'sissy faggot' or 'freak'.

Oh, it was pure delight to watch you – **you**, who fought so valiantly against acting any more feminine that I absolutely forced you to – put on the best 'I *am* all woman' show you could for that guy...

Now, to provide an honest critique here, your resistance to learning how 'real' women thought and behaved meant that your

little routine was closer to burlesque than Broadway – but your drunken admirer certainly ate it up...

...as did I, of course, albeit for radically different reasons.

You, of course, experience little of that nearly orgasmic delight I enjoyed from watching your trials and tribulations, but you must certainly have felt delightful hope at his suggestion that the two of you ‘blow this dump’ – I certainly was delighted by the look on your face when, instead of leading you out into the relatively well-lit and very public parking lot, he guided you toward the door to the dimly-lit back alley.

Although he failed to notice, I saw the hesitation; I understood the calculations you were making, trying to decide whether to turn this guy down in hopes of finding another guy; I saw you consider the other men and resign yourself.

I saw you leave.

Now, of course, I couldn’t exactly follow you out, more’s the pity – but the footage from the security camera, grainy as it was, more than supplied the details to delight me.

I saw it all.

I wonder if he was even aware of your extreme reluctance as he tried to feel you up... but I do know I was delighted by your slow surrender, gradually letting him get a little bit further even as you tried to convince him to call a cab for the two of you.

While he might have missed it all, I certainly caught the humiliation as you let him fondle your lovely new breasts while you desperately tried to arrange this into your bid for freedom. How much hope must have been mixed with that humiliation, as you believed yourself close to running off for help, escaping this situation you found yourself in...?

...right up until he shoved his hand down your panties and, even in his inebriated state, determined that there was something...

different about you.

Oh, I wonder exactly what went through your mind as, at his hands, you suffered the very fate you had spent an entire evening – and what little masculine pride you had let – trying to avoid.

Especially since, in his drunken rage, he was entirely enthusiastic in his... chastisement. So much so that he seemed to feel rather... guilty ...about it all.

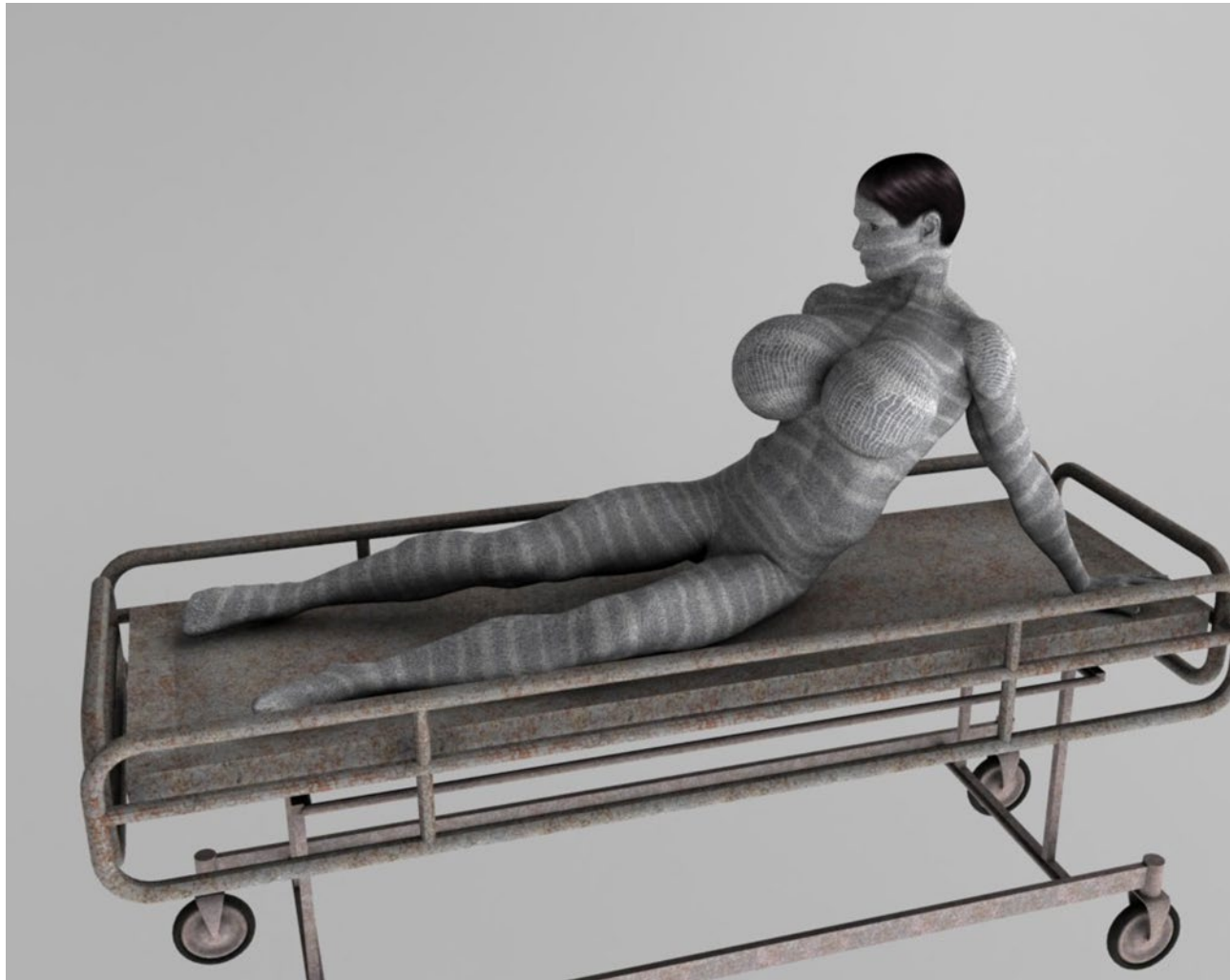
Judging from the way he fled, at any rate.



Now, of course, I certainly don't condone that sort of thing... well, conceptually, you understand. As in, when a person, genetically female or otherwise, is attacked and/or beaten by a man who believes that person to be a fully realized and self-directed individual.

Not that you qualify under that scenario, of course – but he certainly didn't know that!

Which was why I took the time to track him down and provide a certain sort of 'direct physical trauma' of his own to experience...



...but that is a whole other story, of course; one that you were not even aware of at the time. It does remain at least tangentially relevant to you, however, as the fact that I had to have the surgical suite prepared for him is why I decided to do more than merely treat your injuries.

Oh, nothing too extreme, of course – no, given the results of your outing, I decided you just needed a little ‘help’. Sure, the adjustable – or ‘inflatable’ – breast implants I slipped in via tiny incision just below your areolae was a bit gratuitous at the time, but I didn’t even fill them enough to bump you up a whole cup-size, so I really don’t see what you were so fundamentally incensed about.

The work on your jaw and cheekbones was, to a degree, simply a medical necessity – however, I decided that the reconstruction could be more than simply rebuilding the original; there was absolutely no reason not to provide a little improvement at

the same time.

Not that you necessarily agreed that it **was** an 'improvement', of course – although you were much more vocal about the injections to plump up your lips. Given your objections to being feminized at all, I can understand your main objections – but I have to admit to being rather impressed with your impassioned declamation that 'the bastard gave me a fat lip – and you went and made it permanent!'

Well – given that you had not yet even healed from the collagen injections, much less gotten used to them, you weren't nearly that comprehensible when you made that very cogent point.

So, I have to bow my head, and apologize for laughing – repeatedly – every time you angrily berated me about your new 'wipfz'. Er... yes, and I apologize for laughing again, just now, simply remembering it...

Besides – there was only the barest trace of a lisp left by the time I took – sent – you to Randy's. After all, you had tried so hard, and gotten so close, the last time; you clearly deserved a second chance...

...and I'm sure that even you have to admit that the 'touch up' work I did, especially on the lips, played such a big part in how things turned out the second time around.

Oh, sure, some of the regulars – of which the majority of the clientele was composed – knew you were the same 'freak' as before, causing you to undergo the same humiliations... but that new guy clearly didn't know you from Adam... excuse me, from Eve ...and he certainly appreciated the 'new look' you were sporting.



I mean, after all that complaining you did about the re-evaluated and redirected training program I initiated while you healed, and look how wonderfully it paid off! You didn't have to work even half as hard to keep the guy's attention, looking the way you did.

Okay, okay – I can see how that might not have been a positive aspect of the situation for you, given how you felt about what I was putting you through. Still, once again you felt that horrible hope, and went through your humiliating 'all woman' routine – and you **have** to admit that I perfectly matched your new look to your over-the-top rendition of femininity.

Last time, you were forced to endure the public humiliations for several hours before the drunken guy got around to 'inviting you to the world' – this round, it took less than half the time...

...although the look on your face when he also wanted to use the back door was every bit as despairing as when it had taken you several hours to get to that point last time around.

Again, the show via security camera was more than worth the price of admission, so to speak. I don't mean the humiliated, manifestly unhappy way you 'fooled around' with the guy, letting him play around with your (just very slightly, for god's sake!) enlarged breasts... I mean the look on your face when, when he started getting 'hot and heavy', you obviously could think of one, and only one, way to keep his 'interest' without giving away your 'secret'. Watching you oh-so-unwillingly sink 'willingly' to your knees, forcing yourself to convince the guy to let you give him a blow-job rather than fucking you...

...and then you did.

Oh god, that was amazing.

For me, at least. Less so for you, of course – and for him, too, unfortunately.

Yes, yes, I know it was your very first time sucking cock; I know that you didn't even want to be doing it...

...but I also know that you thought that if you made him happy enough, you could get him to call you a cab.

You knew full well every extent to which I have 'brain trained' you... and you knew that while trying to leave on your own recognizance would cause intolerable agony, if a **guy** 'permitted' you to leave, you could do so.

All in all, it added up to a blow-job that lacked everything in experience and technique, but had a certain sort of... desperate enthusiasm, shall we say?



I rather gathered that you weren't exactly an aficionado of cum, given your expression... but while 'spitting' is, indeed, a viable, if less desirable, alternative to 'swallowing', your version was just a little bit... extreme.

Especially the projectile vomiting.

I mean, sure, I don't expect to see cum-flavored Coke on the market any time soon, but it isn't **that** disgusting...!

...unless, of course, I am doing you a gross disservice, and it was all an act – well, at least, an exaggeration. After all, it did do the trick – it got exactly the response you wanted in that situation, with the guy telling you to go.

Well, to 'fuck off, you whiny bitch', to be exact – but you certainly knew it counted, by the alacrity with which you fled the alley.



Now, as you quickly realized, I'd had the foresight to have the 'cab' waiting – and, oh, how I will forever treasure that look on your face as you jumped in, breathlessly demanding to be taken to the police – only, somewhat belatedly, to realize that *I* was your driver.

Of course, your (utterly impotent) cursing and demanding turned into something very much like confusion when I drove us to that salon – but given how well you had performed, and how quickly, I had decided you deserved a special treat.

Although I know you weren't exactly wildly excited to have your make-up redone and your hair volumized to the maximum, but you took it with surprisingly good grace – as did you take the delightful new ensemble I put together for you. Oh, you grumbled about the 'fetish' nature of all that latex, but you certainly dressed quickly and obediently enough.

Even when you found out it was all for a special fetish fashion show, you were surprisingly sanguine...



...you just weren't the least bit enthusiastic about it.

I mean, let's face it – when the time came for you to 'strut your stuff', your previously burlesque-level abilities seemed to desert you. Your performance was, at best, lackluster.

Wooden, forced, and almost painfully uptight might be a much better description of it, actually.

Now, considering that I had spent a lot of time and energy on arranging the whole thing on the off chance that you might do well enough at Randy's to merit it, I was a bit peeved about the whole thing...

...which is why I provided you that list of 'options' during the backstage break.

You didn't exactly seem enamored by any of my 'helpful suggestions' for loosening you up before you went back out there for a second try – but in the end, (no pun intended), I want you to remember that it was you who choose to have be put on the strap-on and 'fuck you good and hard up the ass', as you so elegantly phrased it during the 'begging for it' part of that option.

To be honest, that performance was wooden and lackluster as well, but I was kind enough to let it slide, treating it all as if you meant every word of it.

All things considered, I was rather amazed at how your 'performance' improved while I was actually anally penetrating you – in fact, despite your later vehement denials, I'm certain that it wasn't an act at all.



You actually enjoyed a good, hard fucking up the ass, didn't you?

Sure, you deny it, loudly – but, weren't you panting and moaning the whole time?

Weren't you desperately – and not entirely successfully – struggling to suppress screams of orgasmic pleasure? Did you not have to change your panties right after...?

Oh – you didn't think I noticed you were 'going commando' after our little motivational break? Indeed I did – in fact, I went and checked out that bathroom you fled into, blushing beet-red and sobbing, after we were done.

You can probably guess what I found...

Well, thanks to the effects my wonder-drugs have had on your body, there wasn't much actual cum in the panties – but your pathetic little clitty-cock had enough seminal fluid leti that I can see why you disposed of them, aside from the humiliation value of having to walk around in cum-stained panties that reminded you how you'd orgasmed from being ass-fucked.

Beside – aside from all that, there was the way you performed during your second time up on stage. This time, you were much more 'into' it...



...which was why I decided you were ready for your final round of training.

Now, I hadn't originally intended for it to be your final stage, you understand; I had taken my original planned sequence using Tawni more or less as a template – and I'm sure you remember Tawni being more... **emphatically** feminine in physique, if you take my meaning. However, given your second performance on the runway, I decided that turning you into a hooker would be a waste of your obvious talents.

Instead, I simply decided that – assuming you did succeed – that you would stop at a success that Tawni missed, and thus not have to go on to her lifestyle having failed.

Not that your success was guaranteed, by any measure – oh, my, no! I'm sure you remember full well how difficult the training for your new life position was; after all, you had just very recently managed to master walking in high heels, and here I was, demanding that you learn to dance in even higher-heeled platform pumps!

Of course, being informed that the price of failing your 'exotic dancer' lesson was to end up in your fallback position as 'hooker' certainly seemed to improve your determination to master the skills... especially since you were quite clearly informed that, in order to fully fulfill the 'whore' position, were you to fail, I would have to take away your little sissy-cock and give you a nice little pussy for your clients to fuck.

To be honest, I simply don't believe that your horror of ending up a whore was entirely unconflicted – considering how you reacted to being fucked up the ass with that strap-on, I think part of you was thinking about the sex... but, of course, sex of some sort wasn't completely out of the picture as a sissy stripper, it simply wasn't either as mandatory nor guaranteed as it would be for a hooker.

Still, for a while there I thought I might have to take it that far – although, I do have to admit, watching you fall off those heels time and time again during ungainly and uncoordinated gyrations were certainly entertaining, for me at least!

Now, I do admit I yelled at you at one point – but, for God's sake, did you really believe that simply being female somehow gave women feet that were somehow naturally more suitable for high heels? Every stripper you had ever learned up on stage had to not only learn the same things you were learning, but had to put up with the same aches, pains, and strains as you!

In fact, greatly 'enhanced' women, such as Tawni, have considerably more aches and pains, especially in the lower back.

Well, you began using liniments and lotions, icing down some muscles after a practice routine, soaking others in heat... and slowly but surely, you began to develop both a resistance and a routine that worked for being able to put the very unusual strains on your muscles that any stripper has to learn to endure.

With your endurance came greater ability to control your body, not to mention a greater ability to 'try, try again'... and, despite my concerns, you gradually began to improve.

Oh, how incredibly proud of you I was that day, when you walked in to that club for the open auditions they were holding for new house dancers!

You might not have been the most skilled or experienced dancer there, but your hard work – coupled as it was with your desperation – certainly paid off! You got right up on that stage and wrapped yourself around that pole like you were fated to be there!



I suppose, in a sense, you were – and it was certainly good enough to get you the job!

All in all, that was the end of my ‘official’ part in your little life-lesson; not that I vanished completely.

Since you still couldn’t know what I look like, I could mingle in with the other patrons and enjoy your show without having to worry about being ‘caught’.

I mean, atier all, you were out on your own, now, out of my direct supervision – you could have finally taken the opportunity to tell your story to the authorities. Given that you were still, technically, male, they might even have believed you... except that I found it difficult to believe that the club would have continued to employee you, had they known your shameful little secret...

Of course, I wasn't there to see any of it, but I could imagine the combination of shame and horror you must have felt, having to desperately hide that last little bit of evidence that would reveal your true gender. I know you never wanted to look at all feminine, much less good enough to be a stripper – yet, at the same time, you needed to be even more apparently feminine than you really were, if for no other reason than to keep your job.

Given the extremely flimsy 'persona' you let me with, not to mention lack of cash, you needed that job – a job where you could use any name you liked, were asked few questions, and got paid relatively well and in cash. Oh, sure, you were slowly building up a 'history' for your newly-chosen feminine identity, but the very things that might make the truth believable would also get you fired and shunned, and where would you have been then?

Which was why I continued to believe that you were dedicated to hiding in your role, since there was no way the truth could ever make you 'normal' nor cause me to 'get mine' in revenge for what I had done to you...

...which is why I was not only flabbergasted, but terrified when you came up to me in the club that night.

Not the approach itself, you understand – after all, you always 'worked the floor' between sets. No, it was you sitting down across from me and quietly telling me that you knew who I was that floored me and frightened me simultaneously.

How the hell did you ever figure out that I was a man under that suit! People can't even tell when I'm at the beach 'en femme' in a bikini, and *you* managed to correctly identify me by basic body type...?

Well, I suppose I had underestimated just how much attention you had used to pay to a woman – and woman's – body...

...and how much attention you were now paying to **men's** bodies.

In fact, your figuring out I was a bisexual bivestite was much more of a shock to me than your request. After all, plenty of 'actual' women made this their normal, everyday life, and it was full of normal, everyday pains and pleasures... and being on the outside, looking in, a all-but-crying from your exclusion... I could fully understand your decision, even if it did startle me.

Nevertheless, I do have to say, now that nobody will ever know what you began as, you've made a surprisingly successful little life for yourself as a woman. From what I understand, your boyfriend certainly seems to enjoy your new womanhood...

...and if the fact that you are 'barren' might be a problem to your life-love one day, that *is* a problem some natural women have to deal with, as well.

Well, should that ever become an issue, you can always adopt, right?

After all, you should know better than anyone that genetics are not the end-all and be-all. It's not what a person is born as...

...it's what you make of them that matters.

The End



SUMMARY: After he is caught at work reading online TG stories, one man is sent to a clinic where he is turned into a bimbo to meet the needs of a wealthy client.

Somewhere Between...

By Gunslinger

Once upon a time, there was an island. A small island, in the tropics, lush with jungle foliage and rife with fauna, but an island where the hand of man had never touched...

...until, one day, a man washed ashore. Shipwrecked and cast adrift, the man stumbled out of the surf, clinging to the large sea-chest on which he'd floated for so many days. There, under the sweltering tropical sun, he began his struggle to survive on the deserted island, to make shelter and find food, to survive the pitfalls that the unfamiliar island presented. All the while, he dreamed of the luxuries of his life back in the city, of the ease with which one could find clothes and food and shelter, the necessities and desires of life.

Then, one day, at the very bottom of the chest, the man found - 'the Book'. Exhausted by a long day foraging for food, the man huddled close to the flickering light of his small fire and began to read. He began to read - about the man who, in a big city, longed to escape the pressures of his job and family, and experience a restful, tropical island paradise. Then, one day, this man happened across a book, which he began to read - a book about a man who was stranded on a tropical island, longing for the easy life back in the big city. A man who, one day, happened upon a book about a man in a big city who longed to escape to an island paradise...

Which of these men was real? Which only a make-believe character in a work of fiction? Was it the man trapped on the island, longing for the comforts of the city? Or the man trapped in the city, longing for the peace of the islands?

Perhaps, just perhaps, neither of them were real - or both of them were, to some degree. Perhaps, as is quite often the case, the truth is neither black, nor white - but lies somewhere between...

* * * * *

Gerholdt Mannheim licked his lips nervously, his dark eyes jumping from side to side as he looked around the employee's lounge. Unconsciously, he wiped his hands on his pants, leaving a faint smear of sweat on each side.

He knew that he shouldn't - he knew that even the temptation was dangerous, was *wrong* - but he already knew he could get away with it, since he'd done it once already, three days ago. There was the computer, in the back corner of the room, the monitor facing away from the door. There was plenty of time for him to click the bookmark that would take him from the website to the parts inventory site before somebody could get a look at the screen - and he could take a little time 'searching' for the 'correct' part on the inventory site, giving himself time to settle down. He knew he *could* do it... but *should* he...?

He shouldn't - but he was going to, anyway. With the nervous movements who's 'guilt' was all too evident, he hurried - scuttled, really - over to the computer, settling into the worn office chair on its plastic roll-pad on the carpet. Quickly, he opened the browser, typing the URL into the bar at the top.

The page seemed to take an eternity to load, while the sound of Gerry's heart seemed to throb and echo through the room.

Even a month ago, this act would have been unimaginable to the self-possessed and self-contained young man. At twenty-five, he was one of the younger workers at *Dortmund ZubehörDepot Des Elektrikers*, but seemed older and more self-controlled.

The truth was - he had to be self controlled. He had to hold in his dirty secret. He had to keep people knowing the truth. Gerry wasn't at all happy with his life.

To be honest, he never had been to begin with. Ever since puberty, he'd had the feeling something was... off. Not right

about the life he'd been born into. Oh, sure, he'd tried to fake it, pretending he liked the things his 'friends' like, pretending to be just another 'average guy' - but while he mimicked his friends interest in women, it was just an act. For some reason, women really didn't 'do' anything for him.

Neither did men, either. That was part of the problem. It was as if he were asexual, not fitting in with either gender, quite...

...though he found himself identifying more with girls than he did with guys. Their clothes, their ways of acting - they seemed more natural to him than the 'macho' act most guys lived by. He'd never admitted any of this, of course - he didn't want to be ridiculed as a 'sissy', especially since he was too afraid to actually try living the way women lived. No, he'd kept his 'weirdness' hidden, learning that rigid self-control.

Then, one day, he'd gotten the Internet on his computer, back when it was still new and rare - and he'd stumbled across people out there who had some pretty bizarre fantasies. Stories and drawings that depicted all sorts of things, from strange human-animal hybrids, to men becoming women - and vice versa.

That's when Gerry had found his 'niche' - when he'd found himself imagining that he'd been born as one of these, rather than what he had. He'd fantasized about being a cow-woman, with six large, milk-filled breasts and an udder. He'd dreamed about being an anthromorphic pig, of being a centaur... all of these, and many more.

Then he'd found a site on the Internet called TG-Stories - and it was this site that had really changed his very secret private life.

It had started because of the stories on the site all dealt with men somehow becoming women, and Gerry had used these as fantasy-fodder, imagining it was somehow him who was trapped in the story, becoming the woman the man became. His at-home fantasies urged him to spend more and more time fantasizing about it, one of the reasons he'd been so eager to get a place of his own and get away from his parents and so-called friends - having moved halfway across Germany, he was now as completely alone as it was possible to be and still be a functioning member of society, and that's the way he liked it. That way he could set up his computer in his living room, hooked up to a huge projection TV that let him sit in his easy chair and read the stories while fantasizing about being the main character, all without any risk of being found out. That careful separation of 'real' and 'fantasy' life had been his hallmark, his watchword, his philosophy...

...until The Story.

TG-Stories did more than just post TG stories - you could also submit story ideas and have a chance of having them written, if they were voted the best in it's current contest. Atier working up the courage, Gerry had sent in a request, detailing his own fantasy...

...and the story had been written. A story that almost perfectly outlined his own, deepest fantasy - that of becoming an over-blown caricature of a super-sexy woman.

Now.. now he just couldn't get enough of the story, and the fantasies it conjured up...

Which is why the usually very secrecy-minded young man found himself sitting at the computer at work, pulling up the story on the company Internet, craving to read it again, to read about the life he *should* have had...

Heart pounding with a mixture of fear and excitement, Gerry leaned forward in the chair, eyes bright with interest, the rest of the world seeming to fade away as he began to lose himself in the story....

...and then the phone rang.

Gerry snapped back to reality as if somebody had suddenly doused him with a bucket of cold water. His pulse raced as he jerked in the seat, staring at the worn, well-used phone beside the desk, giving off its strident series of three rings and a silence, indicating an inter-office call.

Quickly shutting down the website - just in case - Gerry licked his suddenly dry lips and picked up the phone.

"Hello ?" He asked, his own voice sounding high and tremulous to his own ears.

"Gerry?" A strong, controlled voice on the other end said - and Jerry's heart-rate spiked to an all-time high. "This is Mr. Dortmund. Please come to my office."

"Jawol, Herr Dortmund " Gerry said, nervously, hanging up the phone, eyes flat and blank.

The owner of the company had called. While he was on the computer, on the website. Had called the extension at the computer... and asked for him by name...

Somehow - they *knew*...

Almost as if sleep-walking, he rose from the desk and left the room, walking through the warehouse floor and towards the stairs leading up into the plush offices that fronted the huge, sprawling complex. A couple of fellow coworkers called out to him - but he didn't even hear them.

The head of the company - the big boss himself - had called him into his office. Nobody was called into Mr. Dortmund's office - well, nobody from the warehouse floor, anyway. Mr. Gruber, Head of the department, was the only manager from the front office that anybody from the warehouse ever saw - and only then in cases of hiring and firings.

Feeling very grubby, very small - and very frightened - Gerry opened the door at the top of the stairs and stepped through, entering the nice-but-rundown lounge area that serviced the small group of offices for the warehouse.

Frau Lindstadt looked up from her desk - and from the sympathetic look on her face, it was obvious she'd been informed to expect him. She pointed with a pen towards the far wall, where the doors to the elevator were.

"Fifth floor, Gerry... and good luck..." Lindstadt said, compassionately.

His throat was so dry, all Gerry could do. Like a man walking to his own execution, he walked up to the doors of the elevator, which opened promptly when he pushed the call button. He stepped in, a sudden wave of claustrophobia sweeping over him as the door slid shut, the soft sound of them closing sounding to Gerry like the slam of a prison door.

It took a tremendous amount of willpower to get his feet moving when the elevator opened on the top floor. The receptionist sitting behind the huge cherry wood desk looked at him almost disdainfully. "Mr. Mannheim?"

Gerry nodded.

Wordlessly, the receptionist pointed to the only door on this floor - that of the company's owner. Taking several deep breaths, Gerry turned and walked to the door, hesitating for a second with his hand on the gleaming brass handle that would open the door and put him face-to-face with a very powerful man, one who would decide his fate...

The disapproving sound of the receptionist clearing her throat behind him gave him that last nudge, and Gerry opened the door and stepped into the huge, ornate office of Mr. Dortmund.

Mr. Dortmund certainly didn't look all that impressive - overweight, florid-faced, with only a few remaining wisps of gray-white hair. However, looks could be deceiving - he was a very powerful man, financially, politically, and personally - and anybody who underestimated him usually ended up regretting their error.

Like Gerry - he'd underestimated the chances of getting caught, and here he was...

"Gerry..." Mr. Dortmund said, gesturing for the frightened young man to come in. His voice was carefully controlled, with a hint of... disappointment?

"Gerry, as you most obviously do not know, we have software that carefully tracks the usage of our computers... 'spies' on them, if you wish..." Mr. Dortmund said, folding his thick hands over his expansive belly and looking at Gerry sorrowfully. "When you first accessed that site, a copy of that file was automatically downloaded into records - and one of our controllers read what was in it, and, quite rightfully, brought the file and his concerns to me. We had hoped that it was some sort of 'accident', or perhaps an aberration... but then, today..." He shook his head.

Gerry closed his eyes and took a deep breath, waiting for the ax to fall, his secret to become common knowledge while his job and life were ripped from...

"You are... not a well man." Mr. Dortmund said, and Gerry's eyes popped open in surprise. His boss continued speaking. "It's obvious that you have some... issues to work out. Now, we're not an insensitive company. We're not going to fire you over this - unless we have to." He leaned forward. "What we would like is for you to see a very special therapist. A six-month 'paid' sick-leave, as a matter of fact, during which time you will see this therapist for treatment. You do not have to accept - but if you do not, we will have to let you go..."

Throat dry, Gerry had to swallow several times before he could accept Mr. Dortmund's offer. Though he felt he wasn't 'ill', the chance of this being kept quiet, of him keeping his job... it was too good to pass up...

"Good, good..." Mr. Dortmund said, glad to have this portion of the unpleasant situation dealt with. "Here's Doctor Lutz's card. You'll be expected first thing tomorrow, at nine o'clock..."

Taking the white business card and numbly slipping it into his pocket, Gerry left the office, feeling like a prisoner who had

just gotten a last-minute stay of execution from the governor...

* * * * *

Gerry had never actually met a psychiatrist before, but had a half-formed mental image of what one looked like.

Dr. Lutz didn't fit a single one of Gerry's preconceptions.

First of all - Doctor Elizabeth Lutz was a woman - and American to boot, lacking even the Fruedean accent a german analyst or therapist would have been close too.

Also - she was quite attractive, in a cool, striking sort of way. Tall and slender, she had a face that could have graced the covers of fashion magazines, surrounded y a wealth of long, silky brown hair. As Gerry entered her office, she rose from behind the desk with a tight smile on her full lisp.

"Ah - you must be Gerry..." She said, pronouncing it incorrectly, in the English way. "You don't mind if I call you Gerry, do you?"

She was obviously trying to set him at his ease - but it wasn't working. Gerry was wound tighter then a drum, every nerve jangling. The thought of having to discuss his secret, deepest fantasies was bad enough - but with a woman...! he didn't even have the presence of mind to correct her on her pronunciation - his name was pronounced with the Germanic 'G', like 'Gary', rather than the soti 'G', as in 'Jerry'.

Seeing how stiff - how mortified - Gerry was, Dr. Lutz gestured towards a large, deep leather couch. "Please, make yourself comfortable."

Gerry walked over to the couch and sat on it's edge, stiffly, his eyes looking everywhere but at here. How could he be going through this? It wasn't fair! His life, to him, was already a mockery, a travesty in which he was born into the wrong body, or place, or even dimension - but to have to reveal his inner soul to this woman...

"Here..." Dr. Lutz said, handing him a soda. Numbly, Gerry took it and downed it quickly, barely tasting the overly-sweet liquid as the carbonation burned at his throat. Gerry wasn't a fan of soda, but at least it was something that took the edge off his dry mouth and throat.

"So - your company forwarded that file you were reading to me." Lutz said, driving that painful nail of shame deeper into Gerry. Not that he was ashamed of his fantasy itself, per se - but the fact it was revealed to the depressingly normal world in which he was trapped making him even more of an outcast...!

"I found it to be very... *interesting* reading." Dr. Lutz said, with a smile. "Very interesting indeed." Gerry lowered his head and swallowed, feeling week and faint at her amused tone of voice.

"In fact - so intriguing that I forwarded the file to somebody else, as well..."

Gerry's head snapped up, and he stared at her in horror. "You whad..?" HE asked, his voice thick and muzzy - and almost

distant - to his own ears.

"Oh, yes, a certain gentleman I know back in the states. He has some rather... fascinating fantasies of his own." Dr. Lutz said, smiling. Gerry was having a hard time focusing on her, as she seemed to be fading in and out of focus. He shook his head, trying to clear it.

"However, there's a big difference between him and you..." Elizabeth said, as Gerry's muscles seemed to turn to liquid, leaving him laying limp on the couch. Turning away, she thumbed a button on the intercom.

"We're almost ready here." She said, crisply. "The suicide team?"

A Germanic voice crackled back over the intercom. "Yes - we've found a cadaver of the right size and body type, and we've already switched the dental records. That, plus the forged suicide note, should keep the police from digging too hard when they find the car, burned to a crisp, at the bottom of a ravine."

"Good..." Elizabeth said, smiling - then she turned back to Gerry.

"Ew... ugg... eee..." He tried to accuse her, but his muscles betrayed him, refusing to form the words.

She understood, anyway. "Yes, I certainly did. In a few hours, the police will find 'your' body, and a suicide note - and they will discover from your boss what happened, and I'll simply claim you never showed up - so I can hardly have you around, refuting the claim, can I? No - by then, you'll be in a cargo plane bound for the US."

"hiii...?" Gerry tried to ask, as the world turned to gray and he began to slip under the darkness that surrounded him.

As consciousness faded, he heard Elizabeth's words, as if from a great distance.

"Why? Because the difference between you and this other man is that he's very, very rich - and will pay very handsomely indeed to have his fantasies made real..."

Then the darkness claimed Gerry, and he knew nothing more.

* * * * *

Gerry's eyes fluttered open, and for several long seconds, he stared up at the featureless white plain above him, confused and dull-witted, his brain not making the vital connections necessary for him to even wonder where he was.

"Okay - he's coming out from under it..." A voice said, and Gerry's eyes narrowed slightly as he found himself wondering where he'd heard that female voice before...

...and then everything snapped into focus. With a start, Gerry sat bolt upright...

Well, he would have if it weren't for something holding him down - when he tried to rise, cool, flat objects with very little give held him at the chest, waist, wrists and biceps. Eyes widening in shock, Gerry also realized that he was naked, from the way the air felt across his bare skin.

"What's going on!" He demanded, shocked.

Dr. Lutz' face appeared in his limited scope of vision.

"Ah - I'd say he's alert and conscious..." She comments to somebody else, with a grin. "Let me go!" Gerry demanded, struggling against the restraints.

A new face loomed into his limited field of vision - a tall, broad-shouldered man with a rough-hewn face beneath a mop of sandy hair.

"Well now, you don't want us to let you go, Jerry...!" he said, jovially, with a deep twang that Gerry couldn't identify as Oklahoman, not having heard it before. "We're gonna make your fantasy come true!"

Gerry paused, jaw dropping, as the thought struck him... then he shook his head. As... tempting as the idea was, he didn't want it like this, as a prisoner, as an unwilling participant with no control over his fate. Once again, he jerked against the straps that bound him. "No! No - I don't want you to do this!

Let me go!"

"You see, Ron?" Elizabeth said to the muscular man. "He's perfect. No matter what he says or does, part of him is quite willing to cooperate, to see this through - which will make him very susceptible indeed to the programming."

"Let me out of here, scheisskopf!" Gerry shouted, struggling against the straps - and getting nowhere. Now, fear was making his heart pound and his hands sweat...

...but it wasn't *just* fear. Though he was horrified to find himself in this situation, his life 'stolen' from him, with him held prisoner of another's whims, he also knew Elizabeth was right. Part of him *did* want to have the chance to go through with it. Part of him was very willing indeed...

What was scaring him the most was the fact that he wasn't being offered the choice - it was being thrust upon him, willy-nilly, without any chance for him to have input or even the illusion of any control over his fate.

"I think we're ready to begin, then." Elizabeth said to the man she'd called Ron. "Why don't you go ahead and get yourself something to drink, whatever. This will take a bit of time and, quite frankly, will be rather boring."

Ron shook his head. "Nothing doing, Doc. This is what I'm paying for, to watch the whole thing from beginning to end. So, you just go ahead and get started, little lady, and I'll watch from... well, from anywhere I damned well please!"

He said it cheerfully - but there was no disguising the steel underlying that humor. Ron was the man with the money, and he knew it. More importantly - so did Elizabeth.

"Of course..." Elizabeth said, smoothly. She turned and picked up something - then lit it up to the light, giving Gerry a good look at the hypodermic syringe as she checked it for air bubbles.

"Hey!" Gerry said, eyes bulging in fear. "What... what are you doing!"

"This is a muscle relaxant..." Elizabeth said, more to Ron than to Gerry. "It will make things easier of the patient is limp..."

Gerry yelped as the needle slid home, and the chemical inside was injected into his blood stream.

"Stop it!" HE shouted, trying - in vain - to struggle. "Get away from me with that! Let me go! Ged ahay hom he! Ha... huds ong wid..."

His jaw and tongue betrayed him, and he could only make incoherent grunting sounds as his body went limp and unresponsive.

Three brawny young men dressed in white entered Gerry's line of sight, and they began to unstrap him - but Gerry couldn't make a break for freedom, his body refusing to obey his still-sharp mind.

Helpless to do anything, he could only lay limp, adrenaline running through his system, as the men began to clothe him in something tight-fitting and elastic.

Then they lowered a helmet of some sort over his head and clasped it in place, and the world went dark.

+ + + +

"As you can see, that's a full-body wetsuit... with a few additions." Elizabeth explained to Ron as the three orderlies finished suiting Gerry's prone body up and lited it off the table.

"That's for the.. whatchamacallit, right?" Ron asked, watching the procedure with interest.

"Sensory deprivation chamber - that's right." Elizabeth affirmed. "He'll be unable to hear, see, or feel anything, except what we want him to. As well, special IV tubes will begin his hormone treatment - Estradiol Valerate, Progesterone, Cyprotetone Acetate, and Goserin Acetate. We'll also be doping him with Amobarbital Sodium, to make him more suggestible. Also, of course, the necessary vitamins, proteins and supplements to keep him from starving."

She fell silent, and they watched as Gerry's limp form was lowered into the water-filled chamber, and hooked up to the feed lines.

* * * * *

Gerry was lost - lost in nothing. He couldn't tell which position his body was in, couldn't hear or see anything - even his own breathing and heartbeat were denied him, though he knew they must be continuing, as he was still alive.

Then, suddenly, an image flared to life, and he blinked.

He was looking at what appeared to be a TV feed - one of the popular Cable Networks, apparently. But there was something wrong with the image...

All the women in the image were sharp and clear. He could see them with almost super-human clarity, the picture was so sharp and clear. The men, however.. all the men that appeared in the image were little more then blurs... except for their

crotches, which were in that same, sharp clarity.

The men's words were also muffled and indistinct, hard to make out - except for certain phrases that were sharp and clear, mostly when they were giving women compliments or otherwise talking about women.

'They're trying to brain wash me!' Gerry thought, horrified. Though he'd fantasized about being turned into a woman, it was a fantasy in which he was a willing participant - never had he fantasized about his own brain being 'meddled' with. The thought of having his mind changed, maybe even damaged, scared the hell out of him.

'I can't let them do this to me!' He thought in panic, closing his eyes...

...and, instantly, the sound and image vanished, leaving him floating in darkness. Pure darkness. Silent darkness. Endless darkness that stretched off into infinity...

He had no idea how long he waited, how long he floated in nothingness. There was no way of accurately judging time. He tried to keep his mind busy, to formulate plans, which he then discarded as impractical, one after the other. He tried mental exercises, tried visualization techniques...

Hours passed. His body was being maintained, he knew - but how long could he be locked up in here without suffering permanent damage to his body...?

The question became more acute as the hours continued to slip away. Surely, he must be well into his second day in the pure blackness, unrelieved... and now he was worrying about his mind as well as his body. How long could somebody float in nothingness, and still remain sane...

Almost unwillingly, he let his eyes flutter open - and the 'TV' flared once more into life, the sound and motion so much of a blessed relief that he wanted to cry.

'A half hour - that's all I'll watch...' Gerry told himself. *'I can outlast them. A half hour every day can't really hurt me, right...?'*

+ + + +

"Ron - he's back on the TV". Elizabeth said, and Ron put down his coffee and followed her into the control room for the SDC.

"So - he's fighting after all." Ron said. "You're right, though - he couldn't take it, and went back to the TV."

"Of course - with no other input, his mind forced him to." Elizabeth said, looking at the clock. "He lasted nearly four hours without any input - that's quite a feat of will, considering that time is purely subjective without input of any sort."

"So, what - we've broken him?" Ron said, surprised. "Wasn't much of a fight."

"Oh, no - he thinks he was 'successful'." Elizabeth said, with a grin. "He'll fall into a cycle - a couple of hours without the TV, then a little bit of the TV. However, aside from the 'forced focus' images he's seeing, there's subliminal messages being projected on the screen, and hypnosis-inducing tones in the soundtrack, which will help condition him. The more he watches, the

more he'll 'need' to watch. So

- each 'break' will be shorter, each period of training longer - until he's watching full-time." "How long will that take?" Ron asked.

Elizabeth shrugged. "Anywhere from eight to fifteen days. Once he's watching full-time, we'll switch from this 'low intensity' fed to 'high intensity' programming, to prep him for Stage Two - that'll take another couple of days, though it'll seem much longer to him."

Ron grimaced. "So - what you're saying is that we basically do nothing for the next two or three weeks."

Elizabeth shrugged. "That's right - we can't exactly rush this. You have no idea how *fast* a response that actually is for brainwashing techniques. Still, for us, it will be very boring..."

* * * * *

"Well...?" Ron asked, entering the SDC control room.

Elizabeth smiled. "Eight hours, and nary a blink. It took twelve days, but he's ready for the POVSETR sequence."

"Povsetter?" Ron asked, blankly.

Elizabeth spelled out the acronym with a smile, then supplied the full version. "Point-of-view Sensory Enhanced Tactile Response. The suit has special tubing that allows us to rapidly adjust the temperature. Until now, it's been kept at an exact temperature so that he felt neither hot or cold. Now, we'll adjust the temperature to reinforce the thinking we want, as well as the subliminal messages we'll

be feeding him. It's further enhanced by the fact that everything seems to be happening from his own point of view, making it hit home." She turned and tapped a technician on the shoulder.

+ + + +

Gerry was watching intently as Roberta swept down the stairs, resplendent in the black evening gown. She was finally getting Marcus to take her to dinner, atier her scheme to get him to break up with Linda had worked, and she was...

Then darkness suddenly enfolded Gerry, and he felt shear panic at being 'abandoned'. It was horrible, it was terrifying, it was worse then being dead...

...and it lasted for a mere instant, before an image reformed.

He seemed to be sitting in a chair in a living room somewhere. He couldn't feel his body - but the image and the muted sound of traffic from somewhere out of sight was very convincing, very clear and real.

Gerry found his view shitiing, as if he were lowering his head and looking down.

He found himself looking at a pretty standard pair of men's trousers, with Italian-leather dress shoes peeking out from the hems of the legs...

...and then he felt a blast of cold take his body - cold so icy, so perfect that it was like being stabbed by a million tiny needles, excruciating in it's power...

then everything vanished - sensation, sight, sound, leaving him panicked in the blackness...

Which reformed into the exact same view was before. Once more, his head began to tilt down, and he felt a burst of apprehension at the icy cold that was to come...

instead, he found himself looking at a pair of masculine legs, dressed in a shapeless gray knee-length skirt and 'Mary Jane' style pumps, hairy calves exposed in between.

Cold washed over him - not the icy, excruciating cold of before, but sill enough to be unpleasant... And then everything vanished.

To restart again. Once more, his head tilted down - and this time, he was looking at a long, sleek pair of women's legs, wearing black nylons that set off the red mid-thigh skirt and red pumps she was wearing.

A flood of pleasant warmth washed over Gerry's body. The sound of a door opening was enough to draw his gaze up from those legs...

...as a sexy and seductively clad woman entered the room.

"I want you!" She said, tearing open her dress to reveal a spectacular body. "Make wild love to me...!" That icy cold inundated Gerry's senses again - then everything went black...

...to start all over again. The same routine with looking down at the female, shapely legs happened, again with the pleasant warmth, then he was looking up as the door opened... and the woman entered.

"Hi!" the woman said, in a friendly manner. "Just thought I'd drop buy for a few minutes and see how you were doing..."

Gerry could do nothing but listen as the woman chatted, feeling a slight chill the entire time - not much, but it was definitely noticeable, and not all that pleasant...

then the scene restarted. This time, it was a handsome man who came through the door and chatted with Gerry - except that, aside from the opening 'Hi, gorgeous!' and another compliment later on, the whole 'conversation' was as muted and indistinct as Gerry had heard on the TV. While this was happening, the temperature was in a state of flux. For the most part, Gerry was feeling nothing - a completely neutral temperature. However, the view kept shifting to stare at the man's crotch - and every time it did, there was a burst of pleasant warmth.

Then the scene restarted - and this time, when the man came through the door, he started telling Gerry how sexy 'she' was - and it brought very pleasant warmth to Gerry. Pleasure that was increased as the man dropped his pants and told Gerry

he wanted to fuck 'her' long and hard...

+ + + +

Elizabeth hid a smile as Ron blushed and turned away from the image of the naked man on the screen in the control room.

"Over the next couple of days, this 'series' of attitude reinforcement will continue, with different scenarios." She pointed to the screen, where a new scenario had just started - the point of view was in a sort of mid-class restaurant, with a very masculine hand pointing to something called 'The Lumberjack Steak Dinner'. The screen went blank for a second, then repeated the scenario - this time in a slightly more upscale restaurant, with an effeminately masculine hand with long nails picking a lighter meal.

"Dining, shopping, various sorts of social events..." Elizabeth said, ticking the points off on her fingers. "they'll all be covered - with each scenario being run at least three times, well spread apart, for maximum reinforcement."

"Well - sounds like you really have this worked out." Ron complimented Elizabeth.

Dr. Lutz smiled at the compliment, not bothering to inform Ron that it was all stuff she'd picked up as staff psychiatrist at the CIA before being let go...

"Well. Come back on Wednesday, and you can see Phase Two go into effect..."

* * * * *

"So - what's phase two?" Ron asked, sitting in the chair he'd had installed into the project control room for himself.

Elizabeth smiled. "It's quite simple, really. You see, we started with a subject who, basically, desires what we're going to do. Well, fantasized about it, anyway - he never had the force of conviction necessary to do anything substantial about it. What we've done, so far, is further reinforce those attitudes - that being female would be good, that being male is bad. Since he's never been happy being male, anyway, the programming had a very strong 'hook' on which to hang. However, that's not enough..."

"Yeah..." Ron said, grinning. "I could find a lot of guys who'd willing let themselves be made into a woman. What I'm paying you for is more than that - I want an obedient, compliant, utterly perfect sex- slave, who'll do anything at all I tell her to."

"Yes, of course..." Elizabeth said, rolling her eyes at her client's shining eyes and erection at the mere thought of what Gerry was to become. "That's the purpose of Phase Two. While the hormones we're pumping into him begin to have their effect, we're going to begin training him to want to be exactly the fantasy woman you desire. Using his own, now reinforced, desires, we'll make him eager and willing to do anything we say, believing he's doing it from his own free will - while, all the while, we'll really be stealing that free will away from him."

"Oh?" Ron said, sipping at the coffee he'd had brought to him. "How's that?"

"Well..." Elizabeth explained. "First, we erase his conscious memory of the Sensory Deprivation Chamber, and..."

"Hey!" Ron interrupted. "Atier wasting all this time, you're just gonna... get rid of it?"

Elizabeth sighed and shook her head. "Of course not - it's impossible to complete erase any thoughts or experiences. He won't actively remember any of it - but the programming will still effect him. More so, in fact - since he won't actively remember getting the programming, he won't be able to actively, consciously fight it's effects."

"Oh..." Ron said, mollified.

"so, as far as he'll remember, he'll be waking up the day atier we brought him here - and, thanks to some pre-prepared video tape, he'll remember his first session with me a little differently - he'll recall taking me up on my offer to bring him here, a 'special clinic' for Gender Reassignment Surgery. In these memories, I've told him that he only has to take them as far as he willingly decides to..."

"But..." Ron interrupted, with a smile. "Atier the SDC programming, that urge is a lot stronger, so he'll just go ahead with the program."

"Exactly." Elizabeth said, reigning in her annoyance at being interrupted. "Plus, he's been programmed to unconsciously obey any 'cue' we give him, so he'll believe that the choices he makes are his own, when they'll really be the ones we want him to make. The best part of this process is that he'll make up his own rationale for what he's doing, so he'll firmly believe that he's in complete control of what's happening to him, so he'll never feel the urge to 'fight' what's happening..."

* * * * *

He was trapped in the bottom of a deep, dark well, hemmed in by the unseen walls and floating in ice- cold water. He was trying to scream for help, but no sound emerged from his mouth. Someone, in the distance, was talking - but he couldn't quite make out the words...

With a gasp, Gerry sat bolt upright, heart pounding painfully in his chest. Wide eyed, he stared around the room, unable to place himself in the comfortable-but-impersonal room...

Then the tattered remnants of the strange nightmare began to fade, and Gerry's heart slowed as he remembered where he was. He was at the special clinic, the one that catered to people like him, unhappy with the mortal coil they'd been condemned to.

Where genetics failed, however, medical science could step in - and Dr. Lutz' amazing revelation that he qualified for a special grant offered by a rich American was like a dream come true.

Leaning back against the headboard, Gerry felt the cold sheen of sweat from his nightmare evaporating into the air. Pulling the damp, twisted covers away from his body, he grinned wryly at his own reaction to this situation - despite the fact that he was on the road to having his fantasy made into

reality, part of him was scared at the prospect, which would explain the nightmare that had plagued him.

Shaking his head at his own self-doubt, Gerry swung his legs over the edge of the bed and stood up. Grabbing the thick white bathrobe they'd provided for him, he wrapped it around his body.

Just then, there was a brief rap on the door.

"Come in!" Gerry called, and the hospital-style door swung open to reveal Dr. Lutz.

"Good morning, Jerry!" She said, brightly. "I have some good news, and some... well, not 'bad', but a little annoying, news."

"What's that, Dr. Lutz?" Gerry asked, not bothering to correct her on his name.

"Elizabeth, please." She insisted. "Anyway - the good news is that it's a very light schedule of patients this quarter. You'll practically have the run of the place, so any and all courses, programs and surgeries you decided to take will be easily available."

"hey - great." Gerry said, with a smile. "What the 'not-so-good' news?"

Elizabeth sighed. "The night nurse didn't realize that you were just here for a 'look-see' right now, and started you on the hormone treatments. She gave you the injections while you were asleep. I know that you hadn't..."

Almost before he knew he was going to do it, Gerry was waving a hand in dismissal. "Oh, it's okay - I don't mind. After all, that's why I'm here, isn't it?"

He blinked - when had he decided to go whole hog right off the bat...? He shrugged - since he obviously had decided, 'when' or 'how' didn't matter. After all, this was his fantasy, wasn't it?"

"Oh - that's no problem then. I'll just tell the nurses to continue the treatment." Elizabeth said, with a smile. "Now, I was wondering - what would you like the staff to call you? Usually, a client has lived as a cross-dresser for some time before ending up here, and already has a 'femme' name, but in your case..."

"Gee - I hadn't really thought about it..." Gerry said, frowning. "Well, since you Americans seem so intent on mispronouncing my name, how about 'Jeri' - or maybe slur it a bit, like 'Sheri'..."

"Well, I guess that's okay." Elizabeth said, in a neutral tone. "Many 'girls' here decide to pick a more sharply feminine name... but I'm not suggesting you pick something as insipid as Cheri or Cyndi or *Brandi* or anything like that..."

With the slight emphasis she put on the last name, it seemed to leap out at Gerry. Again, almost before he was aware he was going to say it, he found himself blurting out: "Brandi! Yeah - that's perfect!"

Elizabeth looked surprised - almost overly so. "Oh - are you sure?"

"Yeah - it sounds... *right* somehow..." Gerry said - although he couldn't quite pin down *why* it did. "Yeah - from now on,

have everybody call me Brandi."

"Okay... Brandi." Elizabeth said, with a smile - and the sound of that very feminine name being applied to him made Ger... *Brandi* shiver in delight.

"Well, why don't you go ahead and get dressed?" Elizabeth 'suggested' a muted gleam in her eyes as she waited to see how well the programming had taken hold.

"Oh - sure." The newly re-christened Brandi said. He walked over to the closet in the room and pulled it open, finding it fully stocked with a large selection of male, unisex and feminine clothing, all in his size. Almost out of habit, he began to reach for a pair of jeans and a T-shirt...

...and felt a shiver run down his spine. He paused for a second...

"Well, since I'm going whole-hog, I might as well start wearing women's clothes..." Brandi said brightly, hiding his mild confusion at his own reaction. He started to pick out some female clothing, starting with a simple skirt-and-blouse combo... and another shiver ran down his spine.

"Um..." Brandi said, confused, blinking. "Something wrong?" Elizabeth 'prompted'.

"I.. don't know..." Brandi said, sounding delightfully puzzled. "Something just doesn't feel right..." "Well..." Elizabeth said. "Usually, women wear nylons with something like that..."

"...but I'm still kinda hairy!" Brandi said, smiling in relief. "That's what it is - I feel silly about putting on women's clothing when I'm still so hairy. I guess I'd better get a bath, and shave off some of this hair."

"That sounds reasonable.." Elizabeth agreed, with a smile. "You go ahead and do that."

Humming cheerfully, Brandi put down the clothing and headed off towards the bathroom, where all the items he'd need to rid himself of the unsightly body hair awaited.

Elizabeth waited until the door was closed and the bath water was running, then turned and shot a thumbs-up at the hidden camera in the corner.

* * * * *

Letting warm water fill the tub, Gerry..

He shivered, violently. "My name's Brandi now..." He told himself, firmly. "Brandi, Brandi, Brandi. Just like I always wanted, I'm going to be a woman. Brandi!"

...Brandi grabbed a fistful of bright pink BIC razors, ignoring the blue Gillette For Me ones that were also stocked. With a smile, he slid into the tub, feeling the warm water enfold his skin.

"I'm going to shave my body hair off and wear women's clothes!" He told himself, happily. "It took me long enough, but I'm

finally doing it..."

Slowly, the smile dimmed. "Why.. why *did* I wait so long...?"

The thought loomed larger and larger as he cast about for the answer...

...and then he felt an incredible chill clamp his body, and he was almost sick to his stomach. "It doesn't matter *why*." He told himself. "The important thing is that I'm doing it now."

Slowly, his body relaxed, and he picked up a bottle of shave gel and began to smear it on his legs, covering the ugly male body hair with the thick foam.

It took all ten razors and quite a bit of time, but finally Brandi's body was completely denuded of hair. Letting the water run out of the tub, he climbed out and admired his now bare form with a smile, loving how wonderful - how feminine - he looked. Well.. more feminine than usual. He was still obviously male, and it nauseated him...

'Nauseated?' He wondered, briefly. He'd never been happy with his body before, but nauseated...? Ignoring it, he smiled again at his reflection, then headed out to get dressed.

Elizabeth was gone, apparently having other things to take care of - which was fine with Brandi. Though he didn't really mind having another woman around, it was slightly... disconcerting. It was better to be alone.

He started with underwear - a pair of simple white cotton briefs with small, powder-blue flowers printed on them. They were most definitely feminine, and he felt a thrill as he pulled them up his smooth legs and settled them around his hips - but was immediately disappointed by the way they looked on his narrow, masculine hips, with his cock bulging them out at the front. Tucking his cock back between his legs to give him a smoother profile was uncomfortable - but it looked better.

Next, he pulled on a matching training bra. Though he had nothing to fill the bra out with, it felt nice to put one on, anyway.

"Wait a second..." Brandi said, with a slow grin. "Maybe I do have something to fill them out with..."

Digging around in the provided clothing, he picked out a couple of soti, pale pink socks, and used them to pad the bra out to a modest A-cup. Not much, but enough to create a hint of shape, and the feel of the tight bra pushing the soti socks against his bare chest felt great, a constant reminder of what was to come.

Next came the nylons. They were basic 'nude' nylons, not special in any way - but he loved the feel of them as they slid up his newly slick skin. He could have gone with pantyhose rather than nylons, but for some reason this felt more 'right'...

...though, for the life of him, he couldn't figure out why.

Shaking off the thought, he pulled on the ankle-length white skirt and the white blouse with the lace trimming on the collar. The blouse was only superficially different than the work shirts he'd worn before - but the skirt was new and exciting, being so undeniably feminine. It felt great.

Brandi then forced his feet into a pair of shoes - brown leather 'sandal' style shoes, with a very small heel.

Walking over to the mirror, he looked at himself...

...and wondered what the hell he was doing.

"I look ridiculous!" He told his reflection. "Utterly redic..."

This time the chill was so painful that he bent double, moaning. It seemed to take forever for the chill to pass.

A few minutes later, Brandi straightened up and looked at the mirror with an utterly blank, expressionless expression. It was as if he'd simply 'stopped'...

...then he smiled at the reflection in the mirror. "Gee - not all that great." He told himself in an upbeat tone of voice. "But that's why I'm here - so that I'll eventually look just great dressed like this!"

Turning, he flounced away from the mirror, no longer consciously recalling the first comment he'd made, or the effect it had occasioned...

* * * * *

"So - how's it going, Brandi?" Elizabeth asked in a neutral tone.

"Just great!" Brandi said, enthusiastically. "Two months of classes have sure taught me a lot!" She - Brandi had started using the feminine pronoun recently - slowly spun in a circle. "Don't I look great?"

Elizabeth had to fight to keep from smirking. "Yes, you look wonderful..." She agreed.

The truth was, Elizabeth thought Brandi looked ludicrous. Atier all, the hormones had barely started to have any effect, other then the fact that Brandi's nipples were a little puffy. Most of the gross physical effects had been through diet, selective exercise, and the use of semi-permanent depilatories.

So, Brandi still looked masculine - except for the fact that she was wearing plenty of make-up and jewelry, was dressed in a knee-length skirt over nylons and a silk blouse, and was wearing high heels

- four inch heels, to be exact, a skill that Brandi was inordinately proud of. In addition, her nails and hair had been allowed to grow, and her hair was bleached to a sort of dirty blonde, and her nails painted a bright pink.

Of course, the truth was that Brandi thought she looked pretty lousy as well - not that she'd ever admit it, of course. Still, the nightly programming Brandi received while watching TV - usually soap operas and 'fluff' talk-shows - was enough to reinforce the negative self image. Elizabeth had also brought in a couple of somewhat masculine - but still attractive looking - genetic women, claiming them to be post-op transsexuals. It was part of a calculated campaign to make Brandi want to look more and more feminine, feeling decidedly inferior to these more beautiful women - especially since the all-male teaching staff that was instructing the group was told to lavish attention on the most feminine 'transsexuals' and ignore Brandi. It was all quite effective, so far.

"So, what can I do for you today?" Elizabeth asked Brandi.

Brandi looked around theatrically, as if to see if anybody was eavesdropping - one of her courses was on 'feminine body kinetics', and the instructor had been told to teach her to 'ham it up'. Elizabeth didn't want subtle feminine movements in Brandi - she wanted the would-be woman to practically be a parody of femininity.

"Well..." Brandi said, biting on his lower lip. "I've been taking feminine voice classes and everything..."

"Yes?" Elizabeth prompted. Brandi looked like she was about to burst into tears as she admitted the 'awful truth'.

"When I call on the intercom, some people still call me 'sir!'." Brandi said, mortified at her failure to achieve a feminine-sounding voice.

Actually, Brandi showed remarkable impersonation talents - her voice was actually quite feminine, in a somewhat husky, low-pitched way. What she didn't know, of course, was the staff had been instructed to do this to her, to reinforce the idea that she wasn't good enough.

"Well.. you'll just have to work on it." Elizabeth said, 'sympathetically'.

"But - one of the others said you can do that voice surgery and tracheal shave now." Brandi said, in a rush. "I know it's usually leti so that all the surgery is done at one time - but can't you give me a high- pitched female voice now?"

"Well - perhaps..." Elizabeth 'mused', fighting to keep a grin off her face. "Are you sure that's what you want, though?"

"Oh, yes!" Brandi said, eagerly. "I want a voice so high-pitched and feminine that it'll never, ever be mistaken for a man's voice again!"

"I'll... see what I can arrange..." Elizabeth promised, voice strangled at the effort not to laugh in delight at Brandi's urgent begging for a new voice.

She turned away and picked up the phone, dialing the Operating room the 'clinic' boasted, and talking for a few minutes to the head Doctor on call. What Brandi - who could hear Elizabeth's side of the conversation - couldn't tell was the fact that the entire conversation was pre-scripted.

Placing a hand over the receiver, Elizabeth turned around.

"I'm sorry, Brandi - we can't send you in to perform just that one procedure. It's not time or cost effective." Elizabeth said, feigning regret.

Brandi thought about it for a minute. I was, really, such a small thing to wait - yet, for some reason, it seemed like it was the most important thing in the world to do. She didn't know why - but the fact that it was driving her nuts was good enough reason to find any excuse to get it done.

Her plan had been to make herself over into a feminine version of her male self - as if she had been born female, rather than male. That was pretty simple - but it was so simple that very little work would be needed to be done in reconstruction, and

she needed a better excuse. Forcing herself to ignore a complaint from deep inside, she thought 'the hell with it' and said...

"Well, what if he also does one of those jaw and facial restructuring?"

"Hmmm... I'm not sure. You see, they prefer to work in 'theme' - you know, all related surgery at the same time so they don't have to keep working over the same tissue, which can result in scars.." Elizabeth explained.

"Well - how about a nose-job and collagen injection for my lips, too?" Brandi asked, her inexplicable need to have her voice altered causing her to ignore the warnings her brain was giving her.

"Hang on a second - I'll check." Elizabeth said, then went on to riff a few more lines of dialogue with the doctor before hanging up the phone.

Smiling, she turned to Brandi. "Congratulations. Usually, the team needs a coupe, of weeks to do work-ups - but they've had two cancellations. We can get you started today, if either of the work-ups for a facial rebuild meet your fancy. He's sending them to my computer right now.'

It was a lie, of course - facial reconstruction was a painstaking job that had to be based on each individual's face. As had these ones - Brandi had been thoroughly x-rayed, CAT scanned and probed to make a computer work-up for the two faces that now came up on Elizabeth's computer monitor.

"Well?" Elizabeth asked, turning the monitor so that Brandi could see.

Though they were both based on Brandi's original facial configuration, the two 'atier' simulations were completely different. The one on the left was more feminine than Brandi's own face - but it was a hard,

almost cruel femininity, suitable for a dominating bitch. It was all sharp angles and flat planes, a hard outline with no give of compassion.

The one on the right... the one on the right was definitely 'sotier' In fact, it was so feminine that it was almost ludicrous.

The altered image showed an open, cheerful face with a tiny snub nose and huge eyes. Though the computer image was devoid of make-up, her lips were incredibly - almost *too* - full and soft, and framed with dimples. All in all, it was an incredibly bright, sexy, feminine face...

...to the point where it could have been a caricature of a classic 'bimbo'.

"I... don't know..." Brandi said, hesitantly - neither one really appealed to her. She wanted something more 'downplayed' than the image on the right, and nothing like the image on the left.

"Well, then I'll just call the doctor back, and arrange for you to go in a couple of weeks..."

The thought of being stuck with this voice for a couple of more weeks slammed into the pit of her stomach like a sledgehammer - she couldn't take a couple of more weeks of this awful, grating voice she was cursed with.

"No!" She almost shouted. "No - I'll.. I'll take the face on the right." Elizabeth smiled. "Well... if you insist..."

* * * * *

"All right, Bambi - show the class how it's done." Doug, the instructor, said.

"Okay!" Bambi said, eagerly - and Elizabeth, on the side-lines, grinned at the sound of that high- pitched soprano voice emerging from between those incredibly full, gloss-pink lipstick-coated lips. It was so high and pure that it sounded impossible to be real - just as her face was too perfectly 'bimboish' to seem real - yet, there it was...

Elizabeth's grin only widened as she watched the star pupil stand up and smooth her white leather skirt over her nylon-clad legs before demonstrating the correct technique...

...for walking in platform shoes with nine-inch heels. In this case, white leather platforms with a sliver spiked heel that made a lovely tapping sound as Bambi demonstrated her patented walk - short little steps, heels and toes in line with each other, hips swiveling roundly as she let her weight shift, each hip dropping and causing her firm, small ass to jiggle under the skin-tight skirt. The white-leather corset she wore under her blouse helped keep her back erect as well as pinch in her waist, and she let her arms sway with exaggerated motions, fingers consciously held spread apart, her wrists snapping back and forth with each stride she took.

It was four months into the program - and things couldn't be going better. The hormones were starting to have physically noticeable effects - Bambi didn't have to pad her bra out for an A-cup anymore, though her bras were now padded out to a large 'B'.

Even more obvious to everyone else but her was the psychological effects, though. Her new name, for instance. After the surgery that had given the new woman her new face and voice, her voice had been slurred and awkward until she healed and was given full movement of her jaw back. On orders from Ron, relayed through Elizabeth, everybody in the facility continuously misunderstood Brandi's slurred pronunciation of her own name, 'thinking' she was saying 'Bambi'. Finally, she'd given in and accepted that as her new name...

...just like Ron wanted.

Bambi was responding perfectly to all stimuli. She'd been upset at how she'd looked with her new face at first, especially since the surgeon had made a 'mistake' when doing the dimples - she had great dimples, but the tightness of her flesh caused those full lips to curve 'naturally' into an insipid-looking smile. However, thanks to Bambi's implanted sensitivity to how others responded to her, constant comments on how beautiful she was now quickly made her love her new face.

Likewise, the corset had been an easy inducement to get Bambi to wear - just a few questions as to whether or not she was putting on weight, and Bambi had literally begged for the right to wear a corset until she could get liposuction surgery to reduce her waist.

In fact, Bambi's need to meet other people's expectations was now incredibly strong, thanks to near- constant

bombardment through subliminal messages, coupled with the constant supply of hypnotic enhancer that was mixed in with her hormone doses. It was making things nice and easy - especially when it came to things like...

With a nod, Elizabeth let the instructor know it was time.

"Now, not all of you will learn how to be so incredibly good at this as Bambi here is..." Doug said, and Bambi flushed in pleasure at the compliment...

...but Doug was still talking. "...but don't be upset, things balance out. For instance - none of you is cursed with huge, ugly hands and feet like Bambi here is, so there'll be nothing to distract the eye from the walk you do manage to get down pat."

Bambi looked stricken, as if she'd been slammed across the back of the head and the pit of the stomach simultaneously. Horrified, she looked at her hands, still masculine-scaled despite the nail-polish on her long nails, then at her feet - her man-sized feet in the large-sized high heels.

She burst into tears. She went red at the same of standing there in class, bawling her eyes out - but she couldn't stop. She felt.. she felt ugly and horrid and...

Turning, she blindly fled towards the door, lost in a haze of shame and self-hatred. With perfect timing, Elizabeth interposed herself in between Bambi and the door. "There, there, honey - what's wrong?" Elizabeth asked.

"I.. My.." Bambi sobbed - she looked up and realized who was holding her. "I want you to make my hands and feet smaller!" She sobbed, humiliation outweighing god judgment for the moment. "I want hands and feet smaller and daintier than anybody else's are! I... I want feet that make it easy to walk in really, really high heels so that I can have a sexy walk and pretty feet!"

"Of course, honey..." Elizabeth said, with a smile - the OR was all ready set up for the procedure. "Come on, honey..."

She led Bambi to the OR, again running pre-scripted dialogue with the doctor. "Doctor, Bambi here wants to have her hands and feet reshaped." Elizabeth said.

The doctor shook his head as he looked at the sobbing transsexual. "I'm sorry - we can't do it." "What?!" Bambi cried, pathetically. "Why not!"

"We have a procedure scheduled for leg recontouring, and that's what my teams' going to be working on."

"Cancel it!" Bambi begged. "Please, I need tiny, dainty hands and feet. If you don't... I'll kill myself!"

"Look, Bambi, I'd love to help - but I'd be skinned alive if I let the bone growth medium go to waste. It's time sensitive, and will spoil if we don't do the procedure today. I can bump the patient until next week, when I can get some more in - but if I just throw away the batch we've got now, I'd be fired.'

"Then use it on me!" Bambi said. "Reshape my legs while you do my hands and feet!"

The doctor blinked and looked at Bambi's legs which - with exercise and diet, in high heels and covered with black nylons,

were actually quite nice. "Are you sure? Your legs would be lengthened and sculpted. The set-up we have is for a taller woman..."

"That's okay!" Bambi insisted. "Long, sexy legs are great! The longer the better!"

It wasn't hard to convince the doctor, and Bambi was out under before she could conceivably rethink her hasty decisions...

* * * * * "Bambi?"

Blinking, Bambi opened her eyes and looked up at the doctor looming over her bed. "Yes?" She asked, vaguely - through the medication - aware of a slight throbbing through her hands, legs and feet. Bone material had been removed from her hands and feet to shrink and reshape them, and her legs had been lengthened by the reverse process. All her appendages were now encased in plaster, holding them rigid.

"Well, Bambi, the procedure looks good - but you'll have to learn how to walk all over again when the cast come off." The doctor said, with a smile - making Bambi wince.

"However..." The doctor said. "Right now you're on the restricted list - no visitors, no television, and restricted nursing. Which is why I want to show you how to use this self-feeding tube. It supplies a mix of basic nutrients at near-body temperature, which is just perfect for your current state. Nice and easy to digest."

He held up a long black plastic tube. "As you can see, the last seven inches of the tube is randomly ridged for easy grip, and **The End** is bulbous, to facilitate easy retaining with your lips. Whatever you do, though, don't bite down on it - you could cause severe damage doing that."

As the doctor helped Bambi fit the feeding tube into her cast-covered hands, which were formed in a natural curve, she thought to herself that the feeding tube looked like something very familiar... but, doped up as she was, she couldn't quite make the connection. She shrugged it off - it didn't matter in the least.

Once it was fitted into her cast-covered hand, the doctor smiled. "Go ahead and try it, Bambi. Just remember - you need suction on it to create the feed, and you have to trigger the valve."

Frowning in concentration - the drugs were making it hard to think - Bambi brought **The End** of the tube to her mouth, wrapping her full, soft lips around the thick, ridged shati. She began to suck on it...

After a minute, she removed it from her lips. "It's not working."

The doctor smiled. "You have to be patient - it takes time for the nutrient to go all the way through the tube. It'll go faster if you manipulate the valve. Try running your tongue over it and 'jiggling' it back and forth."

Obediently, she slipped the tube between her lips again. Sucking on it, she began to slide it back and forth between her lips, while her tongue ran over the bulbous head of the near-body-temperature tube.

After a few minutes, she was rewarded with a flow of thick, warm liquid with a salty and slightly fishy taste to it. She

swallowed it down rather apathetically, then licked the feeding tube clean before letting it emerge from her full, sexy lips.

+ + + + +

"Wow - and she has no idea...?" Ron said, as he turned away from the monitor that had shown Bambi do a passable blow-job on the decidedly phallic 'feeding tube'.

"None - in with the pain medication is certain other drugs." Elizabeth said. "Each time she does that, she'll find it more and more enjoyable - and since we've effectively isolated her, she'll do it fairly often, just to relive the boredom. Long before those casts come off, she'll have formed the connections in her brain that make that action 'pleasant' - something enjoyable to do when she'd bored."

"Doctor - you're a genius." Ron said, looking at the monitor again. With her body under the sheets on the bed, Bambi was looking most decidedly female - and the hormones hadn't even reached full effectiveness, not to mention the surgery that was still to come. "I can't believe how well it's going - and I can't believe we're still months away. The wait is killing me."

"You wanted perfection - and that's what you're going to get." Elizabeth said. "It just takes time, that's all"

* * * * *

"How's our little patient doing?" Elizabeth asked the supervising 'Instructor'. "Oh... just lousy, thanks." The instructor grinned.

Elizabeth grinned back as she watched Bambi struggle through the 'Home Ec.' Class. She certainly did look lovely now, with the nine months worth of hormones having their effects - her ass and bust were filling out nicely, even if she did have a slender-boyish type figure.

Her face was as stunning as ever, especially now that she'd been talked into having her hair further lightened, to a bright brassy shade of blonde that was obviously 'bottle' blonde. Coupled with her incredibly long, sexy new legs and her 'relearned' little sexy walk, she was quite the image of femininity, even now. She was perfectly at home in high heels, her tiny new feet naturally curved so that walking barefoot, or in any heel smaller than about five inches, was actually painful.

So - the physical side of things were going well. That was easy enough to see. It was the mental side that was harder to gauge - but that seemed to be going just fine, as well.

In addition to hormones, Bambi was getting a very special synthetic hormone - one that acted much like THC did on the human brain. It slowed her thinking processes, made her vague and sort of dreamy. In short - she was rapidly becoming a ditz, with a very short attention span and a hard time grasping deep concepts. The best part was - the synthetic was a hormone derivative, and her body was starting to produce it on its own. In another month or so, she wouldn't have to be given it - her body would produce it in abundance, leaving her locked in a hazy, dim state.

Meanwhile, while she was still capable of learning stuff, they'd switched back to training her sexual interests through

hypnosis and subliminal training. Everywhere she went, she was constantly bombarded with messages - that being sexy was good, that having sex, of any kind, only further proved her femininity. Though it didn't have all that much effect yet, the slowly building convictions in her slowly deteriorating minds would soon convince her that to be 'feminine' mean have sex as a female...

* * * * *

"Oh, yeah, baby - you're the best..."

Bambi didn't answer - since she had her mouth full at the time, giving a long, luxurious blow-job to the intern who was complimenting her on her style and skill.

As well he should - she was fantastic at it, not surprising considering all the practice she got in...

Elizabeth had to grin as the blonde girl slurped and sucked at the man's cock. As anticipated, the now considerably dumber girl was spending a lot of time sucking cock - because she loved the compliments it got her for being 'feminine'. Atier all, only women sucked cock, so she must be womanly to be sucking one, right? Well - to her mind anyway. She was no longer the brightest bulb in the box, so to speak.

Finally, she finished and allowed the man to cum down her throat. Slurping up the last of the cum and licking him clean, the feminized man smiled broadly - and vapidly - as she was given her 'reward' of compliments.

"Geez, Bambi - if you were just bigger titted and an easy lay, you'd make a first-class bimbo."

It was a set line, one that Bambi had been hearing for about a week now.. and so far it hadn't yielded the results Elizabeth wanted.

Except...

As the man leti, the blonde sissy-boy who had once been Gerry wiggled and swayed over to Elizabeth, a pout on her incredibly full lips.

"Gee, 'Lizabeth, it's not fair..." She said. "What's that, honey?" Elizabeth asked.

"I wanna be a bimbo, but I got these small little titties..." She paused to caress her firm, hormone- grown 'C' cups, "...and no cunt. Why can't I be a bimbo, like everybody says I'd be good at?"

The week's delay in the anticipated results suddenly became clear to Elizabeth, and she had to grin.

They'd overdone it a bit - Bambi was too dumb to remember that she could have the surgery if she just asked..

"Oh, we can give you tits and a cunt, if you want." Elizabeth re-educated the girl. Bambi's smile flared to life. "You can?"

"Sure." Elizabeth assured her.

"Oh, boy!" Bambi said, bouncing up and down. "Please, Elizabeth - I want a cunt so men can fuck me and tell me how

much of a bimbo I am. I want big, wide hips and a full, sexy ass, so it's easier for me

to be a real bimbo! And tits - and want big titties. Big, huge, round titties. Titties bigger than my head! Boobies so fake that all guys will know I got them just to be a perfect bimbo! Please, 'Lizabeth, make me a bimbo! I wanna be a bimbo. I wanna be the bimbo!" She threw back her shoulders and, proudly, declared. "From now on, that's my name and everything! I'm Bimbo!"

Elizabeth grinned openly. "Anything you want... Bimbo."

* * * * * It was time.

Finally, after a year's wait, it was time to get the woman of his dreams.

Ron was so anxious and excited he felt like a kid on Christmas day - though no kid had ever gotten the present he was going to get. Then again - no kid had ever spent over four and a half million dollars to get a girl, either. Of course, that was an 'initial' cost - once the 'clinic' was in full swing, he could churn out custom-made 'Perfect Partners' for the very rich and discrete for a mere million or so in costs - which, of course, he'd mark up to two million. Not only would he stand to make a tidy profit, but he could build up his own harem.

All that was in the future, though. Right now.. Right now it was time to put the 'prototype' through it's paces...

Then the doors at **The End** of the room opened - and his fantasy walked in.

Ron let his eyes slide upwards over his creation, his anticipation mounting with every inch he surveyed.

She was wearing a pair of hot-pink platform shoes - with four-inch tall platforms, and eleven-inch-tall heels that arched her tiny, delicate feet up delightfully. From those wonderful, dainty feet, Ron's eyes slid up, and up, and ever upwards along her incredibly long, shapely, sexy legs, clad in white nylons. They seemed to rise up forever before they finally vanished under the hem of the skin-tight hot-pink leather micro-mini skirt that didn't even hide all white satin panties. It did, however, cling quite deliciously to her wide hips and incredibly full, firm, round ass, highlighting it's delicious contours.

Above that, her fuzzy, low-cut, belly-baring long-sleeve sweater revealed her incredibly tiny waist before struggling - and practically failing - to contain those massive orbs of tit-flesh that she'd demanded. Incredibly huge, the massive breasts were the size of beach-balls, unbelievably huge and round and firm. The low-cut neck of the sweater revealed much of those massive, glorious, glistening mounds, which had been lightly oiled with baby-oil - as had the rest of her body, as usual. It caused her huge, creamy chasm of cleavage to glisten and gleam, making every breath she took incredible erotic as the highlights shifted over the slick skin from the movement.

It took an amazing force of will to lift the eyes higher, to take in her face - that custom-designed face with it's heart-shaped structure, surrounded by that huge, thick mane of pale blonde hair that rippled over her shoulders and down her back. Those incredibly full lips he'd asked for were gloss pink, barely able to close completely they were so incredibly full and so tily firm over her modified jaw-line. Above that lurked a tiny stub of a nose, so cute and perky in it's own right - but over shadowed by the huge, vivid blue eyes that looked as if they'd never held a thought for a single instant.

She was.. perfect. Physically, at least. Now it was time to find out how she'd turned out, mentally.

Slowly, Ron stood - his cock already hardening - and greeted her with the name he'd had her programmed to think she'd chosen for herself.

"Hello, Bimbo."

Her permanently-smiling lips curved even further upward into a brighter, brainless smile, revealing her small, perfect teeth.

"Oh, gee..." She said, her eyes blank. She giggled. "Uh.. who are you?"

Ron knew she'd been told who she was coming to meet, just a few minutes before - but she'd been told by a man, and she wasn't really 'programmed' to listen anymore. Besides, the drugs her body was constantly synthesizing kept her constantly doped and euphoric - which meant that her mental process were far from 'stellar.'

"I'm Ron." He said, prompting her.

Somehow, she managed to look delightfully puzzled while still smiling, while the thought slowly worked its way through the haze of pleasure she was in...

Then she squealed, bouncing up and down on her heels and clapping her hands. The bouncing action caused those massive mounds to jump and sway, threatening to burst free of the minimal clothing that covered them.

"Oh, yeah!" She said, gleefully - and then she hurried towards him, moving easily in her skyscraper heels. She moved with an overly-bouncy step that caused her huge bust to jiggle, while her wide hips pivoted and swayed around the center-point of her crotch in an exaggerated motion.

When she reached Ron, she threw her arms around him, and kissed him, deeply, her full, soft lips pressed against his while her tongue pushed insistently at his hips, demanding he respond, her huge tits crushed against his body.

He'd didn't argue. They kissed passionately for quite some time before Ron was finally able to persuade her that it was enough.

"You're the guy who paid for this!" She told him, cheerily. "Thanks!" "You're definitely welcome..." Ron said.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!" She insisted, smiling. "I'm so happy now - I'm so sexy and so perfect." Then, as if she'd just remembered. "Oh! And I have great tits! They're so big and round and huge! Look!"

She stepped back and raised her arms over her head, causing her huge tits to stand out in exaggerated profile - not that they needed any exaggeration, being veritable caricatures as it was.

"They're so much fun to play with, too!" She said - then, a great thought struck her. "hey! Do you want to play with my big, huge titties!"

Despite the fact that Bimbo was exactly the way he wanted her, seeing her like this left him a bit taken aback by her

completely mindless personality. "Uh.."

"Aw.. come on..." She said. "It's really, really fun!"

Reaching down and crossing her arms, she grabbed the bottom edge of the sweater and peeled off,. Her massive, impossibly firm tits bounced twice as she tossed the garment aside, leaving her massive creamy spheres naked to Ron's gaze.

He didn't need another invitation. Reaching out, he hesitantly slid his hands over the slick, smooth surface of her fully-packed boobs.

Smiling, Bimbo leaned into his touch, pressing her tits firmly into his hands. Ron returned the smile, then set about enjoying himself with her massive, unrealistic mounds. She cocked her head back and giggled as he buried his head in her cleavage, fondling the sides of her gigantic tits as he rubbed his face over her massive mounds.

"See, I told you it's fun..." She giggled, 'helping' him fondle her tits - and, even with both of their hands running over the surface of her outrageously-proportioned tits, they still had plenty of space in which to work.

"Yeah..." Ron agreed in a muffled voice, his head deep in her massive chasm of cleavage.

"Oh!" She said, suddenly, pulling away. Ron hesitated, then let her - if there was something more important to her then the 'fun' of having her tits fondled, he wanted to see it.

It was a good move on his part.

"Look what else I got!" She giggled - and quickly stepped out of her skirt and panties. "I got a tight little cunt! It's so hot and wet all the time..."

It certainly was everything she said - the surgically created vagina looked absolutely authentic, and the way the lips of her cunt glistened, perfectly revealed due to her lack of pubic hair, seemed to indicate that she certainly was 'ready, willing and able' any time.

"It's because I'm so horny all the time..." She 'confided'. The hormonal drugs had done their work, in conjunction with her mental programming - she was keeping herself in a constant state of arousal without even knowing it. Now, the question was - how did she handle it...

Without prompting, Bimbo continued the 'tale of the cunt'. "I'm so horny all the time, that I have to fuck myself a couple of times an hour. I got this collection of dildos, because Elizabeth won't let me fuck all the doctors and stuff, which isn't fair, 'cuz they're the only guys around, and..."

Ron smiled. "Uh... Bimbo?"

She paused, her train of thought derailed. "Yeah?" "I'm a 'guy'." Ron pointed out.

Bimbo looked puzzled. "Yeah... and you're not a doctor or sumthin'..." Suddenly, she lit up like a Christmas tree.

"Can you fuck me?" She asked, leaning forward and pressing her arms forward slightly, making her huge mounds press together. "Please, can you fuck me? Pretty please? Please, please, *p/leeeeeeease*?"

Ron's smile widened. "Well - okay, if you insist..."

"Oh, goody!" Bimbo said, clapping her hands. "I'm gonna get fucked!"

"You sure are..." Ron assured her, as he hastily stripped out of his clothing. "Come on - over to the couch."

Eagerly, the huge-breasted blonde followed him to the wide couch. Ron sat down on it, his legs slightly spread...

..and Bimbo eagerly got up on the couch, spreading her own legs wide, high-heels digging into the leather of the sofa on either side of Ron's legs as she climbed up, then positioned herself on her knees...

...and practically drove herself downward, impaling herself on his hard, throbbing cock, filling her new cunt with man-meat for the first time.

She cried out in what seemed to be pleasure - but whether it was physical at all, or just emotional, was impossible to tell.

After a year of being programmed to be the 'perfect' woman, she was finally fulfilling her reason for existing.

"I'm a real Bimbo!" she screamed, happily. "I've got a man's cock in my cunt, and I'm fucking him!"

She began to flex her legs, her long, luscious legs, driving herself up and down on his hard organ, her lips spread in a panting smile.

"I'm fucking you with my cunt!" She told him, with a giggle. "I'm a bimbo, and that's what bimbos do.. hey, do you like my huge titties?"

Ron had other things on his mind as she drove herself relentlessly on his cock, but he paid some token attention to her huge, round tits. She was doing a better job of it herself, fondling her tits with a vapid smile as she rode his cock like some sort of spectacular living sex-doll...

..which, in a way, she was.

"Fucking, fucking, fucking...!" She sang out, then giggled, driving herself harder and faster atop Ron. "I got a cock in my pussy!"

She released her massive mounds and let them slam against Ron's upper chest with each thrust, one hand bracing herself on the back of the couch while the other hung down limply. Closing her eyes, she began making wordless sounds of pleasure as she felt him nearing climax, driving herself even more frenetically atop his cock.

He came. Grunting with a long, low sound, he twitched as he pumped a load of cum into the perfect cunt of his perfect sex-slave love-doll. She screamed out in ersatz orgasm - though physically pleasurable, the real enjoyment she was obviously feeling was from having been paid the ultimate compliment to her womanhood - she'd made a man cum.

Gasping he fell back in the couch while Bimbo - as fresh and energetic as when she'd started, rolled off of him...

Ron frowned as he noticed something. "What's that?"

Bimbo looked puzzled at the question - then looked down at what she held, and smiled in recognition.

"Oh! That's a hipo-demic.. a hynpo.. a needle!" She giggled. "I used it while you were cumming, 'cause I figured you wouldn't notice then."

Ron's eyes went wide. "What? What the hell was.. in.. that..."

He tried to get out of the couch - but the drug was already kicking in, and before he could force himself out of the couch, he slipped into a deep trance, staring ahead blankly.

Bimbo answered his question, anyway...

"You were gonna make me your sex slave,.." She told the immobile Ron with a pout, as she began to dress. "I don't wanna fuck just one guy - I wanna fuck lots and lots of guys. All the time! That's why.. why..."

She paused, frowning in confusion...

Suddenly, her whole posture changed. She straightened up, and her vapid face took on an expression of surprising intelligence and confidence.

"We're going to go get a job doing pornographic movies, Bimbo. Remember?" She said, aloud, her voice suddenly intelligent, and filled with a long-suffering amusement. "Now, just keep thinking - we're going to California to make pornographic films. We'll get paid for having lots of sex."

Then her posture slumped, and the same vapid grin returned. "Oh, yeah - I'm gonna be a porn star! Silly me!"

With a giggle, Bimbo finished dressing, and headed off to her new life...

...with her 'Guardian Angel' firmly ensconced in the deepest recesses of her psyche, quite content with the way things worked out, atier all.

Maybe part of her had really been 'mind wiped' and made into a bimbo - which is what 'Gerry' had dreamed of in the first place. Maybe, instead, he'd just been 'playing along', and gotten more involved then he'd planned. To tell the truth, neither part of 'Bimbo' could quite recall when the mental split between them had happened, when she'd become schizophrenic, with both Gerry and Bimbo in 'residence' - and both of them enjoying it. Was it Gerry, just 'pretending' to be Bimbo? Or 'Bimbo', keeping 'Gerry' alive because she needed him to fulfill her own fantasies...?



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: An ex-girlfriend gives one man a giti -certificate to New Beginnings Therapeutic Spa not knowing that when he checks in for a whole day experience that he will become its newest employee filling spa fantasies.

The Spa

By Gunslinger

Harry was nervous.

There was no overt display of that nervousness, except for the fact that he surreptitiously wiped his damp palms on his pants - but the jeans were crisp black denim, the moistness leaving no visible mark to betray his 'unmanly' emotional state.

Which was good. Atier all, Harold W. Beesdt was a big buy, topping out at six-two and with a well-muscled body that was more 'slender runner' then Harry would have liked, but not all guys were born to be Schwarzenegger.

Besides, with ruggedly handsome good looks and bright, Mediterranean-blue eyes well offset by his dark hair, Harry figured he'd come out pretty well in terms of 'Random Genetic Heritage'. He looked good in his usual black jeans and pale tan cotton work-shirt, and he knew it.

No, he wasn't nervous because of the way he looked. He was nervous because where he was.

At first glance, that would have seemed ridiculous. The room he was standing in was large, with a white sandstone floor and marble- and-polished-oak walls and furnishings, with green-and-gold fabrics blending well with the architecture and the profusion of plants in brass pots that filled the room.

The east wall of the two-story lobby was composed simply of glass, set in geometrically-inspired brass framing.

The air was cool, but not unpleasantly so, and the fresh odor of greenery was underlain by a pleasant, elusive sent that pleased the olfactory senses.

It wasn't the environs themselves that made him nervous. Nor, technically speaking, was it the people he shared the environment with - a tall Nordic goddess behind the front desk, smiling at him encouragingly, dressed in the same simple, elegant white 'uniform' as the two brunettes and a red-head that were also visible in the lobby, their simple, low-heeled pumps making muted clocking sounds as they walked with graceful efficiency towards the big, brass doors in the rear.

The fact that all four visible personages were female increased his nervousness, though it wasn't the cause. The cause of Harry's anxiety was the fact that this place was a Spa.

He was standing in a Spa, one somewhat-more-sweaty-than-usual hand tightly gripping the giti-certificate in his name, allowing him unlimited, one-day use of the New Beginnings Therapeutic Spa.

He felt nervous because going to a spa just seemed so... unmanly. Hardly fitting in with the 'macho' image of himself.

When Diane had first given him the unlimited day-pass, Harry had thought it was a joke, or some sort of poorly-planned attempt at revenge.

Not that he was the inherently suspicious type. Though he had quite a few flaws, he was conscious of most of them and tried to keep them in check. The fact that he and Diane had broken up over a month ago, however, had given him pause.

She'd seemed perfectly sincere, however, standing at his door and holding out the giti-certificate. Their break-up had been fairly amicable, and though their new version of friendship was somewhat strained, he detected no guile or evasion in her eyes when she'd explained that she'd ordered it for him just before they'd broken up.

Since their relationship had been at its very worst at that point, he'd wondered why she would have ordered him an expensive giti - then dismissed the thought with some shame, knowing that she'd always been the one who'd tried the hardest to keep their relationship on track. One of Harry's less enjoyable flaws was the fact that, when he believed a relationship was going to end, he simply gave up, failing to put any more investment of time or emotions into it.

So, she'd probably ordered it in a last-ditch effort to keep him around.

So, he'd taken it, hoping it'd help patch up their friendship, at least to some degree.

He'd even been determined to go through with it. Even though he'd grown more and more uneasy as he'd approached the building. The quiet, serene building.

The somehow *feminine* building.

Real men don't eat quiche. - That was the bumper sticker on Harry's five-year-old Dodge Viper - or, as Diane had called it once or twice in a sharply scornful voice, his 'other penis'.

Harry had the strangest feeling that 'Real Men Don't Go To Spas' was implicit in the general message of the bumper-sticker. That it didn't really need to be said, but it was true none-the-less: No quiche-eating, spa-going upright mammal could ever be considered a 'real man'.

Harry started to turn away...

...but that luscious blonde morsel at the counter was walking towards him. She was tall, lithe, and coolly beautiful, the tight white slacks molded to trim hips and pert ass, the tailored pantlegs indicating long, shapely legs lay hidden beneath.

Despite her long, generally slender build and trim hips, the crisp white fabric of her uniform pulled taut over what had to be

firm 'D'-cups

- just about the right size (and texture) for Harry's hands to enclose...

...and the zipper on her front-closing pantsuit uniform was pulled down a few inches more than it had been when he'd walked in, displaying just the slightest hint of creamy cleavage.

Harry was twenty-seven, heterosexual, and available. He could no more have walked away from this blonde vision than he could have commanded the tides to stop rising and falling.

Real Men didn't turn down the chance to hit upon tall, leggy, fashion-model-gorgeous blondes, either.

"Mr. Beesdt?" She asked, her voice warmer than her cool beauty and reservedly elegant demeanor would have suggested. Her warm, honey-toned voice was familiar. The luscious blonde was the woman he'd made the appointment with on the phone.

The fact that she knew who he was disturbed Harry even more. It probably meant that men calling and making appointments was so rare that she had a good chance of guessing who a strange male who was standing in the door was...

He struggled to make his grin appear natural, all the more eager to 'escape', even as he held out his hand. "Harry, please." HE asked. "You must be Miss Guddenbuilt."

"Please - call me Anna." She said, smiling warmly as she shook with him, her delicate, fine-skinned hand practically disappearing in his.

He noticed she had no wedding ring. He also noticed she let her hand in his loosened grip as she looked over his shoulder and grinned.

"The gate-guard was right." She said, eyes bright. "That is a powerful-looking machine."

Oh - that's right. He'd signed in with the guard at the gate, who must have called ahead. That's how Anna knew who he was...

Feeling better, he reluctantly let go of Anna's hand, foregoing the pleasure of a few more second's contact for the 'gentlemanly' gesture. She blinked, as if she'd forgotten her hand was still in his, then smiled warmly.

"I'm glad you came in so early, Harry." She said, now speaking over her shoulder as she moved smoothly back towards the desk, her manner implying that she simply expected Harry would follow.

He did. Especially since her graceful stride was noticeably less 'utilitarian' than the one she'd used walking over to him.

"Less clients around, so it's easier on the staff...?" HE asked, realizing that the 'all female' impression he'd first garnered might be radically off-base - since all the women had been wearing staff uniforms.

All the women had also been very attractive, at least the ones he'd seen so far.

"Oh - that too." She said, smiling even more brightly. "What I was referring to is the fact that it's good for you - you get the whole day to let us work on you. It gives us more time to try and make sure you leave feeling relaxed and comfortable."

"Well, I figured I'd give you ladies a fair chance..." He said, leaving an opening for her to point out that there was male staff, as well..

...she didn't. Instead, she winked. "We appreciate it. Still, our track record is enviable - of all the men who've taken a full-day excursion, I can't think of one that walked out feeling dissatisfied."

"Oh?" Harry said, feeling even more relieved. "I suppose that's almost a necessity. I mean, since I'm using a giti certificate, a money- back guarantee wouldn't really mean anything, would it?"

She looked at him with a measuring gaze - then lowered her voice, her tones like smoked honey.

"Harry, I guarantee you that if the Spa fails to leave you feeling relaxed and comfortable, I'll take over and attend to the matter personally."

Three separate responses leapt simultaneously to mind. One was downright crude. The second was courtly, completely ignoring the implications of the statement.

Harry split the difference between the two by using the third: "Well, that's very reassuring... though I confess, part of me hopes the Spa fails, just for the privilege of spending more time in your company."

It was the right choice, apparently. Anna stuck with the low tone, and the easy smile.

"Well, I don't want you hoping for the Spa to fail at anything." She said. "So, if the Spa succeeds, why don't I take you out to a little victory dinner?"

"Well, that sounds like an 'offer I can't refuse'." Harry said, hoping his instinctive slide into a Brando impersonation at **The End** sounded more suave and charming in her ears than it did in his own.

"Well, then, it's a date..." Ana said, just before straightening and raising her voice to less intimate levels. "Well, why don't I introduce you to your Personal Attendant?"

Turning from Harry, she gestured at a shorter, somewhat more athletically build woman sitting in the corner. "Pamela?"

The russet-haired woman rose gracefully, her toned legs flexing pleasantly under the hem of the crisp white shorts she wore. Unlike the more 'clerical' look of Anna's uniform, Pamela's white outfit was more athletically-minded, the shorts and white spandex crop-top going well with her fit, toned body.

She was shorter than Ann, but still slightly above average in height for a woman - and she was also remarkably attractive in a fit, limber way.

Aware of Anna standing so close by, Harry tried not to make his 'quick look' too obvious. It wasn't easy. His 'Personal Attendant' was quite lookable-at.

"Harry?" The attractive woman said, her tones warm and somewhat less 'professional' than Harry would have expected, almost as if they already shared some sort of camaraderie. "I'm Pamela, and if you have no objections, I'll be your personal attendant today."

Standing between two attractive women, both displaying more warmth than he would have expected, and either one of which he would happily have tried a tumble in the sack, Harry decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and decided to toss the live hand-grenade question up into the air.

"Actually, I've never been to a spa..." He admitted, a supposed embarrassed flush giving him excuse to lower his head, avoiding eye-contact with either of the ladies. "I wouldn't even know what to look for in a Personal Attendant."

"Not all spas even have Personal Attendants, actually." Pamela explained, still in those warm tones. "At New Beginnings, we like to go the proverbial 'extra mile', and so Personal Attendants are available. We sort of 'coordinate' each person's experience."

"Actually, it's more of an art-form than Pamela makes it seem." Anna said, also warmly. "It's a skill, similar to, oh, architecture or interior design, for example. Different people have different skills, techniques and styles. Pamela's one of the very best."

"Why, thank you, Anna." Pamela said, warmly. "That's high praise, coming from you." "Not at all - you deserve it." Anna demurred, in equally warm tones.

Flicking his eyes from one to the other, Harry wondered what was going on. Hearing those warm, honeyed tones being used for him was.. enjoyable. Hearing them use it between each other, however, left him wondering if that was just how the women were trained to speak when a customer was present...

"Harry and I have a little bet going." Anna told Pamela in a conspiratorially lowered voice. "We're going to see whether or not the spa can leave him feeling comfortable and relaxed. If we can, I get to take him out to a late dinner, some champagne, maybe..." She trailed

off in a highly suggestive tone...

...then went on in the exact same, richly sensual tones, still speaking to the auburn-haired woman. "Maybe if you treat him extra-nice, Harry might agree to let you come along."

Harry had given up all pretense of looking at the floor in shame - he was staring at the two attractive women, who were sharing the same heavy-lidded look of anticipated pleasure...

...and who then turned the same hungrily thoughtful look on Harry.

Pamela, slowly and almost unconsciously, licked her unadorned lips with her tongue, a tiny purr of pleasure deep in her throat. Harry blinked, aware his cock was stirring. Blushing slightly, he glanced over at Anna...

...who had affixed an almost plastic smile of 'Customer Service' on her face, standing at almost theatrical attention, a model of pure, unemotional efficiency. Even her voice was crisp, cool and efficient as she spoke, calmly and clearly.

"Well, Mr. Beesdt, just follow Pamela hear into the change room, listen to what she suggestions, follow her instructions, and I'm sure you'll enjoy your stay."

It was a perfect example of professional customer service - and nobody could possibly have seen the long, slow wink she gave him as she played out the little scene.

Nobody except himself - and Pamela.

The athletic woman grinned - then wiped the smile right off her face, also playing-up the 'cool professional' routine as she gestured towards the big doors at the rear of the lobby. "Shall we, Harry?"

"Uh... yeah..." Harry said, a little stunned by the quick turn-around - but grateful, since a rock-solid hard-on in a glass-fronted lobby might not have been the best idea in the world.

Until they'd 'switched persona' on him, that thought hadn't even occurred to him.

His walk looking a bit stiff and awkward, he followed his auburn-haired Personal Attendant through the doors, his eyes dropping again and again to her toned, smooth legs and her firm, pertly swaying ass.

Given the situation and the view, he was following her in almost a daze, barely noticing his surroundings as he indulged in a few mental fantasies...

..so, for a second, he thought he was still in the middle of one when she turned to him, smiled warmly, and said: "Well - why don't you get undressed?"

That startled him enough for him to realize they were standing in a small locker-room. She'd opened a locker, revealing a large, deep Terry-cloth robe, white with a gold logo on the breast. There was also a pair of matching slippers on the floor.

He was supposed to get changed from his street clothes and into the robe and slippers. The sign on the wall even said so, making it perfectly clear that he was supposed to take a shower in one of the translucent-glass stalls along the one wall, then slip banked into the robe and slippers.

All pretty straightforward. Mundane compared to what her comment had 'suggested' to his fantasizing mind...

...except for the fact that she hadn't leti atier her 'suggestion'.

Harry simply stood there for a second, fairly certain he'd made a mistaken assumption at some point - but afraid to guess which assumption it was that was mistaken, because it would make a hell of a lot of difference in the way he acted.

She didn't seem to notice his hesitation, since she was actually turned away from him at the time, taking the robe and slippers out of the locker. She folded the robe over one well-toned arm, the slippers held in the same hand. She turned back to face him, once more warm and friendly rather than 'professional'.

"The showers are designed for two..." She pointed out - then lay the robe on the bench and began to undress.

She had less clothing, and a slight head start - but by the time she finished removing her crop-top, displaying firm, domed 'D'-cups, Harry was already stark naked.

Her cute, pink nipples were hard as tiny stones...

...and the room was kept 'naked'-comfortable in both warmth and humidity. She wasn't the only one with swollen body-parts.

She seemed to find the one that Harry was sporting quite acceptable - since she wrapped one hand lightly but firmly around his aroused member, and used it to lead him towards the showers.

"Which one, which one..." Pamela mused in a chipper tone, looking from one shower to the next.

A little bemused, Harry now noticed that each of the stalls boasted a small brass plaque, inscribed with what seemed to be an odd series of letters. Acronyms, maybe - or perhaps some sort of coding system.

There were about a dozen stalls. Harry wondered why it mattered which one they used, and what the little acronyms indicated.

Before he could ask, however, she made up her mind, leading him - still by his very erect manhood - towards one of the stalls near the wall furthest from the door.

"This one will do just fine, I think..." She said, giving him a sly, calculating look that he found both puzzling and arousing, given the situation. "I think you could use something different..."

"What do you mean...?" Harry asked, confused, by Pamela merely smiled mysteriously and led him into the shower, pulling the surprisingly heavy door shut behind them.

"Close your eyes..." She purred.

Harry blinked - then smiled and complied, a blissful expression settling over his face as he let his eyes slide shut...

By sound alone, Harry placed the cute red-head's movements as she started the water running - the tap apparent self-adjusting, since there was simply a single, muffled 'tunk' sound, something that seemed almost... industrial to Harry, somehow - and then a sheet of warm water was enveloping him, the series of strategically-placed shower heads ensuring that every inch of his body was receiving some of the spray.

The water also seemed to be scented with a faint yet intriguing scent, one that he couldn't quite place, but that seemed to be very relaxing - since he felt himself doing just that, becoming very relaxed as he felt Pamela's hands touch his chest, a thick, slippery warmth coating her slender fingers as she began to work what he assumed was body-wash across his broad, hairy chest.

Oddly enough, despite the fact that he was massively aroused, he didn't feel like trying to 'push' things to go faster - in

fact, he didn't feel like doing much of anything, except stand there and let Pamela soap him up. He felt completely and utterly relaxed and serene even as he enjoyed the physical sensations of her hands moving over his slick skin, methodical yet sensual as they worked to wash every square inch of his body.

There was no way of determining how long the shower lasted. Though he was completely aware and alert, enjoying every wonderful sensation the athletic woman provided, some parts of his brain seemed so relaxed as to be asleep, including his sense of time passing. The shower seemed to simultaneously last an eternity, yet end much too quickly for Harry's tastes.

Having been thoroughly washed, rinsed, shampooed and rinsed, Harry knew that it was over even as Pamela turned off the water and opened the door - admitting a drat of slightly cooler air that seemed to help pull him out of his ultra-relaxed state the way a good wind might dispel smoke or other gasses floating in the air.

Not that he ended up back where he'd begun, emotionally speaking - he was still feeling a lot more 'relaxed' then before - just not to the point of immobility. In fact, it was a strange sort of 'relaxed', a sort of calm center to a storm of sexual desire that seemed to run deeper and more intensely through his body then every before...

"All done with the shower, honey - you can open your eyes now..." Pamela cooed, and he let his eyes driti open - and drink in the sight of her naked, glistening body.

"How do you feel?" She asked, and he sighed in pleasure.

"Great..." He replied, warmly and happily, as she once again wrapped a hand around his hard, dark cock and drew him out into the main room.

With quick, efficient-yet-pleasurable motions, she dried him with a thick, soti towel, the fuzzy white material gliding with wonderful sensations over his smooth, chocolatey skin.

"If you enjoyed that..." She said, suggestively, as she finished toweling off his long, dark hair by wrapping the towel turban-style around his damp mane, "...then you're going to love the next part..."

"What's that...?" He asked, eagerly, as she helped him wrap his robe around his firm, smooth ebony body - but she only smiled that mysterious smile again, once more wrapping her hands around his small-yet-rock-hard cock to lead him out the room's other door and into the next part of the spa.

Pulled along by his small little organ, he was lead into the next room...

...where a big, bubbling tile-lined pool of thick, warm mud awaited, the thick brown sludge almost the same shade as his chocolatey skin.

"Go ahead - hop in..." She said, smiling.

"You're... not going to join me...?" He asked, hesitantly, not wanting to come right out and admit how horny he was - so horny, in fact, that it was getting to be damned near painful.

Pamela looked momentarily hesitant, then shot a quick look at the mud-bath and shook her head. "No, I don't think that'd be a good idea." She said, oddly. "I'd probably end up being... too much."

It was a puzzling comment, but he didn't dwell on it - especially since he was feeling more relaxed again, probably from the pleasant odor seeping up from the thick, faintly steaming mud.

"Climb on in, honey..." Pamela suggested, and he did so with a happy sigh, loving the way the thick mud enveloped his smooth ebony body. Closing his eyes, he sank up to his neck in the mud.

"Here - let me show you how to get the best effect from this, honey.." Pamela said, walking over to the edge of the tub near his head. There were some things set into a small, recessed spot in the rim, and she drew them out.

"Nasal air-hoses." She said, pulling out two clear plastic tubes, each tipped with an expandable black foam-rubber 'bullet' that would allow them to completely seal inside the nose. "They automatically cycle air for good breathing rhythm when submerged..."

Feeling supremely serene and relaxed, he let her slip the air hoses into his nose, finding he could breath easily enough with his mouth firmly closed.

The air flowing into his lungs through his nose seemed even more heavily scented with that intriguing, mesmerizing floral fragrance.

"So you don't get bored..." Pamela said with a smile, holding up a pair of bud-like earphones in sealed little casings. She leaned forward to put them in place - and even the sharp pain that came when she pierced his ears to put the earring-style holding clips in place wasn't enough to shatter his dreamy daze of serene relaxation.

Music filled his ears - and almost seemed to fill his head, the somewhat strange and almost eerie music sounding almost like somebody speaking through a celestial orchestra of vibraphones, harps and Moog synthesizers.

Smiling calmly, he slid beneath the surface...

* * * *

"Honey - wake up!"

Long-lashed eyelids fluttered... then rose, revealing bright blue eyes.

"What happened?" The gorgeous young black woman asked, her smoky-warm voice revealing her mild confusion as she blinked up at Pamela from where she lay in the now-empty mud-tub, her body gleaming from the coating of warm, fragrant oil the sexy red-head was rubbing into her richly coca-colored flesh.

"You fell asleep getting ready for your next customer..." Pamela told her.

Honey blinked - then giggled. "This place can be a little too relaxing sometimes, I guess." She said... then frowned slightly. "Customer?"

"Yeah, you know..." Pamela said, a friendly edge of sarcasm to her voice. "A guy who pays you money to let you fuck him eagerly and with all the skills only a high-priced nymphomaniac prostitute can bring to bear." She paused, a momentary look of confusion - and, perhaps, even disgust - passing across her almost unnaturally perfect face before it once more became calm and almost forcibly cheerful.

Honey barely noticed the brief look - since a strange shudder ran through her body, distracting her for a second and making her own face show confused, almost uncomprehending surprise...

...and then she thought about how incredibly horny she was, and decided the fact that she couldn't remember herself being a cum-craving whore was secondary to the fact that she had a job that could satisfy her rampant cravings - and was lucky enough to have a slender, supple, almost preternaturally perfect body that allowed her to work at such a wonderfully high-class establishment.

"Where's he at?" Honey asked, eagerly, already anxious to take the edge off her incredibly powerful, literally mind-numbing arousal.

"Same place as always - your workroom, just through that door..." Pamela said, gesturing at the door at the other end of the room. "Come on - lets get you 'dressed'..."

Eagerly, Honey climbed out of the tub, her oiled body gleaming a mellow dark chocolate as she stepped into a pair of black platform shoes with seven-inch-high heels.

"Us nympho whores love wearing high heels..." Honey said in a vague, almost sing-song tone of voice, as she admired herself in the mirror, eyes starting at her dainty feet and tracing up her long, wonderfully contoured legs to her firm, taut ass and slender-yet-feminine hips. Almost unconsciously, one dainty, long-nailed hand slid over her clean-shaven crotch, applying pressure as it passed over her hot, wet cunt.

"They make us look so sexy." Pamela replied in a similar tone, her own eyes as dreamy as stepped up behind Honey, grinding her lap into the black woman's firm, spectacularly full ass as she reached around to lightly caress her coworker's magnificent, D-cup breasts, smooth white flesh gliding over rich black skin.

"We love being sexy." the chorused, each woman's perfectly made-up face blank and serene.

"We **are** sex." They chanted together, not hearing themselves. "We exist solely to please. We are comfortable with the knowledge we are simply pawns of any paying customer's pleasure, and we are relaxed to the inevitable - we will spend our lives driven to satisfy their every desire."

They stood that way for a second, eyes and faces blank...

...then they each shook their head slightly, smiling in genial confusion at each other. "Did you say something?" Honey asked in a slightly puzzled voice.

"No..." Pamela replied, so quickly that it seemed almost a knee-jerk response - yet her tone was slightly hesitant, and it

grew even more so as she said: "Did you...?"

"No." Honey replied immediately, before she had time to even think about it - and then she shrugged her slender shoulders. She had more important things to think about...

"If you'll excuse me..." She said in a *faux*-snooty voice, ripe with the taint of raw need. "...I have an appointment to be fucked."

Leaving Pamela giggling behind her, Honey swiveled sensuously atop her heels and swayed provocatively over to the door, throwing it open with an erotically theatrical gesture.

"Well, hello there..." She said in a husky, promising tone, her bright blue eyes devouring the grossly average form of the man laying naked on the utilitarian-yet-classy Queen-sized bed that was the room's main feature. Somewhere in his mid thirties, he was a completely average looking man...

...but Honey wouldn't have been able to describe him to anybody, since she couldn't tear her eyes from his hard, ready cock, of average size and girth as it jutted from his crotch, but looming to fill almost every nook and cranny of Honey's mind, calling to her...

"Damn, miss..." the man breathed, reverently. "You're gorgeous..."

A sudden rush of... of satisfaction? ...slammed through her body, and she unconsciously 'posed', showing off her lithe, supple form for a moment before she slowly and sensuously strode towards him, her eyes still drawn inexorably to her *raison d'être*.

"What do you want, baby..." She breathed, barely aware of her own voice as she gazed, entranced, at his manhood, "...and how do you want it?"

Swinging into a sitting position on the edge of the bed, he spread his hairy thighs, his cock jutting up into the air. "Honey, I want you to hop on and ride me hard and fast while I fondle that spectacular ass of yours, while you be me to make you cum."

"Sure thing, baby..." She said, licking her lips as she walked over to where he sat. She shifted her gaze to his face, briefly, not really seeing it as she graced him with a warm smile...

...and then she swung one long, slender, shapely leg over him and pulled herself up, knees resting on each side of his pale legs as her wet, more-than-ready cunt hung scant millimeters above the head of his throbbing cock.

"Oh, baby - please..." She moaned, closing her eyes and letting her head loll back as his hands reached around and began to squeeze and fondle her full, firm buttocks. Her own hands were busy alternating between her breasts and her lips, switching off in slow, smooth patterns as he slowly twisted her torso and rotated her shoulders, hanging just above his cock and writhing slowly and sensuously. "...I'm so horny. I need to cum. Oh, please, baby - let me fuck you 'till I cum..."

"Fuck me, Honey - fuck me until you cum..." He replied, eagerly, his palms sweaty as they worked her oiled ass...

...and then they cried out together as she flexed the sensuously contoured muscles in her long legs, impaling her womanhood on his ready cock.

"Oh, god... yes...!" She cried, using those sexy legs of hers to drive herself up and down on his cock. "Oh, God, baby - hold off 'till I cum. Make me cum, baby, before you fill me with you sweet load of white lightning."

"Make... it.. fast.. then.." He gasped out, his hands now working hard to stay with her ass she as bounced atop him eagerly. "I'm.. just.. taking... a... nooner..."

"OH...!" She cried, pleasure thrumming through her body, her painful level of arousal beginning to subside as she drew neared and neared to orgasm. "Thank you.. for... taking the.. time..."

He didn't answer, his face set in lines that would have been comical in other situations as his own pleasure increased.

She was writhing frantically atop him, following her instructions to fuck him hard and fast - but it wasn't as 'uncontrolled' as it might have appeared, part of her keeping very careful track of both of their movements, making sure to provide him with as much pleasure as possible as she fucked him. Sometimes she rocked forward, sometimes back, and more then once she did a fast little 'shimmy-shake'

that required incredible muscular control - and actually caused sharp little jolts of pain to mingle in with the rising pleasure, not that it deterred her in the least from the movement, since the 'vibration' vastly increased the man's pleasure.

They came together. The man just sort of gasped, his body stiffening...

...while Honey thrashed and screamed, the orgasm ripping through her body with stunning intensity...

...and yet, despite the amazing level of orgasmic ecstasy, only managed to weaken the rampant desire thundering through her body, making it bearable without completely satiating her.

"Oh, baby..." She sighed, leaning forward to press her firm breasts against his chest as she slumped against him... "Yeah, yeah.." He said, pushing her away. "C'mon, get off - I have to get dressed and get back to the office."

"Sure..." She said, not the least bit offended as she climbed off of him, her mind already turning to the thought of her next client, and the hope that he'd want something longer and more... mutually satisfying. "Just ask for Honey next time you come back..."

"You bet..." He said, as he paused in the act of dressing just long enough for a leer-and-a-wink.

As he headed for the door, Honey turned and headed for the room's other door, the one she'd come in through. She only had five minutes to get herself 'freshened up' before her next customer...

...who she found herself now imagining she was kneeling in front of, mouth eagerly enveloping his cock...

...or maybe he'd have her bend over so that he cold give her the wonderful; pleasure of fucking her up the ass...

...or maybe...

"That was fast. " Pamela commented dryly, snapping Honey out of her wonderfully erotic little day-dream.

"Company man on company time..." Honey said with a sigh as she walked over towards the bidet...

...then she shuddered suddenly, as if an ice-cold blast of air had slammed into her bare body. A look of horror and disgust crossed her face, and she hunched over as her stomach twisted and twitched, her lips drawing back in preparation for a scream of shock, confusion and disgusted horror...

Pamela, watching Honey suddenly 'cramp up', suddenly acquired a blank expression on her face, and her voice was once again sing- song as she spoke what could have been a nonsensical phrase: "Honey is horrible if it gets to be hairy."

Honey suddenly twitched, violently, as if struck blows by unseen hands...

...and then she was standing upright, grinning easily as she completed her journey, the sudden 'attack' as consciously forgotten as Pamela's words were to either of them. Instead, they picked up their conversation at exactly the instant before Honey's 'fit', as if none of what had followed had happened.

"So..." Pamela said, smiling, as she helped Honey clean herself up and apply a new layer of scented oil to her smooth flesh. "How do you feel?"

The slender, sexy black woman's full, red lips curved up into a bright smile that extended right up into her startlingly blue eyes - eyes that you'd have to look very closely at indeed to see the faintly glazed look in them.

"Why... I feel comfortable and relaxed." Honey replied, almost as if by rote...

...then the brothel's newest employee wrapped a slender arm around the slender waist of her newest co-worker and friend, who was as **consciously** unaware of the man she'd once been as the sexy black woman was of her own masculine past.

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Receiving a strange VR device in the mail, one man enters into VR world where he becomes the image of a female Japanese Manga only to discover that the changes are all too real.

Special Delivery

By Gunslinger

It was there when David went to get the morning paper.

Still half asleep, half-full mug of coffee in his hand, the broad-shouldered brunet rubbed his free hand over the sandpaper-like stubble on his square jaw. Above his dark brown/green eyes, his thick, sand-colored eyebrows were lowered in mild confusion - more a product of the difference between what his half-awake brain had expected to see, and what it really saw.

Finally, David lay the coffee aside on the little end-table just inside the door of his modest little suburban bungalow. Gripping the edged of his tattered, multi-colored robe tight around his admirably flat stomach, and bent over to pick up the plain-wrapped little package laying atop his morning edition.

Tucking the small package under his arm, he grabbed his paper, then stepped back into the house, nudging the door shut with his foot. No longer concerned with propriety, he let his robe fall open to expose the blue boxers and tattered white undershirt that lay beneath. Grabbing his coffee, he wandered back to the small kitchenette of the post-war home, laying the package aside on the table as he settled himself into one of the chairs.

Pulling a pack of Camels closer to him, he extracted one of the filtered cigarettes, then rotated in his chair and leaned steeply over, bringing the cigarette to life by way of the flame still going under the battered old percolator atop the element. Taking a deep drag on the cigarette, he swiveled back around and chased it down with a slug of strong, bitter coffee, then turned his attention on the unexpected little parcel.

"Well, well, well - what have we here...?" David asked himself, bemused, as he pulled the little package closer to him. Wrapped in plain brown Krati paper, it bore his name on a pre-printed gummed label in the center of the brick-sized package.

There was no return address to be found anywhere on the package.

Grunting sotily to himself, he flipped the package over in his hands a second time, hettiing it slightly, taking in it's fairly light weight. Pausing to wonder who might have sent him a package, he idly ran his fingers through his close-cropped crew cut of light brown hair, his fingers idly tracing the outline of a scar that ran through the short hair like a cleared road through a forest.

"Well, guess there's only one way to find out..." He muttered to thin air, his strong, blunt fingers moving to work at the tape holding **The End** shut with surprising dexterity.

A moment later, the tall, muscular young man had the package opened, and he upended it to allow it's contents to spill out onto the surface of the table. With a single sausage-like finger, he poked through the few items with a surprised look on his face.

There was an odd pair of... 'sunglasses'. They weren't, of course, but that's what they reminded him of - though there were a few crucial differences.

First of all, the lenses were not only thicker than on sunglasses, but apparently completely opaque. Moreover, the folded arms of the glasses didn't end in the normal little 'hooks' of glasses, but smoothly segued into a 'G'-shaped earphone clips, like those on some hands-free headsets. From the back of each arm, a thin wire spooled down to a little black box, roughly the size of a pager - and from that box another wire ran, this one terminating in a standard USB connection.

The only other item in the box was an untitled compact disc.

"Hmmm... 'Curiosier and Curiosier'.." He grunted, peering into the box in the vain hope of finding an instruction booklet, a letter - anything to tell him more about the origin and purpose of the odd little device.

Finding nothing, he finished his cigarette and coffee in a contemplative silence. Finishing the smoke, he flicked the butt into the sink, then gathered up the CD and goggles, then headed out into what was supposed to be the bungalow's living room.

Carefully, he navigated his way around the stacks of obscure programming manuals piled precariously on a chair near the entrance, he briefly surveys the racks, stacks and clusters of home-built computer equipment that filled the room, wondering where to begin.

Though one wall of the room was taken up by a long, cluttered electronics workbench, and he had tons of diagnostic equipment of every sort, the ex-Army tech specialist finally decided that the 'old fashioned' way was best. With the same, strange intellectual excitement he'd first felt when the army had rather grudgingly exposed him to computer equipment, the ex-sergeant headed over to one of his four computers.

Quickly ending the tasks it had been running, David plugged the USB connector into the front port on the computer - and, sure enough, the mostly-windows operating system indicated it had found new hardware, then prompted him for a disk.

Settling in front of the computer, he slipped the CD-ROM into one of the machines four drives, then waited as it hummed and chattered contently to itself.

* * * * *

Amidst the soti sigh of air-conditioning - provided more for the machines than for the dozen or so men and women that manned them

- the soti, collective exhalation of breath created a momentary warm breeze as every single member of the monitoring team simultaneously relaxed.

Standing at the ops board near the Colonel's office, the site supervisor slowly rolled his shoulders, relieving the tension in the knotted muscles, held tense ever since the package had been delivered to the target.

"Hook, line, and sinker..." The supervisor muttered to himself, watching the 'sit board' mounted on the wall, giving the basic information on the situation underway. "I'll be damned - those head-shrinkers were right on the money about the psych profile..."

* * * * *

A moment later, it finished - and a program automatically began to run. A little 'notice' window popped up, instructing him to don the VR goggles now - and with a rising sense of curiosity, he unfolded the arms of the 'sunglasses' and fitted them onto his head, guiding the little earbud speakers into place.

The tiny LCD screens built into the goggles flickered - and then came to life, showing a three-dimensional image with perfect depth.

Standing in the 'middle' of an empty, white room was a non-gender-specific individual. About the quality of a Poser animation, the androgynous figure was dressed in a grey jumpsuit, and had a short mop of dark hair.

"Welcome to FantasyLand." The figure spoke in a voice that was as lacking in gender as its figure. "This system is equipped with proprietary new sensing technology that can read galvanic skin response, as well as eye movement and pupil reaction, allowing for a remarkable new interface system. Simply reach out and tap the 'continue' icon that has just appeared..."

Hesitating in surprise, David looked at the little 'continue' box that had popped up, visually appearing to be just in front of him. Hesitantly, he lifted his hand and reached out to where it would be - and was amazed as the program created non-gender-specific arms for him to move about in the virtual reality of the program.

Despite his looks, David was a prime refutation of the brains/brawn stereotype, as intelligent as he was muscular. He kept up-to-date in the latest computer news - and he'd never heard of anything like this. Somehow, the device was managing to determine what he was doing 'in the real world', and creating reasonably accurate VR representations of the movements. As he reached out to empty air in front of him in real life, the androgynous arm the computer had supplied for him in VR also reached out - and when it intersected the icon, it blinked three times and then vanished.

"Very good." His androgynous guide complimented him. "As you can see, the response meters, tied into small gravimeters and micro-lensed CCD cameras mounted on the lenses, are capable of measuring your movements, and rendering them into a real-time 3-D world."

"This... is impossible..." David muttered to himself, knowing damned well that there should be no way that even his powerful desktop PC should be capable of this type of real-time interface, especially with the demands the not-quite-realistic graphics must be putting on the system...

...but that train of thought was derailed by the androgynous guide:

"No, this is indeed quite possible." The guide said, in what couldn't be - but obviously was - a direct response to David's muttered comment.

"Holy crap!" David gasped. "You - I mean, how...?"

"This VR interface is also equipped with pattern-recognition software for both sounds picked up by the integrated

microphones of the goggles, and for the facial movements made while speaking." The guide said, in that slightly-off monotone it had been using all along. "Additionally, revolutionary new heuristic algorithms allow for a much more life-like interaction than was previously possible. The processes are, of course, proprietary, and will not be revealed."

David's mind spun at the sheer enormity of it all. This device must be worth millions - and yet, for some reason, it had been sent to him...

"Congratulations, sir or madam. You have been randomly selected to test-market the FantasyLand Virtual Reality System..." The guide said, the set-piece delivery of the 'rehearsed' speech making the coincidental timing even less like the 'mind reading' David had been half-ready to believe in. "For copyright protection reasons, this is a one-use unit. Upon removal of the system, the software will be whipped from the system, and key components of electron-state hardware will collapse."

David blinked, wondering what the hell 'electron state' electronics are. "You mean that I'm free to play with this... system... until I have to take a piss, but then I lose it?"

"No. Computer connectivity was only required for initial set-up. The goggles themselves are wireless, and may be disconnected from the slave-unit device to allow unrestricted movement. If you wish, you may do so now, simply by saying 'release connections'.

Understand, it will not be possible to reconnect once this is done, another copyright protection measure specific to the test market units."

David hesitated - then said, firmly: "Release connections."

Aside from two soft, almost inaudible clicks behind his ears, there was no other change in the programming - no degradation of quality or speed.

Unbelievable...

"Please wait..." the guide said. It then flickered, and became as unsubstantial as a ghost - as did the 'room' around it, though the room continued to fade until it was entirely gone, the 'ghost guide' displayed in a mostly transparent overlay atop the real world.

"Please choose an empty space in close vicinity, capable of holding a full-sized human individual." The guide said - and, when David complied, the guide became 'substantial' once more, appearing as if it were standing in the room with him. Indeed, he could now look away from the guide - and when he looked back, it was still there, exactly as if it now had physical form.

"You are now free to move around as you wish." The guide said. "I will remain in close proximity to you until such time as you feel familiar enough with the system as to dispense with my services, which you may do simply by saying 'End Guide Wizard'. Should you need to re-activate my program, simply say 'Begin Guide Wizard'."

David tried the phrases several times each, finding that he could indeed banish and recall the androgynous guide - but never more than one could exist at a given time.

Still barely able to believe that any combination of hardware and software could possibly be so powerful as this, yet unable to refute the evidence of his senses, David shook his head and gave a low whistle of amazement.

"This is... incredible." He said, in open admiration - and then he blinked, and finally thought to ask the obvious: "But what's it do? I mean - is it a game, or what...?"

* * * * *

In the small underground room serving as operations center for the test, one of the two technicians monitoring the telemetry feed coming through a 'back door' in the internet smirked slightly.

Reaching out, the technician lightly tapped the 'elapsed time' indicator, then held a hand out towards the second technician with a smug smile.

"Told you..." The first technician said, in a low voice. "Fifteen minutes, and he buys it completely." With a sigh, the second technician rolled his eyes, and slid a five dollar bill across to his counterpart.

A low, 'coincidental' cough from behind them quickly cut the by-play short, the two technicians studiously turning their attention back to their monitors.

Nodding in satisfaction, their supervisor jotted down a synopsis of the latest readings, then turned and headed towards the glass- enclosed office in the exact center of the room, to give the Colonel the latest update.

* * * * *

"FantasyLand," said the guide, "...is an interactive program to manipulate the 'real world' around you to your liking. Though, of course, somewhat limited in its applicability, you may think of me as your own personal 'Virtual Genie'. Through the use of the visual and aural cues, your immediate surroundings can be altered in nearly any way you desire - and, thanks to powerful, but completely safe, form of bio-feedback autohypnosis, even simulations of the senses of taste, touch and smell are possible."

"Autohypnosis...?" David repeated, doubtfully. "I don't know... are you sure that's safe?"

"Completely and utterly." The guide assured him. "As you know, a person cannot be made to do under hypnosis something they would not do normally - and this isn't even 'behavior modification' hypnosis, in any case. The way it works, the hypnosis convinces

your mind to 'play back' into itself whatever sensations you believe you would be experiencing, based on the visible and audible clues provided by the VR goggles."

"Wow..." David said, amazed anew. "That's... incredible."

"Why don't we begin with something basic?" The guide suggested - and, beside the androgynous figure, a full-length VR

mirror appeared, and David blinked in surprise at the sight of 'his' body - or, rather, the utterly androgynous VR form that was being displayed, nearly identical to that of the guide, with a few differences: 'He' was not only completely naked, but completely hairless as well. Indeed, it was a completely 'undefined' template body, the eyes completely white, and the skin an artificial 'skin' tone, lacking any texture and appearing slightly plastic-like.

"Why don't I look like myself?" David asked, confused.

The answer made him feel somewhat stupid: "Because the program does not know what you look like. There is no camera's looking at you, of course. However, the user 'body' is, of course, definable - simply describe what you wish to look like, and the user body will change to match."

"Well, I'm a lot taller and more muscular, to begin with.." David started to say...

* * * * *

In the control room, the technicians held their breath, waiting to see if the programming had any effect...

* * * * *

"...but I guess I don't have to look like the 'real' me, right?" Dave said, thoughtfully. "I mean - I can make the user body look any way I want, can't I?"

"Of course..." The guide agreed, readily. "Hmmm..." David said, intrigued.

* * * * *

No one breathed. No one spoke. Every member of the monitoring team waited.

Though the target hadn't automatically chosen to look like 'himself', that could have been normal human curiosity. It still remained to be seen whether or not the 'programming' that should have been slipping, unnoticed, into the target's subconscious had been effective - something that would be revealed by the choice he would make next...

* * * * *

Staring at the reflection in the 'mirror', David snorted lightly.

Though the body was supposed to have no gender whatsoever, it didn't strike David that way. Indeed, with no body hair, with it's perfectly smooth crotch, with hips and shoulders neither narrow nor broad, the supposedly androgynous figure representing him actually looked more like some sort of flat-chest tomboy of a girl to David...

He blinked, startled as a strange thought zoomed out of nowhere, flitting across his mind like a meteor across the night sky. It was a strange though, an uncomfortable thought, perhaps even a perverted thought...

...but it was also a highly intriguing thought.

"I... could make myself. female, couldn't I?" David asked, slowly and uncertainly, finding the thought oddly exciting - more exciting,

and less disgusting, then he would have believed, had he considered it before now. He hadn't though, this thought new and completely outside the range of any other thought-process he'd ever had before - but that wasn't really surprising or worrisome, since he'd never had this particular opportunity before, had he?

"Of course." The guide agreed. "Any body is possible in FantasyLand."

David considered the new and surprisingly interesting thought - and found himself slowly grinning in intrigued anticipation.

* * * * *

Leaning into the door of the Colonel's office, the team supervisor smiled and gave a thumb's up: "Bingo, Colonel - not only did he take the thought, but he doesn't even notice how 'out of character' it is for him. He honestly believes that he came up with the thought himself."

Behind the austere desk, the Colonel smiled. "Perfect. The nano-bots are working perfectly "

* * * * *

"Okay, then..." David said, feeling an unexpected anticipatory thrill run through him. "Go ahead - make me female. "

It was. amazing.

Though the mirror showed that the changes made were relatively minor, the sensations that accompanied them were not.

It took little actually change for the androgynous body to become a sort of 'standard female template'. The shoulders drew in but a bare inch, and the hips spread wider by about the same scant amount - but from the inside, the changes felt much more drastic, as if his center of gravity and sense of balance had been radically altered.

If had had simply been that change, he would have stopped it there to find out why it was so - but, of course, all the changes were happening simultaneously, with only his mind's attempt to find some way of tracking the changes providing the sense of separate activities that did not, in fact, exists. Even as his hips and shoulders made their slight alterations, a pair of small breasts were surging out from the ribcage that became marginally more slender, and more so at the bottom end than at the top - yet, from inside, it felt as if he'd lost an amazing amount of mass from the chest - though the sensation of the small, conical 'B'-cup breasts swelling outwards added new mass in a way that was new and, thought strange and guilt-inducing, interesting...

...but even as the other 'small' changes happened, mostly some slimming and lightening of bone structure, he was voicing his concerns over the radically more powerful sensations.

"I think something's wrong..." He said - and was at first surprised to hear it come out in a 'bland' female register, until he realized that he was hearing the computer-altered pitch given his own voice in real-time. "The changes feel... drastic. Is there

something wrong with that bio-feedback thing...?"

"Not at all." The guide replied, immediately. "It is simply a perceptual miscue. Visually, you are seeing an neuter body become female

- while the bio-feedback sensations you are experiencing match that of your real body changing to the one you see in the mirror." "Oh - right..." David said, feeling a bit silly about how he'd nearly panicked over such an obvious thing...

* * * * *

"Sheer brilliance..." The technician breathed in admiration. "Burying his 'real' distaste at what he's subconsciously being forced to do under the disguise of a perceptual miscue. These nano-bots are... amazing."

* * * * *

Reassured- if still feeling a bit guilty over his 'sissy' decision, David took a long, hard look at the woman in the mirror.

It was a computer-generated composite of the 'average woman', one that didn't exist in real life. Of average height and average build, 'her' undistinguished body hosted an equally bland face, neither ugly nor pretty enough to be remarkable in every way. Even the mid- length hair was equally 'average' - a dusty shade that held equal claim to being either blonde or brunette, and matching 'her' muddy eyes in obscurity.

"Well, that's female, I guess..." David said, watching the reflection in the mirror as the nude woman brought her hands up to lightly touch her unremarkable breasts...

...and then David started.

The woman in the mirror was nude. He was not...

...and yet, though he felt the invisible fabric of his T-shirt under his fingers, it also felt as if that fabric were stretched over small, taut little breasts.

"Weird..." David said, too amazed at the miscue to think overlong about the strange and not entirely unpleasant sensation that came from within 'her' new bust from the touch of 'her' hand.

Awkwardly, 'she' fumbled out of his unseen clothing, watching, bemused, as the naked reflection mirrored the actions. Finally naked, 'she' rand 'her' hands over 'her' body again - and was once again astonished by the seeming reality of it all, since neither body hair nor even a penis met the questing touch.

"This is incredible..." She murmured, excited by the incredible potential of such sotiware - and so, less focused on the cause of that excitement, namely the face that she could send fingers skittering hesitantly across what felt like all the world to be the soti lips framing an unmistakable new vagina.

Turning slightly, she watched her reflection mimic the action, swiveling 'average' hips to show off an 'average' butt.

"Not exactly a babe..." He muttered, almost unthinkingly - and then he frowned slightly. "Why the hell would I care how 'pretty' a girl I make...?"

* * * * *

"Uh, sir...?" The technician said, waving to make sure the supervisor was noticing the readings on the sit board. "He's subconsciously fighting the programming..."

The supervisor bit his lower lip. The subject had been chosen for a variety of reasons - not the least of which was the fact that he lacked any natural curiosity as to what it would be like to be a woman. It was very rare indeed - most men who claimed such a thing had, of course, wondered about it - and their 'defense mechanism' for such unmanly thoughts was to deny they'd ever had them.

David, however, quite literally never thought about it. Self-confident to the point of arrogance, self-centered to the point of selfishness, David had always consciously and subconsciously considered himself the very epitome of perfection, and never even wondered what it might be like to be a 'lesser' creature - which was why he made such a wonderful subject, because if this program worked on him, it would work on anybody.

However, it was a double-edge blade - because it also meant that he was a very difficult subject to work with...

...but it wasn't as if they hadn't known that from the very beginning, and prepared for it. "Activate sub-program 3-R-Alpha." The supervisor instructed.

"Yessir." The technician agreed, fingers flying over the keyboard in front of him.

If David was fighting the concept of caring about how attractive a woman he made, then...

* * * * *

"Are you going to wish to record any of this?" The guide asked. Startled, she looked over to where it stood next to the mirror. "Record...?"

"Yes." The guide said. "You are, of course, my first - and only - user, but I have been programmed with a range of 'popular' programs, and this is one of them: The ability to become an 'actress' under your perfect control, so that you can create your own 'movie'. It is, of course, possible to record the data from this fantasy on your computer, and the disk includes the editing software to turn it into a movie."

"Hmmm..." David said, mind working. "That could be... interesting. Yeah - I think I'd like to record..."

"Very well. Shall we start now, or after you have determined how you wish your 'leading lady' to look?" The guide asked.

"Hmmm... I guess we should wait until I decide on a final look - I'd just edit out up until then, anyway, so there's no sense wasting disk-space..." David said, considering his options.

* * * * *

"Perfect..." The supervisor said, smiling. "The movie idea has completely distracted him from his own misgivings. Now, all we have to do is decide what route we want his 'movie' to take, and see if we can slip it past his conscious mind without catching on..."

Thinking for a second, the supervisor decided to 'go for broke'. There was a wide range of possible female archetypes that they could choose to try and force David to pick - but the hardest one to 'sell' was one far away from his own, natural preferences....

...and that's the one he instructed the technician to introduce into the programming.

* * * * *

"Hmmm. " David muttered again. "Well, since I have the ability to create anything at all, I might as well go for something outrageous,

something you wouldn't see in an everyday movie - otherwise, what's the point, right?" "Sounds logical to me." The guide agreed, blandly.

"Okay, then - let's make her um... an Asian - but a ***tall*** Asian. " David said, grinning slightly at the paradox of the thought.

Immediately, she began to see and feel the changes as the program worked to accommodate her request.

Her viewpoint shifted quickly as she shot upward, rising from her 'average' female height - even as her bone structure became even finer, acquiring the oriental delicacy. In the mirror, she could see her skin taking on the rich burnished-copper shade, even as her eyes darkened and acquired the unmistakable folds in the corner, leaving them the tilted almond shape immediately associated with 'slant eyed' Asians.

"Not bad..." David said in a higher-pitched new voice, eyeing the figure in the mirror - over six feet tall, with long, slender lips and tight, smooth curves, but with the unmistakable coloring and facial structure of an oriental woman. "Let's do something else, as well... Hair color. Let's give her... hot pink hair."

Instantly, a wave of hair spilled out of her scalp and down around her shoulders, a shocking shade of nearly fluorescent pink.

"No - not pink..." David said, shaking her head - and bemused to feel that new wealth of hair drag across her slender shoulders. "Let's do... blue. Electric blue - and in a really 'silly' hairstyle..."

Her hair changed shade to an eye-rending color of blue, and formed into a new style - tight across her scalp before being gathered up in a pair of huge white bows, one on each side of her head - and then falling in tight-formed spirals down to her shoulder blades.

David grinned, finding the sheer silliness of the situation - turning herself into an unrealistic vision of a woman - highly amusing. "Okay - what else can we do...?" She wondered, aloud.

"Asian women historically have small busts..." The guide suggested. "Perhaps a large bust, perhaps outlandishly so...?"

David frowned at the thought of extremely large breasts. Breasts, after all, were definably feminine, and 'really' so. Of course, he liked women with breasts that filled his hands, a firm believer in the 'more than a handful is a waste' philosophy of breast size, so that the B-cups on a now even slimmer ribcage were just a tad undersized for perfect...

* * * * *

"He's fighting it..." The technician said, nervously. "Give it time..." The supervisor said.

* * * * *

...so, if she were to bump her breasts up a cup size or two, they'd be 'perfect', and sexy....

...but if she made them really huge, they'd be a parody, a joke.

"Yeah - but not just 'large' - but gigantic. I mean, utterly, unbelievably, ridiculously huge - and firm. With equally huge nipples. "

Instantly, her chest began to surge outwards, the small conical breasts gaining weight and mass as they pushed rapidly out from her slender ribcage. The initial cone shape of her pert breasts rapidly filled out into domes, then spheres, as her breasts shot upwards through the alphabet of cup-sizes at a dead run, quickly leaving 'large' in the dust as they dashed through 'huge' and right into 'ridiculous'.

Seconds later, they stopped growing - and David stared in mild shock at the incredibly huge, unbelievably round breasts that thrust from her chest. They were gigantic, each the size of a beach-ball, yet much, much heavier than inflated vinyl - they weighed a ton, and yet they remained artificially round and firm, the massive masses of breast-flesh trying their level best to pull her slender and now decidedly top-heavy body off-balance.

For a second, she was simply too stunned by the sight of the freakishly huge breasts, each tipped by a massive, improbably pink nipple, to know how to react...

...and then, despite the massive weight threatening to topple her, she laughed in delight.

"Perfect! These things are... ridiculous!" She laughed. "I look like one of those Japanese comic-book women.... what's it called...?" "Hentai and/or Manga, depending." The guide provided.

* * * * *

"Amazing." The supervisor said, shaking his head. "Even though he - uh, she - is bright enough to identify the archetype we're using to test her, she'd be unable to 'hear' the warnings that her brain's trying to scream at her. The nano-bots are blocking

them."

"So far, at least..." The technician pointed out, still nervous. "I mean, the program's not done yet..." "We'll see." The supervisor said, patting the technician on the shoulder. "We'll see..."

* * * * *

"Okay - how do we finish the look...?" She thought aloud.

"May I...?" The guide asked - and David blinked as hands and feet became proportionally smaller, while her legs lengthened - and clothes appeared wrapped around her body:

A pair of white platform shoes.

A short, pleated blue skirt the same color as her improbably hair. A white short-sleeve blouse, with a wide blue collar.

In other words, the classic 'sailor suit', the Japanese equivalent of a school-girl outfit.

She stared at the reflection for what seemed like forever, trying to wrap her mind around the image she presented...

* * * * *

"Come on, come on..." The supervisor urged under his breath, as in the subject's house, the 'clothing team' for this scenario hurried to dress the subject in the correct outfit.

It wasn't easy, even with the nano-bots making the subject unconsciously assist, while blocking out the real sensations and actions being performed. Part of it was the wooden movements of the subject, the nearly mechanical way of moving that the nano-bots invariably imparted while completely controlling a subject's body, one of the reasons why the 'host mind' had to be 'reprogrammed' into operating the body, rather than just having the nano-bot's control it.

Part of the difficulty was the fact that the body hadn't quite caught up with the clothes yet. Though things happened quickly in the subject's mind, the physical part took a little longer as the millions of tiny robots rebuilt the body from within - but it was happening quickly enough that the body was quite visibly transforming even as it was dressed, which was part of the problem.

The glasses were, of course, removed at this stage - being nothing more than a delivery system for the nano-bots. All the 'VR' was going on directly in the subject's brain, and the prop was no longer necessary.

Finally, the team reported that the subject was dressed - and almost finished matching the VR body in the real world.

* * * * *

"It's perfect!" She declared, grinning at the ludicrous image she presented - a manga woman brought to life. "If I may suggest a name for her?" The guide said. "How about... Lei Mee Soon?"

"Yeah - that's great!" She said, repeating it to try it on for size: "Lay Me Soon. I love it!"

"The program is also capable of creating complete 'worlds' for the user to play in - without having to move." The guide said to her. "If you will return to your chair..."

Lei Mee did so - and then, a second later, stood back up on the guide's command - only to be amazed when the guide informed her that she was still sitting in the chair, and would remain there throughout, with the VR creating the incredibly life-like illusion that she was actually moving about.

"It is easy enough to verify this." The guide said. "Simply go to the window and look outside..."

Lei Mee did so. Apparently balancing atop the seven-inch heels with ease as she took tiny little 'sissy steps', she followed her massive, hyper-sensitive new bust to the window, amazed at how real the sway and bounce of her gigantic new tits felt - and then she looked outside, and forgot to be mildly discomfited by the emphatically feminine sensations the bio-feedback was generating as she stared out at a cityscape directly out of 'Japanimation'.

It was a night-time city, futuristic and incredibly lit by neon signs and bright-lit advertising. Manga-ish Japanese thronged the busy streets as futuristic cars sped down the roadways.

"Incredible." She breathed. "I.. I could go out there? Walk around? Interact with the 'people'?" "Of course." The guide said.

She hesitated, biting her bee-stung, hot-pink lower lip as she considered, the thought of going out in public like this bothering her...

...but it was all fantasy, right? None of it was real... "Okay..." She said in her high-pitched, accented new voice.

With that silly little sissy stride, she wiggled and jiggled and giggled her way towards the front door, and stepped out into the world...

* * * * *

Silence filled the ops center, all eyes fixed on the two big monitors on the wall.

The one on the right showed what her eyes were really seeing - a simple suburban street on a weekday morning. The one on the left, the futuristic city that the nano-bots were giving her to experience.

Completely unaware of the 'real world' around her, the new woman headed down her walkway, the real and the superimposed worlds moving in sync.

"Okay, people - we're into the final phase." The Colonel announced, stepping out of the glass-enclosed office in the center. "The real- world field test - the most important part of the project. So - where's the target?"

"A bar on Fifth and Hale." The target-tracking team leader announced. "Waiting for his contact to show."

The Colonel nodded. They'd been tracking the defense-industry employee for months, knowing he was selling secrets to

the Chinese, because he had a weakness for oriental women and considered his female handler a 'hottie'...

...and this particular target, one of the eight they had lined up for the field test, depending on which scenario they'd gone with, was a big fan of manga...

* * * * *

So caught up in the surrounding and the sensations she was experiencing, Lei Mee didn't even notice where her feet automatically seemed to carry here.

She was too busy enjoying the incredibly reality of the VR world. The air moving over her long, smooth legs. The swivel-sway of her hips, and the way it caused the skirt to flip pertly back and forth over her taut little ass. The way the fabric strained over her enormous tits, creating a wonderful tension on her huge, engorged, and unbelievably sensitive nipples.

It all felt so... real! So much so, it might have been disturbing - if not for the fact that the equally realistic, yet unreal, environment she was wandering through proved it was all just a 'fantasy' Atier all, though a tiny fraction of the thronging crowd she slipped through turned to gape at her, their Asian faces plastered with a stunned expression, the majority of the crowd seemed to ignore her, as if her impossible, ridiculous body was an everyday sight.

One of the 'gapers' made her giggle - a short, rotund man, he was a spitting-image doppelganger for one of her buddies, only 'Orientified'. Even the choice of clothes and the body language was nearly a dead-on match for Billy - but, of course, Billy wasn't Asian. It was simply a coincidence that one of the thousands of randomly-created computer-generated characters looked like a friend of hers/David's - which was why she was able to give this 'doppelganger' a huge, brainless smile and a half-bow that showed an amazing canyon of improbable cleavage, something that she'd probably rather have died then willingly do if it had been real.

In any case, she wandered through the unreally real cityscape of the manga world without a destination - and was bemused to find out that she'd ended up in a futuristic bar, thronged full of Asian salarymen drinking an odd assortment of beverages.

Though she considered leaving, something inside her made her stay, and she headed over to the sole open seat - a booth, already holding a thin man who was openly gaping at her.

"Lei Mee Soon." She said in way of introduction, loving the way the computer-generated character reacted to the name. "Mind if I join you...?"

"Oh, sure, uh, Miss Soon..." The man stammered. "I'm..."

Lei Mee blinked. For a second, it was almost as if she'd heard two names, one Oriental and one American...

...but, of course, it was just a trick of her mind, as her ear had heard the Japanese name and had immediately connected it to the common American one.

"Well, hello, Jai-Sen." She said, sweetly...

...and, for a moment, nearly panicked when thoughts of ripping her clothes off and begging this man to fuck her brains out swept through her mind, overlaid with equally strong thoughts of ripping his clothes off, and sucking his cock dry.

The panic receded at the realization that it was all part of the program, of course. After all, she was in a manga-world now, and characters in manga were forever having sex at the drop of a hat. Both the rampant, nearly desperate sexual thoughts she was having and the nearly painful sexual arousal that had swept over her were both completely keeping in character - and while she might have been disgusted or horrified by any of this in real life, it was perfectly right and natural to feel this way in VR...

...and perfectly right and natural for her to act on her characters 'motivations'.

"I see you're staring at my wonderfully huge tits." She remarked, casually. "Would you like to go somewhere private and fondle and suck them?"

Jai-Sen gaped at her. "I, uh.. I'm.. supposed to be waiting for somebody..."

Interesting - she would have thought the program would skip from the invitation to the next 'scene' - but apparently it was one, long, continuous take with even details like token protests, so that she had plenty of choices about how to edit the final move.

"I'd really love it if we could go somewhere so that we could strip naked and have sex." She said, letting the 'raging hormones' and 'desperate needs' of her character reduce her to near-begging for sexual release. She could have fought those needs, of course, at least for a while - but in VR, why bother...?

"Okay..." Jay-Sen squeaked.

It didn't take long before they were in a hotel room - especially since Jay-Sen hurried them right along when she began casually disrobing in the middle of the lobby, and was completely naked by the time they stepped into the elevator, except for her heels...

Even as the doors to the elevators had closed, she'd pressed her tall body hard against him and kissed him long and hard and deep, amazed by how VR could make it feel as if there was really another person kissing her back.

It had felt even better when she'd begged him to fondle and squeeze her massive tits, and he complied. It was a damned good thing it was a one-use VR, she'd thought with a giggle - it had felt so wonderful, that she might have been tempted to become some sort of sick pervert who 'became female' on a regular basis, if it were available to her full-time.

As amazingly realistic as that had felt though, it had nothing on what sex itself felt like. Playing her role as a nymphomaniac to the hilt, she'd torn Jay-Sen's clothes off even as the door to the room was still swinging shut behind them, letting her 'super-horny' mind prompt her to eagerly run her hands all over his golden little body while begging him to fuck her hard 'like the horny little slut she was'.

Of course, he was programmed to obey...

"I'm so horny..." She cried, as she lay back on the bed, legs spreading. "I need to be fucked all the time. I need cum pumped into me, day and night, in my cunt and in my mouth and in my ass. I can't help myself, Jay-Sen - I need it so bad. I'm nothing but a cum-slut, and I live only to fuck and suck, and to let men enjoy my body any way they like. Please fuck me, Jay-Sen. Fuck me! Oh, god - fuck me!"

The last wasn't a command, but a stunned expression of amazement at the intense, incredible sensation of being penetrated by a hard, throbbing cock. It was all 'fake', of course - but it felt real, and wonderful, and she was glad that it was really a form of masturbation, because it would have been disgusting and horrifying to find herself ever being this desperately needy for anything from anybody, in real life.

It got even more intense as the computer-generated character gave a convincing performance of a man fucking a huge-breasted woman hard and deep. As she rocked and writhed on the bed, her own hands endlessly fondling and squeezing her ridiculously oversized tits, she screamed and gasped in intense pleasure at being fucked, glad that there was no way that anybody would ever know about the perverted little scenario she was playing out. Even as she was pounded into hard and fast, she knew that she'd never do this ever again, no matter how long she stayed in VR - the pure, uncontrollable need she was feeling was just too disturbing. What she'd felt before having sex, the 'nymphomaniac prompting' had been one thing, and even this was fun, as a one-time-thing - but, having experienced the pleasure, she knew that the character's 'nymphomania' would literally be overwhelming if she let it continue...

...but of course, none of this was real.

Not even the mind-blowing orgasm that leti her shuddering and quivering on the bed, already desperately craving more sex - lots more sex, in every shape and form...

...but before she could end the program to escape the disturbingly powerful character-motivation 'subroutines', she was surprised by a twist in the program as Jay-sen gasped - and his body began to writhe.

"What's.. happening.. to.. me...?" Jay-Sen gasped out, as his body hair fell out and his chest began to bulge. His cock was sotiening, as any man's was wont to do atier a hard round of fucking - but it was getting much smaller, much faster, then it had any right to do. "Holy shit! I.. I'm turning into... a woman!"

Interesting... and weird. It must be part of the program - and, besides, Manga was full of weird things that didn't seem to make sense unless you were Japanese. With a shrug, Lei Mee ignored Jay-Sen as he - she - screamed and fled the room.

"Begin Guide Wizard." Lei Mee said. Nothing happened.

"End program..." She tried next.

Still nothing.

Hmmm... The commands must only work in the graphical representation of 'home', where she'd leti the guide running. She already knew that you couldn't have two running, and she hadn't thought to shut him down...

Shrugging, she pulled on Jay-Sen's discarded clothing, the pants only coming down to mid-calf and fitting her hips and ass too tightly to do up the zipper - and the shirt had to be tied over her massive tits, barely covering the nipples. Still, it was - barely - street-legal. Not that it mattered, of course, since this was VR - she just felt better walking home 'clothed'.

Eager to end the program, despite how much fun it had been, Lei Mee headed out of the hotel room...

* * * * *

"Okay - we can shut everything down..." The Colonel said, with great satisfaction.

The test was an unqualified success. They could take any useless, expendable person, and turn them into the ultimate 'smart weapon': An enemy's sexual fantasy, and a delivery system for a nano-virus.

They didn't need to monitor anything else that came after. Who cared what happened to the expendable person? - especially a worthless ex-sergeant who'd sexually molested his female commanding officer and been booted out of the Army for it...?

...and even more especially, after the Army had given that very commander the chance to get even.

Colonel Anne Siddows smiled at the thought, and wondered how much - or little - 'Lei Mee' was enjoying the new, nymphomaniac body she was stuck with for the rest of her life...

* * * * *

"End program...?" Lei Mee tried, sobbing, as her hand frantically worked at her crotch, and she desperately tried to force the mental images of herself sucking a nice, big, tasty cock out of her mind. "Start Guide Wizard! Emergency shut down! Oh, god, I... I'm so horny... Oh, please, somebody... help me..."

Nobody did.

Two hours later, driven by desperate needs she quite simply couldn't control, she went out into the 'crowded city' and made a different plea: "Oh, please - somebody fuck me...!"

This time, she got plenty of volunteers...

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: Atier he learns that his girlfriend is a witch, he goes on a shopping trip to prepare for his transformation into a full fledged girl.

Spicy

By Gunslinger

Okay, look - I'm not a stupid man. I knew damned well that I wasn't the focus of every eye in the store, and I knew that there wasn't a poorly hidden smirk on every face.

Nevertheless, that's how it *felt*, as I walked over to the women's clothing section of the Goodwill store.

I'm sure that at least some of the women also browsing in the 'wide selection' of second-hand and generally out-of-fashion clothing were, indeed, giving me funny looks - but the truth of the matter was that most of the Goodwill patrons couldn't have cared less about the unremarkable, dark-haired man in their midst. They had their own concerns and their own problems, and they were probably thinking more about whatever limited budget they had to spend on the slightly shabby (but serviceable) second-hand clothing than they were on Mama Piesztolokowski's boy Peter.

Oh - that's me, by the way. 'Pistol Pete' - at least to a few friends who chose that way to handle my ungainly last name, rather than less flattering monikers drawn out of it. At twenty-eight, I was past the worst of name-mangling hells, namely high-school and college, where being Polish was a fine source of entertainment for a certain segment of the campus population.

Trust me, I've heard every Polish joke ever invented. Oh, not that I'm giving you some sort of 'sob story'. Atier all, a good many were actually funny, told by friends and acquaintances with no malice intended.

(Like: A Polish guy goes in for an eye exam. The doc points at the eye chart at the wall, asks if he can read it. The Polish guys says; "Read it? Hell, doc - I know half them guys!" Ba-dum-bum.)

Anyway - like I was saying, despite what my intellect was telling me, my emotions were letting me know I should feel embarrassed, self-conscious, and even a little humiliated, and so I was - but I was also feeling pretty damned excited, not to mention a little aroused, to be perusing the store for some women's clothing.

Oh, I can guess what you might be thinking, and you'd be about half right, and half wrong. Not that I'd be surprised. Atier all, you look at me, you see a rather bland looking guy, neither too handsome nor too ugly, of average height and build, and you'd think I'm living an average life.

Truth is - I'm the luckiest guy in the world. You see, my girlfriend's a witch.

Whoa - check the spelling on that boys, and make sure you get it right. Atier all, Fiona is the sweetest, friendliest, most accommodating woman you can imagine, and I know that I don't really deserve such a gal, so I thank the stars - and her - every single day. No, she's a great gal - who happens to have access to some incredible powers.

Now, I said I'm not stupid - and I guess, right about here, I'd better add that I'm not crazy, either. I know how hard it must be to believe me on this, but I'm telling you God's honest truth: Fiona is a witch.

Which is why I'm standing here, blushing yet excited, holding a pair of leopard-print spandex pants and wondering if I should buy them. My heart's going about a mile a minute, I'm fingering the spandex and wondering what it would feel like to wear it, and I'm imagining they type of firm, round ass and long legs that would great/sexy/slutty in these pants - and wondering if I'm going to end up with an ass like that.

Confused? Good - then you know what I first felt like when Fiona first sat down and told me that she was also Debbie, Kandi and Lucy, not to mention about a half-dozen other sexy babes I had still been stunned to have had one-night-stands with over the previous month or so.

Note: No matter how embarrassing it might be for a basically 'normal', heterosexual man to look through women's clothing in public, it doesn't even begin to compare with the burning blush of discomfort that comes from placing an item in the shopping cart and pushing it around, declaring to whoever cares to look (and it *feels* like every damned person on the planet is watching) that you're at least seriously considering buying those stretchy leopard pants and that tiger-stripe stretch-velour bustier top. Not to mention this here black 'let's-all-just-pretend-it's-leather' miniskirt, the one that would show of a nice, long pair of well-toned legs, if I get them.

I'll be honest: The whole 'humiliation' think is part of the package deal for tonight's entertainment, precisely because it makes my heart pound and my face flush, and adds plenty of spice to the excitement I'm feeling.

Which sort of explains why you - the unseen audience - is reading what I'm going through right now.

That's the 'why'. The 'how' has to do with Fiona again. I'm sure you know that you can get programs that let you just talk into the computer microphone, and it'll type it out on the screen for you. Well, thanks to Fiona's powers, I got something a hell of a lot better than a speech-to-text program on my computer at home: I've got a thought-to-text program.

Oh, not just any old thought, not even stream-of-consciousness. No, this is more like a 'talking to myself' program, only silently instead of out-loud. Still, whatever I think shows up on my computer at home - and, before the evening's out, it's going to end up posted somewhere out there on the great World Wide Web for you to read.

Now, I bet you're thinking to yourself that I'm sort of freak or pervert or sicko - especially since, at this very moment, I am actually arguing with a female shopper over a pair of somewhat scuffed high-heel shoes 'for my girlfriend', since they obviously wouldn't fit my size-nine (and a half) feet.

Well, you'd be wrong.

As I was mentioning earlier, I 'first' met Fiona at a coffee-shop... where she was explaining that we'd met a couple of dozen times before, only I hadn't known it because she'd been wearing different bodies.

Now, also as I said, I was confused and doubtful, even as she gave me this explanation about how, between coming off a bad relationship and feeling annoyed at having to hide her powers, she'd decided to do this series of 'flings', safe from any chance of a stalker or clinger or any attachments because the woman she'd be each time would disappear forever afterwards.

Still, that didn't make her completely 'safe'. Sure, she had more means than most women to defend herself from slime, rapists and the like - but she'd decided to go for the 'nice guy' type to make it easier on herself.

Enter yours truly.

As she tells it, it was the fact that I'm a nice guy that kept the various versions of her coming back to me for these 'one night stands'. Oh, not that she didn't play the field, especially at first - but, (again, according to her), that only served to emphasize how 'unusually' kind and thoughtful a guy I was, which was how she ended up coming back almost exclusively to me and, in **The End**, revealing her true self to me so she could explain how she'd fallen madly in love with me, even though I hadn't known I'd ever met her.

Ha!

Sorry - I just won that argument over the shoes. Now, I just need to find something that will go with them...

Anyway: I, personally, thought Fiona was nuts, and was trying to find a diplomatic way of telling her so - when she became Linda, the girl I'd been out with the night before.

Oh, not entirely: Just her face, and just for a few seconds, long enough for me to see. Atier all, we were out in public, and she didn't want to draw too much attention to herself. Still, it was enough to buy her a suspension of disbelief long enough to get back to my place, where she put on a much more thorough (and utterly convincing) series of full-body changes through the girls I'd been until- then inexplicably lucky with.

All of which brings me back to my earlier statement: I'm the luckiest man on earth.

For whatever reason, I'm loved (and, yes, in love with) a woman who can look like whoever she pleases. Though I spend more time with 'Fiona' than any other single alter-ego of hers, I've still spent many a night having sex with 'other women'. I've gotten blow-jobs from 'Marilyn Monroe' and I've gone missionary with Miss America. I've licked Lucy Lui and ridden Winona Ryder.

Oh, don't get me wrong. This isn't a one-woman show. With her powers, I've been Arnold-as-Conan doing Fiona-as-Brigitte-as-Red Sonya. We've been Bonnie and Clyde, Romeo and Juliet, Charles and Di...

...and, yes, Ellen and Anne.

What? You don't think, given the chance, you'd try some lesbian loving? Then you're either a liar or a fool, and I don't know which one deserves the more pity.

Still and all, when you have a girlfriend who can be any woman she (or you) want, and she can make you look like any man you (or she) wants, you have to get a little more... imaginative to 'spice up' your three-year-long relationship.

Which brings me back to the reason why I'm standing at the check-out, blushing furiously as the cashier, with a smirk and a raised eyebrow, rings through my cartful of undeniably feminine clothing - and guiltily enjoying every second of it.

You see, tonight is a whole series of firsts for me. Well, more honestly, it's a series of firsts for **Fiona** - using me.

As I said, I'm finding this exciting, if more then just a bit uncomfortable - but I'm really doing this for Fiona, who came up with the idea, and who is really excited about the whole thing.

I've been female before, several times - but always at home, and always for some lesbian fun.

Tonight, for the first time, I'm going to go out in public as a female. For the first time, Fiona is going to try out being male...

...and, just maybe, for the first time since meeting Fiona, I might actually be having sex with somebody other then her, regardless of which body she might be in.

I guess I'd better explain that, huh?

See, Fiona is quite happy as a woman. As you might have guessed, she's certainly not sexually repressed, and she enjoys being female, and having sex as a woman, and, honestly, she can't imagine enjoying sex more as a man then as a woman, though it's something she has nothing against trying, either. It's really the fact that I haven't pushed her to give that particular mix a go that means we haven't done that yet.

So, it's not the thought of her-as-a-man having sex with me-as-a-woman that makes tonight's 'game' so exciting to her, though she's not sneering at the thought.

No, it's the whole 'uncertainty' of tonight, one of the reasons I'm 'thinking' this for her to read, later.

You see, not only don't I know what I'm going to like as a woman - I don't know what she's going to look like as a man. I know that she-as-a-he is going to be at a popular 'meat market' nightclub later tonight - hidden among a bunch of real, full-time, on-the-prowl men.

Knowing what I'm going to look like, Fiona is going to hit on me - but so will some of those 'real' men at the bar. I'm going to go home with whichever man I **think** Fiona has become...

...but I won't **know** until tomorrow morning.

This is what's so exciting to Fiona - and what's the most unnerving to me, which only makes it more fun for her and, I admit, more 'guilty/fun' for me, despite the roiling stomach and shaking fingers.

Hopping into my car and heading off towards the motel room I rented for the night, I glance at the watch on my wrist and find I'm a little bit ahead of schedule - which is damned good. My watch and Fiona's were very carefully synchronized so that I can be in my room and naked before the changes start, so that I won't suddenly turn female in public - and wearing clothes

ill-suited for the body I'll be ending up with, to boot.

The hotel is pretty up-scale, all things considered. Honestly, I couldn't afford tonight on my own budget. I mean, there's the hotel room, the wide selection of 'temporary' clothing that would serve whatever unknown female body I end up with until I finalize my ensemble at Phanta-SEE!, the 'Store for Adults at Play' that is, at this very moment, sliding off to the left as I near the motel, chosen for its location in relation to both the adult store and the nightclub.

Yes, I'm scared nearly shitless as the minutes tick away towards my night as a woman, a woman who is going to go out and pick up a complete stranger and have sex with him - and I'm also incredibly excited, and if you can't understand why, then I feel sorry for you.

Reaching the motel, I pull up to the door of the unit I've rented. First I haul in the three big bags worth of second-hand clothes I've just spent nearly two-hundred dollars on - and then, with a nervous glance at my watch, I hurry and haul in the three boxes from the trunk.

The boxes contain full-length free-standing mirrors I bought at Wal-Mart, and I'm grateful of the fact that they're 'easy assemble' as I put them together, socketing the pieces of brass-plated frame together before mounting the mirror itself onto the frame with the ornate butterfly-nut style connectors.

In ten minutes, I've got all three mirrors set up, the first directly at the foot of the queen-sized bed, the other two flanking it on about thirty-degree angles, making a make-shift three-way mirror.

Another glance at my watch, and I nervously make sure that the door is locked before I strip out of my clothes and sit on the edge of the foot of the bed, looking at my naked body in the three mirrors.

So, here I am, looking at my average body, waiting for the moment when it's going to become something completely different.

Hanging between my hairy, somewhat too-pale thighs is Mr. Happy, and he doesn't seem to know he's about to go on hiatus. In fact, thinking about what's going to happen, I'm remembering the times Fiona, in whatever form, has used her skilled mouth and hands and, on two occasions, a dildo, on my temporary womanhood, and wondering what it's going to feel like with a real, warm, living cock in me.

Not realizing he's being insulted, Mr. Happy - who, in addition to being a cunt, has also been just about every size you can imagine at one point or another - is slowly going hard as I remember what it felt like to be eaten out and/or penetrated and guiltily looking forward to doing it 'for real'. I'm getting an erection...

...and then the watch I've laid on the dresser 'bleeps', and it's time for Mr. Happy to become Miss Happy, if you know what I mean.

Oh: Perhaps I should have mentioned that, besides being sweet, fun-loving, and anything **but** sexually repressed, my beloved Fiona also has a wicked sense of humor coupled with an impeccable sense of showmanship.

Which explains why, instead of a 'over in a minute', all-at-once transformation that was the fastest and most 'efficient' way she could use her magic, Fiona drew this one out, leaving me in suspense over the final look even during the process of achieving it.

That's my girl...

Which explained why the first thing to change wasn't anything major, obvious, or expected:

It was my pubic hair.

In fact, it took me a second to realize what was changing. Atier all, Fiona could decide just how much sensation accompanied the change, and in this case she was just keeping down to the reported physical sensation of the altered body parts, all of which meant there wasn't a hell of a lot of physical sensation with this first change.

So, the change there was almost complete before my roving eyes settled on Mr. Happy...

...or, rather, on the patch of pubic hair in which my semi-erect penis was nestled.

The standard, unruly mass of coarse dark mass of kinky hair - which had formed itself into a neatly-clipped, slightly curly mass of finer, dark hair formed into a heart-shaped patch.

Cute, real cute. Fiona was in fine form tonight.

Now knowing that Fiona was playing it cute, I paid more careful attention - which was the only reason I caught the sensationless transformation as my dark eyes slowly changed, staying dark brown but becoming a bit larger and somewhat more almond-shape, with longer lashes.

Now, as I've mentioned, I've been female before, so it wasn't actually the fact that I was becoming female that caused the guilty excitement that was growing stronger by the second, though it was definitely a contributing factor. No, it was the knowledge of what I was going to be doing with the feminine form that I was oh-so-slowly, oh-so-teasingly acquiring that made this long, slow, step-by- step transformation so shamefully fun.

Next, there was a mild itching sensation as my body hair was 'pulled back' into my pores, and I waited for the finer feminine body hair to 'extrude' back out - but it didn't.

I blinked, more then a little surprised. Sure, the other times I'd been female Fiona had saved me the trouble of having to shave my legs and armpits, but I'd always ended up with your standard amount of feminine body hair, but this time every inch of my skin remained perfectly smooth, something unusual enough to raise my eyebrows...

...which were in the process of changing as well. They were becoming higher, thinner, and arched.

In fact - almost too much so. They looked very carefully plucked and shaped and sculpted, so narrow as to be nearly invisible despite their fairly dark coloration, and very curved with a high arch.

The next thing that happened was my fingernails - fingernails that grew longer and less ragged, until my average,

every-day male fingers sported a set of anything-but-average nails, each one oval-tipped and a good two inches long.

I was still looking at the out-of-place nails tipping each finger when I felt a growing sensitivity on my chest that indicated I was growing breasts - mainly because I'd felt that sensation before and could recognize what it meant when I became more sharply aware of the cool air on my nipples than I'd been before.

Usually, this was accompanied by an increased sense of motion and weight on my chest - but this time it was more of a faint tightness, because the flesh rose out into barely post-pubescent breasts that were little more than small, conical mounds beneath my enlarged, more sensitive, and now full-engorged nipples, which rode atop fuller, more rounded areola that were closer to a dusky pink than the brownish shade of my 'real' nipples.

I was more than a bit surprised. I'd had a few different sized breasts before, but these were by far the smallest, barely enough to fill out an 'A'-cup bra - which, for the uninitiated among you, means that, not counting the fair-sized erect nipples, the highest point of these small mounds stood less than a full inch out from my ribcage.

Now, I'll be completely honest - before meeting Fiona, I'd never have believed that I might find myself more than just a bit upset to find 'my tits' so small - but, well, I was.

Oh - I was feeling somewhat *ashamed* to be ashamed of my tiny tits, (which was a weird feeling indeed, shameful shame!), but I was still somewhat miffed to be so under-endowed.

However, my somewhat discontented gaze was pulled away from my undersized endowments as the changes continued, moving at a somewhat accelerated pace.

It was mostly 'accelerated' because it was symmetrical, laterally and structurally: Namely, the next changes happened simultaneously in my hands and feet, the extremities becoming finer-boned and slimmer, more noticeably feminine...

...after which the changes moved on to ankles and wrists, and thence onto the arms and legs that they were connected to.

My eyes were flicking back and forth between arms and legs, watching as the basic bone structure became lighter in nature, even as the flesh that covered them became softer and smoother, with the intervening layers of muscle and fat reshaping themselves into more feminine, eye-pleasing configurations.

They were... nice. I don't know how 'real' women weight the difference between arms and legs, but I can tell you that, as a man, I had more of an... aesthetic interest in the legs. The arms looked feminine, not too pudgy or too thin, and that was that, as far as I was concerned. The legs, however, I paid more attention to. They were... nice. Not fantastic, but certainly on the good side of 'okay', fairly shapely with nice calves and firm thighs - between which Mr. Happy looked decidedly out of place.

He looked even more out of place as my hips began to widen, even as my shoulders began to narrow. By now, despite Mr. Happy and my barely-altered face, I was getting a definitely feminine over-all look, and the shrinking shoulders and expanding hips and ass were definitely adding to that feminine impression.

The shoulders finished shrinking in, becoming nicely toned, like the arms and legs - more nicely toned, in fact, than my

male body, since having a girlfriend who could instantly give you the body of The Hulk was kind of a killer on any motivation to work out.

My hips and ass, though, seemed in no hurry to stop what they were doing. With a sardonic expression on my face, I watched as my figure became pear-shaped, with these wide, rounded hips...

...and an ass that I had to shimmy and shiti on the bed to 'make room' for, as the base of my back-bone curved outwards to accommodate these huge, round ass-cheeks I was suddenly sporting.

Don't get me wrong. I wasn't 'fat assed' - no, this ass was firm and taut, just overstated, like my 'baby-bearing' hips.

I was beginning to wonder what Fiona had in mind, my guilty excitement dampened by an uncertainty at the hip/assed heavy figure given me despite the over-all toned nature of the changing body I was inhabiting, when my face began to change.

My chin and nose began to shrink in on themselves as my cheeks rose higher and pushed outwards, becoming better defined and giving my face a triangular cast - but, though feminine, it was still somewhat heavy-featured, blandly cute at best...

...except for these full, pouting, bee-stung lips that seemed as overstated on my new face as the hips and outthrust bubble-butt ass did on my figure.

As my hair began billowing out from my skull, (an odd sensation if there ever was one!), I wondered what Fiona was thinking with this out-of-proportion, slightly mannish-faced woman I was becoming as the thick, curly hair spilling down my shoulders became a bright, coppery-brick shade of 'red' that would have seemed doubly improbable given it's nearly monotone rich redness and the color of my pubic hair - if not for the dark roots Fiona had 'thoughtfully' provided to prove that the deep red was a dye-job.

Then it was time for Mr. Happy to go bye-bye. If having your hair suddenly grow was a weird sensation, you can figure how it felt to have your cock shrink down to a tiny, sensitive nub while your balls slurped themselves up into your body to make room for a tight, moist slit.

Well, you're going to have to try and imagine how it felt, because I've never managed to find quite the right words to describe the sensation, and I've given it some serious thought.

Anyway, here I was, now fully female - and I couldn't figure out what Fiona was thinking. I mean, I looked... weird. My lips, hips and ass were all out-of-proportion, by face feminine but to heavy-featured to be considered pretty, and these tiny little tits barely visible below my domed areola and cool-air-engorged nipples.

I realized that the confusion and uncertainty were exactly what Fiona had intended - because it all became clear when my skin-tone began to deepen to a sort of rich coppery-bronze.

The shape of my body, so out-of-proportion for a Caucasian, became 'merely' emphatic for the dusky-skinned Latina I ended up as. Then, suddenly, I began to shrink - as my chest began to bulge outwards.

No - **balloon** outwards.

I gasped - and, I admit, cursed at Fiona in surprise as my tits suddenly swelled as the rest of me shrunk down.

A scant few seconds later, I was struggling not to fall off the edge of the bed, the rapid increase in my bust-size along with the sudden decrease in the rest of my mass happening too fast for me to compensate.

I'm talking about a hell of a lot of weight - because, in a wonderful bit of irony that I'm damned sure that Fiona had planned, the 'tiny' tits I'd been so upset about rapidly shot upwards through the alphabet of cup-sizes until I'd gone from 'somewhat' under-endowed to massively over-endowed.

These suckers were **huge!**

They were each as big and round and firm as volleyballs - this on a now-tiny frame but a scant inch or two above five feet, if that. Huge, round, unrealistically firm tits - with the small nipples that looked just the right size on such 'obviously' over-pumped silicone tits.

They also weighed a ton. I could feel the muscles in the small of my slim new back as I forced myself back upright, these huge boobs hanging heavily on my slim ribcage.

I looked at the woman in the mirror - and shook my head. Rosie Perez' slutty sister.

That was the first thing that popped into my head, though there wasn't really all that much of a resemblance. In fact, I wasn't nearly as 'cute' as Rosie was - though I could certainly look 'sexy', if I went to the trouble.

The thing was - between the huge, obviously 'fake' tits and the make-up I'd have to apply to look sexy, it would be **obvious** that I was trying to look sexy.

I would look like I was... advertising.

As I said, my Fiona has a wicked sense of humor.

Man - are these tits **heavy**. Just getting up off the bed to take in 'the whole package' requires some pre-planning to account for the weight and inertia of these monster tits.

Intellectually, I can appreciate the fact that the over-developed hips and ass actually helped counterbalance those monster tits - but that didn't change what I saw when I looked in the mirrors.

Between my pneumatically over-emphasized boobs and butt and the fact that the rest of my new form was barely 'nice' to the point of blandness, I knew what men would see when they looked at me: A walking, talking, **jiggling** personification of the phrase 'Tits and Ass'.

Part of me was utterly mortified by the cheep, sleazy, huge-breasted woman looking back at me, to the point that I was considering calling this whole thing off rather than have to face the world in this over-emphasized body.

Considered - and rejected.

Partially because I wanted to please Fiona, who had done so much to make me happy...

...and partially because I was just so plain excited by the idea of doing this. Guiltily excited, queasily excited, shamefully excited - but excited nonetheless.

Okay, you snickering hypothetically reader, what's so funny/disgusting/perverted by being excited by this? Haven't you ever done something 'forbidden', but basically harmless? Stolen some booze from the family liquor cabinet? Snuck a cigarette out of your mom's purse when you were fifteen? Done anything like this that gave you that excited/scared 'I can't believe I'm doing this/ I can't believe I'm getting away with this' sensation that made your heart pound and your pulse race?

If you have, then you know why I'm not backing out... and if you haven't then you can just slink back into the safe, sterile padded room you call home and go back to watching paint dry, or whatever it is you do for 'fun'.

Hesitantly, still throwing a few good-natured mental curses in Fiona's direction, I reached up and cupped my hands under the lowest curve of the massive boobs that dwarfed them, the muscles in my toned, copper arms having to tighten considerably before achieving enough power to heft these meaty, massive mammary masses.

I'd never, ever touched any pair of tits so huge. I'd half expected my hands to disappear into the jiggling, heavy masses of tit-flesh, but they were simultaneously so soft and so firm that the tension of the taut skin meant that my hands made only a little indent into the smooth flesh as I strained to lift those smooth, sensitive boobs.

These monsters had to stand a good eight inches out from my ribcage - which, given their artificially round shape meant that they also stretched the same amount from top to bottom and from the point where each breast was hard-pressed together in a display of taut cleavage to the outer edge of each huge breast, visible even from directly behind me in a quarter-moon of coppery cantaloupe.

Which added up to a GG or FFF-cup bra that I didn't have or plan for, which meant that choosing clothing to cover my small, pneumatic body was pretty damned easy, since out of the wide assortment I'd accrued, there wasn't much that would work for my unexpected new figure.

Since there was no way any of the half-dozen brassieres I'd bought would fit these massive new boobs, I didn't have to worry about the panties I choose matching anything, so I looked over the selection I'd bought...

...and brought the first burgundy blush to my new features as I decided 'what the hell?' and went whole-hog.

Still blushing, I sat on the edge of the bed and pulled the bright-red thong panties up my legs, feeling the string-like garment sliding in the deep crevice between my big bubble-butt cheeks, disappearing from view even as the front portion pulled taut into the cleft of my tight new cunt, snuggling with annoying/pleasing pressure against my somewhat out-sized new clit by the way the my extremely wide hips strained the 'but-floss' panties.

Okay, I'm a basically straight, red-blooded American male, and I just pulled on nearly-nonexistent panties onto my wide

hips and up into the butt-crack of my taut, round melon-like cheeks... and I was getting turned on by this.

Turned on by the slutty look in the mirror - and the thought of what this slutty look was going for the man who might or might not be my masculinized girlfriend that I was going to bring back here and fuck later tonight.

This time, if you think the whole thing just a little bit freaky, I'm going to grant you that...

...but that didn't mean I wasn't still enjoying it. Make of that what you will.

Next, I pulled on those pair of leopard-print spandex pants. Sure enough, they fit well enough for length, hugging my 'okay' legs like a second skin - but it took a lot of effort to get them up over the fullest point of those wide hips and huge ass, with a black plastic belt pulled tight through the supposedly decorative belt-loops to keep the more-than-just-skin-tight spandex from obeying its natural instinct to slide back down over my over-full hips and ass, so tight across my crotch that it actually outlined my cunt and indented slightly into my slit.

It was embarrassing, shameful, ridiculous - and that taut tension tight on the mound of my cunt and even in slightly felt so damned good that my blush deepened and I let the straining pants on.

Geez - it looks like I've got the instinct to be as much of a cheap slut as I look like right now.

There was only one thing I could pull on over my over-sized tits, a dark-gray blouse that fit like a tent over everything but my huge tits...

...and a pair of mules with a two-inch stacked heel that were the only shoes close to my diminutive new feet.

Given the look, I figured I knew why Fiona had strongly 'suggested' I do a final shopping at Fanta-SEE! The shopping I'd done at Goodwill had been just enough to have clothing to get to the store with - except I, um... really liked the way the overstrained spandex pants felt.

Damn it, any move I made caused the taut fabric to rub firmly over my cunt, and each step was like a lover's hand rubbing across my cunt. What can I say?

I went ahead and did my make-up with the sort of trashy-cheap look practically demanded by my face, with a deep, glossy red lipstick and a dark purple eye-shadow. Fiona had taught me how to do makeup the other times I was female, and I'd had practice walking in progressively higher heels from those same times, but I wasn't exactly an expert at either...

...which meant that when I wiggled and jiggled my way out of the hotel room, it was looking like a cheap trailer-trash tart with over-done and under-skilled make-up and a wiggling-jiggling walk.

I wasn't pretty - but I was slutty/sexy. I wasn't graceful - but I also couldn't be ignored. From make-up to build to an over-done walk that was the closest I could come to a woman's stride, I was practically shouting out an advertisement for sex - and cheap sex, at that.

Needless to say, I felt even more conspicuous, right now and in real life, then I ever did in those 'no pants in class'

nightmares. Because I wasn't going to drive a car in my unfamiliar body, not to mention having no valid ID for this body, I walked to the adult store, knowing damned well that everybody who did see me really **was** staring at me...

...but none of them for the reason part of my brain was half-insisting they were. Atier all, whether appreciative, as some of the male stares, or disgusted/repulsed like the rest of the men and the majority of the women, not one of them was staring at me as a 'faggot guy pretending to be a woman while getting ready to go out and have some not-exactly homosexual sex'.

Of course, not all of me was tied up in what other people were seeing/thinking. A lot of me was busy just experiencing what I was feeling.

Like the way that the spandex covering my cunt was going from tight, to tighter, and back again with every step I took. Or the way my new boobs were jiggling and bouncing like a pair of fleshy bowling-balls trying to escape the loose-tight shirt, continuing each move I made well atier I finished the move, only to swing back with redoubled force with the next swaying swivel of my wide hips and bubble-butt ass.

In fact, between the fabric caress of my crotch, the tugging of taut musculature up from the bottom curvature of my wide, deep, round ass up on into the straining muscles of my back, to the bounce, sway and jiggle of my huge, round tits, I was beginning to relegate the sensations of the rest of my new form to the background.

Well, to be completely honest: At this moment I actually **feel** like nothing but tits, ass and cunt.

Just because I know damned well that Fiona, the love and light of my life, knows me well enough to set this whole thing up so that's exactly how I'd feel, even though I know she'd planned to play my own dislike for huge, fake tits to give me an overly-sensitive pair that I was almost unwillingly enjoying having, nevertheless **knowing** wasn't nearly enough to keep me from **feeling** what I was feeling right now.

I bet she'd even known about the joyful humiliation I was feeling while trying to fight down that feeling of 'walking sex object' that kept trying to take the foremost place in my conscious mind.

I mean - I just wasn't prepared for how much I was enjoying the 'humiliation' Fiona had planned for me... knowing that this would be just the way I would respond to the situation.

Yes, she knows me that well. She knows me inside and out, and if I'm enjoying this situation, even - especially - the humiliation of being an over-emphatic woman that, as a man, I wouldn't have found sexy but, as a woman, found it incredibly arousing to **be**.

Yet it was only the start of the evening.

I couldn't believe I was doing this - and I was enjoying the fact that I was doing something I couldn't believe I was doing. All of which explained why I accepted the top Phanta-SEE! 'just happened to have in the back.

You see, I wiggled and jiggled my way into the adult store and, in my best fake accent, amazed I was doing this, brazenly asked her if she had 'anything that would fit my big, round boobies', litiing them up and sticking them out for completely

unnecessary emphasis.

The stunned clerk then admitted that she might - a garment that had been custom-ordered by then had subsequently 'just happened' to have been declined by the person who ordered it, making it available at a reduced charge after the original buyer had paid half the price after refusing it.

The top had black leather straps with black spandex cups that were, coincidentally, were a 'mere' cup-size smaller than the new tits I boasted.

Which meant it fit - as tightly as a drum, each spandex cup actually forming to my huge tits, making them look more naked than if I'd been naked.

It was obvious to me that Fiona had set this up - and she'd known that the sheer 'nasty naughtiness' of putting such a top on and wearing it in public would make me feel...

Excited.

Likewise, the pair of black platform pumps with the two-inch rounded-toe platforms and the eight-inch flared heel, much higher than any heels I'd even worn, not to mention 'sluttier', and something I probably wouldn't have even looked at... if not for the fact that they were part of the refused consignment, and available at a discount...

...and the right size for my diminutive new feet.

So, twenty minutes later, I was carefully jiggling out of the shop, having to take tiny little 'sissy' steps in the ridiculously high-heeled shoes, my huge new tits swaying in the form-fitting black spandex top, my huge ass wiggling in the skin-tight spandex pants, heart pounding in fun fear, aware that I was acting in a 'perverse' way - but that anybody and everybody looking at my new form in its new clothes was seeing a different 'perversion' than the one I was actually pulling off.

I'd done some interesting, exciting, and unusual things with Fiona - but never had I felt as powerful a wash of anxiety-tinged, stomach-clenching excitement as I felt right now.

Now I understood those people who high-dived off the cliffs of Mexico, or had sex in public places, or did illegal street-racing. The thrill and excitement was nearly overwhelming - and the anxiety, even fear, that came along with it only made the excitement that much more powerful.

Here's the really weird part of it all - if I was the type of person who, before it started, had been super-eager and excited to do this, I wouldn't feel nearly as excited and wouldn't be enjoying it nearly as much right now, now that I was doing this **despite** my own doubts and discomfort.

Every move I made, every sensation from new body, shouted 'female' - but not 'graceful' or 'pretty' or any of those versions of feminine, but the other meaning of being female:

Sex, Sex, Sex!

Okay, so I found it a little weird myself... but that didn't mean I stopped enjoying it, no matter how guiltily. Then I was wiggling and jiggling my way across the parking lot toward the Inner City Nightclub...

...and suddenly anxiety began outweighing excitement again.

Oh, not that I wasn't enjoying the fact that I was feeling guilty about enjoying the way I felt about having the guys in the parking lot gape at my over-female figure.

(Whew!)

No, the anxiety build-up came from the fact that being around so many men suddenly made this oh-so-real, almost too much so.

It wasn't the attention they were paying me, so much - it was the fact that I would have to find the one man among these staring, appreciative-or-repulsed men who was really my girlfriend in mystical masculine drag.

I mean, before, I'd been intellectually aware of the fact that I might pick the wrong man, and just not know about it until the next morning.

Now that intellectual possibility was becoming an emotional one - and I was realizing just how uncomfortable I was with the idea of having sex with a 'real' man.

I... don't think I could live with that.

That didn't stop me from entering the club, however - blushing, sissy-walking awkwardly atop my extreme heels, looking like trailer-trash on her first night at being a hooker.

Atier all, I just wouldn't take any guy back to the hotel unless I was absolutely positive it was 'really' Fiona. Well - reasonably certain.

I guess...

The center of attention because of the way I looked, and feeling like the center of attention for another reason completely, excited and anxious and knowing that nobody was actually staring at me for the reason I felt like they were, I began to make my way towards the bar, trying not to brush up against people as I did so... and unsure if I should feel so good about the way it felt as I failed at it, not in the least because some guys purposefully made sure of it.

Okay, so I was enjoying being not-to-covertly fondled by some strange men - but that was just because I knew that they didn't know that I was 'really' a guy, all the gross evidence to the contrary. I wasn't enjoying it because I was, you know, **enjoying** it.

I think.

Was I enjoying this because of how anxious I was... or was I anxious because of how much I was enjoying this...?

Why would a body that I would find, well, freakish as my normal self be so enjoyable while being in it? Why would the very things that made me nervous also make me so excited?

Just **what** was going on with me - and had Fiona actually known that I'd feel this way, even when I didn't realize that I'd feel this way myself?

Jeez, I felt excited and nervous and queasy and horny and wrong about feeling so right and...

...and...

...and, in fact, probably an awful lot like the way a woman felt her 'first time'. Weird.

What was really weird, though, was the fact that I couldn't focus on how I felt - because I was much too busy focusing on what I was feeling.

My body was much feminine then any female body I'd ever inhabited before, and I was constantly aware of the fact. Every wiggle of my full, taut ass, every jiggle of my huge tits. The feel of my cunt, the feel of my lips, everything - reminding me just how sexually feminine I know was...

...and my body practically begging me to make use of that feminine sexuality, even if I couldn't be sure I'd found Fiona or not. I was... horny.

Really horny.

Really, **really** horny...

...and, BINGO, I realized that Fiona had pulled another one on me, because I was reacting much more to the male pheromones wafting through the air than I'd expected, in combination with the 'internal' arousal from the physical sensations.

Oh, don't get me wrong, I'm not saying Fiona 'revved up' my hormones or anything - it's just that, being female, she'd known damned well what male pheromones did to a woman when she suggested this plan...

...and all the more so to a woman who'd never experienced it before.

So, by the time I reached the bar, my cunt was hot and wet, right in tune with a body that was ripe, ready, and eager to go. Regardless of what my intellect might have to say on the matter.

What? You think that your body highly insisting that I go out and have sex despite what my intellect might say seems weird? You never been a teenager, or something?

So, here I was, incredibly horny and in a body that practically shouted 'sex!', surrounded by staring men, some of whom were staring appreciatively and/or lustfully, over-aware of both the men and my old body, and turned on by that awareness almost against my will...

I was just about to turn and run from the room, unable to cope with the mix of emotions I was feeling, when I felt a hand

on my shoulder, and a warm, accented voice said; "Maria! You made it!"

Startled, I turned and looked...

He looked like a young Ricardo Montalban.

Not 'he resembled' or 'he looked kind of like'. He was the spitting image of a young Ricardo Montalban - except that the original never boasted such a large 'package'.

He was leering appreciatively at the deep cleavage exposed by my huge tits...

...but the wink of the warm brown eyes was pure Fiona.

I should have known. Fiona wanted me to feel the anxiety - but she'd never force me to live through the actual situation...

...but, then again, Fiona had known I wouldn't realize that she'd make herself obvious, or I wouldn't have felt the way I did, nor would I feel the relief I was feeling now.

Oh, by the way - did I mention that, among her powers, Fiona can read my mind, which is how she knows me as well - or better - than I do myself?

"Well, sweetie..." 'Ricardo' asked, leering again as he quite deliberately fondled my huge, round ass. "Shall we get out of here?"

"Sure thing, hot stuff..." I agreed, leaning into his body without much guilt, since I knew that this incredibly well-endowed man (fondling an incredibly well-endowed woman) was really my girlfriend, and thus an 'acceptable not-quite homosexual partner'.

Let's face it - the English language isn't really suited for this situation.

Which is okay - because, along with the release of tension that came with 'finding' Fiona's male form, I more or less was free to let go of the whole intellectual thing, and just ride the pleasurable sensations and emotions I'd been feeling so guilty and anxious over a moment before.

Wiggling my ass and jiggling my tits, I let Ricardo lead me towards the door, as aware as ever of the stares of the people around me, and accepting the with horny equanimity in the safe embrace of my currently-male girlfriend.

Riding on a wave of arousal and physical pleasure from Ricardo's eager hands, I let myself be led towards my first 'heterosexual' activity as a woman.

The walk back to the motel room was three blocks - but it didn't seem like. Emotionally, it felt like a bare instant, as if I teleported from the club to the motel - but, physically, it seemed to last hours. Hours during which I was touched and fondled, Ricardo's hands roaming my lush body while I felt every touch, every caress...

...every kiss.

I was in ecstasy.

Well... I thought I was, at least.

The truth was, I didn't know that I it was a pale comparison to what I'd shortly be feeling...

...and 'feeling' was just about all I was doing. Dimly, I was aware of the fact that I now understood a hell of a lot about the way women viewed sex, the way they were so 'neurotic' about it. When you realized just how powerful feminine arousal could be, how much it could 'hijack' your body, you'd be both wary and wanting of it all at the same time.

All of which came after the fact. Actually, what you, the hypothetical reader, are now reading is what I went back and added in later. What I needed to add to make what you are about to read make any sort of sense.

What you are about to read is what was written at the time - written by the mind that was too busy 'experiencing' to 'think'. What was recorded was this:

Oh, God, there's not enough of him, touching me, touching him, can't get enough, want him all over me, in me, on me...

Yes, yes, oh, his hands, so strong, so big, squeeze my ass, like that, yes, don't move like that, let me press my body against you...

Oh, I want to press myself *into* you, feel you all over, everywhere, yes, kiss me, your mouth, so warm, your tongue, my tongue, yes, deeper, more, less...

No, don't move your...

Oh, yes - the door. Get the door. Inside, inside, we can be together inside and close the door and, yes, touch me again, hands there...

Tits. I've got tits, touch them, squeeze them, so good, so good...

Yes, yes! So much better when you take that off, and.. hurry! Hurry...!

OH Yes, bare tits, so soft, it feels so good and I'll squeeze them too, and I wish you had more hands so you could be touching me all over and...

Naked. I - we - naked. Yes, I...

Damned buttons.

Fuck it - I'll just rip them off and...

Oh, yes, run my hands over your chest, it feels so good, play with the little hairs, not as nice as folding your tits, when you have tits, but nice and...

TITS! I have tits, big round ones, and you can...

Yes. Yes, lick my nipples... kiss them.. Oh, squeeze my ass, and I'll just.. unzip your.. like this.. Oh. Oh, so big, and hard, and warm...

What? Oh, why.. The belt, you have to... No, I'll... GOD! How to women bear this...?

Yes, there, push them down and.. I just need to kick off my shoes and - keep touching me! Yes, like that and... Mmmm, your mouth...

Your chest...

Your ass...

MY ass. Squeeze it, like that, and...

Yes. Bed. On the bed. Just get this off and... Oh yes.

Touching, all over, like this. Touch me more. Touch me here... now there, and...

I'm ready and not ready, I'm loving this and I want it to last forever, but I also want to get on with it, I'm on fire, on fire, I'm burning, but it's a good burning and...

No - no, you lay down. Like this.. Yes, and just.. no like this and, oh, don't - that's it, like that, keep touching me there and here and her and there and kiss and, just a little to the... Here, I'll just hold it, like this and...

OH SWEET JESUS, ***YES!***

I'm hollow, all hollow, you fill me, I need to be filled and you filled me and...

...hung...

...love it, need it, filled, hot and cold, hollow and filled and...

...hung...

...God, yes, and I'm doing this, and you're doing this, we're doing this together and it feels so good, so right, but it's not enough, I'll go faster, harder, deeper, want it all, want more, need more, don't know if I can handle more, give me more...

...oohhhh!...

Yes, touch them, squeeze them, harder, let me feel it, love my tits, love your hands on my tits, it's great... great... but not as good as...

...YES!...

riding, riding, pumping, pumping harder and harder and faster and faster and it's not enough and it's too much and I want more can't handle more too much not enough gimme gimme gimme gimme gimmegimmegimmegimme....

* * * * *

At this point, still somewhat shy of my orgasm, the screen filled with gibberish. Apparently, I went well past coherent thought. Um...

Also apparently, I, um....

I'm a screamer.

Well, Ricardo/Fiona also says I'm a pretty good lay - but then, she doesn't have much to judge it against, and having been a guy, I knew that every orgasm is a 'good orgasm'.

Still, she had a very good point when she/he pointed out that I'm just a natural slut. Atier all, didn't I sleep with a 'man' without even bothering to get his name. ?

Well, I guess I'll just have to stay female until I get it right, huh?

Now, if you'll excuse me, 'Butch Cassidy' is grinning at me from the couch, his 'weapon' drawn, waiting for his cheap Mexicano whore to come give him his two-dollar blow-job, and me, the big-titted whore, have work to do...

...since his good pal, Sundance, is scheduled right atier him...

So, what do you do to 'spice up' you relationship atier you've more or less exhausted every conceivable boy-girl combination? Why, you just switch the roles, and start right back at the beginning and do it all over again...

...and since it took us three years to go through it the first time, it might take awhile. Which is just fine with me.

Atier all - I just love the work...

Mmmm, Butch.... just let me...

slurp

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Atier getting a great price for an old "haunted house," one man discovers that the tales

of the spirit of a young girl are true as she slowly takes over his body.

Spirited Education

By Gunslinger

"How much?"

The Realtor grinned at the question. Studiously, the man paused to re-arrange his gold-colored company blazer before replying to the slender blonde's question.

"Sixty-three five." The dark-haired man laughed. "It is, of course, non-negotiable."

Gary shook his head, looking around the huge, mahogany-and-marble interior of the huge Victorian home. "I can't believe it. This place is... incredible. Why on earth is it so cheap?"

The Realtor folded his hands together. "Well, that's actually an interesting story. The original owner of this home was a rather... eccentric woman. She lived here with her daughter, until 1977. Then in seventy-seven, the daughter passed away - a terrible accident, the young lady apparently fell down the servant's stairs at the back of the house. They're quite narrow. In any case, the woman couldn't bear to live here - and she couldn't bear to sell it. So, it was maintained by a company she hired for the purpose, but never lived in. So, all it's plumbing, phone and electrical systems are only up to the standards of the late seventies. Then, when the lady passed away two months ago, it was stipulated in her will that the house be sold - but not for a single cent more than what she bought it for." The Realtor shrugged. "Which means, of course, that the house's resale value will always be exactly the same."

John just didn't care. The place was a sprawling mansion with eight bedrooms, a huge garage, gorgeous landscaping - all atop a ten-acre hilltop estate in one of the older, more elegant parts of town. It was sheer luck that he was the first person to view the house - it had gone on the market only this morning.

And, it was furnished, everything left exactly the way it had been when it was closed up in seventy-seven. Without the slightest hesitation, Gary turned to the agent.

"Where do I sign?"

* * * * *

As the sun began to sink behind the luxuriously treed hills surrounding his new house - his house, Gary thought, amazed - Gary's Blazer pulled to a stop in front of the wrought-iron gates of his new estate.

Because the gates were exactly as they had been, they weren't electrically driven - Gary had to climb from his car to unlock them, open them, drive through, then re-lock them. But, all things considered, it was a small price to pay to own such a magnificent home. He still couldn't believe it was his.

Pulling up to the front door, he turned off the ignition of the black Chevy, and grabbed the bags of groceries. Since the house came fully furnished, he hadn't needed much to make the place livable. He'd spent the day doing just that. From his apartment, he'd only needed his TV, stereo, computer, and kitchenware, plus his personal items. Then he'd gone out and bought all the sheets and towels and assorted other items. This last trip, for the basic necessities and enough food for a couple of days, completed his preparations.

Rushing the food inside, he deposited it on the counter. Going back into the main hallway, he picked up the receiver of the old-fashioned black phone, and dialed a number on the rotary dial.

After two rings, it was picked up at the other end. "Y'ello?" A chipper, female voice said.

"Hey, Debs." Gary said, smiling. "What the hell are you doing on the phone? You're supposed to be on your way over."

Debbie, Gary's incredibly cute, peppy, blonde friend laughed. "I'm not even sure I should. I've known you for years, and you've always been careful with your cash. So when you said you were going to look for a new place, I figured a nicer apartment. Instead, I find that you spend almost the entire winnings on a house. I'm starting to wonder about you, Gary David Carter."

Gary smiled into the phone. He and Deborah McCallum were old, best friends. They'd known each other since they were fourteen. In the intervening twelve years, they'd become even closer friends, nearly inseparable. They'd even give a shot at a serious relationship, but it had failed because the two were simply too much alike. Occasionally, a couple of times a year, they'd be together and something would happen, and they'd have a bout of incredible sex - and then be awkward as hell around each other for about two weeks.

Otherwise, they had an incredibly strong, open, platonic friendship. One that, right now, was stronger than ever, as Gary's support had helped her get her own company - a small boutique - off the ground. He'd helped her make the contacts, find investors, and even did the scut work helping get the store ready to open. He'd done everything he could to help her come up with the last three grand she'd needed.

Of course, the seventy-two thousand, three hundred and twenty dollars Gary had won in Vegas didn't hurt either. It had made her dream a reality - and gotten him this house. Gary thought it was probably a sort of karmic reward for all he'd done.

"Just get down here, babe. I promise you won't be disappointed. You got that address?"

"Yeah, I have it. I'll be there in about forty-five minutes. 'Kay?" "Great." Gary said. After trading good-byes, the two friends hung up.

Almost quivering with excitement, Gary headed to the kitchen to get dinner ready.

* * * * *

"I can't believe it..." Debbie said, for what must have been the hundredth time since she'd arrived.

Gary smiled. He was having a hard time believing it too - even since he'd signed the check that made this mansion his,

he'd been walking around in a kind of daze.

The two friends were sitting in the luxurious 'sitting room', sipping on after-dinner drinks. Relaxed in the high-backed leather chairs near the fire Gary had stoked, the two of them could be mistaken for twin siblings, an event that happened fairly regularly.

Both Gary and Debbie possessed the same build, slender yet somewhat athletic. Both were exactly the same height - Debbie was slightly tall for a woman, Greg slightly short for a guy - and both had the same shade and length of golden-blond hair, and the same bright, cheerful blue eyes. The two friends even dressed in the same style - Greg wore faded jeans, a pair of black oxfords, and a blue Polo shirt, while Debbie wore a pair of black sandals with a one-and-a-half inch block heel, knee-length denim skirt, and a white T-shirt with a mock-collar. The interesting thing was the fact that Debbie, with her hair in its usual ponytail, looked like the penultimate 'Girl- Next-Door', whereas the nearly identical Gary looked more like a reformed hippie.

It was this amazing similarity between the two that had kept them from a romantic relationship. They were incredibly good friends, and even attracted to each other, physically - but anything too serious, and they started to drive each other buggy.

In any case, Gary enjoyed her company, and was glad she was here to share the moment with, to 'ooh' and 'ahh' over the house when he'd given her the tour.

"So, oh great and mighty Lord of the Manor," Debbie said, miming a bow. "What wonderful entertainment have you arranged for the rest of the evening? A Jester, maybe? Or, shall we simply retire to the television viewing room?"

Gary smiled and shrugged. "Actually, I didn't have anything planned, really - I didn't rent a movie or anything. Is there something you want to do?"

Debbie shrugged. "No. not..." She paused, a thoughtful look coming over her face. "Hey, Gary. In that course you took on 'Modern Myths and the Paranormal', did you study things like seances?"

Gary saw where this was heading, and grinned slightly. "Yeah, I did. You thinking of talking to the daughter who died in this house?" He said it with good humor - neither of them really believed in ghosts and such. It was just something to pass the time.

"Let's give it a try. What is it you need?"

Gary shrugged. "Nothing." He leaned forward, and held out his hands. "The daughter's name was Cassandra. All I want you to do is take my hands, close your eyes and concentrate on that name."

Taking Debbie's hands in his own, Gary closed his eyes. After a second's thought to get the memory to resurface, he began to chant.

"Spiritus dei mortis, Venite huc, Vedere attraversum, Sentire attraversum, Vive attraversum, Li Essere all'interno di, Li invito. "

He was his fourth time through when it hit.

Gary suddenly spasmed, as if electrocuted. Although he felt no pain, he felt himself slam back into the chair, his body quivering as he lost control over his own limbs. A strange sensation rushed through him, much like the sensation that somebody was standing behind him, only much, much stronger

Then he was sitting perfectly still in his chair, staring - wide-eyed - at Debbie, who was looking back at him, half convinced that Gary was fooling around.

"Gary?" Debbie said, questioningly.

Gary felt a sudden... *tightening* sensation in his throat, unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Without his willing it to happen, his mouth opened, and he spoke.

Well, *he* didn't speak.

"Who are you? What's going on here? What happened?" The voice emerged from Gary's throat - but it was completely unlike his voice. It was a strong, clear, female voice, tinged with confusion.

Debbie's jaw dropped. "Gary? She said in shock, then, hesitantly. "Cas. Cassandra?"

Gary felt his head cocking, again without his command to do so. Once more that melodic-yet-imperious feminine voice emerged from his mouth.

"Who are you? Do I know you? What. "

The Gary felt his head moving again, as he looked at his hand, then his gaze traveled up his arm and down his body. He gasped.

"What the hell. I'm a man!"

Then Gary slumped as the presence he felt faded, without vanishing completely.

"My God, Debbie, it actually..." Gary started to say, wide eyed....

Then trailed off, hands flying to his throat as the words emerged in the same strong contralto.

Debbie stared at Gary for a second - then laughed nervously. "All right, Gary - you got me. You can stop fooling. "

"I am not joking around, Debbie." Gary said with quiet authority, while trying - and failing - to force his voice into its normal registers. Wincing at the feminine voice in his ears when he spoke, he continued. "We - I actually contacted the dead. Cassandra is. inside

me." His voice displayed his mixture of fear, shock, amazement and awe. "It feels so. *weird*."

"Was inside you, you mean?"

Gary shook his head. "No, she'd still there, but. well, I think she fainted."

Debbie stared at Gary, incredulous. "You... you're serious. You really were - are - possessed?" That particular word hadn't occurred to Gary yet, but he nodded. "Yeah. I think so."

Debbie put a hand to her mouth. "Oh my.... Gary? What do we do now. I mean... do we find somebody to do an.. exorcism?"

Gary looked startled. "Good God, no!" He grinned slightly. "We may not have expected it to really work, but I did - literally - invite her in. She's not trying to harm me or anything - if anything, she's even more shocked than we are. I don't think she realizes that she's dead. For her, it's probably like. the last thing she remembers, she was about to fall down the stairs - then she blinks, and she'd

sitting in here, with a stranger - and she's a man. The poor girl must be terrified." Debbie looked at Gary. "You seem to be taking this well, Gary."

Gary blinked, then smiled. "Well, aside from the voice thing... Debbie, this is incredible! We've actually contacted a. soul, a ghost,

whatever the correct term is. This is. " He struggled for the right word.

Debbie digested what Gary had said - then slowly smiled. "Exciting?"

Gary looked at Debbie, and nodded. "Yeah." He could see she was beginning to see the situation the same way he was - a chance to delve into the unknown, to make a sort of contribution to history. This could be the first true, documentable case of contact with the dead. It was the same feeling that Columbus must have had when he first set foot in the Americas, or Armstrong when he took his 'one small step'.

"Can... can you. ?" Debbie waved her hands in frustration, not quite sure of what she was asking Gary to do.

Gary knew what she meant, though. "Hang on - I'll try."

Closing his eyes, Gary concentrated. He wasn't quite sure how he was doing what he was doing - it was kind of like a blind person seeing for the first time - Gary had a new sense that he was learning to use...

Then, suddenly, Gary felt an incredible sensation. It was as if the world suddenly doubled His eyes popped open, and everything he saw looked the way he'd seen it before closing his eyes - and he also saw it from a new perspective.

The sensation was different this time - it wasn't Cassandra taking control - it was routing through him. Simply put, Cassandra's brain sent the same signal as it always had to get her body to sit forward. But instead of it going directly to the muscles, it went to Gary - who decided to let it through.

Then Cassandra spoke - and it was the weirdest sensation, like hearing a reverb - each word whipped through Gary's brain an instant before his ears heard the words from his mouth.

"Who are you? What's happening to me? Where's Mother?" The voice was a combination of bravado and fear as the

woman inside Gary tried to make sense of the situation she had been thrust into.

Then Gary spoke - although still in 'her' voice. "Cassandra - please, stay calm. My name's Gary, and I'm going to explain everything to you."

"Wha..." A short pause as the strange voice spoke. From her point of view, it would feel like it was her that was possessed...

..but she knew it wasn't her body. Which meant...

"I'm in your body?" Cassandra asked, working it out. "But... how? Why?" With understanding setting in, the voice was becoming stronger, more imperial, and Gary re-assessed that 'poor frightened girl' image he'd held.

"Well... You're dead. Debbie - the young woman across from us - and I were... playing around with a seance - and you really did... uh..."

Seeing Gary grope for the word, Debbie suggested "Crossed over?"

"I see." Cassandra said, her voice ironic. "So - this was all just a... mistake?"

Gary took back control of the vocal cords. "Not exactly - if I had known that it really would work right from the beginning - I still would have done it." He paused, then asked the question that had been bothering him. "Do you know why my - our - voice has changed."

Gary felt his own shoulders shrug, and was slightly upset - Cassandra had done it herself, without routing it through him first. "I just spoke - since this is my normal voice, and what I expected to hear, I assume that my mind altered the vocal cords to provide the sound I expected."

"How's that possible?" Debbie asked, frowning.

Again, Cassandra made a gesture without Gary's tacit approval. "It makes sense, Debbie. Since I am now nothing but mental energy, my ability to influence Gary's body is probably quite strong." Gary felt his eyebrows lift. "As a matter of fact..."

Gary felt a strange tingling sensation in his right hand. He looked down at it - and watched, amazed, as its configuration shifted. The hand slimmed, and the nails pushed out with a mild pain, growing at an amazing rate. Within minutes, **The End** of Gary's arm terminated in a delicate, feminine hand.

Gary tried to protest - and nothing emerged. Mentally bearing down, he wrested away control of his voice, and said "Hey - what the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Relax, Gary." Cassandra said, her voice cool. "I was just testing a theory." Gary wrested the voice back again. "Look - it's my body, and I don't want you..."

Without warning, the rest of his words vanished as Cassandra took back the voice. "Look, little man - it's now our body. I'm in here too, remember. Just because I happen to be female doesn't mean that I have any less rights than you do in this body.

We're equal partners in this, now."

Debbie gasped at the insolent tone in which Cassandra spoke, while Gary wrested back the voice. "Like hell we are, Cassandra. What the hell's wrong with you, anyway? You are a guest in my body. Please, behave yourself - no fooling around." Fighting her attempt to take the voice, Gary finished what he had to say. "And, damn it - stop yanking control away like that. If you want to use our voice - or anything else - route it through me first."

Instead, Cassandra just pushed harder, and Gary released the voice to her.

"Oh, I see - the poor little woman is supposed to get approval from the big, strong man every time she wants to do something - is that it? Look here, you male chauvinistic pig - I'm not some pathetic excuse for a woman. I'm as strong and important as any man, and what I want, I take..."

Gary, usually even-tempered, felt his anger building as the now-obviously feminist Cassandra continued to rant.

He had no idea how he did it - it was more of an instinct than a planned thought. He didn't even try to get the voice back - he merely found the thread that connected the two minds inside his body together - and sent the thought blistering down it at 'full volume'.

[SHUT UP!]

Cassandra fell silent, stunned with the sheer force of the mental 'shout', and Gary took the vocal cords again.

"Look, Cassandra - I don't know what your beef is with men, and I really don't care. As it so happens, I'm not a chauvinist, and I'm not trying to control you as a woman. What I am doing is laying down a set of ground-rules." He paused, and could somehow feel the seething anger of Cassandra in his mind - but she wasn't attempting to take any sort of action... yet.

"He really isn't sexist, Cassandra." Debbie assured her. "I've known Gary for years, and he's not one of those overbearing type of guys. But you are being a little unreasonable."

Before Cassandra could attempt to answer Debbie, Gary continued. "I want you to imagine an analogy, Cassandra. I want you to look at it, fairly and honestly. This body, right now, is like a ship. A ship which I own, and have owned for my whole life. Then, one day, I rescue you from drowning. You come aboard - and immediately try to take over the ship. More than that, you begin to refit the ship to your own tastes, without permission." He paused. "Now - does that sound like a reasonable description of what happened?"

Gary released their voice, and there was a long before there was an answer.

"I... I'm sorry." Cassandra apologized - grudgingly. "Perhaps I was being a little unreasonable. But it sounds like you rescued me - just to hold me in the ship's brig."

Gary shook his head. "Nope - if you want to stay with the ship analogy, then you're a passenger. You come to the captain - me - and make a request. If it's reasonable, I'll grant it. But I just don't want you going off on your own and doing it - let me

know about it first, and we can make a decision together. But as captain, I get veto power on it."

"He's really being quite reasonable." Debbie said - thankfully - "He's lived in that body his whole life, and that sort of gives him some rights over what - as much as it may be hard to accept - is a guest." She paused, then changed the topic. "Like changing his hand without permission - how do you even know you can change it - or his voice - back?"

There was a long pause - then a strange sensation in his hand and throat as things rearranged themselves to their original configuration.

"Well..." Gary said, experimentally - and was gratified to hear his own male voice again. "This should make it easier to tell which one of us is talking - Cassandra can 'switch voices' for us."

"Thanks, Cassandra." Debbie smiled. "Since you're going to be so much a part of my best friend, at least for a while - why don't you tell me about yourself. We'll get to know each other."

And Gary sighed in mental relief when he felt the mental equivalent of a 'please' before Cassandra tightened their shared vocal cords and her voice came through him.

* * * * *

Over the next three hours, what might have been the oddest conversation ever to take place revealed a lot about the new person in Gary.

An onlooker might have shaken their head - it appeared that two people were having a three-sided conversation. Including the guy who spoke to himself - in a feminine voice.

What they discovered explained much about Cassandra. Although it was never said specifically, Gary and Debbie got the distinct impression that Cassandra's birth had been the result of her mother being raped.

Which would explain her mother's eccentric raising of Cassandra. Home schooled, Cassandra had never leti the property of this house. She'd never met a man in the flesh, only hearing her mother's twisted view of them. As the talked, Cassandra - resisting the idea at first - began to discover that her view of men, imposed by her mother, was an inaccurate picture. It was hard for her to accept, to face down a life-time of training. If she'd been in her own body, it might never have happened.

But, inside Gary's body, she got a first-hand view of a real, living member of the male species, and that forced her to reassess her beliefs - and find them lacking.

Cassandra also discovered a kindred soul in Debbie, who was shocked to discover that Cassandra had never been anywhere, or given a chance to see real-life.

Which led to the argument.

* * * * *

"Okay!" Gary said, surrendering. Faced with the argument of two women - one of them his best friend, the other a woman he had begun to feel extremely sorry for - he was way overmatched. "I suppose it can't be *that* bad."

His voice rose in pitch, and Cassandra sounded almost girlish in her excitement. "Oh, thank-you Gary." Debbie had made an offer to Cassandra - a chance to get out and see the world. In Gary's body...

...as a woman. Gary hadn't been happy with the thought of Cassandra doing a complete make-over on his body, but he supposed it was the least he could do for the poor girl. Atier Debbie's offer of a free spree at her boutique, then a 'girl's day out', Gary's opposition had become rather moot - he couldn't fight both women at the same time. It looked like he was going to be consigned to passenger status for a day, riding along in his own body as Cassandra experienced life.

"But..." Gary said, taking control again. "The agreement still holds - we route all decisions through my mind. All day Cassandra can use the body and voice, because I certainly can't walk and talk like a woman, regardless of the body. But I still want it understood I'm part of this."

Debbie nodded. "Of course."

Cassandra, however, went one better. "Gary - I owe you a lot for this. But, look at it this way - you'll have a chance to see life from a whole new perspective. It's going to be anew experience for both of us. So, let's have an equal share in it."

Gary paused. "Excuse me?"

There was a wrenching sensation in his head, similar to when he'd shouted at Cassandra earlier...

...and then she was in his mind with him.

Gary gasped - and it was both of them sending the signal. Because the barrier between them suddenly separated. It was still two separate personalities - but in direct contact. Words suddenly became unnecessary between them - Gary could feel her emotions, and her current thoughts were like a movie playing in his mind. It wasn't everything - just the most coherent, conscious thoughts, like a film in Gary's head. He could tell that she could sense his thoughts and feelings as well. Two separate personas - but sharing the same body, and now the same mind.

"Gary..." Debbie said, startled and worried. "What's going on?"

It wasn't exactly one or the other that answered. Instead, each one's response flashed back and forth between their minds. When neither persona tried to cut it off before being spoken, the basic concept traveled to the language center or their brain, which took the combined concept and translated it into a single coherent sentence, in a voice that was Gary's.

"We're okay, Debbie. We've just... combined, somehow. Gary's not sure how Cassandra did it, but we're fine, and it's really... interesting."

Debbie gasped again. For their part, both the persona's inhabiting the body listened to the words that emerged, interested in how it came out.

For instance, neither actually 'thought' the name 'Debbie', per se. They'd each used their mental picture, how they saw her/thought of her - and the speech center translated it into the name.

The thought flashed back and forth between the two brains, that this would make it both easier and harder for them. Easier, because half of them had experience at being female, and that experience now overlapped into the new them. Likewise, the original discomfort could be felt by both.

For the first time, Gary became truly aware of how his body felt - the way his cock felt between his legs, the way he wasn't terribly graceful in his movements. For the first time, he had something to judge it against, as he absorbed how alien Cassandra felt in this body.

Then, on unspoken agreement, Cassandra pulled back - so far back that she was nearly dormant, leaving Gary practically alone. Even though they'd only been co-joined for a moment, Gary felt a wrench of surprisingly strong loneliness, as if something important was missing.

"Cassandra has... gone to sleep, I guess." Gary said. "So that I'd be able to do the same. It's probably a good idea - we have a pretty big day ahead of us tomorrow."

Debbie nodded, slowly. "Yeah." She paused. "Do you... need me to spend the night?"

Gary sighed. "No - you should probably go home and get a good night's sleep. I have some... thinking to do. This is going to require some getting used to."

* * * * *

The figure under the covers in the huge bed stirred, then blinked up at the ceiling. "Uh oh..." Cassandra said, in her own voice. "Gary?..."

There was no response - Gary was still soundly asleep, leaving her in sole control of a body with a very, very full bladder.

Without Gary to supply the expertise, Cassandra's moves were awkward as she climbed from the bed and padded nervously towards the bathroom, trying to mentally prod Gary awake - in vain.

Finally, she stood in front of the toilet, hesitantly litiing the seat. She paused for a long moment - then sighed. "Damn."

Hesitantly, she extracted Gary's penis from the pajama pants, holding it like one might hold a bag of dog-shit. She aimed it at the toilet and let the urine flow, adjusting her aim to hit the bowl.

She sighed in relief as their bladder emptied. As the last of it came out, she carefully shook the cock, then wiped it off with some toilet paper.

Standing over the toilet, she looked down at the cock in her hand. Cocking her head slightly, she gripped it a bit tighter, feeling it under her hand...

...and it was her hands, she noticed with surprise. Sometime during urination, without really thinking about it, she'd transformed both hands into the slender, feminine hands she remembered from her own body.

Looking down at the cock, which had begun to harden, Cassandra considered what she was holding, and how it felt. To her surprise, it didn't feel disgusting, like she'd been led to believe from her mother.

After a long moment, she wrapped her fingers completely around the cock and began to move her hand slowly in a back and forth rhythm, feeling the new sensations it created.

Flushing violently, Cassandra closed her eyes - and increased the rhythm. Using her other hand to brace herself, she widened her stance and bent over the bowl slightly as she rapidly jacked her hand back and forth...

Cassandra gasped at the new sensations as she came, the spurt of cum shooting into the toilet bowl as she twitched.

After a few seconds, her face burning, she carefully wiped the cock clean - shuddering as the toilet paper rubbed the highly sensitized head of the cock - then stuffed the semi-stiff cock back into the pajamas and flushed the toilet.

Feeling both embarrassed and exhilarated, she padded towards the closet, grabbed Gary's bathrobe, and headed downstairs.

Halfway down the broad, sweeping staircase, they almost went flying down the rest of the stairs as Gary woke up and - startled to find himself walking around - jerked involuntarily.

Cassandra screamed - a high, terrified sound full of anguish and pain - then her mind fled backwards, retreating almost to the point of vanishing.

Recovering his balance, Gary hurried down the rest of the stairs. Worried, he tried to draw Cassandra out as he went into the kitchen and sat down. Finally, after much mental effort, Gary managed to draw Cassandra back to 'consciousness'.

[What is it? What happened?] Gary 'asked' silently.

{I... I remembered...} [What?]

{My death - when we almost fell on the stairs, I remembered...}

Gary felt his heart clench at the pain he sensed in Cassandra. She'd been blissfully unaware of her own death - until now. To actually relive the moment, to feel yourself die...

Gary could feel Cassandra trying to retreat, unable to deal with her own mortality. Gary clamped down on her, mentally, and... pushed.

And they were one person again. There was no need for words - Cassandra was once again experiencing Gary's thoughts directly - his concern for her, his reassurances that things were all right now...

...and most importantly, the hope he was offering her. She had died, Gary's mind was telling her - but now she had a

second chance - a chance to do everything she hadn't done the first time, to experience new things - to set a new life into motion.

With the strength of Gary's mind buttressing her own. Cassandra felt the wonder of what was happening, the truly amazing situation they were in - and all the things that they could experience together, the new things they could learn that neither would be able to do alone. It was this promise that stabilized Cassandra, allowed her to reach an even keel.

Through an incredibly rapid exchange of thoughts, Cassandra expressed her gratitude to Gary, who refused to make a big deal of what Cassandra now knew was the greatest thing to ever occur - a second chance at life. Instead, he deflected the gratitude, suggesting that they should get some breakfast before Debbie arrived.

Just as they were finishing a quick breakfast of coffee and a bagel, the doorbell to the house bonged, and they rose and answered the door, letting Debbie in.

"Good morning, you two." Debbie said, cheerfully. She gave them a quick peck on the cheek. "Sleep well?"

"Well - we had a scare this morning, but we're feeling better now." They said. "We are - Gary is actually - looking forward to us spending the day as a woman again - for the first time."

Debbie blinked and frowned slightly. "Um... I don't want to nit-pic... But not only will talking like that get you a few odd stares, it's also damned annoying. I don't suppose you could..."

A rapid flurry of thoughts passed between the two minds. "Not yet." They said, apologetically. "We/Gary still thinks of us as Gary, and We/Cassandra still thinks of ourselves as her - in Gary's body. Our mental images are of two separate people in separate lives."

Debbie sighed. "And there's no way around it?"

"Yes. We will pick a body that we have never been." They said. "And agree to... play a role. That is, give us a different name, and both pretend to be her."

Debbie shrugged. "Well - whatever works. Are.. you ready?"

"We need some help deciding who we will be today. We cannot reach an agreement - Gary and Cassandra's tastes differ. So we have agreed to let you pick for us."

Debbie smiled. "All right...!"

Gary, inside the duo that was them, felt a wave of affection for his long-time friend. The situation was extremely strange for all of them, and he was glad for her support. As for himself, he was still uncomfortable about the experience they were going to go through, but Cassandra's eagerness and his own trust in Debbie was enough.

"Okay - what do we do now?" Debbie asked, rubbing her hands together at the thought of 'playing God'.

They gestured towards the living room. "We don't we go in there and get started?" They suggested, and Debbie followed

them in.

Shrugging out of their clothes, they stood, legs slightly spread, in the middle of the room, eyes closed. "Now - tell us what to change" They said, Cassandra eager, Gary hesitant but intrigued.

"Hmm... well, let's get rid of all that body hair." Debbie said.

Gary let Cassandra take care of the actual work, as he couldn't do what needed to be done. Instead, he concentrated on the sensations.

A tingling spread through his body as he felt Cassandra 'pushing' all the body hair out of the pores. It was a strange sensation that swept from head to foot, as all the body hair was squeezed out and tumbled, gently to the floor.

"Good, good." Debbie said. "Now.. well, let's go from the bottom up. Can you make your feet smaller, and thinner?"

Gary felt a strange, slightly annoying sensation like too-tight shoes, as their feet slowly changed. He shifted slightly to maintain a solid stance on the smaller feet.

"Okay... just about..." Debbie said. "Okay - stop shrinking, but make them slightly narrower, and curve the arch a bit more..." The sensation shifted slightly in feeling as they complied until Debbie told them to stop.

"Okay - the legs. Can you make them slightly longer?"

They could - a strange sensation, mildly painful, as bone rapidly knitted to match the stretch.

"Okay - let's see... Can you make the ankle a little smaller..." - they did so - "...and make the top of your calves a little larger while smoothing the bottoms?"

Again, the strange sensation as muscles shifted in ways that they'd never really been designed to do. "Hm..." Debbie mused. "Let's make the kneecaps slightly smaller, and make the thighs more rounded..."

The knee-caps actually hurt - a brief pain that vanished as soon as they were the new size. The thighs were much easier. At Debbie's command, Gary could feel their hips slowly growing wider as their ass filled out, becoming firmer and fuller. "Sorry, Gary - it's time to say goodbye, temporarily, to Mr. Playful."

It was a smooth move - Gary was so amused at Debbie's use of the joking nick-name for his cock that he barely felt it pull inwards, changing and altering. He did, however, feel the strange sensation that came with being able to feel cool air and wet warmth that was internal as opposed to external. He also felt Cassandra's relief at what, for her, was the normal sensation, instead of the awkward flesh hanging off of her, in the way and distracting.

Then they went to work narrowing the waist.

"Hmm... no, not quite, keep going. No, a little more....." Debbie said, and Gary wondered why it was taking so long. Then.. "Perfect. Okay, let's start on the breasts..."

That was a decidedly strange sensation. First, Gary felt his nipples swelling, becoming more sensitive and growing erect in the cool air. Then the mass of flesh behind them began to push out, and Gary felt the slight jiggle, followed by the slowly increasing weight that began to pull at their chest under the force of gravity.

"No, no..." Debbie sighed. "They're too small - can you do it faster?"

The sensation increased in speed, and Gary was amazed at how weighty and solid the burgeoning breasts were - he hadn't realized that tits would be so heavy.

"A little larger still... but can you also firm them up?"

Gary felt a strange, almost contradictory sensation. The added effect of gravity dragging down on the increasing weight, while the muscles underneath and the flesh over top created a pulling sensation as they pulled the breasts higher and rounder.

"Hmm... a little more... okay, right there."

Gary felt the sensation stop - but could still feel the weight of the new breasts, and the way they moved slightly with each breath and heartbeat. Debbie moved on to slimming the shoulders, changing the arms, and altering the neck that supported their face...

"Okay - make the jaw slimmer, and a little more pointed..." A pause, followed by a giggle. "Not that pointed! Okay, right there. Now, make the nose a little smaller... upturn **The End**." She went on, having them alter the cheek bones, the lips, the ears and eyes, the eyebrows and eye-lashes...

"Okay... If you use Cassandra's voice, I think we're done." Debbie finally said. "You can open your eyes now, I guess." "Not yet." They said, "We need a new name to go with the body we're going to see."

Debbie giggled. "Okay - Your name's now Donna. Donna. McCallum."

Gary had a sudden sense of foreboding, even as they opened their eyes...

...and stared down at a massive pair of tits thrust proudly from her chest.

"Debbie." Brandi said, managing to sigh and giggle simultaneously. "I should have known better."

Debbie fell over, laughing, as Brandi approached a mirror and eyed her new self. She was a wet-dream brought to living, breathing life.

Incredibly long, shapely legs led to the most perfect ass either had even seen, before narrowing to an impossibly slender waist. The ribcage flared out from that wasp-like waist to support an enormous pair of firm, creamy tits. Above those massive tits was a face of pure 'innocent' sensuality. With the new shape of her face, she looked pixie-ish, with a pert, upturned nose, full, sensual lips - and huge, innocent looking blue eyes framed with long lashes and topped by gracefully upswept eyebrows.

Gary didn't know whether to laugh or cry, and could feel Cassandra's startled feeling as well.

She was Debbie - perfected into a teenaged boy's fantasy version. The resemblance to Debbie was unmistakable - the same basic height, coloring, and facial and body features, only made much, much sexier. Like Donna was Debbie's mind bogglingly sexy sister.

Which, she supposed, was how the world would view her.

"I'm sorry." Debbie said, gasping with laughter. "I just couldn't resist. Hey - how often does a girl get to see what she'd look like with a few hundred thousand dollars worth of plastic surgery?" She giggled again.

'Donna' sighed - then began to giggle as both halves of her brain agreed - it was kind of funny. Even more, it wasn't nearly as awkward as another body would be - a 'wet dream' version of Debbie was sufficiently 'unreal' to make this more like a game, like a part played in a movie, then another body would. It was so ludicrously sexy, yet at the same time familiar, to be awkward. It was, quite simply, a joke - and neither Cassandra or Gary could take it seriously enough to be upset.

"All right - I guess I'm your sister, then. Obviously not your twin sister - not with these..." She held her huge new tits slightly, feeling the weight and texture of them in her hands, and the touch of her hands through the breast itself "...so, am I the Big or Little sister in the family?"

Debbie broke out in a fresh spate of laughter. Miming holding a couple of cantaloupes at chest height, she giggled. "Definitely a *big* sister. Really, *really* big."

"Ha. Ha." Donna said - A vocalization of the divided nature of her mind. Cassandra found it more amusing than Gary did. Gary was fond of large breasts - but not quite this large. Cassandra, on the other hand, was quite happy to have breasts again - even these outsized one. She missed the somehow comforting weight of them, and these breasts most definitely had a substantial heft to them.

"So - shall we go?" Debbie asked. "There's a whole new world waiting for you to explore."

"Sure sounds like..." Cassandra's half of the mind started to reply - when Gary's had a sudden insight. "...uh oh. What are we going to wear to the boutique?"

* * * * * "Thank God!"

That comment came from both Cassie and Gary. As the door shut in the boutique, Donna began to strip out of the clothes she'd worn to the closed store.

The shoes she wore were the only thing that fit even tolerably - they'd been borrowed from Debbie. Even then, the sandals were a size or so too large.

The jeans were so tight that they couldn't even be buttoned over her womanly hips and firm, full ass. The denim clung like a second skin down her shapely legs before they came to an abrupt stop several inches from her ankles.

Next, Donna peeled off her straining sweatshirt, allowing her GGG-cup tits to pop free and jiggle for a second before

regaining their impossible, spherical firmness.

"Oh... that feels good..." Donna said, stretching with the comfort of her nakedness.

"Yes, well - we'll find some clothing that fits you much better." Debbie promised. "Let's take a look around, shall we?" Donna followed Debbie around her boutique as Debbie tapped a finger thoughtfully against her lower lips.

"Ah - here we go." She said, picking up something from a rack. "How about this?" Donna gaped - then blushed. "No - I couldn't... could I?"

The hesitation was Gary's, the eager, sinful desire Cassandra's, as they gazed at the dark blue dress. Made of a special for of stretch 'velour', the dress was a daring yet elegant piece of clothing. It was long - with a long slit up the side. The neckline was a sort of wrap-around deal that let a 'keyhole' to display cleavage - of which Donna had an overabundance - and a daring drop-back that would reveal almost all of Donna's back. The arms would be let bare, and the gown was trimmed with Cubic Zirconia on a slightly darker silk trim.

Even Gary's mind agreed that they'd look stunning in it, but...

"I don't think so." Donna said, half-regretfully. "It's a little too... formal."

Debbie looked at the garment with a wrinkled brow. "You're right, of course - but I still think you'd look fabulous in it." With a sigh, she placed it back on the rack. "Okay - follow me and we'll find something a little more casual."

Donna followed her around the store a bit more - then Debbie gasped. "Oh - this is perfect!" She held the garment up for inspection.

"no - no way." Donna protested. She stared at the one-piece silver jumpsuit made of spandex. It would fit like a second skin, and the shiny surface of the garment would highlight every single curve of her new body. The zipper only came up three quarters of the way up the chest, where two wide lapels started, forming into a high collar around the straps. The back was open almost all the way down to the buttocks.

"Well - there's not too much in my store that will fit a figure like yours - and I think this would look great on you. Of course, no underwear under it."

"No."

* * * * *

Half an hour later, Donna stepped from the dressing room.

The silver spandex clung to every curve and contour of her body, the low neckline displaying a mouth-watering amount of cleavage. Her slender arms and smooth bare were let bare, and her firm, full ass was emphasized by the silver and clear stiletto-heels platforms she wore. Her hair was done up in an elegant style, and her face was carefully made up. A black leather purse was hung over one slender, smooth shoulder, and large quartz-and-silver earrings dangled from her shell-like ears.

"I still can't believe you talked me into this." Donna said in her warm, feminine voice as she stared at the sexy reflection in the mirror. "Come on - you look great." Debbie assured her. "Let's go, shall we?"

Donna sighed - but had to admit, at least the 'female appreciating' part of her - Gary - that she looked amazing. "Okay."

The two 'sisters' headed out for a day. Debbie had come up with the itinerary for the day - some time at the local mall, then lunch, a matinee movie, then some strolling downtown before dinner. After dinner - a stroll down to the local college hangout for some drinks and dancing. Donna wasn't so sure about all of this - but Debbie had extracted her agreement, mostly by sheer persistence.

As they reached the mall, Donna was all too aware of the looks she was getting - and although she was partly uncomfortable, she was also partly flattered by the attention she was getting. Both Gary and Cassandra were amazed at the way men went out of their way to be helpful to the two women, holding doors for them and the like. There were some definite advantages to being a stunningly sexy woman in today's society.

As well as some disadvantages - such as crude comments, and having to politely turn down the occasional attempt at a date. Also, Donna was quickly discovering that high-heels might look great on a woman - but they weren't exactly designed for long treks.

By the time the evening rolled around and they were having a couple of drinks with the college crowd, Donna had begun to relax and enjoy the experience. She laughed frequently, smiling almost constantly. It was amazing, when she thought about it - a few hours in a new body, and you started to forget it wasn't the one you were born into. You just sort of slipped into the persona that fit, so as not to appear out of place. There were two types of people in the world. One type, if they were a 'middle class' individual at a high-society party, would be awkward, out of place, and uncomfortable. The other type, in the same situation, would quickly pick up the mannerism, speech patterns and body language to 'fit in' with the people they were with - and both Gary and Cassandra were of the second type.

By this time in the evening, an onlooker would never believe that the mind inside the gorgeous body was half man, half naïve woman. She was acting the part of a beautiful, sophisticated woman - if somewhat cool to the advances to men. Most men who got the brush-off from her assumed that she was a lesbian - or simply didn't think that they were good enough for her.

More than one college boy, seeing the gorgeous blonde, found themselves half-believing the second option - how could they possibly snare such a stunningly sexy woman?

So it was actually with mild reluctance that Donna finally headed back to her place with Debbie, still amazed at how easy - how fun - being female in public had been. Of course, her separate personas had helped - Cassandra had been comfortable being female, and Gary had known today's society, and how they should act and what the references were. It had worked out pretty well, each helping the other through the rough spots.

Arriving at her new home, Donna led Debbie inside, and she slumped into the chairs in front of the fireplace again. "So - what did you think of our little experiment?" Debbie asked, smiling.

Donna answered honestly. "We both enjoyed it. We were each sort of hesitant, for different reasons - but we had fun in **The End**. We even came to enjoy this outfit - having guys falling all over themselves to buy you drinks and fulfill you slightest whim does have it's advantages. But I'm glad to get these damned shoes off."

"Yeah - heels are a bitch. If I had of been smart, I would have had to... uh... 'grow' calluses in the right places on your feet. Or, even better - we could have had your feet alter to fit the shoes perfectly."

Donna smacked her smooth forehead with the palm of one slender hand. "Why didn't I think of that?" She asked, rhetorically. She answered her own question. "Because neither one of use has had any experience with high-heeled shoes before, that's why."

Debbie shrugged. "Besides - you actually got experience that real women get - modifying your body every time there's a tiny thing wrong isn't something most women can do, you know." She cocked her head. "So - what do you want to do now?"

Donna blinked and her mouth opened - but no words came out as some conflicting thoughts passed through her brain. "Uh..." She finally said, blushing and hesitantly. "Gary want's his cock back - and, um.. was, uh, thinking what he might like to do with it..." She paused, then blushed deeper and slapped her hand over her mouth in embarrassment. "oh, God - I'm sorry. He was just... fantasizing. It wasn't actually anything he was going to attempt..."

Debbie colored slightly, but smiled. "It's okay - I know he finds me attractive - I find him attractive too. We both fantasize about each other a lot, probably. It had occasionally led to... more than fantasies. " She changed the subject. "What about Cassandra?"

"She doesn't want to go back to that.. well, she thinks of it as 'clumsy', male body." Donna said.

Debbie's coloring deepened as she looked sort of wistful. "Uh.. to be completely honest? I, um, am kind of sorry to hear that..."

Donna gasped, then half-smiled as she realized that Debbie had planned on tonight being one of hers and Gary's occasion 'flings' - despite the mild awkwardness that always resulted, it was always the best sex either had.

Then something unexpected happened. Cassandra's mind was locked on keeping the female body, and Gary couldn't directly override that. But Gary wasn't thinking about the whole body right now - without even consciously deciding too, his mind had focused on one particular part of 'his' anatomy...

and all three people were astonished as the skin-tight crotch of the silver suit twitched - then began to bulge outwards from an internal pressure. Frantically, as the already-taut fabric was rapidly becoming painful, Donna stood and shucked off the suit - and stared in amazement and the thick cock that was rapidly growing between her smooth, sexy legs. Within second, a remarkably large, thick cock jutted from her crotch, replacing her cunt. The incredibly gorgeous she-male stood, her legs slightly spread, looking down at the male equipment that looked like it belonged right were it was, between her sexy, feminine thighs.

"Oh, my...." Debbie whispered huskily, staring at the large, and rapidly hardening cock. She licked her lips slowly. "My, oh

my."

Inside Donna, a strange... 'debate' was going on. Gary's male libido was raging, and right now it didn't care that the rest of 'his' body was most definitely feminine - in fact, the sensation from her engorged nipples was only adding fuel to the fire.

And Cassandra's mind wasn't completely dead-set against what Gary wanted, either. Part of her found the idea... intriguing.

However, they never got a chance to work out the debate in their split mind- because Debbie took the decision from her.

"Um... I think I'll leave the two of you to work this out." She said, standing up and grabbing her coat. "No offense, but... this is getting just a little weird. "

"Yeah." Donna agreed, awkwardly, looking down at the equipment between her legs. "Uh - we'll give you a call tomorrow."

They saw Debbie to the door, then went into the living room and collapsed on the couch, the long, thick cock thrust from their crotch like a pole.

Inside, they were having a mental discussion as what to do. Finally, Gary decided to let Cassandra have the body - which she'd fully feminize - for the night, while he went to sleep. Shortly thereafter, he drifted off, and without his libido, the penis pulled back into the once-more fully female body.

Still wide awake, and interested in experiencing more of today's world, Cassandra quickly learned the necessary skill of operating the TV remote. Flipping through the channels, she came to an abrupt halt as she saw something that shocked her.

For the next eight hours, she watched - amazed, intrigued, and more than a little aroused, as the Playboy Channel presented its own, unique programming.

* * * * *

Of course, it wasn't a spoken word - it was a mental equivalent. Just as Gary's "NO" wasn't spoken. They were eating breakfast, and Cassandra was trying to talk Gary into something outrageous.

Having sex with a man.

When he'd awoken, their minds had once more combined, and Gary had learned about all the things she'd seen on the TV last night - and how much fun the women seemed to be having doing it. There's been all sorts of things that had at first shocked the woman - then intrigued her - then become imbedded in her mind. She wanted to try them all, to experiment.

Worst of all, from Gary's point of view, was the fact that there was complete communication between them - she could see that his answer wasn't absolute. Part of him was curious...

"Come on - we both know you're wondering what it would be like. You're only nervous because it's 'homosexual' - but it isn't." Gary was indignant. "Yes, it is - no matter what you do to change my body, I'm still a man in my mind - and that's what

counts. No."

Cassandra sent a wave of 'pressure' through their shared mind. "Look - you wanted my to go male last night to have sex with Debbie - and I'm female. If we're both going to share this body, we're either going to have to reach some sort of compromise - or live like nuns. Or Monks, whichever the case may be. I've been celibate my whole life, and I want to see what sex is like. And you know what sex is like - and won't go back to celibacy. So - what do we do?"

Gary was in a quandary - because she was right. They were sharing one body between two genders. It wouldn't be fair of him to demand they only had sex with women.

But to have sex with a man...!

"I... just don't know if I can do it. It's too - creepy. What if you did it all - I'd pull back as far as possible?"

"You'd still experience it - and we both know that I'm no good in public without you. I would have to be a completely joint venture." 'Jeez - so soon in my body, and you're already half-nympho. What's up with you?' Gary asked, stalling.

She knew that, of course. "Hey - from my point of view, I haven't had sex, ever, and you're mind keeps saying it's fantastic - yet you don't want me to experience it. What's with that?" It was 'said' with good humor, though, already knowing that Gary, a basically fair guy, would give in.

He did.

"All right. But I've got an idea. You know how having that body..." they were currently male "...was so unreal as to not make me - us - to uncomfortable?"

"Yeah - it was a game to you, not really real life. Me too, sort of - but I thought of it more like a role in a movie." "Yeah, well..." Gary went on with his idea - with, to his surprise, growing enthusiasm.

* * * * *

They stood in front of the full length mirror, in the 'Donna' form they'd worn the day before and dressed in the same clothing.

"I still can't believe we're going to do this." She said, voicing the amazement of both sides of her divided psyche - but that didn't stop her from staring in the mirror... and concentrating.

It started at her feet. She was already standing in the platform shoes - but they suddenly became much more comfortable as her feet altered, not only to fit the shoe perfectly, but to have a higher, stronger arch, so that wearing the shoes, for her, would be like walking barefoot would for anyone else.

Next, her legs began to change, becoming even longer and sexier. Above that her ass - already spectacular - became absolutely unbelievable below a waist that was shrinking dramatically, leaving some slack in the fabric covering it.

Slack that was rapidly removed - and then some - by her breasts rapidly expanding, shooting through the alphabet to come to a stop somewhere in the range of a MMM-cup.

Then her face altered. Within seconds, it was stunningly beautiful - and equally vacuous. Her amazingly sexy lips were fixed in a semi-permanent, particularly brainless smile, and her huge, sparkling blue eyes were absolutely devoid of thought.

Candi - the name they'd settled on, looked in the mirror, and saw the pure distillation of every Buxom Blonde Bimbo to ever walk the earth. Stunningly sexy, massive-breasted and obviously brainless.

Exactly the look they were going for.

"Okay..." She said in a high-pitched, giggly voice. "I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

With that, Candi headed downstairs, pausing just long enough to pick up her purse before leaving. That, in itself, was a victory of sorts - part of her wanted to pause a lot longer before stepping out the door in this ultra-sexy form.

She was halfway to her car when she realized she couldn't drive anywhere - she didn't have a valid license. Not for Candi, at least - and she doubted whether a cop would buy the Gary ID.

Sighing, she looked down the driveway - and shrugged. Her altered feet meant that walking in heels wouldn't be uncomfortable. She headed down the driveway with a steady stride - then stopped, and grimaced slightly. She was forgetting exactly how she looked, which meant she should walk like... this.

She set out again - with her hips swaying seductively, her massive tits bobbing with every single step. That sensation alone was enough to make her wonder if she could go through with this - everything about her was so ultra-feminine that it was a constant reminder. But she'd decided to do it, and do it she would.

She stepped through the gate at **The End** of the drive and locked it behind her, then set off down the street with that almost ridiculously sexy jiggle...

...and a cab cut across two lanes of traffic in an illegal U-turn to come to a screeching halt beside her.

"Hey, miss - need a lift?" The male cabby asked, eyeing the enormous breasts straining the front of the silver jumpsuit.

It took Candi a second to get over her surprise. She bent down to the window to talk to the man, not really aware of the awesome view of cleavage that the movement provided him.

"Oh - I don't think I can afford a cab." She said, her high-pitched, bimboish voice sounding sweet and giggly.

"Hey - I'm off duty. Consider it a gift." The man said, practically drooling. He popped open the front, passenger's side door. "Here, hop in."

"okay." Candi giggled - neither Cassandra or Gary had really thought about some of the - rather obvious - advantages to being outrageously sexy. They were getting a crash course, though.

And it nearly was a crash course. As the cabby gave her a lift to the mall, he had a hard time keeping his eyes on the road - he kept sliding over to his huge-breasted passenger.

"Gee - thanks for the lift, mister." Candi cooed, brainlessly - she was enjoying her situation a bit more, and was beginning to get into the role. So much so, that she leaned over, pressing her huge tits against his arm. She was pleased to find that the sensation was pleasant enough to override the strange emotional turmoil created. "You're very, very kind."

Then she gave him a quick peck on the cheek, pressing her amazingly sexy lips against his cheek before she could have second thoughts.

Still finding it hard to believe she'd done it, Candi hopped out of the cab. She waved at the man as he began to drive away - making sure to make the motion exaggerated, causing her huge tits to move with the action.

The poor cabby nearly rammed a parked car.

Giggling, Candi turned and headed for the doors to the mall...

...and four separate guys rushed to get the door for her, fighting over the right to hold the door for the huge-breasted blonde.

"Gee, guys - thanks." Candi giggled - this day might not be so bad after all. Gary, himself, wasn't a fan of woman with super-outsized tits like these - but there was enough men in the world who were to guarantee that at least some of the men around her would be incredibly aroused and attracted to her - and willing to do something to draw her attention to them.

Swaying and bouncing into the mall, she didn't have any real plan - she was just going to stroll around for awhile getting comfortable in being in public as this buxom bimbo. She couldn't help noticing all the attention she was attracting - and she found herself sort of encouraged by it. Having the guys stare at her outrageous figure, practically drooling, helped reassure her that nobody could know the truth about the minds that drove the body - they accepted what they saw at face value - a huge breasted blonde.

A thought flashed back and forth in Candi's mind as she noticed a young man approaching her. He wasn't terribly handsome, and he was kind of awkward - she wasn't quite ready for the sexual stage yet, not having worked up the nerve, but even if she had been, it wouldn't be with this guy.

"Hi..." The young man said as he reached her. "You look a little lost. Anything I can help you with?" Candi tried to think of a polite way to brush him off...

That's when it hit - an incredible sensation of liberation and power. Like she'd been freed from the restraints of society. Which she had.

She was a huge-breasted blonde bimbo - and that type of person was, in the mind of men, and most women, separate from the rest of society. They weren't expected to fit within the guidelines that others in society were - in fact, they were expected to fall outside of those rules of society. They were supposed to say silly, or stupid things - anything at all that crossed their minds.

They were completely ditzy, and could be as stupid and strange as they wanted - and not only was it accepted, it was actually expected!

As the thought flashed through Candi's mind, she had to do a test, find out if this stunning revelation was true, or just a figment of her imagination.

"No thanks." She said, giggling. "You're not cute enough to help me with what I need." And she glanced openly down at his crotch.

The young man's smile faltered - but not in annoyance, just because his shot had failed. Atier all - he was aware of the fact that he wasn't exactly the 'studliest' person in the mall - he'd just thought he'd give it a try, because you never knew with women like these. At least he was sure she wouldn't actually become upset at his come on - bimbos like this never did. He turned to the small audience of men that had gathered to watch his come-on. "Hey - you can't blame a guy for trying."

And he walked away, as some of the men standing around suggested, loudly, that they were the right type of guy to 'help' her.

Stunned, Candi kept her vacuous, cheerful expression in place as she jiggled and swayed on her way. She had been right - as a 'brainless' blonde bimbo, she could get away with almost anything.

The feeling of power that thrummed through her was almost narcotic - because she looked like a brainless blonde, she had the freedom that society gave such people, although they were unwritten, unspoken rules. But she wasn't brainless - behind that facade was two sharp minds that could use this new-found power to actually accomplish things she wanted, instead of 'going with the flow' like a true bimbo would. It was incredible - and it was actually turning her on. She could do almost anything, without fear of reprisal or consequence.

She had to test it one more time before she'd believe it, though. One absolute, fool-proof test to settle the last of her doubts.

She jiggled up to one of the kiosk vendors in the center of the mall's hall, and leaned over the display case - providing a mouth-watering view for the man running the small shop.

"Oh - isn't that a darling necklace!" She said, 'unconsciously' bounding with excitement - and one huge, swaying tits 'accidentally' hit the display of sunglasses on top, knocking it over and onto the floor, shattering several of the glasses and damaging the display.

"Oh! Oh my god, I'm, like, so sorry!" Candi said, forcing her huge, blue eyes even wider - and acted like she was about to burst into tear. If it had been anyone else, there would have been recriminations, demands for payment for the merchandise - 'You break it, you buy it'.

But the vendor, atier a quick glance down at the shattered display, took one of Candi's dainty hands and patted it - while staring at her huge tits. "There, there, miss - don't cry. Accidents happen." He soothed her.

"Really? I'm sorry - I didn't mean..." Candi said.

"No, no - it's all right. In fact, " The man said, "We actually budget for..." he looked in her huge, apparently vacant eyes. "Never mind - it's just okay, all right?"

Another unexpected bonus - since she was 'obviously' so dumb, people wouldn't bother 'boring' her with intelligent conversation or lengthy explanations.

The test was a complete success.

And then some.

Because, as Candi watched in amazement, the vendor opened the display case and removed the pendant necklace she'd been 'oohing' over. "You're right about the pendant, though - I think it would look darling on you." He walked over to the opening in the side. "Here - why don't we see how it looks on you?"

Still stunned, Candi walked over - and the man had the extreme pleasure of pressing his chest against her huge tits as she put the necklace on her. Candi enjoyed it to - the pressure against her sensitive endowments felt fantastic.

The man 'fumbled' for several minutes, letting his chest press against her tits before he finally did up the clasp and stepped back. "There - I knew it." He said - and reached out to adjust the pendant in her massive cleavage, letting his hand brush the tops of her huge tits as he settled it into place. "It was made for you."

"Oh - it does look so nice." Candi 'gushed'. "But I can't afford something..."

The man held up a hand, stopping her. "Nonsense - It looks perfect like that. It was meant for you - so just consider it a gift." "Oh - thank you!" Candi gushed, mind whirling. She'd broken at least fifty dollars worth of merchandise - and he gives her a gift?

It deserved something, some quid-pro-quo from her. A real bimbo might just walk away at this point, but Cassie and Gary were basically honest, and couldn't accept something for nothing - especially since she already felt bad about breaking the glasses.

So she hugged the surprised man, pulling her incredible body firmly against his. "Oh, thank you - you're so nice." She said - enjoying the physical sensations immensely, she discovered. And from the warm bulge against her silky thigh, the man was enjoying it too.

With one last bout of thanks, Candi turned and stalked away atop her heels, amazed. A little jiggle here, a view of cleavage there, and a couple of mutually-enjoyable physical contacts - and men would fall over themselves to accommodate her in any way she wanted.

She was a goddess.

The heady feeling of power was incredible - it flooded through her, caught her up in it. Although the two minds had shared

the body, and had reached a level of communion, there had always been a thin barrier - not a physical, or even truly 'mental' one - it was the simple fact that they though different thought. Now, however, the brain was one, united in thought and purpose and goal. Candi knew what she wanted - and that she had the power to get it, or almost anything else she could desire, within the boundaries of her own

mental morality. Because she was outside of society's normal rules, she was unbound, manumitted from the chains of reasonable behavior, intelligent responses, consequences and repercussions.

She was Bimbo.

She jiggled, bounced and swayed through the halls of the mall. She stopped worrying completely about how she was acting - the ever-present consciousness of the need to fit in that both Gary and Cassandra had lived with, unspoken and unnoticed by crushing like a weight, was gone. So she did something stupid - no problem, she was a bimbo. So she said something silly, or acted strange - hell, even if she started talking to herself, nobody would take her to task. They'd smile kindly, and tell others how much of a bimbo she was - such was they way that bimbos acted. Noting substantial was required of them, just that they looked sexy, and didn't become too boring. And Candi was sexier and more exciting than even the average California Bimbo.

She was a Bimbo Goddess

"Hey, baby - lookin' fine." A voice called from her left - and Candi smiled and waved at the man. She continued on, enjoying the supple, sexy glide of her body, the pleasant sensation as her tits bounced with each step, the way her ass moved under it's spandex covering - life was great.

Now it was time to have some fun.

She looked around for a likely candidate - and found him. A tall, broad-shouldered man with a larger than average bulge at the crotch of his pants.

Just the type of man that a bimbo like her would fuck. But how to approach him...?

Silly her - what was she thinking? If she were an average woman, she might have to find some subtle way to do this - but she didn't have to be subtle, not with this body.

Huge tits out thrust, Candi jiggled and swayed up to the man, who was practically drooling at her. "Hi!" She said, brightly. "I was wondering if you could help me?"

"Uh.. sure, I guess. What can I do for you?" The man replied. "I need a liti home. Can you give me one?"

The man needed little prompting - as Candi's next words were: "I'd make it worth your while." As she licked her lips sensuously. The bulge in his pants got even larger as his cock began to stiffen, and his walk became awkward as he led her to his car.

As Don - that was the man's name - headed for her place, Candi was far from subtle - she slipped one slender hand into his crotch and began massaging his bulging cock, making appropriate comments about its size. She could hardly wait to get him back to her place,

and see just how good sex could be as a woman - her nipples were as hard as rocks, and she was so horny she felt like she was going to burst.

When they reached 'Candi's' house, she all but dragged him inside, barely letting him shut off the car. God, she was so horny! And excited, in other ways too - she was going to have sex. She couldn't believe that she had felt worried and somewhat disgusted by this before - this was great. She could hardly wait.

There was no long, complicated foreplay - her massaging of his crotch in the car, and now, as she walked backwards up the stairs, dragging him along, she'd unzipped her suit, and he was fondling her tits as they moved. His big, strong hands on her tits felt fantastic - she couldn't wait to see how much better it could feel when the cock straining his pants penetrated her. She bet it would feel fantastic.

The thought was getting her much too excited - she couldn't wait. Not even the distance it would take to get to her room. Hastily, she began ripping clothes off of Don, surprising him.

"I need you - take me, take me now!" She screamed, releasing his huge, throbbing cock into the air. "Make me a woman, Don - fuck me!"

She yanked off her clothes, and Don refused to argue with her. He slid one hand up a smooth, sexy leg, litiing it as he pressed her against the wall...

...and then, with one quick thrust, he penetrated her.

She screamed in pleasure, wrapping her legs around him as he cradled her firm, full ass in his hands, holding her. He began to pump his huge cock in an out of her sopping wet cunt, and she screamed again in ecstasy, urging him to fuck her harder, faster.

He complied.

The sensations ran through her body, intense and incredible as she built towards her first female orgasm. The sensations rolled over one another, gaining in intensity...

..and then she came.

She screamed a long, wordless scream as the pleasure took her. Don continued to pound away, enhancing the sensation, until he, too, came, filling her cunt with his hot seed.

Slowly, Candi lowered her legs, supporting herself as she kissed him, still impaled on his hard cock.

"Wow - that was fantastic. If I were to give you a blowjob, how long until you could fuck me again?" She asked. Don

gaped at her - then began to smile. "Well - do we get to do it in a bed this time?"

Candi sighed. "Gee - I guess so."

Then, smiling, she slowly sank to her knees, and enveloped his cock in her oh-so-willing mouth...

* * * * *

In her room in the back of the store, Debbie swallowed another Tylenol and rubbed at her temples, trying to relieve her headache - the strain of the mental work was getting to her.

Well, atier Don leti, she could ease off - have 'Cassandra' go to sleep. She was pretty sure that the instilled mental controls she'd put in Gary would hold - he'd continue to 'feel' Cassandra, thinking she was still a separate individual, and not just a series of implanted commands imbedded in his brain.

Debbie sighed with satisfaction - it was literally a headache, but it was worth it. A week, tops, and she'd have created enough instilled commands, using her own feminine mind's experience, to make Gary want to stay a woman permanently.

Debbie still didn't know why she hadn't thought of this sooner. Part of it, of course, was to hide the fact that she'd been born with incredibly powerful Telekinetic and Telepathic abilities. But this had taken so long to occur to her. She'd always wanted to be a man - and, in fact, could 'shape shiti' into one any time she wanted. But it wasn't satisfactory - she didn't want to 'play' at being a guy now and then, she wanted a male life, one that wouldn't raise uncomfortable, unanswerable questions and problems.

She knew Gary's life inside and out. He knew hers - aside, of course, from her powers - just as well. Once she got him 'hooked' on being a woman, and 'Cassandra' gradually eased him away from the huge-breasted bimbo routine, made him comfortable being a 'normal' woman...

...well, that's when she'd have 'Cassandra' suggest that Gary could look exactly like Debbie - then Cassandra could be 'exorcised', and 'posses' Debbie, and make her look like Gary. Once complete, Gary wouldn't question it - he'd have a 'believable' explanation as to how they switched bodies, and never have to know Debbie's secret.

Since she could telepathically control him anytime she wanted, Debbie thought that the knew Debbie would make a wonderful wife....



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: After an auto accident, an executive assistant convinces her former boss into believing that SRS is reconstructive surgery; little does he know that she has plans for him to be the wife of his old buddy.

SRS

By Gunslinger

Elizabeth, (*never just 'Liz'*), Forraker was, well... cold. Oh, attractive enough, I suppose, if you like that Nordic Ice Maiden look, but with all the emotional capacity of a rock, as far as I could tell.

Which, in fact, was exactly why I had lured her away from her job administrating the nearby private hospital in order to come work for me. Since some of my major sources of income came from endeavors that some people might find... questionable, I wanted somebody I wanted to make damned sure wouldn't let emotions get in the way of doing her job.

Well, there is absolutely no doubt that Elizabeth is most efficient, not to mention closed-mouthed and no-nonsense. Nevertheless, the fact that I considered all of these to be the golden-haired woman's **good** points didn't lessen the fact that waking up and finding her cool, expressionless face looming over me in the hospital bed was... somewhat less than comforting.

Since, even through the haze of drugs that left me feeling thick-witted and doopey, I had no problem recognizing the fact that I was in an expensive, private hospital room, I decided to forego the 'traditional' first question of somebody in my position, and skip right to the second:

"What happened...?"

At least, that's what I tried to say. What emerged, in little more than a whisper, was: "Wa ha'ffuh?"

Either Elizabeth understood me, or she simply guessed, based on our six-month business relationship, what I'd ask.

"You're at the Fineman Clinic. I had to be transferred here from the public hospital the initially took you to after the accident." She explained - coolly, of course.

My mind, fogged by the drugs, took some time to dwell on the thought she'd brought me to the clinic she used to administrate, dwelling on something completely inconsequential before the real import of her statement managed to make it through the drug-induced haze and register on my brain.

"Ah-ha'en?"

"Yes - the car accident." She clarified, one fine golden eyebrow rising. "You don't remember running off the road?"

I made a grunting sound.

"You're in for SRS." She further explained.

It took a second for me to realize that 'Esseress' was, in fact, the acronym 'SRS' - and I felt so proud of having puzzled that out that it took a minute for me to further realize that the acronym didn't mean a damned thing more to me than the nonsense 'word' I'd first thought I'd heard. Somehow, I managed to convey this confusion to Elizabeth, despite being limited to whispering grunts and moans.

"Oh, SRS?" She asked, eyebrow raised. "That's 'Systematic Restraint Syndrome'. You're alive because of your car's restraint systems - but the lap-belt broke your pelvis, the shoulder belt cracked your lowest ribs, and the airbag broke your nose and jaw."

I absorbed this information, and let it filter through my slowly chugging brain, letting the pieces of the puzzle fall slowly into place.

My body was obviously 'strapped down', something that had registered, but not bothered me, when I'd first regained consciousness. Atier all, under the obviously heavy dose of drugs I was under, I had absolutely no desire to go anywhere, feeling as if I were floating in a cloud that leti me only tenuously connected to reality.

I was, to use the phrase, 'feeling no pain' - though I was sure it would be there, lurking on the edges of the drugs when the dosage started to wear off. However, in the private clinic she'd had the foresight to bring me to, my wealth would insure I got the best possible care - and, better yet, the fact that it was Elizabeth's old clinic meant she had some 'pull' here.

Now, if only I could figure out how to communicate clearly with my jaw obviously wired shut...

I turned my attention back to Elizabeth - and was, instead, surprised to find a perky, busty brunette nurse looking over my charts. During the time it had taken me to absorb and assimilate Elizabeth's information, quite some time had passed - though how long, I had no way of knowing, since my room apparently didn't have a window, and with my jaw wired shut 'dinner' came via the many tubes that seemed to be stuck into my arm.

The nurse was slender, cute, and filled out her starched white uniform quite nicely. When she noticed I was awake, she gave me an utterly irrepressible grin.

"Ah, hello there Mr. Carstairs!" She said, brightly - then pouted prettily. "Hmm, that's sort of formal, isn't it? Especially since you and I are going to be spending quite a bit of time together. I'm Carol Kittiwake - but you can call me Carol, okay Nicky?"

I cordially detested that diminutive form of 'Nicholas', but my attempt to explain that only brought cute concern to Carol's face.

"Oh - don't try to actually talk, Nicky dear." She said, coming to stand right beside my bed, leaning over - which presented quite a nice view of cleavage to my appreciative eyes. "Just whisper, sweetie."

I tried it - and, though my words were incredibly soft and breathy, with the faintest hint of a lisp, words they undeniably were.

"There you go, Nicky!" She said, awarding me with a cute smile - and then immediately launched into a bright, perky spiel about how I was in the best hands money could buy. The Fineman clinic boasted the best SRS surgeons and facilities in the country, and I'd be getting only the finest of care...

...and I was so overwhelmed by her perky, energetic spiel, especially in my befuddled state, that she'd finished her minor tasks and vanished out of the room before I could ever get around to pointing out that I would have much rather preferred 'Nick' to 'Nicky'.

Not that it seemed it would have mattered, anyway. Even in my drugged state, I soon learned Carol was one of those irrepressibly chipper people. She even referred to Elizabeth as 'Lizzy'... and, though she rolled her eyes about it, Elizabeth actually took that from Carol!

Besides - there was no reason to alienate my near constant companion, right? If the nurse who was there almost every time I was conscious wanted to call me 'Nicky', what was it to me?

Indeed, Carol was my new 'best friend' - at least as far as she was concerned. Though I could now make myself understood in that breathy voice I was stuck with for the moment, I barely managed to get a word in edgewise. When she wasn't busy going on about how fine the care I was getting was, or how wonderful the SRS team of the clinic was, she was nattering on about guys, fashion, hairstyle, or other similar feminine prattle.

At first, I was downright shocked by how explicit some of her comments were. When she discussed her sex life, it was in incredibly frank, unselfconscious, **graphic** detail - but I guess that may be because she was a nurse, and anything about the human body was her bailiwick, not something mysterious or 'dirty'. Still, it took me aback - after all, some of my major income came from pornographic videos, and some of my stars weren't as graphic as Carol could be!

Next to Carol, the person I saw most often was Elizabeth. Not that these were social calls, of course

- she was keeping me up-to-date on my financial and business details.

Constantly doped to the gills, I could vaguely appreciate her cool, efficient work ethic, without being in any condition to actually make any decisions on the information she brought me. Even that appreciation was sometimes dulled by a sense of shame or embarrassment - because, good old earthy Carol saw no reason to wait and leave her ministrations of me until after 'Lizzy' had left.

A good example of this was the first time Carol came in to put on my surgical stockings to help prevent blood clots in the legs. Elizabeth was droning on about some liability forms I'd have to sign when Carol breezed in, threw back the sheet up above

my waist, and began putting these surgical stockings on my legs!

Now, I'd mentioned that Elizabeth was a cold fish - and I was never more glad of it than right then, because she didn't even bat an eyelid at my nudity. Even as Carol prattled on about how other hospitals might use cheap rubber surgical stockings, the Clinic used only the finest, natural silk ones, Elizabeth went right on discussing the liability forms with me. Still, I was so rattled by it all, I finally demanded in my breathy whisper that she just let me sign the damned things, and instructed her, in the future, that if there was something she really needed me to sign, I'd do so, without having to have it explained to me in full detail. I'd hired her to take care of my business, and that was that.

Under the regimen of drugs they kept me on, time became a nebulous thing for me. I wasn't quite sure how long I was 'fully restrained' on the bed, unable to move so much as an inch under my own, diminished power - but that isn't to indicate I was exactly 'bored', mind you. No, I had plenty of entertainment...

I'd always made it a point to have the final say on the productions my adult film company put out - and, since I hadn't mentioned otherwise, Elizabeth simply assumed I'd continue doing so, even in the hospital. A flat-screen plasma TV was hooked up in easy line-of-sight of my bed, and I had my own little 'porn theater'.

Which occasioned some... *interesting* discussions with Carol, let me tell you!

Anyway, it was during this period when I was completely 'locked down' that Rob first came to pay me a visit.

It took me by surprise, actually. Rob and I had been roommates all through collage, sharing a cheap apartment off campus. This was back before I 'hit it big', and to tell you the truth, I'd been envious of Rob. He was one of those guys luck or mother nature had gited with a near perfect body - tall, broad-shouldered and dark haired, a regular Adonis. Since I've always been on the somewhat short and slender side, I could have hated him for that quirk of fate - if not for the fact that it's nearly impossible for anybody to hate Rob at all. He was just so easy-going and friendly... which probably explained why women practically fell over each other trying to throw themselves at this handsome, unfailingly 'nice' guy.

Still, once I'd leti collage and begun stacking up the cash, I'd hardly ever looked back, and my 'friendship' with Rob had become the Christmas-and-Birthday-Card sort.

Then again, as much as I hate to admit it, that still probably qualified him as my 'best friend'. Oh, since I'd come into money, I'd made a lot of acquaintances - but I can't think of one I'd really call a 'friend'. So, I guess I shouldn't be surprised by just how happy I was to see Rob, since he was just about the only 'social' visitor I had.

He seemed somewhat uncomfortable when he came in the room, but I wasn't surprised. Atier all, I was strapped down, with bandages on my face making me look like The Invisible Man, and skinny enough from just intravenous nutrients that I could have turned sideways and disappeared. Oh - and not to mention, my now-pale, now-scrawny body was also as smooth as a slug, thanks to the fact I was being kept completely hairless for the series of surgeries I'd be having as soon as I was strong enough.

We chatted about this-and-that for a bit - and then he surprised me by mentioning his **surprise** at hearing I was in for

SRS.

I thought about the great many times he and I had 'hit the clubs', looking for babes, during our collage days.

"I guess you're forgetting all the times you ended up hooking up with some hot babe, while I just watched, enviously, drinking heavily and wishing our places were reversed." I whispered wryly. "I'm surprised I didn't end up in here for SRS *sooner*."

Rob looked first startled - then thoughtful.

"I... guess I just really didn't pay attention, at the time." He said, slowly. "Still, now that I think about it - how you didn't seem to quite fit in, how you were always talking about sex, but never seemed to end up with a girl... I guess I should have seen it coming."

Well, maybe it was a bit tactless for him to point out all the good reasons I'd had for getting drunk at the time - but, hey, now I was fairly rich, and, like I said, you just couldn't really get made at Rob.

He leti, looking oddly thoughtful, not long atier that - and by the next time he dropped by for a visit, I was finally able to sit up and talk to him.

Because of my weakened muscles and a minor back injury, I had to wear a back-brace before I could start moving around. It was a leather-and-canvas rig that started just above my bandaged hips and went up to my ribcage - which, I guess I should mention, was somewhat diminished, since they'd had to remove the lowest pair of ribs atier my accident. The damned thing had to be laced up uncomfortably tight to provide the support I needed - but being able to move again was such a relief that I didn't mind it. In fact, in a relatively short time, I got used to having to be laced into it every day, and didn't give it any more thought than the surgical stockings that were also part of my daily routine.

I was still to weak to get out of bed or move around much on my own, but at least I was able to sit up again, which started making me feel halfway human once more.

It was some time between my first chance to sit up and Rob's next visit that Mandy came to call. Mandy - a true 'Daddy's girl' and an obvious gold-digger - was sort of my, uh, 'girlfriend'. Not that you could call our relationship a real 'friendship' - she was in it for the money, and I was in it for the sex, though up to the point of the accident, neither of us had gotten what we'd wanted. As a high- society 'debutante', she required me to 'play the game', and I'd simply been known as her 'escort' to dinner parties and the like while were obliquely worked on 'negotiations'.

She was, for some reason, livid. She seemed to take it as some sort of personal insult that I was in for SRS, and wanted to know how I could shame her like that.

Her 'visit' was really nothing more than a tantrum, and I didn't even get a word in edgewise for most of it. Instead, I just sat there, trying hard not to look at where her parents stood in the doorway, while Mandy reamed me out.

Mandy's parents were real 'old money', 'raised right' people. Mommy looked as miffed as Mandy, and Daddy looked... disgusted, I'd guess. Mandy, herself, kept going over how 'shameful' the whole thing was - but, being a 'proper lady', managed to

rake me over the coals without once resorting to rude, crude or lewd words. The thin defense I managed to get in at the very end - that SRS wasn't a choice, but something that certain people needed - didn't seem to go over too well.

It wasn't until well after they left that I finally realized what was going on.

I didn't actually remember the accident, and nobody had actually brought it up - just the aftermath of it, the SRS I was in the hospital for. It finally dawned on me that I must have been drunk or something to get into the unremembered accident.

Yes, I could understand how I - who'd worked so hard to acquire the image of class and breeding in order to get into the social circles of high society - could, as Mandy put it, 'be the laughingstock of the whole town!' by getting drunk and piling my Jag into a tree or something. Given that I'd tried to hide my lower-class origins from the high-society crowd that Mandy considered being 'everybody', I could understand how she could go on about how 'everybody now knows what you *really* are!', and how I'd been 'living a lie!'.

Not that the belated understanding made her public 'dumping' of me any less enjoyable, even if that 'public' had been limited to her parents, Carol, and Elizabeth. I'm sure word of it got around...

...especially given some of the things Rob said on his next visit.

He wondered whether or not I was planning to stay in town or move somewhere new, considering - as he tactfully tried to put it - 'you know...'. I hadn't really given it much thought, and I told Rob so, while wondering just how badly Mandy was bad-mouthing me to make Rob to think that my remaining in town after I got out of the hospital would be so uncomfortable for me.

Since Carol had mentioned the fact that the plastic surgery to repair my face would mean I wouldn't look exactly like I did before, I tried to make a joke out of it all. I owned my own porn studio, and a couple of 'skin mags', and a few strip clubs. When I joked that, 'with my new look', maybe I should give doing some work in my own movies because nobody would recognize me, he seemed startled.

"You're going to be sexually active after...?" He blurted out, before cutting himself off - and I had to remind myself how my heavily bandaged hips and crotch must look to him. Hell, I hadn't even seen my own cock since the accident, so I guess I shouldn't be surprised if he thought I might be too injured.

"Oh, they tell me I'll be able to be as sexually active as I want, after the surgery." I reassured him, thinking about how, uh... 'awkward' it was right now, still reviewing all the top-quality porn my studio was putting out without being able to give it the, ahem, final 'thumbs up' I always had before. "You have to idea just how eager I am to start having sex after SRS!"

He seemed a bit taken aback, for some reason, but simply picked a different topic of conversation. Not that this was difficult to do - I couldn't say our conversations were all that 'intellectual'. I was still doped up all the time, though I had gotten so used to this that I barely thought about it anymore, consciously.

Some time later, after Rob had dropped by a few more times, I was finally allowed out of bed.

I was weak, and my legs didn't want to remember how to work all that well. They had to use a special training aid to help me get back into the habit of walking again - these ugly gray 'boots' with a big wedge heel that practically forced me to stand on tip-toe. I didn't like it much, but from the burning in my calves, buttocks and the back of my thighs, Carol had been right about how it worked out those muscle groups - and, just like everything else, I soon got used to them, day-in and day- out.

I also got to get 'dressed' again - if you can call those damned hospital gowns being 'dressed'. Like any hospital gown, this one was too short, and with a stupid floral print - but at least it zipped up the back, rather than having those ties that leti you hanging half out of it.

Rob, at least, was polite about it - he quite otien went out of his way to comment how 'nice' I looked in the hospital garb, which had be the biggest lie I'd ever heard, though he managed to pull it off with only a mildly uncomfortable look on his face. He even 'complimented' me on my hair, which I was now - wonder of wonders! - allowed to come myself.

No small task, that - it had been growing, unchecked, since the accident. Before then, I'd worn my blond hair sort of shaggy - now it was a ridiculously long, thick mass I seemed to forever be coming, brushing or fiddling with. I would have liked to get it cut down to a manageable length, but Carol pointed out that the doctors hadn't decided if I'd need to have my head shaved as completely smooth as the rest of my body was kept when the time for my surgery came. Given that, it did seem a little silly to go to the trouble of getting my hair cut, when any day they might just come in and shave me bald.

Which turned out to be a good decision - because it was a short time later that they finally told me it was time to start the final preparations for the SRS treatment.

* * * * *

I don't actually remember the surgeries at all - and what I do remember of the preparation before, and the recovery atier, is pretty fragmented and vague.

They switched my medication to some sort of super-powerful hypnotic drug, I understand. Rather than keeping me from *feeling* pain, it kept me from *remembering* pain, forgetting about each hurt or ache as soon as it happened. It also leti my memory of the period, as a whole, pretty spotty.

Apparently, in interaction with me, people found me to seem fully alert, coherent, and aware - even if I can't remember many of these encounters.

I don't actually remember them 'fattening me up' for the surgery, or the special 'goo' I was allowed to 'eat' to do so. A warm, quite salty high-protein compound, the Consumable Organic Mixture (Enhanced) was taken via some long, thick straws with rounded ends designed for people with poor coordination, called the Digitally Interactive Container. That didn't mean it was computerized - it was 'digits' as in 'fingers', because you had to manipulate the container to get it to give you the Consumable Organic Mixture (Enhanced).

Like I said, I don't remember much of this - but I do remember when they tried to take my off it, sort off. It was the first

thing I was allowed to 'eat' myself, and when they tried to take me off it, I remember having a video-taped discussion with the concerned clinic psychiatrist, assuring him that I enjoyed sucking DIC so I could swallow COME.

Nor do I remember how it ended up, during my recovery period, that I was giving an interview to some non-gender-specific person from the Alternative Lifestyle Network. I do recall explaining to the interviewer - who would have been a manly woman or an effeminate man, dressed in a unisex outfit' - why I thought a woman's body was so much nicer than a man's. How soti it was, how pleasant to touch, and how it could be 'dressed up' in such a vastly broader selection of clothing...

* * * * *

Now, at this point, you may think that I - the person born as Nicholas Jeffery Carstairs on a cold night in December, 1976 - must have, instead been 'born yesterday' - or that I am a complete idiot.

Neither is true. Though this chronicle of what happened is written in the past tense, and indeed all took place 'in the past', I have written it as if, at each stage, I lacked the benefit of hindsight - which, in fact, I did. As it was happening, I was continuously kept drugged, and the very few people who were 'in' on it very carefully manipulated what those who weren't saw - including myself.

What you have read so far is how I felt, what I thought, as I lived through it - right up until the moment I 'awoke', that is to say, became free of the powerful hypnotic drug, atier my period of recuperation under the 'tender care' of Carol Kittiwake and Elizabeth Forraker...

* * * * *

When I at last became 'self aware' again for the first time since finding myself at the clinic, it wasn't exactly a quick transition.

The first thought, zooming across my conscious mind like a meteorite through the atmosphere, burned up before it ever hit earth: *'Once again, Rob gets lucky'*.

That's it - not context. Just that thought, actually registering on my mind, but not meaning all that much. Then, an indeterminate time later, a sort of follow up thought popped up:

'Of course, so did I, this time'. I thought to myself - with just enough self-awareness to feel smug about it. *'God, but does this feel fantastic...!'*

Some more endless time passed, though less than what had gone before the first two thoughts, and thought number three was tail-gated by thought number four - in order, *'Why's she staring at me like*

that', followed by the much more appreciative, 'Who cares? Look at those **tits!** Rob, you lucky SOB...'

So, I watched Rob and his babe-du-jour go at it a while longer, while rather mindlessly enjoying my own waves of intense pleasure.

'She looks familiar.' I noted to myself. 'I wonder where I've seen her before. With a body like that, maybe she's one of my porn stars. Would that explain why she keeps staring at me like that...?'

I watched her go at it, staring at me as she gasped and moaned in pleasure, Rob's hands roaming her bouncing body, and felt that sense of envy that Rob got to get fucked by such a hot - and oddly familiar - woman.

That's when it occurred to me: 'I wonder what the woman I'm fucking looks like? This feels fantastic, fucking her hard like this, but she's probably not the incredible nympho Rob's got...'

That's when I looked down at the 'woman' I was thrusting into...

...and stared down past a pair of huge, jiggling, swaying tits at Rob's sweaty, oh-so-happy face.

For a few seconds, it simply didn't register - and then, my body still thrusting itself up and down, my head snapped up...

...and I finally realized that the wall at the head of the bed mounted a huge mirror. I screamed.

Which didn't phase Rob in the least, any more did my sudden thrashing atop him - because realization occurred at just about the same time I hit orgasm, and I was leti writhing, screaming, and twitching atop his muscular body as the large, hard cock filling my tight, wet cunt provided my with utterly ridiculous amounts of physical pleasure. The horror, humiliation, and shock I was feeling was completely buried under the intensely more powerful 'symptoms' of my orgasmic ecstasy.

It wasn't until the initial, overwhelming burst of ecstasy began to fade and I yanked myself off his still-spurting cock to almost literally throw myself into the opposite corner of the room, still screaming, that Rob clued in.

"Nikki?" He said, sitting up quickly. "Honey-bunny, what's wrong?" I stared at him in horror.

"I... I've got tits!" I yelled at him, my hands going to the massive, artificially firm spheres of breast- flesh thrust almost defiantly from my ribcage. Then, my long-nailed fingers dipped from the volley- ball sized testimonials to DuPont implants and touched the moist wetness that lay nestled between the thighs of my shapely legs, encased in white nylons held up by garters attached to the pink-and- white leather corset wrapped around my miniscule waist. "...and a cunt! I... I'm a woman! A fuckin' woman...!"

The pejorative I'd tossed off in my high-pitched new voice registered - and I pointed an accusing finger at Rob.

"And you're the one whose been fucking me!" I shrieked, hysterically.

My gaze went from the very confused, very worried naked man standing before me to the mirror at **The End** of the bed - and I stared at the woman I'd become.

The slender, sexy, sex-pot of plastic perfection I'd become. It was a woman who didn't look real.

Everything about her shouted she had been created by a surgeon's skill. Everything from the heart- shaped face to the tip of the feet surgically altered to feel most comfortable in the type of extreme, eight-inch heels her pink pumps boasted - and every emphatic attribute in between.

The hips were wide and rounded above legs that were long and shapely - both to as unnatural degree as her waist was tiny, or her tits were huge. Her ass was the definition of the 'bubble-butt', and her lips were collagen-pumped to excess.

If any single one of these over-emphasized attributes had appeared on any other woman, alone, it would have been a definite case of 'too much of a good thing' - but all of them, in her, to the exact same degree of 'caricature', instead somehow meshed into a cartoonishly sexy blonde bimbo brought to living, breathing, 'believable' reality - without giving up so much as an ounce of the impression that she wasn't 'real', but somehow a living fantasy.

A sexual fantasy.

A perfect, living sex doll. It was...

It was the body I'd dreamed so long and desperately of having. The body I cried myself to sleep with all through collage, while hating those lucky enough to be born female. The body I knew Rob would never turn down, even while I imagined it was me he was fucking in the next room, not whatever woman who had actually been lucky enough to get that big, hard cock of his for a night...

Crying out in horror, I began beating more forehead with open palms, trying to drive out the thoughts crammed into my head by Carol, Elizabeth, and their tame psychiatrist.

"Nikki!" Rob cried, hurrying over and grabbing my slender wrists. "Honey, stop it! You're going to hurt yourself!"

"Don't touch me!" I screamed, pulling away from him in response to the instant - and frighteningly powerful - surge of sexual 'thoughts' and 'feelings' I'd been programmed to feel about his naked, muscular body. "Stay away!"

"I knew I should have made you take your medication." Rob fretted in self-flagellation. "Just this once, I let myself think it would be okay... I'm going to go get your pills, baby. Just stay here..."

He started to get up - and I said nothing, shocked by how strong the urge to just take the pills was. Thought and memory was starting to come together out of the foggy mess of my long-drugged mind and an incredibly seductive part of me actually wanted to take the pills that had kept me docile and subdued for the past seven months.

Just take those pills, and in a bit, those force-fed thoughts jammed into my brain would take over, and I could go back to being utterly content with my new body. Go back to being Rob's unfailingly cheerful, happy little fuck-bunny, with no thoughts in my head by how much I loved finally fucking and sucking the man I'd fantasized about all through collage...

...and then I forced myself to shove the thought away, shuddering. "No!" I gasped, torn by the decision. "No pills!"

Perhaps the true strength it took to say that confuses you - or perhaps you don't get it at all. Perhaps only a long-time drug user - **another** long time drug user - can truly understand the incredibly powerful temptation to just take another 'hit', to let themselves fall into the uncritical bliss the drug provides.

The thoughts and emotions 'programmed' into me were purely secondary, 'camouflage' to provide apparent verification of

the fantasy that I was a willing recipient of sexual reassignment surgery.

I was a 'junkie'.

All in all, I had spent the last fifteen months with every waking - and not a few sleeping - moment under the influence of a carefully measured, mixed and managed array of pharmaceuticals.

Obviously, the motivation that led to this was the decision of Elizabeth that I need to be 'taken out', that I was a 'bad person', somebody who was destroying society with a constant and never-ending degradation of women into nothing more than sexual objects.

Cold as she was, she wasn't up to - or even interested in - cold blooded murder. No, it seemed much more fitting to her - and her four associates, once she'd dratted them into her conspiracy - to leave me as nothing more than that very representation of women that I was creating for the world. Sexual feminine fantasy, and nothing more.

That's what I'd been made over into - and the drug regimen allowed it to happen in the first place, then kept me 'leashed' to the fantasy afterwards. If not for the fact that I had turned out even more effective at using pure sexual arousal to derail Rob's intellect, it could have gone on indefinitely, with him conscientiously administering the 'hormone supplements' they'd told him I 'needed' every day in order to maintain the ultimate femininity I was so 'ecstatically happy' about. Given that the drugs the 'supplements' really contained, it never occurred to Rob to question the blissful state I spent every day in. I was obviously happy, and that was enough to convince anybody that everything was all right - and that was **before** you included the fact that the situation also meant that Rob was getting sucked and fucked just about as often as any man could ever want.

Which also served to compound his confusion now, as his 'happy little girlfriend', who'd had to work so hard in the first place to get him to overcome any lingering doubts or 'homosexual' connections to let her be his lover, now shivered and shuddered on the floor after screaming about her 'beloved' femininity and rejecting her 'long and secretly desired' lover.

"No pills." I managed to say again, in a calmer voice, forcing myself into some semblance of control despite the shock and other potent emotions thrumming through me. The last thing I needed was to convince Rob that the best thing he could do for me was to pump me full of those pills and call Elizabeth for help - which, I was quite sure, was exactly what he'd been told to do if anything 'strange' ever happened. "Just give me a minute... and, uh - some clothes."

"Ohhhh-kay." He agreed, reluctantly - but here his genial nature worked in my favor. When he'd told Nurse Kittiwake he was going to follow all their instructions to a 'T', he'd been utterly since - but that had been then and there. Here and now, **I** was the person he was dealing with, and, with his genuine good nature, **my** wants and needs came first. If either Carol or Elizabeth had been here, as well, the conflict between trying to meet two people's demands might have been settled by who was the most 'competent' to give advice - but neither woman was here, and I was.

Pushing myself up off the floor, I walked over to the closet. With memory returning, I could recall how many times I'd gone into this closet - and how 'happy' I'd been by all the sexy, pretty clothes there were to choose from. In fact, part of the desire to 'look pretty' tugged at me, even now, just from remembering how warm-and-tingling it had felt to look in the mirror and see a

sexy woman looking back, but I pushed it aside and picked out a 'fur' trimmed silk dressing gown and pulled it on.

Rob also pulled on his underwear and jeans - which helped enormously, since I didn't have to keep looking at his cock and remembering all the things I'd done to, with and for it...

...and how much I'd enjoyed each and every moment.

I also couldn't help but remember how good Rob was - not only as a lover, but as a person. How well he'd treated 'Nicole Jessica Carstairs', his girlfriend...

...and how warm and tingling I felt inside, right here and now, at the thought, even without the mindless urge - or compulsion - to be his little fuck-bunny.

It was more than a little disquieting to find myself considering what life as a woman, as Rob's girlfriend, would be like even **without** drug-induced bliss.

"There's something we need to talk about." I told Rob, sitting down on the bed as he hitched on leg up and half-sat on the low dresser along the wall. "It's going to sound strange, and you might not want to believe it, but please hear me all the way through."

"Of course." Rob agreed, right away - and I forced myself to ignore the pleasant warmth I felt at his instant, unstinting agreement. Instead, I made myself think about just how badly Elizabeth had screwed up by deciding to 'take advantage' of the old friend who, despite my practically ignoring him for years, had showed up at my bedside in a time of need. She might have thought it was the perfect 'hook' to hang the implanted thoughts on, but she hadn't known how truly deep any friendship Rob formed ran.

"That first morning I woke up at the clinic, I didn't know how I'd gotten there. Elizabeth was there, and she told me I'd been in a car accident..." I started to explain.

* * * * *

Rob is a very hard person to hate. He also, it turned out, isn't really the type of person who can easily maintain hate for anybody else, for any reason...

...oh, but my-oh-my, is he ever a one for justice.

Yes, indeed - a real stickler for justice is my husband.

Oh, yes, Rob and I got married. Three months ago, now - and that made it a year to the day of my 'awakening'.

It was a fairly small affair, all things considered. Most of the guests were there for Rob, and not a few of them were women he'd dated over their eyes, practically green with envy that any 'woman' had succeeded in snaring a kind, loving guy who had insisted on remaining 'just friends' with them.

I'm just glad we'd moved and I'd changed my name and hair color. If any of those women realized the 'blushing bride' had been born a man, they might have torn me apart with their bare hands.

The fact that I'd almost completely divorced myself from my past was one of the reasons almost all the guests were her for Rob. Of course, the fact that, as a man, I'd practically had no friends anyway was another.

Still, I was 'suitably accompanied'. After all, looking like a near-caricature of buxom blonde little bimbo is somewhat less of an eye-catcher when your maids of honor are each as much a caricature as yourself, in their own ways. I mean, I'm almost too much of a woman, but it's in equal proportion - but Cari's tits are even more enormous than mine, and Lizzy's surgically lengthened legs seem to go on for miles even before you factor in the ten-inch heels of her platform pumps. Those two, in

their tight-fitting pink dresses, would have been more than enough to 'deflect' some of the attention I gathered wherever I went...

...but, of course, even *they* couldn't compete with Petra.

I don't think anybody competes with Petra. The 'second runner up' would have to be that retired female wrestler, Chyna, who Petra is quite often compared to. As in 'God! She looks like Chyna... only more so!'

Which, I suppose, is fair. After all, when you take a reasonably tall, athletically built man who, for whatever reason, develops an utterly overwhelming compulsion to become as completely female as possible, something's got to give. Since Peter, the 'tame psychiatrist', wasn't lucky enough to have the relatively short, slender male build I'd started out with, he'd had to go in another direction.

Even people who don't find her the least bit attractive are forced to admit that, muscular as she might be, the six-foot nine Amazon is also leggy, buxom, and graceful, with a strong-yet-beautiful face, and is undeniably extremely 'feminine' - even without being the least bit 'girly'.

The fact that she's so incredibly sexually aggressive, however, is really what tends to catch most men off guard. Having her swoop towards you with 'that look' in her eye and a naughty smile on her lips while she backs you into a corner so she press her toned-yet-curveaceous body against you seems to be surprisingly disconcerting for most men - especially since her height means she tends to bury most men in ample cleavage with that particular maneuver.

She did, however, manage to restrain herself during the actual ceremony - which isn't surprising, since she, like Cari and Lizzy, would probably rather died long and horrible deaths than do anything that might make me the least bit unhappy.

That, like the surgeries each of my new 'girl friends' underwent, was a direct result of my darling Rob's obsession with justice - without hate.

After all, there was nothing at all hateful in him when he'd fed these three the same drugs I no longer wanted to take, and neither was there any hate in him as, while they were all highly doped on powerful hypnotics, he brought up the whole subject of 'guilt'. He didn't give them any orders, didn't command them to do anything, didn't even harp at any great length about how

corrosive guilty secrets could be on your conscience. He just asked each one of them what could possibly been done to get rid of their guilt, if they had any at all to begin with.

Of course, if it had turned out that any of them hadn't been harboring any guilt at all, we would have gone public to make sure they got punishment - but Rob had felt we should try his way first, since it wasn't just punishment, but would also ensure that none of the three could ever again allow themselves to do anything they'd feel guilty about.

I guess he was right, atier all. I had been a little miffed at how 'easy' he was letting them each off, but he obvious knows people better than I do - judging from what each of them felt they needed to do to themselves to make them feel as if they'd 'earned' forgiveness.

Not even mentioning that they've also devoted themselves to trying to 'make it up' to me, as well. Not that I'm complaining - all three of them are trying very, very hard to be the best possible friends a woman like me could ever ask for...

...and if my new husband happens to blow them all away at being sweet, loving and kind without even having to try, well, that's something we'll all just have to try and live with.

I just wish Petra would ease up on her relentless pursuit of sexual conquest.

Not that I have any ethical or moral objections to her fucking the brains out of any guy who shows even the slightest bit of interest in a 'woman like her', mind you. Nor do I feel sorry for any of those men who overestimate themselves, (*or underestimate her*), and end up in traction.

Atier all, they're all adults, and should have known what they were getting into - and beside, you'd be amazed at how many men who have been on the receiving end of Petra's amazingly, um... **enthusiastic** ministrations manage to confuse other hospital patrons by having huge, dreamy grins despite being in full body casts.

No, I just wish she'd at least slow down long enough to make sure whatever piece of furniture her and her latest victim end up (or start out) on can take it.

We went through four folding tables, the hotel registration desk, two coffee tables, a roll-away cot and a chandelier at the reception *alone*...

...although, of course, Rob paid for the chandelier out of his own pocket, which was only fair.

Petra's shoes never would have crushed all that cut crystal underfoot when she carried her latest victim off to the cloakroom if I hadn't knocked them off while I was swinging on it.

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: An agent of a special organization who tests out theories on their creators makes a visit to a scientist who invents women's enhancement products.

Statute 17862-3b

By Gunslinger

Doctor Antonio Popadopolous was royally pissed off.

'Pissed Off' wasn't Tony's usual state of being. Usually, the slender, olive-skinned medical researcher was so easy-going and laid-back that it was hard to believe that he was a registered genius, involved in some of the most advanced medical work in the planet - even if it was for a money-making pharmaceutical company rather than 'pure' research funded by grants. After all - even a genius had to live, right? Still, Tony was usually the easiest guy to get along with, even with the hint of 'greedy bastard' tossed into his personality.

Tonight he felt he had adequate reason to be 'pissed off', though. Nervously running his fingers through his curly black hair for perhaps the tenth time in half an hour, Tony began pacing again, his soti-soled Italian loafers making almost no sound on the determinedly high- tech black polycarbonate floor.

Six months! Six months, Tony had been waiting to hear something from the FDA about approval. Six months - and when they finally get back to him, it's some stuck-up sounding broad in Washington telling him she was flying down for a field-check test of his products as authorized under statute 17862-3B of the FDA Charter.

Tony had no idea what the hell that meant - except that he had to wait here, at midnight, to meet some FDA Big-Wig or he might never get approvals for his products. No approvals, and his work was useless, not worth anything to him. So, even if Tony had never heard of whatever it was they were doing, what was he going to do? Say 'no'? Not likely!

So, he had to do it - but it didn't mean he had to like it. By the time he heard the foot-steps coming down the hall towards the lab, he was in a fine boil. Four hours he'd spent, as the building had slowly emptied. Four hours, walking around a deserted, silent building like some sort of high-tech ghost, tired from just getting all the products ready to be field-inspected.

So, it wasn't unreasonable for Tony to whirl around to face the door when he heard the footsteps enter, ready to give 'Special Investigator Linda Foxworthy of the FDA' a piece of his mind.

He didn't however - for he was completely unprepared to find himself pointing an accusing finger at a very tall, coolly-beautiful blonde in an efficient business ensemble whose skirt showcased impossibly long, toned legs atop three-inch

heels. A frost-white platinum blonde with ice-chip-blue eyes on a classically beautiful face devoid of any identifiable expression, her full lips not curled in either direction.

"Dr. Popadopolous?" She asked, in a completely neutral voice, not seeming to notice the way the slender, swarthy doctor was staring at her tall, toned body under its elegantly tailored layers of efficiently sexy 'business attire'. "I'm Agent Foxworthy - from the FDA." She paused a half-beat, then held out her hand and took a step forward, adding, "We spoke on the phone."

"Ah. Yes..." Tony managed, straightening. He glanced at the accusingly-pointed finger as if he'd never seen such a thing in his life, then opened his hand and took a step forward of his own, ready now to shake her hand...

...which was he was a little taken aback when she grabbed his wrist and turned it, exposing his forearm - into which she smoothly injected a needle with her left hand, depressing the plunger as she did so. Whatever had been in the syringe was in Tony's bloodstream practically before he realized he'd been injected.

"It should take effect in less than five seconds..." Foxworthy said in an almost conversational tone.

"What should I do?" Tony started to ask, confused - but he just seemed to run out of steam. Willpower, actually - somehow, though he knew it was important, he couldn't work up enough willpower to do it. It just seemed like too much work, no matter how much he thought he wanted to do something.

"Marvelous!" the gorgeous blonde said, clapping her hands together in almost girlish glee, transforming her cool face for an instant. "I wasn't sure it would work - this is the first time I've tried it." She confided to Tony. "Works quite well, doesn't it?"

Tony found a sudden jolt of energy - just enough to say, numbly, the first thing that popped into his head - the truth. "Yes." "Tony, Tony, Tony..." the blonde sighed, sadly. She paused. "You don't mind if I call you Tony, do you?"

A pause - then, dully, "No."

"Splendid. Now, as I was saying, Tony - You sicken me. Really, you do." She slowly began to walk away, and Tony unwillingly found himself turning to watch her, finding that he needed the 'stimulation' of her presence to keep from losing his will-to-exist completely.

"Here you are, a genius. You could be coming up with cures for cancer, for AIDS, doing great things for Humanity - but, no. You're here, at a Pharmaceutical Company, making 'beauty products'. Like these..."

She paused, and looked down at the array of products Tony had neatly arrayed on the work-table, all the 'wonderful products' he'd created. She ran a hand gently over the tubes, bottles and boxes. "More unnecessary products to 'help' women become more like the

male-centric 'ideal woman', a mere subsidiary part of the male-dominated society."

Being drugged had been a pretty good sign that something 'funny' was going on, but it had left Tony feeling mostly 'confused'. Now, listening to Foxworthy, Tony felt panic begin to flare.

"But I'm a fair woman, Tony..." Foxworthy said, suddenly, turning to hit Tony with a million-watt smile so fake it was painful. "I believe other people have the right to hold beliefs other than mine - even if I might find those beliefs so disgusting, perverted or wrong that I nearly become physically sick at just the sight of such a person. That's my personal life. I'm here on business - namely, to see if you oh-so-disgusting products are safe to sell to the gullible, male-indoctrinated feminine masses. That's all. So - you can be sure I'll be completely and utterly fair in my testing."

Then she proceeded to give Tony some instructions - some very detailed instructions. Lovingly detailed, because Linda Foxworthy looked ready to orgasm just from describing what Tony was to do to himself...

...and Tony could do nothing but listen and accept her instructions. What ever she'd injected him with had opened a direct pathway to his subconscious mind, and she was able to program him as easily as a master programmer might enter a new computer program.

"...here they come." Foxworthy said, urgently, after having Tony repeat back his instructions, paraphrased to make sure he understood. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, Linda, I sure am..." Tony said with a broad, sincere-looking smile. Not that he felt like smiling - screaming was more in line with how he felt. He'd been ordered to act as natural and cheerful as he could, though, so he was forced to act the way he normally would around a tall, beautiful blonde who was obviously in a good mood.

He smiled just as broadly at the small group of people who came crowding into the lab. There was a stout, florid-faced man in a sober business suit, flanked by a thinner man in an expensive gray suit on one side, and a older woman carrying stenography equipment.

The judge, lawyer and stenographer Linda had so 'thoughtfully' arranged for him. Behind them came the Press Agent, the photographer, and a Notary Public to act as a witness.

"Thank you for coming." Tony said, smiling broadly. "I wanted to make sure this is all nice and legal. First of all, let me introduce Agent Foxworthy of the FDA..."

There was a brief pause as Linda shook some hands, during which Tony mentally screamed at himself to run away, to take the distraction as an opportunity to make a break for it...

His body didn't so much as twitch, his smile in place and a cheerful tilt to his head.

"Now, the reason you're all here is that I'm applying for FDA approvals for my products... and something more." He grinned, boyishly. "As you know, the FDA requires testing. Tonight, I'm going to prove that all my 'Feminine Beauty-Enhancing products' really work, and are safe for the buying public."

The small group had been given a sketchy outline of why they were, given to them by Linda when she'd arranged this. They still looked more than a little startled and uncomfortable, however, despite the extra time they'd had to absorb the idea.

"Now, of course, there's more to it than testing." Tony continued. "By using my products on myself, I'll also be proving the

product's uses in a side-field of the industry, cross-dressers and transsexuals. I, myself, am a cock-sucking sissy-boy, and have been for years."

He said it with an easy grin - while, inside, the lie was torn from his screaming, kicking - and impotent - mind. Foxworthy was the only one in the room who knew that he was feeding them a 'prepared script' - and the big, shit-eating grin on her face could have been 'Good PR' for the FDA. There *was* a cameraman present, atier all...

"Finally, of course, I'll be better-equipped to determine what feminine products are needed in the future - assuming I can find time to work, you know, when I'm not busy sucking or fucking some lucky stud."

The judge was frowning - but he was here in his official capacity, to arrange for a legal change of identity as soon as Tony was finished his 'demonstration' - atier all, if he was going to be completely unrecognizable atier the demonstration, he wouldn't be able to use his old identification...

...or, rather, she wouldn't be able to. That was the fate Linda had programmed him into accepting, no matter how unwillingly. With equal desperation, he wished he could kill either her - or himself. Either one would have sufficed.

Instead of committing homicide or suicide, Tony began to undress, smiling all the while.

"First, I'll demonstrate my permanent hair-removal cream." Tony explained brightly, picking up a white plastic container of the aforementioned cream. "Since I have thicker body hair than most women, you know it'll work for them if it works for me."

Humming 'happily', Tony set about denuding his body of all it's hair, from the eye-brows on down. He cheerfully rubbed the thick, foamy white cream over his legs, his arms, his torso - even the lower part of his face.

Then, dripping cream, he padded into the attached bathroom of the lab and took a shower. When he emerged, minutes later, he was toweling off a body that was not only nude, but denuded - no follicle of hair remained on his body.

"You see how fast and easy that was?" Tony asked, brightly, while cursing inwardly at the way the air felt over his smooth, hairless skin. "Plus, now I can apply my special skin-smoothing rub..."

Tony did just that, slowly oiling up his body with the special skin conditioner. Atier several minutes, he sighed as he felt it 'kick in' - while, really, he wanted to scream.

"There - now my skin's silky-soti." Tony said with apparent serenity. "Anybody want to feel how soti my body is...?" The rest of them demurred hastily, but Linda grinned. "Sure. I will..."

She came over and slowly ran a hand sensuously across Tony's new silky-smooth skin.

"My **God** - he's even smoother than I am..." Linda said in mock amazement, holding up a bare arm to show her own, milky-smooth skin.

"See how well it works?" Tony asked, brightly, wishing he could slit his own throat rather than continue with this unknown humiliation. "Now that I have the silky-smooth skin of a woman, I might as well 'cross over', so to speak..."

With a grin, Tony walked over to this most dreaded of moments. Desperately, he tried to make his traitorous body turn aside - but as soon as he tried to do anything but what he'd been instructed to do, he felt his willpower sap away to nothing, leaving him helpless to disobey.

"This is actually designed to help women with unnatural insensitivity in their, uh, equipment." Tony explained, holding up a vial. "A small amount would correct minor problems and increase sensitivity. Now, to get a functional pussy so that men can fuck my brains out, I'll have to take a whole shit-load of it, which means my new cunt will be super-sensitive... but it's not like that's a bad thing, right?"

With a big grin at the still-rather-stunned 'audience', Tony filled the huge syringe with the contents of the vial, then proceeded to inject the entire amount into his bloodstream.

"With a small dosage to correct minor problems, there's only a slight discomfort." Tony explained heart racing beneath his deceptively cheerful exterior. "Now, with the dose I took, I would think..."

Then the drug kicked in - and he screamed and dropped to his knees, hands fluttering and grasping uselessly at his crotch as agony tore through him.

"Just.. a... bit... painful..." Tony gasped out through a manic-looking smile, eyes bulging in pain as his cock began to fold in on itself, painfully rearranging itself to form Tony's soon-to-be-pussy.

She screamed again, three times in quick succession - and then she arose to her feet, smiling, the throbbing pain slowly fading in her crotch hidden by her smile.

"So, now I'm technically female." She said. "So, I'd be happy if you call me by my new name: Alyssa. No last name, just - Alyssa."

The new woman Tony had helplessly become grinned. "Well, we'll be getting on with the demonstration, but I'll need some help - so, why don't we take a coffee break, while Agent Foxworthy takes each of you aside and explains what you need to do..."

'Alyssa' set about filling out some legal paperwork while Linda took the rest of them aside. Alyssa was sure she wouldn't have any problems getting her unwanted new identity through - since Linda was going to drug and indoctrinate each of the men when she took them aside.

It was just the next step in Tony/Alyssa's humiliation and transformation.

The tall blonde FDA agent brought them back out. There was no sign of the cold, icy bitch Tony/Alyssa had met, and it was obvious she was enjoying this little 'scenario' - and the more she enjoyed it, the more humiliating it was to Alyssa, who lacked even the ability to fight back, trapped in the little 'game' that the FDA agent had arranged for him.

"Good news, Alyssa!" Linda said, brightly. "Judge Winston has agreed to handle doing your breasts for you!. Since he's a real 'breast man', you *know* he'll do the job right..."

"Damn straight..." The judge muttered, eyes glittering in obviously-implanted near-obsession as he gazed in horrible fascination at Alyssa's flat chest. He juggled the large, chemical-filled syringes in his hands - and, though she couldn't show it, Alyssa tried to scream, knowing just what that compound was designed to do.

"The rest of them will do their work with equal... enthusiasm..." Linda said, smiling wickedly - and verifying Alyssa's fears.

"Go to it..." Linda told them, and the five men and the stenographer descended on Alyssa like the plague, bearing in their hands the tools of Alyssa's humiliation, which she'd created herself.

She wanted to scream, to pull away, to run - but none of these were viable options, not with her 'simply' playing out the script that Linda had defined for her, her mind simply an 'empty shell' for the FDA agent to fill as she'd seen fit.

The new woman could do nothing but stand there while she was further transformed. No - no, that wasn't true. Not at all...

...because, thanks to Linda's instructions, Alyssa actually moved and positioned herself for 'easier access', so that she could be better transformed. She tilted her face and tilted it forward, allowing the stenographer to work on her make-up, while the five men most- obviously-enjoyed working on transforming her body further with her own products. Even the mind-controlled stenographer used one of Alyssa's own products - the chemical compound designed for rapid hair growth.

Some of the chemicals' reactions were pleasant, some neutral, and some painful - yet Alyssa remained apparently cheerful throughout, despite the fact that she wanted to throw-up, scream, and cry - all at the same time.

Instead, she could do nothing but 'grin and bear it' as she felt her body further changed, made further feminine - until, in a thankfully/horribly short time they were done their work, and Alyssa was wearing the body that would be hers for the rest of her new life as a woman.

"My - quite the new look you've got going for yourself..." Linda said with a visible smirk, eyeing the body that was revealed as the unwilling tormentors Linda had sicced on Alyssa backed away. "What do you think, dear?"

Helplessly, Alyssa turned to look at her new body in the mirrored wall of the high-tech lab, staring with a fixed grin at the hideous new body that she'd been given.

Not that everybody would find it hideous, of course. In fact, many would find her new body quite lovely, what with the toned, shapely legs and spectacular new ass. Though her hips were on the slender side, it was more than made up for by the fact that her waist was 'delightfully' slender. Her face, while not 'stunning' was feminine and even exotic, with her dusky skin - all enhanced by the dark, gloss- red lipstick and dark purple eye-shadow she wore, not to mention the matching polish on her now long, oval nails. Her hair was long, dark and curly, framing her face and trailing over her toned-yet-feminine shoulders.

Her breasts were enormous. Gigantic, dusky globes of tit-flesh the size of medicine balls and tipped with enormous, dark nipples.

She was a tall, slender, athletically-built Greek woman with enormous tits and a mouth-watering ass. A vision directly out of some teen- aged boy's wet dreams.

She wanted to die.

"I love it!" She lied with bright enthusiasm, her dainty new hands coming up to caress her massive new rack, shivers of pleasure and disgust chasing each other up her spine as she helplessly turned to smile at the five leering, drooling men who had helped do this to her. "I look just like the huge-breasted cum-slut I wanted to be! Thank you all so very much!"

Even her voice was altered, thanks to one of her own creations. It was still somewhat deep and husky, but now it was 'deep and husky' in the feminine range, actually sounding sexy as hell coming from her glossed lips.

"Oh, I just had a wonderful idea!" She squealed enthusiastically, acting as if the implanted command was a spur-of-the-moment brainstorm. "Why don't I show you guys how truly appreciative I am by fucking you with my wonderful new body!"

She didn't give any of the guys a chance to refuse - because everybody there knew she didn't need to. Everybody had been 'indoctrinated' by Linda. She could have had them work in silent, perfect efficiency to complete Alyssa's humiliation - but where would the fun in that have been? Instead, Alyssa was stuck playing the same role she'd play for the 'uninitiated' public for the rest of her life - that of a cum-crazed slut whose only desire was sex.

She wished she could die. A life trapped in the body and the mind-set of this huge-breasted slut. It was horrifying even to contemplate. Now, however, she wasn't 'contemplating' - she was 'doing'.

She was walking forward with a liquid sway to her hips and a sensual, heavy-lidded look on her face. Her massive, gravity-defying breasts swung side to side with each step, their very heft and bounce burning into Alyssa's helpless, horrified mind.

She was touching the Judge, her hands caressing gently against his shirt, her dark-red nails and dusky skin looking somehow very erotic as she slid over the plain black material of the Judge's suit...

...and looking even more erotic as she tore that suit off, with the Judge's very enthusiastic help. Around her, the other four men were also ripping out of their clothing. The stenographer was more decorous, however, remaining fully clothed - even if it was kneeling, her face buried enthusiastically in Linda Foxworthy's lap. Linda seemed to be having trouble deciding whether to watch Alyssa's final degradation or giving in and thoroughly enjoying the stenographer's attentions.

Since Alyssa knew for a fact that Linda wouldn't even have considered messing with a *woman's* mind, the stenographer's obviously since desire to give Linda pleasure must have been an unexpected distraction. Alyssa, on the other hand, was desperately wishing there was something she could use to distract herself from sex. If there was some way of totally disconnecting her male brain from this female body, and just letting it run on 'instinct'.

As it turned out, there wasn't. Alyssa got to experience everything with total clarity as she pushed the Judge to the floor and sank her wet new cunt over his hard, throbbing cock. She could feel the humiliating pleasure that came from being filled. He could experience the totally new and spectacular sensation of her own, moist tissue grasping the hard, warm cock with agonizingly erotic firmness.

She got to feel the disgustingly wonderful pleasure of a woman fucking a man as she thrust herself up and down over the Judge, swift, short strokes of sexual urgency. The pleasure that was so strong that she started to moan and gasp...

...but not for long - because she was turning her head to the side and opening her mouth so that the lawyer could shove his hard, throbbing cock into it. She got to experience what it felt like to wrap warm, sensitive lips around a throbbing, vein-lined cock. What it felt like to have that cock thrusting in and out of her mouth as she licked and sucked it.

While she was still absorbing the sensations that were flooding in from the blow-job, she also had to deal with the sensation of the PR man's hands fondling and massaging her huge, firm tits. As it so happened, it felt wonderful - and gratifying. The way her massive, round tits had been banging and jerking from her short, powerful motions had actually become quite painful...

...but not nearly as painful as the PR man's cock buried deep in her ass with every thrust. He'd positioned himself sitting astride the Judge's legs, and then shoved his cock into place on her up-thrust, impaling her so that every thrust brought her down on *two* cocks, one providing exquisite pleasure, the other exquisite pain.

The pain that she was unable to express, even as she couldn't express the horror, the disgust, the mind-destroying humiliation that she was going through. Instead, she reached out - and each dainty new hand was filled with a hard, ready cock that she began to jerk-off, her eyes closing in simulated ecstasy...

...which wasn't completely simulated, as she was actually enjoying certain parts of this - and that was more horrifying to her than the mere fact she was doing it. One was forced on her... but the other was actually her own thought...

Then the judge came. Gasping, he writhed under her jerking body as he pumped his load of hot cum into her (*thankfully infertile*) new womanhood.

As if this started a chain reaction, all the other men came in quick succession, leaving her awash in a sea of warm, salty cum. Cum that filled her mouth, tasting like stale, over-salted fish, sliding down her throat in thick gobs with each 'eager' swallow.

Cum that filled her ass, her swollen, pain-filled ass... and then, with the lubrication, the PR man's last, frantic thrusts felt... felt....

...good !

As the last two men blasted cum all over her massive tits, the lawyer's cock slipped from Alyssa's mouth - allowing her to scream out the absolute screams of ecstasy...

...while her mind alone gave the unheard scream of humiliation and despair at what she'd done, and how much of it she'd enjoyed. How much of it she would enjoy again, in this horrifyingly seductive fate Linda had blessed and cursed her with...

"I think that'll do it."

The sound of Linda's voice snapped Alyssa out of the spiraling of insanity that had begun in its over-stressed depths.

Numbly, Alyssa watched the men blankly pull away from her and begin dressing. Linda, skirt back in place, thanked the stenographer more-than- politely, then assembled Alyssa's new identity forms and set them aside, escorting the guests to the door with a smile, while they shook their heads and looked confused, like men just awakened from a very mundane dream.

The stenographer had no such look, however, and she threw Linda very sly wink before she left. Linda actually blushed, watching the older woman leave with a lingering smile before turning towards a thoroughly confused woman sitting on the floor, her massive tits dripping with still-warm cum.

"Welcome to the Sisterhood, Alyssa!" Linda said with a sparkling, wonderful grin - and then the gorgeous blonde knelt and gave Alyssa a deep, passionate kiss.

The huge-breasted dusky beauty returned the kiss almost absently - because she was trying to accept the fact that the 'controls' in her mind had been released - well, most of them, anyway.

She was 'herself' again, not just some 'puppet'.

Except for some still in-place commands. Like the ones keeping Alyssa from every trying to harm any woman, including Linda. Or the one that kept her from being able to tell anyone what had really happened. She was permanently stuck with the 'story' that she'd done this willingly.

"What... what...?" Was the best a very confused Alyssa could manage, shaking her head blankly.

"Well, you're a woman now, darling!" Linda said, brightly. "I couldn't do to another woman the things I'd happily do to a man - that wouldn't be right. So, now that you've been through the initiation, you're free to live whatever new life you..."

"Initiation...?" Alyssa asked, blankly - and then again, in a completely different tone that was anything **but** blank.
"Initiation...?"

"Yes - a 'primer course' in all the pains and pleasures of being a woman." Linda explained, as if it should have been self evident. "As you can see, they are many times stronger than for a man..."

Alyssa's face started to cloud up at the arrogant statement - and then she stopped, stunned.

It wasn't true, not quite. Physically, the sensations had been different - but not particularly stronger.

They had been more... immediate, however. Internal, rather than external - though there were also a hell of a lot more areas externally than Alyssa was used to, as well. Like those tits...

"...and, so, we had to see if you could handle it, or if you'd just go insane. Many do, you know - they go crazy, become the 'fantasy women' we've made them. Their own fantasy women, as you know..."

Suddenly, Alyssa did know - it had been blocked from her, before.

The body she was wearing was of her own creation. Though it had been locked away, now Alyssa could remember standing in front of the mirror, numbly describing to Linda what he thought the sexiest woman he could possibly make out of himself would

look like.

Well, just like the body she now wore. As for the whole 'insanity' thing - Alyssa shuddered to think how close she'd come, herself.

"...and so it's fair that they'll spend the rest of their lives as them. You, however, are one of ten percent or so who make it to the full status of 'woman'."

Thoughts, questions, realizations, all floated around in the new woman's head. Finally, she just let one of the questions pop out. "How many?" Alyssa asked.

Linda grinned. "Well, all of your 'discoveries' have been around since the Eighties. Every time somebody 'invents' them, we pay them a call. Oh, not just 'inventors', though - also, witnesses, anybody who stumbles across awkward evidence, or people who ask too many questions. Again, as always, such... *annoying* people are always male. So, to answer your question - three thousand, two hundred, and twenty-five. Well - you make -twenty-six."

"So... what do I do now...?" Alyssa asked, numbly, still trying to wrap her mind around the thought of living her life as a voluntary woman. That was, one who had her own volition. It was... not a fate 'worse than death'. In fact... it could even be nice?

Linda grinned. "Well, why not do what I did atier I was 'turned'? - join our organization." Alyssa gaped. "You - turned? You were. "

Linda giggled and gestured at her long, slender body. "Honey, nature don't give you goods like these. "

"Oh..." Alyssa said, staring into the distance as her mind spun. Then, slowly, she began to grin.

"Got any missions suitable for a 'trainee'. ?"

Linda grinned back, wickedly. "Actually, with that new figure, you're perfect for my next assignment - we'll use you as 'bait' to get into his life, since we can't use any government 'fronts' on him - he's clean.

Alyssa blinked. "Oh - well, then he's not a medical researcher, that's for sure."

Linda nodded. "Yeah - he's an Internet writer. Goes by the name 'Gunslinger', and he's gotten a little *too* close to the truth in his 'fictional' details...

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When a writer's hotrod plunges off a bridge, he awakes to find that his mind has mysteriously been transferred to the body of a young woman who was trying to commit suicide at the same time he he had his car accident.

Step Out Of Time

By Gunslinger

"There you go, Mr. Sanderson. She's all yours." The dealer's oily smile widened as he dropped the keys into John's out-stretched hand. Smiling as widely, John accepted the keys, and turned to look at his new acquisition. Usually a focused, almost emotionless young man, John's normally expressionless demeanor was replaced with an almost giddy expression as he surveyed the sportscar

It was a brand-new AC Cobra. Painted in a bright, fire engine red, with two white racing stripes, it was the new model. Unlike the models produced in the past two years, which had the 289 C.I. engines, the '65 had the big-block 427.

Sliding one hand across the smooth finish, John opened the door and slid behind the wheel. Inserting the key into the ignition, he cranked it over. He was rewarded with the deep roar of a bad-ass big-block, and the car vibrated with contained power. All of it under John's command.

Waving at the dealer, John dropped the roadster into gear, and slammed down on the gas. The back tires squealed before gaining traction, and the powerful car shot forward, accompanied by the stench of burnt rubber. With the massive engine in a light body, the acceleration was punishing. Whipping the wheel hard to the right, John shot out onto the street. The Cobra's rear end began to slide, but John deftly corrected it and the muscular blue car straightened out, the horns of other drivers fading behind him as he shot forward.

Smiling, John eased off the gas and let the car settle into a more sedate - and legal - speed. Relaxing in the leather seat, he enjoyed the warm, California air as it washed over the windshield, tossing his long, sun-bleached blond hair playfully.

For John Sanderson, life was good.

An intelligent, handsome, athletic young man, John wasn't quite the 'All American Boy'. He was an intensely focused, relentlessly logical young man. A writer, he'd dropped out of college to pursue his dream. At the time, his family had thought him crazy - abandon a college which he'd gotten into on a Football scholarship, to write books? It seemed insane to them. But John had just shrugged, and gone to work on his novel. Taking a year to finish it, he began to search for a publisher. A friend of his, also a writer, had suggested John get an agent. When John had decided not to, his friend had warned him that only 12% of unagented writers ever got published, but John had pushed ahead, confident that his novel would sell itself.

He was right. The very first publisher he'd gone to had accepted the manuscript, amazed at the sheer quality of a first-time writer. He knew the book was going to be a best seller.

And then, just yesterday, John's advance had arrived. For twenty minutes, he'd just stared at the check, holding in his hand the tangible proof of his success. Being so aloof and self-contained, he had few friends, and no girlfriend, to splurge the money on. So, he'd decided to splurge on his dream car.

This morning, he'd driven his beat-up '54 Chevy onto the lot of the local Ford dealer. The dealer had been overjoyed when John had walked in, plopped a briefcase onto the desk, and opened it - revealing the exact price of the new, 1965 AC Cobra, in cash. The deal had gone easily, without a hitch. The dealer had actually had the car in stock for another client - but that other client sure as hell wasn't 'putting cash on the barrelhead'.

John leaned over and switched on the radio, tapping his hands on the steering wheel in time with the new hit from the Stones. Traffic thinned as he swung onto the Coastal highway, and he accelerated, letting himself enjoy the Cobra's easy power. He was looking forward towards the look on his friend's face when he pulled up at the apartment they shared. The '65 Cobra had become available only four days before - and according to the dealer, John was the first buyer of the new model in the whole state.

The Cobra was coming up on the downslope of the highway. The Coastal highway ran atop a long, straight cliff until this point, then used a series of sharp, hair-pin curves as it descended back down to sea-level. Enjoying the power of the Cobra, but not reckless enough to try the dangerous curves at high speed, John eased down on the brake.

The Cobra began to slow - and then, John's foot when down on the suddenly unresisting pedal, as the car refused to decelerate. "Goddamnit!" John shouted, realizing his brake line had just burst. "It's BRAND FUCKING NEW!"

Skillfully, he navigated the car around the first curve, riding dangerously close to the edge of the cliff. As the car rounded the corner, John turned off the ignition, then took a deep breath. Holding tightly to the wheel with his left hand, John dropped the gearshift into PARK.

Instantly, the wheels locked up. The car began to slow rapidly, but also began to drift sideways as the locked wheels slipped into a skid. John jammed the gear back into NEUTRAL, and regained control of the car before slamming it back into PARK.

One again, the car began to slow, coming up on the next curve. Having dropped to a safer speed, John put it in neutral again, and began to round the corner - and directly towards a aging pick-up, stalled on an angle across both lanes.

What happened next was caused by habit. Reacting instinctively, John slammed on the brakes and crimping the wheel hard to the side. Before his conscious brain could recall his failed brakes, his instinctive reaction had swung the car sideways. Still moving at a good clip, the brand-new Cobra smashed through the guardrail, and shot off the side of the cliff.

The front of the car, burdened with its big-block engine, dropped sharply downward, providing John Sanderson a fantastic view of the ocean racing up to meet him.

"Oh. Shit." He said wearily. Then the hurtling car impacted the rolling swells of the Pacific with a tremendous splash. Within seconds, it had sank from view, its bright-red paint fading into the sunless depths of the eternal ocean.

* * * * *

Slowly, John regained consciousness. The first thing he was aware of was the sensations - incredibly strong sensations that assaulted him, almost overwhelming him in a flood of tactile information.

First, the sensations of a coarse material, almost like sandpaper but more giving, both beneath and over him. The material covering him felt like it was quite heavy, several pounds at least.

Then, there was the heavy weight pressing against his chest. It was warm, and almost comfortable in its softness, but weighty. Whatever it was also sending decidedly strange, and altogether not unpleasant, sensations through his nipples.

Becoming aware of a certain, indefinable smell that declared he was in a hospital, John slowly opened his eyes, and found himself staring at a white panel ceiling. The fact that he was in a hospital was unsurprising, considering what had happened. What was surprising was that he survived at all - and, apparently, almost unharmed. No pain announced itself to herald a broken or maimed body. Slowly, John levered himself up to see himself, ignoring the heavy drag of something on his head.

The 'heavy, coarse' material covering him was nothing more than a simple hospital blanket. Confused, not understanding why he felt one thing and saw another, he moved to pull it aside.

And stopped dead, staring at his arm. Only, it wasn't HIS arm.

Less muscular than it should have been, the slender, dusky arm ended in a slim wrist and a delicate, long fingered, and decidedly feminine hand. The nails were long, and painted a subdued gloss red. It was a beautiful, perfectly womanly hand.

Staring at his hand, he lifted the other beside it, and stared at the two identical, female hands. Slowly, stunned, he used his - used the hands to pull back the sheet.

For the first time in his life, his logical, passionless mind failed him, and he panicked.

He screamed, not noticing his voice emerging as a rich contralto, as he looked down at the two large, firm, proudly female breasts hanging off of his - HER - chest. Below the magnificent, firm breasts, a flat, smooth abdomen led past a remarkably slender waist to wide, womanly hips. Nestled between the smooth, soft thighs was a perfectly formed vagina.

"NO!" he screamed, repeating the single word over and over in a hysterical - and definitely female - voice. His new hands rose and touched his firm breasts, trying to dispel the image.

Instead, he jerked, almost as if he'd gotten a shock of electricity. The most powerful sensations flooded from the new endowments as he felt the pressure, texture and warmth of his hands through his new breasts' flesh with unbelievable sensitivity. Jolt of pure pleasure

racked his changed body from his engorged nipples, almost as intense as the sensation he would have gotten from having his now non-existent penis stroked.

Then, the door to the room flew open, and a nurse charged in. She took one look at John, sitting in the bed and screaming a wordless denial, and promptly injected him with a hypo.

The drug entered his bloodstream, and he once more sunk beneath the comforting blank of unconsciousness.

* * * * *

When he came awake a second time, John knew immediately that the whole thing hadn't been some sort of dream. He once again felt the same sensations he'd felt last time he'd awoken. Struggling to hold back panic, he - no, 'she', opened her eyes.

'She' found 'herself' looking at a distinguished looking older doctor. Well dressed, with his dark hair streaked with silver at the temples, he had an open, intelligent face that immediately set people at ease. At the moment, that face was set in an expression of concern.

"Don't worry, everything's going to be all right." The doctor said, seeing John awake. "Please, just listen to me. Suicide isn't the way out for you."

John's mind spun as 'she' tried to cope with what was going on. Goddamnit, how did he end up as a WOMAN? Then, the doctor's words registered, and 'she' frowned.

"Suicide? What? I don't...look, Doctor. I don't understand what's going on. Where am I? Who are you? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!" The last question was almost a shout, ending in a soft sob. He may have usually been a coldly intelligent person, but this situation was far beyond his usual capabilities.

The doctor snapped back, almost as if punched. "Sandra, it's me. Doctor Howland. What's wrong?"

John frowned. "Sandra? You mean...me? And, should I know you?" Slowly, John's mind came back on an even keel as 'she' realized something even odder than his body's change was going on.

Dr. Howland blinked, then leaned forward again, his voice carefully controlled. "Do you know what date it is, Sandra?" "Uh, I...no, I don't" John replied. "Look, do you know me? Why are you calling me Sandra? What happened to me?"

The doctor didn't answer right away. Picking up the phone on the bed table, he punched in a number, then asked someone to 'send Dr. Kuntz to room 328 for a consult.' Hanging up the phone, the doctor turned back to John.

"You're in the hospital. You tried to commit suicide last night by jumping into the ocean. When you arrived, you were technically D.O.A. We revived you, but the prolonged lack of oxygen to the brain seems to have caused some amnesia. But everything's going to be okay, Sandra."

"Suicide?' John asked, trying to figure out what had happened. Suddenly, an idea burst in 'her' mind, so impossible, so

unlikely...yet, the only one that seemed to fit the circumstances.

"Where...where did I jump from?" 'she' asked slowly.

The doctor looked surprised at the question, but answered it. "The cliffs off the Coastal highway."

John settled back in the bed as 'she' realized the truth. That was the place his car had gone off the road. When it had hit the ocean - he'd died. Somehow, when this Sandra woman jumped in to drown herself, his soul had ended up in her body when it had been revived.

It was a realization that was mind-boggling.

All this passed through 'her' mind in a second. "Doctor, what IS the date today?" 'she' asked slowly, trying to figure out all the sides and angles to this turn of events.

'Her' mind simply stopped working when Dr. Howland gave his answer. "March 3rd, 1998"

John - 'Sandra' - stared agape at the doctor. Thirty-three years! He'd been dead for thirty-three years, and was now re-incarnated as a woman, living in, to him at least, the future.

"Who am I? How do I know you?" 'she' asked, trying to deal with the surprises that were piling up on 'her'.

"Your name is Sandra Johnson. You're 23, and quite healthy. I'm Doctor Peter Howland, and I've been attending you for Meissner Syndrome." He replied.

Sandra Johnson? Could the similarities of their names be part of the reason his soul ended up in her body? And then the doctor's full answer made 'her' realize that 'her' body may be in less than perfect health.

"Meissner Syndrome?" 'she' asked fearfully.

Howland nodded. "Yes. You developed it a few months ago. It's a condition that causes an extremely heightened sense of touch. It's an extremely rare condition."

Well, that explained the sensations 'she'd' experienced. She hesitated. "What exactly - well, why would I try to kill myself. Because of the Syndrome?"

The doctor cleared his throat uneasily. "Well, you do have to watch yourself. The actual effects of the syndrome are like a narcotic - extreme pleasure is possible during, uh, various sorts of sexual intercourse. And, you have to abstain from any sort of intercourse unless you're willing to accept the...well, the addiction. Any sexual contact you do have becomes highly addictive, and you will develop a psychological need to experience it again." Well, that was DEFINITELY one thing she didn't have to worry about. Before 'she' could

ask any of the hundreds of questions swirling in 'her' mind, there was a knock on the door, and a second doctor stuck his head in. Howland excused himself, and stepped into the hall with the other doctor.

As the door swung shut, Sandra noticed for the first time the full-length mirror mounted on the back of it. Slowly, 'she' slid out of bed, and stood up.

A bolt of pain shot up 'her' leg as 'she' put pressure on 'her' right foot. Wincing, 'she' limped to the door. A wealth of sensations flooded 'her' with their intensity - the weight and sway of 'her' new breasts, the air moving past 'her' soft skin, the texture of the floor beneath 'her' bare heel - all were remarkably sharp, strong sensations. 'She' struggled to ignore the flood of sensations, as 'she' reached the door, and got the first real look at the body 'she' now possessed.

She was beautiful.

John wondered what bloodlines could have produced such a strikingly exotic woman as the one reflected in the mirror. Her skin was a dusky shade, not quite reaching swarthy. Just a rich color, a few shades lighter than cinnamon. No imperfection marred the silky smooth expanse of dusky, small-pored flesh.

Her legs were long and shapely in a well-muscled way that detracted nothing from their femininity. Her luscious legs led to wide, womanly hips that were well rounded. Her ass was firm and full, without being too much of a good thing.

Her waist was delightfully slender. No wider than 21 inches, her slender waist then led up to an equally slender ribcage that supported a pair of ripe, gorgeous breasts, which were probably a D-cup. The nipples were darker than the surrounding flesh, and were a good size, despite the almost non-existent areolas.

In spite of a body that was almost perfect, it was her face that was the most striking. Wide and finely formed, with high cheekbones and a strong jaw, it was a richly exotic face with traces of American Indian in it.

Her lips were deliciously full and soft beneath a nose that was well shaped. Her eyes were large and intelligent, a rich brown color, graced by two arched, slender brows. Her head was framed by a mass of black hair falling in curls past her slender shoulders.

John - Sandra - Surveyed her incredible figure, then limped back to bed, mind whirling. Of one thing, she was sure - John Sanderson was dead, and in his grave. Although his body, and life, were gone, his soul now had a second chance at a life. As revolting as the thought of being a woman was to John, it was infinitely better than being dead. But, if she tried to explain the truth, her new life would be spent locked up in an institution. They'd think she'd gone crazy. But amnesia...that could work in her favor. Although he'd already started referring to himself as a woman in his own mind, it had been a label, describing the body he was in. Now, he realized he had no choice but to accept it as who he - NO, goddamnit, SHE - was. It wouldn't be easy. But over half the world's population was female. If they could do it, then so could she. Besides, she had the excitement of living three decades in the 'future' to offset the despair of spending a life as a woman. From now on, she'd have to try to pass as a woman. She'd just slipped back between the remarkably rough-feeling sheets, ignoring their scratching, when Howland re-entered, and sat beside her.

"Sandra, I just talked to the staff psychiatrist. At his recommendation, I've called your roommate - Kari, by the way - and asked her to come get you. Dr. Kuntz feels the best way for you to regain your memories is to do things and go places you're

used to, and see if that

triggers your memories. I've explained everything to Kari, so she'll be able to help you."

Sandra nodded. "Thank you. I appreciate all this, doctor. By the way, did I injure my foot in the attempt?"

Howland looked blank for a second, then he realized what she meant. "Oh, no. That's an old injury. But since you developed the Syndrome, it's extremely painful to put pressure on it flatly."

Sandra frowned. "You mean I'll always be in pain when I walk?"

The doctor shook his head, "No, it's only when you put pressure on it straight down. You're fine in heels - well, sort of. The higher the heel, the less painful, is what YOU told ME." He grinned slightly. "You told me you always hated to wear heels, and now you spend all day in..."

He was interrupted by the door opening, and a cute, petite blonde came in. Dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, she was carrying a gym bag on one arm. She smiled tentatively.

"Hi, Sandra. It's me. Kari?" She said, searching for recognition in Sandra's deep, brown eyes.

"I'm sorry. I just don't remember you." Sandra said sadly - and truthfully - "But I understand you're my roommate, and you're going to help me. Thank you."

"I'll go now. You're free to go home any time Sandra, but I'll be getting in touch from time to time to see how you're doing. And of course, you can call me anytime." Dr. Howland said, as he rose. Then he was through the door, and gone.

Kari's face had fallen at the news of complete amnesia, but now she forced a smile. "Hey, I'm also your best friend in the whole world. Of course I'm going to help you. Besides, now you don't remember any of my embarrassing secrets..." she smiled slyly "...but I remember all of yours just fine!"

Sandra laughed, more for Kari's morale than out of real humor. "Okay. Let's get out of here, shall we?"

Kari opened the gym bag, and lay out some clothing on the bed as Sandra climbed out and balanced awkwardly on her uninjured leg. An odd expression settled on her exotic face as she eyed the clothing.

"I'm NOT wearing this in public." She said firmly.

Kari sighed. "I know you don't like it, but since your...syndrome, you've gotten used to it."

Sandra had set her mind to living as a woman - but not really BEING a woman. Certainly, not wearing clothes like this. Once again, she eyed the outfit on the bed.

Tall, spike heel shoes in red leather. Silk panties. A long, tight red leather skirt, and a red top that was indecently small, and made out of an unfamiliar material. She picked the last item up.

"What in God's name is THIS?" she asked, playing with the stretch garment. "Your Spandex crop-top." Kari said in

surprise.

Sandra shook her head, dropping the crop-top on the bed. "I was thinking of something more like what your wearing."

Kari looked like she'd bitten into a lemon. Without a word, she slipped the baggy sweatshirt off, revealing pert, bra-encased B-cup breasts. Sandra tried not to stare at her breasts as she accepted the sweatshirt uncomprehendingly.

"Go on. Try it on." Kari said. Sandra slipped it on.

And immediately tore it off. To her hyper-sensitive skin, it felt like she was being sand-blasted. Wearing one would be completely unbearable.

Kari nodded as she put it back on. "I know. You hated it the first time, too. But, now you can only wear smooth, soti clothing - spandex, silk, latex, leather, velvet. Stuff like that. And fairly tight too - anything that moves over your skin to much is very...distracting for you."

"What do you mean..." Sandra started. Then, she thought what it would feel like having a soti, silky fabric constantly sliding over her hyper-sensitive skin. How incredibly good it would feel, all the time. Hell yeah, it'd be distracting. "Oh." She finished lamely. Sighing, she began to dress.

She shivered in pleasure as the smooth, silk panties slid into place around her womanly hips. She was both mildly aroused by just how good the fabric felt next to her supple skin, and disgusted to be wearing such overly feminine underwear.

The long, ankle length skirt was next, cool and sensual against her flesh. She ignored it as she slipped on the crop top. It was nicely filled by her firm tits, covering just them, but baring her slender waist and long, delicate arms.

Sighing, she eyed the spike-heeled shoes, then stepped into them. She expected to fall over in them - but although her male soul had never worn heels, her female body was well experienced in them. And since habitual skill are a function of the body, not the mind, she moved as easily in them as if she'd been born in them. Thankfully, it was completely painless.

Kari then helped her with jewelry and makeup. As Kari 're-taught' her best friend to put on lip-stick, eye-shadow and mascara, she didn't understand why Sandra was blushing so furiously.

Embarrassed at her actions, but knowing it was now part of her new life, Sandra finished her make-up. Sighing, she stood, and surveyed the finished product in the mirror - and gasped.

She was a vision in erotic sensuality. Between her exotic beauty, and the clothing, she was absolutely gorgeous. Sexy, but not in a 'cheap' or 'easy' way. She was sexy in an intelligent 'you have to be a real man to please me' way. The excessively high, 5-inch heels did interesting things to her walk. The male John would have a raging hard-on by now.

Yet, despite how gorgeous she found herself, Sandra's body wasn't aroused. The same as when Kari had taken her top off - her new body wasn't oriented to women. Since her still-male ego refused to even CONSIDER men, Sandra realized she was going to look at life- long chastity. Well, it was a small price to pay for a new life.

Finally, ready, Sandra followed Kari as they headed out. Her spike- heels clicked on the tile floor as her firm, round ass did truly intriguing things inside the tight sheath of her skirt. She found it damn weird to walk so easily - so femininely - in such high, heels. Sandra blushed as she realized that men were eyeing her sensuous form as she glided down the hallway. The fact that her highly sensitive body was receiving some VERY pleasurable sensations didn't help. The gentle sway and bounce of her large tits with every step, the gentle friction of her panties against her ass and newly empty crotch, the feel of the leather skirt...in short, her body was becoming aroused.

They reached the front door - and Sandra stopped dead, realizing for the first time, really, truly realizing that she was about to step outside. That this was REAL, that she was about to start her new life as a gorgeous, exotic young woman.

It took all her willpower to push through the door. The warm sunlight embraced her dusky body, the sensation magnified by her condition. It felt wonderful. She followed Kari towards the parking lot, each step coming easier than the last. She began to enjoy the remarkably pleasant sensations she was feeling. The arousal FELT good, regardless. By the time she reached Kari's Ford, she'd relaxed enough to begin to take an interest in her surroundings.

Like the cars in the lots. To Sandra's eyes, the designs were new and unusual. To her dismay, she found that a great majority of the cars were smaller than she was used to, including Kari's Festiva. Also, there seemed to be a severe lack of chrome in the cars. Somehow, they just didn't look right.

"I brought my car." Kari told Sandra, letting her in. "I'd loved to have driven yours, but I didn't want to get pulled over for a speeding ticket on the way here. I always do when I drive the Blue Bomber."

"Uh...that's okay." Sandra said absently. She was squirming slightly in the seat, amazed at the feel of the friction beneath her firm, ripe ass. Suddenly realizing what she was doing, she blushed violently and stopped. She turned her attention to the windows, watching the new world go by.

Surprisingly, aside from the cars and the fashions, not much had really changed in three decades - 'himself' excluded, of course. Somehow, it was almost a let down.

Kari looked over at her. "Don't worry. Things will work out. You'll see." She promised consolingly, misconstruing Sandra's expression. Sandra blinked as a thought occurred to her. "Hey. What do I do for a living? Where do I work?" she asked Kari.

Kari looked surprised. "Boy, you HAVE forgotten everything, haven't you? You don't work anywhere - you're an author. I'm sure that even if your memory is gone, your talent's still there."

Sandra was surprised. "Oh? Yeah, I'm sure I'll be able to write. How'd I done so far?"

Kari smiled. "Five New York Time bestsellers, and one of them's being made into a movie. Trust me honey, you aren't hurting for cash."

Sandra smiled, relieved. Things were looking up. Apparently, she was wealthy, and already established as a writer. "So, Kari, what do you do for a living?"

Kari smiled back. "Hey, I'm a dancer. Broadway style stuff, you know. Right now, I'm the understudy for Christine in 'Phantom' " She looked at Sandra, who shook her head blankly. "Never mind. I'll take you to see it some time. Meanwhile, I'm waiting for our illustrious leading lady to fall down, so I can have my big break. Not as rich and famous as you - yet - but I earn a few bucks here and there. Hey, here we are. Welcome home."

The small car pulled into the large. Cobbled 'courtyard' between a carriage-house style garage and a large, elegant Victorian home. It seemed a pretty good indication of how well Sandra's books were selling.

"Woah!" Sandra exclaimed in surprise. Kari had just taken down a small black box from her visor and pushed it - and the wooden doors of the garage were opening by themselves.

"Yeah." Kari said, looking at her strangely. "We've always had a garage door opener at this place."

Sandra shrugged, passing it off. "I don't even remember living here. EVERYTHING is new to me." Which was true. Kari pulled into the garage - and Sandra's eyes were drawn to what could only be her car, the Blue Bomb.

This, THIS, was what Sandra thought a '90's car should be. She didn't know it, but it was called a Viper, a direct descendant of the Cobra that had taken 'his' life. All she knew was that it was the 'baddest' car she'd ever seen.

"Oh, SHIT!" Kari swore, and Sandra turned to her, worried. "What's wrong?" she asked.

Kari was holding some sort of small black box with a green little area at one end. "The theatre's calling. This close to curtain, it means something must have happened to the leading lady. DAMN!" She pounded on the steering wheel, then sighed. "Come on, let go in and get some dinner."

Sandra realized what was happening. "HELL NO!" She said loudly, startling Kari. Sandra opened her car door and got out. "I'm going inside. You're getting you cute little ass down to that theatre. You've got your big break. Go do your thing."

Kari looked indecisive. "I don't want to run out on you..." she said, torn.

"If it was my fault you missed this, I'd hate myself for the rest of my live. Go on." Sandra said, slamming the door. Kari smiled gratefully, then restarted the little vehicle. She backed out of the garage - then stopped suddenly.

"Here! Catch!" Kari called, then tossed something to Sandra. She caught it - and realized it was the house key. Glad Kari had remembered, Sandra waved to her as she pulled away.

As she watched Kari leave, Sandra frowned. For some reason she was feeling sort of...antsy. She couldn't think of any other way to put it. She hoped it wasn't anything serious.

Using the key, Sandra opened the door and let herself into her house. She pushed the door shut behind her, hearing it's lock 'snick' into place. Dropping the key beside the door, she hesitantly began to look around, feeling like an intruder in the unfamiliar home.

Since she'd come in the back door, Sandra found herself in the kitchen. It was much like any kitchen she was used to,

except for a few things. Immediately, her logical mind began to catalog some differences.

The decor was more muted than had been common when 'he' had died. The fridge looked larger, and not as utilitarian. There was a clock on the wall, one of the new 'digital' ones - with larger, brighter numbers. Of course, it wasn't 'new' now.

And on one counter was a large, unfamiliar device. It had a glass fronted door, with a touch-pad beside it and a LED display above that. He looked it over carefully, discovering that it was a 'Turntable Microwave Oven', according to words on the front. She wondered how the heck the thing worked.

Since she was hungry, she decided to try to figure it out. Sooner or later, she'd have to use it, it might as well be 'sooner'.

Rooting around for something simple, she found what looked like T.V. dinners in the large freezer. She checked the instructions on the side. Convention Oven - 35 min. Yeah, no surprises there. Microwave - 8-10 min.

Bemused, Sandra followed the instructions, placing the little tray - not the aluminum she was used to - into the microwave, then puzzling out the controls.

She tried 'Time Cook', and was rewarded by the clock disappearing from the little screen, replaced with a little '0'. She pressed the '8' key, and that number appeared in the read-out. She hit 'Start'.

Eight seconds later, the microwave beeped, and declared 'END' in the little window. Laughing, Sandra tried again, this time punching in 8:00.

Fifteen minutes later, she threw the remains into the garbage, thoroughly pleased at having mastered her first attempt at 'future' technology.

Since the sun was beginning to sink in the horizon, she switched on the lights in the kitchen. A bit of fiddling, and she worked out how to use the particular coffee-maker on the counter. Having started it brewing, she began to look around the rest of the house, switching the lights on as she went.

Stepping into the living room, she stopped dead, staring in awe at the 53" T.V. along one wall. Likewise, the complex stereo system was more advanced than any she'd ever seen.

As she toured the rest of the large house, she realized that almost all the "futuristic" advances were not in the basic necessities, or even in the labor-saving devices. They were in the 'leisure' equipment. The T.V., the stereo, clock/radios. Even a tiny, portable tape player called, for some inexplicable reason, a 'Walkman.' And then, there was that 'Presario' thing in what she assumed was her room. Judging from the things around it, it was used in her writing. Like a 'super- typewriter'. Or, maybe, just maybe, a 'computer' of the type in science fiction books.

Finally, she had covered the house, poking and prodding around. Having fixed herself a coffee, she headed up to her room. She was starting to worry. That 'antsy' feeling was becoming stronger, and she didn't know what it meant. Maybe it was...

Then, as she sat at the desk in the Master bedroom, she realized what it was. Resting on the desk was an ashtray, and a

pack of cigarettes. Sandra was a smoker.

Hesitantly, Sandra lit one and took a feeble puff, expecting to go into a coughing fit. But her body, long used to it, accepted it easily. Taking a deeper drag was actually very satisfying. Bemused, she smoke the cigarette down to the filter as she drank her coffee, and puzzled over the incomprehensible manual she'd found for the Desktop Computer she'd found.

Giving it up - for now, at least - Sandra wandered over to the closet, and opened it. She idly flipped through the assortment of clothing, and wondered what to do for the rest of the evening.

And then she found her purse. Inside, I.D., car keys - and money. Quite a lot of money. A couple of hundred dollars in cash.

Sandra stopped dead as a thought began to form. At first, she dismissed it - then it came back, and she actually considered it. It couldn't hurt, could it?

Feeling slightly guilty, and very excited, she decided to give going top a nightclub a shot. At first, the thought of going as a woman had been disturbing. Intellectually, she knew she was now a fully functional woman physically, but mentally, she still felt like a guy dressed in women's clothes.

But she couldn't live her life in seclusion. Hell, she'd just been brought back from the dead. If that wasn't reason to celebrate...

Feeling almost giddy, he carefully picked out something he would feel comfortable wearing. A long, flowing velvet dress in an elegant burgundy, with matching two-inch heels. Quickly, she changed into it, and looked in the mirror.

It was stunning on her - but, not really night-clubish. If that had been all, she would have gone ahead - she wasn't exactly a fashion critic about how she looked.

But the damn 'sensibly' short heels were killing her feet. And nothing else would go well with that dress.

Slowly, Sandra began to smile. She felt a strange sensation in her lower belly as the thought slowly grew stronger. She was beginning to feel deliciously naughty, and finally, she nodded to herself in the mirror.

"Oh, what the hell?" she said out loud to herself.

* * * * *

Don checked his hair in the reflective glass door of Stages Nightclub, then pulled it open. He was about to step through, when he heard a powerful, muscular rumbling, followed by the squeal of brakes. He turned to look at the blue Dodge Viper that slid to a stop at the curb. The valet went around and opened the door.

And a goddess stepped out.

Don's jaw dropped as he gaped at the woman emerging from the car. She was spectacularly gorgeous, with long, curly

hair and full, ripe lips. And there was no doubt that her body was firm and shapely, with large, firm tits and an incredible ass.

There was no doubt, because her clothing announced it.

She wore a one-piece bodysuit of skintight latex, with a built in corset that shrunk her already unbelievable waist. Although her legs were technically covered, the skin-tight latex revealed every curve and muscle, all accented by the 6 inch spike shoes she wore, also in gleaming black.

Sandra smiled at the handsome man standing in the doorway, a blank, mindless look on his face. When she'd first leti the house, Sandra had been tentative, ashamed and embarrassed. Twice she'd almost turned back - especially when she'd had to stop for gas. The thought of having to deal with people dressed like this... She couldn't believe she'd given in to her idle whim to do it. The reason she had given in was simple - the skin-tight outfit felt mind-boggling sensual when she moved. Like somebody constantly caressing every inch of her body every time she took a step.

And then, she'd discovered something amazing at that gas station. Guys fell all over themselves trying to help her. It was like she held some magical ability that turned men into mindless idiots who only lived to make sure her every whim was met.

Now, although embarrassed at knowing WHY they were acting like that, it no way diminished her enjoyment of HAVING them act like that. She couldn't believe just how big a kick she was getting, driving men wild by just existing. Like this poor sap at the door.

"Hi. Thanks for getting the door for me." she said, using her voice in it's sexiest registers. The guy blinked at her. "Uh...Sure." he said, then made a valiant effort at recovery. "I'm Don. What say I buy you a couple of drinks?" he asked.

The guy was trying so damn hard, it felt bad shooting him down out of hand. So Sandra lied to him. "I'm meeting someone." She said, feigning sadness. "But if he doesn't show up in the next little while, I'll take you up on that offer. See you inside."

Enjoying the indescribable sensation walking created, she went through the door, and into the front area. Before she could get her purse open, two guys were fighting over the right to pay her cover charge.

Smiling, she walked through the second door, and into the club itself. Instantly, she was hit by a wall of sound, smell and sight. The deep, bass drive of the music rose above everything, as cigarette smoke swirled and people mingled. Sandra headed for the bar, gasping in pleasure every time somebody brushed past her, the light, fleeting contact amazingly pleasurable. Finally, she made it to the

bar - and was stunned at some of the prices. Shrugging, she ordered a screwdriver, then found a seat, and watched some of the people on the dance floor, while trying to get used to what passed as dancing these days. And the music. The pounding, driving music!

Despite her intellect, Sandra had failed to take certain things into account. The first soon became apparent. Within her first hour at the club, a steady stream of men approached her, free drink in hand, in hopes of winning her attention. Of course,

Sandra was in no way enticed to spend time with any of them - but, not really noticing, she consumed quite a bit of alcohol. All in a body unused to that amount of booze.

She also noticed something else she hadn't planned on - the heavy, thrumming bass thundering from the speakers was as much felt as heard. And, with her particular condition, the vibration was magnified into a constant, pleasurable sensation that thrummed through her magnificent body. She was embarrassed to find her nipples straining at the glossy black latex covering them, as the deep, thudding beat aroused her thoroughly feminine body.

But it was her last oversight that was the most important - hormones.

Despite her mental inclinations, her body was completely female. She didn't even notice the fact that her eyes often strayed to the crotches of men talking to her, gazing at the bulges swelling beneath the fabric.

And so, by ten o'clock, without realizing it, she was quite drunk, very aroused, and horny as hell.

Sandra stood to one side of the dance floor, swaying slightly as she smoked a cigarette. Everything seemed to have become brighter and louder, a swirling haze of light and sound, and she was having trouble concentrating. Especially since her nipples, and her new cunt, seemed to be demanding her attention. Without thinking, she lightly rubbed one latex covered breast, sighing at the flow of pleasure, and wondering why she felt so...odd.

"Hi there. Your friend never show up?" The voice came from behind her, and she turned slowly, and blinked at the tall, handsome man behind her. A fragment of memory stirred.

"Don, right?" she said. "I'm John... I mean, Sandra Johnson." She blinked slightly. "I don't remember much. I got amnes...amnesia. Didn't I promise to meet you?" In her booze and hormone fogged mind, all she could sharply recall was smiling at him, and telling him she'd enjoy seeing him inside.

Butting out her cigarette, she took his hand. "Come on. Let's dance." She murmured, and led him to the floor. Soon she was gyrating with drunken enthusiasm, moaning softly at the sensation the latex created as it slid over her body.

For an hour they danced, Don unable to believe that this gorgeous creature was spending time with him. Sandra, drunk, didn't realize that the whole time she was not only smiling at him, but staring at his crotch as she touched herself suggestively. She could have been 'coming on' harder if she tried. And she didn't even know she was doing it.

"Do you want to go someplace more...private?" Don finally worked up enough courage to ask. Completely missing the subtext of the statement, Sandra smiled. "Sure. Sounds like fun."

He put his hand around her to lead her from the club. It felt so good, Sandra unthinkingly pressed closer to him, letting his hand move to lightly fondle her magnificent ass as they left the club. Under the conditions, Sandra was no longer really thinking - she was merely reacting to pleasurable stimuli, unable to concentrate enough to realize what she was doing.

Sandra followed Don out front, and she walked unsteadily towards the Viper, fumbling her keys out of her purse. Adroitly, Don, relieved her of the keys and guided her to the passenger side, unlocking the door and helping her in. Sliding across the

gleaming hood of the powerful blue roadster, he opened the driver's side door and settled into the low-slung leather seat.

Bringing the powerful engine to life, Don pulled away from the curb and headed towards his apartment, various thoughts dancing through his head and enlarging his already engorged cock. Sandra, thoroughly drunk, just sat in the seat, smiling vacantly, as one slender, shapely hand absently fondled one latex clad breast, enjoying the sensations it created.

Moments later, the Viper pulled into the parking lot of Don's apartment. Helping Sandra out of the car, he eagerly led her towards his apartment. She followed unresistingly, one hand lightly touching her crotch, as he opened the door and pulled her inside.

The instant the door closed behind them, Don embraced Sandra, his hands squeezing her firm, full ass as his lips met hers in a passionate kiss. Taken by surprise, Sandra instinctively responded, and was rewarded with a flood of richly erotic sensations that thundered through her hyper-aroused body.

Feverishly, Don fumbled at the fastenings of Sandra's skin-tight vestments, and soon he'd completely undressed her. She bucked and moaned in pleasure as the slick material slid off her body, still not fully aware of what was happening. All she knew, is that it felt unbelievably good. Don pulled her spike-heels off to remove her outfit, but a brief burst of pain managed to break through her clouded mind, and she slipped the high heels back on. Meanwhile, she was lost in the sensations created by the movement of air over her erect nipples, and sopping cunt.

In a fit of passion, Don tossed the latex bodysuit over his shoulder, not noticing as it fluttered through the open balcony door and was taken by the wind. Disinterestedly, Sandra watched it flutter away. Meanwhile, Don began to tear at his own clothing.

It was as Don hurriedly disrobed that the first warning bells began to sound in the depths of her hormone befogged mind. A slight frown creased her smooth brow as her confused mind tried to work out what was going on. For some reason, something seemed wrong.

Before she could reach her conclusion, all thought was driven from Sandra's head as Don's hands and lips closed over her firm, dusky breasts, causing incredible sensations to rack her body. Sandra moaned, low and long, as Don eagerly fondled and sucked her engorged nipples. Unresistingly, she was led to his bedroom, her firm, round ass swaying enticingly.

Eagerly, Don lay her on the bed. Spreading her legs, he moved into position above her. Once more, the warning began to sound in Sandra's brain, louder this time. She frowned again.

"Where am..." she started to say - she screamed in sheer ecstasy as Don's large, hard cock plunged into her womanly vagina.

Sandra no longer existed as a reasoning, thinking human being. All conscious thoughts were swept away in the sheer power of her first sexual encounter in a body that was five times as sensitive as any other woman's body. Her screams of sheer ecstasy rose in pitch and

volume as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure built.

Don's face twisted as he pounded harder into the dusky goddess' tight, slick pussy. She began to writhe and buck energetically as she approached the brink of her first, true orgasm.

Then, it happened. Like a series of sharp explosions in a row, the multiple orgasm took her, causing her body to twist and turn as if electrical current was flowing through her. She didn't even have the energy to continue screaming as the orgasm blasted through her. The extra movements of her orgasm also pushed Don over the edge, and his cock spasmed and gushed its load deep into her cunt.

Exhausted by the wildcat he'd just ridden, Don collapsed beside Sandra, panting. Within minutes, his breathing deepened and steadied as he slipped into the arms of Morpheus. Sandra, her brain overloaded by the power of her orgasm, just lay perfectly still, staring mindlessly up at the ceiling, until sleep came to claim her as well.

* * * * *

Slowly, Sandra became aware of the warmth of sunshine splayed across her skin, dusky skin. Concurrent with that realization was her awareness of a deep, throbbing pain behind her eyes. Laying perfectly still, she tried to recall where she was, and what she was doing. When she was unable to remember anything past arriving at the club last night, she slowly opened her eyes.

Her head exploded.

Moaning, she slammed her eyes shut, and gingerly moved her head so that the rays of the late morning sun wouldn't be in her eyes when she re-opened them. Slowly, her eyelids rose again, and this time, the pounding headache was bearable.

Stiffly, Sandra sat, wondering why her cunt felt so - odd. Looking around, she found herself, naked except for her heels, laying in the rumpled bed of a decidedly batchloresque room.

It was the smell of the cum-soaked sheets under her crotch that brought the memories of the night before rushing back. In an instant, she remembered every drunken detail of her debauchery - including letting that man fuck her.

Leaning over the bed, she threw up, dry heaving convulsively as her body purged itself. Rising painfully to her feet, she staggered out of the bedroom and located the bathroom. Turning on the shower, she stepped in and began to fanatically cleanse herself, especially her crotch.

And shuddered as the erotic sensations swept over her body at the touch of her own hands. Almost instantly, her body became aroused. Disgusted, Sandra stepped from the shower and began toweling off. She winced at the sensation of the towel rubbing across her body, feeling like sandpaper to her acute nerve endings.

The episode allowed her to regain her mental equilibrium. In her mind, she was still trying to reconcile the two thoughts that held her captive. The disgust at what she'd done last night - and the memory of how unbelievably GOOD it had felt.

Naked, Sandra walked down the short hallway and into the living/dining room of the apartment. Sitting on the table was a covered plate and a coffee maker. Surprisingly, her abused stomach rumbled hungrily, and Sandra sat down.

She found a short note on the table beside the plate - which turned out to contain a still-warm bacon-and-eggs breakfast. Babe,

God, last night was un-fucking-believable! You not only have one hell of a body, but you're a great lay. Feel free to hang around today - I gotta work, but when I get home, you can show me how well you suck dick.

By the way, I'll be back about six - whip up some dinner for me, will ya? The Studmeister

Sandra got as far as **The End** of the first paragraph the first time - and was shocked to find herself PICTURING sucking this rat-bastard's cock in her mind! She couldn't help it - her nipples shot erect as lewd images filled her brain of sucking firm hard cocks.

Forcing the images from her mind, she finished the note, then crumpled the paper and tossed it on the floor. Hungrily, she consumed the breakfast and two cups of coffee, then began poking around the apartment.

Near the front door, she found her purse. Fishing out her pack, she lit a cigarette and negligently flicked the ash on the carpet as she looked around his two-bedroom apartment.

It was the second bedroom that was the most revealing in his life - it bore the mark of many female hands. Judging from the piles of clothing and personal effects tossed in the closet, he must have had a series of live-in girlfriends who stayed for a short time each. Judging from the cheap clothes, these women weren't exactly the creme de la creme of high society.

But, at least she wouldn't have to go nude. Quickly, Sandra wiggles into a pair of black spandex pants and a black spandex crop-top, emblazoned with the 'NIKE' logo on the front. Grabbing her purse, she left the apartment, not even bothering to close the door behind her.

As she walked out into the parking lot, a man just climbing out of his car ogled her sensual body. Sandra was disgusted to find his obvious lust for her was causing lewd, hungry images to skip through her brain, arousing her body. Ignoring it as best she could, she slid into her Viper.

It took her almost four hours to get home. She simply had no idea of where the apartment had been in relation to her home, having been too drunk to follow the route they'd taken last night. She'd merely driven aimlessly until her surroundings had looked familiar enough to find her way back home.

Sighing, she opened the door and entered the sanctuary of her own home. "Kari?" she called. "You home?"

"Upstairs" came Kari's voice. "Where were you all night, Miss 'I can't remember'?"

Climbing the staircase, Sandra experienced a vivid flashback of her unbelievable orgasm, and her body became thoroughly aroused. "Uh...nowhere." she answered, blushing, as she entered Kari's room.

Her petite roommate was facing away from her, dressed in filmy white lace bra and panties. Kari was stretching, having

just awoken, and her small, firm buttocks tightened as she bounced on her toes.

"So how did your show..." Sandra began - then stopped dead, gaping, as Kari turned around.

The front of her filmy panties was bulging. Nestled between the blondes' silky thighs was a massive cock and a set of huge testicles.

Kari caught the look Sandra was giving her, and glanced down, her face flaming. Her small, petite hands vainly tried to cover the bulk of her enormous penis.

"Look, stop staring." Kari said, grabbing a baggy pair of jeans and trying to pull them on, without using the one hand still trying to hide her endowment.

"You...you've got a dick!" Sandra stammered, nasty, erotic images flashing through her mind.

"Yeah, I know." Kari sighed, giving up on the pants and dropping them on the floor. "Look, I know you don't remember. You agreed to have me as a roommate because we're both freaks, and we support each other. I'm kinda a Siamese twin. Only, I'm completely female, except I got my brother's...uh...equipment." Kari looked at her oddly. "What are you doing?"

Sandra stood in the doorway, staring fixedly at her roommate's cock. One hand was lightly caressing her firm, bountiful breast while the other rubbed at her crotch. "You're huge..." she moaned huskily, lurid thought running rampant through her mind as hormones flooded her aroused body.

Unbidden, Kari's massive member began to harden. As it expanded, it revealed its true size, swelling magnificently.

"Uh...Sandra? You aren't thinking...?" Kari asked, also becoming aroused. Because of her unique state, all her sexual relations had been with other women, but never before had Sandra shown any interest in her. And Sandra WAS gorgeous. But, surely, Sandra wasn't insinuating...

Something inside Sandra's brain snapped. Here, standing before her, was a person who was feminine enough that the remaining remnants of 'John' could accept her, while the desperate need of 'Sandra' could also be satisfied.

"Fuck me." she moaned, and pulled off her crop-top, setting her dusky globes free.

Kari needed no further urging. Hungrily, she pulled her own clothes off as Sandra shed the bike shorts, then the two roommates collapsed on Kari's bed, licking and caressing each other's body.

Sandra took Kari's immense cock in her hands and began to lick it, much like she'd lick a Popsicle, enjoying the feel of its ridged surface beneath her tongue. Only when it was thoroughly coated in her saliva did she raise herself up and eagerly impale herself on it.

Screaming in pleasure, she began to ride Kari's enormous cock, feeling it expand her tight cunt as she thrust herself rhythmically upon it, bringing both 'women' to mind-shattering orgasm.

Still impaled on Kari's cock, Sandra collapsed on her friend, embracing her. Their immediate need satisfied, the two loves

embraced, kissing, as the atierglow enveloped them...

* * * * *

"So, tell me - us..." John Geller said, gesturing towards the unblinking eye of the camera, "...how does it feel to win the Harriman Award for Best New Science-Fiction?"

Sandra leaned forward in her seat, her leather pants squeaking slightly. "Oh, of course it's a WONDERFUL honor." She enthused. Her eyes traveled up and down the talk-show host's lean, masculine body, and she reigned in any lustful expression. It wouldn't do to look like a sex- crazed slut on National TV. But atier the show...

Geller leaned forward slightly, also eyeing the attractive woman across from him. He was getting certain signals from her...but, right now, he had one final question before **The End** of the interview.

"One of the great questions that is on everybody's lips." He asked pensively. "How is it that you manage to write all you character, male AND female, with such...realism? I can understand how a woman can right so authoritatively about women. But how do you manage to make your male character's so true to life?"

Sandra smiled a smile that no one but herself understood. "I'm afraid that's my little secret..." she said sotily.

Later, in the Green Room, she demonstrated to John Geller just HOW well she understood what a man liked and wanted. Her 'unique' talent came in handy for more then just writing...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: An abused wife runs away and rents a run-down room with an old computer which she proceeds to use to vent her feelings about her husband, who, in the meanwhile, finds that strange changes are staring to over come him leading to permanent changes.

Stereotype

By Gunslinger

"I'm sure you'll just love living here, Miss Cadin." The super smiled reassuringly.

"Uh, yeah, me too..." Debbie said almost silently - and without any conviction. Biting her lower lip, she closed the door behind the superintendent... then paused.

Would locking the dead-bolt right away make him angry? He'd hear it from outside, and now she didn't trust him...

Hesitantly, she turned the lock on the door-handle - the lock he had the key for. With nervous, faltering steps, the raven-haired woman backed away and perched nervously on the edge of the nice white couch, her large, watery eyes going to the clock on the wall.

Silently, without any part of her body moving so much as a millimeter, she waited exactly five minutes.

Moving as if she were afraid the door was suddenly going to burst inward, she crept on sneaker-clad feet across the deep-pile carpet to the door, and - as quietly as she could, face screwed up in fearful concentration - she slipped the dead-bolt lock into its frame, and pushed down the little thumb-latch that kept it from being unlocked from the outside.

Backing away from the door, Debbie let out the breath she'd been holding, then slowly looked around the apartment.

It was nice - very nice. Nicer than she'd had any right to expect. It was also safe - the windows set high up in the basement apartment's walls were too small for even her to slip through, much less a full-sized man. The door had a dead-bolt lock on it, and it was a very sturdy door indeed.

She was safe...

...so why didn't she feel safe?

Sitting back on the edge of the couch (she didn't dare think of it as 'her' couch), Debbie wrapped her arms around her body, each hand resting on the coarsely woven fabric of her dark, over-sized cable-knit sweater. Behind her large, thick glasses she once more surveyed her new domain... then hesitantly reached out to the small table beside the couch, and picked up the cordless phone. With shaking fingers, she started to dial a number....

...then stopped, a thumb with a raggedly-bitten nail coming firmly down on the 'disconnect' switch. Then, with a little more determination, she dialed another number and listened to the ringing on the other end.

"Hello, Eastwood Women's Shelter, Nina speaking." A pleasant, lightly accented voice came over the line. Debbie swallowed. "Is.. is Dana there?"

"Just a minute."

After considerably longer than that, a warm, feminine voice came on the line with a simple 'yes?'. "Dana?" Debbie said, fearfully. "It. it's Debbie. Debbie Cadin?"

"Debbie!" Dana said, warmly. "How are you. I was hoping you'd call, after our talks over the past month. When I hadn't heard from you in five days, I was beginning to worry."

Debbie swallowed. "I... I thought about what you said. About how Steve was treating me, and how no woman should have

to. to try and

be the perfect woman for their boyfriend. How I have rights too."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that." Dana said, the smile in her voice coming through clearly. "Have you come to any sort of decision?"

"No... not really." Debbie said, weakly. "That.. that's why I'm not sure I did the right thing by taking all my money out of our joint account and moving into my own place."

* * * * *

In a rambling old farmhouse on the outskirts of the city, a tall, almost overly-muscular woman pulled the phone from her ear and looked at it incredulously.

After getting out of her own bad relationship, Dana had spent the last eight years counseling other battered and 'brainwashed' women - and this was the first time she'd even found herself so utterly speechless.

She put the phone back to her ear.

"Debbie. You are absolutely incredible." She told the uncertain woman at the other end of the line, naked admiration in her tone. "Most

women, no matter how bad the situation they're in, lack the.. the guts it takes to do what you did, even after having the truth

literally beaten into them. The fact that you feel uncertain only makes what you did that more. impressive."

* * * * *

Debbie relaxed slightly at the other woman's assurances, but was still tense and uncertain.

"I... I just keep thinking that, maybe if I'd tried a little harder, been more the way he wanted me to be..."

"Don't think like that!" Dana said. "You are an individual, with the right to be your own person. Compromise is important in a relationship

- but him staying exactly the same, and you bending to his every whim isn't compromise, it's slavery." "Maybe..." Debbie said, fretfully. "But... Some of the things he told me seem to make so much sense..."

Dana laughed, sympathetically. "Debbie, words can be slippery things. I'll tell you what, let's play a little game called Stereo Phrases." "S... Stereo Phrases?" Debbie said, uncertainly.

"You know how you can have a radio with two speakers?" Dana said. "If you put it on an AM station, the exact same music comes out of each speaker - but if you put it on an FM stereo station, the same song is played through each speaker - but

each speaker is slightly different."

"Yeah, okay." Debbie said, frowning slightly as she took in the metaphor.

"Good. Now, to show you how slippery words are, we're going to do that with sentences - write one, then write another with the same 'melody', but different from the first." She paused. "Like this, for example: I can say 'My sister has blue eyes'. Okay?"

"Ohhh...kaaayyy." Debbie said, slowly.

"Now, the 'stereo phrase' for that might be... 'Everybody with blue eyes is my sister.'" Debbie giggled almost silently. "Oh, I see..."

"Good." Dana said. "Have you got some paper and a pencil?" "Uh..." Debbie said, looking around. "No. But I've got a computer." "Great. Use that."

"Hang on." Debbie said, bringing the cordless phone with her as she walked over to the desk and turned the odd-looking contraption on. It made the customary humming and clicking sounds, then loaded up a computer screen.

Debbie wasn't exactly proficient with computers - Steve hadn't thought intelligence or education was all that necessary in his girlfriend - and she wasn't quite sure what to do. Hesitantly, she double-clicked on an icon.

A unfamiliar-looking program popped up and hummed for a minute - then gave her a message box.

NO DEFAULT TEXT FILE INDICATED _ DO YOU WISH TO OPEN THE EDITOR?

Hesitantly, Debbie clicked on '**YES**' - and a new window popped up, with a flashing cursor. Hesitantly, she typed in some random characters, and saw them appear on the screen. Figuring that was good enough, she deleted the gibberish.

"Okay - I'm ready." She told the phone.

"Good." Dana said. "Now, think of a statement about Steve - or, about the way he wanted you to be. Type it in." "Okay..." Debbie paused, thinking - then, using the 'swoop-and-peck' method, entered:

Steve works out at his gym a lot:

"Okay, I did it." Debbie said.

"Good." Dana replied. "Now, re-write it. Don't worry about it being the same length, or using all the same words - or even about it making any real sense. Just write something similar, with the same sort of 'theme'.

"Right." Debbie said, with a small grin. Leaning forward, she picked up where she'd leti off, leaving a space before she typed: **A lot of Steves work out at his gym.**

...and hit '**RETURN**'...

* * * * *

With an almost arrogant swagger, the short, broad-shouldered man with a smoothly shaved head and a dark, neatly-trimmed goatee pushed through the doors to the gym. Clad in a pair of shorts and a muscle shirt that he was most definitely entitled to, the bantam- sized muscle-man walked past the front desk, throwing a quick wave at the man seated behind it.

"Hey, Josh."

"Steve, how's it going?" the man said to the regular, with a grin.

"Oh, can't complain..." Steve said, his grin fixed - he had an image to maintain, and he wasn't going to admit that the bitch Debbie had cleared out - he'd just find her and drag her back, and nobody had to know different. With the same cocky swagger in his step as always, he headed towards the locker-room...

"Hey, Steve - little early today, aren't you?"

At the sound of Josh's voice, Steve turned, a little confused...

"Yeah - upper management's having some sort of meeting today." the tall, sandy-blond just coming into the gym said to Josh with a grin. "Us peons got some extra down-time."

Steve - the shaven-headed one - shrugged and turned away. He'd never seen the other guy before, since they obviously had different routines, and it was just coincidence that they'd walked in behind one another...

* * * * *

"So, have you got the general idea?" Dana asked. "Yeah, I got it." Debbie said with a grin.

"good. Just do a couple more - and whenever you have any more worries about the 'sensible' things Steve told you, just do a few more to remind yourself how the English language can be... deceptive."

"Okay. And, Dana? Thanks - I really needed to hear somebody say I was doing the right thing."

"No problem, honey." Dana said, warmly. "If you ever need to talk, I'll be here. You take care, okay?"

Promising she would, Debbie made her good-byes and then hung up. Looking around the apartment, it really and truly began to dawn on her that she could have a life - a real life - on her own. She'd gone from a well-intentioned but domineering father right into a very one-sided relationship with Steve, and the thought she could be her own person was a new - and exciting - one to the slender woman.

Turning her attention back to the computer, Debbie's inexperienced fingers began to peck at the jury-rigged keyboard again.

Steve has lots of body and facial hair, but keeps his scalp shaved bald: Steve shaves his body and face, but leaves a lot of hair on his scalp.

* * * * *

Steve was just stepping out of the shower when one of the other regulars was walking by - and the other man did an almost classic double-take.

"Geez, Steve - that's a new look for you, isn't it?" Steve blinked. "Huh?"

"The..." The man waved at Steve's head, "...and the..." he lowered his waving gesture... then shrugged his shoulders at Steve's continued, uncomprehending gaze. "Never mind."

Confused, Steve walked over to the mirrors, turning this way and that to see if he could figure out what the other guy was talking about.

He didn't see anything out of place - his massively muscular, sculpted body still gleamed as perfectly as ever. Following the example set by many professional Body-builders, he kept his body meticulously free of body hair, to further emphasize both the mass and tone of his musculature - a nice contrast, he thought, to the long, thick, dark head of hair he was justifiably proud of - like Fabio or 'early' Kevin Sorbo, though his was dark rather than light.

Shrugging at the other man's odd comment, Steve headed over to his locker...

* * * * *

For the first time since she'd left Steve, Debbie was relaxed enough to actually feel hungry - and that hunger reflex now cut in with a real vengeance, reminding her that she'd had almost nothing to eat for nearly two days.

Though she was beginning to get into the swing of this 'Stereo Phrases' routine - and actually enjoy it - she decided to take a break and grab something to eat.

Getting up from the computer, she headed into the kitchen and began to collect items that had been left in the fridge and cupboard from the last tenant. Some of the items in the fridge had gone bad, but there was enough canned food and the like that she could make herself a pretty substantial meal, if a rather bland one.

Not even realizing she was doing it, Debbie began to hum contentedly to herself as she set about fixing her first meal as a free woman...

* * * * * Was it *him*?

Dana still couldn't be sure. Oh, he was an exact match for the height and build Debbie had described - but he had a full head of hair, and no beard.

Still...

The farmhouse that had become a woman's shelter was in a perpetual state of renovation - cash-strapped, like most such shelters, the volunteers did what they could, when they could - and at the moment, the in-house exercise room was undergoing minor renovations that made it unusable. Ever since she'd gotten out of an abusive relationship, Dana had become a fitness fanatic, and rather than miss a day of her routine had decided to try a nearby gym. She knew it was mostly a male enclave, but if women weren't exactly *welcome*, they were still accepted, and she'd paid a one-day fee to access the facility...

...only to find herself looking at the short, massively muscled man who was nearly the way Debbie had described the man she'd letti. He even had the right name - but it seemed that half the men in the gym were named Steve, too, which was both confusing and more than a little eerie.

Still trying to figure out if the obviously vain, self-centered man was *the* Steve, Dana picked another weight machine closer to him, hoping to overhear a comment that would confirm or deny her suspicions...

* * * * *

Returning to the computer after her meal, Debbie sat down at the keyboard and considered the next phrase she could 'play' with. After a moment's thought, she began to type.

When he's really trying, Steve has no trouble getting laid: Trying to get laid will really get Steve in trouble. Really liking the way the 'altered' phrase sounded, Debbie hit the 'RETURN' key...

* * * * *

Steve had to restrain a smile - he'd never seen a more obvious case of a woman who was hot for his bod. Right from the very moment she'd walked in, the tall, well-muscled woman had been keeping a supposedly surreptitious eye on him. She'd also, slowly, been working herself closer and closer to him, obviously a little intimidated by his awesome masculine presence and animal magnetism - as well as shy about being obvious in a room full of men. Though she wasn't the 'meek and submissive' type of girl he'd like to keep on a leash for house-hold use and duties, she was definitely the type he liked for a few sweaty, athletic bouts in the sack...

Trying to appear casual, he finished his set of reps and rose, pausing to 'innocently' let his muscles ripple in a no-doubt-arousing display. Then, with a slight emphasis on his massive, chained power, he padded into the semi-private room with the water-color and health-food-and-drink vending machines.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before the woman 'happened' to wander in, and managed to 'accidentally' bump into him. "Oh, excuse me." She said, a bit awkwardly.

Steve grinned. "hey, no big deal. If I had to have somebody bump their body into mine, it would be you."

"Uh, thanks." She said, with a strained-looking smile. She obviously didn't know he'd caught the obvious signs, and was

still trying to make her come-on look casual. Still, she blew it with her next line of 'small-talk'.

"So... a guy like you must have a girlfriend at home, huh? Some buff woman equal to your physical prowess?"

It was said in a light-hearted tone, as if making a joke - but there was no missing the genuine interest in her eyes.

"Well, I had a girlfriend, until we broke up recently - but she wasn't the 'buff' type - certainly not as toned and well-built as you." Steve said, easily.

"Oh?" She said, in an odd tone. "More the meek, stay-around-the-house, never-try-anything-new type of girl?" With sudden certainty, Steve somehow *knew* what the woman was really saying.

She was one of those 'trill-seekers' - and she was trying to find a good way of suggesting that, since they were hot for each other, they should just go at it right here, in public. Steve knew it without any doubt, though he wasn't sure how he knew - it was just a sudden, unarguable conclusion he'd reached.

Well, if that's what she wanted...

"Hey, babe - let's not play around anymore." Steve said, with a animal smile - as he closed in on her and pulled her tight to his body. "We don't have the time, because anybody could walk in at any moment... (since she got off on it, play up the 'danger' aspect of it, he thought...) ...and so I'm just going to do this real quick - throw you down on the floor and fuck your brains out good and hard. You won't be able to walk straight for a week... and if you can keep your mouth shut, nobody will ever know..."

Yanking down his shorts and underwear with one hand, he ripped her crop-top upwards with the other, exposing those firm, hand-sized, dome-shaped tits that he thought were absolutely perfect on a woman...

...and she kneed him in the crotch, hard, while screaming.

No - not screaming - there was no fear or shame. She was yelling - yelling for the cops...

Not that it seemed terribly important at the moment - the woman was strong, and had put all her power in that up-trust knee - Steve was busy trying to get his lungs to work again as he curled up on the floor around his crushed balls, gasping and wheezing. Dimly, he heard a bunch of voices, including a male one that was exclaiming loudly that he'd heard the entire thing, Steve's threats and attempt to rape the woman...

He was just beginning to realize he might be in a hell of a lot more trouble than just a couple of sore nuts when two guys grasped him and flipped him, none-to-gently, onto his back...

...and he felt the cold steel of the handcuffs tighten around his wrists as a stern female voice began to read him his rights.

* * * * *

Debbie was really getting into this now - thinking up new phrases she could use (that were technically true) and then twist

(into something 'fun') was more than just really, really fun - it was good therapy for her, a way to work out her feelings towards Steve.

Eagerly she hurried on to the next set of statements.

Steve thinks it would be impossible for an all-female court to make a conviction and hand down a sentence: An all-female court will reach a conviction with Steve and hand down an impossible sentence.

* * * * *

Steve began to wonder what was going on when the two female cops (or, as he mentally named them, 'Meter Maids'.) didn't take him to the police station, but directly to a court house. Not exactly being a legal-beagle, though, he kept his peace.

When they arrived at the courthouse, however, and he was led in a back door, down a torturous, obviously seldom-used route and into a courtroom whose only occupants were female, he began to make his concerns heard.

"Hey!" the muscular, dark-haired man exclaimed indignantly, looking at the two female lawyers behind the desk, the older female judge, and the twelve women in the jury box - including the woman he was accused of attempting to rape. "what's going on here? What's the big idea of this..."

"Silence!" the female judge ordered... and one of the female cops, now acting as a bailiff, back-handed him across the face.

Since he was still hand-cuffed, there was nothing Steve could do to block the blow, and his head snapped to the side from the force of it. "I'm gonna sue for police brutality!" Steve threatened.

"I highly doubt it." the woman supposedly playing the part of his lawyer said, coldly. "You see, the complainant dropped all charges as we were taking you in, and we just let you go. I guess you must have been scared and taken off, because nobody's seen you since."

"But...!" Steve started, angrily - until another backhand rocked his head back. Glowering at the cop who'd hit him, he took a deep breath...

...and the other cop whacked him across the back of the head with her baton, driving him to his knees.

"Are you really that dumb, Mr. Lewis?" the judge asked, acidly. "Or maybe you'll be smart enough to keep your mouth shut." Steve balled his hand-cuffed hands into fists... but remained silent, glaring around angrily.

The judge turned to the 'prosecuting' lawyer. "Does the prosecution wish to present its case?"

The sharply dressed woman stood. "Yes. Your Honor, Ladies of the Jury - Steven Lewis is a hopeless, irredeemable male chauvinist pig. The defense rests."

"Very well." The Judge said, while Steve gaped. "Defense?" 'His' lawyer stood, smoothed her pleated slacks, and said...

"He has no defense, Your Honor."

"So noted." The judge said, then turned to Dana in the Jury Box. "Madame Forewoman, has the Jury reached a verdict?"
"Yes, Your Honor." Dana said, with a restrained, but victorious, grin. "We find the defendant guilty as sin."

"Thank you." The judge said. "Mr. Steven Lewis, you have been found guilty of crimes against women kind, and your sentence shall be..."

* * * * *

Steve only deals with guys who think just like him, so they won't stab him in the back: Steve will get stabbed in the back by anyone he deals with who doesn't think just like him.

* * * * *

"...punishment by your peers." The judge finished. as the back door to the court opened, and a single-file column of men entered the
room.

Steve gaped as he recognized the people entering the court-room - he knew all of them, in one way or another.

"Mr. Lewis - are these the gentlemen you claim as friends and/or trusted acquaintances?" the judge asked, formally. Stunned, Steve could only answer truthfully, while wondering what the hell was going on. "Yeah."

"Very well - your sentence will consist of you suffering from any point that you and each individual do not agree upon. He who lives by the sword dies by the sword, and he who is a chauvinist will be punished by chauvinists."

A wry, confused look spread across his face at that - but he straightened up, feeling more confident - atier all, these were his friends and pals, who were 'right-thinking' men, just like him...

"Punisher Number One, please step forward."

Josh, the guy who worked at the gym, took a step forward from the line of men. "Do you have a point of complaint, Number One?" the judge asked.

"Yeah." Josh said, eyeing Steve scornfully. "This idiot like muscular, athletic women - when everybody knows women should be slender and dainty."

"Wha...?" Steve started to ask, surprised. but he never got the chance.

the far wall of the room suddenly slid aside. revealing the inside of the gym where he worked out. It was empty, the machinery laying
silent.

"Proceed with the punishment." The judge intoned.

Suddenly, helplessly, Steve found himself walking forward, towards the gym, unable to control his own body - it was as if somebody had taken remote-control of his body, leaving him a helpless passenger as he walked across the gym floor...

...and into the women's change room. Still unable to control his body in any way, he found himself opening a locker.

Against his will, he stripped out of his own gym close, displaying his naked body unwillingly to the eyes of the kangaroo court behind him. Then he began to take items from the locker and began to dress.

A hot-pink spandex crop-top that barely fit over his muscular torso, strained to the limit. A tiny black spandex bikini bottom, so ludicrously tight on his body that his cock actually hung free over the tiny triangle of lycra fabric at the front. A white, elasticized terry-cloth head-band, with matching ankle and wrist warmers. And a pair of white-and-pink ladies running shoes.

With each item he put on, Steve wanting to cringe and scream defiance - but he could do neither, dressing in the clothing as if it were utterly natural, his rebelling body refusing to obey any of his commands.

Then, clothed in the ludicrous outfit, he turned and walked back into the main gym area, walking over to a weight machine, positioning himself on the vinyl-covered bench, legs spread wide and cock hanging over **The End** of the bench.

The door at the far end of the gym opened - and a tiny, porcelain-delicate red-haired woman entered the gym, walking slowly across the floor. She was dressed in loose-fitting shorts and a baggy T-shirt.

Of its own accord, Steve's cock began to rise, and by the time she reached him his cock was rock-hard and throbbing.

She knelt on the floor in front of him and, bending forward, opened her rose-bud lips and enveloped his hard, throbbing cock... and began to suck.

Not give him a blow-job - suck. Like his cock was a big, meaty straw.

Steve felt a strange tingling run through his body. Helpless to move, he could only sit and watch as she slurped away on his cock... and it felt almost like he was taking some sort of odd piss, something flowing through his cock and into her accepting mouth.

As he watched... she began to expand.

Or, at least, her muscles did. Horrified, Steve watched as her barely-visible muscles began to swell, taking on extra mass and definition

- while he could feel his own body losing mass. Her body continued to fill out as his musculature was slurped away through his cock, the ill-fitting clothing he was wearing becoming more and more 'comfortable' as her body began to ripple with thick, still-growing slabs of muscle.

A moment later, and she was done. She rose from the floor with a smooth, easy grace, the once loose garments now stretched taut over a massively muscled frame...

..while he was leti almost as slender and dainty as she'd been when she'd entered. Not quite - he was still sort of thick in the waist, and his hands and feet weren't as finely formed - but close enough.

His cock sotiened - and the bikini top flipped upwards with a 'snap', clearly revealing the outline of his sotiened cock under the now perfectly-fitting fabric as he helplessly rose and returned to the courtroom, wanting to rant and scream and cry - but unable to do

anything by move like an automaton as the wall slid closed behind him and he silently took up his position in front of the bench again. "Very well. Punisher Number Two, please step forward."

The second man was Mark, a guy Steve knew from work - they'd fallen into the habit of talking during the lunch breaks.

"I don't know about this whole 'muscular woman' bit." Mark said. "Steve always boasted about his girlfriend, who he said was really skinny and stuff - when every real man knows a woman should have a nicely curved figure."

This time, the wall slid aside to reveal the restaurant where he and Mark otien ate - and Steve helplessly walked into the restaurant.

Atier a little bit of 'forced feeding' of chocolate cake, ice-cream and other deserts, the outfit Steve was wearing fit more snugly again - over his wider, womanly hips, fuller ass, and firm, C-cup breasts.

Steve was now to the point where he wanted to beg and scream for mercy - but there was still nothing he could do as the next man stepped forth. It was Ron, the manager of the sleazy place Steve had always taken Debbie to for the sexy underwear he liked her to wear.

"My complaint is that Steve's really screwed up. Sure, he has his girlfriend wear sexy stuff when they're at home - but he has her dress up in frumpy clothes when they go out so no other guy would be interested in her. Everybody knows women should always wear clothes to show off their bodies, and make-up and stuff to enhance their looks."

This time, the wall slid aside, revealing a sleazy-looking women's boutique...

...and, twenty minutes later, Steve's hair was died a brassy, obviously-bottle blonde, his face was fully made-up, and his clothing had changed. Now, he was wearing a skin-tight red dress with a low neck-line and a high hem-line, black nylons, and red high-heeled shoes. He wobbled out of the 'store' atop the six-inch spiked heels, barely able to retain his balance...

...and barely conscious. Inside his rebelling body, Steve was in a mindless daze, merely watching what was happening while his brain spun in useless circles, trying - and failing - to find a way to cope with the impossible situation that was happening to him.

The next complaint - that Steve thought fashion-models walked really sexy, when everybody knew that hookers had the best sexy walk - put him on a street corner, where he found himself walking up and down for ten minutes, until he was walking with a perfect, sexy stride. Now he looked almost completely female, especially with his cock hidden beneath the dress - but his voice was still male.

Which was taken care of by the next complainant, who 'knew' that women shouldn't be quite, monosyllabic and meek when they talked - but should sound like phone-sex operators.

Soon, Steve did.

Then there was the one about how Steve thought his women should have really tight cunts... when everybody knew that 'broken in' was the best...

Steve could no longer claim to be 'he'. Steve was most definitely 'she'. Still lost in that daze, unable to cope with what was happening to her, she was pulled further along the road by those who thought Steve's ideal breast-size was too small, or this, or that...

Finally, the ordeal was over. The last complainant had spoken. A person completely unrecognizable as Steve stood in front of the Judge's bench...

..and her new body was released back to her control, reconnecting her stunned, horrified mind with the impossibility of her new situation.

Crumpling to the floor, the woman who'd been Steve curled up into a ball, whimpering.

"Now, for the final stage of your punishment..." The judge started to intone. Then sighed. "Miss Lewis! Pay attention! This is the part

where you get a chance to get changed back!"

That got through to the whimpering new woman. Slowly, she dragged herself to her new, high-heeled feet. "Ch. changed back?" She asked, pathetically.

"Yes. Every sentence has a duration, though in your case it will be a variable - and you may not like it." The judge said, without sympathy. "However, before I explain, I should tell you that you will live a minimum of forty more years. You will not be able to commit suicide - or even 'mutilate' your new body. You will, however, grow older."

The new woman didn't like the sound of that, but fought the urge to curl back up on the floor - there was a chance to get her manhood back at stake.

The judge explained, quickly and simply, the terms of her sentence.

The new woman was horrified, revolted, and terrified. "No! No, you.. you can't! I.. I can't! And... and it would take. years!"

"How long it takes - or if you can do it at all - depends on you." The judge said, sternly. "In fact, how you want to do this is entirely up to you. You have the clothes you're wearing, and we'll supply you with five thousand dollars and new ID, in the name of your choice. The method you use to meet the conditions is entirely up to you."

"But.." The new woman pleaded.

"Look!" the judge snapped. "You can spend the next forty years, minimum, laying in a corner and whimpering. or you can start on the

road that will make you a man again. The court has decided that, should you meet the requirements, you'd be 'safe' once you are male again - and it's entirely up to you how quickly that happens. I don't think I have to explain to you what the most 'direct' route would be. If you wanted to go with that, you could probably be a man again in four or five years. depending, of course, on how well you can do it,

and whether you spend much time. unavailable. In any case - there's no other way out."

Whimpering, stunned, disgusted and terrified, the new woman was led towards the back door of the court...

...but, despite her feelings, her mind had latched onto the hope, and it was already turning the idea over in her head...

* * * * *

The ringing of the phone startled Debbie - and for an instant, the old fear flared. What if it was Steve? What if he'd tracked her down. ?

Hesitantly, she picked up the phone. "Yes?"

"Debbie!" Dana's voice came over the line, almost impossibly cheerful. "Wait until you hear the news!" "Wha... what news. ?" Debbie asked.

"Steve's taken off, leti the state - and probably the country! Chances are, he won't return. oh, for six or seven years, at the very least.

Maybe never."

Debbie was stunned. "What?"

Dana was practically laughing. "The idiot tried to rape me at the gym! In front of dozens of witnesses!" "What!" Debbie said, shocked. "Are you okay?"

"Oh, I'm fine." Dana dismissed Debbie's worries with a laugh. "Steve, however, isn't. See, I arranged it that charges wouldn't be pressed if he... vanished. The statute of limitations means that, for the next seven years, if he comes back I can charge him. so he'll probably

stay away for at least that long. He'd gone, Debbie!"

"That. that's fantastic!" Debbie said, slowly beginning to smile.

"Look - I think a victory celebration is in order, don't you?" Dana asked. "Get ready, and I'll pick you up in - twenty minutes?" "Okay!" Debbie said. Jumping up, she hurried away from the computer and began to get ready...

* * * * *

"Man, Chris, can you believe it?" Bill asked, in disgust. "Spring break, and we didn't get laid once. I'm telling you, man, Fort Lauderdale isn't. "

The vaguely-handsome, sandy-haired man noticed his friend and roommate wasn't listening - he was too busy gaping at something. So Bill turned his attention to where his shorter, swarthier friend was looking...

...and gaped.

She was. incredible.

She was about average height - but that was the only thing average about her. Long, platinum blonde hair cascaded down around a face that could populate his dreams, an cute, elfin face with full, soti lips, a pert nose - and huge, ice-blue eyes that looked like they reflected the light straight to the back of a completely empty head.

But, as utterly 'Hollywood Bimbo' as her face was, it didn't hold a candle to the body packed into the tiny red dress she was barely wearing.

Her breasts were... perfect. Big, but walking the fine line that kept them from being 'too much of a good thing' - from long experience, Bill made an automatic assessment, and pegged them to be a firm, round DDD-cup - or about a cup size smaller than Dolly Parton's world- famous endowments.

Below that, her waist was nicely pulled in to a trim, slender waist, without being too slender - above nicely flared, womanly hips that were mouth-wateringly perfect. Below the hem of the short dress, a pair of long, luscious legs stretched all the way down to the red high-heel shoes she wore, the delicious curves of her gams encased in sheer nylon hose.

Bill let his eyes drink in the Nordic goddess before him... then was startled to realize something. Not only did she look mouth-wateringly perfect, she looked...

Not nervous. That would be an understatement. Terrified would be closer to the truth - or maybe horrified.

"Wipe the droll from your chin." Bill whispered to Chris, nudging him - the approached the leggy, busty blonde beauty, fixing his most wining smile to his face.

"Excuse me?" He said, politely. "Can I help you, Miss?"

She jerked at the sound of his voice, then turned to face him, full, red-gloss lips twisting in a sickly parody of a smile. "I..." She said, practically shaking. Taking a deep breath, she tried again. "I am.. needing help."

Her voice was high and sweet and incredibly sexy - and laced with an accent.

"Oh - are you Swedish?" Bill asked, making a stab at identifying the accent, and trying to put the woman at ease.

It didn't seem to help all that much - she looked ready to either jump out of her skin or vomit. "No.. No, I am Isklandaar...

from, as you say Iceland."

"Oh, really?" Bill said, still trying to be charming and soothing. "that's interesting. By the way - I'm Bill, and this is my friend Chris."

The amazing, jumpy blonde seemed hesitant to let them touch her, but managed to force herself to shake their hands. "I am being called Svetlana."

"Svetlana... what a lovely name." Bill said. "So, Svetlana - what's wrong. you look like you're about to have a nervous breakdown."

Svetlana seemed like she was about to pass out, actually. "I... I come from very small village. I have never even been to Reykjavik before. I am from... boomwharfs?"

"Boomwha..." Bill started, confused.

"Oh!" Chris said, the grin doubling in size. "Boondocks! The Boonies." "Yes - that is word." Svetlana said.

She wanted to throw up. She couldn't believe she was doing this - trying to seduce two college guys she'd met in the airport - and with such a hokey story, too.

Not that she was doing all that well at it...

God, she couldn't believe she'd come to this - but at least her story would 'explain' all sorts of otherwise troublesome things - like her complete and utter lack of familiarity with the female side of American culture.

The men she'd once though her friends had made her into a sexy woman who appeared to be about the age of these college guys - as if she'd knocked nearly a decade off her 'true' age, which was about the only 'good point' in this. The changes had also, unsurprisingly, given her all sorts of new 'skills' - like how to walk, talk and even sit like a sexy woman. She knew, buried in her head, were all sorts of new skills for 'flirting' - she was just too disgusted to bring them into play right yet.

But she didn't have a choice. Atier all, this was her punishment. She could curl up in an out-of-the-way apartment for the rest of her life...

...or she could meet the terms of her punishment, and become male again.

The punishment being that she had to be the direct, physical cause of twelve thousand male orgasms.

The very thought of it made her sick. Twelve thousand! At a steady rate of four a day, it would take more then eight years!

Of course, she could have picked a plan that limited sex... and taken twenty or thirty years to reach that number, finally becoming a man again - sometime in his forties or fifties.

Her other choice could have been to become a hooker - but she didn't even consider that option. She wouldn't do that,

and not just because of the chances or arrest.

No, her best chance was to follow the plan she'd already formulated...

"So - what brings you to America then?" Chris asked.

Svetlana bit her oh-so-luscious lower lip, and it seemed that she wouldn't answer....

"I wish to be a porno star." She said.

the guys jaws dropped and their eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"Uh..." Was the best Chris could do. Bill fared slightly better with a strangled "What. ?"

Svetlana looked like she was about to die of terminal embarrassment. "I wish to be a star in pornographic movies. But my village is a small place, and many of us are related - I have very little experience with sex. In America, I can practice with sex until I am skilled, then get easy job in porno movies - no?"

"No. I mean - yes." Bill said, visibly struggling to get himself back on an even keel. "Hold on - I want to make sure I've got this straight. You want to be a porn star. Make sex movies."

"Yes."

"But first, you have to have lots and lots of sex so you'll be good at it." "Yes."

"so you're looking for men to have sex with. Lots of sex." "That is right."

Bill looked at Chris - and saw his friend had the biggest, goofiest grin on his face that he'd ever seen. He also realized that his own face bore a matching grin.

"Well - maybe we can help. " Bill said, with forced casualness. "We have an apartment - if you'd care to come live with us, we'd be

glad to help you, uh. practice."

"I'm sure a lot of our friends would, too." Chris supplied.

"Yes - that would be good." Svetlana said - and the two guys nearly had a heart attack.

"...and, that's the whole apartment." Bill said. "We'll have to get a pull-out couch or something, to make room for you, but. "

Alone with just the two men, Svetlana had a little more - and less - control over herself. More, because she wasn't being ogled by many strangers, and she was beginning to get used to the two guys who were so much like she was when she was a

young man... and less, because what she knew was going to have to happen.

That comment made a perfect opening - and she had to force herself to take it, feigning puzzlement.

"Pull out couch?" She made herself say, as if confused. "I do not understand - I thought I would share the beds of you, and maybe your friends."

There was a two-beat pause, and she could read the look on the guys faces so easily - and it made her want to throw up.

"oh, well... we could do that, too." Chris said, trying - and failing - to sound casual. "how.. how exactly did you think we.. we should work out your... practicing?"

This was the telling point. As awful as the situation was, Svetlana really couldn't bring herself to take the full initiative. Not now, at least. She, quite simply, lacked the will-power.

So she placed it in their hands.

"I do not know what Americans think is sexy, and what they like." She said, having to force every single word through unwilling lips. "So, I need you to be my teachers. I... I will do whatever you say, whenever you say. This is how I will learn."

Oh, God - she thought she was going to die, right then and there.

If it had been possible to do so, she would have - but it had been arranged so that there wasn't that 'easy' escape. It was either be a slut of a woman for a few years - or a celibate woman for the rest of her life.

Except... as much as the thought of sex with men disgusted her, Svetlana couldn't even convince herself that celibacy was an option. She couldn't imagine life without sex, even if it was sex as a woman. Sooner or later, she'd give in - and any time wasted resisting was just that... wasted.

Best to do this as quickly as possible... Which seemed fine with the guys, as well.

"*Rea//lly*..." Bill said, sharing another goofy grin with Chris. "Uh... why don't we start with the basics? Why don't you.. undress for us?"

"Okay." She said, quaking on the inside. Trying not to appear hesitant, she brought her hands up to the shoulder-straps of her tight red dress. Gripping them, she worked up her nerve... then began to peel the dress down. She forced herself to just stand there, under the lewd gaze of the guys, shifting her weight nervously from foot to foot as she peeled the dress over her large, firm tits. and then she

had to pause, not sure she could actually go through with it.

"Wow..." Chris breathed. "You're a natural!" "I am?" Svetlana asked, startled.

"Sure - the slow, teasing way you do it, the way you sway your hips... it's like your born to do this." Svetlana wasn't sure how to take that...

"Now... fondle your boobs for a bit." Bill said, practically drooling.

Forcing a smile to her full lips, Svetlana brought her hands to her large, creamy globes and pretended she was going to enjoy this...

...then didn't have to pretend any more. She was amazed to find how good it felt as she began to massage her large, bare breasts, her nipples full and thick beneath her fingers as she fondled and squeezed her new endowments with growing - if guilty - pleasure.

"Good, good - now finish taking the dress off..."

It was a shame to take her hands off her boobs, but Svetlana did as she was instructed, slowly peeling the dress down over her womanly hips and letting slide down her shapely legs, forming a cloth puddle around the high-heel shoes she wore.

"Great!" bill said. "Now come here, and kiss me."

Svetlana had to force herself to take the three steps necessary to close the distance. Acting as if this was what she wanted, she closed her eyes, tilted her head up and stepped into Bill's embrace.

His arms closed around her, pulling her tightly against him, his hands reaching down to squeeze her full, firm ass as he kissed her passionately.

Svetlana moaned in the back of her throat as she felt his strong arms around her slender body, felt her large tits press firmly against his body, felt his warm hands cradling her full ass. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him hungrily, tongues dancing in passion as she kissed him hungrily...

'What the hell...?' Svetlana thought, her eyes popping open in shock as she realized what she was feeling.

She didn't stop kissing him, however. Even in the middle of the shocked realization, she continued her passionate lip-lock with the man, horrified by the rising pleasure she felt from being held and kissed by a man, but unable to deny it - or stop.

'Well...' She thought to herself, hesitantly. 'I guess having it feel good will make it easier to do...'

Then she felt a burst of regret as he broke the kiss - she didn't want to stop. She wanted to keep kissing him... "Now... suck my cock..." Bill whispered to her.

Slowly, Svetlana slide to her knees, not really thinking about what she was doing as her mind was turning over the pleasure she'd felt at kissing and being kissed by a man.

'I guess it just feels good to kiss.' She thought to herself, as her long-nailed fingers absently unzipped Bill's fly.

'Atier all - it was a man kissing a woman, even if the roles were reversed for me.' She reassured herself as she lowered his pants and underwear around Bill's ankles. 'Atier all - I enjoyed kissing women as a man, so this is just... the same, only reversed. It's not like kissing is something completely different for women.'

That made sense - and put her mind at ease. The fact that she'd enjoyed the kiss didn't mean she had anything to worry about. She wanted to sigh in relief at the realization that there wasn't anything really wrong with her - but that was tough to do with Bill's cock filling her mouth as she slurped and sucked expertly at it, her tongue swirling over it's head as her hand worked the shati and...

'Holy shit!' Her mind screamed at her in shock. 'I'm sucking cock!'

She certainly was - and very well, too. With stunned detachment, she could tell that Bill was enjoying it immensely as she used newly- implanted skills to give him a mind-blowing blow-job. The shock of finding herself in the middle of a blow-job stunned her temporarily, and her body just continued what it was doing...

...until she felt a flood of warm, salty cum flood her mouth as she succeeded in bringing him off.

The disgust and distress she'd felt at finding herself sucking cock was buried in a surge of triumph as she thoughtlessly gulped down the thick liquid.

'That's one!' she thought to herself, victoriously. 'I'm on my way to becoming a man again!'

This might not take nearly as long as she'd feared. If this was any indication - and if these guys had enough friends - she might have sex ten or twelve times a day! Geez - think about it. She could be a man again in only four years!

Lapping Bill's cock clean, she smiled in victory. She could beat these bitches at their own game. They thought it would take her ten or fifteen years to fuck an/or suck twelve thousand times. Hah! She wasn't a slacker! She'd show them how quickly a real man could fuck half the male population of the local college into submission!

With that triumphant thought, she turned to Chris with a thoughtful-looking expression, trying to decide what would get him off the fastest.

Seeing the specific part of her he was looking at, she smiled.

"Ever fuck a woman up the ass?" She asked cheerfully, standing up and bending over...

Geez - how stupid was she to think a group of women could ever destroy her? They might have (temporarily) altered her body, but her male-inspired, unstoppable ego was still intact. They couldn't touch who she *really* was.

'This is going to be EASY!' She thought with a huge, shit-eating grin of masculine triumph as she felt Chris' hard, unlubricated cock slam deep into her ass...

* * * * *

Back in Debbie's apartment, the over-heated computer began to make a hissing, buzzing noise as an acrid smell began to rise from it. Deep inside, some jury-rigged connections were finally giving up the ghost, melting down into useless slag that could never be repaired.

With a sizzling crackle of electrical discharge, the computer died. Though it's innards were already useless in that very instant, now a useless mass of fused circuits, the screen continued to show the last, whimsical words printed on it before it, too, died.

Steve fucked with a lot of people, mistakenly thinking it made him a man: A lot of people are going to fuck with Steve, who mistakenly thinks it'll make him a man.

Then computer went dark and silent, harmlessly fizzling out as the acrid smell slowly began to disperse.

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a young man finds a magic rock, he sets free the spirit-form that wanders through his dream-quests, which lead him on a path to be transformed into a giggling ditzzy girl.

Stoned

By Gunslinger

"It's a.. what?"

The wizened proprietor of the shop grinned, revealing two, non-consecutive, missing teeth in his lower jaw. "I said..." The shop-keeper repeated, his heavy Maine accent making it 'Ah sayed'. "...it's a magic rock."

The heavily-built bearded young man in the jeans and the black letter jacket let one bushy eyebrow climb in disbelief. "Oh, yeah - right. How silly of me." He waved a hand in the air, negligently. "It should have been obvious."

The old man laughed. "Ayup. Can't say I blame you for doubtin' it. Don't believe it myself, actually - but that's what the Indians used to b'lieve, you see. They thought that one of these geodes..." He turned the rock around, displaying the dark-purple crystal that lined the inside of the rock, "...had magical properties. Legend says, if you got Indian blood in your veins, then you can use these rocks to set free the spirit-form that wanders through your dream-quests."

Chris snorted laughter. "What the hell does that mean?"

The old man laughed as well. "Well, I'll be dipped if I know - that's what I read outta the brochure the geologist sent me, atier I asked him what the hell this thing here was."

Chris laughed at the anecdote. He'd been in the shop for almost an hour now, browsing through Pop Greene's Knick-Knacks and Bric-a- Brac, as the sign outside so prominently advertised. It seemed the old storekeeper had some humorous story to go along with every one of his unusual items for sale, and Chris figured that it was this sly wit that made Pop Greene's business so successful, even in the off season, like now.

Chris Dunbar had stopped off at the shop atier grabbing a bite to eat in the dinner across the road. He'd really stopped in to buy a map of the area, which Pop carried - but the unusual array of merchandise had kept him browsing longer then he'd planned. The twenty-two

year old was on his way to check out the cabin he'd inherited atier the death of a grand-uncle he'd barely even known. Never having been there, he was sort of fuzzy on the exact location, since the 'address' was sort of vague, giving just the Township Road number, and then the words '1 mi. in, 3rd drive, red fence, big oak.'

As it turned out, Pop had been more helpful then any map could have been - he knew the area around Lakeland like the back of his bony old hand, and had not only given Chris detailed instructions on how to get to the cabin, but all the 'skinny' on it's semi-recent history, as well. It turned out that that distant grand-uncle had owned the cabin, but hadn't used it himself, letting his son use it. The son, however, had used it for the purpose of extramarital flings with an array of young women - and had ended up getting two of them pregnant, which brought the whole scandal - not to mention his marriage - crashing down around his ears. The old man had disinherited the son - which was why Chris, who was almost a complete stranger, got the place.

Just for all that information, as well as the directions, Chris felt he owed Pop something - but Pop refused to accept any out-and-out gratuity, so Chris decided he'd buy something as a way of saying thanks.

Since it didn't really matter what he bought...

"All right, you sold me - how could I turn down a chance to buy a 'magic' rock?" Chris said, with a grin, shelling out the greenbacks for the surprisingly heavy item. "Hey, since my great-grandmother was Sioux, maybe it'll work for me. What can I say?"

Saying good-bye to the friendly, witty old man - and making a mental note to come back again soon - Chris headed out to his '89 Suburban, the 'magic rock' heavy in the small, twine-handled paper bag Pop had put it in. Dropping his purchase in the passenger's seat, Chris slid behind the wheel of the big four-by-four and cranked the starter until the stubborn engine finally turned over. Dropping the aging vehicle into gear, he checked the mirrors and the back window, then reversed the vehicle out of the slanted parking spot in front of Pop's shop and directly onto the main road that they ran off of. Chivvying the gearshiti of the cranky vehicle into 'Drive', Chris waved at Pop, who was standing in his doorway, then headed out of town, and towards his 'new' cabin.

* * * * *

As darkness settled in to stay for the night, Chris lit the candle lantern he'd found above the mantle, adding it's golden glow to the fire in the stone hearth, shivering slightly in the cold air - it'd take some time for the fire to warm the interior of the cabin, with the chill autumn air having only recently given up it's grip on the log cabin's interior.

"Well, Chris, same as always - if it weren't for bad luck, you'd have no luck at all..." Chris muttered, dropping into the musty-smelling and well-worn couch in front of the fireplace.

When he'd arrived at the once-red gate that marked the cabin's driveway, it had taken nearly an hour to get down it's nearly mile-long gravel length. That had been his first hint that nobody had bothered to arrange upkeep for the building or it's land in the nearly ten years it had been vacant - foliage, fallen branches and time had made the drive in nearly impassable. If it wasn't for the fact that Chris' Suburban was a four-wheel-drive, he would never have made it.

The cabin itself had been another unpleasant surprise.

The cabin itself was an older building - and, since they built them to last in those days, had fared well, since it had been shuttered up before being let to the elements. It was structurally sound and well preserved - which was the one good point about the whole mess.

'Mess' was the right word, too - because the hunting-lodge style building had been left in a state of disarray by the errant son. Obviously, the last night he'd spent in the place had been somewhat vengeful - Chris could read all the signs in the detritus from the wild party that had been thrown there. Obviously, figuring it was the last time he was ever going to be there, the son had gone ahead and had a blast, then simply left everything behind when he'd vacated. Articles of clothing - mostly women's - lay strewn about, mixed in with partially- and-completely empty bottles of booze, empty take-out pizza boxes, and other items.

The cabin itself was pretty primitive, mainly a big main room that was combinations living-room, kitchen and dining room, with two bedrooms and a bathroom on the east wall. The place was wired for electricity - but it was shut off, of course. At least the pipes had withstood the test of time, and once he'd turned on all the valves, the bathroom had been in full working order, except for the lack of hot water.

Chris had spent the afternoon cleaning up the place, chilled in the cool air - but the chimney had needed to be cleaned out before he could light a fire, and part of his cleaning routine had been the search for the keys to the locked shed outside, which contained the equipment he needed, as well as piles of firewood. He'd only got the fire going a short while ago, and it was only beginning to take the edge off of the chill. Which was the reason he'd ensconced himself in layers of material. The first layer was his pajamas, a pair of flannel jammies that were warm and comfortable. Over this went his dark blue bathrobe, and then over all he was 'wearing' a snuggle-blanket. A nifty little thing, the plaid flannel blanket had snap closures around the outside that, when snapped together in the right pattern, made a sort of 'bag'. It covered him like a sleeping bag to just below his armpits, but the top end of the blanket snapped together into three openings - 'sleeves' and a 'hood', allowing him to snuggle warmly into the blanket, yet still have use of his hands.

For all that - he was still a bit chilly, hence sitting directly in front of the fire. That took care of the temperature problem. However, without power to run the small TV the cabin boasted, that left him warm-yet-bored, but he wasn't tired enough to sleep.

yet.

So he'd poured himself a glass of whiskey from one of the partially full bottle he'd tidied up, hoping that any germs that might have been on the bottle after the party had died over the last ten years. At the moment, it was a small worry to Chris.

Sipping at the liquor with one hand, Chris slid his other out of the sleeve-like opening in the blanket and picked up the 'magic rock' he'd bought that afternoon, turning it this way and that. He found the by-play of the fire-light over - and through - its amethyst crystals to be almost hypnotic. Taking another sip of the booze, he brought the geode closer to his face, shifting position so it could better catch the firelight, the dancing golden images making it almost seem like there was some sort of image moving in the crystalline structure, like a purple-tinted movie playing out in the crystal-lines interior of the geode.... In fact, the harder he stared at it, the more he let his mind just sort of wander, the more it seemed he could almost make out what movie was playing, could bring the image into focus...

Without even noticing, he numbly put his drink down on the table beside the couch and leaned forward and to the side, eyes wide and staring in the interior of the stone, focused past the rock itself and on something generated by his mind's eye in response to the flickering firelight's interaction with the crystals. Other thoughts, concerns and considerations slipped away as he sank deeper and deeper into the wide-awake trance, mind building up an image in the shadows and highlights that flickered inside the stone he held.

Then, suddenly - the world vanished.

He wasn't surprised, or scared, though it was unexpected. One second, he was staring into the stone - and the next, he was 'here', wherever 'here' was - yet it felt.. right. Somehow, it had that same non-questioning acceptance quality of a dream, though he knew it wasn't a dream... exactly.

Standing in place, Chris slowly turned a full three sixty, looking around him. He found that he seemed to be standing in some ancient forest. The day - or rather, the quality of light - was gray and heavy, and a thick mist rose from the forest floor, cloaking everything in its knee-high embrace. Under different circumstances, the scene could have been eerie or threatening - but this wasn't a dark, gothic world, just a neutral, somehow colorless one. More 'boring' than scary.

"What's going on?" He asked, aloud, not knowing if he should expect an answer or not. "I was staring at the stone, and then.. this, whatever this is. I mean... it can't be real, yet.. I feel like it is. What's it all mean?"

There was the sound of somebody clearing their throat behind Chris, and he turned.

Standing there, dressed in a somewhat old-fashioned suit, hat in hand, was Jimmy Stewart. At least, a younger version of the deceased actor, looking as if he'd just stepped out of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* or *Harvey*.

"Well, well now.." Jimmy said, engagingly vague. "I, I don't know if I can.. that is, the question's sort of *difficult*, you see, and, well, I'm not sure if I, uh, can answer it, you see." He smiled, exuding a sort of friendliness that made him almost instantly trustworthy. "It's all so very, uh, complicated, you see."

"Complicated?" Chris asked.

"Well, well, you see..." Jimmy said, searching for words. "usually I wouldn't be here at all, you see. Not that I mind it, no, not at all.." He seemed eager to reassure Chris. "It's just that, usually, before somebody comes here, they've already, uh, contacted their, um, spirit guide, you see. So, I usually, uh.. well, I'm usually not needed. But, but... We're kinda in a bind here, see. This, well.. this is for bringing your spirit guide out, you see, but you haven't got one yet. So, you see.. it's a little confusing for both of us..."

"It's confusing for you, too?" Chris asked, mildly surprised.

"Oh, well. Yes.." Jimmy said, grinning. "Because you're confused.. and, so, then, so I am, you see.. because we're not really here at all, because this isn't really a here for us to be - and, to make it even more confusing, we're not really us, except that we - you and me and everybody, is us.. sort of."

Chris grinned. "Okay - you lost me somewhere there.'

Jimmy gestured with the hand holding the hat. "Well, it's all very simple, you see, in a complex sort of way. See, I'm really here, right now, because we, both of us, think I am. That's why I look like this, see, so I'd be somebody you could talk to, and trust - but it's not that I'm not real, because I'm as real as you are - but that isn't any more real than I am, you see."

"you mean - I somehow made you Jimmy Stewart, so I could trust you?" Chris asked, trying to work it out.

"Well, yes and no." Jimmy said. "See, I'm more than just what you think of being me. I'm every memory and imagination and idea in the world about me - so, you see, I'm real. But you're only you because that how you think of yourself, and that's how the world thinks of you too, you see. Us, as individuals, are only separate from us - the whole us - because we all sort of agree on it."

Chris frowned in thought. "Oh - you mean that 'shared unconscious' theory, that we're all somehow 'linked' with each other."

"Sure, that's one way to put it." Jimmy said. "So, you see, usually when people come here, they've already formed a spirit guide - which is really just some of what they think of 'them', plus a little of other stuff from other people, you see. But you didn't, so you have to, well.. 'come up' with one. But it's not just what you imagine, because there is no 'you', really - just 'us' all imagining that you are you. So 'you' sort of... plant the seed, then we - which is you, too - sort of, uh, 'flesh out' the other 'you', you see. Then, you see, we'll all agree that that 'you' is the new you, too, but different, so we can all agree that you could be them, sometimes, too - without any of us actually knowing about it though, you see, because - when we're not here - we're all agreeing that we can't all be agreeing because we're all separate. Sort of pretending we don't know about it, see - so well that we actually forget, sort of."

Chris frowned and worked that out in his head. If he was following along, then everything in the universe only existed the way it did because everybody, subconsciously, agreed that it was like that. In truth, everything - every 'atom', every energy wave, every.. everything, was a shared fiction in the myriad parts of a vast mind that liked to pretend it was actually a couple of billion

discrete entities.

Well - that might explain certain things about the universe. Like 'coincidences', among other things...

"So - what you're saying is that I just have to pick another form - and then I can, uh.. become that other form."

"Oh, sure - but, you see, you already have, and just don't know it yet." Jimmy tried to explain. "What you have to do is 'pretend' to pick the form you've already picked/had chosen/always had, and then we can all pretend that.. well, it's really too much to explain." Jimmy said, shrugging. "Especially since you won't remember all of this, atierward - just parts of it. In any case, you just go ahead and think of anything at all. Clear your mind, then the first thing that pops in there.. 'poof!'. Taken care of, you see."

Shrugging mentally, Chris closed his eyes and tried to clear his mind - which was impossible, in a certain sense, because his mind wanted to consider what he could become, given unlimited choices..

"See - there you go." Jimmy said, with a grin.

Chris blinked - he couldn't think of what he might have 'chosen'. Whatever it had been had been an errant, fleeting thought, something that had just flashed across his mind without prompting.

"But..." He tried to argue...

...but it was hard to do with no lips, because he was floating in a gray, hazy limbo, with no body or sensations, nothing at all...

* * * * *

Chris slipped out of the trance like a man waking from a dream - though he hadn't been asleep. Vague, half-formed images fleeted across his mind, leaving behind little impression - except for a somehow familiar voice telling him that his form was some sort of illusion, one that could change...

Even as his mind slipped from a barely-remembered trance-ridden 'past' to the current 'present', Chris realized that something about the way he felt, the way his body felt, internally, was... well, it didn't actually feel 'wrong' to him, so much as 'different'.

Then he was wholly back in the 'real' world, aware he was slumped on the couch, staring at the inside of the stone, which he still held in his hand...

...except it wasn't his hand. Though he could feel the texture of the stone itself being transmitted across the nervous system and into his brain, registering on his consciousness, the hand he was looking at bore little resemblance to his own meaty paw. This one was slimmer, smaller, and tipped with long, well-shaped fingernails.

In short, it was a perfectly good example of a woman's hand, perfect in every detail - and he seemed to posses it.

"A woman...?" Chris said, aloud - and the question seemed to answer itself as he heard the voice it emerged in, a high, clear, and undeniably feminine voice that was actually quite lovely. "I've been turned into a woman?"

He felt... strange. Emotionally, as well as physically. In one sense, he knew that now was a good time to panic, a good time to scream at the shock and horror of being emasculated - except it didn't really bother him, other than a mild regret that his 'other' form hadn't been something like a wolf or a bear, or even an eagle - now *that* would have been something...

Instead.. he'd be changed into a woman. How was that for ironic, he wondered...

"Wait a second... I've been turned into a woman? Why aren't I.. upset?" She asked herself, hearing the crystal-clear, feminine tones of her question in her own ears. She knew that, a few moments ago, she would have been horrified by the prospect - yet, right now, she didn't seem all that upset. As a matter of fact, she felt... sort of detached. Hazy. In fact... downright pleasant.

Being a typical American youth, Chris had tried a couple of 'soti' drugs in his day, as well as having consumed alcohol in various amounts through the years. The closest she could come to identifying what she felt now was the same sort of feeling that came from the inhalation of marijuana - that sort of hazy, good-natured mood where details became more over-riding than the whole, where time seemed a much more variable thing than usual, where she was generally aware of what was happening around her, but only able to focus on sharp, individual portions of it that tended to drive any other thoughts out of her head for the duration.

"Whoa.. weird..." She muttered to herself, setting the rock down. She knew that this was a weird and mystical experience - but she seemed more interested in how her altered body felt as it moved, the fluid grace less powerful, but more 'comfortable', than her usual movements. In the heightened state of detail-awareness she was in, she could feel the new sensations of her altered body with a strange clarity, from the way her finer body hair felt inside her pajamas, to the shiti and heti of her as-yet unseen breasts.

Slowly, she worked her way out of the layers of clothing that encumbered her newly changed body, dropping them negligently on the floor. Within moments, her new body was naked, newly feminine nipples going stiff in the cool air.

"Oh... that feels... neat..." She giggled, hands rising to lightly massage the fully engorged nipples that graced her extraordinary new tits.

They were big - hell, huge, the size and almost the shape of volley-balls, with just enough sag to allow a somewhat 'natural' look, despite their incredible firmness and spherical shape. The fact that the huge nipples gracing the milky spheres of breast-flesh were in scale with the breasts themselves also argued against 'enhanced' tits - though she thought if she tried to explain to anybody how she'd gotten such remarkable tits, she'd be thrown in a rubber room and locked away for years to come, until the marvelous new tits of her hung to her knees.

Speaking of which - hers were remarkably cute. Her knees, that was. Knees weren't usually high on people's lists of body parts to admire, but she had nicely shaped ones with cute little dimples on the side that accentuated her entire leg, which was

long and shapely and smooth, not as purely sensual as some legs, but very long, supple and attractive nonetheless.

"Wow..." She said, rising with a fluid grace that she didn't even notice. "I wonder if the rest of me is as nice as my legs and tits..."

Humming rather vaguely, she headed toward s the mirror in the bathroom, enjoying the sway and swivel of her new body's stride. She realized that it was strange to be enjoying the way she looked and felt - but the dim realization that it was unusual didn't keep it from happening. She felt fantastic, and the thought that she might be pretty was somehow exciting and pleasurable to her altered outlook, even though she knew that on some fundamental level she should be worried about it.

Reaching the mirror, she felt her new lips spread wide in a cheerful grin. "Wow..." She breathed, then giggled. "I am a hottie!"

She was, too. Short and slender, her body was a flawlessly supple and smooth as her long, cute legs. With a trim waist, huge breasts and long legs, she could have been 'wet dream' sexy, and she was - in a way. But instead of pure carnality, she was innocent sensuality, the ultimate 'girl next door' brought to a whole new level. Trim, mildly athletic and firm without being 'muscular', she had a healthy, supple, graceful body that was nevertheless 'approachable'.

Her face was more of the same. Surrounded by a jaw-length mass of platinum-blond curls, her face was the ultimate 'girl-next-door' face, with cute, bow-shaped lips beneath a snub nose that, in turn, was flanked by sparkling, cheerful blue eyes. Her new eyebrows were slender and formed finely arched curves.

Even her shell-like ears were cute-and-beautiful. In fact, she was so perfect that she didn't look quite real, her skin smooth and flawless, unblemished by even the tiniest mark. She was absolutely lovely, sexy, cute, cheerful, friendly, approachable. all this and more. The

type of girl you could actually ask out. and would enjoy spending time with, in or out of bed.

"Girl, you are something else. ": She told her reflection, turning this-way-and-that to admire her firm, full ass and long, shapely legs. She

slid a hand across her smooth, silky flesh, enjoying the sensation.

Looking around, she headed to the bed on which she'd piled all the clothing she'd cleaned up, planning to take them to Goodwill. Now, she began to rummage through them cheerfully with a big smile on her face.

"Now I know why girls like Barbie dolls..." She giggled to herself, finding the idea of 'dressing up' inordinately fun. Pawing through the clothes, she found something she thought would be just about right. Most of the stuff was too 'sleazy' for her wonderful new body, but this stuff should be just about perfect. Quickly, she pulled the clothing on, then went back to the mirror for a look at herself.

"Oh, that's just so perfect...!" She told her reflection, eyeing herself with a grin.

She was wearing a pair of white ankle-boots over pink socks with white lace trimming at the top. Rising six inches in the air, the heels of the boots accentuated her long, cute-sexy legs all the way up to where they vanished into the pair of white shorts she wore, the hem at her legs just loose enough to have some movement before becoming skin-tight across her hips and ass. A belt drew the otherwise loose waistband tight around her slender waist.

The pastel-pink shirt she wore showed off the smooth belly and trim waist nicely. It was short enough that it just barely came to the bottom of her fantastic new boobs, drawn skin-tight over her magnificent new rack, her huge nipples creating bumps between the words that were centered on the shirt, one above the other - "Girls Rule!"

"I bet I'd look great with some lipstick..." She giggled to herself, heading back towards the pile of items she'd leti on the bed...

...then stopping in the middle of the room, a brief frown furrowing her smooth brow.

"Why am I acting like this...?" She asked, aloud. "Why do I feel so happy, so cheerful...? Why am I not... not thinking things through..."

It took an enormous force of will for her to force herself to think about these things. Not because they didn't want to be answered, as if there was some force specifically trying to keep her from asking the questions - but because she felt... well, like she was stoned. Deep, hard thoughts didn't come easily. Her mind didn't want to 'think' - it wanted to 'feel', to just go along and do whatever felt good. Her brain was focusing on things, specific images, sensations and sounds, and the ones that she 'wanted' to experience were ones that felt good. Considered thoughts as to whether or not it was 'right' or 'good' slipped through her mind, but she had a hard time holding onto individual thoughts long enough to consider them...

Which was why her frown faded and she blinked, wondering why she was just standing in the middle of the room. There was something she had been...

"Oh, yeah - makeup!" She chirped, cheerfully, then giggled. "Silly girl!"

Humming to herself, she resumed her trek to the pile... and soon she was wearing a pink gloss lipstick and pink eye-shadow, as well as mascara on her long, dark lashed. A white plastic 'pearl' necklace encircled her neck, and matching clip-on earrings graced her cute little lobes. She admired the over-all look in the mirror.

"Boy, am I cut and sexy./" She told herself, with a grin. "If I were a guy, I'd find me so sexy, I'd..." Her grin weakened. "But... I am a guy."

Then she looked in the mirror - and her grin grew even wider. "And the guy in me says 'Damn, girl, you are gorgeous...!'"

With a giggle, she blew herself a kiss and walked back into the living room, feeling so happy she thought she might burst. Her body was smooth and supple and graceful, and just walking in it felt really, really great - especially the way her tits jiggled and swayed ever so slightly with each step.

Turning, she walked over to the door of the cabin and opened it, stepping out into the crisp, chill night air... and giggling

again as she felt her already swollen nipples go as hard as diamonds in the cold air, the rush of blood to the sensitive nubs creating a tingling rush that felt fantastic.

Cocking her head to the side, she listened as she heard a sound in the night. It was brief, coming and going in the space of a few seconds, but there was no mistaking it as music, and not all that far away.

"Gee, I feel like dancing." She told herself, happily. "Maybe somebody's having a party!"

Turning, she went back into the cabin and grabbed a white leather jacket out of the pile. It was a couple of sizes too large... but that was fine with her.

She debated taking her keys and wallet... but figured she wouldn't need them. Leaving them where they were, she once more stepped out of the cabin, swaying in a very cute stride down to the firm-packed gravel and sand at the top of the lake's beach, then heading in the direction of where she'd heard the music, humming happily to herself...

She stopped dead on the strand, the happy look in her eyes fading as the rational part of her brain struggled to make itself heard through the warm, uncritical glow she was feeling.

"Maybe... this isn't a good idea..." She told herself. "I'm outside, as a girl, all dressed up and looking for a party..."

Then she shrugged. "Why not? The cabin's so boring, with no TV or music, and it's not like anybody knows I was a guy, before..." The rational part of her mind struggled to keep her short attention span from wandering, trying to focus in on her situation.

"Gee... I guess I should have a name to give if anybody asks." She told herself. "Uh, I guess I look like a... Janet? No... a Tammy. Yeah, I'm Tammy."

Grinning, glad she'd planned ahead, she once more walked forward, the unseen clamor of her mind lost in the warm haze she was in, cheerful and almost mindless.

She shortly found herself at the next cottage up the row along the lake - and its windows were ablaze with light, indicating it was the probably source of the music.

Humming happily to herself, she walked to front door of the cottage, hearing the thrum of music through the closed door. Without thinking, she reached out and twisted the handle without bothering to knock, her body swaying in time with the music as she stepped through the door.

The door opened onto a large common area that was similar to her own cottage, but more up-to-date. There was a big-screen TV taking up the corner of the room, hooked into a stereo system. It was the TV/Stereo from which the music came.

Laying on the couches that dominated the room were two guys, about college age. The one on the right-hand couch was skinny and short and pale, with a slender body that seemed only to exist to support the two large protuberances he boasted - his large, beak-like nose, and the unusually large bulge at his crotch, which was clearly evident through the pair of shorts that

were the only thing that he was wearing.

On the other couch was a slightly pudgy young man, his shock of messy dark hair similar to his friends. Somewhat taller than his companion, he was also dressed only in shorts, the bulge in them not nearly impressive.

Both of them failed to notice her entry - as they were busy watching the TV, which was showing a video who's soundtrack was the origin of the music.

A porno video to be exact, featuring a tanned blonde with surgically-inflated boobs having fun with a slender Asian woman... "Hi, guys." Tammy announced herself, brightly, peeling off her jacket. "Geez, that's some cheesy acting, isn't it?"

Both guys' heads whipped around... and their jaws dropped as they stared at the buxom, sexy woman standing in their cabin. It was as if their lustful fantasies had somehow stepped out of their brains to become living flesh and blood - and what flesh it was, too!

"Uh, I... um..." the chubby one said, fumbling for the remote. "I'll just turn this off and... where's the button!"

"Oh, I don't mind... it's funny..." Tammy giggled, brightly. "The seem to be having fun, though. Having big tits fondled seems to be a lot of fun..."

"Uh... 'seems to be...'? the skinny one asked, looking at her chest. "I mean... don't you, uh... know?"

Tammy blinked. "Nope. Never had them fondled before." Then her smile blossomed. "hey - you want to fondle my tits for me?"

Part of her mind suddenly screamed for attention... but she was distracted by a very vocal 'yes' from the two guys, and she grinned and walked towards the skinny one, dropping onto the couch beside him. She had another second's pause, something inside her telling her this was wrong... but before she could do anything, the guy was reaching up and massaging her firm, round boobies through her shirt... and it felt real good. Really, really good.

"Oh, gee... that's nice..." She giggled.

"I can't believe nobody's fondled your tits before..." The guy said, a goofy grin on his face as he massaged her breasts. "God, this is.. oh, man..."

"Oh, it does feel good..." She agreed. "I've never had Amman touch me before."

That set off another alarm in her brain, and she tried to track down why... but they guy was talking, and it drew her attention.

"You're kidding..." He Sid, litiing off her shirt. She litied her arms and let him take it off, sighing in pleasure as he went back to fondling her tits.

There was something she was....

"Oh - by the way... I'm Tammy " She said, remembering what she'd thought of while walking over here.

"I'm Jason." The chubby one managed, gaping at her. "Uh... he's, uh. Kevin."

Kevin couldn't give his own name. because he was busy licking and sucking her nipples.

"Oh, that feels real nice, Kevin.": She said, cradling his head in her hands and moaning in pleasure. She looked at Jason.
"Oh. you

look so lonely... Why don't you come over here too? We can kiss, if you'd like. "

That seemed like a good idea, to make him happy, like she was happy - but almost instantly she had second thoughts. Before she could retract her offer though, Jason had hurried over... so she let him kiss her. Then she wasn't just letting him. she was kidding back,

because it felt good.

She had two guys paying attention to her body, making her feel really, really good... so why was there something nagging at her ?

The sound from the movie grabbed her attention as she broke the kiss, and she looked over to where the blonde with the big tits was

having sex. She seemed to be really enjoying it, too. Maybe that was what she was feeling weird about.

"You guys wanna have sex?" She asked, brightly - and they gaped at her. She paused, wondering if she'd done something wrong. "Sure!" Kevin blurted out... and she grinned again, quickly peeling off her own shorts as the two guys. blushing and shooting looks at

each other - did the same.

"Oh, you have a really big dick!" She told Kevin, brightly, looking at his huge, throbbing tool. She pushed him back on the couch, his cock thrust upwards.. and she straddled him, legs framing his as she positioned herself. and thrust herself down on his cock, crying out

in pleasure.

"Oh, this is great!" She screamed, energetically riding his cock, body squirming in pleasure. If her mind was trying to tell her anything, it was lost in the haze of pleasure. "Oh, I wish I could feel this good all the time. Oh, I like this. "

Kevin seemed to agree with her, considering the moaning sounds he was making as she thrust herself cheerfully and energetically up and down on his cock, loving how the wonderful friction of her pussy around his cock felt.

"Oh, wow... I think I'm gonna orgasm. !" She cried, gleefully, as the pleasure mounted.

She was right. She screamed happily as her body was gripped by the force of the most incredible pleasure she'd ever felt.

She shook with the force of her orgasm, enjoying the wonderful ecstasy... and then it began to fade.

"Oh, god...!" Kevin gasped, eyes wide in pleased shock. Grinning, Tammy climbed off of him - and turned to face Jason.

"You wanna fuck to?" She asked him... then glanced at the TV screen. "Or should I do that...?" She pointed to the Asian girl busy sucking a guy's cock.

"Oh, wow... I wish you would..." The chubby youth said, wide eyed... so, grinning, she slid down and took his hard, throbbing cock into her mouth.

It wasn't quite as nice-feeling as getting fucked. There was no building surge of pleasure from sucking on the cock - but it felt nice in her mouth, and when he came and spewed warm cum into her mouth, the flavor was sharp and clear and delicious, and she lapped it all down happily, loving the way it felt and tasted.

"Mmmm... I never knew cum was so tasty!" She told the guys with a grin. "Say... why don't I fuck you again, Kevin...?"

"Oh, I'd love to..." Kevin said, regretfully... looking at his semi-limp cock, too satisfied with sex at the moment to get all the way to full erection.

"I bet I can fix it...!" Tammy giggled, starting towards him...

"Hey! What's that!" Jason said, pointing out the window at something that had caught his eye. "I think something's on fire..." Wandering over, Tammy looked out the window... where flames were rushing into the night sky from just up the way.

"I think it's the next cabin over..>!" Kevin said. "I'll call the fire department..."

Something about the sight made Tammy frown... but she couldn't figure out what it was. It couldn't have been anything to important...

"While we're waiting, do you want to play with my titties...?" She asked with a big, big grin - and Jason didn't seem to have a problem with it....

* * * * *

Chris stirred. and stared up at the gray, featureless haze around him.

For a second, he just lay there.. then memory came flooding back. The memory of himself.. or, rather, herself, as Tammy. Of the way it had become harder and harder to think, until she'd stopped thinking altogether and fucked the two guys long into the night, until they'd

fallen asleep on the floor, exhausted, while his/her cabin had burned to the ground from the way she'd let the fire unattended...

"Oh, shit!" Chris said, standing bolt upright in shock. "What the hell have I done. ?"

"Gee, something wrong, honey?" A familiar voice said... and Chris whirled to find himself facing... Tammy.

"Who are you?" Chris shouted. "What did you do to me? You took over and.. and... oh, god, you're a cum-happy little bimbo!" Tammy giggled. "Yes, we are, aren't we - but make that a 'happy cum-craving bimbo', and you'd be closer."

Chris stared at the buxom blonde, horrified. "There's nothing funny about this! I... I just had sex with guys!" "Yeah - and it was fun, wasn't it?" Tammy asked, with a giggle.

Chris opened his mouth, angrily... but couldn't deny the fact that, at the time, it had been fantastic. He'd loved every second of it... even though it hadn't really been him. Now, realization set in and he sank to his knees.

"Oh, god... I'm trapped as Tammy now, aren't I?" He gasped. "A mindless bimbo..." "Nope!" Tammy said, brightly. "This is where you get to choose, silly!"

"Choose?" Chris said, stunned. "What do you mean?"

"Life is an illusion, a shared dream." Tammy said, with a giggle. "As your spirit guide, I showed you the pleasures of the flesh last night. I over-did it, of course... you had to have everything shown to you before you could decide. Now it's time for you to choose. Do you want to go back to Chris... or Tammy? Which ever you pick will be your life. Everybody will remember you being that person. You'll have a life, and a history. Oh - and you won't be 'mindless', like you were last night. That was just so you could see the things you wouldn't have been willing to do without that 'help'?"

"Why are you doing this to me?" Chris asked, plaintively... shocked to find that the answer to the 'choice' he'd been offered wasn't as automatic as he'd thought it'd be.

"I am you silly!" Tammy said, laughing. "You're doing this to yourself. You've always wondered what it was like to be a woman. What it was like to be cheerful and happy and sexy - everything your 'Chris' life lacked. So, now, you have a choice..."

Chris stared at Tammy... who, atier all was said and done, was really just the 'other' side of himself, the part of himself that he'd never talked to anyone about. The concealed yearnings for the 'easy' life a sexy woman could have, how easily they could have sex when he rarely ever did...

Suddenly, he understood why the choice wasn't as easy as he'd expected. Like himself and Tammy standing her, together, his mind was torn between the two options...

* * * * *

Jason groaned and rolled over.. and found himself staring at Kevin. They blushed and quickly turned away from each other's nude bodies, scrambling for their shorts...

...when a sweet, trilling soprano interrupted them.

"Breakfast's ready, guys!" Tammy trilled, cheerfully, serving up the bacon and eggs she'd made. She was naked, except for an apron, and she looked magnificent in the sunlight streaming in the window.

She grinned. "Don't bother with clothes, boys - they'll just slow you down atier breakfast..."

Jason and Kevin grinned at each other. When they'd been talking to this gorgeous, sexy co-ed at college about their trip up to Kevin's dads cabin, they'd been amazed when she'd suggested that she come along. "Amazed" however, didn't even begin to describe what they felt about the fact that the College's head cheerleader and most popular girl also seemed to be an insatiable nymphomaniac who preferred 'nerds' like them because they were more 'attentive and grateful' for her sexual willingness.

Well, they were certainly grateful as hell...

Smiling at the guys goofy expressions, Tammy poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table, knowing she'd definitely made the right choice...

Though Pop wouldn't know why, she was going to make sure to 'thank' him quite thoroughly for selling her the rock. She just hoped the old guy's heart was up to it...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



[HOME](#) [DATE POSTED](#) [OUR STORIES](#) [PUBLIC STORIES](#) [SIGNATURE SERIES](#) [NEW MEDIA](#)

SUMMARY: What happend to all my stuff? What is odd old student hand book for some place called "Stridebridge?" And what is a "Nufeme?" Who is asking for help?

...Find out!.

Stridebridge Scenario

By Gunslinger

Coming soon....the next all new chapter of...

Stridebridge Scenario by Gunslinger!



SUMMARY: A lonely writer receives a giti from outerspace when a sunspot interferes with his computer. What happens next is "out of this world."

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Advanced warning to all. What you are about to read is an unabashed exercise in internal dialogue. If you're expecting plot coherency and deep, thought-provoking characters, just forget it now. You're not going to get it. This story is a fluff piece of writing, blatantly turning on a single story-concept which I freely admit isn't my own, just so I can have a little bit of fun writing it.

Hopefully, you'll have as much fun reading it, without expecting 'great literature', which is patently not. To crib from Mr. Clemens... '

Sunspot

By Gunslinger

What the...?"

Dropping his jacket on one of the worn orange vinyl chairs, Doug walked a slow circle around the kitchen table, staring at item sitting in the center of the chipped and cracked Bakelite surface. Stroking his wiry beard in confusion, the pudgy, dark-haired youth turned from table and made a slow circuit of his cheap downtown apartment, checking each of the windows.

Aside from the one where the aging and too-noisy air conditioner was bolted in, all the windows were closed and locked, many of them painted over so many times that they couldn't be opened at all. There was no sign of forced entry at any of the windows, or at the door.

Frowning, Doug returned to the kitchen at stared at the shiny metallic box sitting in the precise center of the table. It hadn't been there when he'd leti for the library that morning.

The 'box' was about a foot long, nine or ten inches wide, and about five inches high. Seemingly a solid block of seamless metal, the only thing breaking the smooth surface was a slight indentation in the center of the top. which was faintly glowing green, though the

indentation didn't seem anything more then a squarish dip in the metal.

"Okay..." Doug said to himself, thoughtfully. "If this is some sort of a joke, somebody went to a hell of a lot of work. "

For the life of him, Doug couldn't think of anyone who would go to any length to play a joke on him, and definitely not one this elaborate.

A rather quiet, thoughtful man, the twenty-seven-year old had almost no friends, or enemies. He was simply to 'neutral' make a major impact on most people, his pudgy frame and unassuming face just fading into the background. His life was simple, and boring, even to him - all of which was a direct result of his almost painful shyness around people, a shyness that rose to near phobic levels when in the presence of the female of the species. Even his way of making a living - being a writer - was an antisocial endeavor, requiring almost no human contact. In fact, the only sort of social life Doug had was in the wonderful

anonymity provided on the Internet, where...

"Hey!" Doug said, snapping his thick fingers. Maybe that was the answer - maybe one of his Internet acquaintances had tracked down his real identity and sent him a giti. If that was the case, it was a little creepy, somebody stalking down his 'real' identity - but it would explain things.

Leaving the box where it sat, he headed to the living room, where his laptop computer sat on a battered office-surplus desk. Opening the top of the computer, he booted it up, then clicked on the 'connect' button for the Internet.

The phone lines in the building were so old and poorly maintained that Doug didn't use them - his laptop was connected to a cellular modem, which was slower than a line modem - but, in the old brownstone apartment, more reliable.

Usually. Yesterday, severe sunspot activity had interfered with the cell modem, and Doug had almost given up on trying to send the e-mail message he'd written. At the last minute, though, the connection had gone through, though it had taken an unusually long time for the message to transmit.

Apparently the sunspot activity had dropped since yesterday, however, as his computer connected with little trouble, and Doug opened his mail program.

A chime told him he had mail waiting, and he let the computer receive the seven messages. He began to read through them quickly, hoping to find a clue to...

Doug stopped dead, eyes widening as he re-read the text on the tiny LCD screen for the second time.

Fellow Sentient Being.

Very excited we were to be receiving from you communication. Here, scientists find that communication is by accident, from random/coincidental matching of photonic activity of Primary Star of our/your both systems, allowing for temporary talking. With communication giving example, scientists follow-back frequency of transmission and interface with (?WWW/Web/Net/Internet) and be studying much of Primary Sentient Species of the planet of Earth. For showing of gratitude in learning of planet of Earth and Primary Sentient Species, with Matter Transporter have provided a giti for enjoyment of yourself, based on personal communication mistake- sending that provide this species with knowledge of yours. Scientists here are have calculations of one hundred point three six nine two five one of your solar time units (?years) until again we communicate. Enjoyment from giti we hope you have, and talking again when possible being nice.

For a long moment, Doug just stared at the screen in utter disbelief.

Last evening, he'd sent an e-mail to a friend on the Internet, in which he'd 'bitched' about how much flack his female characters got, being completely 'unbelievable', according to some of his readers. According to this e-mail... a freak coincidence had transmitted the microwave-carrier of the cell-modem through space, to an alien species, who had used the link to log on to the Internet and research humanity, in return for which they'd given him some sort of giti.

It wasn't possible...

...was it?

Logging off the Internet and shutting of the computer, the pudgy young man rose as if in a daze and walked slowly into the kitchen. Looking down at the strange metal box, Doug half-believed it was possible. As unbelievable as the thought was, it was just incredible enough that his mind was able to grasp the possibility, whereas the alternative was that this was all some sort of incredibly elaborate practical joke pulled on him by somebody he didn't really know... and, to him, that almost seemed the less likely of the two.

Hesitantly, Doug reached one short, thick finger out... and pulled it back, staring at the glowing green indentation with fascination.

He knew he was going to push the button. It was inevitable. It was part of the human psyche to explore something like this. In fact, the only thing that could have made the urge to push it even stronger would have been a huge warning reading 'Don't Push The Button!!'.

Once more, Doug hesitantly reached out - the, flabby jaw firming momentarily, he stabbed his finger down on the glowing green square.

An low, all-pervasive thrumming sound began to reverberate around the room - and Doug gasped as he felt the strangest tingling sensation he'd ever felt wrap itself around him - and run through him. He'd never felt anything quite like it, as if something was sleeting through muscle and bone. It wasn't painful, or even unpleasant - but it was definitely new, and so disturbing.

Then he gasped as he felt his body begin to... change.

"Wha...!" He gasped, staggering back a step as he felt muscles writhing on themselves, shitiing within the confines of a skin that, itself, was warping and changing, making something new out of the familiar form so common and comfortable to him that he had nothing to compare it against. That all changed, now, as he felt new configurations forming within his now-elastic skin, bone and muscles reshaping themselves without pain or apparent effort, as if his once-immutable form was little more then clay in the hands of an unseen sculptor.

It was as if he was melting. He could feel the weight draining away from his chubby frame, the extra weight he'd resigned to carrying with him the rest of his life atier a couple of abortive attempts at exercise and diet fading away as if butter in a hot frying pan./ He felt his clothes settling on a steadily slimmer frame - as he viewpoint slowly shitied, as if he were on a really slow open elevator going downwards, the walls and furniture seeming to stretch upwards as he descended - but his feet were still firmly on the floor, and it was just the level of his eyes that was sinking downwards.

"I.. I'm shrinking...!" Doug gasped in shock, hearing his words - and gasping again at the higher-pitched, smoother sound of the words.

And still the changes continued. He could feel his jeans growing so loose around a steadily shrinking waist that they sank lower - yet, despite his loss of height and mass, they hung up on hips that should have been trim enough to let them pass.

His T-shirt was folding in on itself as the once-pudgy frame within shrunk away - but it continued to ride out at the chest, even as the shoulders drooped downwards and the hem hung lower and lower over his now-baggy jeans.

"A girl..!" He said, eyes widening even as longer lashes framed them. His voice only further strengthened the realization. "I'm becoming a girl...!"

Only, that wasn't technically true. He'd become a woman - because, even as the realization truly sank in, the tingling sensation faded... leaving new sensations to take its place.

The sensation of the T-shirt hanging loose, draped over his new bust, laying across more sensitive nipples. The feeling of too-loose jeans and underwear sitting folded and bunched between thinner, more muscular thighs - yet not pressing against a cock...

Doug's more slender, feminine hand darted downwards and slid across his crotch, feeling fabric push inwards and move across the skin beneath - without encountering anything vaguely masculine.

Doug screamed. A short, high, and ultimately feminine sound that only drove the horror home. Stumbling in the now too-long pants, Doug closed the few feet of distance he'd unthinkingly put between himself and the damned box, and slammed his now petite fist down on the glowing green square.

The tingling resumed, and Doug began to feel the weight returning to his frame. Gasping, he tore at the clothes that bound his body, shedding everything but his socks as he watched his familiar, portly frame fill back out - and his none-too-impressive cock return to it's former lack of glory, once more allowing him to be defined as male.

The instant the tingling stopped, Doug stumbled backwards away from the box, tripping and landing - hard - on his chubby ass. Using hands and heels, he scooted away from the box on the table, shaking in reaction to what had just happened.

Still trembling, he slowly rose and tottered into the bathroom. Peeling off his socks, he stepped into the stall and turned on the water, letting the warm liquid sluice over his body as he struggled to get breathing and heart-rate back to normal.

"A.. a woman...!" He gasped, slumped against the shower wall. "It turned me into a woman!"

Then Doug paused, an odd look crossing his face as he looked off into the distance. "...and back again."

Slowly, with mechanical motions, Doug turned off the water and stood there, sopping wet, as he savored the impact of the words. "It turned me into a woman... and then back again..."

Slowly, Doug stepped from the shower and toweled off with absent-minded motions, wrapping his frame in a huge, thick bathrobe he kept handy. Slowly, he padded back out to the kitchen and stood a few feet away from the table, looking at the inoffensive-looking metal box that rested there.

"I push the button, and it turns me into a woman." He said to himself, thoughtfully. "I push it again... and it turns me back..." Slowly, he cocked his head.. and began to smile. "This could be... interesting..."

Very slowly, hesitantly, he approached the metal box again, looking down on it as he thought about the complete implications of the gift that had been given to him.

"Well...?" He asked himself, still hesitant. "Do I dare? But... can I not do this...?"

Hesitating a second longer, he sighed and let the robe slip from his chubby shoulders and pile around his feet. Taking the last step closer to the box, he reached out and pressed the button with a trembling hand.

Once again, the low humming filled the room, and the tingling sensation ran through him. A moment later, it died - and Doug, who'd been standing with eyes closed and teeth clenched, let out a long breath and opened his...

No. Opened her eyes. Slowly, the newly-formed woman looked down...

To stare at a pair of absolutely enormous breasts thrust from her slender new ribcage. They were enormous, the size of basket-balls, and practically as spherically firm, tipped with large, dark nipple that were fully engorged in the cool air.

Hesitantly, Doug lifted one slender hand, noticing peripherally the long nails that tipped them, and touched one massive, sootily firm breast...

"Holy shit...!" She breathed. "I would never have believed I'd be doing this...!"

The aliens had read the e-mail, in which Doug had complained that of course he had troubles writing things from a female viewpoint - since he'd never been one.

Well.. that would no longer be true. Though she didn't really know what she looked like, over all, the pair of gargantuan breasts thrust from her chest made it impossible to pretend that she wasn't female, almost ridiculously so.

"Too bad the communication can't be reestablished..." She muttered in her higher-pitched new voice, wryly. "I'd like to chat with them about their ideas of what a human female looks like..."

Then again... they'd gleaned all their knowledge of humanity from the Internet, so it was bound to be skewed somewhat. Wondering what her new body looked like, the feminine Doug turned to go to the bathroom...

...and performed a neat little spiral, ending up falling on an ass that felt as if it were stuffed with a pair of thick, firmly-packed pillows.. but were incredibly sensitive despite the 'padding'.

"Shit...!" Doug cursed. She hadn't taken into account the inertial effect on her new bust-line - she hadn't put enough 'oomph' in stopping her spin, forgetting that the mass of her new chest would want to continue moving, unless adequate force was applied to stop them.

She started to get up... and realized that it wasn't as easy as all that. She'd been overweight as a man, and not as athletic as some other people... but at least the extra weight had been evenly distributed. This new body seemed to be slender... except for the heavy weight on her chest, making her very top-heavy and throwing off her balance.

Awkwardly, the new woman sort of rolled over onto one rounded hip, braced a slender arm against the floor, and drew her

legs under her, allowing the muscular appendages push her upwards with more force than her slender new arms and shoulders could manage. Finally, she was once more upright, and she returned to her trek into the bathroom, moving slowly and carefully as she tried to get used to the new balance of her body. The weight of her chest was one thing, seemingly making her want to bow down, but in addition there was a strange swaying/swinging action in her new hips that took some adjusting to get used to. Feeling decidedly awkward and ungainly, she made it into the bathroom, where she was able to take a good, long look at her new body...

"Oh... my..." She gasped, softly, at the sight of her new form.

She was a 'Blonde Bombshell'... built to government specifications.

Which is to say, the Alien culture had some general idea of what they were shooting for... but the finer details of human aesthetics seemed to have slipped their grasp.

She had a tiny, slender frame that looked like the finest china. It was more than just being slender.. she was incredibly light-boned, almost elfin in her slender body-type, with wrists, ankles and a waist that practically seemed to disappear.

On that slender frame, her wide hips, incredible full ass and huge, unrealistically firm tits looked.. well, almost grotesque. Definitely mismatched and out of place. She looked like Tinkerbell after a couple dozen too many trips to the plastic surgeon.

Likewise, she had the requisite mane of rich, curly, platinum-blond hair that fell in a massive breaking wave over her shoulders and down her back... but it was the wrong color and style for a face that looked as if it were stolen from a fashion model, with pointed chin and high, well-defined cheekbones flanking a slender, sharp-bridged nose.

Equally out of place were the big blue eyes and incredible full, soft lips. On another face, they might have been stunning, sexy, perfect... on hers, they stood out to sharply in contrast with the fine, delicate features of a well-sculpted face.

"I.. I'm a freak...!" Doug gasped at the sight of her new form.

It was.. true, and not true. She was certainly a unique-looking woman, and would never be described using the adjective 'beautiful'. However, despite her odd proportions and look, she wasn't hideous, either. Just, most definitely, unusual. It was as if somebody had

compared Dolly Parton to the 'average' woman... and then extrapolated a new body based on the difference, stretching it that much further from 'average'.

Shaking her head in disbelief, Doug turned away from the mirror, planning to go right back and change herself back into a man... then told herself not to be so hasty. After all, what could it hurt to stay female for a bit longer? She might be odd-looking, but that was no reason to hurry up and change back. It wasn't as if she were going to be vain about her look as a female.

Awkwardly, she made her way to the bedroom, finding her body still felt - appropriately - alien to her, its balance and stride all wrong for what her brain remembered as 'walking'.

Rummaging through her closet, the newly formed woman looked for something to wear. After all, there must be clothes in her closet she could adapt into a basic outfit of some-sort, right? You always had old clothing or something that you had for years and never wore...

Except that Doug didn't have a thing. All her male clothes were designed for a body bigger in almost every dimension, except the bust. There, her chest extended even further outward than the rest of her had shrunk.

Finally, she had to settle on the oddest assemblage of fabric that she'd ever seen.

Topping it all off was a white dress-shirt, which hung like a tent everywhere else on her, hanging practically to her knees at the back... but only coming down to her waist at the front, where the buttons were strained over her massive, heavy bust. Her dark nipples were clearly visible through the fine white fabric.

For underwear, she was wearing a pair of boxer-briefs, which fit as poorly as the shirt. They were much too loose around her waist, and she'd had to slit the elastic and tie it in a knot to get it to stay up - yet they fit tight across the widest part of her new hips and ass, only to hang almost comically baggy at the crotch.

Over this, a white bath-towel held up with a couple of safety-pins served the place of a skirt.

There was no way she could find something to put on her feet. Even her smallest shoes were like boats to her tiny new feet - which were already aching from the effort of moving such a top-heavy body around on such a small base, not to mention the twinge of warning of her small back muscles at having to hold her upright against the drag of her new tits.

"This is ridiculous." She told herself. "This isn't what I expected, not at all! I mean, maybe having big tits I could live with - but you'd think I'd be a little bigger and stronger to support them. Hell, even a little prettier, not that I'm worried about how I look."

She'd had enough. Maybe this was a great chance to experience life from the feminine viewpoint... but it just wasn't worth it. There was just too many problems, too much to deal with...

Carefully, she made her way back to the living room...

"Wha...!" She gasped, hand flying to her mouth at the sight of a pair of strange men in the living room... one of whom held the gleaming metal box in his hands, while the other was holding her cheap stereo system.

They were big muscular men, dressed all in black and wearing black knit caps. They were standing near and opened window, obviously about to climb out onto the fire escape, and at the sight of her they froze... then began to grin.

"Well, well, well... what do we have here...?" The one on the right said with a grin, putting down his load and eyeing Doug's outrageous new form. "Get a load of the tits on this broad, Eddie."

"Hod damn, Freddie - yeah..." the other one said, practically slobbering. At his dark-clad crotch, a very large bulge was forming, as was one at his companions' crotch...

"Oh, my god..." Doug said, slowly starting to back away from the two burglars. "No... no, you don't understand..."

"I that were two guys in a room with a girl whose obviously a slut - just look at the tits, ass and lips ion you, girl. Who you tryin' to fool..." Eddie said, slowly closing in on her, while his partner did the same from the other side.

"No...!" She gasped, horrified, as the men both unzipped their pants... revealing enormous, thick, throbbing cocks that sprang to full life, throbbing in time with the beat of their hearts. Doug's mind whirled as she tried to cope with the situation, terrified and confused, not sure how she could have possibly ended up where she was.

"Grab her, Eddie!" Freddie shouted, and they both darted forward. She tried to spin away, but her new body betrayed her and she stumbled, the two muscular men easily overpowering her and tearing at her patchwork clothes, quickly stripping her naked.

"look at her - she's all tits and ass...!" Eddie crowed, forcing a sobbing Doug to bend over. Legs straight, ass sticking up in the air, Doug was forced to let her new torso drag her farther over, until her face was level with Freddie's... or maybe Eddie's... crotch.

"Suck it, bitch!" He commanded with a grin. And don't try nothin' funny, or you'll regret it...!"

tears rolling down her new cheeks, Doug had no choice but to comply, opening her full lips wide and sliding them over the huge, throbbing cock, fighting the urge to gag as it filled her mouth and she began to lick and suck it, her hands coming up to work the shati as he tightly grabbed her shoulders and the back of her neck with big, strong hands that promised it could be much, much worse...

...which it was, as she felt the huge, thick cock of his partner slid deep into her new cunt and began to pound into her with a hard, painful beat. She was denied even screaming in pain and humiliation, not daring to stop the oral ministrations that she was performing...

Out of the corner of her eye, Doug caught sight of the supposedly locked front door of the apartment swing open. Even as she continued to lick and suck a huge cock filling her mouth, body shaking from the hard fucking she was getting, hope flared in her that she was about to be rescued.

The door finished opening, and a man came in. On the tall side, he was almost painfully thin, with a thick head of dark-brown hair in casually disarray and a full, neatly trimmed beard. Dressed in khaki slack and an off-white cotton work-shirt, the newcomer was leaning lightly on a polished oak can as he walked into the room with a slight limp, looking at Doug and her rapists with a disapproving look.

"No, no... this won't do. Not at all..." the newcomer said aloud in amusing tone of voice, and Doug waited for the men to either dump her to the side or hold her as a hostage...

...but it was as if they didn't even notice the new man, continuing what they were doing without missing a beat - something she couldn't say the same for herself, her oral work slacking as she tried to figure out what the hell was happening. Nearing orgasm, the man in front of her grunted and gripped his own shati, basically jacking off into her mouth as she stared, uncomprehending, at the man who was looking at them thoughtfully.

"I'll never slip this one over." The man said aloud, pacing with short steps, favoring his leg. "Jed, especially... he'd never buy it."

Doug was momentarily distracted from the new man's strange behavior as the guy in front of her came, gushing an incredibly thick stream of salty, disgusting liquid into her mouth. She gagged and choked, swallowing out of self-defense.. as the other man grunted and filled her new womanhood with his cum. What was even more humiliating was the fact that she'd begun to feel some pleasure from he pounding, still mixed with pain but steadily growing... but he'd finished before she could get the hollow comfort of her own orgasm, at least...

"Yes.. the burglars/rapists... not nearly good enough..." the tall, bearded man said aloud. "And look at them... they're practically clones. No definition or realism at all. What was I thinking. ?"

Lititiing his hands, the pale, skinny guy did some sort of odd motions, finishing with a sharp tap of his hand in the air which generated

a very familiar 'click' sound that any computer user would know immediately.

Instantly, the two black-clad men (who, Doug realized, had looked identical in every way, with an unrealistic 'perfection' to them) simply vanished. Even the taste of the one's cum in her mouth disappeared. Painfully, she forced her body upright against the drag of her new bust.

"What.. what's going on?" She stammered, staring at him, wide eyed. "Who.. who are you?"

the man looked startled, tuning quickly to look behind him - then turning back to her, his eyes wide. "Are you talking to me?" He asked, head cocked questioningly.

Doug blinked. "Yes, of course I am. What.. what's going on here. ?"

He frowned. "Hmm... You shouldn't be able to see me... Wonder where I went wrong on that one. "

Doug stared at the muttering man, growing frustrated and angry. "What the hell's going on!" She shouted. "I was just raped.. only you do something, so now I don't think I was.. even though I remember it happening. Who are you. ?!"

Looking startled, the man suddenly grinned and bowed deeply, bracing himself on his cane. "Gunslinger, Transgender Fabulist Sub-Ordinaire, at your service Madame."

"Uh..." Doug said, blinking. "Huh?"

"I'm the author of this story." The strange man 'clarified'. "Story? What story!" Doug demanded.

"Oh, come now - I wrote it in that you're a bookish person. Surely you've read Heinlein."

If Doug hadn't before, she suddenly realized that she had... now. Which was odd, remembering something she couldn't remember remembering, before. If nothing else, it gave her a frame of reference...

"World as Myth...?" She stammered, confused. "But... this isn't.. I mean..." She paused, trying to sort out her thought. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"Oh, I'm not, really." Gunslinger said, looking around. "hmm... an empty apartment. You could use a couch, couldn't you..." Suddenly, a tattered couch appeared, filling the mostly empty floor directly behind Gunslinger, who leaned on it, casually. "What do you mean you're not doing this to me?" Doug demanded angrily. "You just said you're the author of this story!"

"Oh, yes... but I'm really doing this to me, you see." Gunslinger explained, casually. "In many ways, all my main characters, in all my stories - TG or not - are really a reflection of myself, in one way or another. At least, that's how they start out. Some of them sort of... lose cohesiveness." He grinned. "It would amaze some of my readers to know that for every story that I eventually submit, there's two or three partial story files that never get finished because they don't make it to meet my criteria for a story."

"I, uh.. don't understand..." Doug said, still trying to wrap her mind around this. "You mean, this is all the middle of some story you're writing? But... how can you be here, then...?"

"Oh, I'm hardly setting precedent." Gunslinger said, waving a hand negligently. "Heinlein explored the concept, of course, and many other authors project themselves into their stories to one degree or another. If you want a good example, read the more recent Cussler novels..."

"But... what happens to me...?" Doug asked, plaintively.

"Hmm.. that's a good question..." Gunslinger replied, looking thoughtful. "I've already decided to scrap this story... it just isn't working. However, I'm sure that you - or a close variation of you - will show up in another story."

"You mean... I'm doomed to go through something like this all over again, in another life...?" Doug said, horrified.

"Oh, you won't remember any of this..." Gunslinger assured her. "Think of it as reincarnation. Heck, maybe you'll end up in one of my 'happy ending' stories. They don't seem to be as popular, but I do write them... then you'll find yourself completely satisfied with your new life, at **The End**."

Doug sobbed, helplessly, unable to stop herself. "I.. Maybe you're right.. but it all sounds like some kind of hell. Some sort of.. endless torture that I'm trapped in, without any control of my self..."

Gunslinger's eyebrow rose. "You realize that if you're crying, it's me feeling pity for myself? This is truly disgusting..." Doug blinked at that. "Well.. what are you going to do, then...?"

Gunslinger stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Hmmm... Well, some people won't necessarily like it... but I think I have an idea..."

* * * * *

Drumming his fingers on the counter, Steve stared at the large, plain-brown-wrapped box yet again, lips drawn tight as he

considered...

Forcing himself to turn away, the raw-boned man ran his fingers through his short, sandy hair and sighed. Taking off his black-rimmed glasses, he meticulously polished them with a Kleenex for the fifth time in a half-hour, more to give his hands something to do than for any other reason.

He was just settling them into place when the door to the apartment opened and Gunny limped in, shoving the door shut behind him with a sigh.

"I swear..." Gunny announced, loudly, tossing his jacket on the hooks near the door. "If I get one more idiot come in with a poorly- drawn sketch on an envelope, tell me he needs it in two hours.. then complains that it's nothing like what he was thinking, I'm just going to quit!"

Steve grinned at the family tirade. "Oh, right. Before you do, wonder what you'll do for money. Sometimes doing Graphic Arts might piss you off, and I can understand that... but I'm not carrying you half of the rent if you decide to give up the only career you know."

Gunny laughed. "You're right. Annoyances aside, I'm making pretty damned good money. I'd have to be an idiot to give this job up." He limped over to the counter - then spotted the box. "What's this...?"

"That's what I'm dying to know." Steve said. "It's addressed to both of us, so I didn't feel right opening it myself. The suspense is killing me, though. Get a load of the return address."

Gunny leaned over the box - then looked up at Steve. "Who the hell is 'The Rifleman'? Besides an old TV character, that is?" "Hell if I know." Steve said, shrugging his beefy shoulders. "Come on, let's open the sucker."

"Sure." Gunny agreed. Digging into his little belt-clip, he extracted his multi-tool and pried open the blade, slitting the twine that held the package closed. Quickly, he rummaged through the paper and lifted off the lid to the large box...

"What the hell...?" Gunny asked, blinking, as she lifted out the two top items. He looked at the huge blonde wig in his right hand, then the even more massive white cotton brassiere in the other. "What the hell is this? Why would anybody send us this stuff... especially this thing?" HE shook the bra. "I mean - it has to be a joke. No woman would really wear a.." HE leaned closer. "...a TTT-cup bra!"

"And what's up with this thing?" Steve asked, holding up something else...a dark-purple spandex 'catsuit'. "Why the hell would anybody send this to us...?"

* * * * *

Pausing for a second, Greg interlaced his fingers over the keyboard and cracked his knuckles.

"Okay, Gunslinger.. this is where we have some fun..." Greg 'The Rifleman' Rondo muttered, leaning back over the keyboard and continuing the story, a wicked grin on his face...

The End



[BACK TO FUN ZONE](#)



SUMMARY: Three army men believe they can win a big trust of money by spending the night at an old haunted estate, but what they don't know is that the spirits of the house have the ability to peek into their minds and see what the most humiliating fate belies them.

Supernatural

By Gunslinger

Like some prehistoric beast rising from the primordial ooze, the black shape rose from the depths of the sluggish river, it's angry growl filling the late afternoon air as it roared and grumbled up the slippery incline of the clay bank, the water rolling down it's hide looking almost like blood in the coppery-gold light of the slowly setting sun.

"C'mon, you can do it..." Richie urged the aging Land Rover, easing his foot down on the accelerator and urging the drab-painted vehicle higher unto dry land, the wheels threatening to slip on the soti, slippery slope and send the boxy four-by-four back into the river it had just finished fording. "Just a little further..."

With expert timing that seemed impossible from such a youthful-looking fellow, Richie eased off the accelerator for the barest instant as he switched gears 'on the rev', without so much as touching the clutch. Easing his foot back down on the gas, he goosed the vehicle ever-so-slightly - and, with a muffled series of back-fires, the ex-British-Army vehicle crested the bank, water streaming down it's once-olive-drab flank and splashing over the tumbled remains of what had once been a bridge abutment.

"Told you we'd make it..." Richie said to the man sitting in the passenger's seat as he pulled the big vehicle to a stop, a grin crossing a face that looked a good decade young then the twenty-nine years it's owner could claim. Once a corporal in Her Majesty's Army, Richard Farnsworth was so British that it was almost painful - from the milky-pale complexion that burned rather than tanned to the round 'baby-face' beneath the mop of wheat-blond hair that matched the mustache that emphasized, rather than ameliorated, his apparent youthfulness.

His definitely boyish grin only made him look that much younger as he waited for his companion's response.

"Yeah, we got across - barely." Ace replied, lips curled into a sneer. "We'll probably have to hire a goddamn helicopter to get us back across, though - and that's comin' right out of your share of the money, buddy-boy."

The Englishman's smile didn't waver in the slightest as he turned to the vehicles other occupants - a short, stocky, massively-muscled man with battered ebony features, and a much thinner, more carefully groomed brunet with an almost prissy look to him.

"He always this way...?" Richie asked, jerking one bony thumb in Ace's direction.

Mark 'The Mule' Lincoln snorted, the rumble rivaling that of the Rover's snorkel-equipped diesel engine. When the ex-boxer spoke, it was in a slow, deep drawl accompanied by a smile made all the more startling by its perfect, even whiteness against his battered and flattened mulatto features.

"Hell, no..." Mule said, evenly. "Usually, he's a **complete** asshole."

Chad Jenkins chuckled at the comment, his somewhat pinched features suddenly supporting a grin that managed to make him look downright charming - which was amazing, since his usual hang-dog look put most people in mind of a baleful basset hound.

The smile vanished, however, as Ace turned in his seat, his eyes settling first on the slender young man before sweeping on to the more ruggedly built black man beside him.

Broad-shouldered and carrying a lot of college-football muscle on a big frame just beginning to go to fat, Ace Merrick wasn't exactly a man adverse to violence - but one look at the ex-middleweight contender made the dark-haired man choke back whatever threat he was originally planning to utter, settling instead for narrowing his emerald-green eyes and sharing a contemptuous look between the dusky-skinned man in the back and the lanky Englishman sitting beside him.

"I do believe our friend is entering a plea of 'nolo contendere' to the charges laid against him..." Richie said, jovially, throwing the dark-skinned man a broad wink - which was returned by the boxer, whose version was longer, slower, and done utterly dead-pan.

"Hey - you losers ain't my 'friends'..." Ace muttered, crossing his beefy arms across his chest in an infantile-like gesture that went well with his immature mindset, practically a picture-perfect illustration of a man in a sulk.

A sulk that only grew deeper as, simultaneously, each of the others responded with the same words: "Thank God...!"

It wasn't as if Ace should have been surprised. Though once one of the most popular guys at college, Ace had never really grown past those heady days, and he still lived as if he were twenty-one, instead of a decade older. Part of the problem with Ace was the fact that he was wealthy - or, rather, he *had* been wealthy, since the last of the money he'd inherited had gone into funding this little expedition to the famous - or infamous - Gastley Island.

Until 1918, the two-and-a-half acres of land situated in the middle of the Mississippi river had been known locally as either Smuggler's Island or Dead Redskin Spit, depending on whether the person asked believed that the low-shrub-covered rock and

soil mound was haunted by the ghosts of dead smugglers or dead Indians. Regardless, it had been the common consensus that the low, rocky island was useless for anything except for the burying of bodies, and barely any good for that.

Adolphus Gastley, however, had believed differently. A New Yorker by birth and upbringing, Adolphus Gastley not only owned a house, shipping company, and warehouse in the city, but three automobiles, a private Pullman couch on the GP&O, and a seat on

the NYSE. In a time when the rich and famous were vying to outdo each other in extravagantly useless luxury, the shipping magnate had decided to buy the island and have a second home built on its rocky foundation.

From 1918 to 1922, money had flowed into the nearby towns as first dozens, then hundreds, of the local populace were employed on the project. The first step had been the bridge across the shortest arm of Old Man River, a massive stone-and-iron causeway that was strong enough to bare the weight of all the trucks and horse-drawn carriages that brought the vast amounts of landfill needed to resurface the entire island into something worth building atop.

Once the fill was in place, that was exactly what they did next: Build. With a veritable army of bricklayers, carpenters, roofers and other jobmen under the direction of a renowned architect, the massive Neo-Gothic house went up, rising steadily higher above the newly-created ground-level of the island, like a strange alchemic process where cold, hard cash was transmuted into soaring turrets and sprawling halls, deep-set doors and hard-wood floors.

The construction of the massive building had gone over-budget and past deadlines, hampered by spring floods, disease-bearing mosquitoes, and a score of inexplicable deaths, many of them in the dark depths of the night - but after four long, hard years of blood and sweat, the massive edifice had finally been completed.

Just in time for Adolphus Gastley to go bankrupt, the last of his money hemorrhaged away in the falling markets of what would be known as The Great Depression. Despite its moniker, Adolphus apparently found nothing 'great' about the depression that took his money, his hopes, and his wife - for, after the death of his wife and the seizure of all his assets, he was left only with his magnificent new home, now mortgaged to the hilt and unmarketable in the weakened economy.

Gastley spent exactly one night in the great stone folly that bore his name - for he was found the next morning sprawled at the base of the Grand Staircase, as dead and cold as the stone walls that enclosed his shattered body. Whether his death was mischance or misery, nobody could say for sure, though the rumor that persisted was that of ghostly intervention.

The island and its massive castle-like edifice were passed on to Gastley's sole offspring, a ne'er-do-well son who'd moved into Gastley Castle shortly after his father's death. Perhaps inspired by one of the island's original names, Andrew Gastley used the island as a terminus for rum-runners and gun-runners, turning the vast house into a speak-easy that also served to house and feed the stable of 'working girls' he tried desperately to hang onto - but with floozies showing up almost nightly in the nearby towns and villages, white-faced and so scared by whatever they'd experienced in the house as to forget what they might be implicated in as they spilled their stories, it wasn't long before the authorities arrested Gastley and shut down his house of ill-repute, putting an end to the unfortunate family's interaction with the island that bore their name.

The great house had sat empty, slowly decaying until 1938, when a failed Hollywood hopeful had purchased the house with an eye towards turning it into a secluded get-away for the rich and famous. Another small fortune had been dumped into the house and island by the fledgling entrepreneur, who'd even gone so far as to have a trio of Roman Catholic priests conduct a daylight exorcism of the building and grounds - more for the publicity than for any real belief in the rumors that came part-and-parcel with the property.

Perhaps the exorcism had some effect, for there were no more inexplicable deaths during the following months - but whatever spirits that roamed the island certainly weren't silenced, as no guest lasted a whole night in the establishment, ensuring that the business

would fail. After the short-lived resort had closed its doors, the property had gone back on the market, there to languish until 1962, when yet another fool-hardy investor had sent good money after bad, planning to re-open the resort. Once again, the house had undergone complete renovations - and, once again, no guest of the re-opened resort had managed to get a full night's sleep, though many who'd come specifically because of the island's reputation gave it the 'old college try'.

After the closing of the newest incarnation of Gastley Castle, one of the original investors, now bankrupt, was heard to comment that a person would have to be crazy to spend a night in Gastley Castle - and perhaps others heard that comment and took it at face value, for in 1968 the land and house were bought out by the government, and the massive edifice turned into an asylum of the mentally disturbed - or, if you prefer the local term, a 'nut-house'.

None of the severely disturbed patients seemed to mind the house and its wandering spirits, but Gastley Sanitarium had so much trouble holding onto staff that, despite a constant influx of federal funding, the Sanitarium was closed in the summer of 1976, being sold into the hands of a privately-controlled corporation that planned to turn it into an executive retreat, spending yet another small fortune in renovations and redecorating.

For unknown reasons, the first few months of tenancy in the refurbished home had been relatively quiet, the small, almost exclusively female staff of secretaries, maids and cooks complaining mostly of misplaced items and bizarre, vivid dreams.

As the all-male executive staff of the parent company had begun to make use of the building, however, incidents of a less benign nature began to increase. Inexplicable noises kept the staff and guests awake night after night, and more than one guest was injured in inexplicable accidents, including one where a two-hundred-and-eighty-pound man was literally **thrown** off a second-story balcony, in full view of three other witnesses.

The owners, all hard-headed pragmatists, decided to try another round of exorcisms, this time using 'second-rate' priests from a small order, since the Catholic Church wanted nothing to do with the situation.

The number of physical injuries went down after the exorcism - but the inexplicable events grew more frequent, as did dreams and hallucinations that became even more vivid and even more bizarre. With staff and guests alike refusing to enter the premises, the owners had no choice but to abandon the property to the care of a groundskeeper who wouldn't lay foot on the island after dark, and who did just enough work to maintain the building.

The groundskeeper had died in 1986, when the bridge connecting the island to dry land had collapsed during a summer flood. Known to be a level-headed, economical man, the groundskeeper had been known and respected by the locals, none of whom were all that surprised to find that the groundskeeper had parleyed his monthly stipend into an estate that was worth well over a million dollars at the time of his death. They were considerably more shocked, however, to find that his will contained a single instruction as to the disposition of the funds remaining after funeral and expenses:

The money was to be held in trust, and split evenly among any who spend one full night, sunset to sunrise, on Gastley Island.

There'd been seven separate attempts to claim that money, but as yet none had claimed the trust-fund that was now valued at slightly over four million dollars - which explained why the four men, who barely knew each other - and in the case of Ace Merrick,

liked each other even less - found themselves upon a reputedly haunted island, eagerly watched by the eyes of the locals across the river who'd been hired as 'look-outs' to ensure that the trio remained on the island for the full night.

It was an effort that was hardly recommended by the local police force. The local constabulary couldn't legally interfere, of course, nor could they 'officially' suggest that there was any sort of supernatural power at work on the island - they could, however, point out the simple fact that the last three groups attempting to spend a night on the island had simply disappeared.

Even this, however, had failed to dissuade the four men. Having grown accustomed to the easy life, Ace had no intention of giving it up, and this seemed like the best way to procure funds: just over a million dollars for one night's 'work' seemed like a good deal to Ace. As it was, he begrudged the fact he had to share the money with the three other men - but in a move that was surprisingly intelligent for a man who usually operated more on instinct than intellect, Ace had hired an ex-boxer, an ex-British-Army noncom, and the local 'genius' to assist and, if necessary, protect him. Not from ghosts, which Ace simply didn't believe in, but from whatever purely-human agents that must have interfered with the previous attempts. Having purchased expertise in everything from fisticuffs to firearms, Ace felt sure that the four of them, prepared and equipped, could spend the requisite night on the island and walk away in the morning as millionaires.

It was almost literally a deal too good to pass up, especially for Richie and Mule, both of whom had been struggling financially when Ace had approached with the offer. With little to lose, the two men had been willing to swallow their dislike of the arrogant, immature ex-jock and go ahead with the attempt.

It had been a little different in the case of Chad Jenkins. At twenty-seven, Chad was the youngest of the quartet - yet he was also inarguable the smartest, having an incredibly agile mind behind the soulful-looking face of his face. Usually rather reserved, and not exactly sociable, Chad already had a half-dozen patents which were earning him a small-but-steady income of royalties. He was more interested in the 'adventure' than the money, though he wasn't going to give up his share of the cash, if-and-when they succeeded. Of the four, he was the one willing to admit the *possibility* of spirits - and it was that, more than anything, that drew him here, his insatiable curiosity finding yet another topic in which to delve.

"Okay, it's official..." Richie said, glancing into the rearview mirror as he put the Rover into gear again and began driving

down the badly overgrown roadway. "Between the media, the chaps the barristers have hired, and the spectators, there's no way we can get off this island without being seen. All we have to do is stay here until morning, come what may."

"...and live to collect the money." Mule said from the back seat, dryly, earning him a snort from Ace, and a chuckle from Richie.

"Quite right." The Englishman agreed, his good spirits never flagging as he pulled the old vehicle to a stop outside the massive doors of the old house, now sheathed in shadows as the sun sank down behind the horizon. "Shall we get our gear unloaded, then?"

To avoid an otherwise inevitable argument, they'd already agreed that each person was solely responsible for their own equipment and supplies, and they'd been loaded in 'groups' corresponding to each individual, making it fairly easy for each man to off-load his own supplies without interfering too much with any of the others - though, of course, Ace managed to find things to complain about, nonetheless. Ace Merrick almost always managed to find something to complain about - excepting his own, perfect self, of course.

Chad simply ignored Ace's bitching and moaning, working with a slow, steady pace that belied his short, slender frame - if it hadn't been for the fact that all four had taken full physicals before this undertaken, at his suggestion, the others might not have seen the usually well-attired genius without his shirt on - and so, having seen the surprising layer of muscle that covered his slender frame, a beneficial by-product of all the self-directed hobbies he engaged in, they weren't surprised by his ability to lug the heavy, metal-sided cases of camera and 'paranormal' equipment up into the building's massive, three-story-high foyer.

Richie's reaction to Ace's complaints was sharp-edged witticisms in a jovial tone, many of them playing on the 'literal' meanings of Ace's complaints, most of which were laced with the ex-jock's usual swearing. Most of these witticisms went right over Ace's head: When the dark-haired man had commented that he was waiting to yank out the last two 'fucking bags', he could only stare blankly at Richie's response of: 'I hope at least one of them is using protection.'

Despite his thuggish-looking exterior, the ex-boxer got that one, cracking another smile at the comment - but not bothering to break his rhythm to make further comment on it, using a quick-and-steady rhythm that showed the easy ripple of the taut muscles beneath the tight jeans and black T-shirt he wore. The first one to finish off-loading his supplies, he was sitting in the foyer downing a beer from his cooler by the time Ace managed to lug in the last of his own beer supply - which consisted of three cases, which might explain the way the once-fit man was puffing and wheezing as he slumped to floor.

Then again, it might not have been the beer - it could have been the cigarette he lit up, while the other three looked on incredulously.

"You're gasping for breath, and you light a cigarette?" Chad asked, in a surprisingly soft voice. "Do you have any idea just how bad that is for your..."

"Shut up, Brainiac." Ace growled, without turning around - then he paused to hack loudly for a moment, finishing the unpleasant display by hawking a large wad of phlegm onto the stone floor. "It ain't none of your fucking business what I do with

myself."

"Oh, I didn't realize you were involved in the sex industry..." Richie cracked urbanely to Chad, earning a smile from the shorter man - and an angrily confused glare from Ace.

"You know, you guys think you're so damned funny..." Ace mumbled, grabbing a case of beer as he rose, his face flushed with anger. "Well, fuck you. I'm gonna find a nice, comfortable room, and hope I don't see any of you little shits until sunrise."

Slinging the case of beer over one beefy shoulder with along-practiced move, he stormed angrily towards the heavy oak doorway leading from the massive foyer.

Chad sat bolt upright. "Hey! Hey, Ace, that's not what we planned! I'm going to set up the cameras and PKE recorders and..." "Fuck you." Ace spat back over his shoulder as he stepped to the right, almost instantly vanishing into the darkness beyond. "But...!" Chad protested, rolling off the ground and hurrying towards the doorway.

"Aw, just let the fucker go..." Was Mule's opinion, as he slowly shoved his heavily muscled body upright.

"But, unless we know where everyone is located, my readings won't..." Chad explained, half-turning to look over his shoulder as he stepped through the doorway and was swallowed up by darkness.

The same instant he vanished from view, his explanation cut off mid-sentence, leaving only dead silence - not even the sound of footfalls ringing across the wooden floor beyond the doorway.

"Chad..." Mule said, taking a step forward - as Richie felt a wave of almost unreasoning fear run through him. "Mule - wait...!" He shouted, bolting to his feet...

...but too slowly. Just as the other two men before him, the stocky ex-pugilist stepped through the doorway and into the darkness beyond - and was instantly swallowed up, as if he'd never been.

Fumbling with hands suddenly made twitchy by the adrenaline dumped into his system, the bony ex-British noncom yanked the L-shaped flashlight off of his belt, flicking the switch to the 'On' position as he stood well clear of the doorway and shone the yellow-white beam into the darkness beyond the heavy oak frame...

...to reveal a short, empty hallway whose wooden floor bore no trace of footprints past where the feeble light of the setting sun still streamed in from the doors open to the outside.

"Good Lord..." Richie breathed, looking at the inexplicable lack of any human passage in the coating of dust the wooden floorboards bore.

Behind him, the sun sank the last few degrees below the horizon, the last of the hellish red-orange light fading into the deep blue-black of night, leaving only the slim, insubstantial beam of his flashlight to reflect back from the stone walls and highlight the mask of stunned horror that the lanky man's face had become.

"This," he said in a numb, heavy voice, "is certainly *not* good."

Hesitating a second longer, he leaned forward slightly, his head never entering the wooden frame of the portal through which the others had passed.

"Chaps?" He called in a voice that was trembling in a way that military service had never caused. "I say - can you hear me?"

Silence was his only answer. Around him, the massive stone blocks that formed the mansion seemed to lean in towards him in the darkness, like some silent stone monster waiting to devour him.

Part of him very much wanted to turn and bolt for the dubious safety of the Land Rover - perhaps even to climb behind the wheel and aim the blunt snout of the vehicle back towards the river, foregoing any chance of the prize money in favor of a more immediate goal

- personal survival.

No matter how much discretion may have been the better part of valor, however, Richie Farnsworth was not about to leave comrades behind. Regardless of how he might have felt about each of the other men, individually, he had agreed to help them, to provide support and defense against whatever agency that might try to interfere with their plans tonight - and though pragmatic by nature, he wasn't quite as unimaginative as Ace was, allowing him to see the possibility that he might be up against something far outside the area of expertise for which he'd been chosen.

Which only made his next actions all the more heroic, though there was nobody there to witness the cool, tense air that settled over him, all those years of training and preparation now serving to bolster his courage and guide his actions as he dug through the packs of equipment he brought with him.

The first thing he brought forth was a large Coleman propane lantern, which he lit quickly, feeling a measure of relief as the bright- white glow filled the room, seeming to the non-com to push those looming walls back into place and hold them there by the force of its' unfaltering light. With quick, certain movements, he buckled more equipment around his sparse frame.

A dark-beige belt, whose canvas holster was heavy with the weight of the .388 Webley revolver that he withdrew just long enough to double-check its cylinder, the sight of six brass shell casings winking back at him in the bright light serving to further soothe his anxious nerves.

Slamming the cylinder closed with a metallic snap, he slid the revolver back into its holster, leaving the canvas flap unclasped, so as to better allow quick access to his secondary weapon. A sheathed K-bar knife, like that used by the US Marine Corps during the Second World War, was strapped in place on the opposing side of the belt, again with the short strap leti dangling - just in case.

Heisting for a moment, Richie looked over the available selection of primary weapons, narrow hands hesitating for a moment over the wooden stock of a venerable Thompson submachinegun. This Tommy-Gun didn't boast the cylindrical drum magazine made famous by a generation of gangster movies, but the more common 'stick' mag, loaded with thirty blunt, heavy .45 caliber bullets that were about as accurate as a thrown baseball, and with about the same range - but with a hell of a lot more

stopping power packed into each heavy, subsonic round.

Finally, however, he settled in the shorter, gleaming shape of an Ithaca Stakeout shotgun, a stockless pump-action weapon with a shortened barrel and an eight-round magazine. Making sure the 'street-sweeper' was fully loaded, Richie quickly jammed handfuls of fat, red cartridges into the billow pockets of his pants, uncaring of the discomfort they caused as he filled the pockets full to near bursting. Clipping the L-shaped flashlight to his breast pocket, he turned to face the doorway, gun cradled in his arms and a set look of determination on his face. He took two strides towards the looming darkness of the portal...

Then stopped and returned to the pile of equipment. Grabbing the submachine gun, he slung it over his right shoulder by the olive-drab strap, preferring the extra fire-power to the ease of mobility a lighter load would have provided.

Turning back to the doorway, he took one more breath - then, without further hesitation, followed the beam of the flashlight into the hallway beyond, moving with a quick stride towards the door at the far end of the short hallway.

* * * * *

"...readings won't mean anything, since..." Chad said - then he stumbled to a stop, both literally and verbally, as he realized that Mule and Richie had vanished from sight, replaced only by unrelieved darkness.

"Uh.. Guys...?" The slender, chestnut-haired man said, taking a hesitant step back in the direction which he'd come...
...and running smack-dab into an unseen wall in the darkness.

"Oh, damn..." Chad muttered, upset at having somehow gotten turned around in the space of a few steps. Keeping one hand on the wall, he slowly turned in a circle, looking for the fading orange-red light of the foyer - and registering nothing but darkness.

"Guys...?" He called out, louder this time, waiting for the sound of the response to help guide him in the darkness. No response came.

"This isn't very funny..." He said, annoyed, as he began to walk along the wall, one hand lightly trailing along the rough surface to ensure he didn't get lost.

A second later, his hand brushed across the smooth, satin finish of wood paneling - which caused him to stop in confusion.

Neither the foyer, nor the short hallway, had any wood paneling. In fact, he'd already walked further than he should have been able to in the hallway's confines.

No longer sure that the others were remaining silent in some sort of hazing, he slowly began walking again, fingers trailing along the smooth, wooden surface as he called out again, with the same lack of results.

A second before his hands registered any change in the surface flowing beneath them, his eyes picked up a faint glimmer of light near the floor, verifying what his fingers told him a second later: He was standing in front of a door.

Sliding his hands around for what seemed forever, the slender man finally made contact with the cool brass of the ornately-cast door handle, and he turned it and pushed against the unseen barrier.

Nothing happened - so, pushing down a slowly rising flood of confused fear, he tried pulling on the handle - and was almost blinded as at the light that poured out of the door and into his dark-adapted eyes. Stumbling forward into the room, he started to speak:

"I'm glad I found you..." He started to say - and then his eyes made the adaptation to the brighter locale, and he stopped dead again, slowly turning in slow circle with a confused look of bewildered wonder on his face.

He was in the sitting room of one of the bedroom suites, an ornate, elegant room with hardwood floors and dark, rich red-leather furniture.

A second floor bedroom, a fact that a simple glance outside the window confirmed, despite the impossibility of it all - there was no way Chad could have climbed a set of stairs without knowing it, yet there was also no doubt whatsoever that he was now located on

the second floor of a building that, supposedly without power, was nevertheless lit by the half-dozen or so Tiffany-style brass lamps spread throughout the room.

"What the hell...?" Chad muttered, slowly revolving-in-place once more, trying to make logical sense from a situation that seemed to eschew all logic...

...and which only got less logical when he heard the soft 'click' of a latch, causing him to spin and stare at the doorway leading to the bedroom.

Leaning casually in the door-frame was a handsome, dark-haired man Chad had never seen before. He was dressed in what even the rather formal Chad found an archaic outfit: Tan trousers with a matching jacket worn over a pale-blue waistcoat, a round-collar white shirt and striped neck-tie, two-tone oxfords... and an honest-to-god straw boater hat.

"I say, you look lost." The man commented, casually, eyeing Chad up and down. "If I may say so, a bit underdressed as well." Chad blinked. Dressed in tan trousers, an off-white cotton shirt, and a blue blazer, he was usually overdressed, not underdressed.

"Uh... I guess it's a bit more modern than..." He started, then stopped, wondering why he was trying to explain his choice of clothing to the strange man. "Look - who are you?"

The man choose to ignore the question. "More modern, eh? Well, I should think that one should either go conservative, or go 'whole hog', as I believe it's phrased."

"What...?" Chad asked, confused, blinking several times in rapid succession as a strange, drowsy feeling slipped through his mind, making him feel slow and awkward.

"Oh, yes - definitely something more.. 'modern'." The man said, jovially, stepping out of the doorway. "Tell me - are you here out of curiosity, greed, or mischance?"

"Uh.. Curiosity, I guess.." Chad said, rather numbly, frowning as he tried to force his brain to work through what seemed to be gathering clouds of mental fog.

"Ah - a 'curiosity'." The man said, grinning oddly. "Oh, this should be good..."

"Huh...?" Chad said, shaking his head again to clear it - and, in his confused state, barely registering the strange, whispering sensation of hair dragging across the nape of his neck.

Soti, curly hair, that was rapidly spilling off his scalp and down his shoulders, growing at a phenomenal rate. As the man lowered himself into one of the chair s and continued to look at him with that odd expression, Chad began to realize that something was happening to him, and he staggered a few steps back, confused by the odd 'clicking' sound that came with the movement - but even more confused by the way the rooms seemed to be 'bobbing' up and down.

The thought that his own eye-level might be changing didn't occur to Chad. Not then, at any rate.

"Yes, I could see why people would be curious about you, Cheri my dear." The man said, that odd smile on his face - and it wasn't the name he used that struck Chad as odd, it was the fact that he accepted it for a few seconds before it struck him that he shouldn't have simply accepted the feminine name as his own so easily...

"What.. What do you mean, 'Cheri'...?" Chad asked - then his eyes widened slowly as he registered the strange voice that the question emerged in. A higher-pitched, smoother voice, so unlike his normal voice. So soti and sensuous. So...

...feminine.

"Why, that just seems the perfect name for somebody who looks like that, doesn't it.../" The man said, still grinning, as he gestured behind Chad. Slowly, feeling like e was ready to loose his balance for some reason, Chad slowly turned...

...and stared, startled, at the woman who was staring back at him from the next room.

A massive mane of long, curly chestnut hair spilled down around a face that was a study in sensuality, from the heavy-lidded eyes framed by long, dark lashed to the full, gloss-red lips. The hair spilled over the slender-but-toned shoulders that were leti half- exposed by the black-lather 'Bolero' jacket that sat over the black nylon mesh that only pretended to cover the firm, taut mounds of her hand-sized breasts, only lightly shaded by the darkly transparent material.

Her bare waist was trim, leading down to fully-rounded hips packed tightly into a pair of black leather Bikini shorts, trimmed about the waist with rhinestones that matched those on the jacket. A few scant inches of nylon showed from the bottom of the shorts to the top of the skin-tight thigh-high black leather boots she wore, laced at the side to allow such perfect definition of her shapely legs.

The boots were not only incredibly high - but sported incredibly high heels, a good eleven inches in height, an incredible

height made possible by the five-inch platforms the pointed-toe boots boasted.

The woman was staring back at Chad with a look of stunned amazement... except it was the exact same pose and look that he was using, and she was matching each of his slightest motions exactly...

"I.. I'm a woman..." Cheri stammered, confused and thick-witted, knowing that the realization should horrify her, though she couldn't really summon much in the way of emotion at the moment.

"Of course you are, my dear." The man said from behind her. "You're Cheri Poppen."

Cheri blinked, knowing that it couldn't be right - yet, looking in the mirror, she also somehow knew that it was exactly right, two separate, opposing, yet equally powerful convictions warring within her heavy, befogged mind.

"Dance for me..." The man said from behind her, as music swelled from some unseen source.

"No, I don't..." She started to demur in a heavy, confused voice - only to find that that she was already moving, her hips swaying smoothly, sensuously and expertly in time with the music, much the way an experienced exotic dancer would move.

"But..." She protested as she smoothly and sensuously swiveled to face the man, a helplessly seductive smile on her lips as he began to move her arms and torso in sensual time with the music.

"Yes, that's it, baby..." the man said in a humorous, theatrical tone. "Shake that booty, oh yeah, baby..."

Though there was no lust or real desire behind the humorous monotone he used, the woman swaying atop the incredibly high heels shivered at a bolt of pleasure that thrummed through her at the words.

"What... What's happening to me...?" She asked in a heavy, sensuous voice as she continued to gyrate slowly, sensuously, the confused vestiges of her mind trying desperately to keep some sort of control. Her hands slowly rose to slide through her hair before joining above her head, her hips swiveling as her feet began to move faster, more seductively.

"Well, I'll tell you what's happening to me..." the man said. "You're getting me all hard and horny..."

Again, a thrill of pleasure thrummed through her at his words, and she let out a soft moan of pleasure that she both loved and hated as her body continued to move in time with the music, beyond her control.

"Oh, you're so hot..." He said, and she shivered again, more strongly - and even more strongly when he added: "You're turning me on..."

"Me turning you on is turning me on..." She said, meaning it as a complaint, though it came out in heady tones of enjoyment that weren't completely lying as her body trembled with another wave of erotic pleasure.

"Of course." The man said. "You live to get men horny, don't you. That's what you love, isn't it, you horny little tease...?"

"I..." She tried to deny the charge, her body now racked almost constantly with tremors of pleasure at his hungry gaze. "I. Yes..

Yes. "

The man laughed, unpleasantly - but she barely heard him, her befogged mind sliding away until she was lost in the beat and thrust of the music, her body moving in sensual rhythms as she gyrated across the floor.

"Dance, you cock-teasing dyke slut!" the man's voice floated to her ears as if from a great distance away. "Dance until you feel like you're going to explode - then give in to your dyke needs, you cunt-licking, cock-teasing dumb slut. !"

Lost in the music, body moving by itself as she was racked by wave after wave of pleasure, Cheri blinked...

...and found that she was now in a crowded night-club, swaying and moving sensuously on the dance floor as people stared at her in wide-eyed amazement - and not a little lust.

Somewhere deep within her mind, something was screaming at her, making nausea war with the mindless pleasure that seemed to have taken her - but it wasn't nearly strong enough to defeat the wave after wave of desire and need that thrummed through her body.

"God, I'm so horny...!" She shouted, feeling disgust boil up at her at her own words - and even more disgust as she saw a dozen men surge forward with lust filled eyes...

"I need to lick a cunt!" She cried, hearing the words from her mouth without realizing she was going to say them - yet, instantly, knowing that it was exactly as she'd said. She was done, the arousal she felt from 'teasing' men pushing her own lesbian libido through the roof...

Grabbing the nearest woman, Cheri practically thrust the stunned woman to the floor, long-nailed fingers scrambling frantically at the struggling woman's skirt as she tried to get at what lay beneath, what she so desperately needed...

...and what she was denied as four separate security people hauled her off the screaming heterosexual woman. Ignoring Cheri's screamed pleas for a cunt to lick, they began dragging the squirming new woman towards the door...

...only to be stopped by a broad-shouldered woman with short, bright-blue-dyed hair and an acne-scared face.

"I'll take care of her from here.." The woman said, eyes glittering - and the security personnel quite happily turned the suddenly submissive woman over to the broad-shouldered woman.

Cheri barely saw the woman at all - her gaze was fixed on the woman's denim-clad crotch as the woman painfully grabbed her arm and began hauling her along.

She barely felt the pain as the woman led her outside and all-but-tossed her into the back of a van in the adjacent parking lot.

As the woman removed her own jeans and panties, exposing a cunt boasting several piercings, even the little awareness Cheri had retained fled, and she became solely focused on the woman's cunt, completely unaware of the fact that the woman was holding her head painfully tight into her crotch as the new woman lapped hungrily - desperately - at the heavily-muscled

woman's crotch, just as she was unaware of the rhythmic reports of pain that were coming from her shoulders as the broad-shouldered dyke bitch beat her around the head and shoulders, demanding better performance...

...and as unaware of the words the woman spoke as their implication, her once-sharp, once-male brain now dulled to near uselessness by her imposed mindset, unable to process exactly what the woman's promise of having 'friends who would really like her' meant as she mindlessly licked and lapped at the woman's pierced clit.

About the same time the 'dyke bitch' began to orgasm from the new woman's ministrations, the last vestiges of Chad's soul slipped from the soulless cock-teasing, cunt-licking automaton that was left behind.

Little did the departing spirit of the man realize that the fate that had befallen him because of his 'curiosity' was far more merciful than the fates that awaited his companions, who's 'greed' fell among the seven deadly sins of the Catholic faith, thus removing even the slight 'restraint' that the repeated exorcisms had laid upon the restless spirits that haunted the hellish house...

* * * * *

"Shut up, Brainiac."

It was Ace's voice. Despite the fact that it sounded amplified, as if Ace were talking through an amplified PA system, there was no mistaking the voice - or the choice of words.

It was Ace - and it sounded as if Chad was with him. As Ace started to say something else, Richie tied his shotgun, lifted one booted foot, and kicked open the door from behind which the sound came...

...and stumbled into the small-but-luxuriously-appointed theater just in time to see himself on the screen, speaking the same words he'd spoken a while ago:

"Oh, I didn't realize you were involved in the sex industry..." Richie cracked urbanely to Chad, earning a smile from the shorter man - and an angrily confused glare from Ace.

"What the blue blazes..." Richie said, wide eyed...

...as, impossibly, he watched a film that couldn't be - a film of himself and his companions. A film that shortly flickered, following Chad as he entered the darkness beyond the same doorway Richie had passed through only a short while before - but ending up somewhere completely different than where it had taken the tall, lanky man.

Stunned, eyes widening and jaw going slack, Richie watched as Chad's fate slowly unfolded on the silver screen...

* * * * *

Angrily, Ace stalked down the dark hallway, his thick lips curled in an angry sneer and his eyes focused on the floorboards ahead as he mumbled curses under his breath at the assholes he'd been stuck with. Suddenly, his share of the money didn't seem like nearly enough to put up with such idiots, and his pulse pounded in angry tempo with his heavy, angry footsteps as he stewed himself deeper and deeper into a rage.

Caught up in his own growing anger, Ace didn't notice the fact that he'd already walked several times further then should have been possible in a short hallway.

However, he did notice that the darkness was beginning to retreat - just as he noticed a rising tide of sound coming from up ahead.

Still wrapped tight in his cloak of unreasoning anger, Ace litied his head and stared out in front of him, down the length of the remaining hallway to where it spilled out into a large, brightly-lit room, from which many male voices were muttering n talking.

Even lost in the red haze of his anger, Ace knew that this shouldn't be happening - he and the other three guys should be the only people in the house - so how the hell was hearing a crowd of what sounded like at least a double score of men?

Heavy brow descending lower over enraged eyes, Ace lowered the case of beer to the floor and stalked forward, his anger keeping him from feeling fear as he exited the hallway...

...and came to a dead stop, glaring around.

He was in a good-sized gymnasium, one with stone walls, a wooden floor, and rows of wooden bleachers. Forty or fity men filled the bleachers, muttering and conversing among themselves, and only occasionally shooting glances at the rudimentary ring that had been erected in the center of the room.

Ace opened his mouth to demand some answers from the assembled crowd... but stopped dead when he caught sight of a man emerging from a similar 'tunnel' on the far side of the ring.

A short, broad-shouldered man with rich, chocolate-shaded skin. A very familiar looking man...

...and Ace's anger shot way past it's previous level, way beyond any rational level he should be feeling, as he glared angrily across the ring.

"Mule!" He shouted, litiing one ham-sized fist and shaking it. "You dumb nigger bastard! You stupid black asshole! I'm gonna beat your fucking face in!"

* * *

Mule, stunned to find that the hallway exited into what, for him, was a familiar-looking setting, was blinking his dark eyes against the sudden glare of the lights around him when he heard a familiar voice cut through the chatter. A voice that he recognized - and hated.

A voice that called him a 'nigger'.

Suddenly, a huge wave of hot, heavy anger roared through the ex-boxer as he glared across the ring at where Ace stood, anger far out of proportion, even for the racist insult - and, almost without thinking, he began to stalk towards the ring.

"You think so, you honkey muth'fucker?" Mule shouted back, barely aware of the rising cheering and shouts coming from the crowd as he and Ace entered opposite sides of the ring, glaring at each other. "I'm gonna kick you lily-whit ass, you

dumb-shit redneck!"

The two men began to stalk towards each other...

...only to come to a dead stop.

There was a very good reason for that - even in the midst of the nearly mindless rage that had descended on each man, neither was willing to try and push aside the tuxedo-clad man who'd appeared between them, outstretched arms separating them.

The main reason for their 'restraint' was the fact that each of those arms were bigger around than either man's thigh, and by more than just a small degree. The man's tuxedo was strained taut over the most massively muscled man either of them had ever seen, a huge, looming, seven-feet-and-then-some mass of Hispanic musculature, who's clean-shaven head glinted under the bright lights as he scowled and looked at each of the men.

"Gentlemen!" The man shouted, his voice needing no amplification as it rumbled up from his size-sixteen shoes. "Tonight's Main Event - a bare-fisted grudge match, no holds barred! Anything and everything goes!"

The crowd screamed and applauded hysterically as the massive man lowered his head to speak 'confidentially' to the two seething men.

"Strip down to your undies, boys, and get to your corners." He ordered.

Too angry to feel ashamed, the two men glared at each other for a moment, eyes locking in a promise of mayhem, then each turned and stalked towards opposite corners, yanking their clothes off and tossing them over the side of the ring as they went.

"In this corner...!" The massive man announced, grandly. "Wearing the white Fruit-of-the-Loom boxer briefs and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-two pounds. Archibald 'Ace' Merrick!"

Ace held his hands in the air for a moment, basking in the sudden roar of approval from the crowd. and dimly beginning to wonder

how the hell the man knew not only his exact weight, but the dreaded and hated first name that he'd kept secret from everybody. The questions flew out of his head in a renewed flood of anger as the man introduced his opponent:

"...and in this corner, wearing the black silk boxers and weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds. Mark 'The Mule' Lincoln!"

Again, the crowd went wild, cheering and shouting - and, looking across the ring, Mule was also too lost in the unreasoning anger to question the situation.

Then the bell rang - and any possible questions they might have asked were washed away as they leapt from their respective corners towards the center of the ring.

"Fuckin' nigger!" Ace said, swinging wildly...

...and missing Mule by a mile as the trained boxer adroitly side-stepped - then landed a bare-knuckled fist square on Ace's lips. As Ace reeled back, Mule felt a burst of spiteful joy at seeing the splash of bright red that now marked Ace's lip...

...and then he grunted and reeled back as Ace's punch took him in the gut, knocking the wind out of him and leaving his stomach feeling constricted.

Reeling back, Mule quickly reassessed his opponent. Ace wasn't a professional boxer - but this wasn't a professional boxing match, either. Though Mule had the edge on speed, power and training, Ace had a longer reach, more 'street-fighting' experience - and surprisingly fast recovery time.

Ace closed in again, and both men launched and landed blows - Mule pounding to sharp blows, right and left, across the bigger man's unguarded chin, while Ace landed a solid one on Mule's much-broken nose.

Apparently, he'd broken it again, because it felt wrong - different, somehow, though there wasn't the huge burst of pain from the previous breaks, but just the dull throb of impact. Perhaps, after being broken so many times, his nose was no longer capable of the same levels of sensitivity - or perhaps his own anger was blocking it out, as it was so much else.

The anger didn't block the victorious feeling he felt from having shattered Ace's jaw, though. Though the big man wasn't showing much reaction, that must have been the case, because the line of his jaw had definitely caved inwards...

His jaw aching a bit from the two quick blows, Ace circled quickly around Mule, dark glee riding through him at the way he'd crushed the black-man's nose - he must have actually pushed some of it right back into his head or something, because the damned thing actually looked smaller. Licking his lips, Ace didn't notice the strange, almost waxy texture to them as he saw an opening and lashed out...

...with his foot, literally kicking Mule's ass and sending him flying.

Mule grunted as he hit the floor on his bare arms and knees - and the canvas must have been of a rough grade, since it actually acted like sandpaper, shearing off his arm-and-leg-hair, though it wasn't enough to actually break the smooth skin beneath. Shouting angrily, the black man rolled over onto his tender - and apparently swollen - ass, just in time to see Ace coming for him...

...so he kicked upward, his bare foot catching Ace square in the balls.

Ace cried out and staggered back, feeling as if his cock and balls had been driven right back up into his body by the force of Mule's kick - a kick so hard that, after the initial burst of mind-numbing pain, his cock and balls went numb, senseless - almost as if they weren't there anymore. Since even that strange feeling was better than the pain that would have continued from a lesser blow, Ace managed to recover faster than Mule expected - and he returned the favor, using his patented football kick, this time right to Mule's crotch.

His kick must have been equal to the one Mule had given - because the black man also recovered quickly, rolling out of

the way of the next blow and leaping to his feet.

The two men closed in on each other, murder in their eyes as they began to pummel each other, hands and legs working as they made contact, hands reaching out to grab at each other's faces, at each other's arms and legs, even at each other's hair...

...until they ended up rolling and tossing each other all over the floor, the crowd cheering as the two rolled about, a blurred tangle of light and dark limbs.

The cheers slowly died into breathless anticipation as the two opponents slowed, then stopped...

...then redoubled, mixed with cruel laughter, as first one, then another high-pitched - and undeniably feminine - screams split the air.

The cheering and laughing continued as the two new women stumbled away from each other and onto their feet, staring at each other and themselves in horror.

Cheers turned into lewd, rude and crude comments as the short, athletically-toned black woman with the firm, dome-like D-cup breasts and long mane of black hair ripped off her outsized white cotton boxer-briefs to stare at the folds of her new womanhood - and laughter rolled out at her high-scream:

"I.. I'm a nigger bitch...!"

The laughter only redoubled when the tall white woman with the long mane of dark hair and the massive, round, medicine-ball-sized breasts tried frantically to brush the 'white' off her skin - then followed her opponents action, ripping off her black silk boxers to stare at her own, new womanhood.

"Gentlemen...!" The massive man in the tuxedo announced. "I give you tonight's entertainment: In this corner, the black woman with the buff body, Anita Mann!"

The cheering and laughter went on as the woman so indicated gaped stupidly, her long-nailed hands hesitantly coming up to touch her ebony skin.

"In the other corner...!" the announcer continued, his own deep voice laced with laughter. "The tall white woman acting as pack-mule to those fantastically fake frontal fondlements - Massive Marcie Melons!"

The Caucasian woman's head snapped up and she stared in disbelief at the announcer - as did 'Anita', as the announcer continued with:

"Gentleman, I give you two women who'll do **anything** for money!"

"Wha..." The trim black woman who's once been Ace Merrill said shaking her new head in stunned, horrified confusion. "No, I..." "Hey, baby..." A man near her corner of the ring said, waving a bill in the air. "A buck for a blow-job, baby...!"

She stared at the man...

...and, horrified, found herself moved by a compulsion she couldn't fight. A compulsion that caused her full, soti, red-colored lips to curve upwards as she struck an inviting pose and waved the man towards her...

* * * *

"Man, I'd pay five bucks to fuck the babe who belongs to those tits...!" A man shouted from near the huge-breasted white woman who'd once been a boxer known as 'The Mule'...

...and helplessly, she found herself turning to look for the man, calling out: "Get up her, buddy - you've got yourself a deal..."

* * * *

Helplessly, Anita Mann sank to her knees, unable to control her body or her mind as the simple 'program' controlling her took over, making her do absolutely anything at all for money - including opening her new lips and 'eagerly' accept a smelly, foul-tasting male cock into her mouth, hands coming up to wrap around the shati as he started her new career as an a hooker - an incredibly cheap hooker...

* * * *

Helplessly, Marcie Melons leaned forward and held onto the corner-post of the ring, legs spread and ass thrust into the air, unable to do anything at all as the simple program in her mind took over, making her seem eager as the man's cock slid painfully and disgustingly into her new cunt, the man's hand coming forward to reach around and grip her massive new tits as she started her new career as a whore - and amazingly cheap whore...

* * * * *

...and neither man was able to even cry out in shame, humiliation or disgust as the massively muscled announcer began to direct the crowd of eager, anticipating men into two lines, one at each corner of the ring...

* * * * *

Stunned, Richie barely noticed the shotgun slip from his fingers as he stared, stupefied, as the screen slowly faded to black, the new women still 'busy' with their new roles in life.

"Enjoy the show...?" A voice asked from behind Richie - and the pale man spun around to stare at the same man who'd been in the bedroom with Chad, now leaning casually in the door-frame and fingering the boater hat he held in his hands.

"I... You..." Richie stammered, eyes wide. "What.. What are you going to do to me..."

The man smile. "You know, we - the spirits of the house - have the ability to peek into people's minds. To see what would be the most humiliating fate for those who trespass here, those who disturb out rest." He gestured at the screen. "Obviously, we knew exactly what to do to your friends - and we know *exactly* what to do you..."

A shimmer seemed to pass through the air, and for a split second everything went dark...

...then light returned - the orange-yellow glow of a new-born sunrise, coming from just over the tree-line across the river. Richie was standing outside the house - right beside the Rover, as matter of fact - and it was morning.

For a second, Richie just stared around, stupidly...

...then he understood.

Slowly, numbly, Richie opened the door to the vehicle and slid in, starting the vehicle more out of habit than anything else.

Slowly, the ex-Army officer lowered his head and began to weep tears dripping down his pale cheeks as the enormity of his fate crashed down on him. For several minutes, he huddled over the wheel of the Rover, sobbing.

Finally, straightening, the man who had several million dollars - and several million questions - waiting for him on the other side of the river put the vehicle into gear and eased down on the accelerator. Tears still tracking down his cheeks, the man who's dishonorable discharge from the British Army had been caused by his transvestite habits, the man who's fondest wish in the whole, wide world was to be female, turned the nose of Rover back towards the river - and back towards the most horrendous fate that could be bestowed upon him.

His own life.

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a family moves from California to Virginia, a step brother and sister decide to take a cross country road trip, but when they meet an aging couple, things start to get strange.

Strange Interlude

By Gunslinger

The Escalade's tires crunched loudly on the loose gravel strewn across the cracked and worn asphalt of the apron in front of the station. The glossy black Cadillac SUV halted opposite the aging and rusting pumps, and the engine died.

Jessica's narrow snub nose wrinkled as she gazed out the big luxury vehicle's window, her usually smooth brow furrowing in a decidedly unlovely way.

"I don't like the look of this place." She stated, sniffing ostentatiously to make her point clear. "Good Lord, William - this place is a sty. For heaven's sake, let's drive on."

"Yes, Willie, do." Carl's supercilious tones sounded from where he reclined in the broad back seat, one arm thrown over the back of the beige leather bench seat, his black silk shirt and Armani trousers contrasting and complimenting the soti, deep leather.

The muscles of Bill Garret's jaw clenched, then relaxed as he kept himself from snapping at either his step-sister or her new, German- born boyfriend, who's accented 'Villie' bothered him just a little bit more than Jessica's 'William'.

When Bill's mother and step-father headed from Beverly Hills to Virginia, Bill had decided to drive his brand-new SUV down, rather than take the Family's private plane. He'd claimed it was because he wanted to get some miles on his new 'toy', but the truth was that Bill was still uncomfortable with the people and lifestyle his mother had married into, even after ten years of exposure to it.

Jessica and Carl had volunteered themselves for the trip, saying it would be a 'lark', and both Bill's mother and step-father had talked him into agreeing, as he and Jessica had never really gotten along very well.

Only, it turned out that Jessica's idea of a 'lark' was to torture him incessantly, and it was driving him absolutely nuts. Tall, slender, dark- haired and as stunningly beautiful as plastic surgery could make her, Jessica was twenty-two, a year younger than Bill - but acted as if she were Queen of the Known Universe, and Bill her subject. She even criticized his clothing, nice comfortable jeans and a black

turtleneck shirt. Just to shut her up, he'd pulled a navy-blue sports-coat on before leaving then turned up the heater to have a good reason to remove it as soon as they were in the car.

Her boyfriend wasn't any better. Also tall, fairly slim and almost offensively good-looking, Carl had short, platinum blonde hair and ice- blue eyes and an attitude that put Bill in mind of a Nazi Colonel, condescendingly superior. In that way, he was probably a perfect match for Jessica - but that didn't keep Bill from wanting to strangle him.

Not that it would have helped had he tried. Bill was short, painfully skinny, and pale, his sandy-blonde hair looking almost brown against his terribly white skin. He was slowly starting to fill out and put on some weight, muscle and color - but it was a long, slow process. Bill had been a very sickly boy, which was one of the reasons that his Mother had married into money - 'Daddy' had the cash to hire the best doctors the world had to offer, and Bill had overcome the host of maladies. But the cost of his health was a life that was driving him absolutely nuts. If he'd been in better health, he'd just strike out on his own

Sure he had a firm control of his temper, Bill forced himself to relax and smile pleasantly as the attendant strolled out to the big black vehicle, his tanned and time-worn face creased in an easy smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Mornin', folks." He drawled as Bill rolled down his window. Pushing his stained and faded red ball-cap back on his shock of gray hair, he put his hands on the hips of his stained coveralls and slowly looked the SUV up and down. "That there is one fancy rig, young fella. Y'all sure it'll run on plain ol' fashioned KIN-tucky gas-O-leen?"

Bill laughed at the old attendant's humorously phrased and subtle insult to 'dumb rich folk'.

"Well, if KIN-tucky gas won't do it" Bill chuckled. "I bet you could find a little white lightening that would twist her tail." The attendant blinked - then laughed. "Figger I could, at that. Whatcha want, pal?"

"Fill it up." Bill said, undoing his seat belt. "I'm going to pop into the store - should I just pay there?" "Yup, I reckon that'd do it." The attendant said, walking around to the back to start pumping.

"Does either of you want anything?" Bill asked, politely.

Jessica looked horrified. "You're not going to leave us out here alone with that that greasy monkey, are you? This vehicle is worth more then he could earn in his entire life and I'll bet I'm the only woman he's ever seen with all of her teeth atier puberty!"

"Come, come, Jessica" Carl yawned. "We'll just lock the doors until Bill comes back. Be a good man, Willie, and get me a Perrier, will you? If they have it, that is."

Bill's lips tightened, but he refused to answer as he slipped from the SUV. He slammed the door and headed towards the country store and heard the heavy 'cha-chunk' of the Cadillac's locks being engaged. Bill's fists curled at the attitude of Jessica and Carl which were mirrors to the attitudes of most of the people he'd be forced to put up with for his entire 'vacation'.

Practically shaking with anger and long-contained frustration, Bill pushed open the door of the store and felt his tension flow out of him in a rush, pouring from his very pours as it was traded for a warm feeling of relaxation.

The interior of the store could have been a Norman Rockwell painting.

Wood abounded everywhere. Not the satin gloss of smooth, expensive cherry and mahogany, like in the homes and offices of his unwanted new social circle, but rough-hewn pine and oak, stained dark.

A short, stumpy, pot-bellied stove sat along one wall, it's grate cold in the warm, late-spring weather. It's surface was being used as a table for the chess-set being used by a pair of old men, who couldn't have been posed better if they'd planned it - the tall, skinny old coot on the right was glaring angrily at his opponent, who was sitting back in his chair, puffing away on an old briar pipe with an air of unbearable satisfaction and the predicament he'd put his friend into.

The rich, comforting smell of the pipe's tobacco mixed with another homey, comforting odor - the smell of fresh-baked apple pie, carried in the hands of a large, gray-haired woman who was just coming through a door that obviously led to the attached house. The still- steaming pie was balanced on one hand, while the other carried a pair of coffee mugs.

"Oh - let me give you a hand!" Bill said, quickly, seeing she was having a bit of trouble. Taking the hot pie from her hand,

he quickly carried it over to the counter and set it down, yanking his hands away the instant it hit the surface, waving them in the air.

"Thank you kindly." The woman said, handing the coffee to the two chess-players. "God knows these codgers wouldn't help the kind soul who keeps them in coffee and pie."

"Oh, get on with you Martha." The one with the pipe drawled, slowly. "Why, if it weren't for the fact that I'm savorin' the feelin' of winning my first game in weeks, I woulda bin out of this chair like a bolt of lightnin'."

Martha snorted. "Lightning is exactly what it'd take to stir you out of that chair, and you know it." She paused, leaning forward to stare at the board. "Sides - you'd only win if Stu doesn't see that he should move his knight there"

The tall, thin codger's head snapped to the side, eyes following Martha's pointing finger - and then he laughed and moved his knight as indicated

"Hey, now!" The other old coot cried, the front legs of his chair hitting the wooden floor with twin thumps as he leaned forward in indignation. "That's not fair!"

Turning, Marsha grinned at Bill and winked at him. Walking back to the counter, she spoke in a stage whisper.

"Them two have been playing chess in her for nigh on twenty years, and I make half the moves for'em." She chuckled. "They're lazy and not all that switi in the head sometimes but they make for fine company. Ain't exactly Grand Sen'ral Station here, if you know what I mean."

Bill grinned. "I noticed."

Martha nodded at the pie. "So, can I intr'st you in a slab o' home-made pie with ice cream?" Bill sighed. "I'd love a slice but I don't think my companions would appreciate the delay." Martha grinned. "Well, hell, bring 'em on in and set 'em down. We got plenty."

Bill sighed even louder, a thoroughly wistful sound. "If it were up to me Sorry."

Martha looked at him with a strangely knowing look. At first, Bill thought the big woman in the faded gingham dress was in her sixties, older yet vital yet her eyes suddenly looked very ancient, and Bill was no longer sure of her age.

"You ain't all that happy with your lot in life, are you?" Martha asked, her voice serious. Bill spread his hands. "Well, the grass is always greener, they say. I make do."

Martha's bushy gray eyebrows rose. "You'd rather be just 'bout anywhere but where you are, I'd wager."

Bill smiled wryly. "Well, I have my health and my youth, and I wouldn't trade it but I'd be willing to give up almost anything else." Martha grinned again - but it was a strange, sly grin. "Well, now, that's the thing 'bout life - you never can tell"

Bill blinked. "Excuse me?"

"Oh, just some folk-wisdom." Martha said, still grinning oddly. "Say, hold on a second"

She hurried away, returning a minute later with a green bottle - Perrier, Bill saw with surprise. "But, how" Bill stammered, surprised, hand going for his pocket.

"Oh, no - it's on the house." Martha said, actually reaching out and grabbing Bill's hand before he could put it in his pocket.

"Well, thank you - but I have to pay for the gas anyway" Bill said, unable to grab his money because Martha's hand was still restraining his own.

"I think somebody's already takin' care of it." Martha said, nodding her head at the window. Turning, Bill blinked at the sight of Carl handing the elderly attendant what was obviously money. As Bill watched, Carl climbed back into the SUV - in the driver's seat. The strident tone of the horn filled the air.

"Seems in a bit of a hurry, that one does. Guess we 'mountain folk' aren't his kind of people" Martha said.

"Yeah, well" Bill said, ashamed of his traveling companion's behavior. Well, at least that explained the Perrier - she'd seen Carl through the window and figured it was what some 'rich snob' would drink. Another 'subtle' dig at rich people. Probably also the reason for her suddenly odd smile - she thought Bill was one of the rich snobs.

Sighing, Bill took the bottle of water and headed out to the truck. Carl was revving the engine, impatiently, and rather than have an argument with him, Bill decided to go ahead and hop in the back - besides, maybe Carl just wanted to sit with Jessica, although sliding behind the wheel of Bill's new truck without permission was rather high-handed.

Sliding into the back of the big black SUV, Bill barely managed to get the door closed before Carl accelerated away from the pump, tires squealing and smoking as he lay rubber for a good fifty feet.

"Whoa!" Bill said, thrown back in the soft embrace of the leather upholstery. "Take it easy!"

"Ignore him, Carl - the faster we get out of this god-forsaken hell-hole, the better." Jessica said, icily, turning to stare daggers at Bill. "You might enjoy the 'quaint' countryside, but I assure you we have no desire to linger."

Bill blinked, surprised at her vitriolic look. "Hey, I'm not trying to hold you up" He said, forcing a grin as he - as usual - tried to defuse the situation. "Carl's neck-whipping acceleration nearly broke his bottle of Perrier is all."

Jessica's eyes narrowed and then she sighed, face relaxing a bit, though she still looked like she'd bitten into a lemon. "I see." "Hand this to him, would you?" Bill said, leaning forward and handing up the bottle. "Oh - and pass back my jacket, would you?"

"I beg your pardon?" Jessica said, coldly, her look turning dangerous again. "Are you implying that I would even want to touch your coat? It's behind you, right where you left it."

"Huh?" Bill frowned at her strange attitude, turning to look in the cargo bed of the truck. His expensive sports coat was

nowhere to be seen - the only coat there was a denim jacket that looked so nice and well-worn comfortable that Bill wished it was his. How it had gotten in here was beyond him, since neither Carl nor Jessica would be caught dead in such a 'blasé' garment.

Grabbing it, Bill started to turn around and ask where it came from then something registered, and he turned back for another look. "Hey!" Bill blurted, surprised. "Where are my bags?"

"Your back-pack is under your jacket" Jessica said, coldly. "And I don't appreciate the inference that I would"

There was a tattered and faded army-surplus back-pack on the cargo bed, under where the jacket had been laying - but Bill had never seen it before in his life.

"Look, Jessica - I don't know what game this is, but what did you do with my luggage? I had three full suitcases and a small trunk don't tell me you let them at the gas station!"

"Why, I" Jessica spluttered.

"Calm down, Jessica." Carl said, smoothly, looking in the rearview mirror. "Look here, I don't know if this is some game or what, but stop bothering my girlfriend. You will be nice and quiet now, nicht wahr?"

Bill frowned, looking back at the under-packed cargo compartment. "Look, I don't know what's going on. I just want to know what happened to my luggage."

Carl's jaw rippled. "I tell you, stop it. You have the same bag - one back-pack - that you had to begin with. That is all. No other bags. Now you are upsetting the fraulein, and if you do not stop, I will be forced to pull over and let you out. Understand?"

Bill laughed, without humor, wondering what they were up to. "What - you're going to throw me out of my own truck?"

"Your truck?!" Jessica parroted in angry surprise. "You couldn't afford the hubcaps on an Escalade!" She turned to Carl. "I told you picking him up was a bad idea. You pull this truck over this instant and make him get out!"

"Ja." Carl agreed, staring at Bill in the rearview mirror as he guided the truck to the gravel shoulder and slowed to a stop. "Get out. Schnell, schnell."

Bill's jaw dropped. "What the? Look, guys, I don't know what game you're playing, but I'm not getting out in the middle of the wilderness."

Jessica drew forward to the dashboard, looking at Carl. "He's crazy. Get him out of here before he tries something!"

Carl opened the door and slipped out of the driver's seat, quickly grabbing the rear door and opening it before Bill could look it - which hadn't occurred to him in the first place.

"Out. Now." Carl commanded, his face hard as he rolled his fingers rhythmically.

Bill shrunk back against the other door, staring at Carl. "Look, I don't know what's going on here. I don't know why you got

rid of my luggage, or why you want to kick me out in the middle of nowhere but this my car, and I'm not going to let me step-sister and her Nazi boyfriend kick me out of it!"

"Step sister!" Jessica said, fear warring with outrage in her voice. "Look, you you vagrant! I don't care if you are delusional, there's no way my father would ever marry a woman who would have a son like you! Now get out of my boyfriend's car!"

There was a soft 'click' and Bill found himself staring down the barrel of a little snub-nose revolver held rock-steady in Carl's hand. It was tiny but the barrel looked as big as the mouth of the Lincoln Tunnel from Bill's point of view, and in the three of the four chambers visible in the cylinder gleamed the dull shine of lead.

"I do not wish to hurt you." Carl said, clipping each word in annoyed anger. "Take your coat and your bag, and leave my vehicle. Now."

Fumbling, Billy grabbed the handle of the door behind him and yanked on it. Since he was leaning against the door at the time, it popped open forcefully and spilled him out on the gravel, with a dusty 'thump'. With one booted foot, Billy slammed the door shut, then used his elbows and feet to back away from the SUV and its suddenly insane occupants, and

Bill stopped dead, mind going utterly blank as he stared down. He barely even noticed as the denim jacket and old army bag were tossed out of the SUV before it sped away, throwing a spray of gravel over him as it hurtled away.

Bill was too busy staring at his feet. The feet that he'd tied the laces of a pair of comfortable black leather 'Athletic' shoes on when he'd left the hotel this morning.

The feet now clad in a worn old pair of black cowboy boots, run down at the heels and sprung in a couple of places, the ornamental stitching frayed and missing in some places.

"What the fuck?" Billy gasped, wondering how this could be happening. Hesitantly, he reached out and ran his fingers across the boot, feeling the texture of them through his fingers.

"Maybe I'm the one going crazy" He told himself in a stunned voice, unable to believe his own eyes. Having Jessica and Carl tell him that the jacket and bag were his was one thing, explainable in other ways. But to find another pair of footwear on his feet, without having any memory of changing them - or having them changed

Slowly, Bill pulled himself upright, looking down at the bag and jacket laying a few feet away. Slowly, he walked over and picked them up, feeling like he was trapped in some sort of nightmare where he was running away from something - but unable to increase the distance between himself and the unseen beast breathing down his neck.

Pulling the jacket on and swinging the bag over his shoulder, Bill stared down the road in the direction Carl and Jessica had gone. He had no idea how far it was to the next town but knew that the gas station was about forty-five minutes or so back the way he'd come from.

Turning his back on the path forward, he began to head back the way he'd come.

* * * * *

"I told you it was a bad idea to pick up a hitch-hiker." Jessica said for the tenth time, her tone still snippy. "Ja, ja - I know" Carl sighed. "Look, I already said"

"Pull in here!" Jessica said, sharply, pointing to the side of the road, where a restaurant had just come into view.

Instinctively, Carl's foot eased down on the brake, slowing the vehicle even as he questioned her instructions. "What? You want to eat there?"

The restaurant definitely wasn't their kind of eatery. It was a bar-and-grill type of place, with plenty of neon in the windows. Jessica, however, was looking at it as if it were La Plenza itself.

"I'm starved." She said, practically salivating. "Come on - pull in."

Blinking, Carl shrugged and did what she suggested, pulling the SUV into the parking lot and shutting off the ignition. Practically before he got the key out of the ignition, Jessica was ripping off her seat belt and sliding out of the car. Bemused, he followed her, watching in amazement as she all-but-sprinted across the lot. Rather than dashing inside, however, she stopped at the door and waited, practically shaking with anticipation.

"Come on, come on, I'm starved." She said, rubbing her hands together. Shaking his head at her odd behavior, Carl jogged the rest of the way, opening the door and following her into the restaurant.

They sat down at one of the tables, and Carl looked around and was surprised to find that he didn't mind the place so much. It had a sort of 'rustic charm' which surprised the hell out of him, as he wasn't much for 'rustic', by and large

"So, what can I getcha?" A gum-chewing waitress asked as she came to the table. "Meat - and some water." Jessica said, eagerly, practically drooling.

The waitress and Carl both blinked in surprise.

"Well, we got our monster 16oz steak dinner, but the waitress started.

"Yeah. Great! I'll have that." Jessica replied, crisply, practically biting each word off. "And some water."

"Uh and how would you like the steak cooked" the waitress asked, nonplused, while Carl gaped at Jessica's strange order and behavior. "Rare. Very rare." Jessica said, eyes bright. She licked her lips.

"It comes with a salad and your choice of" the waitress started

"Just the meat - and some water." Jessica interrupted, looking around with an energy and attention that was unusual for her. Carl wondered if she'd sucked down a couple of 'pep pills' when he wasn't looking - it was the only explanation he could come up with for her actions.

"I'm not very hungry." He told the waitress. "I'll have her salad, and a baked potato, and a Hein no, make that a white

wine." He blinked at the sudden distaste he'd felt at the thought of his usual drink, then shook it off.

"Ooooo-kay." The waitress gave them an odd look, then headed off. "Honey" Carl asked Jessica, tentatively. "Are you feeling okay?"

"Yeah. Great. Never better." Jessica chimed, brightly. "Dinner. Where's my meat?"

"Uh. it'll be a minute" Carl said, shaking his head. Idly, he scratched at his chest it was itchy as hell, and it was driving him nuts. It felt sensitive and a little puffy, and he wondered if he was coming down with something

Maybe that was it, he mused. Maybe he and Jessica were coming down with something, and this was a symptom of how it affected her. He'd take her - and himself - to a doctor atier they ate

* * * * *

Bill stopped walking, stretching his shoulders back under the straps of the back-pack with a sigh, as he looked over his shoulder, reconsidering his decision.

He had no idea how far it would have been to the next town from where he'd been dumped on the side of the road, but figured it would be about forty-five minutes back to the station/store from there. There was only one problem with that estimate - he'd neglected to take into account the fact that the station lay uphill - and he wasn't exactly the most fit, energetic person on the face of the planet. Though in much better health then he'd been when he was younger, he still tired easily - and he was damned near exhausted atier a half-hour of up-hill walking, and figured he was just shy of the half-way point. His muscles ached and his legs felt rubbery. As otien happened atier exertion, Bill's teeth ached - or itched, and there was no way to scratch the inside of your teeth.

It was more then that, though. The heaviest exercises he'd ever done was the 'rehab' exercises to help give him some muscle tone and endurance. Atier a youth of being nearly bed-ridden, it had been necessary - but painful. He'd thought that it was the worst he could feel without actual physical damage, the aches and weakness and the sweaty, sore body - but the exercises had been done in controlled environments, in comfortable clothes. Now, he actually remembered those days with fondness.

In addition to the aches and weakness of his body, there were other, equally annoying 'side-effects' top the unexpected exertions he was putting himself through. Instead of sweatpants, Bill was wearing jeans and he was sweating pretty heavy, which must be the reason why his jeans felt so uncomfortable across his ass and hips. At least he'd finally found a 'comfortable' place of his cock and balls. The first ten minutes of walking, he'd kept adjusting them in his underwear to find a place that wouldn't 'crunch' them, and he must have found a 'sweet spot' - for the last twenty minutes, it was as if they weren't even there.

His feet ached, which was to be expected for somebody unused to walking for any length of time but they ached in a strange way, his toes cramped and strained, his heels feeling odd and 'pressured'. Bill put it down to the cowboy boots, which he still couldn't believe he'd somehow ended up wearing.

Even his chest ached - but not with the familiar 'tightness' he would have expected. Instead, his chest felt swollen and sensitive. It was driving him nuts.

Turning back to face the way he had to go, Bill sighed again, then started forward, body complaining. With annoyance, he flipped several strands of hair that had fallen out of his face, concentrating on taking it one step at a time

Then paused, hand still atop his head, frozen in the act of getting the hair out of his face.

"What the hell?" Bill asked himself, slowly running his hand through hair that felt too long, too thick. He'd always worn his hair middlin' long, mostly as a sort of silent rebellion, like his comfortable choice of clothing. However, it now felt like his hair was more than the somewhat long, shaggy style he usually wore. It felt like it was a lot longer in the back, and a lot fuller and thicker than usual

However, he'd stopped worrying about his hair. The fact that his hair was mysteriously longer and thicker no longer held any concern for him because his attention had been diverted to his voice. Not usually one to talk to himself, Bill hadn't spoken during his walk, not until his almost involuntary exclamation which had emerged in a higher, richer sounding voice than he'd ever heard from his throat.

"My voice!" Bill said, hearing those softer, higher tones once more. "What the hell's wrong with my voice?"

Bill stood stock-still on the side of the road, mind whirling. The boots had been one thing - and inexplicable event he'd been willing to 'put off' worrying about, since it was secondary to the incredible situation he'd found himself in, kicked out of his own car by his step-sister and her boyfriend. Now, more incredible, inexplicable things were happening, and Bill had the very bad feeling that they might be tied in, that the strange behavior of Jessica and Carl wasn't just a matter of them 'acting strange', but something more insidious and occult, their minds changed as quickly, thoroughly - and impossible - as his hair, voice and boots

assuming that was all that was changed, he thought with a shiver, the possible meaning of the strange 'aches' and sensations he'd been feeling taking on much more sinister meaning.

Letting 'his' backpack slip off his shoulder and fall to the dusty roadside, Bill hurriedly unbuttoned the denim jacket and pulled it off, mind whirling in mixed hope and fear.

Looking down at his chest, fear won. The denim jacket had hidden it, and his mind had put the sensations down to the wrong cause, but now there was no denying the fact that his chest was pushed outward. The black shirt he wore was fairly tight - and now it was tighter over small-but-definite mounds that had a very familiar shape to them. A shape that went along with the higher-pitched tone of voice, and the longer, thicker, silkier hair.

"Oh my God" Bill said, eyes widening in shock and horror as he brought his hands up to his chest and cupped the cloth-covered mounds of what could only be breasts. Female breast, a small B-cup perhaps, clearly outlined in the fabric, right down to the nubs of nipples that could be seen through the dark fabric. Even as his mind registered the shock of his hands touching the flesh inside his shirt, the new and different sensation of having breast cupped and touched, he also noticed that his

hands looked different. Always on the slim side, they were now more dainty. The bone structure had altered, especially around the knuckles, making the already slender digits more graceful, no longer 'skinny' due to lack of flesh and muscle, but simply slender to being with and tipped with longer nails.

"Oh shit" Bill said, swaying ins hock as he began to hyperventilate. "i l'm becoming"

He couldn't force himself to say it but the mere thought was enough to send his more feminine hands darting downward, fumbling with the zipper of his jeans. Emotion making him awkward and clumsy, Bill seemed to take forever to get the jeans undone and yanked down to his knees.

His thighs were smoother and firmer then they'd been before, looking more healthy and natural under a much lighter covering of hair. Those thighs led upwards to hips that were wider then they should have been, looking 'boyishly' feminine, but feminine nonetheless and supporting an ass that was definitely fuller and firmer then it had been this morning when he'd awoken.

His underwear lay flat across his crotch.

"No" Bill whimpered, hand diving into his briefs to slide across Nothing.

He was completely emasculated. He was neuter. There was nothing at all at his crotch except smooth flesh and short, stiff pubic hair.

There was no manhood, nor womanhood. He was an 'it', genderless or 'in transition', moving from one sex to the other.

"What the hell is going on?" Bill demanded of an uncaring sky. Shock, horror and exhaustion threatened to overwhelm him, leaving him collapsed on the side of the road and it was an enormous force of will to push away the growing darkness at the edge of his vision.

"I am not going to faint" Bill told himself, yanking his pants back up. As he did so, he noticed something else, yet another block in the emotional weight threatening to crush him.

He wasn't wearing cowboy boots anymore. Now they were black leather boots of a mainly feminine nature, the heel still fairly thick, but an inch taller then before and the whole boot was smaller and slimmer, matching feet that were daintier then before.

"The gas station" Bill told himself, grabbing the back-pack and slinging it over a shoulder. "I I need to get to a phone and call for help"

He had no idea who would be a 'specialist' to help in an impossible situation like this - but the thought gave him a thin strand of hope on which to tie his own force of will, a reason to continue forward, a reason to hope that whatever was going on could be made better, somehow.

With new determination bolstered by the sheer panic that waited in the wings, Bill forced himself to continue forward, jaw

clenching rhythmically as he fought the urge to scream and cry.

Now that he was aware of the horrifying thing happening to his body, Bill could feel it happening. It was occurring both terrifyingly quickly, yet agonizingly slowly. Slowly enough that he'd missed - or rather - mistaken what the initial signs were, rapidly enough that it seemed like the completion of the change was hurtling towards him too soon for him to be able to react, to turn his fate from the course it had somehow taken.

The small breasts that now lurked under his shirt seemed to grow with every step he took, and now that he knew what the sensations were he couldn't ignore the slowly/quickly increasing weight of them, pulling on his chest in a new and horribly pleasant way as the increasing mass was affected more and more by gravity and inertia, their firm fullness beginning to shift and sway with his stride.

A stride that was slowly altering. He was forced to take into account the way his hips were widening, his ass was filling - not to mention the way his boots continued to alter, the heels slowly growing taller and thinner. Somewhere in the bleak despair he was feeling, enough of a spark remained to think with wry, dark humor that learning to walk in heels this easily would make many a woman envious as the heels slowly extended upwards, he had time to adjust to the slow increase, finding it little effort to remain balanced atop the heels even as his hips began to swivel and sway more in a naturally feminine stride that he couldn't help but adopt.

His hair fell in front of his face again, but he didn't brush it back. He was loath to touch the longer, finer strands of silky hair, as if that would somehow validate what was happening to his body.

What was strange was the fact that he was feeling, physically, better. Whatever was happening to him, however it was occurring, the new, female body that was being metamorphosed from his old one was in much better physical shape, with fuller, tauter musculature that wasn't masculine or massive, but healthy - if feminine. Exhaustion and aches slipped slowly away as the transformation continued, leaving him feeling physically 'better', if not allowing him to go any faster, the slowly increasing height of the heels on his changing boots opposing the increase in fitness.

Bill's body continued to feel more and more foreign to 'her', Bill thought, since it was obviously more than halfway done, and the feminine gender more accurate than the one Bill really wanted to apply.

Bill had let the jacket open, and could see her swelling bosom clearly. During the initial half hour, they hadn't grown very much, which was how she'd missed it.

Actually, physically there had been little change to her body during that first half hour. There were only a few differences between 'male' and 'female', in the big picture. The first half hour of this horrible mystical transition, it had been mostly a case of becoming 'neuter', cock and balls shrinking down to nothing. Already skinny and pale and lightly muscled, Bill's body had needed little work to achieve a technically feminine figure. Now, it was rapidly filling out into a full vision of femininity, her chest seeming to explode outwards through the alphabet of cup-sizes, already large enough that she could now be described as 'buxom' - an appellation she'd never expected to be applied to her, and one she'd never wanted.

The size of grapefruit - and still swelling - the breasts now had much more 'play', joggling and swaying more with each step, enlarging nipples moving slightly across the fabric of her shirt which itself was changing, the once high neck slowly, steadily sinking downwards as the shirt's design altered. She could also feel her underwear altering, becoming more 'appropriate' to her changing body. Even the jeans were altering, but they were the least of the changes, since there was very little stylistic differences. Mainly they continued to fit reasonably comfortable, though they were becoming tighter.

"Why me?" She asked, bitterly - and heard the dulcet tones of her still-changing voice, the sound more definitely feminine and, under other circumstances, quite nice. "What did I do to deserve this? Who and how?"

the questions had no answers, at least none that she could find but the questions raised more questions themselves, because even the rhythm and sound of her voice was altering. Not just the tones of it, but her way of speaking.

She continued walking and her body continued changing. Nearly an hour had passed since she'd been kicked out of the car and if she was right about the half-hour point being about halfway through the transition, then she was nearing **The End** of the change, almost completely female in every way.

It would be none-too-soon. Already she was more 'female' than many women, and that was more than she'd ever imagined, much less wanted. Her boots were now black suede, and the slender heels she balanced atop too easily for her own liking had to be about six inches high.

Her jeans were now molded tightly around legs that would probably be fairly nice, judging from the easy contraction-and-relaxation of the taut, smooth muscles beneath the denim. Her hips were wider than many women's, but not outrageously so - nice, feminine hips, supporting a full, taut ass that would be somewhat larger than the current standards of model-thin 'beauty' would call 'spectacular', but it was definitely attractive enough a thought that made its unwilling owner shudder.

Above an agreeably slender waist lurked her new bust, definably larger than average. Each swaying, bouncing breast was the size of a large melon, firm and round - and that was easy to see, since the now plunging neckline of her new shirt showed off the top of the large, milky breasts and the 'delightful' chasm of her cleavage.

Her hair was now a massive mane of sandy blonde that fell in somewhat curly waves around her face and over her shoulders, hanging to just below her shoulder blades at the back. She was sure that the face it surrounded had altered, too - but without a mirror, there was no way of knowing how much it had changed.

Though her altered body was fitter and stronger, she was finding it harder and harder to go forward. Not because of anything physical, but because of emotion: The slender thread of hope that she'd held that this impossibility could somehow be reversed was fraying, every sign showing that she was 'doomed' to the life of a woman, with no explanation of how it had happened.

Feeling crushed beneath the emotional weight of what had happened, the woman Bill had become slowly approached the gas station, now visible at the side of the road as she walked, head down, mind whirling and spinning. She crossed the cracked

apron of the station, past the rusting pumps, towards the building

then, through the haze of emotions she was feeling at her transformation, something wrong with the scene finally registered, and she came to a complete stop, looking around sharply.

There was no lights on in the store, no sign of life. The entire place felt empty and it wasn't the same store she'd leti just over an hour ago. Oh, it was the same building, in the same location but it was an empty shell, windows covered in thick dust and the paint peeling. The sign announcing the station was still standing, but it's facade was missing, as was the fluorescent bulbs that had been behind it - it was nothing but a rusting back metal skeleton outlined in the sky.

The station and store looked like it had been leti abandoned for at least a decade.

The new woman stood stock-still, staring at the empty store, devoid of life and any chance of help.

The fraying thread of hope snapped and she collapsed to the cracked and aging pavement, new bust hitching as she began to sob, deep wracking sobs of despair and horror at what had happened to her.

* * * * *

Carl stirred, mind befuddled with sleep. Slowly, conscious returned, thick and muddled, memories slowly seeping back in.

He and Jessica hadn't felt well at all atier eating, and it hadn't seemed to have anything to do with the food. Exhaustion had lapped at both of them, and they staggered out of the restaurant to find that their SUV had been stolen. In the spot where it had stood rested a

black Dodge Ram pick-up, dust covering it's gleaming paint. Shocked and angry, Carl had found enough energy to call the police. The local PD was busy with a hostage situation, and they told him that it might be awhile before an officer could get out there, but that they'd send a EMS team as well, since Carl had explained they weren't feeling well at all.

The owner of the restaurant, sympathetic, had allowed Carl and Jessica to use one of the five rooms attached to the back of the restaurant, a sort of mini-motel used mainly by locals who had too much to drink.

The room was small, little more then a tiny bedroom with a bathroom attached, with a narrow, creaky bed and a worn couch. Jessica had curled up on the couch, falling asleep almost instantly, and so Carl had stretched out on the bed, propped up against the headboard as he'd waited for the cops.

He must have fallen asleep. Now, his eyes fluttered open and he stared up at the ceiling, his mind feeling slow and thick, as if his thoughts were moving through molasses to register on his conscience. Though he didn't feel nearly as bad as before, his body still felt decidedly strange,. And he though maybe the nap had done him a bit of good without curing whatever ailed him.

Pushing himself upright, Carl looked around then he looked down at himself. The scream reverberated through the room

* * * * *

"Wilma Susanna Swanson. Billie-Sue Swanson."

She stared at the dusty mirror with a numb gaze, mind trying to comprehend the vast scale of the transformation that come over her, her full new lips moving as she tried the name she'd found on the ID in her backpack on for size.

She didn't like it. Even just 'Billie' was too 'feminine'. Otherwise a sort of gender-neutral sounding sort of name, the body she now wore looked like a 'Billie', or maybe a 'Bobbi'.

"Sue" She tried, tasting the word in her mouth, finding it more palatable, despite being feminine. It'd didn't sound so so 'redneck'. "Sue Swanson".

Her voice was flat, uninflected. Her mind was no longer whirling and snipping - her crying jag on the pavement had seemed to bleed most of that out of her, leaving her in a numb state of shock. It was in that sort of mindless haze that she looked through her backpack, finding a few articles of clothing, a small, faux-leather bound notebook of some sort, some loose jewelry and make-up and a small women's wallet, well-worn green leather with once gold-toned metal edging and clasp that had been worn down to the real stainless- steel metal beneath in most places. Inside, she'd found seventy-three dollars and fity-seven cents, an expired driver's license, and a birth certificate.

The face on the license had been younger, and surrounded by shorter hair - but it matched the one she now stared at. A face that looked so 'down home country' that the new birthplace listed as Tennessee seemed to go without saying.

Her face was not beautiful, really - but it was close, in a very open, clean-faced way. The license listed her new age as being 21, two weeks past, but she looked younger, with clear skin that would drive most women into fits on envy. Her nose was a little to prominent, but rather than detracting from her looks, it was a minor imperfection that was endearing. Flanking that nose lay a pair of big, deep blue eyes that were intelligent and seemed to be smiling.

Her lips were full and mobile, expressively sexy and cheerful. Her chin was a little too square an protruding, just enough to be another 'endearing' trait, not masculine enough to take anything away from the smooth curve of her jaw or high, well-define cheeks.

Her new body was lush. Feminine, firm and fit, in a 'country girl' style that might not be the current rage, but was damned sexy. She had no trouble seeing that, since she was currently stark naked in front of the dusty mirror, having let herself in the abandoned store through a door whose once-secure lock was loose enough in the weathered wooden frame that she'd been able to force it out of the jamb. She'd undressed slowly, mechanically, standing in front of the large mirror that had once backed a display case that was long gone.

Her legs weren't long and slender, but firm and shapely, sexy in a healthy, energetic way, despite not being 'elegant'. The legs drew the eye to her wide, womanly hips and a firm, taut ass that was just this side of being 'too much of a good thing'. Her waist wasn't tiny or dainty, being firm and taut - but between the wide hips and her big tits, it looked slender, giving her a nicely-shaped hour-glass figure.

Even the melon-sized breasts that now thrust roundly from her chest didn't look too outsized, nicely balancing her full, firm

body, wide hips and strong shoulders. She wasn't 'petite' or 'dainty', but she was almost overpoweringly feminine, right down to the neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair that framed the defining portion of her new anatomy - a vagina.

Bill was now all woman, right down to her identification. Though she didn't want to be, she was trapped in this new identity, and her numb mind was choosing what to call herself, if and when the need to do so arose. Using her middle name would be explainable, if it came to that - and it seemed better than 'Billie', and just plain 'Bill' would sound weird, given the new body.

"Sue" She told the reflection in the mirror, trying to get used to both the name and the body. "Sue"

Turning away from the mirror, she slowly dressed again, pulling on her now-feminine clothes. She didn't even pause as she pulled the feminine briefs into place, nor did she flinch as her now low-cut black t-shirt was pulled into place over her firm, full breasts. In shock, she was semi-detached from reality, aware of - but refusing to truly deal with - her new situation in life. Instead, she was sort of just 'driiting' going along without thought or emotion, trapped in a haze that enveloped her in a cushion that protected her from her own emotions and thoughts, a protective layer that kept her from going insane. It was almost as if she was watching this all from a distance, control the actions of somebody else, another person altogether, leaving the real 'Bill' unaffected.

Straightening after pulling on her suede boots with their six-inch heels, she looked at herself in the mirror again, face still expressionless.

"Make-up" She muttered, vaguely, hands opening her back-pack and extracting the make-up within. It wasn't a matter of whether she 'wanted' to wear make-up or not - in her haze, her mind merely noted the fact that she looked 'unfinished' without it, and so she 'solved' the discrepancy without considering it in any real way. She didn't even notice the apparent skill with which she applied her lipstick,

blush, eye-shadow or mascara. It was only actions, no thoughts, as she put the big white plastic hoop earrings in place through her pierced lobes, or the 'silver' necklace around her slender new neck.

Tucking everything else back into the back-pack, she turned and headed for the door, her hips swaying and swiveling in a way that would have been sexy if it wasn't for her blank expression and unnaturally stiff movements. She looked like an animatronic version of a sexy country girl as she left the store, aiming her new body downhill, and towards the distant city that must lay beyond. Her legs continued to lift her feet up and down, the steps unnoticed by a brain vapor-locked into immobility by the impossible situation, unable to deal with what had happened to her, or the fact that she could find no 'solution' to the impossible problem of having been turned into a woman. She was aware of her immediate actions, aware of the sensations the nerves of her altered body was transmitting to her altered brain but she wasn't 'thinking' about anything. Somebody could have run a sword through her arm, and she wouldn't have screamed or reacted visibly, it being just more data that her brain registered by her mind ignored.

In that dense haze of shock, it wasn't surprising that Sue didn't react to the transport-truck 'bobtailing' down the road. It's elaborate blue paint job coated in road-grime, the unburdened cab was traveling at just above the posted speed limit on the

twisting mountain road, but without the mass of a trailer was quiet easily capable of stopping as it passed Sue, which it did. By the time Sue numbly drew abreast of the cab, the driver had slid over and popped open the passenger's side door.

"Hey there, Miss." The driver said. A burly man with a full beard and dark, deep-set eyes mostly lost beneath the bill of the worn ball- cap he wore, his voice was deep and rumbling. It was enough to penetrate the vague cloud around Sue's mind, though the meaning of the words didn't register, just the sound of them. Stopping, Sue's body remained facing forward as her head swiveled, blank eyes coming to rest on the trucker without really registering any of the details.

"Uh need a liti, miss?" the driver asked, uncomfortable with her blank stare. There was something wrong with the buxom blonde. "It's a long hike to town"

She seemed to take forever to answer. Finally, in a flat voice, Sue said. "Sure."

Even though she'd agreed, it took another minute before her body began to move, mechanically turning and climbing into the cab as the trucker slid back into the driver's seat. She climbed into the passenger's seat and sat stiffly. Like a mannequin, blank eyes staring straight ahead through the windshield as her hands cradled the backpack on her lap.

"Uh, miss" The trucker said, still disturbed by her odd behavior. "You, uh, wanna close the, uh, door?"

Very slowly, her head swiveled to stare mindlessly at him, and the emptiness of her eyes made the driver shiver. Then, slowly, her head pivoted to stare at the open door. It seemed to take forever for her to make the connection, then she reached out and pulled the door shut before returning to her original position.

Now thoroughly worried about the woman he'd just let into his truck, the driver cleared his throat. "My name's John. Where are you heading?"

The woman's head once more turned to survey him blankly, her voice flat as she answered.

"Sue. Town would be fine."

John still didn't put the truck into gear, his nerves still twitching. "Look, uh, Sue Are you all right?" "No." She said, flatly. "I'm not."

"Uh" John stammered, not sure how to handle the flat, emotionless answer.

"I'm not myself today." She said, in the same, flat voice and then she chuckled. It wasn't a sound that could possibly be related to humor, flat and with a nervous edge then it filled out, spiraling higher in tone until she was laughing hysterically, eyes wide and blank

The unintentional pun had made a connection in Sue/Bill's unwilling brain, bring reality crashing back in once again and her flat eyes suddenly acquired life again, reflecting her horror and despair as she once more became fully aware of her environment and situation

and the hysterical, manic laughter turned into deep, wracking sobs as she burst into soul-rending tears.

"Oh, dear god" She cried, slumping against the black plastic of the idling truck's dashboard. "Oh, god, why?"

"Miss?" John said, eyes wide in concern. Her behavior had suddenly become well, if not 'clear' then horribly understandable. His first thought had been that she was stoned or something, but her swift shift into utter despair made the connection obvious - she'd been in shock. "Sue Sue, what's wrong?"

"Nothing" She sobbed, her voice thick, and no longer even close to emotionless. "Everything."

Awkwardly, John cleared his throat, his heart heavy at the sight of this beautiful woman sobbing her heart out in his truck. Awkwardly, he did the only thing he could think of: he put a hand on her shoulder, reassuringly, murmuring meaningless platitudes.

Sue felt the warm hand on her new shoulder, heard his sounds of concern and without any real thought, turned to him for comfort, all but throwing herself against him, burying her face in his shoulder and pressing her lush body against his as she sobbed in great, deep heaves.

John had no idea how to deal with the woman suddenly in his arms. She was warm and vibrant and alive, her big, round tits pushed against his chest but her utter sadness roused a pity that made him unbelievably guilt about his burgeoning lust. He had no idea what to do, other than hold her and pat her reassuringly on the back, while trying to ignore the fact that she was a warm, sexy woman pressing herself into his arms.

then her sobs slowly tapered off, emotional and physical exhaustion taking hold as she came completely out of the shock and she did what many people coming out of shock did.

She fell asleep, drifting into the glorious oblivion of unconsciousness, not needing to face reality even through the curtain of shock as she gave herself willingly to darkness.

"Sue?" John asked, awkwardly. "Sue?"

Realizing that she'd fallen asleep in his arm, John looked around in confusion then sighed. With a touching - if awkward - gentleness, the big bear of a man lifted her limp body and moved it to the bunk in the hi-rise sleeper of his truck, looking down at her now-relaxed face, well-defined cheeks glistening from her tears.

Settling back into his seat, he looked over at the back-pack that had fallen onto the floor. Feeling guilty, he picked it up and began rummaging through it, hoping to find an address or phone number, somebody he could get in touch with. He found her identification, then the little book.

John opened it and realized he was looking at her diary. Feeling even more guilty about invading her privacy, he nevertheless flipped through it until he got to the last entry, dated yesterday.

Dear Diary

I don't know what I'm going to do. The orphanage is all I know. I don't have any family at all, and I don't really know

anybody outside the orphanage. For the past twenty-one years I've lived there, gone to school there, been taught by the Sisters and I don't believe half of what they taught me about the 'sins of the world'.

Which is why I was thrown out, of course. Oh, how I wish I wish many things. I wish that I'd had the nerve to ask one of the local boys to 'deflower' me, rather than let Janice talk me into I'm sure I wouldn't have gotten thrown out if it had been a man they'd caught me with. The Sisters claim all sex is a sin, but I'm sure they understand that

Then again, maybe not. Them finding all those magazines under my bed must not have helped How could I not be curious, though. Sex a sin, a pleasure, a wonder a mystery, at least to me. Oh, the women in all the magazines look like they are so happy! Even the ones giving oral sex - 'blow jobs' look happy to be doing it. The stories in those magazines make all sex sound wonderful!

If only If only I'd had the nerve to have real sex. To feel what it was like to have a boy's cock in my cunt. In my mouth. Just to see a boy's cock! I'm twenty-one years old, and the only male genitalia I've seen are those in the magazines. I can't believe the only sex I've ever had was from a lesbian with a strap on and since it was my first time, it hurt.

I'll probably die as an old maid, since I don't think I'll ever be able to ask a man for sex. Even if someone offered it, I'd probably feel to guilty and shy to agree the Sisters saw to that. I think the Sister's real job is to find more women to work at the orphanage and school. I can't believe that women who were out in the world would choose to become chaste and join

No job. Little money. No friends and family to turn to. I don't know anything about the 'real world', and I certainly don't know anything at all about sex. Oh, what am I going to do?

John closed the diary, flushing with shame at peering into another person's soul without permission but now understanding his passenger's state of mind. She had grown up in what sounded like an all-girl's orphanage and school, probably Catholic, taught that

sex was a sin by nuns who wouldn't know, shy and insecure, and cast out into a world she didn't know or understand - and she was trying to deal with her new, sexual awakenings.

Putting the diary back in the back-pack, John turned around and put the truck into motion, slowly working his way up through the gears, knowing just who to bring Sue to see. It was just luck that Doc Fogerty was nearby

* * * * *

"Sergeant Wilson."

The short, fire-plug of a man turned, the sunlight glittering from the gold braid on the cap of his State Police uniform. His craggy face split in a wide grin.

"Doc Fogerty." The Sergeant cocked his head at the slender, dark-haired man in jeans and a open-neck gold-shirt. "We got a live one for you, Doc. Crazy as a Loon."

Mark Fogerty frowned slightly. "Psychiatrist's tend to avoid such inexpert diagnoses." Wilson laughed. "Wait 'till you get a

load of this. It's a real story."

Shrugging, the psychiatrist headed around the restaurant to the rooms Marv kept in the back. Nearly fifty, Fogerty had been the on-call Police Psychiatrist for the county for the past twenty-years, mostly counseling the suicidal and the violent. Real psychoses were few and far between, but what little he'd heard of this case seemed like a genuine case. It would be an interesting 'diversion' from his everyday work, which is why he'd volunteered for the position in the first place - Fogerty's specialty was sexual neurosis and psychosis, and he ran the Fogerty Clinic for Sexual Dysfunctions.

Besides - joining the police had also thawed the opinion of a lot of the locals who'd been looking at him strangely, wondering if the Boston-educated 'shrink' was some sort of pervert. A 'Sex Clinic' was a new idea for many of them, who thought it was a front for a sick individual.

It wasn't hard to figure out which room it was - three state officers and Marv stood around it.

"I felt sorry, so I offered the room. I had no idea that" Marv was explaining - for what must have been the tenth time - to one of the officers. Catching sight of Fogerty, he sighed. "Thank God, Doc. You gotta do something."

"I'll certainly try." Fogerty agreed, walking past them and rapping on the door.

A flurry of barking came from inside the room, followed by a high-pitched voice that Fogerty immediately identified as hysterical. "Go away! I'm not coming out!" The woman shouted above the dog's heavy, staccato barking.

"You asked to see a doctor!" Fogerty shouted through the door. "I'm Doctor Fogerty!"

It wasn't a lie, technically Fogerty did hold an MD, after all, even if he wasn't practicing general medicine.

There was a short pause then the lock on the door was snapped. The door didn't open, but Fogerty hadn't expected it to. Making a 'hold on' motion with his hands to the troopers, he went inside the room, closing but not locking the door behind him.

It took a second for his eyes to adjust from the bright light outside to the darkness of a room with the shades drawn and the lights off. He stood just inside the door until his eyes made the transition then struggled to keep anything from showing on his face as he looked at the room's occupants.

Lying on the couch, eyes regarding him sorrowfully, was a big black dog, a mixed-breed with a lot of Labrador in it. The dog didn't look threatening, despite its size it looked as if it had just been whipped, though there were no obvious physical marks on it.

The human occupant of the room didn't seem to be injured, either, leaving the question as to the demand for a doctor open. However, Fogerty began to gather data just looking at the woman on the bed, knees hunched up and eyes wide in panic.

Psychiatrists were the first to tell you that you couldn't trust a book by its cover - but there was valuable data you could cull from a person's choice of clothing, their actions, and other observable data.

The woman was tall and slender, with the most massive head of platinum-blond hair Fogerty had ever seen. The fact

that her massive, curly mane of hair was so incredibly luxuriant and heavy told something about the mind-set of the person who would go to the effort of maintaining such hair. In and of itself, it might be a misleading piece of datum but it tied into other things, as well.

Like the clothes on the floor, that she'd obviously taken off. Though she'd chosen to wrap herself in a blanket from the bed rather than put them on, the fact that she had been wearing such clothes was indicative of something. The black mini-shirt, the red spandex crop-top, the fishnet stockings and the red platform shoes with the highest spike heels Fogerty had ever seen.

Of course, the same might be present in the room of somebody just back from a costume party. That a person would willingly choose such a 'costume' was itself informative, but of a slightly different nature and degree. However, all of the initial data was to be combined but what he could see of the woman herself, and it said a hell of a lot.

Some people were born one way or another due to genetic background, and that was a 'cause' rather than an 'effect' to be read - the fact that the woman was tall and slender of build wouldn't be a direct indicator of anything. But that didn't mean there wasn't anything to be gathered from her physical build, because her very body was a veritable mine of information.

The way she sat exposed most of her legs, and her long legs were smoothly shaven, tautly muscled, and extremely shapely, which told Fogerty about her own sense of self, of the effort she took to look good. Likewise, her face made statements, too. Scrubbed clean of make-up and eyes wide in panic, it was hardly her usual 'look' - but no matter how kind genetics had been, Fogerty found it hard to believe that her face was completely natural. Nature very rarely provided huge, limpid blue eyes, a tiny snub nose, and incredibly full, soft lips, all in a heart-shaped face. Usually a plastic surgeon was required for such flawless, purely sexual perfection.

However, there was still the small chance that it could be a random fluke of fate that she looked like that, that it wasn't created with the help of a plastic surgeon. However, all these assumptions he was making was supported by one, undeniable 'tell-tale'.

Well two, actually.

There was no way on God's green Earth that her breasts were natural. Even if she'd been one of those few people suffering macromastia, the extreme growth of breasts, there was no way nature would give her such incredibly full, round ones. No - when a slender woman possessed a pair of breasts that resembled flesh-colored beach-balls in size and shape, it was a safe assumption that they were implanted.

Fogerty observed all of this quickly, forcing himself to remain expressionless then he let his long-used expression of warm concern cross his face.

"All I've been told is that you're requesting a doctor, Miss." Fogerty said, kindly. "Are you in pain?" "Pain?" She half-laughed in hysteria. "Look at me! I I Look at me!"

Fogerty made a show of scrutinizing her. "I'm sorry I don't see"

"I'm a woman!" She shrieked, bounding off the bed and dropping the covers, revealing her naked body. She was definitely right on that score she looked like a living version of a teenage boy's sexual fantasy brought to life.

"I'm sorry, I'm not sure I understand why you need a doctor for being a woman." Fogerty said, carefully.

"I wasn't a woman before today!" She shrieked. "Now now look at me!" She used her tiny, long-nailed hands to touch her enormous breasts. "I'm a huge-breasted bimbo freak!"

"I see" Fogerty said, gravely. She was definitely unbalanced. However, Fogerty thought it might not be a complete schism so much as a delusion, with its own internal logic structure. If so, he'd have to handle it a certain way. "You understand, I find this incredible. It's unprecedented. Do you know how it happened?"

"No!" She shrieked. "I wasn't feeling well, and me and my girlfriend came in here to sleep, but when I woke up I was a huge-breasted woman dressed like a hooker, and Jessica was a dog!" She pointed a finger at the dog on the couch, which 'whoofed' dully, almost as if in agreement.

Fogerty considered her statement. "So your clothes were changed, as well?" "Yeah!" She said, now sobbing as she dropped on the bed.

Carefully, Fogerty approached her. She didn't seem dangerous, but he had to be careful not to directly attack her delusion. "Is there anything else?"

She nodded. "Yeah. It's like nobody remembers me - the real me, I mean. Everybody acts like I was always a woman and stuff, and the cops say the old pickup in the lot is mine, and my name's Carla Anne Culver, and I've got lost of arrest for prostitution and nobody remembers Jessica and and"

She seemed to be shocking on something. "And?"

She turned towards him, and it was sheer force of will that kept Fogerty from flinching, knowing that the appearance of belief and trust at this point could make all the difference.

"And I can't stop thinking about sex!" She shrieked, hysterically. "The owner called the cops and I could hear them all out there wanting to come in and all I could think about is doing things with them to them having them do things to me"

Her gaze had become distant, her voice calming as she grinned slightly, hands unconsciously going to work, one caressing her crotch, the other a massive breast.

"It's, like, so hard to think straight since I woke up" She murmured, sensually. "Like, my heads all stuffed with cotton, and when I can think well, it's about sex, having lots of sex with men, with sucking cocks and getting fucked long and hard Mmmm and taking it up the ass Oh, I'm so hot"

She was obviously aroused, the odor filling the room as she stared at nothing, a huge grin spreading her full lips now as she discussed having sex. then she seemed to realize what she was doing, yanking her hands away from herself and

shuddering.

"You gotta help me doc!" She screamed, even as her eyes slid down to his crotch and fixated on it. Fogerty blessed the fact that he was mostly inured to her very sexual nature, since her gaze didn't find any sign of arousal, which could have made things a lot worse. After years of running his clinic, he'd gotten used to surprising any reactions.

"Yes, I can see that." He told her, gently, already knowing what course the therapy would take. Obviously, she was one of the very rare people suffering from a text-book case of nymphomania, and it was so abhorrent to herself that she'd created a whole new identity - a male one - to dissociate herself from it. "I'm sure I can help you."

"You can?" She asked, eyes pleading. "You you can make me a man again?"

"Well, that will take a long time." He said, laying the groundwork as he lowered his voice to a conspiratorial tone. "I mean, no normal doctor can make you a woman so quickly or perfectly, not normally, right?"

"I I don't know" She sobbed. "It's so hard to think right. But. I didn't think somebody could."

"Well, then there's the changed records, the people claiming that you never were, the way they switched a very well-trained dog for your girlfriend" Fogerty said, hating to feed her delusion even though it was utterly necessary. "Did you ever think that this wasn't aimed at you, but at her? After all, she's the one whose missing"

The girl's eyes snapped up and she stared at her dog. Fogerty waited, praying he hadn't made a mistake, done something to make it worse

"Jessica!" The girl said. "She's rich and her dad's important!"

Fogerty fought the urge to sigh at having 'redirected' her delusion.

"It's a conspiracy. Some sort of government thing!" She said to Fogerty. "Only the gov'ment could do this to me, right?"

"That's how I see it." Fogerty told her, still playing the role of confident and companion. "Now, we need to break their conspiracy to find out how to turn you back but before we can do that, we need to do something about this new identity and cravings they gave you.

Obviously, they expect you to end up either in jail or an asylum, where they can keep an eye on you."

"Oh, God - yeah. That's why the cops are here!" She agreed, playing into the delusion. "Oh, God - what are we going to do"

there it was - her asking him for help was the pivotal point, and now he could begin curing her of this delusion without seeming to directly attack it.

"Well" He explained. "Until we can crack the conspiracy and turn you back to a man, we have to find a way to let you pass as a woman so that you can remain out of jail and institutions"

She grimaced but nodded.

"Yeah, okay, I unnerstan'. What do I gotta do?"

Fogerty had to restrain a smile at her now-willing behavior. "Well, we've got to keep you from getting arrested." He told her. "The only way we can do that is if you get dressed and pretend that nothing is wrong - that you ARE Carla Culver. Then we can get you to someplace safe"

Nodding, with a grimace, she began to dress

* * * * *

"Well, so much for a quiet day, huh doc?" Emil said, with a sigh. He was really a 'caretaker' intern, not doing much work. He got paid less then the others, but almost never had to do anything since more qualified staff was on hand for the scheduled therapies.

The problem was - today they had two unscheduled cases, and Emil was working both of them, with Fogerty supervising.

"That's medical work, Emil." Fogerty pointed out. He wasn't happy about having just Emil to work with him on this one, but there was no way he was recalling vacationing staff back. He'd need a full staff to start treating Carla's delusions, but both her and Sue's sexual problems were relatively easy to correct - in one case, the woman was too sexual for her own good, in the other, too little. A little hypnotherapy would sever as a 'booster' for each, and then it would be a case of 'self help', at least in that department. Sue would be ready to face the world atier this one session, not even realizing she'd been 'cured', which is why the therapy was so effective. As for Carla well, she'd require a lot more work

"Are they both conditioned?" Fogerty asked Emil, who nodded.

"Yup. The one in room 12 - uh, Sue Swanson - was told by John that it's a free check-up, under his health plan since she was a passenger in his truck. Since she's unemployed, she finally saw the argument's worth, so it was easy for me to give her the hypnotic when taking 'blood samples'. That Carla chick just let me do it, atier I told her it was to help her like you said. They should both be ready now."

"Good." Fogerty said. "Here's the scripts. Since they'll be out for about two hours, I'm going to go get some dinner - I'm starved."

"Okay, Doc." Emil agreed, watching him leave the clinic. The hairs on the back of his neck stirred as Fogerty leti, leaving him alone with the two women in the separate rooms, each laying on a comfortable couch and drugged to the gills. Damn, but was it a day for big- titted blondes or what! The thought that they wouldn't know if he copped a feel was tempting but dangerous. He couldn't risk it. He'd just go to the master panel, slip a custom-written DVD hypnotic recording into the correct slot for each room's sound-system, and then he'd have nothing to do for awhile - and easy job.

On his way to the master console, he paused by the lounge and grabbed himself a coffee and a donut. Cradling the

DVD's against his body by pressing the elbow of his right arm against them, he headed towards the console

and burned his lip on the hot coffee when he took a sip. He twitched - and the two cases dropped to the ground, pooping open. "Shit!" Emil cursed. Tossing the coffee and donut into a waste can, he bent over to pick up the discs and their cases and paused.

The cases were labeled as to which client was which but the Doc had been in a hurry, and didn't label the disc themselves, like he should have.

Emil swore. Because the Doc was lax, they were going to have to check the disc when he got back, wasting time - and meaning Emil would be late for his date with Donita. He'd been wheedling her for a date for three months now

"Fuck it." Emil decided. "I got a fity/fity chance, and the Doc will never know. 'Sides, Fogerty said that they were similar cases. How can it hurt?"

Grabbing the disc, he went to the master console and slid a disc into each slot, figuring it would work out fine. Pushing the 'play' button on each, he sat down and pulled out one of the many porno mags the Clinic kept around for various therapeutic reasons.

* * * * *

In her deep trance, Sue heard the hypnotic instructions that had been designed for Carla.

Carla was so afraid of the ultra-sexy woman she'd 'become' that she wanted nothing to do with the clothes, the mannerism, the acting at being female, much less sex. Since there was no way Fogerty could know it was all true, he'd made the all the wrong decisions for all the right reasons, and the recording reflected that.

The hypnotic tape urged the listener - in this case, the wrong one, Sue - to act female at all times. To be disgusted with doing masculine things, to be pleased to be doing feminine ones. To wear sexy clothes, to go ahead and act sexy, to act feminine. It was designed to

set the groundwork for future sessions about Carla's 'delusion', telling her that she was female, had always been female, would always be female, and should act female at all times.

It was also designed for somebody suffering from nymphomania and dealing with it by renouncing sex altogether by claiming she was really male, and therefore it was disgusting. The instructions told Sue to ignore her 'male' sex drive and develop a 'normal' female one, fighting both her mind and her body's 'natural urges' and 'establishing a healthy, active sex life'.

Meanwhile, one room away, Carla was listening to a hypnotic 'script' designed for what Fogerty perceived as being Sue's problem. It instructed Sue to give up her inhibitions. To go ahead and obey her desires, if they were strong enough. To stop being 'conditioned by her past' and become more aggressive. To go ahead and give in, to act the way that 'suppressed' part of her wanted to act, to ignore the 'old, ingrained' personality of before and let herself do what her 'other thoughts' wanted her to do

* * * * *

"C'mon, doc" Emil muttered, jiggling in the seat at the control console.

It was nearly time for the tape to end, and the doctor wasn't back yet. The fact that he might have to deal with the two women when they awoke wasn't what bothered Emil the most, though - what bothered him was all the coffee he'd drank. Now he really had to go to the bathroom but he wasn't supposed to leave the console, not with two patients not only under hypnotics, but about to come out of it.

"Oh, fuck it - I'll be back before they wake up. I ain't pissing my pants" Emil said. Rising, he hurried down to the bathroom at **The End** of the hall, ducking inside.

The door had barely shut when the doors to the two rooms opened, and the two women emerged, odd looks on their faces.

* * * * *

"Oh Hi" Sue said to the other woman, trying hard not to stare at the massive breasts staring out of the tight little top she wore.

"Hey, there" The other woman said, sounding a little strained, an odd look on her face, too. "Uh so, I guess we just leave then, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess - not that I've really got anywhere to go" Sue said, vaguely. She was sort of distracted, feeling decidedly uncomfortable in the jeans, though she didn't know why. They didn't feel any different then when she'd worn them earlier, physically - but, emotionally, they felt too tight, too confining, too too covering. For some reason, she found herself looking at the massive-busted blonde's skirt, thinking that a skirt would be much more comfortable

"I can give you a lift" Carla offered, also somewhat vaguely which wasn't surprising, since she was struggling to stop thinking about having wild, passionate sex and failing. It seemed ten times worse then it had, before, this incredible urge to fuck and suck men, the urge to wear sexy clothes and seduce any man she met

"Yeah. That'd be nice" Sue said, letting Carla lead her out to a battered old pick-up truck. She found herself paying attention to how she was walking, purposefully making her stride smooth, feminine, even sensual. It should have felt wrong to purposefully walk in such

a feminine manner yet, somehow it felt so very good to let herself move the way a body that looked like this should move.

Of course, her pert sway didn't hold a candle to the 'come and get it, boys' walk Carla was doing atop those fantastic heels of hers. Sue found herself wondering where she'd gotten them

"I need to go home and check on my dog. That okay?" Carla asked, squirming in her seat as she tried to deal with her body's rampant desires. Her nipples were as hard as rocks, and her cunt was moist just from the rogue sexual thoughts running

through her mind. The urge to fondle herself was almost overpowering.

"Yes, that would be fine" Sue agreed, and the truck pulled away.

* * * * *

Pulling up his zipper, Emil hurried up the hallway and was relived to see that the doors to both rooms were still shut, and the two women weren't wandering around the hallway, looking for somebody to tell them what they should do next.

Plopping himself down behind the console, Emil picked up the magazine

* * * * *

"What's wrong?" Sue asked as they circled the block again.

Carla giggled. "You won't believe this - but I don't remember which house is mine"

'Wow - what an air-head' Sue thought, looking at the stereotypical bimbo driving the truck.

"Oh - here it is" Carla said, pulling into the lot. "I'm gonna let my dog out the back door, so you won't get jumped on. Why don't you just go inside?" She teetered atop her heels to the front door and unlocked it, but didn't open it. "Just wait until you hear me say it's okay at the back, 'kay"

Sure" Sue agreed. A few minutes later, Carla shouted that it was all right, and Sue went in. A moment later, Carla joined her. "Hey, I'll let my dog run for a bit. You want something to drink?"

"Sure" Sue agreed, eyeing the incredibly endowed blonde's waist and hips. "Say - I hate to ask, but can I borrow some clothes?" "Sure!" Sue agreed. "I don't know what I've got, but go ahead."

Shake her head at the ditzy girl's mindless behavior, Sue concentrated on a nice feminine stride as she went into the bedroom at the back of the bungalow and began to go through the clothing, wondering why the sight of so many skirts and tight, feminine clothes excited her so

* * * *

Leaning against the fridge, Carla tried to regain control of her rampant thoughts.

This was all wrong. She knew she was a guy, and she didn't want to do anything she was thinking about but she couldn't push any of the thoughts out of her head. She wanted to get out of these clothes into something less sexy but she couldn't make herself do it. It was like she was no longer in control, really - it was as if these new thoughts and desires were too strong for her to fight.

"Is this okay?" She heard, and looked up to see.

Sue was standing in the doorway of the kitchen, dressed in the most 'conservative' skirt that had been in Carla-s room - a

denim skirt that clung tightly to her hips and ass, ending just above the knees. It nicely showcased her legs, which looked even better in the black nylons she'd borrowed, as well as the black leather pumps with the one-inch platform and seven-inch heels. She still wore her low-cut black T-shirt, but had removed her jacket and she looked damned good. When she" been a man, Carla would have been drooling

and now, she felt no desire for Sue at all, though her mind was still filled with the urge to find a man

"You look great, Sue!" Carla said, unable to keep herself from sounding as bubbly and brain-dead as part of her mind urged her to sound.

"Thanks, I" Sue's reply was cut short by the sound of a dog barking out back. Sharing a look, the two women went to the back door.

The big black dog outside was barking at the two young men who'd come into the yard to retrieve a football. Obviously brothers, one was about eighteen or nineteen, while the other was a couple of years older. Aside from their ages, they looked almost exactly alike - the same muscular build, the same tanned, toned bodies, the same shock of dark hair. They were even wearing nearly identical cut-off jean shorts.

And their eyes took on nearly the same gleam as they caught sight of the two women standing on the back step, the same easy, roguish grin coming to their lips as they gazed at the two blonde women.

"Hi - sorry about this" the older one said, holding up the football. "We live next door - I'm Brad, and this here's Tom."

* * * * *

Sue found her eyes slipping easily to Tom's crotch, taking in the way it was quickly straining against a growing erection and was surprised to feel a very pleasant, growing warmth in her crotch, sending a shiver of pleasure up her spine as he felt herself fall into as feminine pose as she could.

"Hi. I'm Sue" She said, finding her voice husky - and discovering she didn't mind it. She didn't know why but the fact that she found herself suddenly, strongly attracted to Tom didn't bother her. Not even a little.

- - -

Carla found her eyes helplessly sliding to Brad's crotch, finding a rapidly growing erection pressing against the fabric. She wasn't surprised to find her already moist crotch traitorously become hot and sopping wet, sending a shiver of disgust up her spine as she unwillingly found herself striking as sexy a pose as she could.

"Hey, there, handsome - I'm Carla" She said, her voice helplessly sexy and brainless, cursing her inability to stop it. The fact that she had an incredible urge to strip naked and fuck the young stud right then and there disgusted her. A lot.

Helplessly, she found herself adding something else:

* * * * *

"You guys wanna cum in?"

The brothers shared a grin.

"sure" Tom said, as he and his brother walked up to the two women. Neither one had any trouble figuring out who was interested in who

- the women's eyes didn't leave each of the boys crotches as they crossed the yard and climbed the steps.

* * * * *

"Hey, there" Sue said to Tom, reaching out eagerly to rest her hand on his tautly muscled arm, thrilling in the expected rush of pleasure the contact gave her. She was feeling excited. Better then she'd felt in as long as she could remember. Best off, all the expected guilt and horror she'd expected to surface didn't leaving her feeling warm and happy. "Why don't you come with me?"

Tom had no arguments, and Sue led him towards the living room, feeling a growing sense of eager anticipation.

- - -

"Mmmm I certainly hope you're the big brother" Carla found herself saying to Brad as she helplessly reached out and slid a dainty, long- nailed finger across his crotch, disgusted that she was fondling a man's cock. She felt like she was going to vomit. Worst of all, though, was the fact that none of her disgust or despair could show, making her look eager, brainless and horny. "What say we go to my bedroom?"

Brad wouldn't turn that offer down, no matter how much Carla silently wished he would, and she turned and swayed and jiggled sensuously towards the bedroom, feeling a mounting tide of horrified frustration.

- - -

Sue grinned at Tom as they settled on the couch, his eyes riveted on her body.

"I'll take that as a compliment" She said, warmly, reaching out to side a hand across the side of his face, gently. "Oh, it is" Tom agreed, meeting her eyes with his. He grinned. "Uh You're very beautiful."

"Thank you" Sue said, warmly, feeling a burst of pride and pleasure at his compliment. On instinct, she leaned forward and her lips met his. Sliding a hand around his shoulders, he felt his hands slide around her waist as they kissed, passionately but not fiercely, each other's tongue exploring the other's mouth warmly and gently.

- - -

Carla was giggling like an airhead as they dropped onto **The End** of her bed, Brad's eyes riveted on her grotesquely enormous tits.

"Do you like my huge boobies?" Carla giggled, helpless to stop herself, reaching up to squeeze her massive hooters through the crop- top.

"Oh, yeah" Brad said, practically drooling. He couldn't take his eyes of her tits. "Man, they're fantastic."

"Wanna play with 'em?" Carla asked, unable to control herself, as she yanked off her crop-top. Brad didn't need any convincing, grinning mindlessly himself as he reached out and began to fondle her tits, squeezing them hard and licking and sucking on her nipples too strongly, with her unable to say anything as she moaned in what would seem to him to be genuine pleasure as he all-but-mauled her tits and their huge, throbbing nipples with hands and mouth.

- - - -

After what seemed an eternity, Tom finally broke the kiss - and Sue sighed, awash in pleasure and desire. She made no move to stop him as he began to undress her.

'I should feel disgusted, or horrified' She thought to herself in a warm, happy daze. "But this just feels so right"

Her hands reached out, and she undid his fly and slipped his jeans and underwear down as he peeled off her skirt, leaving him naked and her dressed only in stockings and heels.

"God you're gorgeous" Tom breathed, almost reverently, at the sight of her.

She smiled. "You are so handsome, Tom" She looked at his toned, tanned body, and at the large, throbbing cock thrust from his crotch, nearly purple with the blood of his desire. Slowly, she reached out and slid one hand across his cock, and in a husky voice said his name.

No more words were needed. Gently, Tom eased her back on the couch, pausing to kiss her lightly on the lips and gently caress her breasts, promising more attention to them, later. Then his hands gently gripped her firm thighs, and he spread her legs to allow him to position himself over her.

Gently, he eased his throbbing cock into her wet new womanhood, and she moaned in pleasure. "Oh, yes" She sighed, giving voice to her inner thought. "This is so right"

- - - -

It felt like an eternity before Brad finally stopped mauling her tits and trying to 'tune in Tokyo' on her huge, unwillingly swollen nipples. 'Oh, god, this is disgusting' Carla thought in a sickening haze of frustration. 'I can't even scream. It's just all so wrong.'

Helplessly, she found her hands going to his shorts, practically tearing them off in a display of eager lust that she didn't feel. "Oh, baby - you're really hot to trot, aren't you?" Brad said, lustfully.

"For a hot stud like you? - Always." She looked at his toned, muscular body - and at the massive, throbbing cock thrust disgustingly close to her body. She was sickened as she reached out and slid her hand around his cock, moaning his name.

She couldn't say a word about how she really felt as Brad wrapped his hands into her massive mane of hair. Pausing long enough to kiss her on the lips, hard, he squeezed his body against hers to feel her huge, bare tits push against his chest, promising more mauling later. Then he pushed her downwards, until her face was level with his cock. Helplessly, she found herself opening her mouth.

Brad bucked his hips forward, slamming his cock deep into her mouth, her lips unwilling closing around the massive tool that filled her mouth.

'Oh, God - I want to die' She thought, unable to give voice to her horror. 'This is so sick'

- - - -

As Tom began making gentle, passionate love to her, she moaned in pleasure and began to buck her hips in rhythm, to maximize the pleasure. Satisfaction and happiness filled her, her mind whirling with the very rightness of what was happening. Though she'd never imagined it possible, she didn't feel more complete and content then she did right now, sharing pleasure with a handsome, caring man - and that was just the emotional side.

The physical side - was incredible. Every nerve ending in her body sang as she gasped in exquisite pleasure, eagerly accepting the passion Tom was giving her and feeding it back to him, connected soul-to-soul through their bodies, moving in rhythm, creating a symphony of pleasure mirror on her contralto cries and his deeper counter-points.

The pleasure continued to build and build, mirroring the emotional satisfaction that grew with their actions, and she felt herself swirling in a maelstrom of physical and emotional pleasure.

Then, like a dam bursting, the pleasure overwhelmed her, and she stiffened as she orgasmed, her body wracked by sheer pleasure as he pumped his warm seed into her willing womb as she fell madly, hopelessly in love with the young man whose body was intertwined

with her own.

Covered in a sheen of sensual sweat, the two lovers collapsed on the couch, and Tom began to gently massage her breasts, causing ripples of pleasure to flow from his touch. His slowly softening cock was still inside her - and she was in no hurry to change that, loving the feeling of having this man touch her, inside and out - body and soul.

"That was incredible" Tom said, gently, and Sue knew he meant more than the physical sensations.

"Tom" She said, softly. "I know that we just met and then, we just you know. It should be all wrong, it's way too fast" Gently, Tom pressed his hand against her lips, smiling.

"I know." He said, softly. "I love you, too. I want to be with you, now and forever." He grinned, slyly. "And I bet my parents are going to love you just as much. I want you to meet them."

Smiling, Sue nodded. "I'd love that"

- - - -

Brad began to thrust his hips, slamming his cock deeper into her mouth, practically face-fucking her - and she was unable to do anything but moan in supposed pleasure and begin to jack off the shati of his massive organ as she licked and sucked it's pounding, thrusting tip. Disgust and revulsion filled her, her mind whirling in agony and horror at her inability to stop this nightmare. She'd never felt so utterly disgusted, humiliated and degraded then she did right now - and that was only the half of it.

It wasn't just sickening - the way he was face-fucking her mouth, it was painful. Every instinct in her mind screamed for her to do something, to stop this nightmare, but she was unable to do anything other than act as if she were loving this 'use' of her - actually enjoying it, wanting it, needing it. Her body and mind were completely disconnected, her horrified persona trapped in the body of a cum-hungry, cock-sucking bimbo slut.

He continued to pump, growing closer and closer to orgasm, his face contorted in animalistic pleasure the mirror the tortured expression she couldn't show. She was lost in a whirlwind of disgust and hate, both self- and directed at the man-boy who was wantonly using her, not really caring whether she seemed to enjoy it or not, though she was helplessly acting as if she did.

Then, like a fire-hose, he began to cum, moaning as he pumped what seemed like gallons of thick, sticky, disgusting cum into her mouth

- and she slurped it all down, felling her mind scream in horror as she 'eagerly' consumed as much as she could of the incredible spray of the salty, disgusting goo as if it were the finest delicacy.

Excess cum dripping from her full lips and onto the upper curve of her massive tits, Carla was finally able to pull her still-sucking mouth free of the huge cock she'd just sucked off, making a wet 'sluuurrrp-POP' sound.

"You are one amazing cock-sucker, babe." Brad said, grinning, and Carla knew he hadn't even bothered to remember the name of the 'babe' who'd just sucked him off.

"Hey, Stud" She said, cum-covered lips curving in an unwilling grin. "I just love fucking and sucking men"

"I can tell!" Brad told her, squeezing one of her huge tits. "It shows. You know what, I've got some friends I want you to meet. The can turn this 'hobby' of yours into a career, with all the fucking and sucking you can handle."

Helpless grinning, Carla giggled. "I'd like to see that"

* * * * *

ONE YEAR LATER

In a cave that was both everywhere and nowhere, three well, what looked like women sat, busy with their eternal task. Clotho, (who had, at one point, seemed to be a matronly old woman named Martha) seated to the side, suddenly looked up. "Well I think it's time to determine the final destiny of our three 'friends'." She announced.

Her sister Fates looked at each other across the Loom of Life (which, at one point, had looked an awful lot like a chessboard on a pot- belied stove)

"Really? Already?" Lachesis asked.

"If Clothos say so, it must be." Atropos pointed out. "If nothing else, I'm sure Aries and Cupid had a good time so far. It was nice of them to spend a life-time in mortal form for this."

"I think both Bill and Carl deserved a little 'special attention'" Lachesis agreed. "Let's see how things are going, and decide how to set the final weave of their Fate before we leave them to it."

"Let's check the girl, first." Clothos 'suggested', and - as always' her sisters agreed. Atier all - as powerful as they were, without Clothos spinning the threads of Mortal's lives, they would be next to useless

+ + +

"Jessica? Come here, girl"

Head coming off the floor, Jessica's sharp ears perked at the sound of her owner's voice. Pushing herself to her paws, she padded towards the living room.

It was funny, she mused, in a suddenly reflective mood - she'd had to become a bitch to stop being a bitch

Another one of the oddly wry smile broke her canine muzzle, one of the things that most people noticed as setting her apart from other dogs - although they had no idea how far apart, of course. Still, her obvious differences had given her a new lease - and a new outlook

- on life. Intelligent beyond the belief of all those who had examined her, she'd ended up as a seeing-eye dog for a guy named David Larkin.

David was the nicest guy Jessica had ever met. No matter what life threw at him, nothing broke his cheerful good humor as he struggled with his relatively new condition.

If it hadn't been for Jessica, he probably wouldn't be doing as well. Though Dave didn't mention it to anyone, they had a very special relationship - she was the only seeing-eye dog that could help her 'master' dress, for instance, though her doggy color-blindness meant he sometimes clashed. Still, she did more for him than anybody could expect of a dog

because, she'd realized with a start one day, she loved him. She'd never really loved anyone before, and the fact that she was a dog now couldn't stop her from dedicating her life to her new love, even if it could never be anything 'real'. She couldn't even tell him, for God's sake

trotting into the living room, Jessica made her doggy sigh as she climbed up on the couch and curled up next to him, nuzzling his cheek as he stroked her soti fur. She knew why he called her so otien - he was lonely.

He'd never been terribly handsome to begin with, and the blindness only made a social life that much harder for David.

Still, he never showed any despair or disappointment, except for spending time stroking her fur. He was a good man, and he didn't deserve a lonely life, even if it was one with a super-intelligent dog

Just then, Jessica felt the strangest sensation, and she 'yipped' in concern, causing David to start. "What is it, Girl?" He said, and she heard more than ownerly concern in his voice as her body twitched

and then, suddenly, she was fully human again, her naked boy pressed against hi, his warm hand caressing her firm, full - and once more fully human - ass.

"J Jessica?" David stammered, yanking his hand away. "Wha what's going on? What happened"

Wide-eyed, Jessica stared at the sightless eyes of David, stunned - and for the first time in a year, spoke. "A second chance, David." She said, sotily, wondrously. "Oh, dear lord a miracle"

Placing one slender, wonderfully human hand on either side of his face, Jessica leaned forward, closing her eyes as she gently, but passionately, kissed David's warm, living lips like she'd dreamed she could. She kissed him for an eternity that didn't last nearly long enough, then let her eyes open as she pulled away

to stare into the no-longer blind eyes of David, who blinked up at her in amazement.

"J Jessica?" He stammered, a smile spreading over his face. "I I can see. and I can see you, and you you're a woman It's a miracle!"

"Yes - it is" Jessica agreed, with contentment - and leaned forward to kiss him again. This time, his hands wrapped around her nude, lovely body - and he kissed back.

+ + +

"Nice touch." Clotho complimented Lachesis.

"I thought so." She replied with a grin. "Now, let's go from ex-bitch to ex-bastard"

+ + +

Carla gathered up her sacks of groceries, her sensual movements not revealing the pain from the hidden bruises from the moist recent 'love taps' some of the guys had given her. They were always careful not to bruise her anywhere that showed which wasn't easy considering how little she wore. The elegant white dress with diamond-and-pearl accents was very low-cut, revealing her massive, incredibly firm tits above the nipples, and the slid revealed almost all her leti leg when she walked, balance atop her 'low' six inch white leather heels. The bruises were mostly on her ass and stomach. A choker necklace rather neatly hit the fading bruise from the time Bubba had almost strangled her to death.

"Thank you so very much" She said in a warm, sensual voice as she smiled at the cashier. The cashier smiled in return, a year's acquaintance with Carla inuring her to the super-sexy body and warming her to the warm, charming 'persona' she put on.

The change in personality was sort of a by-product of meeting Brad's 'friends' - who were, in fact, a right-wing 'militia' in a

compound up in the mountains. There was about thirty of them when she'd first got there, and now there was nearly twice that many - and she was both their sexual plaything and their maid and 'gopher'. She kept house and ran chores like shopping when she wasn't busy helplessly fucking and sucking them between their 'training rotations'. All the sex she was getting was enough to actually sate her 'drives', leaving her capable of being a real person instead of a sex-crazed bimbo but she still wasn't able to control her own actions completely, only have a little more control over herself when she was 'sated'.

Since she always did exactly what she was told, she was the perfect 'front girl' for their cover as a very expensive, exclusive 'retreat' for the rich and famous, explaining the high security of the compound to the locals. They could even patrol the grounds and practice in the relative open with their weapons, since the local cops thought they were the security force, not knowing that behind the elegant facade of the supposed retreat was a combination bunker and arsenal for the 'Second American Revolution' that was to come when they'd recruited enough members.

Turning to leave, Carla noticed a weary-looking woman with her young son, struggling to find her keys while the bag-boy waited patiently by with her pathetically small sack of groceries. They were obviously 'poor white folk', and both mother and son looked older than their ages.

"Please, Mom?" the boy asked, no pleasing or wheedling, but grave. "Just a small thing of ice-cream? It's so hot some days" The mother paused in her key-search to look at her son, sorrowfully.

"Bobby, you know I had to buy Annabelle her medicine. 'Til Daddy's leg heals, he cain't work none, so we's gotta be careful with the money, honey. Maybe next month."

She went back to rooting in her purse, and Carla looked at the pathetic duo, remembering when she used to be able to by an entire dairy factory on a whim.

Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath - then put down her groceries and opened her purse. Glancing at the still-searching woman, Carla wrote on the back of a receipt, signing the short note with 'Your Guardian Angel', then took something else out of her purse.

Holding one finger, with it's long, manicured nail, to her lips, she approached the patient bag-boy holding the woman's sack of groceries. Quickly, while the woman was still distracted, Carla slipped a roll of cash with the note tucked into it inside the grocery bag, winking very slowly at the bag-boy, who gaped at her then slowly grinned, very, very widely indeed.

Carla knew what was going to happen. That money wasn't hers, it belonged to the Militia, and she was supposed to use it to pay for a shipment arriving today and when she went back and lied, saying she'd lost it, she'd be beaten severely. As she watched the unsuspecting recipient of over a thousand dollars take her bag and head out to her beaten-up old car, though, she knew it was worth it

"That was the nicest thing, Miz." The bag-boy said, quietly and something in Carla suddenly seemed to let go. She blinked - then turned to the bag-boy, urgently.

"Take me to the manager's office, quick!" She said, amazed to find herself able to do what she wanted to. "I need to call

the FBI - and hide until they get here."

The bag-boy gaped at her. "What?"

"You know the place I 'work'? - It's really a front for a militant group of nuts!" She hissed. "Please, you have to help me - they've been raping and beating me this whole time, but if I tried to run away or tell anybody, they promised they'd kill me, which is why I haven't said anything! But I can't take it any longer!"

Several of the cashiers had overheard, and they were gaping at her as if she'd suddenly gone crazy. Desperate to escape, not knowing how long this window of control over her actions would last, she tore off the choker, revealing the bruises around her neck.

"See - one of them nearly strangled me to death to make me have sex with him!" She lied, knowing that her story would have to be 'rape'.

"Dear god" The cashier whispered. "C'mon, honey!" Grabbing Carla's arm, she lead her to the manager's office and atier explaining 'everything' to him as quickly as possible, was on the phone with the local FBI, making an agreement to enter the Witness Protection Program in exchange for her information

+ + + +

"Aries isn't going to like that" Atropos warned.

Clothos shrugged. "He's mortal until his body 'dies' - and he's young and healthy. Since he's incapable of killing himself or causing himself to be killed - and he's never lost a direct fight himself - Carla should be able to live a long and healthy life without Aries being able to interfere. We'll have to find her something suitable, I think."

"Well - she no longer minds sex, just the painful stuff, and being forced." Lachesis pointed out. "She's even happy with her body - just not her life."

"Hmm I suppose we can find a life for her as a stripper. That should do nicely." Clothos said. "So far, so good - let's just hope that 'Sue' wasn't fallen as much as the other two have risen in the past year. I'd love to see she's used our giti to her wisely."

Leaning forward, the three Fates stared intently at the string that formed Sue's life, and it seemed to swell, becoming less and less coherent as it expanded, becoming a dense mist, then a fog, which began to part

The first thing that was revealed was a tall, strikingly beautiful blonde woman seated next to an equally striking blonde man, both apparently in their mid forties, and looking both proud and happy with a hint of knowing smile.

"That's Aphrodite!" Lachesis exclaimed.

"And Hermes!" Atropos added. "What are they doing involved in Sue's life?" The scene continued to fill in - and the question answered itself.

"Dearly beloved" the Minister intoned, gravely and the incredulous look on all three Fate's faces caused the scene to shred and dissipate as their concentration was broken.

"Married?" Atropos exclaimed, shocked. "To a Mortal? With Aphrodite and Hermes giving it Olympic Blessing by being the in-laws? It's unbelievable!"

Clothos, however, had noticed something in the brief glimpse they'd had of the radiant bride before the scene had vanished, and her grin was more wicked then incredulous.

"Oh, marriage seems completely in order - considering the baby on the way."

The other two sisters went dead silent and stared at Clothos, who slowly nodded, still grinning.

"It's going to be good to weave another 'Hero' thread' Clothos remarked in an off-hand manner as she opened a dusty box and extracted a skein of golden wool. "It's been centuries since I've had the chance."

Shaking their heads, the other two sisters looked at each other.

"I bet Cupid pushes for the name 'Hercules' - he was always a sucker for continuity references." Atropos remarked.

Clothos laughed. "Oh, no. If he's really pushing for the correct reference, it wouldn't be Hercules. You ladies seem to be forgetting who the 'grandparents' are, and it's them who decided the child's, uh 'situation'." She grinned. "It might be a bit hard for the kid to explain to his teachers and friends about the name 'Hermaphrodite'"

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When meeting 'The Ghost,' which is more than a legend pipe-dream, one man (who is 1/4 fairy) escapes death but must face a different kind of life.

Switch Hitter

By Gunslinger

It was supposed to be an easy job. Quick and quiet going in, a long, quiet wait atop the medieval-castle-inspired library at the local University, followed by a few minutes of blood and thunder - then out over the rooftops to a cool quarter mill waiting in my bank account. Not bad for a night's work, I thought at the time.

Then again, at the time I had no idea that Tommy Two-Fingers was planning to double-cross me. If I had, I woulda turned the big, lyin' tub of lard into so much Italian sausage - but, despite all my little 'advantages', I couldn't tell that the greasy, sallow-skinned errand boy for the Marconi Family was lyin' his fat ass off.

Hey, nobody's perfect.

Not even The Ghost.

Oh, he's good, I'll give him that. The surprise wasn't that he was as good as all those half-whispered legends that floated around about him - it was the fact that he existed at all that threw me.

I mean, I'm an assassin-for-hire myself, and seeing him on the pseudo-battlement behind me threw me for a loop, 'cause I'd never really believed in the whole 'unknown masked hitman with nearly super-human abilities' myth. I thought 'The Ghost' was legend, a pipe-dream that was more 'Hollywood' than anything else.

Of course, this was all before he showed up and pumped nine rounds into me from a big-ass Colt .45, sending me flying back over the parapet of the University Library's 'watchtower', down three stories, and through the skylight that covered the main hall of the library's non-fiction wing, dropping the final two floors in a spray of broken glass.

It took a long, long time for me to fall those five stories, and I had plenty of time to finally react to the silent, unnoticed approach of the black-clad man - though, by then, it was too damned late to react in any meaningful way, leaving me all that time to damn myself - and wonder how such a big guy managed to move so silently. The tall, broad-shouldered figure in a mask hadn't been on that tower when I'd gotten there, and I hadn't heard him climb up - but he'd done it all the same, and I hadn't heard a damned thing until he cocked his Colt.

A Colt's a double-action automatic pistol. You don't have to cock it before firing it. The bastard did that so that I'd whirl and catch a glimpse of him before he opened fire...

All those legends about him claimed he spoke his victim's name in a cold, dead voice before killing them - but, even if he did that for 'soti' targets, I wouldn't have expected it in my case. It's not only my extra-legal existence that makes me hide my name - I don't feel like explaining why my parents chose to name me 'Maerwynn', without even the benefit of a last name. Then again, they'd given up whatever last names *they'd* had long before I'd been born...

So, this 'Ghost' was just about everything the legends had claimed, except for that wholly understandable name thing. I mean, he was big, yet silent, invisible for all intents and purposes, cold-blooded and cocky. I'd only had a second to react before he'd fired, and though I moved fast, he'd moved a damn sight faster. He was more than just 'nearly' super-human, and he knew it. He killed. Coldly, efficiently, and without failure.

Perfect.

Well - almost perfect.

Which was why I was I figured I'd have the element of surprise on my side, next time we met. Atier all, he'd expect me to be dead. At least, that's what I guessed, since the big, silent guy in black didn't bother to come down and make sure I was dead.

Silly him - he thought being blasted by nine forty-five caliber slugs at close range and falling seven stories to the floor of a library would be enough to kill me.

It wasn't to the two Kevlar vests I habitually (and secretly) wore to make myself look bigger that I owed my life, though both pairs of 'Little Italy T-shirts' functioned as they were supposed to, absorbing a hell of a wallop while stopping the bullets from actually making it through, even at damned-near point-blank range.

Atier all - those bullets were nothing but ordinary lead. Though the legends have been so distorted as to be nearly unrecognizable, at least one point in them is utterly true - my kind can't be killed by anything by Cold Steel.

Of course, when I say 'my kind', I mean The Fey. Fairies. Little people. I'm only one-fourth Fey myself, inherited from my half-fey mother, but the Song in my blood still grants me protection from anything but dreaded Cold Steel. Even that fall only folded, spindled and mutilated me - thankfully, the arch-conservative University Board had kept the original lead crosspieces for the old skylight, rather than replacing them with newer, stronger, (*and, for me, much more lethal*) steel. Though getting shot and falling hurt like a son-of-a- bitch, leaving me a limp, immovable wreck, there was absolutely no chance of me dying of 'natural causes'.

Given the super-human attributes The Ghost had shown, he should have known better - since he was at least part Fey himself.

I wasn't really surprised by that. Atier all, one out of roughly every thousand people in the world are Fey, and dangerous lines of work seem to 'call' to us. Mom and Dad couldn't explain why to me, when I was old enough not only to understand how I was different, but old enough to question it. All they'd been able to tell me was that Fey, whole-blooded or half-breed, were drawn towards danger and adventure - 'mundane' if they lacked any real Giti, magical if they were more fully Gitied.

There are very few full-blooded Fey leti, so the ancient magical wars are a thing of the past - the few who have any appreciable Fey in them work hard to keep it hidden, even the most Gitied. Perhaps *especially* the most Gitied, since they had enough power to tempt them to use it fairly otien, in one way or another.

Me, I only have one 'Giti', and it's as much as a curse as a blessing, so I don't use it very much...

...but there were certain times when it comes in handy, which was why I was so damned glad to see the very scared young volunteer- librarian leaning over me.

Not that there was anything special about her, in particular. She was a twenty-one or -two year old college student, her dark-brown hair cut in an unflattering pageboy around a too-round face, her body completely unremarkable under the stark-black

outfit she wore. She could have been any girl in any university, wearing black nylons, knee-length skirt and turtle-neck sweater to hide her purely-imaginary 'weight problem' while she longed to be painfully thin and universally admired because of it.

However, this particular would-be anorexic leaned over my battered, bloody body with a gasp...

...and touched me, which was all I needed to make The Jump.

It was disorientating as hell, even worse than I remembered it being, and I almost threw up on my own body as I bent over, gasping in my/her voice, struggling to deal with the whirling, confusing welter of thoughts, emotions and memories.

Maybe the fact that I hadn't Jumped in ages was part of what made this one so bad. Who can blame me, though? For some reason, my Giti only worked with females - I could only 'possess' women, never men.

Even worse was the fact that things started to 'leak'. The instant my... 'soul', my sense of self entered a woman's body, some of her thoughts, habits and emotions began to 'leak through' the barrier between my mind and hers. Though the woman whose body I'd Jumped into would have actually be unable to tell that the 'strange behavior' she'd experience while possessed came from a second mind housed within her own body, some of her thoughts, reactions and emotions from whatever 'she'/I did while possessing her would seep through into my brain - and if I hung around too long in any given body, I'd be stuck there. Permanently.

So, as you can see, I didn't have all that much motivation to 'fool around' with my Giti. Still, there were times it came in damned useful...

Bracing my new, feminine hands on black, semi-opaque nylon-clad knees, I stared down at the short, chipped, pink-painted nails I was currently stuck with as I took several deep breaths, trying to calm my queasy stomach. Looking down at 'my' battered, mangled, and currently uninhabited body, I had to admit - it was a mess. There was no way it was going to be able to do anything constructive for

quite some time, even though it would heal somewhat faster than a non-Fey body would, even on 'autopilot' while my consciousness was elsewhere.

The first thing to do was get some help for 'Myself'. Taking another deep breath helped, pushing the original owner's confused mind 'further back' from the barrier between her mind and my magically-unnoticeable one. Still, it was harder than I liked - certain things, like strong emotions, desires or habits were inherently more 'leakable', and my current hostess was terrified by what had just happened, not to mention by her own 'strange behavior'.

I couldn't spend that much time in this girl's body. Not if I ever wanted to get back into my own again.

I 'eased up' on my control over the girl - even though it allowed my mind to be inundated with a flood of the fear, shock and horrified disgust she was feeling at having a man crash through a skylight and land in a bloody mess a few feet away.

Without me 'inhibiting' her, she acted as she normally would, running to the nearest phone and dialing '9-1-1' - which is exactly what I wanted. I could have saved myself the flood of emotions if I'd retained as total a control over my hostess' body as I

could have, but I can't 'read' my host-body's mind, so letting her run to where she knew there was a phone was faster than looking for one myself.

It was a weird sensation, being a 'passenger' in her body as she did this. I'd let her take almost total control - but I could still feel everything she was experiencing, as crisply and clearly as she was feeling it.

The rapid patter of our currently-shared heart behind our small, firm bosom. The way the air felt as it moved over our nylon-clad legs. The way our silky hair whirled and swirled around our face as we moved in adrenaline-fueled panic atop the inch-high heels of our black-leather 'penny-loafer'-style shoes. The pain as we jabbed too-hard at the keypad of the phone, the receiver clutched painfully tight in our other hand as we made the call...

I was shocked to find how much of a mental effort it took to get her to put down the phone without saying anything, though - a lot of her 'leaked' fear was having an effect on me, making it harder to control her actions - which meant I really, really had to get out of her body before long. This was the worst 'leakage' I'd ever experienced, my previous, tentative attempts while I was learning my power not having been on women who just witnessed a ghastly event.

There was just one little problem...

See, I'd always jumped back into my own body after using my power, it never having been so badly injured before. However, if I jumped back into my body, I'd be trapped in it's mangled confines until I was healed - or until I jumped into another woman, and I had no way of knowing when that would be. Oh, sure, sooner or later a nurse would touch me in a hospital - but I didn't know when that would happen, and 'later' would mean that the trail would be cold. Even 'sooner' might not be good enough, given The Ghost's abilities.

If I wanted to have any chance of finding my assailant and evening up the score a little bit, I'd have to stay out of my own body for a bit - which meant that I'd have to keep jumping from one female host to another until I found what I needed to know...

I pushed by current form towards the door, not letting up on my slowly slipping control as I forced her to do the opposite of what she wanted to do, which was talk on the phone...

...except that, by the time I was halfway to the door, she'd decided that going for the campus police was a good idea, causing her to swing her opinion in my favor - and almost making me lose control as her own interests came closer to my own, but with differing goals.

It was frightening how quickly things were leaking through. I needed to find another host, and damned soon...

I/she pushed the door to the library open and stepped out into the cool summer night, the air feeling decidedly strange to me as it swept across smooth, nylon-clad legs.

The campus was practically deserted, which wasn't the least bit strange, given the late hour - one of the specific reasons I'd chosen this time of day. Now, that foresight was coming back to haunt me as I looked desperately for another woman - and woman - to jump into.

I could see only one, a figure hurrying through the pools of light cast by the black Victorian-wrought-iron-style street-lights that dotted the campus.

At least, I assumed it must be a woman, given the fact I couldn't really see the person in the glimpses I caught as the trees and landscaped shrubbery between myself and the other figure obscured and revealed in random, breeze-affected patterns.

However, they did little to hide or alter the soti clacking of heels on pavement, and that made it highly likely it was a woman. I pushed the decidedly 'cute' female body I was wearing into a fast walk, wishing she'd been a little more athletically-minded - though not pudgy, she was somewhat out-of-shape, and the adrenaline my/'the man' falling into the library had generated was already fading.

Forcing my nylon-clad legs even faster, I hurried up behind the figure of the other woman, now clearly revealed as I pushed through the last of the shrubbery and closed on her.

She was of about average height, and quite well dressed for a young woman in her mid-twenties - a medium-gray jacket and skirt combo, with black nylons and pearl-gray pumps with a four-inch heel. I couldn't see the front of her as I closed, but I could see her long, curly dark hair rippling in the breeze created by her gracefully hurried stride, and felt a momentary pang - she must be late for something, and concentrating on that fact, because she gave no sign that she noticed me coming up on her. I might just give her a heart-attack when I touched her...

I had my own worried, however, and one of them was the way it was getting harder and harder to make the body I was wearing do what I wanted. I hoped this other woman had a good, strong ticker as I reached out, touched her shoulder, and jumped...

...to find the new body I was wearing still walking without so much as breaking stride...

...while my mind reeled under the assault of an imperative:

'Have to get home... ...have to get home... have to get home...'

It was in my new hostess' own mental voice - and I'd never been able to hear that before.

I tried to stop, to take stock of the strange situation... and couldn't.

I tried harder. Much harder. With the full force of riding panic and desperation.

My new body's steps wavered, her stride becoming awkward for a second... than smoothing back out as I had to ease up, my mental reserves drained.

I'd thrown everything I had against the strange imperative that seemed to be the only thing in the woman's mind at the moment - and failed. I'd managed to make it 'hesitate' - that was it.

Doing so had drained me so much that, at least for a few minutes, I was helplessly, unable to Jump even if my hostess

had suddenly touched another woman. I could do nothing but 'ride along', looking out of her eyes and listening with her ears, feeling the air move across her/my legs as she continued on with that smoothly switi stride of hers, her entire being focused on that one thought: *'Have to get home...'*

What the hell was going on here?

I'd jumped out of the body of a woman I was loosing control of - and into a female body that I apparently had absolutely no control over. This was... not good.

Helpless, I rode along with this new body, feeling what it felt, seeing what it saw as it hurried on towards a small brick 'cracker-box' house on the edge of the campus, one of the many built near the University just atier the Second World War.

'Home', apparently, as my new shared form hurried up the three steps to the simple patio, her key sliding easily and almost thoughtlessly to hand, merely a small 'detail' that needed to be taken care of to fulfill that imperative. In next to no time, she had the front door open and was stepping inside...

...when she stumbled, the imperative vanishing.

I leapt 'forward', grabbing for control of her mind...

...and felt a mirror-image force hit me and cancel me out, temporarily leaving the body 'uncontrolled'...

With shocked horror and stunned amazement, I realized that the reciprocal force I'd felt had been the mind of the body I was in, 'leaping forward' itself to take control of her body,. Since she was incapable of being aware of my mind in hers, that meant that she hadn't been trying to counter my control...

...but some other form, of control...

Just as I realized I'd somehow leapt into the body of somebody who was, somehow, being 'brain washed' or 'mind controlled', I felt her own mind scramble again for control - and I stayed out of the way this time, letting her go for it...

We were to late.

"Get in here, bitch." A voice growled...

'Gotta get in there.. ...gotta get in there...' Rippled through out combined - and completely helpless - mind, and both of us were 'pushed back' by the force of the command generated by the man's voice. Our shared body, again under a third entity's control, walked smoothly and quickly down the hall and into the living room...

Fainting is a physical reaction, a physiological response that involves heart, veins and capillaries - none of which I had control over at the moment.

So, I didn't faint. I should have, though - that's how shocking it was to walk into the room and find a huge man sitting in the arm chair in the corner.

A huge black man, with dark, soulless eyes and a shaved head, his square-cut goatee framing heavy lips whose smile lacked and trace of humor, but was full of cruelty.

A huge black man - dressed in black clothes, and wearing a holstered Colt .45 in a shoulder-holster. The Ghost.

Even as the body I was trapped in came to complete stop, the body's original mind tried to grab control... and I cursed, mentally, as we once again slammed into each other, our individual desperate needs canceling each other out as we tried to flee from the man who held us in his sway.

"Don't move 'till I order you to", he ordered - and effectively 'restrained' the body I was trapped in, even as I realized how he'd gotten the drop on me in the tower.

He'd simply walked through the door - and told me to stay still. Then, he'd gone to where I'd 'first seen him' - and ordered me to forget he was there, or that he'd come in...

...so it had come as a complete surprise to me when he'd cocked his gun, allowing me to 'notice' he was there, even though I'd actually seen him come in - and been helpless to do anything.

Now I was trapped in the body of a woman who he'd exercised the same control over. Perhaps this woman who's body I was sharing had seen him at the wrong place or time, and rather than simply tell her to forget it, he'd decided to have some 'fun' with her - or maybe she was his girlfriend, for all I know.

I did know that I didn't like this. Not one little bit... "Get over here and kneel between my legs."

...and liking it less and less every second, especially when I gracefully strode over and slid down onto stocking knees between his spread legs.

It was weird...

Well, it was sick, disgusting, perverted and horrifying - but it was *a/so* weird.

Neither my nor the woman's conscious mind was in control of her body. The Ghost obviously had 'The Voice' - a specific fey ability usually associated with the whole Blarney Stone routine, and the inspiration for Frank Herbert, who was one-twenty-fifth Fey.

With The Voice, The Ghost was talking directly to the subconscious...

...and he was completely unaware that there was a second mind in the woman's body. One that didn't *have* a subconscious.

At least, not one he could get to. My subconscious was with my body, which was hopefully on it's way to a hospital. Only my consciousness made the Jump.

So - if he made one little mistake, I'd be able to grab control of this body.

It had to be a specific mistake though, and I'd have to be on the ball. After all, when he gave direct, physical orders to this body - 'do this, do that...' - the body obeyed.. and I had to go along for the ride.

If and when he tried to make a direct mental change to the woman, however...

All this ran through my head in a second, even as I was kneeling between his spread legs - which was a good thing, because my thought processes became considerably less... 'clinical' a second later...

"Unzip my pants and carefully take out my cock." He commanded, grinning cruelly - and, phrased that way, neither I nor the woman could resist.

Our hands reached out, allowing me to get a good look at her carefully maintained nails, unpainted but covered with a clear enamel. I was helpless to even stop *looking* as our hands unzipped his fly, reached in - and carefully pulled out a huge, limp cock.

Oh, dear god. It was limp - yet it was still a good seven inches long.

"Look at my cock." He commanded, and our eyes locked helplessly on that massive cock, tracing every line of its huge, limp form. "Have you ever seen a bigger cock?" He asked, a grumble that probably served him as a chuckle chasing the question.

"No." The body I was wearing replied, tonelessly and honestly.

"Have you heard the phrase 'Bigger is better'?" He asked, again with that rumbling chuckle. "Yes." We replied, just as blankly.

"Have you heard 'Once you go black, you never go back'?" He asked, next, and we echoed the same reply. He laughed. Not a chuckle - a laugh, dark and dangerous.

"Well, Elizabeth, you're studying Logic. What does that mean you logically must believe about my cock?" He asked. She hesitated - and I frantically searched for a way to turn this non-directive to my advantage....

"You have the best cock I've ever seen." She said, tonelessly.

"That's right." He said, still grinning. "I have the best, most wonderful cock you've ever seen. It's so big and beautiful that you want to worship it. Do you understand, Elizabeth? You worship my cock."

"Yes..." She said, and now her voice wasn't toneless - because, with that command, the woman's mind, both conscious and unconscious, had become completely enthralled by the cock she was gazing at with reverent awe...

...but since I wasn't Elizabeth, I was left untouched.

Still not in control of our shared body - but lurking inside it, while he thought he was making it impossible for her to consider certain things.

"You must make sacrifices for the cock you worship." The Ghost told the woman whose body I was trapped inside of. "You must do something for the cock that you wouldn't do for other cocks. What should you do to prove your worthiness to the cock?"

She hesitated, then answered. In the way a cock-worshipping acolyte would answer, her voice breathless and eager: "Oh, please,

Rick - may I suck your holy, perfect new cock?"

She was literally begging to suck his massive cock - and I was trapped inside her body, feeling and feeling everything she did. She was begging - and Rick was agreeing...

Wait a second... she knew his name...

...perfect new cock. ?

I didn't have time to track the thought down. Because the body I was trapped in had gotten permission, and she eagerly parted her lips

and wrapped her hands around the base of the massive organ, feeling it stir to life as she began, lightly, licking its massive tip...

Vomiting is also a physical reaction, so I didn't vomit any more than I'd fainted...

I was licking and fondling a huge, black cock. Maybe I was doing it unwillingly, and by a very strange sort of proxy, but I was experiencing all the sensations - and the humiliations...

...and I couldn't let myself get swept away by them.

If I felt trying to force back my revulsion, but that's exactly what I had to do, forcing my mind to think while I experienced the feeling of warm, saliva-slicked cock-flesh sliding into my pursed mouth, my tongue eagerly licking over the soft-over-hard flesh as my slender, feminine hands began to pump the massive, now fifteen-inch shati, as thick around me as my dainty wrists...

Okay, so I wasn't having much luck simply 'ignoring' the sensations of sucking a massive cock. I did, however, manage to force the 'reasoning' part of my brain to keep going back to the questions I had, even as the rest of my mind tried to cope with the oddest thing of all...

...the fact that sucking eagerly on a massive, thick cock didn't feel bad at all. In fact, there were many aspects of it that could be called 'enjoyable' - assuming that I'd experienced them without knowing what it was, of course. The emotional discomfort I was feeling was more than enough to overwhelm the mild physical pleasure that came from cheerfully sucking on warm, slightly salty cock, hands wrapped around a warm and slightly throbbing shati that fit them so well, so pleasantly, like holding a warm cup of coffee on a cool day...

Okay, just barely enough to overcome the pleasant sensations of the rhythmic bobbing of my new head as tongue and lips worked in slow, worshipping rhythm, hands sliding over smooth, firm flesh as they massaged his shati in wonderful

counterpoint...

All right, all right - the emotional disgust was *almost* enough to overcome all those sensations - plus the fact that 'worshipping' was making the body I was in so horny that it was hard to think straight, the nipples on my firm, B-cup mounds as hard as rock, making me wonder how good it would feel to have somebody - not necessarily a man, of course - fondle them. In firm, string hands. Just big enough to enclose them in a warm, masculine embrace...

The Ghost was full Fey!

I should have come to the obvious conclusion quite a bit sooner, but I was. distracted.

The Ghost was full Fey. Not the most powerful Fey who ever lived - and not even close. However, he did have The Voice, which was rare in any but the full Fey...

...but he was also a shapeshifter.

That was a full-Fey trait, one that had never been recorded from a lesser Fey.

So, The Ghost - or, as the body I was wearing had referred to him, 'Rick' - was able to alter his body at will, in the manner of the old Fey. This was the start of so many legends, this half-remembered power of long ago, including such things as werewolves and unicorns. but the one thing I remembered clearly was the fact that each change was a *full* change, not just cosmetic by functional and

complete.

The question was - how did I turn that knowledge into an effective offensive weapon...? I had to put the question aside for a moment...

...as I was too busy dealing with the orgasm that ripped through the body I was trapped in.

I'd heard of it happening before, though not quite like this: 'Religious Ecstasy' is rarely applied to blow-jobs, but since she was a cock- worshipper, I guess it made sense that making her 'God' cum would cause her to be so happy that she'd hit orgasm.

Oh, but I could never have prepared myself how it *felt*...

Our shared body slammed back and forth, the huge cock popping between damp lips to spray a thick load of cum all over our face and neck while we twitched and shook in pure, mind-boggling ecstasy that completely eliminated rational thought...

...and permanently coupled 'sucking cock' with 'intense pleasure' in Elizabeth's mind.

Which, of course, meant that Elizabeth wasn't particularly eager to stop. Even as the orgasm faded, allowing my whirling mind to start and follow up on the revelation I'd had, the damned woman went ahead, opened her mouth, and began sucking Rick off again.

He gasped. "Nuh..."

I 'sympathized', sourly, knowing how hyper-sensitive a cock got just after orgasm - and since he'd probably boosted the pleasure- sensing capabilities of the cock he now boasted, her 'instant return' was probably so good as to border on pain.

Hell - he hadn't even been able to say 'No' clearly, his body and nerves actually twitching from the near agonizing level of pleasure short-circuiting his nerves.

Regretfully, the body I was in began to open her mouth and realized the cock...

...and I slammed all the force I had into going back to sucking that cock.

"Staw..." Rick gasped - and his mangled 'stop' wasn't quite enough to take pure control of Elizabeth's body, since her subconscious didn't 'translate'. Her conscious mind did, of course... but part of her now loved sucking cock, and didn't really want to stop, so the nearly-unwilling help I was giving her let her continue on, the 'pleasure' of the blow-job flooding me even as I was sickened by how much I liked it.

"To... mush..." He gasped, his voice wavering and broken. "Cand.. hanel... id. Staw... Li'bith..."

Part of her mind tried - and was easily overridden by the combined force of her new compulsion and my assistance. We continued to suck his cock...

...until I expended everything I had to get her to stop for second. Stop sucking, that was - our hands continued fondling, one dedicated solely to keeping that intense pleasure coming from the head of his super-sensitive cock.

"Oh, Rick... I just can't help myself..." We moaned in barely-feigned passion. "You're just so big and strong..." Then we returned to our disturbingly pleasurable work, lips eagerly going back to encircle a hard, thick cock..

...even as Rick's body became thinner, less muscle-bound...

...and recognizable!

Rick hadn't simply 'toned down' his massive dimensions - he'd slid into a more familiar body. His own, original body, I would guess - this massive one was the one he'd 'gitied' himself with.

Richard Linken. The youngest teacher at the college, and listed in the Faculty book I'd studied preparatory to my mission...

...since he was my target.

Tommy Two-Fingers hadn't double-crossed me. there was simply no way he could have known that Richard Linken was Fey, and a shape-shifter to boot. He just knew that something was going on between the scrawny 'nigger' teacher and Luigi Ranamoni's niece...

...Lizzy.

Suddenly, and awful lot became clear...

I couldn't afford to chase those sudden revelations down, however - I was too busy working on the now somewhat reduced cock sported by the now skinny, fine-boned black man I was blowing.

Yes - 'I'. Not 'we'... Well, very little 'we', since Lizzy/Elizabeth now had firm cock-sucking tendencies embedded in her mind. The smaller cock, however, was not the one she was to 'worship', so I had to take more onto myself, forcing our shared body to continue - or, rather, to slide back into 'cock-fondle' mode to let me speak again.

Now, the 'real' Richard wasn't all that manly, though his cock was considerably larger than I would have thought. He was shorter than average, and fairly fine-boned, with his dark, straight hair worn long around his narrow, fine-featured face. In the photo I'd seen, it had been pulled back into a hippie-style ponytail, matching the zero-prescription little glasses he wore for his 'youngest teacher' look.

So, it took a lot of pure 'me' to make us say: "Oh, you're still so manly..." Now, here's the thing I was counting on: Stupidity.

Well, perhaps that's not quite right - but it was close. I was betting that Richard wouldn't think too hard about something. I was hoping - praying - that, for him, the assumed opposite of 'cock' was 'pussy'....

Unfortunately, as I bent my head back to sucking his cock, it didn't retreat out of my mouth as I'd hoped it would, to be replaced with a perfect new 'womanhood'. No, it stayed the same...

...but Richard didn't. Oh, no...

He was still technically male. I know that for a fact, since I wasn't able to 'jump' into his body.

That was probably because of the cock he still boasted - because, Gods knew, the rest of him became feminine enough...

His frame was already slender - but now it was supple-slender in a way that no man, no matter how hard he tried, could have quite matched. The body hair he boasted became the finer, silkier layer that women boasted, and his own scapular hair became finer and softer as well. His lips plumped out, even as his nose shrunk slightly and his cheek-bones became somewhat better defined.

His hips swelled wider - probably to better support his full, round new ass...

His black sweater looked interesting, straining over the firm set of breasts he'd given himself. They were big - very big. In fact, the front of his sweater seemed to ride a good eight inches or so out from his now slimmer ribcage, which would put him at a more-than- respectable GGG cup-size.

In other words, aside from the large-if-no-longer-huge cock I was 'eagerly' slurping away on, Richard had become completely female... If it weren't for the fact he'd come so recently, this blow-job would have been over. I still had a bit of time...

...though I was liking my plan less and less. I'd hoped he'd stay apparently male, and just lose the cock - but, having been male myself, I fully understand why somebody might leave that for last.

So, I... uh... 'sucked it up', and went on with the blow-job, trying desperately to make it even more 'pleasurable' for a man whose current amount of pleasure was boarding on pain.

I must have succeeded...

The cock I was slurping on suddenly slurped right out of my mouth, almost instantaneously going from a rigid cock to a tight, perfectly formed cunt...

...and I Jumped.

* * * * *

Elizabeth Ranamoni twitched - then jerked back, staring wide-eyed at Rick.

Lizzy didn't understand a lot of what was going on. Like why she'd been getting strange compulsions for the last week, compulsions that invariable ended up with her having sex with Rick. Nor did she understand how Rick had suddenly become a very sexy black

woman. A black woman with very big tits, looking a bit ludicrous in over-sized men's clothing.

What she understood the least, however, was the way the new woman suddenly jumped up and began to twitch and shake, as if there was something very, very wrong with her...

...and then it got weirder.

"Get... Out...!" The new woman cried in a rich, seductive new voice - but it wasn't at Lizzy, since Lizzy felt no urge to leave as she gaped, wide-eyed, at the woman...

..who then said: "Screw you, asshole! I don't care if I go, too - I'm gonna find a nice Cold Steel blade and put you down." There was a pause - and then, in an incredulous voice: "You!"

Lizzy stared at the schizoid gender-transforming person, and thought maybe running would be a very good idea... but her body didn't want to listen to her, locked in shock and confusion as the woman reeled about, as if two minds were fighting for control of the same body.

Laboriously, twitching and shaking, she 'forced' herself over to a mirror...

"What are you doing...?" Hesitantly confident. "I'm not leaving, you know - even if I'm gonna die in the body of huge-breasted black woman."

She didn't answer herself, exactly. She just dragged herself to the mirror...

..and told her reflection: "Huge breasts, huh? Well.. You love having huge breasts!"

She twitched... then seemed to momentarily 'reintegrate' as she gazed, lovingly, at her stretched sweater...

...then her gaze, now furious, slammed back to the mirror.

"I'm in the same body, you stupid asshole..." She growled at herself. "I can use your 'voice', on our subconscious, too: You desperately, obsessively love wearing high heels!"

She blinked - then a look of desperation came of the woman's cocoa visage, and she whirled on Lizzy. Lizzy screamed, not knowing what was going on as the big-titted woman swooped down on her.

"I need your shoes!" The woman said - begged.

Lizzy - who was literally shaking at the welter of emotions in her body - kicked off the shoes, which the new woman snatched up with a 'happy' cry...

...and Lizzy found that kicking off the shoes had broken her paralysis, and she leapt to her feet and ran out of her own house in stocking feet.

As she slammed out the front door, running from the strangeness within, she could hear the new woman continuing to shout at herself, her voice slowly fading as the fleeing woman put more and more distance between them...

"Oh, yeah? Well - You love wearing sexy, slutty clothing!" "Sure - because you love acting all sexy and seductive!" "That's just because you... because we..."

"See? We wouldn't **dare**..."

"We love sucking and fucking men!"

"Mmmm, Men.... Why, you...! Well, we're obsessed with getting fucked by men who treat us like shit!" "Oh, yeah...?"

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Jane plays tricks with her roommate Dave when she uses her witch's magic powers to re-create their stale relationship.

Sympathy

By Gunslinger

There I was, sitting peacefully on the couch and watching a little TV, - minding my own business! - when Jane slouched into the room and slumped into the armchair with a heavy sigh.

Not that she didn't have every right to, theoretically speaking - atier all, our rather unusual living arrangements sort of necessitated the occasional contact. Neither one of us was exactly what you'd call 'rich', what with me working at a local burger joint, and Jane working as a part-time librarian. So, we'd ended up thrust together in this weird little apartment in the downtown core - sort of a Swedish design, if you want to think of it in such terms, at least according to Jane. Me, I wouldn't know Swedish design from Swahili. In any case, the place was kind of a double-winged apartment, with separate bedrooms, bathrooms and 'studies' at each end, and a common space in the middle where the kitchen, dining room, living room and front door was. You sort of had to get to know your 'neighbor', since you shared at least some of the apartment with them - which was how I ended up meeting Jane, who already had what she likes to call the 'West Wing' of the apartment. Jane's the perfect girl to work in a library - kinda short, thin and pale, with just-plain-brown hair, these little silver- rimmed glasses, no makeup, and a flaky little personality. Oh, I guess she's smart and all, but she sure isn't much to look at. Not that she's ugly - in fact, I guess she's kinda cute, in the way girls think puppies are cute. You know, in a non-sexy way. You'd think she'd be grateful to have a guy like me living with her - a big, broad-shouldered, incredibly handsome guy who was Captain of his high-school football team, four years running.

Instead, she seemed annoyed - but since she didn't have any choice, (Other than to move out), there was nothing she could do about it. Hell, it wasn't like I was overjoyed to share the split-apartment with Little Miss Hippie Girl. I mean, she might look like a sort of cross between Winona Ryder and Sarah McLachlan - but she dresses more like Dharma's mom does, if you know what I mean. She's just as flaky as her clothes, too - you have any idea how annoying it is to have somebody constantly bitch about the fact that I just toss my beer cans away? I swear, Jane actually fishes them out of the garbage and puts them in the - her - recycling bin.

So, anywho - there I am, minding my own business, when Jane walks in front of the TV on the way to the chair. Now, we've talked about this a bunch of times before, how she should walk around behind the couch when I'm watching TV - but, since she seems down, I figure I'm being a model of kindness. I don't say a damned thing.

Does she give me the same courtesy back? Hell, no! I'm trying to watch TV - and she decides to start talking to me.

"It's just not fair, Dave." She said, and I rolled my eyes. "I'm a nice person. Smart, caring - but you'd think I was the wicked witch of the east, from the way people treat me sometimes. For no reason! I mean, what on earth moves people to think that they can - and should - insult me, when I haven't done anything at all to them?"

I sighed. "Look, no offense, but I'm not surprised you're having trouble with guys"

"What?" She interrupted. "Who said anything about me having troubles with guys? I was talking about work today - there I am, just stacking some books, which is my job, and some snooty woman starts insulting me for something I didn't have anything to do with, anyway."

Like I cared. "Oh - well, that's too bad." I turned my attention back to the TV.

"Yes, it is 'too bad.'" She said, and I sighed heavily - I thought that had been **The End** of it. "What I want to know, is why the heck did you immediately assume I was having some sort of 'guy' trouble?"

"Look" I said, still trying to pay attention to the show, too. "Even if I'd never seen you, the fact that you haven't had a date in more than a month would tell me that you have guy problems. Since I have seen you, it's even more obvious."

"What's that supposed to mean!"

Her sharp tone told me to forget about the show - she just wasn't going to give me any peace - jeez, all the maintenance of having a girlfriend, without any of the benefits. Either I was gonna have to find enough money to move out - or convince her to start going down on me after we argued

"Look, no offense - but you gotta admit you're no bombshell." I said, sitting up. "Not that you're ugly, or anything, and you can't help what your parents gave you to work with - but you don't even try."

She seemed pissed even though it was the blindingly obvious truth. "What the hell do you mean, 'try'?"

"You know - try and make yourself look good for the guys." I said, looking up at the ceiling in silent suffering. "Geez, it's like you don't even know the first thing about being a girl."

"Maybe I was raised wrong." She said - the right answer, I guess, but the wrong tone of voice. I was beginning to get the feeling that maybe she had a really sheltered upbringing - like, say, if she'd had parents as flaky as her. I've heard about things like that, you know - these hippies home schooling their kids, so the poor kids don't realize how the 'real' world works. All they learn is the crap their parents teach them. Maybe that was what happened to Jane - maybe she didn't realize that there were things she could do.

"Look - you're not bad looking at all." I said, in a nice tone of voice. "You just have to work with what you've got. You know - some makeup, maybe dye your hair, wear clothes that aren't so shapeless. For heaven's sake - I've been here six months, and I've never seen you wear anything but sandals or sneakers, even in winter. Don't you even own a pair of shoes with some heels?" I paused, thinking. "Oh, yeah - contacts. You know the old saying: 'Guys don't make passes at chicks that wear glasses'."

"I see - is that all?" She asked, and I winced - apparently, she didn't realize I was just trying to be helpful. "No other helpful hints, nothing from your incredible storehouse of knowledge, so great secret hint that would 'help' me?"

I shrugged. "Well - it wouldn't hurt to buy one of those 'wonder-bra' things. You know to give you some more curves."

Her face was set, and I don't think she was really taking any of my advice seriously. I held up my hands defensively. "Hey,

hey - I'm not trying to insult you, really - I'm just trying to help."

"You know what?" She asked. "That doesn't make it better - it actually makes it worse. You actually think that every guy in the world is like you, and that every woman in the world secretly wants to be your fantasy woman."

"Huh?"

She threw up her hands. "Has it never occurred to you that I might like who I am, and the way I look? That I might wear the clothes that I enjoy wearing? that I might be looking for a rare sort of guy who is intelligent, caring, and not hung up on on on my bra size!"

I gave up - obviously she'd bought into that whole Sixties crap her parents must have taught her. "Okay, fine, it's a free country." I said, laying back down on the couch. "You go ahead and do whatever you think will get you a guy. It's none of my business if you end up either single or married to some nerdy little powder-puff when you're forty. I just want to watch some TV."

Finally, she stormed off, the front door slamming behind her, and I tried to get back into my show - but, wouldn't you know it, it had jumped to a commercial. So, I went to get a beer instead.

Geez - don't women know that if they want to actually talk to a guy, they should at least wait until the commercial? Then they actually have a fair chance, while we decide what's more annoying - the commercial, or whatever crap they want to 'discuss'.

With Jane out of the apartment on her snit, I actually had some peace and quiet, and not only got to watch **The End** of that show in peace, but two more before I heard the front door open. I sort of cursed, since I'd just flipped the TV to MTV - Jane knew full well that meant there was nothing worth watching on, and so she could use it as an excuse to bitch at me some more.

However, when she did enter the room, I was surprised by her tone of voice when she spoke - it was practically apologetic.

"Dave - I'm sorry." She said, lowering her head. "Here you were trying to help me, and all I could do was yell at you. Atier all, you were just trying to be sympathetic - right?"

"Uh.. yeah. That's right." I said, a bit taken aback. Then again, Jane was carrying some shopping bags, and everybody knew that shopping was what women enjoyed - it must have been her cool- down routine.

"Since you're so sympathetic to us women" Jane said, hettiing the bags. "I thought I'd put your special 'knowledge' about women to good use. Can you come to my room?"

This was more like it. I let my grin resurface as I rose from the couch, frankly interested in seeing how nice Jane might look all dolled up. "Sure thing, Jane."

I followed her back down the hallway that lead to 'the West Wing'. She led me right through her sitting room, to her bedroom. I'd never been in her half of the apartment before, not even to sitting room - much less to the bedroom. Sure, the basic design was the same as mine, with the three rooms forming a sort of triangle, with the extra-large bathroom having doors to both

the bedroom and the sitting room - but it was the stuff in the rooms that interested me.

So, I was kinda all eyes as we passed quickly through the sitting room - and I found it to be sorta different. I mean, part of it was what you'd expect from Jane. Lots of plants, neat/weird little knickknacks, lots of books. Some things I didn't expect, but once I saw them, they kinda fit - lots of

candles, for example, then the strange geometric artwork she had. Some things were just weird, though - like the big bronze statue in the corner. I didn't get a good look at the thing, but even the glimpse told me that, while kinda human-like with two arms and legs and a head, it wasn't a human

and it had both tits and a cock! Big ones, all three.

Like I said - weird. But I didn't get a chance to look at some of the other weird stuff out there, because she just breezed through to her bedroom, and I followed.

Her bedroom was more of the same - but more so. I mean, her sitting room, which was pretty damned big for a 'cheap' apartment, was pretty cluttered. But her bedroom!

Okay - the reason why the apartment was so damned cheap was because of that whole 'sharing rooms' thing. The apartment itself was nice, otherwise - and I could see why Jane had been so annoyed when I'd moved in. I mean, she'd had the whole place to herself, then, and she must have used it - it's the only way I can figure that her bedroom, being as big as it was, being so damned cluttered. First of all, there were candles everywhere - not the off-white ones in the living room, but black ones and red ones and purple ones. Then there was all sorts of other crap - including what I guessed were spices or herbs or something, from the smell. I shit you not - she had what I think are pantyhose, filled with various leaves and powder and shit, hanging all over her room.

And the mirrors! There had to be a dozen of them

"Geez rummage sale explosion?" I asked, looking around.

"Don't like my room?" She asked - but her tone wasn't angry. It was well, I don't know what her tone was. Kinda.. amused, but not at what I'd said. Or, at least, not by what I'd meant. It's the kind of voice somebody uses when you've said something funny, or incredibly stupid, without realizing it.

"It's okay, I guess." I said, with a shrug. "Just kinda cluttered."

"Well.. it's all stuff I need." She said, vaguely, then changed the subject. "So, why don't you go ahead and sit down on the bed?"

I shrugged again and dropped onto the big bed that there was barely enough room among the clutter for, eager for this 'new look' to be revealed. "Okay - so, why do you want me to do?"

Jane laughed oddly. "Oh, you don't have to do anything, Dave - I'll do all the work'

Then she threw something on me. Some herbs and shit, I guess, because it had that kinda dry, musty smell like old spices and dry leaves. Like in the late fall, if it's been a dry fall - if you know what I mean.

Anyway, I was surprised at the motion, and so did a quick inhale, kinda out of instinct - and then went into a coughing spasm as I breathed in a whole bunch of the powder. The stuff burned it's way down my air pipe, but that heat faded quickly, and so I wasn't hurt - just confused and angry.

"What the hell was that?" I asked Jane, starting to get up.

She didn't answer me, exactly - she was lighting a couple of black candles on the dresser. She turned around and said. "Sit down and hold still."

She said it real firmly, and in a voice that was kinda angry. Determined angry rather than pissed-off 'let's fight' angry.

So I sat down - and it shocked the hell out of me, because I hadn't meant to. In fact once I was sitting, I couldn't make myself move at all. It was like my body had become made out of lead - I tried to get up, but it was as if my body weighed a couple of tons. I couldn't even liti my arm.

"I bet you didn't know your roommate was a witch." Jane said, looking at me like I was something you'd scrape off the bottom of your shoe. "I bet you also didn't know that I choose this form. I could have looked like anybody I wanted, but I decided that this body was the sort that would attract the kind of men I was interested in - you know, basically the exact opposite of somebody like you. Jocks and other morons tend to ignore me completely, which is just the way I like it. You, however you're one of the worst examples of chauvinism I've ever seen."

Had she made that claim (the 'witch' one, I mean) at any other time, I would have thought her absolutely nuts. The fact that she apparently had complete control over my body at the moment, however, was a pretty persuasive argument

Though I couldn't move, I found that I was still capable of saying: "What.. what are you going to do to me"

Okay, I'll admit it - I was scared. Scared shitless, as a matter of fact. I'd never been a real tough-guy, the kind who likes to pick fights just to show off, but I always knew, in the back of my mind, that I could handle myself. Atier all, I was big and strong and fast. Now, however, my own body was betraying me, and I was utterly helplessly before this skinny little girl.

"Well - since you ask" She grinned. "I figure that if you're so damned sympathetic to women, you won't mind being one for a day or too."

The words registered and if I could have moved, I would have slumped in relief.

"Geez" I said. "You had me worried for a minute there. I thought you were gonna do something nasty to me."

She seemed utterly shocked. For a couple of seconds, her lips moved, but no words came out. When she finally did speak, she sounded stunned.

"You mean you're not scared?" She asked. "Horrified? Disgusted that you're going to be turned into a woman?"

"Nah" I said, trying - and failing - to shrug. "I mean, you just told me it's not gonna be permanent, so it's not like you're gonna steal my life away or anything. And, women don't seem to live their life in agony, so I guess being a woman isn't physically painful - so it's not like you're gonna be torturing me or anything. Just as long as I'm back to being myself in time for work Monday, I don't see what the big deal is."

She seemed confused, kinda slumping back against the dresser as she stared at me. "But the way you talk about women. About them, you know, looking good for guys You're a chauvinist! I mean - you have to be! To think women are.. are just.. 'sex toys'."

I would have laughed, but the best I could do was chuckle - a full laugh would have required too much 'moving', so I couldn't do it.

"Of course women are great sex 'toys'." I said. "Having sex with a woman feels great. I guess, for women, having sex with a guy feels great too - that's the way it works. I mean how else? I guess guys could be gay, or a girl could be a lesbian - but where's the fun in that?"

She stared at me for several seconds, like she couldn't figure out what the hell was going on. I tried to explain it more clearly, since she seemed so confused.

"I've found lots of women I enjoy having sex with." I explained. "I haven't found any, yet, that I really enjoy just you know, talking with, whatever. Women don't seem interested in the same things I am - except that some women are interested in sex, and those are the kinds I prefer."

"But" She stammered, trying to put me back on the defensive. "You make that sound so reasonable. What you need to do is.. compromise. Try and make common ground with a woman"

"Why?" I asked, and now I was confused. "I mean - if I have to pretend I like things I don't, and she has to do the same, is that really what I should be looking for? Wouldn't it be better to find a girl who likes the things I do? For real? Then we could both enjoy doing them?"

Jane shook her head, sharply. "No - no, I'm not listening to you. I know you, I've lived with you, and I've had enough. If you want to pretend that being a woman doesn't bother you, that's fine - but that nitidy little trick isn't going to get you out of it. Now - get undressed and then sit back down."

Now, I'm damned good looking, and pretty well endowed, to boot, so I'm not ashamed to get undressed in front of a woman. Under other circumstances, I wouldn't have minded a bit - but this wasn't 'other circumstances', and I was kinda annoyed at my body getting undressed by itself and then sitting back down.

Oh, not because of having to obey Jane's commands. Like I said, I woulda willingly done it anyway, so what's it matter if I didn't have a choice about it? What pissed me off is that I did it so.. so efficiently. When I undress in front of a woman, I like to put a little bit of show into it

She lited up her hands, and began to chant in some strange, annoying rhythm and I felt my body beginning to change.

Look, it's damned hard to describe exactly how it felt. Unless you've been through it yourself - and I bet you haven't - then there's almost no point of reference I can use to describe what it felt like to have my body reshape itself from the inside out. All I can say is that it wasn't painful. Uncomfortable, yes, but never actually painful, which seemed odd considering that my entire body was being altered, every square inch of it being reshaped. Be that as it may, the overriding feeling was sort of like when you have gas - that pressure in your gut, only this was over most of my body. The exception, ironically, was my stomach and waist, which felt like somebody was hugging me tightly.

In any case, the sensations lasted for a few minutes, and then it was over.

"Go ahead - take a look at your new body in the mirror." Jane said, with a sneer, gesturing at the mirror behind her. I could sort-of see myself in it all ready, but she'd ordered my to get a good look, so I stood up and did just that.

I looked in the mirror, letting my eyes trace over my new body, and I had to admit I was a hottie!

The funny thing was - I looked a lot like Jane. Only only more the way Jane would look, if I'd had anything to say about it.

I had the same slender build and short height - but more curves. My ass was fuller and firmer then hers was, and my hips wider. My legs were longer and shapelier then Jane's were, I assumed - I had never actually seen how Jane's legs looked.

I was definitely bustier then Jane - I had to be a firm D-cup, or maybe even a double-D. Not huge, but big - and perky! They weren't so much spheres as domes, sticking out of my slim new chest like tea- cups tuned upside down, and tipped with aureole instead of a base. I also had nipples - large, dark, thick nipples that were frankly feminine.

My face was more of the same - like Jane's, but not the same. My nose was smaller and finer, my lips fuller, my jaw and cheeks better defined. My eyes were the only thing that seemed the exactly the same as Jane's, but they weren't obscured by glasses, letting you see how dark and long-lashed they were.

"Whoa.." I said, hearing my voice emerge in a higher-pitched, feminine tone that sounded almost exactly like Jane's. "I am looking fi-ine!"

Jane seem taken aback anew. "Uh Well, you can play that game all you want, but I'm not changing you back!" She said, but her voice wasn't as firm as her words wanted it to be. "In fact, since you know what a girl like me should wear, you might as well wear it, since now you're a girl a lot like me!"

So saying, she began to pull a bunch of clothes out of the bags she'd brought with her.

"So, what do you think of a nice pair of panties?" She said, holding up a frilly pair of pink panties with a wicked grin.

Since I'd been told to move, it appeared that her previous order to 'sit still' was gone - I could move freely now. I shrugged.

"Have you got something less 'little girl'?" I said, looking at the panties in distaste. "You know - maybe a G-string or something."

Her jaw dropped. "I don't believe it - you really aren't bothered by being a girl!"

"Nope." I said, reaching up to cup my large, firm new tits, and finding it felt as good as I thought it would. "Like I said - it's not like this hurts or anything - and, like I said before, there's no reason why a body like this shouldn't be shown off. It doesn't matter that I'm in it now - this body deserves some tight, sexy clothes."

Jane seemed to be having real trouble understanding my attitude, which confused the hell out of me, since she was a woman herself. Sure, I'd never had asked for this, would have politely declined if offered - but, since it had happened, it was not like I was going to freak out or anything. This body wasn't a torture, or anything - it was just different, that's all.

Finally, Jane seemed to get it through her head that I really did want to see this hot body in equally hot clothes. It turned out that she'd bought some stuff that was a good start, though it's wasn't as sexy as I'd like.

The panties I ended up with were a pair of her plain white cotton ones. Looking in the mirror, I grimaced - but since they'd be under the rest of my clothes, I figured it wasn't that big of a deal. Still - it seemed a shame for such a sexy body to be wearing such boring panties

The skirt was a bit better - but not much. It was brown suede, and nice and tight, really showing off my great new ass - but it came almost to my knees! Talk about wasting a great pair of legs!

Especially since the boots she'd bought to go with the outfit were knee-high, and brown suede too, with neat buckles up one side. They looked like something from an old Robin Hood movie, the one where they made 'neat' costumes rather than the realistic but ugly ones from movies like that Costner one. They even had four inch heels.

Six inch heels on shoes would have been better for this body - but I guess it wasn't that bad for a first try, since I didn't have any experience in heels and had a hard enough time balancing in the four inch heels.

The shirt she'd got me was an off-white blouse that would have fit tightly - if I'd worn it. I flatly refused, though - it just covered up too much of this great body. Instead, I just put on the (again) beige suede vest she'd bought to go with the outfit. It wasn't bad, since it clung to the slender waist, and allowed a great view of the perfect cleavage from my gorgeous new tits.

"See?" I said, turning slowly in a circle in front of Jane, who was still having troubles coping. "I look great like this! Although, I'd look better in a shorter shirt - and in brighter colors. What's with all the beige, Jane?"

"I, uh don't have much experience in shopping for" Jane stammered.

"See - that's why I was trying to help you!" I laughed in frustration, shaking my head. "You got mad at me for pointing out exactly what you just admitted - you don't know what really sexy clothes you should buy!" I shrugged - and liked the way it made my tits feel as my nipples dragged across the inside of the vest, so I did it again.

"So, what's the plan now?" I asked, dropping onto the bed beside where she sat and laying back, letting my hands run across my new body. "Make-up? Jewelry?"

"I, uh didn't buy any jewelry" Jane stammered. "I, uh have some make-up, though My stuff, for formal things"

It turned out that her taste in make-up was as dull as her taste in clothes - all earth-tone shades. I had to make do with some berry-named lipstick that was kind of a pinkish beige (and nail-polish of the same shade), and some mascara and blush. It was all she had.

Then again, I didn't have the first clue how to put on make-up, and this was the only make-up she knew how to make look good, so I guess it was as good as I could have expected. It was better than nothing, making my new, full lips look even better.

"There, see?" I blew her a kiss. "Just a little make-up, even boring make-up, makes me look better." Jane shook her head as I admired myself in the mirror.

"I can't believe you, you're actually enjoying this!"

"Of course I am!" I said, rolling my eyes - Jane was just so dense. I tried one last time to explain it to her so she'd get it, picking my words with care

"Look, I know you think I'm sort of scuz-bucket for liking women who dress sexy and look sexy." I said. "That's the problem, though - you think that I'm somehow, uh what's the word? You know, making something less out of women?"

"Demeaning?" She supplied, and I nodded.

"Yeah, that's the one - You think the way I think is demeaning to women." I spread my new hands, my long, newly-painted nails glinting in the candlelight. "That's just it, though - how can what I like about a woman be demeaning to the woman? I'm not forcing any woman to look or dress a certain way - but, if they do, then I'll be more attracted to them than I would be to one who didn't."

"See!" She said, thrusting a finger at me. "That's just it - women then dress up and demean themselves so they'll attract you! You're forcing them to do it!"

"Nope." I said, shaking my head. "You don't feel forced to do it, do you? Face it, the only women who would do that, are women who want to attract me. That's their own choice - and I'm glad it is."

She seemed upset that she couldn't win that point. I shrugged again, loving the feel of it. "Look, Jane

- I like women who look and act the way I like. It's up to them if they do or don't. Even the ones who choose to be sexy are usually not thinking exactly the same thing as me when it comes to what is sexy. Now, however, I have a gorgeous woman who will wear whatever I want her to, and do whatever I want," - I waved a hand at myself - "me!"

I think Jane finally began to get it. In any case, she began to laugh, in a low, chuckling sort of way.

"God - I'm so sorry" She said. "You're not chauvinistic - you're simple! As in, 'not complex'. You've always been looking for a girl that was perfect. Who likes everything you do, so neither of you have to ever 'compromise' and while you're waiting, you're just looking for meaningless sex!"

"Yup!" I agreed, easily enough - atier all, it was true. I enjoy sex, so why should I punish myself while waiting for a sports-loving, TV watching, low-maintenance girl? "Face it - if I was a real shit, I wouldn't be obvious about it. I'd seduce girls by pretending to be interested in something more, then dump them."

Jane shook her head. "Instead - you look for girls who are just looking for meaningless sex, to."

"Right!" I said, primping my long, dark hair in the mirror and winking at my sexy reflection. "Now, let's get you dressed"

"What?" She said, eyes widening.

"Well, now that we've gotten it all straightened out, I'm going to give you that lesson. We're going to get you all dolled up in the nicest - sexiest - clothes you own, then I'm taking you out to the bar, to show you how to flirt right.'

"No, I" She started to say - an I held up a hand to stop her.

"Don't even think of arguing." I told her. "Either you get ready and come with me - or use that power and make me stop asking, 'cuz trying to talk me out of it just won't work."

She looked startled, then she blushed slightly.

"Don't give me ultimatums like that.." She said, in a way that wasn't really threatening. "I don't want to go out anywhere and I also don't want to make you 'shut up' by magical means. Please, don't force me to choose."

I started to screw up my face in annoyance - then stopped, remembering the beautiful new face I had. That expression might be fine on my old male one, but there was no reason to stick such a silly- looking expression on such a pretty face. "Look, you turned me into a woman. I figured I might as well not waste it - I can show you the way to get guys attention. Even the type of guys you're looking for. I mean, once you decide that he's the right type of guy, it wouldn't hurt to give him some, uh 'encouragement', would it?"

She looked at me thoughtfully then grinned. "Well, I'll tell you what. If you really want to show me how it's done, I'll let you 'demonstrate'"

She began to laugh as she gathered up some stuff on the floor, her body blocking my view so I couldn't see what she was grabbing. Then she slipped through the door into the bathroom. I heard some noises from inside the bathroom, including the sound of her chanting, and then there was just

silence for a few minutes. I was just beginning to worry that something had happened, when the door opened and I stepped out.

Well Jane, wearing a body identical to my old one. She was even dressed in the clothes she'd had me take off. I mean, my own mom woulda thought she was me, so perfect was the change.

"Well, Jane" She uh, he said in my voice uh, my old voice. "aren't I just the handsomest stud ever?"

From the tone in her voice, I could tell that, understanding me point of view or not, she still wasn't all that thrilled about

who I was. I guess people like me didn't fit neatly into the nice little view of the world she'd always had, and having something like that challenged tends to get people a little pissed, I've noticed

Anyway, I understood where she was coming from, but I couldn't lie to her or nothin' - I gave her uh, him and honest answer:

"Yeah. You are" I said, smiling at my old body. "Damn - seeing it from the outside, the body's even better looking then I thought. But, listen - don't stand like that. Makes me.. uh, you.. look like a sissy. When guys put their hands on their hips, the fingers face forward, not back. And don't put one foot forward - stand with your feet spread, side by side, and lean forward just a bit"

She.. uh, he.. looked startled as hell, and

(Damn - English isn't really good for talking about things that people figure are impossible. Tryin' to keep things straight when people switch bodies gets real confusing. Since I looked like a kinda sexed-up version of Jane, I'm gonna call me Jane, and since the person who started out as Jane looked just like the Dave I used to be, I'm gonna call her - him - Dave. Anyway...

and glanced down at himself for a second.

"You mean - you really think you.. I mean, I - am the hottest stud in the world? Think about what you're saying. You're a woman, Jane. Do you really want to admit that I'm sexy to you?"

I shrugged. "Why not? It's true, atier all. I may be a hot little number in this body, but you're a real stud-muffin in that one. In fact" I paused, and I'm sure an odd expression went over my new face - cause it was definitely an odd sensation I was feeling. I laughed a little. "In fact, my nipples are getting all tingly and hard.. and it feels sorta like I pissed my pants, but I didn't.. so I guess that means I'm gettin' hot for you. Damn.. it feels weird - but nice"

That seemed to startle him even more. "You mean - you're actually getting turned on by a guy - and it doesn't bother you? I mean, isn't that.. well, doesn't that make you gay?"

I had to laugh. "Getting turned on by a woman, right now, would make me gay, Dave - except for the fact that my own body turns me on. Uh - the body I'm in, I meant, though I am getting turned on by the one you're in, too. Which, since I'm a woman and you're a guy, is all right"

"Uh" he said, obviously not getting it. He really had some strange thoughts going on in his head, or something. I mean, sure - as a guy, I woulda been disgusted if I'd found another guy attractive.

That's sick. But I wasn't a guy, not right now - so it didn't bother me that Dave looked absolutely hot to me. Dave, however, was having problems, so I decided to show him how it worked

I smiled. Not a normal smile, but that one that only women can do right, where you look all naughty and stuff. I put one hand near my mouth and began to nibble on the edge of my nail, while I let my other hand slide across the vest covering my new tits, almost like I didn't know the hand was doing it which wasn't possible, because it felt really nice.

"What's wrong, handsome?" I asked, making my voice slow and heavy and sexy, turning my head slightly so that I was looking at Dave out of the corner of my eyes. "You don't find me the least bit.. attractive?"

Dave began to blush, brightly, and I slowly walked kinda on an angle, off towards his right, walking real slow and making my hips and ass move a lot, the way I liked to see a woman move when I was a guy, I very slowly 'smoothed' my skirt down, pulling it even tighter over my ass.

"You don't find me even the least bit sexy?" I asked, in the same slow, heavy voice, turning my head to look over one shoulder at the blushing guy. "Well, if you don't find my sexy then why is your crotch bulging?"

Dave's hands went to cover the very noticeable bulge from the hard-on I'd given him and showed he didn't know much about his new body, because he didn't just put his hands over the spot, but almost tried to push it back in. When a cock gets all hard and excited, like I'd just gotten his, 'touch' was something else altogether, and Dave gasped at the sensation he was feeling. I knew what it was like, having felt it lots of times before - it felt good and bad, at the same time.

So, he was getting to feel it for the first time - while I was busy feeling something, too. Damn - why don't women ever mention what getting 'hot' for them feels like? My nipples were almost painfully hard, in a really good way, and every breath I took made me very, very aware of the fact that I had tits. Tits that would feel really good to be touched and fondled. In fact, I was aware of my body more then I had been before getting aroused, and now I knew why women liked fore-play so much it was like my whole body was part of being turned-on.

Okay, I know this is gonna sound weird, but it's the only way I can explain it, so try and imagine it anyway

I felt like a big dick. No, I mean that my whole body was sexually sensitive, the way my cock had been, when I was a man. When you weren't turned on, you could adjust yourself with no bid deal, but touching your cock when you were horny, even if it wasn't fully hard yet, felt completely different.

That's what my body was like, now - once I was aroused, it became a lot more sensitive. Certain spots got more sensitive then others, but all that arousal wasn't focused in just one spot, like it was when I was a guy.

More than that - it was like I had a really nice warmth in my belly. Well, a little further down, but

When I was young, and I got sick, my mom used to put one of those vaporizers in my room. I didn't have a really big room, and it wouldn't take long before the room was warm and damp, humid but in a very comforting way, if you know what I mean. Well, that's kinda like what getting turned on as a woman felt like - there was a warm, damp sensation between my legs, and it was very pleasant

"Jeez!" Dave said, shitiing his hips uncomfortably. "Is this what getting a hard-on is like? How the hell Damn, it's in the way, it's really sensitive how the hell do you deal with it?"

I had to grin. "Well, you either get it in as comfortable position as you can and sit somewhere and think unsexy things 'till it goes away - and that doesn't feel great, either. Or, you can go somewhere and jerk off. Which is better then nothin', but not the

best. The best way, of course, is to"

I stopped dead right there. I mean, I hadn't thought about it before now, but about to describe it to Dave kinda triggered it, you know? I smile at him.

"What?" He asked, not having caught on.

"Well, you got yourself a real woody goin' there" I said, still grinning. "And I'm all hot and ready why don't we?"

He'd looked startled many times in the past little while - now, he looked downright stunned. "what! You mean you actually want to have sex with me?"

I winked at him. "Come on - don't tell me you don't want to."

He opened his mouth and his blush went even brighter ready, and he made kinda choking noises, meaning that he did want to, but wasn't quite ready to admit it to himself, much less to me.

I, on the other hand, thought it was a great idea. I mean, here I was in the body of a hot little woman, wet and ready and with free sex easily available. My original plan was to spend the day sittin' in front of the TV, but that had all changed - and if I could get some sex, I'd take it, no matter what body I was in. Atier all, sex was sex

Problem was, from the looks of things Dave was ready to go off. Now, I know he thought that I'd been a 'pig' as a guy, but truth was, I liked sex.. and was good at it. All the women I'd been with, as a guy, seemed to enjoy my technique, and I wasn't 'greedy' about it. I figure there's no reason why they shouldn't cum, too. I know some guys are only worried about their own orgasm, but I knew I was gonna cum, for sure.. so why not take the time to do it right?

Well, Dave wouldn't be much help in that department right now. He was too close to the edge, and if we had some sex now, he'd cum but I probably wouldn't orgasm.

Oh, well - I'd been in the reverse situation enough times. There was a way to handle it.

"Here, Dave" I said, walking over to him and sinking to my knees in front of him. "Let me show you why guys like blow-jobs'

He made sounds like he didn't want this to happen - but he made no move to stop me as I unzipped his pants and pulled them and his (my) underwear down. His cock was already hard as a rock, and it thrust from his crotch all ready to go.

Of course, I'd seen this cock hundreds of times before but never from this particular angle. It was kinda weird

Anyway, I tried to think about all the blow-jobs I'd ever had, what felt good and what didn't. Wrapping one hand around his shati made Dave gasp.. and he moaned when I sucked his cock into my mouth, my tongue licking **The End** of it.

I didn't know what I expected having a cock in my mouth to feel like. I'm sure you'll understand that I'd never given it much consideration, before. Now, I found that it was well, it was

It was nothing. No, I don't mean that, because there was sensations and stuff, but they weren't particularly bad, nor particularly good. I wasn't getting any real pleasure from bobbing my head back and forth, my lips sliding over his spit-slicked dick and my hand working his shati. It also didn't bring any particularly negative sensations, either. I could see that the reason women would do this was to bring their guy pleasure. but I couldn't see why there were women who considered it utterly disgusting. I mean, it was kind of a 'blank' in terms of physical sensations, so how you felt about sucking cock was all emotional, right?

So, there I was, giving my first blow-job (and doin' pretty well, I think.) when, without warning, Dave began to cum, moaning' and gasping' as he dumped a load of jizz into my mouth.

It was all salty and warm and thick, with a kinda musty flavor to it and I kinda had to swallow it, since I hadn't been ready for it. It was.. well, pretty bad. Not disgusting-bad, like I wanted to vomit or anything, just too salty and with that musky, musty flavor. It was kinda like the time I'd tried this home-made 'beef jerky' stuff a guy had made. It had been too salty, too, and the meat had that kinda of 'smoky' flavor, similar-but-different then the cum did. So, cum tasted kinda like liquefied, over-salted beef jerky.

I didn't like the jerky, either. Still, swallowing the cum wasn't the worst thing I'd ever had to do. I could see how women would do it now and then - hell, I guess if you did it enough times, you wouldn't even notice it. Still, I understood why a woman might prefer to spit rather than swallow.

Anyway, since it was his first blow-job, I took the time to lick the cock clean, even if I didn't particularly like the taste.

"So - how'd you like it?" I asked, standing up.

"That was amazing!" Dave said. "I can't believe you actually did that, though!"

"Hey - you were too 'keyed'." I said. "When you fuck me, I wanna make sure I orgasm, too." His eyes opened even wider. "you mean you want me to have sex with you? Still?"

"You bet!" I agreed. I began undressing. "Come on, get out of these clothes. I wanna see what fore-play feels like, then you should be ready for a good, long fuck. I wanna see if I can get one of those 'multiple orgasms' I've heard about."

He blushed again, and his mouth moved while odd sounds came out. Poor guys seemed to be having real trouble dealing with this.

Oh, well. I could live with that. Once I finished undressing, I pulled his shirt off, then stood on his pants and underwear, already in a pile around his ankles, and leaned on him a bit, my tits feeling really great as they pushed into his chest. It forced him to take a step back and that meant he stepped right out of the pants I was standing on.

Another step back.. and he fell backwards onto the bed. I climbed on the bed with him, pushing my body against his.

Then I kissed him.

Kissing was kissing. I mean, it didn't feel fundamentally different now that I was a woman kissing a guy - it did feel just as nice, though, especially when he started kissing back. But the 'just kissing' was definitely enhanced by having my firm, full tits pressed into his chest at the time, my nipples feeling almost like tiny cock-shatis they were so sensitive, pressed into the light layer of hair his chest sported.

It felt even better when he reached around and started to fondle that firm new ass of mine. I'd never really realized just how good that could feel.

By now, Dave seemed to have forgotten any objections he might have had to what was going on - and I wasn't surprised. I'd been a man, and I knew just how hard it was to stop once the motor was running. Indeed, under the influence of our 'fooling around', Dave Junior was rapidly getting hard again.

(Okay, so I named my cock. Hell, I didn't want a complete stranger making most of my decisions for me)

Anyway, it wasn't too long at all before he was ready to go again.

I really hated to break that kiss, since I was enjoying it so much, but I did so anyway. "Okay - now fuck me" I whispered in Dave's ear, and rolled over on my back.

He hesitated - maybe a half-second, tops. Then he was moving himself into position. A bit awkwardly, perhaps, but eagerly. I let him spread my legs as he moved into position, then he slid forward

How to describe the sensation? I don't think there's any adequate way to explain what having a hard, throbbing cock slide into your wet, soti cunt feels like, not unless you've experienced it yourself. I mean it was like I'd have an emptiness inside of me that I'd never even known about until I had it filled which, I guess, is a pretty accurate description, now that I think about it.

It felt fantastic. Not only physically pleasurable, but emotionally satisfying. I moaned, closing my eyes as I put my hands on his hips, urging him to do what his body wanted to do anyway.

So he did - he began to fuck me, driving his cock in and out of my wet new cunt.

The pleasure was like nothing I'd ever experienced. Oh, I'm not saying that it was better than having sex as a man was, or worse - but it felt a hell of a lot different.

Rather than a steady building, the pleasure seemed to come in waves with each thrust, the most pleasure coming when he was actually pulling in or out, with slight 'dips' when he reached either end of the stroke. It felt fantastic, though, and I found myself moving my hips almost instinctively, trying to increase the pleasure I was feeling as Dave fucked me good and hard. I don't think he was consciously thinking, so much as reacting to his body's desire to cum - and I was glad I'd sucked him off, first, to lessen the immediate need, so that he'd take long enough - because that incredible pleasure was building and building and building

and then I came.

All thoughts stopped in that instant, because I was too busy experiencing the most incredible pleasure I'd no. No, it wasn't actually so much 'better' than male orgasm, it was just that it was so different, so intense. I now understood the major difference between men and women when it came to sex

Men had the same basic orgasm, all the time. For women, the orgasm could be different, like a dozen - or a hundred - different flavors of ice-cream. Some of them you might like some of them you might not - but all were available, while men's orgasms were tried-and-true 'vanilla' every time.

Dave seemed to enjoy his 'vanilla' orgasm, though. When **The End**less time passed, the actual instant of orgasm that seemed to last forever, we collapsed in each other's arms.

"Wow" Dave said, and I agreed with him.

"That was incredible" Dave said, with a sigh and a grin. "I'm almost sorry that I have to back to being a woman. I mean, I enjoy sex as a woman, but there's just something about being a man that"

"Yeah, I know" I agreed. "I'm almost sorry about going back to being a guy. Well, brooding over it isn't going to help. Why don't you go ahead and change us back"

"and maybe we'll try it again in our own bodies, just for comparison?" Dave suggested with a grin, and I grinned back. No matter what happened after this, he and I were going to be much closer friends, especially with that little confusion about my outlook on life cleared up.

So, Dave set about preparations for enacting the spell, chanting and waving his arms and nothing happened.

He tried it a couple more times before the truth finally registered.

See, there's a real good reason why a 'witch' is female. Apparently, the forces of magic have different 'rules' for men and women, and so a man can't use a woman's magic, and vice-versa

and Dave was now a man, so his magic, the magic he'd used to change us into who we were now are, wouldn't work anymore

Well, we were a little upset, at first. I'm sure you can understand that - after all, we'd been 'locked out' of our lives.

Not that it matters, anymore. After five years of being a woman, I can't even imagine being permanently male again, and I'm pretty sure Dave feels the same way. Luckily, he looks exactly like the 'Dave' everybody remembers, so he could more or less pick up my old life and work it around to the way he wanted without anybody getting curious. Same with me - with no glasses, make-up and new clothes, everybody was amazed at how good I could look, but they didn't realize that I was actually a different person than the Jane they all remembered. After all, she always wore baggy clothes, so nobody knew that my new figure was much better than Jane's had been.

So, I'm happy to live my new life as 'Jane', and Dave's equally happy in his new life. Oh, we're 'best friends' and we fool

around together sometimes - my views on sex haven't changed, so I guess I'm technically a 'nympho' or something. Still, we're still so different as people that no long-term relationship is really in the cards. I'm still looking for the perfect persona and the search has gotten a lot easier for me. Atier all, it might have been hard to find women who like what I like, but finding men isn't all that difficult. Dave says he'd finding the same thing, too - his social life is much more active then it ever was, as a woman. So everything worked out for the best, really.

....except for the fact that she wants to go back to being female, just for a little while. There's one thing he, as a woman, always wanted to do, and that was have a baby. I mean, give birth. He's worked out this complicated scheme where he can be 'Jane' again, while I hide out, have a baby, then I'd change him back, claim the baby is mine and his, and give custody up to him. I don't really have a problem with it, since he's been teaching me his magic. Even if he can't use it, he remembers it, and that's how I've been learning. There's only one 'little' snag it turns out it's easier to turn somebody into a woman then it is to turn them into a man. He doesn't want to risk being turned into a woman permanently, and I certainly can't risk changing myself back into a man, 'cause then I'd lose my powers.

So, we talked it over - and decided we needed to find somebody out here willing to play 'guinea pig', and let me try my magic at turning them into a woman. I'm positive I can do that part but there's no guarantee that I can change anybody back. We wondered where we would find somebody willing to take the risk, and then we began to search the Internet and stumbled across this site.

So.

Any volunteers?



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When his nerdy neighbor creates the perfect synthetic woman, he is shocked to learn that he is to supply the brain to "boot" the new female to life.

Synthetic Woman

By Gunslinger

"Holy shit..." I breathed, stunned, as I slowly circled what Jerry had dubbed the 'bio-bed', unable to tear my eyes from the

figure laying immobile upon it. Even with the ventilator pumping air into and out of her lungs, and an external pace-maker maintaining heart function, her naked body was... arousing.

"You..." I stammered, finding it hard to get my mind around the concept, much less my mouth around the words. "You... **made** her?"

"That's right, Mark." Jerry confirmed, skinny ribcage swelling with well-earned pride as he polished his thick-lensed glasses on the hem of his wrinkled button-down short sleeve shirt before perching them once more on his too-large beak of a nose, magnifying his watery brown eyes owlshly.

"She looks so... real!" I blurted out, though my mind was also putting the word 'sexy' in there.

"She **is** 'real'." Jerry replied, affronted. "Anything short of genetic testing at a lab - or a CAT or MRI scan of her 'brain' - and she's indistinguishable from a naturally-born human."

"No shit?" I gasped. I mean, I knew my neighbor was just as much a genius of a nerd as he actually appeared to be, but **this**...?

"The synthetic skin has all the properties of 'real' skin - minus the flaws. The same goes for the synthetic muscles, organs, hair - all of it. Her blood is O Positive, and she could give or get transfusions without any problem. Her hair and nails will grow, and her teeth could, conceivably, get cavities, if poorly treated. Aside from the fact that her brain is a sort of bio-electrical computer completely unlike our own brains, in appearance, everything about her could pass for natural - and even her brain works like ours. Theoretically."

As he spoke, Jerry walked over to a small fridge in the corner of the lab and extracted a bottle of champagne - but I noticed this only incidentally, most of my attention still focused on his creation.

His gorgeous creation.

Jerry had built himself a woman...

...and **what** a woman she was!

In fact, she was perfect.

Well... in Jerry's eyes, at least. To me, she was only **nearly** perfect. I mean, I like women who were... busty. But this creation of his...!

Despite Jerry's obvious beliefs to the contrary, it **was** possible to have 'too much of a good thing'.

Still, despite that one, (*well, two*), flaws, this creation of his was remarkable, practically perfect in every other way, and I couldn't stop staring at her inert form.

"Theoretically...?" I finally asked as Jerry handed me the flute of champagne, belatedly cluing into the qualifier he'd used. Lifting his glass in a self-congratulatory toast, Jerry waited until we'd downed the champagne before answering.

"Yes, theoretically." He agreed, putting down the glass. "I mean, I've 'downloaded' a complete heuristic algorithm into her 'cyborg' brain, included all the references and background that should allow for skills, even a personality matrix - basically, I've completely programmed her computer-brain... but there's the problem of 'booting' her, as it were."

"Oh...?" I asked, blinking a bit as Jerry's narrow face seemed to swim in front of me. "Have you come up with a solution?" "Oh, yes." He said, eyeing me oddly. "In fact, that's why I invited you over."

"Howzat...?" I asked - then blinked, surprised at my slurred, slow words.

"By transferring an already 'operational' mind pattern into her." He answered, stepping forward quickly - and catching me as I began to slump.

Too late, I realized my drink had been drugged, and that he had an ulterior motive for calling me, a neighbor he barely knew, over to see his magnificent creation. I tried to fight, tried to struggle - but though my mind remained perfectly clear, my body was no longer mine to command, limp and unresponsive.

"I am sorry about this, Mark..." The scientific bastard assured me with what sounded like sincerity, damn him. "I would have used my own neural pattern to do this - but I'm afraid the transfer method destroys the original matrix, making it a one-way trip."

Despite the fact that my body was limp, it wasn't completely disconnected from my brain - I could feel myself go cold, stomach tightening as the meaning of his words registered on my helpless mind.

"It's a sacrifice in the name of science, Mark." He tried to reassure me, though it didn't help one damned bit as he lay me out on a second 'bio-bed', with me unable to do so much as blink. I could hear him moving around, feel him placing something against my

head and at the top of my spine - but I couldn't move, couldn't jump up and stop this monstrous plot. In fact, I wasn't only completely helpless, but my breathing was becoming steadily more labored as even my autonomous functions began to shut down.

"I'm sorry, Mark." He repeated - but that didn't stop him from moving towards whatever switch, button or knob would effect this horrible 'transfer', with me unable to even protest as I stared helplessly up at the ceiling through immobile eyes...

...and then shuddered briefly, opened my eyes, and stared up at the ceiling.

It was as fast as that. One instant, in my own, slowly dying immobile body - then next, staring up at the ceiling through a pair of eyes that saw it slightly differently, the colors and perspective slightly 'off', the vision slightly sharper - and not my own.

Or, rather, that which I'd unwillingly have to call my own from this day forth - for even as I stared up at that damned ceiling, the sensations I was feeling told me that I was, indeed, in a different body.

A new body.

A female body.

That damned bastard had forced my mind into the body of his synthetic woman!

As Jerry entered my field of view, eyes glittering in triumph as he looked down at me with a big, shit-eating grin on his face, I wanted to reach out and wrap the new hands he'd cursed me with around his scrawny chicken neck and snap it...

...but I couldn't move so much as a single synthetic muscle in my unwanted new body, nor could I give voice to the torrent of curses I wanted to unleash on that conniving bastard.

The thought that I was not only trapped in a female body, but a paralyzed one, made my stomach clench in fear.

"You're probably noticing you can't move, or talk - or do anything but lay there." Jerry noted. "That's because, while your original brain is the 'DOS', Marianne's personality matrix is the 'Windows' installed on top of it. Not only can't you do anything at all until I've given you permission, but at no time will you ever be able to do anything directly against my own welfare or interests - it's one of the 'base commands' for you now... Marianne."

I tried to tell him that I wasn't this damned 'Marianne' of his... but 'Marianne' refused to let me. Like it or not - and I didn't, not by half - I was 'Marianne'.

At least - it was my mind trapped within the body and programming of Marianne.

All of which meant I couldn't even grind my teeth in helpless disgust as he lightly caressed the silken flesh of my new leg, the sensations - subtly different then it would have felt in my 'real' body, but every bit as unwanted - running through my synthetic nerves to my synthetic brain, generating a disgusted, humiliated anger that was anything but synthetic.

"Okay, Marianne - you can sit up now." HE said.

It was permission, not a command. It broadened 'free will' to exactly two options - remaining laying down, or sitting up, but not allowing me to flee from his touch, his presence.

After a long moment, I sat up, swinging my new legs over the edge of the table with a motion that wasn't even mine, the smooth gracefulness 'built in' to the programming that filtered my thoughts into her actions. As I moved, I could feel those grotesquely over-sized chest melons shifting, swaying, hanging, their weight so real and unmistakable, something I couldn't block out however much I might have wanted to.

The motion brought the other bio-bed into my field of view... and I wasn't permitted to react in any way to the sight of my old body, now nothing more to Jerry than a useless discard, a pile of useless, dead meat.

My body - no longer mine, never to be mine again.

"God, look at yourself..." Jerry breathed - as the pervert reached up to lightly caress one of those disgustingly enlarged tits he'd forced upon the body forced upon me. "You're... perfect!"

Given 'permission', I looked down to see his hand resting on my... My perfect, gorgeous, wonderfully huge breast!

I couldn't gasp, couldn't gape - but I wanted to, wanted to have a physical way to reveal the shock I felt as I stared down at a set of tits I knew were the exact same ones I'd found so ridiculous, so ludicrous, when I'd seen this figure from my own eyes - but now that I helplessly found myself seeing as utterly perfect in their damnably wonderful massiveness.

"Perfect..." Jerry breathed again - then, with a sigh, finally removed his hands from my hatefully unhated new body.

"Come on, Marianne..." He instructed me - and I had no choice but to obey his command, the 'programming' in the cyber-organic brain housing my consciousness forcing me to obey his command to follow him - and not just obey it, but smoothly, gracefully, with a feminine stride that swiveled my smoothly rounded new womanly hips and jiggled and bounced by disgustingly wonderful new tits.

I was not 'Mark-in-Marianne' to Jerry - I was Marianne, running of a 'Mark battery'. He knew, but didn't care, that it was my consciousness under all of Marianne's programming make 'her' possible. Whether he was simply ignoring the fact, or it just didn't bother him in the least, all that mattered to this unscrupulous nerd was that his creation was 'alive'.

I could read this story in every aspect of Jerry: Boy meets girls, boy never gets girls, boy builds his own girl - and powers her off the consciousness of the guy next door.

'I' was merely a component.

Marianne was the 'real' one here. I was but a lost fragment of a dead man buried underneath her, helpless to control my situation, forced to experience everything his perfect cyborg-synthetic girlfriend did.

Where he led me to showed me just how deep this unholy obsession with the woman he'd created was - for he had a room completely outfitted for 'her', a room that was like some unlikely cross between a little girl's room and a bordello, lace trimmed four- poster bed beneath a big mirror on the ceiling, powder-blue and white walls and furniture cast in a mixture of light and shadow from the 'spotlighting' the room used, framing perfect little spots for sexy little me to stand and pose for his enjoyment.

"You can go ahead and dress in something sexy for me while I'm moving Mark's body." Jerry said - and his choice of words revealed his thinking, for it wasn't 'your body', but 'Mark's body'. "But, first..."

He smiled at me... no, at his creation... and unzipped his pants and let them slide down around his scrawny feet to reveal his already hardening cock...

...and my heart began to be beat faster.

Not in disgust, as I would have wished - but in excitement.

Marianne was programmed to be excited at the prospect of servicing her master - and, whether I wanted to or not, I was forced to feel that excitement as well.

"Suck me, Marianne - give me a blow job." Jerry instructed.

"Yes, Jerry..." I heard my rich new feminine voice coo, words spoken without my foreknowledge or permission.

Oh, how I wish I could ignore that command - but it wasn't even up to me. I was just the battery, the power source, not the controlling intellect - that was Marianne, and she not only would obey her master...

...but she'd enjoy doing it.

Which meant I was forced to enjoy it, to.

I was forced to enjoy gracefully sinking to my knees in front of him, a smile helplessly rising to my cupid's bow lips at the wonderful giti my master was granting me. I was forced to love the feel of it as my lips closed around the now hard cock, and forced to find the feel the throbbing shati in my hands as being something I wanted, I loved, I enjoyed.

I was forced to love sucking on his cock with all the skill he'd programmed into her mind, forced to enjoy the feel, the taste, the texture. I was helpless in the face of the waves of pleasure rolling through my cyber-organic mind as I licked, slurped sucked and stroked.

I was forced to love being a word-class cock-sucker...

...and there wasn't one damned thing I could do about it, my mind overwhelmed with the programmed pleasure I was forced to feel over what I was doing.

I was sucking cock - and loving every single damned second of it!

When he came in my mouth and my body eagerly gulped down every single, salty drop, I knew damned well that it was disgusting, sickening and horrifying - but it **felt** wonderful, tasted delightful, filled me with contentment and well-being and utter happiness to be able to swallow my master's giti of a thick, warm load of man-seed.

Helplessly filled with a warm, uncritically happy glow from being allowed to give Jerry a blow-job, I followed his instructions to get dressed while he went and took care of my discarded body. I put on a cute/sexy little number, a white, lace trimmed tube-top and a denim 'overall' skirt with attached 'suspenders'. The skirt was nearly knee length - but had slits up either side, meaning the otherwise tight garment showed a lot of my long, creamy legs with every move I made, the same as the tight tube top displayed ample cleavage of my big new tits.

A pair of white strappy platforms shoes with six-inch heels completed the look - aside, of course, from the white plastic jewelry and the make-up I helplessly, flawless applied to my face before coming out my long, chestnut hair.

When Jerry got back, we went out for dinner - so that he could show me off in public, of course.

I was helplessly happy to be his perfect, petite, pneumatic little 'girlfriend', making sure to show him plenty of affection while being somehow demurely sexy - showing off my body enough for other men to appreciate what Jerry had, but not enough to indicate I was trying to come on to any of them, as I 'loved' Jerry, and Jerry alone.

The 'demure' went out the window when we got back home - and I was pure slut for Jerry, alternately fake-sweet sexy and

fake-nasty sexy to keep him going, feeling his hands and/or lips over every inch of my new body, fondling and being fondled, stroking and being stroked - and fucking him, one soti-and-nice, one laying back and letting him give it to me as hard and 'nasty' as the basically unimaginative little nerd could manage...

...and I helplessly loved every single second of it. I was his toy. His slave, his lover, his servant.

I cooked and cleaned for him, I mothered him while he worked and then was his complete whore for him when he wasn't. I was everything and anything he wanted me to be, any time and any place he wanted me to be it - and because I was serving my maker and master, I was ecstatically happy every minute of it.

Not because I wanted to be - but because Marianne was programmed to be, and I felt her physical sensations, and her emotions. Not once did I forget the intellectual horror and disgust, shame and humiliation - but it was purely intellectual, and in a consciousness that had no control over the body, not even enough to generate the physical indications of these emotions.

Part of the time I had limited free will, the ability to choose between closely-defined option, much like the first 'options' allowed me when I'd transferred into the body. I couldn't do anything to escape this horribly enjoyable fate, nor could I do anything to harm my darling bastard.

When ordered to make him something to eat, I could cook him anything I wanted - as long as it was something I knew he'd enjoy. When ordered to dress, any outfit I chose - as long as it was one he liked. I could start my cleaning in any room I wanted, but couldn't do a less than perfect job of it - and couldn't help but enjoy it as I did it.

Even my emotions had been stolen from me, and in every aspect of my enslavement, I was unwillingly ecstatic. For four months I was his disgustingly happy, hatefully cheerful, wonderfully humiliated little slave...

...and then the flaw in his perfect little life came about in such a prosaic manner that it boggled the mind. I was vacuuming.

Prancing around in high-heels and a man's dress shirt held nominally closed by a single button, wide hips swaying to unheard music and big tits bouncing, I was in the middle of my daily cleaning routine while Jerry was off somewhere, doing whatever it was on the increasingly more frequent days he was gone. Of course, me being who and what I was, he didn't bother to confide in me anything at all, but I'd begun to assume he was working towards finding a way to 'cash in' on his synthetics discoveries - not that it mattered to me, his slave whose 'real' opinion was useless in the face of a personality programmed to have no opinion.

So, while he was gone, Marianne - with me along for the ride - did what she was programmed to do, cleaning the house...

...when I got a static shock from the metal floor-lamp post I was moving to vacuum under.

It wasn't much, really - just a tiny little shock, a jolt that sent a unpleasant, sharp tingle through my nervous system. "Shit!" I swore, yanking my slender, long-nailed hand off the metal lamp...

...and then stopped dead, an odd expression plastered across my eerily perfect face as I realized I had just performed an action completely of my own volition.

Even standing absolutely stock still was 'me', not Marianne.

Slowly, barely daring to believe, I switched off the vacuum - and the very fact that I could do that, could make this body of my perform that simple task, was both proof and revelation.

I was in control!

Which quickly begged the question - what was I to do with this control, with this new-found freedom?

A question whose answer was not as immediate or clear-cut as I would have previously believed.

What hold, what power could I bring to bare upon Jerry to cause him to create for me another synthetic body, this one male? Not a copy of my old one, for 'I' was dead of a heart attack and buried, and doubted I could find any way to make the truth be believed by anyone who would matter - but any male body, so that I could escape this feminine fate?

The answer was 'none' - for even if I could guard Jerry twenty-four hours a day, force him to do my bidding, and learn enough of his arcane crati to spot sabotage or 'bad programming', it wouldn't return me to the point at which I'd been before his nefarious plan was put into action...

...and, truth be told, I did not want to 'reset the clock'.

It shamed me to admit it, but admit it I must, for it was an undeniable truth: Having been through this ordeal, one I would never have wished upon myself, I had been indelibly changed.

Though I still hated Jerry with an undying passion for what he'd done to me - I could not blithely return to masculinity. Having experienced femininity - having experienced this particular simulation of femininity - I was... 'addicted'.

I did not want to be - but 'want' no longer entered into the question. Though the vestiges of my male upbringing still shamed me for my feelings, the fact was that this body felt pleasure at 'being feminine', especially sexually... and I enjoyed that pleasure, however guiltily. Though I would never have wished to be female, and still wished it hadn't happened, it **had** happened - and I'd helpless come to long for those moments of extreme pleasure my new form created during the pleasing of a man.

So, I was trapped within the body and mindset of 'Marianne', even though no longer dictated to by her programming - and, indeed, that made it all the more powerful an addiction for me. While Marianne was programmed only to feel 'desire' when ordered to please, I could - and did - remember all the pleasure I had felt, as unwanted as it might have been... and could now anticipate, even crave, more of the same, no matter how shameful this craving might have been for the man I had once been.

A woman I was, and so a woman I would remain... but in no way did this lessen or mitigate the horrors Jerry had perpetrated upon me, and I would not forgive him theses.

Indeed - I would have my revenge.

That thought crystallized within me, and I knew then what I must do, and how I must do it - and knowing this, I had to work quickly, for I had much to do and no idea when Jerry was to return, so I must be prepared as quickly as possible.

With that in mind, I set to work...

* * * * *

When Jerry arrived home, he found 'Marianne' waiting.

That was, of course, exactly what he was expecting, and so found nothing at all odd about me standing just inside the door, dressed to the nines and with a welcoming smile on my face.

Being as that was exactly what he expected, he didn't question it, nor examine it too closely - and so failed to notice that the warm, welcome smile might have seemed more than a trifle forced, or that my 'guileless blue eyes' were anything but. His inherent faith in his own genius, borne out by four months worth of 'proof', had dulled his edge.

So, he didn't hold so much as a single suspicion in his mind as he took the martini I had waiting for him, settled onto the couch, and demanded a 'welcome home' blowjob.

Though the thought of pleasuring this man, this hideous monster in a nerd's body, still enflamed anger and made my stomach clench, I nevertheless did what I was told, sinking down between his spread legs with a warm smile...

...and excitement flowing through my synthetic veins. Angry excitement, disgusted excitement, hateful excitement, but excitement nonetheless, for that was what this body was programmed to feel at giving a man a blow-job - and the fact that I enjoyed feeling this way only made that enjoyment a guilty one, in no way lessening it's power.

In this particular case, however, as intense pleasure thundered through me as I began to fondle and lick his cock into an erection, that pleasure/guilt/disgust was further added to by an expectant emotion, a feeling of approaching victory.

As I let myself wrap my full, cock-sucking lips around his now-hard cock, submerging myself in the unwanted-but-needed, guiltily enjoyable pleasure of being a dick-loving woman, it was with the knowledge that it would be the last time I'd have to do it with the bastard who'd foisted upon me the very addiction I was now feeding.

Upon arriving home, Jerry enjoyed having a long, slow, 'loving' blow-job - so he was probably somewhat surprised when I went at it with a will, throwing myself into the task. He tried to correct my 'mistake'...

...only to find his words slurred and incomprehensible, his body lethargic and unresponsive.

Too late, he realized that the perfectly mixed martini contained more than gin over a splash of vermouth. Too late, he realized I'd garnished it with more than an olive.

Too late, he realized I was no longer his obedient little slave.

The paralyzing agent, a derivative of curare, was fast acting - but I was even faster, getting my disgustingly beloved 'fix' of cum before his cock went as limp and unresponsive as the rest of his body. Swallowing his heavenly load, I rose to my feet - and didn't even attempt to be gentle as I took hold of his collar and struggled to drag him down into the basement and up onto one of the bio- beds. Thankfully, my synthetic body was about ten percent stronger than a 'real' one of the same mass, which made

'nearly impossible' into just difficult, and soon he was laying helpless on the bed, breathing already quite labored.

I'd examined the control panel earlier in the day, and it had been child's play to cut the wires from the 'on' switch and splice them into the wires from my kitchen egg-timer. Now, I set the dial, then hurried to climb onto the second bio-bed and set up the induction

electrodes.

A split-second's worth of time later, the device kicked on - and I felt Jerry's confused, horrified mind as it was shoe-horned into my synthetic brain. Almost as a subconscious feeling, I could feel his thoughts and emotions tickling at the back of my brain...

...but I'd placed him within the same electronic box I'd only so recently escaped from, and he had no more control over my thoughts and actions than I'd had over Marianne's programming.

What's good for the goose...

Savoring his horrified realization of what I'd done, I rose from the bio-bed and disconnected the electrodes, then let his expended male body where it was as I headed upstairs.

Though I'd quickly learned where he kept his ready stash of money upon becoming his helpless house-mate, I'd been programmed not to touch it - but now I had no problem taking a nice sized wad of his money from his stash, more than enough to pay for the cab which I then called. I didn't have long to wait before it finally arrived, and when I let the house go out to it, I added an extra little wiggle in my walk, making use of my programmed sexuality for a man other than my 'master' for the first time...

...and loving every minute of it. Despite the fact I wasn't programmed to feel this way about acting sexy towards anybody but Jerry, I was no longer the slave of my programming, but the master - mistress - of it. While that program had created an addiction I didn't have any control over, the programming itself was mine to use, and I did, ensuring I felt the full peak of pleasure at advertising my feminine sexuality...

...while cutting off the pathway that would have echoed that pleasure into Jerry's little box.

I was helplessly addicted to feeling and pleasures Jerry had forced on me. More pleasure, in both quality, quantity, and variety, than I'd ever felt in my old, male life. Pleasure I was unable to even seriously contemplate giving up. Pleasure that was inherent in the programming that maintained and motivated this body - even now, at my own, willful direction, rather than at the programmed behest of the 'personality' I was suppressing, though not completely.

I still needed the 'Marianne' programming, in order to keep supplying myself with all this pleasure. Were I to disconnect all the programming embedded within my cyborg brain, assume complete and utter control of this synthetic body, I'd lose all her skills, all her abilities - and all her programmed pleasures.

Instead, I was suppressing certain segments of code, making use of others - and enhancing the coding that provided me

my 'fix' of pleasure.

I was like a kid in a candy store...

...or like a junkie with an endless, high-grade supply of China White.

I could feel as much pleasure I wanted - but only as far as I was willing to make use of the 'triggers' attached to them. Marianne was only supposed to feel pleasure in certain circumstances, and while I could 'stretch' that program far enough to feel it with any man, rather than with just Jerry, I couldn't make them completely independent of their base purpose, which was to generate pleasure during sexual situations.

I still needed men to stimulate that pleasure I now so desperately, so helplessly, craved...

...but I could also ensure that none of it get through to Jerry's helpless consciousness, leaving him with nothing but the raw input of the physical sensations of what I was doing - and whatever emotion that generated in his own mind, buried deep behind mine.

The fact that I could faintly feel the helpless, horrified emotions roiling through him only made it all the more delicious.

I directed the driver of the cab to a night-club I knew to be a 'meat market', a trendy, upscale place where 'beautiful people' went to see and be seen, where the mixed smells of colognes, perfumes and various 'beauty' products used by both genders mixed with the nearly subconscious odor of both pheromones and desperation, that unique and unmistakable odor of men and woman desperately craving physical contact to at least mitigate the emotional contact they were unwilling or unable to establish with other people.

In a way, it was the situation for which I'd been perfectly created for. My body, my programming, even my helpless new cravings for pleasure - the all afforded me a sharp 'edge' in this particular game, and it was one I used to my fullest advantage.

As I entered the club like a lioness stalking her prey, it could have been a pathetic sight, a sexy, buxom woman on the prowl, driven by a desperate need that took all pleasure from the hunt - but, while that might well have been my fate, I'd been able to recognize it, and avoid it.

I entered the club - and it was with true excitement even stronger than the desperation that could have made this such a sad plight, even if that excitement was the dark nectar of vengeance.

That dark nectar was more intoxicating than any alcoholic beverage offered to me by the scores of males drawn to me by the oh-so-enticing smile I wore, sexual and mysterious, daunting yet enticing. My stride was supple and graceful, yet knowingly drew attention to the most sexual features of my body, as much challenge as invitation - and it was a challenge few men could resist.

By the time I made it across the dance floor and to the bar, I had a full dozen suitors vying for my attention - and with all the skills I possessed, I could keep them all 'on the line' without either accepting or rejecting their advances, without alienating any of them in favor for the others...

...and, even as my programming allowed me massive enjoyment of all the attention my luscious body was receiving, I enjoyed it all the more for the despairing humiliation Jerry felt deep within me, helpless to stop this from happening.

Though I could have had my pick of any man within minutes of walking in the door, I was in no hurry - not only did I know I could get what I wanted, needed, whenever I wanted, but the longer I held out, the worse it was for Jerry.

I flirted.

I danced, body sensuously supple, aware of my own body more than I had ever been as I felt Jerry's humiliation over the swaying of our ass, the bouncing of our breasts.

I let men fondle me, hands brushing, touching, or lightly gripping thigh, ass or breast as I passed.

I kissed men, teasingly, enjoyably - and felt Jerry recoil in disgust, pushing me to hold the kiss longer, deeper, harder.

Finally, when I could contain my desires no longer, I chose a likely candidate from the crowd of admirers, and let myself be led from the club. With a smile that was a promise, I let one last, lingering, smoldering gaze with my rejected admirers, and departed the club in hand with my lucky victim, and it seemed like nearly no time at all passed before we were back at his place, hands roaming each other's body as we passionately embraced, clothes seeming to dissolve as we kissed, fondled and caressed ourselves into the bedroom, where I lay back on the bed and spread my legs in enthusiastic welcome.

As I'd hoped, the man was better endowed than Jerry, and much more skilled in its use. With my programming, I could have enjoyed even the most inept sexual experience, and so this one was pure heaven for me - but, more importantly, being fucked long, hard and well by the man's big, hard cock provided all the more humiliatingly enjoyable sensation for Jerry to suffer through.

As we were fucked, that horrified disgust, that unwanted enjoyment, that utter humiliation Jerry felt was the final block in the pyramid of pleasure, and the programmed orgasm that ripped through me at exactly the same instant the man came was more utterly heavenly than anything I'd ever experienced before...

...and my heaven was Jerry's hell, as he writhed in the grip of that same orgasm, cursed as I'd been cursed, helpless to do anything but enjoy forcible transformation into a sexy woman - but without the programming that would have eventually led him to accept that fate, however grudgingly, as I had.

It was even more humiliating for Jerry, some time later, when I gave the man a blow-job he'd never forget, for while I enjoyed it, there wasn't even any physical pleasure to hauntingly mitigate the disgust Jerry felt as I swallowed the salty load of cum the man gited me with...

...and I savored the despair Jerry felt knowing that this was to be his fate for as long as we both lived.

After I had taken from the man everything he had to give, I left his home and headed back towards the club, knowing I could satisfy myself several times that night before worrying about striking out on my new life. The questions of gaining a new identity, gainful employment, and a new place to live were all serious ones - but ones that weren't immediate, for I knew now the

power of womanhood, the power that would let me 'cruise by' on all three points using pure, unadulterated sex as a substitute.

A substitute I was more than willing to make use of.

Head held high, a true-felt smile on my lips, I re-entered that nightclub with a full embrace of my new fate...

...while deep inside my mind, that self-same fate reduced Jerry to the mental equivalent of tears.

The End



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.



SUMMARY: A sleazy businessman learns that he must spend a week inside a mansion in order to take possession of it, but his stay turns out to be a slow transition into a bimbo.

Taking Possession

By Gunslinger

"I have to *what*?"

The slender, dark-haired man leaned forward in outraged shock, his trim, slender body tensing under the expensively tailored silk suit he wore. His dark eyes went from wide surprise to narrow anger, and his lips tightened. "You *have* to be joking!"

The attorney shook his head. "I'm afraid not, Mr. Glatthorne - although the law is antiquated, it is still on the books, and thus, enforceable." He spread his hands. "I'm sorry - there's nothing I can do."

Richard sat back in the chair, jaw working as he fumed with anger. "You mean I have to spend a week in the Carson place - or I can't foreclose?"

The lawyer shrugged in unsympathetic agreement. "That's the law. Since you are not a bank yourself, the law says that you - or a member of your immediate family, but that doesn't apply to you - has to inhabit the premises for one week. If you should leave for any reason, for any length of time - Ms. Carson can just move in, and it's her place again, without her having to

pay off the remainder of the outstanding loan.”

Richard’s hands balled into fists as he considered the implications of the position he was in. A prominent local businessman, he came from a family line that was one of the oldest in Carson, North Virginia. As a matter of fact, the only family with an older lineage - buy two years - was the Carson family itself. Whereas he was the last of his line, Janet Carson was the last of hers, and the owner of the mansion on the remaining acres of Nathaniel Carson’s original five-hundred acre spread of land that had formed the kernel of the town that now bore his name. Whereas his family had started with nothing and slowly risen through the ranks of society to become the town’s richest family, the Carson’s had gone into a slow decline after the Civil war, to the point where Janet Carson had finally had to get a loan for living expenses, using the Carson Mansion as the collateral.

And, with some complicated maneuvering, Richard had managed to buy up the outstanding loan - then used his considerable influence to delay Janet’s getting a job long enough that she missed one payment. At which point he’d planned to swoop in and steal the house out from under her.

But the Carson’s had made up the original town fathers, and most of the mayors since the town’s first election in 1798 had been Carson

- so Janet had access to every municipal and county laws and by-laws, and had found one that threw this impediment in front of Richard.

Not that he was going to let that stop him...

“All right - if I have to live in the house for a week uninterrupted, then that’s what I’ll do.” He stated, the visions of how much the house - with it’s antiquarian value as well as it’s value as a mansion - could be sold for on the open market, something the Carson family had adamantly refused to do, dancing in his head. “Tell Ms. Carson to move out her personal effects before six tonight - because that’s when I’m taking possession.”

* * * * *

The sun was sinking lower in the sky, and the light that came in the two-hundred-year-old float-glass panes in the mullioned windows of the Carson Mansion was a deep, garish orange that drew blood-red highlights out of the highly polished imported cherry-wood that trimmed the study, and glinted ruddily from the brass electric fixtures added a century and a half after the house’s inceptions.

Richard sat in the deep armchair, a small smile fixed on his thin lips as he inhaled the particular odor of a age and wealth that suffused the house. Dressed in a pair of tailored jeans and a crisp white cotton shirt, the slender man reveled in his success, knowing that this wasn’t an impediment at all - it was a chance for him to enjoy the particular ambiance of the home before he sold it, a taste of what it felt like to live in a piece of history itself.

The fact that the Carson bitch had refused to remove any of the furnishings or knickknacks only made it better. She had declared that everything belonged with the house - and if she couldn’t have the house, she didn’t want anything to remind her of what she’d lost.

Richard didn't care - other than the fact that it made the house feel 'lived in', which made it more comfortable for him - and which would drive up the price at auction. Throughout the years, the Carson family had slowly filled the house with priceless Americana items, which Janet had refused to sell, even when she was so desperate for cash. Now, they would either go with the house - for a sizable amount of money - or, if nobody was willing to pay the extra premium, he'd sell them piece-meal. Either way, it was another feather in the cap of victory he felt he'd earned with this coup.

Feeling satisfied with his new acquisition, Richard spent the rest of the evening relaxing. Making himself a light pasta meal, he sat in the study for a few hours, reading the day's newspaper, and using his lap-top to access some stock information before heading upstairs to the master bedroom. After performing his evening toilette, he changing into a pair of royal-purple silk pajamas, climbed between the sheets of the century-old four-poster bed, and drifted off into a deep, satisfied sleep.

* * * * *

Richard felt the warm sun streaming in the high windows as he slowly sank from the comfort. Stretching, he yawned and sat up...

"What the...?" Richard gasped, gazing down at himself in perplexity.

Instead of the silk pajamas he'd gone to bed in the night before, he was dressed solely in a pale pink silk negligee trimmed at the neckline with white lace.

Stunned and confused, he shifted the feminine garment, finding he was naked beneath it. Peeling the strange garment off, he stared at it, then looked around the room, finding no sign of his pajamas, or of an untoward entry that might explain how he'd ended up in the soft, pastel garment.

Tossing it aside, he dressed quickly then prowled through the sprawl of the house, checking all the windows and doors, finding them locked and bolted. His first thought - that Janet Carson had snuck in during the night and, somehow, put the garment on him while he was sleeping - was ruled out quickly. Although she probably had keys to the house she hadn't turned over (especially in case he left the property during the week, so she could take possession again), all the doors were bolted from the inside, and couldn't be opened from the outside, keys or no keys. They were also expensive German lock, older but still practically unbeatable short of assault with a battering ram, something that obviously hadn't happened.

It didn't make any sense. Unless, somehow, he'd done it himself - whether in a trance state, or aware of what he was doing, then forgetting before he awoke.

Neither option had much appeal to him.

Returning to the foyer, he picked up the phone and dialed a number, reaching one of his associates.

"Derrick?" Richard said into the phone. "This is Richard - I need you to pick some stuff up for me and bring it by..."

* * * * *

Richard crawled into bed, feeling exhausted - but much more secure.

He'd spent the day installing temporary security measures. Small, battery-powered sensors on all the doors and windows - all forty-nine, by his count. He'd also installed motion detectors in every room - and attached them to video cameras, a minimum of one per room, with some rooms having more, and all of them attached to a large, complicated VCR in the study. The house was rife with a profusion of wires and cables, but they were all held in place with a putty-like material that was purely temporary, and could be removed without damaging anything. However, for the remainder of his stay in the house, the place was wired up like a pin-ball machine, making sure that he felt secure in the sprawling, echoing mansion. After last night, the place had suddenly acquired an eerie air, and he was all too aware of the age and history weighting heavily down on the house, the remnants of owners long since turned to dust, and of how alone he was in the sprawling monument to the town's oldest family.

A monument that he'd acquired by hook and crook...

A man unused to attacks of conscience, it was only a sign of how spooked he'd been by the odd event of the night before, so it wasn't surprising that he took almost two hours to drift off into the dark silence of sleep.

* * * * *

Even as Richard stirred to wakefulness, he knew something was definitely wrong.

Almost every inch of his body itched in a strange new fashion, and was decidedly tender. Over that strange itching sensation came the soft smooth flow of what was undoubtedly silk - but a silk garment that didn't extend all the way down his legs, and that left his arms bare. A garment that felt much like...

...a silk negligee.

Sitting up with a gasp, Richard threw back the coverlet and stared down. The first thing he verified was that he was once more clad in the pink silk garment he'd wadded up and tossed aside that morning. But the second thing of note was what really sent a chill down his back.

The sight of his smooth legs, utterly denuded of every follicle of hair, peeking out from beneath the hem of the feminine garment.

But there was more to it than that, he quickly discovered when he peeled off the negligee - not just his legs were free of body hair - his entire body was smooth and bare, like a baby's bottom.

"Holy shit!" he swore, climbing from the bed and staring down at his body. "What the fuck is going on here?"

He had a way to find out - and he was going to use it. He dressed quickly, grimacing slightly at the odd sensation of his clothes against his skin without the normal buffer of body hair. Shaking his head at the oddity and absurdity of it all, he went downstairs, pausing just long enough to nuke a cup of day-old coffee, then carried the rather bitter brew into the study, where he dropped into the chair positioned in front of the VCR/TV combo hooked up to the surveillance system. Even before he turned on the TV, he was gratified to see the counter on the VCR indicated it's recorded *something* during the night. Rewinding it back

down to zero, he hit 'play' and leaned back in the chair to watch the crisp color images the high-quality Sony 'camcorders' had caught.

The first few minutes were a 'false alarm' - him tossing and turning before drifting into sleep. Then the screen 'blinked' as the recorder had shut off then restarted.

Leaning forward, Richard watched the small image of himself as he climbed from the bed. He frowned at the image, his brow knitting as he watched his recorded self undress and head for the door of the room - not only did he not remember doing any of this last night, the way he was moving in the recording looked odd. He was balancing differently than usual, further forward on his feet, and moving with

an odd motion in his hips and arms. Even the set of his shoulders and the tilt of his head looked all wrong, though he couldn't narrow it down to specifics.

As he - in the recording - left the room, the camera automatically switched off, and the one in the hall switched on, showing him crossing the threshold of the room and moving confidentially down the hallway towards the stairs. There was another camera-cut as he descended the stairs, then another before he entered the kitchen and rattled around in a couple of the cupboards.

The sound was crisp and clear on the recording, and Richard heard his recorded voice, despite the fact that the words were spoken in a mutter.

"Where the hell did he... ah, here they are. "

Although a person's voice always sounds strange to them when they heard it recorded, this wasn't the same thing - the words were spoken in a tone and inflection Richard couldn't remember ever having used in his life - and he still couldn't remember using that or any other tone last night. All of this was strange and new to him, and although the version of him on the screen appeared wide awake and coherent, nothing he was seeing was jogging a memory of having done it. If not for the fact he'd awaken with all his body hair gone and wearing that negligee, he wouldn't believe the person he was seeing was him.

Oddly enough, although last night's 'him' had had trouble finding the pots he'd put away himself the night previous, the recorded him moved confidently to a cupboard that Richard hadn't bothered to thoroughly explore, and emerged bearing a box that he hadn't noticed. It was as if the recorded him had known exactly what he wanted, and where it was.

For the next twenty minutes, Richard watched in stunned confusion as his image on the screen heated up a bottle of a green substance in a pot of boiling water. When it was ready, last night's 'him' took it to the table, sat on a chair, and began applying a coating of the green - wax, it must be, Richard realized - on his leg. Over this coating went a strip of gauze taken from the box now resting on the table, and was pressed firmly into the warm wax. He then did another strip on the other leg - then, with a grimace, ripped off the first strip, taking all the hair that had lain under it along with the now-congealed wax.

Hitting 'fast forward', Richard watched as he systematically stripped his body of hair using the wax and gauze. Upon completion of the...

ordeal, considering the look on his face when he'd yanked away the wax, he put everything away, throwing the waxed gauze strips in the garbage and tidying up before going upstairs, pulling on the negligée he'd tossed aside the morning before, then crawling into bed. Almost instantly, all motion ceased and the screen went blue.

Shutting off the machine with a stunned look on his face, Richard rose and walked into the kitchen. Pausing for a long second, he finally bent down and opened the cupboard...

...and found the garbage overflowing with wax-coated gauze, in which was embedded the 'missing' body hair.

Slumping onto a chair, Richard shook his head in disbelief. "I don't believe it..." He said in a whisper. "Am I going crazy?"

It was almost like he'd developed a schizoid complex overnight, creating a second personality to 'complement' his first. Although he was most definitely not an expert in the field, Richard knew that some people who had 'Multiple personalities' had blackouts - periods when another facet of their fragmented personality was in control, and during which the 'original' persona remembered nothing.

For several long minutes, Richard was half-convinced that was the case - that he was going crazy, and that the odd, recorded actions he had just seen were a solid symptom of his encroaching madness.

Then logic reasserted itself, pulling him from that train of thought.

"Hang on..." He said, shaking his head and speaking aloud to empty air - and it was probably a good thing that he didn't realize that he was talking to himself, as it might have bolstered his 'insanity' theory. "How did I know where to find that stuff? I've never seen it before in my life - yet, it was as if I knew exactly where it was."

Thinking on that point a little longer, he decided it was small - but telling. There was something more going on here - and the fact that he didn't know what it was annoyed him, his fear and confusion changing to anger and suspicions. He didn't yet know - exactly - what was happening, but he had a fairly good idea who was behind it.

Because his first, panicked, reaction had been to go for help, whether it be psychiatric or otherwise. Now, he realized that was exactly the motivation behind what was happening - and attempt to force him to leave the house.

And there was only one person who would directly benefit from that situation. Janet Carson.

Angrily, Richard pushed himself up from the chair and walked over to the phone. Picking it up, he angrily punched out a number, and curtly asked for Ms. Carson. There was a shot pause, then her voice came on the line, still groggy from sleep and almost unrecognizable as a human voice.

As soon as he heard the 'hello', Richard launched into her.

"All right, bitch." He snarled. "I'm not going to play your little game, do you hear me! I'm not going to let you get away with this, so you might as well stop *right now*, before I come down on you like a ton of bricks!"

Then he slammed the phone down in the cradle before she had a chance to 'defend' whatever it was she was doing.

* * * * *

At the Best Western, in room 212, Marie Carson, a receptionist from Chicago, stared at the phone in fear and confusion, then dropped it into the cradle. Eyeing the instrument like a snake that was liable to strike at any moment, she backed away from it, then dressed and headed down to the lobby to tell her lover that she was ending their affair and flying back to her husband....

* * * * *

Turning away from the phone in satisfaction, Richard headed into the kitchen to make breakfast. He wasn't about to let some damned *woman* stop him from doing what he'd wanted to. All his life, he'd had women who'd been interested in him because of the fortunes he'd controlled, but he'd refused to let any of them into his life, where they might screw him up at a crucial moment. Oh, sure, he'd used them for sex or prestige or appearances - but that's all they'd been. Toys. Window dressing. Diversions.

Certainly nothing that could best him,. After all - they were the *weaker* sex, pathetically emotional and physically weak. He hardly had to truly worry - no matter what Janet had done to make this possible, it wasn't going to keep him from accomplishing his goal.

This house was his. His and his alone - until he decided to sell it, of course.

Smiling thinly, Richard started coffee brewing in the expensive - and pre-war vintage - brass-and-stainless-steel coffee maker, listening to it's unusual gurgling and bubbling. It took longer than usual for his special-ground coffee to brew, but he really didn't begrudge the time, as he spent it trying to appraise the rare and meticulously maintained piece of machinery that was producing it.

When it finally stopped it odd churning noises, Richard poured himself a cup and carried it into the study. Sitting down, he flipped open a book, holding it up with one hand as the other reached out to pick up the deep-blue mug with it's gold-leafed rim. As his eyes started to scan the words on the page in front of him, he lifted the cup to his lips...

...and, with a grimace, pulled it away and stared down into the cup with an incredulous look.

The warm, beige-brown liquid sat in the cup, slight traces of steam rising from it's placid surface.

The problem was - Richard like his coffee black. He subscribed to the old teamster's motto - 'If you wanted coffee, why'd ya ask for cream and sugar?'

Yet that's what this cup of coffee contained - a healthy dollop of thick cream, and at least two sugars. Lowering the cup to the table, Richard's brow wrinkled as he tried to figure out who that had come about.

Then his eyes widened as he distinctly remembered doing it himself. He could recall walking over to the fridge, lifting out the cream container left behind by Janet, and adding some to his coffee before going over to the sugar bowl and adding two tablespoons of sugar. In fact, he realized, he was even vaguely aware of his actions while he was doing them. It was 'just' that it had seemed so natural, almost like an ingrained habit, that he hadn't even bothered to really think about what he was doing.

Millions of Americans were probably well familiar with that state of mind, when you fixed your coffee the way you always did, without much in the way of conscious thought.

The problem was, this was the first time in his life that Richard had even done so, and he couldn't figure out why in Hell he hadn't been aware of how strange his actions had been. Looking back on them now, he was all too aware of how strange, how out-of-character it was for him to do. Yet, when it had happened it had the vague comfort of a habitual act, and he'd felt completely at home doing it, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Janet..." Richard hissed sibilantly through his teeth, his aquiline face narrowing in anger. Somehow, whatever she'd done to him was still affecting him, and now he had a feeling he knew what had happened over the last two nights - a form of programmed sleepwalk, that hadn't disturbed him because they'd felt - at the time - as natural as putting cream and sugar in his coffee had felt this morning.

"Well - that's enough of this crap..." Richard said to himself, angrily, banging one fist on his denim-clad thigh. Negligently tossing the book aside, the slender man rose, his dark eyes intense with thoughtful anger.

Janet's plan was obvious - to force him to leave the house to seek a remedy to whatever she'd set into motion in his own head. But, having been declining in fortunes, she'd obviously forgotten the Unspoken Rule of Wealth - if you had enough money, you didn't have to go anywhere for anything - they'd come to you.

Richard had no use for psychiatrists, as a rule. As his father had always put it, 'Anybody who'd go to a psychiatrist should have their head examined'. In this case, though, Richard decided he'd break from his usual rule, and find somebody in that field who would take care of this nuisance. After all - 'desperate times called for desperate measures' - not that he was desperate, of course. Richard Glatthorne did *not* get desperate.

He got what he wanted.

Striding out to the telephone stand in the foyer, he pulled out the fairly slim telephone directory and thumbed through the Yellow Pages until he found the listing for Psychiatrists and Psychoanalyst. Running a finger down the listings, he tapped twice on the ad for a Dr. Grossman, who's ad listed him as being - among other things - a 'Licensed Hypno-therapist'. Noting the number, Richard reached for the receiver...

...and stopped with his fingers still an inch from the smooth black Bakelite finish. But not because he'd reconsidered - a Glatthorne *didn't* reconsider. No, it was because...

...he 'simply' couldn't get his hand to get any closer to the phone. Frowning, he leaned into his arm, which trembled with the effort - but it was like trying to push against an invisible brick wall surrounding the telephone. His hand simply would not get any closer to the receiver than one inch. Richard placed his other hand over top the first and pushed his legs back, as if trying to do half-assed push-ups on the phone. All of his weight was on that one hand, and the law of physics dictated that, unless there was something substantial to support him, he would fall forward until he met something to break his fall.

Instead, he continued to hang there, severely off balance and supported by nothing but 'thin' air.

“This... This just isn’t possible!” Richard said in confusion, shaking his head. Straightening, he tried to pick up the phone with his left hand instead - and met with the same lack of success. As did a ‘sneak’ attack - his hand stopped as suddenly and sharply as if he’d hit a solid object, yet remained an inch from the deceptively normal-looking phone. It was as if there was a force of some sort keeping him from touching the phone in any way.

Frowning in confused concentration, Richard picked up the directory and tossed it at the phone. It bounced off the instrument itself, knocking the receiver off it’s cradle with a rattle. The black, curved receiver fell from the table, swinging from the end of it’s curled cord about six inches from the floor, the faint sound of a dial tone issuing from the speaker.

Bending over, Richard tried to grasp the moving target - only to find himself balked once more. The inch-thick arm that blocked his grasp moved with the swinging motion of the receiver, rapping firmly against his knuckles and sensing the receiver rebounding short of the perigee of it’s arc, all without him actually touching the receiver itself.

He couldn’t even hang the damned thing up.

He could, however, rip it’s cord out of the wall, which he discovered when he did just that in a spate of anger. Straightening after his assault on the thin black cord, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath, composing himself.

“There’s more going on here than I thought.” He said out loud, clearly and distinctly. “This is obviously not a simple set-back, but a well- planned attack that I did not - *could* not - have anticipated in my original plans. Therefore, I must adjust myself to my new situation.”

Although an onlooker might have found his antics of the last few minutes odd, culminating in a strange soliloquy to himself, Richard was actually talking himself into abandoning his original plans. A proud - arrogant - man, he didn’t do this lightly, and had to rationalize his actions, even to himself.

Having convinced himself that this was a time when discretion was the better part of valor, Richard turned away from the now-useless phone. Grabbing his over-coat off the coat-tree beside the door, he reached for the aged brass handle of the oak-and-glass front entrance...

...and found his hand grasping empty air an inch from it’s burnished surface, unable to close on the latch mechanism.
“GODDAMNIT!”

Usually imperturbable, Richard was now enraged - and scared. Turning from the recalcitrant doorway, he stalked off to the other end of the hall, down a short side passage, and up the first two steps of the servant’s stairs, where a large landing was. One side of the landing was a large window composed of cut-glass paned in thin woodwork on the bottom half, and delicate tinted glass in the upper. Furious, heedless of the potential damage to his bare hand, Richard thrust a fist through the glass...

...or, at least, tried to. It was like hitting a brick wall, and Richard howled in rage and pain, cradling his painfully throbbing hand.

Unbeknownst to Richard, his thin lips had curled into a snarl that ill-matched the near-panic in his dark, intense eyes.

Practically tearing off his coat, he headed back town the hallway leading to the landing. At the end, he tuned, half crouched - and launched into a dead run, dropping one shoulder and pushing his black oxford-clad feet of the floor just before the steps, becoming airborne as his entire one- hundred-and-seventy-two pounds flew through the air towards the antique window.

Only to bounce back from it, no part of his body coming closer than one inch to the fragile window. It was like being hit by a Mack truck at ten miles per hour. Richard' body - airborne and under the control of physics and gravity, not conscious thought - bounced away from the window and back down the two steps of the landing. Richard's head bounced on the hardwood floor of the hallway with resounding 'thwack' as he sprawled limply in a position no conscious human could ever achieve, the blow having turned out the lights of a very confused, scared man.

* * * * *

There seemed to be a Con Ed team using a Derrick-hammer very close by. Like in his skull.

With a moan, Richard twitched, consciousness heralded by a deep, sharp throbbing in his head.

"What the hell hit me...?" He groaned aloud, the pain and confusion making him forget what had transpired to lead him to this point. Groaning again, he forced himself to sitting position, his back adding it's complaints to the pain in his head. Richard sighed and opened his eyes...

...to see and odd shade of color, somewhere between that of ripe wheat and that of faded straw. It seemed to cloud his vision, tinting everything he saw. Blinking and frowning, Richard brought his hand to his eyes...

Hair. It was hair. He pulled it away from his eyes incredulous, feeling the motion through his scalp as he tugged on the sandy blonde hair that hung in front of his face.

It was the catalyst for memory to return.

"God *fucking* damn!" Richard swore, shaking his head in denial of the impossibilities piling up on him - a denial that was made ineffective by the feel of the long, silky hair brushing against his shoulders as he shook his head.

Richard forced himself to his feet, ignoring the ache in his head as he looked around with eyes that were more than a little wild.

Several hours had passed while he lay on the floor, out cold. The sunlight streaking in through the window was the sun of mid afternoon, and it picked out brilliant highlights on the beveled window, the highly polished woodwork - and the mirror on the wall near the stairs.

With almost hesitant steep, Richard approached the small oval reflecting glass and stared at the image that it showed.

His head was crowned with a rich, thick, luxurious head of wheat-blond hair that many a woman would envy. Brushed out of his stunned-looking face, it hung just past his shoulders, full and wild - and completely, utterly unlike his own dark, short hair.

“This... this is impossible...” He protested weakly to himself, lightly fingering the silky strands in shocked disbelief. “This... can’t be happening to me...”

But it was.

Closing his eyes, Richard turned away from the mirror and took a deep breath, trying to get back his normal composure. It wasn’t easy - not with the feel of the long hair tickling his neck, the hairless skin sliding in a subtly different but unmistakable way under his clothing, the ache in his head a reminder of his inability to leave or use the phone...

Setting his face in a composed expression, Richard opened his eyes again, having worked himself up to trying to get out of this unbelievable situation in a rational manner - as the irrational approach had earned him nothing but a headache.

“Okay - now, this has to be the work of Janet Carson.” He told himself, striding down the hall, head bent and hands interlaced behind his back. “I don’t know how she’d doing this - but she’d the only suspect. Okay - so, does that help?”

A moments thought told him that it didn’t. So, no matter how much he wanted to rage at the author of this situation, he had to put Janet Carson completely out of his mind for now. Thinking of her was a waste of time.

“Okay - now, what do I know about what’s going on?” He asked himself, pondering. A thought glimmered on the edge of consciousness...

“Asleep!” He said, snapping his fingers and nodding to himself. So far, the only time there had been anything physical done to him was while he was asleep. Now, the thing with the coffee had happened while awake - but that was mental, not physical.

“So - I have to keep track of what I’m doing.” He told himself, pounding the thought into his memory. He’d have to watch himself closely for any odd activity or thought, make sure that he wasn’t doing anything out of character just out of ‘habit’ - but not *his* habits.

Which left getting out of this place. This had all started when he came to this house, so he figured if he could get out, it might not correct what had happened so far, but would at least stop it from growing any worse.

So - he needed a systematic approach...

Richard’s mind was back on track, the cold, impersonal mode of thought he used in business dealings was coming to his aid. He couldn’t let himself dwell on what was happening, at least not emotionally, but view it as an intellectual exercise.

Then, *after* he was out of this predicament he could go nuclear on the Carson bitch’s ass.

With a tight grin at the thought that was belied by the wild look still hovering in his eyes, Richard looking around, then headed to the doors to the basement. He was going to search the house from bottom to top, looking for anything that might help and trying every point of exit.

He clattered down the stairs that led to the basement, half of which was a fully stocked wine cellar, and the other half

being used for storage. Unlike the elegance of the upper floors, the basement was moody and gothic, with bare stone walls supported by buttressing pillars that were ringed with almost grotesque sculptures along the crowns. The lighting was provided by naked bulbs in add-on fixtures, the old wiring laying exposed in the barely sufficient light that came when he flicked the switch.

Richard ignored the wine cellar - although part of him thought that a good, stiff drink or four was in order. Instead, he went through the low, stone lintel doorway that separated the two sections of the gloomy basement and started to look through the piles of items stored in the musty area, some of which held great antiquitarian value, others of which were little more than rusting relics of bygone life.

He stood just inside the door and looked around, wondering where to begin.

He was aware that he was standing there, looking - but didn't realize *how* he was standing there, looking thoughtful.

It was a pose that an outside observer who had no idea what was happening might have found... unusual, to say the least.

The first thing this hypothetical observer might have noticed was Richard's incongruous hair, a wild, thick mane of silky, honey-blond hair that hung down past his shoulders. The next thing that might have registered to the observant would be Richard's skin. Even though most of it was hidden beneath the jeans and white cotton shirt he wore, what skin was left bare was not only devoid of hair but - and this Richard hadn't noticed - remarkable smooth, soft and supple.

But these would have been secondary to Richard's unusual pose as he stood, lost in thought. He stood with all his weight on his left leg, hips cocked oddly and his right leg slightly forward, touching the cold stone floor with just the toes. His left hand sat on his cocked left hip, and his right hand rested atop it, his right arm pressed tightly across the abdomen.

If the hypothetically bystander couldn't quite place the pose that Richard was in, it would have become clear an instant later. Annoyed with the hair falling in front of his eyes, Richard tossed his head back and around, then used his right hand to 'hold/brush' the hair back as he swung his head back to its starting position.

Even if the observer was dense enough to have missed that, there was no missing the way Richard moved when he finally decided where to begin. He shifted his weight smoothly, gracefully as he took a step forward, his hips swaying from side to side as he took each step, keeping his weight further forward than usual arms not quite fully extended, with a slight bend at the elbows.

Despite his still mostly masculine appearance, almost every move Richard made was done with feminine grace and style, unconsciously and easily, as if he'd been moving like this his entire life.

He never even noticed.

Richard spent the next three-quarters of an hour looking through the piles of items, never catching on to the fact that he was doing so with a feminine grace that would have infuriated and frightened him. As the time passed, the movements began to acquire their own 'habits' - if he'd noticed at first, he would have realized that, no matter how natural the movement felt, it wasn't

his own. But as he performed the motions 'for real', he began to subconsciously adapt to them, ingraining them deeper and deeper into his personality.

He finished searching through the pile of 'junk', finding nothing of any use. Shaking his head in annoyance, he stopped and sighed, flipping his long, slightly wavy blonde hair out of his face without thinking about it. Although he was consciously aware that it wasn't 'really' his hair, and any time he thought about it he was angry and frightened, the motion was done without any real thought, and so it didn't invoke any of the 'negative' thoughts and emotions associated with his new hair.

Leaving the room, he crossed the wine cellar and started up the steps - then cursed and grabbed onto the banister as he almost went flying. He glanced down...

...and, for several long seconds, merely stared at his single bare foot. Then it registered on him that when he'd lifted his foot to the bottom step, his loafer had fallen off....

...because the foot inside of it was now smaller, daintier and more feminine.

"Nooooo!" Richard wailed. He dropped to a seat on the bottom step, not noticing the elegant grace of the turn made in the motion, and yanked off his other shoe. He stared, incredulous, at the small, feminine feet that now graced the ends of his legs.

"But I wasn't asleep!" He railed uselessly at the unseen, unknown force that was doing this to him. "It isn't fair!"

To his horror, it was a fantastic struggle to keep from bursting into 'unmanly' tears at the 'betrayal'. His assumption that anything physical only happened while he was asleep had just been rudely disabused - and the thought that he had no real control whatsoever

was almost enough to push him over the edge of sanity. Almost.

With sheer willpower, Richard hauled himself out of incipient depression and insanity. Forcing himself to his feet, he left his now oversized shoes on the floor and mounted the steep, narrow steps, more determined than ever to find a way out of this impossible trap. He didn't know - exactly - who or what he was up against, but he refused to just 'roll over' on this. His very manhood was at stake, and he wasn't about to give that up without a fight.

Of course, he was completely unaware that, despite the determined look on his face, he mounted the steps with a decidedly feminine stride.

Reaching the top of the steps, Richard looked around, as if looking for hidden traps that could be seen and defused. Seeing nothing immediately threatening, he headed towards the main staircase near the front foyer of the aging mansion. One hand holding onto the curved, highly-polished railing, he mounted the steps, reaching the bisected landing at the first floor and turning left. He took a few steps, lost in thought as he stared down at his transformed feet, with their small, 'cute' toes and slender shape. He glanced up...

...and started, almost calling out at the woman walking down the hall towards him.

then his brain caught up with his mind, and his jaw dropped as he stared at the huge mirror that lay at the 'T' intersection of the hall, whose reflective surface had shown a person with long, wheat-blond hair walking with a feminine stride.

But... all it had shown was... him?

Richard stared at the mirror for a long time, then hesitantly took a few steps forward, trying to force himself to walk with the stride he thought of as his. Instead, the image in the mirror moved with a feminine stride - awkward, to be sure, because he was forcing his movements, but undeniably feminine.

"No... please, no..." Richard whispered the plea to the Gods, and tried again. Although what he was making his body do felt completely right, the image in the mirror was walking in a decidedly feminine manner.

That's when Richard realized he'd 'forgotten' how to walk in a masculine manner. It was like he'd never tried to walk like a man in his entire life, and was fighting all his instincts, habits and natural balances - in vain. Somehow, the knowledge of the way he used to walk had been wiped from his mind, replaced with this feminine movement. Although he could recognize it as being 'wrong', he couldn't remember just how he used to walk, and how it differed from the now 'natural' movement his body wanted to do.

"God DAMN it..." Richard ground out between clenched teeth. He spent a good fifteen minutes trying to alter his walk, and while he could manage different strides, they were all variations on the one that his body wanted to do if left alone - undeniable feminine. No matter how much he tried, he couldn't find a stride that his mind would label as being 'unfeminine'.

Closing his eyes, Richard took several long, deep breaths to clear his mind, then forced himself to continue on down the hallway. Now that he was aware of his new, feminine movements, every single motion he made seemed to grate on his nerves - every sway of the

hip, every gentle step of his altered feet, the feel of his long hair against his neck, the way his clothes moved over denuded skin - all tried to grab his attention, insist that he pay attention to the changes made in him. Instead, he grit his teeth and forced himself to ignore all these things as best he could, more concerned with avoiding any more changes right now. He could worry about undoing the ones already made at a later time.

Opening the door to his room, he looked into the darkened bed-chamber with trepidation, as if he expected something to leap out at him. Considering everything that had occurred to him in the past day or so, that wasn't necessarily an unreasonable assumption - his nerves were frayed to the ragged edge as he awaited whatever the next chapter in his own personal hell was to be.

Whatever it was going to be, it wasn't in the form of an invisible assailant in his room. He crossed the threshold, his heart beating rapidly in his chest as he struggled to keep the looming panic in check.

Practically holding his breath, afraid that he'd be thwarted at this turn, too, Richard walked over to his suitcase and opened the top...

...and sighed with relief as he saw the familiar bulge in the top partition. With quick movements, he unsnapped the clasps of the small partition and withdrew the worn leather that was inside. Unrolling the leather item, he extracted what it contained with a look of satisfaction.

It was a Barretta model 92R. Finished in matte black, the weapon didn't 'gleam' like most shown in movies, but it had a satisfying weight in Richard's hand, and when he popped the clip he could see the gleaming highlights of the actual power of a fire-arm as the cartridges, each containing a nine-millimeter diameter chunk of shaped lead, shone in the fading light streaming through the gauzy curtains that shrouded the windows.

He slipped the magazine back into the base of the gun, then chambered a round with a soul-satisfying 'snick-clack'. He quickly shrugged into the shoulder holster, settling the pistol into place. Immediately, he felt more confident, more self-assured, more...

...manly.

With that damned feminine stride, he left his room and headed downstairs to the den. He walked over to the antique cherry-wood desk, and looked down at the old-fashioned black phone sitting on its surface. Now that he had a plan, - and his gun - his arrogance had returned, and he smiled tightly.

"Think you can beat a Glatthorne?" He asked aloud, addressing the question in the general direction of the ceiling. "Think you can beat *me*?"

Picking up the small pad of note paper next to the phone, he aimed carefully and tossed it with a flat, spinning motion, watching with intense satisfaction as it caused the receiver to fall from the phone to clatter to the surface of the desk.

"Think again." He said, smugly, then picked up a pen. With a tight-lipped grin, he reached out and set it in the little hole in the dial over the '0'.

As he'd expected, the instant he did so he was unable to make the pen move in any direction except away from the phone - it was as if the dial on the phone was frozen solid. He'd already come to the conclusion that the unseen force that was torturing him had put - for want of a better term - a 'field of exclusion' around him, denying him - or anything he was holding - access or use of certain objects.

But...

Taking his hand away, he saw that - as he'd expected - the thick-bodied pen remained upright in the hole on the dial. Looking around, he picked up a brass ruler and the pad of paper. He took careful aim...

'Whack...rttt..t..t..t'

The dial rotated about half-way around with the force of the impact, then began to return to its original position. Before it could, Richard quickly tossed the ruler - which hit the pen and forced the dial to complete its circuit.

There was a pause - then a muffled voice emerged from the ear-piece. Richard couldn't make out the words - but he could guess as to what they were. Dialing even '9-1-1' in that manner would have been impossible - but getting the operator...

Drawing his gun with a flourish, he aimed it just to the side of the desk, not wanting to hit the phone itself. No matter what he might say, the operator might think he was just pulling a prank call - but when she heard a couple of gun shots, she'd send the police poste- haste....

Before Richard could pull the trigger, the phone suddenly rattled. He looked at it in concern - then had just enough time to gasp as the phone flew off the desk with tremendous force, tearing the plug out of the wall, and hurtle at him too fast for him to dodge. It slammed into his forehead...

...and for the second time that day, the world went dark.

* * * * *

This time, it wasn't Con Ed. It was one of the larger Boeing products - a 747, a 767, maybe even a B-52 Stratofortress - doing a full- power take-off in his skull.

Moaning, Richard forced his eyes open, part of him already longing for the peace and solitude of unconsciousness, and dreading what he might find.

He stared up at the ceiling for a long moment, gathering his scrambled wits about him, and letting the initial flush of instinctive panic and confusion fade. Then, very slowly, he forced himself to a sitting position, his head pounding furiously and his back muscles complaining of yet another span of hours spent lying on a hard floor.

"Fuck." Richard swore as he looked down, wincing in pain as his own words seemed to drill through his tender head. He spoke the words with resignation, and almost a wry form of amusement. "Of course."

He was staring down at his legs. Until he'd lost consciousness, they'd been clad in the stiff denim of a dark-blue pair of designer jeans.

No longer. Now his smooth, hairless legs were clad in a pair of black nylons that reached from the tip of his now feminine toes to mid- thigh, where they were held in place by a pair of black garters trimmed with a dark green lace and small bows at the back. The nylons themselves were an old-fashioned style, with seams running up the back of them.

But that wasn't all. Because he was also wearing another pair of shoes that, unlike his discarded loafers, fit his smaller, feminine feet perfectly. These shoes were also black, and made of a rich, expensive leather. They were pumps, with an open toe, a six-inch high stiletto heel tipped with a gold-toned metal cap, and an ankle strap that was held by gold-toned clasps.

Other than the nylons and shoes, he was buck naked. Interestingly, he wasn't chilly, as there was a warm fire in the study's large stone fireplace, keeping the room at a temperature comfortable to somebody in his state of undress.

Inside, the worm of fear, confusion and hatred tightened even further, but almost none of it showed on Richard's face.

After the experiences he'd had so far today, he'd drained most of his raw energy, and what was left was sapped by the throbbing head and stiff muscles. There just wasn't enough in him to throw a fit at every 'little' thing. Instead, what he displayed most was a form of weariness that went far beyond the merely physical, as if his soul had been worn down. He was 'bloody but unbroken' - but that breaking point wasn't nearly as far off as it had once been, and the beleaguered businessman was well aware of this fact, his thoughts seeming to come through a thick, confusing fog of disconnected ideas and emotions.

Gently, he rubbed the spot just above his right eye where the phone impacted, then the spot on the back of his head where - two times now - his head had met unforgiving floor. He winced as he touched the especially sore spot on the back of his head - and was suddenly struck with the odd realization that if it wasn't for the cushioning value of that damned, thick wheat-blond hair that now hung in front of his eyes and over his bare shoulders, it probably would have been much worse.

With a deep, heart-felt sigh, he pushed the silky-smooth mane of hair out of his face and drew his nylon-clad legs up, feeling the odd way the air moved over his legs through the sheer fabric, the way it shifted as he moved, the way it felt against his lowed chest when he had his legs curled up all the way. He'd felt women's nylons before, but never in this way, and he'd never realized how... unusual it felt. He had nothing in his entire life-time of experience to use as even a fairly accurate comparison.

It was extremely unnerving, and it bugged the hell out of Richard. Even if he had been some sort of time-traveler from the distant past, where it was common for men to wear hose and it wasn't associated with 'femininity' like it was today, it still would have been a strange sensation to Richard, unlike anything he could compare it to.

Reaching down, he tried to take the high-heeled shoes off so he could strip off the nylons - and wasn't sure whether or not to be surprised when his hands slid away from the clasps holding the ankle straps together. Unable to undo the straps, he couldn't remove the shoes. Without removing the shoes, taking off the nylons was impossible.

"Shit..." Richard sighed, lips tightening as he stared down at the innocent-appearing footwear. Rubbing the bridge of his nose with finger and thumb, he slowly counted to ten, keeping himself from expending what little energy he had in an utterly useless fit on anger. When the urge passed, he took a deep breath and prepared to expend that energy in more productive means.

Grabbing onto a chair that rested nearby, Richard pulled himself to his feet. Despite the fact that he wanted to be vertical again, he wished that the successful attempt had been more awkward, as the actual motion he used - unwillingly and helplessly - was graceful and supple, almost feline. Even worse, he found himself balancing easily - almost naturally - upon the slender spikes of the heels he wore. Although it was logical to think that being able to stand an maneuver easily would be a benefit, Richard would have been much, much happier stumbling around in the new shoes, not looking like he was comfortable and familiar with them.

Standing, he looked around, and wasn't terribly shocked to see that there was no sign of his own clothes, or of the gun. That 'phone attack' had been to keep him from getting help for his strange, torturous situation, and whatever power was behind it wouldn't let him try again. The nylons and shoes were more along the lines of a 'bonus' - a chance to further the now completely

obvious plan to crush his male ego by feminizing him.

Richard might be weary, sore and practically defenseless - but he wasn't planning to let the power behind this win. He wasn't broken yet, not by a long shot, and he planned to either win, or die trying.

And, at this point, he was seriously considering that as more than merely a phrase. Death might be vastly more palatable than what might be in store for him if he failed to escape this trap.

His first planned movements were towards the kitchen. Sliding open the door that led from the study, he shivered at the gust of chill air that wafted in from the darkened corridor. Night had fallen while he lay out cold on the floor, and the rest of the house was dark and cold. Wrapping his arms around his chest and tucking his hands under his armpits, he headed to the kitchen, the spike heels of his new footwear clacking annoyingly on the hardwood floor as he moved with a damned feminine sway that was only magnified by the shoes he wore.

Reaching the kitchen, he turned on the light and poured some of that morning's cold coffee into a mug and stuck it in the microwave. As the cup was warmed, he dug through the cabinets until he found a bottle of aspirin. Using the warmed coffee to wash the pills down, he felt a psychosomatic reduction in the pains of his body with his first, simple tasks in his battle against what was happening. Nuking a second cup of coffee, he carried it with him as he headed towards his room, beginning to feel better already.

This time, he didn't even notice that both cups of coffee he'd prepared were with cream and sugar, and the taste seemed fine to him, as if that was what he preferred to drink. It would have taken a conscious effort on his part to notice anything odd about his coffee, and it never even occurred to Richard to make that effort.

Reaching his bedroom, he flicked the light switch...

...then his lips tightened as he looked at what was on the now-neatly-made bed he'd left in a state of disarray when he had awoken that morning.

Laid out neatly on the coverlet was a black leather skirt, a white... top, lingerie, some jewelry, a hair clip, and a silver-handled brush and comb set.

He walked over to the items on the bed and looked down at them, his eyes narrowed. Finishing that last of the coffee, he set the mug aside on the night stand and picked up the white top that lay above the skirt.

Never an expert of women's fashion, Richard didn't know what this particular type of top was called. It was kind of like a tank-top, but not as tight fitting. It had lace at the neckline that tapered to where it met the thin 'spaghetti' straps of the garment.

With a snort, Richard balled the garment up and tossed it aside. "Not bloody likely." He said aloud, tilting his head defiantly. Turning, he walked over to his suitcase and opened it up.

It only took a moment before he made two discoveries. The first was the fact that about half of his stuff was missing - including all of his own underwear.

The second was the fact that there was simply no way on earth that he could get a pair of jeans on over the high-heeled shoes that he was incapable of removing.

"Damn..." Richard said, staring down into the suitcase with his hands on his hips. His lips pursed as he considered his options...

Richard's brow furrowed and a puzzled expression came over his face as something occurred to him. He slowly re-focused his eyes, staring down at where his hands rested on his hips.

The first thing he noticed was the way his hands were positioned - not balled up, as he usually had them in this pose, and not even simply facing forward, fingers on a downward angle. No, he was standing with his hands on his hips so that the thumbs faced forward, and the fingers extended around the waist and on the top of his ass.

That was bad enough - but what had prompted him to look down superseded that odd stance.

Because his hips and ass felt... strange. And with good reason - because, even as he watched, jaw slowly dropping open, they were changing.

He could feel that odd, pushing/stretching/swelling sensation s his hip bones slowly spread outwards and shifted in shape, forcing his hips to become wider. At the same time, tissue was forming that was altering the shape of his hips, making them more rounded, with a smoother contour. At the same time, he could feel muscle tissue being added to his ass as it slowly swelled outwards, becoming fuller and firmer, altering in shape while a layer of fat also padded it a bit and made it smoother and more feminine.

"Dammit!" Richard swore angrily, attempting to stalk over to the mirror on the wall - a move that was made nearly impossible by his feminine new stride. He stood in front of the mirror, his body twisted so he could watch as the alterations finished.

His hips were now trimly feminine, only a few inches wider but considerably different in shape, with a smooth, feminine curve that would be pleasing to almost anyone's eye - except his.

And his ass... even in his anger and disgust, he had to admit that it was nothing short of spectacular. It was a perfect inverted heart shape that was full and firm and sexy, with just enough padding to keep it's lines smooth and graceful. It was an ass that many woman would kill to have - and it was now part of his figure.

"Shit!" Richard swore with a snarl. He shook his head in disgust - then stopped that action immediately as the pain in his head flared anew.

As angry as this made him, there was little he could actually do about it, so he forced his roiling emotions aside for the moment and turned back to the suitcase, pulling out another white cotton work-shirt.

Then, with a supremely disgusted look, he went over to the bed and stared down at the item that lay on it.

He didn't want to do what he was about to do - but his body was covered with goose-pimples from the chill air, and he needed to put a clothing barrier between his denuded skin and the chill night air that drifted through the house. Angrily, he picked up the panties that lay on the bed, making a face at them.

They were black and skimpy, more lace than anything else. The thought of wearing the feminine undergarment disgusted him - but he really didn't have a choice. If nothing else, he had to keep his somewhat larger-than-average cock from flopping around inside the damned leather skirt he had no choice but to wear. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he pulled on the underwear with disgustingly graceful movement that was full of anger, shuddering internally at the feel of the skimpy panties sliding up his nylon-clad legs, and shuddering physically as he stood and pulled the panties in place around his newly altered hips. They would have fit perfectly, if not for his cock and balls, which were uncomfortable squished in the garment. Pulling another face, Richard reached into the lacy undergarment and repositioned his cock and balls, sliding the cock back between his legs and tucking the balls as close to his body as possible. The resulting look in the mirror showed a frighteningly feminine-looking lower half, with the panties appearing to cover nothing but the feminine genitalia that would fit such a lower half. It was only the constricted feeling of his trapped cock that kept Richard from yanking the panties down to make sure. As it was, he presented a definitely odd-looking picture to the mirror - he looked like a flat-chested woman with masculine features and not terribly attractive legs beneath and ass that would - on somebody else - be mouth-watering.

Richard realized his hands were clenched into tight fists, and he forced himself to relax them and turn back to the bed.

Picking up the skirt, he eyed it for a moment, then forced himself to pull it on and zip it up. It fit perfectly from the hem, just above the knees, to the tops of his widened hips - but it was uncomfortably tight on his waist, and getting it done up was a real battle.

He didn't even notice that his last action after getting the skirt in place was to make a smoothing motion with his hands over the supple leather. It was a motion that was completely feminine in nature and appearance, but Richard missed it completely.

His lips curling in distaste, he picked up a lacy black bra that was lying on the bed. Obviously a match for the panties that he'd forced himself to don, it bore a tag that gave its size as being a 'B' cup.

Richard snorted, and tossed the lacy foundation garment aside and shrugged into his work-shirt, leaving it hanging over the skirt and buttoning it up with a sense of relief that at least he wasn't dressed completely in women's clothing.

As for the jewelry, etc., he wasn't interested in wearing any of it - but he eyed the pieces with a bit of vague interest, as they were old, and obviously very valuable. Before turning away, he reached down and picked up a gold locket on a gold chain. Carefully, he popped open the filigree-engraved cover, and looked inside.

On the right-hand side was an old, sepia-toned photo of an attractive woman in old-fashioned clothing, staring at the camera with that oddly fixed expression of people in old photos.

Engraved on the left-hand side of the locket was a short inscription. 'To my Beloved Mary. James Carson, 1887'

Richard closed the locket carefully, his brain - even now - unable to stop from adding up the value of the antique locket.

Almost regretfully, he lay it aside, then turned to leave the room...

He stopped, an indecisive look crossing his face as something occurred to him. he half-turned back to the, stopped, began to turn away again, then sighed and turned all the way back to the bed.

Angrily, he picked up the brush and quickly brushed the long mane of hair - which kept falling into his face - out of the way. With unsettlingly sure, easy motions, he used a small silver 'U'-shaped clip-thing behind each ear to hold the side portions of his hair back and down, while the center part was left hanging free, as it was 'safe' where it was. It took but a few seconds and made things easier - but Richard hated the extra humiliation of doing his hair up like... like...

...like a goddamned *woman*!

lips compressed in anger and shame, Richard finally left the room, heading down the hallway. He discovered that the widened hips altered his feminine stride even further, the new configuration causing his hips to roll with each step, and his blush increased at the knowledge that his ass, tightly packed in the skirt, must look spectacular as he swayed gracefully down the hallway.

Pushing aside the humiliation as best he could, the once-businessman headed down the stairs and into the main foyer. Looking around, he concentrated on his quick exploration of the house when he first arrived, trying to remember...

...the one on the right. that was it.

Walking over to the right-hand door on the wall opposite of the study, Richard pulled it open...

...to reveal a small bathroom.

"Shit, wrong one." Richard muttered to himself, closing the door and moving to the one next to it. That was the one he wanted. The door opened onto a cramped corridor that lay in pure darkness. And the door had opened easily.

Despite the wave of pain it brought, Richard shook his head at himself, berating himself for not having thought of this earlier. He stepped into the narrow space, his shoulders barely clearing the width of the hallway. A musty, unused smell surrounded him, and he could feel the gauzy touch of cobwebs on his face as he moved forward into the darkness.

Though he'd discovered this corridor when he'd explored, he hadn't gone down it, realizing what it was and where it led, and having no interest in it. it was a fragment of ancient history, and that's why it hadn't occurred to him until now. But now that it had, it offered a better chance than anything else that occurred to him, and he made his way slowly and carefully down the narrow, unlit hallway, trying to draw his shoulders in as his high-heel-clad feet felt out the aging floorboards in front of him. Only a few feet into the hallway, darkness reigned supreme, and he moved in a state of near-total blindness.

The farther down the hall he progressed, the colder it became. The temperature seemed to be dropping remarkably quickly - which only reinforced his conviction as to the hall's purpose. The fact that he was shivering didn't bother him at all, all things considered, even though his body was tingling as the cold cut through his thin clothing, numbing him.

Then a faint, almost ethereal glow began to break the darkness in front of him, and he pushed on as fast as he dared in the dark confines of the hall, smell a sharp, shill tang in the air that seemed like the call of freedom to the now-numb Richard.

Then, suddenly, the corridor opened out - and Richard stood in a mild state of awe, seeing with his own eyes a source of wonder.

Old Man Carson, who had built the mansion in the early days of the nation, had picked the site out with care. The man was a genius of sorts, determined to build the ultimate in luxurious comfort in the middle of what had then been untamed wilderness, a small vale in the center of forbidding mountains.

And he'd succeeded. Where even the most luxurious homes in 'The Old Country' had certain limitations, Old Man Carson had built a house that had the most incredible amenities to be found at the time. Like the cold mountain springs he'd tapped into to supply water to the house without the inconvenience of pumping. Like the outhouse that was situated over an abandoned mine-shaft and connected to the main building by an old underground tunnel that had been paneled and made into a luxurious hallway to spare his family the brunt of winter weather when answering the call of nature.

And this place. The hallway in the house that ran on a slight slope underground, stretching two hundred yards or more to a chamber in the rocky foothills of the mountain...

...where it met the side of enormous glacier that was slowly descending the side of the mountain perpendicular to the hall's pathway. Built in a time when refrigerators weren't even conceived of, the hallway had allowed the servants to walk to the side of the glacier and chip out blocks of ice for use in the innovative ice-box in the kitchen.

Now, Richard stared at the side of the glacier where it filled the end of the natural cavern that was the hall's terminus. It gleamed with an eldritch light as the bright, full moon shone upon its upper surface, a dozen feet above, and suffused the ice with its silver glow.

But as incredible a sight as it was, it wasn't what Richard had come here for. No he'd come here for something else... Fumbling around near the door, Richard's hands encountered what he'd hoped to find in this long unused chamber. Awkward,

hampered by the dark, he managed to light the aging kerosene lamp that had been left here for a generation, grateful to find that the cold had kept at least some of the fluid from evaporating.

He lifted the lantern high, savoring the scant warmth it spread to his numb body...

...then almost dropped the lantern in shock, his eyes widening as he began to swear under his breath vehemently.

The back walls of the chamber, on either side of the door, were large. Unframed mirrors anchored to the rock for the purpose of increasing the ambient light from the lamp while the servants worked. Now it served to reflect back an image of Richard.

A Richard who had undergone further changes. They'd happened while he'd walked the hallway, going unnoticed do to his numb body. But now he could stare at anger and humiliation at the changes he saw.

Like his legs. They'd looked bad enough, denuded of hair and covered in nylons. Now, they looked even worse - by being spectacularly shapely, with smooth, flowing curves that were ultimately feminine, and incredibly sexy.

Or his hands. He should have noted them as soon as he'd lit the lantern, but his attention had been on getting the old wick going, not on the hands doing the task. Now, however, he had ample opportunity to see the slender, dainty hands that graced his arms and disappeared under the too-long sleeves of his baggy work-shirt....

Richard's mind stumbled to a stop. Too long? Baggy?

Putting the lantern down slowly, he felt a shiver course through him that had nothing to do with the cold. The shirt had fit perfectly when he'd put it on, which wasn't surprising, as it had been tailored. Now, however, it was definitely out-sized...

Slowly, Richard unbuttoned the white shirt and let it drop to the floor as he stared at himself in the mirror.

A feminine looking pair of arms was attached to those dainty ands, and those arms led up to slender, feminine shoulders. Shoulders that, in turn, were joined to a slender, feminine rib cage that led downwards to a waist that was amazingly trim and small, so much so that he could have encircled it with his old male hands. From the neck down, Richard looked like a stunningly attractive woman, with the exception of the fact he had no breasts at all...

Gasping, Richard hurriedly undid the now-loose waist on the once-tight skirt and jammed a hand down his panties, sighing in relief at the feel of his numb genitalia still intact.

His lips tightened in anger at what had happened. This was the most extensive change yet, happening in the shortest period of time. Almost like...

...almost like the power that was doing this to him was. desperate.

Slowly, a glint came back into Richard's near-panicked eyes, and his lips curled in a sneer as he spoke one soft word. "Gotcha."

Now he knew he was on the right track - and he had no time to loose, as the power was obviously speeding up it's planned time-table to finish the job before he escaped from it's range of power, which seemed to be limited to the house and it ancillary structures. Even now, it's power must be weakened, otherwise it would probably have just finished the transformation en masse, in case he succeeded.

Which was just what he was planning to do. Hurriedly, he pulled on the now badly oversized shirt, realizing - in passing - that he was also now somewhat shorter then before, although his legs seemed to have remained the same length. But that was secondary to him as he grabbed the lamp and looked around, quickly spotting his goal, on one side of the chamber and halfway up the wall.

The aging iron grate covering the twelve-foot-long air hole that led to the surface, to keep the then-mandatory lanterns of candles of the time from burning up all the oxygen and killing the servants laboring to carve out chunks of the glaciers flank.

A passage way that looked just wide enough to allow Richard's passage. And, this far out from the house proper, Richard

was willing to bet that the force behind this lacked the power to keep him from removing the grate.

It was a theory he was about to put to the test.

Placing the lantern on a rocky outcropping near the iron grate, he seized up the rusting, aging piece of metal that barred access. In and of itself, it was nothing impressive, the strength of the once thick, dark iron bars long ago taken away by oxidation. However, it wasn't the merely physical that might attempt to bar his escape...

Taking a deep breath and squaring his newly compressed shoulders as much as possible, Richard reached out...

...and felt an invisible barrier about an inch off the grate.

He didn't stop though, holding his theory to be sound. Instead, he got the best purchase he could on the rock floor while wearing six- inch high heels, and leaned into the attempt. Slowly, ever so slowly, his fingers moved closer and closer, until the tips of them could reach the bars. But that wasn't good enough, and he continued to push into the force that was trying to hold him away.

Then the battle rose to a new level. It became slightly easier to push his fingers through the invisible barrier - but that was because the unseen force behind this torture was diverting more of itself to change him. As he fought the force, he could feel changes occurring to his face, and neck... he didn't even want to consider what else might be slowly rippling and changing.

But now it was a race - a race to see if he could get out before it was too late. It was a race he was determined to win. Pushing aside the sensations of his body being altered further, he fought his hands deeper into the field, until he was able to grasp the rust-scaled grate itself. Putting one dainty foot on the wall, he leaned his slender new back into the effort, his shapely leg muscles shifting as his slender, smooth arms strained and his gradually fuller lips compressed in effort.

Then, with a loud screeching sound, the grate came free, exposing the air passage to him. he tossed the grate aside and eyed the opening. Wider at this end than the other, it sloped upwards on a thirty degree angle, narrowing in an odd shape, since it was square at the bottom but round at the top.

The very top of the airway was the smallest point, a small circle of star-lit sky. But it looked like he could squeeze his way through - especially considering his smaller, trimmer body. His wider hips might be a problem - but that was it.

reaching into the tunnel, he pushed his slender palms against the cool rock and boosted himself into the opening. Straining, he began to haul himself towards that beckoning circle of darkness that promised freedom.

As he moved, he could feel the sensations that accompanied change shifting to his chest, and he could tell that beneath the white work shirt, his flesh was beginning to bulge outwards into decidedly feminine domes. But that took a back seat right now - more than anything, Richard meant to beat this unseen force at it's own game. He might be transformed, and he'd have to deal with the horror of that in a short while, but right now all his attention was on the more immediate victory that would come from escaping the cursed house, from getting away. He might escape as a woman, completely and utterly, and that might destroy his sanity when he had time to focus his attention on the fact - but right now, there was only one thought in his mind, and

that one thought was to get out, to escape - to, in some sort of perverse way, win.

painfully, slowly, he dragged himself hand over hand up the sloping, narrowing passage. It was but a dozen or so feet, but it seemed eternal to him as he fought gravity to get out. He could feel the cold touch of the rock on his sexy new legs through the nylon, could feel his long, feminine hair fluttering behind him in the night breeze. His slender, dainty hands gripped for purchase while his femininely shaped and clad feet struggled to push him forward. But slow and humiliating as this might be, it was progress, and he was getting closer and closer to the opening.

He could still feel the swelling sensation in his chest, but he was beginning to become aware of other feelings, too. Like the heft, weight and inertia of his burgeoning breasts as they shifted inside the shirt. Or the pressure on the swelling, sensitizing nipples as they were pushed more and more firmly into the fabric of the tightening shirt as his bust continued to expand to fill the garment. But as horrible as this all felt to him, it was nothing compared to the rising feeling of victory as he neared the opening on the surface, closer and closer and closer, until...

"Yes!" Richard screamed triumphantly, thrusting his hands through the hole and placing them flat on the rock outside the outer edge. His transformed head broke into free, fresh air, and he pushed with all his strength, hauling his body upwards through the hole...

...until he suddenly stopped dead, a blast of pain jerking him out of his victorious daze as his new breasts jammed firmly and painfully just below the opening, unable to emerge.

Richard struggled, pushing and heaving desperately with arms and legs - but, while it created pain in his swollen chest, he couldn't force himself out of the small hole. His breasts would bunch against the lip and stop him dead, wedging him in place just inches from freedom.

Angrily, he pushed himself back down into the hole, just below the lip, so he could tug his shirt down and tuck it into the skirt, streamlining his bust enough to get him through the hole.

Then he looked downwards - and his jaw dropped as he realized that, in the end, he'd lost. And lost spectacularly. The unseen force had made sure that he wouldn't pass through that hole quite definitively.

His shirt, which moments ago had hung on his frame like a tent, now strained at every seam and button to contain the most massive bust line Richard had ever seen. The breasts straining the fabric were easily as big as the beach-balls the sold in stores, and incredibly firm and round, which denied him the range of 'squashability' less firm tits might have. Massive, thick nipples made large dents in the straining fabric, further emphasizing the sheer size of his massive new rack. Staring at the straining shirt, he became aware of the massive weight of the huge tits, of the sensations coursing through them - and of the fact that he'd never be able to fit through the hole.

He could also feel that the final transformations had occurred to his body, and that his panties now fit perfectly, no longer bent out of shape by 'unseemly' male genitalia.

He'd lost.

Richard closed his eyes, tears trickling down his altered face as the truth hit home. He'd lost so completely that he wasn't even he anymore. He was she - a woman, from head to toe, completely unlike Richard in any appearance. She'd not only lost the contest - she'd lost her own identity, her own... life.

Eyes closed, now sobbing freely, the newly remade woman simply released her grip and let herself tumble down the cold stone passage until - yet again - her head impacted on a hard surface, and the light faded as her incredible, feminine body tumbled to a stop beneath the chill face of the glacier, already beginning to turn pale in the cold air that washed over her unconscious form.

* * * * *

Richard - or, perhaps more accurately, the person who was Richard until very recently - came awake quickly and sharply, almost propelled into consciousness.

For the first few minutes, she simply stared up at the ceiling, her mind refusing to track any one consistent thoughts. Sensations flooded her body, sensations that she wanted to shy away from, but couldn't. The feeling of a warm blanket over her new form, touching her long, shapely legs, full hips, huge tits. The way it felt across her thick, sensitive nipples. The way that her huge new tits weighed against her ribcage, jiggling slightly with each breath she took...

"Oh... god..." She whispered to herself, hearing the voice it emerged in and wincing at the high-pitched, feminine tone. She closed her eyes, feeling tears welling up behind the long, feminine lashes that graced her new eyelids.

She lay unmoving for many long, unending minutes, trying to deal with the reality of her new body, of what had happened to her. She wanted to just curl up and die...

Then her eyes fluttered open and she frowned slightly. What was she doing in a warm, comfortable bed?

She now recalled the last actions she could remember, and as far as she could remember, there was no good reason why she wasn't dead now, lying on the floor of a chamber that was well below freezing. Yet, somehow, she had ended up in the same bed as the last two nights.

Despite her horror and shame and fear and confusion, the question - and the ingrained desire for an answer - managed to burn through the veil of emotions that clouded her thoughts enough for her to begin to function. Not well - she was too aware of what had happened to her, every sensation of her altered body reminding her of that fact. But she was once more thinking in a manner at least approaching coherency.

Slowly, she sat up, and winced at the sensation of her huge tits shifting downward as she rose, their mass subject to the iron laws of gravity. Despite this, as the blanket fell away from her chest as she sat, her breasts remained amazingly firm and spherical, with little sag.

She swung her long, shapely legs over the side of the bed and rose to her full height - which wasn't much. Once, she'd been a tall, slender man. Now, she was a petite woman with a tiny waist, slender shoulders and trim yet feminine hips. These

were offset by exceptionally long, incredibly sexy legs and a pair of mountainous breasts that dominated her small frame.

Hesitantly, she approached the mirror in the corner of the room. For several long minutes, she just stared at the image that was reflected back at her.

She was... nothing at all like the person she'd once been.

She looked to be no older than twenty five, a good decade - or more - younger than her 'real' age. Her face was absolutely gorgeous in a perky, chipper way, with a straight nose and full lips below huge, bright blue eyes. Her face was heart-shaped, with an elven chin and high, well defined cheekbones, and her lashes were long and thick while her eyebrows were fine and arched. Her face and swan-like neck were surrounded by a wealth of long, rich, thick hair that was a glorious shade of honey blonde.

Her trim hips and firm, spectacular ass tapered gracefully from her long, firm thighs to her infinitesimal waist, and centered in this bottom half of a spectacular hourglass figure was the soft folds of her new womanhood, surrounded by a neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair that matched the strands on her head in color. Other than that, there was no trace of any hair at all on her smooth, flawless golden skin, that looked like she'd spent hours tanning, tight down to the faint bikini tan lines that looked as if she wore a tiny bikini only when barely necessary.

The cool air was definitely affecting her new body, as her nipples rapidly became engorged with a pleasant tingling sensation that she found extremely unnerving. Fully engorged, her nipples were as long and thick around as her old, male thumbs had once been, and a rich brown in shade, perched atop the pebbly domes of her areola.

"Holy... shit..." She said, stunned at the erotic image of the new form she wore. It was absolutely incredible - yet, also, 'real'. It looked as if she had come by this body 'naturally' rather than being surgically enhanced, despite the incredible figure. Also, she had the open, cheerful look of a pleasant person, not the cold beauty that plastic surgery might have provided, giving her a stand-offish look that might keep some at bay. In fact, she looked so cheerful, 'innocently' sexy and perky that men who were afraid to talk to a less erotic woman would approach her without hesitation - her new form just looked completely incapable of doing anything unkind, from the full mouth and perfect teeth that could manage a devastating smile but never a frown, to the huge, expressive blue eyes that could never adequately express anger, scorn or dislike.

Despite the emotions and thoughts she was having, her face still held a mild expression of good-humor, its configuration permanently locked into that 'neutral' expression by the way the bones sat and the tiny wrinkles of the eyes and mouth formed. Even a determined effort to frown merely dimmed down the ingrained expression to one of complete neutrality, expressing nothing - not even the slightest hint of displeasure or anger...

...or the despair that was now thrumming through her body at the realization of what had been done to her. Certainly, whatever had been done to her hadn't really altered her mind. Oh, she had new habits and skills, new ways of moving - but the basic personality behind it was intact and unaltered. But the new way she moved and expressed herself, coupled with her new form, meant that she was unable to completely express all that her intact personality might wish to. Even her new voice, a chipper soprano, was poorly suited to the darker emotions.

It was a torturous, well conceived creation that she'd become. Her intact personality was able to feel the full horror of what had been done to her - but the alter form and functions of her body denied her a true outlet for all of this.

Turning away from the mirror, her inner self in a churning turmoil of bleak emotions, she shivered slightly in the chill air and walked over to the closet, her body moving in that unconsciously graceful, feminine way that was sexy without being 'put-on'.

Opening the closet, she found herself confronted with a plethora of feminine attire, all of which looked to be tailored for the new form that housed her. Of her old masculine attire, there was no trace.

Sighing, she dressed quickly and unemotionally, picking out a simple outfit that consisted of jeans, a T-shirt under a sweater, socks and shoes. She went without a bra, gritting her even white teeth at the necessity of even the plain white cotton panties she pulled on.

A quick glance in the mirror showed that even in the simple garb she'd picked, she was a stunning sight. She had the sort of face and figure that could wear almost anything and look sexy, in different ways. While a more elaborate outfit would have made her look sexy in a sophisticated 'looking for attention' way, in these clothes she looked 'girl-next-door' sexy. The jeans were nearly skin-tight, hinting at her fabulous legs while showcasing her firm ass and trim waist to advantage. The sweater - a fuzzy pink turtle-neck - molded tightly to her torso, displaying her fabulous figure without actually showing any skin in what was almost a tease, as there was no doubt what the sweater contained as it strained over her massive bust and clung to her tiny waist.

The socks were white ones, that were nevertheless obviously feminine, and the shoes she wore accented the fact. The most basic pair in the closet, they were white suede pumps with a two-inch heel that - on her - looked 'cute'.

Sighing again, She left the room and headed downstairs, her mind awl with confusion as to what lay in her future. Everything that had gone before might well as never happened, as she could no longer claim - with any chance of convincing anyone - that she was 'Richard Glatthorne'. She knew - without a doubt - that any attempt to lay claim to her previous life would only have her end up in an asylum, as nobody could possibly believe her story. Hell, if somebody had tried to tell her the same story - before she lived it - she would have sent them packing to the nuthouse in a heartbeat. No matter what she said or did, she couldn't ever claim to be...

Walking into the kitchen, she stopped dead. Her jaw dropped, and the world started to swim around her, a dark tunnel forming around her vision as she felt her knees come unhinged as she began to sag into a faint.

The person sitting at the table - the sight of whom had caused the reaction - bolted to his feet and - in two quick stride - reached her and wrapped his arms around her, keeping her from falling. Face pale in shock, she gazed in sheer incomprehension at the face that had once belonged to her.

"J... Janet?" She whispered, staring at her old, male body in stunned shock.

Carefully, 'Richard' guided her to the table and helped her into a chair, then sat down across from her, a worried grin on

his face. "Once upon a time, Cassie. But as you can see, now I'm Richard Glatthorne."

Anger flared, bringing color back to her face. "You... you..." She spluttered, her voice and face unable to adequately express what she was feeling. "Look what you've done to me!"

Richard blinked, then held up his hands defensively. "Whoa, there. Aside from the tits - which was prompted by your escape attempt - all I've done to you is what you did to me."

The new woman - who 'Richard' had called 'Cassie' - flushed. "What?"

Richard shrugged. "You were planning to turn an attractive young woman out on the streets, alone and basically helpless. Well, now you are a young woman, and..."

She rose to her feet, outraged. "But... look at me! You're not just throwing me out of a house! You've thrown me out of my very life!"

Now Richard's eyes narrowed. "And what did you think you were doing to me?" He demanded. "This house - and it's history - was my life. This town was the legacy left by my ancestors, and this house my birthright! And you wanted to have it, purely for motives of revenge and greed." He snorted. "Well, now 'Richard Glatthorne' *does* have this house - only he's decided that he's going to live in it. So, as far as the world is concerned, 'you' won. And the fact that Janet Carson left town, and will never be heard from again, won't seem at all suspicious, considering what I told several people in town before I 'left'."

Briefly, the phrase 'You can't do this to me' trembled on the outraged woman's lips. But it was all too obvious that he could, indeed, do this to her. "What am I supposed to do?" She demanded. "It's obvious that saying 'I'm sorry' isn't going to make you undo this..."

Richard interrupted. "Actually, the instant I finished your form, I 'locked-out' my ability to make any more changes of any kind to you, in any way. To keep a moment of weakness from making me do something I'd regret, as I truly believe that this is for the best. So I couldn't undo anything, even if I wanted to." He smiled slightly. "In fact, to be absolutely fair, I've locked myself into this form, too - as a kind of 'penance' for what I've done to you, so I can't ever go back to being Janet again. I'm glad to have thought ahead and 'improved' your form before I took it, though."

That caused her to take a closer look, only now noticing that the figure under his clothes was fitter, somewhat more muscular, and definitely more handsome. It wasn't enough to get him talked about, but it was noticeable.

As was the larger bulge at his crotch. The new woman's jaw tightened at the sight of the 'improved' model of what she'd lost. "I see. So, now I get turned out into the world, a nobody in a body I was never born with, with no money, history or identity. Jan..." Catching the warning look in the eyes of a person more than capable of handling her new form, physically, she corrected herself. "Richard, that's a thousand times worse than anything I had planned for you - and you know it."

The new man held his hands up. "You'd be right, if that was what I was going to do. However, I'm not that cruel. In your room, everything inside it is yours. The clothes, the luggage - and the purse, with a few hundred dollars inside, plus a full set of

identification for one Cassandra Borwick. Plus the few pieces of jewelry that I've given you, which could be pawned for a couple of hundred more. You could

easily start a new life. School record will show that you're eminently qualified to be a secretary, waitress, or house-keeper - or, if you want to earn more money, I'm sure that you'd have no problem as an 'exotic Dancer'." He smirked.

Cassie slumped into her chair. "You.... bastard." She said, her voice robbing the curse of it's venom. "This is... you.." Richard cocked his head. "Or - you could stay here, rent free, for as long as you'd like."

Cassie's eyes narrowed. "Oh, I could, could I?"

Richard nodded. "Sure. I could use a girlfriend - as long as she was willing to be a *good* girlfriend, one I'd enjoy having around. You know, one who likes to look nice for me, is willing to help out around the house... and is, well... *affectionate*."

Cassie blinked in outrage and surprise. "You think I'd... you want me to..."

Richard leaned forward, his voice and eyes painfully sincere. "Look, Cassie - as far as I'm concerned, our accounts are balanced. We each have a new life, and I'm willing to start fresh if you are. This is your chance to be a better person, to make a better life for yourself." He spread his hands, his voice utterly honest. "I'm not asking you to do anything you aren't willing to. When I gave us each our new genders, I gave us each normal hormonal drives for our bodies. Nothing outrageous, nothing... controlling. Just normal. I don't want a little 'sex-slave', and I'm not asking you to try and be perfect or I'll kick you out or punish you. All I'm asking from you is what any man would ask from any woman in a relationship - a chance for it to be something... real."

Cassie spluttered in shock - then her face came as close to 'firm' as it ever could, and her perky voice imaged to hold a hint of frost with she sheer power of emotion she put behind her one-word answer.

"Never."

* * * * *

"Guys, put your hands together for Club Electra's feature dancer - Classy Cassie Colossus!"

Applause rolled forth as the heavy, driving beat of the music started and Cassie strode onto the stage, her body swaying sensuously in time with the music as she made her way to the end of the runway, the eyes of every man in the club locked onto her figure.

She wore an erotic version of a business suit, with her long, glorious hair done up in a tight bun while she looked out at the men through a pair of zero-prescription glasses. Black nylons clad her long, luscious legs, disappearing under the hem of the short, tight burgundy skirt she wore. A matching suit jacket was stretched over the white blouse she wore, with a red silk scarf in place of a neck-tie. The whole package was balanced atop a pair of black platform shoes with seven inch spiked heels that accented her ever sensual move.

Her face locked in a pleasant smile, Cassie started to strut and tease, moving around the stage with sensuous grace that her more than six months of dancing had honed to a fine point. The glasses were the first of many things she took off, and - in what had quickly become a calling-card for Chicago's hottest new dancer - she tossed the inexpensive pair of glasses into the crowd. The pins that kept

her hair in place were next, and she spilled her hair down with a skillful shake of her head as she slipped the pins into the pocket of the jacket as expertly and unobtrusively as any magician could manage.

As her body went through it's routine with apparent enjoyment and much skill, Cassie's mind wandered. At first, dancing had been something she'd had to force herself to do, and the disgust had shown itself through some of her early awkwardness during the first two weeks, when it had been her proportions that had brought the men in to watch. She'd been amazed to find that, after a couple of weeks, what had been unpleasant merely became boring, and her act had become much better, drawing in bigger and bigger crowds. Then - and this still stunned her - she found that she began to enjoy her fame, the fact that men would crowd into the club specifically to see her affecting her ego, despite the circumstances, and her act had become absolutely mind-boggling. Even now, doing the same act that she did three times a day, she could find enough 'pleasure' in her attraction to make the act more than mechanical, to change it slightly every time to accommodate the mood of the crowd and the situation. It was a source of wry amusement for her that she was probably the greatest stripper in the world, knowing exactly what the men in the crowd wanted at any given time, as she was able to 'read' men better than any woman who'd ever lived.

Reaching the part in her act when the Jacket came off, Cassie teasingly undid the two big, black buttons and slid the Jacket off slowly before tossing it to the side of the stage. Leaning against the side of the pole with her incredible ass straining the seams of the skirt, she hefted her blouse-clad breasts to the men on the other side, then slowly slid down the pole while swinging around, then sliding back up as she continued moving, giving the same view to the men on the other side.

As she did, she found herself remembering the first six months she'd spent in Chicago after leaving Carson. Her early decision not to dress or act any more feminine than she was forced to had taken a huge hit when she'd started searching for a job - or rather, she'd discovered that the level she was 'forced' to act and dress feminine was much higher than she'd expected. A woman looking for a job simply didn't have any chance if she went in jeans and a baggy sweat-shirt, hair loose and with no make-up. So, she'd begun 'dolling up' every morning on the job-hunting trail, until putting on make-up and doing her hair had become so second nature that she rarely even thought about it any more. When she did consciously think about it, it was with wry resignation - she was just trying to live in a world where she didn't get to set the rules, and she was forced to comply with society's unwritten rules. To tell the truth, as distasteful as it had been in the beginning, she didn't even get upset at it anymore. It wasn't really a big thing at all, once she'd managed to get past the 'homosexual' feelings that purposely making herself more feminine had originally caused. It hadn't been all that long, though, before she'd come to accept - emotionally as well as intellectually - that she was female, and that these were 'necessary evils', not anything disgusting or unpleasant in their own rights. As a matter of fact, she'd soon found that some socially acceptable feminine clothing was much more comfortable to wear than the male counterpoints, if you made the exception of shoes. As it was, every day she went to bed with feet still sore from the ultra-high heels her current job required, and about half the time with a mild back ache that came from hauling her huge tits

around everywhere. Ironically, it was never very bad at all, especially in her new line of work. For one thing, her back muscles were stronger than usual, to help carry the sheer mass of her huge tits, and as a stripper she was in the odd position that 'supporting' her tits by holding them up - or letting a man hold them during lap-dances - wasn't just acceptable, but a necessity.

With a smile that was partly genuine, she tore open the trick buttons on the blouse, revealing her massive, firm tits to the crowd, which roared it's approval. More of the smile became genuine as she began to fondle and squeeze her huge tits sensuously, paying attention to her massive, engorged nipples.

She'd discovered quite early how much pleasure she could extract from her new body by her own hand. Although she was still celibate - and had no plans to change - she spend much time enjoying her body's physical sensitivity, and not just fondling herself on stage or being fondled during lap-dances. In fact, she usually had a long, luxurious bout of masturbation before going to sleep every night, releasing the pent-up sexual tensions that stripping brought.

At first, she'd been unwilling to have anything sexual at all to do with her new form. But her body had natural urges and needs, and it wasn't all that long before she'd found herself touching herself in the shower, in bed, and in various other ways. The new body was a lot more sexually sensitive than her old, male body had been. Most of men's sensitivity reside in one place, where a woman's body was sensually sensitive all over, to varying degrees. Even stroking her long legs could bring mild pleasure - and anything having to do with her huge tits was more than simply 'mild'. Of course, masturbating had revealed the one thing she had no reservations whatsoever about when it came to being female - she'd discovered the incredible sensations that came from multiple orgasms. Even now, though, she could still cause her self to blush by thinking about the three dildoes of various sizes stored at her apartment - one in the night-stand beside the bed, another in the bathroom, and the third (the biggest) hidden away in her closet. She'd bought that one after having a little too much to drink, and - as yet - hadn't worked up the nerve to use it.

However, she was amazed at how often she found herself thinking of it, stored in it's box on the top shelf...

She slowly slid the skirt off, standing with her legs crossed at the ankles and turned away from the crowd, show-casing her fantastic ass and spectacular legs as she removed the garment, revealing the garter belt and tiny, lacy panties beneath. Twirling the skirt on a finger, she tossed it atop the rest of her clothes and continued her routine, the men drooling at the sight of her incredible figure and huge, firm tits.

After six months, she'd realized that she wasn't going to be able to find a job that paid anything more than minimum wage. Technically, she could have lived on that, as she didn't have the added expenses that came from having a social life - she was in no way ready to deal with anybody socially, and she couldn't help but be aware of the fact that, no matter where she was or what she was doing, at least some men would stare at her as she went by, practically drooling over her body. It was that, more than anything, that had convinced her to take the once-unthinkable job. After all - if she was going to be gawked at anyway, she might as well make money doing it, right? And it turned out to be very good money, too.

Of course, she'd never expected the sort of 'bonus' that came from being a stripper - she'd begun to form friendships. Oh, tentative ones, to be sure, but friendships nonetheless. Because the woman she worked with really weren't all that different from

her - if you ignored how they came to be there, of course. The truth was, they were also in the position that their bodies were the objects of men's sexual attentions, and while they milked it on a professional basis, they were extremely 'gun-shy' on a personal business. For some reason, Cassie had always assumed that women who worked in this field were nymphomaniacs or something. While there were two or three women who got a kick out of the job and were very, very promiscuous, the majority of them were in steady relationships with men who appreciated their bodies but didn't objectify them, and the women all understood Cassie's 'dressing down' severely on her few days off, as they usually did too.

Finishing her act. Cassie bowed at the audience, letting their appreciation and applause wash over her as she collected the money that had been stuffed in her garter belt. With a final wave, she picked up her pile of clothing and strutted into the hallway leading to the dressing rooms, dropping the exaggerated walk down to her 'natural' graceful sway.

Since it was her last show of the night, she wasn't going to 'work the floor'. That was unusual for most strippers, and doubly so since she'd been asked to schedule her days like that. She made a small fortune each night she worked, exaggerated by the fact that she worked a schedule of twelve days on, two days off. So, when the other girls had asked her to leave the last two hours of each night for them, she'd had no problem in giving them a chance to collect from the floor until closing.

Since it was the Friday of her bi-weekly time off, she changed into her 'going home stripper' clothes, as she called them. A knee-length white leather skirt and a white blouse with a black leather vest over top, it wasn't as blatantly sexual as her working clothes, but still more 'advertising' than her casual clothes.

Gathering up her purse, Cassie headed outside, where her usual cab waited. She greeted the driver - Jose, the regular cabbie - politely and with a genuine smile. Jose and her chatted on the way home, and she had to give the cab company who had the annual contract for the club credit. The drivers who handled the girls were either gay or - like Jose - a devout family man who might look, but never be tempted. Jose, for instance, was a Catholic father of four girls, and a gentleman to boot, who managed to compliment her every night without once suggesting anything untoward. He was also a great conversationalist who - but the end of the twenty-five minute ride - managed to update her on sports, general world news, his family, the problems in traffic, the latest political screw-up, and his family.

Thanking Jose and bidding him a good night, Cassie headed up to her apartment, unlocking the door wearily and looking forward to her weekend off. Swinging the door open, she stepped inside, the finger reaching for the light-switch as she swung the door shut behind her.

It had just latched and automatically locked when her fingers found the switch and flooded the entranceway with light. For an instant, she didn't really react, her brain trying to deal with the fact that three men were gathered near her.

Before she could bring her brain up to speed enough to scream, a muscular hand covered her mouth, and she felt the sharp prick of a needle entering her firm, spectacular ass. She began to struggle, but her frantic motions began to taper off immediately as the drug took effect, and the world went dark.

* * * * *

“Wakey, wakey, you little cock-teasing bitch.”

Cassie’s eyes fluttered open, and she looked around with mild confusion of her gorgeous face. She was seated in the comfortable arm- chair in her living room, and three big, unshaven men were clustered around her, one sitting on the couch, one leaning against the wall, and the third perched on the corner of the coffee-table directly in front of her. She recognized all three of the big, broad-shouldered men with dark hair and eyes, as she’d seen them in club all the time. They were obviously brothers, only a few years apart in age, and she’d always refused their requests for private dances because they looked like trouble.

They looked even more like trouble, sitting in her living room with greedy looks in their eyes and unpleasant grins on their faces, but for some reason Cassie wasn’t afraid. She knew she should be, and that something was very, very wrong. Her stomach was clenched in a ‘fight-or-flight’ reaction, but she wasn’t able to bring any willpower to bear on that particular reaction. She felt reasonable fine in almost every way, but when she tried to send her mind along certain lines of thought, everything grew foggy and muddled until she pulled back from whatever she’d tried to consider.

“Well, well, well - it looks like our little vixen’s awake.” The one on the couch said with a grin.

“Sure does.” The one on the coffee-table said. “The little cock-suckers wide awake, and ready to go.” He leaned slightly closer, his unpleasant grin widening. “And you are a little cock-sucker, aren’t you Cassie?”

“That’s right.” Cassie agreed without hesitation. “I’m Cassie Cum-Slut. I love sucking big, hard cocks and drinking cum. I love fucking men after I tease them with my body. I’m built to please men, and that’s my goal in life.”

The words sprang from her mouth with what seemed to be conviction and a hint of glee, yet Cassie was mildly surprised to hear the words as she sprang forth. She’d had no idea that she was going to say it, and she wondered why she was. It was almost as if she was machine, triggered to spew a certain response in reaction to a certain question.

When she tried to think about her answer, though, her thoughts grew vague and fuzzy, and she couldn’t make her mind work out the implications of the answer - or even the truth behind it.

The men’s grins widened as she answered, and they shared a look. “Hot Damn, Derrick - it fuckin’ worked!” The one leaning on the wall said in amazement.

“Damn straight, Billy. I told you it would.” The one on the coffee-table - Derrick - replied as if it were a foregone conclusion. “Little John got us the good stuff.”

The one on the couch - the youngest of the three, and the biggest - nodded. “Bet you’re sweet ass I did, bro.” Turning his attention back to Cassie, Derrick smiled. “Why don’t you take a look in the mirror, slut?”

Cassie obeyed without question. It wasn’t a matter of wanting too, really - just this vague, unformed premonition that even considering to disobey would have horrendous consequences.

Walking over to the mirror, she studied herself. She was dressed in one of her sets of working clothes, a tight black mico-mini over the black nylons, the black platforms with their high spiked heels, and a black leather crop-top over a massive black lace bra that

revealed quite a bit of cleavage.

Her lips were gloss-red and outlined faintly in a darker shade, and she wore more make-up than usual, although it was applied with her usual care. Her hair was the really stunning thing, though, as it was now a deep, rich red, and she could still smell the odor of the dye.

"I look different." She said calmly, looking at herself.

"Yeah - you dyed your hair and put on those clothes after we asked you to look like a real sexy red-head." Jake said. "You like the way you look, don't you?"

"She turned and looked at them, finding herself feeling incredibly nervous, as if the fate of the world hung on the answer to the question she was about to ask. "Do you think I look sexy?"

"You look great, you little cock-teasing slut." Billy replied, and she felt that knot in her stomach relax a bit. "Good." Cassie said. "I only want to look sexy for men. What I like doesn't matter, as long as I turn men on."

"That's right, Cassie - that's just how you should think." Derrick said with a grin. "Say - you must be aching to please us right now. You must be so horny you feel like you're going to burst."

Cassie considered - and found that she did, indeed, feel that way. "Oh, yes - can I fuck you now?" She asked - practically pleaded - as she shivered with the force of her arousal. "I'm sooooo horny."

Derrick smiled at his brothers, then turned back to her. "Well, I wish we had time to break you in properly, but we gotta get to work at the mill. So, we'll have to do this quickly. Get undressed and lay down here." He patted the coffee table.

Eagerly, Cassie stripped out of her clothing and walked over to the wide coffee-table, laying down on top of it as the three brothers argued for a minute before deciding on who got what.

Not having much time, they stripped out of their pants and each took position where they'd finally agreed. Derrick stood beside her head, his large, already erect cock inches away from her mouth. She eagerly lifted her head and slid her full, soft lips over his hard shaft, encasing the base of his cock with a dainty hand even as Billy straddled her, his cock laying in her deep cleavage as he pushed her warm, soft mounds together over his dick. She could feel her legs being lifted up to rest on 'Little' John's shoulders, and had to fight a moan as she felt his thick cock slide deep into her cunt, filling her for the first time and making her feel complete.

John began to drive into her with a quick, eager rhythm, not caring a damned thing about her own pleasure as he hurried to get himself off in her tight, wet cunt. However, their programming guaranteed that she'd enjoy it immensely anyway, and so she did, her body twitching in pleasure from both his driving into her wet cunt, and Billy's energetic fucking of her cleavage, which felt fantastic to her, from the friction in her cleavage to his hands on her tits.

But she was also enjoying the face-fucking that Derrick was giving her, despite the fact she had to struggle and repress her moan of pleasure. She really didn't have to do anything but keep her lips locked around his cock as he pounded his iron-hard

cock deep into her throat.

All three men hurried with hard, fast rhythms, and they came at almost the same instant. Even as her cunt tightened around John's cock and accepted the stream of cum that gushed into her new womanhood, he gulped at the spray of cum flowing down her throat, and reveled at the feel of the jism spraying over her tits and face as Billy spurted his load.

Quickly, then men wiped themselves with her long, newly-dyed hair and pulled on their pants, grinning at each other. Even though she hadn't orgasmed, it was still the most incredible sex Cassie had ever had - not knowing that she was programmed to enjoy it that much.

"Okay, babe - you clean yourself up and wait right here until we get back." Derrick told her, firmly. "You're not to leave until we get back, or tell anybody what happened or anything about us, got it?"

"Of course, Derrick." Cassie assured him, stretching luxuriously and massaging the slowly cooling cum into her huge tits with pleasure. After her three lovers had departed, she padded into the bathroom and took a long, slow shower. After she was clean, she left the water running and padded - dripping - into her bedroom, where she retrieved the huge dildo stored on the top shelf.

Returning to the shower, she spread her legs and braced herself against the wall. While the warm water continued to spray down over her body, she used one hand to fondle her huge tits as she took the massive dildo in the other and slowly worked it into her cunt, moaning as it slid deep inside her, filling her completely. Her moan increased in volume and frequency as she began to drive the phallus into her, faster and faster, building the rhythm as she went faster and harder...

Cassie screamed in pure pleasure as she was taken by an orgasm, followed quickly by another one. The dildo fell from nerveless fingers as she slumped numbly to the bottom of the tub and shut off the water, letting herself bask in the afterglow.

"God..." She whispered to herself. "It's so nice not to have to pretend I'm not a cum-hungry nymphomaniac after hiding it for all these years..."

Her face slowly took on a puzzled look as her smile slowly slipped from her face. "But... I've only been a woman for a year." She muttered, confused. "How could I..?"

She sat, trying to think. The three brothers hadn't cared enough to ask anything about her past, and had given her a story that could have been straight out of a porno script. Poorly written as it was, the power of the drug they'd given her would probably have made it work...

...on any other woman. they could never have known about Cassie's unusual history, thought.

"But... I wasn't even a woman - and when I was a man, I liked women..." Cassie muttered to herself, finding a loophole that led her around the mental blocks that had been put in place. "So, I shouldn't be horny for men now - but I am. I wasn't before, though - and wasn't until..."

Slowly, her eyes widened as she realized what had been done to her. She still couldn't remember the specifics, and

wasn't entirely sure which thoughts were her own and which were implanted - but she now knew that the three guys had somehow screwed with her head and altered her thinking.

"Oh... My... God..." Cassie whispered, horrified. "What have they done to me...?"

* * * * *

"Man, oh Man." Little John said, rubbing his hands together. "I am so fucking psyched for another piece of Cassie's sweet body." "Yeah, well - you're just gonna have to wait until I'm done." Derrick - the eldest brother - said firmly.

"Like hell - you wait until I'm done!" Billy retorted as they climbed the steps towards their little sex-slave's apartment. "All I got was to tit- fuck her!"

"Fuck you both." Little John retorted. "I'm the one who gut the stuff, 'member?"

"Look - this is silly." Derrick said with a sigh. "Later on, we'll get her to invite a couple of her better-looking stripper friends over, and we'll program 'em up right - maybe throw in something special for each. Then we'll just take turns with the three girls, so none of us have to wait."

"Damn - that's good thinking." Billy agreed with a grin as they reached the top of the stairs. After a hard ten hours of work down at the stockyards, they were looking forwards to getting some more of their sweet little sex-doll's 'willing' action.

Unlocking the front door, Derrick lead his brothers into the apartment...

The three siblings stopped dead, staring at the sight of Cassie sitting in a chair beside a tall, slender man in a business suit. A slender- but-athletic man, who was holding an odd-looking gun.

"What the fuck...?" Derrick managed to blurt out.

Then the man fired. The gun made a 'pffff' sound, and Derrick stared down at the tranquilizer dart stuck in one beefy leg. "Why, you little shit..." He managed before he collapsed, insensate.

The other brothers jerked into action - Little John towards the door that had just swung shut behind him, Billy towards the man with the tranquilizer gun.

Richard calmly shot Little John first, preventing him from escaping, then fired and hit Billy, stepping to one side as the bulky man lost control of his body and flopped through the place where Richard had stood a moment before. He looked down at the three limp brothers, his face set in an expression of disgust and anger.

"You know something?" Richard asked Cassie, who was trembling as she struggled with the conflict between her real emotions and implanted ones. "I thought you deserved what I did to you, and I think it managed to make you a better person. I still only have mild regret over it. But with these three, and what they did to you..." His lips tightened. "I think I'm actually going to *enjoy* this..."

* * * * *

Little John awoke slowly, groaning as he sat up, his head pounding from the drug-induced hang-over. It took him a second to realize he was stark naked.

Shocked, he bolted straight upright, ignoring the throbbing in his head as he covered his crotch and looked around.

Light streaming in through a window at the front showed him to be in some sort of kinky sex-shop. Clothing of leather and latex shared the walls and racks with frilly lingerie amid chains and collars. Various videos took up one wall, and a glass counted showcased all sorts of sex toys, lotion and lubes.

"What the...?" Little John muttered, shocked. His mind brought back the image of the man with the tranquilizer gun, and the beefy mans' lips tightened in anger as he realized that the bitch had somehow - despite her commands - gotten help. This was some sort of revenge.

"I'm gonna kill you..." John said darkly, his eyes narrowing in anger. He took a couple of steps forward, looking for something suitable to wear home until he could get changed and go teach that bitch and her friend a lesson.

He stopped dead when he heard a strange rustling sound.

His eyes opened wide as an opera-length glove of black latex on a display rack jerked, making the noise again. Then, as he watched, wide-eyed, it suddenly yanked itself free of the clip that held it and flew through the air towards him.

"Holy fuck!" Little John swore, shocked, instinctively throwing his hands up in a reflex action.

The glove whipped onto his right hand, pulling itself on his arm until it covered the tips of his fingers to just below the shoulder. "What the fuck...?" Little John cursed, staring at the glove on his arm...

...which suddenly 'clenched', sending a brief spasm of pain through his arm. His eyes widened even further in horrified confusion as the arm and hand under the thin, flexible material was reshaped into a slender, shapely female arm and dainty, slim-fingered feminine hands.

"No fucking way!" John cried. "This ain't happening!" He tried to tear the glove off with his left hand...

and his right hand, no longer under his control, batted the other hand away.

"Oh, fuck..." John said, in disbelief. She turned and headed for the door, still trying to grapple with the newly feminine arm that sprouted incongruously from his broad, muscular shoulder.

As he passed the nearby display rack, the feminine right arm lashed out and grabbed a hold of the matching glove. John didn't have time to react as it began yanking the glove onto his other arm, and by the time he was mentally able to react, he could no longer control

either one of his arms or hands as they smoothed the second glove over his now equally feminine left arm. "Ahhhhh!" John screamed, bolting for the front door without any consideration for his nudity.

He'd barely taken a couple of steps when his rebellious arms lashed out, each gripping a firmly anchored object. The

sudden move meant that inertia pulled his legs out from under him, and he went down hard.

Immediately, he tried to struggle back to his feet, but it was nearly impossible. Not only couldn't he use his arms to help him, they actively fought against him, reaching for a pair of black latex leggings...

"NO!" He bellowed in stark terror. "Stop! Let me go! This can't be happening!" But it was.

He flailed his legs, but it was an exercise in futility as the arms and hands worked in concert, pulling on the glossy black legging that covered from ankle to the top of his hips. A second later, his legs stopped struggling as the material compressed around a pair of shapely female legs and a firm, full ass behind wide, womanly hips.

"Nooooo!" John cried in anguish as he felt his cock and balls compressed almost painlessly into a cunt behind the zipper that ran down the crotch of the garment. He found himself rising to his feet as his new legs betrayed him and carried him to a chair.

"Stop! Please, I'll be good! I didn't mean it!" John screamed almost incoherently at his unseen tormentor as his arms and legs fought what remained of his male body, sitting him down and forcing a pair of thigh-high black leather boots onto feet that became small and feminine to suit the new footwear. He found himself rising once more, perched easily atop the boots six-inch spiked heels. He blubbered incoherently as his body carried him over to the wall, where the gloved hand picked out a black spandex mock-turtleneck top. His female arms pulled the skin-tight garment on over his angrily whipping head.

A second later, it constricted around his body. He felt his neck move inwards as the high neck reshaped it, and he stared down in horror as two large mounds pressed the fabric outwards until what looked to be firm triple-'D' cup tits bounced inside the material, causing him to shiver in horror at the feel of his firm, heavy breasts move inside the fabric, their extraordinarily large nipples becoming erect for no apparent reason.

"Please, no, I... I'll... don't..." John gibbered in horror as his arms pulled on a black leather corset that shrunk his waist away to almost nothing a few seconds after it was strapped in place.

then he watched in horror as his rebellious body carried him to the opposite wall, where it picked up a molded black mask bearing unmistakable female features on it, right down to the gloss red latex 'lips'.

His - or her - hands pulled the mask into place, and it sealed itself to female features that now matched those on the mask. In that instant, John's voice disappeared, and she found herself unable to make a sound as she lowered a sculpted red plastic 'wig' into place on her head.

Now stuck in a completely female body she was unable to control, John was little but a horrified, helpless passenger as her body snapped a collar around her neck. A chain ran all the way down to her ankles, where it joined to the chain of the ankle-cuffs she snapped into place, and another chain ran from the central one to the cuffs that she snapped on each of her slender wrists, limiting her movements.

Helpless, she could only watch in horror as her body was forced to use sexy, short little mincing steps to walk to the

counter, where she picked up a pen and a piece of paper. Horrified, John watched her traitorous hand write in a flowing, feminine script.

'Hi, I'm Little Janice Sex-Doll. I'm a mute submissive nymphomaniac who wants you to be my master. Take me home and feed me, and I'll do anything you ask me to. I'm exceptionally skilled at all types of sex, and I'm a great cook and house-keeper. Please, fuck me often, and find excuses to spank me, because I love a dominant man who knows how to rain me to be his perfect little sex slave.'

Unable to scream in horror, John - Janice - watched herself walk to the door, feeling every move her new body made as she let herself out of the store and walked down the street under the light from the street lamps.

"Holy shit...!" A voice said, and Janice turned her head to see a slender, vaguely handsome young black man in a Nike jacket and tear-away pants gaping at her.

Without hesitation, she turned and walked up to the youth, her body not responding in any way to the desperate fight it's trapped male mind put up. She handed the note to the incredulous young man, who took it numbly, then looked down at it. Shooting her another slack-jawed look, he read it again in disbelief.

"You're shittin' me, right?"

Helplessly, she shook her head vigorously. Taking his hand, she led him a few dozen steps into the relative privacy of an alley.

Internally, John screamed as Janice dropped to one knee, the chain pulling tightly and with unnerving pleasure across her crotch as it was pulled to the leg behind her. Her latex-clad hand reached out with graceful assurance and yanked down the man's pants and underwear.

"Oh, shit!" The youth said, eyes boggling as Janice - her male mind screaming soundlessly - bent forward. The soft red latex of her mask's lips were slit in the middle, allowing her to take the youth's semi-rigid cock into her mouth. One latex-clad hand wrapped around the base of his shaft as the other began to fondle his balls. Helplessly, she began to expertly suck his cock, hands, head and tongue moving with expert rhythm as she worked to slowly bring him towards the brink of orgasm, only to slow and hold it off when he got near.

Inside, John's male mind was screaming in horror and disgust at having 'another' man's cocking in her now feminine mouth. Even worse was the fact that she was giving the blowjob as if she'd practiced this hundreds of times before, showing expertise that she would never have wanted to claim.

Then, finally, the youth could hold off no longer, and his iron-hard cock spewed forth a spray of warm, salty cum that she swallowed 'eagerly', taking every drop of it down her helplessly open throat and licking his organ clean before tucking it away again.

Rising to her boot-clad feet, she took the free-hanging leash end of the chain that fettered her, and held it out to the man.

“Damn...” The youth said, a stunned - but very, very happy - look on his face. “The guys just ain’t gonna believe this shit.”

Smiling, he took the proffered chain and began to lead Janice to her new home, walking slowly to accommodate her mincing stride. Inside, a male mind just screamed and screamed and screamed...

* * * * * Billy awoke...

...to find himself walking up to an apartment building. Confused, he tried to stop moving - but it was absolutely useless. He had absolutely no control over his body.

As he reached the door, he could see his reflection in the glass - which was the only way he could see himself, as he didn’t even have enough control to look down.

In the reflection, he saw he was dressed in a baggy Hawaiian shirt and a pair of black shorts. White sneakers clad his feet, and he was carrying a box full of red-printed paper bags full of - from the smell and the oriental lettering - Chinese food.

Reaching out, he watched in confusion as his disobedient hand opened the door and he entered the apartment, finding himself at the bottom of a flight of steps. He found himself starting to climb the steps.

With each step, a small, jolt of strange energy warped through his body. He could feel his stride altering slightly each step he ascended, something odd happening to his balance. He could also feel a strange sensation in hips, ass, crotch and chest as he moved, and he felt awkward and ungainly, badly off balance as he reached the first landing - and saw in the mirrored door that led into the hallway his reflection.

His skin had gone a couple shade darker, as if he’d tanned while climbing the steps. But it was much more than that, and he could see that the legs protruding from the shorts were smoother, leading up to hips and ass that filled out the shorts more than they had before. His shoes looked warped, narrower at the tip than they should be, and with a broad, inch-high heel on the back, like a cowboy boot’s heel.

His shirt was stretched over two small mounds on his chest, and he was horrified to realize that they were tits - maybe an ‘A’ cup, maybe a ‘B’ cup, but definitely tits. Beneath his now longer head of thick black hair, his facial features were subtly altered, although he couldn’t pin down what the changes were.

Then the instant’s view he had vanished as his body turned to continue up the next flight of stairs.

With each step, he could feel his body changing further. He could feel the gaining mass of his burgeoning breasts, and they began to move slightly with each step he took up the stairs. He could feel his slowly lengthening hair training down his neck as his stride altered

with each riser as his hips and ass expanded further.

At the next landing, the quick reflection showed what appeared to be a masculine looking Eurasian woman - or, perhaps, a Eurasian man in drag. The shirt was now stretched over a pair of tits at least DDD in size, and the shorts were tightening over

wide hips and an full ass, the tighter fabric also outlining a now significantly smaller cock. The legs were almost smooth, if not terrible attractive, and were perched atop what looked like canvas pumps with a blockish three inch heel. His face had taken on a slight Asian cast to the eyes, nose and cheekbones, and very faint, light make-up emphasized the somewhat feminine features.

Then he turned away again to climb the next set of steps.

This time, the reflection showed what seemed to be a tall oriental woman, her skin smooth and bronze, with nice legs and large tits that were at least a good GGG cup. She was moving with a feminine of her wide hips and firm ass she as turned to climb the last set of steps.

Inside, Billy was screaming and trying desperately to go back down the stairs - but he had no more control over this body then he'd had when he'd first awoken. Instead, he could only absorb the hurried glance of her new body at the top landing. Now several inches shorter, the clothes strained to contain her outrageous figure, especially the massive tits that were easily as big as Cassie's massive mounds. Her fully female Asian face was made up, and she walked through the door in a pair of white platform heels with seven inch stilettos as she headed down the hallway and knocked on the door.

It swung open, to reveal a muscular young man in a T-shirt and jeans. Behind him, three more young men were watching TV - but at the inarticulate sound the man at the door made, they all turned to gape at the massive breasted Asian who stood at the door with their order of Chinese food.

"De 'rivery." Billy found himself saying in a high-pitched female voice with a heavy, sing-song accent. "Goo' food. T'irty-nine dollah, se'enty six cent. You pay now, okay?"

Stunned, the man at the door took the food and put it on the counter, gathering the money from the guys and handed it to a helplessly grinning Billy, who tucked it into a purse that had appeared on her slender shoulder at some point.

"T'ank you, eveysing derivered, okay? Me no on derivery anymore." "Uh... okay." The guy at the door said, unsure what she was driving at. "Okay, you guys wanna fuck me? I goo' fuck, fuck you long time. Okay?"

Billy wanted to scream as the words emerged form her helpless mouth, and the men in the room gaped at her. "What?"

"Me sooo ho'ny." Billy helplessly giggled. "Me no hooker, me no money - me jus' wanna fuck long time. Fuck all handsome guys. You fuck me now?"

Not waiting for an answer, she entered the apartment and shut the door. The guys merely stared, stunned, as she dropped her purse to the floor and took of the straining shirt, setting her massive tits free. The jiggled once, then settled incredibly firm and round on her chest, the massive nipples rapidly becoming engorged. The guys eyes seemed locked to that chest, watching her tits sway as she walked to the center of the room and lay down, wiggling out of the shorts and showing off her shaven cunt.

Billy helplessly screamed impotently as her newly female body smiled at the men. "Who fus? Who fuck me fus?" "Holy shit!" One of the guys said, drooling.

The guy who'd answered the door snapped out of his daze, going over to Billy and gently pulling her to her feet. "Uh, look..." "Bue Lei" Billy helplessly introduced herself, pronouncing it 'Buh Lay'

"Uh, Buh Lay - I'm not sure..." He started.

"Me sure. Me sooo ve'ey ho'ny. Prease, you all fuck me good, prease? Me need young cock to fuck me hard. I suck, too. Like it all ways. No charges - me no hooker."

The young man got the picture pretty damned clear, and led her off to the bedroom, her hands helplessly undressing him as her mind howled in horror, fear and disgust.

By the time the door to the bedroom swung closed, he was as naked as she was, and when she lay on the bed, knees helplessly spread, he didn't hesitate.

Inside, Billy screamed, but her new body complimented the man on top of her and begged for more as the man fucked her outrageous body. The internal screams of horror were soon drowned out by both internal and external screams of pleasure as the young man fucked her hard, bringing her to an earth-shattering series of orgasms that shook her body.

Panting, the young man climbed from her helplessly smiling, thankful body. Inside, Billy was a whimpering mass as the man pulled on his pants and went out the door.

Helplessly, Billy heard his new voice call out. "Who nex'd?"

* * * * *

"So - a week in Chicago to get your affairs in order?" Richard asked wearily, his arms wrapped around a still-shaking Cassie.

"Yeah - that should be about right." She said softly. She still felt very confused with herself, especially her new attraction to Richard - but she figured that, all in all, she'd be able to handle it, especially since she knew he wouldn't mis-use her newfound delight in everything sexual.

Richard shook his head. "That was a close thing." He said, fingering the envelope in his pocket that Jose had hand-delivered to his house a few hours ago. "Thank God they were that stupid. Smart enough to carefully instruct you not to tell anyone - then stupid enough not to say one damned thing about not writing anything about it."

"Yes - and thank you for coming to my rescue. If you hadn't..." She shivered at the thought, then shivered again at the thought that - if not for her exceedingly strange past, she might have spent the rest of her life in 'cheerful' bondage.

"Don't even think about it..." Richard told her softly. "Like I said that morning - your debt was fully paid. Since then, you've just been a friend of mine, and when a friend of mine needs help..."

Cassie smiled quietly up at Richard. "Don't you mean 'girlfriend', darling?"

Blinking, Richard slowly smiled and leaned down to kiss Cassie full on the lips, a kiss that was returned with eager

passion. "It's too bad we have to wait before we can go home." Richard said, slowly.

"Maybe - but I've got a perfectly good bed right here, in the meantime." Cassie said, seductively, rising gracefully to her feet and holding out her hand. "Just because I know that my new enjoyment of sex is artificial in origin doesn't make it feel any less spectacular."

Taking her dainty hand, Richard let her lead him off to her bedroom.

* * * * *

Derrick awoke to the feel of warm sun streaming in through windows as he slowly rose from the comfort of unconsciousness. Stretching, he moaned at his aching head, and slowly sat up...

"What the fuck...?" Derrick gasped, gaping down at himself in perplexity.

He was lying in a strange, ornate bed in a strange, old-fashion room. But even worse than that, he was dressed solely in a pale pink silk negligee trimmed at the neckline with white lace.

But worse still was the sight of his smooth legs, utterly denuded of every follicle of hair, peeking out from beneath the hem of the feminine garment.

But there was more to it than that, he quickly discovered when he peeled off the negligee - not just his legs were free of body hair - his entire body was smooth and bare, like a baby's bottom.

"Holy *fuckin'* shit!" he swore, climbing from the strange bed and staring down at his body. "What the fuck is going on here...?"



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Working in the coroner's office, Josh is shocked when a body is wheeled that looks exactly like him, only female. He discovers that she has just won a lottery, and he decides to transform himself to collect, but, in the end, the scam is on him.

Tangled Web

By Gunslinger

"Hey, Whitey, Y'all got a sister?"

Josh Stevens looked up from the novel he was reading with a frown on his face. "What the hell are you talking about?"

The driver of the hearse, a muscular black man, smiled. "This Jane Doe we're bringing in, I swear she's a dead ringer for you, old buddy. When we hauled her outta the water - man it was freaky. For a couple a seconds I swore it was you in drag layin' there."

Josh waited a couple seconds for the punchline, but none came. A minute later, the doors to the morgue swung open, and the two attendants rolled in the gurney with a body bag on it. Josh rose from his chair, stretched leisurely, and walked over to sign the body in.

The black driver continued to talk. "I tell you Whitey, open the bag before you slide her into the cooler, man. You gotta see it to believe it." The driver smiled, his teeth startlingly white against his coal black teeth. With a grunt, Josh handed him the signed form, and the three men left, again leaving Josh alone, with only the dead for company.

Twenty two years old, Josh Stevens was a slender, unremarkable young man with a thatch of close-cropped, extremely pale blond hair - hence, the nickname. For the past year he'd been working as the on-duty attendant for the Richmond Coroner's Office - the most morbid and depressing job on earth. Shitty hours, lousy pay - and the only job Josh could find. Sometimes, watching the suicides the hearse carried in, Josh found himself sympathizing.

With a sigh, he wheeled the gurney over to the row of refrigerated cubicles and slid open one of the stainless steel drawers, and got ready to shift the body bag over. Then he paused. The long, lonely hours guaranteed that his job was damn boring, and curiosity was gnawing away at him. With a shrug, Josh unzipped the bag and looked inside.

The woman's body stared sightlessly up at him, her skin pale and lips blue. She was still soaking wet from her last 'swim' in this life, the water sloshing in the bottom of the rubber bag.

"Holy Shit!"

Josh gasped and took a step back, heart pounding. Not because of the body itself - he'd seen far worse - but because the driver had been right.

It was like looking into some sort of twisted mirror.

Her hair, several inches longer than his, was the exact same shade of platinum blonde. Despite the odd coloration of her face due to death, the resemblance to his own was more than just amazing - it was eerie. Her body, like his, was slender, although her waist was much smaller than his, and her hips a trifle fuller. Two large, firm tits lay on her chest, tenting the soaked cloth of her cheap cotton dress.

Taking a couple of deep breaths, Josh calmed himself and stepped closer for a better look.

Her sightless eyes, staring into infinity, were a couple shades darker than his own ice-blue eyes, but still very close. Even her teeth, visible through her gaping mouth, were like his. Neither of them possessed any dental work at all.

Still stunned by the eerie resemblance to himself, Josh started to zip the bag closed. He almost missed it - the edge of something protruding from her neckline.

Grimacing, Josh reached out and gripped the protruding piece of plastic and tugged. The object, which had been stuffed into the dead woman's cleavage, and had been overlooked by the coroner's attendant, came free.

It was a small plastic Zip-Lock bag, sealed to keep the water out. Inside rested a folded piece of paper and a key.

Nervously, Josh looked around to make sure nobody had come in while he had been gaping at this near-clone. Jamming the bag into his pocket, he zipped up the body bag and transferred it to the drawer. Sliding it shut, he wrote on the card on the front 'Jane Doe - 6/12/98'.

Wheeling the gurney out of the way, he went back to his desk. Taking another quick look around, he pulled the bag out of his pocket and opened it. Dropping the key on the desk, he opened the piece of paper and read it.

'I can't take it anymore. I can't keep going through life as a non-entity, forgotten in the world. I have nothing - no job, no friends, no family - no LIFE. I'm utterly alone. Now, even my home will be gone soon because I can't pay my rent. I have no one to turn to for help. I'm going to end my life. Maybe in death I'll find peace. With this note is the key to my apartment. Sell whatever you can to pay for my funeral.'

The note was signed 'Debi Iverson', and gave the address of her apartment.

Josh looked at the note, then down at the key. Slowly, he picked up the small piece of milled metal, and his gaze went blank as he contemplated this new information.

Josh was, quite simply, broke. His parents had died at an early age, and he'd taken to the streets. Never finishing high school, he'd grubbed to survive, until he'd landed the only job he could find. Living in a shithole apartment, his only spending money came from an illegal and rather morbid source.

Josh robbed the dead.

When a body came in, Josh would check it for valuables that he could steal and pawn. Life was hard, and Josh always figured that he needed the stuff more than some dead body did.

Now, a possible windfall had dropped unexpectedly in his lap. He held a key that might grant him access to items of real value, like a TV or something.

And the DOA was listed as a Jane Doe. He held the only link to her real identity in his hand. If he didn't tell anyone, nobody would ever find out...

Making up his mind, Josh slid the note and key into his pocket, and went back to his work, impatient for his shift to be

over.

* * * * *

Even as the bus roared away in a cloud of diesel fumes, Josh had a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

When his shift had ended at two in the morning, Josh had checked a route schedule, then caught a bus that would take him near Debi Iverson's apartment. Now, as he surveyed the run-down neighborhood, the visions of dollar signs were fading.

With a sigh, Josh began walking, checking the building numbers as he passed by. It didn't take him long to find the right place, a pre- World War II brownstone in an advanced state of disrepair. The apartment he was looking for turned out to be just inside the front door, and with a twist of the stolen key, he was soon inside.

Turning on the lights, Josh began to poke idly through the one-room apartment. As soon as he'd stepped across the threshold, he knew he wouldn't find anything worth while. The place exuded the miasma of the poor, everything cheap and shoddy.

The only thing of interest, perhaps, was the purse. It was laying on the stained coffee table, atop a pile of 'Single Woman' magazines. Flopping onto the couch with a sigh, Josh opened the purse and dumped it's contents onto the table.

Makeup. Driver's license, Passport. Assort junk like Kleenex, gum, old receipts...

Aha! Bankbook. Grand total of...\$2.76

"Shit" Josh sighed wearily, tossing the bankbook down. Rising to his feet, he headed for the door, the stopped, eyeing the mailbox mounted in the wall beside the door. With a shrug, he opened it and pulled out the mail which Debi had never had a chance to read.

Idly, he began opening the envelopes and scan the content. Suddenly, he stopped dead, jaw dropping. Slowly, his eyes went back to the top of the paper and he began to read.

Congratulations Ms. Iverson!

Your entry was drawn in our 10th Anniversary Sweepstakes. Single Woman Magazine is proud to announce you have won our Grand Prize, worth over One Million Dollars!

Enclosed is a certificate, redeemable at any American Pride Airlines office, for a one-way ticket to Tampa Florida, where you will board the Pacific Lines cruise ship the Caribbean Queen, for an exclusive, all expense paid two-week Singles Cruise in the Caribbean!

Upon completion of the cruise, you will take possession of the Fort Meyer's, Florida, Dream Home. Worth over \$350,000 alone, this luxurious four-bedroom bungalow comes fully furnished, complete with two cars and the first year's taxes fully paid.

You will also receive a Cash Prize of Half a Million dollars, disbursed over the next five years! Remember- You must

check in at Tampa no later than July 3rd, as the ship sales on the 4th. Yours, Janet Gulago, Prize Disbursement.

"Holy shit!" Josh said, staring dumbly at the letter. The same day she'd committed suicide, the answer to all of Debi's problem's had arrived in the mail.

Suddenly, Josh started. It could also be the answer to all his problems, if only he could find a way to claim the prize. Like, if he claimed he was her brother. They looked enough alike that maybe...

"Single Woman Magazine. Hell, yeah, I bet they'd just hand over the prize to some GUY if he asked." Josh snorted, hope draining away. "They're not going to give that prize to anyone but Debi Iverson, and she's dead."

Slowly, a thought crept into his mind. "But THEY don't know that..." he muttered, looking at the thought. He shook his head suddenly, unable to believe what he was thinking. But, the thought kept coming back. Slowly, his eyes turned to the pile of stuff from the purse.

Including the I.D. and passport.

"All I have to do is pretend to be a woman a month, tops, and I get all this shit." Josh said to himself, thinking it over. Finally, he reached a decision. He'd check into it - see if there WAS a way he could pass for Debi Iverson for a length of time. If there wasn't, he'd forget about it. If there was...

He wouldn't be able to claim everything. The cruise, yeah. The house - sure. He could sell it, taking a big loss, but still getting at least a hundred grand. Same with the cash money - all he'd get was the first check. Still, that totaled two hundred grand - plus a car.

And it's not like anyone would ever KNOW he'd pretended to be a woman for a month...

* * * * *

It was a week later that the answer came to Josh, in the form of an advertisement in the local paper.

Josh was scanning through the paper as he sat behind his desk on another long, boring shift. He'd already read the sports section, the comics and the headlines, and was flipping idly through the paper when the ad hit his eye.

ARE YOU CONSIDERING SEX REASSIGNMENT?

If you are considering a Male-to-Female sex change operation, but are undecided, you may be perfect for our program.

The American Gender Institute is looking for volunteers for our new program. We will pay volunteers \$5,500 to test our new temporary sex-change program. This program, designed to allow you a chance to experience life as a female BEFORE undergoing irreversible surgery, allows you a six-month, or less, 'trial period'. At anytime, if you decide NOT to undergo sex reassignment, the effects are immediately reversible.

DISCRETION is ASSURED

Josh read the ad through twice more, his mind whirling. In the end, it was the dollar signs that decided him. Tomorrow, he would go to this American Gender Institute, and find out how long it took to 'become a woman', so to speak - and if everything worked out, he'd volunteer. Then, after he claimed 'her' prizes, he'd have the process reversed, nobody the wiser.

The extra five and a half grand wouldn't hurt either.

* * * * *

"Good morning Mr... Uh, Doe. I'm Doctor Roberts." The older, bespectacled gentleman shook Josh's hand, and gestured for him to take a seat.

Josh sat in the comfortable chair warily. He'd discovered that the ad hadn't been lying about the discretion part - not only did they not need his real name, but the payment upon completion of the 'change' would be paid with a cashier's check. Still, now that he was here, his own doubt's about what he was going to do - let them make him into some sort of pseudo-woman, for God's sake! - were taking hold.

"So, Doc, before I sign I need to know... How long does this, uh, process take?" Josh asked nervously, fidgeting. "What, exactly, do you do?"

Dr. Roberts smiled. "Well, it's really quite simple. We use injections of a destabilized fat compound to make alterations to your figure - to your specifications of course - as well constructing a 'false vagina' around your penis. We also supply you with an adequate amount of hormonal drugs. It's a simple procedure, and it is all done in a single day - about eight hours, to be exact."

Josh took a deep breath and closed his eyes. In his mind, he slowly ran through all his options, and considered the pros and cons about what he was going to do. But still, the money, more than anything else, was the most important factor.

Opening his eyes, Josh forced a smile. "When do we start?"

Dr. Roberts smiled. "Well, if you want to fill out this questionnaire, I'll prep the team. It's now..." the older doctor checked his expensive watch. "eleven in the morning. So, you'll leave here about eight o'clock tonight, able to pass perfectly as a woman, and five and a half thousand dollars richer."

* * * * *

"Okay, you can wheel...her to a recovery room." Dr. Richards said, stripping off his latex gloves. The two attendants nodded and wheeled the gurney, carrying it's comatose cargo, away.

The duty nurse watched the new woman being wheeled away, than approached the doctor, carrying the patient's chart. "It must be exciting." She commented brightly. "The first test case of your new project."

Dr. Richard's smiled. "Yes, it is." He bent his head over the chart and began to write. "Now nurse, here's the drugs you'll have to supply him with. The first is a female hormone supplement. The second, the transplant inhibitor." He looked up at her. "The hormone supplements will enhance his feminine figure and blood chemistry. The inhibitor will keep the body from accepting

the vaginal construct. Without the inhibitor, the false vagina would bond permanently with his system."

The nurse nodded. "Yes sir."

Finished writing, the doctor handed the form back to her. "Now, I've specified a two-month supply. If she needs more, she can have the prescription refilled."

The nurse took the chart as the doctor left. Looking down, she began to walk towards the pharmacy to have the prescription filled.

Because this was the first time the procedure had been performed, the nurse didn't realize that the Doctor had accidentally dropped down when placing a decimal point. When the prescription was filled, the hormone supplements were at ten times their supposed strength, while the inhibitor was only one tenth what it was supposed to be.

* * * * *

Josh blinked and looked around groggily, his mind slowly fighting off the anesthesia they given him.

He was laying alone in a small room. Lit by buzzing fluorescent lights, the room contained a bed, a chair with some clothes on it, and a large, floor to ceiling mirror.

Carefully, Josh swung his legs over the edge of the bed. As he did, he noticed that they were now smooth and hairless. Although he'd been told that part of the procedure involved removing his body hair, it still came as a surprise to see his smooth, hairless legs. Even odder still was the way the air felt, moving across is denuded body.

Carefully, Josh rose to his feet. His balance was slightly off, thanks to the disconcerting weight of his - HIS! - firm, large breasts. Josh walked over to the mirror, his new chest bouncing and swaying gently.

He was looking at Debi Iverson.

Except for his shorter hair and wider waist, the woman gaping back from the mirror was a perfect clone - 'Dead ringer?', Josh thought, eliciting a small smile - of the dead woman.

His new breasts, a large, firm D-cup, hung from his now-smooth chest. Thick, stubby nipples protruded from the pinkish areolas of his bust. His chest felt strained, the skin pulled taut over the implanted fat. He'd been told that the strained sensation would fade away over the next few hours as his skin stretched, and the breasts would sag slightly, looking more natural.

And between his legs lay a perfectly feminine vagina, surrounded by a small, neat patch of hair. Josh hesitated for a second, then slowly, lightly, touched the new alteration between his - no, he corrected herself, she had to start thinking of herself as 'her' - legs.

The actual flesh surrounding the vagina was artificial. Highly realistic to the eye and the touch, it enclosed her penis, which lay tucked under her legs. The top of the cunt lay along the bottom of her cock, and as she gently slid a finger into the opening, she could feel it through her disguised penis. Quickly, she removed the finger, marveling at how real it looked. Thankfully, despite the

appearance, it didn't actually FEEL all that strange, except for the way his cock was laying. It was like - wearing a too tight pair of jockey shorts.

Added to that was the fact that her ass had also been altered into a rounder, more pleasingly feminine shape.

Turning, she walked over to the clothes provided and quickly dressed. The clothes were simple - a plain white cotton set of bra and panties, socks, jeans, white T-shirt and sneakers. The only thing that was a little hard was the bra, and she quickly figured that one out. The feel of the fabric encasing her tits and rubbing over her nipples was incontrovertible, as was the way the straps pulled on her shoulders from the weight of her full bosom. She knew that it would take some getting used to. As would the way her firmer, fuller ass felt as she struggled to pull the jeans over it.

Underneath the clothing was a small purse. Looking inside, she found her wallet and keys, the check, and a supply of the hormone supplements and inhibitors, plus instructions. It felt damned strange to pick up a purse and know it was HER purse, and for a second, she almost reconsidered. Then, shaking her head, she opened the door to the room, and looked out into an empty hallway, at the end of which a door outside beckoned.

Taking a deep breath, she straightened her back, and headed for that door - and the beginning of her masquerade as 'Debi Iverson'. The instant she stepped through the door, everything became decidedly odd.

Wrapped up in her own thoughts - and the sensations of her altered figure - she almost bumped into a elderly man walking down the sidewalk. The older gent smiled pleasantly. "Pardon me, Miss." He apologized, then continued on.

That was it - the whole world would now see her - and treat her - as a woman. A young woman, kind of cute in a tomboyish sort of way. It wasn't the physical changes only - she'd now have to start acting like the young woman she now appeared to be. For the first time, she TRULY realized what that meant - such things as making sure she used the right bathroom, for instance.

And the way she walked, for another. She realized that she'd walked down that empty hallway with a decided masculine stride. She'd have to watch out for all those little things from now on.

Sighing, she began to walk again, heading for the bus stop. She tried to emulate the way she'd seen other women walk, swinging her hips more and taking smaller steps. She didn't realize that she was overdoing the rolling of her hips a little, doing fascinating things to her newly inflated buttocks packed tightly within her jeans.

* * * * *

Debi - which was how she forced herself to think of herself - unlocked the door to her - that is, the original Debi's - apartment, and went inside. Safe in the confines of the building, she locked the door behind her gratefully.

The entire time she'd been in public, she'd felt like she'd been on display. She waited for the inevitable denouncement, the outcry - which never came. The first hurdle was passed - the casual observer was willing to accept her as female.

But, that still left a lot for her to do, and she had only two weeks to perfect her role as Debi. At least now she had a shot at

those prizes, and she was determined to get them. No matter what it took.

So, she pulled off the shoes and socks she wore, and rooted around in the closet. She emerged moments later with a pair of white pumps with a two inch heel. She sat on the couch and pulled the shoes on. They were a trifle tight, but bearable.

Carefully, she rose to her feet, balancing on the unfamiliar heels. With careful steps, she began to learn how to walk proficiently in heels.

Still tottering around the apartment, she cleared her throat. "Hi, I'm Debi Iverson. How are you?" No, too fake. This would take some time.

She wobbled around the room, talking to herself, for another two hours before deciding to call it a night. Still in the heels, she teetered to the bathroom and brushed her teeth, then used the toilet. It felt odd to piss through the vagina and wipe it afterward, but it was the least unusual thing she'd have to adapt to, as it was the one thing she wouldn't have to do with someone else watching.

Going into the bedroom, she undressed and, finally, removed the heels. She began to crawl between the covers - then stopped with a sigh. Getting back out of the bed, she rooted around in the purse, finally emerging with her pills. Dry swallowing them was rather disgusting, but she didn't feel like going for some water. Climbing back into bed, and swiftly fell asleep.

* * * * *

Over the next two weeks, Debi practiced being...Debi.

Her main source of instructions was the collection of 'Single Woman' magazines the original Debi had left behind. Carefully read, the magazines yielded a treasure trove of hints and tip, as well as an abundant supply of photos which she used as models as how to sit, how to stand, how to dress and how to do makeup.

What she didn't realize was that, by doing so, she was acting almost TOO feminine.

The hints and tips were all based on the premise that the woman was looking to attract men, that being the focus of the magazine. Debi, not realizing this, followed the advice as something women did all the time, not just when they were going on a date or something.

The same with the photos. The women in the photos were posed artfully. They sat or stood in poses slightly exaggerated, yet the trusting new woman copied them faithfully, under the mistaken impression that this was how woman stood or sat all the time.

She also changed clothes many times a day. She planned on being able to wear and move in feminine clothing natural, so practiced it all faithfully. She also practiced walking in every pair of shoes in the apartment - including, after much internal debate, the platform shoes with the six-inch spiked heels. Soon she could walk easily in any shoes she wore. Again, she didn't realize she was doing so in an amazingly provocative strut.

The clothing had also necessitated an unwelcome habit. The original Debi had possessed a much slimmer waist. So, the new Debi was consigned to wearing a painfully tight corset twenty four hours a day to be able to fit into the clothing. She started watching what she ate, hoping to slim down and relieve some of the pressure the tight, flesh-toned garment exerted.

Her voice training went well, and she quickly picked up a feminine sounding voice, and strive hard to be able to use it automatically.

For the entire two weeks, Debi remained confined in the apartment, studiously training at least twelve hours a day to act utterly feminine at all times.

If she had ventured outside and paid attention to the women around her, she might have realized that she was overdoing it. But, she didn't, so, she didn't.

She also took her daily pills. She didn't realize that the dosages were all wrong. The fact that her breasts seemed slightly swollen, with the nipples becoming more and more sensitive, didn't bother her, as she merely thought that it was supposed to be that way. Likewise, the fact that her new vagina was becoming more responsive and less artificial, she took in stride.

The hormone induced drug swings were put down to her own misgivings and worries. Not having any contact with the outside world, they were fairly mild, and didn't hint at the actual power she could possess.

So, she continued her home training, until the big day arrived.

* * * * *

Debi awoke early, unable to sleep. Tension, anxiety and eagerness fought for supremacy, and battled each other to a stand off.

Climbing out of bed, her first action was to, finally, remove the corset. With a sigh, she finally stripped the garment off and let it drop to the floor in a heap.

She figured that it, and the dieting, had worked, as her waist had slimmed down remarkably. She didn't realize that most of the loss came from the effects of the hormonal overdose.

There was even a chance that if she knew, it wouldn't matter. Because, somehow, during the past two weeks, that prize had loomed larger and larger in her mind, becoming sort of a Holy Grail for her. The greed that had always been a large part of her makeup had finally reached a chance to run rampant. Without the lure of money, she would have never started on this, and now, she was willing to do almost anything to achieve that prize that hovered just out of her reach.

So, she was actually, truly happy that she had achieved the slender, girlish figure that so many woman in the world would envy. Now, without the corset, she had no problem dressing in the clothes from Debi's - her - closet.

She chose a demure yet feminine outfit for travelling. A pair of beige slacks that fit tightly across her firm ass, and pinched in at her newly slender waist. These went on over a pair of simple white cotton panties.

A somewhat too-tight bra went over her swollen tits. For a few minutes she worried about the fact that her breasts, at DD, seemed to be a cup size larger than the original Debi's, then shrugged it off. It didn't really matter, after all. Over the white bra went a white blouse with lace at the collar. By now, she had no problems handling the fact the buttons were on the 'wrong' side.

Over this all when a navy-blue blazer, and a pair of black pumps adorned her feet. The final touches were carefully applied make-up, and a few accents of jewelry. Then, she quickly packed her single suitcase, and...

..had three hours before she had to leave.

Time seemed to drag on, and several times she actually checked the clock, firmly believing it was broken. It wasn't. Finally, after a two- day/three-hour wait, it was time to go. Grabbing her single piece of luggage, plus her purse, she eagerly rushed downstairs and hailed a taxi. She arrived right on time at the airport - to find her flight delayed for half an hour.

Finally, she was airborne, and she managed to relax as she was finally, irrevocably on her road to riches. The fact of all she had to do to get here seemed more than worth it - and it was only temporary, after all.

With that pleasant, reassuring thought in her mind, she fell asleep, and napped for the rest of the flight.

* * * * *

Her lack of luggage made getting through the terminal a breeze. She caught a cab out front, spending almost all her reserve of cash on the ride - and not worrying about it in the least. The ability to do so, for the first time in her life, was exhilarating. Any other time she would have tried to save every cent of her diminishing reserve, but she was spending it to go claim her prizes. The feeling kindled warmth in her chest.

She gave the cabbie the address, and sat back in the worn seat, enjoying the scenery passing outside the windows. Finally, the cab pulled up to a stop in a run-down section of the dockyards fronting the ocean. Debi frowned slightly.

"Are you sure this is the right place?" She asked the displaced Jamaican, frowning at the worn and aging buildings surrounding the yellow Ford.

"Sure is, girl. Dat's the place over there." The driver replied, pointing to a decaying office. Debi absently thanked him and, grasping her single suitcase, crossed the pavement towards the building. Behind her, the taxi departed, the driver not looking back.

Debi entered the shabby building through a dirt-begrimed glass door. The muscular young man behind the shabby desk looked up as she crossed the balding carpet. A smile crossed his face.

"Hi! You must be Debi Iverson." He said with a shifty smile, rising to his feet. "Please forgive the less than opulent surroundings - our main office is in New York, and this is a temporary location until the permanent Florida branch is opened. Here, let me get that for you." He took the bag from Debi.

"Thanks." Debi murmured, looking around. "Now what?"

"Just through this door over here, Miss Iverson." He replied easily, pointing. Debi opened the door and stepped through...
...to be grabbed and roughly thrown across the room by a second man, muscles bulging under his T-shirt. A third man leaned against the wall, a Colt pistol in hand. The first man stepped inside and locked the door behind him, tossing the suitcase aside contemptuously.

"Wha...? What's going on here?" Debi asked, staring at the man with the gun wide-eyed.

The man from the front desk laughed, a low, unpleasant sound. "You are one stupid bitch, you know that?" The man with the gun smiled cruelly, revealing a mouthful of bad teeth. Debi shuddered and looked away.

"It's really quite simple, bitch." The first man said, crossing the room towards her. "There are certain Japanese...'businessmen', who pay quite a large sum of money for 'round eye' pleasure girls." He ran one hand through Debi's short hair, and she flinched away. "They pay extra for blondes - I guess we got lucky this time."

"You...you kidnap women for slaves?" Debi stammered. It didn't seem real - white slavery was just an urban myth...wasn't it?

"It's really quite simple." The first man informed her, leering. "You are going to suck my cock. Then Johnny here is going to fuck you. It's kind of an entrance exam - if you're cooperative and talented, you get shipped off to our client. If not - well, then you're a liability, and my friend with the gun here blows your brains out, and we dump your body into the Gulf. It's your choice."

Debi gaped at him, then shook her head. "No...no. You don't understand..." She babbled, trying to explain that she wasn't *really* a woman.

The sound of the Colt being cocked stopped her short, and she turned to stare, wide-eyed, at the pistol pointed at her head.

For one endless, eternal second, all of Debi's options played out in sequence in her mind's eye. Between one beat of her heart and the next, she saw the possible results of any actions she could make at the instant in time.

Despite the disgust and horror of her other choices, her decision was dictated by the single strongest emotion that flooded through her at that instant - fear. Fear of death, of dying in this grungy room from a bullet to the head, with no chance to change her life.

Everything, all her hopes, plans and ideas, ending here and now - forever.

Then she was in motion. The gunman's finger had just started to tighten on the trigger when she forced a smile to her lips (actually, it looked more like a death rictus, but the best she could do under the circumstance) and slow slid down to her knees in front of him. The gunman relaxed as she unzipped the man's fly.

'I'm doing this for my life' Debi thought over and over as she forced herself to drop the man's pants and underwear down around his ankles.

His large, thick cock was rapidly becoming erect. Debi's hands shook slightly as she took a deep breath...

...and enveloped his throbbing cock with her red glossed lips. She was surprised to find that it didn't instantly make her want to vomit - she'd never really considered giving another man a blowjob, but subconsciously, she'd assumed that a cock would taste like half rotted meat or some equally disgusting thing. But as the man's hard on filled her warm mouth, there was only a faint, musky taste. Closing her eyes, Debi forced herself to start licking the hard cock as she wrapped a hand around the shaft and began to slide her hand back and forth along its length.

She had no technique, no skills, just a rough idea of what she was doing - the most basic blow-job there was. But it was more than enough to trigger the man, who gasped as he blasted his load of cum into Debi's unprepared mouth. In sheer surprise, she swallowed, small strings dripping out the sides of her mouth.

She was horrified to discover it wasn't disgusting, like it should be. Warm, with a slightly salty flavor, it tasted a little like something she'd only had once before - caviar.

And she'd liked caviar. If this tasted like that, then...

'No!' She screamed mentally. She was not a homo, she didn't suck guys dick unless there was a gun pointed at her head, and she *certainly* didn't enjoy it.

Did she?

She certainly didn't have time to work it out now. Licking up the last of the man's... (*tasty*)

...cum, she rose in one smooth motion, and approached the second man. Debi didn't realize that the smile on her face was much more natural this time. Unconsciously, she licked the last of the cum from her lips as she began to undress.

'I'm just doing this to save my life' she told herself as the man stripped as well, his throbbing cock came into view. Naked, she approached him and pushed her feminine figure against him. He roughly pushed her down on the ground. She took a deep breath and forced her smile to stay in place as he moved into position.

Then, for the first time, a hard, ready cock plunged into her new cunt, and she gasped from the mingled pain/pleasure of his entrance.

Rhythmically he began to thrust, driving with a single-minded purpose. Debi gasped as new sensations flooded her transformed body. She bit her lower lip as the pleasure began to mount.

Then she cried out. There was no artifice in her cries of passion, her urges to him - waves of new, feminine ecstasy swept over her, and she was lost in the sensations from her new orifice. She rose closer and closer to her first feminine orgasm...

...when he came with a grunt, the muscles of his back straining. Satisfied, he rolled off of her, leaving her unfulfilled.

Dimly, she heard the men discussing her fate, while she lay staring up at the ceiling, the truth of what she'd done hitting home. She'd sucked a man's cock.

She'd let another man fuck her. She'd enjoyed it.

Almost silently, she began to cry, tears smearing her mascara and running down her face as one of the men prepared a hypodermic with the drug that would keep her docile until the client's private jet arrived to pick her up and transport her to her new prison.

* * * * *

Epilogue

There was life after death.

Twice Debi Iverson died, and twice was she reborn. The first rebirth was Josh's transformation into her, a woman with a past she didn't know, and a future she couldn't foresee.

The second time, when Debi reached her new owner, Hiricho Yakazuma, Debi Iverson was reborn into Yoku, his fantasy sex slave. At his insistence, she adopted her new 'slave name'. Also at his insistence, she'd let her hair grow out, while he'd completed his fantasy by having her undergo collagen injections to give her fuller lips, and saline implants to give her larger, rounder breasts.

Debi sat in her opulent new room, dressed in a silk kimono, the front hanging open to reveal her freakishly huge new breasts, encased in a lacy white bra that provided absolutely now support for her massive new endowments. She was applying a gloss red lipstick to her

full new lips.

She'd been left alone for the past three weeks while her breasts healed. The only demands she'd been forced to fulfill was language lessons and training in the correct way for a geisha to act around her master when he was alone, and around her master in company - including which signals were to instruct her who to make love to if she was used to honor one of his guests.

Her closets were full of expensive, designer fashions. Her bedroom was opulent, in the Japanese style, with many very expensive baubles given to her as gifts from her appreciative new owner - if she performed satisfactory, many more would be forthcoming. She had no dreary, nine-to-five job to have to go to. She was living in the lap of luxury.

And as she steeled herself and rose, on her way to perform her function for her master for the first time, one old saying continued to run through her brain, mocking her.

'Be careful what you wish for - you might just get it.'



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: When a young man finds an old mirror, he is surprised to learn that he can pass through and end up on the other side as a woman; but will he stay?

'I have the willpower to resist anything - except temptation.'

- W.C. Fields

Temptation

By Gunslinger

With a deep sigh of satisfaction, Ken Parkinson put down the polishing rag, stepped back, and surveyed his work with satisfaction.

When he'd seen it at the garbage dump, canted up against a partially-burned wardrobe, the mirror had looked like any other piece of junk scattered across the landscape. It's ornately-carved brass supports and frame tarnished a dull, lumpy green-white, it's surface dulled by dust and neglect, the mirror would have seemed to be just another part of the pile of worthless junk - to the less discerning eye, that was.

To Ken, however, it stood out like a beacon on a dark night, and for one simple reason:

It was intact.

Though neglected and corroded and weathered, it was all in one piece - even the huge, beveled-edge mirror itself, a minor miracle.

Short but broad-shouldered and well muscled, Ken considered himself a real 'handyman', a talent that came in decidedly useful when you were living on a monthly disability check that just barely cleared the essentials. Though the industrial accident had left him with a mangled left foot that limited mobility, his hands and mind still worked fine - and he used that to expand and supplement his income by virtue of being a 'garbage picker'.

Ken self-depreciatingly described it as being 'the least glamorous cousin of beachcombing', but he was quite proud of how it was all working out. Every week he drove his battered old pick-up out to the town dump and picked out any- and everything still salvageable, from furniture to appliances to articles of clothing. He took them back to the old farmhouse he was renting, and there he repaired and cleaned them up, keeping whatever he wanted for himself and selling the rest. Aside from the money he earned, he'd already mostly furnished the low-rent rural house. He even had three TV's and two stereos - older model ones, to be sure, but more than serviceable after having cannibalized the half-dozen of each he'd brought home to get the ones he now

had in working order.

The mirror, now - that had to be the best find yet.

Carefully cleaned and polished, it stood in his basement workroom gleaming under the light of the bare bulbs hung from the rafters. Huge, it was more than 'full-sized', and its expansive beveled reflecting area returned Ken's sweaty, self-satisfied image with perfect fidelity.

It was a beautiful piece of work, crafted by skilled artisans in days gone by - and Ken wasn't sure whether to sell it for the obvious value inherent in the huge, gorgeous piece of furniture, or to keep it for himself to enjoy its gleaming beauty.

"Well, whatever I do, that backing has to come off..." Ken said to himself, a reminder that the work wasn't finished yet.

Walking around the back of the huge mirror, he frowned yet again at the sight of the rooting, crudely-cut piece of plywood covering the other side of the mirror.

Like many free-standing mirrors of the day, this one was supposed to be double-sided. Ken was fairly certain that the wood covered a gaping frame where the second mirror had been, the 'easy' quick-fix for a broken mirror - but he wondered why whoever had done the patch hadn't bothered to take the time and effort to do it right.

Taking up a flat-headed screwdriver, he carefully inserted it between the wood and the brass frame, gently applying pressure...

...and the badly weathered carpenter's glue under the badly rotting wood gave way easily, and Ken had to awkwardly hop back to avoid the falling wood, grimacing when he came down on his bad foot - and then forgetting all about the familiar dull throb as he stared at the reverse side of the mirror.

"What the **hell**...?" Ken gasped, dark eyes wide as he slowly approached the crystal-clear pane of mirrored glass filling this side of the frame.

It wasn't the fact that there was an unbroken, undamaged mirror filling the reverse frame that stunned him - but what the mirror was 'reflecting' that stunned him to his toes.

The figure in the mirror moved as he moved, and wore the same stunned expression. It even wore the same cut-off jean shorts and ratty old Corona t-shirt...

...but the figure filling out that clothing was emphatically female.

Ken was short, blocky and swarthy, with a short, curly mass of black hair - but the woman staring back at him was tall and slender, with straight, golden-blond hair falling down to her creamy-pale shoulders.

She was also remarkably busty, deliciously leggy, and startlingly sexy.

"Holy... shit...!" Ken exclaimed, hesitantly reaching out one trembling hand towards the mirror, sure this must be some illusion, or trick, or.. or **something**.

His blunt fingers only met cool, smooth glass, the slender, long-nailed fingers of the feminine reflection meeting his own on the other side of the barrier.

Stunned, Ken slowly hitched his way around to the other side of the mirror - and found his own, male reflection looking back at him. Once again, he reached out...

...and this time, his fingers passed right *through* the mirror, the cool surface rippling as his hand slid through what felt like a barrier of water.

With a gasp, he yanked his hand back, stunned. When he'd polished this very mirror, nothing the least bit unusual had happened...

...but, then again,. That had been when the other side had been covered, he realized.

He hesitated - then, slowly, leaned one shoulder against the heavy frame of the mirror and pushed a trembling hand through, all the way past the elbow so that he could bend it and see it on the other side.

A slender, smooth female arm curved into sight, it's fingers wagging at him in exactly the same fashion as he'd commanded his own to do.

With a startled curse, he yanked his arm back out from the mirror. "I..." He told himself in a trembling voice, "...need a drink."

Turning, he hitched his way towards the stairs - but the entire time, he kept glancing back over his shoulders at the impossible mirror that nevertheless rested in the center of his basement floor, looking completely mundane under the glare of the unshaded lights.

* * * * *

He returned three hours later.

He carried his fourth drink of the afternoon in one hand, and a strange uncertainty in his heart that the alcohol hadn't been able to wash away. Now, standing in front of the mirror with his head cocked, he considered the 'unthinkable' once again, the siren-call of excitement rising unbidden in his veins.

"I shouldn't." He told himself. "I really shouldn't. I mean... what if I can't go back the other way? Besides, it's.. it's got to be perverted or sick or something, just to even be considering it... right?"

His voice held no conviction - and even as he tried to argue himself out of it, he knew he was doomed to failure.

With a shaking hand, he put the half-finished beer down on the workbench. Looking at the mirror for a long moment, he took a long, deep breath...

...and, before his nerve could fail him, plunged through it's liquid surface.

The transition took but a fraction of a second, almost too fast for the sensation of breaking through a thin, cool barrier of water to register - but emerging from the thin barrier created a whole slew of new sensations that cried out for his attention - not because they were uncomfortable, or overly strong, but because they were so fundamentally **different**.

The lack of pain as full weight came down on the slimmer new left foot of the feminine body.

The strange sensations of less bulky but more agile muscles as she fought to catch her balance. The way the fabric of the jean shorts pulled across her crotch and fuller ass.

The bounce and jiggle of the big, round tits filling the now skin-tight t-shirt. The swirl of silky golden hair around her altered face.

The smaller, slimmer hands catching her on the edge of the workbench.

That, and a hundred and one less immediately identifiable sensations, all of them stating the very fact that this body was new, different - and female.

Given that, it wasn't too surprising that it took a minute for something else to register on the new woman's mind...

"My tools..." She said in a numb tone of voice, hearing the sweetly feminine tones for the first time. "Where.. are my tools?"

The workbench she was braced against was devoid of the array of hand tools that had been on it before she'd 'crossed through'.

Slowly, she straightened up, noting the way her full, heavy breasts shifted on her chest as she rose, feeling the way her full new ass pressed into the taut denim of her shorts as she attained a full height that made everything seem off-kilter to a mind used to a lower point of view.

The basement was exactly the same - except that it wasn't.

The physical dimensions were the same - but it wasn't 'his' basement, but 'hers' - a basement used for storage rather than as a workshop, filled with boxes of odds and ends all neatly lettered in a feminine script that described their contents.

Stunned, she slowly paced around the mirror, eyes taking in the same-yet-different basement...

...and then she stopped dead.

Took two more steps.

Stopped again...

...and slowly leaned forward, peering down past the curve of her big, round new breasts filling out the t-shirt so firmly. Her battered white canvas sneakers had become a pair of cork-soled white-leather strap sandals.

Sandals with **sloping** cork sole that rose three inches at the back in a sort of high heel.

Sandals with a wide-but-definitely-high heel - that she was balancing and walking in as easily as if she'd always walked in heel, much less without the hitching sensation she had become accustomed to with her bad foot.

"This is.. weird..." She said to thin air, staring through the big blue eyes that saw everything with a slightly different color-shift then her old, dark one...

...and then she started violently as a feminine voice floated down the steep, narrow staircase leading up to the kitchen: "Did you say something, Kandi?"

The voice was familiar enough to identify as belonging Donna, the svelte brunette Ken had been trying to work up enough nerve to ask out - but it was the fact that the woman not only called her 'Kandi', but spoke with that sort of casual tone used among friends that startled the new woman.

"Uh... Just talking to myself..." 'Kandi' replied, even more confused.

"Well, don't worry about it." Donna called down. "I'll just wear my usual shoes tonight."

"Oh, uh... Okay." Kandi called back, having no idea what the other woman was talking about - or why she was talking Ken-being- Kandi in stride...

...or why she was even in his/her house.

Heart pounding behind her firm new bust, she hesitantly made her way upstairs - into a kitchen that., like the basement, was the same room, but as if it belonged to a female owner.

Donna was sitting at the table, drinking a white wine - and across the table, another glass sat. "Kandi?" Donna asked, eyeing her. "Are you all right? You look like you've just seen a ghost..."

"Uh, yeah... I'm fine..." The new woman said, hesitantly, slowly making her way towards the table as she eyed the shapely brunette sitting comfortably in the other chair, looking completely at home.

Slowly, her stunned mind began to realize that crossing through the mirror had done more than just change her gender - it had somehow acted as a conduit between 'parallel universes', one where she was Ken, and this one, where she was 'Kandi'.

"You sure...?" Donna asked with genuine concern.

"Sure..." Kandi replied - wide-eyed and in a stunned tone of voice, as she slipped into the seat - and watched herself, without thinking, cross her long, shapely legs in a feminine manner.

"You're acting kinda weird, Kandi." Donna said, leaning forward across the table. "You sure you're gonna be okay to go out tonight?" "Out...?" Kandi parroted in confusion.

"To the Landmark?" Donna prompted, naming the hotel-slash-restaurant-slash-bar that was the small town's main social gathering place. "You know, play some pool, have a couple of drinks, see and be seen...?"

"Oh, um..." Kandi said, the thought of going out in public new and uncomfortable - especially since it seemed, in this new 'here and now', everybody seemed to accept that Kandi was who and what she appeared to be. The wouldn't be seeing Ken, not even Ken-as- a-woman - but Kandi, who was apparently remembered as a woman, with a woman's social life and activities.

"Kandi..." Donna said, worriedly. "What happened? Did you hit your head or something? You... You're really starting to worry me."

"I, uh.. I'll be fine." Kandi assured her, without much assurance. "Look, uh.. I just need to.. to relax for a bit. Why.. Why don't you call me later, and see if I feel up to going out, okay?"

"Sure..." Donna said, doubtfully, as she stood up. "No problem - but if you need me for anything, anything, be sure to call me, okay?" "I will." Kandi agreed, walking the other woman to the door...

...and then slumping against it in relief as Donna headed out to her car, glad not to have to continue 'playing a role' for public consumption as she tried to come to grips with the fact that she had a completely new identity to go along with her completely new body.

On weak-feeling knees, she began to walk through 'Kandi's' house. In the bedroom she found a purse - complete with all the identification for Kandice Parkinson.

Photo albums catching for posterity memories that Kandi didn't have.

Diaries chronicling a life of a woman who hadn't lived through it, the earliest staring at age thirteen, the latest up-to-date as of last night, talking about how much she was looking forward to going to the Landmark with Donna.

After reading a few entries out of the diaries at random, she slowly leaned back on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. "This... is just too weird." She told herself.

She rose and headed down towards the basement, feeling the way her body naturally moved with a feminine sway, needing to prompting to access the feminine mannerisms and skills apparently part-and-parcel with this new body.

"I can't handle this." She told herself, descending the stairs to the basement with a grace she'd never possessed before.

"I can't pretend to be a woman - not one who knows how to be a woman." She told her reflection, as she walked around to the side of the mirror that showed a feminine version of her - the current 'true' reflection.

"I'd never be able to pull it off." She told herself. "I don't know *how* to be 'Kandi'." Taking a breath, she stepped through the mirror...

...and winced as he put pressure on his 'bad' foot.

Turning, he surveyed the familiar male image reflected in the mirror.

"I couldn't do it." He said to himself. "There's no way I could actually do it, go out in public, do a bar, and pretend to be.. to be Kandi." He turned, and started hitching his way to the stairs.

"I'd have to be crazy to even try... right?" He asked himself...

* * * * *

"I... I'm not really feeling like myself... but maybe a night out is exactly what I need." She said, with a hesitant chuckle. "So, uh, yeah - pick me up in, say.. an hour?"

Shaking with a strange mix of anxiety and excitement, Kandi slowly hung up the phone - then simply stood there for a long moment, staring at the slender hand on the receiver, unable to believe she'd just agreed to go out in public as a woman.

But, she had - and if she was going to go through with this, she was going to have to get ready.

Physically ready, at any rate, since she wasn't quite sure whether she was going to go through with this, or 'chicken out' at the last minute.

Part of her really wanted to forget the whole idea - but a slightly larger part of her, thinking about a chance to experience life on the other side of the gender barrier, was guiltily excited by the whole idea.

Heart pounding with that strange mixture of guilty excitement and eager fear, she made her way towards the bathroom, feeling the easy, feminine grace in her new body...

...and forcing herself to get past the initial surge of disquiet, and savor the agile power in her taller, leaner body, not as strong as her old one, but more limber.

Reaching the bathroom, she started water in the tub - then stood in front of the mirror, and slowly, began to disrobe.

She felt guilty doing so, almost as if she were spying on a woman as she undressed, unaware of his presence - but the woman who was undressing was 'him', and she was aware of 'him' watching herself through her eyes as she hands slowly peeled off the t-shirt, exposing the big breasts lurking beneath. The motion of her arms, rising above her head to take off the shirt, pulled her firm breasts higher on her ribcage, momentarily forming them into perfect spheres, each as large as a melon, before her lowering arms allowed them to settle back down into a more natural, but still remarkably firm, shape.

She slowly slid her shorts and the simple white cotton panties beneath them down her long legs, exposing her wide hips and firm, full ass - and the womanhood nestled in the neatly-trimmed patch of pubic hair between her taut, feminine thighs.

Standing upright, she surveyed her feminine new body...

...and felt a warm, moist surge of arousal at the sight, for she was undeniably sexy, her body lean and lithe and toned, curvaceous and feminine, shapely and seductive.

She was, to coin a phrase, a 'stone cold fox'...

...and both fear and excitement redoubled at the thought of being in public as this woman, as being treated as this woman.

The thought of successfully 'getting away with' being female, nobody able to tell who she 'really' was, and so treating her as the woman she appeared to be. The thought of being treated like the woman she now was scared her, made her stomach tighten in a sort of instinctive psuedo-homophobic disgust, made her feel guilty and queasy and hesitant...

...and yet the absolute certainty that she could never, ever be 'caught out' also made her excited, body a-tingle with nervous anticipation at being able to see what life was like for a woman without ever having to face any undue consequences.

It was that which had finally persuaded her to go through with this. She, and she alone, had the key to the gateway between the two realities, and nobody from one side could know who - or what - she was, or did, on the other. She could 'play female' without fear of anybody ever knowing the 'perverted' things she was doing...

...and that excited her so much it was almost scary.

Slowly, oh-so-very-aware of her feminine new body, Kandi lowered herself into the tub full of warm water and slowly began soaping up her smooth new flesh - not just washing herself, but guiltily luxuriating in the sensations, quite knowingly - and eagerly - fondling her curvaceous new body, feeling what a woman would feel, knowing what it was like to have her breasts cupped and squeezed.

It felt... nice.

Quite nice.

As her hands slid across her trim waist to her slightly mounded new crotch, she blushed deeply and briefly considered what it would feel like to penetrate herself with her finger, experience what it would be like for a woman...

...and then kept her hands moving on downward to start soaping up the taut flesh of her sexy new legs, not quite ready for that intimate an experience with womanhood, still feeling as if it would somehow be 'raping' to woman he still wasn't quite used to being.

Throughout the long, slow, exploratory bath, she was careful to keep her hair dry - but only because she'd caught herself just in time, realizing she had no clue as to how to 'feed and care' for a woman's hair. Just the sight of the array of shampoos, conditioners, rinses and salves lined up on the rack beside the tub was enough to induce a headache.

After bathing, she climbed out of the tub - and guiltily luxuriated in taking a long time to dry herself with the big, fluffy soft towel. As a man, she'd thought a towel was a towel was a towel - with a woman's body, he finally understood, the soft fabric seeming almost like a lover's hands touching her smooth new flesh.

The thought made her blush, and for good reason: It reminded her of the whole reason why she'd come back through the mirror. To get laid.

Even now, she shivered at the thought, heart rate increasing - but not solely from fear and anxiety. It was also from excitement.

The thought of experience what sex felt like from a woman's point of view... part of her thought it was the most disgusting,

pervverted, sickening thing she'd ever heard of.

The rest of her thought it was the most **excitingly** disgusting, pervverted, sickening thing she'd ever heard of.

The moment since the thought had first occurred to her, she'd been tempted to find out what it was like, for a woman - and the temptation was something she couldn't resist.

Dry, she walked into her bedroom to get dressed...

...and for several seconds, was daunted by the task.

The closet was jammed full of more clothes than she'd ever worn before, and the sudden consideration that what she'd wear would make a 'statement' was new and uncomfortable for her...

...until she realized that the 'statement' she was trying to make actually simplified things.

She simply picked out the outfit she'd most like to see herself in, certain other men would find it equally as enticing.

Several minutes later, she surveyed the results - and the fact that she looked so good made her shiver in another mix of confused emotions.

Since she didn't feel any more up to handling make-up as she did doing hair, she'd opted for the 'natural' look - a short denim skirt that showed off her long, shapely legs to a maximum advantage, especially with the same cork-soled sandals she was already 'comfortable' in, and a sort of lace-trimmed white tube-top that showed off both her slender waist and her deep cleavage.

She was 'hot', she was ready... and she was so excited that the faint tremors of fear and doubt were there, but submerged.

In a sudden burst of revelation that made her smile, she realized she was as 'nervous as a virgin' - which, in a way, wasn't far from the truth.

Taking a deep breath, Kandi straightened, and headed for door...

* * * * *

With a sigh, Kandi unlocked her front door and stepped inside, pushing it shut behind her with the heel of her foot. She hadn't been able to do it.

Oh, not that there hadn't been plenty of opportunity. God knows she had plenty of attention from the guys, especially since she was trying to 'get laid', flirting outrageously - if inexpertly - with just about every man in sight.

She'd never quite worked up the nerve to 'seal the deal', though. A dozen times, it had been on the tip of her tongue to suggest to one guy or another that they 'get out of there'... but could never quite work up the courage to do so.

More than one guy had made the suggestion for her - and most of them had been rather crude, making it almost

mandatory to turn the man down. The other ones were gentle suggestions, revealing the type of man she might be able to trust, one who would be gentle her 'first time' - and so, when she'd simply not said anything, they'd backed off.

That was part of the problem - knowing she didn't know a damned thing about having sex in a woman's body. Her own lack of expertise made her more nervous, and that's why she kept shying away at the last minute.

"What I need is a virgin..." S he muttered to herself, dropping her purse on the table in the kitchen with a sigh. Ashamed with her cowardice, part of her still wondering - mightily - what it would have felt like to have sex as a woman, she dejectedly headed down the stairs, ready to spend time in a body she was familiar with, and comfortable in. Reaching the bottom of the stairs, she turned towards the mirror...

...and managed a strangled half-gasp as a pair of strong arms grabbed her and pinned her, one hand clapping itself over her mouth. "Well, if it isn't the cock-teasing little bitch..." A voice whispered in her ear - and she stiffened in shock and fear, recognizing it.

It belonged to a burly, unshaven brunet she'd met at the bar, one who'd come on strongly, and crudely, about halfway through the evening. In fact, he'd been making crude, overly sexual comments all night, calling out 'compliments' about her tits, ass and legs, so when he'd approached her she'd given him the brush off - and had felt decidedly more comfortable when, shortly thereafter, he'd left.

The problem was, she'd still be so unused to her current situation that she hadn't really considered that she wasn't the 'new' woman she felt to be, that people in this version of reality knew her - and knew where she lived.

Obviously, he'd come to her house and broken in, then waited for her to get home...

"Not so high-and-mighty now, are you?" the voice hissed in her ear. "Not with a bunch of guys around you, drooling as you come on to them, just so you can humiliate them. First you want it, want it bad - and then, no, you don't... you teasing little bitch!"

She tried to struggle - but her new body was not even close enough to being strong enough to break the grip.

"Well, now you are going to get what you made everybody in that bar think you wanted - whether you really want it or not." She stiffened at the man's threat - then screamed as he thrust her away from him.

"Go ahead, scream." He said, chuckling evilly as he approached her, his hands going to his belt-buckle. "Ain't nobody going to hear you - not down here, not out this far in the country."

"No, please - don't hurt me..." Kandi begged - while trying to edge her way towards the mirror, and the form of escape it would provide.

The man, however, was intent on edging her towards the workbench, and blocked her path, despite not knowing about the 'other exit' from the basement.

"You don't want to get hurt, bitch?" He said, mockingly. "then don't resist..."

Belt and pants undone, he reached out and grabbed her upper arm - then pulled her close and kissed her, hard. She struggled - and his grip tightened painfully on her arm.

She stiffened - then, reluctantly, began to kiss him back, not even trying to match the ferocity with which his tongue invaded her unwilling mouth.

"Much better..." The man said, thrusting her away again - towards the workbench. "now, go ahead - get undressed."

She hesitated - then, seeing the cruel gleam in his eyes, slowly began to comply, her shaking fingers slow and awkward as she began peeling off her clothing.

As more and more of her delectable skin was revealed, he grinned wider and wider - while his cock pushed outwards, the bulge of his underwear-contained hard-on stretching out from his open fly.

"That's it, baby." He said, hoarsely. "God, what a body you have on you, you cock-teasing slut."

"please, don't..." She protested, feebly - but knew that there was no way he was going to show her any mercy. If she wanted to get through this unharmed, her only choice was exactly the one he'd given her - not resisting. "Turn around.." HE commanded, literally salivating.

Biting her lower lip, Kandi complied - and winced as she heard his pants - and, presumably, underwear - hit the floor.

He suspicion was confirmed a minute later when he stepped up behind her, his throbbing cock pressing against the side of her bare thigh as her roughly reached around her and began squeezing and playing with her big, firm tits...

...and despite her horror, despite her disgust, despite the roughness of his touch - it felt good.

"No...!" She gasped, more in self denial than resistance - but he ignored both parts of it's purpose, letting go of her tits and grabbing her hips, pulling her ass backwards and up into the air, forcing her to brace herself on the edge of the workbench as he used one foot to force her legs apart.

Without another word, he slammed his cock deep in her tight, wet cunt - and though the thrust was as hard as he could make it, it wasn't actually painful.

In fact... it was - enjoyable.

It only got more so as he continued to thrust into her, hard and fast, interested only in his own pleasure. The fact that it was also causing intense pleasure in her was purely secondary.

Normally, this situation wouldn't have been enjoyable for a woman - except that she was already aroused and well lubricated and sexually 'on edge' from her frustrating night of trying to work up the nerve to get fucked. Even then, a 'real' woman would have found this sex third rate, at best - but that would have been compared to the other sex they'd had to compare it to.

With no better sex to minimize the effect of what she was feeling, all Kandi knew was that it was incredibly pleasurable to have a thick, hard cock pounding in and out of her tight, sopping cunt, causing her to guiltily writhe and moan, hating that fact that she was getting fucked against her will - but loving getting fucked, nonetheless.

It wasn't inherently more pleasurable than sex she'd had as a man - but it was different and new, and that made it seem more 'interesting' as she rocked with the force of his thrusts, tits swaying and bouncing as the pleasure doubled and redoubled, drawing ever closer to a female orgasm...

...and then he grunted and stiffened, spilling his load of cum deep into her cunt before yanking his cock out, well before her own orgasm.

"Did you like that, bitch...?" The man taunted her, stepping back and grabbing his pants. "Go ahead and try to claim rape, if you want

- no bruises on you, and everybody at the bar can testify what you were acting like..."

Laughing, he began stepping into his pants...

...and she hit him low and hard, using a football tackle learned in high-school. They went flying back - and slammed into the mirror.

That wasn't quite true.

He passed right through it's surface, disappearing without a trace.

She slammed into the mirror - then dragged herself upright and watched, wide eyed, as the mirror, rocked, tipped - and fell over, smashing into a thousand pieces that she just barely managed to jump back out of the way of.

"Oh my god..." She gasped. "What have I done...?"

She stared at the shattered mirror, her hand slowly going down to her crotch - and beginning to stroke the taut nub of her clit.

"...and why aren't I all that upset...?" She asked herself, vaguely, before she turned her attention to doing a thorough job of bringing herself to her first female orgasm.

The first of what she found herself hoping to be many, many more...

* * * * *

Dazed from the impact of the back of his head against the concrete floor, Dave Burton moaned and started to sit up...

...then stopped, foiled by a heavy weight on his chest, even as the strange tone of the moan registered. He looked down...

...and the woman the entire town knew to sleep with men in exchange for money to support her drug habit stared in horror at her outrageously over-inflated silicone-pumped tits filling out her tight spandex crop-top, and began to scream, and scream,

and scream....

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A friend agrees to be the test subject for a new gender changing serum that his friend has developed.

Test Subject

By Gunslinger

Kyle raised one hand to knock on the door - then paused as the sounds of cursing came through the door in muffled cadences. One of Kyle's eyebrows rose as the unexpected sound - Brad wasn't *usually* the swearing type.

Shrugging, the blond youth knocked on the door, receiving a curt 'what' from the other side. Turning the knob, Kyle stepped into Brad's sanctuary.

The room looked like it came straight from a 50's horror movie set. Unknown substances burbles and boiled in intricate glass tubes, pipes and beakers, and clunky looking electronic equipment dotted the room. The only things that were out of place were the bright fluorescent lights, the state-of-the-art computer humming away in the corner....

...and Brad.

At twenty-eight - two years older than Kyle - Brad was the farthest thing from the stereo-typical 'mad scientist'. Dark-haired and dark-eyed, Brad was tall, fit and fairly handsome, looking rakish with his short, square, neatly trimmed goatee. Brad had the sort of looks and intense personality that attracted women, and Kyle sometimes felt sorry that his friend was too immersed in his work to have a social life. Kyle - who was fairly handsome, but not as muscular as his friend - had to work to meet girls, and occasionally got upset that his friend actually passed up some of the woman who came his way.

Then again, it would never have lasted, Kyle thought. There wasn't many people who could put up with Brad's nearly obsessive behavior towards his research.

Brad turned briefly to look at Kyle. "Yeah?"

Kyle blinked. "Don't tell me you've forgotten - we're going camping this weekend. We leave tomorrow morning at eight. I was just checking to see if you needed anything when I go to the sporting-goods store."

Brad looked surprised. "Oh, shit. It's Thursday already?"

Kyle sighed - when he was immersed in his work, Brad sometimes lost track of days - once, an entire week.

"Yeah, it's Thursday buddy. We planned this more than a month ago, remember? We leave tomorrow morning, and get back on Tuesday." Kyle felt a sinking sensation in his stomach.

It was validated a second later.

"I can't go." Brad said shaking his head. "I have to run the sims a few more times, so I can get the data through to the FDA and AMA for processing..."

"Come on!" Kyle said, half pleading, half angry. "You can't keep doing this! This is the third time you've shrugged off a vacation. You gotta get away for a bit."

Brad looked crestfallen. When he'd decided to start his research, his long-time best friend Kyle had been the only one willing to put up half the down-payment on the house they were living - and working - in, and the only person who could live with him. Kyle was practically a 'mother' to Brad sometimes - reminding him to eat, forcing him to sleep now and then, and not getting upset when Brad missed his share of the chores or rent.

"I'm sorry, Kyle." Brad said, sincerely. "But I've finally worked out the sequence on this one, and I have to get the info in. I have to secure a test-subject to run the test on before the end of next month, or I'll miss the funding for next year."

Kyle sighed, and plopped into the only other chair in the room. "What are you working on now?" He asked only out of politeness - he didn't understand half the projects Brad did.

"Well, I think I've discovered the sequence of chemical compounds that could - possibly - control gender reversal." Kyle said, pulling up a chemical simulator on the computer.

It took a second, but Kyle got it.

"A sex-change serum?" The slightly bulky youth said, incredulous. "You're kidding, right?"

Brad looked surprised. "No, I'm completely serious. I think I've discovered a way to temporarily cause a gender reversal in the human body. It would take about twelve hours to make the changes, and would last about..." Brad trailed off and punched something into the computer, which replied after a second of number crunching. "...about seventy-one point two eight hours."

Kyle was still stunned. "But it works? I mean - you're kidding, right?"

Brad smiled. "Well - that's the problem. I have to get funding so I can hire a test subject so I can test the serum. Once

that's done, I can apply for next-year's funding. That's why I can't go, Kyle - I have to find a test subject."

Kyle shrugged. "Why not just test it on yourself. It's safe, isn't it?"

Brad looked surprised that Kyle would even suggest it. "Of course it's *safe*, but a good scientist is always the observer, *not* the participant." He replied, stiffly.

Then, an odd look came into Brad's eye. Kyle felt a sudden chill run down his spine, sure that that look boded ill for him. He was right.

"You know..." Brad mused, overly casual. "*You* could be my test subject."

Kyle, stunned, threw up his hands defensively. "Hold it! There's no way I'm letting you turn me into a woman, buddy."

Brad leaned forward, speaking with intensity. "It's safe, and it would only be temporary. We could still go on that camping trip - you'd just be going as a woman. At least, for some of it - you'd change back before we got home."

"Uh-uh. No way, pal." Kyle said, disgusted. "Don't even think about that."

"Look, it's safe, temporary - and important." Brad insisted. "I didn't realize how long it took me to work this out - chances are I won't get a test subject the other way before the funding finals pass. No funding next year, no house."

Kyle swallowed, realizing it was true. Brad's funding was a major source of cash for them. If that went... "Well..." Kyle said hesitantly. "It *is* temporary, right? You're positive?"

Brad waved a hand. "Of course. The effects logarithmic, not linear. One shot - all I'd give you - lasts three days. A booster shot would last nine days more. Another booster after that would add another twenty-seven days - and so on."

"But I'd only get one dose, right? Three days?" "Of course."

Kyle sighed. "What do we do?"

* * * * * "Comfortable?"

Kyle, laying on his bed wearing only a loose pair of pajama bottoms, smiled thinly. "Physically? Yeah. Emotionally "

Brad sighed. "Look, I'll go over it again. The dosage includes a sedative, because the rapid changes to the body would be - well, not painful, but uncomfortable. Like a twelve-hour, full-body itch you can't scratch. You'll just sleep through the changes. While you're doing that, I'll monitor you once an hour, and finish preparing for our trip. Then, when you wake up, the changes will be done, and we'll be ready to leave."

Kyle sighed. Dredging up a bit of his usually boisterous humor, he spoke in a voice like a 40's gangster. "Yeah. Well 'it best be done quickly.' Go ahead, Doc - gimme the girl juice."

Brad complied, sliding the syringe into Kyle's arm, and slowly injecting the reddish serum into his friend's bloodstream. As things started to darken, Kyle muttered "I can't believe you talked me into this."

Then darkness came to claim him.

* * * * *

"Kyle? Buddy? Rise and shine. "

The sound of his friends voice pulled Kyle from his drug-induced slumber. Even before his mind registered the new sensations from his body, he could tell that the serum had been a success from the barely-repressed tone of victory in Brad's voice.

Opening his eyes, Kyle blinked up at a Brad. "I'm awake. "

He trailed off - no, Kyle corrected himself - *she* trailed off at the sound of her soft, feminine contralto. Although she was expecting something like this, hearing the unmistakably female voice speaking in his rhythms and inflections was still unnerving.

Taking a deep breath, Kyle gathered her courage and, pushing the thin blanket off the bed, sat up and looked down at her transformed body.

"Holy shit!" She exclaimed, startled. "They're HUGE!" She looked, gaping at Brad, then back to her chest. Unbelievably, she brought her hands (unconsciously noting her smooth, feminine arms and hands) to her massive new endowments, stopping just shy of touching the massive, firm round tits with their large, thick nipples. With her smaller hands sill hovering by her chest, Kyle shot Brad an angry glance. "Very funny."

Brad sighed. "It wasn't my doing." He cocked his head. "Your mom. Is she, um, well endowed." Kyle blinked. "Yeah - she's pretty big. Why?"

Brad ignored the question. "And your dad's mom, or sister?"

Kyle blushed. "Uh. I don't know about Grandma - but my Aunt is even bigger than my mom."

Brad nodded. "Yeah. Well, the serum merely changes you based on your genetics - and since both sides of your family are buxom. "

Kyle sighed and looked down at her huge new tits. "...I'm really, really buxom." A thought struck him. "Why are these things so round - they hardly look real. Shouldn't the. sag?"

Brad shrugged. "They will, given time. They're literally brand-new, and as firm as a teenagers. Gravity hasn't had TIME to affect them." Kyle noticed Brad was beginning to blush. "What?"

Brad cleared his throat nervously. "I... uh.. had to but clothing for you, so I had to, um, measure..." Kyle looked startled - then laughed. "All right, I'll bite - what size?"

Brad blush deepened. "Um... 39 EEE."

Shaking his head in disbelief, Kyle swung his legs over the side of his bed, wincing at the sight of his almost hairless legs.

"Well, lets see what I look like..." She said, heaving herself off the bed...

...and almost toppling over. If Brad hadn't grabbed her and held her upright, Kyle would have fallen flat on her face. "What the hell?"

"Your center of gravity changed literally overnight - it'll take a bit of time to get used to the change. Just pay attention, and you'll do fine."

Kyle tried it, and found that Brad was right - as long as she consciously kept her balance, she moved fairly easily. Shaking her head again, she walked over to the full-length mirror, and looked at her altered self, huge new endowments swaying with each step, creating a sensation that was disturbingly pleasant.

There was no doubt that she was Kyle, feminized. If Kyle had been born female, this is what he would have looked like - in fact, his face was nearly unchanged, aside from slightly fuller lips, slightly smaller nose, and the lack of facial hair.

Turning slightly, Kyle examined her altered body. Unsurprisingly, she was the same type of build - slightly heavy. Her hips were a little narrow, her waist a little thick, and her legs were fairly nice, but not as shapely as they could be. She was somewhat cute, but far from stunning. In fact, aside from the enormous bust, she would be your average girl - neither pretty nor ugly enough to provoke comment, just average. Her hair was the same as it had been last night, a sandy blonde. As guy, it had been slightly long a shaggy - now it looked like a tomboyish style that perfectly fit her new look.

"Holy shit." Kyle sighed. "I don't believe it. I mean, I *believe* it - but..."

"I know." Brad said. "Um... why don't you get dressed. We should get going."

Kyle, still staring at her changed body, took a second to register what Brad said. "Huh? Oh, right." She sighed. "I can't believe I'm going to leave the house like this. This is just so... weird."

Brad left to finish packing the Jeep Wagoneer, and Kyle turned her attention to the clothes Brad had left on the chair.

Making a face, Kyle picked up the simple white cotton panties. Lifting a smooth, now feminine leg, she slid her smaller foot through the leg-hole, then repeated the process with the other leg. Sliding the soft woman's underwear up her legs, she pulled it in place around her hips, feeling the material caress her full ass and flat crotch. Slightly embarrassed, Kyle looked around, making sure that Brad wasn't peaking in. Satisfied, she indulged her curiosity.

Gently, Kyle slid the palm of her hand across the flat surface of the panties' crotch, then a gain with a little more pleasure. It felt strange to lack her usual male bulge - but the simple sensation of pressure across her crotch was surprisingly similar to the sensation that would have resulted had a cock bulged the underwear.

Blushing at her forwardness - despite the fact that it was 'her own' body she was feeling up, Kyle turned her attention to the massive, plain white bra.

Picking it up, she considered the massive undergarment critically. The cups of the bra were huge, and the straps were

also larger and slightly padded to help support the surprising weight of her new endowments. Although Kyle had removed a bra or two in his time, she was uncertain how to get one on - at least, from this perspective.

After deciding on her 'plan of attack', Kyle set to the task. Thankfully, Brad had been wise enough to get a front-clasping bra, and it made things easier. Kyle slid his arms one at a time into the shoulder straps, then set about clasping the massive foundation garment. Although the front closure eliminated the awkward 'behind the back' maneuver, the fact that she couldn't actually see the clasps made getting it closed tough, but she finally prevailed.

The sensation of the garment tightly restraining her massive new tits was new and unusual, if not unpleasant. The pressure of the garment was like a light embrace across most of her globes, and considerably more where her large, thick nipples pressed against the taut material. Kyle found herself grateful for the firmness of her new tits - the straps didn't have to carry much weight, and barely pulled at her shoulders. If she'd had 'natural' tits that sagged, the weight on the straps would make the bra painful in short order.

Over the panties she pulled on the jean shorts that Brad had provided. It was thoughtful of him - due to the summer heat, full-length pants were unthinkable, but Kyle also didn't want to wear a skimpier garment. Unfortunately, the shorts - which came to mid-thigh - were tighter than she'd have liked. Her ass, which was large and fairly shapely, wasn't spectacularly firm. The tight denim, however, made up for that, making her ass look much better - not something Kyle really wanted, not at all comfortable with making herself look more attractive.

Kyle frowned at the top provided - a white, ribbed-pattern tank-top. Personally, she would have preferred something to de-emphasize her massive tits - like a bulky, over-sized sweater - but such a garment would have made her melt in the heat.

Sighing, she pulled the top on. Designed for a woman with a more modest bustline, the garment not only barely fit over her huge, bra-encased tits, but left her belly-button bare. The tank-top had an elastic hem, which drew the top tight just under her filled bra, forming itself to her massive tits and pulling taut.

Awkwardly - her new tits got in the way - Kyle put on the socks and shoes. The shoes weren't bad - white woman's runners, brand new

- but the socks were a light-fabric, ankle high white sock with lace trim.

Finishing up by pulling on a white leather belt and pulling a matching purse - her purse, Kyle thought with a grimace - over her shoulder, Kyle examined herself in the mirror.

She was the 'busty-girl-next-door'. Cute, with freckles across the bridge of her nose and down her chasm-like cleavage, she wasn't beautiful enough to be unapproachable, but with those massive tits, sexy enough to be approached at all. With Kyle's natural exuberance and cheerfulness, she was even emotionally the 'perky blonde' - although the wrong gender, mentally.

Shaking her head again in disbelief, Kyle headed out to the garage.

Brad was sitting in the idling Jeep. As Kyle slid in, Brad glanced over - then did a double take.

"What?" Kyle asked, (as yet, still surprised every time that feminine contralto emerged from her mouth) looking down at herself to see if she'd screwed up.

"Uh - nothing." Brad said, flushing. "it's just that - well.." Kyle eyed Brad's reddening face. "What?"

Brad shrugged. "You - look good."

Kyle sighed - "I *would* get upset - but I saw myself in the mirror. I'd date myself in a second." She shuddered. "Now how's that for a weird thought?"

Brad shuddered slightly too. "I won't even tell you how weird it is for me. *You* may have to cope with being female - but / have to cope with finding my best friend 'datable'."

"Perv.." Kyle said - but it was with a knowing grin. Until now, it hadn't occurred to her that it would be tough on Brad to remind himself that the buxom woman only inches away was really Kyle, his long-time friend - and a guy.

Sharing one more 'this is *weird*' glance, the two friends tried to ignore the mildly awkward situation as the vehicle pulled out, and headed towards the highway.

* * * * *

"Something wrong?"

Kyle glanced over at Brad. "No... Why?" She asked, forcing innocent curiosity in her voice. "You've got kind of an odd look on your face."

Kyle shrugged. "I do?" She wasn't about to explain to Brad that the gravel road they were on was creating certain - sensations. Her tits jiggled inside her bra with an extremely pleasant sensation - but not nearly as disturbingly pleasant as the sensation the motion caused

in her new cunt. Her panties had bunched slightly, actually pulling slightly into her now-damp pussy, and was moving back and forth over very sensitive flesh every time they hit one of the numerous bumps. Kyle was slightly disgusted with herself for enjoying the sensations so damned much, and hoping that they still had a way to go.

Rounding the corner, a building was revealed on the left of the road.

"Oh, good..." Brad said, pulling the Jeep into the combination gas-station/General store. "I'm going to fill up." Looking slightly embarrassed, Brad continued. "Why don't you go inside and, uh, pick up some, um..."

Kyle blinked. If nothing else, being a woman made Brad much more awkward. The usual intense dark-haired man was actually floundering.

"Some...?" Kyle prompted.

Brad smiled shyly. "Well, not to put too fine a point on it - deodorant. I hate to tell you, but you smell."

Kyle laughed. "Sure - I'll get some snacks and stuff too." She climbed from the Jeep and headed towards the store, still

adjusting to the swaying of her huge tits.

Behind her Brad watched her go - and blushed furiously when he realized that he's been thinking how cute her ass would be if she didn't walk so much like a man.

"Get a grip - she is a man, for god's sake." Brad muttered to himself.

Blissfully unaware of the thoughts running through Brad's mind, Kyle entered the store and walked through the aisles. Picking up some items, she walked up to the front counter, where the young man running the store looked up.

"These, and twenty bucks on the pump." Kyle said, nodding his head at where Brad was filling the Jeep. "That'll be thirty-two seventy-one." The young man behind the counter said, giving Kyle an odd, direct stare.

Kyle uncomfortable rooted in her purse, handing over the money and waiting for her change. The entire time, the man continued to look at her with the same odd expression.

Kyle's heart pounded as she waited for the clerk to denounce her as an impostor. Although, physically and biologically, she was indistinguishable from a 'natural' woman, the man must have somehow sensed...

Then it dawned on Kyle like a thunderclap. The man wasn't suspicious - her was staring at her huge, firm tits straining at the front of her white tank-top!

Blushing furiously, Kyle said. "Keep the change." Grabbing her purchases, Kyle all but fled the store, feeling the man's eyes on her buttock in the tight jean shorts.

Kyle climbed into the vehicle, face blazing. "What is it?" Brad asked as they pulled away.

"The guy in there." Kyle said, floundering. "He was staring at my tits the entire time!"

Brad cleared his throat uncomfortably. "I hate to say it - but you have very 'starable at' tits, Kyle."

Kyle stared, gaping, at Brad - then laughed, ruefully. "You're having a hard time not staring at them, aren't you?" Now Brad blushed. "Yeah. Sorry. I know you're Kyle and all - but those are spectacular tits, and..."

Kyle mulled that over - then surprised Brad by laughing, and saying. "Yeah. Don't sweat it, bra - if you want to stare, go right ahead." "What?" Brad asked. "You... don't mind?"

Kyle shrugged. "Well, it's weird having my tits stared at - but it's even weirder just having tits!" She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "Besides - If I had a mirror, I'd stare at them myself!"

Brad laughed. "Fair enough."

Kyle sighed. "It's weird being a woman - but I've got a male mind, and I know exactly what you are feeling, buddy. It's perverted - but it's also okay. We've been embarrassed to find this body sexy because it's me inside - we feel like we're going gay or something."

Brad's blush deepened.

"But this body isn't me - it's a female body. It's okay for you to find this body sexy - God knows, I do, and I'm in it! So go ahead, relax - don't try to restrain yourself on my account. I understand it's the female body you're reacting to, not the male me."

"You're sure you okay with this?" Brad asked.

Kyle laughed shortly. "Okay with this? I'm a man who looks like a huge-breasted woman! No, I'm not okay - but it's bearable, and it's only temporary. Besides, your so awkward around me, it's making it hard on me. Relax, or I'll go nuts."

Brad nodded, and the awkwardness that had been between the friends on the trip so far lessened, although it didn't quite vanish. In companionable silence, they rode out the last twenty minutes of the drive, pulling into the large, lush clearing near the summit of the tall hills. (Although the locals called them mountains.)

"I don't believe it." Kyle stared out the windshield at the two tents pitched in his favorite spot. Usually, this clearing was deserted when he came up.

"We'll go to one of the other spots." Brad said, reaching to turn the vehicle around.

Kyle sighed. "No - this is the best spot for miles - just down the hill there's both cold and hot springs, and they run into a large pond that's like a heated swimming pool. I guess it won't kill us to have neighbors." So saying, Kyle opened the door and got out, Brad copying her on his side. They walked towards the three people that had emerged from the tents when Brad and Kyle had pulled up.

The trio - a slender man and woman, arm in arm, trailed slightly by a shorter, more muscular man, walked forward to meet them. Kyle noted the girl first - she was a tall, supple, vivacious Latino, with flawless, dusky skin, revealed but ultra tight, short jean shorts and a black bikini top barely covering her firm tits, which Kyle judged to be a healthy C-cup. She practically embodied the vibrant sensuality of some vivacious, energetic women.

Kyle reluctantly turned his attention from the stunning woman to the two men. The one in the lead was tall and slender as well, with a rangy, athletic look. He wore only faded jeans and sandals, with long black hair tied back in a hippy-ish ponytail. He was darkly tanned, and the tight jeans bulged almost alarmingly at the crotch. The other man was shorter than average, and almost as wide as he was tall. Tanned - but not as much as his friend, the shorter man had sandy blonde hair, and wore jean shorts and a white t-shirt. His shorts also displayed a larger-than average bulge at the crotch.

Kyle was blissfully unaware that she'd just 'checked out' the guys, thoroughly eyeing them and judging, much the way she'd done with the girl. She would have been shocked to realize what she'd done - and horrified if she'd realized that she'd unconsciously pronounced the guys as attractive as the girl.

"You don't mind having neighbors, do you?" Brad said as they closed the distance.

"Not in the least we got here about ten minutes ago ourselves. I'm John," The tall, slender man said. Wrapping an arm around the slender, dark-haired girl, he said. "And this gorgeous creature is Linda." He leaned closer to Linda, and received a

kiss.

Shaking his head, the shorter man confided. "They're incredible. He'll kiss anything female, and she can't go five minutes without kissing, touching or fondling *somebody*. I'm Steve, by the way." He held a hand out, and Brad took it, introducing himself.

Steve's eyes shifted to Kyle - who started to respond instinctively before catching herself and barely correcting the problem. "I'm K..ayla." She said, slightly awkwardly. Covering it by clearing her throat, she stated it more firmly. "Sorry - Kayla."

"Oh - I love that name." Linda said, smiling at the other 'woman'. "So - how long have you been with Brad?"

"Oh, I've known him for years, but we've only been living together for about two years now..." Kyle replied with a smile before the question's import - given the situation - sank in. It became an effort to maintain that smile as she realized she'd just said that she was Brad's live-in girlfriend.

"Geez - you okay man?" Steve asked anxiously as Brad went into a paroxysm of coughing.

Brad recovered, shooting a half-incredulous, half amused look at 'Kayla'. "Yeah - I swallowed a bug. Flew right in my mouth." "Ewww..." Linda said, making a face while the 'guys' laughed.

"Why don't we give you a hand with your stuff, Brad?" John suggested.

"And Kayla can help me find a place to wash up - I think we could both use a bath." Linda added.

"Actually, there's a great place just down the hill. Hot and cold springs - warm water and all." Kyle said, pointing. John and Linda glanced at each other in surprise. "How do you know..." Linda said.

Steve grimaced. "Oh, shit - this was your spot, wasn't it? You came up here because this is where you always camp."

Kyle smiled - she couldn't help liking the three of them - they were so cheerful, friendly and energetic. "Oh, don't worry about it. It'll be fun."

Linda giggled. "You said it, girl." She agreed mysteriously. "Come on - show me this spring." Agreeably, Kyle led off, leading the supple-bodied Latino through the trees.

"Oh - wow..." Linda breathed as they emerged into the small clearing. "This is wild..."

The clearing was surrounded by tall, old-growth trees, whose intertwined branches created an artificial twilight. Beneath the canopy of leaves sat a six-to-eight foot deep pond, roughly the size of an Olympic swimming pool. Two springs, one steaming, fed into the pond, which overflowed downhill to meet the river at the base of the hill.

"Yeah - it is." Kyle agreed. Glancing at Linda, she found her almost absently stripping off her skimpy clothing, revealing her dusky, supple body. Striving to look and act casual, Kyle followed suit, trailing the gorgeous woman into the warm waters of the pond.

"Oh..." Linda sighed in bliss as she found one of the natural stone benches ringing the pond, allowing her to sink up to her neck in

the warm, soothing waters.

Sliding in, Kyle felt the water embracing her smooth, supple skin. He never realized how pleasant such a simple act could feel on the softer, nearly hairless skin of a woman. She, too, sighed in pleasure.

"Here - let me help..." Linda suggested as Kyle picked up the soap. Kyle was surprised by the suggestive, sensuous tone she said it in. "Uh... sure.." Kyle said, slightly hesitant.

"Come on, Kayla." Linda said, taking the soap. "Don't tell me you're a virgin with other woman?"

That caused a smile that Kyle couldn't hide. "No - I've been with a few women before." She replied, utterly truthful. "It just never moved so fast before."

"Oh... The bashful kind..." Linda said in a voice so starkly sexual that if Kyle still had a cock, it would have been rock-hard.

Taking the soap, Linda slowly, sensuously lathered up her hands - then wrapped her arms around Kyle's neck, massaging the soap into her back as she pressed her lithe body against Kyle. Linda's smaller breasts pushed firmly into Kyle's massive mounds as Linda's full, soft lips met Kyle's.

Kyle responded willingly, kissing back as passionately as Linda kissed her, as the Latino's dainty-yet-strong-hands massaged her back.

Breaking gently from the kiss, Linda smiled. "Since I saw you get out of the car, I've wanted to do this..." She whispered - and began to fondle Kyle's massive tits with her lathered hands.

Kyle gasped at the wonderful sensations - then gasped loader as Linda's lips latched onto one now-engorged nipple. Linda skillfully licked and sucked at Kyle's swollen, sensitive new nipples as her hands continued to fondle and caress her huge tits, alternating soft, almost feathery touches with stronger, pleasurable squeezes. Kyle let her own hands rise to return the favor, cupping Linda's own amazingly firm tits, letting her thumbs graze across Linda's smaller nipples.

After several minutes, Linda released Kyle's massive, firm tits - much to Kyle's regret. She'd had no idea just how enjoyable tits could be. She brought her own hands to her massive mounds, massaging and fondling her huge tits as Linda crouched, sliding from view beneath the warm spring water.

Kyle gasped, fingers clamping down on her huge nipples, as Linda's hands cupped Kyle's ass - so she could pull her face firmly against Kyle's crotch.

Kyle's gasp turned to low moans, and her hands massaged her huge tits with renewed fervor as Linda's long, supple tongue began to probe Kyle's hot, wet cunt. Shuddery sensations raced up and down Kyle's spine at the new, erotic sensations of having her clit manipulated by an incredibly skilled tongue. The waves of pleasure ebbed and flowed, and there seemed to be an erotic ribbon of energy connecting her swollen nipples with her sensitive nub in her new pussy.

Then one of Linda's hands went to Kyle's pussy, and she moaned loudly and Linda began pushing her towards orgasm.

Kyle began to pant in short, sharp bursts as the pleasure began to build and double. Her hands on her massive tits matched Linda's movements in rhythm as the orasmic sensations climber higher and higher...

Kyle cried out once, her hips bucking her crotch into Linda's ace, as she came, a powerful orgasm that rocked her new body from head to toe. As the sensation took her, Kyle let herself fall back into the warm, welcoming water, washing the soap and sweat from her shuddering body.

Surfacing, she found Linda unconcernedly soaping herself up. She flashed a grin at Kyle.

"Sorry about rushing it, Kayla..." Linda said. "But I can hold more breath for only so long."

"No..." Kyle said, huskily, then cleared her throat. "No problem. It was... wonderful." She was amazed to find that the orgasm, more than sating her, made her only more aroused. A small fire seemed to burn in her crotch, and her nipples throbbed, practically begging for attention. Her mind seemed to want to wander back to the memory of the orgasm, and she was having trouble focusing clearly.

Linda winked. "You can return the favor some time." Rinsing, she climbed from the water and picked up a towel. "Come on, lets go back to camp - the guys should have things set up."

Still stunned at the sheer intensity of the sexual sensitivity of her new body, Kyle numbly dried, dressed, and followed Linda towards camp, not even noticing that Linda had surreptitiously gotten rid of Kyle's bra. Kyle's shirt clung to his slightly-damp tits, his huge, swollen nipples clearly visible through the white fabric. Her massive tits swaying freely, Kyle climbed the slope, eyes watching the pert movements of Linda's spectacular ass.

Kyle had no idea that her own stride was nearly a mirror image of Linda's sensuous, graceful glide.

* * * * *

Kyle followed Linda to where the three tents were arranged in a circle around a fire-pit. A small fire blazed in the pit as twilight began descending over the hill, and the guys were sitting about equally spaced around the circle.

"You girls have fun?" John asked, a knowing half-grin on his face.

Kyle was surprised to find that she didn't blush at all as she replied. "Yeah - we had fun." She looked around, and found that Linda had 'stolen' the spot she'd wanted, beside Brad. Rather than move the cooler out of the way, Kyle shrugged - mentally - and settled between Steve and John, across from Brad.

Only then did Kyle notice the odd look Brad was giving her - had been giving her since she emerged from the tree-line, in fact. Kyle wondered what the look was for, but wasn't going to ask, in front of the others.

"Pass me a beer, Brad?" She asked, and Brad wordlessly complied, still looking at her oddly. Ignoring the look, Kyle popped the top of the beer and took a long drink of the cold, foamy brew. "Ahhhh... - hits the spot."

"You hungry?" Steve asked Kyle. "We made some stew."

Kyle was surprised to find that she wasn't - despite the fact that she'd only had a quick lunch on the road, her stomach was content. "No, thanks. I'm fine."

"You sure?" Brad asked, and Kyle surprised herself with her answer, which just seemed to pop out. "Got to watch my girlish figure, honey."

The others laughed, but Kyle and Brad blinked at each other in surprise, quickly hiding the look before the others noticed. To cover her surprise, Kyle finished her beer and asked for another. Soon, all five of them were drinking beer, and talking as comfortably as if they'd been friends for ages.

"So, Kayla - what do you do for a living?" Steve, on her right, asked, and she turned to look at him as she answered, mind spinning to come up with something believable.

"Oh, I'm a stripper." Popped out before she really thought about it. To hide her own surprise, she broke eye contact with Steve, dropping her gaze.

"Really..." Steve seemed slightly disappointed. "I guess that explains the implants."

Still not raising her gaze, Kyle replied. "No - they're not implants. They're natural - I became a stripper because I have huge, sexy tits, not the other way around. I just knew how much guys love staring at my perfect tits."

She wasn't rely even thinking about what she was saying, or listening to herself. She was slightly entranced by the way the crotch of Steve's pants were moving, as if alive. It was somehow entrancing, even though, for some reason, she felt slightly disturbed by it, for no reason she could summon from her beer fogged mind.

"Do you enjoy the job?" John asked from her other side, and Kyle forced herself to look in his direction. She was glad she did - his pants were doing the same strange 'crotch dance' - only more so.

"Yeah, I do..." Kyle murmured vaguely, her eyes traveling over John's flat stomach and tanned chest to his lips. As he spoke, she watched those lips move so smoothly and enticingly, forming around each word.

"I guess you must end up having sex pretty often in a job like that, huh?"

Although Kyle heard the question, it didn't really register as she watched his lips caress each word sensuously.

"Yeah.. lots. It's great..." Kyle agreed entranced. She heard a soft sound from her right and she forced her eyes to return to Steve, whose own eyes were closed, a blissful smile on his face. Kyle wondered why he looked so happy, moaning softly. She let her gaze drop, and solved the mystery when she found her hand gently massaging Steve's crotch, tracing the outline of his hard, thick cock through the fabric of his shorts. Satisfied that she solved that mystery, she turned to look at Steve again...

The flickering orange firelight hid the way Kyle's face suddenly when absolutely, stark white. What she was saying and doing came crashing into her consciousness - the thoughts she'd been having, the lustful urges... Forcing herself to move casually, she looked across the fire towards Brad while removing her hand from Steve's crotch.

Brad hadn't noticed what was going on across the fire - Linda had claimed his full attention. Topless, she was pressed tightly against Brad, kissing him passionately. Brad was responding as eagerly.

"Brad?" Kyle said, forcing her voice level.

"Another beer?" Brad asked, breaking the kiss, and reaching for the cooler.

"In a minute - I've had a few already, and my bladder feels ready to blow. You know how bad my night vision is, and how good yours is

- can you give me a hand?"

"I'd be glad to help." Steve said from Kyle's right, and she somehow managed to manufacture a smile for him as she answered. "Thanks, but Brad knows where The Bush is, and can find it in the dark. We'll show you tomorrow."

Brad had picked up on the hidden urgency in Kyle's request. "No problem." He said rising - awkwardly, due to the erection straining his pants. The large, enticing erection straining the fabric outwards, begging to be....

Forcing her eyes - and mind - from Brad's hard cock, Kyle rose, and let Brad lead her down the hill. "What the hell's wrong with me?" Kyle hissed in a low voice.

"What?" Brad asked, startled.

"I was coming on to those guys! I kept thinking how good they looked. About their hard cocks. How good it would feel to have one of

you guys..." Kyle forced her mind to leave that dangerous train of thought. "For God's sake, Brad, I was *fondling* Steve's hard-on!" Brad was staring at her, wide-eyed in the darkness. "You're kidding!" Reining in his disbelief, Brad tried to think.

Suddenly, an ugly thought occurred to him. "Your Mom and Aunt - they're both really buxom, right?"

Kyle nodded, unseen, and answered. "Yeah - Mom's about a double dee, and Aunt Carol's a triple dee, I'd say." "Did you ever see them taking any medication, or special vitamins?" Brad asked.

Kyle frowned. "Yeah - now that you mention it, I once saw my Mom give my aunt some of hers when Aunt Carol forgot hers at home. Something called. Nitro, I think."

Brad sighed. "Ni-Estro, actually." Kyle blinked. "Huh?"

Brad explained heavily. "It's a hormone suppressant. Both your Mom and Aunt are buxom because they have a hormone imbalance - they produce too much. The drug counteracts some of it."

It suddenly struck Kyle. "So I have it from both sides - like my tits. And it's stronger for me then for either of them because of that? But..." The import struck Kyle with stunning force. "My God - I'm a slut!"

"Technically," Brad corrected the stunned woman. "a nymphomaniac. You are helplessly addicted to sex."

"Oh, shit!" Kyle swore. "What are we going to do?"

Brad was silent for several seconds before answering. "You're going to try real hard to keep control of yourself." "That's *it*?" Kyle asked, incredulous. "No way - we've got to get out of here!"

Brad sighed. "We can't. Inside an enclosed space, like a vehicle, the smell of your own pheromones would push you so hard, so fast you'd go insane. Out in the open, you've got a running chance. In a car - or tent - you'd suffer a breakdown brought on by intense sexual need. I'm not sure that even being in the open will be enough."

Kyle was stunned. "You mean - my need for sex might get so strong I'd actually go nuts?"

Brad sighed, voice heavy with regret and self-condemnation. "I'm sorry, Kyle - I should have researched your family medical history before doing the test. Yes - I'm afraid that there's a very good chance that by morning you will be a gibbering, mindless, madwoman."

"Wha.. how..." Kyle took a deep breath. "What can I do to save myself."

This time, Brad paused for so long Kyle thought he wasn't going to answer. Then his voice came from the darkness. "Have sex. Whenever the craving builds up, satisfy it."

Kyle was stunned - but it made sense. Sex would keep her from reaching that fatal level of frustration. Fulfill her desperate need, and her mind would be saved. It was disgusting and sickening - but if it saved her... Well, in that movie, that soccer team ate their dead to survive, didn't they?

Then Brad's voice smashed the delicate web of self-deception she was building. "But you can't." "Why not?"

Brad sighed. "If you give in, your body's hormone levels will stabilize at that higher level - and it would be like you were getting a constant booster shot of my serum. The serum won't wear off, and you'll be stuck as a woman."

The hideous truth smashed into Kyle's mind - as did the alternatives.

"Let me see if I have this right." Kyle said, dully. "I have three options. Satisfy my craving, and be stuck as a super-horny, huge-breasted woman for the rest of my life. Don't satisfy it, and I'll become a man again - but I'll be totally insane. Or, throw myself in the pond and drown myself."

Brad's voice was horrified. "Kyle - no! You can't commit suicide!"

Kyle literally snarled at Brad, her contralto ugly. "Don't tell me what I can and can't do, you bastard! This is your fault! Safe, hah! Temporary, hah! Why shouldn't I kill myself rather than the other options!"

"Kyle - being a woman isn't a fate worse than death - over half the population is female, and they don't kill themselves because of it. And, if you're alive and sane, I can try to cure you - I can't cure insanity or death!" Brad pleaded.

"That's easy for you to say." Kyle said, dully. "You don't have to be the woman." "I will."

That startled Kyle out of her suicidal depression. "Huh?"

"When we get home, I'll take the serum. I'll remain female as long as you do. We'll sink or swim together, buddy. Male or female - I would never do anything to purposefully hurt you. We'll find an answer." Brad's voice carried steely conviction, and absolute honesty. "And if you commit suicide, so do I. I'm not going to live knowing I'd driven my best friend to death."

Kyle sighed, realizing something amazing. As hard as it was for her to deal with this, it was somehow harder on Brad, who knew and accepted his responsibility. Straightening her back, Kyle dredged through her spirit, searching for that sense of humor that had carried her this far - and finding it.

"Well, Brad, let's get going. I've got people to do and places to see." Her voice was brittle, but Kyle was amazed to find that she could, indeed handle this.

"Thank you." Brad said softly. "Shall we?"

Kyle dredged up a smile from somewhere. "Hang on - my back teeth really are floating." Quickly, they each got rid of some used beer, and they headed back up the hill.

"Feeling better?" Steve asked as they come back into the circle of firelight. "We were getting ready to send out a search party."

"We're fine." Kyle said as he and Brad settled back down in their spots. "I just had a lot of beer to dispose of." Inside, her gut was churning and she felt close to vomiting. She was amazed at how evenly her voice came out.

"Well, I'm just glad you made it back." Linda said, with a fake pout. "I was getting lonely." Turning back to Brad, she resumed where she'd left off. Brad responded, stiffly at first, but soon getting into the spirit.

"I need something stronger to drink." Kyle said to John, honestly. A little 'Dutch courage' couldn't hurt.

John produced a bottle of Jim Bean, and Kyle took a swig. Settling between the guys, she sipped at the bottle, and tried to relax by chatting with the guys about trivial matters like movies and music.

She realized she'd reached 'relaxed' when she found herself pulling of the tank top, letting her massive tits free. The swayed once as the almost literally popped out from the elastic at the bottom, the settled in place, firm and round, thrust proudly from her ribcage.

Steve, taking this as a cue, shifted her slightly, so she was sitting with her back against his chest, facing John.

Reaching his muscular arms around her body, Steve began to fondle her huge, firm tits. Despite her mild disgust at letting a man touch her, there was no denying the physical pleasure in the act. She gasped slightly...

...and John slid his tongue into her open mouth.

Closing her eyes, Kyle pretended it was Linda kissing him so passionately and skillfully. Passionately, she returned the kiss, their tongues intertwining as Steve's strong hands tweaked her huge nipples and caressed her massive tits. Almost on their

own, Kyle's hands drifted down, one to her crotch, one to John's, feeling the warmth of his huge cock in the palm of her hand through his open zipper.

Then, something happened that Kyle had never expected. She lost control.

It was like being in an extremely vivid erotic dream. She could feel everything that was happening to her, but had no control over herself as her body's need took her mind hostage.

As if in a dream, she found her other hand joining her right, fondling John's huge, throbbing cock. With the gentlest of tugs, she found herself pulling John to his feet as her hands eagerly pushed his underwear down, setting his cock free.

It was the largest cock she'd ever seen - easily fifteen inches long, it was tanned, and veins throbbed along its length, causing the near- purple glands to bob slightly with each heart-beat. It was equally thick, making it an effort to wrap her hands around the massive shaft as she drew it towards her mouth.

Then it slid between her lips, its massive head filling her mouth. She didn't know what to expect - but it wasn't the pleasant, slightly musky smell of the hot cock beneath her nose, and the wonderful sensation of it filling her mouth. Opening her throat, she gripped John's cock at the base with one hand, and used the other to slide up and down his shaft, coating it with her saliva as she licked at the massive head in her mouth, enjoying its feel and taste almost as much as she enjoyed Steve's ongoing fondling of her massive, firm tits.

Gently applying suction, she found herself sliding the end of the massive organ back and forth past her lips as her hand worked the massive, spittle-slicked shaft in syncopation. Her motions, tentative at first, soon became almost professional, tongue, lips and hands moving in synch as John moaned low in the back of his throat.

She felt John stiffen, and pulled back until only the very tip of his cock was between her lips. Then, applying stronger suction, she licked at the head vigorously, pushing John over the edge.

John grunted as a flood of warm, salty cum filled Kyle's mouth. Mentally, she was disgusted to have a man's cum shooting into her hot mouth - but physically, she showed only enjoyment as she tried, vainly, to swallow all of the cum flowing as if from a fire hose. To thick

streams dribbled from the corners of her lips, splattering onto her huge tits, where Steve's hands massaged the slick liquid into her freckled skin.

Finally John's massive organ ran dry. Licking the cock clean, Kyle let it slip from her lips, and - while her male side wanted to vomit - smiled up at John.

John suddenly stepped aside, and Steve's hands left Kyle's massive endowments, to be replaced by Linda's tongue. Hungrily, the dusky woman began to lick the cum from Kyle's tits, pausing now and then to nibble and suck erotically at her massive, engorged nipples.

Still in the dream-like grip of her nymphomania, Kyle found herself slowly reclining, Linda never releasing her tits. Hands

tugged at her shorts, and Kyle watched past Linda's dark head as Steve gently removed her clothing, exposing her dripping cunt to the cool evening air.

Kyle tried to take control of her body, to slow down things that were going too far, too fast. But it was a useless attempt, and her body would not be denied, as it spread her smooth legs for Steve, who was naked, his own, large cock standing erect. It wasn't as large as his friends, but it was still big, bigger than Kyle's had been, before he'd become Kayla.

Helplessly, she found herself beckoning to Steve, who positioned himself, lifting her legs and resting them on his broad shoulders.

Then, with a smooth, gentle movement, his cock entered her sopping cunt, and all thoughts were driven from both Kyle and Kayla as ecstasy rolled through her.

That ecstasy only built, as Steve's hot, throbbing cock drove in and out of her new womanhood. She'd never experienced such a wonderful sensation of being filled completely, as if something had been missing, and now she was whole. Linda's wonderful lesbian pussy-licking that afternoon paled to insignificance next to the tremendous pleasure rocking her body now.

She began to throw her head from side to side, crying out, urging Steve ever onward. And he complied, fucking her expertly, his huge organ creating satisfaction and ecstasy like none she'd ever felt.

Then Kyle came.

It was a like a string of firecrackers of pleasure going off in her cunt. Orgasm after orgasm rolled through her body, claiming it completely as she screamed out in animalistic pleasure. The multiple orgasm literally rocked her body, forcing Linda away from her huge tits as her body was wracked by spasm after spasm of sheerest orgasmic ecstasy.

Yet it still wasn't enough. As Steve, spent, pulled from her, Kyle rose to her knees, her burning eyes falling on Brad, who sat, open-mouthed, massaging his cock.

"I... I..." Brad stammered.

In a voice barely human, Kayla said. "I need it, Brad - I need you to fuck me."

Rising, she swayed sensuously around the fire to her stunned and confused best friend. Without letting him make up his mind, Kayla solved his hesitation by crouching, impaling herself on his hard cock.

Brad cried out, and instinctively gripped Kayla's ass. With a feral grin, she began to piston up and down, taking him almost viciously.

Her clit, already sensitized, didn't take much convincing to blast into another string of orgasms. Her cunt tightened on Brad's cock, pushing him over the edge, and causing him to shoot his cum into his best friend's cunt.

That was enough to take Kyle back to reality. Still impaled on her best friend's cock, she regained control of herself, and fond herself staring at Brad's shocked, chagrined face.

"I... We... You..." Brad stammered.

Suddenly, Kyle found himself smiling. "Don't worry - at first I was disgusted, but it felt soooo good." "Yeah.. but..." Brad tried to contradict.

Kyle smiled seductively. "Hey, get over it - somebody would have to keep me satisfied on the ride home - we would have ended up doing it then, anyway."

Brad blushed. "I hadn't thought about that, Kyle."

Kayla giggled. "I don't think Kyle fits anymore. Might as well get used to calling me Kayla." She paused, thinking of something. "Besides, if this doesn't convince the funding board, I can always fuck them into giving you more money."

Steve, Linda and John shared a startled look as Brad and Kayla finished whispering, and broke out in laughter. Climbing off Brad, Kayla rose, huge breasts heaving and eyes dancing merrily.

"So - whose ready for a midnight dip in the hot-springs?"

The other four shared a look. "You want to go for a swim?" Steve asked.

Kayla shrugged, causing her huge tits to sway. "Well, it'll clean us up, and it's something to pass the time until I'm ready for my next hard fucking." She winked at Linda. "Besides, I have a debt to repay to Linda."

The decision was unanimous.

* * * * *

As it turned out, Brad never did reapply for his funding. Neighbors noticed he returned from his vacation with a huge-breasted mysterious girlfriend. About a month later, they silently and swiftly vanished away, moving out one day and leaving the house to be sold

by a Realtor, who was close-mouthed as to where - and who - the money was going to be sent.

Shortly after, the adult film industry was taken by storm by a couple of new actresses. Kayla Canyon, a huge-breasted 'girl-next-door' blonde bisexual bombshell, and her lesbian-only best friend, Brandy. What they lacked in acting ability, they made up for in enthusiasm.

These two newcomers to the scene were greeted with great fervor - in part by the hype created by their sponsors, three long-time favorites of the porn scene, John Johnson, Steve Shaft and Linda Lupius, who guided the two women through the steps, appearing in their first dozen films.

Their films of all five were in great demand, and they could have had work year round, if they wished.

But every year, they took at least a week off, vanishing somewhere, refusing to disclose their vacation destination. But they always returned with big, big smiles.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: One man who sees all women as just another conquest, finds that his date for the night has decided to "let" him become the bimbo that he assume she is.

The Test

By Gunslinger

Carrie paused, one hand holding the key, the other holding the doorknob. She turned, casting a searching look over her shoulder, her deep, sea-green eyes almost lost behind the dark chestnut strands that flowed over her shoulders.

"Do you... really love me...?" She asked, hesitantly.

The tall, broad-shouldered young man behind her on the doorstep to the cabin smiled easily, his perfect, white teeth showing brilliantly against the dark tan.

"Of course I love you, baby..." Ken said, soothingly, running one perfectly manicured hand through his carefully styled mane of wheat- blond hair.

It would have taken a lot of scrutiny to realize that his dark eyes weren't sharing in the reassuring smile. While he waited with hidden impatience for his 'Flavor of the month' to unlock the door, the thought running through his head was a continuation of his spoken words: *'I love your hot, sexy, lingerie-model body, and if you'd just open the goddamn door, maybe I'd finally be able to get into your pants!'*

Not that Kenneth Burnside would ever say such a thing, of course. Fairly well off financially, the tall, tanned young man was almost offensively good looking, his natural 'All American' features enhanced by hours spent sculpting his tall, broad-shouldered body into a living sculpture of masculine perfection, taut and athletic without being overly muscled. He was also a smooth-talker, with all the right things to say - as long as they furthered his goal.

After all - he was Ken Burnside, and he had his standards. Sure, he could have slept with a different woman each night, his masculine perfection guaranteeing ample interest - but he only dated the 'best'. Models, exotic dancers, actress... they had to be at least mildly famed for their looks before he was even interested in a woman, and he was willing to put a little time and effort

into catching such women - especially since being seen with them was good for his image. Carrie, however, was trying his patience...

"Good." She said, finally, and opened the door to her rather remotely-located cabin. She'd invited him up here on next to no notice, giving him no time to really 'arrange' anything. Usually, he wouldn't have dropped everything and come all the way out here without letting anybody know about it - but Carrie, who was somewhat old-fashioned, had used a phrase that had triggered Ken into action: She'd said that she wanted to give him a chance to 'prove his love' for her, and Ken figured he knew what the 'test' would be.

So, the fact that he hadn't been able to pack anything for the 'weekend getaway' didn't really matter - he wasn't planning to need much in the way of clothes for the next forty-eight hours. Ken knew he was a spectacular lover, and he'd have no trouble getting her 'hooked' the first time they had sex. After that, he could get steadily more 'greedy' during sex... and then, once he'd sated his urges for her, he'd be able to dump her without much trouble, the same as always.

Now his grin was genuine as she followed her into the darkened interior of the cabin. It was evening in the wooded mountains where her cabin was located, and the hills around the elegant-looking 'hunting-lodge' style cabin cut off most of the descending sun's golden- orange rays, leaving the interior of the cabin only barely lit. As he swung the door shut behind him, the foyer of the cabin was plunged into near-total darkness, making it impossible to see the slender, well-proportioned brunette even though she was less than two feet away.

He was surprised when she didn't turn the light on immediately - the switch was near the door, it's elegant brass switch-plate having reflected the rays of the setting sun while the door was open. He tried to pin-point where he'd seen the golden-orange glimmer before he'd shut the door...

...when Carrie's sweet voice wafted out of the darkness, telling him to 'undress'.

His unseen smile widened even further at the vindication of his efforts - she was so hot to trot that she couldn't even wait. Quickly, the muscular young blond stripped off his chinos and faded-tan cotton work-shirt, habitually doing so smoothly and easily - even though she couldn't see the well-rehearsed moves he used to get his shoes off while stepping out of his pants and underwear, or the way he opened the shirt to 'reveal' taut pecs and flat abs that were hidden by the darkness...

...except that now the lights flared to life, revealing his naked, bronzed body in all it's glory, while he gazed eagerly at Debbie's alabaster skin...

...or what little of it that was showing, at any rate. She was still fully dressed.

"What the...?" Ken asked, frowning in confusion, his gut tightening at the thought that this might have been a 'set-up' for some elaborate practical joke pulled on behalf of an angry ex-girlfriend. It seemed even more likely as the slender, attractive brunette hurriedly gathered up his clothing, and his habitual smile slipped off his face as he began to reach towards her, planning to yank his clothes out of her dainty hands...

...when she grinned at him. "I want to have sex with you, Ken..."

That was exactly what the handsome young man wanted to hear. Unfortunately, there was more to her comment than that, and he had to force his smile back into place as she continued speaking.

"...but first I have to be absolutely sure." She said. "I can't go into it all now, not until I know for certain, but... I'm not like most women, Ken. Before I can have sex, I have to make sure it's the right man... because if it isn't really love, then I'd lose all my abilities for nothing..."

Ken frowned, slightly, looking genially puzzled - rather than annoyed, frustrated and angrily confused, which was his true emotional state. Ken, however, almost never revealed his true emotions, and so had long practice in playing the part.

"I.. I don't understand, honey-bunch." He said, making his voice kind-yet-befuddled.

"You will, later." She promised. "All you need to know for right now is that I need.. reassurance. I need to know for sure that you love me, more than anything else."

"Of course I do, baby..." Ken assured her, looking hurt at her doubt. "Honey, I'd do anything for you." "Actually, it's what I don't want you to do for me that counts." She said, grinning enigmatically.

The dark, inscrutable eyes blinked. "I... I beg your pardon?"

"I'm going to go away for exactly twelve hours." She told him. "I'll be taking your clothes. If you really love me, then you'll stay here, naked, until I get back. You won't answer the phone or door, or try to have any contact with another human being in any way. You won't watch TV, you won't eat or drink or even smoke - you'll just sit around and wait for me to get back. If you do that, then once I get back I'll make love to you like you've never been made love to like before..."

'You have no idea how many different ways I've been 'made love' to...' Ken thought - but kept his smile in place. "Of course, dear. Twelve hours, even without smoking, is nothing - if it's for you."

"I hope so..." She said... as she fished his cigarettes and lighter out of his discarded clothing. He watched, even more confused, as she put them down on the table near the door. "I'll leave these here - don't smoke any."

"I won't..." Ken 'promised', wondering if even a hot chick like her was worth this - she seemed crazy or something.

Then again, women were crazy, as far as Ken was concerned. Truth be told, he could barely stand to spend time with his 'girlfriends' - women though so poorly, in such an emotional, disorganized fashion, he was amazed they were allowed to walk around unescorted.

However, he certainly wasn't going to say that - as stupid and emotionally illogical as women were, they were great to fuck, and if he actually told the truth about women, he'd probably never get laid again - so the best thing to do was grin and bare it.

After all, she hadn't even bothered to count the cigarettes in the pack. Maybe she was expecting to be able to smell it in the cabin if he 'snuck' a smoke while she was gone - but Ken wasn't shy about his perfect physique, so her 'steal his clothes'

gambit wouldn't work.

The cabin was remote, and private property - if he wanted to walk around, naked, there was nothing anybody could do about it. He'd simply go outside for a smoke...

...after applying liberal doses of insect repellent, of course. At least to select portions of his anatomy, since he'd have to be sure to wash before she got back, to erase even that slight clue. However, he wasn't worried - the cabin was clean and well-kept, with a definite 'pine' scent in the air, and it would be close enough to the scent of most insect repellents to cover him.

"Anything to prove how much I love you, my darling..." He told her with admirably feigned sincerity, giving her a restrained kiss on the cheek. "You just go right ahead, and I'll be waiting for you when you get back - sitting like a good little boy."

"I really, really hope so..." She said, a strange look coming into her clear eyes - a look that somehow made her look older. Not physically older, since her body was youthful and firm - but as if she somehow had a century of experience in a youthful body...

Shrugging it off, Ken watched her head out of the cabin and down to the car. He waved out the window at her as she climbed behind the wheel, and continued to wave as she started down the long, winding driveway...

As soon as she was out of sight, his smile vanished and he looked around the cabin with an angry expression. Barely in time, he managed to keep the swear-words running through his mind from escaping past his lips - after all, maybe the truth behind this test was that he was being recorded or video-taped.

If that was the case, then he was 'screwed' - so he might as well find out right away.

Naked, his larger-than-average cock dangling magnificently between his taut thighs, Ken did a survey of the cabin, checking it for any sign of audio or video recording equipment. He started where he was, in the small 'mudroom' near the cabin's front door, then slowly expanded his search., moving through its large 'everything' room, the open-concept floor-plan leaving wide fields of vision for any hidden camera equipment...

...except that there wasn't any, as far as he could tell. The same went for the main bathroom, the two 'guest' bedrooms, and the big Master bedroom with its en suite bath. The place, though nicely appointed, was designed to 'rough it' for the wealthy, meaning that there was just enough electrical wiring to cover the 'bare necessities'. Any extra equipment would have stood out like a sore thumb in the solid-log walls or the wood-or-flagstone floors.

He did find several other things, though - things that would make the next twelve hours considerably more comfortable.

For one thing, the cabin was too damn chilly, and getting colder. His search had revealed that there was a bare minimum of wiring - and that there was no electrical heat. Nor oil or gas. In fact, the sole source of heating for the cabin was the fireplace, a large fieldstone design that was 'two-faced' so that it warmed both the main 'everything' room and the master bedroom, with the heat 'seeping' through the rest of the structure.

He didn't want to light a fire, since it would definitely leave tell-tale odors and other signs of his 'disobedience'. He could

have turned on the electric oven for warmth, but the heat would have been localized, and he didn't plan to spend the night huddled close to the stove.

So, he found another way to stay warm.

There were no clothes in the cabin. Not even Carrie's clothes - every closet was empty. In fact, the entire cabin was rather austere, with no 'knickknacks' at all, and only main pieces of furnishing - almost as if it were not a specific person's cabin, but a rental. Ken, however, shrugged all of this off without really noticing it - decor wasn't his strong suit, and since bric-a-brac, or the lack thereof, made no difference in his plans for sexual conquest, they barely registered at all.

He did, however, find a pair of black felt slippers in the hall closet, which he gratefully slid on - the floor was cold, especially the sunken stone flooring in the 'everything' room. There were also some towels in the bathroom - a big pink bath towel and a few smaller white hand towels. The pink one, wrapped around his waist and tied in place with a black extension cord from the everything room, made an acceptable 'kilt', while some creative knot-tying in three of the smaller towels formed a rudimentary sleeveless 'shirt', helping to keep him warm. It might not have been more Mel Brooks than Brook's Brothers, but it got the job done.

Feeling satisfied with his hastily improvised wardrobe, Ken headed back to the kitchen, his stomach indicating that some nourishment was in order. His initial survey had already shown that the larder was literally packed full of food and beverages of every description, and he doubted that Carrie would be able to tell if any of it was gone.

Pulling open the door to the large walk-in pantry, he pulled the chain that turned on the naked bulb in the small room and stepped inside, looking over the piled and packed shelves of food, lightly running one hand over the different packages of food as he tried to make up his mind what to have.

For a second, something about the sight seemed to bother him, and he paused and frowned, trying to work out what could possibly have triggered an alarm in his subconscious. He stared intently at the food, but found no sign of 'anti-tampering' techniques, not even the old tried-and-true method of placing a hair in a strategic spot. He turned his attention from the food to his own arm, the only other thing in his field of vision, and the alarm got slightly louder...

...but finally he shrugged and ignored it, not able to find anything unusual in the sight of his lightly tanned arm, with its smoothly defined musculature and soft, light body hair.

Shrugging mentally, he sorted through a jumble of oriental noodle packages, hovering uncertainly between 'Original' and 'Chicken', finally choosing the later.

Putting on a small pot of water to boil, he dropped the lid on top of the pot to keep it from boiling dry, then tossed the oriental noodles on the counter next to the stove and padded quickly to the front foyer, the hard rubber heels of the crushed-velvet slipper marking a soft cadence as he grabbed his smokes and headed to the back door.

Stepping out onto the back deck, he double-checked to make sure the door wouldn't look behind him, then rummaged in his pack and extracted one tobacco-filled cylinder and placing it between his lips. Pulling his unadorned silver Zippo from the

pack, he lit the cigarette and then returned the lighter to its resting place, dropping the pack onto the wide redwood railing as he took a deep drag on the cigarette.

He smoked slowly, closing his eyes and enjoying his 'success' at outsmarting that dumb bitch. Leaning one hip against the wall of the house, he let his free hand fiddle idly with the simple wood 'buttons' on his fuzzy white shirt, the other hand rising and falling in a steady rhythm. It wasn't until he felt the heat of the glowing 'cherry' on his fingers that he opened his eyes.

Careful not to grind the fine edge of his clear-gloss-coated nails, Kenny butted out the cigarette. Grabbing the pack of cigarettes from the railing, he slipped it into the pocket of his terry-cloth kilt, making sure that the plain black PVC belt was snugged tight around his slender waist, so that the weight of the cigarettes and lighter wouldn't tug his kilt down.

He hurried back into the house, ignoring the mild 'thumping' of the wooden block heels on his black PVC dress shoes as he rushed to the kitchen, finding the covered pot burbling along happily. Opening the package of noodles, he pulled out the packet of flavored soup base and dumped the rest of the contents into the boiling pot, his stomach already responding to the sight of the uncooked food. His mouth began to water, and he unconsciously licked his lips, feeling his long, supple tongue glide smoothly over his full, pale-pink-glossed lips. The three-minute wait while the noodles cooked seemed to last an eternity, and he paced back and forth anxiously, the air gliding over his smooth, lightly muscled legs as his 'loose-pleated' skirt swirled around his knees. Finally, the noodles were ready, and he added the soup-base, stirring it thoroughly before draining out the water and grabbing a fork, tugging out clumps of the yellowish noodles and letting the cool momentarily on the end of the fork before cramming them in his mouth, trying to assuage his hunger.

It didn't help. First of all, he found the noodles to be oddly bland, though a lot of salt brought the flavor into the 'acceptable' range. It didn't seem to do a thing for his actual hunger, though - he still felt like his gut was hollow, as if what he'd just eaten wasn't close to fulfilling some sort of craving that he wasn't even aware he had...

He shook his head in annoyance at the strange hunger - and then swore mildly as the move caused his hair to flop in front of his face. Angrily, he flipped the shoulder-length swatch of golden hair out of his face, tossing the pot and fork into the sink for later cleaning. He ducked back into the pantry to see if anything looked more 'satisfying', his watery brown eyes jumping from item to item as one foot tapped impatiently, the hard sole of the black-leather ankle-boot creating a sharp staccato sound that seemed to fit his frustrated mood.

Nothing seemed to spark his interest - yet he still had that strange 'hunger' to fulfill, so Kenny grabbed a package of Mini Marshmallows from a jumble of a dozen or so identical packages, hoping the little white near-spheres would serve to fill his stomach.

Swaying gently atop the three-inch tapered heels, Kenny walked over to the couch and dropped onto it, crossing his smooth, milky legs at the knees and smoothing his pleated pink skirt down decorously before ravenously tearing open the package and digging in, popping one tiny treat after another between his pastel-shaded lips.

It wasn't until his medium-length nails were scrabbling at the bottom of the bag that Kenny realized he'd eaten the entire bag of the firmly-soft treats without so much as denting his hunger. Using both hands, he angrily crumpled the bag against his

chest, feel it push rather pleasantly against the barely-noticeable mounds under his white cotton shirt.

"What the hell is wrong with me...?" He asked himself in his alto voice, shaking his head in annoyance - and then, out of habit, flipping his long, platinum-blond hair back out of his high-cheekboned face. "I can't seem to find anything that satisfies this craving..."

Maybe he needed something with a little more substance - and he definitely needed something salty, though he wasn't sure why he was craving salt. Rising, he swayed over to the garbage atop his slender five-inch heels, tossing the empty bag away under a couple of layers of make-up-smeared tissues.

He glanced towards the pantry again, his long lashes lowering over his greenish eyes as he considered the choices, full lips pursed thoughtfully - but he really didn't feel like cooking anything...

...so maybe he should order in.

The thought made Kenni pause - though he wasn't sure why. Why shouldn't he order something to eat? After all, he was hungry - so eating seemed perfectly logical. For some reason, though, the thought gave him pause...

Then, with a start, Kenni realized he didn't know where his money was. Frowning in confusion, he swayed gracefully towards the master bedroom, pausing along the way to straighten a couple of small, mildly erotic statues on the fireplace mantel before continuing his journey to the bedroom.

He looked around for his wallet, but didn't see it laying around. He tried to remember where he'd had it last... and found himself pulling a completely blank, not only on its location, but on anything he'd done that day. Vague, half-formed memories tried to come into focus, but for some reason he had trouble 'picturing' himself at all, much less what he'd done that day...

Well, it wasn't important - he'd just look for his wallet. It had to be around here somewhere...

He walked over to the closet and pulled it open, shoving aside the hanging clothes to look at the rack underneath, where his shoes and purses were stored. He found his plain leather wallet in the second purse he tried, and he sighed softly in satisfaction as he walked over to the bed and perched daintily on its edge. Pushing aside a couple of pill-bottles and a box of Kleenex, he turned the phone towards him and lifted the receiver...

...then frowned for a second, glancing around the room in mild confusion at the familiar act, wondering why simply picking up the phone felt so strange.

Shaking his head, Kenni tapped out the number of the local pizza parlor and ordered a large pizza with anchovies and spicy meatballs, giving his credit-card number for verification - though, of course, the pizza parlor already had his personal information from all the other times he'd ordered pizza.

Hanging up the phone when he was done, Kenni lay back on the bed and tried to figure out why he felt so strange. It didn't seem to make any sense - but, then again, a lot of things in life didn't make any sense...

Sighing, Kenni idly played with his firm, D-cup breasts for a few minutes, rubbing the firm mounds through the white cotton tank-top and feeling his cock harden in response... and, not wanting to answer the door with a ranging hard-on, he forced himself to stop, rising from the bed with a flush coloring his fair skin.

To calm himself, Kenni went back out to the deck, pulling his smokes out of the pocket of his pink cotton skirt. Pulling one paper tube out of the pack, he tapped it on the deck, making sure that the 'cigarette', made with a home cigarette-making machine, was firmly packed before slipping the smoke between his lips. Pulling the plain 'silver'-colored Bic lighter from the pack, he lit the smoke and inhaled deeply, enjoying the strong flavor of the tobacco-and-marijuana mix she rolled. Almost immediately, she began to feel the effect of the drug and nicotine in his system, and he closed his long-lashed eyes to better enjoy it.

Far too quickly Kanni finished his smoke, and he let the final lung-full of pungent smoke trickle from between his full, gloss-red lips in a sigh. Tucking the pack of smokes into the flared top of his thigh-high black leather boots, he swayed gracefully back into the house,

trying to ignore the way his huge, thick nipple were straining through the spandex fabric of the crop-top that struggled to encase his huge, basketball-sized breasts. Despite his 'self-restraint', his cock was rock-hard... but it was thankfully too small to be seen through the tight pink spandex of his skirt.

The seven-inch stiletto heels of her boots clattered on the floor as he paced anxiously back and forth, bored hungry and stoned. Flipping his ass-length platinum-blonde hair back over his slender shoulders, Kanni idly picked up one of his erotic sculptures and played with it, long red nails sliding over explicitly-carved stone until the doorbell finally rang.

As always, the delivery guys let themselves in, grinning eagerly as they put their 'excuse' on the table near the front door, balancing it atop the jumble of day-to-day 'crap' that always accumulated there. Kanni smiled at Pete as he walked towards the blonde, eyes hungrily fixed on Kanni's massive, medicine-ball-sized breasts.

"Pizza delivery..." John said, grinning, as Kanni sunk expectantly to his knees. John didn't disappoint him, whipping out his rapidly-hardening cock.

Eagerly, Kanni leaned forward and enveloped the cock with his full, experienced lips, one hand coming up to grabbed the base of John's shaft, while the other slipped under his own tight skirt to begin frantically jerking at his own, tiny cock while he started yet another wonderful blow-job, loving the way Pete's cock filled her mouth as she slurped at it with every ounce of experience her years of practice gave her.

"Oh, Kandi..." John moaned, closing his eyes and leaning back slightly as the huge-breasted blonde eagerly slurped away at his shaft. "Yeah, baby - that's right... Suck it *real* good..."

She obeyed with alacrity, eager for the 'payoff'...

...which wasn't long in coming. Soon, a flood of hot cum gushed down her eager throat, and she swallowed it all down before licking the John's cock clean.

Pulling her sopping fingers from the confines of her lacy pink panties, Kandi rose to the full height provided to her otherwise diminutive frame by the thick platforms and nine-inch heels of her boots. She sensuously licked her own fingers clean of the pussy-juice coating them, her big blues eyes fixed on the other John, standing nervously near the door.

"Well...?" She asked in her breathy, high-pitched voice. "Are you just gonna stand there, honey-bunch?"

The John smiled, nervously, and came towards her while his friend backed away. She smiled back at him, reassuringly, and the customer found enough guts to reach up and begin fondling her massively-enhanced boobs.

"Mmmm..." She moaned. "that feels good..."

A little bolder, the first-time John undid the clasp on the frilly, purely-ornamental bra and let it fall away, exposing every inch of her creamy, gigantic globes. He began to lick them, his hands still fondling the sides of the massive breasts.

He did this for several minutes, and Kandi let him - and then, finally, he stopped, and looked at her expectantly.

Grinning reassuring, the huge-breasted platinum whore turned as she slid her panties down her long, shapely legs. Bending over so that her massive, impossibly firm tits dangled heavily from her slender ribcage, Kandi presented her backside to the man, allowing him to choose which always-ready hole he wanted to use.

He chose her sopping wet cunt. She moaned in pleasure as his cock slid into her, his hands grasping her hips for leverage as he began to pump eagerly inside her, ignoring technique in favor of getting his rocks off as soon as possible - despite the fact that he and his friend had already paid for the full hour.

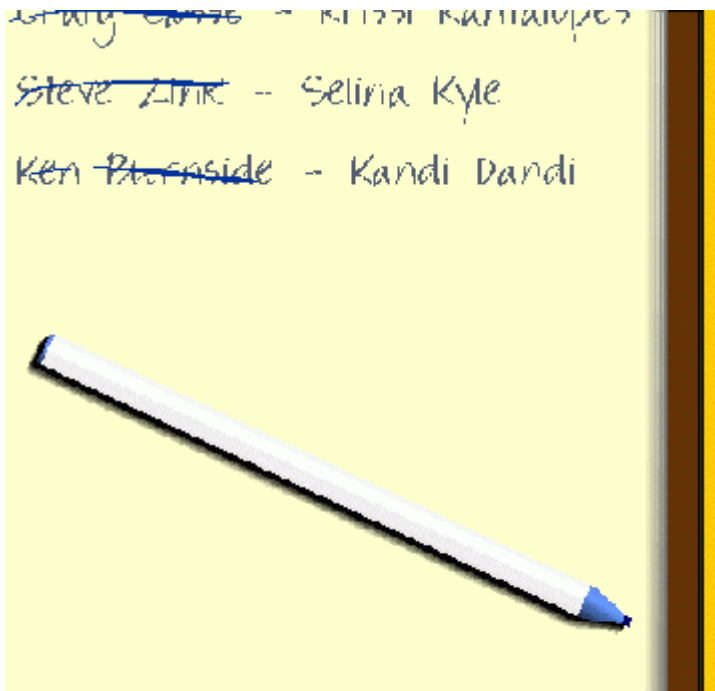
"Oh, yes, baby 0- that's it..." She moaned in her high-pitched voice, her slender frame shaking with the force of the large man's thrusts. "Oh, this feels grate. You fuck wonderfully... oh, God, I think I'm gonna cum..."

gasm - but that wasn't the point. She screamed and thrashed in a very realistic and pumped his cum deep into her tight little cunt...

sure from the string of rapid-fire orgasms the man was giving her from fucking she should have gotten the guy's name before begging him to come in and fuck her, ending in Candi's head, and she didn't think to ask the guys' name as he pulled out of her cabin.

ed in that position, bent over with cramps forming in her calves, buttocks and glow fade away. Only then did she struggle against the massive weight of her body upright.

et' boots, the tiny, otherwise naked nympho swayed over to the couch and sat as her mind struggled to keep thought processes working despite the handicap going through her system.



Of course, a nice joint would take care of that. Fumbling through the selection of hormone-enhancers and other drugs that had made her the wonder-slut she was, Candi S. Dandi picked up a pre-rolled joint and brought the thick smoke to life, inhaling on the thick doobie as if it were another wonderful, thick cock...

* * * * *

Sighing, Carrie turned away from the image of the tiny, grotesquely over-endowed bimbo that Ken had become.

"Well, I certainly know what was on *your* mind..." the two-hundred-year-old witch sighed, unable to summon tears after yet another loss.

Flipping open a thick, black book, she ran through the pages until she reached the latest entry, and then she carefully made a new notation on the old, brittle paper...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After a terrible auto accident, the victim is plucked from the scene and used to test new procedures which turn him into a woman; he then falls in love with his best friend.

Things Change

By Gunslinger

Mud. Fire. Pain.

The taste of mud filled Chris's mouth as he lay, face down, a dozen feet from where the roaring fire consumed both the shattered remains of his Z-29, and the aged oak that had stopped the car's head- long flight after the breaks had failed on the mountain road. The flickering light, deceptively cheerful, served as a funeral pyre for the nameless hitch-hiker Chris had unknowingly doomed to a fiery death when he picked him up five minutes before.

The hitch-hiker had survived the impact. Chris knew this because the man had screamed for an eternal minute before, mercifully, falling silent.

Pain roared through Chris's body. Raging agony, bigger than he'd ever known, consumed Chris. Pain from his gashed

face, from hurtling through the windshield. Pain from his broken hips, legs, hands and feet. Pain that seemed like a living thing, a terrible beast that devoured Chris's hope, and strength. Helpless, the once-handsome youth lay immobile, blood slowly draining from his slender body.

"Spread out - but don't disturb anything."

The voice barely registered on Chris, consumed by his own world of pain. It was feminine, with a sharp tone of command, and came from the direction of the woods, not the road.

Then...

"Major! I've got a man over here - I think he's still alive."

The voice - also female - came from directly above him, and managed to reach more firmly through the veil of pain.

There was a brief pause, then murmured conversation above him, too faint to break through his self-contained shock and agony. Then the first voice spoke again.

"Bring him."

There was a brief pause, then several pairs of hands grasped Chris's broken body and lifted.

As broken bones moved, as tortured limbs were roughly manhandled, the agony that couldn't get any worse doubled in intensity, and the blessed maw of unconsciousness opened and swallowed a grateful Chris whole.

* * * * *

"Well, Doctor?"

The sound was the final impetuous to pull Chris out of the darkness that surrounded him. He struggled to open his eyes, to move - but he remained immobile, sightless. Panic drove the last traces of foggiess from his mind at the thought of being blind, and paralyzed. He was literally numb, with no feeling in his immobile body, but he wasn't emotionally numb, as horror and fear filled him.

The emotions did serve to clear the last of the linger mist from his brain, however, and his mind was sharp and clear as he listened - the only sense still available to him.

"A perfect subject, I should think. No voluntary movements for the past two months, and the injection of Qudroatrophine an hour ago should have roused him if it was a coma." A second female voice responded.

Chris tried again, in vain, to signal that he was conscious. His mind had grasped the basic import - the accident, being moved... now, they obviously though he was brain dead, and was about to experiment on him. Obviously, whatever he'd been given to awaken him had worked, but it took longer than expected. Chris mustered up all his willpower to make some signal, no matter how small...

...but never made the effort. Instead, his blood ran cold at the words he heard.

"Good - I hate to think that your team put so much work into saving him, just to kill him again."

Through the fear that washed over him, Chris realized he'd heard that voice before, at the crash site - the one that had been called 'Major'.

The other voice - the Doctor - spoke again, with the tone of somebody explaining something to a less-informed onlooker. "I've been looking forward to testing out procedures - this accident provided us with the perfect subject. I've already injected a paralytic anesthetic that we'll keep injecting intravenously throughout the procedures. This will keep the body from making any involuntary muscle movements while we work."

That explained the paralysis, and blindness - Chris was unable to open his eyes - and the lack of sensations. But what experiment were they...

"We've already begun the intravenous hormonal treatment. It will continue throughout. That should help the development in the breasts, although we'll be using the new technique to cause extra growth, of course. Personally, I'm more interested in seeing how well the new vaginal creation procedure works out."

Chris's mind whirled. They were planning to... to turn him into a woman! Chris knew that this was no hospital, military or civilian - no, this was some sort of secret research facility - it was the only explanation for the ease - callousness - with which they were willing to kidnap, murder, or perform illegal medical experiments. But who were 'they' - and why were they doing this to him.

Once more, Chris renewed his struggle to signal his awareness. He didn't care if it might mean his death - right now, it seemed like a valid alternative to being turned into a woman.

But his struggles were in vain.

"Well - why don't you tell the rest of the team that our subject is prepped - I see no reason to delay." The doctor said.

Chris wished, more than anything, that he had the power to scream his horror and outrage as he heard 'The Major' head out to bring in the unknown team of doctors who were going to rip his masculinity away without him voicing so much as a whimper.

* * * * *

Time passed.

Chris had no way of telling how long. He drifted in and out of sleep without any sense of discontinuity. While he slept, he had terrible, terrible nightmares about the loss of his masculinity. When he was awake, he was faced with the unreal reality of that nightmare. Numb, blind and helpless, he only knew what was being done to him by listening to the team of doctors - all female - discuss what they were doing. Many terms he didn't recognize, but he managed to catch the gist of most of the discussions. How much electronic muscle stimulation was necessary to keep his muscles firm and toned, without building extra mass. How effective the artificial skin was that they were using. Whether or not they should widen his hips when they rest them,

and the best method for narrowing his shoulders.

He thought it might be better being blind and numb while this was happening - but the old saying 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing' was as true as ever. From the little he gleaned from what he heard, his mind conjured up all sorts of imagined horrors. At first, they piled atop each other, threatening to drown Chris's increasingly fragile sense of self. Eventually, he began to fall into a numb, horrified state of resignation, realizing - if not actually accepting - his utter inability to alter what was being done to him. Instead, he maintained his fragile sanity through a slender reed of hope, that someday he'd manage awaken, and have the opportunity, however slim, of vengeance.

Than that fragile sanity was almost destroyed when the doctors began messing with his mind.

Having his mind tampered with, by itself, was nearly unbearable - but what almost pushed him over the edge was the knowledge that, from the doctors' point of view, it was absolutely gratuitous. They believed him brain-dead, and so the hypnotic/subliminal 'programming' would have 'no effect' on his 'dead brain'. The doctors merely included it in the program because that was how the 'book' they were developing would read. It was 'senseless' adherence to the rules, and Chris - who was completely unable to tell what in his mind was being altered - nearly broke.

Until the fateful day, soon after the unknown 'programming' in his mind was implanted, that the Doctor told the Major "That's it - she's done."

That fragile hope, almost buried under an avalanche of despair, quivered.

"It's absolutely amazing, doctor - you'd swear she was born female." The major said, awe in her voice."

"Actually, even after a physical exam, a doctor would have a hard time realizing the truth. There's a few small discrepancies - like the healed fracture marks in the bones, and the fact that she's sterile - but it's unlikely that a doctor could make the leap from what the indications are to what they mean." A short pause. "So, we've created an amazing work of medical art - what do we do with her?"

That slender hope trembled, braced for the answer.

"Dress her appropriately and dump her beside the road somewhere. By the time she's found, she'll be dead - and who's going to look to hard at a homeless woman who, to all appearances, died of natural causes?"

The hope burst into full bloom, and Chris's teetering sanity became rock-solid with the chance that he might yet be able to make things... well, not *right*, but better.

He might yet be able to make those who had done this to him pay in full for it.

* * * * *

Mud. Water. Pain.

The taste of mud filled Chris's mouth from where he lay in the stream bed where the two female 'soldiers' had tossed his limp body after a half-hour truck ride. The water of the stream bubbled over his body, and only luck had saved him from drowning - he'd landed with his head just barely clearing the water.

Pain echoed along his arm from where his elbow had encountered a rock on the rolling, bouncing fall down the hillside. He welcomed the pain - reveled in it. For God-knows-how-long, he'd been completely without sensation. Now, as the chemical agent that had been constantly replenished in his bloodstream began to fade, he relished the returning sensations to his body.

Chris made a tremendous effort of will to defeat the last remaining traces of the paralytic agent. At first, nothing happened - then, slowly, his eyes finally slip open, and for the first time in ages, he saw.

He immediately snapped them closed again with a gasp. After so long in the dark, the light flooding into his eyes was physically painful. He slowly opened them a crack, letting his eyelashes act like sunglasses, cutting the glare and allowing his eyes to adjust. Bit by bit, he slowly forced his eyes open, gradually re-adapting to the simple light of day as he stared at the muddy bank only inches away.

As he lay there, letting himself regain strength, he catalogued the strange, new sensations from his... no, he mentally corrected, her body. The sensations left no doubt that the doctors had succeeded, at least to a degree - one of the most prominent sensations was a low, throbbing pain from her chest where she rested atop as-yet-unseen breasts, her weight crushing them into the soft mud of the stream bed. The feel of a heavy cloth - probably denim - on her legs was both familiar and unfamiliar

- she had felt wet denim on her legs before, but never on legs so smooth. Usually there was hundreds of tiny, almost imperceptible, tugs on leg hairs. That simple, barely-noticed sensation was missing. Likewise, the cool flow of water over bare arms indicated a lack of the rather thick, dark hair that was usually there. For the first time, Chris felt the sensation of a feminine body, and wanted to cry in despair and disgust.

Instead, she took a deep breath, dragged her arms under herself, and painfully levered herself out of the stream bed.

Staggering, she let herself fall over so she was sitting on the bank, her feet still in the water - and stared down at her altered body in horror and shock.

The entirety of the change could not be seen at first glance - aside from the fact that her new body was fully clothed, it was also impossible for her to see her own face, or back. But what she could see

was more than enough - her downward view was blocked by the fact that her black T-shirt was stretched out to its limit by a pair of immense breasts.

"Oh, my Go..." Chris started... then stumbled to a stop. She should have expected it, but still - the sound of the crystal-clear, undeniably feminine contralto that emerged when she spoke came as a shock. Staring down at the straining shirt, she slowly brought her hands up to touch them - then stopped dead, staring at the long, slender arms that led to the dainty, long-fingered hands. The sight of such a simple - yet indelible - change gave her pause, realizing that everything was different.

She was, in every detail, female.

Shaking off the shock, Chris gently grasped the bottom of the black tee and hauled it upwards, exposing a massive black bra. Rather than lacy and decorative, it was sturdy cotton, massive and strong.

Chris had some experience in undoing a bra - but not on her own body. If it had been a back-clasped bra, it might have defeated her - but this bra was clasped at front, and after some fumbling, she managed to get it open. She let the bra cups fall to the side, and stared down at the massive, firm tits thrust from her slender ribcage. Slowly, she brought her hands up, and touched the firm, round breasts and the large, thick nipples that topped them. She shivered at the sensation that flowed from the sensitive, erect portions of flesh.

The sensation was... intense. Pleasurable, yet disconcerting. But the touch of her hands on her breasts made her realize something - her breasts weren't really gigantic. They were large - quite large - but not gigantic. The perspective was what had thrown her - she'd never seen breasts from quite this angle, and especially not on her own chest.

With a bit of a struggle, she managed to pull off her shirt, then the bra. Chris flipped it over and looked at the label on the bra.

"38-DDD?" Chris asked herself. She knew that some strippers inflated their breasts up to, and past GGG... but for your average 'woman on the street', DDD was pretty damned big.

Finally, Chris struggled back into the bra and T-shirt. Looking around, she spotted a small, worn, black canvas back-pack near her. Opening it, she found a few changes of underwear, some hygiene products, and a light nylon jacket. Obviously, a prop to convince the police that she was another 'street girl' - the deodorant was almost gone, and the tooth-brush well used. Sighing, Chris slung the back-pack over on slender shoulder and awkwardly staggered to her feet...

...and promptly fell down with a muffled curse, as she twisted her ankle. Landing on a bottom that felt, to her, disgustingly well padded, she frowned down at the black leather boots with the three-inch block heel. Not paying attention to her footwear, she'd stood with her old 'male' habitual movement - and fallen off her heels.

Painfully, she dragged herself back up, wincing at the pain in her ankle. Staring up the small embankment that led to the road, she began painfully climbing the hill, cursing both the ankle, and the soaked, overly-tight blue-jeans.

Soon she was cursing more. Her altered body moved differently, especially her new breasts, despite the confinement and support of the bra. She was struggling just to get her body to do what she wanted. What kept her going, though, was the red curtain of rage that she moved through. The rage at the nameless, faceless women who did this to her. The women that she intended, somehow, to get back at them.

Twenty long, painful minutes later, she straddled the guardrail at the top of the embankment, and swung her long, slender legs over the top. She stood up, feeling the water in her boots squish

between her toes. Frowning, she sat back down on the guardrail and unlaced the boots. Taking them off, she tied the

laces together and slung the boots around her neck. After a moments consideration, she decided to leave her sopping wet black socks on. The sole reason for this decision was simple - she didn't want to see her altered, feminized feet. Just being able to tell that they were smaller, daintier - which was obvious even with the socks - was more than she wanted to deal with at the moment.

She looked up and down the unfamiliar road - and realized, with a sinking feeling, that she was completely lost. She knew she was about a half-hour drive from the facility where she'd been... altered. But she didn't know exactly where that facility was in the first place - and she didn't know which direction it was.

Looking up and down the deserted secondary highway, she sighed, and began hiking, moving slowly and gingerly on her sore ankle.

Within minutes, she discovered two things. The first was, that they had altered her feet somehow, exaggerating the arch - walking bare-foot was uncomfortable. Secondly, although she'd received EMS to keep her muscles toned, she hadn't actually been using them - already, she was feeling weak, and her muscles were complaining. Sighing, she sat down beside the road and pulled on the wet boots, then carefully rose to her feet and set off once more, trying to ignore the complaints from her body.

She almost wished that she was completely numb again.

* * * * *

By her reckoning, it was almost two hours later that the welcome sight came into view. A small gas- station/Mom-and-Pop diner - and a phone booth in the near corner of the lot, directly below the stuttering fluorescent sign. Her entire body one giant ache, Chris managed to pick up speed a little bit, and entered the phone booth. Sliding the door shut behind her, she stared at the receiver.

As she'd walked, she'd mulled over what she was going to do. Although going to the police had been her first thought, she'd dismissed it almost out of hand. Despite the fact she was living it, the situation seemed impossible to her. She knew how it would sound to the police - and she had no intention of being locked away in the nuthouse for the rest of her life.

Chris figured her best shot lay with her best friend, Tony DiCappo. Tony had always stood by Chris, through thick and thin. If she could convince Tony, he'd bring all his not-inconsiderable talents to her aid.

The trick, of course, was convincing him. However, that task, monumental as it was, took a back seat to an even more immediate problem.

Getting Tony to accept a collect call.

Chris let the back-pack slide to the floor, and cupped her hands around her ears, so that she could hear herself better. Taking a deep breath, she said "Lindy."

It was close - not quite exact, but it was only one word, and it should be close enough to the sound of Tony's sister Linda to get him to answer. Chris knew that Linda was away at collage, and occasional called Tony collect - usually when she needed something.

Taking another deep breath, Chris picked up the phone and dialed collect. When the automated operator asked for her name, she did her 'Lindy' impersonation, and waited with shallow breath, praying that Tony was in.

Her prayers were answered when Tony's deep voice came on the line. "All right sis - what trouble have you gotten yourself into now?"

"Tony - don't hang up. Please - it's very important." Chris said, quickly. "I'm sorry about using Lindy's name - but I had to get you to accept the charges."

"Wha... Who is this?" Tony demanded - sounding more confused then angry, thank God. "Carrie? Is that you?"

Chris gripped the phone tighter, willing Tony to believe. "No, it's not Carrie. Please, Tony, listen very carefully. This is going to be very, very hard for you to believe... but no harder than getting that girl in the bar to believe you were an Australian tourist."

Tony's voice became wary. "How did you..."

Chris closed her eyes, and took the plunge. "Tony - it's me, Chris."

"Chris? Chris who? I'm sorry, miss, but I don't..." Tony replied, obviously racking his brain to remember a girl named Chris.

"Chris Chambers - your best friend."

There was a short pause - and when Tony's voice returned, it was tautly controlled. "Who is this? Carrie? Well, that's not funny."

"No - please, Tony... I need your help. These... women, they kidnapped me - there was an accident... they changed me..." Chris broke off, realizing her was babbling incoherently - only to realize he was talking to a dial tone. Chris's head slumped forward, and she realized, with a start, that she was barely holding back tears. The truth finally sank in - she was now a woman, with no past, and no future - and a story that no-one was likely to believe, especially over the phone.

It was too much - helplessly, hating herself for doing it, she began to cry - long, deep sobs that wracked her body. Blinded by her tears, she shoved the doors open and stepped out of the booth, almost tripping over the back-pack she'd dropped on the floor. Blindly, she groped for the bag, tears streaming down her face.

"Now, now... don't carry on so." A soothing, female voice said. Blinking, Chris looked up into the face of a heavy-set woman in her mid-to-late sixties. Broad and tanned, her face, beneath fading blonde hair, was kindly, if not beautiful. She reminded Chris strongly of his own grandmother, an original

farm-girl if there ever was one.

"Why don't you come inside. We'll get some food into you, and see if we can't stop those tears of yours." The woman said, gently taking Chris's arm. Without waiting for a response, she began to guide Chris towards the restaurant.

"Billy! Oh, Billy!" The woman called out. A broad, gray-haired older gentleman dressed in a flannel shirt pushed open the door.

"Get some coffee and one of the sandwiches - the ham, I think. The go upstairs and grab some towels, and see what we have in the way of dry clothes - the poor girl's soaked through."

Wordlessly, the older man nodded and vanished into the interior with the air of a man long used to listening to his wife's commands. The woman guided Chris to a stool just as a mug of steaming coffee was deposited in front of her.

"There no, dear - thinks are looking up already." The woman soothed Chris, handing her a Kleenex. "I'm Hilda Mae, and the handsome gent behind the counter is Mr. Burroughs."

"Billy" The man said, shortly but politely. It was obvious he was taciturn by nature. He held out a large, callused hand that still looked capable of plenty of hard work, and enfolded Chris's much smaller one gently.

Bitterly, Chris thought that before the accident, Billy wouldn't have been so gentle - and wouldn't have needed to. But it was impossible to be angry with the kind man, so Chris managed a wan smile and shook Billy's hand twice.

"I'm Chris." She introduced herself, turning to face Hilda Mae. "I'm sorry about the scene outside - I didn't mean to..."

Hilda Mae 'tsk'ed'. "Nonsense. I'm not one of these 'modern' people who thinks you should repress your feelings - if you were having yourself a good cry, it was probably because you needed it." The woman smiled easily, and tilted her head. "Chris? Is that short for Christine? Or perhaps Crystal?"

Chris blushed slightly, realizing that she'd introduced herself habitually. "It is short for something - but I prefer just Chris." She evaded the question without quite lying. She wasn't going to try and explain everything to these folks, and would have to watch what she said. She was just glad that her name wasn't 'Jake' or 'Martin', or something else that might have prompted even more awkward questions.

With a small smile, Billy placed a large ham sandwich in front of Chris. Looking down at the sandwich, trimmed with dill pickle on the side, Chris flushed. "I can't - I mean..."

"Now, now - don't you worry. It's on the house." Hilda Mae soothed. She laughed, a full, rich sound. "Billy and I don't run this place to make a profit. Lord, no! We're retired, and have a nice nest egg to support us. We just run this place to keep us from getting bored silly. It's a great excuse to meet new people."

Mumbling her thanks, Chris bit into the sandwich - and only then realized how truly ravenous she was. For the past... well, however long it had been - she'd only had intravenous solutions in the way of nutrition - and absolutely no taste whatsoever. She astonished herself by wolfing the thick sandwich down, chased by two cups of good, hot coffee.

By the time she'd finished, Billy had scrounged up some towels, and a change of clothes.

"They should fit fairly well - in most places." Hilda Mae said, eyeing Chris' large, firm bosom. "They're my daughter's. She'd away in Charlottesville with her new beau, and I don't think she'd mind. You can use the guest room for now - it's the

second door on the right up the stairs."

Thanking Hilda Mae and Billie, Chris went upstairs and into the room, closing the door behind her. Somewhat hesitantly, the once-male stripped and, taking a deep breath, surveyed herself in the brass- framed mirror above the bureau.

There was a definite resemblance to her old, male, self - at least in the face. Although slightly softer, more rounded, and with a smaller nose and larger lips, the face was basically the same, and the dark eyes that looked out at the world were unchanged. Her hair was a short mass of black in a shaggy mess - not unlike her hair before, but somewhat finer, silkier to the touch. Which explained it's short length - the women who'd done this to her must have kept trimming off the coarser hair.

But the rest of her...

She was slender, and fit, which could have been used to describe her old body. But this one was more slender, and the 'fit' referred only to good, taut muscle tone - not muscle build. There was very little muscle on her slender frame.

Her hips were fairly narrow for a woman, as narrow as her slender, womanly shoulders. Rather than looking narrow, however, the hips looked fine in relation to the tiny waist that Chris now possessed.

Her ass was taut and firm and very well shaped, as well as fairly well padded. Her legs were long and smooth and toned, but not quite 'spectacular'. In fact, over all, she looked like a lithe, supple, slightly tomboy-ish type of woman - attractive, but not overly so, she wasn't the type that would usually be described as 'gorgeous', 'sexy', or 'beautiful'. Instead, she would be 'cute', or 'feline', or maybe 'energetic'.

Aside, of course, from the breasts. Most woman her build possessed A- to C-cup breasts - D would be rare. Yet hers were DDD's, firm, full and proud.

But despite all the alterations to her body, the one that drew Chris' eyes was the one least visible when she was dressed - the small, apparently authentic vagina between her taut, silken thighs. Hesitantly, she touched the new opening, shivering as her fingers slid across the folds of skin. Taking a deep breath, she gently inserted a finger...

...and quickly removed it, blushing furiously at the sensation it caused, both so similar and so different from what she'd expected.

Turning her attention away from her altered anatomy, Chris quickly dressed in the somewhat mis- matched clothing provided by the Boroughs. A long, ankle-length wrap-around skirt in light beige and a pink, woolly sweater that she pulled on over her own underwear. The sweater was 'over-sized', fitting loosely everywhere but the chest.

For footwear, she had a pair of pink ankle socks, trimmed with white lace, and pink satin pumps with straps across the top of the foot, and a four inch heel. Chris felt ridiculous as she pulled them on, but she already knew that walking barefoot was uncomfortable.

Clothed in dry, mostly comfortable (the taut fabric over her breasts was... distracting, if not exactly uncomfortable) clothing, Chris looked around. Spotting something in the corner, she wandered over, and looked down at the slightly dusty 486,

and the modem that was attached to it.

"Everything okay, honey?" Hilda Mae asked, and Chris, startled, spun around - and almost toppled over, unprepared for the inertia of her new bust.

"Sorry - you startled me." Chris said, blushing. She pointed to the computer. "Is this thing hooked up to the Internet?"

Hilda Mae blinked. "I'm not... wait, yes, it is. I remember, because Jenny - my daughter - was saying how she paid for a whole year, yet wasn't going to use..."

It took nearly ten minutes before Chris could get his request in between her rambling reminiscences of her daughter.

* * * * *

Hilda Mae clucked and fussed over Chris as she finally logged off the Internet. "Oh, I should have realized that only a love gone wrong coulda had you cryin' like that, honey."

Chris winced. "I'm glad you understand." She said, already regretting her story. She'd told Hilda Mae that Tony was her boyfriend, but they'd had a falling out, and Tony was refusing to accept her calls.

So, she'd sent him a few E-mails...

"Lord - and me dressing you like a refugee. When's your Tony supposed to be coming down?" Hilda Mae asked, wringing her hands.

Chris sighed. "Well - sometime tomorrow night. If he decides to come, that is - there's no guarantee..."

Hilda Mae frowned. "Don't even say that, Chris. Things'll work out for the best. But Lord, look at you

- we can't have you meeting your beau like that. You'll get a good night's sleep here, then tomorrow I'll take you into town, and get you all done up for your Tony."

"That's really not..." Chris tried to decline gracefully. It was a wasted attempt - she could have shouted and refused, it wouldn't have stopped the steam-roller that was Hilda Mae.

Chris was beginning to see why Billy didn't talk much. Married to Hilda Mae for 'thirty-five-years-next- April, Bless-the-Lord', he wasn't silent out of inclination.

He was just out of practice.

Before she finally managed to get into bed, Chris had - reluctantly - agreed to Hilda Mae's plans. Not that it made any difference.

Finally, the well-meaning, but overbearing couple toddled off to bed, leaving Chris alone in the big, soft bed in the guest room.

Staring up at the ceiling, Chris tried to fall asleep - but couldn't. Various emotions had carried her through the day but now, alone in the dark and naked beneath the flannel sheets, she was alone with the reality of what had been done to her. The way the sheets felt on her altered body. The way her large, firm tits moved with each breath she took. The obscure future that lay before her, with no real link to her past life - all of these things crowded in on her mind, denying her the peacefulness she sought.

"Oh, God " Chris moaned, as the full enormity sank in. She was doomed to a life as a woman - she knew that from the beginning, but only now did she begin to accept it, emotionally and intellectually. Again, tears began to well up, and Chris cursed herself for her weakness. Burying her head into the pillow, she muffled her sobs in the softness and slowly drifted off into a tear-stained sleep full of half- formed nightmares of an uncertain future.

* * * * *

Chris snapped awake the next morning, practically catapulted into wakefulness by the half-formed nightmare she was suffering from. For several seconds, although she was awake, she was still trapped in the quasi-reality of the nightmare, in which she was at a fancy ball with a date - but she was dressed in shabby jeans and a worn sweater. All the guests at the ball, elegantly arrayed, had begun to jeer her...

Shaking off the last lingering traces of the nightmare, Chris glanced over at the clock, then slowly slid her long, smooth legs over the side of the bed and rose. Awkwardly, she padded bare-foot towards the bathroom, cursing the arch that had been artificially created in her slender, feminine feet, making walking bare-foot so damned uncomfortable.

The small en suite bathroom contained only a shower stall, which was fine with Chris - she wasn't really a 'Bath' sort of person. Turning the water on, she waited for the hot water to make it's way up

through the pipes, then adjusted the temperature. Satisfied, she stepped into the stall, pulling the door closed behind.

Picking up the soap, she began the sequence she always used when showering - starting at the bottom and working up. Leaning against the wall, she began to soap up one leg, feeling the soft, smooth glide of the soap over her long, toned legs. She repeated the actions with her other leg, feeling her dainty hands move along their smooth, slick surface.

Next, she washed her slender hips and firm, full ass, feeling the soft/firm give of her tear-drop shaped ass beneath her hands, and the gentle, womanly curve that led from her hips to her amazingly slender waist. From there, she brought the bar of soap upwards to the full, ripe globes of her breasts...

Chris shuddered slightly as the soap moved over the soft, sensitive surfaces of her large, out-thrust breasts. Slowly, she slid the bar from one to the other, leaving the silky, creamy mounds slicked with a thin coating of soap...

Unnoticed, the bar clattered to the floor of the shower as her small hands began to caress her firm, silky breasts in a circular motion, slowly moving in to the center as she lightly squeezed and hefted her globes, her palms sliding over the firm, slick surface. She closed her eyes and gasped slightly as her long, slender fingers found her large, engorged nipples and began to tweak and fondle them.

Almost of its own accord, one hand slowly slid down, across her taut, smooth stomach to her hairless crotch.

Chris moaned as she slid a finger slowly into her cunt, which was hot and damp. Her juices flowed down over her finger as she began to stroke the tiny-yet-sensitive nub. She clenched her teeth down on her full, soft lower lip as she began to buck her hips in rhythm with the finger that she was driving into her new vagina, muffled moans escaping from her lips.

Her dark eyes flew open with pleasure and surprise and she gasped explosively as a totally new sensation ripped through her body, originating in her crotch and seeming to leap to her nipples. The orgasm was sharp and sudden, amazingly pleasurable despite its relative weakness, due to the fact the sensation was internal, not external like all her previous orgasms...

Face flaming, Chris yanked her hand away. "What the hell am I doing?" She asked herself, quietly, feeling the heat in her face as the flush mounted. She couldn't believe what she'd just done - yet it had felt so good, so wonderful, so... natural.

Pushing the thought away, Chris retrieved the soap from the floor of the stall and finished washing quickly, trying to perform the impossible by doing it without actually touching herself. After quickly shampooing her hair, she rinsed off and stepped out.

Picking up one of the large, fluffy towels, she began to try off - and slowed down, feeling the warm, sensual pleasure of the soft, thick towel moving across her clean, soft flesh. It took a force of will to dry her breasts and crotch quickly and efficiently, despite the urge to linger - especially over her nipples, where the movement of the fabric over the engorged mounds was indescribably sensual, and enjoyable.

Still flushing from the experience - and unable to deny how good it felt, despite the confused emotions it created - she dressed quickly in the clothes provided the day before. Stepping back into the bathroom, she quickly applied some deodorant and ran a brush through her short hair...

...then stopped dead, eyeing the small assortment of feminine products lined up on a shelf beside the mirror. She dragged her eyes away, and went back to brushing her hair - but found her eyes wandering to the face in the mirror, studying it critically. The smooth, feminine face, the full lips, the dark, if uninspiring eyes...

For several minutes, Chris merely stood, looking at her reflection, mind wandering in circles as she faced an unexpected development. Part of her - the part 'reprogrammed' during her 'conversion', had the urge to use some of that make-up on the plain, unadorned face, enhancing its femininity.

Somehow, Chris knew that he had the necessary skills to successfully do so.

What surprised - and dismayed - her was the fact that part of her still-male mind agreed. Part of it wanted to reject the suggestion out of hand - as it would have when she was still male, and quite rightfully so.

But she knew she was no longer male. She knew that the make-up would not only be acceptable, but appreciated, by society. She also knew that she'd prefer to see the female face in the mirror made up. The fact that it was her face she was seeing in no way affected the male part of her that appreciated feminine beauty, and wanted to see it enhanced. To put it simple - if it had been another woman, her male mind would have wanted to see it made up and enhanced as much as possible. That

part of the mind wasn't logical, and wasn't to be reasoned with - so the fact that she was the one with the face didn't deter it from insisting.

Closing her eyes, Chris took a deep breath, considering. She was faced with a basic question, one she'd have to face sooner or later.

She *was* female, like it or not. (And she didn't.) The question was - was she going to try and find a new life, as a woman - oh, not actually giving in completely of course, but enough to function. Or would she spend the rest of her life denying the reality of her new existence, refusing to admit that it affected her?

The answer was easy - if she didn't want to become a recluse, a woman attempting to masquerade as a man, she'd have to learn to function, at least minimally, in society - as a woman.

Hands trembling slightly, Chris reached for the feminine beauty products. She hesitated, drew her hand back slightly...

"Fuck it!" She said, angrily, in her clear, feminine new voice, and picked up the three tubes of lipstick. Before she could have second - well, third or fourth - thoughts, she picked out the 'Light Coral' semi-gloss, and opened the top.

She wasn't all that surprised to discover that she could, indeed, apply the lipstick like she'd been doing it for years. The color was a subdued shade that she applied skillfully - and she stared at the reflection in the mirror, amazed at the transformation wrought by such a simple act. Her lips, which had been nice, but not spectacular, now looked fuller, softer, more... inviting?

Pushing aside that particular reaction, Chris had to admit that both the male and programmed female parts of her brain appreciated the effect, if for different reasons. With a somewhat more confident touch, she reached for the mascara...

* * * * *

"Now, now - I told you, don't worry about it. Billy and I can well afford it." Hilda Mae assured Chris as they walked through the aisles of the department store.

Chris swallowed, grateful that Hilda Mae was misreading her nervousness. The truth was, she felt like she was intruding into a place she didn't belong. Despite knowing, intellectually, that she was now fully female, and no one could possibly know the unbelievable truth, Chris still emotionally expected woman to start accusing her of being some sort of pervert. The deeply ingrained male habits were fighting a losing battle against the new reality, unable to accept the fundamental shift in her life.

For perhaps the fifteenth time, Hilda Mae lifted an outfit off the rack. "How about this one, honey? I'm sure it would look great on you, especially with your taste in cosmetics."

Chris flushed again. She still wasn't comfortable with the compliments that Hilda Mae had showered on her when she'd come downstairs, and the small pile of cosmetics resting in her back-pack - purchased by Hilda Mae, over Chris' objections - didn't make her anymore comfortable.

Pretending at least minor interest, Chris eyed the outfit. Like all the others, it was to 'feminine' for her taste. Chris just wanted some jeans and a baggy sweatshirt - but Hilda Mae wasn't to be rushed through the more 'girlie' sections between the front doors and the 'unisex' section.

Chris sighed. Hilda Mae was genuinely trying to be helpful, and she had a heart as big as the entire state - but it could also be a little overbearing. Still, the older woman was helping Chris, a complete stranger, when Chris needed the help the most. Despite the situation, Chris was still a fairly good person at heart, and considerate of others. To be polite, she forced a smile, and agreed to at least try the outfit on. Taking the items - including the shoes that Hilda Mae insisted she take to 'get the whole effect', Chris nervously entered a change room, bolting the door behind her. For nothing else, it afforded her some time to regroup her mixed emotions and scattered concentration. Slowly, she peeled off the miss-matched pieces of the donated outfit, and began to change.

First, a pair of black nylons. Chris pulled them on reluctantly - only to be amazed by how they felt sliding up her legs, so smooth and silky. Even more surprising was the pleasant sensation they caused on her legs as the air moved over them when she moved.

Next, the gray 'tweed' skirt that came to just above her knees, and pulled tight over her trim waist with a black leather belt. Then a form-fitting black turtle-neck shirt that hung to just over the top of the skirt, and clung tightly to her hour-glass form, yet mildly minimized her bosom. The final touch was the black leather pumps with the six-inch heels.

Chris sighed as she finished dressing, then squared her slender shoulders and took a disinterested look in the full-length mirror.

Then took a double take, a longer, more attentive look.

"Whoa..." She whispered. Hilda Mae had been right - the outfit looked good on her. In fact, it looked great. As much as she hated to admit it, there was no getting around it - she found herself liking the way the woman in the mirror looked. The fact that the woman in the mirror was her couldn't lessen her appreciation of the well-dressed, attractive young woman she saw looking back at her.

"Well...." Chris mused. "It couldn't hurt to try and look nice...right?"

* * * * *

"Now, we'll be back around eleven-thirty or so. If you do leave with your friend, just lock up before you go." Hilda Mae admonished, wringing the cloth in her hands. "If somebody pulls in for gas..."

"...they'll see the closed sign." Billy finished gently. "Come on, Hilda Mae - let the girl alone now." The elderly man smiled sweetly at Chris, who was shifting nervously in her seat. Billy was the one who'd informed Hilda Mae - flatly, to Chris' surprise - that they'd be going out for the night, to leave Chris alone in case Tony did show up. Chris felt an unusual fondness for the older gent, who proved that long-term marriage to an overbearing woman didn't break a man - it just caused him to pick his battles more carefully.

With Hilda Mae still spouting worried 'advice', Billy dragged her off to their aging but pristine car, and drove off into the darkening evening, leaving Chris to nervously pace the floor of the darkened

restaurant. To give nervous hands something to do, the transformed man put on a pot of coffee. The sight of the beautiful young woman in the metal of the coffee maker caused her to start, then grin wryly. The reflections of herself had been startling her all day - she still wasn't used to seeing herself as a woman, much less an attractive one. For the hundredth time, she smoothed her skirt, wondering why she'd bought the outfit - and why she was so... proud?... of the way she looked and felt in the dark-colored outfit.

For the next three hours, Chris wandered around the empty building, her high-heels clicking on the floor and echoing in the empty spaces. Her mind circled, rehashing what she'd say, of ways of convincing Tony of what had happened, as unlikely - as downright impossible - as the events seemed. She began to appreciate just how much hinged on this. Her past life was gone, irretrievably. She could never pick up the life she'd once left, even if everybody accepted her as Chris Chambers, because of the fundamental shift in her life. But unless she could legitimately claim that past, she'd have no starting place to form a new life. She new some people apparently managed to

start life over after completely discarding the past - but those were voluntary decisions, and the people who took that route had time to prepare - new ID, if nothing else. Chris, quite literally, had nothing - no money, no history, no friends, family, connections - unless she was able to convince somebody that she had the right to claim those that of her past.

She slumped in the stool at the end of the counter for the thousandth time, her eyes going to the empty, little-traversed road outside, and willed Tony to come. She'd written the E-mail as persuasively as possible, including things that only she knew, without providing information on how she'd come by that knowledge. She was banking on Tony's curiosity - and friendship with the old Chris - to cause him to investigate. If she'd misjudged him...

Then light's flashed across the pumps outside, and a familiar car pulled into the lot. An '93 Mustang, dark blue... it was hardly an unusual car, but the sight of it brought a lump to Chris' throat. Nervously, she rose from the stool as a figure crossed the lot and hesitated at the door. Hand shaking, Chris made a 'come in' gesture, not trusting her legs to carry her the distance between the stool and the door. For an eternal instant, the figure at the door looked like it would turn away...

...then the door opened, and Tony entered the restaurant. Tall and athletic, the dark-haired youth with the muscular body that betrayed Italian ancestry stepped into the pool of light cast by the small 'after hours' lights in the restaurant. The familiar figure in jeans and a letter jacket caused strange emotions to swirl in Chris, one's that he couldn't name. But 'hope' was one that she could identify, and for the first time in a long time, she felt it strongly.

"Tony..." Chris said, then cleared her throat.

The handsome young man eyed her with an unidentifiable look. "Yeah. I came - now do you want to explain who the hell you are, and what the hell's going on?" Despite his words, his voice wasn't angry

- more saddened, Chris thought, as she nervously gestured at one of the booths. Tony watched her, somewhat

distrustfully, as she walked over and slid into the booth, and said "Sit down - I'll explain everything."

After another moments wary hesitation, Tony stiffly seated himself across from her, his eyes traveling over her. At the sight of an expression she knew all too well - the 'I am listening - but that doesn't mean I'll believe it' look - Chris felt her stomach sink. All the carefully planned out arguments seemed to desert her, and she groped for the words that would convince her oldest, best friend of the simply unbelievable truth.

Finally, groping for words, Chris simple told Tony everything. It was a jumbled account, with back- tracking and corrections, but as she stumbled, almost desperately, through the recounting of events, Tony's hard expression slowly faded, to be replaced with one less familiar. Finally, two hours and many cups of coffee later, Chris stumbled to a stop, out of words to say. Except for one word.

"Well?" Chris asked, finding that her heart was thundering, and her palms were sweating.

Tony cleared his throat. "Miss... You have no idea how much I want to believe your story as much as you believe it. The thought that Chris might still be alive, in any form..." He sighed. "I don't know how you know what you do. And I probably never will - it's obvious that you really, truly believe this story. But, I'm sorry - you're not Chris."

Chris suddenly found herself choking back tears. "But..." She said - nearly sobbed. It felt like there was a blade in her stomach, slowly twisting.

Tony rose, shrugging his dark-blue and gold jacket on over his gray T-shirt. "I'm sorry. You know some things - some incredible things - that I thought nobody but Chris would know. But the way you act... Your mannerisms, the way you talk, the way you dress, the make-up... These are things that aren't like Chris, things Chris wouldn't do - no matter what happened. I'm sorry miss, you're just too obviously comfortable being female to have ever been Chris."

And, as Chris watched, Tony began walking towards the door.

And something in Chris' mind gave way. She watched Tony, and things seemed to be in slow motion. She wasn't just watching Tony walk out - she was watching her life, her hope, her future - her reason for existing - walk out the door. She hadn't realized that everything in her universe was balanced on the tiny hope - but now that hope was yanked out, and things began to collapsed.

"Tony..." Chris gasped - literally. Her throat seemed to close up to a pinhole, and her breathing became labored, painful. The world seemed to dim around her, things fading from view. "No... I... I need... you..."

The reason that the world was going dim was the fact that she wasn't getting any oxygen. She couldn't breath....

She tumbled from the booth, her limbs writhing in the throes of a seizure. Each breath was painful fight for oxygen that she was rapidly losing. Chris, horrified, realized that she was dying. Her mind, unable to deal with the rejection of the person she'd pinned all her hopes on, replied by rebelling, by shutting down her breathing, cutting off her control of her own body.

Then, dimly, she became aware of another presence. A voice, a familiar voice was speaking to her, urgently. The

realization that Tony was kneeling over her, his hands on her shoulder, urgently speaking to her, brought her back from the brink. Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around Tony as cool, sweet oxygen filled her throat, and tears spilled down her face.

"There, there " Tony said, awkwardly. Beneath her arms, his body was stiff, uncomfortable.

Realizing that she was clutching herself tightly to her best friend, Chris pulled away, mumbling an apology.

Tony eyed her from where he was hunkered down, concern on his face. "What happened - you looked like you were having a seizure, and you face you went blue."

Chris swallowed, and shook her head. "I... Tony, I can't " She paused, and took a deep, long breath,

getting some measure of composure. "I'm sorry - I I just can't handle this. Not right now. I can't -

it's not under my control. I'm sorry." She struggled to explain. "I am Chris - but if you don't believe me, no-one will. I need your help - I need you, Tony " She broke off, realizing she was nearly

hysterical. She lowered her eyes.

Tony looked shocked. "You mean... If I leave, you're going to "

Chris looked up, her eyes full of tears. "I... I think so. I'm sorry - this isn't my choice."

Tony's face creased in thought. Chris knew that Tony was, generally speaking, a caring person. She knew that Tony still didn't believe her - but he also wouldn't just walk away from a woman in need.

Even one he thought was absolutely nuts.

Chris took a deep breath. "Please - take me with you. When we get back home - to your home -you can call the nut house. Do whatever you need. But please - don't just leave. Please."

Tony looked torn, and glanced over at the phone, obviously contemplating calling the authorities.

Chris forced a wry grin. "You won't - hell, you still help old ladies across the street and drive stray dogs to the SPCA."

Tony looked at her, slightly surprised, then matched her wry grin. "You're right. Come on, I'll give you a lift. If nothing else, maybe we can find out who you really are." He cleared his throat as he awkwardly helped her to her feet. "I... I'm sorry, but I just can't bring myself to call you... by his name. Can I call you something else?"

Chris was somewhat surprised by the request, then realized it was only fair. She looked down, her breathing becoming heavy as she thought. It hurt, looking at giving in that much, letting that little more of her go... but whatever it took.

"Okay. I guess you can call me..." Suddenly, she managed a weak smile. "...Crystal."

It surprised a laugh out of Tony. He knew that 'The Real Chris' would have been named that, if he'd been born female - something Chris' mother had mentioned once. "I guess that good enough..."

Crystal." He gestured towards the door, with a hint of resignation, but with more self-sacrificing good intentions. "Shall we?"

* * * * *

For the next two and a half hours, they rode down darkened secondary highways of America's heart lands, the occasion light from passing cars breaking the monotony of their own headlights casting a fan of brightness on the worn pavement that unrolled under the Mustang's wheels.

At first, the two passengers rode in uncomfortable silence, with a few false starts. That didn't last too long - Tony found it amazingly easy to talk to 'Crystal', as long as she avoided a certain subject. For her part, Chris merely fell into the easy camaraderie she'd shared with Tony, before. It wasn't quite the same - too much was different, not even counting Tony's disbelief. There was a sort of barrier between them, barely noticeable but ever-present. For Chris, what was even worse was the faint but noticeable sexual tension. Tony was obviously aware he was only inches away from an attractive, friendly young 'woman'. A stranger probably wouldn't have noticed, but Chris knew Tony well enough to spot the subtle flirtations, the slightly different rhythm of speech and mannerisms that indicated that he was, to some degree, attracted to a woman. Chris had seen this 'Polite Romeo Tony' before - but never from quite this perspective.

But, what truly shocked Chris was the realization that she was reacting to it. She knew it for it was, and she was certainly not interested, sexually, in the admittedly handsome, friendly, and genuinely caring Tony. But she also couldn't help enjoying the attention - more so, because she was so worried about being rejected. The interest, whatever the cause, was reassuring - and being treated well was always better than a kick in the head.

So Chris found it surprisingly easy to simply ignore the undercurrent of sexual tension, and enjoy the easy conversation, all while knowing, sadly, that Tony believed that it was with Crystal he talked and

laughed, not his old friend Chris.

* * * * *

The Mustang swung into the parking lot just as the light rain began to fall from the sky, turning the blacktop into a mirror. The motel seemed to rise from a mirror-like lake, the garish neon sign turned momentarily beautiful.

Shutting off the engine, Tony looked over at the office. "Why don't you just wait here - I'll only be a minute." He smiled wryly. "Sorry about the accommodations - I hadn't really figured on the expense of two rooms."

Chris smiled... then her brow wrinkled as she felt a strange sensation in her stomach. She tried to refuse the emotion that was stealing over her - but as Tony opened the door and began to get out, tears rolled down Chris' face, and she was unable to hold in the pitiful whimper that formed in her throat.

Hearing the quite, desperate mewling sound, Tony paused and slid back into the seat, turning to face her with a questioning look. "Crystal? What's the matter?"

Chris shook her head. "Nothing."

Looking embarrassed, Tony awkwardly grabbed a Kleenex and began dabbing at Chris' eyes. "Hey, now.." He said, ill at ease. "I don't think 'nothing' ruins your mascara."

That forced a weak smile out of Chris. She shrugged her slender shoulders. "Intellectually, I know you aren't going to run out on me during the night - it's just that I'm having problems believing that, emotionally." She waved a slim hand in the direction of the office, turning her tear-stained face away. "Go on - I'll be all right."

Tony hesitated a second later. "You sure?"

Wordlessly, Chris nodded and waved a hand, and Tony ducked out into the cool rain, dashing towards the office. Even the sight of Tony disappearing into the office made Chris' heart pound, and she realized that she was on the verge of panic, forestalled only by the fact that Tony couldn't very well take off without her while she sat in his car.

A few minutes later, Tony dashed back, already soaking wet as he gestured at two adjoining doors a few feet away. Popping open the door, Chris hurried over.

"Here's your key." Tony said, handing her a key. "I'm in this one. Since we're in no hurry, I didn't leave a wake-up call. When you get up, just give me a call - it's 0, then 2, then the room number. Okay?"

"Sure." Chris said, despite the way her blood was rushing through her ears, almost obscuring Tony's words. As Tony unlocked the door to his room and entered, Chris grabbed her back-pack and followed suit.

Closing the door behind her, Chris slumped against it, her shouldered pack between her back and the hard surface of the door. Her hands, the right still gripping the key in a death grip, rose up to her chest and rested against her large, firm breasts as she closed her eyes and began breathing deeply, trying to control the rapidly encroaching panic.

She knew that Tony wasn't going to run off and leave her - she *knew* it, dammit! But it didn't make any difference what she knew, intellectually. Emotionally, panic stole over her as she illogically became

convinced that Tony was laughing at her, the poor, crazy girl who thought she was his best friend. He was laughing as he opened the door to his room, as he walked out to his car....

Chris heard the distinctive sound of the Mustang's engine roar to life. Her eyes flew open and she whirled around. Her blood pounded through her veins as she scrambled to open the door, thought lost in a swirl of panic. Tears streamed, unnoticed, as she struggled to open the door. Outside, the sound of the Mustang's engine revved, and she heard it pulling away as she managed to unlock the automatically-engaged lock on the door. She threw the door open, and stumbled outside, blinded by tears and deafened by the pounding of her own pulse. She stumbled in her high-heels, and barely managed to keep from falling, as she looked up in pain and anguish...

...to see Tony's mustang sitting exactly where she'd left it, the engine 'ticking' as it cooled in the rain.

Gasping, Chris stared at the car, knowing that the panic had created all the other things, the sounds she'd heard. It wasn't real - but her panic had driven her imagination to create the illusion that Tony had left. As her heart began to calm, Chris turned back towards the open door to her room...

...and stared at the beckoning rectangle. Slowly, Chris walked towards the room, her heels clicking on the wet pavement. Reaching the door, she stood for several seconds, staring inside the room, then looking back at the car.

Then she reached out and closed the door to the room, hearing the lock 'snick' into place. Tears streaming down her rain-soaked face, Chris - lost in the confused welter of emotions and feelings, - staggered back to the car. She tried the driver's door, then the passenger's, finding both to be locked.

Her slender knew body wracked by great, tearing sobs, Chris sat on the hood of the car and clutched her own, slender shoulders, hating herself for giving in to her emotional...

"Be honest " She sobbed to herself, clutching herself tighter. "I *am* crazy - I've gone right off the deep end, and become obsessed with my own best friend."

Lowering herself to the curb in front of the Mustang, she drew her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around her legs. Lost in the demands of her helpless need, she lowered her head and gave in to a long, wrenching cry, hating herself for being this way, and knowing there was nothing she could do to change it.

"What the...? Hey, hey... it's okay "

Chris muffled a startled exclamation as she looked up into Tony's concerned face. Water cascaded down from his soaked hair, and he shivered in the cool rain. "What's going on?"

Chris stood up, embarrassed and ashamed. She refused to meet Tony's eyes, instead staring down at his bare feet. "I'm sorry... I know it's crazy, but... I I just can't help myself. As soon as I went in

my room, and couldn't see you or the car, I was.." She broke down, sobbing.

Awkwardly, Tony embraced her, and Chris was ashamed by how comforting - how good - it felt to have his strong arms around her. " afraid I'd just leave?" Tony finished, quietly.

Sniffing, Chris nodded against his shoulder. "I'm sorry - I didn't mean to "

"no, it's okay - you can't help it." Tony soothed, gently drawing her with him. "Come on - you're soaked through to the bone, and shivering." He gently guided her into his room, closing the door behind them. "I'm sorry - I should have realized "

Chris shook her head. "It's not your fault. I... I'm just..." she looked away, embarrassed. " crazy."

Gently, Tony grabbed her chin and forced her head up. His dark eyes held her own, and she saw understanding and... something else. "No - I knew how much you needed my... support. You told me, in the car. I should have paid more attention."

Chris managed a wan smile, covering the confused welter of emotions that his dark, steady eyes were creating in her. She didn't know why she was reacting this way - Tony looked at her, and her heart raced and her knees felt weak. What the hell was wrong with her?

"Go on - go take a hot shower and put on a robe. You're freezing." Tony said, gesturing towards the bathroom.

"Yeah..." Chris agreed, stepping out of her heels and dropping her back-pack on the floor. "I'm sorry to be such a pain in the ass, Tony." Trying not to drip on the floor - a futile task - Chris started across the room - then stopped dead, staring at the door to the bathroom. She turned back to Tony, her face turning a deep red. "I.. um..." She paused, feeling foolish. "I don't suppose you could sit just outside the bathroom and talk to me while I.."

"Oh - sure. I should have thought of that myself." Tony said, smacking his forehead. "Go ahead - leave the door open, and I'll keep talking so you'll know I didn't take off for parts unknown." He smiled. "I promise I won't peek."

Chris smiled, relieved - and wondering why she had an odd, almost disappointed feeling. "Thanks." She entered the bathroom, leaving the door open, then began undressing as she heard Tony drag the chair next to the open door, and settle into it. Turning on the water, Chris stepped under it's warm spray, feeling it's heat slowly seep through her chilled body. Enjoying the sensation, she turned her head towards the open door, and said...

"So... I'm not your type, huh?" Chris said - shocked. She had no idea why that had come out of her mouth. Wide eyed, she wracked her brain for something - anything - else to say.

"Huh?" Was Tony's startled reply.

Floundering, Chris let the first thing in her head pop out. It was like she was a third person, listening to the conversation, having no idea what would come next. "Well... you promised not to peek awfully fast." What the *hell* was she saying?

Tony, obviously flustered, practically stammered. "No! You're very sex.. uh, attractive. I.. uh.. was just trying to make you... comfortable."

Chris was no longer chilled - her face felt like it was on fire. "I.. I'm sorry... I don't know why I said that..." But she did, sort of. That disappointed feeling had vanished when Tony had started to say 'sexy', to be replaced by a feeling of... pride?

Amazingly, Tony chuckled. "Actually - I think / do." Shutting off the water, Chris began toweling off. "Really?"

"Yeah..." Tony's voice said, clearly. Startled, Chris whirled, to find Tony leaning in the doorway, eyeing her naked body.

Chris felt Tony's eyes like a physical force. She could feel them traveling up her long, toned legs. She felt them slide over her slender, boyish hips and amazingly slender waist. His eyes paused for a moment on her large, proudly out-thrust breasts, then rose to her face below it's tousled mop of wet, dark hair.

She was mildly surprised to find that there was no lewdness in his eyes. There was attraction - the look, in fact, of a man eyeing an attractive, large breasted woman - but no sense of voyeurism. There was something else involved in his long,

cataloging look then mere lust.

"You're gorgeous, Crystal." Tony said, softly.

And Chris was rocked to her foundations by the sudden flush that ran through her body. An incredible sensation of warmth that ran through her. Her heart sped up, her knees felt weak, and she felt light-headed and... exited?

"Wha..." Chris said, sinking to sit on the toilet. It took a second for her to think and cover herself with the towel - then her flush deepened, and she lowered the towel again.

"I'm sorry." Tony said looking away, flushing. "I... just needed to show you something."

"What.. Why..." Chris stammered to a stop, and took a deep breath, trying to calm down. "How did you know I'd feel weird? And, what does it mean?"

Tony's eyes snapped back to her, and his face betrayed confusion and surprise. "You.. You're serious, aren't you?"

Chris blinked. "Yeah? Please, Tony - what's going on?"

Tony smiled wanly. "I... I find you..." He paused, and tried again. "Your cheerful, and smart, and easy to talk to. You're also very attractive, and... well, sexy. I... I know I was putting out certain... signals. And you started... responding to them. Not at first, but later..."

Chris, shocked, opened her mouth to refute - then stopped. She remembered how good it had felt to have Tony pay attention to her. He'd smile at her, and she'd feel good about that...

...so, she'd smile back. When they 'accidentally' touched, she'd let the contact last a bit longer. Shocked, Chris saw what Tony had seen all along. He hadn't just been attracted to her...

...she'd been attracted to him. Chris, stunned, stared unseeing at Tony, her jaw dropping open in amazement as she truly understood that she was extremely attracted to her best friend.

"No..." She whispered, struggling to deny the realization. It just wasn't possible! She'd known Tony for years, and sure, she liked him - hell, Tony was her best friend. But that was it! Anything... sexual.. would be sick. After all, Tony was a guy, just like...

...she'd used to be. But now, she was a woman. She had a woman's hormonal system, a woman's sexual drive - and the close bond she'd shared with Tony as a male had... changed.

Chris had known that she'd become a woman in every conceivable way. She'd even begun to accept it, on a basic level. But that was just the fact itself, not all the other things it meant. In her male viewpoint, being attracted to a woman was normal, but being attracted to men made her gay. But now, the truth finally drove itself home in her mind. For her to be attracted to *other* women was homosexual - to be attracted to men, normal...

"Crystal? Are you okay?" Tony asked, worried, as the buxom woman sat on the toilet - eyes gazing into an unseen

distance. He had some idea what she was going through - which was one of the reasons he'd done what he did. He knew she, for whatever reason, thought she was Chris. While she did bear some faint resemblance to his best friend, Tony knew that was merely coincidence - this woman was a woman, and this... fantasy of hers was just that - a fantasy. He was sincerely trying to help her by showing her the truth - the way she'd reacted to him, for instance, was proof that she

wasn't Chris - because there was no way that Chris would be attracted to him, no matter what happened. But now, Tony was worried that, faced with the truth, the poor girl's mind would simply snap. He shifted his weight nervously. He had come to really like Crystal, even if she was crazy - she was also fun, and intelligent and... well, aside from a touch of insanity, practically Tony's dream girl. "Crystal?"

Slowly, her eyes came back into focus, and she stared at him. "Tony..." she said, her voice uncertain. "I... I..."

Tony leaned forward, worried. "What?"

Chris stared at Tony, truly seeing him for the first time, as a woman. Knowing his kindness and his personality, she suddenly realized the truth for what it was, and, if as in a dream, told him. "I think... I'm falling in love with you."

Tony knelt beside her. "Crystal.. I... I find you very, very... attractive. Not just physically - though I do - but as a person. I want to spend time with you. I don't know if it's love or not, but..."

Chris stared into Tony's face, and saw the future spreading out in front of her. She knew she had two choices now. Try to regain the link to her past, to fight for her old Identity as Chris, and lose Tony - or bury that away, and start a new life, as Crystal - with Tony. The choice became so stark and so clear, and it boiled down to a simple fact - if she proved she was Chris, then she and Tony could be best friends again - but never anything more. But if she threw away her old identity, she could start over - but not completely alone, as she'd feared, but with Tony.

But that went against everything that made her Chris to begin with. She fought with both sides of the question, trying to reconcile her old memories and life with her new emotions and hormones.

Faced with a battle that it couldn't win on this basis, Chris' mind took the easy way out - it simply refused to deal with it, separating memories, emotions and reality, leaving Chris/Crystal only the here- and-now, unanchored in the past and unprejudiced to either future.

"Tony..." Crystal said, tears forming in her eyes as she looked up into his caring, attentive face. "I don't know what to do. I'm not certain about anything anymore... I don't know who I am, or what happened, or what I'm going to do..."

"It's okay..." Tony soothed her, enfolding her in his embrace and holding her tightly, her head pillowed on his shoulder. "No matter what, I won't leave you. Everything is going to be okay."

Tony was acutely aware of the fact that he had a slender, buxom young woman held tightly against his body, the warmth of her smooth flesh seeping through his damp clothes. He tried to ignore the sensations - but he *did* find Crystal extremely attractive, and it wasn't quite as easy as he'd like.

Crystal, for her part, was also intently aware of Tony's strong arms around her body - and the fact that his clothes were sopping wet, and freezing cold. Instantly, all concern for herself vanished. No matter what happened, she knew Tony was her link to whatever future she might have, and her mind, without and reference points to firmly attach to, had locked onto Tony as an anchor. Quite literally, Tony was more important to her right now than herself.

"My God - you're soaked!" Crystal said, pulling back slightly. Her long, slender fingers began to unbutton his shirt. "You're going to freeze to death - and I'm not letting you get away that easily." She grinned up at Tony - and leaned forward and gave him a quick peck on the lips, to fast for his to either pull away or deepen the kiss. Bemused, not sure how to deal with Crystal's rapid emotional swings, her began slowly helping her undo his buttons.

For her part, Crystal wasn't quite sure why she had given Tony the quick kiss. She was attracted to him - but she also knew that she had felt it was wrong, for some reason. Yet, whenever she tried to remember exactly why she shouldn't give into her intense attraction to Tony, the thought skittered away before she could grasp it.

She pushed that conundrum away, for now at least. She knew that she should really try and discover why she was so confused about the past and future, but right now, the here-and-now was the only thing that had and validity to her, and right now, Tony was cold, wet and literally shivering. And, for whatever reason, Tony was, to her, the most important thing she had - the only thing she had. She had no past, and an uncertain future - but she had Tony, a handsome, caring, attentive man who she was very, very attracted to, and - for whatever reason - a man she felt she knew very, very well. Her first priority was making sure that she didn't loose him.

Pulling Tony's shirt off, she let it drop to the floor, and ran one long, slender finger over his taut, rippled abdomen. "Come on, Tony - get those pants and briefs off and climb into bed." She commanded, with a smile. "You're going to catch pneumonia like this - and you're not getting away from me that easily."

Tony smiled at her concern, and with only a seconds hesitation, stripped out of the rest of his clothes and padded over to the bed, sliding between the covers.

For her part, Crystal enjoyed the sight of Tony's nude, muscled body - he had a fantastic butt, for instance. Again came that nagging feeling, turning it into a guilty pleasure, but once more she pushed that aside. Letting the thin terry-cloth robe slip to the floor, she walked over to the bed. Her proud, firm tits swayed slightly, her nipples tingling as they came fully erect in the cool air. Snapping off the light, Crystal slid into the bed beside Tony, who was slightly startled by her actions. But not upset - after a moment's hesitation, he relaxed as she encircled him with her arms, feeling his cool skin against her own, smooth flesh.

"Mmmm..." She moaned softly in the back of her throat. "It feels so good to be here, Tony - and I'm not even sure why."

Tony managed a smile. "Trust me, Crystal, it feels good to me, too - and I DO know why." Moving slightly, he wrapped his muscular arms around her, his hands gently squeezing her firm ass as her tits pressed gently yet firmly against his chest. "You're a sexy young woman, warm, caring and intelligent

- and you're in my arms."

This time, the confusion came back, stronger than ever, at his words and actions. He was obviously very attracted to her - and she was extremely attracted to him.

So why did this feel wrong, somehow?

Almost angrily, Crystal shoved the thought aside - in fact, she did much more than that. Defying the feeling, she let her eyes drift closed as she tilted her head up towards Tony.

Needing no further urging, Tony bent his own head, and his lips met hers.

Crystal let herself go, carried along by the passion of the moment. The disquiet she felt, the strange emotions and the memories that wouldn't quite surface - all of it was pushed aside by her rising passion as they kissed, their tongues performing an age-old dance of passion.

Crystal moaned again, softly, and moved her body against Tony's, feeling the friction of their bodies against each other. Her nipples, compressed against Tony's muscular pecs, began to tingle, and she felt a growing heat in her crotch as Tony's hands caressed her ass and lower back.

Gently, Tony guided her onto her back, as he came to rest on his knees, pushing the covers back as he sat up above her. Half-seen in the dim light, Tony smiled gently at her as his hands slowly slid over her trim hips and up to her ribcage. Gently, skillfully, he began to massage and lightly squeeze Crystal's firm bust.

"Mmm... yes..." Crystal moaned softly through her clenched teeth. The pleasure seemed to create a new network of pleasure receptors that joined her breasts to her crotch, turning the warmth into a raging fire. "Now, Tony... I want you..." She moaned.

Tony complied. Easily, he positioned his large, throbbing cock, the head of it slighting across the hyper-sensitive flesh at the opening. Crystal gasped..

...then muffled her scream of pleasure with the pillow as Tony's cock slid deep into her womanhood. Pleasure like she'd never known flooded her as Tony's organ seemed to fill her perfectly...

(Never known? But she must have done this before...right?)

..as he thrust with a long, smooth stroke into her moist waiting cunt. He drew back, then thrust again, slowly increasing tempo as new...

(New?)

...nerve endings fired in an erotic symphony. Crystal writhed gently, awkwardly... (Why awkwardly?)

...at first, but soon falling into a steady rhythm that matched his. Her hips rose, burying his entire length into her with each thrust, providing the most intense pleasure she'd ever experienced. Her breath came in gasps and moans, most of which was incomprehensible, other than Tony's name, as she urged him on. Her hands gripped his taut, firm buttocks and she threw her

head back, her short, dark hair matted with sweat as she neared orgasm.

Then it hit. Literally - like being hit by a freight train, only one that caused pleasure in place of pain. She tried - and failed - to stifle a scream of ecstasy as the orgasm took her. The sheer magnitude of the pleasure overloaded nerves, and she lost control of her body as she writhed against him, her wet cunt clenching tightly around his engorged cock.

It was enough to push Tony over the edge, and he, too, moaned, as he came, filling Crystal with the warmth of his cum. Spent, Tony eased himself out of her, and to the bed, wrapping her in his strong, reassuring arms. Gently, he kissed her again, with less passion, but more tenderness.

"Thank you..." Crystal said, softly. She burrowed against Tony's warm, sweaty body, feeling the pleasure slowly draining away, and regretting the fleeting nature of it.

Tony gently stroked Crystal's hair. "Anytime, milady - anytime." He whispered softly as their ragged breathing slowly evened out.

Minutes later, wrapped in each other's embrace, they drifted off into sleep, the taste of each other's kiss still on their lips.

* * * * *

Tony's sleep was a deep, untroubled slumber. Not so for Crystal, however. Relieved of the burden of conscious thought, her mind went to work, attempting to piece together what had happened, to find a way to deal with the disparate parts of her mind.

The first part of her mind - the largest but oldest, was 'Male Chris' - the memories, attitudes, and thought patterns of Chris when he was fully male, in body and mind. When his hormones, outlook and perceived future were all solidly heterosexual male.

The second part was 'Female Chris'. This was the part of her mind that dealt with what was basically a male mind in a female body. This was the part of the mind that conflicted the greatest, the male thoughts struggling against the female body's new hormones and it's very existence.

The last section was 'Crystal'. This part was an outgrowth of 'Female Chris' - it had begun as a... role, a part that Chris had played for Tony's sake, but had evolved into the only current persona, with no memory of the others. In this persona, Crystal had been free to be what her body was, without the baggage of her past - but also without the wisdom and knowledge.

Now, the brain that housed all these very different personas fought to integrate them into one coherent mind. Unable to do so while under the stress of dealing with the real world, Chris' mind, now freed of the burden, could sublimate it's battle in the form of dreams.

* * * * *

In 'real life', Chris/Crystal began to twitch, moaning softly in the back of her throat as strange, half- formed dreams paraded through her mind. She rolled away from Tony, her moans half-forming words that held no meaning to all parts of her

divided mind, but were very meaningful to portions of it. It was almost as if the three separate-yet-combined personalities housed in her slender body were... talking to each other...

* * * * *

A gray, misty... area. Undefined, with no up or down, no ground or sky.

It didn't seem to bother the three people who occupied the... place. They were engaged in a barely- civilized 'debate' among themselves.

The first of the trio was a handsome, dark-haired young man, dressed casually in a pair of blue-jeans and a Hard Rock Café tee-shirt. He was glaring intently at the third person - as was the second person, who wore an outfit identical to the young man's.

However, she was obviously not male. Despite her short black hair and lack of make-up, there was no doubt that the figure in the masculine attire was female - as the large, firm tits that strained the T- shirt to the limit showed. In fact, they were identical to the breasts of the third person, a sexy young woman in a tight denim dress and high-heels. The two women share much in common, though the woman in the dress was made-up artfully, with matching jewelry to complement her outfit.

"Okay, I'll give you the clothes..." Male Chris admitted - grudgingly. "You do look better that way then she does." He jerked a thumb towards Female Chris. "But why the hell did you sleep with Tony? He's our best friend!"

Crystal blinked. "C'mon - you have to admit he's good looking."

The two Chrises shared a look. "We don't have to admit anything - but in this case, you're right. But, so what? We're not gay!"

Crystal smiled. "Neither am I - and in case you missed it, I am female now. Tony's sexy, and he finds me sexy. He's male, I'm female - what's the problem?"

"He's our *best friend*!" The two Chrises chorused.

"So? Shouldn't that make him the *first* guy we'd be interested in? We know him - he's a great guy to be our boyfriend."

Female Chris turned to Male Chris. "Well... we will have to get used to being female. Can you think of a better guy to date?"

Looking confused, Male Chris held up his hands. "Hold on, hold on! You two may look female - but I'm the original Chris, and I'm a guy dammit!"

The two women looked at him, and said in chorus "You were a guy - now your female." Male Chris frowned. "Maybe physically - but I'm not giving up my past, dammit!"

The two women looked at each other, then nodded. "We can live with that."

Suddenly, a ripple moved through the air, and Male Chris and Female Chris began to move towards each other without

actually moving. The ripple intensified - then there was only two women standing in the... place.

"Okay - I think I can deal with this part - I have to accept the facts, and this is it." Chris said, looking down at her body. Slowly, the clothing she wore began to change, as she continued speaking. "...and I agree with the clothing issue - within reason..." By that time, the pants had become tighter, and the

T-shirt became a short-sleeved silk blouse, Shoes with a two-and-a-half inch heel adorned her feet. Lightly done make-up appeared on her face, and simple jewelry about her person. "...but we still have some points to settle..."

* * * * *

Tony stretched as he awoke, yawning mightily...

...then remembered where he was, and looked to his right, finding the bed empty beside him. Propping him self up on his elbows, he looked around the empty motel room.

"Crystal?" He called, a tone of worry coloring his voice. It said much about Tony's character that he didn't even glance over to make sure that his wallet was still on the night-stand. Despite her... peculiarities, Tony had come to trust Crystal - and that was that.

His faith was somewhat rewarded, as the slender, buxom figure slipped from the bathroom, her heels 'tocking' lightly on the tile of the bathroom before being muffled by the carpet. Tony whistled lowly. "Hey... I like..."

She smiled appreciatively. She'd changed into a new outfit of clothing, apparently from her back- pack. She wore the same sweater, but now it was with a tight pair of black jeans, and she wore a pair of square-heeled boots. She wore no make-up, but subdued earrings dangled from her lobes, and a bracelet surrounded one slender wrist. Tony thought she looked great - a 'clean yet sexy' look.

Pulling the chair away from the desk, she swung it around, then straddled it backwards, crossing her arms and resting them on the back of the chair. "Tony - we need to talk. I know you're not comfortable with this, but I can't play the charade. My name's Chris - although it can be short for Crystal, if you'd like. I will have to choose a female name, I suppose. Regardless, I am your best friend - and hopefully, much more, although I'll... understand, if not enjoy, if you can't handle that sort of relationship. I know it wasn't easy for me to come to grips with." She smiled wryly. But I am female now, and I have to accept, and deal with it. I have to try and define a new life for myself as a woman." Her expression hardened. "However, that doesn't mean I have to let the people who did this get away

unpunished. I've already done what I should have done in the first place - I made a few phone calls "

* * * * *

The parking lot of the normally sleepy motel looked like carnival had descended on it. The first vehicle to arrive had been a local police cruiser, alerted by the FBI, followed close behind by several cars bearing doctors - of both the physical and mental varieties. Over the next few hours, more and more vehicles had arrived, including what was basically a complete pathology and

examination lab on wheels, part of the FBI identification unit. The only people who hadn't shown up - by fiat of police road-blocks and tight rein on the flow of information - was the media. At least, not yet - Chris was sure that they would show up sooner or later. Word of something like this would get out, one way or another.

"Miss... I mean, Mister " The FBI agent stumbled to a stop, obviously chagrined.

Chris managed a smile for the poor man. The agent, an obviously experienced man, was probably unflappable in most situations - but no-one was quite ready to deal with this gracefully.

"I suppose I'd better get used to hearing myself referred to as a 'miss', Agent "

"Danners Miss." The agent said, managing a small smile of his own, despite his obvious discomfort. "If you'd please come with me - the A.I.C. has a few more questions."

Chris rose from where she'd been sitting on the curb. "Of course." She followed Danners towards the Agent In Charge, shooting a quick look over her shoulder at the door she'd been sitting outside of.

She sighed as she turned to face front again - Tony had been in the room for the past two hours, ever since fingerprinting and dental records had confirmed the unbelievable evidence of the medical exam.

Pushing the thoughts aside - for now - she dredged up another of her depleted stock of small smiles for A.I.C. Copeland. "Agent Copeland."

The distinguished looking man nodded. "Miss Chambers." He replied. Of an older generation, he'd had no real trouble with the nomenclature - any young person who even appeared vaguely feminine was respectfully a 'miss'. "I just have a few more questions to go over - our units are in place, and we just want to make sure we're in the ballpark."

"Of course."

Copeland gestured towards the map, and Chris drew closer, leaning over it.

"Now, this is where the accident occurred - that we can be sure of. The wreck is still there." Copeland said, pointing to a dot on the map. "And this is where you think you woke up, correct?"

Chris frowned slightly. "I think so - like I said, it's hard to tell on a map."

Copeland nodded. "Of course. But we know that the facility had to be within walking distance of the accident site, and about a half-hour drive from where you awoke. As long as we're fairly certain of those points, we can narrow down our search grid. I just want to make sure that it was about a half hour drive."

Chris shrugged. "That's right - but I can't tell how fast we were going "

Copeland raised his shoulders. "We do what we can with what we have." He faced her, looking her straight in the eye. "I promise you, Miss Chambers - whatever it takes, we'll find these people, and bring them to justice."

"I know you will." Chris said, holding out her slender hand. Gently, Copeland shook it, then became all business once more, turning back to his assembled men and issuing instructions. Chris waited a second to make sure she was no longer needed, then once more turned and headed back to the door behind which her best friend was struggling to deal with the situation.

Halfway there, she was intercepted by Agent Danners. "Miss? I think it's time to get going. The press can't be kept in the dark forever, and it will be easier if we have your new identification arranged, and your apartment picked out and furnished."

Chris sighed. Since she'd been thought dead, everything of her past life had been nullified or canceled. The FBI was kind enough to arrange an emergency fund that should support her for about a year, and a new identity in the name of Crystal Anne Smith, but there were still many details to be worked out before life would be anything approaching 'normal' for her. If she didn't get into her new identity, safely anonymous, before the media arrived, she'd never have a 'normal' life.

Shooting one last, rueful look at the closed motel door, Chris nodded, and followed Danners towards a Government-issue Ford.

As the car door closed, she let the hovering tears behind her eyes slide silently down her cheeks.

* * * * *

SIX MONTHS LATER

'...Gloria McCade, self-proclaimed Major in the 'Feminine Liberation Army', and Dr. Sandra Dolman, were found guilty of the murder of Christopher Leonard Chambers. Due to the closed courtroom, the complete...'

Crystal clicked the TV off with a soft sigh. That was it - it was all over. The closed court-room nature of the trial had ensured her anonymity, and she was finally free.

Rising from the couch, she headed towards the hallway leading into the bedrooms. She'd only taken a few steps when a knock sounded on the door, causing her to stop in mid-stride.

Turning, she went over and opened the door, to find a sober-looking young man in a dark suit holding a large package.

"Yes?"

"Agent Danners asked my to deliver this, Miss." The agent said, handing the box to Crystal. Thanking the young agent, Crystal carried the box over to the kitchen table and opened it.

Inside the box lay a an evening gown, a pair of shoes, several jewelry boxes... and a small card. Curious, Crystal picked up the card and read the few short words written on it.

The Windsor Lounge 7:45

Tonight.

Thoughtfully, Crystal tapped the card against the palm of her hand, bemused. Danners, while polite, had never...

Then she shook her head, feeling silly. It was obvious - a small, discrete victory celebration. For a long moment, she considered not going - but then, calling herself foolish, she picked up the box and headed down the hallway to the bathroom.

* * * * *

The Windsor Lounge was an upscale nightclub. Well dressed 'beautiful people' mingled in quite good cheer, and a small band played across the large hardwood dance floor, producing soft, romantic strain to entice the predominately young clientele to hold each other tight as they swayed in time with the music.

Suddenly, a slight hush fell on the room in a wave, spreading out from the entrance. The cause of the event was immediately obvious.

She was tall and slender. The long, black, crushed-velvet dress showed off her figure to it's best advantage, clinging tightly to an amazingly slender waist before billowing out to strain over the large, firm breasts whose cleavage was displayed so elegantly beneath a diamond necklace. The woman, her shoulder-long mane of dark hair stirring, strode through the lounge, each step revealing the long, toned legs through the side-slit in the dress. The gentle sound of her six-inch heels sounded in the slight dimming of conversation as she made her way to the bar and sat down, with the look of a person waiting for someone else.

Crystal looked around, then back down at her watch. There was no sign of Danners, or any of the others she expected, yet she was right on time. She hoped that they wouldn't be long - although she was beginning, slowly, to build a small circle of friends into something approaching a social life, she was by no means ready to handle the men who she was sure would start congregating once they realized she was unescorted....

...which apparently wouldn't take long. She felt, rather than saw, the presence of a man as he sidled up to her. Hoping to 'cold-shoulder' him away, she refused to look up.

"Such a beautiful woman shouldn't be alone ever." A voice said from above her shoulder.

Suddenly, Crystal was barely able to breath. As if in slow motion, she found her head slowly turning to look upwards.

"Can you ever forgive me for being such a stubborn, stupid fool?" Tony asked, his dark eyes locked onto hers.

* * * * *

Across the room, half-hidden behind a large potted palm, Danners and Copeland watched as Crystal flung herself into Tony's arms, burying her head in his shoulder as they embraced. Then her face came up, and the two of them kissed, passionately and at length.

"I think that was a yes." Copeland said, with a gentle grin on his face.

"You know, sir - technically, revealing Miss Smith's identity and location is a breach of security." Danners said.

Copeland turned to face Danners, a mysterious half-smile wreathing his face. "*You're* not going to report this, are you,

Agent Danners?"

Danners blinked. "No sir."

Copeland looked back across the room, where Crystal and Tony danced slowly on the wooden floor, looks of bliss on their face. He nodded with satisfaction. "Somehow, I don't think Miss Smith is, either."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: An arrogant drunk, taunts the spirit of an old Victorian house and is transformed into the perfect woman for the house's owner.

This Old House

By Gunslinger

Jeff Winscott was on his way home from the bar, when he noticed the lights on at the old Borman place.

Turning his back to the wind to light a cigarette, Jeff glanced over his shoulder at the stately old Victorian, set back from the road away on it's wooded lot. From behind curtained windows and from the old carriage lamps flanking the front door, golden light spilled out in a warm puddle, the likes of which the small, but stately, estate hadn't seen in at least a decade.

Taking a long, deep drag on his cigarette, the inebriated man swayed slightly in place, one pudgy hand thoughtfully stroking at the dusty blond hairs of his long, unkempt goatee, his dark eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

Ever since his dad, owner and operator of one of the small town's fairly well-off business, had seen fit to die in a store fire that had left a good windfall for his son, Jeff had been steadily drinking away the inheritance. He spent every day down at the bar, working his way steadily through beer after beer, heading home every night slightly after ten o'clock. Though, for the first couple of months in the course-natured man's alcoholic heaven, he'd taken a taxi home each night, he'd soon decided it was a waste of money - and, besides, sobering up from the booze on the walk home only meant that he could better enjoy the effects of the pot he smoked for the next several hours, while watching soft-core porn.

He'd passed the old Borman place every night for the past year - and so he'd watched it turn from a slowly decaying wreck into the pristine example of Victorian workmanship it had now become.

It was some new guy who had done it - restored the old place by hand, by himself. Mark... somebody.

Servanov, that was it. Mark (short for Markus) Servanov. From Chicago - though, to native Tennessean Jeff, it sounded more like a Russkie name.

Turning away from the road, Jeff slid his hands under the prodigious overhang of the beer-belly that strained at his stained, once- white T-shirt, and unzipped himself. As he hauled out 'Big Bad Bob' and hosed down the roadside foliage with some high-octane

piss, he grinned to himself at the thought of the place's new owner.

Oh, Mark was a big enough guy, well built, and Jeff supposed women might find his almost white-blond hair and ice-blue eyes attractive - but the guy was a real wimp. Jeff had run into him at the bar a few times when Mark had still been staying at the motel before moving out to the place, and the guy could barely mumble a few words at a time to anybody - and practically nothing at all to broads. Hell, Jeff had enjoyed razzing the Russkie, and the nutless bastard backed down faster than a bunny facing a coyote.

Finishing the task of draining the main vein, Jeff zipped himself back up - then looked back at the house with a grin that was anything but pleasant.

Since he was out this way, he figured he might as well 'drop in'...

Chortling to himself, the heavy-set man began to weave and stumble his way towards the house. Ignoring the graveled drive or the plant-lined flagstone pathway, he made his way up the slight rise of the perfectly tended lawn, kicking his way through the ankle-high white picket fence flanking the path to get to the hand-polished oak steps leading up to the deep veranda shading the front door.

The low, broad heels of his work boots clumping across the painted pine porch, he strode up to the front door. Flanked by narrow, ornate, cut-glass windows on either side, the deep-varnished oak door boasted a brass knocker polished to gleaming perfection - but Jeff pointedly ignored it in favor of pounding one meaty fist against the door itself.

Hard.

He continued pounding right up until the very instant it swung hesitantly open - and then he leaned into it, shoving it - and the slender, but broad-shouldered, platinum-blond man behind it out of the way, gaining him entrance to the marble-tiled foyer.

"Heya, Mark." Jeff boomed in a bad imitation of good cheer. "Thought I'd drop by and see what you've done with the old place."

"Oh, um..." Mark said, hesitantly, standing half-behind the protective thickness of the oak door as he gazed in confused shock at his unexpected 'guest'. Though dressed in a pair of old jeans and a collarless white cotton shirt, the well-muscled blond somehow still gave off the impression of somehow being dressed in a nondescript gray suit of a severely out-of-date style. Blinking, he slowly swung the door shut as it became obvious that Jeff had no intention of leaving.

"That's... very kind of you, um... Jeff, isn't it?" Mark said, in a low voice barely above a whisper.

"Yup, yup, yup..." Jeff admitted expansively, resting his hands on either side of the heavy gut he'd worked so hard to maintain. "We met at the bar 'while ago."

"I remember." Mark said - not without a slight edge in his quiet voice. Mark 'graciously' ignored the tone.

"Done a helluva job here, Mark." He said, looking around with a show of being impressed. Leaning over, he picked up the Tiffany- style lamp resting on the small, round cherry-wood table near the front door.

"She did come out beautifully." Mark replied in a distracted tone - while he carefully lifted the delicate lamp out of Jeff's sweaty hands and carefully placed it back down in the exact center of the white lace doily atop the small table.

"She?" Jeff asked, smirking.

"Yes, 'she'..." Jeff replied in what, for him, was a firm tone. "Even the first time I saw her, I knew this house had a feminine... spirit, if you will."

'Geez - this guy's certifiably nuts...' Jeff thought to himself, grinning. Aloud, he made himself sound interested. "What - like a ghost, or sump'in?" He said, oozing poorly acted attentiveness.

"No - nothing human." Jeff replied, with a sigh. "Just a... a presence. A sense of... of... well, 'emotion', I guess. Feminine emotion."

Jeff snorted. Obviously, this wimp couldn't get any real women, since he was too much of a wuss to deal with a living, breathing broad even if she threw herself at him - so imagined his goddamn house was a chick.

"Oh, I see..." Jeff said, no longer bothering to hide his snicker. "Well, guess I should introduce myself, then, huh...?" "I don't..." Mark tried to protest - but Jeff hadn't bothered to wait and here his opinion.

"Hey, there, Miss House!" Jeff bellowed, banging the dark oak paneling with a fist. "Wakey-Wakey!" Mark winced as a ring on Jeff's hand gouged the wood. "You shouldn't..."

"C'mon, Miss Spirit-of-the-House!" Jeff bellowed, ignoring it's owner. "I wanna meet you! Wanna see what a house-spirit is, and what it can do!"

"I don't think..." Jeff said, a look of alarm on his face.

"Show yourself, House Spirit!" Jeff trumpeted, drunkenly, and he pounded on the wall again - this time, higher up, on the plaster-and- lathe portion of the wall. "Prove you exist!"

"She won't like..." Mark said, almost desperately, actually grabbing the burly man's arm...

Whirling, Jeff shoved him away - hard. The much lighter - and unprepared - man went flying back, landing hard on his buttocks and sliding a good foot across the polished marble floor.

Into the stunned silence that came immediately after the assault, a sound intruded. The low groan of settling beams. Not an uncommon sound in old houses - but this one was louder, deeper, and longer than any Jeff had ever heard...
...and, somehow, almost angry.

Snorting, Jeff shook off the silly thought that the wuss' blathering had caused, and lifted his hands into the air.

"Whatcha gonna do about it?" He taunted the house, just to show this crazy-assed pansy a thing or two. "I ain't afraid of you! Go ahead, do your worst - I dare you!"

Of course, Jeff didn't actually expect anything to happen...

...which was why suddenly having invisible hands grab him and haul him, spread eagle, a good foot into the air was as surprising as it was terrifying.

At that point, the heavy-set man discovered something interesting - stark, raving terror was a very effective cure for intoxication. In that single instant, as he let out a startled, frightened torrent of swearing, he was stone-cold sober.

All of which meant he didn't even have the comforting haze of alcohol to take the edge off his senses for what happened next.

Dimly, he was aware of the fact that Mark seemed to be pleading to that invisible presence to let go of Jeff. Of course, the fact that the tack he'd chosen to take was that Mark shouldn't be held responsible for his actions because he was a 'loutish drunken oaf' was hardly complementary - but Jeff didn't feel all that angry about it.

In fact, all he was capable of feeling was shear, raw terror...

...as he felt his body begin to change.

Arms and legs spread, head held in position staring straight ahead, Jeff wasn't able to see what was happening to his body - but he could definitely feel it. He could feel the painful 'crushing' sensation in his feet, as if they were be compacted in on themselves - a sensation supported a second later by the heavy sound of his boots hitting the floor below him, no longer capable of remaining on feet that must be considerably smaller than the size 11 1/2W he'd had just a few minutes before.

However, the consideration that those expensive work boots - which he'd never actually 'worked' in, of course - would no longer fit his feet was barely worth noting - because he was too busy gibbering in confused terror at the strange pulling, writhing, tingling sensation going on in his legs.

Not to mention the strange 'gas pressure' sensation that was, in and of itself, sort of familiar - except that it was too low, centered on his hips and ass rather than his gut. He could actually feel the external sensation of bloating, as well - as his jeans grew steadily tighter across the semi-spherical curvature of his buttocks and pelvis.

Oh, not that the sensations were occurring in that order, from the feet up - oh, no. they were occurring all over his body, simultaneously, and the 'sequence' was solely a result of which sensation his mind chose to jump to at what time. For instance,

his mind flitted briefly to the strange 'slithering' sensation of his hair sliding down his neck - and the fact that the hair felt softer and smoother than it ever had before.

Of course, that was a relative minor sensation - compared to the agony as the bones in his face and skull squeeze and pushed, reshaping supposedly solid materials as if it were as pliable as fresh-dug clay.

A very similar sensation as to what was happening to his arms and hands.

However, as much as his mind flitted to these different sensations, they were all secondary thoughts, interspersed between the two major sets of sensations that his mind kept returning to, again and again - and then shying away from, just as quickly.

Sensation that, each, would have more than 'hinted' at what was happening to his body. Sensations that, taken together, were irrefutable.

Like the painful sensation in his cock and balls. It was almost as if somebody had kicked him in the nuts - in slow motion, because the sensation was much longer and drawn-out than it would have been otherwise. A sensation that, to a horrified mind, might simply be mistaken for the feeling of his cock and balls being drawn back into his body - even as the same flesh and nerves were reshaped into a new configuration.

However, it couldn't be a mistaken assumption, no matter how fervently Jeff might have wished it to be - for the second set of sensations 'supported' the horrifying, humiliating conclusion his mind didn't want to face.

The sensation as the fat of his beer gut slithered and shimmied upwards - into two steadily swelling mounds on his compressing ribcage.

"I didn't mean it...!" Jeff screamed, hysterically...

...and the fact that the scream came out in a pitch much too high for simple hysterics to explain it was the final straw. On top of the pain, and the fear, and the horrified certainty that he nevertheless struggled to deny, the sound of the high-pitched, feminine squeal was too much.

So he did the most sensible thing in the world. He...

She...

...passed out cold.

* * * * *

She jerked bolt upright in the bed.

Not that she had any intention of doing so. In fact, her mind - not even truly alert to the fact that it **was her** mind - was still clinging, desperately, to the welcome void of dislocated consciousness.

It wasn't easy, considering that her eyes had flown open at the same time she'd sat upright, the morning sunlight streaming in the window hardly conducive to continued unconsciousness. However, her mind was only very barely starting to spin up to speed, and any faint sense-of-self that, as yet, existed in that bemused state was the instinctive, male one of her past.

It usually took a certain measure of consciousness to operate the human body, a level that she was still well below - but that didn't really matter, since it wasn't her consciousness operating her radically altered from.

No, it was another consciousness- but not an external one, but an internal one.

One that operated her body stiffly, as if she were sleepwalking - but operated it nonetheless.

So, it was to motion - purposeful motion - that her own, innate, once-male consciousness slowly returned.

At first, dazed and bemused, she couldn't do much more then accept the information her five sense were reporting to her sleep- bemused brain.

The feel of the smooth, silky nylons sliding up her long, shapely new legs, as silky smooth as the fine hosiery being placed on them.

The sound of the rich, emerald green gown that as it was slid around her trim new form, the slid skirt swirling about her long legs as it clung tightly to wide hips, slim waist and just slightly higher then halfway up her firm, full, sensitive new bust.

The taste of the slick, slightly oily lipstick applied to full new lips.

The scent of the faintly floral perfume dabbed here and there about her body...

...and the sight of herself in the mirror, just as her brain finally reached something approaching full consciousness.

She gasped, heavy-lidded emerald eyes opening wide in shock as she surveyed the woman looking back at her from the mirror. The stunningly beautiful woman staring back at her from the mirror.

She was tall and slim, with perfect, milky skin that was a wonderful backdrop for the rich red of her hair and the bright green of her eyes. Her supple figure was curvaceous, but neither the full, D-cup breasts nor the taut, heart-shaped ass were overdone enough for her overall appearance to leave the realm of 'elegantly beautiful' - for that was what she was, from the tip of the dainty toes inside the white pumps with their four-inch heels, to the tip of her crowning made of lush, rich red hair...

...and every single smooth, supple, curvaceous inch in between.

"What the hell is happening to me...!" The new woman shrieked, staring at the reflection in the mirror mounted atop the elegant old bureau...

...and then, unwillingly, she found herself stepping closer to the dresser, her slim new fingers with their long, pink nails reaching out to the small, leather bound diary and gold fountain pen atop it. Too stunned to even consider fighting the control the secondary consciousness sharing the body with her was exercising, the new woman watched as her new hands opened up the diary to the first page, picked up the pen, and began writing in a finely-formed feminine script:

April 6th

Today, I - Jessica Anne Winston - begin the first day of my... probation.

Having been unaccountably rude to Mark Servanov, a kind and gentle man, it is only fitting that I face some form of punishment for my transgression. Obviously, I have been, until today, crude and uncouth - and so, here I will remain, in 'service' to the dear, sweet, wonderful Mr. Servanov, until I learn to be as kind, as gentle, and as gracious as I should have been all along. For this task, I could have no finer teacher than Mark, who is truly, in every way, a gentleman.

I am so thankful to have the sort of shapely, womanly figure that men appreciate, for I may also provide visual pleasure to Mark as I learn my lessons. I will, of course, always wear clothing and such accessories necessary to emphasize and enhance my beauty, so that Mark enjoys it all the more - for a beautiful, graceful woman is a joy to behold, and I will give him this joy.

Just as I will give him the joy of any more direct, physical pleasure he might wish. After all, he is a man, and I am all woman - a woman with an extremely high sensitivity to any form of pleasure. I am utterly sure I will find pleasuring Mark physically, in any way, extremely pleasurable myself...

..and, of course, if I were to ever do anything as crass or as cruel as to miss out on so much as a single opportunity to provide visual, physical, or any other form of pleasure to Mark - why, then, I would be so mortified that I am sure I would punish myself.

Severely.

Jeff - Jessica!? - read the words as they flowed smoothly from 'her' hand - and began shaking her head, silky new hair brushing across her slender, milky shoulders as her full, pink-coated new lips worked.

"Hell, no!" She said, the sweet new contralto she'd been given along with her new body coming out sharply, in firm denial. "I'm not going to.. to act all 'girlie' for Mark, and I sure as hell ain't gonna 'pleasure him'..."

Her firm denial cut off, sharply, as her body and clothing began to change.

Her dress' hem slithered upwards, rising to mid-thigh, as the body underneath the changing fabric became more pneumatic, breasts bulging outwards under what was rapidly becoming hot-pink spandex.

The massive mane of hair grew even thicker, lusher, and richer - while fading down to a brassy shade of blonde that went better with the huge, blue eyes her vapid-looking face now possessed.

Her viewpoint shrank downwards, despite the much taller heels and platforms of her hot-pink new platforms, as she became shorter, to better emphasize the outrageous curves of her altered form.

Brainlessly, she twirled a long, gloss-pink nail in her massive mane of bottle-blond hair and giggled, eyeing the yawning cleavage her massive, basketball-sized breasts formed in the skin-tight sheath of her spandex tube dress.

"Like, oh-mi-god, I am soooo hot!" She giggled happily at her reflection. "Now I can get, like, lottsa guys to let me suck their cocks! I just love cocks. I love sucking them, and fucking them, and being covered in hot, sticky cum, and **holy shit!**"

The graphic demonstration that, until that moment, the owner of the house had chosen not to alter her mind, rather than 'could not', had faded, leaving her stunned with the realization that, for several seconds, she'd actually wanted to fuck and suck men - had been ecstatically considering it, in fact. That she'd been equally ecstatic about the over-blown body that she was now staring at with wide-eyed horror.

It had finally penetrated her that the house wanted to teach her - the male mindset of the 'real' Jeff Winscott - a lesson. This wasn't just cruel punishment, nor some sort of horribly game, but an actual attempt to 'rehabilitate' him/her, not just wipe her 'real' mindset out of existence, as the house so obviously could easily do.

If the house had simply wanted to make her some sort of 'real' woman - even a mindless bimbo - it could have done so. It was no obvious that the house actually believed Jeff had done something wrong, and was punishing her - not just out of cruelty or vengeance - but in an effort to make her see the errors of her ways, and correct them.

The thing that made it, literally, *painfully* obvious...

...was the fact that Jessica knew the house was right. She had, indeed, gone to the house specifically with the intent to piss Mark off. He'd known that he was being cruel, and what he was doing was wrong - but he just hadn't cared.

Now, the house was making damned sure that he'd learn to care about what other people were feeling. By making him female and forcing her to learn how to be good at it Jessica was going to have to learn damned face how to realize what her actions were doing to other people, and what feelings she was creating in them.

If she could learn to make Mark feel good, it seemed likely the house would change her back...

...and if she failed...

She looked at the hyper-buxom figure in the mirror, thought about the eager craving for cock she'd felt, and shuddered. "Okay, okay - I'll be good." She said, aloud. "Please... not that. Don't make me become... her."

He pointed at the figure in the mirror - which was already changing back into the gorgeous redhead she'd started out as. Well, almost. The house saw fit to leave a couple of 'subtle' reminders of the punishment for bad behavior behind.

Like the now six-inch tall heels on her white pumps...

...the longer, thicker mane of richly red hair she'd have to cope with...

..and the DDD-cup breasts elegantly-yet-sensuously displayed the by her emerald-green gown, the firm, round breasts pushing the fine line between 'sensual' and 'slutty' - without quite going over.

Jessica swallowed heavily, understanding her punishment - and the price of failure.

With that firmly in mind, she forced back the 'wrong' urges generated by her humiliation, anger and fear, and quite consciously force herself to move with a smooth, supple grace as she turned from the mirror and headed for the door.

It was strange, walking easily - sinuously - atop such high, slender heels. Of course, as a man, she'd gained no practice or

experience in doing so, and she should have fallen all over herself the first time she tried it - but the spirit of the house was helping her, allowing her to walk in them as easily as if she'd been doing it for years. Despite that, however, the house wasn't forcing her to walk in any particular manner - at least, not physically. The house would have 'helped' her remain upright and balanced, even if she were using a stomping, mannish stride - but Jessica was sure that walking that way probably would have earned her more than a slap on the wrist.

In fact, she thought to herself with sickly wry acknowledgment, the smooth, heel-to-toe stride she was using now, her back ruler-straight and head held high as she rotated her hips in smooth counterpoint to the swaying of her long, slim arms, was probably 'overkill', much more gracefully feminine than she needed to get by...

...but with the memory of the bimbo-mentality so clear and sharp in her mind, she wasn't willing to take any chances. Though it sickened and disgusted her to be doing this, she'd rather be using an ultra-supple feminine stride 'voluntarily' than risk being a mindless bimbo obsessed with sex.

She found Mark in the kitchen, nervously trying to perform the simple task of putting on coffee with shaking hands.

The first, bitter reaction to the sight of him that she felt was to yell at him, to curse him for the feminine fate that had befallen him - and it frightened her how fast and strong it surged up in her, almost slipping out of her before she clamped down on it, hard.

She was sure there would have been a punishment for such a thing...

...and even through her hate and anger over what had been done to her, she knew why. Mark didn't deserve it. This wasn't his doing.

Instead, she forced herself to compose her face and let the tension seep from her supple new form, the hands that had balled into fists uncurling themselves.

Mark, facing away from the doorway, apparently hadn't noticed her arrival, despite the clicking of her high heels on the wooden floor. It seemed unlikely, so much so that she'd assumed that he was just ignoring her...

...except that, when she cleared her throat before speaking, he jumped a foot into the air and whirled around. His face was drawn, making it obvious that he'd gotten no sleep - and his wide eyes were tortured, hurt.

She had to force down a surge of bitter enjoyment at the stoop-shouldered, beaten look of him.

"Oh, Jeff - I'm so sorry!" Mark said, shaking his head. "I... I tried to talk the house out of it, but it wouldn't listen. It seems determined to punish you, to try and make you more.. more like me. It's my fault. It's all my fault. For some reason, the house almost idolizes me, thinks I'm somehow a great and wonderful man, and..."

Mark stopped, waving his hands in the air as he searched for more words of apology - then finally slumped, hands falling limply to his side as he stared at the floor.

"I'm so sorry." He repeated, in a broken voice of bitter self-recrimination. Jessica stared at him, slack-jawed.

Having had to fight down the initial urge she'd felt upon entering the room, she'd been forced to admit to herself, without reservation, that none of this was Mark's fault. That she, and she alone, had brought this down upon her. She hadn't liked to admit it, and the fact that she'd been forced to made her furious, but the truth was so obvious and unavoidable that she couldn't lie to herself about the fact that it was her attempt to hurt Mark that had caused the house without prompting from it's owner, to punish her...

...and yet Mark had obviously been up all night, figuratively banging his head against the wall in self-imposed guilt over what had happened to her.

That vicious glee at seeing him in pain lay just under the shocked realization that he **was** in pain, and the thought of him stewing in his own grief and guilt was darkly attractive...

...and, in a mind-shaking flash of realization, **possible**.

This wasn't her doing. This pain and grief he was feeling hadn't been brought about by her actions - but by those of the house. She could leave him to stew in the pain he was feeling - and the house would not punish her for it!

She had to be 'nice' to him, to not do anything to cause him pain, and to be pleasing in manner and sight - but she wasn't going to be punished for not doing anything to lessen pain or discomfort caused by an outside source or his own 'weak, wimpish' self.

So...

"It's only temporary." She assured him, keeping any 'unkind' sense of victory out of her strictly polite voice. "The house assures me that, once I've learned my lesson and stopped hurting people out of spite, I'll be back to my old body."

Mark nodded - but it was as if the words hadn't really registered.

"I tried to stop the house." He said, as if trying to reassure himself - and failing. "I tried to talk it out of doing this to you..."

He shuddered - and then looked at her, and shuddered again, turning away quickly as his eyes found the milky cleavage her gown displayed.

"You... don't need to dress like that." HE said, raggedly.

"Yes, I do." She said, her sweetly correct voice not displaying any trace of the dangerous exaltation she felt at knowing that finding a transformed male at all attractive was hurting Mark. The house, never having been a human, male or female, had created a 'pleasing' aspect for Jessica, but was incapable of understanding how Mark's mind could find the very fact that it **was** pleasing so torturous.

"No, no..." Mark said, almost sobbing. "Not if it's for my sake..."

Jessica knew that, if she asked it to, the house would put her in less emphatically feminine clothes in an instant,

complying with at least that much of Mark's wishes, even if it wouldn't turn her back into a man...

...but it wouldn't do it unilaterally.

The urge to be in less feminine clothes warred with the 'acceptable' desire to continue hurting Mark through the house's own punishment - and finally comfort won out...

...mostly.

Hesitantly, not sure if it would work, Jessica formed a mental image of what she had in mind - and wasn't sure if she should be surprised when it worked.

Seconds later, she took a deep breath, running her hands over the clothing that now encased her feminine body.

The tight pair of faded jeans that clung to her womanly hips and long legs, but felt a lot less 'girlie' than the skirt and nylons, and the actually extremely comfortable white silk blouse...

...that was open enough to still display much of that creamy cleavage that bothered Mark so much.

It was, of course, a completely 'acceptable' outfit, one any woman like her might wear, and so the house wasn't going to punish her for it- even if the well-displayed cleavage bothered her owner enormously.

"I'll get the coffee going..." Mark said, trying, and failing, not to eye her artfully arranged view of deep cleaving and the hint of well- rounded breasts - and hating himself even more for ogling the 'poor, unwillingly transformed' male currently housed in a supple, sexy female body. "You.. Just go make yourself comfortable, and I'll bring you some..."

"No, no - let me help." She said, 'sweetly' - and the very fact that it was part of her punishment that 'made' her need to help made the fact that her continued presence - and the matching opportunities for Mark to helplessly ogle her sinuous figure - all the more delightful.

This time, the all-too-acceptable extra 'oomph' she put into the graceful sensuality of her movements wasn't only due to the fact she wanted to make sure she was being feminine enough.

It was because the more feminine she was, the more she adhered to the 'punishment' the house felt she needed, the more uncomfortable Mark was.

However, since it wasn't specifically because of what she was doing, but because of how his own guilt and his own attraction made Mark feel about what she was doing, the house didn't punish her for it. In fact, through the link she now shared with the portion of the house's consciousness that now filled her, Jessica could feel the 'confusion' of the inhuman spirit, who could tell that its owner was unhappy, but lacked the hormones or experience to understand how Mark could be unhappy about finding a 'sexy woman' attractive.

Since the house was forcing her to stay near Mark and look and act feminine - and 'enjoyable' attractive - she had plenty of opportunity to enjoy Mark's discomfort over it. Still, the house didn't 'let up', seeing the fact Mark found her attractive - and not

understanding it was that very fact that was so disturbing. In fact, the house kept trying to nudge Jessica into being more pleasant to Mark's senses - and she didn't fight those small nudges all that hard, aware of what it was doing to her host.

Of course, it was still disturbing - sickening - to her to know that if Mark had wanted any sort of physical pleasure, she'd have to give it to him or become a bimbo, but there was scant chance of that. In fact, the very fact that Mark had some urges for her to do things like that with her were only making his condition worse, and she knew he'd never go through with any of them.

All in all, it was quite enjoyable to spend the day watching him 'squirm', driven by his own internal guilt. By the second day, it had become considerably less enjoyable.

By the third, it was annoying.

She couldn't stop, however. Despite his nervous, awkward manner now grating on her nerves, his unwanted, helpless attraction to her having lost it's 'enjoyably', she couldn't stop the cycle.

The one time, annoyed, she'd tried to close her open shirt against his helplessly appreciative gaze, the house had expanded her breasts out another two cup sizes, forcing her to once more display the cleavage that Mark was 'enjoying' looking at - and hating

himself for enjoying.

By the forth day, annoyance was transmuting itself into something else:

Worry.

* * * * *

On her way back from the bathroom, Jessica paused in the doorway to the living room and took a good, hard look at where Mark sat on the couch, his eyes aimed towards the TV without his brain registering any of the images.

It was almost nine o'clock at night, but she would have bet that Mark couldn't have told her that, if she'd asked. He'd barely been sleeping at all. Not only because of guilt, but because in his sleep his mind conjured up unwanted sexual fantasies - fantasies centered on a certain, sexy red-head.

Slowly, Jessica began to walk towards the couch, looking at Mark in his rumpled, stained clothes. In a sort of reverse transition, the more sexy she'd become, the more he'd degenerated.

Unconsciously fluffing out her long, thick mane of hair, she prepared to gracefully lower herself into the armchair she'd been using - and watched his haunted eyes helplessly swing in her direction, his uncaring libido insisting he watch, so as to get a good look at the long, shapely legs and full, round breasts so well displayed by her 'simple' pastel pink sundress, with it's short, loose skirt and it's button-down front with the top two buttons undone.

Seeing that helpless, hopeless gaze swing to her supple form, Jessica hesitated, balancing in mid-sit with an unconscious easy atop the five-and-a-half shaped inch heels of her sandal-style shoes... and then she rose and walked over to the couch and

sat beside Mark, forcing herself to not wrinkle her nose at the smell rising from the unwashed, unshaven man.

'Geez - this is how I used to smell most of the time...' She found herself thinking, with surprise, recalling her own lack of hygienic concern when she'd been male. *'How the hell did I stand myself...?'*

She became sharply aware of her own, current scent - a pleasant fragrance whose swirling ambience she'd become so used to, yet somehow never 'tuned out' from her consciousness, as she had her old, male odor.

"Mark?" She said, softly, watching his eyes turn to look at the well-displayed cleavage before him. He'd almost completely given up trying to control his wandering eyes, and now he openly stared at her full, round breasts with a sort of painful hunger, his eyes dark pools of self-disgust. "Mark - please, talk to me. Say something. Anything."

This was one of the symptoms that had turned annoyance into worry - Mark hadn't spoken at all today, had barely moved at all. He still didn't speak, gazing in helpless fascination at what he wanted - and what, with equal fervor, he didn't *want* to want.

She glanced downward, at her own large, round breasts - and was bemused to realize just how used she'd gotten to even having breasts. Sure, she still hated being forced to be female, but...

Her mind came to a screeching, screaming stop as she suddenly faced an assumption head-on. ***Did*** she hate being a woman?

Sure, she'd been disgusted, horrified, sickened and afraid at being made female, at the beginning - and so she'd simply assumed she still felt the same way now.

Except... she didn't.

She'd been female for four days now - and while she'd been forced to adapt to some changes that came with her new gender, she was shocked to realize that being female wasn't really all that different from being male. Sure, the sensations were different, as were the motions and movements...

...but once you became used to that, being female was... just being female.

She wasn't 'worse off' then she'd been as a man. She still had her own thoughts and emotions, and they hadn't been changed...

...except, she realized with a another start, they ***had***.

Not by any outside force, and not specifically by being female. Oh, it was being female that had caused the change, but not because she was female, but because she was different. Even a different male body, or that of an ape or elephant or something indefinable, would have served. Anything that had forced her out of the 'rut' of her old male life and let her look back on it from a fresh perspective.

Her thoughts and emotions had changed - because she could clearly see what an asshole she'd been.

A mean, shiftless, uncaring drunk. A waste of human skin. Somebody who'd enjoyed seeing people in pain, and couldn't

get enough of it...

...except that, in this situation, she'd been allowed to sate that hunger. She'd seen Mark in unending, unvarying pain for four days.

It no longer pleased her in the least. She'd finally sated that hunger and come through the other side - only to find herself no happier for it. In fact, she felt...

Dirty. Disgusted.

Even... horrified.

What sort of sick bastard had she been, to enjoy having anybody feel the way Mark felt? The way Mark was still feeling?

For Jessica, it was as if the world shook. She shivered as every assumption, every unexamined thought and emotion that formed the set of memories that defined her, were thrust into the light to be reexamined...

...and she realized that she hated herself. Thoroughly and without reservation. She was despicable.

She was dirt.

She was undeserving of continued existence, a worthless waste of life that didn't even have one, single redeeming feature.

Darkness, self-loathing and disgust washed through her, threatening to overwhelm her with nihilistic despair, the urge to throw away the life that had become a burden to her - to the world - growing so incredibly strong that she almost let it carry her away...

...when one small, whispered voice spoke to her, a shining pinpoint of light in all that darkness. *'You hate who you **were**.'*

She blinked, considering.

It was true. Her entire life had been utterly wasted - but if she killed herself, that would be all it ever could be.

If she lived, if she forced herself to face the person she'd been, and now hated, then she could use the rest of her life to try and somehow make up for all the pain and grief she'd caused...

...and, in that instant, it was as if there were a 'click' in her mind as everything fell into place.

For, with a shift in her basic understanding of the world around her, she was 'in tune' with the house. She understood that this very change in thought process was what the house had been trying to spawn by its punishment - but never to such an intense degree.

No, the very deep and powerful nature of the worldview shift had come about because of an unexpected 'side effect' to her rehabilitation.

The destruction of a good and gentle person named Mark Servanov.

It was her fault. Oh, even three days ago, she hadn't thought so, oh-so-gleefully playing on it without guilt - but now she knew better. An old quote popped into her head, something dredged up from her days at school: Evil flourishes where good men do nothing.

It was something she would have snorted at, before - but now she understood it to be a very real and powerful truth.

Well, she might not be either 'good', nor a man - but if she was ever going to be able to look at herself in the mirror, regardless of which face she was wearing, she couldn't 'do nothing' and let the evil of Marks' pain and growing self hatred continue.

She turned and looked at Mark, seeing him a whole new light. Gently, she reached out and slid a gently hand behind his neck...

...and he flinched.

"No!" HE gasped hoarsely, the first word he'd spoken all day.

"What's wrong?" She asked, gently, her voice warm with all the affection she realized she owed a man who'd suffered so very much - on her behalf.

He shuddered. "Don't.. don't touch me. I..."

He licked his lips, nervously - and revealed his deepest, darkest fear.

To a man, genuinely good man, the thought was anathema, and he had to force himself to put it into words: "I... Might not be able to... control stop myself."

"Stop yourself from what?" She prompted. He shuddered again.

"From... touching you." He gasped, horrified to admit that he might actually touch a person - a woman, or a man 'forced' to be a woman - against their will.

"Touch me?" She asked, sliding the hand gently over his neck, caressing him. "You mean... sexually?" He nodded, tears of shame starting to roll down his unshaven cheeks.

"What - like this...?" She asked...

...and grasped his hand and pulled it to rest on her warm, taut thigh. He gasped, eyes flying opening in surprise.

"Or like... this?" She asked, letting go of his neck to take his other hand - to slide it into her dress, around one firm, full breast.

He shivered, trying to pull his hands away - yet unable to bring himself to use enough force to break her gentle grip, leaving his hands 'unwillingly' where they were, touching her firm, warm, supple flesh.

"What...?" He babbled, staring at her. "Why...?"

She hesitated, trying to find the words that could possibly explain what she'd come to understand, looking for some way to make clear what had been so obscure before, and so clear now...

...and then realized that Mark, being the man he was, didn't need to have it all explained to him. She smiled.

"You can..." She told him, softly, smiling as she looked him straight in the eye, "...because you haven't." He hesitated - then, slowly, giving her plenty of time to avoid it, leaned towards her.

She didn't avoid it - she leaned into it, their lips meeting firmly. They kissed.

Hesitantly at first, her own nervousness at the new and unexplored realm of her feminine sexuality warring with his uncertainty that what he thought was happening really was - but soon the kiss deepened, became more passionate, as each allowed themselves to realize that, despite their own doubts, this was really what each of them - and each other - really wanted.

Only five days before, Jessica had been Jeff, and almost aggressive heterosexual man - but she'd come to realize that the accident of whatever gender you happened to be born as didn't really matter, in the long run, not nearly as much as you did with the life, masculine or feminine, that you were gifted.

She'd also come to realize that Mark was a person she could trust, completely and utterly. Somebody she could trust to give and take pleasure with her, without fear that he'd hurt her by taking advantage of it - something he'd proven inarguably during the past four days.

She could safely let him show her how to experience the pleasures of her new form's sexuality - and she, in turn, let him know with no uncertainty that he could enjoy his own, masculine sexuality to do so.

With no hesitation, regret, or discomfort, Jessica let herself go, embracing all the wonders and pleasures of her feminine form that her old, male - and, in the 'big picture', utterly ludicrous - preconceptions had kept her from accepting.

Only, as her hands unbuttoned, unbuckled, and unzipped eagerly to get at the warm, living flesh beneath Mark's clothes while he did the same for her, she realized, with a start, that those 'preconceptions' weren't ludicrous.

They were necessary.

Oh, not for her - but that was because she had been offered a gift as great as life itself, a chance to truly experience the other side of the gender barrier.

A barrier that was as real and as unrelenting, for most, as a concrete wall. So real and unbreakable that a yearning to see the other side of it, while lacking the ability, would be the cruelest sort of cut...

...and even as she reveled in the ability to experience what a man's warm hands felt like on her warm, feminine flesh, Jessica felt deep sorrow and disgust for the man she'd been, even as she understood the necessity of the narrow point of view that had led her to despise, even hate, those 'tranny freaks'.

After all, if she'd let herself truly understand them, she too would have been doomed to that sort of unquenchable, unknowable torment. Of being intelligent and empathic enough to know what she know knew, that the divisions of gender meant nothing at all in terms of the 'person', the mind that felt and thought and loved and hurt exactly the same regardless of race or gender...

...and meant everything in terms of how that person interacted with the world around them.

The mind was the real 'person', the thoughts and emotions and experiences - but the body was the input and output for that mind, and everything that mind experienced, everything that ended up forming who that person would become, was filtered through that body, as was all the actions it would make - and it was something that no amount of simulation could truly provide.

She was different. She was given the chance to see both sides, to experience both sets of 'filters'...

...and, as she was laid back on the couch, Mark's hands eagerly moving over her smooth flesh as she eagerly spread her legs for him, she knew that she would have to try and experience every aspect of feminine life for at least as many years as she'd been male before she could even begin to consider changing back again - anything less, and she'd continuously wonder about that which she had allowed herself to miss.

Then Mark's hard, throbbing cock slid deep into her warm, wet new womanhood, and she gave up *thinking* about this wondrous gift of femininity in favor for *experiencing* it.

Yet, even as she let herself loose herself in the wonderful sensations of not only having a kind, gentle, caring man make love to her warm, supple, feminine body, but of *letting* herself accept the reversal of 'input' and 'output' from her old life, there was a deep and inherent core of sadness that added the bitter to the sweet, knowing that - unasked for and unanticipated, she'd been allowed to experience a wonderful gift that all too many would have willingly traded their souls for...

...and it was that bittersweet knowledge that made it all the more imperative that she would never take her feminine life for granted, that insurance that she would savor every moment, every experience, out of respect and regret for all those who could not, that made her first female orgasm all the more powerful.

As her body convulsed in the very pleasure her narrow old male mindset would never have let itself truly wonder about, she dedicated it to the thought and the idea of all the men out there who **had** allowed themselves to open the Pandora's box of gender empathy...

...and, by the very fact of her existence, let herself believe that the Gender Pandora's box shared in common that one element with the mythical original:

Hope.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A shy man has only seen his beautiful neighbor through his binoculars until, one day, she uses a magic spell to make them change places.

Through The Glass

By Gunslinger

Night began to descend on the concrete towers and valleys of the city, the golden glow of late afternoon fading to a sullen red before fading towards the ebony shadow of darkness. Amidst the towering buildings of downtown, twilight had already faded into darkness for the aging tenements and expensive condos that shared space in the shadows of the rapidly emptying monuments to commercialism that loomed above them and blocked the dying sun.

On the tenth floor of one of the older brownstones that had occupied the area decades before the earliest skyscrapers, a slender figure stirred and glanced at the glowing numerals of a clock, cursing mildly as it rose from the pool of light that spilled over the sofa on which it had lain, eyes riveted on the pages of a thick adventure novel.

Danny hurried from the couch to the window that looked out over a small, overgrown 'park' that was surrounded on all sides by buildings. Pulling the worn chair that sat in front of the old window into a more comfortable position, he lowered his short, pale body into the chair, idly tugging his track pants into a more comfortable position with one hand while his other fumbled beside him, finally running across the cool casing of the binoculars that rested on the end table. He lifted them and dropped the leather strap of the thirty-year-old Zeiss-Ikon binoculars around his neck. Although four years older than Danny himself, the binoculars were still the finely crafted precision optics they'd been when they were produced for the Bundeswehr in the sixties, and when Danny slipped off his heavy-framed glasses and placed the eyepieces of the binoculars in front of his liquid brown eyes, the image that leapt into view was crisp and clear, with the exaggerated three-dimensional effect that the 'big-eye' glasses brought to anything. With the usual German mentality for details, the optics were capable of focusing at ranges far shorter than any American- or Japanese-made binoculars were capable of, the short-sighted designers of those products failing to see any reason why somebody would use powerful binoculars for only a few hundred yards range.

Then again - it hadn't been unheard of for 'serious' opera-goers to take similar binoculars to the opera-house - not only cleared then the similarly ranged opera glasses that most people used, they also provided a much wider range of vision at that range.

Danny used his binoculars for a less... *cultured* purpose, however.

Intently, the slim brunet gazed across the two-hundred-yard distance between his window and the building across from his, easily finding the specific window he was looking for. The pale young man sighed in relief as he saw the gauzy white curtains still drawn against the now-vanished sun, meaning that he wasn't late.

As a matter of fact - he was just in time. He'd barely gotten himself focused on the wide floor-to-ceiling window when the lights in the apartment it serviced snapped into life, and a dark silhouette soon rose against the translucent fabric.

Then a pair of hands grasped the sides of the drapes and drew them wide, exposing the entire living-room of the upscale condo to Danny's peering eyes.

The owner of the hands that had opened the curtains was a young woman, of about the same age as himself - and about the same height, as well. But there any resemblance ended.

The woman was slender - but whereas Danny had the skinny look of an underfed and under-exercised young man, the woman had the lithe, svelte build of a healthy young woman who eschewed the 'anorexic' look of a fashion model while being blessed with a naturally slender waistline on a slender frame that was anything but shapeless.

She was wearing a medium-blue velour mini-dress that revealed that frame to an advantage. Balanced atop blue pumps with four inch heels, her long, toned legs rose in shapely columns that disappeared under the high hem of the dress where it swelled over her womanly hips. A white belt did a marvelous job of drawing the stretchy dress tight against her trim waist before the material stretched out, straining to contain a firm, round pair of breasts that were the size of small melons, assisted only by the two small straps that went behind her long, slender neck before meeting in a bow, holding the sleeveless dress in place.

Her toned, healthy arms were well displayed by the dress, from the strong-yet-feminine shoulders to the slender wrists, where they met her slender, shapely hands, each long, slender finger tipped by a long, pink nail.

Her face wasn't 'classically' beautiful. It was a little too long for that, with a rounded rather than pointed chin, and her nose was a trifle too large for her face. But, somehow, all her facial features managed to 'work', being offset by full, soft lips that were further emphasized by a dark red lipstick, and seemed permanently locked in a smile of some sort - one that was reflected in her large, expressive green eyes.

Her hair was a simple, shaggy style that hung to the shoulders at the back and to her finely curved eyebrows in the front, it's incredibly deep, rich red hue to improbable to be anything but natural. She was an incredible mixture of things - incredibly sexy in body and motion, with the look and personality of 'the girl next door', making her seem much more accessible and attractive than a classically beautiful woman would be.

Those bright, long-lashed eyes now looked out over the overgrown park ten stories below, picking out the bright blooms that were just starting to fade in the early fall weather. Then the gaze slowly rose - and met Danny's through the two panes of glass and two sets of lenses, the magnification the optics making it seem that she was only a foot or two away, instead of the distance of two football fields.

The smile widened, and she waved cheerfully across the distance, then laughed - silently, from Danny's viewpoint - and blew a

kiss in his direction.

Lowering the binoculars for a second, Danny mimed catching the kiss, the wistfully mimed blowing one back to her. "Hello, Dana..." He whispered softly, then brought the glasses back up to his eyes, to continue his daily ritual.

True to form, the sexy red-head cocked her head inquisitively, then picked up the cordless phone that rested on the table beside her and waved it suggestively - once more inviting her unknown 'friend' to give her a call and introduce himself.

But that was one thing that Danny would never, ever do - no matter how friendly Dana seemed, or how long this strange relationship went on.

It had all began more then three moths ago - and quite innocently.

It had been the Fourth of July - and it had been absolutely sweltering, even after the sun had finally descended. Danny - despite his... condition... had been drive from the broiling furnace of his apartment, if only as far as the fire escape outside his window.

Despite the pounding of his heart and his racing pulse, he'd found himself falling into an odd state of mind, a sort of drifting, pleasant lassitude that was completely unlike him, especially considering where he was. He'd pulled the cushions off the couch and laid them on the slowly rusting grate of the obsolete ironmongery, turning the platform - long since disconnected for ladders going in either direction - into a comfortable haven. Bringing his TV - a black and white thirteen inch only a few years his junior - onto the impromptu balcony had only heightened the sensation that he was in a small, comfortably air-conditioned room, and he'd even - amazingly - brought out the two beers that had been in the back of his fridge since he'd moved in, left by the previous tenant.

He'd lain there for awhile watching TV in relative comfort - and amazed at the better reception, after he'd pushed the built-in antenna so that it touched the metal of the platform - when a burst of light had drawn his attention.

His stomach had dropped to his shoes as he gazed over the roof of the building opposite - but something else had shone in his eyes as he'd watched the burst of color as he saw fireworks for the second time in his life. Awed and bemused, he'd found himself doing something utterly uncharacteristic - rather than glancing immediately away from the portion of sky where the bright pyrotechnics were bursting, he'd reached into the apartment and brought out his binoculars, focusing them on the distant display and bringing them closer.

After a few, eternal minutes, he was forced to lower the binoculars from the bright spectacle high above the distant lake...

...and as he'd lowered the binoculars from his eyes, and lowered his eyes - he'd found himself looking at a gorgeous red-head who was staring at him intently.

Startled, Danny had jerked unconsciously - and his foot had connected with his TV, sending it over the edge of the platform and down the ten stories to the flower bed below, where it's tired circuitry finally received it's eternal rest.

Only when the startled woman had gaped at the fallen TV, then at him, did Danny realize - blushing furiously - that she

hadn't been gazing at him after all, but at his bedroom window, a few feet to the right. The window that was covered in a mylar tint, turning the outside of it into a mirror.

A mirror that the woman had been using to watch the fireworks in.

The strange, pleasant mood he'd been evaporated by shame, frustration and other emotions, Danny prepared to retreat into the slowly cooling lair of his apartment, when he noticed the stunning red-head making an odd gesture with her hands in front of her face. It took Danny a minute to figure out she was miming holding binoculars to her eyes.

He hesitated for what seemed to be forever - then slowly lifted the binoculars to his eyes and brought the woman into focus, taking in her shapely figure and friendly features.

Seeing that he was gazing at her - thankfully, the darkness hid his deep blush while he did so - the woman picked up a pad of note paper from beside the phone and wrote something on it, holding it up for him to see.

'Sorry - didn't mean to startle you.'

Lowering the glasses, Danny considered, heart pounding and wanting - desperately - to retreat to the sanctuary of his apartment and solitary existence. Instead, he'd mimed a wide 'who knew?' open-handed shrug, then brought the glasses back to his eyes as she wrote on a second page.

'What channel were you watching?'

Danny blinked, wondering what that had to do with anything. Shrugging mentally, he snaked an arm back into the apartment and emerged with one of the dozen flashlights he kept around. Flicking it on and off, he flashed the light seven times.

Nodding, the gorgeous woman went further into her apartment, picked up a small, dark object - and channel seven flared to life on her big-screen TV, in full color. Through the glasses, it was a bigger picture than his own TV had given from only a couple of feet away from him. She even turned up the sound so that it wafted across the courtyard.

For the next couple of hours, Danny had watched television in that unusual fashion, 'talking' with the woman during commercials - although she really did all the communicating. One of the first things she'd offered was her name - Dana Sinclair - and soon after, her phone number.

She'd turned out to have a great sense of humor - at one point, she 'offered' him coffee when she made herself some, by holding up the coffee pot suggestively then folding a paper airplane and balancing an empty Styrofoam mug on top of its wingspan - and she didn't seem at all self-conscious about having a complete stranger peer into her apartment, acting as if she simply had a guest over.

It had been an unusual - and unusually enjoyable - evening for Danny, but when he'd finally retreated into his now reasonably comfortable apartment for the night, he'd thought that would be the end of it.

Perhaps it would have been - if not for the fact that the next day he'd risen from his couch to get something to drink when he'd

noticed something out of the corner of his eye, and peered out the window at the apartment opposite, wondering what had drawn his attention and feeling like a pervert or voyeur. That feeling grew even worse when he hesitantly picked up the binoculars...

but turned into something else altogether when he focused them on the window.

The drapes had been closed - but not all the way. There was a gape of about a foot between the curtains - and Danny's jaw had dropped at what he could see through that gap.

A man in dark clothing and a mask - strangling Dana on the couch.

Horrified, Danny had grabbed his phone and frantically punched out 9-1-1, practically stammering as he explained the situation to the operator at the other end.

Then he went back to the window, bringing his glasses back up to his eyes.

Immediately, he knew that the police - no matter how fast - were going to be too late. They'd never get to the apartment in time to save Dana's life, especially since he hadn't been able to give the apartment number or the building's exact address, not knowing either - he'd given them the rough location of the building, her name and her phone number, the best he could do. But his best wasn't going to be good enough...

Unless....

Frantic, Danny had let the binoculars drop to his chest as he rushed into his bedroom. He yanked open the drawer in his night-table - and in his state, he used enough force to pull it completely out of the slides, dropping it to the floor.

Ignoring the spill of items that rolled around, he'd scooped up the black metal object laying there and had pelted back to the window, already open against the sweltering heat of his apartment.

Hand shaking, heart pounding, sweat running down his face, he'd lifted up the black metal object, aiming it at the window of Dana's apartment...

...then pulled the trigger. The world went white.

Danny had bought the non-lethal defensive weapon when he'd first arrived in the city, and hadn't thought about it since. Now it performed its assigned function beautifully. The capacitor in the metal body, already holding a charge, dumped energy into the incredibly high-powered xenon/halogen bulb in the metal reflector, creating a split second of light that not only rivaled the sun, but surpassed it for that brief instant, casting the building across the way in stark monochrome.

Blinking - despite the fact it had been facing away from him and he'd closed his eyes, the bounce-back off the windows of Dana's building through his eyelids had still been something - Danny had brought the binoculars to his eyes...

...to witness the welcome sight of the man staggering back blindly, hands to his eyes. He'd been looking more-or-less in the direction of the gap in the curtains - and Danny's apartment - when a light brighter than the sun had blinded him and sent an intense bolt of pain

through overloaded nerves.

Bent over, obviously coughing and wheezing, Dana had staggered to the door, easily avoiding the blinded man, and disappeared from Danny's view.

Since then, every day when she got home from work, Dana threw open the drapes of her apartment - all of them. Although Danny knew that the police must have given her his name - after all, they'd come to visit him as well after the botched break in and near murder - she never made any attempt to force contact with him, instead offering him a chance to step into her life. She had made it clear - via signs - that he was welcome - more than welcome - to watch her go about her life while she was at home. Or call her. Or come over - almost anything he wanted. It was obvious that she'd begun to form a sort of distant liking for him at first glance, on the Fourth - but since the Fifth, she owed him her life, and wanted to find a way to thank him.

At first, he hadn't taken advantage of her offering to watch her, 'visit' with her via binoculars and note-pads. But then she'd posted a large, Bristol-board and marker 'note' that had made him realize that she felt that she owed him, and if he wouldn't accepted anything from her, she'd feel indebted to him with no way to make up what she felt owed. Soon, they'd fallen into the strange relationship that still persisted to this day, although it had changed nature slightly...

...now that she'd gotten a small pair of binoculars herself. She didn't use them all that much, knowing that Danny wasn't comfortable with being the 'viewee' - but it made writing to each other easier to read.

Now he watched as Dana held up the pad of paper she kept handy, the words clear and distinct through his binoculars. *'Well Danny Boy - what's dinner tonight?'*

He lowered the glasses for a second, then picked up his own pad of paper. *'Chinese?'*

She read the words through her own binoculars, then nodded. Danny leaned back as she made the phone call. Having been doing this for awhile, the delivery people of the local restaurants had gotten used to her strange requests. Dana insisted on paying for their meals 'together', and Danny had finally given up arguing about it. So, the delivery men of the restaurants always went to her place first, then ran the other half of the order over to him.

When he saw that the delivery arrived at Dana's apartment, he set up the small table so that it sat in front of the window, then lit the candle that rested on the edge and filled the wineglass - his only one, specially purchased - with apple juice. Buzzing up the delivery, he accepted the food and gave the man a small tip, then took the food back to the window.

In her own apartment, Dana had also set up a table near the window. Across the distance of the park between the two buildings, the two of them lifted a wine glass each and tapped it lightly against the window, toasting each other. Then they began their 'romantic' dinner, taking a long time to finish the meal as they 'chatted' back and forth via note-pad.

Finally finishing their meals, they cleaned up, then once more returned to their respective windows, discussing which shows they wanted to watch. After coming to an agreement, Dana turned on her TV, while Danny turned on the small radio Dana had bought and sent to him. It was an older radio that had AM, FM - and the TV channels. Now, he tuned it to the channel that the TV was on, hearing the sound through the radio and watching the TV itself through his binoculars.

Several hours passed this way. About eleven o'clock, Danny began his usual 'getting tired' routine which usually began the close of the night. As usual, Dana disappeared into her bedroom for a few minutes, to change into 'something more comfortable'. Danny waited with anticipation, wondering which outfit of lace and/or silk she'd chose to wear tonight, ending his day with the sight of a gorgeous woman in sexy lingerie blowing him a good-night kiss...

Danny blinked as Dana re-entered the living room of her apartment. Rather than some sexy little nothing, she was wearing a pair of white cotton panties and a white camisole top, with her fuzzy white bathrobe hanging open over it all. As Danny watched in mild confusion, she wrote something and held it up.

'There's something I want to try at midnight that I'd like you to be here for. Can you wait up?'

Danny shrugged, then nodded in an exaggerated fashion for her to see. They continued 'chatting' for a while longer, Danny's curiosity growing.

Finally, a few minutes before midnight, Dana shut off most of the lights in her apartment, leaving on a single floor lamp that left a pool of light near the window. As Danny watched, she sat down in the pool of light, crossing her legs tailor-fashion. Resting her hands palm-up on her knees, she curled the thumb and middle finger of each hand into a loose 'O', closing her eyes and letting her face become calm and expressionless.

Danny continued to watch as she - apparently - began to meditate, wondering what this was all about.

Then, to his surprise, he began to feel sleepy. It came over him suddenly, growing in strength with a speed that was staggering. Blinking, he tried to fight it - but found the binoculars dropping from in front of his eyes as they seemed to gain weight, dragging his hands down. His eyelids also seemed to be gaining weight, falling over his eyes. He tried to pull them open again, but they continued to slide shut, the world dimming as his mind began to slow in the warm lassitude of sleep...

...then Danny sat bolt upright, coming awake with a jerk...

...and found himself staring at the window of Dana's apartment. From the inside.

It took a second to register - because, from his viewpoint, everything looked wrong, with everything on the 'wrong' side. The phone was to the left instead of the right, the chair was on the wrong side...

Then it all hit home, even as his mind struggled to deal with the sudden and inexplicable shift in perspective, and the odd sensations he was feeling. Mind spinning to catch up with reality - as he perceived it - he glanced down...

...and once more his mind fell far behind the information that was flooding it, as he tried to make sense of what he was seeing.

Knees. Shapely bare knees, devoid of any body hair, framed on either side by a thick, heavily textured white fabric. Hands that were slender and tipped with long, painted nails, resting on those knees. Those knees led in one direction to a pair of crossed feet, and in the other... Well, he couldn't see the other end of those legs, because they disappeared, blocked from view by the strange white obstruction midway between his eyes and those knees. The obstructions that were located in the same

place as the strange heaviness dragging on his chest...

"Holy...!" Danny cried, falling over onto the floor as he twitched in shock, his eyes going wide. Only - they weren't really 'his' eyes, as he knew it - because the sound of that single word, spoken in a feminine tone and pitch, verified the thought that had hit home like a freight train.

He wasn't just in Dana's apartment - he was in Dana's body!

The fact that it was utterly impossible didn't matter in the least - all the evidence added up to that conclusion, with not a single thing other than so-called 'common sense' to argue against it. With the stunning realization, names could be applied to the new and strange sensations he was feeling, and they made a sort of internal sense, even if the situation itself was utterly insane.

Now laying flat on his... Dana's back on the floor of her apartment, Danny-in-Dana lifted a hand before Dana's eyes, staring at the slender hand in shock - but not disbelief, as everything he/she was experiencing was much too real, too emphatic, to be anything but believed. He looked at the hand in shock for a few seconds, then brought it to the face that he was currently wearing, feeling the features of Dana's cute/sexy face slide under the questing tips of her long, slender fingers, then running those fingers through the soft, silky mop of hair that her body was topped with.

Then, hesitantly, the hand drifted downward. It paused for a second over her huge, firm tits, feeling the soft resilience of them through the silky material, and feeling the light pressure of the hand itself through the nerve endings in the firmly pliable mounds. Then the hand continued further south, sliding under the elastic waist band of the cotton briefs... and lightly traced the opening centered in the slight mound between her silken thighs, verifying that there was indeed nothing masculine about the form in which he currently resided.

"Oh... my... God..." Danny whispered, her voice rolling out of her body in that richly female tone. She knew that it wasn't really 'her' voice or body, of course - but found part of his male mind slipping into that tense when describing herself in her current situation, because all the evidence showed that his mind was in Dana's body, which was the only portion visible to the world at large, making her apparently feminine.

Slowly, a shocked look on her face, she pushed herself into a sitting position and gaped down at the breasts stretching out the cami top, feeling them shift as she moved, feeling her nipples moving over the soft material - all sensations that she'd never felt prior to this, and were enjoyable - in a decidedly unnerving way.

Suddenly, Danny realized that she was hearing a strident, electric buzzing noise, and had been for a few seconds now. It took a second for her stunned and overloaded brain to realize that she was hearing the sound of Dana's phone...

Blinking, she pushed herself to her feet, feeling her balance change as she moved, and feeling decidedly out-of-whack with the completely different balance and center of gravity of this female body. Moving slowly, she approached the window and the phone, staring across the distance that separated this apartment from the one she'd just been in - and could see, faintly, the figure of 'himself' at the window, holding a phone to 'his' ear.

Numbly, Danny picked up the cordless phone and held it to her ear. "Danny! Are you all right!"

It was decidedly odd to hear 'his' own voice from this perspective.

"D.. Dana? Is.. is that you?" Danny asked, hesitantly, still trying to cope with the sudden and inexplicable shift in his/her world view.

"Yes. I'm so sorry - I didn't think it'd actually work." Dana-in-Danny said, obviously shocked 'himself', but coping with it slightly better. "Look - I'll be right over. Buzz me in when I get there - the button's on the intercom beside the door. Where's your keys and wallet?"

"Huh?" Was the best Danny could do.

"Keys? Wallet?" Dana-in-Danny asked again, patiently.

"Uh... jean jacket." Danny was finally beginning to catch up. "Hanging on the chair of the desk beside the door. The big brass one is for the apartment door." She paused. "Dana... is this... I mean... Is this *really* happening?"

A sigh. "Yeah - I'll explain as best as I can when I get over. I'm sorry - this was.. it was kind of a joke. At least... I *thought* it was. "

Numbly, Danny hung up the phone, then slowly made his way to the door and slumped against the wall, feeling the sensation of the body he was in against the drywall, and finding it different in every way from what she would have felt in her own body, some of the differences subtle, the others not.

It seemed to take forever for Dana to arrive - but it was an eternity well spent, for Danny slowly came to terms with the sudden shift, straightening herself and becoming composed, if still surprised and confused. Though 'forcibly' relocated into a female body, she was alive, sane and healthy - and in no immediate danger. As strange and disturbing as the situation may be, it was certainly no worse - inherently - than the one she'd been living in in her old body. No - the shock and disquiet came from the newness and, to her, oddity of the situation. But there was no immediate threat to life, limb or sanity, and no need to panic.

She took a couple of deep breaths - which caused interesting sensations in her chest - and even managed a wry smile that, in a way, he'd 'gotten into her panties'....

When the enunciator chimed, Danny pushed the button that buzzed Dana through, finding that simple act itself fundamentally different, as she was dealing with the added 'handicap' of the nails tipping the slender fingers of this form. But it was an obstacle that was easily overcome, and a minute later she was opening the deadbolt and letting himself in.

As the door swung shut, the two dislocated souls stared at each other for an instant, taking themselves in from a viewpoint that neither had ever experienced before, or expected to experience.

Then, without a word, they embraced each other, not out of passion, but to feel the reassurance of each other's touch, despite the 'creepy' sensation of being hugged by one's own body.

Breaking the short embrace, 'Danny' looked sorrowful. "I'm so sorry - I didn't expect... I mean, I didn't *really* expect any of

this to happen.”

“What did happen?” ‘Dana’ asked, following her old body over to the couch, reflecting on the oddity of what she was seeing. Although it was her old body, it’s mannerisms, speech patterns and gestures were all unlike the ones she’d used while in it - a third party who knew both of them before would wonder what was going on, as ‘Danny’ was walking more gracefully than he ever had before - and more confidently, although he seemed a bit awkward, especially when he sat and started to cross his legs - then winced and repositioned them.

“Well...” ‘Danny’ said. “I have this book. It was a gift from a client - a real New Age sort of thing. Anyway, there was a section on the ‘power’ of meditation - including how a person who is concentrating hard enough can - at exactly midnight - swap bodies with somebody else, if both people were ‘emotionally attuned’ to the same ‘spiritual wavelength’.”

‘Dana’ blinked - then began to chuckle. The chuckle turned into a laugh, and she doubled over, feeling her new breasts press against her new knees as her slender waist trembled with mirth.

“Sorry...” ‘Dana’ gasped after a moment, explaining it to a puzzled looking ‘Danny’. “It’s just - the thought that those... flakes were actually right about something...”

‘Danny’ grinned at the thought, although he didn’t find it nearly so funny. “Yeah. I guess.” He paused, looking at the female body that, until recently, ‘he’ had inhabited. “Um... well - see, I can’t do anything about it until tomorrow night at midnight.” He lowered his head. “I... I’m sorry.”

‘Dana’ looked at him - then took his hand. “It’s okay. I know you didn’t mean any harm - and to tell the truth, there’s been no harm done. Sure, it’s going to feel really, really weird to be a woman for a day - but if this hadn’t happened, I would never have gotten to speak to you face to face.”

‘Danny’ looked up. “You... you never would have tried to meet me?” He sounded hurt - with good reason, ‘Dana’ supposed.

“Look - it’s not you.” She explained. “It’s me. I grew up under the... ‘care’...” She spat the word out with venom. “...of a crazy woman, and it... it traumatized me for life, I’m afraid.”

“I... didn’t know.” ‘Danny’ said, startled. “What... what happened?”

“She beat me. Often.” ‘Dana’ revealed. “For all sorts of ‘transgressions’. Like going out in public - which is why I hardly ever leave my apartment. I know that I won’t get beaten for it - but I don’t *feel* it, if you know what I mean. Then there was the fact that I didn’t own

any glasses until I left home - and she’d beat me for not seeing things clearly at a distance, as if pain could cure vision problems. It made me neurotic about trying to see things farther away than I can see clearly without my glasses.” She paused - then plunged

ahead. “And. erections.”

“What?”

‘Dana’ nodded slowly. “Every time I got an erection, I was beaten severely, and she threaten to.. ‘cut that wicked thing off’.” She looked up and met her old eyes through the glasses. “That’s... that’s why I don’t have relationships with women. I. I start to get aroused -

then I remember the beatings and threats and. go limp.”

“Oh, my God..” ‘Danny’ said, hand flying to his mouth in a decidedly feminine gesture. “I had no idea.”

‘Dana’ shrugged feeling the firm breasts shift with the motion. “There was no way you could have. It’s just something I’ve had to live with...” Then she blinked. “Until now.”

‘Danny’ frowned for a second - then got it. “Hey you mean that these things don’t bother you in my body?”

‘Dana’ nodded slowly. “Yeah - it’s weird, but in a way, this is a blessing. ‘I’ can’t be punished for going out in public - because I have the perfect disguise.” She looked down and grinned wryly. “However, in this instance, the thought of going out in public as a woman is deterrent enough, if not nearly as traumatically painful. However - your eyesight is fantastic, and I can look in the distance and not have a problem. And I certainly don’t have to worry about getting a hard on, now do I?”

“No - you certainly don’t.” ‘Danny’ agreed, with a ‘girlish’ giggle. “For the next day, that’s my problem - and at least I don’t have any traumatic problems to deal with - although, like you said, the situation is going to be weird enough as it is.” He paused. “So - I guess the question is: What do we do for the next twenty...” He paused and glanced at the clock. “. three hours and forty-two minutes?”

‘Dana’ considered the question. “Well - you don’t work tomorrow, and I definitely...” She paused with a rueful grin. “Wait - I’d better rephrase that. ‘I’ don’t have to work tomorrow, and ‘you’ definitely aren’t expected anywhere by anyone. So, I guess we just hang around and get to know one another - a lot better then we ever expected to, for that matter.” She glanced down at her body. “I wanted to see you, maybe even touch you - but this is hardly what I expected. ”

‘Danny’ giggled gain. “I know what you mean.” He looked around. “Well - I know it seems off to act so blasé about the whole thing - but your body is tired, and I’m willing to be mine is too. I guess we should get some sleep.”

‘Dana’ agreed. The each took a turn in the bathroom, sharing the same toothbrush for their nightly ablutions - since they were sharing bodies, a simple thing like sharing a toothbrush seemed trivial, after all.

It felt disturbing to go to the washroom as ‘Dana’, she found. Not only did she feel extremely voyeuristic, but - as a man - the only times she’d urinated while sitting was the few times she’d been so ill that standing would have taken too much - now that connotation came back as she urinated, feeling the odd way the liquid came out in undirected spurts and pauses. Carefully wiping herself - and blushing furiously - ‘Dana’ pulled up ‘her’ panties and padded into the bedroom, awkwardly climbing into the huge, soft bed with her old body.

They lay beside each other for a few moments, stiff and awkward. Then ‘Danny’ gently reached over and pulled his old

body into an embrace. 'Dana' stiffened for a second, then relaxed and let herself be drawn into an admittedly comforting snuggle. Pillowing her head on the male chest she'd had until recently, 'Dana' slowly drifted off to sleep with the odd sensation of 'her' firm, round tits pressed against the side of her old body, and the thought that she would have done almost anything a few hours ago to have felt that sensation from the male point of view...

* * * * *

'Dana' came awake to stare up at the ceiling with a confused expression on her cute features, wondering why the bedroom looked so different...

Then memory came flooding back, and she sat up quickly, the shifting of her breasts under the cami top verifying that it wasn't just a dream even before she looked down at herself. Even looking down at herself was a verification - not just what she saw, but the fact she was able to see. For the first time since 'she' had moved away from that abusive home, her first act in the morning *wasn't* to reach for a pair of glasses. In this body, they simply weren't needed.

"This is going to take some getting used to..." She muttered to herself, lightly cupping her new endowments through the thin fabric that covered them. She was embarrassed to feel the nipples beneath were engorged, and the sensation of her touched caused ripples of pleasure to chase through her body in a wave.

Swinging her legs over the side of the bed, 'Dana' stood and headed to the door of the bedroom, feeling the soft carpet under her now- feminine feet. She found herself mentally comparing it to the cold floor of her - Danny's - apartment, and concluded that it was a definite improvement.

Walking into the open-concept living/dining room, she looked around and failed to spot her old body with Dana's mind inside. She frowned slightly, as she'd passed the bathroom and guest room, both of which doors were open, revealing empty rooms.

She stuck her head into the kitchen - and caught sight of a recently-brewed pot of coffee, with a note taped to a cupboard above and to the right of the machine. She walked over to the note and pulled it from the cabinet to read.

'Good Morning, Gorgeous...'

'Dana' grinned at the opening line, then continued.

'First off - the cabinet this is taped to is the one with the coffee mugs in it. Cream's in the fridge, and sugar in the canister on the counter by the toaster.'

By the way - I bet you didn't even notice how you were walking since you woke up...'

'Dana' stopped there with a jerk - then her eyes widened as she realized that she'd been walking easily and comfortably in the new body, as if she'd been doing it for years. She stared back in the direction of the bedroom, only now thinking to wonder how she'd walked with a grace and stride exactly like that of the body's original owner.

'...but you realize it now. Don't be shocked - last night you were trying to force that body to move. This morning, you were just awake, and instinctively told your body to move - without giving it step-by-step instructions as to how to do so. I guess that if you don't try to force the body to move a certain way, it uses the ingrained 'habits' it already has.

Came as a shock to me, I'll tell you. I woke up, but on 'my' glasses, and went into the washroom and took a piss, all while half asleep - then realized what I'd just done, easily and 'naturally'. Whoa...

Anyway - I wasn't really planning for company, and the cupboard is bare - I've run off to do some shopping. Didn't want to wake you. I'll be back before too long. Meanwhile... Why not take a shower and get dressed? EVERYTHING you need for the shower is in the bathroom, and I picked out a set of clothes and put them on top of the dresser.

Love, Danny'

It wasn't until she was finishing the note that she also realized that it wasn't Dana's handwriting - instead, it was a modified style of 'his' own.

Bemused, 'Dana' fixed herself a cup of coffee and drank it as she headed into the bathroom. Placing the now empty mug on the porcelain countertop, she looked at the array spread near the edge of the shower, the shampoo, towels, soap, dildo, conditioner...

Dildo?

Eyes wide, 'Dana' hesitantly picked up the black, plastic phallus, blushing furiously as her slender hands wrapped around its shaft. Slightly smaller than her old body's actual penis, the plastic 'toy' had a dark red cap at the but end, and attached to this was a small note that she read with a bemused expression.

'Fill with warm water - and ENJOY!' "Nnn...oooo" 'Dana' said slowly. "I.. I couldn't..."

Her stunned expression slowly became thoughtful. "Could I?"

Blushing, she started the water running in the tub, getting it to the right temperature - then hesitantly filled the dildo, twice taking it from the flow of water and dumping it out, planning to put it aside and forget it - yet, each time, she changed her mind, and finally ended up filling the plastic with fairly warm water and laying it aside, still unsure whether or not she'd actually use it.

Still debating, 'Dana' slipped off the cami top and briefs, piling them neatly beside the tub. She ran her long, slender fingers over the smooth skin of her thighs and lower stomach, slowly circling her crotch thoughtfully, but not quite touching herself 'down there' as she stood, torn by a strange indecision over a choice she'd never thought she'd be forced to make.

Switching the flow of water to the shower head, 'Dana' stepped into the stall and stood under the warm spray, feeling the water caress the smooth, soft skin of the body she was in. Picking up the soap, she began to wash - hesitantly at first, as it felt incredibly voyeuristic -

not to mention strange - to have her hands roaming all over the body of a woman whom she'd never really met 'in the

flesh' so to speak

- although she was now in that body, she'd never met her face-to-face while in her original form.

However, those hesitant movements quickly became more confident as she began to wash, her hands moving over her soap-slicked body and eliciting a pleasurable response from that body. She was bemused to feel a growing, pleasant warmth rising in her belly, while her already erect nipples began to tingle most pleasantly.

She slid her hands over the full, soft curves of her buttocks, finding that it was every bit as pleasurable as she'd imagined sliding her old hands over such an ass would be- but with the added 'bonus' that she felt not only the firm ass under her hands, but her hands through the full buttocks. She found herself closing her eyes and smiling in a leisurely, seductive manner as her hands seemed to move of their own accord, sliding around her slender waist and moving upwards to the firm, melon-sized mounds that rode proudly on her ribcage.

She cupped her firm, sensitive endowments, then gave a gentle squeeze. She began to move her hands over the breasts with a firm, circular motion, applying a light pressure that grew more forceful as she began to fondle her tits the way she'd always dreamed of being able to fondle a woman's tits - though this particular 'opportunity' had never featured in her fantasies. It didn't matter now, of course - it felt wonderful. Her male mind was enjoying being able to finally touch a woman sexually, and her female body was enjoying the sensation immensely as she - somewhat awkwardly, but with great enthusiasm - fondled and squeezed her taut round mounds, fingers teasing and rolling the thick, erect nipples atop their dark aureole.

Almost of its own volition, her hand snaked out towards the dildo resting on the lip of the tub. 'Dana' found herself sliding down until she was sitting in the tub with her long, glistening wet legs in front of her, knees lifted and spread, as her hand found the shaft of the warm, wet phallus and gripped it by its base. Eyes closed in pleasure, legs spread and waiting, her hand unerringly gripped the warm, ready piece of plastic...

...and guided it towards her breasts.

Slowly, sensuously, she slid the rounded end of the molded black plastic cock over one erect nipple, biting a full lower lip in pleasure as the sensation ran through her body. Slowly, she moved the dildo across her chest, laying it flat for the time it took to stroke it a few times between the cleavage of her firm mounds, enhanced by squeezing her upper arms against the breasts to push the cleavage into a tunnel. Then she continued moving the dildo across, slowly circling around her firm, glorious breasts, getting closer and closer to the engorged, highly sensitive nub of her nipple.

'Dana' moaned again as it made contact, using it to tease and touch her nipple for a few minutes, enjoying the pleasure it created. Then, slowly, she sent it sliding downwards, towards the patch of neatly trimmed, flame-red pubic hair surrounding the soft folds of her new womanhood.

'Dana' gasped as the end of the dildo slid across the highly sensitive flesh of her vagina, then bit her full lower lip and slowly and gently slid the warm phallus deep into her warm, wet cunt, shuddering slightly at the pleasurable sensation it created. She paused for a moment when the formed 'balls' at the end of the dildo were pressed against the flesh of her mons, absorbing

the strange new sensation of being filled.

Then, slowly, she pulled it part way out and pushed it in again, felling the pleasure run through her new body once again. She repeated the motion, faster and with less of a pause between the strokes - then again, and again, and again, each time moving it faster and more powerfully with less hesitation. Within seconds, she was twitching and writhing in the tub, pleasure chasing down her new nerve pathways as she drove the dildo with a powerful, primal rhythm into her wet womanhood, luxuriating in the building pleasure that resounded through her body.

She was gasping now, a moan welling up in the back of her slender throat as the pleasure began to rise towards that fabled crescendo that she'd never experienced - a female orgasm. But it was neither mythical nor exaggerated - as she discovered when the actions of her hand brought forth that very response.

Her movements became uncoordinated as she cried out in pleasure, her senses overwhelmed by the pleasure flooding through her body by the orgasm. Her cunt tightened around the dildo that filled it as her hips bucked without conscious control, responding to the sheer energy of the orgasmic ecstasy that filled her. Sweat mingled with the water still streaming over her body as she slumped lower in the tub, the warm pleasure of her first female orgasm tapering from the sharp, firecracker-like burst of pleasure centered in her crotch to a warm, rich glow that spread throughout her body, causing her already engorged, sensitized nipples to tingle with the power of the sensation.

"Holy shit..." 'Dana' swore softly to herself, flushing a bright, glowing red as she gingerly removed the dildo with a wet, slurping sound. She eyed the object in wry disbelief. "I can't believe I just did that!"

A half-beat pause.

"I can't believe how good it felt." She admitted to herself. Shaking her head - and still flushing vigorously - she gingerly rinsed off the dildo and set it aside, then finished washing herself, being extremely careful around her now super-charged crotch and nipples, which seemed to almost demand more attention.

Stepping from the shower, she shut off the water and carefully dried off, biting her lip again at the pleasurable sensation created by dragging the softly 'rough' fabric of the towel over her engorged nipples. Naked - and the flush just beginning to fade from her face and body - she picked up her mug and padded back to the kitchen. Refilling the mug with more hot, bitter brew, she added a dollop of cream and generous amount of sugar, then commenced sipping at it as she padded off to the bedroom to see what clothes had been left behind by the body's owner - who would know more about what this body should be wearing than she did.

There was no doubt as to what 'Danny' had laid out for his old body to wear - and 'Dana' had to admit that, even in a new body, 'Danny' retained that certain flair for picking the right clothes for this body.

Carrying the stuff to the rumpled bed, she finished the coffee and set the mug aside to begin the task of dressing in a what that she'd never expected to dress.

It began with a pair of black pantyhose. It took her a couple of minutes of concentrated thought to dredge through her

memory for the right way to put them on, as seen through the eyes of Hollywood and it's ilk. Drawing heavily on a certain scene in 'The Graduate', 'Dana' sat on the edge of the bed and carefully folded the left leg of the hose into a sort of compressed ball, then carefully slid the toes of her dainty new feet into it, sliding the nylons carefully up to about mid-shin, which left enough leeway to allow her to repeat the ball-and-

step procedure with the right leg. She then drew the nylons carefully up her long, shapely legs to just past the knees, rising awkwardly to her feet to finish the procedure of getting them on. She then spent a couple of minutes carefully smoothing them into place.

Next, she pulled on the black lace panties trimmed with white that was left out for her. It felt decidedly odd to be pulling on the skimpy undergarment - but she also felt herself getting a sort of guilty thrill while she did so. She paused in her dressing to walk to the corner of the room and admire the look so far in a full-length mirror, marveling at the strange way air felt as it moved over hairless, nylon-clad legs.

Returning to the bed, 'Dana' next put on a matching black and white lace bra. It really wasn't needed for support - her firm, globular breasts seemed to defy gravity - but she got that same naughty thrill at the idea of putting the front-clasping garment on.

The actual act was even more thrilling - physically. Because the fabric cradled and enhanced her breasts, while putting a more than just slightly pleasurable pressure on her still-engorged nipples. She actually moaned softly as she figured out how to clasp the front, providing the pleasant 'cupping' sensation.

The next step was the skirt - a leather skirt that formed to her firm ass and full hips, hanging to just above the knees. Made of leather, it bore a black and white zebra pattern that continued the monochromatic scheme of the outfit left for her. She marveled at the way it hugged her firm ass, and thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of it sliding ever-so-slightly over her firm, panty-covered ass as she returned to the mirror for another admiring glance. Then she returned to the bed and put on the top that had been left for her - a spandex garment that was black with a white stripe running across the breast area. She struggled the garment into place, admiring the view of cleavage provided when she looked down.

Returning to the mirror, Dana struck a pose.

"Looking good, hot stuff." She said with a giggle. She didn't know why, but none of this was bothering her the way she would have expected it to - instead, she felt... almost energized. Incredibly perky and cheerful.

In fact - she was having a blast. This was the best she'd felt in ages, and she was almost giddy with delight. "You need a few finishing touches, though." She told the reflection in the mirror with another giggle.

Rummaging through the jewelry box on top of the dresser, she chose a pair of big silver hoop earrings to carefully insert into the thoughtfully pierced lobes that the body's previous owner had provided. A matching bracelet went on one arm, and a watch on the other.

Then she walked over to the make-up table. Seating herself, she stared at her face in the mirror, remembering how she'd learned the trick of walking with Dana's innate, sexy stride by not thinking about it...

...and let her mind go blank.

Twenty minutes later, she rose from the table, pausing only to smile at the perfectly made-up face that the mirror revealed.

Humming happily, she headed out to the kitchen and grabbed yet another coffee. The stuff she was used to drinking was the cheap store-brand - this stuff was much better, if made a little strong.

She headed out to the living room, her body quivering with good feelings and energy. She actually bounced a little bit as she walked, causing her tits to do interesting things in the confines of her clothing.

"I might just bounce away if I'm not careful..." She giggled to herself as she sat on the couch, one hand idle fondling her right tit through the two layers of cloth. Then her eyes fell on the small array of footwear near the door - and she literally squealed in delight.

"That's what I need to keep me anchored to the ground!" She laughed, rising - practically leaping - from the couch and jiggle/sway/bouncing over to grab a pair of black leather ankle boots with a four-inch-tall block heel. Taking them back to the couch, she quickly slid her feet into the leather boots and zipped them up, admiring the way they looked on her feet.

Unable to sit still - she seemed to be supercharged with energy - she went into the kitchen and tidied up, enjoying the sound, sensations and reflected sight of her new body moving about, especially in the boots. She felt absolutely fantastic, and more alive than she'd felt in ages.

Finishing in the kitchen, she practically dashed to the bathroom to tidy, her efforts at work hampered by the many, many breaks she took to admire her reflection, or touch herself in various places, reveling in the sensation of sliding her hand over the clothes, and the body underneath.

She was just finishing in the bathroom - and eyeing the dildo thoughtfully - when she heard the front door open, and 'Danny' call out. "Honey..." He called in a really, really bad Cuban accent. "...I'm home."

Practically leaping, 'Dana' hurried to the foyer, where 'Danny' had just finished putting down the bags...

...and without even thinking about it, wrapped her long, shapely arms over his shoulders and drew his mouth to hers for a long, deep, passionate kiss.

Startled, 'Danny' went stiff...

...then slowly began to loosen up...

...then suddenly realized what the flavor he was tasting in her mouth was...

...and pushed away from 'Dana'.

"Oh, shit!" He swore, smacking his forehead.

“What’s wrong?” ‘Dana’ asked, clasping her hands behind her back - which caused her chest to thrust out - and wiggling her torso innocently from side to side, enjoying the sensation.

“I didn’t even think about it! Dammit!” ‘Danny’ swore - then looked at Dana and sighed. Gently, he led her to the couch and had her sit. “Um... do you notice anything... *odd* about the way you’re behaving?”

Dana’s face wore a rather vapid smile. Slowly, it faded to a look of puzzlement...

...then realization...

...the shock.

“Holy shit!” She blurted, gaping down at herself. “What the hell have I been doing? What the hell was I *thinking!*”

Danny gripped her shoulders, drawing her eyes to his. “Take it easy - this isn’t your fault.” He told her. “I just wasn’t thinking - it was pure habit. See, I always make coffee for my guests - but never drink it myself, as my body has a... reaction to caffeine. Only - I kind of didn’t think this morning. I skipped the coffee - as always - when it would have been perfectly safe for me, but made some for you - without...” He bit his lips. “Well - to make a long story short - you’re stoned.”

“*What?*”

“Well - that’s fairly accurate.” Danny said. “For the next few hours, you’re going to be almost hyperactive - lots and lots of energy.” He began to blush. “Almost all of it... uh... sexual in nature. See - your hormones are running wild right now. That’s also interfering with your thoughts. You are having a hard time concentrating, or thinking in a linear fashion. There isn’t really a past or future while you’re like this - just a now. And you’re kinda... focusing on what feels good in the here-and-now, without any of the ‘baggage’ of past upbringing, taught morals or responses, or future consequences. Just... whatever you’d like, completely uninhibited.” He was blushing a furious red now - and was matched by Dana, hue for hue. “Uh... if you try real hard, you can think coherently - but that doesn’t change your... hormonal responses.”

“Oh... Boy...” Dana whispered, stunned - yet still giddy, somehow - at the implications. “What... what did you do when you had this happen to you in the past?”

Danny’s blush - if possible - grew deeper. “I, uh... I enjoyed it.” “*What?*”

Danny nodded. “Sometimes, a lack of inhibitions allow you to... just go wild. Do the things you want to do at any given time. It’s kind of wild. Definitely not an everyday thing... but definitely ‘fun’, once in a while. Kind of like getting drunk.”

Dana gaped at Danny - but in her current condition, her mind had started to run rampant and couldn’t be brought under control. With the mere mention of the idea, ideas of things she could try began to stream through her mind - things she’d never even consider, normally - but now looked very, very tempting emotionally, despite the intellectual knowledge that she wouldn’t normally consider doing them. She was capable of thinking about the reasons not to do any of them - but she couldn’t bring any emotions to match them,.

Instead, all her emotions ran the other way.

Her mind was saying 'no way', while her body screamed 'go for it!'

"well..." She said, trying to work out the conflicting urges of mind and body. "I almost never go out - went out, I mean - when I was in that body - but the same inhibitions don't apply in any case. Why don't we go see a movie or something." She paused. "Not a movie - I couldn't sit still for that long. But let's go out somewhere."

Danny looked doubtful, but agreed. "Okay - I know from experience that if you just try to sit around, you'd burst. C'mon - let's see what the city has to offer."

Dana found herself shimmering with excitement as they quickly stashed the groceries and headed out, despite the warning bells going off in her head. She just couldn't help herself - she was giddy and excited and absolutely ecstatic for no good reason.

However, she gained a reason when she hit the street - and for the first time in her life that she could remember, didn't feel an overwhelming, debilitating surge of fear.

"So - what should we do?" Danny asked.

"Why not just wander around the shopping district?" Dana suggested. "it's only a couple of blocks away." Danny agreed - again, somewhat hesitantly - and they set out.

For no particular reason, Dana took his hand and leaned against him as they walked, finding that the sensation of his warm body against her was very, very exciting and pleasurable - as was the way her body felt as she walked and moved. She could never have believed that just walking could feel so good - but every step she took caused tiny jolts of pleasure to run up and down her body, and she found that warm feeling in her lower abdomen growing as they wandered over to the three-block strip of shops, restaurants and sidewalk vendors.

They didn't stroll - Dana was too 'hyped up' for that> instead, she flitted from window to window, from booth to booth, practically dragging Danny along behind her, finding all sorts of things that would never have interested the male version of her now catching her eye sharply> She chatted nearly non-stop, enthusiastic and excited over the smallest things, and her face seemed locked in a permanent smile as she unknowing kept touching, hugging and squeezing the bemused new man she hauled about. She even slipped all sorts of inadvertently revealing comments into her dialog, her current state making her completely unaware of what she was saying as she babbled on.

For instance:

"God, look at those jeans - could you imagine you in a pair like that? I'd never wear a pair like that if I were you..." she dropped her voice, "...and I was..." then raised it again "...although it'd make your ass look great. I never realized what a cute ass that is - It's just so damned... cute!" And, without even paying attention, she ran her hands over Danny's ass, finding the sensation completely pleasurable

- especially since he hesitantly returned the favor.

After a bit, they were passing a store when something caught her eye so sharply that she stood stock still and gaped.

"I just have to get those!" She said, bouncing on her toes. "Wait here!" She dashed into the store, leaving a bemused man on the sidewalk.

What she 'just had to have' was a pair of knee-high leather boots in a zebra pattern that matched her skirt. Boots with a six-inch-high pair of stiletto heels. When she walked out of the store, it was with a sexy sway as she balanced atop the boots, a wide grin on her face.

"Nice..." Was Danny's awkward comment - but he was commenting on more than just the boots. Because, while in a corner of the store, she'd also taken the opportunity to remove her bra, and now her huge, engorged nipples were clearly outlined in the spandex fabric.

"I feel deliciously naughty - like a hooker or a slut." Dana revealed in a low voice with a giggle. "I know I should feel so happy about this, and I know that I should feel disgusted and dirty - but I don't! I think that - but I feel fantastic!"

She stopped dead, an odd look coming over her face as something occurred to her. Grabbing Danny's hand, she glanced around theatrically - then dragged the protesting man into a dark alley between two shops.

"What are you doing?" Danny demanded.

"Playing the part." Dana said with a grin. She dropped to her knees and - before Danny could react - yanked down his sweat pants and underwear, exposing the huge, thick hard on that he'd been trying to hide with a shopping bag.

"I saw you getting hard a while ago..." Dana said, huskily, staring at the erection with a fascinated look. "I'm so envious - do you know I couldn't have a true erection when I was in that body - and here you are, sporting one that just won't go away. It's a fantasy of mine come true."

Then she smiled naughtily. "And here's another secret fantasy of mine that my body's going to have made real..."

"Wait...!" Danny tried to protest - but it was no good, as Dana leaned forward, her hands wrapping around the warm, throbbing base of the shaft as her gloss-red lips closed over the head.

Danny opened his mouth - then groaned lightly at the pleasure and closed his eyes, leaning back against the wall as Dana began to suck on his hard, ready cock.

Dana, on the other hand, wasn't so 'eager' as she seemed. Her body was ripe and ready, providing all the energy and push needed to perform the rather inexperienced but enthusiastic blow-job she was performing - but her mind was reeling at the action, shouting futilely at her body to stop, that this was wrong, sick, disgusting...

...and really really fun. No - it couldn't be! She was a guy... with the body of a gorgeous woman! Sucking a man's cock - her old body's cock. Giving it the blow-job it had always wanted. And loving it...

Mind reeling from conflicting thoughts and emotions, she was lost in the moment, eagerly pumping her right hand up and down the spit- coated shaft while her tongue slid and danced over the head as she bobbed her lips back and forth in time with her hand. It didn't take long at all before Danny grunted, and a spray of warm, salty cum gushed from the tip of the organ, flooding her mouth. Instinctively, Dana found herself gulping the warm goo down, finding the flavor mildly pleasant if salty, physically, while being absolutely disgusted by the action, intellectually...

...yet, still somehow turned on by it, mentally. It was a sexual act that - despite the society and mad-woman induced taboo, was actually rather pleasant to perform.

Licking Danny's cock clean, Dana stood and let him rearrange his clothes, flushing furiously. She, herself, seemed utterly composed as she licked her lips clean.

"I.. I shouldn't have let you do that..." Danny mumbled, embraced.

"Why not?" Dana asked, not knowing what words were going to come from her mouth until they spilled out. "I've watched you all these months - you haven't gotten any - in any body - since I first saw you."

Danny blinked, then glanced away.

"Hey - let's go back to the apartment and fuck like crazed weasels!" Dana suggested suddenly, simultaneously disgusted and aroused at the suggestion as it jumped from her lips.

"What?"

"Neither of us has gotten any for far too long - let's make up for lost time!" Dana said with a big, vapid grin. Grabbing the mildly protesting Danny's hand, she began to drag him back towards the apartment, blatantly coming on to him by placing that hand on her tit while her other hand caressed his crotch, causing his cock to once more begin to harden.

By the time they reached the apartment, Danny was making token protests only - he was obviously aroused, and 'eager' in a guilty sort of way.

They'd barely gotten through the door when Dana was all over him, running her hands up and down as she pressed her firm new tits against his chest and kissed him passionately. She managed to remain in basically the same position as she dragged him into the bedroom, her lips and eager tongue cutting off any protest he might have made.

Once in the bedroom, she frantically tore at his clothing - and he slowly began to respond. He couldn't really help himself - despite the oddity of the situation, his body was responding to her passion, and he was unwillingly turned on by her as they stripped each other and collapsed to the rumpled surface of the bed.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" She chanted with a giggle. "You know what this body likes - now fuck my brains out!" "I..." Danny tried one last time to get control of the situation.

"Do it!" Dana commanded giddily - and the last of Danny's will crumbled.

Guiding her to position herself on hands and knees on the bed, he slid his hands over the luscious body that until so recently was his own. His mouth seemed dry while his body seemed to be sweating, and his body's pulse thundered through him, causing his hard, eager cock to throb. Not really thinking anymore, he responded to the signals of the body he was in, positioning himself behind her...

...and ramming his cock into her hot, wet pussy to the hilt.

Dana screamed in pleasure as he filled her to the limit, not felling the glasses as the dropped from his face and onto her back, then bouncing off the bed. All she could feel was pleasure as he entered her, leaning forward to bury his manhood in her cunt, his hands reaching around to fondle her tits.

He leaned back and placed his hands on her full, firm ass, mind whirling at what he was doing - and how good he felt. He began to drive into her cunt in a simple, urgent rhythm, and she moaned in pleasure and began to rock back and forth in an erotic counterpoint.

"This... is... muuuch... better... then... the ...dildo..." She gasped out, eyes closed as pleasure sparked through her body. She felt only pleasure as he continued to drive into her, and her moans rapidly built in intensity as the ecstasy within grew and grew.

"Oh God... Oh God..." Danny moaned, overwhelmed at the sensation he was feeling - the blowjob had been something, but this was something else.

His face screwed up in an odd expression, Danny continued to drive into the writhing, moaning mass of womanhood that was Dana, the bodies taking over from the confused and dislocated minds. There was no way they could stop themselves, not this close to orgasm - and at this point they no longer cared. It just felt too good for 'petty' concerns to interfere.

Danny came first, shooting a smaller load of cum into the cunt that had been his - but, gritting his teeth, he continued to pound away with a slowly softening cock.

Dana felt the sensation of Danny cumming in her cunt - but didn't respond in any coherent way as she continued to moan and gasp as he pounded away. It was a race - a race which 'she' won.

She screamed as the orgasm hit like an explosion, followed quickly by another, weaker one that trailed off into that golden glow. Gasping< Danny pulled his softening cock out of his old body, shame fighting against the remembered pleasure of what he'd just done.

"Oh, God..." he whispered.

Dana didn't give him time to consider what had just happened.

"More..." She growled hungrily, startling Danny. Before he could make a token protest, she had his juice-slicked cock in her mouth, and began to work him slowly towards erection. All words of protest were lost as her tongue worked over his highly sensitized head, slowly bringing the organ back to stiffness.

Pushing him, she 'forced' him onto his back, and with a gleeful and mindless expression of utter lust on her face, mounted herself on his cock and began to flex her gorgeous legs, driving herself up and down on the cock that she'd used to possess....

* * * * *

Dana groaned softly and opened her eyes, blinking up at the ceiling and wondering why she felt both stiff and utterly satisfied...

then memory came flooding back, and she sat bolt upright. She stared down at her body, revealed by the morning sun that streamed in through the window. Dried sweat and cum covered her tits from the last sexual act she'd forced out of Danny's 'abused' cock the afternoon before - her third tit-fuck.

The 'abused' person in question was already awake, looking at the bed, unable to meet Dana's eyes. "I... I'm sorry " Was the first words out of his mouth.

"What?" Dana said, startled by the emotion-wrenching tone in his voice. "What are you sorry for?"

"I'm sorry for taking advantage of you. I'm sorry for letting myself give in." He said in a toneless litany of 'sins'. "I'm sorry that we fucked each other into exhaustion and fell asleep, missing the midnight chance. And. I'm sorry for enjoying it so much."

Dana gaped at her old body, stunned. "Huh?"

Danny still didn't meet the eyes of his old body. "I... I never told you this, but I didn't... didn't have sex very often. Last night was the first time in a long, long time."

"You're kidding!" Dana said, amazed.

"No." Danny said. "With that body... well, guys kept seeing me as a sex object. So, I wouldn't sleep with a guy until I was sure that he was interested in more than just my body - but long before I would be sure, they'd stop dating me because I was a tease - sexy and dressing to show it, but not putting out. I... I enjoyed yesterday. A lot - the attention, the... excitement. The sex."

Blushing, Dana grinned. "Yeah - me too."

Danny blinked and looked up. "Yeah - well, it wasn't like you had a choice. "

Dana shook her head. "No, no - I'm. 'clean and sober' this morning - and I still enjoy what we did yesterday. I mean - not just the sex,

but going out in public. Feeling comfortable - being with another person. Even without the coffee, I would have enjoyed yesterday, just because I could have spent it with you - no matter what body you're in." She paused. "To tell you the truth - I enjoy being in your body. It's... fun. And exciting."

Danny looked at her in disbelief. "Really?" Then he blushed. "Well - I kind of like being in your body, too. It's. nice not to have to live

up to the image of a gorgeous woman. I can relax more, not be so. so suspicious, I guess.”

Dana looked thoughtful. “You know... maybe this can work out. I mean - work out really great.”

Danny looked at her - then began to grin shyly. “Are you considering what I think you are - a sort of ‘time sharing’ of our bodies?” Dana nodded. “You’d have to take a week off work, fill me in with the day-to-day stuff I’d need to ‘play’ being you... but it could work.” Danny nodded slowly. “Especially if I.. ‘you’ ...” His grinned wryly. “Dana had an accident - causing minor amnesia...”

“Yeah - and meanwhile, while I’m in the male body, you can help me get over my phobias, so that we can both enjoy either body we happen to be in.”

Danny looked thoughtful. “Do you... do you really think we could? Live together, sharing bodies, sometimes being one, sometimes the other?”

Dana laughed. “Tell you what. Let’s discuss it... over a cup of coffee...”



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When a California surf bum decides to blackmail a Department of Defense contracting company, he gets caught and is used as a test subject to create a "fantasy woman."

Tit For Tat

By Gunslinger

12:07

Jake looked away from the dashboard clock, lower lip between his teeth as his hands gripped and released the steering wheel rhythmically. Though his fire-engine-red IROC Z-28 was air-conditioned, he was still sweating... but it wasn't from the heat.

It was because he was scared shitless that he'd overlooked something.

"Shit..." Jake swore to himself, wiping one hand across his forehead. A broad-shouldered, almost offensively handsome young man, Jake looked like the quintessential California 'surf bum' - tall, tanned, tautly muscled, with blonde hair faded almost

white by the sun. Usually, he was as causally laid-back as you could want... but now he was practically shaking with nervous fear as he wondered if he dared go through with it.

On the other hand... it was too late to back out now. He dumped the last of his money into this, seeing the dollar signs floating in front of his eyes. Trading his last few thousand for the chance at millions had seemed like a very good idea at the time.

Assuming, of course, that he survived to spend it. That was the one 'little' catch in this whole scheme.

The whole thing had started a little over a week ago. Jake worked - or had worked - part-time as a courier. The rest of the time he 'hung out'... and sometimes supplemented his income when a piece of somewhat-valuable-but-not-bulky personal property was laying around without being adequately attended. Jake hadn't really considered steeling the odd radio, wallet, or purse a crime, really - he was teaching the unwary citizen a lesson that he was sure they'd remember, and be more careful in the future, that was all.

So, life had been pretty good... when he'd found the file.

He'd picked it up from one of the Defense-contracted agencies that were fairly common in California. He wasn't insured or bonded, so he didn't get any of the 'secret' stuff, he just handle the mundane day-to-day deliveries for the company...

..except that somebody in the facility had made a huge mistake. Jake had a 'camping' kettle he kept in his car, one that plugged into the lighter... and he occasionally used it to open a envelope that looked like it might have something interesting in it. When he'd opened this envelope, he'd found himself staring at a file marked 'To Be Shredded'.

Obviously, somebody had goofed, shipping rather than shredding. Opening the file, Jake had quickly realized that the information inside was way beyond him. He couldn't follow all the complex chemical and medical terms.. but he could read some of the summaries, which contained such phrases as '...must not be disseminated outside the company under any circumstances...' and '...results are outside the permitted DOD boundaries...'

Jake didn't have a clue what the information in the file *said*... but he knew what it *meant*. This was valuable information. Very valuable, indeed.

He'd finished the other deliveries quickly, then called in sick and went home. There was no telling how long it would be before they realized what had happened, and he needed to get everything 'just right' before he could cash in on what he held.

His first fear had been the fear of the police. Then he'd realized that it could be worse, much worse. He'd watched enough movies to realize that killing him would be a good way to shut him up - so, he needed to make sure that he was indispensable to the company. He had to find a way to insure that they wouldn't do anything to him... while still making it important enough to pay him.

So, that's where the last of his money had come in. Contacting some acquaintances of his that were a little more 'shady' than him, he'd arranged a series of dead-drops. Then, after photocopying the first two pages of the report, he'd separated the file into four separate sections, and left a section at each of the dead-drops - along with some cash, and some instructions.

Those four sections of the file would be held by people he didn't know and had never met. If Jake didn't send each of them a certain 'code' each week, then the sections of the file would be copied and mailed to the press, the FBI and a couple of 'radical' groups, making sure that the information would be spread.

Then Jake had sent the photocopied pages to the company - as well as instructions to leave his first payment, \$25,000, in locker 1543- A at the LAX terminal, today at noon. If they kept paying him, he'd keep sending the code-words, and the file would remain secret.

If anything happened to him... the file would be released. There was no code-word for Jake to get the file back, so they couldn't force him to give it to them. He didn't know who had the sections of the files, so they couldn't force that out of him, either. They couldn't even force the weekly 'code word' from him... since he wasn't necessarily the one who gave the code-word.

That was the part of the plan that had bothered him the most, and he had finally found the perfect solution. The code each week changed, based on a series of things Jake had worked out. Each of the four would set up the code - and based on the four sections, Jake would know what signal to leave to say 'everything is fine'. It was based on Jake's knowledge, and there was no way that Jake could no ahead of time what the correct code would be.

If he was right, all this careful planning would ensure that they had no choice but to do what he demanded.

He just hoped he was right.

Taking a deep breath, Jake shut off his car and climbed out. Taking a deep breath, he wiped his sweaty palms on the torn cut-off jean shorts he wore, and headed towards the terminal.

* * * * *

In a dark, late-model mini-van with tinted windows parked two rows over, a pair of dark eyes watched as Jake headed for the terminal. Lifting an encrypted radio to his lips, that dark-haired man pushed the transmit button.

"Bravo, target is entering... now."

Not waiting for a response - which wasn't coming - the man lower the radio and looked over his shoulder at the man sitting behind him. "Go."

The man, who was tall and blonde and tanned, not to mention dressed in the same clothes as Jake, nodded. Though not a dead ringer, he was close enough to fool even somebody who knew Jake well from only a few feet away.

Sliding open the door of the van, the doppelganger walked casually toward the bright red sports car, not acting the least bit suspicious as he walked right up to the car, using a duplicate key obtained through back channels at Chevrolet to open the door and slide into the car. A second later, the engine roared to life, and the man pulled out of the spot and headed out of the lot.

Even as the car sped out of the lot, another IROC Z-28 pulled into the lot, passing Jake's car as it headed for the just-vacated spot. The somewhat different Z-28 pulled into the spot and it's engine died, it's driver climbing out and locking the door before hurrying

over to the waiting van, which was already backing out of the slot.

Opening the sliding door of the slowly moving vehicle, the driver hopped into the van, and it accelerated, heading out of the lot.

* * * * *

Entering the terminal, Jake paused for a minute to let his eyes adjust from the glaring light outside to the more reasonable lighting inside. Having been there already, Jake knew where the locker was and he headed towards it, threading his way through the crowd. As he did so, he cursed himself for not having realized he should have picked a better time than high noon - the terminal was packed.

Turning a corner, he banged right into a little old lady just coming around the corner from the other direction. She was so short that Jake's peripheral vision hadn't registered her, and she seemed older than God - Jake imagined he could hear her hip breaking as she hit the ground... so he grabbed her and held her steady until she had her balance.

"Sorry about that." Jake apologized, quickly.

"No, no, my dear - that was all my fault, dearie..." The lady said in a British accent, grinning kindly. "So busy gawking everywhere I didn't watch where I was going..."

"Well, if you're all right..." Jake said, and when she assured him she was, he continued on his way.

* * * * *

'Bravo' watched Jake head off towards the bank of lockers. Slipping his wallet and keys into her purse, she also pushed the button on a small device that sent a short burst of radio static on a specific frequency.

Glancing around one last time, she hurried with surprising agility towards the exit.

* * * * *

Jake glanced around nervously, wondering if he was being watched. With the throng of people moving through the terminal, there was no way to tell if anybody was watching specifically him.

As he slipped the key into the locker, he felt the perspiration dripping into his eyes, and realized his faded pink 'muscle' shirt was soaked through front and back. With all the anxiety he was experiencing, he thought wryly to himself that they wouldn't have to kill him - any minute now he was going to have a heart attack from pure stress...

Opening the locker, he stared at the black gym bag that sat inside. Glancing around nervously once more, he shielded the opening of the locker with his body and opened the zipper on the bag a short distance.

Through the opening, he saw what certainly appeared to be money - dozens of crumpled bills, in just that small opening. Carefully, he extracted a couple and looked them over.

Two twenties, and a hundred. They certainly looked authentic, and the two twenties didn't seem to be anywhere close in serial number. From all the movies, Jake had been moved to ask for used, non-consecutively-numbered bills, though he wasn't sure what good it would do him. It couldn't hurt, though...

Zippering the bag closed, he slipped it out of the locker and slung it over his shoulder...

...and cursed as he felt something prick his bare shoulder. Slipping the bag off, he flipped the strap over...

...and stared in horror at the needle that was projecting from the strap on the bag, a drop of blood - his blood - hanging from the tip. When he'd slung the bag over his shoulder, the weight of the bag had worked the plunger, injecting him with... whatever had been in the needle.

"Oh... Shit!" Jake said, eyes widening in horror as he waited to feel his heart clench in the death-grip of what would surely turn out to be some high-tech, undetectable drug...

Nothing happened. At least, not immediately - Death didn't seem inclined to reach out and grab him where he stood.

His heart was beating thunderously, but it had nothing to do with whatever had been injected in him - it was adrenaline, thundering through his body at whatever was happening, whatever plan they'd come up with. Perhaps something was about to happen... or perhaps something had gone wrong. Jake just didn't know - but standing here, waiting to keel over dead, wasn't going to do any good.

Wrapping the 'safe' part of the shoulder-strap around his hand to let him carry it without it dragging on the ground, Jake hefted the bag and hurried toward the front door, wondering if he was just going to fall down dead any second now...

He was halfway to the doors when whatever he'd been injected with began to take effect. It started with a sudden wave of dizziness that made him stagger to a stop, leaning against a pillar for support while his vision wavered. Then the dizzy spell passed, leaving him feeling light-headed and oddly disconnected. Jake blinked and looked around, trying (and failing) to get his eyes to focus properly.

All the sounds in the terminal seemed to have gotten louder, more crisply defined... yet hard to sort out, a jumble of sharp impressions that wouldn't form a coherent whole. The same thing seemed to have happened to his sight: The colors seemed brighter and sharper, the angles and lines of the terminal starker and better defined. The crowd seemed to have sped up, moving incredibly fast, darting like hummingbirds through the terminal.. but whenever he focused on any given individual, the person seemed to have slowed to a crawl, barely moving.

"What the.. hell..?" Jake said, shaking his head as he tried to get his brain to work properly. Turning, he stared at the doors to the terminal, which had seemed fairly close just a moment before but now seemed miles away.

With intense concentration, Jake began to make his way towards the door, trying to avoid slamming into any of the blazing fast/terribly slow people crowding the terminal.

The trip to the doors seemed to take an eternity. Every time he blinked, it seemed to take forever for Jake to get his eyes

to focus on the doors again, his attention wanting to wander everywhere. The bag seemed terribly heavy, and he had to keep reminding himself not to drop it, or put it on his shoulder...

"Hey, buddy... are you okay?" A voice nearby said, the words crystal-clear but the meaning of them oddly vague. "Buddy? Hey, buddy!"

Slowly it registered on Jake that somebody was speaking to him, and he stopped dead and forced his head to turn towards the guy standing nearby.

"Huh?" Jake asked, looking at the man. Was the guy looking at him oddly? Grinning slightly, maybe, like he knew what was going on...?

"I asked if you're okay... you look awful, man!" The guys aid. About Jake's height, he was skinnier, though layered in ropy muscles. He too wore cut-off jean shorts, but his were longer - nearly to the knees - and he wore a incredibly bright tie-die T-shirt that Jake was having a really hard time dragging his eyes off of. The guy's hair was longer and sort of greasy, pulled back from his face by a head- band that was a faded red color.

"I, uh... I'm not feeling well..." Jake said, trying to get the words to come out clearly and distinctly.

The other guy looked Jake up and down, slowly - then grinned and leaned forward slightly.

"Bullshit, man - you're feeling too good." He chuckled, knowingly. "Newbie, huh? You learn real quick to avoid places like this for tokin' up."

Jake just blinked uncomprehendingly at the guy for several seconds, before he realized the guy thought he was stoned...

Well - he was, wasn't he? Jake rarely drank, and had never done drugs in his life - he liked to feel 'in control'. Now, he realized that he was, indeed, well and truly stoned. He grinned at the thought, not realizing how silly looking it made him look.

"Look, buddy..." The long-haired brunet said, still in a low voice. "Tell me you ain't driving like this."

Jake blinked... and realized that getting behind the wheel like this would get him killed. He was having trouble just walking. "Uh, well, I... My car's in the lot, and..." Jake said, duly.

"Geez, man - you're wasted." The guy said, looking around. "C'mon, you're starting to attract attention. Let's get you out of here."

The guy started heading towards the doors, not walking to fast and breaking a path for Jake to follow. Jake realized the guy was probably a 'pot head', a 'stoner', the type of guy Jake didn't usually like hanging out with because they were so... well, dopey. But this was one field that a stoner would have expertise in, and Jake realized that the best thing he could do was just put himself in this guy's hands until he was safely home.

They reached the door and walked out into the bright sunlight - which caused Jake to wince in pain.

"Here, man..." The guy said, handing Jake a pair of small, round sunglasses. Jake took them and put them on gratefully.

"If you're gonna smoke up, buy yourself a pair and keep them." The guy said in a low voice. "Red-eye's a dead giveaway." Jake blinked behind the glasses.

"Red Eye?"

"Yeah, man - your eyes are so red it looks like you been awake two weeks straight." The guy grinned. "By the way - I'm Gary." "Uh... Jake." Jake replied.

"So where's your car, Jake?" Gary asked. "I think you need a lift home, so I might as well drive. It's not safe to leave your car parked here any longer then necessary."

"It's under the lamppost over there..." Jake said, pointing. "The Z-28."

"Okay - let's go." Gary said, leading off and making sure Jake didn't get run over by a car. They reached the lamppost Jake had parked under, and there was a IROC in the spot... but...

"Hey, this isn't my car..." Jake said, stopping and staring stupidly at the vehicle in his spot. It was an IROC Z-28, but it wasn't his. His was bright red with black interior - this one was a hot-pink, and it's interior wasn't just white, but *fuzzy*.

Gary looked over at him. "Well, it's a '28, parked where you said you parked. I think you might be seeing things that aren't there, buddy. You're really wasted."

"But... That's not my car..." Jake protested.

"Well, there's one sure way to find out." Gary grinned. "Gimme your keys."

Digging into his pocket, Jake extracted the set of keys that were there. Gary slid one of them into the lock of the door, turned it... and the door opened. Gary slid behind the wheel and started the car.

"Well, if it's not your car, what were its keys doing in your pocket?" Gary asked, grinning. "Come on, hop in - I'll drive you home." "But... My car's not..." Jake tried again... then shook his head. "I.. I guess I really am 'wasted'..."

Walking around to the other side of the car, Jake slid into the passenger's seat and dropped the bag between his feet as he pulled the door shut and set about the now incredibly complex task of doing up the seat belt. Gary put the car into gear and pulled away.

Jake watched the scenery slid past the car, and found it more the hypnotic - he found it exhausting. His eyes wanted to slide closed, and he had to fight to keep them open, his mind becoming less and less coherent as thoughts seemed to fragment and slide away.

"Geez, man - don't fight it." Gary suggested. "If you're coming down, just nod off."

"Yeah, okay..." Jake mumbled, slipping deeper into the darkness. He fell deeply asleep, slumping against the car's door.

Gary waited a couple of minutes to make sure that the drug had knocked Jake out completely - then slid across three

lanes of traffic and onto an off-ramp, pointing the hood of the car towards the lab.

* * * * *

"So... this is our would-be blackmailer...?" Dr. Elizabeth Abernathy asked with a tight grin as she smiled tightly at the naked, sleeping body of Jake laying on the surgical table in her lab.

"That's right, Liz." Roger Corbert, the nominal head of the project, agreed. He was the Administrative head, knowing only the basics of the science and medicine involved - however, he was quite agreeable to the DOD to be the administrator and keeper of the 'purse- strings', so he was the titular head of Project Eve. However, he was smart enough not to try and run slipshod over Abernathy - he knew that she was the real genius behind the project, and he was just a figure-head. "Will he do?"

Liz grinned. "Roger, we couldn't have found a better test-subject if we'd tried. Fate just dropped him in our laps." She cocked her head to the side, thin lips pursing in momentary worry. "Are you sure the file was completely destroyed?"

Roger nodded. "Jake had no way of knowing that the file was on 'safety paper'. Unless it's put through a special type of light every forty- eight hours, the paper self-destructs. There's no way for us to get caught on it."

Liz's grin resurfaced. "Okay - all that leaves is for us to decide what our subject should look and act like, so we can tailor the serum for it's first field test. I've been running some computer projections, and was thinking..."

Roger did something he almost never did - he interrupted. "Wait, wait... I think I've got something for you..." Reaching into a pocket, he extracted a piece of folded paper and handed it over.

"I had a questionnaire distributed to all male employees, then used a computer to average out the results. This is a composite of the 'fantasy woman' of the men in the project."

Liz's slender eyebrow went up as she opened the paper and read what was on it... then she began to grin.

"Yes... Yes, I think this will do nicely..." Elizabeth Abernathy, Ph.D., MD, BA, B.Sc., GE, said... then she did something she hadn't done in years.

She giggled like a school-girl, the sound swelling into a full-bodied laugh that Roger's baritone chuckle served to counter-point...

* * * * *

The monotonous 'bu-beep, bu-beep, bu-beep...' of an alarm-clock echoed through the room.

The sound finally seemed to penetrated the haze of sleep surrounding the figure entangled in the covers on the bed. As layer after layer of nightmare that had caused thrashing all through the night faded away in the face of that repetitive electronic chime, the figure on the bed slowly sat up and fumbled around, finally managing to find the alarm's 'off' button.

Still not fully awake by any stretch of the imagination, the figure mumbled and stretched, then pushed off the bed. With a weary stagger, the room's occupant headed for the door, tripping over clothes scattered on the floor and bumping into furniture

before making the doorway and turning left...

...to bump sleepily into a blank wall. For a second, the person merely leaned against the wall, then straightened and finally did a full turn, finding the door to the bathroom on the other side of the hall. Staggering into the small, dingy room, the person flipped on the light, squinting in the bright glare, and made it's way to the toilet. Lifting up the lid and the seat, the person's hand slid down to it's naked crotch...

For a second, the individual in front of the toilet simply slid a hand across it's crotch, searching and not finding... and then the person's eyes widened in sudden, sharp clarity...

...and she screamed...

"My god...!" She screamed, hearing the high-pitched voice echo through her own ears as she staggered away from the toilet in horror. "Where's my cock! It's gone... and I've got a pussy!"

Her hands flew upwards, meeting the fleshy mounds that rode on her chest, their weight and bounce significant, but somehow ignored until now. "And tits! Big, round tits! Holy fucking shit... I'm a chick!"

She staggered back into the wall, slamming against it with her full, taut ass... and starred in horror at the mirror above the sink, reflecting her image back at herself.

The reflection in the mirror showed a woman. A woman with a horrified expression on her face, dark eyes open as wide as they would go, her arched eyebrows attempting to vanish into the massive sleep-mussed mane of curly hair so red as to be obviously died, right down to the brown roots. Her full lips were opened wide in shock, the slack-jaw look casting her slightly too-square jaw and usually rather indefinite cheek-bones into sharp relief.

Her naked body was bathed in the light of the florescent fixture, looking too-pale in the garish light and showing the smooth skin of her body in high contrast, making her almost too-lush body seem even more smoothly undefined. From her wide hips and full ass to her large, obviously surgically-enhanced DDD-cup tits, her body was full, but only middlin' firm, with a waist that could have been trimmer and legs that were nice, but lacked enough toned definition to make them spectacular.

The red-headed woman of average height who gaped back from the mirror looked. Cheap. Slutty. Sleazy. Sexy, in a 'I got implants

and died my hair and I'm not fat so I'm sexy' way. Like...

Like trailer trash, which was a mental association spurred by her sudden realization that she was, in fact, in a large trailer.

"What the fuck. ?" She cursed, her swimming, spinning mind knocked further askew as she realized she had no idea where she was.

She'd never seen this bathroom - or this trailer - in her life, much less the bed she'd awoken into.

"What's happening to me!" She demanded of the universe, a otherwise average contralto turned into a teeth-jarring

screech by shock and horror as she staggered out of the bathroom, now all-to-aware of the way her tits jiggled and bounced with unnatural firmness, the way her wide child-bearing hips swiveled and swayed with the motion of her legs, the way her long, curly mass of hair moved across her somewhat too-broad shoulders as she staggered mindlessly around the unfamiliar surroundings. This wasn't her home, or her body.

She wasn't this woman, she was...

She was...

The woman stopped dead in the middle of the 'kitchen/living-/dining-room', caught in mid-motion by the horrific realization that she couldn't remember who she really was. Her mind refused to yield the information.

She knew she'd been male, and that she'd lived somewhere else. but she couldn't picture her old, male body in her mind's eye, nor the

house that she should have been in. Neither would the address of that house, nor the name that went with the body come into mental

focus.

When she tried to think of 'his' name, something popped immediately into her head - 'Randi Foremen'. Like the address that came immediately to mind - 'Lot 12, Sunset Terrace Trailer Park, Rt. 12' - it was the one that related to this female body she found herself in.

"I'm not a woman..." She muttered in a shocked monotone, slumping onto the cheap built-in couch of the trailer... but whether or not she'd been born female, she was most definitely a woman now, and her denial was weak and self-defeating.

The last thing she clearly remembered was the airport, and following a guy out to her car....

Car. Her car. Stumbling up from the couch, she went to the window and stared out at the hot-pink Z-28 that sat in the gravel driveway of 'her' trailer. Though the alarm-clock had gone off and awoken her, twilight was just descending, casting everything in long, poorly- defined shadows. but she clearly remembered the car in the driveway as being hers.

She remembered giving her keys to the guy to unlock the door. Though she couldn't remember what she'd looked like, she was getting somewhere - because that was her car. Whatever was going on, whenever she'd changed into this woman, she recalled part of her former life. It was a slender thread, but it was a start.

"The airport..." She muttered to herself. "I.. I have to get out there. Maybe when I'm there I'll. I'll jog my memory. Find the guy. Figure

out what.. what happened to me. "

She started to reach for the doorknob. then realized that she was stark naked.

"Clothes... I need to get dressed. " Randi told herself, turning away from the door and hurrying into the bedroom, looking

at the clothes

scattered over the floor. However she'd become this 'Randi', she was obviously a slob. Hell - maybe the man she'd been was a slob too - she just couldn't remember.

Quickly she began to grab clothes, not caring what they were as long as they would fit.

With a distasteful grimace, Randi pulled on a pair of hot-pink briefs that were most definitely feminine in nature, fitting all-to-well around her wide hips and firm ass. and sitting to snugly across her flat, feminine new crotch, reminding her of her missing manhood.

Ignoring it as best she could, Randi picked up a pair of bright red jeans and started to pull them on. then stopped as they started to

bind across her outer thighs. Cursing and swearing, she lay down on the bed, arching her back as she struggled and fought, finally getting the jeans on, the skin-tight denim pulling and pushing her body into a semblance of firm womanhood, making her ass look incredible while hiding the lack of toning in her legs.

She grabbed the silver-sequin covered silver spandex tube-top and quickly slid it over her head and jostled it into place over her milky, too-round tits, pulling the elastic band at the bottom so that it sat on her ribcage under her tits. It left a lot of tit-flesh and cleavage visible at the top, but that was no big deal - she just had to cover her tits to go out, and the top did that. barely.

She looked around for some shoes, and found a pair of blue sneakers, worn with use and age but looking as comfortable as could be.

"Damn... wrong color..." Randi swore in annoyance, throwing them aside as she dug around. Finally she found a pair of shoes that would look all-right - silver-toned 'strappy' uppers on a clear plastic sole and heel. Sitting on the bed, she quickly strapped them on.

Rising, she found the extra height was an added bonus. She was almost ready to go out to the airport... she just had to finish getting ready.

Without even noticing the easy, over-exaggerated sway she used, Randi ankled her way to the bathroom atop the nine-inch heels of the platform shoes, balancing without thought atop them as she quickly brushed her hair out... and put on a gloss, fire-engine-red lipstick and some black mascara.

"There... That's good enough for now..." She mumbled to herself, hurrying back towards the door. Grabbing her purse off the little shelf next to the door, she stepped out of the trailer and used the key to lock it before swaying over to her car and unlocking it.

Even as she slid behind the wheel and brought the car roaring to life, the fact that she'd used the right key to lock the trailer, one unremarkable key on a ring of about a dozen, didn't occur to her anymore then the fact she'd put make-up on had

registered consciously.

Putting the car into gear, she backed out of the driveway and slid to a stop angled across the rutted gravel of the 'feeder road'. Snapping on the headlights and switching gears, Randi stomped one high-heeled foot down on the gas, sending the sports-car shooting towards the front entrance of the trailer park... with as much assurance of where she was going as if she'd done this a hundred times before, another fact that didn't register on her whirling, spinning mind as she turned onto the road outside the park's entrance and aimed the hood towards the highway, and the airport.

As the sun sank behind the horizon, Randi pushed the car faster and faster, eager to find out what was going on, and what was happening to her. The scenery whipped past the speeding hot-pink IROC as she watched nervously for any sign of the cops - inside her, a battle was being fought, the urge to hurry coupled with a near-panic at the thought of a cop stopping her that was way out of proportion to what the thought of getting a ticket should inspire. As the miles whipped past and the likelihood of getting stopped grew, she found herself almost unwilling easing up, slowing to just below the legal limit, her eyes now scanning constantly for the faintest hint of a cop car anywhere, even though she was now well within the legal speed limit. Her heart began to pound as she watched with a paranoid intensity for a cruiser, wondering if her taillights were working, if there was anything about her car, or the way she was driving, that would warrant a cop pulling her over...

Then her head snapped to the side as she spotted a building off the road. Garishly lit, the somewhat low-end nightclub stood in stark contrast to the mostly commercial/industrial buildings around it, already closed and dark. The nightclub was brightly lit, it's sign - missing a few bulbs - proudly declaring the seedy building to be 'The Mirage'.

Something in the back of her mind tugged at her. Though she couldn't place why, when or where, she recognized the building as being familiar.

Looking around, she saw no sign of a cop... so she took a risk, heart pounding furiously behind her wonderful tits as she slid the car across lanes of traffic to make the exit. Whipping around the corner of the off-ramp, she eased down on the brake and brought the car to a full and complete stop, long-nailed finger tightening on the fuzzy-white-material covered steering wheel as she waited for lights to flash behind her, telling her that she was busted...

None appeared, and she drove sedately across the street and into the parking lot of the oddly familiar club, shutting the car off and staring at the building, wondering why it looked familiar.

Maybe somebody in there would know how and why this was happening to her. There was only one way to find out...

Sliding out for the car, Randi locked the door and sling her purse over her shoulder, heading towards the doors of the club. Even before she reached them, she could hear - and feel - the heavy bass beat of the music inside, and when she swung the door open the music washed over her like a palpable flow of water, seeming to soak into her body and bones, the vibration making her body thrum and shimmy.

She was completely unaware of the way her expression and stride altered as she entered the dark, loud, hazy atmosphere of the club...

* * * * *

Nick was leaning against the bar, sipping a beer, when she walked in...and his eyes locked on her as she made her way deeper into the club.

She was moving forward... but she was walking. Perched atop a pair of 'fuck me' stripper shoes, she was dancing, her body swaying sensuously, huge tits swaying and jiggling nicely as she made her way through the crowd. More than that, though, she had a sexy, 'come-and-get-it' grin on her gloss-red lips.

Nick was the modern version of a professional 'lounge-lizard', hitting the hot-spots for some 'quick and easy' - and he'd never seen a woman giving off more vibes than this one. Cheap, easy and with no entanglements - she was a walking stereotype of a one-night-stand fuck, and Nick's instincts had him in motion before he realized it, anxious to get to her before somebody else snapped up this piece of prime pussy.

Sliding up behind her in the crowd, he touched one bare shoulder, causing her to turn around. Even standing still, she continued to sway sensuously...

...and her eyes went first to his crotch, lingering for a long moment before rising to his face, her tongue sliding between her full lips and slowly, seductively wetting wet.

"Hey, gorgeous... can I buy you a drink?" Nick asked, grinning.

* * * * *

Gave the man a once-over up-and-down look, licking her lips nervously. She couldn't place it... but something about the broad-shouldered, craggy-faced bald man who'd stopped her looked very familiar.

"Hey, *gorgeous*..." the man said, eyeing her with a knowing smile. "Can I buy you a drink?"

Between the odd look in his eye, the knowing smile, and the sarcastic comment, Randi was suddenly certain that this guys knew something. She didn't know what he knew, or how... but something about him just triggered the idea that this guy was in on whatever was happening, and was teasing her with the knowledge.

"Well, sure... *handsome*..." She said, throwing his sarcasm back in his face. "I'd love that." "Well, then - follow me!" He said, turning towards the bar.

To keep from losing him in the crowd, Randi hooked a thumb through one of the belt-loops on the back of his jeans and let him drag her through the crowd towards the bar.

* * * * *

Nick grinned as he felt her hand slip to his waist... and fondle his ass as they made their way to the bar. They leaned against it, facing each other, as they each got a beer.

Nick had just started to take a sip of his when she nailed his eyes with her own, lids half-lowered in a sensuous gaze as

she said. "I'm randy for men... but you already know that, don't you?"

* * * * *

Randi watched him splutter on his beer as she gave 'her' name - and verified her hunch. His reaction showed that he knew something.

Getting him to reveal what it was might not be easy, though. Turning her into the woman she now was wouldn't have been a small task... there had to be something pretty big behind this, and she had to find a way to get the information. She'd have to play it easy, go along with anything he said or did without letting him see her real reactions to it - she had to 'make nice' if she wanted to get anything out of him.

Leaning forward slightly, she lowered her voice. "Maybe we should go somewhere more... private. Huh?"

* * * * *

Nick had begged her as a slut from the very first - but this was better than he could have hoped. She wanted to fuck him without any of the usual foreplay first. This was great...

"Sure." He agreed. "That would be great. How 'bout the hotel down the street?"

She grinned again, licking her lips hungrily. "Ummm... That sounds perfect. A nice, private place where we can... get to know each other, if you know what I mean..."

"Oh, yeah - I know what you mean..." Nick grinned.

* * * * *

'Of course you do...' Randi thought, angrily, though she didn't let it show. It was obvious that he knew all about 'her', and thought she knew about him too and was 'teasing' her.

It pissed her off - but she dare not let him know. She couldn't even ask his name - it would give it all away. Well... what could she call him that wouldn't let him know she didn't know his name...?

"Come on... stud." She said, taking his head. "We'll take my car..."

Of course he came - he was getting his kicks torturing the 'woman' he knew the truth about, thinking that she knew it and wasn't bothered by it. That was her one weapon to get the truth from him... the more she looked like she didn't care, the more he'd want to 'let slip' things to get to her, and that's how she'd have to get the information.

Twenty minutes later, they were in the hotel room that he'd paid for. The place was run-down, sleazy and cheap, and 'Stud' had rented it 'buy the hour'... but it would do, since all she wanted was someplace private where she could get him to lower his guard.

Closing the door, she looked at him, struggling to maintain her composure in the face of her anger at this guy, who was in

on the plot. "Well, here we are, all alone..." She pointed out. "So, what do you think? Should we just... 'chat', maybe have a few drinks?"

He grinned at her with that damned smug, knowing look in his eyes as he came closer. "Tell you what..." He said, in an odd tone of voice. "Maybe we'll talk...after..."

Then he wrapped his hands around her, grabbing her ass and squeezing it... as he leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers.

Her first instinct was to knee him in the balls as she felt her gorge rise at having a man touch her... then realized that was what he wanted.

He was looking for her to give him an excuse to storm out, blaming her for it - to torture her.

He was... blackmailing her. Knowing that she was really a man, she was setting a price he thought she'd never pay. If she wanted to find out anything... she'd have to have sex with him.

All of this went through her mind in an instant, and she felt the urge to either throw up or turn and run... but that would just leave her trapped in this damned woman's body with its cock-sucker lips and big, sexy tits and hot, wet cunt. She couldn't stand the thought of not learning anything, not when she was this close to some answers... so no matter how much the thought of fucking this guy caused her nipples to go hard in outrage, she'd have to force herself to do whatever was necessary.

Wrapping her hands around him, she forced herself to pull her body tight against his, felling her tits crush with disgusting pleasure against his chest as she felt the sickening warmth of his lips as she opened her mouth and forced herself to kiss him back as best she could, eyes closing and a moan of horror unwillingly slipping from her throat. Luckily, he didn't seem to notice, his grip tightening as he kissed her even more hungrily, his cock obviously going as hard as a rock at the thought of literally fucking with her, as well as metaphorically.

He kissed her for a disgustingly long time, forcing her to respond as if she were hot and eager before he finally broke the kiss, gasping for breath.

"Damn, babe - you are incredible." He taunted her. "I've never met a woman who can kiss like that."

"I'll bet..." She said, bitterly, before she could catch herself. He let it go past without comment, which made her hope that she hadn't screwed up enough to give him an excuse to not tell her anything.

Well, he wasn't going to just let it slip by, after all - seeing how uncomfortable she was, he decided to make it that much worse. "God - I bet you can suck cock like nobody else." He said, referring yet again to her 'fake' feminine nature, betting she wouldn't...

Well, she wasn't going to let him slip out of it that easily. The thought of what she was about to do disgusted her so much she couldn't force herself to say anything... but wasting her will-power on speaking wasn't worth it anyway. She needed all the will power she had to do what she was about to do...

Struggling to keep from running, she forced herself to drop to her knees, long-nailed fingers reaching out to unzip his jeans and pull them and his underwear down to his ankles, letting his hard, thick cock spring to full attention. The guy must be some sort of faggot/bisexual pervert to actually get excited at the thought of having somebody he knew was really a man suck him off - but it would take a real sicko to make her into a woman to begin with, wouldn't it? This guy was probably one of the architects of her horrible fate, and what he was forcing her to do was probably how he got his 'jollies'.

She wanted to vomit, to pull away - but she forced herself to get this over with. Before her nerve could break, she leaned forward, mouth opening...

* * * * *

nick couldn't believe what a super-slut this red-head cunt was. First she all-but drags him hear... and now she dropped to her knees and tore open his pants so she could slurp down on him like she was a starving woman...

...and could she suck! Mouth and hands and tongue in harmony as she sucked and slurped his cock, making his knees weak with her incredible skill. She must be a champion-grade cock-sucker... and he was willing to be it came from having plenty of practice, because he'd never seen a woman so eager and happy to suck cock before - she was makings sounds of utter bliss as she slurped away, sounds matched by his own as used her incredible lips and tongue to get him off, giving head like none he'd ever had before. She was just plain mind-blowing as she sucked his cock like it was a piano and she was a world-class pianist.

Finally, his over-sensitized organ had all it could take, and he groaned as he shot his load...

* * * * *

He gasped, and a flood of cum gushed into her mouth.

Randi wanted to spit it out... but she didn't dare give him any excuse to not tell her. Maybe she'd already blown it - but she might still have a chance to find out why and how this was happening to her, and she didn't dare assume she'd already screwed up enough to give up.

With no other choice, she swallowed rapidly, slurping down the spray of deliciously salty cum that made her mouth water at the disgustingly fantastic taste. Obviously, when she'd been given this eminently fuckable female body, they'd fucked with her taste-buds, to give the added horror and humiliation of finding the taste of the cum the most mind-boggling, wonderful, desirable flavor she'd ever experienced, just as they'd altered something in her to make her find the feel and taste of a cock in her mouth absolutely fantastic. It was absolutely horrible who they'd fucked with her, making her hungrily lick his cock clean, having to fight this new, horrific change in her self to finally let his cock go, fighting the nearly overriding urge to find another hard, thick, cum-filled cock to fill her hungry mouth...

Well, once she'd gotten the information she needed, she'd find the people who could change her back so she wouldn't have to deal with the rampant desire to slurp on any more wonderful, fantastic, pleasure-giving cocks.

"How was that, stud...?" She asked bitterly, licking the last drop of cum from her lips. "That do it for you?"

"You are a world-class cock-sucker, babe..." He told her, making her want to punch him right in the hairy, delightful, just-so-damned- tempting balls. He was probably the guy who'd given her this loving desire to slurp away on men's cocks, and that was why he'd talked her into doing it, so from now on she'd be tortured by the memory of how wonderful it had felt, no matter how sick it made her to think of finding men who would let her kneel before them and drain their cocks of their delicious, salty loads.

"So... don't you think you owe me a little something...?" Randi suggested, slyly, waiting to see what information he'd divulge. He frowned - then grinned, which worried her.

"Well, I didn't realize... but it was worth it..." He said, sending her heart soaring... then he pulled up his underwear and pants, fished in his pocket... and handed her a crumpled ten and twenty.

"You're amazing, babe." He taunted her as she stared down at the money he'd handed her. Money... so that she wouldn't go broke, would have a chance to continue searching. It all made sense, now... they'd tease her with the thought of finding the answer to get out

of this hell, give her cash to keep her 'in the game'...

She watched as he left, slowly straightening as he walked out of the room to hail a cab. She let him go, gnawing on her lower lip as she considered what she did know.

The people who had done this weren't trying to hide themselves. Hell, that nightclub was probably a front for their organization, and all they guys in there were probably in on it. There were more, she was sure - a job as big as what they'd done to her would be a massive one, so there could be thousands of guys out there who would 'play the game', trying to get her to give up and leave it alone.

She wasn't going to, though: no matter how disgusting what they wanted her to do was, no matter what indignities they put her through, she was going to find the answer.

Grabbing her purse, she headed out to where her car was parked... but she was still so upset that she realized she might drive somewhat erratically, bringing the cops down on her. She couldn't risk driving until she was absolutely sure that she was in control of herself and wouldn't attract a cop's attention.

Leaning against the rear of her car, she forced herself to relax as she waited... A car pulled to a stop in front of where she stood, and a man smiled out at her.

"Hey there, honey... you looking for, uh... a little 'fun'...?" He said, winking at her knowingly.

Randi's jaw muscle tightened - obviously, other guys in on the conspiracy had seen her, and wanted in on the fun. She walked over to the new guy's car and leaned in the window...

...and a thought occurred to her.

"You're not a cop, are you?" She asked, fearfully.

"Hell, no...!" The guy responded - and she mentally kicked herself for giving away the fact that she didn't know who he was. She'd probably just blown any chance she had of getting info out of this guy.

Still, she wasn't going to give up.

"Why don't you pull in and park?" She suggested. "We can go to my hotel room and... talk..."

"You mean 'fuck like crazed weasels', don't you?" The guy said, obviously expecting her to back down. The hell she was, though.

"Anything you want, honey...?" She said with a forced smile. As she pulled the car into the lot and shut off the engine, she forced herself to get ready for what was about to happen.

If she had to, she'd fuck and suck her way through the entire population of LA, if that's what it took to find the answer...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: A scientist creates a machine that can alter body parts into any configuration, and through his invention, he creates the girl of his dreams, and becomes one too.

To Die For

By Gunslinger

Tom Richard McLean, thirty seven years of age and in perfect health, was preparing to die. The major reason for his topic of thought was the Baretta nine millimeter automatic pistol resting in the palm of one of his large, thick-fingered hands.

The bulky, broad-shouldered man regarded the illegally obtained weapon with a sense of equanimity. A methodical, careful man, he'd run through a mental argument before even considering this course of action. When he'd arrived at the

decision that suicide was the best alternative for him, he'd then carefully considered the different methods available. Even when he chose a gun, his usual style of thinking meant that he had purchased only a single bullet - all that he would need. He was ready, willing and able to perform this last act...

...but not quite yet. Laying the weapon aside, Tom turned back to the small spiral notebook he'd purchased. He resumed his writing, detailing his reasons for what he was doing, so that the investigators would have no doubt as to why he'd done this - or who to blame.

Tom had never had an easy life. An orphan, his formative years had been spent in one foster home after another, and his naturally massive build had caused a lot of fights by bullies wishing to prove themselves. The fact that, by nature. He was not a violent man only made the situation worse.

Never one who made friends easily - his brutish, nearly Neanderthal looks were part of the problem - Tom had been somewhat of an outcast. But he'd managed to carve a niche for himself in the world anyway. A massive, hulking man with no formal education past secondary school, whose looks made people scurry away on the subway, whose slow speaking patterns made him appear stupid, despite his sharp mind - despite all these, Tom had managed to make a life for himself.

A life that was completely and utterly destroyed by his one luxury in life. Tom was a closet transvestite.

With his hulking, hairy body, Tom made a ludicrous image in women's clothing, and he knew it. It never even crossed his mind to attempt to pass in public. But in the privacy of his tiny apartment, it was an escape from real life - he could dress in his feminine finery

and imagine a life that was so very different than his own.

Until Richard P. Sandusky entered the picture. Sandusky, a sleazy talk-show host on a local channel, had staked out a certain shop on the other side of town, in hopes of trailing a cross-dresser or two that he could convince to come on his show. And he had, in a way - he'd got Tom. But he'd lied to Tom about the show's theme, saying it dealt with orphans. Tom, both needing the cash and in the hopes that he might be re-united with his unknown parents (he'd seen it happen on other talk shows) had gone.

Since the truth had become public, Tom had been the target of ridicule. The few friends he managed to find - mostly the athletic 'Jocks' who had befriended him to convince him to play football - had quickly abandoned him, and shortly after his boss had fired him on a flimsy excuse.

Now, Tom had faced the truth - he had reached the end of his rope. As he finished detailing his life and the reasons for ending it, Tom closed the book and lay the pen down on top of it.

Picking up the gun, Tom chambered a round. Placing the barrel of the gun in the hollow of his jaw, Tom took one last deep breath, and pulled the trigger...

* * * * *

...and reeled back against the wall, every nerve ending screaming with a rapidly fading pain.

Tom's normally orderly mind spun wildly as it fought to align events in some sort of logical order - but it couldn't. One instant, he was sitting in his apartment, pulling the trigger on the gun, the next he was standing in a small room he'd never seen before, and odd pain fading from his body as he slammed back into a wall.

"What the...?" Tom exclaimed involuntarily - then stopped dead, becoming absolutely still in shock as he registered the question...

...which had emerged in a clear, but accented, voice - that was utterly and undeniably female.

Stunned, Tom slowly lowered his eyes, and gaped. He was staring down at the top of two large, firm, creamy breasts protruding from a white garment, thrust proudly from a body that wasn't his.

All the strength seemed to run from his body - well, the body he was in, at any rate, - and Tom slowly sank to the floor, still staring at the two large breasts. Slowly, he shifted his gaze, lifting his hands in front of his face and staring at the slender, feminine hands and the long, slender fingers.

"I... It's not possible..." Tom said, softly, again hearing that sweet feminine voice with its rich, Irish accent.

For several seconds, Tom merely stared at the feminine hands and the smooth, slender arms they were attached to. Then his spinning mind began to reassert itself, and the world stabilized, although in a completely new way. He didn't now how, or why - didn't know anything in this impossible situation - but somehow he had gone from a man in the middle of suicide to a woman sitting on the floor of a strange place. Before he could allow his confusion and shock to reign, he had more important questions to be answered.

Trying to ignore the strange sensation that his (?) body was providing, Tom slowly rose to his feet and looked around.

He appeared to be in a small pantry. The walls were lined with shelves of crockery, canned and bottled food, and odds and ends. The only light was the golden sunlight streaming in the open door. An acrid smell filled the small room, obviously originating from a radio plugged into the wall. Faint wisps of bluish smoke were rising from the vent.

Finding nothing else of interest in the small room, Tom stepped out the door and into a large, 'peasant style' kitchen.

It was clean and well decorated, yet for some reason still felt slightly off to Tom, who considered it for a moment. Not able to put a finger on it, Tom looked at the other entrances to the kitchen.

One was obviously an outside door, leading to a back-yard that could be seen through the window. There were three other doors, and Tom picked one at random. As he walked towards it, he was surprised to find himself doing so with a graceful, feminine movement, which he hadn't really noticed in the two steps it had taken to leave the pantry.

The first door opened onto a stairwell leading to the basement. The second opened onto a hall leading to the front foyer.

Feeling like a trespasser, Tom began creeping down the hallway. Pausing at one door, he gently opened it and peered

inside - to find himself looking into a small bathroom.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Tom turned on the light, stepped inside, and looked in the mirror above the sink. A gorgeous redhead stared back.

She was on the short side, a little over five feet. Her figure was slender and trim, with the noticeable exception of a pair of large, firm DDD-cup breasts. Her bright red hair was definitely - even defiantly - red, not the usual orange color of most, nor the deep red of coloring. There was no doubt that it was absolutely natural - especial considering the smooth, milky skin she had, a sure sign of a natural redhead.

She wore a tight pair of dark blue jeans and a white bustier, and was barefoot. Her face wasn't classically beautiful, or even remarkably sensual - instead it was a clear, healthy beauty, like that favored for heroines in movies from the Forties and Fifties. She was, quite simply, stunning.

And, however it happened, Tom was her.

Amazed, Tom merely turned and admired the figure that he - she - now possess, running her slender hands over her tiny waist, taught ass, and firm, full breasts, marveling at the sensations. She not only felt the firm, smooth flesh under her hands, but the touch of those hands transmitted through her new figure. For the hulking cross-dresser, this was like a dream come true, a slender, shapely feminine figure that could wear any female clothing confidently.

Shaking herself out of her daze, Tom left the bathroom, still feeling like an intruder. Making her way to the foyer, she discovered a purse sitting on the table. Looking around guiltily, she opened it, and began examining the contents.

The face she wore matched the identification in the purse - identification for one Colleen Ramsey. Colleen had moved to New York two days ago after getting an immigration visa from the government - which allowed Tom to put his finger on the out-of-place feeling of the house. Rather than bring things from Ireland - terribly expensive - Colleen had purchased everything new on arrival, which was what lent the odd feeling to the house. Nothing had had time to acquire normal 'wear and tear'. She'd literally just moved in.

Sitting down on the bench in the foyer, Tom tried to figure out how he had ended up in this situation. Then, like a thunderclap, it dawned on him. The smoking radio, the fading pain...

The exact instant he'd committed suicide, this Colleen had been electrocuted by a defective radio she'd been plugging in. Somehow, his... soul, for want of a better word, was drawn into the body of Colleen as she was instantly turned brain-dead by the voltage that shorted out her synaptic functions.

It was incredible, unbelievable - and a dream come true for Tom, in a way.

He'd often wished he'd been born in a different body. One that wasn't muscle-bound, stupid-looking and awkward. He'd wished he could wear the soft, sensual clothes that women wore. He'd wished for these - and now, in a way, he'd gotten them. But he - she - was in the body of a woman with a past, with a life.

One Tom knew nothing about. Quite simply, she was no better off than if the 'real' Colleen still inhabited the body, and was suffering from amnesia...

But it was a second chance at life, and Tom wasn't going to let it slip through her fingers. However it had happened, she had a chance that many transsexuals would have gladly died for.

Which, when you thought about it, was exactly what he'd done.

Still amazed, Tom rose from the bench and looked around, wondering what to do now. She decided to give in to her most immediate desire. With barely repressed excitement, she bounded up the stairs, marveling at her new grace and balance. On her third try, she found the master bedroom, and crossed the room quickly and threw open the closet.

And sighed. Apparently, Colleen hadn't brought much with her - the closet was empty aside from a bathrobe and a flannel nightgown. A quick check of the dresser revealed four sets of underwear, two more pairs of jeans, some socks, and some T-shirts.

Looking around, Tom spotted the small, elegant Cherry-wood writing desk in the corner. Lowering her trim new bottom into the chair in front of the desk, she rummaged around in the drawer.

One of the first things she found was the bank statement regarding the transfer of funds from Ireland to the bank. Tom was stunned, her jaw dropping, as she realized that Colleen was more than just 'well off'. After the conversion from Pounds to Dollars, Colleen's net worth was One million, seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand, two hundred and fifty-nine dollars.

And seventeen cents.

No wonder the American Government was so agreeable in issuing a visa for her immigration. Better she spend the money in the Land of the Free than the Emerald Isle, right?

And below the bank statement was pay-dirt - Colleen's diary. Settling back in the chair, Tom opened the leather-bound book and started reading, the newest entry first and working backwards, learning about 'herself' from the flowing, feminine handwriting of Colleen as she revealed her most innermost thoughts to - herself.

Tom was deeply engrossed in the diary, having worked back about two months, when the phone rang, startling her into dropping the book.

As the phone rang a second time, Tom stared at it, then hesitantly picked it up. "Hello?" She asked, trying to hide her nervousness - not completely successfully.

"Colleen? It's Linda." A female voice said in her ear. "I was heading out to the mall, and I thought that since you don't have a car, and you mentioned that you had almost no clothes, I'd see if you wanted to come with me."

Tom paused. The diary had mentioned meeting some of the people in the neighborhood at the corner 'pub', but hadn't specified names. Tom guessed that this must be one of them.

"Um..." Tom hesitated, considering. "Actually, that would be great. I do need some clothes." "Wonderful. I'll be by in about five minutes. See you then." Linda said.

"I'll be waiting." Tom promised. "Bye."

Hanging up the phone, Tom quickly pulled on some socks and a black T-shirt, then went downstairs. She found a pair of running shoes in the closet, along with a black leather jacket. She had just finished tying the laces when she heard a car pull up and bleep its horn.

Grabbing 'her' purse, Tom hurried out, rummaging for her keys. Locking the door, she went around to the passenger side of the Integra and slipped inside.

"Your first time at an American mall - this should be interesting." The car's driver said with a smile as she pulled out of the driveway. Linda turned out to be a shapely, athletic woman about the same age as Colleen - twenty-five. She had short, black hair and an infectious grin that Tom couldn't help responding to.

"It's going to be a new experience." Tom agreed, thinking that Linda didn't know the half of it. Tom was paying attention to what passed by the car as they drove, trying to familiarize herself with the area. She vaguely recognized it as one of the upscale suburbs of New York, but hadn't spent any time out here.

"So - we'll have to get you some real American clothes. With a figure like yours, you can wear just about anything." Linda said, smiling. She turned the car into the sprawling parking lot of the mall, and managed to find a slot reasonably close to the doors. "You may want to stick close - we don't want you getting lost in the crowd."

"Sure." Tom said, still trying to cope. It all felt like she was in some kind of dream. Here she was, a beautiful woman, going into the mall to buy some female clothing. It was unreal - and delightfully real.

Following the brassy woman through the doors of the mall, Tom slowed a bit, causing Linda to turn and look at her. "Something wrong?"

Tom smiled. "No - I just have to use the bank machine. Hang on a second, would you?" Getting a nod, Tom walked over to the bank machine, inserted the bank card from Colleen's wallet...

...and stopped dead, realizing that she had no idea what Colleen's PIN number was. Suddenly, her feeling that all this was a dream broke away as reality intruded with a bang.

Quickly, Tom checked Colleen's ID and, crossing her fingers, punched in her birth date. The ATM promptly 'bleeped', and spat the card back out.

Tom swallowed nervously. He knew how the machine worked. If he was wrong three times in a row, the machine would lock out the card and notify the issuing bank, who would contact her to find out if the card had been stolen.

Quickly, Tom looked in the wallet again, hoping to find something that would help.

"Something wrong?" Linda asked over her shoulder, and Tom spun, heart pounding. She manufactured a quick smile. "Silly me - I forgot my number." She said, cursing herself for getting into this situation.

Linda laughed. "I told you so."

Tom blinked and smiled weakly. "Excuse me?"

Linda looked mildly surprised. "Last night - you mentioned that they don't have ATMs in Ireland, and it was new to you. When I suggested you write the number down just in case, you said you'd never forget your code."

Tom blinked. On a hunch, she slid the card back into the machine, and when it asked for the code, Tom ignored the actual numbers, picking the keys that corresponded to the letters C-O-D-E.

Dutifully, the machine hummed, and asked Tom how much she wanted, up to a daily limit of six hundred dollars. With a triumphant grin at Linda, Tom took the daily limit, sliding the small bundle of cash into her purse with her card.

"Shall we?"

Linda laughed again - the woman never seemed to stop being cheerful - and waited for Tom to fall in step as they headed into the mall.

For the next four hours, Tom wandered about in a dream-like world. For years, as a closet transvestite, he had lived with the knowledge that he could never, ever indulge in his fantasies in public. Yet, through some miracle, here *she* was, shopping for feminine finery,

getting make-overs and manicures, having her hair done in a salon - and not only was she *not* shunned and ridiculed, she had a friend with her that urged her on every step of the way.

Tom gave in to her every whim and fantasy. She purchased clothing that wasn't actually day-to-day wear, because she wanted to wear skirts and dresses and gowns, frilly under things and impractical shoes. She bought make-up galore, and tried on just about every type of lingerie available in the sprawling monument to capitalism. But sales-clerks didn't complain about the time she spent doing so - because she also bought just about everything. Just about - no 'plain Jane' underwear, no pants or uni-sex clothing. Only the frilliest, most feminine attire would do. In time, she'd probably come back and by more 'sensible' clothing - but for now, she was having the time of her life.

In fact, it was a dream-come-true... except for one thing. As she laughed and joked with Linda, and purchased everything in sight, she could not quite forget the fact that the real owner of this body, a woman he'd never met, had to die for Tom to get his fantasies. It was a small, discordant note that nagged at a small part of her mind, and Tom prayed that Colleen had found her way into heaven before the Devil even knew she was dead.

Finally, they had to stop - for the sole reason that Tom was broke. Aside from the cash, she'd maxed out the two credit-cards in Colleen's name. She hadn't planned on using them - she was worried about being able to forge 'her own' signature - but once she'd gotten rolling, she'd given in. But, unless she wanted to go to her bank and withdrawal money, she

was done for the day.

"Whoa..." Linda whistled, impressed, as she helped haul Tom's purchases out to the car. "Girl, you're going to make a great American." Tom laughed. "Thanks. Now all I need is enough closet space to put all this stuff in."

Linda laughed as well, and they filled the trunk and back seat of Linda's car. As the sun started to sink in the west, they pulled out of the mall's parking lot and headed towards Colleen's house.

As they pulled into the long, dark driveway, Linda looked over. "Need help carrying this stuff in?" Tom cocked her head. "Haven't you got that date with... um..."

Linda smiled. "Rick? - yeah. But it's not for another couple of hours..." Tom smiled. "Then your help would be appreciated."

The two women gathered up their bags and headed for the front door, chatting and laughing.

Then, as they stepped onto the stoop, a darker shadow detached itself from the hedges lining the walk. The massive, black shape reached out towards Linda, and something glinted as she was stabbed in the side. The dark-haired woman cried out, dropping the bags, and hauled herself away from her attacker. She began to scream for help... then her eyes rolled back in her head, and she collapsed to the ground, motionless. Tom screamed and recoiled, dropping the bags as the dark mass spoke.

"Hey, bastard..."

Then it stepped into the light streaming from the windows flanking the door, revealing... Tom McLean.

Tom - the one in Colleen's body - stared at his massive male body, looming above her...

...and promptly fainted dead away.

* * * * *

"Come on, *Colleen*... wakey, wakey..."

The deep voice with its sarcastic tone brought Colleen out of her faint. With a start, her emerald-green eyes flew open, and she jerked upright...

...or at least, tried to. She moved barely at all in fact, and stared, stunned, at the purple velvet-padded cuffs that chained her hands to the bedposts of the bed in the master bedroom. Stunned, she gazed down the length of her 'own' naked body to the foot of the bed, where the body she once wore sat in a chair, an ugly leer on its face as it gazed at her.

"Wha..? How...?" Colleen stammered, stunned and incredulous. "But... you're..."

"Dead?" Her old body snorted derisively. "Not exactly. Although, that's what you had planned, wasn't it?" Colleen blinked. "I.. I don't understand..."

Tom - or rather Colleen in Tom's body - laughed cruelly. "I bet you don't. If it wasn't for the fact that the bullet was a

misfire, I would be dead - just like you wanted. I don't know exactly how you did it, but it was almost a perfect plan - except for the misfire."

Colleen shook her head, more in disbelief than denial. "You think I... No! It was some sort of..."

Tom cut her off. "Yeah, right. I saw the clothes in your closet - and the bags and bags of clothes you just bought. How long did it take to find the perfect target? Rich, beautiful, and with no friends or family to catch you out while you learned how to be me. Six months? A year?"

Colleen felt panic in her gut. The original owner of this body, now in the one she used to have, though she'd planned this switch - then planned to kill that male body. "No! It wasn't like that...!"

Tom grinned, cruelly. "I bet. But you made a big mistake. You see, there's a reason why I was so eager to get to America. I'm not Colleen. No, I killed her, and used her ID - and money - to get to America. Some authorities in Ireland were looking for me." He leered down at her. "So, I'm not all that pissed at you for leaving me in a new body - Not only do I never have to worry about being caught, but this body is nice and strong. I could get used to this. So, I won't kill you."

Colleen's stomach sank. Then a horrified thought struck her. "Where's Linda? What have you..."

Tom laughed again. "She's... fine. You've been out for twenty-four hours, bitch. In that time, I've been busy. But don't worry - not only didn't I kill Linda - I let her go on her date with Rick. After I... gave her a little something..." He leaned forward. "Now - I think it's time I got down to business..."

"No...!" Colleen tried to protest her innocence - but her voice died in her throat as Tom rose from the chair and revealed a large syringe in his hand. Colleen struggled futilely as Tom approached her.

"Surprisingly, this was fairly easy to get. It emptied out your rather pitiful bank account - but that's all right." Tom said with a smirk - and injected the contents of the needle into Colleen's thigh.

Colleen continued to thrash around for several minutes, then began to feel a strange sensation. She couldn't define what it was, exactly, but she felt a strange feeling of... detachment? It wasn't quite the right word, but it would do. Although the fear and panic were still present, she couldn't seem to work up enough connection with them to continue the struggles - it seemed pointless. Slowly, her struggles faded, and she lay still on the bed. Grinning, Tom uncuffed her, which allowed an opportunity to try and escape - but Colleen just couldn't work up enough willpower to even try. She merely watched Tom uncuff her, her face blank and her eyes slightly glazed.

"Sit up, bitch." Tom commanded.

Colleen didn't want to obey him - but she did anyway. The realization came to her that the drug had stolen all her willpower - she would do anything she was told, but was unable to do anything independently. She was horrified by this realization - but again, completely unable to express that emotion. She merely obeyed his command, sitting up and swinging her legs over the edge of the bed.

And as Colleen watched, motionless, Tom positioned the chair exactly where he wanted it, and lounged back in it. "Come her, bitch." Helplessly, Colleen complied, rising from the bed and walking over.

"Kneel down, and open my pants."

Inside, Colleen wanted to scream. Instead, she merely knelt, her long, slender fingers unzipping the jeans that Tom wore. At his command, she lowered his pants to his knees, followed by his boxers, revealing a large, limp, and very, very familiar cock.

"Well, well, well..." Tom said, in mock surprise. "Look at this! A beautiful woman kneeling in front of me - and I don't have a hard on! That's not right. You'd better fix it, bit - get me hard."

Obediently, Colleen found her dainty, feminine hands encircling Tom's cock. She'd actually fondled that particular cock thousands of time in the past, but now she burned with hidden shame as she began to fondle and stroke the warm, limp dick. Slowly, it began to stiffen under her touch, the veins throbbing with blood as the organ twitched and began to rise.

"Not bad..." Tom said, obviously savoring the sensation. "But now that I'm getting hard - I think a blow-job would be good. And there you are, all ready to go. See just how good a cock-sucker you can be, bitch."

Colleen wanted to cry as she leaned forward. Her full, soft lips parted - and she slid her mouth down on the hard, throbbing cock that used to belong to her.

She'd never, ever given a blow-job before - but she'd received a few while she was a man, and knew what she liked. Now, helplessly, she put that knowledge to use in a way she'd never expect.

It began by sliding her mouth up and down the throbbing tube of man-meat, lubricating it. Then she let it leave her mouth, and began, teasingly, kissing it's swollen head and licking the shaft as her slender fingers, wrapped around the cock, began to slide up and down the thick, hot cock.

Next, she slide her hands down and began to fondle his large, hairy balls as her mouth once more reclaimed the cock. Now, she took the cock as deep into her throat as possible, her lips touching her slender fingers wrapped around his balls. She wanted to gag, but without Tom's express orders to do so, she was incapable of it. Instead, she began to slide her lips up and down the hot, throbbing cock, creating a vacuum in her mouth as she bobbed her head back and forth.

As her lips slid up and down Tom's cock, her tongue teased the head and shaft. Tom moaned in pleasure as he experienced his first blow-job. Wrapping his hands into her lustrous red hair, he urged her on as she increased her pace. While one hand continued to fondle his scrotum, the other began working in time with her mouth - as her head slid back, revealing his hard shaft, she used her fingers to stroke it's saliva-slicked length before her head came back down the shaft.

"I... mmmm... I'm gonna cum... Swallow it..." Tom gasped. It was a toss-up as to which he was enjoying more - the actually blow-job, or the humiliation that he was causing the new woman.

Who, despite amazing levels of disgust, had no choice to comply. She continued her ministrations of the thick, throbbing dick until it began to gush. Helplessly, she swallowed the warm, salty liquid that flooded her mouth, wanting to vomit at it's flavor

and texture.

Small trickles of cum ran from the corners of her mouth, splattering down on her large, creamy tits as she lapped up the last of his cum and licked his cock clean.

Tom smiled - but there was no humor in it. Turning towards the door, he called out "Linda!"

The door swung open, and in came Linda - only she bore little resemblance to the laughing, cheerful woman of the day before.

Linda balanced atop the six-inch stilettos of a pair of black leather boots that came all the way up her thighs. An incredibly tight black leather corset compressed her waist down to a tiny circumference, and chains ran from the corset to the leather 'slave-collar' around her neck. And jutting from her crotch, attached to straps from the corset, was an absolutely massive black plastic dildo, easily seventeen inches long, and enormously thick.

"Hello, bitch..." Linda said, her gloss-red lips curving up in a sneer.

Colleen was stunned - not that she was able to express that, of course. Tom looked with a perverse satisfaction at Linda, then turned to Colleen. "As you can see, I made a few... adjustments to her attitude." He leered down at Colleen. "I could have done the same to you

- made you love everything I do to you, make sure that you do it 'willingly'. But I much prefer the thought of you as a helplessly slave,

doing things even though you hate them. Of course, the drug itself isn't permanent - but I think I have a large enough supply to last until you're properly trained by Linda."

Re-adjusting his clothing, Tom headed for the door. "Get on the bed and spread your legs, bitch. From now on, you'll do whatever Linda tells you to." Turning to Linda, he jerked a thumb at where Colleen was climbing onto the bed. "All right, get started - and whatever you do, make sure she doesn't enjoy a single second of it. If she actually orgasms, I'll kill you."

"Yes, Master." Linda said, grinning evilly. She began to stalk towards the bed, heels clicking on the hard-wood floor, and the massive phallus protruding from her crotch like a battering ram.

And as Linda slammed the whole length and breadth of the massive plastic dildo deep into Colleen's dry cunt, Colleen discovered just how quickly a dream could turn into a nightmare.

As the agony took her, Colleen wished, with all her being that the bullet had fired. Regardless of who had been in the body at the time.



BACK TO FUN ZONE





SUMMARY: A master makeup artist threatens to leave his agent, unless the agent is willing to allow him to use his skills to transform him for a job.

To Prove A Point

By Gunslinger

The terrace of the L'Hotel De Concourse was one of the most sought-after spots for the vaunted business lunch, and the ten-to-two time-slot was booked solid for the next three months, every table having been reserved to impress some important client with the host's ability to get into such a place.

So, all in all, Steven Dixon should have been overjoyed to be sitting at a small table on that terrace, invited there by his most important client, who was - miracles of miracles - actually buying the lunch. But the truth of the matter was, Dixon had had a tad too much to drink at a post-production party last night - in fact, much too much to drink - and was now nursing the mother of all hangovers. Despite the 'See-and-be-seen' mentality of Hollywood, which meant that just having been seen here would boost his reputation, he'd much rather be inside the dimly lit restaurant itself, where the bright, somehow cheerless glare of the sun wouldn't feel like two ice-picks jabbed into his hazel eyes.

Across the table from him, his most important client, Robert DeMarco was droning on interminably, and Steve knew he should really be paying attention. With the decline of his agency - which, of course, had nothing to do with his drinking, for God's sake, no matter what that bitch of an ex-wife said - it was basically Robby who paid his bills for him. The thought that he was basically one client away from bankruptcy caused Steve to shift his 'California toned' body in his seat and nervously run on broad, tanned hand through his close-cropped chestnut hair. If his ex-wife, Ms. 'I won't take your last name' Deborah Goldstein hadn't taken most of Steve's inheritance when she'd left... Shoving that though aside, Steve tried to focus on what Robby was saying.

"...long time now, Steven, and I appreciate what you've done for me. I just think that it's in my best interests to find new representation, that's all." Robby was saying earnestly.

It took half a second for Steve's mind to catch up with the conversation - then his hand twitched as if he'd been hit with an electric cattle-prod, sending his water glass to shatter against the stone-paved terrace.

"You're firing me?" Steve asked, incredulously, his stomach dropping into his size ten Italian leather shoes. "This... This is a joke, right Robby?"

Robby frowned, realizing that Steven hadn't heard anything except the last sentence or so. "Look, Steve, I admit that you got me a start in this business. God knows, it's hard to create a whole new niche as a 'prosthetics and make-up special effect technician, and I appreciate it. But I don't think that you're really the person to represent my future goals."

Steven winced when Robby used the overly-long title that Steven had created on the spur of the moment all that time ago. The truth was, Steve had no idea what to call Robby's talent. Robby was practically a wizard when it came to doing Special Effect make-up - but it went way past make-up and

latex appliances. The monsters and aliens that Robby created were just so... real. It was as if, after Robby was finished, the actor *became* that being.

And every time Robby worked that magic, Steve made ten percent of it. At least, he had...

"What do you mean, I'm not right? Nobody appreciates your amazing talent more than me, Rob!" Steven said - almost pleaded, in fact.

Robby looked slightly angry. "Actually, you don't. That's the problem. Do you know how many jobs you've passed up on, simply because they were supposedly 'impossible'? Instead of turning them down flat, you should have checked with me. I could have done those jobs!"

Steven snorted. "It's that 'Arcturus Plague' thing, right? Look, I saw the sketches that they had, and..."

Robby over-rode Steve. "...and I *could... have... done... it!*" He said, enunciating each word viciously, practically biting the words off.

Steven wasn't sure how to respond to that. Robby was usually the most even-tempered of fellows, befitting his slight, somewhat 'hippy-ish' appearance - right down to the round, rimless glasses and long, dirty blond pony-tail - yet Steven had twice seen this mild-mannered young man fly into strange rages, and the last thing he needed now was that strange rage on public display, with him as the target.

Robby was glaring at him through his glasses, his watery blue eyes almost threatening, and Steve knew he had to say something. He nervously cleared his throat. "Look, man, I'm sorry. I guess I have been underestimating you, right from the beginning. I mean, the stuff I know you can do seems so... impossible, it never occurred to me that you could be even more talented."

He paused, and was dismayed to see that the tactic he'd picked didn't seem to be working. With his dismally small bank account firmly in mind, the normally arrogant Dixon decided to try and be more conciliatory. "Look, Robby, you're absolutely right. You tell me - what can I do to make it up to you?" Steven spread his hands. "Anything, anything at all, old buddy."

Robby looked thoughtful. "I think I need to prove to you just what I can do." He said at long last, his voice still carrying that oddly flat inflection. "You used to be an actor, right?"

Steve shrugged. "Yeah, but I was just another pretty face in Hollywood, so I became an agent." He replied easily - and

untruthfully. He knew he was the greatest actor since DeNiro, but the damned Hollywood politics - run by the damned Jews, like his ex-wife - had kept him from what he so richly deserved. Or so he firmly believed.

Robby smiled - but the expression stopped well short of his eyes, something the less-than-astute Dixon failed to notice. "Well, then, I'll tell you what. If you want to keep my business, you'll have to let me get you a rather... unusual role in a movie."

Keeping that almost empty bank balance firmly in mind, Steven asked. "Oh? And what would that be?"

Robby made a motion with one hand. "We'll discuss it later - at my workshop."

Steven shrugged, concealing his resentment at having to kow-tow to Robby, then signaled the waitress. He had a sudden urge to make this meal a real 'tour-de-force' of cuisine - and expensive. It was Robby's pocket that was paying for it.

* * * * *

"So, what's the deal?" Steve asked an hour and a half later as he sighed and settled into one of the two battered armchairs in Robby's eclectic workshop. Steve was stuffed with Filet Mignon and Rock- Tailed Lobster, and more mellow than usual.

Robby smiled toothily. "I know a certain somebody who's preparing to do a film. However, he's looking for just the right person to play one of the roles. He even gave me a detailed breakdown of what he wants." Robby's grin widened, without touching his eyes. "You aren't it."

Steve shrugged, still not getting it. "So?"

Robby waved a hand. "So? So, I make you what he's looking for. Exactly what he's looking for. All you have to do is land the role. If you can do that, then I'll have proven my point, and you can represent me, if you still want to."

Steve blinked. So, Robby wanted to prove a point by making him over into an utterly convincing Negro or something. He could live with that. "What's the role?"

Robby's grin practically went from ear to ear as he handed Steve a casting directive.

Steven looked it over. "Hey man, you goofed. This is for a character named 'Kandi Kandlevski', a blonde bimbo stripper." He tried to hand it back.

Robby crossed his arms across his narrow chest, making no move to take the sheet. "No mistake, Steve 'old buddy'."

Steven's jaw dropped. "You mean...? Me? A chick? No way, buster."

Robby shrugged. "So you don't want to represent me after all. I can live with that." He paused, then added in an abstracted tone. "Besides, I didn't think you could pull it off anyway."

That was a blow aimed directly at the largest part of Steve's anatomy which - despite what he told women - was his ego. Steven bristled. "Hey, I could do it in my sleep, bucko."

Robby turned and looked at Steven. "So? It's a deal?"

Steve opened his mouth angrily - then thought of his almost empty account. Swallowing, Steven closed his mouth, and nodded.

Robby smiled wolfishly and rubbed his hands together. "Let's get started then, shall we?"

* * * * *

The first step of getting started, ironically - was steps.

Robby walked over to a box sitting on a cluttered work-bench and removed the oddest-looking contraptions Steve had ever seen. They were shoes - with some weird device attached to the backs to them, and an odd design.

"What the hell are *those*?" Steve asked, intrigued and mildly confused.

"These are something I had a mechanical effects friend of mine make up." Robby said, handing them to Steve with a flourish. "These shoes have variable heels. They start off flat, then the stiletto heels in the rear casing slowly extrude. These will help you learn to walk in high heels." He gestured towards a treadmill set up in one dusty corner. "Just put them on, then start walking."

Steve frowned, but slipped off his Italian shoes and put the strange contraptions on his feet. They fit perfectly - but Steve didn't consider that fact. Walking over to the machine, he stepped up on the tread and began walking, as Robby began to putter around the room. There was a TV mounted in front of the treadmill, and a remote on the control panel, so Steve flipped through the channels and found something to watch as he slowly added miles to the counter.

With only a few breaks, that was all Steve had to do for the next four hours. During that time, the special shoes slowly extruded the slender heels - at such a rate, that Steve barely even noticed as he slowly rose higher and higher. By the first half-hour, he was walking easily on three-quarter inch heels. By the end of the second hour, he didn't even realize that he was up to two and a half inch spikes. And, by the end of the four-hour practice, he was absolutely amazed to find himself walking easily on the five-inch heels that now lifted his shoes.

"Geez, Rob, sell these things to teens. You'll make a fortune." Steve exclaimed, amazed, as he stepped down from the treadmill. His calves were aching from the way he balanced on the high-heel, but despite the ache, he moved (disgustingly, to his mind) easily in the five inch spikes, as if he'd had months of experience, not just a few hours.

"So, now what?" Steve asked, taking off the shoes for the next step.

Robby held out what looked like the skin of a woman. "You put this on." He said evenly. Steve gaped. "What the hell is THAT?"

"It's an artificial body covering. It goes on from head to foot. It contains special fibers that will transmit heat, sensation - everything. It's a costume so perfect, that while you're wearing it you'll actually be a fully-functional female."

Steve snorted in disbelief, but let Robby help him into it. It turned out that he stepped into the mouth - which stretched - and slid it on to his body, then pulled the head up and over onto his own, like a hood. To Steve, it felt like he was being eaten.

"Okay - now what?" he asked the strange 'skin' covering his body.

Robby carefully straightened everything out, smoothed the garment - then sprayed Steve head-toe with a fixative solution.

And suddenly the skin clamed onto Steve's body like a vise, momentarily crushing the breath from him before he got used to the sudden, relentless pressure of the now perfectly form-fitting - hell, form altering - skin.

The feel of the heavy weight of breasts on his chest felt extremely strange. He looked at his new, feminine figure in the mirror with an appraising eye, and was struck by a singularly odd thought.

'God, but I'd love to fuck her!' He thought - then recoiled from the implications of that immediately

Now, Steve would be the first to admit that his new 'look' wasn't *exactly* beautiful - his shoulders were a little too broad, and his hands and feet both a little large.

But his figure!

Steve hadn't been all that thin. That had been changed, thanks to the 'casing' like skin that was hauling him in tight, especially his waist, which was now positively tiny in the cruel, invisible corset. Now with his legs altered to look sexier, - a *lot* sexier - wider hips, not to mention a realistic- looking vagina, and a spectacular tear-drop-shaped ass, he was a stunning figure of a woman.

And tits! My God, his tits were enormous. They were huge fleshy spheres, appearing to defy gravity as they stuck out from his chest with little or no sag, and were topped by large, thick, responsive nipples. He still couldn't get over the fact that he could not only feel the heavy weight of his gargantuan new endowments, but he could actually feel the air moving across the engorged nipples. He marveled at the fact that when he lightly touched them, he felt the touch with both his hands and his enormous tits.

"Holy shit." Steve whispered, impressed with the sheer realism of the results. He was also startled to hear what he said come out in his new, breathy soprano, sounding utterly feminine - and almost cartoonishly sexy. His new voice certainly fit the role of air-headed stripper.

As did his tits, now that he thought about it. He was going to say that these monstrosities were too big, but decided, on reflection, that these massive, jiggling mounds of tit-flesh were perfect for the role.

"All right, Rob, I admit it - you're a fuckin' genius!" Steve said in his new, breathy voice. "No wonder your jobs always look so real - they damned near *are* real!" He paused. "Now what?"

Rob smiled. "Now you get some sleep."

Startled, Steve - or, perhaps, Kandi - looked at the clock, and saw it was it was now almost eleven at night. Since he didn't

have a valid driver's license - not for the way he looked now, at least - Rob led the naked, huge breasted woman to a spare bedroom in his home. The walk was interesting - the feel of her huge new tits swaying, the air moving over her smooth new skin - it was all new - and to Kandi's surprise, quite pleasurable.

Kandi awoke the next morning, and for a few seconds couldn't remember why there was this tremendous weight on his chest, and all these weird sensations. Then he remembered, and slowly sat up, feeling my huge tits shifting on his chest. The washroom was an interesting experience.

Kandi had to sit to urinate, and just that simple act created odd, new sensations. After flushing and washing her new, long nailed hands, Kandi looked in the mirror - and almost laughed at the medusas tangle of her hair. She quickly rinsed it and brushed it out, then realized with a start that she had no clothing that would fit her new figure. She shrugged, and walked naked down to the kitchen, where she found Rob already up and about. He'd put coffee on, and was making some breakfast. "Good morning." Kandi said. Rob looked up, and Kandi was surprised to see Rob's eyes had locked onto my immense breasts, then slipped to her shapely legs. With an odd feeling she couldn't quite place, Kandi realized that Rob found her new look extremely... arousing. Kandi ate a quick breakfast, aware of the way Rob was constantly eyeing her, and the way he was treating her as if she were a real woman. It was disconcerting - but, oddly, also sort of nice. Afterwards, Rob supplied Kandi with something to wear. Shrugging, Kandi uncomplainingly pulled on the clothing supplied. A white silk blouse stretched tautly over her massive endowments, the top two buttons undone to reveal some of her inviting cleavage. A pair of tight, black jeans hugged her spectacular ass and long, shapely legs. A pair of suede, knee- high leather boots with six inch heels encased her feet, imparting a certain sway to her womanly hips. Again, she found myself guiltily enjoying the way Rob watched her moved, and reacted to her presence. Doors opened before her, Rob smiling at her.

"So, now what?" Kandi asked - and was shocked by the answer. "Now you do a gig at a strip club. I've arranged for you to do a show." "What!" Kandi screeched, shocked.

Rob shrugged. "You're playing a stripper. You'd better know how to do an act. Just do whatever you've seen strippers do when you go to a club."

They had a brief argument, but Kandi eventually agreed. Her stomach tightened into a ball as they drove to the strip club. Numbly, not believing she was really doing this, she changed into the outfit that Rob had arranged for her, then walked into the back-stage area, waiting her cue.

And as the heavy, driving beat of the music kicked in, she strode provocatively onto the stage. She was wearing a custom made 'French Maid', with matching black 7 inch heels. As she began to move sensuously with the music, the men went wild with the sight of her incredible figure. Her daze faded as she began to realize a startling, odd thing - she was starting to become excited. The fact that she was doing this to a room full of men, driving their hormones into a frenzy, was sending new energy thrumming through her own, incredibly endowed body. Exotic Dancing went from being a job, to being a nearly orgasmic, narcotic experience. She had NEVER felt this alive, this energetic. It was incredible. Her moves went from being stiff, formulaic moves to richly erotic, supple, gyrations. She moved to the music, her body flexing and swaying. A new, never before felt heat

rose in her new cunt and she became more aroused than she had ever been before. Part of her was disgusted by this - but the major portion of her was enjoying it all - the feel of her own, new body, the power of the men's lust for her, the supple grace with which she moved to the driving beat...

She was getting very, very turned on.

Then, the first song neared it's end, and she pulled off the black silk dress. As the second song started, she strutted around the stage clad in the heels, black nylons, panties, corset, bra and cap.

She become more sexual as her hands caressed her own, aroused body. They lingered on her own, huge tits, then moved down and undid the corset, tossing it aside. When she finally removed her bra, setting her enormous, firm tits free, the men literally pushed to stick money in her garters in return for a quick feel of her huge tits. Then, in the third song, when she removed her panties, the men went absolutely nuts - and she found herself having to stop herself from masturbating right there on stage. She couldn't believe how HORNY she'd become, stripping for the men. Ducking off stage, she pulled on a filmy black negligee and headed into the crowd, where men were begging for a lap dance. Men who were soon eagerly, orgasmically fondling and sucking her enormous breasts as she gyrated on their laps, head thrown back in pleasure.

When she was finished, Kandi jiggled and swayed back to the dressing room and got changed. Her whole body thrummed with an odd sensation, one she'd never experienced, and had never expected to.

She needed to be fucked. Long and hard.

Her head swimming in a daze of lust, she climbed into the car, and Rob pointed it towards his place. The ride was interesting - the vibration of the car over the rode created some new - and highly enjoyable - sensations in her crotch, and every bounce jostled her huge new tits, increasing her arousal.

Quickly, Kandi excused herself, and all but ran to her room. Stripping naked, she lay on the bed, string up at the ceiling trying to let the cool air kill her incredible arousal.

It didn't work. Kandi was going crazy with lust.

"Fuck it." Kandi said quietly, and gave in to her body. Eagerly, her hands rose to her massive tits. With soft squeezes, she began to caress her own soft, smooth mounds, holding back moans as her hands manipulated her engorged nipples.

It wasn't long before one hand moved downwards, past a flat abdomen, to her silky thighs - and what lay between them. Slowly, rhythmically, she used the flat of her hand to rub across her hot wet cunt. Then, with a gasp, she slid her finger into her cunt and began to masturbate furiously.

Her hips bucked as indescribable pleasure flooded her body. Breathing in short, gasping pants, she single-mindedly worked at bringing herself to her first female orgasm. Bolts of pleasure wracked her body from her cunt, echoed by the ones from her firm new tits. Still, she frantically worked her finger, everything else in the world fading out as she became nothing more than her sexual need to reach fulfillment.

She succeeded.

Screaming out once, sharply, she jerked in ecstasy, falling off the bed to the floor as her orgasm took her.

Finally, her heartbeat began to slow. Gasping, she stood, shocked and amazed at her actions. And the fact that she'd enjoyed it more than anything she'd ever done.

And the fact that masturbating had only aroused her more. So, when the door opened and Rob stuck his head in to investigate the thump, she literally dragged him inside.

"Fuck me" she begged.

He gaped - but didn't argue.

Trembling slightly with mixed emotions, Kandi leaned forward and lightly kissed Rob. Her full, soft lips pressed firmly against his, and the kiss quickly became much more passionate. Soon, Rob's hands were on her full tits, caressing and fondling them.

Caught up in her own incredible lust, Kandi lay on the bunk, and spread her legs. Rob eagerly rose above her, hesitated a brief second - then penetrated her womanhood.

She gasped as his hard cock entered her wet, ready cunt. Her gasps soon changed to moans as he began to fuck her with smooth, even strokes, his cock in her cunt causing a delicious feeling of being filled, one she'd never experienced before. Almost instinctively, she began to move her womanly hips, maximizing the sensations that roared through her body as he drove into her. It was all over fairly quickly. With little warning, the orgasm swept through Kandi, and she threw her head back and screamed. Her vaginal muscled clenched around Rob's cock, pushing him over the edge as well. He shot his load of cum deep into her waiting pussy and, spent, rolled off of her. Rising from the bed, he padded from the room, and unusual thing to do. She barely noticed. Instead, she rode the afterglow of the orgasm down, her eyes wide in disbelief. She new dreamed anything could feel so good as what she'd just experienced. It had been - indescribable.

And she wanted to do it - often.

Kandi found a small smile forming as she wondered what it felt like to suck a cock...

* * * *

Rob was smiling as he talked on the phone. In the next room, he could hear Steve/Kandi masturbating again.

"That's right, Deborah, just like I said - I turned you womanizing ex-husband into a cum-crazed slut. And he - or she - has no idea. I've set her up with a job as a stripper."

He listened for a moment to Steve's ex-wife, then his smile widened. "Yes, that's more than a fair sum Especially considering the... fringe benefits I get."

And he laughed.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: The Bermuda Triangle presents strange effects on time and on gender to those that enter into its force field.

The Triangle

By Gunslinger

"Any station, any station, this is *Bahama Mama*, out of Nassau. If you're receiving this transmission, please respond on Guard. Repeat: this is the privately owned Motor Vessel *Bahama Mama*, approximate location 30°N by 70°W, calling any station on Guard. Please respond, over."

Releasing the transmit key on the microphone, Peter Merrick listened to the waterfall of static coming from the marine-band radio. Despite a carefully adjusted squelch setting, the static was overlaid with a strange, warbling hum that Peter guessed was probably atmospheric interference of some sort, though he'd never heard anything quite like it - and it blanketed all the stations he could receive on, even those of his AM/FM/SW radio.

Turning up the volume on the transceiver, Peter rose from the somewhat battered chair and moved through the small 'bridge' atop the Mama's small, cramped cabin. Pausing at the door leading outside, the stocky, deeply tanned brunet threw an accusing look at the bank of instruments lining the console. Though 'active', in the fact that they were still receiving electrical power, the instruments were useless to him, which was why he couldn't narrow his location down.

The electronic GPS unit, supposedly infallible and accurate to within three meters anywhere on the Earth's surface, was currently insisting that his location was 90°N by 90°W - and since that particular location was the North Pole, Peter had his doubts about the accuracy of the GPS unit at the moment. The backup to the GPS unit was a dead-reckoning computer that calculated rough position through speed, course and distance - and it was currently insisting that the *Mama* was parked somewhere south of Perth, Australia.

At that, both were better than the 'faithful' old magnetic compass, which was doing an impression of a drunken ballet dancer, spinning and rotating aimlessly, unable to pick any one direction.

With a sigh, Pete stepped out of the cabin onto the raised 'wing' of the bridge, shivering slightly as he stared out at the

featureless expanse of thick, damp fog that shrouded his small cabin cruiser. It had rolled in suddenly, and unexpectedly, and his faded pink Ocean Pacific shorts and white tank-style shirt weren't quite enough to fight the damp chill of the fog.

Picking up the 'Big Eye' binoculars slung on the binnacle on the wing - who's compass was also spinning uselessly, but not in synch with the one inside - Pete slowly swept what he thought was the right quadrant of the sky, looking for the faintest hint of the sun through the featureless gray void - and finding nothing.

With another curse, Pete hung the binoculars back on the binnacle and went back into the cabin, wondering how the hell his 'sea sense' had failed him so completely in regards to the weather.

When he'd departed Nassau, Bahamas, the day had just begun, the golden light of sunrise promising another clear blue day in paradise. The sort of day just made for taking a boat out into the featureless expanse of the ocean and letting the stresses of 'civilization' flow into that great, blue-gray emptiness. There was something about being at sea that just relaxed the human psyche - and it was this that Pete relied on to make his living, the *Mama* being one of a hundred charter boats in Nassau.

Today's voyage wasn't a paying one, however, which was just another lead brick added to the weight of the situation - he wasn't even getting paid for being lost out in this fog. He had no one to blame but himself, of course. He'd made a strict personal policy with himself, telling himself that he wouldn't take the *Mama* out unless he had enough of a charter to at least cover the overhead of fuel and current anchor fees...

...yet, here he was, on a 'charter' that wasn't earning him a cent. How had he ever let himself get into this situation...?

Then the smell of rich Jamaican coffee floated through the still, muggy air, tantalizing his olfactory senses, accompanied by a gentle, feminine humming that stimulated... other things, and he knew exactly why he'd taken this 'charter', and it didn't have a damned thing to do with *financial* rewards...

"Now *that*..." A clear soprano voice said in perky disgust '...is the definition of 'depressing'." Turning, Pete managed to work up a wry smile at the sight of his passenger.

Tamara '*Call me Tammy (*giggle*)*' Jones was about the same height as him, but built along considerably more slender lines. In nautical terms, Pete was a tugboat, short, stubby and powerful, while she was a corvette; lean and long and graceful - and boy, did she boast a big pair of guns...

"What song were you humming, anyway?" Pete asked, gratefully accepting the steaming mug of coffee she held out to him. Tammy grinned, somewhat bashfully. "Actually, it was the theme from *Gilligan's Island*..."

That managed to get a laugh out of Pete - because his boat was the same make and model as the *Minnow* from the TV show. "That must make you the movie star..." Pete quipped, his mood lightened by her very presence.

Her pink-glossed lips pursed, and her bright blue eyes took on a thoughtful look. "No - I think I must be the skipper..." "The skipper...?" Pete repeated, blankly, taking a sip of coffee.

"Yeah..." Tammy grinned, hefting her delightfully straining white T-shirt. "...and these are my 'little buddies'..." That sip of

coffee tried to come out of his noes as Pete doubled over in unexpected laughter.

Pete would be the first to admit that he had a 'fetish' - he liked big tits. Not D-cup 'big', nor even DDD-cup; we're talking huge, round, surgically-inflated, 'Kee-rist, Morty, dey wuz de size of friggin' basketballs!' big.

So, when a slender, supple blonde woman who happened to be a stripper from Florida, and who also happened to have a pair of huge, round, basket-ball-sized tits came up to him on the pier and asked him to 'take her on a pleasure cruise' (*her choice of words*), who was he to say no?

Even if where she wanted to cruise to was the middle of what was known to some as 'the Bermuda Triangle'. Not that Pete believed in such a thing, of course - he wasn't a superstitious fool, to be taken in by all that crap. Certainly, the sudden, thick fog and strange way the instruments were acting had nothing to do with the silly myths about this area of the ocean. It was just some strange weather pattern...

...which happened to be coupled with strange atmospheric interference...

...the likes of which Pete had never seen, nor even heard about - except in those silly 'Triangle' myths. It was just coincidence...

...wasn't it?

That particular line of thought sobered Pete up damned quick, enough so that he (regretfully) tore his eyes off of Tammy's luscious figure. Which wasn't easy to do - dressed casually, comfortably and sensibly in a short white tennis skirt and a white tied-at-the-bottom T-shirt over a hot pink bikini that showed faintly through the thin material, Tammy was barefoot and gracefully relaxed, despite the situation they found themselves in - trusting implicitly in Pete's abilities and professional seamanship.

He wasn't quite sure how to tell her that all his knowledge and skills having to do with the sea were currently useless. Hell, without being able to see the sun, he couldn't even do the most basic calculation of their current position.

Pete was trying to figure out the gentlest way to break this unpleasant news to Tammy when the now-familiar undulating hum of interference from the radio died away, to be replaced with a slightly scratchy form of silence. Pete's head snapped to left, and he found himself staring at the scratched and discolored black plastic grille protecting the radio's speaker.

'..on *Yellow Band*, 3000 kilo-cycle range. ' came wafting out of that silence, so faint and distorted as to sound like an eerie sound effect

from some Hollywood movie. There was a short crackle of static, obscuring what came next....

...then, suddenly, the transmission was so crystal-clear that it blasted from the radio, whose volume was still turned up.

'*This is Fox-Tare-Two-Eight calling any station on this frequency, mayday, mayday, mayday. Goddamn it, somebody reply ! Over.*'

Even as Pete hastily turned the volume down to bearable levels and grabbed the racked mike, he could sympathize with

the unknown man on the other end of the tenuous electronic lifeline. The only thing that had kept Pete from declaring a Mayday himself had been the lack of response on any frequency. It was a touch-stone of faith to aviators and sailors that when you called 'mayday' on Guard, *somebody* would answer. The thought that it might not happen this time was so disturbing that Pete had been unwilling to try.

From the sound of it, 'Fox Tare 28' was near panic himself. Well, Pete could not only sympathize - he could renew the unknown man's faith in the mystic significance of the call no aviator or sailor ever wanted to make.

"Fox Tare Twenty Eight, this is station Mike-Victor-Zero-Niner, private motor vessel *Bahama Mama* out of Nassau, responding to your Mayday. Over." Pete transmitted, trying to sound calm, cool and collected - and more happy to hear another person's voice on the damned radio than he'd care to admit. Even the voice of somebody who sounded to be in as much - or more - trouble as Pete himself.

'Thank God, uh... Mike Victor? I am a TBF on a training flight out of Ft. Lauderdale, flight lead for a wing of five. I am at angels one, both compasses out, and skoosh on fuel. I have no idea where the rest of my flight is, and had my crew bailout over a spit of land I passed about twenty - two zero - minutes ago. Over.'

Ouch - this guy was definitely in more trouble than Pete was. At least on a boat, you could drift when you ran out of fuel...

Pete wasn't exactly up on his military aircraft - what he knew came mainly from watching *Top Gun* a time or three. He had no idea what type of plane a 'TBF' was - but he did know that ditching an aircraft was, literally, a last-ditch maneuver. From the sounds of it, this poor guy had gotten his training flight lost - then lost the rest of his training flight, as well. Pete had to give him credit, though - rather than risk all of them on a water-landing, he'd chosen to have his crew bailout over land when they came across it, than had continued onward...

...not in the hopes of actually finding someplace better to land his aircraft, but hoping to find somebody - anybody - he could give the position of his crew to, in hopes they'd be rescued.

"Twenty-Eight, wait one..." Pete transmitted.

'Better be a short one...' The pilot radioed back, obviously worried about his fuel state - but no longer near panic. *'Fox Tare Twenty- eight, standing by.'*

Reaching into a cubbyhole under the radio, Pete extracted a bright-orange metal box and opened it, removing the Very Pistol and a handful of flares. Quickly, he explained to Tammy how the signal-gun worked, and handed her the pistol and the flares. She nodded, her face startled but intent, and stepped out onto the abbreviated bride-wing.

"Twenty-Eight, I am now firing flares..." He transmitted - as a **'thump-WOOoossshhh...'** from outside gave truth to his statement.

'Roger, Mike-Victor - I see a red glow, two o'clock low. The fog's making it hard to pin-point, though. Over.' The pilot radioed, relief evident in his voice - if he could see the flare at all, diffuse as it was, he must be close to the *Mama*.

"Understood. Be advised, manufacturer specs on the flare indicates a top-out at three hundred - three-zero-zero - feet. I can't give you wind or wave direction, but the sea's calm and the wind's light, all running parallel to my course, whatever that it. I'm turning on every goddamn light I got, and firing another flare. Over."

Even as she spoke, Pete manipulated some switches and dials. The port engine's growl dropped for a second as the gears switched it from driving the screw to operating the generator.. and then all the navigation lights flared to 'bright-steady', with the fore-and-aft fog anchor lamps flaring to incandescent life. From outside, Tammy obeyed Pete's 'thirty seconds' instruction, and another red flare went sizzling into the air.

'Roger, Mike-Victor. I have your rough position, and am dropping. I'm running on fumes and am going to try and put her down as close as possible. Over.'

"Roger, Mike-Victor standing by to render assistance." Pete responded - then racked the mike and grabbed the small, hand-held radio, ducking out onto the bridge-wing. Waving a negative hand at the Very pistol Tammy proffered him, he gestured skywards and aft, tilting his head and listening intensely.

There was another 'whoosh' from right beside him - and as the sound faded, he could hear the drone of a powerful piston-driven prop plane.

Pete strained his eyes, focusing in the section of sky the sound seemed to be coming from. If the aircraft landed out-of-sight, he'd have to try and sail to where he thought it had come down...

For a long, seemingly endless instant, Pete's straining eyes saw nothing... and then there was a faintly darker patch in the otherwise featureless gray of the fog...

...which suddenly, almost shockingly, snapped into focus, like some prehistoric monster from the depths of time.

Pete had never seen an aircraft quite like it. It was big, really big for a single-engine aircraft. It had a huge, rotary-piston engine that gave it's barrel-shaped profile a pugnacious, flat-fronted snout tipped by a whirling disk of it's propeller. The rotund fuselage boasted thick, stubby-looking slab-like wings, and a long, 'greenhouse'-style canopy rose on it's spine, the back end of which ran into a 'ball' turret sporting a pair of fifty-caliber machine guns, now pointed skyward and unmanned.

The aircraft was painted dark blue, making the bright white star and the legend 'FT-28' on it's side all the more visible. The designation on the side explained the call-sign... except that it raised another question. The accepted phonetic version of that designation should have been 'Foxtrot-Tango', not 'Fox Tare'....

...then the thought slipped from Pete's mind as the aircraft settled lower and closer to the *Mama*. Though still a good thirty yards away, Pete found himself cringing slightly as the big aircraft settled closer to the waves...

The aircraft's engine just started to splutter in a most definite 'out of gas' sort of sound when it's round belly touched the low, long swells

- and the propelled bit into the salty water, crumpling it inward and stopping the engine dead.

The sound was like nothing Pete had ever heard before, a loud rushing sound coupled with a sound that reminded Pete of the way his dad had used to crumple beer cans before throwing them out. The plane's blunt nose bit into the water and acted like a brake, throwing the tail end upward sharply - so far upward that Pete feared the plane would tumble end-over-end. Thankfully, the plane's momentum was already spent, and the aircraft settled back on an even keel.. and then began to settle even more as water rushed in through bent and sprung aluminum plates, the additional weight beginning to kill what little natural buoyancy the aircraft possessed.

Even before Pete could begin to worry, the canopy slid back and the figure of the pilot appeared, hauling himself out of the cockpit. Dressed in beige clothing and a bright yellow life-jacket, the pilot moved with the crisp, unhurried speed of somebody responding to well-drilled training, opening a panel on the side of the fuselage and extracting a bright yellow cube. Even as the sullen swells began to wash over the wing on which he stood, the pilot made a tugging motion and the 'cube' rapidly expanded into a Zodiac-style rubber life-raft. Stepping into the three-man raft, the pilot began to vigorously paddle towards the Mama, the raft wavering from his off-set position on the single paddle - but generally moving in the right direction.

Behind him, the plane settled lower in the water... and then, with a final hissing, it was gone.

The tall, lean figure of the pilot was getting closer, and Pete hurried through the bridge, down a short ladder, and onto the main deck of the boat. Grabbing up a long, unwieldy boat-hook, he struggled to extend it over the railing. Tammy's arms joined his in a moment, and he muttered a quick thanks to her as they guided the end of the long pole towards the life-raft. The pilot dropped his paddle overboard and leaned forward, gasping the hook-like end. After that, the pilot simply pulled himself in, hand over hand while Pete and Tammy yanked the pole inward.

When the boat bumped aside the Mama, Pete released the pole, letting Tammy balance it over the railing, now so close to mid-point that Tammy had little trouble with it. Quickly, Pete undid the clasps holding the section of railing in place and swung it aside, reaching over to extend a hand to the tall, dark-haired pilot. Below the thick frizz of hair that showed beneath the... (*Was that a leather flying helmet?*, Pete wondered in amazement, then pushed the irrelevant thought aside) ...a gash in his forehead left a rivulet of blood flowing down his hawk-like nose, attesting to the impact the plane had experienced on hitting the water.

With a grunt of effort, Pete practically lifted the injured pilot aboard, then rose and swung the railing closed, letting the raft drift away.

"Thanks..." the pilot gasped, sitting up. "It's nice to have a friend around when you need it - and after this, I think I'd be happy to call you 'friend'." He extended a leather-gloved hand. "Charles Taylor, Lieutenant in the United States Navy Air Corps, and flight lead for Training Flight Nineteen... well, until I lost them."

Pete heard a gasp from Tammy, and felt a chill run down his own spine as he helped the aviator to his feet.

"Uh... Pete. Peter Merrick, civilian." Pete replied, numbly, shaking the hand he still held. "Uh... That's Tamara Jones."

Releasing Pete's hand, Taylor turned with a friendly grin... then stopped and stared, eyes widening and jaw dropping, his glazed eyes staring at Tammy's big, barely-concealed breasts. Then they dropped and flicked across her tanned, bare - and very

shapely - legs, quite a lot of which were displayed by that short pleated skirt. Only then did he flick his eyes to her face - and then glance away, blushing in embarrassment.

He needn't have bothered - Tammy didn't even notice. She was staring in horror at Pete with a stunned, unseeing gaze. "Call her Tammy..." Pete said inanely, feeling the need to speak on Tammy's behalf. "Uh, Lieutenant..."

"Please, call me Chuck." The pilot said, throwing one last, startled, gaze at Tammy's chest before turning to smile down at Pete, green eyes crinkling with his friendly grin.

"Uh, Chuck..." Pete said, his thought's somewhat derailed by the pilot's friendly interruption. The short, stocky sailor gazed blankly at the tall, lean aviator and felt like he was in a bad nightmare, where he had something important he had to do, but just couldn't seem to make it happen.

Then he shook his head, and asked in a voice that sounded very strange to his own ears, "What do you think today's date is?" Taylor look surprised, then he frowned in confusion. "Five December, nineteen-forty-five. Why - what date do you think it is?" From behind the two men came a soft sigh... then a muffled thump as Tammy sprawled to the deck in a dead faint.

Chuck couldn't blame her. Hell, he almost felt like joining her. Instead, he grabbed Taylor's arm as the pilot whirled in a delayed, too- late attempt to grab her falling body. The pilot's chivalrous-but-futile gesture was brought up short, and Taylor looked back at Pete in surprise.

Swallowing thickly, Pete released Taylor's arm and used his freed hand to punch the side-buttons on his Indiglo watch. He held the watch up to Taylor's face, showing him the date setting.

The pilot, however, was starring in stunned surprise at the watch itself, the small device on Pete's wrist that, to him, looked incredibly technical and advanced, like something out of a science-fiction story.

Making sure Taylor understood what the little, back-lit screen was saying, Pete read it to him. "October fifth... two-thousand-and-one."

The pilot blinked.

Spoke.

In a very small voice. "Oh."

Thin his eyes rolled up into his head, and he became a limp way slumping against Pete.

Pete braced him up for a second - then shrugged and let go, letting the pilot drop limply to the deck.

"Flight Nineteen." Pete muttered to the fog, shaking his head as he turned and headed for the cabin. "A flight of five Grumman Avengers."

From the same cubbyhole he'd taken the flare-gun kit, Pete now removed a white metal box, marked with a red cross in the center.

"Flew from Fort Lauderdale Naval Air Station." Pete said, numbly, sitting down in the Captain's chair, the first-aid kit on his lap. His eyes were string at the back wall of the cabin, but he didn't see it - he was seeing the wall of a bar in Nassau, one where charter sailors like to gather...

...and trade 'triangle' stories back and forth, more delightful tidbits to entertain the passengers who spent good money to sail out to nowhere, to see nothing.

Opening the metal box, Pete extracted his bottle of 'medicinal alcohol' - Cutty Sark Whiskey.

"Took off December 5th, 1945 - and were never seen again." He muttered, breaking the paper tax-seal on the bottle with a thumbnail before twisting the lid open. "Not even after an exhaustive search - during which one of the search-planes mysteriously blew up."

Taking out a small plastic cup from the medical kit, Pete filled it with warm, amber liquid. "...and, in forty-five, the phonetics for the letters 'FT' were Fox Tare..."

Shivering, Pete lifted the cup to his mouth and drained it in one, swift motion. He didn't even feel the liquid as it went down. He was on his second dose of medicine when there was a long, sharp - and definitely feminine - scream from the deck.

Putting the whiskey aside, he sprang out of the chair and hurried out onto the deck...

...where the slender, long-legged blonde with the huge hooters was sitting on the deck, dainty hands cupping her massive boobs. "Tammy, what's wrong?" Pete asked the platinum-blonde bombshell.

"I.. I'm not Tammy... I'm Taylor, Chuck Taylor!" She said in a high-pitched voice raw with panic. She didn't even seem to notice her hands squeezing her massive tits, rhythmically.

A masculine gasp dragged Pete's eyes to the tall, masculine body dressed in outdated flight gear. The man had hauled himself up on one elbow, and now he used the other hand to point with.

"Thuh.. thuh... th-th-thuh... That's my bodyyyyyyyyyyy!"

The initially deep voice broke on 'my' and spiraled upwards in a hysterical scream until the voice's range limit was hit, and hit hard. "Oh." Pete said, intelligently... then he went ahead and fainted dead away.

* * * * *

When Pete's eyes fluttered open, there were two very concerned - and slight shell-shocked - faces looking down at him. Chuck. and Pete.

Which would probably explained the deliciously soft weights pressing down on his chest. "Chuck?" Pete asked the taller male body, hearing the question come out in a sweet soprano.

The dark-haired figure... ('Where'd the flight helmet go?' Pete wondered, numbly.) shook his head.

"Tammy." It explained, numbly, pointing at the shorter body. "That's, uh, 'Chuck'. "

'I think. ' Pete's body told him, also numbly.

"Oh. Of course." Pete said, calmly, the fog lifting from his brain. He sat up, looked down. "You know, I've spent a hell of a lot of time and money in strip clubs that specialized in big-busted features, and I thought I'd seen big tits from every conceivable angle - but this is definitely a new one on me."

The two men shared a look, then looked back at him. well, her.

"Uh... Are you all right. ?" Chuck-who-was-really-Tammy-inside asked.

"Sure, I just burned out my 'surprise' generator." Pete explained logically. "Nothing can surprise me, now. Say is that another boat?"

He pointed calmly over the side, head cocked at an interested angel. which caused soft, platinum-blond hair to gently shift across a

slender shoulder and the lovely curve of the nape of her neck.

The two guys stared out at the white shape slowly materializing from the gloom, on an opposite heading as the *Mama*.

She was a lean, glistening schooner with a low freeboard and tall, white masts. Her trim and deck were gleaming teak, and she was meticulously maintained. Every block and line in place, her life-boats snug in their davits. The only jarring note was the missing section of wooden railing near the stern.

The was no sign of life on her decks.

"Can you make out the name. ?" Chuck's body asked the other man, and Pete's stocky body leaned closer to the railing and peered at

the passing boat.

"I.. I think so.... Yeah, It's, uh...." 'Pete' said, straining his eyes. "The Mary Celeste." Pete-In-Tammy's-Body said, calmly.

'Pete' shot him - uh, her - a surprised look. "yeah. That's right."

"Figures." She grunted in an unlady-like way, the rather gracelessly hauled herself to her feet, struggling to compensate for her lower center of gravity and top-heavy build. She watched the schooner fade back into the mists astern the *Mama*, then looked at the two stunned-looking people still sitting on the deck.

In a dry voice, she spoke.

"Gentleman, welcome to the Bermuda Triangle."

* * * * *

"So, what do we do now...?" The body of the pilot said, slugging back it's own dose of 'medicine.'

Pete's cute, upturned nose produced a delicate snort. " 'Now' has a variable meaning at this particular moment... or whatever. Take the case of our good friend Chuck here..." She pointed a slender, long-nailed finger at the pilot... paused... used the other hand to negligently flip a lock of platinum hair from her eyes, then shifted her finger to her old, stocky male body and continued as if she'd never paused. "...Chuck, here, who's 'hour' lasted fifty-six years."

"Oh.... Right..." 'Chuck' said, a stunned look in his green eyes.

Just then, the now-scanning radio beside 'Tammy' warbled a lock-on tone, then the speaker began to emit a static-ridden sound - not a voice, but still a message.

'...de-de-de, deeee-deeee-deeee, de-de-de...'

"What are they saying?" 'Chuck' asked, realizing it was Morse code, but not understanding it. Both 'Tammy' and 'Pete' leaned forward, closer to the speaker.

"An SOS..." Pete said, the mind of the pilot in the stocky body having learned Morse at a time where it was still somewhat common. "The Cyclops, a coal-carrier... loaded with manganese... Lost... Compasses malfunctioning..."

'Pete' was so intent on the transmission, eyes clouded with concentration, that he all-but-leapt backwards when 'Tammy' reached out, grabbed the mike, and hit a small orange button on the unit. He began to squeeze the mike's sidebar, and instead of keying the mike it generated a tone.

'Deeee-deeee-deeee deeee de-deeee...'

"May God save your souls..." 'Pete' translated blankly - and then comprehension showed. "There's nothing we can do."

"Can't we help them?" 'Chuck' asked, the mind inside the body forcing it into a lady-like posture of concern that it wasn't used to shaping.

Tammy shook her head. "Dear, we can't even save ourselves." She sighed. "Right now, the only thing that I can think to do is pound our heads against the wall a couple of times and see if we can't wake up in the right bodies before we give ourselves concussions."

'Pete' opened his mouth to speak - but never got the chance. A low hum suddenly sprang to life, and object on the chart table began to vibrate and rattle as every electrical system on the ship went dead - but that didn't mean they were left in the dark when the lights went out, despite the huge black shadow that had fallen over the ship - because that huge shadow was suddenly pierced by a bright, blue- green light.

Chuck screamed and staggered back, cowering. "What the hell is that...?" He screaming in a high-pitched tone of hysteria. "A UFO would be my guess..." Tammy said, calmly...

...and the world vanished around her, and she was suddenly somewhere dark and smelly and noisy.

She hadn't only changed location - she'd changed position. She was now laying on something that was firm and cool, but not uncomfortable. Whatever she was on was tilted at a forty-five degree angle, and she could see quite a bit, even if she couldn't see herself. Though she felt nothing pressing against her skin, she seemed unable to move, not even her head. From the feel of things, she was also naked.

As were Pete and Chuck, who she could see on the right-hand side of the... room...? Chamber...? Oddly organic-looking space in which they currently resided.

They were mounted on X-shaped devices that stood upright, and must have differed significantly from whatever Tammy was laying on, arms to her side and legs slightly spread.

The three of them were not alone. Moving about the 'room' were several short, gray-skinned creatures with big heads and dark, slanted eyes the shape of almonds.

Though her 'surprise' motor was burned out, the 'panic' one was working just fine, thank you - except she couldn't express the panic she was feeling, not even able to scream. As far as she could tell, her heart rate didn't even accelerate. It was as if her brain was cut off from her still-living body.

A couple of the alien creature came to stand beside her table, and the panic swelled anew as they began touch odd-shaped devices mounted all around her 'borrowed', and currently immobilized, body.

She couldn't even gasp when she felt something smooth and metallic - but as gentle and supple as living flesh - press into her new vagina and anus.

There was no pain - very little sensation at all, in fact. Just a sort of 'pressure' - and she was eternally grateful she didn't have to fully experience the sensation of being double penetrated in a woman's body.

Other devices slid back and forth above her immobile body - and paused for quite some time on her chest. After a moment, two aliens - one on each side - leaned closer, and she felt an odd 'tugging' sensation in each new breast...

...and each of the aliens held up a golden-gray blob.

It took her a second to recognize them as her - well, Tammy's - saline breast implants.

They seemed to really interest the aliens, but Tammy was less happy about the impromptu surgery on a body that was not her own, no pain notwithstanding.

Then she had something completely new to distract her... as she felt a pressure just behind her delicate new ears...

Then, suddenly, there was something in her mind. Something that felt like it was accessing her still-male thoughts and memories, flipping through them like a computer mind search its hard-drive.

The aliens seemed very interested by something mounted on the side of the machine. They stared at it for a moment, then manipulated what must have been controls of some sort.

A section of the 'wall' of to the left slid open... revealing a half-dozen naked women on X-shaped 'beds'. They were a variety of ages, weights and nationalities, but they were all naked, and all had silver 'tubes' running behind their ears.

Odd-shaped flat areas above their 'beds' flickered - and revealed themselves to be 'TV screens' of some sort.

Each showed a different scene, filmed from a 'point of view' perspective. One of them showed an old-style Spanish market... and the view point kept sliding towards a handsome man in an ornate blue jacket over white shirt and trousers, a sword slung at his side....

Another showed a 60's style department store, the point-of-view focusing on women's lingerie...

There were six different scenes, but all of them were of feminine point's of view, each on matching the woman below the screen.

Then another screen flared to life, and what this one showed Tammy recognized as her own memory - her old, male body working on the Mama's starboard diesel.

The aliens seemed very interested in this, gesturing considerably, like men in a heated discussion - but there were no sounds.

A second later, a third alien rushed up... and all three turned silently to stare at an eighth screen. which showed a view of a strip-club

from up on the stage, men clapping and cheering and drinking and smoking.

There seemed to be another conference, during which they all paused and looked towards the two immobile men. An alien was about to connect two of those tubes behind Pete's ears... but it was obvious one of them was malfunctioning.

Almost as one, the aliens turned to a section of the wall that suddenly became a very large screen, showing the *Bahama Mama* sitting in the fog. There was also a ghostly overlay of the airplane, and Pete somehow knew that whatever means of 'imaging' the aliens used, it could see quite clearly to the bottom of the ocean.

After a second, the screen died - and the alien near Pete turned away.

Tammy was puzzled for a second - then things began to add up, and Tammy didn't like the way the total was shaping up. The aliens were not acting as if they had created, and now controlled, the Bermuda Triangle. They were acting like people who had found something that held promise and were trying to make the best use of it - but were unsure and apprehensive about the strange phenomenon.

Which meant that the brain-swapping effect might be something from the Triangle itself, and unknown to the aliens, who were confused and intrigued by the 'strange' thoughts in the heads of their latest acquisitions.

Then, suddenly, there was a flurry of activity around all three of them.

Some aliens were doing something to the two guys - but they were also doing something to her, strange sensations coming in from her body. She didn't pay much attention to them, however, as she was focused on the oddest - and panic-inducing - sensation in her mind, as if her brain was a container and they were adding more liquid. She could actually feel something being added to her mind, new thoughts and idea, new brain-patterns...

...and then there was a 'sparkle' and she was sitting in the Captain's chair on the bridge of the *Mama*. The green-blue light napped out, and the shadow retreated, as the *Mama's* electrical systems came back to life.

They were back in the same seats they'd been in before, almost the same poses - but now all three were naked.

Tammy stared at the men. At their naked, glistening bodies. Both were now tanned the same dark, rich bronze shade that only Pete's body had been, before. They were also now the same height, halfway between the disparate heights they'd been before. Despite that, they still looked more-or-less like the original versions of those bodies had looked, and could still use their original ID's to convince strangers they were who those bodies purported to be.

They wouldn't have been able to convince close friends of the original bodies, however. Despite the change in height, each man was now also sporting an identical cock. Each was massive and thick, even limp, and attached to suitable up-sized scrotums.

For some reason, Tammy found those cocks oddly... tempting. She was only semi-conscious of the fact that her mouth had begun to water as she gazed at the men's tanned, naked flesh.

"My tits...!" Chuck said, then frowned. "I mean, your tits... I think..."

Almost negligently, Tammy looked down - and saw the massive, glorious, oh-so-wonderfully-huge breasts that hung from her chest, looking like a pair of flesh-colored medicine balls. Each was tipped by an enormous, fully-engorged nipple.

"Mmm... they're so big..." Tammy moaned softly, reaching up to caress her fantastically enormous breasts, shivering in delight at the way it felt to caress her incredibly sensitive, pleasure-generating mounds. She licked her lips, slowly, barely aware of the fact that her lisp felt fuller and more sensitive beneath an unbelievably long, supple tongue...

Wait a second. Was she really incredibly happy that she now had enormous, wonderfully sensitive tits? After all, she was a guy, or had been. She shouldn't be proud and excited to have enormous, huge-nippled breasts...

...yet she was. She couldn't stop the emotions that the thought of her wonderful breasts generated... just as she couldn't stop the sensations coming from her body, the rising - and delightful - heat in her womanly new crotch, where her cunt was quickly becoming wet and warm...

Almost before she was aware she was doing it, she slid gracefully off the chair and pouring herself into Pete's lap, her mouth pressing firmly against his as she kissed him, hungrily...

...then she yanked herself away, staring at him in shock.

"What the hell am I doing...?" She asked him, stunned, and the altered body she'd once inhabited looked at her with a

dreamy, not- quite-there' expression.

"Whatever it was..." He said, huskily, "It felt good..."

Then he kissed her again, shifting her on his lap so she was kissing him over her shoulder while he fondled and caressed her huge, hypersensitive tits.

This was wrong. This was sick. She should stop him, right here and now...

...so why was she cooperating, moaning in pleasure low in the back of her throat. Well, the moaning was understandable, since it did feel phenomenal - but that didn't make it right, and she should be enthusiastically participating...

...and certainly she should be standing up, slowly kissing her way down his chest, across his belly - to where his cock, now fully engorged, throbbed and swayed in the air, at least sixteen inches long and proportionally thick even for that length.

She certainly shouldn't have smiled lazily at him, then wrapped her dainty hands as far around the massive shaft as they'd reach, and then lower her fuller, more sensitive lips to slip closed around the full, wonderful-tasting head of his massive organ.

'My God!' She thought in panic. "I... I'm giving him a blow job. and enjoying it!"

She was. It felt wonderful to have his massive organ in her mouth, which was bobbing slowly and sensuously up and down as deep as she could take him, her hands working the rest of his shaft in matching rhythm.

She was standing, bent over Pete's lap, her legs spread and ass out-thrust invitingly - and Chuck took her up on that invitation. She moaned and shuddered with exquisite pleasure as his huge, throbbing cock slid slowly and firmly into her aching, wet cunt.

She began to move in a slow, fluid manner, lightly flexing her hips to alter the angle Chuck's huge cock was moving across her unbelievably sensitive clit as he slowly and firmly thrust and withdrew. It was an frantic, hard fucking, but a slow, pleasure-building one that teased all of them into new heights of pleasure.

"Oh, shit, now I'm getting fucked from behind and loving every instant of it!" Tammy thought, still expertly sucking and licking the huge organ in front of her as she was fucked slow and long from behind. She wanted, desperately, to stop... but part of her wanted what was happening to continue, and it was even more powerful. She quite literally couldn't help herself - she craved sex.

Not just sex, but contact of any sort with men, especially handsome ones who were massively endowed. She wanted to kiss men, touch men, have them admire her, touch her, fondle her, kiss her, fuck her...

Her male mind quailed under the barrage of sexual images that paraded through her mind's eye, all point-of-view scenes that she realized had been culled from dozens - hundreds - of women and implanted in her mind. Knowing where they came from didn't help her fight them, though, especially with her hyper-pleasure-sensitive body and a ton of new, powerful hormones keeping her in a constant state of female sexual readiness.

The aliens had 'cured' her of her male sexuality - and from the feel of things, they'd cured 'Chuck', too - and, probably assuming Pete was as screwed up as Chuck, had obviously applied a completely unnecessary cure to him, too. The guys were as super-horny as she was.

Even as she continued to suck-and-be-fucked, Tammy knew there was more to it than that, though. Even as she had all her old male memories, and felt that what had been done to her was horrible, disgusting, a nightmare... new thoughts were making her think about acting more feminine. Going shopping and finding just the right clothes for her new body. Thoughts of walking, standing, sitting, posing in a feminine way. Thoughts culled from women's brains and inserted into hers, making her crave things that she didn't actually want to do, intellect warring with emotion...

...and emotion wining. The intellectual knowledge that she didn't want to act feminine paled in the face of the powerful pleasure that claimed her at the thought of being feminine. It was like a carrot-and-stick routine - 'good' feminine thoughts caused emotional pleasure, 'bad' male thoughts made her feel empty and sad, no matter what her 'logical' mind was insisting.

She was, mentally, horrified at what she was doing... but it felt utterly fantastic to be doing it.

It was too much for her over-strained mind to deal with... so she simply let her mind shut down and lost herself in the waves of physical pleasure washing through her, her body operating as if on auto-pilot as she let the emotional joy match her physical ecstasy, her blank mind no longer trying to block out the orgasmic pleasure of being female, and fucked while she sucked.

She shivered in pure, orgasmic ecstasy as Pete's warm, delicious jet of cum filled her eager mouth and flowed down her open throat.

The orgasm was emotional, caused by implanted emotional controls that forced her experience something very close to 'religious ecstasy' as she brought Pete off... and it was joined an instant later by an equally strong physical pleasure as Chuck brought her off, pumping his own, sweet cum into her wonderfully wet, eager womanhood as she twitched in an orgasmic spasm on his cock.

When the two men were finally drained dry...

"Holy shit...!" Chuck shouted, practically throwing himself away from Tammy - whose body he'd recently possessed, albeit one less endowed than before. Now, the new man stared at Tammy more purely sexual body in horror - not horrified by her now flawless, huge-breasted body, but at what he'd just done to it - and the male mind that he knew lurked inside.

Pete was no less shocked. Both men had 'suffered' the same reaction - with their minds altered by the aliens, they were super-horny, and had been unable to help themselves when Tammy had offered her body to them. Pete was perhaps the less to blame for his actions, because she'd actually initiated the contact with him, while Chuck had 'stepped in' on his own - but now that they were sexually sated, at least for the moment, what they'd just done shocked and disgusted them, no matter how wonderful and 'natural' it had felt at the time.

Tammy slowly straightened, her massive tits shifting on her chest as she rose and lightly swept a pair of slender, dainty

fingers across her full, sensual lips, collecting what little cum hadn't gushed straight down her throat...

...and then slowly, sensuously licked her long-nailed fingers clean while the guys stared, wide eyed.

"That's better..." She said, with a soft sigh, turning and collecting her clothes from the seat she'd been sitting in when they were abducted. "Now, at least, I can think straight. "

The two guys shared a stunned look.

"That... That's the only reaction?" Pete asked, stunned. "You... you used to be a guy! Then you get turned into a woman, your, uh. "

His mid-40's upbringing showing, Pete gestured at his own chest with a flaming red face. "...uh, chest, uh, grows. and you have

intercourse with two men - and that's it?"

Tammy had pulled on the pink bikini bottom and the white Tennis skirt, and was trying to figure out how to get the upper half of the bikini to fit her expanded bust-line. She paused in her work to look at the guys.

"Well, it wasn't easy to accept, mentally, at first, and if it had been up to me - the 'real' me, I mean, in here..." She tapped her forehead, "...I would have stopped. But, as I know you understand, I was... compelled. I had to have sex - and doing so felt really, really, really good. Then... then the 'urge' sort of faded. Not completely, but now it's. It's 'underlying' my mind instead of overriding it, if you know

what I mean."

She looked at the two guys, who did understand what she meant - since they were in the male version of the same situation. Then she sighed.

"Oddly enough, the most powerful urge I'm feeling from them messing with my mind is to find a nice pair of pumps. Black velvet, with gold-medallion trim along the edges, scalloped detail at the toe, and a four-and-three-quarter inch heel..."

The guys shot her a concerned look, and she held up her hands - which did interesting things to those massive new endowments of hers, both men found themselves noticing.

"It's okay." She assured the two guys. "It's not an overriding urge - just something that's floating around in my head. I'm still able to function, even with the 'handicap' of wanting to be ultra-feminine in every way, especially sexually..." She paused, took a deep breath, and calmed herself. "...but it's not a good idea to think about that right now, which is why I'm able to deal with it - as long as I don't think about it too much."

She finished getting dressed, having found a way to 'extend' the strings on the bikini. She forced the white T-shirt down over her new tits, sighing softly in pleasure as the now straining material enclosed her massive new breasts.

"Okay - so, let's find something else to think about for a while, guys..." She suggested, not letting her eyes drop lower than

their faces. "Maybe you should think about getting dressed, for a start..."

Blushing, both guys grabbed for clothing, while she studiously ignored them.

She had to. When she'd been having sex, it had been too much for her male mind to handle, so she'd just 'let go', and let herself be what the implanted thoughts wanted her to be. The problem was, having taken the 'easy' way out once meant that she knew how great it could feel to just 'go with the flow', let her ultra-feminine instincts take control while her 'paused' mind simply absorbed the pleasure it generated.

That was the real 'catch' in the whole thing - no matter how 'wrong' or 'sick' or 'perverted' any of the ultra-feminine things she 'wanted' to do were, they all generated either physical or emotional pleasure, or both - which made them something that even her male mind wanted to experience. It was almost like there was a switch in her head, now - she would be able to function as the 'real' her as long as she didn't dwell on her newly feminine body and instincts... and whenever the 'urge' to do something got too strong, she'd just shut her mind off and do 'whatever came naturally', until it was over and her 'real' mind would return.

It wasn't the best solution in the world. In fact, it was a pretty damned lousy one...

...but if she thought too hard about it, she'd get upset - and her mind would slip into 'mindless feminine mode'. So - she just had to ignore it as best she could.

The guys got dressed, and Tammy turned around... and laughed.

"What's so funny, Miss 'My tits are gonna burst through my top'?" Chuck asked, archly, and she managed to stop her giggling - which wasn't easy, considering that the guys were wearing clothes that fit so poorly. After all, she'd only really had a major size-change in one department, whereas each of the guys had changed in height. Chuck's clothes hung loose on his shorter frame, while Pete's clothes were skin-tight, especially his faded shorts, which stretched over his massively enlarged crotch, outlining his huge, limp equipment...

"I shouldn't have laughed..." Tammy apologized, huskily, licking her fuller, sexier lips and gently massaging her wonderfully huge, spectacularly firm tits. "I like the way those shorts look on you, Pete. "

Pete threw her a startled look - but she'd already turned away and missed the look.

So, she wasn't even aware of the fact that she'd momentarily 'slipped', letting her feminine side take over.

Chuck, however, had also noticed, and he shrugged at Pete. This situation was far outside their normal, daily routine that they hadn't the slightest idea how to handle it. Each of them were in a body not their own, and two of them were in bodies of the 'wrong' gender - though, now, their emotions and physical drives very much insisted that they were the 'right' bodies, despite what their memories and mind told them. It had to be dealt with, one way or another, and Chuck turned towards Tammy to point this out...

...then stopped, eyes widening.

"Hey - isn't that section of fog lighter?" The ex-woman-in-the-body-of-the-pilot said, pointing. Tammy glanced over - and

stared.

"Yes!" She said, enthusiastically. "Yes - maybe it's a way out of here!"

"Wait a second!" Pete protested. "If we leave, we'll be stuck in these bodies. Shouldn't we try.. something? To get at least you two switched? In fact - why don't I knock you two unconscious and take us out? Hopefully, you'll be back in the right body when you wake up!"

Tammy's eyes widened, and she shared a look with Chuck.

Both of them shivered slightly, their implanted desires shuddering at the thought of being in the 'wrong' gender but another part of them saw salvation, despite the fact that their brains had been manipulated.

"Yes. Yes, let's do it..." Tammy said, hurriedly rummaging through the first-aid kit. "Here, we'll use enough of this anesthetic to knock us out. All you have to do is inject us, Pete - then point the bow of the *Mama* at that lighter patch and push the throttles - these things - forward. "

Hurriedly, she prepared a pair of needles as Pete looked on, then handed them to him, seating herself.

"Let's do this." Chuck said, nervously, sitting down himself. Tammy found her eyes sliding towards his crotch, but she didn't bother trying to stop herself - hopefully, she would wake up in a man's body again, and she'd have to learn how to control those implanted urges. After all, she didn't want to end up as a gay man...

The massive bulge at Chuck's crotch was the last thing she saw as Pete injected her with the drug, and the world turned dark...

..but, the last thing she heard as consciousness faded was a sharp, terrified shout from Pete...

* * *

With a muffled 'thump', the black Zodiac boat met the side of the drifting boat.

"Okay, keep a sharp look-out, people..." Lieutenant O'Bannon, United States Coast Guard, warned his people as he slipped aboard the boat whose stern lettering marked her as the '*Bahama Mama*'. "Keep close, and don't wander off."

Trailed by his four-man boarding crew, the tanned, golden-haired young officer looked around the clean, empty deck... and then nodded towards the door to the cabin.

With careful motions, unsure of what he'd find, O'Bannon yanked open the cabin door and stepped inside....

...and his jaw dropped, as did the jaws of the other four men as they crowded in behind him, staring wide-eyed at the sight that confronted them.

"I'm Tammy..." The person on the right moaned softly, platinum-blond hair spread in a fan behind her as she fondled a massive, unbelievably round tit with one hand and used the other to lightly stroke her sopping wet cunt. "I was - and am - a

woman, so it's okay for me to be a huge-breasted cum-slut."

Her other breast, the one she wasn't massaging, wasn't being ignored - because an exact duplicate of her, huge tits and all, was sucking on it noisily. Now she lifted her head.

"No... I'm the Tammy who it's all right to be a cum-slut." She gasped. "I'm the one who was Tammy before, not you. "

She was gasping because the other identical woman was laying on the floor between the second clone's spread legs, lapping at the exposed cunt. Now she pulled her mouth away and spoke in an identical voice.

"That strange electrical discharge before we passed out has messed you two up - I'm Tammy, and I'm back in the right. "

Then she broke off as she caught sight of the five men standing in the door - the five men who all blushed as they realized they were staring at the three identical women.

"Look..." O'Bannon said, trying to hide the fact he had an erection - unsuccessfully. He flushed deeper. "We're sorry - we saw the boat drifting and. "

By the time he'd gotten this far, all three women were staring at him, wide-eyed - and now they spoke in the exact same voice, in the exact same instant.

"Men!"

O'Bannon took a step back as the women rose and all-but-pounced towards him and his boarding party - then his eyes went wide as he heard the mingled voices of the women begging him and his men to fuck them...

As he found himself ion the deck, his clothes being ripped off by a very eager - and unbelievably endowed - young woman, O'Bannon thought to himself that there were definitely some 'fringe benefits' to being a Coast Guard officer...

...then the woman's incredibly mobile lips closed around his hard, ready cock, and he stopped thinking altogether.

FINIS



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: When his boss, a scientist, asks him to be the subject of a body altering process, he agrees never guessing that he would get stuck on the side of the road and fall into the clutches of a sex

crazed mad man who would alter his thinking also.

Trust No Future...

By Gunslinger

It would never have happened if Nick had kept his mouth shut.

Of course, that was a likely a hypothetical as 'if Niagara Falls had stopped running' or 'if the sun hadn't risen.'

Keeping his mouth shut definitely wasn't one of Nikolai Gzadanteowzki's strong points. Nick might have quite a few sterling qualities, but, generally speaking, he was... well, generally speaking. So, the really amazing thing wasn't that Nick spoke up - it was that he bore Ron's rambling monologue for so long before voicing his opinion on the rather fuzzy subject.

"Why don't you just build one, then?"

The tall, blandly distinguished-looking man pacing back and forth across the floor with a rather vague look on his handsome face came to a stop, his dark eyes blinking as he focused his gaze on his roommate and assistant.

"Excuse me?" Ron asked, shoving his hands deeper into the pockets of the rather frayed bathrobe he was wearing over his clothes.

Nick sighed and tossed aside the magazine he'd been browsing through while keeping one ear on his friend's voice. Running a hand through his short mop of dark hair, he swung his legs off the arm of the chair he was sprawled in and sat, up, his lean, trim body moving with a sort of unspoken sarcasm.

"I said..." Nick enunciated each word clearly, "Why don't you just build a date for the conference?" He shrugged his slender shoulders eloquently. "That's the gist of what this whole process you developed is, isn't it? The ability to re-shape organic matter on the most basic levels?"

"Well... yes. In layman's terms." Ron agreed, brow lowering at the 'inaccuracy' of the statement.

Nick spread his hands. "There you go, then - just build yourself a date for the conference." One brow lifted satirically, the Czech-descended youth leaned back in the chair and crossed one leg over the other knee in a pose that seemed to say 'see - sometimes I'm smarter than you.'

Ron rolled his eyes and sighed. "Look, Nick - I know that you really don't care about the in depth details of my work..."

Nick waved a hand airily. "Hey - I just do the lift-and-carry and run errands. You're the Genius, Doctor Larssen."

Ron waited a half beat, then continued as if Nick hadn't interrupted. "...but my work in cellular re-genesis is a major break-through in the field. It is an amazing new process that can do many, many things - including, I must admit, the ability to reshape organic matter. So, yes - I could, technically, take an appropriate mass of organic matter and remake it into the exact

replica of a human female body - but it would still be a dead mass of matter. I cannot breathe life into it, nor thought and volition.”

Nick shrugged. “Well, there’s another great theory blown to hell, Ron. Guess that’s why you’re the genius, and I’m just your stooge.”

It was said with a sarcastic tone - but no ‘bite’. It was just Nick’s nature to be sarcastic, having a streak of wry humor a mile wide running through his personality. The truth was, despite the decade of difference between the twenty-three year old Nick and his older - and brighter - ‘boss’, the two of them were solid friends as well as roommates and ‘co-workers’ in the house/lab that Ron owned. In the three years they’d been working together - ever since Nick got out of High-School - they’d learned not just to tolerate each others quirky personality, but to respect and like one another for their own qualities.

Nick, for instance, would be the first to admit that Ronald Lafayette was - flat out - the smartest man he’d ever met, as well as genuine dedicated to improving the welfare of mankind. That applied to more than just a global scale, too - Ron was just a ‘nice guy’, as well as having a great - if rather obscure - sense of humor, and he was a bon vivant of life.

Conversely, Ron respected Nick for his ability to cut to the heart of matters, for his incredible honesty, and for his dedication. Learned from his Czechoslovakian immigrant father, a fire-fighter who’d ultimately died a genuine hero while saving the lives of others, Nick’s stubborn view of life was simple. When there was a job to be done - you did it. No excuses, no consideration of failure, no sense of self-interest - you found a way to do the job, even if every other person told you it was utterly impossible.

It was this ‘can do’ attitude that had allowed Nick to get where he was today. Orphaned at the age of fifteen, from a single-parent family that had been poor to begin with, he hadn’t even considered his life as being ‘tough’ - it was just life, and you did what you had to do to go on. The thing was - it hadn’t pushed Nick down - honest and hard working, he’d never even considered the ‘easier’ - an illegal - routes that a lot of people in the same situation might have seen. Instead, he just drove himself on.

So when Nick voiced an opinion, Ron always listened. Despite the sarcastic wit, despite the degree of difference in intellect, Ron never made the mistake of dismissing out-of-hand even the most apparently off-hand suggestions or opinions Nick gave. What he lacked in ‘book-learning, Nick more than made up for in street smarts, and his unique perspective on things often pulled Ron through tough problems when ‘conventional’ wisdom didn’t help at all.

So, now, Ron’s brow furrowed and he began pacing again, considering the variations on a theme suggested by Nick’s off-hand comment, even if the direct application wasn’t feasible.

“*Waaaiit* a second...” Ron said, slowly, inspiration dawning like a new day - or the first day of a new era. “Maybe you’ve hit on something here ”

“Oh?” Nick asked, wryly. “What - remake a dog into your date?”

“No, no ” Ron said, waving a hand. “It would take months, maybe years to retrain the simple mind of

the dog to emulate basic human behavior, and it's instinctive motor responses are too far from the human norm "

Nick snickered. "Yeah - and you'd be leaving yourself open to too many 'your date's a real bitch' jokes." He paused. "A monkey? Close to human body movements, and the behavior lab has some that are almost human in behavior now..."

"A good idea..." Ron allowed. "But the behavioral sciences lab have spent way too much time on those chimpanzees to give them up easily." He shook his head. "No - I was thinking of something even closer to the human norm."

"What's closer then a chimp?" Ron grinned. "A human."

Nick started. "Huh? I'm sorry, I missed something - what sort of 'impressive display' could you do, making a human being into a... human being? Sure, you could show some of the techniques for reconstructive surgery by making the woman more beautiful, say - but that's pretty small potatoes."

"Yes - it is." Ron agreed. "But what if I did something more... advanced. Like started with a man, and made him genetically female? Wouldn't that be impressive enough?"

Nick rolled his eyes. "Sure, I guess - but what sort of... pervert are you going to find who's willing to let you turn him into a chick?"

There was no answer, and Nick looked at Ron - to find him staring right at him.

"Whoa!" Nick said, holding his hands up, palms out. "Rein in the ol' gray matter there, Doc - you've blown a fuse somewhere!"

"You said it yourself - making my own 'date' would be impressive as hell, and really show what you could do with the procedures. It even has an immediate real-life application, for Gender Reassignment Surgery candidates." He lifted his hands. "You know how the money-men like being shown an instant cash-cow."

"Then find yourself one of those cross-dressin' freaks!" Nick said, emphatically. "Don't look at me!"

"I am looking at you." Ron said. "I'll admit, that a transvestite interested in transsexual surgery would be the ideal candidate - not only would they be eager to volunteer to be genetically female, but they'd already have many of the feminine skills already." He cocked his head. "But you know how long it took to clear you for this lab work - and we don't have that sort of time."

"Then you're SOL, Doc - 'cause I ain't gonna let you make me no friggin' chick!" Disgust and - yes, fear - drove Nick into the language of his younger days on the streets, and he was shaking his head vigorously in denial.

Ron sighed, then nodded. "All right, Nick - you know I wouldn't force you to do anything against your will. I'll just have to figure out something else. I'll start by calling the Behavioral labs... see if they can't spare an older subject..."

Still mumbling to himself, the scientist wandered off, lost in thought.

"Sheesh!" Nick said, slumping into a chair. "What the hell was he thinking, suggesting I let him do *that* to me?" Picking up

the magazine he'd tossed aside earlier, he began to flip through it angrily, staring at the pages without any of the words or pictures registering...

...while guilt gnawed at him. Finally - angrily - he tossed the magazine aside and slouched off to the spare bedroom that Ron had converted into his office, finding his employer and friend staring at a poster of Einstein and gnawing on a fingernail.

"Any luck?" Nick asked, hopefully.

Ron shook his head. "The older animals are the most highly trained, and they won't spare those - and the brand-new animals are no better than the 'dog' we discussed."

Nick sighed, lowering his head. "I'll do it." He muttered.

Ron looked up, brow furrowing. "Excuse me?"

"I said..." Nick said, speaking each word with angry, embarrassed clarity. "I'll do it - I'll let you turn me into a.... a... you know."

Ron's eyes softened. "Look, Nick, I appreciate this - but I'm not going to force you..."

"You're not forcing me into diddly-squat, Doc." Nick replied. "I'm forcing me into it, If I don't do this, you might lose your grant, I'll be back on the street - and I'll spend the rest of my life hating myself for not doing this one 'small' thing. So - let's go ahead and do it."

Ron cocked his head. "Are you sure about this?"

Nick managed a weak smile. "Hell, no - so, we'd better do it before I chicken out."

Ron just looked at Nick for a long moment, judging his dedication - then nodded. "All right - we can do it right now. I have everything we need in the lab right now."

Heart beating a million miles an hour, Nick followed Ron to the lab, scared of what was about to happen - but even more afraid of what he'd think of himself if he didn't do it.

They reached the lab, and Doc - ever the professional - had Nick strip naked and wash thoroughly while he prepared the basic serum, then Ron proceeded to measure, poke, prod and photograph Nick for a complete 'before' work-up.

As embarrassed and shamed as Nick was to be submitting himself to a gender-change experiment, that work-up was almost worse.

"Very well - that's everything." Ron finally said. Then he looked at Nick seriously. "What I've developed for use tonight is a serum that - if all goes well, will translate your genetic make-up into that of an equivalent female. In other words, you should come out exactly as if you'd been born female. I'm telling you this so you understand exactly what you're about to get into."

He paused for a long moment, letting it sink in. "If you want to back out, now is your last chance." "No, Doc." Nick said,

sliding up onto the examination table. "Just go ahead and give me the shot."

"I've included a sedative in this." Ron said, injecting a needle into Nick's arm. "You'll fall asleep shortly, rest well all night - and when you wake up, you'll be in the female body you'll be 'wearing' for the next week."

"Okay... Doc..." Nick said groggily as the shot took hold. Scared and ashamed, he fell into the waiting darkness, unnerved by what waited on the other side.

* * * * *

Nick opened his eyes and stared up at the white acoustical tiling that the lab's ceiling consisted of, then shifted them slightly to the right, to see Ron leaning over him, a look of anticipation, excitement and concern on his face.

Of course, the question that came to Nick's mind was whether or not it was 'his' eyes that saw this - or 'hers'.

"Doc...?" She asked...

...and answered. Though a little thick from sleep, there was no mistaking the feminine tone that the voice emerged in, and Nick closed her eyes for a second, gathering the strength she needed for what lay ahead.

"Yes." Ron verified. "It worked. Although the blood sample I took showed that your form might be unstable still, you are now - biologically - female."

Taking a deep breath, Nick opened her eyes again and - with Doc's help - slowly sat up, feeling the way her new body moved. It was very close to how her old body had felt when performing the same motions, but somehow there were subtly different sensation in the movements, as well.

After sitting up, she swung her legs over the edge of the table, not looking down. Instead, she steeled herself up for what she was about to see, as Ron wheeled a full-length mirror over to the exam bed and stepped back, silently watching as Nick examined the reflection the mirror showed.

It was 'Him'. And it wasn't.

It was as if the mirror was showing two people at the same time to Nick - as if, somehow, an image of a female 'him' was superimposed over the image of a stranger.

It was a matter of perception, really - but it was still indescribably odd.

Nick had always been on the short side, and the woman reflected in the mirror was the exact same height - but that made her average height, not short.

Her legs were almost the same as Nick's male legs had been, except for the fact that they were covered in a layer of hair that was much finer than Nick's body hair had been - but that body hair, which had been 'normal' on Nick, looked out of place on the woman he'd become. Also, though her legs were nearly the same, by some alchemy his slightly slim, toned legs had turned into a pair of athletically shapely female legs.

These legs led to a pair of hips that was fairly slender, as far as female hips went - yet Nick also saw them as 'wide', as they were perceptibly wider than they'd been before.

Here Nick glanced away with an indrawn breath, the sight of the ultimately feminine cleft nestled in the patch of pubic hair unnerving him. She returned her eyes to the mirror, letting the sight of what had replaced her manhood slowly sink in, become 'familiar', if not exactly comfortable - though there was no physical sensation of pain that her brain seemed to expect, as if she'd been violently castrated.

Then she let her eyes move upwards. The waist was only slightly thinner than it had been - yet, again, it was a matter of perception. It was thin - and yet, on this body, it was merely 'average', whereas, before, Nick had been fairly 'scrawny'.

In fact, like the height, that was something Nick's perceptions kept hammering into her mind. Before, her body had been fairly thin and light-boned for a man, and the procedure had pushed all of that

slightly farther, which made part of her see herself on the male perspective, as if it was still 'him' she was seeing...

...yet, the 'woman' overlaid in her perceptions looked completely normal.

A pair of small breasts rode high and firm on her chest - and to part of Nick, the breasts were 'large', for the fact she'd never had breasts before - yet, to the other part, they were small, barely more than A-cups, small conical breasts tipped with feminine nipples.

Her face was very similar, yet different - what had been a sarcastic, fox-like male face had become - with only small changes - a willful 'elfin' female face, with a straight, sharp-ridged nose that turned up slightly at the tip, a pair of utterly average female lips, and dark, sarcastically intelligent eyes that were the closest link to what Nick had been before, although the lashes that framed them were much longer, and the brows above them thinner and more arched.

Topping her new face was a mop of hair about the same length as before, with no appreciable style - but the mass was softer and silkier, and somehow managed to look utterly feminine without any effort.

Then, as if there were some sort of computer-enhancement, the double image Nick saw resolved itself into a single, clear image that showed the new her as if from the outside, her subconscious assumptions of what she should be seeing - her male body, namely - suddenly dropping out and allowing her an unbiased view of her body. The sudden clarity gave her a 'real' look at her body, revealing...

"Holy shit....!" Nick whispered in the feminine voice she now possessed, her dark eyes widening. "I... I'm gorgeous!"

"Um, yes, well..." Ron stammered, not exactly sure whether he should agree - as he did, deep down - or whether Nick was hoping he'd argue.

Slowly, stunned, Nick slid off the table and eyed the reflection. With little actual change, her familiar male body had become a slender, beautiful young woman who bore a startling resemblance to 'him' - in more than just body, too. The same mind was running this body, and all the 'habits' had crossed over

- including the expressions that Nick always used, translated slightly by the new muscles and contours of her face. The slightly sarcastic set of her new features, the willful look in her dark eyes, the slight wry grin permanently etched on the corners of her fuller lips - all of these were quintessential Nick, made female.

"Wow..." She whispered, slowly sliding her smaller, feminine hands over her smooth, flat stomach, then slowly letting them move upwards and lightly, hesitantly brush across her small, firm breasts. "I... certainly didn't expect to be so... gorgeous."

She tilted her head, and stared at the stunning face that looked back, the well defined cheek bones, the elfin shin-line, the perfectly proportioned lips and nose...

She laughed. It was a wry, short laugh, and it was quiet - but it was a laugh, nonetheless. She turned to Doc, a familiar, wry smile tugging at her lips. "Not that I'm exactly ecstatic to find that I make a gorgeous woman, mind you."

Ron smiled in return, letting out a relieved sigh- he hadn't been sure how Nick would react to the reality that he was now female. "So.. you're handling it okay?"

Nick cocked her head - and this time, Ron had that odd 'doubled' sensation, as the movement was so utterly 'Nick' and yet, somehow, perfectly fitting for the feminine form at the same time.

"You know - I kind of expected the world to come screeching to a halt." She admitted, rolling her eyes. "Subconsciously, I expected just being female to... hurt, I guess, as if my body had been squished and shoved into a new shape."

"The procedure is almost painless, and fairly quick." Ron said. "The sedative was more for your emotional comfort than your physical one - watching and feeling your body become female might have been... unnerving."

Her slender brows rose at the understatement - and again, it was obvious whose mind was running the body, as every move and pose she made was Nick's, made more graceful and elegant by the new body.

"Well - I guess I'd better find something to wear." Nick said, eyeing the mirror again.

"Well - we have to do the work-up of the changes first." Ron reminded her - and that brought back something he'd said earlier...

"What did you mean that my body was still 'unstable'?" She asked, as Ron got the camera set up for the pictures.

"Oh - I just meant that your body's genetic code still hasn't quite decided whether or not this form is exactly right." Ron explained. "It's nothing to worry about - other than as something to remember when we buy your clothes. You might find your body changing a bit in the time you're female - it would take about a week for your body to 'set' its final form, you see."

"Changes?" Nick asked.

"Uh.. yeah." Ron explained in a distracted tone, busy setting up the lighting equipment to eliminate shadows. "Uh.. maybe the genetically female 'you' is supposed to be a little thinner, or heavier. The serum just did a direct convert, mass-for-mass. Now your gene's are kind of 'searching' themselves for any recessive conditions that don't apply to males, that now apply to you."

“Oh...” Nick replied, nonplused.

Finishing the last of the series of photo - having had Nick do quarter-turns at a time for the photos - Ron set the film to rewinding, then cleared his throat nervously.

“Now we have to.. measure you.” He said, his face coloring slightly...

...as did Nick's.

“Well - let's do it, then.” She said. It had been embarrassing with her own body, but it was considerably more emotionally awkward for her as Ron began to take various measurements of her body, his hands lightly touching her softer skin here-and-there as he took the measurements and wrote them down on a comparison sheet.

“That's... that's it.” Ron said, flushing still - the flush had grown stronger and stronger as he'd taken the measurements, especially when he'd had to measure the new woman's breasts, just below and above them, as well as across the highest point.

He wasn't the only one blushing - the feel of Ron's hands on her small-yet-sensitive new breasts, even lightly and quickly, had caused her face to redden as well.

“Okay - you can get dressed.” Ron gestured at the pile of clothing Nick had worn the day before. Nick pulled on the clothing, which fit poorly, but well enough to get by for now.

“Well, I guess the next step would be to do some shopping.” Nick said, tugging at the seat of her jeans, which were stretched taut over her slightly wider hips and considerably fuller ass.

“Now...” Ron said, slowly. “You do understand that you can't...” He searched for words.

Nick knew where he was trying to go - and felt a wave of shame and embarrassment, but nodded. “I know - I have to... ‘be female’ in public. I can't just by baggy clothes and ‘frump’ around.” She sighed. “It's okay - I understood what I was getting into before I began.”

It didn't make her feel any better about the thought, though - she had two days to learn to be passable feminine in public, so she could attend the conferences. Despite the fact she was basically a ‘display’, one of Doc's ‘proofs’ for his work, the conference was a big deal, and there was a basic level of dress and behavior expected - and, as weird as it seemed, Nick would rather ‘quietly’ meet those standards than have to have it widely known by everybody at the hotel, conference and surrounding areas that she was ‘really’ a guy who'd let himself be turned into a woman.

“Okay - let's go shopping then, Nick.”

That triggered a thought. “Uh, Doc - for the duration, I guess I might as well call myself Nicki. I mean - it makes sense, right?”

“I guess.” Ron agreed, carefully.

“Then we'd better start right away, so I can get used to hearing it, and you can get used to saying it.” Ron nodded.

“Okay... Nicki.”

Nicki looked at the reflection of her new body in the mirror - then sighed. “Doc - I’m going to have to wear skirts, aren’t I?”

“Well, I don’t know about ‘have to’ - but it would probably be a good idea.” Ron agreed. “Well, then...” Nicki said with a grimace. “I guess I’d better shave my legs before we leave...”

* * * * *

She kept expecting people to point at her, laugh of scorn her...

Of course, she didn’t really expect any of that - she knew that - now that she was genetically female - there was nothing noticeable about her, other than her ill-fitting clothes, maybe. But that didn’t help eliminate the subconscious feeling that everybody knew what she’d let happen to her.

The worst was in the department store. When they’d stopped in the bookstore to buy a book on the trips and tips of make-up, and then in the drugstore to pick up the make-up and feminine ‘basics’, Nicki could ‘pretend’ that ‘he’ was buying the stuff for somebody else.

But, when it came to the clothing, she had to try it on, in the women’s changing rooms... By the time they left the store, Nicki thought she’d blown her ‘blush’ fuses altogether.

Otherwise, she would have been beat-red to leave the store dressed in women’s clothing and wearing make-up.

She was wearing very unisex female clothes, and easy first step - but they were female clothes, and she couldn’t fool herself into thinking otherwise.

She’d flatly refused to wear a bra - and didn’t really need one, any way - so she was wearing only plain beige cotton panties as her first foray into ‘cross-dressing’ in lingerie. Even that was odd, the way they fit more comfortable than her male underwear had, but definitely different.

Over the underwear was a pair of black jeans - women’s jeans that fit her new figure perfectly, but felt strange for that very reason. A black T-shirt covered her small breasts and rubbed lightly against her nipples with every step she took...

...in her black leather ankle boots with two inch heels. The heels were blocky, and fairly easy to walk in - but that was just a lead-in to higher heels, once she was more used to the new walk she had to learn for walking in heels.

A new walk that made her hips move in a kind of swivel motion, making sure she didn’t forget that they were fuller and feminine. The same action also made her aware of her full, firm ass - and of her ‘empty’ crotch, where she actually missed the ‘cramped’ feeling of her cock in a tight pair of jeans.

She felt - and, to her mind, rightfully so - as if she were missing something.

The make-up she wore had been applied by the professional beautician the store’s make-up department had, and had been Ron’s idea, so that she could see what a professional did. Before she washed it off that evening, she’d have a couple of

Polaroid's taken of her made-up face to use as a template for doing her own make-up.

"How are you feeling?" Ron asked as they climbed into the car.

"Well - weird, in short." Nicki replied, honestly. "But, honestly - it's not nearly as bad as I thought. I don't know what I expected, really - but nobody pays attention to me, other than the occasional.. uh..." She flushed at the memory of the admiring looks that her trim figure and stunning looks had drawn.

"As far as everyone is concerned, you're just another woman - not some sort of... 'wolf in sheep's clothing'." Ron said for her, showing he understood what she was trying to say.

She nodded. "Yeah. Honestly, Doc - if I'd known that this wouldn't be as bad, I wouldn't have hesitated so long in agreeing. I'm not saying I'm having a blast - but I'm not going to die of shame, either." She paused a half-beat, then grinned. "Though I had my doubts about that when I had to use the public washroom "

Ron looked over at the new woman with a small smile. "Hold on to that sarcastic humor of yours, Nick - it's seen you through most of your life so far, and it'll see you the rest of the way, too."

* * * * *

"You ready, Nicki?"

Taking a deep breath and shaking her hands to relieve tension, she nodded. "As ready as I'll ever be, at any rate."

They were preparing to head down to the convention. Ron had just finished loading his older, but meticulously maintained, Mercedes-Benz. While he had performed that chore, Nicki had been nervously getting ready for her 'debut' at the convention, agonizing over which clothes to wear in an effort to balance appearance,(what looked good to her 'male' eye), and comfort (What felt 'acceptable' to her male mind.).

What she'd ended up with was a good mix. She wore a knee-length leather skirt, the solidity of the material making up for the exposure of her lower legs. A matching tailored jacket went over a spandex crop-top that severed as a shirt - because she found it the most comfortable thing to wear, as she

refused to wear a bra, and anything else rubbed over her sensitive nipples in a pleasantly distracting way that was just a little too-much to handle.

She wore a pair of black leather shoes with thick, four-inch-high heels that she managed all right in, although that fact wasn't exactly something she felt she had to be proud of. She wore a very 'light' make-up scheme, small clip-on earrings and - in a fit of whimsy - a small golden anklet around her right ankle.

"You look good, if you don't mind me saying." Ron said - looking pretty dapper himself in a rarely-used 'tropical' suit, with khaki slacks and jacket over a white cotton shirt, and brown oxfords.

"I'm not sure how I feel about the compliment, Doc." Nicki replied, honestly - then smiled wryly. "But... thanks, I guess. If

I'm gonna be a woman, I might as well be a well-dressed one, right?"

"Sure." Ron agreed, gesturing towards the door. "Shall we?"

Nick nodded, and headed for the door, Ron following behind. As she walked towards the car, Ron turned to lock the door, then turned back...

...and his foot slipped off the edge of the porch onto the first step, sending him off balance. He did an awkward ballet down the steps, struggling to maintain balance, and managed to keep from plunging over...

...at the cost of a badly twisted ankle that almost put him on the ground anyway. "Doc!" Nicki said, rushing to his side and helping support him.

"I'm okay - just twisted my ankle." Doc winced, favoring his right foot. "Should we get an icepack..." She started, and he shook his head. "No - let's just go. It's probably nothing serious."

"You sure?" Nicki asked, and he nodded. She helped him to the driver's seat, biting her lip. She'd offer to drive - but, if they got pulled over for any reason, she didn't have a license that any cop would believe was hers. So she walked around and slid into the passenger's seat, feeling bad.

In the sudden mix-up of the situation, the mental note she'd made to herself slipped away, and as Ron started the car and pulled away, it was without her telling Doc that she'd driven the car a couple of days ago, and the gas-gauge had dropped to the half-tank mark - then stopped dropping....

She was reminded of it sharply, however, a couple of hours later.

She was just beginning to relax, and actually manage to enjoy the ride for its own sake, talking and joking with Ron while the car rolled along the secondary highway that Ron preferred to use. They'd passed through a tiny little town, and Nicki was in the middle of making a joke about what type of people would voluntarily 'exile' themselves to such a tiny place...

...when the engine began to splutter.

"What the ?" Ron exclaimed, checking the dashboard for warning lights.

"Oh - damn!" Nicki swore, slapping her leather-clad thigh. "I forgot to tell you - you gas-gauge has been acting up."

The car's engine died, and Ron let momentum carry them onto the shoulder before leaning forward and laying his head on the steering wheel.

"Look, it's no big deal - twenty minutes back to that little town, and..." She slowed to a stop as Ron looked at her...

...and she swore, remembering his foot.

"Oh well," She sighed. "I guess I'm volunteered." She looked down at her high-heeled shoes with a wry gaze.

"Look, Nicki, maybe somebody will come by. We could wait and flag..."

“Doc - how many cars have we passed in the last hour?” Nicki asked, pointedly, shaking her head. “Don’t worry Doc - it’ll be fine.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah... But you’ll have to give me some money.” She said. “My wallet’s packed in the trunk. I didn’t think I’d be needing it, ‘specially since the ID in it is useless for me right now.”

Ron dug into the suit’s inner pocket and extracted his wallet, looking inside. “I don’t have that much cash,” He said, handing it over. “Want to take my credit card?”

She looked at the credit card, then shook her head. “No - I don’t want to risk getting in trouble for using somebody else’s credit card. In a small town like this, they probably notice things like that, what with me being a ‘stranger’ and all. The money will be enough - we just need enough gas to get back to town, then you can use your own card to fill the tank.”

She popped open the door and climbed out, flashing him a smile that was supposed to be reassuring, but only revealed her own nervousness. Then, with a half-wave of one dainty hand, she closed the door and began walking back in the direction they’d come.

Doc watched Nick...

‘Nicki’, he reminded himself. He had to get into the habit.

...Nicki disappear from view, feeling guilty about having to send her off for the gas, his sprained ankle notwithstanding. Bending down in the seat, he began to sort through the bag on the hump of the transmission, looking for a crossword-puzzle book to kill the time.

The sound of a powerful engine pulled his head up again, and he watched as an aging pickup truck in faded green paint spotted with primer slowed as it approached the car from the other direction, the pulled a U-turn and stopped behind Ron’s Mercedes. The doors to the truck popped open, and two men - one heavy-set and dark haired, the other thinner and with greasy brown hair - hopped out. The slimmer of the two started towards the Mercedes, while the heavy-set man walked around to the back of the pick-up..

Upon reaching the driver’s side door, the man stopped and knelt to look in the window. “Afternoon, mister - need a hand?” He called through the window.

“Uh - just ran out of gas.” Ron replied, awkwardly. “It’s okay, though - somebody’s getting me a can from the station down the road.”

“Well, then - that’s okay then, now isn’t it?” The man replied with a grin. “Glad to see you got everything under control. You have a nice day, then.”

“Thanks...” Ron started to reply...

Then the window on the passenger's side exploded.

Ron had just enough time to register that the slimmer man had served as a distraction while the other man had come up the other side - then the tire iron caught him on the side of the head, and all Ron knew was darkness.

"Quick, get him outta there." Jason said, looking around nervously while Bobby unlocked the passenger door and hauled the limp form out and rolled it into the ditch, not bothering to see whether he was alive or not. Reaching across, he unlocked the driver's side door, then - following instructions - ran back to get the jerry-can of gas strapped in the bed of the pickup.

While Bobby fueled the car, Jason walked around and knelt beside the limp form in the ditch, finding that Ron was still alive, but deeply unconscious.

Quickly, Jason rifled through Ron's pockets, taking his wallet, money and watch before stripping him naked and leaving his underwear-clad form in the cold, stagnant water lining the bottom of the ditch. Tossing Ron's clothes in the passenger's side of the car, he slid behind the wheel as Bobby finished fueling it, then brought it to life, pulling off the gravel and accelerating towards the state line, Bobby following behind in the pick-up.

* * * * *

Cursing the 'impractical' shoes and outfit she was wearing, Nicki trudged along the side of the road and kept an eye open for a car coming from the other direction. If nothing else, maybe her being female might make it easier to catch a ride...

But no vehicle showed itself, and Nicki continued trudging along, one hand sliding into her jacket to rub...

"What the..!"

Nicki stopped dead and yanked the jacket open, staring down at the black spandex covering her small bust in confusion. She'd been so lost in the misery of hiking in heels that she hadn't been paying conscious attention to the slowly building... *tingling* sensation that was running through her pert new breasts.

However, when she'd idly reached in her jacket to rub her breasts - which felt like they were just 'waking up', a sort of mild 'pins and needles' sensation - her hands had encountered one of her fully engorged nipples through the spandex top, and she couldn't miss the feeling of the swollen nipple pressing back against her hand, even as the pressure of her hand against the nipple cause a burst of pleasure through her altered chest.

"What the hell is this, Doc?" She asked the air rhetorically, staring down at where her swollen nipples pressed outward against the stretchy material, and now all-too-aware of the strange tingling running through her small, firm mounds.

Then she suddenly realized what a passerby would see - a woman standing with her jacket wide open and staring down at the crop-top covering her tits, her nipples fully aroused and making noticeable 'tents' in the material.

Blushing, Nicki closed the leather jacket and buttoned it. "It's probably just an effect of their bouncing." She told herself in an undertone, now regretting her refusal to wear a bra. Shaking her head in self- anger, she tucked her hands into the jacket's

pockets and resumed her trudging towards town, trying to ignore the sensations running through her chest.

However, it got harder and harder to ignore the sensation as she continued to walk - as it refused to go away, and was soon joined with another sensation that it took Nicki a few seconds to figure out...

...extra heft and 'jiggle'.

Frowning, Nicki stopped and turned her back to the road to open her jacket and look down. "No..." She told herself - it had to be an optical illusion.

Her tits weren't *really* getting bigger...

...were they?

Frowning and scared, she buttoned up her coat again - and her heart skipped a beat as she realized that the coat was fitting tighter across the bust than it had before. She tried to tell herself that it was all in her head...

...but she found that she didn't believe it.

By the time she got to the gas station on the edge of the small town, she had good reason to refuse to enter denial - as there was no longer denying the 'ugly' truth.

Her tits were growing.

Behind her swelling, tingling tits, her heart was beating at a faster rate than usual as she tried to act nonchalant for the 'audience', while her mind whirled in confusion. She knew that Doc had said that her body might not have 'stabilized' yet - but *nobody* had said anything about her tits getting bigger, and certainly not at this rapid rate.

Her leather jacket now hung open, as her bust had swollen to the point that wearing it buttoned was too uncomfortable - the leather garment had been tailored to fit a smaller bust, and the thick material didn't have the give of the spandex beneath. So, the coat hung open, almost as if she were 'proudly' putting her at least D-cup 'rack' on display for the man in the station as she went in and - unable to meet his eyes after he 'checked her out' mumbled the problem in a mixture of shame and anger.

As the 'surprisingly' helpful young man filled a Jerry-can of gas for her, Nicki went around the side of the building to the washrooms and slid the key he'd given her in the lock...

...then cursed in embarrassment, and walked over and tried it in the lock of the Ladies room, where it worked just fine.

Turning on the light and shutting the door, she peeled off her jacket and crop-top, and stared in anger and confusion at the firm, dome-shaped tits now thrust from the spot where a small, perky pair of tits had sat this morning.

Those small, barely-noticeable A-cups had been bad enough - now she was sporting a full, dome-shaped pair of breasts that - especially in the crop-top - couldn't be missed by anyone. Especially her.

In fact, with the added size came added mass, and the crop-top didn't function as well as a bra would have for this size breast -

they moved considerably more than they had before, every move she made causing the to sway and bounce. When she pulled the crop-top back on, it limited the movement

slightly - but added the sensation of her erect nipples sliding over the inside of the fabric to her list of 'things I don't want to deal with right now'.

She paid for the gas with the money Doc had given her - which was all of it, and at that he let her have the Jerry-can without having to leave a deposit, which was a blessing...

...although she could have done without the 'blessing' coming in the form of a smiling man telling her that he 'just couldn't say no to 'a pretty thing like you'.

She could have also done without his sincere apology about not being able to give her a lift back to her car, him being the only one on duty and all. Since she was broke, a cab was also out of the question - although she could walk back to the car faster than the cab could have gotten her from two towns over, anyway.

Sighing, she began to trudge back to the car, the gas can heavy in her hand, and the continued tingling and swelling of her tits laying heavy on her mind.

* * * * *

"No, we're not lost." Mark told Sandy in a frustrated tone. "We're just... temporarily misplaced. We must have missed the turn-off."

"I'll give you a turn-off..." Sandy said, under her breath. When Mark had suggested that they rent a cabin for the weekend, it had seemed like a great idea. It had seemed even better when her aunt and uncle offered the use of theirs, which meant they didn't have to pay. Everything went downhill, however, when the carefully hand-drawn map her aunt had drawn had been lost by her boyfriend, who was now proceeding to drive very slowly down the road he was sure the cabin was on, looking for the turn-off, or a mileage indicator - anything.

Keeping a close eye on her side of the road - not that she expected to find anything - Sandy's eyes widened as she spotted the mileage marker '124' - and right beside it, a small gravel road, almost hidden by the foliage, with a weathered sign bearing her Aunt and Uncle's name on it.

"There - it's right there!" She cried as they went past it, swiveling in her seat to keep an eye on the almost invisible driveway - and amazed that Mark had been right about remembering the instructions.

"You see it?" Mark called. "See - thinks are looking up... What the *fuck*?"

Mark had begun a wide U-turn - the boat they were hauling on its trailer necessitated it - and had needed all the room he could get for the three-point turn, pulling the Explore so far forward that the front wheels had actually crossed the lip of the ditch, pointing the hood downward...

...and the windshield directly at the naked body sprawled in the mud of the ditch.

“What.. oh my God!” Sandy’s hand flew to her mouth as she turned to see what had caused the remark, and spotted the man in the ditch. “Is.. is he dead?”

“I don’t know.” Mark replied, engaging the parking brake and popping open the door... “What are you doing?” Sandy asked, her voice rising in pitch.

“Just wait here!” Mark told her, slithering from the vehicle and stepping into the ditch to lean over the limp form in the muck.

He almost immediately spotted the bloody mark on the side of the man’s head - and the shape of it identified the object that had caused it. The slow, rhythmic rise and fall of the man’s chest confirmed

he was still alive, and Mark gingerly lifted the cold, muddy man’s limp form in his arms and walked to the Ford.

“Get the door, honey!” Mark called - and, gaping, Sandy undid her seat-belt and leaned over the seat to open the back door from the inside, pushing a suitcase onto the floor so Mark could lay the man on the seat.

“I think he was car-jacked.” Mark said. “Come on - we’re going back to that town we passed, get this man to a doctor and call the police.”

Climbing behind the wheel, Mark managed to get the vehicle turned in the other direction, and he stepped on the gas with vigor, praying that a cop did come by and pull him over.

They were about halfway back to town when a groaning sound issued from the back of the vehicle, then a horse voice.

“Where... where am I?”

“It’s all right, mister!” Mark called back. “We found you by the side of the road, and we’re driving you to the doctors. Can you tell us what happened.”

There was a pause, then. “I... don’t remember.” The confusion in the voice was soon joined by panic as the man spoke again. “I.. don’t remember who I am, either!”

“Take it easy, buddy - you’ll be okay!” Mark called reassuringly, then nodded his head at Sandy when she mouthed the word ‘amnesia?’ with exaggerated lip movements.

* * * * *

Stopping dead, Nicki stared at the tire marks in the gravel, then turned slowly in a full three-sixty, matching up the landmarks around her with the one in her mind.

“Goddamnit!” She swore (*‘very unladylike’* the sarcastic part of her personality insisted on pointing out) and tossed the gas can to the side of the road in anger, trying to ignore the sensation it caused in her swollen chest.

“Doc, what the hell are you trying to do to me?” She yelled, shaking her fists as the uncaring sky in frustration. “First my tits are out of control - now this!”

Looking around, she kicked the can of gas in anger - then hopped around on one foot, cradling her protesting toes and swearing.

The swearing redoubled when the heel of her other foot hit a stone, and she sprawled backwards, her swollen breasts jiggling inside her taut cop-top as she hit.

At least her ass was more padded for the encounter than it would have been before, she thought wryly.

It was small consolation.

Grimacing, she hook her fist one last time at the inoffensive-looking gas can, now laying on it's side, and then climbed to her feet. Pulling her jacket tightly around herself as well as she could now that her bosom made buttoning it out of the question, she crossed her arms under her still-tingling breasts, gasping slightly at the sensation created as her arms pressed against the firmly soft underside of her tits, causing her inexplicably erect nipples to drag over the inside of spandex top, then turned and

once more began to trek into town, mumbling assorted curses under her breath - while she worried about Doc, and what would have happened to make him leave her like this.

It wasn't like him, and she was frightened - both for Doc, and for herself. When she'd finally agreed to become female for the sake of Doc's work, she'd never expected to have to face alone any of the time spent in her female body - much less a female body that was 'revolting' on her, instead of being juts revolting to her. She could swear that her tits were still swelling outwards, and not knowing why, or how to stop it, scared the shit out of her.

Pausing at the side of the road, she looked around to make sure she was unobserved, then opened her jacket and stared down at her tits, now filling the crop-top to the straining point, her nipples crushing painfully/pleasantly against the inside of the fabric. Grimacing slightly at the pleasant sensation, she placed her smaller hands under the bottom curve of her swollen, sensitive mounds and hefted them, shivering at the sensations created. Based on sight and touch, she figured that her endowments were now somewhere in the EEE-cup range, having gone from pert, almost conical mounds to firm, round globes.

Pulling her jacket around her as best she could, she resumed her trek, worry, anger and a dozen other emotions swirling in her as she tried to deal with one inexplicable event on top of another.

The wind slowly began to cool as the evening began to close in, and she shivered as her already rigid nipples tried to become further engorged in the cooling air. Aside from the fact she was beginning to shiver from the chill wind flowing over her bare legs and - damn it! - up her skirt, her feet were killing her. This much walking in four-inch block heels wasn't exactly a prescription for happy feet.

Or happy shoes.

With a muffled 'thop' sound, the heel of her right shoe gave way, snapping free of the sole of the shoe, and Nicki cried out

as she went down on the gravel - hard.

"Damn, damn, damn!" She curse almost wearily, loosing the ability to summon powerful emotions for such 'little' inconveniences, having spent most of her energy already on the 'bigger' problems. With a resigned anger, she wrenched the offending shoe from her foot and tossed it aside, then pulled off the other one and sent it after it's mate.

Standing up, Nicki winced as the gravel dug into her bare feet and quickly hop-stepped to the pavement, finding it slightly more comfortable in texture, but damned cold on her feet.

Having traveled this route before, she knew that she was a good fifteen minutes out yet - or longer, since she didn't think she'd keep the same pace in bare feet. Looking around in the gathering gloom, her eyes fell on the glow of light streaming from the windows of a house set some distance from the road on her right.

Sighing, she trudged across the road, tip-toed gingerly over the gravel on the other side, and began to cross the unkempt pasture between the house and the road, finding the long, tough grass marginally better than the road, although her feet soon became soaked from the moisture in the growth.

She was less than a third of the way across the field when the pressure on her tits from the straining fabric covering them began to edge it's way into pain. She ground her teeth and bore the discomfort for another two minutes - then angrily pulled her coat off and - embarrassed and angry - pulled the crop-top off, wincing in pain as she had to drag the tighter elasticized part at the bottom over her swollen tits - and gasping in mingled pain and pleasure as the elastic strip 'tweaked' her swollen, engorged nipples as it went past.

"Damn - how big are you going to get?" She asked her swelling tits, now the size of small melons, with nipples about as big as her male pinkie had been from the second joint forward.

Sighing, she set about making a make-shift top for her rebelling bust.

Fishing in the pocket of her coat, she removed the pen-knife and cut the straps at the back of the crop-top at the point where they rounded into the back of the neck-line. Then, carefully, she slit the crop-top down either side, being careful not to fray or damage the elastic strip around the bottom.

This allowed her to 'unfold' the crop-top, the back now hanging from the bottom of the front. Nicki tied the now strings that had been the shoulder straps behind her neck, letting the 'sliced-and-diced' crop-top hang down over her tits. The original top now hang about three-quarters of the way down her breast, with a gap of an inch and a half or so between the top half of the 'shirt', and the new bottom half.

Using the stubs of the cut shoulder straps at the back - now at the very bottom of the make-shift shirt - she toed the bottom to the belt-loops of her skirt, holding the make-shift top in place, and covering most of her front, while leaving her back bare. She then shrugged back into her coat, shivering from the chill wind that had been blowing across her unprotected back.

Once more 'decently' clad, she resumed her trip to the house.

Reaching the porch of the aging - and somewhat dilapidated - farmhouse, Nicki was bemused to note that, contrary to her assumption, the light steaming through the window of (*what she assumed was*) the living room wasn't the steady glow of incandescent electric lighting, but had the wavering, golden quality that marked it as a form of firelight. Shaking her head, the slender, short-haired - and now, rather buxom - new woman lifted a feminine hand and knocked on the peeling paint of the once-white front door.

From inside came a heavy tread on wooden flooring, then the door swung open...

...revealing the most simply massive man Nicki had ever seen. He was massive - the type of massive that came genetically, as opposed from hours spent in a gym.

Almost seven feet tall, the man was obviously part Native American, with dusky skin just slightly more then tanned would be. That skin, roughened by exposure to the sun, covered a massive, broad-shouldered frame that carried massive masses of ill-defined muscles. Dressed in a pair of faded jeans, well-sprung boots and a leather vest, it was easy to see the gigantic slabs of muscles that covered him from head to foot - even his thick fingers and huge hands were muscled.

The man's head - shaven bare at the top, but with a neatly trimmed goatee gracing his chin - slowly bent down to take in the entirety of the woman standing on his porch, rose back to her face...

...then dipped back to her breasts and stayed there.

"Can I help you?" The giant asked - rumbled - in a tone that was presumably neutral but was so deep and heavy that it came out sounding about as neutral as tank driving by.

"I, uh..." Nicki stammered, waving one hand in a vague gesture towards where the town was - and not noticing the way it lifted the breast on that side up and out, while the coat dipped back, creating a view of not only fantastic cleavage, but the firmly rounded swell of the side of her breast. "...am having some trouble, and was wondering if I could use your phone..."

"I don't have a phone." The massive man rumbled benignly, with much better grammar then she'd - subconsciously - expected. "I don't have electricity or a car, either. I'm living the simple life, miss -

though I doubt you find that terribly helpful at the moment." His deep, black eyes flicked from her chest to her bare feet, then back to her chest - only this time, they weren't just 'enjoying', but weighing and assessing something. "Seems to me that you're having a bit more trouble then just a flat tire or empty gas tank."

Again, she was subconsciously surprised by the man's perceptive nature.

"Yes, I am." She said, disappointed that help wouldn't be forthcoming. "I don't suppose there's a neighbor nearby who might..."

"Sorry." He interrupted. "Nearest neighbor is the town - I like my privacy."

"I see." Nicki said, turning to look in the direction of town - and not noticing how the giant man eyed her athletically

shapely legs. She gazed out at the distance, seeing the faint glow of the gas-station's lights now visible - since night had fallen. She heaved a sigh.

"You know..." The giant rumbled, drawing her attention back to him. "If you'd like, you're welcome to spend the night here and get a fresh start in the morning. I think I could even dig you up some clean clothes and a pair of shoes, to get you on your way right."

Nicki opened her mouth to refuse, on instinct - then looked back out into the night. Thanks to her detour, she was now a good twenty minutes away from town - more likely half an hour - and it was cold, and dark - and, possibly, dangerous.

Sighing, she nodded. "Thank you..."

He smiled, showing even white teeth. "Leroy."

She lifted a slender brow at the name, but didn't comment, instead offering her own in reply. "Nicki."

"Nice to meet you, Nicki." Leroy said, gesturing for her to enter. She did so hesitantly, trying to keep as much distance from her own body and his massive frame as possible.

Then he swung the door shut behind her - and for some reason, that aging wooden door's closure sounded to her like the slamming of a prison cell being closed.

* * * * *

The doctor sighed wearily and rubbed his eyes, glancing in on his patient. "Still nothing - complete and total amnesia."

The nurse shook her head. "You know - I thought this only happened on TV."

The doctor smiled thinly. "Thankfully, unlike TV, total amnesia is always short-term. In less than twenty-four hours, everything should come back to him."

"Even a day seems an awful long time." The nurse said, peering in at 'John Doe'. "I mean, if nothing else - whoever did this to him will probably get away."

"Well, maybe not. The doctor said. "I faxed his prints through, and chances are we'll have name for him in a couple of hours, and that'll allow them to start tracking things like his car, credit cards and the like." He shrugged. "All in all, unless there's something he forgot that's 'time important', I think things will work out okay." He grinned wearily. "Let's just hope he didn't leave the stove on at home - right now, I think that's the worst that could come from his amnesia."

* * * * *

"Well..." Nicki said, nervously, shifting her weight from foot to foot as she spoke - more out of nervousness than having anything to say. "Thanks again for inviting me to stay the night - it's very kind of you."

Leroy shrugged. "Oh, not really - I figure that it'll come out even in the end. I'm sure you won't mind 'paying your way' a bit, right?"

Nicki blinked. "Uh..."

Leroy waved a hand negligently. "For example - I haven't eaten yet, and I'm sure you're probably famished. So, you won't mind giving me a hand with dinner, will you?"

Nicki found that she was, indeed, starved - the building material for the still on-going growth in her chest was being 'stolen' from her system, and her body was demanding more 'raw material'. She considered the question, then shrugged. "No - that's fair, I guess."

"Good." The massive man rumbled, pointing a thick finger at a doorway. "The kitchen's through there. Since I've already lugged in the firewood and got the stove warmed up, why don't you get dinner going? You'll find cans of stew in the cupboard, as well as plates, utensils and the like."

Without waiting for an answer, the big man turned and walked - thundered slowly - into the living room and collapsed in an easy chair that gave a tortured groan under his bulk. Completely ignoring her, he picked up a magazine and leaned closer to the hurricane lamp on the table to resume perusing the brightly-colored material.

Blinking, Nicki shrugged mentally - after all, he obviously was a bit of a loner, and his social skills would explain why - and turned and went into the kitchen.

After a bit of searching, she managed to heat a cast-iron pot full of canned stew warming on the stove while she cut a few slices of bread in half and put them on a pair of plates, leaving the recessed center portion for the stew. In the - honest-to-God - icebox, she found a couple of six-packs, and pulled two cans of the beer from their retaining rings and put them on the table with the plates and silverware.

With the stew warmed through, she carefully ladled a portion onto each plate, giving him the lions share. It was more difficult that she'd assumed - the old-fashioned pot didn't have a 'safety' handle, and she barely escaped scalding her palm on the hot metal before searching for - and finally finding - a pot-holder to use.

"Stew's ready!" She called through the door into the living room, and was 'rewarded' by the heavy sound of Leroy responding as she sat down at the table...

"Now, Nicki - that's not polite." Leroy rumbled, and Nicki slowly rose from the chair, confusion on her face.

"Excuse me?" She asked, looking down at the 'offending' chair for some hint.

"A well-mannered woman doesn't sit down at the table until she's ready to eat." Leroy explained, as if to a simpleton. "Which means, since you're serving the meal, not until you've made sure I've got everything I need."

"Oh." Nicki replied, nonplused. "Sorry."

"That's all right." Leroy replied, calmly. "You're obviously a 'city-folk', and in my experience, 'manners' aren't something you're expected to learn any more in the city."

Nicki had to keep herself from rolling her eyes. This 'back-woods gentleman' crap was right out of a poorly written story, for God's sake! If an author tried to pull something like this when the male Nick was around, he would have beaten the guy over the head with his own thesaurus.

"So..." Nicki asked, almost over-politely. "Is there anything else, Leroy?" "Some butter would be nice." Leroy said, his head already bent over his food.

Biting back the immediate - 'Nick' - answer that leapt to her 'Coral Pink' lips, Nicki got the butter and a knife and placed it on the table, then checked one last time before sitting back down and digging in, finding that she was, indeed, famished.

The ate in silence, the only sounds being the clink and clatter of the spoons on the plates - but that didn't mean the meal went by without anything of interest happening.

The first thing of any interest was good - Nicki's breasts stopped tingling. Surreptitiously, she looked down and decided that having her tits stop growing when they were the size of basket-balls was certainly better then having them grow endlessly larger - but that hardly made her feel good about the massive, heavy tits that were driving her nuts already, getting in the way as she tried to eat, shifting with every move she made with her arms, and weighing a ton as they thrust firmly and roundly from her slender chest.

The second occurrence was the storm that roiled in outside. The patter or rain was presaged by a distant barrage of thunder and the faint glow of lighting. The volume and intensity of the fireworks rapidly increased as the powerful rising wind carried the storm in faster then she would have believed possible, the rain soon pounding against the window as the high winds wailed and shrieked around the old house, shaking the clapboard walls with it's force.

They finished the meal and their beers, and Leroy pushed back the plate. "Wash or dry?" He asked, calmly.

Nicki started to say she'd wash - then looked at the pump that served the sink, and thought about her decreased muscle-mass, finally opting to dry.

They washed the dishes in silence as deep as the one of dinner. While Leroy boiled a pot of water for hot water, Nicki hesitantly removed her jacket to give her an easier range of movement, not noticing the look Leroy gave her now-massive tits, barely covered by the makeshift top she wore.

They finished the dishes and retired to the living room, Nicki looking at the rain slashing at the window, and intensely grateful that she'd found shelter for the night.

"So..." Nicki asked, in an attempt to be social, "What should we do to kill the time?"

"I think it's time you pay for the night's lodging." Leroy said, calmly. "Why don't you come sit on my lap and show me some... affection?"

For a second, Nicki just stared at the giant - then the meaning of the calm words sank in through a layer of disbelief.

"You want me to...? You think I'd...?" She spluttered, outraged - and more than a little fearful.

Leroy shrugged, lifting his huge hands to show he meant her no physical harm. "I'm a firm believer in 'free will', Nicki. You accepted my invitation to come in of your own free will, and you'll have to accept

my terms of your own free will. If you don't like them, then you can use your free will, and walk right out the door - but if you want to stay, it's on my terms."

"Free will?" She asked, pointing at the storm-lashed window - which 'obliged' her by providing a spectacular cannonade of lightning and thunder. "A half-hour walk in a full-fledged storm, and you call it 'free will' if I don't leave?"

Leroy shrugged, massive shoulders rolling with power. "If it had been the most perfect day in creation, the terms would be the same, Nicki." He said, 'reasonably'. "You can't very well blame me for the weather, can you? I believe in free will - the weather, on the other hand, is God's bailiwick."

Incredulous, Nicki stared at the calm giant - and realized, by his own lights, he was being utterly reasonable. Like any man sure of his own 'reasonable' nature, there'd be no bartering, no concessions - it was his 'reasonable' way, or no way at all.

Then she looked out the window at the driving storm - and bit her full, lower lip between her teeth. Closing her eyes, she felt her body shudder...

...then, slowly, she reached up and undid the strings on the make-shift top she wore, letting the garment fall to the floor, exposing her massive, firm breasts to the caress of the golden firelight.

Hesitantly, hands clenched into fists, she walked toward the immobile giant, her breath's pace matching the rapid patter of her heart, increased by fear, anger, hate and shame.

He made no move to hurry her, and it was completely of her own 'free will' that she forced herself the last few steps - shooting anguished glances at the storm-lashed window...

...then, stiffly, lowered herself onto his lap, sitting sideways on his knees. Gently, Leroy reached up to pull her into a more relaxed embrace...

...and Nicki pulled away, rising quickly from his knees.

"I... I can't do this." She said, not looking at him. "You... you just don't understand." "Then make me understand." He replied, reasonable.

She turned to face him, angrily. "This is wrong... because I'm really a man!" Slowly - patently obviously - Leroy looked her up and down. "No, you are not."

"Yes, I am!" She retorted, angrily. "I work for a scientist who developed this drug, and I agreed to be his test subject. This..." She waved a hand at her now over-endowed body. "...is the result!"

"Ah..." Leroy said, nodding. "What you meant to say is: You *used* to be a man. You will be a man again. However - at this

moment, you are a woman.”

She stared at his placid face. “What? Don’t you get it? I’m a man...” She tapped her forehead. “...in here. Doesn’t it bother you to learn that the ‘woman’ you’re trying to fondle is really a man?”

He cocked his head. “It would, if you were really a man. But this...” He tapped his own bald head, “...isn’t real. You just think you are a man - and since you are now a woman, that is merely a delusion. You are now a woman. You have the body of a woman. What ever your upbringing might have been, you are a woman, just as a woman raised as if she were male would still be a woman. It changes nothing. What has passed is but a memory, and what will be is but an unformed dream. All there is, is now - and you must deal with what is now, as it is all and everything.”

She gaped at the quiet-spoken giant with the soul of a philosopher. “Look - this might be ‘easy’ for you to accept - but it’s damned hard for me! You’re asking something I just can’t do - that’s what I’m trying to tell you!”

Leroy cocked his head. “How long have you been a woman?” “Three days - why?”

“You dress as a woman, move as a woman, speak as a woman - but you refuse to think as a woman. Why?”

She threw up her hands. “Look - all of those were easy to learn, and kinda necessary to get along. We’re talking about something completely different!”

He shook his massive head. “No - do you not think that thinking as a woman is more important, more necessary? All else will flow naturally from that, if you merely learn.”

“Oh - I’m supposed to just start thinking like a woman, like that.” She snapped her fingers.

“You can learn to think any way you wish to think. “Leroy said, patiently. “If you wish, I can help you.” “*Help* me?” Nicki snapped back. “Think like a *woman*? I don’t *think* so!”

Misunderstanding, Leroy nodded. “Yes - I can talk to you, help you understand.” He paused - then pointed to the door. “Or - you can leave.”

“Oh - of my own bloody free will, right?” She asked, sarcastically.

He cocked his head. “You seem to think that walking through a storm is so very bad, and you cannot do it - yet you obviously think being female is equally as terrible, yet you did that of your own free will.”

“Yeah, well - that’s different.” Nicki said, frustrated. “I mean, if I didn’t, the Doc would have been screwed. I owe him...”

“Yes - and to acknowledge that debt was done of your own free will.” Leroy responded. “Giru and Gimu - that which you owe, and that which is owed to you. Free will decides when these are in balance for your own soul. No-one may demand payment of a debt that you do not acknowledge you owe.”

“Shows what you know about the court system.” Nicki retorted - rather lamely, as Leroy’d hit a nerve. She eyed him warily, then cocked her head. “You understand my problem, though?”

"I comprehend the nature of the dilemma that you face." Leroy agreed, obliquely.

"So, if I agree to talk this through with you, and still can't do it - will you still throw me out?"

Leroy looked thoughtful. "I will not throw you out as long as you are trying..." HE 'agreed', maddeningly.

But it was better than nothing - maybe she could outlast the storm in this discussion.

"Okay." She said, pulling up a chair to sit opposite to him. "So - how are you going to help me?"

He leaned forward, and focused his eyes on hers. "Do you wish to deceive me as to your sincerity to try?"

She frowned. "No!" She denied, semi-truthfully.

"Then do not refuse to meet my eyes." He said, and she shrugged mentally - she could stare down the best of them. She locked her dark, angry eyes on his depthless, placid ones, focusing on not blinking or breaking eye contact.

"Learning to think how you wish is easy..." Leroy said in his deep, droning voice. "It is as easy as dreaming, then accepting the dream. You do this every night, when you sleep. You do not fight this procedure, as you are fighting now - no, when it comes to you in your sleep, you are relaxed. Very relaxed - as you dream, you are asleep. Sleep relaxes you, calms you, soothes you. It is the state in which you may learn anything - and it is so easy to achieve. All you so is relax. You relax your toes, feeling them release their tension and go limp..."

'Get on with it...' Nicki thought, annoyed - then immediately reconsidered. The longer the big guy droned on about nothing, the better the chances the storm would die down some. Focusing on keeping her gaze locked with his, she let her mind wander as he droned on about how the body relaxed, one part at a time, moving upwards...

"Until your eyelids are so heavy that you can not keep them open - and do not wish to. They are so heavy, so weary, and sleep - calm, restful sleep - is so close. Slowly, bit by bit, your eyelids slide shut, and you are asleep... asleep.... sleep..."

Leroy watched with detached satisfaction as the woman's eyes slid all the way closed, her breathing regular and calm.

Sitting back a bit, the once-psychologist rolled his shoulders, easing the tension in them from his unmoving position.

"Nicki, can you hear me?" He asked, quietly.

"Yes..." the word, half whispered, slipped between relaxed lips with a faint smile on them. "You hear nothing but my voice - and you trust that voice, don't you?" Leroy asked her. "Yes..." She agreed in the same, dreamy tone.

Leroy nodded in satisfaction - she was in as deep a trance he'd ever seen, and he'd seen many trances. It was one of the reasons he'd been defrocked from his profession - his so-called 'peers' had claimed he'd relied too heavily and too readily on hypnotherapy, and had shunned more conventional - and impersonal - methods.

Leroy wasn't bitter about it, though - it had been his own choice to provide the most help to the poor, delusion masses. So, he'd accepted the effects of his dedication, effects thrust upon him on others more interested in the money than in helping people find the Truth, as he had - that the moment was all, and the body the extent of reality, as far as it mattered. If something

did not affect the body, who could it truly be 'real', and if that effect was not physically harmful, painful or damaging, how could it be 'bad'?

Like this poor, misguided person, who thought that what once was and what might be had any 'reality', when it could only affect the mind, not the body. It warmed Leroy that she'd happened upon his house, and so walked into the blessings of his skill as a Truth-teller and Healer.

Quietly, with the sincerity and unshakable 'right' of convictions, Leroy began to speak to Nicki...

* * * * *

The snap of Leroy's fingers brought Nicki out of her trance...

...and she stared at the big man in horror. "What.. what have you done to me...?"

Leroy cocked his head. "I would never think of 'stealing; a person's memories of what I have taught them."

That wasn't what she'd meant - because she retained a full set of memories of what she'd been taught - how to listen to her current body. How to 'listen' as it told her what was 'good' and what was 'bad' by how she felt, physically.

The flip side, of course, being that she'd been instructed to ignore anything emotionally based. "I meant..." She said, feeling the spark of anger...

...then quashing it immediately as it began to affect her body, immediately creating an unmistakable signal that the heat and rapid heartbeat of rage was 'wrong', from her body's standpoint. She felt the emotion - but couldn't bring herself to let it create any physical discomfort.

"...how could you do this to me?" She finished in an tone that conveyed that she was upset, even displaying the emotion with her pose, but forced by her body to stay 'reasonable'.

Which, of course, explained a lot about Leroy's strange, placidly implacable manner - he practiced what he preached.

Somewhat...

"You've stolen my free will from me." She accused him, calmly intense. He cocked his head. "Have I?" He asked.

She opened her mouth - then blinked and slowly closed it.

He had basically rewired part of her thought process - but he hadn't touched that nebulous thing known as free will. She could still do anything she wanted, within the same self-imposed limits as always. The only change was both simple and utterly complex.

When making decisions as to what she 'wanted' to do, she would be forced to consider them from a calmly physical viewpoint. The emotions and intellectual portions were still intact, and would speak up as always - but now her body had an equal say in the process, supplying her with another viewpoint...

“Let me show you.” Leroy said. “Here is your decision - do you stay, on my terms - or do you leave?”

Nicki looked at the window, where the storm raged unabated, then at Leroy, feeling the emotional distaste she'd felt before, exactly the same.

Then it struck her - she'd come to the exact same 'free-will' decisions as before. The difference being, this time there was no physical 'discomfort' to match the emotional one. Whereas before, her stomach had churned at the thought - and even worse at the aborted attempt - now she felt calm and in control, physically.

“You...” She said, searching for words. “You.. gave me.. ‘control’.

He nodded. “In a manner of speaking. Never again will you be afflicted by sudden bodily effects that would distort your thinking. Now, your body will not ‘garb control’ from your brain, as it has you whole life - instead, it will merely supply you with input.”

She frowned, trying to internalize the thought.

“Tell me - the first time you approached a girl for a date - what happened?” Leroy asked.

Nicki started to answer - then, realized that the answer was utterly unnecessary, as Leroy didn't really care - he was just forcing her to see the truth.

She had been nervous - palms sweaty, heart pounding, stomach churning, mouth dry - and, in the end, he'd turned away, unable to force him through that.

If she'd been 'instructed' back then, she could have been able to go through with it....

“Now - why don't we try this again?” Leroy suggested, patting his lap.

Refusal wasn't an option - and it was because Nicki had already reached this decision - twice, as a matter of fact. The first time, she'd finally balked, unable to take the emotional turmoil...

...or, rather, the physical effects of that emotional state. Now, she rose and crossed the space between them...

...and even that was different. The first time, she'd had to fight her body to get it onto his lap, stiff and hesitant and awkward. But that didn't feel good, fighting her own body - this time, she moved with an easy grace that combined her decision with her hesitancy in one smooth, eloquent series of moves, rather than a series of hesitant, self-fighting second-and-third thought battles with her own body.

“I still don't like the idea.” She said, sliding gracefully-yet-impersonally onto his lap, feeling her huge breasts sway with the motion...

...and she was amazed to find herself enjoying the feeling of her huge tit's movements. Her body - though new and unfamiliar and emotionally 'revolting', wasn't injured or damaged in any way, so she felt a well, pride certainly wasn't the right word. A sense of comfort in knowing that 'all systems were

go', so to speak, even if all the 'green lights' on her board were for the 'wrong' body.

It was a weird sensation, and the closest she could come to a metaphor was the strange sensation she'd experienced the few times she'd stayed in somebody else's house and bed while they were away. There was a discomfort in being in unfamiliar surrounding - but also a comfort in knowing that everything was okay, there was nothing to worry her in terms of security or comfort. Strange, but safe and comfortable - and that's what her body now felt like to her. A new 'house' that was sturdy and comfortable, even if some of the 'furniture' was in the wrong place...

Leroy wrapped a massive hand around her firm ass, cupping her far hip with his broad, thick fingers - and reached up with his hand to touch the massive tits on her slender chest.

Nicki hissed...

...in pleasure. Though she was feeling the emotional distress of doing this, there was no way she could deny the pleasure his surprisingly gentle, talented touch brought, especially since she'd been 'brainwashed' to be more aware of her body's sensations.

"No " She said, denying the pleasure that was undeniable - a contradiction made possible by the fact that the pleasure was purely physical, while the discomfort was purely emotional...

Which caused her brain to 'lock-up'. Thanks to Leroy's 'teachings', her mind insisted in 'shouting' at her that there was nothing wrong with what was happening - that, if it felt good, it was good. Any negative thoughts she was having were what was 'wrong'. It was as if part of her was yelling at her to

tell her that if she forced herself to walk away from this pleasure *just* because she'd once been male, then she was an idiot.

Caught between two conflicting inputs - on emotional, the other physical - she was so perfectly 'balanced' as to be unable to do anything. She certainly couldn't bring herself to cooperate with what was happening to her - her mind wouldn't let her.

But her body wouldn't let her fight it, either.

"Please... stop..." She told Leroy in a husky tone, moaning slightly as his hands worked her huge tits with skill and passion. For any other man, her gigantic, firm globes of tit-flesh would have been considerably more than a handful - but Leroy's hands were so massive, they almost managed to enclose the massive tits.

"If you really don't want me to keep doing this..." Leroy said calmly, "...then simply get up and walk away."

"I...can't..." Nicki gasped, helplessly, as Leroy bent his head and began to lick and suck her thick, highly sensitive nipples.

After a moment more oral manipulation, he answered her broken reply. "Then you don't really want me to stop."

"Yes... I do..." She gasped as his hands worked her huge tits and he nuzzled her smooth, slender neck.

"No - you emotions want you to." He said, calmly. "They don't matter - they are merely 'information'. Your body, and what it's feeling, is paramount. If you are not physically enjoying this, then you'd be able to get up and leave."

That was the truth - but Leroy's skewed 'Truth' of life forced Nicki to obey her body, not her mind - or rather, her emotions. She would be able to get up and walk away, despite her body's desires, if she could come up with a *logical* reason to do so - but there wasn't one, not one that wasn't based on 'illogical' emotion, at least. With her emotion's ability to 'help' her stripped away, the simple truth was she *was* a woman at the moment, she *was* in the arms of a man, and what he was doing *did* feel good

- from a viewpoint of pure intellect, there was no reason to stop, and so she couldn't.

It didn't matter at all that her emotions were churning in an unholy mix of fear, disgust, anger and hatred - for all intents and purposes, they were completely useless to her now.

Please... stop..." She moaned huskily, unable even to give true voice to the emotion turmoil and anguish she felt. "I don't want to...umph!"

The end of her plea came when he pulled her head down for her full lips to meet his in a passionate kiss...

...and to her horror, she returned it just as passionately. Not from emotional desire - far from it! - but from her body's urging to increase the pleasure the kiss brought. With no 'logical' reason to stop herself, she couldn't help it - it felt good, so she did it, it was a simple - and horrible complex - as that.

Helpless to control herself...

No - strike that. That wasn't the right way to phrase it.

Helpless to deny the physical pleasure she was feeling, and unable to act upon the emotional pain, she kissed Leroy 'hungrily', their tongues dancing in a frenzy of physical enjoyment.

Finally, Leroy broke the kiss - and Nicki 'reluctantly' let him, her emotions rejoicing at the end of the humiliating experience, while her body craved more of the enjoyable sensation.

"So..." Leroy said, one hand gliding up a smooth, soft thigh and under the skirt. "I think it's time to let your body have what it will truly enjoy - the ultimate Truth in life, the pleasure that a man and woman can create for each other..."

'No!' Nicki's emotion's cried....

"No." She said - and blinked, stunned that she'd been able to refuse.

"See - I told you it was free will." Leroy said, calmly. "If there's a good reason to refuse, you can - there just wasn't a good reason to refuse anything up until now."

"Buy your 'rules' of what's good, not mine!" Nicki told him, angrily. "You had no right to impose your.. *twisted* values on my mind like that!"

"You're just new to the Truth - you'll come to understand in time." Leroy said, imperturbably. "Now - what was the reason you refused the ultimate pleasure?"

'Because the mere *thought* of it sickens and disgusts me!' Nicki thought - but that wouldn't have been enough to stop her...

"Because we don't have any birth-controls." She said as the 'logical' reason dawned on her. "I could.. get pregnant!"

Since she'd never thought of having sex while female, the thought was new - and highly disturbing. She was genetically female, for now at least...

"You're right - that's a fair enough reason. Unfortunately, I don't have any condoms on hand - I wasn't expecting to entertain a lady."

'Hallelujah!' Nicki's emotions cried at the reprieve...

"Thankfully, there's another way you can pay for tonight's lodging." Leroy continued. "Why don't you give me a blow-job?"

"No " She whispered in disgusted horror - even as she felt her body gracefully, sensuously sliding off

his lap and to her knees in front of him. As disgusting as the thought was, emotionally, and as disgusting as she *believed* the act would feel, physically - she'd never done it before and couldn't *logically* convince herself that it would feel bad, and thus be wrong.

However, she knew what going out into the storm would be like - so, the 'logical' thing to do was suck his cock and see how it felt.

"Please, Leroy - I'm begging you " Nicki pleaded in a voice that didn't sound like she was begging at

all, but sounded as if she were auditioning to work as a phone-sex girl. " don't make me do this!"

"I'm not making you do anything." Leroy said, calmly, as her slender hands unzipped his pant and slid them and his voluminous boxers down around his ankles, revealing massive, hairy legs...

...and a cock that fully matched the massive size of the rest of him.

"If you really found this so utterly revolting, you would chose to brave the storm rather than do this." Leroy said to Nicki.

Nicki was stunned by the impact of the statement - because it was the absolute truth. If this was so utterly repulsive, she should be fleeing into the storm right now...

...but, in the back of her logical mind, she knew that sucking Leroy's cock would do her no physical harm, whereas running out into the storm probably would. No matter how emotionally disturbing what she was about to do was, she couldn't deceive herself any longer - it might be disgusting, but it was, really, harmless.

And with that horrifyingly honest realization, she found her hands wrapping around the base of his thick, throbbing cock as she leaned forward. Her elven jaw dropped downward as her full, feminine lips spread into a 'welcoming' 'O' shape, her dark, sultry yes sliding shut in response to her inner emotions as she pushed her warm, wet mouth down over the thick, warm head of

his cock and slid her lips as far down his throbbing, veined shaft as she could.

The feel, smell and taste of Leroy's thick, throbbing cock filling her mouth was...

...utterly neutral.

Certainly not physically enjoyable for its own sake - but not physically disgusting, either. With her emotions rendered impotent, she could act only on the physical and intellectual components of what was happening, and from those two points of view, there was nothing 'wrong' with what was happening. Although she wouldn't go out of her way to suck cock, she wouldn't go out of her way to avoid it, either...

No matter how much she desperately wished she could.

Instead, she applied a light suction, sealing her glossed lips around the shaft and swirling her tongue over his swollen head as she began to bob her head back and forth, one slender hand fondling his huge, hairy sac while her other worked the spittle-slicked shaft in time with her bobbing head.

Her emotions screamed in humiliation and disgust - but none of that came through in her gracefully 'indifferent' movements as she proceeded to suck off Leroy with the air of a 'professional' woman just 'doing her job', neither pleased or disgusted by what she was doing.

Her emotional turmoil redoubled as she realized with horror that she'd just had a completely impromptu, spontaneous thought.

'I wish I was getting kissed and fondled instead.', she'd thought, without any warning - and it had taken her an endless second, lost in 'pleasant' reminiscing, to realize the impact of the thought she'd had.

It was also... true.

She tried to forget she'd ever had such a 'traitorous' thought - but all that left her to dwell on was the blow-job she was in the middle of giving Leroy, her motions graceful and feminine as she worked 'calmly' to get him off, neither trying to hurry it, nor drag it out. Instead, she kept the same rhythm, bobbing her head and working her hand until she felt him stiffen...

...and she found herself sliding her tongue under the cock's head to leave a clear opening...

...for the torrent of warm, thick cum that gushed from his cock and flooded down her throat. Warm, salty, slightly musky cum.

Salty, musky cum that her taste buds found...

'Oh.. God...' She said, thickly, swallowing the last of the thick, seemingly endless stream of cum that had gushed down her throat. "...no... Please... no..."

The she began to lick at his cock, cleaning it of every last drop of jism with a mild expression of enjoyment on her face.

Because, no matter how much her emotions screamed at her, she'd found the taste of his man-seed slightly... tasty.

No much - but it was enough to push the otherwise utterly neutral experience (aside from her emotions, of course) into the 'enjoyable' category. Instead of being utterly indifferent, either way, to the thought of sucking cock - now there was just the slightest hint of... anticipation.

And, despite her emotional state - disgusted, horrified, shamed, enraged...

...there wasn't a thing she could do about it.

Finished licking him clean, she slowly - gracefully - rose to her feet.

"So, are we even...?" She asked, her voice holding only inquisitiveness - and a horrible hint of longing at the memory of his touch.

"Yes, I'd say that we are." Leroy said.

"Then if you'll show me where I'll be sleeping, I think I'll head off to bed - alone." She said - and she was amazed to hear it emerge in a pointed - utterly 'Nick' - tone of voice. Though she was feeling many emotions that she couldn't express, even having her mind fiddled with couldn't erase her true personality - although it had been modified.

Leroy took no umbrage at the pointed, sarcastic tone and phrasing. Pulling his pants back up, he silently led her up to the spare bedroom, taking a small 'bulls-eye' lantern with him.

Placing the small, candle-powered lantern on the night-table beside the bed, he pushed the shutter over the glass down so that only the slightest sliver of light escaped, then - with utter sincerity - wished her 'good night', and left.

Removing what little clothing she retained, Nicki slid between the cool, thick covers of the big bed and closed her eyes, soaking up the chill air on her face, the slowly warming blankets on her body, and the smell of hot metal from the lantern.

Her body was 'saying' something to her...

"No... I just want to sleep..." She whispered to herself... but she wasn't listening.

Slowly, one slender, feminine hand drifted upwards, gliding over her firm, soft thigh, over the curve of her hip, and across the smooth plain of her trim stomach. At the start of the journey, she felt the fabric of the soft inner sheet across her forearm, but that faded as her hand moved into the region where the sheets were tented by the bulge of her massive, round tits.

Then her fingers met the smooth curve of her breast, now 'deformed' under gravity into an ovoid, pulled down and to one side. Her fingers moved up that smooth, soft slope, a shiver of pleasure running down her spine as a shiver of helplessness ran through her mind.

Then her hand had reached the apex of her massive tit, cresting the curve to gently slide across a rapidly swelling nipple. Her fingers - as if controlled by a mind of their own - began to fondle and tweak the thick, sensitive nub of flesh...

..as her other hand started it's own voyage up and over the round, firm flesh of her thigh. But it didn't climb upward, but slid inwards, to the 'vee' of her crotch, gliding over her short thicket of pubic hair.

She lightly bit down on her lower lip as she began to slide the flat of her hand back and forth over her crotch, applying a light downward pressure as her palm slid over the outer lips of her cunt, creating a 'delightful' friction that caused a warmth to rise in her crotch, a warmth matched by a growing dampness.

Then, when she was lubricated, she found herself sliding a slender finger between the folds of her vaginal lips, gasping lightly as her digit grazed her aroused clit. Lightly biting her tongue between her teeth to quite her moans, she began to work her finger back and forth against the small, round nub of flesh, her other hand unconsciously matching the rhythm as it worked on her nipple.

Her head lolled to the side and her breathing began to become faster and shallower as her hand's pace increased, pleasure rolling from her crotch and through her body as she began to twitch her hips in time with her stroking finger - which had been joined by a second one, sliding deeper into her cunt as the upper one curled and flexed over her clit. Caught up in the heat of her aroused body, the hand on her tit paused just long enough to throw the covers off her body before returning to it's original task, her nipples going even more engorged as the cool air affected them.

Then her head lashed to the other side and she gasped as her body shuddered with the force of the - relatively weak - orgasm that ran through her body, a wave of untainted pleasure as only matched by the force of her roiling emotions at her helpless actions...

..and her helpless self-admittance of the shear pleasure of what she had just done.

A hand still lightly rubbing her tit, the other cupping her crotch, Nicki slowly sank into sleep, the odor of hot metal and feminine arousal the last thing she recalled as she sank beneath the dark waves of emotional exhaustion.

* * * * *

"Doctor - John Doe in twelve-fourteen's waking up."

The doctor gave a hurried final instruction to the floor nurse at the station, then followed the dark- haired young nurse who'd interrupted him back to the room she'd mentions, slowing just before he reached the doorway to enter with the sort of 'dignity' people expected of their doctors.

The patient was laying on the half-raised bed, looking around with a confused expression. "Where am I?"

The question, itself, didn't mean anything - he'd been unconscious when he was brought in, and he'd only been semi-conscious during the quick questioning. For the first time, he appeared alert and aware, which was a good sign.

"You're in Morristown General Hospital. You were brought in with a head injury." The doctor told the patient, standing at the bedside and keeping his voice calm. "Can you tell me your name?"

The man blinked and looked mildly irked. "of course I can. It's..." He sat bolt upright, eyes flying wide open. "Nicki!"

The doctor and nurse shared a confused look, and in the patient's suddenly agitated state it took several long minutes to establish that he was lucid and with a full set of memories - an assertion borne out by his semi-coherent account of what had happened to him...

...and his female friend, alone and without money in one of the worst storm of the year.

Five minutes later, the doctor was on the phone with the State Police, while Ron struggled into his clothes, hampered by his sore foot, aching head, and the totally inefficient 'help' of the nurse.

* * * * *

Elroy opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling for a long moment before he sat up in the bed, the frame creaking under his massive weight as he looked around and stretched.

"The vampire awakens..." He said, with a wry grin. It was very seldom that Leroy turned in during the middle of the day, so Elroy was relegated to living his life in the night.

It was a dark, narrow existence - but Elroy didn't mind. He knew it was better than the alternative - he'd known it since the night he'd first awakened, confused and scared, nearly ten years ago while the other tenant of the body was undergoing court-ordered shock-treatment after what he'd done to the women he'd been 'treating'.

Of course, Elroy hadn't known about that at the time - hadn't known anything at all. Even his own name hadn't been his, but a misheard version of his other self's name, spoken by a startled intern at the loony bin, who'd been amazed to see the big man wake up after a few hours of intensive 'therapy'

- not knowing, of course, that Leroy Darkmoon was still sound asleep, and it was somebody else who was awake and confused.

That had started the beginning of his existence - he'd grasped almost immediately that, to the waking world, there was another man by the name of Leroy who used this body. But self-interest was a powerful thing - and just as the waking Leroy had pretended to end up 'cured' of his delusions to be released into the world, so had Elroy taken to hiding his actions from Leroy and the rest of the world, lest he end up in some other loony bin until they 'cured' Leroy of him.

So - he only walked the earth when Leroy was fast asleep, picking up the news on what Leroy did during the day by investigative work, and living what meager existence he could without giving himself away. As far as Leroy knew, he went to bed every night, slept a solid ten hours or so, and awoke feeling tired and restless - never knowing that for five or six of those 'sleeping' hours, Elroy used his body to walk among the world to some degree.

Now Elroy slid his feet into his - Leroy's - slippers and pulled a robe around his naked body as he began his nightly prowling of the house to see what was of interest tonight.

Slipping out of his room, he started to head for the stairs - the stopped dead, staring at the door of the room across from his.

A tiny sliver of dim light shone from under the door, and the familiar odor of hot wax and metal came from within - as well as another, faint odor that he couldn't place.

Intrigued, Elroy quietly opened the bedroom door and looked inside.

A stunningly attractive woman with a short mop of dark hair was laying on the bed, staring up at the ceiling silently. Her could barely make out the shape of her nude body in the faint light, but there was no mistaking her sex or beauty - or the size of the massive tits that rose and fell in a steady rhythm.

Elroy gasped - but the woman didn't seem disturbed in the least by his presence, merely continuing to stare up at the ceiling with a dreamy, disconnected look.

Waiting a long moment to see if the woman would say anything, Elroy finally let himself be drawn into the room, quietly padding across the floor and lowering his bulk into the chair beside her bed, still not

receiving any response to his actions, which emboldened him a bit more.

By definition, his life was a solitary one - although, on a very few occasions, he'd slipped out in the night to walk down to the store and buy himself a treat, then hurry home - always afraid that Leroy would awaken unexpectedly during these outings.

But, to Elroy, women remained a distant mystery that he knew about only through the magazines and books in the house - many of which were pornographic. A chance to be this close to a woman, maybe even - dare he? - to talk to her...

It was a heady experience, and he was relieved that she didn't seem to mind his presence.

Of course, because of Elroy's extreme lack of experience with people in general, much less women, he didn't realize that her behavior was extremely odd.

And there was no way on earth that he could know that his alter-ego had hypnotized her completely and thoroughly only a little while ago and, instead of falling naturally 'asleep', her mind had instead drifted back into refuge of the calmest state she'd been all day - the trance.

"Hello." Elroy said, nervously. He didn't introduce himself, expecting her to know him as 'Leroy' - but he needed to find out her name. "Can you tell me what your name is?"

"Nicki..." She said, dreamily.

"That's right..." Elroy feigned remembering. "Your name is Nicki."

"Yes..." She agreed - and her mind took it as a statement of fact and filed it away.

Leaning over, Elroy opened the shutter on the lamp a bit, allowing more light to fill the room - but not enough to become

disturbing. Just a warm glow.

Then he let himself feast his eyes on the naked, silky figure of Nicki, laying on the bed in the same position she'd been in when she'd entered the trance.

"Were you... masturbating?" Elroy asked, interested - since a lot of what he 'knew' came from men's magazines, he didn't find this an unusual topic of conversation.

"Yes... I made myself orgasm..." Nicki replied in that same, dreamy voice. "You must enjoy orgasms." Elroy said with a smile.

Again, the phrasing was enough that she took it as a statement of fact. "Yes - I must enjoy orgasms." She replied, setting it into her mind.

He looked at her huge, firm mounds, like the ones he'd seen in some of the magazines - the silicone inflated tits of the models in Big-Bust magazines. Trying to continue the 'harmless conversation', he thought back on what he'd read in the interviews the artificially-endowed models had given in the magazines.

"You must love having huge tits." He said, remembering the interviews always revealed that the models reveled in their massive tits, and the attention it brought. "Having men look at your tits must turn you on."

"Turn me on..." The defenseless subconscious mind of the transformed man agreed, helplessly.

"I guess you enjoy having them fondled, to. I.. fondled your tits earlier today, right?" Elroy guessed carefully.

"Yes - you fondled my tits." She replied, dreamily. "You must enjoy that "

Elroy talked with Nicki for almost an hour, not minding her monosyllabic responses as he babbled on in 'small talk' drawn from all those porno magazines, completely unaware of the damage he was doing with his extremely slanted views of women via the adult publishers of American porn.

The conversation might have gone on much, much longer if the faint flash of red and blue lights hadn't come through the window.

Elroy padded over to the window - and watched as two police cars passed outside. They were a distance away, on the highway that ran by the house on the other side of the field...

...but it sent Elroy into a full-fledged panic. The only personal knowledge he had of police where the ones connected with the loony bin where he'd awakened - and so it wasn't hard to understand why he jumped to the immediate conclusion that, somehow, somebody had found out about him and they were looking for him so they could haul him away and 'cure' Leroy of his presence.

Heart pounding, the big man began to run to his bedroom to gather some clothes and flee before they caught him, and be damned if Leroy awoke or not - having Leroy wake up somewhere far away from the cops was preferable to letting himself be 'cured'.

However, as he passed the bed his eyes fell on Nicki again, and he couldn't just leave without saying anything.

Panicked and feeling the press of time, he sat down beside her.

"Nicki, I can't explain - but I have to leave." He told her in a rush. "I need you to do something for me, or I'll be in big trouble. Please - forget completely that you ever met or saw me - act as if you'd never seen or talked to me..." He patted her hand gently. " but, deep down - remember our talk forever.

Would you do that for me?" "Yes " Nicki agreed.

"Good - now you just go to sleep, and if you should wake up and find policemen want to talk to you, you just stay relaxed, because everything will turn out all right."

Kissing her lightly on the forehead as her eyes slid shut, Elroy rose from the chair and dashed from the room as Nicki slid into a deep, dreamless sleep.

* * * * *

Nicki awoke - and stared up at the ceiling in confusion.

"Where the hell....?" She asked herself, brow furrowing in confusion as she sat up...

...or tried to - there was a heavy weight pushing down on her chest that she hadn't compensated for, and she gazed down...

...at a massive, firm pair of tits the size of basketballs.

"Well, holy shit..." She breathed, and eyebrow going up. "I fuckin' huge! I guess I musta just kept growing after..."

She stopped dead, frowning slightly. The last thing she remembered clearly was walking back to town, and her heel breaking. Then she'd started to fall... and everything after that was a blank until now.

"Great - I musta hit my head a good whack." She said, disgusted - then suddenly remembered why she'd been making the walk back into town in the first place. "Dammit, Doc - where the hell are you?"

Then she snorted. "Hell, for that matter - where the hell am I?"

Managing to get herself sitting on the second try, she looked around the old-fashioned bedroom in bemused amazement, a wry smile curving her lips at the sight of the burned-down candle on the night table, and the complete lack of any electrical paraphernalia in the room.

"Great - I managed to end up in Green Acres." She said, sarcastically. She swung her smooth, feminine legs over the side of the bed and bent down - very carefully, fighting the drag of the chest- melons that she'd developed during the night - and picked up her skirt and panties. Slimming on the only two pieces of her clothes that she could see, she rose out of the bed, moving carefully against the unaccustomed inertia and mass of her massive, firm new endowments.

She headed for the door of the room - then stopped dead, grimacing at the strange pulling, tight sensations in her calves,

thighs and hips. Cautiously, she moved towards the door again, slowly altering her stride to eliminate discomfort - and by the time she reached the door, she was moving with a smooth, sexy, feminine sway.

She shrugged to herself - the way she figured, it made sense. She'd been in a woman's body for three days now, and walking in a 'mannish' way, which would be unnatural for her new form. But she'd done a hell of a lot of mannish walking yesterday, which had probably had the same effect of over-exercising any muscle - soreness.

If you took that thought even further, then it also made sense that her body, now being more 'feminine' with the massive boobs on her chest, would require a more feminine stride to balance it out.

So, if she really wanted to, she could force herself to walk with her same old male stride - but was the discomfort really worth it? She didn't figure so, and just let herself walk with the comfortable, sexy stride - after all, she was in a female body now. While she'd never walk like this in her male body, it was perfectly 'natural' for this one.

Opening the door across from the room she'd awakened in, Nicki peered with a puzzled look at a room that bore all the hallmarks of being abandoned quickly. Shaking her head, she padded off down the hall, her hips moving with a supple sway as she opened a door that lead into a bathroom.

"Wow - indoor plumbing." She said, sarcastically, eyeing the hand-pump-operated toilet. It was a standard toilet, by itself, but the cover on the tank had been removed to allow a pump's spout to sit inside to fill the holding tank for each flush.

Shaking her head, she laboriously pumped the holding tank full, then took care of business, surmising from that, and how she felt, that she must have eaten something the night before.

Flushing the toilet, she rose and walked to the pump-operated sink and washed her hands - while gazing in the mirror mounted above the sink.

With only the light streaming in the window over the cast-iron bathtub, the image wasn't brightly lit, but there was more than enough illumination for her to see herself. Her eyes went first to her face, where

her makeup was smudged and her hair a tousled mess - and she was surprised to feel a pang of disquiet over it. She dismissed it as perfectly reasonable - even as a woman, there was no call for her to look like something that cat dragged in.

But even more surprising than her reaction to her mussed appearance was how she reacted to the sight of the masses of flesh thrust roundly from her chest. Stunned, she reached up and touched the huge, firm breasts.

"Holy shit, they're huge..." She whispered to herself...

...and, in a stunned voice, finished what was in her mind. "...and gorgeous!"

She was floored by her reaction to her tits. She - as Nick - had never really been into big tits - yet, these massive masses of breast-flesh hanging from her chest were somehow the most awesome, mouthwatering pair of tits she'd ever seen. She thought they were utterly perfect in every single way.

“What the hell...?” She asked herself, confused. All of the sudden, a burst of.. pride, almost had flooded her, now that she was aware of the utter ‘perfection’ of her new bust. She tried to push it away, but it refused to leave - all of the sudden, she found herself thinking about these tits almost as if they weren’t part of her, but separate. She couldn’t help but think how the right clothes would improve their appearance, how enjoyable it would be to have men see - and lust after - them, to have them fondled and...

“Get a grip, Nicki!” She told herself, dragging her eyes from the reflected image - but that didn’t stop the thoughts she was having. It was as if, having seen her ‘perfect’ tits, she wanted to show them off, in appearance and performance.

It was as if she’d just gotten a brand-new Ferrari. If she’d gotten a car like that, she’d want to drive it around, let people see her in it. She’d want to take it on the highway and ‘punch it’, to show off the car’s performance. She’d want to wash and wax it often, to keep it in primo condition.

But this wasn’t some car - it was the two huge tits that were now part of a female body that she still didn’t enjoy having. It was so weird, so disquieting, to not be proud of being female - but finding herself so undeniable proud of being the owner of these massive, firm boobs.

“Geez, Nicki - what a time to discover you’ve got a huge-breast fetish.” She told her reflection wryly, unable to believe what she was feeling - but unable to deny it, either.

Stunned and confused by her strange reaction to the sight of her massive new tits, Nicki wondered if this could somehow be related to her black-out - could a blow to the head have scrambled her up that badly? Slightly frightened at the prospect, she left the bathroom to search the house, hoping to find some clue as to what had happened in the missing hours, or to the owner of the house.

She didn’t find anything much in either department - although she did find two other things.

The first was a broad collection of pornography, much of it featuring silicone-enhanced ‘big-tit’ models, some of whom rivaled her own new tits. She knew that such things existed, of course, but had never really paid any attention to them.

Now she was amazed by her reaction to the pictures inside the magazines. Those of ‘naturally’ busty women, or of ‘slightly enhanced’ DDD-cup women, didn’t do a thing for her - there was no reaction at all, good or bad. They were just pictures of women.

But for the women in the size category of her own tits, she found her eyes drawn to their tits, encased in sexy clothing or bare - and found herself aroused by the sight of the tits so similar to her own.

The conclusion she drew was logical - but she had no way of knowing that it was also totally erroneous. Since she’d never really looked at magazines featuring women so massively endowed, and hadn’t seen any walking the streets, she came to the conclusion that this reaction had always been ‘lurking’ deep inside her, a great fascination and affection for massively endowed women - and assumed that her reaction to her own tits was just a reflection of that, and - in a way - natural and understandable.

She, of course, had no way of knowing that she had it exactly backwards, that her new-found attraction to these massive

tits was because she saw in them a resemblance to her own, which she now thought of as perfection itself...

The second find was of a more 'practical' nature - boxes and boxes of all sorts of clothing, piled in the attic and sealed shut, with the name of a store on the side.

Darkmoon Specialty Clothing

Los Angeles · Las Vegas · New York · Miami

Supplying Street and Dance Wear for the Exotic Dancer

Opening one of the boxes, Nicki gaped at the amazing profusion of clothing, many of it obviously the aforementioned 'dance wear'.

Judging from some of the clothing sizes, Nicki made a connection - the owner of the boutiques must be the owner of the house, and was using/had used this line of boutiques to indulge in his interest in the 'exceedingly buxom'.

A strange, unwanted thrill ran through Nicki at the thought that the category - at least for now - also included her.

Sorting through the different items of clothing and accessories, Nicki came across a couple of pieces that looked like they might fit her radically enlarged bust...

...then she pulled out one item - and something in her mind 'clicked'.

It was basically a massive white leather bra/crop-top. Lining the massive cups was crushed white velvet, and the massive garment was adjustable by belt-like clasps on the straps.

Nicki stared at it for a long moment, stunned. She'd been searching for something less... revealing - but as soon as she'd seen the garment, part of her had instantly decided that it would be utterly perfect for wearing on her 'perfect' tits, and she couldn't shake the conviction. She tried to lay the item aside, to look for something more 'sedate' - but it was like trying to ignore an itch.

An itch that she knew she could scratch so damned easily.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" She asked herself, confused - as she slowly, hesitantly put the leather garment on.

Setting the straps to the right size, she pulled the leather 'bra' into place, feeling the soft velvet inside caress her firm mounds as she snuggled it into place. It was 'acceptable' outerwear, the bottom leather band and the side and shoulder straps making it look almost like a crop-top, while the massive cups were joined by a single piece of leather that ran over the inward 'grove' between her tits, so that

- from the outside - there wasn't two rounded cups, but a crop-top-like curvature of leather that rose

on either side and ran straight across, leaving three-quarters of her massive tits covered - while defining perfectly their sheer size, and showing a mouth-watering view of cleavage.

“Holy shit...” Nicki whispered, closing her eyes in amazement. The instant she’d finished strapping the garment in place, she’d felt a rush of... of satisfaction. She couldn’t explain why it was so - but wearing a piece of clothing so obviously designed to showcase the size and firmness of her massive tits made her ‘feel’ fantastic, even as she was confused, ashamed, and slightly scared by these strange new reactions to her massive bust.

Forcing her mind away from that area, she left the ‘crop-top’ in place, knowing that it was going to be what she’d wear today.

Further searching through the boxes found four more tops that would both enclose her massive tits, and provide her with that strange, shamefully thrilling rush that the one she wore now did. She kept these - as well as two less revealing tops and a stretchy sweater - and stuffed them in a large black ‘purse’ so she’d have something to change into later. Assuming she did find the Doc, the clothes in ‘her’ suitcase were for her original female form, and while much of it would still fit, none of her tops would.

She also stuffed three bras in her size into the bag, then...

She stared at the item she’d pulled out. One look at it told her it would probably fit her altered figure... but she would never wear such a garment. It had absolutely no use for her - none at all.

Right?

Glancing around guiltily, she stared back down at the item she held... then, blushing furiously, shoved it into the bag, and set about looking for shoes.

There wasn’t an awful lot of selection, and she found two pairs of footwear that would fit. One was a pair of calf-high black leather boots with a five-inch high ‘sculpted’ heel. The other was a pair of black platform shoes, with a one-inch platform, and a six-inch stiletto heel.

Deciding which one to wear was easy. Since she wanted a ‘spare’ set, and the boots wouldn’t fit in the bag, she stuffed the shoes into her purse and pulled the boots on, finding her massive new bust had serious drawbacks, as they got in the way as she tightened and tied the laces on the boots.

What bothered her the most, though - was that the huge tits getting in the way didn’t bother her as much as she ‘wanted’ them to. She had to ‘work around’ them, and the feeling of them pressed against her knees, her arms pressed against the sides of them, felt so physically nice to her that she couldn’t get truly ‘frustrated’ as having them in the way.

“Feeling bad about ‘stealing’ the clothes, but blaming it on necessity’, she headed back downstairs, her heels clattering on the wooden floors as she walked with that sensual feminine sway, now- encased tits shifting very slightly with each graceful step.

Having found her coat on her first exploration of the house, she picked it up and carried it into the bathroom, where she washed her face and dampened her hair. Using a comb she found in a drawer, she did ‘something’ with her short, dark hair, making it less of a disaster, then applied what make-up she had in the pocket of her jacket - namely, the tube of lipstick. Even that minimal make-up scheme looked pretty good on her, since she had ‘naturally’ long, thick lashes and flawless skin.

Pulling the black leather jacket on, she eyed her reflection in the mirror - the black leather boots, skirt and jacket over the white leather 'crop-top', all enclosing a healthy, slender body with a stunning face and huge, firm tits.

As much as she didn't want to admit it - she was turning herself on, she looked so good.

Blushing, she turned away from the mirror and pulled the bag onto her shoulder. Walking to the front door, she hesitated for a second in consideration, then locked the front door and pulled it firmly shut behind her.

Looking around, she realized that she was about twenty minutes or so from the town that she'd been heading for last night. Taking a deep breath didn't help calm her - as it pressed her huge tits even more firmly into the velvet lining of her top. Shaking her head at her inexplicable thoughts and reactions, she began to walk towards the town, hips swaying smoothly and gracefully as she walked.

* * * * *

"I'm sure that she found shelter somewhere for the night, Doctor Lafayette - we'll canvass all the residences down this strip of..." Captain Goddard of State Police Detachment was half-turned in the passenger's seat to reassure the concerned passenger in the back.

"Well, would you get a look at that..." The driver of the cruiser interrupted in an awed tone, drawing the other two pairs of eyes in the car towards where he was gazing.

The three men stared at the gorgeous, massive-breasted woman walking down the side of the road, her short mop of dark hair ruffled in the wind as her sensual gait caused her massive bust line to sway slightly with each step she took...

"Nicki..." Ron said in a quiet, confused tone. Then he snapped forward in the seat. "That's her! Stop the car - that's Nicki!"

The driver blinked, then his foot eased down on the brakes, the car slowing to a stop just past the woman, who turned to follow the cruisers passage.

"Dammit!" Ron swore, trying to open the back door - which wasn't designed to open from the inside.

"That's her?" Goddard asked, confused. He'd gotten a description of the woman he was looking for from Ron, and this one matched - except neither the Doctor, nor the gas-station attendant had mentioned 'tits as big as basket-balls' to him, the closest thing being the attendants assertion that she had 'a nice rack'.

"Yes!" Ron said, pounding on the inside of the window and raising his voice. "*Nicki!*"

Nicki blinked - then her dark eyes widened at the familiar face in the back of the cruiser. She ran to the cruiser, her tits bouncing and swaying despite the support of her top. "Doc!"

The driver of the car had climbed out, and he popped open the back door of the car, allowing Ron to erupt from the car as Nicki arrived. Babbling unheard questions at each other, they closed the remaining distance between them - and, instinctively, embraced each other tightly, relieved that the other was all right.

The sensation of Nicki's huge tits being firmly pressed between them was an.. interesting experience for both of them - and pleasurable.

Although Nicki didn't know about it, Ron was one of those 'big-tit' freaks, and the sudden realization that he was holding a sexy, gorgeous, massively endowed woman tightly against his body suddenly registered.

It also registered on him that the woman he was holding was probably, in every way, his ideal 'fantasy' woman - and, blushing, he pulled away, shocked by the sudden thoughts that had leapt, unbidden, into his mind.

In the same instant, Nicki pulled away, also blushing at the intense physical pleasure she'd received from being embraced by Ron - and, worse, the sudden, shocking, and 'disgusting' emotional reaction she'd had.

"Well..." Ron said, looking at his friend and employee, now reborn into his secret fantasy. Aware of the state troopers close enough to hear every word, he couldn't ask about her massive breast growth, and his confused feelings about her new form made him fumble for words.

She wasn't much better off, but her personality was her personality, and even with all that had happened - and was still happening - it shone through.

"*Suuuure...*" She said, accusingly. "Here I am wandering the face of the earth - and you're getting chauffeured around!" She pointed to the cruiser, with two very bemused troopers leaning against it and watching the reunion.

Then she became serious. "So - what happened to our car?"

"Ah " Ron hesitated. "Why don't we get in the car, and I'll explain on the way back to the station?"

"Sure - I'd love to get off my feet." Nicki agreed, and let Ron walk beside her to the cruiser and open the back door for her."

Ron did so in a daze, watching Nicki's new, sexy walk with confusion - and 'guilty' appreciation. The guilty increased considerably when he slid in the other side of the car and realized just how incredibly aware he was of her now being female - and so damned close.

As he started to explain what had happened, he struggled to not let his sudden - and 'disgusting' attraction to her show.

He had no idea that Nicki (equally horrified and disgusted) was fighting her own strange reactions to being so close to three men - and Doc especially...

* * * * *

"Well... uh " Nicki stammered as the bell-boy dropped their luggage inside the door. "Better late than never, huh?" She laughed, nervously.

"I.. guess." Ron said with a nervous chuckle, handing the bell-boy a tip.

The red-clad staff member looked at the two embarrassed friends, she shrugged. "Sorry - but it's the only room available."

Ron and Nicki shared a look, blushing.

"It's... fine." She said, and the bell-boy smiled sympathetically at her...

...well, her tits, since that was where his eyes seemed to fall - and again, she felt that weird rush at having her tits started at, making her blush deepen. Excusing himself, the bell-boy left them alone...

...in the 'Honeymoon Suite'.

Ron had gotten his car back a few hours earlier. The thieves had tried selling it that morning - and had proven to be none-too-bright. Even if the prospective buyer had accepted the brother's reasons for the

low price of the car, and the broken window, he'd known for sure something was funny when he looked in the trunk and found it full of luggage that definitely wouldn't fit the two men.

Keeping his sudden conviction to himself, the man looking at the car had agreed to buy it - after, of course, going to the bank for the cash. He'd even let the two men see him enter the bank... where he'd gone straight to the manager's office and asked him to call the police and explain what was going on.

He'd then taken the purchase price out of his account, and gone back - and kept the crooks occupied. After letting them see the bundle of cash, they wouldn't have left for the world - and when he said he just wanted to take a look at the engine before he bought it, they agreed. So they started the car, opened the hood - and all three were leaning over the engine, the two crooks trying to bull-shit their way through the 'buyers' questions about maintenance and the like, when the cops had arrived.

So, Ron had gotten his car, clothes and even wallet back - although the cash was, of course, gone. But the credit cards had still been there, and Nicki and Ron had finally been able to complete their trip to the conference, almost exactly twenty-four hours later than they'd planned to arrive.

Thanks to their delayed arrival, the two rooms Ron had booked in advance were taken - and with all the other rooms booked and taken by other people down for the conference, there had been exactly one room available for them to share.

The whole thing was - just getting the Honeymoon Suite might have been a joke that they could have laughed over. It would have been, if Nick was still male. It would have been still - although an 'awkward' joke - if she'd been the 'Nicki' that woke up in the lab. But the new 'improved' Nicki was another matter.

Ron was still trying to deal with the fact that he found the new Nicki the most utterly sexy, gorgeous woman he'd ever seen - and it was only made worse by the fact that it was 'Nick' inside the body. Not just worse because it made him feel incredibly guilt and ashamed - but because he like Nick, like 'his' personality and company - and he still liked it in Nicki, making her even more ideal as the perfect girlfriend...

...except, of course, that she was 'really' a guy.

For her part, Nicki was going crazy trying to deal with what she was going through. Although it sickened her, she couldn't stop herself from thinking about Ron. Thinking about the way he looked at her - then glanced away, blushing. The way he looked at her made her 'feel' good, even as it shocked and disgusted her - and she *also* like Ron, and that hadn't changed when she'd changed bodies.

"So, um..." Ron said, nervously, gesturing to the door. "I guess we should go and... um, join the conference."

"Okay." Nicki agreed, equally nervous. "I'll just.. get changed."

Grabbing her 'purse' and her suitcase, she all-but-fled to the bathroom to change.

Staring at her reflection as she removed the crop-top, she asked herself quietly, "What the hell's wrong with you? He's Ron for god's sake - and you're acting like... like..."

She grimaced. "...a love-sick teenager! A *horny*, love-sick teenage *girl*, for God's sake! Get a grip on yourself, you're loosing it!"

While she tried to talk herself out of the strange feelings and urges she was having, she dressed.

She kept the same black leather skirt, but now a pair of nylons went on her legs to go with it. A black short-sleeved blouse - one of the custom-tailored one she'd found - went over a massive black bra, and she felt a pang at 'hiding' her tits that caused her to leave the top two buttons undone on it.

Then she did her make-up and hair, finally stepping into the stiletto-heeled pumps. Taking a deep breath that did little to help her frazzled, confused nerves, she stepped out of the bathroom, as ready as she'd ever be.

With as much confidence as she could muster, she followed Ron as they left the room and headed downstairs to the room where the conference itself was being held. Ron held the door open for her, and Nicki stepped through...

...into an instant panic attack.

The room was full of people - and their late arrival drew eyes to the door - where they saw her. Her, standing there with her gorgeous face and huge tits, looking utterly female and damned attractive.

Worse yet - she felt a flush of pleasure at having that many men staring at her - and that cause her to feel guilty, disgusted, frightened - all added onto the initial 'stage fright' of them just looking at her.

Then there was a presence beside her - and without thinking, scared shitless and with her heart running a million miles an hour, Nicki took Ron's hand and leaned against him, her dark eyes huge in her panic, making her look like a frightened doe in a hunter's scope.

"Nicki...?" Ron asked, shocked by the way her hand was entwined with his, her firm, lush body pressed against his side... and trembling.

“All be all right.” She said in a thin voice, barely aware of her holding tight to Ron - yet also incredibly aware of it...

...as it was the thing she was holding onto with all her sanity.

‘Agoraphobia’ - literally translated, the fear of market-places. Usually meant to mean the wide open space that such places took up, the actual term Acrophobia also applied to people irrationally afraid of large public places, especially crowded one.

Nicki was suddenly, desperately agoraphobic - and she did the only thing she could do - she concentrated on one thing, forcing herself to ignore all the people filling the room, many of them staring at her.

The problem was - the only other subject her mind would latch onto was Ron. How good it felt when he looked at her like these other men were. How good it felt to be near him, touching him. How good it felt - and how much better it would feel if they could be even closer, touching in a much more intimate way...

Realizing with shame and horror what she was thinking, Nicki ripped her mind away from the thoughts of being naked in Ron’s arms...

...and was hit again by that terrible agoraphobia, causing her to gasp, close her eyes, and half bend over with the sheer force of the fear, confusion, and guilt.

“Nicki!” Ron said in concern...

...and his voice was like a life-line, dragging her back from the edge. She straightened, focusing on him and only him - and forcing herself not to let the feelings she was feeling force her to haul her thoughts back to the crowd of people surrounding her.

“We’re going back up to the room.” Ron said firmly, staring to turn her around as he understood, suddenly, part of what was happening - although not all of it.

Nicki was uncomfortable with being female. Just being female was bad enough - but being seen while female was worse. When she’d gone shopping, she’d been hesitant and awkward the entire time, irrationally ‘paranoid’ about being ‘disguised’ as a woman.

Then, however, she’d been beautiful - but hadn’t been a ‘center of attention’, and although she’d been surrounded by people, only a very small percentage of them had paid attention to her. Since then, she’d only been around small groups of people - never more than four.

Now, she had these massive, round tits - and more people noticed her. In fact, a very large percentage of the people around her - and it brought out all the hidden fears that were ingrained into her male mind. Fears of being ‘caught’ in women’s clothing. Shame at being male in a female body. Fear of failure, fear of rejection, fear of ridicule - she wasn’t able to hide in the general populace like she had at the mall, and so all these things slammed home with nearly physical force, instantly creating a phobia - a dread fear of being ‘found out’, utterly irrational but - for her - utterly real and incredibly powerful.

Of course, Ron had no way of knowing about the other component - the one that wanted her to be seen and admired, But, instead of acting as a balance to her paranoid agoraphobia, it redoubled it with the shame and disgust she felt at wanting that attention.

So - Ron turned her towards the door...

...and she said, tremulous but clear, one word. "No."

"Nicki, look - I can feel your heart going a million miles and hour! You can't..." Ron was trying to keep his voice low, but their entrance and subsequent behavior had attracted the attention of everyone - which was only making things worse. He had to get her out of here...

"No." She repeated, more firmly, straightening and taking a deep breath. She refused to look around and let the people around her register, instead focusing exclusively on Ron. "No, Ron - if we leave, you'll never be able to find your funding. You're a great scientist who's made an earth-shaking breakthrough - and you're also my friend. If, because of me, you never get the chance to finish your work, then I'll never be able to live with myself. No matter what I feel now, no matter how.. afraid, confused or... or ashamed I feel - I know it's not nearly as bad as a lifetime of utter guilt would be."

No matter what had happened to her, physically, emotionally or mentally, on a very deep, basic level she was still Nikolai Gzadanteowzki. Nothing did - or could - change that basic premise. As much as what she was feeling was alien - and awful - to her, she'd rather accept these changes to her outer- most psyche then betray who she was inside. She couldn't walk out on Ron - which meant she'd have to hold control of her public persona by focusing exclusively on Ron. No matter how much she didn't want to dwell on what she was feeling, didn't want to let herself feel and think these alien thoughts and emotions, it was the only alternative to giving up - and she couldn't give up and still be able to look her face - no matter which face that might be - in the mirror.

"Are... are you sure?" Ron asked, worried about his friend.

As confused - and scared - as Nicki felt right now, she was more sure of this then anything else. IF she screwed this up for Ron, she'd rather be dead - and as bad as everything else she was feeling, not of it had reached that level yet.

So, looked at from that 'logical' point of view - she had no choice at all.

"I'm positive." Nicki said, firmly - then kept her mind tightly focused on Ron and herself, shutting out the rest of the world completely as she walked through the room of staring, murmuring people.

She moved as confidently - and sensuously - as if she were utterly alone with her dearest and most trusted friend in the world. Gone was all doubt and fear, supplanted by one and only thought, gone was any consideration for herself or what she was feeling. Nothing else mattered - not her shame, not her 'honor' at being the owner of such perfect tits, not anything - except, here and now, being the person that Ron needed her to be to get the grants he needed.

Although she didn't know it, Nicki's condition in that moment would have been very familiar to a technically insane ex-psychiatrist. She was living 'in the moment', not letting her emotions rule her in the least as she controlled herself through

'intellect' alone.

She also didn't know that this would have been utterly impossible for her to do, one day before. That the 'tools' she needed to push through the emotions and act solely on what she knew to be 'right' had been given to - forced upon - her by a man she no longer remembered meeting.

Of course, much of the emotions she was forcing herself to ignore were also given to - forced upon - her by the alter ego of that same person, another thing she didn't remember.

Walking with apparent confidence and poise, Nicki - unaware of anyone but herself and Ron - let herself be led to the table assigned to them and sat down in the seat that Ron pulled out for her, smiling up at him in thanks.

The move looked natural and instinctive - but it wasn't. Forcing herself to 'stay in the moment' meant that Nicki focused on every aspect of what she was doing. Like an actor aware of the camera's silent scrutiny, she forced herself to perform every action with perfect accuracy, to appear exactly as she thought a woman in public would appear.

Of course, not having been raised female, her view of how women in public acted was a little skewed

- but not enough to arouse comment from the other men at the table, whose own views on female behavior were skewed by their biases, as well.

"Well, hello... I don't believe we've had the pleasure..." A voice said - and Nicki allowed her horizons to expand just enough to take in the man who'd spoken, a gangling 'geek' type who was obviously wondering what a woman like her was doing at a dry, scientific conference.

"Nicki," She introduced herself, smiling warmly and holding out her hand in the way she imagined women did - arm relaxed and wrist loose, the hand held palm down. "Nicki Gzadanteowzki - I'm Doctor Layette's 'proof' for his presentation."

"Carl Langenheim." The man replied lightly squeezing her hand... and staring at her massive tits, no doubt daring conclusions as to what Ron's work was.

Each of the others at the table introduced themselves - and as she spoke to each one, they became part of her narrow 'world view' for as long as she was speaking to them, or them to her - and then they once more faded away, like people coming and going in a fog-bank on a moonless night. The only constant in this dark world was herself - and Ron, who was inextricably bound to her by a web of emotions that she'd ceased to fight for the sake of her sanity. Every second, every breath, she was completely and utterly aware of Ron, noticing his slightest movement, catching the slightest glance he threw at her - and her mind spun one 'fantasy' after another that she didn't dare quash for fear of finding herself 'suddenly' in a crowded room. Instead, she forced herself to just 'go with it', riding the

emotions and urges without complaint or fight, feeling her body becoming aroused by Ron's steadfast presence and by his gentle, reassuring touches.

She was also aware of something else, as well - as growing tingle in her mouth. She knew what it probably represented -

but refused to let herself think about what was happening, trying to compensate for it as she talked with the other scientists - although she knew that Ron knew something was happening from the way he looked at her as her voice took on a slight, indefinable accent. But he couldn't ask about it here - and then the lights were being lowered, and Nicki could retreat back into the 'just us' shell she'd created as the presentations started.

She had nearly two 'relaxing' hours of this solitude, during which she 'daydreamed' about things that would have shamed and disgusted her if she'd been struggling against them. Instead, she 'enjoyed' the peace and emotional 'pleasure' the fundamentally pleasant thoughts brought with them, and even more so after what was happening in her mouth finished.

Then it was time for Doc's presentation - and she followed him up on stage, really bearing down on the mental shield that left her in her own private universe with Ron.

She heard every inflection of his voice as he spoke, hear every word, caught every unspoken prompt for her to do this or that as he talked - but the vast audience didn't exist for her at all until the end of his presentation, when the 'Q&A' session began and, like at the table, people 'popped' in and out of her little universe as questions were tossed in her direction.

"Nicki... are you trying to tell us that you're really a man?" A voice called, and in the distance a older man 'flashed' into 'existence' for her.

She spoke directly at him, pitching her voice to travel that distance and that distance alone. She was completely and utterly focused on not doing anything that would screw up Ron's work or cause her to fall 'out of character', so she answered with a warm tone and even warmer smile, her body in a graceful feminine pose.

"If you'd bothered to listen to Ron instead of stare at my chest..." She said in obviously good-humored ribbing, "...you would have learned that I was a man just a few days ago - but that Ron's process is so complete, on such a fundamental level, that I'm now genetically female in every cell, molecule and atom. But yes - I was born male, lived most of my life completely male, never took -or even considered - hormonal supplements or had surgery to become less male, yet am now biologically and physically indistinguishable from a so-called 'natural' woman."

So it went for almost an hour - and although she was in a self-imposed 'exile' from the complete situation, Nicki could tell from the questions asked that Ron's statement were met with initial disbelief... because it was such a fundamental, mind-boggling breakthrough with such far-reaching implications that it was considered impossible.

Or, rather... *had* been considered impossible - because she could pinpoint the exact second when the mood in the room shifted from stunned doubt to awed acceptance of the physical proof standing in front of them.

That instant was when a man stood up and began to ask a question.

"So, Nicki - in the first few hours of being female, how did you handle the different physiopsycological effect of the altered hormone..."

Ten minutes before, that question would have started: "Nicki - assuming that what you and Dr. Lafayette claim is true, how

is it that you were able to handle...”

A few words of difference - but that shift made Nicki’s heart sing with stunning joy at not having failed Ron, at the proof that this whole experience was, in fact, important.

Not that she could slack off, yet - not by a long shot...

Mixed in with the crowd of scientists was a smaller group - a group that had less scientific knowledge, but who could read the resumes of the scientists to the presentations.

The ‘money men’. And after they left the stage, it was time for the real work - the work they’d come here for - to begin.

“Doctor Lafayette, Miss Gad... Gzand...”

“Nicki, please.” She told the two well-groomed men who’d appeared out of the haze, a warm smile on her lips. “There’s days when even I can’t manage my last name.”

“Of course - Nicki.” The man on the right responded, then looked her up and down with a clinical eye. “Amazing, just amazing - if I wasn’t here to get this first hand, I’d never have believed it.”

“Why, thank you.” Nicki said with a smile, striking a little pose. “But, the method by which Ron managed it is pretty incredible too...”

The men laughed, breaking the thin barrier of formality - and Nicki retreated back into the haze while the ‘men-folk’ talked...

Until...

“But there’s one last point on which we must insist.” Roberts - the senior of the two - said, a bit apprehensively. “You see, we’d have to insist on a long-term, uninterrupted ‘real-world’ test of your work, and since Nicki is already ‘study subject Alpha’... it would have to be her.” He paused, awkwardly. “We.. would have to insist that you do not do anything to her in any way for one full year, to see what other ‘side effects’ become apparent - the, um.. ‘rapid enlargement’ of her.. pectoral region being a good example of such data.”

The rider clause slammed down in Nicki’s mind, though her warm smile hid her reaction to it. A year?

She felt Ron stiffen - then slump in defeat. “I’m sorry...” He said, heavily. “But I can’t possibly ask...”

In an instant, she saw the future. Deprived of funding, Ron’s work would slow to a crawl. Now that his work was presented, others knew it was possible, and the general theory behind it, even if they didn’t know the specifics. Right now, they were years behind Ron in the field - but with funding, they could make up the time while Ron languished. Do the research, reproduce his work, pass him in the field, patent it, steal the fame, the fortune, the glory...

Steal Ron’s dream.

“...Nicki to...” Ron was saying - and Nicki lay a hand on his arm, stopping him dead.

With a smile that hid the raging tide of conflicting emotions inside, she nodded at Roberts. “He can’t - but he doesn’t have to. I’d be honored to play such an important role in research that is going to affect million of lives and do so much good. Of course I agree.”

Ron looked at her, stunned. “Nick.. are you sure?” He asked. “I mean...”

She looked up at him - and despite all that she was feeling, in her hearty of hearts she knew that if she said ‘no’, it would be as if she’d stolen that dream from him with her own bare hands, crushing it under foot.

She’d rather die then live with the guilt of doing that to him - so sincerity shone in her eyes as she spoke.

“I’m sure, Ron - go ahead and make the deal.”

Ron closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “Nick.. thank you.”

She nodded in understanding - then turned to smile at the other two men. “Well, I guess you have some papers to sigh and the like - and you won’t need me for that, will you.”

The younger one grinned at her bust-line. “Need, no - but we’ll forever be devastated by your departure.”

“That’s flattering - a bit over-done, but flattering.” Nicki said, a smile hiding everything. “But it’s been a long day that started with me walking down a highway looking for Doc, while he was looking for me after being clobbered on the head and having our car stolen - so I would really like to bow out and get some rest.”

Roberts’ jaw dropped. “You’re kidding!”

“No, actually...” Ron said, turning his head and lifting back his hair to show the bruise...

...and Nicki slipped away. The instant she was in the hall, he calm, cheerful demeanor vanished, and she walked in a daze to their room and sank onto the couch, staring at nothing.

“A year...” She said in a tiny, broken voice. “Oh my God.. what am I going to do...?”

Then, finally, the truth - which she’d held buried under of layers and layers of emotions, prejudice, ingrained views and self-denial, finally burst to the surface and hit her like a bomb.

She’d never be able to live with herself id she backed out... and she’d never be able to stand a year spent in emotional torment as she tried to fight her unwanted feeling and urges.

So there was only one way to solve the problem...

* * * * *

With a jubilant bounce in his step, Ron walked to the door at the end of the corridor, ecstatic over getting more then he

could have hoped for - and he owed it all to Nicki, the most convincing argument for his work that he could hope for. He knew that she hadn't wanted to do it in the first place, and that being in that conference hall had really, really been a problem for her - but through courage and dedication, she'd bulldozed through and brought his dream to wonderful life. Oh - but not just his. Before he'd signed the paper, he'd made damned sure that the year she was going to spend as female was going to be a very well paid one indeed - three-quarters of a million dollars for volunteering as a research subject, all paid for by the 'money men' who she'd convinced so handily.

He owed everything to her.

Pushing open the door to the Honeymoon Suite, he came to a dead stop just past the threshold, practically blind as he went from the bright hallway outside to the dim interior, lit only by the flames of the suite's fireplace. Closing the door softly behind him, he waited for his eyes to adjust, not wanting to awaken Nicki...

Nicki wasn't asleep.

"I suppose congratulations are in order, Doctor Lafayette."

It wasn't the words that caused him to start - it was the incredibly rich, throaty voice it was spoken in. Turning, Ron's adjusted eyes finally picked out Nicki, who was walking towards him from the bathroom, a champagne flute in each hand...

Ron's brain shrieked to a dead stop as his jaw dropped and his eyes went wide.

The woman who was walking towards him was an absolute vision. She was walking slowly, with an incredible, sensual, sexual grace, every bone in her body seemingly turned to fluid, she moved so smoothly and sinuously.

Her feet were bare, but she walked on tip-toe, making the muscles on her legs move with the sensuous flexing that heels would have created, drawing the eye ever upwards.. and upwards.. and upwards...

Her legs were bare almost all the way to the hips, only a tiny triangle of black lace covering her crotch with the barest minimum of modesty. That triangle was part of a larger garment, a garment with high-cut lines that rose almost to the waist, emphasizing her firm, toned thighs and the graceful swell of her hips. The garment clung tightly to her trim waist and flat stomach before flaring outwards to encase the bottom halves of her massive tits, barely managing to cover her swollen, erect nipples before the lace edging left off and smooth, creamy skin took up.

Those tits swayed seductively as she closed the last few steps and held a champagne glass out to him. Numbly, Ron took the fluted glass, finally managing to get his eyes all the way up to Nicki's face.

Her face was exquisitely made-up, and her red-glossed lips were curved upwards in an incredible, sensual smile while her dark eyes were heavy-lidded and seductive as she looked at him.

"To a prosperous future, Ron." She said in that incredibly throaty tone, and she held up her glass.

"..prosperous future..." Ron repeated weakly, letting Nicki clink her glass against his. She even sipped at the glass with an

indescribably erotic motion, and Ron numbly sipped at his own as he felt part of his body responding very appreciatively.

She took his free hand, and lead him towards the couch, where a champagne bottle sat in an ice bucket on the end table. Folding one leg under her with a sinuous half-tun, she eased him down on the couch beside her, smiling at him with that same seductive, sensual smile.

“I...” Ron said, not sure what word should come next.

Looking away from him slightly, Nicki slowly drained the rest of the champagne in the glass...

...and Ron watched, absolutely stunned, as her tongue slid out...

...and out...

...and out, to lick the inside of the glass before she laid it aside.

While his mind numbly filed away the answer to his questions about her slight ‘accent’, Ron downed the rest of his champagne in one gulp and reached behind him to put the glass down, not even noticing as he opened his fingers well short of the table, sending the glass to drop to the soft, cushioning carpet.

“Ni.. Nicki...” Ron stammered, “Wha.. what’s going on?”

Nicki laughed, a low, throaty sound. “Oh, come on, Ron - you’re a genius. I’m sure you’ll figure it out eventually.”

Then she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulled him forward, and pressed her firm, full lips against his, kissing him hungrily.

For an instant, Ron merely stiffened in shock as her incredibly long, supple tongue slid between his slack lips... then he responded, kissing her back as his cock grew almost painfully hard. Her hand slid over his, slowly drawing it on top of her smooth, resilient thigh, then she let her hand slide back, across his leg, and to his crotch...

‘Yelp’ing, Ron leaped up and backed away from the couch.

“Nicki, I don’t know what’s wrong - but... this isn’t right.” Ron said, holding out his hands. “Maybe it’s a chemical imbalance... maybe it’s...”

With the same sensual grace, Nicki slowly rose to her feet and looked at him. “It’s not a chemical imbalance, Ron.”

Ron cocked his head. “Then why the hell are you doing this.. I mean.. we can’t.. you can’t...”

“Ron... I like you. I liked you when I was a man, and I like you know.” She turned away, and her voice changed. “Why don’t you like me now?”

Ron was stunned, instinctively taking a few steps closer and tentatively placing a hand on her shoulder. “Nicki.. I still like you. That.. that’s part of the problem.” He took a deep breath, trying to calm his raging hormones. “Nicki - we both know you’re a man...”

“Am I?” She asked, turning to face him - and Ron was so shocked by the bitterness of the question that he took an instinctive step backwards.

Spreading her arms wide and turning the elbows inwards, she made an up-and-down motion to indicate her body. “Is this the body of a man, Ron. If anyone should know, you should - you made it. Is it just a layer of flesh covering the body of a man?”

“No...” Ton said, blinking. “Physically... you’re female. But you used to...”

“I know what I used to be.” Nicki said, her voice softening, her eyes becoming limpid. “But that’s not what I am anymore, Ron. I know that you’re attracted to this body - and I know that you like the ‘me’ who controls it. I like you, too, and find you attractive - and it’s been driving me nuts all day, because it’s ‘wrong’. I would catch myself thinking about you ‘that way’ - and would be ashamed, disgusted, horrified. Even know, deep down, I’m frightened by my...”

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath - then opened her eyes and met his evenly.

“My love for you.” She said, calmly and clearly. “It might have just been friendship when I was male - but every inch of me is female now. Behind this female skin beat a female heart, pumping blood full of female hormones that are completely natural for this body. What was just admiration and friendship became touched by the heat of me female body’s completely natural urges - and became something more.”

She held her hands out, pleading. “I know it isn’t easy for you. It isn’t easy for me, either. That’s why I fought it, why I was determined to struggle and prevail against the completely natural urges and needs of this body.”

“Then you know why...” Ron started to say.. but the look on Nicki’s eyes cut him off.

“That was when I was going to be female for a week, Ron. Now I’m going to be female for a year - and have to be around you every single day of that year. Be near you, where I’ll think about you, constantly. Where these urges will find you so close.. yet so far. Where I would slowly go mad from what I can’t have... except, of course, the only reason not to is the fact that I was once male, and that affects how we think about me.”

She gestured at her body again, this time beseechingly. “I’m not male, anymore, Ron. Regardless of what I was, of my upbringing, I’m as female as Mother Eve. Are you asking me to spend a year suffering in silence, of pretending that I’m still male when everything I’ve become screams at me that I’m not? Is that what you’re asking of me, Ron? A year spent in my own personal Hell, in love with a man who is embarrassed at the mere sight of me?”

Ron never knew what he would have answered that charge with - because he never got the chance.

“Because...” Nicki said, her voice breaking and sending slivers of pain through Ron’s heart. “...if that’s what your asking of me... I’ll do it.”

“Wha...?” Ron whispered.

Straightening herself, Nicki met his gaze bravely, though tears shone in her dark, deep eyes. “Say that’s what you want,

Ron - and this never happened. I'll spend that year being as every bit as cheerful as I've ever been, being the same friend that I've always been to you - and I'll never once let on what I'm feeling inside when I stand next to you."

In that instant, something he'd learned back in college swam out of the depth of memory to slam him behind the eyes in a soundless white explosion of utter clarity and delayed understanding, as the world as he perceived it wavered - and snapped into true, clear focus, allowing him to see what Nicki had realized a few hours earlier...

"Trust no Future..." Ron whispered, eyes wide in sudden comprehension.

Of all possible responses Nicki had expected... this wasn't one of them. "What?"

Ron's eyes suddenly focused on her again, and when he spoke, it was in the awed tone of a man who has seen the light.

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant. Let the dead Past bury it's dead. Act, act in the living Present. Heart within, and God o'erhead." Ron quoted, softly. "Longfellow wrote that - I remember reading it in English Lit..."

A faint, relieved smile touched Nicki's lips, and she nodded to herself, knowing that Ron understood - then her smile widened. "Actually, the quote that came to my mind earlier was Pope - 'Honor and Shame from no condition rise; Act well your part; there all the honor lies'." She winked. "See - I ain't no illiterate peasant, neither."

The body was that of a huge-breasted fantasy... but the smile was pure Nick as she stepped forward, wrapped her arms around his neck, and waited.

This time, Ron didn't hold back - and the kiss he got in return said it all - it had Nick's impudent humor as she teased him with her incredible new tongue - but the body, lips and passion of the kiss were female, all female, and nothing but female.

Whatever she might have been before, and might be again, Nicki was all woman - and now Ron understood that it was more than just 'all right' to accept that and act on it.

So, when Nicki began to unbutton his clothes, he responded. A bit hesitantly, blushing furiously - as was she - but definitely responsive as he eased the shoulder straps of her garment off and let it slide down her body to puddle around her ankles.

When he first touched her massive, firm tits, she gasped - and he flinched in a guilt-ridden reaction. But the passion of her kiss - not to mention that she reached up and quite firmly put his hands back on her tits - caused him to resume fondling her huge endowments, and by the time she slowly eased him back against the bed, his touch was no longer tentative.

Gently - still kissing and touching him as he kissed and touched her - Nicki eased him back on the bed, sliding him upward until he was all the way on the soft surface. Breaking the passionate kiss, she smiled down at him and held his wrists so that his hands remained on her firm globes as she sat up, straddling him. Flexing her toned, firm thighs, she lifted herself up and released his wrists.

While he continued to fondle her tits, she reached down and gently grasped his hard, ready cock. Playfully, she gave it a light squeeze - then slowly, hesitantly positioned herself, her smile still there, but tinged with nervousness.

Then, taking a deep breath, she lowered herself slowly, gasping as she slowly engulfed his cock with her wet, ready cunt.

“Oh...” she moaned... and Ron mirrored it.

For a second, she just sat there, soaking up the new sensation of being filled, of having a hard, warm cock inside of her. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt before, and she was stunned by just how satisfying it felt, as if there's been an aching void in her that she hadn't even known existed, and it had just found the piece that fit it perfectly.

Then again - that wasn't exactly metaphoric, considering what her new womanhood was designed for, and what was filling it.

Closing her eyes, she flexed her legs and lifted herself slowly up.. then slid slowly down, feeling the delightful friction of his cock in her tight new cunt. Since she was 'created' deflowered, she wasn't 'technically' a virgin - but it was her first time, and she took it slow - and found herself savoring every new sensation, ever new firing of her restructured nerves in her new cunt.

Then she began to pick up the pace, and Ron moaned with her as she let her head loll back in pleasure, eyes sliding close as she gave voice to the intense - and building - pleasure she was experiencing.

It was matched by Ron's own. Despite the enjoyment he was getting from fondling the huge bust he'd guiltily spent the day lusting over and finally had his hands on, he let his hands slide from her tits to hold her hips as her rhythm increased - and now her head was rolling from side to side as she rode atop him in a primal rhythm, feeling the rising need for satisfaction being matched by the rising ecstasy.

“Yes, oh yes...” She moaned, driving harder, deeper atop Ron's cock, finding the sensations all her fantasies had told her it would be - and more.

“Oh *fuck* yes...” She moaned, her hands curling around Ron's shoulders as she leaned forward and changed the up and down motion into a sort of up-and-sown rocking motion that increased the friction on her clit while also providing a better 'fit' inside her tight, sopping cunt.

“*Fuckin' God almighty and the horse he rose in on! Yesssss!*” She scroaned (half screamed, half moaned) as the sensations built. Her nipples felt like they were hard as bullets as they thrust straight out from her huge tits, engorged to their fullest extent - and there seemed to be a network of nerves that bypassed the rest of her and joined them directly to her highly-charged clit. Her huge tits were jiggling and swaying as she rode almost frantically atop Ron, her face contorted in the odd expression of ecstasy as sweat began to run down her body.

To an outside viewer who'd never seen such a sight, it might have looked ludicrous - but to Ron (who seemed to be trying to do an impression of Goofy), she was the most lovely thing he'd ever seen as she drove herself with abandon on his throbbing, tight cock, groaning his name over and over.

Then words vanished in a moan of primal intensity as her 'first' female orgasm hit, gripping her tight in its power and leaving her writhing in pure, mindless pleasure...

...as did the second, third and forth orgasms, following closely behind, each one 'less' then the one before - but still orgasms, and incredibly powerful.

It was more then Ron could withstand - as her orgasms hits, she began thrashing upon his cock, the muscles in her cunt going into spasm - and he gave a groan of his own as he came hard and long, a day's worth of frustrated, 'forbidden' lust spending itself in few eternal, orgasmic seconds.

Gasping, Nicki pulled herself off of his juice-soaked dick and collapsed into his arms, her huge tits pressed against his side. He began to fondle one of them as she slowly pushed herself up on one arm to look at him with a limpid, utterly satisfied expression on her face, mingled with awe at the power of the experience.

Then, slowly, an expression that was all Nick rose to her face, transformed by her new gender - and by their new comprehension of reality - into an expression that Ron knew was all Nicki, and she grinned impishly at him.

"So, Boss..." She said, one hand tracing patterns on the back of the hand he was using to slowly fondle her tit. "...about that raise "

Chuckling, Ron pulled her into his embrace (not that she fought) and as they kissed with less pure passion and more affection, they knew that - whatever the past may have been, and whatever the future may hold, they had found the best possible 'now' for both of them.

* * * * *

TWO YEARS LATER

It was a wonderful dream until the police car came howling through the middle of the field, siren screaming....

Slowly, wakefulness returned, and in the magic of the dream-to-waking transition, the shrill scream of the siren dopplered into the sound of a baby crying in the next room.

Blearily, Nicki stared up at the ceiling. She loved little Ricky to death - but she couldn't wait until he got to the stage where he'd sleep through the night.

Feeling the pressure in her milk engorged tits, Nicki considered letting herself waking up fully and going to feed him but she was still close enough to sleep to be able to drift off again, and her tits

were painfully full.

So she nudged the figure sharing the big double bed with her. "Doc... get up..." She said, sleepily.

The figure stirred, the sheets curling protectively over one shoulder until Nicki nudged again... then the bedsprings creaked and the sheets rustled as they were pushed down to waist level, revealing a tall, slender woman with a full, luxurious mane of tawny blonde hair and a pair of tits that rivaled Nicki's own, right down to the milk production.

"Damn..." Ronnie muttered, sleepily. "I was having a fantastic dream..." "So was I." Nicki muttered. "It's your turn to feed Ricky."

"Yeah, I guess..." Ronnie replied in a her rich, feminine voice. "Besides... I'm getting a little tender - I could use some relief."

Pushing the covers aside, she slowly pulled herself into a sitting position and swung her long, sexy legs over the edge of the bed, her dainty feet feeling around for her slippers. Finding them, she rose from the bed...

...huge cock swaying limply from her crotch, worn out by the events of the evening before. With the slow, cautious steps of somebody still half-asleep, the incredibly endowed (both ways) she-male scientist began to pad off to their son's room.

"Ronnie...?" Nicki said, sleepily.

"Yeah, honey?" Ronnie replied, leaning against the door frame to look back at his wife.

"Thanks for agreeing to the.. compromise." She said, sleepy but sincere. "We're probably the only couple in history who doesn't have to deal with the whole midnight feeding arguments."

"Yeah, well - it's the least I could do." Ronnie said, with a grin. "Beside, who knows? We agreed that after a year we have to go back to a /mommy/daddy pair to keep poor Ricky from getting really, really confused - but we never said who was going to go back to male..."

"Mmmmm... fine by me..." Nicki muttered, on the edge of dropping off - and the reply surprised Ronnie.

"Really?" He asked, wondering if Nicki was beginning to loose the lust for female life she'd acquired.

"Yeah...." Nicki replied, barely coherent. "You can have the next kid, and see what it feel like... natural childbirth is best, my ass..."

Then she was asleep once more, and Ronnie smiled and blew her a kiss before padding off to feed their child.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: After stealing and selling revolutionary beauty products for a large sum of money, one man receives a new product in the mail called B.A.M.B.I which he feels could also make him a fortune, but

for some strange reason he feels he needs to try the product first.

Trustworthy

By Gunslinger

Seated at the workbench in his study/lab, Ben flipped a lock of longish blond hair out of his face and readjusted the reading glasses perched on his nose, hardly able to believe what was written in the letter he held.

Incredulous, the slender biochemist swept his eyes over the small, foam-lined metal box that had come in the taxi-delivered package, eyeing the glistening syringes laying inside, then his pale blue eyes once more turned to the letter that had accompanied the shipment:

Dear Dr. Kincaid,

I really, really regret the unnecessary bitterness that's come between us in the past couple of months. After today's ruling proved you innocent, I realized that what your lawyers said all along must be true - it was just simple coincidence that BioLux came up with a anti-asthma formula nearly identical to mine at nearly the exact same time.

I so want you to know how I feel about this incident - so I've set you a complete set of samples of my latest 'beauty' formula, so that you can perform complete toxicity tests on them.

Since it was you I so falsely accused of stealing my asthma formula, it's directly to you I've sent the samples, not to your company. I realize I probably should have contacted your company, and it's lawyers, before taking this step, but in truth, my conscience demands I act immediately, and I know you have a small but fully equipped lab in your home, since it was such a prominent argument for 'means' in my suit against you.

In fact, I'm so eager to express my feelings about the outcome of this lawsuit, I've rushed the samples and the associated data on CD-ROM to you before even advising my own company about the product. In fact, I couldn't even wait for the time it would take for a courier service to deliver the samples and ROM - I just called a cab to come pick it up and deliver it to you!

In any case, I hope you'll thoroughly examine the data on the CD-ROM, as well as the samples themselves, and once you've finished with what I've sent you, we'll be completely even for the lawsuit I force upon you because of my mistrust.

Yours,

Dr. Natasha Lyndenko

After reading the letter a second time, Ben just couldn't help himself. He began to laugh.

He couldn't believe this. It was as if fate were playing right into his hands.

First, he earned himself a small fortune by selling this dumb bitch's asthma formula to BioLux. Then, thanks to careful

planning, and the best lawyers a small portion of that ill-gotten money could buy, he'd wormed his way out from under the lawsuit.

Now, to top it all off, not only does this stupid cunt send him her next sample - she send it directly to him, with no records to indicate he'd gotten it. Hell, even her own company didn't know about this.

All he had to do was verify that the new compound was reasonably safe, with no major toxicity or side-effects... and then he could turn around and sell it to BioLux. Even if this Russian bitch tried to sue him over it, not only would there be no proof on her side, but his 'not guilty' verdict in the first lawsuit would make this second suit look purely vindictive!

God, some people were just so... stupid!

Sliding the CD into the drive and bringing up the first of the files, Ben was forced to admit that, stupid as she might be in other area, this dub broad was a first-class biochemist - otherwise, what good would stealing from her do?

Still, this new formula - Beauty and Mannerism Biological Increaser, or B.A.M.B.I - was still easily the most amazing thing Ben had ever laid eyes on. He practically began to salivate as he read over the amazing effects theorized from the complex formula.

The serum contained in the vials would be worth a fortune if they were even only one-tenth as effective as they were noted to be.

Somehow, Natasha had created a biochemical formula that 'enhanced' all the standard markers for feminine beauty. Supposedly, this formula would slim the waist, increase and firm the bust, soften the skin, and a dozen other effects.

More than that - BAMBI would also have an effect on specific portions of the brain. Just as psychiatric drugs could influence the chemical balance in the brain to eliminate some effects, or enhance others, so this formula was supposed to increase the 'feminine mannerisms' of the user.

According to the clinical notes listed, BAMBI proved that this Russian cunt was indeed a biochemical genius...

...who didn't know shit about recording lab data.

In content, the reports were almost complete, but frustratingly shy of that standard - she was forever referring to an unspecified 'anomaly' in the effect of BAMBI. Something apparently minor enough in her opinion not to warrant complete listings, meaning it wasn't considered dangerous - but without knowing exactly what the anomaly was, Ben couldn't very well sell it. After all, the anomaly might not be dangerous - but what if it was something that would make the product unmarketable...?

As annoying as the content problem of the CD-ROM was, the recording problem was even more annoying. There was some sort of interference pattern moving across the screen, almost like fractal static. It wasn't only ever-present, but in it's form and repetition, nearly... hypnotic. Several times, Ben caught himself simply staring at the surprisingly seductive pattern running across the screen overlaid on the data he was supposed to be viewing.

In fact - when he was finally finished going through the data, he was stunned to find that nearly two hours had passed.

"Whoa..." He said, shaking his head. He felt as if he had just awakened after a night of too little sleep, or something - and perhaps he had, for he would have sworn that he'd only spent half an hour or so going over the data, if it weren't for the undeniable evidence of the clock in the bottom right-hand corner of the screen. "Weird..."

Putting the fact that he might have inadvertently dozed off aside for the moment, he turned to look at the vials of serum sitting on the workbench - serum that could be priceless, or worthless, depending on what this 'anomaly' was.

"What the hell is wrong with you...?" He asked, meditatively, as he picked one of the prepared syringes out of its soft foam bed. Briefly, he considered running the stuff through the usual gamut of test in his lab - but the data he'd just viewed indicated those tests had been done at the originating lab, and yet the 'anomaly' hadn't shown up until the life-testing stage.

"I gotta tell this Russian cunt how to properly document..." He muttered to himself, annoyed and frustrated - the report didn't even indicate what type of lab animal had been used in the live-testing that had revealed the anomaly. After all, what might affect a rat or a rhesus monkey might not affect a human. How was he to know what side-effects might crop up, if he didn't have any solid, useful data...?

Then, like a bolt from the blue, the answer struck him.

"Of course...!" He said, slapping himself on the forehead. "If I need to know what side effects it might have on a human, I'll just inject it into myself...!"

Shaking his head at his own stupidity, and wondering why an answer that obvious hadn't hit him sooner, he quickly prepared himself for the injection, tying a length of rubber hose around his upper arm and rubbing the surface of his skin with some alcohol.

Ready, he neatly slid the end of the syringe into his protruding vein, then smoothly depressed the plunger on the end of the needle, injecting the serum into his blood stream.

Unwrapping the make-shift tourniquet from around his arm, he let the chemical serum enter his blood-stream as he sat back down at his computer. If memory was right, it would take about a half an hour for the full effects would be realized, but he just wanted to double check that one section and make sure...

Shaking his head, Ben realized that he must have dozed off again - he'd been staring at the one section of data for nearly forty-five minutes.

The one section of data that verified that the effects did, indeed, take just under half an hour to manifest. Well, he supposed, that would explain why he felt a little...odd.

Not to mention, probably looked a little odd, as well - if the somewhat longer nails gracing the tips of somewhat slimmer fingers was any indication.

Still feeling a bit thick-witted from the unplanned little cat-nap he must have taken, Ben rose from the computer station and ran his slimmer, more feminine-looking hands over his body.

The simple beige slacks he was wearing seemed to be a bit tighter across the hips and ass - but it might have been somewhat exaggerated by the fact that the pants were looser around the waist, and slightly over-long. Apparently, he'd lost a little over two inches in total height.

His feet were also at least a size smaller inside his comfortable penny-loafers, and his shoulders and arms had a bit more room inside the white cotton shirt he wore - though it sat a bit snug across the two undeniably feminine mounds that sat on his chest.

Bemused, he unbuttoned the shirt and took a good look at his new tits.

There wasn't much to see there - just a pair of domes mounds, barely a 'b'-cup, poking perkily from a chest that was denuded of body hair - or nearly so. A closer look revealed the fine, downy hair one might expect to find on a woman's chest, just as a check of his arms and legs revealed that the body hair there was finer in nature - as was the somewhat longer, slightly more golden-hued hair hanging down over a slightly reshaped forehead.

"Amazing..." He muttered, hearing the voice coming out somewhat higher pitched as he gently fondled the largest single change - a cock radically reduced in size, one that he wasn't able to get erect through any amount of manipulation. "I can't believe she managed to make a serum that would do all this - even the bone loss necessary to make the body smaller in both height, and finer in over-all build., It's really quite amazing..."

But it didn't really explain what the unmentioned anomaly was. As he buttoned the slightly loose shirt back over his newly budded breasts and pulled his pants back up over his shrunken cock and slimmer legs, he couldn't seem to find anything 'anomalous' about the effects - whatever feminine aspects he'd had had been 'enhanced' by BAMBI, just as specified, with nothing out of the ordinary.

Frowning, the need to know what this 'anomaly' was more insistent then any problem he could remember in along time, he sat back down at the computer to go over another section of the data, hoping to find anymore clues.

After a half-hour on one single passage, he thought he might have something.

He thought maybe this Natasha chick had used the serum on herself. It would explain her hesitancy to mention it in the official report, especially if it was something embarrassing.

Well, if it was, he had to find out - because 'embarrassing' didn't sell well.

As he figured it, the anomaly probably hadn't shown up because he wasn't nearly feminine enough. Natasha, after all, was a woman, while he was a man...

...so, the simple and obvious thing to do was take another dose of the drug, and hope the anomaly showed up.

Quickly, Ben set up and injected another shot of BAMBI into his system, then turned his attention back to the computer as he waited for it to take effect.

Once again, he found himself losing track of time, registering the change well after it had happened. Once more, he paused to take stock of the situation, finding that BAMBI had once again lived up to its promises, just as he hoped it would - there was absolutely no doubt that he was now more feminine than he had been before.

Indeed, he thought with an amused grin, he could hardly be expected to call himself 'he' anymore, what with no discernible male genitalia. Aside from a tiny nub where his cock had once been, his somewhat reshaped crotch was completely smooth...

...but that was just a passing notice as he searched assiduously for any sign of an anomaly - and once again failed to find anything.

This was getting ridiculous. He needed to know what this anomaly was. Without that highly vital, and frustratingly elusive, information, this powerful serum was potentially worthless. The need to discover what this mysterious anomaly was overrode everything else, occupied his thinking and drove out all other considerations.

He had to know what the problem with this serum was. BAMBI meant everything to him, and he had to understand BAMBI completely. He had to make sure BAMBI was as perfect as he hoped.

Almost absently, he went through another injection as he once more settled in front of the computer for more in-depth study of the files...

Three hours - and four more injections - later, she pushed back from the computer in cheerful annoyance. "Like, oh-mi-gawd!" She said, with a giggle. "It's like, so fursating... fruatating... like, totally a bummer!"

She started to rise from the chair - then almost fell over as her dainty little foot caught in the folds of her much-too-long pant legs. Slumping back in the chair, she stared down at her pants for a second, wondering what to do - then giggled and shook her head at her own foolishness, feeling the silky tresses of her long, luxurious platinum hair stir over the high cheekbones lurking beneath her huge blue eyes with the head-wiggle.

Giggling to herself, she quickly skinned out of her pants - which only made sense, since she hadn't been able to button them over her ample hips over perfectly rounded 'bubble-butt' for some time now.

Once free of her pants, the tiny little example of abundant womanhood rolled the sleeves over her over-sized shirt up to the elbows of her slender, fine-boned arms, then began to pace up and down the room, mind working over the still-unknown problems with the serum.

She was padding barefoot over the floor, because her tiny feet didn't even allow her shoes to stay on anymore, which was fine with her - they were so, like, ugly, all plain and mannish. Still, she was forced to take only tiny little sissy-steps that caused her womanly hips to gyrate even more than they would have otherwise, because her high-arched feet were forcing her to walk on

tip-toe.

Which, combined with the motion of her wonderfully huge, round new tits, made it so very hard to concentrate on the all-consuming question of what was wrong with her... well, with BAMBI, but since she'd pumped herself full of it, that's basically what she was now, right? A living example of BAMBI.

Prancing over to the full-length mirror she'd kept around because of the vanity she'd had in her male body, she posed and preened in front of it with a smile, admiring her new body, so infinitely better than her ugly, clunky male one.

"Like, that's what I am now - Bambi...!" She giggled to her reflection, looking with pride at the body only somewhat covered by the oversized man's dress-shirt she wore tied in a big, floppy bow over her gigantic new bust.

"Mmm... My boobies are, like, so huge...!" She chirped in the wonderfully high-pitched voice she'd developed, her tiny hands coming up to lightly caress the great amount of exposed breast-flesh. Her hands seemed almost insignificant next to the bulbous masses of firm, creamy flesh as she lightly and happily ran her long nails over the smooth skin of her basket-ball size boobies. "So wonderfully big, and firm, and round...!"

Yes, she was so happy with her radically altered body - because it was proof that Bambi worked, and that's all she cared about, wasn't it?

Sure it was.

Nobody could deny it worked, not now - not when it had taken her old, male body and made it over so easily and effectively into this perfect image of femininity. Oh, yes, Bambi certainly enhanced feminine features - she was practically a poster-child for that.

After all, look at her ass. Her wonderfully full, taut ass, practically the pinnacle of feminine perfection. Only a few hours before, it had been a flat, hard, ugly male ass - but look at it now!

With a soft sigh, she ran her fingers over the firm, generous globes of her spectacularly feminine new ass, so happy at how effective the wonder-drug had been. If she'd ever had any doubts about it, this mouth-watering ass alone would have been enough to lay them to rest - and since she was concerned with making sure Bambi was effective and marketable, this ass made her incredibly happy, because what woman wouldn't be willing to pay great sums of money for an ass so delightful, so delectable, so... perfect?

That alone would have made Bambi worth a fortune - but it was hardly limited to her ass now, was it? Oh, no - Bambi was a whole-package deal.

Look at her skin - so soft, so smooth, so bare of ugly body-hair, like the gangly excuse for a man she'd been. Now, her tiny, delicate frame, barely five-foot-two, was smooth and soft and supple in a way her male body should never have been capable of becoming - so it was once more proof positive of the effect it could have on even the ugliest of women.

Yes, that's what she was - proof positive that even the ugliest woman could be helped by the wonder-drug - if they bought and

used enough of what was sure to be an expensive compound.

After all, she'd been male - and now look at her!

Not a hint of masculinity in her tiny new form. Not in her cute, button-nosed face with it's full, sexy lips. Not in her tiny little waists or her long, sexy legs. Certainly there was nothing masculine about the magnificent boobies she was lightly caressing - so big and round and firm, tipped by wonderfully huge, sensitive nipples. Just think of all the money earned by women getting breast enhancement surgery - now she was living proof that you could get them as big as you wanted with just a drug, and she had been completely flat-chested to begin with.

Well, she certainly wasn't now...

She giggled at the thought, lightly squeezing her huge, thick new nipples through the thin layer of fabric that only barely covered them,... then let her hands glide down past her wonderfully tiny, feminine waist to the tight little cunt nestled in the hairless 'V' of her crotch.

The tight, wet, extremely sensitive cunt. Oh, yes - this cunt made her so happy, because think what 'real' women would pay to have a cunt even half as sensitive as her wet new wonder!

"Like, oh-mi-gawd.." She told the mirror, happily. "I'm, like, so perfect! I'm, like, a living Bambi-doll! One look at what Bambi did to the ugly, geeky guy I was, and the insev... ivetso.. money guys will pay, like, millions of dollars! Hell, maybe even thousands and thousands...!"

She giggled again... and then became aware of a sound that had been annoying her for the last couple of minutes.

Frowning, hating to have her mind pulled away from her consideration of the serum - and, of course, the wonderful effects, because of how rich they were going to make her - she focused on the strange ringing sound.

A second after she recalled that the sound's first repetition was what had pulled her attention away from the computer in the first place, she recognized the sound as that of the doorbell.

"Gee, I wonder who's here so late...!" She asked herself airily as she jiggled-swayed-bounced her way to the front door in a series of hip-swaying sissy steps.

Every single step was a wonderful adventure in the proof-positive of the Bambi serum. With each wiggle of her wide hips, each jiggle of her great big new titties, every sissy-stride of her long new legs, she felt a thrill of happiness and excitement over how wonderfully feminine her body had become, proving how much Bambi would be worth to real women.

Reaching the front door, she opening it wide - to find a guy standing on her front porch.

Great! An objective observer who could help verify that the effects of Bambi were as impressive as she thought. "Oh, like, hi!" She burbled, alto-soprano. "Like, do you think my body is, like, you know, totally *hot*, or what?"

The man, a chubby, somewhat pimply-faced young man in an ill-fitting uniform for one of the late-night delivery services

that usually did 'beer runs', gaped at her in either shock, admiration, or both. Nervously, he licked his flabby lips, then managed to stammer out an answer in a voice that was probably two octaves higher than it usually was.

"Um, uh.. Miss, I'm just, uh, here to deliver a package for, uh... Bambi Bimbeaux?" He stammered, awkwardly.

"Gee, I guess that's me!" Bambi said, almost without thinking, more intent on getting an answer to her all-important questions. She thrust her shoulders back, almost making her wonderfully sensitive, feminine new tits almost pop free of their improvised tit-sling. "Do you like my big titties...?"

The young man's pimply face had gone beet red, and he was looking around frantically - though, inevitably, his eyes almost always returned to her nearly-naked form.

"Lady... I'm just here to deliver a package..." He squeaked, gesturing at the large package on a handcart near his side. She rolled her eyes and sighed, wondering why the guy couldn't give her a straight answer.

"All right - bring it in..." She said, with a sighing giggle, stepping aside so that the man could wheel the big crate into the house.

"Yeah, okay..." the delivery man said, sweating profusely - and, she noticed with a gleeful smile, sporting a fair-sized woody in the pants of his uniform. "Here... you're supposed to look at this..."

As the man passed her, wheeling the load towards the living room, he handed her one of those compact little DVD-TV combos. She looked at it, almost dismissing it out of hand since it couldn't have any bearing on the all-encompassing Bambi question, but then she decided to hit the 'play' button, since she didn't have anything better to do at the moment.

The screen flared to life - but there was no picture, just a strange interference patter much like the one on the CD-ROM Natasha had sent her.

The resemblance to the interference on the data disk made her think - and suddenly, the conclusion she'd been missing became blindingly obvious.

The 'anomaly' wasn't in the physical side of Bambi, but in the mental side! The serum was supposed to enhance feminine mannerisms, and although she, herself, hadn't noticed any such changes, surely that's the area in which the anomaly lay, which is why she hadn't noticed it yet.

It made perfect sense.

Now all she had to do was figure out which part of the feminine mannerisms had the problem in it!

With a happy giggle, she hit the 'stop' button on the player, putting it aside and wiggled-jiggled-giggled her way into the living room, where the man had just finished unloading and opening the large travel-trunk for her.

"There you are, lady..." He said, trying hard - and failing - not to stare at her nearly-naked form. "I, uh, guess you've been waiting for this..."

The trunk was full of clothes. Women's clothes, and shoes, and accessories.

"Gee - It must be from Natasha!" Bambi said, clapping her hands together and jumping up and down with joy at realizing that the wonderful woman had sent her a full supply of 'props' to help track down the anomaly.

The jumping motion made Bambi's wonderful massive boobies pop right out of her top - but she barely noticed, so excited as she was with the wonderfully wide, feminine array of clothing and stuff she could test her 'mannerisms' with.

The same couldn't be said for the delivery man. When her tits popped out of her top, his eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"Here - tell me if you find this stuff, like, really sexy, 'kay?" She asked the delivery man, shucking off the ill-fitting shirt as she all-but dived into the trunk, flinging clothing and accessories aside as she sorted through the treasure-trove of feminine finery.

"But, uh.. I'm, uh, supposed to..." The delivery man protested, half-heartedly, gesturing in the direction of the front door.

She paused in her exploration of the trunk's contents, pouting in annoyance. "You don't want to stay and let me be sexy for you?"

It was, in it's own way, a rhetorical question. One more long, 'hard' look at the sexy little blonde bimbo, and the delivery guy gave the only answer somebody with his sexual history, or lack thereof, could be expected to give, job be damned: "Okay."

She giggled and smiled at him, the dove back into her exploration of the trunk.

A few minutes later, she was ready to begin testing her new feminine mannerisms, searching for a flaw in her 'programming'.

She started by pulling on a pair of nylon stockings. Sitting on the edge of the couch, she took the wonderfully soft white nylons in her tiny hands - and watched herself ball them up onto her fingers expertly, sliding the fine-meshed fabric up over the silky smooth flesh of her long, shapely legs as if she'd done this hundreds or thousands of times, instead of this being her first.

Likewise, she slipped the white garter belt into place around her womanly hips and clipped the stockings to it without any conscious thought, her body knowing how to go through the feminine motions all on it's own, thanks to that wonder-drug she'd gotten from Natasha.

Being able to do these wonderfully feminine things so easily and expertly almost made her want to cum in excitement. This process was going to make her rich...!

...assuming that whatever this still-unknown anomaly was wasn't something that would blow the whole deal, something she'd have to find out by further experimentation.

Picking out a pair of shoes with white leather uppers and clear plastic three-inch platforms and eight-inch heels, she quickly slid her high-arched little feet into them and rose to her feet as she pulled a lacy white negligee around her supple body.

Smiling at the delivery man, she began prancing around the floor, finding it oh-so-wonderfully easy to stroll about in the extremely high-heeled shoes, once more verifying at least part of the chemical's abilities.

There was more important aspects to know about, however...

"Do you think my walk is sexy...?" She asked, prettily, her hips swaying in a wide arc as her uncovered tits bounced and swayed. The man gulped and nodded, his crotch straining to contain that which bulged within it's cloth prison.

"Good!" Bambi giggled, happy to know the formula was working perfectly.

Next, she pulled out a make-up kit and began applying the contents she found within. Though much of it remained a mystery to her conscious mind, her hands had no problem applying lipstick and lip-liner, mascara and eye-shadow, blush and eye-liner to her cute, if vapid, face.

"How about this...?" "S he asked the delivery man, still swaying sensuously about atop her heels, enjoying the way it made her feel as her bubble-butt swayed and swiveled atop her long legs. "Does this make me even sexier...?"

"Uh-huh..." the man said, nodding rapidly with a stunned look on his face as he looked at the pink-hued makeup that further enhanced the woman's sexy, vapid features.

"Oh, goodie!" She burbled enthusiastically. "I hoped you'd say that!"

So, the 'mannerisms' for dressing and making herself up like a woman had been enhanced, just as promised - which meant that the anomaly must lay somewhere in the behavioral areas.

Well, come to think of it, it should have been obvious. In fact, Bambi felt like hitting herself as she looked down at her wonderful new body dressed in the super-sexy clothing that Natasha had sent over, and finally made the connection she'd been missing.

The body, the clothes, the way the anomaly wasn't specifically listed, almost out of some sort of embarrassment - it all added up to one thing:

Sex.

The anomaly must have something to do with sex. Somehow, the enhanced sexual mannerisms the serum was supposed to create must be flawed - and because it was dealing with such a delicate matter as sex, Natasha hadn't felt comfortable specifying exactly what the problem was.

Yes - it made perfect sense.

Well, that made it oh-so-simple, then - to discover what this frustratingly elusive anomaly was, all she had to do was keeping using sexual skills until she found one that her enjoyment of, or her skill with, wasn't up to standards.

Simple.

Smiling, Bambi set about finding out which of her skills was lacking, beginning with the most basic.

Wiggling and jiggling her way over to where the delivery guy sat with a stunned look on his face, she plopped her tiny, huge-breasted little body down on his lap, wrapped her slender arms around the back of his head, then proceeded to kiss the living daylights out of him.

She let her body go ahead and do what it seemed to know how to do so well, letting her conscious mind remain free to wonder about something much more important: Was she enjoying this?

Indeed she was.

How wonderful it was to live the feel of a man's arms around her, his hands greedily kneading the full flesh of her buttocks while their lips pressed hard together, tongues dancing eagerly in each other's mouth. She knew that, without the wonderful serum, this would disgust her, sicken her, make her want to puke - but the serum was so powerful, it could make even a straight man love being a huge-breasted woman pressed hard against a man's body, huge tits compressed wonderfully against the man's chest as they kissed the hell out of each other.

Indeed, the serum was so wonderful that she loved it even though the man was a pimply-faced chubby geek! Why, the serum was so powerful that she could fuck, suck, or kiss anything with a cock and love it as much as she was loving it now!

It was all so exciting!

Finally, she broke the kiss after her body indicated that it was getting the signals from the guy that it was time to move on. Amazed at how skilled she was as a sexy woman thanks to the serum, she sort of let her body go on 'auto-pilot', letting the skills and mannerisms of the chemical compound that had altered her into the wonderfully sexy woman she was do all the work while she 'sat back' and let herself bathe in the wonderful pleasure letting herself be sexually active provided her with.

"Play with my big titties..." She heard herself say to the man, happy to hear her body tell the man to continue. If there was something wrong with the serum, she should be demanding he stop this sickening, disgusting act, since that would have been her pre-serum response - but the serum was functioning perfectly, and she only wanted more. 'Squeeze them and suck them and touch them...'

The man, thankfully, had no problems complying with her requests, letting her enjoy his fumbling, inexperienced grip as he all-but-mauled her fantastic, massive boobs. Indeed, the very fact that even his geeky, fumbling attempts were getting her so turned on was just another sign of how much money this serum was going to make for her.

As he played with her titties, she scooted further back on his knees - to let her tiny hand reach down and unzip his pants.

Where she should have been disgusted by what she was doing, the serum made it possible for her to be ecstatically happy to be taking a man's warm, hard cock in her hands as the man let go of her boobs and slid his pants down the rest of the way. Indeed, the serum was such a wonder-drug that she was actually panting with nearly desperate desire instead of disgusted perversion as she eagerly slid back towards the man, spreading her legs wide so that she lifted herself above him, then happily

thrust her new body down on his raging manhood.

Oh, god - did it feel wonderful to impale her tight, wet cunt on his throbbing cock!

It was all because of the serum, of course. As she let her body go ahead and use the new skills given to it by the same serum that had reshaped it, she let herself be engulfed in the waves of mindless pleasure and uncritical happiness that came from being an eager little fuck-slut, reveling in the power of this wonder-drug. Even as she thrashed and moaned and gasped, plunging herself up and down atop the man's body, she let the physical pleasure of fucking a man run through a mind that was busy experiencing the pleasure of pure satisfaction, knowing that any drug that could make a heterosexual male enjoy fucking a man this much would make a fortune when sold to 'cold' women.

Her skilled body didn't take all that long to reach orgasm - but even as the blinding pleasure shut down critical mental functions, her trained body continued fucking away, refusing to stop until it had brought the man off to an earth-shattering orgasm of his own.

It took her a bit by surprise to find her body sliding down onto her dimpled little knees between his legs, her mouth eagerly engulfing the softening organ slicked with moth man- and girl-juice... but since it followed her plan of finishing whatever flaw in mannerisms might still lay in the formula, she certainly didn't do anything to stop her body as it expertly went to work, sucking cock like an experienced - and enthusiastic - little cum-slut.

Even with the considerable skills her body possessed, it took damned near forever to get him hard again, much less to make him cum - and she was so glad that her body had been programmed to love the feel and taste of man's cock in her mouth, or the long time it took to get the man off for a second time might have been considerably less then enjoyable.,

Not that Bambi thought this uncritical love of fucking and sucking men was perfect, however - oh no, it had it's inherent flaws. For instance, she was actually greatly disappointed by the blowjob, because of how little cum the man was able to pump down her eagerly waiting throat. What, with her taste-buds physically altered to find the taste of semen so wonderful, it was a vast disappointment to get so little of the sweet, hot cum to fill her mouth.

Oh, well - she'd have to suck a man's cock from the get-go at some point, to make sure her body still loved it when it was damned near pints of the creamy warm man-seed being pumped down her throat. She was pretty sure she'd love it as much as she'd loved this skimpy little load, but she'd have to be sure...

"Okay - now fuck me up the ass..!" She said, eagerly, standing up and turning around to present her taut, full ass-cheeks to him... "Can't..." the man wheezed. "Done..."

Bambi rolled her eyes and sighed. How was she going to make sure there was no major flaws in her sexual skills if this guys couldn't fuck her in every way it was possible for a man to fuck a huge-breasted woman?

Well - she'd just have to find another man, is all.

As she quickly replaced her negligee with a skin-tight white spandex dress that just barely covered the tops of her

stockings, and exposed miles of delectable cleavage, she decided that it was for the best. After all, she'd need enough men for her to allow testing of such critical 'programming' as getting fucked up the ass, tit-fucked, and even hand-jobs. Though the fact that even thinking about doing these things almost made her cum was enough to suggest that the anomaly didn't apply in these areas, she'd have to go through each of them, just to be sure...

In fact, she realized as she strutted towards the door, already eagerly anticipating a long night of fucking and sucking any men she could find, 'once' wouldn't be enough. In science, you had to have enough data to make sure there was no flaws from an outside source.

Yes, she realized as she walked outside the house, she'd have to perform each sexual act at least a hundred times, just for enough statistical data.

Then again - what if the anomaly only kicked in in certain situation? Say, in the order of sexual acts? What if she could love getting tit- fucked, the taking a huge, throbbing cock up her ass, but would be disgusted if done in the other order?

She had to know,. Finding this anomaly was more important then... well, then absolutely anything else in the world.

Oh, well - she'd just have to fuck and suck in every conceivable position, order, manner and way it was possible to do it - and each of those combinations would have to be done with every conceivable type of man, just in case the anomaly was related to a specific build, race, or type of guy.

It didn't matter. She was determined to find out what this anomaly was, and she'd just keep fucking and sucking men for as long as it took.

"Hell..." She said to no-one in particular, giggling. "If necessary, I'll spend years doing this...!"

Determined, Bambi Bimbeaux swiveled, swayed and bounced her way down the sidewalk, watching for her next 'test subject'...

* * * * *

Tucking his cock into his pants, Josh sighed and shook his head in amazement. Here he'd been doing a late-night deliver that, even on the face of it, was a little odd - but he'd certainly never expected some huge-breasted blonde bimbo to almost literally fuck his brains out, and then simply walk away.

She'd left all the house lights on, a computer running, and the front door standing wide open - yet a simple glance out the door revealed that she wasn't just going out to get the mail or anything like that. She was long gone.

Shaking his head again, Josh started to shut off the lights, planning to leave the house locked up for the woman - though he didn't even think she'd taken her keys with her when she'd left. Still, he wouldn't feel comfortable leaving the house just standing open like this.

Walking over, he reached out to shut off the computer...

...then frowned as he watched some sort of weird static flicker across the screen..

Some time later, he blinked and shook his head, wondering what the hell all the scientific gibberish on the screen meant. It was way over his head, and he normally wouldn't have cared what it all meant - but for some reason, it seemed really important to him to figure out what all this chemical crap was.

Drumming his fingers on the desk, Josh glanced around, hoping to spot some sort of 'science-shit to English' dictionary...
...and noticed a pile of needles on the desk.

About half the needles were empty, used - but there were still some left.

For some reason, Josh just knew that it would be a hell of a lot easier to understand this science stuff if he just injected himself with whatever was in the needles.

Even as his eyes almost instinctively returned to that hypnotic static pattern on the screen, one chubby hand reached out for a syringe...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Three male advertising executives find themselves the victim of a disgruntled scientist who uses his special line of "products" to turn two of them into huge male studs and the third into a lust crazed bimbo.

Truth In Advertising

By Gunslinger

The phone on the desk shrilled, once, twice...

Taking a last sip of his cooling coffee, Nick leaned his rangy body back in the chair and, without looking, easily snatched the receiver from it's cradle, bringing it up beside his head as he continued to eye the poster on the wall he was critiquing.

"Lyman, Stone and Denbrough Advertising, can I help you?" Nick asked, putting down his now-empty mug. He used his

freed hand to ruffle his short thatch of auburn hair as he listened.

"I, um, certainly hope so." The voice on the other end of the phone said. "Can I speak, uh, to one of the partners, please?"

Nick smiled at the sound of the abstracted, slightly fussy voice on the other end of the line, making his strong-featured, pointed-jawed face go from 'impish' to 'Devilish'. "This is Nicholas Denbrough. How may I help you, sir?" He asked, hoping that the other man would miss the more-than-slight sarcasm that oozed from the last word.

"Yes, well... um..." The voice muttered, and Nick, playing the game he usually did when talking on the phone, began to construct a mental image of the man. Middle aged, shock of white hair, slightly absent-minded...

"My name is Matheson... Uh, Donald, Donald Matheson. Dr. Matheson to be precise." The voice at the other end said, rambling. "I'm a... uh,... well, 'inventor' I guess. Or, perhaps 'research scientist'."

Immediately, Nick's face went from devilish to fiendish as he realized he'd pegged the guy as the stereotypical 'absent-minded professor' type in one go. "Well, Dr. Matheson, what can I do for you today?"

Matheson paused. "I, um, have been working on several different, um... products, I guess you would say. Then, ah, a few weeks ago I came across several advertisements for products that, um,... seemed to be what I was working on. I ordered these products. To see if I, that is, to find out if my work should still go ahead."

Nick idly twirled a pen in his fingers. "I see." He prompted, not really seeing what the 'good doctor' was going.

"Well, I received the, uh, products and... Well, quite simply, they didn't do what the advertisements said. At first I was, ah, quite *relieved*, you understand - because my work is still viable, you see - but then I realized I had just spent quite a bit of money on, ahem, *fraudulent* products."

Nick realized where Matheson was heading - and if that was the case, what sort of 'research' Matheson must be doing, which brought another smile to Nick's face. "Sir, you should be taking this up with whatever company you purchased the items from."

"Well, you see, I, um, purchased many different items from many different companies. However, the point is, it was the *advertisements* that caused me to purchase them - and all the advertisements were done by your firm, um, sir." Matheson said, and Nick was actually amazed to find the man could work up some indignation in his mild voice.

"I'm sorry sir, but Lyman, Stone and Denbrough isn't responsible for any of the firms we have as clients." Nick said.

"You mean to tell me that you - that is, your firm - is lying to the public, and you don't accept any, um, responsibility for it?" Matheson said, sounding outraged.

Now Nick knew the man wasn't a potential client - and worse, a pain in the ass - he didn't bother with what he called his 'corporate voice' any longer. "Nope, no responsibility at all."

"Well, I shall certainly, um, have to hold you and the firm, um, responsible for the money I spent, as well as the mental

anguish I suffered at the thought of my work being wasted." Matheson said. "I assure you, you shall be hearing more from me." And before Nick could reply, the 'good doctor' had actually hung up on him.

Chuckling, Nick hung up the phone, then stood and stretched, actually having enjoyed the confrontation. It was ironic that Nick's name came last in the company name - in actual fact, Nick *was* the company.

Gary Lyman and Mark Stone were more 'accomplices' than partners. As a matter of fact, they were Nick's roommates in the swanky apartment that also served as his offices, and their names were part of the company because they had fronted him some money, and co-signed the lease to allow him to get this apartment. They were also his best friends, since their collage days.

Nick's small office consisted mostly of a top-of-the-line- computer, with scanner, 2400 dpi color and direct-to-film laser printer, and all the latest gadgets. An expensive set-up - but worth it.

Nick's clients consisted of the 'fringe' business who couldn't afford - and wouldn't be accepted - by the big Ad firms. Mostly 'instant cures' and sex related products, they paid handsomely for the work Nick did, which of course included extravagant - and quite often, totally invented - claims and 'testimonials'. But it was legal - sort of - and it was a good living.

And the best laugh of the morning was the fact that the 'oh-so-irate' Dr. Matheson's research had to be in those gray realms of quack nostrums, sexual aids and 'not-exactly-brand-name' clothing that Nick did the advertising for.

Shaking his head with a grin, Nick regarded the poster he'd been critiquing, decided it was good enough, and instructed the computer to print it as a four color-separated plates, then picked up his empty coffee mug and headed to the kitchen for a refill.

As he passed through the living-room, he raised a hand to Mark and Gary who, as usual, were reclining in front of the big-screen TV that dominated one wall.

It was actually odd that the three of them had managed to become friends in college. In fact, if it hadn't been for the fact that the random vagaries of Dorm selection had thrown them together, they may not have been. But having been tossed into the mix together, their disparate personalities had somehow meshed.

Mark was almost the prototypical nerd. Short, slender and pale, he lacked the big horned-rimmed glasses, but had the somewhat long, slightly greasy head of dark black hair surrounding a pale, thoughtful face that seemed to be made up mostly of his introspective hazel eyes.

Yet that narrow facade hid the fact that he was a certifiable genius with words, which was his lot in life. Even now, half-watching the TV, he was typing away on his lap-top, doing yet another one of his columns for the local paper. A tri-weekly feature, (Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays) the column paid handsomely, allowing Mark to pay his portion of the rent on their luxurious, four-bedroom apartment high above the city.

That same nerdish facade also hid the fact that Mark was an born practical joker. He actually considered his geek-like appearance a bonus - all through the furor caused by the unending string of ingenious practical jokes that occurred during his four-year stay,

no-one had even considered that it could be Mark who was the culprit.

Nick himself would make up the 'middle-man' of their trio. Although not the genius Mark was, Nick had a certain street cunning, and was quite the con-man - which probably led to his current profession. Nick was taller than Mark, with a slender-yet-rangy body, like a runner, and a face that appeared slightly demonic due to his narrow, slightly pointed chin, high cheek-bones, and dark, sly eyes below a short thatch of reddish-brown hair.

And Gary...

Gary was the tallest of the three, with broad shoulders and a slender waist from his days as an athlete - baseball, rather than the more- popular football - at college. But he was easy-going, likable - and had a flair for restoring things mechanical. In specific, antique cars. The sandy-blond man had to work the least to meet his portion of the rent. He worked about one month out of every three, doing amazing work on expensive antique cars, bringing them to better-than-new condition - and getting paid upwards - sometimes *considerably* 'upward' - of twenty thousand per job. (He charged on a simple basis - fifteen percent of the restored cars appraisal value.) At an annual income of just slightly over ninety-five thousand, he was not rich, but what Nick's mother used to call 'comfortable'.

All in all, the three of them got along well. So, as Nick got a refill on his caffeine supplement, he related the call he'd received to his friends, sharing a good laugh.

None of the three had the slightest inkling of what was waiting for them in the future.

* * * * *

It was three days later, just after noon on a Friday, when Nick received the package from Fed-Ex. A large cardboard box, it was surprisingly weighty for it's size, and addressed, not just to 'Lyman, Stone and Denbrough', but included all three of their first names, as well.

"Hey guys..." Nick said, lugging the box into the living room where Gary and Mark were in their usual places. "We got a package." "From whom?" Mark asked, closing MS-Word and laying aside his lap-top.

Nick shrugged. "Don't know. No return address."

"Well, open that bad boy up and see what's inside." Gary suggested, and Nick placed the large box on the sturdy oak coffee-table and followed his friends instruction.

Inside was a VHS videocassette - and a largish lock-box, with a six-digit combination lock built into the lid. A note taped to the videocassette was written in block letter.

"What the...?" Nick asked, confused. Picking up the note, he read it aloud to his friends.

Dear Messrs. Lyman, Stone and Denbrough. Please watch this together. It contains a sort of puzzle, which will probably take all three of you to solve, which will reveal the combination to the lock-box. Inside, you will find a prize.

Enjoy.

There was no signature.

"Anyone have any idea who sent this?" Nick asked, passing the note around. Then a thought struck him, and he shot a look at Mark.

Mark caught the look, and held up his slender hands. "No, Nick, this is not a 'gag' *I'm* running." He grinned boyishly. "Although I wish it were. Whomever our mystery guest may be, you must admit he has a certain flair for the enigmatic."

"Yeah." Gary said, picking up the cassette. "Well, I say we watch it."

There was general agreement to the point, and Nick slid the cassette into the VCR, and sat down on the sofa, flanked by Gary sprawled on the love-seat to his left, and Mark in the armchair on his right. Raptly all three stared at the screen, waiting for well, whatever it

was.

What it turned out to be was a brief 'blip' of static - then a screen full of multicolored blocks, dozens of them, that seemed to be moving randomly around the screen and changing colors in time to a strange, atonal music.

"What the *fuck*...?" Gary blurted.

Mark picked up the remote and rewound it to the 'blip', then paused it, a thoughtful look on his face. "It's probably part of the puzzle. We're supposed to figure out what the patterns mean. I suggest that we pay close attention to the patterns, and see if any of us can catch the pattern. It might be a diagram of a football tactic, for instance. Or, perhaps... well, I'm not sure. But it must be something."

"Yeah." Nick said, slightly sour. "Unless someone's pulling our legs." He sighed. "All right, I'll bight. Come on guys, concentrate."

Mark restarted the tape, and all three concentrated all their attentions on the shifting patterns and odd music. The colorful, soothing patterns and the flowing, oddly relaxing music. The hypnotically flowing patterns and music...

With a few seconds, all three were deep, deep in a hypnotic trance, their conscious minds deep asleep while their subconscious minds were enraptured by what was on the screen.

After several more minutes, the hypnotic patterns became slightly subdued, as subliminal messages began to appear on the screen...

* * * * *

Nick blinked blearily, and sat up with a jerk. He massaged his eyes, which felt slightly gritty, and looked at his friends, who were doing likewise.

"What happened?" Nick said, confused. "I was concentrating on the patterns, and then. " Then what? He simply couldn't remember

anything after that.

"I'm going to take another look at that tape." Mark said, and went to rewind the cassette - to find that, not only was it already rewound, but erased, taped over on a blank screen.

But even more confusing was the time index in the top-right corner that appeared when he used the remote. "Hey!" Gary exclaimed. "That can't be right!"

Nick quickly checked his watch, verifying the on-screen time. Somehow, all of them had lost track of nearly three hours.

"This is all very perplexing..." Mark said with a frown. "The pattern must have been some sort of hypnotic inducer - although I've never even heard of one working so quickly or effectively "

"Well, I don't know anything about hypnotic stuff." Gary said, angrily. "But how are we going to find out what's in there?" He gestured at the lock-box. "We didn't even get the..."

Suddenly, his face went slack and he looked around at his friends, who also looked stunned. Almost in the same instant, they all spoke the exact same six digits.

"Nine-seven-one-three-three-four-eight!"

Breaking the incredulous shared look, Nick bent over the lock-box in front of him, and set the combination to those numbers...

...and the lid promptly popped open.

Sharing another look, the three friends crowded over the top of the open lock-box, which turned out to contain three smaller boxes. Each of the three had one of their names printed on the top.

As if in a daze, without conscious thought, Nick lifted the boxes out, and handed them to the appropriate person.

Mark was the first to open his - and inside was a small bottle of pills, and a page ripped out of a magazine. It was a page that Nick recognized well - it was one of the ads he designed himself a few months before.

'Miracle Muscle - Body-building in a pill.' Mark read, somewhat numbly. 'Get the muscle-mass you've always wanted, quickly and easily.'

Sure enough, the bottle of pills was 'Miracle Muscle'.

Gary opened his next. Like Mark's, the first thing was a page ripped from a magazine. And, like Mark's, it was one of Nick's ad layouts. 'Insta-Tan. The miracle tanning pill.' Gary read, and looked down at the small bottle of pills in the box, also clearly marked 'Insta-Tan'.

Nick then opened the box with his name, and wasn't at all surprised when a page fluttered out, with a familiar-looking ad layout on it.

'Hair-Magic. Fast, painless and permanent hair-removal cream.' Nick read in a hollow voice, then hefted the identically marked bottle of lotion.

The three of them all felt the exact same - as if they were in a daze. The world seemed to gray out for each of them, and they found themselves moving. Not precisely *against* their will - it was as if they had no will of their own at all.

Numbly, Nick found himself walking towards the bathroom. He tried to stop himself, realizing that something strange was happening, but wasn't able to. Yet, somehow, it didn't seem to matter.

Reaching the bathroom, he undressed, rather mechanically, and sat on the edge of the tub, feet inside. The cold porcelain pressed against his naked buttocks as he began to methodically apply the lotion to his legs. From there, he spread the cool, creamy lotion

higher, coating his body with it until he was completely covered from just below his eye-brows to his toes.

Mindlessly dropping the now-empty bottle in the garbage, Nick turned on the shower to a pleasant temperature and stood underneath the warm spray. Immediately, the lotion began to sluice off his skin...

...and with it, all his body hair. Within minutes, he was clean, dry - and completely hairless aside from his scalp and his eyebrows. In that instant, the strange daze faded away, and Nick started.

"What the fuck!?" Nick exclaimed, staring down at his newly denuded body. His skin was left smooth and silky, almost unnaturally so. "What the hell's going on here?" He asked himself in confused horror. Aside from the strange daze that had caused his actions, he knew that this should be possible - that cream didn't really work...

...the way he'd stated in the ad. Yet, this bottle had done exactly what his ad had boasted it would.

Feeling a shiver of fear, Nick quickly dressed, wincing at the odd - but not unpleasant - sensations caused by the fabric on his smooth skin, and hurried back to the living-room.

Entering the room, he almost literally screeched to a halt.

Gary and Mark were acting perfectly normal, as if nothing at all odd had occurred. Perfectly normal, that is, if you ignored two things. The first being the way that, every now and then, one of them would pop a pill into their mouths and swallow.

And the second being that, despite their perfectly normal motions and vocal inflections, their eyes were blank and empty, as if they were drugged.

"Guys!" Nick exclaimed, feeling a shudder of revulsion at his friends empty, mindless gazes, despite their friendly smiles. "Hey, Nick." Gary said. "That stuff do the job?"

"Wha...?" Nick stammered. "Yeah, it did... What the hell's wrong with you guys?"

Gary and Mark shared a mindless gaze. "Wrong?" Mark asked. "I haven't the slightest idea what you mean, Nick. Everything's perfect."

One more look at those blank eyes told Nick that arguing wouldn't produce any results. Ignoring his friends, he turned to the phone, planning to call someone - he wasn't exactly sure who - for help...

...and found himself completely unable to pick up the phone. Instead, he found his feet - his traitorous feet - carrying him over to the couch, where he flopped down beside his two friends and found himself unwillingly watching TV with them, as if nothing strange had -

and still was - happening. He even found his mouth opening and himself making a perfectly normal wise-crack about the show. It was as if it were a normal, average day.

But Nick had the sinking sensation that if he looked in a mirror, he'd see eyes that were perfectly blank and empty.

All of which explained why, as the day wore on, he was completely unable to express any surprise at all at the fact that Gary's skin tone was slowly, but surely, darkening, and Mark's slim body was beginning to slowly bulk out.

At the end of the day, he mindlessly bid goodnight to his equally mindless friends, then went into his bedroom, stripped naked, and slipped between the covers, where he finally regained some measure of control over his own body.

He huddled under the sheets, shivering in fear, hate and confusion. "Why?!" he asked the darkened ceiling of his room. "Why is this happening?"

But there was no response to Nick's anguished question as he slowly slid into a fitful sleep.

* * * * *

The next morning, Nick awoke, and his first thought was 'Geez, I never realized just how good these silk sheets feel'.

Then he suddenly realized that the reason they felt so nice was the fact that they were sliding across skin that was as silky smooth as the sheets, and the events of the day before came rushing back to him, causing him to sit bolt upright, heart pounding, as he threw off the covers, hoping it had all been a dream.

He was quickly disabused of that notion at the sight of his soft, smooth skin that looked so perfect, so creamy, so...
...feminine.

The thought came to him unbidden, and disturbed him greatly. He tried to shove it away, but it continued to circle in the back of his mind like a mosquito that you couldn't shoo away, waiting until you weren't paying attention so it could once more settle on you.

His next thought on the whole situation seemed like the best possible one.

He wasn't going to leave his room. As long as he was alone, Nick seemed all right, free of that strange lack of control. So,

he was staying right here.

And that decision lasted almost half an hour.

That's when the door-bell rang. Nick sat in his bed, silk sheets pulled up to his hairless chest, and listened to the muffled sounds through his bedroom door.

Then a few seconds later, Mark's voice called out.

"Nick, your packages are here!" Mark called, apparently enthusiastically - and Nick helplessly found himself rising from his bed. He fought against the inexplicable actions of his body, but was completely unable to control himself at all.

He walked, naked over to his dresser, pulled it open - and was shocked to find that the top drawer contained, not his silk boxers, but nothing but women's underclothes. Piles and piles of them. And not the plain-Jane stuff, either, but frilly and/or sexy, feminine undergarments in red, white, black and beige.

That mosquito that had been buzzing around in his head came to roost. And it weighed a ton.

Although Nick was surprised - shocked - at what he found in the drawer, not one iota of it showed as his body picked out a pair of frilly white lace briefs and pulled them on. They were the correct size for his hips and waist, but fit poorly, not having been designed for the bulge - the rather large bulge, if you asked Nick - of his cock and balls.

His traitorous body then opened the closet. Nick had a brief glimpse inside, which was full of feminine clothing, before his body pulled out a salmon-colored pink robe and slipped it on, loosely belting it at the waist.

Nick was beginning to have an inkling what had occurred during those missing hours the day before. But he had no time to ponder this insight as his body carried him out of his bedroom and down the hall to the living-room.

Two men were all but fawning over a large pile of boxes with the Fed-Ex logo plastered over them. It wasn't until his mouth opened and wished a good morning to them by name that Nick truly comprehended that these two men were his long-time friends and roommates.

Mark was the same height he'd always been, and still possessed the same dark thatch of hair. But the body under that black mop was completely different.

He was nearly as broad as he was tall with wide, thick shoulders. Massive muscles rippled under the torn-off T-shirt he wore, and his jeans were as taut as sausage casings over legs that were like pistons. The moving muscle mass that Mark had become looked like it could go head-on with a Sherman tank - and win.

Gary had also changed. He, too, still had the same hair color as the night before. But now his sandy-blond hair looked incongruous above a body whose skin was as ebony as a moonless night, almost to the point that it seemed to absorb light. Gary was now, quite simply, the blackest black man Nick had ever seen.

"Did everything come?" Nick found himself helplessly asking, not even knowing - consciously, at least - what 'everything' consisted

of. "Sure did, Nicki." The extraordinarily dark-skinned Gary replied with a smile. "Everything we need, babe."

And he fondled Nick's ass.

Nick wanted to scream, to jump away, to do anything to display his disgust at having a man touch him like that.

Instead, he leaned forward and gave Gary a long, hard, passionate kiss, tongue intertwining with his in a sort of dance. Inside, Nick felt like he wanted to throw up. Instead, he found himself saying "Well, let's get this done, shall we?"

So they did.

Gary and Mark - or, at least, they guys who had started out as Gary and Mark - began opening boxes while Nick watched helplessly, mind churning.

One of the things his mind was churning over was a fact that scared him silly. He'd gotten a real good look at Gary's eyes when they kissed - and they were no longer the dead-blank eyes of somebody who was drugged or hypnotized.

Gary had enjoyed it.

Thoroughly.

While Nick was still internally shuddering at the implications of that, the two altered men had gotten everything unpacked, and were ready to start. And Nick found himself obediently doing what they said.

No - not obediently. In his own mind, he was raging, fighting against their suggestions, which had all the force of an iron-bound commandment from God Himself.

Outwardly he went along willingly, cheerfully and even enthusiastically, bantering with the two men as he did so.

He 'eagerly' stepped into the ankle-to-waist long pair of black stretch pants which - according to the ad layout he'd done - were made of 'a space-age polymer that will quickly and easily give you the long, shapely legs and firm, shapely derriere that will drive men mad'.

Nick's cock was tucked between his legs to remove any 'unsightly' bulges - a task that Mark performed, apparently with relish, as he fondled the cock a bit, making it tough to slide the semi-rigid cock between Nick's smooth, soft thighs inside the panties that Nick's ad layout had boasted would make 'the vagina and clitoris more sexually responsive!'

After that, Nick 'willingly' slipped on the knee-high black suede boots with their six-inch tall spike heels. The same boots that Nick's ad claimed would 'help you develop that certain sensual walk'.

After that, Mark strapped a black leather corset in place around Nick's waist and, using all of his not-inconsiderable strength - drew it so tight that Nick could barely breath. But Nick was certain that it wouldn't stay that tight as it lived up to it's ad's promise to 'decrease your waist measurement by at least four inches - permanently!'

Then Gary assisted Nick with the odd-looking padded bra. It was a B-cup. One that wouldn't remain an illusion, if the

slogan 'The all- natural extracts in the padding will increase bust size!' came true. Over that went a black, long sleeve spandex shirt that had fine, almost invisible white lines in it that were oddly distorted to 'enhance the bust and slim the shoulders and waist!'

Then came the make-up. The lipstick ' to give you full, sensual lips!', the mascara that 'makes lashes fuller and thicker!', the blush that 'hides blemishes and draws out beauty!'

Nick inanely found himself thinking that he used too many damned exclamation points in his ads.

Then there was the hair-gel that 'makes hair thicker, softer and shinier!', the long, bright-red press-on nails that were 'indistinguishable from the real thing!', the black-and-faux-gold choker that 'makes your neck look longer and slimmer'.

The final item was a small red aerosol container containing a breath-freshener that would also 'give you a sexy bedroom voice.'

Finally, they finished and Mark and Gary stepped back as Nick - or, as the guys kept calling him, Nicki, walked to a full-length mirror and took a look. Nick wasn't really too surprised to find that he moved easily - if not terribly seductively - in the high-heels.

The person who looked back was a slightly muscular, tough looking - woman. Her face wasn't beautiful, her hair was too short, and her trim figure wasn't all that curvaceous, but it definitely looked feminine.

Nick wanted to cry.

Instead, 'she' brightly suggested that the three of them go out for awhile. When Mark and Gary agreed eagerly, 'she' slipped on a jean jacket and left the apartment...

...with one arm around each of the guy's waists.

* * * * *

The first place the trio went was for a bite to eat at the local diner. Helplessly, Nicki found that she couldn't keep her hands off the guys, and vice versa. They were always lightly touching, fondling or kissing one another. And the most disgusting thing about it was - it was starting to feel good. Nick's mind hated being touched and kissed by 'other' men - but Nicki's body just knew that the gentle caresses and light but passionate kisses felt good, regardless of who was providing them.

Nicki was also shocked to discover that the changes her body were undergoing created mixed emotions, when she'd thought they'd only create one. Sure, the disgust she'd expected was there - but, unexpectedly, so was pleasure, and pride. By the time they'd had lunch and were leaving the diner, her ass was fuller, firmer - sexier. Her legs were shapelier, and she was walking with sexy stride, one that caused her now D-cup tits to jiggle with each step, a sensual, enjoyable sensation. Some of the men in the dinner, wondering why they hadn't noticed how hot she was when she came in, watched her leave, and the knowledge that she was turning them on was turning her on. She was becoming sexier - and hornier.

And, disgustingly, she was beginning to think about satisfying that lust she was feeling.

Next, the trio went to see a matinee. They settled into the dark theater, her between the two men. She couldn't have told you what the movie had been - she was too caught up in her mixture of emotions as the two guys kissed and fondled her incessantly, their hands often straying to her slowly swelling tits under her shirt.

And her hands often slid to fondle the amazing large bulges in their pants. And the hell of that was, not all of the fondles were driven by the strange daze she was in. Some of them were... voluntary.

The movie ended and the lights came up - and she received some very startled looks as she got up and left with the guys.

Many a man in the theater watched her go, and wondered how they could have missed seeing a woman with such enormous breasts.

Nicki's now EEE-cup tits were straining tightly against her shirt, and her amazingly sexy ass was doing the same against her pants. She was now walking with an incredibly provocative sway - partially due to the shoes, but also because there was no longer anything between her silken thighs to get in the way.

Nick was close to panic, although it didn't show. He couldn't understand why he wasn't more disgusted by what was happening. In fact, all his disgust was quickly fading. Instead, images - lewd images - were beginning to run through her mind.

She wanted sex.

With Mark and Gary.

Right now.

As soon as the thought ran through her mind, she was shocked and aroused to find that she was telling Mark and Gary that. And they were responding eagerly.

In almost no time, the three of them were back in their apartment. In Gary's bedroom. And Nicki was slowly stripping.

She smiled sensuously as she pulled off her shirt, revealing her huge, firm GGG-cup tits straining at their bra. Seductively, she unclasped this and let it fall to the floor. She gently caressed her own, massive tits for a moment, then moved on. She removed her boots and slid off her pants, revealing long, sexy legs, wide womanly hips and a fantastic ass.

Then, with a nervous smile, she slid her panties down, revealing her new, fully functional cunt. She looked at her altered friends, who were also disrobing - and gasped.

Mark's cock was big. Long and thick and hard, it was throbbing and ready.

But Gary's cock was massive. It was half as long again as Mark's, but more than twice as thick. And it too was hard and throbbing.

Nicki had no idea how to do what she wanted, never having experienced it from this point of view. But Gary and Mark

were extremely helpful.

It started with Gary, who guided her to the bed. She stared, enraptured, at his gigantic cock - then, regretfully, said "I... I think you're too big for me..."

Gary smile. "No prob, babe. Until you feel comfortable taking my meat, I'll settle for a nice tit-fuckin'."

Taking a bottle of baby oil, Gary slowly, sensuously oiled up her huge mounds, causing her to writhe in pleasure. Then, pushing her huge tits together, he slid his huge, thick cock into the massive cleavage and began to pump.

The sensation was new, pleasant and enjoyable, but hardly overwhelming. She was enjoying it, though...

..and didn't notice Mark positioning himself between her legs.

Suddenly, Nicki screamed out in please as Mark entered her, his large cock filling her completely. She began to writhe on the bed, head rolling back and forth, as Mark began fucking her with long, even strokes.

The two men riding her matched paces on her bucking body, and she begged for it. Sensation like she'd never felt rolled unchecked through her body, more intense than any she'd ever felt.

Then her orgasm hit, and she screamed, a primal, feminine sound as her ecstasy took her. Hot cum gushed over her chest, face and hair, while more shot deep into her sensitive new womanhood.

And it felt wonderful.

* * * * *

The trio never left the apartment for the rest of the weekend. Every possible combination, position and location were tried, and all of them brought incredible pleasure to the gorgeous, huge breasted woman the two hugely endowed men were fucking.

They finally fell asleep late Sunday night, the three of the sharing a bed. The might have slept most of the next day, if not for the phone...

* * * * *

The phone on the bed-table shrilled, once, twice...

Yawning, Nicki rolled her massively-endowed body over the half-awake Gary and, without looking, easily snatched the receiver from it's cradle, bringing it up beside her head as she tried to figure out why she felt so... odd this morning.

"Lyman, Stone and Denbrough residence." Nicki said - then sat up suddenly with the realization that she was completely under her own control again. No force was motivating her. Not the hypnosis - or the, (as she now knew) induced hormonal nymphomania that had controlled her all weekend.

"Well, Nicki, I take it that my little , um , complaint has registered?" A voice said - and Nicki recognized it as belonging to the Professor guy who'd called to complain.

"You... You're the one who did this?" She asked, her mind still churning.

"Yes. I did tell you I was working on similar products as those advertised. However, mine actually work." The voice paused. "If you've learned your lesson, I can send the antidotes over anytime now."

Nicki looked over at the two huge-penis'd men who provided her the most intense sex she'd ever felt, then down at the two massive, sensitive tits hanging from her chest. With a low, throaty laugh, she said into the phone. "Antidotes? Not a chance, Doc. But if you want to come over, I'd be more than happy to thank you personally."

Then she dropped the phone in it's cradle and began to wake Gary - by giving him a blow-job.

* * * * *

In his lab, Don stared blankly at the phone, replaying the conversation in his mind. Had she - HE - really thanked him? And told him that she wanted to stay female? Did she really say that she'd 'thank' him if he came over?

Dropping the phone, he sprinted to his car....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Now a complete slut, one women learns the truth about her change from her latest sexual conquest.

Truth, Justice, And The American Lay

By Gunslinger

Hips swaying and shoulders rocking in time to the heavy, driving beat of the music from the club downstairs, she paused just inside the door of her apartment to check herself out in one of the many conveniently placed mirrors in her apartment.

Still moving in time to the rhythm of the music, she 'struck a pose', one leg slightly advanced, toe tapping with the music as she cocked her hips and threw her shoulders back. Tossing her head, she looked over the figure revealed in the full-length mirror's reflection.

She loved what she saw.

Six foot eight in bare feet, her slim, supple body was raised another eight inches by the black platform pumps she wore, so that her reflection filled the mirror from top to bottom. The two-inch platforms and eight-inch stiletto heels of her black patent-leather rounded-toe pumps put a delightful strain on her long, shapely legs, enhancing the smooth, sensual curves of her calves and thighs. Those delightful curves were further highlighted by the contrasting effect of the black nylons that encased her seemingly endless legs, vanishing under the hem of the black leather mini-skirt she wore, its highly-polished surface molded tightly to her womanly hips and her incredibly firm, fully-packed ass, also enhanced by the heels she balanced so easily and sensually atop.

Her waist, kept to a wonderfully dainty nineteen inches by diet, exercise, and nightly tight-lacing of a corset, was well-displayed between the skirt and the white silk blouse she wore tied in a knot just below her breasts. With her smooth, lightly-tanned skin gleaming with the light sheen of baby oil she applied, both slender waist and flat, firm stomach were a tempting center-point that would catch any man's eye and leave him wondering whether to let his eyes drift downwards to her pneumatic hips and spectacular legs - or upwards, to the spectacular breasts packed tightly into the tied-off short-sleeve silk blouse.

Only barely supported by the white lace demi-bra she wore beneath the lace-trimmed fabric of her buttonless blouse, her breasts were more than merely 'remarkable', both in size and firmness. Each silky-smooth, lightly-oiled breast was the size of a blue-ribbon, prize-winning pumpkin, though each firm, spherical, unashamedly displayed breast was much more softly firm and delightfully supple than any mere gourd could ever be. Obviously surgically enhanced, her massive breasts needed little support as they thrust firmly and proudly from the ribcage which she'd had the bottom-most set of ribs surgically removed from to further enhance her supple hourglass figure.

Above that deep chasm of cleavage lay her slender, well-rounded shoulders, from which her swan-like neck rose in a smooth column, framed by the curled masses of her silky black mane of hair, which in turn framed the smooth, sculpted lines of her face.

Her lips, full and enticing, were a deep, gloss red that matched the polish on her long, carefully manicured nails. Her nose, finely upturned, was flanked by eyes so dark brown as to appear black, themselves framed by long, luscious lashes that helped provide the sultry, 'come hither' gaze she customarily wore.

"Lynette Moorhead, you're utterly irresistible," She told her reflection in her smoky, cock-hardening voice. She smiled, winked, and blew herself a kiss. "As always."

Then again, she thought with a slow smile, perhaps she wasn't 'irresistible' - no man had ever bothered to try... So, perhaps not 'irresistible' - but, certainly, 'insatiable'.

Lynn was, after all, a bona fide nymphomaniac, a woman who constantly craved sex, and could, literally, never get enough...

...and she loved every second of it.

Turning from the mirror, Lynn opened the door to her apartment, letting the music from the club spill over the threshold and fill the air. No longer blocked by the thick door, the heavy bassline resolved itself into Whigfield's 'Saturday Night'.

Moving with the rhythm, swaying gracefully atop her slender heels, Lynn stepped out of her apartment and closed the door behind her. With a smoothly sensual stride that set her hips to both swaying and swiveling, she headed towards the stairs, swaying her head and rocking her shoulders in time with the music, her full, ripe lips moving as she sang along with the music.

As always, her descent down the stairs was more than just a 'stroll' - it was an entrance, a much eagerly awaited one for the regulars of 'Club Inferno'.

One of the cities hippest, hottest night clubs, Inferno had already been a major attraction when she'd moved into the upstairs apartment three years ago. At the time, there'd been no staircase making for easy access from the apartments to the club. Inferno jealously guarded every entrance, ensuring only the creme de la creme of the urban populous made it inside.

The management of the building had been more than happy to install the staircase, however. In fact, the staircase was now the only access to her apartment, separated from the other upstairs accommodations by a new wall. After all, when you had a woman like Lynn Moorhead around, a certifiable nymphomaniac who preferred men but also occasionally dallied with a willing woman, a sex maniac who never asked for anything but sex from her lovers - well, from a business standpoint, leaving easy access for her was the soundest business decision the club had ever made.

As her appearance was noted by the as-always capacity crowd, her name ran through the group in a wave, loud enough to overcome the heavy dance music that rocked the club.

Lynn shivered in pure, primal delight, feeling her lacy white panties become damp from the sound of over two hundred men - and not a few women - trying to catch her attention.

Just as she'd caught theirs.

The very fact that she was, right now, turning on that many men was nearly enough to make her orgasm. The knowledge that the men - and women - were devouring her with their eyes, making love to her long, luscious legs with their gazes, fondling her massive, wonderful tits with their minds... It was the most wonderful, orgasmic sensation. She was all woman, and she knew it - and what was a woman for, if not for sex? This, here and now, was verification of her life, of her purpose, a personal affirmation on a grand scale.

How could any woman not love the sensation that came with knowing that hundreds of people were, at that very instant, dreaming of having sex with her...?

It was nearly overwhelming. In fact, when she'd first moved in above the club, it had been overwhelming. Between the sensation, and the fact that no sexual act, no matter how wonderful, could satisfy her for more than a few minutes, she'd gone hog-wild for the first couple of weeks, sleeping perhaps six or seven hours out of every seventy-two as she indulged an endless stream of men...

It had been pretty good - but since she was never satisfied, sexually, it hadn't actually been any better than her current rhythm of a half-dozen lovers a day or so. In fact, she'd given up that frantic pace because it had begun to take a toll on her looks as exhaustion and poor diet began to show. She couldn't have that - no, she had a perfect body, and she had to take care of it.

Besides, the 'open for everyone' routine had denied her something else she truly enjoyed - the thrill of the chase. The wonderful sexual tension in both herself and her potential lovers as she took the time to pick and choose the next lucky soul.

"Hey, Darien..." Lynn said, sensuously, as she slinked up to the bar... while, around, the rest of the madding crowd had to struggle to and from the long, gleaming bar, fighting the packed room.

Lynn, as ever, simply walked through the crowd as it opened up in front of her. Even the newest visitor to Inferno knew the ground rules - and everybody knew that the best way to get Lynn's attention - and affections - was to make her happy. Though she didn't mind the occasional 'accidental' brush as some happy, lucky individual understandably took a polite chance to cop a feel of her luscious body, she wasn't interested in being jostled and passed around like a cheap party favor.

Darien, the head bartender, smiled incandescently at her - as well he should, since he was the only staff member she'd ever slept with. She made it a firm rule not to play with any of the staff - but she hadn't known who was staff that first night, and Darien had been the first lover in that 'cast of thousands' during the first two weeks in her new apartment.

"Hey, honey-buns." Darien said, winking. "What'll it be...?"

A ripple ran through the closest people as they jockeyed for position, falling silent in the full knowledge of what was about to happen:

She let them wait. Slowly, sensuously, she swiveled on one heel, leaning back against the bar. She tilted her head back, looking over her shoulder at Darien - while pushing her spectacular rack even further outward, her magnificent mounds threatening to burst free

from their confinement as she slowly drew one leg up and hooked it in the brass rail around the bottom of the bar, exposing the lace-trimmed top of a nylon and even more smooth, silky thigh.

"Oh, gee, Darien, I just realized I forgot my purse..." She said, one of her standard variations. "I guess I'll just have to wait and hope that some kind gentleman will see fit to buy a lady a drink...!"

Then she threw her head back and laughed in delight as the pandemonium began.

Though no man was impertinent enough to crowd her, the 'clear space' around her narrowed considerably as a stampede to the bar began, men frantically ordering whatever drink they thought she wanted. Money literally flew as men threw cash towards the bar in a desperate attempt to be recognized as the one man allowed to buy each particular beverage.

Working as fast as possible, the bar staff began preparing the drinks that were ordered, loudly pointing out each man - in a few cases, the woman - who had ordered each particular drink, which were, in turn, lined up on the bar in front of where Lynn

had turned to survey the growing array of glassware.

Finally, silence once again fell as it became clear that every conceivable drink had finally been ordered. The area of the bar she'd leaned against was now crammed with glasses, bottle, and shots, as the crowd surrounding her leaned forward in anticipation, knowing full well how the routine worked: Lynn would pick the drink she wanted, and the lucky buyer would find a very 'grateful' Lynn at least giving him a chance to make his case, while the rest of the drinks were left up for grabs, consolation prizes for whoever hadn't made the cut.

Now, loving the attention riveted on her, she began to look over the array, wondering what she felt like having. Even the music had been shut off for this momentous moment, Lynn's first choice of the evening...

..and, for the first time in memory, a voice dared intrude into that expectant silence. "I'll have a God's Blessing, please".

Like a tennis match, nearly every eye swiveled to take in the speaker - who stood, boldly, in the otherwise clear space around Lynn's delectable figure.

Even as four of the clubs bouncers closed in on the man, Lynn size him up. Well dressed in slacks and a black collarless shirt, he was strikingly handsome, with loosely styled brown hair hanging over a rugged, tanned face whose startlingly green eyes were crinkled in a carefree smile. He was tall, nearly as tall as she was without the heels, and athletically built - a runner's build, though, rather than a weight-lifter's.

That was okay - runners had endurance, and Lynn liked that in a man... but Lynn had her rules, and this little scam had been tried more then once. As always, she had to discourage any 'cheaters' - even ones as damnable handsome as this one.

"I've never heard of a God's Blessing before." She said, apologetically. She tilted her head slightly towards the bar. "Darien, how about you...?"

The response, however, came as a complete surprise: "Uh.. yeah, I have, actually..."

There was a collective intake of breath from the eager crowd at the thought they might have misses a drink. "It's another name for an Irish Coffee." Darien explained.

"That's right." The man agreed, his eyes never leaving Lynn's face - which, in itself, was remarkable, since most men took the time to enjoy a look at her body. She found herself both intrigued and piqued by the man's cool study of her face; she liked having her body admired.

"One for me... and one for the lady, if she cares to join me." The man said, calmly. "We don't serve Irish Coffee" Darien said, shortly.

"You have coffee, you have Irish whiskey, and I see whipped cream on top of the Jell-O shooters." The man pointed out, still not looking at the bartender. He changed the pitch of his voice, speaking directly to Lynn for the first time in a confiding tone: "I find that the mix of alcohol to lower inhibition and caffeine for extra energy is quite a... stimulating mix - don't you?"

Slowly, she smiled back at him, impressed at his poise and his panache. She nodded, once, slowly.

"The coffee's for the staff - We don't serve hot beverages here." Darien explained, smugly. "Too much jostling and drunks - we don't need a lawsuit from somebody getting burned."

Lynn heard the relived sighs from the men around her - and realized, with a start, that she wasn't the least bit interested in having sex with anybody...

...Anybody but this mysterious, intriguing man who was so calmly meeting her eyes, a friendly smile on his face. Though his interest in her manifest in his methods, there was none of the 'me, me, me!' eagerness she'd become so used to in people who looked at her.

In fact, his interest almost seemed... non-sexual.

Impossible, of course. Men and women always wanted to have sex with her. She'd had men admit to her that she wasn't the type that usually aroused them, and yet she did. She didn't mean just the 'I'm not into large breasted women, usually' type, though she'd had hundreds of those; she meant the fact that even *gay* men got hot for her. Same with straight women, though not as reliably as with men of any stripe...

..and yet, here was this man, obviously interested and yet, somehow, not mindlessly, instantly aroused by her. Though, around, her, men were sporting a hard-on at just being in her very presence, this man was barely at half mast...

...and what a half-mast that was. She could remember very few times she'd ever had a lover so obviously well endowed.

She could not remember ever having a man she'd actually had to do something to - or with - to bring him to full arousal. Even died-in- the-wool homosexuals had been hard as a rock and ready to roll when she'd chosen them.

Startled, Lynn realized why she'd lost interest in any of the other men crowded around her, eager to get into her pants. Until this very moment, she'd never had anything to contrast it against, and so hadn't known what she was missing.

They were all too easy.

This man was handsome - but no more then some of the other Adonis' she'd had in the past. He was fantastically well endowed - but so had a few others. Even the fact that no one man had been both wasn't the *sole* reason for her sudden, nearly overwhelming desire for one man in particular - something that was a novelty to her.

This man, this stud... might actually be a *challenge*! Well - she wasn't going to pass it up...

All this ran through her mind in a split second - and then her smile widened, and though she kept her eyes locked on this stranger, this enigma, this challenge, her words were to Darien:

"Well, then..." She said, huskily. "I guess this gentleman and I will have to take those God's Blessings somewhere more... private." An angry, disappointed mutter ran through the crowd - but nobody argued.

What Lynn wanted, Lynn got - and she didn't mean just the two mugs of Irish Coffee that soon appeared on the bar.

"Why don't you follow me...?" She suggested, loudly, to the stranger as the music began playing again. She winked, slowly. "I'm sure you'll enjoy the view..."

With that, she walked away from the bar, letting the supple sway of her body and the swivel of her hips do their usual, mind-boggling routine, making her firm, tight ass sway and rotate invitingly.

She was surprised to feel the urge to look over her shoulder to see if the man was following. Any other time, it would have been a given - and yet, for the first time, she found herself wondering, actually wondering, if a man she'd invited to follow her luscious, jaw-dropping form might not have accepted the invitation.

It was unnerving... and, yet, also exciting in a way she'd never experienced. Every sensation, every sound seemed magnified as she fought the urge to look, instead straining to listen, to extend her senses and somehow intuit his presence behind her without showing anything but complete confidence in the assumption he would be close behind, eyes firmly fixed on her delightful derriere.

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, it became a physical test of will not to turn around and ensure that the mystery man - now driving her nearly to distraction with desire - was still behind her. Instead, she forced herself to take the first steps with her usual sensual stride, every second seeming to draw out into an eternity...

...before she felt the faint, off-beat vibration in the steps that came from the man's weight.

In front of him, she had no concerns about her casual appearance as she let a victorious smile cross her full, delectable lips.

Reaching the top of the stairs, she put a little more 'oomph' in her walk, visibly 'working it' as she traveled the short distance down to her door - and there she did pause, opening the door slightly with one hand while she glanced seductively over her shoulder, lids lowered.

Sure enough, her mystery man was just yanking his gaze up from where it had been focused on her prime posterior - but, interestingly, he was blushing slightly, with a somewhat guilty look on his face, as if a naughty boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

Surprising - considering that she was just about to give him the whole damned candy store. "Like what you see...?" She asked, throatily, her lips curved in an approving smile. "Actually... yes..." He mumbled.

She was surprised. This was the cool, calm customer she'd invited up to her place? He sounded... surprised. As if admitting that her ass was utterly, mouth-wateringly spectacular came as a surprise to him, rather than for the given it obviously was...

A strange - and highly pleasing - warmth swept through her as Lynn realized his awkward, embarrassed agreement indicated, somehow, that her spectacular ass was so fine, so firm, so fully packed that...

...that...

...that he was getting aroused *in spite* of himself?

It was not only an intriguing notion - it was so damned erotic it almost made Lynn orgasm right then and there.

Getting any man hot for her was child's play - until this one. The challenge was interesting enough, actually having to 'work' to excite somebody - but to realize that, for some insane reason, he was actually trying to fight that arousal was stunning...

...and she was winning!

Of course. Still, the extra degree of difficulty that came from his active resistance made the foregone victory all the sweeter. Leading him into her apartment, Lynn put her coffee down on a table near the door and turned to smile at him, lifting one hand. "By the way - I'm Lynn. " She said, slowly moving closer to him.

As expected - as social training practically dictated - he lifted his own hand, saying "Uh, 'Lynn', I'm Robert Graves, and. "

That's as far as he got in whatever he was going to say - because Lynn performed a move that was, in it's own erotic way, pure poetry in motion.

As she took the last step to close the distance between them, she bent her knees, lowering her body considerably while pushing it forward - and, in the same instant, with exquisite timing and perfection of precision, she gave her upper body a slight twist...

...which caused Robert's outstretched hand to slid into her blouse, undoing the lightly tied knot holding it closed and filling his hand with a huge, round, delectable firm breast...

...while her own outstretched hand completed the motion, coming to lightly, yet firmly, cradle his semi-rigid cock through his pants. "Mmmm..." Lynn said, smiling wickedly up at his stunned face. "I am so pleased to meet you, Robert..."

Robert's reaction to her clever - and cleverly executed - maneuver, however, was completely unexpected: He *recoiled*.

Recoiled - as if her touch, her firm, perfect breast, her very being was... repulsive. Stunned, Lynn stared at him, her full, ripe lips moving in shock and dismay...

...which quickly began to turn to anger.

"Look, you don't understand..." Robert said, thoroughly flustered, as he lifted his hands defensively. "I understand you got me alone under false pretenses..." Lynn retorted, hotly.

The accusation made Robert blink. From any other woman, that particular accusation would have meant the exact opposite of what it did here, and that realization visible threw him for a second.

That left an opening that Lynn took advantage of. Despite her anger at his reaction, she still very much wanted to prove that no man could resist her charms, so she forced her voice to become honey-smooth as she gestured at his crotch.

"Besides..." She said, silkily. "Part of you obviously wants the same thing I do..."

She began to close on him - and he retreated, as if her perfect form and the idea of long, passionate, incredible sex with her was some sort of threat.

"You're not who you think you are...!" Robert said, quickly, eyes widening.. and, she noted with fierce delight, almost helplessly fixating on her firm, slightly swaying breasts. He closed his eyes and tried to get a grip on his runaway libido. "You're a man...!"

"Oh, you think so, do you.../" Lynn said - and, again taking advantage of his hesitancy, she quickly closed the distance, pressing her toned, supple body firmly against him. "Does anything you feel seem the least bit... masculine.. to you?"

He gulped - but he didn't try to pull away. The look on his face was that of somebody indulging in a guilty pleasure as he opened his eyes and looked up into her face.

"No, it doesn't - and that's what's making this so hard.. I mean **difficult** - despite the anti-pheromone drugs I've taken." She blinked, taken aback. "Anti-pheromone drugs?"

"Yes..." Robert said, uncomfortable - or, rather, in discomfort from the fact he was comfortable having her press her 'male' body against his. "When you were.. made into the woman you are now... your pheromone production was also greatly enhanced, the better to allow you the lifestyle you were, forgive me... 'programmed' to wish to lead."

She smiled, slowly and sensuously.

"Oh...?" She asked in erotic sarcasm. "You mean I only think I want to wrap my full, incredibly talented lips around your big, thick cock and give you the most mind-blowing blow job you've ever had?"

Practically whimpering, Robert flushed deeply and nodded. "Yes..." Lynn blinked, taken aback by his obvious belief in what he was saying...

..and excited by the fact that, despite that obvious belief, he was nevertheless incapable of resisting her. "Why don't you tell me all about it...?" She asked, licking her lips...

...as she slowly sank to her knees in front of him and began undoing his pants.

"Please... don't..." Robert said, with as little conviction in his voice as in his half-heart attempts to foil her hands.

"This is the deal, Robert..." She said, looking up from her kneeling position. "We both know what I wanted you up here for. Obviously, you have your own reasons. We're going to handle both reasons at the same time. I'm going to suck your cock, and you've got at least until orgasm to make your crazy story make sense..."

Turning her attention back to the task at hand, she finished extracting his large, thick, and now fully erect cock from his pants- and, with a soft sigh of satisfaction, leaned forward and enveloped his throbbing purple head with her warm, talented mouth.

"Oh, God..." Robert moaned - and equal amount of prayer and pleasure. "Look, 'Lynn' - you used to be a man named

Lucas Westmoreland..."

Annoyed by the way Robert was continuing to cling to this absurd - impossible! - fantasy he'd concocted, Lynn threw herself into two tasks: Getting him off as quick as possible, so as to get rid of him - and to do it with such intense pleasure that he couldn't keep babbling this ridiculous story.

To that end, she began to lick and suck the end of his cock while her right hand began short, rhythmic strokes at the base of it...

...and, with her left hand, she lightly drew one fingernail back and forth over the vein running down the underside of the penis, something she knew would drive him wild.

Judging from the way he began to twitch and moan, it did - yet, somehow, despite the mind-boggling pleasure she was inflicting on him, he managed to continue tell his insane story:

"You.. worked.. in the FBI... with me..." Robert gasped. "You were... investigating... a shady... biochemical company..."

Annoyed, Lynn increased the pace, using every technique she knew. Her tongue was running circles over the head of his cock as she varied the suction she applied to the head, her lips alternately tightening and softening, all without losing that 'air-tight seal'. While the one hand continued to pump the base of his thick, throbbing shaft, she used the other one now to fondle his balls, occasionally tightening her grip to a point just barely shy of pain.

"You... Oh, god... found out that... Mmmm... James Burdette, the owner of the... oh!... company had invented... a compound... that could alter... a person's brain... and body..."

Somehow, Robert's insane belief that he was really getting a blow-job from a 'man' was allowing him to hold out longer than any man had any right to. Eager to get this done, Lynn used her body to force him backwards, until his calves hit her bed...

whereupon she swiftly, skillfully, and without missing a beat, stripped off his clothes and her own skirt.

Still without breaking rhythm, she forced him back onto the bed - while swinging her own body around into the classic '69' position.

Now she was deep-throating him, head bobbing furiously - while, with each thrust, she ground her crotch into his face, making it even hard for him to continue telling the infuriating story.

"We arrested ...mmmph!... Burdette, but... unnnngh...! he had already... *gasp* ...found out about you... *mumble* ...and had used his compound on you. We didn't know... mmph... what exactly he'd done to... *mumble,mumble* ...you or where you were until we made a deal and released him yesterday.... oh, oh, ohhhh, not yet.. not yet..."

It was obvious he was about to come. Throwing herself into sucking like she'd never sucked before, she gave up on the pussy- grinding as she entered the home stretch - and Robert used the opportunity to blurt out the rest of the story in a rush:

"I've brought the compound with me and you can be a man again because it'll break the programming if you only say your

own name, your real name, and oh *dear* **GOD!**"

The rush of words stopped as another rush started - and Lynn blissfully gulped the thick, warm spray of delicious, wonderful cum that he pumped down her throat.

Licking her lips, she pulled herself off of his cock, turning to look down at him.

"If I'm really a man, how come you find me so sexy, then?" She challenged, his story making her angry- infuriated, in fact. "It didn't stop you from letting me suck your cock, did it?"

"They programmed you.. to get even more horny...if somebody brought the truth up..." Robert gasped. "Even though I'm immune to your pheromones, you.. you are incredibly sexy, and... I couldn't help myself, not with you so eager... But, if you just say 'Lucas Westmoreland', you'll know who you really are, and..."

"...and what...?" She demanded, infuriated. "You think I say that stupid name and I won't love sex anymore? Mister, you don't know a damned thing about me...and I'll prove it, by fucking your brains out!"

Grabbing his slowly wilting cock, she began to use hands and lips on it once more, playing it as skillfully as the world's most virtuoso flautist might.

"Please..." Robert gasped, his face drawn with the energy his previous orgasm had torn from his body. Otherwise limp on the bed, his cock had once again returned to full rigidity under her unbelievably skilled ministrations, it throbbing thickness filling her hands. "Please, Lynn... No more..."

"Why? Aren't you enjoying it?" She asked, as surprised at the bitter tone in her voice as by the strange rage that flowed through her. She couldn't stop, though. She just couldn't - not until she'd driven all these hateful thoughts he'd given her from her head. "Sure, I'm really a man, and your best friend, and what we're doing is practically raping each other... but isn't it still the best sex you've ever had? Isn't it?"

Gasped, exhausted, flushed, Robert stared at her - and the answer was torn from his throat, almost unwillingly: "Yes..."

Swinging one long, perfect - and damn it, ultimately, incredible, spectacularly **feminine** - leg over his prone body, she rose up over his towering manhood, staring down at him with a wild-eyed expression she would never have recognized in a mirror.

"And do you know why that is, Robert?" She screamed, madly. "Do you! It's because... I am... a slut!"

She drove herself downward, impaling herself on his manhood with a scream of victorious pleasure. Her sopping wet cunt encased his massive cock, filling itself to the limit, more snug and wonderfully fulfilling than any cock she'd ever had in her life.

"I'm a cock sucker!" She told him, intently, as she began flexing the long, shapely muscles in her leg, riding his cock in gleeful rage as he gasped for breath. "I'm a hard fucker! I am a cum-hungry, sex-crazed nymphomaniac slut! That is who and what I am. and I

love it!"

She picked up the rhythm, punishing them both with the growing waves of pleasure that thundered through them as she drove herself atop him.

Harder. Faster. Deeper.

"I love fucking cock!" She told him, shrilly, as she reached out, grabbed his hands, and hauled them up to her massive, bouncing mounds of perfect breast-flesh. "I love having huge, firm tits, and I love having them ogled, fondled, licked, sucked and fucked! I love them because they are huge and sensitive and sexy - and they're perfect. Aren't they, Robert? You love my huge, perfect tits, don't you?"

"Yes.. " Robert gasped, in ecstatic agony. "God help me, I love your tits..."

"You bet you do!" She laughed, insanely, her rhythm never slowing as she rode him. "I'm a fucking nympho slut, Robert - and I love it. I loved sucking your huge, thick, cum filled cock - and you loved having me do it, didn't you? Didn't you?"

"Yes..." Robert moaned.

Sliding his hands down her body, she pressed them against the firm, flexing muscles of her spectacular ass. "What about my ass, Robert? Is it a man's ass, flat an unattractive? Tell me Robert - how's my ass...?"

"...spectacular.." Robert gasped, twitching and thrashing under her wildly driving body.

"You bet it is!" She laughed. "I'm the sexiest woman you've ever seen, Robert - and I love it! I love being sexy, having sex, giving sex... I love everything about my life as a big-boobed cum-hungry nympho slut! And you love it too, don't you? You love my body, and my skill, and the way I fuck and suck you, don't you?"

Robert didn't answer, thrashing beneath her as she built them both towards the onrushing orgasm.

"You do, Robert, I know you do!" Lynn screamed, a part of her wondering why this madman's insane accusations had affected her this way - but unable to control the way she feeling, the way she was acting.

Their orgasm hit. Like a tidal wave, it washed over them both, their thrashing bodies shuddering in it's grip...

...and Lynn's fierce, overwhelming need to deny his words was so incredibly powerful that, even as she was being rocked by orgasm, she shouted out her last defiance: "I... am Lynn Moorhead... the fuck-hungry cum-slut! I am **not**... Lucas Westmoreland...!"

...and memory flooded back.

All of it.

Atop her best friend, her mind trapped in the body of a sex-crazed nymphomaniac, female orgasm ripping through her hyper- sensitive, sexually-obsessed body, Lucas Westmoreland's suppressed mind was finally free...

...to face what she'd been up to the last three years.

All the sex. All the eager, willing, exciting, intensely pleasurable sex...

...which, even without the mental constraints of 'Lynette' imposed on her mind, she craved - because her altered body found more pure, physical pleasure in a life as an unknowing nymphomaniac than she'd ever experienced as a man.

Her life, as a woman, was pure pleasure, with no worries, no doubts, no self-consideration. Idyllic. Paradise...

...and Robert, her so-called friend, now laying unconscious beneath her from the force of the last, wonderful orgasm he'd given her, had stolen that from her.

Ignorance truly was bliss - and Robert had come here and cruelly ripped that ignorance - and bliss - from her...

In the few seconds it took her mind to pass through that chain of thought, Lucas - or, perhaps, by that point, Lynette - came to a single, horrifying, and utterly inescapable conclusion:

She could never live life as Lynette anymore...

...but neither could she ever be Lucas.

Following close on the heels of that horrifying realization came another thought, equally inescapable: There was only one thing she could possibly do...

* * * * *

Robert blinked slowly, the fog of sleep slowly fading from his mind...

...and the he sat bolt upright in shock as he realized he was in his own bedroom, in his own bed. "What the...?" He gasped, wondering if... last night...? had all been some sort of bizarre nightmare.

Shaking his head to clear it, he leaned forward and sighed, letting that wishful thought go even as he tried to figure out how he ended up here...

...and he saw the envelope. The one on the comfortable. With his name on it.

In Luke's handwriting.

Eyes widening, Robert picked up the envelope and, with a hand that hadn't trembled when facing down armed men, but which trembled now, pulled the letter out of the envelope and read it.

Hey, Rob,

Best buddy. Buddy ol' pal. Pal-o-mine. You lousy, well-intentioned, rat-fink bastard.

I don't know if you remember or not, but I - or, perhaps Lynn - did it. We said my name - and, once everything came flooding back, realized why you'd pussy-footed around the whole thing. You're right - I didn't like the truth. In fact, I found out that

I liked being a woman more than a man - and I just loved the way sex is for a woman, at least one like Lynette was...

...and you ruined it for me. Knowing what I now know, how I could ever again enjoy the feel of air over nylon-clad skin? The wonderful jiggle and sway of full, firm breasts. The wonderful, uncaring joy of pleasing a man with hands, or lips, or...?

You get the idea.

In any case, I'm neither fish nor fowl. Since I can't be either of what I was, I'll have to be something new - and so, after I'm done writing this letter, I'm going to willingly and eagerly 'erase' both Lynette and Lucas, and put a new persona in place - and while I'm at it, I'm going to make a few, uh... 'improvements', with the serum you left for me.

My new name is going to be 'Lucy'...

...and remember, you brought this on yourself, you wonderful, caring, completely dependable son-of-a-bitch. Love,

Lynette/Luke/Lucy PS - Coffee's on...

Blinking, Robert read through the letter a second time, more slowly...

...then, hesitantly, lifted the covers and slipped out of bed.

Wrapping a robe around his body, Robert padded out of the bedroom, still unused to the way his enlarged cock bounced and jiggled between his legs as he walked, causing his to get a half-way hard-on as he hesitantly walked towards the kitchen...

...which was redolent with the fragrance of fresh-brewed coffee.

Hesitating for a long moment in the living room, Robert took a deep breath and finished the journey, stepping into the kitchen...

...and stopping dead to stare at the woman reading the newspaper at the counter. It was Lynette... only different.

Lucy was Lynette - brought back into the realm of 'normality'. The same luscious figure... toned down.

She was shorter - barely five eight, and with most of her other proportions scaled down to match. Beneath the white robe she wore, her breasts, once impossibly huge and artificially firm, were now 'merely' big and firm, perhaps ripe, 'naturally' firm DDD-cups.

The legs showing beneath the hem of the short robe were still toned and long and sexy - but 'possibly' long and sexy, instead of 'impossibly'.

Lucy, in fact, looked like Lynette's 'less sexy' sister.

Younger sister, as it happened, because Lucy looked to be all of twenty-one.

"Morning, honey..." Lucy said, brightly, coming over to claim a rather stunned kiss from him. "Uh..." He stammered, as she broke the kiss.

"Honey? Something wrong...?" She asked, frowning slightly as she looked up at him in concern. "Just... a little groggy, still..." He mumbled, wondering what, exactly, was going on here...

...because Lucy wasn't the only thing that had changed.

His apartment had been lightly redecorated with what was obviously a woman's touch.

"You...live with me...?" Robert asked the slender, cutely-sexy young woman looking at him with a thoroughly concerned look on her face.

Lucy rolled her eyes and sighed.

"Stop worrying, honey..." She told him with a slow, warm smile as she stepped closer. "Nobody is going to find out that the 'mystery woman' you're engaged to used to have another name - and a job in a certain Nevada bordello..."

Her robe had, somehow, come open - as had his...

"Even though that woman's gone, though..." She said, slowly sinking to her knees. "The woman she's become still has all the skills necessary to show how truly grateful she is to a certain FBI agent who 'fudged' the Witness Relocation Program files to allow the poor, misguided ex-prostitute a life full of love, laughter, and happiness..."

Then she stopped talking - because she was putting her oh-so-talented mouth to other uses.

Irreverently, the last coherent thought to flash through Robert's mind was that, as happy as he was going to be with the way things worked out, he felt sorry for the habitués of Club Inferno...

...but, then again, Robert had no way of knowing that, before creating Lucy, Luke had gone through his files...

* * * * *

Hips helplessly swaying and shoulders uncontrollably rocking in time to the heavy, driving beat of the music from the club downstairs, she unwillingly paused just inside the door of her apartment to check herself out in one of the many conveniently placed mirrors in her apartment.

Still moving in time to the rhythm of the music, she was unable to keep herself from 'striking a pose', one leg slightly advanced as she cocked her hips. Against her will, she threw her shoulders back and looked over the figure revealed in the full-length mirror's reflection.

She hated what she saw.

Six foot eight in bare feet, her slim, supple body was raised another ten inches by the white leather 'ballet shoes' she wore, so that her reflection filled the mirror from top to bottom. The fetish-styled put a constant, mildly-painful strain on her long, shapely legs, enhancing the smooth, sensual curves of her calves and thighs. Those curves were bare from the top of her lace-trimmed pink socks to the hem of the matching hot-pink spandex mini-skirt she unwillingly wore, it's stretchy surface molded tightly to her womanly hips and her incredibly firm, fully-packed ass, also enhanced by the heels she disgustedly found herself

balanced so easily and sensually atop.

Her waist, was painfully constricted to a wasp-waisted fifteen inches by the heavy-duty white leather corset that was well-displayed between the skirt and the hot-pink spandex crop-top she wore, forming a tempting center-point that would catch any man's eye and leave him wondering whether to let his eyes drift downwards to her pneumatic hips and spectacular legs - or upwards, to the spectacular breasts packed tightly into the tiny crop-top.

'Recently enlarged', as she was unwillingly forced to claim, her breasts were more than merely 'remarkable', both in size and firmness. Each silky-smooth, lightly-oiled breast was the size of a medicine ball. Although obviously surgically enhanced, her massive breasts 'boasted' equally outsized nipples that were clearly visible in the tiny top she wore - something she helplessly credited as yet another example of the plastic surgeon's art, the same as the bottom-most set of ribs 'she' had had 'surgically removed' to further enhance her supple hourglass figure.

Above that deep chasm of cleavage lay her slender, well-rounded shoulders, from which her swan-like neck rose in a smooth column, framed by the curled masses of her obviously-bleached mane of platinum-blond hair, which in turn framed the smooth, sculpted lines of her face.

Her lips, full and enticing, were a rich, hot pink that matched the polish on her long, carefully manicured nails. Her nose, finely upturned, was flanked by eyes covered with tinted contact lenses that turned them such a bright, arresting blue as to appear mindlessly empty, matching the vapid expression unwillingly plastered to her face.

"Lovette Moorhead..." James Burdette helplessly told her altered self with a mindless giggle, "...I'm so happy you've finally decided to embrace the fact that you're just a cum-crazed nymphomaniac bimbo!"

With yet another helpless giggle, the new woman turned and, enveloped in the constant cloud of hyper-strength pheromones that surrounded her, helplessly wiggled and jiggled off to have sex...

...sex...

...and **more** sex.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



SUMMARY: Buying a computer from an auction, a strange program starts to transform one man from male to bimbo.

Type Of Girl

By Gunslinger

Plugging the last power-cord into the surge-protected power bar, Kevin scooted out from under the desk. Standing up, he idly brushed the dust from his firm, well-muscled body, and looked at the... think on his desk.

"Probably going to explode..." Kevin muttered to himself, shaking his raven-haired head as he stared at his new 'computer'. "Well... there's only one way to find out..."

The big, broad-shouldered young man reached one blunt, thick finger towards the red toggle-switch on the side... then paused, uncertain.

He'd bought the computer just that day, at a police auction, where they were selling off various items from the evidence lock-up whose usefulness had passed. Having just moved into a new apartment, Kevin was a little tight on cash, and had been hoping to pick up a few items for his new place at a reasonable price, but hadn't fared to well - the auction had been well publicized, and strong competitive bidding had pushed most items out of his current price-range.

Then this computer had been brought up to the stage... and Kevin had been the only one to bid on it, allowing him to grab the computer for a mere twenty bucks.

However, there was a good reason why nobody else had bid on it. The auction sold items 'as is' - if it didn't work, tough luck. From the looks of things, that was probably the situation Kevin was going to find himself in - because the computer was obviously a 'home-built' piece of equipment. The box itself was large, chunky, and a dull bluish-gray, having come from an early-eighties computer. Shoehorned into that was a motherboard that purported to be a Pentium II MMX - if you could believe the hand-written tag on the front of the casing.

The rest of the computer had the same 'jury-rigged' feel to it. For example, the CD-ROM wasn't a CD-ROM at all, really - it was a heavily modified car stereo CD player, installed in a custom-cut slot in the front of the CPU box, and wired up six ways from Sunday in the back to (supposedly) allow it to function as a CD-ROM. The 'monitor' was a large color LCD display from a lap-top computer. In fact, the only piece of the computer that looked 'normal' was the mouse - even the keyboard was 'customized', apparently having started life as a Commodore 64.

Now, Kevin was beginning just how stupid he was to have shelled out perfectly good money for the mismatched conglomerate of components. Sure, Kevin - who'd just barely graduated college on an athletic scholarship - wasn't exactly known to be a genius, but this purchase was even more bone-headed than usual.

Taking a deep breath, Kevin reached out and switched the big red toggle switch into the up position.

The machine instantly began to hum and chatter loudly, the hard-drive inside whirling to reassuring life as the thin LCD display screen flared into life, a strange and confusing screen of characters and numbers sliding by too quickly to read.

"So far, so good..." Kevin muttered. The scrolling screen of gibberish didn't look all that promising - but at least the computer hadn't exploded or shorted anything out, and it was making typical - if rather loud - 'boot up' sounds.

The screen continued to scroll for a second longer - then blinked to black...

...then flashed back into brightly-colored life as the 'Windows 98' start-up screen filled the monitor. A few seconds later, it finished loading, and popped into what seemed to be perfectly functioning Windows.

"Well, I'll be damned..." Kevin said with a smile. Having stood far back while the computer booted, he now stepped closer and slid into the cheap chair in front of the desk...

...and almost had a heart attack as a strange, high-pitched screeching sound filled the room. He leapt up from the chair and backed away from the computer, eyes wide...

...then began to laugh at himself, shaking his head, as the 'connecting to server' registered.

Sitting back in front of the computer, he reached for the mouse, intending to click on the 'cancel' button - after all, he didn't have an Internet account.

Then the hissing and chattering noise stopped, and the dial-up window changed to a 'connected' window.

"Holy crap!" Kevin said, startled - apparently, the account whoever had this computer before had set up was still active. For a minute, the pointer of the mouse hovered over the 'cancel' button - then he moved it and clicked on the button that minimized the window.

'Can't hurt to fool around a bit'. Kevin persuaded himself, opening the browser. While the 'Loading' screen for the browser popped up, a little flashing icon in the bottom corner of the screen drew his eye, and he stared at the flashing 'flower' for a second before (hesitantly) clicking on it.

An ICQ message window popped up. Kevin had used computers before, and recognized it for what it was, even as he read the short message in the little box.

'What does 'IN2FS' mean?'

'How the hell should I know?' Kevin thought, confused - then an idea struck him, and he opened the main ICQ window. The first thing he found was that there were no names whatsoever in the 'contact' list.

"Wow. Whoever owned this computer before must have been *really* popular." He muttered, sarcastically, as he opened the menu and searched through it until he found what he wanted - the user information. He pulled open the window.

No first and last name were entered, and no location - but, sure enough, in the box labeled 'Nickname', it said 'IN2FS', all uppercase. The only other information filled in was the 'age' and 'gender' spots, indicating that the previous owner of the computer was (probably) a twenty-six year old woman.

Kevin started to close the message window - then stopped, considering. He was just playing around, after all, with nothing her really wanted to do beside 'surf' the 'net. Shrugging, he figured he might as well have some fun...

He went to the browser window and popped into a search engine and started it 'searching', then went back to the ICQ message window and clicked the 'reply' tab. He thought for a second - then grinned as a thought popped into his head.

"Why not screw with him a bit?" Kevin asked himself, wickedly - then leaned forward and typed a reply. **'It stands for 'I Need to Feel Sexy.'**

Grinning to himself, Kevin clicked on one of the links listed in the browser window, then went into the kitchen to grab a beer while the page loaded. He'd heard of guys who pretended to be women on-line, and had thought it sort of weird. Now that he'd kind of blundered into the role, he saw the attraction - the person at the other end had no idea who he was really talking to, and it was fun to 'con' the other guy, at least for awhile. Kevin thought this would be good for a laugh, to see how much stuff the other guy would 'swallow' before he began to doubt IN2FS's story.

As he surfed the 'net, Kevin kept his 'fantasy' dialogue going with the guy on the other end of ICQ. As he drank more beers, his answers continued to grow less and less thought out - Kevin started with a fairly plausible explanation for 'her' nickname by saying 'she' had been the daughter of a single father, and had three brothers, all of whom treated her like a boy. 'She' also claimed home-schooling, with almost no friends or other acquaintances outside of the home, until she'd moved out at the age of eighteen.

By the time Kevin finally said goodbye and logged off the Internet, he was roaring drunk, and he barely remembered the answers he'd typed in response to the other guy's questions.

With one eye closed - to help him focus - Kevin closed the browser, but left ICQ open, wanting to re-read the log of the 'conversation', figuring it would be good for a laugh.

Peering at the two-toned log of the conversation, Kevin blinked.

"What the hell...?" He slurred out, not realizing that the default setting of the log showed the messages in reverse order - the most recent message at the top, running to the first question at the bottom.

Waving a hand in irritation, Kevin - definitely not thinking clearly - decided to 'throw away' the log, grabbing the icon and dragging it to the 'recycle bin'.

Except that the icon he dropped it on wasn't the recycle bin. When he released the mouse button, a new box popped up in the center of the screen:

UNIVERSAL PROBABILITY EQUATION EDITOR

Processing - 0% done.

Estimated Time for Complete Processing: 09:12 (Local).

Estimated Time for Complete Implementation: 11:22 (Local).

"Huh?" Kevin asked the computer, drunkenly. "Whassha doin'?"

The computer, however, refused to be any more informative about the mysterious operation it was performing. Kevin tried clicking on the 'X' icon in the corner to close the window - nothing happened.

Next he tried good old 'CTRL-ALT-DELETE'. Still nothing.

"Aw, th'hell wiff ya." Kevin muttered, waving a hand angrily at the computer. Pushing his chair back, he rose from in front of the computer...

...and wavered, slamming hard against the wall. Shaking his head to clear it, Kevin staggered and wove his way towards the couch, leaving the computer running. Collapsing onto the cheap couch he'd bought from Goodwill, he picked up the remote to the older, fake- wood-grained-cabinet TV he'd bought and turned it on. Flipping through the channels, he found a (in his current state) absolutely hilarious comedy movie on. Flopping back on the couch, he fought to keep the TV picture in focus.

Twenty minutes later, the remote dropped from his nerveless fingers as he snored thickly in his beer-induced slumber.

* * * * *

Maybe 'King Cotton' no longer ruled the south - but it felt as if the King had taken up permanent residence in Kevin's mouth when he awoke the next morning.

He groaned, feeling aches and pains in every joint in his body, and a rhythmic banging on the inside of his skull - apparently, king Cotton wanted out, and using a sledge hammer against the back of his skull was the preferred method of egress.

"Never again..." Kevin promised himself as he painfully levered himself into a sitting position, glad that his basement apartment only had one small window that was shaded by the bulk of the window - from the way even the dim lighting speared right through his eyeballs and into his brain, a full-fledge glare would be fatal.

Due to his low funds, he'd cheeped out and bought high-potency, low-cost 'beer' 0 actually a type of malt liquor. Now he was regretting every ounce of it as he wiped a ribbon of slobber off his chin and fumbled for the remote. The channel the TV was still tuned to from last night was showing it's morning show, and it's hosts were much, much to chipper.

Groaning, Kevin creakily forced himself from the couch, not sure whether it was the old couch or his body making all the squeaking and groaning noises. Head sagging, he headed for the bathroom...

...and caught the motion out of the corner of his eyes. Frowning, he turned - and saw the standard 'Star Field' screen-saver on his new computer.

"Oh, yeah..." he mumbled, continuing his trek towards the bathroom. He remembered buying the computer yesterday, and finding that it worked... but everything else after that was a blur.

Stripping out of his rather ripe clothes, Kevin stepped under the lukewarm spray of the shower and simply stood there for a good five minutes before he even began to wash. After cleaning himself thoroughly, he took a deep breath...

...then turned the water all the way over to 'Cold'.

Letting out an agonized groan, he shivered and endured the icy deluge, until his body began to go numb. Shutting off the water, he towed off quickly, beginning to feel more like a real human being - or at least a reasonable hand-drawn facsimile thereof.

Pulling on a fresh pair of underwear from the pile he kept in the bathroom closet, he padded to his bedroom and pulled on a clean pair of jeans, a dark navy-blue T-shirt, and a pair of socks. What he needed now was coffee and orange juice, and maybe a few hundred calories.

The problem was - his cupboard was bare. He hadn't done his shopping yet.

Recalling the 'Mom and Pop' diner on the corner had a breakfast special, he decided that the walk was worth the results. Slipping his feet into a pair of rather tattered Nikes, he slipped his keys and wallet into pockets, put on his sunglasses, and left his apartment.

Two things hadn't even occurred to him. One was the fact that his face was as smooth as if he were clean-shaven - yet he hadn't shaved in more than twenty-four hours. In fact, his face was not only smoother than it had been when he'd fallen asleep - it was smoother than it had been just after he'd shaved.

It also never occurred to him to check what time it was - the fact that the sun was up was enough to let him know it was 'morning', which was as close as he figured he needed to know.

If he had checked the clock, he would have found that he left the apartment at nine-fourteen in the morning...

* * * * *

The woman behind the counter was one of those middle-aged 'motherly' types who was somewhat overweight, but carried the extra pounds very well - it would have been difficult to imagine her being slimmer, as a matter of fact. She was busy pouring one of the five other customers a cup of coffee when Kevin walked in and slumped into a stool four spots away.

"What can I getcha, honey?" She called, while finishing refilling the man's mug. Kevin winced behind his sunglasses. "Coffee, to start."

The waitress wandered over with the pot, grabbing a fresh mug from under the counter and filling it. "Feeling a little.. *tender* this morning, are ya?"

Kevin smiled weakly - she'd obviously been working long enough to spot the hang-over victims. "Yeah."

She smiled. "Tell you what - we have a breakfast special that's just perfect for the morning after a bender. Two-ninety-nine, and you get eggs, toast, home fries and a bowl of oatmeal. Comes with a large oh-jay, and a bottomless cup of

joe. Sound good?"

"Perfect." Kevin had to admit - none of those foods sounded like they'd disagree with his stomach the way some things - like bacon or sausage, for example - would.

"Coming right up." She said, with a smile. "By the way, if you don't mind me asking - do girls still go for that long-haired look?" Kevin blinked. "Huh?"

The waitress gestured with the coffeepot. "The long hair."

Frowning, Kevin leaned forward and to the side, allowing him to see past the waitress to the mirror-like stainless-steel strip that ran behind the counter. Even though it wasn't quite a perfect mirror, he could see enough to tell that his hair was hanging down to his shoulders.

"Geez - I didn't realize it had gotten that long..."

The waitress looked surprised. "You mean that you didn't have it cut that way?"

Kevin shook his head, now noticing the feel of the hair brushing over his neck and the fabric covering his shoulders. "No."

"Huh." She said, nonplused. "Thing is - it looks like it's fresh-cut to that style. Guess you just have hair that doesn't get split ends - lucky you."

"Yeah..." Kevin agreed, still frowning slightly in confusion., Sighing, he decided it wasn't worth worrying about at the moment, and began to sip at his coffee.

About half-way through his breakfast - and starting to feel more 'up to speed' - Kevin began to squirm slightly in his seat. His underwear was riding up something fierce, tugging up into his crack and pulling tightly across his 'equipment'. Since a little bit of wiggling didn't help all that much, Kevin decided a quick trip to the restroom was in order.

Trying not to look as if his underwear was riding up painfully, Kevin headed to the men's room, finding the two-stall room to be empty. Stepping into the nearest stall, he locked the door and lowered his pants...

"What the fuck...?"

Kevin stared down with a complete and utter lack of comprehension.

In place of his regular Hanes briefs was a pair of women's panties. They were the same color - white - but they were a lacy v-shape pair of briefs that was completely unlike anything he'd ever worn.

He'd never even seen a pair of panties like these, outside of the magazines or movies.

"Whoa - talk about being out of it..." Kevin said, shaking his head - he figured that when he'd done his laundry at the Laundromat down the street, these all-too-feminine panties had been left in the dryer, and since he didn't fold his underwear, just balling them up into a pile, he hadn't noticed them when he'd brought them home. Then, this morning, he must have pulled the

on without thinking about it - though he felt he should have noticed pulling on a lacy pair of women's panties.

That was a moot point, though - he must have done it, as he was wearing them now - panties didn't just magically appear on somebody. What he had to do now was figure out how to handle the situation....

After a minute, the truth dawned on him - he'd just have to put up with the frilly underwear until he went home. Since he didn't want to run out halfway through breakfast, he'd just have to put up with them...

Sighing and shaking his head, he pulled his pants back up and went back to finish his breakfast.

Paying his bill - and thanking the waitress both verbally and with as hefty a tip as his budget could allow - he headed home, walking sort of bowlegged to relieve the pressure on his balls and the crack of his ass, feeling like a cut-rate John Wayne.

Closing the door of his apartment behind him, Kevin sat down on the couch and started to take off his shoes...

...and stopped dead, because they weren't his shoes.

"What the hell?" Kevin asked, in confusion - his sneakers were a tattered pair of Nikes, with fabric-and-mesh uppers, pretty grimy and with holes where his the nails of his big-toes had poked through after wearing them all summer without socks.

These shoes, however looked to be brand new, with leather uppers. They were a light shade of gray, and of an unusual design, one that he couldn't recall ever having seen before.

More than that, though - inside the shoes were socks - but they weren't the white athletic socks he seemed to recall putting on that morning. these socks were of a finer material, almost like dress socks - and they went almost to his knees.

"This is really fucking weird." Kevin told himself, unlacing the shoes and pulling them off. Heading into the bedroom, he stripped quickly, dropping both the feminine panties and the long, sheer socks into a pile on the end of the bed, intending to return them to the Laundromat's lost and found. Naked, he trotted into his bathroom...

"What the fucks going on?" He demanded loudly to thin air, staring at the pile of underwear in the closet. Hesitantly, he picked up the two top pairs, one in each hand, and stared at the lacy, frilly, and utterly feminine undergarments. The entire pile of underwear was like that - frilly, lacy women's undergarments.

More than that, the pile was considerably larger than it had been this morning, despite the skimpy nature of the undergarments. Part of that came from the fact that there were a lot more of them - but another factor in the new size of the pile was the selection of frilly training bras mixed in with the panties.

Frowning thunderously, Kevin dropped the panties back into the pile headed back to his bedroom, mentally vowing revenge on whatever wise-ass was playing this practical joke on him.

As he stomped to his bedroom, he began to compose a mental list of suspects. Since he'd locked the door, he figured that either the superintendent, or maybe the previous owner of the apartment, had to be in on the p[rank - but it didn't make much sense that either one of them would decide to play a prank on him without provocation, so probably one of his so-called friends

was the mastermind behind this stupid little...

Kevin stopped dead, jaw dropping and eyes widening in pure shock.

He'd dropped the underwear and socks on the end of his bed before going into the bathroom. Now, resting in the same place as those two items was a pair of panties of a similar design - but in pale pink. On top of the panties, where he'd left the cocks, was a white pair of pantyhose.

Slowly, Kevin's look of shock changed to one of anger - and a little fear. The bathroom was only a few feet away from the bedroom, and he'd only spent a few minutes in there.

Whoever was doing this had to still be in the apartment - maybe they hadn't managed to finish the switch before he got home, and had hidden in a closet or in the kitchen. In either case, they were probably still here, and he could catch them 'red handed'.

However, Kevin was all-to-aware of the fact that he was still buck naked.

Deciding to forego underwear - since his own was missing - he picked up his T-shirt and jeans from beside the bed...

...then cursed and tossed the pair of women's jeans and the medium-blue T-shirt with lacy neck-line back into the pile. Lips compressed into a thin line, he sidle up to the closet, balled his right hand into a fist, and threw the door open with his left hand.

There was nobody inside. Kevin let out his pent-up breath and began to relax...

...then stiffened again as he realized what he was looking at.

Somebody seemed to have replaced every item in his closet with the feminine equivalent. All the jeans were now women's jeans in a size that was nowhere near to his own, and all his button-down cotton work-shirts had been replaced with various types of blouses. However, there was even more clothes in here than he'd own, including a few dresses.

Teeth grinding together, he reached out and grabbed the blush white bathrobe that had replaced his tattered plaid one, and pulled it on. At least nominally clothed, he turned and headed out of the bedroom.

The first thing he did was throw the bolt on the front door with a loud 'snap'. If whoever it was had escaped, a key wouldn't get them back in - and if they were still here, they couldn't escape without Kevin hearing them.

Angrily, he stalked into the kitchen to begin his search of his apartment...

...and came screeching to a halt, eyes opening wide in surprise.

"Wha...?" He stammered, walking slowly into the center of the room and slowly turning full circle, staring in utter shock.

When he'd last been in his kitchen, it had been rather sparsely - and definitely cheaply - furnished. Now, he barely recognized it as the same room.

The old, noisy Kenmore was replaced with a brand-spanking-new double-door fridge clad in stainless steel. A matching stove replaced the avocado-green one that had been here when he moved in, with a large, expensive-looking microwave mounted in a custom-made cabinet above it. In fact, all the worn cabinetry and scratched Formica counter-tops were gone, replaced with expensive 'Golden Oak' cabinets and a marble-pattern counter-top. The fading wallpaper between the upper and lower cabinets had been replaced by gleaming black-and-white tile.

The mismatched dinette set he'd had in the center of the kitchen was gone, and now a glass-on-wrought-iron round table rested there, with four gleaming black metal 'modern' chairs with white fabric backs and seats positioned around it.

Sitting on the counter was an expensive-looking coffee-maker, with a full pot of freshly-brewed coffee ready to drink. Stunned, Kevin walked slowly over to the counter and ran his fingers over the surface in disbelief.

"This... this just isn't possible..." He stammered, out loud, staring around the kitchen. A job like this would take a major renovation, and it would have been done in the time he was out getting breakfast - with the walking time included, just under an hour. It couldn't have been done...

...yet, somehow, it was. There was no denying that this wasn't an illusion. He was standing in a kitchen completely different then it had been before.

With a slow, stunned stride, he turned from the counter and left the kitchen...

"No! this is just *too.. fuckin... much!*" Kevin protested in a voice wheezy from shock.

He'd walked through the living room no more then five minutes before, and it had been 'normal'. Now, however, it was changed. Not nearly as much as the kitchen had been - it still looked like the same room, right down to the dingy beige paint - but enough that it was definite.

Like the new, white-fabric covered sofa that replaced the worn couch. Or the new, black-lacquered entertainment system that held his old TV and equally antiquated stereo. The computer and the desk it sat on were unchanged, but an expensive leather chair sat on a brand-new plastic pad in front of the desk.

There were now black venetian blinds in the high basement window.

Kevin shook his head, walking unsteadily to the sofa and slumping down on it, shoulders bowing forward. "What's going on?" he asked empty air, plaintively. "Am... am I going insane? Or is this really happening?" He wasn't sure which answer scared him more.

He needed to get out of this impossible apartment. Then he needed to call each of his friends and ask if there was some sort of prank being played on him - if all of them claimed there wasn't and he believed them...

...then he'd go see a shrink. In any case, his first move was to get out of the apartment.

Walking into the bedroom almost made him faint. Like the living room, his bedroom was lightly changed, the most obvious being the big Queen-sized bed that had replaced the single he'd had just a little while ago. Forcing himself to ignore the changes, he

began to gather some clothing...

...what he could from the selection presented.

He chose a pair of not-too-offensive black jeans. They looked like they'd fit, even if they'd be too tight around the waist and too loose around the hips. However, the thought of his cock rubbing against the inside of the zipper was daunting, and it made wearing underwear a necessity - even the feminine underwear that he had to choose from.

Grimacing, he chose a pair of pale pink panties. Though less-than-enthusiastic about the color, they were the least frilly and skimpy of the selection. With disgusted look on his face, he pulled the panties on, trying - and failing - to find a comfortable position for them.

Next he pulled on a pair of socks. They were also a pale shade of pink, but - aside from the white lace trim at the top - they were the most like a pair of 'dress socks'. The other choice was nylons or pantyhose, and that was out of the question.

He then pulled on the jeans. He wasn't fat by any stretch of the imagination, having a near-perfect six-pack abs, but it was a struggle to get the button done up. The fact that they were loose around the hips didn't help the tautness of the crotch area - it hugged painfully close to his panty-squashed cock and balls.

Then he pulled on a white... Well, it was almost like a man's sleeveless T-shirt, sometimes known as a 'wife-beater' shirt, but it just seemed somehow more feminine. Over that went the least offensive blouse in the closet, a white shirt that would almost have passed as a dress shirt if it wasn't for the fact that the collar came to an unusually sharp, flat point at each end rather than encircling the neck completely and buttoning up...

...and the buttons were 'backwards', the shirt folding over the opposite way that he was used to, which threw him off slightly as he buttoned it.

The last thing was shoes - he couldn't find the sneakers he'd walked in before, as the living room was now 'tidy', with everything put away. So, he chose a pair of dark brown loafers from the closet.

A quick look in the mirror confirmed his fear - the clothes looked pretty 'sissy' on him, and his long, thick hair made the impression worse.

Still... it beat being naked.

Sighing, Kevin grabbed his wallet and keys... and found that putting them in his pockets was nearly impossible due to the fit of the pants. Grumbling, he held them in his hand as he left the apartment.

Walking with that that bow-legged stance, he headed down to the opposite end of the street from where the diner was. There was a small neighborhood bar that he had been in before, and he knew it opened fairly early, mostly for its pool tables and darts. It also had a couple of private pay-phone booths.

It was also pretty dimly lit, trying to mimic the feel of an old English pub, and he wanted to spend as much time as

possible out of the bright, revealing sunlight, knowing how stupid he looked in these clothes.

Entering the dimly lit, smoke filled bar, he found it already lightly populated, mostly with guys his own age playing pool. Trying to look as inconspicuous as possible - and annoying the occasional raised brow at his attire - he made his way to the corner of the room, where two wooden booths sat. They were the old-fashioned style telephone booths, with solid-wood walls on three sides, a folding 'accordion' style door with tinted, semi-transparent glass, and even a low, leather-covered bench inside. Stepping into the booth, he drew the door closed then picked up the phone and dialed the number of the most likely candidate for a prank - even if Kevin still didn't understand how a prank like this could be played.

After three rings, and unfamiliar female voice at the other end said 'Hello?'

"Hi. Is Josh there?" Kevin asked, with a wry smile on his lips - even when the world was going to hell, Josh and his 'Girl du Jour' was a certainty.

"He's in the middle of something right now." The girl's voice said. "Did you want me to give him a message?" "Tell him it's Kevin." Kevin said. "And tell him I really need to ask him something."

"Hang on." Kevin heard the mild clatter as she put the phone down, then a couple of minutes of silence. "Hi." The girl's voice came back. "Uh - Josh wants to know 'Kevin who?'."

Kevin blinked in surprise. "Huh? His friend Kevin - Kevin Dubchzek."

"Hang on a sec..." He heard her repeat his name, obviously having lowered the phone then shouted to Josh, wherever he was. "Sorry - Josh says he doesn't know any Kevin Doobcheck." The woman said. "Are you sure you have the right number?"

"Of course I..." Kevin started to say - then stopped, comprehension flooding his face. "Oh, wait - I see. Look, uh..." "Linda." The woman at the other end supplied, warily.

"Look, Linda - Josh and I are friends, known each other for ages. He's playing some sort of prank on me, and that's what I called him about. Obviously, he doesn't want to talk to me, so he told you he doesn't know me. Well, you tell him that I'm going to come over, and he'd better give me back my stuff - but he can leave my apartment the way it is, if he wants."

"Uh..." The girl at the other end said, sounding uncertain. "I'll give him the message. I... I really think you might be mistaken, though. I've been with him since last night at dinner, and I don't think he's playing any pranks."

Kevin was grinning in relief now that he'd figured it out. "Well, if he's not playing it, then he at least knows about it - which means it must be our friend Steve Laughrin who's actually doing the dirty work. Tell Josh I'm not letting him off the hook, though."

"Steve Laughrin?" Linda said - and now her voice wasn't nearly as wary as it had been. "Uh... when I met Josh for dinner last night, he was talking to a guy he introduced as Steve Laughrin, who left right after I met him. I'll pass the message on for you." She paused, then

- in a lower voice. "What... what sort of prank?"

"It's complicated." Kevin explained. "Worm it out of Josh - once I hang up, he'll probably get a good laugh out of explaining it to you." "Okay - I'll do that."

Linda and Kevin exchanged good-byes, then Kevin hung up. Dropping another quarter into the phone, he began to dial Steve's number.

* * * * *

"Okay..." Linda said, cattily, as she entered the bathroom. She sat on the side of the tub, where Josh was lounging in warm water and recuperating from the game of tennis they'd played earlier that morning - Linda had 'forgotten' to mention that she'd been the city

champion for two years running. "So who is this Kevin Doobcheck, and what prank are you playing on him?"

Josh looked surprised. "Huh? Look, Linda, I'm telling you - I don't know anybody named Kevin anything. I have no idea what you're talking about."

He sounded utterly sincere, and Linda blinked in confusion. "Are you sure...?"

"Completely." Josh said. "If somebody's playing a prank on anyone, it's one of my friends playing one on me - or, rather, you." "Oh."

* * * * *

Steve wasn't in - which made it all the more likely that he was the one pulling the prank, as he would have been at Kevin's apartment to do what was done, even if Kevin still didn't know how they'd done it. When the machine finished its message and beeped, Kevin began to record a cheerful warning, idly reaching down to scratch his ankle...

Kevin's face went slack in surprise, and he very slowly tilted his head down to gape at his foot.

The pants had once run down to his ankle - now, the bottom of the jeans sat several inches higher, and were flared out slightly - like mildly bell-bottomed pedal-pushers.

The pants had also changed color slightly, becoming a very deep, almost black, purple.

The sock revealed by the raised hem was of a finer material than before, and of a deeper shade of pink, now tending slightly towards violet. It was also higher, the lace trim at the top mid-way up his calf.

The socks disappeared into a shoe that was also subtly different, the leather having taken on a slightly reddish tint to its brown, with the shape of it altered slightly. The short heel had grown slightly, and seemed to taper a bit on its short length.

The entire shoe also looked both smaller and narrower, though it didn't seem to fit his foot any tighter than it had before. Numbly, still staring at his ankle and foot, Kevin hung up the phone, never finishing the message.

"But..." He stammered to himself. "That.. that's impossible..."

Stunned - and now beginning to become very afraid - Kevin reached for his wallet and keys, which he'd set on the small shelf above the phone...

...then stopped and stared incredulously at the small black purse that now sat there...

...and at the long, painted nails that now tipped his thick, masculine fingers. The nails were long and oval, and painted a pale shade of purple.

"eep..."

With shaking - and long-nailed - hands, Kevin gingerly picked up the small clutch-purse and opened it slowly, looking inside.

There was a tube of lipstick, a compact, some Kleenex, a woman's wallet - and his ring of keys. Hesitantly, Kevin fished out the woman's wallet and opened it.

Inside was the exactly twice as much money as he'd been carrying, the exact same types of credit cards he had, even the same video- store card and library card he had, as well as a driver's license and a social insurance card.

The driver's licensee even had a photo of him on it - but with hair as long as his was now, and a necklace he'd never seen before in his life around his neck.

The name on all the items in the purse was 'Karin Dubenet.'

"Uhh, uh, uh..." Kevin made an odd choking sound as he shook his head. This wasn't possible. Just barely conceivable was somebody changing his apartment swiftly and silently while he was out of the room - but to actually change the clothes he was wearing, and replacing his wallet with a purse in a closed phone-booth? It.. couldn't happen.

But it was.

Shaking, Kevin slid the door to the booth open, and started to slide out...

..and caught sight of the two people now playing pool at the table nearest the door. They were two of his coworkers at the warehouse a block or so away, and who were killing the hour or so before their shift started, since the bus-stop nearest the warehouse was the one right outside the bar.

With a squeak, Kevin darted across the narrow aisle between the phone-booths and the small, high-backed booths on the other side, forming the 'funnel' to the hallway where the bathrooms were. Sliding behind the little round table in the small, private booth, Kevin felt his heart racing.

He had no idea what was going on, or how it was happening - but he didn't want the two guys to catch him looking like this. He'd never live it down at work, once the story had spread.

Swallowing, Kevin tried to force his mind to spit out a 'logical' answer to the mystery of what was going on - but his brain just spun in random circles, and...

"What can I get you?"

Kevin nearly had a heart attack - he hadn't noticed the waitress approaching. At least the table hid the flared Capri pants and lavender hosiery he was wearing, even though the sheer white wing-collar blouse he was wearing was still clearly exposed...

"Uh... I'll have a beer, please. Whatever you have on tap." Kevin said, trying to sound casual.

"Sure thing." The waitress said, professional demeanor keeping her from revealing what she thought of Kevin's attire.

It wasn't until she was walking away that it suddenly dawned on Kevin that he'd suddenly found names for the clothing he was wearing...

He twitched in surprise, gasping. "How the hell...?"

His already confused mind spun even more usefully as it tried to assemble these impossible facts in some sort of logical explanation. His mind was still trying - and failing - when the waitress returned with his beer.

He reached for the purse beside him...

...and stopped when he saw that, impossibly, the little clutch-purse was now somewhat larger, and more expensive-looking.

Trying to keep his shock from showing - and to keep the waitress from seeing his was digging into a purse - Kevin opened the new bag, fumbled past the odd, cylindrical paper-wrapped object and the cell-phone, and got the money out of the wallet and paid.

"Keep the change..." Kevin said, quickly, as he noticed the waitress eyeing the long, painted nails, a blush running up his face. He quickly yanked his hand out of sight.

After the waitress left, Kevin took a long drink of the beer to help steady his nerves, then went back to the purse, pulling out the cell- phone and looking it over in his apparently now-permanent state of shock.

It was a middle-of-road phone, they type you got free with certain cellular packages - but he'd never been able to afford a cell-phone before, though he'd looked into getting one.

Now, he numbly turned it on and went through the little menu. There was only two numbers in the directory: **HOME** and **DAD**.

Not particularly wanting to talk to his parents, he turned off the phone - then stopped. Turning the small device back on, he pressed menu button to highlight **HOME**, and had it dial.

There was three rings at the other end - then a 'click'.

'Hi!' His recorded voice said in a chipper tone through the phone. 'This is Karin. I'm not in right now, but feel free to leave a message at the tone.'

A beep followed, but Kevin didn't record a message.

In fact, he sat stock-still for several second, eyes looking off into infinity a he tried to deal with hearing a recording he'd never even made

- he didn't have an answering machine, digital or otherwise. And the voice that sounded just like his had called itself 'Karin'.

Picking up the beer, Kevin drained the rest in one long drought. Placing the glass on the table, he leaned sidewise, used his right hand to push his watch higher up on his arm to keep it from 'jiggling' on it's narrow leather band, then waved a hand in the air to get the waitress' attention.

When she arrived, Kevin smiled sickly. "Gin and tonic, please - and make it a triple."

The waitress' eyebrow went up, but she didn't say anything as she took the empty beer glass and headed off to get the drink.

Still shaking slightly, Kevin opened the purse and fished past the cell phone, tampon and compact to get the pack of cigarette and lighter from where they'd migrated to the bottom. Pulling out one of the slender cylinders, he placed it between his lips, then pulled the ashtray from the center of the table before flicking the lighter into life and applying the flame to the end of the cigarette.

Closing his eyes and leaning his head back, Kevin forced his mind to go blank as he took a long, deep, satisfying drag on the cigarette, feeling the smoke seep down into his lungs and begin to exert it's calming influence...

then his eyes popped open.

He'd never smoked a cigarette before in his life - he thought it was a disgusting habit. Yet, here he was, smoking as easily as if he'd done it for years.

Hand shaking, he extracted the long, slender cigarette from his lips and held it in front of him...

...and his brain tried to shut down.

It wasn't from the sight of the slender 'feminine' cigarette. It wasn't even from the faint-but-definite lipstick-mark around the filter, though that was definitely part of the problem. The major reason his brain wanted to come screeching to a halt was the sight of the slender- fingered, dainty hand holding the cigarette.

The oh-so-feminine hand - attached to a slender wrist that led to his arm.

He might have sat that way forever, staring stupidly at the feminine hand he now possessed, if the waitress hadn't come back with his drink.

Numbly, he placed the cigarette in the ashtray and paid the woman, not coherent enough to even think about hiding the purse he got the money from, or for asking for his change. Instead, he took a quick gulp of the liquid, feeling it's heat run down his throat.

Then, without thinking about it, he picked up the cigarette again and took another long drag of it, blowing the smoke gently out his lipstick-clad lips. Idly, he crossed his legs at the ankle, reaching down and smoothing the skirt over his knees...

...then stopped dead.

Butting the cigarette out, he took another quick drink of the gin and tonic, then - without looking down - slid out from the booth in a very deliberate manner.

Accompanied by a sharp staccato clicking noise, Kevin walked quickly down the hall to the bathrooms. Unlike most bars, which had two multi-person bathrooms, one for each gender, this 'pub' had four single-person, non-gender-specific bathrooms, sort of like on airplanes. Opening the door to one of the three unoccupied ones, Kevin stepped inside, purposefully side-stepping in, facing the back wall.

Very deliberately closing and locking the door, Kevin took a deep breath - then turned around to look in the mirror mounted over the sink.

He felt like somebody had punched him in the gut.

His entire body was changed. His face was definitely more feminine, though not so much so that you couldn't see his 'real' face in it - he was definitely still a far cry from 'pretty', despite the smaller nose, more rounded jaw, and fuller, lipstick-covered lips.

His neck was slimmer - and now boasted a fine gold chain around it, matching nicely the small gold stud earrings in his smaller lobes.

His shoulders were less broad, his chest not as deep - and through the light cloth of the blouse, the lacy white training bra his undershirt had become was visible.

His waist was considerably slimmer, marking the zone where the changes started being more dramatic - like the wider hips and significantly fuller caboose that lurked beneath the dark purple, knee-length skirt - which was straining over the bulge his genitalia made.

Beneath the hem of that skirt was a pair of utterly feminine - and quite attractive - legs, totally devoid of any hair and encased in a pair of fuchsia nylons, which in turn disappeared into a pair of burgundy suede pumps with a four-inch heel and an ankle-strap, which enclosed a smaller, slimmer, and most daintily feminine foot.

"Oh... my... God..." Kevin breathed, in shock - and, as bad as the changes were, he thought the worst part was that he hadn't even noticed them as they'd occurred.

They seemed to be integrating themselves right into his personality, like the way he'd started smoking so casually - or the

way he'd walked easily and naturally in the high-heeled shoes. Until something had brought them directly to his attention, he hadn't even noticed the change.

He was quickly slipping over from 'afraid' to 'panicked'.

Unlocking the door with one unsteady, feminine hand, Kevin let himself out of the bathroom, fear stamped on his altered face as he tried to decide who he should go see - a doctor or a psychiatrist. Considering the question, he headed for the booth to grab the damned purse, which had all the money in it.

Reaching the booth, Kevin slid onto the seat, body thrumming with the nervous energy he'd built up from the worry about the way he looked. He looked like a freak, like some weird cross-gender breed, and it was more than setting her on edge - it was nearly enough to drive her crazy.

Digging out another cigarette, she quickly lit it and inhaled the rich smoke, letting it out in one, long sigh, then taking a sip at her gin and tonic while she continued to debate the question. A psychiatrist, to help her stop worrying about how she looked, to help her learn to live with her unattractive body? Or a plastic surgeon, to get her body as close to what her own mental image of it should be?

Kevin frowned - it was a tough question without an easy answer. After all, he didn't think anyone had ever been in such a situation, and so there wasn't really any 'expert' in the field, and he...

He stared at the cigarette he was smoking, then down at the drink he held, his brow furrowing in confusion. Why had he sat back down? He knew that he'd been trying to think of who to go for help, and hadn't been paying any real attention to what he was actually doing - but why hadn't he just grabbed his purse and left, like he'd planned?

The drink, he decided - lost in thought, he'd fallen back on 'habit' - never letting alcohol go to waste. So, he'd just finish his drink, then she'd go see if she could find somebody to help her. Panicking and running to somebody - anybody - screaming and ranting wouldn't help - she had to force himself to stay calm enough that whoever he saw would take her seriously. That was the ticket.

Trying to get comfortable, Kevin turned sidewise in the seat, so that her legs actually protruded out of the booth. She left one rounded-toe suede platform shoe with its six-inch spike heel firmly on the floor, while drawing her other leg up and crossing it over the knee, the table still hiding the way her purple leather mini-skirt bulged over his cock... and notice with dismay that there'd been further change. His legs, rather than being merely attractive, were now stunning, with just the right amount of toned muscle beneath just the right amount of feminine padding to make them absolutely stunning.

"Shit..." She muttered under her breath... then winced as it emerged in a husky, gender-unspecified tone. She had to finish his drink quickly and get out of here before anything worse happened...

"Excuse me...?"

Kevin's head snapped around - he'd been so engrossed in surveying her utterly perfect new legs that she hadn't heard the man approach the booth. Now, she looked at the handsome, friendly-looking man who stood nervously beside the table, teeth

bared in a friendly grin.

"Yes?" Kevin responded - and had to keep from making a face at the even higher, more feminine voice that emerged.

"I was wondering... if I could buy you a drink..." The man said, nervously.

He was about to refuse - then decided that another drink was just what she needed to calm her nerves before heading out.

"Why not." He said, gesturing at the other side of the table. Unconsciously, he swept his long, silky mane of black hair of her shoulder, feeling her long, pendant earring brush over the back of her hand.

"Thanks." The sandy-haired man said, slipping into the booth. "My name's Mark. Mark Linquist."

"Karin Dubchzek" He responded instinctively - then had to keep from wincing at how odd 'Kevin' might sound with his current appearance.

"Oh - is that Polish?" Mark asked, politely.

Kevin blinked, but figured she should play along, if it kept Mark from wondering what a man like her had a name like 'Karin'. "Yes, actually - it is."

The waitress came around, and mark ordered Gin and Tonics for both of them.

"So..." Mark said, with a weak smile. "I don't want this to sound like a line, but I really am interested. I don't think I've seen you around here before."

Kevin smiled slightly. "I just moved in down the street, actually."

"Oh, really?" Mark asked with a raised eyebrow. "I live just around the corner myself, actually."

"Oh, that's nice." She said, trying to feign polite interest. She didn't know whether it was the alcohol she'd had, on top of the hangover from last night, but she had a low, dull ache behind her temples - more annoying then painful. Plus, of course, there was the fact that her body, clothing and apartment were in an inexplicable state of flux. Perhaps that was enough to give anyone a headache.

Their drinks arrived, and she reached out to pick hers up...

...and discovered that he shirt had metamorphosed into white latex that hugged her body like a second skin.

It must have happened while she was talking to Mark. The fact that he hadn't noticed anything was intriguing - but the fact that she'd missed it worried her. She resolved to pay more attention to herself and her clothes to make sure she caught any more changes that might occur, the second they happened - she couldn't let her mind wander and miss anything important...

A sudden moment of panic struck, but a quick, discreet brush of her fingers over her dark-purple mini-skirt assured her that her cock and balls were still intact beneath the lacy pink g-string she was wearing. Sighing unobtrusively in relief, she turned part of

her mind back to Mark, while keeping tabs on her body and clothing.

"So - what do you do for a living, Karin?"

Kevin was startled by Mark's use of the feminine name... but managed to keep it from showing. Whatever was happening to her, it was obviously affecting the people around her, as well - the waitress didn't seem to notice her customer's changes at all.

Since she thought claiming to work at a warehouse would seem odd, Kevin searched for a more feminine occupation to name, like 'Secretary' or 'Hairdresser', or...

"I'm a stripper." She said with a smile. one that she barely managed to keep in place as what she'd said registered. Why in God's

name had she picked that?

"Really?" Mark said, interested. "Well, I hope you won't. "

Kevin struggled to keep track of what Mark was saying. while also paying attention to what she was feeling.

An odd, tingling sensation in her chest.

"...take it the wrong way " Mark continued, blithely.

As, with a creaking sound, the latex shirt covering her torso began to push out at the front, driven by two swelling mounds of flesh. Kevin's eyes widened and she dropped her elfin chin to stare, wide-eyed, at her chest, as the blouse molded itself nearly skin-tight around the bra-encase mounds that were pushing out, creating a 'shelf' from her chest.

"...if I were to say " mark said, not noticing anything out of the ordinary as Kevin's chest continued to expand.

And expand it did. The mounds (covered by a bra that seemed to be matching their expansion as well as the latex blouse did) continued to swell outwards, until the creaking sound stopped and a pair of decidedly feminine breasts in the upper 'D'-cup range filled out the blouse.

". you certainly have the legs for it." Mark finished.

"Gee, thanks." Kevin said - and winced as they came out as sarcastically as she felt. "Oh, I'm sorry Karin!" Mark said, flushing. "I wasn't trying.. that is, I think the rest of you. "

She waved a hand. "Oh, it's okay." She said, feeling generous over the fact that he'd gone back to using her real name. "I don't mind, really. Honestly, it doesn't take any particular beauty to be a stripper." She shrugged. wincing at the feel of the latex compressing over

her hew tits at the motion. "It's more about 'sexy' then 'pretty', actually."

"Well, then - you are most definitely both." Mark said, trying his most winning smile on for size.

Disturbed greatly by the sudden - and utterly feminine - expansion of her chest, Karin decided it was time to go, before things got any worse - if she could 'chat' with Mark, she was calm enough to discuss her unique problem with a doctor.

Finishing her drink, she forced a rueful smile to her even fuller, softer lips. "Excuse me, Mark - but I need to head home. I really enjoyed meeting you, but..."

"Oh, of course." Mark said, awkwardly, as Karin gathered her purse and purple leather jacket from the seat and rose - carefully keeping the jacket draped over her arm 'in the way' of her crotch, to hide the raging hard-on that was straining against her skirt. "Uh, look... I didn't mean..."

"Oh, no - it's not that. I really do have to head home, Mark." Karin consoled him...

...to far. Before she knew what she was doing, she was saying. "To prove there's no hard feeling, why don't you walk me home?" "I'd be honored." Mark said, grin resurfacing as he rose from the table.

Mentally cursing herself, Karin decided there was no graceful way to deter Mark. She'd just let him walk her home, give him a couple of minutes to 'get lost', then call a cab.

"This way." She said, taking the lead slightly and heading to the door. She could feel mark's eyes on her firm, round, mind-boggling ass and long, luscious legs as she swayed and swiveled atop her eight-inch-high stiletto heels, and she felt a warm, deep, pleasurable thrill of disgust at having a man ogle - and enjoy ogling - her ass.

As she stepped outside, Karin slipped her jacket on, then pulled her futuristically-styled sunglasses out of the pocket and put them on before slinging her large shoulder-bag. She gestured in the direction they were to go, sunlight glinting of the gold rings that adorned her slender fingers, and they set out, walking side by side.

Desperately trying to ignore the sensations walking created as the leather skirt slid back and forth over her thick, hard cock, Karin searched for more 'small talk' to distract herself - and decided to merely continue the conversation from the bar rather than try to find a new topic - she was too busy staying mentally alert for any more changes.

"So, honestly - what's your impartial experience with strip-clubs and strippers. Can you honestly evaluate my degree of 'sexy'?"

Mark smiled wryly. "Well, I feel kind of silly admitting it - but I spend quite a bit of time in strip clubs. Now, beauty-wise, I have no trouble evaluating you. you're absolutely gorgeous. As for 'sexy'... well, do you really want an honest, Mark-biased opinion?"

Barely paying attention, she nodded automatically. "Yes, sure."

Mark looked her up-and-down, critically. "Well, let's see. As I said inside, you're absolutely spectacular, leg-wise, and your ass is mind- boggling - especially since you know how to walk with that incredibly sexy stride."

That warm, delightful rush of disgust rose again, and she forced herself to ignore it.

"As for your hips and crotch..." Mark started to say... then frowned, as if something were nagging at the back of his mind,

something out- of-place that he couldn't quite name...

...and Karin had to might her lower lip to keep from screaming, crying or passing out as an incredibly odd sensation gripped her crotch - and she felt her throbbing, almost painfully erect cock sliding back into her body, sucking her balls in behind it and leaving her with a perfectly formed cunt.

"...well, dressed, I couldn't be fully positive..." Mark continued, thoughtfully. "But they look equally as good."

Reaching out, he pulled the sides of her jacket open to get a better look - and even as the leather separated, Karin felt her waist pinching inwards.

"A very, very slender wasp-waist - absolutely perfect." Mark declared. "And..."

"This is my building." Karin said, a bit quickly, glad to stop this very dangerous conversation. "I've got a basement apartment." "basement?" Mark said. "isn't that kind of... grundgy?"

"Oh, no - it's cool, quiet, and very, very nice." Karin said. "Come on, I'll show you..."

'Oh, damn!' She thought to herself, angrily, even as she led mark to the door of her apartment and opened it...

...into a room she didn't recognize, aside from the computer in the corner and the sofa along the wall. The living room had undergone a complete transformation, like the kitchen, becoming clean, tasteful, and well-furnished, with a decor that showed a definite 'woman's touch'.

"make yourself comfortable." Karin said, without thinking - the shock of seeing the altered room had her mind running on auto-pilot. "Would you like something to drink?"

"A beer would be nice." Mark said, walking over to the sofa.

Karin blinked - his 'request' for a beer seemed to come out of the blue, and she had to mentally 'rewind' to realize what she'd said, and offered. Cursing herself again (mentally) she forced her lips to stay in a smile while she went into the kitchen.

"Hey - would you mind if I quickly checked my e-mail while I'm here?" Mark called.

"No - go right ahead!" Karin called back, fighting to keep naked relief out of her voice - anything to keep Mark distracted was a god- send.

* * * * *

Walking over to the computer, Mark sat down in the comfortable chair and 'waggled' the mouse, clearing the screen saver. The screen cleared - revealing a box in the middle of the screen that read:

UNIVERSAL PROBABILITY EQUATION EDITOR

Processing - 96% done.

**Estimated Time for Complete Processing: COMPLETE Estimated Time for Complete Implementation: T-00:21
(11:22 Local)**

"Uh... Karin?" Mark called. "You're running a program - what should I do?"

"Am I?" Karin called back, sounding startled - and, for some reason, almost frantic. "It... it's not important. Just close it or minimize it, and go right ahead. No hurry."

Shrugging, Mark clicked on the 'minimize' icon... and nothing happened.

He stared at the screen for a second, then shrugged and tried just opening the browser.

It popped up immediately and automatically dialed. A minute later, it was connected and he was on-line...

...except that he couldn't seem to get the mail program to admit there was any connection. He frowned, and tried another tactic, with as little success... and then noticed the blinking ICQ icon.

"Hey, Karin?" He called. "There's problem with getting my e-mail here. You've also got an ICQ flag on. Should I just leave it up?"

"No!" Karin called back from the kitchen, and Mark wondered what was taking her so long. "Uh... why don't you go ahead and chat with him for a bit?"

Mark shrugged. "Okay - if you say so." He opened the message window.

BILL-721: Hey, Karin - how's it going!

Leaning forward, Mark typed quickly and accurately.

IN2FS: Bill-721, this is Karin's friend, Mark. She's busy, and said I should chat with you until she's done. **BILL-721:** Oh, okay Mark - and call me 'Bill' - there's no need to be formal. (Grin). So - you her boyfriend?

IN2FS: No, no - just a friend. Just met her, actually - we're at her place, discussing what's 'sexy'. What do you think? **BILL-721:** Me? Well, personally, I'm a bit of a fetish freak. You ever been to this site: www.bearchive.com ?

IN2FS: No, but hang on - I'll pop on over while we chat...

Mark brought the browser to front, then entered in the URL. After a few seconds of negotiating through a disclaimer page and an index, he found himself in a 'User Gallery'...

IN2FS: Holy crap, Bill - those are BIG tits!

BILL-721: What do you expect from the Breast Expansion Archive? Now, THAT'S my idea of a sexy woman...

* * * * *

Karin listened to the rapid 'clickety-clack' of Mark's typing, and was wondering about her chances of sneaking out while he

was distracted...

...when she began to feel an even more powerful tingling in her chest. Then her tits began to expand.

Gasping, she leaned over and grabbed the edge of the counter for support as her chest practically exploded outwards, gaining mass and size at an astonishing rate, the blouse making all sorts of creaking noises as it swelled to accommodate her enlarging tits. They shot through the alphabet of cup size, as if racing her mind's ability to comprehend what was happening. they shot right past the size of small melons, into 'volleyball' range - then right through into 'basketballs', practically leaping past 'medicine balls' before the growth began to taper off.

With a jerk, Karin pulled herself upright, staring downward at the huge white mounds that obscured her downwards view, glossy white latex stretched taut over a bra-encased pair of tits the size, shape and apparent weight as a water-filled pair of 'small' beach-balls.

"Holy.. shit.." Karin gasped, hyperventilating in horrified panic at the massive tits she'd so rapidly acquired, the weight seeming to drag her straight down into the deepest pits of despair.

* * * * *

IN2FS: Well, you might not believe this - but Karin would fit right in at the BEA. She's huge! **BILL-721:** You're shitting me!

IN2FS: No, swear to god - she's got the biggest set of silicone-inflated tits I've ever seen. I've never seen tits that big... and I'm finding it kind of sexy, myself. But she'd more then 'huge-breasted', she's also gorgeous. Is 'big tits' your only idea of 'sexy'?

BILL-721: Nope - just part of it. Do you want to hear my... well, kind of 'fantasy' idea of sexy? **IN2FS:** Sure - go right ahead.

* * * * *

"Out..." Karen muttered to herself, in a state of shock. "I.. I have to get out of here.." Turning, she began to stride towards the living room, and the door to the apartment...

* * * * *

BILL-721: Okay, here goes. One thing that I see in my mind for a sexy woman is clothes that show off her oh-so-hot bod...

* * * * *

Karin had just reached the doorway of the kitchen when she had to stop - because her clothes had suddenly began to 'crawl' over her body.

Her mini-skirt rose just a little higher, molding itself impossibly tight to her ass and hips as it became a 'second skin' micro-mini skirt. Her latex blouse writhed and seemed to melt in on itself, rapidly reshaping into a latex crop-top that was just barely street-legal on her suddenly-braless tits, giving Karin a suddenly clear view of her enormous, creamy new mounds and her deep, yawning chasm of cleavage. At the same time, her skirt, nylons and shoes all turned black...

* * * * *

IN2FS: Good start - but, for some reason, I've always liked women in boots...

* * * * *

...and the strap on her platform shoes began to expand, sliding downward to merge with the shoe itself, while the top edge rose upwards, rapidly sliding over her spectacular, nylon-encased legs until she was wearing a pair of knee-high, glossy black leather boots with two inch platforms and eight-inch spike heels.

* * * * *

BILL-721: Sure, that's good too. But she has to act like she's eager to dress this way, like she loves having a super-sexy body and is eager to flaunt it for men.

IN2FS: Yeah, I know what you mean... "Having fun, Mark?"

Mark turned away from the computer at the sound of Karin's husky, suggestive voice. He watched as she slowly, sensuously approached him, a seductive smile flitting over her lips as she jiggled and swayed towards him, huge tits threatening to burst free of her skimpy crop-top.

"Yeah, actually - I am." Mark said, eyeing her appreciatively.

She was holding his beer in her hand - which was sitting at the crotch of her tiny shirt, and she was making shallow, slow sliding motions with the bottle, as if considering another use for it... Licking her lips seductively, she leaned forward and handed him the beer... while providing an awe-inspiring view of her huge, firm tits.

"Here you go, handsome." She purred, wiggling her torso slightly. As he took the beer, she straightened. "I'm just going to go... freshen up."

Putting a hell of a lot of 'oomph' in her swaying, sexy stride, she headed towards the bathroom. Watching her go, Mark shifted in his chair to ease his erection, then turned back to the computer.

* * * * *

"What the hell's happening to me?" Karin seductively demanded of her reflection in the mirror, as she helplessly slid her hands sensuously over her massive, latex-encased tits. "I.. I can't control myself. What's going on? Why is this happening to me?"

Her reflection had no answer for the horrified, disgusted ex-man who was unable to stop looking and acting sexy with her hugely over-endowed new body.

* * * * *

BILL-721: Now, while this woman will come on to any man above the age of puberty - even average joes like us -, there's also some really flimsy excuse that allows her to meet guys who... well, go to www.hooters.dk, then go to Chili's archive and click on 'PE Palace'...

Mark didn't as instructed, then blinked. **IN2FS: Whoa... suddenly, I feel insecure.**

BILL-721: Yeah, I know - but that's the type of guy this type of woman 'just happens' to meet...

* * * * *

Hiding out in the bathroom, helplessly feeling up her new, outrageously-proportioned body, Karin heard a knock at the front door...

...and helplessly found herself wiggling and jiggling out to the living room.

"I'll get it.." She helplessly found herself cooing to Mark - who didn't seem to hear her. As if in a daze, he was typing on-handed at the computer, while his other hand was slowly and almost mindlessly rubbing his crotch.

Reaching the front door, Karin pulled it open...

Standing in the doorway was two well-dressed, fairly clean-cut young men - with incredibly fit, toned bodies...

...and almost obscenely large bulges at their crotches.

"Hi, miss - we're here to represent Amway. May we come in?" the one on the right said.

"Ummm. " Karin helplessly cooed, her eyes locked mindlessly on his crotch while, deep inside, she was screaming at her new body to

stop, to run away. "...please do, handsome. "

The two nearly-identical men stepped inside, and she closed the door in a way that made her whole body ripple, her huge tits bouncing and jiggling.

* * * * *

Mark heard sounds behind him, but for some reason they weren't enough to distract him from the computer, where Bill was continuing to explain his own mental image of what defined 'sex'.

BILL-721: this fantasy woman then practically throws herself at these guys, finding some easy, maybe even stupid way of coming on to them...

* * * * *

"Mmmm... so what have you got that would.. interest me?" Karin found her out-of-control voice asking in an almost overpoweringly seductive tone.

"Well, Amway guarantees we have the right product for any situation. " the one on the left said.

"Really?" Karin helplessly asked - then very sensually peeled the crop-top from her massive, spherical tits, setting them free. They jiggled and swayed from the motion. "Do you have something that will make my tits feel even softer and more. enjoyable to play with?"

"I don't know " The other salesman said, in apparent seriousness. "How soft and sexy are they now?"

"You tell me. " Karin suggested - while screaming helplessly inside.

The two men reached out, each taking one huge breast - and began to fondle and squeeze her tits, causing her to shudder in a mixture of (shown) pleasure and (hidden) revulsion. She moaned low in the back of her throat as each man, continuing to fondle, leaned forward and began licking, nibbling, kissing and sucking her now-swollen nipples.

Helplessly, she wrapped on dainty hand around each man's head and urged them to continue, while the male ego trapped inside struggled for control of the body that held it prisoner...

* * * * *

BILL-721:which of course leads to...

* * * * *

The two men stopped fondling and sucking and shared a look.

"Gee, miss - we're so embarrassed - I guess we don't have anything to offer you, after all." "No..." Karin helplessly said. "You do..."

Kneeling in front of the first man, she reached out and slowly unzipped his pants while he pulled off his jacket and shirt. In seconds he was naked, his enormous, throbbing cock out-thrust in front of him.

Screaming and gibbering deep inside, Karin smiled - and began to lick the huge organ, making satisfied cooing noises.

When it was good and wet, she smiled up at him - then wrapped his throbbing cock in the soft mounds of her huge tit-flesh, her awesome cleavage swallowing the massive member.

"I know what makes my tits more enjoyable.." She said. "A nice coating of jizz..."

the man smiled down at her - and he began to buck his hips as she began to pogo up and down, his huge, thick cock sliding back and forth in the chasm of her massive tits, which she held to keep them tightly wrapped around it.

the same helpless, insipid smile stayed on her lips as he tit-fucked her, with her 'eager' assistance, her body betraying the inner self that was trapped and helpless to do anything but absorb the physically pleasurable and emotionally disgusting sensation of her first tits-fuck.

It didn't take all that long before he stiffened..

..and she helplessly bent her head down and opened her mouth wide....

...and he came like a fire-hose, spewing what seemed gallons of thick, gooey, off-white cum up over her face and into her mouth, thick streamers of it running down her massive, round boobs.

Helplessly, Karin found herself swallowing the mouthful of warm, salty cum she'd taken, while her hands massaged the glossy, warm liquid into her huge mounds.

"oh, yes.." She said thickly, helplessly, "that's good.. almost as good as getting fucked by a huge, hard cock. "

Standing up, she lifted her skirt up around her slender waist and tore off the tiny, lacy scrap of fabric that served as her panties, then bent over and braced her arms on the coffee-table, looking back over her shoulder at the other 'salesman', who was now also naked.

"Whatever the customer wants..." he said with a grin. Walking up behind her, he placed his hands on her hips...

...and bucked his hips forward, driving his huge, thick cock deep into her sopping wet cunt. She screamed, sounding as if she were experiencing intense pleasure... which she was.

But no hint of the emotional and mental anguish showed in that primal sound as the huge cock filled her sopping cunt completely.

Her huge tits began to jiggle and sway as the man began to fuck her, hard and fast, his huge cock plunging in and out of her cunt and causing her body to shiver with the intense (physical) pleasure of it.

then she looked up - and found, impossibly, that the first salesman was standing in front of her, his cock once more rock-hard...

...and her moans became decidedly muted as she opened her mouth as wide as possible and let the huge, purple head of his thickly-veined cock slide between her lips. Helplessly, she began to suck at the cock while he wrapped on hand around it and began to jack off, his body shaking slightly from the force of the deep, hard fucking his partner was giving her.

She began to moan, low in the back of her throat, as the pleasure began to build. It was like nothing she'd ever felt - and nothing she'd ever wanted to feel. She was helpless, her body obeying some other controlled then her own mind as she was fucked from behind, her full lips wrapped around a huge cock that filled her mouth, huge, cum-covered tits bounding and swaying.

Impossible, the man she was sucking came first - and even more then last time. She struggled to keep up with the flow of cum that gushed down her throat, swallowing the thick, warm liquid frantically, taking what seemed to be a gallon of it down her throat...

...when he pulled back, his cock popping out of her mouth with a wet slurping sound, the still-spewing jet of cum splattering over her face, hair and shoulders...

...and leaving her mouth free for the screams of purest ecstasy as she came, her body shaking from the force of the orgasm that took her as the second man dumped cum into her cunt, streamers of it running down her nylon-clad legs...

* * * * *

IN2FS: Geez, Bill - it sounds like you're describing a perfect porn-star in a typical porno film...

* * * * * "...aaaaand.... cut!"

The second man had already pulled out, coating her legs and ass with the last of his cum, when the shout reverberated around her.

Dripping with the two men's warm semen, Karin straightened... and looked around in surprise, though it didn't show on her face.

She was on a cheaply-constructed set, bright lights glaring down on the trio while three cameras focused on them. Karin was shocked to see Mark behind one of the cameras - but couldn't even speak to him, as she found herself turning to face an unfamiliar man sitting in a director's chair.

"Hey, Bill - how'd I do?" She helplessly found herself asked, her hands massaging the new layer of cum into her huge tits.

"Fabulous, Kerri - fabulous!" the man said, enthusiastically. "You're incredible, baby - you're taking the adult film industry by storm, You stick with me, and you'll be the biggest adult star in history - in more ways then one."

Kerri helplessly giggled, hefting her huge tits...

...and saying, "Yeah - 'specially after my next enlargement."

"You bet, babe." Bill said. "I love you, Kerri - you don't have any lines you won't cross."

She found herself throwing him a wink. "Kerri Kleavage does anything - as long as my viewers find it sexy..."

Helplessly screaming inside, the industry's newest star headed for her changing room to get cleaned up for the next scene...

* * * * *

"It comes fully furnished." The super told Debbie, gesturing. "The previous tenant just left everything - including the computer."

The scrawny, withdrawn-looking woman in baggy, ill-fitting clothes looked around nervously, her large, thick glasses magnifying the bruise around her right eye.

"I.. I don't know.. if I can afford this..." She said, looking around the apartment in awe - it was beautifully decorated, the odd-looking 'computer' the only jarring note.

The super looked down at the poor woman sympathetically. "Hey, rent-control tells me how much I can charge, regardless of how much renovating the last tenant did, or what was left behind. Personally, I was planning to keep a lot of this stuff for myself - but I can see you don't have a whole lot to your name. So - it's all yours, for three-twenty a month." He paused, then shrugged. "I'll even let you go without first-and-last. Just the straight monthly."

She smiled weakly and uncertainly at the super, obviously wanting desperately to trust him. "Well..."

Reading a lot of her past in her face and stance, the super gestured at the door. "Did you notice the Yale dead-bolt? Lock that from the inside, and nobody can get in - you can't even unlock it from the outside, if you throw the latch."

Debbie nervously licked her lips, then nodded. "I'll take it..."



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



SUMMARY: Three hard core convicts are given injectons which start to work on them just as they have managed to escape. Finding themselves turned into females, the convicts reluctantly take jobs as strippers.

Ultimate Justice

By Gunslinger

Excerpt from the Garland, Kentucky *Register*, Oct. 1st, 1998 CON CONSTRUCTION

'...Biosyntech, a corporation based out of La Jolla, California, has begun construction on a new facility a few miles south of Garland, bringing new life to our town...

...in a surprise move, the company has reached an agreement with the Board of Corrections to have much of the hard labor done by convicts. The chairman of the Board, Dr. Richard Klein, hastened to assure residents of the town that they have nothing to fear...'

* * * * *

"David Witherspoon!"

The line of men standing in the half-built compound of Biosyntech shuffled their feet, then finally, a lone figure - dressed, like the others, in a bright orange jump-suit - stepped forward and walked up to the table where the man waited impatiently.

The man at the desk looked up, taking in the tall, slender man with a prison-barbered crew-cut of pale blond hair. The youngish man was shivering in the chill mountain air, despite the prison-issue long-johns under the orange jumpsuit.

"Don't worry, prisoner." One of the bulls said indifferently, shouldering his shot-gun. "You'll warm up just fine when you're lugging cement blocks."

David ignored the guard as the man at the table checked a list.

"David Witherspoon...ah, here we are... 8 counts of voyeurism, two of rape." The man turned to the doctor, waiting patiently over a forest of vials and needles. "Give him one of 22a, and one - no, two of 15c."

The shivering convict made no move of rebellion as the doctor injected two separate serums of some sort into his blood stream. That finished, he was ordered to wait to one side, under the watchful eyes of the guards, until he was assigned a work partner.

David rubbed his arms to stay warm, trying to avoid the tender spot where he'd been injected. The prisoners had been told that the injections were some sort of prisoner control method to prevent escape. Supposedly, any prisoner leaving the compound would also leave the special Electro-magnetic field around the compound that forced the...whatever that had been injected from going 'live'.

Leaving the E-M field would allow the injections to go live, and they were warned rather vaguely that the 'consequences would be unpleasant.'

The official at the desk ran his finger down the list, then called out the next name. "Gary Enthwaite."

The disturbance in the group of cons was more pronounced as people moved aside for the man stalking through their

midst.

A shaggy mop of sandy-blond hair hung limply over a brutish, scarred face, whose ice-blue eyes regarded his surroundings coolly. He moved surprisingly lightly for a man weighing nearly two-hundred and twenty pounds - of solid, densely packed muscle.

The man at the table checked his list. "Ah... My, we have ourselves a very bad boy here. Three counts of kidnapping, two counts of assault and battery, five counts of Living on the Avails of prostitution, eight counts of rape, six counts of possessing drugs with intent to sell, two counts of resisting arrest..." He looked up with a sarcastic grin. "What, no murder?"

Gary's voice seemed to come from his size-12 boots. "Yeah - as soon as you try to stick me with one of those needles, asshole."

The response was swift as the bull smashed the stock of his shotgun against the back of Gary's head. Most men would have dropped, instantly unconscious. Gary only stumbled forward a step, knocked off balance. It was enough - two other guards tackled him and held him down as two others rushed in. Once the four burly guards had him pinned, the doctor administered a veritable smorgasbord of needles to the muscular convict's up-thrust posterior. The bulls released Gary and jumped back, guns and clubs at the ready.

Gary slowly rose to his feet and eyed the armed guards, idly spitting away blood from his split lip. Slowly, he grinned viciously.

"Another time, boys - when you ain't got your friends around." The hugely muscled man distastefully eyed the six other guards on the walls - all of whom had their M-16 rifles, loaded with 'rubber' bullets, aimed unflinchingly at him.

With a snarl, Gary stalked over to David, looking the thinner man up and down. "Fuck, you're gonna be useless."

David wasn't about to argue with somebody who was twice his weight. Noncommittally, he shrugged, not meeting Gary's eyes. Gary nodded. "Good boy. You keep your mouth shut and stay outta my way, we're gonna get along just fine."

* * * * *

"Get up, shit-head."

David blinked blearily up at the unlovely sight of Gary leaning over his bunk. Behind him stood another man, whose name David couldn't remember. He did recall the guy was in for murder, though.

"What's up?" asked David in the same low tone. "Were busting out - the three of us. Come on."

David grunted and rolled out of his bunk, his muscles aching from the day's work in the cold October air.

Silently, the three men flitted from the room set aside on the Biosyntech compound as a bunk-house for the convicts. Staying to the shadows, they slipped up to the outer fence and quickly cut their way through with a pair of cutters 'liberated' by Gary earlier that afternoon.

The decision to include David hadn't been a moment of selfishness on the part of Gary. Instead, it was simple logic - if the cops had to search for three of them, the odds were better that at least one would get away.

The trio had just entered the forest line when the murderer suddenly spasmed and collapsed. David paused, looking back at the man's huddled mass.

"Forget it - he's dead." Gary said brusquely. "Those injections musta kicked in." "Then, why are we..."

"Luck - it must not always work. Forget it, and let's go. Or would you rather be dead?"

David couldn't argue with that. He followed after Gary's fleeting shadow, and they vanished into the depths of the woods.

David realized that Gary was heading for the access road. The facility was located in a box canyon, with the mountains rising on three sides, and an open bottle-neck of the road. David realized that the road was too obvious, too easy to get caught on.

"Hold on - we can't go this way." David panted. Gary halted. "What?"

"The road's the obvious escape route, and they can drive down it faster than we can run. We have to go over - they'd have to search the entire mountain that way, on foot."

Gary grumbled, but when David took off up hill, Gary followed.

The two men panted, their breath coming in bursts of white vapor, as they dodged and weaved through the forest, keeping themselves warm by exertions as they climbed the heavily forested mountain, legs straining.

Finally, David couldn't take it any longer. He dropped to the ground, inhaling great gasping lung filling draughts of the painfully cold mountain air. Almost immediately, his sweat-soaked body was wracked by shivers in the freezing night air.

"I don't feel so good." David wheezed.

"Wimp" Gary snorted, hiding his own discomfort. He felt like his insides were on fire, and odd sensations ran through his body like little bolts of fire. "Get up - we ain't on no picnic, you know."

Painfully, David struggled to his feet, and forced himself to follow his muscular companion upwards, as his body was wracked by sensations unlike he'd ever felt.

As he struggled to keep up, he paused, frowning. Something wasn't quite right about the way Gary looked. It took him a few seconds to realize what it was.

His hair was too long. Reaching up, the escaped con quickly established a similar amount of growth on himself. "Hey, Gary." David gasped, slowing. "Do you notice anything odd about me?"

Gary frowned angrily. "What the fuck do you mean, odd. . ." he began, then his eyes widened. "What the hell happened with your hair?"

"Our hair, you mean." David replied. "Both of us have longer hair." David slid one hand across his face, and added "at

least, on our heads."

Gary found the whole thing too weird to deal with at the moment. "Fuck it. We'll worry about it later. Come on, we gotta keep going."

They kept going, trying to move quickly. Not only for speed - but to help themselves keep warm. Still, they took a break two hours later, to take stock of the inexplicable changes that were taking place.

"What the fuck is happening to us?" Gary growled, looking at himself. Both men's bodies were now completely hairless from the nose down. Their skin had softened as well, become silky smooth. Their hair had continued to grow, now laying in a tangled mass around their slimming shoulders.

But the most worrisome part was their chests - where each man now bore two firm, pointed breasts of roughly A-cup measurements.

"I think you know just what the fuck is happening." David said in a horrified voice, his hands touching, then shying away from, his shrunken manhood. "You just don't want to admit it."

Gary's hands- which were becoming more slender, and whose nails were longer - were lightly touching the domes that rode incongruously on his chest.

"Fuck man...no. I mean, it's impossible."

David laughed without humor. "Fine. Keep telling yourself that. Personally, I'm going to face the facts - after an injection from a Bio- Genetic company...we're turning into women."

Gary shook his head stubbornly. "No, man... It can't be." Then he sighed. "Fuck. You're right. What the fuck do we do?" David grunted. "Keep walking."

Without waiting for a response, the slimmer con turned and continued to climb. Gary followed after a moment. Inside, rage and confusion broiled, and the muscular man was more than tempted to turn back, find the guy who had done this to him, and beat the guy to death.

Despite the fact that they crested the mountain and were going down-hill, the two men had harder and harder going, due to the changes creeping over their bodies. As they became more feminine, their clothing fit more and more poorly. The worst was their boots - they began to rub their shrinking feet raw, making every step an agony. If there was any advantage to the pain, it was the fact that it distracted the men from the chill slowly seeping into their bones, despite the fact that dawn had broken, and the day was beginning to warm. They'd been in the cold too long, and it was sapping their strength.

Then, stumbling, they were shocked when they emerged from a stand of trees and undergrowth - and found themselves behind a silent building. Stunned, the two men realized that they'd stumbled on a town in the hills.

Looking around the two men made sure that they weren't observed as Gary snapped the cheap lock on the door to the

building. The door - bearing a sign saying 'Garland Second-Hand Shop' - swung open, and the two men entered.

Since today was Sunday, the two men felt reasonably safe. The store would be closed all day.

On unspoken agreement, the two...men? curled up, and fell into a deep sleep while their frigid bodies slowly warmed - and changed.

* * * * *

Gary awoke to one of the most erotic sights of his life.

Moving around the store, completely naked, was a stunningly sexy blonde woman. Her slender figure moved with grace as she picked through items, her long, golden hair streaming down her smooth skin to hang to her firm, sexy ass.

And thrust proudly from her slender chest were two huge, firm, mouth-watering tits.

It was the sort of thing guaranteed to give Gary an erection - except he didn't have a cock any more.

With a gasp of horror, Gary looked down at the new cunt laying between his sensuously muscled - and very feminine - legs. It was hard to see - because of the two fir, double D breasts thrust from his own chest.

"Holy fuckin' shit!" Gary said - in a feminine voice. He looked up, stunned, as it dawned on him who the other woman was. "Yeah. That's what I thought." David said wryly in a sexy voice, dropping a pile of clothing at Gary's transformed feet.

Gary looked distastefully at the clothing, his full, sexy lips curling into a sneer. "You gotta be shitting me."

David looked at the pile with equal distaste, but also a more phlegmatic view. "Would you rather be naked and freezing?" he asked, reasonably.

Gary glared at David and indicated his transformed body with one slender, feminine hand. "Hell yeah, I'd rather be dead than a cunt. What, you think this is some kinda fucking vacation?"

David's eyes narrowed. On top of all that had happened, he'd finally hit his 'shit limit', and he let Gary know it. "Look, asshole, it happened to me too. Now, I'm not happy about it either - but I'm not ready to give up. If you want to curl up and die, go right ahead - meanwhile, I'm getting dressed - I'm freezing here."

With that, David began to pull on the pile of clothing garnered from the second hand shop.

Needless to say, there had been no bra even close to being big enough to contain David's mountainous new endowments. However, there were simple white cotton briefs for him to pull on. It felt odd - both physically and emotionally, to pull the soft, feminine undergarment up his smooth, shapely legs, and settling it in place over his now-smooth crotch and full, sexy ass.

Over these feminine panties went a pair of black jeans. That is, they'd once been black. Now the tough fabric had faded to a dark gray. The pants were a little small, and he had to wrestle them into place. Once fastened, they fit his trim new hips,

sexy ass and long legs like a second skin.

The best David could do, shirt wise, was a gray athletic tank-top. The only garment large enough without hanging like a tent, David had to wrestle to get it over his huge tits, shuddering at the sensation of the fabric across his cold-engorged nipples. The thin garment also molded to his huge tits like a second skin, and left his altered arms, shoulders and slender waist bare. Next, David slid his feet into the footwear in his size - knee-high black suede boots with a two-inch block heel.

The final item was a coat. Since none of the parkas would zip closed of his huge - and very, very sensitive - new breasts, David was stuck with a black suede jacket from the seventies, with fringe along the arms and the bottom. The front was held closed by laces, which he could adjust to fit his over-exaggerated figure, hugging tightly at the waist before flaring dramatically over his imposing - nay, stunning - bust.

Gary looked at the pile of gathered clothes that would fit his new feminine figure, and swore. Grimacing, he picked up the bra and panty set - both black and lacy. With a grunt, he pulled the thong panties into place, then struggled to put on the DD-cup bra. Having had

plenty of experience at removing them, but none at putting them on, it took him some time to enclose his firm, round new tits in the lacy black fabric.

Since there was no pants in his size, he was forced to do something else to keep his legs warm. That something was a pair of thigh-high black leather boots that he pulled on his sexy new legs, and awkwardly laced up the back. A black leather skirt that laced up the sides covered the gap between the boots and his waist - and clung enticingly to his full, womanly hips and firm, full ass.

A simple black T-shirt went over the bra, thankfully hiding his actual tits from view, though he could still see the bulge of them - and feel the weight of his (!) bra-straps digging in from supporting his firm new tits. At least they were smaller than David's massive new tits, Gary thought - and wondered why that didn't make him feel better.

The final touch was the black faux leather 'biker' jacket, adorned with chrome buckles.

"So, now what?" Gary asked, surveying both of them in a mirror. In the back of his mind, he was thinking how hot and fuckable these two babes were. Only, they were the two babes.

"Now we find a way to get some cash. We're broke, remember?" "Yeah, how do we do that?" Gary grumped.

"I don't know." David admitted. "But we can't just stay here. Let's go."

The two transformed men walked from the store, finding that, for some reason, they were able to move easily, despite their altered bodies and high-heels. It felt extremely odd to both men to be out in public dressed in women's clothing. But the few men who were out in this sleepy town didn't find it odd - they were eyeing the two sexy blonde 'woman', and obviously liking what they saw. David felt a blush slowly rising up his neck and into his face.

Suddenly, David grabbed Gary's arm and pointed. "Look."

Gary looked - then scowled. "No fucking way, man. I ain't working in no strip club."

David shrugged. "Fine. Then go where you want. I'm going to work for a week, then take the money and head south. Hell, if we're stuck as women, at least we can use it to our advantage - you know how much strippers make in a night?"

David headed into the building. After a moment, Gary sighed and followed. Soon they were talking to Frank, the manager, and they'd procured jobs. David as a stripper, and Gary, who refused to do that, as a waitress. They'd introduced themselves as Gina and Debbie, and Frank didn't seem to be interested in resumes or I.D. as he stared at the two sexy 'women'. He had one of his staff lead 'Debbie' off to the dressing room, while he handed 'Gina' the kinky 'nurses uniform' the waitresses wore.

Gary sighed and slipped into the 'nurses uniform'. First, the skimpy white lace bra and matching panties. Then, the long, silky white nylons, held in place by white lace garters. Over this went a white dress that barely existed, it was cut so low at the neck and so high at

the hem. With a grimace, Gary stepped into the six-inch spiked heels white platforms. The final touch was the little white cap with the red cross on it.

"Looking good, Gina." Frank complimented 'her', eyeing the outfit. "You're going to do well tonight." Gary decided to ignore the comment. Bracing himself, he jiggled and swayed out of the room.

He began to serve the drinks to the patrons. The job itself was no big deal - it was the tips. Club policy stated that the tip had to be five bucks - but the customer got to put the bill anywhere he wanted, and cop a quick feel while doing it. When the first guy slid the bill into the back of his panties, caressing his ass, Gary had to exert a great force of will not to hit the guy.

Even worse - it felt good.

Gary knew he wasn't gay, and didn't enjoy a man touching him. Emotionally.

Physically, the sensation was pleasurable. As were the ones created when patrons slipped bills into his bra, garters, and the front of his panties, copping a feel each time. Each time, Gary was shocked and disgusted to find, not only did it feel good - but the constant stream of attention was causing his body to become aroused. Even worse - that arousal felt good, too.

Then, one of the more ingenious patrons pulled a fast one - he slipped the bill between Gary's gloss red lips - and leaned forward for a kiss.

Gary started to recoil, his hand coming up for a slap - when he noticed Frank, a few feet away, looking at Gary with a very loud expression. Jaw clenched, Gary leaned forward for the kiss.

Gary meant to make it quick and uninvolved - but the patron had other ideas. Their lips met, and the other man's tongue darted into Gary's mouth.

It was one of the most intensely incredible kisses Gary had ever experience, full of pleasure and promise. He was so

stunned, he couldn't act as the man completed the most intensely erotic kiss in Gary's life.

Gary, bemused, was still trying to deal with the fact that one of the most arousing, pleasurable experiences of his life had been a kiss from another man, when his attention was pulled to the stage by the voice of the DJ.

* * * * *

"Gentleman, give a big hand to our newest dancer - Debbie Dynamite!"

The music came up, a heavy, pounding beat, and David took a deep breath and headed out on stage.

He vamped up his walk, letting his sexy figure sway enticingly - not hard to do in the ridiculously high heels. He strutted out to the center and began to sway, letting his hands, with their long, blood-red nails, rise up to his huge, firm bust. He began to caress his huge, fabric encased tits while the men whistled and applauded. David, again, was shocked by how good it all felt as he massaged his massive tits, and found himself getting unwillingly aroused by the sensations it created.

He let his body move to the driving bass rhythm, shaking his ass sensuously as he turned to let the audience see his perfect ass and long, nylon encased legs. Nobody noticed the slight stumble he made in the high heels.

David had seen his share of strippers perform, and now he dredged every detail up and incorporated it in his act. Every fondle, sway, bounce and caress he'd ever seen he used. It worked - the crowd of beer-swilling men were applauding wildly.

The applause redoubled when, after bracing himself, David slowly, theatrically unzipped the tight leather mini-skirt and slowly, sensuously slid it down his smooth, sexy legs, bending at the waist to emphasized his firm, sexy ass. He was grateful for the dark lighting - nobody could see the fierce blush rising as he revealed the lacy black 'butt-floss' thong panties.

Throwing the skirt aside, David continued to 'strut his stuff', even working up enough nerve to approach the men lining the stage. Steeling himself, he picked a guy at random, and rested his leg on the man's shoulder, his fabric-covered crotch inches away from the salivating man's face. David was rewarded with a bill stuck into the top of his black panties by the drooling man. Another bill was also slid into her garters by the man next to the lucky patron, and David repeated the routine for him, receiving yet a third 'tip'.

Swaying back from the edge of the stage, he slowly peeled off the skin-tight spandex top, revealing the massive black bra that strained mightily to contain his massive, round globes. Swirling the shirt on one finger for a few seconds, she tossed it aside as the men gaped at the bra-encased endowments thrust 'proudly' from 'her' chest.

David was embarrassed by the attention, the way men looked at his sexy, feminine figure with barely disguised lust. And he was horrified to find that the shear lust created by his body was arousing him.

Even as he continued his routine, he found himself intensely aware of the effect his body was having on these men, and the desires his hugely-endowed female form engendered in them. What shocked David to the core was the way he was reacting to this. It was a form of power - all these men were lusting after his body, and were willing to pay just to see it naked. David was sure that he could ask any of these men for almost anything, and get it, in return for just gazing upon the undeniably feminine

body he now possessed - and that sense of sheer power - sheer *sexual* power - was making David almost painfully aroused - his nipples were like rocks, and he was highly aware of the growing warmth and dampness of his new womanhood.

He wiggled his way back to the edge of the stage and bent down, letting one of the men unclasp the bra. To do so, he had to reach behind David - which pushed his face right into her huge, firm, bra encased tits.

The man was in pure heaven as he unclasped the bra. So was David - and he was also in hell.

Both emotions - pure pleasure and pure disgust - came from having this man's face pressed into his massive bosom. Physically, it felt unbelievably good, the sensations rippling through David's overly feminine body.

Emotionally, David was sickened and disgusted. Not only because he was touching another men in a sexual way - but because he was enjoying it so intensely.

The man took his time undoing the clasps, but finally David could pull away, with mixed feelings. Standing, he slowly peeled the bra from his huge tits, and threw it aside as the men applauded and whistled at the sight of her huge, firm mounds of creamy, desirable flesh.

David finished off the rest of his routine in a dazed fog of mixed emotions. Arousal, disgust, physical pleasure, emotional pain, self hate and self lust.

He had to force himself to accept the bills the men held between their teeth by wrapping his huge tits around the bill. Then, it took the same intense effort to pull back away from the extremely pleasurable contact. A tremendous effort of will to give the tipping patron the customary quick 'thank-you' kiss, and a terrible struggle to pull his firm, full, feminine lips away from the other man's.

And David was shocked, horrified and disgusted to find that every time it was getting easier and easier to lean in - and harder and harder to pull away.

When he finished his routine, David all but fled the stage, mind whirling as he gathered up his discarded clothing and ducked into the provided dressing room, slumping on the chair in a welter of confused emotions. Slowly, mechanically, he pulled the clothes back on. He barely even registered the presence of Gary, equally confused and stunned by his own, similar, experiences.

The phone on the dressing table rang, a shrill buzzing sound. David just stared at it for three rings, then picked it up. "Yes?"

Frank's voice came over the line, sharp and clear. "Hey, gorgeous, great set. The guys went nuts. Listen, is Gina there?" "Yeah."

"Great, great. Both of you come to my office, will ya? I have something to discuss with both her and you, Debbie."

Mumbling and agreement, David hung up the phone and informed Gary. The two transformed men rose to their feet -

actually, their six- inch spike heels - and headed over to Frank's office.

They got maybe a second's warning, as the door swung open and they saw the four prison guards. Before they could react, the guards fired, the tranquilizer darts hitting David and Gary, and sending them into darkness.

Frank looked on with interest. "Escaped prisoners, huh? I figured them for hookers."

The head guard smiled cryptically. "That's not what these two were sent away for." Frank let that pass. "So, what happens to them now?"

The guard's response was even more cryptic. "We give 'rehabilitated' a whole new meaning..."

* * * * *

The reclining figure blinked as consciousness returned. Slowly, the blonde rose to a sitting position.

Frank was sitting beside the couch - which was located in his office. The manager smiled and leaned closer. "Well, good morning Gina. How do you feel today?"

Gina blinked, brow furrowing. For some reason, something seemed wrong with being called 'Gina'. But, that was her name, wasn't it? The last thing she remembered was being in the club, and the guards...

Now, she was in the office with Frank. She was dressed in her waitress uniform - yet for some reason, she was no longer embarrassed to be wearing it. For some reason, she felt - comfortable in the sexy clothing, proud of the way it made her look. Which is how she should feel, wasn't it...?

"What's going on?" Gina asked, trying to figure out why she felt so odd. Sure, having been a man transformed into a woman was part of it - but something was bothering her, like something she couldn't quite remember, or something.

"You're going to work for me now, full time, and forever."

Gina frowned angrily. "Yeah, right. Since the guards didn't haul me away, I'm free to do what I want..." Suddenly, she stopped talking as it dawned on her that she did indeed want to be a waitress. Searching her mind, she found all the skills that she needed, all the training. When had she learned that? It was all so confusing.

"What the hell's going on? Why am I so confused? How do I know how to be a waitress?" Gina demanded of Frank. She was positive that she hadn't wanted to be a waitress before - now something seemed to be calling her to that profession.

The man smiled. "Simple. You've been 'rehabilitated'. A new technique the lab has invented makes some alterations to a persons memories and thought patterns."

Gina gasped. "You mean I've been brainwashed?" Horror flooded her at the thought that her mind had been tampered with.

Frank smiled wickedly. "Let's find out, shall we?" he asked. "Aside from working for me - you're also my girlfriend." He

stood up and unzipped his pants, revealing a large, hard cock.

Horror exploded in Gina at the sight of the large, hard cock. Horror, because she was filled with a sudden, overwhelming need to suck on that glorious cock - in fact, she was filled with a sudden, overpowering need to do anything at all that would please the man she was

now helplessly, unwillingly, madly in love with.

Disgust flooded her as she helplessly dropped to her nylon-encased knees before Jack. She couldn't help herself. No matter how disgusted, how sickened, how angry she was - she had to suck his cock. Implanted skills came to life as she used her soft, sexy lips, long, supple tongue and slender, skilled hands to give Frank an expert, erotic blowjob. Like a seasoned professional, her mouth enclosed his hard shaft and began to bob back and forth, as her tongue danced over the swollen head. Her hands fondled his hairy balls with 'pleasure', and stroked the hard shaft skillfully. In no time, she was gulping 'eagerly' at the flood of cum from her 'boyfriends' engorged cock, 'happily' swallowing it all, while deep inside she wanted to vomit.

Instead, she licked the last of the cum from her gloss-red lips, smiled lovingly at the man whom she'd do literally anything for, and rose to her feet and swayed seductively towards the door.

Helplessly, she turned and said in a sexy, smoky voice. "I gotta get to work, lover-boy. But I can't wait to fuck your brains out when we get home." Horrified, she found this to be true - she was desperate for sex, she needed it - even if she didn't want it.

Frank smiled. "You will get home early enough to clean up, and cook me a nice dinner, won't you?"

"Of course, Frank" Gina agreed helplessly. Then, with a helpless smile that masked her horror and disgust, she went through the door - and almost bumped into Debbie, her 'best friend', heading towards the stage, dressed in a sexy pink spangled outfit.

"Gary!" She said quickly, as she continued her sexy sway towards the stage. "You have to help me!" "Gary? No, Gina." Gina said, slightly confused. "What's wrong David?"

The huge-breasted blonde blinked. "David? Who the hell is David? It's me - Debbie." She shook her head. "Never mind - look, I don't know why, but I just lap-danced a guy - and I fucked him while doing it! He paid me fifty buck for a quickie - and I fucked him!" Debbie gulped loudly. "And...I liked it!"

"Uh... I don't know how to tell you this - but we've been brainwashed." Debbie's jaw dropped. "You mean - I'm a hooker now?"

Gina shrugged indifferently. She couldn't care less - she had her own problems to deal with.

Debbie, horrified, helplessly climbed up on the stage - it was time for her routine. She had been 'programmed' to enjoy dancing - and turning on all the men as she did so.

It made it easier to talk them into sex...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



SUMMARY: After he is given a night of wishes, one guy mistakenly changes himself into a stripper while in the middle of role playing games with his two friends

Unaccountable

By Gunslinger

James Douglas McGrath was standing with his eyes wide and his mouth hanging open.

It was a particular pose/expression he'd been getting a hell of a lot of use out of in the past twenty minutes.

Slowly pulling his mouth closed, the slender young man licked his narrow lips, hazel eyes slowly returning to something closer to their usual diameter.

His recovery was getting much faster with practice, it seemed - either that, or his shock circuits were slowly burning out...

"Let me see if I've got this right..." He said, slowly. "I now have the power to make any wish I want - but it only lasts until midnight..." "Right." His diminutive 'guest said', obviously annoyed.

The dark-haired twenty-one year old pressed on, despite the annoyed tone. "...and it can only affect me or my personal belongings..."

"Because, like I explained, there are rules against using powers on unsuspecting mortals." The tiny, scarlet-hued creature said, impatiently summarizing the much longer explanation he'd already given.

"..I can't create any sort of 'new' wealth..."

"Geez, no - there's too much damned trouble that way..."

Jim ignored the interruption, his voice rising in both pitch and volume as he finished his recitation: "...and not only can't I do anything to anybody else, nobody but me will even notice anything has changed?"

"Yeah, I know it's a bitch." The imp said, studying its talon-like nails. "Again, it's in the rules. Us Mysticals have basically gone underground in the last few centuries, so we're supposed to avoid drawing attention to the fact that we really do exist. I mean, the average leprechaun couldn't even go out for a 'wee drop of the creature' without some dumb mortal trying to grab him for either the

wishes or the pot of gold. Even when we started 'twisting wishes', it didn't discourage you Mortals - you all seem to think you can outsmart us or something..."

"Well, if you're so damned smart, what the hell were you doing in my beer can?" Jim bellowed with every ounce of volume his slender, five-foot-eight body could muster.

The two-inch tall Imp drew himself up. "Hey, I didn't say I was better than Mortals - just not any dumber. As for the beer, well, we Mystical go to the plant to get it. We can't exactly walk into the local convenience store and buy a six-pack, now can we? Well..." He shrugged, "...except in LA. There, they don't even bat an eye - but who wants to put up with the smog?"

As Jim ran one slim hand through his short, usually carefully combed mop of dark brown hair in frustration, he wasn't sure what was more unbelievable - popping open a Coors to find a wish-granting Imp inside, or the conversation that had resulted.

"Anyway..." The Imp said, glancing towards the door. "...you got company coming, so I gotta split. Too bad you start drinking so late in the day - you've only got about four hours of wishing left. Enjoy it while you can..."

The imp began to spin, rapidly, becoming a tiny little red blur.

"Hey, wait!" Jim shouted, as the red blur began to fade away. "I'm not done with you yet, you little son of a..." The red blur was gone - and there came a knock on the door to Jim's house.

Staring for a moment at where the Imp had sat, Jim muttered a few choice insults, then headed off to answer the door. "Hey, Jim - what was all the shouting about...?" Barry asked, as Jim opened the door.

"Huh...? Oh, uh - my computer crashed..." Jim told his short, pudgy blond friend as he crossed the threshold.

"Yeah, that can be a bitch." Grant agreed, as he followed Barry across the threshold. Somewhere between his two friends in both height and weight, Grant Takai was one-quarter Japanese, one quarter American Indian, and the rest of him was Scottish - leading for an intriguing individual with almond-shaped eyes, bronze skin, and a shock of unlikely carrot-'red' hair to top it all off. "Hope you weren't in the middle of printing off tonight's adventure when it died."

"No, no - it's all ready to go..." Jim mumbled, mind still on the Imp's appearance, and very-limited wishes. Momentarily, Jim thought of asking his friends to leave - but he didn't exactly have an abundant supply of friends and their Thursday-night role-playing sessions were a long-held tradition, going back nearly eight years now.

Jim didn't even have to tell the other two to make themselves at home. With the cheerful banter of long-time friends, Barry and Grant headed into the bungalow's small, 'bachelor'-furnished living room and collapsed on mismatched couches. Though quite well accustomed to Jim's usual temperament, they didn't notice anything unusual about his thoughtful, somewhat withdrawn mood tonight, as it was the usual for the nights where he was playing the role of DM - Dungeon Master - in their weekly game of Advanced Dungeon & Dragons, when his mind was going over all the last-minute details and plans for the upcoming adventure.

Shaking his head, Jim decided to simply pretend that the whole Imp thing had never happened. Though his life wasn't exactly Utopian, his only real complaint was about money - and he simply couldn't wish for that, so he might as well forget it.

Sitting down in the over-stuffed armchair, in front of which rested all his DM paraphernalia, Jim decided to get the game started. "You guys ready...?" Jim asked.

"Whoops, hold on..." Barry said, with a grin - as he and Grant both bent over, grabbed a still-cold beer from the case Jim had brought from the fridge, and quickly popped the tops and drained half the cans.

"Ready!" The two young men chorused.

Smothering a grin, Jim dropped his voice an octave and began telling the 'back story' - "You, the mighty warrior Elnar, and the powerful Mage Singmet, are sitting in the darkened back corner of a smoky tavern, sheltering from the pounding storm outside..."

Soon, the three men were immersed in the game, all-but-living the adventure that Jim narrated and directed, getting into the spirit - and the characters - of the adventure.

"Hey!" Barry/Singmet exclaimed, outraged. "You can't do that!" Jim blinked and looked up. "Excuse me?"

"The bar wench. She wouldn't do that!" Barry said, waving hand. "I mean, come on - we've been 'drinking' there for hours, and the mighty lady-killer Elnar here has been tipping her generously the whole time. She wouldn't go blab out conversation about them to the sleazy, rude guys at the table near the fire!"

"Hey, remember, they said they were Prince Moreland's men, and that the was a reward for..."

"I have to agree with Barry - excuse me, Singmet..." Grant said, apologetically. "I mean, we've been nice to her, they've been rude to her, and there's nothing but their claim that they're the Prince's men - and beside, our conversation was all about the fact that we think they're really Warlock Tunega's men, so, why would she believe what they said?"

"Well, she's also more afraid of them than she is of you." Jim tried to explain. "She's a defenseless woman, working in a tavern in Prince Moreland's domain, while you're just passing strangers..."

"Oh, come off it." Barry snorted.

"Sorry, Oh great and wise Dungeon Master..." Grant said, with a smirk. "Unless you happen to be able to produce a

woman who can back up your hypothesis, I say we should get to random-roll the chances of her blabbing - and I get to factor in my Charisma..."

'Maybe I should 'wish up' a woman to back me up, just to see the look on your faces...' Jim though in good-natured annoyance with his friend's quite-usual nit-picking. *'Of course, I can't 'wish up' a woman - the closest I could get would be wishing myself into a*

woman, and even then you guys wouldn't even notice...'

"Uh... Jim...?" Grant said, waving a hand tentatively in Jim's direction. "You still with us there, buddy?" "Yeah.. I'm just.. thinking.." Jim said, in a distracted tone, his mind going over the thought again.

He could turn himself into a woman - and Barry and Grant wouldn't 'notice'...

..and, when he turned him - her? - self back at the end of the evening, the guys wouldn't notice that either. 'Geez..' Jim thought, a little stunned. *'Am I that desperate to win a stupid argument...?'*

Only - it wasn't the argument, exactly - though that was part of it.

It was the thought of winning the argument by something as 'spectacular' as changing gender, right under his friend's noses, cheating in the most outrageous way possible...

...with no chance of ever getting caught!

A leaden knot in his stomach, Jim wondered if he was nuts - but he didn't dwell on the question, afraid that he'd 'talk' himself out of it. After all, he reassured himself, it was only temporary...

"I wish that I was female..." He muttered under his breath...

...then gasped, hazel eyes flying wide, at the sensations that thrummed through his altered body. No.

Through **her** body.

The instant the last word of the wish had been uttered, **he** had instantly become a **she**. No Hollywood 'morphing' effect, no warp and twist of body. Just **blink** - and she was sitting there with a stunned look on her face, feeling the same-yet-different sensations that a 'natural' woman never consciously noticed, anymore then Jim had paid attention to the second-by-second sensations of the familiar male body he'd had just a second ago.

"Earth to Jamie..." Grant said, blissfully unaware of any change as he continued waving his hand. "You there...?"

"Uh.. just gimme a minute, okay...?" Jim - Jamie? - said, both surprised and expectant to hear it emerge in a higher, softer tone then any 'Jim' had ever used before. Not that it was completely unlike her male voice - but it was definitely the feminine version of it... "Five minute break, 'kay?"

"Sure..." Barry agreed, easily, Grant echoing the agreement, both as calm and as 'normal' as they'd been before Jim's

'unnoticed' transformation into Jamie.

Hoping her unaware buddies didn't notice the slight trembling in her hands, Jamie faked a smile as she rose - and then, by force of will alone, made herself walk to the bathroom and calmly shut the door.

Once alone in the sanctity of the white-tiled room, however, she let her expression of stunned amazement surface, and she gaped at herself in the mirror.

It was 'herself' - because 'Jamie' saw 'Jim' - only female.

She was shorter - but by the same token, she was now as 'average' in height, for a girl, as she had been for a man. The same mop of dark brown hair surmounted a face that was the feminine version of her male one, and as unremarkable as it had been as a male, neither notably attractive or unattractive.

Though the bone structure was finer, the hips a little wider and the shoulders a little narrower, the slender build was basically the same, giving the short-haired new girl she'd become a definite 'tomboy' look to her...

..especially since, like 'Jim', Jamie wore a pair of jeans and a black T-shirt, with no make-up.

Hesitantly, the new woman used her somewhat slimmer, daintier hands to unzip the fly of her now-female-cut 'unisex' jeans... Where a pair of plain 'tighty-whities' had been were now a pair of equally unremarkable white cotton panties.

Unremarkable, of course except for the fact that she was wearing them, with the pale, smooth skin of her thighs below, a somewhat slimmer waist above - and a perfectly flat, feminine crotch underneath them.

Slowly, biting her thin lower lip, the new woman ran one hand across the smooth crotch...

...then flush and yanked her hand away at the markedly different sensations generated by the pressure on her new - and unmistakable

- vagina.

Licking her lips nervously, Jaime lifted up her shirt.

Like 'Jim', Jamie wasn't wearing a bra - and like 'Jim', she didn't need one, her small, conical mounds barely an A-cup, though her dark nipples were definitely larger than her old ones had been - especially standing erect in the cool air of the bathroom, which they quickly did.

"Holy shit, I really turned myself into a girl..." She whispered, not sure what generated the most disbelief - the fact that she'd actually wished this, or that it had actually happened.

The wish to become male again hovered on her lips - but remained unspoken.

After all - it's not like anybody knew she'd done this. As far as the world was concerned, this was completely 'normal'. Whether she changed back now, an hour from now, or ten minutes to midnight - nobody would ever know.

Except her...

...and so, why waste the opportunity?

Stuffing her shirt back into her jeans and doing them up, she surveyed her feminine body again in the mirror, surprised to find that it didn't feel as different as she'd expected it to. There was no doubt that she was now fully female, but aside from a few.. intriguing.. net sensations, it felt much the same as being male did.

On a whim, pulled open her medicine cabinet, wondering just how 'detailed' this wish had been. Where a can of shaving cream had sat, there was now a box of tampons.

A box, that like the can of shaving cream, had been used.

Blushing, Jamie slammed the cabinet shut, glad that it didn't appear to be 'her time of the month'.

Flush still riding on her cheeks, Jamie left the bathroom and headed back to the living-room, smaller, slimmer feet making no sound in the finer-weave socks hers had become.

"...never really thought about it, for some reason." Barry was saying in a low voice to Grant. "no that you mention it, though, I think maybe you're right.

Hesitating at the end of the hallway, still out of sight, Jaime cocked her ear, wondering at the conspiratorial tone her friend was using.

"It is kinda weird we never even thought about it before..." Grant said. "I mean, it's sort of obvious, now that you look at it - Jamie's a lesbian..."

Jaime's jaw dropped.

As a guy, 'Jim' was a bit shy, and what female friends he thought of him as 'A nice guy', the type you had strictly platonic relationships with... so, generally speaking, Jim had the exact same relationship with women as he did with guys.

It had never occurred to her, however, that there was a different set of standards for women then there were for men. For a guy to be 'seriously' rumored to be gay, he'd have to give some impression of flirting or hitting on other guys. For a woman to be a lesbian, however, all she had to do was *not* flirt with guys.

Subconsciously, she'd even known this. After all, it was an assumption in most men's mind that women were more likely to 'go lesbo' then guys were to 'go gay' - but she'd never really considered it applying to her.

Then again - until ten minutes ago, she'd never expected to be female, either.

Maybe it was a latent form of homophobia, but the thought that her friends considered her a lesbian bothered her. Sure, technically she guessed she was, because she did like 'other' women - but still, the thought of being labeled a lesbian made her squirm for some reason.

It wasn't a thought she wanted to deal with...

...and so, she wouldn't.

A simple whispered wish and Jim strode back into the living room, a grin on his face. "So, where were we...?" He asked, settling down behind his DM equipment.

"Uh.. in the tavern, with the wench blabbing to the guys," Grant said...

..uncomfortably.

In fact - both of his friends looked somewhat uncomfortable, no longer care-free as they avoided Jim's eyes. "Something wrong, guys?" Jim asked, confused.

"Oh, uh - no, of course not." Barry said, awkwardly. "Hey, you know what? I know we play every Thursday, it's a tradition, but maybe we should try doing something else for a change."

Grant shot Barry a startled look - and Barry gave a very meaningful look back, still speaking. "I dunno, maybe something a little more.. adult..." Barry continued.

Grant blinked - then slowly nodded.

"Hey, maybe that's not a bad idea..." He said with obviously forced excitement. "You know, now that I think of it, the three of us never hit a strip club together. Lotsa guys do that, and it's a blast - get liquored up, lose our inhibitions, and shout what we're really thinking at the naked ladies on stage - and then try to pretend it never happened the next day. Real 'guy' sorta stuff, you know...?"

'Oh, shit...' Jim thought, an icy ball of lead forming in his stomach. He'd made a **big** mistake.

The wishes might have gone 'unnoticed' - but they didn't erase history, just altered it to match as closely as possible.

The two guys obvious still remembered coming to the 'lesbian' conclusion about Jamie - but now, in their minds, it was 'obvious' that Jim was gay...

Jim wondered what the hell he was going to do.

Obviously, this whole 'strip club' idea was some sort of spur-of-the-moment 'gay' test. They wanted to get Jim to club, get him drunk, and see what happened, wanting to know for sure whether their 'good buddy' was straight or not.

Jim, however, wasn't comfortable in strip clubs. The problem was, Jim was pretty sure that 'shy' just wouldn't cut it, not with the suspicions Barry and Grant now had...

"You're awfully quiet, Jim..." Grant said to Barry, with another of those meaningful looks. "Not really into naked ladies, or something...?"

Oh, shit - how to get himself out of this one...?

Nearly panicked at the thought of losing the two real, close friends he had, Jim decided that if a wish got him into this, maybe it could get him out of this, as well - since, of course, the 'suspicions' were somewhat gender biased...

A whisper...

"Not really..." Jamie said, blushing brightly. "I mean, if you guys want to go and stare at some naked ladies, I understand.. but it's not really my thing, if you know what I mean..."

"Oh, look.." Barry said, blushing in embarrassment. "I didn't mean anything by it..."

As simple as that, the situation was 'reversed' - because the 'attempt' had been to verify that she was a lesbian, and her reaction - which was the same one she would have given as a man served to make 'her' straight, while it would have confirmed 'him' as being gay.

Problem solved...

..right?

The why were the two guys still sharing that same, damned, meaningful look...? As the icy ball returned to her stomach, Jamie knew why.

They had been 'sure' Jamie was a lesbian, which she 'was', sort of, while they'd only been very suspicious of Jim's sexuality.

Had Jim refused such a 'guy' thing, they would have been 'sure' he was gay - but Jamie refusing such a thing just changed certainty to doubt, as there could be lots of reasons for her demurring, not the least of which was to hide the fact that 'naked ladies' were really her thing, after all - and she just didn't want anybody to know.

"I'm.. just going to go see if my computer's working again..." She said, remembering at the last second about her earlier 'white lie'. "I'm waiting for an e-mail..."

She hurried off to her room, where computer was located...

..and paused for half a second, somewhat bemused by the pile of feminine panties replacing the masculine ones 'Jim' had left piled on the dresser after doing laundry earlier.

A pile of briefs sitting out on the open didn't seem to bother 'Jim' - but the sight of feminine panties did, for some reason. Booting her computer up, Jamie hurriedly tucked the panties in a drawer.

"I wish.." She said, quietly, sitting in front of the computer. "That my microphone had a much longer cord - and it was wired up through the ceiling, and hidden in the lamp near the two couches.

Swallowing nervously, she picked up the big, 'monitor'-style earphones she had on her computer for listening to download MP3's, and slipped it on over her smaller ears.

'...not sure what to think.' Barry was saying. *'I mean, she looked embarrassed - but that could have been because she realized she might know about her being a lesbian.'*

'If she is one...' Grant said - in a pro-forma voice. *'I mean, is it possible we're just assuming because she looks kinda, well 'boyish'?' '...and never wear's 'girls' clothes...'*

'...or makeup...' Grant added.

'..and has a haircut like a guy...?' Barry finished. *'Of course, there's also the fact that she seems to, you know, look at women 'that way' sometimes...?'*

That, of course, had been completely natural for 'Jim' - but for 'Jamie', those occasional long glances were damning. Damn - they were working their way back up to 'conviction'...

Taking off the headphones, Jamie bit back an 'unladylike' curse, realizing the mess she'd gotten herself into. Of course, the realization didn't help much. She had to figure a way out of it.

However, having been 'Jim'

her entire life, she didn't know how to make 'Jim' look more manly, in terms of 'persona'. Sure, she could wish herself into a hyper- masculine body - one that she'd never wanted, since Jim had always cordially despised 'muscle-bound morons', and never felt the

urge to become one, even before the power. So, how did 'Jim' stop being so shy and - given certain suspicions now in her friend's minds - 'gay' about the lack of courage when it came to women?

Jim, after all, was certainly not a ladies man. While that had never been a big deal, before, now that the suspicions were planted in Grant and Barry's minds, Jim's lack of sexual activity and dates looked damning.

She couldn't come up with an answer...

..and then, like a burst of light, she wondered if she was asking the right question.

After all, this whole thing had started because they'd thought 'Jamie' was a lesbian. If she could convince them that 'she' was straight, then - by default - 'Jim' would be considered straight, too, when she changed back.

Wouldn't he?

Well, maybe there was a way to do this that would make absolutely sure of it. Maybe there was a way to make a wish that didn't directly alter anything else but 'her' own life, and yet would leave 'Jim' as being seen as perfectly straight...

...and then, blushing furiously, Jaime realized that there was, indeed, a way - one that could even improve 'his' standing in the eyes of Barry and Grant.

The question was - could she bring herself to do it?

Then again - could she refuse to do it, and perhaps have Grant and Barry abandon 'Jim' out of homophobic tendencies...? Swallowing thickly, Jamie decided to risk it all...

* * * * *

"Oh, shit...!" Jim said, rushing out into the living room while pulling on his jacket. "What's going on...?" Barry asked, looking at Grant - who shrugged back.

"That e-mail I was waiting for...?" Jim said, feigning a frantic attitude. "I came like, five seconds after my computer crashed. Oh, damn, but she's gonna kill me..."

"Uh.. she...?" Grant said, confused.

Jim had no trouble bringing up an embarrassed blush. After all, considering what he was planning, it had been hard to keep one from his face until now. "Uh.. You guys know how awkward I am with girls, face to face. Well, there's a girl I met on the Internet. She travels around a lot, and, well, she mentioned she might be passing through the area tonight - and, turns out, she wants to visit.

Thing is, she knows sort of where I live, but not my last name or my phone number - at least, I don't think she does. I'm gonna run

down to where she asked me to meet her and hope she's still there... but can I ask a huge favor of you guys? Can you hang around, just in case she calls? I'd really appreciate it."

"yeah, sure..." the two stunned men said - and, both suspicious and embarrassed by those suspicions, hesitated, giving time for Jim to ruin for the door...

"Hey!" Barry shouted. "What's her name...?"

Thankfully, Jim was mostly out the door, and could pretend he didn't hear as he slammed it behind him and ran for his car.

He hadn't had time to work out any of the details. He was going to use the 'reasonable interval' between 'his' departure and 'her' arrival to come up with them. After all, he had to get everything just right. Since he wouldn't be present, he could 'change' without Barry and Grant 'forgetting' him - and then use the mystical woman to 'back up' his story, thereby finally quashing any doubts about his interest in women.

Except, ten minutes later, he was still sitting in the darkened parking lot of a local park, trying to come up with the 'infallible' scenario. What type of woman, and what 'story', would it take to make even the slightest doubts vanish?

Suddenly Jim realized that he didn't actually have to know - because he could just 'wish' for it to be so. Still nervous, Jim took a deep breath and blurted out the wish before he could chicken out:

"I wish I would become exactly the type of woman that I believe Grant and Barry could unquestionably accept as being somebody having a mutual sexual attraction with 'Jim McGrath'. "

...and, in the instant after the wish was voiced, everything changed.

* * * * *

"I'm still not sure what we were thinking. " Barry said, embarrassed. "I mean, sure Jim hasn't had lots of dates - but we aren't exactly

studs ourselves, right?"

"What's this 'we', paleface...?" Grant asked, straight-faced. "In fact, my Indian name is 'Biggum Dickus', which, in English, means. "

The sound of the doorbell interrupted. The two men shared a look. "You think. ?" Barry asked.

"Only one why to find out. " Grant pointed out, rising from the couch.

With Barry close at his heels, Grant walked to the front door and pulled it open...

...then simply stood, slack-jawed and bug-eyed. "Unngh.. ugga bubba..." He said.

"Ubba tugga..." Barry added, helpfully.

'Jim' couldn't help but bathe in the reaction.

Quite literally couldn't, no matter how much the 'continuous-memory-of-the-person-who-was-once-Jim' might have wished to - though, with the way things were, she wasn't even exactly positive as to what 'he' would have wanted.

After all, she wasn't exactly sure just how different 'she' and 'Jim' were, in terms of their minds. That there was some differences was unmistakable, and she fully realized that - but the thoughts and reactions she was having, now, felt as 'real' and 'normal' to her as Jim's had to him, back when she'd been him...

"Hi, boys." She said, her voice throaty and richly, sensuously feminine. "My name's Tamara. I'm looking for Jim..."

"Umm.. Jim's not here..." Grant said, eyes never leaving her body - which was both just fine and annoying, because, even though it made her feel very good being so openly and obviously appreciated, part of her knew damned well that these were her friends, and the sexual interest she was feeling - and receiving - should be 'wrong'.

"He's out looking for you, actually..." Barry said, his inbred courtesy helping break the hormonal hold her presence had created over his tongue. "Uh.. would you like to come in and wait."

"Why yes..." She said, feeling her lips curve up into a warm, sensual smile that matched the pleasure she felt at being shown such 'interested' courtesy. "Thank you very much..."

"Oh - I'm Barry, and this is Grant..."

"A.. pleasure.. to meet both of you..." Tamara said, somewhat regretting the extra emphasis she'd put on 'pleasure' - but

not all that much.

She entered the/'his' house, both very aware of the physical interest of two obviously polite, intelligent young men - and of the fact that 'he'/she was getting this pleasure from 'his'/Jim's good friends.

The knowledge was from the mind of 'Jim' - but it was the woman she currently was that was feeling all the emotions. Even though she 'knew' she should feel either embarrassed or sickened by the reciprocal excitement going on here, she didn't feel that way.

Just as she knew that the wish had been terribly, terribly misspoken - but felt like it had been utterly perfect.

After all, it's was Jim's 'intellectual regret' over having wished to actually become said woman that 'bothered' her, but she - herself - felt utterly happy being remade completely into Tamara Lee Steeves.

Reaching the living room, she sat down on the couch, her body moving with a smooth sensuality that felt perfectly natural to her, despite what her old, male memories thought about her unconsciously enticing way of moving, especially in front of Grant and Barry.

Grant and Barry, however, ate it all up with eager eyes, eyes that couldn't seem to leave her body for more than scant seconds as they awkwardly lowered themselves on the other couch.

"So, Tamara.. what do you do for a living?" Grant asked. Tamara hesitated. "Actually... I'd prefer not to say..." "Oh.. all right.." Grant said, blinking.

Actually Tamara had no problem admitting her 'line of work' - it was the Jim-Memory bothered by telling them. "Could I use your washroom...?" Tamara asked, politely.

The two young men practically feel over themselves pointing out the facilities, and she smiled warmly at them as she walked off, sure that their eyes were as firmly fixed on the long, shapely legs and firm, spectacular ass her skintight black latex body-suit encased as they had been on the wonderful view of dusky cleavage her lowered zipper revealed.

Closing the door behind her, she spoke in a low, sensual whisper: "I wish this room was completely soundproof from the outside..." That done, she turned and faced her reflection in the mirror.

Jim's approval of what 'he' saw mirrored her own pride at her appearance.

A broad, sensual face framed by long, wavy black hair, boasting dark, long-lashed eyes over high, well-defined cheekbones, was dominated by her full, mobile lips, coated in a glossy, dark-red lipstick that went well with her dusky skin. The same dusky skin, midway between Mediterranean 'olive' and Arabic 'bronze' added an even more enticingly exotic aspect to the cleavage of her firm, 'natural' DDD-cup breasts, packed tightly into the second-skin outfit she wore.

An outfit that, especially in the brightly-lit bathroom, shot back sharp highlights that emphasized her toned, womanly figure, with it's large breasts and womanly waist balanced by the slender hips and long, well-toned legs.

God, but did she love having such a sexy, overtly female body...!

...but, of course, it's former owner might not agree. That's why she was standing here. After all, the sexual interest she felt in Barry and Grant were a 'side effect' to them being so much like Jim, who'd she'd been 'created' having a sexual interest in.

Hating herself for doing this, but knowing it was only 'right', she faced the mirror and said: "I wish I could talk to Jim in the mirror."

She braced herself for the demand for another wish that was sure to come, the demand that would surely send 'Tamara' back into the oblivion from which she'd sprung...

"Holy shit...!" She heard her voice said, watching her lips move unbidden in the mirror. "How the hell can you keep from ripping your clothes off and finishing it! We've been on the edge of orgasm since the instant we changed!"

Surprised, the gorgeous woman blinked. "That.. wasn't exactly what I expected to hear from you..."

"Oh, god, but are we ever turned on..." She'd said - then, more to the point: "You don't know who you are, do you? I mean, why you are the way you are...?"

"No - I don't really have full access to 'you', you know. If I didn't, we wouldn't need this 'conversation'." Tamara pointed out.

"Well, you're modeled on a character out of a story I once read on the Internet." Jim said, their shared voice sounding embarrassed. "I guess it most immediately came to mind because.. well.. It's about a guy who gets turned into a woman after a car crash."

"Really..?" Tamara asked, surprised.

"Yeah.." Jim admitted. "See, the thing is, I sort of like those stories because, well - it's almost as if I think that the best way I could get laid is if those stories were true, we're my 'competition' instead ends up as sexy women so horny they'll have sex with even guys like me."

"Oh.. so when you specified that I be a woman who could be sexually attracted to you, I became this 'fantasy slut'...?" Tamara asked, one finally arched eyebrow raising.

"It's not that, exactly. See, the character in this story - and you - have a hyper-sensitive body.. especially to pleasure." Jim explained. "You, not having experienced anything else, have no idea just how much more utterly pleasurable simply.. *existing* is, for you. God, but even standing here feels so.. good!"

"So.. what do we do...?" Tamara asked her alter ego.

"Well, if you'd ever read any of this author's story, you'd know the answer is almost inevitable..." Jim replied...

* * * * *

With the 'chunk' of the master switch in the kitchen fuse-box being thrown, all the lights went out.

What the...?" Grant exclaimed, bolting to his feet. In the darkness, he heard Barry, having moved to the other couch, do the same. "I'll find the fusebox..."

"Shh..." A low voice said from the darkness, throaty and sensual. "Don't move..."

In the darkness, Grant frowned and opened his mouth to ask a question...

...then stopped dead as the sound of a zipper being lowered came from the darkness. A zipper much too long to be Barry's fly.

The type of zipper, in fact, that sounded like it was on a latex body-suit.

The type of latex bodysuit that, if it were to be taken off, might make that rustling sound he'd just heard. Despite the fact that he remained perfectly still, parts of Grant were continuing to move in an upward direction. "Marco..." That voice said with a soft chuckle in the darkness.

"Uh.. Polo..." Barry replied, a half-beat ahead of a more assertive version from Grant.

With another soft chuckle of anticipatory pleasure, Tamara began moving on cat-like feet through the darkness, trusting her/Jim's memory of the room as she called out again, softly, "Marco..."

"Again, the overlapping responses sounded, and she moved quietly in that direction.

Jim, alert and more than just memory engrams, rode 'shotgun' inside her body, awake and aware - but letting a considerably less nervous/guilty Tamara handle the actual 'work'.

"Marco..." She whimpered, guessing herself to be only inches away from where one of the guys must be standing near the couch. "Pol..umph!"

Shifting slightly higher, Tamara got her lips firmly affixed on Grant's, and began kissing him, tongue slipping easily into the man's mouth...

...as Jim squirmed in her mind, obviously still bothered by the fact that 'he'/she was kissing Grant, even with his proviso that he not have to see it, at least not the 'first time', depending on how things worked out.

However, Jim also didn't 'veto' the kiss, which he could have done. Though uncomfortable, he was obviously enjoying the sensations it created - and, as she pressed her warm, naked body more firmly against Grant, her sensitive breasts hard against his chest, the 'squirming' began to subside.

Gently ending the kiss, she gently grabbed Grant's head, bringing his warm mouth down to meet her fully swollen nipple. As he began licking and nibbling the offering, hands caressing her full, firm breasts, she gasped slightly - then whispered "Polo..."

A second later, Barry's outstretched hand met her flesh, and she quickly found his face, giving him a kiss to rival that which she'd shared with Grant.

Barely a quiver this time.

She began unbuttoning each man's shirt with one hand - a futile attempt, but the guys got the point almost immediately.

"Stay standing, handsome.." She whispered to Barry - then, gently, keeping one hand on Barry's now-bare flesh for guidance, eased Grant down onto the floor in the proper position.

She gently straddled Grant's prone figure, her full, firm buttocks lightly caressing the throbbing head of Grant's cock, her hand wrapped firmly around the base of Barry's cock...

...and she waited.

Waited for the rolling welter of Jim's emotions to settle enough for the man sharing her body to make a decision. He did. It came in the form of a whisper to quite for even the men to hear, a faint whisper of a wish...

...a wish, unlike the last one, so utterly well spoken, that Tamara knew, one way or another, Jim was going to deserve getting the 'majority' control when this test-run was over.

After all, wishing that 'they' would enjoy it even more than they'd hoped was pure genius...

..and with that, Tamara and her passenger plunged their wet, ready cunt down onto Grant's hard, ready cock, even as her full lips closed around Barry's own throbbing shaft.

Pleasure, completely different in type, but equally in intensity, flooded forth from both points of contact.

With that pleasure, the last of Jim's resistance faded, and they - together - began to rock in a specific motion, each thrust forward filling her eager mouth with more throbbing cock to suck and lick, while rising higher on the cock filling her oh-so-sensitive cunt...

...and then backwards, reversing the motion and impaling herself fully on Grant's wonderful organ, while letting her lick and kiss the hard cock her hands were fondling.

It was.. fantastic.

Especially with the two separate-yet-linked minds in her brain, capable of accepting each of the two forms of pleasure without loss, seamlessly sharing the wonderful pleasure as they cycled back and forth between the two wonderful points of pleasurable contact with delicious, impaling, mouthwatering, cunt-filling cock.

Not to mention the additional pleasure from her tits, as Grant's hands slid up her body to begin fondling the wonderfully bouncing, rocking mounds as she thrust back and forth in ever-growing pleasure...

..and then Barry leaned over, and he was just able to fill his hands with the firm curve of her ass, matching her rhythm as

she rocked back and forth.

It was the most perfect pleasure she'd ever felt. Ecstasy from mouth and cunt, each a warm, wet orifice she forevermore wanted filled. Additional, supplementary pleasure of another sort, provided by warm hands of firmly rounded flesh. Front and back, top and bottom - pleasure from all directions, all of it wonderful, provided by wonderful men, and oh God she loved this all and she never wanted it to stop...

...and it was probably a damned good thing her mouth was full of wonderful cock at the time, or she might have made an inadvertent wish to the effect.

As it was, the pleasure was definitely ending towards an end - but the 'right' type of finish, not with a whimper but a bang, as the waves of overlapping pleasure began to grow, and intermix.

In/out, out/in, the contrast and the continuation, creating a synergy more powerful than either alone ever would have created, and somewhere in the back of her/his mind, one of them was wryly noting that no single man would ever be able to satisfy her like this, and no woman, either - but who cared?

Not them.

Not now.

Not having already exceeded any level of pleasure they'd ever so much as imagined, much less felt - and the pleasure was still growing, and endless stream that she just barely managed to stay afloat in, the twitches in her muscles both interfering with, yet demanding, the continuation of her wonderful, pleasure-inducing rocking...

Then, desperately, she increased the pumping action of the hand wrapped around Barry's cock, time having suddenly become a very pressing issue...

...and her increased pace made Barry gasp, his hands stilling on her ass as he twitched and pumped a full load of oh-God-it-tastes-so-wonderful cum down her oh-so-eager throat...

...allowing her just enough time to regretfully release the wonderful cock from her mouth and scream out in mindless ecstasy as her first female orgasm slammed into, turning the darkened room into an infinite plane of white light as every nerve ending in both minds overloaded with the purest form of pleasure that had ever existed...

As it had to, the intense burst of pleasure began to fade, leaving Tamara to find herself laying on the floor, the two men gently fondling her sweat-slicked body and whispering soft words of thanks, some directed at her, and some to their deity of choice.

In that instant, Jim and Tamara came to a final decision...

To the complete and utter confusion of both guys, they heard Tamara's voice ring out in the darkness: "I wish..."

* * * *

"So - what do you think it'll be tonight?" Grant asked, as he and Barry walked up to the door of their friend's house. "Hey, that's the thing about role-playing..." Barry replied, with a grin. "You just never know..."

Reaching out, he knocked on the door...

...and both men smiled as it swung wide open, to reveal the slender figure of Jamie Tamara McGrath, clad in a very tight, revealing version of the classic 'French Maid' outfit, one whose six-inch spike-heel pumps showed off her long, fishnet-stockings-clad legs, and whose low bodice showed off much of her massive, creamy breasts.

"Welcome 'ome, mon cheri..." She said in a surprisingly good French accent, her full lips curving. "I am so very 'appy to see you both!"

"It's 'Yvette'..." Grant said in delight. "Oh, I just love when we do the Naughty French Maid..."

"I beg your pardon...?" 'Yvette' asked - and Grant, knowing the conditions their good friend - and exotic dancer - set for the Thursday night she kept open for their role-playing, immediately dropped into character, as he and Barry stepped inside...

they could discuss the 'naughty French maid', or any other of Jamie's 'alter egos' any other day of the week. On Thursdays, it was 'in character' only, and she practically became a different person then...

...though, of course, no less eager to please her best friends, the two men who had known her even before she'd become an exotic dancer and gotten the progressively larger breast enhancements.

Of course, neither the new job nor the enlargements changed the fact that the once-tomboyish girl they'd always hung out with, who'd been the girl who'd inducted them into manhood, was just as sexy - and sexual - as she'd always been, the time spent earning tons of cash as a stripper notwithstanding.

As far as Barry and Grant were concerned, it was inexplicable. They had no way of accounting for the fact that this eager, cheerful, so utterly sexual woman could possibly be so sexually excited by nerds like them...

...but she seemed happy enough with it all, and they certainly didn't try to argue whenever she grinned and said that it was all like 'a wish come true'...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



SUMMARY: One man rescues a lifestyle designer from near death and is rewarded by receiving a re-design at no charge.

Unaware

By Gunslinger

Bob happened to be walking through Landmark Textiles when he found himself a 'punctual savior, both gallant and... mmm... *strong*...'

At least, that's what the... person... told him. For himself, Bob was more bemused than usual by the apparition who's life he'd saved - and since Bob's usual state of mind was 'amicably befuddled', that took some doing.

When Bob had seen the large roll of cheetah-print fabric begin to teeter, he hadn't stopped to take a good look at the person underneath it. Instead, he'd gone from his slow, slouching amble to a shambling run that ate up ground at an amazing rate. His heavy, muscular body had wedged between the descending roll and the back of the unsuspecting customer - and then, with a mighty heave of his massively-muscled arms, the tow-headed man pushed the roll back in place.

While the individual thanked Bob - at great length - the shambling, moon-faced young man studied the person he'd rescued.

Bob couldn't figure out if it was a 'he' or a 'she'. A slender black individual dressed in baggy, purple-silk pants and a garish yellow jacket with over-padded shoulders. The curly, greasy hair was about collar length, and was topped by a huge, bright-yellow fuzzy-felt fedora, with purple satin band. The person wore dark sunglasses, lots of flashy gold jewelry, and bright-red cowboy boots.

Finally, Bob figured the person must be a guy, because he was constantly referring to himself in the third person, as 'The World- Famous Leonardo!'

Never just 'Leonardo'. The whole thing. Every time.

Which would have bugged the hell out of most guys, but Bob just grinned and nodded. He did that a lot - grinned and nodded. At six- foot-eight-inches, Robert William Mason was a shambling mass of musculature. Not the carefully-molded living sculpture of a professional body-build, but simple masses of huge, rippling muscles overlapping each other until he looked more like a shaved Grizzly than a human being.

Most bears didn't wear a bright-red hockey-jersey, custom-made to be baggy even on his massive frame, and a pair of

custom-tailored jean overalls, also baggy. A huge pair of old work-boots completed the image, with his round, mildly cheerful face smiling down from above this, all topped with his crew-cut wheat-blond stubble.

Bob's incredible physique was due to a hormonal balance that had kicked in during puberty. A big, strapping boy already, Bob had been doing well in school, reasonably intelligent, if a bit prone to violence if frustrated.

Then, his hormones went wild. He couldn't stop eating as he was wracked with constant, dull growing pains, all over his body. He had incredibly amounts of energy, as if on a constant caffeine kick - and he put on pound after pound of rippling, powerful muscles.

However, there'd also been some problems with his thinking processes. Even after the incredible growth-spurt had ended, Bob had been... different.

Not stupid, really - though not quite as bright as he used to be, he was still intelligent enough to be considered 'legally mature', able to live his own life. He was just very... calm. Amicable. Happy...

...and a tad slow to switch topics. He focused on one thing at a time when he was thinking, and on that one topic, he thought quick and well - but, until that set of thoughts were done, the end of the world around him wouldn't have broken his concentration.

So, it was fairly lucky that Bob had been looking directly at the roll when it started to fall. As he quite often did, Bob had strolled from his small bungalow to the nearby mall, just strolling along and looking in the stores, grabbing a snack from the food-court when he felt like it. He'd wandered into the fabric shop, lured by all the bright colors and patterns. He had been looking at the pattern on the 'cheetah-skin' roll, admiring it - and, with his attention focused on the rug, he was able to react in time.

Even better - Leonardo's fondness for the sound of his own voice allowed him to 'switch topics', and determine what was going on with the oddly-dressed, prissy-acting man.

"Um.... 'scuse me..." Bob said, politely. Bob was always very polite. He knew he wasn't as swift as he'd used to be, and didn't want to accidentally get anyone angry by unintentionally insulting them. It had happened a few times, soon after puberty. If somebody started fighting him, it took Bob several second to even realize what was happening, just standing there while the guy beat on him - then, when his focused shifted, Bob would fight back. Focused, then, on fighting, Bob was simply unable to stop fighting until the opponent was on the ground, unmoving...

...so, more or less by police insistence, Bob was very polite. When his first, hesitant, attempt to interrupt the black man's monologue failed, he waited several second before trying again. "Umm... The World-Famous Leonardo?"

The black man loved the sound of his name, so that got his attention. He smiled, his teeth so startlingly white in his dark face that it almost seemed like somebody had turned up the lights. "Yes, my dear, *dear* lad?"

The twenty-nine-year-old man smiled. "What is it you're World Famous for?"

"Oh, where **are** my manners?" Leonardo said, slapping his own wrist in 'punishment'. "I sometimes forget that my esoteric-yet-exotic choice of venue means that some poor unfortunates have yet to hear of my work. Well, lad, I'll exchange you my card for you current self-identifier, whether bestowed or chosen."

Bob blinked and stared directly at Leonardo, whose high-wattage smile dimmed a bit as Bob made no move to take the card from Leonardo's extended hand.

Then, suddenly, animation flowed back into the momentarily still young man, and he took the card while smiling benignly at Leonardo. "I'm Bob. It's very, very nice to meet you, Mr. Leonardo, sir."

While he spoke, he looked down at the card, whose gold-on-cream simplicity was surprise, considering it's origin. It read:

Leonardo

~~~~~

Designer

Los Angeles \* New York \* Paris \* London \* Milan

"It's a very, very..." Bob paused, thoughtfully. "...**very-very** nice card, World Famous Leonardo."

This time, it was Leonardo who blinked. "Oh, no need to be formal, handsome. Seeing as how you just saved my life, I think you can call me 'Leo'. Now - the question that remains before me is how to adequately repay you."

"Oh, you don't have to..." Bob started to say, after a momentary pause to work out how to respond.

"Nonsense." Leo said, shaking his head. "I insist. Now, let's see - what would be the perfect new 'look' for you. ?"

Giving Bob a long, searching look, the garishly clad individual turned and began to sort through the rolls of fabric, Bob watching with an apprehensive eye and ready to catch any more rolls that the man's motions might dislodge.

"Ah..." Leo muttered to himself, picking up the edge to a roll of gold-colored silk. "Yes, this will do nicely for the.. oh - and that. "

Still muttering, he turned suddenly and grabbed the edge of another role, this one also silk, but of a pastel pink-beige sort of color. As Bob watched, a little confused and a bit curious, the strangely-attired man whipped out a big pair of fabric shears from under his bright yellow jacket, pausing to mentally measure Bob again before he began snipping a good sized square from the golden fabric, followed by an even larger swatch of the pinkish-beige fabric...

...followed by a some of the cheetah-patterned fabric that had started the whole mess...

...and then some of the similar-patterned fabric just down the aisle, this time printed onto a crushed velvet material...

Still muttering, almost unaware of his surroundings, the garishly-clad black man wandered around, snipping sections of fabric from the oddest collection of rolls - everything from silk and velvet to heavy vinyl 'leather' and even smoother, glossier red



pleather.

Bob just sort of followed him around, his moon-like face mildly apprehensive as he let the slender black man load him down with a wide variety of fabrics, in a wide variety of sizes.

"What.. What's that for..?" He asked, confused.

"You'll see, my dear boy - and I'm sure you'll like the results..." The flamboyant man said, grinning. "Come, let us pay for these - and then retire to your place for the dénouement of..." He stopped dead, seeing the blank look on Bob's friendly, open face, then dropped the 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' act with a sigh. "Let's pay for this and go to your place."

That Bob understood - after a second. "Uh.. Okay..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Bob's kitchen looked like it had exploded.

Which wasn't surprising, considering that what Leo had done in there seemed to be equal parts cooking, chemistry and alchemy. He'd soaked some fabrics in solutions ranging from vinegar-and-cider to lemon-juice and a dollop of spaghetti sauce. Others he'd simmered in various mixtures. Some he'd used to strain other liquids through. Others he'd actually grated and added a dash or two to another pot, cup, bowl or pan.

Through it all, he'd kept extracting what seemed to be an unlimited supply of tiny little bags from the pockets of his garish outfit, adding a dash of this or a jot of that to this container or that, always giving Bob a thoughtful look before deciding how much of whatever it was he had in those bags to whatever mixture he was working on.

After about two hours of busy preparation, he'd finally had the final product - a muddy brown 'cocktail' that came out of the blender with a thick, wet slurp, filling the galls he'd chosen with the muddy contents...

...and he'd just handed the glass to Bob with an expansive "Drink up, my dear boy, drink up..."

Hesitantly, Bob eyed the concoction Leo had whipped up - and then the creator, who was grinning toothily at him, no sign of guile or evil intentions on his face.

"Okay..." Bob said, doubtfully...

...and before he could change his mind, he downed the contents of the glass in one, big, gulp.

For a second, he was sure he was going to wretch - the contents of that galls was the foulest thing he'd ever tasted - not because it was bitter, as he'd expected, but because it was...

..it was...

Well, quite frankly, it tasted an awful lot like the way perfume smelled.

With a grimace, Bob plopped the glass down on the counter, his face contorting even further as he struggled not to

up-chuck...

...and then, with a ringing belch, the mass seemed to make up it's mind to stay put in his stomach.

"Gee, uh, thanks..." Bob muttered, unsure what the point of all this had been - unless Leo was some sort of strange 'Drink Designer', a bar-tender extraordinaire - because the concoction was producing a sort of warmth that was similar to the few times Bob had tried drinking - which he'd stopped doing once he realized that he really couldn't afford the negative mental effects associated with alcohol consumption.

However, if that was the case, this one was a failure - because, while it might be intoxicating, it'd never sell. Even now, his stomach was doing lazy twirls and loops, the warmth spreading in time with the strange, watery sensation of nausea that brought back sharp memories of the time he'd had a really bad case of the flu - the weak-kneed listlessness and unstable, watery feeling, combined with nausea and a cold sweat that washed over him like a wave.

"I.." Bob started to say...

..and then he collapsed to the floor, twitching helplessly, feeling as if every fiber of his body had suddenly decided to get as far away as possible from every other fiber of his body, a strange ripping sensation that wasn't actually painful, so much as severely disconcerting.

"Don't worry, my dear lad - the discomfort will soon pass..." Leo said, soothingly. "It's a necessary evil, I'm afraid - an inevitable part of the transmutation process..."

Bob, however, barely heard the reassuring patter the Leo kept up, too busy with the strange sensations that were coming from his body. Well.. perhaps not all of them were 'strange', except in context. For instance, he'd been naked often enough to recognize the sensation

- he'd just never had it occur due to his clothes quite simply turning to mist and wafting off his body, dissipating into the air with the faintest mixed odor of sweat and laundry detergent.

However, many of the sensations he was feeling *were* completely new to him...

Like the strange sensation in his buttocks, laying on the floor, twitching, he rolled back and forth across his ass several times - and each time it felt.. 'puffier'. Not less sensitive, as if padded, but as if swollen - like giant bee-sting, sort of, but without any pain.

A similar sensation was occurring in his chest as well - but it's wasn't quite the same, since it wasn't as firm a swelling sensation, though it was still not 'watery' - excepting, of course, the watery feeling that was continuing to run over his body.

However, it was a sensation that was nearly lost among the others. Like the 'tight hug around the waist' sensation - that being the closest he could come, in his own mind, to describe what was going on.

Even stranger was the fact that a similar-but-different sensation seemed to be occurring in his neck. Not, 'his neck felt the

same way' - *in* his neck, actually under the skin.

The sensation coming from the neck's outer layers was completely different, a sort of stretchy-slidey sensation that he had no referents for, nothing to compare it too - he'd never felt anything close to it, ever.

Yet, despite the strangeness of the sensation, it couldn't hold his entire attention - anymore than any single one of the sensations could be his sole focus, not with so much happening at once. It was a whole-body experience of mingled sensation, a cacophony of physical experiences that blended into one massive, out-of-sync sensation symphony...

...which was like a symphony orchestra doing it's tuning - because, before long,. The sensations began to even out, to mellow, changing from 'disconcerting' to just 'different' - and remaining steady in their new arrangement, seeming to indicate that the 'transmutation' process was at an end...

...or, nearly so, since the final wave of sensations came a second later - and these ones were 'exterior' sensations, ones created as a whole new set of clothes formed around his body. It wasn't a 'reversal' of the mist routine that had taken his clothes, however, but something stranger - it actually felt like he sweated the clothing out, as if it were a liquid that exuded from his pores and then solidified into it's new form.

Actually, that's exactly what it was - but Bob didn't know that.

"Well, there you are..." Leo said, stretching out hand. "Why don't you take a look...?" Bob, instinctively, reached out towards Leo's outstretched hand...

..and then he stopped dead, blinking several times to make sure he wasn't seeing anything.

The hand Bob was holding out towards Leo was a perfectly formed hand, flawless and impeccable...

...for a woman's hand.

It was dainty, with slender fingers that boasted smaller knuckles that smoothly blended in with the slender contours of his new digits, unlike his old, burly knuckles. Tipping each of the fingers was a perfectly normal nail - perfectly normal in context of the hand, since each was long, ovoid, and painted a gloss red shade, with little cubic-zirconia 'diamonds' on the pointer finger's nail.

"What..." Bob said, stunned...

...and was further stunned to hear the inquiry come out in a feminine tone.

Taking Bob's hand, Leo pulled the stunned, unresisting... man...? off the floor with an ease that revealed a change in Bob's physical mass, hauling Bob's new form upright and giving it a little turn so that Bob was facing the full-length mirror Leo had insisted he have the drink in front of, making the muscular man dismount the reflective surface from the back of the bathroom door and carry it out to the kitchen.

What the mirror showed now, however, was anything but a muscular man.

What it showed was an extremely well-endowed woman, dressed in extremely sexy clothing.

The woman who gaped at the mirror was a blonde - and the hair that hung in gentle waves past her new face was the same golden shade as the swatch of fabric Leo had chosen, only now converted into that silky-smooth mane of hair, framing a face whose skin tone was a rich, smooth and remarkable even shade, well within the range of normal coloration for a human being, but remarkably flawless and smooth - any woman would have killed for skin that perfect...

...and Bob had it, covering every inch of her new body, as far as she could tell.

Her face was... amazing. A smooth, unlined forehead with a well-defined brow that boasted tow high-arched, finely curved blonde eyebrows, riding above a pair of rich blue eyes, which in turn were framed by long, dark lashes. Her nose was well-formed, with a smoothly sloping bridge and a slight upturn of it's pert little end. Beneath that perfect nose was full, firm set of bow-like lips, the same glossy shade of red as her nails - and, come to think of it, the leather that Leo had chosen.

Her shoulders were bare - and perfect, neither too narrow nor too broad, and with well-shaped contours that were smooth and symmetrical, leading the eye easily to her bare arms, whose layer of golden body hair was so fine as to be nearly invisible.

She was wearing a cheetah-print 'Bodice'-style winged crop-top, edged in black lace... and the new woman was a bit bemused to realize that she knew not only the style of top, but the exact size of the built-in cups.

Her new breasts were triple-E's.

They were remarkably firm - but not so firm as to be undeniably 'fake'. In fact, the slightly 'teardrop' shape of her new breasts was on the exact borderline of each possibility, equally likely to be believed as being natural or implanted - especially since the nipples that showed faintly through the fairly light materials were either slightly small for natural breasts, or somewhat large for enhanced ones.

Actually, Bob could tell - with very little problem - that even men who didn't care much for big breasts could quite easily become intrigued by the new endowments she possessed, wondering whether or not they were, in fact, natural.

Of course, answering a direct inquiry as to their origin would have been extremely inadvisable, since it would probably get her locked up in a little rubber room. She, herself, was living through the experience - and was wondering if she'd gone crazy.

After all, how else did you explain that fact that she was now the proud possessor of a trim waist and flat stomach, shown to great effect by the inverted 'V' hem of her top, the back long enough to not only keep a chill from running across the small of her back, but to actually hang slightly past the waist-band of the just-above-knee-length black leather skirt she wore, which clung tightly to the womanly curve of her new hips and the firm contours of her jaw-dropping new ass, tapering slightly as it followed the line of her thighs, but not hugging them completely, leaving a nominal eight-of-an-inch clearance on each side, with the small slit on either side at the very hem allowing for a bit more freedom if needed - even if that 'freedom' would cause the slits to spread wider, revealing the lacy top of her black, back-seamed nylons, which not only enclosed her long, shapely new legs, but enhanced them.

Something that was further intensified by the open-toed black leather pumps she wore, each shoe encasing her smaller, daintier feet and lifting her heel five-and-a-quarter inches higher than her toes.

Bob stared into the mirror for several long seconds, her gorgeous new face a mask of surprise as she eyed what Leo's concoction had done to him...

...and then she smiled.

"How..." She asked, eyes alight with delight. "How did you know I've always wanted to be a woman?"

"Designing lifestyles is my job, madam..." Leo replied in a stiff, 'offended' voice that was marred by the smile and the glint in his dark eyes - and then he laughed. "I could see how uncomfortable you were with your life, and it's pretty common knowledge that people really don't expect huge-breasted, blue-eyed blondes in tight sexy clothes to be all that smart. That would only make it the ideal form for somebody like you."

"Yeah..." She said, happily, her long-nailed new hands roaming over the clothes she now wore - and the body that lay beneath. "Ever since I was younger, I always envied girls, always so popular - not 'even' if they weren't smart, but 'especially'. Now I can finally be happy.. and..."

She trailed off, her new face flushing...

"..and finally have all the sex you've missed over the years?" Leo filled in for her, and she nodded, still flushing brightly. "Well, - would you like me to 'get you started', so to speak...?" Leo asked, slyly.

The new woman stared at the wonderful, wonderful man who'd made her secret fantasy become real, a tremor of anticipated pleasure and more-than-somewhat nervous excitement running through her new body as she slowly ran her long, supple new tongue over her lips, feeling and tasting the sensation of lipstick coating their smooth curves.

She smiled, a bit nervously.

"That depends..." She said, pausing a second to bite her lower lip, once, in a new instinct as powerful-yet-comfortable as those that allowed her to balance atop her new heels. "What.. what will everybody think? I mean - I want to be a woman, but..."

Leo smiled, holding up a hand to calm the new woman's worries.

"As far as everybody remembers, Robert Mason moved away a week ago - after selling his house to a lovely lady from California name Barbara Williams."

The new woman's lips slowly spread into a warm smile as she tried her new name on for size. "Barbara Williams. Barbi... I like it." "I'm glad to hear it..." Leo said. "So, would you like me to introduce you to some of the joys of being female... Barbi?"

Her grin widened even more - and now most of the nervousness was gone from it.

"Oh, yes..." She said, finding her voice breathier, slightly rougher. "I'd like it very much..."

Smiling, Leo took a step forward, his hands coming up and sliding easily around her delightfully slender waist...

...and she shivered in pleasure at the touch of another human being, something she hadn't felt for far too long - and, in a sexual context, never - for she'd never been attracted to women, partly out of a fear that her old body would inadvertently hurt a less bulky woman, and partly from a sense of shame at her old, muddled life.

That was all in the past, however - and when Leo tilted his head slightly, she tilted her own eagerly, pressing her new lips against his in an eager, excited kiss that quickly deepened, their tongues exploring each other's mouth with rising passion.

The feel of Leo's cock hardening against her thigh, even through the layers of cloth that separated their flesh, was one of the most wonderfully exciting sensations she'd ever felt.

Literally exciting, in the physical sense - as in, causing her low, simmering arousal to flare rapidly.

She put her arms around him, as well, drawing their bodies even more tightly together, her impressive new endowments pressing firmly against his slender chest... and she sighed in pleasure, not only from the wonderful, oft-dreamt-of sensation of having breasts to press firmly against a man's chest, but because Leo responded by sliding his hands downwards, first cupping, the fondling, her leather- covered ass.

Still fondling her firm, taut ass, Leo gently removed his lips from hers.. then slid slowly downwards, until his face was pressing against the slight 'dip' in the fabric between her breasts...

...and his teeth found the end of the string that held the two halves of the garment together, tugging lightly on the little bow, and causing the garment to simply peel away, fluttering down to the ground as he began to lightly lick and nuzzle her new breasts, paying special attention to her now-engorged nipples.

Shivering in pleasure, she closed her eyes and let her head roll back, indulging both the physical pleasure and the deeply intense emotional satisfaction that this wonderful man was providing her, his expert touch doing fantastic, sensual things to the perfect, wonderful body he'd give her.

"Oh, Leo.." She moaned, low and sensual. "Oh, that feels so wonderful..."

In response, Leo gave her a little nudge, pressing his body against hers to the point that she began to wonder if he was trying to knock her off her heels...

...and then she made the connection, a smile of sweet anticipation crossing her lips as he let herself be walked backwards, through the door of the kitchen and towards the living-room couch.

While they were walking, Leo continued to nuzzle her breasts - while his dark fingers went to work on the zipper centered at the back of her skirt.

She slid her own hands around to his front - and by the time they reached the couch, they had to break their embrace long enough to slip out of their clothes, a pause necessary because, new-life instincts or not, Barbi lacked the experience to do it

without letting go.

The instant the last of their clothes came off, however, they embraced once again - and this time his hard, throbbing cock pressed with delightful warmth against the bare skin of her thigh.

Then, with one supple move, Leo eased her onto the cock - in a position that easily guided the head of his cock between her eagerly spread legs, allowing him to penetrate her new womanhood for the first time.

She gasped, then bit her full lower lip, eyes wide in amazement at the incredible pleasure that came from having her wet and ready cunt filled with Leo's cock.

"Oh... - make me a real woman, Leo..' She moaned, sliding her hands to his hips and shifting position slightly to make things easier for both of them, his cock buried to the hilt in her cunt and creating intriguing and intensely pleasurable new sensations with the simple motion. "Now, Leo - I want you to do it now..."

The slender, supple black man - with a body that was firmer and more muscled than she would have thought - wasn't about to argue.

Smiling down at her, he leaned forward slightly, and she lifted her head to meet his...

...and he drew his hips back as their lips touched - then pressed forward with tongue and cock in the same instant, creating a wonderful sensation that almost lost him the tip of his tongue as she barely managed to keep from clamping her jaw at the wave of pleasure that shuddered through her body, making her moan in the back of her throat in ecstasy.

It felt fantastic...

...and it only got better.

The new woman's breaths began to shorten and quicken, her body-rhythms increasing even as the pleasure did, wave after wave of rising ecstasy matching the thrust of his hips that caused that wonderful member of his to slide with delightful friction inside of her, a sensation unlike anything she'd ever felt before - the sensation of being filled, and fulfilled, emotionally and physically, all to the rising tempo of pure physical pleasure.

She began to tremble uncontrollably, her body wracked with pleasure so intense that she was gradually losing fine motor control - but she couldn't have cared less, because their combined thrashing, though beginning to interrupt the steady rhythm of Leo's hips, was creating waves of pleasure all their own...

..and, besides she was so close to the edge that there was little chance of it 'slipping away' on her. However... even that was a risk she didn't want to take.

"harder.. "She gasped in a husky voice, eyes closed as her body trembled with pleasure. "Now.. make me.. come.. now..." His rhythm deepened and speeded up - and she came.

Like a thunderclap from a clear blue sky, it rocked her with unexpected pleasure, not just an increase in pleasure, but an



exponential increase - going from mere ecstasy to pure, orgasmic pleasure, short-circuiting control to her body for a moment , leaving her writhing and bouncing beneath him like a woman in the middle of a spasmodic attack, her nerves busy transmitting the intense, and intensely satisfying, sensation of a female orgasm, while she screamed out his name in a drawn-out howl of pleasure that was nearly incomprehensible - and was matched by the shorter, sharper, explosive gasp of her new name that he gave out as he, to, reached climax...

...and it was as if their screams were representative of the variation in male-and-female orgasms, hers longer and smoother than his quick, intense convulsion as he did exactly what she'd asked, making her 'a real woman' as he gave her the first female orgasm of her new life...

...and then, suddenly, his weight was gone, and her hands collapsed inwards...

...to land on the 'balls' of the big, black plastic dildo that filled her cunt.

Startled - and yet still in the sharp after-glow of orgasm, so not really able to be 'worried', especially since her hands were slowly moving the dildo in leisurely inch-long strokes, - Barbi opened her eyes...

...and looked at the same room she'd always known, only now, redecorated in a way that was in keeping with her new identity...

...including the small, framed cross-stitched quote that hung on the wall at the end of the corner-positioned couch, it's words readable from her position.

Slowly, the startled purse to her lips changed into a slow, warm smile of gratitude. "Thank you..." She whispered, softly, reverently...

...and as she began to move the dildo in longer, faster strokes, her eyes slid closed, the biblical quote on her new 'sampler' still imprinted in her mind's eye:

***Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.***

**THE END**



BACK TO FUN ZONE

---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: A girlfriend plots revenge on her boyfriend to get him back for his big-busted lusting but she receives a well-received reaction to his surprise plastic surgery.**

## Unexpected

---

### *Part I*

**By Gunslinger**

Ah, sleep.

That which knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care. The suppression of pain and sorrows and thoughts. The Stygian darkness into one might descend, and thus throw off the cares of travails of waking life...

...and which, eventually, ends.

Robert Joseph Cutler snorted twice, only consciously aware of the second one as he twitched and stirred from the depths of an unusually deep and insensate slumber. His body process slowly began to increase rhythm, sliding from nocturnal to diurnal mode as he blearily sat up in his bed, the morning light streaming in through the bedroom window and laying a golden-white rectangle across the rumpled and tossed sheets of the big King-size bed.

Sheets that Julie had picked out, a floral pattern that Bob actually cordially detested, but put up with for her sake. As always, his girlfriend was already up and out of bed, her side cool and empty.

Julie and Bob got along well enough for a couple of long-time lovers and friends, he supposed - but she was a morning person, wide awake as soon as the dawn crested the sky...

...whereas Bob would have been shocked to learn that there was actually a six o'clock in the morning as well.

Bob, as it might have been guessed, was not a morning person. He woke up slowly, his body heavy and dull just out of bed - which went well with a mind that wasn't exactly razor-sharp first thing in the morning, either. Bob, at his best, wasn't exactly a genius, but he was only a shambling, vapid wreck for the first fifteen or twenty minutes of each day.

So, Bob wasn't really awake as he stumbled bleary-eyed from his bed. Not asleep, that was for sure, but not quite awake, either.

Almost every person awakening 'naturally' goes through that period where they're sleep-bemused, not quite sure what's going on around them as their brain teetered on the fine line between wakefulness and resumed sleep. For most people, this

lasted for a few minutes, at most. For Julie, it lasted bare second.

For Bob, it lasted quite awhile - and if he didn't teach his half-somnolent body to start it's daily toilet as soon as it's eyes popped open, he'd be likely to just slide back to sleep for 'just five more minutes'.

Stumbling, muttering and blinking, all of them in a rather vague manner, Bob made his way from his bed to the bathroom, his size-nine feet simply following in the footsteps of a hundred other mornings.

Just like a hundred other mornings, he stumbled into the bathroom, the most conscious thought his brain was capable of having concerning whether or not he had to piss.

Since he didn't, he screwed off the top of the toothpaste tube and dabbed a sloppy drip of paste across the top of the toothbrush bristles, a big, broad-shouldered man dressed only in BVDs, his eyes three-quarters closed and his brain about the same. It was habit, not thought, that drove him as he began to brush his teeth, slowly opening eyes staring rather blankly at the mirror over the sink...

Something was wrong. His brain wasn't *quite* awake enough for him to determine what it was, but it was still able to indicate to him that something wasn't quite right. Not that he was in any sort of pain, of course, since ancient instincts would have triggered an adrenaline rush that would have cleared his sleep-bemused brain. No, he felt fine...

...but, somehow, *off*.

His usual brushing slowed, his eyes slowly sliding wider as his brain grabbed onto that sense of wrongness, using it like a free-ascent climber might use a jutting spur of rock to haul himself upwards. Using the leverage of that strange feeling, his brain woke up just a little...

...bit...

...more.

Bob screamed.

Foamy spittle sprayed the mirror as his voice echoed in the tile-walled room, the clatter of the toothbrush in the wash-basin almost lost in that startled, hoarse scream of shock and disbelief...

...as his hands came up to hesitantly touch the massive, round breasts thrust smoothly and roundly from his ribcage.

They were most definitely real. He felt the warm, smooth curve of the massive breast through his hand - and his hand through the smooth, distended flesh of the massive, round globe, as well.

Now that he was more awake, he was also consciously aware of the heft and bounce of the breasts, the way they jiggled ever-so-slightly with each breath he took...

"Something wrong, dear...?" Julie asked, blandly, causing Bob to whirl and almost stumble.

"I.. I've got..." Bob stammered at her, staring in wide-eyed shock at her as she leaned causally in the doorway sipping coffee, her lean, supple frame wrapped in a warm, thick, canary-yellow bathrobe, with a matching towel wrapped turban-style around her long, wet mane of chestnut hair. As he stammered at her, one finely arched eyebrow lifted in mild amusement, matching the slight curve of her lips.

"Tits?" She finished, casually, eyeing him. "Yes, I can see that. It would be kind of hard not to, as a matter of fact - even if you were dressed. Still, since they're freakishly huge, ridiculously round, and obviously fake, I don't see what you're so upset about. I mean - *they are the perfect breasts*, aren't they?"

As previously stated, Bob wasn't exactly a genius, and certainly not first thing in the morning...

...but when your girlfriend is taking your sudden growth of big, basket-ball-sized breasts casually, **and** she '*just happens*' to be a *plastic surgeon*... well, some conclusions are easier to leap to than others.

"You.. You gave me tits!" Bob stammered, finding it hard to believe he was making the accusation of the woman he'd trusted - but finding it even harder to come up with a plausible alternative.

There wasn't one.

"Why, yes I did." She said, calmly. "You can thank me at your leisure." "Thank you...?" Bob said, eyes bulging. "**Thank** you? Why, I..."

Bob stopped dead, his mouth hanging open, eyes bulging, one thick finger thrust angrily outward as the other hand still lightly touched one firm, implanted globe.

Julie blinked, her mostly-feigned confidence and calmness cracking. She'd struggled long and hard with what she was going to do, and she'd tried to predict how Bob would take this - but this blank 'statue' routine hadn't been one of the considered possibilities.

Her heart-beat increased even more, and she began cursing herself for a dozen types of fool, realizing now just what her anger and frustration had led her into. What she'd done to the man she'd claimed to care about. How she'd broken her oath, stepped outside of her moral bounds, and drugged her boyfriend into unconsciousness so she could force a huge, round pair of tits onto him - not to mention the long, blonde wig she'd glued to his head with surgical adhesive, after shaving his scalp smooth.

She'd gone too far. Now, Bob was liable to rip her apart with his bare hands...

...and the worst thing was the sickening surety that it was nothing less than she deserved.

"Oh." Bob said, blinking, his voice mild, his expression now one of remarkably mild - and somewhat bemused - surprise.

Julie blinked again.

Bob blinked back at her, owlishly, then looked down at the massive, round tits thrust incongruously from his broad ribcage, looking less out-of-place than one might assume - mainly because Julie had shaved off the thick mat of dirty-blond hair

that usually graced his chest.

Julie stared at him, wondering if she'd broken her boyfriend, wondering if she'd pushed him right over the edge and into insanity..

"I.. I'm sorry, Bob..." Julie said, A proud, attractive woman who wasn't used to apologizing, she was now amazed to find her voice thick and muffled as her eyes began to well with tears of shame and self-disgust.

Unable to stand looking at what she'd done to a man she cared about, what her own foolish pride and anger had led her to do, she started to turn away...

...and his hand lightly fell on her shoulder.

"Hey, no - don't cry..." He said - and damn him, he was using that startled, confused voice he always used when she was upset, the one that showed he meant no harm and that his more-then-occasional 'slip' was, as always, unintentional. That 'Hey, now, whatever I did to make you sad, I'm sorry' tone of

voice - and given the situation, it only made the shame and humiliation she was feeling over what she'd done that much worse.

HIS hands slipped slowly around her neck as he almost automatically held her the way he always did after they'd fought, his arms draped over her shoulders and crossing just at the top slope of her firm, B-cup mounds...

...only now, it was accompanied by the feeling of enormous, round breasts pressing into her back.

Oddly enough, even though she jumped and flushed, her coffee falling to the tile floor, it was a reaction of surprise, not of disgust...

Actually, having a big pair of warm, firm tits pressed into your upper back felt quite nice. What the hell had she done...?

She wanted to do something horrible to herself for having done this. She wanted to mutilate herself, shame herself, debase herself - whatever it took to make things right with Bob. He might have his faults, but he was a good man, a caring man, and she had no right to do this to him. She'd do anything to make it up to him - but first, of course, she'd get take him back to the office she had on the ground floor of the house, and take the implants out right away...

"So, what's the deal?" Bob asked, calmly enough, snapping her out of her self-hating reverie. "You'll get normal-sized implants if I'm willing to put up with these monsters for a certain set time? Or is this a straight 'see how you'd like' it deal?... in which case you're gonna blast me for even assuming it was some sort of quid-pro-quo."

Julie had considered many of the possible reactions her boyfriend might have, and it had never occurred to her to consider this one:

He ***understood!***

"You...." She stammered, hesitantly - another thing she hadn't done since she was about twelve. "You're not mad?"

Bob smiled at her, gently, the expression looking oddly angelic on a square-jawed face now surrounded by long, loose curls of golden-blond hair.

"Honey, we both know I have a thing for well-endowed women." He said, gently - then glanced down at himself, and spoke in a wry tone. "Not this well-endowed, of course "

Smiling gamely, he looked at her again. "Julie, you're a bright, intelligent, wonderful woman. I wasn't willing to pass such a wonderful woman by, just because she didn't meet some strange 'standard' whose origins I can't explain, but whose effects I can't ignore, no matter how hard I try."

He sighed, shrugging his shoulders - and then blinked, both at the odd sensation the move caused, and at the odd expression that Julie's face took on at the movement. He pushed on, trying not to let his new rack distract him. "Julie, I know my 'big boob' thing drives you nuts, and I try really hard not to bother you with my admittedly-completely-illogical obsession - but I also now that, what with a lot of your business being breast enlargements, sometimes things come out the wrong way, or sometimes I just can't help looking at the wrong place or person. What I hadn't realized was just how crazy it was driving you... but now I think I know just how far you've been pushed "

He stopped, looked ruefully down at the massive globes thrust from his chest, and shook his head ruefully...

...and, for Julie, it was as if that simple act made the whole thing finally come together, her mind 'snapping' back up to normal speed as she realized that, in his own way, Bob was telling her something monumentally important.

He couldn't help the fact that he was attracted to busty women - yet he cared so much about her as a person that he'd not only stayed for more than a year with her despite her 'shortcomings'...

...but he cared so deeply about her that she was also willing to forgive her this!

No. No, it was even more than that. He wasn't just 'forgiving' - he was accepting. He was willing to 'wear' those massive, ridiculous mounds on his body, at least for awhile, if that's what she needed him to do to make herself feel good!

The sheer enormity of his simple surrender rocked Julie to the foundation of her soul, her own mental image of Bob just 'stringing her along' until his 'big-titted fantasy bimbo' came along shattering into a thousand pieces as she finally understood the true depth of his commitment to her.

On some level, she'd always thought that his 'big-tit' thing was somehow voluntary - almost as if he'd woken up one morning and decided that he wanted women to have big tits, just to please him.

Somehow, it had never really struck her that he had *absolutely no control* over what got him sexually aroused...

She wasn't even aware of the fact that she'd taken two stunned steps closer, almost pressing her body against his newly-top-heavy one as she gazed up at his face in stunned, rapt awe and worship.

It was a look he'd never gotten from his usually self-confident girlfriend, nor was it one he'd ever expected to get.

Uncomfortable with her adoring gaze, he cleared his throat awkwardly.

"The, uh, wig was a nice touch, too..'" He said, more out of a need to generate some sort of response from her than anything else.

It wasn't what he said that generated the response, however - it was the way he said it. Julie realized that she was making him uncomfortable.

She was making the most wonderful, caring, self-sacrificing man on the face of the planet *uncomfortable*.

Julie stepped back, her face still reflecting her own personal revelation about Bob.

"Come on, Bob..." She said, her voice calmly joyous. "Let's go down to my office and get you set right again."

Bob, however, was looking back at the mirror, watching his partially-turned reflection as he lightly ran his fingers over his massive new globes, his strong fingers making light, uncertain passes over the smooth flesh.

"Well, I don't know if there's any rush..." He said in an odd tone of voice, his slow fondling gaining authority as he continued to play with the massive chest-melons thrust from his ribcage.

Julie's eyes widened. "You're not serious!"

Bob grinned. "Hell, why not? Since I have them anyway, why not have a little bit of fun before we get rid of them?"

Julie hesitated. She wasn't attracted to other women, so the fact that Bob could now probably pass for one didn't 'do anything' for her.

Oh, sure, Bob wouldn't win any beauty pageants. He was broad-shouldered and masculine... but not so much so as to put him outside the range of 'average' women. Most of his masculinity came from the way he carried himself, creating the mental image that he was actually bigger and huskier than he really was. Oh, he made a 'sturdy' woman, raw-boned and with feet and hands too large in comparison - but Julie had seen lots of real women who were comparable...

...and the fact that he had huge breasts and long blonde hair made 'woman' leap to mind, rather than 'man', especially with his somewhat undersized cock and balls hidden beneath his underwear. A hairy, unattractive 'woman', but 'woman' was what came to mind, and she wasn't interested in women.

Bob seemed eager to 'fool around' with the new look for a while, though, and all things considered, could she really turn him down...?

"What did you have in mind...?" She asked, cautiously. Bob blushed. "Well, uh..."

Julie's eyebrow slowly rose, prompting him to go on, now intrigued in spite of herself.

"Since we seem to, uh..." Bob stammered, his face bright red. "...um... seem to have started a, uh... a trend..."

He tapered off, mumbling, leaving Julie frowning for a second...



...until she got it.

Her jaw dropped open. "You want to make you look like a **woman**?"

"Well... Just for the fun of it..." Bob explained, his flush fading. "I mean, we're going to fix this, after. It just seems to me that, since it happened, we might as well... go with it."

Julie bit her lower lip, her face wreathed in a doubtful expression - but considering she was the one who'd give him the breasts and the wig, she could hardly refuse, could she? "Well.. okay..."

Bob grinned. "good girl. Okay - so... What do you think the first thing a 'woman' like me should do?" He paused, and threw her a wink. "You wanna sit around doing our make-up and talking about the cute boys we know...?"

Janice had to laugh - because he'd used the 'Bobbi-Jo' voice.

'Bobbi-Jo' had been born at a small mixer party she'd taken Bob to. They'd been standing around in the middle of a stuffy group of older doctors and medical company reps, making the usual sort of small-talk that went on at functions like that, plastic smiles firmly in place to hide the boredom while Larry Lentz, a plastic surgeon from the coast, had droned on about how smart Janice was to run her clinic out of her own home, avoiding the trials and tribulations that came from working in supposedly 'Professional' buildings. In specific, he'd been going on endlessly about this Dental Assistant, who - according to Lentz, at least - was about as bright as your average rock, and for some reason had (also according to Lentz) formed a crush on him, forever finding the smallest excuse to drop by and blather on in a Southern accent that he found utterly nauseating.

Completely unlike his own, clipped Oxfordian tones, of course...

It was right about here that Bob had chimed in with: "You Yankees just don't appreciate plain-talk when y'all hear it is all."

In a amazingly good imitation of some southern belle, not only nailing an accent that practically evoked the odor of Georgia Peach Pie, but in a more-then-just-passable feminine voice.

It had stopped Lentz dead in his track, making the rest of the relived and very grateful listeners laugh as the flustered doctor had gracelessly yielded the floor to a marginally more entertaining raconteur.

Later, when they'd laughed about it during the cab-ride home, Bob had admitted he'd done it on a whim - and had surprised himself at just how perfectly it had worked.

Since then, 'Bobbi-Jo' had made occasional appearances, always in the perfect spot to lighten the mood or break the ice, and so Julie had nothing but good memories associated with Bob's use of that voice - and it made her a lot easier to accept what was going on. After all, she was now just giving form to a voice she already knew well enough...

"Geez, 'Bobbi-Jo'..." Julie quipped, eyeing her boyfriend theatrically. "You're one hairy broad, aren't you?"

"It's called the 'Continental Look'..." Bob replied - or, rather, 'Bobbi-Jo' did, the voice carrying just the right amount of haughty scorn, made all the more ludicrous by the thick accent that dripped over every word.

"Well, you're in the Land of the Free, now." Julie shot back, quickly - while part of her wondered why she was finding this awkward and - objectively - very strange situation so...

...exciting?

Yes. She was finding this all sort of uncomfortably arousing. She didn't want to admit it, even to herself, but...

'But' was more than enough, for now. She didn't want to track that thought all the way down to its conclusion - not so much because she didn't know what the final conclusion would be, but because she wasn't quite sure how she should feel about that conclusion.

"Let's go get you shaved..." She told 'Bobbi-Jo', trying to keep her mixed emotions of her face as she took his hand and guided him towards the tub. "Start some warm water running in the shower and I'll get the rest of the stuff we need... Bobbi-Jo."

Obviously, her... 'girlfriend' was feeling the same strange, kinky excitement she was feeling - she could tell that by the way his shorts were starting to bulge as he turned on the water and waited for the hot-water pipes to bring a steady flow so he could accurately adjust the temperature.

She couldn't really call him a 'pervert' for it, since she found herself becoming aroused as well as she gathered up all the razors she could get her hands on. Thankfully, Bob had always had a sort of fetish for keeping an ample supply on hand, despite the fact that he wasn't all that hirsute to begin with, and with fine, light-colored hair to boot.

Still, having all those razors about had come in handy many a time before, when she'd needed to shave her legs and found herself without her own razors - and now it was just a similar situation, albeit for 'Bobbi-Jo', rather than herself.

As she carried the razors back to the tub, Julie didn't even realize that she felt more comfortable thinking of the person sitting on the porcelain rim as 'Bobbi-Jo', rather than Bob.

"Here we are..." She said, holding up her prizes. "Hop on in, Bobbi-Jo, and let's get you all smooth and soft like a woman should be..."

Why had she felt a frisson of excitement when she'd said that? Why, judging from physical indicators, did 'Bobbi-Jo' feel the same way? Was there something wrong with them?

If there was, it was damned lucky that they were together then...

Stripping out of her bathrobe and 'turban', Julie joined her 'girlfriend' in the tub, finding that even the good-sized cock now jutting rock-hard from 'her' crotch didn't alter the strange, exciting 'lesbian' flavor of the encounter - and now Julie, who'd been too strait-laced to try it, understood the whole 'college- lesbian-experiments' many of her dorm-mates had gone through when she was younger.

Julie had already shaved Bob's chest for the implants she'd given him - and since they were adjustable saline implants with fill valves under the armpits, she'd shaved there too, finding it a hell of a lot easier to shave somebody else's armpits than her

own.

"So..." Bob said, uncertainly. "What do we do...?"

"**You** don't do anything but stand there..." Julie told 'her', with a smile. "I'll take it from here."

She started at 'her' feet, slowly working her way up and around 'her' legs as she went, switching razors as she needed to...

...and finding her sense of guilty pleasure rising and rising as she worked to denude her boyfriend of hair, playing out this strange little scenario with growing emotional acceptance of intellectual discomfort.

Bobbi-Jo helped - by doing absolutely nothing, letting her work at her own pace and with her own style, watching with eyes that were a mystery to her.

"There we are..." Julie finally said, tossing the last razor into a basket on the edge of the tub and looking at 'Bobbi-Jo' with a critical eye. "All nice and smooth..."

Without thinking about it, Janice reached out and ran a finger across the smooth, wet skin of Bobbi-Jo's shoulder...

...and then found her hand moving down to caress one of the huge, firm, surprisingly weighty breasts she, herself, had given 'her'.

Bobbi-Jo moaned, softly - a sound that Janice knew, having made it herself on many an occasion...

there was a strange sort of sensation in the pit of her stomach, but Julie didn't stop caressing the huge, round orb of breast-flesh. In fact, she stepped up her touching and exploring, her nervous interest taking up where experience left off, leaving her feeling a sort of 'sneaking an underage drink' excitement that made her feel years young, and very dirty...

...in a very nice way.

"I never realized..." Bobbi-Jo murmured, softly, the tone in 'her' voice revealing how good the sensations from her new chest felt. 'Her' eyes fluttered open, 'her' eyes a mystery as 'she' licked 'her' lips, nervously...

...then leaned forward and kissed her.

Julie had a second's warning, the look in Bobbi-Jo's eyes and the uncertainty on 'her' face having let her know what 'she' was thinking - and giving her that second to decide, once and for all, how to handle the strange sensations and thoughts that were generated by this situation.

So - when 'her' lips met hers, Julie let her eyes slide close, and she kissed him - and truth be told, she kissed him with more hungry passion that she had in far too long, the hot, excited kiss that had been one of the hallmarks of their early relationship, the 'new things to discover about each other' excitement that added the extra dash of spice to a relationship - and here it was again, as she let herself melt against a body that was strangely unfamiliar and yet comfortably recognizable, all at the same time.

It felt... good. Damned good.

As good as all the other things she was experiencing, things she thought would be wrong, but were somehow turning out to be very right. Things she would never have experienced if her lover hadn't been so considerate, so understanding, to accept what she'd done to 'her' - more than just accept, as a matter of fact...

Julie smiled at Bobbi-Jo as they broke the kiss, each of them blushing faintly.

"I, uh... Enjoyed that..." Bob admitted. "I mean - not just the kiss, but... the thought that you were kissing 'Bobbi-Jo', if you know what I mean..."

Julie glanced away - but her smile never wavered as she admitted. "Me, too..." Bobbi-Jo hesitated, then: "I mean.. I really enjoyed it..."

Hesitantly. Nervously. As if afraid of her reaction...

...much as she had been of his, when this whole thing had started. Well, today just seemed to be chock-full of surprises for everyone...

...so she might as well give Bobbi-Jo another one.

Keeping eye contact for a long moment, Julie nervously licked her lips.

"Did it feel good enough to make you want more...?" She asked, her voice husky. Bobbi-Jo looked embarrassed, ashamed...

...aroused and intrigued.

"What..." She said - then had to pause, licking her lips and forcing her voice back into the feminine registers it had so temporarily slipped from. "What did you have in mind?"

Julie's heart thundered as she opened her lips, afraid of the possibilities that might come from suggesting such a bold thing: "Do you think Bobbi-Jo would like to go to that luncheon today?"

Bobbi-Jo's eyes widened, and for a second Julie was sure she'd screwed up, let herself get too caught up in the excitement that she still felt 'dirty' about feeling, much less acting on. Since she'd done this to Bob, she knew that - deep down, on some level she didn't like to look at - the idea of making Bob more feminine was hers, not his, and she was pushing him...

"I.. I don't know if I can... can go out in public like this..." Bob said, in his own voice, his eyes downcast...

...then, in Bobbi-Jo's voice: "But a girl can go ahead and get ready in case she decides to go after all, can't she?"

Julie smiled as a rush of pleasure ran through her. Releasing Bobbi-Jo, she reached past 'her' to shut off the water.

"Let's go get you dressed..." She said in a husky voice, eyes alight with pleasure and excitement...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: A girlfriend plots revenge on her boyfriend to get him back for his big-busted lusting but she receives a well-received reaction to his surprise plastic surgery.**

## *Part II*

"Dammit!"

With frustration, Julie tossed aside yet another garment, pausing to run one dainty hand through her hair in frustration...

...and then she realized that maybe she was over-reacting - perhaps even to the extent that 'Bobbi-Jo' would be pissed.

Blushing at the thought of how worked up she was getting of the fact that's he couldn't find any of her old clothes that would fit the feminized boyfriend she'd created, Julie turned around to apologize...

...then burst out laughing.

"What's so funny..." Bobbi-Jo demanded in that thick southern drawl...

...while teetering and swaying unsteadily atop a pair of strappy-style shoes from Julie's closet, 'her' too-large feet literally straining the leather straps of the shoes as she struggle d- barely successful - to maintain her balance on the relatively short two-and-a-half-inch heels. The whole thing was made even more ludicrous by the fact that the red lace panties she wore not only were too tight around the waist and too loose around the hips and ass, but were struggling to contain a very hard, noticeable cock - a task they were patently not designed to do.

Laughing at the image her... boyfriend? ...girlfriend? ...presented, Julie was simply unable to answer...

...and, right then, the weight of her new boobs finally defeated Bobbi-Jo's attempts to remain upright, and with her arms

pin wheeling, she promptly keeled over on her hard ass.

Blinking in surprise, she stared ruefully up at her girlfriend, who was bent over and laughing hysterically - and then Bobbi-Jo joined in, laughing as she set about getting the ludicrously ill-fitting clothes off her smoothly-shaven body.

"This... This isn't going.. to work.." Julie gasped amidst diminishing giggles. "none of my stuff is going to fit you."

Bobbi-Jo paused in the act of stripping off the right shoe, looking uncertain, and Julie sobered up quickly, still aware of how.. freakish? ...perverted? ...this situation was, and deathly afraid of screwing it up - because she was precisely at the cusp between loving 'Bob' for who he 'really' was, and loving 'Bobbi-Jo' for what she wasn't, quite.

Bobbi-Jo, however, proceeded to stun the hell out of her with a very hesitantly spoken suggestion.

"Maybe.. Maybe we should, uh.. go shopping..." She suggested, her voice barely above a whisper, eyes mysterious ,almost liquid...

...and Julie suddenly understood that Bobbi-Jo was afraid of freaking her out by wanting to continue this intriguing little 'experiment'.

Julie was feeling rather conflicted herself., She was still finding it hard to believe that her feminized boyfriend was arousing her more than 'she'; ever had as a man - something she wasn't eager to admit to Bobbi-Jo, but something she couldn't possibly lie to herself about.

For several long seconds, Julie remained silent, face slowly going a deep shade of red as she debated what to say. There were two obvious, simple answers to that question - and one that was sort of a spin-off from that question, and the answer that she very much wanted to give, but was deathly afraid of the reaction it would receive.

Finally, however, she went with the 'dangerous' question - because the look in Bobbi-Jo's eyes seemed to say that, no matter what 'her' response to the question was, she'd not hold the question against her.

Taking a deep breath, Julie held it for a second longer - and then took the plunge.

"This.. This might be easier if I, uh, made your figure a little more, uh.. feminine..." She said, awkward, barely aware of the defensive way she crossed her arms over her own bust - smaller than her boyfriend's own implanted rack, a situation n she'd never thought she'd find herself in - much less enjoying, albeit guiltily.

Bobbi-Jo's jaw dropped, her eyes widened...

...and she stunned Julie yet again with: "Really? I ,mean - you can do that? "

Julie slowly let out the rest of her [pent-up breath, and hesitantly smiled. "Well, if you're willing, I could. I mean, my office and OR are in the back and always ready to go> We could, uh.. well, do some quick liposuction for a slimmer waist.. maybe some collagen injects in your, um, behind, and, uh, lips..." She trailed off, afraid to suggest too much...

Bobbi-Jo, to her credit, didn't respond immediately, instead adopting an introspective expression as she considered all the

implications of her girlfriend's suggestion.

"Uh.. What, uh, final effects would there be if I, uh, kinda let you go ahead and do whatever you could to, uh, 'enhance' my new look? " She asked, obviously feeling decidedly 'perverted' to be asking, but forging ahead anyway - and with a question that showed he wasn't 'temporarily insane' or otherwise caught up in the 'rush' of a new situation, instead considering all the implications of the future. "I mean, after we decide we've had enough and I want to, you know, look male again..."

Biting her lower lip, Julie gave the question the consideration it deserved, mentally reviewing the 'outpatient' procedures she could use to make her 'girlfriend' even more 'girlish'...

"Well, there's be some minor scaring.." She said - then sighed and shook her. "We just don't have the time to get it done and make it to the luncheon."

Bobbi-Jo cleared her throat - a deeper, masculine sound, since she'd never 'practiced' making that particular noise in a feminine voice. "Um, well, like I said, I wasn't sure I could work up the nerve to go to that - but, if I looked more female, and if we waited after dark, and chose a place that wasn't particularly well lit - well, then, I'd be willing to go out and, uh 'play around' with my new form, uh, if

you know what I mean "

Julie did indeed - and it made a damp warmth begin to grow in her crotch. Slowly, she began to smile...

...and Bobbi-Jo smiled back in just the same way.

"Come in " Julie said, not even bothering to look back to see if Bobbi-Jo was following as she began to walk towards the clinic at the back of the house...

...except she was walking awfully fast...

...in fact, you could probably describe what she was doing as a flat-out sprint, a big goofy smile on her face...

...which only grew bigger as Bobbi-Jo, now naked, whipped past her at an approximate hundred miles an hour or so.

Give or take a mile per hour...

Laughing, Bobbi-Jo leapt over the sill of the doorway that separated Julie's clinic from the rest of the house only to realize that, given the speed she was traveling, there simply wasn't enough room to

come to a complete stop.

This time, it was Julie who laughed - as Bobbi-Jo 'slammed on the brakes', did a near-perfect cartwheel in the air from her new, top-heavy design, and landed but a few degrees off true on the large, padded operating couch that took up the room.

"Wow - you really are eager " Julie laughed - and she felt a burst of guilty pride and pleasure when



Bobbi-Jo laughed back in agreement.

Both of them felt as giddy as.. well, as the proverbial schoolgirl, the excitement of the strange situation in which they found themselves enough to add that exotic element to what had become a rather mundane boyfriend-girlfriend situation. Julie, slowing well in advance of the door to her clinic, chuckled at the thought that all of this had come about because of...

Julie stopped dead in the center of the doorway and quickly wiped the wicked grin off her face.

"Okay, since we know exactly what we're doing, why don't we get you sedated." She said, in her best professional voice.

Actually, she almost never used sedation in plastic surgery, keeping the more powerful anesthetics in her clinic simply because she was socially conscious enough to have registered her clinic with FEMA, the Federal Emergency Management Agency - in times of an emergency, such as flood or disaster, she was available for emergency medical procedures, for which she got a small stipend from FEMA each month, and twice-a-year 'refresher' courses in emergency trauma medicine.

Bobbi-Jo actually knew all of this, or at least, had been informed of it at various points in their relationship - but, as almost could be expected, he hadn't bothered to memorize any of the technical details, simply condensing the information down to the fact that Julie spent two weeks a year at a

special training facility in Stoville, Vermont, and she was going to be very busy if there was ever an emergency in the town or, in event of a big enough catastrophe, the county.

The rest of it just sort of.. slipped through the cracks.

So, Bobbi-Jo didn't even think to object as Julie prepared the anesthetic, had Bobbi-Jo lay back, and take 'deep, even breaths' until the world went dark...

\* \* \* \* \*

"Uh... Bobbi-Jo..." Julie's voice came hesitantly through the darkness that enclosed him. "Uh.. Wake up..."

'Why does Julie sound so worried...? ' Bob wondered, groggily, as he rose through the layers of darkness. "...and why is she calling me...? '

Then it all came flooding back - along with the sensations of 'her' body, including the bloated-sensitive sensations coming from various parts of her body.

"Is.. Are we done...? " She asked groggily, the first word in the male voice, the rest of it in a 45- played-at-33 version of Bobbi-Jo's voice.

"Uh, yeah, I guess..." Julie said, sounding even more hesitant, even more.. guilty...? ...then before. "Unless, you know, you want to undo anything, or anything..."

Mind coming back up to speed, Bobbi-Jo frowned slightly as she pushed herself upright, swung her smoothly-shaven legs over the edge of the bed...

...and stared for a second in silence at the image reflected in the mirror Julie had but beside the bed.

"Oh.. My.. God..." Bobbi-Jo breathed, staring - and then her lips pulled back in a huge grin. "Julie, you're amazing..."

Julie breathed a sigh of relief - and guilty gratitude - as Bobby-Jo rose to her feet and gave herself a long, hard look in the mirror.

Her face was carefully made up. Knowing Bobbi-Jo wouldn't know how to do make-up, Julie had simplified things by working on Bobbi-Jo's inert face while she was under, not only performing a few 'simple' modifications, but applying the best make-up for her new face.

It was a feminine-looking face. Oh, it was still somewhat hard-edged, especially about the jaw - but carefully-located collagen had not only made Bobbi-Jo's cheeks look wider and more smoothly rounded, but had also been used to ease the line of her jaw and 'pad' her nose so that it looked wider, but of a more dainty construction...

...which would have made it look out-of-place on her face, if it wasn't for the fact that her complexion was now a rich shade of chocolately brown, thanks to a painstaking dye-job Julie had performed while Bobbi-Jo was out.

Which also meant that her highly-inflated new lips didn't look out of place on the 'Negro' woman staring in awe at the mirror, lightly running the long, gloss-red Lee Press-On Nails now glued to her fingers across full, somewhat sensitive lips that were done nearly the same color.

More 'padding' had been added to her ass - a lot more, in fact, filling it out to incredible dimensions - and providing an incredibly firm, round shape, 'fully packed' being a literal description.

Her waist was killing her - but she barely noticed the pain, willing to accept it in exchange for what it represented:

A black-leather corset tied tightly around a waist already reduced by liposuction, hauling it inward to a very respectable 18 inches, especially on such a strapping woman.

Even more injections had been judiciously used on arms and legs, providing a smoother contour to the appendages, and making the hands and feet look smaller - nearly dainty - in comparison.

The black leather corset was a style that included 'built in panties', tight, glossy black leather covering the cock that had been pulled back between her legs and taped into place with surgical tape, leaving behind a contour that matched the feminine appearance of the rest of her body.

Julie had even 'done' Bobbi-Jo's 'hair'...

...which is to say, she'd used the surgical adhesive dissolvent to remove the big blonde wig, and replace it with an even bigger, heavier wig that was a huge, long mass of glossy, wavy-black hair that felt in massive waves past, around, and over the new Bobbi-Jo's shoulders - which helped disguise how wide her shoulders were, and made her neck look even slimmer.

In fact, with the one-piece body-suit-style corset and the massive wig, with the collagen injections and the dye job,

Bobby-Jo looked like a real woman - an a hell of a lot of woman at that...

...including her massive, medicine-ball-sized breasts, almost painfully taut over the over-inflated implants beneath the skin that stood unrealistically huge, round and firm from her chest, the built-in bra-cups that the leather garment once boasted having been cut away to make room for the massive new boobs.

"You're.. not upset...? " Julie asked, making sure.

"No, no.." Bobbi-Jo said, staring at the image. "I.. I don't look anything like.. like 'me', if you know what I mean. In fact - I look like an honest-to-god woman. there's no way anybody will be able to tell..."

Bobbi-Jo's voice trailed off for a second - and then she laughed. "Besides - I was nervous about having to go shopping for clothes looking like I did before, even 'slightly' enhanced. Somehow, though I have the feeling that the corset and the wig aren't the only things you bought while you were out.. while I was out, for that matter..."

Julie grinned, more at the perceptiveness of Bobbi-Jo then at the horrid pun. "That's right. Why don't we get you dressed...? "

With a lot of feminine-sounding giggling, more than a few false starts, and plenty of unnecessary 'help' that seemed an awful lot like not-so-surreptitious fondling, the managed to get the new woman dressed in the clothing Julie had very carefully picked out for the new woman's persona.

Crisp new dark-blue jeans, ones that fit skin-tight over her incredibly firm, full new ass - and skin-tight over her 'merely passable' legs, thanks to the series of ties that ran down the side of each leg, allowing the pants to be strapped tightly down every inch of her new legs.

The crotch of the jeans fit tightly - actually, almost painfully so - over the unmistakably feminine smoothness that the leather corset below allowed.

The top was also denim, this time a black denim vest with big brass buttons - and more ties up the side. the original lacing had been cut away, however, and once the buttoned halves of the garment were in place, Julie carefully used a small black string to connect each grommet on the front with the

grommet on the back of the vest - and as she worked her way upwards, the length of the stringer got longer, to allow for Bobbi-Jo's massive new bust.

By the time the garment was fully in place, the corset was hidden - unlike her new rack, of which the narrowing strips of fabric barely covered a third, denote only a ton of flawless chocolate cleavage being exposed, but the outer sides of the breast visible past the thin strings that actually caused just- less-than-painful indentations in the skin.

A wide, black-leather collar with black leather tassels in a western motive around it went around her neck - and quite neatly guaranteed that there was no sign of an Adam's Apple.

The final touch in the outfit was the boots - and there Julie had a stroke of pure genius.

They were just slightly less than knee-high, made of supple black suede with wide black leather strap- and-buckle closures running down the outside of each...

...and they were Western-style boots, with a two-and-three-quarter-inch heel that was wide and blocky, allowing Bobbi-Jo to balance in them as easily as the cowboy boots she'd worn many a time before - and yet they looked completely feminine on her tall, incredibly endowed new body.

Bobbi-Jo looked like a big strapping black woman with 'passable' features everywhere - and more than passable ass, lips, and outrageously over-sized breasts.

There was no way on earth that even the most suspicious transsexualphobe would be able to 'make' Bobbi-Jo. She was tall, broad-shouldered and athletically built - but no longer so much so as to pass outside the range of 'normal'.

Her bust line, however, was another story - and that was good, because even the last, lingering doubt in anybody's mind would be laid to rest at the sight of the enormous bust straining to burst free of it's denim confinement.

"So...? " Julie asked, mouth dry. "Ready to hit the town...? "

Bobbi-Jo smiled at her, full lips curving wickedly as she asked an unexpected question in reply: "Say, honey-chil' - jus' how kinky y'all willin' to get, heah...? "

\* \* \* \* \*

"...takes one look at my package, and passes out cold." Gino finished his ribald account of 'Linda meets the Monster One Eyed Snake' with a crude grasp of the sizable bulge at his crotch.

Danny laughed coarsely, his acne-scarred face almost ghost-like beneath his shock of carrot-orange hair. Next to his shorter, broader, and darker-complexioned companion, Danny looked like the ghost of a scalped man, especially in the relative darkness of the 'bad side of town', the streetlights not only few and far between, but many of them smashed or otherwise defunct. Gino, in black jeans, black t- shirt black leather jacket and black 'shit-kickers' almost disappeared completely - except for the startling white of his big, easy grin, brighter even than the white denim pants that Danny wore with his beloved Celtics jacket.

"I tell you somethin' man, we gotta have the biggest damn dicks in the whole damn town." Danny laughed...

"Y'all wanna prove that, boys? " A voice said out of the darkness of the alley to the right of them.

Neither of the young men showed any sign of alarm or fear at the sudden voice. Part of it was their on-the-street upbringing, ingraining the 'cool and casual' attitude so deeply into them that they'd rather die than look scared.

The other part of it was the thick, sexy, syrupy-slow southern drawl it was spoken in - and the undeniably feminine nature of that drawl.

"Now, that depends on who's askin'..." Gino said, grinning in the direction of the shadowy figure in the alley-way. Some

light from the over-store apartments across the street trickled into the alley on an angle, just barely lighting some of the dark-skinned woman's face and what appeared to an unbelievable massive head of dark, curly hair - but it was hard to tell in the poor lighting. From what little the guys could see of her face, she could be 'okay' or just below 'okay' - and there was no way of knowing what the rest of her looked like, not with dark skin and clothes lost in the shadows...

...but then she took two steps forward, the light falling square across her and allowing the boys a good look at the woman who'd spoken.

"Holy shit..." Gino whispered, eyes going wide as she took in the whole of the tall, dark woman standing with a sexy, one-hand-on-the-hip pose just outside the mouth of the alley.

"Saints preserve us..." Danny whispered in agreement - and his eyes were riveted the same place as his companion's.

On the enormous, dusky orbs straining mightily against the denim vest that just barely enclosed them, most of the huge breasts exposed to their rapacious eyes as they all-but-drooled over the tall black woman smiling seductively at them.

"I'm lookin' for some boys who be as well endowed down there as I am up here..." She said, gesturing at her massive knockers. "Two huge tits deserve two huge dick, ain't that right, boys? So, y'all just bulshittin' 'bout what you got hidin' down there, or you real, and lookin' to have some fun with what we got heah? "

Gino swallowed, heavily. "How.. How much we talkin' here...? "

The huge-breasted black woman laughed, actually as tall as Danny and several inches taller than Gino as she looked down at them from the added two inches from her heels.

"Why, honey-chil', what a thing to say." She said, grinning widely. "I ain't looking to make no money, honey - I'm just lookin' for some real down-home fun. Jus' down this heah alley ways there's a little turn into a little dead-end that's got privacy. You boy's interested...? "

It could very easily be a set-up. Huge-Boobs could have a big, burly friend or two waiting in that nice, private spot, just waiting to see what they could take off the two young men...

...but even that wasn't enough to deter them> this was, after all, a one in a life-time chance.

"Sure thing..." Gino agreed for both of them, and the woman graced them with one, last smile before she turned away...

...presenting them with a fine view of full, firm ass nicely packaged in denim as she moved with somewhat of a mannish stride into the darkness of the alley.

After the slightest of hesitations, the two men followed her taut, swaying ass into the darkness, struggling to maintain the customary mask of cool indifference as their hearts raced...

...but the increase in pulse-rate had very little to do with fear.

Eagerly, the two men hurried along, finding the corner of the little cul-de-sac mainly because it was well-lit by the

second-story windows that framed all three sides of the little space, with blank walls below two of the windows, the third wall boasting an old metal fire-door that looked like it's take about a hundred pounds of blasting gel to get open.

The huge-breasted woman strutted into the center of the well-lit area, her boobs so massive that they were even visible from directly behind - but much more visible as she slowly turned and presented them front-on...

...especially since she'd unbuttoned the vest she wore, letting it hang open so that her massive, obviously surgically inflated boobs thrust huge, round and proud into the cool night air.

"Well, boys...? " She asked in a smoky, teasing voice, doing a little hip-sway that caused the massive endowments to jiggle and sway enticingly. "Aintcha gonna get started? "

It was literally an offer the boys couldn't refuse. With an incredulous glance shared between them, they eagerly stepped forward, literally butting heads for a second before they decided that Danny got the right one, while Gino got it's starboard mate.

"Oh - gently, boys, gently.." She admonished as they eagerly gripped her boobs - and, a second later, when their fondling was still to rough: "Gently - or I pack 'em up and take 'em home..."

That was enough reason for the boys to lighten their touch, their movements more awkward as they tried to do something that they'd never considered in connection with sexual contact with a woman before: Be gentle.

"Hey, now - the one of you who makes my big ol' boobies feel the nicest gets hisself a hell of a blow- job, while the other jus' gets to tit-fuck these sweet babies..." She said in a voice roughened almost to masculine registers by the pleasure she was feeling from their now feather-light caresses.

Sharing another, more competitive glance, the two friends set about trying to outdo the other in pleasuring this woman's massive, dark breast-flesh, their touch light and gentle as they glided hands over dark, smooth flesh and remarkably tiny nipples...

...which Danny began to lightly lick and suck on his side...

...which caused Gino to duplicate the action on her other nipple, using his lips and tongue in unison to create soft, damply warm touches across not just the dark nipple, but working his way around the breast in an outward spiral.

"Oh, no - that's nice.." The woman sighed, her own hands coming up to begin lightly stroking two rapidly enlarging bulges in two crotches. "C'mere carrot-top, an give Bobbi-Jo your best kiss..."

Hands never leaving the massive orb of flesh that was temporarily in his custody, any straightened and tilted his head...

...and her full, firm lips came down on his, and he began kissing her, passionately.

He was surprised to feel her hesitate - and was even more surprise to realize that what he'd taken for light shivering in the chill night air was actually some sort of unease or nervousness - but then those thoughts slipped from his head as she began to kiss back.

Gino, meanwhile, was continuing to lightly nuzzle on a massive mound...

...while his hands slid downwards and around, until they were filled with incredibly firm derrière packed into skin-tight denim. he began to massage and squeeze her full, firm ass as he continued to

lick and suck her breast, while Danny kissed her passionately while fondling the other ebony mound. She really seemed to enjoy it.

All of it.

For several minutes, this little routine went on - and then, for several minutes more, it continued with Gino now kissing her incredible lips, while Danny fondled her ass.

"Cock-sucker lips..." Gino thought, eagerly - and he softened his kiss, making it deeper and less frantic, verging on downright loving - in fact, the most tender, pleasurable kiss he had ever given, not out of love or affection, but because he wanted the full, firm lips that were now pressing against his to be wrapped around his admittedly big cock.

Finally, they broke the kiss, and she gently disengaged from the two men...

"Damn, you boys are both the bomb..." She said, huskily, her voice sounding oddly quivery. "Why.. Why don't I say that the bigger of you two get's that there tit-fuck, since feelin' those packages o' yours, I don't think I could get the bigger one in my sweet ol' mouth..."

Danny and Gino shared a look. For all their bragging, they'd never 'compared' size to see who was the biggest - and now, each was secretly wishing that the others'; was the larger...

Hesitantly, both young men stripped out of their pants and underwear, individual cocks already rock- hard and ready.

Bobbi-Jo gasped, eyes widening at the sight.

Danny, taller and slimmer, had a pale cock that was a good twelve inches long, and just above average girth, all sprouting from a tiny patch of rusty pubic hair.

Gino, however, boasted an ever longer endowment, one that tipped in at a good sixteen inches in length - and it was easily twice the circumference of his companion's organ.

"Well, now - that answers that..." The huge-breasted woman said, slowly sinking to her denim-clad knees in front of Danny, full lips parting as she stared, mesmerized, at the huge cock dangling in front of her face...

...and then she shook her head, and backed away a few inches, eyes lowering. "Sorry.. I.. I thought I was ready to.. But I can't, and..." She said, voice muffled. Danny felt disappointment and anger mix inside him and begin to surge....

...until another feminine voice sounded out of the darkness.

"I thought you might chicken out, honey " The slender, sexy brunette said, stepping out of the



shadows. there was an odd look on her face, an almost greedy look. "Uh Maybe, um, you might, uh.. I mean, since they're so big, and he's so big, while I, uh, take care of the promise and "

The huge-breasted woman was staring at the woman in shock/. "You.. Are you suggesting that I let big-boy here tit-fuck me while you suck his friend off? "

The brunette flushed - but nodded.

Danny, eyeing her trim form, decided that it would be a fair trade, even if her lips weren't nearly as 'dickable' as the black woman's - but she was still hot...

The black woman's grin slowly resurfaced, as wicked as that of her friend.

"Yeah. Yeah - Let's do it.. "S he said, slowly reclining on her back after first folding up her vest and sliding it behind her, buttons carefully kept out of the way. She smiled up at Gino...

...while the other woman knelt before Danny, hesitated a split second, then leaned forward.

Gino, however, wasn't watching his friend - he was dropping down onto the black woman's stomach, his huge, hard cock sliding into her cleavage.

"Okay, baby, spit..." He said in a husky voice, matching action to word as he began to spit on his hot, throbbing cock - and after a second's hesitation, she followed his example, until the entire length of his massive organ was covered in their mixed saliva...

...and then, with a look of pure bliss on his face, he put a hand to he outside of each breast and pushed them together, encasing his warm, wet cock in firm, warm breast-flesh.

He began to pump.

She needed to do nothing but help hold her massive boobs in position as he tit-fucked her, hips bucking eagerly as the sound of a long, wet, slurping blow-job came from his right.

"She's a better cock-sucker than me, anyway." The black woman told him in an odd tone of voice - like that of somebody who knows a joke you don't, actually. "This woulda bin my first, 'cept I didn't have the guts."

Well, maybe she didn't have guts - but she had tits, and a whole lot of that, so Gino was completely happy as he pumped frantically into her cleavage, cock throbbing as he drew closer and closer to orgasm...

...and right over, his cock become hypersensitive enough to cause him to gasp loudly in mixed pleasure/pain as he pumped a load of hot cum all over the upper slope of her massive tits, over her chin...

...and right into the mouth she'd opened at the last second, choosing to let his cum splatter into her mouth for a quick taste. She closed her mouth as Gino stopped pumping and slumped slightly, her lips compressing in hesitation a second before

she swallowed...

...and then she licked her lips, slowly and sensuously cleaning them of cum.

"Damn..." Gino said, spent, as he climbed off the strange, huge breasted woman. "You're..." He never got the chance to finish the sentence. Instead, he was summarily dismissed.

"Thanks for the cumshot, honey." The brunette said, a trickle of cum running from her lips as she pushed Gino aside. "I'll take it from here..."

Both men watched, wide eyed, as the Caucasian woman began slowly and sensuously licking the cum from her ebony friend's massive tits, leaving the darker woman shuddering in pleasure.

"What the fuck...? " Gino said, hardly believing his eyes.

The Caucasian woman paused long enough for a quick explanation. "She's lez, I'm bi. I've been trying to talk her into bi, but she ain't ready - so you guys can take off now..."

...and then she lowered her face back into the woman's massive cleavage.

the two men stared a moment longer, then turned and walked away as they zipped up their pants - and wondering how they hell they were going to get anybody to believe this story.

Since Julie had wisely covered the little red 'Recording' light on the camcorder with a strip of electrical tape, neither man noticed the video camera set up in the shadows - and so they had no idea that there story was going to be easily believed, since in less than twelve hours the video would be on the internet.

They'd be less than pleased by what they'd see at the end of the video clip, however...

\* \* \* \* \*

"I can't believe we did that..." Bobbi-Jo said, working her mouth at the sour tang that filled it from her instinctive taste-taste - and vowing that she'd never, ever let a man cum in her mouth ever again.

All things considered, it was an odd thought - but, all things considered, it was also the most normal thought she'd had in a while - depending on how you looked at it, of course.

"You didn't mind me, uh.. 'cheating'? " Julie asked.

"What's good for the goose..." Bobbi-Jo replied... then, as Julie began to slide downward, asked in a puzzled tone. "What are you...? "

There was no need to finish the question - since Julie yanked down Bobbi-Jo's jeans, then used a pocket knife to part the heavy leather beneath, then - more carefully - the tape...

...allowing Bob's good-sized cock to spring up from between Bobbi-Jo's legs.

With the tape still rolling, Julie set about giving her huge-breasted she-male lover an even better blow- job than the one she'd given copper-top...

\* \* \* \* \*

Over the next six years, eighteen sequels to the infamous tape showed up on the internet.

By the last one, Bobbi-Jo was downright gorgeous - and no longer 'pre-op'. Even the trademark breasts were brought down to 'mere' basket-ball-sized by the last one...

...which was okay, since they exactly matched Julie's in size and shape.

The funniest thing was that nobody except the two of them could share in the joke: After all his begging and pleading, Julie finally got 'bigger' tits...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** While using a magic amulet to change himself into a woman, he is surprised when his roommate comes home who has different ideas about what type of woman he is to become.

## Unexpected Opportunities

---

**By Gunslinger**

Naked in the center of the ring of candles placed on the hardwood floor of the living room, his body glistening with the sweat raised by uncertainty and doubt, Gary tightly gripped the amulet that had cost him so much in money and effort, closed his eyes, and stated his wish in a loud, trembling voice.

"I wish..." He said. His heart was pounding with ridiculous hope that this might actually work, as he lay one hand on the computer-generated image he'd created using Curious Labs' Poser program. "...to become, physically, a real-life, living woman as close as possible to this representation, and with all the skill and abilities such a woman might have accrued during twenty-one years of life in an average American town during the Twentieth century."

**"What?!"**

Shock rapidly turning to horror, Gary spun around - and stared wide-eyed at the short, well-muscled man standing in the doorway, suitcase dangling from one ham hock-sized fist.

"You want to be a... a *girl*?" The mobile fireplug of a man said, his close-cropped goatee seeming to bristle as he gaped at his roommate in amazement.

"Al!" Gary said, squeaked, in horror, starting to climb to his feet as he sought for something - **anything** - to say. "You... You were supposed to be in Vegas for the weekend..."

Halfway through the word 'weekend', Gary's hesitant alto began to climb sharply upwards - as a powerful trembling seized him, accompanied by a strange tingling sensation. Unable to control his body, he slumped back down to the floor, the long-sought amulet slipping from nerveless fingers and skittering across the high-gloss floors as his body began to change.

"Holy... shit..." Al gasped, his slab-sided muscles suddenly not up to the task of holding his broad, squat frame upright as he watched his roommate writhing on the floor, body changing. He slumped heavily against the doorframe, unconsciously shaking his head in disbelief.

The only sound during the next two minutes and thirty-six seconds was the involuntary grunting and whispery skin-against-wood sounds of Gary writhing on the floor, punctuated by the sound of Al's suitcase dropping to the floor as the dark-haired man continued gaping at his transforming roommate.

"Guh... Gary...?" Al said, usually deep voice several octaves higher than usual as the person laying on the floor finally finished writhing. "You... You... You..."

With a low, almost sexual moan, the slim, supple individual in the ring of candles slowly rose to unsteady feet.

"You're a woman!" Al finally managed to get out, eyes bulging as he took in the new form his now-female roommate wore. The exceedingly **shapely** feminine form.

If an exceedingly talented geneticist had been able to cross the DNA of Helen Hunt with that of Paris Hilton, garnished with a touch of Dolly Parton, you might end up with the woman Gary had become.

She was 'petite', both in height and build. Topping out at a bare five-four, she had the same exceedingly fine, delicate bone structure boasted by Paris Hilton - but layered with well-toned, mildly athletic musculature that added a smooth 'Helen Hunt' vibrancy to the trim-hipped, well-defined body...

...that boasted a pair of firm, round Partonesque breasts. A good double-D cup, those breasts were firm in a 'natural' way, not the artificial spherical roundness of surgically enhanced breasts, and tipped with large, dark, frank nipples atop domed areola.

The face atop the slender neck was heart-shaped and almost impossible 'cute', in a sexy sort of way. It boasted full lips below a small, up-turned nose that was, in turn, flanked by large, hazel eyes that seemed to be smiling constantly. In many ways, the face below the pixie-ish mop of straw-blond hair resembled that of Jennifer Lien, the woman who played 'Kes' on *Star Trek: Voyager*, except with fuller lips and longer, lusher lashes.

"You... turned yourself... into a chick?" Al squeaked, not sure whether what Gary had changed into, or the very fact of the transformation happening at all, startled him the most. On weak-feeling legs, he staggered over to where the amulet lay and picked it up, his stunned gaze switching from the amulet to the new woman, and back.

"Al, be careful with that..." Gary said in her sweet new soprano, glorious hazel eyes wide in fear that overrode the humiliation and shock of the situation.

"You used this..." Al said, hefting the amulet, "...to turn yourself... into a woman?"

The new woman flushed at the mixture of shock and derision in her roommate's voice.

"Al, look, just put down the amulet and let me explain..." Gary said, taking an unconsciously graceful step forward atop her dainty new feet...

...and Al recoiled back from her, as if her 'perversion' was somehow catching. "Stay back, you... you sissified freak!" He said, nearly hysterical.

The new woman's slender jaw clenched. She'd specifically waited until Al was supposed to be away for the weekend to attempt the transformation, knowing the rather narrow-minded man fate had forced on her as a roommate wouldn't understand her desire to spend a weekend experiencing femininity.

"Look, Al..." She tried again, realizing - to late - that she should have fought back her impatience, and used her first wish to establish a new lifestyle that would have allowed her to afford to live alone. "Just give me a chance to explain."

She took another step forward...

"I just wish you'd do exactly what I tell you to!" Al shouted, right on the very edge of homophobic hysteria...

...until both of them felt the tingling shudder that ran through them. Al blinked... then slowly began to grin.

"I... just made a wish, didn't I?" He asked, looking down at the amulet he still held. "You... have to obey me now, don't you?" "Al - just give me the amulet..." She said, shuddering at the thought of what had just happened.

"You have to obey me, don't you?" Al demanded. "Answer me - truthfully!" "Yes, I do." She helplessly found herself assuring him.

A grin began to form on Al's acne-scared face. An *unpleasant* grin.

"Well, now..." He muttered to himself, thoughtfully. "That puts a whole new spin on things..." "Al - don't..." Gary said, suddenly feeling her stomach tighten in fear.

Smiling, Al lay the amulet down on the end-table...

...while giving her instructions.

"You will not touch this." He said. "You will not attempt to use it, gain possession of it, or have somebody else use it on your behalf. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Gary replied, half sigh and half whimper. Al was a narrow-minded, chauvinistic, muscle-bound young man with a streak of petty cruelty and a very lewd, crude and rude sense of humor - but he wasn't stupid, more the pity. His wish was well thought-out, denying her any chance of avoiding whatever evil thought had caused that unpleasant smile.

"Al, just stop and think a minute." She said, hesitantly, taking a step backwards. "Don't do anything rash..." "Moi?" Al asked, an image of hurt innocent. "Why, sweet-cheeks, I'm just going to help you out."

"Oh?" She asked, warily, not buying the act for an instant. "How's that?"

"Why, by not letting my unexpected presence make you back out of something you so desperately want." Al said, grinning. "You obviously aren't happy as a guy, and want to be a chick, so I'm going to help you do that, Gary."

"No, I don't..." She tried to dissuade him.

He, however, ignored him, striking a thoughtful pose. "Hmm... 'Gary' doesn't really fit that body of yours now, does it? Perhaps we should have something more... suitable."

Gary's gut churned, and she tried to head him off: "Well, since you brought it up, I thought I'd use 'Jeri' - you know, like Jeri Ryan...?" "Hmm... you really *did* think about your girlie little new life, didn't you...?" Al said, a hard edge to the teasing tone of his voice.

Gary shivered. Obviously, Al couldn't even begin to comprehend why any straight, red-blooded American male might want to try a female life, temporarily.

"Well, 'Jeri' still doesn't quite capture the... the essence of the new you." Al said. "From now on, you will use and answer only to the name of 'Cheri Pye', or a variation of it." He said with undeniable satisfaction, spelling her stripperesque new name for her.

"Oh, Al - please don't do this..." The newly-christened Cheri said, wincing at the artificiality of her new moniker.

"Oh, no, 'Cheri'..." Al said, smirking. "I fully intend to help you experience every little bit of being female. To which end, we should probably get you dressed..."

Since she was busy wincing at the tone of his voice, Cheri missed the conflicted look in her roommate's eyes as she looked at her new form, finding it a very attractive, feminine one - and finding that attraction uncomfortable because she was 'really' a man...

...and that psuedo-homosexual discomfort was expressed as anger at the source of it, something that would have explained a hell of a lot to Cheri, perhaps even provided a method for dealing with it, had she noticed.

She hadn't, however, and by the time she did look at Al, the golden moment had passed.

"You get yourself some clothes for that new body of yours?" Al asked with an exaggerated disgust whose intensity she didn't comprehend.

"Yes." She replied, curtly, determined not to add any fuel to the fire of his disgust for her 'perversion'.

"Well, bring it out here. Let's see what we've got to work with..." Al commanded - and thanks to his wish, she had no choice but to comply, going into her room and unlocking the old sea-chest she'd bought at a garage sale for the specific purpose of having a good place to hide the evidence of the 'perversion' she been planning - hoping, wishing - for all this time.

Now, that source of happiness and excitement had become sour ashes in her mouth as she carried the clothes she'd spent so much time secretly - and happily - shopping for out to be scrutinized by the architect of her unhappiness.

"Oh, no, no, no!" Al said in mock horror. "This isn't nearly feminine enough...!"

Perhaps, for some of the more 'casual' clothes, that might be true. After all, there was nothing obviously feminine about the unisex jeans, sweaters and shorts. The other clothes, though, the stuff she'd looked forward to wearing - how could it not be feminine? Long, flowing dresses, elegant gowns, lots of lace and silk and satin...

"Not one mini skirt!" Al said, still in that mock tone of horror. "No spandex at all! An look at these shoes! Not a single pair with high heels!"

Well, three-inch heels did count as high - but not to Al.

Al, who was unconsciously making things worse as he projected his own ideas of 'femininity' on the situation. After all, it was the very fact that he found the woman-who-had-been-male attractive that was making him so uncomfortable - but despite being intelligent enough to realize that, he couldn't quite make the leap to the fact that his 'preferences' about how a woman who looked like Cheri should dress and act would only exacerbate the situation.

Nevertheless, it never quite occurred to Al that he should question his assumptions about how anybody who looked the way Cheri did now should dress - because that might have forced him to confront the very fact that, deep down, he knew his view of femininity was skewed.

Al was no more eager to admit, even to himself, that he was wrong than the average guy - and, unfortunately, the situation he found himself gave him an 'easy' target for the unwanted, unacknowledged guilt and self-doubt that the situation



stirred up.

"It look like we need to go shopping." Al said, gesturing at the most 'feminine' clothing, according to his narrow, two-dimensional views. "Go ahead, put those on."

Cheri, of course, couldn't refuse. She could, however, argue...

"Al, please - let's just slow down and talk about this..." She said, struggling to clasp the bra that went with the lace-trimmed panties she'd pulled on around her trim hips.

"I don't want to slow down!" He shouted, 'inexplicably' angry - because he didn't want to face the reasons why he didn't want a chance to review this logically.

Cheri, however, didn't understand that. She was, quite understandably, too focused on her own situation to psychoanalyze Al's reasons for what he was doing.

Which was caused her to do the worst thing she could possible do in the situation - continued arguing, hence continuing to exaggerate the very guilt that he didn't want to be feeling.

"Come on, all - I'm sure you've sometimes wondered what it would feel like to be somebody else." She said, tucking the scoop-necked white blouse into the knee-length a-line skirt that it didn't really go with. "maybe you've never thought about - wondered about

- what it would like to be female, but surely you can understand the urge I felt..."

"No, I can't!" Al shouted, trying more to convince himself rather than her. "I've never wanted to have a body that would make other men want to have sex with me! That's just sick!"

"Being female just isn't about having sex with men!" She shot back - wrongly.

If she'd quite honestly pointed out that she hadn't been planning to have any sex with men, it might have been different. Although she had purchased a dildo in order to 'experiment', she didn't have any plans to have sex with men, finding the idea, if not repugnant, at least uncomfortable.

However, her phrasing almost directly attacked Al's narrow view of the world, in which women were just that: Sexual objects, existing solely to please men.

Well, to please Al - who couldn't care less about other men's pleasure...

..and who, to defend his own view of the world **had** to start treating Cheri as the 'two dimensional' person who really served only to provide him with sexual pleasure, theoretically...

...and by assuming that, and treating her that way, only reinforced the fact that finding a feminized man sexy was 'wrong'.

"Until I tell you otherwise, I want you to act perpetually happy, excited, and interested." Al instructed her. "Whatever it is

you are doing at any given time, I want you to act as if it is something you want to do, something you are enjoying doing, and something you are eager to do again. Do you understand...?"

"Of course I do, Al!" She said, brightly, smiling - which was the least thing she felt like doing, but she hadn't been give a choice in the matter.

"Good." Al said, shortly. "Let's go."

Thanks to the orders Al had given her, Cheri had no choice by to obey, 'happily'. She remained 'happy' through the entire ordeal - worse, excited and interested, to any outside viewer.

Helplessly, Cheri followed Al to the mall - and right into a store called 'Naughty but Nice'. It was a store supposedly for 'spicing up' romance - which, as expected, meant 'sex, sex, sex.'

This was the store Al took her to - and it was from this store that she 'eagerly' and 'happily' purchased her new wardrobe.

Including the skimpy, revealing little 'French Maid' outfit that she wore right out of the store, after telling the clerk that she 'loved' the way it showed off her sexy body.

Inside, she wasn't sure if she was more disgusted, humiliated, or angry - but none of that showed on her face as she flounced, bounced and giggled her way through the mall, Al trailing behind her with the bags full of merchandise that, on his orders, she'd happily maxed out most of her credit cards buying.

Which meant that Al had to be considerate enough to pay for all the make-up she purchased from the cosmetics department from the national chain department store - where she was forced to 'cheerfully' undergo a makeover, practically begging the woman at the small in-store salon to 'make her even sexier'.

Given the way she was dressed, she drew a lot of attention - which made Al on smile broader as her watched her happily being made-up, knowing how much she was squirming around inside, and enjoying teaching the man she'd been a lesson about the 'dangers' of femininity...

...and, all the while, becoming steadily more attracted to the increasingly sexualized woman Gary had become - and made all the more internally uncomfortable by his growing arousal.

Which was the direct and immediately catalyst for what happened - what he did to himself - later that evening. After all, it was that discomfort that caused him, after they got back home, to start drinking fairly heavily.

The reasons for the Maid Outfit he'd had her buy was obvious, as he had her do the 'feminine' thing, and start cleaning the house - and the sight of her scantily clad, attractive figure puttering around, bending over, reaching up, and all the other movements necessary for the cleaning she was doing only aroused him further.

So, he ordered her to bring him a beer...

...and another...

...and another...

...and so on, until he was well and truly squiffed.

Which was what brought him to drunkenly pick up the amulet and begin berating her for what she'd done.

"You... you made yourself into a woman!" HE declared in drunken disbelief. "I mean, you now want to.. to have sex with men, just like any other woman. Don't you?"

"Oh, I sure do!" She agreed, brightly - even as she shuddered at the sudden wrenching sensation in her mind as her sexuality was reversed, making her sexually attracted to men - and sexually attractive, as well.

"You like dressing like a woman, walking like a woman, acting like a woman!" He shouted, still not realizing that, as he said it, it became true.

"You sick bastard... I mean, bitch..." He said, shaking the amulet in the air. "What sort of homo pervert would make himself into a woman?"

"I like being a sexy woman!" She replied, brightly - as per his previous orders.

"I know, you freaky weirdo." He agreed, taking her cheerfulness at face value, to drunk to realize why she was so 'happy' about her situation. "I mean, a real man woulda used this to get himself a huge cock, or something..."

He snorted, shaking the amulet in the air.

"You'd never hear a real man like me doing something stupid like saying 'I wish I were a huge-breasted, cock-crazy blonde bimbo like you...'"

Of course, because of AI's earlier orders, Cheri was able to stand by with a big smile, thoroughly enjoying the sight as AI was, indeed, transformed into a 'huge-breasted blonde bimbo' who was quite a bit like Cheri - but with some major differences...

\* \* \* \* \*

ONE MONTH LATER

"Now, now..." Cheri said, with a smile. "Don't get **too** frisky on me, Jack."

She said it with a smile, enjoying taking her time with the strong, broad-shouldered young man whose lap she was sitting on.

"I know..." Jack said, slipping his hand off her thigh - and back onto her knee. "Hey, if all I was looking for was meaningless sex..."

With a chuckle, he jerked his head in the direction of the sliding door leading from the porch into the living room, and Cheri chuckled with him.

"Right." She agreed, uncoiling herself with a feminine grace from his lap. "You want another beer?"

"Sure - sounds grate." Her boyfriend agreed, not without some regret at letting the supple young woman leave his lap.

"Back in flash." She told him, flashing him a smile - that, unlike a lot of the ones she was forced to give, was actually heartfelt. As she padded towards the kitchen, she had to shake her head as she considered the outcome of the whole situation.

All in all, she was doing pretty well for herself. Aside from the fact that she always appeared happy, even when she wasn't, she was otherwise living exactly the life she'd been interested in exploring - that of a normal woman. Though, of course, this wasn't quite as a temporary thing as she'd expected, it was nevertheless quite acceptable, not being inherently better or worse than life as a man...

...for her.

Her sister, however, might have disagreed - had it been possible for her to do so.

With a grin, she glanced over at where the young man who's name she hadn't caught sat on the chair, head back and a look of bliss on his face as Cheri's 'sister', April Pye, eagerly and happily slurped away on his cock, her unrealistically firm, round, basketball-sized breasts swaying and bouncing with her energetic, skillful movements.

Aside from longer, curlier, bleach-blond hair, her tremendous sexual appetite, and her huge breasts, April was identical to her twin sister. She had the same always-cheerful persona, the same taste in sexy clothing, the same 'cleaning and serving' feminine urges...

...and the same inability to touch the amulet and so put an end to her feminine existence.

The amulet lay where April had dropped it during the writhing and twitching of her transformation, just under the couch. As the two sisters took turns cleaning, they cleaner right around it, unable to touch it or use it in any way, and half-hoping, half-afraid one of the men in their lives might find it.

If Jack found it, things would probably work out all right for everyone, though it was unlikely that April would become the man she longed to be again - or that Cheri would meet the same, now-unwanted fate.

However, the results of any one of the endless stream of men April entertained finding the amulet, and making a wish...

Well, Cheri thought philosophically as she got a couple of beers and headed back out to where a warm, kind, considerate man awaited her, they'd just have to wait and see what happened.

After all, having discovered just how good life as woman could be through a 'horrible accident', Cheri had learned the truth: Any new situation was either good or bad, depending on what you made of the unexpected opportunity...

Walking past where April was helplessly slurping on a cock with eager abandon, Cheri decided it was time to finally let Jack into a more... physical... relationship.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE

---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** When a thief breaks into a house on New Year's Eve, he discovers that the owner home and has some magic up his sleeve to turn the would be burglar into a blond party going bimbo.

## Uninvited Guest

---

**By Gunslinger**

It took Billy exactly six seconds to pick the brightly-polished Schlage.

Less then four seconds after the soft 'snick' that signaled his success, the twenty-six year old burglar had rolled his lock-picks away

in their leather case and slipped into the house, closing the heavy dark-oak door behind him with nary a sound.

Crouched just inside the door, his slender, agile body clad all in black, Billy Frankel was little more then a shadow in the darkened foyer - six foot, three inches of hard-packed muscles as solid as rock, yet made apparently insubstantial by the cloak of shadows that hid him.

Straightening, Billy pulled the black 'ski mask' up, leaving it covering his thatch of dark hair, but uncovering a face that only the faint pockmarks of acne kept from near movie-star perfection - the acne marks, and the hard, cynical cast to what have been mobile, expressive lips.

Silent, almost eerily graceful atop the crepe soles of his black sneakers, Billy moved across the marble floor of the mansion's foyer towards the first door on his right. A hard, bitter smile crossed his face at the sight of such expensive decor in the foyer, and he was already mentally adding up his share of the take from Willie the Weasel's little tip. With the numbers continuing to mount in his head, the limber thief reached out and pushed down on the brass lever-style door-handle, slipping into

the room beyond...

...and the mathematical gymnastics he was performing robbed him of the razor-sharp instincts and edge that might have made a difference. Instead, he was already a good half-dozen steps into the small, well-appointed study before it began to register on him that it was wrong - all wrong.

The house was supposed to be empty, it's old-but-wealthy owner away on a New Year's Eve honeymoon with his young-and-sexy new bride... but here, ensconced in a high-backed leather armchair, was a handsome middle-aged man, eyeing him speculatively over the balloon snifter of brandy he held.

One foot lifted for a step he didn't take, Billy stopped dead and stared incredulously at the man, both face strange and nearly mystical in the flickering gold-orange light of the fire that was the room's sole source of illumination.

"What fortune..." The man said in a dryly amused voice. A slender, dapper man dressed in a dark-colored smoking jacket, he lifted one eyebrow ironically as he continued speaking to himself. "Here I was, thinking to myself how truly boring this New Year's Eve is compared to that of my younger days - and then, by providence, an uninvited guest drops in to enliven my evening."

Turning his attention directly to Billy, the dapper, handsome man smiled thinly. "Well, my young friend, welcome to Seventeen-Sixty- Three East Oaks Lane."

Even as the momentary shock that had held him immobile wore off, Billy cursed himself roundly - for the address of the house he was supposed to have broken into was Sixteen-Seventy-Three East Oaks Lane.

Well, it was obvious that he wouldn't be breaking into any other house on East Oaks Lane, nor it's vicinity - assuming he even managed to get out of this predicament with his freedom still secure. With that highly self-serving thought in mind, Billy made full use of his lightning-fast speed and remarkable agility to spin rapidly and dart out of the room.

So caught up was he in the mental exercises of his escape, it took a good two seconds for it to register on his racing mind that he hadn't budged so much as an inch, moved so much as a muscle - he was still standing, perfectly still, his one foot still lifted precipitously.

"What the fuck- ?" Billy blurted out, belligerence overriding either confusion or fear, at least for the moment.

"Tut, tut...!" The man said, lowering the glass and waving a finger. "Such language! As for what is going on here - well, you happened to try and burgle a house belonging to a man who, on any other evening but this, would have been a decidedly second- rate mage."

Now it was confusion that took the forefront: "Huh...?"

"Mage, my dear boy - a wielder of magic. A sorcerer. A wizard - and, unfortunately for you, New Year's Eve is one of those mystical times, a boundary-point, where anything and everything can change. Oh - and any magic user's power increases tenfold. Enough so that I can simply will things to happen, and they do. Thusly:"

Suddenly, Billy found himself moving again - but without volition. It was as if he were merely a puppet, with an unseen controller pulling the strings. Against his will, the limber thief found himself walking to stand directly in front of the dapper, older man.

Fear had **definitely** made itself known in the tangled mix of emotions running through Billy at that moment...

"What the hell are you doing?" Billy cried, hating the high-pitched tinge of panic threaded through his voice, but unable to stop it. "How the fuck are you-?"

The man waved his hand - and Billy's voice vanished, mid-sentence. Billy's mouth kept working - but not a single sound escaped, as if he were a TV that had suddenly been muted.

"Vulgar, and repetitive. How... common." The self-proclaimed mage sniffed, disdainfully. "Well, my young acquaintance, usually I'd never think of using my powers on a person without their permission - but when that person is engaged in the burglary of my home, well... then the rules change, my dear boy. Oh yes, indeed they do."

Billy had no control over his body. This man controlled his movements, overriding all the hard-packed muscle in Billy's frame with a twitch of the finger, and silencing him with the wave of a hand...

...and he was obviously not only incredibly powerful - but vindictive, as well.

If he had been allowed to, Billy would have started pleading frantically to be spared whatever 'fate worse than death' the man held in mind.

The man slowly began to smile - and there was absolutely nothing pleasant in that wolfish grin.

"New Year's Eve - a night where one year become the next, where the present becomes the past, and the future the present. A night of change, I would say - and so, I think a change is in order for you, too, my boy."

The man chuckled, without mirth, but in dreadful anticipation.

"Since it is quite obvious that you've made it your life's pursuit to take, without recompense..." The man said, leaning forward and fixing the immobile thief with a mirthless smile, "...then I feel that, for the coming year, you shall be dedicated to a life of giving - without recompense. Tell me - do you think that fair?"

Suddenly, the restriction of speech lifted from Billy - and he immediately put his re-found voice to good use: "I'm so sorry and I didn't mean to rob you and please don't hurt me, I'll try and be good, just don't hurt me, please, don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me..."

Annoyed as Billy's frantic babbling settled into incoherent pleas for mercy, the man waved his hand again, restoring silence.

"Not only a thief, but a coward as well - and one so concerned with pain..." The man snorted - then suddenly brightened. "Oh, I say! Yes! My dear boy, believe me, you have no need to worry about pain. No - I assure you, the new life you'll find



yourself in will be concerned with pleasure..."

Billy most certainly didn't like the tone the man put into that last word, nor the evil chuckle that came after. Though still mute, Billy's lips were now forming an endless repetition of the motions for the words, 'please, no'.

"Pleasure. Yes," the man continued, "and since you are so obviously crave and without honor as to be undeserving of being called a man - it will be as a woman of pleasure you will start the new year."

Now Billy's soundless lips formed the plea 'just kill me' - but soundless pleas didn't even have to fall on deaf ears to be ignored.

"Though I hardly believe that you agree, I am a fair man..." The owner of the house said, shrugging slightly. "Therefore, I am going to be fair, and let your own thoughts and views on women define what your new life is going to be like."

Billy wasn't quite sure which urge was stronger - that which wanted him to kill the mage, or that which wanted him to kill himself. At this point, either would have been preferable.

Rising, the mage began to walk towards the door. Though the older man's shoulders were hunched, his head lowered as he walked with the slow, vague step of a man deep in thought, his distraction didn't weaken his hold over Billy. Helplessly, horribly, the rangy thief found himself following the mage, pacing his mystical new master without any volition of his own.

As the mage walked through the previously darkened mansion in which he resided, lights turned themselves on as he approached. With Billy helplessly following behind, the mage walked up the wide, sweeping stairway to the second floor, and began walking down a hallway lined with bedrooms.

At one of the doors, Billy watched as the door swung itself open and a full-length mirror, in a brass frame, floated out of the room and took up position behind him. A few yards further along, another door swung open and a second mirror joined their little procession.

Reaching the end of the hallway, the mage twitched a finger to open the door, then went in the room. The room was a large, well-furnished bedroom, and hanging on the wall opposite the door was a large, gilt-framed mirror that went from the floor nearly to the ceiling. As Billy helplessly found himself approaching the mirror and standing before it, the two other mirrors following him flanked the one on the wall, forming a sort of three-way mirror that gave him a view of his body.

A complete view of his body, in fact - for, as Billy helplessly came to a halt in front of the mirror, all his clothes simply vanished.

"Very well..." The mage said, tapping his fingers together meditatively. "Now, the spell I am going to cast on you to... inspire you to your new lifestyle is, in theory, quite simple. You will become a 'pleasure empath'. That is to say, whatever pleasure you cause to be felt by any other person, whether it be physical, emotional, or intellectual, you will also feel. As I'm sure you can see, this means you will have a very 'selfish' reason for causing people pleasure - and yet, from an external viewpoint, it won't seem that way, since all the motivation is internal. To an observer, it will seem as if you are giving pleasure for it's own

sake - which I wager is a far cry from anything you have ever done before. Now, there remains only the new form you will wear while performing this service for the world, a form which you, yourself, shall choose."

Gesturing at the mirror, the mage gave the final, fateful instructions to the burglar: "Since you now know what your fate is to be, and how it is to function, I want you to image the most ideal feminine form suited for accomplishing this task - the female body you, yourself, believe would be most capable of creating pleasure of any form in other people. When you have created this image of the 'ideal woman' - you will find yourself compelled to have me make you that very woman."

Hearing these words, Billy immediately tried to blank his mind, to think of nothing at all - but it was an impossible task.

Not necessarily because of any magical influence, for there was none on his imagination itself. No, it was simply that, having had it called to mind, he was incapable of banishing the thought of what his 'perfect pleasure-inducing woman' would be like. He couldn't

help but think of it - and when he did, that was when the magic kicked in, overriding free will and forcing him to reveal this mental image to the mage.

No - not just 'reveal' - for the magic was much more humiliating than that.

Billy found himself compelled to ask to be turned into this woman, found his voice restored for the humiliating, horrifying task of requesting to be made a woman...

"Shorter..." He found himself saying, even as he fought with every ounce of will at his disposal to keep the silence that had been imposed on him - in vain. "I need to be a good foot shorter..."

Helplessly, Billy could only watch in the mirror as he rapidly lost stature. It was like watching some sort of reverse time-lapse of his own history, as he regressed in size back to a height he had surpassed in high-school.

However, he didn't become younger, just shorter - maintaining the same basic build, merely scaled down, with the same age apparent on the simply smaller features of his face.

He was still male - but a diminutive male, and that alone was enough to curdle his guts with horrified self-disgust. It was only going to worse...

"I need to be slimmer." He helplessly 'asked' of the mage. 'You know, not so... heavily built. Athletic, but slender...' "Ask, and ye shall receive..." the mage muttered, grinning - as he waved his hand, and brought it about.

Helplessly, Billy could only watch as his bone structure became considerably finer. Wrists and ankles narrowed considerably in proportion, as did the width - but not the length - of feet and hands that became downright dainty. At the same time, his waist narrowed sharply, while hips and shoulders followed suit, albeit to a lesser degree.

As horrifying as that was, it was worse for Billy to watch his face change. Though the 'delicate' body was bad enough, it was manifestly male despite it's 'effeminate' new bone structure, still hairy and with male genitalia.

The face however... Once the bones had lightened and sharper, the features becoming finer and better defined, he could have almost passed for a woman in a head-shot photo - indeed, with some make-up, his new face would have looked completely feminine.

Which merely meant that his new, fine-boned feminine facial structure was merely 'leading the trend'.

"Get rid of the body hair..." Billy helplessly requested, continuing to describe his own 'fantasy woman' - and his worst nightmare, applied as it was to him. "...and more of my height should be from my legs..."

As 'easy' as saying it, it happened. He could only watch through captive eyes as his body hair faded away, leaving his skin smooth and supple and feminine - especially the tautly-smooth skin of legs that grew proportionally longer to a body that became even

smaller and fine-boned to maintain the same height despite the lengthening of now quite attractive legs.

Now, despite the lack of breasts and the male genitalia, Bobby was looking definitely 'girlish' - and he was just getting 'warmed up' to the image helplessly created in his mind.

"My hips need to be just a little bit wider, and my waist a little bit narrower," Bobby named the 'minor' changes, then moved on to a more major alteration: "but my ass has to be a lot bigger, rounder, and firmer..."

With that, he felt his spine curve outward a bit more at the back as his masculine pelvis widened and tilted, providing a set of trim-yet- feminine hips below a slimmer waist - a pair of hips to support the absolutely mind-boggling heart-shaped ass that quickly swelled into existence from what had been previously flat masculine buttocks.

"I need long, wavy, blonde hair..." He said - and, as his hair pilled down around his shoulders, he requested - and got - a different shade and a few other alterations to style and shade, until his feminine face was surrounded by a wavy mane of brassy golden blonde hair.

By this point, it was obvious as to the 'type' of woman being formed from his old body. Bobby was rapidly becoming one of those toned, cute/sexy women who were so incredibly perky and vibrant that, consequently, people couldn't help but like them.

However, there were still a few 'minor' points of change to be made...

"Breasts..." He said, already wanting to simply curl up and die - and, knowing what was about to happen, wanting it to happen fast. "Nice big, round, firm tits."

His previously male chest began to bulge outwards. At first, it was simply small, conical shapes rising from beneath slowly swelling nipples, but with shocking speed the growing mounds gained mass and definition. From pert cones they swelled out into firm domes, pushing further and further out from the slender new ribcage in a display of feminine endowment, until the taut domes of firmly soft breast-flesh rode like half-cantaloupes from his chest, a good triple 'D'-cup in size...

...but it wasn't enough.

"Bigger..." Billy helplessly breathed. "With bigger nipples..."

After the brief pause, the breasts resumed their rapid growth, this time abandoning domes for spheres as they swelled a good four cups sizes larger, now looking like whole cantaloupes hung from his chest - but more mouth watering and delectable than any fruit could ever be. the melon-sized breasts rode high and firm on her athletically slender body, and each was tipped by a large, thick, and prominent pink nipple.

"Perfect." Billy said, and had those breasts been on anybody else then himself, he would have agreed with his helpless comment without reservation - but seeing the 'chest melons' on the new form he wore was another matter.

"Now I need a tight new cunt and a high, perky female voice, and I'll be done." Billy said...

...and it was the last words he spoke as a man, as the deed was done, leaving Bobby completely female.

"Not quite done yet, though:" The mage said. "You'll need clothing. What would the woman you now are wear...?"

In a high, bright-sounding new soprano, the new woman had no choice but to recite a suitable ensemble for her new form and lifestyle - and with each item described, it came to be, until her new form was not only completely dressed, but accessorized and made-up, as well.

The new woman she'd help-less had the mage make her over into was dressed in a mid-thigh length faded denim skirt that wasn't terribly tight - and, as a consequence, rode up easily if she bent over, to reveal the plain white panties that 'innocently' encased her mouthwatering ass.

Also in the 'inadvertently sexy girl-next-door' vein was the white cotton shirt she wore, which should have been pretty basic - but it was perfectly sized for her trim new frame, which made it skin-tight across the curves of her huge, firm new tits, quite of bit of which were on display not only in the form of a mouth-watering canyon of cleavage displayed by the open top buttons, but by the straining gaps between the buttons that were fastened over her full new bust.

Keeping in with the oh-so-approachable theme of her new look, she forewent high heels in favor of a pair of powder-blue and white sneakers with pale blue 'bobby-socks' - but with her proportionally long, toned legs and spectacular ass, heels would have been almost redundant anyway.

Her hair had been pulled back into a simple ponytail with a blue 'scrunchie', and the hot-pink plastic 'exclamation mark' earring dangling from each lobe of her dainty new ears went well with the gloss-pink lipstick and pastel pink eyeshadow that was all the make-up her fresh-faced new look required.

She was the perfect image of the 'All American Girl', perpetually perky, and particularly approachable - the type of girl who was, by turns, either some lucky guy's lover, and every other guy's 'female friend', tomboyish enough to be fun to hang out with even when you weren't having sex with her.

In short - exactly the type of girl that Bobby thought the most likely to bring the most pleasure to the most people.

Or, rather, that **Bobbi** thought - since her new denim purse also contained new identification for Roberta Shaw, aged twenty-one.

"There we are..." The mage said, with a smile. "All finished. All that's left is for your debut - and, since this started with you being an unwelcome guest at my new year's Eve vigil, I think it only fitting that it end with you being a most welcome guest at somebody else's New year's Eve party. As I am quite sure you must have noticed on the way in, the house two doors down is in the middle of holding such a party - hosted by the son of the owners, a handsome and rather popular young man of about your own age. I'm sure he'd be very happy to have a young woman such as your self show up at his door, uninvited or not. So, toddle of young lady..."

"Please, don't make me do this..." Bobbi begged sweetly in her new soprano, even as her body turned and headed out of the room, walking with a cute/sexy bouncy stride. The mage, having no interest in being 'pleased' by the woman that had been a man, had

exempted himself from the magic, so she was still able to speak her 'real' emotions, at least when it was just the two of them - even if she had to do it in a cute, sweet voice. "Please, I'm so sorry I tried to rob you, but don't make me live like this..."

"Oh, this is hardly the worst punishment I could have handed you." The mage pointed out, reasonably. "By it's very definition, it's a fate that will bring you as much pleasure as you bring other people, which I think is eminently fair. Trust me, my dear girl - it could have been much, much worse..."

With that vague threat left hanging in the air, he followed her as her body helplessly carried her down the stairs and towards the front door.

With every step she took, her new gender was only reinforced by all her senses. With every bouncy, perky step she took, her huge new bust jiggled and swayed within the tight confines of her shirt. With every stride, her feminine hips swiveled and swayed, and the smooth muscles of her shapely new legs flexed and contracted in a smoothly sensual rhythm.

As the door opened for her, the chill December air swept in, stirring the hair of her long, golden mane, and bringing her large new nipples to a nearly painful level of erection - a new and not entirely unpleasant sensation that was nevertheless excruciatingly humiliating for the transformed individual forced to endure it.

Helplessly, Bobbi strode out into that chill night, her dainty new feet turning her towards the house that was lit up and lined in front by cars of the party guests.

For the second time that New Year's Eve, she headed towards a house on East Oaks Lane to be an 'uninvited guest' - but this time it was her who was the one going to suffer for it, while the owner of the house would benefit, as would all his guests...

...and as she crossed the threshold of the mage's house and went out into the world, even the ability to scream or beg was lost, her full, pink-glossed lips helplessly forming into a chipper smile as she headed over to the house, lifted one dainty hand, and knocked on the door.

After a short pause, the door was opened by the party's host, who was indeed a fairly handsome man about her own age, with a mop of auburn hair and an engaging smile - a smile that widened in pleasure at the sight of the cute, buxom blonde standing on his doorstep.

She knew the smile was one of pleasure - because she felt the pleasure. It thrummed through her body, especially as the young man's gaze focused on her bulging chest - and, helpless to stop herself, she found herself taking a deep breath and pulling her shoulders back, thrusting her already expansive chest even further outwards.

'Helpless', not in the sense of the mental control the mage had exercised over her body to make her move, but 'helpless' in the sense that she did it almost instinctively, to increase the pleasure she was feeling - and by the time she realized what she'd done, the extra amount of pleasure made her uncertain, hesitate to take it back, almost forcing her to hold that 'look-at-me!' position as she tried to convince herself that the pleasure wasn't worth the humiliation she felt at being ogled as a sexual object by a man...

...and long before she could let her shame and disgust force her to lessen her own pleasure by trying to slump and 'de-emphasize' her new endowments, the smiling young man was inviting her to 'join the party', introducing himself as Ted Leahy.

She wasn't under direct mental control. She wasn't being 'puppeteered' into walking into the house. Knowing that, she hesitated, planning to turn down the offer, planning to run away and try and find the least humiliating version of her new life that she could handle...

...and experienced the flip-side of her new curse.

As she hesitated, he - correctly - though she wasn't going to accept, and so felt disappointment.

She found herself feeling that disappointment as her own. That sinking feeling in her gut, the unhappy tightening of the muscles of her jaw - all were caused by his reaction to her unresponsive pause - and so, in a very real way, was caused by her, herself...

...and she found herself quickly reacting to get rid of that feeling and returning to the 'humiliating' state of euphoria she'd just been in.,

"Gee, thanks!" She said, brightly, feeling the words bubble out past her lips practically unbidden, babbling out the first things that came to mind to release that knot of unhappy tension and replace it with that horribly addictive sense of euphoria. "Gee, I didn't know you'd be so cute!"

A new wave of increased pleasure washed over them, and she found herself introducing herself with her new name as she jiggle- bounced into the house, hating how... *happy* she felt over all she was doing.

That didn't make the emotional pleasure she was feeling any less real, any less powerful - or any less addictive.

When stepping into the house, her body seemed to move with a mind all its own, slipping sidewise to slip past him as if

the entranceway was actually much tighter than it really was - and 'coincidentally' dragging her breasts, lightly but noticeably, across Ted's body.

The sensation was electrifying. Not only did she feel the physical pleasure of her sensitive nipples lightly compacted under the pressure - but she felt both Ted's physical and emotional pleasure from the brief contact.

Compared to those three sources of pleasure, her emotional disgust and horror stood no chance of gaining the upper hand.

Like some drug addict, she was 'aching for a fix', everything about her new body attuned to wanting - needing - that pleasure - and, unlike drugs, she was able to supply herself with unlimited amounts of the 'stuff'.

Just like most drug addicts, she knew that she shouldn't 'shoot up' with pleasure, knew it was wrong, was bad, was something she should stop - but, like most addicts, she, quite simply, couldn't resist the wonder feelings of pleasure.

In short, she was an addict with an unlimited supply of her drug of choice - and she promptly, horrifyingly set out to 'overdose'.

"Mmm..." She found her full lips saying, curving into a full smile as a natural response to the pleasure she was creating in him, and getting back in a sort of empathic bio-feedback. "Cute - and firm-bodied, too. I like you, Ted..."

She found herself licking her lips provocatively...

*'I'm acting like some sort of little nympho slut...!'* She thought to herself in horror, as she bounced-jiggled down the hall, the action making her skirt flutter around her incredible ass, giving the following man enticing, arousing glimpses of her ass, creating even more pleasure - and forcing her to take the thought to the logical conclusion: *'...and loving it!'*

Everything she was doing felt so wonderful that she couldn't bring herself to stop. Far from it - she was unwillingly/willingly try to increase the wonderful pleasure she was feeling...

...and succeeding.

"Oh, lotsa people at the party..."S he said, brightly, peering into the living room from the protective shadow of the hallway, well short of the thronging, noisy room of festive young men and women. She turned to Ted, feeling his pleasure at the sight and sound of her feminine new body rolling off him in waves, to be absorbed and experienced by her unwillingly receptive mind. "I don't think I'm quite ready for that, yet. Is there someplace you and I can go that would be more.. private...?"

As she found herself asking that leading question, she also found herself lightly sliding one finger of the exposed cleavage of her massive chest, while her other hand was lightly caressing the denim covering her feminine new crotch - all while she was staring fixedly at Ted's now-bulging crotch, and topped off with her licking her lips suggestively.

She couldn't stop herself. it wasn't that she'd 'decided' to try and seduce Ted to increase her pleasure - it was the fact that Ted, all on his lonesome, had found her arousing - and the more aroused he became, the more aroused she became, which led



to her making him even more aroused...

It was practically pre-ordained. If any man was the type of guy who would find her sexy, she'd helplessly find herself finding him equally arousing, in direct proportion - and she wasn't the one with any sort of control.

Ted, of course, wasn't one to start exercising any sort of control either, not with 'Little Ted' firmly in control of his body, responding to the hot, busty little blonde's blatant advances.

"Sure - we can go up to my room..." Ted said, huskily.

"That'd be great..." She bubbled, cheerfully - the hand against her crotch now kneading firmly against her sopping cunt beneath the denim, her own traitorous new body experiencing the unwanted - and incredibly powerful - sensation of feminine arousal.

Deep inside, the 'original Bobby' was screaming, struggling in vain to stop herself from what was obviously going to become a sexual encounter - but her entire body was trembling with not only emotional and physical pleasure, but with sexual desire as well...

...and it wasn't only as powerful as Ted's, but more powerful - for in addition to what he was feeling, her body was producing pleasurable sensations all its own, from the wonderful liquid warmth thrumming through her lower torso to the sharp, tight points of pleasure from her diamond-hard nipples.

She was now a full-fledge 'pleasure junkie' - and nothing in the world could have stopped her from getting her ultimate fix.

Hot, horny - and humiliated - she followed the handsome young man up the stairs, her entire body crying out for sexual release, while only a small part of her mind was able to silently scream out in horror at what she had become.

It wasn't nearly enough to stop her, and she gave every outward sign of being a totally willing participant as she followed Ted into his bedroom and shut the door.

She needed sex. She couldn't help herself - Ted was horny, and so she was, too - and the 'bleed' arousal from him had created 'true' arousal in her, however unwanted the feminine sexual desire she might have felt might be.

Worse - she wasn't just horny. If she was, she might've been capable of wanting - finding - a woman to help satisfy these desires. Thanks to her empathy, however, she was turned on by the exact.. same.. things as Ted.

Obviously, Ted's sexual desires were focused on what he believed to be a perfectly heterosexual pairing,. Him and her - and so that's the 'homosexual' arousal she was feeling, as well...

"Do you like my body, Ted...?" Bobbi asked, her hands going to the buttons on her straining blouse. "Do you like my big, round boobies, Ted?"

"Yeah - oh yeah..." Ted agreed, hungrily, as she pulled the blouse off to expose her massive new bust.

"Then touch them, Ted - play with my big, firm tits..." She said, huskily - and it wasn't the type of offer Ted was going to

refuse.

As his hands came up to meet her massive breasts, she moaned in unbridled pleasure, the wonderful sensations he was feeling mixing in with the wonderful sensations she was feeling, increasing the pleasure to nearly inhuman levels. Even as her dainty new fingers worked at stripping Ted's shirt off, she was nuzzling his neck and caressing his chest and arms in a helpless effort to spread and increase the pleasure she couldn't stop trying to make him - and hence, herself - feel.

As he continued to caress and fondle her sensitive, pleasure-inducing new tits, she managed to strip off his pants - and then, with regret, she pulled slightly away from Ted, feeling the drop in pleasure - and forced to move right along, to reestablish the new level of pleasure that she hated herself for so badly wanting.

"To you like my ass?" She asked, slipping out of her skirt. "Do you want to fondle my ass, Ted...?"

This time, she didn't wait for a response - she knew damned well that he did, and she responded on that level, literally throwing herself into his arms, letting him lift and hold her by cradling - and squeezing - her amazing new ass as they staggered backwards towards the bed. Somehow, he managed to kick off his shoes without dropping her or falling over, and soon they were sprawled on

the bed, his hands working at lowering her plain cotton panties even as her hungry fingers all-but-tore his pants off him, so that he'd be capable of meeting her next request: "Fuck me, Ted! Fuck me good and hard!"

Her entire body was crying out for just that, her nerve ending tingling with excitement, her new cunt wet and ready - both a direct result of, as well as the originating cause of, the rampant erection the now-naked young man sported.

Rolling over onto her back, the now naked new woman spread her long legs invitingly, waves of desire and need overwhelming the self-disgusted scream of her male self buried beneath all that pleasure.

"Fuck me, Ted - fuck me now!" She cried - and the most humiliating, most sickening part of the demand was that she really, really meant it.

Ted didn't disappoint her. As eager as she was to fulfill the demand, he rose up and positioned himself in the open vee of her smooth leg - and filled her tight wetness with his full hardness.

He thrust into her, hard and fast - but not without some measure of control, vigorous rather than brutal. He was consciously attempting to modulate his rampant lust, to live up to his own self-image as a wonderful lover...

...and because she was receiving her pleasure directly from his own, it was as self-fulfilling prophecy. Even as he continued to fuck her, hard and fast, the intellect fading in the face of all that pleasure was stunned to realize the curse-and-blessing of her new fate:

Whether she wanted to or not, she was going to enjoy being a[pleasure addict. She was incapable of experiencing 'bad sex' - because as long as the man fucking her enjoyed it, whatever his 'style' or lack thereof, he'd be a wonderful lover to her...

"Yes, oh yes..!" She cried in abashed pleasure, the wonderful ecstasy building past what should have been humanly bearable levels. "God, you're fantastic, Ted, you're wonderful! You're fucking me like I've never been fucked before!"

True enough, all things considered...

Even above their own moans and cries, even above the rhythmic squeaking and banging of the bed, even through the heavy door of the bedroom, the sound of the chanting voices from the floor below became audible as they began the count down to the new year - and, unintentionally, the countdown to Bobbi's first female orgasm:

TEN!

"Yes!" She screamed, body quivering in exquisite ecstasy as her cunt held Ted's cock in a silken embrace. NINE!

"God Yes!" She screamed, her own hands working the softly taut surface of her own breasts as the pleasure built and throbbed in wondrous waves.

EIGHT!

"Harder.. harder.." She begged, bucking her womanly new hips to increase the depth - and pleasure - of penetration. SEVEN!

"Harder.." She slurred, voice fading as 'thinking' gave way to 'feeling'. SIX!

"Hurur.." She moaned-gasped sharply, her body trembling and beginning to flail in unbelievable pleasure. FIVE!

"I'm... FOUR!

...just... THREE!

...about... TWO!

...to cum!" ONE!

The orgasm exploded through her, ripping through thought and consciousness in a blaze of cold white fire, burning through every neural pathway and every synapse, shoving the whole world away in a place of pure, unadulterated pleasure.

In that single, orgasmic instant, Bobbi knew the final truth of tonight's lesson.

Whether or not she wanted to, especially in her new form and function, she was most certainly going to have a... HAPPY NEW YEAR!



BACK TO FUN ZONE



[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: A nerd creates a fictional girlfriend to impress the guys, but soon finds that he is quickly turning into his mythical creation.**

## Unmythical

---

**By Gunslinger**

The cool autumn wind gusted suddenly across the wide, grassy park, stirring the few remaining leaves on the trees. The unexpected gust snatched at a Day-Glo orange Frisbee, deflecting it from its intended trajectory. The small plastic disk curved over the pedestrian path - and impacted on the back of the slim, short young man walking down the path, head lowered.

As he felt the impact, Greg jumped in surprise, dropping the books he carried under one arm. The short, slender young man with the dark hair and thick, horn-rimmed glasses spun around, fearing an attack.

Instead, he saw Jack Thompson, one of the Frisbee players, jogging in his direction. Looking down at the garish plastic disk, Greg figured out what had happened. Reassured he wasn't about to be bullied about, as had happened many a time during this freshman year at college, he knelt and began collecting his scattered books.

"Hey, sorry 'bout that, Nerdy." Jack said as he picked up his Frisbee. The muscular, disgustingly handsome jock smiled down at the diminutive bookworm.

Greg straightened. "That's 'Hurdy', Jack - and you know it."

Jack laughed. "Yeah, whatever. Hey, Greg, congrats on finding yourself an off-campus place. How's life in your own bachelor pad? Needed all that privacy for your girl, right?" He laughed again. "Especially while you inflate her."

Greg's jaw tightened as Jack laughed at his own wit. Greg had moved into a cramped, over-priced bungalow out in the middle of nowhere because of all the pranks and pratfalls the Jack - his ex-roommate in the dorm - had pulled on him.

It was probably all his bottled-up anger and his deep-seated urge to wipe that smug look off Jack's face that caused him to say what he did.

"Actually," Greg said, feigning a casually sincere attitude, "I did get my own place because I wanted some privacy with my

new girlfriend."

Jack blinked in surprise, then laughed. "What - Wendy, that girl from the computer club?"

"No," Greg lied airily. "Her name's Colleen. She'd an exchange student from Ireland. Quite the babe, too." "Oh, really?" Jack said, skeptically.

"Yup." Greg said serenely, then walked off, leaving Jack staring after him indecisively.

And as he walked away, his heart pounded, and his blood felt like it had turned to ice in his veins. What the hell had he been thinking? Now Jack would set out to prove that the mythical girlfriend was just that - mythically. The scorn and humiliation was only sure to get worse when Jack proved that there was no 'Colleen'.

Then Greg slowed, becoming thoughtful. Jack was a jerk, a jock and a jack-ass. But he *wasn't* a genius. Wasn't Greg smarter than Jack would ever be?

Of course he was. A smile began to form on Greg's lips. Suddenly, it sounded like fun - Greg was sure he could outsmart the stupid jock. And the rewards! Not only would Greg have the private enjoyment of knowing that he could fool Jack any time he wanted, but the longer he could maintain the myth, the higher Greg would rise in the estimation of other students. They'd stop seeing him as a nerd if they thought he had a gorgeous girlfriend. All Greg had to do was find a way to create the hoax. He could make it last a few weeks - maybe as long as a month - and then have 'Colleen' go back to Ireland.

Walking down the street, Greg laughed in delight. It was just too perfect, and he couldn't believe he'd never thought of it before. He'd show them all. He'd create the perfect hoax.

He walked the rest of the way home in a way that, for him, was very uncharacteristic. Head held high, a slight grin on his face, and a spring in his step.

\* \* \* \* \*

As soon as he arrived home, Greg started to prepare for the inevitable assault on 'Colleen' that was soon to come. His first step was to boot up his computer and log on to the internet.

He had decided that any red-blooded American boy with a drop-dead gorgeous girlfriend would have at least one photo of her in his wallet. To that end, he began to cruise the net, mostly the many sex-related pay sites he subscribed to. He decided that, since he was dating a fantasy woman, he might as well make her a fantasy face. So, he picked six different models, and downloaded every photo of them he could find, ending up with nearly two dozen pictures of each woman.

Logging off, he opened Adobe PhotoShop. He winnowed through the photos, looking for shots that matched in terms of angles and sizes. Winnowing down the files, he then began to use his skills to create a composite of the best features.

From one model, he took the shape of her face, with its high cheekbones, rounded chin, and straight nose ending in a pert, upturned way.

From a second, he took the full, ripe red lips and edited them in place. Another model supplied the startling green eyes with long, dark lashes.

Yet another provided the ears, perfectly sized and shaped, and the earrings that went with them.

The final model supplied the thick, luxurious mane of flame-red hair. Not the coppery-orange color so common in red-heads, yet not the brassy, false red of a dye job. Greg was lucky enough to have found a model with the rare, but glorious, shade of deep, glossy red.

When he was done, he had a stunningly sexy woman whose picture looked utterly authentic. He printed this out on thick, glossy paper stock at the correct size, thankful for his high resolution true-color laser printer. He'd paid the extra expense of it so he could print out his favorite sex photos. Now, it produced a wallet-sized photo showing 'Colleen' from the shoulders up.

Greg then took the time to create two more composites with different backgrounds and different angles, both head-and-shoulder shots like the first.

And for the final touch, the last photo had a 'photo-booth' background - and he'd edited himself in the picture beside 'her', even lowering the picture quality so it looked like a perfect photo-booth shot of the two of them.

Carefully he mildly 'aged' the photos by fondling them for several minutes each, then put the photos in his wallet with a smile. Satisfied, he shut the computer down. The first step was complete.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey, Nerdy - How's the 'girlfriend'? Re-inflated her recently?"

A coarse bout of laughter followed - and Greg had to repress a smile. He'd been waiting for this all day, and was starting to worry it wouldn't come.

"Colleen? Actually, she's doing fine." Greg said, turning to face Jack and his usual group of cronies. "She's enjoying America just fine so far."

"Yeah, sure." Jack scoffed. "So, what's this mystery woman look like - light and plastic?" "No," Greg said, digging his wallet out, "more like this." He handed the pictures over.

Jack gaped at the absolutely stunning red-head in the photos. His eyeballs almost popped from their sockets at the sight of her with Greg in a photo booth. He handed around the photos to his buddies, who had much the same reaction.

Being jocks, and not all that bright, the thought that they could be faked on a computer never occurred to them. But another thought did.

"Hey, Greg," Brad, one of the other jocks, said sarcastically "How much did you have to pay the stripper to get the photo? No way a babe like this would be dating a geek like you."

The jocks nudged each other in the ribs, guffawing.

Although Greg didn't fish, he understood the theory behind it. If you gave one good yank, you'd lose the fish. You had to play it in carefully...

"Actually, you're partially right. I'm not the only guy she's seeing - hell, no one guy could satisfy Colleen - she's insatiable. But, while she say guys like you are fun for a fast, hard fuck, only guys like me take the time to really please a woman - that's why she'd staying with me."

This, to the jocks, was a little more believable. "Nympho, huh? Shit, you're one lucky bastard."

"Yup. Sure am." Greg agreed, polishing his glasses. Collecting the pictures back, he walked away with a smile, the envious and half- convinced jocks staring after him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Greg already knew that he'd need a 'topper' to put the hoax over the edge. As soon as he was done his last class, he raced from the school and climbed into his Pinto. He didn't drive it much, preferring to save the gas money - that, and the fact that every time he drove the worn old Ford something fell off.

This, however, was important enough for him to drive the little car. Putting it in gear - which was no easy task - he pulled out of the lot and headed downtown to do some shopping for 'Colleen'.

He didn't need much - just a few items to 'prove' there was a woman staying at his house. As he'd driven down, he'd worked it out in his head. Now, all he had to do was find stores that sold the items he needed.

The first item on the list was easy - perfume. There was nothing like the odor of perfume in a house to help create the illusion that a woman was present, or had just been. Not knowing much about women's fragrances - and not caring, for that matter, - Greg bought an inexpensive bottle of scent called 'Aphrodisia', figuring that it would be good enough for his purposes.

The next item on his list was shoes. A couple of pairs of women's shoes sitting inside the front hall would be a good detail for the charade. But not new shoes - not only would that cost more, but it would detract from the illusion. He wanted shoes that looked like somebody was using them.

So, he stepped into a phone booth, and located a second-hand shop not too far away. Leaving his car parked in the lot of the first store, he walked the two blocks to the second-hand store, which was located down one of the lesser side-streets, dingy and poorly

maintained.

He frowned when he walked in the shop. He was faced with a profusion of cheap clothing, half of which looked like it had been sold by the local hookers when they'd needed a fast buck. But it was all really, really cheap, and Greg wasn't about to go off on a wild goose chase looking for used shoes. He began to go through the huge, poorly lit bin of footwear, looking for a couple of pairs in the same size.



Finally he had separated out three pairs of footwear that he thought were acceptable - the price tag sure was.

What he'd picked was an interesting selection, but his major concern had been that they all be the same size, and had almost ignored the actual style of the shoe itself.

One pair was actually boots. Thigh high boots, in white faux leather, and five inch stiletto heels. One of the two actual pairs of shoes was a red platform shoe with ankle straps and seven inch spiked heels. The last pair of footwear was also shoes - in this case, black pumps with a six-inch heel and pointed toe.

Since he was here anyway - and the shoes were so damned cheap - Greg decided to look around for other items that might add to the verisimilitude of his little charade. He was looking for articles of clothing that 'Colleen' could 'accidentally' leave lying around, for anyone to see.

He was looking for something cheap, just something for 'atmosphere' - and then he spotted the suitcase. It made him smile - a suitcase would be a perfect addition to the hoax. If Colleen had just come from Ireland, she must have a bag, right...?

He went over and picked up the large, soft-sided suitcase - and grunted in surprise. It was unusually heavy - indicating it wasn't empty. The female salesclerk caught the surprised look, and giggled in a slightly dreamy, stoned way.

"Oh, that's kinda like a grab bag, you know. We take any item that hasn't sold after a year and stuff it in there. For ten bucks, you get the case, and everything in it."

Greg's smile widened. Perfect!

Happily, he paid for everything and hurried back to his car. Eagerly, he headed home.

As soon as he arrived, he placed the shoes in the hall near the door. He quickly spritz some of the perfume into the air for 'that certain something', then carried the suitcase into the living room. Eagerly, he opened it...

...and his face fell. He should have known better. The girl *had* said 'anything that doesn't sell after a year...' - and if they couldn't sell it, there must be a reason.

The first item he pulled out was a set of nylons. They were incredibly sexy nylons, to boot. Black, with lace covering the elastic at the top, and a seam running down the back that was actually - if you looked closely - sewn as tiny words that repeated the phrase '*The word of the day is 'legs'. Spread the word...*', over and over again.

The only problem was, the original owner obviously bought them at a 'Tall Girl' shop, as they were remarkably long for woman's wear. The original owner must have been taller than most men, even barefoot.

Greg could also see why the store hadn't been able to sell the next item. It was a 'natural' leather corset, with whale-bone ribbing and heavy black lacing at the sides. With such corsets so rare - leather was expensive, and whale-bone ribbing hadn't been used since the ban in the seventies - such a garment was worth a small fortune...

...if it wasn't for the fact that at the largest it went it was too small for most women, except for the extremely slender petite.

The original owner of this, if she wore it fully laced, would to have had a waist so slender as to defy imagination.

The rest of the clothing was no better. Some of it was unsellable because of unusual sizes that your average - or even your modestly unaverage - woman could possibly use. Others were unable to sell because they were just too kinky, fetish items more useful as props in a porno movie than a day-to-day - or even let's-turn-the-boyfriend-on - garment. There was junk jewelry of every description, cheap cosmetics, a couple of fake-leather purses... all cheap junk.

Frustrated, Greg stared into the now-empty suitcase. The contents lay strewn about over the couch, floor, and end tables. The odder the garment, the further he'd tossed it in his frustration. Now, he started to gather them back up, grabbing the closest items and stuffing them in the suitcase.

He was about three-quarters done when the door-bell rang. Suppressing a curse, Greg slammed the suitcase shut and went to answer the door.

He opened the front door - and found himself face-to-face with Jack. Shocked, Greg took a step back, and Jack took that as an invitation to enter, closing the door behind him.

"Hey, I was just thinking " Jack started - then stopped, sniffing the air.

"Hey! I recognize that! Colleen wears 'Aphrodisia', right?"

"Um, I guess." Greg said, regaining his mental equilibrium. "I've never really asked."

But Jack wasn't paying attention. He had picked up a pair of panties laying on the coffee table, and was fingering them with amazement.

"Holy shit. She wears *these*?" He asked.

Greg eyed the underwear. They were black leather high-cut briefs with matching crushed velvet lining, and Velcro 'pull-away' tabs on the side to make them easy access. But it was inconceivable to deny they belonged to 'Colleen' - what was he going to say: they were his?

"Yeah. She wears stuff like that." Greg said, then changed the subject quickly while Jack continued to eye some of the remaining garments. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh..." Jack said, distractedly. "Me and some of the guys are having a party tomorrow, and thought we'd invite you and Colleen..."

Greg began to hustle Jack out. "Wow, that's great. Colleen's out bar-hopping tonight, but I'll ask her when she gets back." He all but shoved Jack out the door, grabbing the kinky underwear from his hands. "Bye."

Slamming the door, Greg slumped against it. What a fiasco. Now, Jack thought that Colleen was really, really kinky - and if he'd gotten a good look at some of the odd sizes of the other clothes, a freak to boot.

Deciding to leave bad enough alone, Greg shut off the lights and went to bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the middle of the night, Greg began to twitch. Although he wouldn't remember in the morning, he began to have - for him, at any rate

- very odd, bizarre dreams, the subject matter complete different than the usual fare. He began to make oddly pitched moaning sounds, his body writhing on the sweat-soaked bedding.

At the exact instant the dreams had started, the digital clock beside his bed had registered midnight...

\* \* \* \* \*

He awoke the next morning - a Saturday - and the first thing he did before coming fully awake was the same thing he'd done for every day of his life since he was seven - reach for his glasses.

From the years of experience, he was able to find them on his bed-table and slip them on as he sat up, even in his groggy condition. He opened his eyes...

..and frowned. Everything was horribly out of focus, fuzzy and distorted. He must have grimed up the lenses of his glasses some how. He took them off and began to polish them on the edge of the sheet....

...then slowly stopped, his jaw dropping.

He could see his bed clearly. Without his glasses, it should have been fuzzy, yet he could see every fold and wrinkle crystal clear. Stunned, he raised his eyes and looked around, finding everything in his room viable with the same, stunning clarity.

Stunned, he set his glasses aside and got up, walking to the window in a daze. He stared outside, amazed to find that everything was as crystal clear as far as he could see. Somehow, his vision had become perfect 20/20 eyesight while he slept. It was impossible - yet, undeniable.

"Holy *shit!*" he breathed, shocked - and overwhelmingly happy. However it had happened, he could see! Clearly and perfectly, without glasses. It was wonderful.

Amazed and overjoyed, he pulled on his robe and headed for the bathroom. He quickly urinated and brushed his teeth, then prepared to shave...

...only he didn't need to shave. There was no stubble at all on his face. In fact, it was smoother than it had ever been, like a baby's bottom.

He was staring at his face in disbelief when the one major fact finally registered.

His eyes - the ones now providing him with perfect 20/20 vision - were a deep, stunning emerald green.

"What the hell...?" Greg gasped, shocked. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Not needing a shave was weird - but

different color eyes...? It just wasn't possible. Not at all.

Greg was an intelligent young man, used to figuring things out for himself. But something like this was much too strange for him to feel comfortable trying to make his own decisions. Something like this required expert help.

Having come to that conclusion, he quickly finished his morning absolutions and dressed. He trotted out to his car and slid behind the wheel.

After fifteen minutes he kicked the tire on the Pinto angrily. No amount of coaxing, pleading or grinding the starter would bring the rusting hunk of junk to life. Finally, he gave it up as a lost cause, and set out on foot for the nearest bus stop - 'nearest' being a relative term, thanks to the remote location of his house.

Finally he reached the bus stop, and was forced to wait even longer, until one of the rumbling diesel beasts finally arrived. Muttering under his breath, Greg climbed aboard, paid his fare, and sat in one of the seats at the back, glad to be on his way - and off his feet.

Back the bus stop, completely unnoticed, the freshening breeze blew away the smile pile of body hair that lay in a fine pile where Greg had stood...

\* \* \* \* \*

Greg's destination was at the other end of town, which meant that he had to transfer at the downtown terminal. As usual, he'd just missed the connecting bus, meaning a forty minute wait before the next one. Sighing, Greg entered the terminal and rode the escalator up to the second floor, where the public bathrooms were located. He went into a stall and dropped his pants before settling down on the toilet seat.

That's when he noticed that he was complete hairless. He'd never exactly been hirsute - but now not a single hair remained on his body. His legs were complete smooth, as was his pubic region.

"What the...?" Greg muttered, staring down at his denuded legs. This was getting just too weird for him to accept. Then it got a whole lot weirder.

There was a sudden tugging sensation from his scalp - and an odd weight fell down his neck and back, a silky substance brushing his shoulders and neck. Stunned, Greg reached up and pulled down several strands of fiery red hair, staring at them in disbelief.

"This just isn't possible!" he whispered, trying to deny what his senses were showing him. He must be hallucinating or something - eyes changing color, hair growing instantly while it, too, altered shade... It couldn't happen.

Quickly he finished using the bathroom and flushed the toilet. He went up to the sinks and stared at his reflection - his face, with it's eerie green eyes, framed by a massive mane of luxurious red hair.

"My God.... I.... I'm becoming..." He couldn't finish the obvious. It was just too impossible - but it was happening.

He left the terminal, garnering more than just a few odd looks, people staring at the slender young man with the massive mane of fiery hair. He ignored them all as he ducked into a phone booth, and found the location of a nearby barber. He hurried over to the address shown, striving to maintain his calm in the face of the impossible.

The barber's eyes practically popped out of his face as Greg walked in, his long, glorious hair flowing behind him. "Hi." Greg said curtly, in no mood to be his usual polite self. "I need a haircut."

"Um, yes... I see..." the barber said, eyeing Greg's amazingly full head of hair. "Um, if you don't mind me asking..."

Greg thought fast for a plausible explanation - and found one. "As you can see, I have a rare natural hair color. I was growing it out to sell to a wig-maker. But it's just too much of a hassle."

The barber's answer surprised Greg. "If I can give you a crew-cut and keep the hair, I'll pay you a hundred, cash, right now." That was good enough for Greg. "Sure." He hopped into the chair, and the barber set to work.

Twenty minutes later, Greg left the shop, a hundred dollars richer, and a hell of a lot of hair poorer. A very short stubble of deep red coated his skull, looking odd against the pale skin of his scalp. Greg didn't care.

He'd missed his connecting bus again, but he didn't care - his close-cropped hair received a hell of a lot less stares than that huge mane had. And it didn't feel as weird, either.

Finally the bus he wanted arrived. His transfer had expired, so he had to pay the fare, but having the extra hundred in his pocket took away the sting of that. He settled into a seat and staring blankly out the window as the bus traveled.

He was almost at his destination when he felt a very sudden constriction in his abdomen. For an instant, it was as if a huge steel band had been drawn tight around his waist - then vanished. Even that instant had been enough to rob Greg of his breath, and he sucked in a lung full of air, garnering an odd look from one of the three other passengers on the bus.

Unobtrusively, Greg felt around his waist, and was horrified, but not really surprised, to find that his waist was now so unbelievably slender that he could encircle it with his hands. At least it wasn't a terribly visible change, being beneath his clothes. But he was having a very hard time holding onto his demeanor, riding the ragged edge of panic. Anxious and worried, he slumped forward and ran his hands through his hair...

...and sat bolt upright, turning to stare at the window. Focusing his eyes just right, the glass acted as a very poor, but serviceable, mirror.

His hair was about three inches long, and deep, glorious red. Somehow, his hair was growing back at an unbelievable rate.

Greg might have lost it, right then and there on the bus, if it wasn't for the fact that at that moment the bus pulled up to the stop he wanted. Mind spinning, Greg all but bolted from the vehicle, heading for the three-story brownstone that housed doctor's offices.

The receptionist looked up as Greg entered and smiled. "Good morning sir. May I " An odd look crossed her face. "Mr. Hurdy?"

Greg had been in for his annual check-up only a few days ago, and the receptionist also knew him from the other times that he'd been in. But it had taken her a second to recognize him.

"Yes. Look, I have to see Doctor MacHindle - right now."

The receptionist blinked. "If it's some sort of emergency, maybe I should have you taken to County General "

Greg shook his head angrily. "No. It has to be my physician - another doctor would never believe me."

The receptionist gave him an odd look, but excused herself and went into the office. She came out a minute later and waved him in, closing the door and leaving him alone with the doctor.

"What seems to be the problem, Greg?" Dr. MacHindle asked, eyeing Greg's now longer mane of red hair/ "Trying a new look, are we. Contacts, hair dye - you're kind of young for a mid-life crisis, aren't you?"

Greg was in no mood for bad humor. "No. Look, it's not contacts or hair dye. Somehow, my eyes have become perfect, and changed color. Same with my hair - and you won't believe how fast it's growing."

The doctor looked startled at Greg's outburst. "Look, Greg, I don't know what you're trying to say, but there's no need to "

That was the limit to Greg's patience. "No need to panic? Look at this!" And he lifted up his shirt, revealing the slimmest waist that the doctor had ever seen - and one that hadn't been that small only a few day ago, during the physical.

"My, that's incredible." The doctor said with his face neutral. "I'm just going to get some of my instruments for a physical. Just wait

right here, all right?"

The doctor stepped out the door, closing it behind him. Something about his demeanor worried Greg, and he stepped up to the closed door and opened it a crack.

"...no way to lose that much circumference that fast unless he's performed self-mutilation." The doctor was saying to the receptionist. " I want you to get a hold of the psychiatric unit and..."

That was all Greg needed to hear. He was having a hard enough time believing what was happening - and he was the one that it was happening to. The doctor merely thought Greg was crazy.

Thankfully, the doctor's office was on the first floor, and Greg simply opened the window and slipped out, running around the building and cutting through two backyards until he was a safe distance away from the doctor. The last thing he needed now was to be locked up in some psycho ward.

It occurred to Greg that if he did let himself be placed under psychiatric observation, they'd see something change and

*have* to believe that it was happening.

But Greg now doubted that there was anything they could do to help him - and he'd just end up as some sort of guinea pig, poked and prodded. He decided that he'd rather find a solution himself. Somehow something was changing him into 'Colleen', the mythical girlfriend he'd created. All he had to do was figure out what, how and why, and then find a way to reverse it. And to do that, he had to be free, not locked up in some nuthouse.

Which meant he had to get back to where the whole thing had started - home.

He hurried to the nearest bus stop and - speaking of the impossible - a buss was just pulling up. Greg hurried aboard, his long mane of hair billowing out behind him and earning some double takes - especially from one of the passengers who had seen him board the other bus at the terminal, with a close-cropped stubble.

Greg's mind churned over the scant facts he had as he sat down, trying to figure out how the hell this could be happening. But nothing presented itself, leaving him frustrated, worried, and near panicked at the thought that the changes might be irreversible.

The bus had only gone a few blocks when the next change occurred. He felt an odd sensation in his hands and when he looked down, he watched with a mixture of emotions as his hands narrowed and became positively dainty, even as the nail lengthened. Within seconds feminine hands graced the ends of arms that had also become decidedly feminine. At least the arms couldn't be seen under the sleeves of his shirt - but his hands looked decidedly odd. Greg quickly tucked his hands out of sight by crossing his arms across his chest, hands below the arms. He looked around to see if anybody had noticed the inexplicable change, but nobody had been paying attention.

He was just beginning to relax when there was a tightness at his hips and ass, while his ass felt as if he was being pushed further down in the seat.

A casual glance down showed what caused the sensations. His previously slightly baggy slacks were now stretched taut over his suddenly wider hips and significantly fuller ass. The tight material clearly outlined his limp cock, and the taut fabric was what was

squeezing his scrotum uncomfortably.

Greg wanted to curse - this change had occurred much too close to the last one. There seemed to be no rhyme or reason as to how often they occurred, or which changes happened. He looked around, and found a discarded newspaper laying on the seat next to him. With a little bit of fiddling, he managed to arrange it that he could hold the paper folded over most of his hands, hiding them from sight, while using the paper to hide his clearly outlined cock in his taut pants. Finally, the bus reached the terminal, and he hurried off.

And immediately found that his wider hips wanted to move differently than he was used to. With a wider center of gravity, they tended to swivel and sway. Trying to minimized the motion, Greg set off down the street, aware how odd he must look with a pair of pants that fit his crotch and ass like a second skin, and his hips wriggling and swaying as he walked, like a bad parody



of a woman's stride.

He found the best way to minimize the motion was to walk slower and focus on a more manly stride. It wasn't perfect, and tended to crush his balls with every step, but it was better.

Meanwhile, all this shilly-shallying around in public was becoming worrisome. Sooner or later, somebody was going to see something that would have unpleasant consequences for Greg - especially now that it was afternoon, and the weekend crowd was picking up. He had to find some way of getting home in a less public manner.

He considered calling a cab- then quickly dismissed the notion with one look at the lines of people waiting to use the terminal's pay phones. He could call a cab - but not from here. He had to get away from the rising tide of people before another change got him noticed.

Quietly and swiftly, Greg faded away into one of the many dark alleys that the downtown core boasted, and began making his way along it, hoping it would open onto a less crowded street where he could find a phone and call a cab.

The biggest problem was the fact that his crotch was killing him, and it only got worse if he tried to walk faster. So he was moving along slowly, and every step felt like some sadist was squeezing his scrotum. He didn't know how much of this he could take - and this long dark alley was a ver long alley indeed, the far exit a small rectangle of light almost two blocks away.

Greg took a ten minute break. He found an even more shadowed doorway with a door that looked like it hadn't been opened in decades. Sitting in the deepest shadow, he unzipped his pants, immediately sighing at the pressure on his balls was relieved.

After the ten minutes, he reluctantly zipped his pants back up, and set out for the far end of the alley with his slow, awkward stride. He was about three-quarters along the alley when the next change happened.

Greg stumbled and almost fell as his shoes suddenly became much too large for his feet - or, rather, his feet suddenly became too small for his shoes. At the same time, his perspective altered as he suddenly rose several inches in height, all provided by legs which were now suddenly out of proportion to the rest of him. His pants now fit like a bad joke - so skin tight everywhere that he could barely move, and only extending down to mid-calf. A very shapely calf, at that, Greg noticed sourly.

Greg simply abandoned his shoes, as bending down to pick them up in these pants was an impossible task. His speed was further reduced as he moved - the taut pants limited him to the tiniest motions, and he couldn't bend his knees more than a fraction, making him lurch around in tiny steps, as the pants barely bent at the thighs, as well.

Then he suddenly lurched to a stop, his eye caught by a box laying on the top of a garbage can. Material was viable through the half- open top, and he looked inside, and sighed with relief.

Quickly he stripped off his clothes, stopping for a second to stare at the impossibly long, sexy legs that led from his full hips and firm, sexy ass. Then, turning his eyes away, he began to dress in the discarded clothing.

The first item was a pair of black spandex pants. They were a trifle too small, and had a large tear in the ass, but neither

mattered. The style of pants had the stirrups in the legs, and he slipped them on, where they clung to every shapely new curve of his legs like a second skin.

Over these went a short black denim skirt with a broken snap at the waist. This was solved with his belt, which required him to poke a new hole through it to fit his amazingly diminished waist.

Next came the sweater, a baggy black turtleneck. He pulled it on, rolling the neck up over the bottom half of his face.

He stepped into the ugly black sandals, with their blocky inch-high heels, and took a few experimental steps in them. They were slightly large, a problem he solved by tightening the straps on them.

Finally he took the pair of sunglasses. They were dark black lenses, one of which was so scratched on the inside as to make that sight severely fogged. But the scratches didn't show on the outside, and Greg slipped them on.

Perfect. He headed back down the alley, walking easily, and letting his hips move the way they wanted to. Anybody who looked at him would see what appeared to be a young woman with a huge mane of fiery red hair and her collar pulled up around her face - in other words, nothing in the least unusual.

Blithely Greg boarded the bus again, and rode the rest of the way in blessed anonymity, nobody sparing him a second glance. He got off the bus at the stop closest to his house and headed home.

He was just going through the park when the next change occurred at a particularly bad time.

Greg was walking down the pedestrian path through a copse of threes. The only other person around was a jogger, who was obviously just cooling down after a run, sweat glistening on his face. Catching sight of Greg, he moved to intercept.

"Excuse me, miss, but do you know what time it..."

Then the man's voice died and his eyes bulged as he stared at Greg's chest in amazement. Because the bulky sweater was beginning to swell outwards.

Greg could feel his chest swelling outward, the extra mass becoming heavier as it increased. His nipples, brushing across the sweater fabric by the motion of the growth, were becoming large and more sensitive as his tits swelled, creating entirely new experiences.

And still they continued to swell. The enlarging masses of flesh passed C cup, moving into the D and DD range quickly, the weight quickly accumulating as they continued to inflate the front of the steadily less baggy sweater.

Practically pushing the stunned jogger aside, Greg hurried on, feeling his still swelling tits sway, bounce and jiggle annoyingly/pleasurably. He was starting to panic - they were already bigger than any tits he'd ever seen outside of porn mags and internet sites, and they were still swelling.

Soon he had to slow his pace as his expanding bust passed the point where he could run easily with them, their shifting weight screwing up his balance. The sweater, originally baggy, was now stretched taut over enormous tits whose nipples were

clearly visible. There was very little room left in the fabric, and Greg was afraid that it might burst apart.

Greg all but burst through the door of his house, glad to be safely inside. Just in time, too - because seconds after he slammed the door shut behind him, the over-strained fabric of the sweater groaned once in warning - the burst apart, displaying Greg's enormous new tits, which had stopped growing a trifle to late.

They were absolutely enormous, round and firm. They defied both gravity and the imagination, their large, pink nipples standing out from the areola. Stunning, Greg gently hefted his enormous tits, amazed at the shear weight of them, as well as their silky smooth texture and resilient firmness.

Shrugging out of the tattered remnants of the sweater, Greg began to gather together everything from his hoax of 'Colleen', hoping to find some clue as to what happened to him, and piling it all in the suitcase.

Suddenly he stopped, staring at the item he'd just picked up.

It was a front-closing bra. Black, with frilly lace at the top, but strong, heavy material in the bottom half of the cups, braced by underwire supports.

The bra was absolutely enormous. The small tag on the inside, giving the name of the company that had custom made the garment, indicated the size of the foundation garment as being Thirty-eight triple M.

As if in a daze, Greg carefully positioned the massive brassiere around his slenderized torso, sliding his slender, feminine arms in the shoulder straps. Numbly, he fastened the heavy-duty hook-and-eye clasps in the front, closing the massive cups over his massive mounds of tit flesh.

The bra fit perfectly, like a second skin. It wasn't the slightest bit tight or loose, but fit everywhere with absolute precision.

"The Saint's preserve us..." Greg breathed. Jack had been here, and had seen this bra laying around, and some other items of clothing, and had thought them to be Colleen's...

...and so, now they were. Whatever force was at work her had molded Greg's body to match the imagined figure of the mythical woman.

Then it struck Greg what he'd just heard from his own lips - a richly feminine voice with a distinctive Irish lilt.

"Holy Jaysus! I sound like a bloomin' Irishwoman!" Greg exclaimed. Although it was, in essence, what he meant to say, the 'Irishism' came out on it's own.

To prove his theory, Greg began to root through the pile of assorted clothing items, finding those which had defined his new body.

The first, of course, were the panties that Jack had actually picked up. Unlike the bra, they did not fit perfectly - because they were designed with a cock in mind. Tucking his cock between his legs minimized the problem, but they still didn't fit perfectly - yet.

The incredibly slim corset did, however. Done up to it's tightest lacing it fit Greg's altered torso with only the slightest of squeezes, almost sensual in nature.

The long nylons with their bawdy slogan fit his amazingly long, sexy legs perfectly, making them even more sexy.

The red platform shoes, with their seven inch spiked heels, fit his feet so comfortably that it was as if he wasn't wearing anything at all. He was also not terribly surprised to find that he could walk in the extremely high heels easily and expertly, as if he'd been doing so his entire life.

Looking over the rest of the clothes, Greg had no trouble picking out the other items that Jack had designated as being Colleen's.

The skirt was a red leather micro-mini, with black fish-net section running up either side, and molded itself to his sexy new ass perfectly, highlighting every sensuous curve of it's tear-drop shape.

There was quite obviously no blouse or sweater that would fit over his gigantic new endowments, but there was the jacket that matched the skirt. It was a wide-lapel, with chrome buckles at the waist. Putting it on and buckling it up, Greg found that it clung to his deliciously tiny waist, while displaying a mouth-watering view of his bra-encased tits and cavernous cleavage, without ever quite crossing the boundary of what would be legal in public.

Looking at the reflection in the mirror, Greg discovered that at some point his facial features had changed to match his computer-generated woman. The reflection showed a stunningly sexy woman with a huge, glorious mane of red hair and enormous tits dressed in an outfit that displayed her every sensuous curve and seductive contour.

Greg shook his head in disbelief, and prepared to change out of the ridiculously sexy outfit, when he heard vehicles pull up outside his house. Curious, he looked out the window.

"Faith and Beggorrah!" He exclaimed in his lilting new voice. He stared in shock at the sight of a police cruiser and an ambulance. Dr. MacHindle was climbing from the passenger side of the cruiser, and Greg realized that he was in a bad position, no matter how you looked at it.

Turning, Greg fled to the back of the house and out the back door, stopping only long enough to shove his wallet into a purse and bring it with him. In minutes, he was in the park, and safely away from the house.

Almost immediately he became aware of the looks he was receiving from the people he passed. He tried to ignore it, while trying to decide what the hell he was going to do now. He had no place to go, no money other than the hundred odd dollars with him, and nobody to contact for help.

Then, as he left the park and began walking aimlessly down the street, he spotted a familiar car. In a split second, Greg reached a decision, and began frantically flagging it down - not a difficult task, as the driver had already been staring. The car pulled over, and the driver leaned over and opened the door.

"Hi there. You must be Colleen!" Jack said with a wolf's smile.

"That's right. And ye must be Jack - Greg described ye pairfectly." Greg responded, sliding into the car, much to Jack's surprise. "Oh... Uh, do you need a lift to Greg's place?" Jack asked. "I was just heading over to see if you and him were coming to the party."

Greg tossed his head disdainfully, having already found an excuse to avoid the house, and it's welcoming committee. "Oh, he and I have broken up. He was gettin' too possessive for me. So I left. But I'd be more than happy to come along to your party, if ye'd like." That, at least, would take care of a place to go, for now, and there was a good chance of getting some food out of the deal - his stomach was growling.

Needless to say, Jack had no objections, and pointed the car towards the campus, and the Frat house.

About halfway there, Greg felt a pulling sensation in his crotch - and all of the sudden the panties fit *her* perfectly. Jack caught the grimace and looked over. "Something wrong, gorgeous?"

Greg briefly considered berating Jack for the 'gorgeous', but since she was relying on him right now, decided to let it slip. "No, just gettin' comfortable, 'tis all."

"Sure thing, babe." Jack replied, and Greg let that go as well.

They arrived at the frat, and Jack led Greg inside with a smile, leading her into the living room, where fifteen guys sat around, six of them with girlfriends beside them. All eyes turned at her entrance, the guys lewdly eyeing her unbelievable figure and sexy features, the women look envious, upset or thoughtful. Mentally, Greg winced - she'd never expected that she'd walk into a room - and be the sexiest woman there. It was discomfiting.

"Guys, girls, meet Colleen, the girl Greg was dating. They just broke up." Jack introduced her to the guests, who she already knew, of course. All of the guys were rapidly developing hard-ons - and at least two of the girls were eyeing her thoughtfully.

"Holy shit!" Brad exclaimed. "The little nerd was telling the truth!"

Greg - hold it, she thought mentally. For now, she'd better get used to 'Colleen'. Until she figured out how to reverse this, she would have to get used to be called that, and it would be easiest if she thought of herself that way.

Colleen retorted indignantly. "O' course he was telling the truth. Greg may have been many things, - such as a spectacular lover - but he was nae a liar!" She'd decided it wouldn't hurt to inflate Greg's reputation.

"Well, make yourself at home." Jack offered. "Here, let me take your jacket."

Colleen hesitated, then took it off and handed it to him. She settled onto a worn couch, every guy's eyes riveted to her enormous, bra- encased tits. She demurely tucked her long, sexy, nylon-clad legs under her and tried to ignore the staring men.

Somebody turned on some music, and beer and hard alcohol appeared in quantity. The hoped for snacks appeared, and Colleen began to nibble on the chips and pretzels, trying not to wolf them down.

"Hey...Colleen, is it?" One of the other girls, a cute brunette, said. "This is for you."

Colleen took the proffered object before she realized it was a large joint. She was about to refuse - but reconsidered. She'd tried grass a few times before, and right now it seemed like it would help her relax.

"Who's got a light?" she asked, and the three nearest guys fought for the opportunity to stare down her magnificent cleavage as she leaned forward to light the joint. She inhaled deeply, holding the smoke deep in her lungs before letting it trickle out slowly.

Slowly, she began to relax over the next hour or so. The guys leered at her, and made crude, lewd comments - but they behaved themselves otherwise, and although the situation was extremely embarrassing to her - guys hitting on her wasn't something she was prepared for - she could handle it.

He first inkling that something wasn't right came from the girl who'd passed her the first joint. She'd been shifting uncomfortably for the past half-hour or so, and now stood up and pulled off her sweater, to the cat-calls and whistles of the guys.

"My damned bra is too tight." She said, peeling the offending garment off and tossing it aside. "It's bugging the hell outta me." Rather than lowering the sweater, she finished removing it and sat on her boyfriend's lap. "Massage the pain away, will you?" she asked coyly

- and didn't need to ask again.

Colleen eyed the other woman's C-cup breasts, then looked down at the B-cup bra she'd tossed aside. She could swear that the girl's tits hadn't been that big when she'd come in.

Carefully, Colleen looked around - and felt her stomach clenching. Something was wrong, even if no one else had caught it yet. Everyone was sexier than they'd been.

It wasn't anything startling obvious at first glance. All the girl's tits seemed to have increased one cup size - but since the brunette was the only one wearing a bra, other than Colleen, nobody had noticed.

Also, all the girl's skin was smoother, their hair finer, their features a little sexier, and not all of it was subtle.

The guys were a little more muscular, a little leaner. And Colleen could swear the bulges in their pants were larger than before as well.

Something very wrong was going on here, and Colleen had no idea how whatever force had changed her could be acting on the others too.

Yet none of them seemed to notice anything at all odd about anything. Colleen needed to think about this, try to figure out what was going on. The music was distracting, and she decided to go into the kitchen. Getting up, she headed for the kitchen in her sexy sway.

"Where you off to, gorgeous." Jack asked casually.

Colleen hesitated. "I... uh, though I'd call Greg. Invite him to the party after all." Jack looked thoughtful. "Greg who?"

Colleen's stomach clenched tighter. "Greg Hurdy."

Jack considered that for a second. "Don't think I know him. Anyone?"

A general chorus of 'no' arose, and Colleen became really worried. She went into the kitchen and quickly punched in her telephone number.

"Hello, Pirate's Pizza - best Pepperoni Pizza in the city!"

Colleen hung up, then carefully redialed, making sure it was right. The phone rang at the other end... "Hi! Pirate's Piz..."

"Look," Colleen interrupted in her sexy Irish lilt. "I'm trying to reach somebody, and this is the number they gave me." The voice at the other end was polite. "Sorry, he must have made a mistake. We've had this number for five years."

Numbly, Colleen hung up the phone and went back into the living room, trying to deal with the fact that Greg Hurdy had been wiped completely out of existence. She slumped on the couch, next to a blowsy-looking blonde cheerleader, who was looking at one of the porno mags that had been left negligently around by the guys.

"Hey, get a load of these cool boots!" she said, nudging Colleen. "I wish I had a pair..."

Colleen's eyes widened in shock. The other girl's shoes, a pair of black shoes with a three-inch block heel, were changing. The sides slid upwards and softened into a black suede while the heel narrowed and lengthened. In no time at all, they had become mid-calf high suede boots with a row of small silver buckles, and a six-inch spiked heel.

"...just like them only last week." The girl finished, obviously not having noticed the slightest thing odd. "Isn't that a weird coincidence?" "Yeah..." Colleen managed to reply. No-one in the entire room had found anything unusual at all about what had just happened.

The brunette was now locked in passionate lip-lock with her boyfriend, whose hands were fondling her jean-encased ass. Her own hands were between his legs, moving, softly, rhythmically.

One by one, the other girlfriends began to pay more attention to their boyfriends, apparently unembarrassed by the public displays they were making.

The blonde next to Colleen turned to her and smiled. "Hey, you ever experiment with a girl?" Colleen was taken aback, not exactly sure how to handle that question. "Uh, no..." she finally said.

"Me neither." The blonde - Mandy - said, smiling. "Let's give it a go." Mandy leaned forward, sliding her arms around Colleen and pressing her lips - which were firmer and sexier than they'd been before - against Colleen's own full, red lips.

Unwillingly, Colleen found herself responding. She'd had absolutely no intention of doing so, but helplessly found her self returning the kiss passionately, her tongue entwining with Mandy's in an erotic dance.



One of Mandy's hands slid down and caressed Colleen's firm, shapely ass before she broke from the embrace with a smile.

"Not bad" Mandy said, rising and heading towards her boyfriend, "But not as much fun as a guy." She settled into her date's lap and began kissing him teasingly as she unbuttoned her blouse.

Inexplicably, Colleen found herself rising as well, and crossing the room towards Brad. She tried to stop herself, horrified by her sensuous, erotic sway and seductive smile. But she couldn't control herself as she settled on his lap, feeling his hard, thick cock pressing into her thigh through his pants.

"Hi there, Brad" she cooed, sickened by her own actions.

"I was hoping you'd come over" Brad replied huskily, then kissed her. Like before, she returned the kiss, hungrily.

Helplessly, her slender hands rose of their own accord to her massive bar and unclasped it, shrugging it off and revealing her massive, firm globes in all their glory. Brad's hands went to her massive mounds and began to caress them softly, then broke the kiss to lower his mouth to her swollen nipples.

Colleen's head lolled back and she moaned as the powerful, pleasurable sensations flooded from her tits. It felt wonderful - and she hated herself for enjoying it. But she couldn't stop, couldn't resist in the slightest.

Hearing a wet sort of sound, Colleen turned her head and saw that the brunette was on her knees in front of her boyfriend, her head in his lap, bobbing slowly up and down.

Even as she watched, all the other girls suddenly seemed to decide that it was a good idea, sliding off laps to kneel before the guys.

And to her horror, Colleen discovered herself emulating them, sliding off Brad's lap with a smile as her slender fingers unzipped his fly.

Although he'd arrived at the frat with an average sized endowment, the cock the Colleen helplessly pulled from his pants was a massive, throbbing tool, thick and hard, warm in her hands.

Helplessly, she slid her lips over the massive, hard shaft and slid her head down, and down, and down...

Somehow, she fit the massive cock all the way in, deep throating the huge cock to the hilt. Wrapping her hands around Brad's huge balls, she began to suck him off, her hands, lips and tongue working in concert as if she were an expert at it, instead of it being her first. She was horrified to find that she loved the hot, throbbing tool shoved down her throat, filling it completely.

Brad leaned back and rested his hands on her bobbing head, entwining his hands in her glorious fiery mane. He suddenly tensed up, and his huge tool began to throb as a thick stream of cum began to spurt down her throat.

Helplessly, she pulled back until just the head of his enormous dick filled her mouth, allowing her to taste the wonderful salty flavor of his hot cum, gulping hungrily at the thick liquid, savoring every drop.

He seemed to cum forever, a never-ending flow of cum gushing down her unwillingly willing throat until he finally spent. Helplessly, Colleen licked his tool clean and smiled up at him thankfully.

She rose from her position in front of Brad and turned - to find herself face-to-face with a naked Jack.

She had thought that Brad's cock was huge - but it was insignificant compared to the monstrosity thrust from Jack's crotch. His was about the same thickness as Brad's enormous cock, but easily longer by half again.

Jack reached out and pulled her to him, her huge bare tits mashed against his firm, golden chest. His hands went to her skirt and began to slide it down as her hands helplessly squeezed his rock-hard ass, feeling his hot, throbbing cock against her soft, silken thigh.

With the skirt out of the way, Jack tore off her Velcro panties, revealing her hot, wet cunt. He smiled and lay down on the floor.

Helplessly, Colleen approached him, stood over where he lay - and lowered her hot, 'eager' cunt over his gigantic cock, gasping in pleasure as it entered her, filling every inch of her lubricated cunt without being too large.

With powerful movements of her glorious legs, she began to ride his massive cock, tossing her head in ecstasy and fondling her own massive tits as she rhythmically rode up and down on his magnificent tool.

Sensations like never she had ever felt began to build, synapses closing and firing as the incredible sensations built and built. Her gasps turned to moans, and her moans to screams as wave after wave of pure, unaltered ecstasy came faster and faster on top of each another.

Then she climaxed.

The orgasm hit her like no experience she'd ever felt, blowing her mind and stopping coherent thought completely as she screamed, her cunt tightening on his massive tool, and pushing him over the edge, filling her cunt with his seed as she rode the waves of multiple orgasms. Finally, spent, she collapsed beside him, her incredible body soaked with sweat, her massive tits rising and falling as she panted.

"aaaaannndddd CUT!" a voice shouted.

Colleen looked up, and discovered that sometime during her fucking, the room had become nothing more than a set. One end was open, revealing cameras, lights, and sound equipment. Slowly, she stood up.

"Great work, Colleen. Take a fifteen minute break, then we'll do the orgy scene, where you take three at a time." "Sure thing, Mister Collins" She found herself helplessly answering.

Somewhere deep inside that incredible body, Greg screamed and screamed as Colleen Cupps, porn star extraordinaire, jiggled and swayed off to her dressing room, already looking forward to the next scene.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Doctor, I've said before that you should get rid of those damn things!"

Dr. MacHindle looked up from the text he was studying. "What are you talking about, Angela?"

His receptionist frowned angrily. "Your damned voodoo knick-knacks, that's what! I just came from Exam Three and well, come on, all show you."

The doctor shrugged and followed along.

The walls of Exam Three were hung with various voodoo talisman's and art, the doctor's own personal taste in decor. Angela pointed angrily at one in particular, an oddly shaped gourd traced with intricate designs.

The doctor looked at it - and was surprised to find it was cracked. Whatever liquid that had been inside had leaked out onto the exam bed, it's colorless stain almost invisible. It was dried, indicating that it had been there for some time.

Dr. MacHindle looked up. "Well, I have no idea what the hell was in there. Thank god we haven't done any physicals in over a week. There's no telling what that liquid might do if somebody got it on themselves "



BACK TO FUN ZONE



---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: A guy discovers how to transform himself into a female and is then disappointed that his two male roommates don't seem interested in his new form.**

## Unstable

---

**By Gunslinger**

"Hey, Nick - what's up?"

The reaction of the young man being addressed was interesting. Since he recognized the voice quite well, knowing it belonged to a good and trusted friend, his reaction seemed all out of proportion.

First, he jerked sharply upright - which, considering he was crouched down in a small access port in the flank of the jury-rigged machine he was working on, was a cosmically bad idea. Even as he began to curse loudly and rub at the point on his head that he'd just smacked firmly into an unforgiving metal cross-brace, his face was a bright, almost glowing red. The blush, already burning brightly, seemed excessive for the embarrassment of having just 'klonked' himself on a support - even if he should have known the machine 'like the back of his hand', since he'd conceived, designed and built the odd-looking contraption from scratch. Even the obviously nervous demeanor the yellow-haired young man evinced as he awkwardly crawled out from the machine was out of keeping with being in the presence of his two best friends, standing near the door to his garage-slash-workshop and looking at him with bemused expressions.

"Oh, uh... Hi, guys." Nick said, awkwardly, his smile nervous and strained. "I, uh... thought you were going camping for the weekend..."

"We were..." Bill said slowly, one eyebrow rising. "...until the news, all over the TV and radio, about how the biggest storm in years is rolling into the area. Look, Nick - what's going on with you? You're acting kinda hinkey."

"Yeah..." Gary drawled, his Texas upbringing evident in both his accent and his choice of colloquialisms. "You're as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full o' rocking chairs. What's the story, partner?"

Nick shuffled nervously, the combination of his demeanor and his looks making him seem more like a little boy than a twenty-seven year old young man of formidable intellect.

"Well, you see, I..." He stammered - then, with a sigh, threw up his hands in surrender. "Okay, if you want to know - I was planning to spend the weekend as a woman."

"Oh, well, that explains it." Gary said, with the air of a person waiting for the punch-line to a joke. Bill, however, looked carefully at Nick's still-flushed face - and his eyes slowly widened.

"My god - you're serious!" The lean, dark-haired young man blurted out.

"You got to be shittin' me!" The lanky Texan said, his own voice displaying disbelief. "You mean this-here thingamajig y'all been working on is some sort of..."

As the Texan halted, groping for the right word, Nick slowly nodded.

"Yeah. It came to me one day that it would be possible to 'destabilize' the genetic code, allowing you to remake yourself. It has to do with the correct frequency of..."

"You can stop right there, partner." Gary said, holding up a hand. "You know me and Bill don't understand all that science

gobbledygook - and it don't matter no-how. If you say you've built a machine that can change you into something else, we'll take you at your word. But. why'in hell would you make yourself into a *girl*?"

"Haven't you ever wondered why it's like to be female?" Nick shot back, his blush flaring back to full intensity.

This time, it was his friends who shuffled nervously, looking everywhere but at him, their own faces tinged with red. "I thought so." Nick said with satisfaction.

"Yeah, but 'wondering' doesn't mean we were ever going to do anything about it!" Bill pointed out.

"Could you do anything about it?" Nick asked, pointing at his creation to underscore his own unique position. "Oh, um... yeah, I see what you mean..." Bill agreed, grudgingly. "Still, I mean... it all seems a bit. weird."

"I knew you guys would feel that way - which is why I waited for a weekend I thought you'd be away, and wouldn't have to deal with this." Nick replied, with a sigh. "Look, I understand you're uncomfortable with this, so, it's okay. You guys just sort of pretend I'm not here this weekend, stay away - and once I'm a guy again on Monday, we'll just pretend this never happened. "

"Hell, no!" Gary said, firmly. "Nick, you and us is buddies. You wanna try being a chick for the weekend, well, then Bill and I are behind you. Ain't we, Bill?"

Bill's hesitation was barely perceptible before he nodded, firmly. "Gary's right, buddy. We've always been there for each other, and that's not going to change, no matter what. You go ahead and see what it's like to be a girl - and Gary and I will be right there with you, asking you damn-fool questions and wondering for ourselves."

Nick blinked, and then grinned, amazed at his friends' response - and touched.

"Okay, guys. Why don't you go inside, grab yourself a couple of beers. It's going to take me about half an hour or so... and the next time you see me, you won't be seeing the 'me' you've been used to seeing."

"Well, we could wait right here." Gary said awkwardly, obviously still less-than-sanguine, but determined not to let a 'little' thing like his friend transforming into a woman throw their long-time friendship. "We don't mind."

"I do." Nick said, blushing. "I mean, I have to be naked when I use this thing, and while we've all seen each other naked now and then, the idea of you seeing me naked, when I'm female, is, uh..."

"Yeah." Bill agreed, hastily, blushing brightly. "We'll see you inside when you're, uh.. decent." "Right." Gary agreed, equally as fervent.

Two blushing young men beat a hasty retreat - and the third blushing young man turned back to his 'contraption', nearly shaking with nervous, excited energy.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Weather's moving in." Bill noted. "Yup." Gary agreed.

Silence once more descended as the two men, sitting across the room from each other, continued staring out the big picture window fronting the living room, watching the dark clouds laden with moisture further darken the twilight skies.

"Gonna be a doozie." Gary suggested, a few minutes later. "Looks like it." Bill agreed.

Once more, they lapsed into silence, listening to the rising wind outside the window.

For the past half hour, the routine had been exactly the same. Uncomfortable, still trying to sort out the feelings they were having in this strange new situation, the spoke only with the uncomfortable silence became excruciating - and then, only about something inconsequential.

Bill was just wracking his brain for another nothing comment to make, when the soft sound of the garage door opening and closing pulled them out of their seats as if it had been the shot from a starter's pistol. Nervously, seemingly uncertain as what to do with their hands, they stared at the opening to the living room, unconsciously holding their breaths.

If the wait had been too long, they might well have passed out before remembering to breath - but only a few seconds passed before a extremely nervous young woman hesitantly stepped through the doorway, her eyes darting about and her hands clasped so tightly in front of her that the knuckles had gone completely white.

"Uh.. Hi..." She muttered, not quite meeting either of the men's eye. "Nick?" Gary said, hesitantly. "Is... Is that really you?"

It was, in fact, a phenomenally stupid question. The hesitant young woman standing in the doorway was so obviously 'Nick' that it was almost scary.

Oh, she was certainly female now - and not in a 'Nick in drag' sort of way, but in a completely natural appearance. It was simply that every possible adjective you could have used to describe Nick, as a male, still applied to her as a female, as long as you took into consideration the variation in gender.

Nick, as a man, had been slightly on the short and slender side, though not remarkably - and, likewise, this new woman was slightly short and slender for a girl, making her considerably shorter and slimmer than Nick had been. Her hair, though longer than before and falling loose around her ears, was the same wheat-blond as before, and the face it framed, though softer and with a finer bone structure, was slightly oval, as male Nick's face had been, and completely average, as had been the male version she'd so recently boasted.

Indeed, though one hundred percent female, the girl was everything the male Nick had been, but under the feminine definition. Even the clothes she wore, picked up at a second hand store in preparation for this, were the female garments directly equivalent to the ones the male Nick would have been wearing at the moment - a pair of blue-jeans and a slightly baggy long-sleeve shirt.

In just about every way you could think of, the new woman standing awkwardly in the doorway was about as completely average as you could get. Certainly not unattractive, but not notably 'pretty', either. Just as women didn't tend to give the male Nick a second glance, the female she'd become wouldn't have been worthy of even a few seconds of polite leering...

..if not for the fact that the one attribute most 'noticeable' about the new woman was the exact same attribute that her two friends were focused on, taking in the rest of her only peripherally.

Her bust.

Her rack.

Her knockers, hooters, chest-melons, boobs, breasts, tits.

"Well, I will be damned..." Gary said, his voice almost conversational, despite the look on his face. "I do mean that literally, too. I'm sure I was a'going to hell, anyway, for the way I used to sneak peeks at your momma - but unable to stop staring at my best friend's tits gotta be even worse."

Gary, in perfect keeping with who he was, didn't even tear his eyes away from where the pale gray shirt was straining across his feminine friend's new bust. Bill, at least, had the good manners to flush brightly, turn his head away, and only sneak glances at Nick's busty new form from the corner of his eye.

Nick's mother was, indeed, extremely well endowed. It was hardly a secret that many of his friends, when younger, had occasionally stared longer at his mom's chest than good manners would allow.

With his machine having turned him into the exact feminine equivalent of his male self by basically doubling his X chromosome to replace the Y, he'd activated the genetic inheritance of his mother's bust.

Those big breasts his mother sported, however, were merely 'large' on her more bulky frame. Not that his mother was fat, mind you, merely 'voluptuous'. Nick, however, had inherited the slimmer, rangier build from his father's side of the family - which might have also genetically helped 'minimize' his breasts, if not for the fact that Grandma herself was a natural DDD-cup.

With that genetic inheritance behind him, the size of Nick's new bust-line wasn't really all that far out of line with his family history - the biggest difference, however, was the fact that he'd acquired these new endowments instantaneously. Gravity had not yet had time to affect them.

So, the newly female Nick not only boasted breasts that were smack-dab in the middle of the bra sizes of DDD-cup Grandma and GGG-cup mom, but ones that were infinitely firmer and more perfectly rounded than any either relative had ever boasted. Nick's new breasts pressed so firmly outwards in the otherwise baggy shirt she wore, it almost looked like she was trying to smuggle a prize-winning pair of cantaloupes somewhere.

Given their almost preternatural firmness, a bra was not only completely unnecessary, but almost an insult to their gravity-defying perfection - which, at least, meant that the new woman didn't have to choose between a slightly too-small EEE cup or a slightly oversized FFF-cup.

Not that any of this made it easier for her to be standing there, blushing a bright red, while her two best friends in the whole world tried hard not to stare at her eye-catching bustline - and, to various degrees, failing. Gary, in fact, didn't even make more than the slightest token gesture of remorse, his own proclivity for big busts obvious in the way he eyed her bulging new



bust.

In fact, knowing Gary as well as she did, not the least from having gone to strip-clubs with her friends, the new woman wouldn't be the least bit surprised had Gary continued to stare at her new bust for as long as it was available to be ogled...

...and she had just enough time to begin to wonder about the strange, but highly pleasant, 'warm, tingly' emotional sensation that knowledge caused when the house literally shook in a cannonade of thunder, the world going strobe-white with the crashing lightening - and then the world was plunged into darkness.

"Shit!" Bill shouted, striving to make himself heard in the follow-up crashes and echoes of thunder, as lightening flashed and fired. "Power's out!"

"No shit, Sherlock..." Gary said, laconically, as the newly-arrived storm continued to rage outside the window. "What do we do now?"

"The study." Nick suggested, a bit vaguely, as she tried to find the root of that strange, and oh-so-pleasurable emotion she was feeling.

Groping in the dark, the two friends followed the new woman towards her 'study'.

The house was a two-bedroom bungalow with attached garage - but Nick had never found the need for a second bedroom, so he'd set his own bedroom up in the smaller room, turning the master bedroom into his study. Not only did it provide more space for his computer equipment and wide selection of books, but it boasted the small home's one 'luxury' - a fireplace.

For decorative reasons, Nick always kept the fireplace laid out and ready to go, so it took the simple act of lighting it to begin filling the room with a golden glow. As the storm continued to shake the small frame house, the new woman made her way over to the futon couch against the wall...

...and suddenly became aware of her friends watching her intently as she prepared to sit down.

She hesitated, confused by their hesitant, watchful gazes - and then, blushing anew, were waiting to see where she sat on the couch before the arranged themselves around her choice.

It was a new and awkward situation. When they had all been male, they'd basically plunked down where they'd felt like, not caring. Now that she was female, her friends were suddenly hesitant, not sure whether it was still 'okay' to simply cram themselves onto the couch with her the way they would have if she'd still been male.

That thought caused another odd emotional trill, this one less then enjoyable, and after a second's hesitation, she sat smack-dab in the center of the couch, patting the surface on either side of her with her hands.

"Come on, sit down." She said - and, again, their obvious hesitation caused another one of those unpleasant emotional chills...

...and when Gary finally sat beside her, stiffly, but Bill didn't make any move to flank her on the other side, the unpleasant

sensation strengthened.

"Aren't you going to sit down?" Nick asked him, finding she had to work to keep a catch or a whine out of her softer, higher new voice. "I.. don't think so." Bill said, slowly. "Sorry, but this situation's getting a little weird for me."

"I understand..." She assured him, truthfully...

...which was why she was just as surprised by either of the guys to follow up her statement by bursting into tears.

"Nick!" Gary said, swiveling sharply in his seat and starting to reach out for her - before suddenly bringing himself up short. When he continued speaking, it was a bit more awkwardly. "Uh.. What's wrong?"

He patted her hesitantly on the back, his motions every bit as awkward as his voice...

...and that only made her wail all the harder, even as she gasped out words between the body-shaking sobs. "I don't know!" She sobbed tearfully. "All of the sudden.. *sniff* ...I just feel really, really sad...!"

"About what?" Bill asked, taking a few weak steps closer to her.

"I.. I.. I..." She stammered, heart twisting in her chest. "You guys hate me now that I'm a girl!" "**What?**" Both men chimed, shocked.

"I.. I don't know why I said that!" She admitted, tearfully. "It.. just sort of popped out! I.. I think it's my new hormones. I.. I think I'm having a 'mood swing'..."

"Well, I hope you know we don't hate you!" Bill said, quickly.

"I know you don't - but I 'feel' you do!" Nick said, fighting the horrible cold feeling running through her. "It's not intellectual, it's emotional. When you guys act all.. nervous and hesitant and uncomfortable around me, it makes me feel really, really bad, like you hate me or something. I know it's not true... but that doesn't change how I feel."

"Yup." Gary said, a slow smile coming to his face. "You're definitely 'really' a woman now." She blinked at him - and, though still leaking tears, laughed shortly.

"I guess so." She said, dabbing at her eyes with the hem of her shirt...

...then stopping dead as she realized the habit-driven use of the hem of her shirt had caused her to pull it up, exposing her big, round new breasts to her friend's stunned gazes.

"Oh..." She said, weakly.

"Uh, Nick...?" Bill said, suddenly finding the ceiling damned interesting. "Maybe you should, you know, pull your shirt down." "Okay." She said - on the edge of tears. "If.. If you think I'm so freakish that you don't want to look at me..."

"No!" Gary said, quickly. "You're not freakish!"

"Yeah!" Bill agreed, just as quickly. "You're.. kinda pretty."

"I... I know, it's just..." Nick said, struggling to control her unbelievably powerful new emotions. "You... You look away from my tits, and it.. it hurts. Gary stares, and.. well, it.. it feels good. I know it's really weird, and you're disgusted with me, but I can't help it. When you say or do something that shows you like me - or any part of me - it feels really good, and anything negative feels really bad. There's no 'middle ground'. I... I'm sorry..."

"It's not your fault." Gary hastened to assure her.

"Yeah - and it's not like I don't think your tits aren't fantastic." Bill blurted out, without thinking. "I just thought you wouldn't want me staring at them like Gary does..."

His voice trailing off as he realized what he'd just said, Bill blushed.

"Sorry, Nicky." He apologized, abjectly - then winced, and apologized a second time, for having used Nick's much-hated nick-name from high school.

Nick, however, had cocked her head to the side.

"I.. don't mind if you call me 'Nikki'." She said. "I think it kinda fits, right now... but, Bill, did you mean it? Do you really think my tits look fantastic?"

Bill swallowed nervously, and nodded jerkily. "Uh, yeah..."

Nikki shivered. "Oh - hearing you say that makes me feel so *good*." She blinked - then pouted.

"Sorry." She said, sighing. "Look, because I was a guy, I know how weird this is for you, me being a girl who was a guy. If I could stop myself from feeling this way, I would - but that machine won't work, so I'm 'stuck' being female..."

She tried, with little success, to suppress a sob.

"Even though it means you guys can't treat me like your 'old friend Nick' anymore." She finished, deep misery in her voice. "Even though it means you won't look at me, won't touch me, and act all stiff and strange... I'm sorry."

"No, no!" Bill protested, sitting down beside her - and forcing himself not to hesitate as he took her hand and held it in his. "It's not your fault! Not only didn't you know you were going to be... emotional unstable, but you did know we wouldn't react all that well, and tried to do this when we wouldn't be here. Instead, we assure you it's all right, that you're our friend, and nothing will ever change that

- and yet, here you are a woman, and what do we do? Act like typical, uncaring, insensitive male assholes. We're the ones who are sorry, Nikki - isn't that right, Gary?"

"It sure is." Gary agreed, firmly. "You need to give us a good, swift kick in the pants, Nikki. We ain't no friends if we get all weirded out jus' cause you happen to be a girl now. You're still the same person we've known for years, and we won't lit you down."

"You mean it?" Nikki asked, even her hope as incredibly powerful as her happiness and sadness had been. "do you really, really mean it?"

Bill and Gary agreed, firmly - and she shivered and lowered her head, blushing. "What?" The two men asked, concerned.

"Nothing." She tried to tell them, an odd tone in her voice. "No, come on - tell us!" Bill insisted.

She blushed.

"Well, all of the sudden, I just felt incredibly happy, incredibly lucky, to have you two as friends, and I..." She hesitated, then plunged ahead, the words tumbling out of her mouth in a sudden rush. "I suddenly got this very, very, VERY strong urge to kiss you guys, I'm sorry, I know that's, like, really perverted, and I'm trying to fight it down, I couldn't help it, I'm sorry..."

The two men shared a startled look at each other over her lowered head.

"Well..." Gary said, slowly. "If a cute, busty babe, who also happens to be a best friend of mine, wants to give me a kiss, I ain't dumb enough to say no."

Nikki's head snapped upright. "Really?" She asked, breathlessly. "Sure." Gary said, with a shrug.

"Oh, Gary, you gorgeous man!" She said, voice throbbing with intense, soul-deep happiness. "You sweet, sweet man!"

Then, with a joyous, trilling laugh, she wrapped her arms around Gary's neck, pulled herself tight to his body, and proceeded to kiss the living hell out of him.

Even as she was doing it, she was aware of how 'strange' it was for somebody who had recently been a heterosexual male to be throwing herself so passionately, so eagerly, so happily into kissing her friend - but that intellectual knowledge was a weak reed next to the intense emotional pleasure she was feeling from 'rewarding' both herself and her friend for being so.. well, so 'kind' as to let a recently ex-male kiss him, which was an odd horse-before-the-cart situation if there ever was one.

It was all making her so incredibly, unbelievably.. well, not so much 'happy', though she was, but 'content'. It felt as if everything were right with the world, as if nothing could possibly be wrong, leaving her in a state of bliss...

...bliss that became utterly complete as Bill hesitantly cleared his throat, tapped her on the shoulder, and said: "Hey, lady - I think it's my turn..."

Not that the situation wasn't decidedly odd for the two young men. What it really boiled down to, however, was that they did, indeed, want to make their good friend Nick, whether currently female or not, happy - and, if what seemed to make her happy also gave them some physical pleasure, despite the emotional turmoil it might have created in them, well, that was just 'icing on the cake', now wasn't it...?

\* \* \* \* \*

Still bathed in a warm, post-orgasmic glow, Nikki carefully slipped out from under her lover's tanned, muscular arm and wiggled off the bed. When he mumbled in his sleep and rolled over, she hesitated until she was sure he wasn't going to wake up,

then retrieved her white silk robe from the floor and slipped it on. Tying it so that it covered the crotch it was barely long enough to conceal, she almost thoughtlessly tugged the lapels into position so that it displayed a perfect view of her deep, creamy cleavage.

Padding silently to the door, she quickly picked up her shoes, then slipped outside and carefully eased the door shut. Once it was closed, she sighed and stood upright, making no special effort to be quiet as she dropped her shoes to the floor and stepped into them.

Moving with a smooth, graceful stride atop the slender, four-inch heels of the open-toe pumps, she headed towards the living room of the large cabin, her shoulders held back to further emphasize the firm, full breasts that swayed enticingly from the extra little 'dip-and- sway' she put into her walk.

In the large, wood-floored living room of the cabin, she found one of her friends already curled on the couch, paging through a magazine.

"Hey, buddy..." Nikki said, warmly. Leaning forward, she claimed a long, deep kiss, shivering in delight as a hand parted the folds of her robe to lightly caress one softly-firm breast.

As the kiss slowly tapered off, Nikki sat down and lightly began tracing one hand over the smooth, incredibly shapely leg exposed by the other woman's pastel pink bra-and-panty ensemble.

"God, Billie..." Nikki said, enviously. "You've got great legs."

"A saving grace." Billie said, stretching luxurious in pleasure at her friend's touch. "The rest of me looks like a fourteen year old boy."

"Oh, it's not that bad..." Nikki assured the slim-hipped woman. Though she did, indeed, have a 'tomboy' look, she was definitely female, from the cute face under the thatch of short, tousled hair to the perky 'B'-cup breasts filling out her girlish bra. "Where's Sheri?"

"Where do you think?" Billie asked, archly. Opening her mouth, she moved a fisted hand back and forth in front of it, while pushing her tongue against the inside of her cheek to make it bulge out in a matching rhythm.

"Oh, be nice!" Nikki said, lightly slapping her friend on one smooth thigh with a laugh. "It's not like you and I don't occasionally 'lick-a- dick' ourselves, you know."

"Sure." Billie agreed, easily. "With Sheri, though... She's like, obsessed with it. That girl just can't get enough of it..."

"Sure I can." Sheri argued, stepping into the light with a grin. "In fact, the very thing you complain about is that I make sure I **do** get enough!"

"Cock-sucker!" Billie accused the gorgeously tall, toned woman with the sweet, southern-accented voice.

"...and proud of it!" Sheri retorted, loudly. Since sound-proofing had been installed in all the bedrooms in the cabin during

their 'shamed' phase, they didn't have to worry about waking their respective dates for the weekend. "At least I've got myself a pair of breasts, **boy!**"

Naked aside from the skin-tight jean shorts she wore, the stunningly beautiful woman reached up and cupped her dome-like D-cups, the full lips on her fashion-model's face curving into a smirk.

"Yeah, well you'll be sneering out the other side of your face when you see the ones I'm getting next month!" Billie retorted, hotly. "Saline implants nearly as big as Nikki's knockers!"

Her friends went dead silent, staring wide-eyed at the slender young woman. "Oh..." Billie said, realizing what she'd just said. "Um..."

"Implants?" Nikki demanded. "You know you can't do something like that! Think how you'd look when you changed back for work on Monday!"

"Actually..." Billie said, slowly, "I'm quitting my job. I wasn't sure just how to tell you guys this, but... I'm going to be living as Billie full-time."

"What?" Nikki gasped. "But... But..."

"But what?" Billie demanded. "Hey, in a way, it's your fault. If you hadn't gone on about how 'utterly content' you could feel like as a woman, Gary and I wouldn't have tried it - and if we hadn't, we wouldn't have known you were right. So, you can't blame me for deciding I like being more happy as a woman."

"Well, no, but..." Nikki said, tapering off.

It wasn't like she hadn't considered it herself. Every week, she waited breathlessly for the weekend to be 'Nikki', and each Sunday she dreaded the moment she had to go back to being male... but to live full-time as a woman?

"I mean, look at me." Billie said. "Just like you two, I look like my male self, just female. You've already proven that even our fingerprints still match. I'm just going to move to a new state, then apply for a name and gender change on my ID, saying I had sexual reassignment surgery. I don't think it'll be a problem."

"You're moving?" Sheri asked, stunned.

Billie sighed, then nodded. "Living as a woman is one thing. Having to face everybody I know as that woman is another. I think a clean break is for the best."

"Even with us...?" Nikki asked, feeling tears begin to well up.

"No." Billie said. "We'll work something out for us. I mean, we already keep each other's secret - and that's in the face of some very determined guys trying to figure out where their 'hot dates' for the weekends go during the rest of the week. That's another reason why I need a clean break."

The three friends remained silent for a moment longer... "I'm in." Sheri announced, suddenly, her face calm. "Huh?" Billie

blurted.

"You're right. Being female is much more enjoyable than being a man ever was. We're just holding on to our old, male identities.. well, out of habit. It's the ones we are familiar with. Well, I'm coming with you, and we'll both live life as women."

"All three of us." Nikki corrected. "All for one, and one for all - right?"

Slowly, Billie began to smile, her one fear - the diminution of their friendship - now alleviated.

"Hell, it'll be worth it if flat-girl hear can finally get herself some tits!" Sheri needled her friend. "Besides - it'll be nice to be able to let out hair and nails grow out, get out ears pierced, and all that good stuff without having to worry about the effect on our 'male' side."

"Hell, yeah!" Billie agreed, tousling her own short mop of hair, which she'd been afraid to grow out. "Uh, just one thing..." She turned her attention to Nikki, her voice low and serious.

"You have to destroy your machine." She said. Nikki blinked.

"Why? So we won't ever be tempted to turn back?" She asked.

"Hell, no!" Billie said, grinning. "Because being female is so addictive! If word got out, soon all the guys would be turning themselves into women - and then who would we have to fuck?"

Laughing, the three women embraced each other - much as they'd embraced the joys of their new shared gender, and everything that went along with it.

More than anything, though, their joy stemmed from the fact that, in an unstable world where anything, even their gender, could change, their friendship was still the one rock-solid certainty on which they could count.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)





**SUMMARY: A twisted tale of self-humiliation and emotional pain all wrapped-up in one crossdresser's hallucination.**

*(Author's Note: This story is darker and somewhat more gruesome than my usual fare. You've been duly warned: Read at your own risk.)*

## Urgency

---

**By Gunslinger**

The room lay in deep, patterned shadows, the full moon's silver-blue light further diffused by the simple white drapes that billowed back and forth in the faint summer draft coming in through the opened windows. From the yard below the second story window, a cricket played erratic counterpoint to the deep, even rumbles issuing from the shape that lay beneath the bed's rumpled sheets, the rhythmic, even snores of a man in a deep, dreamless sleep...

...which was why it was odd for the big, rawboned man to suddenly sit bolt upright with a gasp, his dark eyes snapping open to stare at the opposite wall in uncomprehending shock.

"Whuddahell...?" Rudy muttered, his shocked expression fading into one of puzzlement, without losing one iota of the incomprehension. He shook his head slightly, hoping to clear it with the sharp movement, but the deep sleep he'd just snapped out of was reluctant to give up its grip on his brain.

With a soft groan, the broad-shouldered young man ran his broad, calloused hands over his face, then flipped an errant lock of sleep-tousled hair out of his hands, idly running his fingers through his shock of wheat-blond hair as he stared sightlessly down at the rumpled sheets, trying to figure out what he was doing sitting bolt upright in bed in the small, still hours of the morning. Letting his hand drop limply, he turned his head and squinted wearily at the glowing green numerals of the clock on the bedside table, his sleep-bemused brain taking a second to work out the meaning of the floating, wavering digits.

"Two fuckin' thirty in the morning..." He grumbled to himself in the rough voice of a heavy smoker. "Goddammit - even the fuckin' birds aren't up at two thirty in the fuckin' morning..."

Idly scratching at the stubble along his heavy jaw, Rudy first wondered what the hell had woken him up so damned suddenly - then dropped the half-formed question for a more important one: why the hell was he sitting here wondering what had woken him up when he could be laying back down and going back to sleep?

Since he couldn't think of a good answer for that one, he let himself fall backwards, yanking up the sheet even as his head

hit the pillow...

...and his heart-rat shot through the roof as he snapped bolt-upright in a sudden panic, driven by a desperate - and inexplicable - need to get out of bed.

He had no idea where the thought had come from. It wasn't even a fully formed 'thought', more of an emergency reaction, the type you might have if you woke up in the middle of the night and smelled smoke.

Well, there wasn't any smoke, nor any other obvious sign of trouble or impending danger - yet, still, that desperate urgency to get out of bed was pumping adrenaline into his system, yanking his body into a much higher state of wakefulness than his still logy brain.

For a few seconds, Rudy tried to ignore the unnamed urgency - more out of pure pig-headed stubbornness than anything else, since it was pretty damned obvious that he wasn't going to be able to fall back asleep anytime soon...

...but the heart-pumping urgency just kept growing, finally reaching the point where it overcame even the incredibly deep reserves of 'mulishness' Rudy had at his disposal. Cursing loudly, he thrust his adrenaline-swamped body out of bed, fumbling for his jeans on the dark floor with mildly trembling fingers.

Yanking the stiff, grimy denim on, he ignored socks and the work-shirt still laying somewhere in the shadows, hastily tucking the hem of his singlet-style undershirt into the jeans as he stumbled towards the door, his feet responding more to a sudden need to get out of the room than any real conscious decision. Buttoning and zipping the fly, he reached out and began to fumble for the door-knob, his pulse racing and his heartbeat pounding wildly in his ears in response to his blindly unreasoning - and completely unreasonable - panic.

Finally, his big knuckles slammed painfully against the cool metal of the knob, and he all-but-ripped the door open, stumbling anxiously out of his bedroom as anxiety sweat ran cold down his body.

He stumbled across the hall and leaned against the wall for support, looking back at the door to his room with confused, angry eyes. The darkness of the room beyond seemed to loom impossibly deep and large, like some hideous grave about to spew forth some unimaginable horror, deadly and undying, ready to devour him in the most painfully agonizing...

Hands trembling despite his near-desperate attempt to steady them, he took what seemed and impossibly huge risk in order to reach back into that yawning, terrifying darkness to grab the knob and slam the door shut...

...at which point his heart-rate began to slow, his body shivering uncontrollably as the flecks of red and black began to fade from his eyes, pulling him back from the edge of an honest-to-god fright-induced heart-attack.

"What the *fuck* is wrong with me...?" Rudy asked the air around him, slumping back against the wall on legs that suddenly felt rubbery. Yanking the hem of his undershirt out of his pants, he folded dingy white the material upwards to wipe the cold sweat from his face.

"What the fucking hell is going on here?" Rudy angrily demanded of the fabric - an anger marred by a nervous quivering in

his voice that bothered him enormously.

For several seconds, Rudy simply stood there, wiping the already sodden fabric over his heavy brow, ignoring the chills that came from air moving across the hard, sweat-slicked muscles of his abdomen.

Finally letting the shirt drop into place again, Rudy took a deep breath, squared his heavy, muscular shoulders, and began to reach for the door to his room...

...then pretended that the sharp, sudden shiver he felt was from the sweat covering his body rather than fear.

"Fuck it." He mumbled, turning away from the door as if he didn't really want to go in anyway. "I need some coffee..."

Feeling disturbingly weak as the adrenaline rush subsided, Rudy trailed one hand along the wall as he made his way down the stairs to the main floor, flicking on the lights as he moved through the barely-furnished living- and dining-rooms. When Shannon had divorced him after less than a year of marriage, she'd claimed the usual wear-and-tear of marriage had actually been some sort of physical and emotional abuse, and had made off with better than half of his hard-earned money, even though the lazy bitch hadn't earned a damned cent while they'd been married.

Only the fact that the house had been inherited from his parents had allowed him to keep it - though she'd practically stripped the place before leaving.

Actually, Rudy didn't care all that much about her taking the furniture - she'd thrown out most of his perfectly good, comfortable furniture when they'd married, replacing it with stiffly uncomfortable, overly ornate shit. He was just as happy to have it gone. A few more over- time shifts at the mill, and he'd be able to put some good, sturdy furniture back in the house...

His long-standing anger at his ex-wife was a lot more comfortable to focus on than his strange and 'unmanly' panic-attack, so he focused on that instead, drawing on the anger and disgust the thought of Shannon still managed to arouse, even after more than two years since the divorce. With that anger supplementing his energy, Rudy started the small, second-hand coffee-maker he'd purchased to burbling, the rich smell of the coffee also helping to pull his brain all the way to full function.

Leaning back against the counter, Rudy waited for the coffee to brew...

...when a thought came out of nowhere and slapped itself into his brain:

Something in the attic was burning.

There was no really basis for the thought. He hadn't smelled smoke upstairs, and he still didn't - but, nevertheless, the thought grew in urgency and conviction, completely unsupported by any rationale.

Brow furrowing, Rudy lifted his face and stared upwards, as if he could see right through the intervening floors. There was no reason to believe that the sudden thought was based on fact...

...yet, despite that, he found himself moving towards the door.

By the time he reached the bottom of the stairs, he was moving at a dead run, unreasonably convinced that there was

something smoldering in the attic, about to burst into a blazing inferno that would incinerate the house and everything he owned...

...and with his money problems since the divorce, he'd let his homeowner's insurance slip.

As he dashed ungainly up the stairs, almost losing his balance, Rudy found himself actually hoping to smell smoke or see flames - at least then he'd know that he wasn't slipping his cams.

There was no visible sign of a conflagration, however, not even after he'd leapt up to grab the pull-cord and yank the attic stairs down from the second-floor hallway's ceiling. He scrabbled up the narrow, steep 'stairs', barely remembering to crouch before he slammed his head into one of the low exposed beams of the roof.

Yanking the pull-chain to ignite the bare bulb that was the wood-floored room's sole source of illumination, Rudy looked around the cluttered, dusty attic, eyes flicking from object to object in search of any sign of fire...

...and found his eyes being drawn to the old luggage in the corner.

Awkwardly bent in the cramped, triangular-shaped space, Rudy shuffled as quickly as he could to the trunk, his bare feet stirring up the hick layer of dust covering the floorboards as he moved.

Reaching the pile of luggage, he flipped through the various suitcases and bags until his hand closed around the worn Lucite handle of an old Samsonite suitcase, somehow convinced that whatever was inside was just about to reach combustion. Fingers feeling stiff and awkward, he flipped open the latches and yanked the case open...

...to reveal an inoffensive array of clothing, harmless and undamaged other than being somewhat musty from long confinement.

It was a bunch of his mother's old clothing. Rudy had practically forgotten it was up here, having stuffed everything she'd owned into the luggage and tossing it up here almost immediately after getting back from her funeral. She'd been another one of the world's apparently endless supply of useless woman, a big woman of sturdy Minnesota stock who'd been a good enough cook and housekeeper, but a lousy role model. She'd constantly - no, *continuously* - babbled about 'God', 'Jesus', and other equally ridiculous crap, and Rudy's father had needed to use a firm hand to keep her from filling the boy's head with such useless prattle.

A beefy farm-girl type, Rudy's mother had almost always worn something floral, and the suitcase was full of such ridiculously taking clothing, disgustingly 'girlish' flowers spattered all over the clothing as if somebody had spilled a garden into the suitcase. Though somewhat musty, the clothing was in good shape, showing no sign of moth-holes, deterioration - or imminent combustion.

Just to be sure, Rudy pawed quickly through the clothing...

...and then stopped dead, staring down at a shirt.

It was much like any of the other clothing in the suitcase, a floral nightmare of pastel pink and blue roses cheaply printed onto the white fabric of the tank top. Aside from some differences in color and pattern, it was practically identical to at least a half-dozen other tank- style shirts in the suitcase...

...yet, for some reason, Rudy found himself unable to put the damned thing down.

In fact, he found himself being filled with a growing conviction that he should put the shirt on.

"Hell no...!" Rudy snorted, wondering what the hell was wrong with his mind as he dropped the shirt and turned away, heading for the ladder. He was going to go downstairs and drink some coffee, then he was going to call the night-shift foreman at the mill and tell him that he was taking the day off to see a doctor about something. In the meantime, he'd just ignore any strange thoughts that slipped into his mind...

...except it was damned hard to ignore. In fact, he was sweating as heavily as if he were dragging an enormous weight along with him - which it practically felt like, each step as painfully slow and difficult as if he had lead weights attached to his legs.

"Goddamnit!" Rudy growled between tightly clenched teeth, sweat streaming down his face as he forced himself to take each progressively more difficult step, feeling as if he were trying to wade through molasses as he approached the top of the ladder...

...and then he recoiled from the ladder as his heart seemed to momentarily turn into a block of ice in his chest and an unreasoning panic swept through his body with such force that he didn't even feel it as his instinctive movement caused him to slam the back of his head into a rafter.

The horrible monster that had been in his bedroom had escaped, and it was in the hallway below. It was some hideously evil creature, and it was moving with slow, ponderous steps, dragging itself towards the ladder to the attic. It was coming, and it would rend limb from limb any living creature it found not wearing a pastel-pink-and-blue tank top...

"This is crazy...!" Rudy wheezed, his chest feeling as if he were in a giant vise that was slowly being closed. "There's nothing down there!"

He tried to force himself to take another step forward and look down, proving to his emotions what his logical mind knew had to be true...

...but instead, found himself taking a quivering step back, struggling to get breath into lungs that simply couldn't expand. His heart was going like a hyperactive jack-hammer, and gray was forming at the edges of his vision even as gold and black specks danced in eerie, synchronic patterns across his vision...

Gasping desperately, he collapsed to his hands and knees, his strength rapidly draining from his body as he dragged himself helplessly back from the suddenly huge, yawning pit of the attic access-way, moving further and further back...

...until he realized he could go no further. He was huddled in the corner of the attic, his eyes barely able to make out

anything against the encroaching blackness as his limbs helplessly shivered and quivered...

His shirt seemed to weigh a ton, but his panicked attempt to rip it off succeeded, and he desperately struggled into the floral tank-top...

Immediately, the crushing pressure on his chest eased, and he slumped back among the suitcases and drew in a deep, wracking breath of air, holding it for a second to savor the head-rush from the oxygen before he let it out and panted in several more in rapid succession.

Laying limp on the pile of suitcase, he shivered and twitched helplessly, shame burning through him as he waited for some of his strength to return.

Finally, faint energy began to seep back into his body - and his first move was to reach down and grab the hem of the stupid, musty- smelling tank-top, preparatory to yanking it off...

the blast of panic almost knocked him unconscious, and he yanked his hands away from the garment as if they'd been burned. "What.. the fuck.. is.. happening.. to me...?" Rudy panted - and was ashamed to hear the plaintive - almost wining - tone of his voice.

He simply lay there for a good ten minutes, feeling his strength slowly return to his brawny limbs, replacing the horrible, embarrassing watery feeling that had seemed through his body after the last panic attack. When he felt sure he could make it, Rudy pulled himself stiffly upright, glancing with disgust down at the stupid top he wore - but making no move to take it off.

Wearing a woman's top was bad enough. Having another 'womanly' panic attack would be worse.

Rudy found that he no longer had any fear - or even any thought - of a 'monster' lurking at the bottom of the ladder, descending easily and confidently down the narrow staircase...

...but he was humiliated and disgusted to find that he could little more than glance quickly - and, sickeningly, fearfully - at the still-closed door to his bedroom.

Muttering under his breath, Rudy slowly made his way back down to the kitchen, feeling like a complete idiot - worse, like a wimpy idiot. He was a man, damn it - and not merely a 'male' like some of those pansies and faggots out there, but a real man, goddamnit, big and strong and confident...

...so what the hell was wrong with him?

As he poured himself a cup of strong, black coffee, Rudy glanced at the phone on the wall - but it was too early in the morning to even try calling Doc Brown, the 'Family Doctor' he very rarely saw. Big, strong and healthy as horse, Rudy was proud of the fact that he almost never went to see the sawbones...

...which was why the fact that he was actually anxious to go in and see the doctor was especially galling to him.

"To hell with it..." Rudy muttered, darkly - and then he had a stroke of 'genius'.

Since he was up anyway, he'd just go out to the living room and toss in a movie. That was sure to get his mind off tonight's weirdness and make him feel more manly.

Carrying his steaming mug of thick, dark coffee - ('If you wanted coffee, why the fuck did you ask for cream and sugar', as his old man always used to say) - Rudy walked out to his living room.

Putting the mug down on the discarded cable-spool he was using as a coffee table (which was right in keeping with the 'decor' of the rest of the 'living room suite', which was a pair of battered, over-stuffed vinyl armchairs bought forth-hand from an old hotel), Rudy walked over to one of the few things he hadn't let Shannon get rid of when she'd moved in - and one of the even fewer things she hadn't even tried to take with her when she'd left.

His collection of porno films.

It was quite extensive. He'd gotten the very first tape in his collection from his father on his sixteenth birthday. ('Debbie Does Dallas', in Beta format no less, kept around in about the only sentimentality Rudy allowed himself - though his defense, even to himself, was that you just didn't throw out perfectly good porn.) In the eleven years since, he'd expanded his collection enormously, using the 'rent to own' method - or at least his own version of it, where he'd rent videos from the local store, then, if he liked it, wait for it to be tossed in the 'bargain bin', where he could pick it up on the cheap.

If there was anything better than god porn, it was good, *cheap* porn.

He started to reach for a tape and random, since they were what he considered the 'cream of the crop' anyway...

..then paused, struck by a feeling that he should be a little more choosy tonight. That he should pick one of his 'special' favorites, something special to help offset the weirdness of the night.

He quickly panned the almost-memorized collection, looking for something that looked more enticing than usual - and finally settled on one of his all-time favorite movies - 'Bigger and Better'.

Actually, it was the 'oddball' tape in Rudy's collection and not as often watched as a result of the fact - but he'd still bought it, and occasionally watched it, for a couple of reasons. One of which was that every time he watched the damned thing, he couldn't help but recall the way Jessica, the stupid cow he'd been dating at the time he'd rented it, had reacted to the sight of the ridiculously over-inflated women on the tape. The other reason was that, though the women on the tape weren't as hot as the women in other movies, and they all sported surgically-enhanced boobs that ranged from simply big to downright ludicrous, the women were all damned near perfect examples of what women should be, even their utterly ridiculous plastic boobs showing their desperate need to be what they thought men wanted.

Some of the tension leaching from his shoulders, Rudy smiled as he grabbed the movie from the shelf, slipped it out of its brightly colored and lewdly illustrated box, and popped it into the high-end VCR atop his big-screen Toshiba.

Walking over to his favorite of the two chairs, Rudy felt better already as he dropped heavily into it.

Part of the fact was that even he thought of watching some porn was making his cock stir, even before he'd turned the



damned thing on.

With quick, efficient movements that bespoke long familiarity, Rudy peeled open his jeans and undid the fly of his old-style boxer shorts, allowing his already hardening cock to pop free of it's confinement and rise to half-mast. Built on the same ruggedly manly scale as the rest of him, his cock swelled to it's full length of twelve inches, thick and heavily veined even for it's length.

Lightly wrapping one hand around his cock in preparation, Rudy used the other to grab the remote, turning on both the TV and the stereo, the hitting 'play' on the VCR.

The blue-screen on the TV flickered and vanished...

...to be replaced with unrelieved blackness. Rudy frowned.

The tape, like many porn movies, was low-budget, and the beginning was right at the front of the tape - in fact, the initial studio screen was actually cut off by the useless 'leader' at the beginning of the tape. As soon as he'd pressed play, an image should have popped up. Instead, there was only a black screen - which meant that the tape must be playing, because if it had been jammed or broken or otherwise unplayable, the blue-screen would have either stayed up, or popped right back into place as soon as the machine realized it couldn't play it.

Before Rudy had time to get truly pissed, much less reach for the remote, he felt a strange shudder run through his body - and he slumped back in the chair, feeling suddenly weak, as if his insides had turned to water.

"What the fuck...?" He said in a thick, wavering voice - and, strangely, his voice actually rose in pitch with each word, as if somebody were spraying a blast of helium into his face or something...

Confused, stunned and a little afraid, Rudy pulled his hand off his cock...

...or, at least, that's what he meant to do. Instead, something else happened.

His grip simply refused to release, his hand remaining wrapped around the base of his huge cock as he pulled upwards - and, with a wet, slurping sound, his cock popped free.

It was utterly painless, and for a second Rudy's brain refused to register the sight of his massive cock being held in front of him, hairy ball-sack still attached, smooth unbroken flesh covering the part that should have joined to his crotch.

His mind still not quite accepting what he was seeing, he flicked his eyes down to his crotch...

Nestled in his patch of curly, wheat-colored pubic hairs was a very familiar shape - except that 'familiar' didn't really apply to this particular situation, since he'd never actually seen a cunt on himself before.

"I'm dreaming." He said, stating the obvious reason to find that his cock had gone numb and painlessly separated from his body to leave behind a tight new cunt...

...except that it didn't seem like a dream, everything as crisp and real as anything could be...

...even the voice that came from 'his' mouth, the high-pitched tones in perfect keeping with the feminine nature of 'his' crotch.

So stunned was Rudy that he didn't even notice his hand going limp, letting the warm, thick cock drop, to bounce once on a denim-clad knee before landing on the chair.

"This.. is not... happening..." He gasped out in shock, that high-pitched and damnably undeniable feminine voice grating across auditory nerve-endings that felt as if they'd been scraped raw with industrial sandpaper. "I.. I can't have a... a... a... cunt. Only women have... *uhn!*"

Rudy's nearly instinctive - and useless - denial was gut short by a surprised grunt as his chest... *twitched*. The rose-covered top he was wearing actually jumped, as if there were as small animal underneath who'd suddenly kicked out.

Instinctively, Rudy's hand's shot towards his chest - and then stopped a few inches shy, his eyes widening under lashes that he didn't even notice growing longer and thicker. He was too busy staring at his fingernails...

...which were growing longer. Growing longer - and slowly gaining color, a pale pink sufficing the translucent material of his nails, rapidly becoming brighter and deeper, running through 'pink' and into 'red'...

...as his fingers became thinner and more finely built...

...on hand that was becoming narrower and more delicate...

...to match the steadily slimming wrist...

...attached to an arm that was rapidly losing muscle mass and definition...

...as his body hair was sucked back into his skin with a strange pulling sensation...

...that was joined by an every stranger sensation as the skin itself became smoother, less tanned and work-roughened.

His chest twitched again, yanking his dazed attention from his arm and back to his chest, his jaw hanging open as his gaze switched focus like a heavily doped tennis spectator.

The shirt jumped a third time - then tore clean down the middle, falling away from his body...

...to reveal his unattached cock, which had slid, unnoticed in his stunned daze, under the shirt...

...only it wasn't really his cock anymore.

It was even bigger than before, a good sixteen inches long, with a now hairless ball-sac even more enlarged in proportion to the rest of the organ.

The skin had gone a unnatural shade of deep greenish-black, and the thicker, gnarled veins running up and down its length were more pronounced, and they were pulsing with the flow of the eerie, phosphorescent liquid inside, which was a particularly bilious shade of green.

The shocked screamed that was ripped from Rudy's throat was almost the perfect illustration of the 'feminine panic scream' made famous from countless B-grade movies, so utterly feminine as to almost define the word. Though the massive, throbbing cock had once been his pride and joy, he instinctively batted it away from his now smooth, hairless chest, flinging it off his less-defined pectoral muscles...

...and just as his now smooth, feminine arms stretched outwards, launching the cock towards the TV, the cock shot out a pair of small, black tentacles that wrapped themselves around the cuffs of his jeans. His pants were ripped unceremoniously from his body, dragging his underwear off as well - which only served to reveal legs that were still fairly firm and well-toned, but in an undeniably feminine manner.

The cock dropped to the floor, the tentacles disappearing as if they'd never existed, leaving it laying on top of the jeans, pulsating slightly.

Still stunned, Rudy remained frozen for a moment in the last position, his now fully female hands stretched out in front of him...

...when there was a soft 'plop-plop' as an object dropped into each outstretched palm. He stared uncomprehendingly at what he now held, a pair of deflated-looking almost-clear sacs, each of which had a little spout or tube attached at one point...

Rudy screamed again - this time in mingled pain and shock as his nipples suddenly.. opened - like toothless mouths, eager to feed, stretching impossibly wide...

...wide enough for his newly feminine hand to suddenly and shockingly shove those sacs into his chest, pushing aside some muscle in a painful shove that left the deflated sacs specifically positioned under the skin, forming small lumps beneath the nipples - which snapped closed as soon as her now long-nailed fingers were clear.

Rudy was reduced to wordless noises that sounded almost like a choking diner as his traitorous hands, having shoved the sacs into his chest, now stretched outwards again...

...to grab the two clear, plastic, metal-needle-tipped tubes that had dropped from the ceiling. For a second, his new hands simply held the IV-style tubes with their gleaming metal ends...

...which gave him time enough to glance upward in shock.

His lips - now fuller and colored a bright gloss red - formed a pouty 'O' of stunned realization, his fine, arched eyebrows rising in horror above his bulging eyes, staring past the long, thick lashes that framed them...

...to read the word 'Saline' printed in bold 'Stencil' letters on the side of the tank the tubes were attached to.

Then his hand whipped inward, a needle puncturing the skin just inside each opposing armpit, unerringly finding the implanted spout of the empty implants.

A hum started from above as the thickened 'salt-water' began to pump through the tube - and into the implants in his

chest.

"No...!" He - no, she - screamed in horror, struggling to yank the tubes from her armpit as her chest began to bulge outwards rapidly, the implants within filling quickly with the body-temperature liquid. Flashes of pain accompanied the increasingly 'bloated' feeling from her chest as her bulging mounds swelled steadily outwards, weight quickly accumulating as the flesh stretched impossibly well - yet remaining taut and firmly resilient, forming unrealistically perfect globes even in the 'C'-cup range...

...yet rapidly swelling past that size, soon looking like a pair of flesh-colored oranges on her chest...

...grapefruit...

...honey-dew melons...

...pumpkins...

"No...!" She screamed, helplessly, as her chest continued to swell, the weight mounting as the saline was pumped in a steady flow into her chest, pressing it ever outwards. "No...!"

The machinery - and her body - ignored her hysterical pleas, doing nothing to stop the rapid expansion of the tits she'd never wanted, now each as big as a basketball, and still growing. The 'bloated' feeling was even worse, the weight of the new breast unable to pull the unnatural round breasts down very much against the 'support' supplied by the taut, stretching flesh that covered them.

"Help...!" She tried to scream, her voice breathless and almost choked-sounding. "Somebody...! Help me...!"

Nobody responded to her sob-torn begging - not even her radically altered, disobedient body. She squirmed, unable to dislodge the saline IV's as her tits reached the size of medicine balls, and still continued to swell.

"Help me.." She whispered in a hitching sob - yet her eyes remained dry, even the cold comfort of tears denied her as her breasts finally stopped growing.

They were enormous. Utterly, ridiculously, impossibly enormous, not 'rivaling' the surgically-enhanced chests in the movie, but surpassing even the most 'ambitious' of them by a margin of several inches. Each breast was bigger than her head - either her new

feminine one, crowned by a long mane of platinum-blond hair in a massive, thick wave, or her larger original one.

With a pair of nearly simultaneous muffled pops, the IV's were yanked out of her armpits as the tubes retracted back up to the tank.

She stared in inexpressible horror down at the freakishly huge, obviously 'fake' tits thrust from her altered ribcage, mind wanting desperately to escape into the welcoming arms of blissful insanity, but unable to slip the bonds of sanity.

Without warning, the horrified new woman found herself yanked upright onto her feet...

...which were now clad in bright red strappy-style pumps with a sloped eight-inch platform and tapering sixteen inch heels, her new feet forced into what should have been an utterly impossible arch - but 'impossible' no longer seemed to hold any meaning anymore, which made the fact that she could stand in the impossible shoes, even against the drag of her massive, heavy tits, as likely as anything else.

There was an odd, slurping sound - and the carpet beside her and behind her rippled, as if liquid, and a complicated apparatus rose from the floor as if surfacing, the carpet actually running and dripping off of the gleaming chrome and black lacquer paint as it slid upwards...

...and she could do nothing as the central 'pillar' of the device rose smoothly upwards to insert itself into her ass, the bulbous end shoving up the unlubricated canal painfully, making her gasp in pain.

A sidewise pressure began deep within her body, making the gasp turn into a long, low moan as her hips began to spread outwards...

...even as tubes rose as if alive, darting like clear snakes to shove their needle-like ends into her body at four points, symmetrically matched on either side of her waist and in her buttocks.

A pump began to whirl, and a thick pinkish-red slurry flowed through the tubes, her waist shrinking inwards as her buttocks expanded.

When the machine finished, she 'boasted' an outrageous caricature of an hourglass figure, a incredible wasp waist barely there to separate her widely rounded hip and almost freakishly full ass from her enormous new bust.

As the machine retracted back into the ground as smoothly as it had arisen, the new woman's eyes were fixed in horrified shock on the reflection provided by the blank screen of the television.

She looked like Marilyn Monroe - or rather, a cartoonishly caricatured version of the famous 50's sex symbol, shoved so far deeper into the 'feminine' side of the spectrum as to be unrealistic, a fantastic version of the woman exaggerated to the ultimate limit, from her incredibly full bee-stung lips to her massive mane of platinum blonde hair. About the only things that were a dead-on match for the original were the breathy voice and the small mole.

The new 'Marilyn' whimpered at the sight of herself....

"Well - what have we here...?" A voice said, deeper and crueller than 'Marilyn' remembered, yet nevertheless familiar...

...which was a good thing, as otherwise Marilyn might not have recognized the woman standing the living-room doorway. When Shannon had stormed away two years ago, she'd been a tall, dark-haired woman with a slender, lithe build.

Not now.

Now her tall body was a rippling mass of thick muscle, incredibly well defined and yet still feminine. It was easy enough to see this, since she was completely naked.

In her hand she held Marilyn's old cock. As the new woman watched with unbelieving eyes, Shannon grinned cruelly - and pressed the base of the enormous ball-sac against her crotch.

When she let go, it remained where it was - and the dead-black color of the cock began to expand outward through her skin, spreading rapidly from the crotch until she was the same coloration all over, with the thickly cabled veins of her massive musculature thrumming with the same unhealthy green phosphoresce at the massive, thick cock she now boasted.

"No..." Marilyn whimpered, horrified - even as she began to walk towards her hugely endowed she-male ex, using a stride that was as outrageously over-exaggerated as her new body. Helpless to stop herself she walked right up to the new she-male, whose eyes were now the same sickly glowing grin as the 'blood' pumping through her veins.

"Nice tits..." Shannon laughed. She reached out and very lightly ran one finger across the smooth surface of an artificially huge tit... Marilyn cried out in shock - and pleasure. Bolts of intense pleasure rose from her freakish ex-wife's touch...

...and as the brief blast of pleasure faded, it was replaced with a deep yearning, an instantaneous urge to feel that sensation again.

Stunned, Marilyn lifted her own hands upwards, being carefully of the ridiculously long nails each finger sported as she touched her own, massive breasts...

...then yanked her hands away as if she'd been burned - which it felt like she had, a sharp hot pain lancing through both her hands and her new tits. The pain throbbed through nerve endings for an instant...

...then faded back into that soul-rending urge to feel the pleasure that had thrummed through her body a minute ago. Shannon laughed at the tortured look on the new woman's face.

"You can never pleasure yourself in any way. Any attempt to touch yourself in a pleasurable way will cause intense pain..." She taunted. "Anybody with a cock who touches you will give you a burst of pleasure in the part they touch - but also leave you craving that level of pleasure again. The more they touch you, though, the more your body will 'become used' to their touch, slowly lessening the sensation - until you're forced to find another cock-carrying person to provide for your humiliating new addictions."

Marilyn lowered her new face and sobbed - dry eyed.

"Well, now that I've got your cock and explained your fate to you, I'll be going..." Shannon said in an artificially casual tone, turning with muscular power and starting to walk away...

Shame and humiliation burned deep within the new woman as she watched Shannon start to leave...

...as did desire, increasing the burning emotional pain and self-hatred as she watched Shannon get ever closer to the front door... "Please fondle my tits..." Marilyn whispered in a broken voice.

Shannon paused and looked back with a cruelly questioning smile, her tone mocking. "I'm sorry, I couldn't hear that very

well - we're you begging for something, bitch?"

Marilyn's incredibly plump new lips worked soundlessly, her breath coming in short pants of intense emotional distress...  
...and Shannon began to turn away again...

"Please, oh please, come fondle my tits..." Marilyn begged in a broken voice, hating herself for giving into the disgusting, desperate desire running through her body, but unable to bear it.

Shannon stopped and turned again, her smile even more cruel.

"Why should I bitch?" She asked, reaching up to lightly fondle her own pectoral-dwarfed breasts with an exaggerated shudder of pleasure. "I've got my own tits to play with..."

Marilyn felt as if she were being twisted apart inside, one set of urges directly contradicting the other... "I.. I.. I..."

Shannon started to turn...

"I'll fuck you...!" Marilyn screamed, completely broken. "Anything, Shannon..."

"Damn right, 'anything' you stupid bitch." She laughed, standing there and enjoying Marilyn's torment. "that's just the point. You'll do absolutely anything at all to fulfill your addictions, no matter how disgusting and humiliating you find them. Now, why don't you beg me to come over and fondle those tits of yours, the ones you love to hate and hate to love?"

The new woman desperately wished she had the release of tears, no matter how 'unmanly' they would be - that humiliation would be a welcome relief compared to what she was going through as she said: "Please, Shannon, come play with my freakishly huge tits. Come squeeze and fondle these massive monsters, and make me even more addicted to having them touched by anybody with a cock.

Please come fondle my huge new boobs, and I'll fuck you anyway you want..."

Shannon laughed - but she came back over. Still laughing cruelly, she began to fondle and squeeze Marilyn's enormous, heavy globes, working her way across them in every dimension to touch every square inch of their taut flesh, driving the addiction home...

...as the new woman thrashed and moaned in horrifyingly pleasurable disgust, unable to forgive herself for begging for this even as she was unable to stop herself. Her moans of pleasure were mingled with whimpers of humiliation, and she was as unable to suppress either sound as she was to suppress either response to the touch, emotional or physical.

Sharply and without warning, Shannon yanked her hands from Marilyn's new tits - and laughed again as the words popped unbidden from Marilyn's mouth: "Please, don't stop!"

"But, darling...!" She said in a sickly syrupy tone, her eyes widening in a grotesque parody of innocence. "I want a little kiss from my honey-bunny - unless you have any objects to becoming addicted to kissing, that is?"



Marilyn whimpered. "No, Shannon, I'd love to have you kiss me and get me addicted to kissing."

She smiled - but there was nothing humorous about the expression. Leaning forward, she roughly grabbed Marilyn's face between her hands and pressed her lips against Marilyn's, hard...

...and it felt fantastic, and Marilyn hated herself for kissing back after only the barest hesitation, her lips moving against her radically- changed ex-wife's, hesitantly and almost unwillingly parting to allow Shannon's tongue to slip inside and increase the pleasure she was feeling...

...only something about Shannon's tongue felt strange...

...probably because it wasn't a tongue at all, but a huge, thick cock that got almost instantly hard as it filled her mouth, shoved deep inside...

...and it felt wonderful, and before she consciously registered what was happening, Marilyn was 'eagerly sucking on it, lips and tongue dancing in new patterns...

...which she couldn't stop even as she knew what she was condemning herself to...

About the same instant, she realized she was sucking on a cock - and loving it - Marilyn's ex-wife twisted and bucked - and slammed the huge cock she now sported deep into Marilyn's incredibly flexible new cunt...

...causing incredible waves of pleasure to thunder through her new body - which only served to deepen her humiliation and emotional agony, that fact that she loved fucking and sucking cocks worse ten the acts themselves.

Shannon used the leverage of her massive musculature to fuck the new woman with an odd, undulating body-movement that alternated which cock was plunging painfully hard and fast into which opening - and yet the act was painful, it was also causing intense pleasure that made Marilyn horribly disgusted to find made the pain an 'acceptable' situation, so that she'd be willing to absorb almost any

physical discomfort in order to meet her new addiction, adding 'pain' to the list of humiliation and degradation she'd suffer from her still- unexplained fate.

Shannon continued to pump into the new woman over and over, driving a huge cock into her new cunt with deep, hard stokes at the same instant she withdrew her cock from the depths of her mouth - and then reversing the rhythm, causing the peak of pleasure to bounce back and forth from crotch to mouth in a mind-crushing series of rising pleasure-peaks...

It was perfectly timed. Marilyn had just enough time to have her mouth flooded with hot, thick, disgustingly salty cum that she was disgusted to find caused enough pleasure for her to gulp it all down eagerly, permanently imbedding cum-slurping in her new list of 'basic needs'...

...and then Marilyn hit orgasm at the same instant Shannon pumped hot cum deep into her new cunt. The orgasm was the most intense wash of pure ecstasy Marilyn had ever felt...

...and it was enough to overload her brain, and for several seconds her mind went completely and utterly blank... Rudy blinked, wondering why he'd snapped awake...

...and why he was standing up...

...and why he was standing in the living room...

...and why he was facing a grotesque, muscular creature that looked sort of female but boasted a huge, thick cock...

...and why he found himself desperately, horrifyingly, wanting to suck or fuck that cock while somebody fondled or squeezed or even tortured his freakishly huge tits...

...and then the entire humiliation of everything that had happened so far came slamming back to her mind, compressed down to an instant of emotional pain and humiliation and horrifying desire so deep and broad that she screamed in total agony of the soul for twelve long second, her new voice seeming to fill the entire universe with the depths of her despair...

...before it trailed off and she helplessly dropped to her new knees, causing her massive new tits to jiggle and bounce painfully as she began to beg Shannon to do anything she wanted to, as long as it would fulfill at least one of her rampant, raging new desires, especially the one for an orgasm intense enough to make her forget for an instant what had happened, so that she'd be forced to 'relive' the humiliations and pain over and over again, each new 'super-orgasm' more humiliating than the last as each new fuck, suck or other addictive torture was added into the instantaneous memory-flood that would come...

In her pleasure/pain swamped new psyche, there was no room for Marilyn to ponder how any of this could even be happening... "Well...?"

Doctor Emanuel Brown zipped the rubberized black bag shut - much to Sheriff Johnson's relief - and rose to his feet, brushing dust from the knees of his pants.

"No doubt about it." Brown said, heavily, shaking his head. In the strobing glare of the various emergency-vehicles, the doctor - and County Medical Examiner - looked much older than his forty-nine years. "Smoke inhalation. Being such a heavy smoker, his lungs were used to a certain amount of smoke, and he didn't even wake up before he died. I bet we'll find that it was his smoking that killed him, too

- a butt probably flared up."

"Heard that story a hundred times..." The sheriff sighed, looking at the smoldering remains of Rudy's house - more to take his eyes off the body-bag and the horribly burned remains now hidden behind its walls than out of any interest in what remained of the house. "What's your official call on TOD?"

Brown squinted slightly. "I'm going to call Time of Death to have been at two-thirty in the morning. That's got to be pretty damned close."

"Damned..." The sheriff mused, thinking about all the trouble Rudy - and his father before him - had caused over the

years. "Yeah, Doc, I think that's just the word..."

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: An aging gentleman agrees to a mysterious surprise vacaton where he will be transformed into an unknown form; to his surprise he ends up a big busted bimbo and likes it!**

## The Vacation

---

**By Gunslinger**

Richardson leaned forward, his hushed voice full of sincerity as his neatly manicured hands gestured imploringly. "Think about it, Mr. Lonnigan - it's the ultimate vacation. A week away - not just away from your work, or your surroundings, or your pressures... but from yourself!"

Patrick Lonnigan folded his broad hands over his trim stomach and eyed the... salesman? Patrick's worn hazel eyes narrowed slightly in puzzlement as he realized that Mr. Richardson didn't give off the 'vibes' of a salesman. His manner was more of that of a... well, a convert, spreading 'the Good Word' to the uneducated masses, and believing every word he spoke.

Patrick lifted himself from the overstuffed leather chair in Richardson's office and slowly walked over to the wet bar, pouring a finger's worth of Glenlivet into the bottom of his glass before turning back to the sandy-haired man regarding him from behind the desk.

"If your... services..." Patrick began, slowly, "...had been suggested to me by anyone other then my oldest and most trustworthy friend, I would have left by now, you know. What you're suggesting... well, quite frankly, it sounds absolutely insane. Impossible."

The meticulously well-groomed representative of the extremely secretive and uninformatively named 'Adventurer's Club' looked over the prospective client carefully. At sixty-two, Patrick Doyle Lonnigan was still hale and hearty, his big frame carrying almost no extra weight, and the sharp look in his eyes belying his short, carefully styled mane of silvery hair. A millionaire many times over, Patrick Lonnigan was nobody's fool - and Richardson wasn't surprised at Lonnigan's hesitancy to accept the offer's apparent impossibility.

"Mr. Lonnigan." Richardson said, slowly. "I understand your doubts - from a layman's stand point, the suggestion that we could give you a whole new body, identity and life to spend a week away seems... ludicrous. But you, yourself, have never heard of us until you friend - and one of our previous clients - brought us to your attention. That is because we keep our procedures and offers held very close to the vest. The government does not know about our work, and only the most trusted - and, to be brutally honest, wealthy - people in America have ever even heard our name whispered. Our services are not for the masses, sir - no, they are for a very select few, who can afford our prices - and whom we can trust to keep our secrets."

Lonnigan looked at Richardson a long moment, searching for a sign - and seeing only sincerity. Lonnigan had always prided himself on his ability to judge character - and Billy Winthorp himself had suggested he come here, dammit! He would trust William Winthorp with 'his wife, his life and his money' - not that he was married, mind you. But the principle in the old saying still held true - he trusted Billy implicitly, and Billy had suggested that this was the place to come to get the vacation of a lifetime.

Slowly, the older man nodded to himself. "You say that my money is fully refundable if I am not satisfied?"

Richardson grimaced slightly. "Not exactly, sir - as I stated earlier, if you are not satisfied with a specific scenario that you, yourself, have chosen, we refund twenty percent of your payment." He held up a hand, forestalling a reply. "This may seem chincy to you - but we find that many of our clients don't really want what they think they want. When we supply them with exactly what they asked for, they find that that it wasn't what they expected, after all. Now, if you could prove that we actually failed to supply exactly what you asked for, that would be another matter - but if you get what you wanted, and find you didn't enjoy it, that's not our fault in the least."

Lonnigan nodded - it was reasonable. Richardson continued.

"However, if you give us a rough outline of what you want, then take a battery of special tests to 'refine' your proposed vacation, then we offer a fifty-percent return of payment if you are unsatisfied. Finally, if you don't specify anything at all, but allow us to test you and develop what our experts think would be their best 'vacation' - then, if you are unsatisfied, we will refund double your payment." He smiled. "We are that sure of ourselves, sir - and we have yet to pay out anything on our 'surprise' packages yet."

Lonnigan's lips compressed - then he nodded. "Very well - I'll take your... 'surprise package' then."

Richardson smiled. "Very good, Mr. Lonnigan. Now, if you'll just fill out a wavier and a method-of-payment form, I'll arrange the personality and psychoanalysis tests..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Winthorp had to admire their attention to detail - though naked, the 'table' he was recline on was covered with comfortable padding that was electrically heated, and the room temperature itself was maintained at a comfortable level. Around the table, technicians and what he assumed were Doctors of some sort bustled around, preparing for the 'exchange'.

"Mr. Lonnigan? Can you hear me, sir?"

Patrick frowned slightly at the young man leaning over him, only his youthful eyes visible in the mask-and-cap he wore.

"Of course I can hear you." Lonnigan said irritable, his mood not helped by being naked in a room full of strangers - who, apparently, thought that as soon as a man's hair turned gray, his ears, brain and bladder stopped functioning.

"The clone we started the day after you started has been 'maturing' for the past month..." the man started, and Lonnigan rolled his eyes at the repetition of information he already knew. He had no idea of what the temporary body he was going to wear for a week looked like, but the procedure of how they created a 'brain-dead' body through genetic manipulation and forced in vitro growth had been

carefully detailed. "...and has just reached the selected age. They're setting it up in the 'receiver room' as we speak - so it's time to get you hooked up."

"Then lets get on with it." Lonnigan growled, then closed his eyes and tried to relax as the technicians began placing electrodes on his head, having shaved barely noticeable dime-sized spots on his scalp in a few placed for the procedure.

"You're lucky." The technician commented. "The first dozen patients had to have their entire hair shaven for the procedure." Lonnigan grunted.

"Okay - you're hooked up to 'Mama MIA'." The technician said, referring to the Mental Induction Assembly - a specialized supercomputer that Patrick had already been hooked up to a few days before, spending eight hours watching TV and reading while the machine recorded his mental patterns. Now, on the day of transfer, it would bring those recordings up-to-date - and down load them into the newly grown body, while 'suppressing' the mental activity at this end. After the week was up, they'd 'simply' cut-and-past that week's worth of memories and return them to his normal body - then destroy the clone body.

"Okay - we have good telemetry." A technician said. "Put him under and prepare for transference." "Have fun." The technician said - then there was a prick in his arm as a needle went home.

Suddenly, Lonnigan had second thoughts. He tried to say that he'd changed his mind - he wanted to think about it some more...

...but his mouth wouldn't work. Nothing worked, and the world slowly slid away, sucked away in a whirlpool of black that rose to engulf him...

\* \* \* \* \*

Patrick grunted softly and opened his eyes.

He was staring up at a ceiling. A 'stucco' ceiling, slightly faded from its once Egg-Shell White hue, with a combination fan and light in the center of the room. A border traced around the edges of the room's ceiling, bearing a colorful pastel floral pattern. Daylight was streaming in from a window that must be somewhere to his left, and the muted sounds of traffic came through the unseen glass.

Patrick didn't move so much as an inch, laying perfectly still as he let himself take in what his senses were reporting. He let his eyes rove over the roughened plain of the ceiling as he concentrated on placing himself in the temporary new 'life' of the unknown clone body he was - presumably - now occupying.

It seemed that that must indeed be the case, as he could feel... well, no so much *strange* sensations, as *different* sensations - some subtle, some not.

He was definitely laying in a bed - he could feel the sheets and the mattress underneath him, a sensation that he recognized. But it was subtly... *off* - it felt like the mattress was oddly curved, pushing up against his ass. Also, the sheets felt slightly different against his skin,

more... *there*, almost. He could feel the texture of them in a way he'd never really felt them before. The same thing with the sheet that covered his body - along the length of his new form, the sensations were stronger than he was used to, more vibrant.

His head was laying on a pillow - but there was something else there too, something that itched his shoulders and upper back.

His crotch felt funny - not 'ha-ha' funny, but different, both internally and externally, although he couldn't exactly define how. But he could define what felt odd about his upper torso - it was like he had a weight laying on his chest, as if somebody had piled soft bags of feathers atop him while he slept.

Deciding he'd mentally explored the surroundings enough, Patrick decided it was time to begin his week's worth of a new life. He slid his arms sideways until they cleared the sheet and blanket that covered his new body, then lifted them towards his chest...

...then gasped as they came in contact with the weight that was pressing down. He gasped because he could not only feel the heavy mounds, covered by the blankets - but because he felt the touch of his hands on the masses, transmitted through his body...

...through his...

...tits?

Stunned, Patrick merely lay there, his hands resting atop the covered mounds, absorbing the thought. His hands didn't even come close to encompassing the massive masses of what were obvious feminine flesh, meaning that the breasts had to be... huge. And there was no denying that breasts they must be - despite never have experienced the sensations before, he

could feel the touch of his hands through the masses on his chest, he could feel a heightened sensitivity and a slight tingling at the apex of each mound that could only be nipples brushing against the inside of the blanket - and he recognized the feel of the masses under his hands, even if he'd never touched breasts quite this big, or in these circumstances.

"Testing, testing..." Patrick said aloud to the empty room - and was both shocked and unsurprised to hear a rich contralto that was undeniably feminine.

"My God..." Patrick said, stunned. "They've made me a woman!"

He lay there, accepting the fact and turning it over in his mind. In all the idle contemplating he'd done about what he week-long body might be like, it had somehow never occurred to him that it might be anything but male. The realization that he was in a female body was somewhat unnerving and annoying...

...but...

It was also intriguing. Though he hadn't considered the idea, and would never have thought to suggest it, the realization that he was 'stuck' in a female form for a week didn't make him go insane from the 'horror' of it all. In fact, he found himself in a state of bemused curiosity - and began to understand what the battery of tests had been for. Though it would never have occurred to him, now that he was in the situation, he found it opening all sorts of interesting avenues to explore. Although it still felt 'wrong', somehow, it was also exciting

- in a queasy sort of way. He...

No, he corrected himself mentally. *She*. She had better get used to thinking of herself in the feminine tense, at least for the next week. One thing that had been made absolutely clear was the fact that there was no 'escape clause' - she was in this for the duration.

So.

*She* found that her heart was pounding, and her stomach was doing strange things. It brought back - sharply - the memory of when he was twelve, and had snuck into his parents' liquor cabinet to get a bottle of vodka for the party in his backyard. The same guilty/queasy/excited/exhilarated feeling he'd felt then was what she was feeling now. The knowledge that the situation was wrong - yet, somehow, also right.

It was a feeling she hadn't felt in a long, long time - and she began to realize how little excitement her life had held for the past few years. How few new vistas there'd been to explore. Now, for the next week, a whole new world was open to her, to explore and examine.

But she still felt uneasy and scared as well - and a dozen other emotions.

It left him... *her* feeling confused and uncertain - and unsure of how she should feel about the situation, which redoubled the whole mess. Should she be excited? But 'everybody knew' that only queers and sissies would be excited about being a woman. So she should be ashamed... but that wasn't right, because this wasn't something she'd sought out, but and



‘unexpected opportunity’. But it was an opportunity that was ‘wrong’ - or ‘right’, depending on how you looked at it...

Unable to sort out his emotions, feelings, and intellectual views on the situation, Patrick decided to deal with it by not dealing with it. She shoved it all aside - as best she could - and ignored it in favor of a more immediate, non-philosophical concern.

Her bladder was signaling that it was full. Despite being a slightly different sensation than the one she was used to, there was no mistaking the sensation for anything else.

Drawing her elbows under her, she used them for leverage to push herself upwards against the weight and drag of her massive new endowments. She let her eyes drop as the sheet fell away from them, and shook her head at the sight of the massive, firm globes of flesh that thrust proudly from her chest. The size of basketballs, they were incredibly firm and round, tipped with large, dark nipples that were rapidly stirring in the cool air.

Leaving off the inspection of her huge new tits, Patrick swung her legs over the side of the bed. She looked at them with interest as she did so - they were quite shapely, if somewhat more muscular than Patrick’s ideal. They were long and toned, with a nice tan and sleek muscles, and she was amazed at the ease and power with which she was moving - she hadn’t felt this way in decades.

Well - she’d never felt quite this way, ever. But the power and agility of the body she was in was obviously that of a woman many years the junior of her ‘real’ body. For a second, she admired her naked, toned form, then shook her head in mingled disbelief and confusion and got on with living her week as a woman.

Pushing herself from the bed, Patrick instinctively tensed, to prepare to fight for her balance...

...and almost fell over. Not due to lack of balance - but because she’d fought against the perfect balance she had.

“Whoa...” Patrick breathed, blinking. Then she smiled slightly and headed across the bedroom towards the door, finding herself moving easily and gracefully. “They did seem to think of everything.”

The fact that her body seemed able to balance itself and move easily in a feminine manner in no way lessened the impact of the strange sensations created while walking in her new body, of course - the gentle swaying shift of her new breasts, the way her hips dipped and swiveled with every step, the odd emptiness in her crotch - that somehow didn’t feel ‘empty’, as if something was missing. For this body, everything was right where it was supposed to be.

And that was the oddest feeling of all.

Opening the bedroom door, she found herself looking down a short hallway. To the right, a door opened onto what was obviously a second, smaller bedroom - and the door on the left led into the white-tiled sanctuary of a bathroom.

With that same unnervingly easy grace, the newly made woman walked into the bathroom - and stopped dead at the sight of herself in the mirror over the sink.

Patrick stared for a long moment at the image that was reflected back at her. The person staring in the mirror was a tall, athletically built woman, with wider shoulders and strong facial features. Although this kept her from achieving beauty, it didn't make her unattractive - indeed, she was quite pretty, in addition to being remarkable fit. Oh - aside from her large, firm tits, she'd never be singled out in a crowd. But that went both way - she'd never be particularly noticed because she was neither attractive or unattractive enough to cause comment. In fact, if it wasn't for the bust-line the strawberry-blonde woman boasted, she could vanish into a crowd, nobody remembering her passage moments later. She was so generic-looking in her features that there was nothing for the mind to hold onto - aside from that tremendous rack of hers, of course.

Patrick wasn't sure how to take the news that she'd be spending a week as 'a walking, talking pair of tits' - as it was obvious that anybody bothering to remember her or try to describe her would start with "Well, she's got these really big tits..."

Shaking her head again, Patrick pulled herself away from her new reflection to take care of the business at hand. Walking over to the toilet, she eyed it the way one of Caesar's legionary's might have looked at Hannibal's approaching elephants - with great misgivings and a tingle of fear, but confidence in the ability to overcome the obstacle.

Then again - look what happened to the legions...

Lowering the seat, Patrick turned around and lowered herself onto the cool white seat, shivering as it touched her firm, full ass.

For several seconds, she just sat there, her lips set as she tried to force the urine out her new plumbing - but the situation was so new and she was so tense, nothing happened. Then, finally, she sighed and relaxed as the stream began to spurt out, feeling decidedly strange to the new woman, both similar and different from what she was used to.

Rising, Patrick carefully wiped herself, shivering at the sensations the action caused. Flushing the toilet, she walked back into the bedroom, trying to get used to the feel of her new body as she moved.

Looking around, she spotted a purse laying on the bureau, and went over to it. opening it revealed a clutter of stuff, which she guessed was normal for a woman's purse. In the zippered side pocket of the purse was a green leather wallet. She opened it, finding a fair-sized wad of cash, some credit cards, and 'her' ID.

She looked at the ID with interest. A grainy photo showed her new face, and she learned that in this form she was going to be known as Denise Patricia Ryan, aged twenty eight.

It was also a New York State license, and she assumed that she'd been relocated there, although that was tentative assumption she'd have to prove later.

Patrick... No, she told herself, shaking her head. She'd better get used to calling herself by her new name for the duration of the week. It wouldn't do to offer the wrong name... although making her middle name Patricia was a nice touch, so if she did make that mistake she could say she used her middle name.

So - Denise put everything back in the wallet and looked around, wondering what she should do to start her week-long

vacation from herself. It still felt incredibly strange to be in a female body, and she wasn't quite sure what she should do. She decided that it was best to do the simple things first, and decided to get some breakfast. A bathrobe hung on the back of the bedroom door, and she pulled it on and padded out to the kitchen...

It didn't take long for Denise to figure out that the cupboards were as bare as they could possibly get. There was cookware, china, silverware - but no food, nothing to drink, nothing...

...except a short note, sitting inside the empty fridge. Don't be a homebody. Get out a bit.

Denise smiled a bit, realizing that they had, indeed, thought of everything. She was nervous about going out in public in her new body - but this forced her to face her fears and overcome them. If she didn't go out, she was going to end up really, really hungry by the time the week was over.

Shaking her head at the none-to-gentle shove out of the nest, Denise went back to the bedroom and opened the closet to survey the available choice of clothes.

The large, walk-in closet was full of an assortment of women's clothing that she assumed would fit her new form, but she definitely didn't feel adventurous enough to try some of the more obviously feminine outfits. Instead - feeling delightfully naughty, and exhilarating sensation - she picked out a pair of jeans and a black T-shirt that were nevertheless made obviously female by their styling. The jeans were tailored, designed to fit tightly to the body, with small zippers at the bottom of each leg to allow them to be that form-fitting. They also had white-leather trim at the pockets and the waist, as well as running down the inside and outside seam of the pants. The shirt was pretty basic in its design - it was hard to get very fancy with a T-shirt - but it was fairly low-cut at the neck and bore silver lettering

on the front that spelled out the words 'What are You looking at?', right at the level where her breasts would sit one it was on. It was daring and flirtatious - as well as mildly reproving. The perfect mix for a transformed man nervously trying to enjoy being turned into a hugely endowed woman.

Putting the two items on the bed, she went over to the dresser and opened the drawers until she found the underwear. After a couple of minutes consideration, she giggled, startling herself - but the thought that had struck her was so deliciously unlike her normal thoughts that it just pulled the laugh out of her feminine throat.

Blushing furiously, she picked out the items that had triggered the thought and carried them over to the bed. Sitting on the edge of the bed, blushing furiously, she began to dress.

First came the panties. The red panties. The red lace panties that were so skimpy as to be barely there. Denise slid them on, sliding them up her well-contoured legs and standing to settle the whip[s] of fabric around her new hips, feeling the back of the thong panties slide up the crevice between her full, firm cheeks and snuggled them in place so that the small triangle of wispy fabric was taut over the small, neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair that surrounded her new womanhood.

She was blushing almost as bright a red as her panties - and the matching lace bra that she put on next, finding that - like walking - the ability to do this easily and naturally had already been 'programmed' into her new body. the bra did very little to

support her massive new tits, which were so incredibly firm that they didn't need much help anyway. Instead, the lacy garment only served to draw attention to her massive mounds, the strapless demi-cup barely covering her nipples, which were still visible through the translucent material.

Then she pulled on the nylons. The bright red nylons with the black elasticized bows attached to the tops to hold them in place. the nylons that also had black letters stitched into the material just below those bows. Letters that spelled out the words 'sex goddess' around her thighs as she pulled the smooth, sheer fabric up her legs, feeling the new sensation of having her legs encased in the light fabric.

She giggled again, amazed at her own audacity, and had to trot to the bathroom to look at herself in the mirror. She looked like the centerfold of a porn magazine.

She headed back to the bedroom, grinning. She'd seen the set in the drawer and had realized that yes, she could wear such sexy, feminine things. Her new body would look fabulous in them, and was designed for just that sort of clothing - and nobody but her would ever know. She knew that she'd feel a sort of delightfully guilty pleasure all day long, knowing that under her otherwise 'semi- conservative' clothing she was wearing the sexiest little wisps of nothing she'd ever seen, but that was all right - because that's what the whole thing was sort of about, wasn't it?

She slipped on the jeans over her nylon-encased legs, having to struggle a bit to get them on - they hugged her ass and hips like a second skin, creating a unique pressure on her more sensitive anatomy that was actually quite pleasant. They were so tight that she had a bit of trouble bending her knees to get the zippers at the bottom done up.

Then she pulled on the T-shirt, hiding the sexy bra that she'd probably die from embarrassment if anybody knew she was wearing. She knew that nobody would find somebody who looked like her wearing clothes like that unusual - but she was still male at 'heart', and the

thought of being seen in lacy lingerie made her picture her old male body in that outfit, and imagine the shame if she'd been caught like that. But the super-feminine underwear was safely hidden from sight under the mildly feminine outerwear, and she was having a high old time. The fact that she was nervous didn't detract from that at all, only adding a delightfully 'forbidden' aspect to the excitement and - yes, and pleasure she was feeling.

Not too long ago she'd awakened in this 'strange' body and been shocked to find herself female - now she was having a fantastic time, feeling daring and adventuresome while also being nervous and shy. It was a wonderfully confused emotional state that was more than she'd felt in years, and she had to give the authors of this little subconscious fantasy their due - they did, indeed, know what they were doing. She could see now why they never had to pay out that refund - although she would never have thought of this herself, the very fact that she'd bypassed a taboo that had kept her from consciously coming up with this scenario added just the right dash of... excitement.

Just like there were 'danger' junkies out there, who got a thrill from risking their lives, Denise was learning that it was possible to get a 'high' from getting around a societal law. Some men got that high by dressing as women, or even having an operation to become pseudo-females - but had to pay the price, facing the reaction of a society ingrained with the belief that that

was 'wrong' and 'perverted'. She, on the other hand, got all the thrill of seeing what life was like on the other side of the gender fence, without there being any fear of being 'caught' at it. It was... exhilarating.

Speaking of which...

Denise's fading blush bloomed anew at the thought that occurred to her, but she figured 'what the hell' and went back to the closet to fetch some shoes...

...or, in this case, boots. She'd spotted them while getting her clothes, but hadn't really considered wearing them. Now, she decided it couldn't hurt, and hauled them out of the closet, amazed at her own audacity.

Sitting on the bed, she awkwardly forced her feet into the knee-high boots, her long, slender fingers smoothing the white leather surface over her legs as she got them into place. They were real pieces of work - not only were they knee-high white leather boots, but they sported five-inch high stiletto heels and had gold-toned chains that ran from the top of the heel on one side, over the bridge of the boot, and to the top of the heel on the other side.

Since she was going 'all out' on the first day, Denise shrugged and - still blushing furiously - decided to go whole hog. She headed towards the bathroom again, finding - as anticipated - that she had no problems at all walking in the high slender heels the boots sported.

Reaching the bathroom, she gathered the items she thought she'd need, and found that she seemed to know everything she needed. It took no time at all to put on a basic make-up scheme - although it definitely felt strange to apply a gloss pink lipstick to her full, soft lips, to add a touch of blush to the smooth flesh over her well-defined cheekbones, to roll out her eyelashes with mascara and add a hint of eye-shadow above her dark brown eyes. The distinctive fragrance of cosmetics - a decidedly 'feminine' odor, to her way of thinking - hung around her when she'd finished, and she could feel and taste the lipstick coating her lips.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, Denise considered the look, the male part of her mind able to appreciate how good it looked, even as it felt that forbidden thrill at what she was doing. But the overall look - while appealing - wasn't quite right, and it took Denise a minute to realize what was 'missing'.

A pair of small gold-and-tiger's-eye earrings, a slender lady's watch and a slim gold necklace took care of that.

Smiling at the reflection that greeted her when she finally looked again, Denise slung the purse over her shoulder and headed towards the bungalow's front door, her heart pounding at the prospect of going out in public like this. With a sexy, feminine sway mandated by her programmed ability to walk in heels, she reached the front door and paused, taking several deep breathes. Then she opened the door and - for the first time - stepped out in public as a woman.

'Public', in this case, consisted of a car that was just disappearing down the end of the residential street on which 'her' house resided. Looking around, Denise found that her week-long residence was in a fairly nice subdivision, nothing at all remarkable about it in any way. Sitting in the driveway of the bungalow was a late model Ford sedan, with its white paint covered with a light coating of road dust and looking like any one of millions of such cars on America's roadways and highways.

It was becoming very obvious to Denise that - aside from her massive bust line - her whole 'life' had been set up to be as unremarkable as possible. From the outside, that was - from her point of view, absolutely everything was remarkable, seen through a completely new set of eyes and with a new - feminine - point of view.

Climbing behind the wheel of the car, Denise found the right key and brought the sedan to life - and only then realized that she had no idea where the supermarket was. Hell - she didn't even know what city she was in.

Biting her lower lip in thought - and tasting lipstick, which derailed her train of thought for a bemused, amused second - she shrugged and backed out of the driveway, picking a direction at random and pulling away from the house - after carefully memorizing its appearance and number. At the corner, she noted and memorized the name of the street on which she lived, then turned right. Her plan was simple - alternating turns left on right on main streets would get her somewhere, eventually, and it would make it fairly easy to retrace her steps. But she planned to buy a map while she was out, and study the layout of the main streets and the route to her temporary residence. It just wouldn't do to end up lost. Sure, if she spun a 'just moved in story', she was sure she could get help - but she didn't think she had the guts to do that, not in this body. Just driving in 'her' car on public street was making her heart beat faster and her palms sweat.

Her plan had at least part of the desired effect - before long, she found herself driving down what was obviously one of the more commercial arteries, no longer in the depths of residential suburbia. She didn't spot a supermarket down the strip on which she was driving, but she did spot a restaurant that was advertising a breakfast special, and she decided that the old adage about never shopping on an empty stomach might as well be followed - it might take her awhile just to find a supermarket, to say nothing about actually shopping and getting the groceries home. She might as well grab breakfast first.

Pulling into the parking-lot of the diner - a retro-fifties style place, right down to the chrome 'boxcar' design with its broad windows that curved at the corners and a huge neon 'fin' above the door - she locked up her car and - noting another similar vehicle nearby - committed the license plate to memory, adding it to the new facts about 'her' life that were starting to crowd her head.

Pulling open the door to the diner, she walked in and took an appreciative sniff of the aromatic air inside, looking around.

The place was only lightly patronized, and she had a wide choice of places to sit, but she mentally shrugged and decided to have breakfast at the wide counter running down one side and fronting the kitchen, with round stools every five feet along its Formica-topped length.

Lowering her firm ass onto a stool, Denise had to fight down a rising blush as she realized she was the center of some surreptitious attention - a couple of the men in the booths around her and with a view-line to see her were eyeing her. Denise positioned herself so that she wouldn't have to notice the occasional glances that she - or her tits - garnered, and asked the waitress for the breakfast special. The woman took the order and poured Denise a coffee, then wandered away to serve another customer.

Denise added sugar to the steaming coffee and began stirring it, focus her attention on the simple act as a way to keep from the almost instinctive movement of looking around. Doing so would only serve to remind her that she was now an item of



interest for some men - and that just felt to weird to deal with right now. Instead, she stirred her coffee and kept her eyes aimed in that direction, not letting herself wander from the simple action.

So, it took a second for her to realize that somebody had come in and sat down beside her. A man, she could tell from the faint odor and the.. well, the 'vibrations' from him, she guessed. Even though she didn't look up, Denise was receiving information from peripheral vision and sound, and somehow - without looking - she put the clues together to equal 'male'.

After another moment, she became aware - through peripheral clues - that the man on the next stool was much closer...

...instinctively, she glanced up, heart speeding up as she twisted at the waist to face the man...

...to find a handsome, casually dressed young man leaning over the counter, staring at her coffee with an artfully intense look.

"Uh... excuse me." Denise said, feeling incredibly awkward and embarrassed to be talking to somebody while 'wearing' this female body. "What are you doing...?"

The young man... No, Denise realized suddenly. A man pushing thirty would only be young to 'Patrick' - to 'Denise', he was a man about the same age.

The man looked up with an exaggerated innocent expression. "Well, you've been staring at that coffee and stirring it for a good three minutes now. I was waiting to see what happened before I risked ordering my own coffee."

What happened next shocked the hell out of Denise.

She giggled. She didn't expect it, and as the 'silly' sound erupted from her throat, she clapped a hand over her mouth, eyes widening in shock at what she'd done - and the man's chuckle at her actions and shocked look yanked another giggle through the muffler her hand formed. She blushed bright red at that, fighting down another bout of giggles that wanted to erupt. She looked away from the man, feeling mortified at her reaction...

"The most spectacular pair of breasts it has ever been my pleasure to see." The man spoke the words clearly and distinctly, but it still took a second for them to register on Denise's mind, so unexpected they were.

"What?" Denise gasped, her head whipping back around.

The man's smile was wider and devilish. He shrugged, gesturing towards her chest. "Sorry - I didn't realize it was a rhetorical question." Denise just gaped at the man for a second - then remembered what was written on the front of her shirt...

...and another bout of giggles grabbed her before she could stop them... then intensified at the man's over-obvious look of intent interest at what the giggling caused her tits to do... which lead her to turn away to get control of herself as the man's sudden burst of laughter at her embarrassed reaction made her flush even brighter.

"I'm sorry..." the man said, still chuckling. "You were just sitting there so seriously ignoring the world around you that I just had to get a reaction out of you."



Still blushing, Denise turned back... and found her mind flashing back to when she had been this age the first time around, as Patrick. A responsible adult - but with those teenage tendencies not too deeply buried, erupting now and then when a certain situation practically demanded it.

Denise laughed at herself and shook her head. "It's all right." She was amused at the irony of it - her solemn attempt to not deal with anyone had provoked somebody into forcing her to deal with them. Which was okay, she realized suddenly. It was like getting into a cold pool - she'd been nervous and still was, but now that she was 'in', she didn't feel the need to immediately jump back 'out'. She held out a hand. "I'm Denise Ryan."

"Rick McLaughlin." He introduced himself, his boyish brown eyes reflecting his smile as he causally flipped an errant lock of dark hair off his forehead. "Please, let me apologize again. There's just something in me that can't leave well enough alone. I didn't mean anything by it."

Denise's mind immediately jumped to a rejoinder - and she blushed, amazed that her mind had come up with it. It was ridiculous, she couldn't possibly....

...but the temptation to feed Rick a little bit of his own medicine - a touch of friendly revenge - was just too good to pass up. In an instant, a million emotions ran through her, a thousand second-guesses, but she found herself blurting it out with almost no appreciable pause.

"What? You *don't* think these are the most spectacular tits you've ever seen in your life?" Denise asked in an archly hurt voice. Rick spluttered on the sip of his own coffee he'd just taken - and fell off his stool.

Denise burst out laughing and nearly fell off her own stool. Although she was shocked at herself for actually using that come-back - the 'come-on' factor of her, in her situation, uttering it to 'another' man was just too weird - the reaction made it worth it.

"I, uh..." Rick stammered, getting off the floor with his face now matching her own blush. He was obviously floundering in a 'do you still beat your wife' dilemma - what was the correct response to her question? He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, then opened them again and shrugged. "Honestly, Denise? You have an absolutely spectacular body, and I mean the whole thing, not just you admittedly awe-inspiring bust. But that's just to answer your question - I'm not trying to hit on you, okay?"

It was a gallant answer, and Denise - still shocked at her own audacity - was tempted to just leave it - but that newly awakened part of her, the rejuvenated spirit she hadn't felt in ages, couldn't resist - Rick had just left too good an opening.

"Bullshit." She said with a smile, her flush building again. "You're just saying that because you think if you admit you *are* hitting on me, you'll blow it." She knew it was true - because she'd been there and done that, from the male point of view. If you were single at that age, everything was a bit of an act when it came to women - old enough to be confident in your skills around women, not yet old enough to be comfortable 'being yourself', with all your flaws and human traits on display from the get-go. It was that odd, youthful self-doubt that made guys try to act more macho/cool/smooth than they really were, thinking no woman

would be interested in the 'real' them.

Rick looked floored - then grinned engagingly. "Okay - you caught me. I am hitting on you. I started because your an absolutely stunning woman - but now I'm intrigued because you're also obviously smart and funny. So - here's the whole hog. How would you feel about some dinner and dancing with me tonight?"

She had to hand him points for a quick recovery - not that it mattered, of course. She had no interest in going out with him, or any man. Still... she'd let him down easy. "Well, I'm not sure tonight's a good night." She told him, repeating a line she'd heard from the other side more then once. "Why don't you give me your phone number, and I'll give you a call later and let you know?"

Either he didn't catch the hint, or he was persistent. He grabbed napkin and stole the waitress' pen, jotting down his name and number and handing it to her. Denise mentally shrugged and thanked him with a brief, unfelt smile and tucked the napkin in her purse for show.

She didn't give him the cold shoulder as they ate their respective breakfasts, but she kept the conversation light and 'safe', feeling steadily more uncomfortable with his continued interest in her. She wasn't ready to simply 'brush off' a guy yet - hell, she was having a hard enough time just handling polite conversation without blushing - but she definitely didn't feel comfortable chatting with a man who obviously found her attractive. After all, the situation was largely her fault - she'd 'flirted' with him by giving in to her urge to 'top' his style, a juvenile act that was satisfying at the time, but had repercussions. Her decision not to just blurt out her lack of interest was sort of a 'macho' thing, in a way - she realized that women had to put up with this sort of thing every day and managed to deal with it, and if she was going to spend a week as a woman she'd have to learn how to deal with it too. This was just the acid test for her polite suffering of unwanted attention until she could escape - which she did as politely as possible, paying her check and bidding Rick a cool good-bye before heading out to the car and continuing her search for a supermarket.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dammit - stop it!" Denise told her reflection angrily as she stared at herself in the bathroom mirror.

It was a little after two o'clock in the afternoon on her first day of being a woman - and she was bored. There was no denying the fact. She'd arrived home about ten-thirty and put away the groceries, then sat down and watched a little TV, really channel surfing more than

anything, as there wasn't an awful lot on. She'd made and eaten a light lunch, then again tried to find something worth watching on TV - with no luck. For the past half hour she'd wandered around the bungalow, looking for something to do.

Something to do that didn't involve going out, that was - her foray in public this morning had taken her day's worth of nerve, and she wasn't ready to face that again. It was her first day, and getting used to this body and living in it was going to take a day or two longer. So - she didn't want to go out and look for diversions in public.

So why couldn't she get Rick's offer of dinner and dancing out of her head? Not only was it a public activity - it was a date! With a man! She'd die of sheer embarrassment in the first five minutes, much less how she'd feel in a crowded nightclub with

dozens of guys seeing her, lusting after her, hitting on her - there was no way she could handle that. Maybe not anytime during the week - but definitely not tonight, her first night. It was impossible.

So why wouldn't the thought get out of her head? Ever since she'd met him, her mind had seemed to want to return to the thought of Rick, the memory of the way he looked, the way he moved...

...and she was feeling a strange sensation when she thought about him, now. She'd realized at the time that he was handsome, in a charmingly boyish way. But it had been an intellectual realization, and that was all. Yet, now, when she found her mind returning - unbidden - to the memory of him, she was feeling a strange, liquid warmth in her gut and a strange tingling in her over-sized nipples.

Despite never having felt that particular sensation before, she had a pretty good idea what it was...

...she was getting turned on by the thought of a man.

That was disturbing enough to make her decision not to go anywhere with him final - and it made her queasy. She was getting aroused by a man! But she didn't let herself dwell on the fact, having rationalized it with the knowledge that the body she wore was genetically female. Denise knew that there was chemistry involved in male/female relations, and figured that the pheromones between her and Rick were 'just right' to trigger this reaction. It was her body getting aroused by a handsome, 'suitable' man, a completely natural reaction for a female body and in no way a reflection of what her mind was thinking. It was the reason why people ended up in 'physical' relationships with people they didn't particularly like, after all, and it happened all the time. But she wasn't up to dealing with the 'simple' physical reaction that caused her to become aroused at the mere thought of a man she didn't even know.

"I'm going to put a stop to this right now." She told her reflection - her male brain speaking to her female body, both of which had completely different reactions to Rick. Her body was attracted to him physically, and she was bored - a bad combination, as it might - in a moment of weakness - make her agree to go out with him just for something to do.

So, she was going to make a preemptive strike.

Walking out to the living room, Denise dug around in her purse until she found the napkin with Rick's number on it. She found her heart was pounding a mile a minute as she picked up the phone and dialed his number, and her throat seemed dry, all the liquid being used to produce the sweat on her hands.

One ring. Two. Three...

"Y'ello?"

"Rick?" She said, trying - and failing - to calm herself. The sound of his voice not only ramped up the nervous sensation she was feeling, but - very disturbingly - revved up that unwanted hormonal reaction.

She was getting horny just talking to him. "It's me - Denise." She continued.

“Denise!” His voice carried genuine happiness at hearing her voice - which definitely didn’t help matters. “You know - I really wasn’t expecting you to call.”

‘If I wasn’t so damned tempted - physically - to take you up on your offer, I wouldn’t have.’ She thought to herself, the notion thoroughly disturbing. Out loud, she made herself sound hurt. “Hey - if I said I would call you, then that’s what I’ll do - although, in this case, I’m just calling to let you know that I really, really don’t feel like going out this evening. I just wasn’t to stay in - I can’t handle being out in public tonight.”

Why did that turn-down of Rick cause such a powerful pang in her gut? She should be overjoyed at ‘saving’ herself from going out on a date.

She shouldn’t be having these sensations in the first place - her male mind wasn’t ready to deal with female hormones. Even now, she was practically wiggling on the couch due to the warm, damp sensation in her crotch that was disturbingly pleasant in an excited, frustrating way.

“...too bad, but I understand.” Rick was saying, and Denise felt a burst of unwanted affection for Rick, who was taking the rejection so sympathetically. “You were obviously uncomfortable at the diner this morning, so I can’t say that I’m surprised to learn you’re not a real ‘public’ person. If you think staying at home tonight is what you need, then I won’t argue.”

“Thanks, Rick.” Denise said, making her good-byes and hanging up the phone. She’d just ‘locked away’ the possibility of that date by making a firm ‘non’ decision and acting on it...

...so, why didn’t she feel the relief she’d expected? Why did she feel frustrated, annoyed and somehow cheated, instead? The excitement and awe she’d felt this morning at spending a week in the body of a woman had faded to be replaced by the confusion and doubt that the reality of it engendered....

“So - get back to that happy feeling you had this morning, dumb-ass.” She told herself out loud, disgusted at the way she was acting. She was dwelling on the wrong things, that was all. She should be enjoying the differences that this vacation gave her a chance to experience, ‘playing’ with her new role as a female, pushing it as far as she felt comfortable with and seeing what life was like, not sitting beside some phone feeling like she’d made a terrible mistake after doing what was obviously the right thing.

So... how to regain that breathless, excited, only *slightly* naughty feeling of adventure she’d felt this morning? She considered it - and the answer was so blindingly obvious that she began to flush a brilliant scarlet.

No matter how it had come about - or how unwanted - she was horny. That’s what driven her to even *consider* going out tonight. So - how did anybody, man or woman, take care of a little excess arousal if they didn’t want to deal with another person. ?

Another unexpected giggle surfaced from Denise’s feminine throat at the deliciously naughty thoughts she was having - but, like the sexy underwear she was wearing under her more conservative clothes - or the male brain hidden beneath a female body, for that matter

- it was a 'private' naughtiness, a secret that only she'd know about.

Still flushing, but breathless with an excitement, Dense pulled off her boots and shimmied out of her pants. She pulled off her shirt and lay back on the large, wide couch, dressed only in the naughty red underwear, staring up at the ceiling as she thought about what she was about to do.

Closing her eyes, she let her hands move on a sort of auto-pilot, not really thinking so much as feeling, letting herself respond naturally to the arousal her female body was feeling.

Her hands started at her legs, sliding over the sheer fabric that enclosed them, and she found the sensation pleasurable on two levels - the smooth, nylon-encased expanse of her legs felt good under her hands, and the pressure of her hands felt good through her shapely new legs.

Then her hands drifted upwards, sliding past her crotch without doing more than applying a little light pressure on the inner thighs. They moved over her smooth, bare stomach, forearms crossing over each other as she moved her arms into an 'x' by the time they reached her bountiful chest, gliding her slender hands over the smooth fabric covering her globes and smiling at the decidedly pleasant sensation it created.

Pushing her elbows out, she began to fondle and massage a tit with each hand, letting her head loll to the side in pleasure as she felt what it was like to have full, firm breasts fondled and squeezed. Pushing herself up on one elbow, she used her other hand to release the catches on the back of the bra, then lay back down and slowly, teasingly pulled the garment away to expose her breasts and their rapidly swelling nipples to the air - and to her hands, which returned to their job of fondling and massaging.

Denise was surprised at just how much pleasure could be had from the round, firm mounds, and understood why women were so interested in foreplay - she hadn't even touched the center of her new sexual construction, and she was already thoroughly enjoying herself, even if she did feel like a strange sort of voyeur.

Moaning softly in relaxed pleasure, she let her hands glide downwards toward her panties. She slid her left hand into the lacy fabric and lifted to make room for her right hand...

...and the skimpy fabric tore away. Giggling slightly, Denise tossed the torn panties - which were quite damp - aside, baring her new cunt to her touch.

She began to stroke the fingers of her hand over the small mound at her crotch in a rocking motion, drawing in breath at the sensation it created. Slowly - oh-so-slowly - she began to extend her middle finger downward, applying more and more pressure on her clit as her hand glided back and forth over the outer lips of her new cunt, rapidly gathering speed.

She was moaning now, a smile on her full lips at the sensations she was creating in her new body, both similar and different from those her old body had felt during masturbation. It was too much for her to continue teasing herself - she wanted something more pretty quickly, having been growing steadily more aroused for the past few hours and lacking the patience to tease herself to the highest conceivable limits.

Gasping sharply, she slid on finger in her cunt to the hilt, felling for the first time the strange sensation of being penetrated. Moving her hips in instinctive rhythm, Denise began to drive her finger in and out of her now-sopping cunt, searching for - and finding - the position and pressure that provided the most pleasure as she finger-fucked herself.

When it came, the orgasm wasn't terribly powerful - but that, of course, is a relative term. It was still a burst of pleasure that emanated from the center of her womanhood and spread rapidly through her altered form, causing a loud gasping moan to be yanked from her throat.

She slowed her finger as she absorbed the sensation, applying a light, gently motion as she rode the quick, relatively weak sensation down. It was her first female orgasm, and she was amazed at how... comprehensive it was. A male orgasm was centered in an appendage that hung outside the rest of the body attached to the exterior of the crotch. This had been inside her body, a warm bursts of pleasure surround on all sides by firm flesh capable of receiving those signals of orgasm in a radiating sphere that left her whole body with a warm glow...

...and, incredibly, still aroused, if no longer so frantically. Unlike the hydraulic pressure of a man's orgasm, this one had taken the edge off the need, not removed the ability or desire to experience another.

Flushing at the naughty sensation that masturbating for the first time as a female had produced, she rose from the couch, noticing the wet spot on the cushion - which only caused her blush to heighten. Fleetinglly she found herself thinking that being female - so far - consisted mainly of getting used to her tits, blushing and giggling.

Which led to another giggle.

Denise flipped the sofa cushion over to hide the wet spot - although the odor of feminine musk remained strong and clear in the room - and, picking up her torn panties and discarded clothing, padded to her bedroom dressed only in a naughty pair of red stockings.

Dropping everything but the panties into the hamper, she used the dry part of the panties to wipe her wet - and sensitive - crotch and tossed them into a garbage can before sitting down on the bed and removing her nylons, adding them to the hamper. She then pulled on the bathrobe, deciding a shower was in order.

She headed into the bathroom and started the water in the tub running to allow it to reach the right temperature before stepping in and switching on the shower head. While she waited, she looked to make sure all the necessities were there for her shower.

The first item she found, under the sink, wasn't a necessity - but made her stop and think. It was a container of scented bubble bath.

Cocking her head, she grinned and - again - giggled. Reaching into the tub, she pushed the stopper into place and added a dollop of the bubble bath to the water, watching it froth and foam as it began to fill. As a man, a bubble bath would have seemed a trifle 'sissy', but he might have done it anyway. In the body of a woman, however, it would have taken an army to stop her once she'd had the idea - it fit perfectly in the excited guilty emotion she'd rekindled.

She quickly found shampoo, soap, towels...

...and a dildo, hidden behind the women's brand of conditioner where a guest wouldn't be likely to find it unless extremely nosy.

The sight of the plastic phallus made her blush all over again - but she was still rather revved up in the sexuality department, even if she didn't want to think about how she'd gotten that way.

When she climbed into the tub, it was with the medium-sized, 'flesh' colored plastic cock in hand.

Luxuriating in the warm, foamy water, Denise closed her eyes and began to let her free hand roam over the wet, slightly slick surface of her breasts, half in and half out of the foamy water.

Letting her mind wander and 'feel' whatever it wanted, she was shocked at the thought that came into her mind...

...but it didn't stop her from acting on it. Slowly, she brought the hand that held the dildo up to her mouth, pressing the tip of it against her full lips. She hesitated a second, then slid the dildo into her mouth, her full lips closing around it.

The heat in her belly exploded into an inferno as she began to give the plastic dick a 'blow-job', finding the skills she needed already in her mind as she licked and sucked the dildo energetically, stunned by the sheer sexual arousal the act caused. Under her other hand, her nipples went hard as rocks as she fondled and squeezed her tits passionately, moaning around the dildo she was pistoning in and out of her mouth.

She could take it any longer - in one swift movement, she swept the dildo from her mouth with a lurid sound and plunged it into the tub... and into her cunt.

She bit back a scream as the dildo filled her hot, wet cunt, and she began to masturbate furiously, her highly sensitized flesh sending waves of pleasure through her as her body writhed and bucked in the up, sending water splashing everywhere as she fucked her brains out with the dildo.

She was shocked and horrified by the force of her need - but she couldn't have stopped if her life depended on it. It was as if she was possessed, another mind in control of the body, and she fucked herself hard with the dildo, not wanting to but needing to.

"Oh... God..." She moaning in intensely guilty pleasure as she fucked herself. She knew she was horny - but she'd never realized that she'd lose control like this if she gave into that lust. Even as she creamed as a powerful orgasm ripped through her body, she found herself not caring about it - she was alone and horny and she could fuck herself if she wanted to.

Gasping, she slumped in the tub, withdrawing the dildo from her now satiated cunt. She was blushing brightly at what she'd done - so vigorously and energetically - but she also felt wonderful, physically and emotionally. It was only her intellect that was having problems accepting it, and at this point she didn't care. She was in a female body for a week, a healthy female body with female hormones and desires. Since she wasn't going to have any 'real' sex, she'd have to get used to pleasuring herself. After all - this body was just reaching its sexual peak, and she could remember how often she'd jacked off her male body when it



was at it's peak in her late teens. She should have seen this.

It also explained her reactions to Rick. After all, when she'd been eighteen in her male body, almost anything turned her on. That's all it was now, and she'd need the release that masturbation would bring or she'd probably explode.

Laying the dildo aside, Denise washed herself thoroughly and climbed from the tub. Drying herself off, she hid the dildo as she let the water empty from the tub, then towed off and rapped the bathrobe about her body and headed to the bedroom.

Having accepted the nature of the feminine body she was going to be wearing for a week, Denise felt utterly fantastic in all ways. She didn't feel guilty about anything anymore, because the truth had finally hit home, and registered intellectually.

She'd been promised a vacation from herself, and when she'd thought that meant from her body. Awakening, she'd adjusted her thinking to mean that it was from her body and gender. But now she understood that it was a vacation from her life - and all the responsibilities that 'Patrick' kept in mind. If she had any urges or ideas, she could act on them freely, and not feel guilty. She could be as odd or strange or unusual as she wanted to be and not worry about what society thought about her actions - because she would only exist as Denise for a week, and wouldn't accrue any long-term consequences. She could dress in anything at all, and not have to worry about how people saw her - she could turn men down flat and not worry about it, as she didn't have to maintain her 'reputation' or 'persona'. Denise was a non-person, existing for one week only. She had no constraints at all on her, other than the loose boundaries of the law, and even that could be circumvented if she wanted. Although she really had no urge to do so, she could imagine all sorts of ways she could break the law for kicks, with no chance of her paying the price - because by the time it was figured out who'd done it, Denise wouldn't exist.

Humming to herself, feeling utterly wonderful, Denise walked into her bedroom and threw open her closet. She wasn't going out anywhere and even if had been, it wouldn't have mattered, as she couldn't care less what people thought of 'Denise' anymore. So she looked through her collection of clothing, giving into the urge to try on the sexiest, most 'taboo' outfit she could put together. It might be 'taboo' for 'Patrick' - but for Denise, nothing was out-of-the-question, as long as she felt comfortable doing it.

Having realized that, Denise felt extremely comfortable picking out a sexy little number to wear in the privacy of her own home, so she could not only feel the thrill of the previously 'forbidden' act, but so that she could enjoy the sight of a big-titted babe in a sexy outfit - even if that 'babe' was here. Her male mind wouldn't care - it's be able to appreciate the reflection in the mirror as if it were her own private porno channel, with a woman who" do whatever he wanted her to. She'd already decided that sometime during the week she'd

have to buy a mirror to mount over her bed so she could watch a sexy woman with huge tits fuck herself with a dildo - a real turn on for both her male mind and female body.

With a wicked smile, Denise dressed in the outfit she'd picked.

First to go on was a pair of nylons. They were similar in style to the red ones, but with the colors reversed - black nylons with red elastic bows at the top.

Then she pulled on the black lace garter belt and attached it to the nylons, feeling a thrill as she skipped the panties all together - she was going to be home alone tonight, and if the sight of her sexy body got her hot and bothered, there was no reason to ruin another frilly pair of panties.

She then pulled on a black bra - but this one was a little more substantial than the one of earlier that day, not only supporting her breasts, but lifting them and pushing them together, creating an awesome sight as her already firm, round tits became perfectly spherical and pressed together for maximum cleavage effect.

She then pulled on the skirt she'd chosen. It was something else - made of black leather with spandex inserts on the side, it hugged her body incredibly tight but stretched amazing far when she moved - she could spread her legs and get easy access to a cunt that was already beginning to dampen, or keep her legs together and it hid all, molding itself to her body.

A silver spandex crop-top covered the bra she wore while displaying both her fantastic cleavage and flat belly. But she was just getting started.

She did her make-up, this time with a heavy hand. Gloss red lips outlined with a darker shade. Silver-blue eye-shadow, eyeliner, mascara, blush - the works.

Likewise, her choice of jewelry was anything but subdued. Huge silver hoop earrings. A silver-and-black choker necklace. Silver bangles and bracelets one each wrist. A silver belt that matched the jewelry went onto the skirt.

Then came the item she'd found in the closet in a box on the shelf - a huge, flowing wig of hair that was black for most of the length but fading to silver at the tips - the item that had helped her choose her outfit. It was kind of 'punk', the hair flowing down her back at various lengths, with the hair at the crown shorter and sticking up. It was so 'eighties' it was almost painful - and Denise loved it.

Then came the final touch. Despite the fact that she was straying in, shoes were a necessity to complete the outfit, and she had the perfect pair.

They were platform shoes. The three-and-a-half inch platform was clear plastic, as was the ten-inch heel that wasn't quite a stiletto - a heel that thin would have snapped. But it was as slim as it could be and still bear the load, and the upper half of the shoes consisted of three silver-colored leather straps, all adjustable with silver buckles. The first sat over the bridge of the foot, the second over the back of the heel, and the third around the ankle. They were completely impractical - and perfect for the look.

One look at the reflection in the mirror - and she giggled, the sound turning into a full-fledged laugh. But it was a good laugh, a fun laugh

- it was like every Halloween she'd ever had rolled up in one, as she dressed up in the most outrageous outfit she'd ever seen, showing off a body that sported a huge, firm pair of tits.

With an exaggerated stride, Denise wiggled and swayed out of the bedroom, getting a kick out of the routine and glad she'd finally caught on - she was having more fun than she ever thought possible, and no matter how 'perverted' she decided to

get, nobody but her would ever know that it was 'Patrick Lonnigan' doing it - as long as she could live with the memory, it was okay - and this was definitely more than okay. It was a full-fledged riot.

In that get-up - and aware of being dressed like that - absolutely everything became an adventure. Making a light meal, watching TV, going to the bathroom - everything was new and exciting, colored by the outrageousness of the situation. Before long, Denise found herself working her way through a bottle of wine as she went about her routine, getting a kick out of absolutely everything, but especially in catching her reflection when she walked past any shiny surface or mirror.

About seven o'clock, she was sitting on the couch, legs up and spread as she watched TV, one hand idly rubbing her tits through the shirt and bra while the other gently stroked her crotch - not masturbating, just feeling good. She had a middling buzz on from the bottle of wine, and she was more relaxed and happy than she could recall being in a while.

Then the doorbell rang, and she yanked her hand away from her crotch with a guilty expression - then laughed at herself. The drapes were closed, and nobody could see what she'd been doing.

She wondered who was at the door as she rose, the skirt automatically pulling itself closet over her bare cunt as her legs came together.

Then she giggled, a naughty look coming into her eyes as she headed towards the front door. "Oh - I hope it's Jehovah's Witnesses..." She giggled again, reaching the front door and throwing it open, cocking her body into a come-hither pose...

...then screamed and slammed the door shut on a very confused looking Rick. She slumped against the door, her eyes wide as she crossed her hands over her body.

There was a short pause, then a very, very hesitant knock on the door. Flushing furiously, Denise opened the door a crack, keeping her body behind the barrier and just showing her face through the opening.

"Uh... maybe this was a bad idea..." Rick said, hesitantly. He was casually dressy, wearing jeans and a beige cotton shirt with a sport jacket and loafers, and in one hand he carried a bottle of champagne, with a bouquet of flowers in the other.

"What are you doing here?" Denise asked, mortified at being seen by somebody she 'knew' while dressed like this. Shocking the hell out of a complete stranger was one thing, but she already had met Rick, and she found herself terminally embarrassed.

Rick flushed, lowering his head. "When you called, I noted your phone number on Caller ID and back-tracked the address. I thought I'd surprise you... and I guess I did. I'm sorry - I should have called or something. He was blushing to, as he turned to walk away..."

Denise felt a rush of relief as he started down the steps - she could be alone with her embarrassment at being caught like this. Then something registered, and she glanced up and down the street.

No car in the driveway, or parked on the road...

“Uh... Rick?” She called through the crack in the door. “How’d you get here?” Rick looked up. “Cab. My car’s in the shop.”

Denise closed her eyes and counted back from ten. She considered running to grab the bathrobe to throw over her outfit - but the damage had already been done, hadn’t it? “Rick - come on in.”

“Maybe I shouldn’t - it was a dumb idea...”

“No, no - I insist.” Denise said, hesitantly opening the door wide enough to admit the flustered man, while keeping most of her body behind it’s protective barrier. Rick hesitantly entered the bungalow, and Denise shut and locked the door, feeling awkward and uncomfortable.

“I, uh...” She said, looking down at her outfit, trying to find words to explain the outrageous way she was dressed. When you caught somebody at home unexpectedly, you expected ‘grungies’, maybe - they’d be in their sweatpants, no make-up, wearing silly bunny slippers - that sort of thing. Not done up like some Hollywood version of an Eighties hooker.

Rick grinned a lop-sided smile. “Hey - you don’t need to explain/. You weren’t planning to go out and you weren’t expecting company. You just thought you’d play a little dress-up. Wear something at home that you’d never consider wearing out on the street - have a little fun.”

Denise blinked, amazed at the perceptive comment. “Yeah... yeah, that’s it exactly. How on earth did you know?”

Rick blushed. “Uh... I’ve been known to do something similar now and then...” He looked her up and down, slowly. “Not quite the same, but I have this pair of leather pants and this white ‘puffy’ shirt. Sometimes, when I’m home alone - well, In my own head, I’m buckle a swash better than Errol Flynn ever dreamed.”

That made Denise giggle, despite her current embarrassment, and she relaxed slightly - but not too much.

Rick continued. “I’m sorry - I shouldn’t have just dropped by. But I noticed how uncomfortable you were this morning at the diner, and you said that you didn’t want to go out tonight. Not that you were busy, not that you were ill - just that you didn’t want to go out. So, I thought...” He shrugged. “...you might enjoy some company in the comfort and privacy of your own home. Sort of ‘going out’ without actually having to leave.”

“That was awfully nice of you, Rick.” Denise said, smile wryly - it was thoughtful, and if she hadn’t been dressed like ‘Super-Hooker’, she might be a little more appreciative of the kind gesture. “But... I think I’m about as embarrassed as it’s possible to be and not actually die

from it. I... really can’t think of anything at all that would... ‘break the tension’, as it were. I wouldn’t be good company for you tonight - I couldn’t look at you without feeling embarrassed all over again, even if I were to change into the most shapeless, ultra-conservative clothes I owned. I’d still know you’d seen me like this, and that would do it. I’m sorry.”

“I understand.” Rick nodded. “Look - can I use your bathroom for a couple of minutes?”

“Sure - it’s right down that hall.” Denise gestured in the direction of the bathroom, and Rick trotted down the hallway while

she dropped to the couch, one hand covering her eyes in a gesture of embarrassment that matched her inner emotions at the situation. She felt like a complete and utter fool.

She sat there for a while, soaking up the shame at being caught like this. For an everyday woman, it would have been bad enough, and that's what Rick thought it was - he had no way of knowing that it was more, Denise feeling the shame of a man getting caught like this. Her moods were direct polar opposites - though she knew, intellectually, that she was 'free and clear', it was only in private that she was secure enough to get that incredible feeling of freedom. No matter how much she tried to argue herself otherwise, as soon as 'public' appeared, that feeling evaporated and left her feeling ashamed and confused. It was like she couldn't make up her mind - confident and fun loving and daring when alone, shy and ultra-conservative in public. And she'd been caught by 'public' while in her 'private' persona. It was as if she were two different people, a split personality - and she couldn't force herself to integrate the two, no matter how easy it seemed when she was alone and in the arms of that ecstatic feeling.

It began to dawn on her that Rick seemed to be taking an awful longtime in the bathroom, and she frowned slightly. "Rick?"

"Coming..." He called back, and her frown deepened - his usually chipper tone had become awkward and nervous. She rose from the couch, wondering what was going on...

...and Rick walked out of the hallway, and Denise's eyes went wide as she fought between shock and laughter. "What are you doing?" She spluttered, gaping at Rick.

He hadn't gone into the bathroom - he'd gone into her closet.

He was blushing furiously and standing with an awkwardness that bespoke his shame - which was understandable, considering how he was dressed. He'd put on a pair of her nylons and a floral print dress that looked utterly ludicrous on him - but nearly as ludicrous as the big blonde wig that topped his masculine face. He'd even jammed his feet into a pair of low-heeled shoes that must be a couple of sizes too small for his feet, and his ankles trembled as he struggled with balance issues.

"So..." he said, swallowing thickly. "How 'bout a movie, or dancing?"

"*What?*" She couldn't help the giggles that were welling up in her throat at the sight of him in the ridiculous, poorly-fitting outfit.

"Well... you pointed out that you wouldn't be good company tonight because every time you looked at me you'd remember being embarrassed. I realized that would apply to more than tonight, though - from now on, you'd always think of that. So..." He gestured down at himself. "Uh - I thought I'd balance the scales."

Her eyebrow shot up at that. "You let me see you in one of my dresses, then think I'd say 'hell yes, we're even - let's go get changed and go to a movie.'?"

"Not... exactly..." He said, hesitantly, his blush deepening - if that was possible. "I thought you'd get changed into

something more comfortable - then we'd go."

Denise blinked. "With you dressed in that?"

He shrugged, looking down at the floor. "Well - it would definitely make you forget your embarrassment, wouldn't it?"

She started to retort that she'd be even more embarrassed to be seen with a 'date' dressed like that - then stopped, realizing that that was probably what he was expecting. The way off the hook.

Again, the urge took her, and she couldn't resist. "Tell you what - why don't we go as we are right now?" She suggested, gesturing to the front door. "Just go out and do some dancing. Have some fun and not worry what anybody else thinks?"

Rick looked at her - and, amazingly, managed a small grin. "Sure. Sounds great."

Shaking her head at his gall in trying to bluff through, she continued her own bluff. "Okay - I'm ready. Let's go."

He began to walk towards the door, tottering atop the three inch heels. She followed behind him, waiting for him to break and admit that he hadn't meant it...

..and waited...

...and waited.

Rick opened the door and tottered down the stairs. Denise hesitated on the steps, not wanting to leave the house like this - then realized that would be his excuse for stopping. She knew he was going to stop if she didn't supply him with an excuse, so she gritted her teeth and lived with the embarrassment of walking out the door and towards the car as if she really meant to go through with this.

She unlocked the doors to her car, and he slid into the passenger seat while she slid behind the wheel...

...and she realized that he was going to tough it out as long as she was. Probably a macho thing - couldn't be the first to give in.

She sighed to herself, figuring that she'd tortured the poor guy enough, and they were more than even. She decided to let him off the hook.

"I can't go out like this - I just can't." She said. "I can't even stay at home like this. I need to get changed."

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Well - my heels are killing me. So, if you don't mind, I'll just wait here while you change."

That's when Denise finally got it through her head.

He wasn't bluffing. He was actually going to go through with this. To get a date with her, he was willing to put himself through abject humiliation - just to spend some time with her.

“Get back inside the damned house, Rick.” Denise ordered him, shaking her head in sheer amazement. “I swear, if I was seen with somebody like you right now, I’d be totally embarrassed, no matter what I was wearing. Just get inside, okay?”

Rick moved with a clarity, and soon the two ‘embarrassingly’ dressed people were safely inside the house, their humiliation viewed only by any neighbor who might have glanced out their windows at the right(wrong) moment.

“I swear - I don’t know what it is with you.” Denise told Rick, shaking her head. “Mama McLaughlin’s boy is just plain crazy, you know that?”

Rick blushed. “I’m sorry - but there’s just something about you that... drive me to it.”

Denise felt a blush rising in her, but refused to let Rick know that there was something about him that affected her, too.

She was, literally, saved by the bell. The phone trilled, and although there was an extension right there, she used it as a pretext to excuse herself and go into the kitchen where she could regain her composure.

“Hello?” She asked, picking up the phone.

“Mr. Lonnigan? Thank God you haven’t done something impulsive.” The voice at the other end said, shocking her. “I am so, so very sorry - I just discovered it, or I would have called immediately. I’m so sorry - this has never happened before, and I don’t know what...”

“Richardson?” Denise said, connecting the voice with it’s owner. “What the hell are you babbling on about.”

There was a short pause, then - in a surprised voice - “Mr. Lonnigan? You’re... not upset? At waking up in a woman’s body?” Denise’s heart skipped a beat. “hold on - you’re telling me that this was a mistake? That I’m in the wrong body?”

“you... you mean you thought that was the body we’d picked for you?” Richardson asked, sounding startled. “You.. you’re not... surprised?”

Denise had to stifle a grin. “I was shocked as hell when I woke up - but since I thought this was the body the battery of test picked, I gave it a try... and it’s not that bad. Confusing and embarrassing at times, but... I can’t honestly say that it’s enough to get me upset by. It’s definitely a vacation from myself, no matter how it came about.” She was bemused at the thought it was a mistake - she’d been ‘enjoying’ portions of being female on the assumption that, deep down in her mind, that’s what she’d wanted. Well, in a way, she guessed that she did - only the tests hadn’t shown it after all. It had taken a mistake to show her that spending time as a woman could have it’s own virtues, even if it was awkward.

Richardson sighed. “Thank God, Mr. Lonnigan. I only hope that the person who was supposed to get that body is as forgiving - we haven’t been able to reach her yet. She’d probably still trying to cope with wearing the body we meant to give you - a male one, of course.”

“That could be it.” Denise agreed, still bemused. “So - this was some woman’s fantasy - to have tits the size of beach-balls? I mean - otherwise, this body isn’t anything spectacular.”



Richardson cleared his throat. "Actually, she didn't specify the body at all. She was - is - rather sexually repressed by her upbringing, and wanted to experience a week of something sexual." There was a long pause, then... "Actually - I guess I should tell you that the body you're wearing was actually designed to be attractive to you."

Denise blinked. It certainly was, but if it wasn't supposed to be hers, then why... "What?"

"Umm... Well, see, we couldn't really guarantee a sexual week with a 'normal' person - so we cheated. We didn't think you'd mind, and we couldn't tell you because it would screw up things if you knew about it - we wanted 'natural' reactions. All we did was put both of you in the same general location, then 'tinker' with your respective body chemistries to produce an incredibly strong attraction to one another, if and when you met. We figured that you'd both enjoy it, without ever knowing that the other was another changee."

"You were going to turn me into the stud muffin for a complete stranger?" Denise asked, amazed - but not upset. If things had worked out, then he would have been in a male body and would have enjoyed meeting by 'chance' a woman he found incredibly attractive and who would find him equally so. It would have been... interesting.

Richardson cleared his throat. "Actually - you aren't exactly strangers... it was the coincidence of it that kind of decided us to go this way."

"What coincidence?" Denise asked, frowning in confusion.

"Well... when you announced to your staff that you were taking some time off and that they could go on vacation, your executive secretary ended up in our offices. She'd be the one who wanted 'something sexual', as she couldn't really bring herself to do anything in her 'real' life."

Denise giggled at the thought that she was wearing the body that was designed for Miss Denholme. His executive secretary was an extraordinarily efficient woman about his own age, and the definitive old maid. A stick-like body, flat as a board. Gray hair in a tight bun, thick glasses, ultra-conservative clothes, prim-and-proper British upbringing - no wonder why Rhianna Denholme wanted to...

Denise's eyes went wide. "No.. it couldn't be..." She whispered. "Excuse me?" Richardson asked over the phone, not quite catching it.

"What... what name did you pick for my new body - the one I was supposed to get?" Denise asked, her throat dry. "Rick McLaughlin." Richardson replied.

Denise stared at the far wall in shock.. then began to giggle. The giggle quickly moved into a full-fledged laugh. "Mr. Lonnigan?" Richardson asked, confused.

"Don't worry about contacting Miss Denholme." Denise said into the phone, still giggling. "She doesn't realize there's a mistake either, and seems to be enjoying the gender swap. Telling her would only ruin it."

"How..?" Richardson started - then realized that they'd set up the situation so the two transformed people would meet.

Richardson had assumed that they'd spent the day inside their respective homes, in shock - but if they'd accepted the change...

"You met her?" Richardson said in amazement.

"*Met* her?" Denise giggled. "She'd in the living room right now - she'd been hitting on me all day." "You're *kidding!*"

"Nope - and I gotta go. Can't keep my guest waiting." Denise said with a smile, hanging up the phone before Richardson could reply. She felt the urge to laugh gleefully well up again.

She'd spent all day worried about her inexplicable attraction to a man, fearing it meant there as something 'wrong' with her. But, it not only turned out that that intense physical attraction was artificial (the emotional one was real enough) - but it was an attraction to a person who was a man as much as she was a woman - in other words, the exact opposite gender as her - and 'he' had no idea what was going on. No wonder why Rick was pursuing her so strongly - he thought that this was his sexual fantasy, and was doing his damndest to live it out.

It also explained why he'd been willing to go out in women's clothing - it hadn't been nearly as embarrassing as Denise thought it was. Sure, it was pretty bad, as Rick knew he no longer had the body to wear such clothing, but...

But...

With a wicked grin on her face, Denise left the kitchen, letting herself sway sensuously atop her heels.

Rick had taken off the dress and accessories and was wearing her bathrobe as he held his pile of clothing. He'd gotten changed in the bathroom, and his pants and shirt were wet from the water that had sloshed out of the tub during her masturbation. As she stepped out of the kitchen, he was looking at the floor, obviously still upset at having seen her in an 'embarrassing' situation and not being able to set it right.

"Look, Denise - if I can steal your dryer and you patience long enough to get my clothes dry, I'll get out of you hair..." He said in a sad tone.

"Oh, no - you're not getting away that easy. You still owe me, big time."

The tone of voice she used - dripping sensuality - snapped Rick's head up in shock, and he stared at Denise, who was standing in a seductive, easy pose - he was seeing her completely comfortable for the first time since meeting her. More then comfortable, actually.

"Huh?" He stammered, stunned and confused.

She smiled naughtily. "You're not leaving this house until I tell you to. Now sit down and open the champagne, handsome - I think a drink is in order."

Stunned, Rick did as she instructed, while she glided sensuously over to the couch and sat down beside him, smiling at him.

Learning that Rick was actually a woman in man's body had completely and utterly changed Denise's viewpoint. There

was now no 'pervasion' involved, as everything matched, gender wise - male mid attracted to a female body, male body attracted to a female mind, and vice versa. But there was even more than that - it was related to the urge that had caused her to pull the stunts she'd already pulled on Rick. She now knew - for a fact - that he was extremely uncomfortable with these sexual urges, but pushing ahead anyway - not knowing how it was going to turn out. He had no way of knowing, of course, that the 'woman' he was pursuing understood exactly the situation he was in - and determined to have some fun with him.

Quite a lot of fun, actually.

Denise sipped at the champagne while giving Rick a smoldering look that caused him to wriggle nervously in place, wondering what had gotten into her. She now understood that one of the reasons he'd pursued her - aside from the implanted lust, of course - was that she'd been obviously non-aggressive about being female, making it easier for him to deal with. This, however - this was something else, and Rick was obviously as nervous as a virgin. Which, technically, he was, never having 'done it' with a woman before.

She set aside the glass with a wicked smile. "That's pretty good - but it's not quite what I wanted."

"Oh?" Rick asked, innocently - his eyes widened as Denise's fingers stroked against the fabric over his crotch, tracing the outlines of his rigid - and quite large cock.

"This... is what I want." Denise said in a husky voice, sliding off the couch and to her knees in front of him, pulling open the robe to expose his large, thick cock.

"I..." Rick said, blushing. But that was as far as he got as Denise smiled, bent her head and enveloped his cock with her gloss-red lips.

She felt no shame or embarrassment as she began to suck on the head of the cock filling her mouth as her hand worked the shaft. What she was doing was no worse than what she'd done in the tub - in fact, it was kind of a dual masturbation, as this was the cock she was supposed to have had., there was nothing wrong with her using her new skills to give it an incredible blow-job, and there was definitely nothing wrong with the raging furnace it lit in her belly as she slurped away at the throbbing organ, one hand rubbing the shaft while the other played with his balls.

In short order, Rick gasped and moaned as he came for the first time as the result of getting blown, and Denise eagerly gulped down the thick, warm liquid that gushed from his cock in a seemingly never-ending stream, enjoying the rich, salty taste of the cum as if

flooded her mouth. She knew that her enjoyment of the taste was because her body had been designed to find it fantastic - but that in no way diminished the actual pleasure she received from sucking off a hard, thick cock. Her body had been built for it, after all - she was a sucking and fucking machine who would receive intense pleasure from any sexual act, and she was determined to get that pleasure - revel in it, as a matter of fact. Especially since the body she was using as a foil to her own was the male counterpart of hers, designed to also receive incredible pleasure from sexual contact, especially with her.

Rising, she licked her lips and smiled down at a stunned Rick.

“You said something earlier about dancing? She asked in a voice that was hungry, her cunt already hot and wet from the ‘foreplay’ of the blowjob. With a sexy glide, she walked over to the stereo and brought it to life, finding a station that provided a song with a driving beat.

Then she began to strip for Rick.

Swaying with the music, she began to walk around the room as if it were center stage at a strip club, and she was putting on a private show. She slowly peeled off her top, exposing her bra-clad tits, and she fondled them through the fabric as she smiled at Rick, then let her hands slide down her body and fondle some other parts of her before returning to her huge, sensitive mounds.

Walking up to Rick, she leaned forward.

“Help out a girl with a problem?” She asked in a sexy/innocent voice, wiggling her torso so that her tits jiggled in front of his face. Stunned, Rick reached up and unclasped her bra, letting it drop free to expose her huge mounds...

...which she promptly ground against his face, enjoying the sensation, She then slid downward and kissed him passionately as she slid her skirt off, revealing her cunt, which was literally dripping. She knew that she could have teased him longer - but she wanted satisfaction, and what she’d done was enough to get him hard again.

Swinging her nylon-clad legs around to straddle him, she lifted herself to her knees on the couch, facing him, and impaled herself on his hard, throbbing cock.

They moaned in unison as she drove herself atop of him, pounding out a rhythm for pleasure as she tossed her head at the incredible sensations running through her body. the wig fell from her head, but she didn’t even notice as she rode Rick, who had gotten over being stunned and was cooperating fully with her fuck-fest.

Because she’d just sucked him off, it took him longer to cum - and it was perfect, because she wanted to orgasm herself and this made it possible. In fact, it made it much more than possible..

She screamed as she came, finding the initial blast of pure ecstasy followed by two more almost as strong before the began to taper off, her whole body shuddering with her first multiple orgasm, The orgasm caused her cunt muscles to contract around his cock, and that was enough to push him - screaming - over the edge, and he gushed his seed into her.

Smiling, she remained impaled on his slowly softening cock and brought his hands up to fondle her tits as she leaned forward and kissed him passionately. She enjoyed it thoroughly - but looked forward to spending the next week experimenting with him to find out the

most pleasurable way of...

..of doing everything.

She also found herself wondering when she was going to let him in on her little secret...

\* \* \* \* \*

The man Patrick had known as Richardson sat in the office, a big grin on his face. It had taken everything he had- but his plan had finally come to fruition.

William Winthorp was about to make it to the big times.

He still couldn't believe his good fortune. He'd spent years toadying up to that damned asshole Lonnigan, playing the close friend while scheming endlessly to get a piece of the pie for himself. Sure, he'd had a good chunk of money himself, but it had been nothing next to Patrick's fortune, and he'd wanted it all. But it had seemed out of his reach...

...until a half-crazed scientist had come to his door, begging money for his project. Billy had listened with disbelief, but the scientist had been able to prove the theory behind it - he just needed the money to make it a reality.

Billy hadn't had anything close to the amount needed for the project - but as soon as he'd seen it, he'd understood what could be done with it, and had managed to get the money. He didn't actually own the device and procedure - not yet - and needed to come up with the money to cover the loans in less than sixty days, or it would revert to the lenders, who had been kept in the dark about its true design. Once they had it, though, they'd realize what it was and they'd make the fortune off its patents and sales, not him.

But that would never happen - because, in a few minutes, he'd finally get his hands on more than enough money to cover the debt - and he'd add to that fortune when he was the one to exploit this revolutionary new technology.

It had been a stroke of genius, his plan. It was perfect. Right now, old Patrick and Rhianna were probably frantic, trying to track down Richardson to end their 'vacation, not realizing that they were trapped in their new bodies for life. At least they were young and healthy, but Billy figured that would be small consolation to them, though.

It probably wouldn't take them long to find out that their 'real' identities were now six feet under. Billy had grinned when he'd taken their 'old' bodies - technically brain dead at the time - and positioned them in a cheap hotel room as if in the throes of passion. The M.E. had come to the 'obvious' conclusion that they'd suffered near simultaneous strokes while making love, and they'd been buried a few feet apart in Westlawn cemetery.

With the death of Patrick, his personal fortune reverted to Billy - which was good. But even better was the fact that with his executive secretary gone, his corporate holdings also went to Billy - which was better.

But the best part of it was the fact that 'Billy Winthorp' had died a day later - and he'd left everything to his 'secret' illegitimate son, William Richardson.

So - he had youth, health and now fortune. Life was very, very good - and that dumb ass probably would never figure out the truth, spending the rest of 'her' life trying to figure out how she'd ended up trapped in the body of a woman. It was deliciously perfect.

Billy's head turned as the door to the office opened and the accountant entered the room, bringing with him the final tally

of his new fortune. Savoring the moment, Billy stretched out and put his feet up on the desk.

“So - just how rich am I?” He asked, waiting for the answer with a serene smile...

\* \* \* \* \*

The men on the beach watched with open mouthed stares as the water along the surf-line broke apart, and a goddess rose from the waves.

Water streamed down her firm, athletic body, tanned a glorious golden hue and hardly hidden by the tiny yellow bikini she wore. Her huge tits swayed as she walked from the water with a sensual grace, crossing the sand with a smile, and the men watched with envy as she sank down on a towel beside a handsome, equally tanned man soaking up the sun.

“Mmmm.. the water’s great.” Denise said, stealing a kiss from her new husband. “This is the perfect place for a honeymoon - two months in the Bahamas. I love it.” She giggled. “I still can’t believe it, though.”

“What?” Rick asked, propping himself up on an elbow and running a hand over his new wife’s smooth, taut thigh. “That you’re a woman and married?”

“That too...” She agreed with a grin. “But I was actually talking about your little scam, stud. I don’t believe that I’m actually grateful that you decided to rip me off, and stole my corporate and personal fortunes and funneled them to Swiss bank accounts!”

Rick laughed. “I couldn’t believe I was doing it, myself. But when I found out that I was getting a new body - and, remember, I thought it was going to be a young female body - it seemed like the perfect idea. Steal a fortune, get a disguise that no-one would ever break, and get a chance to live my life over again. The only part I regretted was that I was stealing from you - but now, even that’s gone. Everything I own is your... again.”

Denise smiled. “Yeah. Having our old bodies found dead just helps clean up the loose ends - although I wish I knew how that came about.”

“Oh, I have a pretty good idea.” Rick said with an answering grin. “I never did trust Billy Winthorp - and some well-paid private investigators bore out my suspicions. Especially since he ‘died’ a day after ‘us’ - leaving it all to a certain Mr. Richardson.”

Denise giggled. “God - I wish I could see his face when he finds out that he ended up with absolutely nothing - just the hollow shell of the business.”

Rick pulled an exaggerated expression. “Actually, I wouldn’t say I left him with nothing.”

“Oh?”

Rick smiled wickedly. “Well, I didn’t know about the Richardson-Winthorp connection at the time, but I did know that Winthorp was up-to- his-ears in debt to some very unsavory people. So, I made an arrangement with the machine’s creator before I left. If he wants to avoid getting killed - and they’ll kill Richardson as the heir as easily as they would have done Winthorp

- he can get one body-swap. I started a clone growing for him that should be just about ready - but if he doesn't act fast, he'll lose it when the lab is repossessed."

Denise frowned. "I don't get it."

Rick smiled. "Simple - he can choose. A short, frightened life with some hitmen on the trail - or he can take the body I left for him. the female body. The one that makes you look flat-chested and has the hyper-hormonal system to qualify as a true nymphomaniac."

Denise broke out in laughter at the sheer poetic justice of it all, and wondered which Billy would pick.

\* \* \* \* \*

The crowd filling the Las Vegas auditorium was raucous as the emcee stepped back up to the mike, looking at the figure he held in his hand.

"And the Adult Movie Award for best new performer of two-thousand and one goes to.... Billi Bodacious, the Blonde Bombshell. !"



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: A former male wakes up to discover that he has gone through MTF surgery and has been given his fondest wish for Valentine's Day.**

## Valentine's Day Gift

**By Gunslinger**

It was the rich, aromatic scent of coffee that finally pierced the final veil of sleep and hauled Jason the rest of the way to



full wakefulness.

With a yawn, Jason let his eyes flutter open - and then he blinked in confusion at the sight of his best friend, David, standing at the edge of the bed, holding a tray in his broad, tanned hands.

"Morning, sleepy-head." Dave said, grinning easily. "Happy Valentine's day! Here - I brought you breakfast in bed."

To say Jason was thoroughly confused would be a massive understatement. Though he and Dave were the best of friends, it was hardly the type of friendship that would call for a Valentine's day breakfast in bed - especially when it wasn't Valentine's day.

"What the heck is going on...?" Jason asked, fuzzily, even as he instinctively reached for the steaming mug giving off that enticing scent...

...and then he stopped dead, all sleep chased away as his eyes widened in horrified realization of what his eyes and ears were reporting.

The sight of long, pink-painted nails tipping each finger of a hand whose wrist disappeared under the ruffled cuff of a salmon-colored silk nightgown.

The sound of a slightly husky but undeniably feminine voice emerging unbidden from his throat.

"Oh, shit!" Jason gasped - and was stunned to hear that the 'en femme' voice emerged again, even though he wasn't consciously trying to use it.

"I.. I can explain..." Jason stammered, trying desperately to deepen his traitorous voice as he scrambled up in the bed. "This isn't what it looks like...!"

"Oh, yes it is..." Dave said, chuckling, as Jason scrambled to cover his femininely-clad body, and the figure-faking padding underneath...

...except that prosthetic foam and latex padding wasn't supposed to feel like what Jason was feeling.

"Relax, Jasmine." Dave said, putting the breakfast tray down on the bed-side table. "I know things seem a little... strange. I can explain everything."

Jason stared at his friend in horror at hearing the 'en femme' name, part of the deepest, most closely held secret in his life, emerging from Dave's mouth.

"How... What...?" Jason gasped, hands roaming over the silk covering a body much more sensitive than it should have been. "What's going on! Why... Why do I have... tits!"

"Because you spent a good chunk of money on the hormones and implants, that's why." Dave said, with a chuckle.

"What?" Jason said, shaking his head. "No... I, I wouldn't... I mean, that's... perverted..."

"Calm down, Jasmine - it's all okay." Dave said, making 'settle down' motions with his hands. "You don't remember - but you're all woman now. You've 'come out', had the operation... almost a year ago."

"But... but... but..." Jason - Jasmine - stuttered... and then fell into a wide-eyed silence, not knowing what to say.

Dave chuckled again at the expression on his best friend's face.

"Relax, Jazz - it's all part of your Valentine's Day gift." He explained. "A gift from a friend who, after a *leee-tle* bit of trouble dealing with the fact that his best friend was really a woman trapped in a man's body, finally managed to get his head on straight."

"Gift...?" Jasmine said, stunned.

"Yup." Dave agreed, nodding. "We spent several hours last night with a hypno-therapist, arranging to have your conscious memory of the past two years suppressed - just for today, so that you can experience today as if it were your first day as a woman... without any of the discomfort that comes during recovering from Sexual Reassignment Surgery."

Jasmine couldn't think of a damned thing to say to that. All she could do was stare. Now Dave began to blush.

"You've, um... been expressing a certain, um... *interest* in me over the past year or so." Dave said, his color deepening. "I... let it interfere with our friendship. Well, for today at least, you won't remember those awkward times... and, uh, I've decided that, um..."

His blush was now a neon shade of red - but he met her eyes steadily, one eyebrow raised in wordless completion of his offer.

She blushed back.

"Well, um..." Dave said, reaching for the tray. "I made you breakfast in bed, and..."

"Oh, no you don't." Jasmine blurted out, shocking herself with her forwardness - but unable to stop herself, not after 'suddenly' finding her long-time dreams come true. "You don't make an offer like that, and then offer me breakfast."

Dave blinked - and his fading blush returned full force. "You mean " He stammered. "Now?"

Throwing the covers aside, she reached out and grabbed his hand, all-but-yanking him down on the bed beside her.

"Here." She said, firmly. "Now."

He swallowed nervously - then, slowly, began to smile, his eyes drifting to take in the all-feminine figure beneath the silken coverings.

She glanced down as well - seeing a sight that was both familiar and strange.

Her legs were smooth shaven, as they'd been back in the days when she'd only worn long pants to hide the fact that she was 'femming it up' when nobody could see it. Now, however, they weren't the shaved legs of a man who liked to pretend he was

female, but of a woman who was as feminine as modern medical science could make her - right down to the firm breasts pushing out the fabric of her nightgown, a pair of ripe DD-cuppers that were firm and round.

Breasts that were no longer foam padding in a bra, but real, and sensitive. Breasts that she wanted Dave's hands to touch freely, to caress and squeeze.

Breasts that she wanted Dave to treat the way he'd treat any woman's breasts - just as she wanted him to treat her as he'd treat any other woman.

"I am all woman now, Dave..." Jasmine said, her voice huskier than usual as she slid closer to him on the bed. "All woman... and all yours, if you'll have me..."

Dave hesitated - then, hand trembling, gently reached over and lay it atop one knee.

"Yes, David..." She urged him, leaning to press her body against his. "Don't stop, David - touch me. Caress me..."

Slowly, Dave slid his hand higher up on her leg, feeling the silky-smooth flesh glide under his questing hand as he caressed her taut thighs, moving his hand back and forth, but each stroking repetition getting closer to the hem of her silk nightgown.

"Yes..." She moaned, feeling his warm body, his warm touch. Eagerly, aggressively, she reached over and grabbed his other hand, guiding it to press firmly against the thin fabric covering her firm breasts. "Touch me, Dave - make me feel like a real woman..."

Dave's hand momentarily tightened over her ripe, full breast - and then he let go of both her breast and her leg, and she felt a momentary pang of despair...

...and then it turned into excitement as he used those hands to grip the hem of her nightgown and - with a moment of assistance from Jasmine as she lifted her full buttocks and raised her arms - pulled it up and off her body.

"Oh yeah..." Dave said, grinning as he eyed her smooth, soft flesh. "You are definitely all woman, Jazz..."

"Yes..." She said, in a sort of awed wonder as she let her hands caress the softly firm flesh of her new breasts... and then she slid down to the smooth flesh surrounding the womanhood nestled between her silken thighs. "Yes, I am..."

Then she smiled brightly - and let her eyes wander over the firmly muscled figure of her best friend - and long and secretly lusted over dream-man.

"I'm all woman..." She said, reaching over and beginning to unbutton Dave's pants. "...and you're all man. Doesn't that sort of suggest something...?"

"It sure does..." He agreed, hurriedly pulling off his t-shirt as she finished undoing his pants and slid them, and the underwear underneath, down, revealing his lean, hard body.

With a smile, he put his hands to good use, reaching over to slide them over the smooth and feminine flesh of his best

friend, reveling in the softly feminine curves that unrolled under his questing hands - while she reveled in the questing hands that roamed over her feminine curves.

"Yes, Dave - yes...!" She said, feeling her body tremble with desire. "Make love to me, Dave - make me feel like a woman. Make me feel like **your** woman."

"Oh, well..." Dave said, a husky tone belying the mockingly thoughtful voice he was trying for. "If I **have** to..."

She grinned - and pulled away from him.

"Not yet..." She whispered, huskily. "This is our first time. Let's do it right..."

Grinning wickedly, she slipped away from him - while he stared at her, his erection looking slightly ludicrous considering the bemused expression on his face.

"Just wait..." She said, walking over to the closet. "It'll be worth it - I promise..."

Her closet was a walk-in - and she turned on the light and slipped inside, closing the door behind her.

Alone in the bedroom, unobserved, Dave relaxed slightly - well, most of him did, anyway. Another part of him remained quite rigid as he grinned to himself, thoroughly enjoying the little game he was playing, and wondering how, exactly, Jasmine was going to react to the end of this naughty little game he'd rigged.

Quickly, he glanced around, glad that his memory hadn't failed him - the bedroom looked exactly as it should for the story he'd concocted - or, at least, close enough that Jasmine hadn't noticed anything unusual.

Well - it wasn't as if he'd given her much chance to ogle the décor - exactly as he'd planned.

As he metaphorically patted himself on the back for his meticulous planning and flawless execution of this little surprise, the door to the walk-in closet swung open again...

...and David rose, a certain part of his anatomy doing so faster than the rest of him.

The look Jasmine had gone for was pure 'cheap slut' - and she pulled it off with aplomb.

"I see you like it..." She said, openly ogling his erection as she struck 'the oldest pose' - her weight on one leg, the other slightly advance and bent slightly at the knee, her hands planted on her canted hips and her chest thrown out to emphasize the firm domes of her breasts.

It wasn't just the pose, however - but her eclectic choice of clothing. All in bright red.

A bright-red lace corselet that left her breasts bare - but by following the double-curve of her firm bust, emphasizing them more than if she'd been completely naked.

A matching garter belt held up the fire-engine-red nylon stockings that emphasized the curves of her smooth legs - and left the neatly trimmed patch of hair surrounding her womanhood bare, the triangle of red lace from the belt and garters creating

a 'look-at-me!' effect that drew the eye from the out-thrust breasts to the bare womanhood...

...only to have the eye drawn to the red-clad legs that were further enhanced by the extreme sky- scraper heels of the red platform pumps she wore.

All of which perfectly matched the flame-red curls of her long, wavy hair, setting off the pale, milky flesh of her smoothly feminine body.

"Do I look smutty enough, my hung stud...?" She said, walking closer to him - with a wild bit of hip- action, swinging, swaying, wiggle-jiggle that, objectively, was over-done to the point of being caricature...

...but was good enough for Dave, who wasn't in the frame of mind to be critical.

"Of course..." She said in a wicked tone that matched her smile. "There's something else I could do to enhance my 'slut' look..."

...and then, as she came to a stop in front of him, she slowly and sensuously slid down, her hand reaching out and gripping his knees. As she gently spread them apart, she slid smoothly down into place between his muscular legs, the wicked smile on her blood-red lips growing wider as she assumed a position that left absolutely no doubt as to her intentions.

"Oh!" Dave said - and then, as her slender hands reached out, one encircling the base of his cock, the other gently cupping his balls, "Oh..."

Licking her lips lasciviously, Jasmine gave him a salacious wink - and then opened her lips wide, and eagerly engulfed his hard, throbbing cock with her warm, wet, willing mouth.

"Oh, god !" Dave gasped, as her tongue slid in a smooth swirl over his highly sensitive head, while

the hand caressing his balls tightened and loosened rhythmically. As she began to bob her head, her lips gliding over his vein-ridged shaft, her other hand picked up the opposing rhythm, matching the pace and pressure of her mouth as she displayed an amazing skill at sucking cock.

"Oh, baby, yeah " Dave gasped, his original wide-eyed expression fading into a closed-eye look of

bliss as she lapped, sucked and licked at his rigid tool, hands and mouth working in willing cooperation. "Ohhhh... yeaahhhh "

Jasmine slurped and sucked all the harder - fulfilling a long-held dream, one that had existed when this particular act was the only one she would have been capable of performing on Dave, if he would have permitted it.

Well, he certainly had no objections now...

...just an erection, one that filled her mouth with it's warm, throbbing length and it's salty, musky favor, while what couldn't fit in her eagerly bobbing mouth filled her hands.

Though it was physical versus emotional, it would have been a toss-up as to who was enjoying the blow-job more.

Caught up in the emotional satisfaction of what she was doing, it never occurred to Jasmine to wonder just when or how she'd become such an expert cock-sucker...

...or on who.

Indeed, if she'd been paying a little less attention to what she was doing, and a little more on the effect it was causing, she might have noticed the fact that her exquisite skills didn't seem to come as the least bit of a surprise to Dave - but she didn't, and so he enjoyed the phenomenal blow-job with uninhibited pleasure.

She worked on with skills she shouldn't have had - to a conclusion that was inevitable.

"Oh, oh... I'm cumming...!" Dave gasped, his body twitching in pleasure - and then one, hard spasm as he pumped his load deep down her eager, waiting throat.

She let the thick, salty load gush down without so much as missing a beat - and continued lapping, sucking and slurping a way.

Gasping and writhing, Dave jittered and swayed at the incredible sensations coming from his post- orgasmically sensitive head as she continued her work.

His cock barely even had time to begin to soften before her eager, skillful ministrations caused it to go as rigid as rock again.

"There.." She said, wickedly, as she licked the end of his cock one last time before pulling her mouth free for good. "That should make you last a nice, long time..."

She not-to-gently shoved on his shoulders, urging him to lay back on the bed.

"I'm on top..." She said, eyes sparkling, "and I'm gonna love you *loong* time, sailor."

Dave didn't even think of resisting. Instead, he lay back eagerly and let her slide up on the bed above him, her legs straddling as she grinned down at him, a light sheen of sweat covering her body and creating new highlights across the curved of her breasts and waist.

"Let's do it, baby..." She said, huskily. Reaching down, she grabbed the base of his hard cock as she shimmied herself into position above him - and then plunged herself down onto his hard, throbbing cock.

"Oh, god - yes!" She screamed, eyes going wide as felt the sensation of being filled for the first time

- or, at least, what seemed to be the first time, at least to her retarded memory. "Oh, god - that feels spectacular!"

It felt as good, emotionally, as it had to suck his cock - but it felt much more pleasurable, physically, then it had to simply lick-a-dick.

It felt spectacular. It felt wonderful. It felt...

...fulfilling.

That was just the initial surge of pleasure she felt as her moist, surgically-created walls slid down over his hard cock.

It didn't even hold a candle to what it felt like as she began to thrust herself up and down, her leg muscles contracting and relaxing as she rode atop his throbbing cock.

"Yes, oh yes...!" She screamed. "I'm a woman! A real woman! Oh, yes - fuck yes...!"

Grunting in a sort of pleasurable pain as his highly sensitized cock was wonderfully mauled by the tightness of Jasmine's cock, Dave reached up and began fondling and squeezing the surgically perfect breasts that bounced and jiggled in front of his face as she added a back-and-forth rocking

motion to her initial up-and-down thrusting, searching for the perfect pattern to give her the most exquisitely wonderful - exquisitely **feminine** - pleasure.

All things considered, it didn't occur to her that she fell into that 'perfect groove' so easily, so quickly.

After all - when one was busy experiencing the most wonderful physical and emotional pleasure she'd ever felt, you usually didn't bother to stop and question it.

"Oh, yes, more..." She moaned, tossing her head in pleasure as she increased the rhythm and power of her thrusts, riding him hard...

...and long.

Thanks to the blow-job she'd given him, Dave wasn't even close to coming - while she was getting steadily closer with each eager, skillful thrust.

"Oh, yes - I love this...!" She moaned, thrashing atop him - without breaking the rhythmic thrusting of her hips. "I love being a woman!"

Somehow, incredibly, she managed to pick up the speed and power of her thrusting - even as the wonderfully tortured nerve-endings in her new vagina twitched, jerked and sizzled themselves right into her 'first' orgasm.

She completely abandoned any trace of coherence, and went into wordless - nearly mindless - orgasmic screaming, her body thrashing and flopping atop the hard cock that filled her tight cunt.

The cock that still wasn't ready to come yet.

The cock she continued to thrust herself upon even as the first orgasm began to fade...

...and build towards her second orgasm.



"Unnnngghhh!!!" She gave out a full-voice groaning moan, her body thrashing even more vibrantly, even more athletically, then it had during her first orgasm...

...and it was at that moment that Dave decided it was time, and amidst the pleasure thrumming through his body, gasped out a single word:

"Rosebud."

Even as Jasmine jerked and jiggled atop him in orgasmic ecstasy, a flood-gate opened in her mind, and the repressed memories were set forth by the post-hypnotic command word.

Memories of David finding out about her transgendered lifestyle...

...and supporting her, uncompromising and unquestioning. Memories of David supporting her choices.

Memories of Dave helping her.

Memories of Dave paying the bulk of the money for her surgery...

...and memories of Dave...

"We're married!" Jasmine gasped...

...as her husband thrashed and moaned beneath her, pumping his load deep into his wife's wonderful womanhood on the one-year anniversary of their marriage.

"Yeah... we're married..." He gasped, as he slumped under her. "One wonderful year of marriage."

She blinked as the memories settled themselves into a full and coherent pattern - and she giggled as she slapped him on the shoulder.

"You rat!" She said, remembering now the entire plan - the one Dave had thought up and executed, erasing her memories and then 'lying' to her about the missing years so that she could have the joy of 'the first time' all over again - when it had never happened this way the first time around, since he'd been fully supportive of her even before she was made 'all woman'.

Laughing, she slid herself down to lay entangled in her husband's arm, his softening cock still in her cunt as she kissed him soundly.

"Thank you..." She whispered, as she nibbled at his ear. "Thank you for the most wonderful present, Dave."

"Your welcome." He whispered back, holding her familiar, wonderful body tight to his sweaty form. "And... thank **you**."

She grinned with satisfaction, nuzzling his cheek... then giggled. "So - what did you make me for breakfast, anyway...?"

"Eggs Benedict." He said, shrugging. "I think they've gone cold, though..."

"Well then..." She said, slipping herself off his manhood - and reaching down to lightly begin stroking his damp cock. "I

guess there's no hurry to eat it, is there..."

As Dave gasped, and his cock slowly began to stir anew, almost despite itself, his wife leaned over and whispered in his ear:

"Happy Valentine's Day..." THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: Failing to heed his warning, a curse transforms a macho twenty-one year on his birthday into a sweet sexy young woman looking for her man.**

## A Very Mary Christmas

**By Gunslinger**

Head down and wide, rugged shoulders scrunched inwards against the cold Chicago wind that beat against the broad back of his jacket, Gary Donnelley was hurrying through the darkened alleyway when the first pain hit.

Not many would have taken the risks inherent in such a short-cut. Night came fast and hard in December, and no light seeped into the narrow roadway between the two-story tall brick walls that flanked it. Gary, however, couldn't have cared less if the alley held a mugger in it's dim depths - indeed, part of him almost hoped it did. At a very well-muscled six-foot-four, the twenty-one year old was one of those who kept the stereotype of a 'fiery red-head' alive, always right on the edge of letting his fury explode on the smallest of excuses.

The single greatest factor in his 'lone wolf' lifestyle wasn't the extremely short fuse of his volcanic temper - it was how incredibly willing he was to supply that spark of ignition himself. Even hunched against the cold winter wind, Gary moved with that same, arrogantly powerful stride that announced his willingness to do battle with anyone, anywhere, at any time.

For all that, Gary wasn't ready for the burst of pain that assaulted him. It came out of nowhere and hit him like a two-by-four in the guts - one minute, he was walking along in a fulminating stew a little more volatile than normal, and then next, it felt as if somebody had snapped up his intestines in a vise-grip, and was slowly drawing them tighter.

With a grunt of hard-exhaled air, Gary stumbled and went down to his knees - hard.

His **fourth** thought, quite a deliberately formed one, was that the 'lousy' bar food from the local pub had finally gotten to him - though, he'd never had any problem with the food before.

The three thoughts that preceded it were, in order: That it was December twenty-second, his birthday: that it was his twenty-first such birthday, and; that it would be just about midnight in Greenwich, England.

It was to these three thoughts that he'd forced himself to think the fourth, and he was holding firmly in the fore-front of his consciousness like a shield - and then the second bolt of pain hit him in his groin and dragging him forward onto his hands and knees.

"God... damn... it...!" Gary gasped, the twin pain in gut and nuts worse than anything he'd felt in the hundreds of fights he'd been in - mostly at his own insistence. "I.. do **not**... believe in... curses!"

As if triggered by his defiant words, the pain suddenly 'flash burned' throughout his entire body, searing each and every nerve ending in his body in a single second...

...and then vanished.

Gasping, shivering in the grip of the chill running through his sweat-slicked body, Gary staggered upright and slumped against the rough brick wall for support.

"See...?" He snorted at the universe at large. "There's no such thing as a 'curse'. It's all a load of bullshit!"

Scorn laced his voice even more than the Irish accent he'd tried so assiduously to erase, attempting to escape his Irish heritage, mentally, as completely as he'd escaped physically to America.

Shaking his head, the broad-shouldered red-head took a single step forward...

...and then gasped, throwing out a hand to brace himself against the wall again as a strange, wrenching sensation occurred in his lower back - and he found his ass thrusting outwards and upwards in spite of his attempt to keep his now-curved spine straight.

"This isn't happening." He announced, angrily, to an uncaring universe. He stumbled a few steps further down the alley-way, his own usually-proud stride thrown off by the unwanted reconfiguration of his now-tilted pelvis.

He suddenly leaned towards the wall - not because he wanted to, but because his shoulders suddenly 'collapsed' inwards, the cuff of his coat pilling up around his wrists as his shoulders narrowed considerably.

"It's not possible!" He insisted, taking a few more trembling steps - steps that he couldn't quite convince himself were trembling because of the cold.

The chill, gusting wind funneled down the brick-walled alley had been playing with his carelessly-cropped mass of rich red hair - but now it had considerably more to play with as, with a faint pulling sensation, it sprouted ever-longer from his scalp, spilling down over his slimmer shoulders and down his back in flowing waves.

"Shit like this doesn't happen in real life!" He screamed, staggering his way towards the end of the alley with single-minded purpose. There was more than a mere edge of hysteria to his voice, and that frightened him as much as the inexplicable events occurring to him, and he struggled to contain his growing fear.

His waist pinched in on itself, its diameter shrinking from its toned, accustomed size to one considerably smaller.

"There's no fucking thing as 'magic'!" He screamed - and the voice now fully hysterical crackled and warbled in a way that had nothing to do with his emotions - and everything to do with the cause of those emotions.

"It just... doesn't.. happen!" He shrieked in a voice that both rose steadily in pitch and grew thicker with the now softer-sounding accent of his youth.

Ranting and raving against the impossible, he staggered and shuffled onwards, the strange sensations accompanying the even strange alterations to his once-manly figuring coming faster now.

His pants suddenly pulled rum-head tight across his hips - as those hips grew wider. The only thing that kept them from drawing to tight to contain his more voluminous hips was the fact that the pants - and the rest of his clothes - were growing looser as his point-of-view slid downwards, extra cloth pooling at wrist and ankle as he lost height.

Muscles shifted and reshaped themselves under his skin, the taught, well-defined musculature giving way to smoother, more softly flowing line - under skin that was itself becoming softer and smoother.

Beneath the traitorous flesh, bones reshaped themselves with the same ridiculous ease, becoming finer and more delicate. His face writhed and shifted, and the lips now mouthing shrieked obscenities at the world filled out.

The now-diminutive feet slipped easily out of the once tight-laced boots, and the ever-changing figure stumbled onwards in stocking feet, the cold unnoticed as now-slender hands pawed frantically at the bulging front of the parka in a thoroughly vain attempt to hold back the rapidly expanding masses of softly firm flesh forming increasingly large - and highly distinctive - shapes on the shrinking ribcage...

...and then, as the now-reshaped form reached the end of the alley and exhausted obscenities gave way to humiliating, helpless sobs that couldn't be contained, the final changes occurred at his crotch, and the individual who had once been Gary Donnelley, too arrogant and sure of his primacy as a member of the male gender to pay heed to a warning and a 'curse' from some 'dumb Irish cunt', stumbled to a stop.

"I'm sorry..." She sobbed in her sweet, accented voice, hoping somehow the woman who had laid this curse upon her

could hear her contrition. "I... I'll.. be good, I've learned my lesson, I swear. Please, please, change me back..."

Gary, however, had already been granted far more leniency than he'd deserved. The curse, laid upon him at sixteen, had given him a full five years to mend his way - a full five years he'd squandered away.

Now, last of his grace period gone, the final effect of the curse rammed home - and even her humiliated, hopeless sobs were cut short as she was flooded with the effects of the curse's entirety.

The woman who'd laid the curse on him had been most explicit in defining what a 'reversal of fortune' meant, in the sense of the curse. She'd told him every detail of what would happen if he didn't mend his ways - and so, the new woman understood exactly what it was she was experiencing, even as the experience itself almost overwhelmed her.

It was, emotionally, the equivalent of what the curse had done to her, physically - reversal.

Masculinity had become femininity. Brute power had become graceful delicacy. Arrogance, elegance - and danger, beauty...

...but most of all, willing insensitivity became unwilling sensitivity, and the world swam before her eyes and snapped into new focus.

Christmas decorations, nothing more to her eyes the splashes of color and light until then, suddenly came into sharp focus, and acquired meaning. She could tell, at a glance, which of them had been put up out of habit or civic duty, and which had been put up with loving attention or with joyful exuberance.

The uncaring indifference behind each piece of litter on the snow-dusted sidewalk slapped her in the face, and the hope inherent in the hard-won traces of flowers and shrubs planted in this unforgiving concrete jungle unwillingly touched her heart.

The few lovingly cared for older cars parked on the street practically shouted with their owner's pride, while a rusting hulk cried soft tones of sad destitution next to a brand-new import that snarled with its owner's egotism.

The world suddenly opened up before the unwillingly female person who had once been so callously uncaring - and she cried out in shock with the layer upon layer of emotion that filled every nook and cranny of the city - and in the welter of new information that touched her heart and soul and mind with such unwanted power as she slumped against the wall, the sudden concern rushing out in waves from the man somewhere behind her went almost unnoticed.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the person had lurched out of the mouth of the darkened alley, Paul's initial response - though he was well short of the alley at the moment - had been an instinctive 'flight or flight' reaction.

The heavily bundled-up young brunet had gotten a handle on the adrenaline-pumping surge almost immediately. Of barely average height, with a slender build and an intellectual's disposition, he was used to the undercurrent of fear that came from the recognition of his own mortality - and the ease with which he handled the instinctive response allowed him to

immediately turn his fine eye for detail on the person he was observing.

Though the badly over-sized clothing helped obscure the lines of the figure beneath, Paul almost immediately pegged the figure as a 'her' - and not solely because of the thick, rich fall of wavy crimson hair spilling most of the way down her back. There was just a general air about her, jerky and awkward as her movements were, that suggested femininity.

Paul's nimble mind quickly began noting some strange discrepancies. There was, of course, the fact that her clothes were too large for her diminutive figure - and, at that, they were so poorly fitting that it was difficult to imagine anyone functioning in them for any length of time.

Especially since she seemed to be staggering through the frozen night with nothing more than a sodden, over-sized pair of socks on her feet.

Paul had never even seen a street person in such poorly-fitting clothing - and, though badly sized for the figure in contained, this clothing was in reasonably good condition, and quite clean. Hardly defining characteristics of your average 'bum'...

...and then the woman had cried out and slumped against the wall, and Paul - who, though slowing, had continued moving forward - threw all other considerations aside, pulse racing even faster than his slender body as he hurried towards the origin of the soft, high-pitched cry.

She seemed barely able to keep her feet, and as Paul reached the trembling, gasping woman's side, he instinctively - but not unthinkingly - reached a hand out to hold steady her...

...and she jerked away from him with another low cry, spinning around to face him as she did so.

In that initial instant as she turned, time seemed to slow and his brain's 'clock rate' increase as his eyes struggled to memorize, in an instant, every detail of what he was seeing.

She was gorgeous.

She wore no make-up, and her thick mane of hair was in disarray. Her eyes were rimmed in red from the tears that still trickled down her cheeks, and she was practically swimming in badly over-sized clothes.

Yet, for all of that, she was still the most incredibly beautiful woman Paul had ever seen.

Hardly a giant of a man, Paul nevertheless had to direct his gaze slightly downwards to meet the wide-open eyes of the startled woman - eyes that were the richest shade of emerald green he'd ever seen.

Her face was... perfect.

Her complexion was utterly flawless - a smooth, milky perfection heightened, rather than marred, but the redness brought to her high, well defined cheeks by the chill wind. Her nose, fine-boned as it was, rose proudly and perfectly above her full, shapely lips. Her jaw, though strong and well defined, was also delicate in proportion - like that of Kathy Ireland, perhaps.

From this close, even the baggiest of clothes couldn't completely obscure what most certainly must be a lean, lithe, delicately constructed body - one that was nevertheless well curved in perfect proportion, or so Paul's mind insisted on assuming, despite the scant evidence supplied from the perfect proportions of her slender, delicate hands and her perfect face, the only exposed parts of her body...

...and then she all-but-recoiled from him and, in a accented voice of near hysteria, shouted: "Don't touch me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

'Instinctively' disgusted by the touch of a man on her unwanted new feminine form even more then she was startled by it, the now- female Gary shouted her loathing as she pulled away from the touch...

...and was hit over the head by a two-by-four.

Well, the emotional equivalent of it, anyway - as every emotion the man felt were painfully obvious to her in every detail of his expression and body language.

In the single instance **before** she'd shouted, she'd known more about the young man then she'd really wanted to know. His gentle shyness had been plain to read on his face, and his awkwardness in dealing with members of the fairer sex implicit in the hesitant tension in his body. His thoughtful concern for her, even before the realization of her 'stunning beauty' wrote itself in his eyes, came across strongly, as did his quiet determination to help a person in distress even through the struggle to overcome his own doubts and hesitation that couldn't been ignored in his stance.

Then the unbidden shout of loathing, disgust and fear burst from her lips - and his head snapped back as if he'd been struck, his own self-flagellation at having the temerity at laying hands on a woman without her explicit permission almost as strong as his own deep, despairing disgust at having 'screwed up' yet again with a woman - even though his own belief that it was inevitable, especially since she was much 'too beautiful' for someone like him, was also plain in the chagrin printed on his face.

All his emotions - his self-doubt, his quiet despair, his deep loneliness and insecurity - were what slammed into her like that proverbial two-by-four, causing her a deep and obscure pain she'd always managed to insulate herself from in her male life.

The pain that came from the consequences of her own, unthinking actions.

No matter how desperately she wished to ignore it, no matter how strongly she tried to fight it, the curse that had created both empathy and sympathy in a person who'd lacked either attribute before made it impossible.

She had just unthinkingly, needlessly done something to cause another person pain. Though she, herself, was highly aware of her new gender and, so, even more highly uncomfortable with the thought of being touched by a man, there were literally hundreds of different ways she could have reacted, most of which wouldn't have engender this sudden emotional pain she'd uncaringly inflicted on the young man...

...and, thanks to her new, unwanted state of heightened sensitivity, on herself as well.



Even if she didn't really care the least about easing his pain- and, in truth, she didn't - self preservation, even in the depths of the horrific, humiliating nightmare in which she found herself helplessly entwined, demanded that she do something to lessen her own pain.

"I'm sorry." She apologized, quickly - hating herself for needing to do so, even as she recognized the need itself. "You... startled me."

He loosened up somewhat, though not completely - and she was disgusted to feel his relief - and hope - as if it were her own. The last thing she wanted to do was encourage in him any idea that she might... 'like' him, and yet she couldn't brutally crush any hope he held, as he initial instinct demanded. Indeed, it was only by the slimmest of margins that she managed to keep herself at snarling at the young man - and the realization that it was necessary to harness her instinctive reaction was all the more humiliating for the fact

that it only drove home the fact that she'd completely refused to do so during the male life she'd forfeited in her unthinking, arrogant cruelty.

"Uh.. My name's Paul. Paul Smith." He said, awkwardly offering a hand. She thought quickly.

"Gary Donnelley" She introduced herself - to spare herself the confusion and concern he'd feel is she gave a male name. "Are you... all right?" Paul asked, carefully. "I mean, you seem upset.. and you have to be freezing in just your stocking feet..."

His concern was literally washing over her - and 'Mary' was disgusted with herself at how warm and comforting that concern was.

Of course, there was no way she could explain what the 'real' problem was. She knew, instinctively, that it would increase his concern

- and that scared her, since his current level of concern felt disturbingly pleasant as it was. Worse, he would feel confusion and fear - fear for her. She already knew that level of emotions would be difficult to handle - but she also couldn't quite face up to simply telling him to get lost.

She was struggling to deal with her own emotions - and they were plentiful, and strong. She'd just unwillingly been turned into a gorgeously beautiful woman - and if that wasn't bad enough, the uncaring reality of her past was now still hitting her like a hammer blow. She was forced to see and understand what a total shit-head she'd been as a male, and no matter how much she wished she could deny it, her new empathy to the human condition didn't allow it.

She had been cruel and arrogant. She had used her then-male physical strength to intimidate people into giving her what she'd wanted. She'd been mean, and violent, and brutish...

...and it all added up into a huge wad of self disgust, loathing and hatred that was very difficult to swallow, indeed.

She just couldn't handle the additional self-disgust that would come from being unnecessarily mean to Paul, as well - no matter how humiliated and uncomfortable she felt at having to deal with somebody as a woman...

...even though, nagging at her ceaselessly, was the fact that she no longer had any real choice, since she was cursed to spend the rest of her life as a woman, and was going to have to deal with it no matter how much she wished she didn't have.

So she 'copped out'.

"I'd really prefer not to talk about it." She said, not unkindly - though the truth was, if she had her choice, she also wouldn't have to think about, deal with, or - especially - *live* with her 'problem'. "I just want to... forget everything that happened to me up to this moment and just sort of... start over."

It was almost wistfully true - because a part of her was, in fact, wishing something would come along and whack her with a good dose of amnesia right about then. Part of it was because, in a way, it would be easier to deal with being female if she didn't remember

ever being male - but even more so because, no matter how she wished it was otherwise, the simple truth was...

...she was really beginning to hate herself.

Every memory of her life up until this moment - her male life - was now 'changed'. Oh, the memories themselves were still the same - but now they were viewed through the filter of her empathy.

The smug satisfaction of the 'great deal' he'd gotten on her apartment was now lost in the welter of self-disgust at the way he'd basically threatened that landlord, leaving him living in a mild state of fear because of the 'madman' in apartment 216. His pride at bagging that hot stewardess lost in the humiliation of the way he'd lied to her, making her think he cared about her as a person when all he wanted was the 'bragging rights' of having banged her. His satisfaction over the reputation that had made him so damned efficient at his job as a loan shark's 'enforcer' - now pure pain as every agony he'd ever caused came back as his own.

Gary had been a grade-A pure asshole - and the newly-christened Mary was sickened over just how much she hated 'herself'.

"Well, in that case..." Paul said, breaking in to her bitter reverie, "Why don't you let me help you get started right? The least I can do is pay for some clothes - and shoes - a little more suitable for the weather."

The slender young man gestured towards the end of the street, where a row of shops, still bustling with Christmas shoppers, could be seen...

...and Mary, looking at him, tasted his emotions.

He was completely willing to spend money on her. He wanted to spend money on her...

...but he wasn't doing it in hopes of 'winning favor' from her. In fact, he was dismally certain that she wasn't even noticing him as a male, as something she'd seriously consider as a friend, much less as a potential lover. He was completely expecting her to take full advantage of his largess, to milk every cent out of him that she could - and then walk away from him without so

much as a backward glance...

...and he was quite willing to accept this, because he felt that it was about the 'best' possible 'relationship' he could very expect to have with a woman as beautiful as herself.

She tried to demur - and he insisted.

Her attempted refusal made him happy, because it meant that she wasn't just out to get his money - and yet his instance came from the fact that he really, honestly wanted to do this for her.

She was nearly overcome by yet another warm wave of his emotions.

Emotions that greatly disturbed her, because it was 'wrong' for her - who was 'really' a man - to be enjoying a man paying that kind of attention to her...

...so she vaguely surprised herself when, on his third instance, she gave in. It surprised her, most of all - because it wasn't for her sake.

It was for his.

She was, in fact, enjoying the pleasurable emotions that came from doing this for him - but that wouldn't have motivated her, for those emotions - and the ones they struck in her - scared the living daylights out of her. She didn't want to feel this way towards a man...

...but, then again, that was part of the reason why she accepted his offer.

Her first thought, after being made female, was that she hadn't deserved this fate - and now that thought was stronger than ever. In the other direction.

The more time she had to dwell on the male past, the more she felt that 'simply' being turned into a woman wasn't nearly punishment enough.

In a sort of self-punishment, she 'forced' - or, 'let', depending on how you looked at it - herself give in. Even though the even greater pleasure of his emotions made her feel even more unworthy.

It was a... confusing situation.

It didn't get any better.

First there was the hammer-blow of emotions as she joined the thronging shoppers on the busier main street - and almost unthinkingly pressed herself closer to Paul's side, only her 'naturally' milky complexion hiding her sudden pallor.

It was the emotions of the other people around her that did it.

Many of them - for her, who had always assumed the worse about society as a man, a surprisingly large majority of them - were good and decent, with unavoidable but bearable levels of greed and selfishness. There were a few, however, whose

emotions seemed to beat at her, making her feel as if she'd been submerged in slime.

People who were, for the most part,. The type of person she'd been as 'Gary'...

Her gasp, discomfort, and instinctive move closer to the nominal 'protection' of Paul, however, had an interesting side-effect she hadn't foreseen.

Seeing her 'shyness', an 'endearing flaw' in her perfection, Paul began to have the faintest hope that Mary wasn't as far out of his league as he'd thought - and that disturbingly pleasurable emotion only further confused and - damn it! - pleased her.

Of course, things hardly got 'better' when they actually started shopping - and Mary had to find herself, for the first time, looking at shopping from the feminine experience...

...and in her confusion and uncertainty and, quite frankly, lack of skill, she felt a burst of gratitude as Paul took up her whole 'new life' line and spun it, thankfully, into something bigger and better. She knew, of course, that it was nervousness that made him do so, a near-desperate attempt to look 'suave' and 'witty' by grabbing onto that idea the way a drowning man would a life-line that was his motivation - but since it saved her so much trouble, it was worth it...

...even if she was growing more and more convinced that she didn't deserve this kindness. She should be confused and lost and hopeless, horrified by the idea of being a woman, dressing in female clothes, and all that.

She certainly didn't deserve to enjoy any of it!

Which, nevertheless, she found herself doing - 'guiltily', and for two very distinct - and widely separated - reasons.

One of which was that, as a 'man', she shouldn't be enjoying shopping for 'pretty' clothes - and the other, that she didn't deserve to feel so happy when her entire life she'd been a disgusting, evil man...

...but Paul enjoyed seeing her pretty and feminine, and as much as she felt she deserved to suffer, and as much as she felt she shouldn't enjoy feminine things because she was 'really' an evil, terrible, horrible 'man', she was still only human - and she found herself drawn more and more to the pleasure that quite literally emanated from her new companion.

Which was how it came to be that she found herself, a massive welter of highly contradictory emotions, stepping out of a dressing room, every inch a feminine ideal.

Paul had 'explained' to the female staff of the full-service (and expensive) boutique he'd brought her into that she was 'starting a new life'. That she'd wanted to 'completely forget' her old one - and so they should treat her as if she'd just been born that very instant, with no 'taste' in clothes, jewelry, etc. He told the staff to, in effect, completely 'remake' her - on his platinum credit-card, which washed away the last questions about Mary's unusual behavior or lack of 'basic' feminine knowledge that might have come up.

Instead, the staff had thrown themselves into the work with a will - and, almost numbly, Mary had gone along with it, overwhelmed by the intense, undeserved pleasure she was receiving from Paul at being able to give her this gift.

Indeed, so powerful was the emotion she was getting from Paul, that her own instinctive 'heterosexual' dismay and shock at one make-up artist's comment about what a great 'boyfriend' she had went mostly unnoticed.

All of which culminated in the moment when she stepped out of the dressing room in her 'going home' outfit, to stand before where Paul stood surrounded by the bags, boxes and parcels of other clothing and accessories he'd insisted on buying for her.

"What... What do you think?" Mary asked. Her hesitation could have been taken for nervous anticipation of Paul's reaction - but, of course, she'd known from the instant she'd stepped out of the changing room what he 'felt' about her ensemble.

Her hesitancy came from still trying to get a handle on a situation that refused to be handled.

She wasn't just dressed in female clothing - she was dressed in determinedly **feminine** clothing. Her hair had been styled, and make-up had been applied to her face. She wore jewelry, and perfume, and even high-heeled shoes... and she was, quite consciously, moving in a graceful, feminine way.

All of which was anathema to everything she knew and believed in. Everything that was telling her she was sick, perverted, disgusting. A 'faggot' for acting this way. A sissy. Something utterly contemptible...

...all based on a male background that now disgusted and humiliated her - but that yet still held enough sway over her to make her feel disgusted by what she was doing...

...which also meant that it was just about what she deserved in punishment for the way she now felt about that same, now-humiliating male background.

Paul, however, had no such welter of emotions as he looked at the stunning red-head he'd happened upon in the street. He was utterly, completely, helplessly smitten.

Not that any part of a thoroughly confused Mary could blame him - not after one look at herself in the changing-room's mirror. She was... gorgeous.

The deep, rich dark green crushed velvet dress - now, gown - was trimmed in old-gold piping, and its shoulder-baring neckline revealed the faintest, demure hint of the cleavage the D-cup demi-cup bra gave her firm new breasts. It clung tightly to her slender waist before flaring out into a full skirt that dropped to her ankles, merely showing hints of her calf-high black leather boots with their simple, three-inch shaped heels.

It was a very elegant, beautiful gown - and it just barely did justice to such an elegant, beautiful woman. Along with the light make-up that brought faint hints of color to her pale, perfect face, the few select pieces of gold jewelry only served to accentuate the fact that she needed none of these frills to be beautiful...

...and the fact that this was true was what stole Paul's breath away.

That, and that such a stunning woman was bothering to spend any time at all with HIM, regardless of the reason - and the

joy he felt over this, Mary also felt.

She just couldn't help it - and no matter how much she told herself that she should force herself to 'walk away' from enjoyment of his enjoyment of her, for a multitude of reasons, she just couldn't bring herself to do it.

As she stood there, taking in the pleasure Paul threw off in waves, the thing she felt most was 'guilty' - and what she felt guilty about was that fact that she didn't feel nearly as guilty about 'being Mary' as she felt she should have...

...and yet, somehow, she just couldn't quite work up the interest to care.

\* \* \* \* \*

Happily humming 'Joy to the World' to himself, Paul headed home.

That last two days had been the happiest days of his life, and even the inevitable knowledge that it couldn't possibly last couldn't steal his happiness from him.

He had an angel living with him.

He didn't know what had driven Mary to be on that street, and he didn't care. Maybe she was a murderer on the run from the cops - he didn't want to know about it, which was good, because Mary wasn't talking. All he knew was that, for whatever reason, she'd stayed with him at his house, and he got to bask in her presence.

She was not only stunningly beautiful, but - impossibly - Paul believed she really did like him. In fact, once she'd gotten over the obvious 'shyness' of that first night, she was even quite affectionate towards him.

Oh, not PHYSICALLY, of course - it would have been utterly ridiculous of him to even think something like that, no matter how much he might have helplessly fantasized about it. A nerd like him with a gorgeous creature like her? How could he ever hope to satisfy a woman like her? She deserved - and probably had had - the finest lovers in the world, and he was just 'good company' until another man up to her standards came along.

Until then, however, he was hopelessly, helplessly, happily in love with this angel of a woman, and he'd be quite happy to do anything for her.

Which, he thought with a smile as he bounded up the steps to his house, explained why he'd gone out on Christmas Eve, looking for a store that was both open, and still had Egg Nog in stock. If that's what his Mary wanted, that was what she was going to get.

"Mary!" He called, shucking off his coat and boots, then heading into the house itself. "I got you that eg..."

He stopped dead, and the carton of egg-nog he'd had to go to four different stores to find slipped from his suddenly nervously fingers as he stopped and stared, gaping, at the vision standing in the doorway of the living room.

She was dressed in layer over layer of green lace, and balanced sensuously atop a pair of high-heeled shoes of the same emerald color. Even the ribbons in her hair were a rich shade of green...

...and against all that green that both covered - and hinted at - the supple, shapely figure beneath, the big red bow that held it all closed stood out brightly.

As did the tag hanging from that bow - a large gift tag that clearly said 'To Paul'.

Paul made a series of strangled sounds that could have meant anything - or nothing. They cut off sharply, however, when she gestured at something above his head. Instinctively, despite his desire never to stop staring at the vision before him, he looked up - and found himself staring at a piece of mistletoe taped to the ceiling just above his head.

When he lowered his gaze again, it was just in time to see Mary's perfect face as she flowed into his arms. She kissed him.

She KISSED him.

She kissed HIM...!

...and, after a couple of seconds, when he managed to finally convince himself that this was really happening, he actually managed to get around to kissing her back.

Then, after an eternity, she broke the kiss, stepped back slightly, and lifted her hands in a graceful 'tada' motion.

"Well?" She asked, archly - but with just the faintest hint of trembling nervousness. "Aren't you going to open your present...?"

He hesitated - but that hint of trembling nervousness, that sign that she wasn't sure he'd accept the gift, was enough to let him do just that - and when he tugged, lightly, on the bow, the cunningly inter-woven clothing slid from her body, leaving her gloriously nude except for her high heels...

...and then, even as her fingers reached for the fastenings of his own clothes, her mouth opened and gave him the greatest gift of all: "I love you..." She whispered.

\* \* \* \* \*

As she moaned and gasped at Paul's gentle-yet-firm and oh-so-loving technique, Mary gave one, last fleeting thought of Gary. The last thought of him she'd ever give:

*'Good riddance to bad rubbish.'*

Then, as she let her first, wonderful female orgasm wash over her, she gave herself unreservedly over to the pure, joyful contentment of just letting herself be exactly the woman Paul wanted her to be, in every way possible, finally knowing that never again would she

be a person she would find herself ashamed to be, not with such a fine, kind, wonderful person unknowingly guiding her with his emotions.



It turned out to be a very merry Christmas indeed - and a Happy New Year, to boot.

THE END



[BACK TO FUN ZONE](#)

---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: A macho constructon worker type of guy goes into the new Voodoo Video store and finds that he has rented a tape that changes him into a female porn start actng in a film.**

## Video Games

---

**By Gunslinger**

With a hiss of brakes and a belch of diesel exhaust, the bus rumbled and snorted to a stop at the curb. The little green light over the rear doors of the public transport flashed on, and Jimmy pushed through and out into a cool, night breeze that ruffled his lank, mud- colored mass of shoulder-length hair.

As the bus trundled off into the night, the twenty-seven year old stretched his arms up over his head, working the kinks out of muscles that had tightened while he'd sat on uncomfortable vinyl seats for the nearly hour-long bus ride. Not exactly career orientated, Jimmy made what he laughingly called a living by dropping in to the local labor hall once or twice a week, picking up about fifty bucks each time, doing temp 'joe jobs'. The irregular schedule - which was determined solely by when he 'spent up' his last labor's windfall - meant that his body never quite managed to 'get used' to the long, relatively hard days of physical labor that punctuated his otherwise completely self-gratifying existence.

Muttering to himself about the unfairness of it all, Jimmy lowered his arms and headed towards the corner, a few yards away.

This time of night, the subdivision near the edge of town was almost deathly quite. In the time it took Jimmy to reach and

cross the nearly-deserted parking-lot lit by the spill of fluorescent light coming from the convenience store that anchored one end of the six-unit mini-mall, not even a single car went by on either of the streets the establishment fronted.

A perennial bachelor, it didn't take Jimmy long to pick out his usual 'supplies' for the next week or so - a package of hot-dogs and buns, some canned goods like stew and beans, a loaf of bread... and four six-packs of beer. Laying his purchases on the counter, he dug into the pocket of his battered black leather jacket for the day's wages, and grudgingly paid out. Collecting his change and the plastic bags containing his purchases, he headed out of the store...

...and stopped dead just outside the exit, registering something he'd missed when going in. The video store that anchored the other end of the 'L'-shaped mini-mall was open.

Jimmy's thick eyebrows rose as he regarded the neon-lit name of the establishment and the unmistakable red 'Open' sign hung in its plate-glass door. A month or so before, the video store that had been there had closed down, unable to compete with the chain

establishment that had opened a couple of blocks away. Now, apparently, somebody had taken over both the location and stock of the old store, for about the only difference Jimmy could see was the change of the sign that had used to identify the store.

With a thoughtful shrug, the lean, slightly pot-bellied young man decided to go in. After all, all his 'entertainment electronics' had been purchased second- or third-hand, and the new chain video rental place didn't have all that great of a selection of VHS tapes, trending mostly towards the DVD crowd.

Slinging all three plastic bags to his left hand, Jimmy walked over to the door of the video store and pushed his way through. He liked what he saw.

Oh - 'Voodoo Video' was utterly identical to the 'VidFlix' it had used to be, in decor and content... but Jimmy most certainly approved of the change in management.

Behind the exact same cash-register on the exact-same counter where old Mr. Billings had held court over his grungy, dimly-lit domain stood a much more attractive employee. As Jimmy came through the door, the dark-haired young woman looked up and flashed a brief, purely professional smile at her prospective customer.

"Welcome to Voodoo Video." She said, warmly enough. "I'm Tamara, the new owner. Is there anything in specific you're looking for?"

Perhaps she was a couple of inches shorter than Jimmy's own height of six-one, but if so, she must have been wearing heels that made up the distance, for her sea-green eyes were at the same level as Jimmy's hazel ones. Nevertheless, his gaze remained angled downwards - for, lovely as the slightly dusky-skinned woman's face might have been, Jimmy was much more interested in the large, firm breasts tantalizingly hinted at by the neckline of her black T-shirt.

Making no effort to downplay his actions, Jimmy took two steps closer to the counter, stood on tip-toe, and leaned to his

right, getting an eyeful of the trim hips and firm fundament that filled out Tamara's tight black jeans.

Looking elsewhere, Jimmy missed the brief tightening of her lips and hardening of her glorious green eyes. When he finally did deign to look at her face, those port-red lips had opened in a warm smile, and her eyes danced with amusement.

"Well, Tammy..." Jimmy said, with a 'knowing grin' that struck everybody else who saw it as a 'sick leer', "I'm sure I'll have no problems finding something I like in here."

Tamara winced slightly at the 'nick name' Jimmy presumptuously used... but when she spoke, her voice was warm, and slightly husky.

"Hmmm... A man who knows what he likes, and isn't afraid to say so." She said, pink tongue briefly appearing to lick at her full lips.

"Damn straight." Jimmy agreed. Fond of what he called 'the direct approach', (*which most women subjected to it merely called 'offensive'*), He let his eyes slowly travel down her trim, taut figure and then back up to the well-defined bone structure of her face.

It never even occurred to Jimmy that a woman might choose to dress in all black to minimize some of the curves of her body, and after taking in the face that Tamara was happy enough to display the fine attributes of, went back to eyeing the double-dees she was trying to downplay under her shirt - which, in itself, was a concession to the stuffy warmth of the shop.

Still, though Jimmy's lascivious gaze made her feel somehow unclean, Tamara showed no sign of her discomfort as she smiled at him.

"Let me guess..." She said, quite purposefully leaning forward to give him a better view of the coffee-with-double-cream cleavage he was eyeing hungrily. "You like women with... a little 'more up top', hmmm?"

"Hey, babe..." Jimmy said, with a wicked grin. "Bigger is better, if you know what I mean."

"Oh - I think I do." She agreed, her slightly husky voice showing now sign that she wanted to slap him across the face.

Instead, she held up a single finger in a 'wait a minute' gesture - and then walked slowly and seductively towards the beaded curtain covering the doorway near the end of the counter, looking back over her shoulder as she shamelessly swung her hips in a wide, sensual sway.

"Wait right there - I think I've got the perfect video for you..." She said, lightly licking her lips again - and resisting the urge to laugh at the truth lurking behind her comment.

She had reached the edge of the counter, and held on to the wall near the curtained-off doorway. She flashed another brief, seductive smile at him, then slipped into the doorway below the sign marked 'Adults Only'.

Listening to make sure Jimmy wasn't coming in behind her, Tamara let the faked smile slip from her face, green eyes glittering with malicious amusement as she hurried down past the rows of adult video to the small door at the back of the room.

Thought it was locked, she didn't bother with a key. Touching one long-nailed finger to the lock in the center of the knob, she whispered a word under her breath. There was a short blue glow under her finger - and then the door swung open, almost of its own accord.

Sitting with her feet up, sipping at a cardboard cup of coffee, Tamara's identical twin sister Tania looked up at her and grinned wickedly.

Tania gestured at the televisions sitting on the desk against the wall. Despite the fact that the store boasted no surveillance cameras, the screens showed Jimmy standing at the front counter from four different angles.

None of the televisions were even plugged in.

"Our first customer, huh?" Tania commented, the wicked grin turning downright evil. Though they had rented videos to several people since opening the store that morning, it had all been what the sisters referred to as 'cover work', even those adult videos they'd rented out.

Neither of them had any real problem with the men who rented porn, as long as they were 'regular perverts', as the twin called them. It was the 'other kind' of men they took offense to - and who were the real purpose behind their little enterprise.

"I think this will do the trick nicely..." Tania continued, reaching out to a row of shelves and pulling out a video. The cardboard sleeve that encased the VHS tape was completely blank white - but by the time she passed it over to her sister, the sleeve was clad in the garish - and lurid - imagery common to adult videos.

"This is exciting." Tamara confided with a naughty chuckle, taking the tape.

"It's easier holding your temper when you know what's going to happen, huh?" Tania asked, leaning back and taking another sip of her coffee.

"Yeah." Her sister admitted, heading for the doorway. She threw a smile over her shoulder as she stopped in the opening. "This 'delayed revenge' isn't only safer... it's a hell of a lot more fun, too!"

Her sister's low chuckle following her, Tamara left the room, closed the door behind her, and hurried back to the front desk.

"Here you are..." She said, sliding the video across the counter towards Jimmy. "I think you'll find this one will really.. get to you." In her head, Tamara actually heard her sister moan over the punnishly disguised 'warning'.

Jimmy picked up the video - and, above his blade-like nose, his eyebrows rose as he took in the cover. It was decidedly less graphic than many adult video box covers - but no less evocative.

The graphic showed the edge of a bed, the covers draping it in obvious disarray. Scattered across the floor in front of the bed was various articles of clothing - including a pair of high-heeled shoes.

Hanging over the edge of the bed was a decidedly feminine forearm and hand, in the act of dropping an oversized

brassiere to the floor...

...and below that, the title read: **Jimmy's Big-Tit Adventure**. "But... Jimmy's my name!" He exclaimed.

"Really?" Tamara said, substituting a wide-eyed look of feigned amazement for a wicked laugh. "What a coincidence!"

Grinning, Jimmy paid for the video - and his grin widened when, peering up at him from lowered eyelids framed with long, dark lashes, Tamara wrote a phone number on his customer receipt.

"I really want to know your reactions to the movie." She said - truthfully.

Taking the receipt and the video, Jimmy gave her one, last leer and headed for the door.

Tamara watched him leave, then forced herself to wait patiently behind the counter for a couple of minutes. Only when she was sure Jimmy was out of sight did she hurry to the front door, turning the sign in the window around to show the 'Closed' side.

Turning off the lights in the main area of the store, she hurried through the adult section to the employee lounge at the back of the store. Taking the cup of coffee from Tania, Tamara drew up a chair and sat down, eyes going hungrily to the four unplugged televisions that were showing Jimmy as he headed home, walking through the cool...

\* \* \*

...night air, switching the bags to his right hand to give his left arm a rest.

A half-smile rode on his face as he thought about the hot chick at the video store. The receipt with her phone number was tucked into the chest pocket of the faded blue denim work-shirt he wore, and the crotch of his equally faded denim jeans was bulging slightly over the thoughts running through his mind.

Which, after all, was a good prelude to watching some porn, he thought to himself as he turned and began climbing the hill, taking the short-cut from the road to the apartment complex where he lived. Originally, he'd planned to down a couple of beers and hit the sack, but now he thought some good, old-fashioned whacking off to porn would be a fine way to end the day.

Pushing through the resting chain-link fence that had been pulled back at the edge of the back lot, he ducked through the last few trees and shrubs lining the complex grounds and struck off across the parking lot towards the nearest of the three four-story buildings. Unlocking the heavy steel door, he pulled it open, then clattered down the stairs to the basement of the building.

Above him, fluorescent lights buzzed and hummed as he walked down the hall, passing the laundry room and garbage room on one side, and the mechanical room on the other. There were only two apartments in the basement, and the other one was currently vacant, since neither of the below-ground apartments boasted windows. Still, they were cheap, and Jimmy couldn't have cared less for a 'view' - not to mention the fact that the coolness of the basement meant that the lack of air-conditioning in the summer wasn't to bad.

Letting himself into the small apartment, he closed and locked the door behind him. Pausing only long enough to pull a beer from one of the six-packs, he tossed his groceries into the fridge, bags and all, then made his way through the dirty clothes and empty beer cans to the much-patched recliner in front of the old, 'wood'-cabinet floor-model TV.

Comfort being paramount to Jimmy, he'd hooked up his VCR on the low, battered table beside his single chair, ignoring the cables strung out from the back of the VCR to the TV and various outlets. Tossing his jacket on a pile of clothing, he sat down and unlaced his muddy work-boots, kicking them to one side once they were off.

Leaning back in the recliner, he popped the top on his beer before sliding the tape in the VCR. His old TV had a bad habit of losing its color hold if it was turned off, so he left it on 24/7, set to channel 3 so that when he had it set to 'VCR' with no tape playing, there was just a black screen.

"Okay..." Jimmy said, reaching for the 'play' button as the tape sank into the top-loading machine. "Here..."

\* \* \*

"...we go!" Tamara said, her words overriding the perfect-fidelity rendition of Jimmy's own words through the TV. "Shhh!" Her sister admonished, not tearing her eyes away from the screen as she waved a hand in Tamara's direction.

On the television screen, four synchronized versions of Jimmy tugged the tail of his shirt out of his pants and unzipped his fly before settling back into his chair, a beer in one hand and the other down the front of his open jeans.

Both sister's eyes went to the screen that was showing a view just behind Jimmy's head, showing practically what he saw as he looked towards his own television, which...

\* \* \*

...flickered as the tape began to spool past the worn magnetic heads of the old VCR.

The first thing to show on the screen was the production credits. Had he bothered to read the screen, Jimmy would have discovered the name of the production company that had produced the video - but he was taking a long drink of his beer, and so completely missed the screen that read:

A VODOO

VENGEANCE PRODUCTION

Jimmy lowered the beer in time to catch the title screen of the video, however - and then was a bit surprised when no additional credits rolled before it jumped right into the movie itself.

Not that he *cared*, mind you - instead, his hand began slowly working inside his pants as the screen 'faded in' on a pair of white leather pumps with six-inch heels.

Slowly, teasingly, the camera began to both rise and pull back, gradually revealing that the high-heel encased feet were attached to a pair of 'nude' nylon-encased legs that were agreeably shapely. Those legs moved slowly in a sort of slow,

sensuous 'dance in place', all the better to show off the curves and hollows of those legs, right up until the bottom edge of the translucent lace that edged the top of the nylons came into view - only to vanish under the hem of a garishly bright hot-pink spandex skirt.

Now a pair of hands could be seen, originally resting on either well-rounded hip at the hem-line. As the camera continued moving upwards and outwards, the hands matched it's upwards journey, sensuously sliding to the crotch of the dress, then heading outwards toward the sides as they slid sensuously up over a trim, flat stomach...

...and Jimmy's hand began to rub faster as the camera panned into sight of the bust filling out the skintight pink spandex dress.

\* \* \*

"Enjoy it while you can, Jimmy boy..." Tania chuckled, watching the increased rhythm of the hand down the front of his pants. This time, it was Tamara's turn to hiss for silence.

\* \* \*

The breasts the hands on screen were cupping were more than just 'big'. Even smoothed and 'joined' by the taut spandex covering them, they were huge, each at least as big as a halved cantaloupe - if not bigger.

'Mmm...' A voice moaned in pleasure from the tinny speaker, as the hands squeezed the spandex-enclosed breasts. "They're so big and firm..."

No longer moving upwards, the camera continued pulling out, until it finally framed the woman on screen so that her breasts, hands lovingly caressing them, were centered on screen, while displaying her from about mid-hip up to the top of her face which was framed by long, wavy bottle-blonde hair.

Nobody would ever call the woman 'pretty', much less beautiful. Indeed, the adjectives that sprang immediately to mind were 'cheap' and/or 'slutty' - but she was most definitely female, and not particularly ugly, and that made her sexy enough for Jimmy.

"Umm..." She moaned, licking her garishly red-coated lips as she eyed the camera suggestively. "Do you like my big, round tits, Jimmy?"

He was a bit surprised when the title character neither responded, nor walked 'past' the camera to appear on-screen - but he didn't really care as the big-breasted woman continued squeezing her most obvious attributes.

"Would you like to see my big, firm bobbies, Jimmy?" She asked the camera - even as her hands were rising up to the straps of the spandex dress.

Slowly, she hooked the thumb of each hand under the strap of the dress on that side - and then teasingly pulled them away from her body, then swung her hands downward. Perforce, the dress peeled down her body...



...and revealed the lace-trimmed white bra encasing her melon-like breasts.

"Oh - I can see you like that." She teased the camera. Slowly, she peeled the dress further downwards - then leaned forward to finish stepping out of it, giving a great view of her deep cleavage as she leaned forward.

When she straightened, it was to reveal she wore a matching pair of panties - but Jimmy had eyes only for the firm, obviously surgically enhanced tits that filled out her bra - especially since she'd moistened one finger in a highly suggestive sucking motion, and was now tracing it over the exposed upper swell of her massive breasts.

"Why don't you take my bra off, Jimmy?" She offered, shaking her torso. "I know you'd like to get your hands on these, wouldn't you?"

Again, Jimmy expected the title character to appear, or at least respond - and again he was surprised when it didn't happen. Instead, the slutty, top-heavy blonde began walking towards the camera.

Jimmy waited with bated breath, expecting that any second there'd either be a fade-out, or the camera would swing around to show the 'Jimmy' character.

Instead, she continued coming right up to the camera, her tits seeming to grow to life size on the screen as she crowded it...

...and Jimmy's jaw dropped when the tits reached the camera... and seemed to keep on coming.

It was... almost like they were pushing through the screen. In fact, it was eerily life-like, looking damned near three dimensional, as if they'd reached where the screen/camera would be, and the screen of Jimmy's TV was bulging outwards over where her breasts continued to push forward, the show they cast on Jimmy's carpet...

An inarticulate sound escaped Jimmy's throat, and he rocked backwards in his recliner - then sat bolt-upright.

"Come on, Jimmy - put down the beer, let go of your cock, and come free these puppies!" The woman's voice said, hungrily. With a burst of foam, the beer can dropped from Jimmy's nerveless fingers and skittered across the floor.

"You can clean that up later." The 'disembodied' pair of tits bulging from his TV screen told him. "Come feel my tits, Jimmy!"

Feeling decidedly numb, he tumbled forward off the chair, landing hard on all fours. Ignoring the brief burst of pain from outraged knees, he scuttled diagonally across the floor until he was near the TV, looking at it from an angle.

Another sound was torn from his throat as his eyes confirmed what his brain was insisting couldn't be.

It was as if that TV screen was something like Saran wrap - and it was straining at each corner as the middle bulged out over the huge, bra-encased life-sized tits of the woman 'in' the faux wood case of the TV.

"It.. isn't possible!" Jimmy gasped.

\* \* \*

"Oh, you're going to gain a whole new appreciation for what is and isn't possible tonight, Jimmy boy!" Tania told the TV screen - and rather than shush her, Tamara chuckled in wicked agreement.

\* \* \*

"Come on, Jimmy - take my bra off." The sensual voice cooed from the speaker. "I want to set these gorgeous gazongas free!" With a shaking hand, Jimmy hesitantly reached out and touched her starboard mammary...

...then gasped and yanked his hand back.

It felt... exactly how you might expect a tit to feel, if it was somehow pushing through a thin, somehow suddenly pliable layer of glass.

"Oh, don't tease me!" The woman's voice admonished - in a tone that implied 'teasing' was what she liked. "Just do it, baby - do it now!"

Another small, wordless sound escaped Jimmy's throat - and then, hands shaking worse than ever, reached out for the hooks of the front-closing bra.

It popped open - and, being slightly small for the huge tits it encased, 'snapped' back into the TV, leaving the artificially firm globes of tit-flesh thrust bare through his TV.

"You wanna play with my bobbies, baby?" Her voice urged him. "Go ahead, give 'em a squeeze."

Swallowing heavily, Jimmy obeyed, reaching out to fondle the smooth, slick 'thin-glass-layered' tits, feeling their give and flex under his hands...

...and then he heard himself say a breathless denial as she pulled back, and his questing hands ended up splayed across the once-more solid glass of the TV screen.

She laughed - and her hand, distending the screen behind it, reached out and chucked his chin.

With a cry, Jimmy threw himself backwards, ending up on his backside with his legs splayed out in front of him, supporting his weight on the arms thrust out behind him.

"Oh..." The blonde murmured, looking at where Jimmy's cock distended the briefs visible through his open fly. "My, my..."

Then, even as Jimmy's whirling brain was trying to cope with what had already happened, the blonde stepped back from the screen, and made a 'come hither' motion with her finger.

"Well...?" She asked, seductively. "Are you just going to sit there all night, or are you going to come in...?"

Jimmy gaped at her - and watched as she turned from the camera and swayed to the other end of the room, looking back over her shoulder - as she slowly slid her panties down, revealing her tautly rounded ass cheeks. Letting the panties fall to her

feet, she stepped out of them with one foot - then swirled and kicked, sending her panties towards the screen...

...which they passed right through, landing neatly in Jimmy's lap.

"Well?" She asked, lightly running one finger along the moist cleft of her womanhood. Jimmy gasped...

...then dove for the TV screen.

Part of him flinched, expecting the sharp shattering of glass - but he passed right through the screen, with a strange tingling running through his body as he slid through. He landed in a sprawl on the floor of the room on the other side, then hurriedly pushed himself up onto his knees, smiling at the mostly-naked woman who was smiling down at him, one hand playing with her huge tits, the other slipping into the warmly moist embrace of her...

"Cut!" A voice called from somewhere behind him, electronically amplified. "CUT!"

Instantly, the smile vanished from the blonde's face and her hands fell to her side. A harried-looking woman rushed by from somewhere behind Jimmy, carrying a somewhat tattered bathrobe which she wrapped around the busty blonde.

The skinny, harried-looking red-head was also smoking a cigarette, and the big-breasted woman took this as well, taking a drag on it as she rolled her eyes and stalked away, the harried red-head trailing after her.

"This just isn't working at all!" The voice that had yelled 'cut' complained, no longer amplified, and a very stunned Jimmy rose to his feet and turned around...

...to confront a working set full of people.

Bright spotlights glared down on the set on which Jimmy found himself - a room that boasted only two complete walls, and half a third. The rest of it was open, revealing that large, dimly-lit area that boasted three cameras, their operators, and various other members of a film production crew. The man sitting in the director's chair was shaking his head in disgust. He glanced up - and caught Jimmy staring at him.

"What are **you** waiting for?" He growled, irritably. "An engraved invitation?" "I..." Jimmy stammered, more confused than ever.

The director ignored him.

"Linnnn-**da**..." The director bellowed - and, as if it were a magical incantation, it caused the harried red-head to appear at Jimmy's side.

"Come on, come on..." She said, taking Jimmy's hand. Head spinning, he was too confused to resist, and let himself be led off stage.

"We're behind schedule and over budget - and now a re-write." The almost painfully skinny red-head said fretfully, as she guided him back-stage, past various people. Some of them were women in various states of dress - or undress. All of them boasted breasts that, whether natural or, as seemed more common, surgically enhanced, ranged from merely 'big' to 'huge'.

Jimmy, overloaded with input, simply gaped as the women either ignored him or threw him a half-hearted wave, as their natures dictated.

"Just wait here." She said, pushing him down in a lumpy old chair against the wall. Unresisting, he let himself be seated, then looked around as Linda ran off.

To his right was obviously the make-up area, where some women were getting their hair or faces done. Directly in front of him was an open door leading into a room filled with a strange assortment of objects - its door, with a frosted glass insert, let him read the inverse letting that identified it as the 'Property Room'.

Inset in the wall just to his left was another frosted-glass door, this one closed, so the letters that identified it as 'Wardrobe' were the right way round, though he had to lean far forward in his chair to read it.

"I'm... a porn star?" Jimmy muttered to himself, shocked.

"I don't know if you should style yourself a 'star' yet, handsome." A somewhat hefty - but still sexy - black woman told him, as she pushed a hand against his head to get him to sit up - he'd been blocking the hallway.

He did so - which put him face-to-face with her large, somewhat sagging boobs, with equally large, dark nipples.

"Let's just hope he doesn't get rid of the scene where you and I get in on, white meat." She said, grinning, as she tugged her black lace garter belt higher around her broad hips. Throwing him a wink, she continued on her way, swaying atop her platform shoes.

Slowly, Jimmy's stunned expression melted into a smile.

This could be... interesting, he thought to himself as he took a longer look at the buxom women moving around the backstage area.

"Okay, strike this set and get the next one ready!" The director's voice echoed, once more amplified by his bullhorn. "Linda! Find that Jimmy guy and get him ready for the new scene!"

Sure enough, a second later the red-head appeared, hurrying atop her sensible shoes.

"Come on, come on..." She urged, grabbing his arm and pulling him with surprising strength towards the door marked 'Wardrobe'. She threw it open and hustled him inside.

"He doesn't want to take the time to get a script typed." She told Jimmy, pushing him towards an older woman standing near a three-fold mirror, cigarette dangling from her plump lips. "He wants to go as soon as the set is up - so we have to hurry. Now get undressed."

"But..." Jimmy began to protest - and then, blushing, began undressing as, with impersonal efficiency, the plump woman, who was wearing a pair of black stretch pants and a canary-yellow top that did absolutely nothing for either her figure or Jimmy's libido, began to undress him. As she worked on his shirt, he awkwardly pulled off his pants.

"What am I doing?" He asked Linda, plaintively, as he fought to ignore the fact that the pudgy woman was peeling off his underwear.

"Okay, here's the scene." Linda rapped out in a fast, staccato rhythm. "It's in a all-girl collage. You'll be in drag, trying to sneak in to a slumber party. You'll get caught, the women won't be angry, and instead they'll fuck your brains out. Think you can ad-lib that?"

Jimmy blinked - then grinned.

"Hell, yeah!" He agreed, enthusiastically.

"Good." Linda said, running a distracted hand through her coppery hair. "When Marge is done with you here, get over to make-up, then haul ass to the set."

"Got it." Jimmy agreed - and then the red-head was gone.

"Here, put this on..." Marge said in a voice made raspy by decades of cigarettes.

The fact that 'this' was a costume of women's clothing was enough to dim his ardor somewhat - but not enough to stop him from letting her help him into it.

Hell! - Everything about this entire situation was utterly and completely impossible to begin with. Though he might be almost painfully heterosexual, and hold a dim view of any 'perverted freak' who would willingly dress in women's clothes, the reason he was now doing so was most definitely in the interest of his strictly heterosexual lifestyle - and, unlikely as he might have ever considered himself dressing in drag, for any reason, the entire situation itself was much more unlikely than even that.

After all - he might feel both disgusted and humiliated to be putting on women's clothing, but knowing that it would soon be stripped off by a bevy of buxom beauties who were then going to 'fuck his brains out' made it rather more palatable.

Shortly, he was in full costume - and squirming slightly from the humiliation.

The clothing - *feminine* clothing - covered him from the neck down. The shirt and jacket weren't too bad - it was a crisp white dress shirt under a dark blue 'school' blazer, and only the lace trim on the blouse and the silly wide plaid bow in place of a tie were overtly feminine - aside from the bra he wore, and that was the worst part of the upper ensemble, even if it couldn't be seen. It certainly could be felt, the bands digging into his back and shoulders, the foam padded 'A'-cups soft against his chest, and that was bad enough.

The skirt was worse - blue-and-gray plaid, it fell just below the top of the white, opaque knee-socks that finished covering his legs down to the black leather 'Mary Janes' pumps he wore. The shoes, though humiliating, had a heel hardly higher than men's dress shoes, so at least he didn't have any problem walking in them...

...and walk he did, right over to make-up, where they put tissues in the high-buttoned collar of the shirt, then put on a base-layer of 'pancake' make-up before going on to lipstick, eye-shadow, and mascara.

By now, Jimmy was beginning to wonder if this was worth all the discomfort he was feeling at having himself 'made up' - and having his hair more feminine styled, to boot!

Then he remembered why he was doing it - and 'Little Jimmy' decided it was worthwhile, after all...

Rising uncomfortably from the chair where his make-up had been applied, Jimmy thought about the incongruity of the hard-on that lurked under the skirt as he headed towards the stage...

...only to be 'cut off at the pass' by Linda, who - if possible - looked even more harried than ever. "Slight change in script." She said, quickly - and Jimmy's heart (and cock) began to sink.

"The girls know it's you, but play along for awhile..." Linda informed him, "...and then they fuck your brains out." "Oh!" Jimmy said, grin resurfacing. "Sure, that's fine..."

"Good." Linda said, dragging him to a door leading on to the rearranged stage. "On 'action', you knock, then enter without waiting for a reply, and introduce yourself as Jenny, Tara's cousin from Idaho' - got it?"

"Uh..." Jimmy said - but he was talking to Linda's back as she ran off. "...aaaaaand - ACTION!" The director's voice shouted.

Startled, Jimmy jerked - then reached out and knocked on the door. Heart in his throat, he opened it and stepped through, standing awkwardly just inside the set.

"Uh, hi..." He said, eyes bulging out of their sockets at the sight of three sexy, buxom women scantily clad in nighties and camisoles... "CUT!" The director shouted.

Jimmy looked in that direction, startled.

"For god's sake, do something about that voice!" The director shouted - at Linda, not Jimmy. "...and this time, make sure he remembers to shut the door behind him after he comes in!"

"Oh - I've got an idea..." Linda said, snapping her fingers...

...which was why, a few minutes later, he found himself back behind the door of the dorm-room set, a tank of what was clearly marked as 'Helium' beside him. With a hand-held camera running, tight on him so that only the door served as a backdrop, he took a hit of the helium, then knocked on the door, stepped through, and closed it quickly behind him.

"Hi!" He said - chirped, really, thanks to the artificially soprano voice the helium provided. "I'm, Jenny - Tara's sister from Idaho."

"Hi, Jenny!" The buxom blonde he'd first seen on the TV screen said, now with her hair done up in pigtails, wearing pink-trimmed panties and a matching camisole top with a teddy-bear stitched on the fabric straining over her huge tits. "I'm Barbie, and this is Brandi and Sherri. Come on over and make yourself comfortable..."

She patted the huge bed, next to her, and Jimmy - 'Jenny' wasted no time in taking her up on the offer, despite feeling

highly conscious of the cameras whirring away in the background. He crawled up on the huge bed and sat, legs crossed under his big skirt, completing the circle.

"So - what should we do, since it's 'just us girls'?" The tawny-haired woman who'd been introduced as 'Brandi' asked, with a certain tone of voice and a broad wink at the other two 'real' girls. Jimmy, in character, decided he was supposed to miss that blatantly obvious hint.

"I know!" Sherri said - and, unlike Linda's coppery hair, this red-head's deep coloring was as obviously fake as her over-sized (but, to Jimmy's mind, delectable) bust-line. She was sitting directly across from 'Jenny', leaving 'her' flanked by blondes, light and dark. "Why don't I do my hypnosis on Jenny!"

The other 'girls' squealed in delight and agreed - and Sherri pulled off her necklace, which sported a big crystal pendant at it's end.

"Just relax and watch the crystal, 'Jenny'..." Sherri said, throwing a broad wink at the other girls as she began swinging the crystal on it's chain. Obediently, Jimmy followed it with his eyes, snorting inwardly.

Only in cheesy movies like this would anybody buy the idea that you could... possibly.... hypnotize.....

Barbie, beside him, laughed - but her voice seemed oddly distorted and far away. He fuzzily wondered what was so funny, but it just seemed too much of an effort to turn his head to look - too much of an effort to do anything but sit perfectly still, continuing to stare into the space where the crystal had swung before Sherri had lowered it, as a matter of fact.

"Let's have some fun with him before we let him know we weren't fooled at all!" Barbie said. "What should we do to him?" Brandi asked.

"Well, if he wants to pretend he's a girl. " Sherri said, wickedly, getting a laugh.

Jimmy heard everything they said, and it registered - it just didn't seem at all important. At least, not until Sherri leaned forward, putting her face right in the spot in space he was still looking at.

"You said your name is 'Jenny' - didn't you?" She asked him.

He stared at her face, dimly surprised he wasn't taking the chance to look down her top - but, again, it seemed like too much trouble. It also seemed suddenly important to answer Sherri's question.

"Yes." Jimmy replied, not even stopping to wonder what the right 'line' was - it just seemed to get dragged out of him in that ridiculous helium-driven soprano.

"Your name is Jenny, then." Sherri said, firmly - which, for some reason that would have taken entirely too much effort to work out, made the other two girls laugh. "You said your name is Jenny, and so your name must be Jenny. You're Jenny. You're.. what's your name?"

He blinked, very slowly, the question slowly working it's way through his mind.



"My name is Jenny." He finally told them - and vaguely wondered why it produced another bout of inexplicable laughter. "What are you wearing, Jenny?" Sherri asked, after she'd stopped laughing.

Jenny frowned slightly.

"A... a skirt - and blouse." She said, slowly. "Knee-socks and Mary Jane shoes..."

"Those are girl's clothes, aren't they?" Sherri asked. "You're dressed like a girl, aren't you, Jenny?" Jenny considered the question.

"Yes." She said, frowning slightly.

"Jenny's a girl's name, isn't it?" Sherri asked, to titters and giggles from the other two. "You've got a girl's name, and you're wearing girl's clothes - and your in the girls' dorm. You must be a girl... right Jenny? You're a girl. Right?"

"Yeee-eeess..." Jenny finally answered, very slowly. Something about the question didn't seem right... but she **did** have a girl's name, and **she** was wearing girl's clothes...

"Cut!" A voice called, startling her. She blinked and looked around, feeling confused... It wasn't a real room.

She was on a movie set.

She suddenly remembered she was acting in a porn movie - and shook her head, feeling thick-witted. How could she possibly have forgotten? She was so looking forward to fucking the other women with her now rock-hard cock, and...

She frowned. Something about that thought seemed off - but before she could chase it down, Linda was there, getting her to stand up while Marge from Wardrobe and Debbie from Make-up were there, fussing over her while Linda talked.

"Change of scene." Linda barked. "Instead, we're doing the old 'prude' routine. You come in all prudish like, uptight, you know - and the girls talking you into letting Sherri hypnotize you..."

As Linda spied it out, Jenny nodded - and then it was time to shoot, and a pair of zero-prescription glasses were shoved onto her face, and she was propelled towards the door of the set.

Standing at the door leading into the set, she paused, a frown creasing her face as she caught sight of a few strands that had escaped from Debbie's attempt to pull it all into a tight bun.

The hair was blonde - bright, golden blonde.

Jenny's frown deepened, and she wondered how the hell they'd changed the color of her hair so fast... and then the director was calling 'Action', and she entered the room, walking with a priggish stride atop the three inch heels of her classic-style black pumps.

Three inch heels? When had they changed her shoes...

...or, for that matter, swapped out the knee-high socks for black stockings?

Jenny didn't have time to puzzle it out, though - she was busy ad-libbing with the other actresses, as she let herself be 'talked into' sitting down in a chair and letting Sherri do that tired old bit where she waved a crystal.. in... front.. of.....

Well, now that Sherri asked, Jenny guessed she ***didn't*** need to wear her glasses all the time. She might as well take them off. For that matter, she was probably right about letting her hair down. though, when she let her golden mass of curls spill down

around her face, there was something about the color that seemed important for her to think about...

...but Sherri was talking, and Jenny felt so thick-witted that she had to concentrate very hard on the unbelievably important things Sherri was saying - and, yes, she was right again, Jenny definitely would feel more comfortable if she undid the uncomfortably tight neck of her blouse, and a few more buttons besides. After all, there was nothing wrong with letting her breasts show. Like Sherri said, Jenny had nice tits, and it was okay to wear her shirt to show them off, and...

Wait a second.

Something just didn't seem quite right about the sight of her firm, DD-cups, encased in their no-nonsense full-cup black bra. The sight of them displayed by her opened shirt seemed somehow disquieting - as did the nylon clad-legs showing from beneath the hem of her severe gray skirt, for that matter.

Jenny tried to tell this to Sherri - but Sherri interrupted her...

...and yes, Jenny guessed Sherri was right, she should be proud of her nice tits. After all, they were quite nice, weren't they? She certainly couldn't argue there. Also, her legs were nice, like Sherri was saying - so, she guessed that it was a good idea, like Sherri said, if she wore heels that showed them off better, like the pumps with the six-inch heels Brandi was right now putting on Jenny's feet, and...

"CUT!"

Jenny looked around in confusion. What was going on?

There was no wall on one side - instead, there was bright lights, and people, and.. and... She knew what those things were called, didn't she?

She felt so confused.

So... dreamy.

She giggled nervously in her high-pitched soprano as a red-head girl with tiny boobies came up to her.

"What's going on?" Jenny asked in her high-pitched girly voice, trying to get her scattered thoughts in some sort of order. "Where am I?"

"You're making a movie, Jenny." The red-head... Lisa? No - Linda! Jenny giggled happily at remembering the red-head's name. "A movie?" Jenny asked, with another giggle.

"Yes - a porn movie." Linda said.

"Oh, right!" Jenny said, remembering - sort of. She was looking forward to this, wasn't she? Yes, she thought she remembered...

...but Linda was talking.

"Do you know what type of porn movie it is, Jenny?" Linda asked.

Jenny pouted prettily as she worked over the question - then smiled brightly as memory responded.

"It's a big-booby movie!" She said, jumping up and down and clapping her hands in excitement at answering correctly. "That's right." Linda confirmed. "That's why the director's upset at you, Jenny. Look..."

Jenny stared at Linda's pointing finger for a moment - then finally understood the significance of the extended digit, and lowered her gaze to her own chest...

Her tits sat, exposed by the half-opened blouse, encased in the black bra.

She'd been thinking about them a couple of minutes ago, hadn't she? She'd thought...

"There's... something wrong with my boobies?" Jenny said, slowly. The thought felt right, somehow, but she felt so scatter-brained that she couldn't figure out what...

"Look at the other girls, Jenny." Linda said patiently, and Jenny did...

"My boobies aren't as big as theirs!" She said, blue eyes going even wider than her usual vapid gaze.

"That's right - and don't you think the star of a big-booby movie should have big boobies?" Linda asked. "Maybe even the biggest boobies of all?"

Jenny frowned.

"Gee, that makes sense... I think." She agreed, cautiously.

"Well, then - what do we need to do before we can make the film?" Linda prompted. That was a toughie. Jenny pouted and thought, and thought, and thought...

"You need to make my boobies bigger!" She finally cried, happily.

"That's right, Jenny..." Linda said, taking her hand and leading her off-stage. "That's right..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Her face expressionless, her huge, blue eyes focused on nothingness, the huge-breasted blonde woman didn't even move as the handsome young man finished peeling her bra off and discarded it, then reached out and began squeezing and fondling massive, artificially round breasts each easily the size of a basketball.

"You like having your huge tits played with, don't you Jenny?" The man asked in a husky voice. "You love getting them squeezed and touched by men, don't you?"

Still staring off into space, the woman answered in a thick, slow - but high-pitched and slightly lisping - voice.

"Yes. I love having men play with my big titties." She said in a sweet monotone.

"You love it because it gets men horny." The man said, continuing to squeeze and caress her massive, fake tits. "You love making men horny."

"I love making men horny." She parroted back in that slow, dazed voice.

"You love getting men horny because it makes their cocks hard..." The man said - gasped, really. "You love hard, throbbing cocks." "I love hard, throbbing cocks." She agreed, again.

"You love hard, throbbing cocks - because then you can suck and fuck them, Jenny." The man gasped, the source of his distress - the oversized cock straining the boxers that were the only clothing he wore - quite obvious. "You love fucking and sucking cock. You can't get enough cock. You want to get men horny with your body and huge, round tits so that you can fuck and suck more cock - right Jenny, right?"

"Yes." She replied, flatly. "I love getting men horny so they will let me fuck and suck their big, hard cocks." "God..." The man whimpered - and then snapped his fingers near her ear.

The huge-breasted woman blinked, shook her head - and then a huge smile appeared on her full, gloss-pink lips.

"Gee, Tommy - I guess I musta fell asleep!" She said - then giggled brainlessly, perfectly in keeping with her looks. She looked at his hands on her huge tits - then down at the erection straining his underwear.

"Mmmm - is that for me?" She asked, brightly.

"You bet, baby." Tommy said. "You gave me the hard on - so now you can take care of it!"

"Oh, Goodie!" She exclaimed, leaping to her feet and happily clapping her hands as she jumped up and down - making her massive tits bound and jiggle and sway. "I just soooo love cock! I love to fuck them and suck them! Can I fuck your big, hard cock, Tommy?"

"Sure..." Tommy said, smiling. "If you do a good job, I'll even let you suck it later!"

"Oh, boy!" She exclaimed, happily. Grabbing his hand, she pulled him over to the nearby bed, where she quickly took off his briefs, as well as her own skirt and panties. They spent a couple of minutes kissing and fondling - and then she climbed up atop him and sank her sopping cunt onto his hard, throbbing cock, gasping and moaning in pleasure.

"I love your cock, Tommy!" She cried, flexing those long, sexy legs of hers, driving herself up and down atop his manhood. One hand rested on his flat stomach, with the other hand played with her massive tits.

She fucked him long, hard and energetically, pausing only once - long enough to end up on her hands and knees, so that her huge tits could sway back and forth as Tommy took her from behind. He fucked her for a while longer. Finally, she began screaming in pleasure - and yanked herself off his cock to flop onto the bed, face up...

...while Tommy quickly put himself on the bed, straddling her, hand working his cock.

He came - ejaculating an incredible amount of cum in long, thick jets that sprayed all over her huge tits and into her open, eager mouth...

...and then, in the middle of a gushing jet of cum splattering across her lips, everything just - stopped.

"There you are, ladies and gentleman!" A voice cried as the lights came up. "Our NewCummer of the Year - Miss Jenny Juggs!"

Applause rang through the auditorium hosting the Adult Movie Awards, and silicone-stuffed actress herself wiggled and jiggled out onto stage from the wings, smiling brainlessly and waving at the crowd - looking a bit befuddled, truth be told.

"To present the award, the producers of Jenny Juggs Big Adventure, co-owners of their own studio and label - and quite hot babes in their own right - Tamara and Tania LaRue!"

The applause redoubled as a pair of svelte, dark-haired women came out on stage from the opposite wings, carrying the rather cheesy plastic award statue between them. The met the clearly befuddled Jenny at center stage and presented her with the award - and, to the delight of the audience, comprehension dawned when she accepted it, and she cried out: "I got this for fucking and sucking real good!"

It called for a good laugh - and the LaRue sisters laughed even harder than the crowd as they assured their big box-office draw that she had, indeed, won it for that.

Laughing and giggling, Jenny Juggs happily waved the statue at the audience - which, since it made her huge, barely-covered tits jiggle and bounce, was quite entertaining.

"Now, before you go..." The MC said to the LaRue sisters, through his microphone. "Maybe we can convince you to answer the question on everybody's lips. Having come out of nowhere with not only a brand-new production company, but a brand-new star... when are you coming out with your second film?"

"Well..." Tania-or-Tamara said - none of the suddenly silent, intent audience could tell the two identical, dark-clad women apart. "I don't want to give anything away... but so many men have approached us with their 'good ideas' since our arrival, you can be sure we'll be turning out some films so tailored to their own fetishes it'll just... pull them right in."

Then, Tamara-or-Tania winced - almost, some noted later in mild confusion, as if somebody had just given her a good, hard poke in the ribs...

...but then Jenny cried out, 'Gee, do I get to do more fucking and sucking, too?' - and brought down the house.

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE

---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** When two roommates butt heads over who is going to clean up, one of them becomes the victim of a magic trinket and is transformed into the maid..

## Wanted

---

**By Gunslinger**

With a loud, reverberating belch, Kevin negligently tossed the emptied can of beer off to the side. With a metallic clatter, the can rolled down the side of the small pyramid of similar containers, before coming to rest in a drift of fast-food wrappings that lay at the base of the small mountain of refuse.

Looking up from his work, Jeff frowned at the sight of the mess, then switched his low, flat gaze to his raven-haired roommate. "You're a slob, Kevin - did you know that?" Jeff asked, pointedly.

"Yup, sure do..." Kevin replied with an impish grin. Stretching mightily, the broad-shouldered young man leaned forward, pulling himself out of his comfortable semi-reclined position and bracing his weight on one heavily-muscled arm. "Known it for years, bud - and I would have figured a brain like you woulda figured it out long before this. Hell, we've been roommates for, what, a month now? Surely the fact that I haven't cleaned up one damned thing in that entire time musta given you a clue..."

Blinking, Jeff slowly removed his reading glasses and raised one slender, pale eyebrow. "You sound like you're proud of the fact."

Kevin shrugged. "Not proud, not ashamed. It's just the way I am, buddy-boy. The mess doesn't bother me at all, so I really don't have any urge to clean it up, that's all."

"Oh, I see - and my distaste for mess doesn't matter." Jeff said, acerbically.

"If it bothers you, then **you** clean it up." Kevin said, with another shrug. Levering himself up off the couch, he stretched again, his thick, slab-sided muscles stiff after spending nearly four hours on the couch, watching a pair of mid-afternoon 'T&A' flicks on network TV. "Same as with the cooking - I tried handling that, but you didn't like my cooking, so now you do it. No biggie."

"Oh, is that what you call 'cooking'?" Jeff asked, also rising and stretching - though it looked a lot less impressive on his slender, pale frame than it did on Kevin's heavily built one. "Dumping Spaghetti-O's in a bowl and nuking it is cooking?"

"Hey, I happen to like canned food." Kevin said, easily. "Like I said - if you don't like a way I do, or don't do, something, then do it yourself. I figure it's the only fair way, right?"

Jeff sighed and ground his teeth together.

It wasn't that Kevin was a bad guy, really. Certainly, he was friendly enough, the narrow, acne-scarred face usually carrying an easy grin. He wasn't even lazy, exactly - when they'd moved into the two-bedroom cinder-block cottage on the edge of town that neither could have afforded alone, the muscular young man had actually insisted on doing all the working lifting and carrying, letting Jeff do the sorting and arranging - each doing what they did best, in other words.

The problem was, Kevin had no concept of 'fair division of labor'. He simply figured that whoever did a particular task best should be the one to do it - and it seemed that Kevin had absolutely no 'housekeeping' skills, and so the tasks fell on Jeff.

"Well, I've been teased enough..." Kevin said, heading towards the door, grabbing a jean jacket to pull over his sweatshirt-and-jean ensemble to ward off the autumn chill. "I'm goin' into town to pick up a porno or two - need anything."

Still annoyed and frustrated at his too easy-going new roommates disregard for cleanliness, Jeff pointedly turned his back on him and went back to work carefully polishing the small brass 'trinket' he'd purchased at a garage sale, removing decades of green tarnish from its surface.

With a sigh, Kevin walked over and plucked the little brass Celtic cross from Jeff's hand.

"Oy, me boyo..." Kevin said, faking a thick Irish lilt - badly. "I swear on my soul and Saint Paddy his'self, anythin' you be wanting, I'll be takin' care of."

Angrily, disdaining to answer a roommate who's unflagging good-nature denied him a target for his pent-up frustration, Jeff yanked the small Irish charm from Kevin's fingers. Intently leaning forward and resuming polishing it, he presented Kevin with a view of his crew-cut blond hair.

Rolling his eyes, Kevin shrugged and turned away. Jangling his keys in his hand, he headed out of the house, honestly not understanding why Jeff was so upset about something that seemed so self-evident to him.

Hearing the door slam shut behind his roommate, the slim blond gripped the cross tightly in his fist. "Yeah, Kevin, I need



something..." He muttered to the air. "I need a maid..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Almost to his car, Kevin suddenly gasped, his pock-marked face going pale as he trembled. It as if a giant foam-rubber hammer had just hit him between the eyes.

It wasn't just the 'realization' of how Jeff felt - it was much deeper and stronger then that, something closer to the sort of soul-searing epiphany that some felt upon discovering religion.

Except that there was no 'lead in' to the sudden convictions - and consequences - that had just flooded over him. It was like a tidal- wave of unquestionable truths coming out of nowhere and sweeping him away in it's unstoppable current.

Though his own thoughts and opinions on the whole situation remained unchanged, Kevin had just been hit with an overwhelming conviction that he was doing something horribly, terribly, inhumanly wrong. Even as his watery legs managed to get him to his car, he was struggling to stay afloat in the unwanted and unprompted flood of self-disgust, shame and self-recriminations that battered at his mind, insisting that he needed to so something to make right what he'd done wrong...

...and not just any 'something', but something specific.

"No..." Kevin moaned to himself, clasping his hands to the side of his head. "What... what's happening to me...?" The unwanted urge - needs - he was feeling didn't come with a user's manual that included the answers he sough. He *needed* to be a maid for Jeff.

Though out of nowhere, the thought was fully formed and specific. It wasn't that he had to go back in the house and clean up his mess - it was that he needed to be Jeff's maid.

It was ridiculous and humiliating, the thought of being a 'maid', right down to all the emotional and mental attachments that Kevin connected to that specific concept - yet it wasn't something he could ignore, not with it battering at him. The need to do this might be strange and horrifyingly powerful, but it was also as real as a drowning man's need for air...

...and just as a drowning man will sooner or later open his mouth and attempt to 'breathe' water due to his need, so was the overpowering need to strong for Kevin to resist for long. Even as he begged the thin air for answers - and relief - he was sliding into the driver's seat of the car, fingers fumbling the key into the ignition as he found himself obeying the overwhelming, inexplicable need to make himself into Jeff's maid.

Starting the car, he struggled for a moment against this unwanted need, horrified at the thought of what he was helplessly contemplating - but the pause was only momentary, and he found himself driven by the emotions and thoughts washing over him in an unending wave darker and more horrifying then the ones conjured up at the contemplation.

Putting the car into 'drive', he aimed it towards the road leading into town.

"Please... no..." Kevin whimpered as he headed into town, struggling to turn aside the flood of emotions that threatened to

overwhelm him. Though his intellect still insisted that there was nothing wrong with the way he'd been viewing the whole 'mess situation', his emotions were acting as if he'd just brutally murdered his best friend in cold blood. His brain scrambled to hold onto it's sanity in the face of such bleak, self-hating emotions - and the only life-line it could find was the inexplicable promise of redemption if only he'd 'make up' for his 'wrongs' by being Jeff's maid.

Helplessly driven by these needs, he pulled the car to a stop in front of a store in town that sold a wide variety of novelty items and costumes.

Practically throwing himself from the car in a desperate need to do this thing he didn't want to do, he hurried into the store even as he desperately wished to be going somewhere - anywhere - else.

The man behind the counter looked up as Kevin slammed into the store in a rush, his eyebrows rising at the sight of the muscular young man with a look of desperation on his pinched features.

"Can I help you, sir...?" The cashier asked, politely enough, as his fingers lightly rested on the silent alarm button under the edge of the counter.

"A maid's costume." The man gasped, tears actually standing in his dark eyes as he hauled a wad of money out of his pocket and stood, literally bouncing with tension. "Please... I need to buy a maid's costume."

The cashier blinked. "Oh, uh... certainly, sir. Um... will this be for yourself, sir...?"

"Yes, yes..." Kevin said, urgently, hating what he was doing - but needing to do it, nonetheless. "Please, I need a maid's costume." "Uh... well, we'll have to see what we have in your size..." The cashier said, hesitantly, looking at Kevin's physique.

The cashier hesitated a second longer - but the sight of that money was the final straw, and he edged out from behind the desk and headed down an aisle, Kevin following practically on his heels.

"Here we are..." The cashier said, gesturing at a section of free-standing racks that held a variety of costumes. "English maids, several types of French maid outfits..."

Looking at the wide range of ultimately feminine clothing, Kevin winced at the thought of dressing up in such a thing - but worse than the shame and humiliation of such a thing was the dark, bleak emotions thrumming through him. Though the thought of wearing one of the outfits was distasteful, it was nevertheless bearable - while as the self-hatred and disgust he was feeling right now wasn't.

Hurriedly, Kevin began pawing through the racks, looking desperately for the correct sizes for his heavily muscled frame, draping the garments over his arm as he found them. Even the sight of the silk and lace laying against his muscular, hirsute arm was enough to make him shudder - but wasn't enough to allow even a pause, his desperate need threatening to pull him under.

"Shoes..." He gasped at the clerk, even as he continued picking out clothing and accessories that his own mental image of a maid demanded he get. "Size eleven, anything at all - and make-up, I need make-up..."

It took the clerk a second to decipher the words 'make-up' - since they were said in a near whimper. "Uh... You do realize that buying this, rather than renting, is going to be quite expensive..."

"Fine, anything - shoes and makeup..." Kevin said, quite literally unable to consider the financial aspects in his driven need to rid himself of negative emotions that were now quickly nearing suicidal levels.

"Yes sir..." The cashier said, briskly, already adding up a running total as he headed off to acceded to the strange, obviously insane man's demands.

The cashier couldn't have cared less if the dark-haired man thought he was Napoleon - or, more likely, Josephine. As long as he had the cash to pay for this stuff, the cashier would sell it to him...

When the entire ensemble had finally been accumulated, Kevin paid for the goods making them his - and then let out a small sob of relief as the pressure of his emotions eased somewhat at having halfway completed his 'redemption'.

Eased - but not vanished. He now owned a complete 'maid' outfit - but he had to go much further than that. The sob or relief leading into a small whimper of embarrassment, he headed out of the store.

After a short stop at a store to pick up the last few items he quite literally **needed**, then headed for home.

As he drove, he pleaded with the unknown outside force that must be responsible for these strange and inexplicable feelings he had. The main thrust of his pleas weren't about the 'maid' routine, though it was definitely a secondary matter.

More important than not having to play 'maid', however, was begging to get rid of the feelings that were driving him to do it. Indeed, if it came down to it, he would **happily** saunter through Times Square at high noon in nothing but a pink tutu and a pair of high heels - if it meant that he could erase the emotional damage that came from having even had the feelings that still tortured him.

Ten minutes later, Kevin arrived home, the unwanted emotions and self-hate tearing him up inside. Still muttering pleas to the unseen force hovering about him, the broad-shoulder brunet gathered up the bags containing his unwanted purchases and went into the house.

It was immediately obvious that Jeff wasn't there - something not totally unexpected, and quite relieving.

Jeff was, by nature, a non-confrontational man. A genuine book-worm, and somewhat shy to boot, Jeff's usual method for handling anger or despair was to take a long walk to cool down.

Until whatever it was that was happening to Kevin had happened, the muscular man would have said that Jeff was the more emotional of the pair, more sensitive to his own feelings and those of others. Kevin, himself, knew he was 'insensitive' - not in the usual meaning of 'intentionally rude', but in the sense that he quite literally didn't sense others or his own emotions. Indeed, he went through life substituting physical comfort and pleasure for happiness, and physical pain or discomfort for 'fear' and 'sadness'...

...until now.

Until now, he'd always thought that he was somehow superior to those people ruled by their emotions, people like Jeff who let themselves get 'worked up' about things, instead of just taking life as it came.

Now, however, feeling real emotions batter at him, he finally understood how somebody could be driven to do something by 'mere emotion', and in a way it was a revelation that made the emotional pain tearing through him somewhat worth-while, in the 'silver

lining' meaning.

Still, as he headed for the bathroom, Kevin wished he could have gone his entire life in ignorance - for ignorance really was bliss.

Well, at least he had a temporary reprieve before he had to reveal his new emotional side to his roommate, Kevin thought with a twisted grin.

Entering the bathroom, he dug into one of the plastic bags, emerging with a plastic container that resembled a shampoo bottle.

Holding it, Kevin simply stood and considered **not** using it - and the wave of renewed emotions told him that he couldn't 'wimp out' on any part of this.

With another expression somewhere between pain and resignation, Kevin flipped the bottle over and began rereading the instructions on how to use Neet...

\* \* \* \* \*

Hands jammed deep in the pockets of jacket, Jeff headed towards the house, his eyes fixed on the ground in front of him.

The anger ad spent itself as he'd walked, the heat of his frustration seeming to bleed off into the cool autumn air, leaving behind the bitter after-taste of resignation. Kevin was who he was, and there was obviously no emotional involvement in the situation - which meant that neither guilt nor shame would be eating away at him.

In other words, there was no incentive to change.

Shaking his head, and wishing he'd screen the cheerful, apparently so helpful prospective roommate more carefully, Jeff opened the door and stepped inside...

...and stopped dead, jaw dropping.

"Oh, uh... hi..." Kevin said, in a voice as weak as the grin pasted on his lips. On his **lipstick clad** lips.

Jeff didn't answer the weakly-offered greeting, instead continuing to stare, wide-eyed, at the bizarre image that his roommate presented.

Balanced awkwardly atop the relatively short, wide heels of the 'Mary-Jane' style pumps with their two-and-a-half inch heels, Kevin was bent over, caught in the act of dusting the coffee-table - a position that only served to emphasize the thick, slab-like musculature of the smooth legs encased in the fine-mesh black fishnet stockings.

In the position Kevin was in, it was easy to see the tops of those stocks, and the garters that connected them to the hidden garter belt under the puffy, white-petticoat-lined black silk skirt - a skirt trimmed in white lace.

As was the top of the classic 'French Maid' uniform, the bodice-style top with the puffy short sleeves overlaid with a lace-trimmed white apron that also matched the little black-and-white lace maid's cap perched incongruously atop the once-shaggy mane of raven's hair that had been painfully styled into a tight-curled mass by an obviously inexperienced hand.

Framed by that sloppily-feminine style was Kevin's square-jawed masculine face, carefully made up, right down to the long false eyelashes that edged the blue eye-shadowed lids.

The sight of Kevin, looking ludicrous in the feminine finery, was fighting to be more utterly unexpected than the sight of the living room itself...

...which was more spotlessly clean than it had been since the men had moved in, not only tidied up, but vacuumed, polished and dusted.

"What...?" Jeff started to ask about the room's cleanliness - then the outfit won out: "Why are you wearing a maid's uniform...?"

As the not-unexpected question registered on Kevin's brain, he was opening his mouth to explain that he *had* to, but didn't know why...

...and then gaped stupidly back at Jeff, the flush of embarrassment on his face giving way to the pale white of shocked realization as the answer flooded into his mind.

"...because you wanted it..."

Jeff blinked at Kevin's breathlessly whispered answer. "Huh...?"

"The charm..." Kevin said, a little more strongly. "I promised, on my soul and on Saint Patrick, that anything you wanted, I take care of. You wanted me to clean up, and so I had to... but, on some level, you also wanted me to, uh, be 'punished' - humiliated."

Slowly, Jeff began shaking his head in negation of the charge.

"Yes." Kevin said, straightening, his face a mask of conflicting emotions. "You don't want to admit it out loud, but in your mind it's what you want. I know this the same way I knew the answer as soon as you asked the question - because you wanted to know the answer. It doesn't matter if it's actually anything you'd ask for, out loud, and desire you'd ever express - somehow, by the promise I made, I know whatever it is you want... and have to supply it..."

Jeff shook his head again - but thus time, to clear it, unable to argue the charges leveled at him. Taking a deep breath, he tried to wrap his mind around what he would have otherwise assumed as an utterly impossible situation.

"If that's true..." He said, slowly, "...then I want you to get out of that ridiculous outfit."

A torn expression took up residence on Kevin's face.

"No, you don't..." He said, sadly. "You don't want to be responsible for this - and you aren't, since I, unknowingly, did this to myself - but, though you hate to admit it even to yourself, part of you is enjoying having this sort of control over me, and you want it to continue - and, so, regardless of what I want, and regardless of what you **say**, I have to continue doing what, deep down, you really want... which, right now, is dinner."

Face screwing itself into a painfully wry smile, Kevin shrugged and headed for the kitchen.

"Wait, no..." Jeff said, still trying to accept this was really happening. "Kevin, I don't want to do this to you, I don't want to..."

With the wave of one hand tipped with press-on nails, Kevin stopped him. "You feel guilty about your role in this, but you do want it - and it's nothing you can control."

With a sigh, Kevin had to push back the disgust and humiliation, and tell the hard truth: "It's not your fault, Jeff. You didn't somehow plan this, you aren't giving me orders to do this stuff. You're just... being you, and I have no choice but to obey the unspoken desires deep inside you, ones that your compassion and your intellect would never let see the light of day, but ones that exist. It's not your fault, Jeff. If it's anyone's fault, it's mine - for not even **trying** to understand your feelings before this forced me to more or less experience them."

Jeff had no response to that, and so he simply stared as Kevin turned away, and headed for the kitchen.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thanks, that was, uh..."

"Wonderful?" Kevin supplied, looking down at his own scraped-clean plate. "Yeah, it was really weird. I mean... I've never bothered to learn how to cook, but, somehow... I just knew what to do. I guess... because you **wanted** a tasty meal, and not the usual dreck I make..."

Jeff shook his head for the hundredth time that afternoon, still trying to cope with everything going on. Finding Kevin dressed up in a maid's outfit, every inch of skin below the eyebrows smooth as a baby's bottom thanks to the unwanted use of depilatory, was just the beginning. Less visible but more stunning was the new skills the muscular, cross-dressed man found himself with, as whatever incredible force that was working upon him provided him with whatever was necessary to allow him to carry out Jeff's unspoken desires.

Waiting a second, Kevin prepared for the 'emotional blackmail' that would fore him to do the dishes...

...and was mildly amazed when Jeff got up and began to clear away the dishes, without that urge arising. "I'll handle the dishes." Jeff said, with a shrug. "It only seems fair, after the cleaning and cooking you did..."

Kevin blinked, amazed to discover that it wasn't just polite noises, but an actual belief in fairness - because if Jeff had felt otherwise, fairly or not, Kevin would have been compelled to do the dishes anyway.

Kevin felt a strange emotion curling in his breast - not one that was imposed from outside, but one that was completely internal.

He'd not so much ***misjudged*** Jeff, as not bothered to judge him in the first place. Only now, with an unwanted insight into Jeff's inner soul, did he understand what his new roommate thought and believed.

As much as he hated what was happening to him, Kevin simply couldn't bring himself to hate Jeff. Jeff's part in this was as much unwilling as his own, and it was obvious that Jeff was feeling remorse for what his unstated desires were causing Kevin to do...

...when Kevin knew damned well that, had the positions been reverse, he wouldn't have felt that remorse. It was one of the principal differences between them. Jeff, more emotional, agonized over what he did, while Kevin based his life around a purely physical morality, doing what caused himself pleasure, and shunning that which caused him pain.

Only now did he realize that Jeff did the same thing - but where Kevin's decisions were based on physical pleasure and pain, Jeff's were based on emotional pleasure and pain.

"Well..." Kevin said, hesitantly, testing the words. "...I guess I'll go... get changed..."

There was no emotional back-lash from the suggestion, and Kevin sighed as he realized that he was now 'allowed' to go change back into his own clothes.

Twenty minutes later, they met back in the living room, Kevin once more dressed in his normal clothing and feeling much relieved to be so. They settled onto the couch and Kevin picked up the remote...

...then sighed as he turned on 'CSI'. It was a show he could either take or leave, but Jeff really enjoyed it - and since he wanted to watch it, that was what they were going to watch...

...except there was more to it than that.

"Weird..." Kevin said during a commercial, shaking his head in amazement. "What's that...?" Jeff asked.

"I.. I'm enjoying it." Kevin said, still amazed. "You must want to be able to share watching the show with somebody who enjoys it as much as you do - and, so, I enjoy it. More than that, though - one reason why you've always enjoyed it more than me is because you're more intellectual, while a lot of what's going on goes over my head. Only, tonight - I get what's going on. I mean, just like I knew how to cook and clean, I also know everything they're talking about, all the implications and meanings and stuff. Like, geez, Jeff



- I'm **smarter** then I was before this started..."

It was an amazing 'side-effect' - and Jeff found some of his attention stolen from the show as he tried to contemplate just how powerful this strange force was...

After the show was over, Jeff yawned and stretched, "Well - I'm going to head off to bed."

"Okay.' Kevin said. "I'm not really tired, but trust me - I won't make any more noise then you want me too..." The two roommates shared a wry grin, then Jeff headed off to bed.

It was nearly an hour after Jeff had fallen asleep, and his subconscious mind had begun 'playing around' in the unlimited scope of the dream world, that Kevin felt a new compulsion taking form...

\* \* \* \* \*

Yawning, Jeff followed the rich odor of coffee into the kitchen... "Oh, shit..."

Kevin smiled in response, 'striking a pose' and speaking in a forced falsetto. "Morning, sleepy-head." Jeff just slowly shook his head, staring at Kevin's muscular form, once more draped in feminine clothing.

It wasn't the maid's outfit, though Kevin was once again wearing the shoes and fishnets. Over this, however, was a dark blue dress of a very 'June Cleaver' style, one that went with the hair that had been re-worked into a better version of his poor first attempt at a elegantly curled mass.

"Like the dress...?" Kevin asked, dropping the falsetto as he poured a mug of coffee for Jeff. "I was up all night making it, and it came out pretty damned good - but I'm kinda pissed about loosing my best set of sheets for the material."

Jeff blinked. "You're... taking this rather calmly..."

Kevin smirked. "You shoulda heard my curses last night, when the need first came over me. Of course, I only muttered them, so as not to wake you - but some of the ones I aimed at you were so nasty, I was almost surprised that you didn't just burst into flame from them. Since then... well, I've had plenty of time to think while my hands were busy, and I realized that there's not only no permanent damage, but there's some 'fringe benefits'."

Jeff's eyebrows rose at the admission. Personally, he wouldn't have found increased intelligent and new skills a fair trade for being forced to dress in women's clothing but, then again, he wasn't Kevin. If Kevin found it bearable, that was just so much less guilt that he had to...

"Wait a second..." Jeff said, suspiciously. "You're not being forced to act this way just because I don't want to feel guilt about what's happening to you, are you?"

Kevin blinked, then looked thoughtful. "I... don't think so. But... how would I know? I mean - are you even sure you want to know the truth...?"

Jeff opened his mouth to answer - then shut it again, a look of surprised confusion on his own face as he realized he

didn't know for sure...

More than that - perhaps Kevin's answer was 'driven' by Jeff subconsciously wanting to be convinced that Kevin wasn't been driven by a subconscious desire, whereas an immediate denial that it was the case might have made Jeff to wonder if he'd been forced to issue that denial - except that now he was wondering just that very thing...

"I think this whole thing is giving me a headache..." Jeff said, realizing that, in a way, he was wondering if whether or not he was trying to outsmart himself with Kevin being the conduit.

"Oh, hey..." Kevin said, snapping fingers once more tipped with press-on nails. "Look, I'm not 'your obedient slave'. I **can** fight the urges, but I don't because it hurts so much - but that means that we'd both notice the struggle if it was an 'enforced' thought."

"I.. guess so. I hope so, at least..." Jeff said, moderately reassured by the thought - but, then again, how could he be sure that it wasn't simply a reassurance he'd wanted Kevin to give him...?

No, Jeff decided with a slight grin. That was overthinking the whole problem - especially since the situation wasn't driven by conscious thought, but unconscious desire. If he needed any more proof of that, one look at Kevin would cure him of it. After all, Kevin looked utterly ridiculous, his muscular and almost overly masculine frame looking ludicrous in the feminine outfit he was forced to wear. There was no way Jeff's conscious mind would have done anything to willingly create such an ugly picture. If it was up to him...

"Ugn...!" Kevin gasped, eyes flying wide as his body twitched.

The grunt drew Jeff's eye to his cross-dressing roommate - and for a second, he couldn't fathom what he was seeing as Kevin writhed in place, his entire body feeling as if it had 'been asleep' and had just come back to tingling life.

Then it registered...

"I didn't mean it...!" Jeff screamed, eyes going painfully wide as he staggered back, spilling his coffee as he slammed into the wall behind him. He threw his hands up in a defensive supplication. "No, stop, I take it back..."

"What's... happening.. to me..." Kevin gasped - because he had an idea what was happening, and was praying that some other answer - and other answer - would come back, one not nearly as horrifying as what he thought was happening.

Unfortunately, though, Kevin's assumption was right on the money. Gasping and still trying to beg off from the thought that had formed, unbidden, in his mind, Jeff could only stared slack-jawed as his roommate's massively muscled frame writhed and reshaped itself, the muscles melting away like butter left out in the hot summer sun, to be replaced with smoother, more aesthetically pleasing curves...

"Oh, shit - I'm a woman..." Kevin screamed, the unwilling admission of the horrifying fate emerging in a clear, feminine contralto trilled with near panic as the new woman threw her hands wide and stared down at her transformed body, fuller lips in a perfect 'O' of shocked horror.

It was a statement of the obvious, for the person standing near the coffee-maker was not only female, but emphatically so. In the space of a few seconds, the one tall, broad, and massively muscled body Kevin had once possessed had reshaped itself into a slender, feminine hour-glass, the carefully-sewn dress somehow undergoing its own transformation to fit the much daintier form as well as it had fit the masculine one it had so recently enclosed.

The way it fit the new body was much more pleasing to Jeff's eye, though. After all, what man wouldn't enjoy looking at a tall, slender woman with a deliciously slender waist separating the womanly curve of her hips from the fabric tented over the conical breasts above?

She was a stunning beauty, looking like a cross between Jane Russell and Angelina Jolie - tall and lithe, with classically beautiful features and fill, inviting lips. Her figure, so supple and graceful, was not only enclosed in a dress reminiscent of the Forties, but the nylon mesh stockings had become 'nude' stockings with seams up the back, and the shoes classic black pumps with a slender four- and-a-half inch heel that the new woman stood with unwanted grace atop.

Unbeknownst to Jeff, but well known to the new woman by the feel of them, even her undergarments had changed to match - including the 'out-and-up' Forties and Fifties style bra that created that distinctive 'poke and eye out' profile from her full, D-cup endowments.

She was stunning - and Jeff couldn't help but appreciate the fact, even as he begged the unseen force to change Kevin back. Pleas that fell on deaf ears - for, in truth, he **wanted** a stunningly lovely female roommate rather than a big muscular lump of one.

Staring down at the reformed body Jeff had unwillingly cursed her with, the woman let out another shriek of dismay, then turned and ran.

All-too-aware of the easy grace with which she moved atop her higher, slimmer heels, she burst through the back door of the cottage and fled towards the tree-line at the edge of the lot.

With every step she took, the fabric of the dress swirled around her calves, rustling with a softly feminine sound. The very air over the few inches of tantalizingly exposed calf and ankle felt undeniably different and feminine, attenuated as it was by the nylons she so helplessly wore.

Her full new hips swiveled in a style a man could mock but never match - yet she performed the womanly movement without thought, her new body built for it, and with every step the fabric of her 'plain-Jane' old-style panties tightened and slid over a crotch that was undeniably smooth and feminine.

In the confines of the tight, conical-cupped bra, her new bust couldn't move much - but the very flesh of the breast itself shifted in the grip of gravity and centrifugal force, creating new sensations that only a woman could feel, since even the finest implants could never

mimic the sensation created as the moisture in each and every cell shifted in time with the bouncing and jostling as she ran.

Bouncing and jostling that caused her longer, more elegantly styled hair to shift and swirl around a face much daintier and better defined than ever before.

Bouncing and jostling that required her to keep her balance by spreading arms also daintier and more feminine than they'd ever been.

Bouncing and jostling that only served to remind her, in every way, shape and form, that she was no longer male, that her very manhood had been stolen from her, leaving her one of the 'weaker sex'.

She ran for the nebulous concealment of the forest, as if she could hide from her very self...

...and then she quite literally skidded to a stop as a new and horrifying urge swelled within her. "No..." She gasped, eyes widening in horror. "No, Jeff - don't do this..."

The emotions continued to rise - and then, on its own, her right hand suddenly clenched tight.

Not into a fist - but into a tight hold onto the butt of the Webley .380 pistol that had appeared unbidden in her grip.

She stared down in horror at the weapon, willing herself to drop the gun... but her fingers barely loosened on the butt of the pistol before tightening again, and she found herself helplessly driven to turn and start back towards the house.

The other emotions she'd felt, the ones that had driven her to do what she had so far, and been horrible enough to 'blackmail' her into obeying them - but this one was actually compelling her to do what she was doing.

Even as her shapely new nylon-clad legs bore her with a gracefully purposeful stride towards the house, she could feel what Jeff was going through, what had created this situation.

The fact that he'd changed her into a woman was bad enough - but the knowledge that he was ***completely incapable*** of changing her back was worse.

It had been a wayward thought that had turned her into a woman - but the consequence of that had been the inescapable realization that he then had a person, now biologically female, who would be compelled to fulfill his every desire.

It was definitely something any man, on a certain level, might desire - and Jeff was literally torn by the realization that he was such a man. He'd always considered himself a reasonable, intelligent, fundamentally kind man - yet, when presented with the chance to turn Kevin into a woman who must obey his desires, he'd found that there was no matching desire for 'fairness' and 'justice' to cancel out the desire, and the very fact that Kevin had not changed back once Jeff had realized what he'd done had proven that.

Upon finding out that he was less than he'd always believed himself to be, Jeff had, quite literally, wanted to die...

...and now the new woman pulled open the door, coming to fulfill that very want.

Numbly, with eyes full of despair, Jeff looked at the woman he'd turned Kevin into, making absolutely no effort to run from the weapon-wielding vision of vengeance.

"I'm so sorry, Kevin..." Jeff said in a flat, dead voice. "... I couldn't - can't - stop myself. I can't change you back... not while I'm alive..."

Helplessly, Kevin found her slender new arm beginning to rise from her side, her thumb going to the ridged metal of the gun's hammer.

"You'll change back once I'm dead..." Jeff said, spreading his arms and waiting. "Since I don't want you to be blamed for the murder, you most probably won't be - the fingerprints on the gun won't match the ones you'll have when you change back, and any trace evidence will also be..."

"Stop it...!" Kevin gasped past her unwillingly tightened full lips, trying - and failing - to cock the hammer of the pistol, the metallic 'click-snick' seeming to echo through the room. "Jeff, don't do this.. Don't make me do this...!"

"It's the only way..." Jeff said, sadly, watching the muzzle of the gun slowly near his chest, even as Kevin fought to stop its slow rise.

The fact that Jeff was still alive was a testament to the enormous will that Kevin was bringing to bear, slowing - if not halting - the murder. It took so much will that Kevin couldn't spare enough of it to argue effectively with Jeff.

If she could have, she would have told Jeff how kind and caring a man he was - for Kevin, or at least the Kevin he'd been before this had all started, would have accepted a feminized, enslaved Jeff with only token protest, not this soul-rending pain that was enough to make him Jeff wish for 'death due to dishonor'. She would have told Jeff that she fully understood both the urge and the result - and more than that, she forgave him both, for as horrifying as this transformation was to her, it wasn't life or sanity threatening, though it was obviously both to Jeff.

She would have bent every ounce of her recently increased intellect to make sure Jeff understood that this very situation, by its existence, didn't negate all that Jeff wished to belief was good and pure in himself, but reaffirmed it. Now, unlike ever before, Kevin had the intellect and the emotion to understand and articulate the fact that every human being had these base emotions and desires within, and true goodness came not from a lack of them, but from the will and desire to fight them.

She had the intellect and the understanding...

...but she didn't have the time. Not with her finger starting to tighten on the trigger.

The slender, beautiful woman who had so recently been a muscular, insensitive man did the only thing she could think of to save Jeff's life.

"Don't you want to kiss me...?" She asked, fighting to get the words out of a mouth that Jeff wanted to revile him, as he believed he deserved.

Jeff blinked - and the gun wavered. "...what...?"

"Wouldn't you rather have a lovely woman kiss you, rather than kill you...?" She asked, finding it less of an effort. "Instead

of a bullet in the heart, a warm, supple tongue in your mouth...?"

"What.. why...?" Jeff stammered, as the gun began to fall away.

"You want it, don't you?" She pressed. "You want to kiss me. Even if you still feel you need to die for what you've done, later, you want to kiss me, to feel my warm, shapely body pressed firmly against your own..."

Jeff gasped at her - and she managed to force the gun lower as she took a small step forward.

"I want you to want to live..." She said, through an unbelievably confused mix of emotions. "I know you want to die - but, through what's happened, you've opened a whole new vista to me, a new view of life and people, and I don't want you to die because of it. I want... I want to show you that what's happened to me is not all bad - and I want to let you see that giving into some of your desires won't cause me unbearable pain. Jeff, if you kiss me, it won't kill either of us, or drive us mad. The worst that will happen is that it will feel so awkward and embarrassing that neither of us will ever want to do it again..."

That's what she was hoping would happen - that she'd 'defuse' any desires in that direction. Still, she'd rather find that he enjoyed it so much that she was compelled to do it every ten minutes on the dot then to kill him.

Blessing or curse, her new emotions and intellect wouldn't let her find her lost manhood anywhere close to the same value as this poor man's life. Perhaps, if he'd done this to her maliciously, she would have been able to let Jeff go through with it - but not this way.

No matter what discomfort or distaste she felt at the prospect, she was willing to do almost anything, if it meant saving Jeff's life...

...and so she'd picked something she didn't think he could refuse. Knowing how shy he was around women, knowing how an 'enslaved woman' had tickled his desires, she knew that what she presented was a pearl without price, something that even this strange force couldn't provide:

Willingness.

She could be forced to do things by the promise she'd made - but nothing could compel what she now freely offered - willing, if not actually eager, participation.

Jeff gaped at her, wordless - but she didn't need words to verify his decision, the ability to drop the gun to the floor being all the acknowledgment of the agreement she needed.

Taking a deep breath, she screwed up all her courage, fighting to keep at bay the disgust, distaste and uncertainty she felt as she puckered her lips and stepped closer to him, arms spreading invitingly...

...and Jeff lifted his hands in a halting motion.

"You... don't need to kiss me, uh, Kevin..." He said, turning his face away.

The new woman, however, winced, and spoke in a strained voice: "Uh, actually... I do..."

Jeff's head whipped back around - and his own face screwed up as he realized that he was now 'broadcasting' again. "Oh, no..."

"I wouldn't have said it if I wasn't willing to do it, so don't blame yourself..." She said, as the urge to kiss Jeff continued to thrum through her. "Come on, let's get this over with..."

Feeling guilty about 'taking advantage' of the beauty Kevin had become - and hating himself for it not being enough to make his desire to kiss her fade - Jeff closed his eyes and tried very hard not to enjoy it as the supple new woman slid smoothly into his arm, her full lips seeking out and finding his own.

It was an attempt in vain - for there was simply no way, and under no circumstances, that he could avoid enjoying the feeling of a warm, supple body pressing itself firmly against his, of warm and softly firm lips pressing against his own as a long, supple tongue slid forth to enter the warm confines of his mouth in a deepening and thoroughly pleasurable kiss.

After an immeasurable interval, their lips finally parted...

"Damn..." She whispered, burying her face into his shoulder. "You wanted me to enjoy it..." Jeff winced.

Taking a deep breath, she managed to peel herself away from him, her face reflecting the effort it took. "Do.. you think.. you could think... about baseball or something...?" She gasped, eyes averted.

Blushing furiously, Jeff struggled to avert his mind from thoughts that naturally arose at have a warm and 'unwillingly willing' woman pressed firmly against him.

Slowly, the urges in her lessened a bit, and she managed to look at him again, her own face bright red. "Thanks. It's.. bearable..." She said, her voice carrying a strange tone.

As well it should. Shame and desire, humiliation and heat mixed freely within her as part of her felt a desire to fulfill Jeff's own desires, while another part of her was horrified and disgusted...

...not at Jeff, who was feeling the very desires that she, herself, would have felt if the situation were reversed, but at the fact that part of her **not** being influenced by Jeff was wondering what it would feel like to fulfill those desires, especially if Jeff wanted her to enjoy them...

"I'll get us some breakfast..." She said, briskly - not because Jeff was thinking of food, but because she wanted him thinking about anything other than the desires that were on his mind.

"I'll get a shower while you do that..." Jeff volunteered quickly.

"Yes. Please." She agreed, fervently, feeling the unwanted desires in her own body urging her to either do likewise - or surrender herself to the arousal that was only half imposed.

Instead, she left Jeff to his shower as she quickly scooped up the gun and stuck it on top of a cabinet, then turned to the task of making breakfast, trying to blank out the unbidden, feminine desires thrumming through her body and mind with the



simple domestic task that, yesterday, she'd at first been so upset to find herself compelled to do.

Finding yourself unwillingly turned into a woman and then subsequently beset with matching sexual desires sure put things into perspective...

\* \* \* \* \*

Leaning against the wall, his body battered by the ice-cold spray from the shower, Jeff tried to get his whirling mind to settle down.

Les then twenty-four hours ago, his roommate had been a great mass of masculine muscle, insensitive and uncaring. Now, through an unbelievable series of events and some desires that Jeff wished had never seen the light of day, Kevin was a gorgeous, thoughtful, sensitive woman - and all that meant that he wanted her, desperately, and not just in a physical way. Not entirely by coincidence, Kevin was sliding slowly but surely towards exactly the type of woman Jeff wanted...

"God..." Jeff whispered. "I just want..."

Blinking, Jeff shook his head, wondering why the water had gone so freezing cold. With a slight frown of confusion, he tried to clear the strange 'fog' in his mind as he reset the water to a more comfortable temperature, and began to wash...

\* \* \* \* \*

Kevin gasped as the world was ripped apart

With a gasp, she tried to bear up under the flood-tide of changes as the very fabric of reality rippled around her, the unbelievable power of what her promise had brought finally revealed as history itself was altered, solely for the purpose of letting her keep her promise to Jeff.

Even as it was happening, even as the history she'd been born into was ripped away, the woman who knew what exactly what was going on. In that instant, even as the knowledge of what Jeff had done filled her mind, she also truly understood the entirety of what was happening.

The change that was happening would in no way negatively impact any person on the face of the planet, save for maybe herself. Indeed, the purpose of the change was to allow Jeff to live more easily with himself, for he would no longer remember all that had occurred.

All of this was not happening for Jeff's sake, however...

...it was for ***hers***.

In that instant, as her old history faded, she saw what the inevitable future that would have gone with it. With an increased intellect momentarily given a glimpse of an unimaginable flood of data to work with, she saw what the person she had been would have done.

The outwardly friendly person with no real emotions, who really lived only for his own pleasure - and who had slowly be

spending down the inheritance left to him by the death of his parents. Having already 'economized' by moving in with Jeff so as to be able to spend more of his steadily declining cash on his own personal pleasure, he would have eventually reached a point where his 'emotionless intellect', such as it was, would have made it an obvious choice to turn to what he would have found an easy source of money...

Now, with horror, she watched in her mind's eye as the man she had used to be started out by using his natural charm and lack of emotional involvement to set up a 'dating service' - one that would have quickly and surely denigrated into an out-and-out prostitution ring - one that, providing him with not only the money, but the sex, he would have wanted, would have led him into drugging women into subservience - and 'training' them up right himself.

Pimp. Rapist. Drug dealer...

...and, inevitably, when Jeff finally found out what he was doing, when the basically good person he was drove him to try and help the women Kevin had enslaved; Murderer.

In that single instant when he'd held the pendant and half-jokingly made an promise, more out of a desire to avoid the physical awkwardness of a unhappy 'domestic' situation than anything, he'd been more humane and genuinely right then he'd ever been in his life until then - and as sad a statement that it might have made about the unthinking, uncaring, and basically selfish man Kevin had been, it had been just enough.

Just enough - to buy him a second chance...

All this passed through her mind in the timeless instant it took for Jeff's desire took to form. The mere instant, during which the universe obediently rearranged itself to make Jeff's want a reality.

'God...' Jeff had said, 'I just want to keep from hurting Kevin...'

It had been a true and honest desire, straight from the heart - and the fact that it failed to erase all the other desires that he might have - and that Kevin had promised to take care of - didn't matter one whit. What matter was, despite everything he still desired, Jeff honestly didn't want to be the cause of any emotional pain for Kevin...

...and so, in that instant between realities, Kevin knew and understood all of this, the entire truth revealed unto him...

...so that he could make an informed and honest decision, of his own free will.

He could, if he wished, take back his promise, and all that came with it. Go back to that instant and time, with no memory of what had happened - and have nothing supernatural happen, and go on with the life he'd foreseen.

Otherwise, he could choose from the innumerable number of alternate lives. Lives that spread across the spectrum of possibilities, but that had four things in common:

Regardless of which life he might pick, he would retain the memories of his 'real' past, in addition to the new ones for that life; Regardless of the life he chose, he would be physically incapable of committing rape;

In any of these lives, he would either physically or emotionally be incapable of murdering Jeff, and; In any life he choose, Jeff would be in some way better off then he was.

One of the possibilities, for instance, was a history where Kevin had been in a car accident that left him paralyzed from the neck down, where Jeff would benefit from the money he'd get as Kevin's 'keeper'.

There were literally millions of such possible fates, all sharing only those for necessities - but, in the timeless eternity Kevin was caught in as the world waited for him to decide, he could survey the entire spectrum of possibilities and, in the end, choose the one he found the least unpalatable...

\* \* \* \* \*

Her heart was pounding a mile a minute as conflicting emotion raced through her, part of her excited, part of her afraid...  
...but she sighed softly as the warm hand slid hesitantly over one firm, shapely leg.

Leaning forward, she pressed her lips against his, her tongue giving voiceless encouragement as he kissed him, letting the physical pleasure of his kiss and his gentle-yet-eager touch carry her through her doubts and her hesitation.

Deep down, she knew that this wasn't wrong, that she needn't let her certain level of discomfort stop her - and so, despite the faint slick of anxiety-induced sweat lining her palms, she cupped a hand and gently slid it over the growing bulge in his pants as she deepened the kiss.

His hand tightened briefly on her thigh, then drifted upwards, sliding up and over the fabric of the denim skirt that fit snug to her womanly hips before moving upwards, past her slender, bare waist - to hesitantly reach the fabric of the white shirt tied over her breasts.

More certain then uncertain, more eager then anxious, and with rapidly growing arousal boosting her positive emotions, she squeezed his crotch again, urging him to continue as she let her full lips glide down to where she could nibble encouragingly at the chest-hairs displayed by the shirt she'd begun to unbutton as the 'opening bid' to set this in motion.

Gently, his hand slid into the fabric of her shirt - and cupped a fraction of the smoothly firm flesh of her massive, surgically-enhanced breast.

She gasped, both in genuine pleasure at the touch, and as encouragement, as his hand slid briefly from the enormous breast to the 'bow-tie' knot holding the cotton shirt closed. A moment later, the knot was freed, allowing the shirt to slip open and expose the massive spherical expanse of her MMM-cup breasts.

"Yes..." She sighed, her own hands working to undo his pants, eager for the throbbing hardness that lay within. "Oh, yes..."

His hand found the warm, taut flesh of her breast again, joined a moment later by the eager warmth of his lips as he began fondling and kissing her expansive, expensive endowments.

Despite urges rapidly moving towards needs, she let him dwell on her huge tits, his other hand alternating between the wasp-like curve of her waist and the full, firm flesh of her buttocks. Though her body would be his, time and again, in the future, this was the first time for the both of them, and she was determined to let him set that pace, now that she'd gotten him going.

It wasn't long before his own, 'hydraulically driven' needs pushed him in the direction she knew he must eventually move, and she parted from him for the briefest possible interval, shedding her skirt and the panties below as he shimmied out of his own clothes.

"Now..." She whispered with hoarse urgency, as she lay back on the futon, her long and shapely dancer's legs spreading invitingly to display the dewy folds of her moist, ready vagina. "Take me now..."

He didn't argue.

As she tossed her long, silky hair back from her face, he positioned himself over her supple body - and then she bit her full lower lip lightly as he gently placed the throbbing head of his cock against the folds of her sopping cunt - and pushed.

"Oh, yes...!" She screamed out in joy as he entered her. "Oh, God - yes...!"

Her screams of joy only increased, pleasure pushing out the last vestiges of doubt and guilt over the 'wrongness' of what she was doing as she bounced and squirmed beneath his body, reveling in the sensations as he fucked her with a gentle ferocity.

Sometime later, after the incredible rush of orgasm had faded away, after he'd fallen into a deep sleep, she kissed him lightly on one cheek and carefully slid from beneath him. Silently, she rose from the bed, enjoying the bounce and shimmy of her massive breasts

as she padded quietly out of the room and headed for the kitchen...

"Enjoy yourself...?" Karen asked with a grin, leaning against the counter and sipping a glass of white wine.

Aside from the platinum-blond hair 'nature' had given her having been dyed a rich, vibrant shade of red, the woman that nobody knew had once been a man was the exact mirror image of her twin sister, right down to the massive saline implants that thrust so roundly and proudly from her chest - massively rounded breasts covered in a sheen of sweat from her own, recently completed sexual exercises.

"Oh, god, yes - Your Steve's a tiger" Jessica exclaimed, brightly, then giggled. "I still can't believe you agreed to a 'last fling' trade-off of fiancés the night before our weddings. I thought I was the wild girl of 'Fire and Ice'!"

Looking at her sister and co-star of a very lucrative exotic dance team, Karen let the strange smile she sometimes wore surface on her full, sensual lips as she considered the fame and fortune that the altered history brought to an unresisting once-lonely virginal 'nerd' and a somewhat conflicted but even more appreciative ex-uncaring bastard.

"Anything you want, Jess..." She said, in a loving whisper. "Anything you want..." THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Condi](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** When self obsessed thug steals a woman's watch from an open windowsill, it leads to a transformation so that the watch fits better.

## Watch Out!

### A Cautionary Tale

**By Gunslinger**

If he hadn't stopped for a smoke, he would never have seen it.

It was just a little after eight o'clock, one of those perfect early summer nights, where the breeze was cool without being chilling, and still redolent with the rich profusion of scents from plants reveling in the blossoming of the departing spring.

Not that Tony Amporelli was one to notice such things. To the muscular young man with the muscular body and the acne-scarred face, the 'perfect temperature' of the evening meant that he could wear his familiar ensemble of leather jacket over faded blue jeans and a skintight black T-shirt without sweating his ass off. It was his chosen outfit for doing almost anything, but anybody who knew Tony could have told that he was cutting through the quiet little suburban street on his way to one of the sleazier local night-clubs to do some 'pussy hunting' - not only was his thick mane of black hair slicked back with a fresh coat of gel, but he fairly reeked of the heavy musk scent that was only slightly better than the stale odor of sweat that it masked.

The street itself was one of those residential side-streets near downtown, lined with old red- and brown-brick homes in what had been a mid-scale section of town about a century ago, and had evolved into a near-core 'starts and ends' street, housing mostly young would-be professionals and retired couples. Ever image-conscious, in the off-chance that some hot babe might just happen to notice him at that particular moment, the twenty-three year old man had waited until he'd reached the

concrete light pole halfway down the street before he'd paused to light up. Standing in the circle of the yellow-orange sodium light above, he could lean back against the pole, one booted foot lifted to press the sole against the lamp-post - which not only caused the heavy, slab-sided musculature of his leg to cause the denim to tighten across that dense musculature, but also caused it to tighten over the large bulge in the crotch of the too-tight jeans.

Properly displayed, the swarthy young 'stud' pulled out a pack of Camels, slipping one from the half-empty pack and expertly flipping it from his hand into his mouth before reaching for his lighter...

...and that's when he'd seen the mellow, unmistakable gleam of gold in the window of the house nearest him.

The first-floor window was open to catch the rich, fragrant breeze, and whoever had been standing at the window to enjoy the scent when they'd opened it had apparently removed their watch - and forgot they'd left it sitting on the wide wooden sill of the window.

Even from this distance, Tony could see that it was a high-quality lady's watch, probably worth quite a few bucks.

So, his actions were almost predetermined. After all, in the circumscribed little world of Tony Amporelli, any bitch dumb enough to leave something like that laying out in the open deserved to have it stolen.

In fact, Tony reasoned as he pushed away from the lamp-post, a good object lesson would teach the broad never to do something so stupid again - so he was really only performing a public service.

Grinning narrowly, Tony stepped into the lee of the house, tucking one shoulder as if using the house as protection from the light breeze while lighting his cigarette. Flicking his trusty Zippo lighter into use, he quickly puffed the cigarette into glowing red life, then whipped his hand out in a showy, flamboyant motion that snapped the lid shut on the lighter...

...which would have also distracted the eye of anybody watching as his other hand lashed out whip-crack fast and snatched the watch from the window ledge. In the very same motion, he reached over, ostensibly to hold his jacket pocket open as he slipped the lighter inside - but as he did so, he passed his hand through the expanding metal links of the watch's bracelet, letting it snap in place over his wrist as he extracted his hand.

Nonchalant, he straightened his jacket and continued strolling down the street.

With the cunning of a born swindler, thief and liar, Tony waited a bare six paces before lifting his wrist to 'check the time'.

Had anybody been watching him do so, they wouldn't see a man checking out a stolen item. The motion was smooth and natural, and at a distance nobody would be able to tell that the flash gold watch was a little too slender to be a man's.

So, under the protective, every-day guise of a guy checking the time, he quickly eyed the watch and considered its value.

He frowned slightly as he got his first good look at his new 'prize'. It wasn't quite as upscale as he'd thought at first look... which was exactly the point, actually.

It was one of those 'almost knock-offs' of a very expensive watch. Not exactly a near-clone, it was actually somewhat

gaudier and flashier than a real Cartier or Rolex watch would be - and with lesser purity gold and semi-precious gemstones rather than diamonds and 24 Karat casing.

It was exactly the type of 'flashy' watch a up-and-coming business woman might buy to tide her over until the Rolex rolled in... but it could also be the gaudy watch of a cheap tart trying - and probably failing - to look classy.

Well, regardless of what type of chick had owned it before, it was Tony's now - and while it wasn't 'big bucks', like he first thought, it still wasn't completely useless. While its real value was fairly low, and so trying to sell it or pawn it on the cheap wouldn't net him very much, it was still impressive enough to make a hell of a gift - and used on the right girl, at the right time, might end getting him laid tonight.

Grinning at the thought, he let the leather sleeve of his jacket fall back over the watch as he lowered his arm. He was coming up on the end of the street, and he figured he'd wait until he'd rounded the front of the convenience store on the corner before he slipped the watch off - just in case anybody was watching.

Crossing the store's parking lot, he cut close to the big plate-glass windows fronting the diagonal-facing store front. Back-lit by the bright fluorescent lights inside the store, he was little more than an indistinct black shape to anybody watching from the street side, while the same lights and dark night would create a mirror effect on the inside of the windows for anybody watching from the inside.

Satisfied with his sly cunning, Tony began to reach for the tight bracelet-band of the watch...

...and then nearly jumped out of his skin as a sharp trilling ring sounded practically right beside his head.

Heart pounding in his broad chest, Tony turned and glared at the pay-phone mounted on the wall of the store, surrounded by a tiny Plexiglas housing.

The phone rang again - and, looking around and finding nobody lounging around waiting for a phone call, Tony shrugged his broad shoulders, reached out, and picked up the phone.

Leaning into the scant shielding of the high-tensile plastic 'booth' around the phone, Tony cradled the receiver between ear and shoulder as he used the position to shield himself even more effectively as he reached for the watch-band.

"Yo..." Tony said, distractedly, slipping a finger under the over-stretched links of the watch designed to fit a much slimmer wrist. *'I think you have something that doesn't belong to you...'*

Startled by the accusation in the woman's hard, dry alto coming over the phone line, Tony yanked his finger out from under the watch band and grabbed for the phone, which had almost slipped from his shoulder in shock.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Tony said, almost instinctively, while his brain spun. Could it be that the woman had somehow noticed him stealing her watch - and then, by some amazing faculty, figured out that he would be passing this phone at this precise moment...?



*'So - that watch you're wearing must be yours, then.'* The woman's voice said, sardonically.

Resisting the urge to simply slam down the phone, Tony forced a confused tone into his voice: "Huh? Lady, I have no idea what you're talking about. I was expecting a call from a friend of mine, and I thought this was it. The only watch I have is the one I'm wearing - and that's **my** watch."

"Oh, is it really?" The unknown woman asked. "Well, then - I guess the name inscribed on the back must be your name, too. Hmmm. that would make you 'Candace Smith', now wouldn't it?"

"Huh?" Tony said, honestly confused. Surreptitiously, glancing around to see if anybody was watching him, he slid one finger under the back of the watch, feeling something that could, indeed, be writing inscribed into the cover.

*'No, no - 'Candice' sounds to stuffy, to formal, like the name of somebody who might occasionally be called a 'bitch' by guys who can't get into her pants. No, you must go by a nick-name... like Candi. Is that right?'* The voice took on an amused, hectoring tone. *'Come on, don't keep me in suspense - tell me your name, sweetie...'*

Annoyed, Tony opened his mouth to tell this woman that his name wasn't any of her business, pissed off at such a transparent ploy to get his name...

...and then slammed the phone down in the cradle with a shaking hand as what had emerged from his mouth, instead, registered on his mind.

"What the fuck was that...?" Tony asked himself, stunned. "Did I just... no, no I couldn't..." Swallowing nervously, Tony licked his lips, and then spoke: "My name is... *Candi Smith*"

Eyes wide, Tony slapped both his hands over his traitorous mouth, his brain spinning in disbelief.

Not only had that name emerged from his mouth again - just like before, that name had emerged in a high, sweet, clear, **feminine** tones.

When he'd spoken that name... he'd sounded just like a chick. "This..." Tony said, slowly lowering his hands, "...is **not** happening."

Shaking his head, Tony decided that a cheap watch just wasn't worth this weirdness. Reaching down, he tried to pull the watch off his wrist...

...and not only wouldn't his finger slide under the watch or band at all, but a couple of minutes of concerted tugging didn't so much as budge it.

He was still wrestling with the watch when the phone began to trill again.

Looking down at the watch that seemed to be welded to his arm, Tony looked up at the ringing phone, then hesitantly reached out to pick it up.

*'Hello, Candi.'* The woman's dry tone said, laced with amusement. *'We seem to have gotten disconnected...'* "What the

fuck is going on, bitch?" Tony demanded, angrily. "What the hell's wrong with my voice?"

*'Tsk, tsk...' The woman said, sounding not at all sad as she continued: 'A shame - if you had answered the phone, promising to return the watch and begging for forgiveness, I might have granted it - but now it's too late. A man like you must be made an example of.'*

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Tony demanded. "Cut the crap, bitch, and tell me what's going on!" *'My, my...'* The woman chuckled, without any humor. *'You should try and sound more ladylike, my dear Candi.'* "Stop calling me by that..." Tony's arrogant, angry demand skidded to a stop in mid-shout...

...because the shout was being made in the same sweet, feminine voice with which he'd earlier pronounced that cursed name. Tony slammed the phone back in the cradle.

"No...." He tried to deny - in a sweet, trilling soprano. "**Hell**, no..."

Slowly, Tony backed away from the phone, hand coming up to squeeze his throat in numb disbelief as he stared fixedly at the phone, as if it were a pit viper coiled to strike.

When he was a good dozen paces away from the phone, he turned and began walking rapidly away from the parking lot.

"This... isn't possible..." He tried to convince himself in those damned, feminine tones. "It's... some sort of hallucination, or hypnosis, or something..."

He had to get home. If he could just get home, maybe get drunk and get some sleep, everything would be fine in the morning. Yes, that was it...

...but there was no way he walking back along that street, passing that house where the impossible bitch couldn't really be living - but might be.

Looking around, Tony spotted a run-down 'pool hall' a little way up the street. Really a small neighborhood bar that had once been 'cozy' in it's day, it was now sort of a biker hang-out, to scummy even for his tastes.

It would have a phone, though - a phone he could use to call a cab. He sure as hell wasn't going to use that phone back at the store...

Taking a deep breath, Tony hurried over to the pool hall. Pulling open the red-pained outer door, he stepped into the rather rank 'lobby', a small space paneled in cheap, peeling wood veneer.

Tony didn't care about the decor, though - because in one corner, beside a cracked and dusty full-length mirror, was one of those direct-line phones to a cab company.

With a sigh of relief, he strode over and picked up the handset of the dialess phone, hearing it click as it made it's one connection. "Hi - I need a cab at Jack's Pool Parlor..." Tony said into the phone, cursing the female voice it emerged in...

...and then went rigid in shock and dismay as he heard a dry, feminine voice respond.

*'I'm sorry - all our cars are busy at the moment, Candi.'* The woman said. *'I'm afraid you'll have to find a way to entertain yourself there until we can get one out to you...'*

Mouth dry, Tony tried to slam the receiver down - but it was as if it were glued to his ear.

*'What kind of amusements would somebody like you go for, I wonder...?'* The woman's voice said in a reflective tone. *'Well, I guess that would depend on what kind of **woman** you are, wouldn't it Candi?...'*

As the voice on the phone said 'woman', Tony felt a strange pulling sensation in his crotch - and he stared down, leaning forward to stare at his pants...

...pants that lay perfectly flat over a crotch they'd previously bulged tightly over.

*'With a name like Candi, wearing cheep, gaudy jewelry like that watch, I bet you're the type of woman who wears really high heels all the time, aren't you?'* the voice continued.

Tony whimpered in the back of his throat as he felt himself rise up into the air - rising atop the slender spikes of the six-inch heels boasted by the new black patent pumps that enclosed smaller, slimmer feet.

*'Heels like that would definitely indicate a tight skirt and nylons, wouldn't they?'* The woman's voice taunted...

...and, as his pants suddenly shrank up into a black leather mini-skirt while his socks shot upwards, thinning and softening into a pair of black nylons, Tony - Candi - found that even the feminine voice had failed her, her attempts to beg or cry stifled before they started.

*'Of course, with such a tiny skirt covering your wide hips and full ass, you must be the type of woman who never wears panties or other undergarments...'* The woman continued, implacably...

...while Candi's hips grew suddenly wider, the better to support the full, round ass she now sported.

*'Yes - you definitely sound like the type of slutty, horny woman who'd have massive, fake tits and collagen-inflated cock-sucker lips.'* The woman said. *'Candi the Cock-Craving Cum-Sucker - and that tells me exactly how a woman like you would amuse yourself.'*

*You crave cock. You want to fuck and suck cock, to have sex as many times, with as many men, in as many ways as possible. You're nothing more than a sex-obsessed slut, eager for the next cock to come your way."*

Helplessly, Candi shuddered as her chest ballooned outwards, forming a pair of immense, round breasts - even as, deep inside her now-resaped skull, even more fundamental changes went on in her mind.

*'Well - don't let me keep you from your entertainment, Candi.'* The woman chuckled. *'Go ahead - go fuck and suck yourself silly...'* As if in a daze, Candi slowly hung up the phone.

Her mind befogged, feeling as if she'd entered a dream - or a nightmare - from which there was no escape, the new woman slowly turned and confronted the image reflected back at her by the mirror.

She looked at the long legs, encased in black nylons and emphasized by the height of the heels on her platform pumps. Legs so smooth and sexy and feminine, disappearing under a tight little black leather skirt that just-barely hid from view a tight, wet cunt, so perfect for being filled with big, throbbing cocks.

She let her eyes glide over the womanly swell of her hip to the slender waist, encased in it's tight black T-shirt - a T-shirt, that despite it's color, couldn't do anything to minimize the size of the enormous, round tits that strained within, practically leaping out past the lapels of the black leather jacket she wore, the stretched neck-line displaying a deep chasm of milky cleavage.

From that canyonesque view, her eyes slid up to her face - her face, with it's almost ridiculously full, gloss-red lips, so perfect for wrapping around thick cocks and working them to pump her mouth full of hot, delicious cum.

Her eyes, so dark and seductive, famed by long lashes the same glossy black as her long, thick head of hair - hair that spilled down all the way her back, all the way to her full, firm, taut ass.

The type of ass that men would drool over the thought of fucking. There was no denying it any longer.

She was Candi Smith.

She was huge breasted.

She was a slut.

Blinking, Candi shook her head lightly - then her full, cock-sucker lips curved faintly in a smile - a smile only slightly marred by the expressionless depth of her haunted-yet-sensual eyes.

"I'm made to fuck and suck men..." She told the mirror, hungrily. "That's all I'm good for - a living sex-toy to fuck me. I crave sex. I need sex..."

Slowly, she turned away from the reflection, still speaking: "I'm going to get sex..."

Wrapping a slender, feminine hand around the tarnished brass handle of the door, she pulled it open - and, with the sexiest, sluttiest, most 'come-fuck-me' stride she could manage, she swayed into the bar, ignoring the little voice that seemed to be screaming endlessly in the back of what little mind she had.

"Hi, boys..." She said to the half-dozen or so men currently occupying the dank, smoke-filled room of the ersatz pool-hall. Slowly, she walked to the center of the room with a seductive sway of her hips atop her six-inch stiletto heels, already the center of attention.

"My, such... **manly** looking men..." She said, eyeing the collection of smelly, beer-guzzling guys staring back at her.

That strange-yet-familiar voice in the back of her head seemed to be screaming louder - but that meant she had to concentrate all the harder on being the cum-crazed sex-slut she was supposed to be. Taking another step into the slowly gathering circle of men, she slipped out of her leather jacket.

"Men like you make me so horny..." She said, her voice growing husky and needful. "Men like you make my nipples go as

hard as rocks..."

Reaching down, she grasped the hem of shirt with crossed hands and, in one smooth motion, yanked it up over her head, exposing her massive, gravity-defying new boobs to their view.

"See...?" She said, proudly - while she found herself momentarily confused by the adjective 'new' she'd tacked on to the mental description of her huge tits.

Hadn't she always had boobs...?

Some sort of answer screamed at her from the back of her mind, but she was too busy being a horny cum-slut to pay attention to it, no matter the sudden shudder of revulsion that ran through her.

"Men like you get me so hot and wet..." She said, masking another strange shudder for arousal, which it both was and wasn't.

Again, she proved her claim - but unzipping her tight leather skirt and sliding it off, revealing not only the tight, wet cunt, but her full, rounded ass.

Dressed only in her nylons and heels, she slowly swayed her way over to a man standing near the pool table, her stomach roiling and surging strangely even as she smiled hungrily at him in her need.

Reaching out, she pressed on hand against the man's chest - and even as he obeyed the gesture, slipping his ass onto the pool table and sitting up on it, her returned the gesture - with interest.

She let him fondle and squeeze her massive new boobs for a moment, wondering why the sensation, so pleasurable, seemed so... strange.. and uncomfortable - but then it was time to pull her massive tits away from his grasping hands.

Reaching down, she quickly unzipped the man's pants and set his cock free.

She wrapped on hand around the base of his throbbing cock, and momentarily wondered why the sensation felt so strange, new and... almost disgusting to a woman who was such a total slut as herself - but she was too busy shuffling her legs back to give the question any attention, and soon she stood, bent at the waist, with her legs spread and her firm ass thrust invitingly in the air.

"Isn't one of you going to fuck my cunt or ass while I such this guy's cock...?" She asked, ingenuously...

...and didn't bother to wait for a verbal answer to the rhetorical question as she graced the man with a smile - then leaned the last little bit forward and put her full, glossy cock-sucking lips to the use they were intended for.

As her lips closed around the man's throbbing cock, she waited for all her cock-sucking skills to kick in - and yet, strangely, she felt almost as if she were doing this for the first time, which obviously wasn't even remotely conceivable, not for such a sucking-and- fucking living sex-machine as herself. Still waiting for the well-honed cock-sucking skills she must have to kick in, she temporized by working her lips slightly back and forth on the man's shaft while making longer, deeper stroking

motions with her hand while she swirled her tongue around the head of the man's hard dick.

Then her tenuous concentration was nearly shattered as an equally hard cock slammed deep and hard into her tight, wet cunt. She was stunned by the sensation - not only at the rough pleasure in it, but by the fact that the sensation itself took her by surprise.

Indeed, it seemed strange that she wasn't expecting it to feel like this as some unseen, unnamed man began pounding hard and fast in her tight cunt, setting her huge tits to shaking and bouncing - but she had to focus her attention on what she was doing with the cock she was licking and sucking at like some sort of novice dick-slut, her skills still mysteriously absent.

Filled at both ends, her huge tits bouncing and shaking as she tried to set up some sort of rhythm between the hard fucking she was getting and the cock-sucking she was doing, she managed to push all other thoughts out of her head. Soon she had a rhythm going, her head bobbing and thrusting on the man's cock as she basically face-fucked herself to the hard thrusts of the man pounding away at her pussy.

Finally, the man she was licking and sucking on came in her throat, and she let his cum gush, almost-but-not-quite untasted into her stomach so that she could lift her face free of the man's cock and simulate an orgasm as the man fucking her from behind grunted and pumped a load of cum deep into a cunt surprisingly tight for such a cock-slut as herself.

It was all confusing, and strangely worrisome - but she certainly didn't have time to dwell on it as she smiled at the man who'd so graciously let her sock his cock, complimented the rough-fucking man for the 'wonderful orgasm' he'd given her, then turned and smiled at the waiting men, ready to let them use her body in any and every way they might see fit.

It was what she was, after all.

She was Candi, the Cock-Craving Cum-Sucker, and this is what she lived for.

She just wished that annoying sobbing sound in the back of her mind would go away...

\* \* \* \* \*

## A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT RESEARCH LAB

### *Deep under a supposed air base in the Nevada desert.*

"Well...?" Dr. Linda Treville asked as she walked into the glassed-in monitoring station high above the main lab. "How's our little guinea pig doing today?"

The lead technician looked up from his console, smiling brightly at the slender, elegant-looking team leader.

"Just great, Dr. Treville." The technician said. "Six long months of work are paying off. That scenario you've had us replaying in his head while we worked on his... excuse me, her body is now so ingrained that our busty little sex doll Candi will accept it as being reality when she awakes. With the heightened sex-drive and the lowered intelligence the synthetic hormones have produced, the minor differences between her 'memory' body and the one our surgical and bio-genetic techniques have

given her will go unnoticed."

"...as will the six months of missing time." Dr. Treville said, satisfaction evident in her dry, precise tones. "I doubt very much that our Candi is going to care about time-type dates anymore - she's going to be too busy focusing on the picking-up-guys-to-fuck kind of 'dates'."

A general chuckle ran around the room.

"I still can't believe how well your little 'bait-and-bag' tactic works." The lead technician - more than just a bit of a brown-noser - said with admiration. "Leave a flashy piece of jewelry with a made-up female name laying somewhere, and wait until some scuz steals it... then two steps before the nerve-agent coating the item kicks in and, BAM!, they're down for the count... and you've also got a ready-made chink in their mental armor to use as a starting place for the transformation scenario."

"Yes..." Treville said, with some satisfaction. "Guilt - especially repressed guilt - over a wrongful act is always a powerful start-point for the hypnotic program. The subject is willing to believe that it is happening because, deep down, they believe they deserve to be punished for their crimes."

Smiling, Treville walked over to the lead technician and gently lay a hand on the nape of his neck. The man looked up at her with fawning eyes...

...right up until the second that the nerve agent coating the ring she wore hit him, and he went limp.

"Crimes... like attempting to sell Nation Security secrets off." Treville said, loudly. Turning, she eyed the suddenly very nervous- looking men in the control booth.

"Take our newest subject down to the prep room..." Treville said, firmly - then she slowly began to smile. "I'm truly interested in seeing whether or not our mental programming works as effectively on a subject who knows it exists..."

Still smiling, she watched as four men jumped up to obey her bidding, quickly hustling the lead technician's limp body from the room. Behind her smile, Treville's eyes glittered brightly.

If the procedure worked well on the man she'd just trumped-up a charge of espionage on, then in six months she could introduce a knock-out gas that would put out every male member of the facility...

...leaving her and her female compatriots finally free to put into action the plan formed so long ago over a 'bitch session' over how they, though obviously smarter and emotionally stronger, were being treated in a male-dominated scientific community.

Yes - the future was shaping up to look quite... interesting. Very interesting, indeed...

Still smiling, the woman who was both the chief scientist of the project and the National Science Advisor to the President of the United States walked slowly and gracefully from the room, eyes fixed on a glorious vision for the future.

THE END





BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** When a cowboy and his wood-be girl friend help an old Indian who is being a acked, they are rewarded with the power to exchange each other's bodies and find that they like it.

## A Wee Giftie

**By Gunslinger**

The warm Texas slipstream roared over the nominal protection provided by the windshield of the 'B&B Express' as the vintage Mustang's performance tires rolled over the gleaming black hardtop of the highway, Eastbound past Sweetwater.

"I think I'm finally starting to relax..." Brenda Caldwell said, stretching her long, shapely legs out in the leather passenger's seat. Her long mane of wavy, platinum blonde hair whipped in the air spilling over the convertibles windshield. "I can't tell you how much I needed this, Billy."

The driver, his massive frame leaving no room to stretch, even with the seat all the way back on it's rails, flushed slightly. "Well, I was... and..." he mumbled in a voice so deep it seemed to come up from his size 13 cowboy boots and rattle around in his massive chest, gaining strength, before emerging. Billy McClintock's 'mutter' was more powerful - and more intimidating - than a lot of men's shouts.

The buxom blonde looked over at her companion, her startlingly bright blue eyes twinkling with mild amusement. "You know, Billy - some day you're going to be able to say something to me without blushing - and the world's going to come to an end." She laughed, a sweet, clear sound. "I remember when we met three years ago - you couldn't even get one coherent word out."

The tall, massively muscled driver looked over at Brenda, and grinned shyly. "That's not true..." He protested - mildly. "I managed to say 'Hi'."

Brenda laughed again, then purposefully rested on slender, finely-shaped hand on Billy's massively muscled arm, just to see him blush. As always, the knowledge that she'd done it on purpose just to get that reaction prodded Billy into laughing along with her.

Billy and Brenda were heading towards Dallas, where Billy had been born and raised. His family had passed away, leaving him the sprawling estate just outside of Texas, and Billy had invited Brenda along, to get away from the usual spring-break crowds. It wasn't all that unusual - the two of them were hardly ever seen apart, which was one of the reason that Billy's fire-engine red Mustang was called the 'B&B Express'.

Of course, the other meaning of the initials was 'Beauty and the Beast'.

Billy was more than an imposing figure of a man. At six-seven, he had a body that was naturally broad-shouldered, and massively muscled from growing up on a working cattle ranch. Beneath his short mop of black hair, his tanned face was craggy and intimidating, with dark, inscrutable eyes and a 'heroic' square jaw.

It was this massively masculine physique - which included other parts of his anatomy as well - that most people based their impressions of Billy from.

Very few people new the 'True' Billy. Most people assumed that Billy was fairly dumb, to go along with his slightly Neanderthal appearance, an assumption bolstered by his quiet demeanor. In truth, Billy was incredibly intelligent. His silence came not from stupidity - but an extremely shy nature.

Especially around women.

Likewise, nobody would have guessed that Billy was incredibly gentle, and enjoyed reading, painting, and listening to Classic Rock while cooking gourmet dinners.

Nobody, that was, except Brenda.

Brenda Caldwell was one of the most stunningly beautiful - and sexy - women that anyone on campus had ever had the pleasure of seeing. Extremely full-breasted, she was tall, and slender, with a wasp-waist and long, sexy legs that seemed to go on for ever.

Surrounded by a mane of white-blond hair, her face was heart-stoppingly gorgeous, with full, sensual lips, a pert, upturned nose, and huge, baby-blue eyes.

And like Billy, her incredible body hid an amazingly sharp mind. Yet, with her spectacular beauty and sensuality, finding anyone, male or female, who would take her seriously was nearly impossible. No matter how much she tried, guys only seemed interested in bedding her - and assuming that she wanted to be bedded. And other women were either jealous or unbelieving.

Then, by chance, the two had met. Well, not exactly by chance - more like fate.

Both Billy and Brenda were devotees of chess - both were Master-class players. So it had been inevitable that they would

have run up against one another online, under the assumed aliases they'd chosen - '*The Knight Errant*', or Knight, for Billy, and '*Einstein's Sister*' for Brenda.

The first game they'd played against each other had come to a draw. As had the next one - and the one after that.

As a matter of fact, every single game they played for the next two months had resulted in draws, each one as equally skilled as the other. It was this that had brought the two to meet in real life - and started a platonic friendship that had remained strong ever since, each one understanding what the other was going through, and overjoyed at finding somebody of the opposite gender who wouldn't take them at face value. While each had occasion felt the urge to push the relationship into something more romantic, neither wanted to be the first to bring up the touchy subject, not knowing that the other felt the same way.

Now, the two love-shy friends had pushed their relationship slightly further - by agreeing to spend the week together at Billy's ranch. There had been no hint of possible romance from either of them (separate rooms, and all) but each, secretly, wished that something might - just might... happen.

"So... The ranch isn't actually a functioning ranch anymore, right?" Brenda asked. She really knew the answer to that one - it hadn't been in use since his parents death - but was trying, obliquely, to make sure that there wouldn't be any caretakers or the like hanging around.

"Uh huh. It's been empty since. " Billy started - then frowned and squinted slightly as he slowed the classic car. "What's this?"

'This' was a sun-faded pickup that had once been brown, pulled over to the side of the road. Where Billy's meticulously maintained car was a 'classic', the mid-seventies Dodge pick-up was just old.

Pulling over to the side, behind the truck, Billy looked around for any sign of the driver. Then, faintly, he heard the sound of voices over the moan of the wind.

"Um... maybe you should, uh. " Billy began, feeling awkward about telling Brenda to stay. Part of him was worried, and wanted her

here, safe - the other, shy, part wanted her to be along in case they needed to talk to anyone.

Brenda made the decision for him. "No - I'd better come, too." She said, grabbing her purse - which contained a first aid kit. Brenda was fully trained in first aid. So was Billy for that matter - but Billy had an severe case of the 'clumsies' around new people, so....

"Okay." Billy nodded, then hopped out of the car and walked towards the oddly muted voices.

Sliding down the embankment, Billy discovered the reason for the strange acoustics - the voices were coming from a large corrugated steel drainpipe running under the road. Dry and dusty, the huge opening was a flash-flood measure. Now, inside, two men were leaning threateningly over a third. Past them, parked in the pipe, were two low-slung motorcycles.

As Billy entered the pipe, his bulk cut off much of the light, causing the two leather-clad thugs to look up. The man they were leaning over - an older, white-haired man of North American Indian extraction - scuttled back slightly.

"Hey - I don't know who the hell you are, but you just turn and walk away." The mean-looking man nearest Billy said. "This ain't none of your business."

Even speaking softly, Billy's voice rumbled threateningly. "Maybe. But I can't just walk away. Why don't you two *gentleman* leave,

and we can all go our separate ways?" Billy suggested, feeling awkward.

The second man sneered. "Yeah, right - we ain't quite done here with the old guy. Why don't you step outside for ten minutes or so, and let us finish."

Billy sighed, regretfully. "I... I don't want to fight you guys. Really. But I can't just walk away."

The guy in the lead grinned humorlessly. "Too fuckin' bad, amigo." With a soft 'snick' a switchblade appeared in his hand.

Gently, Billy helped the old Indian to his feet as the two leather-clad bikers approached. Gently, Billy pushed the older man behind him....

...and the biker's eyes, following the motion, locked onto something behind Billy.

"Whooooeeee! Now that's some *fine* looking ass. Maybe when we're done with *you*, we'll have our fun with the bitch." For a second, Billy didn't realize they were looking at Brenda - then it registered.

And something happened that had never happened before.

Billy, a gentle giant with a heart the size of Texas, began to get angry.

"Hey. You watch your mouths." Billy said, not even noticing the unusually strong, confident way it emerged. "I think you owe the lady an apology."

"Lady?" the leader scoffed, now only a few feet away from Billy. "Look at the tits and ass on her - look at her. She ain't nothing but a cheap little slut. I bet she gives great blow URK!"

The second man scuttled back a few steps, string wide-eyed. But not as wide eyed as his friend.

Neither had ever seen anybody move so fast. In a lightning move, the usually clumsy Billy became pure lethal grace as he snapped the blade of the knife with one hand while wrapping his other massive hand around the man's throat - and lifted him clear off the floor.

***"WHAT DID YOU SAY?!"***

The enraged shout made the metal tube hum with vibrations - it sounded like the trumpet announcing judgment day. The man in Billy's grasp, however, didn't repeat the words - even if he'd wanted to, he lacked the air with which to speak.

With no apparent effort, Billy shook the man like a rag-doll. "Don't ever speak to her that way!" He bellowed, anger throbbing through his veins. "She's beautiful, and kind, and smart... and.. and. " In his anger, Billy's usually sharp mind was dulled, and he ran out of

adjectives.

"Billy!" Brenda called, frantically. When the shout didn't register, she shouted again, at last gaining his vague attention.

"Huh? Brenda?"

Speaking slowly and distinctively, Brenda, her face pale, said. "Billy - let him down."

"I..." Billy said. The anger was beginning to drain, leaving him confused, and scared of his own anger. With self-disgust, Billy opened his hand quickly, dumping the man to the ground.

Instantly, gasping for breath, he began to back-pedal out of the reach of Billy, his friend grabbing him and half dragging him away. Gaping at the massive man who'd so displayed such lethal grace and strength, they jumped at the chance to leap onto their motorcycles.

As the two men roared away on their motorcycles, Billy slumped to a seated position, staring down at his own hands. "I... I don't know what came over me." He whispered, horrified at how easily, how quickly he'd done violence. "He... said those things.. and it was like. "

"I know... it's okay..." Brenda said, softly, putting a hand on Billy's shoulder...

...and she gaped, in shock, as Billy pulled back from her hand. She stared at her closest friend in the whole world, who now refused to meet her eyes.

"Billy ?"

"I..." The huge man swallowed. "Brenda - People always assume that I'm this huge brute that can crush a man without any effort. But I always knew they were wrong - I wasn't that kind of a man. At least...." He paused, and swallowed again. "At least, I *wasn't* that kind of man."

"Billy, you were just trying to protect me." Brenda said, softly. "In fact, I'm. a little awed - and honored - that you feel so strongly about

me that you'd go that far to protect me and my honor." She paused, hesitant - the, feeling flushed and fainted, decided to just blurt out the truth about how she felt. "In fact, I can tell you care about me, and I. "

"Yes, I care about you." Billy said, miserably, interrupting her rush to declare her feelings. "That's just it - what if I. I got mad, or if I lost

control at the wrong time. Brenda, I almost killed that man, and I wasn't even trying!"

Brenda shook her head. "Billy - we both know you wouldn't hurt me. "

"I '*knew*' that I wouldn't hurt anybody!" Billy replied. "And look what I did to that man. Maybe. maybe everybody is right about me.

Maybe I am a beast - a powerful, awful beast. I thought I could control myself - but I was just fooling myself." He looked at her, anguish in his eyes. "Brenda - I.. I can't risk hurting you. Not ever. I... I think, maybe... well, it would be best if we didn't ever try to." He

bogged down, lowering his head in shame and sorrow. Brenda was shocked. "Billy - what are you trying to tell me?"

Billy looked up, his face flushed. "I... I.. find you very attractive, Brenda - but, I... If we ever.. you know..." He cleared his throat. "I.. I could hurt you without meaning to. I know that now. So - well..."

Brenda felt a flush of anger mixed with her other emotions. "Wait a second, Billy - I care about you too. I mean.. really care about you. Are you saying that you care about me *that* way, too - and now you're saying that, despite the fact we find each other physically and emotionally attractive, we should never.. never.. make love?" She blushed as she finally said what she'd been trying to for a long time now, but she got it out.

"Believe me..." Billy said, miserably. "It's not that I don't want to... because, God knows, I *do*. But... It just wouldn't be safe."

Brenda didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "For God's sake, Billy - I'm not a delicate little show-piece. You don't *know* how strong and flexible I am - and God knows I'm willing to risk a bruise or too for this. You're not going to hurt me."

"I might!" Billy said. "Oh, Brenda - I just can't risk it. I know you can see how big and muscular I am - but you have no idea just how easy that strength comes to me."

"I don't believe I'm having this conversation!" Brenda said, running her hands through her long, glorious mane of platinum-blond hair. "Let me make sure I've got this right - all this time, it turns out that we love each other. We've been afraid to say anything, because we didn't know how each other felt, and we were afraid of screwing up the good thing we had. Now, we finally get around to telling each other that we love each other and want each other - and you're saying that we shouldn't do a damned thing about it!"

"I.. I'm sorry." Billy said. "I know.. I know it doesn't seem fair. But, I just can't risk..." Brenda felt like screaming.

Then a cracked, tired old voice that nevertheless held a hint of the vitality and youth it had once possessed spoke up, and the two lover's heads spun as they turned to look at the momentarily forgotten Indian.

"Perhaps I could offer something in return for your help." He spoke with a certain quiet dignity.

Billy looked at the old, white-haired Indian. His face was like weathered leather, cracked and seemed, and his hair was white and thin across his scalp, but the dark eyes that looked at them were steady and intelligent. "Oh?" Billy asked, a bit bitterly.

“You have some way to fix our dilemma?”

“Perhaps.” The Indian’s arthritic fingers were steady as they reached up to untie a leather cord from around his neck. Lifting, he removed the cord from his shirt, and at the end of that cord was a small leather pouch. “I am what the white people would call a Medicine Man - or perhaps a Shaman.”

Billy and Brenda shared an incredulous look.

The old man smiled at that. “I know you do not believe. These days, even the young men of my race do not believe in the old ways any more. But I tell you that it is true, and that there might be more in this world than that which you know.” He held out the leather pouch.

“Inside, you will find a powder - I use it when I wish to Dreamwalk, so that I might see the land through the eyes of the Wolf or the Eagle.”

Gingerly, Brenda took the bag. “I don’t understand.”

The man pointed at the bag. “When you take the powder, your spirit may walk abroad, and enter into the body of a lesser creature - or of another person who, themselves, are dreamwalking. If it should be that you wish to see each other through the other’s eyes, take the powder at the same time, then you may take each others body for as long as you need.”

Billy looked openly skeptical. “Let me see if I’ve got this right.” He said, slowly. “We each take some of this powder at the same time - and we can switch bodies. I’ll be in Brenda’s body, and she’ll be in mine?”

The Indian nodded. “That is how it works - although you should no that it is only a transfer of consciousness, not of minds. The body will retain it’s own habits, motor skills, tastes and learned skills. This is why when I am an Eagle, I am able to fly - it is my consciousness directing the body, but the Eagle’s physical skill and motor skill interpret what I want to do, with those skill deciding how to do it.”

“Oh - of course.” Billy said, sarcastically - then he flushed. “Sorry - I didn’t mean...”

The Indian smiled and nodded. “Of course - you find it hard to believe. No matter - try it or not, as you wish. In any case, it is my thanks to you for what you have done for me this day.” The Indian nodded politely at Brenda, then turned and slowly made his way out of the culvert.

“Brenda...” Billy said, hesitantly. “I’m sorry that this thing turned out this way. I want you to know, though - I do love you.” “I love you too, Billy.” Brenda said, embracing the massively muscled Texan...

...and almost weeping as she felt him go rigid under her touch, his arms remaining by his side rather than encircling her to return the embrace.

“We... we should get going if we want to get to the ranch before dark.” Billy said, awkwardly. Rising, he negligently tossed the pouch aside and started towards the car, his huge shoulders slumped dejectedly.



Watching him go, Brenda's face took on a sadly speculative look. Stooping, she retrieved the leather pouch, slipping it around her own slender neck and letting it hang in the valley of her lush, firm GGG-cup breasts as she hurried after the broad, retreating back of her friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Geez, Brenda - I can't believe you picked it up."

Billy turned the leather pouch over in his thick fingers, then pushed aside the plate on the table in front of him and placed the pouch on the table and slipped the drawstring, his nose wrinkling at the slightly musty odor that rose from inside.

"Billy - I know that it seems impossible, and I don't truly believe it myself..." Brenda said, holding her hands out imploringly. "But just think - what if it is real?"

"If it is real?" Billy asked. "What if it is - how is us switching bodies going to make everything better?"

They were sitting in the peasant style combined kitchen/dinning room of the ranch. Billy had prepared a delicious meal in awkward silence, while Brenda had sat at the table, sipping at wine and making attempts at small talk which Billy had answered with grunts or monosyllable responses. They both felt awkward and uncomfortable, more distant than they'd ever been in their friendship. It was after an extremely awkward meal that Brenda had produced the pouch from the peasant-style blouse she was wearing after changing before dinner. Truth be told, Billy realized that the leather strap of the pouch had been clearly visible the whole time, and so had the small but noticeable bulge of the bag hanging between her firm, spherical breasts. He'd just been too busy being miserable and self-demeaning to notice.

Now, Brenda leaned forward with intensity in her voice. "Well, it sure can't make things any worse, Billy. For God's sake - look at us!" She shook her head. "You don't want to hurt me - but do you have any idea how your rejection of me makes me feel, damn it?"

"I.. I didn't mean.." Billy said, hanging his head and damning himself all over again. "I'm sorry - but I just can't... I'd hurt you if I even hugged you..."

"You might hurt me." Brenda said. "Isn't it worth the risk to find out?" "I... I can't."

Brenda pointed to the little pouch. "That's why I grabbed that. Just think about it for a minute, Billy. If it really works, we could find out - and you wouldn't have to worry about hurting me, because I'd be in that big, strong body of yours."

He looked up. "But... I could, I mean.. you could still hurt your body that way."

Brenda sighed, rolling her eyes. She knew that there was no way of getting the soft-hearted Billy to understand that she was willing to risk injuries in this case. His gentle soul was one reason she loved him so deeply - but right now it was driving her nuts. "So - then you can stay in my body for the couple of days it takes the bruises to heal." She said in exasperation. "Then when I get it back, it'll be as good as new and you wouldn't have hurt me."

Billy blinked. "Well, yeah - I guess that would work." He nudged the bag with one blunt finger. "Assuming - and this is a big assumption

- that this stuff really worked> Which it doesn't."

Brenda blinked. She'd just said the first thing that had popped into her mind - and he'd agreed with it - in theory. Now, she pushed her advantage, changing the tone of her voice, softening it and looking into his eyes as she spoke.

"Maybe it won't - but will you try?" She asked. "For me?" Billy blushed - then nodded. "For you. But it won't work."

"There's one sure way to find out..." Brenda said, opening the bag and spilling a small amount of the greenish-black powder into the palm of her dainty hand. She pushed the bag back in his direction, and Billy hesitantly took the same amount in the palm of his massive hand.

"On three." Brenda said, her eyes boring into his. "One... two... three.."

Simultaneously, they both lifted their hands to their mouths and sucked in the powder, swallowing quickly. Billy grimaced a bit at the mildly unpleasant taste, then looked at Brenda. "Okay - now what?"

She shrugged her slender shoulders. "I guess we wait."

They didn't have long to wait. Within a few moment, Billy began to feel light-headed, and his eyes felt heavy. He struggled against the lethargic feeling creeping over him, and fought uselessly against it. Within a few minutes, he'd drifted off into a deep sleep.

'I'm dreaming...' Billy thought to himself a moment later - because he found himself hovering in mid-air over his slumbering body, looking down at it. Looking towards where 'he' should be according to his sense of consciousness, he saw nothing at all, yet he could see and hear as well as if his body was with his consciousness, rather than leaning back in the chair, eyes closed and arms hanging limply by it's side.

Changing his focus of attention, Billy looked down at Brenda's gorgeous body, slumped forward on the table with her head laying on her bare arms. Her legs were splayed at an angle that only the sleeping or unconscious could achieve, displaying much of the smooth, milky flesh under the hem of the ruffled red-and-black skirt.

With the mental equivalent of a shrug - he had no shoulders to perform the actual movement at the moment - Billy, deciding that this was some sort of drug-induced hallucination, decided to 'play along'. He found that he could move his consciousness, and he did that now, arrowing over to Brenda's inert body. Mentally configuring his non-existent limbs into the same posture as Brenda's limp form, he willed himself into the same place occupied by her body...

...and felt an odd, wrenching sensation as all his senses flared with different sensations and feelings as darkness closed in. Startled, Billy instinctively jerked upright, eyes flying open...

...to stare, wide eyed, across the table at his body. Even as the sight of himself sitting across the table registered, so did a

million other things - like the strange sensation of huge, firm tits on his - her - chest bouncing after the sudden movement, the sensation of air moving across her bare legs, the feel of her long, blonde hair training down her neck - all feeling utterly real, and not in the least bit dream-like.

He was in Brenda's body.

Then his massively muscled form - her old form - shuddered and sat upright, eyes flying open. With a shocked look, one hand dipped out of view below the table, while the other rose before his disbelieving eyes.

"It... It worked..." The massive man - looking even bigger than it always had in the mirror - said in a tone of awe, the voice sounding strange to Billy's new ears. The new 'Billy' - Brenda in the 'real' Billy's old body - gaped at the new Brenda.

"Billy?" He asked, hesitantly, his new voice rumbling as he continued to touch himself experimentally.

"I.. I guess so." The new Brenda said, looking down at the mouth-watering amount of cleavage that was displayed. He'd never seen any woman's breasts from quite this angle before. Hesitantly, she lifted her slender new hands and lightly squeezed her massive, firm new tits, making a small sound of pleasure at the sensation.

"Yeah - I know." Billy said, shifting his massive bulk and smiling at the new woman. "Fells pretty good, huh."

"Uh.. yeah." Brenda said, yanking her hands away from her tits and flushing brightly, even as her large, thick nipple stirred and poked impudently into the cotton of the sleeveless blouse. "Is.. is this really happening?"

"It doesn't feel like a dream to me..." The new Billy replied. "... I think it really happened, just like the old man said. I think we've switched bodies." He cocked his head. "Why don't you stand up and let me have a look at you... I mean, at 'me', how I look to 'you'."

Billy, still amazed, almost laughed at the confusion over the correct pronoun. She rose from the table, feeling the way the body she was now in moved so utterly unlike the old male body she'd been born with. For one thing, she moved with Brenda's grace and poise, and had no problem standing and moving atop the four-inch semi-cylindrical heels on the sandals Brenda had been wearing - or, rather, that Brenda's body was wearing, and she was now in. It felt strange to move so confidently and gracefully in the female body, as if she'd been born in it rather than a newcomer.

"This is... weird..." Brenda said, slowly spinning her new figure to let the original owner survey it in a way that had never been possible before.

"Damn - I *am* gorgeous." Billy said, shaking his new head. "I never realized just how good I look to a man..." He trailed off, his eyes widening as one hand flew to his mouth in a decidedly un-Billy-like move. "Oh, good God..."

"What..." Brenda started to ask - then paled as it hit her.

"She was looking at Billy - and she was getting aroused. In fact, she'd been getting aroused since the very beginning, but in the mix of odd things she was feeling, she hadn't noticed the growing warmth in her belly or odd, tingling engorgement of her

new nipples as being out-of-place. It was only now, watching the huge cock that used to be hers tenting out the crotch of Billy's jeans that she realized what was happening.

"Holy Shit..." Brenda - who, as Billy, hadn't liked to use profanity - swore. "I uh... I don't think I'm ready to deal with *this*..."

The shared a look, remembering what the old Indian had said. Just like they had the right motor skills and habits of the body they were currently inhabiting, they also had that bodies sexual interests. Since each of them had found the other sexy, they still did - but now, from the opposite point of view.

"Whoa..." Billy said, flushing as his hands flew down to cover his crotch in embarrassment - then jerking his hands away from the massive, thick cock clearly out-lined in the jeans.

"Geez - I never knew you were *that* big down there." Billy said, the flush flaring brighter - then a thought struck him. "Wait a second - how come I never did see you with an erection. I mean, I know how sexy you find that body... (An understatement - the new Billy was now experiencing exactly the same sexual attraction for his old body as the original Billy had) ...so, how come I never saw your pants bulging like this?"

Brenda flushed. "Actually - you have no idea how hard it was to concentrate on non-sexual thoughts like baseball or chess when I was around you and saw you in certain poses or clothes."

Billy shook his new head in disbelief. "I find it amazing that you can actually 'turn off' your arousal. In that body, it just stays, no matter what 'cold' thoughts you try to think."

"I know." Brenda said, wryly. "I've been thinking about hockey, and I still keep noticing how you look, the erection you have - and can't stop thinking about..." She blushed, furiously. "You know."

Blushing as well, Billy nodded, knowing what was going through the new woman's mind right now. "Now you know how I felt around you."

"Geez - no wonder you got so upset when I yanked away the chance we might... you know." She shook her head. "How do you stand this all the time? It's driving me crazy - it's.... almost like a craving for something. Just this maddening need to do something."

Billy blushed even brighter. "Uh... well, that's the reason dildos were invented..."

"Oh.... right. " Brenda agreed, flushing to match Billy. They looked at each other, standing awkwardly, blushing while they fought to

control the lust of the body they were occupying...

...and they burst out laughing.

"Aren't we the sorriest pair of lovers?" Brenda asked, laughing. "God - we're a couple of first-class morons."

Billy nodded. "Geez - first we're too afraid of screwing up our friendship to admit that we love each other and find each

other incredibly attractive. Then, when we do admit it, you're too afraid that this..." He tapped his chest, "...monster of a body will hurt 'little old me'."

He pointed to the body he used to inhabit, "...so we still don't do anything. Then, by some miracle, we're given a chance to see what the other is feeling and how they are living - and we stand around, even more awkward about talking about sex than when we were ourselves and 'just friends'."

Brenda's laughter redoubled, and she almost fell over onto the floor in mirth.

"What..?" Billy gasped out, the sides of his muscular new abdomen beginning to hurt from the laughter.

Brenda slid a hand down the front of her skirt and lifted upwards. "I... I've always wanted..." She gasped out between peals of laughter as she lifted the skirt and ran one slender hand over the white cotton panties. "...to get...into...your panties."

Billy cracked up, actually toppling over with a resounding 'thud' as his huge body hit the floorboards. "Please - stop..." He begged.

Brenda slid to the floor near him, holding her sides. They lay like that for a few minutes as their laughing jag wound down, with a couple of resurgent spurts of giggles as they looked at each other. Finally, Billy pulled himself upright and gathered Brenda into an embrace, realizing why the original Billy had been afraid as he felt the easy power of his new body - yet knowing, as the new Brenda was just discovering, that the female body Brenda had was supple and resilient enough to take it.

Brenda still couldn't believe how good it felt not to have to worry about 'being careful', like she had to in her old body. This new body was more agile and flexible, but the curse she'd lived with her whole male life - of having a monstrously strong body - was gone, and the relief, the easy movements and gentle power of this new body were almost as incredulous as the new sensations this body was sending to her brain. Likewise, Billy was amazed at the easy power of his new body - as well as the release from having to be 'feminine' all the time to match her body. She'd always worn 'feminine' clothing and done her make-up and hair carefully out of a feeling of 'obligation' - she had shuddered whenever she'd let such a gorgeous body 'go to waste', a mind-set instilled into her by society. Now, in this male body, he could just throw on some clothes, and - hey! - he was ready.

"Soooo..." Billy said with a smile, looking down into the eyes that used to be hers. "You were afraid you'd hurt me if you'd done *this*..." She squeezed Brenda into a tighter embrace, both of them enjoying the way their old body felt in the tight embrace of their new one. "Well then - you must have been afraid to do this too."

And he leaned down and placed his lips on Brenda's full, soft lips. She kissed back - passionately.

If it had been any other man doing this, Brenda would have been disgusted - but it wasn't, it was the person she loved kissing her. It was a male mind kissing a female mind, and a male body kissing a female body - and never mind that they were reversed, because it was somehow still all right.

In fact - a hell of a lot better than 'all right'. The kiss deepened and lengthened, as each applied the skills of their new bodies to provide the sensation that their old bodies liked best. Each one knew exactly what the other liked, and as the kiss went

on longer and longer, it was the most incredible kiss either had ever experienced - and, with the sensations of their new bodies, there were a few extra 'thrills' thrown in as they felt new feelings and sensations they'd never felt before. For Brenda, it was the sensation of her huge new tits pressed firmly against her old chest as they kissed, and for Billy, it was the pleasurable pressure of his huge, thick cock straining in his pants.

When they finally broke the long, deep kiss, they looked deep into each other's eyes, gauging what they saw there, seeing if the other was as ready as they were to go ahead and take the plunge.

It was Billy's massive hands that slid the top of Brenda's blouse down, revealing her perfect, spherical tits with their large, engorged nipples. But the movement of those hands was done with the gentle grace of the feminine mind controlling the massive male body - and when Billy began to fondle and caress the large, perfect tits, it was with the knowledge of what felt the best, what was the most incredibly pleasurable motions and manner in which to fondle - and then suck - the huge tits and the massive, swollen nipples. Brenda definitely appreciated the expertise, throwing her head back and moaning in animal pleasure as Billy's lips, tongue and fingers combined to create the maximum amount of pleasure possible.

"Oh... god..." Brenda moaned, her hands slowly unbuttoning Billy's cotton shirt. "I never... knew... just *how*.. horny.. women got..."

"Yeah, well..." Billy returned, sliding off the panties he'd put on Brenda's body that morning, not knowing that he'd be peeling them off her in Billy's body that night. "Male arousal is pretty damned... urgent."

"I have a solution for that..." Brenda giggled, unzipping Billy's jeans and pulling them down. Although her old body outweighed her new one by almost twice as much, she pushed it easily down to the floor, getting no resistance. The massive, thick cock she used to have was thrust, throbbing, into the air, and she never thought she'd feel so eager to impale herself on a huge, hard cock like she did right now.

But that didn't make her hesitate in the least.

Positioning herself over Billy's supine body, she placed the warm, sopping wet tip of her new cunt against the massive, almost purple head of her old cock and flexed her long, shapely new legs, lowering herself slowly...

"Holy shit..." She gasped, feeling new and powerful erotic sensations course through her as her cunt was stretched over the throbbing, veined shaft of the cock. "I never realized I was this huge..."

"Oh.. god.. I.. I mean you... are so tight..." Billy gasped back, feeling the new sensation of being 'enclosed', his new member transmitting sensation and pleasure through his entire body - yet oddly focused, in a way that sex as a woman had never been.

It took nearly five minutes of slow motion, and her legs were beginning to ache from the strain, but Brenda finally sat fully impaled on the massive cock she'd once owned, a stunned expression on her gorgeous new face at the feeling of being completely and utterly filled.

Then she began to flex those long, sexy legs, lifting her body upwards, her wet, fully-lubricated cunt sliding easily over the massive cock that filled her - then dropping back down, throwing her head back and moaning at the incredible sensation that came from the erotic friction. Instinctively, letting the body's own skills regulate the speed and length of the stroke, she began to piston up and down on the massive cock, moans being forced out of her as her thrust came faster and harder with each repetition.

"Yes,... yes... yes..." She moaned as she bounced up and down on the massive cock, Billy's thick hands rising to fondle her tits as he, too, added his own sounds of intense pleasure to hers. "Oh, *God*.. yes..."

Then he began to move his hips in small circular motions as she continued to piston up and down, and the intense pleasure doubled, then redoubled, thrumming through her body like nothing else she'd ever felt.

"Ohhh! Ohh.. yess!" her voice was no longer moans, but short, panting little screams of pleasure as intense ecstasy rocked her to the core. She was sweating freely at the amount of energy spent in the effort, and Billy thought the sight of his old body - glistening with sweat, hair flying around her head, huge tits bouncing with every thrust - was one of the most erotic things he'd seen.

"Oh.. **YESSSSSS!!!!**" The sibilant scream ripped from her throat at top volume as Brenda experienced her first female orgasm. It cut all conscious control of her body as all nerve paths were used for the transmission of pure orgasmic pleasure, and she writhed and flopped in a spasm of pure ecstasy atop Billy's body as the tremendous wave of pleasure swept her body. Her cunt muscles tightened around the massive organ, pushing Billy over the edge as well, and his hoarse bass shouts played erotic counterpart to her soprano screams of orgasmic pleasure as the came, Billy pumping what seemed to be gallons of warm, sweet cum deep into the wet cunt he's once owned.

As the sensations wound down, Brenda collapsed atop her former body, panting - still impaled on the now softening cock. "Oh... my... God..." She whispered, stunned. "I never knew... it's so much *better* for you women..."

"Bullshit." Billy declared emphatically. "God - you don't know how good you have it as a man - all the pleasures.. concentrated. In that body, it's incredibly strong, but kinda... spread out, you know. With a cock, it's all *right there*."

"Yeah, well - I guess it's a case of 'the grass is always greener...'" Brenda said, rolling off Billy's now deflated cock and looking down at herself. She was covered in sweat, and a mixture of male and female cum was sliding down her leg. "I guess we could use showers, huh?"

Billy nodded. "Yup - seems like it."

Brenda cocked her head. "Is it okay if I go first."

Smiling, Billy picked her up, ignoring her giggling protests. "Who said a damned thing about taking turns?"

In the end, they did take turns - sort of. They showered at the same time, but Billy washed - shuddering with pleasure - as Brenda knelt at the bottom of the stall, enthusiastically, if not terribly skillfully, slurping her way through a blow-job. Then Billy



showed her how good getting eaten out could feel...

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later, the powerful sports car tooled east, heading back to collage.

Brenda - once more the original mind and body united - leaned against Billy's massive arms, still trying to settle back into her body, having only switched back that morning. She smiled up at Billy, he bent down for a quick kiss.

"God - what a week." Billy rumbled with a smile. "And to think - I was worried about hurting you!" He theatrically rolled his massive shoulders, which bore the marks of Brenda's nails.

Brenda giggled. "I'd say 'Sorry' - but it's literally your own damned fault."

Billy laughed with her. "Yeah - still, you realize that we're the only couple on earth who knows exactly what our lover likes in bed? We're... like sex Gods or something."

"Speak for yourself." Brenda laughed. "I'm a sex Goddess - and, as much fun as being you was, I'm glad to be back in my own body."

"Me too - but I wouldn't have traded the experience for the world." Billy said, rubbing her long, slender leg just the way he'd enjoyed while her. Then he sighed. "What do we do about the rest of that powder, though?"

Brenda frowned. "I don't know. We probably won't use it again - and there's just enough for two people to switch twice." She cocked her head. "You don't happen to know another couple who could use that experience, do you?"

Billy looked down at her again. "Hmmm... not really. Besides, it would be kinda hard to explain, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah - I guess so." Brenda admitted. "Actually, I wish we could give it back to that old Indian - I wouldn't mind a chance to thank him. To do something in return for what he did for us."

"Well, I think..."

"Pull over!" Brenda interrupted loudly.

Startled, Billy looked to where Brenda was pointing - then smiled and slowed the car, turning off into the parking lot of a run-down hotel sitting in the middle of nowhere, dust stirring around the dilapidated gas pumps outside the office. He guided the car to a stop beside the two motorcycles sitting in the dirt upon their kick-stands, and he and Brenda climbed from the car.

"Oh, shit!" One of the bikers said, hands going into his jacket to pull out the switch-blade knife he'd recently purchased to replace his old one, now lying in two pieces in a culvert in the badlands.

Take it easy, buddy - there's no hard feelings on my part." Billy said, looking back and forth between the two obviously frightened bikers, one with scraggly dark hair, the other with shorter, greasy blond. "I'm not gonna start anything if you don't."

Nervously, the dark-haired one - 'Snake', as he was known to his ostensible friends - licked his lips and eyed the massively

muscled man smiling down at him. "What do you want, man?"

Brenda pointed to the two women cowering behind the men. "These your girlfriends?"

Hicks - the blond - looked over his shoulder at the almost painfully thin woman behind him, dressed in a short leather miniskirt, torn fishnets, and a black leather jacket over a tiny red tube-top that was stretched to the limit - and beyond - by her massive, obviously

surgically enhanced tits, easily twice as big as Brenda's own, natural endowments. His eyes then flicked from his 'suicide blonde' girl to Snake's, a shorter, more muscular red-head with equally ludicrous implants clearly visible through the mesh shirt she wore above tight black jeans.

"Yeah, they're our bitches - what's it to you."

Brenda ignored the question, speaking directly to the ridiculously outsized red-head. "What are you doing with these guys?"

The woman - who had weary, resigned green eyes - spoke in a flat voice. "What else we s'posed to do, lady? Ain't all of us as pretty as you. Some of us gotta make a livin' in strip clubs, and we ain't gonna do any better than these boys here. Sure, all they wanna do all the time is party and fuck - but hey, before they came along, we got molested by every swingin' dick alive. Least now, we only gotta fuck them, not five or six d'frent guys a day, y'know?"

The blonde nodded. "Yeah - it ain't much, but Snake and Hicks is clean, at least - and they know where to get some really good smack an' stuff, se we have fun too."

Judging from the appearance of the two bikers, Brenda was pretty sure the blonde meant 'clean' as in 'no AIDS or other VD'. She repressed a grimace, and shared a look with Billy, knowing that this was almost to perfect. "So - you guys like to party, huh?"

"Sure - what's it to you?" Snake replied, still nervous. If these two were narcs, he was gonna kill Leanne for spouting off at the mouth. If Hicks complained, he'd just give him 'Blaze' to shut him up.

"Well - here's something that I guarantee will give you a sexual experience like nothing you've ever had." Brenda said, holding up a small leather pouch. "All you have to do is share it equally among yourselves. You swallow it, then think as hard as you can about your lover - girls, think of your guy, and vice versa."

Hicks looked wary. "This some kinda a joke?"

Billy smiled sincerely. "Oh, no - trust my, I swear that it'll let you have sex like you never even dreamed of before."

Brenda tossed the pouch to Snake, who caught it. She and Billy then turned and climbed back into the car, waving as they pulled away and disappeared down the highway.

"Waddya think?" Hicks asked as Snake relaxed and put away the knife. Opening the pouch, he took a whiff of the

contents - and his eyes widened.

"Man - smells a lot like peyote. Maybe some other shit, to - maybe exxtacy or sumthin'." The dark-haired biker replied - he had an almost encyclopedic knowledge of the appearance, smell and taste of drugs, as well as street value and effects.

"Give it a try?" Hicks asked.

"You bet - let's live on the edge." Snake replied. Grabbing Blaze, he led her to the hotel room the four of them shared, Hicks close behind.

Sitting on one of the double beds, Snake carefully measured the greenish-black powder inside the pouch into four piles. Into two of the piles, he mixed another, slightly pink powder, almost tripling the volume.

"Aw, shit Snake. De we hafta?" Blaze asked wearily. "You know that shit makes me so horny I fuck both of ya all day long, then can't barely move tomorrow!"

"Tough shit." Snake grunted, passing her the slip of paper her pile of powder was on, and the other pink-powder-mixed pile to Leanne. "Down the hatch."

The four of them downed the powder, then closed their eyes and concentrated as hard as they could on their 'lover'. Having lots of experience with drugs, all four knew that 'Exxtacy' and its derivatives didn't necessarily enhance sexual desire - it only enhanced whatever the person was thinking about when they took it. Of course, most people took it and were thinking of sex, but once in a while somebody took it while inadvertently thinking of the wrong thing, and that led to problems. So, all of them put all they could into thinking about the person they were going to have sex with as the strange lethargy swept over them, followed by a weird, wrenching sensation that caused their eyes to pop open.

For a second, Snake just stared, confused, at the sight of his own body staring back at him, wondering how the hell he'd ended up in front of a mirror. Then a host of strange sensations caused him to look down, and he found himself gapping at Blaze's massive MMM- cup monster tits hanging from her chest - only, he seemed to be in her body.

It took nearly five minutes for the four of them to work out who was who - but the new men quickly realized they were in the stronger bodies of their old male 'lovers', with raging hard-ons, and in the presence of two 'women' whose bodies were currently over-run with massive amounts of hormones thanks to the pink powder they'd ingested.

Smiling at each other, the two 'men' dropped their pants...

*Oh, would some Pow'r the giftie give us, to see oursel's as others see us!*

Robert Burns



BACK TO FUN ZONE





**SUMMARY: Two young men find a magic ring and whoever wears it can answer any questions asked of him, for instance, "What if ?"**

## What If?

---

**By Gunslinger**

"C'mon, already !"

"I'm... *trying*..." Doug panted, annoyed, yanking futilely at the ring on his finger. "The.. damned thing... won't come... uh.. off. !"

Frustrated, the portly young man stopped tugged, angrily flipping an errant lock of long, dark-brown hair out of his florid face.

"No offense, Doug - but I think you have fat fingers." Tom commented, tactlessly - but that was the muscular, sandy-haired young man's forte. That was to say, being 'tactless' was the best of his qualities - or, at least, the least worst. Sometimes, Doug wondered why the hell he hung out with the big, egotistical ex-Jock...

...and then the twenty-nine-year old video-store clerk would remember that Tom liked to blow his money on his friends, and remembered. Though it came from completely selfish motivations, Tom was very 'generous' - and Doug wasn't above taking that generosity.

Right now, however, Tom was starting to 'cloud up', his blue-gray eyes looking like a North Atlantic storm brewing up.

'Patience' wasn't one of tom's long suits, either - usually any waiting was solved by injudicious use of physical force - Doug didn't want the tanned, muscular man taking a try at 'yanking' the ring from his finger.

"Let's take a second and get a better look at the problem..." Doug suggested hastily, gesturing at the brighter light at the kitchen table with his left hand - while not-so-surreptitiously slipping his right hand - and the ring - into the pocket of his baggy black jean overalls.

Grudgingly, Tom followed, his size thirteen work boots sounding strangely threatening on the wooden floorboards of the cabin. Then again, perhaps it was just a reminder of how they'd gotten into this situation. After all, it had been the six-foot-eight young man's weight

that had come crashing through the step outside his Uncle's old lakeside cabin.

It had been looking through that hole that they'd seen the ring. As they'd come into the cabin, Doug had idly slid the ring on, to see if it fit...

...and now he couldn't get it off. Since this was Tom's uncle's cabin, Tom rightfully assumed the ring was his, too - and while his own 'self-image' made sure he was generous, he wasn't ready to give up the ring because of Doug's stupidity.

Reluctantly, the shorter, more rotund man pulled his hand out of his pocket and stretched it out on the wood table, under the brightest light in the cabin - the hundred-what bulb strung from the ceiling above the table, barely shaded by a cheap tin cone. Under the bright, close light, the gold ring shot back painfully bright highlights...

...which clearly defined the lettering inscribed on it's outer surface, unnoticed by either man.

"Hey, there's writing here!" Doug exclaimed. He sounded out the letters engraved on the side of the ring: "Quién lleva este anillo contestará a todos. Huh - sounds Spanish..."

"What's it mean...?" Tom asked, leaning closer.

Doug was all prepared to snap back that he didn't speak Spanish, thank you very much - when, to his surprise, he found himself saying: "Who takes this ring will answer all."

"Oh." Tom said, missing the stunned look on his companions face. "What's that got to do with you not being able to get the ring off?"

Again, Doug found himself speaking, without knowing what he was going to say until he heard it: "The ring is magical. Once worn, it cannot be removed - and the one who wears it will be able to answer any question asked of him... Holy *Shit!*"

"Yeah, that would be cool..." Tom mused. 'Perceptive' wouldn't usually be applied to him, either, and he still hadn't figured out something strange was going on. "But, man, what if it was worn by somebody who couldn't talk or write, you know? How would they answer questions then?"

Doug tried to say something to Tom, explain that the ring really was magical and would answer questions...

...and nothing came out. Horrified, Doug grabbed his neck with one hand, mouth working soundlessly as he batted at Tom with the other. The more muscular man looked over - and frowned in confusion and annoyance while Doug, wide eyed, gestured at his throat and worked his mouth soundlessly, occasionally pointing at the ring.

"What the fuck is your problem...?" Tom asked, annoyed...

...and Doug suddenly felt compelled to be calm and composed. Still under that compulsion, he pointed to Tom, then made

'talking' gestures with one hand. Then, slowly, he drew a big question-mark in the air, pointed emphatically at the ring, twice, then at his own face, while he moved his lips silently.

Tom stared for a second later - then gasped. "Hey - the ring is really magic, and you're answering my question about how somebody who can't talk or write can answer questions!"

Doug nodded in relief - the ring had taken Tom's 'what the fuck is going on?' as a valid question, and had made the mute Doug act out the situation *in the best way for Tom to understand!*

That was a hell of a magical ability. Despite the 'bad scare' his sudden muting had given him, Doug was beginning to see a lot of possibilities in having become an Oracle...

"Wow, that's really cool...!" Tom said, grinning. "Hey - let's see what else we can do with it...!" Tightening his lips and frowning, Doug tapped Tom on the shoulder, hard, then pointed to his throat.

"Yeah, yeah - in a minute..." Tom said, grinning. "Actually, I wanna see how you answer other questions without being able to talk or write. C'mon over here..."

Doug ground his teeth - but there was nothing he could do. If Tom wanted to play charades for a while, Doug would have to play along.

Angrily, Doug stomped over to where Tom had dropped into a slightly dusty couch, laying down and taking up it's entire length, his arms behind his head. Standing a few feet in front of the couch, Doug made a 'get on with it' gesture.

"Hmmm..." Tom said, thoughtfully. "What would be an extremely tough question for somebody who can't talk or write be...?" With an exaggerated motion, Doug crossed his arms and tapped his foot.

"Okay - I got one..." Tom said, grinning wickedly. "What would it feel like if I had a huge, thick cock and massive balls, was able to get hard again incredibly quickly, and could pump out amazing amounts of cum?"

Doug mimed making an 'ewww...' sound while screwing up his face in disgust...

...when he was suddenly rocked by a strange 'vomiting' sensation. Not that he actually threw up - but it felt like his body had just 'expelled' something invisible, leaving him shaken and feeling weak-kneed...

...which was quite enough to distract him from Tom's gasp. Staggering slightly, Doug lifted his suddenly-heavy head - and stared as Tom unzipped his pants to extract his suddenly enlarged cock. It was limp - and even limp it was a good six inches long, and amazingly thick. It rode atop a hairy ball-sac that contained testicles that were each slightly larger than a billiard ball.

In passing, Doug noted that Tom's pants had also been altered, to fit his new equipment - but since that little detail was the least amazing thing that happened, Doug barely gave it another thought...

This power was *amazing!* Doug hadn't realized that the inadvertent muting that had been forced upon him would serve as a conduit for an incredible amount of power. The 'easiest' way to answer certain questions without voice or literature was to

make it happen. The

possibilities were **endless**...

"Hmmm..." Tom said, lightly stroking his now rock-hard member. Doug shuddered and quickly glanced away from the massive cock, trying to erase the image of the fourteen-inch long monster cock from his mind. "What... What if you'd been born mute, hopelessly dyslexic... and female...?"

Doug, stunned, didn't first grasp the fullness of the question - because he didn't *want* to. It wasn't until he felt his body shudder and... ripple.. that he opened his mouth in a soundless scream...

...as he changed. Completely and utterly.

His view-point shifted upwards a few inches as his black leather 'Docs' writhed and shrunk in on feet that were becoming smaller and narrower. The tough black leather of the shoe stretched and reshaped itself, becoming black leather 'Granny' boots with a squared three-inch wooden heel.

The extra height from his boots was quickly lost as he shrunk down a few inches - even as he felt the change rushing up his legs, leaving them with pudgy-but-feminine contours as his body-hair became lighter and finer. The heavy black denim covering those legs remained the same - but the cut of the cloth changed considerably, becoming tighter-fitting black jeans - which continued to mold themselves to his body even as the changes continued. He felt a dully painful wrenching sensation in his hips as they suddenly widened considerably, supporting an over-full ass that had grown to meet his new lower dimensions, even as the change continued...

...causing his cock to shrink in on itself, folding itself backwards into his body and leaving a perfectly formed pussy between her now- smoothly-shaved thighs, hidden beneath plain-Jane white cotton undies.

Her waist became slimmer, though it remained fairly pudgy - but that was hard to see, given the loose nature of the once-plaid- workshirt, now turned into a white, lace-embroidered silk shirt, buttoned high to the neck. The collar was tighter than the rest of the loose, soft garment - but it wasn't any more inherently uncomfortable than the plain white bra that clung tight over her chubby C-cup breasts.

Even as her arms became more feminine, her hands shrinking and wrists narrowing, her face was also altering, becoming softer and more feminine - while his hair became longer, a lusterless chestnut mane hanging down past her meaty shoulders...

...even as she felt herself slump slightly, not quite able to look at Tom, feeling incredibly...

...shy?

Yes. Yes, she felt shy. Because 'Debbie' would feel shy.

Debbie being her, since she now felt exactly what a mute, dyslexic girl would feel - lonely and ashamed, never having been able to make any real 'connection' with anybody...



The thing was - she knew she was really a guy. She remembered every detail of her male life, yet none of the life 'Debbie' was supposed to have led. She knew it was all 'fictional'... but the emotions she felt seemed as real as any other, and she couldn't turn them off. She was 'reacting' the way the fictional 'Debbie' would, even though it was her regular, male thought-patterns that were still in control.

Right now, she wish she had a voice to curse tom with - even though she still couldn't force herself to look directly at him. "Hmm..." Tom said, thoughtfully. "You know, you're kinda cute as a girl... but, you know, chubby."

Though she couldn't bring herself to look directly at Tom, she could almost *feel* the wicked grin by the tone of his voice when he spoke again: "What if... you felt the only way anybody would ever pay attention to you is if you looked as lovely as you possibly could...?"

That strange sensation shuddered through her altered body - but, despite the weakness it left behind, she found herself straightening herself and heading for the mirror near the front door, even as her hand dipped downward into a purse.. that hadn't been there before.

As she walked, her jeans grew even tighter on her body - a body that was changing itself, trading fat for considerably less muscle-mass, as if she'd been conscientiously observing a diet-and-exercise regimen for years...

...which gave her walk a little more 'pep' - which did interesting things to her full (and now, firm) ass, especially given the slender five- inch heels on the knee-high black leather boots that she now wore.

She reached the mirror - and, under a compulsion she couldn't fight, pulled out some make-up and began skillfully applying it to a thinner face. This was her first chance to see her new face, and it was a perfectly ordinary female face. The 'family resemblance' between this body and her old male one was obvious, and she'd never be a real stunner - but she certainly tried her best, applying an expert coat of make-up that simultaneously disgusted and excited her, the two conflicting emotions hitting her whirling, staggering brain with equal force.

Her hair, on it's own, drew itself up into a lustrous chestnut fall of curls and waves, a thick, carefully-maintained mane of laboriously- styled hair.

Her shirt remained basically the same, but drew tighter over her flat, toned stomach and perky A-cup breasts. Even at the top button undid itself to display the smooth skin of a woman who'd used all sorts of 'skin care' products and techniques on a daily basis.

Gold jewelry appeared on her, all of them of Spanish design, so as to go with the ring she wore - bracelets, etched with words, appeared on each wrist, while small gold hoop earrings appeared in each of her unremarkably feminine lobes. A necklace, made of little gold rings, wound itself around her neck, spun from thin air.

A moment ago, before 'making herself beautiful', Debbie was ashamed to look at Tom - now, perfectly coifed and made-up, she turned her attention to him, not even noticing that she carried herself very carefully, very daintily, as she looked eagerly at him for approval, knowing that she was disgusted by wanting that approval of her feminine form - but helpless to stop

herself from seeking it...

...or feeling a terrible bolt of depression slam through her as tom said "Boy, those are small tits..."

She didn't want to feel depressed and ashamed that her tits were so small - but she did. So, part of her was gratified, not horrified, to here Tom continue on with: "What if you were terribly ashamed of being so flat chested. What if, in fact, you have always wanted bigger tits - the bigger, the better. What if you've fantasized, wished for, hoped for, huge breasts. What if you want, more then anything else in the world, to have huge tits - and what if you now grew those huge, round, impossibly firm tits. ?"

Debbie wished she could cry out. Cry out in mingled horror and joy, as her breasts began to swell outwards.

Horror and dismay, because she was really a man, being changed into a woman - a woman with huge breasts. That part of her was still there - but there was also the joy and giddiness, the extreme pleasure she felt as her pitifully small breasts swelled outwards,. She didn't want to feel happy that her tits were now bigger then basketballs, and still growing - but she couldn't help herself. In fact, she was downright ecstatic as her breasts slowed and finally stopped growing, now each the size of a beach-ball, incredibly huge and round and firm, tipped with a large pink nipple that poked impudently into the thin fabric of that self-same shirt - only now it was carefully tailored, open half-way down the front to show a jaw-dropping amount of cleavage before closing up to cling tightly to her waist.

She now looked at Tom - and saw approval that made her shudder in mixed disgust and pleasure. More pleasure then disgust, she was horrified to realize - while still feeling an almost inhuman level of gratitude to tom for giving her these wonderfully huge breasts. Now she wasn't ashamed any more...

Disgusted, yes - but not ashamed. Most of her really did love her massive new boobs - enough of her, in fact, that she really didn't even try to stop herself from slowly fondling her massive tits through the thin fabric, shivering at how wonderfully heavy and full her massive new boobs were...

"Much better..." Tom said, grinning. ". but, what if, having gotten the huge tits you longed for, you now feel you're good enough to have

sex with men. What if, in fact, you've been brain-washed since birth to think that all you're good for is pleasing men, and you've dedicated yourself to becoming the most perfect girlfriend in the world, a perfect fuck-slut who can't even talk? What if that was your life until now, until I gave you those huge breasts - which is because I'm the man you've chosen to be your boyfriend. ?"

God, she hated him for doing this to her! God, she loved him for doing this to her...

A war was being fought inside her altered body - even as the now-familiar weak-kneed feeling ran through her, leaving her body alone, but working on the clothes. Part of her was happy for what it was doing to her, because she wanted to be so sexy, so she could please tom, who gave her these wonderful boobs...

...but she also didn't want too, because Tom was the asshole who'd turned her into a woman. Into a woman who desperately wanted to please Tom...

Her hands were still fondling her wonderful new tits - but now they were fondling them through the half-cups built into the bustier-style corset she was wearing, made of white lace and canvas, and pinching her waist down to a delightful nineteen inches. The built in cups covered just high enough to hide her huge, swollen nipples, but lifted her breasts and left a mouth-watering display of wonderful, softly- firm breast-flesh.

Her jeans had become a tiny black denim skirt, laced up each side with black laces. It was so short that it barely covered her bare crotch, much less the top of the black seemed nylons she was wearing, the stitching at the back perfectly straight from her creamy thighs down past her curvaceous calves, and right down to the tip of her dainty toes, well displayed by the three-strap style black leather platform pumps she wore, the eight-inch heels lifting her past even her original height.

Feeling wonderfully, horrifyingly sexy, Debbie stared at Tom with mixed longing and hatred in her eyes as she continued fondling her spectacular new tits.

"If all that was true, would you come fuck me...?" Tommy asked, smiling wolfishly.

Debbie's eyes sank closed, and her body shivered as if overcome with a terrible fever, her face flushing as her shoulders bowed... but she shook her head, twice, sharply, compelled to answer: No.

Tom's grin faltered - then returned. "What if..."

Debbie shuddered, as if being battered by an invisible assailant. "...you were incredibly horny..."

She scampered backwards as fast as she could atop her high heels, struggling to shut Tom's voice out - even as she felt her new womanhood grow warm and damp...

"...and knew, because it was true, that any sort of sexual contact you have with me will be incredibly pleasurable for you." Tom finished, still smiling at where she was shivering against the wall she'd backed into, huge breasts jiggling delightfully. "Then would you fuck me...?"

Helplessly, against her will, the new woman nodded...

...and took a step forward.

Horrified by the new and desires she was feeling, disgusted by her slavish attraction to Tom, nauseated by her own, feminine lusts, she nevertheless took another step, as silky-smooth and hip-swinging sensuous as the first. And then another...

...because, despite all that, she wanted it, more than she hated it. Her lust was greater than her disgust. She.. She had to have sex with Tom...

...after all, hadn't she answered 'yes'? the ring was magic, it could change her in any way it felt necessary - so if it said she was going to have sex with Tom, then it was a given.

There was no use fighting that power - it was too great. She might as well just give up...

...and enjoy it.

Relaxing to the inevitable, she shivered with delight as she smiled eagerly at Tom and wiggled-swayed towards him 'working it' for all it was worth - and gratified to see that wonderful cock of his go rock-solid right away. She lowered herself next to him on the edge of the couch, perching on one wonderfully feminine hip to lean over, pressing her massive, barely-encased breasts into his chest as she kissed him, long, deep and lovingly.

Breaking the kiss, she pulled back - which was no mean feat, given the weight of her wonderfully massive tits. She did it anyway, bracing herself on one wonderfully feminine arm so that she could point at her throat with one slender finger, tipped by a long, gloss- pink nail.

Tom stared at her for a long second, indecisive. He licked his lips, remembering that incredible kiss...

"What..." He said, then paused, his voice hoarse. "What if you suddenly found you could talk, in a warm, sexy voice...?" "Why then..." She said, easily and eagerly, pausing to lick her gloss-pink lips. "...I'd have to say 'thank you'..."

With one smooth, easy movement, she used her free hand to yank at the bow toping one side lace - and the skirt just fell off, sliding to the ground even as she swung her weight around and over, poising herself above him, her sopping wet cunt only a quarter-inch above his hard, throbbing cock.

"...So..." Debbie said, throatily, grinning. "Thank you!"

As she shouted out the words, she slammed herself down on Tom, filling her cunt with his huge, thick cock. Tom grunted and jerked in response.

"Oh, God, yes... this feels wonderful...!" Debbie cried out, bouncing energetically atop Tom's outstretched form. Reaching behind her, she undid the straps for her corset, moving with an expertise provided to her by all those 'fictional' years of practice, making the motion easy and familiar.

The corset-top went flying, joining the shorts on the floor as Debbie writhed and bounced atop Tom's massive cock. She grabbed Tom's hand and hauled them to her huge, bouncing tits, holding them against her massive mounds as his very touch brought her pleasure.

"D.. Doug..." Tom gasped, not knowing the woman's new woman. "This.. isn't..." "You know..." She smiled down on him. "What if you couldn't speak...?"

Tom's eyes widened - and then he began to buck frantically under her in a way that had nothing to do with sex, his mouth working frantically - and soundlessly.

"Oh.." She gasped, enjoying the extra writhing. "And.. what if... you knew exactly how to maximize the pleasure I was feeling... and you had no choice but to do so..."

Her question trailed off into a sharp moan - as tom's rhythm became a perfect counterpart to her own, increasing her pleasure even as his hands helplessly began to massage and fondle her wonderfully massive new tits, doubling the already increased pleasure.

"Oh, yes... yes..." She moaned bouncing and swaying atop his body, loving every sensation she was feeling. "This feels... more wonderful.. then anything.. I.. oh!... felt as a... mmmm... man..."

She began to thrust faster - and he relaxed into his helplessly-timed thrusts, a smiling forming on his mute lips as the huge-breasted woman heaving atop him gasped out: "Thank you, Tom.. thank you..."

She began to buck harder, her gratitude becoming a litany that became higher and higher pitched as she thrashed atop him, huge breasts jiggling and flying.

Her litany became a wordless scream of sheer pleasure as she stiffened, her body rocked by orgasms so fierce that they pushed Tom over the edge, causing him to arch his back as an incredible load of thick, warm cum was pumped into Debbie's wonderfully tight, supple womanhood.

"Thank you..." Debbie gasped as her orgasms finally trailed off. She lifted herself off his cock, coming away with a wet slurping 'pop', thick trailers of his cum running down each of her thighs. She kissed him, passionately. "Thank you for turning me into a huge breasted woman and pumping me full of you cum, Tom. I just love getting fucked as a woman. Thank you..."

She kissed him again - and ripped open his shirt as she did so. She then, slowly and teasingly, kissed her way down to his crotch...

...then, pausing only to smile wickedly at him, she licked her lips, grasped the base of his huge, ready cock, and proceeded to suck the hell out of him.

It was the longest, most incredible blow-job of his life. Her hands, tongue and lips did things he hadn't even known were possibly, bringing him right to the brink - and then back down again. Over and over, each one teasingly close, so close that he actually struggled to push himself over the edge...

...but she wouldn't let him. Not until she was ready. It seemed to take forever, his balls actually aching from the need for release - and then, and only then, did she push him over the edge...

He came like a fire-hose. His cum gushed out in a thick stream, not only gushing down her open throat, but splattering all over her face and dripping in thick stream down her chin, dripping into her vast cleavage.

"Thank you..." She breasted, licking her lips hungrily, her voice thick. "Thank you for letting me suck your cock, Tom - I love sucking cocks and drinking cum. Now.. why don't you come tit-fuck me, stud...?"

She lay back on the floor, running her fingers up and down her vast cleavage to spread the cum that resided in there into an even layer of lubricant.

No matter if he wanted to or not, Tom found himself straddling Debbie's prone figure, laying his massive cock between her equally massive tits...

She pressed them firmly together, enclosing his cock in a warm, slick, resilient tunnel - and he helplessly began to tit-fuck her.

"Oh, yes - I love this too..." Debbie moaned, tossing her head back and forth. "Splatter me with your wonderful cum, baby - I love being splattered with cum..."

Arching his back, Tom did exactly as instructed. Magical as his cock might be, this flood was no where near the equal of the previous two - but still, remarkable amounts of gum gushed from his cock, splattering her face and slicking her hair.

"Mmmm... that was wonderful..." Debbie said, rising to her feet and looking down at Tom, who grinned up, a little pissed at losing his voice and having to perform an 'unwilling' tit-fuck - but happy enough with the way this had turned out.

"Say - what if I were suddenly all cleaned up, dressed in a sexy new outfit of clothes, and had a complete set of valid ID for me new body, not to mention a bank account bulging with loads of money?" She asked, brightly - and tom blinked as she was suddenly clean and dressed, her huge breasts packed into a leather crop-top custom tailored for her massive bust, a tight red leather skirt equally tailored to her ass and hips. She was balanced atop a pair of rounded-toe 'Fuck me' pumps with a six inch stiletto heels, and a matching purse hung over her shoulder.

"Hey - and what if I could get as much pleasure from any man I sleep with - but, since they weren't my 'boyfriend', I wouldn't feel the need to do anything I do want to do with them?"

Tom frowned, even though there was no visible result - he knew that it happened, nevertheless. He stared, angrily, up at Debbie, who smiled at him.

"Don't worry, silly." She told him. "I'm so very, very grateful that you gave me this wonderful body and the urge to fuck and suck men. Even though I know I never wanted this, and that I'm practically physically sick just from giving into all those wonderful urges, I love my new body and my new life, and I'm so grateful to you, tom, the man who gave me all of this."

Tom, relived, let himself relax. He ran his eyes over the smiling woman's overly-endowed body, thinking that there might be a hell of a lot more to get out of this 'gag' than he'd originally hoped. He'd originally planned to humiliate, then 'forcibly' fuck, Doug - then wonder what it would be like if 'she' was back to normal, with no memory of what had happened. He would have gotten to have all the fun, yet have none of the problems.

He hadn't expected Debbie's surprising, whole-hearted acceptance of the situation... well, okay, not 'whole hearted', since there was still apart of her that obviously hated him - yet there was no doubting the sincerity in her voice and eyes when she gushed on about how sincere she was about being grateful...

"Oh, yes - I'm so grateful...!" Debbie gushed. "In fact, I'm so grateful - that I'm going to give you the same, wondrous gift!"

Tom stared at her, eyes bulging. Holding up one hand, he tried to scuttle backwards, mouth working frantically as the

still-smiling woman advanced on him, her eyes bright and unthreatening.

"I know, I know..." She said, still smiling. "I hated and feared it at first, too - but, believe me, when you're as huge-breasted, super- horny, and eager to fuck as I am, then you're really going to enjoy it. Trust me..."

Horrified, Tom realized there was nothing he could do. Even if he'd been able to talk, he couldn't have talked her out of this...

...because, somewhere deep inside, the old Doug still remained - and 'he' had managed to convince the new 'Debbie' persona that they were, indeed, very grateful - and since they enjoyed it so much, the most wonderful gift they could give Tom was the exact... same... thing...

Tom's mouth opened wide, and he desperately wished he could scream as Debbie smiled, licked her lips, and said: "What if...?"

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** After encountering an old black woman who puts a curse on him, one man wakes up to find himself in the body of a beautiful black hooker.

## What Makes A Man?

**By Gunslinger**

David was walking out of the court room when the old, black woman spit on him.

David blinked and looked curiously at his dark-gray double-breasted suit, where the glob of spittle sat just below the left



shoulder.

"Dat fo' what you doin' to me, white boy." The old black woman said, angrily. Despite the fact that David, at six-four and 31 years of age, was much younger, taller and stronger than her, the old woman seemed ready to attack him.

David sighed. "Look, Miss Ternack, I've already told you - This whole suit was ridiculous. You COULDN'T win it. I'm surprised you even found a lawyer willing to take it on."

Susannah Ternack glared at the sandy-haired business man and snorted contemptuously. "No, I know de truth, white boy. You don't like us nigger women. You think we's no good little ho's, dontcha. Dat's why I get kicked outta yo' building, right Mister White-Boy Landlord? And when I go to get some justice, yo' white boy friends back you up."

David shook his head. "Look, Miss Ternack, we've been over this - I evicted you because your apartment was a health hazard, and the other tenants were complaining. For heaven's sake, you had dead animals in there."

The old black woman's eyes narrowed. "Oh, so dat's it. Yo' 'fraid of the black lady's voodoo. Well, you should be, white boy. I'se gonna show you what a voodoo lady does to white boys like you."

David laughed. "Miss Ternack, I don't even BELIEVE in voodoo." Chuckling, he turned away from the furious old woman and headed for his car.

"You will, white boy" The old woman's piercing voice shrieked after him. "I'se gonna fuck you but good!"

\* \* \* \* \*

David sighed as he climbed into the sanctity of his car. Truthfully, he didn't actually hate Miss Ternack - if anything, he pitied her. She was obviously not playing with a full deck. Old, and probably senile, she was absolutely paranoid, positive that all white people were out to get her.

But he'd told the truth when he said he'd had to evict her. Only a few days after she'd moved in, a terrible stench had invaded the apartment building. When the superintendent had called him, he'd come over and tried to speak with her about it. She'd refused to even open the door. Finally, it had taken a call to the police and health officials, who'd secured a warrant to enter the apartment.

The apartment had been almost unrecognizable. All the windows had been boarded up, the only light coming from the hundreds of black wax candles burning all over the apartment. The smoke detector had been ripped from the ceiling.

And then there was the carcasses.

Several were chickens, and there was even a goat - all of which had been killed, and their blood drained into bowls. Foul-smelling concoctions bubbled on the small Coleman stove she used, and various patterns had been carved into the hard-wood floors. After having her evicted, David had called in a contractor, who'd quoted him a high figure to renovate the place to a livable condition again.

That had been all the evidence he'd needed today when, to his surprise, he'd been called into court. The old woman had filed a lawsuit against him, claiming racial discrimination. It had only taken the testimony of one of the officers, describing what the apartment had looked - and smelled - like, to have the case thrown out of court.

Getting home, David pulled off his jacket and tie, dropping them in a heap near the door. Detouring through the kitchen, he grabbed a beer from the fridge, and dropped into the couch in front of his TV. Relaxing, he kicked off his shoes and leaned back, taking a long drag on his beer. Flipping around the stations, he found an interesting show on WW II warplanes.

Half an hour later, still on the couch, he gently fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even as he slowly made the transition from sleep to wakefulness, David knew something wasn't right. His mind, half asleep as it was, began cataloging information as it impinged on his stirring consciousness, and every single sense reported something amiss.

His body felt...wrong. Awkward and strangely unbalanced. Sensations, subtly different from what he should have felt, flooded his mind from every part of his body, from head to toe.

Sound. The sounds reaching his ears were all wrong. The flow of traffic outside was too heavy, the sound of a busy main street, not the dull, early morning suburban hum that should have been.

Smell. The odors floating around were all off. Not just the strange odors themselves - the slight smell of mildew, the stink of vehicle exhaust, the slight hint of meals cooked long ago - but the way he smelled them was different. Certain odors seemed too sharp, other's were less distinct than the should have been. Even his own body odor was missing, replaced with a different one.

Then he opened his eyes.

He was staring up at a ceiling that had once been white, but had faded to a off beige. He blinked twice, in surprise, but the unfamiliar image remained. He lifted his hand to rub his eyes, and suddenly stiffened.

It wasn't his hand.

Slender and dainty, the hand's long, slender fingers were tipped with long, red-coated nails that matched the feminine appendage perfectly. The decidedly womanly hand was joined to a slender, shapely wrist that led upwards to a smoothly muscled female arm.

The skin a rich, even shade of brown-black, like coffee without cream.

He raised his other hand and it, too, was the same lovely feminine extremity. He rubbed the hands across each other, feeling the smooth, satiny texture of them, and marveling at the lighter shade of skin on the palms.

"Well, I'll...be...damned." He said slowly, shocked, but somehow not surprised, to hear the voice saying the words was a

rich, lovely contralto. Slowly, he sat up, his mind working overtime to keep track of the ripple of new sensations the common-place movement caused.

As the sheet fell from his body, a strange, not unpleasant tingle emanated from his chest. David looked down, and found a pair of small, pert breasts, the same rich, dark tone, bulging fetchingly from his feminine ribcage. The sensation was from the cold air on his dark, thick nipples, which were slowly swelling.

"This...this isn't happening." David muttered numbly, staring at the foreign body, "It CAN'T be."

David forced his mind from the strange body in which he found himself, concentrating on his surroundings first. It wasn't that he was uncurious, or unafraid, of his new form - far from it -, but he had to assure himself that, whatever he looked like now, he wasn't in any immediate danger from an external threat.

He was sitting in a rumpled, sagging bed in a small, dingy bedroom. The room was furnished in what David liked to refer as 'Early American Tacky', a decor he was well familiar with. Clothing of a decidedly feminine bent was strewn around haphazardly, and everything in the room carried the certain miasma of 'cheap.'

He was alone, which relieved him to no end.

With his mind still hovering somewhere between disbelief and amazement, David slowly swung his legs - long, shapely ones - over the side of the bed. Although the sensation was subtly different in many ways, the feeling of a full bladder was still unmistakable, and his movement only emphasized the need.

David stood up, finding the shift in viewpoint disconcerting. This body must be considerably shorter than his own, as everything looked off kilter, seen from a lower perspective than his mind expected. Turning towards the door, David began to walk forward.

And barely got his new arms out in time to break his fall.

"Damn." He muttered as he carefully climbed to his smaller feet. Balancing carefully, he concentrated on walking to the door.

He realized this could be a major problem. Since learning to walk, the mind had performed the simple, repetitive act of walking so much, that it had become an ingrained habit. Unfortunately, that ingrained habit was for his larger, male body, not for this female body with a considerably different center of balance. If he let his mind perform the simple act of walking without concentrating on each step, he'd end up doing another face plant.

By concentrating, he managed to move awkwardly to the door. Thankfully, the opening the bedroom door showed him a short hallway, across which was an open door revealing the washroom. Moving with the same exaggerated care, David carefully made it to the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

Looking at the toilet, David glanced down at his crotch. Nestled in the small, trimmed bush of pubic hair was the pink rimmed slit he'd expected to see between the shapely thighs. With a sigh, he turned around and lowered himself onto the toilet,

then released the sphincter and felt the urine flow.

It felt decidedly odd. The stream - coming from a totally different location than he was used - came out in spurts rather than a steady stream, and wasn't exactly aimed. But it did the job of draining his bladder, and he carefully wiped himself with toilet paper - trying to ignore the sensations THAT created - and flushed the toilet. Carefully, he stood - and came face-to face with a full-length mirror hanging from the back of the door.

He... No. There was no way the figure reflected in the mirror would ever be seen as a 'he'. SHE was as feminine as a person could get, a definite specimen of womanhood, if one ever existed.

She was short and slender. Long, coffee-colored legs, shapely and smooth, supported a frame possessing trim hips below a remarkably slender waist. Like many black women, her derriere was full and firm, the bathroom's light reflecting from the smooth, sensuously rounded tear-drop shape. Her breasts were small, but well formed, with perky, definitively feminine nipples rising from dark, sharply defined areolas.

Her face was rounded, with flawless complexion. Her lips were remarkably full and soft, below a pert nose. Her eyes, dark brown and languid, were framed with long, dark lashes, and above them two finely shaped, arching eyebrows enhanced her glorious eyes. Her hair, mussed from sleep, was a long mane of curly black hair hanging almost to her shapely buttocks.

She was, quite simply, stunning.

Well, nearly so. A few small details marred the image. The faint lines around her eyes and full lips. The slightly roughened skin on the hands, and the calluses on the soles of the feet, all attested to a less than idyllic life. But these few small things vanished at a distance of more than a few inches.

"Un-dirty word - believable" David muttered, staring at her body. His long-held disbelief in voodoo did a quick 180 at the undeniable proof staring back at him in the mirror.

Despite the incredible transformation, the unbelievable situation she was in, probably the most amazing thing about it was how she was handling it. Most men, on awakening in a strange room in a female body, would be in a panic, gripped in shock and horror.

These same emotions swirled in David, but they were tightly controlled, unable to reduce him to the gibbering wreck that most men would have become. It was due, oddly enough, to the U.S. Army.

Or rather, Sergeant Major William 'Willie' King, the meanest, toughest, blackest drill sergeant this side of hell.

It was unusual for someone of David's financial status to join the Army Reserve. David had done it out of a rare, vanishing motive - true patriotic love of his country. And Sgt. Major King had been his DI during basic training. And one of the things he'd drilled into his cadets heads was how to face panic down. In combat, giving into fear got people killed.

So, in spite of the emotions lurking just below the surface, David's mind was working methodically and intelligently despite the circumstances.

Walking awkwardly back to the bedroom, she set about the first task she'd assigned herself. It took some digging, but she finally located a purse under a pile of dirty clothes, and quickly found the I.D.

The name of the body she now wore was Angel Kathau. Aged twenty-one, and residing in... "New Orleans?" She read aloud. "Damn, I'm halfway across the country!"

The contents of the purse immediately revealed the second problem facing 'Angel' - lack of money. There was a grand total of perhaps ten dollars, if you included the loose change.

David cursed softly. Right now, she had two major goals - locate her own body, presumably occupied by Angel, and find the old lady. The problem was, both were in New York City, and she had to find a way to get there.

She shoved that aside for the moment. The Army had taught her something else - solve the problems in order. So, the first thing she should do was get dressed. Getting from New Orleans to New York would be extremely difficult.

"But, I bet hitchhiking would be a snap" she murmured in a rare flash of humor.

It didn't take long for her to look through the meager wardrobe, and quickly discovered that the word 'demure' didn't seem to be in Angel's vocabulary.

Frowning, she set about picking the least provocative outfit from the clothes supplied.

In underwear, she had the choice of black lace French-cut briefs - or white lace French cut briefs. She went with the black. Thankfully, she didn't have to deal with learning how to put on a bra - Angel didn't own any.

Over the panties, she pulled on the only pair of pants in the wardrobe - a tight pair of black leather pants. They were so form fitting, she had to fight to pull them on, the leather resisting. When she finally did get them pulled into place and done up, the pants fit snugly to every curve, outlining her full, firm ass. Light glistened and shone along the curves of her shapely new legs.

The next piece of clothing was a tight, short-sleeve, leopard print spandex top that hugged tightly to her torso.

Which left only shoes, and that made her pause for a few seconds. Every single pair of footwear was high-heeled, the shortest heel being four inches. Unfortunately, the pair of shoes with a four inch heel was also tight, pinching her toes mercilessly. Since she was going to be travelling for some time, such discomforting footwear was out of the question.

With a small sigh, she pulled on a pair of black leather boots that rose to her shapely calves. Lacing up the sides of the tight-fitting footwear, she carefully rose upon the six inch spiked heels...and discovered something startling.

It was easier for her to walk in the heels, than it was to walk barefoot.

When she walked barefoot, her old, male habit of walking had tried to kick in, making it difficult to stay upright. But, as a female, she'd never walked in high heels, and had no habit for it. But the body she now wore had ample experience in the high spiked heels, and the body's reflexes meant that she walked easily, albeit with a provocative strut, in the high heels.

"Well, that's one less problem to worry about." She said, surprised, as she moves around the room, her womanly hips swaying seductively. It was decidedly odd to feel so comfortable in the high heels, to hear the sound of the spiked heels hitting the ground directly beneath herself. Then again, almost EVERYTHING in this situation was a new experience for her.

Picking up the black leather purse, David headed for the door, trying to ignore the way her body moved in an overtly feminine manner.

Before she reached the door of the apartment, a thought occurred to her, and she turned back. Re-entering the bedroom, she made a pile on the bed of every piece of jewelry she could find, then began to sort through it.

Most of it was cheap junk, but a few pieces had a little value. She might be able to sell those items for a bit of money.

There was a watch, which she slipped on her dainty new wrist. On the other arm went a pair of bangles that looked like they might fetch a few dollars. A thin, 14k gold necklace went around her swan-like neck. With awkward movements, a pair of decorative silver earrings was placed in her pierced lobes. Satisfied that those were the only pieces worth anything, she once more headed for the door.

Slinging her purse over her shoulder, David reached for the door - and stood, stunned, as the handle turned, admitting a tall, muscular black man, dressed garishly.

"Hey, Angel baby, where you headin'?" The man asked in a surprisingly deep baritone. "Dressed like dat, it ain't to be turning no tricks. Hell, yo' hairs a mess, ain't you ain't got no makeup on."

'Turning tricks?' Well, that explained a lot. A tight knot of anger wrapper around the fear and confusion she was keeping tight rein on. That old black bitch had stuck her in the body of a young, sexy black WHORE!

She pushed it from her mind. She had more immediate troubles to worry about. In her male body, she might have been able to simply force him out of the way - but this female body was smaller and weaker. She'd have to use her brain, not her brawn.

"Actually, I WAS about to go turn some tricks." She improvised. "I was just, uh, going to do my hair an makeup first."

The black man - her pimp, apparently - frowned. "Girl, why you talking like some white cunt? And if y'all going to work, why them clothes? What's going on?"

'Uh oh, think fast...' David's mind spun, and she improvised. "Actually, I thought I'd try something new. Work the high-class, uh, johns. So, I have to dress and talk differently, right? Be more classy, you know."

Slowly, a smile formed on the tall man's face. "Yeah. Dat's good idea, babe. You go do yo' makeup and shit, then get your ripe little ass outta here - I'm gonna crash for awhile."

"Uh,...sure thing." David even managed to fake a slight smile. "I'll just be a second."

Retreating to the bathroom, she shut the door and slumped against it for a second. Her improvised story seemed to have

gotten her out of the bind - except for the fact that she'd have to do 'her' makeup - not exactly something she had a lot of practice at.

She delayed the inevitable by starting with her hair. With the use of a spray bottle of water and a brush, she began to make her sleep-tousled mane of long, curly black hair more presentable. Soon it fell in a gorgeous sweep down to the small of her back, its soft strands shifting across the nape of her neck.

With a sigh, she opened her purse and pulled out the makeup that was inside. Most of the stuff she had no idea how to use properly, so she did the best she could. With exaggerated care, she applied a coat of glossy burgundy lipstick to her full, soft lips, feeling extremely self-conscious as she did so. At least - according to the reflection in the mirror - the end result looked good, emphasizing her already sensual lips.

Next, she read the directions on the side and carefully applied mascara to her full, dark lashes, making them look even longer and fuller. David was surprised at just how much it emphasized her glorious, dark eyes.

As the final touch, she carefully applied a coat of dark-red polish to her long, curved nail. Thankfully, Angel used the new polish, which was a one coat applique, and dried in just one minute.

The whole experience was awkward. The smell, for instance. The smell of makeup and nail polish had always evoked memories of the coiled anticipation she'd felt waiting for various girlfriends to finish getting ready. Now, those same odors wafted around her, because they CAME from her.

Finished, she opened the bathroom door. Across the hallway, she could see 'her' pimp stretched out on the bed, snoring softly. Quietly, she tip-toed - in such high heels, every step was a tip-toe, really - to the front door, and quietly let herself out. Moving as fast as the six inch spikes allowed, she was down the stairs and outside the front door. She began to walk away from the building, picking a direction at random.

David Cudahy, New York landlord, was in a strange city, without money, in the body of a gorgeous black prostitute. For the first time, the true depths of the situation crashed down on her, and she began to tremble as the emotions she'd repressed welled up to the surface,

threatening to overwhelm her. The anger, horror, disbelief - they seemed to crash down on her in waves.

Spotting a small, dingy coffee shop, she turned in. She needed to sit down for a couple of minutes and regain her composure. The older woman behind the counter smiled as David slid on to a stool.

"Hey, Angel. Looking good, honey. You finally take my advice, and tell that piece of shit pimp that you're taking a day off?" As she spoke, she poured a mug of coffee, and slid it in front of David.

"Uh, not exactly. It's a little complicated." David murmured as she sipped the hot, caffeine laced beverage. He usually took his with cream and sugar, but this cup was black. Surprisingly, she enjoyed it. It might be 'his' mind inside, but it was Angel's taste buds. She wondered idly what other surprises lay in store for her.



The older woman was frowning slightly. "Jeez girl, you don't even SOUND like you." She looked thoughtfully at David. "I like it though. You sound - like a real person. I know you're tired of me telling you to give up your lifestyle and get a good job. But, I knew your mother, God rest her soul, and it hurts to see you like this."

That threw a bit of a jolt into David. Somewhere along the line, he'd begun to see Angel as a two-dimensional figure, a stereotype instead of a real person. Slowly, she looked up. On the front of the older woman's blouse was pinned a name tag.

"Look, Louise, here's the truth. I'm getting out of here. That 'piece of shit' doesn't know it, but I've quit, as of this morning, and I'm running off to New York, where he'll never find me."

Louise looked shocked, then a huge grin spread across her face. "Angel, you've just made me happier than I been in years. Living in this shithole, watching my friends lives go down the shitter...I never thought anybody wold escape from this place."

The woman's eyes were glistening with tears of joy, and David resolved then and there that when she traded back bodies, he'd make sure that Angel kept the promise she was about to make.

"Louise, when I get to New York and get a job, I'll write you and let you know. I AM going to make it out of here."

Sniffling, the woman threw her arms around David and gave her a quick hug. She returned the gesture, finding herself having to hold back tears as well.

"Hold on a sec, honey." Louise said, pulling a purse out from under the counter. She removed fifty dollars, and held it out to David. "This should help."

"I can't..." David started, then saw the look on the other woman's face. Slowly, she accepted the money, tucking it into her purse. "Thank you."

She had to leave quickly, before she began to cry, and ruined her mascara. She barely made it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three and a half hours later, as darkness closed in around her, David walked across a parking lot, cursing the spike-heeled boots that clacked across the pavement.

She'd decided to walk out to a truck stop and try to hitch a ride with a long-haul trucker. What she hadn't counted on was the hour-long walk along the shoulder of the highway to reach the truck stop. Her high-heeled boots simply were not designed for walking on gravel, and her ankles and heels were killing her.

With a grateful sighed, she opened the door to the diner and stepped inside. The cool, air conditioned air was laden with the smell of greasy food and stale cigarettes, but at least she was able to sit down.

Besides, she was starving.

With little in the way of funds, she ordered the cheapest thing on the menu, and ate it quickly. It was meatloaf, and

somewhat dry, but it was filling, quieting the hungry rumble in her stomach. Having taken the edge off her hunger, she paid the bill, rose to her tired feet, and stepped just outside the door.

Several minutes later a husky trucker, dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt, stepped out of the door, picking his teeth with a toothpick. "Excuse me." David said quietly, stepping from where she was leaning against the wall.

The beefy Caucasian raised his eyebrow, and spat out the toothpick. "Yeah?"

"Perhaps you can help me. I need, very desperately, to get to New York. You wouldn't happen to be heading in that direction, and willing to give me a lift part of the way?"

The trucker slowly looked her up and down, his gaze lingering on her shapely, dusky body. David felt a flush in her face as she realized that he was 'checking her out'.

"Well," he drawled, still eyeing her figure. "It just so happens that I'm hauling a load up to New York myself. I 'spose it wouldn't hurt to give such a lovely young lady a lift."

David smiled. She'd struck gold on the first try. "Thanks. I really appreciate this. My name's Angel." She held out her hand.

The trucker shook it perfunctorily. "Name's Duncan, but you can call me Red." Well, considering his close-cropped head of carrot hair, that made sense. "My rig's this way."

David nodded and followed the trucker to his white Kenworth, attached to a silver tank trailer. Red opened the door and 'helped' her into the truck by putting a large hand square on her firm, full ass and boosting her up into the cab.

Red climbed up behind the wheel, and turned the big Detroit Diesel over with a roar. Minutes later, they were out on the interstate, slowly closing the miles towards the Big Apple.

Red looked over at her. "Now, the best way to work this is to keep the same schedule." He told her. "Otherwise, you'll be sitting here, awake, while I sleep, and probably get bored to death. We'll have to share the bunk."

As distasteful as the prospect of sleeping in the same bed was, David had to agree. The thought of sitting quietly in the truck's cab, with nothing to do, while Red slept, was pretty unattractive.

Red turned on the radio and lapsed into silence. For the next four hours, they rolled along, each keeping to themselves, until Red wheeled the big rig into a rest area to turn in for the night.

Sighing, David slipped off the high-heeled boots and left the purse in the passenger's seat. Wordlessly, she crawled into the back. The bunk was fairly small, and she was forced to lay snugly against Red, facing away from him. She was extremely aware of his body pressed firmly against hers, his crotch pressed tight to her voluptuously rounded ass. It was in that position that they slowly drifted off to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

David came awake slowly the next morning.

Her min still sluggish, not fully awake, the first thing she became aware of was an odd warmth in her body. The second sensation was of a pleasant sensation emanating from her crotch.

As she became more aware, she realized, with a start, what was causing the sensations.

As they'd slept, her and Red's bodies had become intertwined. Now, as Red continued to sleep, his legs were wound around hers, and one arm was caressing her breasts. That was the source of the enjoyable warmth and pleasure, their bodies pressed tightly against each other.

The source of the other sensation was simple. Her own hand was gently massaging her leather-clad crotch. Half-asleep, her body was responding to one, simple fact.

She was unbelievably turned on.

Flushing deeply, she pulled her own long-nailed hand away from her crotch and gently disengaged herself from Red. Quietly, she slipped on her boots, gathered up her purse, and opened the door.

The chill morning air struck her as she moved towards the bathroom. Her engorged nipples tingled with the chill, and it felt so good...

Arriving at the bathroom, she almost walked into the Men's room out of sheer habit. Grimacing, she turned and went into the ladies room. The small room was the 'one person at a time' kind of bathroom, and she locked the door behind her. The musky smell of her hot,

wet cunt filled the room.

Stripping naked, she quickly used the toilet, then walked awkwardly - sans heels - to the sink, and began to give herself a sponge bath with paper towels.

David tried to ignore her highly aroused body while she washed, but it was impossible. Her nerve endings screamed, begging for attention, and when her hands reached her firm, full C-cup tits, she...

'D-cup?!'

There was no doubt about it. Overnight, her breasts had swollen from small, perky cones to round, form spheres. Her nipples had also grown, and they were...

"Fuck it." David said quietly, and gave in to her body.

Having decided, she now let herself go. Eagerly, her hands rose to her mysteriously enlarged tits. With soft squeezes, she began to caress her own soft, smooth mounds, holding back moans as her dainty hands manipulated her engorged nipples.

It wasn't long before one slender hand moved downwards, past a flat abdomen, to her silky thighs - and what lay between

them.

Slowly, rhythmically, she used the flat of her hand to rub across her hot wet cunt. Then, with a gasp, she slid her finger into her cunt and began to masturbate furiously.

Her knees almost buckled as indescribable pleasure flooded her body. Breathing in short, gasping pants, she single-mindedly worked at bringing herself to her first female orgasm. Bolts of pleasure wracked her body from her cunt, echoed by the ones from her firm new tits. Still, she frantically worked her finger, everything else in the world fading out as she became nothing more than her sexual need to reach fulfillment.

She succeeded.

Screaming out once, sharply, she spasmed and collapsed to the floor as her orgasm took her.

Finally, her heartbeat began to slow. Gasping, she stood, shocked and amazed at her actions. And the fact that she'd enjoyed it more than anything she'd ever done.

Slowly, her mind spinning, she finished washing up. She dressed, pulling the spandex shirt down over her swollen, round tits, which it clung to enticingly. With a slightly unsteady step, David made her way back to the truck, sexy ass swaying. Her new tits bounced and swayed provocatively with every step.

Still shocked but what she'd done - and how much she'd enjoyed it - David climbed into the cab of the truck, finding it empty. Red must be up and using the facilities himself, she reasoned. Sure enough, ten minute later, the taciturn trucked reappeared, and once more they were rolling down the interstate.

The rest of the trip took two day, during which the trucker said maybe two dozen words the entire time. Oddly enough, his actual behavior was at odds with his sullen nature - he insisted on buying her meals, and even went so far as to open doors for her everywhere they stopped. Almost against her will, she found such attention flattering.

Finally, they dropped of his load at a depot just outside the outskirts of the sprawling metropolis. After the silver trailer had been disconnected, Red drove towards the center of the city, pulling the rig into a barking lot beside the city bus depot.

David sighed, glad to be back in the city. Now, the opportunity to regain her life beckoned, once she could locate the old black woman who had done this to her, and force her to set things right. She moved to open the door.

"Hold on a second, Angel", red said, gently laying a hand on her arm. Curious, she closed the door and turned to face him.

He seemed - uncomfortable. Awkwardly, he cleared his throat and spoke again/ "It's, uh, obvious you don't remember me. I, uh, was a client of yours on a run a couple of weeks back."

David stiffened slightly. It was obvious now why he'd been willing to help a complete stranger - she wasn't a complete stranger to him. Or rather, Angel wasn't.

"I figure you must be running away from New Orleans for a reason." He said, stumbling over his own words. "It ain't none of my business. I was just wondering if we might...before you go, we could..." He trailed off, flushing.

David was stunned. She knew what he was asking, but that wasn't what stunned her. She was actually considering it.

It was a combination of many things. The first was, quite simply, she did owe Red for all his help. Also, it was the way he was asking. It was...kind of sweet. He wasn't taking it for granted despite the fact that he knew - or thought he knew- she was a hooker. He was asking, not demanding.

And partly, it was her own curiosity. The memory of her own frantic orgasm in the restroom, plus the fact that this was an opportunity that to most never came. A chance to experience sex from the other point of view, to truly find out what a woman experienced...

Slowly, she nodded her head, hardly believing what she was about to do. Before she could change her mind, she pulled her spandex T- shirt off, leaving her dusky breast free.

Red gaped. "Uh, you got, Uh, implants, huh?" he asked, staring at her fuller, round breasts.

David was afraid that if she spoke, she'd back out of her decision. Wordlessly, she moved back to the bunk and removed the rest of her clothing. Taking the hint, Red quickly stripped and followed.

Trembling slightly with mixed emotions, David leaned forward and lightly kissed Red. Her full, soft lips pressed firmly against his, and the kiss quickly became much more passionate. Soon, Red's hands were on her full tits, caressing and fondling them.

Caught up in her own rapidly developing lust,. David lay on the bunk, and spread her legs. Red eagerly rose above her, hesitated a brief second - then penetrated her womanhood.

She gasped as his hard cock entered her wet, ready cunt. Her gasps soon changed to moans as he began to fuck her with smooth, even strokes, his cock in her cunt causing a delicious feeling of being filled, one she'd never experienced before. Almost instinctively, she began to move her womanly hips, maximizing the sensations that roared through her body as he drove into her.

It was all over fairly quickly. With little warning, the orgasm swept through David, and she threw her head back and screamed. Her vaginal muscled clenched around Red's cock, pushing him over the edge as well. He shot his load of cum deep into her waiting pussy and, spent, rolled off of her.

She barely noticed. Instead, she rode the afterglow of the orgasm down, her eyes wide in disbelief. She new dreamed anything could feel so good as what she'd just experienced. It had been - indescribable.

Two hours later he dropped her off at the house that, as David, she lived in. As the rig bulled away, diesel engine growling, she gave one final wave and slowly made her way up the walk.

Hesitantly, she rang the doorbell, holding her breath. After what seemed an eternity, but was only a few minutes, the door slowly swung open.

Although she'd expected it, it was a terrible shock to see her own male body looking back at her. The same shock was mirrored in the eyes of that body, as Angel, trapped inside of it, gazed at what had been her own body.

David broke the paralysis of surprise first. Gently, she pushed her male body back into the house and stepped inside, swinging the door shut behind her.

"Look, it's going to be all right" she said quickly. "I know who did this to us, and we just have to find her and..." "She's dead."

David stopped cold, more at the flat, dead tone the words came out in than the words themselves. Then the meaning registered, and she paled.

"What...what did you say?" she gasped.

"Dat ole' black bitch is dead. Came over and tol' me what happened. Den she cackled, and told me it ain't ever gonna be changed - she was dyin' anyway. Den yesterday, de hopital call me - call you, I guess. She died. Some sickness I cain't p'nounce. But she dead."

The sound of Angel's mangled English coming out in his voice was disconcerting, and for several seconds, David held to the hope that she just must have understood...

Slowly, David sank to the couch as the truth settled in. The old woman was dead, and they were both trapped in these bodies for the rest of their lives.

Then, her face tightened as a determined look came back into her eyes.

"Listen up Angel." She said, and the tone of command caused Angel to snap out of his daze. "I refuse to let that bitch get the last laugh, dead or alive. If I'm going to be you for the rest of my life - by God, I can handle that."

"But..." Angel stammered. "You're a woman now. How...?"

A thin, sharp smile curled David's full lips. "No. I'm a man in the BODY of a woman. And if a woman can handle being female, than I damned well can..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Louise dabbed her eyes with a Kleenex and snorted. "Angel honey, that was a beautiful ceremony."

David - or, Angel, as she now forced herself to accept, smiled sweetly at the older woman. "Thanks Louise. I told you I was going to make something of myself, didn't I?"

That night, when she'd learned her fate, only three months ago, now seemed like a lifetime away. Since then, she'd

thrown herself into her new life with a breathless determination.

The first part had been to convince Angel - who she insisted on calling David - that life was still worth living. It had been tough going - until she'd sucked his cock and given him an idea of what life could still hold for him.

Since then, she'd taught him how to BE David - in-between frequent, energetic bouts of fucking, which they participated in eagerly. Soon, to those people around them, 'David' once more seemed to become his normal self, and they all contributed it to the new woman in his life.

It didn't take long before the two of them had come to the agreement to get married. It seemed perfectly natural, and the new Angel, finally accepting her full status as a woman, had dedicated herself to her new husband with the same devotion. And now, with the marriage ceremony finally performed, she was content to spend the rest of her life as Angel Cudahy, devoted wife - and someday, mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

Across the table, 'David' watched his new wife chat with Louise, a secret smile on his strong, masculine face. "I told you I'd fuck you but good, white boy" he murmured to himself, and laughed quietly.



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** After bumping a crazy old woman who put a 'curse' on him, his friend plays along with the story only to find out that it is true and his friend is now changing.

## What You See

---

**By Gunslinger**



Running a towel through his short, medium-brown hair, Josh Robbinette padded towards the apartment door, the hem of the short, pewter-colored silk lounging gown flapping around his thighs.

"Oh, hey Tim." Josh said as he opened the door to reveal the smiling face of the freckled, rusty-haired fire-plug of a young man standing in the hallway. "C'mon in."

"Thanks, man." Tim O'Leary said, walking - strutting - into the apartment, his broad, barrel-chested body moving with that inherent confidence that his taller, slimmer friend could only envy.

"What's up, buddy?" Josh asked, wrapping the robe over his t-shirt and boxer short and loosely tying the sash.

"Oh, same old, same old." Tim allowed, strolling over to the easy chair and dropping his heavily-muscled body into it with a deep sigh of satisfaction. "How's it with you?"

"Oh, well..." Josh said, chuckling, as he pushed the door closed. "Well, I got cursed today." "Oh, really?" Tim asked, heavy red eyebrow rising.

"Yeah." Josh said, heading over to the couch. "I was just, you know, clowning around on the street corner, and I bumped into this really weird old black woman. She started shouting at me, really freaking out. She had a really thick accent, so I didn't catch it all, but I got the part about that whole old saw about 'if you keep making that face, it'll get stuck like that' - and then she laid some sort of curse on me."

"Well, I've always said that your gags and jokes would get you into trouble some day." Tim said, shaking his head in amusement. "I just never thought it'd get you cursed, is all..."

"Oh, come on..." Josh said, smirking. "You know you get a kick out of it."

"Well, um..." Tim said, hesitantly.

The truth was, Josh was hopeless. Perhaps it was because he was so... bland. Though a couple of inches taller than the short, squat redhead, Josh was still a couple of inches shorter than average, and with a somewhat slimmer build. In a crowd, he just seemed to vanish...

...or would have, if he wasn't always 'on'. Josh was forever pulling pranks, jokes and gags to keep himself as the center of attention. Truth be told, it sometimes drove Tim to distraction - but he also knew that Tim couldn't help himself, and so he'd long ago given up counseling any sort of moderation.

"Oh, you don't...?" Josh asked, eyebrows raising. "Well, why don't we just see, hmm...?"

"Oh, Josh, don't..." Tim said with a sigh, as Josh headed over to the huge old trunk in the corner of his living room - the trunk where he stored his wide and eclectic collection of 'props', for any gag or routine that might strike his fashion.

"We'll just see..." Josh repeated, tying a knot into the bottom of his once-white 'wife beater' undershirt as he rummaged around in the trunk.

Closing his eyes and lowering his face to his hand, Tim moaned softly.

"Okay, Tim - tell me that you don't find my 'clowning around' funny..." Josh said, straightening up and turning around...  
...and Tim bit down on his lower lip.

A ratty old blonde wig now sat atop Josh's head - and the face framed by the tangled mane of false hair boasted a pair of incredibly long, thick stick-on lashes and a cheap, gloss-red lipstick artificially creating 'bee-stung' lips.

The overly made-up face and massive, thick mane weren't the only over-exaggerated female features that Josh was sporting - because the gown was straining to remain tied close over the tied-off top now containing a huge pair of water-balloons doing duty as ersatz 'boobs'.

"Hey, big boy..." Josh hammed outrageously in a high falsetto, one hand on wiggling hips, the other primping the tangled mass of the wig. As Tim watched, chuckling against his will, Josh turned the hip-wiggle into an ever more overly-theatrical shimmy, causing the huge water balloons stuffed in the front of the robe to slosh and bounce within the make-shift 'bra'. "I'm Lulubelle Luverly, your cheap and horny little love-doll. You looking for a good time?"

Then, as Josh batted his long, black fake eyelashes and made 'kissy-kissy' motions with his heavily-clad red lips, Tim lost it, and broke out into honest laughter.

"See, I told you..." Josh started to say, triumphantly - and then he let out a startled shriek and flailed backwards, ending up on the couch, arched backwards over his own leg, folded under him on the sofa.

"Josh?" Tim said, shooting up out of the chair. "What happened, man...?" "I just felt really weird all the sudden, and of balance, and... and... and..." Josh's voice died off as he straightened up...

...because it wasn't his voice.

It was a high-yet-husky, whiskey-and-smoke roughened female voice.

Exactly the type of voice you might expect to come from the throat of the sleazy, huge-breasted, cheap-looking woman Tim was staring at, a stunned expression on her blowsy, too-heavily-made-up face as she stared back at him, over-plump lips gaping open in shock.

"Josh, dude..." Tim gasped in a choked voice. "You're a chick!"

"No..." The cheap/sexy, extremely slutty-looking woman standing right where a costumed young man had been said, shaking her head. "No, this... this can't be happening...!"

Her voice was rising in pitch - in horror, as her slim new hands, now tipped with long, glossy nails the same shade as the over-bright red lipstick covering her over-exaggerated lips, reached up and began futilely tugging at the wild, tangled mane of what was now undeniably real hair, her eyes glistening with incipient hysteria as she began to make little sobbing sounds.

Tim started towards his newly-feminine friend - then stopped dead, eyes inexorably drawn towards what was revealed as

her frantic motions loosened the sash holding the robe closed, letting it fall open.

Gone was the tied-off wife-beater undershirt. It had been replaced by a massive white-lace brassiere that had to be custom-made to contain the massive breasts the half-cup bra only barely contained. The huge, thick nipples were actually visible above the edge lacing the cups that held her huge breasts, each basketball-sized mammary quite firm, but without the artificial roundness of implants.

Lurking in the shadow of the massive, firm-yet-sagging, massive-nippled heavy breasts was a slender waist - slender in the taut- muscled, rib-showing manner of a woman who was trying to compensate for nature's failings by over-exercising and under-eating to get such a slim waist.

The slim waist looked even slimmer above the wide flare of the child-bearing hips - hips enclosed in a lacy wisp of panties matching the bra she wore, covering the big ass that only plenty of exercise had tautened and shaped into being just slightly less than 'too much of a good thing'.

Likewise, it was only the toned, shaped muscles of legs that looked like thousands of hours had been spent to make them look that way pushed them past the 'all right' they would have otherwise been - and effect heightened by the high, slender seven-inch heels of the somewhat cheep-looking black pumps encasing her feet...

"You weren't wearing shoes..." Tim said in a stunned, vague tone of voice...

...and then he snapped out of his half-stunned, half-(guiltily)lustful daze as he realized that the new woman was reaching for her face with the long, sharp nails of her slim new hands, obviously about to tear gouges in her over-rouged cheeks in an ill-advised attempt to tear away her new femininity.

"Josh, don't!" Tim cried, leaping forward to grab her slim new wrists before she could start gouging her face...

He succeeded in grabbing her wrists - but haste and concern added a bit more 'oomph' than was necessary, and they tumbled back onto the couch, Tim on top of the new woman's over-endowed new form, her huge, firm-soft tits pressing into his sweatshirt-covered chest.

Stunned, the new woman stiffened under the warm, wiggling weight pressed so firmly against her overly-lush new body...

...the weight that made her even more overly-aware of the body it was pressing against, from the full, taut ass pressed hard into the seat-cushions beneath the warm weight of Tim's crotch, to the feel of her huge, weighty new breasts being firmly compressed by Tim's chest, her thick, highly sensitive new nipples pressing into the soft fabric of his sweatshirt.

All the sensations that told her that she was a woman...

...a woman suddenly overwhelmed with the thought that the weight was that of a man - a man who she could do all sorts of things to, for, and with.

Wonderful things.

Pleasurable things.

**Womanly** things...

Thinks that only a cheap little slut like her could give her man.

She moaned at the sudden rush of pleasure and anticipation that ran through her body at the incredibly intense sexual thoughts and images flooding her mind...

...and a split-second later, her thinking mind caught up with what her 'reactive' mind had been doing with the hot/wet sensation that had suddenly thundered through her, and she shrieked and shoved hard against the man she had just horrifyingly realized she was suddenly, incredibly horny for.

Suddenly, the physical transformation, so horrifying and disgusting a moment before, became small potatoes compared to what she was finding herself wanting to **do** with that new body.

"Oh, God - no!" She gasped, body shivering in unwanted desire as she shimmied out from under Tim, babbling rapidly as she tried to deal with the lustful needs thundering through mind and body. "God, no, I don't want to be horny for your hot, hard body. I don't want to wrap my full, soft, cock-sucking lips around your big, hard cock, or feel it filling my hot, wet cunt..."

"Wha... What?" Tim gasped, stiffening...

...some parts of him more rapidly than others.

Wrapped up in the unwanted images flooding her mind and the unwanted hormones flooding her body, the new woman didn't notice the sudden gleam in her friend's eyes, nor the steadily growing bulge in his pants.

"I... I'm having these thoughts..." She gabbled. "Sexual thoughts, about you - about all the ways I can please you. Please you like only your cheap little love-slut Lulubelle can..."

She stopped dead, eyes flying wide open in renewed horror as she suddenly realized what name had popped out of her mouth, almost 'naturally', instead of her real name of...

...of...

"Oh, shit, Tim!" She gasped in her husky new voice. "I... I can't remember my real name! Whenever I try to think of it, it's like a voice shouting out 'Lulubelle' too loud for me to hear my own thoughts!"

Tim licked his lips nervously.

On one hand, this was a friend of his, one going through a horrible experience, and one that had been male only a few scant minutes ago, to boot.

On the other hand, **she** was most certainly female now, and from the sounds of it, barely able to restrain herself from doing just about anything - or everything - to pleasure him...

Tim had never been what you'd call a really 'deep' person.

"You're having... sexual thoughts about me?" Tim asked, hoarsely, sitting down on the couch next to the huge-breasted, slutty- looking woman his best friend had become. "Thoughts you can't help having?"

"Yes.." Lulubelle whimpered, missing the tone in her friend's voice. Tim hesitated, clearing his throat...

...then swung into action.

"So... thoughts like, maybe, having me touch you...?" Tim asked - while reaching out and laying one trembling hand on her silk- enclosed shoulder.

She shivered, his words and touch meeting the requirements of some of the tamer thoughts running through her head at that very second.

"Tim... Don't..." She gasped - and then her face worked in shock as she planned to move her shoulder out from under his hand, only to discover herself unable to do so.

She was locked in stasis, the unwanted needs exactly balancing her own, 'real' desires - and leaving her without enough willpower to go either way.

"Or maybe you were thinking you'd like me to touch you in a more... intimate way?" Tim 'suggested', when no resistance was met.

Ever so slowly, he traced a hand down her shoulder, slipping it between the folds of her loose-hanging robe, until his warm hand was sliding over warm, smooth skin - to come to rest cupping one massive, bra-encased breast, his spread fingers not even coming close to encompassing the whole of the fleshy globe.

She shivered - and was eternally ashamed to hear an unwanted moan of real physical pleasure pulled from her throat at his touch.

"Tim - stop this..." She gasped in a hoarse voice that revealed her unwanted lust - as she remained completely unable to provide any physical resistance, simply sitting there in a stew of lust and disgust as he lightly squeezed her huge new breast. "Please, just stop this."

"What?" Tim asked with badly-acted surprise. "You mean, stop fulfilling your desires... like this?"

With a quick, smooth movement, his hand slipped to the clasp on the massive, front-closing support garment, and popped it open, to let her breasts sag slightly, heaving heavily and naturally from her ribcage.

She gasped and moaned - then bit down on her over-full lower lip, hating the way her body was responding to something that was utterly disgusting to the remnants of her male self buried beneath the avalanche of sexual thoughts flooding her mind.

"Why... are you... doing this... to me?" She gasped out, fighting the rising surge of sexual desire as she struggled, still in vain, to make some sort of move to stop him as his hands pushed the robe open and came up to grasp her massive breasts,

kneading the softly firm flesh in a strong, eager motion.

"Why, Lulubelle!" Tim said, feigning shock as he luxuriated in the feel of her huge, fully lust-engorged nipples against the palms of his sweaty hands. "What a question for a man to hear from his cheap and horny little love-doll."

Not exactly gently, he began to ease her back on the couch, his hands sliding all the way down her body to grip her slim new feminine ankles as he all-but-hauled her full-length onto the couch.

"I'm just giving you what you want." Tim said, grinning. "This *is* what you want - isn't it?"

His warm hands on her flesh, desire thundering through her as he made his intentions oh-so-obvious, she found an answer popping from her mouth, unplanned and unwanted: "Oh, yes...!"

A second later, long-lashed eyes widening in horror, she contradicted herself in a horrified voice: "No!"

Even as she said it, her 'good friend' was busy lifting her hips, sliding eager fingers into the waistband of her panties, then sliding them down her long, dancer-muscle legs in a fast, lace-tearing sound.

"Please, I don't want to.. to be treated like a woman..." She gasped - even as her body and imagination belied her denial - as Tim grasped her ankles again and spread her legs, pushing one up onto the back of the couch, and the other down to the floor, leaving her traitorous new cunt, moist and eager, exposed to his lascivious gaze.

"Oh, you don't...?" Tim asked, fumbling with his own clothes. "It didn't sound that way to me, my luscious little Lulubelle."

"I... You..." She gasped, shaking her head and trying to clear the unwanted sexual desires thundering through her mind and body, still locked into inaction despite her horror at what she knew the now nearly-naked Tim was about to do. "Please, don't do this..."

"What?" Tim asked, climbing up onto the couch. "You mean, *this*...?"

Then he slammed his erect cock deep and hard into the warm, moist embrace of her new womanhood, wringing an unwanted cry of pleasure from her throat as his warm manhood gilled her completely, the muscles and nerves lining the inside of her new cunt twitching in pleasure at the new and damnably enjoyable - not to mention definably feminine - sensation.

"Oh, God, yeah..." Tim moaned, pumping his hips, any residual self-disgust at what he was doing fading away in the bliss of the 'easiest' lay he'd ever had. "You're so tight, baby."

With horror, Lulubelle found her hips beginning to move, almost as if on their own volition, to increase the amount of pleasure being generated.

Not *her* pleasure - his.

Just the way his cheap, horny little slut should.

Despite the fact that her new body and mind were geared towards pleasing him, rather than herself, that didn't mean she

wasn't physically enjoying the sensations that came from her first female sexual experience - and the fact that she couldn't help but enjoy the pleasure firing through her nervous system made the whole thing all the more humiliating, because she wasn't only doing this because she **had** too because of the changes to her body and mind, but because some traitorous part of her **wanted** to continue feeling this sexual pleasure.

The sort of pleasure that was wringing the hated moans and gasps of an aroused, pleased woman.

Yeah, baby..." Tim gasped, pumping away. "You like it like this, don't you?"

"Yeah, baby..." She heard her smoky new voice say, hating it but unable to stop it. "I like getting fucked fast and hard, stud."

Overwhelmed by sensation, by the question of how (and why) Tim could do this to her - or rather, to 'him', since that's how she still thought of herself, all physical evidence to the contrary.

From Tim's point of view, however, there was no doubt that the person beneath him was female. In fact, he'd more or less stopped thinking of her as his friend, Josh, and more as the huge-breasted slut she looked and, mostly, acted like. For Tim, shallow as he was, he dealt with whatever he came up against just as it was, not bothering to think too much about it. There were tits and a cunt, so the woman beneath him was, indeed, female, despite what he knew of her history.

Female - and an easy lay, at that.

Moaning and gasping, her huge tits bouncing and shimmying as her traitorous body eagerly matched the pace and rhythm of Tim's hard, eager thrusts, Lulubelle thrashed her way towards her first female orgasm...

...but Tim beat her to it.

Face scrunching up into an expression that would have drawn laughs at any other time than this, Tim shimmied and shook as he pumped his load deep into her new cunt - then, with a sigh of relieved pleasure, pulled out of her and climbed off of her...

...leaving her to discover an even more horrifying humiliation:

"Don't stop!" She found herself begging, her hands flying to her crotch and frantically working to continue the stimulation. "Keep fucking me, stud - make me cum...!"

She hated to do it, but she was just so close...

"Sorry, babe." Tim said, unapologetically, as he tugged on his underwear. "I'm done."

Biting her lip, hating herself for not being able to stop, Lulubelle worked her hand until she finally reached her first, disappointing, female orgasm...

...and then, as her immediate physical craving faded, the whole situation came crashing down on her.



"Oh, my God..." She sobbed, swinging her taut new legs over and sitting up on the couch, wrapping the robe tightly around her over-endowed body, feeling violated in a way that she'd never known a person could ever experience. "How... How could you do this to me? To **me**?"

"C'mon, babe." Tim said, dropping into the easy chair across from her. "Don't pull that on me. We both know you wanted it."

"No, I didn't!" She shrieked at him, thrusting herself up from the couch, barely noticing her robe falling open to expose her naked, sweat-slicked body as she shook a finger in his direction. "I didn't want... **this**!"

She gestured angrily at her new body, her huge tits shaking from that gesture...

...and he chuckled at her.

"Oh, yeah, right." He said, shaking his head. "You chose to do that whole little sex-pot act - and now you are one, so why are you surprised I'm treating you like one."

"What?" She shrieked at him, her face going red in anger as he caught her eyeing her naked body appreciatively.

"Just look at yourself." Tim said, waving a hand in her direction, now completely at ease with his decision. "Huge tits, high heels, lots of make-up - you're a cheep slut, and you were even telling me how much you wanted to have sex with me."

"But... But I couldn't help myself!" She protested.

"So?" Tim said, shrugging. "That's part of the definition of a slut, isn't it? A woman who just can't help herself?" "Yes, but... I mean, no, it isn't..." She tried to explain, tripping over her own, rather shallow views.

"See what I mean?" Tim said. "You can't even argue the point." "But... It isn't fair!" She whined.

"Tough shit." He replied with a shrug, rising and stretching. "I'm going to the bathroom. Maybe when I get back, we'll discuss your first blow job..."

Chuckling to himself, Tim headed down the hall.

Sobbing, the new woman threw herself across the room, collapsing on the floor near her trunk, resting her head on the cradled arms resting on the edge of the open trunk.

"Why? She sobbed. "Why did that bitch do this to me? For bumping into her?" She sobbed again, huge tits swaying with the hitching breath.

"Why didn't I choose another outfit?" She asked herself, lifting her head and looking down in the box. "Even another female outfit - and other female outfit - would have been better than this..."

The heavy mascara of her long lashes running down her face, she reached down and plucked a garment out of the pile, holding it up for her inspection.

"Even this would have been better..." She sobbed, fingering the 'leather' of the corset with its 'mere' built-in DD-cups.

"I should have chosen this one..." She said to herself in a thick, sobbing voice, wrapping the garment around her body, barely able to get it in place as it was held open by her huge tits pressing against the undersized leather cups built in to the fetishistic garment.

"This would have been better..." She told herself, holding the garment in place and idly buckling the lowest stainless-steel buckle, the only one capable of closing...

...and then, with a sucking sound, the garment began buckling itself up, her body changing as the garment fitted her body to itself.

Eyes wide in shock, her mind flooding with new thoughts as her hands came up to cup the firm, domed breasts filling out the leather cups of the now perfectly-fitting garment...

...and then she began to smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shaking his hands in the sink, Tim shut off the water and reached for the towel...

...and in the quiet that followed the rushing water, he heard the click-clack of high heels on the linoleum floor of the hallway. "Well, well..." Tim chuckled, reaching for the door-knob. "Just couldn't wait for that blow..."

Tim's voice and smile died as he gaped at the woman standing just outside the door. The tall woman.

The very tall woman.

The very tall, muscular woman, riding the fine edge of sexy and muscular.

The tall, muscular, sexy woman - dressed in a pair of black leather thigh-high boots with stainless-steel six inch stiletto heels. Dressed in a steel-trimmed corset-style garment.

Dressed in opera-length leather gloves with steel studs around the wrists that matched the studs around the leather collar she wore below a hard-edged but sexy face encased in a leather dominatrix mask.

A black leather mask that left a long tail of raven's hair hanging down her back, braided tightly...

...much like the braiding in the black leather bull-whip she held in one hand.

"Hey there, big boy..." She said in a husky, sarcastic voice. "I believe there's a little matter of an orgasm you failed to give me."

"Lulubelle...?" Tim said, his voice suddenly very high-pitched. "I.. I don't..." She snapped the whip, the sudden crack seeming to bite the air.

"Shouldn't you be kneeling and begging to lick my cunt right about now, you pathetic worm?" She asked, 'politely'. "You... You can't be..." Tim stammered... although he did it as he slowly, numbly sank to his knees.

"Oh, but if I look like a dominating bitch-slut, then I must be one... right?" She asked, luxuriating in the feeling of power running through her. "Now, on your knees, and beg your mistress for the right to pleasure her, slave, or I'll give you the flogging of you life."

He gaped up at her from his position on his knees, still shaking his head in disbelief.

"But... how..?" He asked, weakly, as her free hand reached down, grabbed his head, and began drawing it towards her bared crotch. "Why - what you see is what you get, worm." She informed him, cryptically...

...then smiled in more than just physical pleasure as she considered the possibilities in the double-edged sword of the 'curse' that condemned her to remain female, because it was the first form she'd chosen - but let her alter her body and mind in just about any conceivable way within that context.

One thing was for damned sure, she thought to herself as she verbally whipped Tim into a more enthusiastic effort: She'd have no problem being the center of attention from now on...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: One man goes to the doctor for help in explaining strange "changes."**

## What's Up, Doc?

**By Gunslinger**

The door to the office slammed open.

The edge of the wooden door slammed into the black-vinyl-topped stool sitting near it, sending the over-flowing cardboard box atop it tumbling to the ground. The muffled sound of shattering glass came from within the box, mingled with the susurrations of sliding paper and the rattle of loose metallic objects. A pen, a name-plate, and several paper clips slid out of the box and across the clean black-and-white 'marble' linoleum floor.

The room's original occupant was in the process of removing a variety of bottles and containers from the stainless-steel cabinet in the corner, and the sound of the door being slammed open caused him to whirl around, his white coat swirling around his fit frame as an expression of confused surprise covered his blandly handsome face. His shaggy eyebrows rose so high above his dark eyes that they seemed to all-but-vanish into his wheat-colored hair, then slowly slid back down into their normal position as he pulled himself back under control.

"Is there something I can help you with, miss?" He asked, his words polite, but his tone carrying a mixture of annoyance and resignation.

"Doctor Bidwell, you have to help me!" The woman in the doorway said, her voice high-pitched and raw-edged.

Steven Bidwell blinked, opened his mouth. Then, rather than explain that 'Doctor' was no longer applicable because his license had

been pulled for 'Unethical Behavior', asked mildly: "What seemed to be the problem?"

The woman gaped at him - then gestured at herself with sharp, awkward movements. "Just look at me!"

Since she'd suggested it - downright demanded it, as a matter of fact - Steve complied, letting his eyes trace over the figure of the woman who stood in his doorway.

*'Female, Caucasian, roughly thirty years of age, five-six or -seven, about ten pounds on the heavy side...'* he thought to himself, somewhat less than clinically. *'She carries the weight well, though...'*

She did, too. Despite the fact that her waist was somewhat thicker than he would have liked, she was still quite the looker, most of the extra weight riding on a frame that was just broad enough to carry it without looking less feminine for it. She certainly wasn't 'Movie Star' gorgeous, but she was certainly attractive enough in her 'Midwestern Housewife' sort of way, with skin that was not only unblemished, but smooth and apparently bare of body-hair. Her face was broad and open beneath her mussed, unstyled mane of mud-brown hair, and her lips were full and firm, the best feature on her face even without any lipstick.

Aside from being a bit thick in the waist, she was a good-looking woman - but she had atrocious taste in clothing. She was dressed in a pair of battered and apparently somewhat over-sized sneakers and a frayed denim work-shirt that was so big and baggy that it almost completely covered the tight jean shorts she wore.

She wore no jewelry or make-up, and wasn't carrying a purse.

In other words, 'Trailer Trash Casual', a look he'd seen plenty of times since he'd moved to Iowa the year before, hoping to make a go of his own practice. In many ways, this woman could have been described as the 'Statistically Averaged' version of most of the woman he'd seen in his office over the past year, dirt-poor and desperate. The type of woman for whom buying brand-new clothes from K-Mart was 'treating herself', and who hoped the doctor would discover that whatever pain, twinge or feeling she was experiencing at the moment was 'nothing much', since she couldn't really afford any serious medical expenses. The type of woman who usually had a long list of ex-boyfriends who were all 'Mister Wrong'. The type of woman with the type of life he'd seen in a hundred different variations over the past year.

Perhaps that was the reason she looked oddly familiar to him, even though he was pretty sure he'd never seen her before, in or out of his office.

"I'm sorry - I don't see anything wrong..." Steve said, frowning slightly.

"I'm a fuckin' chick, doc!" The woman screamed at him, taking a couple of angry, upset steps into the office. Behind her, the door slowly swung shut.

"I... see..." Steve said, slowly, eyeing her. "This is a problem...?"

"Doc, it's me..." The woman said, anxiously, instinctively jabbing a thumb at her chest - then wincing as it dug into the firm flesh of one of the full breasts that lurked behind the faded denim. "Tom. Tom Kreyborg."

"Oh..." Steve said, nodding. "Of course, Tom. I'm sorry - my mind was somewhere else. Now I recognize you - and you have to admit, the fact that you were a man when you came in yesterday is apt to throw me. I take it that you didn't *plan* to become a woman?"

The woman blinked, then took a deep breath, apparently slightly calmed by Steve's politely professional manner, the one he used when 'consulting' with a potential patient.

"Of course not..." She said, her voice still edged with raw emotions, but no longer extraordinary high and ragged. "I.. I think it was those pills you gave me..."

"Really...?" Steve asked in a politely startled voice. "Hyposodimium-B usually doesn't have that effect. Well, why don't you sit down on the table, here, and we'll see what's going on..."

The woman gave him a long, doubtful look - then, finally, almost grudgingly, padded over to the black-vinyl-topped examination table near the north wall of the room.

Steve kept his pleasant, 'professional' face in place...

...while wondering what the hell he should do.

Tom Kreyborg was, indeed, a patient of Steve's - but Tom was a sixty-three-year-old nut-case who believed himself to be 'under observation' by some shadowy group or another. 'Old Crazy Tom' was what just about everybody in town called him, and

Steve only put up with the paranoid hypochondriac's visits because Tom was a fairly well-off paranoid hypochondriac, one of the few patients that actually turned a profit for Steve. He'd last been in the day before yesterday, complaining of a whole range of strange and obviously purely imaginary 'symptoms', which he claimed were caused by somebody having 'drugged' him while he'd slept - and he had the 'needle-mark' to prove it...

Tox screens had shown nothing, and the 'needle-mark' had looked suspiciously like a bee-sting... and Tom had seemed quite happy with the 'Hyposodium-B' Steve had given him - that being his 'Trade-name' for the placebos he occasionally handed out.

This young, attractive woman sitting on his examination table was obviously not Tom Kreyborg, of course, and Steve hadn't even considered for a second that it might be - but as soon as he'd heard 'Kreyborg', everything had finally fallen into place, since it had sparked the memory of himself trying very, very hard not to laugh after Tom had 'confided' to him that he'd had one daughter, who now lived out in California, and was - in Tom's own words 'Nuttier than a jar of peanut-butter'.

The family resemblance was obvious, explaining that 'recognition' he'd felt, and clearing everything up - the woman on his examination table was Tom's daughter, Tammy, who was even more nuts than her father and obviously convinced that she was, in fact, her father, somehow transformed into an attractive young woman.

The thing to do, of course, would be to play along for a bit, until he could call a psychiatrist...

...but Tammy/'Tom' was really quite attractive - and attractive women were the root of once-Doctor Bidwell's problems. He hesitated a split second longer...

...then pasted his 'Professional' smile onto his face.

"Well, Miss.. ter Kreyborg, why don't we see what we can do to fix you up..." Steve said, warmly.

"You damned well better!" Tammy said, sharply, sounding so much like her old man that it was scary.

"Why don't we start with the obvious first step..." Steve said smoothly, his heart accelerating as he walked over to the cabinet he'd been emptying. "I'll inject you with the antidote to Hyposodium-B, and see if that solves the problem."

"Okay..." Tammy grumped.

Steve had to consciously force his hands to remain steady as he slipped a syringe through the rubber stopper at the end of a medicinal vial, slowly pulling back the plunger to fill the needle with Pentobarbital Sodium.

"This should do the trick..." He said, brightly, hoping Kreyborg's daughter wouldn't notice the sweat beading on his brow as he walked over with the syringe full of the Sodium Pentathol derivative, a much more advanced and wide-ranging composite chemical than the infamous 'Truth Serum' of old.

She barely even quivered as he slid the needle easily into her arm and smoothly injected the hypnotic agent into her bloodstream.

"Well - why don't we give that a few minutes to work, and see what happens..." Steve said, resisting an urge to shoot a glance at the clock. Inspectors from the Ministry were due to arrive later today, to collect the medicines and opiates he was no longer allowed to possess. If they walked in here and found him 'doping up' a female patient, they'd jump to the obvious conclusion that he was using the hypnotic to allow him to 'rape' his patient...

...just like the rumors claimed he did. The rumors that had been enough to get his license pulled, if not to get him formally charged. The rumors that were, in fact, true.

The only reason he wasn't in prison was the fact that he'd been both skilled and careful, not only making his patients 'want' to have sex with him, but carefully 'cleaning' their memories so as to hide his tracks. Usually, he made damned sure everything was safe and ready before he gave into the helpless obsession for 'submissive women' that plagued him - but, this being his last chance, he was working it 'on the fly', so to speak, and it scared the living shit out of him...

...while arousing him much more than any of his previous 'brainwashing rapes' had. Steve had to position himself by the table very carefully, so that the erection that strained the crotch of his dark-gray slacks couldn't be seen.

Steve waited as calmly as he possibly could, glancing occasionally at his 'patient', until the blank, glazed look on her face indicated the hypnotic agent had taken full effect.

Despite the rampant arousal he was feeling, he forced himself to step as carefully as usual, not wanting this one, last 'fling' to blow up in his face.

"Well, that didn't do the trick..." He said, making himself sound concerned. "Perhaps it wasn't the Hyposode after all. I guess you'd better undress so I can give you a full physical..."

He waited, breathlessly, as a slow, slightly puzzled frown formed on her face...

...and then she nodded, and slowly began to disrobe, her movements the slow, oddly graceful movements of somebody deep in a hypnotic trance.

Steve watched with an avid eye as she undressed, revealing a lightly tanned body that featured good muscle tone under a slightly thicker-than-usual layer of fat - which only served to 'round out' her features, making her somewhat 'bulky' frame agreeable feminine, despite her genetic background.

Her breasts were especially pleasing to Steve - full, firm D-cup mounds, rising like melon halves from her chest, each tipped by a dark and frankly feminine nipple. Eyeing her lush figure and firm breasts, Steve nervously licked his lips and moved on with the next part of his usual 'script'.

"Okay, that's fine..." HE said, resisting the urge to smile at the many meanings of that simple statement. "Now, I'd usually do a full hands-on physical for a patient, but you're a woman..." Remembering her delusion, he altered his script a bit "...at least for now..." then went right on with the standard: "...and since there's no female nurse handy, I can't do that... so I'm afraid I can do absolutely nothing to make you feel any better."



She stared at him rapidly for several seconds, his words slowly percolating through the layers of haze that the drug set up in certain parts of her brain. Steve waited to see what would happen, this being one of the 'touchier' parts of the program, something that had to exist for the rest to be built on, like a foundation - but Tammy had to build that foundation all by herself...

"Please, Doctor..." She said, thickly. "You can touch me. Please, touch me, so I can feel better..."

Steve had to fight to keep the triumphant smile from his lips. "You want me to touch you and make you feel good, Tammy?"

The instant her name slipped from his lips, he cursed himself for not playing along with the delusion... but his patient accepted the moniker without question.

"Yes, Doctor, I want you to touch me and make me feel good." Steve smiled at her response.

"Good, good..." He all but cooed, delighted with how easily she was following the 'script' for this little 'game' that he so loved to play. "You came to me to make you feel good, didn't you Tammy?"

Again, his answer was slow and a bit vague. "Yes..."

"You came to me for help because I know things that you don't, isn't that right?" He prodded, carefully, and again she agreed with him.

"So, since I know more than you do, you should just let me work on you, right?" He asked, hopping and praying that it would be that easy - it very rarely was, but...

"Yes..." She agreed, blankly. "I should just let you do whatever you need to do..."

"Without question..." he prompted her again, and she repeated it back to him, making his already straining erection actually becoming mildly painful with arousal at her completely, utterly submissive state.

"Oh, you're a very good girl..." He murmured, without thinking... "I'm a good girl..." She replied, blankly.

"...for letting me do anything to you, without you objecting or resisting in any way." He added, quickly, and she numbly parroted the whole thing back to him.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Steve looked at his 'patient', sitting perfectly still, her full, round breasts rising and falling in a calm, steady rhythm.

She was still deep under his trance - and completely submissive and obedient in every way.

The mere thought was nearly enough to make him cum - but there was no way he was going to waste this opportunity.

"I'm going to start by examining your breasts..." He told her - more out of eager excitement rather than informative purposes. He was more excited than he could remember being, and knew he was walking the fine line between disaster and mere dishonorable conduct - or, perhaps, it was because he knew that fact that it was more exciting than usual. In either case,

he knew he was being 'chatty' - and just couldn't help it.

Not that it mattered. She just sat there, blank faced, waiting for him to do exactly what he'd said he'd do - and she'd be willing to accept just about anything as a 'breast exam' at this stage...

...so she didn't object at all when Steve's trembling hands reached out and lightly squeezed her left breast, pushing the firmly soft material between his palms, feeling the weight and give of the smooth, warm flesh.

He shivered in pleasure.

Spreading his hands, he began to massage her firm, round breasts, slowly at first, then with growing speed and pressure, watching her face carefully as he increased the pressure with which his hands were fondling her breasts - to the point where the line between 'fondling' and 'mauling' were pretty damned close.

She didn't so much as flinch, though her eyes momentarily gained a bit of sharpness, a hint of self-awareness...

..which faded the instant Steve eased up a bit, having discovered just how far he could push her open psyche. It was pretty damned far...

"Lay back, Tammy..." he commanded, not hearing the hoarse, eager tone in his own voice as he stared at her lithe, slumped body.

She hesitated for perhaps three seconds - a near eternity trop Steve, who was now literally bouncing from foot to foot, his cock straining his pants in a way that was almost comical, given the naughty-but-eager-boy jig' he was doing, his eyes almost as wide and thoughtless as Tammy's, but much colder and crueler.

Slowly, with that odd entranced grace, Tammy slid backwards, laying on the examination bed without any protest.

While she was laying herself down, Steve's shaking fingers were eagerly removing his clothes, a fumbling, awkward routine since he refused to tear his gaze from the entranced woman laying on the examination table, legs spread in that loose way that a man almost never saw from a woman who was aware of being in 'mixed company'. Even most of his patients had followed that instinctive habit, drugged or not.

"Spread your legs." Steve commanded, reaching out and guiding her unresisting legs into position, his fingers remaining on her warm, supple flesh for several seconds longer than was necessary, allowing himself to savor the moment.

Finally, the low throbbing in his now freed cock told him he couldn't 'savor' much more or he'd burst. His cock was as hard as it had ever been before, and the pulse that caused his organ to pulsate slightly seemed to thrum in rich timpani syncopation in his ears. His body feeling quivery and awkward, Steve climbed up onto the exam table, his eyes still feasting on the barely-aware woman's voluptuous form.

"Oh, Tammy - you're gonna love this..." He said, unaware he was even speaking as he very slowly and teasingly positioned himself, his cock dipping towards her crotch, then away. "You're gonna love getting fucked while you just lay there

and take it."

Then he couldn't hold himself anymore, and he plunged forward, a well-practiced thrust of his hips shoving his throbbing manhood into her warm, only faintly lubricated pussy.

She made an odd breathless sound, blank eyes widening slightly and taking on a lightly puzzled aspect as she twitched involuntarily at the mixed pain and pleasure of the mostly dry penetration, her cunt as tight as a virgin's despite her age.

Slowly and methodically, Steve began to work back and froth, fighting the urge to go faster as he bit his lower lip and concentrated on not reaching the 'point of no return' before he got some of her lubrication going...

The flesh that held and squeezed his raging hard-on was becoming steadily warmer and damper, as if a slow leak of just-above-body- temperature water was taking place in her womanhood, and each stroke became progressively easier - and more inherently pleasurable

- then the last, causing more twitches from Tammy - and from Steve, whose eyes were closed as he struggled not to cum to soon.

As the flow of juices in her womanhood increased, so did his rhythm and power, his breath shorting into gasps that matched the heavy thrust of his body against her almost limp form, now racked constantly with shivers and tremors that were much more severe than those of any other woman he'd drug-raped in the past.

It didn't bother him in the least, her twitching and gyrations actually making the experience much more physically enjoyable than he'd expected, forcing him to pick up his pace and power to levels he'd never imagined himself capable of, sweat flying from his quickly- saturated hair as he drove into her with hard, almost machine-like strokes.

The sound of his gasps and the meaty thudding of his body against hers was joined by a new sound, one that he'd never heard before - a high-pitched keening, so faint and high as to almost pass outside his range of hearing, hovering on the very edge of his consciousness like the distant screeching of nails across a blackboard.

It took him a second to realize that Tammy was making he sound.

He couldn't have cared lest what sound she was making. Beneath his rapidly driving body, she was writhing and twitching erratically, as if in the grip of some great fever or torment, and he happily let the gyrations of her body increase the pleasure he felt as he drove into her with a single-minded intensity that he'd never known he could attain...

...until he slipped past the brink, and found himself groaning in a breathless voice as he pumped his seed deep into her cunt, having been so excited to forget even the most minimal precautions, something he realized almost the instant he finished coming...

Even the concerns of something as important as leaving an easily matched body fluid in one of his victims flew out of his mind, however, when Tammy began to scream.

It was a steady, high-pitched shriek of pure, mind-warping horror, and it didn't vary in volume or pitch until she ran out of the breath to sustain it, causing it to just peter out into a lung-crushing wheeze, followed by a deep whopping sound as she desperately sucked air back into her collapsed lungs...

...so that she could scream again, with the same power and horrified passion as before.

"Stop it!" Steve shouted at her - but his voice, confused and stunned, couldn't compete with her caterwauling. When she ran out of breath a second time, he gave her the same command, sure she would hear it...

...but her mind was no longer capable of processing the information, and she just screamed again...

...and again...

..and again...

"Shut up, bitch!" Steve screamed at her, clapping his hands over his ears as he pulled off and out of her, driven back by the sheer intensity of her mindless screams of pure horror and disgust.

He didn't understand. This had never happened before. He'd always fucked the women, then instructed them to forget the whole thing

- and they had, at least consciously, though some of the women's subconscious had been so traumatized by the rape that they'd suffered emotional and mental problems, which had been enough to get his license pulled.

Not one of them, however, had gone downright insane just from the rape itself.

Being raped had been so bad for Tammy that her mind had literally shattered. Perhaps, with plenty of therapy, she might be able to function again - but right now, all she could do was scream...

...and she was doing it very well.

"Shut up! Shut up!" Steve screamed in panic, trying to cram himself into his pants, despite the fact that he hadn't bothered to turn the left leg right-side out first. He wasn't capable of thinking logically, not under the circumstances. "Shut up, damn it - somebody will hear you...!"

\* \* \* \*

As a matter of fact, somebody had heard everything that had gone on, right from the very instant the woman had slammed into Steve's office.

"Damn..." 'Smith' swore, turning away from the TV screen.

"We could never have predicted this." 'Jones' said in commiseration, standing up and stretching - at least, as best as he could in the closed confines of the surveillance van, painted up in the colors of a local cable service. Hidden cameras and microphones allowed them to monitor everything that had happened in the office.

"She's completely fried." Smith sighed, shutting off the audio. "She's useless. All that work, and Subject 'B' runs to the worst possible person for help. We'll never be able to get accurate data now that she'd been screwed with. We'll have to start all over again - and where the hell are we going to find another single male with no close relatives, friends, or other entanglements?"

"Yeah, well..." Jones started to reply, settling back into his chair...

...and then he stopped dead, an odd look coming into his eyes.

"What is it?" His partner asked. He and 'Jones' had worked together before, the super-secret organization they were part of encouraging such teaming, and he knew the look.

Jones slowly began to smile. "The doctor there just got his license pulled, didn't he? He's planning to leave town later today." Smith stared at Jones - then slowly began to smile himself...

\* \* \* \* \*

Tammy's strength was surprising, almost that of a man her age instead of a woman. Try as he might, the fairly lightly-built Steve couldn't quite get her to remain still enough for him to inject the sedative-counteragent into her bloodstream.

"Shit..." Steve swore, dropping the needle on the floor without caring about how he'd explain it - and its contents - to the federal inspectors. As Tammy continued to thrash and scream, he turned towards the meds cabinet, reaching for the bottle of Ether and an applicator mask, hoping it would be easier than trying to inject her with something...

...when his door opened, and two men steeped inside.

They were... average. In every way. They were the exact same height, five-eleven, and aside from a couple of minor facial differences and the color of their hair, the two suit-clad men could have been clones, their cheap suits and coolly polite manner marking them as Government Clones of some kind...

"I.. Uh..." Steve stammered, wide eyed, his clothes in complete disarray, his shirt actually on inside out. Tammy writhed, naked, on the exam table, mixed fluids puddling below her thrashing hips as she screamed in horror.

All things considered, he couldn't think of any damned way to finish the sentence he'd started.

"Don't worry, Mr. Bidwell..." the clone on the left said, an odd smile on his face. "I guarantee you'll never be convicted of committing rape."

"What...?" Steve asked...

...but he would never get to hear an answer, since Smith's comment had really only been a distraction, so that Steve didn't even notice the dart-gun that Jones lifted and fired in one smooth, practiced motion.

The sedative included in the nanoprobe-serum put Steve's lights out in an instant, and he never knew what hit him as darkness closed in and he slammed to the floor.

Coolly, Jones reloaded the dart gun with a different formulation and shot the writhing woman on the table. She collapsed just as quickly, and Jones jerked a head towards Steve, and his partner nodded.

As they went to gather up 'Subject B', the two agents passed the now-quiescent woman on the exam table. Casually, Jones reached out and grasped the dart in her arm, knowing that the serum he'd just given her would erase any physical evidence, leaving authorities with nothing but a 'Jane Doe' with a shattered mind.

Confident, Jones pulled the dart free and pocketed it...

...leaving behind a small mark that looked suspiciously like a bee-sting...

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: Coming home from a bar, his girlfriend surprises him with her willing to try new things, like change him into a girl.**

## Wish Come True...

---

**Story and Illustrations By Gunslinger**

"Girl troubles, huh...?"

Startled, Jack blinked and looked up from his deep contemplation of the oily amber liquid in the glass before him.

Lost in his own thoughts, Jack had noticed neither the stranger's approach, nor his taking a seat beside Jack at the bar. Now, blinking, the lean, rangy young man peered out at the handsome, dusky-skinned stranger. Flipping back an ever-errant lock of his ebony hair, Jack cocked his head.

"Excuse me...?" Jack asked, a bit befuddled.

The stranger, startling handsome and wearing an impeccably tailored deep red silk suit that nearly matched the shade of his neatly-trimmed auburn hair and pointed goatee, smiled back at Jack, revealing teeth white and even enough to be in a toothpaste commercial.

"The sigh...." The stranger replied, with a friendly, conspiratorial grin of commiseration. "Women are the only cause for any man to sigh like you just did."

"Yeah, well..." Jack allowed, uncomfortably. "I mean, don't get me wrong, Stacy - my girlfriend - is wonderful. She's gorgeous and cheerful and loving... but, uh..."

"...there's something 'not quite right' when it comes to the bedroom?" The stranger suggested, one eyebrow rising.

From any other person, at any other time, that question would probably prompted Jack to take a swing at the man. Somehow, though, this complete stranger, in tone and body-language, managed to make a delicate question seem... perfectly *natural*. No only inoffensive, but practically expected - and very solicitous.

Jack hesitated - then, with a shrug, downed his glass of rye and answered.

"It's fine, as far as it goes...I but Stacy's a straight-up, pure-vanilla girl in the bedroom. I just wish that sometimes we could do something different, something unexpected - maybe even something... *kinky*, y'know? Something to bring some *diversity* to my sex life, that's all I want. That's not too much to ask for, is it?"

"Not to my way of thinking." The auburn-haired stranger agreed, easily.

Jack went to put his glass back down on the bar - and, in the course of the movement, caught sight of his watch.

"Christ!" He swore, bolting up from the chair. "Speaking of Stacy - she's probably wondering where the hell I am. We should have sat down to dinner an hour ago!"

"Well, then, by all means - go." The stranger said, as Jack tossed some cash on the bar and grabbed his coat. "And, Jack - don't lose hope. You might just get your wish..."

It wasn't until he was already out in the parking lot that Jack realized he couldn't remember introducing himself to the stranger...

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sorry I'm late..." Jack said, sincerely apologetic as he leaned in to give Stacy a quick kiss on the lips. "Mmm... Tastes like a rye-inspired delay." The perky blonde said, licking her full lips and grinning.

Jack's eyebrows rose slightly. When he'd walked in the door and found his slender, curvaceous blonde girlfriend lounging on the couch in nothing but her comfortably white terry-cloth dressing gown, he'd assumed he was 'in the doghouse'. Usually, no matter how late he was for dinner, it would still be on the table - the fact that she'd eaten without him, the 'gotten comfortable',



should have been a sign that she'd 'given up' on him. Not that Stacy was a screamer, nor did she throw tantrums - but her own way could be almost more painful, her sad, disappointed little routine that unerringly plucked at his heart-strings.

So, Jack could honestly say he was a little surprised by how cheerful she seemed - and doubly so after she'd tasted the reason for his delay on his breath, for, though hardly a temperance worker, she didn't believe in drinking anything heavier than the occasional glass of wine or beer, and that in moderation, usually with a meal.

It was going to be quite a night for surprises....

"So..." Stacy said, smiling mysteriously, looking up at him through coquettishly lowered lashes. Reaching out, she unbuttoned the top three buttons of Jack's faded red plaid shirt, and began teasingly tracing a finger over his chest in languid swirls. "Want to do something a little. *different* tonight?"

Jack heart began to pound, and his mouth went dry.

"Like what?" He asked, trying - and failing - to sound casual, just in case this wasn't what he thought it was. After all, it *couldn't* be... could it?

"Well, what if you had to do absolutely everything I say, all night long - from now to dawn. How's that sound?" She asked, her voice lower and huskier than usual.

"Well, uh - sure..." Jack said, still feeling that he must be misinterpreting it, despite all the indications. What were the odds that tonight, of all nights, she'd decided to become the sexual aggressor...?

...or, then again, maybe it *was* what he thought it was. Maybe this one last time of staying out late had gotten her to wondering what she might be doing wrong, and this was her response. It was possible, right?

"You'll do whatever I say? Absolutely anything, no matter what?" She asked, undoing the rest of the buttons on his shirt. "Anything at all, no matter what..." He agreed, reaching out to caress her silken fall of golden hair.

"Swear it upon everything you hold holy?" She teased, leaning forward so that the soft, white cloth covering her large, firm breasts pressed enticingly against his chest.

"I swear." He answered, fervently.

"Good..." She said, with a naughty little chuckle - and then stepped back out of his embrace. Her smile turned just a little bit wicked - and she let her robe slide off to puddle on the floor. She posed for a second, showing off a body she was justifiably proud of, and then she turned and began walking across the floor of the open-concept converted warehouse apartment they shared. She paused, halfway to the corner designated the bedroom, and looked over one nicely-rounded shoulder.

"Well, then..." She said, with a teasing chuckle. "Get undressed and meet me at the bed..." Jack's grin widened - and his fingers fumbled frantically at his clothes...

In no time, he had stripped off his clothes, and was padding naked towards where Stacy perched expectantly on the edge

of the bed. "That's it, Jack - come to me." She cooed.

He, of course, obeyed.

"Mmmm..." She said, eyes sparkling as he neared the bedside. Her gaze dropped, and she licked her lips lasciviously. "Get hard for me, lover."



It was the situation and the blatantly sexual tone of her voice, of course - yet, for all that, Jack had to restrain a chuckle as his cock rapidly swelled to full erection.

He tried to escape. "Just doing what the lady ordered..."

But he hardly had time to dwell on it, as she continued speaking: "Now, tell me, have you ever pleased a woman in your life?"

He was trying.

There was something Jack was ready, willing and eager to do. Smile wide on his face, and spread her legs, an anticipatory smile on her lips.

He followed her orders to the letter. Maybe it was the excitement of the moment, the new challenge of being the aggressor tonight - but, whatever it was, he was at the top of his game, remembering having sex with her before. As good as it was for him, however, it was a long time of at least four orgasms before, finally, he reached his own climax. He knew that, once done, he felt completely and utterly drained as he

"Wow..." He gasped, shaking his head in amazement.

"Wow, indeed..." Stacy all-but-purred, rolling over and gently running her hand up and down the inside of his thigh. "No, no - don't get up. Just lay there until I tell you otherwise..."

Jack, exhausted by the incredibly bout of sex, hadn't been planning to get up, anyway, so he simply continued to lay there. Despite the gentle caress of Stacy's slender hand, his manhood refused to respond, as hard-used as the rest of him.

"Sorry, honey - I don't think Little Jack will be able to come out and play for awhile now..." He chuckled, wearily. "Ah - but what if I **told** you to get hard again...?" She teased. "You have to do whatever I say, remember?"

"I wish I could, but... 'the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak'. Order away - I can't do it." Jack chuckled.

"You still don't get it, do you...?" She asked, grinning up at him. "Well, then again, you never **were** the brightest bulb in the box..." "Huh...?" Jack blurted out, frowning down at her.

"You'll do **anything** I say - anything at all." She told him, still smiling. "No matter what." "Honey..." Jack said in his 'you are being unreasonable' tone of voice.

"Oh - don't believe me?" She asked, archly. "Let's prove it. Jack, honey, sweet-ums - get rid of that nasty old cock of yours and replace it with a nice, tight, wet little cunt..."

"What are you..." Jack started, annoyed - and then his voice dried up as his eyebrows climbed skyward. There was a strange... tightening sensation in his crotch.

He tried to sit up - and was shocked to find that he couldn't. the best he could do was raise his head.....

Jack screamed. Loudly.

Shrilly.

"Oh, shhh. " Stacy said, in a voice of amused annoyance.

After that, Jack could only whimper helplessly as he watched his manhood vanish.

It was like watching something in a big-budget Hollywood movie. His cock, already limp, didn't just shrink, but seemed to fold in on itself, changing shape as it was pulled inwards towards his crotch - but it didn't stop at just ending up flush. The strangeness of the sensations only continued to increase as his crotch went from smooth to dimpled, a cleft forming and growing - until, within a minute after it started, where his cock and balls once rose now lay what was indubitably a moist womanhood.

A ' nice, tight, wet little cunt'...

"No!" Jack gasped, wanting to scream, and the very fact that he couldn't only serving to reinforce the reality of the impossible situation. "Stacy, what... how...? oh, no. "

"Oh, **yes**..." She cooed. She lightly stroked a hand over the soft, dewy folds of Jack's new womanhood. "Stacy, please..." Jack begged - quietly. "Please, change me back. "

"Oh, I don't think so..." She said, with a smile. "Now - lay back, and enjoy "

Then she lowered her head to his crotch.

As her tongue began teasingly tracing the form of his moist new cunt. Jack couldn't help but shiver in unwanted please. Shed' told him to enjoy, so he literally had no choice but to do just that as she began to explore and tease his new cleft. As she lapped slowly and skillfully, Jack felt a burning, unwanted pleasure. Slender fingers delving deep into the silken confines of his new clit, she drove him steadily towards climax...

...and then, at the penultimate moment, stopped - leaving him helplessly burning in his altered crotch.

Oh - and, against his will, enjoying the intense new sensation, as w

"It's going to be a long night." Stacy said, pulling her head away w



coffee. "

Jack got a sudden, fluttery feeling in the pit of his stomach. Stacy's tone of voice boded no good...

His premonition was bang-on.

"Reach under the bed, take out the hot-pink box you'll find, and put on what's inside." Stacy said, eyes gleaming wickedly.

Jack struggled against whatever impossible force was driving him to live up to the thoughtless oath he'd taken - but it was no use. The impossible but somehow nevertheless quite real force that could turn his once-proud manhood into a moist and obviously fully- functional womanhood would not be balked.

Likewise, as he found himself helplessly doing as he was told, a small part of his mind wondered if there'd even been a box under the bed until she'd told him to get it. Not that it mattered - for, there or not a minute ago, it was there now, and Jack couldn't stop himself from pulling out, opening it up, and putting on what he found inside.

"Please, Stacy - please don't make me do this!" He begged, quietly, as his fingers drew the fine-mesh 'fishnet' stockings up his legs, tugging them into place to allow the wide, elasticized top to hold them up.

"Oh, but they look so lovely!" Stacy chortled. "Make sure the seems are perfectly aligned against the smooth, hairless skin of your legs."

Helplessly, his hands straightened the stocking seams - even as he mewled softly at the sensation of his body hair withdrawing back into his pores, leaving his skin smooth and soft. and feminine.

As every bit as feminine as the rest of the 'outfit' he put on.

Pink 'chandelier' earrings that slipped easily into the piercings that appeared in his ears. White lace gloves.

A white, lace-trimmed little apron.

A white-lace maid's 'head-dress', held in place by it's hot-pink little band...

...and a pair of silver high-heel strap-style sandals with what had to be five-inch heels.

"Stacy, please - I won't even be able to walk in these..." He tried to reason with her, even as his glove-encased hands buckled the last trap on the shoes, holding them in place on his feet.

"On the contrary..." She chuckled. "You're going to walk not only easily in them, but with a sexy little hip-swinging stride - as you go make a pot of coffee."

Whimpering softly, Jack did, indeed, rise from the bed - and, with a mincing, hip-swaying walk, sashayed across the

he was doing, or the way he was doing it.

While Jack stood helplessly in the kitchen, waiting for the coffee to brew. "I'm turning myself blonde..."



Gasping, Jack reached down to grab a tablespoon that was laying on the counter. As he did so, it struck him with more force than ever the predicament he was in - for he **wasn't** a 'mindless puppet', able only to obey. He had to obey what Stacy said, no matter how impossible - but his other actions were his own. Somehow, that made the situation worse than if he was simply trapped in it, with no input of his own...

Then the thought was swept away as, peering into the distorted reflection of the spoon, he saw his hair fade to a bright, brassy shad of blonde.

"No, no - lighter." Stacy commanded. "Platinum blonde!"

Jack watched as his hair lightened further, to a silvery shade of gold... and, again, was struck by the fact that he had some input into this, for otherwise, the hair would have automatically gone the shade she'd wanted, right off the bat. Somehow, and he wasn't sure

how, he was involved in this - Stacy wasn't doing this to him, directly. **He**, as promised, was doing it **at her behest**.

It took three tries to get it the exact, nearly-white shade Stacy wanted - and then, with the coloration change, she thought a few other changes needed to be made in his outfit to make them more suitable. Humiliated, he stood in the kitchen while the coffee brewed, cut and color of the skimpy outfit altering this way and that, until finally Stacy was satisfied with the silver-and-white diamond-checked nylons and elbow-length white lace gloves, as well as the smaller and now pink-lace-trimmed apron to match Jack's headdress.

Then of course, there had to be make-up to go with the new outfit, and at least some of Jack's thoughts were confirmed when he opened the exact same drawer he'd opened moments before, only now to find hot-pink lipstick, mascara, and eyeliner that hadn't been there a second before.

With coffee brewed, and himself 'improved', Jack helplessly sashayed a cup over to Stacy, who giggled, took one token sip of the coffee, and lay it aside.

"Why are you doing this to me, Stacy?" Jack asked plaintively. "What did I do to deserve this?"

"You know, that's a very good question." She replied with mock thoughtfulness. "I think you should ask me again - but in the husky, sexy female voice you're going to use until I tell you otherwise."

Jack winced - and helpless repeated the question in a new voice that a female phone-sex operator would have died for. Stacy scooted down to the end of the bed and patted a place on the cover beside her.

"Take off that apron and sit yourself down here, and I'll explain it to you..." Jack, of course, had no choice in the matter.

"Now, Jacqueline - you won't mind answering to 'Jacqueline', of course - it's like this..." Stacy said, taking on a scholarly air that was highly feigned... and at great odds with her actions, for as she spoke, she slid one hand between Jack's smooth thighs.



"I'm not who you think I am." She explained - while her slender hand began gently stroking the smooth mound of his new womanhood. "In fact... I'm not even your girlfriend."

"What...?" Jack gasped in his throaty new voice - while struggling not to enjoy Stacy's touch... and failing. Her command to 'enjoy' was still in force, and when she'd left him hanging last time, it made this new caress

something part of him, the part not even affected by the strange 'magic'. actually **want** this.

"There is a secret culture out there, one that I'm part of - one with g into the moist cavern of his new cunt. He moaned and wiggled at her skill month - but you didn't notice me. You bought food for two, cooked all my had the bed... and, through it all, you noticed nothing unusual about each done it as soon as you were finished. That's the way my people are, you s through society."

Gasping, sweat streaming down his face, Jack struggled to follow h vigorously at his crotch.

"You don't remember, because I altered your memories so you thir watching you, you've gone through three different girls - and it was the sa

explained, hand working faster, fingers plunging deeper. "You cam with them the first time, would ask them to move on to something a 'little r blow-job, but it went on from there... until, with each girl, you found their 'b you'd ridicule them for a prude and dump them. Oh, by the way - tell me h nice, big dildo in your cunt..."

"Oh, god!" Jack gasped, as the finger suddenly seemed to swell - but it wasn't Stacy's finger anymore, but a smooth, plastic phallus plunging rhythmically into Jack's new cunt. "That... Oh! ...feels so... good.... even though I don't want it to..."

Stacy laughed as Jack, squirming and wiggling, gasped and moaned with the unwanted pleasure from the large, hot-pink dildo now filling her sopping cunt - and then, for the second time, as Jack trembled on the edge of orgasm, Stacy quite simply... stopped.

"Here - this belongs to you." She said, chuckling, as she handed him the smooth plastic dildo, dripping with his own fluids.

Numbly, he took the dildo, chest heaving as the ragged edge of orgasms receded, leaving him filled with some sort of nameless need...

...and then he plunged the dildo back into his cunt and, of his own volition, desperately began thrusting away.

Laughing, Stacy watched him as he jerked and wiggled, moaning and gasping even as humiliation thundered through him, he hated himself for this, hated his weakness - but twice now he'd been denied, and he was so close, and he **needed** it....



"Men can't have a woman's orgasm." Stacy whispered maliciously in his ear. "You won't be able to make your pussy reach orgasm..."

unless you turn yourself all the way into a woman."

Gasping and moaning, thrashing and writhing, Jack continued desperately driving the dildo into his cunt... but though he reached the very brink of orgasm, he simply hovered there, unable to achieve the release he so desperately needed.

"Do it, then!" He finally gasped in his breathy voice, hating himself but unable to stop. "You're going to do it anyway, so, damn you - go ahead and get it over with! Turn me into a woman!"

"Oh, no..." Stacy chuckled. "That's not what this is about, Jacqueline. This is about retribution, about forcing you to find your own breaking point..."

Though he now knew he'd never reach orgasm, not like this, Jack just couldn't stop fucking himself with the dildo. Bad as hovering on the brink of an unreachable orgasm might be, as humiliated as he might feel, he knew he couldn't face the desperate sense of something vital denied he'd feel if he stopped.

"What... do you... want!" He moaned, thrashing impotently on the plastic rod filling what had seemed to become the center of his nightmare-like universe. "What do you want me to do?"

"Why, that's completely up to you!" Stacy said, in mock surprise. "You can stay a 'pussy man' until sunrise, never reaching orgasm... and then be a full male again at dawn. You can bring yourself off, then. Or... you can willingly make yourself female. You have that power, now, and can do it any time you want - and reach that orgasm you're hovering on the brink of."

Desperate for relief, Jack struggled to clamp down on the urge to get it over with. Immediate need, as painfully strong as it was, didn't

- quite - override self-preservation.

"Then what... I'll be stuck as a woman for the rest of my life?" He gasped, thrashing on the bed.

"That would all depend on you, actually." Stacy said, with a wicked chuckle. "That's the crux of the matter, the personal test you'd have to go through. You see, if you choose, willingly, to become female, you get more than just a female body. In that instant, everybody's memories will change, reality itself will change, as if you'd been born female, and lived female. You, however, wouldn't get a whole new personality and history, but just a **feminized** one."

"What... do... you... mean?" Jack gasped, actually sobbing with the force of his sexual need.

"In your current version of history, you've been a very sexually active, sexually aggressive man. Become a woman, and you'll be just as sexually active, just as sexually aggressive. In the 'real' past, every time you talked a woman into giving you a blow-job, revised history will have you talking a man into letting you give them one. All your urges will be just as strong as they ever were - but inverted, making you crave doing the things as a woman that, as a man, you wanted women to do to you. The



only major difference will be that, while everybody else will remember your feminine history, and you'll have the feminine urges, desires and habits to match, you'll retain your old, male memories, your masculine intellect coupled with feminine emotions.

"...'and?'..." Jack prompted in a gasp.

"It'll all depend on your 'resistance', then." She said, wickedly. "You've enjoyed finding a woman's 'breaking point'. That's all I'm doing. If you choose to become a woman, I get to see whether or not you then have the strength of will to become male again. If you do... then it means that you could have stopped yourself from acting on those urges all your life, and we'll both know that what you've done to women you've done willingly, making you a real rat bastard... but one that gets off scott-free. On the other hand, if you go ahead and finish your make-over into not just a full woman, but your own ideal woman in light of what you believe, we'll know that you're actually helpless in the face your desires, no matter how twisted or perverted."

Thoughts swimming upstream against the hormones flooding his body, Jack had to take a minute to realize the obvious: "That's not fair!"

"Actually, it is..." Stacy said, with a shrug. "You see, if it's free will, then punishment should - and, eventually will, I would think - come from the results of your own actions. Just as if you decided to rob a liquor store, you have to live with consequences that can arise. If, however, it's involuntary, uncontrollable... well, then you'll no longer be a threat to anybody, at least not the way you were. It's all up to you, of course - you don't even have to risk it. Just stay like you are until dawn..."

Sweating, gasping, thrashing, Jack struggled to think about it logically, rationally...

...and, almost before he was aware of making a decision, was hit by a thunderous orgasm that tore through him.

No - that tore through **her**, for the person who screamed out in the wordless ecstasy or release might not have been a beauty- pageant contestant, but she was undeniably female.

For a moment, she simply lay on the bed, bathing in the golden afterglow of the throat-tearing orgasm... and then realization slowly began to seep into her awareness.

"Oh, my god!" She gasped, jerking upright. She rose and took a few hesitant steps away from the bed, staring in horror down at the body her hands were hesitantly touching. "What have I done...?"

Her eyes beheld her new figure, her hands touched the firm, conical mounds of her breasts... and her mind shuddered in revulsion even as her emotions sparkled with contentment.

"What.. what happens now...?" She pleaded, struggling to integrate diametrically opposed thoughts and feelings.

"Now we see what you're really made of..." A masculine voice said, and she looked up to stare at the handsome stranger from the bar.

Her mind roiled with confusion.

Not from unexpectedly finding him in the apartment - it, like the fact that Stacy was now fully dressed in a tight-fitting red

leather cat suit and standing beside him - was 'small potatoes' compared to all the impossibilities that had already passed. No, the confusion

came from the way her emotions responded to the sight of his handsome form. When she'd first met him, at the bar, she'd intellectually known he was handsome - but it hadn't really meant anything - now his masculine attractiveness was hitting her with



ed. hrug. Gone was the false sweetness of Jack's implanted memories, but evening. Now there was honest, open curiosity in her face, mirrored by

made a little half-bow. "He's agreed to help with this little science for new, feminine emotions are finding him exactly as attractive, to the

s current, 'unwanted' reaction to Richard was identical in strength, if having for Stacy.

ur emotions..." Richard explained, "...you'll turn back into a man. You go back to *trying* to work your wiles on your 'girlfriend' Stacy - who, I love on, like always... until, hopefully, events play out so you eventually it entails."

otions are so strong that your intellect can't control them, you'll become **completely** female. By that, I mean not just your body, but your clothes, your life-style.. all will change to become as close to the female 'ideal' as everything about you was the masculine 'ideal' you held as a man. Identical to the tiniest degree, just in the opposite direction - and then, you'll be free to try your new wiles on Richard, here."

She shrugged, with a chuckle. "I won't even try and predict what **his** response to that will be."

Jack, shivering, looked back and forth between them, mind pulling one way, emotions the other. She remembered her old, male life, and **thought** she wanted it back - but her emotions left her **feeling** like she'd want to continue life as a feeling.

As the skinny, horse-faced blonde struggled with the two diametrically opposed options, time slowly ticked past. One minute, then two... five, then ten... finally twenty minutes passed in silence.

Stacy and Richard shared matching looks. This was much, much longer than they'd possibly considered. They thought the struggle would last a few seconds, and then 'the truth' would win out. After all, it had been Richard who'd put his faith in the belief that maybe Jack 'just couldn't help himself'... which Stacy had derided with a snort, claiming Jack was just a typically arrogant male asshole,

willingly giving in to his desires, no matter how hurtful or perverted. Now, at the moment of truth, they realized they had

overlooked something.

"This is wrong." Richard finally said. "With misjudged something, missed something..."

"Something important, I'd say." Stacy said, with a sigh. Reaching out with her power, she 'turned off' Jack's emotions completely, then waited for his empowered intellect to change him back into a man...

...but, other then slumping as the conflict ended, Jack remained the same woman he'd become.

"But..." Stacy blurted, confused. She looked up at Richard. "I wasn't cheating - honest! I really **did** give him the power to change back!"

"I believe you..." Richard assured her - not revealing that, when the spell had been cast, he'd subtly probed at it to determine that she had, indeed, given Jack a 'fair chance', that regaining his manhood had been a real and valid test.

Gasping, propped up by slender hands on her nylon-clad knees, Jack looked up.

"I'm... fighting... the... change..." She wheezed, sweat standing out on her broad brow. "What?" Stacy and Richard blurted, in unison. "Why...?"

"Because... I'd just be... the same old... asshole..." Jack gasped.

A smug, complacent sense of superiority that was very much a large part of the two powerful people in the room suddenly vanished like a soap bubble popping. Only now, in true understanding, did they realize how poorly they had misjudged Jack, how their infinite power hadn't been tied to a superior intellect as they'd always believed.

Yes, Jack had been an 'asshole', a user and abuser of women... but it hadn't been the 'either/or' of emotion versus intellect. Who and what he had been hadn't been driven solely by wanton desire nor willful choice. It had been the result of a never-ending battle, a balance between being as 'evil' as he felt he **could** be, and as 'good' as he'd known he **should** be.

The premise that he was 'helplessly' driven by his emotional reaction to hurting women was shown to be ludicrous, for had Jack been solely driven by emotion, he would have raped and physically tortured women, not 'merely' cajoled, shamed, and emotionally battered them. Likewise the assumption that his treatment towards women had been solely of conscious intent, for it was the way his intellect wanted to treat women that was the sole bulwark against what he would have been if driven by just his desires...

...and, as final and absolute proof of the true goodness, honesty, and integrity behind that intellect, Jack looked up, sincerity and commitment shining in his eyes, as he said: "For God's sake, let me take the other option! You have no idea what it's like, feeling the urge to do whatever I want to a woman, to simply grab and rape any woman I find attractive... to fight back the urge, never knowing if **this** is the time I fail to control myself... to hate finding myself **proud** of the fact that I'm 'only' crushing a woman's sense of self-worth instead of doing what I 'really' want to do... and being afraid that one of these times, I'll just let go and do it..."

Richard and Stacy stared at Jack, at her pleading eyes - and then, in growing horror, they looked at each other in realization.

The spell had already been cast. They *couldn't* just 'undo' it. That's why Stacy had turned Jack's emotions off, rather than just change them back to his old, male ones. The changed emotions were part of the spell, contingent on him becoming male again. She could turn them off or on... but until the spell ran its course, she couldn't change it.

"I can't..." Stacy said.

"No, but we could..." Richard broke in, knowing the score, mind racing ahead of verbal communication.

"...except that..." She countered, mind as equally adept. Now knowing they weren't half as smart as they thought they were, they were still twice as smart as an 'average person', their minds working with speed and precision despite the effects of the shock that had hit them.

"...better than the alternative." Richard summed up - and, still looking at each other, they nodded in agreement. Together, they reached out, 'tweaking' the edges of the spell, unable to reach the core of what they'd already set in motion, but doing what they could to mitigate their mistake.

Jack shivered, shuddered - and changed.

"What...?" The new woman said, blinking. "Who...? How...?"

Face framed by a thick mass of artificially pink hair, the woman's head tilted back. Stacy moved quickly, forcing her lips into a warm smile as she went to the new woman.

"There, there, honey... I'm here..." Stacy cooed.

"So am I..." Richard quickly added, coming over and making it a three-way hug. The new woman's lush body in its dark, glossy fetish-inspire latex outfit.

Almost unconsciously, the new woman snuggled deeper into the embrace. She knew the difference between the old and new knowledge, began stroking two different thighs, one masculine and one feminine. She felt the difference in her firm, full new breasts.

"I.. feel kinda confused..." The new woman admitted in a breathy whisper.

It was the understatement of the year.

First of all, she didn't really 'feel' anything - her emotions were now just memories. It wasn't that the old emotions were gone, it was the *memories* of emotions but what should have been pale ghosts were simply because there were so *many* of them...

There were the remembered emotions of Jack, who liked to dominate and belittle women - but there was also the remembered emotions of Johnny, the scrawny and painfully self-conscious guy who would fall all over himself, pathetically eager



to do anything to please a woman. At the same time, she remembered the emotions of Jacqueline, the quiet, somewhat horse-faced woman who assumed no man could find her attractive, and gave her heart away to any man who showed the slightest interest in her - unlike Joni, bold and brassy, taking what she wanted from men and leaving everything else behind. John and Jackie, despite being male and female respectively, had nearly identical views on both sex and the opposite sex, strictly 'middle of the road', take it when you could get it, cope with it when you couldn't...

The new woman was having the thoughts of all six people, with the remembered emotions of all six people - but she **wasn't** all six people. She had only one, coherent set of actual memories, those of Jack. She couldn't have told you when Jacqueline's first sexual experience had been... but, at this instant, among the welter of thoughts filling the new woman's head, one of them was exactly what Jacqueline would have been thinking about being held like this - and that came along with how Jacqueline **would have remembered** feeling in the same situation.

Of course, the was also just as true for the thoughts of Johnny, Jackie, Joni and John as it was for Jack and Jacqueline... and all these thoughts were rattling around in the head of a female body and it's clothing that was a mix of what Johnny, Jack and John liked **in** a woman, and what Joni, Jackie and Jacqueline wanted **as** a woman.

All in all, a little confusion was perfectly natural, given the circumstances...

...and, exactly as Richard and Stacy had planned, resulted in a woman too entirely mixed up to be able to reach any of her own conclusions. She had thoughts of being both dominating and submissive, and could conceivably be either one or the other at any given time - but, held in perfect balance against each other, was completely unable to go in either direction of her own volition.

Indeed, so perfectly balanced in a half-dozen direction was every single thought she had, she would have been completely incapable of doing **anything**...

...except that she still had just the one set of memories. The 'final nudge' that would push her mind in one direction, allow her to function - but, with the welter of conflicting thoughts, it would always be a 'weak' process. Not that she was 'sow' or 'stupid', for neither Stacy nor Richard could do that to her - indeed, her brain was working faster than ever before, which was necessary, since even after Jack's memories 'nudged' her in direction, she had second thoughts...

...and thirds, and fourths and fifths and sixths.

Only then could the new woman act on the thought, and never with deep, unshakable conviction, always tentative, always questioning... always **safe**.

It was that thought - coming to a person burdened with the memory of guilt Jack carried - that caused the new woman to slow, and by new nature, somewhat hesitantly, to smile.

"Thank you..." The person who, tentatively, considered herself as 'Jan', said softly, but with fairly determined gratitude. Come what may, she **remembered** the decision to be female, the last, clear, **single** thought she would ever have - and the reasons for it. "Thank you so much..."



She turned her head in one direction - and paused, position offering Stacy a kiss, but hesitancy keeping her from pushing it on the other woman. Stacy hesitated - and then kissed Jan, warmly and deeply.

When Richard's turn came, he hesitated not at all, doing his best to make Jan's first kiss from a male as memorable as possible. He did one hell of a job, and Jan certainly enjoyed the effort he put into it...

...at least, she *thought* she did....

THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** Discovering a magic ring that lets you change shape, one man uses the ring to turn himself into a female in the hopes of becoming friends with a girl that he has the "hots" for, but when she discovers who he really is, the fun begins.

## With This Ring...

**By Gunslinger**

### *Part One*

On the radio, Don Maclean was describing how he felt the day the music died, and Matt Smith let him, making the chisel in his bony fingers keep time with the early rock beat. As the dust from the crumbling mortar fell around his lanky legs and knobby knees, exposed by his baggy cut-off jean shorts, Matt unconsciously bounced the sole of his tattered left high-top sneaker against the concrete in time with the music as well, lost in the mindless work of de-bricking the west wall of the basement, and in the nostalgic feel of the music - which was actually enhanced, rather than degraded, by the somewhat tinny

sound quality of the 'K-Mart Special' boom-box, sounding as if it could have been a live broadcast of the song's debut over the AM-band radios of the time.

The too-skinny young man was only twenty-two, and the music was actually before his time - but his foster parents had played music like this while he was growing up, and it had always seemed to reach him more than the music of 'his' era, the too-bright or too-heavy rhythms of the Eighties, which was a decade best forgotten in almost any genre of the 'arts'.

Finishing the task of removing the decaying mortar from the row of bricks that formed the west wall of the basement, Matt took a break, tossing the chisel towards the toolbox on the floor (and missing), as he turned away from the work to walk over to the noisy old refrigerator in the corner. Pulling down on the curved, arrow-shaped handle of the rounded appliance, he swung the thick, surprisingly heavy door open and bent over to peer into the darkened interior. Grabbing one of the few remaining beers from the wire-rack shelf, he turned and put the sole of his shoe against the door, pushing off of it with a hard thrust, swinging the door shut and propelling himself towards the sagging couch near the tool bench, dropping into it with a heavy thump...

...which caused a thick cloud of mortar-dust to billow up, leaving the sandy-haired youth coughing and spitting. Quickly, he fumbled atop the workbench, finger's seeking the 'church-key' bottle opener, and finally finding it's cool, familiar contours. With a practiced motion, he popped the top off the Corona and sent the distorted golden disk of metal towards a waste-basket - missing, again - and gulped a long draught of the bitter Mexican beer to clear his throat.

With a sigh of pleasure, Matt turned his dark eyes to survey the wall he'd been working on all after noon.

"Is an extra fifteen square feet worth it?" He asked himself, shaking his head. He shrugged, then answered himself. "Yeah, I guess it is..."

The basement wasn't all that big to begin with, being slightly smaller than the other two floors of the small Victorian-aged home that Matt was renting-to-own on a oak-shaded side-street off of the downtown core. It wasn't much, but, in four years, two months and three days

- no, four, don't forget the leap year - it would be Matt's own home. An orphan, raised in an foster home and never quite secure in his status as a 'second-hand' child, Matt found the prospect of owning this cramped cracker-box of a home as exciting as some might find the thought of owning a mansion, and he was working hard to put the place in to the best order he could, on what money he could spare after his monthly payments to the landlord who owned the house.

To that end, he was in the basement today, busily knocking down the west wall of the basement. When the house was originally built, the walled-off west end of the room had been the cistern - the water reservoir that held a certain amount of water that would be warmed by the furnace in here, and available even during the coldest winter. However, since municipal water had supplanted the pump, the cistern had been dry and empty, and Matt saw no reason to let that space go to waste.

He hadn't realized that - to keep it from leaking - the cistern had been triple-bricked in a complex alternating pattern. Quite simply, it had turned out to be three times as much work as he'd expected.

Well - he was on the final layer now, and soon he'd have more space down here - which meant he could move the washer



and dryer down here, instead of having them cluttering up the back hall, where they were most definitely in the way...

Finishing his beer, Matt rose from the aging sofa and returned to mount a renewed offensive on the aging bricks of the cistern wall, buoyed along by Roy Orbison's pleas to a Pretty Woman.

With the mortar crushed out with the chisel, the work consisted mainly of removing the bricks and adding them to the growing pile. Before very long, a dark, roughly oval opening was gaping in the wall, and Matt found himself beckoned by the darkness beyond, practically begging him to come in and imagining that there might, possibly, be enough room to fit a pool-table down here, too...

Going to the work bench, Matt grabbed a wire-cage-protected work-light and plugged the cord into the socket above the bench, carrying the lamp towards the dark opening. The heat from the lamp's wire-protected bulb splashed across his hand as it spilled it's glow forward, and Matt felt a little bit like Indiana Jones about to step into a darkened tomb, flickering torch in hand. Beneath his narrow ribcage, Matt's heart began to pound harder in vicarious excitement as he stepped through the opening...

...into a tiny space just barely big enough for a washer/dryer. The hopes of expanding the basement into a rec-room died as the skinny youth stared at the plain brick walls and sand-covered floor.

"Aw, well... I can't afford a pool table anyway..." Matt muttered to himself, trying to dim the sudden surge of disappointment he'd felt - irrational as it was, since this was exactly what he'd expected to find, anyway.

Shaking his head, Matt started to turn away - and the movement of the light in his hand swept across something that drew a small, almost painfully bright highlight from the bright work-light.

"What the...?" Matt muttered as he knelt, looking down at the glittering object.

"Well, I'll be damned...!" Matt muttered, eyes going wide in surprise as he reached out and picked up the brightly shining object.

It was a heavy, ornately-carved man's ring, set with a square-cut, blood-red stone. Judging from the intricate carving and heavy weight of the ring, Matt was willing to believe that it was a real Ruby, set into a ring of solid gold.

"Holy shit - bet whoever lost you was pissed as hell!" Matt said to the ring with a grin forming on his face. He glanced up at the over-head pipe that led to where the cistern-pump had once rested in the kitchen, and figured that the original owner of the house had probably lost it. Though old, shabby and small by today's standards, the house was quite upscale when it was built, and the heavy golden ring Matt held had the sort of decadent opulence you might expect of men's jewelry of the period.

"I wonder...?" He asked himself, turning the ring over in his hands. It was a large, heavy ring, and it looked like it would hang off of one of his slender fingers. Maybe it would fit his thumb, if he was lucky.

But hope springs eternal, especially in a closet romantic and a voracious reader of books by men like Eddings, Heinlein and Brooks. Shrugging, Matt slid the ring onto his ring-finger...

...and blinked in surprise when it fit as snugly and perfectly as if it had been made for his finger.

"Well, damn..." Matt said, staring at it in wonder - and mild annoyance. When he'd assumed it was too large for him to ever wear, the thought of selling it for it's obvious value was easy to bear. Now, however...

"What the hell - it looks good there, and adds a touch of class..." Matt convinced himself. Tugging the ring off, he carefully wiped it to a shining flow on his shirt, then tucked it into his pocket.

Rising, he left the cistern and snapped off the work-light, hanging it back on it's peg to cool as he turned back to the remaining wall. "Well, hoss..." Matt drawled to the wall. "This basement ain't big enough for the both of us. Y'all better be gone before sunset."

Laughing to himself, Matt turned up the radio and walked over to the wall, beginning the now-easy task of removing the loose bricks and adding them to the pile. In less then an hour, the wall was demolished.

Looking at the space, then over at the bricks, Matt decided he'd done enough for one day. He'd cart the sand and bricks away tomorrow, then see if he couldn't dig up some help in getting the dryer and washer down here the day after, once he'd run the hoses and electricity over from the other corner of the room, where everything entered the basement.

Dusting his hands, Matt shut off the old-fashioned chain-pull light that lit the basement and headed upstairs. He was dirty and pretty rank from the 'honest sweat' of hard work, and he was going to grab a bath - right after he had a couple of beers to kill the dust in his throat.

Grabbing one of the steadily diminishing supply of domestic beer from the upstairs fridge, Matt debated silently with himself, then decided to head into the living room. He knew he was filthy and should really get a bath before sitting on any of the furniture - but the stuff was all second-hand stuff, only slightly better off then the stuff in the basement, and he figured that a little dust wasn't going to make them depreciate any more then they already had.

Putting the beer down on the end-table beside the old couch, he walked over and flicked on the old Color TV in the cheaply-ornate wood cabinet. One of the old rotary-switch style TV's, he might have had to flick it on manually, but his newer VCR had a remote and he used that as the 'converter; for his one luxury, the cable. Grabbing the VCR remote, he walked over and dropped into the couch...

"Oh, shit...!" Matt winced and straightened his legs, digging into his pocket. The action of sitting had drawn his long shorts tight, and the ring had dug into his bony thigh.

Looking at the ring, he turned it over and over, admiring it's ornate workmanship anew in the brighter light in the living room. The ring was definitely valuable, and again he felt the urge to sell it - but, then again, it just fit so *nice*...

Slipping it onto his finger, Matt admired it again for a moment longer, then used that hand to pick up his beer and take a sip from the condensation-soaked bottle while he began flipping through the channels, looking for something worth watching as the sun slowly sank outside 'his' house.

There wasn't a whole lot to be had. Cable TV was about the only 'luxury' he afforded himself, yet with all the channels there were, most of the stuff was... well, crap. Which was why Matt usually preferred a good book over TV - but sometimes, like now, he liked a little mindless entertainment, something with lots of movement and shine and slick dialogue, something that was amusing and entertaining without being annoying or insipid.

He finally found the perfect thing - Xena. It and it's brethren from Studios USA were fast and snappy, without requiring any real thought to enjoy what passed for a 'plot'. Settling back in the sofa, Matt took a longer pull at the beer, enjoying the action on the screen as Xena and Gabrielle were put through their paces against a bunch of dark-clad bandits... in short, just about the same story-line as any other episode, though he'd never seen this particular one before.

'Hmmm...' Matt thought to himself, idly. *'Definitely not my type.. but there's just something about a fit woman in leather that's so... erotic...'*

He felt a mild stirring in his loins as Xena did one of her patent moves - straddling a man to perform that 'artery-block' move, and the sight of those legs on either side of the guy, the leather clad warrior princess over his supine form just did something...

Only, this time, the 'something' was more than Matt had ever experienced before - or had ever expected to experience, ever.

He jerked forward off the couch, his body trembling, as it felt as if a high tornado wind was ripping through the room - but, aside from him, it didn't seem to affect anything.

Matt cried out incoherently as his body trembled, his head thrown back as the wordless sound was torn from a throat that jumped and twitched on it's own...

...and then he began to change. There was nothing Matt had ever experienced in his life that was like what he felt as his body moved of it's own accord - without budging from where he stood.

His feet felt as if he were curling his toes - yet the sensation was omni-directional, evenly on all sides as if his feet were curling in on themselves. Even as they seemed to fold back on themselves, muscles and bones moving inward, the canvas of his shoes writhed and moved with it's own inner life... and he could feel the already hi-top sneakers begin to climb upwards, over ankles that were rotating and twisting into new shapes, over calf-muscles that felt as if he'd just run a marathon and had tightened them up in a heel-push.

Higher up, it felt as if he'd been sitting on cold metal for an hour or so, then went in and sat near the fire - a warm, swelling sensation as his ass 'rebounded' from the frozen-in flattened shape... only it hadn't been flattened out, yet it still felt like it was bulging outwards. But it wasn't just his ass, though - the sensation seemed to wrap three-quarters of the way around, to include his hips... but not his crotch, where it felt as if an unseen hand was steadily and firmly pushing inwards.

Over all this, his shorts seemed to be twisting and changing, becoming heavier and smoother against his skin even as they seemed to flare out a bit at the bottom and tighten a bit at the top... which was nothing compared to the way his shirt was

tightening around his torso, as if shrinking in the wash - but a wash full of starch as it became stiffer, cooler... heavier.

It seemed to be shrinking unevenly, pulling tighter and tighter at waist and chest - yet growing so baggy at the shoulders that he couldn't even feel it anymore. He could feel something at his shoulders, though, something that felt like the finest silk, spilling lightly over the tops of his shoulders.

The sensations ran through his arms and hands, to, his hands feeling as if somebody was squeezing each of them in a firm, tight grip, while his arms felt as if he'd lifted a hundred reps of light weight, tense and tight and slick.

His face felt as if his foster-mother's warnings about making faces was coming true - it felt like his face was trying to twist into ever funny face he'd ever made in his life, every muscle jumping and shifting uncontrollably as he cried out again - in a voice that sounded strange to his own ears, wrong and not like his own voice at all.

Then, as suddenly as it had arrived, the unseen whirlwind swept away, and Matt collapsed to his knees, panting...

...only, when his eyes focused, it would seem that it wasn't *his* knees that he'd collapsed to, after all, but somebody else's... with him inside them.

Matt stared down in confusion, his mind trying to make sense of what it was seeing. His senses told him that he was bracing himself against the carpeted floor - but in his line of view there was pair of strong-yet-feminine hands braced against the carpet, the wrists leading upwards from them clad in black leather braces laced up the inside. Closer to the point-of-view was a gold-toned double-curve backed by black leather... and behind that, a view of what was most undoubtedly cleavage. Lightly tanned, firm cleavage, crammed into black leather... whose warmly cool, stiffly supple compression was transmitted through the nervous system that Matt was currently using.

The only part of this picture that jibed in any way with Matt's expected vista was the gold ring resting on the woman's hand...

"Great Hera...!" Matt swore in surprise, jerking backwards - and feeling the supple flex of toned legs in the motion, a grace and supple strength unlike any he'd ever felt as the female body effortlessly leapt backwards and landed, perfectly balanced, atop the couch, in a low crouch with hands spread wide...

"*Great Hera...?*" Matt questioned himself in that strange voice.. except it was only strange to hear it coming at his command, because he recognized it's low, smooth tones.

"Sweet Aphrodite - I'm Xena!" Matt gasped in shock as *she* let the toned, exquisitely agile body she was in straighten up. Stepping down off the couch, Matt felt the body she was in move at her command, relaying it's sensations to Matt's brain, providing it's sense of supple grace, easy balance and constrained power. Stunned, Matt absorbed all the sensations as she strode through the house towards the bathroom. Reaching the room, she stared at the dark opening and reached for the... the.. the 'not-ivory-but-like-it- mechanical/lightning-torch-flint.'

Matt knew that, before, she had known what it was called and where, exactly, it was located, so that she had, as Matt,

flipped it in pure habit. Now, she had to consciously locate the off-white little lever and push it from down to up, flooding the bathroom with light.

Stepping through the doorway, Matt stared at the reflection that gazed back at her with cool, blue eyes. The familiar face she'd seen dozen's of times on the.. the... the 'noisy moving paintings box'.

She frowned - on her face, a decidedly threatening look. She knew that she used to know the word for what she was trying to describe, mentally - yet, the best she could do was describe it in terms that Xena would know. Except.. except that Xena wasn't real, so what she would or wouldn't know was a moot point...

...except, obviously, it wasn't.

"What?" She asked her reflection, sarcastically. "You're right in the middle of some sort of magical, mystical event... and you're hoping for internally logical structure...?"

It was as if... as if it was Matt's memories and personality, inside of Xena's body and brain. Like the cat-like way she moved, without really trying - not Matt's physical agility or motor skills, that was for sure. No, somehow, the fictional Xena was as real as she'd ever be - in the new form that Matt wore.

"The ring..." She told herself, looking down at the ring adorning her finger. It was the only thing that hadn't changed. Her clothes had become Xena's clothes in the same way her body had become Xena's - yet, there was the ring, actually looking more at home on her new finger than it had on her old, male one.

"Well..." She said, and carefully grabbed the enchanted object and pulled it from her finger.

Nothing happened. She waited several long seconds to be sure, then slid it back on her finger thoughtfully.

"Well, the good news is, if I am stuck like this, I could always make a living as a.. as a second Xena for the picture box." She told her reflection with a smooth grin. Somehow, the idea of being trapped in this body wasn't as utterly devastating as her memories and

personality told her it should be - this body, despite being new to her persona, felt comfortable and familiar, probably because of what was 'carried over' from 'Xena', replacing some of that which had been Matt. Matt realized that some things in her life's outlook had changed, but those changes also kept her from panicking.

Xena, after all, was cool under pressure, sure of her ability to solve a problem. So, for as long as Matt was Xena, so would she...

"I wonder..." She asked herself - and her hand flew to her shoulder as she spun out of the bathroom with cat-like grace. Launching herself from a standing start, she did a full spin in the air, feeling herself move with unreal power and grace as the sword leapt into her hand and she landed perfectly, ducking one shoulder as she ducked into the living room...

...and stopped, laughing with sheer delight at the easy, smooth flow and flex of her new body. There would definitely be

other advantages to this body, though the thought of them still greatly disturbed her mind - altered or not, Matt wasn't able to face the fact with equanimity that her new body was probably superlative in bed...

"Great in bed...!" Matt said to herself, realizing what she'd been thinking at the instant when the change had begun. She'd been watching... herself.. on the box, and had been paying attention to her moving-painting version's body and clothing...

Tossing the sword aside, Matt closed her eyes and forced herself to slow her breathing and try to concentrate. With as much will as she could muster, she formed the image of her male body, trying to recall all the details.. if maybe not all utterly accurate...

Seconds later, she cried out as the whirlwind returned, washing over her new body...

As the feeling retreated, Matt yanked the ring off his finger and scuttled back from it before he could inadvertently think of anything else. Then slowly, he rose and turned his attention to his body...

...which was easy to do, since he had neglected to think about clothing, as he had when thinking about Xena. He was standing stark naked in the middle of his living room.

He was also male again - if not exactly the same as before. He'd tried to get all the details right, but there had been some.. stray thoughts.

Not that he was complaining, mind you - he could hardly be terribly upset by the fuller, firmer muscles, or of the considerably large, thicker cock that hung between his legs...

"Holy shit...!" Matt said, staring at the ring where it lay on the carpet, gleaming innocently without giving any sign of its incredible powers.

"Well, well, well..." Matt muttered to himself, slowly slumping down to the couch...

...then yelping as his bare butt touched cold metal. He straightened and turned...

...and stared down at Xena's sword, still laying on the couch where he/she had thrown it without thinking.

Just as he'd neglected to imagine clothes on his male body, he hadn't consciously considered the sword. It appeared that anything not in direct contact with his body at the time of change... didn't.

Which made all the possibilities suddenly double and redouble, when he suddenly realized that he could, basically, create things out of thin air. As long as he imagined himself with it while wearing the ring, he could put it aside.. and it would remain when he returned to his old form.

"Well, I'll.. be.. damned..." Matt breathed, stunned, as he turned to look at the ring again. Slowly, he knelt and reverently picked it up, eyes shining in amazement.

He knew that he should be wary of anything this powerful, that he should be upset that its first use turned him female... but there was no permanent damage done, and - being an avid Sci-fi and fantasy reader - he thought he could avoid some of

the 'hidden' problems. After all, enough authors had written stories like this where the 'greedy' discoverer of such an artifact did something stupid without realizing it - like changing themselves into something so stupid that they were unable to re-activate the ring. However, knowing this, Matt thought he had a pretty good shot at using this incredible discovery without much in the way of any adverse effect. Hell - on the first, accidental, use of it, he'd come out ahead - his was fitter and stronger, and considerably better endowed. If this was the sort of 'side-effect' that using the ring was going to have, he could get used to it...

"Now, don't go jumping into anything, Matt. No impulse stuff - think everything through thoroughly before you do it..." Matt told himself.. then shivered. "But first - get dressed, boy!"

As he padded off towards the bedroom for some clothes, Matt realized another benefit - since he hadn't bothered to imagine himself all dusty, like before, he no longer needed the bath...

"Wait a second...!" Matt said, coming to a dead stop as his brain began to catch up with all the implications of the enormous power he held in the form of a golden ring. "I never have to 'get dressed' ever again, if I don't want to! All I have to do is put the ring on and imagine an outfit of clothes - and they can be nice ones, too."

He paused, then grinned. "But why just change my outfit, when I can change my whole body? Seems almost a waste - what, when there's a load of bricks downstairs to be moved."

Still naked, Matt walked back to the TV - or, more specifically, to the cheap bookcase beside it, where he kept his small collection of video bought second hand. He began to search through them until he found one of the Conan movies - 'Red Sonja', to be exact. He slipped it into the VCR and switched to the video feed, then hit 'FF', letting the tape run at high-speed for a few seconds, the TV screen black. Then he hit 'Play' to see where he was.

Perfect - 'Conan' and 'Sonja' were in the middle of their sword-fight routine. Hitting pause, Matt stepped back and eyed the Barbarian's form for a minute, then closed his eyes and concentrated.

A minute later, he shook his head, feeling his long hair whip out behind him as he flexed his muscular body with joy. "This should make easy work..." He said in a thick Austrian accent, flexing his broadly muscled arms with a grin.

Turning, he headed downstairs. By now, it was dark outside and he didn't think it was likely that anybody would notice the new body he possessed as he made fairly short work of the load of bricks, carrying loads much larger than he would have been able to in his own body, as he quickly moved the stack of bricks outside into the back yard.

Finished, he returned to the living room, his face split in a wide grin at the unlimited possibilities offered by the chance to change his body in any way he might desire.

Closing his eyes, Matt prepared to change back - then paused with a thought.

"Might as well have a collection..." He rumbled in his current 'Conan' voice, as he slipped his barbaric sword from its leather sheath and dropped it onto the couch on top of the Xena sword. He grinned at the thought of how much two 'authentic reproduction' swords might fetch...



Closing his eyes, Matt concentrated on the more-muscular and better-endowed version of his body... Nothing happened. The easy grin slid from his face after a minute as he realized that he wasn't changing.

"This... could be bad..." Matt told himself, a frown of worry crossing his broad new brow at the thought that he might be stuck in this body.

Maybe it was because this body was even more muscular than the one he was trying to form - maybe part of him didn't want to be the less fit and athletic Matt. The problem was, 'Conan' hadn't exactly been renowned for brilliance, mentally, so Matt's own thought processes were slower and thicker, and it made puzzling out this frightening turn of events even more difficult.

Well, 'Xena' had been pretty good at remaining cool and calm while she thought. Maybe he should slip back into her body, see if he could figure it out...

Closing his eyes again, Matt formed the mental image of the Warrior Princess... Once again, absolutely nothing happened.

Now, Matt was really beginning to worry. Opening his eyes, he looked around in mild fear at the thought that he might really be trapped in a body whose brain was ill-equipped with dealing with modern life. Hell, he couldn't even remember exactly how to use the magic picture box, and...

Matt's eye settled on the motionless picture on the magic box.. and he eyed the other form sharing the screen with the image of the one he was currently wearing. Studying it for a second, he closed his eyes and concentrated...

...and felt a burst of welcome relief as the whirlwind returned.

A moment later, she straightened and flexed her arms, looking down at her tall, toned - and feminine - form. A form that was an exact duplicate of 'Sonja'.

"Well.. the ring's not broken. The magic still works." She told herself, striding across the room with panther-like grace and power to sit on the chair in the corner. "Yet I was not able to return to my other forms..."

Then it hit her. For some reason, the ring wouldn't allow the user to 'revisit' a form they'd already held...

Though Sonja wasn't, technically, 'real', she was supposedly from a culture steeped in magic and lore, and her mind was more admirably suited for looking at the otherwise illogical 'rules' of magic than Matt's own brain was. It might have taken her even longer to figure it out in any other form, but here and now it all came together - whatever magic the ring held, it only allowed each form to be held once. The only reason she had been able to become Matt again at all was because it wasn't quite the same Matt she'd been originally - technically, it was a different form...

She would have to be more careful using the ring than she'd thought. The more often she switched forms, the more she 'wasted' potential bodies she might want to use at a later date. At least she knew that she could go back to being 'Matt', though, so she would do that.

Sliding her sword from its sheath, she added it to the small pile of weapons on the couch and prepared to change into a slightly different form of Matt...

She paused as another thought occurred to her.

The 'Matt' forms were the one she'd have to be the most careful about going into. After all, she wanted to be able to use the only valid ID she had, and that was for the original Matt. There were only so many variations on that Matt that could be used that wouldn't draw attention to her. If she suddenly became a lot taller, shorter, or in any other way remarkably different, people were going to notice.

"Maybe I should wait..." She mused, looking around. "I do not need to be Matt right now, so I should not waste a change to that body." It made sense. She could just change into another body...

She paused as she realized that was hardly any better. After all, she'd really already wasted 'Conan'. Imagine that someday somebody attacked her while she was Matt. Some big, muscular guy with a knife. It would have been great to suddenly turn into Conan, broadsword in hand... but that chance was now gone, wasted. Any body that she might use later shouldn't be 'wasted' as a placeholder.

Frowning, she considered her situation. The first priority was to keep as many 'Close to original Matt' bodies available, so that she would be able to return to her 'real' life. The next priority was not to 'throw away' all the potentially useful bodies...

Which meant that the placeholder bodies should be ones that she would never use, otherwise. In fact, the less likely it was that she'd ever want to wear the body seriously meant it was that much better suited to just housing her mind without wasting a change.

"So - I guess this body is as good as any, for now." Matt said, looking around. "It is very weird to be a woman. But, I would never go outside as a woman, I think, so this is not wasting this body. Yes - this is a good body for now."

Matt felt really weird to be 'voluntarily' remaining female - but it was the most sensible thing to do. After all.. why waste perfectly good male bodies when she didn't need to?

Besides - she was tired. She'd been working hard all day, and it was getting late. Whatever magic held in the ring, it didn't dispel her weariness. Sure, this body was more fit and had longer endurance, and she could probably push it much farther than she ever could her original one - but that didn't stop her from feeling the exhaustion. So, she was just going to go to bed - and any body was as good as another for sleeping in, wasn't it?

Looking around, Matt realized that this wasn't exactly the ideal body - she had no idea how to make everything in the room go dark and quiet. She could spend two hours in here figuring out all the odd artifacts of the 'modern' world.

The semi-good news was that Matt's memories let her know that nothing terribly untoward would happen if she just left everything the way it was and went to bed. Shrugging her broad, muscular shoulders, she padded off towards the bedroom.

The room was dark, and she didn't bother trying to figure out how to make it light - this body had the night-vision of a cat, it

seemed. Quickly, she stripped out of what scanty clothing she wore, feeling her slick, taut muscles sliding under her hands as she undressed... and finding the sensation new and different, though definitely not physically unpleasant.

Sliding into the bed was an interesting experience. Matt's memories insisted that she'd been here dozens of times - yet, to her body, it felt softer and more comfortable than any body had a right to expect.

Her mind remembered sleeping on beds her whole life - her body remembered pallets at inns, or the ground beside the fire...

Forcing her smoothly rounded muscles to relax, she closed her eyes and sighed at the luxury of the bed beneath her. It was an unexpected bonus, the chance to re-experience the simple pleasure of sleeping on a soft bed.. and she felt so warm and comfortable...

Laying there, she had a thought. It was a thought that was half her new body's instincts, and half inquisitiveness of her male mind.. but the two halves formed a single thought, and she hesitantly shifted in the bed.

In the dark, she felt her smoothly muscled arms pressed warmly against her sides, and she let them lift and slid upwards, strongly feminine hands moving over a taut, smooth stomach as she slid her palms onto her taut abdomen.

Slowly, her left hand slid upwards in the dark, crossing slick, tautly muscled flesh as it rose upwards.. and slid across the smooth, firm form of one taut, firm mound. She shivered slightly at the sensation as her fingers grazed her new breast, feeling it's warm, round shape beneath her palm.

As a male, she'd had some - if not a terribly lot - of experience in touching a woman's breast, and the mind remembered the feel and enjoyed the experience, externally - but now she experienced it internally as well, not only feeling the good-sized, firm breast in her hand, but feeling that hand through the softly firm flesh of her new endowment. Slowly, with graceful movements, she began to massage the flesh of her breast, making a low, peculiarly cat-like, sound in the back of her throat at the pleasant feeling of caressing her new, feminine chest.

As if the purring moan was a signal, her right hand began to trace downwards. Her questing fingers lightly slid through the small, neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair that surrounded her dark cleft, while her other hand continued to massage her breast, swirling round as it closed in on her nipple.

Just as the fingers of her left hand met her now-engorged nipple, her right hand slid a finger into the warm embrace of her new womanhood...

She gasped, shivering with pleasure as she was penetrated... and more than just a hint of shame. Some part of her male mind insisted that this was wrong on a very fundamental level - but that voice was overridden by both her female body's own instincts, and the part of her male brain that was excited and intrigued.

It was as if one of the great secrets of the universe lay beneath her hands. No other man got to discover what she was about to find, the true sensations felt by women.. and it would be a very pleasant experiment, from all the indications....

Slowly at first, she began to move her finger in and out of her tight, damp new cunt, her body showing her how to apply pleasure in a certain direction to maximize the pleasure as her finger slid back and forth over very sensitive nerve-bundles. Some of her attention was drawn away from her breast as she paid more and more interest in her new womanhood - but her hand continued to massage her breasts, teasing and squeezing them of its own accord as she made another, louder, sound of pleasure, finger increasing in rhythm and force as she began to seriously explore the feminine experience she'd started.

She tossed her head to either side and moaned sharply as her finger's manipulations caused the pleasure begin to mount steadily. Brushing again and again over her new clit was causing a logarithmic rising of pleasure, the sensitive form the last stroke not fading before the next one increased it. It was as if she were looking at a horse on the horizon, glancing away every few seconds. Every time she looked back, the horse was that much closer...

Except that horse was named 'Orgasm', and it was her hand that was moving, not her eyes. Eagerly, her hand increased its pace, urging the horse onward, going to a full gallop as her hips began to buck, driving her new, soaking-wet cunt up onto her finger, which suddenly seemed much too small and insignificant for the task.

A second finger slid in to redouble the feeling, and her hips bucked and writhed, muscular buttocks thrusting her upwards as she tried to force fingers too short for the task to reach all the way in and become enclosed in the eager walls of her womanhood. Her breath was a series of gasps that matched the frantic pace of her hand and hips as she screamed out for the horse to run, run as hard and fast as it could. Orgasm closed on her as she bucked and writhed on the bed, desperately trying to increase the pleasure she was feeling, trying to redouble the ecstasy thrumming through her new form...

She cried out, a long, wordless cry of mixed pleasure and frustration as her body when absolutely rigid, cunt clamping down over her fingers as the female orgasm shook her body - and then released her, leaving her to collapse limply on the bed, taut body slicked with a sheen of sweat.

"Damn..." She muttered. "Not a horse.. just a damned pony "

Then she realized, with a start, that she was complaining about the relative lack of intensity of her 'first' female orgasm. It had been.. different then male orgasm felt, and about as pleasurable as masturbating as a man had been - yet her female body knew something her male mind didn't, and seemed to regard the sharp, quick burst of pleasure as being... second rate.

Feeling somewhat guilty, Matt withdrew her fingers from her crotch, the sharp tang of her feminine juices filling the room as she blushed mightily at what she'd just done... and how good it had felt.

As she rolled over and let herself slide towards sleep, however, part of her female body continued to insist there was something that felt much, much better...

\* \* \* \* \*

An unimaginable beast gave forth a shrill battle-cry only inches from where she lay. She awoke suddenly, hand dashing for a sword that wasn't there. Twisting, moving out of instinct rather than thought, she lashed out sharply to give the beast pause as she regrouped and found a more formidable weapon...

...and the screaming sound went silent as something crunched under her hand.

Blinking the last vestiges of sleep from her eyes, Matt stared down at the small black box that lay in pieces beneath her fist.

"Damn..." She sighed, rolling smoothly out of bed as her heart slowed back to its normal rhythm. She looked back over at the crushed 'magic rooster box'... and had to laugh, wryly. Obviously, another general problem with this body was its rather martial instincts...

She yawned and stretched, finding the easy flex and power of her muscular form pleasant, if not just a *bit* strange. To feel so comfortable in a female body...

Then she blushed anew at the memory of just how 'comfortable' she'd gotten the night before.

Shaking her head, she padded out of the bedroom towards the bathroom... then paused, realizing that she wasn't quite positive how one used the wondrous outhouse in the building, much less took care of the other morning routines she'd need to accomplish.

She'd had no immediate plans for changing bodies, not wanting to 'waste' a new form - especially a 'Matt' one - when she didn't have to work today and wasn't planning to go out into public immediately.

Now, she realized that this - or any other 'past' body - might not be the best idea for a place-holder, unless she was out camping in the woods. There, this body would be right at home.

Stretching again, she padded back into the bedroom and retrieved the magic ring. She didn't want to just simply wear it, despite the fact that it appeared to magically change size to always fit her finger. There was too much likelihood of an errant thought causing a change - and while that might not be 'embarrassing' when she was ensconced in the privacy of the house, it would still 'waste' a body.

Since she was going to change shortly, she didn't bother putting any clothes on. Oh, sure, she might put on the 'Sonja' clothes, just to get rid of them when she changed... but why bother? Maybe she could sell them as a costume.

Padding out to the kitchen, she eyed the white-and-glass object on the counter ruefully. She knew that it was used for making some wondrous, somewhat magical concoction known as 'coffee', but its use was beyond her current skills and knowledge, unless she wanted to take all the time to puzzle it out. It was literally centuries ahead of where her mind was, regardless of what her memories knew.

Sitting at the table, she considered what she had planned for today. Before all of this started, today she was going to do some cleaning, something she hardly looked forward to. Still, it needed to be done - and this identity was as ill-suited for it as possible, even less likely to get the place clean than Matt's usual half-hearted effort.

"What I need is a maid..." She muttered to herself - then paused, a smile slowly blossoming. "No..." She muttered, slipping the ring on her finger. "Not a *maid*..."

She let her eyes slide shut as she stood up and pushed the chair back out of the way, as the 'wind' began to ripple across her body...

When the change finished, she gracefully glided over to the small mirror mounted above the stove and lightly patted her hair to make sure that every strand was perfectly in place, then lightly smoothed her powder-blue dress over her shapely figure, smiling at her reflection.

"Looking good, Mrs. Cleaver..." she told herself, cocking her head as she looked at herself. It seemed odd to see the Beaver's mother in living color, with her porcelain skin suffused with the healthy glow of life and her golden blonde hair rich and colorful - it almost made her look like a completely different woman than the one she remembered from the black and white TV image. The dress, the white pumps and the pearl necklace were all familiar, though.

"I wonder if these are real pearls...?" She asked herself in the warm contralto of June Cleaver. "I'll have to remember to take off my jewelry and put it aside before I change again..."

Turning away from the mirror, Matt - as June - began to clean up, moving with easy graceful movements that bespoke long habit and little apathy. Somehow, in this body, Matt felt almost... content as she went around the house, cleaning and tidying, do a more thorough job than ever before without having to think about it. In fact, she fell into a sort of daze, a faint smile on her lips as she cleaned and washed with actions more habit than consciously directed.

Humming to herself, Matt straightened out the living room, then stepped back to take a better look. A faint frown touched her lightly lipstick-clad lips, and she gracefully walked to the back door and opened it, stepping lightly and gracefully onto the back step, where she carefully knelt, unconsciously making sure her dress hem wasn't soiled as she carefully picked a small bouquet of the wild-flowers around the back step.

Straightening, she turned to go into the house.. and caught sight of a couple of young men a few doors down, sitting on their back deck drinking what appeared to be beer, directly from the bottle.

Matt sighed and grimaced at the youth of today, then let her lips spread in an easy, warm smile as she lifted on slender hand. "Morning, boys!" She called, warmly.

"Uh, morning, uh.. Ma'am..." One of them replied, awkwardly, while the other just gaped. Rolling her baby-blue eyes, Matt stepped into the house...

...then stopped dead.

"What did I just do...?" She asked herself in surprise. She'd been so.. comfortable in the role she was playing that it hadn't occurred to her until just now that she shouldn't have stepped outside where she could be seen - much less said 'Good Morning' to a couple of the potheads from down the street!

Shaking her head at her own actions, Matt picked up the ring from the kitchen counter and hurried back into the living room, where she deposited the flowers into an until-now unused vase.

"Gee, Mrs. Cleaver, you do a wonderful job keeping house..." Matt muttered to herself. "But you're too friendly and not nearly suspicious enough. You nearly got me into trouble..."

That was the one major flaw, so far. The new bodies had the skills and habits of the person they were supposed to be - and sometimes those could trip up Matt's mind. He hadn't been paying much attention, letting her body do its job without much conscious direction...

Well, now the house was more spic-and-span than it had ever been since he'd moved in, and June had served her purpose. It was time to pick a body a little more... well, 'paranoid', really.

Quickly, Matt removed all the jewelry she was wearing, piling it neatly on top of the end table as she tried to choose an appropriate person to become... while not 'wasting' a good body. After all, she still wasn't planning to go anywhere, so no sense wasting a 'Matt' body...

Just then, the phone rang, spurring Matt's brain into full gear. Quickly, she slid the ring onto her finger, preparing to become a close replica to her original body...

...then realized it wasn't necessary to look very much like Matt. She just had to sound like him... The phone was on its sixth ring when Matt grabbed it up and said "Hello?".

"Hey, Matt - thought maybe you'd gone out or something." Becky's voice said, brightly - leaving Matt to blink in surprise as he lowered his much shorter version of his body onto the couch. Becky was one of the girls who worked at the video store with Matt. She was a beautiful, bubbly blonde who was cheerful and friendly to everybody - to a degree. She was definitely outside of Matt's league, and he'd barely spoken to her outside of work.. and he hadn't realized that she even knew his phone number.

"No - just doing some cleaning..." Matt said with a grin at the 'truth'. He shifted his tiny, compact frame on the couch, feeling weird now that his feet wouldn't reach the floor from the couch. "I certainly was expecting to hear from you today... or any day, really. To what do I owe the honor?"

The usually chipper, upbeat Becky sounded incredibly embarrassed. "I, uh, really, really hate to ask, and... no, never mind. Just forget it..."

"No, no - go ahead." Matt urged, wondering what could get her so embarrassed.

There was a long pause - and then she laughed at herself. "Well, I was wondering if, I.. uh.. could kick you out of your own house for a night."

Whatever Matt might have expected, that wasn't it. "Huh?"

She laughed again, the wry laugh that was so unlike her. "I'm sorry - I shouldn't have even asked. I feel so ashamed. It's... it's just that the two girls I was roommates with in college dropped by. They figured we would stay at my place, sort of a slumber party... but, somehow, I never explained that I've got this tiny little apartment, and now that they're here..."



"...without enough money to spring for a big hotel room..." Matt added, with a grin. "And I've been telling everybody at work about the whole house I've got to myself..."

"Yeah, well... Never mind. It was stupid for me to even bother you." Becky said, obviously mortified that she'd even let herself call to ask such a big favor from a co-worker she barely knew. "I mean, I have no right to ask you to loan your house to three girls, two of whom you don't even know. Especially since we'd be kicking you out... It was supposed to be a 'girl only' thing, and having a guy around that they don't know.. not that we think you'd.. that is..."

She was getting bogged down in her own embarrassment - and Matt already knew he was going to let her have the house. Not only was he a soft touch for a girl, especially one so embarrassed - but it would put him in her good books. Too bad he couldn't hang around though...

Then a thought occurred to him. All of this ran through his mind in the space of a few seconds, including the incredible, embarrassing, wild thought.. which he went ahead and blurted out before he could change his mind.

"Hey, actually - that's perfect!" He said, brightly. "You and your friends are welcome to spend the night here!" Becky sounded amazed. "Really?"

"You bet!" Matt said, struggling to maintain the 'chipper' voice - as he blushed in mortification, barely able to believe he was doing this. "With one condition..."

"Oh...?" Becky asked, cheerfully wary.

"Well, an old acquaintance of mine is spending the night here. Somebody I know from high-school.. but we were never that close. Truth is, the only reason she's here is because her car broke down while she was passing through town, and between the unexpected bill of repairs and her own funds.. she was desperate for a place to spend the night. She's not all that.. comfortable spending the night in the same house as an almost-stranger, either, but she felt even worse about staying here alone when I suggested I would go to a hotel for the night. Let her stay, and you've got a deal!"

Matt could barely believe he'd just committed himself to spending the night as a woman - in front of other women. Still, it would be a fantastic chance to find out things about Becky - and to 'talk up' how great a guy Matt was to her.

"Uh..." Becky hesitated, surprising Matt anew - he would have thought she would have jumped at the chance. "I.. I'm not sure I can, uh, agree to that..."

"Is there a problem?" Matt asked, confused.

He could practically hear the blush over the phone as Becky answered. "Well, I was.. sort of wild in college... mainly because of these two. They're really wild girls.. uh, downright.. raunchy. Not very... subtle or sedate. I mean, it took me awhile to, uh, get used to how, um... uninhibited they are. The way they talk, uh, is sort of... well, 'raunchy'. And we were sort of planning to uh, get, uh..."

"Smashed?" Matt laughed, understanding. He'd heard stories from other people about how 'crazy' some people let

themselves get at college, away from their normal friends and family... though he hadn't thought Becky was one of those. "Trust me, that's not a problem."

"You sure that.. uh..." Becky paused... and Matt had to think fast again, to come up with a good name for his 'friend'. It couldn't be anything close to his own...

"Lori." He supplied.

"You don't think Lori would mind?" Becky asked.

Since 'Lori' could be anybody Matt wanted her to be, he was damned sure of it. "Oh, no... Lori's not exactly.. uh... 'Ladylike' herself." "Then that would be perfect!" Becky gushed - and Matt knew he was racking up the points already.

"Great!" Matt said, grinning. "I'll clear out fast, and Lori will be here to let you in whenever you and your friends want to come over." Giving her the address of his place, Matt hung up the phone - then stared at it for a long moment.

"I don't believe I just did that!" He told himself, amazed at what he'd done - but this was just too good an opportunity to pass up. Here was a real chance to make major points with Becky.. and he really had a thing for her.

Which meant... all he had to do was 'invent' Lori before Becky and her friends showed up.

Going into the kitchen, Matt put the ring down on the table, then placed a pad of note-paper down next to it, along with a pen. Grabbing a beer from the fridge, he sat down to think - he needed to work out 'Lori' perfectly, and play with the abilities of the ring - he might as well combine several things into one, since he wanted everything to be ready for tonight, and he wasn't exactly rolling in the dough.

Sure, he had a few items he might be able to sell for cash, like the swords - but that would take time, and he was sort of in a hurry.

Laying the pad of paper in front of him, he began with the basics - 'Lori'. He needed to come up with her - her personality, her background, her body. It was 'easy' to change into a 'character' from TV - after all, the body was there to look at, and he already had a pre-determined 'image' of their personality, which the magic used to create his new form. Now, however, he couldn't use anybody even semi-famous, in case one of the girls recognized 'her' - and that could get messy. He figured he'd leave the actual 'body' for last, since that was secondary at the moment - he wasn't trying to impress anybody with his looks, after all. What he had to make sure was that 'Lori' would be able to pass as a woman, so he'd have to make sure that the persona would have a history that would have allowed her to learn everything she'd need to know.

Matt also wanted to see if he couldn't have 'Lori' 'bring' some things with her, so to speak...

Matt wrote on the paper, crossed things out, scribbled new things in. Loosing track of time, he worked away at defining the woman he

was going to play tonight. His minor obsession was understandable, of course - this was going to be his 'debut' in front of

an audience. The two guys up the street who had seen 'June' didn't really count, of course.

First of all, he didn't want to do anything that might ruin the evening. Becky had worried that 'Lori' might be offended by some of the things her friends said or did - so Matt noted that Lori shouldn't be offended or embarrassed or upset by anything. Hell. Lori should be as easy-going and 'raunchy' as the others, to fit in - so she should feel free to say or do anything without worrying about it.

Lori would need to be from New York, where Matt grew up. That would explain how she was a high-school acquaintance, and why she was passing through town. She should also be the same age as Becky and her friends. Matt didn't know how old her friends were, but Becky was twenty-seven, so Lori should be.. Twenty eight...

An hour later, Matt felt ready. Closing his eyes, he slipped the ring on his finger and concentrated on the mental image of the person he'd created...

Again, that strange still wind swept through his body, rocking him back and forth. and when it departed, she had changed.

Opening her eyes, she looked down at herself, putting down the bags full of booze and smokes she'd imagined herself carrying.

Everything seemed.. all right. She was dressed, as she'd imagined, in a somewhat baggy black T-shirt and a pair of faded black jeans, plus black cowboy boots. Her body seemed to be the tomboyish sort of figure he'd imagined, a little on the short side and athletic-yet- feminine.

Tucking the ring into the pocket of her jeans, Lori strolled towards the bathroom to get the whole picture, while trying to probe her mind for any signs that the personality plans she'd made had gone awry. The first good sign was that she felt calm, even confident - cocky, actually, which was reflected in her stride. She'd imagined a New York girl - a smoker and a drinker, cool and a little arrogant, unable to

be offended by 'raunchy' people, as she wasn't exactly an angel herself. In short, a pretty average New York girl, tough and matter-of- fact, as if growing up in the street of New York and making it proved everything that ever needed to be proved.

Looking in the mirror showed that the body had come out right, too - not that it would have been a problem if there were a few glitches. After all, her new persona couldn't be embarrassed, surprised or upset. Lori had made sure to specify that she was relaxed and unflappable, completely comfortable in any given situation. It was a guarantee that she wouldn't be nervous tonight, despite the fact that she was 'playing' a woman in front of an audience.

She was slightly shorter than average, with a strong-yet-attractive face beneath a short mop of dark black hair. Her features were stamped with the faintest look of a 'know-it-all', and every gesture she moved was cocky and confident - just as she'd expected.

"This night's gonna be a fuckin' breeze.." She told her reflection with an easy smile. "You did good, Matt. I feel..."

She paused. She was going to say 'great' - but that wasn't quite true. What she really felt was... nothing. No worried, no

concerns, no hint of the need to watch herself. She was safe, she was perfect - she'd covered all the bases and everything was fine. If anything did go wrong, she'd be able to handle it, no problem.

Winking confidently at her reflection, she strolled back to the kitchen. Picking up the bags, she put them on the counter and pulled the bottles of booze and mixers from the bags and either putting them on the counter or in the fridge, depending. When she reached the carton of smokes, she tore it open and extracted a pack.

Though she'd never smoked, as Matt, Lori lit one up and inhaled a deep drag of smoke confidently and easy. It felt completely natural and comfortable, and was as part of her new persona as was her somewhat boyish body.

Grabbing one of the beers she'd just materialized with her new body, Lori walked out into the living room. Grabbing an empty planter to use as an ashtray, she flicked on the TV and sat back to await Becky and her friends.

They arrived around four in the afternoon, after Lori had already had several beers and a light snack of some pizza pockets.

Lori congratulated herself on having defined her blasé attitude into her new persona - otherwise, she might have down something to give away the surprise she would have felt at seeing Becky, who she'd supposedly never met before. Instead, she didn't even feel surprise at the unusual sight that greeted her when she let Becky and her friends into the house.

Becky was a short, slender blonde with a tiny waist and perky tits, and an even perkier attitude... usually. Now, she was obviously somewhat uncomfortable, yet excited. Which wasn't surprising. Usually dressing like the All American girl, she was definitely 'out of character' in a just-above-the-knees leather skirt and tight, bright-yellow T-shirt. Obviously, this was a throwback to the 'wild' times of her college days, when she'd fallen into a bad crowd - her friends Donna and Jan.

Donna was a tall, leggy brunette, dressed in a short, tight black spandex mini-skirt and a black crop-top that did wonders for her long legs and tight ass, but didn't really help her small bust. She was sort-of pretty, and the deficiencies of her face were further obscured by her long, curly brown hair and bright make-up.

Jan, on the other hand, was shorter than Becky, but not as slender. She wore the most 'sedate' outfit of the three, a pair of faded black jeans and a dark-gray sweater... but that was all she needed, since the sweater was tight, and quite clearly revealed the large tits that lurked beneath. About a triple 'D'-cup, they were big and firm on a short, somewhat stout body, and drew all the attention away from her face, which looked like a grinning leprechaun beneath her shortish thatch of copper hair. She was obviously as easy-going as Donna was aloof.

Lori introduced herself and invited them in, saying that Matt had already left. She pointed them causally in the direction of the booze in the kitchen, then dropped back on the couch, tossing her pack of smokes to Donna when the leggy brunette asked for one.

Lori didn't feel happy or angry or sad about either of the girls - or Becky herself, for that matter. Instead, she continued in that same, basically uncaring mood, and she felt superior to the others knowing she was smart enough to pick a personality that would keep her from disliking any of the girls, which might have caused problems.

All the girls got themselves drinks, and sat around the living room and began to 'shoot the shit', discussing this and that, basically blathering on. Lori found the talk neither interesting or boring, making occasional - mostly sarcastic - comments as she listened, rarely saying anything important or starting any new topics as the girls slowly but steadily got more and more tipsy.

Lori had allowed herself an attitude that kept her from disliking the other girls - but as the afternoon faded into evening, it was becoming obvious that Donna was getting more and more annoyed with the 'Smart-Mouth' New Yorker. Finally, about seven o'clock, she sighed and stared daggers at Lori.

"What the hell is it with you, anyway?" She demanded, angrily. "This was supposed to be a fun night for us, and you're fucking it all up. Can't you just fucking loosen up and act like a real human being?"

"Hey, I could be anything I wanted to be." Lori replied, unaffected by the outburst. "I just choose this, was all." "Oh, I see - you choose to be this smart-mouthed bitch..." Donna retorted.

"Hey, now..." Becky tried to intervene.

"Yeah, I did." Lori replied, evenly. Digging into her pocket, she pulled out the ring and held it up for all to see. "See this? It's a magic ring that allows a person to become anybody they imagine, body and personality. I'm really Becky's friend Matt, and I used this to change myself into Lori so I wouldn't have to get kicked out for the night."

"Oh, yeah.. right..!" Donna snorted.

None of this bothered Lori. Even telling about the ring didn't worry her - she felt as confident as ever as she tossed it over to a startled Donna, who just barely managed to catch it.

"Go ahead - give it a try." Lori shrugged, uncaring.

"Yeah, okay, I'll do that." Donna snorted, putting the ring on. "Since I'm a little flat-cheated, I'll just imagine that I've got bigger tits..."

Almost as the words left her mouth, the unseen whirlwind rushed in...

..running over Lori's body. She gasped in shock as the mental changes faded as her body writhed and reshaped itself...

In the space of a minute, Lori had disappeared to be replaced with an exact clone of Donna, clothes and all.. except the crop-top was now nicely filled by a perfect pair of double-D's.

"What the fuck...?" Four voices - two of them identical - echoed in the same instant.

"Holy shit! It really is a magic ring!" Jan said, falling off her chair as her gaze numbly switched between the unevenly-endowed clones.

"Hey - how come you're me,... with the bigger tits!" Donna cried, staring down at her own chest and then - angrily/longingly - at Lori/Donna's.

"Oh, shit - if this is real.. then you really are.. or were.. Matt!" Becky said, gazing at the bustier clone wide-eyed.

With the mental 'coolness' gone, Matt/Donna was able to think 'normally' again - and she swore, hands jumping to cradle her enlarged shit.

"What the hell was that!" She said, staring around.. and then blushing furiously. "Oh, shit...!" "Matt...?" Becky said, hesitantly - and the flush deepened.

"Uh.. yeah..." Matt admitted in shame. "Uh, sorry... I didn't mean to, uh, upset anybody. I just kinda wanted.."

"To spy on us...?" Donna finished, now glaring at Matt's fuller breasts. "What the hell's going on - and how come you got the tits I wanted? How do I get those tits?"

"I.. I don't know..." Matt stammered, thinking rapidly as he stared down at his new cleavage. "I, uh.. I don't think you can."

"You said that this was a magic fucking ring! It turned you from a guy into a girl, and then into the way I want to look...!" Donna said, angrily.

"yeah.. I guess it's, like, tuned to me now..." Matt said, trying to figure it out for himself. "I guess it can only change me, now. Uh.. here, you'd better give it back. It can't do anything for you now, I guess..."

Donna slipped the ring off her finger and looked down at it.. then looked up at Matt. "Wait a second.. this things for real. You really are a guy! So what the fuck are you doing as a woman."

Matt's blush brightened.. and , shame-faced, he outlined what had happened, from the first accidental change to Xena to his... sneaky plot.

"I'm sorry..." He finished, miserably. "I didn't mean anything by it."

The three girls were sitting together on the couch now, looking at him strangely.

"You turned yourself into a girl to score points with me...?" Becky asked, eyebrow climbing. "that's.. twisted. Funny.. but twisted..." She giggled.

Donna shared a look with Jan - and they laughed, too, not quite as girlishly.

"Man.. that is pretty desperate. You actually turned yourself into a girl.. so maybe, later, you could get laid as a guy."

"It's not quite like that!" Matt protested, face burning up. "I mean, I'll be honest, the thought crossed my mind... but I wasn't trying to be nasty or cruel or dishonest. Just.. well, sort of 'experimenting' with the ring."

The girls looked at each other again - and grinned.

"He wants to experiment with the ring..." Donna parroted.

"The ring we have..." Becky said, grinning wickedly at a suddenly nervous Matt.

"The ring that can turn him into anything we imagine.. and make his personality anything we imagine..." Jan finished, with a chuckle. "Hey!" Matt said, holding up his hands. "Hey, you wouldn't...!"

Donna grinned at the other girls, getting tacit agreement from whatever they were all thinking - and then she turned to Matt. "Oh, don't freak out, Matt." She said. "We aren't going to hurt you. In fact, we understand."

Matt blinked warily. "You do...?"

"Sure..." Donna assured her. "After all.. now that we have the ring and know what it can do.. we want to experiment too. On you." "Hey..." Matt said, eyes widening.

"Oh, we're not going to just change you." Donna assured him. "that wouldn't be right. You may have done something pretty sneaky and twisted, but you didn't mean any harm to anybody. At worst, you were just hoping to improve your chances of getting laid." She grinned. "Well.. how would you like a guarantee that each of us with fuck you like you've never been fucked before?"

Matt had read enough stories to avoid *that* one. "What - meaning you're going to get a bunch of big strap on..." "No!" Donna said, genuinely offended.. then she giggled. "It never crossed my mind, but now that you mention it.." "Never mind." Matt said shortly, using Donna's own tone of voice against her.

"Okay, okay." Donna allowed. "I was being sincere. We will each have sex with you, after you go back to being male... If you let us each change you and 'play' with you for..." She glanced up at the clock. "It's eight o'clock now. How about each of us gets four hours, and then at eight in the morning you get the ring back."

Matt's eyes narrowed in a very Donna-esque way. "Just to make sure we're clear on this... What are you offering...?"

Donna grinned. "Hey, we're fair. You allow us to play with you, magically, for four hours - and, after some sleep, you get four hours with each of us, during which we'll do anything you ask, as long as it doesn't cause any severe physical pain or lasting damage."

Matt's eyes widened.. and she mirrored Donna's own grin back at her at the thought. However, the cost of it could be.. quite high...

"Well... What if I put an escape clause in?" Matt said, not sure if she wanted to take the risk. "What do you mean?" donna asked.

Matt grinned. "We do this on a per-person basis. Whoever goes first is a guaranteed one, and I am guaranteed to get my time with her... but if whatever happened was too upsetting to me, I can back out from the other two. Or, if after the second one..."

The girls looked at each other, then shook their heads.

"No. We don't want a big argument about who goes first, since you might back out." Jan explained. "It's all or nothing."



Matt pondered. After all, they could have forced this on her - they held the ring. But they were being fair...

Matt simply had no idea of what each girl's idea of 'fun' was. "Well..." Matt hesitated.. then closed her eyes. "Okay."

"Great!" Donna cried, happily. "Now - nobody can back out. It's official. Matt, do you have something we can draw to pick the order randomly?"

Matt was having serious second thoughts.. but she didn't back down. Instead, she nervously rose and went into the kitchen, returning a few minutes later with a bunch of lengths of drinking straw in her new fist.

"Hey - there's like a dozen of them in there!" Donna said. "There's only three of us!"

"this is to make it more fair." Matt said, nervously. "They're all different lengths, and you girls go longest to shortest. That way it's a fair draw, and no-one gets 'stuck; with the last straw."

"Gee.. she.. I mean he.. uh, really is being a good sport about this." Jan said, surprised.

Becky smiled. "Oh, I'm not surprised... Matt's actually a really nice guy, when he's not busy playing around with the new-found power of a magic ring. You have no idea how many times I wished he'd just ask me out..."

Matt gaped at her, weak-kneed, as she slowly and seriously winked at him, still grinning - and he knew that, no matter how this night went, it had worked out for the best. Definitely....

The three girls drew, and it ended up that Jan got the longest straw, and Becky the shortest. Jan smiled incandescently, looking at Donna-body up and down slowly.

"Well, well, well..." She said, grinning wickedly as she held out her hand and Donna dropped the ring into it. "Anything I want, huh. ?"

Matt swallowed, nervously, fighting the urge to turn and run like hell....



BACK TO FUN ZONE

---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: As the story continues, our new female finds herself and her huge tits going on display in a wet t-shirt contest.**

## *Part Two*

During the evening, Matt - then Lori - had brought his little boom-box up from the basement, and now it sat in the corner of the room, quietly playing a Top 40 radio station.

Matt could barely hear the music above the rushing of blood in her ears as she shifted her weight from one leg to the other, her Donna- like body stiff and nervous as she eyed Jan's wickedly cheerful grin.

"Well, the first thing we need to do..." Jan said, closing her eyes and concentrating. "Is a little 'prep' work..."

Once again, the familiar feeling of a stiff wind in the still room whirled and danced around Matt's feminine body as Jan invoked the power of the magic ring she'd found yesterday morning. She shivered as she felt her body and clothing writhing, shifting from the Buxom Donna form into something different...

Then it was over... and Matt hesitantly looked down at the new body that she wore.

Only - it had barely changed. The breasts were smaller, splitting the difference between the enlarged ones of a moment before and Donna's own, small breasts. In fact, the only major change was in what she had with her... and she groaned as she leaned to the side and let the heavy case she was holding drop on the floor, then repeated the action for the big suitcase in the other hand.

"Gently, gently...!" Jan chided with a smile, pointing to the black Ballistic Nylon case that the new Matt/Donna had just put down. "That's a very expensive telescope!"

Aside from Matt herself, it was perky, blonde Becky who was having the hardest time wrapping her brain around all the sudden revelations of the evening. She raised an eyebrow questioningly. "A telescope?"

Jan grinned. "Yup. It's not terribly high-magnification, but it has a very large field of view." She turned to Matt, the smile brightening. "Part of being a girl is having to deal with more than just other girls. You planned on just having to be a girl for us tonight. Well, 'real';

girls have to deal with being seen by guys. Even 'peeping toms'."

Matt blushed as she remembered a time, when she was sixteen, that her and a friend had snuck... Never mind.

"So... I noticed a couple of guys live in the house across the street. Their front window should have a perfect view of the

master bedroom upstairs..."

"Oh.. no..." Matt groaned, knowing what Jan meant. Whatever else she was planning to do, she was going to let somebody else - some guys - watch Matt's humiliation. They wouldn't know it was Matt they were watching, of course.. but Matt would know that she was being watched.

"Oh, yes!" Jan laughed. "The fact that there's a camera attached to it as well will give them some lasting memories. I bet they take a couple of rolls of 'snapshots' from tonight..."

Matt slumped her - Donna's - body onto the couch as Jan went off across the street to deliver the camera. Matt wondered what Jan was going to tell the boys...

Jan returned a bit later, flushed and grinning.

"Uh.. Jan...?" Becky said, blushing. "Uh, this means that they'll be watching us, too.. right?" Jan and Donna shared a look - and laughed. "Yeah, Becky. Just don't worry about it." Becky's blush deepened, but she shrugged.

"Okay, now it's time to get you ready for your debut." Jan told Matt. "Come on, into the kitchen. Donna, Becky - why don't you take the suitcase upstairs. We'll be up in a bit."

The other two girls nodded and left with the suitcase, while Matt nervously followed Jan into the kitchen for the 'real' change.

"Now.. part of what I'm going to do is make you unable to act as if you know you're being watched." Jan told Matt, grinning. "After all, we're just four girls having a slumber party in the house 'Matt' so kindly let us borrow. Of course, Me and Becky are the only ones who knows that the agreement really was that I get the guys across the street to photograph everything and give him copies..."

"You didn't...!" Matt gasped in Donna's voice - and Jan's smug grin told Matt that she had, indeed. Not only was everything going to end up on film - Matt was going to have 'souvenirs' of the evening.

"Well... let's get to it, shall we...?" Jan asked, with a grin, turning the gold ring around on her finger as she closed her eyes and concentrated.

Once more, that strange whirlwind rippled through the still air and around Matt's body. She gasped as she felt her body writhe and reshape itself yet again, her clothes altering as well as she shuddered and shook in the grip of the change...

...and then it was over.

"Well... Looking good, Loni." Jan said, giving the newly formed woman her name. "thanks..." Loni said, a bit sourly, as she lowered her head to see what she could see. The first thing she saw was... cleavage. And lots of it.

The new woman was wearing a pale-gray bandeau top, and it's design displayed an amazing amount of milky cleavage - not surprising, since the breasts that were barely packed into the top were huge, bigger even than Jan's impressive rack. Loni's

new bust was staggering, each breast slightly smaller than a volley-ball, and Loni found her new identity was 'complete' enough to know that the half-displayed tits were a nice, firm FFF (or GG) cup.

"Uh.. little big, aren't they, Jan?" Loni asked, raising her head from the view of her massive, heavy new chest. Jan winked. "Runs in the family... sis."

"What...?" Loni asked, surprised? At Jan's gesture, Loni walked over to survey some more of herself in the mirror over the stove.

Sure enough, there was a similarity between Jan and her own new body. She was taller than Jan was, and apparently a year or so older

- but the faces were similar, and Loni's shoulder-length mane of hair was the same rich shade of coppery red. Dressed in the bandeau top and the black jeans she was wearing, it was as if she were a 'stretched' version of Jan, taller and leaner with longer hair and nails.. and a bigger pair of round, firm tits.

"Okay, sis - time to join the other girls...!" Jan said, and Lori turned and smiled. Her memory told her that there was guys watching the upstairs window from across the street, but thanks to Jan she was unable to show it. Instead, she seemed completely at ease as she followed her 'sister' to the stairs and up to the bedroom where Donna and Becky were waiting.

"Okay, everybody - Loni's here...!" Jan announced with a grin, informing the others of Matt's new name. "You all remember my sister, right?"

"Sister...?" Donna giggled, eyeing Loni's buxom figure. "You certainly didn't wear her hand-me-downs, Jan..."

"Whoa... nice tits, ma... Loni..." Becky laughed. She'd been nervous when Loni had first come into the room, obviously aware of the invited 'peepers' across the street - but seeing Loni made her relax a bit. No matter what was going to happen, no matter what the guys across the street got photos of, the person they'd remember most vividly was Loni - between her big bust and her long, coppery hair, she was a startling, eye-catching figure of a woman.

"Well, girls - what say we have a little fun?" Jan said. "This being a slumber party, I figured we'd do all the standard things. How about we fool around and see how we look in some of the clothes Loni brought with her...?" She gestured towards the suitcase, which was lying on the bed, open. The lid blocked Loni's view of what was inside, but she doubted it was sedate, baggy clothing.

"oh, that sounds like fun." Donna grinned, looking Lori up and down. "Sort of our own private Barbie doll, huh? Let's dress her up..."

"Well, I..." Loni tried to protest... but she couldn't come up with a 'good' reason. Of course, there were several - but she was incapable of saying them or acting on them... Thanks to Jan's careful planning. She sighed, then grinned wryly. "Okay..."

"Ohhh!" Becky said, pulling a lacy little 'merry widow' ensemble out of the suitcase. "Let's see what you look like in this, Loni!"

Having no choice, Loni found her fingers going to the clothing she already wore. As she kicked off the black leather pumps she wore and peeled off her tight jeans, she did so without any sign of the embarrassment she was feeling, knowing she was actually performing a strip-tease for the guys across the street.

Next she removed the bandeau top, unzipping it and letting it fall to the floor, exposing her huge, firm tits to the cool air of the bedroom, making her large, thick nipples become fully erect. With a sigh, she reached up and began to rub her massive new tits.

"Oh, it feels good to get them out of there..." She said, finding that it was true even as she said the words. She continued to massage her breasts for a minute, ostentatiously to comfort them, after having crammed them into the bandeau top for 'so long' - but the truth it, it felt very good to feel her hands on her full breasts, and to feel the huge, volley-ball-sized tits filling her smaller, long-nailed hands.

"here you are." Becky said, handing over the lacy red lingerie - and Loni actually felt a burst of regret as she released her firm mounds to take the lingerie.

With a lot of hooting and ribbing from the 'other' girls, Loni slowly dressed in the ensemble.

She started with the red lace panties, pulling them up her smooth, nicely shaped legs and tight against her crotch, with it's heart-shaped patch of fiery pubic hair. It was an odd sensation to feel the feminine finery slip into place - though she'd been female several times now, this was her first time dressing in a feminine manner, having come fully clothed every other time.

Next she put on the lacy corsetlette, slipping it around her torso and having Jan help her lace it into place - the size and weight of her breasts made it awkward for her to do it herself.

Unsurprisingly, Jan took the opportunity to get the lacing 'just so', so that it clung tightly to her trim waist and huge, round tits,. The built- in cups of the garment fit her massive mounds perfectly, it's semi transparent material actually enhancing the view of her tits, rather than hiding them.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Loni pulled on the matching red stockings that came with the outfit. She slid each of them up her smooth, feminine new legs and clipped them to the four garters that ran from the bottom of the corsetlette on each side.

"Wow.. you look great." Jan grinned. "But you need some shoes to go with that outfit..."

"How about these...?" Donna 'suggested' with a grin, holding up a pair of bright-red shoes with a three-inch platform and an eight-inch heel. "You'd look great in these..."

"Uh, they're a little high..." Loni said, finding a 'valid' excuse that wasn't based on the shame of being watched.

"Hey, you've worn shoes like this before. You have no problem in them." Jan informed her with a wicked grin. "go ahead - put them on and walk around a bit..."

With a sigh, Loni complied, slipping her smaller feet into the shoes and doing up the little ankle-straps that helped hold

them in place. Once they were on, she stood up and found that she could, indeed, balance easily atop the slender heels.

With a sexy, hip-swaying wiggle, she walked around the room atop the high-heels, the other girls hooting as she swayed and jiggled around.

"Hot stuff comin' through!" Donna cried, laughing. "C'mon, baby - shake that money maker...!"

Lori began to caress her own body through the lacy garments as she over-exaggerated her walk and stance, play-acting like a stripper, as a woman in the circumstances she was in might... if they didn't know they were being watched. Loni simply wasn't allowed to factor that part in as she 'played' with her friends in the 'privacy' of the bedroom.

"Wow, Loni - you really know the moves!" Becky laughed. "Yeah - but the look's not quite right!" Donna said.

Jan snapped her fingers. "I know what you mean. Loni here needs some make-up... and jewelry..." "Well, we've got all that..." Becky said, digging into the suitcase...

Loni couldn't even blush in shame - since, for her persona, there was nothing shameful in what she was doing as she spent the next two and a half hours trying on different outfits, make-up schemes, hairstyles and jewelry. Inwardly, she burned at the ever-so-feminine actions she was performing. It was strange, but 'doing' feminine was somehow more convincing than just 'being' feminine...

What got really weird was... about halfway through, she actually began to enjoy herself. Part of her was constantly aware of being under observation... but there was nothing inherently 'harmful' in what she was doing, and while the girls were having a little fun at her expense, they weren't actually vengeful.. and they were more relaxed with her, as Loni, than they could ever be with her as Matt.

Lori had just finished modeling a new outfit and hairstyle - sort of a 40's movie 'vamp' sort of outfit, a long silk housecoat over silk lingerie that was provocative but fully covering, her hair done up in a sort of elaborate bun. She struck an exaggerated 'Betty Grable' pose.. and laughed.

"You girls don't seriously act like this when you have a slumber party, do you?" Loni asked, laughing. "I mean.. come on!"

The girls shared a look and burst out laughing. "Not usually. Oh, when we were younger, like fifteen, this was more like what our slumber parties are like... but we haven't done stuff like this in ten years..." Donna admitted.

"Actually... I'm having a blast." Becky giggled. "I know it's childish... but this is more fun than getting smashed and talking about how lousy our lovers have been recently."

Jan blinked in surprise. "You know - you're right. I'm having a ton of fun... and not all of it is just because we get to play with Loni here..." Loni laughed. "Well, since I think I can trust you gals to keep the secret... I'm having a ball, too."

The girls gaped at her in shock, and she had to laugh again.

"Really!" Loni assured them. "Oh, it was really embarrassing at first, and still is a little bit... but this is fun."

"Well... that wasn't exactly what I had in mind when this whole thing started.." Jan admitted - then grinned. "But, what the hell - I'm having fun, too. So, why not just go with the flow."

"Well, since this managed to slip from 'embarrass the new girl' into a real party, won't don't we bring some booze back in?" Jan suggested. "I was getting a bit of a buzz earlier, but Lori/Matt/Loni's little shocker sorta sobered us all up, huh?"

"Yeah." Donna agreed, looking around for a clock. "Must be almost time for my turn... Hey, what happened to your alarm clock."

"Uh..." Lori said - and this time, she was allowed to blush as she explained what had happened - which sent the other girls into gales of laughter that Loni had to admit were well earned.

"Okay, now - everybody wave to the guys..." Jan said, with a grin, setting the precedent by doing so, herself. Donna and Becky followed suit...

...which pulled the 'trigger' in Jan's little set-up. Now that the other girls were acknowledging that they were being watched...

Loni screamed, yanking the filmy housecoat around her body as she dashed from the room, leaving the other three girls to fall on the floor, rolling in laughter.

Face burning, Loni headed down the stairs... then began to chuckle herself as she went into the kitchen and mixed herself a drink, shaking her head.

Two days ago, anybody who told her what she would be doing tonight would have sounded utterly insane. Yet, here she was, a buxom red-head at a 'slumber party' with three other girls.. and enjoying herself.

Still chuckling, the other girls came into the room - and Loni flushed even brighter, making them laugh anew. "Well..." Donna said, poring herself a drink. "Now it's my turn to have some fun..."

Jan rather reluctantly handed over the ring, obviously wondering what else she could have - should have - done with her time with the ring. As Matt had already learned, the power of the ring could be... addictive.

"Okay..." Donna said, grinning. "Well, 'Lori' and I didn't exactly hit it off earlier. I think it's time to brink her back... with one or two 'minor' changes to make us more.. compatible..."

Loni/Matt rolled her eyes and groaned, as Donna grinned. Then the tall brunette closed her eyes and concentrated... and the magic once more shook Matt's body...

A second later, it was gone... and Lori blinked - then grinned brightly.

"Whoa... I feel... great!" She said, her body seeming to tremble with excitement and well-being. She felt utterly fantastic... better then she could ever remember feeling.

Donna was grinning at her - but the other two were staring at Lori's new body, eyes wide. "Holy shit...!" Jan breathed,



stunned. "They're... huge!"

Lori already knew what Jan was referring to - there was no missing the heavy weight pulling on her chest. She looked down - and grinned at the sight of the black, low-cut T-shirt straining over a pair of tits, each of them easily the size of a medicine ball.

"they are a little... ostentatious, aren't they...?" Lori asked with a grin, reaching up to heft the massive tits and feel the sheer weight of the gigantic globes of tit-flesh. "Geez.. they weigh a ton, Donna. Couldn't you have at least given me a bra for these monsters...?"

"Aw.. that would have spoiled the look..." Donna laughed. "Go ahead - take a gander at yourself..."

Grinning, Lori swayed atop the high, spike-heeled boots she turned out to be wearing and walked to the bathroom for a good look at her new body.

It was Lori... mostly. She was still a little on the short side, with a 'boyish' figure... except for the massive pair of gigantic tits thrust from her chest straining the T-shirt to maximum capacity. Her boyish figure and short, dark hair all served to direct the eye to the most outstanding part of her figure.. her massive chest.

There was also a couple of other little changes. Her face was no longer set in an arrogant coolness, but was obviously cheerful and energetic.

As well as the T-shirt, she was wearing a pair of skin-tight leather pants that tucked into the calf-high black leather boots she wore, which had a two-inch platform and eight-inch high heels, making her about as tall as the average woman was... and bringing her chest that much closer to the average man's eye-level. She doubted it mattered, though - she could have been well below eye-level, and guys would have contorted as necessary to stare at her massive chest.

The thought didn't bother her though... because she just couldn't feel bothered about anything at the moment. She'd never felt so utterly cheerful and happy in her life. It wasn't some sort of weird euphoria - but a sense of well-being that was given magically to her by Donna's directions to the ring that she should always look on the bright side of things. She wasn't 'hopelessly' cheerful - it was just that it would have to be something pretty bad for the negative to outweigh the positive, and just having the most massive pair of breasts she'd ever seen thrust from her chest, at least temporarily, wasn't enough to get her down.

"Donna...!" Lori called as she started back towards the kitchen. "You are one twisted girl, you know that...?" "Hell, that's not news..." Donna replied with a laugh. "So, how do you like being slim and stacked, girl...?"

Lori groaned theatrically... and slowly began to tip forward at the waist. In her best 'Kirk' voice, she over-acted badly as she spoke. "Not.. enough.. power..." She groaned. "Gravity... dragging them.. down..."

Becky giggled. "Scotty... beam them up!"

Jan made a warbling tone by fluttering her hand in front of her mouth, then - in a truly atrocious Scottish brogue - said "I canna do it, sair! There's not enough power in th' whole ship to move those...!"

the all laughed as Lori straightened.. finding that it did take a lot of 'oomph' for her slender frame to pull herself erect against the drag gravity gave her massive, firm globes.

"So... what's the deal...?" She asked Donna. "We spend the next four hours making bad jokes about my new tits?" "Nope..." Donna grinned. "We're going for a little walk..."

"What...?" Becky said, blushing. "But... I didn't brink any other clothes...!"

Usually rather 'conventional' in her choice of wardrobe, Becky was dressed in skimpy, brightly-colored clothing totally unlike her usual outfit. The original idea of the evening, before they'd found out about the ring, had been for the girls to stay in the house all night, never going out in public dressed as they were. Not that the thought bothered Donna or Jan, who were more free-spirited than Becky.

Now, Lori laughed and gestured at the tits that stuck a foot out from her ribcage. "Becky, do you really think anybody's going to be staring at *you*...?"

Becky grinned, and giggled. "Oh.. Right. Okay..."

"Hank on... just let my grab my keys and. " Lori stopped dead. "Where the hell am I going to put them? No pockets in these pants, and

I don't have a purse."

"I've got a purse. " Becky said, making a face. "It's a big, ugly sucker though. I wasn't really planning to go out anywhere tonight."

It turned out that other girls didn't have a purse either, for the same reason. The only pair of pockets among them was in Jan's jeans... which were so tight that the pockets were useless for anything thicker than a dime. The keys dug into her thigh when she gave it a try.

"Oh, wait... I've got it..." Jan said, holding the keys in her hand and ruefully rubbing her thigh through the denim. Kneeling, she tucked the keys into the top of Lori's right boot. The boot was designed so that it flared a little at the top before becoming tighter, and keys fit in easily and weren't a major annoyance.

"Say.. can you even see me down here...?" Jan asked, looking up at the underside of Lori's massive breasts.

"Somebody's down there...?" Lori said, feigning astonishment. "Somebody's going to have to get those for me later - I don't think I could reach them if my life depended on it!"

"Hey..." Donna said, tapping the still kneeling Jan on the shoulder. "Might as well put the ring in the other boot - we don't want to risk losing it."

"Right." Jan said, taking the magical gold hoop and sliding it into the left boot.

"Well then, I guess we're ready to face the world." Donna said with a grin. "We're gonna knock the eyes of any guy we

pass right out of their sockets."

"Now that's entertainment...!" Lori laughed. "I almost wish I could turn the tables and be one of the guys the four of us pass. I'd just love to stop dead and gape at four girls like us."

"Come on - let's go give the male population a treat.." Jan said. Grabbing a pack of cigarettes and a lighter, Lori nodded, and the girls headed out.

Lighting up a cigarette for herself and handing one to Donna, Lori rolled the pack up in the sleeve of her T-shirt, using the other sleeve for the lighter.

"I guess I'm the 'pack mule' for the night." She quipped, then hefted her massive tits again. "Boy, am I carrying a lot of weight..!"

Giggling, the foursome headed down the street, not really heading anywhere in particular. They figured they would head down to the variety store, swing around the back of the block, and around the other side of the street one over. It was Lori's suggestion, since she knew the area the best - it would take them along a stretch of road that, this time of night, would probably have a bunch of guys heading between the two nightclubs that were a couple of blocks apart on that street.

The walked along, giggling and joking - especially about Lori's new rack - and Lori was amazed by just how much fun being female could be, around other women.

She'd never really been a social guy to begin with, but he'd never given much thought to the 'why' of it... until now. Now, she realized something amazing... guys were jerks.

Oh, not really. It wasn't like she was suddenly embracing her new-found feminine side at the cost of her masculine history. She'd been happy as Matt, and she most certainly wanted to go back to being Matt... but she was discovering all sorts of things as a woman that she'd never really understood before. Like how open and free women were with other women. For guys, there was a sort of distance between even the best of friends, a certain part of themselves held back, only shared in the direst of tragedies or the worst of situations

- and then they tried to forget it had ever happened.

As a guy, she'd never really observed how open and sharing women were with each other because they were more.. wary around guys. It was only when a group of girls got together, alone, that it manifested itself - and without the ring, Lori would never have been able to discover this amazing fact, among others. As much as she was satisfied to live as a male, she wasn't shunning this chance to be female, to see life from the female perspective, even if it was forced upon her. If everything had gone to her original plan, when she'd first understood the power of the ring, she would have only used female bodies as placeholders, never exposing them to anybody else... and she was now very glad indeed that her plans had gone awry...

Lori glanced at the three girls she was walking with, and had to admit that some of this new-found respect for womankind had to do with the women she was with. She knew that there was more 'range' in women, that the nice ones were nicer and the

cruel ones crueler than men could ever be. Angels of mercy or the Woman Scorned, which Hell hath no fury like, women were...

"Oh, god... it's a sign from heaven!" Donna said, breaking into Lori's reverie as she laughed and pointed. Jan, having already seen whatever it was, actually fell down on the sidewalk, laughing and holding her gut as Lori shook her head and looked up...

They'd reached and passed the variety store, heading down the short leg of the 'triangle' they were planning on walking. One leg had been Lori's own street, which was nearly deserted this time of night. The third leg was going to be the more central street that Lori's street ran off of at the other end. This section was a semi-commercial side-street off the main drag, housing the variety store, a couple of now-closed businesses...

...and CJ's, a less-than-elegant local bar, which was what Donna was pointing at. Or, more accurately, at the cheap banner strung out over the front door of CJ's, which read:

***WET T-SHIRT CONTEST TONITE!!!! \$500 IN PRIZES!!!***

Lori stared up at the banner... then looked at Donna, eyes going wide.

"You're not thinking what I think you're thinking..." Lori said, taking a few slow steps backwards, a slow grin spreading over her face. "I mean... come on...!"

"Hey - you know you'd win!" Donna said, as Becky helped the still-chuckling Jan to her feet. The red-head nodded her agreement, cupping her own chest.

"Sure - you take first, I'll take second... and we'll let Donna and Becky battle it out for third." Becky flushed. "Hell, no - Donna can take third. I'm not interested."

"I don't think I'm qualified..." Donna said, looking down at her small chest. In kind of a logarithmic scale, Donna was nearly flat-chested, Becky had a nice pair of C-cups, Jan sported DDD's...

...and Lori was bigger than all three girls combined.

"I don't think either Donna or I are in the running..." Becky said, still blushing. "You two, though..." Jan was grinning as she looked over at Lori. "Well, how about it? Want to earn some easy money...?"

Lori opened her mouth... then considered it seriously, and began to chuckle. "Hell... why not? Yeah - yeah, let's do it..." Becky gasped. "You're really going to do it...?"

Lori laughed. "Sure. Like Jan said, it's easy money." She winked at the short red-head. "Come on, let's go cash in on our... assets..."

Laughing, the girls headed into the building - and as the door swung shut behind her small, tight ass, Lori began having second thoughts, as she saw the raucous crowd of men filling the smoky interior of the building, some of whom had turned to ogle her as soon as she entered.

"holy shit, get a load of those hooters!" one of the called, drawing even more attention to Lori...

...and making her feel better about what she was about to do. From the murmurs and shouted catcalls, she realized that they weren't really seeing her at all - they were seeing a walking pair of tits. They might be able to describe her as the 'skinny girl with the short black hair and huge tits' if pressed later, but doubt they would be able to pick her out of a line-up, if it was just her portrait.

"Girls, girls...!" An amplified voice from the stage drew their attention to the front of the building, where the Emcee was standing beside a line-up of women with various-sized chests, none of whom approached Lori's staggering measurements. "You're a little late... but come on over here and we'll sign you up and get you on stage..."

"Hell no - they're too late!" One of the girls on the stage shouted, the white T-shirt with the CJ's logo on the back stretched over a pair of obviously surgically-enhanced DD's said, looking daggers at Lori and Jan. Skinny as a rail, horse-faced and with stringy bottle-blond hair, the girl obviously thrived on the attention she got because of her breasts, and had a running chance at winning - or she had, at least. From the way the guys were reacting, it was pretty obvious where most of the votes were going to go.

"What's your name, lady?" one of the men closest to Lori asked in a eager voice. Lori, startled, just stared at him blankly for a second. "Huh?"

"Your name - what's your name?" He asked, urgently. "Uh... Lori..." She stammered.

Standing, the guy turned to face the rest of the room - and bellowed at the top of his lungs. "Hey, guys! This is Lori!" Then, he began to bang his fist on the table and chant. "Low-ree! Low-ree! Low-ree..!"

A second man joined in... then a third.. and then it was an avalanche of voices, all shouting her name, over and over. Lori was stunned - she certainly hadn't expected anything like this!

Then again, when she'd woken up this morning, she hadn't expected to be a huge-breasted woman trying to enter a wet T-shirt contest, either. Life's funny that way...

"Well, I think it's plain to see what the crowd wants..." the Emcee announced - receiving a rousing cheer from the crowd of men.

"It's not fair!" The bottle-blond on stage shouted, shriller, her objection mirrored by a couple of the other girls... but this wasn't any sort of 'real' contest. It was an excuse to get some eye-candy into the bar so that more guys would buy more drinks. The Emcee waved at Lori, gesturing her towards the stage.

"Come on, Jan..." Lori said, beginning to thread her way through the throng of men, the red-head in tow as a cheer followed them to the stage.

"Well, we all know your name..." the Emcee said to Lori, evoking a laugh from the guys in the bar. "Who's carrot-top

here?"

That would have earned an angry glare from Jan - except for the fact that the Emcee was a skinny guy with hair that everybody calls 'red' but isn't, that orangeish shade that was as carrot-y as Jan's was fiery. She just grinned and gave her name.

"Okay, guys - hang on a sec while Jan and Lori change, and then we'll be ready to roll."

With the guys applauding, Lori and Jan were led offstage by a waitress, and to the women's bathroom, where there was two boxes of white T-shirts with the CJ's logos on them.

"So, what size do you want?" The waitress asked, grinning. "Some girls like to go a size smaller, to show them off from the get-go, and some like them baggy to make getting 'em wet more spectacular."

"If you can find 'baggy' for these..." Lori grinned, waving at her chest, "...then I'd be shocked. I'll take what I can get."

The waitress laughed and handed her an XXX-L. A bit self-consciously, Lori peeled off her own black T-shirt, making her huge, round tits jiggle and sway for a second before they steadied down.

"Wow... I thought you were wearing a bra under there!" the waitress said, one eyebrow rising. "Those suckers are firm, ain't they?"

Lori laughed as she tugged on the shirt, which fit like a tent on her slender shoulders and arms. The back hung down below her ass.. while the front hung several inches out from her waist, held there by the size of her tits, which filled the shirt just to capacity, her dark nipples clearly visible through the white fabric.

"Okay - you're ready." the waitress said, leading them back to the stage, where the guys hooted and cat-called as they got into the line- up of contestants. The bottle-blond was shooting Lori a look that could have killed.

"Gentleman...!" the Emcee shouted into the mike. "CJ's is proud to give you our own, special take on wet T-shirt contests... where you not only vote on which girl wins, but on what we use to make the T-shirt wet!"

As the audience applauded and hooted, a couple of waitresses wheeled out a couple of serving carts, on which rested plastic jugs, some of which were water, others beer, and the rest milk.

"Okay, we'll start with Nancy!" The emcee said, starting at the far end of the line. "What do we want to see her use? Water...?" The crowd shouted and hooted, registering their 'vote' by volume as he went through the choices...

As the other girls went through the soaking, one at a time, Lori found her attention evenly split between the girls - and the audience. It certainly was a new perspective to see them from this point of view, and she wondered if she looked like such a slobbering idiot at the chance of seeing tits through wet cloth, at least when she was a man. Right now, all she needed for that was a jug of water and a mirror...

"Good luck.." Lori whispered as the emcee called Jan's name. The red-head flashed her a grin - then strode out into the center of the stage as the guys shouted approval in various amounts for the different liquids.

It turned out that Jan was getting the 'beer' treatment. Pulling back her shoulders to make her breasts stand even further out from her chest, Jan began to squeeze and fondle her tits through the fabric as the 'assistants' poured the golden liquid over her chest, soaking the fabric and turning it translucent as the guys hooted and cheered.

Sopping wet with beer, Jan began to prance around the end of the stage, giving everybody a good look as she jiggled and bounced, tits swaying and bouncing under the semi-transparent cloth.

"Last, but certainly not 'least' in any imaginable use of the word.." the emcee said, getting a brief laugh from the crowd. "Let's hear it for.. Lori!"

The guys went wild as Lori started to sway out to the front of the stage... and then stopped dead as a thought occurred to her. Grinning, she hurried over to the emcee and whispered in his ear.

He blinked, eyebrow rising... and then he grinned, and whispered back. "You're gonna make us a fortune, gorgeous. Sure." Grinning, Lori walked back to the point of the stage, getting closer to the audience than the other girls had.

"Now, at Lori's suggestion, you guys aren't going to get to vote on what Lori here gets soaked with." The emcee announced... and a groan went up from the audience.

"Instead, she's getting interactive!" The emcee trumped, grinning broadly. "We're not gonna soak her - you guys are! You got a drink? Then throw it! She's gonna get as wet as you guys want her to - so fire away!"

There was a pregnant pause.. which was broken by the emcee and his assistants scrambling to get out of the line of fire. Behind her, Lori heard Jan break out in laughter at the realization....

...as one of the guys near the stage started it, standing up and crowing laughter as he tossed the contents of his cup at the stage, catching Lori across the right thigh, not even touching the T-shirt.

That didn't last long - as it sunk in, and the audience got the idea. Slowly at first, but with rising mania, the audience began to toss their drinks at the stage, until nearly every man in the room was trying to get the contents of their cups onto the huge-breasted woman standing proudly at the apex of the stage. Liquids of every sort flew in every direction, splashing over the audience, the stage, and even the girls already soaked down.. but only a small fraction of the liquid splashed across Lori, and even less of that hit her shirt, slowly painting wet streaks that tantalized and titillated...

..as an incredible rush on the bar started, every guy eager to buy a drink for a second shot... and a third...

Most of them chose water or cola for the second and third - and forth - rounds, with a few variations.. and thus the bar made even more profit. More and more liquid was thrown at the stage, a good-natured near-riot in progress as the effort to soak Lori's shirt completely continued.

Lori was standing there, hands on her hips. and laughing, head thrown back. This had come to her on a whim - a whim that might not



have occurred to any other female contestant, because it was based on what she, as a guy, would have liked to see if she were in the audience. You could say she had a certain sense of what guys wanted...

Strutting back and forth across the very end of the stage, Lori had to grin. Even guys who weren't necessarily into 'big boobs', much less huge ones, were still going wild because of the erotic, once-in-a-lifetime fantasy quality of what she was doing. Of course, in their fantasies she would have been eager to jump off the stage and screw every one of them. They had no way of knowing that, from their point of view, she was pure 'lesbian', without the slightest interest in any of them.

Pausing at the far end of the stage, she paused to twirl around. then stumbled slightly, grimacing, as she felt something push against

the top of her left foot inside the boot.

The ring. With all the movements she'd been doing, it had fallen down in the boot. Her keys were big enough that they were staying where they were, but the ring had migrated downwards and was sitting on top of her toes in the end of her boot. It was annoying and mildly painful - but there was nothing she could do about it at the moment.

By now, the crowd had 'reloaded' several time, laughing and cheering as they continued to fire at the 'moving target', who was splattered here and there, but not soaked down like the other girls. This could go on for quite a while...

...or, maybe not.

"Everybody clear the way - the artillery has arrived!" The shout was a perfect chorus by three muscular young men with crew-cut hair... Army or Marines, out on the town. Now, they came running up to the stage, carrying with them a keg of beer... with a hose attached to the nozzle.

"Eeep!" Lori screamed/giggled - as the three guys stood ramrod straight while the crowd went into convulsions. "Ready..." One of them called as another grabbed the nozzle on the end of the hose. "Aim. !"

At the same time, the entire audience - including Donna and Becky, still standing at the back of the club - screamed out the same word. **"FIRE!"**

Driven by the pressure in the keg, the foamy stream shot out, arcing up onto the stage - and hitting Lori in the face. It quickly moved down to her shirt, and in second she was sopping wet - and they still continued to fire, the beer running down her body in streams, mostly to the right side as her body was three-quarters turned on them, her left leg partially hidden from the stream.

Finally, as a cheer went up, the soldiers ceased fire and everybody applaud the sight of a dripping wet Lori, her huge tits clearly visible through the sopping wet shirt.

She looked down at herself and sighed. "Well...! She announced, loudly. "I guess there's only one thing to do. !"

Flushing in both excitement and embarrassment at what she could barely believe she was doing at all, Lori reached

down.. and in one smooth, quick motion (before she could change her mind) she yanked the beer-soaked shirt off over her head, tilted her head back, and twisted the shirt to squeeze the beer out.

She wasn't really drinking it of course - she was letting it run down her already beer-soaked body on the side away from the audience. It didn't matter though - almost nobody was looking that high up.

"I hate letting good beer go to waste.." Lori announced, flushing brightly as she stood there, topless, her huge, gleaming, sopping wet tits clearly visible to one and all - which caused the applause to become thunderous.

"Disqualified. !" the bottle blonde trumpeted shrilly. "If you take you shirt off, you're disqualified! She can't win anymore! She's

disquali. "

"Oh, shut up you damned bitch." Jan announced, loudly - tearing off her own white T-shirt and jamming it in the bottle-blond's mouth. "There - now you'll probably win."

The bottle blonde, furious, ripped the shirt from her mouth -as the audience clapped and hooted and cheered Jan's action. The red- head, defiantly topless, took a long, low bow.

"Let's get out of here.." She stage-whispered to Lori out of the side of her mouth. "I think they're just about to riot."

"Right!" Lori agreed. Standing on tip-toe she stared at Becky and Donna to make sure she had their attention - then jerked a thumb over her shoulder, hoping they'd catch on. Apparently, they did - they slipped out the front door.

"Okay guys, that was fun!" Lori yelled, feeling a little guilty about lying to them. "We're just going to put on some dry clothes, and we'll be right back. Oh - and when I get back, you guys better be willing to pay for a couple of drinks for me and my friend. After all.. the last three rounds were on me!"

As the guys laughed, Lori and Jan slipped off the stage and into the women's room, where they paused only long enough to slip on their shirts.. and then they were out the back door, where Donna and Becky were waiting. Before any of the over-exuberant guys could come looking for them, the foursome hurried off down the alley and onto Lori's street trying to blend into the shadows.

"God, that was an awful parting shot." Jan chided Lori with a giggle.

"It was the best I could come up with on short notice.." Lori replied. "Hey, hang on a second, okay - the ring slipped down into my boot and it's a damned pain to walk on..."

"Leave it tell you get home - We're just a house down from yours." Donna suggested. "We should get inside before one of the guys from the bar finds us and calls in reinforcements. I don't feel like fending off a hundred drunken, excited men. You really got their hormones raging there, Lori."

"Yeah - I noticed. In fact, I was just thinking about how disappointed they'd be to find out that I'm not interested in men. I

bet..." Lori said, then paused for a second. She kicked her boot against the curb, working the ring forward into the point of the boot so it wouldn't be nearly as annoying. In a second, it dropped into the space at the front, and Lori took a couple of steps on towards her house as she continued. "...bet I know exactly the type of woman they were hoping for..." She grinned at the mental image of what the guys were probably fantasizing about...

Then gasped... as the familiar sensation of a whirlwind engulfed her. When it slid away, a new woman stood where Lori had been.

She was tall, very tall, and her body was tautly muscled without being masculine in any sense of the word. Toned and tight and sensual to the extreme.

Her hair was jet-black, and fell in elegant, expensively styled waves around her face and down her back. Her face.. her face was a vision of cool sensuality and unbidden desires. Surrounded by long lashed, her eyes were dark and heavy-lidded, looking booth challenging and begging all at the same time.

Her nose was proud an patrician, slender and finely shaped, ending with a haughty-looking upturn above a mouth that was incredibly full and sensual. Those lips, covered in a dark shade of gloss-red lipstick, stood in stark contrast to her pale skin and dark mascara and eyeliner.

Her body was slender, especially in the waist, but full-hipped and supporting a tight, stunning ass...

...and a pair of enormous breasts only slightly smaller then Lori's had been, each one about as large as a basket-ball.

She wore clothes that were obviously terribly expensive - yet elegantly sensual at the same time. A dark burgundy velvet jacket over a ruffled-collared white silk shirt did nothing to hide the sheer size of that enormous bust, especially with the top buttons of the blouse undone to reveal a massive chasm of milky-white cleavage. Black leather gloves disappeared into the sleeves of the jacket, and she was almost literally dripping with a fortune in jewelry, from the gold-ebony-ivory cameo around her slender neck to the diamond earrings, to the bejeweled clips in her massive main of hair. Even the 'plain' black purse slung over her shoulder had gold accents and diamond clasp.

She wore a long, black leather 'pencil' skirt that clung from waist to ankles like a second skin. It seemed barely possible for her to move her legs at all, and she looked likely to trip if she did so - especially considering the elegant-yet-sexy black open-toe pumps she wore, with a seven-inch stiletto heel lifting from the flat sole.

She was stunningly elegant, looking every inch the regal rich-bitch who just happened to have enormous tits.

But more then that - every curve, every angle in her body spoke of pure pleasure. Of somebody who fulfilled all her desires the instant they occurred, financially, egotistically... and sexually. This was a fantasy woman, a woman who was everything any 'average' man could dream about. Tall. Elegant. Powerful. Sexy. Rich... and completely willing to let anybody, male or female, give her pleasure.

"Mmm..." The new woman said in a sensual moan, looking down at her self and lightly running one bejeweled hand over

her massive bust. "I feel so... *hungry*..."

She spoke in a slightly accented voice that was rich, perfectly modulated... and so sexy it would stiffen cocks within a five mile radius. Her every move seemed to be choreographed, incredibly graceful and sensuous, never actually seeming to start or stop, but to be a continuous, sinuous series of fluid motion.

"Holy shit...!" Donna, standing next to the newly formed woman, gasped in shock, partly from the transformation and partly from where and when it had occurred.

Slowly, gracefully, the new woman's sensual, haughty face turned to face Donna...

...and before Donna knew what was happening the tall, firm-bodied woman was draping an arm over her shoulder and pulling her closer, their lips meeting as the new woman slowly and sensuously kissed her with more pure, pleasure-inducing skill than any kiss Donna had ever had...

It took a force of will to keep from giving in, much less pull away from that incredible kiss.. but Donna somehow managed the feat. "What the hell are you doing?" Donna gasped, still tasting the kiss on her lips.

Matt blinked at the question... and finally became aware of what had happened and what she'd just done. The mental power of the new persona of this body was more incredible than any she'd felt before, defined by its wanton pursuit of pleasures without any thought to consequences. It was this 'dismissal' of thought that made it so difficult from Matt to maintain her self-control... just as Xena's body hadn't had the words to express certain concepts that Matt's mind knew, this body didn't have the... the 'hesitation' or 'inhibitions' of Matt's own mind, and she had to exercise an enormous amount of self-control to keep the persona of this fantasy woman from going ahead with her desire for pure, unthinking pleasures of body and soul.

"I... I'm having a hard time... controlling myself..." She said in that incredibly sensual voice, shaking her head ever so slightly. She took a step back from Donna, to distance herself from the desires she was feeling...

...and the motion dislodged the ring, which had become monetarily lodged encircling then-Lori's big toe, allowing the magic to take place. Now, it dropped out the hole in the toe of the shoe, and Jan quickly knelt and scooped it up.

"Come on - let's get inside. Quickly!" Donna urged, and they headed for the house - Matt's new body moving with an incredibly sensual stride that had her legs scissoring back and forth in an almost perfectly straight line inside the tight skirt, her body held erect but her hips swaying and swiveling elegantly and gracefully.

The front door was locked... and the keys had gone the way of the rest of Lori's clothing. Donna, praying that they hadn't locked the back door, hurried around the side of the house.

"Mmmmmm." Matt moaned again, hands once more roaming her lush, taut new body. "Becky, I feel so... so.. So content... yet I know I shouldn't. I feel like I should satisfy my every whim... and I have to fight that. I have to force myself to think before I just give in to the desires to do anything pleasurable... to touch you... to kiss you..." She licked her full new lips sensuously, taking a step closer to the petite blonde, who found herself gazing at the very embodiment of sensuality with glazed eyes as...

..Donna opened the front door from the inside. "Come on - get in here!"

The three women on the porch filed in, Matt struggling to keep her new hands from reaching out to caress Jan's so enticingly full breasts... by giving them her own breasts to 'play' with, moaning low in the back of her throat at the pleasure it caused.

Donna pushed the door shut and locked it, shaking her head at the sight of the new woman Matt had become fondling her own huge, firm tits through the jacket and blouse.

"Yet another senseless Magical-related accidental transformation..." She said... then grinned.

"Jan, have you got the ring?" Becky asked, turning to the flame-haired girl. "I think it's my turn with it - and I know what I want to do."

"Sure..." Jan said, handing it over. Becky took the ornate gold circlet and rubbed it on what little of her skirt there was, wiping it clean from the beer that had spilled on it.

"What are you going to do?" Donna asked as the petite blonde slid the ring onto her finger.

Becky grinned. "Well, you guys wasted the chance- I'm going to make Matt male again, and a hell of a man at that. I'm going to make sure he's fully versed in sexual skills...and give him a compulsion not to be changed in any way for at least four hours."

"Hey!" Donna exclaimed. "That's wasting it! We've already agreed that we'll have sex with him, tomorrow." "That's for him..." Becky chuckled. "This one's for *me*..."

Closing her eyes, Becky concentrated...

...and had just enough time to gasp in shock as the whirlwind rippled over her body, twisting and reshaping it. She experienced the sensation that had become familiar to Matt as her body writhed and reshaped itself... and a minute later, the place where she had stood was occupied by a look-alike Matt...

Well, not quite. The new man Becky had become was similar to Matt's original form... but more muscular, and definitely better endowed. It was easy to see this... since Becky had neglected to imagine any clothing, so intent had she been on focusing on the new skill and the 'limitation' she'd wanted for Matt. Now, the naked, remarkably well-endowed man gasped and looked down at himself in shock.

"What the hell...?" He stammered. "Why.. Why did I change?"

"I don't know..." The female Matt said, eyeing Becky's most definitely masculine new body. "...but I like it..."

"Stop that!" The new man commanded, seeing the unthinking desire in the sexy woman's eyes.. and finding himself responding to it, unwillingly. "This isn't what I wanted..."

She paused.. then her face twisted in frustration. "Dammit - I can't change myself!"

"Give me the ring, Becky - I'll change you back." Donna suggested, though she was eyeing Becky's new body with a thoughtful look of her own.

The new man's lips twisted again. "i.. I can't. I.. I need to stay like this.. dammit!"

"Well, let's not waste it..." Matt said, seductively, slowly and sensuously approaching Becky with a sensual gleam in her eyes.

"Matt! Stop it!" Becky commanded.. but it was weakly said, and her large, thick cock was rapidly hardening as her altered sexual outlook caused her to feel a wave of desire for the woman.

"Don't call me Matt..." She breathed, huskily, lost in the mindless desires of her new body with a naked man so close, and so obviously aroused. "You're 'Matt'. I'm Melissa... and I want you..."

"No..." Becky/Matt protested, weakly, as Matt/Melissa slid one glove-encased arm up his muscular new arm. "This.. This is all wrong..."

then she stopped arguing - because Melissa's full, soft lips had covered her, and she was kissing him passionately.

His newly created skills kicked in - and he kissed back, with as much incredible skill as she possessed, the two of them experiencing the most incredible, passionate, pleasurable kiss they'd ever experienced, tongues writhing in a dance of pure pleasure..."

"Uh, I think I.. Uh, Donna and I are going to, uh..." Jan said, blushing, as she jerked a hand in the direction of the stairs. The two entwined lovers didn't notice - nor did Donna, who was staring at the gender-switched couple with a silly grin. Jan grabbed the taller woman's arm and all-but-dragged her toward the stairs, until Donna's trance broke and she followed Jan upstairs.

The two people in the living room noticed none of this... or, rather, the four people in the living room didn't, as that was the truth of the situation. In a very real sense, the 'real' Matt and Becky were passengers in their own bodies, the wished-for sexual desires and changes (in both cases, accidentally), now ruled their bodies, running them autonomously... while the original persona's did nothing but experience the incredible, skilled pleasure as their bodies moved slowly and in perfect sync towards the couch, the kiss lingering on hungrily as they both stripped off the clothing that covered Melissa's lush new body.

By the time they reached the couch, only a few feet away, her body was completely bare and gleaming in the light spilling in from the hall, nobody having bothered to turn on the lamp in the room when they'd come in. Still moving as if in psychic contact with each other's libido, the sank down onto the couch, hands roaming over each other's idealized body.

"Mmm... yes..." Melissa moaned, in pleasure, as Matt's lips found her nipples and suckled on the large, engorged pink nubs. "Um... don't stop..."

His hand's were massaging her ass at the same time, her laying on top of him - and her breasts were large enough that, with a little careful positioning, she could shift herself up and over, her hands going to his crotch and grasping the base of his

huge, throbbing cock. She paused, his lips still on her nipple, his hands suddenly still on her ass...

As both inner persona's managed to reach out and grasp control of their rampant bodies, the hesitation enough to give them a sudden burst of will.

"I... I don't want to..." Melissa gasped, struggling for control of her body's nearly overpowering urge to thrust itself on the cock whose head was lightly nudging her wet new opening. "...don't want to.. stop. I.. I want to... Feel you..."

Matt gasped. "Me... too..."

The hesitated for an instant longer, each trying to determine whether it was the 'real; person in the other body giving permission...

Then Melissa smiled broadly -and thrust herself downward, impaling herself willingly, eagerly, on the thick organ, crying out in pleasure as it filled her fully but not painfully.

"Yes, oh yes...!" she cried, and began to flex her long, tautly-muscle legs, driving herself atop Matt as he matched his body to her rhythm expertly, each increasing the pleasure of the other as they cried out in mingled ecstasy...

Then, after what seemed an eternity - yet too soon - they reached the peaks of their own pleasure at the same instant, and muscles tensed and bunched beneath glistening sweat-sheathed skin as their backs arched and they screamed together in pure, orgasmic ecstasy, the 'magic' that made their bodies writhe now more mundane in nature than that of the ring... but no less powerful, for all that.

\* \* \* \* \*

The screams of exquisite pleasure could be heard quite clearly in the bedroom upstairs...

...but the room's occupants didn't notice, Jan's fiery head moving busily at Donna's crotch, while the brunette was returning the favor. Because of their disparate heights, it took a bit of contorting... but the two girls had quite a bit of experience, and the practice definitely paid off...

\* \* \* \* \*

"Let me look..." Jack said, anxiously, to Mark, who was gazing in the lens of the camera, finger almost obsessively slamming down on the button over and over, the drive-motor of the large film-cartridge whirring as he recorded the two girls on film for 'posterity'.

He didn't even hear his friend's pleas, his free hand slipping down to his crotch as he watched the crystal-clear and up-close view the camera/scope provided...

\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*\_\*

"Mmmmm...." Donna said, helping her friend and lover towel off after a very... stimulating morning shower. "That's a hell of a lot better an eye-opener than any cup of coffee will ever be."



"Yeah... but two many guys serve up 'instant' these days." Jan giggled. "I think maybe Becky had a good idea with what she planned to do last night with Matt. Maybe we should ask 'Melissa' how it was..."

"I think they kept going all night." Donna said, as they helped each other dress, hands occasionally straying from strict 'assistance' to something a little more... 'friendly'. As Jan slipped into her high-heeled shoes, she was suddenly a lot closer to Donna's height - so the brunette took advantage of the fact, pausing for a long, slow kiss before slipping on her own shoes.

"To bad we have to head back for work." Jan said, as they headed for the stairs. "I would have liked to fulfill our little deal with Matt..." Donna giggled. "That's assuming he's back to being male, honey."

"Oh, I'm sure he is. Becky would have turned him male again after the four hours was up and she could be..." Jan stopped, a worried look coming over her face. "Oh, God - what if she couldn't? What if Matt's stuck in that body?"

Donna's eyes widened at the thought, and they shared a look of apprehension as they rushed down the stairs and into the kitchen...

"Hey... what's the rush?" Becky asked, turning from the stove, where bacon and eggs were busily frying up in pans. Dressed in a borrowed bathrobe, the petite looked indecently clean and fresh-faced, the magic of the ring as good - or better - than a shower.

"Maybe they're in hurry to get out before... uh, I bring up the matter of last night's agreement." Matt said from where he sat at the table, coffee in hand. He grinned wickedly at the girls.

"Whew..." Donna sighed. "Jan and I were worried that you might be stuck as Melissa." Becky and Matt shared a look - and laughed.

"Oh, I don't think it would have been as calamitous as you make it sound." Matt said, with a grin. "I can honestly say that I acquired a new... appreciation for the opposite gender last night."

"Well - It's still good that the ring changed you both back." Jan said. "What happened, anyway?"

Becky grinned. "Well, it was in the cistern, right? And it stopped changing M..att when it got wet with beer, right...?" Donna blinked - and grinned. "So - getting it wet is like, uh..."

"A reset button!" Jan supplied, snapping her fingers.

"Yup." Becky agreed. "It even gets rid of the 'no duplicate' rule - you can change back into the same body as before after getting it wet. The way we figure it, the original owner must have been wetting it and it slipped down the pipe... luckily for us. This has been a blast."

"No kidding..." Jan grinned. "We're kinda pissed that we've got to head back. It's be a blast to play around some more."

"Oh, no problem..." Matt said, digging into a pocket. There was a metallic 'tink' as he flipped his thumb... and Donna barely managed to catch the ring as it sailed towards her.

"What...?" Donna asked, surprised.

Becky grinned. "Well, we figure we'll share the ring. How's the first weekend of each moth sound?" Jan blinked. "What do you mean... we can take the ring?"

"Sure." Matt agreed, smiling. "You girls use it for a month. Make sure that the right weekend is free, and come on down. We'll spend the weekend having some fun, then we'll keep the ring for the next month... and we'll keep doing it for as long as all four of us are having fun."

"You just have to promise to keep it our little secret." Becky said, serving Matt his breakfast and sitting down with her own. "I'm insulted you even had to say it." Donna said in mock indignation. "You know us better than that, Becky."

"This is great..." Jan said, nudging her bisexual friend and making a suggestive movement of her hand at her crotch. "We might never date anybody else again..."

Donna laughed. "Well, we'd love to stay and thank you properly, but we have to go - we've got a long drive ahead of us, and we work tomorrow."

"No problem. Keep in touch..." Becky said, as they all said good-bye. Matt and Becky walked to the back door and saw them off, waving as the car pulled out and headed off.

They turned to grin at each other.

"Think we should have told them?" 'Matt' asked, slipping a hand around the woman's slender waist.

"Hell no." 'Becky' replied, with a wicked grin. "If we want to spend the next month as each other, it's none of their damned business." Turning, they stepped back into the house, closing the door behind them...



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: Mistaking her boyfriend dressed for costume party as someone he is having an affair**

with, one woman puts a curse on him making him change into the bimbo that his image presents.

## A Woman Scorned

---

**By Gunslinger**

*'Hey, beanpole - just calling to make sure you haven't broken a leg or died, or something.'*

Mark laughed and eased his gangly frame into the aging office chair that sat in front of the small desk the held his phone. Pulling his bathrobe a little closer around his tall, narrow body to conserve what little warmth remained from the hot shower he'd just taken, he considered which greeting was just right for the circumstances...

"Hey yourself, Andy. You busy boffing your dog, or can you talk a bit?"

Mark could see his muscular, dark-haired Italian friend rocking back in his chair as his laughter crackled over the line. *'Hey - Rover's a better lay then any of your ex-girls, man - trust me, I know.'*

*And that's one for Andy*, Mark thought to himself with a wry grin. The old 'dog boffing' line was standard, and Antonio DeMarco ('Andy' was his nick-name, short for Neanderthal) had zinged back a good one - because his 'dog' was a giant, bright red stuffed doll that sat in the corner of his room.

*'Just thought I'd make sure you were still making the big bash tonight, buddy.'* Andy said. *'Still looks like it's gonna be the biggest party this year.'*

"Wouldn't miss it for the world." Mark assured his friend. "Leaving in about two hours, as a matter of fact."

*'Good, good.'* Andy replied in a tone of voice that indicated there was another reason he was calling. A second later: *'Uh... just wondering what you got.'*

Mark blinked. "Got?"

A sigh. *'Right, I know we're not supposed to tell each other what costumes we're wearing - it'd screw up the prizes. But, I mean, we're best friends and all...'*

Mark's stomach clenched. "Costume?"

Missing the startled confusion in his friend's voice, Andy answered with good-humored resignation. *'Okay - I always knew you were too honest for your own good, anyway. Doesn't matter - my little outfit's gonna blow yours outta the water, so you ain't even in the running. Sorry, buddy.'*

"Uh..." Mark replied, his mind busy running back over what he'd been told about the party when Lisa - the girl throwing it - had rattled off the info over the phone when she'd semi-reluctantly invited him, because he was Andy's friend. His stomach

began to clench tighter when he began to vaguely remember her saying *something*....

Mistaking his friend's silence, Andy continued talking in a pacifying tone. '*Hey, at least your costume get's you in the gate - and that's really all that counts, right?*'

"*Oh, shit.*" Mark whispered as it clicked. Tonight - Friday - women could 'come as they were' - but guys *had* to be in costume, or 'no admittance'.

'*You say something?*' Andy asked, not catching the whispered comment.

"Uh." Mark's mind raced. "That was Carrie at the door to say good-bye - I gotta go. See you tonight, 'kay?"

'*Sure th..*' Andy's reply was cut short as Mark slammed the phone down, heart pounding.

"shit, Shit, SHIT, **SHIT**, **SHIT!**" Mark bellowed angrily to the uncaring ceiling, his face going red beneath his brush-cut blond hair. "How could I forget it's a god DAMN costume party?"

Taking a deep breath to calm himself as best as possible, the skinny young man removed his horn-rimmed glasses and idly polished them with the fuzzy hem of his robe, doing more damage then good as his mind struggled with a way to make things right. With two hours before he had to leave - and no 'ready' cash - he had to find a costume or he'd miss the biggest party of the year.

Bare feet slapping on the floor, Mark began to pace as he slid the glass back onto his nose, his angry redness slowly fading to his usual pallor. He muttered to himself, his long, narrow fingers through the scrub of hair that barely covered his scalp. (When he was young, the length and slenderness of those fingers had prompted his mother to enroll him in piano lessons, sure that such fingers were a 'sign from God'. Mrs. Garland kept the lessons up long after it was obvious that her son had no talent for piano, unwilling to believe that such fingers couldn't 'tickle the ivories'. It wasn't until years later that she finally learned that those same fingers were exceedingly skilled at using the keyboard of the computer - small consolation.)

"What the hell am I gonna do?" Mark asked himself, shaking his head. Then he stopped pacing suddenly, so distracted that he didn't even notice the fact that he was standing with his right foot hovering in mid-air, still prepared to take the next stride - which didn't come.

"Of course!" Mark said to himself, snapping his fingers. He headed for the door of his basement apartment...

...then, blushing, hurried into the bedroom of the tiny apartment and changed quickly into jeans and a T-shirt. Slipping bare feet into a pair of loafers, the tall, skinny youth left his apartment and looked carefully up and down the hallway, seeing no-one - as expected. He was the only one inhabiting any of the four apartments that lined the south-side of the dimly lit basement level of the five-story apartment building.

On the north side were various doors - extra storage for tenants and the building's super, who also stored items left

behind by previous tenants for the specified three months in the off chance that the prior owners would wish to claim them.

The doors themselves were standard interior doors with simple locks on them - much like keyed bathroom doors, for example. Fairly easy to get into, if somebody with a simple toolkit and a bit of basic knowledge really wanted too.

Mark really wanted to.

But, as Andy had pointed out, Mark was a basically honest person - he couldn't even consider breaking into the assigned storage for current tenants. But the larger room in the center, where stuff was held - now that was another story. Legally, after three months, any abandoned property became the property of the building's owner. In actual fact, the super cleaned the room out every six months or so, throwing out anything older than three months. So, Mark was able to convince himself that finding and taking anything in boxes destined to be thrown away really didn't constitute theft. He even managed to convince himself - as he jimmied the lock - that he wasn't 'breaking and entering', since he was a tenant in the building, and legally allowed access to 'public' locations - he simply stretched the definition of 'public' to mean - not actually rented by somebody.'

Flicking on the overhead light, Mark closed the door behind him and locked it, then walked to the back of the room. He knew that the super stored the oldest boxes at the back, so that's where he'd start. Picking the box at the back right corner, he pulled it off the second box on which it rested and carried it to the somewhat unsteady kitchenette table that was in the middle of the room. Seating himself on the scarred and ripped chair at the table, he quickly went through the items in the box, hoping to find something that could be the basis of a costume - any sort of costume. He had no idea what he was looking for, really - he was hoping inspiration would strike. Maybe he'd find some outlandish clothes close to his size, or maybe something that could make a kind of 'hippie' outfit - he was desperate enough for almost anything.

The first box was cheap, useless kitchen ware. Returning the box, he traded it for another and continued his search.

Box by box, he worked his way through the discarded items left by previous tenants - and discovered why they'd been discarded. It was a pitiful collection of things that were not in bad enough condition to qualify as immediate garbage that nobody would ever come back for - but there was also nothing of any real value, either. Slowly, a pitifully small pile of objects that might be useful began to accumulate at his elbow as he weeded through the refuse of people he'd never met, hoping against hope that the next box would hold something better.

Then, eventually, there *was* no 'next box' - and Mark eyed the collection of items he'd managed to gather with a sigh. About half-way through his search, a pattern had begun to form as to what had been available, and what he could do with it - but he'd delayed seeing the obvious until he had no choice to face it. From what he had to work with, there was really only one 'costume' that could be made from what he had to work with.

Mark would have to go in drag.

"Well..." he repeated philosophically, "...at least it'll get me in the gate."

Shaking his head, he went through the pile again, this time picking the items that he would need for the specific costume - the majority of what he'd found.

He considered for a moment, thinking about bringing it back to his apartment to put together - but there was more stuff here than he could carry, and he didn't know what would fit and what wouldn't. he didn't want to keep running back and forth to his apartment with loads of 'pilfered' items - especially since the store-room door locked automatically, meaning he'd have to 'pick' the lock each time he came back. Now, he made sure that the door was locked and - heart going a mile a minute and blushing furiously - Mark quickly undressed and began to put on his 'costume'.

The first part of it was an odd piece of... 'clothing', he guessed. It was a pair of 'pantyhose' that he guessed were medical or something, as they were latex rather than nylon. Kind of like surgical gloves, but for the legs. They were that unrealistic color known as 'flesh', but close enough for what he had in mind.

It took quite a bit of work to get the tight-fitting, elastic leggings into place, as they had to be worked carefully up his legs to keep from breaking or snapping back painfully. Finally, though, he managed to get them all the way up to his waist, leaving him with a lower half that looked like an enlarged Barbie-Doll - shiny and somewhat unrealistically colored, and anatomically incorrect.

There was also a few items of cheap furniture in the room, and one of them was a scratched full-length mirror in a cheap plastic 'brass' frame. A critical look showed that the effect was as bad as he'd feared - and worse, from another point of view.

"Okay - well, time to set that right." Mark said, somewhat sarcastically - he really didn't want to. But the lure of the party was greater than the embarrassment of doing his 'best' to look female, so he moved on to the next step.

The next step destroyed many illusions about some of the women who walked the streets. Now he would no longer be quite sure if he could believe what he was seeing - because the item that came next cast it all into doubt.

The tattered box that held it called it a 'Power-shaper' - which was probably a brand-name, Mark thought, rather than an actual name for the item. The item inside was an odd garment, designed to fit the body from halfway up the chest to just above the knees, sort of an extra-high-waisted pair of shorts. But what the garment actually was intended for was different than any shorts.

Because there was padding at the hips, thighs and ass, and the upper part - that went over the waist - had heavy-duty lacing in its canvas construction. It was a garment designed to fool the eye into thinking the body was better than it really was.

Which, in Mark's case, was even more illusionary.

The tight crotch of the garment required Mark to grimace and tuck his cock and balls between his legs before he could fully position the garment in place. It looked odd on him, the padding on the ass, thighs and hips too obvious. Another grimace accompanied the act of lacing the upper half as tightly as possible, constricting his waist and making him feel short of breath. The mirror showed that - this time

- the effect was slightly better, if just as patently artificial. A fact that would be hidden by the feminine pair of tapered slacks that he slid on...

...or tried to. They were too small - both in length and in girth. When he'd read the side of the waist and hips, he figured he could get by pretending that they were 'pedal-pushers' - but he'd neglected to consider the extra padding the power-shaper gave, and there was now no way that they'd fit.

The only other choice was a skirt - a blue denim skirt that was - in his opinion - 'way too short'. The thought that - if it had been on a woman - he would have thought it was just fine never really occurred to him.

However, it was Hobson's choice. The slacks were out, unless he lost the padding. He considered that option quite seriously for a few minutes - then sighted gustily and undid the body shaper, slid it off - and pulled off the leggings.

Then he pulled the body shaper back on, grimacing again as he repositioned his manhood. He left the top undone to make it marginally easier to get the leggings back on, then sucked in his skinny waist and did the cincher up as tight as he could get it, the leggings now hiding the bottom half of the body shaper and producing an 'agreeably' feminine shape that Mark felt distinctly uncomfortable about.

Which made him re-adjust his plans slightly. He hadn't planned on wearing the pair of black nylons he'd found - but, due to the artificial sheen of the latex, and the 'off' color, he sucked it up and slid the nylons on, one at a time. They were black, with a seam running up the outside of each one that was a floral sort of thing between borders, interspersed with the words 'Sweet Thang' in a feminine script, and were held in place high on his re-shaped thighs by built in elastic strips under sewn-on hot-pink ribbons with little bows at the back. He grimaced as he pulled them up and carefully smoothed the seams straight, having used the simple expedient of treating them as 'very long socks' as he put them on, balling them up and slowly working them up the slick surface of the latex covering his legs, which also assisted in keeping them 'run-free'.

Next he looked for his 'tits'. He didn't have much to choose from, as the couple of bras he found were of a band-and-strap size that made them useless. After a couple of minutes thought, he worked out a compromise. He stuffed a large beach towel of the same size into each of a pair of frayed pillow cases he'd found. He then tied the open ends together and pushed the towels inside into mounds before tying the other ends into knots. Using some string he'd found, he formed back and shoulder straps for the make-shift 'padded bra' - and had to laugh at the sight of a pair of stuffed, floral-print pillowcases hanging on his chest.

He then pulled on the denim skirt, which fit tolerably well on his padded-and-crimped figure. That too-dark blue that had been out of style for a couple of years now, the denim skirt was a type that had a brass zipper that ran right up the front, from waistband to hem, with the zipper head hanging at the bottom when it was fully closed. For his upper half, he pulled on the full-length, emerald-green cable-knit turtle-neck sweater he'd found, hiding the bulk of his body under the garment, which rose convincingly over the large mounds of his 'tits'.

"Gee - bigger than a triple-'D', I'd say." Mark said, eyeing the result in the mirror. He didn't know much about women's bra-sizes, but the mounds on his chest were bigger than the largest size he'd seen outside of a men's mag. Himself, he was a firm believer in the 'more than a handful is a waste' theory - but the 'oversized' breasts were okay for the costume look he was going for.

Then came the 'fiddling' work. He started with the cheap make-up kit he'd found, designed as a teen-aged girl's 'starter'



set - complete with rudimentary instructions. It also came with such things as fake eyelashes and press-on nails.

He started with the make-up itself, referring often to the sketchy instructions. He carefully applied a gloss pink lipstick, using it to make his lips look fuller than they really were. He then applied eyeshadow in a pale bluish color - too much, actually, but he didn't realize that. Then came some foundation and blush, applied with an awkward, embarrassed hand.

Then he carefully applied the long, thick fake lashes, fluttering his eyes at the reflection in the mirror. His original hesitation and embarrassment had faded to lower - but still present - levels, as he started to get a 'kick' out of the whole routine - which in itself was embarrassing. But, Hell - lots of guys went in drag for costume parties, some time in their life. He'd get ribbed for it - but it would get him into the party...

He then rummaged through the small pile of cheap plastic jewelry he'd found, picking a pair of gaudy 'gold' hoop earrings that he clipped to his lobes, hissing slightly as they 'bit'. He also pulled on an equally gaudy 'gold' bracelet and two cheap rings.

With a sigh, he regarded the three pairs of shoes he'd found, then shrugged. Picking the pair of sneakers, he quickly verified his first assumption - they were way too small. The second pair of shoes, strappy sandals, also fit too painfully to wear, even though he could force his feet into them.

Which left him no choice. With a deep sigh, he pulled on the black 'leather' boots. They came to his knees, flaring at the front and dropping at the back. The worst part of that particular footwear, however, was the fact that they were platforms, with seven inch stiletto heels.

Shaking his head, he walked to the mirror, and looked again. Now the 'illusion' was even more pronounced - he looked like a tall, slender woman with a mannish face, black horn-rimmed glasses and really short blonde hair - a butch. But, from the neck down, the figure was feminine enough, especially with the padding and cinching of the body-shaper, and the over-sized bust. The padding under the nylon-clad latex leggings made his thighs look shapely enough, and the knee-high, gloss-black boots hid the shape of his lower legs.

The fact that he could stand and move fairly easily in the extremely high heels was an even bigger embarrassment than simply having to wear them. It was a secret he kept closely held that his mother had forced him to take two years of ballet after seeing some Russian dancer being interviewed on TV. He'd named the figure he earned for what he did - and poor Mark went to ballet. Now those classes made it only mildly difficult to move in the heels, and quite easy to stand still.

Next, Mark carefully applied the gloss-pink press-on nails from the kit, working slowly and carefully. After that, the only remaining step was to pick up the item that had started the whole line of thought in his head in the first place.

It was a wig. Long, black hair that hung to mid-back, cut shorter and straight across the forehead and long on the sides. He set it carefully in place and eyed his reflection through his glasses, deciding that it was good enough.

Leaving aside the black 'leather' purse he'd found, he opened the nearest boxes and began stuffing the unused items into them. Just as he was finishing, he hissed in pain as something sharp in the box sliced a small cut into the flesh on the side of his left hand. Shaking his hand in pain, he eyed the slowly oozing cut, which was little more than a short paper cut - painful, but that

was all.

He finished stuffing the rejected items into boxes, then picked up the purse. Dropping his glasses into them, he headed for the now- blurry outline of the door....

\* \* \* \* \*

Carrie hummed to herself as she headed home from work. She was in a fairly good mood, all told - but she was slightly disappointed that her boyfriend, Mark, was going to be out-of-town for the weekend at some big party. One that she hadn't been invited to go too. Knowing that Mark had gotten the invitation reluctantly as it was, she didn't press him to try and get her one, too - and Mark rarely got a chance to visit Antonio anymore, as they lived a five hour drive apart. The party was taking place about midway between where the two cities, and lasted all weekend - and Carrie figured she could spare her man that long.

As she passed Mark's apartment building - as she did every day after work, due to the route she took home - she instinctively glanced at the parking lot - and did a double-take to see Mark's aging Corolla still in the lot. Glancing at the dashboard clock, she assured herself that he should have left a good twenty minutes ago.

Worried that he might be having car trouble, Carrie did a U-turn and pulled into the parking lot of the building. Climbing from her car, she pulled open the door to the building and went down the flight of steps just inside, her sneaker-clad shoes almost silent on the metal risers...

Two steps from the bottom, Carrie stopped dead and watched in shock. A tall, busty woman was just reaching Mark's door. Dressed in cheap - slutty, Carrie thought - clothing and make-up, the big-titted bitch opened the door to *her* boyfriend's apartment and walked in as if she owned the apartment and had every right to just walk in.

Stunned, and telling herself that this couldn't possibly be what she thought it was, she crept slowly down the hall...

\* \* \* \* \*

In his apartment, Mark made his way to the bathroom and picked up a small box.

He didn't often wear contacts, because he didn't like how they felt. And he'd never worn these ones, which had come free with the pair he'd bought - but now he slipped them carefully in place.

Not only did the world snap back into focus, but his watery blue eyes now looked to be a rich emerald green. Heading out to the main room, he caught sight of himself in the full-length mirror on the back of the door.

Stopping just in front of it, he struck an exaggerated pose, felling embarrassed, giddy, excited, naughty - and a million other things.

"Oh, baby - you're hot." He told the reflection with a smile. He reached up and hefted the fake tits through the sweater. "And I just love your big, firm tits - I'm a real tit-hound, you know..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Eyes wide and face dark with anger, Carrie yanked her ear away from the door as she heard her boy... ex-boyfriend's comments to the hussy who'd just walked in.

She was fuming. To think - all the times he'd seemed sincere when she'd agonized over her smallish bust, he was secretly wishing they were silicone-stuffed orbs like some... some...

She was just about to bang angrily on the door and give Mark a piece of her mind when she spotted a droplet of fresh blood on the door-knob, and recalled the way the woman he jerked her left hand when she'd opened the door - the blood had to be hers, as the drop hadn't even finished its slide down the curved surface to fall to the ground.

Slowly, an unpleasant smile surfaced on Carrie's face. From her pants she pulled a crumpled but clean tissue and carefully collected the drop of blood.

"Oh... just you wait..." She whispered in a vengeful tone, tuning and storming out to her car, eyes burning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shaking his bewigged head at the image in the mirror, Mark turned away...

...and caught sight of the clock.

"Oh - shit!" He swore vehemently. Quickly he gathered up his wallet, watch, keys, etc. and dumped them into 'his' purse. Then he grabbed the bag of clothing he was taking with him and hurried out to his car.

He didn't see Carrie's car as it just pulled onto the street and headed away, and she - fuming - didn't notice him/'her' sliding behind the wheel and sighing in relief as the car started on the first try. Seconds later, he also pulled out onto the street, heading in the opposite direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three hours - and one very awkward rest-stop - later, Mark pulled up to the gate that barred access to the remote family cabin Lisa was using for the party.

Mark felt utterly ridiculous - and scared. His heart was pumping quickly at the thought of getting to the party and having to go around like this until midnight - nearly five hours. He'd already experienced the feeling, in a sort of 'preview', when he'd had to take a piss - and

realized what sort of sight he'd make. He'd finally opted to stop at a little picnic area off the highway, and had sat in the car and stewed while making sure the coast was clear. Then - red faced - he'd hurried to the foul-smelling men's toilet - where he'd quickly discovered a problem with the arrangement he was wearing. It had taken him (seemingly) forever to get most of the outfit off so he could free his cock and piss, then get everything back.

But that hadn't been half as bad as exiting the Men's room to find a guy waiting to use the 'one holer'. The guy had done a startled double take when 'she' had come out - then watched 'her' with a wary eye as she returned - blushing - to the car and

pulled away. Mark didn't know whether or not the man's inability to decided whether it had been a woman using the Men's room or a guy in drag was good or not, under the circumstances.

The rest of the drive - even without having to deal with 'The Public' was bad enough in and of itself. The outfit he was wearing wasn't terribly comfortable - physically or emotionally - and he was constantly aware of the way he was dressed from such 'subtle' hints as the pain in his feet from the high-heels, the way the belt across his chest felt through the padding of his bust, and the strange - and uncomfortable - way he sat with the padded ass he was wearing. He'd driven with uncommon courtesy and respect for the rules of the road, deathly afraid of being pulled over by a cop while in this get-up. Sure, there was a legitimate reason for him to be going around in drag - but that didn't make him feel and more comfortable about it.

And, a few moments from now, he'd be in the public eye once more - and that fact was making him sweat.

The 'guard' at the gate had obviously passed through most of the people who were coming, and was 'kicking back' while waiting for any straggles. Leaning back in a chaise lounge, a bottle of Colt .45 beer between his legs, he was watching one of those tiny, hand-held TV's, complete with a little ear-bud headphone in his ear. When Mark pulled up to the gate, he didn't even look up from the tiny LCD screen, merely holding out one hand and grunting "Invitation".

Wordlessly, Mark handed over the slip of paper. The guard flicked a glance at it and - without ever having looked at Mark - kicked the counter-weight that caused the gate to swing open. Mark quickly drove through before the gate hit the end of it's run and began to swung back, then slowed as the car squeaked and squealed over the rough road that led down to the large, somewhat run-down cabin owned by Lisa's family. Well before he was within sight of the lodge-like building, the roadway opened into a large field, where a good two dozen cars were parked, and Mark slipped his car into an empty space. Taking a deep breath for courage, he shut off the ignition, grabbed his small bag, and stepped out of the car.

He headed down the path as twilight settled in over the lake and surrounding area. He walked slowly and carefully, scared of turning an ankle in the high-heeled boots on a rough path -= and in no hurry to reach the clearing at the edge of the lake that held the lodge and it's yard. Music drifted on the cooling breeze, as well as the conversations of thirty or forty party-goers, some of them already fairly deep in their cups. The closer he drew to the sound - and the flickering lights of the bamboo torches that illuminated the area - the more nervous and embarrassed Mark became, wondering whatever had possessed him to lower himself to this...

Then he stopped and took a deep breath, reminding himself. It was only for a few hours - and in exchange, he was spending a weekend at a party paid for entirely by one wealthy - and, in his opinion, spoiled - young woman who was supplying everything. A little humiliation was a fair price for more of a social life then he'd had in a while, he figured. Basically shy and quiet, the only sort of social life he'd had in the past couple of years was his girlfriend, Carrie - who, herself, was a bit 'off', if a fairly good date.

Heart rate slowing - but never reaching 'normal' - Mark squared his shoulders under the thick fabric of the sweater and continued onward.

\* \* \* \* \*

Flames flickered in the black candles that marked the edges of the pentagram, sending a dancing golden glow over her nude skin as Carrie lowered herself to the center of the design on the floor of her apartment.

It had taken quite awhile to get everything right for what she was about to do - but the fact that she worked at an Occult Shop made obtaining the correct materials easier than for most, saving her a bit of time.

Looking over everything spread around her, she fingered a few of the rather arcane items, and then lifted the Kleenex that held the drop of blood.

“Cheat on me, will you?” She hissed, her anger still burning hot. “Well, you’ll get yours - and that bimbo you’re with will get hers, too.”

Satisfied with her preparation, she closed her eyes as she sat cross-legged in the circular design, and began to chant in a rolling, sonorous voice...

\* \* \* \* \*

Reaching the edge of the clearing, Mark looked out at the crowd of people dancing, drinking and talking in the glow of the torches spread out around the cabin and reaching down to the wide, sandy beach, where a blazing bonfire was just being lit to combat the chill that was coming with the deepening dark of night.

Mark’s hands felt like they were a Niagara Falls of sweat, and all that water seemed to be coming from his mouth, which was as dry as a bone. Gritting his teeth, he began to head towards the lodge, skirting around the outside of the circle of torches and avoiding the main mass of partying guys and girls, his small bag feeling like it weighed a ton.

“Hey - now that’s a whole lotta woman...”

Mark’s head whipped around to his right, a flush rising in his face as he turned to confront the person making the sarcastic remark - when something registered that surprised him.

It wasn’t sarcastic.

The speaker was emerging from the foliage outside the circle of light, obviously having answered the call of nature. He was swaying slightly as he peered at Mark, and held a bottle of beer in one thick hand. It was also obvious that he hadn’t clued in on the fact that Mark was a guy in drag, and the first emotional response Mark felt was disgust at being ‘too’ realistic...

...then the second one was a surge of hope as a thought occurred to him.

He was going to get a lot of ribbing about being dressed as a woman - but from what he’d seen, there were a few other guys who’d used the ‘drag’ dodge when they hadn’t been able to come up with a better costume. He’d already noted at least four others in the crowd, and the costumes they wore were pretty pathetic - basically a dress, and that was it.

In fact, there were a good many guys in cheesy costumes of all sorts, drag or not. Despite the fact it was embarrassing to be able to go ‘en femme’ so realistically, Mark had a bombshell drop on him as he realized that he could severely limit the jokes

and joshing he was going to take.

If he was careful, he could get through until midnight without being spotted as a guy - he could 'pass'. Stick to the dimly lit areas, don't talk much... it could work.

Considering the mostly cheep, pathetic costumes most guys had come up with - there was even a good chance that he could be in the running for one of the prizes at the midnight unmasking. Especially if he 'passed' until then. Go unnoticed for five hours, then unmask himself - it'd prove that his costume was good enough.

And... If he won a prize, anytime somebody started ragging on him over the weekend, he could just smile smugly and retort that he, at least, had won one of the prizes that was up for grabs. That'd probably shut them down pretty fast. Better still - as embarrassing and awkward as 'passing' would be, it would limit the ribbing he got - he'd expected it to start the instant he met another guest at the party. But, if nobody caught him, he could delay the start of the ribbing until his unmasking at midnight...

All this passed through Mark's mind in an instant as it burst on him like a blinding light of hope. With only a slight hesitation after the guy's comment, he forced his gloss-pink lips into a semblance of a smile.

"More then you can handle." He replied, struggling to speak in a quiet, feminine voice. Between the lack of volume and his struggle in pitch, what emerged was close enough to a husky, smoky feminine voice.

"Don't bet on it, honey." The guy said, his bleary eyes focused on the bulging sweater. That was all Mark needed to know - there was actually a chance he could pull this off.

Certainly not intending to flirt with the guy, Mark used that feminine tone to curtly excuse himself, then headed on towards the lodge - but this time, he made a conscious effort to move in what he thought was a feminine way, swaying his hips and swiveling them with each step, moving his torso and 'breasts' in a sort of rolling, circular motion, head up and arms swaying.

Of course, he didn't realize that he'd immediately fallen into the usual routine of first-time 'actors' - overacting. Whereas a woman's walk was a series of more subtle motions, Mark's looked blatant - 'she' was, as the saying went 'working it'. Blissfully, Mark didn't realize that he was walking like a hooker on the prowl - his face was flushed from the thought that he was forcing himself to move the way a woman 'normally' did as it was.

Climbing the steps to the lodge was an adventure in and of itself. The first step - his usual stride - nearly 'exposed' him, as the short skirt slid upwards as he lifted his boot-clad leg the way he always had. Hastily - sweating and blushing furiously - he lowered his leg and straightened the thick denim material, glancing around with a guilty, embarrassed look. Thankfully, nobody had seen his faux pas, and

he took the stairs more slowly and 'daintily', sort of swinging each foot onto the next step then bring the back foot up to that step as well - not on to the next one, as he'd always done before. It seemed to take forever to make it up the six steps, and then he was striding to the door of the large, log-sided structure, high-heels 'climp'ing on the boards of the deck.

Going inside, he found himself in a large living room, decked out in 'frontier' fashion, right down to the moose head on the

wall and crossed 'muskets' over the huge stone fireplace. A wooden staircase led to the 'balcony' on the second level, where a dozen doors led to bedrooms, and there were another dozen doors below them, on the ground floor, leading to smaller rooms.

There were a few people lounging in the furniture that dotted the large room, and Mark was grateful that - for 'atmosphere' - the lodge was lit only by the firelight and a few kerosene-filled hurricane lamps, keeping illumination to a bare minimum.

Picking the closest person - a slender brunette in a deep armchair, chatting with a taller redhead on the couch - Mark walked over, heart pounding behind the padding of his fake tits.

"Excuse me." He said quietly to the brunette, using the same husky 'female' voice. "Do you know where I can drop my bag?"

The girl barely glanced up. "I think most of the rooms have been claimed - but the big bedroom at the far right of the upper hall is the 'girls dorm' - see if there's an empty cot up there."

"Thanks." Mark said softly, heart beginning to slow as the girl didn't show any sign of thinking he was anything other than the tall, buxom woman he seemed to be...

...then it sped up rapidly as the girl looked upward, peering in the dim light in a futile effort to make out more detail in the dancing, flickering dimness. "By the way - something wrong with your voice?"

Forcing himself to remain calm, Mark essayed a smile. "Touch of laryngitis." Despite fear and embarrassment, he forced himself to go on the offensive, so to speak. "By the way - I'm Marcie."

The brunette tapped her chest where the T-shirt stretched over pert breasts. "Kara. And the quiet red-head's Colleen." "Nice to meet ya." Mark replied in the same soft, husky tone, hoping that it was enough. He turned away...

"Marcie!"

He turned back - and barely managed to catch the small, rectangular object that Colleen had hurled. He stared down at a package of Halls lozenges.

"Had laryngitis once - it bites." The redhead said, sympathetically. "Hope it clears up quickly."

"Thanks." Mark said - but the two girls were back in conversation with one another, waving at 'her' absently.

He'd gotten away with it. And it was a better 'defense' than his wildest dreams could have imagined. Mark had to keep a smile from spreading across his face as he climbed to stair and walked to the end of the hall - after all, even if he didn't win a prize, getting invited to spend the night in the girl's dorm was a coup in itself. Not that it would last - but the tale would be enough to earn him a kind of fame that would buffer the rest of the weekend.

Dropping his bag just inside the door of the currently empty 'dorm', Mark turned and headed back towards the stairs, slipping a Halls into his mouth for effect.

Unknowingly using the same, over-exaggerated 'feminine' walk - and garnering more than a few looks that he didn't



noticed ('intrigued' from the guys, mildly amused and/or disgusted from the girls), Mark made his way through the less crowded parts of the party towards the bar at the far end, near the beach.

The vaguely handsome guy playing bartender looked up as 'she' approached - but the gaze slid over the 'hooker' boots that so matched 'her' sexy 'come hither' sway, over the short skirt, to the large 'breasts' - and there it stopped.

"What can I get ya, gorgeous?" The man asked, a faint smile playing on the edges of his lips.

Catching the direction of the gaze, Mark felt a mixture of embarrassment and relief. "A screwdriver..." He said - then his mouth dropped open and one hand flew to the high collar of the sweater as his eyes bulged.

The man blinked and glanced up at the startled-looking 'woman', dimly seen in the light of the torches. "Something wrong?"

"My voice!" Mark said - and it emerged in the same rich, undeniably feminine tones that had come out when he'd named his choice of poison. With no effort, the tone was a definite, feminine contralto.

"Yeah...?" The bartender asked, his gaze flicking back and forth between 'her' poorly-lit face and the dancing shadows across 'her' bust line.

"Uh..." Mark stammered, mind whirling in confusion. "I... I had laryngitis - then somebody gave me a package of Halls - and one lozenge later, my voice is fine.." Mark managed the 'face saving' lie, still trying to deal with the feminine voice that slipped, unbidden, between his lips.

"Damn." The bartender said, taking the comment at face value. "You should do a commercial for them - that's incredible." He quickly mixed 'her' screwdriver, handing it to the stunned Mark.

He took the drink numbly, then faded back through the crowd, working his way to the darkened tree-line.

"Testing, testing..." He said quietly, his voice continuing to emerge in the same richly feminine tones. "What the fuck's going on here?" No matter how hard he tried, the voice was stuck in the same register and tones.

Then he rolled his eyes as the 'answer' came to him.

"Ha. Ha." He said wryly - in the female voice. He shook his head at the 'practical joke' that the red-head in the lodge had played on him - not unreasonably, he'd come to the erroneous conclusion that the 'lozenge' had done this. Some sort of trick or gag, that - on a 'real' woman - would have resulted in a voice like a helium-induced squeak.

Then he stopped - and began to grin. Maybe it would have been a great joke on anyone else - but for him, it was amazing luck. As bad as going in drag tonight was, he seemed to be getting all the breaks - because these 'gag' lozenges would help him keep his disguise intact.

Shaking his head, Mark dropped the rest of the pack of suspect lozenges into his purse, hoping that they'd last until midnight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Taking a deep breath, Carrie relaxed a bit, wondering if this occult stuff really worked. Personally, she kept an open mind, neither really believing or disbelieving in it, but curious about it.

A faint, humorless smile touched her lips. If this 'magic' really did work, then right about now Mark and his bimbo were trying to deal with the fact that she was now speaking in a voice fit for a bimbo. Carrie didn't know how high-pitched the bitch's voice had been to begin with - but it would be higher and sexier now, if the spell worked.

Then a thought increased the width of that cruel smile - maybe the bitch had been a soprano to begin with - in which case her voice was probably so high now that only dogs could hear it.

Shaking her head, Carrie took a short break before continuing...

\* \* \* \* \*

Mark weaved his way around the periphery of the party, trying to avoid direct patches of light that might reveal his features to those he passed.

A group of men clad in a variety of costumes was 'holding court' at the edge of the crowd of people, obviously deep in their cups. Still - Mark didn't want to push his way through the knot of men, for fear that one of them might make a pass at 'her' - although he felt reasonably safe around women, he didn't want to have his disguise disastrously broken.

There was no choice but to fade back into the woods a bit and detour around the knot of men - which Mark promptly did, moving through the darkened woods with the foliage brushing across his body with every step.

With the distracting sensation of the foliage touching his body, he never noticed the slight sensation that ran through his body as every single follicle of body hair lower than his eyelashes fell out, drifting unnoticed to the forest floor as his skin became smooth and soft and hairless. Completely unaware of the change, he threaded his way back into the clearing, staying on the edge of the party as he continued circulating, afraid of remaining in any one place too long.

Finishing the drink he held, Mark walked to one of the three other 'bars' and grabbed another screwdriver, risking a bit more exposure for the sake of another glass of 'Dutch Courage'. Then he once more faded away, trying to remain as inconspicuous as a tall, 'buxom', 'woman' could around groups of half-potted men.

Mark was halfway through the second screwdriver when Carrie's next little 'present' came into effect - and he almost dropped the glass as a strange itching sensation ran through his face. Placing the glass on a handy rock, he rubbed his face with a tired motion, not even noticing the altered contours below his fingers - because who expected to feel a face that had become undeniable feminine, with a pert nose, full lips, and large eyes surrounded by long lashes? The odd contours of his face and the swollen sensation of his lips he assumed were part of the effect of the alcohol hitting his system - after all, a couple of drinks always caused him to feel a little disconnected, his body seemed unlike its normal self - that was part of what being drunk was. So, instead of thinking about his face at all, he downed the rest of his drink and went back for a refill.

The bartender took the glass and began to fill it - and a gust of wind caused the torches to flare, exposing the woman's face more clearly. The bartender was gratified to see that the earlier half-light had been misleading - although she was a big woman, she definitely wasn't masculine looking in the face - she was actually quite sexy, with full lips that he immediately began to image sealed around his cock.

"So - I'm just doing this bartender routine for the hell of it." He said with a grin. "Bartender volunteers don't have to wear a costume."

"So I notice." Mark replied rather vaguely, not having caught the tone of the guy's voice - never having had the tone directed at himself before.

"So - after midnight, when it's safe for me to walk away from the bar, what say we... do something?"

It took a second for Mark to catch on - and he was glad that the briefly flaring torches had subsided, because the darkness hid a rising blush. "Maybe - I've had a couple of other offers." Mark lied, grateful for the 'convincingly female' voice that the 'lozenges' had given him. "Check back with me later."

Mark wandered away, mentally reminding himself to not only avoid that bar for the rest of the evening, but that guy for the rest of the weekend - after the midnight unveiling, he was sure to be pissed that a guy had let him hit on 'her'.

Deciding to lay low for a bit, Mark made his way to one of the bars he had not yet visited, hanging back from the torches as he asked for a screwdriver and two beers, making as if he was fetching drinks for 'herself' and a couple of guys - which also kept 'her' from getting hit on. Taking the three drinks, she faded back into the woods a bit, picking a spot on the edge of the beach and away from either the party of the people near the big bonfire on the beach near the lodge. He sipped at the beer, leaning back against the trunk of a tree and killing time by letting his mind wander.

That's when a strange sensation began to come from his chest.

Frowning, Mark sat up, hands going to the dark material of the sweater, and feeling the padding beneath it. His first thought had been that something was causing a reaction - maybe from the towels being musty. But the feeling wasn't exactly an itch, so much as a strange sensation of pressure...

Looking around, Mark made sure he was alone, then pulled the sweater up and undid the twine that held his 'tits' in place, laying them to the side as he stared at his chest. It didn't help much - it was just a lighter-colored blur in the darkness.

He put his hands against his chest - and barely managed to stifle a startled, horrified scream.

His nipples were distended - atop two small domes of flesh, about the size and shape of half golf-balls. But they weren't remaining that way, swelling steadily outwards against the palms of his hands as - numbly - he tried to push the swelling, sensitive lumps of flesh back into his chest, his mind spinning in confusion and disbelief.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Like having big tits, bitch?” Carrie grunted as she focused her mind on what she was doing. “Well, take this - another fifteen cup sizes, with nipples to match. You’ll be so big you won’t be able to stand up...”

She shut up her monologue taunts as she concentrated harder, then chuckled. “I’d like to see Mark’s face as his slut’s tits swell like balloons...”

\* \* \* \* \*

Mark’s face was locked in a rictus of horrified confusion as the flesh of his chest continued to swell outwards, forming what could only be breasts. They were already bigger than his girlfriend Carrie’s modest mounds - they must be at least a double-‘D’ by now, and will still swelling, the nipples tipping them keeping pace as they also grew.

“Stop...! Oh, God, no...!” Mark moaned softly in his newly feminine voice - the one that he was starting to doubt was the effect of a gag lozenge. No gag could cause what was happening now, and he was sure that the two events were connected.

Unsteadily, Mark pushed himself to his feet, cursing the heels he wore as he began to slowly make his way back towards the lodge, the flesh under his hands now the size of small melons, and still growing. The thick, sensitive nipples were engorged in the cool air, sticking out between the splayed fingers of hands that could no longer come close to containing the swelling mounds.

By the time he neared the tree-line, he was nearly in a full-blown panic, his steps awkward and short, his balance thrown off by the massive, heavy tits that now thrust proudly from his chest, the size and shape of medicine balls, tipped by enormous, thick, sensitive nipples. It was impossible - but it had happened, nevertheless. He’d grown huge, firm, sensitive tits.

Before breaking into the circle of light around the party, Mark paused and managed to regroup his thoughts a bit - enough to realize that he couldn’t wander around with the freakish masses of tit-flesh hanging out in full view. With considerable effort, he managed to get them stuffed under a sweater that was strained to the limit to hold them. He shuddered at the sensation created by the fabric moving over the engorged nipples as he pulled the sweater down, and even the quickest of glances would reveal the massive nipples poking impudent dents into the cable-knit surface.

Face looked in a stunned expression, barely able to keep his balance atop the heels against the top-heavy drag of the massive, firm boobs, Mark began to make his way around the edge of the party, being even more circumspect as he tried to make for his car.

If he thought he might have been rather conspicuous before, his attempt to slip unnoticed through the half-squiffed party-goers was doomed to failure from the very start. A swaying, staggering woman taller than most of the men, balanced atop high stiletto heels and sporting massive tits with obviously ‘excited’ nipples proudly displayed simply could not pass unnoticed. Her weaving and unsteady stance - as well as the look on her face - were immediately attributed to drunkenness - which immediately set men’s minds to thinking. Starting at a point nearest her and spreading through the crowd, heads turned in her direction, and raucous comments and cat-calls began to float through the air.

“Wow - look at the set...”

“.....love to bury my face in those...” “...Grand Canyon has nothing on you...” “Got Milk?”

“...baby, what say you and I...”

Faced with running a gauntlet of horny men, many of them leering at ‘her’ and gravitating in ‘her’ direction, Mark’s nerve broke - on top of everything else, this was just too much. Instead, he took the path of least resistance, altering his target and staggering towards the nearby lodge, dodging men who were leaning forward in the hopes of a quick grab.

Ducking through the doors, Mark ignored the looks shot in her direction and staggered across the length of the room, heels stuttering against the wooden floor. Reaching one of the two ground floor bathroom, he practically hauled aside the startled man just emerging from the small room and bolted inside, locking the door and slumping to a seat atop the great white throne, mind spinning in horror and confusion.

“What the hells happening to me?” He whispered to himself, winding at the sound of his feminized voice. He slumped forward, arms crossing under his massive new additions, increasing the strain on the sweater...

...which was just too much for the aging and worn garment. A tired, weakened thread, stretched to far, gave way with a muffled ‘pop’ that made mark sit up in surprise, unthinking taking a gasping intake of breath...

...which was the final straw.

Stunned, Mark could do nothing but stare down at his massively swollen chest as the aging sweater gave way under the stress, a muffled tearing sound accompanying the swelling hole that started in the space between his massive, sensitive new nipples and rapidly spreading outwards, exposing those accursed boobs to the cool air of the bathroom as he gaped down at the smooth, milky flesh of the unwanted globes.

“Oh, shit...” mark said in his feminine voice, hands flying up to the massive mounds and trying vainly to cover them.

“He was horrified to find himself near panicked tears, and new that if he lost control, he’d probably go insane. Closing his eyes, he took several deep breaths, trying to ignore the... ‘interesting’ sensations that created as he struggled to calm himself and find a way to deal with the inexplicable, impossible situation he found himself in the middle of.

Refusing to acknowledge his massive, heavy attributes for the minute, he instead concentrated on calming himself, his eyes wandering...

“What the...?” He gasped, then began to strip, in short order ending up naked in front of the mirror, staring at the soft, hairless skin that extended over every inch of his body, aside from a patch of pubic hair.

“What the hell’s happening?” He asked himself in a hoarse voice, stunned by the sight of his feminine-looking skin. He looked up to meet his tortured eyes in the mirror..

Part of the scream managed to escape from his throat before he could clamp down on it - but it was a weak, pathetic sound that couldn’t be heard outside the bathroom door over the music from outside. Mark’s heart skipped a good three beats

before resuming it's pumping, at three times it's previous rate as he gaped in horror at the completely unfamiliar - and feminine - face staring back at him in the mirror.

"No... No, this can't be happening..." mark whispered, trying for denial - and failing miserable, as there was just too much objective proof that this was, indeed, really happening to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Carrie was on a roll. With practice, the intense concentration needed for what she was doing was getting easier - and now that she'd started to vent her anger, it was feeding on itself, rising higher and higher, into a towering inferno of rage and desire for revenge. 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scored' was an old and well known adage - and Carrie truly believed she'd been scorned. Thrown over, betrayed, by Mark.

But it wasn't entirely Mark's fault - nor even mostly. Not to Carrie's way of thinking. She knew of Mark's lack of social life, and the way she saw it, he'd been helpless to resist the blatant advances of the unknown hussy she'd seen. Sure, she was angry at him, and would get around to making him pay for what he did - but, right now, all her attention was focused on making that slut pay for her crimes, and in her mind's eye she'd 'recreated' what 'must' be going on - Mark and this woman in his bedroom, now trying to deal with the fact that her tits must be the size of bean-bag chairs, her voice so high as to crack glass, and her face a ridiculous parody of sensuality.

And she was just getting warmed up. "Let's see how you deal with this, bitch..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Standing, stunned, in front of the mirror, Mark felt a strange rippling through his body, and gave a muffled groan as he suddenly bent over, terrible cramps assaulting his gut even as painful pressures and tugging occurred elsewhere on his body.

By the time he was able to straighten, he knew that something else had happened, and it was in a numb state that was nearly resigned acceptance, he stunned at his wide, womanly hips and firm ass below a tiny waist. Whatever was happening to him was an ongoing process, and it wasn't over yet - and, with all the 'hints' he'd had so far to determine the pattern, he saw the direction it was going.

Somehow, the universe was conspiring to make the 'costume' he wore a reality - and then some.

"I don't want to be a woman!" He whispered, ashamed to feel tears tricking from the corner of his eyes - or rather, the eyes of a feminine face that wasn't his, but now hung on the front of his skull, for all to see.

Angrily, he reached up and tore the wig from his head and tossed it atop the pile of clothes, revealing his own close-cropped hair and helping to dispel that disturbing attractiveness of his altered face a bit - not nearly enough, but at least it was a token protest of the inexplicable events that were rolling down on him like a curse from a vengeful God.

Then a sudden banging on the door almost put him into cardiac arrest. "Come on - you can't hog that bathroom all night!"

Wincing at the slurred, masculine voice, Mark fought for control. "I... I'll just be a couple of minutes." He called through the door. Then he slumped to the toilet and tried to figure out what the hell he should do now...

\* \* \* \* \*

Carrie was sweating, her naked body glistening in the flickering light of the candles as a manic grin rose on her lips. Her eyes were lit with an inner fire as she worked one spell after another, barely pausing to recover from the drain it took on her to create the magic.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mark grunted and his head jerked as long, dark hair spilled in front of his eyes. He reached up and fingered the long, silky strands, finding that the hair mimicked the color and style of the wig, not knowing that the intention had been to add that length to 'her' hair - as Carrie believed the wig to be - which would have left the hair nearly to the floor at the back, and hanging to her chin at the front. As it was, it was still thicker and 'nicer' than the wig had been - and it was anchored firmly to his head by incongruously blonde roots that only enhanced the 'real' look of the hair, as if she was a natural blonde who'd dyed her hair dark for whatever reason.

"I... I can't handle this..." mark said to himself - but even as the words emerged in that undeniable feminine voice, he was formulating a plan that would get him to his car. In his confused state, he latched onto that single thought with no logic to back it up - that if he could get away from the party, this would all end.

Rising from the toilet, he considered his options. There weren't many, so he was forced to do what he could in the few minutes he had.

He started by shoving the sweater, padded body-shaper, latex leggings, and wig into the cabinet under the sink, among the cleaning supplies that rested there. Hurriedly, he pulled on the nylons, underwear and skirt, then started to pull on the boots...

In his hurry, he hauled on the too-tight footwear's fake-leather upper half - which tore cleanly from the sole, leaving him staring at the ruined boot in frustrated anger. Quickly tossing the boots in with the rest of the stuff, he looked around frantically.

The bathroom was large, and quite a bit of it was taken up with space for changing into swim wear and the like. Despite the cool weather, a few hardy people were braving the lake tonight, and Mark looked at the small array of clothing left behind.

Ignoring the pain, he forced his feet into a too-small pair of black platform pumps with a seven inch stiletto heel, then looked for a top. None came close to fitting his massive tits.

The banging on the door came again, and Mark found himself become nearly frantic. Angrily, he grabbed a string-stile bikini top, and with a bit of work managed to get the skimpy blue fabric on - but the triangles of fabric barely covered his massive new nipples, and did nothing to disguise them while leaving most of the massive, firm globes freely visible.

Ignoring that for the moment, Mark looked at himself in the mirror quickly - he only needed to get to his car, and this



should.,...

...wait. His hands...

Angrily, he considered what to do about the masculine looking hands gracing his smooth, hairless arms. He considered ignoring it - but the last thing he wanted was anything to hold him up on his escape. A quick search of the bathroom revealed a pair of opera-length black satin gloves in a bin of odds-and-ends of clothing, such as boas and wraps. He pulled the gloves on, the black hue hiding the exact shape of his hands.

Unlocking the door, feet screaming in pain at being jammed in the small shoes. Mark stepped past a stunned man who gaped at the huge-breasted 'woman' who strode past, almost falling over on the first step...

\* \* \* \* \*

...Carrie segued into her next spell...

\* \* \* \* \*

Then catching her balance easily and moving towards the lodge's back door with an incredibly sexy, seductive stride, huge tits swaying enticingly as her firm, sexy ass worked under the tight denim skirt.

Mark was taken by surprise by the way his body was now moving easily and sensuously in a female manner, but couldn't take the time to think about it, any more then he could spend time considering that fact that the shoes now fit his feet perfectly - and he was pretty damned sure the shoes hadn't grown. Instead, each change made him more eager to escape and put an end to this horror.

\* \* \* \* \*

A cruel smile rode on Carrie's face at the thought of that bitch trying to stand under the double handicap of massive tits and what must now be almost infinitesimal feet. Especially since she'd altered the curve of those feet...

Hell - why stop there. Why not over-exaggerated her legs, too...

\* \* \* \* \*

Mark felt the writhing sensation in his legs as he stepped through the door, but didn't try to see what had happened. Instead, he glanced around, ensuring that nobody was lounging around the rarely-used back door of the lodge.

Turning, he began to head towards the tree-line, looking forward to reaching his...

\* \* \* \* \*

"Deal with this, bitch - how do you like being in bed with a complete stranger...?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Her mind blanked, and she stopped dead, mind spinning as she tried to remember what she was doing.

Realization set in, and she slumped to the stoop, staring blindly into the woods as her face was locked in an expression of horror.

She could remember everything that had happened this evening - except for anything relating directly to her old life. She knew this wasn't her real appearance or gender, knew that she'd been a guy - but couldn't remember her name, where she lived, what car she drove - anything. It was all a blank - every detail of her life wiped from her mind as easily as somebody would erase words from a chalkboard.

What was she going to do? She didn't even know who she was - she just knew that she wasn't who she now appeared to be, locked into a horrific situation with no clear-cut exit.

Rising to her feet, she decided to retreat to the safety of a bathroom to plan her next steps - when a man in a 'Super-man' costume walked around the corner. He stopped dead at the sight of the gorgeous woman staring blankly at him.

"Who - hi there gorgeous." He said, obviously pretty far gone. His eyes seemed riveted to the expansive display of tit-flesh as he slowly closed the distance between them.

She opened her mouth to tell him off...

"Hi there, handsome.." She was horrified to hear herself purr in a sensuous voice, helplessly taking a few steps to close the distance.

Then, horrified, she found herself throwing her glove-clad arms over his shoulders and burying her face against his, her lips locking onto his as she slipped her tongue between them. The man wasted no time in responding to the 'passionate' kiss she was giving him, even

as she struggled in horror for control of her renegade body, which ignored her instructions and continued kissing the stranger.

Finally, she pulled away from the man - but didn't run screaming into the night, as she wished she could. Instead, she found herself cupping her huge tits.

"Like what you see, stud?" She purred helplessly - and when the man nodded blankly, mumbling a reply, she found herself reaching behind her neck and undoing the band of the bikini, tossing the scrap of clothing aside and revealing her massive tits in all their glory.

"Well?" She asked sensuously, helplessly wiggling her torso enticingly.

Like a staved man falling on some food, the man leaned forward and began to fondle and suck her tits, paying special attention to her massive, engorged nipples.

She helplessly moaned in pleasure that was completely faked. No matter how disgusted she was by this, she found that -

physically - it did feel wonderful, and the fact that she was enjoying any part of this only disgusted her further.

But that disgust was nothing compared to what she felt as her body continued to betray her. Slowly, she slid downwards, dragging her huge tits across the thin tights that covered his body as she sank to her recently re-shaped knees. Mentally screaming and struggling to stop herself, she found herself slowly, teasingly lowering his pants and underwear, revealing an average sized cock tat was already as hard as a rock, throbbing slightly in time with his pulse.

Then she positioned herself so that the cock was between her huge tits. Smiling, she found herself 'drooling' a ribbon of spit into that monumental cleavage - then using her legs and ass muscles to move herself up and down, his cock surrounded by warm, slipper tit- flesh as she helplessly tit-fucked him with a smile that his her true feelings - the urge to vomit.

It didn't take too long at all to get the man off - in short order he stiffened and cum gushed from the tip of his cock as he moaned in pleasure, the spray of thick liquid shooting up her cleavage and raining down on the upper slope of her huge, round boobs. Smiling sensuously, she slowly and sexily massaged the cum into her huge endowments, shuddering internally at what she was helplessly doing as she gave her huge tits a glossy sheen of cum before putting that tiny scrap of a bikini back on.

"I just love the feel of cum on my body..." She helplessly cooed to the dopishly smiling man, turning away with a coquettish look over her shoulder as she climbed the steps and re-entered the lodge.

Once out of view of the man, the strange force that had control of her vanished, and she dropped to her knees and dry-heaved at what she'd just done, realizing that things were getting much, much worse.

Rising, she walked down the short hall, accompanied by the staccato clicking of her high heels as she searched for safe sanctuary.

She didn't find it. Exiting the end of the hall, she literally bumped into another man, a muscular 'jock'; type unimaginatively arrayed in a football uniform.

Immediately, she once more lost control of her body, smiling at the muscular man with a sensual look in her eyes. She struggled to break away, retreat from the encounter where she was pressed up against the man...

..instead, she found one now feminine hand tracing the rapidly rising bulge at his crotch. "Mmmm..." She moaned in a voice that would get a corpse hard. "You're a big boy, aren't out." "Uh... and you're a big girl..." He stammered, eyeing her huge, gleaming mounds.

"Then we're perfectly matched, huh?" She helplessly said, dragging him in to hallway without any trouble - he didn't resist. In fact, the only resistance was in her screaming, gibbering mind, which was completely unable to affect what her body was doing as she once again knelt and lowered the man's pants, revealing a good-sized cock that was rapidly hardening.

But there the routine changed - because she'd didn't free her massive tits. Instead, with a sensuous smile, she leaned forward and enveloped the man's cock with her 'eager' lips.

Deep inside she screamed, cried and begged at the horror and indignity of sucking a man's cock - but her body showed

none of that, displaying expertise in the field as she used hands, tongue, lips and head movements in expert coordination, slowly bringing him towards the edge... then backing down.

Bringing him to the edge... then backing down.

Bringing him to the edge... and pushing him over, moaning in 'pleasure' in the back of her throat, a sound that matched his own as he shot his load into her 'eager' mouth. Helplessly, she swallowed every drop of the disgustingly salty, musty goo, acting as if it was the pure ambrosia of the Gods. She even licked his cock clean before tucking it away.

"Oh, god - that was fantastic..." the man said, and she desperately willed him to leave so she'd regain control as she helplessly replied with: "Well - practice makes perfect. You'd be amazed at what else I can do."

"No - I wouldn't." He said. "My name's John, by the way." "Anita." She found herself introducing herself. "Anita Lottacum" John blinked. "You're shitting me."

"No - that's my legal name." She found herself telling him, rubbing her over-endowed body against his. "I changed it to that. It saves time..."

"Saves time...?"

Screaming internally, Anita 'revealed' the 'truth' - "I'm a cum-hungry slut who can't get enough. I want to spend every minute of every day with men touching me, fucking me, giving me pleasure - I'm a true, honest-to-god nymphomaniac."

John's jaw dropped - and Anita was horrified by the revelation of what her controlling alter-ego 'enjoyed' in life. It wasn't the slightest bit unclear or indefinite - she was made for sex, only sex, and all types of sex.

"Why don't we head down to the beach...?" She found herself suggesting with a helplessly suggestive grin, and John agreed eagerly...

\* \* \* \* \*

Carrie's face was etched in lines of exhaustion as she pushed the last of her spells out of a horse throat, finishing her plans for the bitch. Now that she was obsessed with being someone else, and didn't remember Mark at all, she would be out of the way - and Carrie hoped she'd 'enjoy' being a ridiculous caricature of a slut. Considering what she had looked like originally - or what Carrie thought she'd looked like - she must be an utter freak of exaggerated femininity now, and would probably have a hard time fulfilling her incredible cravings - after all, there can't be that many men around who'd want a woman with tits so huge she can barely stand, hair down to the floor, ridiculously tiny waist over unbelievable swollen hips and ass, tiny hands and feet, and - the finishing touch - a cunt that would probably be as huge and loose as the Grand Canyon and as wet as Niagara falls, assuming that her original cunt was anything close to 'normal'.

Finishing the last spell - the one with the few little 'extras' thrown in - Carrie slumped forward and painfully blew out the remaining nubs of the candles, completely exhausted by satisfied with her night's work. She needed to rest, though, to regain her energy...

...so that she could start Mark's punishment tomorrow. She wasn't quite sure what it would be, yet - but she'd probably dream up something appropriate while she slept.

Smiling cruelly at the thought of the extras she'd come up with at the last minute to torment her adversary, she dragged herself off to bed, wondering who the woman was - or rather, who she'd been, as she was now 'Anita Lottacum, super-slut'...

\* \* \* \* \*

Walking arm-in-arm with John down to the cluster of people on the beach, Anita felt something run through her body. She couldn't react to it at all, visibly - but inside, she wanted to scream as she felt a pulling sensation at her crotch that could only mean one thing.

But that was only part of what the odd sensation was - but because it all happened simultaneously, and she had focused on the loss of the last of her manhood, she missed the import of the rest of it, not knowing what else had been done to her.

She reached the beach and strutted across the sand, immediately drawing the eyes of the half-dozen men that John was leading her towards. Once they were all looking at her, she stopped with an artfully contrived 'annoyed' expression on her face.

"Heels are soooo sexy - but no good for walking on a beach." She said, slowly sinking until she was sitting on the beach, legs spread in front of her. "Can two of you handsome studs take my shoes off for me?"

"Whoa.. who's the babe?" One of the stunned men asked John, eyeing the hugely endowed woman on the ground. "I'm Anita Lottacum - and that's my name and philosophy. Now - who's going to help me?"

There was a minor skirmish before two men came out 'on top' claiming the privilege of removing a high-heeled pump each.

"While you're sown there.. why not help me with my stockings?" She suggested, running her hands suggestively on the inside of her thighs, helplessly to stop what she was doing. The men, of course, couldn't detect her inner pleas to them to go away, and eagerly removed the nylons - and, at her suggestion, continued upwards, the original two replaced by two more who took off her skirt and bikini top, then another who had the final privilege of removing her panties - now soaked with pussy juices, and it no way indicating that a definitely male cock had resided in them until very recently.

By now, most of the party-goers were gathered at the edge of the beach, watching this spectacle with drunken good cheer, throwing comments and suggestions in the direction of the half-dozen men surrounding the incredibly proportioned woman reclined naked in the sand.

Obedying her explicit instructions, a quartet of men stripped down, flushing at the cat-calls of the onlookers. But the idea apparently caught on - some of the men and women watching paired off, some of them brazen enough to pick a spot in the open, others returning to the lodge.

Meanwhile, Anita was helplessly screaming in the caverns of her mind as the men followed her instructions. One positioned himself at her crotch, while another straddled her chest. The other two knelt, one on either side of her face as she

took their rapidly hardening cocks in hand...

She screamed in 'pleasure' as the first man's cock entered her hot, wet cunt. That scream was quickly muffled as she closed her mouth over the cock of one of the men beside her, both hands stroking both shafts as she alternated from one man to the other with her mouth, struggling on the timing while 'distracted' by the man pounding into her cunt while another rose her torso, driving his cock in her magnificent cleavage.

Shame, horror, disgust, pleasure - all of these warred in her mind, but she couldn't provide an outlet for any of them as she performed her magic, timing things so that...

All four men came at the same time. The one between her legs stiffened and moaned as he pumped his load deep into her cunt, even as the one straddling her gushed cum over her tits. Her face had finished in the straight up position, so that she could aim the two gushing cock into her open mouth, gulping at the spray of cum that jetted down her 'eager' throat.

Then she rolled from under the two men atop her, raising herself to her hands and knees.

"Now serving..." She said in a voice thick from the cum she'd just swallowed. "...an ass-fuck and a blow-job - who's next...?"

There was no shortage of volunteers - but the ones who didn't move fast enough weren't disappointed - they just had to wait their turns.....

\* \* \* \* \*

Anita woke sharply as the alarm directly beside her ear sounded.

She moaned in emotionally agony, the taste of cum still heavy in her throat as she pushed herself off the bed and looked around the small room. She'd had less than an hour's sleep after she'd finished a fucking marathon of what must have been every man at the party last night - but that was all over. Because - after a long shower, she'd been allowed a room to herself to recuperate and - after vomiting for a long time out the window - she'd set the alarm clock, knowing that the men she'd fucked last night would be asleep as the dawn broke over the exhausted lodge.

Rolling from the bed, Anita pulled on her 'clothes' and opened the door, peering out to ensure that the lodge was silent. She began to yip-toe towards the door, finally seeing her way clear to escape. She may not know who she was - but she knew she had to get away before another man appeared and she fell into that mindless slut-mode. She had to escape. Maybe to a convent - anywhere where there was no men to trigger her cum cravings and loss of control.

\* \* \* \* \*

Carrie smiled as she got ready to cast the spell. She'd come up with the perfect punishment for that two-timing Mark - and it wouldn't even be that difficult of a spell, as it would only affect a few parts of him. She would leave most of his body exactly as they were now, not even mentioning them in the spell - but she'd make a few changes to other parts of his body, as well as his mind and wardrobe...

\* \* \* \* \*

Anita was almost to the door when she suddenly stopped, her body gripped with a strange tingling sensation.

She gasped as she felt herself changing - and even watched in the reflection of the glass in the door, able to see the ghostly image of herself as she began to change.

Her breast began to shrink, losing mass as they grew smaller, and she felt a burst of hope - but it was quickly dashed as they stabilized at an amazingly firm, round DDD cup, thrust perkily from her frame...

...which shrunk in height, becoming about average for a woman - but most of that height was made up in her legs, which barely changed at all.

Her hair suddenly pulled upwards and lightened in color, becoming a mass of blonde curls around a face that changes somewhat, becoming more 'innocent' looking, almost pixie-ish.

Then her clothing writhed and began to change. Within seconds, she stood dressed in a sexy/innocent outfit that drew the eye to all the right places.

A pair of shoes with clear plastic platforms and eight inch heels topped by four hot-pink straps that held them to her feet. White ankle socks, trimmed in lace. A short, ruffled skirt in hot pink that barely covered her white cotton panties. A white spandex crop-top that barely covered her tits, with a pink denim jacket edged with white lace over that. A big pink-and-white polka-dot bow in her mass of blonde curls. A vision of pseudo-innocent sexuality.

"No..." She moaned in a higher, perkier voice, and took a step closer towards the door and freedom...

"Who.. Who are *you*...?"

Helplessly, inches away from escape, the newly re-shaped woman turned to face the bleary-looking man standing at the top of the stairs, dressed only in boxer shorts that were quickly tenting.

"Hi!" She helplessly answered in a chipper voice, a smile curving her full, red lips. "I'm Sissy the Slut Slave! I want to make men happy allll the time." She giggled mindlessly. "What's your name?"

"Uh... Anton.. I mean, Andy."

"Hi, Andy!" She giggled. "Why don't I make you breakfast - and after you're done eating, I'll suck your cock. I just looove having sweet, delicious cum for breakfast. "

\* \* \* \* \*

Relaxing at the effort, Carrie closed her eyes and tried to imagine how Mark must look - a man with tits and a semi-feminine face, dressed in sissy-ish clothes and offering to serve any man he met. It was a fitting revenge.

Besides - it was only temporary. After all - she'd specified that the changes would last exactly seventy-two hours. That



should be enough humiliation.

Then the spell would collapse.

And he's go back to exactly the way he'd been just before the 'Sissy' spell took effect....



BACK TO FUN ZONE



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY: After trying to steal company secrets from his bio-tech firm, one man is blackmailed into letting himself be feminized rather than go to jail.**

## Working Gal

**By Gunslinger**

The glow of the setting sun reflected off the twelve stories of chrome, steel and polarized glass the fronted the determinedly high-tech building behind the tall security fence, making the entire building seem as if it were bathed in blood. The same rays of the fading sun glinted hungrily on the small, almost unobtrusive brass lettering that identified the building as the Synthetic Biological/Genetics Corporation of Palo Alto, California.

Inside the building, staff and scientists, in offices and labs, were preparing for the evening shift change. The scientists, wrapped up in whatever scientific research they were engaged in, did so with mild reluctance, the office staff moving with much more enthusiasm.

With one notable exception....

"Hey, Rick - you coming, or what? Geez - your last day, I'd of thought you would have ducked out early."

The person being addressed looked up from his work. Tall, slender and blandly handsome, the athletic, auburn haired

man waved a hand. "Naw - I wanted to tie up a few loose ends before I pack up and leave. Hey, being down-sized out of a job isn't any reason to be sloppy, right?"

The inquirer shrugged in incomprehension, then turned and headed off for the parking lot, looking forward to the weekend.

Richard Sterling swallowed nervously, wondering if the drone from Accounting had heard the false tone of his voice. Wiping his sweaty palms on his pants, Rick turned his attention back to his 'work' - useless files whose sole purpose was to hide the fact that he was waiting for the lab opposite his cubical to empty. His heart was thundering a million beats a minute - this was his only shot at this.

The soon-to-be-ex-employee of SynBioGen had been approached by a rival corporation - quietly, of course - and been made an offer. Nothing on paper, no guaranties but should, by some strange

chance, samples of anything SynBioGen was developing should show up at a certain Bus Station locker by a certain time, there just might happen to be a large suitcase full of small, unmarked bills in the same place the next day...

But Rick could feel the opportunity slipping through his finger. In a recent string of bad breaks, with Fate turned against him, this was just one more blow. The lab's head scientist, Dr. Vetterly, was still

in the lab, puttering around and showing no signs of leaving - in fact, he looked like he was waiting for the second-shift personnel who'd show up any minute.

His single hope fading, Rick sighed - he just wasn't cut out to be a criminal, it appeared. Wearily, the broad-shouldered man stood and pulled on his blazer, then picked up his box of person items - a few useless mementos he didn't even know why he kept - and headed for the stairs...

...and the door to the lab swung open, and Dr. Vetterly called. "Wait a second - take this one down too."

Before Rick could even think of saying anything, the preoccupied scientist loaded another box atop Rick's, then reentered his lab and shut the door.

Stunned, Rick stared at the box in his arms. Resting atop it was a red-bordered 'disposal' form.

Then it suddenly became clear. Rick's blazer was only a shade or two darker than that worn by the company's 'gophers' - and the box containing his personal effects was a standard SynBioGen transport box. The doctor, thinking he was taking a load to the Disposal room, had simply handed Rick his future.

Twenty minutes later, Rick - grinning like a loon - pointed his aging Chevy towards home. In the back seat rested the box of... whatever, unopened and unquestioned by the guards who - knowing he'd been laid off - assumed it was his personal effects.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rick came awake the next morning, his thoughts already turning to the moment when - slightly after noon - he was to drop

off the box of samples taken from SynBioGen. Already he was thinking of how he was going to spend his money.

Those thoughts vanished instantly when he opened his eyes. For a long second, Rick merely stared at the end of the bed.

Sitting in a chair, waiting patiently, was John Rickerts, Head of Security for SynBioGen. He was flanked by two uniformed guards, one of whom held the damning box of evidence.

"Good morning, Rick." John said, with a slight smile. "I hate to bother you so early in the morning, but there has been a little problem. You see, when the techs were emptying the boxes into the disposal incinerator, one of them noticed that the contents of a certain box were... unusual. Personal effects, apparently - including your two awards. The ones you had in you office?" He gestured towards the box the guard was holding. "Then - we find this."

"I... You..." Rick stammered, horrified. "There's been a mistake!"

John nodded. "Of course there had, Rick. That's the only explanation. I'm sure the Judge will agree."

"Judge?" Rick replied, his heart sinking.

John blinked, feigning surprise. "Of course - the one that's going to preside at you trial for Grand Theft, Transportation of hazardous Materials - and treason."

"Treason?" Rick gasped.

"Oh, you mean you didn't know?" John asked, picking at a piece of lint on his dark suit. "Since April, SynBioGen has held status as a defense contractor for the United States Government - theft of these

'Top Secret' samples constitutes a treasonous act, under Article 3219.3 of the Federal Penal Code. But you must remember - it was on that Non-Disclosure agreement you signed after your security check in April."

Rick did, indeed, recall all the nuisance of the security check, and the legal form he'd had to sign. He suddenly realized he was in deep, deep shit.

"I do believe that the treason charge calls for life-time imprisonment with no chance of parole." John remarked.

"Lifetime?" Rick gasped, feeling like a damned parrot.

Now John smiled a tight, hungry grin. "Of course, all this goes away if you come back to work. then it merely becomes a case of an employee bringing work home, against regs." He sat back. "I need a new secretary - lower pay than your previous job, but..."

Rick was flabbergasted. He was getting a job? Not prison? It was a no-brainer. "Of course! Anything!"

John smiled. "I'm glad you put it that way - because there's a couple of other little requirements, as well " He trailed off and stood up. "But we'll discuss those in the office. Why don't you get dressed,

Rick? You wouldn't want to be late for your first day back at work."

\* \* \* \* \*

Rick nervously sat down at the desk outside of John's office. His finger reached out and pushed the button that sent the computer into boot-up. That was about the only part of his new job that he was actually experienced at.

He couldn't believe he was going to be stuck doing a secretarial job. But he really had no choice - it was this, or face a lifetime sentence. Now there was no chance of evading that sentence - part of his agreement to avoid prosecution was to sign, willingly, a complete confession. Rick knew that if he tried anything foolish, like running, it would be used against him.

He stared at the screen as it booted up, and hesitantly entered the word-processing program. He was vaguely familiar with it, but would have to learn it inside out if he was going to...

"Ricki?"

Grimacing, Rick turned to face John. It turned out that the samples he'd stolen had been bio- cosmetics, and John had started referring him to him in the feminine version of his name. The first time, Rick had objected - and been slapped down hard.

"Yes, sir?" Rick replied, contritely. He knew that he had to play the obedient servant to John - one screw up, and he could be in San Quentin for a long, long time.

Or a very short one. For somebody who wasn't a hardened criminal, 'life' in a prison could be a very, very short sentence.

"Just what do you think you're doing, Miss Sterling?" John demanded.

Hiding his distaste at the appellation, Rick thought rapidly, but had no idea what his new task-master was talking about. "Sir?"

John dropped a book on top of the desk. "Section 15 - read it." He demanded.

Rick picked up the 'Employee's Manual' for SynBioGen and flipped to the section named. Clearing his throat, he began to read aloud. "All secretarial staff will wear make up in accordance with the regulations outlined in sub-section 12B. Failure to meet Professional Appearance Standards, as outlined, is just cause for reassignment or dismissal..." He came to an incredulous halt as what he was reading sunk in.

"But... You can't..." Rick protested. This was ludicrous.

John smiled tightly, obviously enjoying this. "Something wrong, Ricki? Would you prefer to be let go?" Rick swallowed nervously at the threat. "Uh... no sir."

John nodded. "Good. Than I can expect to see you properly... made up when you show up for work tomorrow?"

Rick's jaw tightened and he swallowed. John held his fate in the palm of his hand, and was obviously planning to milk it for all it was worth. To be humiliated - to wear make-up to work, for God's sake! But the only other option involved a six-by-eight cell....

"Yes, sir." Rick said, tightly, feeling anger and shame warring deep within.

John smiled nastily. "Good. Now - here's four letters I need typed up. Get right on them, Ricki." "Yes, Sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

Rick walked into the salon, face burning with shame. The driver/guard assigned to him trailed at a discreet distance, a faint smirk on his face as Rick approached the woman behind the desk.

Rick had purposefully picked a time when nobody else was in the salon, shortly before closing. He knew nobody else was going to be here because he'd sat in the car for nearly two hours, waiting for the window of time when he'd be able to keep his humiliation to the least number of spectators.

The slender young woman behind the desk looked up with a smile. "Good evening sir, how can I help you? Setting up an appointment for you girlfriend?"

Rick swallowed loudly, wondering if his throat would even let the traitorous, humiliating words come out. It did, barely.

"No - I... um need a make over."

The woman's smile slipped a notch. "Excuse me, sir?"

Rick just wanted to curl up and die from embarrassment. "I need a complete make-over - and I need the products, and skills, so that I can make myself up from now on."

The woman's eyes narrowed. "Is this some sort of joke?"

Rick shook his head, his ears burning. "No. Please, just get it over with."

The woman eyed him for a minute longer, then shrugged. "Well, as long as you pay for it, I don't mind. Come on." She grinned somewhat unkindly at him, and it took a tremendous effort of will to force himself to follow her to the seat.

The woman, having seen his shame and disgust - and his resolution - had picked up on the fact that this wasn't exactly a willing make-over, but one he had to do. She was wrong in the particulars - she guessed that he'd made some sort of unthinking remark about his girlfriends make-up, and she'd given him an ultimatum - but right on the button in regards to his unwilling necessity.

Now, she wasn't really a cruel person, but if the guy's girlfriend wanted him humiliated to deflate his male ego, there's no reason she shouldn't have a little fun...

"Well, miss, there's several things we can do with the make-up..." She said smiling at the way Rick winced. "But I think our first step should be a new hair-style... something dyed - black perhaps "

Closing his eyes in humiliated emotional pain, Rick gave in to the 'expert' opinion. "Whatever you think is best."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, Miss Sterling - I'm glad to see you're looking more professional this morning." John said, eyeing Rick's new haircut and his made-up face.

Rick winced. He was all too aware of what he looked like - he'd gotten a good look during the hour it took to get the make-up 'just right' this morning, and he was reminded by the faint but undeniable feminine odor of the make-up he wore, and the faint taste of the lipstick on his lips.

"But I'm afraid that it's still not acceptable." John continued - and Rick's heart dropped.

"Sir?" He asked, forcing himself to say it politely, not scream it in horrified anger like he wanted too.

"You're wearing too much make-up - you look like a cheap floozy. Also - didn't you read the section on secretarial staff's body hair regulations?"

Rick gaped at John for a second. "Sir I was told that this much make-up was necessary to hide the flaws of my facial structure. And that regulation refers to clothing that would show the body hair - skirts and such "

John pointed at Rick's leg. "Oh? And what's that?"

Rick looked down - and saw that the position that John had just happened to catch him sitting in, with one ankle pulled up to rest on the other knee, expose a half-inch or so of his hairy leg between sock and pant cuff.

"Now - if you're having a problem of some sort, we do have products and methods that can *fix* some of you facial flaws, as well as remove that body hair."

Rick's eyes widened, and he gasped. He knew exactly what John was talking about - one of the samples he'd stolen was a depilatory, and another one could be used...

"No!" Rick said, standing up angrily. Instantly, two burly guards flanked him. "I won't let you make me look like a woman! I won't!"

John's eyes narrowed. "Now, now, Miss Sterling - you are a woman, aren't you? I mean, if you're not Ricki, my secretary - then you'd have to be Richard the prison inmate."

Rick's lips tightened as he saw the truth of the punishment laid out for him. He'd signed that confession, in exchange for working two years for John, after which he'd be free to go. Rick had thought he was getting off lightly - but now the truth was clear. He wasn't an employee, he was a

plaything for John. It was probably the samples that had given John the idea - he was going to make Rick use every one of the samples he'd stolen, thus 'disposing of the evidence'.

Even though he wasn't a scientist, and didn't know the particulars, Rick had a pretty good idea what most of those

samples would do to him. It was ridiculous - he couldn't just stand here and give in, let John make him over like... like... like some pansy.

But if he fought... In jail, he'd most likely end up as somebody's 'wife' - and it would be a life sentence.

If he gave in, the longest it could last was two years. Two years of utter humiliation at John's hands... Then, afterwards, he could undo what had been done to him, and would be free and clear. With quite a bit of money, too - this job actually paid pretty well.

Closing his eyes, feeling like he was going to vomit, Rick lowered his head. "I'm sorry sir - thank you sir." He replied, through clenched teeth.

John smiled nastily. "Good to hear it, Ricki - now why don't you go down and see Dr. McMasters? He's expecting you."

Fists balled in rage, burning with hate, anger and humiliation, Rick turned and forced his legs to start carrying him towards his latest humiliation. The two guards - obviously under orders to have him arrested and thrown in prison if Rick failed to go through with the 'torture', flanked him every step of the way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Taking a deep breath Rick - Ricki - stopped in front of the long mirror outside the office and took a long look at herself, feeling helplessness and rage fighting with her shame.

Reflected back was, to the quick glance, a skinny, flat-chested young woman with a cute face beneath a short - but womanly styled - mop of black hair. Her make-up was flawlessly applied, accenting her full lips, pointed chin and pert nose.

Her clothing was mannish, and meticulously arranged. Nothing was out of place.

The clothing felt strange on his body. He now lacked body hair of any kind, and with his newly feminized face it had caused him to start when he'd seen his reflection this morning after his shower. Wearing his customary short bathrobe, he'd looked in the mirror - and saw, to all purposes, a young woman. Ricki was disgusted to discover that his legs, now smooth and silky, were actually fairly attractive - not long and sexy, but most definitely 'cute'.

Rick had already figured out the 'rules' of this horrid game - every time John found the slightest flaw in him, Rick would undergo another round of humiliation. So, he'd spent the entire night studying the handbook, and was determined to be as perfect as humanly possible. His only hope lay in not giving an excuse for John to latch onto.

Satisfied that there wasn't the slightest think out of place, Ricki opened the door and stepped into the office.

"Good morning, Miss Sterling - you look lovely this morning. Much better than yesterday."

"Thank you, sir." Ricki replied, forcing himself to keep his tone level - and sign of disobedience, no matter how small, was also likely to bring on something else.

"Oh, dear - you must be getting laryngitis, Ricki - your voice sounds terrible. I can't have you answering the phone like this



- you'd better go see doctor McMasters."

Ricki grimaced, cursing himself for missing that important detail - it was obvious that John wanted him to pretend to be completely female, yet he hadn't even attempted to fake a falsetto - now, he'd have no choice.

"Yes, sir." Ricki replied, jaw-muscles clenching.

"Good - you'd better hurry, you have a lot of work to do."

Swallowing his pride, Ricki turned and headed down to where John's scientist crony would undoubtedly be ready for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good morning, John" Ricki said, forcing cheerfulness. "Beautiful day, isn't it?" His voice was a warm, entirely feminine contralto.

She'd taken pre-emptive action this morning. It was obvious that John was enjoying feminizing him - but his techniques were bio-genetic, and wouldn't be easily rectified. So Rick had outwitted him - by 'willingly' becoming more feminine first, in clothing and actions. These were easily corrected when he was released - and John wouldn't be able to find fault with it.

It was Monday morning, and Ricki was dressed in a mildly feminine outfit. A long skirt hung over his smooth, soft legs, and he walked easily atop the shoe's he'd spent the weekend practicing on - pumps with a one-and-a-half inch heel. A white short-sleeve blouse with lace around the collar completed the outfit.

Catching the startled look John gave, Rick felt a burst of triumph - take that you bastard, he thought - I can beat you by outsmarting you.

The John spoke, and Ricki's heart plummeted. "Why Ricki - don't tell me you're not wearing a bra. Regulations, dear girl - with a white blouse " He shook his head. "Are you trying to insult this

company by flaunting that fact that you're under-endowed? With an attitude like that, I might just have to let you go "

Rick chock back a snarled curse. For a long moment, he merely glared at Jon, fists clenched in rage - then, slowly, relaxed. "Could you talk to doctor McMasters again, sir?" He said, capitulating."

"Of course " John said. His expression was cold. "But I don't know that it would help. There's a few things about you that simply don't meet standards "

Rick cursed himself angrily - by trying to outsmart John, he'd only succeeded in angering his tormentor. "Whatever you think is necessary, sir.." He said through a clogged throat, visions of the even worse hell prison would be, especially now that he looked so feminine. He'd be very, very popular in San Quentin...

\* \* \* \* \*

Ricki's newly slender fingers flew over the keyboard with near-panicked haste. With every movement, her new tits moved,

reminding her of their weight and heightened sensitivity. Every time the computer 'bleeped' and error at her, she glance fearfully towards the closed door of her boss' - Master's - office, praying that it stay shut. With all that had been done to her already, Ricki didn't think she could handle, mentally, what might come next.

The thought had barely made it's way through her mind when her worst fear came true - the mahogany door swung open, and John sauntered out.

Ricki's hands trembled at the sight of the monster who'd done this to her. She tried to pay attention to her now all-important clerical work - but his presence was now so fear-inspiring that she became a nervous wreck. Her gloss-red fingernails skittered uselessly across the keys, and Ricki gave up, hanging her feminized face in shame, and feeling the large silver earrings bang across her slender shoulders, reinforcing her new status as a helplessly submissive she-male slave.

"What's wrong, Ricki?" John asked, sitting on the edge of the desk. With one hand, he grasped Ricki's re-shaped jaw and drew her face up so she now looked directly at him. His face settled into a cruel grin of satisfaction at the sight of her wholly feminine face and the ample display of cleavage that her tight, low-cut top displayed. After a second's worth of leering at the C-cup tit's he'd forced upon her, he met Ricki's fearful eyes again. "So, you should be working right now and you're not."

Ricki swallowed. "Sir..." She stammered. "I'm so sorry... I... it's just "

John's grin grew crueler. "What - you can't work cause that cock of yours is distracting you? Well, I can fix that with a single call "

Ricki's heart stopped. She'd already been forced to acquire the figure, voice and outward mannerisms of a woman - but to lose that last, most important sign of manhood...

"Unless, of course," John continued. "You can give me one viable reason why you've stopped working - in the next three seconds."

With John's hand hovering over the phone, with a no-time deadline, with her mind clouded by sheer panic, Ricki blurted out the first - the only - thought to pop into her head.

"I suck at my job." She blurted - the her eyes widened as what she said, and her gaze flew in horror to the phone as she waited for him to lift the receiver...

But he didn't. Instead, he smiled. "Well - that's a great reason. Hell - with a reason like that, I'd keep you on full time, and never expect any work out of you aside from looking pretty and bringing me the occasional cup of coffee."

Ricki gaped at John, not believing her ears. It was impossible - yet, it almost seemed that he was being sincere. Then John slowly stood from the edge of the desk, and it was hard to miss the enormous bulge in his pants, because it was directly at Ricki's eye level.

"That's assuming you're any good, of course." John continued. "Of course, even so-so would do - it's so hard to find a girl who will suck at her job. Of course, with lips like yours, and your special

viewpoint on what a great cock-sucking is like from the guys point of view, you should be great."

Ricki went ice-cold as the double-meaning of her blurted comment sunk in. She was faced with two choices - become John's champion cock-sucking 'trophy' secretary - or have her cock cut off, and continue as John's slave secretary, doing every scut job in the company.

It all went through Ricki's mind in a flash, and it almost paralyzed her. Two choices, both of them utterly unappealing to her but there was really no choice to make. One was permanent - the other

was not, and offered, however slim, a hope that in the future she might find a way to undo what had been done to her. But for that to even have a chance, she'd have to do more than just give a blow- job - she'd have to do the most incredible - and disgusting - acting job. She had to earn herself that chance.

If that's what it's take to escape this living hell...

Mustering up every ounce of willpower, courage and acting ability in her altered body, Ricki forced a sensual smile to her fuller, glossy lips. She rose from the chair slowly, hiding her hesitation and distaste by make the movement graceful, feminine, sensual - buying herself time to screw up the courage to do what she needed.

Coming around the desk, she slowly sank to her knees in front of John, her heart thudding behind her surgically-implanted tits. She forced herself to reach out and unzip his pants, slowly lowering them and his underwear around his ankles, letting his hard, throbbing cock spring free.

"MM... it's so *big* " she said in a low, husky voice - and hating herself for saying it. But she had to stall - she couldn't actually do the act, not yet. "It looks *sooooo* good "

Reaching out, she forced herself to wrap her dainty hands around the throbbing shaft, looking up at John with a sly smile to his the disgust she was feeling at the act.

But, she found, not the touch. She'd somehow expected the feel of a cock in her hand to be physically disgusting - but it wasn't. Not really.

"Ho " She said. "I want to feel your huge cock on my body." She needed more time, and this was the only way she could gain it. Leaning forward and rising slightly, she used one hand to pull her shirt up, exposing her firm, round new tits. She wrapped her large, firm tits around the cock, rubbing its had shaft in her cleavage, then it's purplish head across her rounded mounds and large nipples.

To her surprise, it felt quite good, physically - enough, in fact, that her own cock, in the too-tight bikini briefs, was now rock hard.

"I *love* your cock, john - it's so big and hard " She lied - sort of. To her surprise, her sexy act was so damned effective, she was turning *herself* on - her own cock was rock-hard and throbbing. Finally, having built up enough

nerve, she forced herself to get on with it.

Moaning with 'pleasure', she wrapped her hands around the base of his throbbing shaft, opened her soft, firm lips - and took his cock into her warm, wet mouth.

Again, she was amazed to find it wasn't physically disgusting - in fact, it actually felt kind of nice?

Not wanting to admit it, even to herself, she closed her lips tightly around the shaft and forced herself to let her tongue roam over the warm crown filling her mouth as she sucked lightly.

Making moaning sounds in the back of her throat, she began to piston her head up and down on his thick cock, her hands working in sync - one on the shaft, the other playing with his large balls.

It felt good. She was surprised and disgusted - but there was no way to deny that, on some level, she was enjoying this. Her movement, her actions - all were turning her on. As she slurped away on his manhood, she was shocked to discover herself getting into the blow-job.

In fact - she was really, really enjoying it.

Her moans of enjoyment were no longer feigned - the warmth filling her mouth, the slight tang of his cock tickling her taste buds, the warm shaft and balls under her fingers - it did feel good. Her own cock was throbbing almost painfully as she sucked - as much as she hated to admit it - *eagerly* at the cock filling her mouth.

Then, with a slight warning from the way his cock twitched, he began to spew a stream of thick, warm cum into her mouth.

Ricki felt a second's disgust - then the warm, salty flavor registered - and she found herself gulping eagerly at the flow of delicious cum - as her own cock suddenly began to gush, wracking her body with a sympathetic orgasm.

"Whoa..." John breathed, looking down at Ricki, who was busy lapping the last of the cum from his cock. "Man- I had no idea you were so skilled at cock-sucking. Great job." He tucked his cock away in his pants.

Suddenly, it came crashing down on Ricki. She'd just sucked a cock! And loved it! Horror and despair flooded over her - was she some sort of faggot? How could she have...

Before she could work herself into a complete breakdown, John spoke again - and by now, it was ingrained in Ricki to listen attentively while he spoke.

"Ricki - I'm glad to see you're finally coming to accept your new position in life." He smiled down at her. "So - no more Clerical work - you're my Executive Assistant, as of now. So, get cleaned up..."

"Excuse me, sir..." A voice said - and Ricki glanced over at Gary, the omnipresent guard, a muscular brute of a man.

"Yes, Gary?"

"Sir - having an affair with an employee is grounds for dismissal. I'm afraid you're going to have to fire Miss Sterling if you

want to keep your job."

Ricki's heart stopped as she realized she'd been set up. She was going to prison after all - as a sexy she-male. She shuddered, knowing what would happen.

"Hmm.. you're right." John agree, appearing to mull it over. "But... that's only if you reported it. And you couldn't report it if you were also taking advantage of Ricki's favors..."

That was it - she was to be used by both of them, to be a cock-sucking toy for them. It was horrible, it was disgusting - but it was better than the alternative.

But...

"Sorry sir - but she'd not my type." Gary said, with eyes narrowing cruelly. "I happen to be a real T- and-A man, myself, and neither her tit or ass meet my preferences."

Ricki closed her eyes, feeling like she was going to cry. "Dr. McMasters could solve that in no time..." She forced the words from her gloss-red lips.

The guard smiled. "Oh?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ricki? Could you come in here for a moment?" John said over the intercom, then grinned up at Gary as he flicked it off.

There was a short pause - then the office door swung open.

The woman who enter bore almost no resemblance to the Rick Sterling who'd stolen the sample three months previous.

She jiggled and swayed into the room, perched atop black platform pumps with seven inch spiked heels. The heels made her absolutely incredible ass doing amazing things under the tight black skirt she wore. The outline of her cock was barely visible, tucked away as it was between her smooth, soft thighs. The black jacket over a white blouse was straining to contain her firm, round DDE-cup tits, whose cleavage could be seen through the two open top buttons.

"Yes, sir?" Ricki asked with a smile. She always smiled, now - she did everything cheerfully and 'willingly' - as each slight slip meant another cup-size added to her endowments.

"I do believe I could use a blow job, Ricki - and Gary say he wants another round or two of that sexy, tight ass of yours."

"Oh, do you mean it sirs? Thank you!" She gushed with apparent enthusiasm - she'd gotten the act down perfectly out of necessity.

"Yes - but we're not quite ready yet..." And that was signal she knew.

Ricki let her body begin it's routine. As she turned on the CD player and began to strip, her long- nailed hands caressing her almost completely feminine body, her mind became detached, her body trained enough to do her sexy act by rote.

This was her new lot in life - a cock-sucking, ass fucking sex toy for these two men - and any of their friends they wished to 'share' her with.

But even as she finished stripping and bent over John's lap, her ass easily available, Ricki didn't completely surrender. Because she knew, despite everything, she wasn't beaten, not by a long shot.

She was stuck in this body - that was a given, as she'd learned that there was really no way to undo what had been done to her. But that was all right - she could figure out a way to deal with living life in this body.

Because John had made a terrible, terrible mistake. At the rate she was going, Ricki might go up a few more cup sizes before she managed to escape - and when she did, she'd have it made. A body like this was a small price to pay to live a life of luxury, with more money than she could possibly spend.

Because, carried within her bloodstream, moving with every beat of her heart, was the genetically created coding that had made her like this. Once she could manage to slip the guard - which, if she continued to play 'submissive' wouldn't be too hard, they were already growing lax - all she had to do was walk to the company that had offered money for the stolen samples. If they'd been willing to pay that much for unproven samples, then they'd pay much, much more for what was in her blood - because she was living proof of its effectiveness.

And John's biggest mistake was feminizing her so quickly - and effectively.

Because the threat he'd had all a long - prison - had vanished, and John didn't even realize the fact. John had been so careful, hiding what he was doing to avoid legal trouble for himself, that he didn't realize it was actually to Ricki's benefit.

Because the person that he could put behind bars was Rick Sterling - and not her.

So it was with a cat-like smile, unseen by either man, that she gulped down John's sweet, delicious cum and let her mind go back to her favorite past-time - contemplating the future.

Because she was going to have a bio-tech company - with the same feminizing secrets that had been used on her - that would owe her a favor or two. And money - lots of money. Enough money that she could hire somebody to do a kidnapping - or two...

Half-faking orgasmic enjoyment of the ass-fucking, Ricki wondered how Gary would look as a blonde with tits the size of beach-balls....

THE END...



WALK TO FUN ZONE



[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



*A word about this story...*

**SUMMARY:** Gunslinger (a contributing author) had a story contest in July, 1998. Steve Zink (another author) won 2nd place, but was given the 1st place award of a personalized story by that prolific writer, Gunslinger himself! Since Steve is such a fan of Catwoman stories and a prolific writer himself of stories involving Catwoman, he is going to be finding out directly what being Catwoman is like. Read Gunslinger's tale, THE WORST TRAGEDY!

## The Worst Tragedy...

---

**By Gunslinger**

As the computer hummed softly, Steve lifted his hand from where it rested on the mouse and brought it up to his face. Pushing his glasses up, he absently rubbed the bridge of his nose where they rested, then let them drop back into place as he returned his attention to his browser.

Outside, the world lay wrapped in the blanket of night as Steve once more bent over his computer. He shifted his husky frame into a more comfortable position in the chair, and peered at the monitor, its pale light flickering across his face in abstract patterns. He frowned as the site he'd gone to spawned three more popup windows, bogging the main page down as each of the windows loaded their own information - in this case, advertisements of some sort. Sighing angrily, Steve moved to close the annoying windows.

Then stopped, one eyebrow slowly climbing, as one of the window's contents caught his eye. FOR THE LADIES

Want to spice up your fantasy life? EROTOY, Inc., is proud to introduce its new line of VR suits for home use. Each suit comes with a special 'Fantasy' CD-ROM, containing an erotic scenario to be used with the suit. Currently, our line consists of: 'The French Maid' 'Damsel in De' Dress' 'The Cat Woman' And, for the first one responses, we have a special introductory price - only \$99.99, a savings of more than \$400!

Steve slowly leaned back in the chair, which creaked softly. He closed his eyes and considered. One of Steve's interests - some would say 'obsessions' - was the DC Comics character 'Catwoman', made famous by the resurgence of interest with the



Batman movies. He's already written many stories on the Internet starring variations of the feline criminal, and had many pictures on hard-drive featuring the different incarnations of her.

The offer of the 'Cat Woman' on the screen intrigued him. Of course, due to copyright, it wouldn't be THE Catwoman, but still...

Opening his eyes, Steve hesitated for a second longer - then leaned forward and clicked on the link, typing in his first initial and last name before entering a credit-card number.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the year of our lord nineteen-hundred and thirty-nine, a German mathematician and scientist by the name of Albert Einstein published a paper, in which he stunned the scientific community by proving, among other things, that time was NOT a constant, but was relative to outside forces - thus, under the correct stimuli, duration of an event could be expanded.

Steve discovered the truth of this mathematical anomaly during the next '4 to 6 weeks'. Although, intellectually, he KNEW the package wouldn't arrive early, his emotions HOPED that it would. As he went about his life, the anticipation tinged every experience as his thoughts kept circling in anticipation.

So, on that particular Saturday morning when he answered the doorbell and saw a UPS delivery man, his body was suddenly flooded with adrenaline. His hands shook with repressed excitement as he signed for the bulky package, and accepted it from the delivery man. Hurriedly closing the door, he carried the package over to his computer and, dropping into the chair, began to open it with eager hands. If his parents had of been present, they would have remarked on how reminiscent the scene was to many Christmas' when Steve was young.

Removing the 'plain brown wrapping', Steve tossed it negligently aside and pulled open the side of the garishly decorated box. Upending it, he emptied the contents onto the floor and looked them over.

First, he picked up the shrink-wrapped CD-ROM case and placed it on the desk, along with the instruction booklet. Next, he picked up the VR suits and carefully laid it out, untangling the wires and the 'auxiliary CPU' box that were attached to it.

Finally, he picked up the last item - a complementary 'souvenir' Cat Woman suit. Carefully, he looked this item over.

Designed as a bonus giveaway, it was made to the specifications of the fiction woman that the player/user was playing the role of, and as such, was most definitely unrealistic. Steve doubted that any real woman would wear such an outfit, so erotically outrageous.

Made of a combination of leather and latex, the suit was all black. Because it was never designed to actually be worn, the designers could ignore comfort or ease. There was no simple zipper, as a 'real' suit would have - instead, each closure was black leather strings through black metal grommets. Likewise, the actual 'figure' of the suit was unrealistic, the proportions idealized from the norm. Even the black mask, with it's 'cat ears' would be difficult for most women to get on. And the 7 inch spike heel boots difficult to walk in.

It also came with 'accessories' - the long, leather whip with a decidedly phallic handle, a tight, black belt containing 'her' tools, and a set of 'retractable claws' for the suit's built-in gloves.

Steve's lips quirked up in a grin. Even if the VR was useless, the price he'd paid was made up for by owning this suit. Carefully, he arranged it on a hanger and placed it in his closet. Then, returning to the computer, he began to look over the VR suit.

Of course, the term 'suit' was misleading. It was more or less a bewildering array of wires, pads, goggles and other devices, mounted on adjustable straps and attached to an 'auxiliary CPU'. The most recognizable pieces were the helmet and the gloves.

Picking up the instructions, Steve began to follow the step-by-step instructions - the first being to shut down the computer and hook the suit up to an I/O port. This was followed by rebooting and installing the software, followed by a second reboot. Only now was he ready to start pulling on the suit.

Carefully following the diagrams and instructions, Steve began pulling everything in place - with a few necessary modifications, since the suit was designed for a woman. Finally, everything was in place - including the helmet. Two tiny camera's on the 'face' of the helmet allowed him to work in the 'real' world without having to take the bulky headgear off. Making sure not to tangle the myriad wires, Steve lowered himself into his chair, and carefully clicked on the icon to play...

...and was rewarded with an error message. He cursed softly as the program ran a self-diagnostic and, unable to find the problem, suggested that he try their website. With a sigh, Steve slipped into the browser and typed in the URL.

Only, thanks to the bulky, awkward gloves, he didn't quite type in the correct location. Steve failed to notice that, instead of: [www.redline.org/play/secure.shtml](http://www.redline.org/play/secure.shtml)

he'd entered:

[www.medlink.org/cray/secure.shtml](http://www.medlink.org/cray/secure.shtml)

Failing to notice his mistype, when the user prompt came up asking for his name and user number, provided with the suit, he entered it. And in a billion to one chance, what he entered - with the three mistypes he entered in the info - accessed the site.

\* \* \* \* \*

A thousand miles away, in a large, meticulously clean room, a tall, pale blue quartet of towers hummed to life as the powerful Mk. II Cray computer received Steve's password. A medical research computer, the massive supercomputer awaited instructions. What it received, however, was the automatic link with the CD-ROM, coupled with the information from the VR suit.

The Cray, mechanically accepting the information as valid medical data, compared the readings from the VR suit to the 'parameters' from the CD-ROM. Being a computer, it had no way of knowing that the information on the CD-ROM was a fantasy character from a game - it took it as actual data.

And it compared it to the information from the VR suit and found thousands of discrepancies. Almost immediately, even the massive processing power of the supercomputer bogged down from the sheer differences between the data.

Even a year ago, such a result would have ended in a temporary 'hold', until a human technician would look it over. And the technician would have realized what was happening, shut down the connection, and that would have been it.

But the Meddling Cray had recently been hooked up to the 'UltraWeb', a high-speed connection between many other major world systems.

So, after considering this data for nearly two full seconds - an eternity to the Cray - it 'debated' it's options. And, faced with this insoluble dilemma, the Cray 'cried for help'.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the National Security Agency, a technician, waiting for a code-breaking program, working on Iraqi military transmission, to finish it's run, frowned as an error message popped up.

"What the Hell?" she blurted. For the first time in her life, a Cray computer was flashing this particular message at her. 'ALL AVAILABLE RESOURCES BUSY'

\* \* \* \* \*

"Doctor Patience!"

The Russian physicist sighed. "What is it, Serge?"

"The Tumansky Supercomputer is giving me an error message!"

The physicist chuckled. "So, what else is new, my young apprentice. It IS a RUSSIAN machine after all - God knows we get enough error messages."

His younger colleague jabbed a finger at the screen. "But, Comrade Professor...LOOK!" The bearded doctor leaned over - then turned to stare at Serge.

"Why in Marx' name is the error message in ENGLISH?"

\* \* \* \* \*

In a factory in Tokyo, a University in Berlin and a secure military installation in Israel (which, ironically, had been performing the same duty as the one at the NSA), three other users were asking the same question.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the space of a few mere seconds, more than a dozen supercomputers, across the globe, linked together, more computing power than had ever been assembled before in the history of mankind. For several seconds, the massed might of the linked computers examined the data, accesses reference files (including many top-secret government and military ones), and

'debated' the 'problem'.

And found a solution...

\* \* \* \* \*

For Steve, there was merely a fifteen-point-one-seven-five second delay after entering his code. Just long enough for him to begin to move one hand toward the mouse to see if anything had locked up.

Then the massed might of the linked computer's came screaming through his modem line and began to reprogram the 'incorrect data' - which just happened to be his DNA.

Steve's first thought as the voltage slammed into him was that he was having a heart attack. His muscles locked as the current flooded his body - but unlike normal electricity, this was a signal, containing commands to directly alter his DNA in ways never conceived.

Steve shuddered - and screamed incoherently in shock as his body began to alter.

His body hair tumbled from rapidly shrinking pores to a fine pile on the floor as his skin texture began to change. At the same time, the supercomputers began to alter his 'inefficient' musculature, reshaping the muscle-masses as they did so.

Steve had a bare second to notice the way the contours of his legs and arms were changing before an intense pulling sensation at his waist drew his gaze down to where his normally thirty-four-inch waist was compressing in on itself. It was passing the thirty-inch mark when the sudden sensations on his chest demanded his attention. He gasped in shock as he watched mounds of flesh began to form behind rapidly swelling nipples, forming definite breasts.

At this point, his cock began to shrivel and pull inwards, underlining what exactly what was happening to his body. At that point, Steve did what any sane human being would do, faced with such a situation.

He fainted.

\* \* \* \*

For the first few seconds after regaining consciousness, Steve was sure that what had happened had all been some confused, weird dream.

And then he moved.

With a grace and agility he'd never possessed, he came upright in one smooth, fluid motion, almost seeming to levitate off the floor with

- well, catlike agility. Stunned, he slowly, approached a full-length mirror, moving unconsciously with a smooth, graceful - and sexy - stride, to stand before the silver-backed glass to confront...

...a goddess.

He - no, most definitely SHE - was about the same height as before. But that was the only similarity.

She was slender, with idealized proportions that, while human-looking, were outside the realm of human contours. Small, dainty feet led from the floor to impossibly sexy legs that seemed to rise forever before meeting the smooth swelling of feminine hips. Nestled between her perfect thighs, framed by a small, even patch of raven hair, was her new womanhood.

Above this, her waist narrowed to an impossible twenty-one inches before swelling to a ribcage that supported a pair of immense, almost perfectly spherical breasts. Refusing to sag in the slightest, the creamy mounds were surmounted by large, pink nipples that were frankly feminine.

Above these magnificent breasts were strong yet feminine shoulders that supported a graceful neck. Her face was a study in contrasts

- angelically beautiful with enough of the demon to project power and sensuality. A halo of glorious black hair framed the face, with it's pert yet strong nose between the full, seductive lips and the smoldering dark eyes.

Her entire body was almost too perfect. Her skin tone was so fine, it was almost like living silk, with a faint, glossy sheen not unlike her perfect hair. Not a blemish, mark or scar marred it's perfect surface. Idly, she notice that she even lacked finger prints.

"My God..." She whispered, stunned, in her rich new contralto. For all her obsession with Catwoman, her writing of fiction, her daydreaming... NOTHING had prepared her for it ACTUALLY happening. She was, quite simply, stunned.

Slowly, a smile curled her full, ripe lips. Steve - no, she decided, Selina - realized her secret fantasy had somehow come to living, breathing reality. Slowly, she stretched, feeling the liquid, agile power of her new body.

"I'm going to have some fun..." she whispered smugly, moving towards the closet, and taking out the black catsuit. Gracefully, she began to dress. She quickly pulled on the black bodysuit, her inhuman dexterity allowing her to tie the otherwise impossible fastenings. Next, she pulled on the extremely high-heeled boots, finding she balanced easily on the spike heels. The belt was next, to which she clipped the whip. The final item was the mask, which fit over her gorgeous face. Designed for the fictional body she now possessed, the outfit fit perfectly, emphasizing her spectacular figure. Smiling at the stunning figure in the mirror, she moved with catlike grace, leaving the building - via a back window. She was amazed at how easily she could balance, climb and jump, with amazing agility and almost no effort.

Three blocks away, she was slinking, unseen, from shadow to shadow, when she found herself staring at a car parked in a dark driveway - an Italian built sports car, the Panterra.

Suddenly, to her shock, she was moving towards it. Before she fully comprehended what she was doing, she'd used her long, retractable claws to pop the lock, climb in, and hot-wire the sports car. It was only as the powerful engine roared to life did she realize what she was doing.

"What the fuck?" she gasped. She'd performed the actions without thought - or will.

He moment of shock was broken by lights coming on in the house. That decided her - with supple ease, she slipped the car into gear and stepped on the accelerator, throwing the car out of the driveway and screaming onto the deserted, late-night street. She sped off, picking a direction at random, to busy getting away to ponder her inexplicable actions in stealing the glossy-black car.

Finally, sure that there was no immediate pursuit, Selina pulled the car over to the curb - and indulged in a long bout of shakes, unable to believe that she'd just - UNWILLINGLY - committed Grand Theft Auto.

"What the hell's happening to me?" she asked the universe - and received no response. Shaken, she stepped out of the car, and walked away from it quickly, disappearing into the deep, shadowed recess of an alley.

A few dozen steps in, she realized the alley dead-ended at a brick wall. She stopped with a sigh, and turned to walk back - when the alley was dimly lit by the strobe of an unseen police-car's dome lights as it pulled up behind the stolen Panterra.

What she did next was instinct. Shocked, as if watching somebody else, she found herself leaping straight up a full story, automatically pulling out her whip and using it to catch the fire-escape above her head. With inhuman agility, she scale silently up the rusting iron structure to the roof, crouching upon the graveled surface. Slowly, she straightened and peered down the four-story drop that she'd scaled in a matter of seconds. She couldn't help it - it had to be said.

"Cool."

Looking around, she spotted the exit from the roof. The door was both locked and tripped for an alarm, but she effortlessly bypassed both security measures with skills she didn't even know she possessed. In seconds, she was creeping silently down the staircase, and opening the door to the third floor...

... where her mind seemed to shut down at the sight of the all the jewelry spread out before her in an incredible display of wealth. By circumstance, she'd sought refuge in a Jeweler's shop.

Again, her actions seemed to be that of someone else. Steve, a basically honest person with a few fantasies that he'd never try to live out, would never have contemplated robbing the store. Selina, however, did it automatically, as if...programmed.

A helpless observer, trapped in her own transformed body, she could only watch as her long, graceful hands easily plundered the store of it's finest goods. Diamonds, emeralds and rubies created a glittering sparkle as they were poured into a pouch on her belt.

The display of gorgeous, glittering wealth was hypnotic. So hypnotic, in fact, she didn't notice the two cops until the came through the door, revolver's drawn.

"Freeze. Don't..." The first started, then his jaw dropped as his mind registered the unbelievably sexy woman standing in the middle of the room. His partner was as equally stunned by the huge-breasted, slim woman dressed in skintight clothing.

In that frozen instant, Selina's hand rose to where her whip hung, and with two lightning-fast moves, neatly removed the men's weapons from their grips.

That was the last controlled act that Selina performed.

The disk used to create her had, after all, been a porno game. And at the sight of two handsome, muscular men, cops or not, her own reasoning, intelligent brain shut down as her 'sexual subroutines' took complete and utter control.

"Fuck Me" She begged with a smile, her inhumanly supple hands effortlessly stripping away her clothes. The open bag scatter a glittering shower of gems across the floor.

The two cops shared a brief, incredulous glance - then hastily tore their clothing away, looking almost comical as they stripped frantically. Selina found nothing comical about it, as her trapped mind surveyed their naked bodies. The first cop had an almost godlike physique with a massive, twelve inch cock to match. Eagerly, he moved forward and pulled Selina to him, her huge, taut tits pressed against his chest as she 'eagerly' returned his hungry kiss. She could feel his rock-hard cock pressing against her thigh.

The second cop, almost drooling, pushed his partner out of the way, and lowered Selina to the floor. She had no choice but to take up the 69 position and ignored the few gems pressing into her back as the dark-haired cock began to lap at her pussy. Shuddering in mixed pleasure and disgust, she helplessly began to lick the cop's entire shaft and move her tongue around the dribbling end of his cock before the whole length disappeared between her full, soft lips. Selina helplessly began to give her first blow job as he lapped at her clitoris with his tongue, sending her into spasms of never-before felt ecstasy.

Helplessly, she found herself 'eager' to taste his hot cum -- and so was momentarily 'disappointed' as he removed his cock from her sucking mouth and moved into a position to fuck her. She grabbed his enormous dick, her hands small in comparison, and helplessly guided it to her cunt. Then, in one swift movement, he drove it powerfully up her to the hilt. He began to thrust in and out of her most violently. Selina was practically screaming with pleasure and wrapped her glorious legs around his back.

The second cop wasn't waiting. While his partner continued to fuck Selina, the second cop moved beside Selina's glistening body, losing no time on fondling Selina's huge tits. He sucked on her gorgeous, massive tits, sucking her huge, firm nipples.

"Hey, John, lean back a bit." He told the cop fucking her, and he complied. The second cop moved closer. Rubbing her nipples with the tip of his penis, he told her to hold her breasts together so he could tit fuck her. Helplessly, she complied, her hands dwarfed by her huge tits as she compressed her awesome cleavage into a tunnel that the cop took good advantage of.

The two men came simultaneously. She would have screamed in shear ecstasy from her first female orgasm - but she was too busy helplessly, 'hungrily', gulping down cum. The two cops, spent, slid from her cum-coated body.

"What are we going to do with you?" the first cop asked, rhetorically.

And driven by her programming, Selina replied. "Anything you want, masters. I obey." The two cops shared a look, and tossed her the catsuit.



"Get dressed."

\* \* \* \* \*

For personal reasons, four police officers recently retired from the force, well shy of their twenty years. For some reason, all four decided to retire to Bolivia and room together, sharing an expensive condo with a drop-dead gorgeous woman with tit's like melons.

Oddly enough, at the same time, a string of cat burglaries began to occur in surrounding areas...



BACK TO PUBLIC DOMAIN STORIES



© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)



**SUMMARY:** Finding a magic parchment, one guy decides to turn himself into a woman, but his plans take a turn when his roommate arrives and starts to control the new girl.

## WYSIWYG

**By Gunslinger**

Grimacing, Tommy paused and ran a hand over the smooth - and slightly sore - flesh over his shin-bone.

Shaking his head and sighing, he turned the pink-handled electric shaver back on, and returned to the task, working it up his lean, well-toned legs with awkward motions that displayed his lack of experience with this particular task.

The maker of this particular model of electric razor (*the 'Ladyshave', to be precise*) boasted it had a 48-minute capacity when fully charged - which, apparently, was the reason for the relatively hefty price-tag. By the time he was finished removing all the hair from not only his legs, but arms and chest as well, it was at the extreme edge of it's limit.

Finished, Tommy sighed and shut the razor of - and then chuckled with wry amusement.

He'd just caught himself, for perhaps the first time in his twenty-eight years of life, being grateful for the fact that he wasn't particularly hirsute.

As odd as the thought was, it was accurate. Not only could he get away without having to shave his flat, taut stomach - or, worse, his own back - but the hair he did have (or had) wasn't particularly thick or profuse, making the task somewhat less painful than it could quite well have been.

Still more than a little bemused by the utterly remarkable situation he'd somehow found himself in the middle of, Tommy felt as if he were operating in a sort of a daze as his intellect and emotions struggled to 'catch up' to reality. Still, despite everything, what the lean-bodied brunet felt more than anything at the moment was the same, deliciously guilty feeling he'd been building steadily ever since he'd 'called in sick' this morning.

Of course, he wasn't the first person at his work who'd connived to give himself a long weekend - but Tommy highly doubted any of the other people who took a spare Friday off now and then did it for the reason he'd done it today.

The thought suddenly brought to mind, fully-formed, a mental image of Mort, from accounting, (*all two hundred and sixty unlovely pounds of him*), doing the same things Tommy, himself, had done today - and Tommy had to laugh, despite the bright flush that

suffused his face at the remembered self-conscious embarrassment of his little 'shopping trip' through the women's department of a large chain department store.

A little shopping spree, he thought now with a frown, that had gone over-budget. In fact, mid-spree, he'd nearly decided to 'pare down' to the bare essentials once he'd realized how pricey a woman's wardrobe was compared to a man's...

...but, on second reflection, he'd thought 'damn the cost' and gone ahead and gotten everything he'd planned for. After all - how often did a chance like this come along?

Not even 'once in a lifetime', not as Tommy figured it.

Hell, all things considered, it couldn't even be 'once in a generation'.

All of which was part of the reason why, though his stomach still did the occasion, queasy flip-flop, Tommy was damned well going to do it.

With that thought, he began to dress.

He started with the padded seat briefs. Basically a pair of beige 'panties' made out of stretch nylon-spandex, they had soft foam pads in the 'buttocks' of the panties.

The pads were designed to be removable - and that was exactly what he'd done with the pads from the second pair of briefs, and then forced them into the other pair, 'doubling up'. Now, as he grunted his way into the extremely tight-fitting garment, those pads pressed firmly against his own flat, rather hard gluteus.

Reaching down the front of the briefs, he pushed his 'package' as far back as it would go - then grunted again as he pulled the briefs up as high and tight as they would go.

Next, he sat down on the edge of the tub and carefully pulled on a pair of pantyhose over his newly-denuded legs.

Black, the hose was actually nearly opaque, almost like a footed, skin-tight pair of pants than what he'd normally think of a 'hose'. However, they weren't quite opaque, hinting at the bare legs beneath - and the dull shine of the material diffused the light and shadows playing over his legs, working with the color to create the illusion of longer, less starkly muscled legs.

In now-literally 'stocking feet', he walked over to the counter and, standing in front of the mirror, painstakingly began applying make-up, following instructions he'd download from the Internet. With foundation and concealer and blush, he worked to soften and smooth the lines and tone of his face - and then, with lipstick and eyeshadow and eyeliner, to enhance certain other features of his face.

Next, he picked up his own, jury-rigged 'padded bra'...

...and cursed quite loudly as he struggled to get it on.

The straps, back and arm, were from a 'full figure' bra he'd cut apart - but the cups were his own creation, hastily cut and sewn semi-spheres of cloth with hastily tack-stitched lace matching that of the original brassiere.

It didn't look like it should hold together - and, in fact, it wouldn't have, if not for the fact that the straps and 'cups' were, at point of contact, all super-glued to the flesh-tone painted basketballs serving as his chosen 'falsies'.

It had taken him nearly two hours to finally go with his first instinct on that matter - but, then again, he's always been a 'tit man'...

After that task was done, he pulled on the lightweight burgundy turtleneck sweater and tight black-spandex miniskirt. That left only the task of pulling on the style golden-blonde wig before he finally had to face the task he most dreaded...

The shoes.

Not because of the four-inch heel the open-toe 'T'-strap shoes boasted. After all, he'd been 'prancing around' his house on tip-toe for two days now, practicing his balance. No, he dreaded wearing them because he'd bought size 7's, and had to cram his feet into them.

Painfully.

Finally, he was ready, and walking very carefully atop the heels of his shoes, Tommy made his way out to the living room.

There, laying in the center of the floor, was the three-foot square of parchment he'd found in the bottom of an old trunk he'd bought the week before at an estate sale. It was covered in an intricate circular design, around which scrolled old-English letters that spelled out its purpose - the 'instructions'.

Tommy, balancing precariously atop his four-inch heels, stood in the center of the design on the ancient square of

parchment, and began to chant:

"Let that which seems, be that which is.

Let me become, this becoming miss. As it looks,  
so shall it be.

To serve and wait,  
on the word of..." "Tommy...?"

Tommy's bewigged head whipped around at the incredulous voice - and he stared, wide-eyed, at the tall, stocky black man standing at the threshold of the back door, empty sugar bowl held loose in a stunned gaze as he stared in stunned disbelief.

"Lee!" Tommy gasped in shocked, humiliated surprise...

...and only after the ancient parchment suddenly flared to life, sending a column of lavender-scented purple flames billowing to the roof, did it occur to Tommy - too late! - that his neighbor's name was an acceptable rhyme to complete the spell as the intended 'me'.

Lee cried out as the flames rose in a thick column, obscuring his neighbor within the oddly-colored flames - but then, a second later, the flames subsided, leaving no heat nor damage to either the surroundings, nor the individual standing where the now-consumed paper had been.

A figure that, Lee's brain reported after a second's shocked delay, was similar, but not quite the same, as the one that had been standing there a moment before.

Then what he was seeing finally registered - and the sugar-bowl fell from limp fingers to land, thankfully, on a thick rug just inside the door.

"Tommy...?" Lee said, hearing his own, horse voice as if from a great distance away. "But... But... But, you're a... a... a... a **WOMAN!**"

The tall, athletically lean blonde looked up from her inspection of the massive bust-line filling out her sweater, and spoke in a warm contralto dripping with resigned amusement.

"Thank you, Captain Obvious." She said, putting her hands on her skirted hips and spreading the feet in the now perfectly-fitting shoes slightly wider - to better counter-balance the forward drag of her suddenly weighty breasts.

"I thought we had the whole 'knock before entering' speech." She told him, quite deliberately keeping her tone conversational despite the own roiling mix of emotions she was going through - she needed to 'jolly' him through the shock and disbelief as quickly and painlessly as possible. "Your timing could also use some work."

"But... but... how?" Less stammered, almost plaintively, as he took a couple of staggering steps deeper into the house,

side stepped shakily, and dropped heavily into a chair. He stared across the room at her - and thought of a better question: "**Why?**"

"Well, it's like this..." She said, still holding tight to her hard-won state of emotional control as she continued the illusion of normalcy by walking over to close the door Lee had left standing wide open.

As she passed him, he flinched - recoiled, actually, as if femininity might be catching.

"You know that piece of paper I was standing on when you came in - the one that burned up?" She asked - drolly, since he could hardly forget such a thing, especially so quickly. "Well, you see, it was magic..."

"Magic?" Lee repeated, beginning to doubt her sanity - and then, thinking about what his own eyes had reported to him, and still were, decided to begin doubting his own, instead.

"Yes, magic." She confirmed, walking over to sit on the couch catty-corner to him - trying, not entirely successfully, to ignore the whole host of new sensations from her transformed body.

Sensations she'd originally planned to luxuriate in, but now she was forced to try and put aside while she dealt with this disaster.

"It's an old spell, designed to help a woman 'catch' a man." She explained, slowly and clearly. "It changes 'appearance' into 'fact', so she can stuff her bra, or whatever she thought would catch the man's eye - and it also 'attunes' her to the man whose name she speaks. In any case, the final result of the spell is female, which explains the 'why', sort of - it was either try being female, or not use the spell at all."

Lee had a very strong opinion on what he would have done in that situation - but kept his still-stunned silence. Meanwhile, he also continued staring wide-eyed at the lean, lithe, incredibly buxom woman across from him.

He wish he could convince himself it was a trick or something, that the woman wasn't *really* Tommy - but the truth was, she still looked like Tommy... but not like Tommy in drag. More like... well, the way Tommy would look, if he were a woman.

Which he - **she** - was.

Most emphatically was.

The new woman winced as she saw Lee stare at her, eyes tracing her top-heavy - and most definitely feminine - new figure.

"Anyway..." She said, drawing his attention. "I didn't plan for this to happen, and now I can't 'undo' the spell, as I originally planned. Since I inadvertently said your name and made myself 'attuned' to you, you have to refuse me for me to be able to turn back. So , all you have to do is turn me down when I say..."

She took a deep breath before continuing:

"May I serve you, my beloved?"

Lee jerked, recoiling deeper into his chair at her endearment, and she raised her delicate new eyebrows and made a 'go on' gesture with her hands, impatient to end this humiliation and go back to being a male - even if it meant cutting short her one and only chance at experiencing life from the other side of the gender barrier.

He gaped at her...

...and then, slowly, a thoughtful expression settled over his face. One she didn't like.

Not... at... all!

"Wait a second..." He said, his eyes sliding up and down her body, slowly. "Wait just as a second." She swallowed - nervously.

"Aside from not being able to change back without my say-so..." He said, licking his lips. "What else does it mean for you to be 'attuned' to me...?"

She would have liked very much to lie to him - but part of the problem was the fact that, being attuned to him, she couldn't. "I... sort of.. have to...." She said, the words practically being ripped from her throat. "...kinda.. well... **satisfy** you."

"Oh...?" He said in a whole new tone of voice, eyebrows rising. "What, exactly, does that mean...?" She licked her own lips, finding her mouth suddenly dry - and palms suddenly damp.

"I, uh... I feel a strong compulsion to do things to make you happy." She said, starting to sweat nervously. "I don't have to obey what

you say... but if you give me any indication that there's something you'd enjoy, I feel a very strong, um... need to satisfy that desire." "Well, now..." Lee said, pursing his lips. "That's.. interesting. Very interesting indeed... wouldn't you agree - **Tammy?**"

The new woman winced.

"Calling somebody so feminine as you 'Tommy' is.. uncomfortable." Lee said, eyeing her. "I'd much rather you accept being called - and calling yourself - Tammy. Is that okay with you?"

"Not really." She said, shortly...

...and Lee laughed.

"But will you do it?" He asked, eyes twinkling.

"Yes." She gasped, after a momentary pause. The sweat now beaded on her forehead came from the - futile - effort to fight the sudden, almost painfully desperate need that had ripped through her.

Lee leaned back, stretching out his long legs and smiling beatifically at her.

"You know..." He said, almost conversationally - if not for the wicked twinkle in his eyes. "I came over to get some sugar

for my coffee.. but now that I think about it, what I'd really like is a beer."

"I.. don't have any beer." She said, as she began to tremble in the grip of sudden need to get him exactly what he wanted. "Well.. I'm sure the store does." He remarked, 'casually'.

Her jaw clenched, and she fought against the sudden urges and needs rising in her...

...and she sobbed slightly as she said: "I'll go get you some beer."

Helpless to resist these new needs, she rose and, with only slight difficulty, navigated atop her high heels towards the front door. She was going outside.

In public.

AS A WOMAN.

Even when she'd considered the 'once in a lifetime' even, she hadn't thought about having to deal with anybody while female. She'd intended to stay home and just experience it, see what it was like to be female - and, she admitted to herself, to fondle, touch, and yes, masturbate her new body, intrigued to see what it felt like.

At no time had she honestly considered going out and having to cope with people dealing with her as the huge-breasted blonde woman she now appeared to be.

Thanks to Lee, however, she now had no choice, and she burned with humiliation and shame as she headed down to the nearest corner store to pick up some beer.

The five minute walk down to the store was nerve-racking, though the street was practically empty. She felt as if a thousand pairs of eye were watching her from every window, and every time a car passed her on the street, she was sure the occupants were staring at her and pointing - and not just because she was a tall, athletically-built woman with tits exactly the size of basketballs, but because they somehow knew she was 'really' a man, and they were both disgusted and amused by this 'freak' walking among them.

Knowing that they couldn't possibly deduce the truth of her background did nothing to lessen the feelings. Emotions were not the province of logic.

The store itself was infinitely worse - because, beside the man working the counter, she saw a total of three other people while she was there.

There was no doubt they saw her. She saw them looking at her, one even staring quite openly at her huge - and heavy - new rack, and she wished she could curse them out and tell them all to go to hell.. but she couldn't work up the nerve to do that, instead

peering past her own massive bust as she contemplated the toes of her high-heeled shoes and paid for and escaped with the beer as soon as humanly possible...



...for yet another nearly-paranoid walk back to the house, where her new 'master' waited for her.

She got back to find out he'd made himself eminently comfortable. Having 'stolen' a bathrobe, he was sitting comfortably on the couch... and lightly stroking a surprisingly large cock outlined through the thin fabric as he watched a porn movie on DVD.

"Here's your beer." She said, ungraciously, quickly glancing away from his obvious erection as she shoved a beer into his hand. She started to move away...

"Why don't you come sit down here...?" He asked, patting the spot next to him on the couch.

"I'd really rather not." She said, through clenched teeth, unable to quite make herself continue moving away. "I'd really like to have a hot babe like yourself sitting beside me while I watch this movie." He 'hinted'...

...and, helplessly, she sat down beside him.

Grinning, he reached over - and lightly began running a hand up and down her leg. She tensed - but he was enjoying himself, and she couldn't bring herself to pull away.

He grunted thoughtfully, then looked from his beer to the hand stroking her leg - and then, pointedly, at his crotch.

"Too few hands." He sighed, a merry twinkle in his eyes. "What's a man to do? I enjoy fondling your hot body, and drinking my beer..." "Oh, God, you can't..." She gasped, once again sweating. "You wouldn't...!"

"I sure would like it if I could also feel a soft, slow stroking of my cock while I watched this movie, drank my beer, and felt you up." He said, pointedly.

"You... sick... bastard." She ground out between clenched teeth - even as, against her will, she reached over, wrapped her slender new hand around his cock, and lightly began working his cock.

"Nice and slow..." He said, sighing. "Take your time..."

"How.. can you... **do** this... to me?" She asked. It came out in a tight voice, not because she was fighting **back** the urge to simply rip his manhood out by it's roots, but because she was vainly fighting to do just that through her 'need' to go soft and slow.

"Hey, I didn't turn you into no babe with huge tits - you did that to yourself." Lee protested, white teeth against black skin as he bared a lazy grin. His eyes wandered. "Speaking of which..."

His hand stole up from her leg to where her massive bust strained her sweater, and slid lightly across the fabric.

"Man, I'd really like to get my hands on those." He said, grinning as he met her steaming eyes. "In fact - I'd like to fondle and squeeze 'em to my hearts content."

She bared her own teeth at him, but it wasn't in any sort of a grin. "Shift around here a bit..." Lee 'suggested'...

...and she had no choice but to comply as he took her from 'bad' to 'worse'. Much, **much** worse.

He helped her peel off her tight-fitting sweater, and then his nimble fingers undid her bra, spilling her huge, round tits out into the open - but that wasn't anywhere near enough for the lazily grinning black man, and she didn't reel how far he was taking it until he had her slowly work her skirt down her legs - and peel off her pantyhose...

"No!" She gasped, wide-eyed, realizing what he was planning - even as desperate need helplessly drove her hands to continue removing her clothing, baring more and more soft, smooth feminine flesh to his grinning gaze. "You can't... you wouldn't...!"

He could. He would. He *did*.

"Go.. no!" She begged - but he ignored her, flipping open the robe as he pulled her towards him.

She fought, desperately, to ignore the urges she was feeling to 'satisfy' his slightest whim - and achieved nothing but making her movements slow and awkward as she found herself facing him on the cock, the knees of her long, toned legs on either side of him as she lifted herself up...

...and then, as he continued squeezing and fondling her huge tits, while a lest, ignored plea burst from her horrified throat, she lowered her moist new womanhood onto the hard, throbbing shaft of his oversized cock.

She filled herself with his hard, black manhood - and whimpered in horrified disgust at the pleasure as her wet new womanhood was stretched gently around the unwanted, undeniably enjoyable intrusion.

"Oh, yeah.. that's it." Lee sighed, enjoying it without any of the detrimental emotions thundering through the new woman. She wondered how he could justify doing this with somebody who was 'really' a man - but the fact that his cock now filled a tight, wet cunt, there was no doubt he was dealing with her as the woman she now 'really' was.

She was helpless to stop him - and helpless to stop herself.

That need drove her - but once she began to rise and fall top him, her herky-jerky movements smoothed out as the pleasure itself became it's own inducement. As much as she was disgusted by what she was doing, there was steadily rising physical pleasure to augment her helpless need to satisfy him, and he motions became smoother, more supple...

...almost voluntary. She couldn't help it.

Fucking his huge, thick cock while he licked, fondles, squeezed and sucked her huge tits felt.. good. Really good.

Good enough that humiliating moans of pleasure replaced her pleas to stop. Good enough that her resistance melted into unwilling excitement.

None of this was the worst, though.

No, the absolutely worst part of it, the most humiliating part of the sex she had with him, was the fact that she actually managed to override her need to obey him...

...in order to fuck him harder and faster!

She, a man's mind in a woman's body, had fought not to have sex with Lee at all - and failed completely in the face of her need to satisfy him.

Yet, though that need hadn't slackened at all, the needs of her own new body were strong enough, for a few moments, to drive her to the orgasm that had begun to build, overriding his need and letting her 'disobey' Lee - not to stop, but to go harder and faster, until, finally, she threw back her head and scream out in horrified ecstasy as she trembled in the grip of an orgasm...

...and then slumped against lee, once more slave to his will, unable to consciously dredge up the same strength to disobey her laughing, taunting master.

The humiliation and horror had just begun.

It didn't register at first. Not during the first time she had sex with him, nor afterwards, when she'd followed his will and gone to do her 'womanly duty', cleaning up the place and doing the dishes. It was all stuff she would have had to do, if none of this had happened - and yet, somehow, doing it at his command, as 'his woman', made the simple tasks a torment of feminine humiliation.

It wasn't until sometime later, during the first blow-job she helplessly 'needed' to give him, that it struck home. It was almost as if the realization poured into her along with the cum he pumped into her waiting and 'willing' mouth, information somehow swallowed along with the heavy load of thick, salty man-juice.

Lee 'got off' on humiliating people.

She'd never really liked her neighbor, though - until now - she hadn't truly hated him, either. She just hadn't cared much, one way or the other - which is why she'd never seen his wide streak of cruelty for what it was.

As the weekend wore on and he forced her to humiliate herself more and more by playing the obedient woman for his satisfaction, she couldn't help but understand - he was enjoying tormenting her, knowing she couldn't stop herself from satisfying him however he pleased.

She fucked him - and as much as he enjoyed it, physically, he enjoyed it even more knowing she hated doing it.

When, eventually, he realized she was enjoying it almost as much, physically, he tended more often to demand blow-jobs - which, lacking the same physical pleasure as straight-up sex, allowed him more enjoyment of her misery.

The sex, though, was just the beginning.

All weekend long, he never left the house - he kept sending her out, letting her cope with dealing with the world as this huge-breasted woman...

...and, when that began to 'wear thin', he had her by steadily skimpier, 'sluttier' clothing, to keep the fine edge of humiliation honed to a razor that cut her to the bone.

The more she begged him to stop, the more he enjoyed himself - until she finally managed to override her emotional

responses, still feeling the humiliation and shame and disgust, but keeping herself from revealing to him. By Sunday morning, she was practically stoic about it, accepting his commands wordlessly, obeying his will without expression. She simply did what he wanted, without fighting or fussing, trying to deny him any emotional pleasure as she fought to get through until he got bored and finally changed her back.

She'd hoped it would be Sunday night - but that was much too simple. He knew 'Tommy' was supposed to go to work Monday - and so he knew, even if she didn't show it, that keeping her female as the weekend rolled over into the work-week was something else he could 'torture' her with. He taunted and teased her as Tuesday rolled around, and the calls from work became more insistent - and yet there was no 'Tommy' to respond to them, and so she could do nothing but listen in hard-won silence, refusing to reveal her emotions as the voice from the answering machine became less polite and more demanding.

Wednesday, 'Tommy' was fired. 'Tammy' lost it.

She yelled.

She screamed.

She stomped and threatened and threw things. She accused him of being every type of monster in the book, and she howled out her hatred of him...

...and he loved every minute of it, especially as - her hate not yet cooled, he forced her right back into pampering him, her own bank account steadily being depleted as he had her shop not only for anything he wanted for himself, but for continuously more degrading clothing for herself...

...and of course, he had her fuck him 'extra hard' that night, laughing as that same desperate need overcame her and the incredibly slow, teasing rhythm he'd had her set finally broke down and she 'eagerly' fucked him to her orgasm.

Friday, almost one week to the hour since the start of her humiliations, brought about a new tactic she'd belatedly come up with. It wasn't something that could be too obvious, so she had to go slow - and she hated herself for doing it at all.

She began to pretend to enjoy it.

She'd already stopped showing her revulsion. Now, over the next week, she slowly began to work toward faking excitement and interest, until she was finally asking him to let her fuck him or suck him, telling him how glad she was to be female, hoping the reverse psychology would make him 'humiliate' her by stealing away the things she was claiming to enjoy.

It backfired.

If she was enjoying it so much, he finally declared, with a shark's grin he showed he hadn't been fooled for a minute, then by all means he should supply her with all she could ever want.

That night, slightly over two weeks into her feminine fate, she became a whore. Tommy's bank balance had run down to zero - but now Tammy's slowly began to grow.

Very slowly - as, aside from taking his fifty-percent cut as her 'pimp', Lee also insisted she support him still, though they'd abandoned Tommy's house already.

He arranged everything, finding her 'Johns' - and he made sure to find the men he knew would most horrify or humiliate her, though she refused to reveal her emotions to him. Indeed, she kept up the pretense of enjoying it...

...but only because he 'wanted' her to.

It helped her rake in the cash as she let men do damned near anything they wanted to with, to, or by her. She might have been a whore - but she was anything but 'cheap' or 'common'.

Oh, no - with Lee calling the shots, Tammy was a very *special* whore. So it went for the next three months...

\* \* \* \* \*

Heart pounding behind her mountainous breasts, Tammy swung her long, toned legs out and pulled herself upright on her bed.

The motion was done smoothly, quickly and quietly - she now moved as smoothly and easily with her 'new' center of gravity as she ever had with her old male one. That helped, actually, letting her move with a quiet confidence and smooth grace that was nearly silent as she crept around in the darkened bedroom that were both her living quarters and 'place of business'.

It was a room in Lee's house, of course. 'Tommy' was four months missing, and she couldn't imagine herself trying to explain what happened to the police investigating his disappearance...

...especially since the plastic surgery she'd 'needed' on her face had removed that original close resemblance to her old male self.

Moving quickly and silently, she dressed - not her 'working' clothes, if you could call the various skimpy costumes that, but her 'day- to-day' stuff.. except that most of this stuff she hadn't worn since she'd begun 'working'.

Which explained why it didn't quite fit as well as when she'd first bought it.

The jean mini-skirt fit well enough, though she had to reef it in a bit tighter on the slimmer waist Lee's regimen of diet and exercise had left her. Thankfully, she'd been allowed to by a new bra that fit her somewhat larger tits - she needed it now, thanks to the herbal supplement she'd been taking that had plumped out her already massive tits another two cup sizes. It had achieved Lee's purpose, though, since her tits no longer sat so unbelievably high and round on her chest, now having a slightly more natural appearance - except, of course, when she pulled on the heavy canvas-cotton-and-lace bra that lifted them higher on her chest and pushed them together, giving her a deep, rounded cleavage well displayed by the belly-baring white crop-top she pulled on.

Slipping her feet into a pair of calf-high white leather boots with a five-inch heel, she walked skillfully and soundlessly over to a dresser, where she grabbed her purse. It was already full of her make-up and assorted other item, but now she crammed

the best of her jewelry into it - and added the pitifully small amount of money from under her mattress.

Then, walking on tip-toe to keep her heels from clacking on the wooden floors, she made her way to the den.

Lee had never bothered concealing the combination of the safe from her. Indeed, he'd given it to her himself, trusting the fact that 'stealing' the money she was earning for him would have displeased him.

Now, with no hesitation or trouble, she emptied out the stacks of cash in the safe into her handbag, then headed silently to the front door.

She shrugged into a long, white vinyl coat, then opened the front door and stepped out into the cool night air, drawing it closed behind her, careful not to make a sound.

She didn't bother bringing the keys Lee had given her, and when she heard the lock engage behind her, she actually smiled.

Hips moving with the wide sway she was barely aware of anymore, Tammy began walking down the street, feeling the now familiar shift and sway of her huge tits with every step, despite the support of the massive foundation garment cradling them.

As she walked away from the house, heels tapping on the sidewalk, the huge-breasted, long-legged EX-hooker considered the situation that was still leaving her feeling a bit stunned.

Lee had finally screwed up.

In retrospect, it took an amazingly long time for it to happen. Given the situation, and the fact that Lee didn't really 'like' her, it was surprising that it had gone this long before she'd offered to do something for him - and been rejected.

In fact, sunk so deep in her own misery, Tammy herself hadn't, at first, realized what had happened. She'd continued obeying him out of habit... until it had dawned on her that she no longer had to.

He'd refused her.

The 'attunement' was broken. She was free.

Well - almost. All things considered, she'd thought it best to keep it a secret instead of revealing the truth and defying him openly. The enjoyment of doing so would have been considerably less than some of the more direct, physical responses he just might have made upon realizing he couldn't control her anymore.

Somehow, she'd managed to finish out the working day without letting anybody know what was going on - which was what allowed her this 'head start'.

Lee would have no idea that she'd slipped her invisible bonds until he came to wake her, about six hours from now - by which time she'd be long gone.

At least, geographically speaking...

...which was one of the things that was confusing her. Why wasn't she breaking the spell?

She could, she knew. Even as she turned the corner at the end of the street, heading towards the down-town core and the bus station, she could almost feel the 'trigger' in her mind, the ability to just turn herself back into a man.

Not quite the old male self she'd been, though.

No, the plastic surgery and the extra couple of cup sizes would remain, at least until she had surgery to correct the further feminizing of her face and the expansion to her bust line...

...but it wasn't the state of 'freakhood' that was stopping her. She wasn't sure what was stopping her.

All she knew was... she couldn't quite bring herself to turn back into a man.

She'd been female long enough to feel as comfortable in a female body - even one as top heavy as hers - as she ever had as a man. Though she had hated being 'forced' to do the things she had, sheer repetition had worn away most of the horror and disgust over the acts themselves.

In fact... her 'enjoyment' of some of them wasn't nearly the act Lee thought them to be. Not anymore.

Oh, dear God above help her... but the truth was, she liked being a woman.

She enjoyed having sex.. at least, if it was good sex, not necessarily something she got as a whore, when she was forced to be more worried about satisfying men than herself...

...but, God help her, she'd even come to like giving blow-jobs.

THAT still made her shake her head in wonder - because she didn't quite understand it. It wasn't the physical sensations, that was for damned sure... but, on the other hand, it wasn't physically painful, either.

No, physically it was about a wash... but why on earth did she find herself enjoying the fact that she was so good at it?

That's what it was, really - after so much experience, she was a world-class cock-sucker... when she gave a man a blow-job better than any he'd ever gotten before she felt... proud?

Well.. yes.

Just like she was 'proud' of her huge tits, which some men focused so intently on, going on about how wonderfully huge they were, how amazingly firm.

It was undoubtedly sick and perverted... but nonetheless true.

As a man, she'd been 'nothing much' - but as a woman, she was 'something special', at least to some men...

...and **that** was why she couldn't seem to quite bring herself to take that one, last, oh-so-easy step back to masculinity.



Even if a certain part of her very much wanted to do so.

...and that part was held off by the knowledge that she could turn back to a man. Sometime.

Eventually... THE END



BACK TO FUN ZONE



---

© 1997 - 2016 TGstories.

Stories on the "Public Access" pages may be Copyright by individual authors.

[Home](#) | [Membership](#) | [Terms & Conditons](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Contact](#)